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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Beginning TH COVERED WAGON—By Emerson Hough

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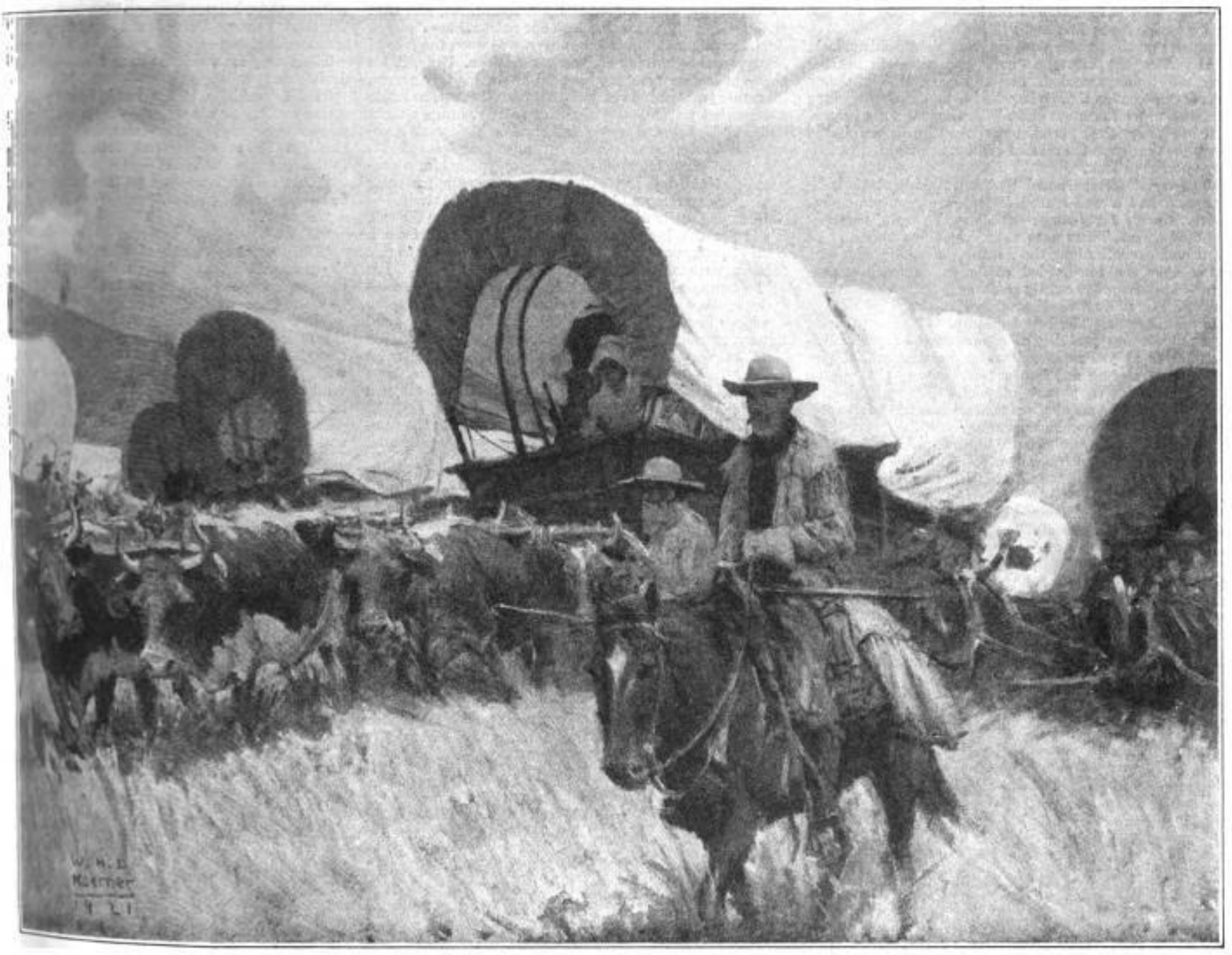
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THE COVERED WAGON



Here Lay the West, Barbaric, Abounding, Beautiful. Surely It Could Mean No Harm to Any Man

By Emerson Hough

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

"Here 'em come, Jesse! More and more! Must be forty or fifty families."

Molly Wingate, middle-aged, portly, dark browed and strong, stood at the door of the rude tent which for the time made her home. She was looking down the road which lay like an écru ribbon thrown down across the [illegible] grass, bordered beyond by the timber-grown bluffs of the Missouri.

Jesse Wingate allowed his team of harness-marked horses to continue their eager [illegible] at the watering hole of the little stream near which the camp was pitched until, [illegible] quenched, they began burying their muzzles and blowing into the water in [illegible] enjoyment. He stood, a strong and tall man of perhaps forty-five years, of [illegible] eye and short, close-matted, tawny beard. His garb was the loose dress of the [illegible] settler of the Western lands three-quarters of a century ago. A farmer he must [illegible] been back home.

[illegible] this encampment, on the very front of the American civilization, now be called [illegible] home? Beyond the prairie road could be seen a double furrow of jet-black glistening [illegible] turning the green grass and its spangling flowers, first browsing of the plow on virgin soil. It might have been the opening of a farm. But if so, why the crude bivouac? Why the gear of travelers? Why the massed arklike wagons, the scores of morning fires lifting lazy blue wreaths of smoke against the morning mists?

The truth was that Jesse Wingate, earlier and impatient on the front, out of the very suppression of energy, had been trying his plow in the first furrows beyond the Missouri in the great year of 1848. Four hundred other near-by plows alike were avid for the soil of Oregon; as witness this long line of newcomers, late at the frontier rendezvous.

"It's the Liberty wagons from down river," said the campmaster at length. "Missouri movers and settlers from lower Illinois. It's time. We can't lie here much longer waiting for Missouri or Illinois, either. The grass is up."

"Well, we'd have to wait for Molly to end her spring term, teaching in Clay School, in Liberty," rejoined his wife, "else why'd we send her there to graduate? Twelve dollars a month, cash money, ain't to be sneezed at."

"No; nor is two thousand miles of trail between here and Oregon, before snow, to be sneezed at, either. If Molly ain't with those wagons I'll send Jed over for her to-day.

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If I'm going to be captain I can't hold the people here on the river any longer, with May already begun."

"She'll be here to-day," asserted his wife. "She said she would. Besides, I think that's her riding a little one side the road now. Not that I know who all is with her. One young man—two. Well"—with maternal pride—"Molly ain't never lacked for beaus!

"But look at the wagons come!" she added. "All the country's going West this spring, it certainly seems like."

It was the spring gathering of the west-bound wagon trains, stretching from old Independence to Westport Landing, the spot where that very year the new name of Kansas City was heard among the emigrants as the place of the jump-off. It was now an hour by sun, as these Western people would have said, and the low-lying valley mists had not yet fully risen, so that the atmosphere for a great picture did not lack.

It was a great picture, a stirring panorama of an earlier day, which now unfolded. Slow, swaying, stately, the ox teams came on, as though impelled by and not compelling the fleet of white canvas sails. The teams did not hasten, did not abate their speed, but moved in an unagitated advance that gave the massed column something irresistibly epochal in look.

The train, foreshortened to the watchers at the rendezvous, had a well-spaced formation—twenty wagons, thirty, forty, forty-seven—as Jesse Wingate mentally counted them. There were outriders; there were clumps of driven cattle. Along the flanks walked tall men, who flung over the low-headed cattle an admonitory lash whose keen report presently could be heard, still faint and far off. A dull dust cloud arose, softening the outlines of the prairie ships. The broad gestures of arm and trunk, the monotonous soothing of commands to the sophisticated kine as yet remained vague, so that still it was properly a picture done on a vast canvas—that of the frontier in '48; a picture of might, of inevitableness. Even the sober souls of these waiters rose to it, felt some thrill they themselves had never analyzed.

A boy of twenty, tall, blond, tousled, rode up from the grove back of the encampment of the Wingate family.

"You, Jed?" said his father. "Ride on out and see if Molly's there."

"Sure she is!" commented the youth, finding a plug in the pocket of his jeans. "That's her. Two fellers, like usual."

"Sam Woodhull, of course," said the mother, still hand over eye. "He hung around all winter, telling how him and Colonel Doniphan whipped all Mexico and won the war. If Molly ain't in a wagon of her own, it ain't his fault, anyways! I'll rest assured it's account of Molly's going out to Oregon that he's going too! Well!" And again she said, "Well!"



Jesse Wingate

"Who's the other fellow, though?" demanded Jed. "I can't place him this far."

Jesse Wingate handed over his team to his son and stepped out into the open road, moved his hat in an impatient signal, half of welcome, half of command. It apparently was observed.

To their surprise, it was the unidentified rider who now set spur to his horse and came on at a gallop ahead of the train. He rode carelessly well, a born horseman. In no more than a few minutes he could be seen as rather a gallant figure of the border cavalier—a border just then more martial than it had been before '46 and the days of "Fifty-four Forty or Fight."

A shrewd man might have guessed this young man—he was no more than twenty-eight—to have got some military air on a border opposite to that of Oregon; the far Southwest, where Taylor and Scott and the less known Doniphan and many another fighting man had been adding certain thousands of leagues to the soil of this republic. He rode a compact, short-coupled, cat-hammed steed, coal black and with a dashing forelock reaching almost to his red nostrils—a horse never reared on the fat Missouri corn lands.

Neither did this heavy embossed saddle with its silver concho decorations then seem familiar so far north; nor yet the thin braided-leather bridle with its hair frontlet band and its mighty bit; nor again the great spurs with jingling rowel bells. This rider's mount and trappings spoke the far and new Southwest, just then coming into our national ken.

The young man himself, however, was upon the face of his appearance nothing of the swashbuckler. True, in his close-cut leather trousers, his neat boots, his tidy gloves, his rather jaunty broad black hat of felted beaver, he made a somewhat raffish figure of a man as he rode up, weight on his under thigh, sidewise, and hand on his horse's quarters, carelessly; but his clean-cut, unsmiling features, his direct and grave look out of dark eyes, spoke him a gentleman of his day and place, and no mere spectacular pretender assuming a virtue though he had it not.

He swung easily out of saddle, his right hand on the tall, broad Spanish horn, as easily as though rising from a chair at presence of a lady, and removed his beaver to this frontier woman before he accosted her husband. His bridle he flung down over his horse's head, which seemingly anchored the animal, spite of its loud whinnying challenge to these near-by stolid creatures which showed harness rubs and not whitened saddle hairs.

"Good morning, madam," said he in a pleasant, quiet voice. "Good morning, sir. You are Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Wingate, I believe. Your daughter yonder told me you were."

"That's my name," said Jesse Wingate, eying the newcomer suspiciously, but advancing with ungloved hand. "You're from the Liberty train?"

"Yes, sir. My name is Banion—William Banion. You may not know me. My family were Kentuckians before my father came out to Franklin. I started up in the law at old Liberty town yonder not so long ago, but I've been away a great deal."

"The law, eh?" Jesse Wingate again looked disapproval of the young man's rather pronouncedly neat turnout. "Then you're not going West?"

"Oh, yes, I am, if you please, sir. I've done little else all my life. Two years ago I marched with all the others, with Doniphan, for Mexico. Well, the war's over, and the treaty's likely signed. I thought it high time to march back home. But you know how it is—the long trail's in my blood now. I can't settle down."

Wingate nodded. The young man smilingly went on: "I want to see how it is in Oregon. What with new titles and the lil of fighting men cast in together out yond ought to be as much law out there as her think? So I'm going to seek my fortune in t It's too close and tame in here now. I'm"—h a bit more obviously and deprecatingly—' yonder *caballad* of our neighbors, with a bun and Indiana wagons. They call me Col. Will It is not right—I was no more than Will Ba under Doniphan. I am not that now."

A change, a shadow came over his face. He as though it were tangible.

"So I'm at your service, sir. They tell me elected captain of the Oregon train. I wanted with you if I might, sir. I know we're late- have been in last night. I rode in to explain we pull in just beside you, on this water?"

Molly Wingate, on whom the distinguished the stranger, his easy manner and his courte failed to leave their impression, answered befo band:

"You certainly can, Major Banion."

"Mister Banion, please."

"Well then, Mister Banion. The water and g The day's young. Drive in and light down. Yo saw our daughter—I know you did, for that's he

The young man colored under his bronze of denly shy.

"I did," said he. "The fact is, I met her e spring at Clay Seminary, where she taught. Sh you-all were moving West this spring—said thi last day. She asked if she might ride out with ou to the rendezvous. Well ——"

"That's a fine horse you got there," interrupt Jed Wingate. "Spanish?"

"Yes, sir."

"Wild?"

"Oh, no, not now; only of rather good spirit. I if you like. Gallop back, if you'd like to try him, my people to come on and park in here. I'd like a so with Mr. Wingate."

With a certain difficulty, yet insistent, Jed swu the deep saddle, sitting the restive, rearing ho enough withal, and soon was off at a fast pace do trail. They saw him pull up at the head of the cara motion, wide armed, to the riders, the train not at all.

He joined the two equestrian figures on ahead, and the young man whom his mother had named Woodhull. They could see him shaking hands, the a curvet or so to show off his newly borrowed mou

"He takes well to riding, your son," said the new approvingly.

"He's been crazy to get West," assented the f "Wants to get among the buffalo."

"We all do," said Will Banion. "None left in Ken this generation back; none now in Missouri. The Pl His eye gleamed.

"That's Sam Woodhull along," resumed Molly gate. "He was with Doniphan."

"Yes."

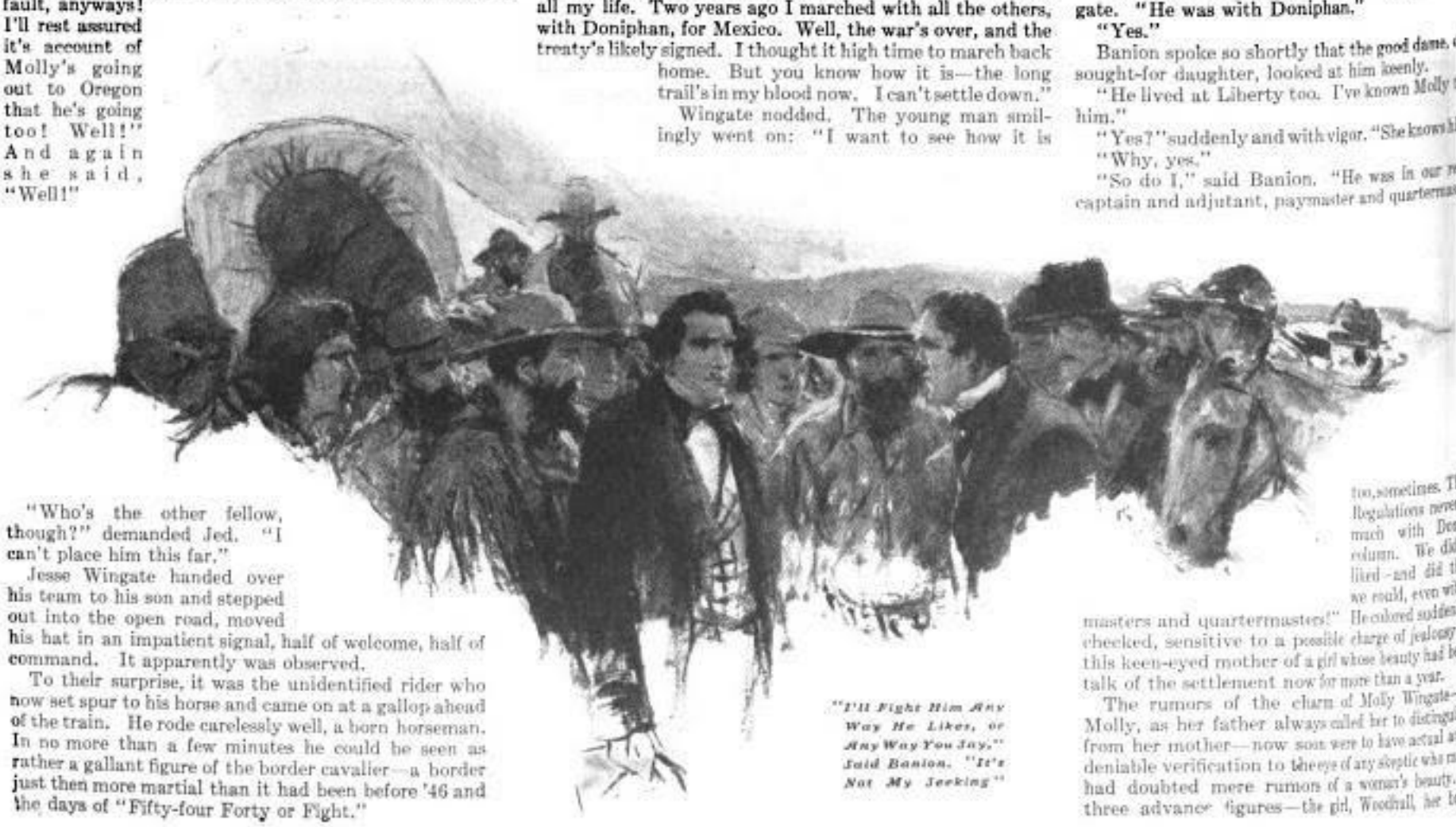
Banion spoke so shortly that the good dame, owner sought-for daughter, looked at him keenly.

"He lived at Liberty too. I've known Molly to ur him."

"Yes?" suddenly and with vigor. "She knows him th

"Why, yes."

"So do I," said Banion. "He was in our regime captain and adjutant, paymaster and quartermaster-



"I'll Fight Him Any Way He Likes, or Any Way You Say," Said Banion. "It's Not My Seeking"

too, sometimes. The Ar Regulations never mea much with Doniphan column. We did as w lized—and did the be we could, even with pa masters and quartermasters!" He colored suddenly, a cheekbed, sensitive to a possible charge of jealousy befo this keen-eyed mother of a girl whose beauty had been th talk of the settlement now for more than a year.

The rumors of the charm of Molly Wingate—Litt Molly, as her father always called her to distinguish he from her mother—now soon were to have actual and un deniable verification to the eye of any skeptic who may hap had doubted mere rumors of a woman's beauty. Th three advance figures—the girl, Woodhull, her brother

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…ke away and raced over the remaining few hun-…ds, coming up abreast, laughing in the glee of …xhilarated by the feel of good horseflesh under …d the breath of a vital morning air.

…g flung off Will Banion scarce gave a look to his …ded steed. He was first with a hand to Molly …ngate as she sprang lightly down, anticipating her other …ter. Woodhull, who frowned, none too well pleased, …dismounted.

…Wingate ran up and caught her mother in her …ong arms, kissing her roundly, her eyes shining, …s flushed in the …ment of the hour, …ternal excitement …presence of these …ngers. She must kiss …m.

…the rumors were …d more than true. …ung school-teacher …ould carry her title …belle of old Liberty …here on the far fron-…tier. A lovely lass of …ineteen years or so, she …ad of eye and of …ght red-brown hair …ith a tint which ever …ttracted the eyes and …admen. Her mouth, …ew to show white, …even teeth, was wide …ough for comfort in a …ace and turned up …htly at the corners, …hat her face seemed …en sunny and care-…ree were it not for the …rnest grave, almost …ad look of the wide-…pen eyes in moments of …ought.

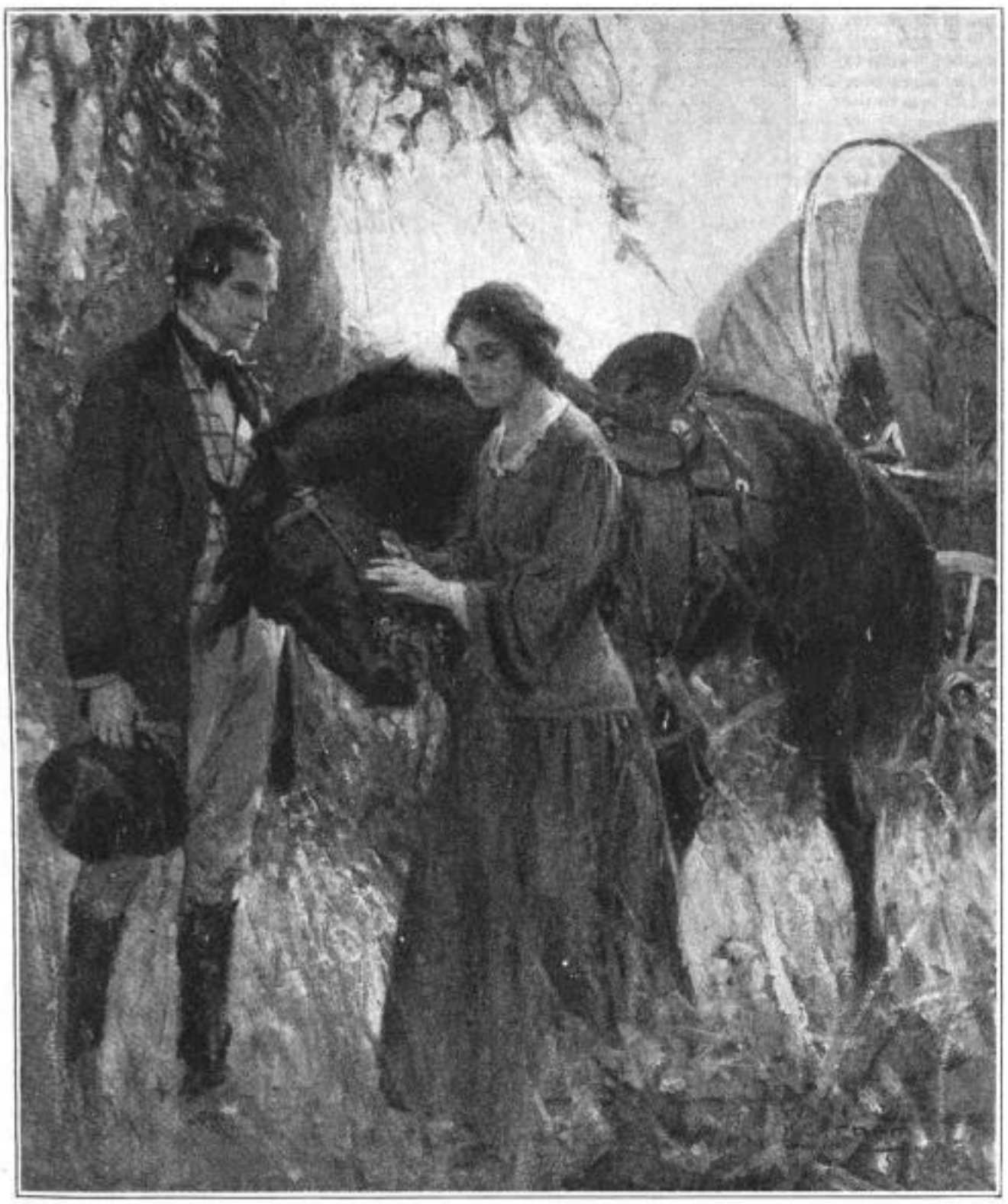
…bove the middle …ight of woman's stature, …had none of the lank …angularity of the typical …frontier woman of the …Cumberland lands; but was …full and well developed. …bove the open collar of …her brown riding costume …showed the flawless column …of a fair and tall white …throat. Now ripened into …womanhood, wholly fit for …love, gay of youth and its …dancing veins, what wonder …Molly Wingate could have …chosen not from two but …twenty suitors of the best …in all that countryside? …Her conquests had been …many since the time when, …as a young girl, and ful-…filling her parents' desire …to educate their daughter, …she had come all the way …from the Sangamon coun-…try of Illinois to the best …school then existent so far …west—Clay Seminary, of …quaint old Liberty.

The touch of dignity gained of the ancient traditions of the South, never lost in two generations west of the Appalachians, remained about the young girl now, so that she rather might have classed above her parents. They, moving from Kentucky into Indiana, from Indiana into Illinois, and now on to Oregon, never in all their toiling days had forgotten their reverence for the gentlemen and ladies who once were their ancestors east of the Blue Ridge. They valued education—felt that it belonged to them, at least through their children.

Education, betterment, progress, advance—those things perhaps lay in the vague ambitions of twice two hundred men who now lay in camp at the border of our unknown empire. They were all Americans—second, third, fourth generation Americans. Wild, uncouth, rude, unlettered, many or most of them, none the less there stood among them now and again some tall flower of that culture for which they ever hungered, for which they fought, for which they now adventured yet again.

Surely American also were these two young men whose eyes now unceasingly followed Molly Wingate in hot morning eyes of a morning thus far breakfastless, for the young leader had ordered his wagons on to the rendezvous before crack of day. Of the two, young Woodhull, planter and man of means, mentioned by Molly's mother as open suitor, himself at first sight had not seemed so ill a figure, either. Tall, sinewy, well clad for the place and day, even more foppish than Banion in boot and glove, he would have passed well among the damsels of any courthouse day. The saddle and bridle of his mount also were a trace to the elegant, and the horse itself, a classy chestnut that showed Blue Grass blood, even then had cost a pretty penny somewhere, that was sure.

Sam Woodhull, now moving with a half dozen wagons of his own out to Oregon, was reputed well-to-do; reputed also to be well skilled at cards, at weapons and at women.



"What a Pretty Horse You Have, Major," She Said. "What's His Name?"

Townsmen accorded him first place with Molly Wingate, the beauty from east of the river, until Will Banion came back from the wars.

Since then had been another manner of war, that as ancient as male and female.

That Banion had known Woodhull in the field in Mexico he already had let slip. What had been the cause of his sudden pulling up of his starting tongue? Would he have spoken too much of that acquaintance? Perhaps a closer look at the loose lips, the high cheeks, the narrow, close-set eyes of young Woodhull, his rather assertive air, his slight, indefinable swagger, his slouch in standing, might have confirmed some skeptic disposed to analysis who would have guessed him less than strong of soul and character. For the most part, such skeptics lacked.

By this time the last belated unit of the Oregon caravan was at hand. The features of the dusty drivers could be seen. Unlike Wingate, the newly chosen master of the train, who had horses and mules about him, the young leader, Banion, captained only ox teams. They came now, slow footed, steady, low headed, irresistible, indomitable, the same locomotive power that carried the hordes of Asia into Eastern Europe long ago. And as in the days of that invasion the conquerors carried their households, their flocks and herds with them, so now did these half-savage Saxon folk have with them their all.

Lean boys, brown, barefooted girls flanked the trail with driven stock. Chickens clucked in coops at wagon side. Uncounted children thrust out tousled heads from the openings of the canvas covers. Dogs beneath, jostling the tar buckets, barked in hostile salutation. Women in slatted sunbonnets turned impassive gaze from the high front seats, back of which, swung to the bows by leather loops, hung the inevitable family rifle in each wagon. And now, at the tail gate of every wagon, lashed fast for its last long journey, hung also the family plow.

It was '48, and the grass was up. On to Oregon! The ark of our covenant with progress was passing out. Almost it might have been said to have held every living thing, like that other ark of old.

Banion hastened to one side, where a grassy level beyond the little stream still offered stance. He raised a hand in gesture to the right. A sudden note of command came into his voice, lingering from late military days.

"By the right and left flank—wheel! March!"

With obvious training, the wagons broke apart, alternating right and left, until two long columns were formed. Each of these advanced, curving out, then drawing in, until a long ellipse, closed at front and rear, was formed methodically and without break or flaw. It was the barricade of the Plains, the moving fortress of our soldiers of fortune, going West, across the Plains, across the Rockies, across the deserts that lay beyond. They did not know all these dangers, but they thus were ready for any that might come.

"Look, mother!" Molly Wingate pointed with kindling eye to the wagon maneuver. "We trained them all day yesterday, and long before. Perfect!"

Her gaze mayhap sought the tall figure of the young commander, chosen by older men above his fellow townsman, Sam Woodhull, as captain of the Liberty train. But he now had other duties in his own wagon group.

Ceased now the straining creak of gear and came rattle of yokes as the pins were loosed. Cattle guards appeared and drove the work animals apart to graze. Women clambered down from wagon seats. Sober-faced children gathered their little arms full of wood for the belated breakfast fires; boys came down for water at the stream.

The west-bound paused at the Missouri, as once they had paused at the Don.

A voice arose, of some young man back among the wagons busy at his work, paraphrasing an ante-bellum air:

Oh, then, Susannah,
Don't you cry fer me!
I'm goin' out to Oregon,
With my banjo on my knee!

II

MORE than two thousand men, women and children waited on the Missouri for the green fully to tinge the grasses of the prairies farther west. The waning town of Independence had quadrupled its population in thirty days. Boats discharged their customary western cargo at the newer landing on the river, not far above that town; but it all was not enough. Men of Upper Missouri and

(Continued on Page 62)

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THE TIME-KILLER

By Kenneth L. Roberts

PEOPLE who have any time to kill are usually filled with a deep and intense desire to kill it in some spot far removed from their usual haunts. This desire is not so much due to their wish to avoid making a mess around the house as it is to the peculiar mental obsession known to the French as homesickness for elsewhere. French society has been afflicted for years with a passionate desire to be somewhere that it isn't. A Parisian with time to kill aims to move up to the clear, cold air of the mountains, where he can kill lots of it. When he gets to the mountains it suddenly occurs to him that possibly he might find a little more time to kill at the seashore, where the eye may roam at will across the boundless and unobstructed waves. So he moves to the seashore and at once begins to suspect that in Paris one can find more weapons with which to cause time to die a lingering and horrible death. So he moves back to Paris, where he once more hunts restlessly for other means to kill time. He has the homesickness for elsewhere.

The English, too, have it to a marked degree. All Englishmen who have incomes larger than two hundred guineas a year own tea baskets with which they go off to distant heaths or popular woods on bank holidays and week-ends for the purpose of killing time and burying it with the appropriate funeral exercises. They are constantly running up to the moors for a bit of rough shooting, or over to Switzerland to ski a bit, or off to a country house for a bit of punting or Scotch drinking, or down to Brighton for a week-end. An English week-end is sadly misnamed, inasmuch as it usually consists of Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, with a bit of Thursday and Tuesday thrown in for good measure.

Of late years the American people have been growing increasingly proficient at time killing. Forty years ago the average American, confronted with a little extra time, didn't know what to do with it. Usually he took it into the front parlor and sat around on haircloth furniture with it, and became so sick of it that he never wanted to see its face again. If he felt within him the primitive urge to take it somewhere and kill it he hesitated to do so because the roads were bad, automobiles hadn't been invented, and the South was only regarded as the place where the Civil War started. Distances were great. Few people cared to travel, because it was generally believed that a person who absented himself from business more than one working day out of every five years was a loose, dangerous and depraved character. One of the most exciting things to do forty years ago was to put on a striped flannel coat and play croquet on the front lawn.

To-day, however, America has caught the germs of homesickness for elsewhere from the French and English. Florida has been reclaimed from the swamps and the Indians, the small automobile has been put within the means of stevedores, cooks, second-story workers and moderately successful story writers, and golf trousers may be worn in Western towns without causing the wearer to be shot. A road is cursed fluently by an automobilist if it is sufficiently bad to get his wheel spokes muddy. The business man who can't knock off work for two or three months a year is regarded pityingly as being either a back number, a simp or a poor man. All these things being so, Americans with time to kill can take it farther from home and kill it with more thoroughness than any other people on earth. They go into their time killing with more energy than do Europeans.

The European is usually content to do his time killing within three hundred miles of home. The American is never content unless he can travel from fifteen hundred to three thousand miles, and wind up with an orgy of time killing that would make a professional executioner look by comparison like the president of a Dorcas society.

The Land of Big Hotels

IT IS in Florida that the American time killer may be found in all his glory; and the largest, most perfect and most brilliantly colored specimens are to be found at Palm Beach. It is at Palm Beach that one finds the very rare variety measuring twenty minutes from tip to tip.

One can best understand why it is that winter-bound Northerners select Florida as the scene of their time killing by following in their footsteps and boarding a Florida-bound night train in a Northern city during a heavy blizzard.



A New Yorker With a Small Income Broke Into Society With a Crash and Married a Widow With a Fortune That Kept a Couple of Income-Tax Experts Working a Month Each Year

Early the next morning, when one disentangles the bedclothes from his neck and elevates the trick shade of the sleeping-car window after the usual severe struggle, one finds that the snow has nearly disappeared. The eye is wearied by the flat plains of North Carolina, relieved only by negro shanties and scrub pines. By afternoon North Carolina has merged into South Carolina. The flatness continues with unbounded enthusiasm; but there is no snow, and the air is milder. The pines are marked with peculiar herringbone gashes, whence flows turpentine, the painter's delight. Piny odors vaguely reminiscent of tar soap, sheep dip and cold remedies float through the half-opened windows. Later that evening, as one returns to the dining car to recover the hat which one has forgotten in the excitement of tipping the waiter, one hears frequent shrill frog choruses from the pools beside the tracks. By midnight one is ringing frantically for the porter to tear himself from his slumbers among the shoes in the smoking compartment and start the electric fans. One's rest is troubled by the heat and the increasing shrillness of the frog choruses.

On the second morning the rising sun discloses a limitless expanse of flatness, dotted with occasional palm trees and covered with a scrubby growth of near-palms or palmettos. The sun is hot and red. A black ribbon of asphalt road parallels the railroad; and at intervals along it appear flocks of flivvers nesting drowsily among the palms and the tin-can tourists. There is plent ing white sand, and plenty of stagna The air is full of swallows, and an e pelican flops languidly alongside t gazing pessimistically at the passengers. eler perspires lightly and marvels at the that it was only night before last when he s a piece of ice and got half a peck of snow back of his neck. He remembers that it i and glorious country—a fact which his co tion of the doings of Congress had cause forget.

Occasionally the train flashes past litt sitting hotly in the sun and sand amon orange and grapefruit trees. This is Flor the land looks as though it were wort ten dollars an acre—just as it has alway until someone develops it and begins to sel ner lots at a modest five thousand dollars

Around breakfast time—a mere thirty-s since the train emerged from its Northern and snowdrifts—the train crosses a shin strip of blue water and comes to rest beside that seems, at first glance, to be at least te long. It stretches off so far into the distar people up at the other end appear to be hul In reality it is only about half a mile lo only about five hundred times larger th Mowsam House, at Kennebunk, Maine.

On the station platform are women i skirts, gauzy waists and diamond bracelets. men in white trousers dash up and down th form on bicycles. The air is soft and balmy trees stretch off into the distance in every tion. Wheel chairs, propelled by dignified-l negroes who sit on bicycle seats directly the chairs and pedal vigorously, move hith yon in a stately manner. Through the paln one catches glimpses of white yachts rid anchor on the blue water.

The Industry at Palm Beach

A WHEEL chair stops at the edge of the s platform. In it are seated a dignified g man in white flannels, and a gracious lady in skirt and a sweater covered with neat ligl effects in red, green and orange zigzags. One ders whether this can be J. Pierpont Astorl Charley Schwab. Then one hears the gra lady whisper excitedly to the dignified gentle "Do you suppose that's Charley Schwab Pierpont Astorbilt over there?" and hear dignified gentleman reply in a hoarse under "Shut up or they'll think we're boobs!"

This is Palm Beach, the very center of the w time-killing industry. Palm Beach is a long, row strip of land which is separated from mainland by a long, narrow body of water kn as Lake Worth, and by a sudden increase in l expenses. On the mainland side of Lake Wor the rising young city of West Palm Beach, w one is not afraid—as he usually is in Palm Bea to offer a storekeeper or a newsboy a nickel le should regard it as some strange, unknown for coin. West Palm Beach is full of ordinary people are unacquainted with wheel chairs and think nothin walking two or three blocks, or even as much as half a if the necessity arises. They frequently get along for at a time without spending more than two dollars eighty-five cents a day.

West Palm Beach has the same sort of climate Palm Beach has, but the air of the place is somehow di ent. At Palm Beach one has the feeling that he is breatl the very same air that the world's greatest bankers society people are breathing, whereas over in West P Beach one doesn't know or care who has been breath the air. That is why so many people find the Palm Be climate very invigorating, but always feel that the clim of West Palm Beach leaves them a little weak and tir

Palm Beach, then, is a long, narrow strip of land w the ocean on one side and Lake Worth on the other. T largest hotel, which has room for thirteen hundred pay guests at any one time, but which only gets all thirt hundred of them for about a month out of the year, fro on Lake Worth; while the next largest hotel is direc across the narrow strip of land, fronting on the ocean. between are golf links, and roadways edged with pal and avenues of towering, feathery, bluish-green Australi pines, and simple little cottages that couldn't have cost cent more than forty or fifty thousand dollars. There a also a number of modest little shacks that might ha

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…t their owners back half a million or so, and clubhouses …d bathing pavilions and more palms and broad white road… …ays and men in white flannels and women in diamonds …d perfumery and clinging gowns—and more palms.

Over everything there is an odor of money. Every …reeze that blows is freighted with its rich, fragrant, musky …ell, and every person that one encounters on the street …r in a hotel lobby seems to be about to spend a lot of it or to have just finished spending a lot of it.

Some people seem to like the odor and some don't seem to care so much for it. Some, in fact, seem from their …xpressions to think that this money odor has a great deal …n common with smoldering rubber or asafetida.

The impression that Palm Beach is bound to make on …ny newcomer is one of general discomfort. Everybody …eems to be staring critically at everybody else—due, of …ourse, to the fact that almost everybody hopes or …uspects that everybody else may prove to be Charley …chwab or Percy Rockefeller or Vincent Astor or one of …hose prominent society people who part their names in …he middle.

People who enter and leave the hotel dining rooms don't …eem to know what to do with their hands. They pretend …o an embarrassing ease of manner, as though conscious …hat all eyes are upon them. The people at the tables can't …eep their eyes off the people at other tables. The hotel …obbies are congested before lunch and after dinner with …ersons who have no interest in any scenery except that …hat other people are wearing. Although the beach at …alm Beach is many miles in length, all the bathers, near… …athers and bather-watchers cram themselves each noon …nto a few square yards of beach and watch one another …ike a gathering of lynxes.

People dawdle along the palm-fringed avenues and stare …t one another blankly and questioningly. People sit self… …onsciously in wheel chairs and look searchingly at people …n other wheel chairs. Bicyclists wheel languidly along …he white roads and gaze intently at everyone. "Are you Charley Schwab?" each eye seems to ask …nxiously. "Are you one of the Rockefellers? Are you anybody?"

Palm Beach is the heaven of the …icycle. In some parts of the world it …as sunk in popular esteem until it is …till else than a conveyer of telegraph …oys and an instrument for the re…oval of skin from children's knees. …ut in Palm Beach it shares with the …heel chair the honor of being the …hariot of wealth and beauty.

Everyone on Wheels

FLOCKS of bicycles are parked be…side every hotel entrance. Broad …nd flawless sidewalks are reserved for …icycles and wheel chairs. The pedes…rian who sets foot on them does so at …is own risk, and is more than apt, if …e does so, to have his coat driven …everal inches into his back by the …ront wheel of a bicycle.

There is no bicycle costume. Beau…iful lady bicyclists wear anything—…ingle afternoon gowns, flowing cos…umes with long capes, and the most …xtreme evening gowns. Large num…ers of girls persist in bicycling while …earing tight skirts, so that the gen…ral effect is somewhat similar to that …f a pony ballet made up as messenger …oys.

On side streets one frequently sees …he almost forgotten spectacle of a …eal debutante learning to ride. On …he dance floor she would float along …s lightly as a tuft of thistledown. On …bicycle she wabbles heavily and …elplessly from side to side, collapsing …t intervals against her instructor with …ll the crushing weight of a California …edwood.

The wheel chair is the favorite …alm Beach method of locomotion, …nd it is the only form of exercise ever …aken by many Palm Beach visitors. …any old inhabitants claim that …heel-chair riding is excellent for the …ver, and devote at least two hours to …t every afternoon. The negro chair …hauffeurs drive the chair along by …igorous pedaling, and the alternate …ng stroke gives the chair a gentle …ide-to-side motion, which acts as a …ild massage on the occupant. Two …ours of such exercise is considered to …e about enough by the most sagacious …alm Beachers. It is their belief that the persons who ride for three hours run a grave risk of overexerting themselves.

The chair chauffeurs, in addition to possessing tireless legs, are usually supplied with a vast fund of knowledge. This is most desirable; for many visitors speak to no one except the hotel clerks, the news-stand girls, the waiters and their wheel-chair chauffeur during their entire stay. It frequently happens that their chair chauffeur is their only guide, philosopher and friend; so the chauffeurs find it very valuable to be fairly familiar with all Palm Beach estates, to have a comprehensive grasp of the flora and fauna of the South, and to be conversant with all financial and social matters appertaining to the old-timer. They have also found that a frank exposition of their own philosophical meditations on men and things will sometimes arouse the interest and stimulate the generosity of their charges. "What sort of ducks are those, George?" usually brings the intelligent answer: "Those ain't no sort, suh. Those is just ducks." A query as to whether a wheel chair is harder to push with one or two people in it brought the reply that there wasn't no difference. But to push an empty one is the hardest. Yes, suh! Must be because no money is being made. Yes, suh!

There are many lonely men and women at Palm Beach who almost cry with gratitude when somebody speaks to them. They are like many congressmen, who are big people at home, but of less account in Washington than a head porter. Out of all the people who flock to Palm Beach to spend large amounts of money and bask in the soothing rays that emanate from the socially prominent, ninety per cent might be compared to very small potatoes in a two-hundred-acre lot. Even the majority of the people whose names are names to conjure with in Palm Beach society can't be found in the pages of Who's Who.

The majority of men who pay the bills at the big hotels are forced to struggle hard to kill time when they have finished their golf playing for the day. Enormous numbers of them seem to spend most of their spare time sitting dolefully around hotel lobbies and expecting telegrams that never come. If you fall into conversation with any man in any Palm Beach hotel lobby he invariably explains his inactivity by saying that he is expecting a telegram.

Next to expecting telegrams the most popular Palm Beach time killer seems to consist of wondering what day of the week it is. Sneak up behind any two important-looking men who seem to be discussing affairs of moment, and the chances are ten to one that you will hear the following weighty conversation: "Is to-day Tuesday or Wednesday? I sort of lose track down here."

"To-day? Why, to-day's Wednesday. No; hold on! It's Thursday, isn't it?"

"No, I don't think so. I think it's either Tuesday or Wednesday. Still, I don't know; it might be Thursday."

"No, I don't believe it's Thursday. I was expecting a telegram on Tuesday, and it would have had to come before Thursday. I guess it's Wednesday."

"Yes, I guess it is. I thought for a while it was Tuesday."

"Oh, I don't believe it's Tuesday."

"No, I guess it's Wednesday all right. That telegram ought to be here by now. How long are you staying here?"

"I don't know. I'm expecting a telegram, and I can't tell till it gets here."



So Far as the Female Contingent at Palm Beach is Concerned, an Economic Conference Hasn't a Chance With Such Big News as What Mrs. Harold Bayne Whiffle Wore

The Reign of Hookless Dresses

HAVING reached a comparatively ripe intimacy by this time, it is almost inevitable that one of them should advance one of the thousand statistical questions that are so frequently encountered at Palm Beach, such as "Did you ever stop to think how many nails it took to build this hotel?" A few seconds later both of them have produced envelopes and are figuring busily.

Men who have traveled thousands of miles for the purpose of killing time at Palm Beach will frequently argue for two or three hours and figure all over the backs of eight or ten envelopes and a couple of golf scores in an attempt to decide whether or not the value of all the diamond bracelets in Palm Beach would be sufficient to secure economic control of Russia. Newcomers to Palm Beach, knowing that America's greatest financiers flock there during the season, frequently make the mistake of thinking that two men knitting their brows over a lot of figures are probably two great money kings working up a scheme to corner the nation's hop crop. In reality they are two ordinary citizens killing a little time by choking it to death with useless statistics.

Compared with the good old days when dresses hooked up the back in such an intricate fashion that one needed blue prints, diagrams and charts in order to hook up a dress properly, there is practically no dress changing at Palm Beach nowadays. In the old days the womenfolk spent at least forty per cent of their waking hours changing their clothes. They changed their clothes whenever the wind changed. They changed their clothes every time a train came in. They couldn't eat or go out in a wheel chair or put on a string of beads or take a drink without changing their clothes. Their menfolk were kept constantly busy hooking them up the back.

To-day things are different. Dresses no longer hook up the back with their erstwhile wholeheartedness. Careful and competent observers state that many present-day dresses are safely attached to the human frame by as few as three hooks, all of which can be reached without dislocating an arm or displacing any vertebræ, and that an equal number of dresses are merely slid on over the head and worn just as they fall, without any further formality. A great many women at Palm Beach wear only two costumes each day—one for morning and afternoon, and one for evening. Not so many years ago a woman who wore only two dresses in one day at Palm Beach would have been regarded as mentally unbalanced or disgustingly pauperized.

The real snappy dressers, however, get in and out of three costumes a day; while it is not at all unusual to find

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The Axiom of Peter Bell Ivc

By SAMUEL MERWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

DAWN came redly up behind the white pile of the Public Library. When he first opened his eyes he saw it gilding the pinnacles and parapets and the less pleasing water tanks and chimneys of the skyscrapers over toward Times Square. His head rolled back on his arm then and he stared straight up through the scraggly little city trees into an unbelievably rosy zenith; finally twisting around for a view of the east. His neck was uncomfortably stiff, and his knees creaked. His back ached as well.

There was, surprisingly, mystery in Forty-second Street. It would be amusing to try painting it in this unearthly light. Tricky, because the effects changed so swiftly. Though his knack at making quick sketches in color would help; and the one gift he knew he had was a painter's memory. He regretted now that he hadn't kept his luggage with him, easel and colors and parcel of sketch boards. Very possibly they'd have been stolen while he slept. Though, for that matter, it was a question whether he'd ever see them again anyway. Or his suitcase. Ruefully he felt in his pocket for the thirty-eight cents he knew was there, and as ruefully jingled it in his hand. It was good for a breakfast.

His gaze rested on the library building. Why, he asked himself, couldn't these enormous monuments be designed in some innately American feeling? Couldn't there be an American spirit in architecture—something perhaps solider, more sweeping than the Colonial? Why, always, always, the Grecian and the Roman? That huge railway terminal he had observed in the afternoon was nothing on earth but a reproduction of the Baths of Caracalla. Why not the Temple of Karnak? Or the Mosque of St. Sophia? Or the Taj Mahal?

He turned back and considered the skyscrapers. They embodied, perhaps, these towering symbols of a greatly brusque civilization, the perfect answer to his question. They had, at least, evolved. It was as if the lawless push of America here on Manhattan Island had leaped out of the hard rock, high, high! They were frank enough, with their hard, straight lines, the carven stone in front only, leaving the vast surfaces of the side walls in brick or rpugh tile, and the thousands of office windows, that were lettered, nearly every one, with advertising matter. The lovely dawn light was spreading softly downward now, reflecting molten gold from all those windows. It was rather stirring to sit here in the gray dusk of the little park and gaze out over the grimy structure of the Elevated—already trucks were banging along beneath it—into that lofty splendor.

And the electric signs must have been blazing gayly all night. At least he seemed to have innumerable little half memories of them at different times when he had found himself squirming uncomfortably on the bench.

Certainly the Elevated trains had never stopped. While he was in that curious half-awake condition, hours on end, they had seemed one after another to run, roaring and grinding, right through his brain.

A good many other vagrants were scattered about on the benches, many of them still asleep. Flotsam of the pulsing, tireless city. They didn't matter. Come to think of it, he didn't matter himself. His eyes filled and he buried his face on his arm.

Ten minutes later he was jingling the coins again. Breakfast seemed important. He hadn't dined. One of those all-night restaurants.

"I'm kissing my things good-by," he mused bitterly; but added, more youthfully, "After all, may as well start clean." And clean it would be when the thirty-eight cents was gone. He decided to limit breakfast to twenty-five cents, buy a paper, and leave eleven cents for that start.

Briskly, then, he marched out of the park. But an hour later he was back with his paper, which he opened to the want ads. That seemed to be how you started clean. At least it was the only way he could think of.

The New York that calls itself New York was not yet awake, but the streets were already roaring curb-full of traffic, and the sidewalks were crowded with hurrying, jostling men and women—young men and women, all nervously intent.

Another hour passed.

A tall figure of a man came wandering not unamiably through the park, taking in the early-morning performance of the hurrying city through thick curved lenses set in a heavy spectacle frame of gold. Our young man glancing up over his paper noted the spectacles. You didn't see gold frames much any more. And then his quick eyes took in the rest of the rather quaint figure. The man was very tall indeed, all of six feet and three or four inches, and thin. Extremely thin, a severely spare person, clad in an outmoded rusty cutaway coat bound about the edges with fraying braid, gray trousers that surely had not been pressed for a long time and that were fringed at the bottom, a stringy tie in which, however, was stuck a remarkable scarab set in old gold, and finally a derby hat that had doubtless been black in its earlier years but was now rusty like that old-fashioned coat.

The face was spare, like the figure, clean-shaven, of a scholarly cast, even attractive. You felt, despite the odd costume, authority there, and, less definitely perhaps, a degree of force. At least there was a fullness of outline, a slight bulge outward of the profile from the nose to the chin, such as is usually found in the aggressive, fighting type of man, that contrasted strangely reflective eyes and with the huge bald the head that came into evidence wh moved that derby and passed a han across the spacious forehead.



"Do You Mind Sharing This Bench?" "No! Oh, No! Not at All!" the Young Man Found Himself Saying in Some Confusion

Our young man caught himself sta hurriedly lowered his eyes to those want But he felt the strange person pause. voice remarked, a voice that was austere tive, like the face, and very pitch, "Do you mind sharing this

"No! Oh, no! Not at al young man found himself saying confusion.

II

"YOU begin the day early," man continued. "I do, m enjoy the walk uptown in the earl ing. And it interests me to sit an poor devils who have had no oth to sleep but these benches."

"I slept on this one last nig marked the young man.

"Indeed!" There was surpris deep voice. And the young ma that his face and hat and clothir being scrutinized swiftly. your case can't be the s these vagrants."

"Why not? I land than a month ago from My money had about ru and I suppose I thou would be possible to begi ing right off here in New But it wasn't possible."

The tall man though over, and finally rema "That's nonsense, of cour

"It isn't anything o sort!"

"I beg your pardon! Y young, good-looking en comfortably enough dre you speak with bree enough—I see no reason you shouldn't pick up at any reasonable thing you w

"That's easy to say."

"It's easy to do. Naturally I'm assumi degree of cleverness. In New York it is vit be clever. May I ask, what is your line of activi

"I was supposed to be a promising y painter."

"H'm! That's bad, of course. The Ameri are not an artistic people. Oh, they can be mentarily interested in celebrated masterpieces of the past—interesting examples of the valu accumulated and sanctified publicity—but the not interested in discovering fresh genius. T like it as they like their opera and their lit ture—something safely foreign."

"That's exactly the conclusion I've come And that's why it isn't nonsense to say that —

"Pardon me again, but it is nonsense, none less. I meant only that painting is a more diffi road than others. A man can have what he wa as quickly as he wants it."

"But, gee-whiz ——"

"It is only necessary that the want be real, t it amount to a profound desire. It must be stro enough to rule him and drive him to action."

"How about these poor devils on the benches

"If you could psychoanalyze them I think you wou find that each of them has been possessed with an ov mastering desire either for women or for alcohol—or, aga for leisure. And you'd find that every one has attain his goal. Of the three, leisure is by far the hardest attain, because it must be combined with an equal strong desire, in the first instance, for money. And not ing is so disastrous in most cases as a confusion of want Mind you, I am not referring to the desires a man ma have been told he ought to have, not to the veneer of h schooling and reading, if any, but to the wants that bur in his marrow."

He paused, apparently lost for the moment in thought as if his own words had served as a springboard of th mind from which he leaped out into unseen vastnesses o philosophic speculation.

The young man drew a cigarette box from an inne pocket, hesitatingly opened it, realized that only one cigarette was left, finally and ruefully placed it in hi

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ch. And as he lighted it the grim thought came for the
time in his life that matches, too, cost money.
"Take that unhappy crowd up there"—this strange
g was indicating with a bony hand an Elevated train
t chanced to be roaring and grinding by on its way to
ous streets of lower Manhattan, jammed with a
ing, helpless mass of human beings—"if you could
off the tops of their heads and look in you'd find half
them afflicted with that fatal confusion of wants. The
ng clerks want money, but they also want reputation
sporting careers and women and automobiles, and
e of them add the final hopeless complication of a
antic desire for home and children. The young women
fully as much, and want it with a barbaric intensity
would paralyze any one of the men with fear if he
w about it, which fortunately he doesn't."
"How about the other half?"
"They would be the unfortunates without strong egos.
rseas is, usually, pure ego. A passing desire to stand
. Sublimated exhibitionism. The people without it are
friendly people, what we think of as nice people, the
without desire and therefore without personal hope.
find the faithful qualities there. They should leave
w York at once and establish themselves in healthy
ge life. But as I was saying, money—just money—is
easiest thing in the world."
"Is—what!"
"Precisely that. The easiest thing in the world. Or per-
ps I should say, in New York, nowadays. Everybody
akes over heaps of it any number of times any day.
d they're always looking up and around for something
."
"I wouldn't mind stumbling over a little."
The tall man turned abruptly and gazed down at him
th an air of firm authority that was almost a little
ming.
"Just what," he asked, "do you want?"
"I— Why, I suppose I ——"
"What!"
"Well"—his eyes lowered, studied the seamed concrete
the walk, lingered forlornly on his dusty shoes as he
ndered how soon they'd be shined again—"I suppose
want to be known as a painter."
"Are you sure that's what you want?"
"Well—as sure as a fellow can be of anything. You see, I gave up college to study here. And then I had two years and a half in Paris. Got a picture into the Salon this year—Woman in Blue. I thought that would mean something—even here in New York."

The tall man moved his head firmly in the negative.

"I know—now. I've been around to all the big dealers and to some of the established painters, even to art editors of magazines. No, it doesn't mean a thing."

"Of course you can become known as a painter, if that's really what you want."

"Yes, but when?"

"Oh—surely by to-morrow."

For the first time the thought came to the young man that this strange person beside him might not be wholly sane. And his expression not unnaturally changed with this changing current of thought. This the older man evidently noted, for he pursed his lips, sat gazing intently at the Elevated structure, muttered with a touch of impatience "It's all too absurd!"—and then, in his rather abrupt way, rose.

"Come!" he said.

III

IN A SPIRIT that was in part the meekness of defeat and in part the sporting instinct of youth the younger man followed him.

They ascended the steps by the Public Library and walked out on the terrace that commands the broad sidewalk and the swiftly flowing traffic streams of Fifth Avenue. Here they stood, close by the parapet, silent in a roaring world, the older man gazing out on the endless moving picture in his curiously reflective way, the younger glancing now up at him, now moodily down.

"Painting, eh?" mused the stranger aloud. "That complicates it! That complicates it! We'll have to think about that." And then, "What's your name?"

"Case."

"Case? Nothing in that. What's the rest of it?"

"William F."

"What's the F.?"

"Frank."

"Worse and worse. I see I shall have to manufacture you out of whole cloth. Mother's maiden name?"

"Ames."

"H'm! Her mother's?"

"Williams."

"For the love of heaven, can't we find any color here? You must have a paternal grandmother. Her name?"

"Oh, yes—she came from a Southern Huguenot family."

"The name?"

"Durien."

"There! At last you're giving me a little something to build on. Now mind you, we're not speaking of fame! That's a growth. But just becoming known. Publicity, eh? A quick substitute for fame. Yes, money's the easiest thing. Look at them—look at all of them!" He waved that skinny hand toward the swelling stream of south-bound traffic. "For an hour and a half it'll keep up. All very important people—personages—whirling downtown to give orders to the crowd we saw over on the Elevated! Limousines! I wish I wanted a limousine. I'd have it before the end of the week. So easy! Look at the men in 'em—the faces. Look at that one! This one! All taking themselves seriously! Silly little men! Think of having the stupidity to be as complacent as that! And it takes years to build such faces."

"Look here!" This from the younger man, rousing. "How would you get a limousine before the end of the week?"

"Never mind now, Durien! It isn't bad. Wait—I'm putting it together! Where are your painting things?"

"Over in the Grand Central Station. I checked them after I had to leave the boarding place. That was yesterday." His voice wavered at the ignominious memory.

"Get them. Bring them here. The library's open now. I have my own work to do. But I am going to give you an hour of my time."

"I—you see, it'll take twenty cents to get them out. Two parcels. It's the second day."

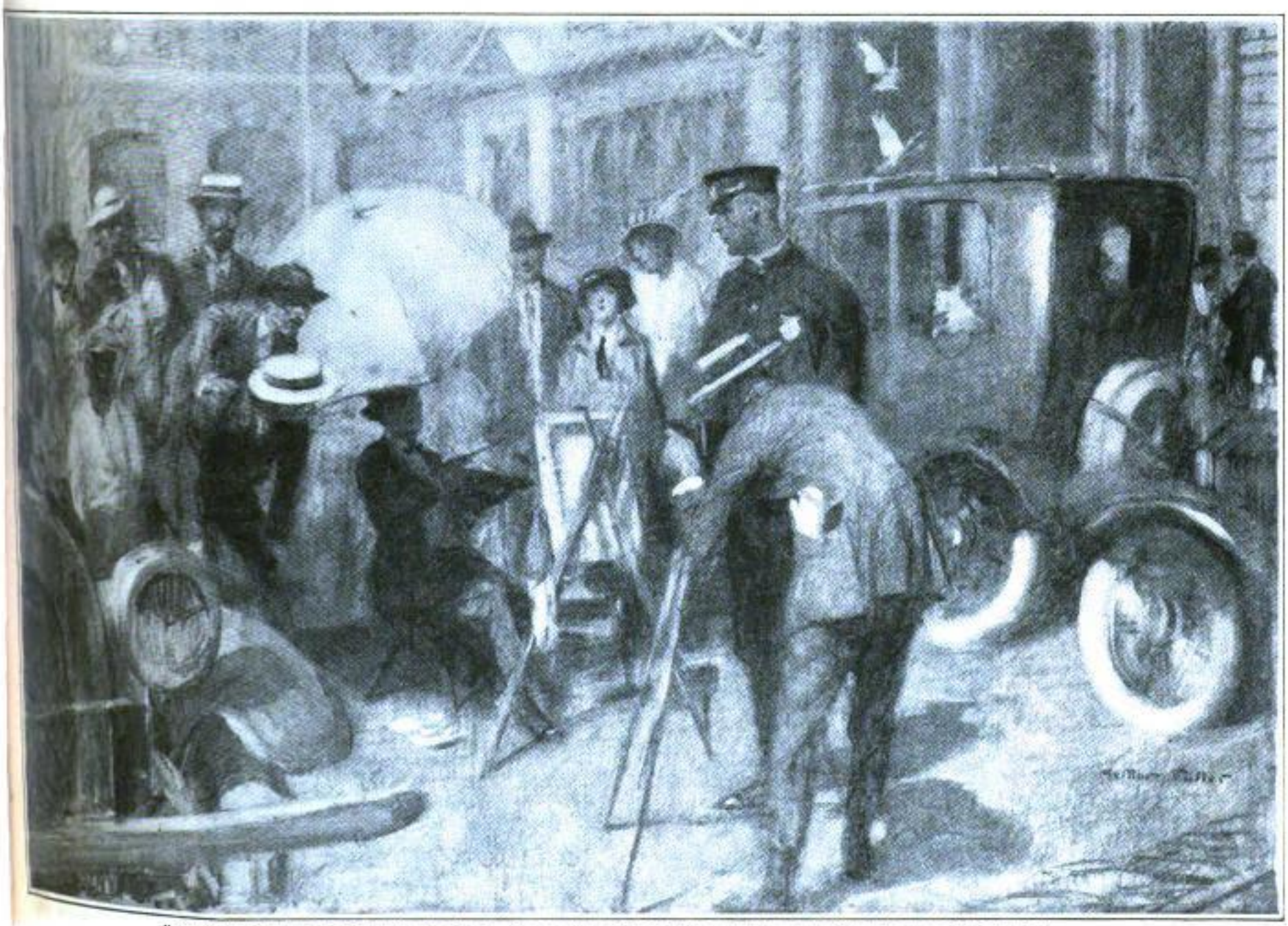
"How much have you?"

"Eleven cents."

"H'm! Wait! Let me think! That hat—you might be a shipping clerk, a broker, anything! Even a tam-o'-shanter would —— My dear boy, you're undertaking an extremely difficult thing."

"I thought you said it was easy."

"Easy when you understand. That's all there is in the world—understanding. And you haven't got it. Not yet. You even think me crazy. The fact is, I'm perhaps the only sane man in New York at this moment." He waved again toward the apparently endless flow of limousines.



"Gee-Whiz! But We Had Fun With the Crowd. Once or Twice There I Thought They Were Going to Trample Me Under"

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"Look at them! Are there that many really able men in New York? Certainly not! They're just the men with direct, clear wants. They wanted limousines, and went through all hell to get them. They're the hard devils. Unscrupulous. Money stuff. The folks with humanity in them—decency—are all over there on the Elevated. But listen! What I'm trying to make you understand is that no William F. Case, in a gray suit and a four-dollar straw hat, could possibly be accepted by New Yorkers as a painter. Can't you grasp that? It's asking too much of them. They haven't the imagination. And in the second place, always remember that they're not interested in painters in the first place."

"But, really then, what's the use of ——"

"That's why you've got to reach them through the medium of entertainment. I tell you they're children—silly little children, molded by the sensational newspapers, spiritually guided by Tammany Hall, amused by the movies, buried finally in peace by the undertakers who understand comic advertising. All they ask—all they know how to ask—is that you supply the color and atmosphere they don't know how to create for themselves. Go get your painting things. Here's—let's see—a ten-dollar bill ——"

"But how can I ever ——"

"You'll soon be able to pay it back. Better take the street car; I prize my working time. And—oh, yes, step into the hat shop at the station and buy a wide-brimmed soft thing—something in velvet or plush—something you can pull down romantically on one side—and rub it in the gutter—smudge it—age it."

The young man hesitated.

"I'll wait right here," added the amazing stranger.

Young Mr. William F. Case, overwhelmed, hurried away. And the thin man in the rusty cut-away coat—an odd, old-worldly figure—stood by the marble parapet and gazed quizzically down at that rushing traffic, now and again indulging in an ironic smile at some more than commonly conspicuous vehicle, until he caught sight of a hurrying figure in a comfortably shapeless gray suit and a romantically soft brown hat, a breathless young fellow who carried a folded easel and a collapsible stool tied together under one arm, a parcel of canvases on boards under the other, and a big color box of wood in one hand. And he noted with approval that the collapsible stool was attached to something very like a folding umbrella.

"Now," he commanded, removing his rusty derby hat and squaring his immense dome of thought to the morning sun, "set up your easel and paint me. I'm giving you the best part of an hour."

"But an hour! My word! It ——"

"I'm assuming that you're clever. If you're not, I'm afraid I can't help you. New Yorkers care nothing about laborious honesty! They'd think it worth—oh, at the outside, fifteen to thirty dollars a week. And they'd assume long hours. What they want is new tricks. Toys! Until you've learned that, and all it means, you haven't so much as diagnosed your problem. And don't worry about your art. A little amusement won't hurt you any. Too much overlaboring in all the arts nowadays anyway. Not enough fun. That's the mischief of tradition. And you must keep it clearly in mind that though the degree of civilization actually attained anywhere in the world is pathetically low the state of your New Yorker is lower still. If general civilization be regarded as, say, point fourteen on a scale of one hundred, your New Yorker would stand at about point eleven."

"Why so low?"

"Because he leans back on the material greatness of his city, merges his identity in it, fancies himself greater because of his relationship to it. Every thoroughgoing New Yorker is an interesting case of arrested development. Any self-reliant countryman, now, would stand at about point seventeen on our scale. All that is in your favor, since nobody in New York will ever know whether your work is good or bad. They'll only know whether or not it's talked about. Children! Oh, the real painters would know, but nobody pays any attention to them. The critics are the clamorous ones, and they have no way of finding out. They can only specialize—a few in overpraise, a few in overabuse, the rest in straddling. A man, with practice, can become expert at straddling. All set? Go ahead!"

For with a rising flush and an intent expression about the rather boyish eyes young Mr. William F. Case was fairly leaping at his task; seated on the little three-legged stool under the old sun-bleached once buff umbrella that appeared in some amusingly automatic way to be attached to it; the big rectangular palette comfortably settled about an accustomed thumb; cluster of brushes and greasy old rag fitting into familiar places among his fingers; the dusty new hat pushed carelessly back on a well-shaped head. He had taken the dare. Swiftly the colors spurted from the tubes and coiled prettily into place on the palette.

And almost instantly the crowd formed—a curious, silent crowd, that edged and shoved only a little. But it grew, spreading far back over the terrace, mounting in that respectful way the marble parapet, even forming an overflow on the sidewalk beneath, and spreading there.

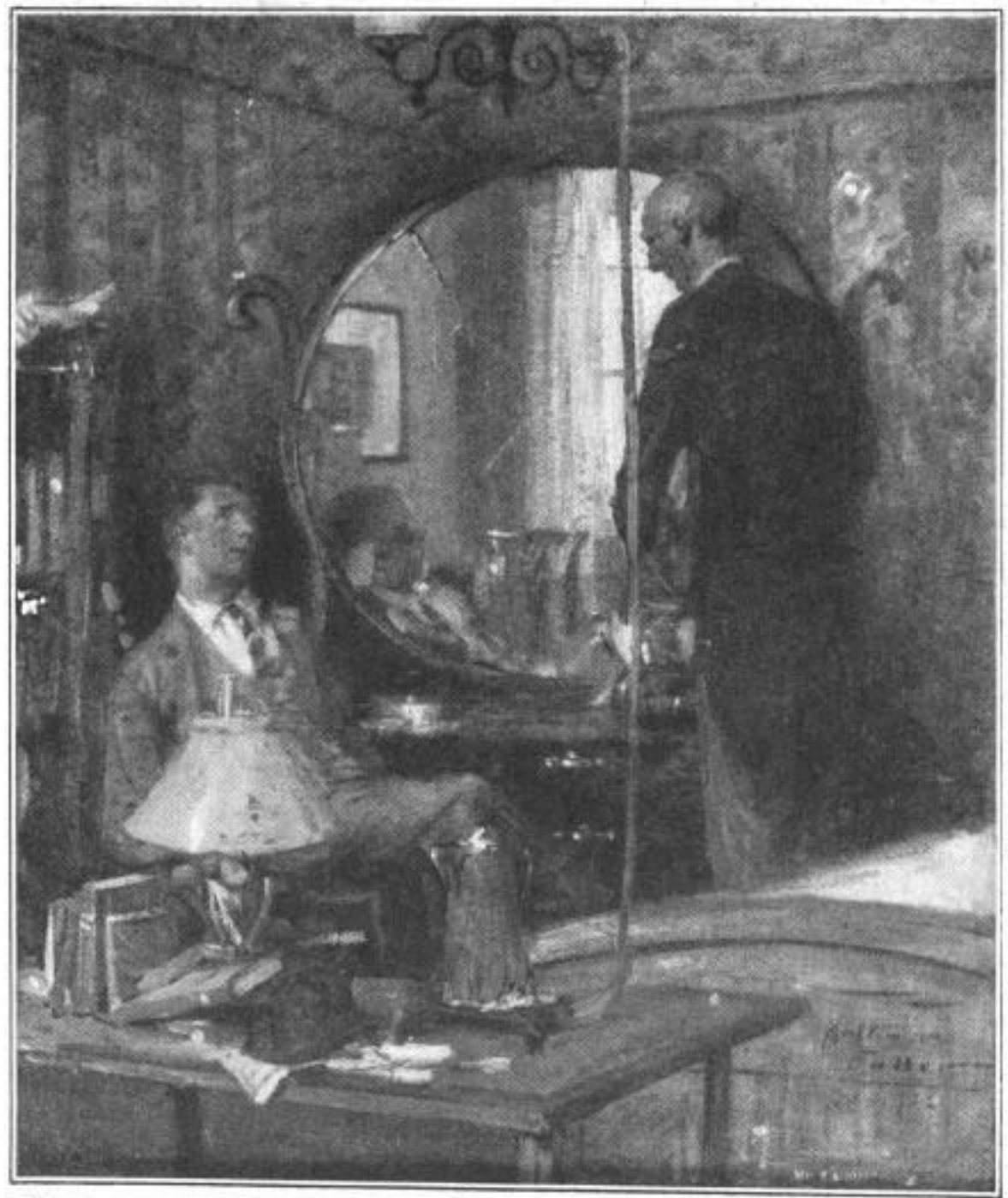
Finally a mountainous policeman walked over from the corner and elbowed through that part of the crowd that was by now blocking the walk. For a moment he studied the tall man with the scholarly bald head who stood immovable and was somehow, in spite of the rusty outmoded clothing, a figure of impressive dignity, and then glanced down at the presentment of that fine head that was taking shape with amazing swiftness under the deft hand of the young man in gray. His eyes even lighted a very little. The young man surely knew his job. The fever of work was upon him. Not a hundred peering policemen could have stayed that fascinatingly swift hand.

And indeed when the officer, falling back on a sense of his position, asked, in a voice that was at once gruff and confidential, "How much longer's this going to take?" the artist replied, with the eager impatience of an absorbed child, "Only a little while," and painted on.

The tall man spoke then, very quietly: "He tells me he is painting a lot of the city types. I imagine he'll be out there on the corner after some of you before t much older."

The policeman turned away at that, and sai people on the sidewalk, "Here, move along, a lo Move along now! Can't you see you're blocking walk? Move along now! Step along!"

But the artist was wholly lost in the fever of work, and heard none of this.



"If You Think You're Reading My Mind From My Bookshelves—I'm Afraid You're Far Off the Track"

IV

"VERY good," was the tall man's comment a hand, he regarded the finished portrait. "V indeed." And the crowd behind him murmured i ment with his judgment. "You have a spirited color. Really, I'm not sure you haven't quite a fla you have technic. All first-rate. Now we'll begi

"Begin?" The artist looked up in surprise.

"Certainly." The tall man put on his hat, be and spoke in a guarded voice: "This was only a had to try you out. Stand up, if you don't mind. Now take a good look out there at the corner. I su is the most crowded corner in the world—Fifth and Forty-second Street. The most conspicuou for you would be, I should say—h'm—here on th town side, right in the middle of the crossing, betw lines of traffic, and out beyond the sidewalk line. they don't allow left turning here, and there's alw open space at that point. I want to see the wh brella planted right there."

"Do you expect me to paint Fifth Avenue? hour?"

"Certainly not. You'd have to have a permit, don't care to take the time to get one."

"Well, then, what ——"

"Please listen. There are four or five traffic offi the crossing, not counting the man in the tower. those four or five will be in command. He'll undo have chevrons on his sleeve or a gold shield or so tinguishing mark. Paint him."

"You mean—just go up and ——"

"Exactly. Paint him. Better paint him twice a him a copy. I want you to be there about two ho

"But do you mean that I am——"

"And remember just you've got to treat New indulgently. Never ex never apologize, never r just smile and do as you If anybody asks your nar it's Durien—nothing more ing else. If they ask you're from, say Paris. smile. And work on. An to my room, if you will kind, at twelve. I shall terested to hear what yo have to report. I have gi my plan to work at the this morning. And by th you'd better carry this where it can be seen."

"But look here, Mr. —

"Ivor."

"Mr. Ivor, what if th calls my bluff?"

"If you are so much ginning to understand m should perceive by this that it isn't a bluff."

"But what if he doesn it our way? Calls for the and lands me in the statio

"Then," said Mr. Ivor "paint the sergeant at his d

"Oh!" breathed young Case; and again, "Oh!"

"Ah! You are, perhap ginning to understand?"

"I—I think so." He grinning a little now.

"Then there is no possi of their stopping you. No can stop you."

"That's certainly a ——

"I will leave you now. is my address." And b William F. Case could s again the stranger was gon

The card read, "Mr. I Bell Ivor," with an addre the West Forties.

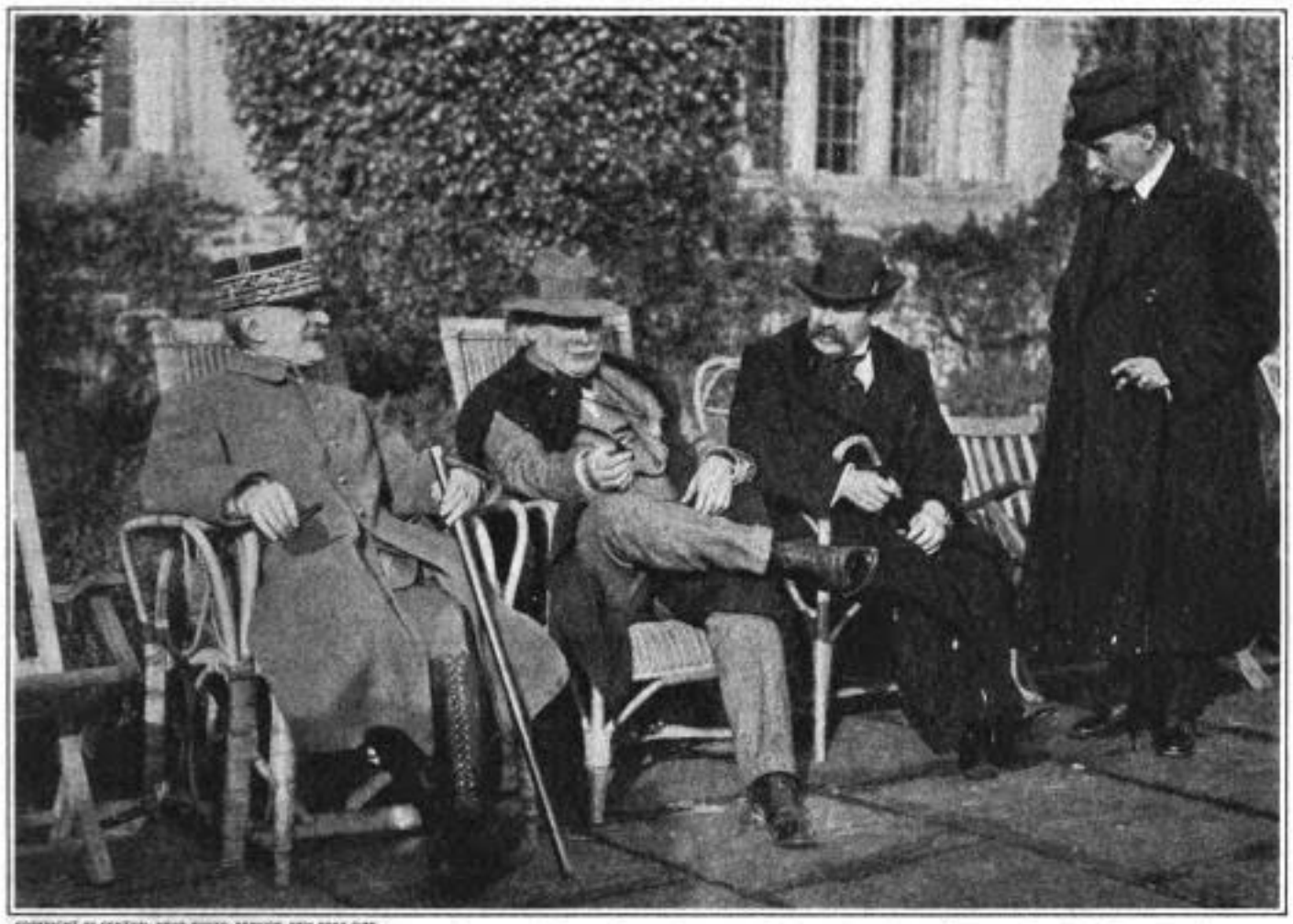
V

HE FOUND the plac twelve. It was one of a of old brick houses in a dow heel neighborhood. A slat

(Continued on Page 109

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Mr. Lloyd George, His Character and Career—By Francis W. Hirst



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Marshal Foch, David Lloyd George and Aristide Briand at Chequers, Buckinghamshire, "Where the War Was Won"

IN ALL parts of the United States—on the Pacific Coast, in the Middle West, in New England, New York, Pennsylvania and Virginia—I have found during my last tour—August, 1921, to February, 1922—a much livelier interest in British politics than ever before. And as a rule this interest has culminated in personal curiosity about Mr. Lloyd George. Evidently at this distance he constitutes the highest and most romantic peak in our political landscape, and just as the grandeur and charm of his own beloved Welsh mountains often depend on the clouds and mists that hide their summits, so the inconsistencies of his past, the instability of his present, and the impossibility of foretelling his future surround the first Celtic Prime Minister of Britain with an attractive halo of mystery.

There is not only universal curiosity as to his character but also a good deal of admiration for the extraordinary resourcefulness and versatility he has displayed in the last few years. Mr. Lloyd George is the only leading statesman who has held office continuously since the war. He has been a cabinet minister ever since December, 1905!

I must admit, however, that I was a little surprised, during one evening in the Faculty Club of a famous Eastern university, to hear one of the professors present declare with an air of convinced certainty: "Mr. Lloyd George is the greatest of living statesmen." Nor was he at all pleased with a proposal to amend the statement by substituting "cleverest" or "most artful" for "greatest."

My own reluctance to concede greatness to the type of statesmanship in which Mr. Lloyd George excels may be conveyed by an analogy. Let us suppose that a passenger vessel under the command of Captain Lloyd George is advertised to sail from London for New York. On that assurance—which corresponds with the pledges issued at the general election of December, 1918—a number of passengers are booked. The ship starts according to program, but after a few hours Captain Lloyd George calls his officers together and persuades them that they will have better weather if they change their course to Rio. Later on another change of weather and plan occurs, and Melbourne is announced as the port of destination.

Getting Into the Limelight

SOME of the passengers mutiny, but Captain George mollifies the majority by an argument of this kind. "You complain," he says, "that I'm not taking you to the promised land. But isn't it better to be alive in Melbourne than dead in New York? The first duty of a captain is to keep his ship afloat." In this parable you have, I think, the best justification Mr. Lloyd George's friends can adduce for the political somersaults he has turned since the outbreak of war in August, 1914.

Another defense frequently offered by Liberal Coalitionist supporters of Mr. Lloyd George against the attacks of the Independent Liberals is that their leader can find a precedent in Mr. Asquith's war administration for every infringement of Liberal principles. Did not Mr. Asquith give away the free-trade cause by the Paris Resolutions and by the enactment of three or four high protectionist duties on motor cars, watches, cinema films, and so on? Did he not—for the first time in English history—pass conscription; and did he not devise the Defence of the Realm Act—nicknamed "Dora"—which will always serve unscrupulous statesmen as a model for destroying personal liberty, freedom of business and freedom of speech in those few democracies where the citizen is protected by law against bureaucratic tyranny?

These are deadly questions for those English Liberals whose only alternative to Mr. Lloyd George is Mr. Asquith or Viscount Grey. And if it be added that Mr. Asquith and Lord Grey were responsible for the secret diplomacy which preceded the war, and are now advocates of a military alliance with France, it will be obvious that the real Liberalism—which we associate with such names as Cobden, Mill, Bright, Gladstone, Campbell-Bannerman, Lord Morley and the late Lord Bryce—the Liberalism which seeks to establish peace and good will among nations, international arbitration, disarmament, individual liberty and free trade—has little or nothing to hope for in a Grey-Asquith combination.

Whether either Mr. Asquith or Sir Edward Grey or Mr. Lloyd George felt any qualms about betraying free trade and other Liberal causes I do not know. Some think that Mr. Lloyd George's character has changed in office, and that he has developed from an evangelist into an opportunist. I venture to think that it is not so much his character as his policy—or political strategy—that has changed with the circumstances.

Born in a poor home in a mountainous district of Wales the boy lost his father at an early age, but was brought up and educated by an uncle, for whom Mr. Lloyd George always cherished a warm affection. The uncle was of course a Radical. The boy was too clever for the farm. He was quick-witted and eloquent. He might have been trained for the ministry, but in the end it was decided that he should become a solicitor. He soon distinguished himself in the minor law courts of Wales, and on the political platform, as a champion of the small tenant farmer—usually a Nonconformist—and agricultural laborer against the old Tory Anglican society and the English or Anglicized landlords. His emergence as a brilliant orator and debater both in Welsh and in English coincided with the enfranchisement of the agricultural laborer. This took effect at the general election of 1885, when Mr. Gladstone, a convert to Home Rule, asked for a majority large enough to deal with the problem of Irish government.

The agrarian feud was pretty bitter, and almost coincided in Wales with the feud between Welsh nonconformity—the free churches, as they were called—and the Church of England. Broadly speaking, those who attended the Anglican churches in Wales were Conservatives or Tories, though of course there were a few like Mr. Gladstone who were strong churchmen as well as Liberals in politics. Those who attended the free churches—Calvinistic Methodists, Baptists, Primitive Methodists, Independents, or Congregationalists, andsoon—werenearly all of them Liberals or Radicals; and as they also spoke Welsh for the most part they were inclined to be Welsh Nationalists.

Mr. Lloyd George, to use a vulgar expression, went the whole hog. He took up Mr. Chamberlain's Radical Program, issued in 1883 or 1884 by Joseph Chamberlain, John Morley and others. He demanded the disestablishment and disendowment of the Anglican Church in Wales; he sought to undermine the power of landlordism, and to introduce small holdings; he wanted temperance reform, including local option, which means the right of a district to prohibit the retail sale of intoxicating liquors, and so to put an end to public houses and saloons; finally, he was in favor of encouraging the Welsh language, Welsh music, Welsh poetry, and of reviving a Welsh nationality.

Opposition to the Boer War

AFTER a time his own ambition and local favor found him a seat in Parliament. He came to London and established himself there as a solicitor. But the law was only a second preference. His interests were centered in politics and Parliament; there he fought for the Welsh Radical cause with an uncompromising enthusiasm which made him rather obnoxious to old-fashioned Liberals and good party men, who long remembered how his criticisms of the Welsh Establishment bill, brought in by Mr. Asquith as Home Secretary in the last year of Lord Rosebery's administration, hastened the fall of that unfortunate and distracted government.

It fell in the summer of 1895. Four years later, after the Jameson Raid, when Mr. Chamberlain and Sir A. Milner involved Great Britain and the empire in a war with the two Boer republics, Mr. Lloyd George, following Mr. John Morley and Mr. Bryce and other distinguished Liberals, threw himself vigorously into the fray as an opponent of the war. He denounced it as an unrighteous and imperialistic attack upon the independence of two small republics, undertaken in the interests of the Rand mine owners and of "the Kaffir circus"—as the gold-mine section of the stock exchange was colloquially called. Some members of the Chamberlain family were connected with Kynochs—a firm which manufactured explosives. Mr. Lloyd George said bitterly, "The British Empire has to expand in order that the Chamberlain family may contract."

His opposition to the war infuriated the Imperialists and Militarists. He was told by the Liberal Imperialists—Lord Rosebery, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Asquith, and their friends—that he was ruining his career as a Liberal politician, and that he would not be admitted into the next Rosebery administration unless he modified his attitude. Mr. Lloyd George, however, had the courage of his convictions. Possibly he felt that the majority of the Liberal

(Continued on Page 94)

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The Man With the Metal Fac

By Richard Washburn Child

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT



"Mr. Haslam, May I Drop Down Dead at Your Feet if You're Not the Living Image Right Now of That Thing on the Mantel!"

YOU do not suppose I wanted this thing done?"

"I assumed it. The proposal was not mine."

"You ought to know it is not like me to get into this kind of thing."

She listened to the cold hard voice of this supreme egoist, resting her magic-working finger tips on the other edge of his desk and calmly studying him with frank deep-blue eyes.

"You wouldn't come to my studio," she said lightly. "And I do not think I would have considered working in the office of any other man."

"Then why in mine? Because I offered to pay whatever you asked?"

"No. Not at all. I wanted to do your head."

"Well! Well!"

He was impatient; he was pleased.

"Is this to be done for your possession?" she asked.

"No—my mother."

Her face lighted imperceptibly.

"She wanted it. Pride, mother's pride. And as she has never made up her mind to leave the old home and come on to New York—well, you understand. A present."

"I think I do."

Haslam began to rustle the papers in a drawer. He was through with this preliminary conversation with her. Beatrice Wheaton had heard of him that he could show the end of his interest in anyone, even in the case of distinguished high commissioners of the Allies who had wanted to make him a superpurchasing agent during the war; M. Haslam at thirty-eight closed interviews as a king closes them, dismissing one or many of his subjects. He now had closed this interview.

Nevertheless, when he looked up after several minutes she was still there gazing at him. He was not skilled in women's faces; he did not often look into them, and certainly he never looked into them as one looks at the contour of a country which beckons exploration. He saw only a young woman, not tall, whose eyes were of the clearest penetrating quality, so that at once they impressed one as being the center of her personality. She was not a glorious beauty, but an eternity of good health appeared to flow out from her like a kind of golden aura. Her hair, perhaps, gave that suggestion. Some long-nourished sadness half covered with a certain bitterness of expression was disclosed about her mouth.

"Well? Well?"

"I think they are wrong," she said.

"Who?"

The ticker on his desk interrupted her answer. He seized the narrow tape, glancing at the little blue figures hungrily. She wondered how this hunger could grow so keen. What would he do with more money? At thirty-five he had amassed his fortune. Speculator, promoter, manager—keen, resourceful, famed. How could he make so much obeisance to a little tape when the sea around Capri was so blue, the night cries of Wuchang so stimulating to the imagination, the laughter of children on the filthy streets of the East Side so compromising of Eternity?

"Who is wrong?"

"They."

"They?"

"Those who have spoken of your appearance."

"Yes, yes. What do you mean?"

"I think there are two depths in your face, Mr. Haslam. I am looking for the deeper."

He glared at her sternly. "I am not used to looking at myself very much," he said in a chilled voice. "The last newspaper man or magazine reporter or whoever it was said this of me."

He picked up a clipping and read: "'Haslam has one initial, M. It is said in the biographical sketches that M. stands for Manfred, but no one calls him Manfred, and he signs only M. His most intimate friends call him Em. It is said that only two persons take that familiarity. One is his mother, and the other a barber in Nolan, Illinois, who used to go to school with Haslam and licked him in a fight.'" He read this passage and then waved his long fingers. "That's not the part," he said. "Here. Yes. 'Haslam has a face like agateware. He is handsome, virile, and carries a fine dignified head. It is a head of bronze. When anyone goes to an art gallery one may be impressed by a bronze bust, but one does not go to an art museum to make an impression on such a head. Haslam is like a thing of stone or metal; he may or may not make an impression on you, but you certainly never may hope to make one on him—and see it. He is unmarried. He has a metal face.'"

He paused with a smile of satisfaction. He said, "That is all I know—what they say. Are you sure you care as much as you did?"

"To work on you? Yes."

"Where is your studio, Miss Wheaton?"

"Why?" She looked back at him steadily.

"I am not sure this is the best place to make a portrait."

He paused, looking around his spacious and severe office.

"It may be that my mother had something to do with it." He spoke almost timidly. "She has been a remarkable woman. Some day ——"

"Some day—you will tell me? When you come for a sitting?"

"You would not consider it a pretty story—you."

"It affected your expression?"

"No doubt. Doesn't one's expression grow out of experience and training?"

He looked at her stea
with a nervous gesture sh
the lower part of her fa
whirl of her sable stole.

"I thought you would c
mouth," he said, and laug
cold, merciless way.

And yet as his eyes tu
ward her as she went out
ments later he was wonde
he had looked at her so mu
was only a woman. He h
looked like that at any w
all his life. The room,
gathering winter dusk, its c
the faint sounds of steam
bling in the harbor, appear
warmer. Perhaps it was
hunger, after all these years
within. He pushed aside
his personal selling orders a
out calling any of his secret
wrote on his calendar "T
at four" and then stared ou
sudden onslaught upon th
glass of swirling moist snow

That snow was late. Spri
lingered, and came now in tr
ous bits interrupted by c
sleet, as if winter retreati
backing away snarling and
as it went. When Haslam
her studio building and
limousine with the muffled
the door below, he noted
went up in the elevator that o
luxurious corridor the wester
dows threw abundance of
sunlight.

He did not pause to look at
the moist clay figures, the cas
table with its piles of sketch
water colors before snatchi
hand out of the warmth of he
saying quite abruptly, "I ou
tell you the story I promised.
not a story; it is just—facts.

"Yes," she said, offering hi
cigarettes.

"Never smoke," he said, s
down and looking up at the
expanse of skylight.

"My father went away
someone. He left my mother.

He stopped to smile cynica
the expression on the girl's fa

"I have no delicacy of narrat
he said. "I am not a talke
merely state the fact. You were interested the other
Yes. Now I tell you. My father went away with a ra
distinguished woman. What she saw in him I do
know. He left our town, and afterward I was born."

Miss Wheaton arose, went to an almost shapeless
of pliable clay covered with sweated drops of water,
caressed it as if offering it temptation to become v
Haslam watched her hands and the whiteness of her
where the sleeves fell back from her bare and quite b
tiful arms.

"The truth is that my father and his performance
my making."

She modeled on and said vaguely, "How?"

"The effect on my mother," he replied. "I would
be telling you this if I had not mentioned it inadverte
the other day. I don't know anything about prena
influence, but I know nine-tenths of a man's or woma
destiny is made before they are seven years. My mot
never learned to hate my father. She will die think
he was trapped. But she hated the woman. She hated
women. She had no mercy on women. She thought n
of them was ever straight or true. She even will go to
grave hating herself because she is a woman. Natura
enough, I absorbed that hate."

Beatrice was not so young that she had not acquir
poise. The mere struggle to attain the position in her
to which she had climbed gave her a full measure of n
ture self-balance, and something also of power over othe
Her lips parted slowly.

"I know what you are going to say," Haslam
claimed. "You are going to say that I do not look at y
with hate."

"Not at all," she replied. "But now it doesn't matt
what I was going to say."

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"It is possible to love women—in a sense—lightly—and to hate them profoundly," he said.

"I know."

"And you will not forget?" he asked anxiously.

She shook her head with a smile. She said, "In another moment you will be telling me that you are dangerous to my welfare."

He did not laugh; he only replied as if to pursue his thought, "I said my father made my success."

She smiled again. "Is the key to success, hate of women?"

"It eliminates a great deal—a great deal of diversion. A man can lose himself in only one thing. If he does it in a woman he better keep away from Wall Street."

"Where, as your eulogist said, you obtain a metal face."

He refused to recognize the banter and said solemnly, "I have concentrated."

"On success?"

"Yes."

She stopped her work now and even wiped one little finger with her sculptor's apron so that she could throw back strands of red-gold hair which had strayed forward toward her forehead.

"I wonder how successful you are?" she said as if to herself.

"As successful as my mother ever hoped. She taught me how. The best service I could render, she said, was for me to be successful. Money does more than anything else. If anyone stood between me and success that person ought to be stepped over, around or on."

"By hook—or crook," Beatrice suggested.

"I've never had to play any other way than square."

"Merciless, however?" she suggested.

There was no answer.

She nodded and went to work once more, paring great slices and breaking great lumps of the plastic material away. They fell with dull thumps into the pail at her feet, and then the purr of the catlike city rose up from the streets and from the open spaces of the park with its bare trees, and entered the studio with the false warm luxury of the spring air. Now and then she stopped to look at Haslam, who, with a scowl, turned the pages of an architectural journal.

"Where do you live?" she asked at last.

"Alone," he said. "My apartment—Becker—my man. Two telephones. Private wire to Chicago. A refrigerator that makes its own artificial ice. Get the picture?"

"Your den?" she inquired in a tone which he believed was mocking.

His face lit up with a smile not wholly pleasing. "Yes, you are thinking it is a kind of wolf's den. It would please my mother to hear that. She learned to believe that we are all wolves—especially women. I'm not a hypocrite; I, too, am a wolf."

"I have known wolves before," she said in a voice almost caressing.

"Especially one," he said, insinuating his speculations. "Probably sometime ago he did not give you warning. I do."

She showed her utter surprise and he laughed. "It was that look around your mouth," he said. "Women only get that from some single—disillusionment."

"I have not been disillusioned," she said quietly. There was a warm, tender quality in her voice he had not heard before. "When I am disillusioned I shall be quite ready to die."

He looked about at the examples of her work.

"No," said he at last, going back into the architectural magazine. "I do not think you have been disillusioned. You could not make these plaster girls so full of joy, these bronze men so full of eagerness for living. But I do not speak with authority on that. I know the market. I know the Street. I know the wolf and all his tricks. That's really about all I know."

"I wonder whether you know yourself, M. Haslam," she said.

He arose, yawned and stared at her. His face, its long nose, its high brow, its cold eyes, its firm mouth—all were like metal.

"An appointment," he said. "Enough to-day. Day after to-morrow, eh?" He took his hat in his brisk manner and with the rapid motions of his well-preserved, lean, strong body, his quick legs, his active arms.

"You are no wolf," she said. "A wolf does not live on fear."

"You think I live on fear?"

"Perhaps."

He went out without replying, just as if it were nothing of consequence to deny or to affirm.

The next sitting brought no reference to the conversation of the first. He only said when he came in, "One has to look at you several times to be sure you're beautiful."

Beatrice may have considered that it was impolitic to reply to this. She made no answer as she took the wet cloth from the head of clay.

"So you've been working!" he exclaimed. "While I was not here. What a memory! It looks a lot like me now!"

He saw staring back into his own face the roughly modeled face of a man of iron will, somewhat cruel, with craft and cunning around the eyes, and a firm, inflexible, silent mouth.

"Ha!" he said. "You have eyes, Beatrice Wheaton, eyes!"

He came near, holding out his hand. When she took it he turned her fingers over, examined the fair pink skin and put his other palm over them.

"Well?" he said.

"I understand," she replied.

"You are not in love with anyone?" he asked.

"No," she said. "What an amazing man you are! So sure of yourself."

"Of myself—yes. Of any other—no."

She did not pull her hand away.

"I am direct," he said. "I tell you that there are two relations a sensible man can have toward a woman. One is that she is a piece of property. He parades her as a possession. She is his. He hangs jewels on her. The other is that she is a thrilling amusement. He takes her in his arms. He is tender. He is kind. He grows tired. The first is a bad investment for a man; the second a bad one for a woman."

"And that is all?"

"Absolutely. My mother says ——"

The expression of complete impatience and intolerance which passed across her face as he mentioned his mother appeared to excite him.

"What do you care what my mother taught me to believe!" he exclaimed. "What's that to you? Why do you resent it? What interest have you in me? I'm a wolf—a man with a metal face."

"M. Haslam," she said in a voice which lacked all sureness, all poise. "M. Haslam"—as if some magic was in that name.

He leaned nearer to her. He said, "You didn't take your hand away. I'm not an oracle. But I know we all have our hungers. Sometimes I feel things like that, just the way I feel the market—just the way I feel the result of a big industrial deal. You have your hungers. You can pretend to be a masterful young woman with standing, income, independence. Nevertheless, for tenderness you would give a great deal." She was silent.

"It would be the same if someone else—not me—came and held your hands warmly between his own."

She shook her head and said, "That is something of a cruelty."

"To you?" he asked.

"No," she said. "For the moment I was thinking that it was not fair to you."

He left her then and walked about, thinking. Something in his perplexed scowl caused her to go to the clay and touch the plastic forehead boldly with her two thumbs, pressing hastily and nervously a new contour.

"I am not lacking in a certain kind of tenderness," he said at last.

She did not answer.

"Do you ever take flyers in Wall Street?" he inquired suddenly. "If you wish to do so I could ——"

She interrupted sharply then, but in a low voice. "Why should I take the thing you call flyers in Wall Street?" she asked. "I have no particular use for money. I think I have more than I deserve already, and certainly more than I want."

"For God's sake!" he exclaimed spontaneously. "What do you work for, then?"

"To make your likeness tell the truth."

"To the world? Or me?" he asked as if expecting an answer.

The sun's rays were coming in then in a shaft of light which fell full upon her head. He stood looking in admiration at the brilliance with which her rich coils of hair caught this light and with startled wonder at the drops of emotion upon her cheeks.

"Perhaps," he said under his breath, with the suggestion of one who feels he has awakened sentiment, and having said this to himself he sat up more proudly like a great king and with an implacable look upon his face.

"When I was eight I was taught the lives of great, stern men," he said. "Painstakingly taught. That was when softness and weakness were taken out of me, I can tell you."

"Were they?" she said absent-mindedly.

"Certainly," he replied. "Certainly."

For the rest of the time he remained thinking, staring far away, as when at his desk he often planned his moves on the exchange and in the industrial world. Occasionally he could see her at her work, a figure of wholesome well-being, the activity of

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There Was a Warm, Tender Quality in Her Voice He Had Not Heard Before. "When I am Disillusioned I Shall be Quite Ready to Die"

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L'Alouette, or Silken Vengeanc

By GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

ON MONDAY morning, November seventh, a tall, dark, elegantly dressed man—quite evidently a stranger from some metropolitan district—stopped before a wide, attractive show window on the main street of a well-known Pennsylvania city. He stopped, set down the handsome traveling case he was carrying, and gazed deeply into the window.

He had done this for several minutes—staring in every nook and corner with sharp attention—when suddenly, as if under the impulse of an emotion he could not control, he lifted up both arms at once and shook both fists together toward the window with a hoarse and ugly oath.

"They're all alike, by ——" he said. "I'd like to kill the whole of them."

A passer-by, noting his surroundings, would have been at a loss properly to explain his unusual conduct. Before him as he said these threatening words, inside the high white-lighted window, five lovely, diaphanously clad female figures gazed back at him in cold and supercilious beauty. Banks of pure and fluffy white shone on either side; single garments lay upon casual furniture—each individually displayed with all the tender loveliness of some rare exotic bloom. And in the extreme background an unobtrusively and artistically arranged sign announced what every eye had already seen: Undies of Distinction.

This was all apparently that was in the window to which the stranger, now lowering his fists, was again hoarsely and profanely speaking.

"There isn't one of them, by ——" he said, "that won't lie to you! Deceive you!" And as he spoke these words, in sheer anger he spat upon the sidewalk.

But now, his violence somewhat subsiding, he struggled quite evidently to recover his self-control. "Well, here goes!" he said at last. "We'll have it out with him!"

Placing a carefully set smile upon his features, rearranging his modish and jauntily tied tie, he took up his traveling case from the sidewalk beside him with a gesture of determination and disgust. And the lovely ladies in their underwear gazed at him with delicate disapproval as he passed away and out of sight beneath the great gilded sign which announced: M. W. Praether & Co.

He had scarcely entered the main door when down the center aisle he saw the thin back, high ears and slightly bowed legs of the man he was seeking.

"Good morning, Mr. Dundee," he said.

The small thin man with the singularly heavy mustache turned sharply, with the quick, jerky movement which often marks the easily irritated.

"Good mornin', sir-r-r," he said in a curt Scotch accent and a voice which in every way confirmed his first appearance of irritation. "Now what can I do for you?"

"I want to talk to you—just a minute," said his visitor.

"Well!" said the other, standing waiting now in the manner of a man who is irritated, knows he is irritated, and knows he always has a perfect right to be irritated when he wants to.

The face of the stranger flushed suddenly and richly. "I want to ask you a fair question, that's all," he said.



"'Twill be a Lesson to Ye. Be Off With Ye—You and Yer Alouettes!"

"The sooner ye osk it the quicker ye'll be done!" said the other in the well-known proverbial speech of the Scotch. "Osk it!" he said in the high voice of the easily irritated.

A flush of intense and ungovernable emotion lit in the face of the man before him. His eyes stared back, hard, ugly and uncompromising. With one hand he pointed in the direction from which he had come.

"What have you done with my Alouette?" asked the stranger in loud, clear, unmistakable tones.

"Do ye know who ye're talking to, Mr. Kidder?" inquired the man of whom this odd question was asked.

"I do, yes," said Mr. Kidder firmly.

"Ye're talking to the junior partner of this house!" the other stated with a prolonged and impressive stare.

"I'm talking to the man who made an agreement with me—three agreements! And I'm asking him a fair question: What about my Alouette?"

"Your Alouette?" replied the other, with real or feigned surprise.

"Yes, sir. That camisole I sold you here two weeks ago—for a special!"

"This is Monday morning," said the junior partner in a very positive voice.

"All right," assented Mr. Kidder. "Say it is!"

"This is Monday morning," repeated the easily irrita junior partner, stepping to one side of the aisle. "I h no time to skitter on with ye upon yer Alouettes!"

"Let me ask you this first," said Mr. Kidder, block his progress against the counter and a high pile of gi hams. "Haven't I given you in the past three mon three specials?"

"If ye hove, what then?" responded the other tartly

"First that neck specialty—La Babette—that I g you at a price to retail at one dollar."

The junior partner stood silent.

"Did you sell it at one dollar—or one thirty-five?"

But the other still refused to answer.

"That was three months ago! Two months ago, on next trip, did I let you have a good thing in knickers—c A-1 fancy La Regina knickers, in top-grade heavy sat at a price to let you sell them at five dollars flat? Did y sell them at five dollars with a good dis ay, the way agreed? Or did you put them out t $6.99—with window display at all?

"And now this time I come along and give you a pri on this latest thing of ours—this L'Alouette. You agre ing to put it out as a special at two dollars or $1.99. A you to give me also a good full display at your wint opening."

Mr. Dundee now lifted up his eyes and his mustache if about to speak—but did not yet do so.

"Now did I get my window display, or didn't I?" aske Mr. Kidder. "Did you sell it at two dollars flat—or a you putting it out the way they tell me down the stree at $2.68?"

"If we are, what then?" said the junior partner, speal ing at last, but with a question rather than an answer.

"And if that's the case," asked Mr. Kidder, "is it fa for you to write in to my boss that the goods I sell you can be moved?"

But again the other answered merely with anothe question.

"Hove ye hod yer say?" he inquired with an unchang ing face. "Because if ye hove," he said, and shot a deadl glance from over his singularly heavy mustache, "be off!"

"Is that the way you talk, Mr. Dundee?" said th other.

"Be off with ye! Off my premises!" replied the othe with shrill and rising fury. "You and yer Alouettes and yer La Reginas and yer Babettes!"

"Man to man!" endeavored Mr. Kidder for the last time. But now he stopped. For the junior partner, with one last and venomous glance, had turned upon his heel and walked away.

Mr. Kidder stood watching the counter corner which he finally rounded, clenching and unclenching his hands.



"You Hold Him There," He Was Saying, "Till I Get Them Ready. Give Him a Little More Air if He Needs It"

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"I wish to God I was rich!" he said then, half audibly, with almost passionate fervor. "I wish I had about a million dollars! Only for a minute! I'd ——"

Expressing this great human desire, which has been in the hearts of so many under similar circumstances, he slightly smoothed his hair and tie, passed on, and turned into another aisle leading toward the entrance to the store.

He had scarcely done this when he stopped abruptly.

"Why, Mr. Kidder!" cried a high, clear, attractive soprano voice.

II

LOOKING up he saw the speaker, a slight, vivacious blonde, carefully and modishly dressed, beside a display of silken garments at one corner of the ladies'-underwear department.

"Well, how are you? I haven't seen you for a dog's age," she said, showing her exceedingly white teeth and holding out with unfeigned cordiality her exceedingly white hand, which Mr. Kidder grasped heartily.

"Well, how's Luella?" he exclaimed, his face lighting up with an unassumed pleasure. "How's the girl?"

For she was an old acquaintance of his, and a good friend in the trade. Luella B. Smith, her name was—the assistant buyer in the ladies'-underwear department.

"Look! What were you muttering about all by your lonesome, coming down the aisle?" she asked brightly, continuing their mutual inquiries.

"Oh, me? Oh, nothing," said Mr. Kidder, his gloomy absent-minded manner suddenly returning.

"No! What was it?" she persisted.

Mr. Kidder, warmed by the bright sympathy in her voice, slightly rearranged the jeweled pin in his tie.

"Look," he asked her—half smiling and half serious at once—"did you ever wish you had a million dollars?"

"Did I ever wish I had a million dollars? Why, certainly I have," said Miss Luella B. Smith, in the quick, bright, lively voice which was evidently characteristic of her. "Don't everybody—sometime?"

"If you had it," asked Mr. Kidder, going on with his questioning, "what would be the first thing you'd do?"

"The first?" she asked, reflecting.

"Yes."

"Oh. I don't know, I'm sure. Do you?"

"I do. Yes!" said Mr. Kidder very definitely.

"What?"

"I'd make this my last trip," said Mr. Kidder.

"You would!" said Miss Smith, in evident admiration.

"I would. Yes!" said Mr. Kidder, his emotions expanding, as men's often do, under the admiring sympathy of woman. "And I'd do just two things," he continued harshly, "with half of them! I'd show them up first. And then I'd smash them! Personally!"

And he went on, under the emotional stimulus of her attention, to tell his troubles with his customers—the retailers who got all the cuts they could out of him and his house, refused to give the public the benefit of them, and then complained they couldn't move his goods!

"I'd show them all up," exclaimed Mr. Kidder, "and then I'd smash them!"

"We'll have to be looking out for you," said Miss Smith, with a suggestive look, "one of these days!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean when you get your money finally. And you come around smashing us—on that last trip?"

"What's all this?" asked Mr. Kidder, studying her.

"Didn't I hear somewhere," she said, leaning forward over her counter, "that your folks had all kinds of money?"

"What! My folks!" said Mr. Kidder in apparent surprise.

"An uncle—or something—one of these big men in the fancy-soap business. Or so somebody told me!" said Miss Smith.

"Oh, him! That's not my uncle—that's my great-uncle," said Mr. Kidder, now sitting down himself on a customer's stool and leaning forward over the counter to talk to her. "On my mother's side. He's out on the Pacific Coast, at Los Angeles. I haven't seen him for years. A fat chance I'd have of getting anything from him."

"They told me that you were named after him," persisted Miss Smith.

"Yes. And every male child in three generations in my family—and a good share of the females! The way they always do," explained Mr. Kidder, "with the only man in the family that's got money. There must be forty, at the smallest count, by this time. He hates them all—but out of the whole forty he probably hates me worst!"

"Why? For what reason?" said Miss Smith, her interest evidently still unabated.

"I changed the name, for one reason," replied Mr. Kidder, not unmindful of her attention. "I never use anything but the initial for the first name. Justin!" he said, giving it. "Life is hard enough on the road without trailing that hick name all over the map!"

"And yet I should think ——" began Miss Smith.

"I'll do this," Mr. Kidder interrupted her humorously: "I'll sell you my chance for one dollar."

"Your great-uncle!" said Miss Smith, still musing. "He must be a pretty old man! And suppose ——"

"Well, I'll tell you," Mr. Kidder interrupted again, jollying her. "If it ever does come true I'll tell you now just what I'll do!" And he went on, naming dates and places, elaborating amusingly on his theme; while she, on her part, leaning with her elbows upon the counter and her head quite close to his, listened with the half pleased, half whimsical smile of one rehearsing an old and favorite daydream.

"The minute my million comes—that's what I'll do," said Mr. Kidder, summarizing—his emotions and imagination continually quickening under her evident enjoyment of their common dream.

"I'll go out and show them up—my customers—the kind that are making a mess of retailing goods all over the country. Some I'll drop there! Some I'll smash—personally! You've no idea how they treat you! It's worse than you get it here—yourself—working for them!"

And Miss Smith nodded appreciatively.

"And the first place I'll stop," continued Mr. Kidder, going on with his mutually pleasing imagination, "will be right here."

And as he stated this his hearer not unnaturally raised her head and eyes to look around.

"And the first one," continued Mr. Kidder—not looking at her directly for the moment he did not observe the curious dazed expression which had suddenly come upon his hearer's face—"the first one I show up right will be right here—when I talk to old Hoot Mon—your skinny little friend, Alexander Andrew Dundee!"

Interested in his theme he did not yet note the strained, fixed, almost carven expression in the face across the counter. "And what I tell him will be plenty—and real good for his hairy old Scotch soul!"

Miss Luella B. Smith moved slightly from one foot to the other, but still no sound came from her lips to warn him.

"And after that," said Mr. Kidder, jollying her—all his old lightness and buoyancy of manner coming back to him as he elaborated that old familiar favorite dream of theirs—"I'll tell you what we'll do. I'll come in and get you—and you put on your hat and coat and we'll be off—on our trip around the world! To the Orient first!" he continued imaginatively. "Free, independent, rich! We'll be off to Honolulu, snapping our fingers at the whole bunch, making our positively last appearance, our last trip!"

His imagination soaring, still absorbed in what

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"Get Dressed," He Stated, "and Come Up to the Office. We Can Curse Each Other More Comfortably There"



Two of the Noonday Strollers of the Gum-Chewing Sex Stopped Before the Show Window With an Expression of Distinct Surprise

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YOUR TOWN TO-MORROW



Granddad Seldom Found a Level Piece of Land Upon Which to Establish a City

By James H. Collins

TO-MORROW you may not know your own city. They have probably begun altering it already, or are planning to do so. If not, it doesn't greatly matter, because certain forces at work will compel far-reaching changes automatically. To-morrow your city will have wide boulevards cut through its narrow streets. These will accommodate four, six and eight lines of traffic. They will start at the center and run miles out into the country. Thousands of buildings will be torn down. Sharp street corners will be rounded off and the circle and crescent take the place of the checkerboard.

Did your city fathers, years ago, lay out a downtown boulevard or two with a strip of parkway in the center?

That beauty spot will be needed for traffic. But better beauty spots will appear miles from the downtown section. Slums and tenements will disappear too. There will be a general grading up of living standards and an equalization of real-estate values.

When you drive a car the traffic cop will no longer be able to bawl you out, for he will disappear from street crossings, guiding traffic by electric signals from a point where he can see everything but say nothing—that is, if he doesn't disappear altogether. For there will be double-decked street crossings at congested points. And traffic at ordinary street crossings will be speeded up by diffused lighting which kills the shadows that now make them dangerous.

When you go for a walk it will be a far safer and more comfortable form of exercise than to-day, for the bulk of automobile traffic will either be transferred to elevated roads for automobiles alone, or disappear into automobile subways.

The trolley cars will disappear underground or be replaced by motor omnibuses, which are not only more flexible than the trolley, dodging in and out of traffic, but are more flexible in routing. Elimination of tracks and central power plants will give desirable economies in investment and operation.

Sorting Out the Traffic

YOUR city will be linked with others all over the state and country by great trunk motor highways, with lighted traffic signals and perhaps traffic officers. Much of the motor travel between cities will be out of sight, on separate highways that do not enter the towns at all, but skirt them. There will probably be separate freight highways for motor trucking, both in the cities and between them.

And though these far-reaching changes will cost hundreds of millions of dollars, improved property values will come near paying for them in many cases if they are carried out in the right way—and the sooner the better. These changes, far from being dreams, have mostly begun taking shape already, in this city or that.

The automobile is at the bottom of it all. With the number of cars increasing to one for each two to nine families in different cities, our cities have developed street traffic comparable with high blood pressure. Less than twenty years ago New York established its first traffic-control system, adopting the methods of London. The simple wave of the policeman's hand to move a few cars across Fifth Avenue at Forty-second Street in New York has now developed into a system of moving them in units of five and ten blocks by electric signal, and still they do not move fast enough. When a new system for moving automobiles in blocks of ten in New York's theatrical district was installed the first night, a single misunderstanding of signals jammed five blocks of automobiles together in a jiffy, interlocked and at a standstill. Street accidents are steadily increasing through the growth in automobile traffic and its entanglement with pedestrians and slower vehicles.

"Say, that thing'll never be practical!" exclaimed a New Yorker when he first saw a horseless carriage. "Why, a man has to go ahead of it with a red flag!" Within five years he was driving an automobile himself.

When horses and pedestrians became accustomed to the automobile the man with the red flag was no longer necessary. But to-day he is again walking ahead, figuratively, as the traffic policeman. They have put him in towers, with red, green and yellow electric lights, and made other ingenious improvements, but he is fundamentally wrong.

"Speed limits on the automobile are a paradox," says a New York trade-journal publisher who has given much study to the traffic problem.

"The automobile is designed to run fast. That is its whole function, attraction and service. Limit it, and you lose all its benefits. Speed limits and traffic control have become necessary because we have not yet learned to separate the automobile from slower traffic, and give it highways of its own."

The first railroads ran through city streets and across country roads at the same level. Growth in railroads themselves, and the horse traffic which they stimulated, caused many accidents and necessitated the slowing down of speeds. Only when hoisted above other traffic and given their own right of way were the full possibilities of fast passenger and freight travel realized. To-day, like the iron horse, the gasoline horse needs its own right of way, not only in cities but between them.

Few of our cities were really planned—for the most part they just happened—and even the best city plans of our fathers and grandfathers have been outgrown.

The cowpath origin of city streets is familiar and amusing. People delight in its absurdities, getting lost in Boston's old water-front mazes, and verifying the fact that Pearl Street, in lower New York, crosses Broadway twice.

When first settled, São Paulo, Brazil—now the Pittsburgh of South America—was surrounded by hostile Indians, with one friendly tribe headed by Chief Tebyriça. He brought his tribe into the settlement and built a line of cabins, living there for its protection. Tebyriça and his people and the cabins have long disappeared, but the line upon which they stood is now the city's chief street, the Rua São Bento. The original street, shaped not unlike a fishhook, is surrounded by a maze of narrow, jumbled, broken alleys that made São Paulo probably the most complicated city in the world, yet a perfectly satisfactory walking-distance city to those who knew their way about—until the automobile came.

Granddad seldom found a perfectly level piece of land upon which to establish a city with room to grow in all directions, as in London or Los Angeles. His layout was usually governed by water, as the old lady discerned when she expressed surprise that large bodies of water were almost always found near important cities. Water transportation was about all granddad had, so he picked out an island like New York or a promontory like Boston. And his town site was often complicated by hills, as in Pittsburgh or San Francisco.

Towns of Three Kinds

A COWPATH town was often most convenient for getting about, so long as it was kept within walking distance and goods were delivered by wheelbarrow. When it grew larger the cowpath section was extended on a checkerboard plan providing for growth, but usually with streets too narrow for present-day traffic, and with far too few parks and breathing places if the job was done several generations ago. If granddad was very farsighted he laid down a combination of checkerboard and turnpike, as in Washington and Indianapolis, the turnpikes radiating like the spokes of a wheel, providing lines of growth, and also highways by which farmers could bring in food from the surrounding country.

In general there are only these three kinds of town—the cowpath, checkerboard and cartwheel. A cowpath town tends to congestion at the center rather than healthful growth at the radius, and makes dandy slums. The checkerboard town grows faster. The cartwheel town grows fastest of all, and most evenly and healthily. For this reason it has been found profitable to cut expensive cartwheel boulevards into old cowpath cities—Baron Haussmann spent two hundred and fifty million dollars doing it in Paris, and London spent forty million cutting Kingsway from the Strand to Holborn through a mass of dives and rabbit warrens. It has even been found profitable to level hills and fill up hollows to facilitate growth. Right in the center of Rio de Janeiro there is a three-hundred-foot hill, populated chiefly by goats and wash ladies, with an old monastery at the top. Its total valuation is probably less than that of one good lot on the splendid Avenida Rio Branco, from which one could almost hit a goat *with* a stone. Just before the war, it is said, a German syndicate offered to remove this hill free of charge, turning seven acres of central business property over to the city. The hill happens to be dirt instead of granite, a rarity in Rio de Janeiro, and the syndicate was to make its profit by filling in a hollow elsewhere and selling the land.

Looking back now, we see that granddad was often far-sighted in his town planning. But he lacked information. When he laid out a checkerboard extension above cowpath New York a hundred years ago, his scheme was excellent. Everything came to New York by water then. Ships tied

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YE GENIAL HOST

By a Hotel Man

I WAS born in the hotel business, or right next door to it. We lived in a big summer resort. My earliest recollections are of tourists and race horses. My uncle sold groceries to feed the tourists, and hay to feed the horses. Naturally I grew up to believe that great success in life came only through running a hotel or running race horses. It wasn't so easy to pick up a race horse for a quarter, so I got a job as errand boy in a hotel.

Luckily I was born too close to the races to have any illusions about them. At the age of twelve it had dawned on me that all the money won at the track was spent in the hotels. Even the losers had to pay. Nothing could be simpler—I would be a hotel man and get the money coming and going.

That's exactly what I have been trying to do for thirty years. My boyish theory was quite correct, but I found that some time was required in the perfection of details before this money could be caught in rolls. There were a few things that had to be learned.

I was getting along pretty well in years, for example, before I fully realized what it meant for a guest to walk in and after shaking hands with the proprietor say, "Well, it certainly feels good to get back home."

There are some hotel proprietors who don't realize what that means to-day. Some of them never even see this homing guest. They have an idea that if a customer registers, checks out and pays his bill everything is perfectly all right. It may be all right, at that. But the fellow who comes in talking about home will come back—and bring his friends. The other may not.

I got my first real lesson as to what was required of a successful host in a rather odd way. I was on a month's vacation from my job as night manager of one of the old New York hotels, and had started South.

Our train was held up by a wreck at a little town somewhere in Kentucky. We had to stay over all night. Being curious I wandered over the town. There was a little hotel—the Commercial House, of course. The rates were two dollars a day, room and meals.

A Secret Worth Learning

IT WAS in the fall and a big stove heated the main office. Around this men sat discussing the news of the day. The proprietor's wife, off to one side in a rocking-chair, was knitting.

I was told that I could get a room—the only one left—if I didn't mind putting up with a few little inconveniences.

As I registered the lady noticed that I was from New York.

"Do you know Mr. Sheppard, of your city?" she asked. "He sells farm machinery. Often stays over Sunday."

I had to admit that I did not know Mr. Sheppard, but I had sense enough not to laugh at the question.

"Oh, I wish you did," she said. "We like him very much. I've been hoping he would come along. We are saving something for him. He's crazy about fried chicken, and I have a coop full of nice broilers that I'm fattening for him."

"I like them, myself," I said, smiling.

"Oh, do you? And do you like hot biscuits split open and covered with the gravy? That," she explained, noticing my glance at a framed photograph back of the desk, "is my daughter. She is studying music in New York. Mr. Sheppard has known her since she was a tiny little girl; used to bring her some little souvenir from the city every time he came."

I found myself asking all about the family and the town, feeling as if I had dropped in on some old friends.

I told this old lady, who, it seemed, really ran the Commercial House, that I was in the hotel business in New York. She was evidently impressed.

"With so many people coming and going I suppose you have made a lot of interesting friends," she said.

That was rather an odd way of looking at the hotel business, I thought to myself. After I had said good night and had gone to my room I pondered over that for a long time. I had not thought of expressing it that way before.

The next morning a negro boy knocked on my door to wake me up.

"The ole missus thought mos' lackly you'd want a cup of coffee 'fore you got up," he said, "an' I fetched it. She say a lot of New York gemmun lacks it dat way 'fore brekfus."

I did like it that way, though I never knew it before. It wasn't very good coffee, but it was warm and made me feel good.

When I got downstairs I found that the lady actually had fried a chicken for my breakfast, a thing I had never seen before in my life. In New York chicken was a dinner dish. I liked it though.

There were no fancy airs and not much service in the dining room, but the thought of criticism did not cross my mind. In fact I felt exactly as if I were in somebody's home. It was all new stuff to me.

I went to the desk to pay my bill and say good-by.

"Oh, there isn't any charge," said the lady. "You are a hotel man. All hotel people are our guests."

"And some day," I declared, after getting over my astonishment, "you are going to be mine, I hope?"

"Maybe, when I go to visit my daughter."

When I got back on that train and we had pulled out I knew that I was a hundred per cent better hotel man than I had ever been in my life. I could have shown that woman many things about business systems and perfection of service, but she had shown me something that no efficiency expert ever dreamed of. As a matter of fact that woman had given me the secret to my later success in the hotel business—a success, I may add, that is not small financially.

Since that time I have managed a few of the biggest hotels in America. I now assist in running a chain of them. I have catered to working men, to business men and to royalty. I find that they all like exactly the same thing that I liked down there at the little old Commercial House.

I don't mean to say that I had never had any previous inkling of what the personal touch means in running a hotel, but this visit gave me my first demonstration of what real hominess means.

After leaving the summer resort in which I was born my first job was cashier in the restaurant of a historic New York hotel—we called them cafés in those days. My desk was in a corner of the old bar, where tables were arranged along the walls to serve meals to men, most of whom were politicians and what we called sports. There I came to know a lot of famous characters, and I made a point of knowing them well. The manager had noticed my familiarity with the names of the patrons and one day he gave me the job as night clerk. Later I got to be night manager.

I'll never forget the arrival there one night of a man who registered from Texas. He wore a big pearl-gray sombrero and a funny kind of necktie. Across his vest hung a huge watch chain with a nugget of gold as a watch charm. I assigned him to Room 315. I remember the man and the room number as well as if it was yesterday. I guess it was the peculiar clothes and hat that impressed me. It was his first visit to New York.

Two years later the Texan came back to our hotel. It was his second visit, it developed. I shook hands with him and called him by name. Naturally he thought I knew his name from looking at the register, but I would have known it anyway.

"Well, Mr. Potter," I said to him, "if you like, I think I can give you the same room you had when you were here before."

He said nothing, but looked at me as if he thought I was crazy—or tricky.

"Take the gentleman to Room 315," I directed the boy.

I cannot explain it, but I remembered the number distinctly. I might have missed it on others, but the former visit of this man had impressed me.

An hour later the Texan came down to the desk.

"Say," he said, "that's the dog-gonedest thing I ever heard of in my life. That is the same room that I had before, and I haven't been in New York for two years."

"I knew it was," I said.

"Well, that beats all! That's one I'll sho tell the fellows about when I get home. Sounds like sleight-of-hand, don't it?"

Personal Hospitality

HE DID tell the boys too. During the next few years we had a steady trade from that part of Texas. The devil of it was that every one of them dared me to remember his room number. Often I had to do some stalling until I could check up a little. But we all used to joke and have a good time laughing if I happened to be caught. Profiting by my trip through Kentucky, I was making them feel at home.

That idea of personal hospitality got to be a life study with me. Strangely enough, just as I thought I had it down pretty pat it has risen up to be my most besetting problem. If anyone can tell me right now how an ultra-modern hotel, housing one or two thousand people a night, can make each of those men and women feel like one of the family he will be a genuine benefactor.

Though I am in the thick of it and managing to hold my own, this mad competition in the building of enormous hotels sort of saddens me. It is changing the running of a hotel from an art to a business. We even call it operating a hotel.

The innkeeper of old was a personality, an important factor in any community. He was a public host and the reputation of the town often depended upon his hospitality. It does yet in small towns.

To-day the proprietor of one of the great metropolitan hotels is nothing more than the president of a great stock company, his success being rated by the regularity and size of dividends. He might just as well have his office in Wall Street. If he ever sees his patrons it is at some big public dinner. Rarely does he meet them in the lobby and tell them that he will try to give them their old rooms. Nor can he find out if they like fried chicken with split biscuits and gravy. These hundreds of visitors find little of which to complain, but they wander as aimlessly and as impersonally around the lobbies as if they were in the Grand Central Station. No night clerk has the time or the opportunity to tell them what is going on in town and what has happened since they were there before. I don't know how it can be helped.

If this superdreadnought building craze keeps on, the hotels are going to run away from the people, I'm afraid—unless the people take a notion to run away first.

Often when I walk from my private office to the balcony and look down on the imposing lobby filled with this throng of guests, unknown to each other and to me, I think of that little Commercial House back in Kentucky. One a hospitable tavern; the other a convention hall. Often I wonder if the old lady is still there and if Mr. Sheppard ever came back.



There Was a Little Hotel—the Commercial House, of Course. It Was in the Fall and a Big Stove Heated the Main Office

(Continued on Page 42)

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THE GOOD UNCLE

By Perceval Gibbon

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

THE Parc Monceaux, that dainty pleasance of beribboned *bonnes* and befrilled children, showed at its best upon that spring morning; a timid generosity of sun shone upon its young green, the white of its marble and the mirrors of its pools; and there was a tinkle of children's voices and the joyousness of their movement. And here, through the gentle and pretty pageantry of it all, went Maurice Bertholet, moving as in an aimless saunter, his hands clasped behind him, his cane slanting under his arm, his face composed and inexpressive.

"*Tiens!*" murmured one white-and-blue-linen nurse to another as he passed. "*Voilà un monsieur vraiment comme il faut!*"

Their eyes followed his tall spare figure with real appreciation. He was one of those perfect products of life who are the bloom upon the social surface of Paris, complete both inwardly and outwardly—from the soul to the fit of the coat—to satisfy its exigencies and its taste. At forty, or thereabout, he had yet the figure and the carriage of the athlete; there was a sophisticated mastery of grace in his every movement; and his face, demurely handsome, was keen without being sharp, and self-possessed without arrogance. His accouterment—black tie, dark gray gloves, gray felt hat with a deep black band—was more than merely quiet; it was even a little noticeably somber in that *bonbonnière* of a Paris playground. But one felt, on viewing him, that there must be a reason for that; it must be right or he would not be wearing it.

His saunter brought him about a bend in the way; he caught his hands from behind his back to raise his hat to a lady who was coming towards him.

"Good morning!" he greeted, with the cordial little smile he had. "You are doing your footing?"

She smiled back and gave him her hand. "*Tiens!*" she exclaimed. "You here? No, I have done my footing. And you—you were meditating, I suppose."

"It may be!"

He accepted her little gesture of invitation and turned to stroll at her side. Nurses watching in the offing smiled meaningly; they knew an assignation when they saw one, they considered; but nurses can be wrong as easily as other juries.

The two chatted a while trivially as they went; but Madame de Leyle glanced from time to time at her companion consideringly; she had not missed the somber note in his effect.

"The voice is the voice of a bachelor," she ventured at last, in reply to some small jest of his; "but the costume is the costume of a widower. There is nothing wrong I hope, Maurice."

He turned his face towards her, yet smiling with that manner of schooled courtesy which was implicit in him; but for an instant or two his eyes were grave and pained.

"I have lost a relative," he said. "You would scarcely have heard."

"Oh, I am sorry," she said. "Who was it, Maurice? Not ——"

He nodded. "Yes," he said. "It was my uncle."

She frowned thoughtfully and stole another glance at him. Insensibly they had slowed in their stroll; they came to a stop beside a marble basin whose surface was yet strewn with the dead leaves of last year's water lilies.

"I am very sorry indeed!" she said.



"I Was Going Down to Look at the Sea," said Maurice. "That, and the Wine When It is Red, are the Only Things to Look Upon Here"

"You are kind," he replied quietly. "He was practically my only relative; he was very good to me always. But, you know, I had not seen him for years."

He had one smartly shod foot on the low parapet of the basin and leaned forward, staring for a while at the water. She had leisure to survey him again, in profile, the keen quiet lines of the face, its breeding, its humor and its restraint; and once more her delicate blond brows knitted in thought. She was a woman of the perfect age, somewhere between twenty-seven and thirty-two, slim, nearly as tall as he, and brilliantly fair, with that shining quality of fairness which gives to face and neck the effect of a golden flush. Before she married the French military attaché at Washington she had been Irma Redden; she had been a widow since the great battles around Verdun; and there were moments yet, plenty of them, when the vivid American fires flashed through the social armor of the Parisienne.

"Tell me something more, Maurice," she said. "You see—we've been friends. Just what does this mean to you?"

He rose upright and dropped his foot from the parapet. His uncle had been a wealthy shipbuilder and shipowner; the allowance he conferred upon Maurice had been the latter's entire livelihood—and Irma de Leyle knew that. Maurice, his place in a fastidious world, his undeniable taste in pictures, in furniture, in frocks, in all the apparatus of elegance—these were a mere by-product of the daily work in the old-fashioned, brig-infested offices in Marseilles. She had not seen and therefore could not remember, as he had been doing all the morning, the figure of the old merchant prince, gross of girth, uproarious of voice, white-bearded and bald but swarthy yet, flamboyant as the South which bore him and made him—laboring happily, living with gusto, and merely exuding Maurice, his position and his opportunities as a man exudes sweat from his body.

"Tell me," insisted Madame de Leyle gently. "You remember—I know! Let us walk back and you can tell me about it."

They moved away again, side by side. "Well?" she asked.

Once more he smiled at her. "He has left me ten thousand francs," he replied.

She stared. "Ten thousand francs—a year?"

He shook his head. "No," he said. "I thousand a year, but ten thousand—*pc potage!* It is one quarter's installment old allowance. And"—he ceased to sm made it a that he sp all sinceri is very g him! The no reason should lea anything. his wife's n really—his wife's; and since ma again, and is a son second ma you know. really; it wa of him to les anything; h always good "But," ob Madame de "after all years! Stil son, your c of cours will ——"

She ceas speak befor amusement lit in his fac "Shall I ask him?" h gested, holdi eyes with "Shall I app him: 'Since succeed to father's we succeed also t parasite'? H twelve years younger than I; do you think such an a would move him?"

She flushed faintly. "What will you do, then?"

His shoulder moved in a restrained little shrug. something, assuredly. I do not think I shall be red to the husks, exactly. You must not think nor look you were in the presence of a tragedy."

"You have many friends," she said slowly.

"Many," he agreed. "Many good friends, thank G

They walked for a while in silence. He seemed t reflecting, with a grave gladness, upon his last words, the thought of Irma de Leyle touched the matter in h from another angle. His good friends included many of wealth and influence; there would be no difficult finding him a dignified and comfortable employment; even so, the Maurice Bertholet she knew, that cons mate work of delicate art and generous Nature, must shattered. An office, hours of routine, days abstra from the life of ease at no profit, to the life of labor! had called himself a parasite, but Irma knew wealt parasites than he with less of his gift for beautifying rôle. To harness him now would be a kind of murder.

"You have rather startled me," she said presently. don't know what to say for the moment. But I am horri distressed, Maurice!"

He turned to her at once with a quick, spontane gayety of remonstrance. He was about to laugh and cl her from her concern for him and his fortunes. But face showed real pain and sympathy, and he fell serious immediate compliance with her mood.

"But you must not be distressed," he said. "I w not have told you, but you claimed a right to know. I granted your right—I would never deny it. And but that, please believe I would have said nothing."

She did not answer, and he went on upon a lighter tc "And really, there is nothing to distress you! *Voyons* I am not a hero; I should hate to be one! When one expelled from one niche one finds another—not? And fo tunately saints are so scarce that there are always vaca niches!"

He rattled on and she listened unsmiling, watchi him. There had been a time when their friendly intima had tended to ripen into something more, but at the tin she had shrunk from it. And he, with his singular adroi ness and a tact that seemed to her the essence of kindne and consideration, had forthwith fallen back to his pos tion of familiar and endearing friendship. It was in th

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possibilities that she had declined that lay the right of which he had spoken.

"Do not do anything hurriedly," she said. "I must think about this."

"You must not, indeed!" he smiled. "I will do all the thinking. In fact, I am going away to-morrow to find thinking space."

"Where are you going?"

"You would not know it," he told her. "It is a little place on the Breton coast—Le Robain they call it. Twenty cottages, an inn of sorts, an occasional Englishman on a cheap holiday, a few stray artists, and for the rest, dull green rocks, dull green country, and a sea that snarls when it does not sob and always sobs when it does not snarl. One must think there; there is nothing else to do."

"Le Robain," she repeated. "I will write—perhaps! And now I must go. My car is on the avenue."

They walked thither, saying little. But when she was seated in the car, while the chauffeur awaited the order to drive on, she leaned forward suddenly to the window, and the gold-and-rose of her face appeared suddenly as in a frame.

"Maurice!"

"What, then?" he asked.

"Maurice, you have told me everything? All that was in your mind when you came to the Parc to meet me?"

He smiled. "*Touché!*" he admitted in the swordsman's phrase. "I did come to meet you. And I have told you all."

"Well"—her eyes searched his face in vain—"perhaps I will write," she said, and sank back in her seat as the great car slid away.

He met a friend upon the boulevard and they lunched together. The friend was anxious, of course, for the news of the uncle's will was already abroad, and there came duly the question: "And what will you do?"

Maurice was ready for it; he had practiced his answer.

"I assure you," reported his lunch companion to other friends that afternoon, "I assure you, he mocks himself of the matter. He is at his ease. So, either the uncle made him a handsome allowance in his lifetime; or the cousin has declared himself willing to continue the allowance; or ——"

He shrugged and did not complete the sentence. His hearers shrugged likewise; they understood the third alternative so completely and unanimously that none ever spoke the word "marriage."

Even alone in his rooms that afternoon, with no eye to mark him, Maurice Bertholet did not relax his composure. They were charming rooms. Maurice's home fitted him as accurately and becomingly as his clothes. His five or six pictures, his five or six hundred books, his two or three bronzes, his china, his rugs, his furniture—the choice of them and their arrangement were as characteristic of him as his smile or his epigrams. As he sat with his cigar in his smoking room he looked about him, taking in the sum and detail and significance of his environment. It would remain his for a space of days that he could number on his fingers.

He made no movement or grimace of anger or regret. His mind was made up; his purpose was like a binding document, completed, signed and made effective, filed away in his clear and steady brain, not to be amended or tampered with. His life, the only life for which he was equipped, was at an end. Then it was time for death. He had selected death as the least of the evils among which he might choose, and it remained only to end up in decency.

The single inn at Le Robain—an old straggling stone farmhouse converted to hospitable uses—is accustomed to artists and economical tourists; it can even rise to the exploring or strayed motorist and the occasional weather-bound yachtsman. But it was all too frankly puzzled and awed by M. Maurice Bertholet, of Paris. It gave him a vast bedroom with a tangle of beams crisscrossed on its ceiling and a curtained bed that looked like a traveling theater and smelled like a circus. The inn had been sworn at for that in its time; but M. Bertholet only smiled delightedly and delightfully and murmured words of praise. He unlocked a suitcase and set forth toilet gear of ivory and silver, pajamas and a dressing gown of silk, and descended later to the table-d'hôte dinner in the likeness of one who has just come out of a comfortable bandbox.

There were already a couple of elderly artists in residence; they, with M. Bertholet and a lanky, diffident English youth in hairy tweed clothes, had the long table to themselves. The youth had the place opposite to him, and several times Maurice marked his shy eyes nervously reconnoitering him. He smiled inwardly; there had never been a time when he suffered from that lack of address and self-possession, and it struck him now as childlike and pathetic. He was in the mood to be gentle with all mankind.

He looked up and caught the youth staring. The latter dropped his eyes at once and reddened hotly.

"An Englishman, is it not?" inquired Maurice pleasantly in English.

"Ye-yes, sir," hesitated the boy. He could not have been more than twenty-one.

"You are an early visitor to Brittany," went on Maurice. "Especially to Le Robain. Do you stay here long?"

The lad explained eagerly. Plainly he had been miserably lonely till now, and was famished for want of talk and company. "A fellow in our office" had told him about Brittany, and he had never been out of England before.

"So as soon as I could get away from the office I started off. But I haven't seen much yet. Still, it's better than the office."

Maurice nodded, with a full sense that what Le Robain held for him, too, was better than the office.

"I can easily believe it," he said. "You will be sorry to go back."

"Aha!" The youth laughed nervously. "But I'm not going back to it—not ever. I'm my own master now. No more office for me."

"Really!"

"You see"—the boy was gluttonous for a listener—"on my twenty-first birthday I came in for my money. My father wanted me to keep on at the office ——"

"Then your father is still alive? It was not his money?"

"Oh, Lord, no!" The boy laughed. "I'm richer than him now. It was an uncle of mine—Uncle Charles, my mother's brother—that left it to me."

Maurice poured himself a glass of wine and drank it slowly. He relapsed into French for one instant. "*Tiens!*" he said, and he resumed his English forthwith. "I, too, had a good uncle," he remarked, looking at the youth with a smile. "Like you, I am the son of my uncle. Two of us, and we meet at Le Robain. It is as impossible as it is true."

The young fellow gaped uncomprehendingly. "Did—did your uncle leave you money?" he asked stupidly.

"He did," replied Maurice. "You have no monopoly in that kind of uncle. He left me all I have. And like you, it

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They Came to a Stop Beside a Marble Basin Whose Surface Was Yet Strewn With the Dead Leaves of Last Year's Water Lilies. "I am Very Sorry Indeed!" She Said

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The Print of My Remembranc

By AUGUSTUS THOMAS

IN THE spring of 1887 James G. Blaine was an important figure in the field of national politics. Less than three years before he had been defeated by Mr. Cleveland by a very narrow margin. The state of New York had been lost to Blaine by a little more than one thousand votes. Shortly preceding the election the Reverend Doctor Burchard, a member of a committee of visiting ministers, had made an address in which he spoke of the opposition to Blaine as a party of rum, Romanism and rebellion. This phrase, unnoticed by Blaine at the time, and unchallenged or uncorrected until it reached the public, had undoubtedly alienated at least the five hundred and odd votes in the state of New York upon which the election turned.

But the two years and more between that time and May of 1887 had in the public mind relieved Blaine of any responsibility for this utterance, and in a spirit of fairness there was a disposition over the country to give another chance to this gallant candidate. That he should be dangerously ill at an out-of-the-way military post in the southwest territory was of interest.

Fort Gibson is nine miles from the little railroad siding and telegraph office of Gibson. Instructed by The World to go to this place from Kansas, where I had been reporting the state elections, I found it necessary to make two round trips between the station and the fort each day, a total of thirty-six miles, on a little cow pony hired for the service. Along the trail the grass and spring flowers were showing profusely. The ride was pleasant, and during the week's stay in the quiet place it was agreeable in the saddle to think over the offer by the generous citizens of Leavenworth, under a total misapprehension on their part, to give me an afternoon newspaper. The prospect offered immeasurable possibilities to a man of thirty, not unfamiliar with politics and in thorough sympathy with the people of the section. But to accept the offer would mean the abandonment of a long-desired association with the theater. It was a difficult choice. On one side was a property established and in the hand; on the other, a dream.



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Julia Marlowe as Rosalind



PHOTOS FROM THE COLLECTION OF THOMAS F. MADIGAN

John Drew



Robert Taber as Romeo

Disturbing

IN GIBSON town, besides the station house, a dinky shed, at once passenger and freight depot, there were exactly two houses. One of them was occupied on its first floor by a small general grocery store and post office, with two family rooms above. The second red frame of four rooms sheltered a squaw man and his full-blood Cherokee wife, besides three or four small children, and his handsome half-breed daughter, aged eighteen. There was no hotel, no boarding house. In the squaw-man's house I shared one ground floor room with a great Dane watchdog. Before my coming he had had the bed to himself. He was a particular dog, and during my week there never grew fully reconciled to my using half of the bed. If I turned over in the night too vigorously he growled, but perhaps because I stopped promptly each time at his first growl he never bit me.

The window was open. There was no lock on the door. Two or three times each night at irregular intervals the dog suddenly bounded through the window with terrifying barks, and, as I judged by their diminuendo, regulated some distant intrusion into what he held to be the home district of that wide prairie. After a while he would come grumbling back and resume his place on our bed, and like an English tourist turn around and over as much as he liked. Each morning I washed my face and hands in a tin basin on a bench outside the kitchen and combed my hair by the help of what reflection I could get in the window glass of the open door, while the Cherokee half-breed daughter asked me how I liked my eggs.

That half-breed girl was one of the prettiest, best-mannered, best-educated girls I had seen anywhere. She was home at that season because the female seminary at Tahlequah had temporarily been put out of commission by a fire. She had a senior high-school knowledge of English literature and its accompanying studies of that grade, and she specialized in French. Of the Indian mother I had only an occasional glimpse. The white father was busy with his planting. I was the only person at table for twenty-one meals, and this dusky beauty stood opposite me at each meal and talked down at me on all subjects wherein my dependence was upon books. About Wednesday she started in to improve my mind. There was a phrase in the Cherokee tongue that she wanted me to learn. I got it perfectly, although I forgot it years ago; but I shall never forget her roguish eyes, or the perfect teeth as she smiled in its repetitions.

Women unchaperoned are the sa world over. She wasn't bold an wasn't timid, but she wouldn't tell English of it. I did all I could wit Cherokee, however, careful of course to let nobod overhear me. I gave it all the insinuation a man coul any phrase of whose meaning he was still a bit unc I repeated it while on the little buckskin pony so as forget it. An old Indian fighter at the post with w got friendly couldn't translate it. Friday night I re to take a chance. Two squaws were buying sugar grocery. The big storekeeper was speaking Chero them. After they left I got near the door, because are things a pretty girl can say to a stranger with propriety than the stranger can claim in saying to a general grocer with whiskers and a flanne and a gun.

I said, "Mr. Brown, will you translate a sen in Cherokee for me?"

"Certainly."

I can see him now tidily wiping out the big scoop on the scales with a soiled towel. Th had gone down. Outside it was dark. He w I repeated the speech just as the girl had nounced it to me, but without the teeth-an business or any coquettishness, of cours didn't want him to plead my impertinent ner as an additional excuse for violence.

As I finished and he shook the sugar cr from the towel he said: "Oh, yes, that m 'The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not wa

The Perfect Breakfast

THE next day Mr. Blaine was sufficientl covered for me to leave him to local rep Getting back to Kansas City I met by appointr our old advance man, Frank Hamilton. Ham was the owner of a weekly paper recently started, c the Kansas City Mi He was also the o of a lease of a prop theater to be calle Warder Grand O House. He offere give me one-half i est in both if I w help him in their n agement and would cline the Leavenw offer. I returned t Louis, closed my r tions with The P Dispatch, left it and contrary to the vice of my father, thought the Leav worth opportunity the greater, joi Hamilton in his en prises.

As editor and owner of his pape had a drawing acco of thirty dollars a we partly commuted i a room and dinners Hamilton's hon Breakfast and lund got outside. By Ha ilton's advice, and lowing his sturdy ample, my breakf was uniformly a cup coffee and a quarter tion of pie. I had he that certain real in lectuals in parts of England had pie breakfast—apple pie, thought—but Hamilt explained that with its crust, its fruit and its meat, min pie had all that the human system required. I often r called the story of the dyspeptic gentleman who to t maxim, "You can't eat your cake and have it too," replie that he could do just that; and to my own feeling of posse sion the generous alcoholic content of the mince pie in thi locality and time added the vague feeling of a banquet th night before and a surviving aroma of popularity.

The Kansas City Mirror was an eight-page paper of somewhat larger sheet than THE SATURDAY EVENIN POST. Four pages of what is called patent inside came t

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already printed with matter about equally divided between inferior fiction and national advertisements not entirely devoid of that element. The four outside pages filled each week with original and selected matter, and the illustrations. I had an editorial column and a dramatic department. I was more interested in the latter. The local news, wherever possible, was manipulated to forward the opera-house enterprise. The dramatic notes and gossip gave preference to the attractions that we had arranged for and others that we hoped to get.

As the editor of the paper I met many old theatrical friends who came as members of the companies that visited Kansas City while the Warder Grand Opera House was being built. I also made new acquaintances. Among these the most lasting and agreeable was that with Edwin Clive Royle, since author of The Squaw Man and other plays, but then playing juveniles with Booth and Barrett. Royle's play-writing inclination was a strong bond between him and me.

Kansas City was organizing a great exposition. President Cleveland came to the town with his bride for a visit of two days, during which municipal activities—public reception, a grand ball and the like—made such demand upon the local papers that I was called in to help the reporters of the Kansas City Times, and began in that two-day engagement a valued acquaintance with the author, Eugene M. Field, brother of Eugene Field.

The opening attraction of the Warder Grand was to be the week's repertoire by Booth and Barrett under the management of Arthur B. Chase. They were to play six nights and two matinées, and were to receive a guaranteed share of three thousand dollars a performance, a minimum total of twenty-four thousand dollars. Each man was a favorite in Kansas City; Booth was a popular idol. The Warder Grand was to be a good-size house. We had plenty of publicity. Prices were more than doubled. There was no reason to doubt returns far in excess of the twenty-four thousand on the week, and Mr. Hamilton had no difficulty in giving the bond that Manager Chase required. Things looked fine.

Saving Barrett and Booth

AS THE summer waxed and waned, and as the theatrical season came upon us, it grew painfully evident that the opera house was not going to be completed in time for the Booth and Barrett opening in November. L. M. Crawford, who had a chain of theaters through Kansas towns, offered to take the contract off Hamilton's hands, as its terms permitted it to be assigned. But in his mind Hamilton saw a completed opera house, and no logic availed against that vision. A week before the date the sale opened at the Lawntown library, and every seat was promptly subscribed. But the opera house itself was a shell. There wasn't a chair in it. The stage was not completed: it had no roof. There wasn't a stitch of scenery. The carpenter in charge of the stage was a youngster then, but one of the best stage mechanics in the world, Claude Hagen. He promised to be ready with the stage, but foretold the impossibility of opening without scenery or equipment. Hamilton had felt sure of being able to rent sufficient scenery from the opposition houses, but it was impossible to get any.

On the Thursday before the opening I went to St. Louis and explained the dire distress of our enterprise to Mr. Pope. Pope knew Hamilton and liked both him and me. I started back Saturday morning with a baggage car full of scenery attached to a freight train. We reached Kansas City Sunday afternoon and had the scenery on the stage Monday morning. But there was still no roof. One stubborn beam that swung from the overhanging derricks was still to be put in place. The Booth-Barrett company called for rehearsal, walked about the cold stage in their fur coats and looked through to the threatening sky that showed above the entire auditorium.

This auditorium was empty except for some men who were filling it with temporary camp stools in rows. The rehearsal was dismissed, and as a matter of form the company reported in the evening; but during the afternoon a snowstorm had fallen, and at night there was an inch of snow on the streets and much inside the theater; no roof on the Warder Grand Opera House, and no heat. Hamilton and I, two Craig brothers who were interested in the enterprise, a stenographer and two men from the Mirror office met the arriving patrons and explained the postponement of the performance until the following night.



Julia Marlowe as Juliet

There was a good deal of grumbling then and a great deal of confusion at the ticket office the next day. During that Tuesday, however, Hamilton got some tarpaulins put over the roof and brought four large cannon stoves into the theater. These stoves were set up in the private boxes with pipes leading to the nearest outlets and kept red hot during the day. At noon Mr. Booth and Mr. Barrett, with their fur collars turned up, were on the stage again looking at the still-forbidding conditions. As there was no other assistant who knew anything about moving scenery, I was in a suit of overalls to help Hagen on the stage.

One green hand trying to take a wing across the back of the stage got it wabbling on its forefoot and then let go of it as it started to fall. If it were to drop flat-sided it would come down easily as a kite falls, and without much damage; but edgewise, and dropping as a knife blade, it had lethal possibilities. There was no time to talk. I jumped at the two stars whose backs were toward this menace, pushed them violently apart, just as the scene fell between them, striking the stage where they had been standing, splitting the wood of its two-inch stiles.

Mr. Barrett, in real tragedian fashion, said indignantly, "Don't put your hands on me, fellow!"

Mr. Booth lifted his gaze from the broken scene and said, "Thank you."

I was pretty hot at the Barrett rebuke, and told Hagen, who was also cross about it, that it would make a fair story for the Saturday Mirror. That night during one of the intermissions Mr. Barrett thanked me for pushing him out of the way, explained that he was very nervous and his irritable remark involuntary. I had no difficulty in believing this. The whole plexus of events was trying on everybody.

A Wintry Macbeth

DURING the day there had been a conference between the stars, their manager and attorneys on one hand, and on the other hand Hamilton, his bondsmen and their attorneys. This conference resulted in a decision to stand by the guaranty and to open with Macbeth. There was no dressing room in which anybody could have with safety disrobed, and no ordinary theatrical costume would have kept out the freezing temperature of the building. To shut out drafts the stage was boxed as a baronial hall with a set ceiling. Mr. Booth wore his heaviest costume, a robe in which ordinarily he played Richelieu. Barrett as Macduff wore a long quilted gown which had served in Francesca da Rimini. Minna Gale as Lady Macbeth had some equally warm and equally incongruous attire. After the first act of the play the audience, that had been freezing in their wraps—the men retaining not only overcoats but hats—began to move toward the boxes where the cannon stoves were. Those already near these furnaces made way and perishing ladies row by row approached the heat. Men stood in the outer circle stamping their feet. After two or three minutes of this there was a general readjustment of camp chairs, moving from their alignments towards these thermal centers that suggested Birnam Wood on its road to Dunsinane.

Some prudent or habitual gentlemen had brought flasks with them. Others went to the nearest places of supply, and the close of the intermission took on a convivial even if precautionary color. The greatest enthusiasm of the night—not excepting Mr. Booth's reception—was for a line which perhaps in all the previous history of Macbeth had never called for more than a giggle.

In the third scene of Act Two the Porter, roused from his slumber by the knocking at the gate, says, "But this place is too cold for hell." This was greeted with a laugh and successive rounds of applause, and then recurrent ripples as the

(Continued on Page 46)



Lawrence Barrett



Edwin Booth in Hamlet

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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 1, 1922

The Great Delusion

ONE of the oldest, most seductive and fatal delusions which mankind has suffered from is the belief that prosperity can be created by increasing the supply of money. In only slightly altered dress this ancient and exploded fraud is finding lodgment in many minds and preparing the way for inevitable disillusionment.

Most people instinctively welcome an increased supply of money. So arduous is the struggle of the individual to add to his own holdings of the lucre that there is something almost unconscious in the mental process which regards as beneficial to the people as a whole that which is eagerly desired by each person for himself. Money is the general expression of purchasing power and symbolizes all other forms of wealth. Thus it often assumes an exaggerated importance in the public mind, and there is confusion of cause and effect. People think a community is poor because there is so little money, when in truth the lack of money is due to the community's being poor.

When prices are rising and profits easily made no one complains either as to the amount or the character of money. But when prices have fallen and the farmer or merchant can no longer sell at a profit a hundred bushels of wheat or a gross of felt hats, a demand arises for the enlargement and extension of the function of money to take care of business which is waiting to be done. When a great part of the civilized world has collapsed, or almost collapsed, politically, industrially, socially and financially, it would seem as if only the slow interaction of many forces and the healing process of time could work a correction. But there are always those who believe there is a short cut back or forward to Eden, and to them the cheap-money delusion makes a powerful appeal.

But in this country at least there can be no substantial addition to the supply of money without a radical departure from the gold basis or standard of currency. Therefore those who believe that a lack of money is preventing higher prices for products and holding the country back from its normal development must first of all batter away at the gold standard. They hold that money is such because the Government certifies it, because it bears the government say-so or fiat. And if they are right money might as well be anything. It might as well be based on automobiles, on motion-picture films or kilowatt hours.

But this conception of money is fundamentally wrong. Through the experience of the ages nations have learned that money backed by gold, or ultimately redeemable in gold, has been valuable, and most other kinds of money worthless. Gold has been acceptable in itself, intrinsically, since the dawn of history. It is the ultimate real money because its value is deeply rooted in the established ways of mankind. There has never been a time when paper money was regarded as good except only as long as people had confidence that the issuing government or bank could and would if called upon redeem it in gold.

Paper money, government fiat money, may do all the work for a time, but as a great student of the subject has said, "It does so with a constant prospect of backsliding. Whether there is enough of it, or too much, or too little, is always a matter in the discretion of the government for the time being." But for any one country the value of gold is not within the control of whim or fiat at all. Its international acceptance gives it a basis on which the currency system of the country can rest securely.

But it is argued that money should have a broader base and be secured by such great forms of wealth as land or productive energy or potential producing power. France once tried issuing money upon land, the paper being known as assignats, so called because of the lands that had been assigned to secure them. At first only a small quantity was put out, and it was said that no more would be issued.

"Those French issues of paper rested not merely 'on the will of a free people,' but on one-third of the entire landed property of France; on the very choicest of real property in city and country—the confiscated estates of the Church and of the fugitive aristocracy—and on the power to use the paper thus issued in purchasing this real property at very low prices," wrote a famous historian. Yet this money declined in value as its quantity was added to, until the final result was utter ruin.

It is astounding in view of the present condition of Europe that anyone should even suggest, as the way to make everybody prosperous in this country, an increase in the supply of money. If it were not for the American dollar, based as it is on gold, there would be very little of firmness and stability remaining to-day in the currencies of the world. One of the prime causes of agricultural depression in this country is the inability of Europe to buy because of the disorganized exchanges, which in turn finds an important explanation in their debased currencies. The whole world has been upset by the worthlessness of depreciated European currencies.

But it is said that a rich, strong country like this cannot be compared with Europe in its present plight. But why not, if it adopts the same open road to destruction? The fundamental difficulty with the depreciated paper currencies of France in John Law's day and again during the French Revolution, in the American Colonies during our own Revolution, in the Confederate States, and in the Central and Eastern European countries of to-day, was and is that from the very nature of such currency systems there is no logical stopping place. The difficulty is that once having started to take drugs as a stimulus the dose must be constantly increased. Just why should we have more self-control if we start taking the same sort of dope?

No government has ever started on the road to depreciated paper currency except with the argument that it was strong and wise enough to try the experiment reasonably, moderately and without overdoing it. Yet history shows there has been no stopping place short of either general collapse or the repudiation of the money itself. Always the first effect has been to stimulate business. Naturally. But the reaction from this artificial exhilaration has been so severe that another and larger dose of the drug was required.

One means suggested for paying a soldiers' bonus is the printing of additional currency, and this method has been defended on the ground that it would stimulate prosperity. To keep up the stimulus it would be necessary to print currency for every desired object, and the last stage of the patient would be like the finish of every drug addict.

But the most pitifully tragic part of the cheap-money delusion is that the chief beneficiaries are supposed to be the farmers, laborers and others who are not connected with Wall Street or with the greedy moneyed interests. Long ago Daniel Webster said, "Of all the contrivances for cheating the laboring classes, none has been more e tive than that which deludes them with paper mon The depreciated paper currencies of Europe have cost laboring classes of that continent more in suffering than the war itself. Although wages have mounte unheard-of figures they are less in purchasing power they were before the war under the gold standard.

When the farmer or business man is led to believe his troubles are chiefly due to a lack of money he ma merely the victim of an ignorant or dishonest dres and fanatic. But he may embrace such views becaus has been unable to secure from the banks what he reg as sufficient and legitimate credit. There are profit among banks, just as among other merchants. But on other hand there are thirty thousand banks in the coun most of them owned by local people in no way conne with Wall Street or the moneyed interests. There i much competition in banking as in any other industry laborers or farmers or business men do not like the ser of existing banks they are at liberty to form new ones

Indeed many new banks are formed every year. field is wide open. It is an old, old story, that of the en prising and ambitious person who complains of the banl until one fine day he starts a bank of his own. Then sees the other side, and realizes that a bank is organi not only to make loans to ambitious but often reckless incompetent borrowers, but exists also for the purpose protecting the deposits of the people who have intrus their savings to its care.

But far too many people have a vague idea that if o the Government engaged in banking such hard and n essary restrictions upon the unlimited extension of cre could by an unexplained miracle be done away with. Th one proposal is that every postmaster be empowered make loans, and a United States senator has announc that the proper banking system is one that would provi credit to all people on terms of equality. Obviously t easiest way to bring this about, the simplest machinery f the purpose, would be an issue of currency secured by la or by productive energy, or by the undeveloped wealth Alaska, or by waterfalls, or by the potential power in t atom, in the tides and in the sun.

Such a method of extending credit would seem to be ver cheap, for it carries no interest charge. But if credit is be supplied to all the people on terms of equality, where the line to be drawn? Does it not mean that every bo rower will determine the amount of his own requirements If all the Government has to do to issue money is put i stamp of approval upon energy and power and undeve oped resources, why can it not make everyone rich all once? Certainly that is an absolutely logical and necessar deduction.

Alas, the Government cannot create value, wealt capital, credit, by a mere fiat. It is not superior to th recognized laws which govern the slow process of acc mulating savings. One of the greatest of our statesme has said that the Government did not have a sing dollar to give anyone which it did not take from someon else—a statement which should be posted up in a conspicu ous place in every city, town and village in the land.

The Government cannot start with nothing and accu mulate something, except by taxing its citizens. The ide that credit can be made available to everybody boils dow to the belief that every man should be the sole judge of hi own credit, which in turn means that he has the right t use other people's money when and as much as he please

Now of course there is nothing to prevent the Govern ment from supplying paper money based on such unlim ited security as power or energy, if the people decree tha it be so. But that's just exactly the trouble! Such securit is unlimited, and people soon cease to value what is unlim ited in quantity. Consider the air, sunlight and scenery Why not make them the base for currency? They have th advantage of being plentiful.

But alas, there's the rub. The simple fact, so easily over-looked, is that the value of money depends, among other considerations, upon its being limited in quantity. If only that basic economic law could be repealed by Congress or a constitutional amendment, then how happy and prosperous we should be!

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THE COAL MINERS' CASE

By Ellis Searles

Editor United Mine Workers' Journal

MEMBERS of the United Mine Workers of America were unable to understand the amazing action of the bituminous coal operators in refusing to meet with them in a joint conference for the purpose of negotiating a new wage agreement to take the place of the agreement that expired on March 31, this year. The operators were in honor bound to meet with the miners, and their refusal to meet was a direct, flagrant violation of the solemn agreement which miners and operators, by command of the Government, signed in New York on March 31, 1920. Not all the operators were guilty of this violation of contract, however. The refusal to meet with the miners was confined to that element among the operators that appears to be determined to destroy the coal miners' union if possible, or at least to weaken its protective influence.

At their international convention, held in Cleveland in September, 1919, the United Mine Workers adopted a set of demands that was to be presented to the operators at the joint conference. The wage agreement then in existence was to expire when the war was ended. The miners insisted that the war was over. They set the first day of November, 1919, as the date for the expiration of the existing agreement. They issued a call for the operators to meet with them in joint conference at Buffalo on September twenty-fourth to work out a new agreement.

It was unfortunate that the demands formulated at the Cleveland convention were so worded as to convey to the public an erroneous idea of what the miners meant when they declared for a six-hour workday and a five-day week. What the miners needed at that time was a first-class city editor to edit their copy before it went to the public. But they did not have one, and the demands went forth in such form as to place the miners in a false light. The operators hopped on this demand and, by the skillful use of propaganda, induced the public to believe that the miners were asking for more pay for less work. In fact, the miners were asking nothing of the kind. What they were demanding was a reasonable assurance that they would have the opportunity to work steadily six hours a day and five days a week throughout the year, instead of eight hours a day, six days a week only a part of the time.

Fruitless Conferences

WHEN they assembled for the conference at Buffalo the operators flatly refused to deal with the miners. They said the miners' scale committee was hog-tied with instructions and that it had no authority to accept anything less than the full demands of the Cleveland convention. They said they could not and would not grant those demands, and that therefore it was useless to undertake to negotiate. The operators insisted, also, that the war was not over, and that it would not be over until peace was proclaimed by the President. Because of these chimerical objections the Buffalo conference broke up. But another call was sent out, for a meeting in Philadelphia, and miners and operators reassembled in that city. The operators still maintained their stone-wall attitude of refusing to negotiate, and that joint meeting also dissolved.

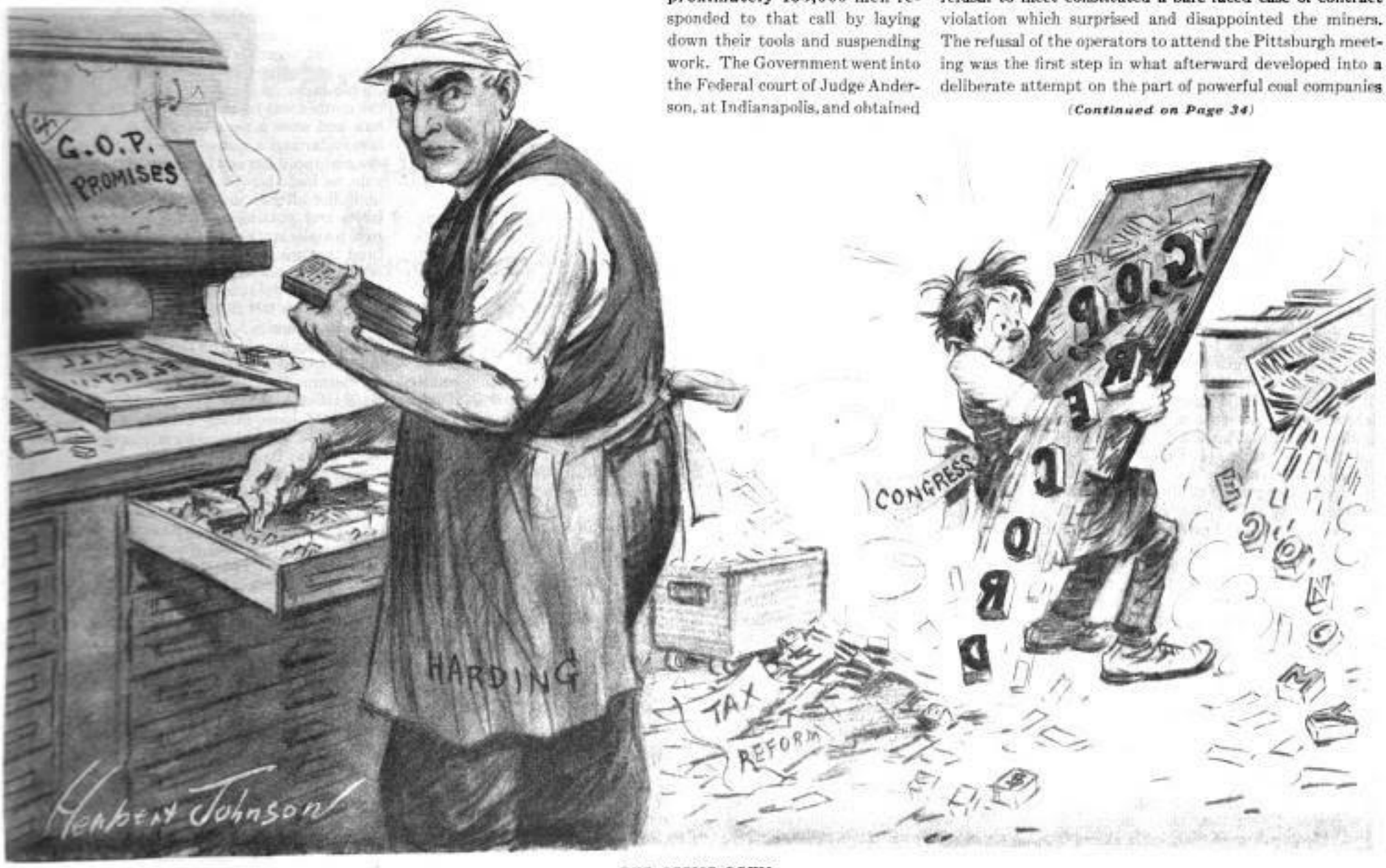
Officials of the United Mine Workers issued a call for a general strike of bituminous mine workers to take place on the first of November. Approximately 453,000 men responded to that call by laying down their tools and suspending work. The Government went into the Federal court of Judge Anderson, at Indianapolis, and obtained a mandatory injunction against the United Mine Workers, commanding the officials of the union to recall and cancel the strike order. They obeyed this injunction, but the men did not return to work. The strike continued for six weeks, with practically the entire bituminous industry tied up in organized fields. It was then that President Wilson appointed the Bituminous Coal Commission to settle the controversy.

This commission held exhaustive hearings at Washington, beginning in January, 1920, and in March it handed down its award granting to the miners an increase in wages of approximately 27 per cent. President Wilson directed the miners and operators to hold a joint conference and write the award of the commission, unchanged and in full, into a contract. This joint meeting was held in New York, and on March 31, 1920, the contract was signed. Thus the coal operators signed an agreement not only with the miners but with the Government, and when they violated it they flouted the dignity and authority of the Government. In addition to the award of the commission the miners and operators agreed to and inserted in that contract a provision reading as follows:

> Resolved, that an interstate joint conference be held prior to April 1, 1922; the time and place for holding such meeting is referred to a committee of two operators and two members from each state herein represented together with the international officers of the United Mine Workers of America.

That clause was just as binding as any other part of the agreement. But, even though they signed it, the operators refused to live up to it. President Lewis issued a call for a joint meeting of operators and miners to be held in Pittsburgh, January 6, 1922, to select a time and place for the joint interstate conference that was provided for in that agreement, but the operators of Ohio and Pennsylvania bluntly refused to attend the Pittsburgh meeting. Their refusal to meet constituted a bare-faced case of contract violation which surprised and disappointed the miners. The refusal of the operators to attend the Pittsburgh meeting was the first step in what afterward developed into a deliberate attempt on the part of powerful coal companies

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THE OFFICE DEVIL

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MERTON OF THE MOVIES

By Harry Leon Wilson

XV

New Triumphs

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH



"Pinch His Cheek Once More, Lulu. Now, Merton, Look Up and Offer Her a Bottle of Ma's Preserves"

ONE genial morning a few days later the sun shone in across the desk of Baird while he talked to Merton Gill of the new piece. It was a sun of fairest promise. Mr. Gill's late work was again lavishly commended, and confidence was expressed that he would surpass himself in the drama shortly to be produced.

Mr. Baird spoke in enthusiastic terms of this, declaring that if it did not prove to be a knock-out, a clean-up picture, then he, Jeff Baird, could safely be called a Chinaman. And during the time that would elapse before shooting on the new piece could begin he specified a certain study in which he wished his actor to engage.

"You've watched the Edgar Wayne pictures, haven't you?"

"Yes, I've seen a number of them."

"Like his work—that honest-country-boy-loving-his-mother-and-little-sister stuff, wearing overalls and tousled hair in the first part, and coming out in city clothes and eight-dollar neckties at the last, with his hair slicked back same as a seal?"

"Oh, yes, I like it. He's fine. He has a great appeal."

"Good! That's the kind of a part you're going to get in this new piece. Lots of managers in my place would say, 'No, he's a capable young chap and has plenty of talent, but he lacks the experience to play an Edgar Wayne part.' That's what a lot of these wisenheimers would say. But me—not so. I believe you can get away with this part, and I'm going to give you your chance."

"I'm sure I don't know how to thank you, Mr. Baird, and I'll try to give you the very best that is in me."

"I'm sure of that, my boy; you needn't tell me. But now—what I want you to do while you got this lay-off between pieces, chase out and watch all the Edgar Wayne pictures you can find. There was one up on the Boulevard last week I'd like you to watch half a dozen times. It may be at another house down this way, or it may be out in one of the suburbs. I'll have someone outside call up and find where it is to-day, and they'll let you know. It's called Happy Homestead, or something snappy like that, and it kind of suggests a layout for this new piece of mine, see what I mean? It'll suggest things to you.

"Edgar and his mother and little sister live on this farm, and Edgar mixes in with a swell dame down at the summer hotel, and a villain tries to get his old mother's farm and another villain takes his little sister off up to the wicked city, and Edgar has more trouble than would patch hell a mile, see? But it all comes right in the end, and the city girl falls for him when she sees him in his stepping-out clothes.

"It's a pretty little thing, but to my way of thinking it lacks strength; not enough punch to it. So we're sort of building up on that general idea, only we'll put in the pep that this piece lacks. If I don't miss my guess, you'll be able to show Wayne a few things about serious acting, especially after you've studied his methods a little bit in this piece."

"Well, if you think I can do it——" began Merton, then broke off in answer to a sudden thought. "Will my mother be the same actress that played it before, the one that mopped all the time?"

"Yes, the same actress, but a different sort of mother. She—she's more enterprising; she's a sort of chemist, in a way, and puts up preserves and jellies for the hotel. She never touches a mop in the whole piece, and dresses neat from start to finish."

"And does the cross-eyed man play in it? Sometimes, in scenes with him, I'd get the idea I wasn't really doing my best."

"Yes, yes, I know." Baird waved a sympathetic hand. "Poor old Jack. He's trying hard to do something worth while, but he's played in those cheap comedy things so long it's sort of hard for him to get out of it and play serious stuff, if you know what I mean."

"I know what you mean," said Merton.

"And he's been with me so long I kind of hate to discharge him. You see, on account of those eyes of his it would be hard for him to get a job as a serious actor, so I did think I'd give him another part in this piece if you didn't object, just to sort of work him into the worthwhile things. He's so eager for the chance. It was quite pathetic how grateful he looked when I told him I'd try him once more in one of the better and finer things. And a promise is a promise.

"Still, Merton, you're the man I must suit in this cast, and if you say the word I'll tell Jack he must go, though I know what a blow it will be to him."

"Oh, no, Mr. Baird!" Merton interrupted fervently. "I wouldn't think of such a thing! Let the poor fellow have a chance to learn something better than the buffoonery he's been doing. I'll do everything I can to help him. I think it is very pathetic, his wanting to do the better things; it's fine of him. And maybe some day he could save up enough to have a good surgeon fix his eyes right. It might be done, you know."

"Now that's nice of you, my boy. It's kind and generous. Not every actor of your talent would want Jack working in the same scene with him. And perhaps, as you say, some day he can save up enough from his wages to have his eyes fixed. I'll mention it to him. And this reminds me, speaking of the cast, there's another member who might bother some of these fussy actors. She's the girl who'll take the part of your city sweetheart. As a matter of fact, she isn't exactly the type I'd have picked for the part, because she's rather a large, hearty girl, if you know what I mean. I could have found a lot who were better lookers; but the poor thing has a bedridden father and mother and a little crippled brother and a little sister that is very well, and she's working hard to send them to school—I mean the children, not her parents; I saw the chance to do her a good turn, and I h you'll feel that you can work harmoniously with I know I'm too darned human to be in this busines

Baird looked aside to conceal his emotion.

"I'm sure, Mr. Baird, I'll get along fine with young lady, and I think it's fine of you to give th people jobs when you could get better folks."

"Well, well, we'll say no more about that," repl Baird gruffly, as one who had again hidden his t impressionable heart. "Now ask the outer office where that Wayne f is to-day and catch it as often as y feel you're getting any of the Ed Wayne stuff. We'll call you up wh work begins."

He saw the Edgar Wayne film, touching story in which the tim diffident country boy triumphed ov difficulties and won the love of a pu New York society girl, meantime pr tecting his mother from the insulti sneers of the idle rich and being ma to suffer intensely by the appare moral wreck of his dear little siste whom a rich scoundrel had lured to t great city with false promises that would make a fine lady of her. Nev before had he studied the acting meth of Wayne with a definite aim in vie Now he watched until he himself b came the awkward country boy. He was prime with the Wayne manner, the appealing ingen ousness, the simple embarrassments, the manl regard for the old mother. Then word came tha Baird was ready for him in the new piece.

This drama was strikingly like the Wayn piece he had watched, at least in its beginnin Baird, in his striving for the better thing seemed at first to have copied his model almos too faithfully. Not only was Merton to be th awkward country boy in the little hillside farm house but his mother and sister were like th other mother and sister.

Still, he began to observe differences. The lit tle sister—played by the Montague girl—was simple farm maiden as in the other piece, bu the mother was more energetic. She had silver hair and wore a neat black dress, with a whit lace collar and a cameo brooch at her neck, an she embraced her son tearfully at frequent inter vals, as had the other mother; but she carrie on in her kitchen an active business in canning fruits and putting up jellies, which, sold to th rich people at the hotel, would swell the littl fund that must be saved to pay the mortgage Also in the present piece the country boy wa to become a great inventor, and this was differ ent. Merton felt that this was a good touch; it gave him dignity.

He appeared ready for work on the morning designated. He was now able to make up himself, and he dressed in the country-boy costume that had been provided. It was perhaps not so attractive a costume as Edgar Wayne had worn, consisting of loose-fitting overalls that came well above his waist and were fastened by straps that went over the shoulders; but, as Baird remarked, the contrast would be greater when he dressed in rich city clothes at the last. His hair, too, was no longer the slicked-back hair of Parmalee, but was tousled in country disorder.

For much of the action of the new piece they would require an outside location, but there were some interiors to be shot on the lot. He forgot the ill-fitting overalls when shown his attic laboratory where, as an ambitious young inventor, sustained by the unfaltering trust of mother and sister, he would perfect certain mechanical devices that would bring him fame, fortune and the love of a pure New York society girl.

It was a humble little room containing a workbench that held his tools and a table littered with drawings over which he bent until late hours of the night.

At this table, simple, unaffected, deeply earnest, he was shown as the dreaming young inventor, perplexed at moments, then with brightening eyes making some needful change in the drawings. He felt in these scenes that he was revealing a world of personality. And he must struggle to give a sincere interpretation in later scenes that would require more action. He would show Baird that he had not watched Edgar Wayne without profit.

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LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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(Continued from Page 24)

Another interior was of the neat living room of the humble home. Here were scenes of happy family life with the little sister and the fond old mother. The Montague girl was a charming picture in her simple print dress and sunbonnet, beneath which hung her braid of golden hair. The mother was a sweet old dear, dressed, as Baird had promised, in neat black, with the bit of lace and old-fashioned brooch at her throat. She early confided to Merton that she was glad her part was not to be a mopping part. In that case she would have had to wear knee pads, whereas now she was merely, she said, to be a tired business woman.

Still another interior was of her kitchen, where she busily carried on her fruit-canning activities. Pots boiled on the stove and glass jars were filled with her product. One of the pots, Merton noticed—the largest—had a tightly closed top from which a slender tube of copper went across one corner of the little room to where it coiled in a bucket filled with water, whence it discharged its contents into bottles.

This, it seemed, was his mother's improved grape juice, a cooling drink to tempt the jaded palates of the city folk up at the big hotel.

The laboratory of the young inventor was abundantly filmed while the earnest country boy dreamed hopefully above his drawings or tinkered at metal devices on the workbench. The kitchen in which his mother toiled was repeatedly shot, including close-ups of the old mother's ingenious contrivances—especially of the closed boiler with its coil of copper tubing—by which she was helping to save the humble home.

And a scene in the neat living room with its old-fashioned furniture made it all too clear that every effort would be required to save the little home. The cruel money lender, a lawyer with mean-looking whiskers, confronted the three shrinking inmates to warn them that he must have his money by a certain day or out they would go into the streets. The old mother wept at this, and the earnest boy took her in his arms. The little sister, terrified by the man's rough words, also flew to this shelter, and thus he defied the intruder, calm, fearless, dignified. The money would be paid, and the intruder would now please remember that until the day named this little home was their very own.

The scoundrel left with a final menacing wave of his gnarled hand; left the group facing ruin unless the invention could be perfected, unless mother could sell an extraordinary quantity of fruit or improved grape juice to the city folk, or, indeed, unless the little sister could do something wonderful.

She, it now seemed, was confident she also could help. She stood apart from them and prettily promised to do something wonderful. She asked them to remember that she was no longer a mere girl, but a woman with a woman's determination. They both patted the little thing encouragingly on the back.

The interiors now possible on the Holden lot having been finished, they motored each day to a remote edge of the city where outside locations had been found for the humble farmhouse and the grand hotel. The farmhouse was excellently chosen, Merton thought, being the neat, unpretentious abode of honest, hard-working people; but the hotel, some distance off, was not so grand, he thought, as Baird's new play seemed to demand. It was plainly a hotel, a wooden structure with balconies; but it seemed hardly to afford those attractions that would draw the wealthier element from New York. He forbore to warn Baird of this, however, fearing to discourage a manager who was honestly striving for the serious in photo drama.

His first exterior scene saw him, with the help of mother and little sister, loading the one poor motor car which the family possessed with mother's products. These were then driven to the hotel. The Montague girl drove the car, and scenes of this in motion were shot from a car that preceded them.

They arrived before the hotel; Merton was directed to take from the car an iron weight attached to a rope and running to a connection forward on the hood. He was to throw the weight to the ground, plainly with the notion that he would thus prevent the car from running away. The simple device was in fact similar to that used, at Gashwiler's strict orders, on the delivery wagon back in Simsbury, for Gashwiler had believed that Dexter wo run away if untethered. But of course it was absu Merton saw, to anchor a motor car in such a manner, s he was somewhat taken aback when Baird directed t action.

"It's all right," Baird assured him. "You're a sim country boy, and don't know any better, so do it plu serious. You'll be smart enough before the show's ov Go ahead, get out, grab the weight, throw it down s don't look at it again, as if you did this every time. Tha it! You're not being funny; just a hick like Wayne v at first."

He performed the action, still with some slight r giving.

Followed scenes of brother and sister offering mothe wares to the city folk idling on the porch of the ho Each bearing a basket, they were caught submitting t jellies and jams. The brother was laughed at, ev sneered at, by the supercilious rich, the handsom gowned women and the dissipated-looking men. No c appeared to wish his jellies.

The little sister had better luck. The women turn from her, but the men gathered about her and bought c the stock. She went to the car for more and the men f lowed her. To Merton, who watched these scenes, t dramatist's intention was plain. These men did not rea care for jellies and jams; they were attracted by the wil rose beauty of the little country girl. And they we plainly the sort of men whose attentions could mean n good to such as she.

Left on the porch, he was now directed to approach distinguished-looking old gentleman, probably a bank and a power in Wall Street, who read his morning paper Timidly he stood before this person, thrusting forward h basket. The old gentleman glanced up in annoyance ar brutally rebuffed the country boy with an angry flouri of the paper he read.

"You're hurt by this treatment," called Baird, "an almost discouraged. You look back over your shoulder t where sister is doing a good business with her stuff, an

(Continued on Page 28)



Slowly the New York Society Girl Approached the Couch of the Sufferer, Tenderly She Reached Down to Infold Him

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IF people have ever shown that it is the Hupmobile they want, they have shown it conclusively during the recent past.

While buying in all lines was materially reduced from its normal scale, Hupmobile sales registered a remarkable vitality and volume.

The truth is that they increased over any similar period in our history—and that increase is now reaching even larger proportions.

These facts are worthy of record, because they signify again that in times when people really seek out sound value for their money, they turn instinctively to that which is *known* to be good.

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(Continued from Page 26)

you see the old mother back in her kitchen, working her fingers to the bone—we'll have a flash of that, see?—and you try again. Take out that bottle in the corner of the basket; uncork it. The old man looks up—he's smelled something. You hold the bottle toward him and you're saying so-and-so, so-and-so, so-and-so, 'Oh, mister, if you knew how hard my poor old mother works to make this stuff! Won't you please take a little taste of her improved grape juice and see if you don't want to buy a few shillings' worth'—so-and-so, so-and-so, so-and-so—see what I mean? That's it, look pleading. Think how the little home depends on it!"

The old gentleman, first so rude, consented to taste the improved grape juice. He put the bottle to his lips and tilted it. A camera was brought up to record closely the look of pleased astonishment that now enlivened his face. He arose to his feet, tilted the bottle again, this time drinking abundantly. He smacked his lips with relish, glanced furtively at the group of women in the background, caught the country boy by a sleeve and drew him farther along the porch.

"He's telling you what fine stuff this grape juice is," explained Baird, "saying your mother must be a wonderful old lady, and he'll drop over to meet her. In the meantime he wants you to bring him all this grape juice she has. He'll take it; she can name her own price. He hands you a ten-dollar bill for the bottle he has and for another in the basket—that's it, give it to him. The rest of the bottles are jams or something. You want him to take them, but he pushes them back. He's saying he wants the improved grape juice or nothing. He shows a big wad of bills to prove he can pay for it. You look glad now—the little home may be saved after all."

The scene was shot. Merton felt that he had carried it acceptably. He had shown the diffident pleading of the country boy that his mother's product should be at least tasted, his frank rejoicing when the old gentleman approved of it. He was not so well satisfied with the work of the Montague girl as his innocent little sister. In her sale of mother's jellies to the city men, in her acceptance of their attentions, she appeared to be just the least bit bold. It seemed almost as if she wished to attract their notice. He hesitated to admit it, for he profoundly esteemed the girl, but there were even moments when, in technical language, she seemed to vamp these creatures who thronged about her to profess for her jams and jellies an interest he was sure they did not feel.

He wondered if Baird had made it plain to her that she was a very innocent little country girl who should be unpleasantly affected by these advances. The scene he watched shot where the little sister climbed back into the motor car, leered at by the four New York clubmen, he thought especially distasteful. Surely the skirt of her print dress was already short enough! She need not have lifted it under this evil regard as she put her foot up to the step.

It was on the porch of the hotel, too, that he had his first scene with the New York society girl whose hand he was to win. She proved to be the daughter of the old gentleman who liked the improved grape juice. As Baird had intimated, she was a large girl; not only was she tall and stoutly built but she was somewhat heavy of face. Baird's heart must have been touched, indeed, when he consented to employ her. Merton remembered her bedridden father and mother, the little crippled brother, the little sister who was also in poor health, and resolved to make their scenes together as easy for her as he could.

At their first encounter she appeared in a mannish coat and riding breeches, though she looked every inch a woman in this attire. "She sees you, and it's a case of love at first sight on her part," explained Baird. "You love her, too, only you're a bashful country boy and can't show it the way she can. Try out a little first scene now."

Merton stood, his basket on his arm, as the girl approached him.

"Look down!" called Baird, and Merton lowered his gaze under the ardent regard of the social butterfly.

She tossed away her cigarette and came nearer. Then she mischievously pinched his cheeks as the New York men had pinched his little sister's. Having done this, she placed her hand beneath his chin and raised his face to hers.

"Now look up at her," called Baird. "But she frightens you. Remember your country raising. You never saw a society girl before. That's it—look frightened while she's admiring you in that bold way. Now turn a little and look down again. Pinch his cheek once more, Lulu. Now, Merton, look up and smile, but kind of scared—you're still afraid of her—and offer her a bottle of ma's preserves. Step back a little as you do it, because you're kind of alarmed about what she might do next. That's fine! Good work, both of you!"

He was glad for the girl's sake that Baird had approved the work of both. He had been afraid she was overdoing the New York society manner in the boldness of her advances to him, but of course Baird would know. His conscience hurt him a little when the Montague girl added her praise. "Kid, you certainly stepped neat and looked nice in that love scene," she told him.

He would have liked to praise her own work, but could not bring himself to. Perhaps she would grow more shrinking and modest as the drama progressed.



Simple, Unaffected, Deeply Earnest, He Was Shown as the Dreaming Young Inventor. He Felt in These Scenes That He Was Revealing a World of Personality

A part of the play now developed as he had foreseen would, in that the city men at the hotel pursued the lit sister to her own doorstep with attentions that she shou have found unwelcome. But she still behaved in a way could not approve. She seemed determined to meet t city men halfway.

"I'm to be the sunlight arc of this hovel," she announc when the city men came, one at a time, to shower gi upon the little wild rose. Plainly she was destined to the victim of a brute's treachery.

Swiftly it became apparent that she must pay dea for her too-ready acceptance of these favors. One af another the four city men, whose very appearance wou have been sufficient warning to most girls, endeavored lure her up to the great city, where they promised to ma a lady of her. It was a situation notoriously involving da ger to the simple country girl, yet not even her moth frowned upon it.

The mother, indeed, frankly urged the child to let all these kind gentlemen make a lady of her. The broth should have warned her in this extremity; but the broth was not permitted any share in these scenes. Only Mert Gill, in his proper person, seemed to feel the little girl w all too cordially inviting trouble.

He became confused ultimately by reason of the scen not being taken consecutively. It appeared that the litt sister actually left her humble home at the insistence one of the villains, yet she did not, apparently, creep bac months later broken in body and soul. As nearly as h could gather, she was back the next day. And it almos seemed as if later, at brief intervals, she allowed herself t start for the great city with each of the other three scour drels who were bent upon her destruction. But always sh appeared to return safely and t bring large sums of money wit which to delight the old mother

It was puzzling to Merton He decided at last—he did no like to ask the Montague girl—that Baird had tried the same scene four times, and would choose the best of these for hi drama.

Brother and sister made further trips to the hotel with their offerings, only the sister now took jams and jellies exclusively, which she sold to the male guests, while the brother took only the improved grape juice, which the rich old New Yorker bought and generously paid for.

There were other scenes at the hotel between the country boy and the heavy-faced New York society girl, in which the latter was an ardent wooer. Once she was made to snatch a kiss from him as he stood by her, his basket on his arm. He struggled in her embrace, then turned to flee. She was shown looking after him, laughing, carelessly slapping one leg with her riding crop.

"You're still timid," Baird told him. "You can hardly believe that you have won her love."

In some following scenes at the little farmhouse it became impossible for him longer to doubt this, for the girl frankly told her love as she lingered with him at the gate.

"She's one of these new women," said Baird. "She's living her own life. You listen—it's wonderful that this great love should have come to you. Let us see the great joy dawning in your face. Dream your eyes at her."

He endeavored to do this. The New York girl became more ardent. She put an arm about him, drew him to her. Slowly, almost in the manner of Harold Parmalee, as it seemed to him, she bent down and imprinted a long kiss upon his lips. He had been somewhat difficult to rehearse in this scene, but Baird made it all plain. He was still the bashful country boy, though now he would be awakened by love. The girl drew him from the gate to her waiting automobile.

(Continued on Page 73)

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European Statesmanship and the Question of Nationalities

By BARON ROSEN

Former Ambassador From Russia to the United States

IN ATTEMPTING to trace the part that the question of nationalities has played in influencing the course of the political history of Europe ever since the French Revolution, it is desirable to establish as precise a definition as possible of the meaning of such terms as "nationality" and "nationalism." Precision in the use of these terms is desirable in order to meet such vague and sweeping assertions as, for instance, that nationalism is the cause of wars and perpetuates the evils of war in time of peace, assertions which, although true in a measure, leave it to be implied that, nationalism being the real source of the evils of war, salvation should be sought in its opposite—internationalism.

What then is nationalism? I think it could be best defined in the words of the New International Encyclopædia as "a modern historical tendency having for its object the organization in well-knit political states of populations naturally bound together by ties of nationality"—nationality itself being conceived as including community of language, traditions, morals, religion and, in a broad sense, culture. But this is not the only possible conception of nationality as the tie which holds together populations in well-defined states. In international law this somewhat vague term is used strictly as denoting merely the external condition of belonging by birth or nationalization to a nation or sovereign state. In this sense nationality, although it may, does not necessarily imply community of language, traditions, religion or culture. Indeed, in the majority of the great states of Europe such an entire community has been and still is conspicuously absent. The community which has held and still holds together the heterogeneous national or racial elements in such states, is a community of, in a broad sense, economic and political interests, either voluntarily assumed, as, for instance, in the Swiss Confederation, or imposed by the development of political events which in the course of history have determined the confines of political organisms known as states or nations.

An Outgrowth of the French Revolution

THUS the term "nationality" as used in international law could denote membership in a nation or state itself composed of several nationalities—confederated as in Switzerland, or united as in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland; or in France under the monarchy as well as now under the republic; or else composed of one dominant and several subordinate nationalities, as in the Empire of Russia and the Kingdom of Prussia and in the Ottoman Empire; or of two dominant and several subordinate nationalities, as lately in the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy under the régime of dualism. On the other hand, a nationality no longer recognized as such by international law, such as the Polish nationality, since the passing of the independent Kingdom of Poland, although for more than a century divided in its allegiance among three different states and in spite of all efforts at denationalization practiced on it by the governments of Russia and Prussia, and to some extent also by that of Austria, has never, in the consciousness of mankind, lost its character as a distinct nationality.

Then again there were nationalities racially, lingually, culturally united, but not recognized as such by international law—such as the Germans and Italians occupying territories divided into a number of separate internationally recognized states, some of them even, as in Italy, ruled over by alien dynasties, such as Lombardy, Tuscany, Modena, Parma and Naples; so that, until the creation of the German Empire and the Kingdom of Italy, the very words "Germany" and "Italy" were but geographical terms denoting certain territories inhabited by peoples of German or Italian race.

As a matter of fact, before the great political upheaval of the French Revolution the idea of statehood, the sentiment of state autonomy and loyalty to state and ruling dynasty, had been entirely overshadowing the idea of nationality. In its modern form, therefore, nationalism as a tendency toward the independence and unlimited sovereignty of nationalities, dates from and is an outgrowth of the French Revolution. It might, indeed, be said that before the revolution Great Britain and France were really national states, inasmuch as their political organization was coterminous with their national culture; but their, so to speak, unconscious nationalism had not assumed the character of a conscious force. Conscious nationalism developed in France in her struggle with hostile coalitions, and Napoleon, with a great statesman's perspicacity, did not fail to recognize its value as a driving force and to make it subservient to his plans of revolutionizing the political configuration of Europe.

The idea was subsequently taken up by German and Italian statesmen, thinkers and poets, and resulted in a movement the vicissitudes and struggles of which provided material for the history of the greater part of the nineteenth century, culminating at last in the formation of the German Empire and the Kingdom of Italy. It will be readily granted that in these cases nationalism has proved not only a powerful driving force but also a beneficent one, inasmuch as it has been instrumental in terminating chaotic conditions of multifarious particularistic and often conflicting interests by the creation of great unified political and economic organisms under the shelter of which the two nations reached a degree of material prosperity, let alone an international status that otherwise would have been unattainable.

This much will have to be placed to the credit of nationalism, for it stands to reason that under the conditions—whatever the future may have in store for us—of modern civilization, with its colossal development of industry and international trade, the absorption of numerous small independent political entities, with their individual customs barriers and obstructions to the freedom of communications and trade, by larger political and economic organisms, such as the leading modern states, can only inure to the advantage of all civilized mankind.

But nationalism, however laudable and useful as a tendency aiming at the organization of large national states, has also not infrequently developed a tendency toward oppression of minor subject or dependent nationalities included in the confines of such states. Similar tendencies are the more difficult to withstand and to combat, as they are often inspired by sincere albeit misguided patriotism when not masquerading under its convenient cloak. Of the difficulties in the way of combating them the author of this article is entitled to speak from personal experience. The dangerous character of policies pursued as an outflow of such tendencies to which he has repeatedly had occasion to call attention from the tribune of the Russian Legislative Assembly, of which he was a member, has been sufficiently demonstrated by the history of a recent past. In the guise of militant, forcibly imposed, so to speak, cultural patriotism, nationalism—intended to be a powerful means of unification—was bound by a natural reaction to become a no less powerful element of latent disunion, awaiting only a favorable turn of events in order to produce open disruption. All the four Continental empires that have been pursuing similar policies have passed through the same experience. In the cases of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy and the Ottoman Empire it has meant their total collapse. In the cases of Russia and Germany it has brought about their partial dismemberment—permanent if definitely acquiesced in, or, otherwise, a fruitful source of perennial conflicts in the future.

Nationalism in the Nineteenth Century

IT WOULD, however, be hardly just to lay the blame for policies inspired by militant nationalism entirely at the door of the governing bodies of the countries concerned. The natural instinct of self-interest would be sufficient to prompt rulers everywhere to endeavor to conciliate subject national minorities, so as to make sure of their loyalty, rather than to foster discontent among them and to promote hostility between them and the dominant nationality in the state. Nor could rulers, however incompetent, be quite unconscious of the dangerous character of militant nationalism as a guiding principle of government and a deliberately chosen policy. The adoption and practice of such policies must be attributed not so much to the purblind incompetence of rulers as to their weak-kneed subserviency to what they hold to be the patriotic demand of so-called public opinion—that is to say, of the clamor of prejudices, ambitions and passions entertained by a small minority of nonproducers, intellectuals, writers, thinkers and professional and amateur politicians, but in which the real people, the bulk of the nation, the workers and producers, have no share until their passions are stirred by propaganda, that curse of modern society.

There is, moreover, another side to nationalis
If nationalism, aiming at the organization in la
political states of populations homogeneous in l
guage, culture and race, even at the cost of suppr
sion or oppression of small distinct nationalities, m
be considered as a substantially constructive force,
tionalism in smaller subject or dependent nationaliti
with its claims to what is now called self-determinati
is apt to become a mainly destructive force, beneficent
some cases, the reverse in others.

In the first category must be placed the national mo
ment in Greece originating in the beginning of the ni
teenth century, which, fostered and aided by Russ
Great Britain and France, culminated in the establis
ment of the independent Kingdom of Greece, althou
the numerous populations of Greek nationality, settled
other parts of the Ottoman Empire, had to remain und
Turkish rule. Likewise nationalism in the Balkans, whi
awakened somewhat later and led to a series of revolts
sulting in the establishment of various autonomies, un
in 1878, after the victorious campaign undertaken by Ru
sia for the liberation of Bulgaria, the independence
Rumania, Serbia and Montenegro was recognized und
the Treaty of Berlin. Also the severance of the union b
tween Sweden and Norway and the resulting establis
ment of a separate Kingdom of Norway may be regarde
as an outgrowth of the nationalistic movement whic
swayed the minds of the peoples of Europe in the nin
teenth century.

Troublesome National Fragments

PERHAPS even the creation in 1913 of an independen
Albania might be included in this enumeration, althoug
in this case, instead of arising out of a spontaneous popula
movement the condition of independence was imposed b
the diplomacy of the Great Powers as a specimen of th
specious and sometimes ludicrously unworkable device
to which it is prone to resort when at a loss how to reac
rational solutions of ticklish questions and to disentangl
knotty situations.

To the same class of national movements, deserving i
their aims, may be assigned the national movements i
Poland, Finland and the Slav countries under the Austro
Hungarian Monarchy, which remained unsuccessful unti
the great upheaval of the World War.

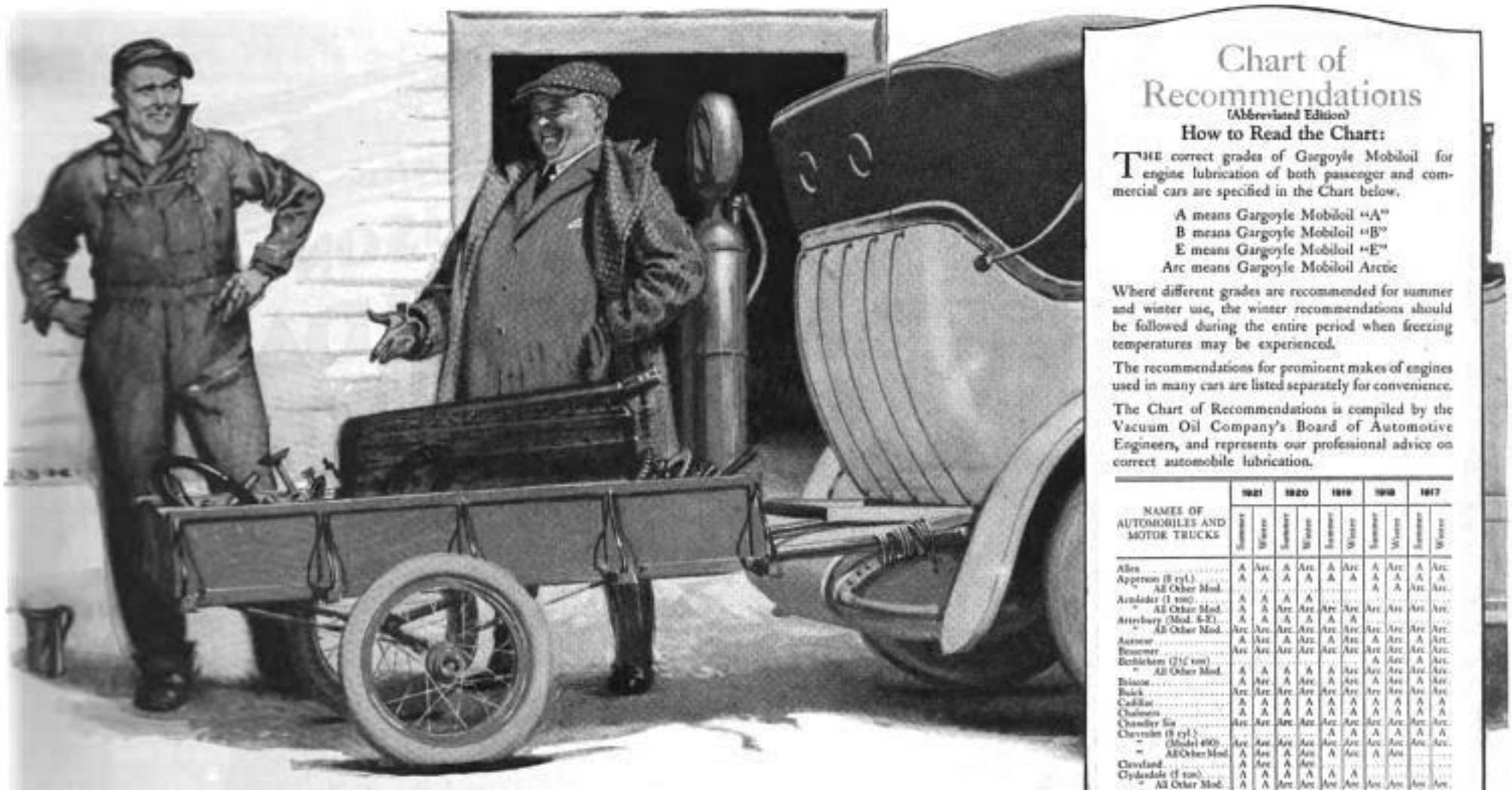
If now we turn to national movements whose destruc
tive force, directed against higher elements of civilization
has been the reverse of beneficent, we have, for instance
the national movements in India and Egypt. Then ther
were before the World War cases where nations havin
achieved unification have had to leave part of thei
nationals under alien rule. Examples of national frag
ments left under alien domination have been the Italian
speaking populations in the Trentino, Istria and Dalmati
under Austria-Hungary; the populations of Serbian stock
in Bosnia and Herzegovina; and, until the Balkan War
the Greek, Serbian and Bulgarian populations in Mace
donia and Thrace under Turkish rule. In all thes
cases national Irredentist movements have been con
ducted in such unredeemed territories with a view t
their annexation to the parent states representing th
national unity. As a consequence, in order to react against
similar Irredentist movements, not unnaturally deeme
dangerous to the security of the states holding under thei
sway such unredeemed territories, their governments hav
been pursuing policies of forcible assimilation which coul
but aggravate the spirit of revolt latent among the popula
tions of these territories.

Apart from the revolutionary struggles and wars trace
able to and created directly by Irredentist agitation and
movements, nationalism, aiming at the unification o
theretofore disunited nations, as in the cases of Germany
and Italy, had to resort to foreign wars in order to reach
the full realization of its ideals. It is therefore not unrea
sonable to maintain that nationalism has been the chief
cause of military conflicts in Europe in the nineteenth
century, as it has been one of the main contributory causes
of the outbreak of the late World War.

But it must be owned that although nationalism was
the direct cause of three of the wars among the Great
Powers of Europe in the last century its aims—that of
uniting in great political and economic national organisms
disunited particularistic political entities, and that of
carving out of the moribund body of a decaying empire
such as Turkey and calling to life a number of young and

(Continued on Page 33)

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Mobiloil

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Chart of Recommendations

(Abbreviated Edition)

How to Read the Chart:

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of both passenger and commercial cars are specified in the Chart below.

A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arc means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendations should be followed during the entire period when freezing temperatures may be experienced.

The recommendations for prominent makes of engines used in many cars are listed separately for convenience.

The Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers, and represents our professional advice on correct automobile lubrication.

NAMES OF AUTOMOBILES AND MOTOR TRUCKS	1921		1920		1919		1918		1917	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Allen	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Apperson (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Mod.							A	A	Arc	Arc
Auburn (1 ton)	A	A	A	A						
" All Other Mod.	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Averybuy (Mod. 6-E)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" All Other Mod.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Autocar	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Biederer	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Bethlehem (7½ ton)							A	Arc	A	Arc
" All Other Mod.	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Brisco	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Buick	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cadillac	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chalmers	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chandler Six	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chevrolet (8 cyl.)					A	A	A	A	A	A
" (Model 490)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" All Other Mod.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Cleveland	A	Arc	A	Arc						
Clydesdale (1 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" All Other Mod.	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cunningham	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Dorris (Model U)									A	Arc
" All Other Mod.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Dodge Brothers	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Four Wheel Drive	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Franklin	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Garford (2 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (3½, 5, and 6 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Mod.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
G. M. C. Trucks	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Grabam-Bertsrim (2½, 3½, and 5 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" All Other Mod.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Grant (6 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (Com.) (Model 12)					A	Arc				
" All Other Mod.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
Gray Dort					A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Haynes (6 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (12 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Holmes	A	A	B	A						
Hudson Super Six	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
International	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Kissel Kar (12 cyl.)							A	A	A	A
" " All Other Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
LaFayette (Indianapolis)	A	A	A	A						
Lange	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Lexington (Cont. Eng.)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Liberty	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Lincoln	A	A								
Locomobile	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	E	E
Mack	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Maxwell	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Mercer	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Mitchell	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Nash	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
" (Model 671)							A	A		
" (Cont.) (Quad)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
" (1 ton and 2 ton)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
National (6 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (12 cyl.)					A	A	A	A	A	A
Overland	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Packard	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Paxfour (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Mod.							Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Pierce-Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (Com.) (5 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" All Other Mod.	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Premier	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Rock Falls	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc				
R & V Knight	B	A	B	A						
Saxon	A	Arc	A	Arc	E	E	E	E	E	E
Schacht (5 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
" All Other Mod.	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	
Stearns-Knight	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	A
Stephens	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc
Stewart (Buffalo) (½ ton)			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" " (3 ton)			Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (Mod. 7-A & 10)	A	A	A	A						
" All Other Mod.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Templar	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Vim (Models 22, 23 & 24)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" (Model 25)	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc				
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
White (35 valve)					A	A	A	A	A	A
" (3 and 5 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Willys-Knight	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	A
Willys Six					Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Winton	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc

Prominent Makes of Engines

Beaver (Mod. J-JA-JB-JC)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
" All Other Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Buda (Mod. ATU-BTU-CTU-DTU-ETU-FTU-HU-HTU-IU-ITU-XU-XTU-YU-YTU)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Continental (Model R2)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" (Model T)					A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Falls	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
G.E. & S. (Model 3A)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Herschell-Spillman (Models JU-5-V & VA)					A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Huckley	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Northway (Mod. 30R)									Arc	Arc
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Waukesha (Models CU-DU-EU & TU)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" All Other Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Wisconsin (Mod. Q & QU)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

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The Proper Edison MAZDA Lamps *for your car*

Ask for them by name and MAZDA number: look on the base to make sure that you have been given a genuine Edison MAZDA Lamp, and the number you asked for.

EDISON MAZDA LAMP NUMBERS

Car	Year Model	Head Lights	Auxiliary Head	Side	Tail	Dash
Apperson	all	1129	63	63	63	63
Auburn	'18, '19	1129	..	63	63	63
Auburn	'20	1129	63	..	63	63
Auburn	'21, '22	1129	65	..	62	64
Bour Davis	all	1129	63	..	63	63
Buick	all	1129	63	63	63	63
Cadillac	all	1129	..	63	61	61
Chalmers	all	1129	63	..	63	63
Chandler	all	1129	63	63	63	63
	'18 (FA & FB)					
Chevrolet	'19, '20	1129	..	63	63	64
Chevrolet	all other '14 models	1130	..	63	63	64
Chevrolet	'21, '22	1129	..	..	63	63
Cleveland	all	1129	..	65	63	63
Cole	'18	1129	..	63	61	62
Cole	'19, '22	1129	63	..	63	64
Cole	'20	1129	63	..	63	..
Cole	'21	1129	65	..	63	64
Cunningham	'18, '19, '20, '21	1129	..	63	63	64
Cunningham	'22	1129	..	64	64	63
Dodge	all	1141	..	..	67	67
Dort	'18, '19, '20	1129	..	63	63	64
Dort	'21, '22	1129	..	63	63	63
Elgin	all	1129	63	63	63	63
Essex	'19, '20	1129	63	63	61	61
Essex	'21, '22	1129	..	63	63	63
Ford	'18, '19	1130	..	..	..	..
Ford	'20	1129	63	..	63	..
Ford	'21 models with coil for dimming	1129	..	..	63	..
Ford	'21 models without coil for dimming	1158	..	..		
Ford	'22 models equipped with starter	1158	..	..	63	..
Ford	'22 models not equipped with starter	1126	..	..	..	..
Franklin	all	1142	68	..	64	64
Gardner	all	1129	..	..	63	63
Grant	all	1129	63	63	63	63
Haynes	'18, '19, '20, '21 (except 47 and 48)	1130	64	64	64	64
Haynes	'21 (47 and 48) '22	1129	65	62	63	63
Holmes	'19	1142	68	..	68	68
Holmes	'20, '21	1142	68	..	68	68
Holmes	'22	1141	67	..	67	67
Hudson	'18, '19, '20	1129	..	63	61	61
Hudson	'21, '22	1129	..	63	63	63
Hupmobile	all	1129	63	63	63	63
Jordan	all	1129	63	63	63	63
King	all	1129	64	63	63	63
Kissel	'18, '19, '20	1130	..	..	64	64
Kissel	'21	1129	63	..	63	64
Kline Kar	'18, '20, '21	1129	..	63	63	63
Kline Kar	'19, '22	1129	..	..	63	64
Lexington	all	1129	63	..	63	64
Liberty	all	1129	63	..	63	63
Locomobile	'18, '19	1130	..	64	64	64
Locomobile	'20, '21	1129	63	..	63	63
Locomobile	'22	1129	65	..	63	63
McFarlan Six	'18, '19, '20, '22	1129	63	63	63	64
McFarlan Six	'21	1129	63	64	63	64
Marmon	'18, '19, '20	1129	63	..	63	64
Marmon	'21, '22	1129	65	..	63	63
Maxwell	'18, '19, '20 (12V)	1141	67	..	67	67
Maxwell	'20, '21 (6 Volt)	1129	63	..	63	63
Mercer	'18	1141	..	67	67	67
Mercer	'19, '20, '21, '22	1129	63	63	63	63
Mitchell	'18 (E 40) '19	1130	..	..	63	64
Mitchell	other '18 models	1130	..	..	64	64
Mitchell	'20	1129	..	..	63	64
Mitchell	'21, '22	1129	..	64	63	64
Moon	'18, '19, '20, '21	1129	63	..	63	64
Moon	'22	1129	63	..	63	63
Nash	all	1129	63	63	63	64
National	'19	1129	63	..	63	63
National	'18, '20	1129	63	..	63	64
National	'21, '22	1129	65	..	63	64
Nova	'21, '22	1129	..	63	63	64
Oakland	all	1129	63	..	63	63
Oldsmobile	'18, '19, '20, '21	1129	63	..	63	63
Oldsmobile	'22	1129	63	..	63	64
Overland	'18 touring cars	1129	..	63	61	61
Overland	'18 other models	1130	..	64	61	61
Overland	'19 (80)	1130	..	..	61	61
Overland	'19 (90BT) '21, '22	1129	..	..	61	61
Overland	'20 (4)	1129	..	..	64	64
Packard	'18, '19, '20	1129	63	63	63	63
	'21, '22 (116)	1129	65	63	63	63
Packard	'21 (335)	1129	65	63	63	63
Packard	'22 (Twin 6)	1129	63	63	63	64
Paige	all	1129	63	..	63	63
Peerless	all	1129	63	63	63	63
Pierce-Arrow	all	1129	..	63	63	64
Premier	'18, '19, '20	1129	65	64	63	64
Premier	'21	1129	65	..	63	63
Premier	'22	1130	..	..	62	62
Reo	'18, '19	1129	..	63	63	63
Reo	'20, '21, '22	1129	..	63	63	64
Roamer	'19	1129	63	62	63	63
Roamer	'19, '20, '21, '22	1129	..	63	63	63
Saxon	all	1129	63	63	63	64
Scripps Booth	'18, '19, '20	1129	..	..	63	64
Scripps Booth	'21	1130	64	64	64	64
Standard	'18, '19	1129	63	63	63	63
Standard	'20	1129	65	..	63	63
Standard	'21	1141	..	67	67	67
Stearns-Knight	'18, '19, '20	1141	67	..	67	68
Stearns-Knight	'21	1141	67	..	67	67
Stearns-Knight	'22	1129	63	63	63	63
Stephens	'18, '19, '20, '21	1129	64	63	63	63
Stephens	'22	1129	63	63	63	63
Studebaker	all	1130	64	64	64	64
Stutz	'18, '19, '20	1129	63	..	63	63
Stutz	'21, '22	1129	63	..	63	64
Templar	'18, '19, '20	1129	63	63	61	62
Templar	'21, '22	1129	63	..	63	63
Velie	'18, '19	1129	63	..	63	63
Velie	'20	1129	65	..	63	63
Velie	'21, '22	1129	63	..	61	62
Westcott	'18, '19, '20, '21 Sedan	1129	65	..	63	64
Westcott	'21, '22	1129	63	63	61	61
Willys-Knight	'18, '19, '20	Same as Overland				
Willys-Knight	'21, '22	1129	63	..	63	63
Winton	'18, '19, '20	1129	65	..	63	63
Winton	'21, '22					

YOUR DEALER or garage man has a book which specifies the proper Edison MAZDA Lamps for other cars in addition to those listed above.



You specify the oil for your car—specify the lamps

THEY are even more important.

The right kind of oil will lengthen the life of your car. But your *own* life, in a moment of crisis, may depend upon the performance of your lamps.

So it pays to say: "A new kit of Edison MAZDA Lamps, please," instead of merely "A new bulb." You are sure, then, of three things:

1. Lamps fitted especially to your particular make and model of car. See the chart at the left.

2. Lamps backed by MAZDA Service, centered in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company. The same kind of lamps that have given your home better light and greater comfort at less cost.

3. Lamps that will give maximum light with minimum drain on your battery.

These three advantages are worth the little effort of saying "Edison MAZDA Lamps."

Keep an extra kit in the pocket of your car. The lamps are packed *securely* in the kit; always and everywhere they are dependable.

MAZDA Lamp Numbers 1129, 1130	52 cents each
MAZDA Lamp Numbers 61, 62, 63, 64	28 cents each
MAZDA Lamp Numbers 1141, 1142	55 cents each
MAZDA Lamp Numbers 67, 68	30 cents each
MAZDA Lamp Number 1126	50 cents each
MAZDA Lamp Number 1158	60 cents each



EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

EDISON LAMP WORKS OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

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vigorous national states—it must be owned that these aims of nineteenth-century nationalism were making for real economic progress of the world.

This much could not be said of the new nationalism and its aims, such as were born and developed in the World War and received the seal of approval in the treaties of Versailles, St. Germain and Sèvres. The realization of these aims included the complete disintegration of Austria-Hungary, a once great and powerful economic organism, and its division into several small, independent, particularistic political entities, financially insolvent and economically unsound because abruptly torn from their age-long economic interdependence. They further included the partial dismemberment of the two other great empires and the carving, out of the writhing body of one of them reduced to temporary paralysis, of a chain of independent republics such as Esthonia, Latvia, Lithuania, so far existing only in the clouds, so-called Ukrania, Georgia, Armenia, Azerbaijan, and so on.

That the eclosion of all these fantastic republics should have given intense satisfaction to the foreign and domestic enemies of Russia, as a symptom holding out the hope of a definitive disintegration and passing of a once great and powerful empire, hated on account of its political and cultural backwardness as well as feared on account of its real and potential although overrated power, is not to be wondered at. Nor is it unnatural that the numerous revolutionary nobodies, some of whom for years had been working for the undoing and ruin of their common country, should now be proud of the hardly ever hoped for opportunity of masquerading as statesmen, ministers, and so on, in their respective newborn or exhumed national states. But it would seem hardly credible that any one of them could have any faith in the permanency of a state of things which to every Russian patriot appears to be a hideous nightmare.

The Rise and Fall of Nations

IT COULD, however, hardly be questioned that the destructive, so to speak, centrifugal aims of the new nationalism were the natural reaction against the centralistic, forcibly assimilating aims of the old militant nationalism above alluded to, as pursued by the policies of the three empires in regard to their subject populations of various races and nationalities. From this point of view it may reasonably be contended that the governments of the three empires have been pursuing a particularly ill-advised, injudiciously oppressive and in its effects—as regards Russia and Austria-Hungary—truly suicidal policy. But on the other hand it must be conceded that on account of the geographic configuration and peculiar ethnographic conditions of Eastern Europe—that is to say, of the greater part of the European continent—the statesmanship of the Continental empires has had to deal with very complex and intricate problems, the solution of which presented difficulties which were, perhaps, not sufficiently realized by public opinion in Western countries with their compact, lingually, culturally and racially more homogeneous populations. It may even be doubted whether truly national and satisfactory solutions of these problems could really have been found unless it had been possible to eliminate entirely from their consideration the elements of inveterate national animosities and of lust of power and domination on one side, and of separatistic tendencies and craving for independence on the other.

In the course of history the wide expanse of territory reaching from the Baltic down to the Mediterranean had become the abode of many races and nationalities, dispersed and intermingled in such a way as to render their segregation and organization in homogeneous national entities and well-defined states a matter not only of extreme difficulty but in some cases of downright impossibility. In these conditions the only way to bring order out of chaos was for some dominant race or races to gather about them the others, perhaps less gifted with the state-building genius, and to organize with these divers elements firmly established states, each under one dominant nationality. That was the way the immanent logic of things pointed out to the course of history, and that was the part Nature seemed to have assigned to the Teuton, the Magyar and the Great Russian branch of the Slav race. That their success was due not to the wisdom and foresight of their rulers but solely to the constructive genius of imperial races may be granted, as well as that it was the unwisdom and incompetence of these rulers that brought on the final, lamentable collapse of the proud edifices that had outlasted centuries. It was healthy nationalism that had created and maintained the three empires; and it was nationalism run riot—Pan-Germanic and Pan-Slavic nationalism—that brought about their downfall and ruin.

Now that the catastrophe is upon the world it might be worth while to examine briefly what it was that centuries had built up and four years of war and three years of so-called peace have destroyed.

I may be forgiven if I begin with my own country, the fate of which cannot be indifferent to the rest of the world. I shall endeavor to speak of it without giving way to feelings which every loyal son of this his own country, even if unable to share, will readily understand.

Before the war Russia was a country that occupied about the seventh part of the surface of the inhabited globe, with a population of between one hundred and seventy and one hundred and eighty million human beings dwelling in its confines in peace and plenty and in the enjoyment of complete security of life and property under a system of government which, although condemned as backward by public opinion in more advanced countries, responded in the fullest measure to the real needs of the overwhelming majority of the people in their actual state of cultural development. Her finances were in good order, her credit was excellent and unquestioned. Her public debt was large but not out of proportion to the size of her territory, her population and her natural resources. She had never in all her history defaulted any payment due her creditors. During the Crimean War, when the greatest part of her foreign indebtedness was held by England, her enemy, she never interrupted the service of the interest of her debt to her English creditors.

Russia was justly considered to be in a large measure the granary of Europe. Her young industry was developing with giant strides; her trade was flourishing and represented a large share of the world's trade. In short, the Russia of the recent past, and, let us hope, of the not remote future, was, and is undoubtedly going to be again, a most important element in the general prosperity of civilized mankind, and her temporary eclipse leaves a void which nothing can fill. Even her former outlying dependencies, Poland and Finland, will not be long in realizing that their close connection with the Russian Empire offered advantages in an economic sense for the loss of which newly recovered political independence will hardly be able to compensate. As for the new independent republics of Esthonia, Latvia and Lithuania, whose economic life is obviously so closely entwined with that of their Russian hinterland—not to mention Georgia, Armenia, Azerbaijan, and so on—they are all artificial creations favored and patronized by temporary political interests and seem to be destined to last only until the support that enabled them to set up for themselves shall have been withdrawn.

The awakening of the spirit of nationalism in these populations of various races has undoubtedly been due in no small measure to a reaction against the forcible Russification by means of which our bureaucracy, under the inspiration of militant Slavophilism and ultranationalism which had become influential toward the end of the reign of Alexander II, thought it possible to weld them closer to the Russian people. It was naturally hastened by the war and came to a head as soon as the defeat of our arms and the revolution had destroyed the state. It was, moreover, unquestionably in harmony with the general trend in human affairs, of which Doctor Slosson, in a recent address at Columbia University, justly said:

> The general trend of the times is towards particularization in politics, science, art and philosophy. In international affairs we see the break-up of empires and the multiplication of small nations. Languages are resolved into their constituent dialects and obsolescent tongues are revived. Racial divisions are emphasized and exaggerated.

Whether European civilization is going to be benefited by the introduction into the family of European nations of independent political entities in the shape of very small nations speaking such exotic languages as Esthonian, Lettish or Lithuanian is a question I shall not attempt to discuss. It seems to me, however, to be a very striking fact that at the very same time when all the really important activities of the civilized world—industry, trade, finance, with their world-wide network of interdependent interests—show an ever more decided trend toward unity—the only salvation, indeed, of the modern world—that at this very time an exactly opposite trend should prevail in political affairs. It might be interesting to determine how far what is still called statesmanship is answerable for this strange phenomenon, which, by the way, bodes no good for the future peace of the world.

The Austro-Hungarian Break-Up

ANOTHER victim of nationalism has been the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, and a tragic victim at that, for it has suffered not partial dismemberment, like Russia and Germany, but a complete break-up equivalent to annihilation. When I say it has been a victim of nationalism I mean it in a double sense—of dominant nationalism, with its injudicious oppression from above, and of revolutionary nationalism from below. Its break-up had been long expected and been discussed unofficially and clandestinely among all those who had expectations of the rich heritage and were waiting for the decease of its possessor. As a recently appeared article in the London Fortnightly Review has it:

> Within the frontiers it was the case to a greater or less extent of all the nations which inhabited the monarchy, all of which were either speculating on the creation of national states of their own—for instance the Magyars, Czechs, Poles, Croats, Slovenes and Serbs—or longing to be united with those of the same race beyond the border—for instance the Germans, Rumanians, Italians and Ruthenians (Ukrainians).

In discussing the dogma of nationality the author of the article calls it a regular Pandora's box which, once opened, scattered its contents throughout the world, causing unrest, strife and destruction on every side, and he considers it the more dangerous as it has something so specious about it as to be able to hypnotize not only the masses, who are easily carried away, but even educated minds.

In this respect the author's opinion coincides entirely with that expressed by former Secretary of State Lansing on Page 97 of his book on the Peace Negotiations, when, regarding the principle of the self-determination of nationalities, he writes:

> The phrase is simply loaded with dynamite. It will raise hopes which can never be realized. It will, I fear, cost thousands of lives. In the end it is bound to be discredited. What a calamity that the phrase was ever uttered! What misery it will cause!

The author of the above-quoted article concedes, however, that as regards Austria-Hungary the realization of the national principle did indeed seem to be a necessity, so as at last to produce order and peace by segregating the quarreling nations within separate boundaries; but he calls attention at the same time to the fact that insuperable difficulties stood in the way of a partition which should be both just and productive of peace, and that fate itself had woven the nations of the monarchy so inextricably together that in places it was absolutely impossible to separate them from one another; and in support of this contention he points to the case of Hungary, where out of sixty-three counties there are scarcely three or four in which more than one nation is not to be found and where, moreover, the majorities are so small and the minorities so large that for this reason alone the determination of a national boundary was impossible.

He also points out that whereas the Hapsburg Monarchy was adjudged unworthy to exist because it contained many nations, on its ruin was erected a political body—Czecho-Slovakia—which is nothing more or less than a new small-scale edition of despised Austria, containing no less than six nations, and thus, from the point of view of the national principle, had equally little right to exist. It should also be kept in mind that each half of the double monarchy, Hungary as well as Austria, represented an important and powerful economic organism under the shelter of which its subject nationalities profited no less than the dominant one from the obvious advantage of being part of such an organism.

The Outlook for Germany

WHETHER the newly created states will find economic salvation in independent statehood the future will show. One thing, however, is certain, and that is that the destruction of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, once a powerful organism with well-conducted finances and firmly established credit, the resulting financial chaos and ruin, the substitution for this solid economic and political unit of a number of small independent states, each with its own customs barriers and obstructions to communications and trade, and beginning the life of independent statehood under a formidable load of debt and hopelessly irredeemable paper currency—cannot possibly be helpful in promoting the economic recuperation of the European world.

As for Germany, the application to her of the principle of nationalities has had a less destructive effect. Indeed, by the elimination from her body politic of Alsace-Lorraine, North Schleswig and Posen, she has become a compact, strictly national state, a condition the advantages of which may perhaps compensate her for the loss of territory implied. In any case, of all the victims of the World War, Germany is the most likely to achieve in a measurably near future a fair degree of financial and economic recuperation, provided no insurmountable obstacles are placed in her way, a condition dependent on political considerations to which I shall have to refer farther on.

Russia, in her state of temporary paralysis under the tyranny of a demented fanatic, who has in the name of a Utopian doctrine of communism systematically ruined beyond redemption in a measurably near future the whole economic structure and prosperity of the country, has been, next to the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, the greatest sufferer from the application of the doctrine of the self-determination of nationalities by the creation of the above-mentioned chain of independent republics encircling her in the west and south. It must be owned, however, that—let alone the severance of her union with Poland and Finland, which was to have been foreseen as a result of the World War—Russia has been far less disastrously affected by the creation of these more or less ephemeral independencies than by the usurpation and still-continuing detention of power by Bolshevism in the guise of a dictatorship of the proletariat, which has turned the country into a wilderness of primitive barbarism, a prison, a lunatic asylum and a slaughterhouse. What the passing of Russia as a civilized state has meant as a blow to the

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Jim Henry's Column

An Interesting Theory

You may have noticed during the past year, at the bottom of my column, this little phrase, "Mennen Talcum for Men—it doesn't show."

An advertising expert gave me the theory. He said that if a man sees a simple, true statement about an article repeated often enough, he is bound to believe it in the end and buy.

There must be something in it, for our sales on Mennen Talcum for Men have increased not quite 100%.

I don't understand such things myself. Advertising gets more mysterious to me every day. For example, I am going to devote this whole column to telling you about our Talcum for Men. When I get through, you will know how good it is and how necessary to after-shaving and after-bathing comfort, and you will fully intend to buy a box at once. Yet I may have to keep reminding you for months, before you try it.

It is unfortunate for men that talcum was used first on babies, and second, on noses. I suppose if soap had started as a beautifier, most men would still be too proud to use it.

Now, Talcum is simply a skin soother and protector. It supplies a fairy, gauze-like film which covers sensitive skin and protects it from wind, sun and the friction of clothing.

After shaving, your pores are open and your skin is sensitive, especially so where a collar rubs against your neck. Talcum protects it. Of course, Talcum makes your face feel smooth and silky, but that is unimportant, except to the amorous.

Mennen Talcum for Men is a regular male powder, made and mildly perfumed exclusively for men. Being neutral in tone, it doesn't show when used after shaving. A Talcum shower after your bath will make you feel cool and loose for hours. Of course, if you are one of these big fellows who chafe and get all raw in hot weather, you need Kora-Konia, but for general, everyday, all over comfort, try Mennen Talcum for Men.

The druggist round the corner sells it.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.



coherence and stability of the economic structure of the world does not seem to have been fully realized as yet.

On the whole, it can hardly be questioned, I should think, that the practical application of the principle of the self-determination of nationalities has played sad havoc with the economic interests of the world, and represents, therefore, a decided regress in the history of civilization.

But the awakening of the spirit of nationalism in an acute form, coincident with the outbreak of the World War, has affected mankind also in another way: The growing intensity of the feelings the war engendered the longer it lasted has had a marked effect on the psychology not only of the popular masses in the belligerent countries but also of their leaders, and therefore could not but influence the ultimate outcome of the war by standing in the way of a settlement which might have held out to a distracted world a better hope of real and lasting peace.

I remember, at the time when the whole world was anxiously awaiting the final conclusion of peace, expressing in a letter to a friend the pretty generally felt regret that "statesmanship had seemingly had to take a back seat since psychology was trumps"; to which my friend replied in the terse and concise language which he knows how to handle with great and trenchant effect: "You are right, psychology is trumps, but mass psychology is the devil." And, alas, there are not yet perceptible any convincing symptoms of an abatement of the influence of this kind of psychology.

As a more or less legitimate weapon of warfare the doctrine of the self-determination of nationalities was seized upon by the Allies in order to undermine and destroy one of the enemy powers, and incidentally favored obviously with a view to weaken still further a former ally rendered helpless by revolution but nevertheless feared by one of the Allies as a possible future menace to India and by another as a potential ally of Germany in the future. That the United States never was mixed up in similar dealings of European diplomacy, and openly protested against the spoliation and dismemberment of temporarily defenseless Russia, will ever be remembered with profound gratitude by a resurrected nation when the hour of her delivery shall have struck.

Were it not that war hypnosis, and the tendency to look in wartime upon all things exclusively from the point of view of the temporary exigencies of strategy, are apt to blind people's minds to considerations that otherwise would appear obvious enough, the dubious wisdom, in their own interest and especially in that of France, of the policy of the Allies in regard to the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy might have been realized by them before it was too late. It was not in vain that Talleyrand, the greatest of French diplomats of the last century, held that if Austria had not existed she would have had to be invented. But Allied diplomacy could see in Austria nothing but Germany's strongest ally, and was therefore bent on her destruction. From the strategic point of view the policy of favoring the elements making for the disintegration of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy was entirely rational and, moreover, justified by its success. Nor was it from the moral point of view—if such a point of view could be applied to the business of war—any more or any less reprehensible than the financing by Japan of our revolutionaries at the time of the Russo-Japanese War, or the financing by Germany of the Bolsheviks. But the statesmanship of the Allies does not seem to have stopped to reflect what ultimate consequences the complete destruction of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy might possibly lead to. Thus the accomplished dismemberment of the monarchy and the segregation of its component parts were bound to leave its original n cleus, Austria proper, with a German pop lation of barely some six millions and capital one of the largest cities in Euro in a position financially, economical politically and strategically so unsound a insecure that it will presumably compel to seek salvation either in a reconstructi in some form of the former Austrian st or in union with Germany, both combi tions being obviously unacceptable to Allies, and more especially the latter, a would imply a considerable accretion territory and population, and consequen of power, to Germany.

The paramount, the crying need of world—if modern civilization is to s vive—is peace, general peace, real pea This is a truth so obvious that no one be found reckless enough to deny it. the war spirit is not dead yet. It is s abroad and in places is still fostered propaganda. There is in Europe ly loose incendiary and explosive mate enough to cause the smoldering fires jealousy, of hatred and of revenge to bu into flame anew at any time. There is t latent, camouflaged, but none the less r and bitter conflict of interests between t two leading powers of Europe, one aimi at the economic recuperation of Germa the other at its prevention. In the pr ence of this equilibrium of contendi forces the balance of power is held America, and will be held by her as lo as she stands aloof and refrains from taki sides. America is at present the greate power on earth. She wields the bigge of big sticks, for she holds the strings the purse. Her word is law. At the coun table of nations, whatever the place a signed to her by international etiquette, s is in the proud position of being able say, as did that legendary Scotch chie tain, "The head of the table is where T MacGregor sits!"

THE COAL MINERS' CASE

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to force the miners to strike on April first. It cannot be construed otherwise, because they knew as well as anyone that unless a new wage agreement was reached before that date the miners would refuse longer to work. They could not be expected to continue digging coal without knowing what their wages were to be and under what conditions they were to labor.

A situation serious to the miner and to the coal-consuming public was thus brought about. It was serious to the miner because he felt that he was being driven into a strike which he did not want. It was serious to the public because a strike would mean stoppage of production and, possibly, a coal shortage. It was the same old trick that has been worked many times by coal operators. They had millions of tons of unsold coal on hand, and by forcing a strike and a cessation of production they would then be in position to demand any old price for their coal on hand, and clean up enormous profits. It has been done before, and it was evident that they proposed to do it again. The public's pocketbook was to be gouged, provided the coal operators could succeed in forcing a strike of coal miners.

There is just one way to negotiate a wage agreement between miners and operators, and that is for the two groups to meet in a joint conference, sit down at a table, in good faith thresh out their differences and come to an understanding. This is the plan that has been followed ever since 1898 by the miners and operators of the Central Competitive Field, with the exception of 1919, and it is worthy of note that in every single instance where this policy has been followed an agreement has been reached. The only reason the plan failed to work in 1919 was because the operators refused to enter a conference.

Knowing this, the miners this year were confident that a joint conference would bring a new agreement and avert a strike. The miners do not want a strike. President Lewis has made this point clear in every possible way and on every occasion. He said in his speeches and in his interviews that the miners would do every honorable thing that they could possibly do to avoid a strike, and if a strike came it would be due wholly to the indefensible violation of their written agreement by the operators and their refusal to confer with the miners. It has long been a favorite indoor sport of the union busters among the coal operators to charge the United Mine Workers of America with violations of contract. They lose no opportunity to flaunt in the face of the miners' union every single instance where miners have indulged in a local strike in violation of their agreement with their employers. But these same operators always avoid telling the public that the officials of the union penalize those contract-violating miners for their conduct. It was not long ago that 12,000 miners in Illinois engaged in a wildcat strike that was a direct violation of their agreement with the operators, and as a matter of discipline the international officials granted blanket authority for the revocation of the charters of twenty-seven local unions for taking part in the strike.

Violations of Contract

And within the last few months the charter of the entire Kansas district was revoked, the district officers removed from office, the charters of eighty-one local unions revoked and their entire membership, including the district officers, expelled from the union because they pulled off unlawful strikes and refused to put the men back at work when they were ordered to do so by the international organization and the international convention of the United Mine Workers. At the time of the great general strike in 1919, thousands of members of the union in Tennessee, Kentucky, Colorado and the Southwest were directed to remain at work because their contracts with their employers had not expired.

When these coal operators hurl their charges of contract violation against the miners they do it for the purpose of putting the miners in bad with the public and turning public sentiment against them. And yet, here we found them violating and ignoring their own written contract, which they signed in ink, in which they agreed to meet with the miners to negotiate a wage agreement and maintain peace in the coal-mining industry. It was a strange and weird performance, to say the least, and the miners felt that it was a case to which the public should turn its attention.

Immediately following the recent convention of the United Mine Workers, held at Indianapolis, and at which the present demands were formulated, the operators invited attention to the fact that the miners were again demanding the six-hour day a the five-day week, and they set up this d mand as one of their smoke screens behi which they might take refuge in their r fusal to meet with the miners. Eve person with a grain of horse sense kno that this demand for a six-hour day and five-day week means nothing these day Possibly the six-hour day may come som time, but the time for it is not ripe.

The same convention that adopted t demand for the six-hour day and the fiv day week also did something else. It cr ated a policy committee, consisting of 1 members, with full and complete authori in dealing with the crisis from the mome that the convention adjourned. The co vention placed in the hands of that poli committee blanket jurisdiction over t entire matter. Here is what the conventi adopted on that subject:

> For the purpose of meeting in a practical a constructive way all unforeseen emergenci which may arise, a policy committee, compos of the scale committee of the Central Compet tive Field, three representatives from each the outlying districts, members of the intern tional executive board and the internation officers, is authorized to take such action for t protection of our best interests as circumstanc may arise, and to advise the membership up unexpected developments which may arise a which cannot now be foreseen.

Broader or more absolute authority coul hardly be conferred upon any committ than that which is contained in that par graph. This action by the convention cr ated an effective safety valve with whic to avert any threatened explosion on t first of April. Thus the convention remove the objection offered by the operators Buffalo, in 1919, that the miners' committ had no authority to negotiate upon an other basis than the full demands a adopted by the convention.

The demands that were formulated b the United Mine Workers of America a the recent Indianapolis convention prove to be a disappointment to the bituminou operators, who insisted for many week beforehand that the miners would dema a large increase in their wages. No su increase was asked for. On the other hand the miners demanded a continuance of th present basic wage rates. In the Centr Competitive Field the basic rate of pay fo digging coal is $1.08 per ton, and the basi

(Continued on Page 36)

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wage for day labor is $7.50 per day. This may sound to some like a high price to pay for day labor, but $7.50 a day does not enable a man to earn a living for himself and his family unless he has reasonably steady employment. Soft-coal mine workers averaged only approximately 125 days' work in the entire year of 1921. If every man earned $7.50 a day for every day worked in that year it would make the average annual earnings $937.50 per man. This is less than $80 a month, and approximately $18 a week. This income would not be sufficient to enable a man to keep his family on a decent American standard of living. But statistics based on reports gathered by the United Mine Workers from the presidents of the various mining districts indicate that the average earnings for the year were around $700 per man.

Miners' Annual Earnings

Here is what some of these reports show:

PITTSBURGH DISTRICT—Average number of days worked in the Pittsburgh District for the year 1921 was 123, or 40 per cent of full time. Average daily earnings, based upon the defense fund collected by the district organization, were $6.20 per day. Average earnings for the year 1921 were approximately $763 per man.

OHIO—Average number of days worked in the year 1921 was 118. Average earnings for the year were $550 per man.

INDIANA—District President John Hessler said in his report: "No definite information is yet at hand. The mine inspector's report has not yet been published. Unofficial report shows the average number of days worked in the fiscal year ending September 30, 1921, as 148 days, which included the last three months of 1920, which was exceptionally good. The same three months of 1921 was a very poor work period."

ILLINOIS—Figures for the year 1921 are not yet available. The last report published was for the year ending June 30, 1920. This report showed that all the mines of that state operated an average of 159 days.

WESTERN KENTUCKY—The mines operated and the miners worked approximately 130 days in the year 1921. The average gross earnings per man for the year were about $80 a month. Out of his gross earnings the miner must pay for his powder, supplies, blacksmithing, tools, and so forth, which reduces his net income to a much lower figure.

WEST VIRGINIA—The approximate number of days worked by miners in the New River District in 1921 was about 80. Average earnings were about $500 per man. Hundreds of miners got only from 14 to 26 days' work during the entire year.

TENNESSEE—Approximately one-third of the total number of miners worked one-third of the time during the year, and when they worked they averaged $105 a month.

The Central Competitive Field—composed of the Pittsburgh District, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois—is the largest bituminous coal producing field in the world. It employs in the neighborhood of 200,000 union mine workers and its output in normal times is about 200,000,000 tons a year. Therefore it is fair to assume that the figures from the Central Competitive Field afford an index to conditions in the other fields of the country.

Certainly no one will contend that the coal miner made too much money last year, when his total earnings averaged about $700, or even $937.50. But in spite of this pitiful showing the United Mine Workers' convention declared for a continuance of the present scale. The miners said they were willing to take this chance. There is no assurance that they will have more steady employment during the next two-year period than they have had in the last two years, but they pinned their faith to a hope for a revival of business and industry that would afford steadier work and a better opportunity to earn a decent living.

Prof. William F. Ogburn, of Columbia University, made a study of the cost of living of bituminous mine workers in mining communities. Doctor Ogburn's study, at prices prevailing in December, 1921, showed that an annual wage of $1870 is necessary in order to support an average family of man, wife and three dependent children in health and decency and with a minimum amount of comfort; and, of course, to this must be added something for savings.

Irregular employment is the greatest evil of the coal-mining industry. No industry can be healthy in which the workers are employed only 40 to 60 per cent of full time. Such irregularity of employment results in tremendous waste not only to the employe but to the consuming public; for the public is compelled to pay the bills, waste and all. In an address at the annual convention of the American Mining Congress at Chicago, in October, 1921, George Otis Smith, director of the United States Geological Survey, said: "Our soft coal business has perhaps become the classic example of irregular employment, for the average bituminous mine in the United States can expect to run only about 215 days in the year." Mr. Smith quoted Eugene McAuliffe as estimating the cost to the nation of irregular employment in the soft coal industry at $500,000,000 annually.

When mines are idle their overhead expense goes on just the same, and the mine owners add this expense of idle days to the selling price of coal produced on operating days. Thus the public must pay for all this unsteadiness of the industry. Under normal conditions we consume approximately 500,000,000 tons of soft coal annually. This means that there is a tax of a dollar a ton on all this coal that the consumer must pay because of irregularity of operation. Why not squeeze out this waste and save this dollar a ton?

It cannot be said that the miner is responsible for this waste. He suffers from an unsteady income. He wants to work full time. In fact, he must work full time if he is to make a decent living. But until some plan is developed that will stabilize the industry this enormous waste will continue, the miner will still have irregular employment, and the consuming public will pay this tax for idle days and idle capital.

Irregularity of Operation

Capital invested in the coal industry is estimated by the United States Census as $1,903,652,355, and it is said that to be profitable it should yield at least 12 per cent, or $228,000,000 annually. If during the past thirty years the mines have been idle approximately one-third of the time, the minimum cost to the public for idle capital in the industry, for which the public pays in purchasing coal, has been by the most conservative estimate $76,000,000 annually. Probably $100,000,000 would be nearer the truth. Even in a normal year, when production reached 500,000,000 tons, this would make an increased cost at the mine of 12 cents a ton, and on the basis of last year's production, 20 cents a ton.

It is estimated that the productive capacity of the mines now in operation is 700,000,000 tons, and the annual requirements for soft coal do not exceed 500,000,000 tons. The coal required could be produced with $760,000,000 less capital outlay.

But the waste in the industry because of irregularity of operation and employment and the waste through overcapitalization and overinvestment, though adding to the burden which the coal consumer must carry, are not the only items that enter into the rape of the consumer's pocketbook. When the average citizen buys a few tons of coal and finds the price outrageously high he is quite likely to complain to the retail dealer and ask the reason for the high price. And in most cases the dealer tells the irate citizen that the trouble is largely due to the high wages paid to miners.

This is a common alibi for the dealer. But the fact is the miner is the least to blame of all the factors of price. J. D. A. Morrow, vice president of the National Coal Association, of which organization two-thirds of the bituminous operators of the country are members, testified before the Interstate Commerce Commission a few weeks ago that the average retail selling price of bituminous coal throughout the United States in October, 1921, was $10.41 a ton. He testified, further, that the labor cost in the production of coal was $1.972 a ton. The total production cost, he said, including the labor cost, was $2.91. In other words, the mine workers received $1.972 as their pay for producing a ton of coal that sold at retail for $10.41.

The miner is not responsible for the high cost of coal to the consumer. It is inconceivable that the public would ask or expect the miner to agree to a reduction in his wages when it learns these facts. Even if the miner were to accept a reduction in his wages, where is there any assurance that the reduction would be passed along to the consumer? The public must lo elsewhere to find out why and how $8.44 added to the price of coal after it leav the hands of the miner. There is a gou somewhere, but the miner does not get t money.

Every time an increase is given to t miners the price of coal is boosted to a sorb the increase. It is interesting to rec that when the anthracite miners obtain an increase in 1920 the anthracite operato added a dollar a ton to their selling price anticipation of the increase, and later add another dollar to the price to absorb t increase that was granted.

Newspaper dispatches say farmers Kansas and other Western states are bur ing corn for fuel. They say it is cheaper burn corn than coal, because of the hi price of coal, due to the enormous wag paid to the miners. But it should be r membered that this is not the first time t farmers burned corn in Kansas. They d the same thing as far back as 1897, wh the miners were working for starvati wages. They burned corn then, just as th are burning corn now, not because of hig coal prices but because corn is worth pra tically nothing in the market. It is not th high price of coal that troubles the farme It is the low price of his corn.

The miners feel that they are much mi understood and much misrepresente They have been subjected to the charg spread broadcast by propaganda of unio busting operators, that the United Mir Workers of America is a red radical institu tion that has no thought for the welfar of the nation. This charge is untrue an it is resented by the miners. It is true tha there are radicals in the union, many o them. It may well be expected that ther would be radicals among the 500,000 mem bers of the union. But there would also b radicals among 500,000 bankers, farmers doctors, lawyers or men of any other trad or profession. Therefore this vast grou of coal miners is not different in its cosmo politan make-up from any other group o similar size. But the radical element is no in control of the union. The leaders of th union are safe-and-sane conservative me and they have fought radicalism year i and year out. When the district officers o the union in the Alberta, Canada, distric became active in the one-big-union move ment two years ago President Lewis di not hesitate to revoke the district charte and throw the entire district out of th union. He afterward reorganized the dis trict and eliminated the trouble-maker from membership.

What the Miners Want

The miners hold that they are good American citizens, with the same kind of patriotism and loyalty in their hearts that exists among other Americans. Eighty thousand members of the United Mine Workers of America laid down their picks and put on the uniform of Uncle Sam in the World War. They fought to save civilization with the same fervor as other men, and with equal bravery. More than 3000 members of the United Mine Workers of America made the supreme sacrifice by giving up their lives in that war.

The half million members of the union bought many millions of dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps. They contributed millions of dollars of their earnings to the Red Cross, the Salvation Army, the Knights of Columbus, and to every other war-relief agency. They obeyed the appeal to give till it hurts.

When the success of the war depended upon an adequate supply of fuel for the manufacture and transportation of supplies to the struggling armies of democracy in France, the American coal miners dug coal as they never dug before. Voluntarily they suspended many of their most cherished rules of employment in order that they might do their full bit. They produced 577,000,000 tons of soft coal in the year 1918, breaking all records, and the war was won.

It is not fair to raise the cry of radicalism against such men. Nor is it fair to charge them with a lack of interest in the public welfare or the safety of the nation.

Now, what do the miners want?

They want steady employment under proper working conditions and at a decent rate of wages, so they may earn enough to maintain their families on a real American standard of living. That tells their whole story. Surely the great American public will see to it that they get a square deal.

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☐ **Business English.** ☐ **Commercial Spanish.**

Name_____

Present Position

Address_____

THE MAN WITH THE METAL FACE

(Continued from Page 13)

health, the golden glow that came from her as if a gentle light in her were shedding its rays upon the outer world.

At the moment of his going he was quite frank. He said, "I would like to take you in my arms."

She shook her head, denying him that privilege.

"I wonder whether I am letting too much of life slip by," he asked, just as if he held a deciding vote on a board of directors, and he wiped his perplexed forehead with his palm.

"Of course," she said. "But it would hardly do to be so precipitate."

"Why not?" he replied. "I'm a lonely man, I confess it."

"Do you think of me?"

"When I say I want to take you in my arms? Certainly. You are a lonely woman, after all."

Something in these words appeared to wilt her. There was a finality in this pronouncement. Haslam had a pleasant voice—pleasant and decisive. Like his face, his voice could be metallic, but it was not always so. Now it was sympathetic and warm, but like the voice of a wise judge pronouncing reluctantly a final sentence. She might have gone on believing that she was not a lonely woman if Haslam had not spoken so clearly and with such an obvious declaration of truth as one who says, "It is a pleasant day."

"I do not know what to make of you," she replied in a voice neither firm nor much above a whisper.

He looked at her with painstaking care—her figure, her face, her hands. Once he smiled. He saw her lean back against the shelf of plaster casts rather wearily and move her bare elbows on the rough surface of the wood as if pain gave her pleasure.

"Well, that's all," he said brusquely. "That's the fact. Some day when you feel like doing it you will come and put your arms about me. You hear what I say? There's no conceit in that. I am not conceited about that kind of thing, Beatrice. It is because we are the particular beings we happen to be. I will never speak of it again. Good-by."

At the door, turning, he glanced back at the clay bust in the center of the studio.

"You've put a lot of good hard character into that face," he said, praising her.

"Hard?"

"Yes, hard!" he said with a click, and shut the door softly.

Perhaps all she could hear ringing in her ears was that voice of his, saying without bravado and yet without doubt: "You will come and put your arms about me."

Perhaps events contributed something to the fulfillment. Haslam jumped out of his limousine, a week later. There was an uneven broken surface on the curbstone; a skidding truck had cracked out a piece of the granite on a slippery day in winter. The nick was sufficient to turn his foot; he could hear the bone in his foot yield as one can hear the breaking of a pipestem.

"And now you can have me as a helpless subject," he wrote her from the private hospital. "Four days have gone, but I'll be here many more. You have always complained that I was restless in your studio. Here you can catch me half strapped into an armchair, detesting the odors of ether drifting down the corridors and everything and everybody, but completely a captive—a one hundred per cent sitter."

She moved her model into the sitting room of his hospital suite, and nurses and young doctors peeked in and whispered.

"It's a wonderful north light," she said.

"They said you sent in those flowers," he said, pointing. "Did you?"

"Yes."

"You shouldn't have done it."

"Why?"

His answer surprised her as much as anything he had ever said. He replied, "Because I don't like to have that kind of thing done for me."

"I do not see why it is very important one way or the other," she said. "I really was not very sorry for you. Certainly not on account of your broken bones."

Haslam looked up quickly, detecting something in her meaning not completely obvious from her words. After that he drew back into that peculiar silence which had walled and masked him in the last sessions in the studio which had followed his second visit there.

The window of the room looked out over a corner lot held for speculative purposes, where the shouts of boys in spring baseball games were a daily menace to the peace of the hospital. Now the April rain was falling softly. The patches of grass sprang into vivid green and the diamond, worn by running feet, was marked out in pretty brown. It held his gaze as he meditated and she worked in a feverish mood of creativeness.

"My stars!" he exclaimed at the end. "It's dark!"

She came back from the washbasin with hands clean and pink from cold water and hard rubbing with the towel, but she fell into a chair, a little limp.

"You've worked too hard," he said. "You look weary."

"And lonely?" she replied. "I suppose you're going to say I look lonely?"

"I wasn't. But you do. Yes, you do. That's a fact. Sitting there in that rocking-chair with your hands folded and something in your face. You look as if all your success and all that goes with it hadn't given you what you seek."

"It doesn't give that to anyone," she said. "Does it?"

The building was very quiet. They could hear some distant elevator pass the floor with the click of its safety latch resounding down the hard white corridors.

Haslam was still staring at her as if her query had drained away some vitality and left him empty and cold.

"You should get used to it, Em," she said with a nervous laugh.

She had felt the hand of Destiny upon her fine shoulders, and now having spoken she sighed as with resignation, got up and came to his chair, where he was leaning back among the pillows.

"You were right," she went on. "You were right. It is absurd to believe it." And with this vague expression she put her arms about him tenderly and allowed him to take her head in the curve of his palm and bend it softly down until her cheek was sharing the warmth of his. Afterward she often thought how much this caress was like that of a brother and sister rather than one expressing the mood of lovers.

"I did not know then that your kisses would ever be any different," she said some days after he had begun to go to his offices in the great downtown.

"A brother on crutches would hardly ever be devoted enough to come every afternoon, even when the occasion was a sitting for a portrait," he replied. "I think we can never hope to return to any brother-and-sister relationship. It is rather too late."

Beatrice stared at him with a little flickering of fear on her face.

"In any case it is unwise to look ahead," he went on.

"Yes, unwise."

He nodded. "We are lucky—at least I am lucky to have this period."

"Period?"

"Yes, period; everything is a period. All that I ask of you, Beatrice, is to face all truth about me. Look at that face of mine as it has developed under your fingers. All I ask is that you should count upon my being exactly the man you have portrayed. You have shown me the real fact of my appearance. A mirror will never do it. You may have flattered me, but I see only stern single purpose in that face—the face of metal. I see all that I am and a little something of what I would like to be. On the whole I do not think any woman could hope to play much of a part in the life of a man whose face is like that."

"I understand," she said. "Come here and put your arms around me. I am cold."

He laughed as he released her.

"Let's call it a day," he said, using a characteristic phrase. "The thing is almost done. Knock off work and come for a ride in the country—the park, the Bronx, the Heights, and out into the great outdoors of Westchester as they call it in the real-estate folders."

"And find an inn?"

"Yes, and find an inn—or a farmhouse where they'll fry a chicken for us."

"Wait till I get a wrap behind this screen."

He paced up and down, his hands clasped behind his back, a little like Napoleon on the Bellerophon.

"Funny how farmhouses always str to make food like an inn, and inns alwa boast of home cooking as good as far houses," she said from behind the wall her improvised dressing room.

He laughed and picked up her fur st burying his nose in it, seeking for that p ticular aroma which was hers.

"Hurry!" he said suddenly. "Let's g away. This bust of me is giving me a sto stare. I can't get a smile out of it. looks like my boss."

"Perhaps it will be," she replied. "P haps it will."

"Don't rush out," he said, holding his arms. "Come here. You're nice you're the nicest thing in a very rott world."

Always it was like that; always an in finable mingling of joy and sadness; alwa the strange similarity to lovers who condemned to die and have only a lit span in which to live and love.

The end was quite inevitable. It ca when at last Beatrice sat across the tab from Haslam at Goriot's, where the ceili lights are only tiny imitation stars and t electric candles on the tables shed wa rays upon the living beauty of a woma sentient hands.

Haslam thought that Beatrice's finge trembled as they moved slightly the silv and porcelain before her.

"Well?" he asked, and bending a lit lower looked up into her face. He usual knew now when she had something to s to him; often he surprised her by aski before her thought had taken full sha

"Em," she said.

"Yes."

"I haven't said this to you. I was wa ing. But now there is nothing for me to do

"Go on."

"The portrait of you is done. It can to-morrow to be cast."

"In bronze?"

"Yes."

"Well, what of that? It had to be do sometime."

"I have failed with it. I cannot do wh I desired."

He chuckled. "It's far better than ever hoped any sculptor could show an body. Show, did I say? Expose, I'd bett say. And it's the real interpretation of m That's the wonder of it."

She shook her head. She said, "N Em."

"Well, it's done," he asserted. "I w not sure. I knew it would be done som time. I suspected it was about over."

The word "over" made her clasp h hands suddenly in a tense grip of her finger one upon the other.

"To-morrow—to-morrow is Saturda I'll send the clay over to Bonelli, who do my castings. And then in the afternoo I'd like to play."

He hesitated a moment before sayin "You ought to play. But now the weath er's warm, why don't you get out of th city? I wish I could. Why don't you g to some place by the sea? Didn't some body tell me you had a bungalow an studio or Italian villa or something at Pip Harbor?"

He could hear her breath quicken, an avoided looking into her staring eyes.

"No," said he. "If you mean that could go with you—of course I cannot."

She had known all the time that he ha intended an end, and she had guessed tha he had fixed its date. For this was just what he would do; it was just what a man whose face was like the one she had mod eled would do.

He had told her what he would do. He had warned her. He knew, as she knew, that she was only a fool to turn white like this with pain and shock.

"The cruel thing would be to go on," he said, closing his lips into a thin line.

He was right about that too.

"Cruel to you," he added.

She nodded.

"Will you take me to the studio now?" she said. "There is a moon. We can throw open all the windows."

"No," he said firmly. "I will take you to the door and say good night, Beatrice."

"After all," she said at last, "it will be a great wound. It is my own fault."

"We have a right to our own lives," he said. "I have to go on with mine. Even the diversion of this spring has cut down

(Continued on Page 40)

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"Oh man! I bet mother made it herself!"

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Recipe for Coconut Cake

Cream one cup sugar and two heaping tablespoons butter, add two eggs, beat until light. Sift two cups of pastry flour, add two teaspoons baking powder and one-half teaspoon salt, stir into first mixture with one cup of coconut milk or milk to which one teaspoon vanilla has been added. Mix well, place in pans, bake twenty minutes. Make icing with one cup of confectioner's sugar—beat in enough coconut milk or milk to moisten it to spreading consistency, and one teaspoon of vanilla. Stir in half of the can of coconut from which the milk has been pressed and spread remainder over top layer.
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NEWSKIN COMPANY
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(Continued from Page 38)

my pungency. There's one thing for me—one love. It is the Street, the dear old Street."

He smiled, satisfied, and added jocosely, "Where they call me the man with the metal face."

"So to-night ——" she began.

"Yes, if anything is to be done—do it!"

She drew back a little, as one who has received a frontal blow.

"I understand," she replied at last. "You have been quite fair—quite consistent and—yes—generous, Em."

"For heaven's sake don't tell me what's in your heart!" he exclaimed with fervor. "Don't let's go into that."

"No."

"Favor to me. Thank you. And can I do one for you, Beatrice?"

She did not answer.

"I said ——"

"I heard you," she replied softly. "I was thinking of what you said. A favor? Yes."

"What?"

"Well, when do you intend sending this portrait in bronze to your mother? Is there any hurry?"

"No. No hurry. Why?"

"The favor I was going to ask you is a queer one. All I ask is that you keep the bronze, when it comes to you, for a month. Put it on your mantel in your library. On the desk. Or that Sheraton table in your bedroom beneath the blue silk curtains. You've told me about your possessions. You would never take me there. That is your characteristic caution. But take my portrait there."

"Bless my stars!"

"Well, will you?"

"It's mad! What a strange girl you were."

She winced but managed to say, "Will you?"

"Certainly."

"Promise? For thirty days?"

"I promise."

She put her cold nervous fingers over his calm hands.

"Oh, Em," she said, "I wonder if you will ever know how much better I knew you than you knew yourself!"

She, too, had now spoken in the past tense.

Haslam reflected afterward that it was an extraordinary promise he had made to her. He laughed as he thought of the conversation he had overheard on the last day he had been in the hospital. One of the young doctors, an interne, and a young nurse with the clear blue of childhood still in her eyes had come into his sitting room, not knowing that he was there. It had been after dusk had fallen and the doctor had lit a match and held it up before the clay face of the bust.

Again he could see the young woman slip her hand into the doctor's and again hear her voice saying, "It is certainly art. But you ought to be glad, Doc, that you do not look like that."

The young doctor had said, "It isn't weak"; and she had answered, "No, strong—horribly!"

The sculptress now had exacted a promise from him to keep the cast close to him—to live with it. She would show him the truth about himself. Well, that was absurd, because the truth about himself was pleasing to him. He laughed and told his valet to unpack the bust and put it anywhere he liked.

This had been done when Haslam returned from the theater that same evening. He did not see it at first. He threw his overcoat over a chair back, drank a full glass of water, poured out of the silver bottle, and then turned toward the fireplace as one does who, through a winter, finds comfort in coming home to find embers still glowing sleepily on the hearth.

Now, however, the warm weather had come. The hearth was quite black and swept clean. Indeed the window was open, so that the China-silk curtains danced about like ghosts. Far away the intermittent flares of a blast furnace yellowed and reddened the purple black of the city night. But a hush had come over the metropolis; Haslam could hear his watch ticking in his own pocket. He raised his eyes.

"Hello!" he said.

There it was above the hearth! The Italian mantel of carved marble held up the dark bronze, and the wall behind with its chill tint of French gray gave its outline emphasis.

Haslam was somewhat astonished that hard bronze could appear quite as flexible and living as it now did. For a moment he stared back into the immobile eyes of the portrait, filled with a strange sense that he, too, was a thing of metal, that they were alike, and two bronze faces looking into each other's cold mysteries. He smiled as he went nearer and tweaked the hard smooth nose with his thumb and one long finger in a familiar gesture of disrespect.

"Good," he said. "She had skill!"

He wondered where she was now and whether she had left the city. But that was a closed book, as he phrased it. He would be a fool to peep into its pages again. She would suffer for a while. That was not his fault. She could have read his face. She did read it. Here it was—the proof in accurate bronze. Furthermore, he had put her on notice. She had said to him that he had been completely fair. So he had been! The book had been closed in cold blood. Where she was now was no longer any business of his. He had been generous to take this stand. Continuing the dream life of their play, as he called it, would not have hurt him; it could have cut deeper scars into her.

He looked into the strong unyielding countenance of the bronze with increasing satisfaction. It would please his mother. No sentiment. Here was decision, oneness of purpose. If saints are ever to be made from extreme devotees of practical, gainful, resolute, uncompromising, ruthless determination, here was the face of a saint. Some day there would be the canonization of some Saint of the Street, some Saint of Big Business or of the Exchange. And the statue of the saint would have a face like this!

Haslam laughed.

As he laughed he thought he saw the face of bronze relax a little, as if it, too, would laugh. The room was silent, as if the progress of time had ceased a moment; there was a hush, as if a hush had come just before this lifeless bust broke into raucous laughter. But there was no sound, no laugh, not even a full smile. It might have been the way the light fell. Haslam's impression was only that the bronze lips had relaxed a little, that for a moment the eyes of the thing had become filled with a moment of tenderness. He felt as if for a moment he had been looking into the face of someone who had for him a little amusement and a little pity, a little tenderness and a little contempt.

He looked at his watch and yawned. No one knew as he knew how regularly he ate, how regularly he went to bed, how regularly he did everything. He gave the impression of a driving force which would smash all regularity into bits. But now it was half past twelve and he always went to bed at twelve. He had been standing there looking into this metal face of his, quite unconscious of the passage of time. The yawn came to a sudden end as he felt the surprise of his forgetfulness.

The next day he looked at the bust in the full sunlight. Then it was that he became convinced that Beatrice had changed something in it since he had seen the model. The difference between the clay and the bronze could not account for this change. On the first glance the thing was exactly as it had been. There were the features, unchanged. They were not lacking in whatever regular handsome modeling he could find in his own face. They still expressed in cold hard metal the character which they had expressed when the young doctor and the young nurse had passed upon them. The head, bent forward a little aggressively, was the same head of a lean powerful creature of prey. Something of the hawk and the wolf was still there as always. He nodded with assurance.

A moment later he returned to look at the thing again. He stood with his hat in his hand ready to go out, and as he stood his own face filled with doubt and perplexity. Somehow the obvious first glance at this bronze face did not disclose all. After one looked, some trick of light and shadow or of expression softened everything. As if the bronze were translucent, one could imagine that under its surface there was half hidden a better portrait of the man. The imagination perhaps brought strange tender smiles to the corners of the mouth and the corners of the otherwise stern relentless eyes. Flickers of warmth ran beneath the adamantine surface. It was as if the sculptress had done one likeness and then covered it with a thin veneer of some other likeness.

"I'm not so sure," said Haslam to h valet, who held overcoat, stick and glov "What do you think of it, Becker?"

"I couldn't say, sir. It's very good, s of you, and yet it looks one way sometim and one way at other times. Quite ot sir! I was examining of it all day yesterd after unpacking, sir. It's like an act sir—I mean to say—who has put on s I mean to say—a part, or expression, si

Haslam felt some impatience about th bronze. He would have liked to pack it and send it on to his mother. He h promised to keep it a month, and by H lam even a broker's nod was rigidly int preted as a grim promise. Men big enou and strong enough could afford to tr honor as a luxury worth having. This v his way of expressing it, and he liked t cynical note in his expression of someth virtuous which might, in fact, have be his natural instinct to maintain.

Nothing much had ever puzzled Hasla The puzzle of this bronze face troubled h increasingly. Sometimes he imagined thin lips were about to part and tell h something of vital importance. They nev spoke. They never would, and it appear nonsensical for them to appear alwa ready to disclose, when they never woul Sometimes he could see curious appea ances of tenderness in the features. was as if there were two modeled count nances in this one piece of metal.

Once, late at night, after staring in the face of metal during a moment wh it expressed in subtle vagueness a who set of qualities he had always boasted we not his, he walked quickly into his batl room, turned on the light above the sha ing mirror and stared into the reflectio of his own flesh and blood, half perplexe half eager.

"No," said he, "there's nothing in m face like that. Not a thing. It was a accident. She knew me pretty well. It just an accident of the material."

He wondered what she had done to fo get their days together. She had raised n trouble, no scene. She took everything s patiently. Perhaps she had suffered. Tha was too bad. Could not be helped. An yet it was too bad. He half closed his eyes Just then as he straightened up he though suddenly he had seen the expression of th bronze face in the mirror. It was a curiou fleeting look. But there was now only th reflection of Haslam's own countenance—the one he had known always.

In that time he had one of his great vic tories. For two years there had been a duel in the Street between Haslam an Bascom, the operator in the market fo two large bank presidents who were playin rogue elephant as speculators. Haslam ha considerable contempt for bank president who played the market apart from th ring of their own directors. As for Bascom the feud was an old one. Bascom had re neged a promise once, and Haslam ha nearly had his creditors come down o him as a result of Bascom. He had tol Bascom that he would break him some day The day had come. Partly by accident i had come. It just happened that Haslam had a client who held two hundred thou sand in Bascom's paper and had discounte it into Haslam's hands three days before Bascom was caught in a bear movement o steel. Haslam knew what to do now—th thumbscrews.

"Curious thing," said Haslam's chie bookkeeper. "They live right near us i Montclair. His wife was a flighty perso for years, but the moment she found out s baby was coming ——"

"Late in life," said Haslam.

"Well, it will outbalance any of the pai of this failure," Johnson asserted. "The two of them are like nuts about the young ster. I hope this won't be a shock to her."

There was a pause.

The bookkeeper suddenly said, "What's the matter, Mr. Haslam? You look so funny."

"Me? I look funny?" The head of the house had jumped to his feet. "How the devil do you mean?"

"Why, just your expression. I won dered if you'd changed your mind about closing Bascom out. That's all, sir."

Haslam sat down.

"Yes, I had," he said wearily. "I'm a fool to do it. I'm going to let Bascom pull through."

He walked over to the tape, whistling softly. "I can't imagine my doing this," he said. "Perhaps we don't know ourselves, after all."

(Continued on Page 42)

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Maximum temperature Seattle, 1921—80 degrees.

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Seattle Chamber of Commerce

910 Arctic Bldg., Seattle

(Continued from Page 40)

"Well, it's all right with me," Johnson replied. "But that's what I said. I thought I could tell by your face."

That night when Haslam went home he found his valet, Becker, moving about the study as if to create the impression of being occupied by eternal labors of service.

"Look here, Becker," he said. "What about that bust? I had it made for my mother. Do you think it will do?"

The old man pressed his lips. He said: "Well, speaking very frank, sir, I thought it did you a favor, sir. When I first saw it I thought it had a little the better of you, sir. But the last week or so, sir, I'm better impressed, sir. Somehow its face has changed, sir."

"Or mine?"

"Your face changed, sir?"

"It might."

"Yes, it might. Sometimes sorrow changes faces, sir. Sometimes it's being lonely and deserted, sir. I don't believe you've had these crosses to bear—ever."

Haslam replied, "Perhaps not. Perhaps I've got 'em coming to me. Perhaps I've had 'em and didn't know it. Perhaps I've had a lot of things I didn't know I've had."

He stood smiling rather affectionately at old Becker until the latter in complete astonishment blurted out: "There, sir! If you could see yourself now, sir! Mr. Haslam, may I drop down dead at your feet if you're not the living image right now of that thing on the mantel!"

Pipe Harbor is just inside a point covered with scrub pines. At the end are treacherous rocks under the swash of low tide, but they were known by the chart and reckoned with by the skipper as he pulled the nose of Haslam's lean white trout-shaped steam yacht into the cove. The tender came down over the stern with a rattle of blocks and tackle, echoing against the rock and pine wall of shore, and the snick-snock of oarlocks sounded as the master was being rowed under the full sunlight across the waters whipped into shimmering silver by the brisk summer morning's wind.

Where the point curves into the main shore fields of grasses, still filled with white splashes of daisy blossoms, rose from the yellow beach toward the crouching group of little weathered buildings at the top of the knoll. Two old trees, which from a distance appear like elms, lean toward each other over the bungalow and the studio like two old friends. The landing place is a little shaky pier where a red dory rides fretfully on its painter.

Haslam walked up the narrow winding path through the perfumed fields, and when almost at the top he stopped and wiped the perspiration from his forehead. So he was standing hatless when she came out the door of the studio.

He waved to her.

"Come on down here," he called.

A moment of hesitation ended by Beatr moving forward quite naturally, as if had expected him for many days, but first words she said dispelled that illusi

She said in a trembling voice: "I ne expected I should ever see you again, E I had gone back to my work—my w alone."

"I guess there are other things," he sa holding out his hand.

"Yes," she said. "Is that your o boat?" She pointed toward the sea.

He nodded.

"Let's sit down here."

He was trying to think of words to her why he had come back. He drew closer, so that, sitting, leaning on th palms pressed upon the cool foliage of clover, they could look as with a sin viewpoint, above the tops of high nodd grasses, over the wide stretches of desce ing fields, flat expanse of sea and climbing blue sky.

Suddenly frightened, she exclaimed horror, "You didn't come back beca you were thinking of me?"

"No," he said. "I'm glad you spoke that. I came back because of me."

"Then you can stay forever if you wa to," she said, turning her lips toward h

"Of course," said Haslam. "Of coun That's what I wanted to say to you." I laughed. "I want to sit for you forev I want you to make me a new face."

YE GENIAL HOST

(Continued from Page 17)

In a city like New York these immense hotels became necessary. It is the only way we have been able to take care of the ever-growing stream of visitors, even if the intimate, homelike atmosphere has disappeared.

After visitors have been in New York a while I notice a tendency on their part to move to smaller hotels. In fact, a large number of buildings are being converted into apartment and family hotels. The glamour of the big palaces attracts temporarily, but in time there is a longing to get into places where one may be known, may be a personality, a guest in the true sense of the word.

Following what was regarded as my success in running several different houses giving them atmosphere and color, I became a part of one of the big organizations that operate—mind you, operate—chains of magnificent hotels. The salary would have appalled me fifteen years ago.

I am kept so busy directing the financial affairs and making reports that will show profit that I haven't the time to mingle with the people and know them. I have selected managers who were trained as I was, and they are doing as well as one could expect. Our hotels are perfectly appointed and have developed service and conveniences to the finest degree, but the thing is too big, too unwieldy for that intimate personal touch that many old-timers miss.

The difference between these hotel palaces and the little places where the proprietor considered himself a personal host is very much the same as the difference between the old accommodation train that stopped at every little town long enough for a handshake, and the great limited express that flits through, leaving nothing but a cloud of dust to mark its passage.

Personal Recognition

I do not really know the names of all our guests, and neither does our manager, but we have been ingenious enough to make them think we know them. The fact that they enjoy this apparent distinction would seem to be enough, but it isn't. I enjoyed really knowing everybody. There was sincere sentiment in it. Most of the joy of running a hotel has been taken from me. It makes me downright unhappy when I have a chance to think about it.

I am not sure that I was first, but I was certainly among the first to adopt the system for a big hotel by which we can make each guest feel that he or she is personally known. I started it out on the Coast.

The first prominent person to call attention to it was an author who came out there to write up our city in a magazine. He was accompanied by an artist, now a famous illustrator.

The pair arrived at night and the author asked to be called at eight o'clock the next morning.

"Good morning, Mr. Smith," was the pleasant greeting of the telephone operator at that hour. "It is eight o'clock. Do you wish breakfast in your room or will you come down?"

The writer responded as cheerily as you please. His surprise at being addressed by his own name, he told me afterwards, made him feel good all morning. It sort of flattered him to discover that he was known way out there.

Later in the day he met Mr. Jones, the artist, and was inclined to be a little boastful.

"This is what I call a wise town," the writer announced. "Have only been here twelve hours and the telephone operator knew who I was when she called me at eight o'clock. Pretty good, eh?"

"I'll say it's fair," agreed the artist, smiling. "She also knew mine."

Paying for Pleasant Voices

Not only were Mr. Smith and Mr. Jones called by their names, but so was every other guest in the hotel. Also they were spoken to in a pleasant voice. I had seen to that. A telephone operator may be ever so proficient, but she won't fill the bill in one of my hotels if she hasn't a pleasant, cheery voice. An insolent tone by a telephone girl will do lots more damage to a hotel than bad food.

I was in a big Eastern hotel once with a manufacturer, a wealthy bachelor. We occupied a double room. He called over the phone, asking the operator if she would have a bottle of mineral water and some ice sent up.

After a wait of half an hour he called again to know what was the trouble. "If you want anything like that whyn't you call 'Service'? Didn't you know this was a first-class hotel?"

The mere tone of that response was so insolent that my friend packed up and left the hotel. The incident spoiled his trip. Rather than make the day more unpleasant he did not report the girl.

In my hotel an operator like that would have been discharged immediately, not so much for the one mistake as for the tone of her voice. In fact, she would never have been engaged. A girl may learn better than to do a thing like that a second time, but a cheery voice cannot be acquired overnight. It must be natural. It is a qualification necessary to employment with my organization. Many girls fail to get jobs in other concerns because of an insolent inflection in their voices.

Above the telephone switchboard in the main office we had a rack placed. Over each room number there was a small slot for a card. The moment a guest registered, a card bearing his or her name in printed letters was placed in the slot corresponding to his or her room. We made it a point to see that every employe on the floor as w as the operator looked at that rack befo answering a call.

"Is there anything else I can do for y now, Mr. Smith?" the bell boy would s after making the new guest comfortab Mr. Smith would be pleased.

Later in the day the baggage wou come up from the station. The porter, b fore going up, would step out of the el vator and glance at the rack.

"Your trunk is here, Mr. Smith," I would announce at the door. "Shall bring it in now?"

In time the many Mr. Smiths may ha learned that this knowledge of names w simply a part of the machinery, but th liked it just the same.

I had a very keen and intelligent hou manager out there. In fact, he is with n now. From morning until night he han mered into every employe, from the port to the night clerk, the necessity of makir people feel that they were known and th they were at home.

This manager had a very clever metho of making guests known in the dining roon especially if they were at all important. C course he could not get them all. On on occasion the president of one of the Wes ern railroads—call him Davis, for short- stopped at our hotel and had his wife wit him. He had been there before, but alway alone.

The Delighted Mr. Davis

The house manager, looking over the ca list, discovered that Mr. Davis would ge up at eight o'clock—most people do, by th way. So he waited around the elevato landing until the guest had come down and with his wife, was headed for the dinin room.

Walking rapidly ahead of the couple, th manager passed the head waiter and whis pered to him: "Mr. Davis, railroad presi dent, and his wife," and went right o without turning his head.

"Good morning, Mr. Davis," greeted th head waiter.

"And Mrs. Davis," he addressed th lady, "is there any particular place yo would like to sit? Perhaps you would lik the corner, over there by the flowers."

"Why, isn't that remarkable?" said Mrs Davis to her husband. "How did that ma know my name?"

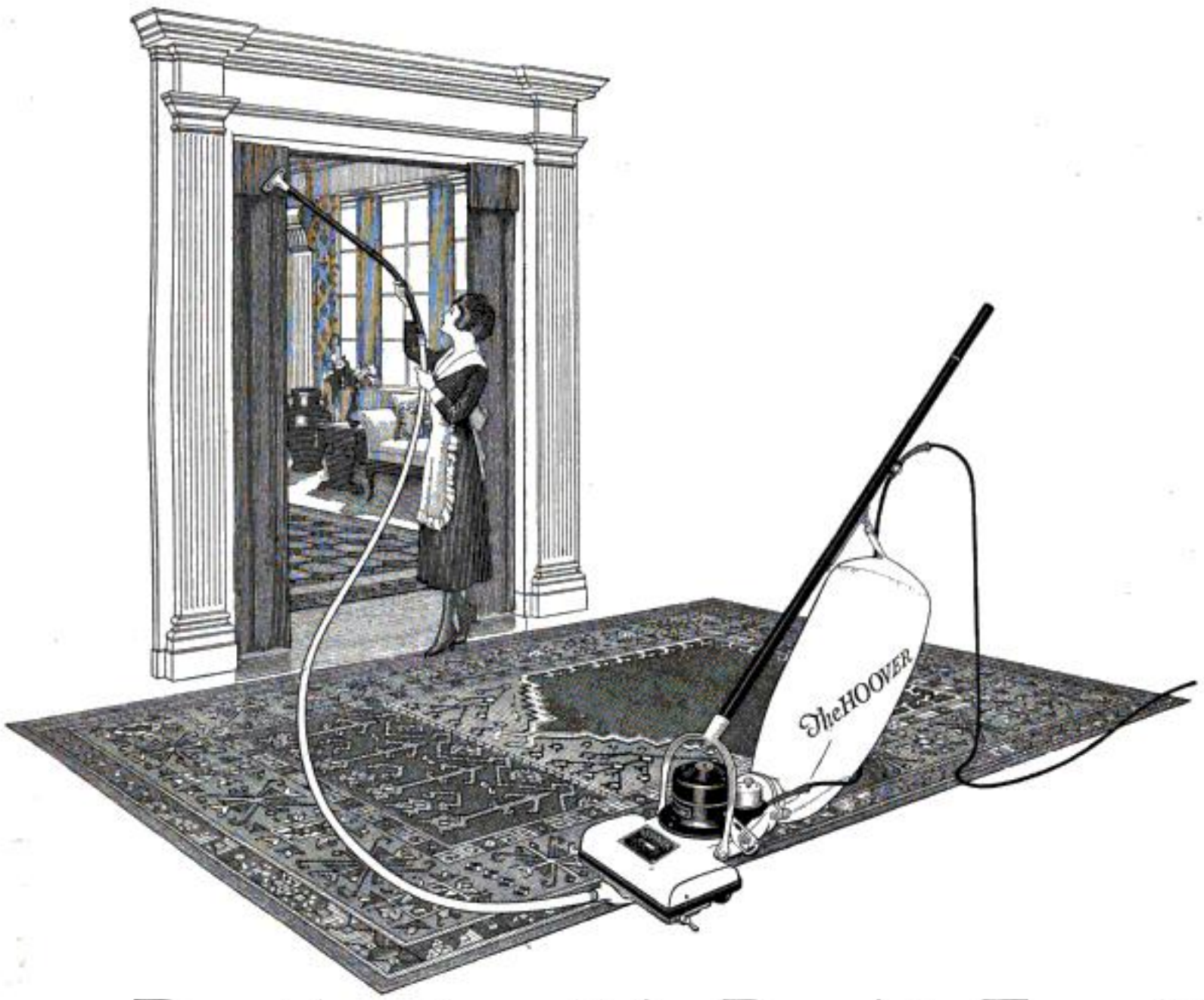
"Well," declared Mr. Davis with just touch of vanity, "he knew you were with me, didn't he? Who else could you be?"

"Of course, certainly. But isn't it re markable—his memory?"

For a moment Mr. Davis was really proud of the impression he had created. Just then the house manager came up as if he had seen the couple for the first time and pulled almost the same thing.

(Continued on Page 44)

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Dustlessly, quickly, the strong suction provided by the new and greatly simplified Hoover air-cleaning attachments will whisk away all the dust which collects upon house furnishings.

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Perhaps one of your rooms defies efforts to heat it? Maybe your sun porch is unheated, or your attic is cold? You may wish to work in your office after the heat is turned off?

Have a CLOW GASTEAM radiator installed, and see for yourself what an economical, pleasant and efficient means of heating it is.

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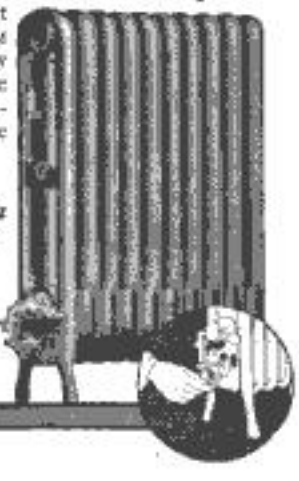
CLOW GASTEAM is also often used in combination with existing steam or hot water systems. It can then be used in the spring and fall, when only a little heat is needed, making it unnecessary to start the furnace or boiler. In very cold weather the CLOW GASTEAM radiators can be used exactly like any ordinary steam or hot water radiators.

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Many architects specify CLOW GASTEAM radiators on every heating job—frequently as the sole means of heat in the building and sometimes in conjunction with other systems.

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(Continued from Page 42)

This Mr. Davis, by the way, had come up from section boss to railroad president. Suddenly his old-fashioned hard sense came back to him.

"Say," he half whispered to the manager as they walked down the aisle between the tables, "you young rascal, that's all the bunk—that knowing us so well." Then he smiled. "But I'm damned if it ain't good bunk!"

Now there is quite a lot of difference between acting genial and polite and actually being genial and polite. Employes who really do not mean it, but are simply carrying out orders, often overplay their hands. Their acting becomes offensive. We have to hunt out that kind and get rid of them.

The fact that a head waiter has to resort to subterfuge to be sure of a person's name, though, does not mean that he is not naturally well mannered. He makes blunders occasionally that are very embarrassing. A major of cavalry, accompanied by a young lady, got very indignant one day because the head waiter addressed him as "the general." He took the man's honest mistake for an impertinent attempt at flattery, and I had to apologize for it.

Though the average American traveler appreciates service that is pleasant and polite he usually despises the sycophant. He would even prefer the rough and blundering servant to the obsequious one. To smooth out all these things and get thorough coöperation we still have meetings every few days, attended by all the employes who come in direct contact with the guests. Everyone from the chief of the bellhops to the cashiers and clerks is privileged and encouraged to make suggestions.

The manager usually makes a little talk at these conferences, pointing out problems and difficulties—possibly mistakes—that have come to his attention. He gives his own views on how to overcome them. When he is through if anyone has thought of a nearer cut to the same result he speaks right out and is given attention.

The main advantage of this system is that even the most humble employe understands very clearly what we are driving at, the hotel policy.

It was at one of these meetings out in San Francisco that a discussion brought out, in simple sentence, a thought that I had never been able to formulate. It expresses the basic principle of running a hotel successfully, whether it be a little inn or one of the modern palaces.

Useful Suggestions

One of the bookkeepers, I believe, had made the suggestion that we could add considerable to the income of the house by installing devices for the sale of toothbrushes, razors, shaving soap, curling irons and so on.

"That's all right," I agreed. "We certainly need the income, but I'm afraid there's a danger that too much of that sort of thing might give the place the atmosphere of a department store rather than that of a temporary home."

It was my idea, and still is, that patrons would prefer paying a higher rate for service to being bothered by catchpenny schemes. I tried to convey to those assembled the thought that guests always like to feel that they are visiting friends; that our job was to give them that sense of home comfort. I did not express this very clearly, it developed. At any rate, one man there was able to express it much better.

"Excuse me, sir," spoke up the head porter, a venerable-looking man whose kindly, dignified air was somewhat contradictory to his station—contradictory, I mean, to the way the general public expects a head porter to look. "Excuse me, sir," he repeated, rising, "but as I understand it you mean to say that when a guest comes to this hotel he should be treated just as you would treat a guest who came to your home?"

"You are getting it," I urged him on.

"In other words," he went on, "all we've got to do is remember what our mothers taught us about showing hospitality when the preacher or any other visitor came to stay all night—then do the same thing here."

The old porter had put the whole idea into a single sentence—a thing I had vainly tried to do for years. What he said there is what I consider the whole basic principle of running a hotel, so far as making guests feel comfortable.

The financial end is another matter. That can be done by a little supervision and efficiency experts—men whose work requires more application to figures and reports than to imagination.

I had typewritten copies of the old porter's expression made, and gave one to each employe of the hotel, including the cooks, the waiters and the bartenders. There was something about that thought of fixing around and polishing up your manners for the visiting preacher—the home guest—that one does not easily forget.

A few days later one of the attendants came to me with a suggestion.

"Boss," he said, "when a gentleman comes to your home and is asked to spend the night you generally offer him a suit of your pajamas, don't you?"

I told him that was true. I saw he had the germ of some good idea.

"Well, sir," he went on, "there was a gentleman who came in last night after midnight. I took him to his room and he asked me if I could buy him a suit of pajamas. He had no baggage. But it was so late I couldn't find a place open. Now I was thinking how would it be to fix up a place like that so that a man could get accommodated."

The boy had the makings of a dandy notion, all right, but he was on the wrong tack. He was thinking of a convenience for selling pajamas.

Pride in the House

Beginning with that suggestion, though, we worked out a real innovation in hotel service. We made it possible for every guest, man or woman, who came without baggage, to be supplied with nightdress, comb and brush, toothbrush—all without charge. Back of it were the words of the old porter, that we should treat guests at the hotel just as our mothers or fathers would treat an overnight visitor to our home.

I don't know if others had thought of this before, but I believe it was original with our hotel. We supplied the night housekeeper with sealed sanitary packages containing everything that a person without baggage would need to be comfortable for the night; one made up for women and one for men. There was no extra charge for this. A guest who used the emergency package was simply asked to notify the maid next morning.

She would have the night clothes freshly laundered and the hairbrush sterilized, ready for the next guest caught without baggage.

That has proved one of the most appreciated innovations in modern hotels. You should have seen the looks of incredulity and then pleased surprise when unprepared guests were offered these packages. Most of the big hotels have that as part of their service now.

Another device that still pleases the ladies is the electric slot alongside the dressing tables for heating curling irons.

The constant thought for comfort and the constant attention to details on the part of our organization made that hotel a great success. A staff like that would make any enterprise a success. The coördinated effort of all hands made our place a sort of individual institution, not just a place where a man could get a place to sleep and a good meal.

You will notice that every distinctive hotel in the country has a staff with that kind of spirit. I got the credit, of course, but that earnest group of employes really deserved it.

Pride of employes is what gives a hotel distinctive atmosphere. There is a hotel in Norfolk, Virginia, for instance, where every person from the bell boy to the manager will eagerly invite a guest to go and look at the kitchen before he is there six hours. They are so proud of its reputation for spotlessness that they want everybody to see it.

Our bell boys used to want everybody to take one of those emergency packages containing nightdress whether they needed it or not—until the novelty of it wore off.

I am now managing one of the biggest hotels in the world—one where I never get a chance to know anybody's name or to understand personal peculiarities. Most of my work is supervising departments, stopping leaks in finances, and seeing that my weekly reports show a good profit and a possible dividend to stockholders. The amount of executive labor is enormous. I am more of a financier than what the papers used to call "Ye Genial Host". term I always liked. It means somethi

In the actual dispensation of hospital I must depend upon my house manag He has been with me for years, knows bet than anybody else how much I miss romance and sentiment of being a real hc

Don't get the impression that any ho can be run by a set of clever rules a tricks. It must have a unit spirit—an prit de corps—that develops in those p ticular surroundings. California ideas m not go in Boston, and New York ideas m not go in Philadelphia or New Orleans. mosphere and color will not transplant eas

In the first place guests are not all al in temperament, cannot be treated in same way in the same hotel. Some like fined, unpretentious comfort; others l show—what they call service and fixin There is a certain class of people who l to pay excessive prices simply because tl are excessive. They want to experience sensation, new to them, of feeling rich a extravagant. We had much of that duri the great spending era following the end the war. I might add that we are not hi ing much of it now.

Then again we have genteel people, ways accustomed to refinement, who ca not afford to pay exorbitant rates, and the same time they cannot be content in atmosphere that is tawdry and coarse. Th class of people—aristocrats by nature, call them—is usually easy to please. Th rarely make complaints.

Not long ago we had a breezy guest, e dently newly rich, who engaged a suite rooms at twenty-five dollars a day—be room, sitting room and bath.

"Say," he said to the floor manager a fe hours later, "I don't see where you get to soak a fellow twenty-five bucks for th layout. I've got just as good a bathroo as this at home."

"Aren't your rooms comfortable?" aske the manager, a very diplomatic young ma He had wanted to say something el though.

"Oh, sure," admitted the guest, "but had a notion you were going to show n something new—knock my eye out."

Undesirable Guests

The next morning the manager had s enormous vase of brightly colored flowe placed in the man's room and sent up couple of novelty smoking stands for th sitting room. The window draperies wei made a little more gaudy, and the guest w much better pleased.

It is sometimes very difficult to allocat these guests so that their presence will n jar on each other.

No matter how hard the hotel manage ment may try to separate the rooms an deaden sound so that no one will know th kind of person occupying the adjoinin suite there is something in the air that wi in time tell. Let one objectionable perso escape the eagle eye of the house detective and in twenty-four hours nearly ever guest on the floor will know it. I don' know why, but somehow they do. Is i what those north-woods story-writers ca moccasin telepathy?

Nothing hurts a hotel so quickly an so permanently as knowledge that it ha housed persons of questionable character The best of hotels do this sometimes un knowingly. None of the best ones woul do it intentionally.

Often I have been asked how we are abl to determine the character of guests whon we have never seen before. It is done by what I might call a cumulation of observa tion. Every hotel has one or more men o unusual memories who are also expert stu dents of human nature. It is very seldom that they guess wrong. Even if they should slip, it is possible that the clerk or the bel boy will note something to arouse sus picion.

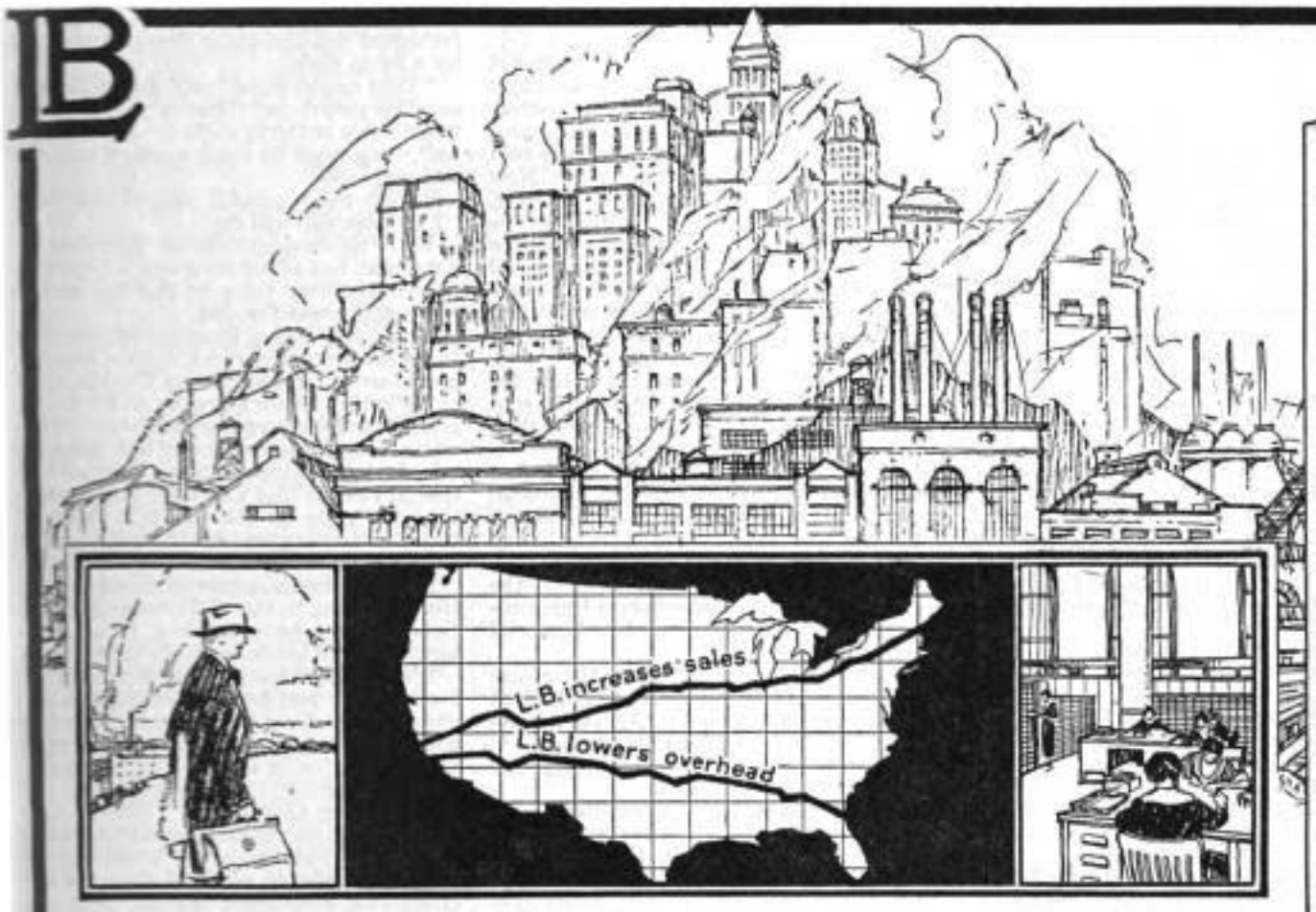
My floor man says he can tell usually by the exaggerated mannerisms of these peo ple. They are likely to be overcordial or overexacting, for effect. Of course if there is the slightest doubt the clerk regretfully informs the guest that there are no rooms left.

Some very serious mistakes have been made in ejecting guests from hotels, heavy damage suits resulting.

A first-class refined house hasn't so much trouble in this regard as is generally believed. People whose character would not stand the test as a rule do not find a quiet, genteel atmosphere congenial.

(Continued on Page 46)

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Says A: "To impress the man to whom you're writing. To make him think you're as good, and your goods are as good, as the paper you write on."

But says B: "Not so. People who buy Old Hampshire Bond aren't that sort of folks. They don't consciously care a hang about impressions—they just naturally want the best. They aren't always thinking about knocking somebody's eye out. They buy fine things because the things *are* fine."



A: "All wrong, old man. Scenery counts like the dickens in getting business. Act the part and you'll land the orders."

B: "*Some* orders, perhaps—but you'll never sell my crowd anything by telling them they ought to wear good clothes, or shave every day, or use Old Hampshire Bond just because it *pays*."

Now, this is getting pretty deep. We lean toward B's point of view, we confess—but perhaps that's because B flatters our vanity.



What do you think?

For the best ten answers on each side received before May 20, 1922, we will present a $10.00 box of Old Hampshire Bond semi-business stationery, with envelopes to match, neatly engraved with your name and your home or business address.

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(Continued from Page 44)

The one thing responsible for practically all modern conveniences in big hotels is the telephone. It made the mammoth hotel possible. Without the telephone in each room we could not coördinate the efforts of our big organizations. It would be impossible to keep in touch with such a large number of guests. We could not know their names, nor could we keep ourselves informed as to their wishes. In other words, the big chain hotels of to-day would be out of the question.

The best device they had in the small hotels of the old days for speeding up service was the push button on the wall with the little card of directions: Push once for the maid; twice for ice water; three times for towels, and so on. Remember?

At one of our annual conventions one of the big hotel men, brought up as a country boy, told this story:

"I'll never forget when I first came into this hotel," he said. "It was the first hotel I had ever slept in. On the wall of my room I noticed the button and the sign which read, 'Push twice for ice water.' I was a little scared and lonesome, but I couldn't resist the temptation of seeing how that thing worked. So I pushed the button twice and stood there for ten minutes, holding the pitcher under it, waiting for the water to start running."

Personally I don't believe a word of that, but it went good with all the modern hotel men gathered there to discuss improvements.

In my references to the gigantic hotels I have had New York in mind. For that reason I have not gone into the restaurant feature. There is very little to choose between first-class New York hotels in the matter of food. They are all good, all about the same. The question of cuisine is not so much a problem for the visitor as in the smaller cities, where it is sometimes difficult to find a good place to eat.

The restaurant department of New York hotels is getting more and more detached from the rooming. Our only concern is to offer the best food and service so that patrons will be induced to dine in the hotel where they are stopping. We have very few American-plan hotels, you know, where room and meals are covered by one charge. That, by the way, is another thing that has taken away much of the old-fashioned feeling of hominess.

Most visitors to New York like to go out at night and try the various restaurants which specialize in certain kinds of cooking. They are captivated by stories of quaint little restaurants that some friend has told them about secretly. It is a trait of New Yorkers to learn of some little French, Spanish or Italian eating place that no one seems to know about, and keep it all to themselves. As soon as their friends all find it out they hunt up another. The lure of these places is, after all, their individual and familylike atmosphere. Everybody likes coziness.

Right now the pressure on hotels for accommodations is relaxing, due to the general business depression. People are finding it too expensive to travel.

Personally I have always believed that the rates for rooms are too high, but with the high cost of operation and the payment of interest on money borrowed for building, I don't see how they can be avoided.

Operating a hotel in New York on the present big scale is quite different from running one in a smaller city. The financial system is very complex.

In the medium-sized city there are usually about two good hotels, with limited capacity. The main qualification of a hotel keeper there is the ability to know people—to discriminate between them in the matter of tastes.

Some men who like to consider themselves of the strictly business type imagine that everybody else thinks the same way. They have an idea that guests want things done according to rule and measure—strictly business. That kind of hotel keeper won't get along very well, even though he has the best intentions in the world. He has none of that peculiar intuition that goes to make up Ye Genial Host.

For instance, I know of one of these ruffle-browed business fellows who took over a historic old tavern out in the tourist section of Colorado. His guests ranged from millionaires looking for quiet recreation, to those whooping parties who come in flivvers looking for noise and excitement.

One of the wealthy modest guests, a quiet old fellow who had loved the country since his boyhood, suggested to the proprietor one day that he would like to throw away the menu card and have one of those old-fashioned fish-and-game dinners prepared by a camp cook.

"That can be done," said the brisk, businesslike proprietor, "but it will cost you twenty-five or thirty dollars. Fish alone—well, they must be fresh caught, and that will cost ——"

"Well, never mind," sighed the guest. "I suppose this will do."

With no imagination or intuition the hotel man had killed his guest's boyish impulse. The very thing he did not want to know about was the cost.

An acquaintance, learning of this, tried to set the proprietor right, induce him to be more tactful. He didn't get the idea at all.

"What's a fellow going to do?" the proprietor remarked argumentatively. "There was a crowd came in here last week and raised a terrible kick because I served some special venison that was twenty cents more than the price on the old bill. The only way I can do is give 'em the prices and let 'em figure it out for themselves."

This man had no sense of discrimination. He didn't know the difference in people. Consequently he proved a failure. The hotel changed hands again in three months.

Down in Delaware there is a house that I consider a real hotel, not a pretentious one, at that. On a train coming from there one night were an old gentleman of wealth and distinction, a French officer and an expert mechanic, in conversation. All were praising that hotel. Nobody but a student of human nature could have pleased all three of those men. I knew very well that the service to each of them had been given with a different touch. That hotel man knew people.

I would like to make one suggestion to the hundreds of hotel keepers who are trying to make a success in the smaller cities and in the tourist resorts:

Don't spend your whole time studying business systems. Waste must be prevented, of course. You must know where you stand every day, but you can hire good men to figure that out. Spend your time studying people. Whatever may be their walk in life, make them feel at home. Think about what that old porter said. Remember the old Commercial House.

In my opinion that will pay bigger dividends than the niftiest card-index system in the world.

THE PRINT OF MY REMEMBRANCE

(Continued from Page 21)

audience waited and congealed. The hardier ones stood through the whole play, but the house was half empty when the play was half over.

Through the balance of the week conditions were improved, but it was weeks before the house was a finished theater. The total receipts on the week were eleven thousand dollars short of the company's promised share. The manager of Booth and Barrett properly called upon Hamilton's bondsmen for their guaranty, and our weekly Mirror, with its editorial and dramatic department, went into the general liquidation.

One happening during that editorial incumbency that closed in such summary fashion is worth telling as a coincidence. The business men of Leavenworth had wished to have something written about their section that would call attention to it and yet not look like an advertisement. I wrote a story which they approved and which carried the facts, and yet which seemed to be a bit of romantic fiction. Under an arrangement at regular space rates it had been printed in the New York World, and that paper had sent me a generous commission of something over a hundred dollars. One October day a young man brought to me a pen manuscript which he wished to sell. I promised to read it, although I told him the Kansas City Mirror was not buying fiction. After a fortnight he came again. Ashamed of my neglect, I read the story as he sat there. I was prepossessed by what I thought was its easy introduction.

As I read on I said to myself, "If I had to state that case that's the way I should like to write it."

Another paragraph and I said, "Well, that's the way I did write it."

I looked hurriedly through the script and asked the young man if he was the author of the story. He said he was. He was not a large person, and behind my desk were two compositors standing at their cases and another working on the stone.

So I felt courageous enough to say to the young man, "You're a liar!"

He sprang to his feet with fine indignation. I repeated my characterization and added: "That story was printed on Sunday, May 1, 1887, in the New York World, under the title of A Leavenworth Romance."

The fellow was so astonished that he could only gasp an assent.

I said, "If you will go home to the paper from which you copied this you'll find my initials, G. T., at the bottom of that story."

He said "Yes" and went out, dazed at the mischance which had made him bring to an obscure person sitting in a Western office a yarn he had copied verbatim from an Eastern daily, only to discover that he had placed the stolen article in the hands of its author. There were ninety million other citizens of the United States.

Of course the lines of communication on this little planet of eight thousand miles diameter must occasionally intersect at points that seem supremely significant; and it may be that we should wonder at the absence rather than the occasional presence of a coincidence. But as they have their interest, I would like to jump ahead and tell the only other remarkable one that is in my own experience. I rehearsed and produced a play called The Other Girl in 1903 with Lionel Barrymore at the Criterion Theater in New York. It was in three acts. Effective ending of the second act depended upon the involuntary laughter of a parson, prompted by a wink from a prize fighter who was in the room with him. On the opening night the effect fell short. I had to leave the next day on the steamer Kroonland for Paris. Walking the deck of this boat four or five days later I still tried to analyze my failure at that point. It occurred to me that certain business between members of a group on the opposite side of the stage had made a stronger appeal to the attention of the audience than the quiet minister and prize fighter on their side had made, and I mentally kicked myself for my stupidity in not discovering this. I went at once to the wireless room and sent the following telegram to Mr. Charles Frohman:

"Have the kid touch the parson before the wink."

Mr. Frohman rehearsed this business. The action attracted the attention of the audience, who thereupon saw the wink which was the provocation for the laughter, and all that I had hoped for was secured.

About a month later Mr. Bainbridge Colby was dining with the Thomases in their apartment in the Latin Quarter. He said: "This strange thing happened: On the steamer Cedric, when I was crossing last month on my way to London, I was in the wireless room. We were a day out from New York. A message was relayed from the Kroonland. The operator was Italian and a little uncertain with English, and he asked me if I thought the message could be correct. It was from you to Mr. Frohman, and read: 'Have the kid touch the parson before the wink.' I told the operator it was all right and he transmitted it to New York."

Aside from Mr. Frohman and the members of the company, Mr. Colby was the only person on earth who could have given that answer to that operator out on the Atlantic.

With our failure to get the company's guaranty on the opening of the Warder Grand, the lease of the opera house in which I had been promised a share was forfeited, and with a winter fairly set in I was in a city where I was almost a stranger, and again without a job.

Friends have asked why in this emergent situation I did not try to recover and pick

(Continued on Page 49)

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WHAT PROPER SHAMPOOING DOES FOR THE HAIR

A Simple, Easy Way to Make Your Hair Beautiful

THE beauty of your hair depends upon the care you give it.

Shampooing it properly is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.



Use plenty of lather. Rub it in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women everywhere now use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method:

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it thoroughly all over the scalp, and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.



The final rinsing should leave the hair soft and silky in the water.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water.

Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair, but sometimes the third is necessary.

You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.



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COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.



When thoroughly clean, wet hair fairly squeaks when you pull it through your fingers.

After a Mulsified Shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

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Keeping a Child's Hair Beautiful

CHILDREN should be taught, early in life, that proper care of the hair is essential.

The hair and scalp should be kept perfectly clean to insure a healthy, vigorous scalp and a fine, thick, heavy head of hair.



When the hair is dry always give it a good thorough brushing.

Get your children into the habit of shampooing their hair regularly once a week. A boy's hair being short, shampooing takes but a few minutes. For either a boy or a girl, simply moisten the hair with warm water, pour on a little Mulsified and rub vigorously with the tips of the fingers. This will stimulate the scalp, make an abundance of rich, creamy lather and cleanse the hair thoroughly. It takes only a few seconds to rinse it all out when through.

You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of the hair, and you will be teaching your child a habit that will be appreciated in after-life, for a luxuriant head of hair is something every man and woman feels mighty proud of.

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CUSTOM SERVICE WITHOUT
THE ANNOYANCE OF A TRY-ON
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(Continued from Page 46)

up the offer of Mayor Nealy and his banker associates to install me in ownership and direction of the Leavenworth Standard. But as I remember it the thought did not once occur to me, my ideas were so definitely turned to the East and to the theater. Except for the fact that I was subsequently successful in that field, one might with apparent justice make some animadversions upon being stage-struck. But stage-struck I was not; neither then nor afterwards have I felt any insistent wish to act. Playing was a means to the ultimate acquirement of play-writing, and I think it worth while now, with whatever weight anything I write may carry, to say a heartening word to the persistent young man in the neighborhood of thirty years who, despite the wishes of his prudent friends, feels a call to follow his private bent.

In 1863, at sixty years of age, Emerson wrote in his journal: "Tremendous force of the spring which we call native bias . . . whose impulsion reaches through all the days, through all the years and keeps the old man constant to the same pursuits as in youth!" Nearly twenty years before, in a similar mood, he had written in the same journal: "Men go through the world, each acting on a great fable, dramatically pictured and rehearsed before him. If you speak to the man he turns his eyes from his own scene and slower or faster endeavors to comprehend what you say. When you have done speaking he returns to his private music."

And his private music is his self-expression, the most important function in this personal hypnosis that we call life.

After a few days of uncertainty I began work for a couple of weeks as the artist on Willis Abbott's afternoon paper, the Kansas City News, and from there went as the resident artist to the Missouri Republican in St. Louis.

Mr. Sothern came along about this time with the promised interview concerning The Burglar. No fledgling author could ask for a more complimentary opinion than Mr. Sothern had of the play. But as a star he felt that it would be prejudicial to his hopes to undertake a drama from which he was absent during the entire second act. He wanted me to rewrite it so that he might appear in that section. But though the burglar was out of the second act physically he was very much in it as problem and menace. In my stubborn insistence upon the script as written at that time I left myself, as far as theatrical prospects were concerned, still stranded in St. Louis.

One other notable incident for me during that time is that I then made my first acquaintance with Col. Henry Watterson. The paper wanted a picture of him. Marse Henry didn't care to sit for a sketch, but when I saw him two days later he was very complimentary about the one I had made from memory after my talk with him. As a stunt that caused our mutual acquaintance I have more than once repeated it since that time.

I worked steadily on the Republican from the end of 1887 until August of 1888. The time was filled with interesting experiences; few of them, however, pertinent to my career as a playwright, although my duties as artist threw me now and then into touch with events that were dramatic. In the mind of a playwright it made a grisly front scene to be called out of bed at two o'clock in the morning and driven hastily to the levee, and with the light from one lamp taken from the side of the hack that had conveyed him there to sit astride the body of some murdered roustabout and get a memorandum sketch that would transfer to a chalk plate in time for the morning edition.

I suppose it was my exaggerated enjoyment of the dramatic element in any happening that lent zest to my good-by to the Republican and to the newspaper business. Charles Knapp, the proprietor of the paper, was a man liked by all the employes. Frank O'Neill, the editor, was a promoted reporter who had deserved his advancement. A new proprietor who came to us that summer with revolutionary ideas, none of which I recall as subsequently justified, was Mr. Charles H. Jones, a small, emphatic, laconic person, with extraordinary side whiskers and an entire absence of the personality that appeals to the Western product. He changed the honored name of the Missouri Republican to the St. Louis Republic and started in upon his campaign of economy and retrenchment. When he reached the art department he instructed the city editor to tell me that my thirty dollars a week had been cut to twenty-five.

The information came the afternoon of a day which brought a letter from Will Smythe stating that Ariel Barney offered me the position of business manager in the season soon to begin, with a young actress whom he hoped to establish as a star. The name of this young person was Julia Marlowe, and Barney and others who had seen her had a high opinion of her ability and a firm belief in her future. I was therefore able to say to the city editor that instead of submitting to a cut of five dollars I would demand a raise of fifteen if I stayed on the paper.

This did not indicate a wish to remain, but as the work on the paper had grown the management had engaged as assistant



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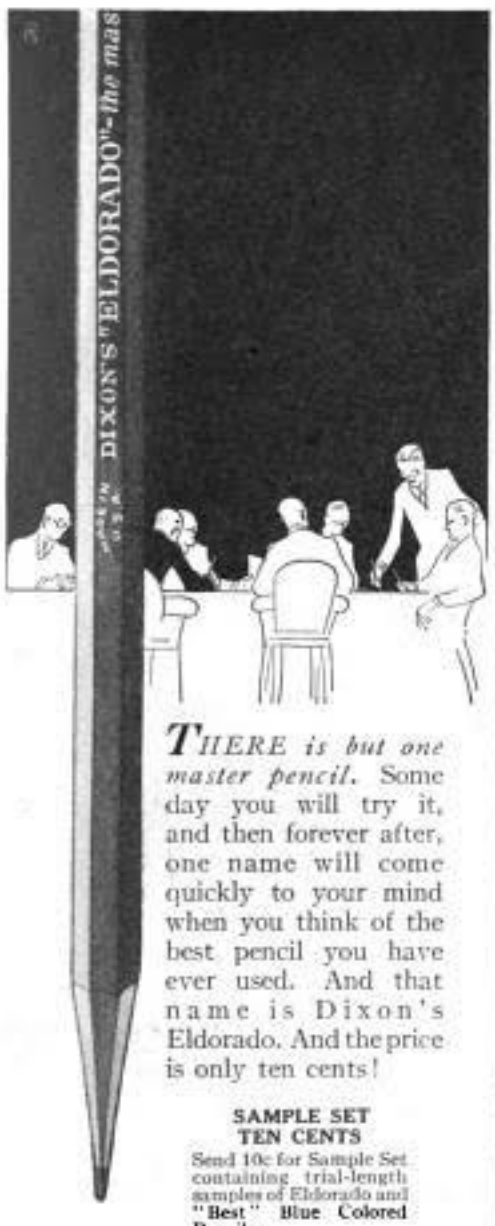
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in the art department a young draftsman from the Washington University by the name of Paul Connoyer, and I felt that a Parthian demand for an increase of salary would operate as a defense against any assault upon Paul. Connoyer took over the department when I left and they got some man to help him. He later came to New York, where as a painter of landscapes and street scenes he took high rank among artists.

At that time the St. Louis Baseball Club, owned by Chris Von der Abe, was under the personal management of George Munson. Munson was a free lance, ready to try most anything, and in his experience, which ran from newspaper work to management of a swimming school, we had met and were friends. Munson had a Pullman car with twenty-four berths in it which was leaving in two days for New York with the ball club. Three of these berths were unoccupied. He gave me my choice of them, and I left St. Louis the ostensible historian of that party. Railroad fare and Pullman to New York in those days totaled about thirty dollars. It exactly bridged the gap from journalism to management, as my duties began when rehearsals did.

In that old ball club I had several friends. One still in the public eye was Charles A. Comiskey, or as he was called then, Commy. He was playing first base and acting as captain of the team. Arlie Latham, probably the greatest fun maker in the history of professional baseball, was on third. Years after Latham had ceased to play ball he was engaged as a coach because of his ability to entertain grand stand and bleachers. This was a natural gift with Latham, and its exercise was irresistibly spontaneous. The Harrisburg station on the Pennsylvania Railroad is inclosed at its west end by an iron fence about nine feet high, separating its tracks and platforms from the streets. That same fence, or one similar, was there in the summer of 1888. Our train made the usual five minutes' stop. Men were stretching their legs under the sheds of the station. Outside this iron fence a citizen of Harrisburg, with an old-fashioned set of whiskers, was passing. Latham screamed at him, and then as nearly as he could vocally reproduce the noise he dramatized a tornado, theatrically implying in the slang of the day that the wind was blowing.

The Young Playwright

The owner of the whiskers was of Celtic origin. He turned upon Latham and looked helplessly along the fence for some gateway by which he could reach him. None was there. Latham, thus protected, grabbed the iron bars of the fence, went along a section of it like a caged chimpanzee, violently shaking the bars and repeating all the time the whizzing noise that had so angered this inoffensive citizen. Through the man's anger there shot a more intelligent gleam and he started to run for the brick station house itself. Latham made a dash for the train, which fortunately pulled out as the belligerent citizen burst past the ticket taker and into the inclosure. A witness of the whole performance might have called Latham's attack unwarranted hoodlumism, but it wasn't that; it was simple exuberance of animal spirits, and very much the kind of vitality that when the offering is more a matter of personality than of intellect finds a market in the theater. Latham himself had a successful engagement later in vaudeville, after which he came back to the ball field as a coach.

For men who are trying to write for the theater and are impatient at the unavoidable delays it is worth while to take stock of my first arrival as a man in New York. I had in my trunk two long plays and five or six short ones. I was thirty-one years of age and had had an intimate acquaintance and relationship with the theater nearly all my life. I had played many years as an amateur, three or four years as the occasional member of a repertoire company in the legitimate, and had more than a year of consecutive traveling with a company in which I had an interest. I had produced four plays that I had written, had had two years in a box office and had shared for a few full minutes the lease of a theater, while never losing sight of dramatic authorship as objective. I had refused to rewrite a play for so promising an exponent as Mr. Sothern. And yet, in order to keep in touch with the business and do something that would occasionally put me at the producing center, I found myself in a forty-dollar job to count tickets for a young actress upon her first trip as a star.

In the thirty-three years that have passed since that date my observation has built up the opinion that the American playwright does not generally make better headway. There have been one or two brilliant exceptions; but as a rule the public is not interested in a man who has written from books, and to write from life requires that some time should be spent in living it. If there is somewhat in that statement that is depressing it is more than offset by the fact that hardly anything happens to a man or woman during this probationary wait that is not directly or indirectly serviceable in the playhouse. Everything is fish that comes to that pond.

Julia Marlowe, our young star, had played as a child. As a young lady she had been carefully coached in a number of parts by Ada Dow, who shortly after the season of which I write became the wife of the present veteran actor, Frank Currier. Miss Marlowe called Miss Dow Aunt Ada. Of the several parts in which she was prepared Miss Marlowe had been seen only in Parthenia, in which she unquestionably excelled any actress that her generation remembered. Col. Robert G. Ingersoll had seen her performance in this part, and had been moved to write a letter of such high praise that Mr. Barney had sought and obtained his permission to have it reproduced on his large printing. Barney as advance agent had visited St. Louis twice while I was at Pope's. My engagement was the outcome partly of the acquaintance then made. He had with him as adviser an advance man, Fred Stinson, who had conducted more than one tour for Mme. Helena Modjeska.

Julia Marlowe's Early Successes

Stinson was very wise in the matter of arranging legitimate repertoire and in getting public attention for a female star. Barney had been a newspaper man; Stinson was himself a writer with an ambition to do plays. So the association of us three men was at the start an agreeable one. Except to get the names of the company and be told the salary that each was to receive, it wasn't necessary for either Barney or Stinson to lose any time on my theatrical education. With all the duties of this position I was familiar.

In St. Louis I had gone with Barney to the critics and more than once helped him on his publicity. Notwithstanding that fact, and knowing my job, I was complimented when Barney asked me to participate in the councils of policy with him and Stinson. There was a hitch about the matter to go upon the first three-sheet. Barney and Stinson were comparing adjectives to describe the supporting company, and for one reason or another hesitating over all the trite descriptions. "Splendid," "excellent," "distinguished," "adequate," had each some recommending and some objectionable feature.

Happening to know that in certain sections of the country there had been some regret over Mary Anderson's revisiting her old territory with a company that was exclusively English, I suggested dismissing all their adjectives by using the word "American." This so caught the fancy of both men that they used it not only to describe their company but to describe their star. There was an implication of rivalry about it; but fine as Mary Anderson had been, Barney had a star who would stand comparison, however invited. All the parts that Miss Marlowe played that year I had seen played by other actresses. In nearly all the plays I had played some part myself. I felt qualified to form an opinion not only of Miss Marlowe's work but of the business which Miss Dow had devised for the other members of the company, and to which she held them with an inflexibility relaxed only when the opinion of some equally experienced person, such as Charles Barron or Mary Shaw, convinced her of its value.

Julia Marlowe had every requisite for success in star parts on the stage that a girl could need—youth and health, with their attractiveness; facial and physical beauty; stature, poise, carriage, voice, diction, proper pronunciation, mobile expression, definite and graceful gesture and competent, well-shaped, responsive hands. Her mental equipment included gayety, hospitality for humor, self-reliance, ready emotions under fair control, a capacity for attention. Or great value was that her beauty of fa was of the kind that the stage enhance It is not unusual for a parlor beauty to l lost in a stage frame; but Marlowe's fe tures were of a scale that fitted that larg canvas. This harmonious ampleness feature, the bone structure underlying i was one foundation of her voice, then now the best woman's speaking voice the American or English stage. I ha heard Charlotte Thompson and others The Hunchback, but none who by she variety and charm of tone lifted from m diocrity and made memorable such lines "I've seen the snow upon a level with th hedge, yet there was Master Walter."

As a beginner, meeting admiring calle in her hotel parlor or behind the scenes, ar even on the railway trains with the con pany, there was about the girl a slight sel consciousness, a willingness to look to Au Ada for moral support, that was altogeth girlish; but on the stage that near-timidit was transmuted into an archness qui devoid of embarrassment. This archne hovered over every playful line and inhal tion—perhaps inhalation especially, as i halation is the tide of what the Scot calle the come-hither influence.

In those early days, watched by her stu dious support, it was a question how muc of her effect was the girl herself and ho much the imprint of her instructress. Som there were who thought that a servile in itation and obedience were the full dept of the possession. And in that first yea this belief was encouraged somewhat b Miss Dow's watchfulness in the wings an frequent critical comment right after scene. For myself, however, not unpra ticed in estimating such work, and with th better vantage of seeing all from the fron there was evident an exuberant personalit of Marlowe's own, a personality thinkin and implying and conveying a most be witching overlay around all the set an studied business of the teacher. Nobody ever saw on or off the stage could put int two words the challenge and the retrea the winsomeness, the temptation and th clean innocence that Marlowe, as she sat o the log near Orlando, put into the word "Woo me."

A Company of Notables

During that period Miss Julia was mos jealously guarded. No señorita had eve a sharper-eyed duenna, and I thought the that the balcony and the Forest of Arde were both gainers because of that back ground of repression.

What a national possession a generatio has in such a woman as Marlowe! What change could be wrought on our nation speech if one such exponent might be i every great center where the girls of Amer ica could come under her repeated spell.

Besides Stinson, as playwright, ther were in that first Marlowe company Mar Shaw, Edward McWade, Albert Brunin and Dodson Mitchell, all interested in play writing, and all still prominently before th public. Miss Shaw and Bruning were wis in the maxims of the art. McWade an Mitchell subsequently became skilled an successful. Mary Shaw was easily the in tellectual center of that theatrical family not only concerning things of the theate but literature in general. Miss Shaw ha been a school teacher before she became a actress, but had not served at it so lon that she in any way tired of giving in formation. She had also been the leadin support for Modjeska, which equipped he with many of the traditions of her chose profession, but better yet, as far as he companions in the Marlowe company were concerned, gave her a fund of anecdot that made that season a joy. Mary's par ticular hero as a *raconteuse* was Maurice Barrymore. I had not met Barrymore a that time—did not meet him until nearly a year later; but when we did meet I fel pretty intimately informed of his profes sional and private career through the stories of this generous biographer.

Albert Bruning is among the prominent players of New York at the present time Previous to that Marlowe engagement Bruning had played Shakspere in German winning considerable praise in the part of Hamlet, and in that excellent and Amer ican company he was a notable actor. In Romeo and Juliet he played the part of Tybalt. As attractive as Juliet was, and as magnetic as Taber was in Romeo, and as Barron was in the part of Mercutio, when

(Continued on Page 52)

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Try this recipe

RICE PUDDING. ½ cup rice; 1 cup Pet Milk; 1½ cups water; ½ cup sugar; ¼ cup almonds; 1 teaspoon salt; 2 eggs. Wash rice and cook in diluted milk in double-boiler until tender; add sugar, salt, yolks of eggs well beaten, and whites of eggs beaten stiff. Place almonds, blanched and split, in the bottom of a well buttered mold, pour in rice mixture; bake in a moderate oven until firm. Turn out on serving dish.





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Makes tight or new shoes feel easy.

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(Continued from Page 50)

Bruning was on the stage as Tybalt he carried such a quiet and intense air of menace that he was the center of attention. Theatergoers of the last year or two will remember the fine impression he made as Polonius to Walter Hampden's Hamlet.

The first time we put up Romeo and Juliet, I think in Washington City, the company was short one member for its long cast. An actor who was expected from New York to play Benvolio missed the train that would have let him arrive in time for the performance. It was too late to change the bill, and at Miss Dow's suggestion I agreed to go on for the part if we could find a costume. One member lent me a pair of tights, another a pair of shoes, and so on. I definitely remember that Frank Currier furnished the doublet. He was a slighter man than I, but by dint of compression I got into his garment.

Benvolio's most important office is to catch Mercutio when he falls wounded by Tybalt in their duel. The scene went remarkably well up to this point, but when sturdy Charley Barron, wounded, dropped into my arms, this tight doublet of Currier's split up the back like a roasted chestnut, and with a ripping noise that defied neglect by anybody in the audience. I doubt if the death of Mercutio ever got so good a laugh.

Charles Barron had supported the greatest actors in the American theater. He was a product of the old Boston Museum stock and had been at times a star himself. He was an acceptable Ingomar, a good Mercutio, a fine Master Walter and an excellent Malvolio. Few actors of his day, and none of the present, had better diction on the stage; but in private discourse he was singularly uneven, at times almost inaudible. It amused the other men in the company to compare notes and see which of them had understood most of some speech of Barron's as he stood with a group on the street corner or at the stage door, mumbling as he mouthed his tobacco pipe and emitting now and then some staccato explosive that served as a stepping-stone through the maze of his unintelligible recital.

Stout Billy Owen, another Modjeska favorite, was at that time a tower of strength in any legitimate company. When he played Sir Toby and Frank Currier was Sir Andrew Ague-Cheek, with Barron's Malvolio, Taber's Duke, and young Ed McWade—the best double Miss Marlowe ever had to her Viola—playing Sebastian, with Mary Shaw and Emma Hinckley in her other women rôles, the public was offered about as good a cast of actors as America gets at any time.

The Handy Moving Van

Robert Taber, our leading man, had been a Sargent pupil and had learned his business with Modjeska and Charles Coghlan. When he had been with Modjeska the leading man had been Maurice Barrymore, and consciously or unconsciously Taber's leads with Marlowe strongly followed Barrymore. It must be said that he could not have found a better model. Taber came of fine family. His sister, who survives him, is the wife of Henry Holt, the publisher. He had had a good education and fine associates. While I was with the Marlowe company he was my nearest friend among its members. Taber liked a good laugh, but his bent was essentially serious. His happiest hours were after the play, when Miss Shaw would let him and me have supper in her room, while Rob persuaded himself and me—perhaps rightly—that he was really discussing philosophy. I would not doubt it now but for memory of Mary's laughter.

When Rob and I were alone he talked much of the star for whom in that first season he protested positive dislike and fortified his feeling by many minute fault-findings. I was some fourteen years older than the girl and a good half dozen older than Rob. The phrase "protective coloring" was then not yet invented, but I was not astonished some two years later to read of the Taber-Marlowe marriage.

We were to leave Trenton one morning for some place farther south where we had a guaranty—and needed it. The only train that would make our connection left at ten o'clock in the morning. Miss Marlowe, Miss Dow, their maid, Frank Currier and myself, who were to go to the station in the carriage, met in the hotel lobby at the proper time. After a wait of a minute or two, when the carriage didn't appear, we telephoned the liveryman, who said that the order had been for the same hour in the evening, which was absurd. His rig wasn't ready and there wasn't time to get it.

Currier and I gathered up the baggage and our mixed quintet went to the street. No passenger conveyance was in sight anywhere. To miss the guaranty in that next town meant disaster. I stopped a man who was driving a covered milk wagon. After loss of much precious time he declined to consider the proposition that I made. We moved on to the corner, hoping to find one more willing. On the side street at the intersection stood two large furniture vans with pictures of George Washington on their sides and large letters announcing their ability for long or short hauls with furniture. No drivers were in sight, but a shout into the saloon on the corner produced one. I asked him what he would charge to take the five of us to the station, about a mile away. He said two dollars. I promised him five if he got there in four minutes.

He got onto his box. Currier and I threw the luggage in over the lowered tail gate, helped the two ladies and the maid in after and climbed in ourselves. It was almost a straight run to the station. Certain obstacles in the street necessitated our crossing the car tracks once or twice, in which maneuvers the greatest living Juliet ricocheted between the thin mattresses that lined the two sides of the van.

Where Stout Could be Bought

As we neared the station we saw one of our company pleading with a nervous conductor who was running his left thumb over the heavy crystal of his watch after the manner of railroad men. Currier and I whistled shrilly, the actor saw us and explained to the conductor. A minute later we swung tail end to the railroad track like an emergency ambulance and the day was saved as Currier cried, "Out, you baggage!" The train was rocking under way as we went down the aisle to our seats, the sympathetic company full of questions to the agitated ladies.

Currier, the first man coming after, explained, still in mock heroics, "We had to drag her on a hurdle thither."

How often the human mind accepts intellectually a fact long before ever dramatically or emotionally acquiring it. Thereafter for the much-amused Marlowe the angry Capulet had a magnified reality when he scolded the cringing Juliet:

Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carrion! Out, you baggage!

In the theater, as far back as I remember, when salaries were paid the old actors called it the ghost walking. Our first old man was a youngish actor named Jimmy Cooper. At that time it was customary to pay salaries Tuesday night. One Tuesday, however, the money had to be conserved to move the company. As I neared the door of Cooper's dressing room on my way backstage he watched with hopeful eyes my coming. When on the return trip I again passed him without leaving the pay envelope I heard him quote in melancholy tone Horatio's line:

But, even then, the morning cock crew loud;
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight.

The average man must always envy the well-stocked memory of the cultivated player. What a delightful element in the bright talk of John Drew, for example, are the pat quotations that sparkle through it from its remembered backing.

Arial Barney, proclaimed on the bills as presenting Julia Marlowe, had business ability. Marlowe had genius. There came a time in the association of these two factors when success impaired Barney's sense of proportion. The persons who felt the consequence of this misconception most were Stinson and myself, who had been on intimate and friendly relations with him. I think, however, that I would have gone through the other two months needed to finish the season if it hadn't been for a trick hat.

The American theater was less a business and more of an institution thirty-three years ago, and Marlowe's audiences in t cities were the nearest in formality to tho of the grand opera. Therefore in the citi her business staff dressed. I had a fur c lar and this accordion hat as I stood at t door. One form of Barney's solicitude f the star was to carry to her dressing-roo door a bottle of Guinness stout. This mi istration didn't occur often, and when did Miss Marlowe didn't like the tonic. (the first night of our second engagement Philadelphia the lobby was filled with M lowe's local admirers.

In one group were Colonel McClure, t publisher, and two of his friends. Barne who was tossing a silver quarter in h hand, at a break in their conference call to me at the door, "Thomas, Thomas Ordinarily we spoke to each other by o first names. In the surroundings referr to and under my silk hat the perempto "Thomas!" had an office-boy sound. joined him. With some display and witho leaving his friends, Barney extended t quarter and said, "I want to get a bot of stout for Miss Marlowe."

I heard myself answering, "I'm a strang in Philadelphia, Mr. Barney, but if I we you I'd try a saloon."

Colonel McClure and his friends laughe

The day I got back to St. Louis out o job again I called on John Norton at t Grand. He was talking to John Ritch who had formerly managed Mrs. D. Bowers and was then handling the thoug reader, Washington Irving Bishop.

Norton said to Ritchie, "Why, her your man!"

It was Tuesday. Bishop, who was ha ing a week's engagement in St. Louis Exposition Hall, had to open the followi Monday in Minneapolis, and his advan agent had left him without notice. I we that evening to see Bishop's work. It w astonishing, and as I came to be more a more familiar with it afterward it made up me a profound impression. It deserves be described at length; but as I am tryi to write here only that which affected n ultimate vocation, I shall tell but two stori significant of his peculiar power. In oth articles not included in these remembranc I hope to write special and extend accounts of psychic phenomena. B I explain my wish for brevity if not n achievement of it here.

A Clever Thought Reader

The Bishop experiment that impress me most that first night was his findi while blindfolded an article carried fro the stage and hidden somewhere in th vast audience. To do this the volunte who had hidden the article down a si aisle was making his second trip from t stage behind Bishop, who was eagerly dra ging him. The volunteer, determined give no help to the blindfolded telepathi was not only hanging back but was looki at the ceiling of framed glass in a refusal indicate in any manner the location sough

Near the hiding place Bishop halted, a after a fretful waver turned to the audien and cried: "This man is not complyi with conditions. He is not thinking of t place where this article is hidden. All th I get from his mind is a picture of sk lights." In a spirit of fairness the audien burst into a round of applause, regardi that reading by Bishop as more reveali than the finding of the article, which imm diately followed.

On Wednesday Bishop was ill. Ritch and I sat by his bed for our intervie I engaged to leave town that day as h advance man. I took with me nothing b some newspaper clippings. There wasn't sheet of paper or a single lithograph or an thing of the usual equipment of the ma ahead. Ordinarily for a visiting attracti in a city like Minneapolis the advertisi paper is on the walls on Thursday morni The advertisements are in the newspape and such space as the dramatic men a willing to accord the agent has already bee partly used. None of these favorable co ditions was mine.

I have had occasion to say before that wish I might write some of these stori without letting everybody know what devil of a fellow I am. But the experienc I am about to tell would lose whatev value it has if I depressed it below the leve of simple statement. I told it once in Ne York in the middle '90's, when as a more o less arriving playwright I was the guest o an organization of theatrical business men predominantly advance agents, numberin

(Continued on Page 54)

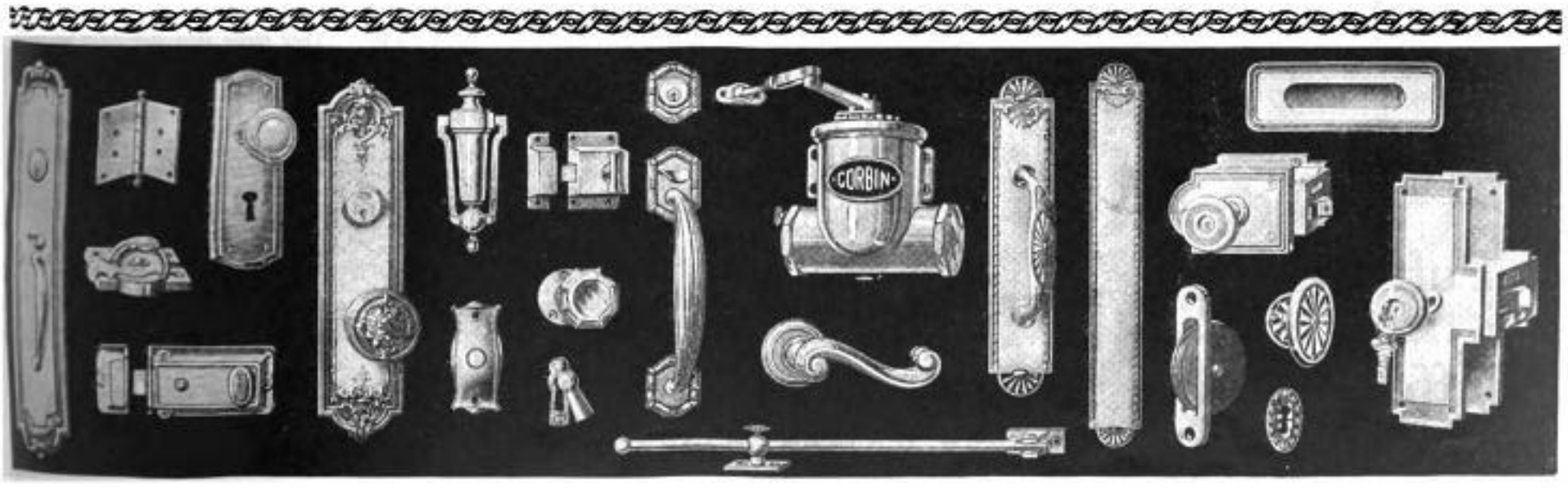
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Perhaps every child would pick out a Puffed Grain if offered the choice of all cereal foods known.

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To mothers who know—millions of them—Puffed Grains are the ideal form of grain food.

They are whole grains, supplying whole-grain nutrition.

Every food cell is exploded, so digestion is made easy and complete. There are 16 needed elements in wheat. Puffed Wheat makes them all available.

Made from Prof. Anderson's process—the only process by which all cells are broken. Over 100 million steam explosions are caused in every kernel.

Let children eat all they will.

Puffed Rice
Steam-exploded grains.

Puffed Wheat
Puffed to 8 times normal size.



Puffed Wheat in Milk
Toasted whole-wheat bubbles—the supreme supper dish.

(Continued from Page 52)

about two hundred. Their taking it as qualifying for honorary membership is the most expert rating I can quote to justify my belief that it is worth telling.

At St. Paul, a half hour before my arrival at Minneapolis, about eleven o'clock on Thursday morning, I got a Minneapolis paper in order to see what opposition Bishop would have in that city. The front page was covered with sensational accounts of preparations for a double hanging to occur the next day, and extended reprints of stories of the crime, the trial, and futile efforts for rehearing and for executive clemency. Two boys named Barrett, employed by a street railway, had been convicted of the murder of a passenger at a terminus of the line. One claimed to be innocent; the testimony of his brother supported him. It was plain that in regular course Friday's paper would be filled with this same kind of news, and that it would be Saturday or Sunday before the papers would print anything about Bishop with a chance of attention. The biggest possible distraction was the sensational hanging. To be noticed at all we would have to get on the band wagon; have to go with the hanging and not against it.

Arriving in Minneapolis, I had a cab driver take me to the principal evening paper. I asked the city editor if there was anything new in the matter of the Barrett boys.

He said, "Nothing."

Would he print any news concerning them? If it was news, yes. I said I had a letter to the governor of the state from Washington Irving Bishop, the thought reader, asking him to postpone the execution of the boy claiming to be innocent until Bishop could reach Minneapolis on Sunday, when he would agree to read the mind of the young man, reënact the crime and define the boy's association with it. The editor asked for the letter. Searching through my pockets, I was unable to find it. Search through my bag also failing to produce it, I told him that it must be in my trunk, but that having originally written it I could accurately reword it.

Getting Publicity

When the afternoon paper appeared its first page carried a ten-line scare head beginning, "Hope for the Barrett Boys! Thought Reader Washington Irving Bishop Asks a Stay of Execution." And then followed more descriptive lines, scaling down to the written introduction and a copy of the letter I had composed; also the important fact that Bishop was to arrive Sunday and that his arrival was preparatory to his week's engagement at the theater. That afternoon all Minneapolis had the information. I went to the jail, explained my call to the captain of the police, was permitted to see the two boys, and convinced them they had little to lose in permitting this experiment by Bishop.

I wish to say here that my confidence was based upon the fact that Bishop in Portland had made a similar visit to a criminal's cell and dramatized his crime. Both boys were glad to sign what I set down for them, which for purposes of brevity and dramatic value read simply: "We are willing to wait."

When I reached the office after leaving their cell in the jail I was confronted by a dignified, martial-looking man who as soon as the captain indicated me opened fire. He knew the object of my call; thought I should be ashamed of myself for trying to play upon the hopes of these two boys in order to get publicity for a showman. I was able quite truthfully to deny this as my sole purpose, because I had then and still have a belief that Bishop would have made good on a test. But the attorney interrupted with a loud "Rot! Remember that you are not talking now to two poor, ignorant boys, but to an attorney at law."

I said: "General, my knowledge of you as an attorney is confined to the records of this case. As both your clients are condemned to death, you must excuse me for not being impressed."

The two or three reporters followed me to the door in order to get the line right for the morning papers.

From the jail I went to the Capitol in St. Paul and handed a copy of the letter to the governor, told him of the Portland experiment and dilated upon Bishop's ability. He was considerate and noncommittal.

The regular edition of the morning papers carried full reports of all I have told and when the Barrett boys were hanged some two hours after these early editions extras issued beginning with the statement that the drop had fallen at eight minutes after six. In these extra editions the proposal and appeal of Bishop, the scenes at the jail and the governor's declination were included. The matter had been telegraphed to St. Louis also, because I received a wire from Ritchie:

"Good work. Your salary is one hundred dollars."

This was a lift of twenty-five.

Bishop arrived on time and we had a sensational opening.

The other example that I wish to report of Bishop's work is worth while, as an attempt to repeat it that spring in New York resulted in his death. We played one night in Jefferson City, Missouri. Hon. David R. Francis, recently United States ambassador to Russia, was then governor. Mike Fanning, already referred to, was his secretary. The governor, who was unable to come to the theater, sent an invitation to Bishop, Ritchie and me to take supper at the mansion. Besides the five men named there was present only the governor's sister, Miss Francis. After supper, when the governor wished to see a demonstration, Bishop asked him to go alone to his library and select a word from any book. When the governor returned we all followed him again into the library. Bishop went in an ordinary walk to the proper bookcase, took down without hesitation the proper book—there were perhaps two thousand in the room—opened this heavy law volume, turned without hesitation to the proper page, went down the page, put his finger upon a certain word.

Governor Francis said, "That's it! That's it!"

The whole proceeding occupied but little more time than I have taken in its dictation.

A few days thereafter Ritchie, Bishop and I went to New York. Bishop and J. Levy, the great cornetist, had met and agreed upon a joint tour for the following season. Ritchie and I were to be equally interested. It looked like a good business proposition. The Sunday night after our arrival in New York Bishop was a guest at a Lambs Club Gambol. He repeated this exhibition that I have described. Doctor J. A. Irwin, a member, came in after midnight, was skeptical about what he had heard, urged Bishop to repeat that test or perform one similar, and although Bishop had been cautioned against overwork of this kind by his physicians, he repeated it successfully and fell into a cataleptic fit.

A Producing Venture

On Broadway the next day a man said, "Your star is sick at the Lambs."

I found Bishop in a little hall bedroom on an iron cot, where he had been for twelve hours, a tiny electric battery buzzing away with one wet electrode over his heart and the other in his right hand. He was unconscious. Two doctors sat smoking in the adjoining room, tired with their watch of the night. I looked at the handsome face of Bishop and sat beside him for some minutes. Although he was to every appearance dead, a deeper solemnity suddenly came over his face. I stepped to the doorway.

"I think there's a change in your patient, doctors."

They came into the room and said at once, "He's dead."

In half an hour I was on the way to Philadelphia to break the news to his wife. Five hours later I was back in New York with Mrs. Bishop.

With Bishop dead, I was again out of work, this time in New York. Will Smythe was also there, and our meeting, together with the fact that Maurice Barrymore, who had just closed a highly successful engagement in Captain Swift at the Madison Square Theater, was willing to undertake a summer performance of The Burglar, embarked us all upon the production of my first four-act play in the East.

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of articles by Mr. Thomas. The eighth will appear in an early issue.

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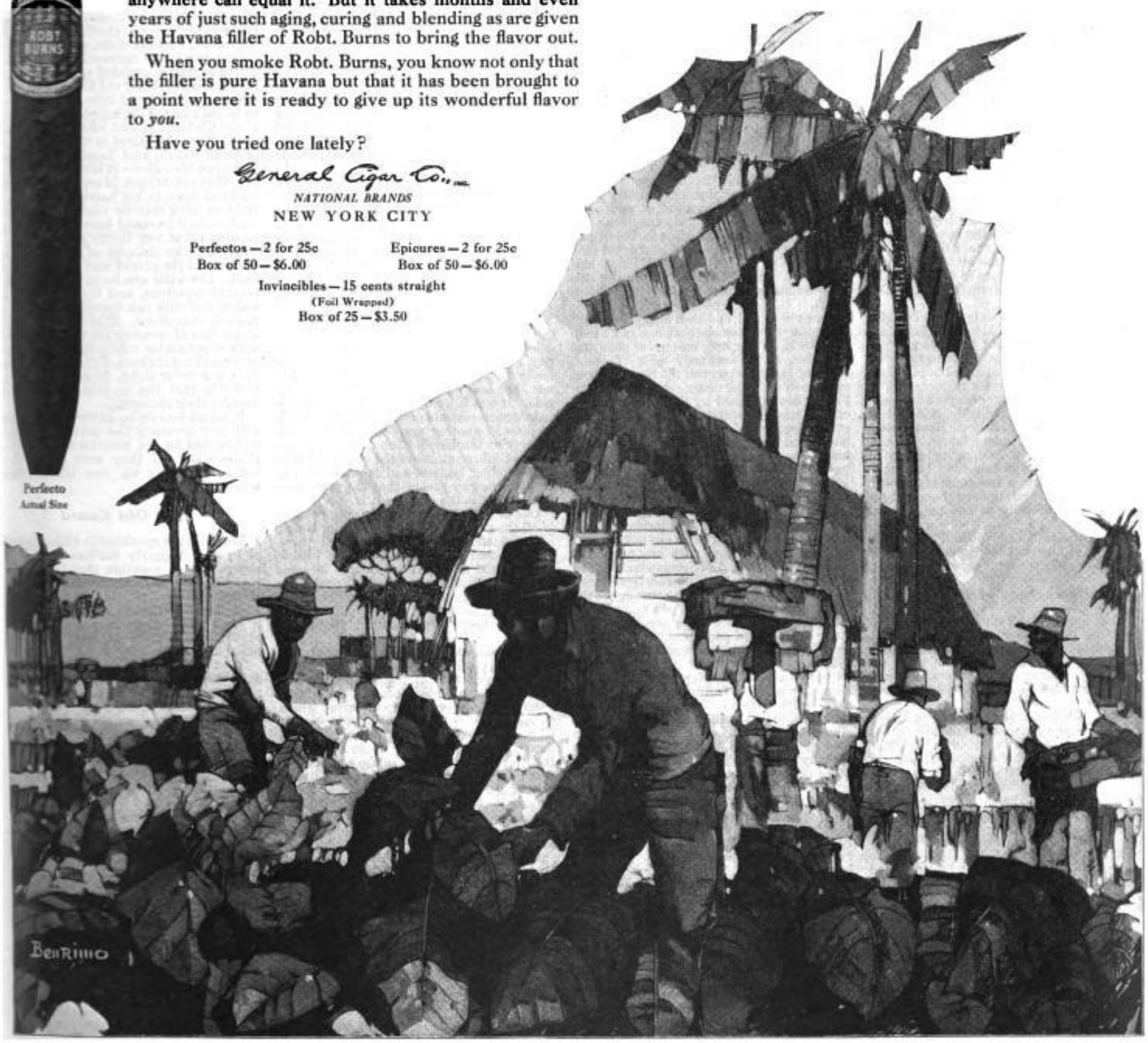
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THE TIME-KILLERS

(Continued from Page 7)

prominent society camp followers staggering in and out of as many as five and six daily costumes. How they ever do it will ever remain a mystery to us simple writers and oatmeal manufacturers and mattress makers from the buckwheat belt. Every morning directly after breakfast the hotel lobbies fill up with women who want to talk about dress. The Palm Beach dailies and weeklies cater to their pitiable weakness by specializing on thrilling information of this nature. So far as the female contingent at Palm Beach is concerned, an economic conference in Europe or a presidential utterance on the bonus hasn't a chance in the world with such big news as what Mrs. Harold Bayne Whiffle wore at the Beach Club last night.

Outside, the warm sun may be beating down upon golden sands and an azure sea, the wind rustling softly through the palms, and the bland air thrilling to the melodious murmur of the wheel-chair boys as they point out a million-dollar cottage, with caustic comments on the height of the wall. Yet the dress ferrets sit on with bated breaths in the cool gloom of the hotel lobbies while the papers inform their enthralled readers that:

"Very smart was the slate-colored strictly tailored suit worn by Mrs. Aurelius Vandersouse, Jr., at a recent Poinciana luncheon. Her hat was of a tone of straw perfectly harmonizing with the suit and bore only a flat bow of tomato wire for trimming. The Hon. Mrs. D. Dryver Flubyer's suit was fashioned of an imported bed-ticking fabric guiltless of any embellishment. Her chapeau was fashioned of the same fabric. Mrs. J. Eaton Swank wore a clinging gown of fromage-de-brie crêpe in a light heliotrope shade, fashioned in a one-piece style, with flowing sleeves and uneven hem, whose folds clung gracefully to the tall, slender wearer."

That's the stuff to give the Palm Beach Battalion of Dress. Like Bosco, they eat it alive. They are veritable cormorants for it.

The Democracy of the Beach

At half past eleven every morning, stimulated by the early-morning talk of dress, all the feminine population of Palm Beach, accompanied by all obtainable male escorts, set out from their hotels and homes in wheel chairs for their daily pilgrimage to the beach.

The beach is not prized by Palm Beach visitors because of its bathing facilities, but because of the perfect spirit of camaraderie and democracy which reigns there. A Philadelphia Biddle is just as apt as not to come along and accidentally rub damp sand on a South Bend Smith. Anything may happen. A Vanderbilt may ask you what time it is. There is no distinction on the beach itself between the people who emigrated from Montana to Fifth Avenue back in '01 and the people who emigrated from Odessa to Houston Street back in '91. Both of them have the same funny knobs on their knees.

The beach is the only place in Palm Beach where everybody has an equal chance; and there everybody uses the same ocean and sits around in the same sand in almost hopeless confusion. Things are so congested that if one leans back carelessly and braces himself by sticking his hand down in the sand, the chances are excellent that a couple of ladies from Kansas City or Boston will come staggering along with their eyes fixed raptly on Mrs. B. Gridley Bunn or Mrs. Quincy S. Throwtte and shear off two or three of one's fingers with their French heels.

The only portion of the beach which anybody considers worth using is the portion directly in front of the Casino, which is a large, gorgeous, white plaster bathhouse with an outdoor swimming pool and polite attendants who are always appearing at inopportune moments and helping patrons to do things which they could do much better alone—such, for example, as removing a towel from a hook or lifting a brush and comb from a shelf. This is not undue officiousness on the part of the attendants. They got that way from associating with guests who were used to being valeted.

Many people garbed in elaborate dresses stand on the terrace in front of the Casino and stare down at the people on the beach, while the people on the beach stare up at them. On chairs on the beach there are many other elaborately gowned women who examine everyone closely and are closely examined by everyone in a manner that verges on the impolite. Most of them act like rude children, but none of them point.

Down in front of the entire mob stand large numbers of professional photographers who keep a careful lookout for exciting costumes and prominent faces, and constantly snap little groups of laughing people who subsequently appear in leading Sunday papers or monthly magazines over legends like: "Far From Northern Snows; a Happy Society Group on the Palm Beach Sands; from left to right—J. Edge Smush, Mrs. B. Goodwin Eezy, the Hon. Mrs. Claribel Custard, I. Winken Ogle, Miss Patricia Swaddle. Behind the feet at the right—Perry Peevish, Jr."

Every little while the photographers find someone who is prominent and pretty without being too much overweight and overdressed; and when they do they coax her out on an unoccupied section of beach and arrange her in a position of unstudied ease and graceful carelessness, and shoot half a dozen pictures of her admiring the distant horizon with a gay, unaffected, girlish laugh.

Everything on the beach is so simple and natural and wholesome that one can't help but like it. Then, too, one never gets that offensive, salty, seaweedy odor of ocean that one is so apt to get on the New England coast, owing to the ocean odors being completely overwhelmed by the rare and powerful French perfumes that are worn by many elements of Palm Beach society. If one closed his eyes he might think that he was at a perfumery show and that somebody had kicked over all the bottles.

Palm Beach is not exactly what one would call a Prude's Paradise, but a prude can feel more at ease on the beach at Palm Beach than at any other resort in Florida. This is due to the fact that women are not allowed to appear on the beach with any portion of the leg uncovered. A policeman is stationed on the beach to see that this rule is enforced, and there is a great rejoicing among all the local prudes, who—like all prudes throughout the world—sometimes see evil where there is none, and pass blindly by the evils that everyone except themselves can see.

This rule has brought about one great benefit in that it has prevented large numbers of ill-advised and otherwise charming stylish stouts from rolling down their bathing stockings and exposing too much knee. Any rule that does this is a good rule—and it is generally agreed that there are more stylish stouts at Palm Beach than at any other resort on earth.

Life on a Hundred a Day

When the bathing hour has passed into history the merry bathers and clothes wearers sally forth in search of lunch. The ordinary run of Palm Beach visitors eat their lunch at their hotels. This act almost automatically stamps them as buckwheats, or three-day suckers, or people who aren't smart. A buckwheat is a coarse, rude, barbaric person who is addicted to the secret and loathsome vices of eating buckwheat cakes for breakfast and not spending money recklessly.

A three-day sucker is a person who stays only a few days at Palm Beach. As a time killer he is not regarded with any respect. He travels so far to kill time that he hasn't any time left to kill when he gets there. This is not regarded as smart. Anyone who stays less than two weeks is not viewed with favor by people who stay a month or more, and who know how important smartness is. If one wishes to have the respect of the cigar-counter clerks and the mail clerks and the head waiters and other Palm Beach people who—as the ultra-refined advertisements say—matter, one must above all things be smart. You might as well be dead at Palm Beach as not be smart.

Certain things are smart and certain things are not smart. It is smart, for example, for a man to go without a hat. It is smart to ride a bicycle. Any article of feminine wearing apparel that is essentially useless is smart. It is smart to speak of a thing as smart. It is not at all smart to tell a Palm Beacher that you would gladly disembowel him when you hear him use the word "smart" for the fiftieth time.

None of the big Palm Beach hotels rents rooms without meals. One must pay for his meals as well. Two people at most of the big hotels pay a minimum rate of about thirty-five dollars a day for the two—which is about the amount from which the same people would have to separate themselves at any of the big New York or Chicago or Boston or Washington hotels by the time they had finished paying for their food. But if one wishes to be smart at Palm Beach one mustn't lunch or dine at the hotel where one's meals are included on his bill. It is very buckwheat to do such a thing; very uncouth, very hick and very roughneck; not, in a word, smart. That is why the desirable Palm Beach habitués, at the height of the season, find it difficult to spend less than a hundred dollars apiece per day. One can't indulge in games of chance or keep many wheel chairs on that amount; but if one is reasonably careful and content to be only moderately smart one can get along fairly well for a hundred dollars a day.

On Being Smart

The truly smart person strives always to pay for two meals where one would normally be paid for. He strives to pay for one that he eats and for one that nobody eats. If one is living at a big hotel, one—to be smart—should make an effort to lunch or dine at another one or at the Country Club or at the Beach Club or at the Everglades Club, or at one of the cottages. It is a fascinating system, and is based on the familiar society theory that the more useless a thing is the smarter it is.

One of the smartest—in a society sense—of all the persons that come to Palm Beach is a man who never eats at the hotel where he lives, and who keeps a flock of twelve wheel-chairs always in attendance on him. Day and night his twelve wheel chairs are waiting for him and his friends. They are used about an hour a day—but it is very smart to keep them waiting; frightfully smart.

The head waiters in the restaurants become very proficient at distinguishing those who are smart from those who are not smart. In the dining room of the largest hotel there is a cross strip of carpet which is known as the dead line. The people who sit between the entrance and the dead line have been carefully looked over by the head waiter and put in the smart class. But the people who are put on the kitchen side of the dead line are dubs and buckwheats in the judgment of the head waiter. Once people are put below the dead line they rarely have a chance to come up for air, but are doomed to stay down among the other buckwheats for the remainder of their visit.

The smartest thing at Palm Beach is the Everglades Club. The Everglades Club is so smart that it almost gives itself a pain. It has only a few over four hundred members, but these four hundred include names that make a society editor's scalp tingle, and control so much money and jewels that the mere mention of them is enough to make any normal burglar tremble all over. The Everglades Club building was started in the summer of 1918 by Paris Singer, who is a wealthy society man, as a hospital for convalescent officers. The war was over, however, before the building was ever used as a hospital; and it immediately occurred to the smartest of the Palm Beach colony that the building was exactly the thing to use for a smart club where really smart people could go away by themselves and be too exclusive for words.

The proposition was put up to Paris Singer, who saw the force of it; and that's how the Everglades Club started. The initiation fee and yearly dues might be expected to be about as large as the national debt, but in reality they amount to something like one hundred dollars initiation fee and fifty dollars yearly dues. The club has built a very smart and attractive apartment house within a stone's throw of the parent building, and in it club members c rent small but smart apartments for a me twenty-five hundred dollars a season—a there are several Maine summer resor where one pays as much and gets no mo for his money.

The club has its own golf links and tenn courts; and it has a restaurant whose ch could easily enter a cheffing contest wi the leading Parisian chefs, with an excelle chance to win the diamond-studded skill or the seventeen-jeweled egg-beater. It my fixed belief that if old M'sieu Marguer who invented Filet of Sole Marguery, we to be led into the dining room of the Eve glades Club and placed where he could loo out through the palms to the placid wate of Lake Worth, and handed a platter Pompano Meunière—it is my fixed belief, say, that old M'sieu Marguery would p his head down in his hands and cry like child to think that he could have doubl his fortune if he could have started servi pompano that way thirty years ago.

The interior fixtures of the Everglad Club are of the proper sort to go with suc food. The walls are hung with sixteenth century tapestries, and the dining room wainscoted with oak from the interior of Spanish monastery. There was some tal at one time of covering the wall of one roo with silver plates made by flattening th silver cocktail shakers of the club member This was never done, however; and it probable that the members found oth uses for their shakers.

It would be idle to attempt to estimat with any accuracy the amount of mone represented by the members of the Eve glades Club. If they were pushed the could easily dig up one billion dolla among them.

The Old Guard

While we are speaking in billions instea of in mere beggarly millions it might b appropriate to mention that the most a tute Palm Beach estimators figure that th thirteen hundred guests who fill the Roy Poinciana Hotel at the height of the seaso if placed in one room and carefully a sayed, would yield at least two billio dollars.

The Country Club is another smart plac at which to lunch or dine. There is n restaurant in Europe, to my knowledg that is able to produce a better dinner tha the Palm Beach Country Club, especiall if one leaves it, as the saying goes, t François. François is the head waite and he works in conjunction with a ch named Marius, who inherited most of hi recipes from a gifted relative in the sout of France, and who spends a large part o his time when not cooking in fearing tha somebody will solve the recipes. The chie object of the Country Club is to provide golfing retreat from the buckwheats an the three-day suckers, who usually brea for the golf links immediately on arrival Consequently the links which are open t the buckwheats are apt to become so con gested that if one doesn't stick rigidly i his place in the golf procession he is mor than apt to get a couple of golf balls in th side of the head and then have to stan aside for two hours while a long parade o golfers and near-golfers hacks its way pas him. So the smart golfers go to the Coun try Club. It is there that one finds th Old Guard of Palm Beach.

The Old Guard is a hidebound organiza tion of ardent golfers who know all th intimate personal scandal about practically every dollar that has changed hands i North America since the Dutch purchase Manhattan Island from the Indians fo twenty-four dollars, and threw in enough rum to provide magnificent hang-overs fo the families of the original owners.

One must have been a resident of Palm Beach for five years before he is allowed t join the Old Guard, the theory being tha unless a golfer has lived there for five years he is not thoroughly conversant with the essential features of Palm Beach gossip and will be apt to interrupt a calm and quiet game of golf to ask who the G. Daley Squabbles are going to marry when they have divorced each other, or some other equally irrelevant and unnecessary question.

The business of being smart and appearing at the proper places at the proper hour is merely the accepted method of killing

(Continued on Page 60)



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30-Year Teeth in a 70-Year Body



Why shouldn't our teeth last as long as our bodies?

WHY should our teeth begin to go just as our bodies are in their prime? Is it natural or unnatural to lose the teeth?

Early, uncivilized men and women had teeth that stayed firm and sound for a lifetime. Skulls of primitive men and heads of mummies show strong teeth little affected by time.



The hard, uncooked foods and the rugged lives of our ancestors kept the teeth clean and the saliva always alkaline. The modern tendency of teeth is to ache, decay, and require attention long before the rest of the body has gone into decline.

Soft, cooked foods weaken the teeth by denying them exercise. In addition, tiny particles of this food left in the mouth break up and form an acid condition that attacks the structure of the teeth and causes decay.

Most people have "Acid-Mouth"

It is said that as many as nineteen out of every twenty people have "Acid-Mouth." And if it is true that "Acid-Mouth" is the chief cause of early tooth-decay, we can readily understand why so many persons lose their teeth.



Quite probably you have "Acid-Mouth," for if only one person in every twenty is free from this condition, your chances of having "Acid-Mouth" are nineteen to one.

To counteract the destructive work of "Acid-Mouth" is one of the purposes for which Pebeco Tooth Paste is made—and the reason why thousands of men and women use Pebeco night and morning.

How Pebeco checks "Acid-Mouth"

Pebeco counteracts "Acid-Mouth" by stimulating the flow of natural alkaline saliva, which is Nature's own mouth-wash, and the most effective means of neutralizing mouth acids.

But not for that reason alone is Pebeco a good tooth paste.

Like thousands of other users, you will like Pebeco for several reasons: First, because it keeps the teeth clean and healthy. Second, because it counteracts the destructive work of "Acid-Mouth." Third, because it eliminates any bad taste that may exist in the mouth. Fourth, because it gives to the mouth a sense of refreshing cleanliness.

And from the first to the last squeeze, Pebeco rolls out of the tube fresh and creamy—none is wasted.

How to tell if you have "Acid-Mouth"

First, send for Litmus Test Papers and big trial tube of Pebeco

We will send you these necessary materials to demonstrate to you how Pebeco acts.



Moisten a blue Litmus Test Paper on your tongue. If it turns pink, that indicates an acid condition in your mouth. Brush your teeth with Pebeco and make another test. The paper will not change color, thus demonstrating how Pebeco helps to counteract "Acid-Mouth."

Fill in the coupon now, enclose ten cents and mail to us at once. The Litmus Test Papers and big trial tube of Pebeco will be sent you immediately.



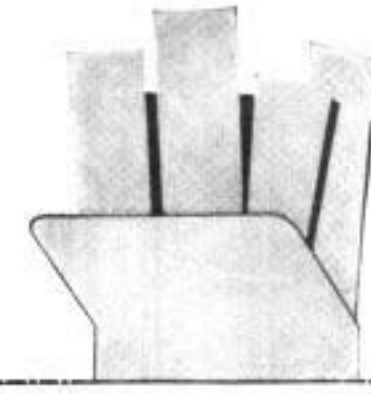
Only one person in twenty is free from "Acid-Mouth"



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Ask your Druggist for the Pebeco Tooth Brush—
It cleans every part of every tooth

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Enclosed find 10 cents, for which please send me your Litmus Test Papers and large trial tube of Pebeco.

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Nothing So Bea

As a wealth of well-groome

Nothing so beautiful and nothing more easily attained —if you know how. Satiny, silky, glossy hair is the reward of intelligent care. Follow the suggestions we give you here and prove it. Begin by learning how to shampoo, for this is all-important. The first step is a bottle of Palmolive Shampoo, the blend of palm and olive oils. Use as directed and watch results.

First is the wonderful softness you have never before experienced after w harsh dryness and fl derfully silky in te: Most important, you every trace of scurf doesn't get these res palm and olive oils, covered 3,000 years



For Sale Everywhere Price 50c

Olive Oil for *Gloss*—Palm O

Olive oil possesses softening qualities which neutralize the drying effects of washing. Palm oil contributes body, richness and lasting qualities. In combination they produce a thick, mild, profuse, penetrating lather which softens the scalp and reaches every root and hair cell.

This lather loosens the dandruff scales, dislodges and dissolves them, leaving the scalp and hair free to function healthfully.

The Greatest Benefit

This thorough removal of dandruff, which doctors call seborrhea, is most necessary, as even the accumulation on healthy scalps injures hair.

The dry, oily scales clog the roots of the hair, preventing proper nutrition. Soon the hair begins to fall out. The blend of palm and olive oils you get in Palmolive softens and penetrates the scales, loosening the cap-like accumulation.

Gentle m the scalp, le clean. Hair s dry, harsh a soothing oil

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The Blend of Palm and Olive C

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THAT'S SALESMANSHIP!

SNUG-SEAT tables fitted with plate glass showcase tops put attractive merchandise right under the waiting customers' eyes. Many extra sales are made through well arranged displays.

Stouder Drug Co., Newton, Iowa, writes, *"Since having* SNUG-SEAT *sets in use for several months, we are convinced that they have an advertising value, as the public continually admire them and remark about their appearance."*

A SNUG-SEAT set occupied by four people covers only a 5-foot circle of floor space. This gives at least 50% more seating capacity in your grille.

SNUG-SEATS are made with black or white Carrara glass tops, polished hardwood tops, and display tops.

Sold through distributors

CATALOG ON REQUEST



Mahogany, oak or enamel finish

The SNUG-SEAT *Co. of America*

735 Herron Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.



Insert can



Raise spout—close cover



Then serve

Davis Can-Server

EVAPORATED AND CONDENSED MILK

Served Pure to the Last Drop!

Housewives—serve evaporated and condensed milk the cleaner, better way—in the *Davis Can-Server*. Milk pours as from regular pitcher—no waste. No sticky, unsanitary can to attract flies and insects. Can is automatically perforated and completely hidden in the handsome nickeled *server*. The *Davis Can-Server* protects health, is easy to clean, and takes large-sized can—25% more economical than small cans.

Get one of these dainty nickeled servers today. Price, $1.50, *express prepaid*. Attractive offer to agents. Write.

Davis Can-Server Corporation
Ashtabula, Ohio

HOOVER'S *Plantlife*

MAKES LUXURIANT FLOWERS

Rich Flowers Easily Yours



A little HOOVER'S PLANTLIFE in flower pot or garden plot and watch them grow! Amazing; interesting! Great, rich, luxurious growth comes quickly. Seems like magic. Enjoy the full beauty of healthy plants and shrubs; marvel of the neighborhood. Satisfaction GUARANTEED or your money back. Simple directions with each 50 cent package, at your Florist, Druggist, Grocer or Seedman. OR send 50 cents direct. Ask your dealer or write TODAY.

R. H. HOOVER LABORATORIES, Inc.
Dept. 2 Freeport, Illinois

(Dealers: Write for name of nearest jobber or order direct)

BE A BOSS

Build your OWN business, wholesaling Chocolate-Bars, Chewing Gums, Candy-Mints, etc. Attractive packages. Exclusive proposition.

HELMET PRODUCTS FACTORY, Cincinnati, Ohio

(Continued from Page 56)

time with many Palm Beachers; but with many others it is as serious as the death of a near relative. Palm Beach is well sprinkled with people who are determined to break into New York society, and who have selected Palm Beach as the place to drive the entering wedge because results can be obtained there with greater speed, with less expense and with more noise than in any other section of the country. A young man with a small income broke into society with a crash and married not so very long ago a beautiful widow with a strangle hold on society and a fortune that keeps a couple of income-tax experts working a month each year.

He explained his system to a friend of mine with the peculiar half-childish and half-idiotic frankness that may frequently be encountered in the upper crust of society. If he had attempted to break in by way of New York, he said, he would have spent all his money on dinners and luncheons, and about as much notice would have been taken of his struggles as would be taken of a stray dish of prunes at a banquet. But by coming to Palm Beach and getting on the right side of the society reporters he was able to give one fair-sized and comparatively inexpensive luncheon and have the news telegraphed immediately to the New York papers. By doing this a couple of times a season he was able to repay all the invitations which he accepted in New York; and it was apparent to all New York newspaper readers that he was making a society splash at Palm Beach. So he was soon accepted as being socially prominent, whereupon he picked out the richest thing in sight, married it and stopped worrying.

Many people at Palm Beach feel that they must have press agents to keep them in the limelight. There is one enterprising Palm Beach press agent who supplies the newspapers with palpitating items about seven or eight social climbers, and whose earnings from this source are said to be over thirty thousand dollars a year. When one reads of a socially prominent Palm Beacher doing something fearfully original, like giving a dinner to all her friends' dogs, one may know that she has been hiring a press agent to fill her mind with original and valuable ideas.

Armor-Plate Flasks

The Palm Beach crowd is always ready to part with money for anything that looks sufficiently interesting. In order to facilitate the parting, some of the country's leading costumers and rug merchants and hat makers and jewelers have moved their branch stores into the hotel lobbies, so that the passers-by can separate themselves from their money with a minimum of exertion. There is one Palm Beach window that is known as the Alibi Window. It is full of gorgeous diamond pendants and diamond bracelets and simple little ten-thousand-dollar rings; and the Palm Beach theory is that some of the shop's best customers are men who have been raising what is somewhat loosely known as the dickens. As is well known, a man whose conscience is troubling him can frequently keep it quiet by getting his wife a pendant of diamonds set in platinum. At night, when the shop is locked up, all the jewelry is removed from the window and replaced with a large flock of frosted silver cocktail shakers whose appearance alone is warranted to give even a prohibition-enforcement agent a thirst. This spectacle is jocularly said to make the observer hunt up some whisky and get himself nicely boiled, and possibly to make him fall so low as to speak disrespectfully of the society leaders. On the following day he buys jewelry to square himself with his wife.

Large, curved pocket flasks, two of which would make fine protective armor for the entire upper part of the body if worn on opposite sides, are popular at Palm Beach, as is a new trick cane that unscrews at a joint and reveals a long slender bottle three-quarters of an inch in diameter and two feet long.

There is a great deal of fire water in sight at Palm Beach at all hours of the day and night; and the débutante who can't absorb eight cocktails without raising her voice or falling over the chairs is regarded as being handicapped by some sort of inherited weakness. One of the most frequently pointed-out personages at Palm Beach is a very fat man who can—according to the claims made for him by his admirers—drink thirty-five cocktails at one sitting without blinking. The price of Scotch whisky starts down around forty dollars a case in the summertime and works gradually upward until at the height of the season one is paying from seventy to one hundred dollars a case for it.

The building boom that has struck Palm Beach in the last five years is claimed by most of the loose claimers and enthusiastic drinkers to be due to prohibition. A great many cottages have been erected by persons of wealth and social prominence in these five years; and the prevalent architectural idea for a simple little Palm Beach cottage seems to be a Spanish modification of a Union Station, or a Court of Jewels at a successful World's Fair.

To hear the drinkers tell it, these houses have been built so that the owners could have a place in which to drink without being watched or hurried or made to feel uncomfortable. This may be possible; but if it is, the house builders are the only ones who haven't felt free to drink when and where they chose.

The Nuts in the Grove

The truth of the matter unquestionably is that the people who built houses liked the place and the climate, and so built in order to enjoy them more thoroughly than they could be enjoyed in a hotel room.

After one has spent a fatiguing afternoon pricing whisky flasks, or being pushed along avenues of palms and Australian pines in a wheel chair, or indulging in a little steady bridge and Scotch drinking, or some other equally arduous pursuit, the smart thing to do is to go to the Coconut Grove and participate in a little tea and dancing.

The Coconut Grove consists of a large and beautiful grove of coconut trees surrounding a polished dance floor. All the coconuts have been removed from the trees, owing to their well-known habit of falling off unexpectedly and utterly ruining anyone who may be lingering beneath them. Thus the only nuts in the grove are the ones who come there to dance.

The Coconut Grove starts doing business at half past five every afternoon in the bright sunlight; but in a few minutes the tropic night closes down just as advertised in all books on the South Seas.

By a little after six o'clock the only illumination comes from strings of red electric-light bulbs strung through the palms and from the occasional flare of a match as some distinguished social butterfly tries to find out how much whisky he has left in his cane.

Later in the evening the smart thing to do is to go over to what is formally known as the Beach Club, but universally spoken of as Bradley's. As trains from the North enter the Palm Beach Station the enormous bulk of the Royal Poinciana Hotel stretches out at the right of the train. On the left of the train, directly opposite the station and so close to the train that the traveler could toss even a lightweight biscuit on its roof from the car window, is a long, low, white frame building with a large revolving ventilator in one end.

This is Bradley's, Palm Beach's oldest, most celebrated and most popular charitable institution—charitable, because it assists people who have more money than they know what to do with to get rid of a part of it in a quiet and eminently respectable way.

Every large resort in the world that caters to wealthy people has its gambling houses. In Europe the municipalities run them, recognizing the fact that all people of means who are on a holiday are bound to gamble. At America's resorts the gambling houses are usually concealed; but they exist none the less; and usually, because of the secrecy that surrounds them, they are lurking places for troublesome aggregations of trimmers, bloodsuckers and crooks of various sorts.

Bradley's is different. It is run exclusively for the wealthy Northern patrons of Palm Beach. Everybody who goes there can afford to lose and lose heavily; and a list of the names of the people who play there every night would read like a list of America's leading celebrities, social lights and millionaires.

A crook would get along about as well in Bradley's as an icicle would get along in the crater of Mount Vesuvius.

Anybody in Palm Beach, from the wheel-chair boys to the policemen, can supply the inquirer with all the standard Beach Club stories, usually starting with the one about the man who lost six thousand dollars in one evening and left Palm Beach hurriedly t next morning. A few hours later one of t Bradley brothers was visited by a you woman, who was obviously in great d tress. Her eyes were red and swollen a she was sobbing convulsively. She plained that her husband had lost six th sand dollars the night before, that t money didn't belong to him, and that u less she could get the money back for h he would have to go to prison. So Bradl gave back the six thousand dollars af telling the young woman to tell her h band never again to set foot in the Bea Club. A few days afterward the same m turned up in the Beach Club and began play. Bradley summoned him to his off and asked him how he dared to do such thing after his losses had been returned his wife.

"What do you mean?" asked the ma "I'm not married."

"Then you didn't leave town becau you were ruined?" asked Bradley.

"You bet I didn't!" said the man. went down to Long Key fishing with m business partner, who came down he with me."

A woman in an adjoining room h heard the two men talking before their d parture, and had cashed in on the conve sation.

Then there is the story about the wi who used to extract uncashed chips fro her husband's clothes whenever he play at Bradley's, and who cashed them in f twenty-five thousand dollars without h husband knowing that he had lost an thing.

Then there was the one about the ge tleman who cleaned up seventy thousar dollars in one week. It is not at all unusu to see one of the big steel men or oil m placing five hundred dollars in chips on t board at each turn of the wheel and dro ping fifteen or twenty thousand dollars half an hour.

No Leisure Class

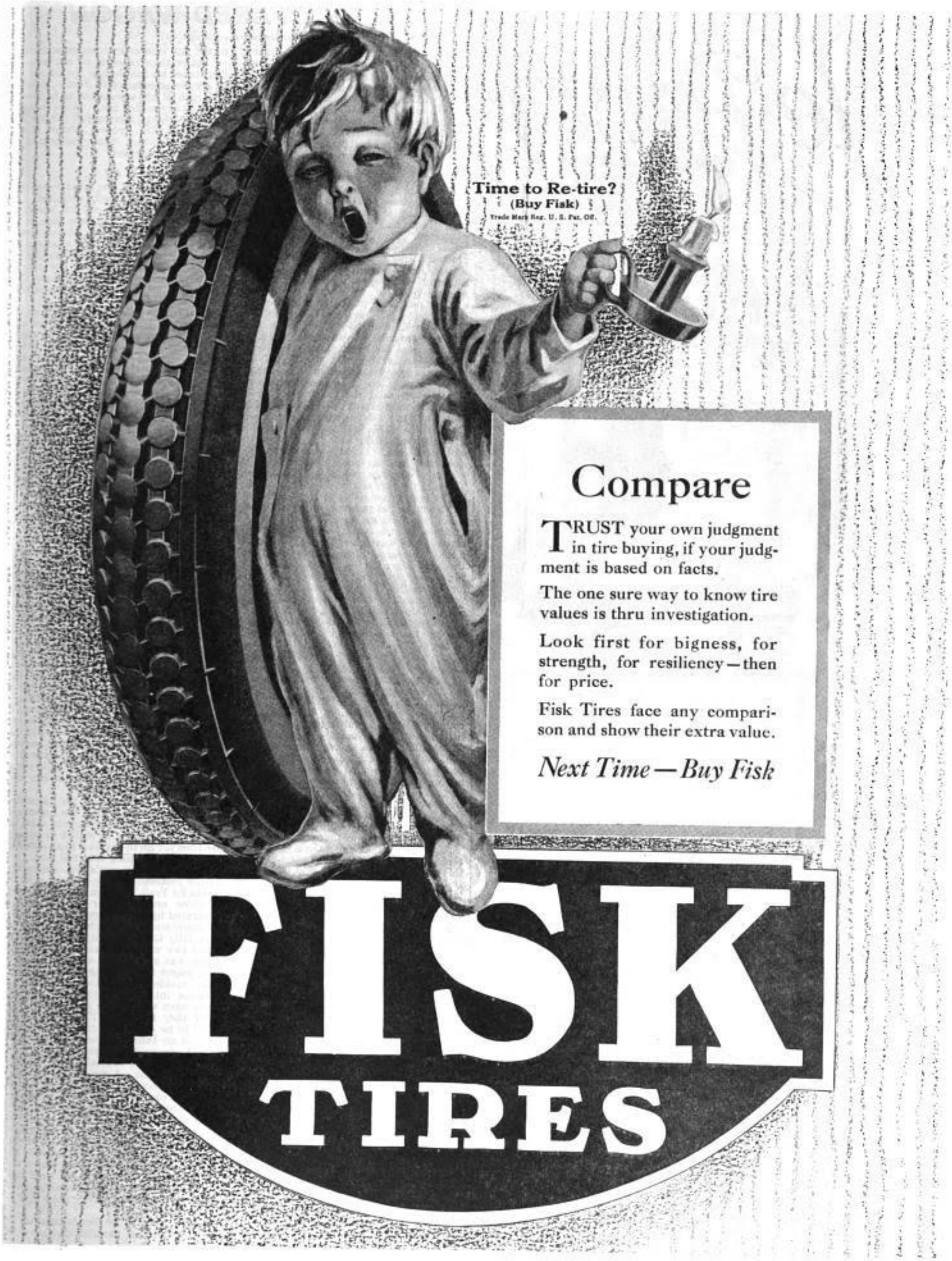
By half past nine o'clock every nigh Bradley's is so crowded that one mu almost fight his way from table to table. N matter where one threw a brick in t assemblage it would be certain to hit millionaire and carom against two oth millionaires before falling to the floo Until midnight there are usually mo women than men engaged in observing th idiosyncrasies of the little ivory ball; an the hold-up man who succeeded in holdin up the clientele of the Beach Club at eleve o'clock at night would have no difficulty a all in picking up at least ten million dollar worth of loot in jewelry alone. Many of th women wear their strings of pearls in doubl and triple loops so that they won't trip o them when they walk, and most of ther seem to think that they may get rheuma tism if they don't wear at least five dia mond bracelets on their left wrists.

One frequently sees these ladies rollin up the Lake Trail at midnight in whee chairs with a quarter million or a half mil lion dollars' worth of jewels sparkling i the moonlight. They are merely out takin the air, so that they can go back to th party which they just left and renew thei activities without falling asleep. They dance and play cards and slip a few cock tails into themselves and exchange ligh persiflage until four and five and six o'cloc in the morning.

They grow stronger and stronger as th season grows older, until toward the end they may be found going in bathing in thei ballgowns at dawn and indulging in othe tireless activities. If a tough, hardy Indian scout or Alpine mountain climber tried t follow them for three days he'd drop in his tracks with fatigue.

Such is life among the time killers of Palm Beach. They go there to kill time, and they are diligent at it. Old man Plutarch states that "Dionysius the elder, being asked whether he was at leisure, replied 'God forbid that it should ever befall me.'" The Palm Beach time killers operate on the same principle. The last thing in the world that they desire is leisure, and the person who argues that Palm Beach is frequented by the leisure class is suffering from warped perception. They have different ways of killing time. Some of them talk it to death and some of them worry it to death, and some of them smother it with money. No time gets by them; they kill it all; and however they choose to do it, they're the hardest working people in the world.

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THE COVERED WAGON

(Continued from Page 5)

Lower Iowa had driven in herds of oxen, horses, mules; but there were not enough of these. Rumors came that a hundred wagons would take the Platte this year via the Council Bluffs, up the Missouri; others would join on from St. Jo and Leavenworth.

March had come, when the wild turkey gobbled and strutted resplendent in the forest lands. April had passed, and the wild fowl had gone north. May, and the upland plovers now were nesting all across the prairies. But daily had more wagons come, and neighbors had waited for neighbors, tardy at the great rendezvous. The encampment, scattered up and down the river front, had become more and more congested. Men began to know one another, families became acquainted, the gradual sifting and shifting in social values began. Knots and groups began to talk of some sort of accepted government for the common good.

They now were at the edge of the law. Organized society did not exist this side of the provisional government of Oregon, devised as a *modus vivendi* during the joint occupancy of that vast region with Great Britain—an arrangement terminated not longer than two years before. There must be some sort of law and leadership between the Missouri and the Columbia. Amid much bickering of petty politics Jesse Wingate had some four days ago been chosen for the thankless task of train captain. Though that office had small authority and less means of enforcing its commands, none the less the train leader must be a man of courage, resource and decision. Those of the earlier arrivals who passed by his well-organized camp of forty-odd wagons from the Sangamon country of Illinois said that Wingate seemed to know the business of the trail. His affairs ran smoothly, he was well equipped and seemed a man of means. Some said he had three thousand in gold at the bottom of his cargo. Moreover—and this appeared important among the Northern element, at that time predominant in the rendezvous—he was not a Calhoun Secesh, or even a Benton Democrat, but an out-and-out, antislavery, free-soil man. And the provisional constitution of Oregon, devised by thinking men of two great nations, had said that Oregon should be free soil forever.

Already there were mutterings in 1848 of the coming conflict which, among his personal friends, a certain lank young lawyer of Springfield, in the Sangamon country—Lincoln, his name was; then little known—two years ago had predicted as inevitable. In a personnel made up of bold souls from both sides the Ohio, politics could not be avoided even on the trail; nor were these men the sort to avoid politics. Sometimes at their camp fire, after the caravan election, Wingate, his wife and their son Jed would compare notes, in a day when personal politics and national geography meant more than they do to-day.

"Listen, son," Wingate one time concluded. "All that talk of a railroad across this country to Oregon is silly, of course. But it's all going to be one country. The talk is that the treaty with Mexico must give us a slice of land from Texas to the Pacific, and a big one—all of it taken for the sake of slavery. Not so Oregon—that's free forever. This talk of splitting this country, North and South, don't go with me. The Alleghanies didn't divide it. Burr couldn't divide it. The Mississippi hasn't divided it, or the Missouri, so rest assured the Ohio can't. No, nor the Rockies can't! A railroad? No, of course not. But all the same, a practical wagon road from free soil to free soil—I reckon that was my platform, like enough. It made me captain."

"No, 'twasn't that, Jesse," said his wife. "That ain't what put you in for train captain. It was your blamed impatience. Some of them Lower Ioway men, them that first nominated you in the train meeting—town meeting—what you call it, they seen where you'd been plowing along here just to keep your hand in. One of them says to me, 'Plowing, hey? Can't wait? Well, that's what we're going out for, ain't it—to plow?' says he. 'That's the clean quill,' says he. So they 'lected you, Jess. And the Lord ha' mercy on your soul!"

Now the arrival of so large a new contingent as this of the Liberty train under young Banion made some sort of post-election ratification necessary, so that Wingate felt it incumbent to call the head men of the late comers into consultation if for no better than reasons of courtesy. He dispatched his son Jed to the Banion party to ask the attendance of Banion, Woodhull and such of his associates as he liked to bring, at any suiting hour. Word came back that the Liberty men would join the Wingate conference around eleven of that morning, at which time the hour of the jump-off could be set.

III

AS TO the start of the great wagon train a little time, indeed, remained. For days, in some instances for weeks, the units of the train had lain here on the border, and the men were growing restless. Some had come a thousand miles and now were keen to start out for more than two thousand miles additional. The grass was up. The men from Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Iowa, Missouri, Kentucky, Arkansas fretted on the leash.

All along the crooked river front, on both sides from Independence to the river landing at Westport, the great spring caravan lay encamped, or housed in town. Now, on the last days of the rendezvous, a sort of hysteria seized the multitude. The sound of rifle fire was like that of a battle—every man was sighting-in his rifle. Singing and shouting went on everywhere. Someone fresh from the Mexican War had brought a drum, another a bugle. Without instructions these began to sound their summons and continued all day long, at such times as the performers could spare from drink.

The Indians of the friendly tribes—Otos, Kaws, Osages—come in to trade, looked on in wonder at the revelings of the whites. The straggling street of each of the near-by river towns was full of massed wagons. The treble line of white tops, end to end, lay like a vast serpent, curving, head to the West. Rivalry for the head of the column began. The sounds of the bugle set a thousand uncoördinated wheels spasmodically in motion. Organization, system were as yet unknown in this rude and dominant democracy. Need was therefore for this final meeting in the interest of law, order and authority. Already some wagons had broken camp and moved on out into the main traveled road, which lay plain enough on westward, among the groves and glades of the valley of the Kaw. Each man wanted to be first to Oregon; no man wished to take the dust of his neighbor.

Wingate brought up all these matters at the train meeting of some three score men who assembled under the trees of his own encampment at eleven of the last morning. Most of the men he knew. Banion unobtrusively took a seat well to the rear of those who squatted on their heels or lolled full length on the grass.

After the fashion of the immemorial American town meeting, the beginning of all our government, Wingate called the meeting to order and stated its purposes. He then set forth his own ideas of the best manner for handling the trail work.

His plan, as he explained, was one long earlier perfected in the convoys of the old Santa Fé Trail. The wagons were to travel in close order. Four parallel columns, separated by not too great spaces, were to be maintained as much as possible, more especially toward nightfall. Of these, the outer two were to draw in together when camp was made, the other two to angle out, wagon lapping wagon, front and rear, thus making an oblong corral of the wagons, into which, through a gap, the work oxen were to be driven every night after they had fed. The tents and fires were to be outside of the corral unless in case of an Indian alarm, when the corral would represent a fortress.

The transport animals were to be hobbled each night. A guard, posted entirely around the corral and camp, was to be put out each night. Each man and each boy above fourteen was to be subject to guard duty under the ancient common law of the Plains, and from this duty no man might hope excuse unless actually too ill to walk; nor could any man offer to procure any substitute for himself. The watches were to be set as eight, each to stand guard one-quarter part of alternate nights, so that each man would get every other night undisturbed.

There were to be lieutenants, one for each of the four parallel divisions of the

(Continued on Page 64)

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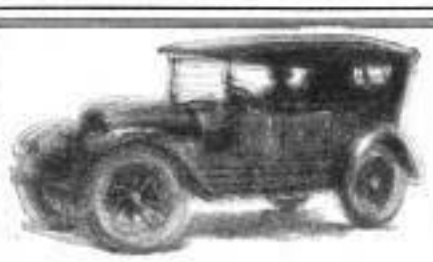
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(Continued from Page 62)

train; also eight sergeants of the guard, each of whom was to select and handle the men of the watch under him. No wagon might change its own place in the train after the start, dust or no dust.

When Wingate ended his exposition and looked around for approval it was obvious that many of these regulations met with disfavor at the start. The democracy of the train was one in which each man wanted his own way. Leaning head to head, speaking low, men grumbled at all this fuss and feathers and army stuff. Some of these were friends and backers in the late election.

Nettled by their silence, or by their murmured comments, Wingate arose again.

"Well, you have heard my plan, men," said he. "The Santa Fé men worked it up, and used it for years, as you all know. They always got through. If there's anyone here knows a better way, and one that's got more experience back of it, I'd like to have him get up and say so."

Silence for a time greeted this also. The Northern men, Wingate's partisans, looked uncomfortably one to the other. It was young Woodhull, of the Liberty contingent, who rose at length.

"What Cap'n Wingate has said sounds all right to me," said he. "He's a new friend of mine—I never saw him till two-three hours ago—but I know about him. What he says about the Santa Fé fashion I know for true. As some of you know, I was out that way, up the Arkansas, with Doniphan, for the Stars and Stripes. Talk about wagon travel—you got to have a regular system or you have everything in a mess. This here, now, is a lot like so many volunteers enlisting for war. There's always a sort of preliminary election of officers; sort of shaking down and shaping up. I wasn't here when Cap'n Wingate was elected—our wagons were some late—but speaking for our men, I'd move to ratify his choosing, and that means to ratify his regulations. I'm wondering if I don't get a second for that?"

Some of the bewhiskered men who sat about him stirred, but cast their eyes toward their own captain, young Banion, whose function as their spokesman had thus been usurped by his defeated rival, Woodhull. Perhaps few of them suspected the *argumentum ad hominem*—or rather *ad feminam*—in Woodhull's speech.

Banion alone knew this favor-currying when he saw it, and knew well enough the real reason. It was Molly! Rivals indeed they were, these two, and in more ways than one. But Banion held his peace until one quiet father of a family spoke up.

"I reckon our own train captain, that we elected in case we didn't throw in with the big train, had ought to say what he thinks about it all."

Will Banion now rose composedly and bowed to the leader.

"I'm glad to second Mr. Woodhull's motion to throw our vote and our train for Captain Wingate and the big train," said he. "We'll ratify his captaincy, won't we?"

The nods of his associates now showed assent, and Wingate needed no more confirmation.

"In general, too, I would ratify Captain Wingate's scheme. But might I make a few suggestions?"

"Surely—go on." Wingate half rose.

"Well then, I'd like to point out that we've got twice as far to go as the Santa Fé traders, and over a very different country—more dangerous, less known, harder to travel. We've many times more wagons than any Santa Fé train ever had, and we've hundreds of loose cattle along. That means a sweeping off of the grass at every stop, and grass we've got to have or the train stops.

"Besides our own call on grass, I know there'll be five thousand Mormons at least on the trail ahead of us this spring—they've crossed the river from here to the Bluffs, and they're out on the Platte right now. We take what grass they leave us.

"What I'm trying to get at, captain, is this: We might have to break into smaller detachments now and again. We could not possibly always keep alignment in four columns."

"And then we'd be open to any Indian attack!" interrupted Woodhull.

"We might have to fight some of the time, yes," rejoined Banion; "but we'll have to travel all the time, and we'll have to graze our stock all the time. On that one basic condition our safety rests—grass and plenty of it. We're on a long journey.

"You see, gentlemen," he added, smiling, "I was with Doniphan also. We learned a good many things. For instance, I'd rather see each horse on a thirty-foot picket rope, anchored safe each night, than to trust to any hobbles. A homesick horse can travel miles, hobbled, in a night. Horses are a lot of trouble.

"Now, I see that about a quarter of our people, including Captain Wingate, have horses and mules and not ox transport. I wish they all could trade for oxen before they start. Oxen last longer and fare better. They are easier to herd. They can be used for food in the hard first year out in Oregon. The Indians don't steal oxen—they like buffalo better—but they'll take any chance to run off horses or even mules. If they do, that means your women and children are on foot. You know the story of the Donner party, two years ago—on foot, in the snow. They died, and worse than died, just this side of California."

Men of Iowa, of Illinois, Ohio, Indiana, began to nod to one another, approving the words of this young man.

"He talks sense," said a voice aloud.

"Well, I'm talking a whole lot, I know," said Banion gravely, "but this is the time and place for our talking. I'm for throwing in with the Wingate train, as I've said. But will Captain Wingate let me add even just a few words more?

"For instance, I would suggest that we ought to have a record of all our personnel. Each man ought to be required to give his own name and late residence, and the names of all in his party. He should be obliged to show that his wagon is in good condition, with spare bolts, yokes, tires, bows and axles, and extra shoes for the stock. Each wagon ought to be required to carry anyhow half a side of rawhide, and the usual tools of the farm and the trail, as well as proper weapons and abundance of ammunition.

"No man ought to be allowed to start with this caravan with less supplies, for each mouth of his wagon, than one hundred pounds of flour. One hundred and fifty or even two hundred would be much better—there is loss and shrinkage. At least half as much of bacon, twenty pounds of coffee, fifty of sugar would not be too much in my own belief. About double the pro rata of the Santa Fé caravans is little enough, and those whose transport power will let them carry more supplies ought to start full loaded, for no man can tell the actual duration of this journey, or what food may be needed before we get across. One may have to help another."

Even Wingate joined in the outspoken approval of this, and Banion, encouraged, went on:

"Some other things, men, since you have asked each man to speak freely. We're not hunters, but home makers. Each family, I suppose, has a plow and seed for the first crop. We ought, too, to find out all our blacksmiths, for I promise you we'll need them. We ought to have a half dozen forges and as many anvils, and a lot of irons for the wagons.

"I suppose, too, you've located all your doctors; also all your preachers—you needn't camp them all together. Personally I believe in Sunday rest and Sunday services. We're taking church and state and home and law along with us, day by day, men, and we're not just trappers and adventurers. The fur trade's gone.

"I even think we ought to find out our musicians—it's good to have a bugler if you can. And at night, when the people are tired and disheartened, music is good to help them pull together."

The bearded men who listened nodded yet again.

"About schools, now—the other trains that went out, the Applegates in 1843, the Donners of 1846, each train, I believe, had regular schools along, with hours each day.

"Do you think I'm right about all this? I'm sure I don't want Captain Wingate to be offended. I'm not dividing his power. I'm only trying to stiffen it."

Woodhull arose, a sneer on his face, but a hand pushed him down. A tall Missourian stood before him.

"Right you are, Will!" said he. "Ye've an old head, an' we kin trust hit. Ef hit wasn't Cap'n Wingate is more older than you, an' already done elected, I'd be for choosin' ye fer cap'n o' this here hull train right now. Seein' hit's the way hit is, I move we vote to do what Will Banion has said is fitten. An' I move we-uns throw in with the big train, with Jess Wingate fer cap'n. An' I move we allow one more day to git in supplies an' fixin's, an' tra hosses an' mules an' oxens, an' then start day after to-morrow mornin' wh the bugle blows. Then hooray fer Oregon

There were cheers and a general risi as though after finished business, whi greeted this. Jesse Wingate, somewh crestfallen and chagrined over the forwa ways of this young man, of whom he ne had heard till that very morning, put perfunctory motion or so, asked loyal and allegiance, and so forth.

But what they remembered was that appointed as his wagon-column captai Sam Woodhull, of Missouri; Caleb Pri an Ohio man of substance; Simon Hall, Indiana merchant; and a farmer by na of Kelsey, from Kentucky. To Will Banl the trainmaster assigned the most diffic and thankless task of the train, the ca taincy of the cow column; that is to s the leadership of the boys and men wh families were obliged to drive the lo stock of the train.

There were sullen mutterings over this the Liberty column. Men whispered th would not follow Woodhull. As for Banio he made no complaint, but smiled a shook hands with Wingate and all his lie tenants and declared his own loyalty a that of his men; then left for his own litt adventure of a half dozen wagons which was freighting out to Laramie—baco flour and sugar, for the most part; ea wagon driven by a neighbor or a neighbor son. Among these already arose op murmurs of discontent over the way the own contingent had been treated. Banio had to mend a potential split before t first wheel had rolled westward up the Ka

The men of the meeting passed bac among their neighbors and families, an spoke with more seriousness than hithert The rifle firing ended, the hilarity lessene that afternoon. In the old times the kee boatmen bound west started out singin The pack-train men of the fur trade wer shouting and shooting, and the confide hilarity of the Santa Fé wagon caravan was a proverb. But now, here in the gre Oregon train, matters were quite othe wise. There were women and childre along. An unsmiling gravity marked the all. When the dusky velvet of the prairi night settled on almost the last day of th rendezvous it brought a general feeling anxiety, dread, uneasiness, fear. Now, i deed, and at last, all these realized wha was the thing that they had undertaken.

To add yet more to the natural appre hensions of men and women embarking o so stupendous an adventure, all manne of rumors now continually passed from on company to another. It was said that fiv thousand Mormons, armed to the teeth had crossed the river at St. Joseph and wer lying in wait on the Platte, determined t take revenge for the persecutions they ha suffered in Missouri and Illinois. Anothe story said that the Kaw Indians, hithert friendly, had banded together for robber and were only waiting for the train t appear. A still more popular story had i that a party of several Englishmen ha hurried ahead on the trail to excite all th savages to waylay and destroy the cara vans, thus to wreak the vengeance of Eng land upon the Yankees for the loss o Oregon. Much unrest arose over reports hard to trace, to the effect that it was al a mistake about Oregon; that in reality i was a truly horrible country, unfit fo human occupancy, and sure to prove the grave of any lucky enough to survive the horrors of the trail, which never yet had been truthfully reported. Some returned travelers from the West beyond the Rock ies, who were hanging about the landing a the river, made it all worse by relating what purported to be actual experiences.

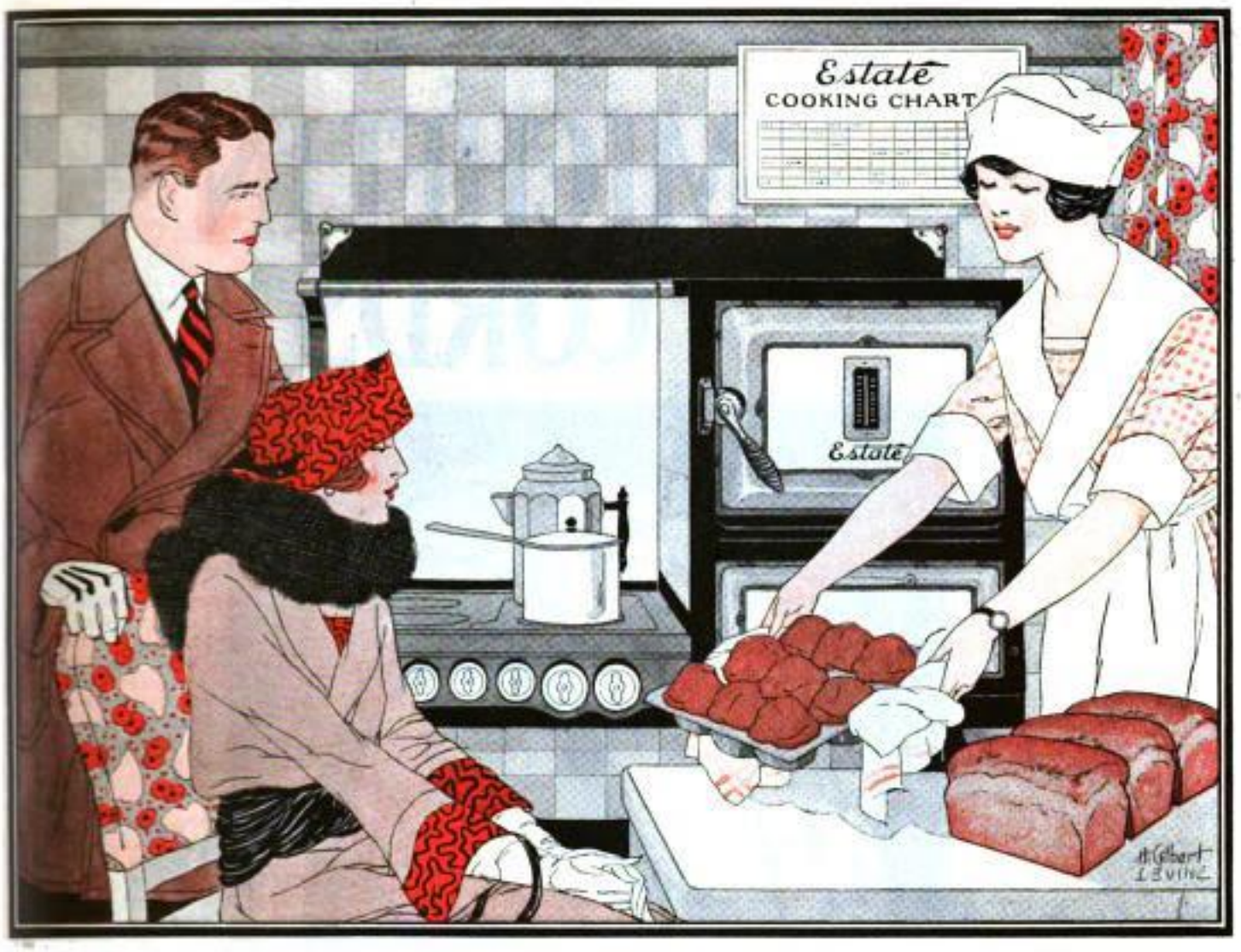
"If you ever get through to Oregon," they said, "you'll be ten years older than you are now. Your hair will be white, but not by age."

The Great Dipper showed clear and close that night, as if one might almost pick off by hand the familiar stars of the traveler's constellation. Overhead count less brilliant points of lesser light enameled the night mantle, matching the many camp fires of the great gathering. The wind blew soft and low. Night on the prairie is always solemn, and to-night the tense anxiety, the strained anticipation of more than two thousand souls invoked a brooding melancholy which it seemed even the stars must feel.

A dog, ominous, lifted his voice in a long, mournful howl which made mothers put

(Continued on Page 67)

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Note, in the illustration, the copyrighted cooking chart on the wall—the mercury thermometer on the oven door. Both are exclusive Estate features. Read how they simplify cookery.

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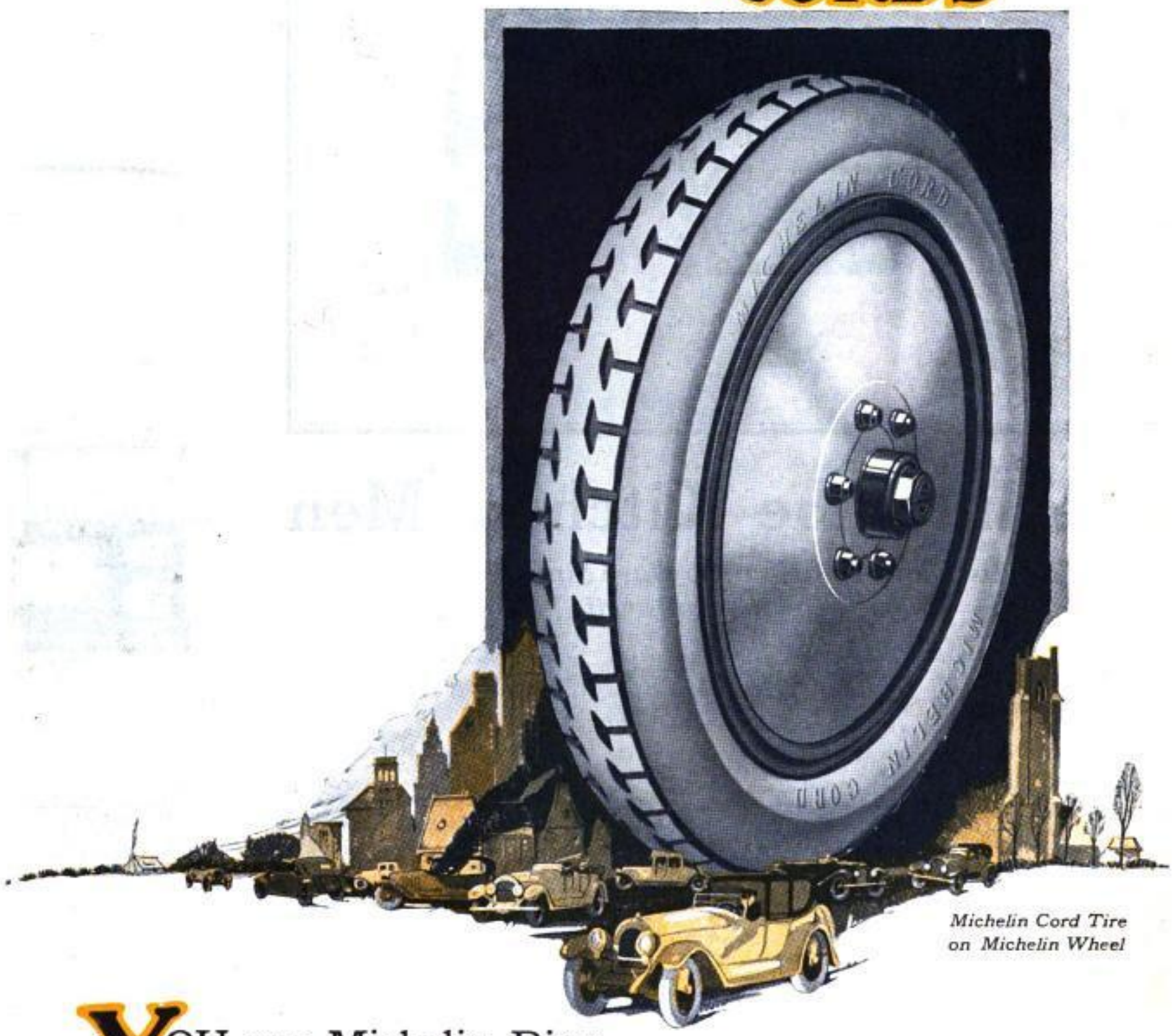
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(Continued from Page 64)

out their hands to their babes. In answer a coyote in the grass raised a high, quavering cry, wild and desolate, the voice of the Far West.

IV

THE notes of a bugle, high and clear, sang reveille at dawn. Now came hurried activities of those who had delayed. The streets of the two frontier settlements were packed with ox teams, horses, wagons, cattle driven through. The frontier stores were stripped of their last supplies. One more day, and then on to Oregon!

Wingate broke his own camp early in the morning and moved out to the open country west of the landing, making a last bivouac at what would be the head of the train. He had asked his four lieutenants to join him there. Hall, Price and Kelsey headed in with straggling wagons to form the nucleuses of their columns; but the morning wore on and the Missourians, now under Woodhull, had not yet broken park. Wingate waited moodily.

Now at the edge of affairs human apprehensions began to assert themselves, especially among the womenfolk. Even stout Molly Wingate gave way to doubt and fears. Her husband caught her, apron to eyes, sitting on the wagon tongue at ten in the morning, with her pots and pans unpacked.

"What?" he exclaimed. "You're not weakening? Haven't you as much courage as those Mormon women on ahead? Some of them pushing carts, I've heard."

"They done it for religion, Jess. Oregon ain't no religion for me."

"Yet it has music for a man's ears, Molly."

"Hush! I've heard it all for the last two years. What happened to the Donners two years back? And four years ago it was the Applegates left home in old Missouri to move to Oregon. Who will ever know where their bones are laid? Look at our land we left—rich—black and rich as any in the world. What corn, what wheat—why, everything grew well in Illinois!"

"Yes, and cholera below us wiping out the people, and the trouble over slave-holding working up the river more and more, and the sun blazing in the summer, while in the wintertime we froze!"

"Well, as for food, we never saw any part of Kentucky with half so much grass. We had no turkeys at all there, and where we left you could kill one any gobbling time. The pigeons roosted not four miles from us. In the woods along the river even a woman could kill coons and squirrels, all we'd need—no need for us to eat rabbits, like the Mormons. Our chicken yard was fifty miles across. The young ones'd be flying by roasting-ear time—and in fall the sloughs was black with ducks and geese. Enough and to spare we had; and our land opening; and Molly teaching the school, with twelve dollars a month cash for it, and Jed learning his blacksmith trade before he was eighteen. How could we ask more? What better will we do in Oregon?"

"You always throw the wet blanket on Oregon, Molly."

"It is so far!"

"How do we know it is far? We know men and women have crossed, and we know the land is rich. Wheat grows fifty bushels to the acre, the trees are big as the spires on meeting houses, the fish run by millions in the streams. Yet the winters have little snow. A man can live there and not slave out a life.

"Besides"—and the frontier now spoke in him—"this country is too old, too long settled. My father killed his elk and his buffalo, too, in Kentucky; but that was before my day. I want the buffalo. I crave to see the Plains, Molly. What real American does not?"

Mrs. Wingate threw her apron over her face.

"The Oregon fever has witched you, Jesse!" she exclaimed between dry sobs.

Wingate was silent for a time.

"Corn ought to grow in Oregon," he said at last.

"Yes, but does it?"

"I never heard it didn't. The soil is rich, and you can file on six hundred and forty acres. There's your donation claim, four times bigger than any land you can file on here. We sold out at ten dollars an acre—more'n our land really was worth, or ever is going to be worth. It's just the speculators says any different. Let 'em have it, and us move on. That's the way money's made, and always has been made, all across the United States."

"Huh! You talk like a land speculator your own self!"

"Well, if it ain't the movers make a country, what does? If we don't settle Oregon, how long'll we hold it? The preachers went through to Oregon with horses. Like as not even the Applegates got their wagons across. Like enough they got through. I want to see the country before it gets too late for a good chance, Molly. First thing you know buffalo'll be getting scarce out West, too, like deer was getting scarcer on the Sangamon. We ought to give our children as good a chance as we had ourselves."

"As good a chance! Haven't they had as good a chance as we ever had? Didn't our land more'n thribble, from a dollar and a quarter? It may thribble again, time they're old as we are now."

"That's a long time to wait."

"It's a long time to live a lifetime, but everybody's got to live it."

She stood, looking at him.

"Look at all the good land right in here! Here we got walnut and hickory and oak—worlds of it. We got sassafras and pawpaw and hazel brush. We get all the hickory nuts and pecans we like any fall. The wild plums is better'n any in Kentucky; and as for grapes, they're big as your thumb, and thousands, on the river. Wait till you see the plum and grape jell I could make this fall!"

"Women—always thinking of putting up jell!"

"But we got every herb here we need—boneset and sassafras and Injun physic and bark for the fever. There ain't nothing you can name we ain't got right here or on the Sangamon, yet you talk of taking care of our children. Huh! We've moved five times since we was married. Now just as we got into a good country, where a woman could dry corn and put up jell, and where a man could raise some hogs, why, you wanted to move again—plumb out to Oregon! I tell you, Jesse Wingate, hogs is a blame sight better to tie to than buffalo! You talk like you had to settle Oregon!"

"Well, haven't I got to? Somehow it seems a man ain't making up his own mind when he moves West. Pap moved twice in Kentucky, once in Tennessee, and then over to Missouri, after you and me was married and moved up into Indiana, before we moved over into Illinois. He said to me—and I know it for the truth—he couldn't hardly tell who it was or what it was hitched up the team. But first thing he knew, there the old wagon stood, front of the house, cover all on, plow hanging on behind, tar bucket under the wagon, and dog and all. All he had to do, pap said, was just to climb up on the front seat and speak to the team. My maw she climb up on the seat with him. Then they moved—on West. You know, Molly. My maw, she climb up on the front seat ——"

His wife suddenly turned to him, the tears still in her eyes.

"Yes, and Jesse Wingate—and you know it—your wife's as good a woman as your maw! When the wagon was a-standing, cover on, and you on the front seat, I climb up by you, Jess, same as I always have and always will. Haven't I always? You know that. But it's harder on women, moving is. They care more for a house that's rain-tight in a storm."

"I know you did, Molly," said her husband soberly.

"I suppose I can pack my jells in a box and put in the wagon, anyways." She was drying her eyes.

"Why, yes, I reckon so. And then a few sacks of dried corn will go mighty well on the road."

"One thing"—she turned on him in wifely fury—"you shan't keep me from taking my bureau and my six chairs all the way across! No, nor my garden seeds, all I saved. No, nor yet my rose roots that I'm taking along. We got to have a home, Jess—we got to have a home! There's Jed and Molly coming on."

"Where's Molly now?" suddenly asked her husband. "She'd ought to be helping you right now."

"Oh, back at the camp, I s'pose—her and Jed too. I told her to pick a mess of dandelion greens and bring over. Larking around with them young fellows, like enough. Huh! She'll have less time. If Jed has to ride herd, Molly's got to take care of that team of big mules, and drive 'em all day in the light wagon too. I reckon if she does that, and teaches night school right along, she won't be feeling so gay."

"They tell me folks has got married going across," she added, "not to mention buried. One book we had said, up on the Platte, two years back, there was a wedding and a birth and a burying in one train, all inside of one hour, and all inside of one mile. That's Oregon!"

"Well, I reckon it's life, ain't it?" rejoined her husband. "One thing, I'm not keen to have Molly pay too much notice to that young fellow Banion—him they said was a leader of the Liberty wagons. Huh, he ain't leader now!"

"You like Sam Woodhull better for Molly, Jess?"

"Some ways. He falls in along with my ideas. He ain't so apt to make trouble on the road. He sided in with me right along at the last meeting."

"He done that? Well, his father was a sheriff once, and his uncle, Judge Henry D. Showalter, he got into Congress. Politics! But some folks said the Banions was the best family. Kentucky, they was. Well, comes to siding in, Jess, I reckon it's Molly herself'll count more in that than either o' them or either o' us. She's eighteen past. Another year and she'll be a old maid. If there's a wedding going across ——"

"There won't be," said her husband shortly. "If there is it won't be her and no William Banion, I'm saying that."

V

MEANTIME the younger persons referred to in the frank discussion of Wingate and his wife were occupying themselves in their own fashion their last day in camp. Molly, her basket full of dandelion leaves, was reluctant to leave the shade of the grove by the stream, and Jed had business with the team of great mules that Molly was to drive on the trail.

As for the Liberty train, its oval remained unbroken, the men and women sitting in the shade of the wagons. Their outfitting had been done so carefully that little now remained for attention on the last day, but the substantial men of the contingent seemed far from eager to be on their way.

Groups here and there spoke in monosyllables, sullenly. They wanted to join the great train, had voted to do so; but the cavalier deposing of their chosen man Banion—who before them all at the meeting had shown himself fit to lead—and the cool appointment of Woodhull in his place had on reflection seemed to them quite too high-handed a proposition. They said so now.

"Where's Woodhull now?" demanded the bearded man who had championed Banion. "I see Will out rounding up his cows, but Sam Woodhull ain't turned a hand to hooking up to pull in west o' town with the others."

"That's easy," smiled another. "Sam Woodhull is where he's always going to be—hanging around the Wingate girl. He's over at their camp now."

"Well, I dunno's I blame him so much for that, neither. And he kin stay there fer all o' me. Fer one, I won't foller no Woodhull, least o' all Sam Woodhull, soldier or no soldier. I'll pull out when I git ready, and to-morrow mornin' is soon enough fer me. We kin jine on then, if so's we like."

Someone turned on his elbow, nodded over shoulder. They heard hoof beats. Banion came up, fresh from his new work on the herd. He asked for Woodhull, and learning his whereabouts trotted across the intervening glade.

"That's shore a hoss he rides," said one man.

"An' a shore man a-ridin' of him," nodded another. "He may ride front o' the train an' not back o' hit, even yet."

Molly Wingate sat on the grass in the little grove, curling a chain of dandelion stems. Near by Sam Woodhull, in his best, lay on the sward regarding her avidly, a dull fire in his dark eyes. He was so enamored of the girl as to be almost unfit for aught else. For weeks he had kept close to her. Not that Molly seemed overmuch to notice or encourage him. Only, woman fashion, she ill liked to send away any attentive male. Just now she was uneasy. She guessed that if it were not for the presence of her brother Jed near by this man would declare himself unmistakably.

If the safety of numbers made her main concern, perhaps that was what made Molly Wingate's eye light up when she heard the hoofs of Will Banion's horse splashing in the little stream. She sprang to her feet, waving a hand gayly.



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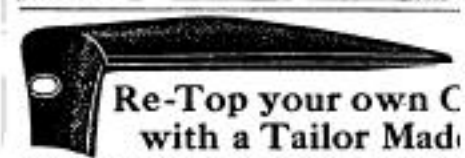
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"Oh, so there you are!" she exclaimed. "I was wondering if you'd be over before Jed and I left for the prairie. Father and mother have moved on out west of town. We're all ready for the jump-off. Are you?"

"Yes, to-morrow by sun," said Banion, swinging out of saddle and forgetting any errand he might have had. "Then it's on to Oregon!"

He nodded to Woodhull, who little more than noticed him. Molly advanced to where Banion's horse stood, nodding and pawing restively as was his wont. She stroked his nose, patted his sweat-soaked neck.

"What a pretty horse you have, major," she said. "What's his name?"

"I call him Pronto," smiled Banion. "That means sudden."

"He fits the name. May I ride him?"

"What? You ride him?"

"Yes, surely. I'd love to. I can ride anything. That funny saddle would do—see how big and high the horn is, good as the fork of a lady's saddle."

"Yes, but the stirrup!"

"I'd put my foot in between the flaps above the stirrup. Help me up, sir?"

"I'd rather not."

Molly pouted.

"Stingy!"

"But no woman ever rode that horse—not many men but me. I don't know what he'd do."

"Only one way to find out."

Jed, approaching, joined the conversation.

"I rid him," said he. "He's a goer all right, but he ain't mean."

"I don't know whether he would be bad or not with a lady," Banion still argued. "Those Spanish horses are always wild. They never do get over it. You've got to be a rider."

"You think I'm not a rider? I'll ride him now to show you! I'm not afraid of horses."

"That's right," broke in Sam Woodhull. "But, Miss Molly, I wouldn't tackle that horse if I was you. Take mine."

"But I will! I've not been horseback for a month. We've all got to ride or drive or walk a thousand miles. I can ride him, man saddle and all. Help me up, sir?"

Banion walked to the horse, which flung a head against him, rubbing a soft muzzle up and down.

"He seems gentle," said he. "I've pretty well topped him off this morning. If you're sure ——"

"Help me up, one of you."

It was Woodhull who sprang to her, caught her up under the arms and lifted her fully gracious weight to the saddle. Her left foot by fortune found the cleft in the stirrup fender, her right leg swung around the tall horn, hastily concealed by a clutch at her skirt even as she grasped the heavy knotted reins. It was then too late. She must ride.

Banion caught at a cheek strap as he saw Woodhull's act, and the horse was the safer for an instant. But in terror or anger at his unusual burden, with flapping skirt and no grip on his flanks, the animal reared and broke away from them all. An instant and he was plunging across the stream for the open glade, his head low.

He did not yet essay the short, stiff-legged action of the typical bucker, but made long, reaching, low-headed plunges, seeking his own freedom in that way, perhaps half in some equine wonder of his own. None the less the wrenching of the girl's back, the leverage on her flexed knee, unprotected, were unmistakable.

The horse reared again and yet again, high, striking out as she checked him. He was getting in a fury now, for his rider still was in place. Then with one savage sidewise shake of his head after another he plunged this way and that, rail-fencing it for the open prairie. It looked like a bolt, which with a horse of his spirit and stamina meant but one thing, no matter how long delayed.

It all happened in a flash. Banion caught at the rein too late, ran after—too slow, of course. The girl was silent, shaken, but still riding. No footman could aid her now.

With a leap, Banion was in the saddle of Woodhull's horse, which had been left at hand, its bridle down. He drove in the spurs and headed across the flat at the top speed of the fast and racy chestnut—no match, perhaps, for the black Spaniard, were the latter once extended, but favored now by the angle of the two.

Molly had not uttered a word or cry, either to her mount or in appeal for aid. In sooth she was too frightened to do so. But she heard the rush of hoofs and the high call of Banion's voice back of her:

"Ho, Pronto! Pronto! Vien' aqui!"

Something of a marvel it was, and showing companionship of man and horse on the trail; but suddenly the mad black ceased his plunging. Turning, he trotted whinnying as though for aid, obedient to his master's command, "Come here!" An instant and Banion had the cheek strap. Another and he was off, with Molly Wingate, in a white dead faint, in his arms.

By now others had seen the affair from their places in the wagon park. Men and women came hurrying. Banion laid the girl down, sought to raise her head, drove back the two horses, ran with his hat to the stream for water. By that time Woodhull had joined him, in advance of the people from the park.

"What do you mean, you damned fool, you, by riding my horse off without my consent!" he broke out. "If she ain't dead—that damned wild horse—you had the gall ——"

Will Banion's self-restraint at last was gone. He made one answer, voicing all his acquaintance with Sam Woodhull, all his opinion of him, all his future attitude in regard to him.

He dropped his hat to the ground, caught off one wet glove, and with a long back-handed sweep struck the cuff of it full and hard across Sam Woodhull's face.

VI

THERE were dragoon revolvers in the holsters at Woodhull's saddle. He made a rush for a weapon—indeed, the crack of the blow had been so sharp that the nearest men thought a shot had been fired—but swift as was his leap, it was not swift enough. The long, lean hand of the bearded Missourian gripped his wrist even as he caught at a pistol grip. He turned a livid face to gaze into a cold and small blue eye.

"No ye don't, Sam!" said the other, who was first of those who came up running.

Even as a lank woman stooped to raise the head of Molly Wingate the sinewy arm back of the hand whirled Woodhull around so that he faced Banion, who had not made a move.

"Will ain't got no weepon, an' ye know it," went on the same cool voice. "What ye mean—a murder, besides that?"

He nodded toward the girl. By now the crowd surged between the men, voices rose.

"He struck me!" broke out Woodhull. "Let me go! He struck me!"

"I know he did," said the intervener. "I heard it. I don't know why. But whether it was over the girl or not, we ain't goin' to see this other feller shot down till we know more about hit. Ye can meet ——" He turned an eye to Banion.

"Of course, any time."

Banion was drawing on his glove. The woman had lifted Molly, straightened her clothing.

"All blood!" said one. "That saddle horn! What made her ride that critter?"

The Spanish horse stood facing them now, ears forward, his eyes showing through his forelock not so much in anger as in curiosity. The men hustled the two antagonists apart.

"Listen, Sam," went on the tall Missourian, still with his grip on Woodhull's wrist. "We'll see ye both fair. Ye've got to fight now, in course—that's the law, an' I ain't learned it in the fur trade o' the Rockies fer nothin', ner have you people here in the settlements. But I'll tell ye one thing, Sam Woodhull, ef ye make one move afore we-uns tell ye how an' when to make hit, I'll drop ye, shore's my name's Bill Jackson. Ye got to wait, both on ye. We're startin' out, an' we kain't start out like a mob. Take yer time."

"Any time, any way," said Banion simply. "No man can abuse me."

"How'd you gentlemen prefer fer to fight?" inquired the man who had described himself as Bill Jackson, one of the fur brigaders of the Rocky Mountain Company; a man with a reputation of his own in Plains and mountain adventures of hunting, trading and scouting. "Hit's yore ch'ice o' weapons, I reckon, Will. I reckon he challenged you-all."

"I don't care. He'd have no chance on an even break with me, with any sort of weapon, and he knows that."

Jackson cast free his man and ruminated over a chew of plug.

"Hit's over a gal," said he at length judicially. "Hit ain't usual; but seein' as a gal don't pick atween men because one's a quicker shot than another, but because he's maybe stronger, or something like that, why, how'd knuckle and skull suit you two roosters, best man win and us to see hit fair? Hit's one of ye fer the gal like enough. But not right now. Wait till we're on the trail and clean o' the law. I heern there's a sheriff hangin' round yere some'rs."

"I'll fight him any way he likes, or any way you say," said Banion. "It's not my seeking. I only slapped him because he abused me for doing what he ought to have done. Yes, I rode his horse. If I hadn't that girl would have been killed. It's not his fault she wasn't. I didn't want her to ride that horse."

"I don't reckon hit's so much a matter about a hoss as hit is about a gal," remarked Bill Jackson sagely. "Ye'll hatter fight. Well then, seein' as hit's about a gal, knuckle an' skull, is that right?"

He cast a glance around this group of other fighting men of a border day.

They nodded gravely, but with glittering eyes.

"Well then, gentlemen"—and now he stood free of Woodhull—"ye both give word ye'll make no break till we tell ye? I'll say, two-three days out?"

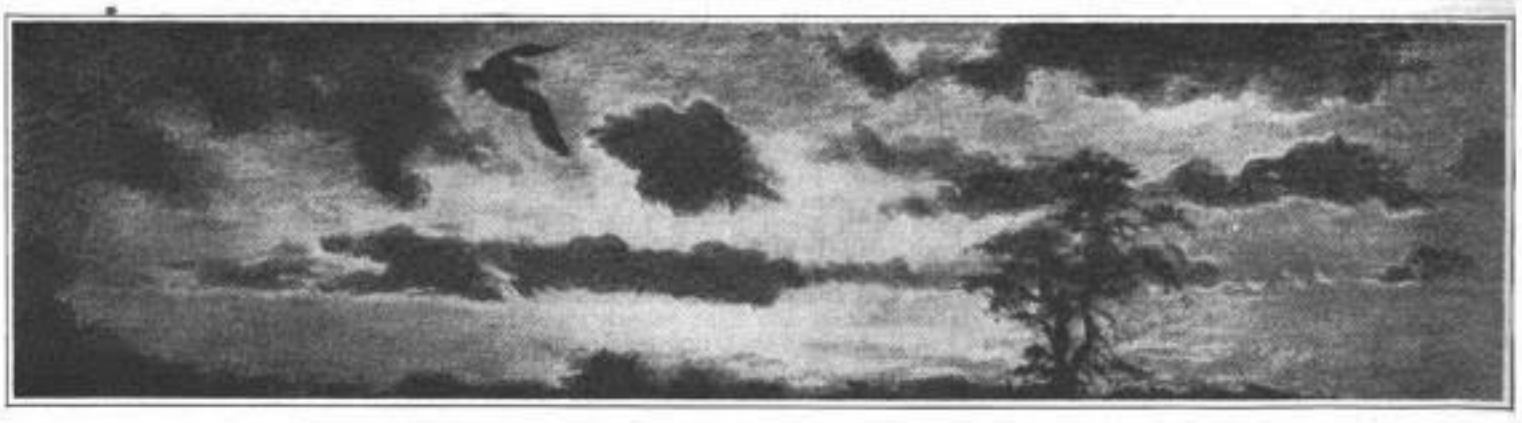
"Suits me," said Woodhull savagely. "I'll break his neck for him."

"Any time that suits the gentleman to break my neck will please me," said Will Banion indifferently. "Say when, friends. Just now I've got to look after my cows. It seems to me our wagon master might very well look after his wagons."

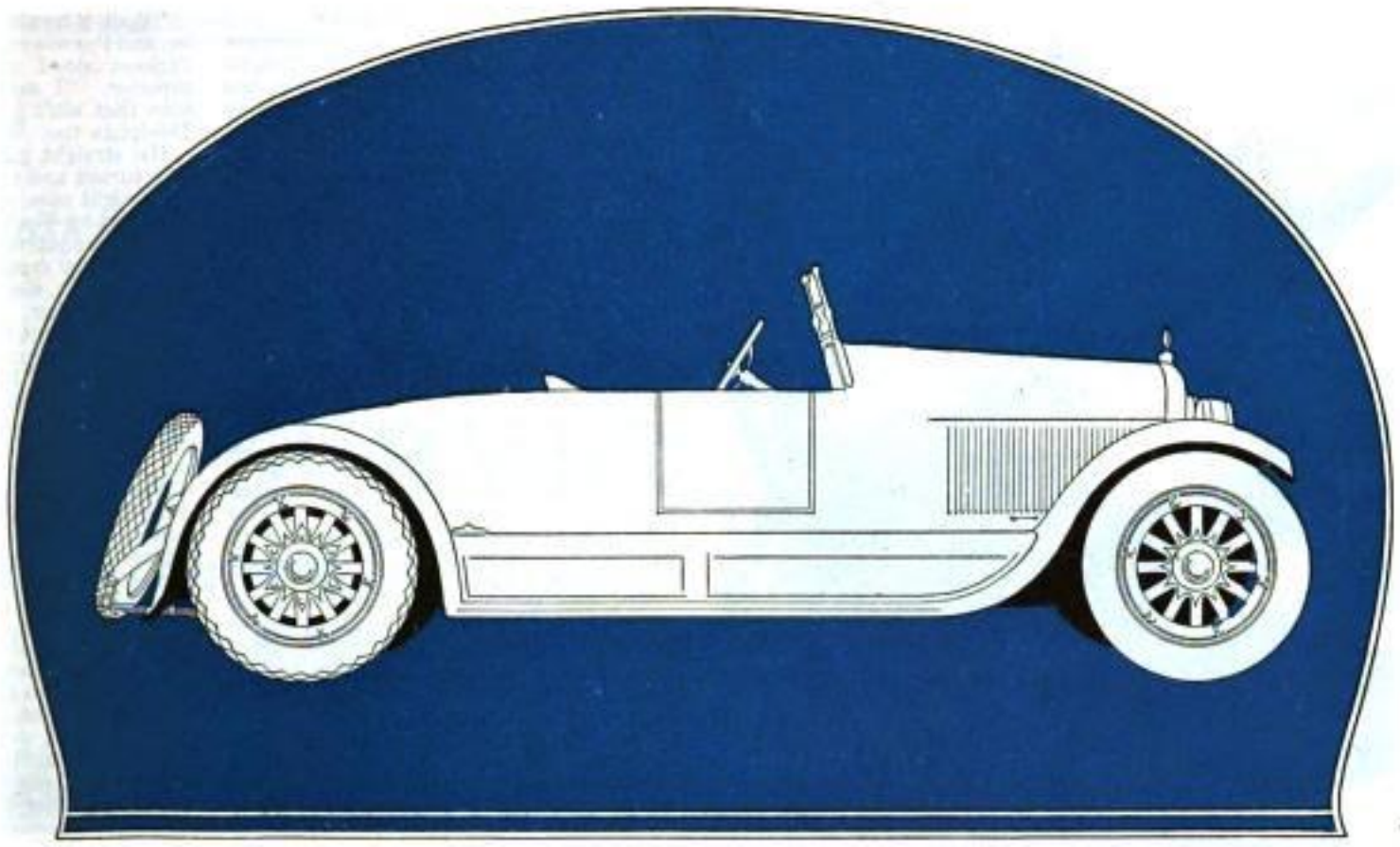
"That sounds!" commented Jackson. "That sounds! Sam, git on about yer business, er ye kain't travel in the Liberty train nohow! An' don't ye make no break, in the dark especial, fer we kin track ye anywheres. Ye'll fight fair fer once—an' ye'll fight!"

By now the group massed about these scenes had begun to relax, to spread. Women had Molly in hand as her eyes opened. Jed came up at a run with the mule team and the light wagon from the grove, and they got the girl into the seat

(Continued on Page 70)



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The New JORDAN Playboy

Here's a spirited companion for a wonderful girl and a wonderful boy.

It's a shame to call it a roadster, so full is this brawny, graceful thing with the vigor of boyhood and morning.

It carries two passengers—three if they're friendly—

It's a car for a man's man—that's certain.

Or for a girl who loves the out-of-doors.

Its beauty is a joy never ending. Its faithful performance—its balance—its endurance—its pep, is a constant revelation.

Its new and interesting features are most fascinating. A motor, chain driven, of course.

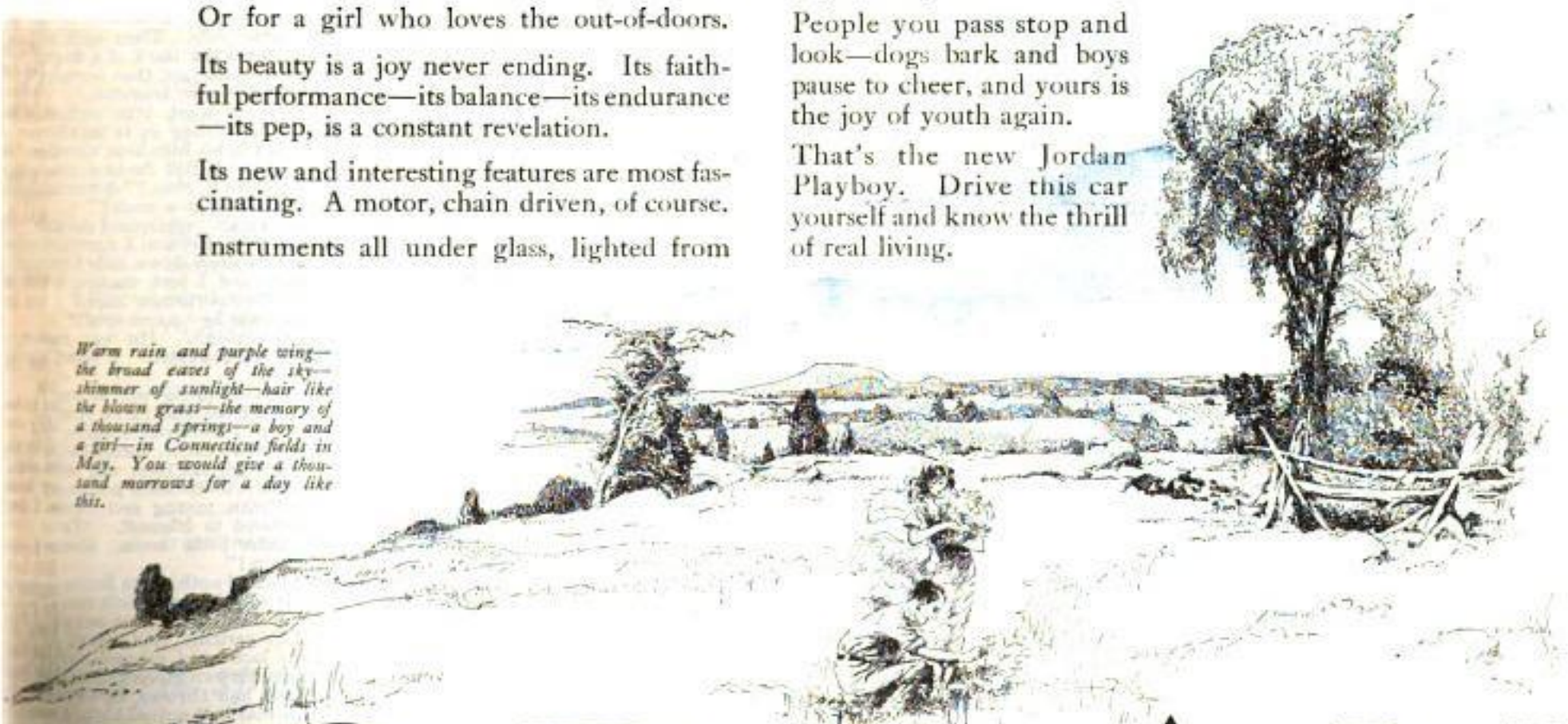
Instruments all under glass, lighted from within. A new cowl ventilator which keeps the fore compartment cool.

In the traffic press this light-weight, compact car is instant in its response. Step on it and you silently slip away from the crowded canyons of the street.

Out on the open road it revels along with the wandering wind and roars like a Caproni biplane.

People you pass stop and look—dogs bark and boys pause to cheer, and yours is the joy of youth again.

That's the new Jordan Playboy. Drive this car yourself and know the thrill of real living.

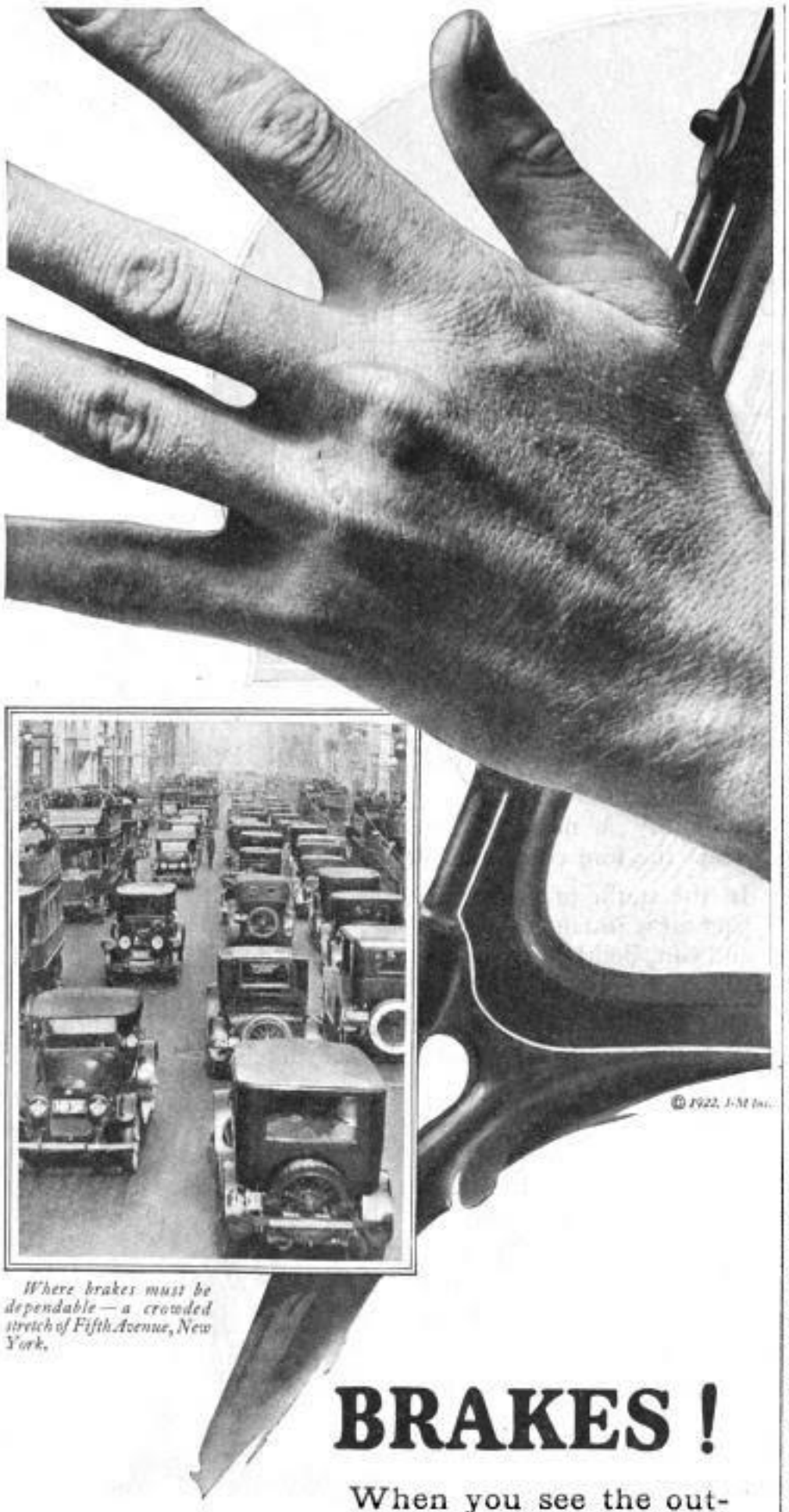


Warm rain and purple wing—the broad eaves of the sky—shimmer of sunlight—hair like the blown grass—the memory of a thousand springs—a boy and a girl—in Connecticut fields in May. You would give a thousand morrows for a day like this.

JORDAN

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY Inc. Cleveland Ohio

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Where brakes must be dependable—a crowded stretch of Fifth Avenue, New York.

© 1922, J-M Inc.

BRAKES !

When you see the outstretched hand, remember that brakes are safer and last longer with Johns-Manville Non-Burn Asbestos Brake Lining.

Write Johns-Manville Inc., Madison Avenue at 41st Street, New York City, for the helpful booklet entitled "Care of Brakes."

Asbestos

JOHNS-MANVILLE
NON-BURN
Asbestos Brake Lining

(Continued from Page 68)

with him, neither of them fully cognizant of what had gone on in the group of tight-mouthed men who now broke apart and sauntered silently back, each to his own wagon.

VII

WITH the first thin line of pink the coyotes hanging on the flanks of the great encampment raised their immemorial salutation to the dawn. Their clamorings were stilled by a new and sterner voice—the notes of the bugle summoning sleepers of the last night to the duties of the first day. Down the line from watch to watch passed the plains command, "Catch up! Catch up!" It was morning of the jump-off.

Little fires began at the wagon messes or family bivouacs. Men, boys, barefooted girls went out into the dew-wet grass to round up the transport stock. A vast confusion, a medley of unskilled endeavor marked the hour. But after an hour's wait, adjusted to the situation, the next order passed down the line: "Roll out! Roll out!"

And now the march to Oregon was at last begun! The first dust cut by an ox hoof was set in motion by the whip crack of a barefooted boy in jeans who had no dream that he one day would rank high in the councils of his state, at the edge of an ocean which no prairie boy ever had envisioned.

The compass finger of the trail, leading out from the timber groves, pointed into a sea of green along the valley of the Kaw. The grass, not yet tall enough fully to ripple as it would a half month later, stood waving over the black-burned ground which the semicivilized Indians had left the fall before. Flowers dotted it, sometimes white like bits of old ivory on the vast rug of spindrift—the pink verbena, the wild indigo, the larkspur and the wild geranium—all woven into a wondrous spangled carpet. At times also appeared the shy buds of the sweet wild rose, loveliest flower of the prairie. Tall rosinweeds began to thrust up rankly, banks of sunflowers prepared to fling their yellow banners miles wide. The opulent, inviting land lay in a ceaseless succession of easy undulations, stretching away illimitably to far horizons, "in such exchanging pictures of grace and charm as raised the admiration of even these simple folk to a pitch bordering upon exaltation."

Here lay the West, barbaric, abounding, beautiful. Surely it could mean no harm to any man.

The men lacked experience in column travel, the animals were unruly. The train formation—clumsily trying to conform to the orders of Wingate to travel in four parallel columns—soon lost order. At times the wagons halted to re-form. The leaders galloped back and forth, exhorting, adjuring and restoring little by little a certain system. But they dealt with independent men. On ahead the landscape seemed so wholly free of danger that to most of these the road to the Far West offered no more than a pleasure jaunt. Wingate and his immediate aids were well worn when at midafternoon they halted, fifteen miles out from Westport.

"What in hell you pulling up so soon for?" demanded Sam Woodhull surlily, riding up from his own column, far at the rear, and accosting the train leader. "We can go five miles further, anyhow, and maybe ten. We'll never get across this way."

"This is the very way we will get across," rejoined Wingate. "While I'm captain I'll say when to start and stop. But I've been counting on you, Woodhull, to throw in with me and help get things shook down."

"Well, it looks to me you're purty brash as usual," commented another voice. Bill Jackson came and stood at the captain's side. He had not been far from Woodhull all day long. "Ye're a nacherl damned fool, Sam Woodhull," said he. "Who 'lected ye fer train captain, and when was it did? If ye don't like the way this train's run go on ahead and make a train o' yer own, ef that's way ye feel. Pull on out to-night. What ye say, cap?"

"I can't really keep any man from going back or going ahead," replied Wingate. "But I've been counting on Woodhull to hold those Liberty wagons together. Any plainsman knows that a little party takes big risks."

"Since when did you come a plainsman?" scoffed the malcontent, for once forgetting his policy of favor-currying with Wingate in his own surly discontent. He had not been able to speak to Molly all day.

"Well, if he ain't a plainsman yet he be, and I'm one right now, Sam Woodhu Jackson stood squarely in front of superior. "I say he's talking sense t man that ain't got no sense. I was v Doniphan too. We found ways, huh?'

His straight gaze outfronted the ot who turned and rode back. But that v night eight men, covertly instigated or couraged by Woodhull, their leader, c to the headquarters fire with a joint c plaint. They demanded places at the h of the column, else would mutiny and g ahead together. They said good m teams ought not to take the dust of o

"What do you say, men?" asked train captain of his aids helplessly. " in favor of letting them go front."

The others nodded silently, looking one another significantly. Already clic and factions were beginning.

Woodhull, however, had too much stake to risk any open friction with captain of the train. His own seat at officers' fire was dear to him, for it brou him close to the Wingate wagons, an sight—if nothing else—of Molly Wing That young lady did not speak to him day, but drew close the tilt of her c wagon early after the evening meal denied herself to all.

As for Banion, he was miles back, camp with his own wagons, which Wo hull had abandoned, and on duty t night with the cattle guard—a herdsm and not a leader of men now. He him was moody enough when he tied his c behind his saddle and rode his black ho out into the shadows. He had no kno edge of the fact that the old mount man, Jackson, wrapped in his blanket, t night instituted a solitary watch all his o

The hundreds of camp fires of the sc tered train, stretched out over five miles grove and glade at the end of the first disciplined day, lowered, glowed and fad They were one day out to Oregon, weary withal. Soon the individual encam ments were silent save for the champ cough of tethered animals, or the whin howl of coyotes, prowling in. At the M souri encampment, last of the train, that heading the great cattle drove, hardy frontier settlers, as was their wo soon followed the sun to rest.

The night wore, incredibly slow to t novice watch for the first time now draf under the prairie law. The sky was fa pink and the shadows lighter when s denly the dark was streaked by a flash fire and the silence broken by the cr of a border rifle. Then again and ag came the heavier bark of a dragoon rev ver, of the sort just then becoming kno along the Western marches.

The camp went into confusion. W Banion, just riding in to take his own l lated turn in his blankets, almost ran o the tall form of Bill Jackson, rifle in har

"What was it, man?" demanded Banio "You shooting at a mule?"

"No, a man," whispered the other. "I ran this way. Reckon I must have miss It's hard to draw down inter a hindsight the dark, and I jest chanced it with t pistol. He was runnin' hard."

"Who was he—some thief?"

"Like enough. He was crawlin' towards yore wagon. I halted him a he run."

"You don't know who he was?"

"No. I'll see his tracks, come day. on to bed. I'll set out a whiles, boy."

When dawn came, before he had brok his long vigil, Jackson was bending ov footmarks in the moister portions of the so

"Tall man, young and tracked clean he muttered to himself. "Fancy boot with rather little heels. Shame I do missed him!"

But he said nothing to Banion or anyo else. It was the twentieth time Bill Jac son, one of Sublette's men and a nephew one of his partners, had crossed the Plain and the lone hand pleased him best. H instituted his own government for the mo part, and had thrown in with this tra because that best suited his book, since th old pack trains of the fur trade were no no more. For himself, he planned settl ment in Eastern Oregon, a country he on had glimpsed in long-gone beaver days, dozen years ago. The Eastern settlemen had held him long enough, the army li had been too dull, even with Doniphan.

"I must be gittin' old," he muttered t himself as he turned to a breakfast fir "Missed—at seventy yard!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Here at last is a CURTAIN CLEANSING SERVICE

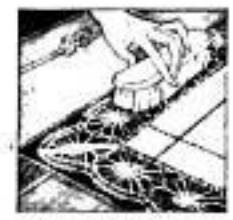
that conforms to a Woman's ideals



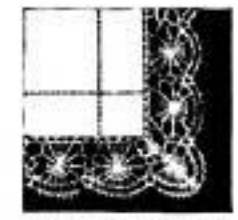
No shrinking, no stretching—every curtain dried to exactly its original size



Corners always square and shapely, so curtains hang correctly



Curtains gently patted down—no pin holes or hook marks to mar them



Edging and scallops finished smoothly, daintily and evenly

Curtains, soiled with the soot of winter, need not be a source of concern this spring, even for a moment. Through a new, saving service that now has been perfected, you can have them washed gently, dried precisely to measure, and daintily dressed up again without so much as a hook mark or pin hole to mar them.

Voile, Nottingham, Brussels, Irish Point, Marquisette, Marie Antoinette Appliqué, Brocaded Damask, Pongee—all respond smilingly to this better method and come back to you soft, filmy, and attractive as when first you put them up.

To make you acquainted with this service, laundryowners and dry cleaners everywhere invite you to send them your curtains the month of April 1 to 30 for a special demonstration. Watch your local newspapers for the introductory announcements.

A remarkably improved machine, called the "American" Curtain Dryer, which laundries and dry cleaning plants are installing, inspires this invitation.

Unlike the ordinary dryer, this new machine makes possible the handling of curtains without the use of a single hook or pin and their return exactly their original size, the corners square, every scallop in place, smooth, dainty, the edging intact, ready to hang.

Once you have had your curtains cleaned and finished this new way, you will prefer it always. It is the kind of service that conforms to a woman's ideals of what a curtain service should be.

You can now have curtains brightened up any time, but laundryowners and dry cleaners are making special preparations to serve you the month of April 1 to 30. Watch your local newspapers; watch the wagons and windows for the introductory offers.

April 1 to 30 is the time. Have your curtains ready.



THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY COMPANY, *Executive Offices:* Cincinnati

Have a special

DEMONSTRATION

April 1st to 30th

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Old Dutch Enamel
for woodwork.
It beats the Dutch
for whiteness.

"The right finish for every surfac

Try MAR-NOT Varnish on your stair

That is where the heavy traffic comes. That is where a true floor varnish endures and where ordinary varnishes fade away. Mar-Not will take this grilling without injury. It is tough, elastic, durable and quick drying. It is made for floors, and is better for floors because in making it no concessions have been made to take care of other uses. For every walked-on varnished surface, use Mar-Not.

Send 50 cents—(65 cents in Canada) for *The Home Painting Manual*, the most complete work on painting ever compiled. 170 pages of text; 27 color plate pages. Address 601 Canal Rd., Cleveland, O., Dept. B-435.

Sent Free.—Set of 8 color plates, showing modern effects in interior decoration and attractive combinations for exterior painting. The Sherwin-Williams Co., 601 Canal Road N. W., Cleveland, Ohio.

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COVER THE EARTH
PAINTS AND VARNISHES
CHEMICALS, INSECTICIDES DYES, COAL TAR PRODUCTS

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MERTON OF THE MOVIES

(Continued from Page 28)

Here she overcame his last reluctance and induced him to enter. She followed and drove rapidly off.

It was only now that Baird let him into the very heart of the drama.

"You see," he told Merton, "you've watched these city folks; you've wanted city life for yourself, so in a moment of weakness you've gone up to town with this girl to have a look at the place, and it sort of took hold of you. In fact you hit up quite a pace for a while; but at last you go stale on it——"

"The blight of Broadway," suggested Merton, wondering if there could be a cabaret scene.

"Exactly," said Baird. "And you get to thinking of the poor old mother and little sister back here at home, working away to pay off the mortgage, and you decide to return. You get back on a stormy night; lots of snow and wind; you're pretty weak. We'll show you sort of fainting as you reach the door. You have no overcoat or hat, and your city suit is practically ruined. You get a great chance for some good acting here, especially after you get inside to face the folks. It'll be the strongest thing you've done so far."

It was indeed an opportunity for strong acting. He could see that. He stayed late with Baird and his staff one night and the prodigal's return to the door of the little home was shot in a blinding snowstorm. Baird warmly congratulated the mechanics who contrived the storm, and was highly enthusiastic over the acting of the hero. Through the wintry blast he staggered, half falling, to reach the door, where he collapsed. The light caught the agony on his pale face. He lay a moment, half fainting, then reached up a feeble hand to the knob of the door.

It was one of the annoyances incident to screen art that he could not go on in at that moment to finish his great scene. But this must be done back on the lot, and the scene could not be secured until the next day.

Once more he became the pitiful victim of a great city, crawling back to the home shelter on a wintry night. It was Christmas Eve, he now learned. He pushed open the door of the little home and staggered in to fall at the feet of his old mother. The sister ran to support him to the sofa. He was weak, emaciated, his face an agony of repentance, as he mutely pleaded forgiveness for his flight.

His old mother had risen, had seemed about to embrace him, but then had drawn herself sternly up and pointed commandingly to the door. The prodigal, anguished now at this repulse, fell weakly back upon the couch with a cry of despair. The little sister placed a pillow under his head and tried to plead with the mother. A long time the old lady remained obdurate, but at last she relented. Then she, too, came to fall upon her knees before the wreck who had returned to her.

Not many rehearsals were required for this scene, difficult though it was. Merton Gill had seized his opportunity. His study of agony expressions in the film course was later rewarded. The scene closed with the departure of the little sister. Resolutely showing the light of some fierce determination, she put on hat and wraps, spoke words of promise to the stricken mother and son and darted out into the night. The snow whirled in as she opened the door.

"Good work!" said Baird to Merton. "If you don't hear from that little bit then I'm an old me a Swede!"

Some later scenes were shot in the same cozy home, which seemed to bring the drama to a close. While the returned prodigal still lay on the couch, nursed by the forgiving mother, the sister returned in company with the New York society girl, who seemed aghast at the wreck of him she had once wooed. Slowly she approached the couch of the sufferer, tenderly she reached down to infold him. In some manner which Merton could not divine, the lovers had been reunited.

The New York girl was followed by her father—it would seem they had both come from the hotel—and the father, after giving an order for more of mother's grape juice, examined the son's patents. Two of them were redeemed over with delight, and at once paid the boy a huge roll of bills for a tenth interest in them.

Now came the grasping man who held the mortgage and who had counted upon driving the family into the streets this stormy Christmas Eve. He was overwhelmed with confusion when his money was paid from an ample hoard, and slunk shamefaced out into the night. It could be seen that Christmas Day would dawn bright and happy for the little group.

To Merton's eye there was but one discord in this finale. He had known that the cross-eyed man was playing the part of hotel clerk at the neighboring resort, but he had watched few scenes in which the poor fellow acted; and he surely had not known that this man was the little sister's future husband. It was with real dismay that he averted his gaze from the embrace that occurred between these two as the clerk entered the now happy home.

One other detail had puzzled him. This was the bundle to which he had clung as he blindly plunged through the storm. He had still clung fiercely to it after entering the little room, clasping it to his breast even as he sank at his mother's feet in physical exhaustion and mental anguish to implore her forgiveness. Later the bundle was placed beside him as he lay, pale and wan, on the couch. He supposed this bundle to contain one of his patents; a question to Baird proved him to be correct.

"Sure," said Baird, "that's one of your patents!"

Yet he still wished the little sister had not been made to marry the cross-eyed hotel clerk.

And another detail lingered in his memory to bother him. The actress playing his mother was wont to smoke cigarettes when not engaged in acting. He had long known of it. But he now seemed to recall, in the touching last scene of reconciliation, that she had smoked one while the camera actually turned. He hoped this was not so. It would mean a retake, and Baird would be justly annoyed by the old mother's carelessness.

XVI

Of Sarah Nevada Montague

THEY were six long weeks doing the new piece. The weeks seemed long to Merton Gill because there were so many hours, even days, of enforced idleness. To pass an entire day, his face stiff with the make-up, without once confronting a camera in action seemed to him a waste of his own time and a waste of Baird's money. Yet this appeared to be one of the unavoidable penalties incurred by those who engaged in the art of the photo drama. Time was needed to create that world of painted shadows, so swift, so nicely consecutive when revealed, but so incoherent, so brokenly inconsequent, so meaningless in the recording.

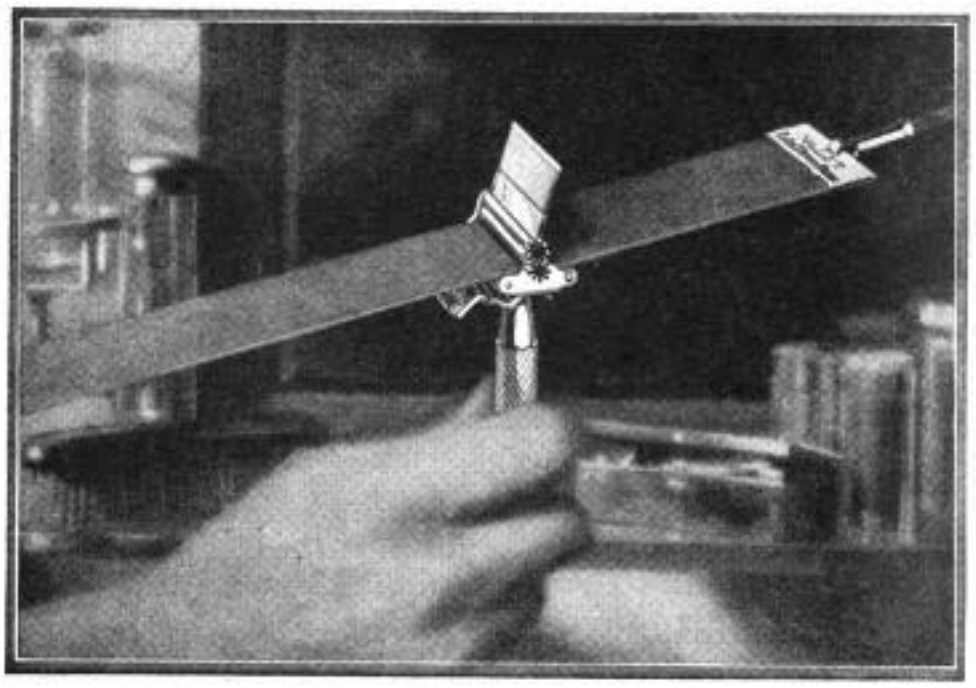
How little an audience could suspect the vexatious delays ensuing between, say, a knock at a door and the admission of a visitor to a neat little home where a fond old mother was trying to pay off a mortgage with the help of her little ones. How could an audience divine that a wait of two hours had been caused because a polished city villain had forgotten his spats? Or that other long waits had been caused by other forgotten trifles, while an expensive company of artists lounged about in bored apathy, or smoked, gossiped, bantered?

Yet no one ever seemed to express concern about these waits. Rarely were their causes known, except by some frenzied assistant director, and he, after a little, would cease to be frenzied and fall to loafing with the others. Merton Gill's education in his chosen art was progressing. He came to loaf with the unconcern, the vacuous boredom, the practiced nonchalance of more seasoned artists.

Sometimes when exteriors were being taken the sky would overcloud and the sun be denied them for a day. The Montague girl would then ask Merton how he liked Sunny Cafeteria. Knowing this to be a jesting term that would stand for Sunny California, he never failed to laugh.

The girl kept rather closely by him during these periods of waiting. She seemed to show little interest in other members of the company, and her association with them, Merton noted, was marked by a certain restraint. With them she seemed no longer to be the girl of free ways and speech. She might occasionally join a group of the men who indulged in athletic sports on the grass before the little farmhouse—for the actors of Mr. Baird's company would all betray acrobatic tendencies

THE RAZOR THAT SHARPENS ITS OWN BLADES



A razor edge that "comes back" every morning in the week

DID you ever wish the edge of your razor blade could stage a "comeback"—and do it every morning in the week? You know how it is—the second shave with a blade begins to pull and scrape—the third and fourth are still worse. Yet it's too much bother to put in a new blade for every shave.

Here's a safety razor that sharpens its own blades on a straight leather strop. A smooth-as-silk shave, not once in a while, but *every morning*. And for a fraction of what you're now spending on blades month after month!

Ten seconds a morning is all you need. A few strokes on the strop—and the edge is keen as new. Quick, easy, convenient! The Valet AutoStrop Razor strops, shaves and cleans without removing the blade.

Save the good money you've been spending on blades. More than a solid year of smooth, clean shaves is *guaranteed* from every $1.00 package of blades. Ask your dealer to demonstrate the Valet AutoStrop Razor for you today.

Valet AutoStrop Razor

Silver plated razor, strop, year's supply of blades, in compact case $5.00

Strops and blades may also be bought separately.

Saves constant blade expense

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"London Bridge is falling down,
Falling down, falling down,
London Bridge is falling down
My fairest lady"

At last! It's new!
the

STORY & CLARK MINIATURE PLAYER PIANO

Something new in player pianos for the small apartment—summer cottage—bungalow—or veranda

Just perfected—after years of experimentation by Story & Clark—in an instrument only four feet two inches high with all the wonderful tone of the Story & Clark instruments of standard size

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in their idle moments—and he watched one day while the simple little country sister turned a series of handsprings and cart wheels that evoked sincere applause from the four New York villains who had been thus solacing their ennui.

But oftener she would sit with Merton on the back seat of one of the waiting automobiles. She not only kept herself rather aloof from other members of the company but she curiously seemed to bring it about that Merton himself should have little contact with them. Especially did she seem to hover between him and the company's feminine members. Among those impersonating guests at the hotel were several young women of rare beauty with whom he would have been not unwilling to fraternize in that easy comradeship which seemed to mark studio life. These were far more alluring than the New York society girl who wooed him and who had secured the part solely through Baird's sympathy for her family misfortunes.

They were richly arrayed and charmingly mannered in the scenes he watched, and moreover they not too subtly betrayed a pleasant consciousness of his existence. But the Montague girl noticeably monopolized him when a better acquaintance with the beauties might have come about. She rather brazenly seemed to be guarding him. She was always there.

This very apparent solicitude of hers left him feeling pleasantly important, despite the social contacts it deprived him of. He wondered if the Montague girl could be jealous, and cautiously one day, as they lolled in the motor car, he sounded her.

"Those girls in the hotel scenes—I suppose they're all nice girls of good family," he casually observed.

"Huh?" demanded Miss Montague, engaged with a pencil at the moment in editing her left eyebrow. "Oh, that bunch? Sure, they all come from good old Southern families—Virginia and Indiana and those places." She tightened her lips before the little mirror she held and renewed their scarlet. Then she spoke more seriously. "Sure, kid, those girls are all right enough. They work like dogs and do the best they can when they ain't got jobs. I'm strong for 'em. But then I'm a wise old trouper. I understand things. You don't. You're the real country wild rose of this piece. It's a good thing you got me to ride herd on you. You're too innocent to be turned loose on a comedy lot.

"Listen, boy"—she turned a sober face to him—"the straight lots are pretty fairly decent, but get this: A comedy lot is the toughest place this side of the bad one—any comedy lot."

"But this isn't a comedy lot. Mr. Baird isn't doing comedies any more, and these people all seem to be nice people. Of course some of the ladies smoke cigarettes——"

The girl had averted her face briefly, but now turned to him again.

"Of course that's so; Jeff is trying for the better things; but he's still using lots of his old people. They're all right for me, but not for you. You wouldn't last long if mother here didn't look out for you. I'm playing your dear little sister, but I'm playing your mother too. If it hadn't been for me this bunch would have taught you a lot of things you'd better learn some other way. Just for one thing, long before this you'd probably been hopping up your reindeers and driving around in a Chinese sleigh."

He tried to make something of this, but found the words meaningless. They merely suggested to him a snowy winter scene of Santa Claus and his innocent equipage. But he would intimate that he understood.

"Oh, I guess not," he said knowingly.

The girl appeared not to have heard this bit of pretense.

"On a comedy lot," she said, again becoming the oracle, "you can do murder if you wipe up the blood. Remember that."

He did not again refer even vaguely to the beautiful young women who came from fine old Southern homes. The Montague girl was too emphatic about them.

At other times during the long waits, perhaps while they ate lunch brought from the cafeteria, she would tell him of herself. His old troubling visions of his wonder woman, of Beulah Baxter the daring, had well-nigh faded; but now and then they would recur as if from long habit, and he would question the girl about her life as a double.

"Yeah, I could see that Baxter business was a blow to you, kid. You'd kind of worshiped her, hadn't you?"

"Well, I—yes, in a sort of way."

"Of course you did; it was very nic you." She reached over to pat his ha "Mother understands just how you watching the films back there in Go berry." He had quit trying to correct as to Gashwiler and Simsbury. She hit upon Gooseberry as a working compo of both names, and he had wearily com accept it. "And I know just how felt"—again she patted his hand—"t night when you found me doing her stu

"It did kind of upset me."

"Sure it would! But you ought to h known that all these people use dou when they can—men and women both, not only saves 'em work but even w they could do the stuff if they had to—that ain't so often—it saves 'em s broken bones and holding up a big pro tion two or three months. Fine busi that would be! So when you see a wom or a man either, that looks like they're ing something that someone else could you can bet someone else is doing it. W would you expect? Would you expe high-priced star to go out and break his

"And at that most of the doubles men, even for the women stars, like K Carson always carries one who used to circus acrobat. She couldn't hardly do of the things you see her doing, but w old Dan gets on her blond transforma and a few of her clothes he's her to the in a long shot, or even in mediums, i keeps his map covered.

"Yeah, most of the doublers have t men. I'll hand that to myself. I'm a the only girl that's been doing it, and th out with me hereafter, I guess, the w seem to be making good with Jeff. Ma after this I won't have to do stunts, ex of course some riding stuff, prob'ly, row of flips or something light. Anyth heavy comes up—me for a double of own." She glanced sidewise at her liste "Then you won't like me any more, kid, after you find out I'm using a doubl

He had listened attentively, absorbe her talk, and seemed startled by this foreseen finish. He turned anxious eye her. It occurred to him for the first that he did not wish the Montague gi do dangerous things any more.

"Say," he said quickly, amazed at own discovery, "I wish you'd quit d all those—stunts, do you call 'em?"

"Why?" she demanded.

There were those puzzling lights bac her eyes as he met them. He was confu

"Well, you might get hurt."

"Oh!"

"You might get killed sometime, an wouldn't make the least difference to m your using a double. I'd like you just same."

"I see; it wouldn't be the way it with Baxter when you found it out."

"No; you—you're different. I d want you to get killed," he added ra blankly. He was still amazed at this covery.

"All right, kid, I won't," she rep soothingly.

"I'll like you just as much," he a assured her, "no matter how many dou you have."

"Well, you'll be having doubles you sooner or later—and I'll like you too."

She reached over to his hand, but time she held it. He returned her st clasp. He had not liked to think of being mangled perhaps by a fall int quarry when the cable gave way—the camera men would probably keep turning!

"I've always been funny about m she presently spoke again, still gripping hand. "Lord knows I've seen enough o kinds, bad and good, but I've always kind of afraid even of the good ones. A one might not think it, but I guess I'm natural-born shy—man shy, anyway."

He glowed with a confession of his c

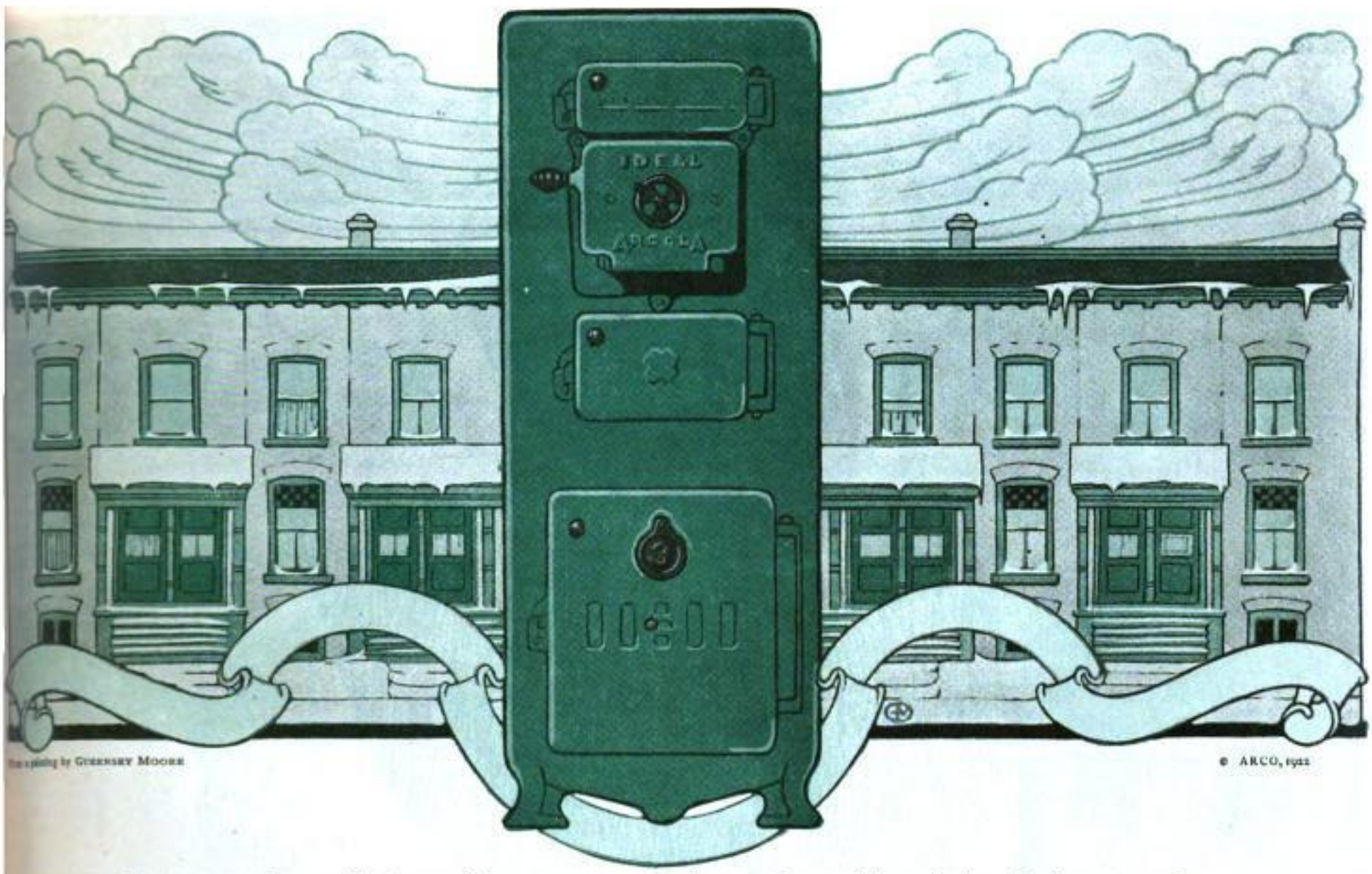
"You know, I'm that way too—girl I felt awful awkward when I had to kiss in the other piece. I never did really —

He floundered a moment, but was p ently blurting out the meager detail that early amour with Edwina May Pul He stopped his recital in a sudden p fear that the girl would make fun of He was immensely relieved when she me renewed the strength of the handclasp.

"I know. That's the way with me. course I can put over the acting stuff, e vamping, but I'm afraid of men off st Say, would you believe it, I ain't ever but one beau! That was Bert Stacy. I old Bert! He was lots older than me; ab

(Continued on Page 77)

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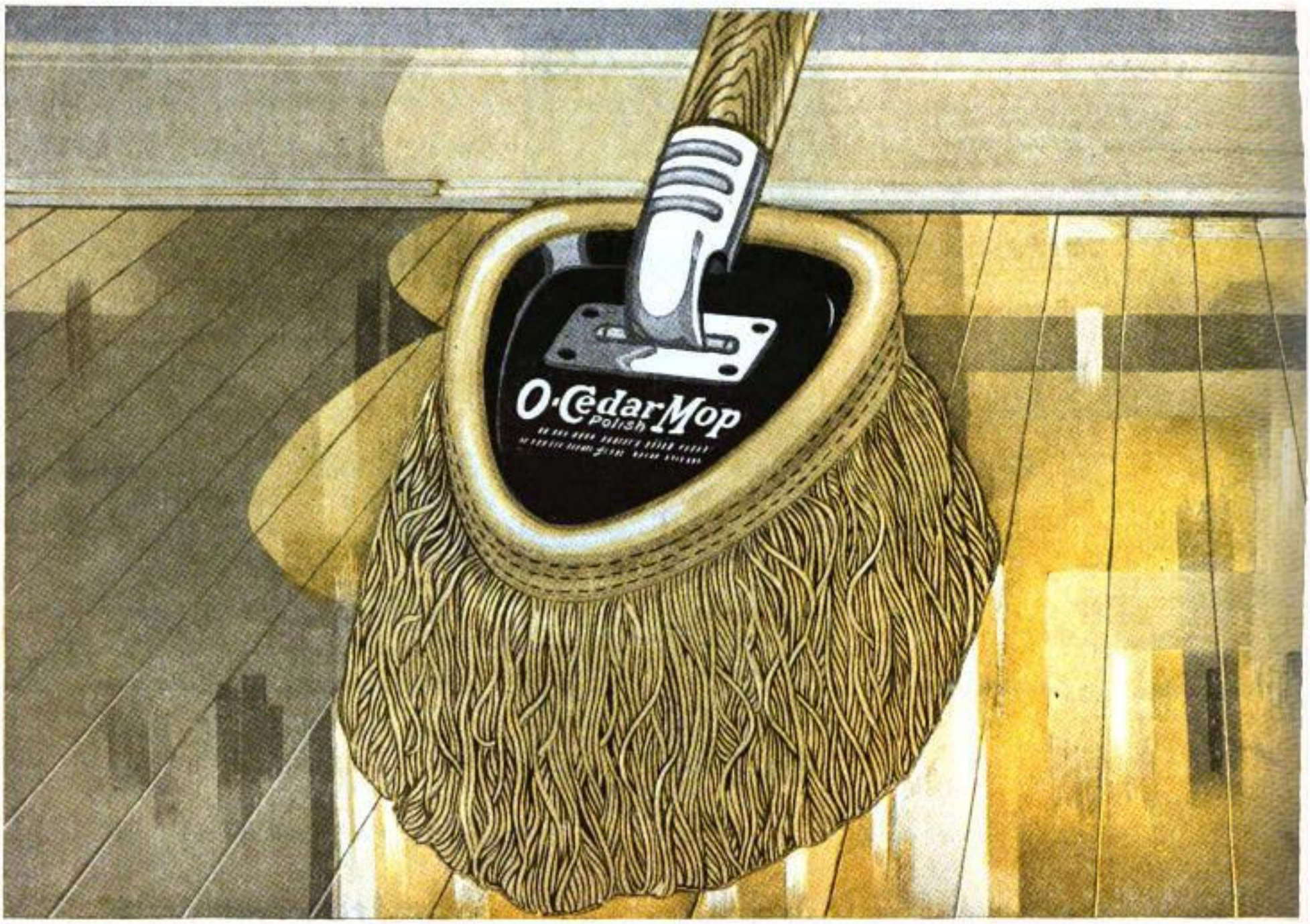


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(Continued from Page 74)

thirty, I guess. He was white all through. You always kind of remind me of him. Sort of a feckless dub he was, too; kind of honest and awkward—you know. He was the one got me doing stunts. He wasn't afraid of anything. Didn't know it was even in the dictionary. That old scout would go out night or day and break everything but his contract. I was twelve when I first knew him, and he had me doing twisters in no time. I caught onto the other stuff pretty good. I wasn't afraid, either, I'll say that for myself. First I was afraid to show him I was afraid, but pretty soon I wasn't afraid at all.

"We pulled off a lot of stuff for different people. And of course I got to be a big girl, and three years ago, when I was eighteen, Bert wanted us to be married, and I thought I might as well. He was the only one I hadn't been afraid of. So we got engaged. I was still kind of afraid to marry anyone, but being engaged was all right. I know we'd got along together, too, but then he got his with a motorcycle.

"Kind of funny. He'd do anything on that machine. He'd jump clean over an auto, and he'd leap a thirty-foot ditch and he was all set to pull a new one for Jeff Baird when it happened. Jeff was going to have him ride his motorcycle through a plate-glass window. The set was built and everything ready, and then the merry old sun don't shine for three days. Every morning Bert would go over to the lot and wait around in the fog. And this third day, when it got too late in the afternoon to shoot, even if the sun did show, he says to me, 'C'mon, hop up and let's take a ride down to the beach.' So I hop to the back seat and off we start, and on a ninety-foot paved boulevard what does Bert do but get in a jam? It was an ice wagon that finally bumped us over. I was only shook up and scraped here and there. But Bert was finished. That's the funny part. He'd get it on this boulevard, but back on the lot he'd have rode through that plate-glass window without a scratch. And just because the sun didn't shine that day I wasn't engaged any more. Bert was kind of like some old sea captain that comes back to shore after risking his life on the ocean in all kinds of storms and falls into a duck pond and gets drowned."

She sat a long time, staring out over the landscape, still holding his hand. Inside the fence before the farmhouse three of the New York villains were again engaged in athletic sports, but she seemed oblivious of these. At last she turned to him again with an illumining smile.

"But I was dead in love once before; that's how I know what you felt about Barrie. He was the preacher where we used to go to church. He was a good one. Pa copied a lot of his stuff that he uses to this day if he happens to get a preacher part. He was the loveliest thing. Not so young, not dark, with wonderful eyes and black hair, and his voice would go all through you. I had an awful case on him. I was twelve, and all week I used to think how I'd see him the next Sunday. Say, when I'd get there and he'd be working—doing pulpit stuff—he'd have me in kind of a trance.

"Sometimes after the pulpit scene he'd come down right into the audience and shake hands with people. I'd almost keel over if he'd notice me. I'd be afraid he would and afraid he wouldn't. If he said 'And how is the little lady this morning?' I wouldn't have a speck of voice to answer him. I'd just tremble all over. I used to dream I'd got a job workin' for him as extra, blacking his shoes or fetching his breakfast and things.

"It was the real thing all right. I used to try to pray the way he did—asking the Lord to let me do a character bit or something with him. He had me going all right. And you must 'a' been just that way about Barrie. Sure you were! When you found she was married and used a double and everything, it was like I'd found this preacher shooting hop or using a double in his pulpit stuff, or something."

She was still again, looking back upon this tremendous episode.

"Yes, that's about the way I felt," he told her.

Already his affair with Mrs. Rosenblatt seemed a thing of his childhood. He was wondering, rather, if the preacher could have been the perfect creature the girl was now picturing him. It would not have displeased him to learn that this refulgent being had actually used a double in his big scenes, or had been guilty of mere human behavior at odd moments. Probably, after all, he had been just a preacher.

"Uncle Sylvester used to want me to be a preacher," he said with apparent irrelevance, "even if he was his own worst enemy." He added presently, as the girl remained silent, "I always say my prayers at night."

He felt vaguely that this might raise him to the place of the other who had been adored. He was now wishing to be thought well of by this girl. She was aroused from her musing by his confession.

"You do? Now isn't that just like you! I'd have bet you did that. Well, keep on, son. It's good stuff, I guess."

Her serious mood seemed to have passed. She was presently exchanging tart repartee with the New York villains, who had perched in a row on the fence to be funny about that long continued holding of hands in the motor car. She was quite unembarrassed, however, as she dropped the hand with a final pat and vaulted to the ground over the side of the car.

"Get busy, there!" she ordered. "Where's your understander? Where's your top mounter?" She had become a circus ringmaster. "Three up and a roll for yours!" she commanded.

The three villains aligned themselves on the lawn. One climbed to the shoulders of the other and a third found footing on the second. They balanced there, presently to lean forward from the summit. The girl played upon an imaginary snare drum with a guttural, throaty imitation of its roll, culminating in the boom of a bass drum as the tower toppled to earth. Its units, completing their turn with somersaults, again stood in line, bowing and smirking their acknowledgments for imagined applause.

The girl, a moment later, was turning handsprings. Merton had never known that actors were so versatile. It was an astounding profession, he thought, remembering his own registration card that he had filled out at the Holden office. His age, height, weight, hair, eyes, and his chest and waist measures; these had been specified, and then he had been obliged to write the short "No" after ride, drive, swim, dance—to write "No" after "Ride?" even in the artistically photographed presence of Buck Benson on horseback!

Yet in spite of these disabilities he was now a successful actor at an enormous salary. Baird was already saying that he would soon have a contract for him to sign at a still larger figure. Seemingly it was a profession in which you could rise even if you were not able to turn handsprings, or were more or less terrified by horses and deep water and dance music.

And the Montague girl, who he now fervently hoped would not be killed while doubling for Mrs. Rosenblatt, was a puzzling creature. He thought his hand must still be warm from her infolding of it, even when work was resumed and he saw her, with sunbonnet pushed back, stand at the gate of the little farmhouse and behave in an utterly brazen manner toward one of the New York clubmen. She who had just confided to him that she was afraid of men was now practically daring an undoubted scoundrel to lure her up to the great city and make a lady of her. And she had been afraid of all but a clergyman and a stunt actor! He wondered interestedly if she were afraid of Merton Gill. She had seemed not to be.

On another day of long waits they ate their lunch from the cafeteria box on the steps of the little home and discussed stage names.

"I guess we better can that Clifford Armytage stuff," she told him as she seriously munched a sandwich. "We don't need it. That's out. Merton Gill is a lot better name." She had used "we" quite as if it were a community name.

"Well, if you think so ——" he began regretfully, for Clifford Armytage had seemed so superior to the indistinction of Merton Gill. Still, the girl was wise in her trade.

"Sure, it's a lot better," she went on. "That Clifford Armytage—say, it reminds me of just another such feckless dub as you are that acted with us one time when we all trouped in a rep show, playing East Lynne and such things. He was just as wise as you are, and when he joined out at Kansas City they gave him a whole book of the piece instead of just his sides. He was a quick study, at that, only he learned everybody's part as well as his own, and



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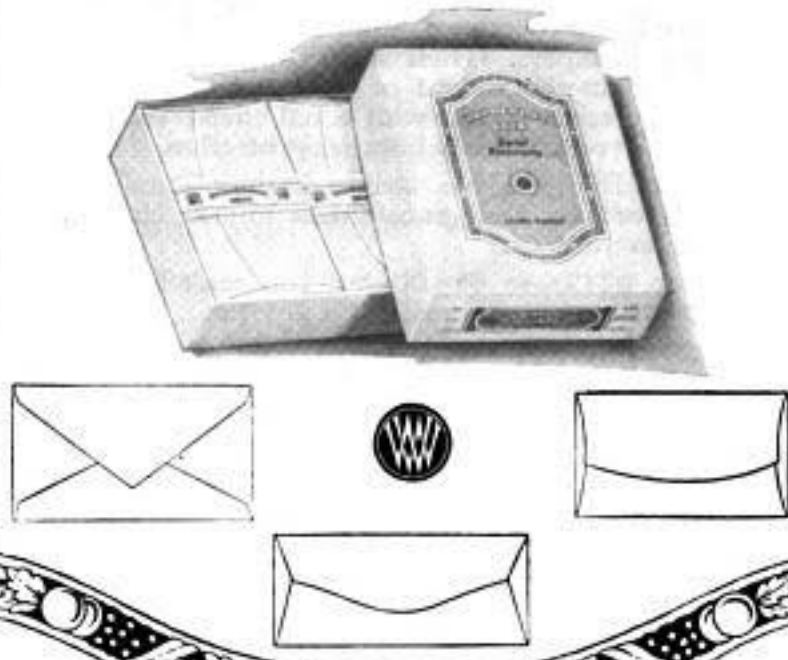
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that slowed him. They put him on in Waco, and the manager was laid up, so they told him that after the third act he was to go out and announce the bill for the next night, and he learned that speech too.

"He got on fine till the big scene in the third act. Then he went blooey because that was as far as he'd learned, so he just left the scene cold and walked down to the foots and bowed and said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, we thank you for your attendance here this evening, and to-morrow night we shall have the honor of presenting Lady Audley's Secret.'

"With that he gave a cold look to the actors back of him that were gasping like fish, and walked off. And he was like you in another way, because his real name was Eddie Duffy, and the lovely stage name he'd picked out was Clyde Maltravers."

"Well, Clifford Armytage is out then," Merton announced, feeling that he had now buried a part of his dead self in a grave where Beulah Baxter the wonder woman already lay interred. Still he was conscious of a certain relief. The stage name had been bothersome.

"It ain't as if you had a name like mine," the girl went on. "I simply had to have help."

He wondered what her own name was. He had never heard her called anything but the absurd and undignified Flips. She caught the question he had looked.

"Well, my honest-to-God name is Sarah Nevada Montague: Sarah for ma and Nevada for Reno, where ma had to stop off for me—she was out of the company two weeks—and if you ever tell a soul I'll have the law on you. That was a fine way to abuse a helpless baby, wasn't it?"

"But Sarah is all right. I like Sarah."

"Do you, kid?" She patted his hand. "All right then, but it's only for your personal use."

"Of course the Nevada"—he hesitated—"it does sound kind of like a geography lesson or something. But I think I'll call you Sarah—I mean when we're alone."

"Well, that's more than ma ever does, and you bet it'll never get into my press notices. But go ahead if you want to."

"I will, Sarah. It sounds more like a true woman than Flips."

"Bless the child's heart!" she murmured, and reached across the lunch box to pat his hand again.

"You're a great little patter, Sarah," he observed with one of his infrequent attempts at humor.

On still another day, while they idled between scenes, she talked to him about salaries and contracts, again with her important air of mothering him.

"After this picture," she told him, "Jeff was going to sew you up with a long-time contract, probably at a hundred and fifty per. But I've told him plain I won't stand for it. No five-year contract, and not any contract at that figure. Maybe three years at two hundred and fifty; I haven't decided yet. I'll wait and see"—she broke off to regard him with that old puzzling light far back in her eyes—"wait and see how you get over in these two pieces.

"But I know you'll go big, and so does Jeff. We've caught you in the rushes enough to know that. And Jeff's a good fellow, but naturally he'll get you for as little as he can. He knows all about money even if he don't keep Yom Kippur. So I'm watching over you, son—I'm your manager, see? And I've told him so, plain. He knows he'll have to give you just what you're worth. Of course he's entitled to consideration for digging you up and developing you, but a three-year contract will pay him out for that. Trust mother."

"I do," he told her. "I'd be helpless without you. It kind of scares me to think of getting all that money. I won't know what to do with it."

"I will. You always listen to me, and you won't be camping on the lot any more. And don't shoot dice with these roughnecks on the lot."

"I won't," he assured her. "I don't believe in gambling."

He wondered about Sarah's own salary, and was surprised to learn that it was now double his own. It was surprising, because her acting seemed not so important to the piece as his.

"It seems like a lot of money for what you have to do," he said.

"There," she smiled warmly, "didn't I always say you were a natural-born trouper? Well, it is a lot of money for me; but, you see, I've helped Jeff dope out both of these pieces. I'm not so bad at gags—I mean th kind of stuff he needs in these serio dramas. This big scene of yours, where yo go off to the city and come back a wreck o Christmas Eve—that's mine. I doped i out after the piece was started—after I' had a good look at the truck driver tha plays opposite you."

Truck driver? It appeared that Mis Montague was actually applying this ter to the New York society girl who in privat life was burdened with an ailing family He explained now that Mr. Baird had n considered her ideal for the part, but ha chosen her out of kindness. Again ther flickered far back in her eyes those ligh that baffled him. There was incredulity i her look, but she seemed to master it.

"But I think it was wonderful of you he continued, "to write that beautif scene. It's a strong scene, Sarah. I didn know you could write too. It's as good anything Tessie Kearns ever did, and she written a lot of strong scenes."

Miss Montague seemed to struggle wit some unidentified emotion. After a lon puzzling gaze she suddenly said, "Merto Gill, you come right here with all th make-up on and give mother a good h kiss!"

Astonishingly to himself, he did so in th full light of day and under the eyes of o of the New York villains who had been pr tending that he walked a tight rope acro the yard. After he had kissed the girl s seized him by both arms and shook him.

"I'd ought to have been using my ow face in that scene," she said. Then s patted his shoulder and told him that h was a good boy.

The pretending tight-rope walker ha paused to applaud.

"Your act's flopping, bo," said Mi Montague. "Work fast." Then she aga addressed the good boy. "Wait till you' watched that scene before you thank me, she said shortly.

"But it's a strong scene," he insisted.

"Yes," she agreed; "it's strong."

He told her of the other instance Baird's kindness of heart.

"You know, I was a little afraid of pla ing scenes with the cross-eyed man, b Mr. Baird said he was trying so hard to serious work, so I wouldn't have him di charged. But shouldn't you think he save up and have his eyes straightene Does he get a very small salary?"

The girl seemed again to be harassed conflicting emotions, but mastered them say, "I don't know exactly what it is, b I guess he draws down about twelve fifty week."

"Only twelve dollars and fifty cents week!"

"Twelve hundred and fifty," said th girl firmly.

"Twelve hundred and fifty dollars week!" This was monstrous, incredibl "But then, why in the world doesn't he ha his eyes ——"

Miss Montague drew him to her wi both her capable arms.

"My boy, my boy!" she murmured, a upon his painted forehead she imprinted kiss of deep reverence. "Run along a play," she ordered. "You're getting me nervous."

Forthwith she moved to the center of t yard where the tight-rope walker still e dangered his life above the heads of a va audience.

She joined him. She became a perform on the slack wire. With a parasol to b ance her, she ran to the center of an ima inary wire that swayed perilously, and s swung there, cunningly maintaining a pa carious balance. Then she sped back safety at the wire's end, threw down h parasol, caught the handkerchief thrown her by the first performer and dainti touched her face with it, breathing deep the while, and bowing.

He thought Sarah was a strange child "One minute one thing and the next mi ute something else."

XVII

Miss Montague Uses Her Own Fac

WORK on the piece dragged to an en In these latter days the earnest you leading man suffered spells of concern f his employer. He was afraid that M Baird, in his effort to struggle out of t slough of low comedy, was not going to wholly successful. He had begun to no that the actors employed for this purpo were not invariably serious even when t

(Continued on Page 81)

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(Continued from Page 78)

cameras turned, or, if serious, they seemed, perhaps from the earnestness of their striving for the worthwhile drama, to be a shade too serious. They were often, he felt, overemphatic in their methods. Still, they were, he was certain, good actors. One could always tell what they meant.

It was at these times that he especially wished he might be allowed to view the rushes. He not only wished to assure himself for Baird's sake that the piece would be acceptably serious, but he wished, with a polite seemly curiosity, to view his own acting on the screen. It occurred to him that he had been acting a long time without a glimpse of himself. But Baird had been singularly firm in this matter, and the Montague girl had sided with him. It was best, they said, for a beginning actor not to see himself at first. It might affect his method before this had crystallized; make him self-conscious, artificial.

He was obliged to believe that these well-wishers of his knew best. He must not trifle with a screen success that seemed assured. He tried to be content with this decision. But always the misgivings would return. He would not be really content until he had watched his own triumph. Soon this would be so securely his privilege that not even Baird could deny it, for the first piece in which he had worked was about to be shown. He looked forward to that.

It was toward the end of the picture that his intimacy with the Montague girl grew to a point where, returning late from location to the studio, they would dine together.

"Hurry and get ungressed, son," she would say; "you can take an actress out to dinner."

Sometimes they would patronize the cafeteria on the lot, but oftener, in a spirit of adventure, they would search out exotic restaurants. A picture might follow, after which by street car he would escort her to the Montague home in a remote flat region of palm-lined avenues sparsely set with new bungalows.

She would disquiet him at these times by insisting that she pay her share of the expense, and she proved to have no mean talent for petty finance, for she remembered every item down to the street-car fares. Even to Merton Gill she seemed very much a child, once she stepped from the domain of her trade. She would stare into shop windows wonderingly, and never failed to evince the most childish delight when they ventured to dine at an establishment other than a cafeteria.

At times when they waited for a car after these dissipations he suffered a not unpleasant alarm at sight of a large-worded advertisement along the back of a bench on which they would sit.

"You Furnish the Girl, We Furnish the House," screamed the bench to him above the name of an enterprising tradesman that came in time to bite itself deeply into his memory.

Of course it would be absurd, but stranger things, he thought, had happened. He wondered if the girl was as afraid of him as of other men. She seemed not to be, but you couldn't tell much about her. She had kissed him one day with a strange warmth of manner, but it had been quite publicly in the presence of other people. When he left her at her door now it was after the most sentimental of partings, perhaps a shake of her hard little hand, or perhaps only a "S'long—see you at the show shop!"

It was on one of these nights that she first invited him to dine with the Montague family.

"I tried last night to get you on the telephone," she explained, "but they kept giving me someone else, or maybe I called wrong. Ain't these six-figured Los Angeles telephone numbers the limit? When you call 306972 or something, it sounds like paging a box car. I was going to ask you over. Ma cooked a lovely mess of corned beef and cabbage. Anyway, you come eat with us to-morrow night, will you? She'll have something else cooked up that will stick to the merry old slats. You can come home with me when we get in from work."

So it was that on the following night he enjoyed a home evening with the Montagues. Mrs. Montague had, indeed, cooked up something else, and had done it well; while Mr. Montague offered at the sideboard a choice of amateur distillations and brews which he warmly recommended to the guest. While the guest timidly considered, having had but the slightest experience with intoxicants, it developed that the confidence placed in his product by the hospitable old craftsman was not shared by his daughter.

"Keep off it," she warned, and then to her father, "Say, listen, pa, have a heart! That boy's got to work to-morrow."

"So be it, my child," replied Mr. Montague with a visible stiffening of manner. "Sylvester Montague is not the man to urge strong drink upon the reluctant or the overcautious. I shall drink my *apéritif* alone."

"Go to it, old pippin!" rejoined his daughter as she vanished to the kitchen.

"Still, a little dash of liquor at this hour," continued the host suggestively when they were alone.

"Well"—Merton wished the girl had stayed—"perhaps just a few drops."

"Precisely, my boy, precisely. A mere dram."

He poured the mere dram and his guest drank. It was a colorless fiery stuff with an elusive taste of metal. Merton contrived an expression of pleasure under the searching glance of his host.

"Ah, I knew you would relish it! I fancy I could amaze you if I told you how recently it was made. Now here"—he grasped another bottle purposefully—"is something a full ten days older. It has developed quite a bouquet. Just a drop ——"

The guest graciously yet firmly waved a negation.

"Thanks," he said, "but I want to enjoy the last. It—it has so much flavor."

"It has; it has indeed! I'll not urge you, of course. Later you must see the simple mechanism by which I work these wonders. Alone, then, I drink to you."

Mr. Montague alone drank of two other fruits of his loom before the ladies appeared with dinner. He was clean-shaven now, and his fine face glowed with hospitality as he carved roast chickens. The talk was of the shop; of what Mr. Montague scornfully called grind shows when his daughter led it, and of the legitimate hall show when he regained the leadership. He believed that moving pictures had sounded the knell of true dramatic art, and said so in many ways.

He tried to imagine the sensations of Lawrence Barrett or Louis James could they behold Sylvester Montague, whom both these gentlemen had proclaimed to be no mean artist, enacting the rôle of a barroom rowdy five days on end by reclining upon a sawdust floor with his back supported by a spirits barrel. The suppositious comments of the two placed upon the motion-picture industry the black guilt of having degraded a sterling artist to the level of a peep-show mountebank. They were frankly disgusted at the spectacle, and their present spokesman thought it as well that they had not actually lived to witness it—even the happier phases of this so-called art in which a mere chit of a girl might earn a living wage by falling downstairs for a so-called star, or the he-doll whippersnapper—Merton Gill flinched in spite of himself—could name his own salary for merely possessing a dimpled chin. Further, an artist in the so-called art received his payment as if he had delivered groceries at one's back door.

"You, I believe"—the speaker addressed his guest—"are at present upon a pay roll; but there are others, your elders—possibly your betters, though I do not say that ——"

"You better not!" remarked his daughter, only to be ignored.

"—— others who must work a day and at the close of it receive a slip of paper emblazoned 'Talent Pay Check.' How more effectively could they cheapen the good word 'talent'? And at the foot of this slip you are made to sign, before receiving the pittance you have earned, a consent to the public exhibition, for the purpose of trade or advertising, of the pictures for which you may have posed. Could tradesmen descend to a lower level, I ask you?"

"I'll have one for twelve-fifty to-morrow night," said Mrs. Montague, not too dismally. "I got to do a duchess at a reception, and I hope my feet don't hurt me again."

"Cheer up, old dears! Pretty soon you can both pick your parts," chirped their daughter. "Jeff's going to give me a contract, and then you can loaf forever for all I care. Only I know you won't, and you know you won't. Both of you'd act for nothing if you couldn't do it for money. What's the use of pretending?"

"The chit may be right; she may be right," conceded Mr. Montague sadly.

Later, while the ladies were again in the kitchen, Mr. Montague, after suggesting

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You never pay more for Berkey & Gay quality—often less—than for makes of unknown worth. As striking evidence of this, foremost furniture stores invite you to see this Puritan dining suite.

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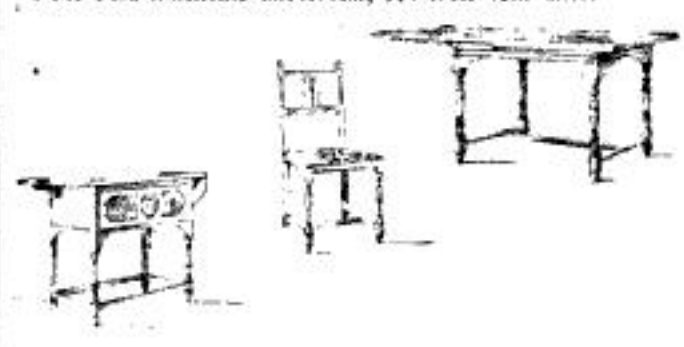
Native oak, typical of the period, is the wood used—embellished with walnut and fancy ash burls. Mouldings, carvings, and turnings are softly fashioned by hand. Mellow coloring suggests generations of loving usage.

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"Top o' the Morning" all day long!

WHAT of to-night, to-morrow night and all the nights to come? Will they find you fagged, nervous, irritable, out of sorts with everything? Or will the same brisk, cheerful freshness that started you on your strenuous day of business or housework or play still be yours? *The answer lies largely in your FEET!*

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WALKING SHOES
are the ORIGINAL Muscle-developing Health Shoes for Men, Women and Children

THEY are "energy savers"—leading to a contented day's-end *every day*. At every step they conform pliantly with the supple flexing of your feet. This revives stagnant circulation and keeps the delicate bones, muscles and nerve-centers strong, steady, self-reliant and uncomplaining;—a result made manifest throughout your body *from the ground up;*—restoring and maintaining natural poise and balance—encouraging enjoyment of the most and best each moment has to give.



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No wizardry accomplishes this. Nothing artificial. Two things alone are involved. *First:*—the welcome restoration of a precious birthright, against the painful pilfering of which by shoes of stiff, unnatural design Nature is constantly sending protests in form of headaches, backaches, nervous exhaustion and worse. *Second:*—the patented principle of "Straight-inside-line," Flexible-Arch construction that provides *invigorating support* with this restful freedom. A principle perfected *only* in GROUND GRIPPERS;—*extensively imitated but never duplicated.*

You'll find only *intelligent* people wearing these famous shoes. Keen, clear-thinking, efficient people who appreciate Quality and *really know how to live* no matter in what walk of life they are. Also, you'll find these fortunate people in perfect tune with Fashion. Because the gracefully rounded toes, sensible heels and smart swing of GROUND GRIPPERS are the prevailing mode everywhere.

There are over sixty attractive, stylishly comfortable GROUND GRIPPER models from which you may now choose. Handsome boots, oxfords, pumps and sport models of varying type, in the finest of leathers and all wanted colors—for all the family.

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Exclusive Stores in Principal Cities. 2000 Agents Everywhere. If there isn't a "Ground Gripper" Shop in your locality, send us the name of your regular dealer. Refuse substitutes!

THE SPIRIT OF YOUTH IN YOUR FEET

Never have you known anything to compare with the complete HAPPINESS of "Ground Grippers." Write for our Style and Medical Booklets on Feet—FREE.

"Something in the nature of an after-dinner cordial," quaffed one for himself and followed it with the one he had poured out for a declining guest who still treasured the flavor of his one *apéritif*. He then led the way to the small parlor, where he placed in action on the phonograph a record said to contain the ravings of John McCullough in his last hours. He listened to this emotionally.

"That's the sort of technic," he said, "that the so-called silver screen has made but a memory."

Then, after lighting his pipe, he identified various framed photographs that enlivened the walls of the little room. Many of them were of himself at an earlier age.

"My dear mother-in-law," he said, pointing to another. "A sterling artist, and in her time an ornament of the speaking stage. I was on tour when her last days came. She idolized me, and passed away with my name on her lips. Her last request was that a photograph of me should be placed in her casket before it went to its final resting-place."

He paused, his emotion threatening to overcome him. Presently he brushed a hand across his eyes and continued: "I discovered later that they had picked out the most wretched of all my photographs—an atrocious thing I had supposed was destroyed. Can you imagine it?"

Apparently it was but the entrance of his daughter that saved him from an affecting collapse. His daughter removed the record of John McCullough's ravings, sniffed at it and put a fox trot in its place.

"He's got to learn to dance," she explained, laying hands upon the guest.

"Dancing—dancing!" murmured Mr. Montague, as if the very word recalled sad memories.

"You forget all about your feet," remarked the girl as they paused, swaying to the rhythm. "Remember the feet—they're important in a dance. Now!"

But it was hard to remember his feet, or, when he did recall them, to relate their movements even distantly to the music. When this had died despairingly the girl surveyed her pupil with friendly but doubting eyes.

"Say, pa, don't he remind you of someone? Remember that squirrel that joined out with us one time in the rep show and left East Lynne flat in the middle of the third act while he went down and announced the next night's play—the one that his name was Eddie Duffy and he called himself Clyde Maltravers?"

"In a way, in a way," agreed Mr. Montague dismally. "A certain lack of finish in the manner, perhaps."

"Remember how Charley Dickman, the manager, nearly murdered him for it in the wings? Not that Charley didn't have a right to. Well, this boy dances like Eddie Duffy would have danced."

"He was undeniably awkward and forgetful," said Mr. Montague. "Well do I recall a later night. We played Under the Gaslight. Charley feared to trust him with a part, so he kept the young man off stage to help with the train noise when the down express should dash across. But even in this humble station he proved inefficient. When the train came on he became confused, seized the coconut shells instead of the sandpaper, and our train that night entered to the sound of a galloping horse. The effect must have been puzzling to the audience. Indeed, many of them seemed to consider it ludicrous. Charley Dickman confided in me later. 'Syl, my boy,' says he, 'this bird Duffy has caused my first gray hairs.' It was little wonder that he persuaded young Duffy to abandon the drama. He was a clever dancer, but not meant for the higher planes of our art. Now our young friend here"—he pointed to the perspiring Merton Gill—"doesn't even seem able to master a simple dance step. I might say that he seems to out-Duffy Duffy, for Duffy could dance."

"He'll make the grade yet," replied his daughter grimly, and again the music sounded.

Merton Gill continued unconscious of his feet, or, remembering them, became deaf to the music. But the girl brightened with a sudden thought when next they rested.

"I got it!" she announced. "We'll have about two hundred feet of this for the next picture—you trying to dance just the way you been doing with me. If you don't close to a good hand I'll eat my next pay check."

The lessons ceased. She seemed no longer to think it desirable that her pupil should become proficient in the modern steps. was puzzled by her decision. Why sh one of Baird's serious plays need an a who forgot his feet in a dance?

There were more social evenings at Montague home. Twice the gathering enlarged by other members of the colony, a supper was served and p played for inconsiderable stakes. In game of chance the Montague girl pr to be conservative, not to say miserly, was made to suffer genuinely when Me Gill displayed a reckless spirit in the ting. That he amassed winnings of nin eight cents one night did not reassure She pointed out that he might easily lost this sum.

She was, indeed, being a mother to defenseless boy. It was after this bling session that she demanded to be just what he was doing with his sa His careless hazarding of poker chips caused her to be fearful of his ge money sense.

Merton Gill had, indeed, been reck He was now, he felt, actually one of Hollywood set. He wondered how T Kearns would regard his progress.

It was a gay life, Merton felt. An for the Montague girl's questions and w ings about his money, he would show He had, of course, discharged his deb her in the first two weeks of his work Baird. Now he would show her tha really thought of money. He would her a gift whose presentation should a certain great occasion. It should o on the eve of his screen début, and w fittingly testify his gratitude. For the after all, had made him what he was, the first piece was close to its prem Already he had seen advance notices i newspapers. The piece was called H on Fire, and in it, so the notices said comedy manager had at last realize ambition long nourished. He had something new and something big; thing done in a big way. The Mont girl would see that the leading man had done so much to insure the succe Baird's striving for the worthwhile d was not unforgetful of her favors and tinuous solicitude.

He thought first of a ring, but acros blank brick wall of the jewelry shop he elected to patronize was an enormous in white: The House of Lucky Wed Rings. This staring announcement alarmed him that he not only aband the plan for a ring—any sort of ring be misconstrued, he saw—but in an of caution chose another establishme so outspoken. If it kept wedding ri all it was decently reticent about and it did keep a profusion of other kets about which a possible recipient entertain no false notions. Wrist wat for example. No one could find subt hidden meanings in a wrist watch.

He chose a bauble that glittered pre on its black silk bracelet, and was shocked in the least when told by engaging salesman that its price w sum for which in the old days Gash had demanded a good ten weeks o life. Indeed, it seemed rather cheap to when he remembered the event it w celebrate. Still, it was a pleasing trifle did not look cheap.

"Do you warrant it to keep good tim he sternly demanded.

The salesman became diplomatic, an effect of genial man-to-man frank

"Well, I guess you and I both know women's bracelet watches are." He sm a superior masculine smile that drew customer within the informed brotherh "Now here, there's a platinum little t that costs seven hundred and fifty, this one you like will keep just as good as that one that costs six hundred n What could be fairer than that?"

"All right," said the customer, take it."

During the remaining formalities tending the purchase the salesman, serving that he dealt with a tolerant of the world, became even franker.

"Of course no one," he remarked p antly while couching the purchase chaste bed of white satin, "expects won bracelet watches to keep time—not the women."

"Want 'em for looks," said the custo

"You've hit it! You've hit it!" claimed the salesman delightedly, as if customer had expertly probed the hea a world-old mystery.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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The things which give true greatness to the LINCOLN *are things not easily discerned by the casual observer, but they are things which become increasingly evident as time goes on.*

The eye alone cannot detect, for example, whether a certain part is accurate to the one-thousandth of an inch or only to the one-hundredth part, yet an error so slight as a half a thousandth, in some operation essentially so accurate, would determine whether that part be destined to early destruction or to many years' unfailing service. And that difference of a half a thousandth of an inch is equal only to a fifth the thickness of a hair.

In the LINCOLN there are more than 5,000 mechanical operations which are not permitted to deviate from a mean standard to exceed the one-thousandth of an inch; more than 1,200 operations in which that deviation is not permitted to exceed a half of one one-thousandth; and more than 300 in which it is not permitted to exceed the quarter of one one-thousandth. There are operations on eight parts in which even that fine limit is reduced.

It would be possible to produce an apparent counterpart of the LINCOLN car, like it in every detail so far as could be detected by the eye alone, and that counterpart could be marketed profitably at half the LINCOLN's selling figures.

But the seeming counterpart *would not* be a LINCOLN in its character, because the very elements which largely constitute that character would be lacking.

Differences in standards of precision largely determine differences in production costs.

LINCOLN standards of precision necessarily mean greater cost of manufacture, but the dollars so invested pay handsome dividends to the owner of the car.

These dividends express themselves in the more charming action of the LINCOLN, in the way it rides and drives, and guides and glides, and coasts and climbs; in the way it moves, and acts, and feels. They express themselves in its greater stamina and longer life, and in the more dependable, more constant and more consistent service enjoyed by LINCOLN owners.

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LINCOLN MOTOR COMPANY

DETROIT, MICH.

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Twenty years ago, we adopted the policy of urging everyone who is hard-of-hearing to test the Acousticon in the home or the office, amid familiar surroundings for ten days, with the privilege of returning it at the end of that period. This to be entirely at our expense with carrying charges paid, and requiring no deposit or other obligation.

This practice has continued without variation, because we realize that there are rare cases of deafness (perhaps two out of 100) which no artificial aid, no matter how efficient it may be, can possibly relieve. Hundreds of thousands have taken advantage of this offer to prove just what it would do for them personally, and the results have warranted a continuance of this practice.

Lawyers and physicians have testified that only with the Acousticon can they continue in their professions—

Prominent members of boards of directors frankly admit that it is essential to their participating properly in directors' meetings—

Mothers have written that without it they would have been unable to know that their children understood their motherly correction and advice; and would even have been deprived of the joy of hearing their little ones' voices.

Permit us to again urgently invite you or any of your friends who are hard-of-hearing to request



10 Days' FREE TRIAL
of the
1922 Acousticon

No Deposit—No Expense—No Obligation

In addition to the various types of portable Acousticons for personal use, the Church Acousticon has been quietly working its way to high favor in the churches of every denomination throughout the country, until it is now installed in over two thousand.

This equipment has enabled many to hear and participate in Church services for the first time in many years, to their gratification and to the individual church's profit.

Here, again, the same generous selling policy is practiced, for we furnish the equipment to any church anywhere in the United States for temporary installation and free trial for 4 weeks. Not a cent of expense is involved, except the nominal cost of having a local electrician place the parts and run the wires. Any electrical worker can do this simple work in a few hours.

One Pastor has written: "From the point of view of the deaf person, it is a godsend. We have many persons in this congregation who could not hear at all, but, with the Acousticon, they now hear perfectly and are delighted with it. Indeed, are so grateful for it that they have offered to bear the expense of it; but our Board has taken pleasure in furnishing it free."

Let No One
Convince You but Yourself

We honestly believe that the 1922 Acousticon is the most efficient hearing device obtainable; that our consistent and expert effort has succeeded in keeping it a little in advance of any in its field, and we intend that it shall continue to be so. If, however, you learn of another instrument which promises as good or better results, ask for the same free trial of it that we offer, and compare the two in your own home. We shall be very happy to have you choose the one which suits your individual needs best, and return the other. Let no one convince you but yourself.

Please remember, however, that the basic principles of the Acousticon, as well as its refinements, are fully protected by patents; so no matter what you have tried in the past, send for your free trial of the 1922 Acousticon today and learn, without cost, or obligation, whether it will best suit your particular needs.

DICTOGRAPH PRODUCTS CORPORATION
1395 Candler Bldg., 220 West 42d St. New York City
Branch offices in principal cities. Ask for addresses.

L'ALOUETTE, OR SILKEN VENGEANCE

(Continued from Page 15)

he was saying, Mr. Kidder did not even yet notice the expression of dumb and dreadful agony on the face across the counter.

"We'll be off!" he cried lightly. "We'll be off!

"Good-by, Lulu,
We're off to Honolulu!"

quoted Mr. Kidder, inserting in his remark, as is often done by orators, a bit of favorite verse.

"Off! On our last trip! With our million! Off ——" he said, now looking up and observing for the first time the face of his companion.

"Ye'll not hove to wait for thot!" said a new, high and totally unexpected voice behind him. "Ye'll not hove to wait for yer million—to enjoy the pleasures of yer last and final trip!" said a slow, bitter and exceedingly Scotch voice. "Not ofter what I'll be writin' yer house this ofternoon!"

Turning sharply, Mr. Kidder now observed the easily irritated junior partner appearing from behind the corner of the hanging display of ladies' underwear at the counter's end, behind which he had apparently been concealed.

"Not ofter I've written to them—to my old friend, Mr. Laughlin—yer boss in yer sales department! Ye'll hove to wait no more when I write and explain to him yer full intentions. Yer full intentions!" continued Mr. Dundee, carrying on the burden of the conversation entirely alone. "Yer plans and specifications for yer last trip—and the gude 'twill no doubt do yer fir-r-rm.

"Yer conversations also," resumed Mr. Dundee, continuing to round out his theme and outlining his prospective letter to Mr. Kidder's superior more fully, "relating to yer employers. And yer observations on their customers—the retailers of this lond—what dogs and worse than dogs they are! And yer philanderin's with their employes also," he said, and stopped for breath while both his hearers preserved a stony silence.

"In beesiness hours! On Monday mornin'!" he continued for good measure. "'Twill be a lesson to ye—and all such cattle like ye! So now be off with ye!" he called to the still silent Mr. Kidder. "Be off with ye—you and yer Alouettes!

"And you, ye hussy," he said, now turning the flow of his irritation toward his assistant buyer. "Get to yer work—without more ado! Or ye'll follow ofter him!"

"This young lady ——" began Mr. Kidder.

"The least said the sooner mended," replied Mr. Dundee.

"This young lady had nothing whatever ——" attempted Mr. Kidder once again.

"The devil's a poor advocate for his clients!" said the junior partner.

Grasping the situation, with a look at Miss Smith's back, which was now turned to him, Mr. Kidder started slowly toward the door, the easily irritated partner observing him closely.

"Good-by to ye," he said with intense meaning. "And all hoppiness—on yer last trip!"

To these words Mr. Kidder made no reply, passing directly out of the entrance in silence. Nevertheless, all that day they were never absent from his mind.

It was a dark, melancholy, unsuccessful day. He returned early to the Grand Occidental Hotel, where he was stopping, and sank down into one of the strong chairs in the lobby.

"The last trip!" said Mr. Kidder, wiping his forehead.

His faculties were dulled, his speech was thick. His mind refused to recall the exact details of his conversation with Miss Luella B. Smith, which Mr. Dundee had overheard.

"The last trip!" repeated Mr. Kidder huskily, and resumed the contemplation of his conversation and his rehearsal of his dream—that fond, foolish, fatuous dream, that favorite fairy tale of so many to-day—of what would happen to their employers, customers and other business enemies if they only had a million dollars! He sat silent, staring, drumming upon his chair arm. Then suddenly he laughed a caustic, bitter laugh.

"I can fall back," he said with a gha mockery of mirth, "upon my million!"

Life had never seemed darker to than at this moment!

And now rising heavily from his c he asked the hotel clerk for his key.

"Certainly, sir," said the hotel cl "Certainly, Mr. Kidder. And here' letter for you, sir."

It was a letter redirected from his h address in New York; a business le evidently, with a typewritten addi Opening it and reading it Mr. Kidder g a sudden inarticulate cry, and aln dropped it from his fingers.

Raising it again, he read as follows:

Los Angeles, Calif.
October 28, 192

Mr. Justin Chatsworth Kidder,
108 —— Street,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir: It is our unpleasant duty t form you of the death of your uncle, Mr. J Chatsworth, which took place in this cit his apartments in the El Splendioso Hote the 26th of this month.

By his will, now in our possession, his p erty—which is estimated as somewhat in cess of a million dollars—passes to you as namesake and sole heir.

Will you kindly communicate with u your early convenience your wishes in matter?

Assuring you of our desire to serve you every facility at our command, we are,

Your obedient servants,
Spriggs & Pitkin, Att'ys at La

III

HOLDING this letter in his hand Kidder sat in his room in the Gr Occidental Hotel, staring at the wall, versing from time to time with the st radiator.

"It isn't true! I don't believe it!" said to it for the thousandth time. "Y all those others!"

Yet there it was in black and wi right in his own hands. "From his own torneys," said Mr. Kidder, rereading i

And now at last a new expression see to grow upon his face, replacing the so and happier confusion that had been the a harder, sterner, more confident look

"And if that's so," he said, and sat si thinking heavily, while the new expres grew continuously upon his face—look of confidence and power—"why do it now? Right now! Before I l town!" he reasoned half aloud.

He thought now, tensely, without ceas "No; that won't do. No!" he said sev times, shaking his head at the radiator.

But gradually his thinking seemed make progress. From time to time a sub cruel smile grew upon his lips; and s denly with an exclamation of delight sprang upon his feet.

"L'Alouette!" he cried, and laug aloud. "I'll show the world!" he cried the radiator in a tone of active and f cious gayety.

And now after a little further thou he took and opened a small memorand book from his vest pocket, walked ac the room and asked for a number on telephone.

Having secured it he asked the questi "Is Miss Smith there? Will you let speak to her?

"You know who this is, don't you?" inquired then in that low, confident secret tone so often used by young n experienced in talking with members of opposite sex over the telephone. "List how'd you come out with him?"

"Oh, all right, finally!" replied the vo of Miss Smith.

"I'm sure glad of that," responded Kidder.

"It wasn't what you'd call an easy exactly," said Miss Smith's voice, givin short outline of it.

"The old crook!" said Mr. Kidder at closing, in his low, sympathetic, alm crooning telephone voice. "I certainly sorry for starting it! Say, listen," he sa slightly changing the conversation. want to ask you a question—about y know-who! Look, is he always prowl around the store? Isn't he ever back th in his own office?"

"He is—certain times."

"Alone?"

(Continued on Page 87)

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When Your Furniture "Blooms"

The high polish of your piano and other fine furniture becomes cloudy very quickly. Varnish manufacturers call this "bloom." It makes new furniture look old and old furniture older. Worst of all, it indicates careless housekeeping.

How to remove this unsightly "bloom" is the ever present problem of all good housewives until they try

3-in-One *The High Quality Household Oil*

Used the right way, 3-in-One not only removes the "bloom" but restores the lustrous finish and preserves it. Even surface scratches disappear. Follow these directions carefully and your furniture will look almost as if it had just come from the factory:

Wring out a cloth in cold water and sprinkle with a few drops of 3-in-One. Go over a small surface at a time, rubbing with the grain of the wood. This removes "bloom," finger marks, grease and surface scratches. Polish with a dry cloth and see the bright new look return.

Use this same method for cleaning and polishing all woodwork; painted, varnished and hardwood floors; oilcloth and linoleum.

Seventy-nine uses for 3-in-One in the home—lubricating, cleaning, polishing and preventing rust—are illustrated and explained in the Dictionary which is packed with every bottle and sent with every sample.

FREE. Generous sample and Dictionary of Uses. Request both on a postal card, or use the coupon at the right.

3-in-One is sold at all stores in 1-oz., 3-oz. and 8-oz. bottles and in 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO., 165 CP. Broadway, New York City

FREE SAMPLE AND DICTIONARY

Three-in-One Oil Co.,
165 CP, Broadway, New York
Please send sample and Dictionary of Uses.

Name_____

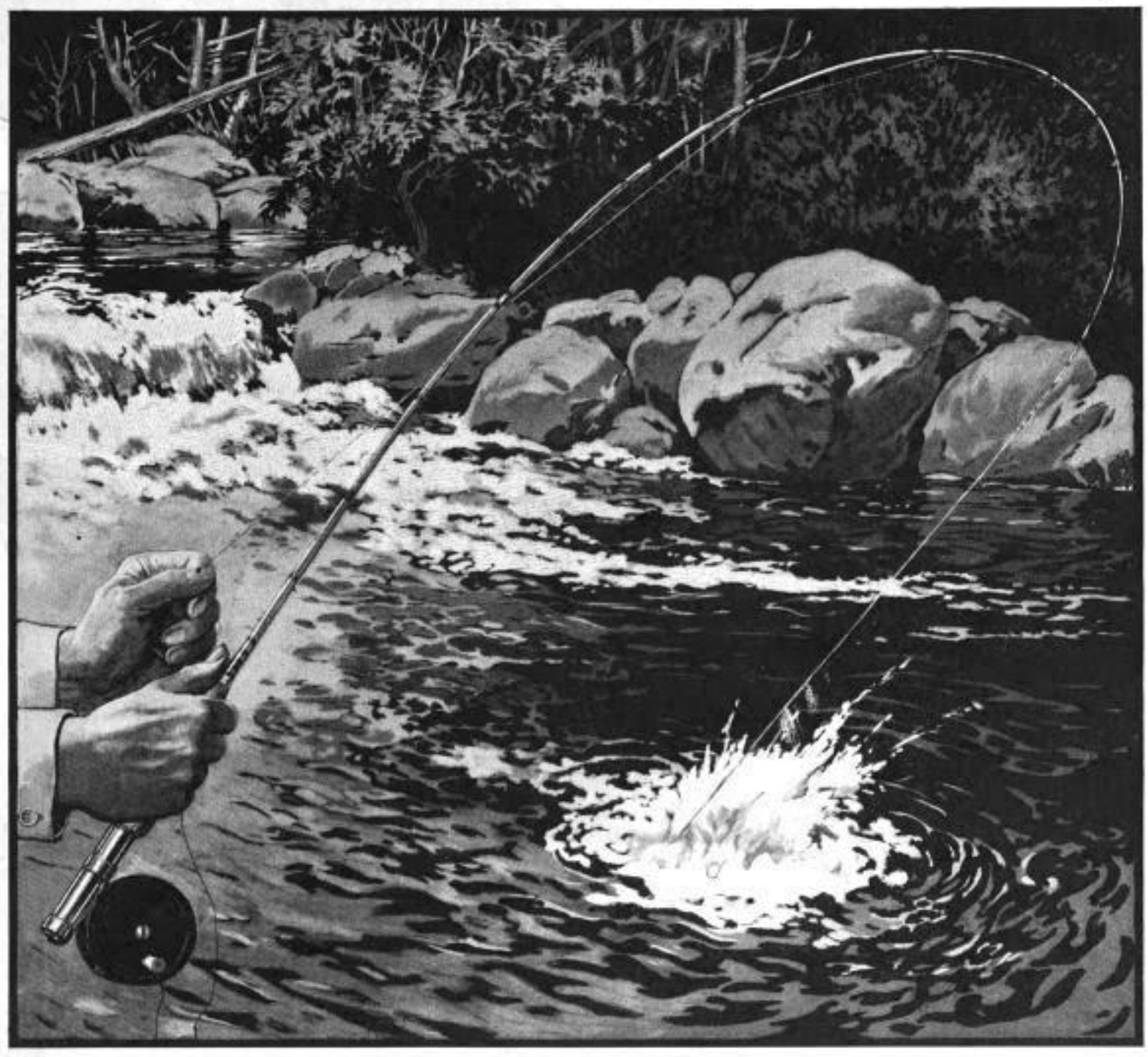
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WINCHESTER
TRADE MARK
TACKLE

1866 1922



ANNOUNCEMENT

Sportsmen will be glad to know that there is now a complete line of Winchester fishing tackle.

¶There are 140 styles and sizes of Winchester rods, including bamboo and steel fly rods, bait rods, and bait casting rods.

¶Winchester reels, including single, double and quadruple action, from the highest grade jeweled-bearing types to the simpler, less expensive ones, offer a complete range for all fresh water fishing.

¶A good assortment of spoon and plug baits, lines, sinkers, and other accessories, rounds out Winchester fishermen's equipment.

¶It is sufficient to say of the quality of these products that they bear the name "*Winchester*", and are made by the same organization which for half a century has studied and satisfied the requirements of sportsmen.

¶There are 4000 Winchester Stores in the United States which sell Winchester tackle and other new products. Look for this sign on the window: *The Winchester Store.*

¶Ask at *The Winchester Store* in your neighborhood for a pocket catalog on Winchester tackle.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

TOOLS · POCKET AND KITCHEN CUTLERY · FLASHLIGHTS
GUNS AND AMMUNITION · SKATES · FISHING TACKLE

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(continued from Page 84)

"He's alone there noontimes," said Miss Smith, "almost always—in there looking out for the fur department."

"The fur department?" repeated Mr. Kidder.

"Yes, when the girls in there are out for lunch he looks out for it. That's right out in front of his private office!"

"Way over there?" stated Mr. Kidder. "At one side? Back of that second show window?"

"That's right. Where they've got our underwear displayed," said Miss Smith, confirming him. "Why?"

"And you say he's there all alone noontimes?"

"He is, yes. Almost always; but why?"

"Oh, nothing."

"You aren't going to start anything rough?" asked the voice of Miss Smith a little anxiously. "You aren't going in there to beat him up or anything?"

"Oh, no. Nothing like that," replied Mr. Kidder.

"Because if you do ——"

"Oh, no," repeated Mr. Kidder, with a whimsical expression in his voice. "I'm just going to start a change in the dry-goods business."

"What change?" asked the voice of Miss Smith sharply.

"A great change. An innovation. A real mark-down sale! I'm going to start a new custom. I'm going to have a real mark-down sale with genuine reduced prices. I'm going to tell the truth for once in the show windows of this nation," said Mr. Kidder somewhat oratorically.

"Go on! Tell me!" she asked, struck perhaps by a certain grim tone underlying his apparently light words.

But with this partial explanation she found she must content herself. For now Mr. Kidder said good-by and finally hung up the telephone.

"There's one nice little girl. I'll do something for her some day!" said Mr. Kidder, brushing his hair and looking over his shoulder in the mirror.

Having done this he put on his hat and started below to the lobby of the hotel, where he stepped up briskly to ask a question of the night clerk.

"The night porter personally?" said the night clerk, pointing. "You'll find him in back there."

Following his direction, passing back behind the swinging door, Mr. Kidder found himself in the severe, battered and somewhat close-smelling hall that led from the alleyway to the service elevator, and in the presence of the night porter—a tall, heavy paunched man in overalls, with a pale complexion that gave the appearance of immense but unhealthy strength—of something abnormal that had grown to a great size under the electric lights.

"All right," said the night porter, examining the bill carefully before he placed it in his trousers pocket. "Shoot! What do you want?"

Mr. Kidder told him briefly in a low voice his mission.

"I know just the man for you," said the night porter, spitting to one side very pointedly. "For twenty-five bucks he'd sell his praying mother!"

"That's the kind," said Mr. Kidder, speaking for the first time aloud.

"He's been in the Heathcote Penitentiary six times."

"Is that right?" said Mr. Kidder with evident interest.

"Wait! He's probably out here in the alley right now," said the night porter. And going out, he whistled shrilly into the half darkness.

In a short time a large head and shoulders appeared above the raised platform upon which the busses discharged their trunks at the level of the floor on which Mr. Kidder and the night porter were standing. After a short conversation their owner clambered up with something of the action, Mr. Kidder felt, of a sea lion on its shelf in an aquarium.

He was a much larger man, Mr. Kidder noticed, than even the large, soft, unhealthy-fleshed night porter, but quite different.

"Now I'll leave you ginks together," said the night porter cordially, "to frame it up. But don't go too far. Don't let them indict you for murder!"

With this pleasantry he left them alone in the bare and battered service hall, and Mr. Kidder turned to impart his message, and looked full into the face of his possible agent, who had now removed his derby hat and stood watching him, his extremely short upper lip still withdrawn over his small widely spaced teeth, at his pleased appreciation of the night porter's parting jest.

He had one of the largest frames and without doubt the roundest head that Mr. Kidder had ever seen, and a hand like a small shovel.

"Sit down, chief," he said, pushing Mr. Kidder heartily with it upon the narrow oaken bench of the night porter before the service elevator. "Shoot it. What's on your chest?"

He had a small, round, somewhat bloodshot eye in his exceedingly round head, a moist, outstanding, shining under lip and a highly corrugated brow, conveying the appearance of doubtful, puzzled, but always ready ferocity.

On his breath Mr. Kidder noted undoubted evidences of one of the coarser types of alcoholic liquors.

"Go on, chief," he urged in a heartiness always bordering on a threat. "Set it out! What is it?"

"You're married—are you?" asked Mr. Kidder finally in a somewhat hesitant voice.

The strong and criminal friend of the night porter looked up at these words as if more than usually suspicious, and looked down when satisfied they were asked in entire good faith.

"In a kind of way I am!" he said. "Yes, I am," said the friend of the night porter, deciding to speak definitely at last. "What's the idea?"

"I'll tell you why I asked you," said Mr. Kidder.

And looking about he now related his proposal in low tones—the effort of patient, wary and always painful thought marking always deeper corrugations in the forehead across from him as he did so.

When Mr. Kidder had completed his speech his hearer was still silent, apparently still occupied with the slow grinding process of his thought.

"What is it?" asked Mr. Kidder finally.

"As far as I go," he answered slowly, like a man before a serious problem, "what the hell do I care?"

"Sure," said Mr. Kidder encouragingly.

"I'll take a chance with any man. Up to the chair!" said the exceedingly round-headed man proudly, staring far ahead, still thinking, with an almost audible crunching of the jaws.

"I got that," said Mr. Kidder, "the minute I saw you!"

"But I kind of hate to drag the old woman into this!" continued the friend of the night porter who had been so often in the penitentiary.

But finally Mr. Kidder fixed it up with him.

IV

STARING out the opened door of his private office Mr. Dundee, the easily irritated junior partner, gazed out upon the fur department, now, during the noon hour, empty even of its few remaining attendants, and thought with regret and irritation of the busy scenes that would have been going on there even at this time two, three or four years before.

As he watched, his eye suddenly grew bright and sharp and reminiscent at the sight of two heavy figures—male and female—wandering on cautiously and furtively into unfamiliar surroundings. It seemed at first impossible; but Mr. Dundee, staring anxiously, saw that it was true.

"What can I do for you, madam?" said Mr. Dundee, hurrying out of his office, rubbing his deferential hands.

"Is here where they keep the furs?" asked the extremely large woman, looking around.

"It is, madam, yes. Yes," said Mr. Dundee, with increasing amiability.

"The real good ones?" asked the giantess in the rusty cloth coat, looking at the groups of pendent garments on their hangers.

"The finest in this part of the country, ma'am," said the junior partner. "There's no collection west of ——"

"Bring them on then!" interrupted the round-headed giant with the corrugated forehead, speaking finally. "Let's have a look."

"Yes, sir. Yes, madam!" said the extremely affable junior partner with a gay alacrity. "Now what will it be? Something like this?"

"We want something good, y'understand!" said the giantess, examining it with worn and stubby fingers. "We got our money right here with us to pay for it!"

(Continued on Page 89)

ALEMITE

Graphite Penetrating Oil





Your car will be squeakless if you apply Alemite Graphite Penetrating Oil at the following points of friction:

Springs

Fenders

Hood and hood catches

Body-bolts, doors

Floorboards and sills

Steering column

CAN you hear your car wearing out? Can you hear the repair bills coming? Every creak and squeak is the cry of wear and depreciation. Stop those unpleasant sounds now with Alemite Graphite Penetrating Oil. A few drops applied to the side of a spring work wonders. The oil bores in between the rusted leaves to the other side, coating them with life-giving graphite. When a bolt "freezes" or a nut sticks, Alemite Penetrating Oil loosens it quickly. Alemite Penetrating Oil dissolves rust and prevents its forming. It silences noisy hinges and creaking doors. You can buy a whole pint for $1, at any Alemite Dealer's.

A Product of
THE BASSICK MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Chicago, Illinois
Alemite Products Company of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario

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Hotels Statler

Buffalo - Cleveland - Detroit - St. Louis

Keeping You Happy at Meal-Time

By E. M. STATLER—being one of a series of ads embodying instructions to Statler employees.

THE way you're served by your waiter and his helper (called a "bus boy") can make or mar your meal. The best of food, perfectly prepared, actually tastes better if it is properly served, by someone interested in the service, than it otherwise can.

That's why we are always emphasizing to our waiters that *our reputation is in their hands.* A waiter who is careless or forgetful or negligent or slovenly can take all the good taste out of the food he serves you, and most of the pleasure out of your meal. We won't have that kind of waiters.

In a first-class hotel you pay for first-class service, as well as for first-class food. You're entitled to it, and your waiter knows it. It is with those facts in mind that we issue to the waiters and bus boys in our hotels instructions like those you see in the columns below:

Instructions to Waiters and Bus Boys in the Statler-Operated Hotels

"THE waiter who has ability *to please people* has something that is valuable to us and to him.

"If you haven't that ability, or if you don't habitually make the most of it, you are not only earning less than a good waiter should, but you are, at the same time, hurting our reputation.

"When we say that our guests must be satisfied with the treatment they get in our dining rooms, as well as with the food they get, we mean that they must be *pleased.* If you can't please the person you are serving, get your captain on the job.

"We don't want anybody to leave one of our restaurants feeling that minor annoyances marred his meal; and that's the way you ought to feel. We want him to feel that he will *be glad to come back to us*—and you ought to want him to be glad to come back *to you.* See that he does.

"Remember that good service is never fussy, but is always interested and watchful and careful.

"Take care of the diner and the tip will take care of itself. You can't keep most people from tipping when they have had good and intelligent service; but people are learning to proportion their tips to the quality of service they get.

"No waiter can stay with us who does not thank our guests for whatever tips they give him. The best waiters say as cordial a thank-you for a small tip as for a large one—and they find it a good thing to keep on doing.

"You must follow the instructions in The Statler Service Codes to the letter. A business stands or falls by what its policies are, and how they are carried out; the Codes explain our policies fully.

"Courtesy to all guests, under all circumstances, is an obligation of yours and of everybody's who works in these hotels—and so is courtesy to your fellow-employees.

"Whatever has been your practice, in other places where you have worked, we have our own way of doing things and our own way of serving people. It will pay you to do things our way instead of some other way. Your detailed instructions about how to serve a meal, how to wait on a party, and so on, will give you many hints; study them."

E. M. Statler

A new Hotel Statler (1100 rooms, 1100 baths) is now building at Buffalo—to open in the spring of 1923; 500 more rooms will be added later.



Hotel Pennsylvania

Opp. Pennsylvania Terminal, New York. *The Largest Hotel in the Wor*

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(Continued from Page 87)

"How much is that one?" asked the aconic giant close beside her.

"Four hundred dollars."

"Say, look—is that the best you've got t this dump?" asked the giant in tones of me suffering from an almost nauseating ense of anger and insult.

"Oh, no, sir. No, sir," said the junior artner with grateful humbleness.

It seemed almost too good to be true, his turning back to the happier, brighter ays in the fur trade.

"Go on. Get them out then. Drag hem out!" said the easily irritated giant o the busy, ingratiating, amiable junior artner. "Let's see the best. The best is hat we're after—see?"

"This way. This way, please," said the unior partner, calculating busily in his ind, with a happiness he had not felt efore in two years; and he led them over to the territory of the thousand-dollar oats—and upward—in the farther corner of the department.

The feet of the giants thudded heavily after him across the empty space.

"Now this," said Mr. Dundee, fingering at the large soft clinging garment—"this is a fine Alaska seal, for twelve—no, fifteen hundred dollars! Fifteen—yes!" said Mr. Dundee, looking at the secret script upon the tag again. "Fifteen hundred dollars."

"Is this the best they is in the whole place?" asked the giant, crowding on him from behind, with one large hand upon the manikin.

"The very best?" inquired the giantess, enveloping him on the other side.

"The very best, sir! Yes, madam!" said Mr. Dundee, looking up sharply into the almost savagely serious faces above him. "Except, of course, sable."

The faces of the giants, especially of the corrugated-browed male—stared down suspiciously and menacingly over him.

"The very best—except for sable! The very—blub!"

"The very—blub!" said Mr. Dundee, stopping suddenly, partially enveloped in the garment, with his mouth and the larger portion of his face below his eyes now entirely covered by the male giant's hand.

The female giant stepped aside with a look of inquiry at her mate.

"You can be going along now," he told her in answer. "We'll take care of this!"

And now turning his strained eyes Mr. Dundee, the junior partner, saw emerging from behind one of the circular exhibits of furs, where it had apparently been waiting, the little and elegantly dressed figure of Mr. Kidder.

He was apparently carrying some pasteboard placards which he had in his hand—and a long pole such as is used for rolling up rugs or carpets.

"You hold him there," he was saying to the giant, "till I get them ready. Give him a little more air if he needs it," he added thoughtfully. "He'll promise to keep still. Won't you?" he inquired of Mr. Dundee.

Mr. Dundee, the junior partner, promised with his bulging eyes.

It was but a few minutes afterwards that the casual strolling cigarette smokers and post-dowers of the noon hour observed with much attention two men arranging a new lay figure or manikin among those already standing in the display of ladies' underwear in the handsome second show window of M. W. Praether & Co.

They were evidently skilled men; they worked quickly and sharply; and in a comparatively short time they had completed the task of setting up and fastening the image to the rear of the window, and then of hanging by short strings about and upon it several large placards, for the time being turned with their backs toward the street.

The smaller and more elegantly dressed man, who evidently the one in charge—though his assistant, a man of unusual size and strength, was clearly most essential to him in the operation.

Arranging the new figure, which seemed to be enveloped in a large sealskin coat, in the exact center of the rear, setting to one side of the graceful and delicately clothed feminine figures in the foreground of the window, the smaller workman finally gave a signal to the larger, who whisked the enveloping fur coat from the new image, and both disappeared almost simultaneously from the window—leaving the new display in its center.

As they did this two of the noonday strollers of the gum-chewing sex stopped before the show window with an expression of distinct surprise upon their faces. For they now observed for the first time that the new and central figure had a singularly heavy mustache, which was partly covered by a white bandage extending around the back of the neck.

"My Gawd," said the larger and more triangular-headed one of the two. "Would you look at that!"

At her exclamation others stopped with similar outcries of interest.

This figure with the mustache and the bandage about its mouth, which appeared in the center of the group of other figures displaying ladies' underwear, bore on its chest, they now read, a placard marked in large letters L'Alouette, which was fastened apparently on a silken camisole of apricot shade.

This placard, however, they soon understood, could not be meant to be the name of the figure itself, for not only was there a sum marked under this title, making L'Alouette—$1.99; but underneath it, hanging about to the knees, a second placard, marked La Regina—$4.99, was fastened evidently to a handsome pair of knickerbockers of heavy navy-blue satin, while above a similar smaller placard, marked La Babette—$1.00, was apparently secured and swung from a small fluffy novelty of sky-blue tulle which ornamented the low neck—which in turn in the cut of its garment suggested evening dress. Bare arms and low black socks with mannish shoes and garters completed the costume.

"What's the idea, huh? What's the idea?" hurriedly asked a tall pasty-faced young man with a cigarette, of the larger of the first two observers—struggling meanwhile to hold his place in the gathering, jostling crowd.

"How would I know?" she replied to him, now resuming her gum-chewing again rather slowly.

And now, watching instead of questioning, both read half audibly with their lips the larger placards which appeared about the new figure—three in all.

That at the left announced simply—what all eyes had already seen: Undies of Distinction.

That at the right stated generously: Take this all home—for $7.98.

But the entire meaning of the three was not conveyed until the reading of the largest and most conspicuous of all the placards, displayed above the figure's head, which said: At last! The First in America!! A real genuine mark-down sale!!!

"Look!" said the larger, more triangular-haired blonde at the window, now clutching her companion's arm. "Its eyes are moving!"

Not only that, but now it was claimed by several that they heard it making low but inarticulate sounds—though this could not be certain in the general and increasing confusion.

But at this time—word no doubt having gone into the store—the door in the back of the window was seen to open and new figures came in—several figures of employes, who were at once seen to be busily engaged in releasing the lay figure from bonds with which it seemed to be lashed to a long, heavy pole and to the back of the window.

Almost immediately when this was completed the figure started leaping actively up and down.

"Where is he? Where are they?" exclaimed the recently released lay figure. And bursting into hot, flaming and incandescent blasphemy, regardless of appearances, it hopped sharply from the rear of the show window and darted down the aisles of the store like some mad wild thing entirely bereft of its senses. Those whom it sought were apparently not in sight, for it stopped now before the ladies'-underwear counter to shout out loudly at the smartly dressed attractive young woman behind it: "Where are they?"

"Where are they?" repeated Miss Luella B. Smith, shrinking back in alarm.

"Bring them out, ye hussy!"

"Bring out who?" she asked in reply.

"Yer confederates! Yer confederates!" exclaimed the easily irritated junior partner. "The ones that brought about this dashed diabolical outrage."

And now looking about he saw behind him a short fat figure, the figure of his senior partner, old M. W., the head of M. W. Praether & Co., whose mouth was apparently covered with his hand.

How We Are Increasing Our Sales — Because We Tried it FREE!



"IT'S *possible* for YOU to make *more* money this spring than ever before. Those concerns making the *most* money *right now* have jumped out of the old rut. They're doing something *different!* A *new* twist to your business—a new and better way of selling can mean *prosperity* instead of depression for you in 1922"—says Roger Babson.

Fred Mann, the famous North Dakota retailer, is proving that Babson is right. So is Charles Haines, the noted Kansas merchant. Likewise Mead-Johnson, Evansville manufacturers—and many others!

Needing business—wanting to cut expense, these progressive business men tried at *our* expense the Addressograph Way of *increasing sales.* Note opposite, their own statements of results. Why deny yourself equal prosperity? Real sales messages and latest price-lists to your *inactive* customers will regain their trade and offset competition. Attractive letters and circulars to your *logical prospects* will swell your sales. You can *prove* it at *our* expense! The *same* Addressograph prints *brief* messages and addresses them 10 times *faster* than hands. Errors impossible! FREE trial will convince you. Just mail coupon below.

Note These Startling Sales Results of These Firms who tried it FREE

1. "We did 20% more business in 1921 than in 1920 in spite of a 30% price decline. Addressograph-ed circulars and catalogs largely responsible. We are using direct advertising exclusively this year."
—THEODORE SAMUELS, Vice Pres., Samuels Shoe Co., St. Louis, Mo.

2. "How any merchant can afford to be without the Addressograph is beyond me. Ours is of inestimable value in covering our territory for 60 miles around with letters and sales notices."
—CHARLES HAINES, Merchant, Sabetha, Kas.

3. "We sold more merchandise in 1921 than the year before—over $500,000 in a 5,000 town. We did it by keeping a continual stream of Addressograph-ed letters and circulars going into the mails.
—FRED MANN, Pres., Mann's Dep't Store, Devil's Lake, North Dakota.

4. "We are doubling our Addressograph-ed advertising in 1922, because our 63% increase in sales in 1921 over 1920 is largely traceable to this form of sales effort."
—E. M. JOHNSON, Vice-Pres., Mead-Johnson Co., Evansville, Indiana.

Gen'l Offices, 900 W. Van Buren St., Chicago
Factories: Chicago, Brooklyn, London
Sales Offices and Service Stations
Boston—Baltimore—Buffalo—Cleveland
Detroit—Minneapolis—New York—San Francisco, and 32 other principal cities.
Canadian Head Office, 60 W. Front St., Toronto
Vancouver—Montreal—Winnipeg

Addressograph
TRADE MARK

PRINTS FROM TYPE

Model H-2
$15
Down in U.S.A.
$20 Down in Canada
Balance in Monthly Payments



2 New Selling Books FREE

1 "Mailing Lists—their Preparation, Care and Uses."
—by C. P. Ufford, Mailing List Expert of Goodrich Rubber Co.

2 "How Live Sales Promotion Puts the Sharp Edge on Dull Business."
—by A. J. Reitz, Sales Promotion Expert.

Mail With Your Letterhead
To Addressograph Co., 900 Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.
☐ SEND ON APPROVAL Hand Operated Ribbon Print Addressograph for 10 days' FREE trial. If we don't buy we will return it at your expense.
☐ HAVE SALESMAN DEMONSTRATE the Addressograph he carries with him.
☐ SEND SAMPLE Ie Blank Plate
☐ SEND BOOK No. 1.
☐ SEND BOOK No. 2 (41-22)

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Executives



You'll want this book

To save even a small percentage on coal bills means thousands of dollars earned annually.

This clear, complete treatise is written to show everyone who operates a boiler room how to actually make money by following simple business methods.

Clip this advertisement as a memorandum to your secretary to send for this free book.

WENTZ COMPANY
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Anatomik FOOTWEAR
DR. COLE'S PATENTS FEB. 20 '06

A Man's Feet Carry 815 Tons a Day

"Anatomik" shoes support the feet in their normal position, enabling one to carry this weight in comfort; preventing and curing "fallen" arches, and other foot ailments. "Anatomik" shoes have been carrying men in comfort for 15 years. *Arrow shows where body weight falls in the wrong kind of shoe (left) and in "Anatomik" shoe (right).* Send for free illustrated booklet and name of nearest agency.

FIELD & FLINT CO., BROCKTON, MASS.

HASTINGS *Glass Curtain Lights*

NOW ONLY $1.65 Were $2.50

Is your Ford old or new? In either case you can replace the disfiguring celluloids in a few minutes with Genuine Hastings Stylish Glass Curtain Lights. They wear forever. Ask your dealer.

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Hatched in the World's Largest Incubator and from stock on our own farm, holding Official World's Record. We also have best thoroughbred utility stock at our usual moderate prices, twelve popular breeds. Write nearest address, today, for catalog—FREE.

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Models for All Needs
The COLSON Co.
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PATENTS. WRITE for free illustrated guide book and "RECORD OF INVENTION BLANK." Send model or sketch and description of invention for our free opinion of its patentable nature.

Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

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"What are you blitherin' at?" inquired the junior partner hastily—with the emphasis on the "you."

"I wasn't blithering," said the senior partner evasively. "I was coughing."

"What are ye coughing at then?" asked the easily irritated junior partner.

And in absence of immediate answer he burst forth again in wild, frank, free, incandescent speech, in which the names of a great variety of persons and deities—including that of the senior partner—were freely and inextricably intermingled.

"And you too—you too—if ye want to know it!" he was saying, when the senior partner interrupted him.

"That will be about all for that," said the senior partner crisply. "Get dressed," he stated to him coldly, "and come up to the office. We can curse each other more comfortably there."

At about this time, laughing heartily, Mr. Kidder, leaving the edge of the reluctantly dispersing crowd, was walking home to his hotel by himself, having long ago dismissed his companion.

"I only wish I could do it all over the country. To every man I sold!" he was saying to himself. "What a boost—what a boost it would give the retail business of this country!"

But of course he saw this would be impossible, considering the quickness with which the news of this one experiment would no doubt reach his home office. So he now busied himself with the consideration of a strong and dignified letter of resignation to be sent in in time at least to reach his house simultaneously with the report of his last activity with one of their customers.

Still considering this, he passed upstairs to his own room.

The framing of his letter—to contain both the dignity and pep that he desired to give it—was a more difficult and laborious task than he at first realized; and when it was dinnertime he found it still uncompleted. Laying it aside finally, he proceeded downstairs. And now as he passed the hotel desk, looking back of it, he saw the fine diagonal line of a single letter in the box with his room number.

It was a letter, he saw when he received it, with the now familiar postmark of Los Angeles. Opening it with agitated hands he read as follows:

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.
October 29, 1921.

MR. JUSTIN CHATSWORTH KIDDER,
108 —— Street,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir: Owing to a regrettable error you were notified by letter yesterday, the 28th, of your inheritance of the fortune of Mr. Justin Chatsworth, deceased. This announcement, we greatly regret to say, was an error—a mistake originating in a confusion by a stenographer of the addresses of two persons with identical names—your own and one other.

The other Mr. Justin Chatsworth Kidder, who, it seems, was associated with your uncle in his soap business, is the recipient, it now appears, of his fortune; while the mention of your name is merely incidental, arising from the fact that the decedent took occasion to speak with reprobation of your changing of it.

These exactly identical names with their addresses being the only two which appeared in the document, you will readily appreciate how a mistake in this matter was possible—though most unfortunate.

Reiterating our regrets for this error, and trusting it has not inconvenienced you to any serious degree, we are,

Your obedient servants,
SPRIGGS & PITKIN, Attys. at Law.

▼

AT 3:30 O'CLOCK, after the couple in the room underneath had complained to the office the second time of his tramping around, Mr. Kidder finally went to bed, and falling, after some hour or so, into a heavy and exhausted sleep, did not wake until nine o'clock, when he was aroused with a start by the rattling of his telephone bell.

"This is M. W. Praether & Co. speaking—Mr. Praether's office!" said the voice on the telephone—a voice which Mr. Kidder thought at first to be that of Miss Smith.

"Yes-s-s," said Mr. Kidder's still heavy tongue.

"I'm speaking for Mr. Praether. Could you come and call on him at his office at 9:30?"

"I could—yes," said Mr. Kidder, now thoroughly awake.

"Very well, he will look for you," said the woman's voice at the phone, closing the conversation.

Mr. Kidder, still somewhat dazed, wondered, while hurriedly dressing, if it could have been Miss Smith who had been talking—or, as more likely, merely one of the stenographers with a clear, high, attractive soprano voice.

When he arrived at the office of Mr. Praether, the head of the firm, he thought that he heard again, from the anteroom, the sound of the voice and laughter of Miss Smith, together with that of the head of the firm—or old M. W., as he was more generally called—in the inner office. But this he believed later to be a mistake, for when he was taken in at last he found the latter alone and without any suggestion of laughter in his face—and the door on the farther side of his office firmly closed.

"Sit down," said old M. W. gruffly.

He was a short, heavy, smooth-faced old man, who looked usually like a good-humored toad with a bald head. But just now there was no humor apparent either in his little round eye or in his voice.

"Sit down," he said briefly to Mr. Kidder, who did so without unnecessary delay—waiting for the expected.

"I got you in here for a purpose!" said Mr. Praether, fixing his small but observant eye upon him steadily.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Kidder, swallowing, and slightly lifting his shoulders.

"Our junior partner, Mr. Dundee, has this morning withdrawn from our firm," stated Mr. Praether now—and waited.

But Mr. Kidder said nothing—but remained motionless, silent and rooted to his chair.

"That being the case," continued the other, "we shall have to get out and look for buyers—several of them—for the various departments which he formerly handled."

And now Mr. Kidder's lips moved slowly but did not yet articulate.

"Men of enterprise and pep and initiative! Men who are willing to stand up and take the gaff for what they think—no matter who's against them!" continued Mr. Praether.

And now a slight murmur came from Mr. Kidder's lips.

"No matter who's against them," repeated Mr. Praether. "Up to and including myself! That if I go and make a fool of myself, will stand right up and fight against me—like undefeated wildcats! You understand?"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Kidder's voice now rather sharply.

"Will you come with us? And try it?" inquired old M. W., looking him through and through with his little eyes, and named the departments he would give him, and also the figure of his salary—a very generous one, much larger than he had been getting.

"I certainly will!" replied Mr. Kidder quickly, with a slight moisture in his eye.

And they arranged the details.

"And now," said old M. W., rising and stretching out his old fat hand to shake hands with him, "if you'll go out into that next room—through that door there—you'll find your assistant—the head buyer for the ladies'-underwear department, Miss Smith. You know her, don't you?"

"I certainly do," said Mr. Kidder, stumbling into the next office, still partly dazed.

"Look," he said finally, when they alone and he was sure they couldn't be heard. "What happened?"

"He blew up, that's all! Finally!" Miss Smith.

"Dundee—you mean?" suggested Kidder, watching her, filling out her For she seemed almost as excited as h

"Yes," said Luella B. Smith; "Ill did always—with all the rest of us. this time it was old M. W. himself!"

"Oh," said Mr. Kidder, seeing the tion more intelligently and compr sively than before. "And then what?

"Then the old man sent for me."

"And what'd you tell him?" asked Kidder, watching her.

"I just told him the whole story—it was. How he picked on you and m everybody all the time."

"Yeah," said Mr. Kidder. "And about my thing?"

"I told him that, too, just the w was," said Luella B. Smith, with a flush of admiration on her face. "I him that he found one person finall couldn't pick on. He picked on one was too much for him."

"You didn't!" said Mr. Kidder, a su flush of color now appearing on his c

"I certainly did!" replied Miss Sm her decided manner.

"And what'd he do?"

"He laughed. He got to laughing," Luella B. Smith. "He loves to laugh than anything."

"He's one fine old man," said Mr. K enthusiastically.

"He is," affirmed Miss Smith. "F prince. I love to hear him laugh. But was another thing, too, in this!"

"What?" asked Mr. Kidder.

"He's wanted to get rid of tha grouch right along. But he couldn' hated to. And this thing did it for So incidentally it fixed you up all right him!"

Mr. Kidder said nothing for the mo

"You were lucky."

"I was—more ways than one," sai Kidder. And she looked at him, his was so kind of husky.

"What—what's the idea?" asked ella B. Smith, for he was trying to tal hand.

"You know what you did for me was asking.

"No. What?"

"You went to the front for me—I it! Or this wouldn't have happ said J. Chatsworth Kidder.

"Oh, forget it!" responded Miss

"Do you know what I think about he asked, crunching her hand more realized. "I think you are all to the

"Do you mean that — or are just ——" Miss Smith started saying a half serious, half mocking smile.

"I'll show you whether I mean it sponded Mr. Kidder.

"Not now!" she said, pulling her away.

"No. But just as soon as I prove make good on this job—anyhow!"

"Come on," said Miss Luella B. practically. "We've got to start doin

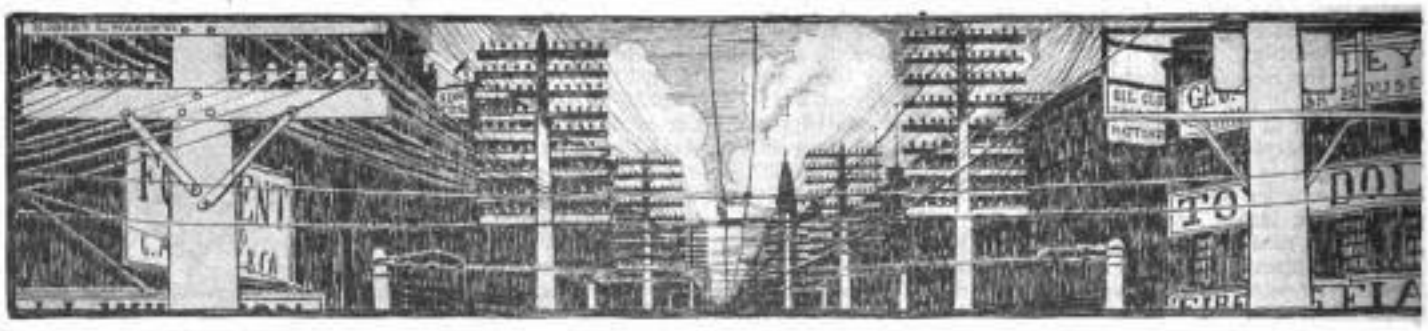
"Do you know what I think about insisted Mr. Kidder with sudden siveness. "I'd rather travel alongs you than have a million dollars! day!"

"Come on then," said the wom always more practical than the man. time we traveled!"

Side by side they went down toget start their plans for putting the l underwear department on the map.

"We'll celebrate—right at the s said Mr. Kidder. "We'll show the one regular mark-down sale. A real ine one! We'll make them buy."

"Sure! We'll have all the old m men," responded Miss Luella B. with a happy, laughing look, "in here b armfuls for their wives!"



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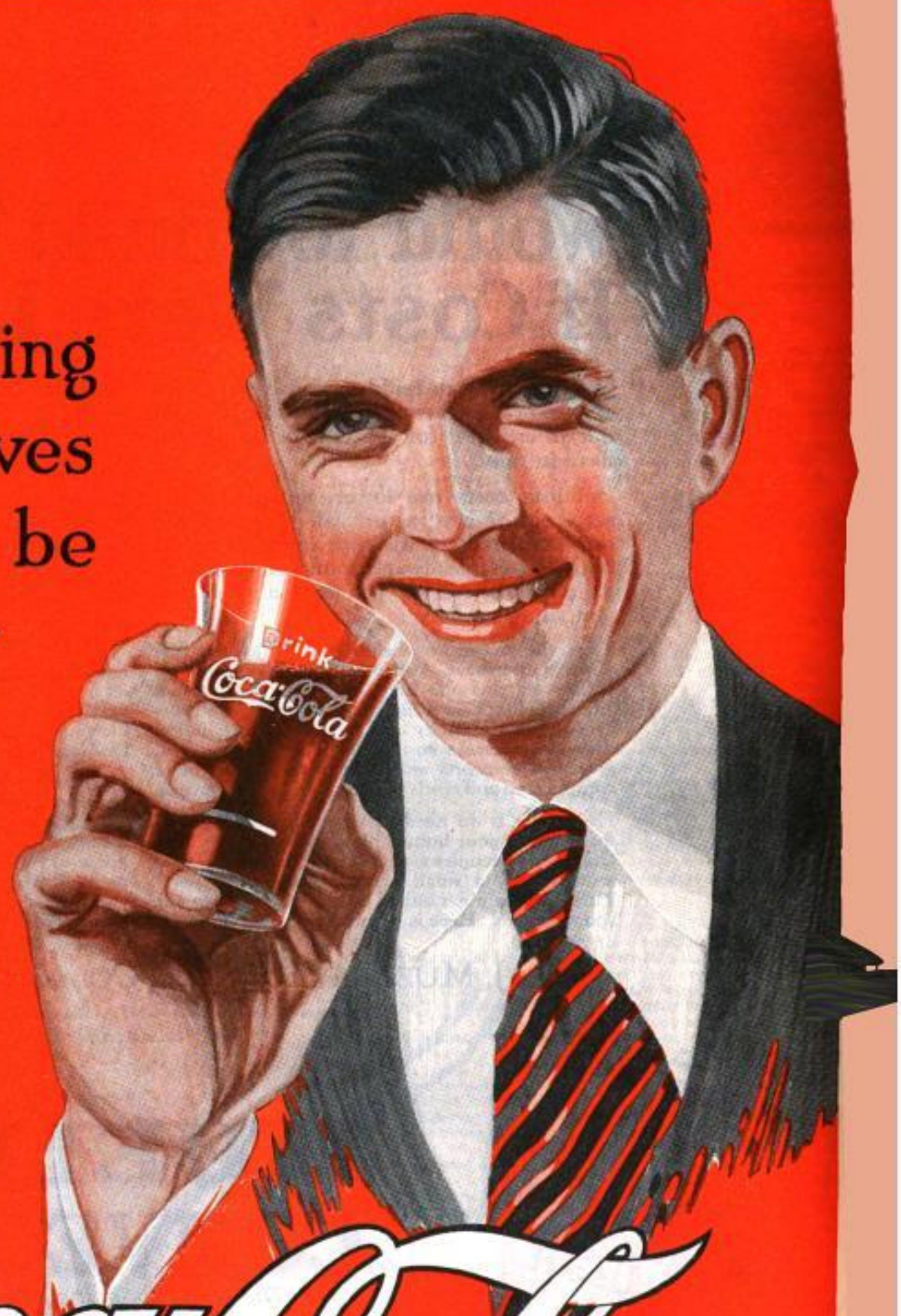
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THE GOOD UNCLES

(Continued from Page 19)

because of my uncle that I am here. One might almost guess that the two of them staged acquaintance in Paradise and arranged this meeting for us. I wonder how your uncle likes my uncle!"

The youth grinned. He conceived he was getting the measure of his vis-à-vis—a rich and witty French gentleman, a nobleman perhaps—a count. He talked and listened readily throughout the meal, and when afterwards Maurice strolled forth from the inn door, cigar in mouth, to the rough road that dipped to the little harbor, his dinner companion made occasion to join him.

"I was going down to look at the sea," said Maurice. "That, and the wine when it is red, are the only things to look upon here. And there are times when it is superb."

They passed among the sullen-fronted stone cottages and so down to the little hard of stone revetment that sloped to the inward-surging tide. To each side of it, perhaps two hundred yards apart, a concrete arm of harbor wall ran seaward, uselessly, for no anchor could hold on that iron bottom in the great inward-running swell and sag of the seas. Maurice led the way out upon the eastern arm, and the rising wind lifted feathers of spray that stung their faces as they leaned against it.

"Well?" said Maurice as they came to a halt halfway along the wall.

"Eh?" The young fellow did not understand.

"Look, my friend!" Maurice waved his cigar at the seaward distances. "These are the waves that Britannia rules. What do you think of your subjects?"

It was something more than dusk by now. Below them, prisoned in their channel, the great black swells roared shorewards like gigantic bowlders cascading down a mountain side. They came out of the deepening night, and to east and west, outside the channel, there stretched away beyond eye range the white of tumbling breakers upon the coastwise rock barrier of Brittany.

"Shouldn't care to fall in just now," said the young man.

"Not want to meet your uncle?" laughed Maurice. "Now I, when I was twenty-five, I swam that for a bet. That is my one accomplishment—swimming! Don't you swim?"

"Well"—the youth hesitated—"I've swum, of course—a little. Swimming baths and the seaside—that kind of thing. But I'm not what you'd call a swimmer. I say, it's getting cold out here, isn't it?"

They turned and went back. Maurice made an early excuse and retired to his bedroom. He had reconnoitered his ground; Le Robain had justified his memories of it.

Not for an instant did he falter in his purpose. The thing was ordained to be done; remained only to stage it so that scandal should gain no foothold, so that Irma de Leyle should not be shocked and frightened. It was to be an accident; his luggage and his belongings would remain as they were; he would write to a friend in Paris making an appointment for that day week; he would leave his pocketbook with his money in a drawer of the dressing table. And the lad he had met at dinner should accompany him to the harbor and witness the stumble and the fall into the water. He could count, he thought, on him to run yelling for help; and meantime he, the strong swimmer, the practical companion of the waves, would strike seawards, away from the compulsions of life, to the final infinite mercy of the great waters.

And Irma would never know. At any rate she would never knit her golden brows in perplexity at M. Bertholet, the club secretary; M. Bertholet, the agent on commission for art dealers and merchants of antiques; or M. Bertholet, making the most of a charity salary in a sinecure.

The young Englishman enjoyed a day of sheer charm the following day. Maurice joined him at breakfast and took him for a walk, lunched with him and lounged with him throughout the afternoon. He had a feeling that he must pay in advance for the service he was about to exact, and he gave himself trouble to be utterly delightful. He incurred a smashing compliment.

"I didn't know Frenchmen were like you," said the boy as they sat in the pale afternoon sunshine in the inn garden. "I'm an Englishman, of course," he went on, "an' proud of it!" he added hastily; "but you do make me wonder how we ever won Waterloo."

Maurice raised his hat in salute, smiling. "You ought to be ambassador to France," he said lightly.

The evening came up squally, and when after dinner they set forth upon their stroll to the harbor they wore raincoats. Maurice, as usual, had his cigar. He was satisfied with himself; there had not been one tragic word to cite against him, not one heroic gesture.

"It should be a splendid sight to-night," he said. "Britannia's subjects in rebellion! Once, when I was here before, I saw a ship drive straight on the rocks under the windows of the village and melt—literally dissolve into her elements—while I watched. And of the bodies that came ashore, not a single one was recognizable. Ah, here we are."

They had rounded a row of cottages to the top of the hard, and the low thunder of the sea swelled at them as through a trumpet. There was a sliver of moon aloft with raveled cloud scud pouring across it, and the water came shooting to their feet up the slope.

"It's a rotten night to go out on that wall," shivered the boy.

"A glorious night, you mean," said Maurice. "But don't come if you don't feel like it. I shan't be long."

The boy said something inarticulate, but followed at his heels. But for the need of a witness for Irma's sake he would have spared him. He had come to the point when the thing must be done, and it was too late to tinker with his plans.

The great rollers bowling in along the channel lipped the edge of the wall, and once an ankle-deep swirl of water foamed across it. The spray drove like shot and the wind pulled and thrust like a wrestler. When they reached the point at which they had stood the previous evening Maurice had to shout to make himself heard.

"Not nervous, I hope?"

He caught but one word—"beastly"—of the reply as the wind whipped the sound from the lad's lips. He looked about him at that tremendous theater of vast forces and great voices in which he was to be an actor. The terrifying pomp of night and chaos were to be his. His resolution was perfect. Now was the time. He moved to step nearer the edge as though to peer intrepidly over. That was the instant chosen for accident by the freakish Fate that had brought the two uncle sons together at Le Robain.

As Maurice moved, the lad made to move after him, a hand outstretched to draw him back. The slightly cambered top of the wall was shiny as a half-tide rock, and when he shifted his feet he sat down with a stunning jolt. His feet shot forward and took Maurice at the back of the ankles, driving them from under him. Ere he knew what was happening he was overboard, and a great, smooth-bosomed, silver-crested roller reached up to his falling body, gathered him in as a dog catches a thrown biscuit, and sucked him down.

"It is done, then!" was his single thought as the water churned him under and shouted in his ears. He thought he touched the rocky bottom of the channel; mere instinct and unbreakable habit held his breath for him; and, raincoat and all, he shot upwards and found his face in the air on the reverse slope of a great wave. Over him was the side of the wall and he could see the edge of it against the sky.

He had, perhaps, five seconds in which to see that and the contorted figure that poised and swayed over him on the brink, with tossing arms of anguish and a something in all its attitude that suggested it was screaming. And in the last two of those five seconds it ceased to wave and sway; a hand came stiffly forward, pointing at his face. The boy had seen him. And ere the next wave gulfed him Maurice had a strange view of the figure on the wall as it gathered itself to the conventional posture of a diver, hands joined and arms outstretched, swayed forward and came plunging down to him.

He felt the other's body collide with his own, desperate hands clawed over, got a grip on his raincoat and tore a double handful of it away. Then it was borne off, and he was free to go his path again. He came once more to the surface, and saw, a few yards away, the floating face of the boy borne up from the depths, and hands that grasped at the air—his would-be rescuer.

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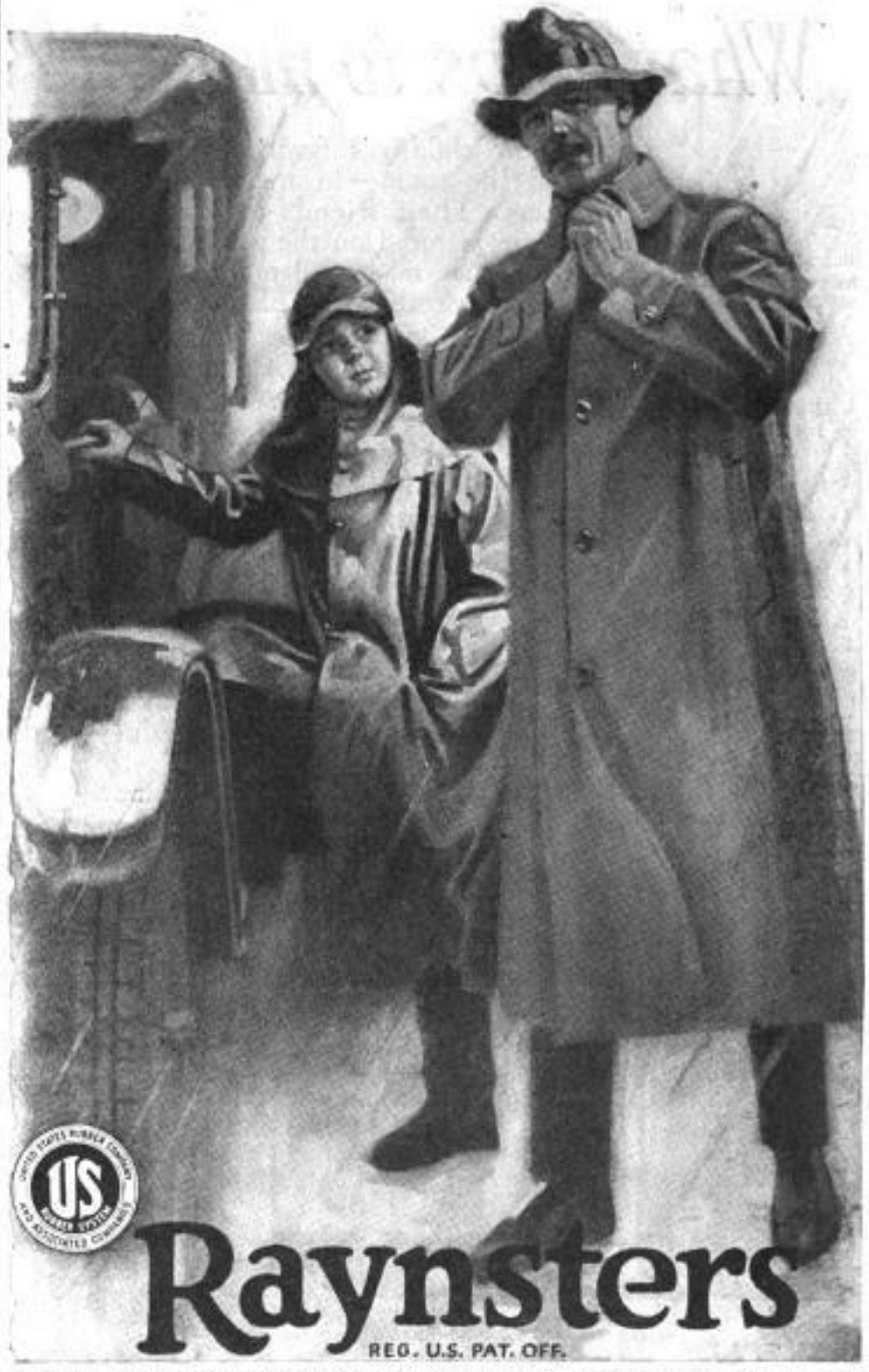
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Maurice could still think, and he swore. He could no more leave the lad than he could murder him in cold blood. He struck out and got the other by the collar just as another roller tumbled down upon them.

There was none to time or mark the stages of that struggle. There was nothing in favor of the two men in the water, no chance that offered itself, save the fact that each sea as it lifted them and then whelmed them bore them a little nearer the hard. The boy struggled feebly throughout; striving for the drowning man's deadly grapple; the high impulse that had nerved him to dive to the aid of Maurice had passed; twice Maurice had to let him go and recover him. The waters beat the reason from him; nothing remained but the will; he did not remember afterwards how men with life lines battled forth and dragged them to the stones of the slope. He recalled only lanterns and voices and rough hands that worked upon his wrists to loosen his grip on the boy, and then the sting of brandy in his throat and the birth pains of returning life.

It was when he lay in bed in the inn—dosed with the frightful French conception of that rare medicine, tea, and fortified with brandy—that the inwardness of the matter was plain to him. He sat up to give it voice.

"He has spoiled Le Robain for me! One cannot fall in twice. Confound him and his fool of an uncle!"

But his struggle—and the brandy perhaps—had numbed him. Serious thought must be for the morning. The innkeeper and his family and a delegation of neighbors, tiptoeing into his room, found him sleeping profoundly, inelegantly even, for he was snoring healthfully.

"*Un rude gaillard!*" was their verdict.

He awoke to a day of balm. The wind had gone down, and beyond the shadow of the house the road and the village bright with sunlight, while beyond, th sulked and chafed like a beast beate submission.

The innkeeper in person—a sea-s person, smelling of fish—was at his bed with his coffee. There were a couple of ters on the tray.

The innkeeper was avid to gossip question, to prescribe; but Maurice torn open the first of the letters.

"Presently, presently," he said im tiently; and as the host withdrew, baff he read:

MAURICE: I have thought. Come to I want you. Have I the right? IRM.

The second letter was never opened. I ten minutes later a tall figure in a silk dre ing gown entered the room of the other v tim of the night's adventure and found th hero sitting up against his pillows eati an egg.

"Well, my preserver!" greeted Maur cheerily, taking a seat on the foot of t bed.

"Don't!" The boy reddened passio ately. "I knocked you in, and you sav my life."

Maurice laughed.

"Bosh!" he said. "Thank our interfe ing old uncles for that. But I ought *to te* you that there is one thing I learned *fro* you last night."

The boy blushed again. "Don't rot! he said.

"Ah, but I did," said Maurice. "You se I knew you were no swimmer, and tha you were afraid of the water. But whe you dived all the same, I learned one thin of value."

"What?"

Maurice took him by the hand. " learned how it was that you English wo Waterloo!"

MR. LLOYD GEORGE, HIS CHARACTER AND CAREER

(Continued from Page 11)

Party were with him, and he knew that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the Liberal leader in the House of Commons, sympathized with the opposition to the war. He was denounced as a pro-Boer by the Daily Mail, recently established by Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, and on one occasion at Birmingham, Mr. Chamberlain's city, he with difficulty escaped in policeman's clothes from an infuriated jingo mob.

I remember hearing him call the Boers "the Liberal Forwards," nor can there be any doubt that their obstinate and prolonged resistance made our people sick of the war; and after its close, in 1902, Mr. Balfour's government began to go downhill. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain tried to divert the attention of the country from the bad trade and unemployment—which as usual followed war—by proposing tariff reform, on the plea that the trade depression was due not to the war but to free trade. There were still old folk who knew about the corn laws; and a policy which meant dearer food, dearer boots and dearer clothing did not appeal to the electors. So popular favor began to gather round Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. John Morley, Mr. Bryce, Mr. Lloyd George, and other Liberals who had made themselves conspicuous by opposition to the war.

At last, in the late autumn of 1905, Mr. Balfour resigned; and, to the bitter disappointment of the Liberal Imperialists, the king sent for Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. "C. B." after some difficulty formed a cabinet, with Mr. Lloyd George as president of the Board of Trade, and then appealed to the country, which returned the Liberals with an enormous majority over all other parties.

Mr. Lloyd George remained president of the Board of Trade—where he showed his interests principally in labor questions, such as pensions for the workmen—until the untimely death of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman in 1908. Mr. Asquith becoming Premier left the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer vacant, and the anti-Imperialist members of the cabinet insisted that it should be filled by Mr. Lloyd George, believing that his whole influence would be thrown against war and against the expansion of armaments.

At first Mr. Lloyd George fulfilled their expectations and made a strong fight—as I have reason to know, for I was in his confidence at the time—against the policy—1909—of laying down eight dreadnoughts; but finally he gave way on the understanding that large sums of money should be found at the same time for social purposes as well. This resulted in wh called the People's Budget. The fa went all over Europe.

I happened about that time to Madrid and met Mr. Canalej Spanish Prime Minister. He put a of questions to me about Mr. Lloyd George's budget. It was the one English question that interested him.

The People's Budget marked the highest point in Mr. Lloyd George's career as a political Radical and social reformer. I remember at the time publishing an article in which I said it ought to be called not "The People's Budget" but "The Armor-plate Budget," as the supertaxes were required to pay for the superdreadnoughts. It was, however, characteristic of Mr. Lloyd George's handling of public money, and of his conception of the duties of a chancellor of the exchequer, that he should think his controversy with his Liberal Imperialist colleagues in the cabinet—Asquith, Grey and Haldane—well settled by an agreement that the increase of expenditure on armaments should be balanced by an equivalent increase on pensions and other social reforms. To Mr. Lloyd George public thrift was an old-fashioned doctrine, as obsolete as mid-Victorian art. The idea of allowing money to fructify in the pockets of the people did not appeal to him. He preferred to tax and spend. It is only during the last year that the victories of antiwaste candidates over his own supporters at the elections have le him to adopt the cry of "Peace and Retrenchment." And this after ordering four Super Hoods and sending Mr. Balfour—a lifelong enthusiast for armaments—to represent Great Britain at the Washington conference.

Free trade, the third plank of the new Coalition Liberal platform, is as audacious as retrenchment, for it follows the passing of the key industries and Anti-Dumping Bill by which Mr. Lloyd George's government has obtained power to impose thousands of protective duties and to destroy

(Continued on Page 97)

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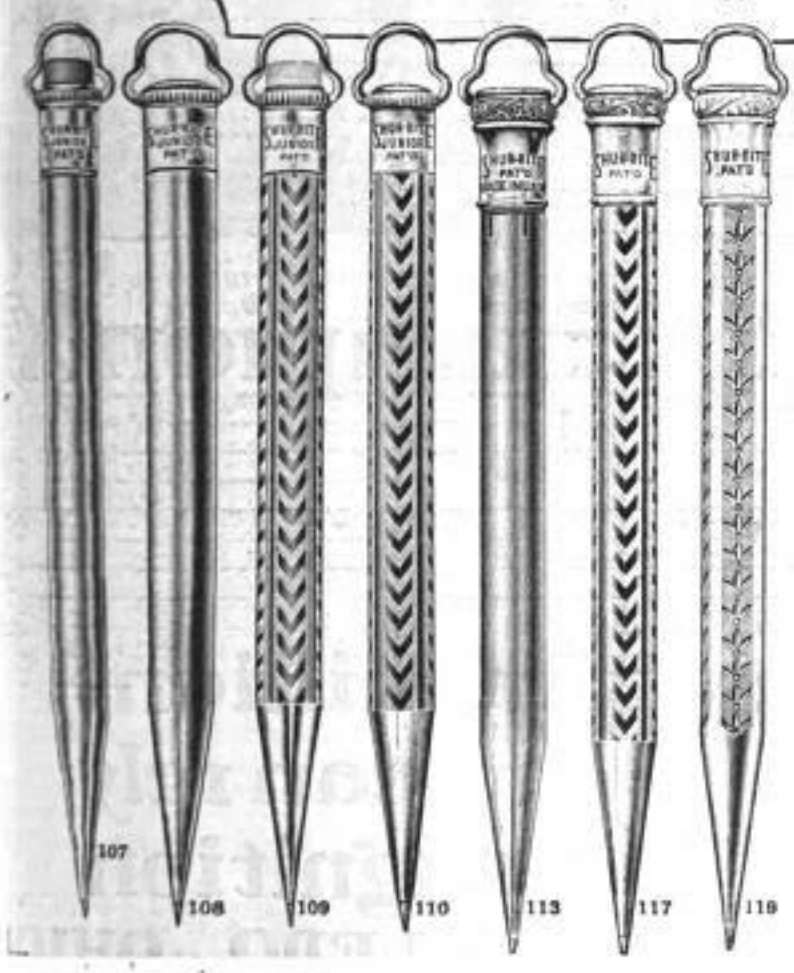
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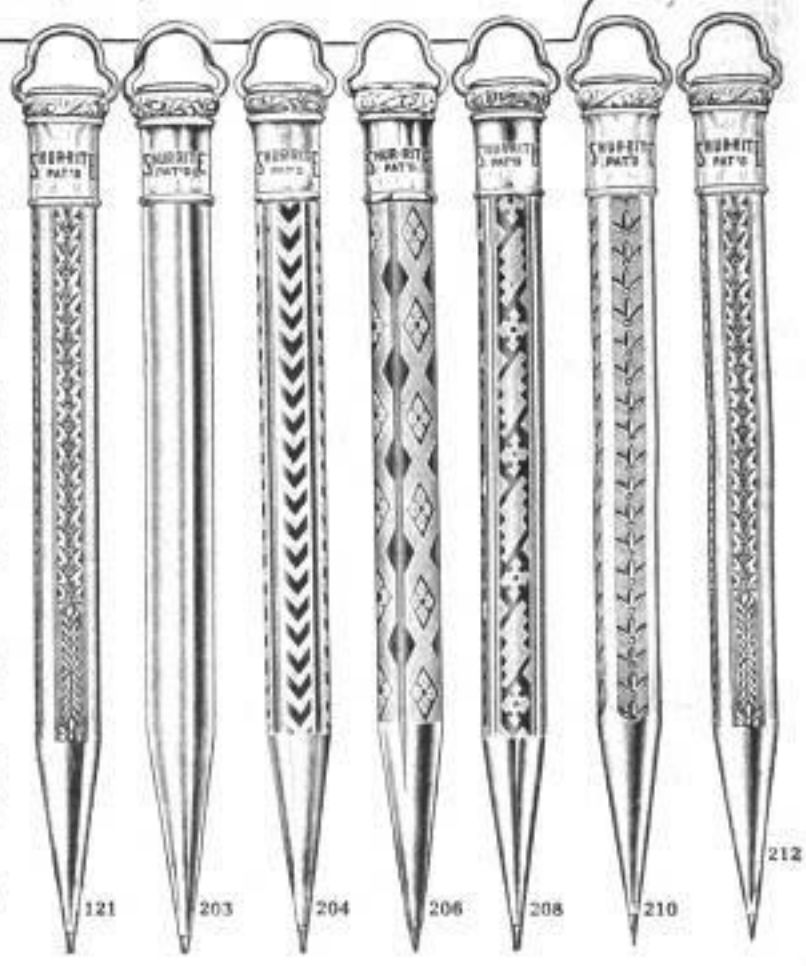
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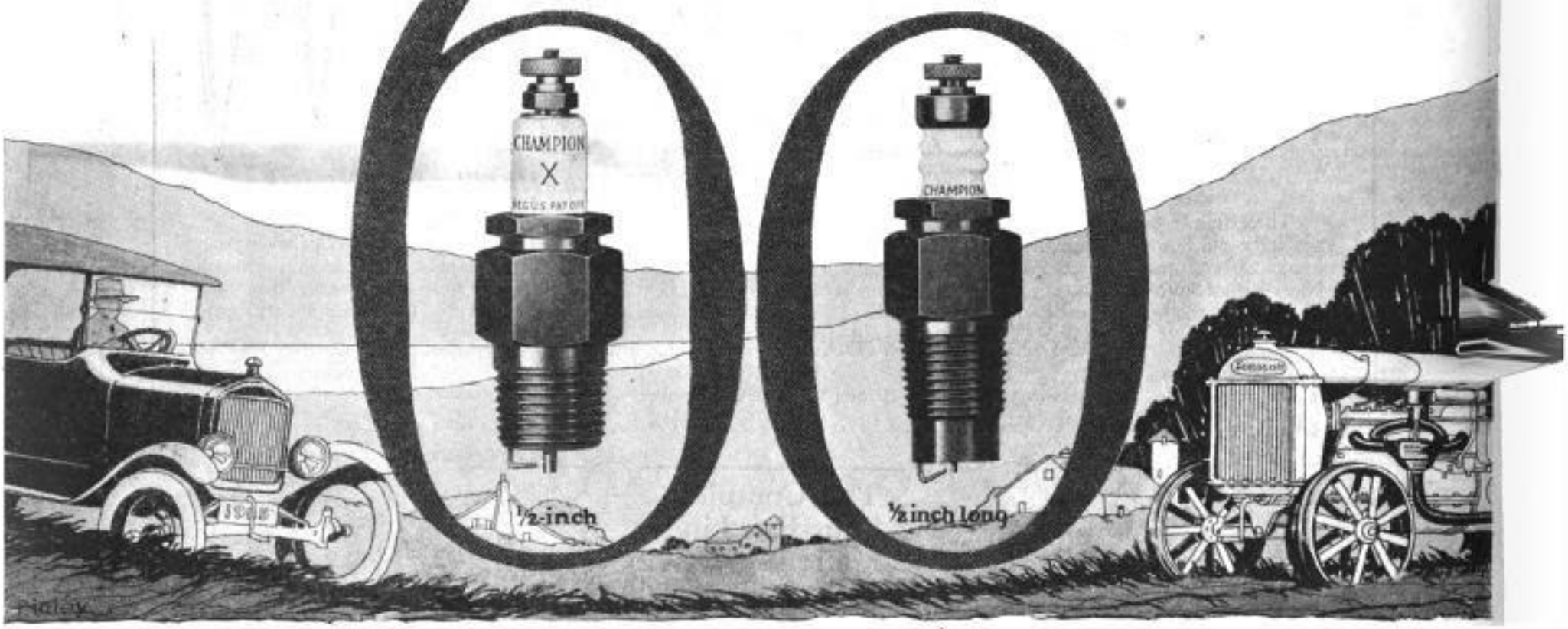


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(Continued from Page 94)

at system of free trade which gave Engd prosperity and Mr. Lloyd George lce.

The People's Budget contained several all land taxes modeled on the theories of ery George. Whether they were spelly intended to irritate the House of rds and to divert popular attention from ore serious burdens, I do not know. They rtainly served as a red rag to the country ers—or backwoodsmen and die-hards, Mr. Lloyd George called them—in the use of Lords, and so provoked the second mber that it made the grave mistake of owing out the budget. The Liberal vernment won two general elections thin a year—1910—and legislation limitg the Lords' veto was passed. For this umph Mr. Lloyd George secured a full are of credit. He became the principal ject of detestation among the leisured lasses and the idol of the North Country dicals. How anxious some of his olitical opponents were to compass his ath was manifested during the Marconi quiry. But in spite of appearances the ears 1910 to 1914 were a period of transion, which illustrates Mr. Lloyd George's nception of Liberalism. He does not ssociate the Liberal creed with any prinples or formulas. It is in his hands a apricious mixture of jingoism and socialism, he ingredients varying in amounts accordng to popular taste. So, as Radicalism became weaker after the death of Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, and the grip of Imperialism on the Liberal party machine became stronger, Mr. Lloyd George began to appear in the new rôle of a chauvinist, though in July and August, 1914, he remained—with a majority of the cabinet—a neutrality man until the Germans invaded Belgium.

From that time until peace and economy came into fashion Mr. Lloyd George donned the panoply of war. At first it was a crusade for liberty, then a quest for the knock-out blow. After that utterance—which preceded by a few weeks the fall of Mr. Asquith—some of the Welsh Radicals began to murmur. David, they said, had changed parts with Goliath. This feeling has spread rapidly, and at least half the Chapel vote in Wales is said to be likely to be cast against Liberal Coalition candidates at the next election. Unless the Conservatives in Wales and Great Britain vote for Liberal Coalitionists, Mr. Lloyd George will have a mere handful of supporters in the next Parliament.

Barbed Satire

In the first two years of the war Mr. Lloyd George did not add to his reputation either as Chancellor of the Exchequer or as Munition Minister. His recruiting speeches, however, appealed to religious emotion, and he had a good deal to do with the passage of conscription. His advocacy of compulsion as a democratic measure aptly marks the difference between a Democrat who likes equality, even with slavery, and a Liberal who puts personal liberty first. It was on this issue that Sir John Simon left the cabinet early in 1916.

Of Mr. Lloyd George's conduct of the war after he became Prime Minister, at the end of 1916, I can't pretend to speak with any authority. And who shall decide where doctors—or military critics—disagree?

During the war Mr. Lee, a Tory M. P., presented the nation with a beautiful house known as Chequers, in Buckinghamshire, for the Premier's residence. He has since been rewarded with a peerage—he is now called Lord Lee of Fareham, and was a British delegate at Washington—and a seat in the cabinet as First Lord of the Admiralty. The explanation of these preferments may be sought perhaps in Mr. Lloyd George's belief that the war was won in Chequers. About eighteen months after the armistice a newspaper reporter visited Chequers. Mr. Lloyd George was there and took him round, winding up with a visit to "the room where the war was won." Thereafter a scoffer penned the following:

THE ROOM WHERE THE WAR WAS WON

"This is the room where the war was won."—*Mr. Lloyd George to a reporter at Chequers.*

The names of those who won the war
Are numerous and glorious—
A newspaper proprietor;
Statesmen, diplomatists galore—
Though not a single soldier, or
A sailor, was victorious.

But now a guide can show the room
In which the war was won;
At Chequers, where the distant boom
Of not a single gun
Disturbed the quiet by day or night
Of him whose genius won the fight.

Should incredulity presume
To doubt the story of the room,
Go, pilgrim, climb the marble stair,
And gaze upon the very chair
On which he sat, when from afar
There flashed the thought that won the war.

To-day, however, Mr. Lloyd George's friends are more anxious to show that he is capable of winning the peace and of reducing the burdens of war taxation. The question who won the war is no longer an issue at by-elections.

Mr. Lloyd George's friends, however, still insist that the war was won by Mr. Lloyd George's genius in perceiving the necessity for unity of command, and in insisting on the transfer to Marshal Foch of the supreme command of the Allied armies in the last year of the war. Others attribute this masterpiece of policy to Lord Milner. Mr. Lloyd George's critics, on the other hand, say that he prolonged the war, and very nearly lost it by transferring troops from the Western Front—which was vital—to the Asiatic Front, which was a secondary theater. Others again think that the war was won because the United States came in, or because Germany was exhausted and the German people were encouraged by President Wilson's speeches, and especially by his Fourteen Points, to revolt against their own government.

The Platform of 1918

In any case it is worth noting that Mr. Lloyd George, from the time when he became Prime Minister down to the armistice, never repeated his knock-out-blow formula. His speeches were liberal in tone as regarding the settlement, though his peace program was much less definite and much less specific than President Wilson's. He did, however, say that the Allies must treat the enemy very much better after they had vanquished them than the Germans had treated the French in 1871, or than the Germans treated the Russians at the peace of Brest-Litovsk. This, I quite believe, was Mr. Lloyd George's intention; but unfortunately after the armistice the electioneerer superseded the statesman. Instead of concentrating his energies on the task of making, with all possible speed, a good, reasonable and practicable peace, which would have enabled Europe to settle down, Mr. Lloyd George determined to follow a bad example set by Mr. Chamberlain, whom he seems to have taken as his model. After the British troops had occupied Pretoria and apparently won the Boer War, in 1900, Mr. Chamberlain insisted on an appeal to the country; and so there was a khaki election, which returned the Unionists to power with a thumping majority. The precedent and the temptation were too much for Mr. Lloyd George. He could not resist such an opportunity of securing a new lease of power by appealing for the votes of his countrymen as the man who won the war.

This general election—the coupon election—had fatal consequences, as anyone acquainted with the books of Mr. John Maynard Keynes and other writers who have described the peace of Versailles must be well aware.

At the time of the election campaign, in November, 1918, Mr. Lloyd George talked like a statesman; but as politics became hotter he fell more and more under the influence of the yellow press and of unscrupulous political agents. At last, just before election day, he adopted the simple program: "If you return me to power I will (1) hang the Kaiser after a fair trial in London; (2) make the Germans pay the whole cost of the war; (3) make Great Britain a place fit for heroes to live in."

The people were in a wild state of excitement, because the hideous nightmare of the war had just been removed. The average voter was not inclined to think, and a most disreputable Parliament—of "hard-faced men who had made money out of the war" and wanted titles—was elected in consequence. Most of the coupon candidates were stupid enough to believe or wicked enough to pretend that they regarded Mr. Lloyd George's program as not merely just but practicable. So Mr. Lloyd George swept the country and remained Prime Minister, with practically

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the same cabinet but a new House of Commons. Perhaps he would have liked to forget and disregard the pledges he had given; but neither the new Parliament nor the yellow press would allow him to forget them, and for a long time he was dogged by his promises to hang the Kaiser and to make Germany repay the cost of the war.

After the election the fierce feeling of exultation and the bitter passions generated during the war began to subside. The political lava cooled, and Mr. Lloyd George's popularity waned. Fortunately for him there was plenty of employment for more than a year after the armistice. Nearly all the factories in Great Britain were working full time. Wise men shook their heads at the inflation and at the fictitious prosperity and the insane extravagance of the government.

But the wise are always in a small minority; so Mr. Lloyd George and his colleagues proceeded as merrily as if there were no war debt, and as if the war taxation did not matter.

But after a while trade declined and voices began to be raised in all parts of the country asking why the restrictions and regulations imposed under Dora during the war were not removed; why tens of millions of money were being wasted in a new war against Russian communism, and tens of millions more in fighting the Arabs in Mesopotamia and Palestine; why there was so much procrastination over the peace treaties; why coalition government continued; why political principles should not come out of cold storage, and why Mr. Lloyd George did not now revert to the party system.

He still called himself a Liberal. Why, then, did he sit in the cabinet with Conservative colleagues whom he had bitterly denounced throughout his political life, and by whom he had been as bitterly execrated in the recent Marconi affair? What good could come of a coalition government composed of men whose political principles were contrary and contradictory—Free Traders and Protectionists, Home Rulers and Unionists; men who supported temperance and men who were devoted to the liquor interests; militarists and antimilitarists; believers in a state church and disestablishers; land reformers and landlords? How could a cabinet so composed—a political mosaic under a political chameleon—maintain the ordinary standards of political honesty?

Winning the Peace

These biting criticisms came partly from the Labor Party and from the Independent Liberals—or Wee Frees—but also from old-fashioned Tories, who could not forget The People's Budget and the land campaign, the Marconi scandal and the radical speeches which had infuriated them in pre-war days.

The answer given by Mr. Lloyd George and his principal colleagues—Lord Curzon, Mr. Bonar Law, Lord Birkenhead, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, and others—was that the time had not yet come to revert to party strife, that the nation had not yet reaped the full fruits of victory. "We have won the war; we must now win the peace. Union is still necessary in order to solve the many problems which have been left behind by the war." Besides, they added, the old principles and battle cries, or slogans, which had divided the parties, were no longer applicable. The country was assured that any differences which arose in the cabinet on questions of policy did not follow the old party lines and that the cabinet was quite harmonious. It was known, for instance, that Mr. Lloyd George was opposed to Mr. Churchill's policy in Russia, and that other members of the cabinet were opposed to Mr. Lloyd George's policy of supporting the Greeks in their territorial demands upon Turkey. And it may, I think, be assumed that so far neither the Liberals in the cabinet nor the Conservatives in the cabinet have been much troubled by recollections of their old principles differences. They are reminded of the critics. It is noticed that Protect measures have been supported with quence, or at least with zeal, by L members of the cabinet like Mr. and Sir Alfred Mond, while Conserva like Lord Curzon, Lord Birkenhead Mr. Bonar Law have frequently made Liberal statements on such questio Ireland or Central Europe.

As to Ireland, the policy of rep against the Sinn Feiners was carried o a "Liberal" Minister, Sir Hamar G wood. And it is said that Lord Birken once the hottest of Unionists, has most to bring about peace with Irelar a basis amounting to practical inde ence.

Mr. Lloyd George's position is r precarious. No one thinks him very on his perch. For he is not the acce leader either of the Liberal or of the servative Party. He is faced with the popularity of the war, which at one made him a popular hero.

A Born Fighter

There is a general revolt against the den of taxation, which people connect the extravagance of Mr. Lloyd George. is by nature liberally and even lavis generous with other people's money. chief strength is the weakness of Asquith, Lord Robert Cecil, Lord Grey other possible alternatives. Mr. Asquit record on war, Dora, conscription, prot tion, and so on, is Mr. Lloyd Geor trump card.

I have already said that in the mou of his henchmen Mr. Lloyd George always known as "the man who won war." By more critical admirers he described as the artful dodger, the qui change artist, the spellbinder, or the Wel wizard. Bitter Tories, who have never f given him, call him the Welsh attorney, Marconi George, or the Limehouse dem gogue.

As a leader his best quality, or at a rate the quality which has served him be at critical moments in his career, is politi and parliamentary courage—not the stea persistent courage of the martyr or of man consistent to ideals, but a readiness fight or run risks.

He has not the bumptious audacity Mr. Winston Churchill, but he has far mo courage. It has been said that M Churchill has neither principles nor prej dices, but that Mr. Lloyd George h prejudices. Another difference betwee these two spellbinders is that Mr. Lloy George obtains most of his informatio by listening, while Mr. Churchill acquire his by reading. Mr. Lloyd George is an ex cellent and witty conversationalist. Mr Churchill is brilliant at monologue, like Macaulay, whose occasional flashes o silence were much relished. Mr. Churchil spends a great deal of time in painting pic tures and writing for the newspapers. Mr Lloyd George does neither. Politics and political talk are his business and his recreation. He is surrounded by news-paper proprietors and journalists; and it is only in his family circle or with old friends among the Welsh hills that he occasionally drops politics.

His tastes are simple, his pleasures are convivial, his wit is spontaneous and unartificial, if also, perhaps, unrefined. But a joke, as Bishop Stubbs once used to say, and as readers of Aristophanes may agree, is essentially vulgar.

As to the claim that he is as great as Pitt, the pilot who weathered the storm, because he won the war, we may, perhaps, admit it. Pitt did not weather the storm; and as the war would not have been won if it had not been prolonged Mr. Lloyd George has at least as good a chance with history as Pitt. And there are chapters and incidents in Mr. Lloyd George's life which will appeal to every class of political thinker.



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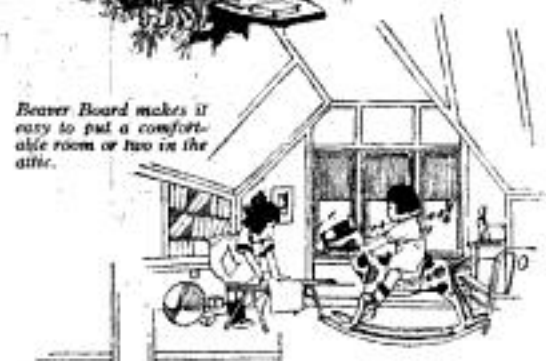
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YOUR TOWN TO-MORROW

(Continued from Page 16)

up at docks on the river fronts. The logical thing was to provide easy communication between the river fronts, and so a system of many cross streets was laid out. Granddad could not foresee omnibuses developing into horse cars, horse cars into trolley and elevated, and the buggy and team of trotters into the automobile. So he did not provide enough great north-and-south avenues, the desperate need of New York to-day.

"Our family is land poor this generation," said an elderly New Yorker. "Father made plenty of money as a merchant, and tried to provide for us by investments in real estate. He had the utmost faith in the growth and future of the city. But he looked in the wrong direction. When we were children mother used to take us to Central Park by ferry, up the East River to Sixtieth Street, and then across on a horse car. Most of the travel was by ferry, on the rivers. Father could not see how the upper reaches of Manhattan Island could ever be brought within reasonable time and distance of the lower section. The town had to grow. He figured it would grow by ferry, reaching out to Long Island, so he invested most of his money over there. He did not foresee the elevated railroad, which made growth possible uptown—indeed, for two or three years after the Third Avenue L was opened people were afraid to ride on it. That is why I am a real-estate man; had he invested uptown I would be a millionaire!"

To-day we have better information than previous generations upon which to plan cities for the future. But we are not using it yet to good advantage. Here and there somebody with vision has begun remapping cities and highways, but the public in general has still to catch the idea. So we are dealing with city difficulties piecemeal. Instead of solving them in a broad way we are letting them hustle us. Traffic begins to tangle at a certain corner. We put a policeman at that corner to straighten traffic out.

The tangle spreads up and down as traffic grows. We put more policemen on more corners, then lift them into towers and organize control in units of five or ten blocks. Then slow traffic gets tangled up with fast traffic and we begin controlling pedestrians as well as vehicles.

In Detroit a system of synchronized control covering about six blocks at the most congested center was recently adopted, with a tower and system of lights giving traffic policemen at other corners uniform control signals. This straightened out the automobile traffic splendidly, but without control of people crossing the streets motor traffic was slowed down. So a system of bell signals for pedestrians had to be added. But in a year or two, at most, growth of both vehicular and pedestrian traffic at such points will outstrip the system, and until people realize that something entirely new in the way of city streets is needed, and provide for the needs of to-morrow, we shall continue struggling with the difficulty that is right on top of us, and not making much headway at that.

Injustice to the Motor

Straight thinking about the automobile comes pretty near being the keynote to the problem.

The word "pleasure" has cost the automobile industry many millions of dollars. At first, too expensive to be within reach of anybody but the rich, the automobile was used chiefly for recreation. Even when it came within the reach of the average family, carrying the farmer, the doctor, the salesman and rural postman about their work, the pleasure idea persisted. It is held responsible for Uncle Sam's war tax which puts automobiles in the same class as cosmetics. It keeps alive a certain thoughtless prejudice against the gasoline horses, and causes many a sermon to be preached against extravagance. Worst of all, the pleasure fallacy clouds the public opinion necessary in rearranging our cities, our highways and our lives to utilize the automobile as it really is.

"I am thinking about buying a touring car. What is the price of that one?" a stranger will ask to-morrow on Gasoline Row.

"Do you live in a rented house or an apartment?" the salesman will ask in turn.

"Apartment—but what has that got to do with it? What is the horse power of that car?"

"How much rent do you pay?" the salesman will persist.

"One hundred dollars a month. Is this a four or a six?"

"Have you ever thought of owning your own home?"

"I don't like that robin's-egg blue—it won't stand up to hard service. Can I get the same model in a darker color?"

"How many persons in your family?"

"Say!" the customer exclaims impatiently. "Am I giving you an income-tax statement or trying to buy an automobile?"

"You are trying to buy an automobile," is the reply, "and I am trying to determine whether you can afford this car."

"Afford it! Do I look as though I didn't have the price? What is the price anyway?"

"One thousand and forty-five dollars, including freight, and you look worth that much to me. Sure, you can have this car in several colors. It is a four, and a good one. But we are not selling automobiles any more."

More Work Than Pleasure

"Do you mean to say that I can't get a car?"

"Certainly, we have got 'em right in stock and you can drive one home with you if you want to. But we want to fit you with transportation—not just sell you an automobile. There is a lot of mileage in this car—anywhere from twenty-five to one hundred thousand miles in the next five years. Maybe you have not thought of transportation as something you consume every day like food or fuel, but that is the way we look at it now. Some of the mileage in this car might offset your rent, cut your grocery bills, increase your earning capacity. All sorts of people come in, looking for automobiles, and we sell them five to ten years' supply of transportation. What they do with it is surprising. By talking about pleasure cars and thinking of joy rides we automobile fellows have got our merchandise in the same class as diamonds, perfumery and luxuries generally. But transportation is a necessity, and lately we have discovered the stable character of our merchandise and are trying to sell it for what it really is."

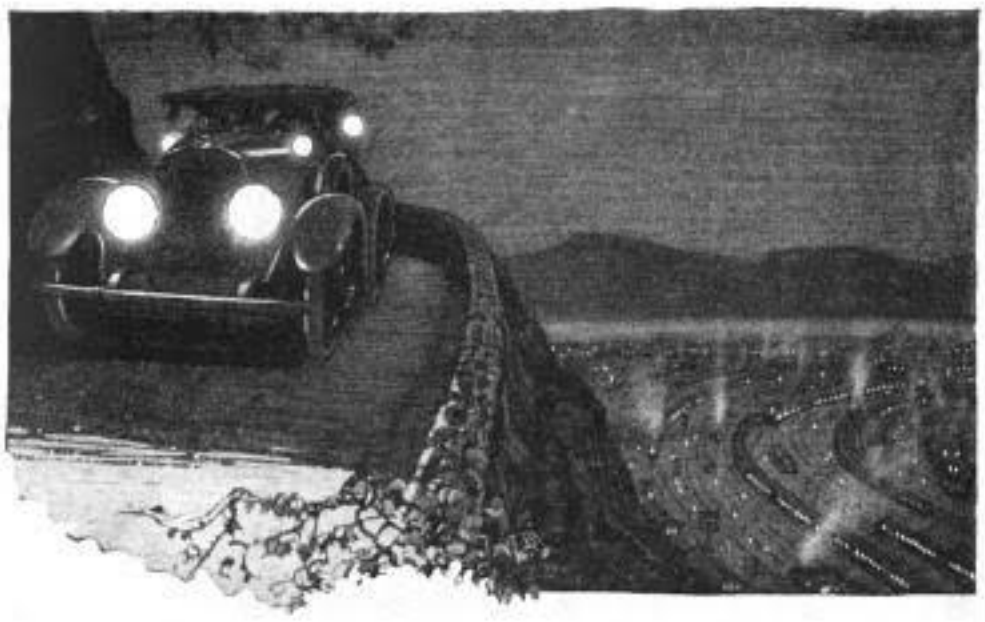
A post-card investigation by the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, through a questionnaire card sent to automobile owners throughout ten representative states, disclosed facts astonishing even to the automobile men themselves. Names of motor owners were taken from the license lists of California, Iowa, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Nebraska, New York, Ohio, Texas, Virginia and Wyoming. The owner's occupation, annual mileage, amount of mileage used for business and for recreation, and the mileage used to supplement trolley, rail and other transportation—or as a substitute where these were lacking—were the points covered. Replies came in by the thousands. Farmers, doctors, salesmen, lawyers, contractors, real-estate and insurance men were found to be the best customers of the industry. According to these replies, 90 per cent of automobiles are used more or less for business travel; 60 per cent of mileage is business travel, and 78 per cent in the case of the farmer's automobile; 34 per cent of the mileage is a substitute for trolley and railroad, or travel where these are not available; 37 per cent of automobile owners reported that their cars improved their living conditions, and 50 per cent reported increased efficiency in business through the ownership of an automobile—in the case of the farmer, 68 per cent.

All sorts of interesting personal stories were scribbled on the margins of cards in addition to answers to the formal questions. One doctor would report that his car had made it possible to see four times as many patients, and another that it had made it possible for him to extend his practice into an adjoining district where there was no doctor at all. Salesmen said they not only visited three times as many customers but could also live at home instead of spending three-quarters of their time in trains and hotels. Business men work in cities, but live in the suburbs or own and operate a farm, while people in village and country





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1700 Service Stations are ready to fulfill the Westinghouse Guarantee; or to render Westinghouse Attention for the battery now in your car. Get acquainted!

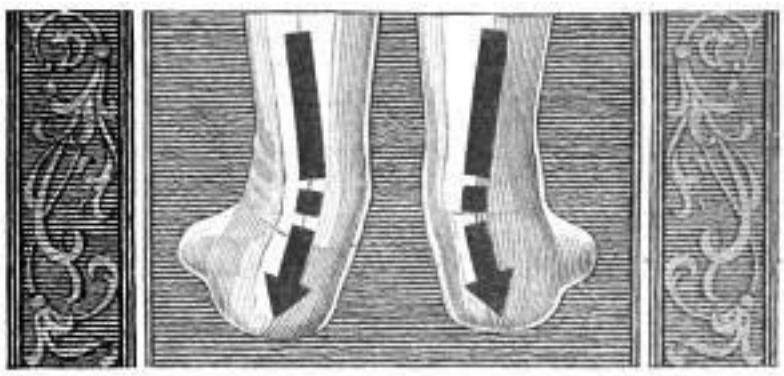


TO buy a Westinghouse is to give yourself the calm assurance of getting a battery as fine in quality, as dependable in performance and as long-lived as it is possible to build. To make sure that Westinghouse standards will never be assailed, Westinghouse Batteries are built "oversize"—as much as 25 per cent in common sizes. To justify your faith, and to prove the builders' confidence in their product, the Westinghouse factory gives what is probably the most liberal guarantee ever given by a battery manufacturer of national reputation.

One quality battery—the best Westinghouse can build!

WESTINGHOUSE UNION BATTERY CO., Swissvale, Pa.

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Leaning ankles are dangerous

IF your ankles lean either inward or outward as you walk or stand, heed the warning, for you have *heel distortion* which may cause serious foot trouble.

A weakened heel bone, giving down under the weight of the body, forces other bones of the intricate foot structure out of place—foot weariness and pain are but signals of impending danger.

This condition can be corrected by placing in the shoe a pliable leather device so formed as to counteract the abnormal tendencies of your foot. By this Wizard Lightfoot System fallen arches, callouses, leaning heels and other foot troubles are successfully corrected without pain or discomfort. Relief is immediate.

The most progressive shoe dealers employ one or more experts who have studied the subject and know how to correct foot troubles by the Wizard Lightfoot System. Ask your dealer if he can provide you with this service. If not, phone Tel-U-Where Bureau or write us and we will tell you where you can get relief.

Wizard Lightfoot Co., 1763 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.
461 8th Ave., New York. Cunard Bldg., Liverpool

Wizard LIGHTFOOT System
OF FOOT CORRECTION

are able, through the automobile, to do business in the city. Builders are able to supervise twice as many contracts, bankers get out among their depositors and become acquainted with their enterprises and needs. Ministers see their parishioners oftener, wage earners hold better jobs because able to travel by automobile, reduce their rent by living in the country, cut food costs and add to revenue by tilling a piece of land. Farmers cultivate increased acreage and sometimes two separate farms by using the automobile to get around, haul produce to market, eliminating teams and teamsters' wages, keep machinery going in busy seasons by quick motor trips for repair parts, and find markets for food products which would otherwise go to waste.

Another interesting side light upon the use of the automobile for work and business rather than recreation is shown in some figures recently gathered by a corporation that finances the distribution of automobiles. Inquiries among automobile dealers indicate that nearly half the automobiles sold in this country are paid for in installments, ranging from nine months to a year. Farmers lead all other purchasers in this respect, 48 per cent of new passenger cars bought by them being paid for in that way, 58 per cent of the used passenger cars, 60 per cent of the new motor trucks, and 57 per cent of used motor trucks.

Automobiles are commonly pictured in use for pleasure purposes—picnic parties, fishing, theater, social functions. It would be nearer their true uses if they were shown carrying the doctor, farmer, county agent, contractor and salesman about their work. As long as cars are pictured as toys rather than tools, automobile men can thank themselves for the damage the word "pleasure" does their industry.

The automobile is not the only influence in bringing about changes in our cities. Street-railway traffic is growing faster than population in most of our cities. New York's subway and elevated systems are now carrying one billion passengers yearly, and two hundred fifty million more commuters are carried to and from the suburbs. Transportation is so much an everyday necessity to city dwellers that the average family's trolley bill runs from seventy-five to a hundred dollars yearly. In the effort to build its way out of its traffic difficulties New York City is running subway and elevated lines out into cabbage patches that will ultimately be suburbs, and has a twenty-five-year rapid-transit building program with a capacity of five billion passengers yearly, the estimated needs of a city of nine million people.

Outgrown Surface Roads

There is nothing difficult in figuring the growth of either automobiles or rapid transit during the next five or ten years. That can be plotted in fairly accurate curves according to growth the past ten years. The chief difficulty is getting a conception of their bigness, and the far-reaching changes that must be made to prepare for them.

Mere streets become impossible for handling all the traffic there is to be. People begin to see that, and provide for the future along two general lines—first, sorting out the different kinds of traffic; and second, providing new channels for the different kinds. Street cars, automobiles, motor trucks, horse vehicles and pedestrians must be separated and given their own right-of-way where none can hamper or endanger the others. Already the disappearance of the surface street car has been predicted in New York City—it is going underground and overhead to such an extent that out of the two and a half billion odd passengers carried in and around the metropolis last year, less than one-third traveled in surface cars, with an actual decrease in the number of passengers in the most congested section, Manhattan.

But if every surface car in Manhattan disappeared to-morrow there would still be an almost intolerable congestion of automobiles and pedestrians. For this the solution in New York, and probably in a few other American cities, is to separate the automobiles, too, and get them overhead or underground. New York has made a beginning in both directions. A large proportion of its automobile traffic is now running up Fourth Avenue, climbing an incline to reach Park Avenue, around a concourse at Grand Central Station, and continuing up Park Avenue, which is almost exclusively given over to automobile traffic, though not elevated. And a beginning in t ground automobile travel has been by starting a vehicular tunnel be New York and New Jersey. This will four tubes on two levels and will be us automobiles, motor trucks and horse t

Two suggestions for straightening our growing traffic troubles in both th and the country have been persist advocated for some years by Mr. E Swetland, one of the automobile indu leading publishers.

First, an elevated road for autom which would lift them above other t and enable them to travel at their speeds. Such a highway in New York is needed from City Hall north thr Lafayette Street and Fourth Avenue, necting with Park Avenue. There wou ramps at frequent intervals by which mobiles could reach or leave the elev highway. Nothing but passenger auto biles would be allowed upon it, and could move at speeds of thirty mile hour or more. It would be a noiseless vated road, and could unquestionabl made lighter and more sightly than elevated roads upon which trains are The number of passengers by automob in New York City is constantly increas and problems of getting up and down to during the rush hours are becoming m and more acute, with an alarming incre in accidents. New York now has one au mobile to each eight families, Chicago to every seven families, St. Louis one three families, and Detroit is rapidly proaching the millennial state where ev family has its automobile, the present ra being one car for each 7.73 persons.

Plans for Detroit and Baltimor

The second suggestion is that speci automobile highways be built between c cities, so located that they do not pa through the important streets of towns an villages en route. Most towns now hav their own local traffic problems and dan gers, and to add intercity motor traffic t them is wrong—it amounts to the sam thing as running railroad trains throug their streets. These connecting highway will ultimately have to be provided to tak motor traffic around the outskirts of com munities and eliminate railroad and grad crossings. In many sections the traffic al ready points to double highways, separat ing traffic in each direction, or the moto truck from the automobile. Elevate roadways are now being discussed in Baltimore and Detroit. Elevated street crossings are already needed at the most congested points in many of our cities. None has as yet been planned, but the idea offers some interesting possibilities. Apart from the immediate speeding up of motor traffic by eliminating cross currents at congested corners and separating pedestrians from vehicles, such two-deck street crossings might double the number of desirable shop locations at points in cities where the greatest number of people pass and where shops are in greatest demand. Stores could be built underneath the elevated crossings, so that instead of eight blocks of desirable shops there would be sixteen.

In some cases automobile highways can be provided by widening thoroughfares and providing new ones at street level. Detroit has one of the most thorough plans in this direction. Years ago its city fathers laid out a great boulevard encircling the city, at a time when it ran through fields and undeveloped suburbs. They thought it would provide for all time, remembering that they had in mind only a speedway for the dog-cart and team of trotters. It does provide generously for present-day automobile travel, once reached. But streets in between this boulevard and the center of the city are a narrow crisscross maze through which travel is becoming ever more difficult and dangerous. So the new city plan calls for an inner ring of wide boulevards which will be cut through streets and buildings, while beyond the outer boulevard another ring can be laid down in the fields, and beyond that again still another when it is needed; once started, with foresight, the scheme can be endlessly progressive. Detroit is also planning to broaden some of the connecting thoroughfares and cut off the sharp corners at street crossings. These were all very well for horse and pedestrian travel, but the automobile demands curves instead of corners.

It was in Detroit that a study of street accidents disclosed the interesting fact that

(Continued on Page 105)

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the professional or the
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EVERLASTINGLY
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of the family that has produced



-and after you have asked for RUBBERSET BRUSHES by name,
look for THIS trade mark~find it~ SPELL IT OUT!~

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for in no other way can you ALWAYS BE SURE of getting the GENUINE RUBBERSET you asked for!

From the time we made THE WORLD'S FIRST BRUSH which could safely be used in any compound in which a bristle brush might properly be asked to serve, we have striven to put into every brush of our making THE BEST of quality in both materials and workmanship.

In honest pride in the proven superiorities of our process, we gave to our brushes, and imprinted upon each and every one of them, the trade name RUBBERSET, in witness that they were products of RUBBERSET COMPANY—true creations of the ideas and ideals which inspire our every operation.

Today, no brush is so widely asked for *by name* as RUBBERSET. But in this very protection lurks this peril to the unwary:—***Not every person who simply ASKS for a RUBBERSET brush, GETS IT!***

THAT YOUR PROTECTION MAY BE MADE COMPLETE, take to heart this simple warning:

Claims to duplication of our process are not uncommon. Confusing imitations of our trade name are frequently found.

SIMILARITY IS NOT IDENTITY! A brush may SEEM to be made somewhat like a RUBBERSET, ***yet NOT be as good a brush.*** It may even bear a trade name that LOOKS like RUBBERSET, and SOUNDS like RUBBERSET, ***but it will NOT be ours.***

ACCEPT ONLY THE GENUINE. Should you live in one of those rare places where RUBBERSETS are not obtainable, tell us, and we will gladly arrange to have your wants supplied.

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I see 'em bumped every day

"Here's the place to pick 'em out—the wise ones and the other kind. Seems like some fellows never learn—always sliding and bumping and backing up; making everybody sore. Take it in heavy traffic, like I have here at this corner. You can spot the man who's got the good brakes. When I give 'em the signal he knows he can *Stop*—get me? . . . . silver edge Raybestos is the thing to use. Got a little bus myself, and I know . . . . If more people'd insist on Raybestos when the brakes are lined, I'd have less trouble on this job . . . . Cost more? Sure—but what's a few cents compared with safety and I'm here to keep folks from gettin' hurt."



This sign over the door of a garage or repair shop indicates not only the responsibility of the shop displaying it, but assures better brake service to the owner.

Raybestos may be a little higher in price, yet so much depends on the brakes that careful owners cheerfully pay the difference in order to be certain as to brake lining service and quality.

THE RAYBESTOS COMPANY

Factories

Bridgeport, Conn. Peterborough, Ont., Canada

Branches: Detroit, 2631 Woodward Avenue San Francisco, 835 Post St.

Chicago, 1603 South Michigan Avenue Washington, D. C., 107 Columbian Building

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(Continued from Page 102)

highest percentage of them occurred at dusk. Children especially were hurt most at that time. Playing in the streets, they ran out in the excitement of their games and were struck by automobilists to whom the dim light did not see them in time to turn or stop. This led to some interesting safety-first teaching in schools. Children were taught something about the protective coloring of animals—white fur against arctic snows and brown feathers in field and wood. Upon this was based the practical suggestion of wearing something white when playing in the streets in the evening, or even carrying a newspaper—measures which have decreased the number of such accidents.

But better street lighting, especially at corners, is the real solution, say those who have studied this question. The familiar arc light suspended over the center of a street crossing is not only inadequate but deceptive. It gives dangerous contrasts of glare and shadow. Approaching, the motorist's eye is first dazzled by glare, and then cut off by the top of his car. Several seconds are needed before the eye becomes adjusted to the change, while half as many seconds bring him to the danger point. In that brief interval a pedestrian might step from the curb and be practically invisible. This is but one lighting difficulty that endangers life in both city and country, and the remedy is more light at danger points, carefully diffused to show up everything without glare, shadow or fluctuation.

One of the problems touching the pocketbook of every person in our cities is to open up suburban areas that lack railroad and trolley transportation so that gasoline will relieve housing shortage. Building highways to the outskirts is not difficult, but trouble looms up at the other end of the line in the form of downtown traffic congestion. Mr. Subbubs builds a house ten miles from the city limits, and travels by motor. This is quite practicable for many of his employees. The ten or twelve miles from his house to the edge of the congested district is covered in twice as many minutes. Then it takes as much longer to creep through two miles of congested downtown streets to his factory or office. The cities of to-morrow will have to speed up that final two miles and probably provide parking facilities of some sort at their centers, so automobiles may be used by owners who drive their own. When that is done, slums will decrease in the cities, just as isolation is decreasing in the country through what the automobile men call the socializing influence of the gasoline horse.

Automobiles have been sold in the past largely on appearance, speed and similar pleasure appeals. When they are sold as transportation, and this socializing and equalizing influence has a chance to work, a certain mystery will be cleared up—that expressed in the familiar speculation, "How can Smith afford an automobile?"

Secondary Benefits

A moment ago we were listening to a Gasoline Row conversation between a prospective motor purchaser and an automobile salesman. Let that prospective purchaser be Smith, a bank cashier, salary five thousand dollars a year, living in a city apartment, paying one hundred dollars a month rent. He buys a car for one thousand dollars. For the first six months it is used chiefly for recreation. Then pleasure riding begins to pall, the novelty wears off—a familiar story. But Smith finds his car handy in getting about on business errands. Depositors nowadays seldom come into a bank themselves unless something unusual brings them, like the negotiation of a loan. Routine banking is done for them by employees. Smith knows a good many depositors within walking distance in the downtown section, but others out in the factory and shipping districts are largely names to him. Owning a car, he can often motor out to some factory or warehouse when an important business transaction comes up, instead of writing or telephoning. He begins to get acquainted, picks up information useful in passing on loans, secures new depositors through acquaintance, banking counsel, the offer of special service.

Smith's car makes him worth more to the bank, and before he has had it a year the bank responds with an increase in salary.

Furthermore, Smith finds that he can buy a suburban house twelve miles out for seventy-five hundred dollars, paying seventy-five dollars a month. This cuts his rent item twenty-five dollars monthly, and turns it into an investment. There is a further saving in trolley and railroad fares. The family garden cuts grocery bills. It probably costs him six hundred dollars a year to own an automobile—a liberal allowance for gasoline, tires, repairs, interest and depreciation. But half of that is saved directly in rent, his income has been increased, his family is living in a more healthful and congenial neighborhood. He is getting so much more out of life that the car is an asset, not a liability, and assuming that half his riding is chargeable to pleasure, it costs him less than one dollar a day.

When families are measured for gasoline transportation, using such dimensions as these—home-owning versus rent, increased working ability and earning power, better health, more recreation and the like—automobile ownership by people of moderate means is no mystery at all. Even for wage earners, with low-priced and used cars available, the automobile is not an extravagance. Cities reconstructed on the basis of an automobile for every family will make it possible to profit by the gasoline horse in just this way.

In the country far-reaching changes are also under way.

Motor-truck transportation was resorted to during the war to supplement our overloaded railroads. A committee of automobile men began planning routes for army motor trucks. They discovered that our country roads, even good ones, are still laid out pretty much on a buggy-distance basis, satisfactory enough a generation ago for the average trip of six to eight miles between farm and town, but entirely inadequate for intercity traffic by automobile and motor truck.

This was almost the first suggestion that we needed something better. Despite the widespread popular interest in good roads the public lacks a comprehensive picture of what is needed, and is thinking, appropriating and working piecemeal.

Highway Engineering

"The limiting factor in the use of the automobile is highways," says an engineer engaged in government investigations in this field. "Ask most people what they consider the limiting factor in highways, and they will say, 'Why, money!' But there is plenty of money for improving highways. We spend hundreds of millions every year. I'll tell you the real limiting factor: It is men trained to plan and build highways on a scale in keeping with the enormous growth which is coming in motor traffic. There is probably not a single engineer in the United States who could lay out a rational system of highways. Plenty of engineers can build good roads, but we lack creative designers of highway systems. Only three or four colleges in the United States have real highway-construction courses. One of our first tasks is to put highway engineering into the imagination of the young fellow going to college, as a career and as an intensely interesting new technical field."

The president of a big tire corporation recently donated one hundred and thirty thousand dollars to build an ideal mile of highway. Engineers were left to settle technical questions, such as materials, foundation, location, width, adaptability to present and future traffic. The question immediately arose, "What is the ideal highway?" Whereupon suggestions were invited from engineers all over the United States. In technicalities, opinion was naturally diversified; when it is built this ideal mile of highway may be a composite affair, with different sections built in different ways, combining an experiment station with a demonstration.

But on one point there seemed to be general agreement, with decided anxiety that it be not overlooked. This was the socializing influence of the ideal road upon people in the community where it was built. Benefit to folks living along improved highways, the engineers maintain, is as big a factor as benefit to people using the improved highway. That improved roads increase property values is an old story. People are sometimes astonished, however, when road improvements affect state of mind and raise psychological values. Change the dirt road past Peter Tumbledown's farm to macadam, concrete or even good gravel, and traffic increases. More people go past Peter Tumbledown's place. Peter himself goes to town oftener. When a picket fell out of his fence in the dirt-road days, probably he let it lie. But now he

What Do You Do With Your Evenings?

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Tomorrow will be a better day; your work will seem lighter, your mind happier, if tonight through wholesome amusement you find the relaxation both tired brain and tired body need.

The greatest entertainers of the world,—novelists, dramatists, artists—have been brought to you by the motion picture. Keep fit and happy by regular attendance at a good motion picture theatre in your neighborhood.

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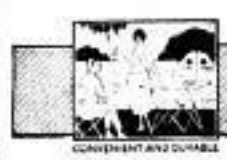
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is brushed or troweled over the old roof, and it becomes even better than new. So Stormtight saves the millions which constant re-painting, repairs and replacements formerly cost.

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Your dealer will sell you in all quantities, for patching or for the whole roof. If he does not yet carry Stormtight, write us.

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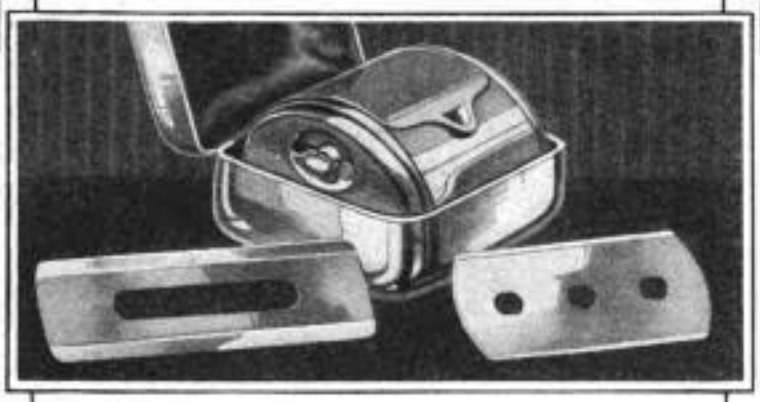
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fixes the fence, paints it, paints his house, cleans unsightly odds and ends out of the barnyard, and responds to the higher psychological valuation.

The most skillful technical planning for the improvement of our cities and intercity highways will not get very far unless it is backed by understanding and good will on the part of the public. So say the men who are awake to these new needs.

"Have they got a good plan?" asked one engineer of another who had just investigated the remapping work of a Middle Western city's planning commission.

"Yes, I think it's about as sound and far-reaching as any I've looked into."

"Have they got good public opinion? Are the people out there interested—well informed—behind the scheme?"

"They took care of that at the start by establishing an information bureau as soon as the engineers had results of public interest."

This is sound method. When engineers are set at work remapping cities and highways, getting ready to spend millions of dollars in widening thoroughfares, demolishing buildings, constructing subways and elevated highways, arrangements should be made for keeping the public informed. There are many unsolved tough technical notes in such projects. Even an art as old as road building still lacks whole series of experiments to show what really happens to thoroughly familiar materials under different traffic, climates and conditions. But the engineers will work these technical matters out. The job of putting the picture into the popular imagination is greater.

Very often the technical man himself gets only part of the picture. A certain Eastern city needs harbor improvements. The mayor appointed a commission to deal with this need. When the members first came together the city engineer exhibited a complete plan, showing docks, a big warehouse for freight, and ample railroad sidings to link up ship and shore transportation. He was something of a squarehead temperamentally, and seemed to regard his plan as final.

One member of the commission was an engineer with considerable experience in motor transportation.

"You have provided for expansion?" he suggested.

"Oh, certainly," said the city engineer. "When this warehouse is outgrown you can just duplicate it, adding another unit, and extend your sidings."

Looking Into the Future

"Within ten years," commented the transport engineer tactfully, "60 per cent of the water-borne freight of this city will be hauled to and from the harbor by motor truck. How about that?"

The city engineer hesitated a moment.

"Well, there is a road running down to the harbor," he said finally.

"How wide a road?"

Several newspaper men had come to report this first meeting of the harbor commission. They suddenly became attentive. So did the mayor, who flushed a little.

"Has that ordinance been passed yet, Charley?" he asked, turning to his secretary. "No? Well, when that goes through the harbor road will be forty feet wide."

The reporters made notes on this additional item of farsighted planning, and the proceedings switched to other matters.

When the session ended and the reporters had gone, however, the transport engineer asked the city engineer: "Wouldn't it be just as easy to make that road sixty feet wide?"

"I think we ought to make it eighty feet!" said the city engineer emphatically; he had got the bigness of the picture.

People have a way of thinking of permanence in connection with cities and highways. They are partial to monumental buildings and permanent streets and roads. Until the public gets a conception of our cities and highways as living, growing organisms, they are likely to be ten to twenty years behind traffic, housing and other elements of growth.

Cost is usually the first thing people think about—the man in the street wonders where all the money is coming from to pay for these new boulevards, elevated motor ways, trunk roads between cities. Given further information—not propaganda but real information—cost takes a secondary place in his thinking. For the benefits outweigh cost, and there are cases where such improvements more than pay their own way.

Buenos Aires probably gives on cheapest taxicab ride to be found any on earth, and also the most hair-ra Fares start at fifty centavos, nor about twenty-two cents, and that sum one almost any reasonable distance i business district. Taxicab chauffeurs like the wind through the narrow, one streets, and stop dead in a hand's br at each corner where another vehi crossing ahead of them. Exciteme great, but accidents seem to be few.

This skill grows out of the city i Buenos Aires was originally an old Sp checkerboard town with short blocks narrow streets. To get anywhere i automobile it is necessary to speed bet streets, and stop instantly at every street where the other fellow has the of way.

Opening the Checkerboard

Motor traffic soon made it necessar do something about congestion in Bu Aires, so first a broad boulevard was pla to connect the capitol and the preside palace. The government bought just en land to lay out the splendid Avenid Mayo, with the outcome that prop owners on either side reaped the benefi increased valuations—though there was course, a corresponding revenue to the in increased taxes. Profiting by this les the government planned a larger schem boulevards to open up the old Spa checkerboard. It laid out a diamond-sh system, with each corner ending in a pla cutting the old square blocks catty-corner making hundreds of flatiron lots and bri ing every part of the congested sect within a few blocks of a wide avenue. stead of condemning and purchasing j the width of land needed for this system "diagonales," as it is called, three times t width was condemned, the city demoli ing buildings and selling the improved la on either side at its higher value to pay the improvement.

Another interesting instance where su improvements are made to pay their w is found in the coming use of marine sign lights on country highways. Virtually amounts to putting lighthouses on the hig ways. Many thousands of unattend lighthouses are now in operation all ov the world, from the dangerous waters Alaska and Cape Horn to the steering ligh of the Panama Canal. The unattende lighthouse is illuminated with acetyler gas, a supply sufficient for one or two year being held in a tank, so that yearly visit for recharging keep the light going. Dan gerous crossings, curves and grades hav been marked on our highways ever sinc the automobile made it necessary. Some times the signs are put up by highwa officials, but more generally they are fi nanced and installed by automobile organi zations, or take the form of advertisement for automobile essentials. Country high ways are still inadequately marked. Signs are not uniform. They wear out. They ar not visible at night, their chief shortcoming. A marine signal for road purposes, burning nine months before it needs recharging, has now been developed. Many state governments are about to install them on a large scale, with standardization, and the idea has met with approval in many other states. However, there is a difficulty—the cost. Maintenance is cheap enough, but installation of two signals at one dangerous crossing calls for an investment of seven hundred dollars. This investment, it has been found, can be met by combining an advertising privilege with the signals, and within a few years they will undoubtedly be flashing everywhere along the route of the motor tourist, and will cost the community little or nothing.

But even though the direct cost of such improvements runs into millions of dollars, either in city or country, the indirect cost is nothing. For increased property valuations, with more revenue from taxes, take care of that. Real-estate values rise not only along the line of the modern motor way but far back in the adjoining streets and sections, and out at the edges of the city, where extensions are made possible. Your town to-morrow will pay the bill automatically out of taxes because the property that yields revenue will be more accessible, useful and profitable, and there will be a great deal more of it. And there is every incentive to make improvements now while the property to be condemned is more reasonable in value—postpone the job until to-morrow and the cost may be prohibitive.

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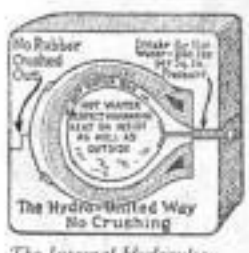
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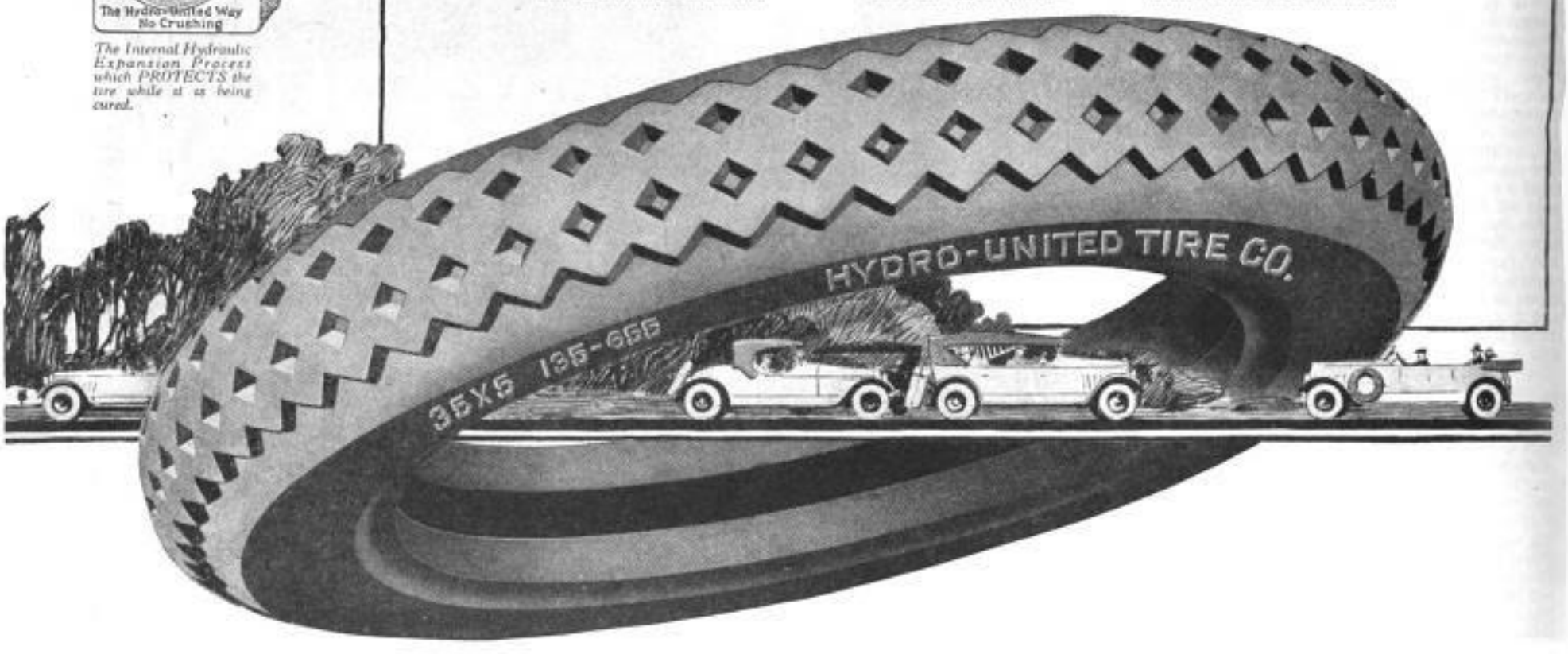
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HE AXIOM OF PETER BELL IVOR

(Continued from Page 10)

the door sent him up three flights to a r of attic rooms. The rear door opened his knock, and Mr. Peter Bell Ivor bade a enter.

The room was small, housing an old pine d, a bureau with a cracked mirror, an old hout washstand, a cupboard in which few dishes could be seen between the rtains of burlap, a shaky card table that peared to be on the point of collapsing der the weight of a dozen or more heavy lumes piled hit or miss about a heap of pers, and two cane-seated chairs. Two the walls were lined to the ceiling with oks on pine shelves. The single window ve a prospect of other back windows and sty fire escapes, all crowded with milk ttles, jars, boxes and bedding, clothes- es so close together that they seemed to terlace, and a gaunt old Chinese Ailan- is growing up somehow through the net- ork—that identical Tree of Heaven which, or its celestial fellow, the laundryman, orishes in back yards and dingy byways.

Young Mr. Case set down his painting ings by the door and advanced rather tly into the room, thrusting his hands to his pockets as he looked about him ith the frank curiosity of the young. An ld snapshot stuck in the mirror frame aught his eye, and bending over he made at the thin figure of Mr. Ivor standing be- re what appeared to be a Parisian café.

Then he cried aloud, "Why, say! There's he old Café d'Harcourt! But those girls ave such funny hats!"

"That picture was taken in 1896," re- narked Mr. Ivor in his drier tone. "I was tudying at the Sorbonne at that time. In 898 I went to Berlin; in '99 to Bonn. pril, 1896."

"I was born in the following June."

"Indeed?"

There was a pause; then Mr. Ivor re- narked with great dignity and not a little ld-worldly charm, "I have assumed that ou would join me at luncheon."

"Why, that's awfully nice! I ——" The flush left Case's cheek. "In all this excite- ment I'd sorta forgotten that I've only had a little toast and coffee since yesterday noon."

"Excellent! Just make yourself as com- fortable as you can."

And swiftly he went to work, setting out plates and cups on the bureau, putting coffee to drip in a two-story tin pot, pro- ducing eggs and milk from a small tin ice- box and making an omelet in a chafing dish.

The young man's gaze roved over the books that were crowded in on the shelves standing and crosswise. Many were in French, many others in German and Italian, some in what appeared to be Arabic, per- haps Sanskrit, and a great many in Latin and Greek. The Scandinavian tongues were represented, as well; and, he thought, the Russian. It was a polyglot collection indeed. Many of the works were of a philosophical nature, others philological and historical. But there was much human matter as well—the plays of Schnitzler, Hauptmann and Sudermann, a joyously fat illustrated Rabelais, the novels of Fritz Reuter, scattered works of Balzac, France, Sainte- Beuve, Racine, La Fontaine's Fables, Saint- Simon's Memoirs, Philippe de Comines; a number of fine editions of the Elizabethan dramatists, too, with Chaucer, and some queerly lettered volumes of manuscript—early Anglo-Saxon, perhaps. Prowling on, the Analects of Confucius, the Koran in parallel translation, works on Buddhism, on the Mongols, on Dravidian civilization; and a solid row of the German philosophers from Kant to Haeckel, that seemed fairly to be aimed out from their shelf like a bat- tery of big guns.

"If you think you're reading my mind from my bookshelves"—it was the deep voice at its most ironic—"I'm afraid you're far off the track. That isn't even an index to my beginnings. I've used libraries for thirty years. And now I study from the life. Will you come, please?"

Over omelet and coffee and bakery rolls Case made his report.

"It certainly worked out, Mr. Ivor."

"It had to work out."

"That head cop is my friend for life. He's got his copy. Came out pretty well. You see, I was so excited. He's trying to think up something he can do for me, I think. He wants one of his little girl. Hinted at it, but didn't quite like to ask outright."

"Might do no harm to do it for him."

"That's what I thought, as soon as I ——" He stopped.

"But where are the other pictures—his and mine?"

"Oh, the man from the Evening Earth has them." In his eagerness to eat and talk at once, he failed to observe the hint of a smile that hovered about Ivor's mouth. "He swore he wouldn't rub them. One of the cops helped us put them in a taxi with him. And, gee-whiz, but we had fun with the crowd! Once or twice there I thought they were going to trample me under. The cops were wonderful."

"So the Evening Earth has the story?"

"Oh, four or five other papers had men there, too, but the Earth man got the pic- tures. He was first. The others all snapped photographs. Then there was a fellow that says he sends letters to the out-of-town papers ——" At last he saw that hovering smile, and paused.

"Well," asked Ivor, smiling broadly now, "are you satisfied?"

"Why, of course. Yes, but ——"

"Whence the 'but'? You said you wanted to be known as a painter. I said we could do it by to-morrow. Here you are now, in all the evening papers, in the out-of- town correspondence, two pictures being reproduced to-day in the Evening Earth that hadn't been so much as thought of when we began talking this morning."

"I know, but ——"

"But what?"

"The plain truth is, it hasn't brought me a cent."

"Ah!"

"Wait, please! I mean, here I am, still broke, still indebted to you for my things, for my first meal, for ——"

"But that's all so simple!"

"I wish I could see how. It's true you've brought me this astonishing publicity, my name in the papers and all, but just how to turn that into an income that I could ——"

"Let me give you a little more of the omelet. And perhaps you can reach the coffee better yourself. Good! Now we are confusing things. It is quite true that being known as a painter may not mean imme- diate income. It's sure to result in orders or opportunities of some sort, but I grant that you might have to be patient. Though there are sure to be ways of getting help ——"

"Don't misunderstand me! It isn't that I ——"

"Please listen! I prefer to think with some sense of order. Suppose I accept your new position. Now, mind you, in so critical a situation as this we must be careful, above all, to limit our wants. That's where the most deserving persons go wrong—oh, so wrong! Wanting more than one thing at a time. Suppose we say that we were mis- taken. You merely misread your own want. It was not—not immediately—to be known as a painter. Not at all. It was to acquire capital enough to support you while you are building your name as a painter. In a word, what you really want is money."

"Oh, say now! I ——"

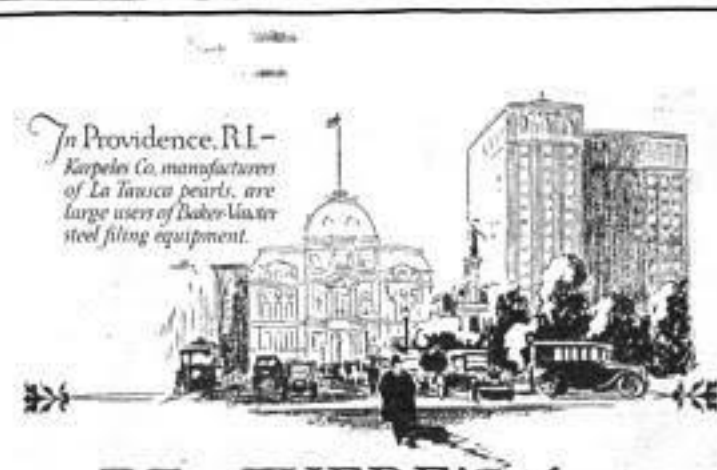
"Please! Leave it at that. Your want is money. Money now, money down. Very good! How shall we get money to-day? Presumably by going where it is. Doesn't that sound reasonable?"

"Why, yes, of course, but —— Oh, you're rushing me so completely off my legs that I ——"

"Excellent! My present impression is that you paint better and more rapidly when off your legs than when on them. Let's see—now where is the money? For- tunately I think we may be able to work this out without retracing any steps. Let's see. Do you happen to know where John C. Heming's office is?"

The young man gasped aloud. For Mr. Ivor, in this casual tone, had uttered the name of the most famous private banker in the world.

"It's in Wall Street, near the Stock Ex- change." Ivor was talking on, evenly. "I don't know much about that part of town. It doesn't interest me. But of course the simplest thing is to hop on the Subway and go down there. We'll find a telephone di- rectory somewhere and look up the correct address." William F. Case was staring; incredulous, faintly hopeful, bewildered. "Just wait while I get into another suit, if you don't mind. Bankers have quaint no- tions about the importance of clothing."



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21 Years of Knowing How

And promptly he changed into another and newer costume—of which the coat, inevitably, it seemed, was a black cutaway—that apparently completed his wardrobe. When he was fully buttoned in he still looked oddly unworldly, but neat.

"All right," he said cheerfully, "come along!" Adding, with an unexpected touch of boyishness—a boyishness that perhaps finally and completely explained Peter Bell Ivor—"New York is our oyster! We now proceed to open it! By the way, my boy, there is an element of basic truth in all the stories of romantic adventure. D'Artagnan had to have what he wanted. The world was Monte Cristo's. Yes, romance is true if only it go far enough!"

Young Mr. William F. Case, in a daze, went with him—easel, color box, umbrella and all.

VI

"I CAN'T tell you how much I appreciate all you're ——" Thus he began, shyly, when they were fairly seated in the Subway train.

"Not at all!" Mr. Ivor broke in. "Not at all! The experiment has a certain value for me. One should stop at nothing in arriving in actual practice at any confirmation of his general conclusions. I have already made certain notes covering the little experience of the morning. I shall make others covering that of this afternoon. As a result of my lifelong study of our so-called civilization I have concluded, as I have already intimated, that that civilization is as yet in a most rudimentary state; that the human race, indeed, cannot yet be regarded as civilized at all. The war strengthened this conclusion strongly. The newspapers add fresh confirmation every day. All my personal observation tends the same way—touching on the bitterness commonly observed in business competition, the prevalence of trickery and corruption in commerce, politics and government, the blind intolerance of religious reformers, prohibitionists, labor leaders, manufacturers, militarists, socialists, security holders, anarchists and bankers. For example, it is plainly grotesque that so essentially prosperous a nation as our own—probably the most prosperous in all known history—should have any unemployment or poverty whatsoever. Even the ants have solved that problem. And yet the publicly recorded views of this Mr. John C. Heming, whom we are now pressing into our personal service, opposing any really effective solution of the huge unemployment problem that unquestionably exists, border on the ferocious. It is really quite extraordinary. As nearly as I can read the subconscious thought behind the spoken word, he really would like to have most of the laboring class shot at sunrise. But as that raises the question of who would then do the work, and how—a question he can only beg—he is reduced to the usual vague phrases about the law of supply and demand as applied to the labor problem. And to defending the liberty of the individual and the sacred law of contract. *Clichés.* And, of course, to chatter about restoring confidence, and that sort of thing; meaning, naturally, confidence in his own group. It would be, of course, a great luxury to enjoy at one time the wealth and the confidence of all one's fellow citizens. Delightful! And then, naturally"—this was added in an absent-minded tone—"he believes in a certain amount of private charity. Naturally."

"It's like hearing a lecture," thought young Mr. Case, staring nervously out through the car window at the crowded local train they were at the moment overtaking and passing. A pretty girl in a red fox boa looked demurely at him through the windows. She nearly smiled, and for a moment his thoughts wandered romantically.

"You are doubtless asking yourself," Mr. Ivor resumed, "the precise application of these somewhat rambling observations to your own acutely personal problem. The fact is, I have reduced my general observations to an axiom: That any reasonably civilized individual should be able to use and mold this childlike world as he chooses. Study of the men who have succeeded in such efforts adds confirmation. Particularly such cheap adventurers as Napoleon, Julius Cæsar and Captain Kidd. Our truest student of the human creature to date was Mr. Barnum. The thing, indeed, to one who has not thoughtfully considered it, is astonishing. This afternoon, for example, it will only be necessary for you to bear in mind that bankers are fully as simple-minded as policemen. More so, indeed, because they have vastly points of contact with natural hum And you must also keep it in mind th want money. You offer a decent *qu quo*, your art, but you want money average young man would allow hin feel that he was doing something ext daring. Then he would open his m the thought that Mr. Heming's wants conflict with his own; and then he be lost. But you will remember tha Heming's wants are too primitive t cern you in the slightest degree. You concern yourself only with your own want of money. You will be good-hu but adamantine. You will be simpl rien, from Paris, who does precisely chooses, and does it in a likable wa you will readily see, it would not b lized to do it in a disagreeable way matter is not quite clear to me ye amount you should charge for your portraits. But I have thought tha hundred and fifty dollars each might good a guess at a price as any."

"Two hundred and fif——"

"Considering that you can do one hour. Remember you mustn't appear cheap, and you mustn't appear to wa do them. If these bankers see that *yo* smilingly pick up a thousand or *two* day they will be forced to respect They'll welcome you as to the manner l Their minds couldn't receive such a fa any other way—wouldn't know how

He found a cigar store within the sha of Trinity Church, and looked up the dress of John C. Heming & Co. It is ha likely that as much as once before wi three decades had anyone found it ne sary in that immediate region to look that particular address. Had anyone formed a few of the curb brokers who to number of several hundred crowded swirled over in Broad Street, tha scholarly looking man and an attrac young artist were at the moment doing thing it is reasonable to believe that Broad Street and some part of Wall Str would shortly have been loud in merrime For everybody in the world knew all ab John C. Heming. He was to New York the world what the Bank of England wa London and the world. It was through h and his strong-faced younger partners t great railway systems and the hugest of dustrial trusts and small nations and la nations were financed and refunded a mortgaged. Strings of dependent bar radiated in every direction from that i pressive office. Mr. Ivor was right; t money was there.

As they walked quietly down Wall Stre Mr. Ivor said, "It will be necessary for m to adapt my conduct in a measure to th crudely human plane. You will paint t doorman. There will surely be someo there, probably an old retainer of the com pany. Paint him. Purely because he inte ests you as a type. No one, you see, ca question the artist's choice of his subjec There he is supreme. For that work yo will accept no fee. It will be enough, think, to offer the man a photograph of th picture. And if other employes or officer should want such photographs, it would b better to give them freely. You can afford t be kind. And certainly you cannot affor to accept small sums. For any other wor that Mr. Heming or his associates may insist on your doing—and for whateve number you may have the time and th inclination to do—you will insist, of course on full payment. They would prefer it that way, and they must be humored. Above all, once we are in there, you must go your own way. Pay no attention to anything I may do."

"Wha-what are you going to do?" asked the younger man breathlessly, though his eyes were alight again and his color high. They stood before the massive stone building, while Wall Street surged, jostling, about them.

"I haven't the remotest idea," replied Mr. Ivor calmly. "Come. These bankers keep very comfortably early hours."

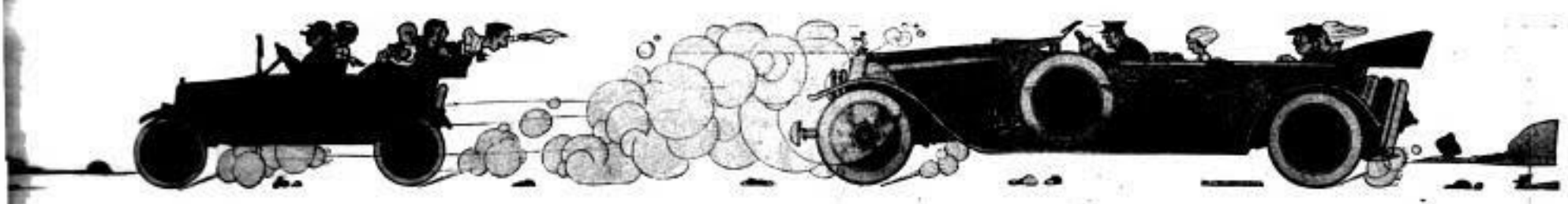
And he led the way up the stone steps into the massive building, pausing, however, on the top step to remark, by way of final admonition, "And just remember—they are children."

VII

MR. IVOR stood in respectful dignity by a desk that bore the name of one of Mr. Heming's partners, a name known wherever the power of American money was felt. Mr. Ivor was, indeed, probably

(Continued on Page 113)

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How the Oldest Oil Company Made the Newest Discovery about Fords

The most interesting announcement of recent years in the oil industry has been made by Wm. C. Robinson & Son Company—the oldest oil company in America.

It tells of the discovery of a new lubricating oil, which will not carbonize, and thus glaze the transmission brake band lining of Ford Cars, causing what is commonly called "chatter."

Lubrication engineers for years have recognized that the glazing of transmission linings has shortened the life of the linings, and by causing the car to jerk and jump has unnecessarily strained the entire mechanism.

Instant Welcome

The response that met this important announcement by a conservative old company was tremendous. Within a week the sales to dealers had risen to such a point that the Baltimore plant alone shipped nine solid car-loads of this one oil in a single day.

It has been tested and approved by 1615 authorized Ford dealers and reliable service stations.

One Ford agent in a town of 9,000 people purchased a solid car-load after a critical test of the oil.

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Every drop of this oil, to which the name of "F" Autoline was given, has been sold under the guarantee of this 90-year-old oil company, that it will assure perfectly smooth transmission and braking, or money will be refunded upon request.

At the time this was written, seventy solid car-loads had been shipped, and a total of $2.25 had been refunded.

Any Ford owner is invited to fill his crank case with "F" Autoline Oil from any responsible dealer, on the promise that his money will be immediately refunded by the dealer if his brake and transmission do not operate smoothly.

An Oil Romance

Many times before, oil men have sought the lubricant which would prevent the glazing of Ford bands. Some have attempted to market oil on this claim. It has remained, however, for the oldest company in the business to finally and successfully solve this problem. For your own protection, see that the oil you buy is drawn from a genuine Autoline container.

Robinson specializes in lubrication. The Company markets no gasoline. It has solved for the Navy, the Gloucester Fishing Fleet and the motor world some of the most baffling questions of lubrication.

"OO" Autoline is one of the few oils approved for use in Franklin cars in the "Franklin" owners' handbook. "F" Autoline merits like confidence. Every conceivable test was given this oil before it was added to the Autoline family.

For Standard Equipment



"F" Autoline Oil performs best when used with Standard Ford Equipment. It cannot work miracles by replacing worn-out bands or linings. It requires the same attention given to any other oil, and costs no more than ordinary grades of oil.

Write today for the full story of "F" Autoline Oil in our free booklet, "Keeping Out the Jerks".

To Dealers

"F" Autoline Oil is ***recommended*** *by every authorized Ford agent in Baltimore. Our salesmen cannot keep up with the news of "F" Autoline. Wire us today for the proposition in your territory. Prompt shipments assured from our nearest division warehouse.*

AUTOLINE OIL COMPANY

Automotive Oil Sales Department

WM. C. ROBINSON & SON COMPANY, BALTIMORE

PACIFIC COAST OFFICE, SAN FRANCISCO
SALES OFFICES AND WAREHOUSES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES
REFINERY : CORAOPOLIS, PA.

We invite correspondence with experienced Automotive Sales Organizations located in the Middle West.

AUTOLINE
Lubricating Guide

Condensed Recommendation Chart

F—Indicates "F" Autoline for Fords
23—Indicates No. 23 Autoline
4—Indicates No. 4 Autoline
OO—Indicates No. OO Autoline
8—Indicates No. 8 Autoline
GLE—Indicates Gearline Transmission Lubricant

The Lubricants indicated for each model or type of Automobile will give the CORRECT PISTON SEAL, and will insure maximum mileage per gallon of Gasoline.

1921-1922

Name of Automobile	Engine: Summer	Engine: Winter	Transmission	Differential
Autocar (2)	4	23	GLE	GLE
Buick	23	23	GLE	GLE
Cadillac (8)	4	4	GLE	GLE
Dodge	4	23	GLE	GLE
Essex	4	23	GLE	GLE
*Ford	F	F	F	GLE
Franklin	OO	OO	GLE	GLE
Haynes	4	23	GLE	GLE
Hudson Super-Six	4	23	GLE	GLE
Hupmobile	4	23	GLE	GLE
Lincoln	4	4	GLE	GLE
Marmon	4	4	GLE	GLE
Nash	23	23	GLE	GLE
Oakland	4	4	GLE	GLE
Oldsmobile (8)	4	4	GLE	GLE
*Overland (m4)	4	23	23	GLE
Packard	23	23	GLE	GLE
Peerless (8)	4	4	GLE	GLE
Pierce-Arrow	4	4	GLE	GLE
Reo	4	23	GLE	GLE
Standard (8)	4	4	GLE	GLE
Studebaker	4	23	GLE	GLE
White	23	23	GLE	GLE
Willys-Knight	8	4	GLE	GLE

*—Indicates that Transmission System is lubricated by the Oil used in the Motor. Send for our complete Automobile Recommendation Vest Pocket Booklet Free.

"F"

AUTOLINE OIL

"For your motor's sake"

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America's Highest Quality Workmanship and Finish



R6175
Office *or*
School Knife



R4134
Junior Premium
Stock Knife



R395
Jack Knife



R3363
Trappers' Knife



R3333
Scout and Camp
Knife



The kind you have always wanted

NEARLY everybody carries a knife—and nearly everybody apologizes for the knife he carries.

"I don't know whether you can find a blade that will cut." You hear it all the time.

Yet America has better steel today than it ever had. Better workmen. Finer and more exact tempering methods.

All it needed was for some one to *apply these resources* to pocket knives—rather than trying to meet some fancied price situation in the trade.

This Company came into the pocket knife business with the purpose of creating a positive standard of pocket knife *quality* and pocket knife *honesty*.

Its responsibility is to the *men* and *women* who are going to *use the knives*.

It brings to the task all the resources of metallurgy; all the equipment—*plus* the initiative, energy and ability that have made Remington one of the outstanding names of American industry.

Here are just a few of the Remington Pocket Knives.

There's a Remington Pocket Knife made to suit your every requirement. So if you don't see here the style you need—ask your hardware dealer for it.

He can get it for you from *Remington*. It will show you what a knife *can* be when made to a positive standard of quality.

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REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, INC.
GENERAL OFFICES: NEW YORK CITY

On Display *at all good Hardware Stores*



R6434
Vest Pocket Knife
(with shackle)



R6244
Pen Knife



R585-M
Jack Knife
(with Punch Blade)



R3053
Premium Stock Knife



R3225-E
Carpenters' Knife

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(Continued from Page 110)

ne of very few adult residents of New ork to whom the name conveyed nothing hatever. He had passed the gray-haired orman with the special police badge simly by asking very kindly where he might ceive some advice in a certain matter, eaving the boyish, dutifully smiling artist pparently to wait near the door.

It would be inaccurate to picture Mr. Ivor as in anything but a state of marked nervous excitement. This inwardly. The outward man might have been that perfect anomaly, a college president who didn't want money. But he was sensitively aware that once again was he putting his axiom or theory roughly to the test. In a number of ways the test might go wrong. The boy might prove unequal to it, for one thing. And Mr. Ivor felt the scientist's aversion from inconclusive experimentation.

"Do you issue letters of credit?" he asked.

The partner studied him with the penetrating eye of the man who is subtly aware that he must be very penetrating indeed; then smiled indulgently.

"No," he replied, as indulgently. "No. Your own banker will do that for you."

But as he uttered the last two words penetration and indulgence together left his countenance, and for a brief moment he became so unprofessional as to exhibit downright surprise. He was staring directly past his caller toward the door.

Mr. Ivor turned, laughed softly and a thought impatiently, said under his breath, "Oh, good heavens!"

"What is it?" asked the partner rather sharply.

"Oh, it's only Durien. He's just back from Paris. He's incorrigible."

For already the easel was up, and the boy was squirting color gayly about his palette, while the doorman stood before him, stiffly endeavoring to look exactly as the doorman of the most important private bank in America ought to look.

The partner, as Mr. Ivor easily read him, was caught between suspicion, a strong sense of form and a wholly human curiosity. Furthermore, he wasn't sure what attitude he should assume toward that name—Durien. Was it a name he ought to know? Or were these men disguised reds? He was afraid of reds, and properly so, though somewhat confused as to just what degree of diabolical opposition to confidence made an otherwise white man red. On the other hand, he prided himself on his quick judgment of men; and certainly no simpler, honester soul ever wandered into a bank than the man before him. On still another hand, if we may assume so many, he fancied himself as a collector of old paintings. Safe old pictures, known by everyone to be good.

"Well," he remarked, "really! Of course we can hardly —— So that is young Durien! But what is he up to? Here?"

"He seems to be obsessed with the idea of gathering city types—quick portrait sketches. But he can't seem to realize that he's no longer in Paris. Why, this morning he set up his white umbrella in the middle of the Fifth Avenue traffic—at Forty-second Street!"

"You don't mean to say that the police allowed it?" The partner was trying to hide his interest behind a guarded manner, but without complete success.

Mr. Ivor laughed frankly, nodding. And there could be no question that the brown eyes behind the thick lenses met the carefully veiled gaze of the partner with a sense of equality. In a way, this was a relief to the partner. He met so few men who could look at him rather than up to him. A partnership in John C. Heming & Co. made one such a personage. The thing, even with its amazing perquisites, could be a burden at times. Humanly it was not altogether unpleasant to unbend a little.

"He got around that little difficulty"—thus Mr. Ivor—"by doing a portrait of the head policeman on the crossing. Made two of him within two hours, and gave him one. He owns Fifth Avenue now."

"Well, well!" observed the partner. Then, rising, he added, "Let's see what he's doing."

"If you don't mind—just a minute!" said Mr. Ivor, reverting to his supposed errand. "You'll understand my asking when I explain that I'm a scholar, and very seldom come into contact with these matters. Is it still necessary to have a passport to leave New York for Europe?"

"Oh, yes!" With which, and a courteous enough smile, the partner came out from behind his mahogany railing.

A newsboy entered at that moment, and moved rapidly from desk to desk, laying a newspaper on each.

With a brief "If I may," Mr. Ivor took up the paper, then laughed again. "Sure enough!" he said, and added, "The young devil!"

The partner looked down at the paper. There on the first page was a photograph of the white umbrella in the midst of the Fifth Avenue traffic; another of the smiling Durien, hat at a rakish angle, palette and brushes in hand; and a reproduction of the painting of Officer O'Hare.

The partner walked with dignity over to the door and stood behind the painter, observing the astonishing speed and firmness with which the color was mixed and applied. He even muttered approbation as the head began to model out. Two or three other impressive gentlemen appeared, whom he quietly motioned to stand close.

It was Mr. Ivor who broke in on this little scene.

"I'm sorry, Durien," he said, "but I really can't wait. If you're free, around five, look me up and have a cup of coffee." And he strode out.

The young man, startled, looked up, and for the first time became aware of the dignified group behind him.

"Oh!" he cried softly, engagingly. "I don't believe I —— Really, it's such a perfect head to paint that I ——" He caught himself and chuckled confidingly.

"It's all right," said our partner, turning with an air of proprietorship to the others—"very interesting! Go right ahead!"

VIII

"GEE-WHIZ!" said Durien, and giggled like a child at the end of a weary and wonderful Christmas. "Look!"

He closed the door, put down his things, and stood over the bed, turning his pockets inside out.

"Three portraits—seven hundred and fifty dollars! In cash! In good old rock-bottomed, copper-ribbed cash! Gee, but I'm a wreck!" And the happy artist flung himself on the bed, heedless of the bank notes littered there.

Mr. Ivor, with a slight contraction of the brows, lighted the alcohol stove and set the coffee machine over it.

"Three of the partners done to-day! Two more and old John C. himself to-morrow morning—there's another seven hundred and fifty. Gosh! Wow! Holy cats! Sorry to be late, Mr. Ivor, but —— Wow! And in the afternoon they're taking



At Cannonbeach, Oregon

MONARCH

TRADE MARK

Coffee Salesmen Wanted!

Reid, Murdoch & Co., internationally known as Coffee Importers and Food Manufacturers, announce—on their 70th anniversary—a further expansion in the opening of a new Eastern plant with headquarters in New York.

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If you are one of the best retail grocers in your community and can advance no higher in your present position, this announcement offers an unusual chance to make a worth-while connection where you will enjoy a wide field of endeavor and a splendid opportunity for growth. We want capable, ambitious, energetic salesmen in the following cities:

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Augusta, Bangor, Biddeford, Calais, Houlton, Lewiston, Portland

Vermont
Burlington, Brattleboro, Bennington, Montpelier, Rutland, St. Johnsbury

Rhode Island
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Connecticut
Bridgeport, Hartford, Middletown, Norwich, New Haven, Putnam, Waterbury, Windham

Massachusetts
Boston, Brockton, Fall River, Gloucester, Milford, Northampton, Salem, Springfield, Worcester

New Hamp.
Berlin, Concord, Dover, Keene, Laconia, Manchester, Nashua

New York
Auburn, Binghamton, Rochester, Schenectady, Utica, Syracuse, Jamestown, Elmira

New Jersey
Jersey City, Newark, Camden, Atlantic City, New Brunswick, Paterson, Phillipsburg, Trenton

New York
New York City, Albany

Pennsylvania
Bethlehem, Johnstown, Lancaster, Philadelphia, Reading, Williamsport, York

Delaware
Wilmington, Dover

Maryland
Annapolis, Baltimore, Cambridge, Hagerstown

Maryland
Cumberland, Frederick, Salisbury

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Washington

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Two hundred successful salesmen now travel out of our Chicago House. These men, our executives and department managers served an apprenticeship in retail grocery stores. We want 200 more like them in the East. Preference will be given to men with records of success in retail stores, and under 35 years of age. References required from present employer. Only applications made in person will be considered. If you are a "comer," looking forward to a future with great possibilities, come and see us. We start shipping from New York May 1st.

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FOR the past two years Mr. Charles Morrill, a busy grocery salesman in an Iowa town, has had extra money every month for easy spare-time work.

And he is just one of scores of part-time subscription representatives of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* who pleasantly and easily make their spare hours pay. *Today there is such a desirable, profitable part time (or, if you prefer, full time) position waiting for you!* You don't need experience to qualify for it: we will train you and equip you. We offer cash commissions and bonuses from the very start. The coupon below will bring full details, including our big free booklet descriptive of the plan. Send it in today.

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me across to the Stock Exchange. Want me to do the members of a luncheon club. I told 'em I really couldn't go on forever with these little sketches, but they persuaded me. Gosh! Wow!"

Over the coffee he remarked, in more rational mood, "We've said nothing about a basis of division, Mr. Ivor. I don't know what. Anything you decide would of course suit me. If a straight fifty-fifty arrangement ——"

"My share," said his host with commanding authority, "is the ten dollars I loaned you this morning."

"But, good Lord ——"

"You will forgive me if I have to say that my interest in these experiments has been wholly scientific. My life would perhaps be happier if I could limit my wants to anything so simple as money. And you will forgive me for explaining that I shall be able to offer you little more of my time. I have expended a good deal of nervous energy to-day. There will be a small penalty to pay for that. You'll admit that what you might call my theory has stood the test we have put it to. Very good! If at any time you meet with new problems the solving of which would in some fresh way strengthen that theory, you will confer a favor by consulting me.

"For though I call it an axiom, because it seems such to my own thought, it will not meet with general scientific acceptance until it has been buttressed about with innumerable successful experiments, and"—his voice shook a little, like that of a man who has been under a severe strain—"and no failures."

The memory of him that lingered most prominently among the confused and exuberant thoughts of William F. Case, after he had settled himself in a taxicab and was rolling comfortably and, he felt, appropriately toward Delmonico's, was a picture of shabby loneliness—a gaunt, stooping figure in a doorway, with a background of the dingy little room and the books, and beyond the window the smoothly curving branches of the ailanthus tree and the littered, rusty fire escapes, saying, in a deep voice that pulsed with emotion, "You ask what my one great want can be. I will tell you. It is thought. The most difficult performance in the world—perhaps unattainable to all but two or three in as many centuries. Thought! The one thing, after all, that is not wanted. Certainly not in this lar jazz and the happy ending. God, the hi ending! Not in this land that is rule the prohibitionist and the bootlegger, pays its teachers less than its plumb that still tolerates that grotesque t called Congress! To this terrible loneli am I doomed, while a hundred million ple fox-trot past. But I shall not sta Let me get hungry enough and I shall k what to do—let hunger become a want I shall take as I choose, lawfully, laugh at their simplicity."

William F. Case pulled down one of folding seats and put his feet up, chuckled defensively, because the pict brought a sensation somewhat unsettl to his high mood. Queer old bird! Dou less a bit mad. Though he did check And that about bootlegging sure did hit nail on the head. Now, for instance, if e in his life, he should be allowed a cock and, say, a bottle of Nuits. Seven hund and fifty bucks, bones or simoleons! W And more to-morrow! He'd have to go it with a basket!

All you had to do was to go where money was!

It occurred to him that in his excitem he had forgotten to smoke. He took cigarette now from the gold case he b bought on the way uptown.

There was a pretty girl moving sinuou along the walk in what he thought of a snappy frock with summer furs. He grinne She didn't happen to look. Oh, we there'd be girls enough! Time enough f them after dinner. If only Juliette could wished over from the Boulevard Mon parnasse! Great little old town, New Yor Already he could feel it pulsing in his vein If only the crowd at Lavenue's could s him now!

Queer old bird! But —— The ta swung into Fifth Avenue. He could see th low structure that was Delmonico's. A ser sation akin to purring set in pleasantl somewhere between his stomach and hi throat. Oysters would be nice. And a soup and a bird—caviar, too—and a salad an a soufflé and coffee; and—oh, for a drink Perhaps—perhaps, if he whispered knowingly to the waiter and slipped him a tightly folded bank note, perhaps th waiter could tell him of a place.

For that was one of the five or six thing he wanted most.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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There is a BEACON style to suit your taste
There is a BEACON price to fit your purse


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THE style of shoe that you select is the consummation of perhaps weeks of drafting and planning by the Beacon staff of designers. A little higher toe on the one last, a trifle less curve here and a little more there; a few more stitches somewhere else; all of these details contribute to the authority of Beacon style.

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One day's shipments from our plants in Chicago, the largest live stock market, give some idea of the marketing service that we perform.

The map shows the widespread distribution of the 182 carloads that were shipped on this one day.

Most of these cars moved to eastern markets in the United States; but shipments were also destined for five foreign countries.

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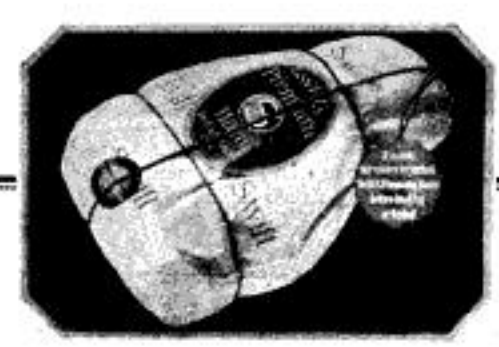
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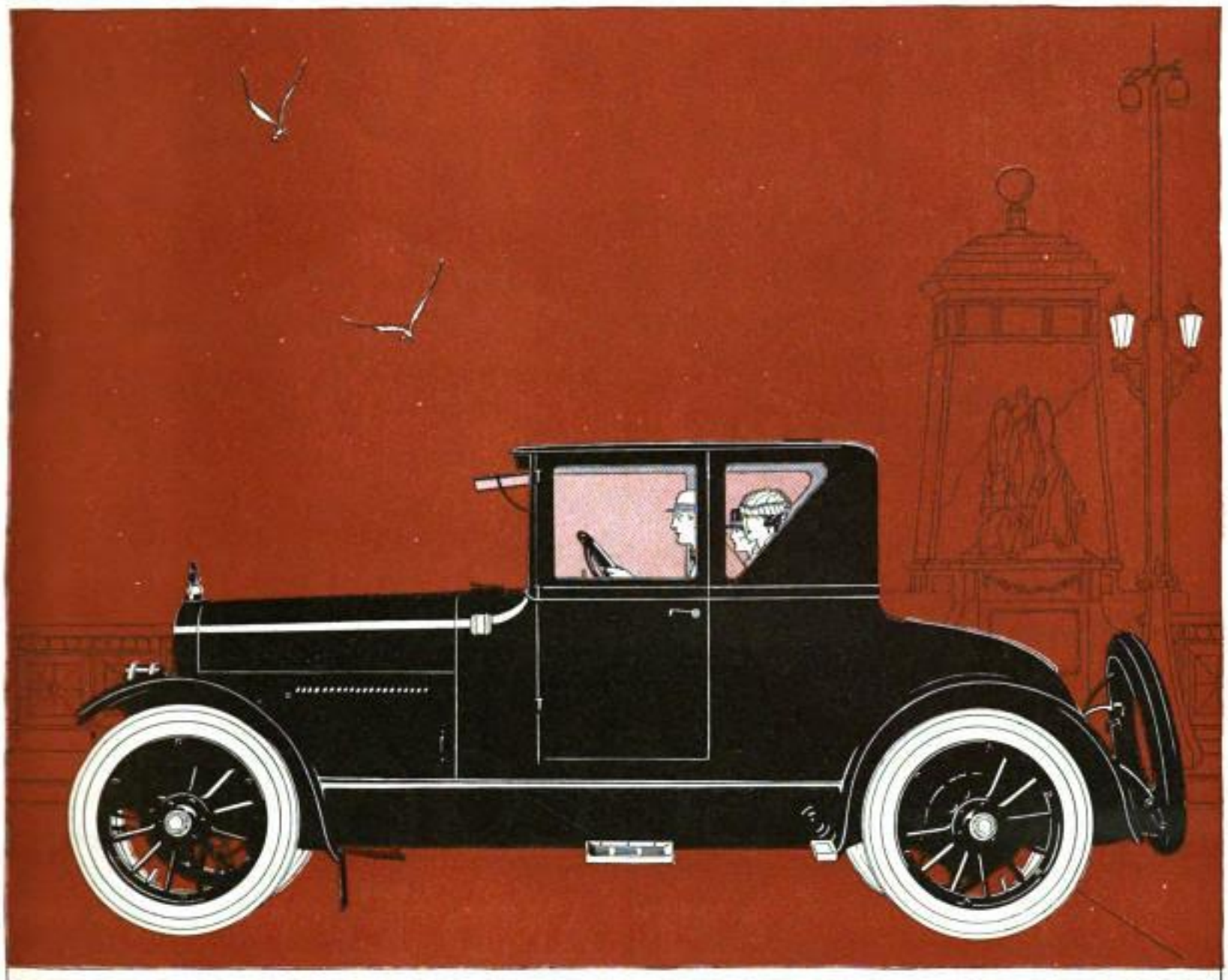
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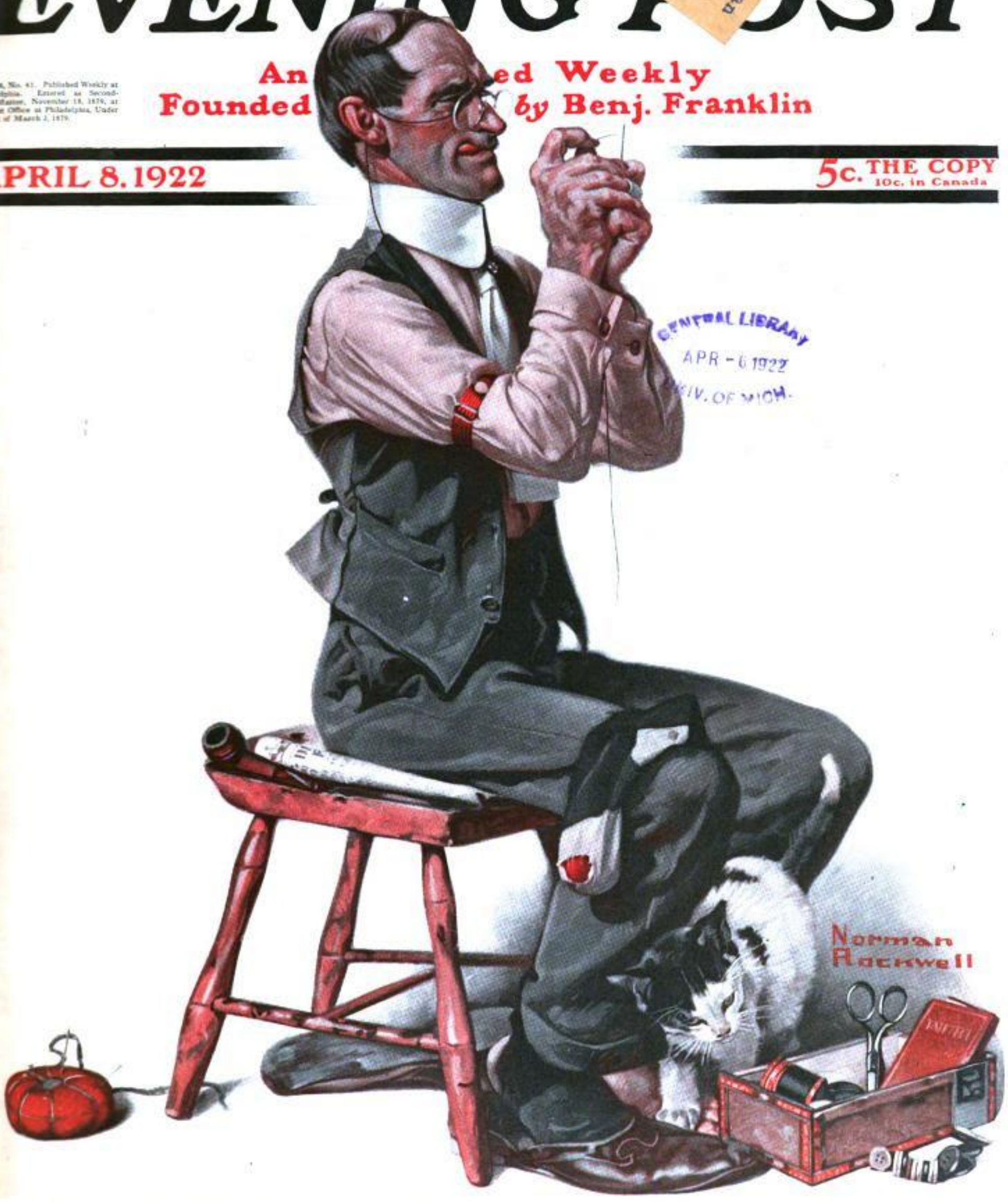
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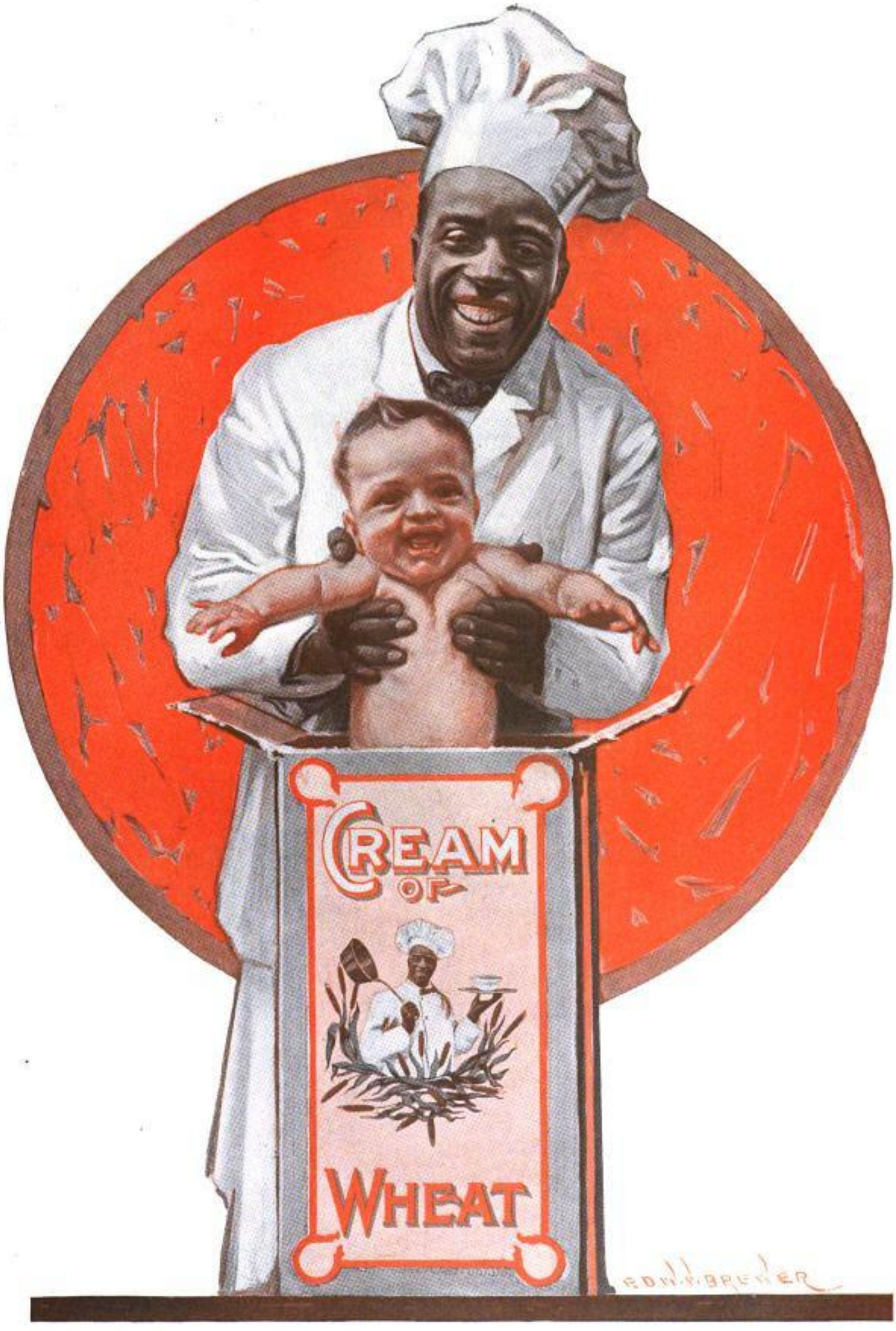
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BUCKET SHOPS AND HOW TO AVOID THEM

By Richard D. Wyckoff

CARTOON BY HERBERT JOHNSON

HOW the bucket shops first came to be known by that name financial history does not clearly show. The legend runs that the bucket shop dealt in small lots of grain; presumably traders who could not handle 5000 or 10,000 bushels of wheat or corn made a practice of dealing with what would now be known as odd-lot brokers, and for the want of a better term these brokers, who probably executed orders for 1000 bushels and up, or "by the bucket," were known as bucket shops.

The origin of the term is of small moment, but the bucket-shop situation has, for the time being, risen to great importance in the financial and economic life of the nation. When I first came into Wall Street, thirty-three years ago, the bucket shops were of an entirely different sort. Having taken the precaution to begin operations in short pants I had not so much to lose as some other people. My twenty-dollar-a-month salary would not permit me to engage in anything so reckless as a ten-share trade in a bucket shop. Lots of my fellow clerks, telephone boys, bookkeepers and others, were usually long or short of something in the way of stocks and took a keen interest in the flock of establishments centering in New Street, with a few of the more prominent on Broadway.

Bucket shops of '88 vintage, if you looked at them in one way, were schools of speculation where many of the leading traders of to-day cut their wisdom teeth, for there you could buy or sell, at the price last appearing on the quotation board, any stock on the list. The man behind the counter would take your twenty-dollar bill, make an entry on a big sheet, and you could close the trade out whenever you liked, at a profit or loss, without ceremony or explanation, and without urging on the part of the house. But if your two-dollar-per-share margin was wiped out by a decline of $1.75 in the price of the stock you had purchased—the other twenty-five cents per share covering commission—then a mere pencil line across the transaction on the sheet would end the matter.

This system had its advantages. You were not inveigled into dealing in large lots. You could choose your own stock, your own price and time for buying and selling; you could venture twenty dollars in the pursuit of an elusive fifty or hundred dollars, and if you could keep at it long enough you would begin to acquire some of the principles of successful speculation. Thus did a number of the biggest traders on the New York Stock Exchange get their start and establish themselves in a field where to-day the operations of a few of them combined frequently will run in excess of 100,000 shares in a single Stock Exchange session. The bucket shop of the old days was a product of the times. Trading in such places was on a plain gambling basis, for there were few means by which the trader might learn how trading and investing might be done intelligently and scientifically.

With such operations in most cases, 10,000 times fairer to the trader than the 1922-model bucket shop, things ran along that way for many years, punctuated by occasional failures. The chief tendency toward crookedness was displayed in the voluntary closing up of such houses whenever the money began to be paid out too rapidly. This is one early habit which bucket shops never have overcome; but as most of the people who dealt with them in former years ventured only small sums nobody in particular was injured.



THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET SHOP

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About a dozen or fifteen years ago, however, the authorities began to get after the bucket shops, and for the time being most of them were put out of business. Then there began to appear what were known as partial-payment houses, most of which were not members of any exchange. They would buy for your account small amounts of stocks or bonds upon payment of a first installment and an agreement to pay a dozen or twenty more at regular monthly intervals. You remember that series in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST a few years ago, in which a former confidence man confessed that many of the crooks were moving into the partial-payment business? This, in the majority of cases, meant that they were opening bucket shops under the prevailing style; but this does not mean that all partial-payment houses are bucket shops. Bucketeers are very keen psychologists. Their success is based on a knowledge of weaknesses in human nature, and they always keep their ear to the ground.

Be it known that any bucket shop, whether traveling in plain clothes or under a disguise, is simply a place where you ostensibly buy or sell, or where you place orders to buy or sell stocks. The shop, which is supposed to execute your orders on some exchange, takes the position that if you lose money they make it, and vice versa.

This is the theory on which the bucket shop operates: That the public, which in most cases is simply guessing or gambling, will in the long run lose more than is made; hence the bucket shop will continue to do business so long as more money comes in than it is obliged to pay out. But if, as frequently happens, the public gets on the right side of the market and begins to pull down its profits, the bucket shop simply closes its doors and the newspapers say "Another brokerage house has failed."

Those who conduct bucket shops look upon your check when it comes in as their profit. Not being members of any exchange they are obliged to pay exchange members the regular commission on both the buying and the selling sides, so that there is no profit in the operation. They must, therefore, depend upon what their customers lose or what they swindle them out of in order to make any money at all; and as bucketeers are notoriously free spenders, both in the running of their businesses and in their own personal expenses, the money must come in pretty fast in order to keep them from failing. Many of them draw the money out and conceal it as it comes in, leaving only enough to pay expenses and make a showing. In some instances the orders may actually be executed, and then the shares you purchase are resold for the account of the house, which is practically the same as if they had not made the purchase at all. In other cases, as in former years, they make entries on a sheet or in a book. Then there are those who write the trades on their cuffs. Some of them don't wear cuffs.

Raids on Liberty Bond Owners

THE bucket shop is just as anxious to keep up to the prevailing style as any well-dressed woman. Fashions in the bucket-shop field are regulated by the laws on the Federal and state statute books, energy of the officials supposed to enforce them, also the regulations of the Stock Exchange and the activities of its police committee. But there is another more dominating factor—the psychology of the public. A year or two ago swarms of investors were attracted to the oil fields; hence every bucket shop and fly-by-night concern had its own oil promotions. During the war there were war babies of various sorts, midwifed to fit the public taste for that kind of "securities."

The partial-payment phase of the bucket shop reached its greatest popularity from about 1912 to 1919, which latter year marked the top of the boom. Growing out of it was a new form of bucket shop originating in the old-fashioned carpetbag game which the bunco steerer used to work when the farmer came to town. It seemed that the partial-payment field became overcrowded with crooks, many of whom were driven out of other states and into New York by the blue-sky laws intended for the protection of investors, for though there were certain of these laws on the New York statute books, they had never been anything but dead letters.

Two big factors contributed toward making the war period and the after situations up to 1919 the easiest picking the bucket shops ever had, for it was then that they completely abandoned the taking of the public's money with sugar tongs and went after it with steam shovels.

In order to accomplish this the most luxuriously furnished main offices and branches were opened, and advertising was conducted on a large scale. People who did not know the difference between a bucket shop and a legitimate house were misled by appearances; and as the New York Stock Exchange restricts the scope of the advertising done by its members, the bucket shops, being free to use any size and style of advertisements they liked, secured a very great advantage.

The public had all these billions of dollars which they had saved and put into Liberty Bonds. Coupons only came along about every so often, and represented a very small return, as the bucketeers pointed out to holders, saying, "Put this into Invisible Oil Company shares and you will make 20, 30 and 40 per cent on your money instead of the miserable few per cent you get on your government bonds." It was easy for the smooth-talking salesmen to induce people to convert their few Liberties into hundreds and thousands of shares of brightly engraved certificates representing oil and other "investments." Never before had the public possessed so much money all at once, and had it in such readily negotiable shape. Naturally when, for the first time, 15,000,000 new investors are added to the 5,000,000 somewhat experienced in the ownership and the handling of stocks and bonds, there are bound to be many among them who do not appreciate the relative values of this and that security. To all intents and purposes engraved certificates look very much alike, and behind the stock or bond is merely the mental picture painted by the one who is selling it.

In marketing Liberty Bonds, Uncle Sam adopted the partial-payment plan; also the method of going after security buyers in organized squads. The bucket-shop keepers and crooked stock promoters were quick to see the point. They also organized squads of security salesmen operating in nearly every state in the Union, highly trained, working on a liberal commission basis, keyed up by ginger talks and enthused by frequent conferences and conventions after the manner of any efficient and legitimate sales organization.

Bucket-Shop Plants and Methods

AS A SMOKE screen bucketeers began to offer in their advertisements and circulars high-class bonds and other securities on the partial-payment plan, thus giving the impression that they were investment-security dealers and thereby gaining the confidence of their victims. As soon as the latter paid for their securities the bonds or stocks were forwarded, and not long thereafter they were invited to put up these securities as collateral for the purchase of certain mining, oil or other stocks which were either being promoted by the bucket shop or the market for which was under their control. Sooner or later such stocks would be manipulated to a low price, the equity wiped out, and in many cases the stock disappeared from the list and had no market value.

About that time there began to develop another factor which has had much to do with the success of the 1922-model bucketeer—the use of the telephone not only for local but for very and many long-distance calls. Their salesmen frequently found difficulty in getting into the private office of a prospect. So the telephone, which is a demand draft upon everybody's attention, was called into use. Rows of telephones began to appear in the inner offices of the bucket shops. A group of young men were carefully trained in the telephone canvass. They would each take a telephone book, open it at random, start calling the first number they came to, and right on down the column, skipping no one. In an office in the building where a bucket shop formerly held forth there were, during the receiver's sale, about twenty of these telephone connections, obviously put there for no other purpose, each with space enough for one man to operate.

The bucket shop of the '80's and '90's generally was confined to one large room with a blackboard, a few rows of chairs, a partition, and a couple of windows behind which the order clerk and bookkeeper worked, and nothing much else; but the modern bucket shop has evolved into an establishment occupying the entire space in a whole building which it owns, employing hundreds of clerks, leasing thousands of miles of private telegraph wires, having branch offices in a dozen cities, mailing departments that issue 100,000 to 500,000 market letters per week, a corps of service men, statisticians, stenographers and typists, a battery of automatic typewriting machines, scores of telephones, a squad of traveling salesmen, a newspaper-publicity department, and other equipment, making them in some cases larger than the biggest legitimate brokerage houses that are represented on the New York Stock Exchange.

In principle it is a vast swindling organization, for it is designed to attract the public, then to extract its money.

Such concerns are the outgrowth of the investing and trading tendencies of the American people, stimulated to a high degree by playing on their cupidity.

The bucket-shop evil is sapping the purse of the American people to the extent of hundreds of millions of dollars every year. The liabilities in recent failures, amounting to $20,000,000, are but a flea bite to the amount which the thirty-odd concerns which have recently failed in New York had in their possession during the height of the recent boom, or at the low point of the decline of 1921.

These various forms of crooked dealings reached such a stage that if they had been permitted to grow and develop as they have during recent years they were likely seriously to injure the economic life of the nation. In November of last year I therefore decided to print the facts about the bucket-shop evil in my publication, and this exposure was immediately taken up by newspapers and other periodicals all over the country. Then began the run on the bucket shops which resulted in withdrawals of securities and cash at such a heavy rate that the bucketeers were in many cases forced to close their doors. As this is written failures are running from three to six a day. The small amount of assets in proportion to liabilities in many of these failures had a cumulative effect upon the public mind, and suspicion was aroused against many additional concerns; and rightly so, because the later failures have, if anything, been just as spectacular in proportion to their size, and more and more rotten conditions are being disclosed.

It is about time something was done about this situation. Something is being done, and something more is going to be done.

For the benefit of the uninitiated it might be well for me to point out the different kinds of houses that are doing business in securities, not only in New York but in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and other large and small cities throughout the country.

New York Stock Exchange houses are those which through one or more of their partners hold memberships in the New York Stock Exchange. These memberships cost close to $90,000, are limited to 1100 in number, and require large financial resources in addition. *In order that a* firm may engage in the brokerage business on the New York Stock Exchange a capital of from $100,000 to many millions is required, according to the volume of the business. Ownership of a seat—it is only standing room—represents the right to do brokerage business on the primary security market of the United States, for most of the leading railroad, industrial, public-utility, mining, petroleum and other miscellaneous securities are dealt in there, and its markets are looked upon as the standard for this country.

The Consolidated Stock Exchange of New York is what is known as a secondary market. Dealings on that floor are in the same securities as those bought and sold on the New York Stock Exchange, and prices on the Consolidated floor are governed by those on the big Exchange. Originally this was a petroleum exchange. In the last century, during the early excitement of the trading in oil, certificates for that commodity were dealt in just like shares of stock, and any increase or decrease in the oil supply or demand was reflected in the market price of the certificates. When that kind of trading died out, or was deliberately killed, the Consolidated Exchange began to cater more to those who wished to deal in small lots of stocks, because in former years the New York Stock Exchange members rarely would take orders for less than 100 shares, except for outright purchase, and so a market in ten, twenty, thirty and fifty share lots began to grow up in the Consolidated Exchange. It was a very thin market, but the small trader was attracted on the ground that he could trade actively in fractional lots.

Odd-Lot Transactions

MEMBERSHIP on the Consolidated Exchange could, about twenty years ago, have been bought for a few hundred dollars, but in recent years the price has risen to several thousand dollars. Some of the reasons why may be inferred from the recent failures of many houses holding memberships on the Consolidated, many of whose assets in the final showdown proved to be a low percentage of the liabilities. In other words, they were bucket shops, and their Exchange memberships were used to disguise their real character.

The New York Curb Market is that which formerly constituted an interesting group of brokers who assembled from curb to curb in Broad Street, just below Exchange Place. Recently it became properly organized, and is now housed under its own roof just back of Trinity Church. When its trading was conducted in the street many bucket shops operated there; but with the reorganization of this exchange a considerable part, but not all, of this element has been eliminated.

Though partial-payment houses which are advertised as such are comparatively few among members of the New York Stock Exchange, nearly all members of that board execute orders in lots of less than 100 shares. It is estimated that the odd-lot transactions which do not appear on the tape and are therefore not included in the total trading reported in the newspapers would add 40 to 50 per cent to this total if they were recorded; that is, if 1,000,000 shares of round lots are dealt in in a single session it would indicate that the total transactions were between 1,400,000 and 1,500,000 shares.

One of the leading houses, which formerly made a specialty of the partial-payment plan, writes that their reason for abandoning advertising for such accounts was that there appeared to be no difference between a partial-payment account and one which was being carried on margin, both being subject to margin calls in the case of a decline in the market. To use their own expression, "We feel that the term Partial Payment has in many instances done more harm than good, encouraging promiscuous advertising by irresponsible brokers, whose only intention

(Continued on Page 44)

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TROUPING WITH ELLEN



"What's That?" He Snarled. "Who Asked You to Butt In? I'm Handling This. Did I Say She Was Fired?"

By Earl Derr Biggers

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

THE curtain descended, blotting out from Andy Owen's tired gaze the terrace of Mrs. Mortimer Van Reypan's villa at Nice, and the row of mechanical smiles back of which lurked the chorus and principals of One Night in June. For a moment he waited while the finale echoed and died away in the far corners of the theater. Then he lifted his baton, his men took a deep breath, and in another instant they were off together on the ultimate effort to implant the song hit of the piece forever in the memory of Albany.

Andy swung round and faced the auditorium, where the matter of seats furnished active competition. The customers were moving slowly up the aisles, well pleased with their evening's diversion, forgetful for the moment of the February storm outside. Many of them, Andy noted, were humming the song hit. Pretty soft for the composer, thought Andy, computing royalties in his mind. His attention became absent-minded, casual. Then he saw a short, heavy figure in a fur coat, with a soft hat pulled low over his eyes, moving down the side aisle to the stage, and it was as though an electrical current had invaded him.

"On your toes, boys," he hissed. "The old man's in the house!" And even the composer would have been satisfied with their rendition of his song hit then.

On the other side of the curtain the stage crew were busily wrecking Mrs. Van Reypan's happy home and loading it on a truck that stood in the snow at the alley door. From the principals' dressing rooms came the flush of running water, and on the iron stairs that led below sounded the click of silver slippers as the Cinderellas of the chorus ascended, unhooking in the back as they ran.

Suddenly came the booming call of Mickleson, the director: "Everybody on stage! Chorus and principals, house!"

Like an arctic blast the summons swept the region of the wings, freezing them all where they stood. And as they hesitated, poised, tense, the same vision flashed through every mind! The old man! He had been in front! Only three nights ago, in Poughkeepsie, he had bid good-by to them at length, had assured them that he would not see them again until the following Monday, in Boston. But this was one of his ancient tricks, a part of his joyous game, creeping into the theater when no one suspected, making notes on the performance as he crouched in the shadows at the rear, then swooping down on them with the light of battle in his eye.

They straggled to the stage, the girls clutching their gowns at the back and shivering, the men in shirt sleeves, collarless. And there against the curtain stood the figure they dreaded to see, inscrutable in the shadow of his hat, warm in the embrace of his fine fur coat, and with a sheaf of notes clutched in his hand. Thirty years in the business, in love with it still; life offered him nothing now so glorious as moments like this, when he stood there and saw them tremble before him, stood secure in his power, looked into their eyes and saw fear and the reluctant respect of the weak for the strong.

"Everybody here, Mickleson?" he wanted to know.

"I th-think so, sir. Yes, Mr. Wellman, we're all here, sir. We didn't expect to see you, sir. Quite a surprise, ha, ha, ha." A ghastly attempt at mirth.

"First of all, Mickleson, I think the performance has sagged. Damnably. And we open in Boston—a metropolitan audience—Monday night. I humbly suggest that we meet at the theater in Boston to-morrow evening at eight—Sunday evening, that is. Agreeable?"

"Perfectly," said Mickleson. "I'm sorry you think we've let down. It seemed to me ——"

"I made a few notes," cut in the old man. "I've lost the order—but never mind." He selected one of his slips of paper—the black spot for somebody. "Miss Davis!"

"Yes, sir."

"Your first entrance—you speak too soon. I believe I mentioned that before."

"Oh—I'm sorry, sir. I counted ten."

"Huh! You're a fast counter. Count a million, if necessary, but in heaven's name give Jimmy time to get round that table. By the way, Jimmy, that suit of yours in Act Two. You're playing a young millionaire. Is the smart set going in for polished elbows on their dress coats? I don't get about much—I'm asking for information."

"Why, sir—you passed that suit at the dress rehearsal. It's brand new."

"Same suit you wore when you worked for me five years ago. I spotted it by that wrinkle under the left shoulder. No shabby millionaires in my company, if you please. Order a new outfit Monday morning!"

"Ye-yes, sir," said Jimmy. His face suddenly contorted over an unpleasant problem in mental arithmetic.

"Mr. Jamieson!"

The old man was warming to his work. Mr. Jamieson stepped forward, a wilted collar and a soiled white tie clutched in his nervous hand. He was the old man's pet aversion in the company.

"Well, I got it, and I got it good," he remarked afterwards philosophically.

Following Jamieson the others were called forward one by one, heard a few of their many blemishes listed, sank back humiliated and angry.

"Young ladies of the ensemble," said the old man at last. Sixteen faces of varying loveliness looked anxiously up into his. "Young ladies, I don't get the words of the opening chorus. Mickleson—how many times must I speak of this? I pay a clever young man real money to write words for this music—at least, I thought he was clever until he began to work for me." He cast a fishy eye about the stage; an author would have been a tasty titbit to finish off on, but none was in sight. "I pay for words, I say, and I don't hear them. We'll take that up again to-morrow night. What I want to say now is—there was one young woman ——"

His eye searched quickly among the sixteen faces and came to rest on the loveliest of them all, an oval face with

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big wistful eyes under a careless mass of fluffy light-brown hair. He pointed one fat finger.

"You!" he said in a voice of doom.

She faced him bravely, but flushed a bit under her make-up.

"Miss Llewelyn," said the always helpful Mickleson.

"Miss Llewelyn," repeated the old man. "Oh, yes—I remember you now. Found you reading a novel by Conrad one day at rehearsal. Maybe your stage work is cutting in on your studies. Maybe that's why it annoys you so. Or perhaps the lines of the piece bore you."

"No, sir," said the girl, while Andy Owen, awaiting his turn in the rear row, stirred resentfully.

"Well, you looked bored to-night. And I pay you to smile—understand that. Damn it, when you're on my stage you smile."

"I'll remember, sir," she said, and made a courageous effort to carry out his order then and there.

"You'll remember it or get out! What's the matter with you girls nowadays? Thirty years I've been in this game ——"

His business manager appeared at that moment with news of great portent—a statement of the night's receipts. He and the old man retired a bit from the crowd and engaged in an animated conversation. Time passed, the blast from the open door into the alley came sharper than ever, the girls shivered in their light evening gowns, the old man drew his fur coat closer about his chubby person.

"Say—is he going to keep us here all night?" The Llewelyn girl turned anxiously to the tall, willowy blonde who stood near her. "I got a train to catch at twelve. I telegraphed ma I was coming."

"A lot he cares about that," said the blonde.

"Mr. Mickleson," the girl whispered, "I got a train at twelve. Couldn't I go now?"

"No, no, no!" cried Mickleson, horrified. "He hasn't dismissed us. Don't move."

It was an argument now between the old man and his aid—the gestures indicated that. It was always an argument after the introductory remarks. The minutes dragged by. "Say, Andy," whispered the Llewelyn girl, "what time you got?" He showed her his watch; half past eleven. "Gee!" she said; "and I telegraphed ma I was coming."

"You watch your step, Ellen," said Andy. "He's sore at you anyhow."

She looked toward the old man, stood staring at his broad back, warmly protected from the breeze, and a sudden intense bitterness against him came into her heart. Was she his chattel, his slave, she asked herself, repeating a line from a picture she had recently seen. No one was watching her, her step strayed into the wings, softly she climbed the iron stairs, gaining speed as she went. In another moment she was in the deserted dressing room, hastily removing the make-up, donning a little dress of blue serge, lacing up her high patent leathers, struggling into her near-seal coat.

The old man finally subdued his opponent and turned again to his notes. "Just one thing more—Mr. Jamieson. How do you pronounce the word 'exchequer'?"

"Why—er—it's exchequer, isn't it? On the first syllable. Or am I wrong?"

"On the second when I went to school," replied the old man. "But things change—of course." He had an uneasy feeling about that Llewelyn girl; somehow he hadn't humiliated her enough. She annoyed him with her youth and her vitality, her superior manner as she looked him in the eye. "Perhaps our young student can tell us," he sneered. "Our highbrow chorus girl. Miss Llewelyn." He sought for her, amazed. "Where's Miss Llewelyn?"

"She had a train to catch," said the terrified Mickleson. "She must have beat it."

"Did you tell her she could go?"

"Oh, no, sir—I wouldn't dream of doing that. Not without your permission."

"You mean to tell me she deliberately walked away? Mickleson, where is the discipline in this company?" With no effort at all he was working himself into a fury. One of the least of his creatures had flouted his authority, one of his little pawns had rolled off the board. "Get this girl! Bring her here! Get her, I tell you!"

She walked on the stage at that moment, a straw suitcase in her hand, a saucy little hat of crimson on her head, an air about her that was fuel to the old man's flame.



"I Was Born in a Street Like This," Ellen Said Suddenly. "My Folks Still Live There"

"Calling me?" she asked. "I'm sorry I had to run away, but I'd promised to spend a few hours at home. My mother's expecting me. What was it you wanted?"

The old man stood staring down into her calm eyes, and they further infuriated him. His lips moved, but no words came; he was too enraged to speak. At that moment Mickleson came forward; his nerves on edge, his judgment lost, he thought it was up to him to assert his authority then and there. It was an unfortunate inspiration so far as he was concerned, but it saved Ellen Llewelyn her job.

"You're fired!" cried Mickleson. "You're out. Walking off like that without our permission."

The old man found his voice then, and on the instant he transferred his anger to poor Mickleson. He was like that; no one ever knew which way he would spring.

"What's that?" he snarled. "Who asked you to butt in? I'm handling this. Did I say she was fired? You—you lazy hound—I'm sick of you. No authority over them."

"But I thought ——" cried Mickleson, appalled.

"Never! That's a lie! You never thought." He turned to the company. "You're dismissed, ladies and gentlemen. You can go. You, too, my dear young lady. I excuse you. You've had no one here to teach you—no one to make you understand that when I call a company onto the stage nobody leaves until I say so. It's not your fault, Miss Llewelyn. Go home to your mother, but remember this—the call to-morrow night is for eight o'clock, and one minute late means your job. Now, Mickleson, I'll talk to you. Where the hell did you learn your business?"

He was at Mickleson's throat, but the company stop to hear; they scattered gratefully to the wing Llewelyn, triumphant, hurried toward the stage d

"Oh, Lil," she called to one of the girls, "get a t two at the Occidental. If the piece gets over we'll apartment. So long. See you later."

"Get wise to Ellen's new coat," said a languid sh "Meow! Meow!"

"We all know you're a cat, dearie," Lil remind "Why advertise it?"

"Thanks, Lil," Ellen said, overhearing, and fled i alley. Close at her heels came Andy Owen, pulling h coat over the evening clothes that were compulsory conductor of the orchestra, even on the road.

"Give me the bag," he said. "You've got sixte utes. It's some race."

"Don't you bother, Andy," she tol

"It's no bother. Think I want to hang back there till the old man's red eye lig me and he jumps? Say—why you w room with Lily again?"

"Why not?"

"Well, you know what happened last She's the laziest thing ever. *Lying in b* you getting the breakfast and waiting hand and foot. Want that all over agai

"Sure I do," said Ellen. "*Lil's* all Andy. Besides—she's had a good educ She can talk like a lady when she wants learned a lot from her."

"Oh, I see. Well, you're too deep for m Reading highbrow books, *and all that* st thought at first you was bluffing; just try grab somebody with it."

"You thought wrong, Andy."

"Yes, I guess I did. You really mean it, you? But what are you *aiming for*, anyh

Her voice seemed far away in the storm don't know," she said. "I—I guess *I'm* ambitious, Andy. I want to get somew To be somebody—anybody—anybody while. That ain't—isn't *any crime*."

"Of course not," Andy answered. "I stirrings, too, sometimes. I'd like to wr real good song—catchy, you know—make of money. But this highbrow stuff—boo what the hell does talk matter? Grammar all that?"

They were at the foot of Albany's famous now, and the wind was no longer so bitter Before them loomed the big station. They in—five minutes to spare.

"Got your ticket?" Andy asked.

"Sure," she nodded. "I came down bought it before the matinée. I guess train's ready."

They stood together beside the track, in a little grou snow-flecked travelers. Ellen's heart sank.

"Oh, Andy—I'm ashamed of myself," she wailed. " I don't want to go."

"Why not?"

"It always gives me the willies. I forget how drear is, and then I go back—and remember. When I little—all those years."

"Nonsense!" said Andy. "It's home, ain't it? See in Boston to-morrow night. Whatever you do, don't late."

The train roared up. "So long," Ellen said. "It awful good of you—coming down through this storm hope your feet didn't get wet. So long, Andy."

He helped her aboard. She turned on the platform caught a glimpse of his round earnest face smiling up at through the storm.

The train jolted out of Albany, stopped again in Tr and then began its journey into the even more wintry Be shires. The day coach was cold and smelly, noisy with snores of those who slept. Her short skirt and silk stoc ings seemed to invite the blast, so she doubled her feet under her on the green plush seat.

A good-looking young brakeman, caught by the cha of the face beneath the very red hat—the sole dashi item of her costume—paused in the aisle by her side. glanced at her ticket.

"North Readfield," he ventured. "Live there?"

"Oh, no," she said. "Fifth Avenue, if you're ever New York."

"I'm in North Readfield a good deal," he told he "I'd be pleased to meet you."

"So would I—if anybody ever introduced us."

"Wow! Well, it's a bad night."

"It sure is—for you."

He went on down the aisle and left her to her thought North Readfield again—that tawdry town amid the beaut of the hills. River Street. Ma would be waiting up. Poo ma. She really ought to come home oftener, for ma's sak

She dozed off. The next thing she knew, the fresh brake man was shaking her. "Come out of it," he said. "We' pulling into Fifth Avenue. North Readfield, I mean."

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She sat up, glanced at the cheap little watch on her wrist. A quarter of two. "Oh, thanks," she said.

He picked up the straw suitcase and led the way to the door. "I didn't mean no harm, what I said," he told her. "A guy gets lonesome—you know."

"Sure," she smiled. "Anybody would get lonesome way up here. That's all right."

"Maybe I could come and see you, then?"

"No—can't be done. I'm moving on at noon to-morrow—I mean to-day. I got to get to Boston. I'm in a musical show."

"Gee!" he cried. "An actress!"

"Thanks," laughed Ellen. "Not many'd say so."

She stepped off into the snow. A faint light flickered in the window of the little brick station. At the far end of the platform she saw what looked like a taxi. She went down to inquire.

"Sorry—I was waiting for somebody," explained the driver.

He alighted from his car, a great muffled figure. "I ain't a taxi. Say—nobody else got off, did they?"

"I didn't see anybody."

"That's fine. Get a man out in the middle of the night—but never mind. I'll give you a lift. Where you going?"

"It ain't far," she said. "Number 13 River Street."

"Hop in," he directed.

He went up front and began to crank. She heard the response of the engine and her heart thrilled gratefully.

They began to climb a hill between two rows of shabby little business blocks—Main Street, North Readfield. Ellen peered eagerly through the snow, saw the lights of an all-night lunch room, located the music store where she had started on her grand career. Main Street's business activities stopped abruptly, and they crossed an iron bridge over a frozen river. Then on past the mills, black and dreary, the mills where North Readfield toiled from dark to dark.

Ellen's companion said nothing; evidently at two in the morning his vitality ran low. He turned sharply into River Street and slowed down, for the car found the going rough.

On either side were mean little houses, their porches sagging, their paint a memory; houses that seemed dissolute and proud of it.

"Say—every place is the same," he announced. "I guess you'll have to point out 13."

Her spirits lower than ever, Ellen stared hopelessly about. "I—I don't know as I can," she said. "I ain't been here for two years myself." Then she saw a light in a window on ahead. "That might be ma," she added.

He slowed down as they came abreast of the light. The door of the house opened and a dumpy little woman stood there, staring at them.

"It's ma," said Ellen Llewelyn. "She waited up." She searched in her purse, found a soiled dollar bill. "Here—I wish you'd take this."

"Nothing doing," he laughed. "I ain't in the business. Good night."

He was gone before she could thank him. She turned and ran toward the woman on the porch. In another second she had cast the straw suitcase down on the snowy steps, and she and ma were in each other's arms.

"Ellen! Ellen! Two years you been away. I ain't seen you fer two years."

"There, there, ma," sobbed the girl. "What you crying about anyhow?"

"Come in, Ellen. It's terrible cold, ain't it?" They went into the house—into the parlor, so called. "What a pretty coat," the older woman said. "You better keep it on. It ain't any too warm here."

"Well, ma, you got my telegram, didn't you?"

"It come this afternoon. I wanted the rest should wait up fer you, but—well, you know how they are."

"That's all right, ma. You're the one I want to see."

"And I want to see you, Ellen. You been away too long. Don't do it again."

"No, ma. I won't."

"It's cold in here, ain't it, Ellen? I didn't dare put no more coal on the fire. They's only about a bushel basket in the cellar, to last over Sunday."

"Why don't you get some more?"

"Oh, well—what you been doing, Ellen? Tell me about yourself."

"I suppose the coal man's shut down on us?"

"Yes; and the butcher, he's hounding us. Oh, Ellen—I didn't mean to start in on my troubles before you was hardly through the door."

She drew her woolen wrapper closer about her plump figure, and the round little face under the wisps of gray hair looked suddenly tragic.

"Things get harder all the time," she said.

"I send you all I can, ma," Ellen told her. "It takes nearly all I make, traveling round."

"I know—you're a good girl, Ellen. But your pa—seems like he gets worse. I thought maybe this here prohibition would make things easier, but he gets it somewhere, and he pays ten times what he used to. Awful stuff too—it'll kill him yet."

"What if it does?" said the girl bitterly.

"Ellen—you mustn't talk that way."

"How about Dave? Can't he help?"

"He's—he's wild, Ellen. Loafing half the time. I'm worried about him. And Mabel—out to all hours at the movies—thinking about nothin' but fellows and clothes. I wish you'd talk to her, Ellen. I'm worried about her too." She put her arms about the slim figure of her daughter. "You're all I got, Ellen," she said. "You're what I lean on—in my mind. Thinkin' about you—it keeps me goin'."

"Now, now, ma—you're cryin' again."

"'Scuse me, Ellen. It ain't no way to welcome you home, is it? But I been settin' here since pa went to bed at eight, an' things got preyin' on my mind. There—I'm all right now. I wanted your pa should sleep down here, so you could sleep with me—but he wouldn't. So I fixed you up a sort of bed in this old chair."

"That'll be fine, ma. It's nearly morning anyhow."

"To-morrow night I'll make one of 'em give up fer you," the woman said, and Ellen turned away her face. How could she tell her mother she must go on at noon? Oh, well, that could wait till the morning, the brighter morning. She began to unlace her shoes.

"Silk stockings?" her mother said. "In winter! You'll catch your death."

"I haven't yet," the girl laughed. "I'm all right, ma. Don't you fret about me. I'll just take off my shoes and my dress, and slip on my old kimono."

Her mother came forward and helped with the fastenings of the blue serge. "Land sakes, Ellen!" she cried as it fell to the floor. "Is that all you got on underneath? You'll be in your grave first thing you know."

"Wake up, ma. You're a million years behind the times. This is what they're all wearing in the city."

"It's hard to believe. Kind of pretty, though. Silk, too, ain't they?"

"If they ain't I been stung." She took a flimsy dressing gown from her suitcase and put it on. "Now, ma, you run off to bed. And in the morning we'll have one grand visit."

"I got to tuck you in an' explain this bed I fixed. It'll be all right if you don't move round much." She waited while Ellen arranged her hair. "Seems like you're prettier than ever, Ellen," she said. "Get prettier all the time. I got you to be proud of, whatever else I got."

"You got grandfather too," said Ellen suddenly.

She pointed to a rather hideous crayon portrait that hung over a battered sofa. Old David Evans had long since passed on, but still he smiled down rather grimly on the most ambitious of his descendants. A scholar, David Evans, who had risen from the collieries to be pastor of a dissenting chapel in the old days in Wales.

(Continued on Page 58)



"Wait a Minute, Ma. Yes—There's Another Train at 3:30. It's a Close Call, but I'll Risk It. I'll Stay to Dinner, Ma"

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TRAVELER'S REPOSE

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

THE thought, curious and unexpected, which had come to Jalan Heronbar lingered in his mind; it was this—that the mountains, the county, of Greenstream were very pretty. They were, more than that, filled with peace; and the name of the village on the West Virginia border he so often passed came into his memory, Traveler's Repose. The words repeated themselves, and seemed, of their sound, to fill him with a sense of rest. He was sitting, alone as usual now, at evening, in the narrow portico of his house. Before him a rocky pasture descended to a road set against deep spruce woods; but at his left, past the corner of the dwelling, there was a valley blue with distance, and mountain on mountain, range on range, beyond. It was, in addition to everything else, June; the day had been hot but the dusk was cool, fragrant, a gradual decrease of light and an increasing of the peace, the prettiness, he had discovered.

The unexpectedness of this lay in the fact that the mountains had been familiar to him since birth; they were his mountains, Greenstream was his county; and only now, at thirty-four, had he grown conscious of it all. The reason for it, he decided, was the three years during the war he had spent on the level sandiness of New Jersey. Throughout the fighting Jalan had, at home, instructed men in the driving of army trucks. A hard fate for him, for a Heronbar. The trace of a smile was perceptible on his thin lips. Well, that was over, and he was in Greenstream again—he had been back three years—impressed with the quiet and beauty of his surroundings.

It seemed to him to be a place apart from all the tumultuous rest of the world, the last, probably, where peace was an actuality. The mountain ranges completely closed it in, there were no railways, and the roads, for automobiles, no more than fair. All at once he wished that there were no roads communicating with the places outside. This was even stranger than his new sense of beauty, and he examined it with a slow thoughtfulness. What did he mean? That really was clear enough: he wanted to keep Greenstream separate from the bitterness and struggle almost everywhere tearing men from happy and good lives. It looked as though he were getting religion, and the shadowy smile returned to his lips. A Heronbar religious! They would laugh at him in the store; but in fairness to that humorous company he was obliged to admit that they would have laughed at him, but not now. The war, even such service as he had accomplished, had changed that. The Heronbars of the past were dead; he was the last of man, woman or child alive; and the old fear and hatred of his family had died, its place in the county taken by an attitude of pride toward a local and heroic legend.

A place of peace, a refuge, green and fruitful in the summer, white and immaculate in winter. It wasn't needful to go out of that section of country for a living; many men living within twenty miles of him had never been forty miles from home. The women, Jalan told himself, could still spin, and though the hunting was largely ruined the valley had many herds of cattle, grazing and grains. He went over this possibility minutely, thinking of it as a fantastic scheme for the passing of an idle hour; but the aspect of fantasy receded. A land without fighting.

That he had come to detest. The Heronbars had lived by it; yes, and by murder. The gun play of a raid on the distilling apparatus quietly occupying the Heronbar parlor alone had resulted in the death of his father rather than of any one or two or three of the revenue force. That had happened eleven years ago. Jalan had been away, over the state line; his brother had escaped from a window, to be killed the following month on a freight train; and their mother and a great-aunt, Christia, did not long survive the general disaster. Jalan, solitary in the house, except for the period of his service, variously occupied in the blue grass or higher woods, had dwelt upon the violent aspects of his early life, turning them over and over; with the result that before he had gone to his remote participation in the war he had been doubtful of it. He hadn't been wholly a part of the pleasure with which the county had seen him, a Heronbar, depart to uphold their prestige of contentiousness.



She Came Slowly On Alone, Over the Rugged Path, Through the Broken Gate

When he had come back from the mon onous smallness of his participation, fr grinding officialism and discontent and hi jealousies, his inclination had settled int hard, a hard but sil opposition. In a way t he couldn't understa sonorous tags of the N Testament, the pea commanding utteran of Christ, came back i his consciousness, lac with a passionate real and force. When y looked at it, Jalan Her bar thought, *it* was wro to go out and kill peop to smash them with ston and *bullets* or rot the with gases. People we blind, that was *it*, or *i* sane. No one could g around that sentence the *Bible against* killin It seemed to him th from a *practical* stan point the Bible might l a good book to follo Yet the *influence* of i memory on him was n practical; it was more li a regimental band play ing in the distance, fa away but coming neare It stirred him; his hatre of war, of all trouble an misunderstanding, stirre him.

Jalan Heronbar wante to show the world ho hellishly wrong hatre and envy and malice were how they destroyed life made happiness impos sible. He couldn't hop to do that, of course; but here about him, in Green stream? The valley had slipped from view, but th western mountains, against a fading yellow radiance, were still evident, darkly green; the bell of Jalan's cow sounded and then stopped, sounded and stopped, lower down. A little breeze, audible through the spruce trees before he felt it on his face, sprang up; it was aromatic from the bark freshly stripped for the tannery on South Fork.

Here, for a hundred miles or so, quietude, reason, happiness might, with a small attention, be possible. What, in the pursuit of his fantastic idea, was necessary? Almost nothing, with the exception of a single enforcement.

The people of Greenstream seldom went out into the world and back; they either stayed in their homes or went away without returning. Some of the young attended schools out of the county; that would be discouraged—Jalan didn't see a prolonged schooling as a necessity—but what was absolutely imperative was to keep the world away. That was it! The treachery and evilly destructive passions everywhere else raging must be barred from Greenstream.

This, with its suggestion of force, of tyranny even, had a look of disagreeing with the main direction of his peacefulness; yet, he decided, it was unavoidable. Something would be lost—what was loosely called progress—but that couldn't be helped. Infinitely more would be made secure. The local interests were simple; after long years of prohibition political jealousies had mostly expired; politics itself had become less and less important. Indeed what occurred to his speculative mind was that politics might be reanimated; it might be brought back to its old sectional state, to the condition he had heard of from very old men, when it was a government of localities isolated from

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me another and self-dependent, self-reliant. Washington lately had grown vague and unsatisfactory, far away; while Greenstream was near, immediate and lovely.

He had sat so long, lost in his project, that if he intended to see Emeline he'd have to go at once, without supper. He did most certainly want to see her; and he went into the empty, dark house to his room by the kitchen. Jalan had tried a bed in the kitchen and, though it was convenient, on his return from the army he had moved. One of the surprising things that had occurred to him was a developed preference for an utmost neatness. It was as if the care he had always lavished on his guns had been extended to include everything which concerned him. The array of pans, dishes and cooking utensils on a dresser was in a rigid and immaculate order; the frying pan had its exact place, and if it were disarranged Jalan was uncomfortable until it was correctly disposed. The knives and forks must be laid in an unvarying manner, the brush broom leaning at its own angle in a corner. This habit of exactitude had grown upon him. He derided it, tried to break it, but a feeling stronger than his will—if, for example, he had carelessly dropped his clothes on a chair—dragged him out of bed to put everything straight.

Jalan Heronbar scrubbed his face with soapsuds strong of lye, he wet and brushed his hair and put on a shirt with a collar, a necktie and a fresh-shined pair of shoes. Then he walked through the kitchen to the space in back of the house. It was like a ridge leading directly away, with the ground falling steeply on either side. The Heronbar house was on a ridge; everywhere about it, except for the road and spruce forest, the land dropped into bottoms with rocky streams and close trees; there was a circling horizon broken with mountains and rifts, with small isolated patches of grazing, some in the valleys and some against the peaks; but with no other signs of humanity.

The sweep of mountains was almost hidden; evening was advancing more rapidly, but Jalan was infinitely swifter. He drove a battered but entirely sound automobile with a long knowledge and ruthless skill through the rocks of his front pasture; and turning to the right on the road he went boldly up a long turning ascent and, over the divide, went down like a silently falling bowlder.

At sharp bends, the outside unguarded and overhanging hundreds of feet of tree tops and sharp rocks, he kept so close to the exposed edge that the wheels sent small showers of stones into space. Jalan met—as usual, he thought—a car on the worst turn of all, at the worst moment. It was coming up as determinedly as he was fleeing down; but, already far out, there was no need for him to swing dangerously across the road; in an instant, after the crash of minor opposed sounds, he was again alone.

In a valley broader, more cultivated than any visible from his fields he passed the store, waving vaguely to a familiar group of men and boys gathered on the worn benches of the porch, and then he turned again. He drove through a dark, perpetually damp wood and came out at the gate to Emeline Graham's father's place. There was a ford to cross, the gate to open, and he followed a rude track about a gentle rise to the fence which separated the house with its flowers and cut grass from the grazing.

The family, he knew, would be on the portico, facing the road over which he had just come; they would have seen him, heard him closing the gate and he was expected. Jalan walked, therefore, about the house without the formality of an announcement at the proper door. This in itself was notable; simply for the fact that he was a Heronbar striding securely through the property of Elias Graham. The Grahams had always been as admirable and successful, as highly placed, as the Heronbars were doubtful. Not many years past Jalan would not have been allowed to come inside Elias' fences; if he had tried, except under the most formal and recognized conditions, a death would have resulted. The Heronbars had been, in reality, outlawed from the community of Greenstream. Now, however, he was walking freely over their yard, sure of an acceptable welcome. By this time it was certain as well that they knew he was coming for Emeline.

Jalan found them as he had expected: Elias, a small man in shirt sleeves and eminently serviceable suspenders, smoking a highly varnished brier pipe; his wife resting in a capacious chair after the labor of supper; Ellery, their son, a vigorous and mature boy, silent as usual; and Emeline. She smiled her greeting from a step and a porch column, and added nothing to the impetus Jalan's coming had given to the conversation. She had on a white dress, he saw, there was some pink ribbon at her waist and on her hair; and she looked as young as—as anybody.

She wasn't really so young as that. Emeline was thirty; but it was that, he thought, which so moved his heart. In Greenstream girls and women were only ornamental when they were very young, no more than fifteen or sixteen, and then only in the hours between their duties in the house and dairy. They married at once, after a few dances, a short courtship, and retired definitely to an existence of utility. That was, nearly all of them did. Somehow Emeline seemed to escape the general fate. She had not married at the time considered appropriate; and as a result of that she served at the dinner table; she was never seated until her father and Ellery and any visitors had all they could possibly desire.

A great part of her time was spent in the kitchen in the preserving and canning and curing seasons; and she was a great deal alone with the linen and cleaning and incidental nursing.

Yet Jalan insisted almost defiantly to himself, she was as young as any. She had a kind of gentle niceness, a delicate glow in her cheeks and eyes, for which he tirelessly watched. Her subjection to her father was whole-hearted; she accepted her position without even being aware of it; and still she had a humor, a quaint understanding and private independence, at which Jalan happily marveled. He knew that she was glad to see him this evening, that she always had a welcome for him; and he was conscious of what this might, probably did, mean. They would get married. There was no hurry; he felt that she knew of his understanding; some day this summer they would speak of it, and he would go to Elias Graham.

There would now be no serious difficulty there—a Heronbar marrying a Graham—for the reason that Elias, sound beneath a contradictory temper, realized that he, Jalan, would take care of Emeline; he would be a good husband. *(Continued on Page 89)*



Men Listened to Him When They Were Not Busy, Through the Late Summer Evenings. He Was Regarded as a Kind of Preacher

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THE AVERAGE WOMAN

By Dorothy DeJagers

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

"BY JOVE, Beevee, did you know that in America women buy 48 per cent of all drug supplies, 48 per cent of all hardware and house furnishings, 96 per cent of all dry goods, and even eleven per cent of men's clothing?"

Allan Cabot Straun, of the Elkins Advertising Agency, dramatically offered these facts to Bert Voigt, the copy chief.

Beevee looked up.

"'Pears like they've turned merchandising into a female order house," was his comment; but the casual tone, curiously enough, suggested that the clipping would never change his destiny to any extent.

But not so with Straun. Upon him the effect was startling. He was, you see, the statistician of the Elkins agency. When it was necessary, for instance, to know the per capita consumption of mustache cups in Athens, Georgia, or the possible mileage of chariot wheels in Athens, Greece, he could plot an ogive curve on paper in less time than it takes the lady in the advertisement to pour boiling water over her dining table.

Now the statistical mind is usually grounded on an expertness in putting two and two together; and this reminder that the feminine sex controls so much of the purchasing power struck him as a staggeringly suggestive situation. For if one could get the keynote—or shall we say the Ellen Keynote?—to her psychology, chart her reactions and diagram her motivations, wouldn't one have a great secret of successful advertising? An answer, too, to some inexplicable advertising failures? It seemed so; yet Straun's difficulty was that he knew very little about women, his mother having died in his infancy, and subsequent relations with girls having been unquestionably sketchy. This was largely due to a shyness rather hard to explain, since he was an uncommonly attractive young man.

In the first place, handsome. Clear reddish-brown eyes focused behind horn-rimmed goggles in the keen gaze of one who looks concrete facts in the face; above, a broad brow suggesting a capacious storage house for a catalogued intelligence, and notched near the left temple by a cowlick that spattered reddish-brown hair like a sticky finger. Nice hands and a good chin, and a general impression of well-ordered habits, well-organized activities and well-governed instincts—a life, in short, run by schedule, not subject to change without notice.

Yet perhaps this suggests an exemplary character rather than an attractive personality; so in repudiation Mr. Voigt is paged.

"Straun?" Beevee would have said. "Now, le's-see! First of all, he stands for class—what the English lady novelists would call 'thoughtfully valeted'—and his manners all match. But he's a nice kid. And principles! Say, that lad's as square as that dern little notebook he carries, and as white as his linen."

Which proves it's still possible to be admirable and yet likable. Certainly you would have credited him with a popularity rich in opportunities for understanding the gentler sex. But the fact remains that women were not merely an unknown quantity but a master mystery, as complicated to him as the trade-mark laws. How, then, was he to identify the average woman? Even after an intensive research into his memory his accumulated conceptions resulted merely thus in his notebook:

THE AVERAGE WOMAN

(a) Adds postscripts to her letters.
(b) Uses hairpin for repair work.
(c) Is afraid of mice.

And immediately, of course, he saw the inadequacy of this test. Other universals must be found, but how? Aha! The world's authorities on woman! Surely, in the multiple estimates enumerated by Apuleius through Havelock Ellis, Shaw and Weininger must be some common denominator for the colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady. Yet so diverse are the opinions of the sons of Adam about the daughters of Eve that it took a month to find the unanimity to permit this entry:

(a) The average woman is illogical.
(b) The average woman is emotional rather than cerebral.
(c) The average woman is interested in concrete rather than abstract.
(d) The average woman is intrigued by personalities rather than principles.
(e) The average woman has a good memory, accuracy in details.
(f) The average woman thinks inductively.

This, you see, looked pretty comprehensive; the next step was to find some lady manifesting these symptoms, then make a thorough study of her inferential and preferential peculiarities. But finding her—that was the real problem. The analyst's social and business contacts with the opposite sex were too casual and incoherent to permit any speedy identification. Moreover, the conventions naturally tabooed any direct methods—at least for Straun! Had it been Beevee he would have halted some promising prospect with "Tell me frankly, girlie, are you an illogical she-person with a good memory who thinks inductively about personalities in an emotional way?"



"See Here! This Young Lady Tells Me Youse Been Taggin' Her Around All Afternoon. Now, We're Making a Clean-up of Mashers in This Here Burg, and ——"

But you can't do this when you're one of th Boston Strauns. So it began to look as if the ec nomic world would have to roll along without an psychological disclosure of the average Eve. Then, one da in February he and Beevee went to New Jersey on bus ness. After a conference with their client, the statist, eag to make a few notes, retired to a hotel, promising to meet th copy chief at four. The writin room looked deserted when h entered, and not until he ha seated himself at one of thos two-passenger desks did h become aware of another cor respondent across. Withou particular notice, however, h drew out the inevitable note book and set to work. Then suddenly a point overlooke during the conference speede him, forgetful of his papers to the phone just outside; an it was on his return that h classified his neighbor as a young woman.

Now what he should have noted was a Pucklike prettiness of a smartly gowned flapper who could have posed for any magazine cover and doubled the circulation of the periodical and that of its most anæmic male readers.

At least he should have recognized in her the sallest principles of good advertising, for she was certainly a young thing constructed to attract favorable attention, to develop interest and perhaps induce action.

Yet registering nothing of this he stared musingly across the peacock feather in her terra-cotta hat, lost in thought about dealer demand and consumer consumption.

Then, suddenly, his interest was flagged. The young woman having ostensibly finished her letter inclosed it in an envelope, then withdrew it for a hasty addendum. Aha! A postscript! Tensely Straun leaned forward. Next he saw her pick up a music roll and, after a frowning struggle with a perverse lock, extract a wire hairpin! Another frown; then a sigh of relief as the flap flew open. By this time Straun was staring with compelling expectancy; yet when she rose and sauntered to a piano in the corner the dictates of a Boston breeding deflected his gaze to his notebook. Almost immediately he turned at her squeal, "A mouse!" and found her on the piano stool, two tiny suède terra-cotta boots lifted in a two-foot clearance of terra firma.

Ordinarily, of course, he would have sprung to the defense of helpless womanhood; but this disturbing phenomenon in the law of probabilities had reduced him to helplessness for the moment. To find, you see, a subject reacting to the average-woman test within the course of five minutes could but prove that the gods of chance occasionally slipped something over on Sir Francis Galton. A blow, of course, to a statistician; yet he rallied sufficiently to hurry after the terra-cotta figure that suddenly skipped out the door.

Almost mechanically he followed the peacock feather through winding avenues to a department store. Here he hesitated. It took the urge of scientific curiosity to push him across this no man's land, but finally he entered and pursued his quarry back to where a gilt sign—Adjuster—identified an elderly warty gentleman behind a mahogany railing. There was, fortunately, a masculine counter just across, and so the purchase of a cravat enabled our analyst to cover the transaction behind the rail.

It seemed that the girl had purchased a pair of silk stockings, which proved, she bubbled, "the cowardly kind that make a hit on you and then run." She had worn

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but five minutes, too. Critically the adjuster exam-
them and nodded in justice to her complaint. Would
ave an exchange? No. A refund, please. Very well.
ntain pen got in action but was suddenly halted by
r sixty-five? But the stockings sell now for four
y-five!"
s the other admitted, but reminded madam that the
base price had been but four sixty-five.
ut if they're worth four eighty-five at the time of
n, then of course four eighty-five is my refund."
the necktie counter a young man, reminded that the
ge woman is illogical, smiled exultantly, but the
r one, obviously less intrigued by feminine traits,
ed as she went on: "When did the price increase?"
, after his curt "February first!" came a triumphant
"Ah! It was on January thirtieth, at half past two,
the run appeared."
hereupon the analyst, reminded that the average
an has a good memory, accuracy in details, per-
ed himself another smile.
f course, in the end she had to accept the purchase
, and as she turned from the refund desk it was with
a sonorous sigh that Straun echoed it. Poor little
g! Despite the terra-cotta ensemble suggesting Paris
ls, that twenty cents doubtless meant much to her.
ce, fancy his surprise to see her drop a two-dollar bill
he basket of an old news woman near the entrance.
the accompanying smile of compassion this time re-
ed that the average woman is emotional rather than
ional, and surprise ceded to positive awe! And when,
ck later on, her rejection of
d Cross solicitation corrobo-
d the average woman's interest
personalities rather than prin-
s, Straun knew that he had
ther—the composite feminine
ate consumer, a
h of whom would
olutionize in-
try
t how to arrange
such a course of
dy. Another mad-
ing problem! For
w blocks he strug-
d with it so des-
rately that only
gely did he notice
average woman
denly dart to the
e policeman at the
rest crossing. A
ment's colloquy,
d a gritty voice
shed him:
"See here! This
ung lady tells me
ne been taggin' her
round all afternoon.
w, we're making a
kup of mashers
this here burg,
d——"
"Mashers!" Straun's voice quiv-
ed in well-bred rage. "This is an outrage! I am Allan Straun, of New York, and——"
"Ain't nothin' in
y full life if you're
k Straw, of New-
rt. This here mash-
has got to stop!"
Instinctively
Straun turned to the
l, who stood aloof,
t a half smile on her
lips checked his ap-
al. Then, panic-
ricken, he saw a
rowd knotting
round them, and a
ld impulse of flight
uddenly propelled
m into the nearest
doorway. Instanta-
eously, however, a
ly hand plucked
m back into the
ce.
"Thought you'd
ut it, eh? Youse
me with me!"
There seemed nothing else to do, so off the
y started.
Straun and the officer walked a few feet
ead of the impious peacock feather.



"Nobler Lives Than Yours, My Good Man, Have Felt the Effects of My Fatal Charm"

It seems hardly necessary to describe the humiliation of a young man whose gentility had never been questioned by the lifted eyebrows of Mrs. Grundy, let alone the arm of the law. The poor dear's indignation became something enveloping and suffocating. He would sue the city for twenty-five thousand. No! Nothing less than fifty thousand could compensate for such mental anguish. As for the New Jersey Delilah who had so Samsonized him—well, Schopenhauer was right. Women! Bah! Creatures of triviality and roguery whose vanity permitted naught save a personal interpretation of all experience. And this silly thing had thought his pursuit motivated by admiration! Well, she'd soon find out!

By this time they had reached the courthouse, and in Room 203, after the girl's disappearance into an ante room, the culprit was led before the judge, an oldish gentleman of jocular rotundities. With suppressed emotion Straun gave his real name and business, and an acknowledgment that he had followed the defendant from the hotel to the point of interference.

Why? Ah, that was simple! Because—because—— Suddenly he faltered.

After all, was the explanation plausible to any save the merchandising mind? Moreover, he saw its comedy temptations for the reportorial pen. Manhattan Masher in Search of Average Woman, Pursues New Jersey Nymph. He heard the office guffaws and the inevitable kidding which would laugh all the dignity out of future researches. No, he could not explain; so instead he demanded, with what he considered razor-edged irony, "So it's against the law to walk behind a young woman when you have made no possible overtures to her?"

"Not exactly criminal, but unlucky, when the lady in the case happens to be wearing a peacock feather." The judge and the defendant twinkled at each other before the former's query: "Have you ever been arrested before?"

"Certainly not!"—with indignation.

"Well, then, because this is your first offense and because you don't look like a typical masher"—ignoring Straun's glare—"I'll resort to an unusual experiment. This young woman"—smiling over at the disturbing influence in the terra-cotta suit, now present—"is one of our most public-spirited citizens, and I shall parole you to her. You will report to her once a week for three months, swearing on your word of honor as a gentleman, and—ahem—an advertising man, to a blameless interval."

At this fantastic procedure Straun could not repress an ironic smile; but his limited knowledge of the ways of Blackstone sobered him. No doubt the entrance of women into politics expressed itself in just such topsy-turvied judicature. And ah! Ah! Wasn't it, after all, the functionings of a Providence kindly disposed toward statisticians? Of course! He would work himself into the shallow creature's good graces; then coolly and scientifically turn her into copy!

"Very well!" His voice vibrated with the exultation of an industrial revolutionist, and his hand trembled in eagerness as he signed some idiotic paper and accepted the card of instructions from Miss Theodora Whipple.

Thus it happened that the following Friday evening Allan Straun was conducted by a liveried servant into a warmly tinted living room in a most impressive New Jersey home. Here a fire flung lozenges of light over Jacobean carvings, gleaming enamels, bronzes and tapestries. It was not in the least like that interior advertised over the comforting slogan Terms to Suit; instead, a place of rich harmonies and rare discriminations, the best possible expression of the acquisitive instinct, and obviously financed by an affluence beyond the dreams of bootleggers.

Then in a moment his probation officer entered.

"Ah, Mr. Straun! How nice of you to call," she actually had the nerve to say, and as he took the indicated chair he glowered forbiddingly.

Then in the conversational trivialia that ensued, as she restlessly flashed from divan to piano bench, he tried to formulate some comprehensive impression of her. Her eyes, he was forced to admit, were unusual; elongated, richly lashed ones that glowed vividly, startlingly blue, in a small olive-tinted face of intense expressiveness, reflective to every thought and emotion. And, by Jove, what a tiny little thing she was! Indeed, as she jumped to the arm of a chair, swinging her improbable feet, she looked like a child. A spoiled child. For behind her informal spontaneities, her self-assured naturalness, Straun divined a background of uncritical indulgence. If You Don't See What You Want, Ask For It! had patently ever been her slogan, and life had always been served with the label Satisfaction Guaranteed.

"Well, and how have your sidewalk manners been this week?" she discarded a discussion of the weather to ask.

"Oh"—a flush seeped up to Straun's cowlick—"you don't really think I was trying to flirt with you?"

"And why not? Nobler lives than yours, my good man, have felt the effects of my fatal charm."

"That may be," he acceded courteously, "but——" A gesture of futility dismissed his defense; then with a sigh: "I see it's impossible to convince you I'm not a—a masher."

"Oh, I admit you don't look like a moral leper." She, too, sighed, possibly at the deplorable deceptiveness of an honest face. "To glance at you one would say you were a sensible, serious-minded young man, the sort who belongs to the civic-purity league and a building-and-loan association."

Now Straun did belong to a building-and-loan association; not very reprehensible, you will concede. Yet strangely enough, Straun was as floridly unstrung as if he'd been accused of defaulting with the B. L. A.'s funds when she went on: "In other words, you look like a person with the fear of God and the police in his heart."

Then down she slipped into the chair,

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The Nemesis of the Scree



Parents are Careless; But I Certainly Do Not Believe the More Respectable Producers are Going to Antagonize Crippsville

By Katharine Fullerton Gerould

ILLUSTRATION BY DOUGLAS RYAN

NEMESIS, who became in later days the goddess of proportion, was, from the first, preoccupied with the just distribution of luck. When she assumed the task of retribution it was for immoderate good fortune. The moving-picture kings need not have expected to have it all their own way forever, for the whole human spectacle bears witness that Nemesis is no more quiescent now than she was when the Greek mind invented her. The success of moving pictures has been phenomenal—to use a cheap word; in an incredibly small number of years they have got a strangle hold on all but the remotest human communities. Now in certain interesting and amusing ways Nemesis is beginning to show her hand.

I speak necessarily as a rank outsider. But no one who reads the newspapers can be unaware that forces are gathering which are inimical to motion-picture production and to public interest, as far as the public interest is concerned with the film. And public interest—even if not yours or mine—is so much concerned with the film that the censorship question does affect us all. You or I may not depend on the movies for amusement, but we cannot be unaware of our fellow townsmen who do. Censorship has never affected the spoken drama in America very much; which gives an edge to the voice of the motion-picture producer who complains that he is censored far beyond the requirements of Broadway. But I wonder if the motion-picture producer has perceived the real cream of the jest—namely, that he is being threatened with censorship only because he has had such a howling success. Nemesis, in other words.

Main Street and the Movies

THERE would be no sense in state censorship of the spoken drama in Nevada; no point in the good ladies of Crippsville, Alabama—I invent the name—getting together to decide whether or not they should permit a traveling troupe to present Ghosts or Mrs. Warren's Profession in the Crippsville Music Hall. Presumably the citizens of Nevada, and certainly the good ladies of Crippsville, realize that neither Ghosts nor Mrs. Warren's Profession concerns them practically.

They must find other outlets for the reforming instinct. But those who have willed—and brought it about—that Crippsville, Alabama, shall be provided with daily movies must expect the ladies of Crippsville to have an opinion. Doubtless at first they thought that Crippsville would be content to pay its modest entrance fee and do its little part to fill their coffers. They reckoned without human nature—or Nemesis.

Anyhow, the censorship question is very much with us. Hardly a day passes that some minister of the gospel or some public-spirited layman is not quoted in the newspapers to the effect that motion pictures should be strictly censored, that uncensored films are deleterious to public morals, that the children of the land are menaced, and so on. The motion-picture magnates point in vain to the plays and the books that get by without incurring formal protest. For the audiences of even the most popular play are restricted in numbers; the readers of even the most popular book also. Neither the spoken drama nor literature reaches the millions that are reached by any successful film. Therefore the film is everybody's business. It penetrates the whole fabric of American life. As its sponsors have always wished it to do.

Now the question concerning censorship is a question that for reasonable beings is always answered in just one way: There ought not to be a censorship. Laws exist already to take care of any spectacle that menaces public morals. Public opinion itself will take care of anything seriously shocking, for no manager can afford to shock seriously the community from which he makes his living. Put it—if you like to think of New York as peculiarly corrupt—that a play may get by on Broadway that would be howled down elsewhere. The New York manager may have to think only of New York, but the motion-picture producer has to think of Crippsville. The big metropolitan palaces may charge you two dollars and a half or three dollars to see a superfilm, but the producer cannot get back the price of his million-dollar production from the clientele of those palaces. He gets it back, in the last analysis, from Crippsville; in quarters and half dollars, not in bank notes. By and large, the people who spend two or three dollars to see a show do not spend it to see a motion picture. The producer must have his ear to the ground; but he must lean it to the pavings of Main Street, not to the asphalt of Fifth Avenue.

It can be contended that the output of the studios is curiously fluid, and hard to put one's finger on; that by the time enlightened public opinion has caused an objectionable film to be withdrawn in one town the same film has already corrupted the audiences of a thousand less enlightened centers; that you may perhaps count on the ladies of Crippsville, Alabama, to keep Crippsville, Alabama, safe, but that there are Crippsvilles in forty-seven other states, and that perhaps the ladies of those other towns cannot be counted on. Nothing, according to that argument, will serve but official censorship.

The answer to that argument is not an impassioned defense of the morals of all Crippsvilles; the answer is the mere statement that never in history has censorship worked properly. Censorship, as practiced in modern societies, serves neither morals nor art. Censors are never—even when they are not appointed for obscure political reasons—fit for their job. No one who is fit for the job is ever willing to be a The things that get by absurd as the things th held up, and vice versa. sorship, properly manag mands an immense store of knowledge, long experi literature and art, extremely wise judgment, entire prejudice, and a profound acquaintance with huma chology. In all these gifts professional reformers are notoriously lacking. This is not the place to enter discussion of the reforming instinct; but it might b in passing that, more than most contemporary typ reformers cry out to be psychoanalyzed.

Everybody's Business

MUST we then, doing without censors, allow ou dren to be corrupted? is the next query to be suppose. The real answer to that is, of course, that s are no more the place for children than the theater is the for them, or than the files of the average newspaper if you will pardon the locution—the place for them. people who talk censorship would, instead, talk ordi to the effect that no child should be allowed to e moving-picture theater unless accompanied by a res ble adult, or even ordinances to the effect that ch should be barred from all movies not especially constr for them, there would be more point in it. But I do that would be to the taste of the producers, any more to the taste of the censorship addicts. It would offen former because they want the whole family at the m and it would offend the latter because they are n much out to protect the children as desirous of seeing own opinions prevail over the parents' opinion—in over everyone's opinion.

Being a parent myself I incline to believe that ev stupid parent has usually a keener sense of what will co his child than any board of censors likely to be constit in any state. Parents are careless; but if they were r shocked I fancy you could count on them, were they t selves present, to take their children out. It may be, a that I have too much faith in producers; but I certain not believe that the more respectable ones are goin antagonize Crippsville if they can help it. The advo of censorship have, obviously, a low opinion of our zenry, and think that the average man or woman ca be trusted to turn down an immoral show.

Still, you are not going to silence easily any cry th based, whether rightly or wrongly, on the welfare of children. The movie magnates wanted the whole fa to go to the movies; they have got the whole family th and they are paying for their success. Someone was sur kick up a row because, as we have said, with the w family there the movies became everybody's business, a matter of public interest. If the reformers have n

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THE GULF IMPOSSIBLE

By E. DAVENPORT

DECORATION BY JAMES H. CRANK

A GREAT gulf has formed between the country and the town, a gulf so wide and so deep as effectually to separate the two, and it must er be filled up or bridged over before anything a final revival of business is possible. Unless this one soon the farmer will be forced back into the self-cing system of pioneer days, city investments will be d largely unprofitable, and a considerable proportion he town will go hungry from lack of employment.

r nearly two years now exceedingly low prices have d for farm products, while for a portion of the time standard commodities as wool and hides have had no rket value whatever. On the other hand, every possible uence has been exerted to maintain city prices at war els, and with so much success that no reasonable ratio r exists between what the farmer has to sell and what, der normal conditions, he would expect to buy. In the antime taxes have greatly increased and, taken all in , the farmer is out of the markets except for barest ssities.

All this is bad enough for the farmer, but when operating full force it will be infinitely worse for the city. The mer has already suffered the most of his share of the fficulty, but the city has yet to feel the consequences of s impossible situation. We have closed our eyes to the fectly obvious long enough, and the time has come to p predicting that in spite of these discrepancies pros-rity is just around the corner. Instead, it is the business thoughtful men everywhere to address themselves to e task of devising means of doing business on the level. for it is economically im-ible to maintain widely fferent price levels, one for e country and another for e town, and still expect at the two will continue to business with each other, owing, as we all do, that henever business ceases to profitable it will die out. he farmer has been deflated y natural causes following a eat war. The rest of the orld must sooner or later ccept the inevitable with he best grace possible, and he sooner it comes to this onclusion the better for verybody—unless, indeed, e wish to repeat the experi-ent of Russia in trying on a tional scale to get some-; for nothing.

In Kind

LET the thoughtful non-farmer consider the actual facts in the case and their necessary meaning. A few days ago a cartoon ap-peared, depicting a set of bal-ances with a pair of shoes in one pan and thirty-three bushels of corn in the other, with Uncle Sam and the farmer looking on, scratching their heads. The story told is literally true to-day, and the meaning of it is evident when we remember that it took an average acre of ground to grow the corn, that an acre of ground is a little over two hundred feet square, and that the average farm consists of a hundred and sixty such acres, each supposed to be worth around one hundred and fifty dollars.

There are less than two pounds of leather in these shoes, and the stock of hides from which they were made was a drug on the slaughter-house market last year at ten cents a pound. This means that this standard commodity was worth nothing on the farm. A dead animal is not worth skinning to-day on any farm in America; yet it will take the full year's produce of an acre of land to buy a pair of shoes of corresponding grade; that is to say, while shoes differ in price, so do lands in yielding power, but it will take the full produce of an acre of three-hundred-dollar land to buy a really good pair of shoes or boots.

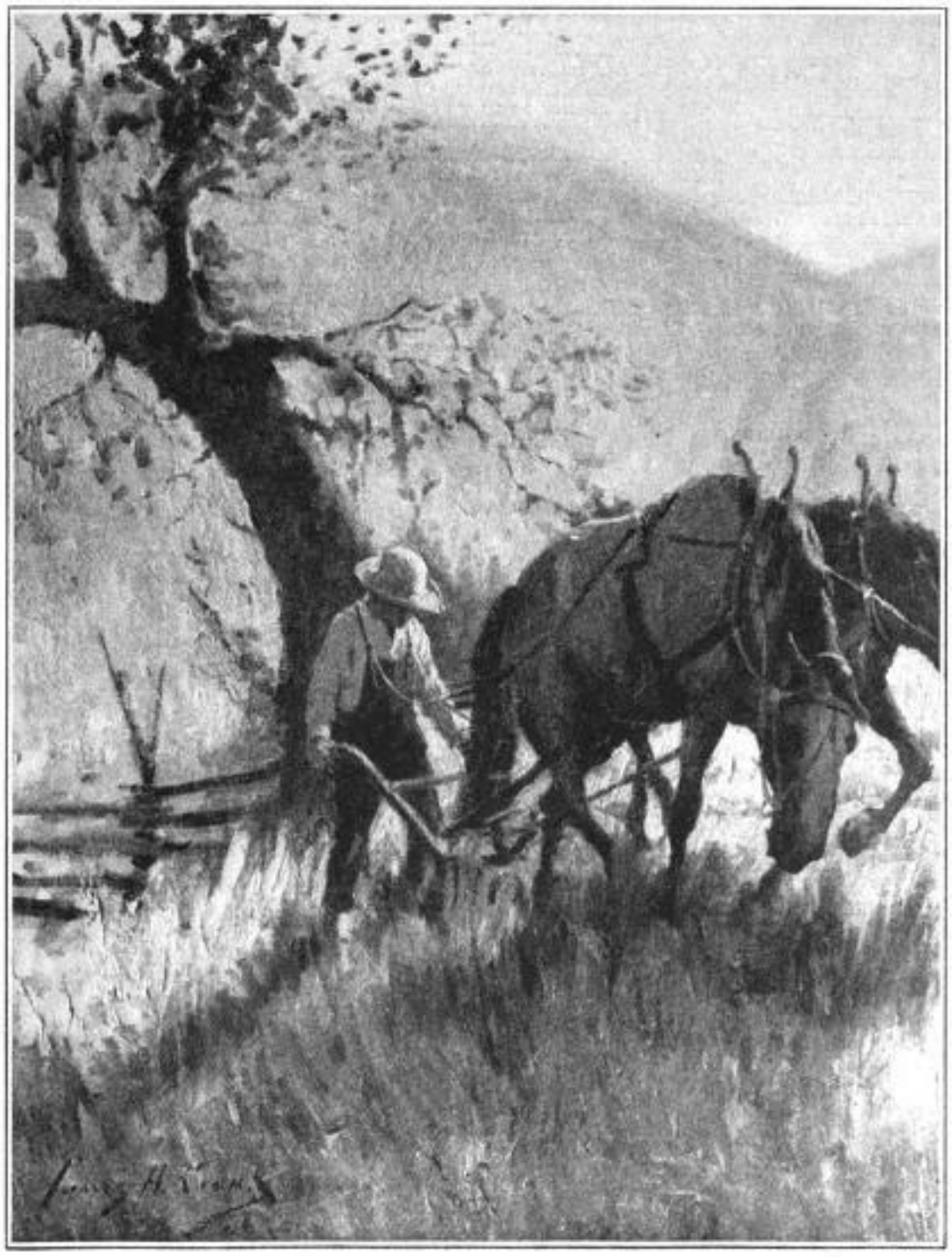
Woolen bed blankets retail at fifteen to eighteen dollars the pair, though made up when wool had no established market price. Even had it enjoyed a normal price the discrepancy is wide when six pounds of wool is held at eighteen dollars with no processing beyond spinning and weaving—no cutting, no making up, no lining, no buttons, no buttonholes, no trimming—just plain weave going straight from the loom to the consumer. How did the acorn become the oak so quickly?

We do not weigh watches and compare their cost with sheet brass and plain pig iron, nor do we compare directly the fashionable costume with the value of raw silk in the cocoon. But we are inclined to weigh up blankets and make some such comparison, taking as a basis the fleece that has been a year in growing upon the back of a live animal needing constant care, and that was shorn and shipped at large outlay of actual cash.

The commonest kind of rugs are costing five to ten dollars a yard, or two and three times what they cost when wool was worth raising. A very ordinary bedroom rug four and a half by six and a half, bought of a reliable local dealer this year, cost two acres of corn. It is not even a good rug, and the cheaper ones are hardly worth accepting as gifts. That is what leads the farmer to live on bare floors these days, and the effect of it will be felt as a backwater all the way back to the looms, the stock investments and the pay envelopes.

It takes ten acres of wheat to buy a comfortable bed with its outfit of linen and coverings on common springs, and with no period furniture or unusual fitting, at that. Of course it can be done cheaper, and perforce is done cheaper, but the effects will be felt in good time all along the line.

Whether we like it or not, these are the comparisons which the farmer is making and is forced to make when determining a basis on which he can do business with the town; what he can afford to buy and what he must get along without; how far, in other words, he can play the game according to the present rules. And in this it must not be forgotten that the farmer constitutes a full third of our population, and a good buying third, at that, when conditions are favorable.



Wages In Terms of Produce

THE farmer must do all this because his income is limited by what he can produce upon his land and what he can get for it in the open markets of the world. He has no way, fortunately, whereby he can force the world to buy at his prices, whatever may be said to the contrary and however temporarily successful others may seem to be in this attempt to secure special advantage and thereby get something for nothing.

It now takes a full acre of oats to pay for one day's work of a mechanic, and even so he often refuses to work at all without a helper. The farmer must buy his land, fence it, drain it, plow, sow, cultivate, reap, pay taxes and run risk of season—all against the workman with bare hands, contributing neither to capital, tools nor taxes, and, even so, pay him the full product of an acre of oats, fertility thrown in, for one day's work in building the farmer's houses, barns or machinery. It requires a half acre of the best American land when put to growing either one of our two most expensive crops—corn and wheat—crops that cannot be raised for more than one year out of three without expensive fertilization, to pay for fewer hours of actual service than the farmer has bestowed upon the cultivation of the land alone and after disregarding seed, implements, fertilizer, interest and taxes.

Even this does not tell the whole story as between the country and the town. The average farm consists of almost exactly one hundred and sixty acres, with some twenty acres of nontillable land. This means that the mechanic with his bare hands can get, at current rates, the entire produce of the average farm for about a hundred and seventy-five days' work a year. The facts stand substantially as follows:

	ACRES	DAYS' LABOR
Wheat	35	70
Corn	35	70
Oats	35	35
Clover	35	..
Pasture	20	..
	160	175

This makes no accounting for the clover, because it will all be consumed by the

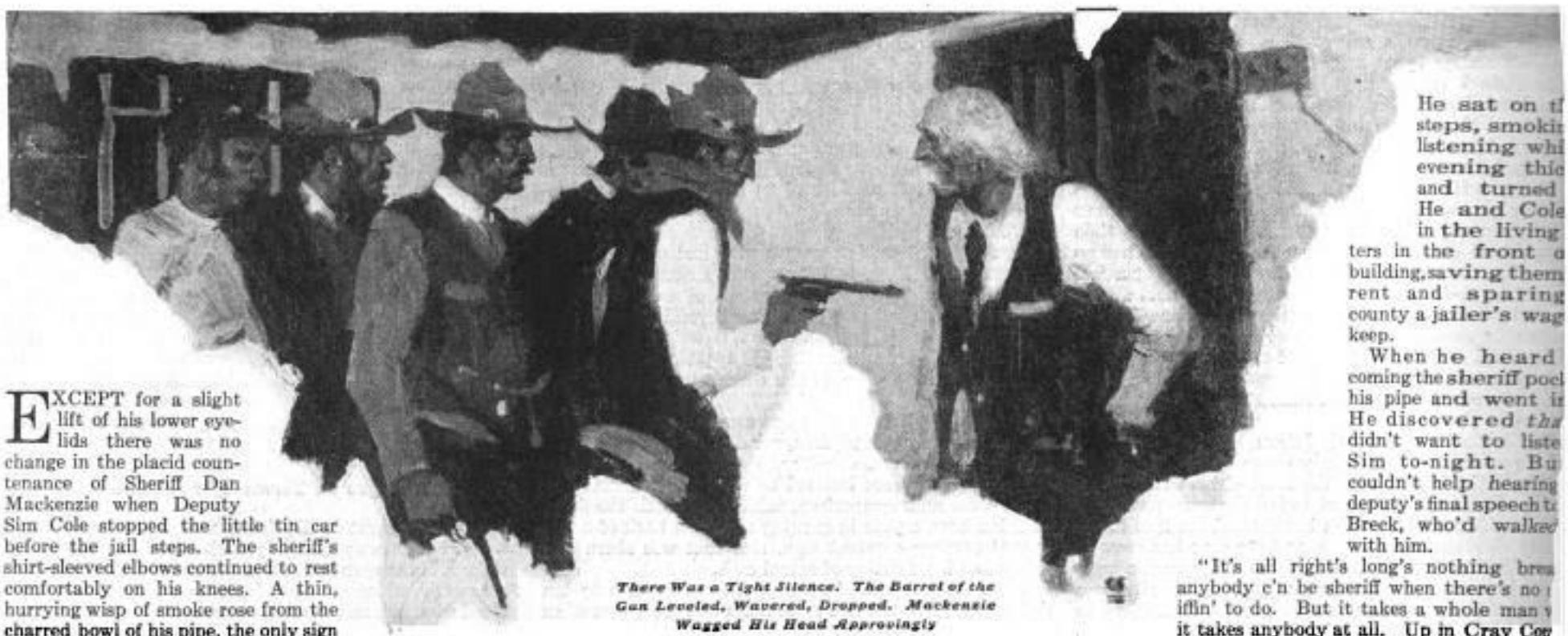
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INSIDE

By HUGH MA[illegible]he AIR KAHLE

ILLUSTRATED CLARK F



There Was a Tight Silence. The Barrel of the Gun Leveled, Wavered, Dropped. Mackenzie Wagged His Head Approvingly

EXCEPT for a slight lift of his lower eyelids there was no change in the placid countenance of Sheriff Dan Mackenzie when Deputy Sim Cole stopped the little tin car before the jail steps. The sheriff's shirt-sleeved elbows continued to rest comfortably on his knees. A thin, hurrying wisp of smoke rose from the charred bowl of his pipe, the only sign of activity he presented. He observed that the radiator of the car steamed fretfully after the engine ceased to throb. Somehow it reminded him of Sim himself, bustling up the path behind a reluctant, shuffling negro. Mackenzie's eye shifted to the black face.

"What you been up to, Dill? Never thought we'd see you here."

Cole answered abruptly, while the numbed wits of his captive manifestly groped for speech.

"Running a still down on Macklin's Branch," he explained. "Caught him working up a fresh lot of mash."

Mackenzie continued to regard the prisoner.

"What'd you want to go and do that for, Dill? Right after court day too. Now we got to keep the jail open till next term."

Cole urged the man up the steps past the sheriff.

"Go on, there!"

Mackenzie got deliberately to his feet and followed them in toward the door of the cell room at the end of the short, narrow corridor. He unlocked it and swung it inward. The prisoner hung back, awed by the formidable bars of the cages lining the wall about the central space which held the sheet-iron stove. Cole thrust him forward impatiently and he stumbled.

"You ain' goin' lock me in one o' them, Mist' Cole?"

Mackenzie answered.

"Reckon we can leave you have the whole jail a spell, Dill." He unlocked one of the cells as he spoke. "You can lay down on the bunk in here when you want to."

Cole made a faint sound in his throat, an impatient noise.

"Better lock him up, sheriff, or he'll dig out on us."

Mackenzie shook his head.

"Guess he'll be safe till we need him, Sim." He turned to the negro. "You'll like it in here, Dill, soon's you get used to it." He straightened and ran a proprietary eye about the room. "It's a right pretty jail, inside."

Again Cole made the impatient, wordless sound. The sheriff gestured toward the door and followed him past it. As he closed it after him with a twitch of his wrist one of the hinges whined softly. He stopped short and unlocked it, moving it gently back and forth till he located the noise. While Cole stood by he fetched an oil can and dealt faithfully with the squeak.

"Take a heap of pains on the old wreck, sheriff." Cole chuckled thinly. "Give her a good push and she'd fall down on us."

"Getting old," conceded Mackenzie gently, "but it's a right pretty jail yet, Sim." He straightened slowly, a hand at the small of his back. "Ain't had a break out of it."

Cole shrugged.

"Good reason why! Ain't had anybody inside exceptin' bootleggin' niggers." His tone changed. "Like to sign up for this job, sheriff? Got time to cash my voucher this evening if we hurry." He grinned as he produced the printed forms. "Good thing they don't quit this still running on us."

Mackenzie adjusted steel-rimmed spectacles and laboriously inscribed the documents. He watched the deputy's brisk departure toward the dingy courthouse up the road, and again the lower lids of his eyes lifted a little behind the lenses. He glanced at the little car and shook his head as he turned away. Times were changing, even in Tyre, and Sheriff Mackenzie confronted a queer inability to change with them.

He walked around the jail, inspecting it dubiously, seeing it for the moment with Sim Cole's alien eye—the dismal sag of the roof line, where the foundation had settled; the jagged profile of the corner, where crumbled bricks left gaps like missing teeth. Playing out, he thought, playing out like Hewitt County itself, now that the timber was gone. Not much like the spick new jail up in Cray, where they were up-to-date enough for bond issues. Cole was always talking about Cray County.

"Reckon if he was to see a man get his head cut off down our way he'd claim he'd seen it done prettier up in Cray County," said Mackenzie to the jail wall. He felt himself frowning, and went back inside.

Jail always frightened a negro at first. He talked a while to Dill Coomber through the barred door, and gave him a hand of tobacco and some matches. Dill wasn't a bad negro. Still running had never seemed exactly criminal to Sheriff Mackenzie, and since he'd had Sim Cole for deputy there had been times when the outlander's eager assiduity had seemed closer to illegality than the forbidden traffic itself. Cole was briskly businesslike about it, calculating his fees in advance and collecting them promptly, bragging at the store on court days over the list of his cases. Mackenzie knew that Sim had his eye on his place—was making ready to oppose him one of these days. He saw Dill fed before he went to his own supper at the hotel, where Sim held forth contentedly concerning the chase and capture. He felt a slight in the tone, as if Sim meant to reflect on his chief in these boastings. Instead of sitting a while on the hotel porch after the meal he went back to the jail at once. Through a broken pane he could hear a cheerfully melancholy chant:

Ain' got no wuk to
do-o-o-o;
Ain' got no place to
go-o-o-o ——

It soothed him. He was glad that Dill was getting used to it so quickly. Some of these country negroes took jail pretty hard at first.



"Dill, How Far Do You Reckon You Could Travel Before Daylight?" "As Far as They Is, Sheriff. Suh! All I Needs Is Room!"

He sat on t[illegible] steps, smoki[illegible] listening whi[illegible] evening thic[illegible] and turned [illegible] He and Cole [illegible] in the living [illegible] ters in the front o[illegible] building, saving them[illegible] rent and sparing[illegible] county a jailer's wag[illegible] keep.

When he heard [illegible] coming the sheriff pock[illegible] his pipe and went in[illegible] He discovered *tha*[illegible] didn't want to liste[illegible] Sim to-night. Bu[illegible] couldn't help *hearing* [illegible] deputy's final speech t[illegible] Breck, who'd walked[illegible] with him.

"It's all right's long's nothing brea[illegible] anybody c'n be sheriff when there's no [illegible] iffin' to do. But it takes a whole man [illegible] it takes anybody at all. Up in Cray Cou[illegible] now ——"

Mackenzie went back to put out the lamp in the c[illegible] dor. One of these days—queer, how a fellow got to fe[illegible] like the jail was home.

II

THERE was almost a crowd about the pine-board h[illegible] by the time Cole's steaming flivver pulled through [illegible] sandy ruts of the lane. Mackenzie knew the faces—po[illegible] from the little farms in the bottoms between the st[illegible] ridges, drawn away from their work by the excitem[illegible] They greeted him with nods as he climbed out, and he[illegible] that their eyes moved at once to Cole, as if the dep[illegible] were in command. He went into the house, where a k[illegible] of women surrounded Letty Macrimmon. The talk stop[illegible] instantly. He felt as if the motion of their eyes urged [illegible] toward the closed door of the bedroom.

Letty stood up. He saw that she was taking it hard, [illegible] way women of her hill breed were apt to—in a silence straight lips and bitter eyes; eyes which seemed to already looking at another death—the death that pe[illegible] He fumbled for speech and found none. That stony k[illegible] silenced his commiserations in advance. He knew wh[illegible] Letty wanted him to say. But it was Sim Cole who s[illegible] it, entering heavy-footed behind him.

"We'll get 'em, Mrs. Macrimmon."

Mackenzie saw her face tighten queerly. She was thinking about Joe, lying beyond that door, but about t[illegible] men who had killed him. He nodded. Letty had co[illegible] down from the hills. Up there they didn't throw agro[illegible] over their heads and cry. She told the story no[illegible] speaking in a flat voice, as if it were a tale of oth[illegible] people. It was to Cole that she told it, ignori[illegible] Mackenzie. He could listen, letting the wor[illegible] lift the pictures before him instead of asking sha[illegible] questions when the narrative strayed.

It was almost as if he had seen and heard it a[illegible] himself—the yelp of the hounds under the hous[illegible] the creak of wheels in the sand, Jo[illegible] at the door in his nightshirt cha[illegible] lenging the men out there in th[illegible] dark and getting no answer. H[illegible] could hear the sleepy whimper [illegible] the children and Letty's hard voic[illegible] stilling them while Joe dressed, th[illegible] persistent clamor of th[illegible] hounds under the floor[illegible]

"Joe was holding ou[illegible] for a better price," sai[illegible] Letty in that even, flinty[illegible] tone. "He carried [illegible] little down to the ware[illegible] house at Randall and[illegible] they give him a dolla[illegible] sixty average on it. We[illegible] made pretty tobacco this[illegible] year—the buyers bid[illegible] high for it. Joe, he aimed to hold the most[illegible] of it a spell longer though, and it looks like[illegible] folks talked some. We made a pretty[illegible] crop—they was twelve hundred pounds on[illegible] the floor."

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Cole cut in with a curt question, but Mackenzie seemed to see that heap of gold-colored leaf under the moistened blankets in the barn, the toil it had cost Joe and his wife and the children to get it out of the sandy soil, the nights of tending fires in the curing barn, the days of grading and tying and the one year he could remember when growers could stand back in the warehouses and watch the buyers fight for the crop, fight for it with prices that seemed incredible.

Of course it wouldn't have been that way if most farmers hadn't failed to make a crop. It was only because there wasn't enough to go round that the buyers had had to drop their friendly scheme of standing together and scramble desperately for what they could get. He had heard envious talk of Joe Macrimmon's luck himself. Two thousand dollars, maybe, for a single year's work! Like picking up money in the road! Generally a little grower was lucky if he brought home enough from the warehouse to settle with the store and pay for his guano.

"We never figured anybody'd take and steal it."

Mackenzie nodded. They'd got used to thinking that tobacco wasn't valuable enough to steal. Only this year ——

"They was three wagons out by the barn when Joe went out—I could see the men loading up. It wasn't right dark. I wanted Joe should take his gun, but he run out. I got the gun and went after him. Somebody sung out we should git back in the house and keep quiet, but Joe he kep' a-running straight for 'em and two-three of 'em shot. I seen him drop and started to shoot, but the gun took and jammed on me and they ketched me when I went to run. Took and tied me up and finished loading. When they was gone I sung out and little Joe he come and turned me loose. Joe was dead by then."

Mackenzie wondered why he kept seeing it all, the stabs of the gun flashes, the dim figures against the log barn, the little boy creeping out in the dark to untie the bound woman. Cole was tending to business instead of dreaming.

"Know any of them, Mrs. Macrimmon?"

"I'd know the one't tied me up if I see 'em again. They was all hill folks—I knowed by their talk—and I heard the splash when they forded the branch too. The tracks is there right now."

"They'd ought to be a long ways back in the hills by now," said Cole. "If we'd known sooner we might've caught up with 'em in the car."

"Not on that road." She shook her head. "Ain't no car could go up there through the fords. I got word down to town quick's I could."

"We'll go after 'em anyway," announced Cole. "There's enough here for a posse, and we can follow the wagon tracks, I reckon."

Without waiting for the sheriff's consent he stepped to the door and announced the plan to the men grouped at the step. The sheriff, following, read approval in the sun-bitten faces. Four or five rifles leaned against the wall—they had come expecting this, some of them. He wondered at himself for a queer reluctance. Ten or fifteen years ago he would have sworn them in and led them on such a chase with a joyous excitement and no regrets. Now suddenly he discovered that he had changed, that he held back from the prospect.

Going up into those hills across the county line meant a fight. The mountain men wouldn't wait to be ferreted out of hiding before they showed their teeth. And Mackenzie guessed fairly accurately at the identity of the thieves who had killed Macrimmon—the Rayfield boys must have been in the gang, along with Sid McKane and the rest.

It was the first time they'd chosen to come down on this side of their hills—the mining towns on the other flank offered better sport as a rule—but he knew them by evil repute. They'd expect pursuit and arrange for it—an ambush where the posse wouldn't have a chance.

It was strange that he should stop to think about that. In the old timber days he'd have been in the saddle long before now, with the thud of the hoofs behind him in his ears. And now he stood in the doorway and thought of empty saddles, thought of bringing back a few dead men to the cabins in the cool hollows. It was bad enough to have one young widow with a pair of children to support. Of course he could pick boys who hadn't families to think about, but there was something worse in the thought of bringing back those young bodies to sandy graves behind Bethesda Church than in the prospect of killing grown men and fathers.

"How many fetched guns?" Cole was asking.



"I Got the Gun and Went After Him. Somebody Sung Out We Should Git Back in the House, But Joe He Kep' A-running Straight for 'em and Two-Three of 'em Shot"

There was a stir in the group as men moved toward the weapons at the wall. Mackenzie heard his voice, like the voice of a stranger, checking the movement.

"I ain't ready for a posse yet a while, Sim. You and me better look into this first. We're paid for it. Time enough to ask for help when we need it."

Cole half turned, incredulous, very faintly apprehensive. "You aim to go up there alone, sheriff?"

"You and me—if anybody goes. It's our job, ain't it?"

"Plumb foolishness—the two of us! We'd a heap better stay right here without we take enough ——"

"I'm going out to the barn," said Mackenzie. "They was bound to leave tracks. We got to do a sight more than just ketch some men, Sim. We got to prove they done it."

He moved away, followed irresolutely by the others. The loose earth about the barn had been trodden by too many feet that morning to hold out any chance of identifying the prints. Mackenzie went inside, where planks had been laid on the earth as a makeshift floor for Joe Macrimmon's stored leaf. They were bare now except for a few scattered hands which had fallen from the sticks as the thieves had lifted these to their wagons. A few strips of sacking, stitched together to make a covering, lay on the ground; a piece of an old cotton blanket, torn across, still felt damp to the sheriff's fingers as he lifted it.

"Guess they carried the rest of the blankets with 'em," he said aloud. "Somebody in that crowd must know a little about keeping tobacco in good order."

He felt a doubt in the silence which answered him. They'd begun to wonder; Sim Cole's scheme agreed with their ideas about a sheriff's duty. He didn't blame them; it was only since he'd seen Letty Macrimmon's face just now that he'd felt differently himself. He picked up one of the fallen hands—a bundle of long golden leaves wrapped stems together by another, drawn tight and smooth about them, forming a convenient handle. It was pretty tobacco, and Joe knew how to grade and tie too. No wonder the buyers had bid his piles to record figures if they were all like this.

Mechanically he fingered the texture of the leaves, lifted them to his nose, smoothed them again.

"Reckon that's all we can do here, Sim." He spoke slowly. If they got the notion that Dan Mackenzie was afraid to lead them up into the hill paths—he hesitated. "Sort of like to keep a few hands of this myself," he said aloud. "Running low down to the jail."

He gathered the scattered remnants of the raid into the scrap of blanket as he spoke, still conscious of an appraising silence about him.

"All right, Sim. We might's well get started."

He stopped at the house to pay Letty for the tobacco he carried. She took the money silently.

"You going after 'em, sheriff?'

Sim Cole gave the question the force of a challenge. Mackenzie turned away without answering. He heard a muttering behind him as he walked to the car, carrying his bundle awkwardly before him. They'd talk. He guessed that Sim Cole would help them. He felt the justice of their tacit reproach. He couldn't expect them to understand that his queer unwillingness to strike into the hills was on their account and not his own. It occurred to him suddenly that he must be getting old—too old for his job. A sheriff oughtn't to be deterred in his duty by such considerations. He was turning soft—afraid of spilling blood. Sim Cole ——

Cole started the engine and climbed to the driver's seat over the edge of the car. At the fork he threw out the clutch and yelled, above the clatter of the racing motor, "Which way?"

Mackenzie jerked his hand in the direction of the county seat. He saw Cole's jaw tighten and his lips lift faintly at their corners.

"I thought you wasn't aiming to go up there after 'em."

Mackenzie said nothing. But the lower lids of his eyes rose until they nearly hid his pupils and his face became more placid. They were in sight of the courthouse when he spoke gently:

"Sim, you ain't satisfied with how I'm handling this case. Figure you could do it better, maybe."

Cole shrugged, keeping his eyes on the road.

"Heard some talk't you was fixing to run against me this primary." He waited for another shrug. "Just wanted to say't they won't be no hard feeling if you do. I been sheriff a right good while. Most times it ain't a bad job for an old man, Sim—not in a quiet county like Hewitt anyways. Maybe I'm wrong. If you figure you

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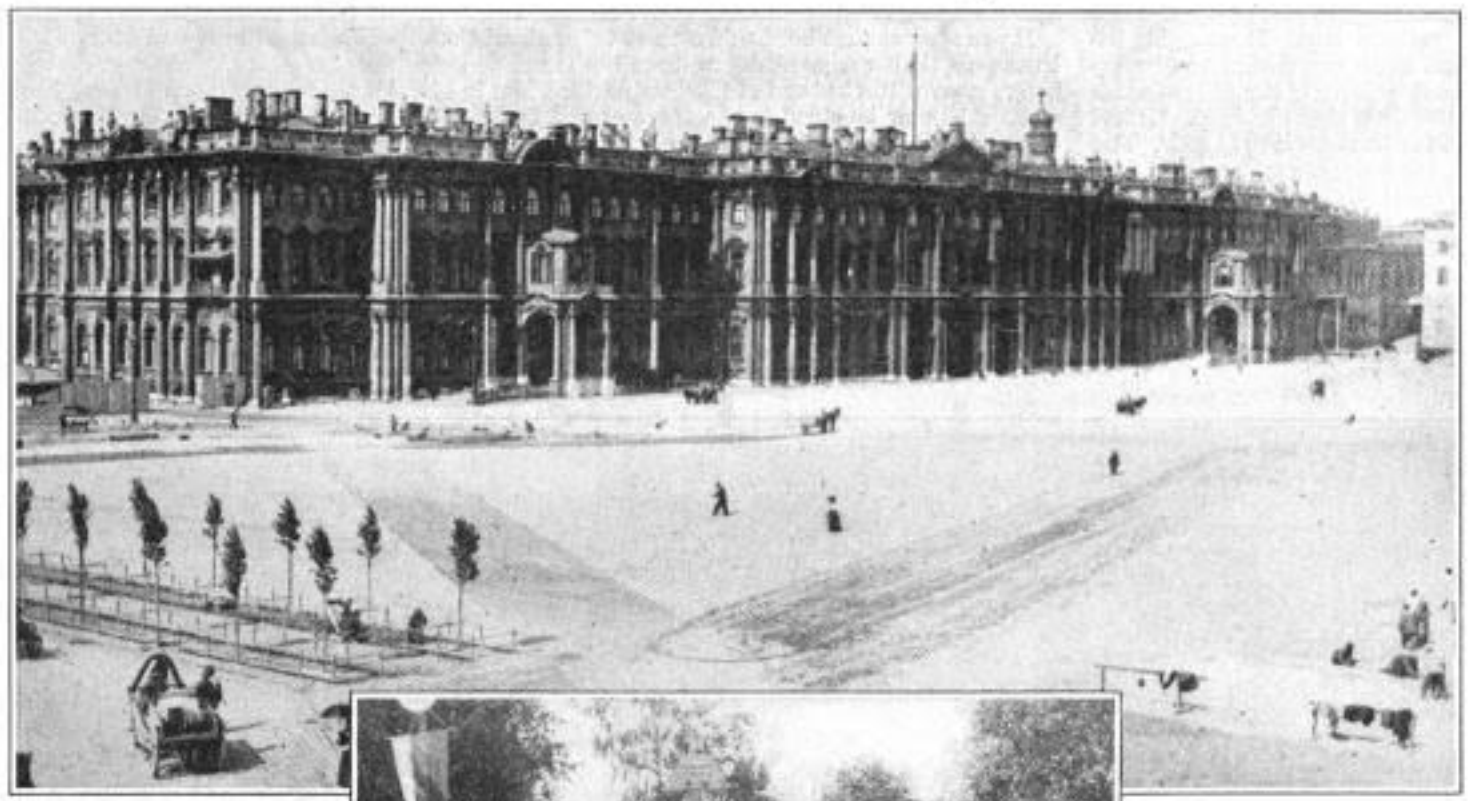
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Winter Life in the Czar's Capita

By Princess Cantacuzène, Countess Spéransky, née Grant

LOVE of St. Petersburg was in my heart always. After the first six months of my married life I felt thoroughly at home in the beautiful city, and from that time on each season drew me closer to it and gave me a completer understanding of its individuality.

While our boy was still too small for serious lessons we lingered in the country through the late weeks of our autumn season. Then, with years, the time came for school or tutors for our little folks. I returned to the capital by the middle of September with them after this while my husband made his hunting trips with his chief, the Grand Duke Nicholas. Everyone complained of the northern autumn climate, said it was gray, damp and cold. But though I was led to fear the dullness of the sky, and the supposed lonesome life of a deserted town, I was soon consoled by my experience, and the charm of our city in its quiet moods appealed to me exceedingly. Once the house and the children were settled I was free to look about and choose my own occupations, as at no other time of the year I could. Even the settling of the household and the laying out of the children's programs offered no great trouble; for there were devoted servants and capable governesses perfectly trained, who had for years managed these things and who were keen to make a success of their various duties.





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The Czarina and the Empress of Germany Driving in Peterhof Park. Above—The Imperial Winter Palace, St. Petersburg

A Russian Skyscraper's Fate

WITH such effective aid it was easy to settle down to a comfortable routine in a frame prepared beforehand to receive us. I had only to put a few things, which were my treasures, into their glass cases, to add a touch here and there, changing about the books and small souvenirs on tables, filling jars with fragrant flowers or placing our furnishings where they could give most comfort. This done and the house functioning, there were always a few days of delightful shopping, which the children enjoyed vastly and which gave me, as well as large friendly audiences which gathered about us in the shops, great pleasure. When we came from the country my youngsters were as brown as berries, and had rosy cheeks and deep clear eyes which attracted everyone at once. Great talkers, they were, however, well mannered and showing good breeding, holding themselves very straight and moving gracefully. They were interested in everybody and everything, and of course asked innumerable questions, which the managers of various shops seemed delighted to answer.

St. Petersburg shops before the war were admirable as to the merchandise they contained, but were in aspect semi-Oriental, semi-feudal—altogether homelike, patriarchal and attractive. One chatted over the wares and the children's fittings with owners and employes in most cordial sympathy, everyone giving valuable advice and assistance to favorite clients. Even old nurse and Chippy the dog came on these expeditions and completed our tribal aspect. Americans shopping would have been dismayed by the uncomfortable lack of space and our waste of time, but Russians liked their country's ways and got a great deal out of even the smallest of their duties in business of this kind.

They didn't much care to be modernized. After I had been married some years an American company came and built a small-sized skyscraper on St. Petersburg's main street. About ten stories high it was, and constructed in the best office-building style, with low ceilings and as many rooms fitted in as cubic space would allow. Everything was hygienic, there were express elevators, rubber carpets, mosaic floors and steam heaters. The Russians watched this building rise, looked at the granite blocks of which it was built, then gazed on the mellow-tinted stucco façades which surrounded the grim monster of stone and steel, and they shrugged their shoulders. With the intention of granting impartial justice to this modern invader they waited to see it finished before passing judgment on the new idea it represented. Feudal Russia had patience and time to give a verdict slowly. So when the puzzling edifice was ready and its doors open, the populace of the town came within and gazed. They sniffed the rubbery fragrance, tried the lifts up and down. They looked down upon the world from the highest altitudes, and then said, and repeated with emphasis, "It is ugly." Neither color nor shape nor proportions pleased, and as the building had no beauty nor even harmonious charm it was condemned once and for all, and was left largely to the use of foreigners.

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traditions of the older bazaars of Moscow, Kie
and even of Byzantium. My little people wer
always ready to go to one place more when ou
errands were over, so a candy shop and its French
pastry temptations ended our day always.

The Charm of the Tea Hour

ONCE the children's lessons began they were tied down to their duties and could give me their companionship only a short time each day. I generally had six or eight weeks then of comparative solitude, before my husband returned from his hunting expeditions. The quiet of the capital all through the autumn was very attractive. St. Petersburg offered many possibilities of theaters or opera, where I could always go with one or another of my friends among the diplomats or Russians.

Also Christmas gifts must be bought and packed, and I took time to read as well as to prepare my dresses for the season. Best of all habits in those days was the sociable hour when people one liked gathered about a tea table, to chat and warm themselves. Nowhere have I found such stimulating and interesting groups to sit with. The talk drifted about, touching a great variety of subjects, gay or serious, by turn. The men's wit or eloquence was scintillating; the women were always responsive, clever, warm-hearted. Time flew as all sorts of things of more or less importance going on in the world were passed in review and commented on—politics, religion, the latest books, our own experiences or theories. A light and gentle touch the Russian had in discussion, a certain childish, primitive simplicity of attitude, with rich variety of mood. Never small, or cynical, or bitter, never afraid, they took our American point of view on many matters, and somewhat of the American ways, I thought. The Russians loved Kipling, Mark Twain, and a number of other authors who typify our taste. Because they had more time to live and to enjoy, they learned much of the poetry of Russia by heart, and conversation was frequently interspersed with quotations from the best of foreign and national literature. I very much enjoyed myself and in the genial atmosphere everyone seemed to bloom.

One discovered suddenly that the autumn had slipped into a frightfully cold winter, with deep snow covering the city in a beautiful white garb, over which gay little sleighs moved rapidly. These were as typical of Russia as was their background—low and deep, with no backs to their seats, so one must sit straight after holding to the fat driver's belt for lack of a better means to steadiness. The vast padded dimensions of one's coachman, seated on a narrow bench slightly raised but very close in front of his employer, protected one from the wind and the fine powdered

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which covered both sleigh and man. So much was tter a part of one's furnishings and comfort that to ft behind was hung a small carriage clock, where it be seen with ease. It was the last degree of smartness. xtreme smallness of the sleigh and the huge propor- of the driver made for an extreme elegance, and all turned in envy as we sped up the quay.

fast trotter made the sport exciting and the little uts dashed about at breakneck speed, even around rs. At crossings, always the driver gave a deep shout rning, and the pedestrians scattered like leaves before rind. This in spite of the fact that there invariably ed to be a dozen or more youngsters about, who were r carrying long flat baskets of provisions balanced on heads or were dragging bundles and baskets on tiny . The latter were never properly under control as they d along at the end of a long rope behind their small rs. Though all these impedimenta made the streets ult to navigate, the coachmen were admirably adroit drong, and everyone was used to crowds and seeming s, and had developed alertness of both eye and ear.

The Season of Merrymaking

MEHOW the disorder was only apparent. It gave us the Oriental note I found in so many Russian habits, made the streets of St. Petersburg and Moscow first ire to those of Cairo in their crowd psychology. I ed our cities for their noisy disputes, which didn't rt in reality, and for the optimism, gayety, excitement childish confusion, which never led to accidents, it ted, nor even to discomfort. The furs and velvets on sleigh robes, which to be smart must hang luxuriously n over the sleighs with heavy tassels trailing in the w, the nets which draped our horses and trailed also, tering passengers and drivers from the hard snow ked up by rapid steeds, the reds and blues and greens of rse, velvets and nets, the harness studded with tiny lliant dots of metal nailheads, the beauty of the high- ying fast horses, the rich and brilliant plumes of hats pretty heads—all helped the picture.

Suddenly frantic signals came from the police to clear r way down the street's center, and then as officers ame rigid in salute, a par- ularlysplendid sleigh swept ng with horses, nets and ackman all perfection. ding the robes in place, er stood on a small plat- m built on the rear of the ipage a most magnificent ecimen of manhood. Some t feet three in height, with ll white beard worn patri- chal fashion, dressed in a ossack uniform of sapphire lue and gold, with knives d cartridges on belt and best which glistened in the un, proud of himself was his fine Cossack. Proud of is personal care and devoted ervice given for years to the lainty charming woman with he gentle eyes and smile, the old fellow was. She sat wrapped in sables, with a dy in waiting at her side, alking gayly as she bent to ight and left, bowing to her ubjects. The populace un- overed,saluted,curtsied,and ooked after the picturesque ortège with pleased, affec- ionate eyes. The Empress Mother was greatly admired by the citizens of her capital. Once someone said to her, after her return from a trip broad, that St. Petersburg was happy to see Her Majesty again.

She answered with enthu- siasm, "Indeed I'm glad to see St. Petersburg. I love it all. The streets and buildings and the crowds; even the tram- cars and their noise are at- ractive to me, and I miss them when I go away."

The Empress Mother al- ways moved about a great deal among the people, visited hospitals and schools, drove to her daughters' homes, and was often a flashing note of color in the afternoon pageant along the quays or on the Nevskii.

Sometimes I felt as if all this was a fairy tale with its background of sparkling ice and its beautiful buildings, with the soft northern lighting of clear sun and blue sky, the bright colors and intensity of life. A wonderful flower of civilization, this capital of the Czars, lost among the snows, showing to the onlooker the best the brains and luxury of Russia could supply. Along the river's north bank the great constructive work of empire stood typified by the bourse, the university, the museums and the academy of fine arts which stood there. Along the southern quay the vast palace's façades lay in a glorious row, and the frozen river spread between, asleep in winter garb—covered with a network of roads. Over these men skated, pushing passengers in chairs, or drove in quaint native droshkies, or even were carried back and forth in modern tramcars, whose rails were laid each year across the ice. From late November until the end of March they carried human freight in perfect safety. Here and there an ice palace stood, with a gay skating rink beside it, and bands played where ice hills drew the crowds of merrymakers. Farther out on the river there were companies of soldiers moving along with extraordinary cleverness on skis, while in some quiet spot was an ice quarry, from which great crystal blocks like aquamarine jewels were being cut, loaded on sleds, one or two blocks to each load, and dragged by sturdy native horses, with icicles clinging to their heads and bodies, up the steep embankments and to the ice venders of the town.

Far beyond all this stretched Russia, of which this capital city was but so small a part. The great plains and woods were full of mystery still, of legend and of poetry, with a silent people, millions of their kind, waiting there to express themselves when the time should strike for them to speak. Great mass of Russia dormant still, but strong.



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Cathedral of Saint Isaac, St. Petersburg, the Largest Church in Russia



The Nevskii Prospekt, Principal Street of Old St. Petersburg

Inside the palaces the capital's society led an immensely pleasant life. It began each year with the first ceremony at the court on St. Nicholas' Day—the sixth of December by the Orthodox calendar. On this feast of his patron saint the Emperor received the officials of his court, and the imperial family gathered as a rule about him. Honors and nominations were bestowed on various subjects, and decorations offered. Altogether it was one of the most typical of Russian feasts.

Then came the Christmas season, an informal time when children claimed their dues, whether they were imperial children or those of the peasant class. Parents gave themselves up to the joys of shopping and of gay tree parties, where all the members of each family were brought together, as if it were still the era of old tribal customs. Old and young came to these parties, and I knew of none more enjoyable in old Russia's calendar than were these immense reunions. In our own connection, for instance, between December twenty-fourth and January first, we went in full array—my husband and I, three children, the governess and nurse—to a tree at the Dowager Princess', to one at my brother-in-law's, another at my sister-in-law's, and one each at the houses of two or three distant relations. In our own turn they all came to us, twenty or thirty strong, and as we had each received some small gift on the other trees so each of our guests found on ours a present addressed to him or her. The Christmas special foods and the hot chocolate and champagne were served out to us parents while the young people danced and played about or were given simpler refreshments, always with their tutors and governesses to direct and superintend them, while a lot of nurses supervised the games and feeding of baby guests.

Tree-Trimming Parties

WE ALWAYS had one particularly pretty party. On the evening preceding our Christmas celebration twelve or fifteen of our intimate friends were asked in to an informal dinner, and afterwards they helped us trim our tree. The gay nonsense talked at that party made one young again, and the work accomplished was wonderful. Russian temperament and taste responded to such a call. Someone was appointed as the head decorator, the others worked under his superintendence with immense enthusiasm. Great quantities of pretty trimmings had been laid out on many trays and tables, and really charming results were produced amidst jokes and laughter. One year the effect was all in white and silver, another year it was all red and silver, and once it was all gold, but generally the multicolored ornaments went on

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BIG GAME

By MARYSE RUTLED(
ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRES



Strange How She Felt, Sad With a Kind of Yearning, and Yet Happy With Hal Anchored There Beside Her

HAL never said a thing that morning, and yet he must have had it all planned. An hour after he left the hotel these expensive new trunks and a valise were delivered with a note from him telling her to pack and be ready when he came back in the afternoon.

Ready for what, she would like to know! He had gone away, she remembered now, in a suspiciously jaunty mood. She had imagined him conducting their latest friend, Mr. Billings, of Billings Cracker Company, on a sociable tour among the Paris bars. She had even considered meeting them at the Chatham for a cocktail. Only the thought of Mrs. Billings, who was absurdly old-fashioned, deterred her. No use in antagonizing Mrs. Billings.

And then these new trunks had been plumped down on her. She might as well pack. Nothing could be worse than this hotel. But how she hated trunks! They were the symbol of her life; of being bumped and jostled around in foreign lands—up in the world, down in the world. Never knowing.

These trunks had an insolent look. They were overlarge, black and sleek, marked too conspicuously in red with Hal's crest. People asked indiscreet questions about crests. Of course Hal was a Brassington-Welsh. Years ago—was it only ten?—she had thought that a magnificent name. Anita Moffett, from Stamford—Anita Brassington-Welsh.

The sight of her luncheon tray on the ink-spotted tablecloth made her sick. Nothing so loathsome as dead eggs congealed in their glue, and violet stains of *vin ordinaire* on a coarse mussed napkin. Ring for the maid? No bell in the room. What could you expect for ten francs a day? The Billingses paid four hundred francs for their suite in the Hotel St. James. Could the Billingses have found out anything? The familiar fear crept prickling from head to knees. Fool she was, to worry. Bad for the little lines that webbed her eyes; bad for the disciplined curve of her lips. Besides, she could never care again in quite the same way since that time in Florence when Mrs. Lucas, her mother's friend, had found out.

She didn't want to think of it. But as she turned from the glossy new trunks she caught sight of the battered old trunk and valise huddled in a corner of the room. Their smudged labels looked at her knowingly. Oh, those labels! Records of lean days, of prosperous days; of ugly moments at frontiers; of ticklish interviews with English consuls during the war. Florence. There it was—Pension dell'-Arno, a smeared pinkish-and-black label, torn at the edge where she had tried to pull it off.

Hal had behaved himself since then, or very nearly so. He had picked up little things here and there, of course. One had to live somehow. But he had kept clear of men like Crawford. She shivered when she thought of Crawford. Oh, Crawford had laid his trap well to catch Hal and that beast of a Monte, selling fake stuff from the Palazzo Monteficchio. If Crawford hadn't fallen in love with Edith Lucas, and if Edith and Mrs. Lucas hadn't pleaded with him to let Hal off, Hal would have been done for. Put in prison, perhaps. She thought of that at night, and often in her dreams she heard Mrs. Lucas' kind, distressed voice, "Anita, you must come home with us. You must come home to your dear mother before it's too late." How nearly she had gone back; back to Stamford, to the wooden house with the porch and maple tree; to her mother, who all these years had believed her happy; to the neighbors, who would have pitied her. And what would have become of Hal?

Better not think of it. Better pack. She went to and fro with small, anxious steps, a plump, greenish-gold little woman in a blue quilted wrapper pinned up with safety pins to prevent it from touching the dusty parquet floor. Chilled air oozed through the leaky windows. The fireplace was boarded up and papered over with the same pink as the walls—a pink which at times reminded her unpleasantly of her complexion.

Against this surface of wilted brightness the furniture hunched itself with a false cozy air—a scroll-topped wardrobe, a brass bed, a nicked white washstand. You were meant to feel at home here. Reckless young Beaux Arts men who feared neither colds nor rheumatism nor gestible food, gave to the place what she supposed student atmosphere. Mrs. Billings thought it so in ing and romantic to live around the corner from the Arts. Cheap, in any case.

Hal never could have bought her those new clothes with the money he had won at the races, if he had paying expensive hotel bills.

Well, she owned a few decent things now. Not enou fill the trunks, though. Wherever had he got the mon buy such luggage? Had she forgotten anything? Her evening gown of black chiffon trimmed with sequins. took it from the wardrobe. Not so seductive in the s gray light of a Paris November. Look at that now—see hanging on by a thread. She had been careless la hadn't kept her things up.

Now the valise. There wasn't very much to go i Hal's spotted dressing gown—he hardly ever bo things for himself; his whisky bottle standing on washstand; the hairbrushes. She should have washed hairbrushes, but with the amount of hot water one g the mornings, washing anything but one's face and h seemed an extravagance.

She slipped on her black serge suit with the embroid pockets. Her neck was too short for these fashionable collars. The loose box effect of the jacket suited though. The great point was to move and act as if were thin. Of course she might go through a few exer in the mornings, but bending and twisting about must bad for the liver. It made her dizzy when she tried.

The bells of Saint Germain rang tarnished silver note one, two, three. She went to the window. Everything dank and gray. Sweating pores of the city exuded a that drained the color of passers-by. Not like the soft grance of Italy, where flowers melted in the air and th was song everywhere. Well, she had hated that sweetn Sounds here were harsh, melancholy. She listened to squawking of horns, the rumble of motor busses pound down the narrow Rue Bonaparte. Why didn't Hal co

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People dribbled past the bluish house fronts: A motor th a bored lady leaning back on upholstered cushions; delivery wagon; a tall man stepping importantly, not il; a boy with a basket; two taxis. At last here he was. sout time.

One taxi was empty; Hal sat in the other, military of milder, very pleased with himself, as she could tell by e angle of his hat. No bad news then. That second taxi st be for the trunks. The coolness of Hal taking for anted ——

He looked up and waved. She ran to the door, opened it. e heard him heavy on the stairs, briskly marching up e hall.

"I thought you were never coming, Hal. What are ——"

He bent to kiss her. He smelt of gin, cologne and cigars. e had been with Billings then. He had also been to the rber, and he had bought himself a pair of pearl-gray oves to match his fedora.

"Everything ready? Good old girl. Haven't time to plain. It's a surprise."

He was going to be mysterious. She knew that deep tone his, a breastwork against attack behind which he rutted, red and hearty. She looked at him severely as, ith a bright show of energy, he laid his hat, stick and loves on the table next to the gruesome luncheon tray, nd strode businesslike toward the trunks. Very much ngaged, he was, in admiring his crest.

"But, Hal, why are we leaving Paris? Have the Billngses asked us anywhere?"

She might have thought of that before. A motor trip, erhaps, through Nice, Cannes, Monte Carlo. White ashes, mimosa, the blue of Southern seas.

No, the Billingses hadn't invited them anywhere. In act, they weren't leaving Paris. Now was she satisfied? He prowled around the trunks, fussing with the locks.

"Not leaving Paris? Hal, you'd better tell me."

"Look here, Nita, I haven't time. You leave it all to me." He was fumbling now in the lower compartment of the wardrobe trunk, where, wrapped in Daily Mails, were her slippers, his pumps, a heavy pair of boots.

"Hal, what are you doing?"

It was just like him to upset everything. Good gracious, those taxis waiting! Where was her hat? Hal flung a smoldering cigarette stub on the floor. She picked it up, pressed it down with her thumb on the edge of the egg plate. Another stub wilted in a pool of water on the washstand.

She stood before the mirror. If he wouldn't tell her, why, he wouldn't. Powder her nose, anyway. You couldn't see a thing in this light. Her lips were chapped. She ran a finger over them, flecked off dried particles of skin; drew a bold red wing, leaning forward, her elbow steadied on the washstand shelf. How much should they give the *bonne?* Five francs was plenty.

"Hal, leave five francs for the maid on the tray, will you?"

Her toque needed brushing, and she had packed the brushes. Black velvet showed every speck of dust. Never mind; drape her veil over it. You could do anything with lace veils. If only she knew where they were going! These surprises of Hal's!

Such a noise! She whirled around. He was hammering the brass trimmings of the trunk with one of his heavy boots, which he had unpacked.

"Are you crazy?" She flew to seize his arm.

"Let go, Nita. I know what I'm doing." He peered down at her, flushed and determined. "They're too damn new. I'm breaking them in."

"Breaking them ——"

She stared at him. He stood there, brandishing his shoe in mid-air, his mouth pouting under the bristle of his mustache. It was too absurd! She began to laugh. He joined in as if relieved at her manner of taking it, but while he roared and rumbled over his own performance he banged away like a man with a purpose. He had some idea in his head, and he wasn't going to tell her.

"That's enough now." She spoke sharply. If he was up to anything queer she would refuse to go through with it. She told him so.

He protested with a virtuous, offended air. Everything was all right; posi-tively all right. Didn't she trust him?

"I wish to heaven I could!" No use losing her temper.

The trunks were ready. He went to the window, called to the chauffeurs.

Well, she should be accustomed by now to these sudden shifts. Funny about hotel rooms, how they cast off privacies and took on others. A change of linen and towels, a superficial sweeping and airing, and they were ready for the next strangers. A few stray hairpins on the table, a slice of green soap drowning in a soap bowl, an empty bottle of Hal's hair tonic, dead cigarette stubs, a rusty pen with which only yesterday she had written her monthly cheerful letter to her mother; the discarded old trunk and valise—just cast-off stuff. And that was all to tell of their passage.

The chauffeurs, reeking of sour wine, creaked in. Hal called from the hall, "Coming, Nita?"

She pulled the veil loosely over her face. "Yes, I'm coming."

II

THE Major and Mrs. Brassington-Welsh on the Champs Elysées, looking as if they spent their lives riding up the great highways of the world at the fashionable hour. It was all very well to start out this way at the glamorous hour before twilight, when Paris lay soft under haze, and the bridges, the reddening chestnut trees, the statues and gardens were blended in gray and rose. But where would they be that night? She asked Hal once more. He wagged his head with a cunning, triumphant look.

The Rond Point. Everyone was going to tea somewhere. People in beautiful motors, people on foot; smart young women with police dogs, dapper old men with red rosettes in their buttonholes. Ease and pleasure in the air. She relaxed dreamily. What did it matter where they went as they rolled on and on? Polished shop windows, polished motors for sale. She thought of huge shaggy chrysanthemums, of a wood fire, of silver teapots.

Hal sprawled beside her, stroking his mustache with a gray-gloved hand and staring ahead at the Arc de Triomphe, which straddled the sunset.

Claridge's Hotel—the Carlton—swing around a corner. These French chauffeurs were the most reckless!

Here and there lights flowered like pale jonquils. A black hairy man stood on the Avenue Marceau holding a cluster of red and green balloons. Paris swam in a rosy mist. You only had to let yourself go.

"By the way, old girl, got any money?" He said it casually, as if it didn't matter whether she had or not.

"Have you?"

But she fumbled in her purse. A hundred-franc note, some of those new brass coins that looked like gold, a wilted fifty-centime bill mended with a strip of stamp paper.

He peered over her shoulder. "Lend me the hundred."

Lend it to him? A quaint way of putting it. He took it, cocked his hat more boldly over a slightly bloodshot eye and shifted to a brisker pose.

(Continued on Page 121)



Mrs. Billings Stood There in the Door, Looking at Raton as if He Were a Spot at Her Feet. It Took a Tall Woman in a Gold Dress and Pearls to Look That Way

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A MAN OF PRINCIPL

By Perceval Gibbon

ILLUSTRATION BY H. J. MOWAT

AT THE head of his table in his official house the governor of the prison had his back to the wide window, but young Mr. Ducane, of the Home Office, seated opposite to him, could see past him the sunlight upon a lawn cropped like a convict's head, upon trees and bushes grim rather than trim in their discipline of form and spacing, upon all that felon-tilled garden which was like a tide of jail life trespassing upon the shores of freedom.

"Jolly quarters you've got here," he remarked as the corpse-faced manservant filled his glass.

The governor nodded carelessly. He was a gray, spare man who had come to the prison service after a career in the army.

Only the governor's other guest, the black-bearded chaplain, looked up oddly at Mr. Ducane's choice of an adjective.

"I don't remember the case we have been speaking about," he said thoughtfully, unwilling to let the talk stray. "I know the man, of course. I suppose he will receive some compensation from the government?"

"Well, yes," said Mr. Ducane. "That has been decided upon. Though, really, it is not easy to see what other verdict and sentence were possible upon the evidence. Witnesses to the murder, recovery and identification of the body—everything complete! Only the Home Secretary's aversion to the death penalty brought about the reprieve. Nowadays the man would certainly be hanged."

"And then there would be a murder," murmured the chaplain.

Colonel Dane, the governor, spoke unexpectedly in his tired, faded voice.

"Ought to be hanged anyhow," he said. "Dangerous brute. Twelve years and two floggings haven't tamed him. It's like setting a man-eating tiger at liberty."

The chaplain frowned. "Twelve years and two floggings," he repeated. "Do you know that the only words I have been able to get out of him since I have been here—the only phrase I have heard him utter—are: 'I never done it; I never done it!' And to think that, through a death sentence, twelve years and two floggings, it was true all the time!" He turned to Mr. Ducane. "You have been reading up the case?" he suggested.

The livid butler had set their coffeecups at their elbows. Mr. Ducane completed the lighting of his cigar, pushed his chair back and crossed his well-clad legs. He was a neat blond young man with a monocle and a little pet of a mustache; his accent was Oxford; and already the mask of the bureaucrat, of him who has authority without power, was hardening on his face.

"Yes," he answered. "That duty—er—devolved upon me. It appeared that this man Hacker and his victim—ah! his supposed victim—Smee, had been partners in a smuggling venture. Opium, you know, for sale to the Chinese in Limehouse and thereabouts! Both men were sailors from time to time, river thieves at intervals, and well known to the police. Thorough bad lots, in short. Well, they disagreed as to the division of the spoils in their last transaction and Hacker conceived that his partner was cheating him of a sum of twelve pounds. There were many quarrels and many violent scenes; Smee had been going in fear of his life for days when the final encounter came; and he turned around one evening at a touch on the shoulder to find Hacker standing over him.

"It was their voices and the noise of the struggle that brought witnesses swarming about them. It was an obscene place, a festering alley end giving on a derelict wharf; there had been other murders there. Both men had knives; they grappled and hacked in that infected gloom before a delighted audience. Hacker was roaring and Smee was mostly screaming. The end came when he uttered one special scream—'like a woman 'avin' 'er throat cut,' said one witness—and tore loose. The alley before him was blocked; he turned and fled out on the wharf, with Hacker at his heels. The spectators followed; they saw the final collision, Hacker's murderous thrust—the *coup de grâce*—saw Smee vanish over the wharf edge and heard the splash of his body striking the water. Thirty seconds later the police were on them and was arrested red-handed—literally red-hande weeks later the body turned up."

The chaplain pursed his lips. "Three week identification was still possible?"

Mr. Ducane nodded. "Oh, quite," he replied. er—in regard to features, and so forth, of cours Hacker himself had marked it pretty clearly, do know! At any rate, plenty of people did iden Hacker's own story was that his last blow had miss that Smee had stepped too far back and fallen. believed that, of course."

"Except Hacker," suggested the chaplain.

Mr. Ducane smiled politely. "Except, of Hacker," he agreed. "He was sentenced to death, you know, his sentence was afterwards commuted t servitude for life. And now, twelve years *afterwar* totally unlamented Smee turns up, alive, health modestly prosperous, with an account of himself tha the most searching investigation.

"He makes it clear that that last stab of Hacke miss, that he did step back and tumble *overboard* that once there he wisely paddled his way ashore und wharf and made himself scarce. Next day he stowe self away on an outward-bound ship; he had actual known of Hacker's arrest and his own supposed deat only returned to this country to claim some *small in* ance—a house and shop, I believe, which have come t by the death and tacy of a relation. I his discovery an ploitation by *som* porter, the royal p for Hacker and co sation from the go ment. And there have it! It must s incredible, but things do happen, see!"

The gover quenched his cigari dregs of his coffee.

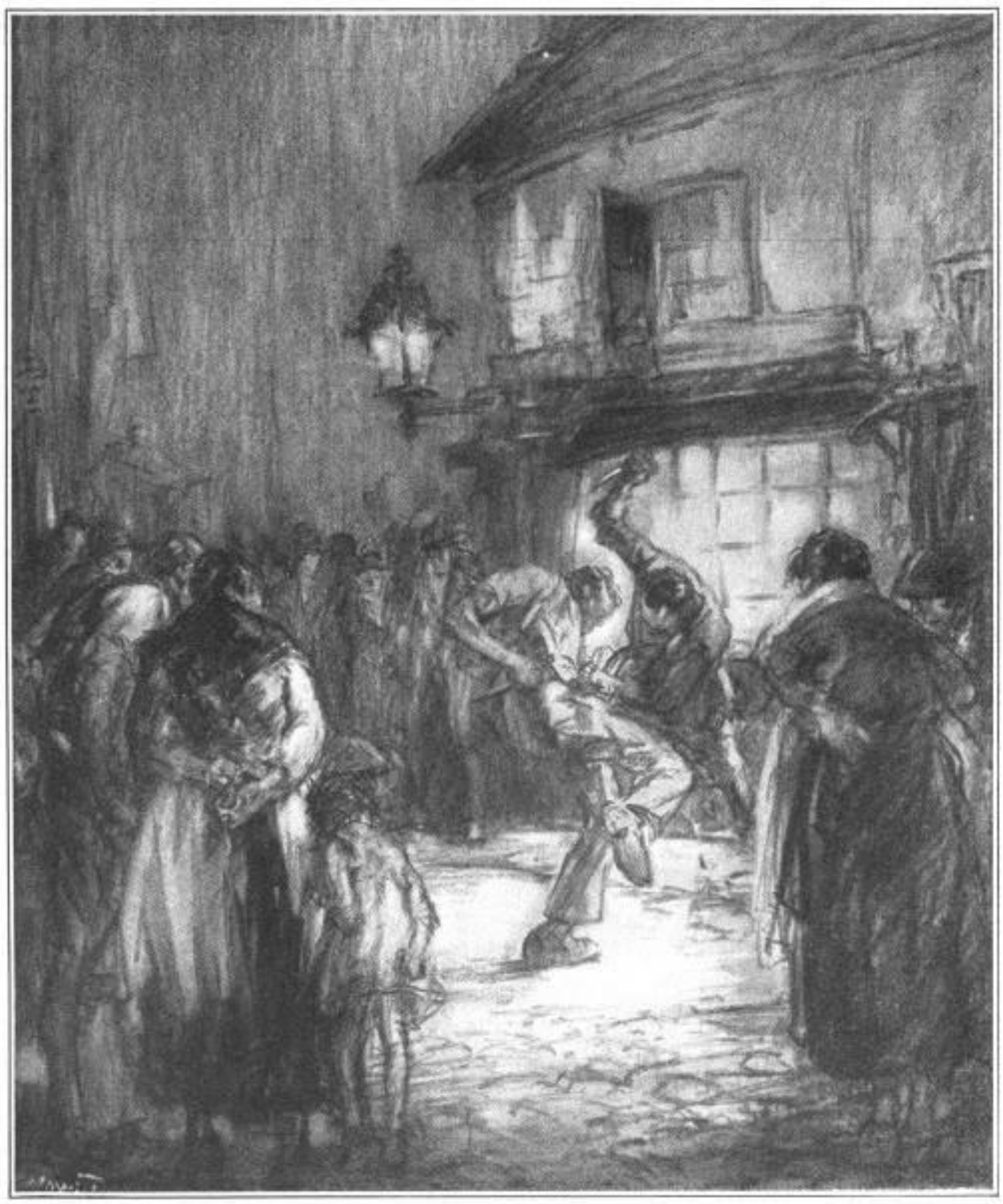
"No business to pen," he said. "(pensation? What For a murderous as on a warder? For attempts to escape? endless watchfuln and care on the pa everybody around l You send us wild be to be tamed and l safe; then you rel 'em and make 'e present of cash. W I've ordered his iron be taken off; you can him in my office wh ever you like."

"I'm ready when are, colonel," agreed Ducane.

"I'll come, too, if don't mind," said chaplain. "I want hear whether he'll something other than never done it.' Shall go, then?"

They passed togeth through the house ward the series of lock and bolted doors th communicated with t great prison. All t dwelling was handso in the colonel's ow formal and soldier style. Upon the wal were the heads and hor of beasts which he h hunted down and ex cuted, and trophies shields and spears, th spoils of little wars an of little peoples tame and cured of freedom Thence through iron plated portals the

(Continued on Page 117



"Both Men Had Knives; They Grappled in That Infected Gloom Before a Delighted Audience"

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THE COVERED WAGON

VIII

By Emerson Hough

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

THERE were more than two thousand souls in the great caravan which reached over miles of springy turf and fat creek lands. There ere more than a thousand children, more than a ndred babes in arms, more an fifty marriageable maids ursued by avid swains. There ere bold souls and weak, strong ams and weak, heavy loads nd light loads, neighbor groups nd coteries of kindred blood or indred spirits.

The rank and file had reasons ough for shifting. There were score of Helens driving agons—reasons in plenty for he futility of all attempts to nforce an arbitrary rule of march. Human equations, human elements would shake themselves down into place, willy-nilly. The great caravan therefore was scantily less than a rabble for the first three or four days out. The four columns were abandoned the first half day. The loosely knit organization rolled on in a broken-crested wave, ten, fifteen, twenty miles a day, the horse-and-mule men now at the front. Far to the rear, heading only the ow column, came the lank men of Liberty, trudging alongside their swaying ox teams, with many a monotonous "Gee-whoa-haw! Git along thar, ye Buck an' Star!" So soon they passed the fork where the road to Oregon left the trail to Santa Fé, topped the divide that held them back from the greater valley of the Kaw.

Noon of the fifth day brought them to the swollen flood of the latter stream, at the crossing known as Papin's Ferry. Here the semicivilized Indians and traders had a single rude ferry-boat, a scow operated in part by setting poles, in part by the power of the stream against a cable. The noncommittal Indians would give no counsel as to fording. They had ferry hire to gain. Word passed that there were other fords a few miles higher up. A general indecision existed, and now the train began to pile up on the south bank of the river.

Late in the afternoon the scout, Jackson, came riding back to the herd where Banion was at work, jerking up his horse in no pleased frame of mind. "Will," said he, "leave the boys ride now an' come on up ahead. We need ye."

"What's up?" demanded Banion. "Anything worse?"

"Yes. The old fool's had a row over the ferryboat. He'd take two weeks to git us all over that way, anyhow. He's declared for fordin' the hull outfit, lock, stock an' barrel. To save a few dollars, he's a goin' to lose a lot o' loads an' drownd a lot o' women an' babies—that's what he's goin' to do. Some o' us called a halt and stood out fer a council. We want you to come on up.

"Woodhull's there," he added. "He sides with the old man, o' course. He rid on the same seat with that gal all day till now. Lord knows what he done or said. Ain't hit nigh about time now, major?"

"It's nigh about time," said Will Banion quietly.

They rode side by side, past more than a mile of the covered wagons, now almost end to end, the columns continually closing up. At the bank of the river, at the ferry head, they found a group of fifty men. The ranks opened as Banion and Jackson approached, but Banion made no attempt to join a council to which he had not been bidden.

A half dozen civilized Indians of the Kaws, owners or operators of the ferry, sat in a stolid line across the head of the scow at its landing stage, looking neither to the right nor the left and awaiting the white men's pleasure. Banion rode down to them.

"How deep?" he asked.



Taking the Direction of the Cattle Herd, She Drove From Camp a Mile or Two

They understood but would not answer. "Out of the way!" he cried, and rode straight at them. They scattered. He spurred his horse, the black Spaniard, over the stage and on the deck of the scow, drove him its full length, snorting; set the spurs hard at the farther end and plunged deliberately off into the swift, muddy stream.

The horse sank out of sight below the roily surface. They saw the rider go down to his armpits; saw him swing off saddle, upstream. The gallant horse headed for the center of the heavy current, but his master soon turned him downstream and inshore.

A hundred yards down they landed on a bar and scrambled up the bank.

Banion rode to the circle and sat dripping. He had brought not speech but action, not theory but facts, and he had not spoken a word.

His eyes covered the council rapidly, resting on the figure of Sam Woodhull, squatting on his heels. As though to answer the challenge of his gaze, the latter rose.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I'm not, myself, governed by any mere spirit of bravado. It's swimming water, yes—any fool knows that, outside of yon one. What I do say is that we can't afford to waste time here fooling with that boat. We've got to swim it. I agree with you, Wingate. This river's been forded by the trains for years, and I don't see as we need be any more chicken-hearted than those others that went through last year and earlier. This is the old fur-trader crossing; the Mormons crossed here, and so can we."

Silence met his words. The older men looked at the swollen stream, turned to the horseman who had proved it. "What does Major Banion say?" spoke up a voice.

"Nothing!" was Banion's reply. "I'm not in your council, am I?"

"You are, as much as any man here," spoke up Caleb Price, and Hall and Kelsey added yea to that. "Get down. Come in."

Banion threw his rein to Jackson and stepped into the ring, bowing to Jesse Wingate, who sat as presiding officer.

"Of course we want to hear what Mr. Banion has to say," said he. "He's proved part of the question right now. I've always heard it's fording, part way, at Papin's Ferry. It don't look it now."

"The river's high, Mr. Wingate," said Banion. "If you ask me, I'd rather ferry than ford. I'd send the women and children over by this boat. We can make some more out of the wagon boxes. If they leak we can cover them with hides. The sawmill at the mission has some lumber. Let's knock together another boat or two. I'd rather be safe than sorry, gentlemen; and believe me, she's heavy water yonder."

"I've never seed the Kaw so full," asserted Jackson, "an' I've crossed her twenty times in spring flood. Do what ye like, you-all—ole Missoury's goin' to take her slow an' keerful."

"Half of you Liberty men are a bunch of damned cowards!" sneered Woodhull.

There was silence. An icy voice broke it.

"I take it, that means me?" said Will Banion.

"It does mean you, if you want to take it that way," rejoined his enemy. "I don't believe in one or two timid men holding up a whole train."

"Never mind about holding up the train—we're not stopping any man from crossing right now. What I have in mind now is to ask you, do you classify me as a coward just because I counsel prudence here?"

"You're the one is holding back."

"Answer me! Do you call that to me?"

"I do answer you, and I do call it to you then!" flared Woodhull.

"I tell you, you're a liar, and you know it, Sam Woodhull! And if it pleases your friends and mine, I'd like to have the order now made on unfinished business."

Not all present knew what this meant, for only a few knew of the affair at the rendezvous, the Missourians having held their counsel in the broken and extended train, where men might travel for days and not meet. But Woodhull knew, and sprang to his feet, hand on revolver. Banion's hand was likewise employed at his wet saddle holster, to which he sprang, and perhaps then one man would have been killed but for Bill Jackson.

"Make one move an' I drop ye!" he called to Woodhull. "Ye've give yer promise."

"All right then, I'll keep it," growled Woodhull.

"Ye'd better! Now listen! Do ye see that tall cottonwood tree a half mile down—the one with the flat umbreller top, like a cypress? Ye kin? Well, in half a hour be thar with three o' yore friends, no more. I'll be thar with my man an' three o' his, no more, an' I'll be one o' them three. I allow our meanin' is to see hit fa'r. An' I allow that what has been unfinished business ain't goin' to be unfinished come sundown.

"Does this suit ye, Will?"

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Banion Sprang to His Wet Saddle Holster

"It's our promise. Officers didn't usually fight that way, but you said it must be so, and we both agreed. I agree now."

"You other folks all stay back," said Bill Jackson grimly. "This here is a little matter that us Missourians is goin' to settle in our own way and in our own camp. It ain't none o' you-uns' business. It's plenty o' ours."

Men started to their feet over all the river front. The Indians rose, walked down the bank covertly.

"Fight!"

The word passed quickly. It was a day of personal encounters. This was an assemblage in large part of fighting men. But some sense of decency led the partisans to hurry away, out of sight and hearing of the womenfolk.

The bell-top cottonwood stood in a little space which had been a dueling ground for thirty years. The grass was firm and even for a distance of fifty yards in any direction, and the light at that hour favored neither man.

For Banion, who was prompt, Jackson brought with him two men. One of them was a planter by the name of Dillon, the other none less than stout Caleb Price, one of Wingate's chosen captains.

"I'll not see this made a thing of politics," said he. "I'm Northern, but I like the way that young man has acted. He hasn't had a fair deal from the officers of this train. He's going to have a fair deal now."

"We allow he will," said Dillon grimly.

He was fully armed, and so were all the seconds. For Woodhull showed the Kentuckian, Kelsey, young Jed Wingate—the latter by Woodhull's own urgent request—and the other train captain, Hall. So in its way the personal quarrel of these two hotheads did in a way involve the entire train.

"Strip yore man," commanded the tall mountaineer. "We're ready. It's go till one hollers enough; fa'r stand up, heel an' toe, no buttin' er gougin'. Fust man ter break them rules gits shot. Is that yore understandin', gentlemen?"

"How we get it, yes," assented Kelsey.

"See you enforce hit then, fer we're a-goin' to," concluded Jackson.

He stepped back. From the opposite sides the two antagonists stepped forward. There was no ring, there was no timekeeper, no single umpire. There were no rounds, no duration set. It was man to man, for cause the most ancient and most bitter of all causes—sex.

IX

BETWEEN the two stalwart men who fronted one another, stripped to trousers and shoes, there was not so much to choose. Woodhull perhaps had the better of it by a few pounds in weight, and forsooth looked less slouchy out of his clothes than in them. His was the long and sinewy type of muscle. He was in hard condition.

Banion, two years younger than his rival, himself was round and slender, thin of flank, a trace squarer and fuller of shoulder. His arms showed easily rippling bands of muscles, his body was hard in the natural vigor of youth and life in the open air. His eye was fixed all the time on his opponent. He did not speak or turn aside, but walked on in.

There were no preliminaries, there was no delay. In a flash the Saxon ordeal of combat was joined. The two fighters met in a rush.

At the center of the fighting space they hung, body to body, in a whirling mêlée. Neither had much skill in real boxing, and such fashion of fight was unknown in that region, the offensive being the main thing and defense remaining incidental. The thud of fist on face, the discoloration that rose under the savage blows, the blood that oozed and scattered, proved that the fighting blood of both these mad creatures was up, so that they felt no pain, even as they knew no fear.

In their first fly, as witnesses would have termed it, there was no advantage to either, and both came out well marked. In the combat of the time and place there were no rules, no periods, no resting times. Once they were dispatched to it, the fight was the affair of the fighters, with no more than a very limited number of restrictions as to fouls.

They met and broke, bloody, gasping, once, twice, a dozen times. Banion was fighting slowly, carefully.

"I'll make it free, if you dare!" panted Woodhull at length.

They broke apart once more by mutual need of breath. He meant he would bar nothing; he would go back to the days of Boone and Kenton and Girty, when hair, eye, any part of the body was fair aim.

"You can't dare me!" rejoined Will Banion. "It's as my seconds say."

Young Jed Wingate, suddenly pale, stood by and raised no protest. Kelsey's face was stony calm. The small eye of Hall narrowed, but he too held to the etiquette of noninterference in this matter of man and man, though what had passed here was a deadly thing. Mutilation, death might now ensue, and not mere defeat. But they all waited for the other side.

"Air ye game, Will?" demanded Jackson at length.

"I don't fear him, anyway he comes," replied Will Banion. "I don't like it, but all of this was forced on me."

"The hell it was!" exclaimed Kelsey. "I heard ye call my man a liar."

"An' he called my man a coward!" cut in Jackson.

"He is a coward," sneered Woodhull, panting, "or he'd not flicker now. He's afraid I'll take his eye out, damn him!"

Will Banion turned to his friends.

"Are we gentlemen at all?" said he. "Shall we go back a hundred years?"

"If your man's afraid we claim the fight!" exclai Kelsey. "Breast yore bird!"

"So be it then!" said Will Banion. "Don't mind Jackson! I don't fear him and I think I can beat h It's free! I bar nothing, nor can he! Get back!"

Woodhull rushed first in the next assault, confiden his skill in rough-and-tumble. He felt at his throat horizontal arm of his enemy. He caught away the w in his own hand, but sustained a heavy blow at the of his head. The defense of his adversary angered hin blind rage. He forgot everything but contact, rush closed and caught his antagonist in the brawny grip of arms. The battle at once resolved itself into the wrest and battering match of the frontier. And it was f Each might kill or maim if so he could.

The wrestling grips of the frontiersmen were few primitive, efficient when applied by masters; and schoolboy but studied all the holds as matter of religi in a time when physical prowess was the most admira quality a man might have.

Each fighter tried the forward jerk and *trip* wh sometimes would do with an opponent not much skille but this primer work got results for neither. *Banio* evaded and swung into a hip lock, so swift that Woo hull left the ground. But his instinct gave him h with one hand at his enemy's collar. He spread *wide* feet and cast his weight aside, so that he came standi after all. He well knew that a man must keep his *fe* Woe to him who fell when it all was free! His own ripos was a snakelike glide close into his antagonist's arms, swift thrust of his leg between the other's—the *grapevi* which sometimes served if done swiftly.

It was done swiftly, but it did not serve. The oth spread his legs, leaned against him, and in a flash ca back in the dreaded crotch lock of the frontier, which son men boasted no one could escape at their hands. *Woo* hull was flung fair, but he broke wide and rose and rush back and joined again, grappling; so that they stood on more body to body, panting, red, savage as any animal The seconds all were on their feet, scarce breathing.

They pushed in sheer test, and ea found the other's stark strength. Y Banion's breath still came even, h eye betokened no anxiety of the issu Both were bloody now, clothing an all. Then in a flash the scales turn against the challeng *à l'outrance*.

Banion caught h antagonist by th wrist, and swift as flash stooped, turnin his own back an drawing the arm of hi



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r over his own shoulder, slightly
d, so that the elbow joint was in peril
that the pain must be intense. It
ne of the jiujitsu holds, discovered
dently perhaps at that instant;
nly a new hold for the wrestling
l of the frontier.
odhull's seconds saw the look of
ume on his face, saw him wince, saw
rithe, saw him rise on his toes. Then,
a sudden squatting heave, Banion
im full length in front of him, upon
ck! Before he had time to move he
pon him, pinning him down. A
came from six observers.
an ordinary fall a man might have
d, might have escaped. But Wood-
ad planned his own undoing when
d called it free. Eyeless men, usually
en, in this day brought up talk of
cient and horrible warfare of a past
ation, when destruction of the ad-
ry was the one purpose and any
s called fair when it was free.
t the seconds of both men raised no
when they saw the balls of Will
on's thumbs pressed against the up-
rbit edge of his enemy's eyes.
Do you say enough?" panted the
r.
groan from the helpless man beneath.
im I the best man? Can I whip you?" demanded the
above him, in the formula prescribed.
Go on—do it! Pull out his eye!" commanded Bill
son savagely. "He called it free to you! But don't
!"
t the victor sprang free, stood, dashed the blood from
wn eyes, wavered on his feet.
he hands of his fallen foe were across his eyes. But
as his men ran in, stooped and drew them away the
queror exclaimed:
I'll not! I tell you I won't maim you, free or no free!
up!"
Woodhull knew his eyes were spared, whatever might
the pain of the sore nerves along the socket bone.
le rose to his knees, to his feet, his face ghastly in his
a sudden sense of defeat, the worse for his victor's
nanimity, if such it might be called. Humiliation
worse than pain. He staggered, sobbing.
"I won't take nothing for a gift from you!"
But now the men stood between them, like and like.
ung Jed Wingate pushed back his man.
"It's done!" said he. "You shan't fight no more with
man that let you up. You're whipped, and by your
n word it'd have been worse!"
He himself handed Will Banion his coat.
"Go get a pail of water," he said to Kelsey, and the
ther departed.
Banion stepped apart, battered and pale beneath his
ot wounds.
"I didn't want to fight him this way," said he. "I left
im his eyes so he can see me again. If so he wants, I'll
eet him any way. I hope he won't rue back."
"You fool!" said old Bill Jackson, drawing Banion to
e side. "Do ye know what you're sayin'? Whiles he
as a-layin' thar I seen the bottoms o' his boots. Right
arcy they was, with smallish heels! That skunk'll kill
ye in the dark, Will. Ye'd orto
hev put out'n both his two
eyes!"



"Make One Move an' I Drop Ye!" He Called to Woodhull. "Ye've Give Yer Promise"

A sudden sound made them all turn. Came crackling of down brush, the scream of a woman's voice. At the side of the great tree stood a figure that had no right there. They turned, mute.

It was Molly Wingate who faced them all now, turning from one bloody, naked figure to the other. She saw Sam Woodhull standing, his hands still at his face; caught some sense out of Jackson's words, overheard as she came into the clearing.

"You!" she blazed at Will Banion. "You'd put out a man's eyes! You brute!"

X

MOLLY WINGATE looked from one to the other of the group of silent, shamefaced men. Puzzled, she turned again to the victor in the savage combat.

"You!"

Will Banion caught up his clothing, turned away.

"You are right!" said he. "I have been a brute! Good-by!"

An instant later Molly found herself alone with the exception of her brother.

"You, Jed, what was this?" she demanded.

Jed took a deep and heartfelt chew of plug.

"Well, it was a little argument between them two," he said finally. "Like enough a little jealousy, like, you know—over place in the train, or something. This here was for men. You'd no business here."

"But it was a shame!"

"I reckon so."

"Who started this?"

"Both of them. All we was here for was to see fair. Men got to fight sometimes."

"But not like animals, not worse than savages!"

"Well, it was right savage, some of the time, sis."

"They said—about eyes—oh!"

The girl shivered, her hands at her own eyes.

"Yes, they called it free. Anybody else, Sam Woodhull'd be sorry enough right now. T'other man throwed him clean and had him down, but he let him up. He didn't never hurt Sam's eyes, only pinched his head a little. He had a right, but didn't. It had to be settled and it was settled, fair and more'n fair, by him."

"But, Jed"—the eternal female now—"then, which one really whipped?"

"Will Banion did, ain't I told you? You insulted him, and he's gone. Having come in here where you wasn't no ways wanted, I reckon the best thing you can do is to go back to your own wagon and stay there. What with riding horses you hadn't ought, and seeing fights when you don't know a damned thing about nothing, I reckon you've made trouble about enough. Come on!"

"Price," said Bill Jackson to the grave and silent man who walked with him toward the wagon train beyond the dueling ground, "this settles hit. Us Missoury wagons won't go on under no sech man as Sam Woodhull. We didn't no ways eleck him—he was app'inted. Mostly, elected is better'n app'inted. An' I seen afore now, no man can hold his place on the trail unless'n he's fitten. We'll eleck Will Banion our cap'n, an' you fellers kin go to hell. What us fellers started out to do was to go to Oregon."

"But that'll mean the train's split!"

"Shore hit will! Hit is split right now. But thar's enough o' the Liberty wagons to go through without no help. We kin whip all the rest o' this train, give we need ter, let alone a few Injuns now an' then.

"To-night," he concluded, "we'll head up the river, an' leave you fellers the boat an' all o' Papin's Ferry to git acrost the way you want. Thar hain't no manner o' man, outfit, river er redskin that Ole Missoury kain't lick, take 'em as they come, them to name the holts an' the rules. We done showed you-all that. We're goin' to show you some more. So good-by." He held out his hand. "Ye helped see f'ar, an' ye're a f'ar man, an' we'll miss ye. Ef ye git in need o' help come to us. Ole Missoury won't need no help."

"Well, Woodhull's one of you Missourians," remarked Price.

"Yes, but he ain't bred true. Major Banion is. It was me that made him fight knuckle an' skull an' not with weepons. He didn't want ter, but I had a reason. I'm content an' sooth jest the way she lies. Ef Will never sees the gal agin she ain't wuth the seein'.

"Ye'll find Col. William Banion at the head o' his own train. He's fitten, an' he's fout an' proved hit."

XI

MOLLY WINGATE knelt by her cooking fire the following morning, her husband meantime awaiting the morning meal impatiently. All along the medley of crowded wagons rose confused sounds of activity at a hundred similar firesides.

"Where's Little Molly?" demanded Wingate. "We got to be up and coming."

"Her and Jed is off after the cattle. Well, you heard the news last night. You've got to get someone else to run the herd. If each family drives its own loose stock everything'll be all mixed up. The Liberty outfit pulled on by at dawn. Well, anyways they left us the sawmill and the boat.

"Sam Woodhull, he's anxious to get on ahead of the Missourians," she added. "He says he'll take the boat anyhow, and not pay them Kaws any such hold-up price like they ask."

"All I got to say is, I wish we were across," grumbled Wingate, stooping to the bacon spider.

"Huh! So do I—me and my bureau and my hens. Yes, after you've fussed around a while you men'll maybe come to the same conclusion your head cow guard had; you'll be making more boats and doing less swimming. I'm sorry he quit us."

"It's the girl," said her husband sententiously.

"Yes. But"—smiling grimly—"one furse don't make a parting."

"She's same as promised Sam Woodhull, Molly, and you know that."

"Before he got whipped by Colonel Banion."

"Colonel! Fine business for an officer! Woodhull told me he tripped and this other man was on top of him and nigh gouged out his two eyes. And he told me other things too. Banion's a traitor, to split the train. We can spare all such."

"Can we?" rejoined his wife. "I sort of thought ——"

"Never mind what you thought. He's one of the unruly, servigerous sort; can't take orders, and a trouble maker always. We'll show that outfit. I've ordered three

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She Heard No Call and No Command, But an Arm Reached Down to Here, Swept Up—and She Was Going Onward

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MERTON OF THE MOVIE

XVIII

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

HE HAD now but to await his great moment. The final scenes of the new piece were shot. Again he was resting between pictures. As the date for showing the first piece drew near he was puzzled to notice that both Baird and the Montague girl curiously avoided any mention of it. Several times he referred to it in their presence, but they seemed resolutely deaf to his "Well, I see the big show opens Monday night."

He wondered if there could be some recondite bit of screen etiquette which he was infringing. Actors were superstitious, he knew. Perhaps it boded bad luck to talk of a forthcoming production. Baird and the girl not only ignored his references to Hearts on Fire but they left Baird looking curiously secretive and the Montague girl looking curiously frightened. It perplexed him. Once he was smitten with a quick fear that his own work in this serious drama had not met the expectations of the manager.

However, in this he must be wrong, for Baird not only continued cordial but, as the girl had prophesied, he urged upon his new actor the signing of a long-time contract. The Montague girl had insisted upon being present at this interview, after forbidding Merton to put his name to any contract of which she did not approve.

"I told Jeff right out that I was protecting you," she said. "He understands he's got to be reasonable."

It appeared, as they sat about Baird's desk in the Buckeye office, that she had been right. Baird submitted rather gracefully, after but slight demur, to the terms which Miss Montague imposed in behalf of her protégé. Under her approving eye Merton Gill affixed his name to a contract by which Baird was to pay him a salary of two hundred and fifty dollars a week for three years.

It seemed an incredible sum. As he blotted his signature he was conscious of a sudden pity for the manager. The Montague girl had been hard—hard as nails, he thought—and Baird, a victim to his own good nature, would probably lose a great deal of money. He resolved never to press his advantage over a man who had been caught in a weak moment.

"I just want to say, Mr. Baird," he began, "that you needn't be afraid I'll hold you to this paper if you find it's too much money to pay me. I wouldn't have taken it at all if it hadn't been for her." He pointed an almost accusing finger at the girl.

Baird grinned; the girl patted his hand. Even at these grave moments she was still a patter.

"That's all right, son," she said soothingly. "Jeff's got all the best of it, and Jeff knows it, too, don't you, Jeff?"

"Well," Baird considered, "if his work keeps up I'm not getting any the worst of it."

"You said it! You know very well what birds will be looking for this boy next week, and what money they'll have in their mitts."

"Maybe," said Baird.

"Well, you got the best of it, and you deserve to have. I ain't ever denied that, have I? You've earned the best of it the way you've handled him. All I'm here for, I didn't want you to have too much the best of it, see? I think I treated you well."

"You're all right, Flips."

"Well, everything's jake then?"



"Didn't You People Know That I Knew What I Could Do and What I Couldn't Do?"

"Everything's jake with me."

"All right! And about his work keeping up—trust your old friend and well-wisher. And say, Jeff"—her eyes gleamed reminiscently—"you ain't caught him dancing yet. Well, just wait, that's all."

"We'll put on a fox trot in the next picture that will sure hog the footage."

As this dialogue progressed Merton had felt more and more like a child in the presence of grave and knowing elders. They had seemed to forget him, to forget that the amazing contract just signed bore his name. He thought the Montague girl was taking a great deal upon herself. Her face, he noted, when she had stated terms to Baird, was the face she wore when risking a small bet at poker on a winning hand. She seemed old indeed. But he knew how he was going to make her feel younger. In his pocket was a gift of rare beauty, even if you couldn't safely run railway trains by it. And pretty things instantly made a child of her.

Baird shook hands with him warmly at parting.

"It'll be a week yet before we start on the new piece. Have a good time. Oh, yes, and drop around some time next week if there's any little thing you want to talk over—or maybe don't understand."

He wondered if this were a veiled reference to the piece about to be shown. Certainly nothing more definite was said about it. Yet it was a thing that must be of momentous interest to the manager, and the manager must know that it would be thrilling to the actor.

He left with the Montague girl, who had become suddenly grave and quiet. But outside the Holden lot, with one of those quick transitions he had so often remarked in her, she brightened with a desperate sort of gayety.

"I'll tell you what!" she exclaimed. straight downtown—it'll be six by the cl there—and have the best dinner that m buy; lobster and chicken and vanilla i and chocolate e everything, right restaurant—none tray stuff—and I pay for it all by You got a right that contract. A be gay, and all t people that's eati restaurant'll thin couple—a *promin* actors. How abo She danced at his

"We'll have so he amended. "One thick ones *that* cos sixty cents. Sixt just for the soup, peated, putting a the contract that n ened one *side of l*

"Well, just f once," she agree might be for the las

"Nothing like th assured her. "M spend more you that's my motto."

They waited for bound car, sitting on the bench that outspoken in its h tion.

"You Furnish th We Furnish the F it shouted.

He put his back several of these bolt and felt of the b watch in his pocket

"Well, it might last time for me," h the girl.

"I feel as if I mi most any time. health's breaking under the strain. kind of a fever com right this minute."

"Maybe you sho go out."

"Yes, I should. I make me better."

They boarded th and reached the re taurant. Side by side on a seat that ran along the wal sat at a table for two and the dinner was ordered.

"Ruin yourself if you want to," said the girl as he included celery and olives in the menu. "Go on and prunes, too, for all I care. I'm reckless. Maybe I'll have another dinner, the way this fever's coming on. my hand."

Under the table she wormed her hand into his and it there until food came.

"Do my eyes look feverish?" she asked.

"Not so very," he assured her, covering an alarm he felt for the first time.

She did indeed appear to be feverish, and the anxie her manner increased as the meal progressed. It devel quickly that she had but scant appetite for the c food now being served. She could only taste bits her there. Her plates were removed with their delicacie most intact.

Between courses her hand would seek his, grippi as if in some nameless dread.

He became worried about her state; his own app suffered.

Once she said, as her hot hand clung to his: "I k where you'll be to-morrow night"—her voice grew mo ful, despairing—"and I know perfectly well it's no i asking you to stay away."

He let this pass. Could it be that the girl was abs babbling in delirium?

"And all the time," she presently went on, "I'll sit be sick abed, picking at the covers, blue around the f That'll be me, while you're off to your old motion pictur the so-called art of the motion picture," she concl with a careful imitation of her father's manner.

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r tried to determine whether she were serious or jest- You never could tell about this girl. Whatever it it made him uneasy. Outside, he wished to take her e in a taxicab, but she would not hear to this.

We'll use the town car, Gaston," she announced with a of her old manner as she waved to an oncoming t car.

uring the long ride that followed she was silent but ess, tapping her foot, shifting in her seat, darting her about. The one thing she did steadily was to clutch rm.

uring the walk from the car to the Montague house twice indulged in her little dance step, even as she g to the arm; but each time she seemed to think better and resumed a steady pace, her head down. The e was dark.

Without speaking, she unlocked the door and drew into the little parlor.

Stand right on that spot," she ordered with a final of his shoulder, and made her way to the dining room oor, where she turned on a single light that faintly ined the room in which he waited. She came back to removed the small cloth hat, tossed it to a chair and ed him silently.

The light from the other room shone across her eyes and ealed them to him shadowy and mysterious. Her face s set in some ominous control. At last she looked away m him and began in a strained voice: "If anything ppens to me ——"

He thought it time to end this nonsense. She might feverish, but it could be nothing so serious as she was imating. He clutched the gift.

"Sarah," he said lightly, "I got a little something for u—see what I mean?"

He thrust the package into her weakly yielding hands. e studied it in the dusk, turning it over and over. Then th no word to him she took it to the dining room, where der the light she opened it. He heard a smothered clamation that seemed more of dismay than the delight expected, though he saw that she was holding the atch against her wrist. She came back to the dusk of the oor, beginning on the way one of her little skipping dance steps, which she quickly suppressed. She was replacing the watch on its splendid couch of satin and closing the box.

"I never saw such a man!" she exclaimed with an irritation that he felt to be artificial. "After all you've been through I should think you'd have learned the value of money. Anyway, it's too beautiful for me. And anyway, I couldn't take it—not to-night, anyway. And anyway ——"

Her voice had acquired a huskiness in this speech that now left her incoherent, and the light revealed a wetness in her eyes. She dabbed at them with a handkerchief.

"Of course you can take it to-night," he said in masterful tones, "after all you've done for me."

"Now you listen!" she began. "You don't know all I've done for you. You don't know me at all. Suppose something came out about me that you didn't think I'd 'a' been guilty of. You can't ever tell about people in this business. You don't know me at all—not one little bit. I might 'a' done lots of things that would turn you against me. I tell you you got to wait and find out about things. I haven't the nerve to tell you, but you'll find out soon enough ——"

The expert in photo plays suffered a sudden illumination. This was a scene he could identify; a scene in which the woman trembled upon the verge of revealing to the man certain sinister details of her past, spurred thereto by a scoundrel who blackmailed her. Undoubtedly, from her words, he saw her panic-stricken by the threatened exposure of some dreadful complication in her own past. Certainly she was suffering.

"And I don't care if this fever does carry me off," she went on. "I know you could never feel the same toward me after you found out ——"

Again she was dabbing at her eyes, this time with the sleeve of her jacket. A suffering woman stood before him. She who had always shown herself so competent to meet trouble with laughing looks was being overthrown by this nameless horror. Suddenly he knew that to him it didn't matter so very much what crime she had been guilty of.

"I don't care what you've done," he said, his own voice husky. She continued to weep. He felt himself grow hot.

"Listen here, kid"—he now spoke with more than a touch of the bully in his tone—"stop this nonsense. You—you come here and give me a good big kiss—see what I mean?"

She looked up at him from wet eyes, and amazingly through her agony she grinned.

"You win!" she said, and came to him.

He was now the masterful one. He took her protectingly in his arms. He kissed her, but with no trace of the Parmalee technic. His screen experience might never have been. It was more like the dead days of Edwina May Pulver.

"Now you stop it," he soothed—"all this nonsense!" His cheek was against hers and his arms still held her. "What do I care what you've done in your past—what do I care? And listen here, kid"—there was again the note of the bully in his voice—"don't you ever do any more of those stunts—see what I mean? None of that falling off street cars or houses or anything. Do you hear?"

He felt that he was being masterful indeed. He had swept her off her feet. Probably now she would weep violently and sob out her confession. But a moment later he was reflecting, as he had so many times before reflected, that you never could tell about the girl. In his embrace she had become astoundingly calm. That emotional crisis threatening to beat down all her reserves had suddenly passed. She reached up and almost meditatively pushed back the hair from his forehead, regarding him with eyes that were still shadowed but dry. Then she gave him a quick little hug and danced away. It was no time for dancing, he thought.

"Now you sit down," she ordered. She was almost gay again, yet with a nervous, desperate gayety that would at moments die to a brooding solemnity. "And listen," she began when he had seated himself in bewilderment at her sudden change of mood. "You'll be off to your old motion picture to-morrow night, and I'll be here sick in bed ——"

"I won't go if you don't want me to," he put in quickly.

"That's no good; you'd have to go sometime. The quicker the better, I guess. I'll go myself sometime, if

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He Was Beginning to Feel Confused. A Sense of Loss, of Panic, Smote Him

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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 8, 1922

Loans and Reparations

AMERICANS who are inclined to become impatient with the differences between the British and the French in the settlement of reparations would do well to analyze the divergent viewpoints displayed as these two peoples gaze upon the disorganized world. The British point of view is that of the trader, the French that of a *rentier*. Great Britain has manufactured a great deal for foreign markets, many of her families have drawn income from foreign investments. But the foreign markets of her manufacturers and the distant investments of her families revolved about and were associated with trade. France also had many investments abroad. But French foreign investments represented home savings sent abroad, while British foreign investments were rather earnings made abroad. The French peasant placed savings in the hands of bankers who loaned it in foreign fields. British families sent sons to undertake enterprises in the most distant parts of the world. The Britisher led his money overseas into all lands; the Frenchman never followed his. Therefore the Britisher is able to visualize business conditions in foreign countries, the Frenchman not. The one understands the processes of international economics, the other knows only the results in net income. This explains why the French find it so hard to understand the difficulties of Germany in payment of reparations, the British comprehend it more easily.

Men learn more from experience than by precept. The year 1921 brought hard facts home to the inhabitants of the United Kingdom. Manufacturing has been greatly depressed, mining disorganized, trade at low level, shipping unprofitable, unemployment widespread, and destitution profound. To every man, woman and child these were the visible signs of the reaction of conditions in the world upon affairs at home. France had no such experiences in 1921. She had a good wheat crop, coal became plentiful, tourists flocked with gold dollars, the areas of devastation were being rapidly restored, and unemployment was of negligible proportions. Little has happened, outside of higher taxes and unbalanced budgets, to indicate to the French the conditions in the world at large. The insularism of France, in the economic sense, has afforded her protection. Great Britain has the experience, France has the precept. Naturally the French lag in understanding.

And the people of the United States? We have been spared most of the experiences of Great Britain; and no outside voice has been able to enjoin the precept on us. We shall have to learn that the European problem of reparation is of the same kind as the question of payment of interallied indebtedness. Analyses of German production and trade indicate that she cannot pay the amounts exacted in the ultimatum of London. The same kind of analysis will indicate that France and Italy cannot pay their obligations to Great Britain and the United States within the time set in the refunding act. Funding negotiations must now be under way, and Americans must become prepared to understand the factors involved. And primarily we must learn to apply the same economic criteria to the two kinds of debts—loans and reparations.

Government Price-Fixing Again

A BILL now before the Committee on Agriculture of the Senate would, if enacted, reëstablish minimum prices on basic agricultural products. Number One hard wheat would carry the price of one and a half dollars a bushel; and Number Two corn, eighty-five cents a bushel at Chicago; unwashed wool, fifty-five cents a pound at Boston or St. Louis; and middling cotton, eighteen cents a pound at New Orleans.

Canada has decontrolled prices, Australia has no announced provision to continue control after the marketing of the present crop, Argentina has abolished control. One by one the countries of Europe are setting trade free. By the time the crops of grain and cotton and clip of wool to which the prices of the bill would be applicable are on the market, these products will probably be free in trade and price everywhere in the world. At the moment when the world will have cast off the shackles of governmentally fixed prices we are to reassume them. And we were to have less government in business!

Waving aside all considerations as to the effects of such a law upon producers and consumers in this country, what would be thought of it in Europe? Is it a measure in the direction of amity and peace? It would be regarded as nothing else than an attempted hold-up of disorganized Europe, an exploitation. Possibly if we led the way all surplus-producing countries would join the world corner in necessaries. It is idle to say this would not be directed at the foreign trade. Would we make this assurance effective by agreeing to sell our surplus at the world price? Of all the causes of war, outside of crazy monarchists, fanatic nationalists and demeaning politicians, discriminating trade restrictions have been the most baneful. Do we want to start a trade war with the world?

Moonshine

THE following extract is a good example of the prevailing ignorance regarding actual conditions on the farm. It appeared recently in the financial columns of one of our most widely read cosmopolitan papers:

> Low prices for agricultural products have brought about also a great reduction in the cost of production, an achievement which will eventually increase the farmer's profits beyond even those of the extravagant wartime days.

It would be difficult indeed to frame an expression further from the facts. Except for farm wages, which have dropped slightly in recent weeks, nothing has yet happened that has brought about "a great reduction in the cost of production" of farm commodities, except such forced economies as will necessarily reduce the yield. But the world in general is not interested in reduced food supply—quite the contrary. This is one hard fact, whereas the vision seen by this optimistic prophet of "eventually increasing the farmer's profits beyond even those of the extravagant wartime days" is not only mere moonshine but the most dangerous branch of sophistry withal.

The Farmer and the Partridge

PEOPLE whose occupation is other than farming might as well realize now, for they will have to do so later, that the farmer is actively resentful of the fact that he has been so much more completely deflated than other elements in the national process of wealth production. The products which he has to sell have gone the limit on the downward plunge; but there are other prices and profits, wa salaries and wages, which he feels are artificially h

Relief for the farmer would come in a measure if the structure of prices and wages could be more even thoroughly shaken down. But fundamentally there be a greater demand for his produce. That in turn d upon export trade and international finance, both of involve numerous complicated questions and the problem of world recovery. Organization on the p the farmer might help to remove these obstacles, bu is no short cut back to Eden.

Specifically, organization accomplishes next to n when it consists of the citizen's reliance upon the vaguely to do something for him which can best complished by himself. The comparative failure of pa istic state experiments in North Dakota, when cont with the success of coöperative self-help on the p agricultural producers on the Pacific Coast, is a striking object lesson than is contained in all the bo speeches ever written on economics.

A family of partridges had been living all summe field of grain, until one day a little partridge said mother, "I heard the farmer tell his son and the har mow this field to-day. Hadn't we better *move?*"

"Oh, no, not yet, I guess," said the old partridge.

A few days later the little partridge again warn mother that it had overheard the farmer tell his h to mow the field. But the old bird was still *indiffe* Finally one day the little partridge told its moth having heard the farmer say, "I'm going to mow *the* to-day myself."

"That's quite a different matter," said the *mo* "We will move at once."

A Foolish Indictment

FAIR PLAY has never been a universal character of the attacks upon the prevailing standards of spoken drama and of the daily press. A curious yet exa ingly popular indictment against both is that they h been commercialized, and the word is mouthed as implied something shameful or unclean. Now there i inherent reason why we should not display ordinary c mon sense in dealing with the common things of life; yet no one can escape the conclusion that in a g proportion of cases the habitual uplifters, though o men of honest convictions and high cultivation, are so lacking in this saving grace.

No man with the smallest capacity for clear think really believes that either stage or press has been sudde or even recently commercialized. Will Shakspere's Gl Theater was a business proposition. It represented invested capital of a gifted actor-manager who made yield the best return he was able. The early newspap were established either as avowed money-making ent prises or as organs for shaping political opinion. In th essentials they are to-day what they were centuries a with the difference that time has given the press a livelier sense of public obligation than at first existed.

The production of plays and the publication of new papers are two of the most hazardous enterprises in whi capital is commonly employed. At bottom both are eith legitimate undertakings entitled to returns proportion to the risks assumed or they are vicious corrupters morals that ought to be ruthlessly suppressed for the co mon good. To charge contemptuously that they a commercialized is merely to make faces at them.

There are, to be sure, supersensitive souls whose who natures revolt and whose nostrils quiver as if beset by a evil odor at the mere mention of commercialism; but the are not they who do the world's work. Men of broade contacts with life know that anything useful or desirabl whether it is a telephone or a talking machine, is mos successfully commercialized when it is exploited by men o high character and ability who are fully alive to thei unwritten obligations to their customers and to the publ as a whole. Both stage and press have their shortcomings but they will never be raised to higher ethical levels by mere reiteration of the silly charge that producers and pub lishers are not in business for their health.

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Common Honesty of Speech

WHAT BUSINESS NEEDS AND IS GETTING

By Albert W. Atwood

ILLUSTRATED BY RAY ROHN

T THIS time, when schemes for the reorganization and revolution of industry find such ready acceptance, it may not be amiss to e for a moment to see whether such a simple e as truthtelling is coming to play any substantial part siness. About ten years ago a little group of men began small way to insist that statements made in advertiseits should conform to the unadorned standards of truth. n this has grown a movement not only of national ortance but one whose activities are quietly and unobively permeating the entire business life of the country. he men in this movement have little interest in theories abstractions. They start from the assumption that iness has only two arms or branches—production and rketing; and that by far the greatest percentage of rketing is done through the power of advertising. It is sales force through which American industry distribs its products, and unless advertising be truthful the ole industrial structure rests upon a shaky foundation. There are some people who dislike and object to all vertising, but that is very much like objecting to banks, tomobiles and railroads, or even to steam and elecity. Advertising has become the common salesman of business, whether one likes it or not. It does more than l goods. It is the representative and voice of business, ilding, creating and retaining public confidence in busiss institutions or destructively tearing it down.

The Basis of Confidence

NSTITUTIONS stand or fall largely according to whether people believe in them. Belief, or confidence, turn depends upon whether performance squares with romise, with the statements made, with the spoken and rinted word. Business is always judged by its worst art, no matter how small the percentage may be. Those who are in closest touch with the subject say that not more than 5 per cent of business men lie about their goods or misrepresent and exaggerate their value; and that not more than 3 per cent do so intentionally. But even this small proportion can rot the foundations of the business structure and poison public trust in its soundness.

It is upon this simple elementary bit of economic philosophy that the movement for truth in advertising, or for better business—to mention the two names under which it goes—has been built. It takes no learning of the schools to understand the principle involved. There is nothing complicated or controversial at stake, no weighing of pros and cons. It is not a subject for debate, for argument or research. Most subjects have two sides, but the desirability of truthtelling is, I think, quite generally admitted to be an exception.

"Not only has the public a right to demand that business concerns tell the truth," says one of the organizers of the movement, "but the advertiser has a right to demand that his advertising be believed. What man, after he had purchased a home in a restricted residence neighborhood, would not yell loudly at the depreciation in the value of his property if some fellow purchased a parcel of land near him for an undesirable purpose?

"Then why in the name of common sense do business men whose success depends entirely on what the public thinks of them accept as advertising neighbors in any publication, some indecent piece of medical copy, some lying piece of financial copy or any other kind of improper copy that casts a shadow over every word they say about their own legitimate business? Advertising is a salesman which all business men use. Why then should decent men be preyed upon? If one misuses it the others suffer. It is as if two competitors hired a salesman in common and one bribed him to injure the other's business."

Immediately following the annual convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs in 1911 a National Vigilance Committee was appointed to put into effect a declaration of principles which the convention had adopted. The essence of this declaration read as follows: "We believe in truth, the corner stone of all honorable and successful business. . . . We believe there should be no double standard of morality involving buyer and seller."

Naturally the mere appointment of a committee did not at once or automatically make all business truthful. The activities of the committee met with considerable opposition and the first effect upon the business world could hardly be described as startling or revolutionary. Indeed it scarcely created a ripple. The workers did not know their rights or privileges, had but meager financial support, and no one knew whether they were big enough to undertake a movement involving such tremendous business power and direct it constructively. But the activities of the committee have grown and developed, until now it coöperates with thirty local better-business bureaus or commissions in cities throughout the country, and is considering the extension of its work to England, South America and Australia.



All Price Tags, Labels and Other Identifying Marks are Removed, and a Number of Different Local Authorities are Asked for Their Opinion of its Value

Correction of Abuses

TENS, probably scores, of thousands of cases of the misuse or abuse of advertising have been handled by the committee or the local bureaus or the two in coöperation. Though a few of these cases have been of sensational character the majority have been petty in themselves, almost hairsplitting at times. But the cumulative effect upon the business life of many communities of the sum total of cases settled has been very great. The barometer of business ethics has slowly risen, for naturally the moral influence of the mopping-up process gradually spreads.

From the experience of thousands of cases standards of practice are gradually emerging. Offhand it might seem as if the application of truth standards to the marketing of goods might be a work of extraordinary difficulty. But thousands of cases are found to fall into a few classifications, and thus it becomes possible to build up fairly simple methods of procedure.

Naturally then the question arises of how well fitted are the local bureaus and the national committee to combat these evils. In form at least each better-business bureau is an offshoot of a local advertising club or association, just as the National Vigilance Committee is a part of the Associated Advertising Clubs. The bureaus are not expected to take cognizance of industrial and commercial abuses that involve no question of advertising. Thus neither the national committee nor a local bureau is or can be expected to express an opinion upon the value or worth of investments. But opinions are constantly expressed to the contributing members, to the newspapers and to the public at large regarding the legitimacy or illegitimacy of the advertising by means of which stocks and other securities are sold. The fact is, of course, that very little in the way of merchandise or stocks in corporations can pass from seller to buyer without some form of advertising, and the possibility of exaggeration, misrepresentation and fraud.

But though nominally and technically connected with the local advertising clubs, the better-business bureaus or commissions really represent

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WIMMIN IS WIMMIN

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

CHECKERBERRY was in a twitter. A state of affairs had presented itself with which the town was in no wise equipped to cope. It could only gasp and waggle its heads and ask if the' wa'n't no law to pervent sich goin's-on. It was all on account of that short-haired wife of the young Peters fellow who had bought the sawmill.

Undoubtedly Veronica had been and done it! She was appearing daily in the sight of all Checkerberry clad in knickerbockers and high laced shoes!

"Selectmen ought to take some notice, seems as though," said Mr. Breece to Mr. Horning.

"Them pants of hern hain't but one step away from tights," said Mr. Horning, pursing his thin lips.

"Brazen, I call it," said Mr. Breece.

"Um—mebby the Ladies' Aid could do suthin—kind of fetch pressure to bear."

Mr. Breece shook his head.

"'Tain't a think to be discussed with wimmin. Wouldn't want to mention it even to my wife."

"I figger the preacher could kind of take it up in a discourse, mebby, without givin' the ladies offense."

"Once," said Mr. Breece reminiscently, "I was to Boston, and a feller took me to a the-ayter. Sich a spectacle I never see! More'n fifty-sixty young girls 'thout enough clothes onto 'em to dress a chiny doll! I sat there, Horning, a-feelin' all the time like a surprise party'd come and ketched me takin' a bath."

"Er—dressed like her?"

"Wuss—wuss!"

"How, wuss?" said Mr. Horning, drawing closer and presenting his best ear.

"Horning," said Breece, assuming his most impressive deaconly manner, "that there was a apisode in my life I hain't goin' to drag out into the light of day fer no man. Every feller sows some wild oats."

"There she goes!" said Horning, and both gentlemen suspended conversation to stare at Veronica's trim figure as she tripped lithely down the road toward the mill lot where building operations were progressing.

She was very slight and young and graceful, a picture of lovely youth to warm the coldest heart. Besides being extremely sensible wear for a young woman whose activities included the duties of a building inspector and a timber cruiser, her knickerbockers were undoubtedly becoming. She wore them unconsciously. If she realized any portion of the excitement they were arousing in Checkerberry she was indifferent to it. Veronica had a way of deciding what was best and then of proceeding to do it regardless.

"If I had a daughter," said Mr. Horning, "I calc'late I'd send her away or suthin."

"I'll venture," said Breece, "the's some law that makes her liable to arrest."

Veronica did not even notice Breece and Horning as she passed; her mind was very much occupied. First, there were the alterations being made in the sawmill to fit it for the manufacture of woodenware products; second, there was the matter of purchasing timber, and lastly was the question of a home. Veronica was distinctly tired of living in the hotel.

"I want a house with rooms in it," she told Ted. "I want closets and floors and ceilings. I want to eat where I can't hear traveling men brag. Another month in this hotel and I'll bust."

"Go get you a house," Ted said promptly.

"Timber comes first," she said.

"We're all set for timber. There are Wilcox's holdings. He'll sell to the company or give us a stumpage contract."

"Fine—for insurance," she said. "But his town is fourteen miles away. You said it would cost seven or eight thousand dollars to build a log-hauler road to it. It's a long haul. If we could pick up a piece of timber not over five miles away it would save half the cost of the road, and probably more than half the hauling cost. What we save would be more than enough to buy my house."

"I've looked pretty thoroughly," Ted said, "and I don't know of an available piece of timber as close as that."

"But there's unavailable timber," she said.

"What good is unavailable timber?"

"Lesson One in the Timber Buyer's Correspondence Course: If a piece of timber is unavailable there's a reason." She waggled a finger at him. "Catch the reason, skin it, hang its pelt on the fence. The timber then becomes available and the clouds roll by."

"You've got your mind set on that ten-thousand-acre tract of the old maid."

"Known locally," said Veronica, "as the Old Maid Tract. 'Why?' my husband asks with bated breath. Two reasons: It is virgin timber and it is owned by the most pron virgin in the state."

"And will keep on being by her until she gets to b gin angel."

"Mebby, mebby," said Veronica, imitating the of the vicinage. "That was so until I got to wanti

"If you can grab that tract, honey, I'll buy you a jingus with a diamond in it to hang around your ne

"Mean it?"

"You bet!"

"And I may go ahead?"

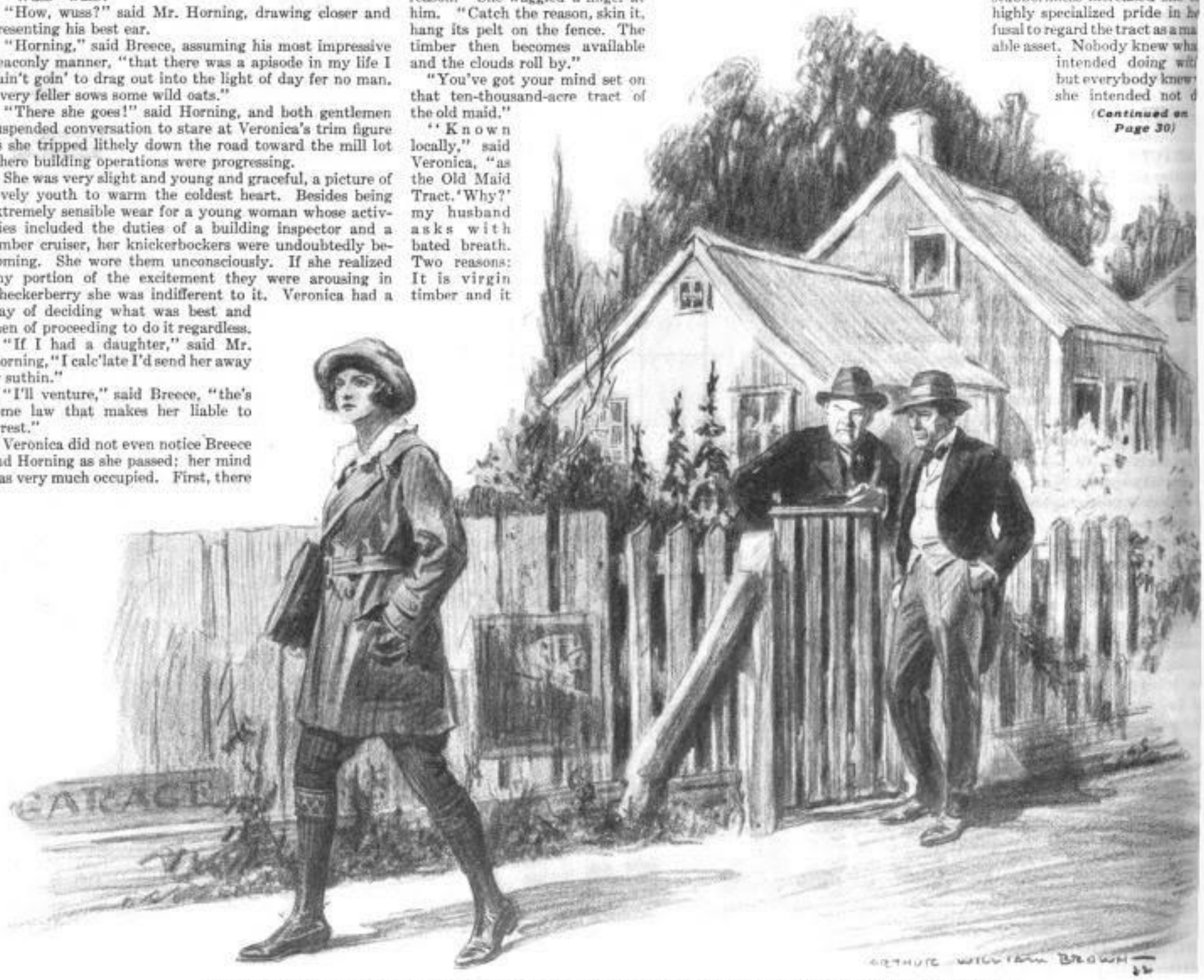
"Full speed, with the brakes tied back."

"Start building your road," she said, and went sit on a pile of spruce eight-by-eights to think it ov

The Old Maid Tract, so called, was a piece of t covering some ten thousand acres, an oasis in that chopped desert. No lumberman's ax had ever fe tree, no saw had ever sung its song through all the l and breadth of it. It was splendid timber—pine, s hemlock, beech, birch and maple. Only five miles town, bordering a stream so that the soft wood co driven to the mill, and so close that the hardwood, could not be driven, was most accessible by road. I but one drawback: It was owned by a maiden lady n Miss Bede Stiffler, reputed to despise a masculine w and Miss Bede Stiffler refused steadfastly to bargain remise, release, alien or convey any right, title or in therein to anybody whomsoever.

Owning that piece of timber was a sort of hobby Miss Stiffler. She was famous for it, and as her years stubbornness increased she to highly specialized pride in h fusal to regard the tract as a ma able asset. Nobody knew wha intended doing wit but everybody knew she intended not d

(Continued on Page 30)



"Brazen, I Call It," Said Mr. Breece. "Um—Mebby the Ladies' Aid Could Do Suthin—Kind of Fetch Pressure to Bear"

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Here's Nature's prescription for every description
Of "fever" that comes in the Spring.
To fill you with vim, make you frisky and trim,
This Vegetable Soup is the thing!



Enjoy them all in this delicious Vegetable Soup!

In every tempting plateful of this soup you get the iron of the green vegetables, the beneficial salts, the strength-giving cereals and the invigorating meat broth that your appetite relishes and your system needs. Nature's own spring tonic—healthful and delightful.

Choice white potatoes, Jersey "sweets," Chantenay carrots, tender yellow turnips—all daintily diced. Luscious tomatoes, chopped Dutch cabbage. Country Gentleman corn, baby lima beans, small peas, selected barley, alphabet macaroni—all blended with a rich broth made from fine beef, flavored with fresh herbs and tasty seasoning. Almost a whole meal—and what a good one!

How to improve your appetite

Eat good soup at least once every day. Have it piping hot. You will notice in a short time that you are more hungry and that all your food tastes better. The hot soup causes the digestive fluids to flow freely. Your appetite is increased and your digestion is better.

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

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(Continued from Page 28)

with it. Veronica had been made acquainted with no less than six historic instances in which Miss Stiffler had emphasized her refusal to sell by chasing the potential purchaser off the premises with a horsewhip. It may therefore be surmised that Veronica's project was one presenting obstacles.

If Veronica ever let grass grow under her feet it was when the market was good for hay. Miss Bede Stiffler, she found, lived on a little farm about a mile beyond the outskirts of Checkerberry, and directly after dinner Veronica walked out in that direction. She had not the least idea what sort of person she was to encounter, for it had not seemed advisable to make any but the most discreet inquiries. Her notion, gathered from various sources, was that Miss Stiffler was a typical old maid, doubtless tall, flat-chested, thin-haired. One usually thinks of spinsters so, and discovers the reality to be quite otherwise. It was decidedly otherwise in this instance.

When Veronica came to the rural mail box with the name Stiffler stenciled upon its lid she paused and looked over the fence with some apprehension. She saw a neat white farmhouse, well-kept outbuildings of modest size, and a man chopping wood. The man wore leather boots, overalls and a derby hat which seemed to have participated in a railroad disaster. He swung his ax with extraordinary skill, and grunted each time the bit encountered the block. Veronica opened the gate and stepped in. At the click of the latch the chopper turned and glowered.

"I wonder," said Veronica, "if I could have a drink of water."

The chopper rested his ax on the ground and stared, turning his head first one way and then the other. Then he spoke in a hoarse voice which sounded like a whisper amplified to the sixth power.

"Danged if you hain't a girl!" he said.

"I've always been considered to be," said Veronica.

"By golly, you 'n' me is the only sensible women in this dog-gone town! Come in and set while I make a drawin' of tea. What say your name was?"

Veronica told her.

"And your name is Stiffler, is it not? I saw it on the mail box."

"Bede Stiffler's my name and old maid is my station. Ruther set in the kitchen." She put a teapot on the stove and reached down a grimy clay pipe from a shelf. "Smoke?"

"I've never even smoked cigarettes."

"Huh! Sh'd hope not!" She removed her derby and displayed a shingled head, over which she passed her palm with manifest pleasure. "How'd ye come to take to pants?"

"I found them easier to work in."

"You're the play actress that's married to the feller that bought the mill."

"Only I'm not an actress. I'm a business woman. Used to be a stenographer."

"Huh! Might 'a' knowed it was gabble. Beats hell how folks gas in this wooden country! Say, them kind of pants of yourn look a sight handier'n these floppy overalls. Where d'ye git 'em?"

Veronica told her.

"Um —— If I was to draw a map of my legs d'ye figger I could git some built for me?"

"I'd be glad to attend to it for you."

"Now that's right clever of you. . . . How's the mill comin' along?"

"First-rate. We'll be turning over in another sixty days."

"Heard how you bamboozled Breece and Danby and them. Bet that was your doin'. Men hain't a ghost of a chancet when wimmin git to work."

"My husband ——" began Veronica, but Miss Stiffler interrupted her.

"Aw, sure! Ye hain't been married long enough to find out your husband's nothin' but human. But I know. Can't fool me. You're the brains of the firm. Plain as the nose on my face."

It was clear Miss Stiffler had no vanity, for the nose upon her face was extremely distinct. She regarded Veronica shrewdly for a moment.

"Walk way out here jest fer a drink of water?" she asked.



Miss Stiffler Looked in the Glass. She Stretched Her Muscular Neck Forward With the Gesture of a Bellicose Chicken

"I was just taking a walk."

"Uh-huh. Folks as busy as you be gen'ally wastes time takin' walks. Jest start in by pertendin' I got as many brains as you have, and we'll git to be right friendly—mebby."

"I'm sure you have more brains than I."

"I'm not. But I got enough to look out for Number One—you kin bet your bottom dollar on that. No, you come traipsin' out here to kind of look around and see what chance there was of gittin' holt of my timber. Can't fool me. And if 'twa'n't for them pants of yourn you'd 'a' went away quicker'n you come."

"Well?" said Veronica, smiling.

"I won't sell, by cracky! That's flat!"

"Not at your own price?"

"Money won't buy it. Got to be a hobby with me. Don't need money, and I kind of like to irritate folks by hangin' on. Guess I hain't lost nothin' by it. Timber's goin' up every year."

"But ——"

"Money hain't no good to me. Jest kind of let your eyes rove over me. See anythin' about me money could improve? Couldn't be done, by gosh! I'm built for doin' jest what I'm doin', and nothin' else. Kin ye imagine me wearin' one of them short-at-both-end dresses and a string of pearls and ridin' about in one of them expensive cars with a feller to drive it? I can't. Nope, I got all I want, and what I got is what I'm entitled to."

"You could travel."

"Travel, fiddlesticks! If I went traipsin' around the world the populations thereof would turn out to watch me like I was a circus perade. Guess I know what I look like!"

"I'll bet you don't," said Veronica. "Right now I' out and chop that pile of wood for you if you've a mirr the house you can see yourself in."

"Mirror? Whoo! There's my mirror!" Miss Sti pointed to a framed piece of glass some six inches sq which leaned negligently against the wall. It was crac and a fair portion of the what-d'ye-call-it on the back peeled off. When one looked in it he saw a reflectio thoroughly waved and corrugated that a powerful im nation was required to detect any human likeness. hain't looked in that since las' Christmas," said M Stiffler.

"H'm," said Veronica. "I don't care a pin whethe get your timber or not, but it's my plain duty to teach y how to have some fun. I'll bet you never had any fun."

"I've chased as many as seven men offn this place w a shotgun," said Miss Stiffler.

"And you don't know what comfort is," said Veroni "Comfort the lazy ma god," said M Stiffler su cinctly.

Veronic arose.

"I'm *muc* obliged for t tea—and for n shooing me awa with a gun," sh said.

"Come ag'in, said Miss Stiffle heartily.

"Oh, may I I'd love to. I'm lonesome here The women i town don't seem to like me."

"No, they wouldn't," said Miss Stiffler.

"And a girl likes to have some woman she can be friends with." Veronica managed to look very young and pitiful.

"Them Ladies' Aid wimmin don't set much store by me," Miss Stiffler remarked dryly.

"They hold agin pants and pipes. You and me seems to agree on pants, and mebby I kin convert ye to the rest. Seems like I'd take pleasure in a mite of comp'ny once in a while. You jest run out to visit whenever you feel like it."

"Thank you and—thank you," Veronica said.

She walked back to the village more rapidly than she had strolled away from it. Nor did she go to the mill, but climbed the stairs to her room and wrote no less than three letters, putting a great deal of time and thought on each one. These she posted.

Four days later a large packing box arrived by express, and a couple of smaller pasteboard containers by parcel post. The pasteboard boxes she took to her room. The large wooden box was set on the station platform. In the morning Veronica hired a light wagon, and loading the box upon it drove from Checkerberry in the direction of Bede Stiffler's farm. She did not wear her knickerbockers to-day, but a most becoming tailored suit, and her pet hat and her most enticing footgear. But then Veronica had a knack of looking desirable in whatever she wore.

Miss Stiffler was repairing the henhouse. Veronica waved to her and jumped down from the wagon.

"I've come way out to ask a favor," she said.

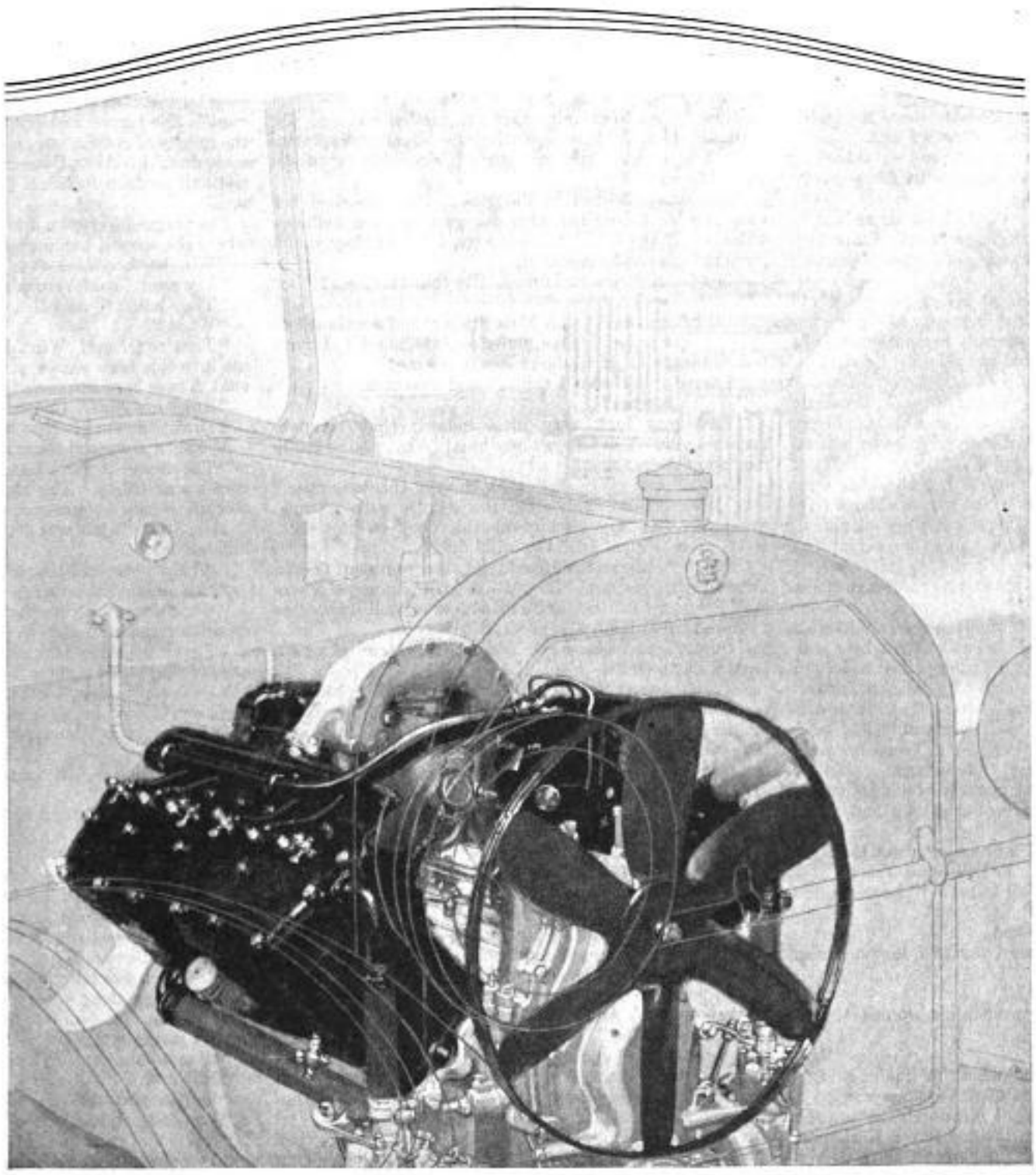
"So long's it ain't to marry your uncle that's left a widower, I calc'late I kin manage it," said Miss Stiffler heartily.

"No, I just want you to take care of something for me. You see, Ted and I haven't a house, and no place to put things. This is a wedding present, and I'd hate to have it get broken. Besides, it would be bad luck. It's a cheval glass."

"Sounds kind of underhanded. What's one of them?"

"A mirror. I wonder if you've a room where I can stand it for a while." (Continued on Page 32)

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THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD

Eight years ago, Cadillac introduced America's first eight-cylinder automobile power plant, the V-Type Cadillac Engine.

It achieved an immediate and a brilliant success, later enhanced by distinguished service with the American Expeditionary Forces in France.

Not only Cadillac owners, but practically all motorists praise its superb power flow and its consummate quietness of operation.

They refer in glowing terms to its dependability, emphasizing that it functions with a constancy and a certitude that suggest infallible performance.

But the great and the cardinal triumph of the Cadillac engine is that it *perpetuates* this service; it *continues* running surely and serenely throughout its long life.

The motoring public admires this eight-cylinder power plant, not only as a Cadillac achievement, but as the splendid evidence of American supremacy in multi-cylinder construction.

In it, they see typified the qualities that cause the Cadillac car to be regarded as the Standard of the World.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

CADILLAC

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(Continued from Page 30)

"To be sure. Put it any place. Lots of room. Fetch it right in."

It was a heavy box, but Veronica and Miss Stiffler carried it to the door.

"Oh, let's take the box off. I want to see it—and it won't clutter things up so much," Veronica said.

Miss Stiffler performed the carpentry and stood looking disdainfully at the long glass suspended between its supports.

"Now whatever does a body want of a glass as long as that? Ye kin see the hull of ye in it, can't ye? I'll be dog-goned! Hain't it bad enough to see jest a piece of yourself at a time?"

Nevertheless Miss Stiffler stood before the glass and regarded herself. She spread her hands and wiggled her fingers to prove to herself it was really her reflection. She removed her derby and regarded her shingled head.

"Um —— I'm about as enticin' as I figgered I was," she said. "Set while I draw ye a cup of tea." Presently she poured the tea. "It was them feet of mine caught my eye," she said. "Don't remember ever to have noticed 'em before. They're ample—ample."

"It's the boots," said Veronica. "I don't think your feet are really larger than mine." She became Machiavellian. "Let's measure them. Where's a piece of paper? I'll take off my shoe and outline my foot with a pencil, and you do the same. You'll see then."

"Kind of a childish game," said Miss Stiffler, but she did not refuse.

When Veronica returned to the village she carried with her a map of Miss Stiffler's foot—which had been one object of her visit. She was not a young person to hasten matters unduly or to arouse suspicion by lavishing attentions. Therefore it was a full week before she visited Miss Stiffler again. Since her first visit no mention had been made of timber—nor would there be if Veronica could steer the conversation away from that subject.

Her husband joked her about her undertaking, but she told him nothing of her progress, or if she had made progress—except once.

"If I were you," she said, "I'd be seeing about the right of way for your hauler road to the Old Maid Tract."

"You don't mean you're going to get it!" he said.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"What does she say?" he asked.

"Says she won't sell for money, marbles, love or tunes on a piano," said Veronica.

"Then why the right of way?"

"Because," said Veronica, "women are women—but a clay pipe is only a smoke."

"That's Kipling, isn't it?"

"It's good sound business judgment," Veronica said.

On her next visit to Miss Stiffler, Veronica carried a number of packages and a weight of apprehension. She hitched her horse and went in, looking like a Christmas Day postman.

"Screechin' bobcats!" exclaimed Miss Stiffler at sight of her. "What's them? Why didn't ye fetch a dray?"

"I seem always to be asking favors," said Veronica.

"I got a garret. Store 'em up there. It's dry."

"I don't want to store these. I—well, the truth is, I want to make a present to an aunt of mine, and I want to be sure."

"Sure of what—that she's got room in her house for it?"

"No—that there's room in the present for my aunt. It's a dress and shoes and a hat and things. She—she's just about your size. I'd say you and she were almost twins."

Miss Bede Stiffler eyed Veronica a moment, then waggled her masculine head.

"Dunno's I see clean through you," she said dubiously.

"I just want you to try them on. I know they'll fit her, with minor alterations, if they fit you."

"Gewgaws!" said Miss Stiffler scornfully.

"It's just a try-on. Won't take but a minute. Oh, please!"

"Well, seein' 's it's you. But I hain't had on a corset since the year of the Pan-American in Buffalo. Calc'late I kin hold my breath long enough to git through with it."

"Please put on everything. I'll wait. I've shoes and stockings—a complete outfit."

Bede stamped into her bedroom, her whole figure reflecting the scorn she felt toward women who decked themselves in finery to the neglect of woodpiles and clay pipes. From the room issued snorts and exclamations and words not usually found in the vocabulary of a spinster of fifty years.

"Say," she said finally, "if you want to git me buckled up in this consarned harness you got to git your foot in the middle of my back and haul on the surcingle."

Presently, with the help of Veronica, Miss Stiffler emerged. The alteration in her appearance was so amazing as to make one suspect the day of miracles had returned or that one of those unbelievable metamorphoses gravely narrated by Montaigne had taken place. Her girth had been diminished by a corset; her feet had been reduced to their lowest common denominator by well-made shoes. The skirts alone destroyed Miss Bede Stiffler, abolished her, and substituted quite another person. The hat, one cunningly constructed to conceal her lack of hair, made the disguise perfect. Veronica's eyes gleamed as she led Miss Stiffler to the center of the room and pretended to examine her with meticulous eye. By gradual and skillful maneuvering she placed the spinster before the cheval glass and turned her suddenly so she faced her reflection.

Miss Stiffler looked in the glass. She stretched her muscular neck forward with the gesture of a bellicose chicken. If she had possessed neck feathers they would have ruffled—and she stared.

"My Gawd!" she exclaimed. "Is that there me?"

"Of course."

"I'll be jiggered!" said Miss Stiffler, and continued to stare. "For heaven's sake, pull down the blinds! I don't feel respectable. If anybody was to see me!"

"They'd think what I think," said Veronica.

"Which is what?"

"That you look very nice, indeed; that lavender becomes you. You haven't any idea! Why, you're really handsome!"

"Not till somebody slices off a hunk of this here nose," said Miss Stiffler, indicating the feature with a broad forefinger, "to say nothin' of the wart on my chin. Here—lemme git it off. I'm stifflin'."

"Oh, if the Ladies' Aid could only see you now! You'd knock their eyes out! They'd die with jealousy! There isn't a woman in Checkerberry who is as well dressed as you are at this minute—the cats!"

"Dunno's that gets me much het up. Here, gimme a hand with these here hitchin' dinguses."

At that instant Veronica Peters did something she had never done before in her healthy career. She fainted. She did it very well, indeed, and frightened Miss Stiffler almost into fits. Miss Stiffler was not accustomed to women who fainted. Presently Veronica recovered enough to speak.

"Oh, help me to the carriage! You'll have to drive me home."

"You lay right where you be."

"The air will revive me. Please! I want to be in my own room. Oh, I'm afraid I'm going again!"

"Not in this house, you hain't!" said Miss Stiffler, and she lifted Veronica in her brawny arms and carried her out to the buggy, depositing her on the seat with a bump. "You drive for home, young woman!"

"I—can't. You'll have to drive."

"Me! Drive into Checkerberry in this here regalia! Not much, Mary Ann! Folks 'ud think I was cockalorum of some new lodge."

Veronica closed her eyes and slumped gently over on the seat. Miss Stiffler uttered a good stout damn and scrambled over the wheel. She jerked the reins from behind the whip socket and shouted at the horse.

"I b'lieve in bein' neighborly," she said savagely, "but this comes clost to askin' the corpse for the loan of its casket!"

On the road Veronica was able to collect her senses enough to open her eyes and to gaze slyly at her companion's set, forbidding expression. As they entered town the girl had to bite her lip to hold back her laughter as she observed how Miss Stiffler tried to hide under her hat.

They came to a stop in front of the hotel, and fortune perched on the banners of Veronica Peters, for at that very instant Mrs. Danby and Mrs. Alton turned the corner. Veronica allowed Miss Stiffler to help her alight. Once her feet were on the sidewalk, she seemed to recover with astounding suddenness. She spoke to the passing ladies.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Alton. How do you do, Mrs. Danby?"

They paused, curiosity-driven.

"I'm sure you know Miss Stiffler. Of course you do."

The women stared, paralyzed by astonishment.

"Bede Stiffler!" gasped Mrs. Alton.

"Whatever—wherever—merciful heavens!" breathed Mrs. Danby.

"Yes, it's me, b'gosh!" said Miss Stiffler belligerently. "Take a look! Don't be backward—take two! Goin' to a masquerade dance, I be. I'm s'posed to represent a dum fool. Bet I'll take the prize!"

"Why—why"—Mrs. Danby was so flabbergasted she was for once at a loss for words—"why, you look stylish!"

"Why not, I'd like to know?" Miss Stiffler said savagely. "If I got to be a fool like the rest of you wimmin I'm goin' to be a better fool. Style, huh! What d'ye know about style? If I git my dander up I'll show ye style with a capital H!"

Mrs. Alton, always afraid of Miss Stiffler, spoke with endeavor to placate.

"Really, you look lovely, Bede."

"Lovely! To think I'd come to a day when a body would dast say sich a word to my face!"

"I didn't think it was possible," said Mrs. Danby acidly.

"Didn't, eh? Possible! Say, you cat, the' hain't nothin' you kin do that I can't multiply by seven with my hands tied behind my back! Kind of look down on Bede Stiffler, don't ye? 'Cause she's independent o and wears her own pants! Sich as you look down on me! Why, I got brains where you got grease spots! muscles where you hain't even got tallow! Go long your business 'fore I get peevish and smack ye both a one!" She turned suddenly to Veronica. "Now lo the mess you got me into, consarn ye! Come under some'eres. I feel like I was caught takin' a bath. Wou feel half so darn foolish if I was. I got suthin to s you."

She dragged Veronica into the hotel and up to her r where she shoved her ungently on the bed.

"Who be these here duds fer?" she demanded.

"My aunt," said Veronica.

"They hain't!" said Bede Stiffler.

"What?"

"They're fer me! What'd they cost? Quick! You me into this here pickle, and by golly you'll help gi out! These here trappin's is mine! What 'd they co

"But—my aunt. I promised ——"

"Drat your aunt! How much?"

Veronica answered reluctantly.

"The dress—it was a hundred and twenty dollars. corset was thirty. The shoes were eighteen-fifty. stockings—silk—were seven-fifty. The hat was *forty-fi*

Miss Stiffler's jaw was dropping by inches, and her e bulging out.

"What?" she said hoarsely.

"Just simple little things—inexpensive," said Veroni

"Why, dog-gone you, the' hain't a woman *in this to* spends a hunderd dollars in four years for all her clothes

"That's why they look as they look—and why you l now so they're all jealous."

"I got the money, b'gosh, even if 'twas bein' saved bury me. I'm goin' straight to the bank after it."

She stamped to the door, where she turned to glare Veronica.

"The hell of it is," she said, "that now I've got to up a let my hair grow!"

That evening after supper Veronica said to her husba "Ted, you're a cruel husband. You're always forbiddi me to do things."

"Now what milk bucket have I kicked over?"

"My Boston trip. Here I want to run down to the cit and you, jealous of my youth and beauty and inexperien refuse to allow me to go alone—and you're too busy to go.

"Yes, yes, go on," applauded Ted.

"And then you tell me I can go—if I can get some old woman to go along when you know I don't know an older woman. It's an outright refusal. If I'd known th kind of man you are before I married you!"

"It's too late now. When did I do this refusing?"

"Just now."

"And I mean it?"

"You were almost harsh."

"Unlovely brute, ain't I?"

"You ain't," said Veronica, "and much obliged to you, sir. How about that right of way?"

"I'm moving. But I can't do anything definite and keep it under cover."

"Then don't do anything—till you get the supplemental report of your correspondent. Replying to your letter of even date, I have the pleasure to say—and so forth."

"How long will you be in Boston?" Ted asked with anxiety. "I can't spare you long."

"If you break a honeymoon into enough pieces, with long spaces between, it covers more married life," said Veronica.

She waited two full days before she visited Miss Stiffler again. This time she walked, so she would have more time to perfect her appearance. All the way out she rubbed her eyes, and every now and then she tweaked her nose. It was painful but effective. When she opened the white-washed gate she looked as if she had been crying for hours. It was most realistic—even more so because her nose hurt so she was able to shed real tears.

It was not without trepidation she entered the yard, and it was with positive fear she saw Miss Stiffler at the wood-pile—reverted to pants, derby hat and double-bitted ax.

"I—I hope you're not angry with me," she said in a timid voice.

Miss Stiffler turned and glared.

"Angry? Huh! I could skin ye alive!" She regarded Veronica's eyes and nose, and scowled. "What ails ye anyhow, all sniffled up? Who's been doin' what to ye?"

"My h-h-husband," said Veronica with a stifled sob.

"Drat the men! Wimmin will marry 'em, spite of all experience teaches. What's he been up to—beatin' ye?"

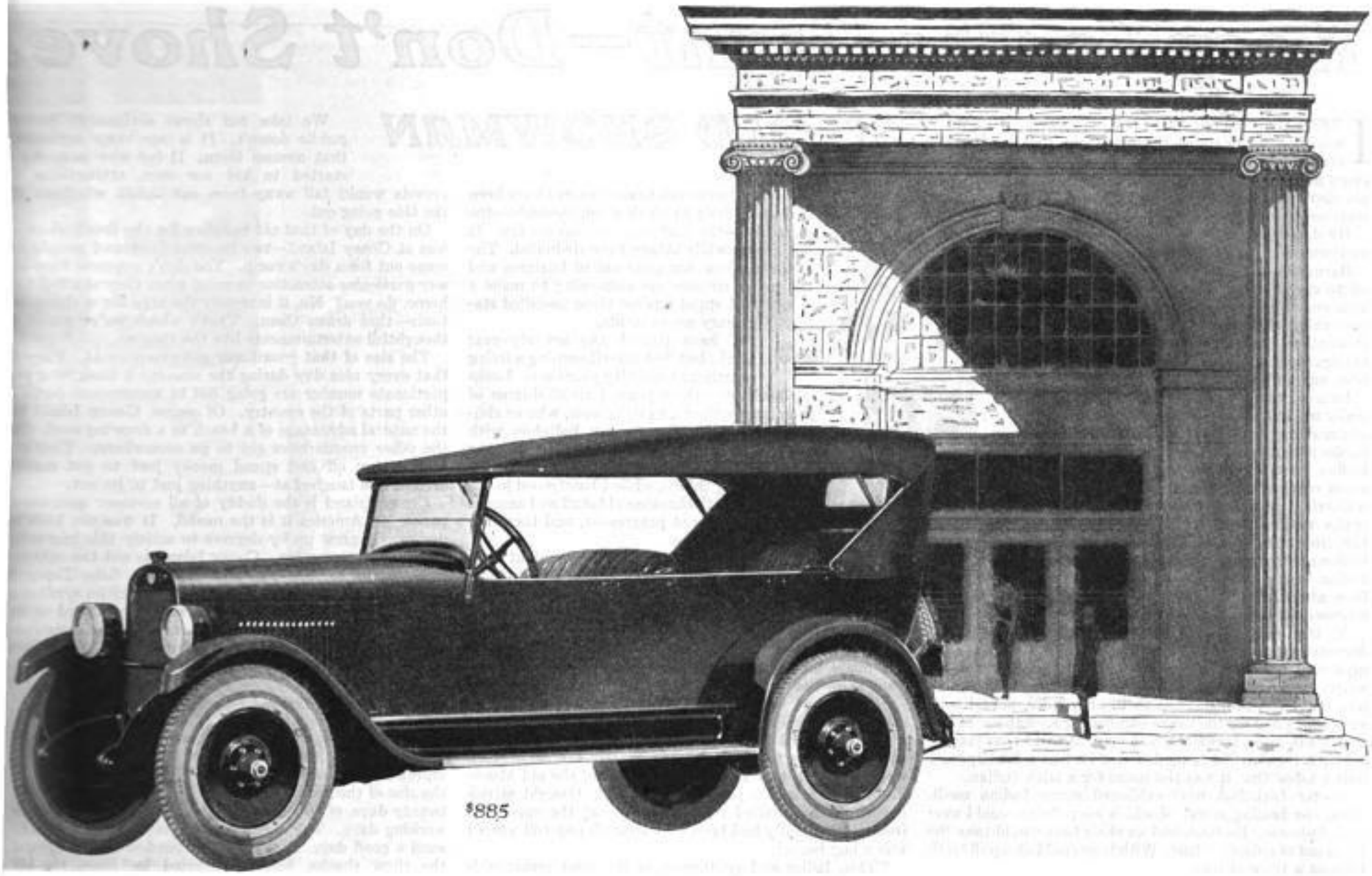
"He won't let me go to Boston. And I've got to go to Boston, because there are things I want to do in Boston, and I can't do them anywhere else, and there's no reason why I can't go to Boston if I want to, only he says ——"

"Huh! A body'd think he'd throwed you out of house and home!"

"It—it's the principle of it," said Veronica. "That he should have the right to refuse to let me do things! I'd like to show him! But I can't. If—if there was only some

(Continued on Page 48)

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The way the New Series of the good Maxwell rides, makes its splendid performance all the more satisfying. It provides a degree of road comfort that is entirely unusual in a car of its weight and size.

Cord tires, non-skid front and rear; disc steel wheels, demountable at rim and at hub; drum type lamps; Alemite lubrication; motor driven electric horn; unusually long springs; deep, wide, roomy seats; real leather upholstery in open cars, broadcloth in closed cars; open car side curtains open with doors; clutch and brakes, steering and gear shifting remarkably easy; new type water-tight windshield. Prices F. O. B. Factory, revenue tax to be added. Touring Car, $885; Roadster, $885; Coupé, $1385; Sedan, $1485.

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Keep to the Right—Don't Shove

By AN OLD SHOWMAN

I RECKON I am one of the few living men who personally heard Barnum make the statement that there is a sucker born every minute. Knowing old P. T. as I did, I am also one of the few who will dispute that statement.

He doted on pulling snappy lines for advertisements, regardless of the meaning.

Barnum described people who take a day off to spend a dollar or so for some foolish amusement as suckers. They are no such thing. They are the wise guys of this nation. And if they were suckers his figures are wrong. There is more than one born every minute.



I am old enough to show you what a sucker really is. It has been sixty-five years since I squirmed my towhead through a crowd in the public square out in Missouri to see my first Indian medicine show. A long-haired man stood on the back of a fancy-painted wagon delivering an impressive lecture and doing tricks with a ball. He was called Doctor Lightfoot. By his side stood a Kickapoo Indian made up exactly like the one cigar-store Indian in our town that we kids shied away from after dark. To me that redskin brave represented everything brave and daring.

At the end of the big talk the doctor demonstrated the stolidity of the Indian, his mystic power over pain, by driving a hatpin through his wrist. It was a long time before I knew that was a trick pin, but I can still feel the thrill of wonder, actual worship, that I had for the brave unflinching Kickapoo. In less than six months, incidentally, I was slapped in the jaw for asking a regular Cheyenne brave if he was a Kickapoo. I didn't know that it was the name for a trick Indian.

Doctor Lightfoot next exhibited many Indian medicines, the healing secret of which no paleface could ever hope to know. He even had an elixir that would take the kinks out of a darky's hair. With it he could also pull teeth without a trace of pain.

"Who in this crowd has an aching tooth?" he inquired. "We will remove it without a touch of pain, free of charge. Have we a patient?"

The other kids knew that I had been fooling with a loose tooth at school the day before. They all looked in my direction. I could feel the burning eyes of the showman focused on my freckled face. Nervously I lifted my hand to my jaw.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "Here is a lad who has suffered and who has the courage of faith. He will suffer no more. Step right up, young man, that this assemblage may look upon you and learn."

A Hero With a Toothache

I WAS in the public eye and it gave me a shaky thrill. I felt myself slipping into fame. When the Kickapoo took me by the arm I was resigned to martyrdom. No boy in my town had enjoyed the distinction of being lifted into a wagon by a real live wild Indian.

"Are there others?" inquired the good doctor, twirling the bottle while I twisted at my pants leg. There were no others.

With trembling fingers I indicated the tooth. Quickly he swabbed my gum with some ill-smelling stuff, talking all the while. Inserting a thumb and finger in my mouth, equally ill smelling, he clamped down on the tooth and gave it a yank just as the Kickapoo began beating his tomtom. My cry could not be heard.

Of course it hurt! But do you think I would stand in the presence of that crowd and that Indian and say so? Never!

I felt quite a hero. The boys looked at me in open envy a little later when Doctor Lightfoot placed me on a seat of honor in the wagon and started a parade around the square, throwing out pennies to scrambling boys, white and black. This was the life for me. I would be a medicine showman.

From the Indian I learned that the doctor needed a lively boy. That night I packed up my little duds and ran away from home, joining the doctor at the next town. The folks found me and brought me back home. But I didn't stay long. I had been stung with show virus.

A week later I ran away from home again, beat my way to St. Louis and joined on with a circus. It was not unusual in those days for circus people to pick up boy tramps and work them.

As a hypnotic subject for the side-show ballyhoo—the boy who gets rigid—I was admitted to the élite circle. For sixty years I have remained a regular. I have been employed in every branch of the show business, except the theater. For the last twenty years I have been tied up entirely in outdoor amusements—the park idea—the real show notion to-day. It has grown while others have dwindled. The medicine show has gone out of business and the many circuses are combining to make a last stand against these so-called stationary amusements.

I have passed the seventy-year mark, but find myself earning a living exactly as I did fifty years ago. Looking back over these years I recall dozens of prominent citizens, wealthy now, who as children stood listening to my ballyhoo with mouths open. They still come, but in the meantime they go right ahead building the nation, doing things, while I have stood in the same place with the same old stuff and amused them. I have not progressed, and there are scores just like me.

Who are the suckers? Barnum might have meant there is a baby born every minute to go in the show business. Still, there is some satisfaction for an old fellow to know that he has carried water to refresh the real workmen, even if he hasn't done much of the nation's building.

I made an opening—ballyhoo lecture outside—for a freak show not so long ago.

"This way! This way! Keep to the right—don't shove!" the barkers began as I finished.

As the crowd followed me past the ticket sellers it occurred to me that I had made exactly the same spiel, word for word, that I had used in front of the old Musée in 1874, and it was just as good. This thought struck deeper when I halted my assemblage at the cage of a freak who actually had been on Barnum's pay roll when I was a boy barker.

"This, ladies and gentlemen, is the most remarkable creature that has puzzled science for a half century," I opened up—it was the same old spiel. "Whether he be man or beast our most learned scholars have been unable to agree. He seems to understand and will respond to the name of Zit—naturally, a contraction of the oft-repeated expression 'what is it?' This puzzling, science-defying creature was discovered," and so on.

Old Zit stood up. The aged darky, wearing his brown hairy suit, his queer, cone-shaped head topped with a small tuft of gray hair, had gone through this for fifty years. The crowd looked at him for a few moments, thrilled—at least satisfied—and moved on to the next stand. Zit barked the required number of guttural snarls and grunts, resumed his seat and regarded the crowd philosophically. As the procession moved on I stopped and spoke to the old fellow about the way things were breaking, and so on. We have known each other since boyhood.

"They are wearin' them skirts too short," observed this science-defying creature, thoughtfully regarding some passing women. "It's hurtin' the show business, all right."

He spied two old women just then viewing him through the bars of his cage and suddenly emitted a frightful "G-r-r-r-zang-o-oop!"

"Think so?" I inquired when the women had gone and the snarl had subsided.

"Sure," he said. "From now on one of them dancin'-girl leg shows won't draw a dime. I wouldn't put 'nother nickel in one."

He was right too. Tights and the women's-form exhibits are the deadest things in the show business. It's no longer a show. People won't even lift their eyebrows at a live silhouette of Venus. The shimmy killed the hoochy-koochy a long time ago.

The point I am getting at is that the procession is always moving along past folks like me and Zit. It gets bigger and bigger all the time, but the only change is in the style of dress. That's the only change that is ever necessary in the shows. The fundamental principles have never changed one iota. The old Indian medicine show in a new dress would knock 'em dead to-day. I am going to try out Punch and Judy in short skirts next season. The pleasure-seeking public doesn't want to think and doesn't intend to.



We take our shows seriously, bu public doesn't. It is our very serio that amuses them. If for one mome started to kid our own attractions crowds would fall away from our ticket windows the tide going out.

On the day of that old ballyhoo for the freak sho was at Coney Island—two hundred thousand people come out for a day's romp. You don't suppose they any particular attraction in mind when they started home, do you? No, it is merely the urge for a chang tonic—that draws them. That's where we've got thoughtful entertainments like the theater.

The size of that crowd was not exceptional. The that every nice day during the season. I imagine a portionate number are going out to amusement *park* other parts of the country. Of course, Coney Island the natural advantage of a beach as a drawing card. the other crowds have got to go somewhere. They take a day off and spend money just to get mau around and laughed at—anything just to be out.

Coney Island is the daddy of all summer amusem parks. In America it is the model. It was not built design. It grew up by degrees to satisfy *this increas* demand for recreation. Coney Island is not the outco of a scheme for real-estate speculation. Like Topsy, simply growed up, and looks it. In other cities syndicat have financed amusement parks, street fairs, and so o copied after Coney, but few of them have the *same* ca free, hodgepodge flavor as the daddy. Still, they answ the purpose, and most of them pay dividends.

Coney Island Facts and Figures

EVERYBODY runs his own show at Coney Island, an devil take the hindmost. There is no head. Nobod knows what it earns in profits. The weather alone decid the size of the crowd. The season runs one hundred an twenty days, of which one hundred are considered regula working days. The average crowd is two hundred thou sand a good day. That can be depended on. At present the show shacks, brightly painted buildings, the lig lighted inclosures, eating places, games, bathhouses and what not represent an investment of ten million dollars.

A business man rubbed his eyes the other night when I told him that very few of these gaudy buildings were covered by fire insurance. Ten million dollars could be wiped out in a single night at Coney. But nobody seems to care and they all take a chance. They have to. We dickered with a company last winter, and the rate they demanded for fire protection was 15 per cent of the gross receipts. That, of course, was prohibitive.

I mention these figures just to give you an idea of the extent of one of the country's biggest industries, if it can be called an industry. The more I see of these crowds in search of foolishness the more I look upon it as a public utility. I am not good at statistics, because I don't like them. If you are interested, though, just go out to the amusement park near your town, figure it up and you'll get a pretty good general idea.

One thing that will strike a business man is what a big contributor the amusement park is to the nation's revenue. You pay one cent every time you enter a side show.

Right now I am working for a syndicate that controls a group of shows in a separate inclosure at Coney Island. Last season we paid in war tax a little over one hundred thousand dollars—that is, we turned it over; the public paid it. And we are not a tenth of Coney Island!

This, too, is in addition to the property taxes and license fees that go to the city and state of New York.

We have figured that on the average every man, woman and child who comes out for a day spends one dollar—two hundred thousand dollars a day.

To save my life I don't know where that money goes. Very few showmen get rich. I guess all that money just gets stirred up and circulates around so that everybody thinks he is having a good time.

It is the sentimental side of the show business that gets me. I have lived my life in it; have known and loved its people. I guess I will die in it. I make my one hundred dollars a week as ballyhoo lecturer in summer and manage to get along by earning about half that much in winter. Good spielers are hard to get and always in demand.

(Continued on Page 37)

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Liquids and grease cannot penetrate the smooth, firm surface—a light going over with a damp mop makes it spotless and sanitary in a twinkling. Water will not affect it.

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It offers the one solution to the national demand for beautiful, sanitary floors that are low in cost and easy to clean. Its low price and long wearing qualities make it particularly practical wherever the entire floor must be covered.

Gold-Seal Congoleum By-the-Yard costs only 75c a square yard, in either the 2-yard or 3-yard width.

Owing to high freight rates, price west of the Mississippi and in Canada is slightly higher than that quoted.

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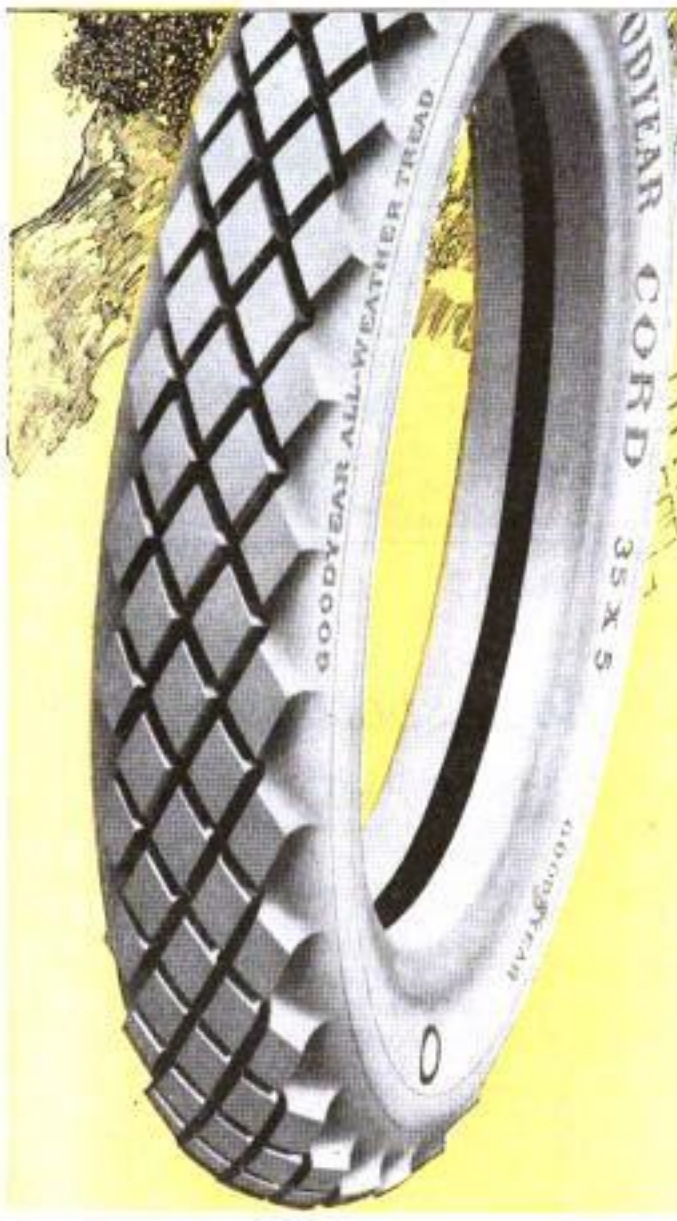
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Dollar for dollar it buys more mileage, greater freedom from trouble, surer economy and deeper tire satisfaction than ever before.

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More people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind.

30 x 3½ Cross Rib Fabric	$10.95	32 x 4 All-Weather Tread Cord	$32.40
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GOODYEAR

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(Continued from Page 34)

I first knew Coney Island when a young man in years ut old and hardened in experience. I was nearly forty efore I became a real part of it. Coney Island, you know, as not always filled with shows, games, rides and general urrah stuff. Originally it was just a place where the poor eople went for surf bathing. There is no finer natural each in the world.

The feature of Coney Island in those early days was the many froth joints, dance halls and bathhouses. There ere no shows. A froth joint was a beer saloon that sold he bathers large mugs containing more froth than beer. Naturally it was a pretty tough place. These froth joints, y the way, were responsible for the bad name Coney had a the old days. It required little capital to n one, but a fellow had to be pretty andy with his fists. All a man needed was o pick out a plot of sand. On this he would nock together a shack made mostly of driftwood and other stuff that beach combers could pick up. He then paid a license f thirty dollars and was ready to begin business.



As the number of froth joints increased the keepers added hot-dog stands as an attraction. Gradually other eating places were started with a more diversified menu. To this day, though, the hot dog with a roll and mustard is the trade-mark of Coney Island. To go there without eating frankfurters is no trip.

The success of these early ventures naturally suggested amusements of a more innocent nature—something for the children. The first was a merry-go-round. We called them flying jennies at first. Fifty years ago riders were grabbing for the brass ring just as they do to-day.

Incidentally, show people have never been able to beat the flying jenny for a regular staple source of income. Very recently some fellow has improved on the old merry-go-round, or carrousel, as he calls it, by a mechanism which makes the painted horses actually race. It is quite a hit. The four rows of horses start even, but a rotary action in the works causes some to go faster than the others. This cannot be governed by the operator, and there is no way of determining the winner in advance. Even grown-ups ride for hours on this device to bet on their favorite mounts.

This new kind of merry-go-round hasn't got around very far yet, but it will. Up in Canada, where I first saw one, it was a knock-out.

In the '70's our circus had been closed on account of a lawsuit and we were laying off in New York. Several of the freaks and a few of the fancy acts went with me out to Coney Island for a lark. The hot dog and the froth were the appeal.

Near one of the bathhouses we noticed a mitt joint. It seemed to be doing a flourishing business. A mitt joint, in case you are not familiar with show talk, is a fortune teller's tent where palms are read. Circuses always carried a mitt joint. It is sure-fire stuff. And a funny thing about those palm readers is that most of them are sincere in the belief that they can actually tell fortunes. Of course, they have to ring in some fake stuff for the ballyhoo, but they'd get mighty sore if told they were faking on the palms.

Our palm woman gave the high sign to this mitt woman. She told us that business was wonderful. That gave me a notion. Why not get together all our freaks and open up for the summer? We had the layout, painted canvases for the outside flash and everything. The license fee was small in those days.

When Ballyhoo Had Some Zip

WE DECIDED on a freak show because it is almost failure-proof. It is the staple line of the trade. Other attractions come and go, but a real freak show is just as good to-day as it was when Barnum cleaned up with one in his old museum. I am spieling for one now. The freaks are practically the same; the line of stuff I am talking to the public is exactly the same as I used in 1870; and the crowd is bigger. The main change that old Zit has noticed, as I have shown, is in the dress styles of the spectators.

We opened up as a coöperative concern, each freak contributing so much to cover the overhead. It was a go from the jump. Later, temperament developed among my freaks and I got possession of the whole show, paying them salaries.

Believe me, I could make a good opening in those days. I had a ballyhoo with some zip to it. In these days show people lose a lot of the old drawing stuff by trying to be too quiet—refined, or whatever they call it.

I was armed with a buggy whip and walked up and down a raised platform, back of which huge canvases were stretched, depicting in vivid colors the snakes in the jungle, the lion tamer with arm torn half off, the two-headed boy, the living skeleton, the fat woman, the dwarfs and the wild man of Borneo tearing a tiger apart. I would deliver an impressive ballyhoo in front of each startling canvas, slapping it continuously with my buggy whip. That attracted people from a distance. At the finish I would give the last canvas a couple of whacks that made it crack like pistol shots.

"That's the way she looks, gents!" I'd cry. "You'll find them on the inside just as they are represented on the canvas! Step right up and the gentlemanly usher will escort you to points of vantage!"

Now I claim that was—and is—good stuff. The buggy whip was particularly effective.

We also had an ostrich in that show. As twilight approached one night I discovered a very effective line and used it for years. "Remember, remember, ladies and gentlemen, the cool of the evening is the time to see the ostrich and mark his many pecu-li-ar-ities!"

Just why that should get 'em I don't know, but it did. The line seemed to strike their bump of humor, or something. I used to hear boys mimicking me as they went out. I'd put all that stuff back in to-day if I was not working for a salary and they didn't have such crazy notions about this so-called refined business. The old-fashioned ballyhoo is the thing.

I might have made a lot of money out of that freak show, but a company of big showmen bought the property for a syndicate attraction. Due to a love affair my people became disloyal and the new outfit engaged most of my attractions right from under my nose.

The palm reader became engaged to the wild man from Borneo. They decided to marry and settle down right there, because it seemed like home. Following this disaffection, it being very hot, the fat woman decided she would prefer not to move. The upshot of it was the whole outfit quit me. Every time I have got hold of a little show of my own something like that happened. I am too old to try it again.

With the building of show places Coney Island grew up like a mushroom. The idea of group attractions that could have a permanent location spread all over the country. Performers were delighted at the possibility of not having to travel. This departure from the old circus idea kept growing until it reached a commanding height at the Chicago World's Fair. There people saw for the first time the Ferris wheel, the shoot-the-chutes and scores of riding games. The scenic railway came a little later, I believe. None of those things, you see, were possible with a traveling show. Also the idea established a definite place for amusement seekers to go instead of waiting for something to come along. They quickly formed the habit.

The Chicago World's Fair, the enormous success of the Midway, as the street was called, had a tremendous effect on the show business throughout the country. It was really a revolution. On a small scale the Midway was copied at state and county fairs. Then came the street fair. And I want to tell you those street fairs were a mighty irritating thorn in the side of the circus business too. It never has fully recovered.

Our circus ran into several of these street fairs and carnivals down South and suffered heavily in the competition, particularly the side show. Those carnival people got onto the trick of running a street fair for a week or two for the benefit of some local charity—on percentage. In that way they escaped the heavy licenses. There was no such escape for the circus. We were soaked good and plenty. In one little town in Tennessee, I think it was, they charged us five hundred dollars a day license. We simply couldn't buck the competition. We had to learn the dates of these carnivals and arrange our routes so as to duck them.

I still wanted to have a show of my own, so I decided the chance was in getting together a street-fair outfit. That surely was the coming business. I liked that idea of the charity concerns not only paying the licenses but getting out and working for the show. It seemed easy pickings.

The circus season finally ended, and with the aid of some rebellious side-show performers and freaks we got together an outfit. We did well at first, but as usual I had lost the show in two seasons for one reason and another. But we did a lot of things in those two years that they are doing in all regulated parks to-day. Among other things we discovered the real possibilities in Bosco, the snake eater. You know—he eats 'em alive!

There has never been a better single attraction than that. He was just as good as the Kickapoo Indian in the old medicine-show outfits. Just why people will flock around a pit to see a dirty, wild-looking darky bite the heads off garter snakes I have never been able to figure out. But they did and they do. The morbidity in human beings is a hard thing to understand. In my travels abroad I have noted with interest that where there is a leper hospital it is one of the main attractions to tourists. People seem to get fascinated with the sight of these poor unfortunates and go there day after day. This morbidity, undoubtedly, is what makes the freak show a steady drawing attraction.

I have been berated by some people for making a living out of exhibiting the misfortunes of the poor freaks. It does seem a hard thing, but when I see the happiness and contentment of these people I feel that I am doing right. It enables them to earn a living and be independent. Many of them own their own homes and farms. If they were not exhibited they would be a public charge—a nuisance. Most of them could not earn a living. There are times, though, when I feel a deep compassion for them in having to display their deformities for money. I would like to have somebody solve this thing for me—put me right.

I got on to Bosco in an unexpected way. Snake eaters, by the way, are always named Bosco. I was sitting in one of our street-fair ticket wagons one day when a negro man came up and asked to see me. He wanted a job.

"I kin bite the heads off'n garter snakes, boss," he explained, "an' I kin bite 'em off better'n that fellow I seen at the other carnival what calls hisself Bosco."

I was interested. We needed a couple of attractions to fill out the show. The upshot of it was I engaged this new Bosco for two dollars a day and his eats. He thought that a lot of money. So did I—for an experiment.

Bosco—He Eats 'Em Alive!

WE PAINTED our Bosco up with daubs of tar, lampblack and a little red here and there. We then got him a wig with tangled hair, the ends sticking out like a mop. Bosco's costume was made up of two old cloth sacks, one with holes for the arms and the other for the legs. A snakeskin belt tied the loose ends around his waist. A heavy iron cuff was fastened around his right ankle, to which we attached a heavy clanking chain. The other end we fastened to a post driven in the floor of the pit. When we got through Bosco was a terrible sight. You can tell the world he looked ferocious!

We advertised for garter snakes, offering free admission to every boy who came with one, any size. It was down South in the spring and in three days we had more snakes than we could use.

Now don't think that was a fake. Bosco actually bit the heads off those little snakes right in the presence of morbid people who crowded around at ten cents to see him do it. At intervals Bosco would go wild, tug at his chains, throw handfuls of straw and dirt in the air and then snap a snake's head off to vent his rage.

The very first day Bosco did fifteen dollars. After we had installed a good spieler—ballyhoo barker—he could be depended upon to draw twenty dollars a day.

For ten years no street fair or carnival was complete without a Bosco. Next to him as a staple article was the man who would get hypnotized and be buried alive for six days. People were permitted to peep down a square hole at him for five cents week days and ten cents on Saturdays and Sundays. The good people of those little cities seemed to enjoy that immensely. At every performance some would inquire if a buried subject ever failed to come to at the end of his six days. There were many ways of faking an exit for the subject during off hours, but I knew one man, a firm believer in hypnosis, actually to go through with it.

Beginning with our early experiments in the street fairs and the big group syndicates at Coney Island, the summer amusement park attractions—now a distinct branch of the show business—gradually divided themselves into four distinct classes. They are so divided to-day—freak shows, games and rides, animal acts and spectacles.

Under the general heading of freak shows we include such familiar things as East Indian fakirs, sleight of hand, feats of strength, and so on. They even include such attractions as the baby incubator and the glass blowers.

The games and rides take in everything from Japanese ball rolling to the Ferris wheel, the scenic railway and the merry-go-round. Shooting galleries, pony riding and cane ringing also come under this head.

Spectacles take in all outside shows like the outdoor circus, balloon ascensions, high divers and other things that are put on free to ballyhoo the crowd inside. I say free, but there are always special seats that can be had in case one is tired. One is generally tired.

People as a rule don't like free things. They think there is a trick in it, and there usually is. They come out to spend their money and they are going to do it. Not even a showman can stand in their way.

During the war the Government erected a battleship in one of the public squares in New York made of wood and canvas. It was an exact replica of a man-o'-war, even to interior fittings. The idea, of course, was to encourage enlistments in the Navy. After the armistice this battleship was presented to one of the big Coney Island companies, provided they would pay for its removal. It was accepted, but that man-o'-war turned out to be an expensive present. It cost thirty thousand dollars to cut it up

(Continued on Page 53)

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Ask Your Banker—

"How Can I Protect the Checks I Carry in My Pocket?"

Tell him, "I can't carry a protective machine in my pocket with my check book. What happens if one of my checks is 'raised' (fraudulently altered to read an amount larger than originally written)?"

If your banker provides you with Super-Safety Insured Checks he will answer, "You don't need to carry a protective device. You are positively protected against loss by **Insurance.**"

He will give you a vest-pocket certificate of insurance for $1000, protecting you against loss through fraudulent alteration of checks.

If your banker cannot accommodate you with this ***positive protection,*** write us for the name of one in your locality who will be glad to do so.



$1,000.00 of check insurance against fraudulent alterations, issued without charge, covers each user against loss.

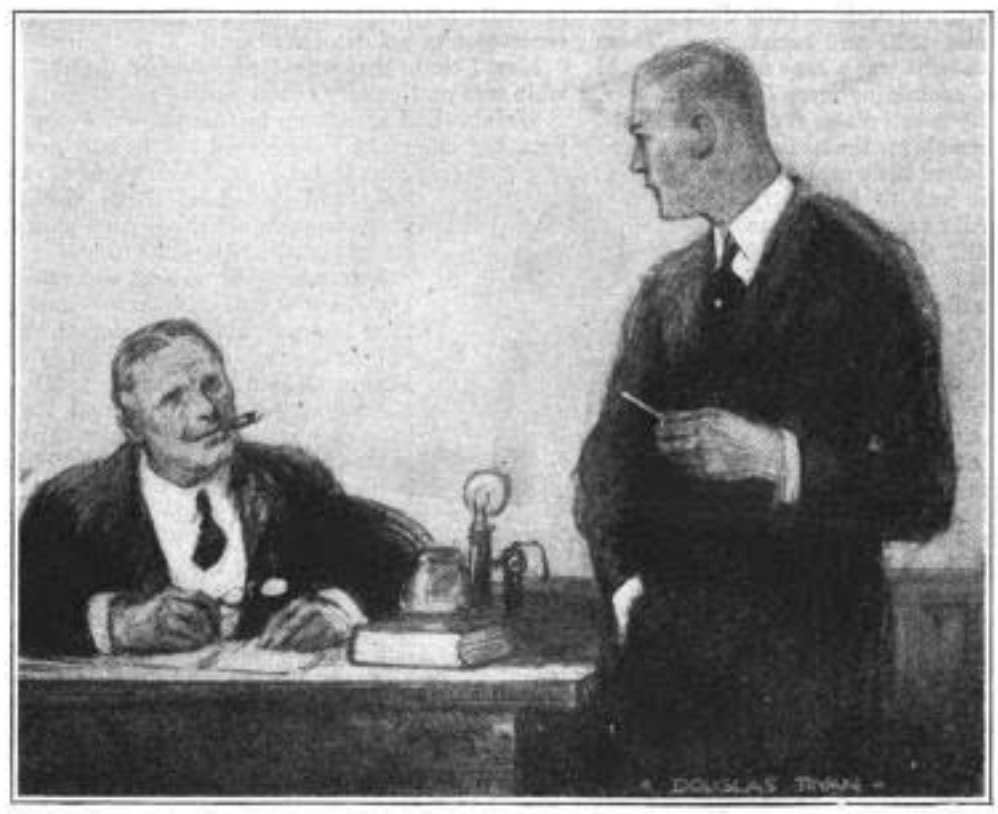
SUPER-SAFETY **Insured** BANK-CHECKS

The Bankers Supply Company
The Largest Manufacturers of Bank Checks in the World
NEW YORK CHICAGO DENVER
ATLANTA DES MOINES SAN FRANCISCO
Copyright 1921, by The Bankers Supply Co.

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

Office Short Cuts



THE other day I ran across a regular office—one that might properly be called a next year's model. A look round revealed that though the methods and equipment were extremely practical the place might be viewed, so far as offices go, as a prophecy of to-morrow. Labor-saving equipment alone in this office has reduced the personnel more than one-half.

The new manager, who revolutionized this particular business in less than two years, started out with a full recognition of the fact that office workers cannot be handled in precisely the same manner as factory employes. Bearing this in mind he commenced his work by selling his efficiency methods to the office workers in advance of their formal adoption. The campaign of education was designed to show the office force that better jobs and higher wages result from the increased use of automatic devices. His directors were made to understand that in most cases it is downright foolishness to quibble over the first cost of any machine that will save human labor. He further explained that before another decade has passed machines will be used to do all the laborious work in offices, just as they now do in shops.

The first move of the manager on taking hold was to eliminate the overlapping of jobs. In doing this he secured from each employe a list of that person's duties. Study was then given to these reports, and changes were made so that now no two people do the same thing or even parts of the same thing, provided that particular job can be handled more effectively and economically as a unit task. Two or three times each day there was a rush period when a number of office boys were kept quite busy. During other hours of the day there were fewer errands to be done, and the boys were not busy. Department heads were asked to submit lists of small jobs that the boys might do, and as a result of this inquiry the different departments were relieved of numerous small tasks and the value of the errand boys was increased.

An effort was made to save materials as well as time. Wastebaskets were banished from all departments where they were not absolutely necessary. As a result there is less waste of paper, and a reduction in the losses of valuable letters and data which heretofore had been swept from desks accidentally. All letterheads and carbon sheets spoiled in typing, instead of being thrown away are kept for inspection by the head of the stenographic department. To further economy it is required that short letterheads—half sheets—be used for brief letters. Unless there is some good reason for not doing so the rule is to use the back of each incoming letter for the carbon copy of the reply. This conserves time in filing, and saves second sheets as well. Carbon paper is protected from exposure to the air, and rubber bands are kept away from light. All inkwells are covered at night to prevent evaporation, and holders for pencils are used so that short lengths of pencil may be utilized. This of course lengthens the life of each pencil.

Immediate attention was given to the elimination of eyestrain and fatigue from inadequate office illumination. Since clerks and typists use their eyes continuously for close work the lighting should be diffused, so that all shadows are eliminated. This result can be obtained only by a system of indirect lighting, in which the light sources are hidden, the illumination being obtained by means of secondary reflection from the ceiling. Measurements showed that previous to the change in lighting, the office force worked with less than three foot-candles of illumination. The present intensity of light is fourteen foot-candles, and yet there is no glare or condition of overlighting. Under the old system there was a multiplicity of unsightly droplights, the cost of wiring was high, and there was additional expense for wiring each time the position of a desk was shifted. Now the whole office, which occupies nearly half a city block, is uniformly lighted. There is practically no breakage of lamps and the new plan permits the use of larger lamps, which are more efficient than the smaller sizes. The ceilings were painted a pure white, and the surface was given a flat or mat finish, the walls were made a soft pale-olive green with a slightly yellow cast. The upper part of the wall was of a lighter tint than the lower portion.

While working conditions and mechanical equipment were being given close attention the human element problem was also studied. Each worker's position was made definite and his goal visible. Instead of depending on the possibility of periodical salary increases to stimulate productive effort the new manager established a policy of having frequent heart-to-heart talks with all department heads, and requiring them to do the same thing with their subordinates. It is a company rule that each letter and office memorandum shall be signed by an executive personally—not rubber-stamped. Personal notes from the boss are generally appreciated by those under him. Such a plan stimulates goodwill and has a value that pays many times over for the time and effort involved. It is also the policy of the management to pay real money to employes for suggestions that can be utilized to save the company time, labor or material. Whenever a suggestion is accepted and put into practice an announcement to that effect is posted on the bulletin board, the amount of the award is given, and the name of the employe stated. A brief description of the new plan or device is also included. This encourages other employes to go and do likewise.

The manager believes in working according to a schedule, and has set an example for his coworkers by adopting a plan by which definite jobs must be attended to at regular intervals. He keeps a different card for every job, and each card contains the essential facts and figures relating to that particular w The cards kept in a tic and a cert number cards—usu one for each hour of the da come up for tention e morning. All desks in the o are arrange that the w passes i straight line f inception to c pletion. All ty writers a equipped wit small device computer whi records the nu ber of strok made by the t pists. The co pensation of t operators is d termined by t quantity an quality of the work. Intercom municating tel phones save t time of employe in running fro desk to desk from one depar ment to anothe Roller stools reduce the effort and fatig of filing clerks when placing letters in low drawers. Each desk is supplied with a tra which is especially designed for insertion the desk drawer. This tray has ten compart ments, which are useful for classifying suc articles as pencils, clips, erasers and pins The company requires employes to us fountain pens because of the time saved.

Every employe who has a desk is re quired to keep correspondence of all kind out of sight. It is a rule of the company that each man shall start with a clean desk every morning. On each desk is a book fil with twelve compartments, all plainly labeled. The first mail is always disposed of before the next one is touched. One compartment or pocket holds incoming mail. Other pockets are labeled To be Signed, Ready for Dictation, Urgent Matters, Matters Pending, Conference Matters, and so on.

Here are a number of other ideas I picked up in my visit to this model office: A loose-leaf system is usually far superior to all plans entailing the use of bound books. With the former scheme fresh accounts or new data can be added quickly, and old records can be easily removed and transferred to a binder. With the use of machines in posting and doing other office work the loose-leaf system is actually a necessity. It also effects a material saving in paper for in using a bound book it is never possible to tell precisely how much space should be allowed for any particular account or series of entries. The cost of envelopes for handling interdepartmental communications which demand privacy is eliminated by supplying employes with pads of the various forms that are used for sealed messages. Each sheet or form has one edge gummed, and in addition there are dotted lines to show how the form is to be folded, so that the gummed end can be sealed and the form will become its own envelope. In order to avoid the embarrassment and delays caused through sending out letters with illegible signatures it is advisable to have the stenographer typewrite the name of the dictator in full, and later the handwritten signature is added. It is a good plan to change the color of the ink in the stamp pads each year. This will save time and prevent recent letters from being placed in old files.

Much trouble is caused by mistakes that occur through oral orders. One solution for the problem is to have the person who receives the oral order write it down immediately upon triplicate blanks. The original is sent to the person issuing the order, the first carbon is sent to the files, and the second carbon is retained by the recipient

(Continued on Page 40)

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PEERLESS

All that the name implies

APRIL 1922

The certainty of performance, the long and uninterrupted service for which the Peerless is particularly noted, tell the buyer of today what he most wants to know—the value that is built into the car.

Such things foretell what he will be getting from his car a year, or five years, after he buys.

They imply not only the lasting satisfaction which the Peerless owner enjoys, but they also attest profound engineering and manufacturing skill, and shop practices which assure the quality to make a motor car investment worth while.

When a car embodies unusual engineering achievement; when it is the product of economical manufacturing; when it yields the unbroken service which Peerless owners prize so highly, can more conclusive evidence of value be supplied?

Yet, to find an approximation of the qualities which give the Peerless its high standing among fine automobiles, it is necessary to seek cars in a higher price-range.

The buying public today appreciates these things—how keenly, is affirmed by the growing new interest in the Peerless, and the feeling that, under Mr. Collins' direction, still better and greater things are to be expected from it.

THEODORE F. MacMANUS

Seven Passenger Touring Car, $2790; Four Passenger Roadster, $2790; Four Passenger Coupé, $3500; Five Passenger Sedan, $3650; Seven Passenger Sedan, $3790; Seven Passenger Sedan-Limousine, $4060; F. O. B. Cleveland

The Peerless Motor Car Company has been acquired and is being operated by R. H. Collins and his associates

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SLIPOVA

CLOTHES for CHILDREN



Pretty Creepers for Active Tots

No wonder Mothers of small, lively children like "SLIPOVA Creepers". They are so neat—so pretty—so free from frills.

The Creepers, like all "SLIPOVA Clothes for Children," are made of standard fabrics. They wear well and wash perfectly—fast colors. They have double seams where greater strength is necessary. There's no skimping of cloth or finish.

When you recognize the sturdy quality of these "SLIPOVA Clothes for Children" you'll find it hard to realize that most of them sell for not over $1.

THE "SLIPOVA" LABEL IS PROOF OF UNUSUAL QUALITY AND LOWER PRICE.

If your dealer doesn't carry them, write to Dept. D,

McCawley & Co., Inc.
M. W. S. Bldg.
Baltimore, Md.
Sales Office
253 Church St., New York City

Look for the label.



(Continued from Page 38)

of the order. It often happens that orders from outside are acknowledged in such a way that the company must accept them even when the credit department on investigation recommends that goods shall not be shipped. Trouble on this score is avoided by saying: "Thanks for your order of June thirtieth. It has been given attention and notice of acceptance will follow in due course." Another scheme that sometimes saves trouble is that of keeping envelopes twenty-four hours. Frequently letters come in with the name of the town or state written illegibly or not given at all. Often there are legal reasons why a company would like to know the day or hour a letter was mailed. Though these cases do not occur often they are usually of much importance when they do happen. In adopting such a plan it is well to go a step further and stamp on the envelope the hour and minute at which it is received.

In practically all large offices a material saving results from the centralization of all stenographic work. This avoids waste of typists' time, for each operator can be transferred immediately from one job to another. Stock work of minor importance can always be kept on hand for typists to do in slack hours. It is also possible in this scheme to furnish any officer or employe a high-grade typist for work that entails experience and care. It is further true that with a centralized department the work is of higher grade, for the output is supervised and errors corrected by the head of the department. In such a plan wages and advancement can be more nearly based on individual merit. When the typists of a company are distributed through the various departments there are generally wide variations in wage recommendations, and as a result dissatisfaction arises. In such a plan a typist of only mediocre ability, working for a liberal boss, is likely to receive a higher compensation than a more proficient worker serving an official who is less generous.

In this office the automatic devices are the last word in mechanical ingenuity. One machine classifies a long mailing list and picks out the cards according to the buying powers of the individuals, sex, territory, quantity and quality of purchases, and so on. Two typewriters used in transcribing tabulations are equipped with a traveling indicator which shows by its position when the typist omits a letter or figure. All the typing machines have rubber roller grips attached to the roller knobs. This protects the typists' fingers and diverts the strain from the finger tips. An electric letter opener makes it possible for one person to do the work formerly done by five. It is not unusual for the machine to open five hundred letters a minute. Another appliance feeds envelopes into typing machines with such speed that the average typist using the device is able to increase her production five hundred envelopes a day. The mechanism takes out the addressed envelope and places the one to be addressed in the proper position for the first stroke of the keys.

Even the reference books in the company's library are held by book rests equipped with automatic attachments which turn on electric lights when the books are opened. Closing a book cuts off the current.

The credit department looked more like a well-ordered machine shop than a clerical office. In the past, when hand methods were employed, a typist or bookkeeper did well to head five hundred statements in an eight-hour day. Now one addressing machine will easily head a thousand statements in fifty minutes, and the work is done without error. Getting statements into the hands of customers on the first of the month instead of several days later effects a real saving by speeding up the settlement of accounts. A calculating machine adds, subtracts, multiplies and divides. First it totals the orders; then it proves the extensions and additions on the typed bills; next it adds the sales and distributes them by ledgers, by departments, by lines and by salesmen; and finally it proves the postings on accounts-receivable ledgers, adds and balances the accounts debit and credit, strikes the individual balances and takes off trial balances. A check-writing machine protects the company against changes in the amount of a check or changes in the name of the payee. The manufacturer of the device issues a policy insuring the user against fraud. A typing machine that handles orders and bills by the hundred, making eight or more copies of each sheet, has an attachment that automatically places the carbons between the sheets.

Said the manager: "By using these automatic devices in our office we are able to reduce to a simple mechanical process all figure work known to pencil and pad. This conserves the brain power of our business for important constructive work which requires thoughtful analysis. Nothing kills ambition more quickly than the never-ending routine of mental drudgery in an old-fashioned office."

Financing a Business

TWO celebrated doctors of business finance were discussing their recent experiences in prescribing remedial treatments for sick corporations. They were agreed that much of our present industrial trouble has resulted from both manufacturers and retailers giving first attention to finance rather than to production and merchandising. Some of the observations of these experts will doubtless interest and benefit many executives who are searching for ways out of present business difficulties.

All managers of factories and store owners must determine first of all whether they are going to be manufacturers and merchants or bankers and speculators. The only difference between the manager of a bank and the manager of a manufacturing concern that extends credit over long periods is that the manufacturer lends goods instead of money. It is perfectly proper for a company operating factories to decide on a policy of extending long credits, but it is necessary for the management of such a concern to understand fully that it is going into the banking business and that as a consequence the company must organize its finances accordingly. The banking phases of a business must never be confused with the production operations.

In recent years hundreds of manufacturing companies became imbued with the idea that the speculative side of manufacturing was more profitable than the fabricating and selling ends of the business. Many executives staked the futures of their companies on their ability to purchase raw materials at low prices and later sell these materials in the form of finished articles at high prices. A large percentage of these executives gave very little attention to the conversion processes in the factory, and much attention to guessing the course of raw-material prices. This plan worked all right in a rising market, but it left many companies with heavy inventories when the market turned. Unfortunately most of the business speculators refused to take their losses early in the decline, and this foolish action caused the extension of loans in many cases to the breaking point.

The business depression of 1921 has taught many old lessons and added some new ones. It is unwise to try to maintain prices by curtailing production. Such a plan only further depresses raw-material prices and makes it harder for the manufacturer to get out whole. A large inventory is looked upon as an evidence of speculation when the tide turns unfavorably and prices recede. It should be looked upon in precisely the same way, and regarded with just as little favor, when prices are rising. When an executive accumulates large supplies of raw materials or other goods and makes money in the operation, he is said to be farsighted. But the fact remains that whether he makes money or loses money he is a speculator all the same. A profitable outcome to guessing markets is pleasant, but it does not add to the virtue of a dangerous business practice. Business speculation is all right when it goes by that name, but it is all wrong when it is called manufacturing. It is as difficult for a business man who speculates in raw materials to keep his head in a time of serious emergency as it it for the speculator in the stock market. However, in the case of the latter, usually he alone suffers, while in the case of the manufacturer his mistakes in guessing often bring misery to a whole community.

The present time is a period when business men should give more attention to production methods in mine, mill and factory, and devote less thought to banking departments of their compa Skill in manufacturing and merchand is much more to be desired to-day skill in borrowing money. The idea money produces goods is an age-old fall The truth is that goods produce money goes without saying that finance in busi is important, but the time is coming w the ability to apply effective and econ cal production methods in the operatic a business will be a far greater asset manager than ability to devise way raise an ever-increasing supply of cap The efficient manager must know the di ence between fixed capital and worl capital. He must know that though often necessary to borrow money to fin operations it is unwise and dangerou borrow to meet depletion of fixed cap

Many companies that are in trouble require more scientific management ra than more money. The best way to crease costs and increase production is adopt better methods for routing work handling labor. One big company recen was pulled off the rocks of failure by t efficient work of a committee of systen tizers known as a planning board. rearrangement of the machinery in the co pany's various plants brought a saving 20 per cent in production costs, while t dismissal of superfluous executives who h been kept busy getting out of one anothe way caused a further saving of nearly per cent in overhead expenses. A rece analysis by a world-famous firm of stati ticians showed that far more busine failures are caused by incompetence tha by lack of capital. Sound estimates costs were shown to be the foundation successful business.

Every business man should understan that gains and losses in business mov largely in cycles. Many failures resul from executives foolishly assuming tha their companies' success has been du wholly to the efficiency of their manage ment, whereas, in fact, they have bee carried forward by an expanding cycle Two men may have equal ability and ye one may start in business at the commence ment of a period of inflation and grow rich while the other may go into business at the start of a time of contraction and fail. The only sound plan is to work with the idea that large profits during a cycle of expansion will be at least partly counterbalanced by large losses during a subsequent time of depression. Wise managers prepare for lean years by building up an adequate reserve. Never estimate gains as complete and solid before the end of a cycle.

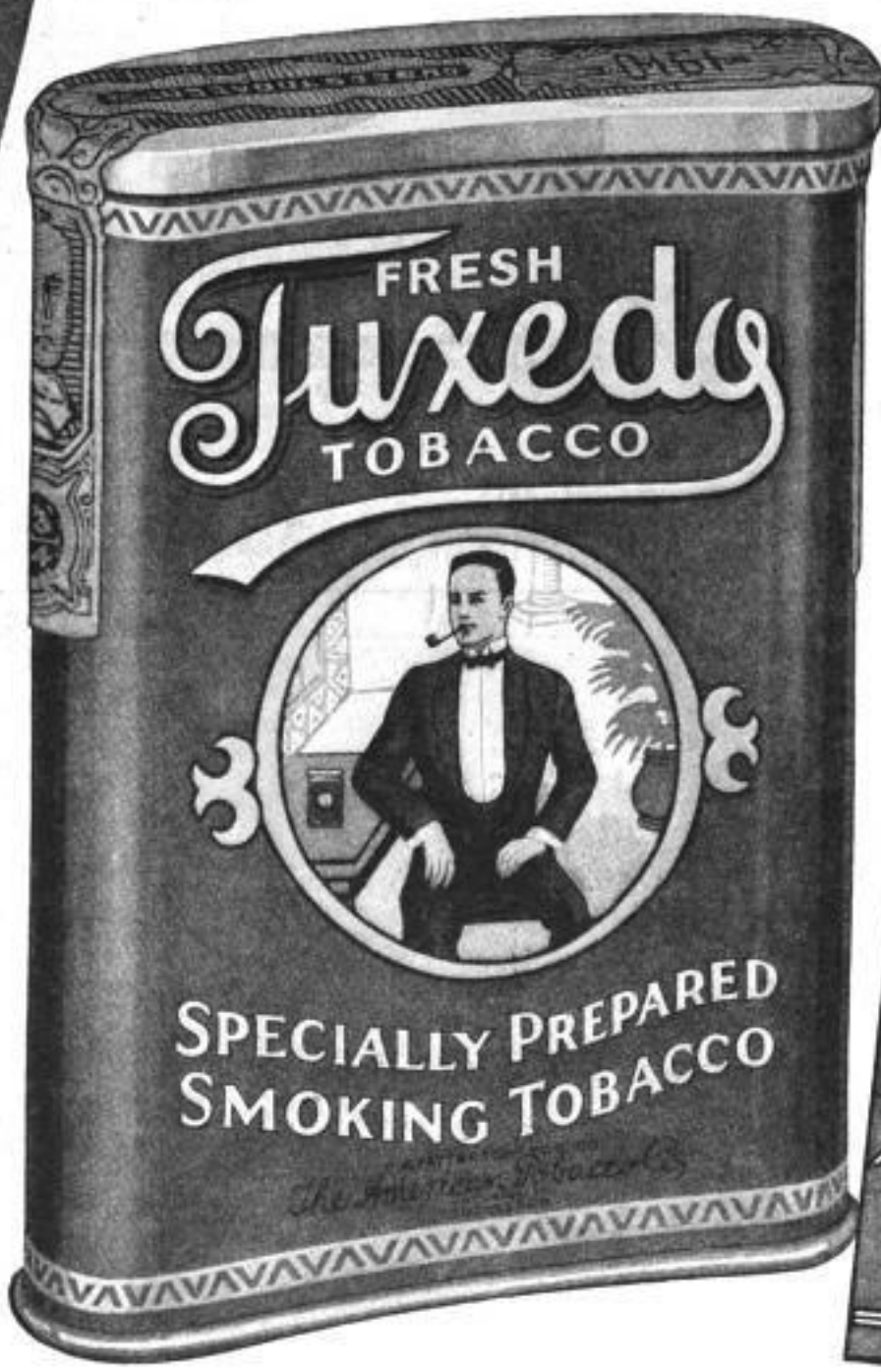
Every business man should prepare a budget and strictly adhere to the program formulated. There is no other way to control plant and equipment expenditures properly. The small business man should not overlook the fact that bank credit can often be obtained through the use of a life-insurance policy. When the individual's name is good such a policy made out to a bank to cover the amount of money borrowed may prove a deciding factor in consummating a loan. Reports prepared for bankers should not be greatly condensed, but on the other hand should contain all important details. In negotiating a loan it is advisable to prepare and present to the banker an estimated future balance sheet with the current balance sheet. The corporation's future position is of as much interest to the lending bank as is the present position of the borrower. Some concerns now assume that money for advertising is expended to purchase goodwill, and since the courts have declared goodwill to be property it follows that advertising expense is an asset and may be used as a foundation for credit.

In the cases of many corporations to-day the need of money is only a symptom, while the basic ailment is faulty management. Though it is desirable that business executives should be familiar with fundamental financial principles it is more necessary that they should clearly understand the relation of increased turnover to increased profit. Wide margins of profit invite competition. It is better to turn the capital of a company three times a year, each time making 7 per cent profit on sales, than to turn the capital only once and make 21 per cent on the single turnover. What most American firms need at present is not more money but a better sales effort. An improvement in selling methods means an increase in turnover and a resulting reduction in production costs and overhead charges.



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fresh from the factory



We have always guaranteed the quality of TUXEDO—now we guarantee its condition when it reaches you.





Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED
—which means that if you don't like TUXEDO tobacco you can get your money back from the dealer.

Read the little booklet attached to every tin—The story of FRESH TUXEDO.

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MEN who understand the distinction between authentic style and temporary fads buy Stetsons.

Not only because a Stetson looks so well, but because it looks well so long.



There is a smartness about this Stetson stiff hat that becomes almost every man either for business or semi-formal wear. You will find this model and others at your Stetson hatter's.



Spring and warm sunshine—and a Stetson soft hat like the one shown here. Fine blocking, absolute style and Stetson quality pay you a real dividend on your investment.

STETSON HATS

STYLED FOR YOUNG MEN

THE POETS' CORNER

After Drought

ACROSS the hills I saw them come
To save the famished grain,
A regiment too long delayed—
The ragged hosts of rain.

Their bayonets were slanting now
Against the darkened sky;
I heard the thunder's cannonade
When the blue ranks marched by.

They stormed into the valley. Hark!
That sound of silver feet!
The land cried for deliverance,
And, oh, the rain was sweet!

They swept through dusty highways, far
Beyond the wide, parched plain;
And everyone leaned out to greet
The tattered hosts of rain.

—Charles Hanson Towne.

Summer in England

IN ENGLAND, in summer, the sky is very blue,
And the grass grows greener than anywhere I know.
The low thatched roofs, elm and oak and yew
Shine in the sun, and the crimson roses blow.
Oh, summertime in England, with soft days, and rains,
And English girls and English lads in fragrant Surrey lanes!

I rode down to Winchester. The hills were at peace,
And I saw rivers winding, like ribbons, far away;
I saw the rich grain and the haymows increase,
And the green hedges glisten through the long, slow day.
Oh, summertime in England, with the sad war over—
How wonderful the Canterbury bells and the clover!

The old walls spoke to me; the old homes said,
"It's beautiful in England with the mad war done!"
But I thought as I passed them, oh, I thought of the dead,
Of boys who would not see again this radiant sun.
For summertime in England is glorious and good,
And the hollyhocks laugh, and the poppy in its hood.

Is it lovelier now, I wonder? Are the gardens more fair? . . .
A girl looks up at the sky as I pass;
And I know she is thinking of somebody there,
Who loved rolling meadows and thick English grass.
Oh, summertime in England—my eyes are very dim—
Summertime for her again, but nevermore for him! —Charles Hanson Towne.

In the Garden

I KNOW a sunny garden
That overlooks the sea,
Hedged all around with hollyhocks
And pinks for company;
And pale nuns' roses one may weave
In wreaths for memory.

No dial's in the garden;
The sunny hours go,
And only wild bees' humming,
When April winds are low,
Makes count of all the minutes
It takes sweet blooms to blow.

There's one dear path that loiters
Where beds of asters keep
Perpetual troth with daisies,
And slim petunias weep
Because the grim snapdragons
Have haled them from their sleep.

A path where night moths whitely,
Against the blur of showers,
Go fluttering through the twilight
Like lost souls of the flowers;
And fireflies dance their revels
All through the mist-hung hours.

The path we found and followed
That unforgotten June,
When microphylla roses
Were whitening 'neath the moon,
And, palpitant with passion,
The lilies lay aswoon.

With white stars sown like snowflakes
Across the wide skies blue,
And every flower breathing
Of youth and loving too,
What wild wind leaped from heaven
To sadden me and you?

For never by the borders,
Where roses dream and die,
Shall you and I go wandering
Beneath a twilight sky,
Like ghosts from out some lovely year
Too sweet for memory.

And never in the garden
Shall we two walk again,
In sad or sunny weather,
In sunshine or in rain,
To gather rue for broken hearts
Or rosemary for pain.

—Mary Lanier Magruder.

Ballade of Old Ladies

GRANDMA'S gone on a jamboree,
All dressed up like twenty-one;
Her skirts are just below her knee,
Her beauty is that neatly done
It almost fools her daughter's son.
With face so fixed she dare not smile,
She's wide awake and full of fun—
Old Ladies have gone out of style.

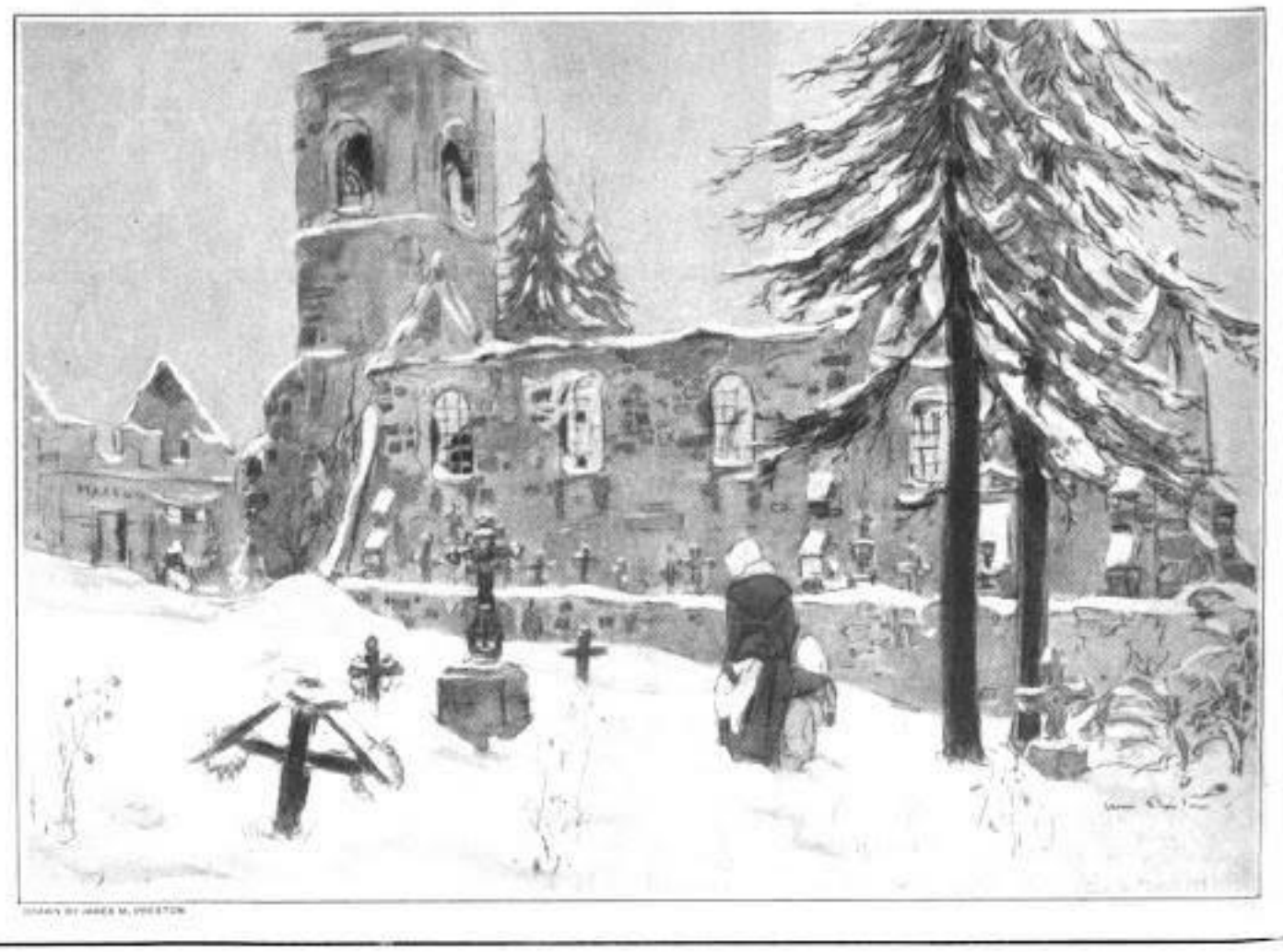
In other epochs Miss Ann Tique
Had on the shelf been laid away,
Too lone, neglected, prim and meek
To do a thing except crochet.
She leads the Younger Set to-day,
And leads it just about a mile.
She's daring, debonair and gay—
Old Ladies have gone out of style.

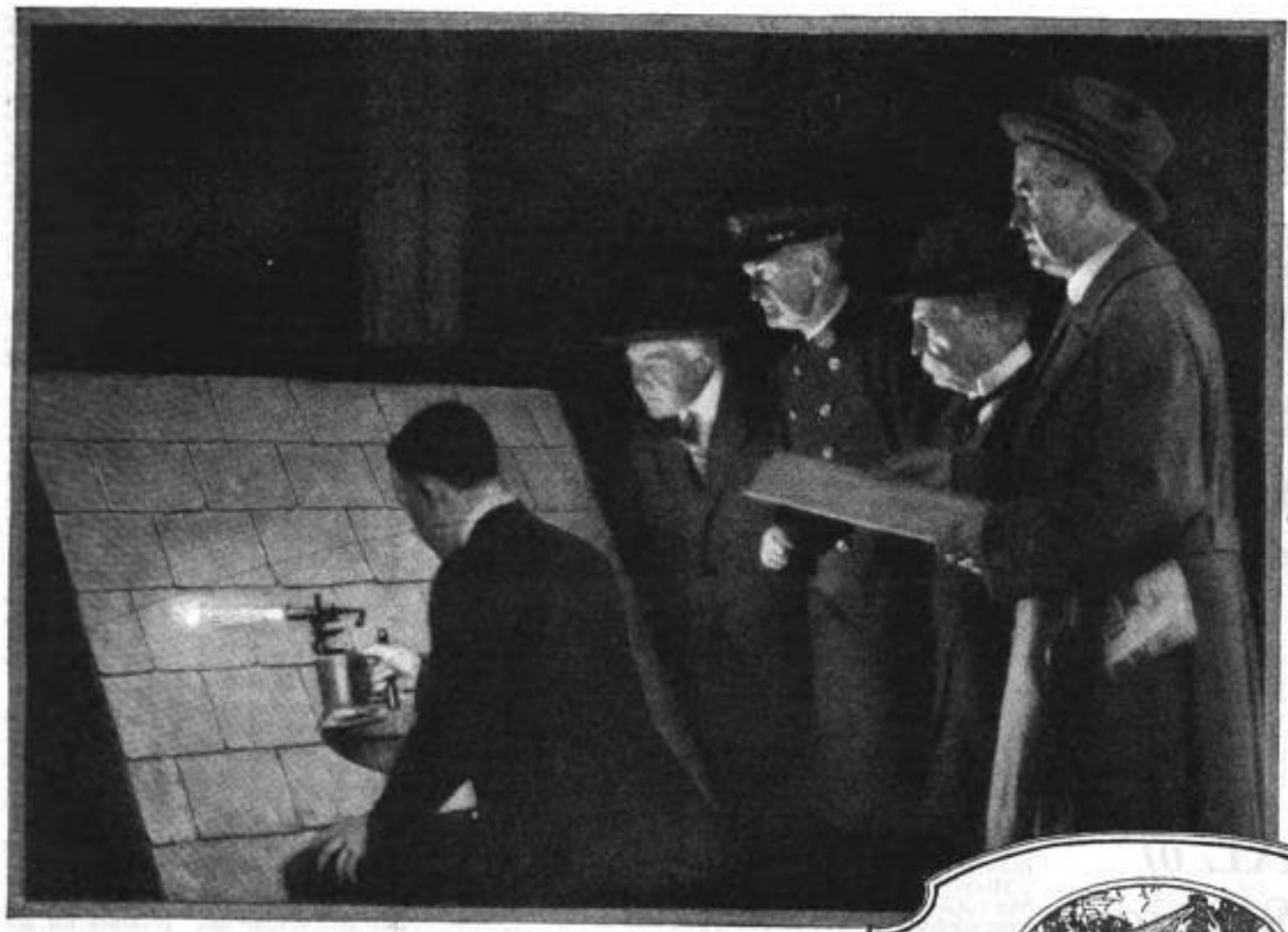
The dodo and the matron old,
The dinosaur and ancient maid,
Men's eyes shall nevermore behold;
Their memory begins to fade.
All women now are in one grade,
Employ the same sartorial guile,
Are young and youthfully arrayed—
Old Ladies have gone out of style.

L'envoi

Sweet sixty, Prince, and sweet sixteen
Affect one fashion and one wile,
And the same way to perk and preen—
Old Ladies have gone out of style.

—Thomas Lomax Hunter.





Ask— your fire-chief your building inspector your conscience

Do you dare to be without an Asbestos Roof?

EVEN if you must think about price, it has small bearing on this question. Asbestos Roofing is not expensive. For instance, Johns-Manville Flexstone Asbestos Shingles (slate-surfaced), which are designed for the average home, cost but a quarter-cent more per shingle than the ordinary rag-felt composition shingles.

And what do you get for this extra quarter-cent?

A fire-chief will tell you that you get fire-safety—a virtue that is common to all Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofings, either in shingle or roll form. Thousands of doubters on this point have been convinced by the famous Johns-Manville blow-torch test and by the fact that these roofings are given highest ratings by Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

A building inspector will tell you that you get permanence, for Asbestos is not only fire-proof, as we all know, but, as not so many of us know, it is also rot-proof. So that an Asbestos Roofing never needs painting or refinishing or any protective measures as do roofings of less enduring organic materials.

Finally, if you let your conscience decide, it will surely agree that you cannot give less than the protection of Asbestos to your home or to any structure on which your welfare or prosperity depend. So, on all counts, fire protection, permanence, low up-keep cost, you find Johns-Manville Asbestos the logical choice.

There is a Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofing, either in shingle or roll form, for every type of building. (See chart on right.) In every case the cost is low when you consider the protection provided.

JOHNS-MANVILLE Inc.
Madison Avenue at 41st Street, New York City
Branches in 60 Large Cities
For Canada: Canadian Johns-Manville Co., Ltd., Toronto



What Type of Asbestos Roofing?
This chart will help you decide

Kind of Building	Type of Asbestos Roofing	Brand or Trade Name
Small buildings	Slate surfaced roll roofing or shingles	Flexstone—red or green
Dwellings $3,000-$7,000	Slate surfaced roll roofing or shingles, or rigid asbestos shingles	Flexstone—red or green; rigid—red, brown or gray
Dwellings $7,000-$25,000	Rigid asbestos shingles	Standard or extra thick—red, brown, gray or blended
Dwellings $25,000 upwards	Rigid asbestos shingles	Colorblende—five-tone, brown with or without red or gray accidentals
Factories, shops and mills—monitor and Sawtooth roofs*	3 or 4 ply ready roofing	Johns-Manville Asbestos Ready Roofing or Built-up Roofing
Flat roofs—all buildings*	Built-up roofing	Johns-Manville Built-up Roofing
Skeleton frame buildings—standard conditions*	Corrugated asbestos roofing with steel reinforcement	Johns-Manville Corrugated Asbestos Roofing
Skeleton frame buildings—excessive temperature or condensation conditions*	Corrugated asbestos roofing without steel reinforcement	Johns-Manville Transite Corrugated Asbestos Wood Roofing

*Note—Industrial buildings call for expert advice. A roofing expert is available at all Johns-Manville Branches.



JOHNS-MANVILLE Asbestos Roofing

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STONE
Rim Parts
LUGS BOLTS NUTS



The
SIGNAL *of* Rim Service
. . . for YOUR car

Now, it's as easy and convenient to equip your car with right rim parts as it is to take on gasoline. Locate the nearest store that sells Stone Rim Parts. Look for the Stone Display Board or Cabinet. There you'll find the parts you need for *your* car—lugs, bolts, nuts—right in size and shape—perfect in fit.

Carry Extra Stone Rim Parts
6 lugs, 6 bolts, 6 nuts
—5c to 30c each

Don't take a chance. Take along extra Stone Rim Parts as insurance against rim mishaps, dangers and delays.

Stone *oversize* lugs take up wear space, fit firmly and tightly. All Stone Parts are galvanized malleable iron—tough and strong to stand the strain of steady service. Only Stone Parts GUARANTEED—accept no substitute. Dealers supplied through jobbers.



STONE
Interchangeable
RIMS

Tire changing is a quick, easy job on Stone Interchangeable Rims. No loose parts. No hinged joints. Interchange with 80% of all demountable rims. Dealers: Your jobber will supply you.

The Stone Manufacturing Company
1502 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago
135 Wooster Street, New York City
216 Higgins Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.
202 Postal Telegraph Bldg., San Francisco, Calif.

BUCKET SHOPS AND HOW TO AVOID THEM

(Continued from Page 4)

nowadays is to relieve the public of their money. Such houses expect that sometime before the expiration of the payment the stock bought by the client will have so declined in the market price that it can be purchased at a profit to the broker.

"In the event that this is not true, their practice is to induce the client to purchase additional stock on partial payments, using the stock paid for as collateral, in the hope that before these payments are completed either or both may be covered at a profit."

Nevertheless, there are a number of important New York Stock Exchange firms which do a very substantial and legitimate business in fractional lots of stock—less than 100 shares—on the partial-payment plan, and nothing in what is stated herein should be taken as contrary to that assertion. It is therefore not necessary for anyone who wishes to deal in odd lots to go elsewhere than to members of the New York Stock Exchange. That institution, by the way, has promised to give more consideration to those who deal in small lots.

Then there are what are known as correspondents, consisting of brokerage firms operating in other cities, connected with New York houses by private wire. These concerns stand on their own responsibility, but from reading their signs one would think that they were controlled or backed by the houses whom they claim to be their New York correspondents. Last night I met a broker from a town in New York State who was a creditor to the extent of $60,000 on the books of a Consolidated house which recently failed.

His clients in the home town had perfect confidence in him, and he had sufficient confidence in the New York broker to leave all that equity there; but when the New York house failed he did not see how he could do anything but make an assignment. This shows that in dealing with an out-of-town broker who is not a member of any exchange there is a double risk—that of his failure, and that of the failure of the main house.

Investment Through Banks

Branch offices of New York Stock Exchange or Consolidated Exchange houses carry the responsibility of the main organizations.

There are many advantages in dealing directly with a New York Stock Exchange house or its branch office; or with a member of the Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Detroit or other Stock Exchange; or you can have your securities purchased and sold by your own bank, trust company or banking house. Small investors and those who are not thoroughly familiar with the Wall Street ropes should have no hesitation in employing their banking institutions for this purpose. Any bank or trust company with whom you deal will be glad to purchase sound stocks and bonds, either outright or with the understanding that you are to pay part at the time of purchase and more at certain intervals later on. Though this does not duplicate the partial-payment plan it amounts to the same thing. Furthermore, your bank is always glad to see you making investment purchases and thus strengthening your financial resources. It helps your credit and there is a strong element of safety about it, which certainly is absent when dealing with bucketeers. Your bank will also take care of the certificates for you, make sure they are in proper form, collect the dividends and credit your account; and when you decide to sell you have only to give the bank written instructions to that effect and the proceeds will be credited to your account. Owing to these many advantages the number of security buyers who are dealing through their banking institutions and banking houses is increasing steadily.

To the inexperienced section of the public nearly all brokerage houses look alike. It is a fact peculiar to the business that one cannot judge by appearances, either of the office, the sign, the size or style of the equipment; for the bucket shop, in attempting to conceal its real character, disguises itself as a legitimate house. In some cases these outfits have begun business on just about enough capital to furnish an office and do some advertising. The money that they have thereafter gathered in, although it belongs to their clients, is considered as the capital or the bank roll of the house. Recently an attempt was made by a crook who called an investor by telephone to urge her to buy a certain security. He said that if she would give him the order he would send a boy around for the check. She grew a little suspicious, and, tracing the call, found that it came from a public telephone booth; that the so-called broker was not only unknown but had no office!

A bucket shop may have a great deal in cash and securities in the bank and in the safe-deposit box, but that does not make it solvent. The test is: How would it liquidate? It has been positively demonstrated in the failures of late—which occurred mostly after clients forced the houses continually to pay out—that generally there is not enough to go around in the final showdown. Take the case of one firm which recently failed with liabilities of $1,500,000. The petition stated that assets amounted to $150,000, but the attorney for the firm says that this is a gross underestimate, and that they will probably amount to $500,000; but even at that, there is a firm which had $1,000,000 of the public's money which it was apparently unable to pay.

Or the case of another house, which failed for $4,000,000. Its so-called assets, largely stocks owned by customers, were absorbed in salaries, which alone exceeded $1,000,000 a year, and other expenses which brought the total up to around $2,000,000. Much of it was gambled away in the grain market. Testimony before the special commissioner in this case developed the fact that the business had been robbed from the inside. "Salaries of the highest amounts were paid, expense bills of tremendously large figures were sent in and O.K'd." The man who had charge of the salaries and expenses received $12,000 a year himself, yet had nothing to say about the running of the business. Funds which were sent in by customers in payment of stocks that were never delivered were used up in expenses.

Large amounts were withdrawn from the firm before it failed.

Is it not amazing that in this enlightened age our banking institutions should be held under close supervision by the state and Federal authorities, while any Tom, Dick or Harry is permitted to come down to Wall Street, open an office, and handle millions of the public's money—in cases much more than some of the banks? Brokerage concerns of both legitimate and illegitimate character are really fiduciaries—that is, they occupy positions of trust. Their money is not in the public's hands, but the public's money is in their hands. Therefore not only Stock Exchange but state and Federal supervision should be in actual control of their operations.

The Desire to Take a Chance

No legitimate house should fail because all its clients withdraw their cash, stocks and bonds; its capital should be intact, with deductions for any operating loss which it might have sustained, or plus any profits which might have accrued. The wide discrepancy between assets and liabilities in recent failures has proved beyond a doubt that these houses were either previously insolvent or had drawn out money and concealed it so that they would not have to pay out what they had acquired in recent years of prosperity.

It is a common impression in Wall Street that the public consists of every person except the one who is reading the item or listening to a conversation in which the public is referred to. The fact is that everyone who deals in securities, whether for investment or for trading profits, forms a grain in that great mass known as the American investment public.

Although among the few there is considerable thirst for investment knowledge, the vast majority of the public is still in the Dark Ages in this respect. Many letters that I receive show that the writers look upon the buying and selling of stocks as more or less of a gambling operation. They write, "The very wealthy people can buy bonds, but with our limited resources"—anywhere from $1000 to $50,000—"we feel more like taking a chance on something." And it is this desire to take a chance which leads so many of them into the hands of the bucketeers.

Investment involves the placing of mo solely for income. Speculation requ the use of intelligent foresight for the pose of making a profit from market flu ations. On the other hand, gambling is employment of funds without the us intelligent foresight. That is the attit of most people when they enter the mar

Having no intimate knowledge of business of investment or speculation even of gambling in stocks, the public tends its large furry ear, as Elbert Hubb would say, to the first suggestion wh comes to it sounding plausible. Give a public oodles of money as it has had ing the past few years, then turn a gan crooks loose on it, and one can rea imagine what havoc will result.

The average trader is governed by emotions—cupidity and fear. His de for gain leads him to take chances, and fear of loss induces him to venture just small an amount as he can up to the ti when he begins to make some money in t market. Then he unbelts; his cupidi knows no bounds. He neglects his fi business or profession in order to deve his time to the market. Although one the first principles in successful speculati is the limiting of losses and letting profi run, he generally reverses this rule, taki small profits and letting his losses ru pinning a hope on the latter in full con dence that though these trades are runnir against him the price will recover and h will get out at a profit eventually.

Juggling Penny Stocks

The bucketeer takes full advantage these very human tendencies. He ap proaches his prospect with the offer t carry a large line of stocks on a small mar gin. Some months before the failure of former member of a New York Consol dated Exchange house, an employe of the firm called one of my men and offered t buy 1000 shares of stock selling at some thing under twenty dollars per share on margin of $400. The prospect of carrying such a large line on such a small amount o money would appeal to many people wh did not know their business, but in thi case all the solicitor got out of it was a cheerful grin. What he wanted to do wa to make a book entry of the proposed transaction and then, when the stock de clined three-eighths of a dollar per share cross it out and pocket the $400. If after that trade was made he could induce the intended client to deposit more money he would eventually have procured for him self, by some of the ways which I will describe, the balance as well as the original deposit. He would have followed the well-known confidence-man method of building up an account, and then, in the parlance of the bucket shops, send it to the cleaner's—a process which I will also describe.

The public likes to buy a whole lot of shares—a big block—of low-priced stocks dealt in on the Curb at cents per share, because it is figured that in case of a rise the percentage of profit will be very large; but as most stocks selling below a dollar per share are worth very little, and as the majority of these issues are juggled around by one or more bucket shops so that such buyers eventually will be wiped out, one can readily understand how the public, in dealing in the penny stocks, plays into the hands of these pirates. Take a man who buys 1000 shares of such stock at sixty cents, on the recommendation found in a market letter which has been sent to 500,000 other customers or prospects, and out of which emanate orders for 50,000 shares of that cheap sixty-cent stock. When these orders are received the stock, which may have been one of the firm's own worthless promotions, is run up to seventy-five cents, and all or most of the orders are filled at that figure, the price being more or less fictitious. After this is done the price of the stock is worked down to sixty cents or fifty cents, and all those who are carrying it are promptly called for margin. If their original purchases were made at seventy-five cents, and the stock is now at the half-dollar mark, that is a shrinkage of 33⅓ per cent, or about the amount which is required as margin by houses that carry such "securities."

But the business of the bucket shops is only partially in these low-priced Curb

(Continued on Page 46)

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THE TWIN-SIX

What is it in the Packard Twin-Six that has aroused in its owners an allegiance that any other car seems powerless to disturb?

The fundamental cause is of course the unchanging excellence of Twin-Six performance, but there are many other reasons than this.

If you will think a moment you will realize that you have never seen a Twin-Six body that was anything but tight and sound and plumb.

You will recall, again, that almost never have you seen a dilapidated Twin-Six fender, nor a Packard wheel but ran staunchly and true.

Twin-Sixes that have years of service and tens of thousands of miles behind them still hold the deep lustre of their enamel and paint.

Their doors "chuck" solidly shut; their controls work smoothly and softly; every item of equipment serves and looks as when new.

The rugged structure of the car—the great frame and the stout axles—remains rigid, silent and secure, seemingly immune even to abuse.

Such qualities as these in the Twin-Six underlie its increasing popularity, and continually reinforce the leadership this fine car enjoys.

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY · DETROIT

Motor Cars and Motor Trucks

The Twin-Six touring, $3850 *at* Detroit
The Single-Six touring, $2350 *at* Detroit

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

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Unless stamped like this it is not a Modified Educator

Have you Spring in your feet?

ARE your feet joyous and ready for a brisk walk through the fresh, spring sunshine, or are they crippled and sick with corns and other foot ills?

Do you know that at last you can get a smart, trim shoe that is fit for dainty feet and yet does not cramp and distort the bones? It's the Modified Educator. A shoe that "lets the feet grow as they should." Yet is stylish and in good taste.

This shoe is a boon to women who are on their feet a lot, yet do not like to sacrifice appearance to comfort.

See the Modified Educator. Note its graceful lines and then realize that this shoe can never cause foot misery. It's the shoe you have been looking for.

Your local TEL-U-WHERE Bureau will give you the name of the nearest Educator dealer.

Write for "*Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet*"—full of unusual foot information.

RICE & HUTCHINS, INC.
14 High St., Boston, Mass.

MODIFIED EDUCATOR SHOE REG'D FOR WOMEN

(Continued from Page 44)

stocks. Big plays for the public's money are made in New York Stock Exchange securities, and most of the so-called big fellows among the bucketeers—that is, those who do not bother with small fry—will not look at an account which contains an equity of less than $5000. That they consider as worth going after. You perhaps are a business man, a lawyer or a doctor in a city or town within a day's train ride of New York. You occasionally deal in stocks, but do not claim to be an expert. You have a leaning toward it, however, and when in your daily paper you note an attractive-looking ad in which E. M. Fillem & Co. offer to send you a Special Analysis of Bethlehem Steel showing some of its possibilities, you promptly spend a two-cent stamp and thereby let yourself in for a lot of trouble. You do not know Fillem & Co., never heard of them, but the advertisement looks good and the stock is one that appeals to you. You have read a great deal about Mr. Schwab, and you feel that if they paint the picture in the right colors you could be persuaded to become one of his business partners by purchasing some shares of Bethlehem.

Before twenty-four hours have passed you receive a telegram from Fillem & Co.: "Trying to get you long-distance phone. Call New York operator. Very important." Simultaneously, perhaps, you are informed by the telephone operator that New York is calling. You judge from this that it must be important or they would not spend $4.30 for a few minutes' conversation with you. Getting into connection you find a suave young man at the other end of the phone, with a sincere and hasty desire to be of service to you. His firm has received your request for a circular on Bethlehem Steel, and they are sending it. "There is no hurry about the Bethlehem Steel—it is in an excellent position and will undoubtedly rise," but what he called you up about was something that would not wait. In fact—and here he grows very confidential—his firm has an order to accumulate 50,000 shares of Studebaker, and he called you in order to give you an opportunity to get aboard before the fireworks start. Unfortunately there was some delay in his getting the phone connection, and in order to make sure that you were not omitted he has bought 200 Studebaker for you at 98. It is now selling at 99, so that without your having put up a cent thus far he has made an actual profit for you. If you will just forward a small amount of margin—nothing like the amount probably required by your local brokers—he will see that the stock is carried for you.

A Look Into the Kitchen

You forward a check for $1000, which, he says, will carry 200 shares, and the next day he calls you up again and says that Studebaker is getting along wonderfully; that they are picking up the stock and expect it will sell at $125 a share in short order. Have you any more money which might be used in making this wonderful clean-up? You have. You send $3000 more and buy another 400 shares. Perhaps one or two more telephone calls may be used to ascertain whether you have any more available money for margin. If not, the final call contains a very offhand request—oh, very offhand! In fact, he just happened to remember it before he hung up. The P. S. is this: "By the way, I expect they will rush Studebaker up very fast tomorrow afternoon, and if you want me to close that out at what I have reason to believe will be the highest price of the day, just drop me a line authorizing the firm to accept orders from me for your account and will attend to that little matter for you. Then I will send you a fat check and you will be thousands of dollars to the good."

You write the letter authorizing him to do the trick. In a day or two you find that not only has your Studebaker been closed out at the lowest price of the day's session, but that you have been put long of 1000 Mexican Petroleum at $125, and sold out at $120. You did not realize that in giving him such a letter you practically placed in his hands a power of attorney to act for you—gave him authority to trade for your account and risk at his own discretion—made it possible for him to send you to the cleaner's. For the transactions which result in the wiping out of the margin you have sent him, and leave you $1000 in debt, are duly recorded on purchase and sales slips with the name of the buyer and the seller in each case, except that if you were able to go behind the scenes you would find that the vital trades which resulted in such large and swift losses were fictitious transactions, and the broker with whom these trades were made did not actually buy from or sell to your broker this unfortunate Mexican Petroleum, but he was merely paid a fee of fifty cents or one dollar per hundred shares for permitting his name to be used in this fraudulent trade.

How Your Goose is Cooked

I realize that in thus taking the public into the kitchen and showing them how some of their meals are cooked I am spoiling their appetite for certain dishes. That is just what I hope to do. And I shall exert further efforts along this line until by one means or another I assist in inducing the American people to use common sense in their security-market transactions.

I feel sure that you, reader, would not intrust $5000 to a stranger who rushed up to your office or your home and on one excuse or another tried to induce you to let him have the money in order that he might buy any other kind of goods, commodity or piece of property for your account and risk. You would not do this with anyone but perhaps one of your most intimate friends. As for mere acquaintances, you would never consider such an action for a moment. Why, then, should you put your good American dollars into hands that go with a voice over the telephone—a man whom you have never seen, working for a firm that you do not know and never heard of until you saw their advertisement?

Legitimate stock-brokerage houses do not go to such extremes, do not excitedly urge you to open an account or to put your money in their hands; they do not solicit and would not accept discretionary authority from you, for they realize that it is not only a questionable practice but if persisted in would lead to expulsion from the New York Stock Exchange if they were represented thereon.

You cannot butt into the inner circles of Wall Street by long-distance telephone. But this is only one means of interesting you. There is the subtle correspondence, with its suggestions that you buy this or that. There are the telegrams which come along at frequent intervals, urging you to make your first venture. And last, but not least, there is the traveling salesman, who just happened to be out this way and dropped in to make your personal acquaintance. He also is a very smooth-talking gentleman, knows all about the market, tells you what a fine house he is working for, names some of the big transactions they have had, assures you that their operations are for some of the greatest financiers and that their confidential relations with eminent houses are of the very best. Personal acquaintance goes a long way; you feel that if the house is anything like its representative you would like to deal there, and perhaps you permit salesman to carry away with him a c for your first deposit.

Why not take the same precautio you do in your general business tra tions? If you are a manufacturer and are selling a line of goods to a house fo first time you have your credit men them up. You procure commercial-ag reports, you request your bank to inq of its New York correspondent, you the buyer for numerous trade refere and you otherwise satisfy yourself th you sell him the goods you will eventu get your money. When it comes to dea in stocks, why throw all these conserva business methods to the winds? The nothing peculiar about a brokerage h which entitles it to more confidence than would give to a commercial organizati

You are venturing in a business of wh you know little or nothing. Would you that in manufacturing or merchandisi Is it not better to venture in timidly first, with very small amounts of mo that you can afford to lose? Should *not* same set of brains that guides you to s cess in your own field be employed for y protection and profit in the field of *finan* I believe that it should, and that is my ject in showing how the bucketeers of W are able to part you from your *money*; you owe it to yourself to learn somethi about brokers and securities before you in. It is a business in which *the riche* most powerful, most influential, as well the shrewdest among the real financiers not find it so easy to make *and to ke* money; hence your success depends u upon what someone tells you or claims to able to tell you about the business, but, in every other field of endeavor, it depen upon the knowledge which you seek, ma your own and turn to your own purpos

Symptoms of Bucketeering

Investment information is available fro the best channels; it is invaluable to you your present business or profession. It especially necessary to you in your lat years, during which such a large percentag of Americans find themselves in a depen ent position. In other words, financial in dependence is something that can be studie and finally attained by any man intelligen enough to make a living elsewhere; bu my word of warning is that in his pursui of this form of knowledge he should not b guided by the pseudophilanthropists know in Wall Street as bucketeers.

I have shown in the foregoing some of th ways in which bucket shops may be iden tified and avoided: By the

1. Frantic efforts to secure your busi ness, regardless of expense.
2. Munchausen-like stories which they tell you in order to induce you to trade.
3. Small amount of money which they require in comparison with that exacted by legitimate New York Stock Exchange houses.
4. Corporations with which they are identified and whose stocks they are trying to sell you.
5. Representations that they have previously bought for you a lot of stock which already shows a profit.
6. Their request for authority to trade for your account.
7. Inducing you to deposit your present holdings in order to purchase additional stock.
8. Representations that the firm is operating for pools or insiders.

There are a number of other earmarks of the bucket shop, which I will endeavor to explain in another article; also, what remedies I have proposed for the present situation, and what steps the stock exchanges, the state and Federal authorities are taking toward its elimination.



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WILLYS-KNIGHT

At a low *new* price of

$1375

f. o. b. Toledo

A new, delightful motoring experience awaits thousands who are now able to own and enjoy the brilliant flexibility and luxury which has long made the Willys-Knight car a favorite with people of greater means.

YOU now can own a car whose life is measured by scores and even hundreds of thousands of miles, with coach and chassis built extra strong and extra quiet to avoid even those minor noises which the quiet Willys-Knight Motor would accentuate and make intolerable.

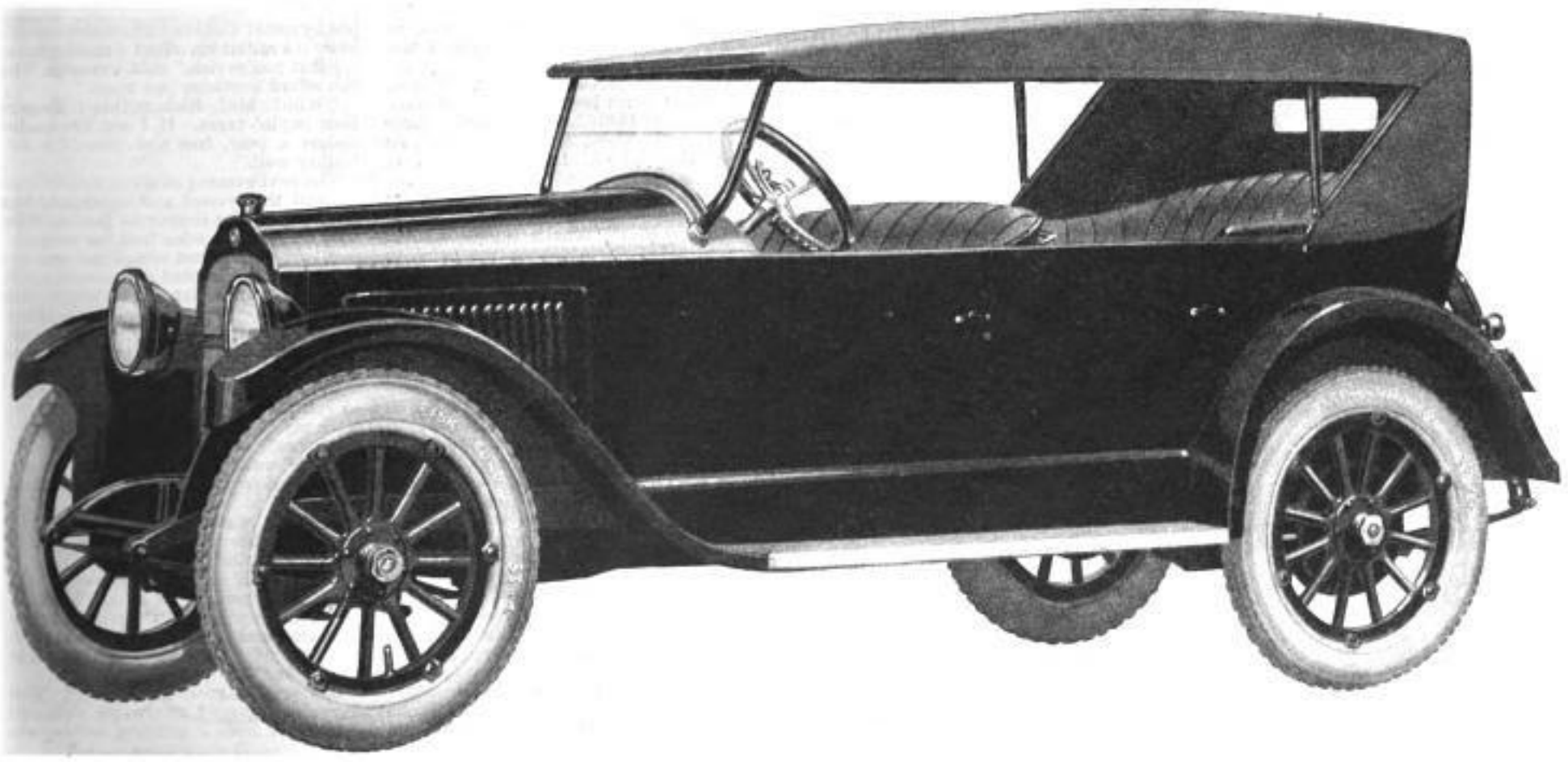
You can free yourself from the annoyance of motor repairs and adjustments; from valve grinding and from noise.

You can enjoy the surprising economy which only a Willys-Knight owner knows, for the Willys-Knight car combines its peculiarly low upkeep economies with the largest known gasoline mileage of any car of its power and weight.

Touring Car, now $1375 · Roadster, now $1350 · Coupé, now $1875 · Sedan, now $2095

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., Toledo, Ohio · *Canadian Factory*, Willys-Overland, Ltd., West Toronto, Ontario, Canada

The Willys-Knight Motor Improves With Use



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For Every Kind of Motor Car Use

For the windshield and windows in your motor car no other kind of glass can take the place of plate glass. It gives clarity of vision that nothing else can equal. For it never deceives the eye or the wheel-hands.

For every car, large or small, open or closed, plate glass means certainty and safety in driving, beauty of appearance, and the firm knowledge that you are seeing things as they are and never distorted by waves and swirls that distort the view.

People cover their dining-tables with plate glass protection because plate glass is smooth, level, sag-free. For the same reasons, you need it for replacements when accidents break the glass in your motor car.

PLATE GLASS MANUFACTURERS of AMERICA

Nothing Else is Like it ©

Genuine PLATE GLASS MADE IN U.S.A.

Sense and Nonsense

The Strong Silent Man

TALL, heavily built, with deep-set eyes, a prominent jaw, and slow but deliberate of speech. There you have the typical strong silent man, to look at.

The impressions he makes on you are subtle. You can tell he has an iron will and a relentless determination to get what he wants in spite of every obstacle in his way. Note the tightly compressed lips. He is a born fighter. It is in his bearing. But he would give up his life for his friend, without even telling his wife about it beforehand. He would be as steady as a rock in a crisis.

The great strength of the strong silent man is his weakness; he has an enormous respect for women, and a heart that melts at the sight of a weeping child.

Before you are aware of it you are weaving a story round him. He is obviously a devoted son; but it is possible that until he has learned to understand his wife or, rather, she has learned to understand him, he would make an overbearing husband. Consider the beetling brows.

But there is a pathetic wistfulness about the strong silent man. He will marry late and, until then, lead a lonely life, in spite of his many friends. His greatest wish is to spend the winter evenings sitting by the anthracite stove, watching his wife darn his socks. He makes enormous holes in them. But it is some time before he finds a fitting partner, and so this wish is destined to remain unfulfilled until he is approaching middle age. And if he should make a mistake and find himself darning her stockings instead—that is to say, if he should marry a stronger and more talkative woman —— But, of course, he never makes mistakes.

That is the story you will weave round the strong silent man. But you will discover if you get to know him better that things are not wholly what they seem. The silence that has so intrigued your imagination is only one of his many moods. At times he unbends. When that happens he not only talks but jabbers.

You immediately lose the illusion of his mental strength, and though he appears physically strong he never takes any exercise. Losing also that illusion, you readjust your ideas, and begin to find that he is both clumsy and stupid. You had endowed him with qualities he doesn't possess.

He is neither strong nor silent. He is a big stiff!

Fishing à la Grand Cañon

AT THE Grand Cañon in Arizona it ever been the custom of the Harvey Company to employ an official professional romancer whose duty it hang about and stuff the visiting Eas tourist with weird wild yarns to match weird wild surroundings. For years principal entertainer was an ancient tleman with long white whiskers wi fictions were almost as majestic awe-inspiring as the cañon itself. La another aspirant has turned up in the son of a venerable retired prospector, he is giving the incumbent a close race first honors.

The newcomer has a natural sense drama. He knows how to invest his cr tions with effective byplay and bits of lo color. First he murmurs, "Excuse, pleas then he squirts a stream of tobacco ju into space, repeats his apology, tugs at t ends of his long drooping mustache, gi the cowboy hitch to his belt and is *ready* unfold a dream tale.

Here is a quaint bit of folklore which unloaded the other day upon a guileless group of visitors from the Atlantic Se board. One of the party asked him whet there was any fishing in the *turbid, yell* Colorado River, which they could s foaming over its rapids a sheer mile belo them at the bottom of the cañon.

"Oh, yes," he said. "But I 'low I' about the only man in Arizony who knov how to ketch them fish. Them fish is p culiar, same as everything else in this pa of Arizony. One curious thing abo them fish is that they always swim bac wards."

"Why do they do that?" inquired one the audience.

"To keep the mud from gittin' in the eyes. But it's easy enough to ketch 'em you know how. Them fish is all plum crazy over eatin' tobacco; so when I ai to go fishin' I take a club and a ten-cen plug of eatin' tobacco and I go down to th bottom of the cañon and I pick me out nice shoal place where I can see the fish s they come swimmin' upstream tail first then I take my pocket knife and I cut th plug up into little pieces, and I wade ou a ways and spread the bait on the wate 'The fishes grab it and go down to the bot tom and start chewin'. Purty soon they get to hankerin' to spit. Not even a fis can spit under water, so when they com up to the top to spit I haul off with my club and hit 'em over the heads."

WIMMIN IS WIMMIN

(Continued from Page 32)

woman going I could go along, and he couldn't say a word. He'd think I was looked after."

"Um —— Serve him right. Boston, eh? Hain't never been to Boston. Dunno anybody that has. Long ways off. Some woman, eh? These husbands is hell on bossin' their wives. Like to give one of 'em his come-uppance."

"You—you don't mean you'll go to Boston with me!"

"What's that? What's that? Who in tunket said anythin' about me goin' to Boston, eh?"

"But you—I thought that was what you meant. And you didn't, and I'm disappointed."

"If you beller," said Miss Stiffler harshly, "I'll smack ye! Sure's thunder, I'll up and smack ye good! And why shouldn't I go to Boston if I want to? Tell me that! Got a right in Boston, I calc'late. No reason in the world fer goin', savin' and exceptin' teachin' your husband a lesson. When'll we go?"

"To-morrow," said Veronica promptly. "I'll—I'll pay all your expenses."

"Like the mischief you will! Now I've dug into that burial fund, I might's well git to the bottom of it. You come into the house."

In the little parlor Veronica saw the cheval glass draped in old newspapers. Quite evidently it had worried Miss Stiffler, and she had abated the menace of it. The glass was completely hidden.

"S'pose I'll have to wear that dog-gone dress," she said. "Hate to! Wear and tear! To git tempted into sich foolishness jest by spite! Couldn't afford sich clothes ac more'n a rabbit kin afford a monkey's tail."

"But you're rich," said Veronica. "You can afford anything you want."

"Who? Me? Rich, nothin'! Keeps me poor payin' taxes. If I see five hundred dollars a year, free and clear, I'm doin' mighty well."

The next evening at seven o'clock Veronica and the revised and expurgated Miss Stiffler took the sleeper to Boston. When they arrived Veronica took her companion in a taxi to the most ornate and expensive hotel the city afforded and secured adjoining rooms which blared with luxury. Miss Stiffler was somewhat oppressed and silent.

"If you want anything," Veronica said, "just ring that bell. They'll bring you anything in the world you ask for."

"Honest? And the's hot water ready to run all the time. And them men will fetch my meals up and feed 'em to me if I want 'em? Oh, my gosh! Hain't it silly? Me bein' waited on that hain't never had a hand lifted fer me in my life! Ree-dic'lous, I call it!"

Veronica wanted Miss Stiffler to sally forth with her to see the sights, but Miss Stiffler had other views.

"I'm payin' seven dollars a day for this here room, and, b'jing, I calc'late to git my money's wuth! Mebby this afternoon I'll go out and jam around, but this mornin' I hain't goin' to stir. I'm a-goin to be waited on."

She was as good as her word. When Veronica returned at twelve o'clock she discovered from a grinning bell boy who

(Continued on Page 50)

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PAIGE

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA



Why You Can Buy a Paige for '1465

Since the introduction of the New Series 6-44 Touring Car at the reduced price of $1465 we have been frequently asked: "How is it possible to manufacture a five-passenger six cylinder car of such superb quality at such a low figure?"

There is but one answer: Automotive experience and manufacturing and financial resources. The New Series model represents the accumulated experience of Paige engineers to date. It is their last word in terms of modern designing and economical production.

Consequently this car, with its 50-horsepower engine and its 119-inch wheelbase, is a highly refined and perfected product from the workshop of men who have spent years in the development of high grade six cylinder cars at the lowest possible price.

The same reason—experience combined with resources—makes the 6-44 of today at $1465 a vastly better car than the 6-44 at its original price of $1965. It is logically the popular favorite because never before has it been possible to buy so much luxurious and economical motoring for so little money.

New 6-44 owners throughout the country are proving these statements to their own satisfaction in daily service. In the hands of these owners the car is giving practical demonstrations of its rare performing abilities and sound, sturdy constitution.

When speed and power are demanded they have them at instant command, while acceleration from 5 to 25 miles an hour in 9 seconds flat gives them the mastery of every traffic complication. Is it to be wondered, therefore, that the 6-44 at $1465 is one of the fastest selling light sixes on the market today?

The New 6-44 Prices

6-44 Touring, 5-Passenger - - -	$1465	6-44 Sedan, 5-Passenger - - -	$2245
6-44 Sport Type, 4-Passenger - -	1595	6-44 Coupé, 4-Passenger - - -	1995
6-44 Roadster, 3-Passenger - - -	1465		

All Prices F. O. B. Factory, Tax Extra

Cord tires standard equipment on all models

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ALMOND BAR

Crisp, Meaty Almonds and the Zay-Tek Blend of Chocolate

The same luscious chocolate you get in the big red tubes of Zay-Tek Eatmors is used in Zay-Tek Almond Bars.

It's the chocolate blended to suit the American taste.

Zay-Tek Almond Bars are smooth as velvet and full of crisp, meaty almonds, selected for their rich flavor. Days of mixing the blended chocolate give it that delicious, creamy quality that distinguishes all Zay-Tek Chocolate Products.

You have to taste a Zay-Tek Almond Bar to realize how good this combination of blended chocolate and fine almonds really is.

Try one today. Ask for a Zay-Tek Almond Bar at the nearest candy counter. Its appetizing goodness will delight you.

PENNSYLVANIA CHOCOLATE COMPANY

Pittsburgh, Penna., U. S. A.



(Continued from Page 48)

was just leaving the room that Miss Stiffler's bell had been constantly noisy all the morning. She had been availing herself of service. A procession of boys had been ascending to learn that she wanted ice water and pots of tea and a clay pipe and a bag of gumdrops and a paper, and items of varying character and difficulty. Her imagination was near the point of exhaustion. She was dispatching the current bell boy for a box of twelve-gauge shotgun shells. When these came her orgy of service would be at an end for utter inability to think of anything else to send for.

"I sort of like it," she said. "Dunno but what livin' like this part of the time would be kind of distractin'."

"Why not do it?" said Veronica. And then quickly, "We are going to a matinée this afternoon and to the theater to-night."

"There hain't nothin' I won't give one whirl to," said Miss Stiffler.

For the first time Miss Stiffler saw the inside of a playhouse, nor was she in the least shocked by the costumes of the show girls. She was hugely amused, and entertained quite two rows of the audience by her audible remarks and hearty laughter.

Next morning Veronica took her shopping.

"I've got to buy a few little things," she said, and went for them to the most exclusive and expensive store in the city.

"You might as well amuse yourself looking at some dresses while I pick out what I want," she said; and before Miss Stiffler knew what was happening she was in the hands of two expert psychologists, hired at reasonable salaries to exercise their mesmeric powers upon the women of the vicinage. A woman in such a department is as helpless as a rabbit in a constrictor's cage. Miss Stiffler was to discover she belonged to the sisterhood.

"I don't want to buy a dum thing," she said. "I'm jest amusin' myself."

"Certainly, certainly," said the blond hypnotist; "and now suppose you slip this on and see how it looks."

"You're wastin' time," said Miss Stiffler; but the hypnosis was at work, and she allowed herself to be hooked into the gown. Afterward she allowed herself to be incased in a suit, and other gowns and suits until she was quite bewildered and altogether under the power of the hypnotists. Veronica remained absent.

"This suit," explained the lady psychologist, "is of course imported. There is not another in America."

"You mean it wouldn't be possible for one of the Ladies' Aid to match it?"

"Utterly impossible. In this suit you can be confident of being the best dressed woman in your town"—and so on and so forth and in addition.

"I'd kind of like to show them cats a thing or two," Miss Stiffler kept repeating to herself. And then Veronica appeared.

"What? Selected nothing yet? Here, let me help you! This gray suit, now—it's wonderful. Yes, you'd better take that."

"How much?" demanded Miss Stiffler, but her question was promptly submerged and drowned.

"And this afternoon dress. You simply can't get along without that."

Miss Stiffler sat limp under the hypnotic eyes. She felt the impending calamity, but was powerless to avert it. Whither was she drifting? And how much was the drift going to cost? And how ever would she pay for it?

She was adroitly wafted to the lingerie department and to the millinery department and to the hosiery department and to the shoe department.

"But I got a pair of shoes," she protested.

"If you're going to show the Ladies' Aid you'll need at least half a dozen pairs."

"My Gawd!" said Miss Stiffler breathlessly.

It was dusk when they emerged from the store. Miss Stiffler had no idea what she had purchased, or for how much she was liable in dollars and cents. On the contrary! She was dazed and dazzled. Something had awakened in her. What was this thing that arose inside and demanded and urged her on to such idiocy? She did not know, but she knew she could not escape from it. She rather fancied she was going crazy.

The next day or so never did return to her distinctly. Veronica adroitly showed her the kingdoms of the earth and the comforts and pleasures to be obtained therein; and with the skill of a master she pointed out constantly how they might be obtainable by Miss Stiffler.

"Why," she said, "with an income of, say, ten thousand a year, a single woman like yourself can live like a queen in a fi story!"

"Ten thousand what a year? Dolla Whoo!"

"You could have a room in an apartm hotel and all the service you want stay as long as you liked. Think how t would sound to the Ladies' Aid when came home! 'Bede Stiffler lives in one those hotels in Boston, and never has lift her hand.' That's what they'd s And they'd say, 'Look at her clothes a everything! And she owns her own au mobile!' Why, they'd go crazy w jealousy!"

"Huh!"

"But the best of it would be *the r* pleasure and comfort you would get out life. You're entitled to be happy and to waited on, and not to have *to chop yo* own wood and ——"

"Would I have to smoke cigarettes?"

"Of course not!"

Miss Stiffler sighed. "Never could fet myself to do it," she said.

Then her purchases arrived with t bills attached, and she knew an hour panic. They came to a total that bowl her over. It was more money than sh handled in a year.

"Now I've been and done it!" she sai "All comes of gettin' into bad comp'ny." She eyed Veronica coldly. "This here your doin's. Not but what I done *my par* I was darn fool enough to be bamboozle into it. Huh! Ten thousand a yea Um ——"

She went into her room and slammed th door. Veronica sat down on the bed, pal tired, quivering with anxiety, for she kne well the crucial moment had arrived. A hour passed—two hours. Then Miss Stif fler burst open the door and stamped to point just before Veronica.

"Blame you," she said, "you got m into this here mess, and you got to git m out! You got me all het up to buy thes dum fool riggin's and to git myself waite on, and hot baths and silk shimmies an sich. Now what ye goin' to do about it I agree with ye. I'm entitled to as good a the next, and I've worked my share, an I'm entitled to be worked fer. But how'l I git it? Say!"

"Why ——" Veronica began, and paused afraid to make a false move.

"I'll tell ye how I'm a-goin' to git it," said Miss Stiffler. "I'm goin' to sell that dratted timber of mine and be rich. By gosh, I'm a-goin' to have as good's they got the rest of my life! And you got to help me out. You got to find somebody to buy it off of me."

"I—I'll try," said Veronica. "I'll wire my husband right away. He'll know some way to do it. What is it—what is it worth?"

"My father paid eighty-six cents an acre for it, and he said that was a darn good price them days. I hain't no idee what it'll fetch now. You find out, and if I think you guessed right I'll sell. Alton offered me fifteen dollars an acre."

"It's worth more than that," said Veronica.

"You bet your bottom dollar it is! It's virgin. Tell ye what! A thousand dollars a month 'ud be about right—wouldn't it?—to live on good. That's 6 per cent on two hunderd thousand dollars. Git me that and I'll sell."

"I'll wire," said Veronica.

The wire was answered, and she showed the yellow slip to Miss Stiffler:

Offer accepted. Allow Miss Stiffler to draw whatever she needs to bind the bargain.

Bede Stiffler regarded the telegram with eyes which had grown shrewd. She turned from it to Veronica and peered at her.

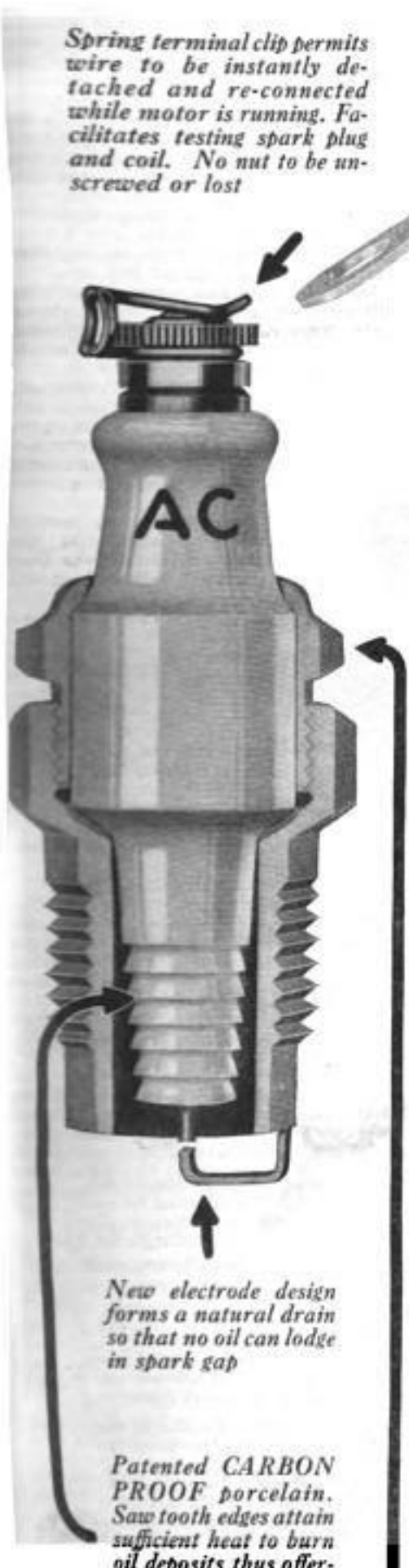
"Um —— Young woman, you done it, didn't ye? You come it over me. Seen you could do it from the start."

"I did want the timber awfully badly," said Veronica; "but, honestly, I wanted you to get something out of life too. I did! I couldn't bear to see you living that way when you could just as well ——"

"—— live like a stuffed peacock. Um! Where you was wiser'n most, my dear, was in wearin' them little knee pants of yourn. It give you understandin'. You knowed all the time that it didn't matter a darn what she had on, but that a woman was always a woman. Wimmin is wimmin. Oh, my gosh, but hain't wimmin wimmin!"

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Why Ford Owners Should Use This Special Spark Plug



Spring terminal clip permits wire to be instantly detached and re-connected while motor is running. Facilitates testing spark plug and coil. No nut to be unscrewed or lost

New electrode design forms a natural drain so that no oil can lodge in spark gap

Patented CARBON PROOF porcelain. Saw tooth edges attain sufficient heat to burn oil deposits thus offering effective resistance to carbon

Unscrew this bushing and plug comes apart. Only one gasket used. Notice compact porcelain to withstand hard service

Most engine trouble comes from worn-out or incorrectly designed spark plugs.

If your car starts hard, *don't run the battery down;* if it misses and splutters, *don't blame all the trouble on the carburetor and piston rings.*

Probably all you need is a set of the new special AC 1075 Spark Plugs for Fords.

Every Ford owner knows the faults of ordinary spark plugs, and AC 1075 is specially designed to put an end to all the old annoyances.

AC 1075 for Fords was designed by the same experts who have designed and made for years the AC Plugs used by most builders of costly cars.

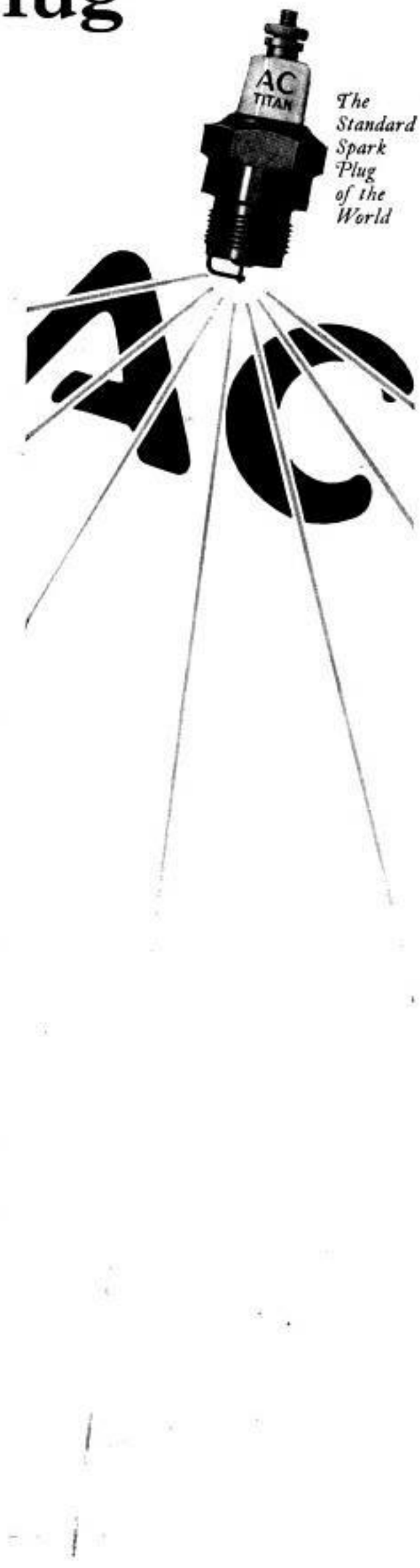
Put a complete set of these plugs in your Ford engine and see how much the performance will be improved.

If your Ford dealer will not supply you, you can obtain these plugs from any other good dealer.

No matter what car you drive, your engine is handicapped by old, worn-out or incorrectly designed plugs. There is an AC Spark Plug specially designed for your car. Buy spark plugs by name. Ask for and be sure you get AC's.

AC Spark Plug Company, FLINT, *Michigan*

U. S. Pat. No. 1,110,227, April 14, 1914. U. S. Pat. No. 1,216,139, Feb. 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending

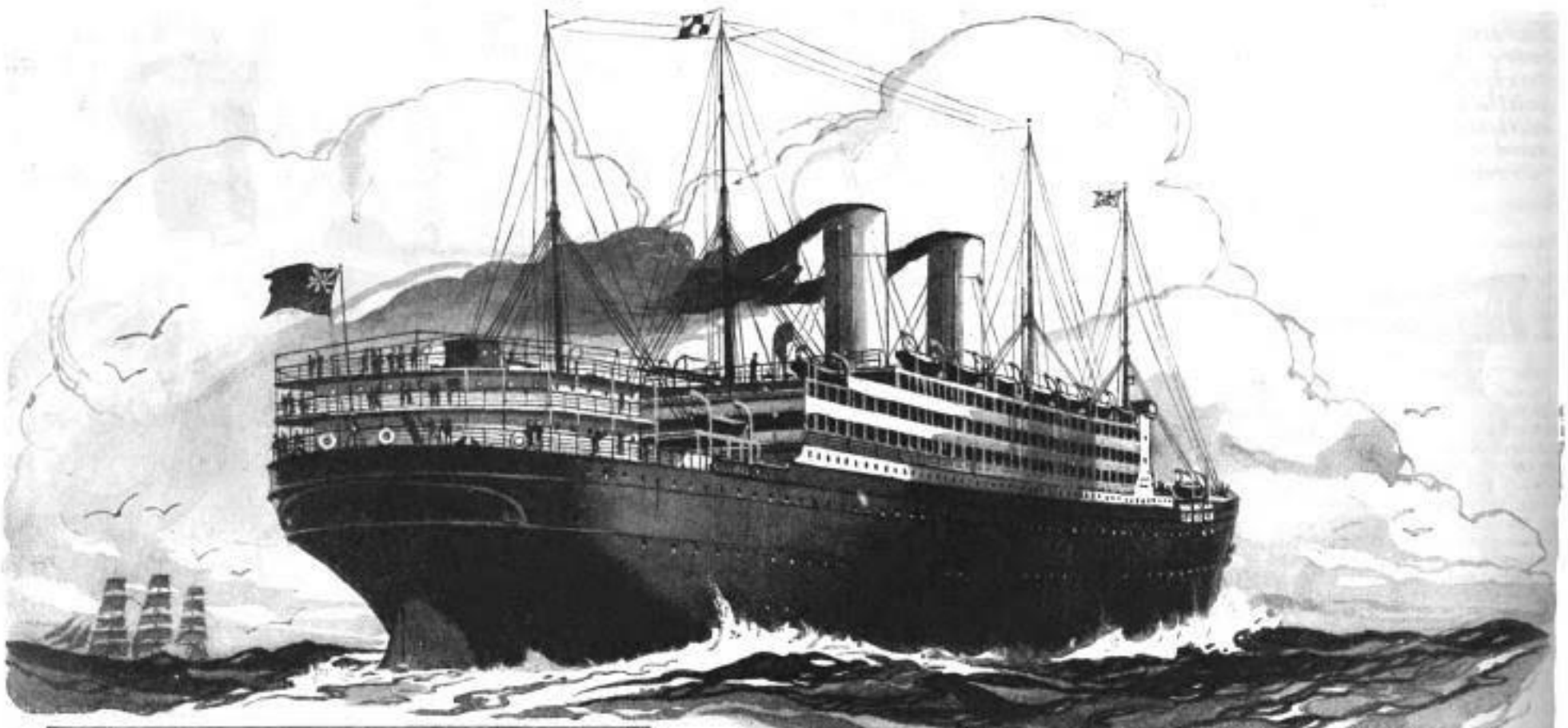


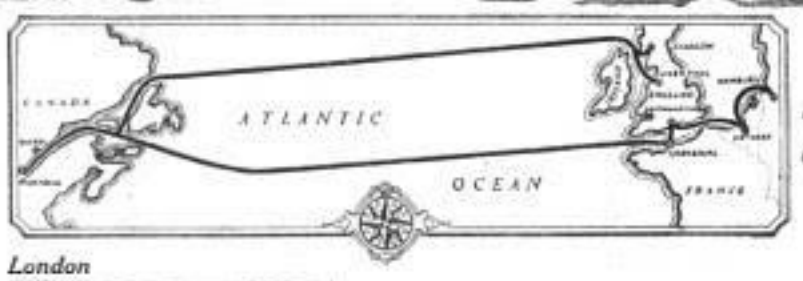
The Standard Spark Plug of the World

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"Empress of Scotland"

Via Quebec *and the* St. Lawrence

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Old French Canada Montreal, the largest inland port in the world, with its historic Chateau Ramezay and alluring side trips.

Quebec, the "Gibraltar of America," with its Citadel, its Plains of Abraham and memories of Wolfe and Montcalm, with its old-world French quaintness and charm, and palatial Chateau Frontenac.

The voyage down the river—the broad highway traveled by La Salle, Cartier and Champlain, pioneering adventurers from the old world—with the beauties of primeval forest and rocky cliffs on either hand, the shores dotted with thriving hamlets and busy towns.

Then the broad expanse of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, past Anticosti, the Magdalens, Cape Breton Island and Newfoundland to the open sea.

A Fresh-Water, Salt-Water Journey An "inland voyage" followed by four glorious days on the Atlantic. A fresh-water, salt-water journey on board one of the large finely appointed "Empress" liners from Quebec to Cherbourg, Southampton and Hamburg.

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This new queen of the Canadian service is a magnificent oil-burning vessel of 25,037 gross tons with every appointment for the comfort of the traveler. Twelve public rooms, including regally decorated ballroom, music-room, smoking-rooms, and palm garden.

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Canadian Pacific Offices All Over the World

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KEEP TO THE RIGHT—DON'T SHOVE!

(Continued from Page 37)

sections, transport it to the island by steamboat, rebuild it and repaint it. But it was an imposing-looking attraction.

As an unusual sop to the pleasure seekers admission was absolutely free. To the astonishment of the owners the battleship was a complete flivver. Nobody would go in it. Finally it occurred to one of the managers that the fault was in the free admission. This proved to be correct.

He put in a few stuffed animals, some naval souvenirs, a couple of automatic pianos and two dandy lecturers. The admission fee was raised at eleven cents, including war tax, and they packed the ship. They are packing it every day now.

The attractions that I have classified are not engaged by the season at a fixed sum. Each show is an individual unit, usually working with others to make up a group. These groups or syndicates have become necessary, due to the inability of a single attraction to find a location all its own. A man with what he thinks a good attraction applies to a park of established reputation for space. He either pays a lump sum for rental or works on percentage. The man who runs his attraction on a percentage basis is called a concessionaire. The man who pays a fixed amount and gets all that he can make is a privilegee. It is pretty hard to get a concession unless you have a show known to be sure-fire. The chance-takers are privilegees.

These privilegees sometimes clean up, very much to the discomfiture of the syndicate-park manager. It is very hard for an experienced showman to tell what will go and what will not. He is very cagy about taking chances. It is a thing nobody can figure out.

A young fellow came to our office one day with what he claimed was a sure clean-up.

"It's a game of blowing up balloons," he said, at which the manager gave me a look out of the corner of his eye. We both thought him another nut.

"It's sure-fire," he insisted. "Didn't you ever see the excitement and suspense in a kid's face when he is blowing up a toy balloon, the thrill he gets for fear it will burst?"

"I'm afraid there's nothing ——"

"Oh, don't say that!" insisted the young man. "It's a winner. I've got a wireless apparatus that spits and sputters for the ballyhoo. Then I have a flat scene like an aviation field. On this I have a dozen or more toy balloons deflated and lying on the miniature field."

"Say, my boy, I'm awful busy. Now——"

"No, wait! In front where the spectator stands I have twelve small wheels like steering wheels—one for each balloon. By turning these wheels air is pumped into the balloons and they gradually inflate. But if you turn the wheel too fast the pump won't work. If it is turned too slow you don't get the air in fast enough."

Fun With the Pig Slide

"Well, what's the answer?" the manager impatiently demanded.

"Why, a couple of friends pay ten cents each for a wheel. They start pumping up the balloons. The one that bursts his balloon first wins. To a triple winner we give prizes."

The fellow was almost chased out of the office. The next spring he was back again with his pet idea. The manager finally agreed to give him a location for the season for twenty-five hundred dollars cash. He planked it right down. It turned out to be one of the best-paying games in the park. I have seen men and women stand there and spend as much as five dollars just for the thrill of bursting the little balloon. There is always a nervous scream of excitement from the girls as it pops.

The first day this young man took in one hundred and ninety dollars.

This year he will be a concessionaire—if he wants to be.

Another fellow came along one day with what he described as a pig slide. He also went away disappointed. But he wouldn't give up. He is now making good money. The pig slide is a ball-throwing game. When a thrower hits the bull's-eye in a curtain a little pig is released from a cage above, and with feet spread out, jumps on a slide just like those you have for the children. At the end of the slide the little squealer flips in the air and lights on a mattress. He then runs like the dickens to get back under the curtain.

We didn't believe this at first. But we were quickly convinced. That man is a pig trainer by trade. He knows the way a pig thinks and he says a pig never loses a notion once he gets it. The funny thing about this game is that the little pigs love to take the slide. It is the cute way they do it that delights children and old folks alike. There are twelve pigs in a row of small cages on a platform above the curtain. They actually squeal for the chance of sliding.

The Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals thought this was a violation and called at the pig slide one morning. They got there during rehearsal. The man was training new pigs. By a funny kink in a pig's brain he just naturally has to have his slide. During the off hours they were sliding voluntarily. The inventor of the idea showed the committee how he trained them. As the pigs run back under the curtain they are allowed a pull at the nipple of a nursing bottle. They soon know that to get milk they must take a slide. Once they have been trained—it takes about ten days—the nursing bottle is discarded.

The committee not only approved the game but stayed there for an hour to watch the little porkers' acts like small boys. It really is fascinating.

The man invented this combination animal act and ball-throwing game at Venice, California. He tells me he trains as many as a thousand pigs a season.

Popular Stand-bys

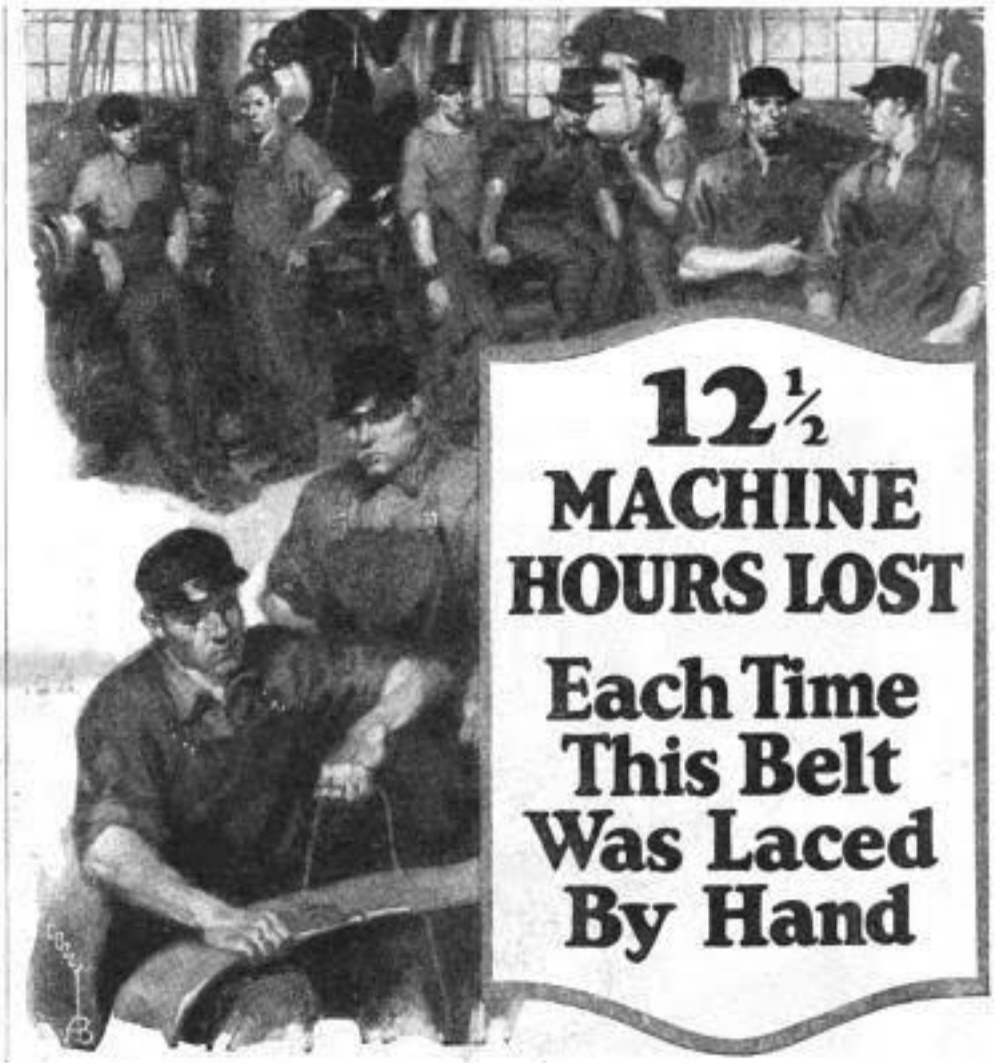
You never can tell who is a nut and who isn't. I suppose at first they thought the man who invented the scenic railway crazy. I know we thought the inventor of the Ferris wheel a bug. Those things are no longer novel. They are staple. In fact all riding games are good, sound stuff. Sometimes they get too dangerous and have to be closed for fear of damage suits. The public will always take a chance. It has been necessary for some companies to take out liability insurance on these thrilling rides to keep from going broke. The rate is very high. My scenic-railway neighbor paid eighty cents on the hundred dollars last year for protection against damage suits. A few years ago one concern at Coney had to face one hundred and forty-eight damage suits as a result of accidents—had to go out of business. But the games are pretty safe now.

The patronage at the riding games increases every year. An old scenic railway that has been running twelve years paid a bigger profit last season than it did at the beginning. The trick in making money at the rough games such as the human roulette wheel, the slide, witching waves, cave of the winds, and so on, is to make part of the spectators entertain the others. Many people go in to watch the customers more than the games.

One fellow thought up the brilliant idea of giving each girl a domino clown suit to keep from ruining her clothes on the more daring devices for fun. They could pull these on right over their dresses and then take all the rough chances they wished. It was a popular move. The place was crowded to see the show. I've seen girls there from all walks of life. Members of New York's smart set are not at all unusual, acting as clowns.

This idea, in addition to working as a drawing card, developed an unexpected source of profit. A deposit of fifty cents was required for the clown dresses, though no charge was made for their use. Eighty per cent of the revelers drop their dominos right where they take them off and won't bother about going back for the fifty-cent deposit.

Now that's what I call pretty good show business. The customers pay for admission for each individual game and then pay an additional fifty cents for the privilege of acting as entertainers for the rest of the spectators.



In a Michigan factory (send for the name) where 25 machines are driven from a single shaft, a broken belt means 25 idle machines. Lacing the belt by hand took 30 minutes and wasted 12½ hours. Now the Clipper method saves 10 of these 12½ hours.

Today one man and a twenty-five-dollar Clipper machine, instead of four millwrights, take care of the 1600 belts in this plant—light and heavy duty and high speed belts of leather and composition from 2" to 12" wide. Due to the speed of the Clipper method and the superior strength and longer life of the Clipper joint, the company's books show a *clear saving of $2500 a year over* the obsolete way of hand lacing.

Based on a large number of belts, this total figure is exceptional. Yet our files contain equally convincing reports on the experience of hundreds of Clipper users, large and small. Authentic data have been gathered from busy officials to convince executives that maintenance costs *will come down* wherever the Clipper is used. A letter or postcard will bring them to you without cost.

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Because this design is the embodiment of gracious beauty and refinement, because it so truly translates the spirit of hospitality into silverplate, it is called the "Hostess." And it is so well made by Wallace silver craftsmen that it is guaranteed without time limit.

When the Wallace Company recently found it possible to reduce its prices, this beautiful new design, as well as the ever-popular Athena and Alamo patterns, was included in the revision. The following prices are now in effect:

Teaspoons	that were	$ 8.50	a doz.	are now	$ 6.50
Dessert Spoons	" "	15.50	"	"	"	12.00
Dessert Forks	" "	15.50	"	"	"	12.00
Dinner Forks	" "	17.00	"	"	"	13.00
Butter Spreaders	" "	13.00	"	"	"	10.00
Salad Forks	" "	15.50	"	"	"	11.50
Cold Meat Forks	" "	2.25	each	"	"	1.75
Berry Spoons	" "	3.50	"	"	"	2.75
Gravy Ladles	" "	3.00	"	"	"	2.25

The "Hostess" comes in both flatware and hollowware, so that complete dinner and tea services may be obtained. It offers innumerable suggestions for gifts.

The Wallace Hostess Book tells by attractive pictures and text just what every hostess wants to know about correct table settings. Sent postpaid for 50 cents. Address: Hostess Department, Box No. 14



Hostess

1835 R. WALLACE

R. WALLACE & SONS MFG. CO.
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SILVERSMITHS FOUNDED 1835

Though there is really little that is new in principle, we get many novel improvements on old ideas. For instance, they have recently revived interest in the Ferris wheel by a new trick. They have just erected one in Coney Island that not only goes round but takes dips. That came about in a funny way. A small delicatessen dealer in New York had been working for years on the old perpetual-motion gag. He thought he had found it in a Ferris-wheel model. He showed it to a greengrocer and the man got so interested that he sold out his store to go into the enterprise. All the money was sunk of course.

The inventor had an idea that by using an eccentric axle, a sort of cam shaft, he could cause a sharp dip when the wheel reached the apex of its revolution. This dip, he believed, would give the big wheel fresh impetus and cause it to keep going around.

"That's not perpetual motion," a scientist told him. "But that dip is quite a trick if helped along with engine power. It ought to give a thrill."

The inventor was discouraged at first, but the groceryman saw a fighting chance to get his money back. He made a canvass of all the storekeepers that he knew. His appeal was so strong that little investors kicked in from five hundred to a thousand dollars apiece until a company had been formed with a capital of one hundred thousand dollars.

Fixing the Damage

After two years of dickering and disappointments the delicatessen company, as the gang calls it, got a location and erected their wheel. It was passed by the board of inspection. You should have been there to see the first test! The little stockholders went crazy with delight when they saw the swings dip down and up again and then revolve evenly when the big wheel reached a certain point in its revolution. The eccentric axle had done the trick.

The delicatessen man will not go down in history as discoverer of perpetual motion; but he has his patents, and the little grocers and delicatessen dealers are going to get their money back—and more.

There is not the slightest danger in that wheel, and young people seem to like it. In fact I have never known of a Ferris-wheel accident.

Prohibition has saved many a show from going broke. I may have notions of my own about the principle of prohibition as a law, but I've got to admit that it is the biggest thing that has happened for the show business since I joined that medicine show out in Missouri. It was the drinking and carousing that made Coney Island a tough place. We are free from that now. The crowds have increased noticeably and are much easier to handle. The better class of people come out now without the old fear of running into rowdyism. Accidents are so rare that we don't even figure on them in most of the shows.

On account of my age I am frequently called in to settle some dispute between a showman and a patron. In the old drinking days I arbitrated many funny squabbles.

I'll never forget a drunk who practically wrecked a Jap's ball-rolling outfit—you know, the kind where wooden balls are rolled into little holes that are numbered, the prizes depending upon the largest number of points. I firmly believe my presence prevented that Jap from committing murder. His place, as usual, was decorated with an expensive array of hanging china plates, tea sets, idols, chandeliers, and so on.

The drunk had just come in from a whirl at the African dodger, where baseballs are thrown at a darky's head sticking through a hole. He bought a dozen balls from the Jap. Thinking it the same kind of game, he began throwing the wooden balls at the painted plates, teapots, dolls or anything that was suspended over the rolling board. You can imagine how near that Jap came to having apoplexy and how far the disaster had gone before the drunk could get the idea into his head that he was not having a whale of a time at the best game he'd seen all day. As arbitrator I fixed the damage at three hundred dollars, the drunk agreeing to pay half cash. He gave a note for the balance.

The people who have suffered as a result of prohibition are the motion-picture halls where admission was free but patrons sat at little tables eating sandwiches or hot dogs and drinking beer while the picture ran. The profit of course was in the sales. These halls are too dark and gloomy for a number of people to sit there and d soda pop. They had rather be outsid

Though I am only seventy-five, I noticed of late that the younger show don't look upon me as if I was one of t They are beginning to regard me as a of patriarch, and I can feel it—keenly These newly hatched promoters call hard-boiled, because they say I am alw sniffing at their creative ideas. Believe I've got a right to sniff.

What do you think of a syndicate telling me the other night how he swelled the profits by conceiving the of grouping his shows so that a couldn't get away from one without sp ing money at the other, even though he paid a general admission for all?

"We pulled the trick," he said prou "by putting in special reserved seats attractions that they were supposed to free. They could see 'em all right, bu was a tough job. They fell for the e dime every crack."

Now that was certainly good for a s It is exactly the idea on which *Barn* made his old place a success in the '7 I worked for him then as a clown. He hi me, he said, because my comedy was cl and I didn't ring in so many saloon vertisements.

In the old days, you know, clowns us to come on saying, "I've just come fr Casey's around the corner, where I got t best drink of whisky that ever ran down gullet. When I see whisky like that I wi I was a giraffe. It would taste good *fo* half hour," or something like that. P didn't like that kind of stuff.

A Floating Circus

Barnum had decided to put in a co tinuous show, as he called it. On the t floor was a freak outfit. The crowd, havi paid general admission for 'everything twenty-five cents—would be herded to t circus on the next floor down. They cou see it through a crack and they could al see plenty of reserved seats for anoth quarter. At the theater below it was th same thing, and so on. Before getting o they had been nicked for a two-dollar not

Now don't you think I was entitled to sniff at this bright young man?

Then they come to me once in a whil and tell me about some stupendous ente prise that has been planned and attemp to astonish me with the way they will tak a chance on spending big money. It make me laugh. Why, showmen are pikers i this day and time, comparatively speaking

In 1859 and 1860, as a small boy, I worked for a gigantic floating circus on th Mississippi River. What do you know about that? A company was organized and built an enormous barge with a regular arena, reserved seats, gallery and everything. It had a seating capacity of three thousand. It was called the Floating Palace and represented an investment of over four million dollars. That was some money in those days. I guess the boys would think it quite a chunk to-day.

In that circus boat we manufactured our own gas for lighting purposes. We also installed the first calliope in the world. The idea of the calliope came from putting a few flourishes on the steamboat whistle, which always notified people that the circus boat was coming.

We had our regular advance agents advertising the circus just as they do to-day. We made regular stops at the landings and gave an old-fashioned two-ring show with all the trimmings. To show you that we knew something in those days, we had a clown who got in a big tub and floated around in the water drawn by eight swans in ribbon harness. From this tub the clown would give the ballyhoo to draw the crowd down to the water's edge and we would herd them on board.

That show was a tremendous success, and, I believe, would pay to-day if somebody had nerve enough to tackle it. Have they?

The floating circus was put out of business by the Civil War. We had landed at New Orleans, our last stop, when war was declared. The authorities immediately seized our boat and ordered us all out of the country. The circus boat was taken across the river and turned into a hospital. None of your smart young fellows has been game enough to revive it.

Now if you think me an old hard-boil with nothing to back up my sniffs just put that in your pipe and smoke it.

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THE GULF IMPOSSIBLE

(Continued from Page 13)

necessary animals of the farm, with no grain left for the teams. When this is the showing on the average farm, with nothing for fertilizer, upkeep, taxes and interest on the investment, it is high time for everybody to begin to ask what is really meant when the leaders of organized labor boast that they will surrender none of the advantages that were gained during the time when the country was in distress of war and was crowded to the wall for its very existence.

Under these conditions a mechanic with nothing invested and no risk can lie still half the time and make the full gross income of the average farmer operating a two-man farm, not to mention the vast mass that lie below the average and that must yet make a living for themselves and families if half our land is not to be deserted.

A miners' strike is threatened now because, according to the public press, the "average miner" gets "only $7.50 a day for a hundred and eighty-two days in the year." Yet this is $165 more than the renter's half of the average farm of a hundred and sixty acres, even if every acre were in wheat or corn, which is impossible; and the renter must provide teams and tools and extra labor, for a hundred and sixty acres is more than a one-man farm. On top of this difference, the miner gets his coal and light cheaper than does the farmer, and carries no risk whatever in the business.

The farmer's troubles began suddenly in May, 1920—almost two years ago—when prices of farm products dropped out of sight almost overnight, and he lost in a twinkling more money than it would take to pay the much-talked-of soldiers' bonus. He was suddenly confronted with world conditions following the Great War, with no protection against low prices save inflation of the currency, which no sane farmer would advocate with Europe's example before his eyes, and against which, fortunately, our financiers stood as a stone wall.

In the meantime everybody talked about the need of lowered price levels, but at the same time did everything possible to maintain high prices in his own particular field, with the result that in most lines there was for many months no perceptible change, and in some commodities the prices actually increased under the irresistible pressure from below.

This combination forced the farmer out of the retail markets except for the barest necessities, and the country called it a buyers' strike. There was no general buyers' strike, for then, and even until now, most of the people who have money or can get it are buying everything that is loose at both ends.

The Buyers' Strike

But the farmer was effectually out of the markets. He could not buy a self-binder and give half an acre of wheat for every day's work of the mechanic that made it, so he made the old one do a while longer. He could not carry oats enough on his back to buy a new necktie, so he tied his bandanna around his neck and went ahead. He could not burn dead animals without skinning and still pay ten to fourteen dollars a pair for shoes or twenty for boots, so he nailed on taps and went without. He could not buy rugs and furniture at prohibitive prices for the young married people, so he divided the household supply with them, and both got along. He could not buy fur coats for his family at ten to twenty acres of corn apiece—only laborers could afford these luxuries—so he turned up his collar and whipped his hands around his shoulders to keep them warm. With thirty-five-cent corn he could not pay the five dollars and board demanded by huskers, so he hogged down the crop and gave grain to starving Europe.

The American farmer is a good liver and progressive when he can afford it, but he is a past master also in the gentle art of getting along when hard conditions come his way. So like other people, he proceeded to dig in; and without analyzing what had happened, the people of the town called it a buyers' strike, without stopping to realize that one-third of the buying power of the country had been suddenly and effectually paralyzed.

No wonder the city thought that all the world had gone on strike when the farmers shook their heads and stayed at home. The little towns met it directly and understood it, but the large cities a thousand miles away have hardly yet begun to comprehend that a sizable corner stone has been pulled out of the very foundation of their business, for the effect is spreading to enterprise of every kind, even to that farthest remote from actual farming.

Following close upon the so-called buyers' strike came the somewhat wholesale discharge of employes and the sudden realization that we had a national problem of unemployment on our hands. The public in alarm called a country-wide conference and labor leaders cudgeled their brains for devices to make every available job support as many laborers as possible. Bills were even drawn taxing the land for the relief of unemployment.

It did not seem to occur to most people to connect this problem of unemployment with the gulf that had formed between the country and the town; and yet how could we expect to lose a third of our best customers for manufactured goods without the results being felt not only in reduced profits in business but in unemployment as well? The stream of goods quickly dams up when a third of the buyers stay at home, and manufacturers must shut down production or go bankrupt. Hence the unemployment; and it is just about in proportion to the ratio at which the farmer has been forced out of the markets.

Leveling Down Inevitable

Back of every farmer, or beside him, is a laborer making tools, machinery, clothing, building materials, furniture, automobiles and what not for the farmer and his family. As long as the farmer can buy these things the laborer will have a job, for the farmer is a good buyer. But when price levels become such that the farmer quits buying, then that particular laborer is out of a job, and he must either go hungry or else compete with other laborers in making goods for people other than farmers, and thereby force others out of their jobs or else force that portion of the public which is still in the markets to support two men for one job.

And that is what has happened now. Hence the large proportion of unemployment and the still larger proportion of overmanned industries that hang upon the neck of struggling prosperity like dead weights upon the feet of a drowning man. And this condition will continue until this gulf between the country and the town is in some way closed up.

It requires no argument to show that an immediate object to be attained is to get the farmer back into our markets, for neither the manufacturer, the tradesman nor the city laborer can afford to lose, for any considerable time, this third of their patronage.

The one absolute condition is uniformity of price levels and the total abandonment of the idea of advantage. Advantage means that the under dog must ultimately give up. This is strategy in war, but it is suicide in business.

Either the price of farm commodities must rise or else the value of manufactured goods and the cost of labor and transportation must come down, for the connection must in some way be made if healthy business is to be reëstablished.

With European conditions what they are, with thousands of American laborers out of employment, and with nearly every standard job overmanned until capitalized enterprise is loaded to the gunwales, it is only a fool or a knave who would talk about anything like a significant rise in the prices of farmers' commodities. The only solution is in leveling down, not in ignoring the situation by mere talk about leveling up. We have walked on stilts long enough. Now we must walk on solid ground and give over that age-old game of trying to get something for nothing.

The world lives upon goods, not upon money. Our civilization rests upon adequate food, upon sufficient clothing, upon comfortable shelter and upon fuel to heat our homes and drive the machinery of manufacture and transportation.

The farmer has produced the food in abundance, and it goes at whatever price

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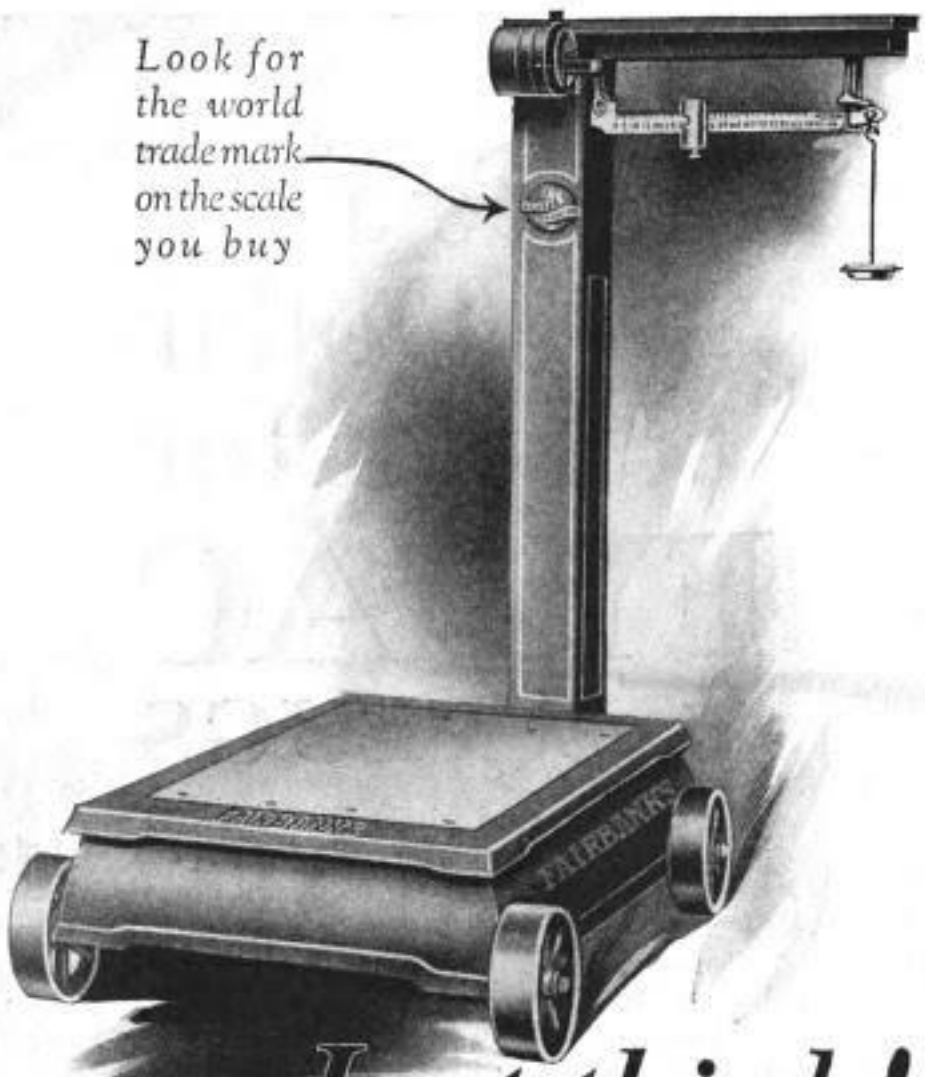
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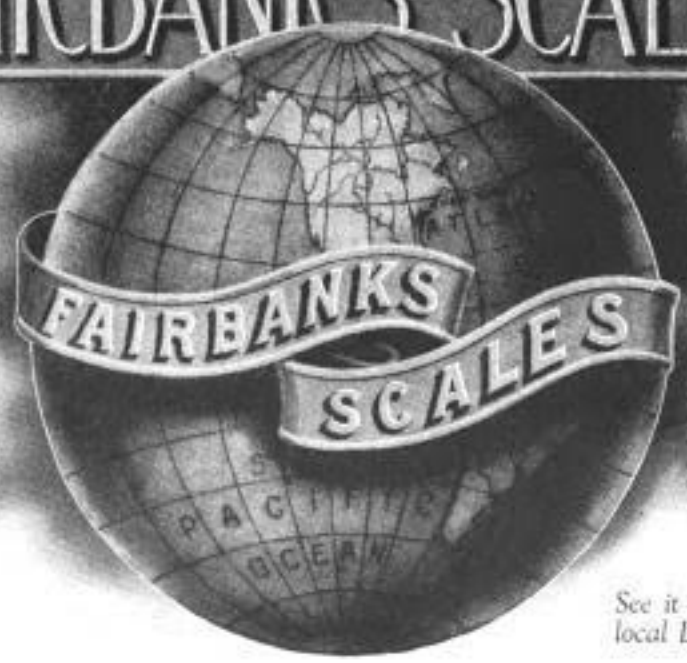
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the buyer is willing to pay, in full accord with the fundamental economic laws of trade.

But in the face of these conditions capital in many branches is seeking an assurance of profit regardless of what enterprise can pay. This is notably true in railroading, and the guaranteed income of railroad capitalists was no small element in putting the farmer where he is to-day.

Besides all this—and what is of even greater importance in the long run—those who make our clothing, those who build our houses, those who dig our coal and those who man our distribution systems—are all possessed of the fiction that high wages and short hours can be forced upon the world and in some way the consequences be avoided.

The result is that clothing is too costly for even those who made it out of wool that does not repay the farmer the cost of production. We are largely homeless because the builders refuse to work for a wage that either capital or the farmer can pay or to do enough in a day so that they themselves can buy the results of their own labor.

The consequence is that rents are prohibitive and families are homeless, while the building trade is practically destroyed and mechanics are haunting the streets for odd jobs at unskilled labor. Our mines are double manned, and miners are asking the Government to save them from starvation at the very time when the cost of coal has closed many factories and thrown other laborers out of employment, while a general strike is threatened among the miners to force a continuance of present conditions.

In short, the little that we do accomplish is at the expense of fearful inroads upon the capital of the country. In the meantime the farmer is driven more and more out of the markets and more and more back upon his own resources, tending to make permanent what ought to be merely a temporary condition in the early stages of reconstruction.

Much is said just now about the revival in agricultural business, due to the fact that wheat went up four or five cents a bushel the other day, and lambs a cent or two. Both settled back immediately, and are seesawing up and down. The real revival, so far as there is any, comes from the fact that sanity has replaced insanity in thousands of minds, and the well-to farmers are buying machinery and l stock cheap of their own neighbors who being forced out of business—in o words, making money off those of t own kind who by force of circumstances liquidating from farmers to floaters selling out for what they can get.

The other element of stability lies in fact that thinking farmers have given hope and expectation that sanity will p vade the ranks of organized labor u the economic fallacy of force in busin is further demonstrated. And they h settled down to the policy of doing the b they can under the circumstances u their partners in business are willing to p duce in tangible goods, or render in hon service, the full equivalent of what th are getting from the farm. Until th there will be no real revival in busine because not until then will all idea of a vantage be abandoned. Advantage mea not production of wealth but transfer fr one to another.

The farmer cannot prevent the adv tage that is against him now, but he c largely prevent its operation, and that what he is forced to do by remaining large out of the markets until price levels w permit him to reënter on a business basis.

Labor will have to abandon its progra of force to compel high wages and unde production, capital will have to give ov the principle of guaranteed income at wha ever cost, and both must abandon the n device of passing it on to the consumer, f the farmer has largely slipped from und this impending avalanche and is gettin upon solid business ground, such as it i and more and more the ultimate consum is the capitalist and the laborer.

Both these warring elements, capit and labor, will have to get upon a soun economic basis before they can again d healthy business with the farmer. He ha dug in until these warring factors hav settled their quarrels, or if not settled the have agreed to do business upon a scal which he can meet and upon which he ca live. Both capital and labor must produc more for the outlay before they reach equa efficiency with the farmer, and not unt then can the producer of our foodstuff reënter the general markets of the countr or business substantially revive.

TROUPING WITH ELLEN

(Continued from Page 7)

"Poor grandfather!" said the mother. "Lucky he didn't live to see me now. But I wish he could have seen you, Ellen. Indeed I do."

"Say, he'd be pleased. Me in the chorus!" Ellen laughed.

"He'd be pleased to know you wasn't satisfied with—this." The older woman made an aimless gesture about the shabby little room. "Well, are you ready? Crawl in, and I'll pin the covers round you." Her red chapped hands busied themselves over her favorite child. "It's good to have you home, Ellen," she said, and kissed her. Then she blew out the oil lamp. "Good night, Ellen. I'll tell them they ain't to wake you early in the morning."

"But, ma ——" Ellen began. Now, in the dark, she thought she had courage enough to mention the briefness of her stay. But she hadn't. "I want to get up early," she ended lamely.

"We'll see about that," her mother replied. The stairs creaked beneath her heavy, tired tread.

For a few moments Ellen Llewelyn lay awake. The sound of hoarse masculine snoring drifted down from the floor above and echoed through the tiny house. A soft white light from the snowbound outdoors came in through the one window and revealed to her again the poverty of the room where she lay.

It was always a shock, this coming home, this realization of the surroundings from which she had escaped: Main Street and the music store; the mills, whence came the few soiled dollars on Saturday; River Street; this house; her family. It made all her ambitions seem so impossible of achievement, all her efforts to learn from Lil and others and from books, to make something of herself, appear so hopeless. What was the use?

No, no! She clenched her fists beneath the worn bedclothes. She would learn, she would go on, she would be somebody in the end! Here in this tiny room she took the oath anew. A clock in the kitchen struck three. The sound of snoring grew fainter and fainter still. She fell asleep.

From his place over the tattered sofa the pastor of the dissenting chapel looked down on her approvingly. He was nothing but a crayon portrait purchased from a fresh young agent on the installment plan—but he managed it.

II

WHEN Ellen opened her eyes her mother was bending over her and the little room was bright with sunshine.

"I didn't like to wake you, dearie," the older woman said. "But it's nine o'clock, an' Dave an' your pa want to read their papers in here. They been walkin' the kitchen floor like caged animals."

"Nine o'clock!" Ellen sat up quickly. "Ma, you hadn't ought to let me —— Wow!"

"What's the matter, Ellen?"

"My neck. Stiff as a board."

"There! You wasn't comfortable here. I knew you wouldn't be."

"Why, yes I was, ma. Slept like a top. Only I guess I didn't arrange my neck like I ought to have before I dropped off." She stood up in her lacy negligée, an incongruously lovely figure for 13 River Street. "Nice an' warm here now."

"I was in an' fixed the stove at half past seven. You never heard me. Oh—here's your pa an' the children."

Evan Llewelyn, a stocky, slouching man with a thick black beard, came in. After him came Dave, collarless, clasping a Sunday paper under his arm. Then Mabel, flashy, overdressed in her cheap finery, determined to show her sister that she, too, was a woman of the world.

"Well, Ellen," said her father. He kissed her, then stood staring at her with his dull, expressionless eyes. "How are you?"

"I'm fine, pa. How are you?"

"I ain't so good."

(Continued on Page 61)

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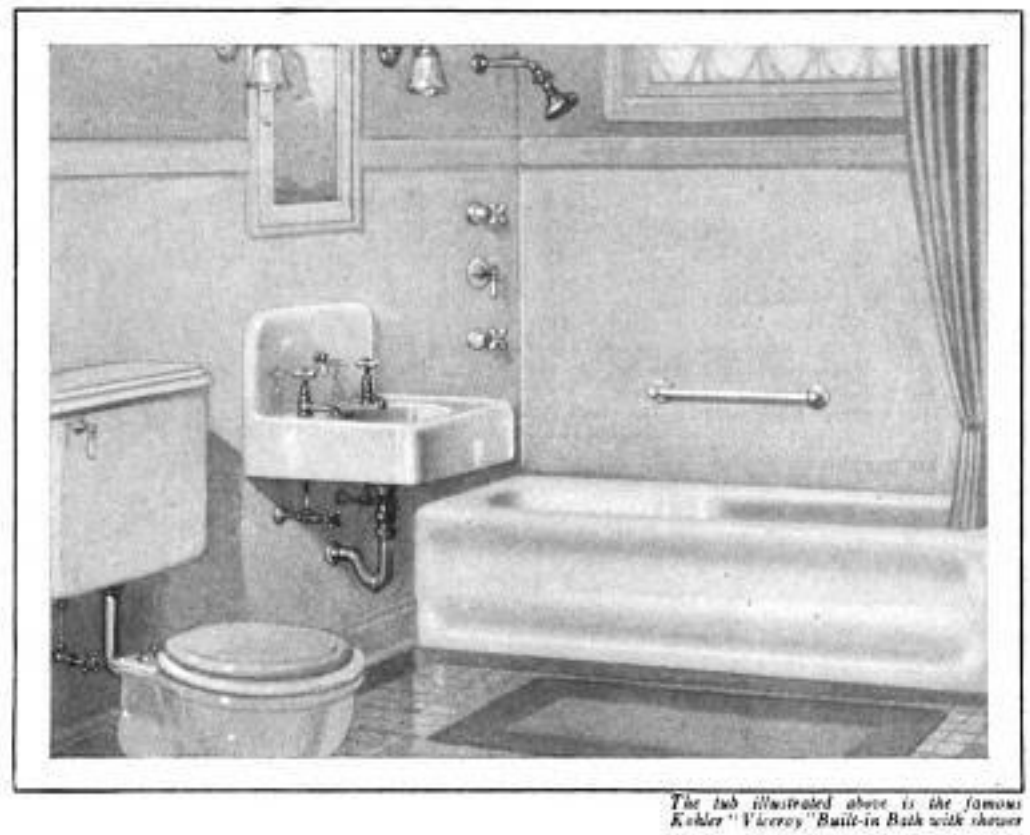
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The tub illustrated above is the famous Kohler "Viceroy" Built-in Bath with shower

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(Continued from Page 58)

"Hello, kid," said Dave with an airy kiss. "The pride of the family. Say, folks, get next to the lingerie."

"Still the cut-up," smiled Ellen. "Hello, Mabel. You're looking great."

"Thanks," said Mabel. Her envious, hostile eyes took in every detail of her sister's costume.

Dave drew a slender cane-seated rocking-chair up to the window and drew forth the sporting section of the Boston paper. He took out a cheap cigar and lighted it. Evidently, as far as the welcome was concerned, he had done his bit.

"Say—where do I dress?" Ellen wanted to know.

"You go right up to my room," her mother said. "It's pretty cold, but I got lots of hot water fer you. When you finish come down to the kitchen an' I'll give you a bite of breakfast. You'll need it—dinner ain't till one."

"One?" said Dave through the smoke of his cigar. "Why the hell do we have to wait till one? I'm hungry now. Oh, I see—New York manners. Ain't we the swells to-day?"

Ellen turned unhappily to her mother. "Ma, I got bad news for you. When I sent that wire I thought I could stay till Monday. But the old man—the boss—popped up in Albany last night, and he called a rehearsal in Boston to-night. So I—I—got to leave here at ten past twelve."

"At ten past twelve?" Her mother's tone was tragic. She sank into a chair. "Oh, Ellen—an' you away so long."

"Say, that's a good joke on ma," Dave laughed. "She was flying round wild last night after your telegram come. Gettin' ready for Sunday dinner—nothing she had for us was good enough. She had to comb the town for the lady from New York. Dug up money we didn't know she had and bought a chicken. Nothing too good for Ellen. An' now you're going before noon."

Ellen glanced at her mother's face, then quickly away again.

"A damn good joke," Dave insisted. "Give us some more of the white meat, ma."

"Shut up, can't you?" Ellen cried in a tone she had not used since her last visit home. "Where's my pocketbook?" She found it on the table, took out a time-table. "Wait a minute, ma. Yes; there's another train at 2:30—gets to Boston at 7:40. It's a close call, but I'll risk it. I'll stay to dinner, ma."

"That's nice, Ellen," her mother said. "I ain't got anything special, but I like to have you here. You go right upstairs; I'll bring up the hot water. Dave, you might carry her suitcase."

"That's all right, ma. It ain't heavy."

She went up to the cold bedroom where her parents slept.

A double bed, a washstand with bowl and pitcher, a horrible chromo on the wall—nothing more. Her mother came panting after her with a teakettle of boiling water. She filled the basin.

"There's more if you want it," she said. "I'll go an' get your breakfast ready."

Alone in the room Ellen stared about her. She went to the window, gazed out at the dreary back yards, the grimy sheds and outhouses, the row of neighbors' shacks beyond.

Three ragged children were making a snow man, and a memory of her own childhood flashed back to her. Without knowing why, she sat on the edge of the bed and cried, but noiselessly, keeping a cautious eye on the door.

Finally she rose, bathed her face and hands, put on the little blue serge dress. It was smart; it had an air—and only sixteen dollars at a sale on Fifth Avenue. Her spirits revived. She opened her pocketbook, counted out the amount of her fare to Boston, put aside a few dollars besides. "I can borrow some from Lil," she thought. The balance, fourteen dollars, she put in her stocking.

In the kitchen ma had an orange, some oatmeal, coffee. Mabel came in and sat at the table with her while ma busied herself with the chicken and rattled the drafts of the stove.

"How's everything, Mabel?" Ellen asked.

"How would it be?" Mabel wanted to know. "In the mill eight hours a day. A fine life, I'll tell the world."

"Ma says you have a good time—fellows, picture shows."

"She told you that, did she? She's always beefing. Wants me to come home here every night an' read the Bible, I s'pose. I guess after the day I got to go through I'm entitled to a little pleasure."

"A little—sure," said Ellen. "But every night—all the time ——"

"You got a nerve!" cried Mabel hotly. "I notice you didn't stay here an' work in no mill. No; you got out. You went to New York. You didn't stick in this hole like I got to. You went where you could have a good time, dancing on the stage, an' seeing the world, an' meeting lots of swell fellows. An' you come home once every two years for fifteen minutes an' try to tell me what I should do."

"I'm not telling you, Mabel," Ellen said. "Hush up."

"When I get ready," answered Mabel. The bitter envy in her heart urged her on: "It ain't fair. You got everything an' I got nothing. Nice clothes, a fur coat; an' I'm punching a time clock."

"Now, now, Mabel," her mother said, patting her shoulder. "I guess Ellen has to work fer what she gets. I guess it ain't so easy sometimes."

"You said it, ma. I'm sorry if you ain't satisfied, Mabel. I'd do something about it if I could."

Mabel stalked into the parlor.

"It ain't no use, Ellen," her mother said. "She won't listen. Don't you spoil your stay trying to do anything here. I'll get along."

Ellen reached into her stocking and produced the fourteen dollars. "Here, ma. You need coal an' things. Don't let any of them know you got it."

"Can you spare all this, Ellen? It will come in handy. I got to keep a little hid or we'd go on the rocks."

"If this show's a hit maybe I can send a little more. I'll try."

"Don't you stint yourself, Ellen. What you earn belongs to you first of all."

She left her mother and went into the parlor. It had been two years since they had seen her, but the three of them read on oblivious. She stood looking for a moment at her father, frowning above the news.

There was a rumor that he had been a handsome man in his youth, which had been spent in coal mines. Handsome but ineffectual, a drifter, satisfied with failure. Her ugly childhood, her unhappy memories—here was the guilty party, Ellen thought; the one responsible. Shiftless. How she hated shiftlessness! If only he had cared enough to fight!

She passed through the room, went upstairs and prepared the straw suitcase for a quick get-away. Already her heart was heavy with dread of the parting from her mother. She returned to the kitchen and spent the remainder of the morning there, helping with the dinner, setting the table—which stood in the center of the room—studying the mysteries of cooking. Her mother's spirits rose, they became merry over an ancient jest, their laughter rang so loudly that the readers in the other room stirred uneasily over the type, like sleepers dimly conscious of a world awake.

When they sat down to the table Ellen could have wept again, her mother's efforts at a bit of style were so pitiful, so heart-rending. Butter plates, for example. Dave waxed merry over the butter plates, pretended he didn't know what they were for, protested he would have to leave the table if things got any more elegant. He didn't leave, however; he stayed on, the most industrious diner there.

Ellen's wrist watch kept her alive to the hour without any painful show of interest, and at five minutes past two she suddenly broke in on a long story of her mother's.

"Well, ma, I hate to eat and run."

Her mother's stricken face appalled her. "Is it time, Ellen?"

"I'm afraid so. You know how it is with us wolking wimmin." She sought to be light and airy. If only her mother would follow the lead!

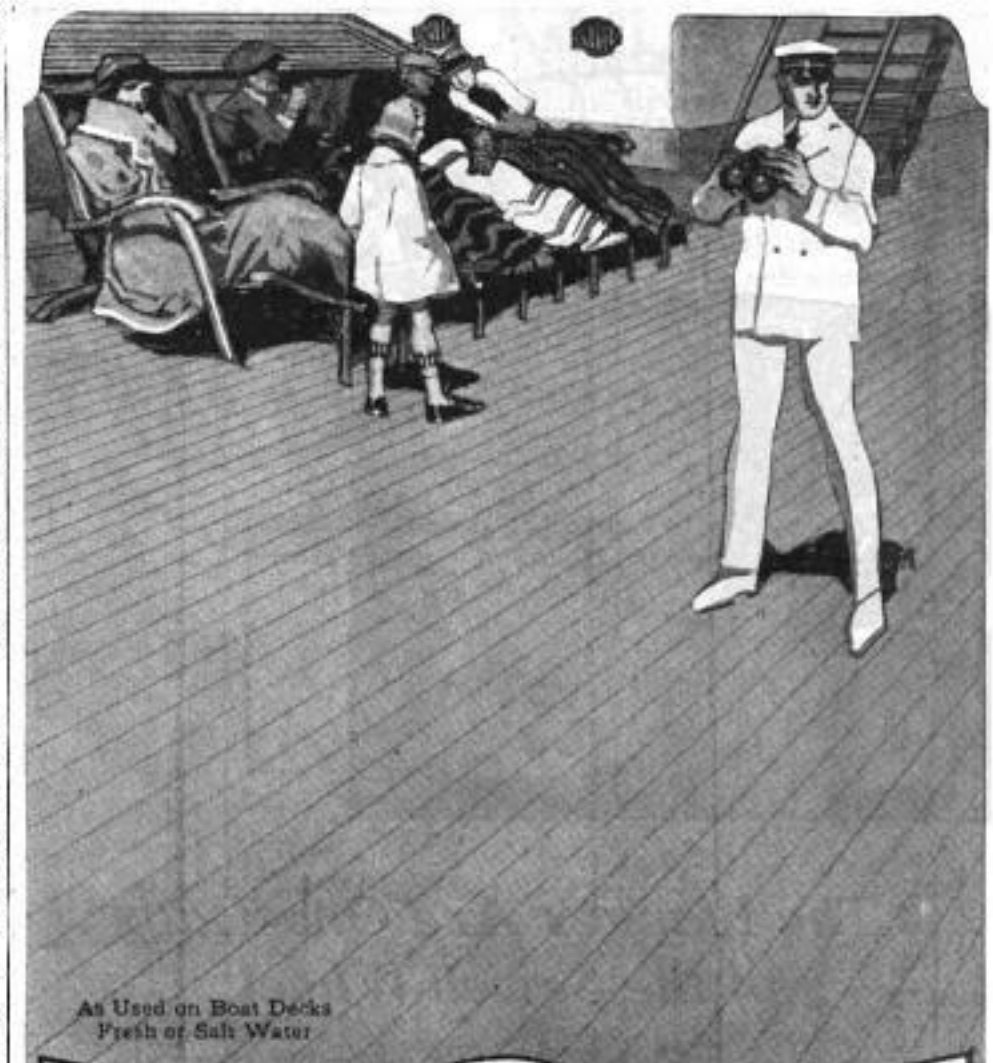
"Pa, you an' Dave go to the station with her." Ma was on her feet, all energy. "I'll stay here an' do these dishes. Now, Ellen, do take care of yourself. Where's her coat? Mabel, get Ellen's coat."

There was a great bustle, Dave and pa seeking their overcoats, Mabel running up with Ellen's belongings. Out of the corner of her eye she saw that ma was bearing up well.

"Now, Ellen—you're not to stay away so long again."

"No, ma, I promise."

Pa and Dave on the porch, waiting somnolently after their gorging—and then



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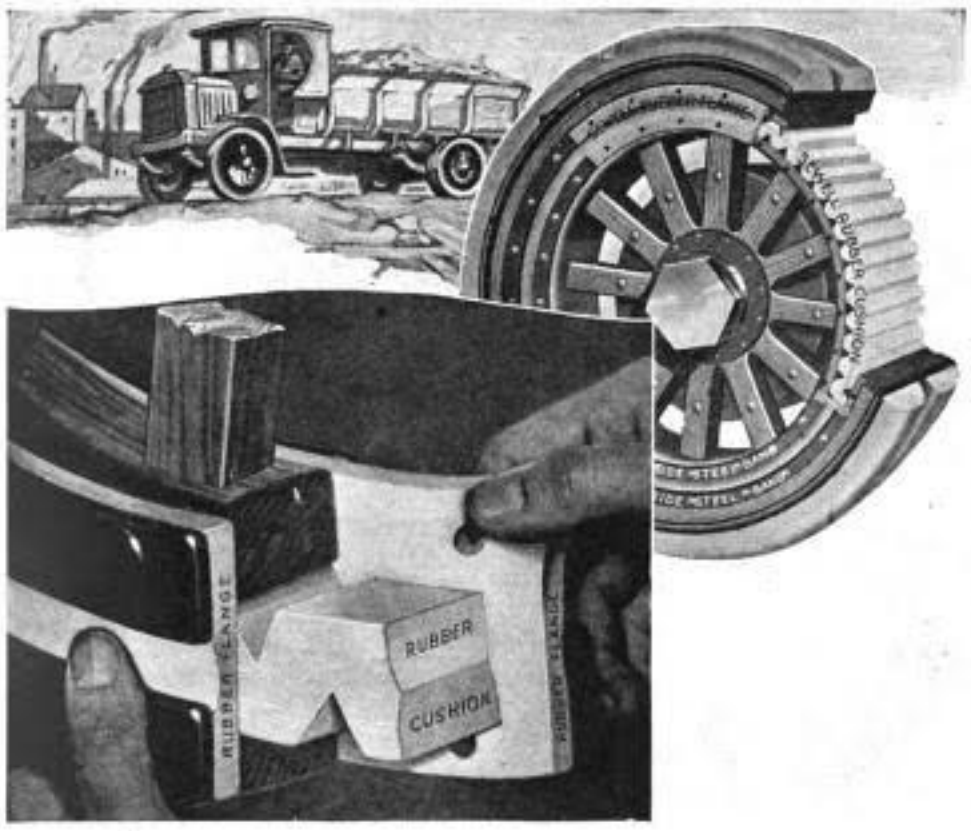
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ma limp in her slender arms, sobbing, sobbing. "Ellen—don't forget me—come home—come home."

"Yes, ma. I got to rush—miss the train. Good-by, ma dear." She pushed her mother away almost rudely and was out on the porch, then back for another kiss. Then out again, her cheeks wet, her eyes dim.

"Look out fer that last step—the board's rotted away," pa warned.

She never saw the step, but passed it by a flying leap and was out on the sidewalk hurrying after Dave and pa, and waving her hand to the dumpy little figure on the porch. Then the corner was turned, and ma lost to sight.

"Pa—you ought to make it easier for her," she said, catching up.

"What kin I do?" he wanted to know.

They hurried on, her tears drying in the sunshine.

At the station she learned that the train was fifteen minutes late, and her heart sank. Her job seemed so very important to her now. Pa took to pacing the platform, and Dave tried to borrow five dollars. She told Dave a few things for his own good, and he assumed a sullen injured air. She was relieved when the train came in, and leaped aboard as though it awaited only her presence to start on a mad dash for Boston.

"Good-by, pa. Good-by, Dave. Take good care of ma."

More than five hours of torture followed. Every stop drove her mad; her eyes scarcely left her watch. She saw the old man again: "The call is for eight, and one minute late means your job." And the train was losing—losing. She never should have chanced it—but there was ma's face.

Suppose she were fired—in Boston, in midwinter, three dollars in her purse? And with ma needing her help.

The train pulled into Huntington Avenue Station at ten minutes past eight, and she knew that all was over. The old man never failed to keep his promise in a matter of this sort. She debated whether she should go to the theater at all; it could only mean a humiliating scene. Still—there was just a chance—the old man might drop dead in a fit of apoplexy before he could pronounce her doom.

She squandered one of her precious dollars on a taxi, and by 8:20 she had reached the alley leading to the stage door of the theater. As she jumped out and seized her suitcase a stocky little figure loomed up in her path.

"Andy! What's happened?"

"For God's sake, Ellen, get in there on the stage! It ain't dress—go on just as you are. I'll give you five minutes."

"What do you mean—you'll give me five minutes?"

"I knew you wasn't here, so I haven't showed up myself yet. They can't start without me. The old man's out front calling my ancestors some pretty rotten names, but he's forgot all about you. He'll never know you was late."

"Oh, Andy—you darling!"

"Thanks. Five minutes."

"Three will do."

She dashed down the alley and through the stage door, throwing her suitcase into a corner. Another instant and she strolled lazily on the stage and took her place for the opening chorus.

"Where you been?" demanded the harassed Mickleson.

"Standing round waiting," she smiled. "Why don't we start? It's nearly 8:30."

From out in the dark auditorium came the shrill cry of the old man: "You fell asleep? The hell you say! Do I pay you to sleep? Eight o'clock, I said, and eight o'clock I meant. Look at that watch! Look at it, I say!"

"Yes, sir—I'm very sorry. It won't happen again," came Andy's reply. Good musical directors are scarce, and he knew it. He climbed into the orchestra pit and lifted his baton. "All right, boys," he smiled. "Let's go."

The boys smiled back and put a great deal of spirit into the first bars of the opening chorus. It was a pleasure to drown out the remarks the old man still felt called upon to make.

III

"ALL right," said the old man at last. The time was 1:30. For five terrible hours he had kept them at it, stopping them, denouncing them, starting them off, stopping them again. But now his own remarkable vitality was exhausted; he was willing to call it a rehearsal. "All right. I'm satisfied. I guess we're ready to open in a real town. You're dismissed."

Ellen Llewelyn sank down on a property chair. "Gee," she said, "I'm all in. Out last night until three ——"

"You better get to bed," Lil advised. "I got a room at the Occidental for the two of us. I've a date for supper myself if my friend hasn't beat it."

Ellen rose, and they went to the stage door. She took up her suitcase. Out in the alley a prosperous-looking young man in a fur coat came suddenly to life.

"Great Scott, Lil!" he said. "Thought you were never coming."

"Blame it on the old man," Lil told him. "Simon Legree, we work for. Say, Jack, you're a good sport. I never dreamed you'd wait. Oh—want to introduce my friend, Ellen Llewelyn."

"Nice name," said the young man. "Nice girl, too—I can see that, even in the dark. How are you?"

"Dead and buried," sighed Ellen. "The same to you, and many of them."

"Join us for supper?" he inquired, with no enthusiasm.

"Sure," she said—"any other time. Not this evening—this morning, I mean. Little old hay for mine."

"Ellen's done up," Lil explained. "Well, dearie, you run along. I'll be with you in no time. Ta, ta."

Lil and her friend disappeared into the calm dark of the alley. As Ellen turned toward her hotel the inevitable Andy fell into step beside her.

"Come again on the suitcase," he ordered. "Say, kid—you must be tired." The lights of an all-night lunch *room*—according to the sign, Dan's place—fell across their path. "Want to call on Dan for a cup of coffee?" Andy inquired.

"Thanks. Not to-night. I had a sandwich on the train."

"Have a good visit with the folks?"

"Pretty short. But it was fine to see ma again. Say, Andy—I don't know how I can ever thank you."

"Thank me for what?"

"You know well enough. Not showing up yourself till I came—risking your job."

"But you did thank me, Ellen. You thanked me plenty."

"When was that?"

"When you said that about my being—a darling. Was that on the level, kid?"

"You know it was."

They were at the door of her hotel. He put a hand on her arm. "Then it was the best news I ever heard, Ellen. I guess you know all right how I feel."

"Oh, Andy—I'm so tired. I'll have to say good night now."

"Sure—I understand." They went into the lobby, and he handed the suitcase over to a sleepy bell boy. "Well, pleasant dreams!"

She got her key, and as the smelly little elevator ascended she caught one final glimpse of his honest, adoring face. He loved her, she knew, and one of these days he would blurt it out. She must be prepared.

Sleepily, as she undressed, she thought him over. How different he was from many of the men she met round the show shop. He was decent, he pursued none of the girls with the idea of double-crossing them in the end. On the level, Andy; steady, dependable, always there when she needed him. But ——

Ah, that was it—but. So far as she could see he had absolutely no intention of ever being more than he was to-day. He dreamed at times of writing a popular song, but that was only a dream. He would never get round to it, he was too easy-going, too contented, too—yes, even too lazy.

She saw herself his wife, a tiny flat in Harlem, theatrical papers on the table. Sunday afternoon, a walk on the drive, a stop at a delicatessen to get the supper, some of the gang in, Andy with his collar off, dealing the cards. Working and flush, a good fellow while he had it; then, occasionally, bad times, no job, not a penny saved; worry and recriminations. The years passing, Andy getting fat and dull, standing still right where he had always been, waving his baton frantically, perhaps, but standing still while the great world went on.

"Not for mine," she said firmly as she crawled into bed.

Her decision taken she wasted no further time in thought. She slept, and Lil, tiptoeing in an hour later, was suddenly amused at her own caution.

(Continued on Page 65)

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Teeth That Shine

Note how many you see today

Have you noted how many pretty teeth you meet with nowadays?

Millions of people are combating film—the film that keeps teeth dingy. Those whiter, cleaner, safer teeth show the benefit they get.

We urge you to learn how they do it, and try the method yourself for ten days.

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A viscous film forms on your teeth. You can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth, and stays.

That film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It often forms the basis of thin, discolored coats. Tartar is based on film.

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Tooth troubles have been constantly increasing. So dental science has for years sought ways to fight that film.

Two ways have now been found. Able authorities have proved their efficiency. Leading dentists nearly all the world over are urging their daily use.

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Pepsodent brings, with every use, two other great effects. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits on teeth which may otherwise cling and form acids.

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(Continued from Page 62)

"Cannon wouldn't wake her," said Lil, nd threw her shoes noisily across the room.

It was noon on Monday when Ellen woke, twenty again, and ready for life. he saw two slim white arms stretched rom Lil's bed toward the grimy ceiling, nd heard the last gasp of a yawn.

"Here we are again," she called.

"Oh, how I hate to get up in the morng," sang Lil. "Especially in winter—and n Boston. Ugh! Sometimes, dearie, I ish I'd turned gay and joined the Palm Beach crowd."

"No, you don't," said Ellen.

"Well, it's a dog's life, this is. Say, oney, put down that window and turn n the heat. Atta girl!"

Ellen knew from experience that this hivery task was up to her; Lil would lie here all day rather than face it. So she arried out instructions. Then, in her ressing gown, she sat on the edge of Lil's ed.

"Seemed merry and bright—that guy in the fur coat," she ventured.

"Jack Prentice? Dearie, he's a prince. Not many of them would wait until two . m. just for the privilege of feeding a poor working girl. But he's a gentleman, Jack s. A Harvard graduate, dearie, with a nice little bond business all his own."

"Honest?" said Ellen, wide eyed.

"Well, he's kept out of jail at any rate," Lil smiled. She had listened to this joke over four hundred times in a show, and had pretty well got the hang of it. "And I'm for him—I'm for him strong."

They went to Dan's place for lunch. The proprietor himself was behind the desk. An old friend, he greeted them effusively.

"How's the show?" he wanted to know.

"They liked us in Albany," Lil told him.

"Don't mean a thing," Dan replied. "Well, I'll be there to look you over. Got two on the aisle, front row. I hope you're good." He rather fancied himself in the rôle of dramatic critic, and indeed his opinions were much more eagerly sought by show people than were those of the newspaper reviewers.

After lunch Ellen took a brisk stroll through the Public Gardens. She went alone, the very idea being repulsive to Lil. After that she tried a picture show. It was six o'clock when she returned to the hotel. Lil was waiting, dressed like something in a fashion magazine.

"Hurry up, honey!" she cried. "Get into your best. Jack just phoned—we're invited to dinner. He's on the way, and he's bringing a friend—a sort of a highbrow, he said."

"A highbrow?" asked Ellen.

"Yes—somebody he picked up at the club. Get that, dearie—he belongs to a club. Come on—take off your coat—I'll do your hair. I want you to look your best. This guy may be a live one, even if his forehead does bulge. We'll look him over anyhow. You never can tell. Hurry, Ellen."

"What—what'll I wear?" said Ellen.

Whatever she wore she looked remarkably sweet and youthful when she and Lil emerged from the elevator twenty minutes later. Jack Prentice came forward to greet them, all pep and ginger, for he belonged to that school of business men. With him was a tall, rather languid young man. His face was thin and aristocratic, his hair blond, his blue eyes kindly.

"Girls," cried Mr. Prentice, "meet my friend, Tony Winterslip. Anthony Winterslip, no other. The pride of Back Bay, venturing out into the world, taking a little nip at the flask of life."

Mr. Winterslip appeared somewhat embarrassed at this form of introduction. He smiled in a friendly way, and shook hands.

"Happy to meet you, I'm sure," he said.

"Be gentle with him, girls," went on the irrepressible Prentice. "It isn't often he escapes from the monastery. This is a big adventure for his unaccustomed feet. Smooth his path."

The adventuring one cast an annoyed look at his noisy friend, and they all left the hotel for the narrow sidewalk of Boylston Street. Lil and Jack went on ahead and Ellen fell in beside the tall blond youth.

"It's—it's good of you to bother," was all she could think of to say.

"Why—it isn't any bother," he answered in a surprised tone.

There was in his voice that faint suggestion of a lisp which may be caught issuing from the lips of Boston's best. He did seem rather wonderful, and Ellen looked up at him in awe. Her awe would have been increased a thousandfold had she been more familiar with Boston and the magic name of Winterslip. Winterslip feet had been among the first to tread these winding streets. Winterslip brains had helped to make their town the hub of the universe. Great statesmen, great clergymen, great educators hung in profusion on the branches of that family tree. For more than a century Winterslip aunts had looked coldly on the world from behind purple panes on Beacon Street.

To-day the Winterslip family had sort of tapered down to Tony. He was the end of it all, the ultimate Winterslip. He lived in the reflected splendor of the past, a quiet, rather bookish young man. Haughty and distant most people thought him. The daughters of the elect, walking of an afternoon along the promenade at the rear of the dignified homes on Beacon Street, would see him out in the middle of the Charles, rowing along determinedly in his single shell. And when they met him later at a dance it seemed that half the chilly river was still between them. That was Tony.

He had allowed Jack Prentice to drag him forth on this adventure, but already it seemed silly and futile to him. However, he was not the sort to let little Ellen Llewelyn see that. He cast about in his mind for some remark that would come within the narrow limits of her comprehension.

"It's rather a pleasant night—for February," he said.

"It's a fine night," Ellen agreed. No argument there.

In the brightly lighted dining room of the best hotel Lil and Jack carried things along at a merry pace, with occasional help from Ellen. Tony Winterslip said little. He had the detached air that the king may have shown toward the beggar maid—early in their acquaintance.

"Wake up!" said Jack Prentice as the dinner was drawing toward a close. "Show a little life, Tony. You're out among 'em, boy! You know, if it wasn't for me"—he turned to the girls—"he'd be sitting in the club library this minute reading some dog-goned book. At it all the time. Bad for the eyes, I say."

"He and Ellen'd make a good pair," Lil laughed. "Can't pry her loose when she gets hold of a book. I trail along with you, Jack. What's the use of it, I want to know. You can read books when you're eighty."

Tony Winterslip was looking at Ellen with a new interest. "You like to read?" he inquired.

She blushed. "Why—yes—I'm sort of fond of it. They all make fun of me, but you can learn a lot that way."

"What do you read?"

"Anything I can get. I've read most of Conrad. I was interested in him because once he didn't even know how to speak English—and the first thing anybody knew, he was writing it fine. And—and Masefield—I think he's great. And I've tried Wells."

Jack Prentice threw up his hands. "Ye gods!" he cried. "Listen to the child. Your affinity, Tony, that's what she is."

"So it seems," laughed Tony, and blushed.

When he dared he raised his eyes and looked again into Ellen's face. Was she telling the truth, he wondered. He rather suspected she was not; it seemed a ruse to gain his interest. Poor Ellen, most of them thought that.

But on the way to the theater he resolved to find out. "Where do you get these books you read?" he asked.

"It's not so easy," she told him. "I join a circulating library when I'm a long time in a town. But they don't have the kind I like best—and those cost a lot."

"What kind do you like?"

"Biographies—when I can get them. I like to read about real people—not just characters somebody has thought up. I like to find out how they made good, and how they did things—and all."

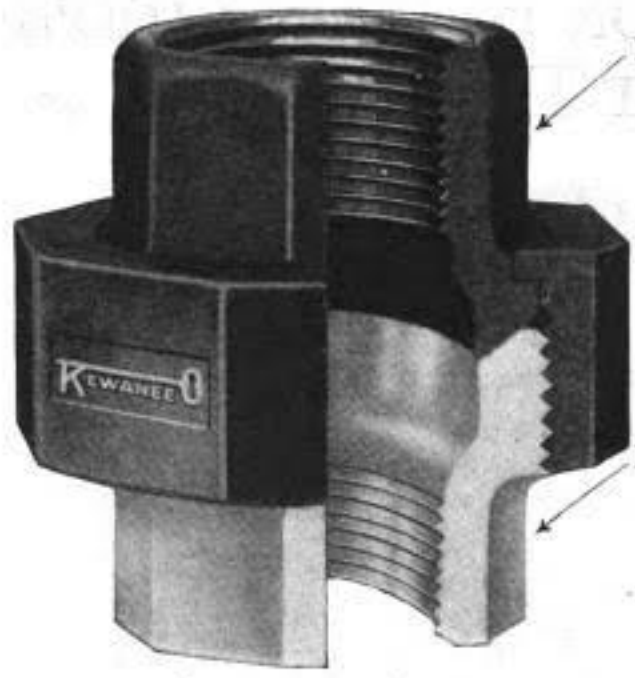
They turned into the alley. "I'm rather fond of biography myself," said Tony Winterslip. "And I happen to have quite a library. I wonder if you'd care to have me bring you some of my books?"

"I sure would. I'd take good care of them."

"All right," he smiled. "It's a promise. I'll drop round some night with an armful."

They paused at the stage door. A stocky figure came abreast of them and passed inside unnoticed.

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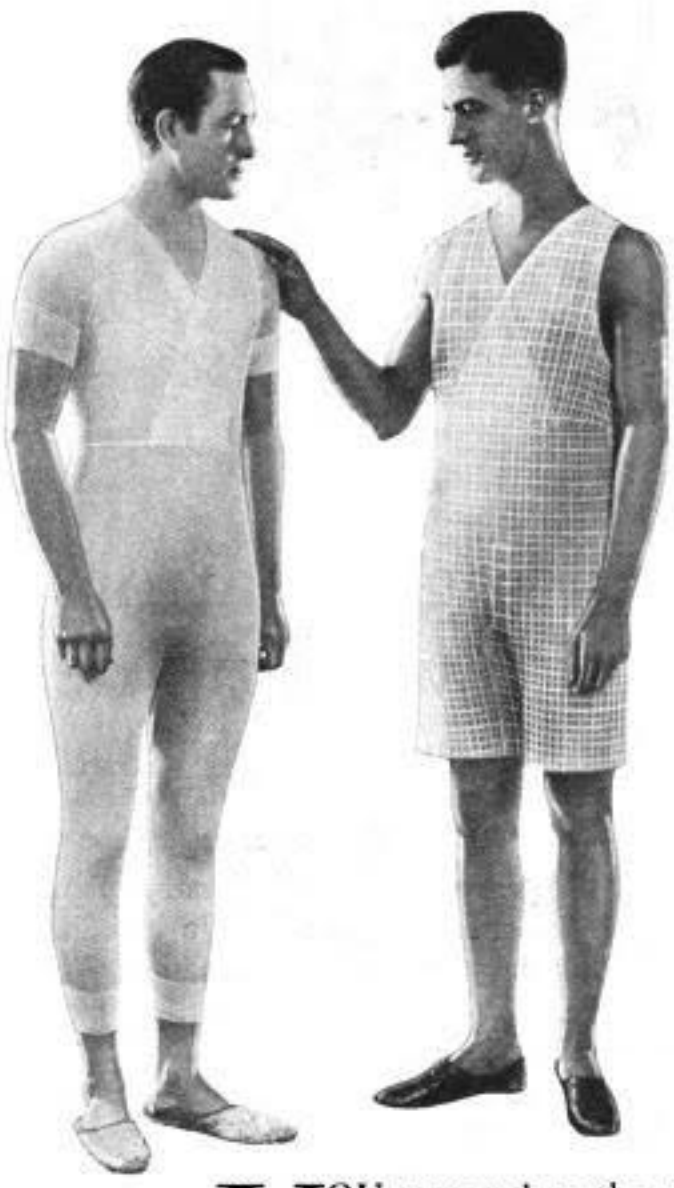
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See these garments at your favorite dealer's today. He can get them for you, if we have as yet been unable to supply him, or if he is temporarily sold out. It has been a big job to keep dealers stocked up this Spring, but if you have any difficulty in getting just what you want, we will be glad to see that you are supplied, delivery free anywhere in the United States. In ordering, please state sizes and numbers of garments required enclosing remittance to our mill at Albany. Send for free catalog illustrating complete line of Hatchway No-Button Union Suits and Hatch One Button Union Suits photographed on live models.

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Boys' Knitted Suits, $1, $1.25.

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has not a button, front or back. Step into the legs, slip your arms through the arm holes and you're in. Vice versa and you're out in less time than it takes to tell about it. Comfort that conforms to the lines of your figure. Absolute body freedom and freedom from all annoyance, trouble and inconvenience of lost buttons, torn buttonholes and repair bothers.

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"That'll be great," Ellen told him. "Good-by—the whistle's blowing. I—I certainly had a dandy time."

"So did I," Tony Winterslip answered. "Good-by." He and Prentice walked away down the alley. "Gad," said Mr. Winterslip suddenly, "that little girl's a wonder."

"A new type to me," responded Prentice. "A reader. Pretty as the devil though. You noticed that, didn't you?"

"Yes—I noticed that," said Tony Winterslip.

Ellen and Lil ran gayly up the iron stairs. It may have been the climb, but Ellen's heart was beating wildly. In the dressing room of the leading man, where he had the privilege of a hook, Mr. Andy Owen was hanging up his overcoat. He bent low before a mirror lined with telegrams, slicked his hair, straightened his white tie.

"Never even saw me," he informed his reflection in the glass.

One Night in June appeared to meet Boston's intellectual needs exceptionally well, and when the old man lined them up on the stage after the performance he was in a mood of kindly affability that was a revelation to those who had never worked for him before. His sheaf of notes was surprisingly thin, and he let them go with the intimation that they would play the season out in Boston, reserving Broadway for the fall.

Ellen was, as usual, the first of the girls ready for the street, and when she came down the stairs Andy was waiting for her. His serious face was sadly out of tune with the joyous atmosphere back stage on the first night of a hit.

"Don't stop for Lil," he urged. "Come over to Dan's place. I want to talk to you."

Dan, his red face glowing with smiles, greeted them as they came in. "You got a knock-out," he said. "You're in for a run. I enjoyed every minute of it."

"Oh, well—wait for the papers," said Andy glumly.

"Papers, hell!" answered Dan, offended. "I say you're over. That's enough, ain't it?"

Andy led the way to a table in the farthest corner and handed over a rather soiled little bill of fare. "What'll you have?" he inquired.

"Oh—just a ham sandwich and a glass of milk," Ellen told him. "That'll be enough for me."

"Yeah—I should think it would. Had a good dinner, didn't you?"

"What if I did? It's no affair of yours."

"It ain't, hey? Well, suppose I make it my affair?"

"Here's the waiter, Andy. Gee, you're cross to-night."

Andy gave the order and remained silent until the waiter moved away. "Who was your tall friend in the overcoat?" he demanded then.

"Name was Winterslip," smiled Ellen brightly. "Nice fellow too. I always did like tall men, Andy. And as for the overcoat, what do you expect in weather like this—a Palm Beach suit?"

"Don't try to kid me."

"And don't you try to call me. What strings you got on me, I'd like to know—sitting there and taking that tone."

Andy bowed his head. "I know," he said; "I'm all wrong. Excuse me, Ellen. But—but—I'm pretty easy-going—but somehow, seeing you with that guy sort of got my goat. For a minute I was wild enough to kill."

"You still act pretty wild to me," she answered, but she regarded him with a new interest.

He leaned closer. "Look here, Ellen, I just been drifting along, but now I'm going to put all my cards on the table. I guess you know how I feel. I'm crazy about you—ever since you walked into Bryant Hall for rehearsals last December —— Let me finish. I ain't one of these four-flushers. I'm offering to marry you."

"Offering? Say, that's fine!"

"Begging, Ellen. That's what I should have said. Nobody's got any claim on me. I send my mother twenty a week, but outside of that I'm free. I ain't much on talk, and I don't read your books and never can, but I make fair money and I'll take good care of you. And I'm—I'm wild about you—honest I am. I don't know how to say it pretty, but I mean it, kid."

The soiled apron of the waiter suddenly appeared beside them. Quick service was Dan's boast. Their simple choice of viands came between them on the table. The waiter ambled off.

"Andy—I said ham—and that p simp has brought cheese. Never mind I'll eat it."

"Oh, damn your sandwich! Excuse n Ellen—but I'm waiting. What you got say? Will you have me, Ellen?

She looked across into his kindly, earn face and saw in his eyes a fire she had nev suspected. A thrill, not unpleasant, ran and down her spine.

"Will you take me?" he pleaded.

"No, Andy," she said gently.

"Why not? Oh—I suppose the lin busy. If you think that tall guy ——"

"Don't be silly, Andy! I never saw h before to-night."

"Oh, well," said Andy bitterly, "I mig have known. I'm all right just to ha round and carry your grip, but that's Good old Andy—the bonehead. I ca talk like a school-teacher."

"Nonsense, Andy. Talk doesn't matt It's—it's more than talk—there's *som* thing wrong with you."

"What's wrong with me?" he demande fiercely.

"You're satisfied. That's the whol story. You're satisfied with this."

"Why not? I'm making good *money* Oh, I know—you want to marry the Presi dent, or somebody. God knows what you' aiming at. Nobody who troupes *with* yo can move fast enough to suit you. Alway going on—to what? Tell me that."

Ellen nibbled thoughtfully at *her* sand wich. "That day you began to rehears us—in New York," she said, "you playe over for us the beginning of a waltz. And little snatch of a fox trot. Things you' started—but never finished. Why don' you finish them, Andy?"

"Oh—I'm busy. I've got a lot to at tend to."

"I'll say you have. You got to leave me in a few minutes and play pinochle with the gang for about five hours. Then, when you get up to-morrow around noon, there'll be the morning paper to read. By the time you get that attended to the evening paper'll be out. Then a nap, then dinner, then the show—and then the gang again. Andy, you're getting nowhere."

"I don't see it. I'm making enough to live on. The way I look at it is, maybe sometime I'll get round to composing, maybe not. For the present, musical directors ain't any too plentiful, and I'm pretty sure of work. I should worry."

"Yes, Andy—you should."

"You make me tired." He drank audibly from his coffee cup. "This is all a bluff anyhow. If you cared anything about me you'd take me, and that would be that. Oh, I'm not blind. You met a rich fellow to-night, and now your head's going round. Anything can happen. Why stop for little old Andy when there's a sea full of bigger fish?"

"Andy—that's not fair."

"Well, you've made a fool of me—the first girl who could say that, if it's any pleasure to you. But I'm through. I'll never ask you again."

He choked on his ham and eggs. Ellen sat for a long moment staring at him with a strange light in her eyes. "Got a pencil, Andy?" she asked suddenly.

No musical director is ever without a pencil, and he handed his over without a word. Ellen picked up Dan's bill of fare, a tattered, stained bit of paper that had lived through a hard day. Without looking at Andy she began to scribble hastily on the back. She finished and folded the paper.

"I wish I had an envelope," she smiled. Andy maintained a dignified silence, but he was still Old Dependable. He produced an envelope with the name of an Albany hotel in the corner. Ellen put the folded bill of fare inside and sealed the flap. Then she inscribed her own name on the outside and handed back the pencil.

"Finished, Andy?" she asked. He gathered up the checks and followed her to the desk.

"Dan, I want to leave this with you," Ellen said. She passed over the envelope. "Just put it in a safe place until I call for it. It's—it's a bet."

"Sure," said Dan. "I'll do that. Many's the stakes I held in the old days when my cash register stood up against the long mirror. But times is changed." He sighed. "High stakes, Ellen?" he asked.

"Seem high to me," she told him.

She and Andy went out into the alley. They walked slowly along. Andy's pride was hurt, his heart heavy. Dozens of things he might say to her flashed through

(Continued on Page 69)

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THIS piece of lead pipe had been buried in the ground nearly 1900 years when it was dug up by workmen excavating for a sub-cellar in Rome.



Vespasian was emperor when this pipe was made—the inscription tells that. When Vespasian laid water-pipes of lead in the streets of Rome, he followed the example of Julius Cæsar, who sent plumbers with his legions into barbarian lands. Lead pipe laid by these Roman invaders has been dug from English soil.

❦ ❦ ❦

For centuries lead's non-corrosive qualities have made it the favored metal for water-pipes. Lead gutters, pipe-heads and leader pipes have been used for hundreds of years to carry off the rain from the roofs of buildings. Such lead work is often very beautiful and ornamental.

Often you see a steel skeleton, a bridge, a roof, a railing that has been painted a flaming orange-red. This brilliant coat is red-lead, an oxide of lead. "Save the surface and you save all" is an imperative maxim where exposed metal surfaces are concerned, and red-lead is the most reliable protection against rust that has yet been discovered.

You are surrounded by lead, in your home and on your travels. There is lead in the rubber heels of your shoes, in the tires of your automobile, in the bearings of the machinery that makes things for your use or transports you from place to place.

❦ ❦ ❦

Civilization has found hundreds of uses for lead and its products, and of them all the use of white-lead in paint is undoubtedly the most important.



Paint is used to decorate and preserve almost everything that is built or made, and the principal factor in good paint is white-lead—made by corroding pure metallic lead and mixing it with linseed oil.

Most painters simply add more linseed oil to the white-lead, in order to make the paint they use. Paint manufacturers use white-lead, in varying quantities, in the paint they make. The quality of any paint is largely dependent on the amount of white-lead it contains, for it is the white-lead that gives to good paint its durability.

"Save the surface and you save all" means that paint prevents decay and ruin. The highest *protective* power is found in those paints which contain the most white-lead.



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Dutch Boy Babbitt Metals	Lead Wool
Dutch Boy Solders	Litharge

Basic Lead Sulphate—White and Blue

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(Continued from Page 66)

is mind, but no word passed his lips. At he door of her hotel, however, he spoke. "Well, good night, Ellen," he said. "I'm orry you think I'm no good."

"Andy—I never said that."

"I guess you meant it though. I can ake a hint. Good-by!"

"Oh, Andy," she said with a little sob in er throat.

In her room she asked herself if she had one the right thing. Poor Andy. There eren't many so fine as he. Perhaps —— but suddenly through her mind flashed a icture of the house in North Readfield, f Evan Llewelyn, slouching through life, hiftless, devoid of ambition, beaten before e began. "Not for mine," she thought gain. And after she had turned off the ight and lay in bed she seemed to see in nother flash the crayon portrait of the lissenting pastor. Nothing could stop him. le went on.

The Tuesday papers happily confirmed Dan's judgment on One Night in June, and hen the girls went to lunch next day they aw a long line of customers at the box ffice of the theater. Thus encouraged they pent the afternoon locating a furnished partment. They found what they wanted n Beacon Hill, and arranged to move in next day. Here they could prepare many of their meals themselves—or rather, Ellen could—and thus save precious dollars.

On Tuesday night after the show Andy Owen was nowhere to be seen. Lil had found another long-lost friend ready and willing to buy. Ellen went alone across the Common and ate a forlorn little supper in the apartment. Andy upstage? It made life seem sort of dreary.

All through the Wednesday matinée she tried to catch his eye, but failed. By night, however, his easy good-nature had returned, and after the show he was waiting for her just inside the stage door.

"Hello," he said. "Found an apartment yet?"

"Sure. Moved yesterday," she told him. "Where you been, Andy? I missed you."

"Did you—honest? Well—I been sort of busy. Come on over to Dan's place."

The door opened, and Anthony Winterslip stepped inside. He had a number of books under his arm, and he stood blinking about him with the air of a lost soul.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I'm looking —— Oh, there you are! Gad, what luck."

"Hello," said Ellen. "You didn't forget. About the books, I mean."

"No, indeed—why should I? I say, can't we go out for a bit of supper?"

"Sure," said Ellen. "I'm all ready. Well, Andy, see you later."

The door slammed in Andy's face and he was left there, his anger slowly rising. He was a mild man by nature and the thoughts of homicide that surged into his heart alarmed him. Jimmy Gray, the juvenile, ran blithely down the stairs.

"Hello, Andy," he said. "The bunch is coming round to my place for a poker session. Always room for one more, old dear."

"Oh, go to the devil!" Andy cried, and rushed into the alley. He stalked savagely toward his hotel. "Gad, what luck," he said through his teeth, in a sickeningly affected manner. "I say, can't we go somewhere for a bit of supper?" So that was the kind of creature Ellen fell for.

He walked along, the sour grapes bitter in his mouth. A knowledge of his own limitations weighed him down. What had he to offer? This new fellow of Ellen's was a gentleman, prosperous and cultivated—refined, as Andy put it. Why shouldn't Ellen prefer him to Andy Owen, the demon pinochle player, the graduate of Tin Pan Alley?

He entered the doorway of his hotel and walked briskly up to the desk. "Say, listen," he began, "I'm going to rent a piano and have it moved into my room to-morrow. No objection, I suppose?"

"Why, no, I guess not," said the clerk. "In the case of an old patron of the house like you, Andy. Only you can't play it at any late hours. Not after the theater."

"Mornings," explained Andy. "That's when I want to use it."

"Mornings?" repeated the clerk. He laughed loudly. "Say, I never knew you to be up mornings."

"I never have been," said Andy grimly, "but I'm going to try it."

Anthony Winterslip's air of boredom was nowhere in evidence as he leaned across the table and smiled into Ellen's violet eyes.

"These two volumes," he said, "will tell you all about Charles Dilke—he was an English statesman, a remarkable man. They're thrilling as a novel. And I brought you this Life of Queen Victoria—and the Recollections of the Empress Eugénie."

"That's fine," answered Ellen, her eyes sparkling. "I love to read about royalties, and all that kind."

"You do?"

"Sure. It's like I told you—I don't read books just to pass the time. I want to find out how things are done by people who know. So that if my chance ever comes ——"

"You're ambitious, aren't you?" he asked.

"Of course. Aren't you? Say—what do you do for a living, anyhow?"

He laughed. "Well, it isn't necessary to do very much. I'm a lawyer, in a sort of way—I manage our estate, and a few others. But the truth is, my ancestors worked so hard that there's nothing much left for me to do."

"Oh—I see. You got nowhere to go. You're there. But me—I got the whole distance still to travel."

"I envy you," he said.

"I don't see it," she sighed.

"Why, it's as somebody said—I forget the exact words, but the idea was, the fun is not so much in arriving as in making the journey."

"Uh-huh—I bet he'd arrived when he said it." She was silent for a moment, pondering this new point of view. "I guess your people were pretty famous round Boston," she said presently.

"So it seems. Some of them made laws, and some founded schools, and some preached sermons. My great-grandfather was a bishop."

"Honest? My grandfather too—he was a minister. Only that was in Wales. He was a miner to start with, but that didn't stop him—he read and studied. We got his picture in the parlor at home. Everybody loved him, ma says. Just before he died he was moved to another—parish, I guess you call it—and when the people he used to preach to heard he was dead they walked five miles over a rough road on a bitter cold day, and five miles back, carrying him home to his own churchyard. You wouldn't catch people in this country doing that."

"No, I should say not." He smiled at her kindly. "He must have been a fine man, that grandfather of yours." Blood will tell, he reflected, looking into her sweetly serious face. "And he sort of explains you, doesn't he? I mean your desire to go on—to strike out for something better."

"I guess he does," she answered. "If anything explains me. All I know is I ain't—I'm not satisfied—I never have been. I'm only trouping now, but I'm moving on. And I mean to keep moving."

"That's fine," said Tony Winterslip. "You stick to that. And wherever you see a hand stretched out to help you—you take it, won't you?" He leaned across the table. "My hand is there," he said.

Ellen lowered her eyes. "You got nice hands," she said softly.

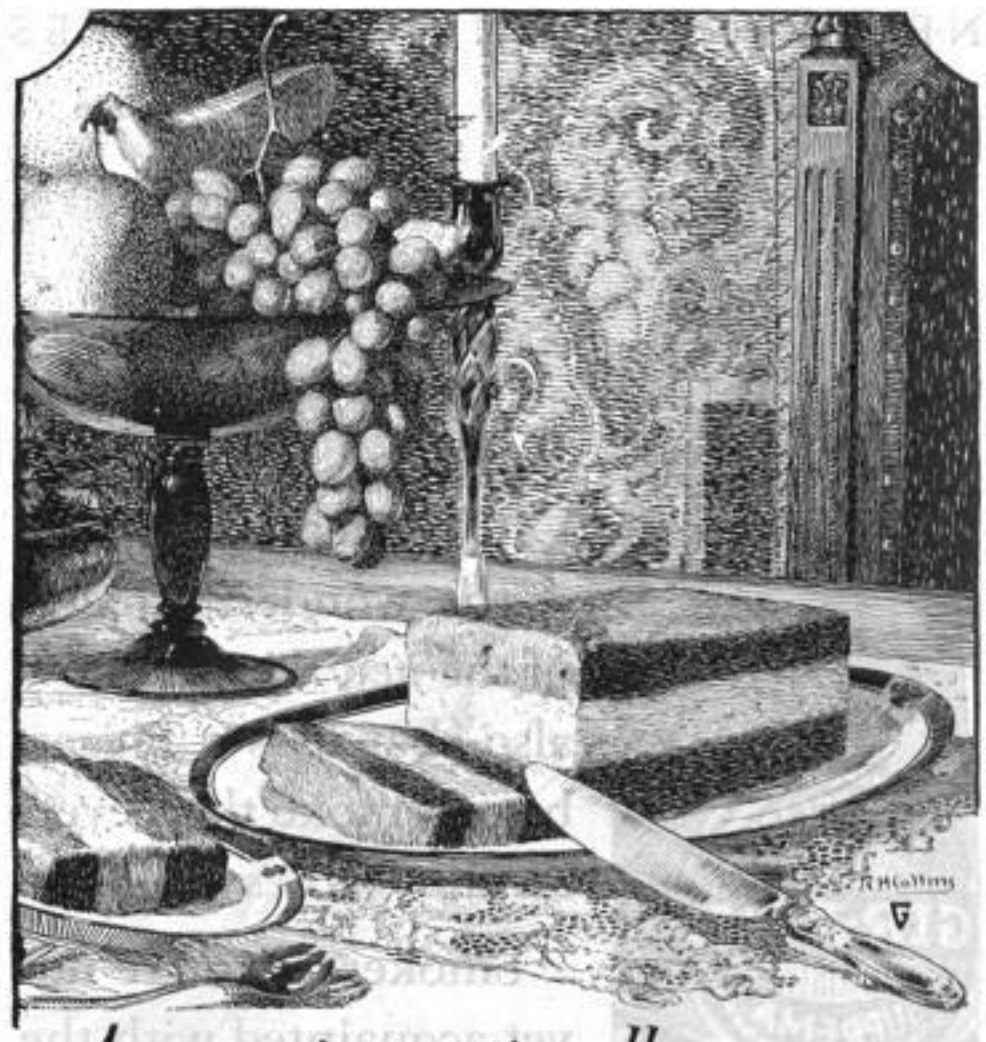
IV

FIVE weeks passed, five Saturday nights with a good gross reported by the box office and the old man correspondingly happy.

Ellen Llewelyn was happy, too, for never before had her education made such rapid strides. Evidently Tony Winterslip had been in earnest about that hand, stretched out to help, and he was proving it almost daily.

When the weather was fine he took her in his car about the surrounding countryside, where it seemed every other house had a history and a tablet of bronze to recall it. On stormy days there was the Museum of Art or Symphony Hall, and there was also Tony to talk on painting or sculpture or music—good human talk, lighted always by his rather bashful humor.

Once he took her across the bridge to Cambridge, and walked with her through the grounds of the university where Winterslips had studied or taught for a couple of centuries. He pointed out a few of his clubs, and the windows of the room where he had lived his senior year. He introduced to her several handsome boys with flapping arctics, led her into a drug store for a soda, and greeted the clerk as one beloved from whom he had long been separated. Ellen, through wide eyes, looked out on a world as new as Mars. At rare intervals there



Announcing nationally

Orange-CRUSH

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

ice cream, ices and sherbets

Here is a real piece of appetite news:

Delicious ice cream, ices and sherbets flavored with genuine Ward's Orange-Crush—also the companion flavors, Lemon-Crush and Lime-Crush—are now being made in nearly every principal city and town in the United States and Canada by one exclusively licensed ice cream manufacturer.

These are the same flavors, especially prepared for frozen products, which have made the drinks, Orange-Crush, Lemon-Crush and Lime-Crush, the largest selling citrus-flavored beverages in the world.

In some places special bricks of varying combinations will be featured. In other places, the "Crush" flavored ice cream, ices and sherbets will be obtainable in bulk. Watch for signs and local newspaper announcements in your community.

Although this is the first national announcement, frozen products made with these flavors have been sold in an ever-increasing number of places during the past three years. Perhaps you are already acquainted with them. If not, you have a treat in store for you.

The same first-quality ingredients used in preparing the "Crush" drinks are used in the "Crush" ice cream flavors. Fruit oils and juices from oranges, lemons or limes are delicately compounded by the exclusive Ward Process with U. S. certified food color and cane sugar. Purity is scrupulously guarded.



Serve and enjoy these differently flavored ice creams, ices and sherbets frequently this year. Ask any retail ice cream dealer for them. Write us for the name of the licensed ice cream manufacturer nearest you. Send for free booklet, "How Orange-Crush Is Made."

Ice Cream Manufacturers: Write for information about exclusive rights.

Prepared by Orange Crush Co., Chicago, U. S. A.
In Canada: Orange-Crush Co., Limited, Winnipeg



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NEVER GETS ON YOUR NERVES



YOU men who know the wonderful blend of the *new* Girard know also that it is a bigger, better smoke than ever! And—*for less money.*

Smokers who are not yet acquainted with the *new* Girard have a treat coming. Step up to the next cigar-counter, and learn the shortest road to smoke-contentment.

Take no detours—insist on Girards.

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15c size now 2 for 25c
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NOW 2 for 25c

ANTONIO ROIG & LANGSDORF
Established 51 years PHILADELPHIA

GIRARD
America's Foremost Cigar

flashed through her mind a vision of 13 River Street, of the grimy sullen procession filing past to the mills at dawn.

Each night, on the stage, she played her little part, took the requisite number of steps, smiled her best smile, though her mind was elsewhere. There was a man named Andy—Andy Owen, the full name—a man she had once known well, but he was a stranger now.

Eight times a week she saw him there in the pit, his baton raised, his round kindly face aglow with enthusiasm for his job. No sign passed between them. When they met in the wings he said hello, she answered; that was all. There was much gossip back stage of the rich boy Ellen had captured, but no one ever heard a comment from Andy Owen.

On a Saturday night early in April, Ellen and Tony Winterslip were walking home to her apartment after the show. For a long time the streets and sidewalks of the town had been covered with packed dry snow, and Ellen had ventured down to the theater at noon in a pair of flimsy pumps. Since then, however, a sudden warm turn had come in the weather, and now they sloshed along through an ocean of Boston's celebrated vernal slush. Ellen should never have dared that journey, but she was still too much in awe of Tony to protest, and as for him, he was too grand and lofty ever to notice anyone's footgear.

"It's great, isn't it?" he asked. "I mean, this warm night, and the stars, and all. I tell you, Ellen, spring is on the way."

"I guess it is," she agreed. "I love it too. Always makes me feel so full of pep—energy, I mean. Seems like there's nothing so big I couldn't do it. Don't you feel that way, Tony?"

"You bet I do. I've hardly missed a day on the river this winter, and it's kept me in fine trim—but I'm getting tired of it. Not long now, though—tennis out at Longwood, and golf."

"But—that wasn't what I meant." She hesitated; it had been a matter long on her mind, but she was timid about mentioning it. "Don't you feel you'd like to get out and—and accomplish something, Tony? Something big—have everybody talking about you?"

"Heaven forbid!" he laughed. "Sounds scandalous. Not in my line at all."

"But, Tony—you know so much—such a fine education. Are you getting anywhere? I don't want to be rude ——"

"I see what you mean. Success, eh? No, Ellen, the idea doesn't appeal. Not in this crude, bromidic country."

"The country suits me all right," she said warmly.

"Of course—of course. But what I mean—oh, well, you'd hardly understand. To get out, mingle with the mob—no, thanks; the rewards aren't worth it, really. Not over here. Now, in Paris—or almost anywhere abroad ——"

He went on to expound his viewpoint. Ellen listened, deep in thought. This was a new side to Tony.

At the door he took her hand: "Good night, Ellen. Look here—you're shivering. Are you cold?" He glanced down at her feet. "Oh, by gad—you're soaked. I never noticed. I say, I am a fool. I'm frightfully sorry."

"'S all right," Ellen assured him. "I don't mind."

"You hurry upstairs and get into a hot bath," he said. "I'm afraid you've caught cold—and it's all my fault. Good night."

"G-g-good night," she answered.

He left her and walked down Beacon Hill, thinking about her. It was a tough job, for, as always, he didn't know what to think. Never before had he been interested in a girl. But he was interested in this one—decidedly. Her ambitious mind groping always to find the best, her eager feet restless to climb, her slim figure and delicate lovely face. She was a wonder, and he liked her immensely. But should he go further—he, a Winterslip? Her background was impossible, her possibilities infinite. He weighed things, pro and con. This side and that. Granted—but on the other hand —— He belonged to an old New England family, and he was a lawyer. Can that sort ever reach a decision on anything?

The hot bath availed little, and Ellen's teeth were chattering when she crept between the cold sheets. When Lil came in a moment later she was so weary she pretended to be asleep. She slept little that night, however, and in the morning her body was a furnace and her head pounding.

For a week she was too ill to see anyone save Lil and the trained nurse who miraculously appeared from the dim distance of the other room. Too ill to worry about her job, her salary, ma, her responsibilities. Which was just as well, for when the news of her came to the old man he called and counted her out.

"Sick, eh? That means rehearse understudy and send to New York for new girl. Well, the new girl stays. When Llewelyn gets better tell her for me she's out. Damn it, they've got no consideration for me—none at all. A pretty penny it'll cost me—railroad fare and all."

"Yes, sir," said Mickleson. He thought of the old man's millions, and smiled.

At the end of a week Ellen began to get better—and to worry. "See here, Lil," she whispered, "what's the idea of the nurse? I can't afford ——"

"Don't fret," said Lil. "The nurse came with a card on her—Anthony Winterslip's compliments."

"Oh—I can't take her! I mean, I don't want him to ——"

"Tush, my child! You have taken him. Don't you worry—get well. If you ask me that lad is wild about you, and he means business. You're lucky, honey, *and I'm* glad of it, but jealous as sin. Seems I just can't meet a man who has the word 'marry' in his bright lexicon. I thought maybe Jack Prentice—but let that pass."

In the bare sitting room beyond, Ellen heard from time to time the kindly voice of her little world—Mickleson, panting from the stairs, the shrill laugh of one of the girls. "Kin I smoke in here. Say, it won't hurt her, will it?" Andy—Andy Owen. "Just put 'em in a vase by her bed—never mind who sent 'em." And the smooth new tones of Tony Winterslip: "How is she to-day? You know, I'm all broken up over this. It's my fault, really."

On the third Sunday the nurse announced that she could see one or two of her friends, and Andy Owen was the first to call. He entered the bedroom bearing a florist's box, and his anxious eyes sought Ellen's face. As he stood looking down at her his expression brought a lump into her throat.

"Hello, Ellen."

"Hello, Andy. I been sick."

"I'll say you have. You're better now though, ain't you?"

"Lots, Andy."

"Say—that's the best news since the armistice. Here"—he stood the box of flowers against a table—"I brought these."

"I see you did. I saw all the others you brought too. What's the idea, Andy? Got a greenhouse somewhere?"

"Quit your kidding. Say, Ellen—I got great news for you. The old man nearly passed out."

"What do you mean—he nearly died?"

"Yeah—you ain't the only one that's been sick. Happened a week ago—I saw the whole thing. Those thin-legged chairs—you know, the ones the old man bought special—well, a stage hand dropped one of 'em and broke it. The old man saw him. He started for him like a wolf hound—you know ——"

"I know," said Ellen.

"I looked to see murder. But when the old man got up to this fellow his face went all gray and he pitched forward on the stage. We carried him into a dressing room and sent for a doctor, and after a while they took him to his hotel. Heart went back on him, the doctor said. Must have been right at the golden gates, where he could hear the angels sing."

"Too bad," Ellen said.

"Too bad, nothing! It's the best thing that ever happened in the history of show business. It's changed his whole character. I guess he got to thinking—anyhow, he's so sweet and gentle since he come back he's breaking everybody's heart. Though there's plenty that say they wish the thing had struck him in his cradle." Ellen laughed. "But the reason I'm telling you all this," Andy continued—"I guess you didn't know he canned you when he heard you was sick?"

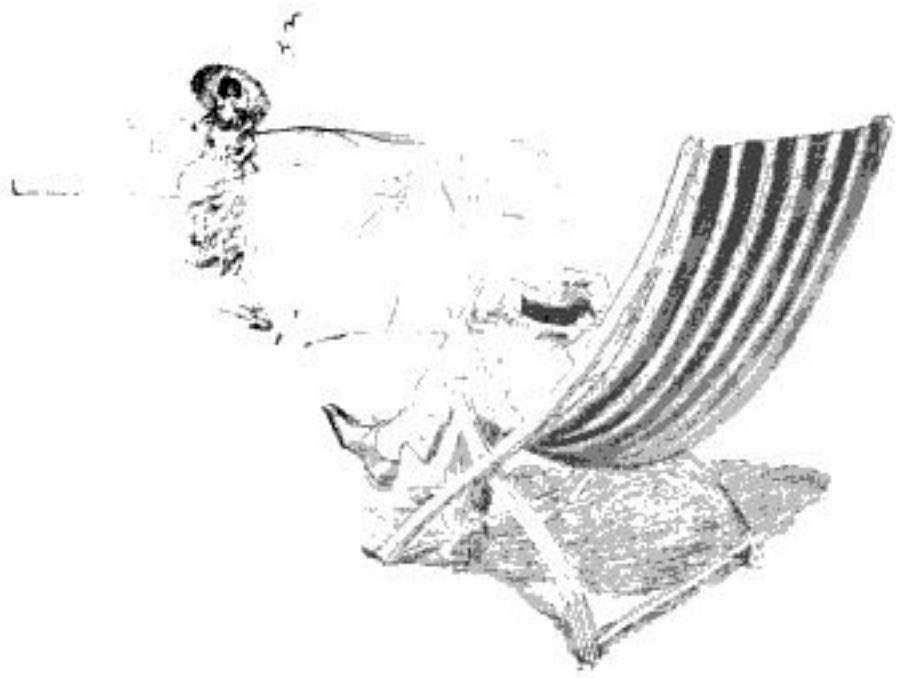
"He did!" she cried, her face clouding.

"Wait a minute. When he showed up the other day after this spell I figured it was time to reopen the whole case. So I said to him: 'How about Miss Llewelyn? She's been pretty sick.' And he says: 'Too bad. I'm sorry for anybody that's sick.' He took hold of my arm and led me to the box office. Jenkins was sitting there. 'Mike,' says the old man, 'just give Andy Llewelyn's

(Continued on Page 72)

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THE STUDIED EFFECT OF UNCONCERN



The raiment of a gentleman, like the frame of a rare painting, is rather to be sensed than seen. The beauty of each lies in absolute self-effacement. The less the frame is observed, the greater is the work of the master. The less a gentleman's clothes attract attention, the greater is the tribute to his fine discrimination.

A gentleman seeks habiliments that excite no comment. He strives to give the appearance of having given no thought to appearance. His vestments are planned to merge into the background of his personality.

So one remarks *him*—not the lapel of his dress. And yet, should one scrutinize that unobtrusive lapel, he would find it well-turned and of exquisite fabric. Careful carelessness is the subtlety of this art. It's a rare art to drape clothes that serve gentlemen as perfectly as does the frame of a masterpiece. Yet Hirsh, Wickwire Clothes have had this distinction for a score of years. Naturally they appeal especially to the man who is so sure of his appearance as to be quite nonchalant about it.

Hirsh, Wickwire Clothes are ready-to-wear—conservative, gentlemanly garments. But in price, they vie with ordinarily-good clothes. Your inquiry will bring you the information where you may purchase these clothes for gentlemen.

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Storing Summer's Luscious Flavors

ALADDIN'S magic lamp brought him a garden of jewelled fruit. Your Aladdin sauce pot, flaring dipper and colander will help you have fruits, berries and vegetables worth their weight in gems next winter. So prepare by starting your Aladdin canning set now.

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Also makers of NEW PERFECTION Oil Stoves, Ovens and Water Heaters

CMP HOUSEHOLD PRODUCTS

Enameled Steel

Three essentials of a canning set are the enameled steel sauce pot, flaring dipper and aluminum colander shown here. Each is scientifically shaped, moulded throughout with smooth rounded corners and possesses other exclusive Aladdin conveniences. The red Aladdin label identifies the enameled steel and the Aladdin quality mark the aluminum. At foremost hardware, housefurnishing and department stores.



(Continued from Page 70)

salary for the time she's been out. And, Andy, you tell her the place is open to her whenever she comes back, and in the meantime pay as usual.' I'll just put it here on the table, Ellen. Better not handle it yourself—germs on it."

"Oh, Andy—that just shows! There's good in everybody. Even the old man."

"Looks that way. But I'm glad you don't have to nearly kill most of 'em to bring it out."

"I'm certainly grateful to you, Andy. Seems like your kindnesses to me—they just grow and multiply."

"Why—I didn't do anything, kid. I just showed him his duty and he done it."

"Andy—you're a darling."

"Don't say that, Ellen," he pleaded. "Unless—unless you ——"

From the room beyond came the voice of Anthony Winterslip: "Hello—you promised I might see her. Just a moment, surely. That's great!" He came into the bedroom. "Ellen, child, you're better. Splendid!"

"Sure," said Ellen weakly. "I'm all right. Just pretending to be sick. Like to be waited on. Oh—excuse me. Mr. Winterslip, shake hands with Mr. Owen."

Mr. Winterslip graciously complied with this simple request. They exchanged greetings. He turned again to Ellen. "They wouldn't let me see you before. I hope everything's been all right."

"About that nurse ——" Ellen began in a whisper.

"What about her?" asked Tony, humorously whispering too. "Isn't she a good one?"

"Sure. But I can't let you ——"

"Now, look here," said Tony out loud; "who was to blame for this hard luck? Who walked you home in slippers through a mushy night? I did. I've cursed myself for it a thousand times."

"It wasn't your fault," Ellen told him. "I ought to have known better."

"It was my fault," he insisted. "And in the circumstances, anything I can do for you—well, I mean to do it. And I'd like to see anyone stop me. Which reminds me ——" He called the nurse, who came and stood in the doorway. "How soon can Miss Llewelyn be moved?" he asked.

The woman considered. "Well, that would depend on where you wanted to move her."

"Precisely." He turned to Ellen. "I've thought it over, and this isn't the best place in the world for you while you're convalescing. So I talked to mother and she wants you to come and see us. I'd take her out in a closed car," he added to the nurse.

"Oh, in that case I should say about Wednesday," the woman told him.

"Oh, no, Tony, I can't," said Ellen. "I'm going back to work this week. Andy just told me my job's waiting."

"Nonsense! You're not able. You spend this week with us. We've got a big place over in Brookline—give you a room where the sun comes in all day—a great room with an open fire and all the books you can read. Country air. That's what you need. Don't you think so, Mr.—er—Mr. ——"

"Owen," said Andy. He stood up, bravely smiling. "You're right, Mr.—ah, er—you're quite right. The country's a fine place—I've always said so." He turned to Ellen. "It's a great idea," he said. "You go—like he wants you to. It's the best thing you can do."

"Well—just for a few days," Ellen agreed.

♦

ELLEN sat at Tony's side in the big limousine. Outside, the immaculate apartment houses of sedate Brookline were flashing by.

"Oh, Tony—I oughtn't to have come!"

"Nonsense! Why not?"

"Well, for one thing—I haven't got the clothes."

"Rot! You're an invalid, Ellen. You can dress that part all right. Besides, we don't think about clothes out at our shack. It's the people inside them."

She smiled at him sideways from under the crimson hat. How kind he was. He stepped on the gas, the apartments gave way to open country, where fine houses stood in groves of bare, gaunt trees. They turned in between two great stone posts. Up a neat drive bordered by white birches the car sped, and came to a stop before a beautiful colonial doorway that had been pictured in all the architectural magazines of the country.

"Here we are," cried Tony gayly. "Out you get."

A butler opened the door, took Ellen's suitcase. "Just a minute," Tony told her. "Mother!" he called. "Oh, mother—where are you?" He went through a door at the right.

Ellen summoned all her assurance as she stood in the big white hall that ran through the house and opened on a terrace at the rear. Tony's mother must not guess that she had never been in a home like this before. Nor must the butler, who stood there with the straw suitcase held like a hand grenade at his side.

Tony reappeared with his mother, a tall, smiling, gracious lady, young for her years. "This is Ellen," he said.

The woman held out her hand and gazed with interest at the curious guest whom the impetuous Tony had forced upon her. "How are you, my dear?" she asked. "I hope you're feeling stronger."

"I feel fine, thanks," Ellen answered. "But I—I'm afraid I'm making a lot of trouble. I didn't want to bother you."

"Not at all. Tony feels responsible for your illness, you know. It's really very kind of you to come; it shows you forgive him, and takes a great load off his mind."

"Oh," said Ellen, and looked at Tony's mother in awe.

How unerringly she said just the right thing, and how easily. Tony's mother smiled at her in kindly fashion. She was really a very fine woman, calm, serene, prepared for whatever the fates might send. Never in his life had she refused Tony anything, and there had been no inclination to be shocked at his rather quaint request that she open her doors to Ellen Llewelyn—a chorus girl. Ten years before the thing would have been impossible. But the world had changed, and Tony's mother remained young enough to change with it. Besides, she was rather curious to meet this girl who had caught Tony's fancy.

"We hope you'll stay with us until you're quite well enough to go back to your—your position," she said. "Wharton will show you to your room, and I'll send someone up to help you"—her eye fell on the suitcase, and the word "unpack" was instantly abandoned—"to help you in any way you wish."

Wharton led the way upstairs and left Ellen alone in her room. The bright glory of it took her breath away. She stood taking it all in—the gray paneled walls, the curtains of taffeta striped in mauve and ashes of roses, the old-rose brocade on the furniture, the soft taupe rug. Through four great windows the late afternoon sun came flooding in. A fire was blazing in the grate and—yes—there were shelves filled with expensive-looking books.

She sat down, a little weak, a little breathless. This was what she had been aiming for ever since she could remember, this was the room of her dreams. Always before it had been shadowy and unreal, but from this moment on it would be clear to the last detail.

"I'm glad I came," she thought.

She went to a window. There was a terrace at the rear, with steps that led down to a pool and, beyond, a miniature forest of glorious trees. Suddenly it seemed that she stood in her mother's room at 13 River Street, looked out on dreary shacks, on ragged children playing in the snow. She turned back to the room, half expecting stained wall paper, the blue-and-red chromo, a cracked pitcher and bowl. She gave a little gasp.

"It's real!" she said.

A maid knocked, but Ellen sent her away. Beyond an open door gleamed a white bath. She unpacked her bag, put on the little afternoon dress that must serve also for the evening. What next? She sat for a time before the fire. She wondered if she should go downstairs alone, or whether she must wait for someone to come and lead her. Her old assurance began to come back, an intense curiosity seized her; she went into the hall, down the stairs.

Dusk was falling as she came into a huge drawing-room, a grand stage setting upon which her timid entrance seemed to make no impression. A little old woman with snow-white hair under a lace cap was sitting before the fire. She rose when she saw Ellen.

"Hello, my dear," she said. "I'm glad to see you. Come over here and sit down."

Ellen joined her before the fire.

"Tony's grandmother," explained the old lady. She had a thin, eager face and black eyes that twinkled humorously.

"Yes—you're quite right—I'm frightfully old. Should have passed on long ago, but I hung on. Don't know why, I'm sure. No use whatever, except as a sort of link from the age that is past to the age that is waiting before. But there—you're not a Harvard man, are you?"

"No—of course not," smiled Ellen, somewhat mystified.

"Don't mind me. Weird sense of humor, but the best I've got. Hear you've been ill—well, this is a splendid place to recuperate. Nothing ever happens. Dull as sin. A backwater, my child. Life goes roaring by, somewhere beyond. We get the echoes after it has passed. Reminds me. Wharton"—she turned to the servant who was drawing the curtains—"has my Transcript come?"

"Not yet, madam," he answered.

"Echo's late to-night," the old lady explained to Ellen. She saw that the girl's eyes were on a portrait above the fireplace. "Ah, yes—can't very well escape him, can you? The bishop. Dead these sixty years, but still they bend the knee before him—these Winterslips."

"Why—aren't you a Winterslip?" Ellen asked, surprised.

"Bless you, no! I'm a Brooks. *Married* into this family fifty years ago, but I've kept my own identity, thank heaven. Wasn't much to keep, but I hung *on*. *Well*, my dear—we're quite stirred up over your coming. An actress, I hear?"

"Why, yes—I ——"

"Make your own living. No man's creature. Is that so?"

"It sure—it certainly is."

"Good for you. Often wish I'd struck out for myself when I was young. Have more to look back on now. Wouldn't have done though. Scandalous in those days. Well, times have changed, and I'm glad *of* it." She patted Ellen's knee. "Hope you'll stay for a time," she said. "Try and endure us. We're dull—dull as dishwater. Hearts of gold, however." The servant came in and handed her a neatly folded newspaper. "Ah, at last!" she cried. "Here's the echo. All nicely modulated, attuned to my delicate ear. Now, where are my glasses—I had them when you came in."

Ellen rescued them from a corner of the sofa. "Thanks," said Tony's grandmother. "I don't really need them; they've been forced on me. Want to make me look old, these people do. But if any of them should tell you I can't read a word without them, they lie, my dear." She spread out her paper. "Just make yourself at home, Ellen. I know your name, you see. Just pretend you live here."

"My home's—quite different from this." Ellen smiled.

"Ah, yes—more exciting, I expect. Well, some folks are born lucky. Fair and warmer. That's good. Revolution in Central America. I'm glad to know things are changing somewhere. It keeps me going."

Ellen turned to a table on which were books and magazines—dark brown magazines devoid of illustrations, and pale, slender radical weeklies. She selected one of the latter. In various parts of the quiet room lamps were glowing beneath shades of orange-gold taffeta, great chairs waited invitingly under each. Just fancy—more than one place where a person could read! She made her choice, and was soon deep in the rather startling discovery that America was crass and uncivilized. It was a strange place to find this out, here in this peaceful, cultivated room.

Tony came in presently. "Everything all right?" he wanted to know. "Did you meet grandmother?"

"Yes, I met her," Ellen smiled. "I think she's wonderful."

"Don't let her fool you," Tony laughed. "She's a profane, discontented old woman, no fit company for the innocent and young."

The old lady put down her paper and winked at Ellen. "Poor Tony," she said. "Got the Winterslip disposition. Can't help himself." She resumed her reading.

"Tony," Ellen said, "I think your mother's fine. So—so kind. And this house—it's lovely, and so homelike too."

"You see that you get well then. But not too fast. We mustn't let you go too soon. Must we, mother?" he added as Mrs. Winterslip came in.

"Not too soon," she answered with her kindly smile.

Dinner proved a marvel of calm precision, with Wharton in his glory. Ellen was

(Continued on Page 75)

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This is a cross-section of an ordinary chocolate, showing how thin the chocolate coating can be made in order to keep down the cost of making.





This is a cross-section of a Johnston chocolate, showing the full, thick, rich chocolate coating which is characteristic of all Johnston chocolates.

She prefers Johnston's

—his gift compliments her good taste and proves his own good judgment

A GIRL admires a young man for inferring that the Johnston candy is her favorite—the gift is not only a subtle tribute to her good taste, but the evidence of his own. It suggests that only the finest is worthy to be offered at her shrine. It shows that he knows the best—which is equally important.

Chocolates differ greatly. Johnston's are noted for the extra *thick*, rich chocolate coating. This coating costs more than the center. Hence makers are tempted to thin it.

We make our own chocolate. Thus we control its quality. We use only the finest of the 110 grades of cocoa bean, from which chocolate is made. Every process gets the utmost in time and care. The longer chocolate is whipped, the better it becomes. Ours is worked four times as long as the average. This multiplies costs by four. But that is the price of perfection. A Johnston chocolate must be the finest that can be made.

To insure purity and exquisite flavor, we make our own syrups. Also our cream fondant—the inside of chocolate creams. We use nothing but the rarest Cuban cane sugar—finer than ordinary table sugar. We accept only whole nuts and fruits—never culls or broken nut meats. Thus we are sure of luscious fruit centers. Hence our nut centers are full-flavored and tasty.

We buy nothing already made up. We make everything ourselves. All our chocolates are dipped and packed in rooms where the air is washed.

For over 73 years we have been making fine candy. Many of our most famous recipes are nearly that old. In all this time we have never compromised on quality.

Now we ask you to try Johnston's for yourself, should you not already know them. Once you have tasted Johnston's, no others will satisfy. Note our introductory offer.

JOHNSTON'S
Milwaukee



Let her choose the kinds she likes best

The Johnston Choice Box contains 22 kinds of candies. It also contains a booklet showing how these 22 kinds are assorted in 6 other favorite Johnston boxes. Each piece in the Choice Box is plainly identified by name. Give her the Johnston Choice Box and let her select her favorite combinations. At good stores everywhere. If any dealer can't supply you, send us the coupon.

This is not a pound box, but a special introductory assortment—22 kinds—of our finest chocolates and other confections.

MAIL TO
JOHNSTON'S, MILWAUKEE

Enclosed find $1, for which send me a Johnston Choice Box.

Name _____

Street No. _____

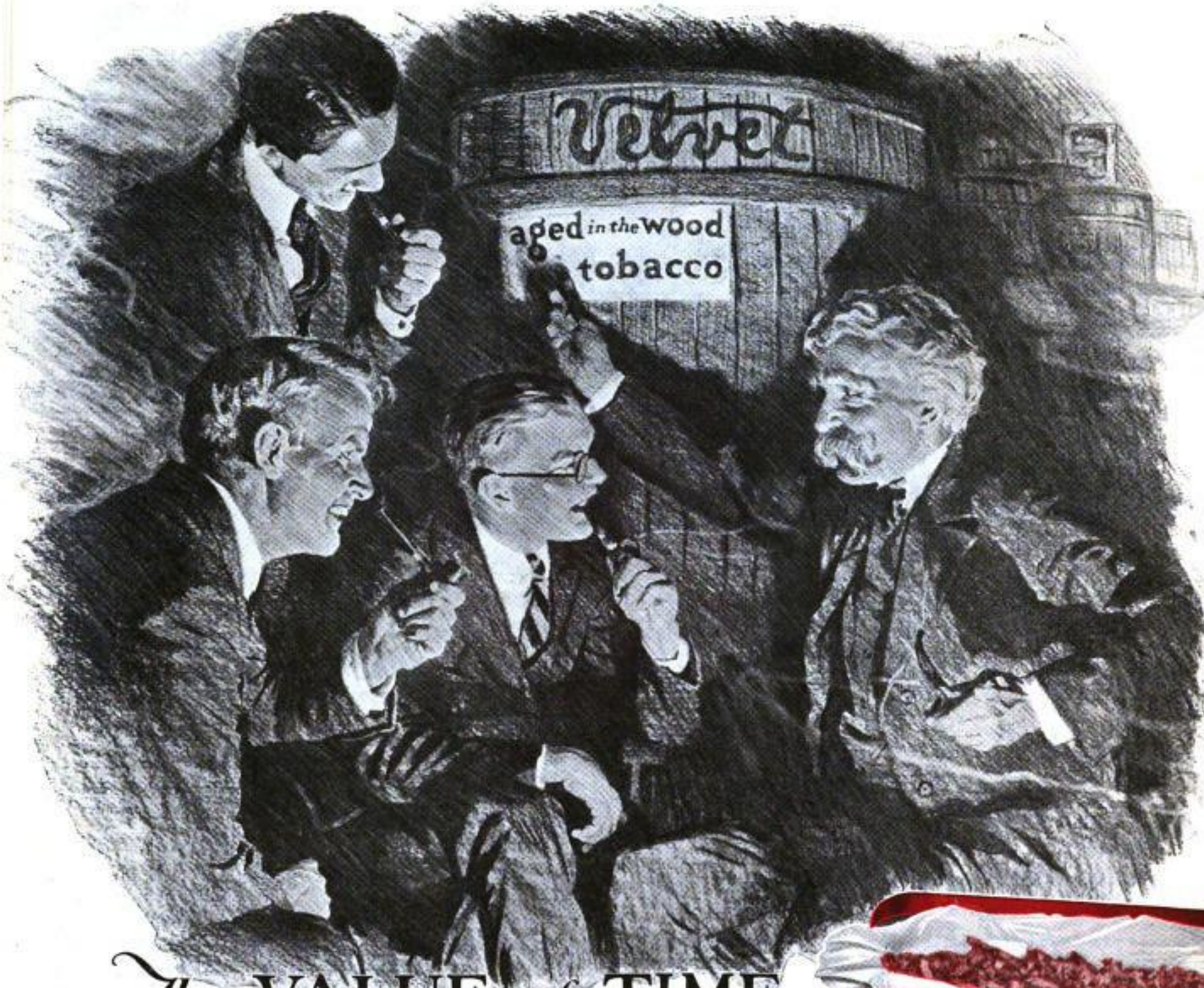
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Johnston's
THE APPRECIATED CHOCOLATES

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The VALUE of TIME

for instance, in making good smoking tobacco

FOLKS, Time can be either a good servant or a hard master, dependin' on its use.

THERE'S tobacco, for instance. You can't crowd Nature when the tobacco's growin' an' you can't rush Time when the tobacco's agein'.

SO WE take that good ole Burley that ripened slowly in the Kentucky sun and we store it in wooden hogsheads for *two years*. Time makes it mild an' sweet as *nothing else* can.

PUTTIN' quick-sand in the hour-glass won't shorten the day's work, an' quick methods won't mellow tobacco. Stick to Velvet, the aged in the wood pipe tobacco.

Velvet Joe.



© 1922, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

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(Continued from Page 72)

nning to enjoy herself. The grand-her chatted brightly, and her talk, as n told Lil afterwards, was as good as a r.

fter dinner they had coffee in the ring-room, and more talk, and then y at the piano. Then everybody took a c and chose a lamp and a chair.

ace, perfect peace. A log fell in the lace, sending up a shower of sparks. rton appeared at once, the log was red to its proper position, the servant shed as noiselessly as he had come. A phone bell rang somewhere in the dis-e, but was immediately silenced.

ddenly Ellen stirred restlessly, her d strayed from her book. Out in the a great clock chimed the hour of eight. thoughts wandered to the theater; she the girls straggling in, demanding their l, climbing the iron stairs. She was in dressing room, heard the babel of voices. n, down in the wings, the last notes of overture beyond the curtain, Mickleson ading with them to get on—get on. She t back to her book.

t nine o'clock Ellen rose and said good ht. Grandmother Winterslip thrust a volume into her hands. "Study it," urged. "Teaches you how to play uet. I need a partner. Want a battle r and then—got to have it. Keeps me ng."

Ellen promised and went to her wonder-room. A single lamp with a rose-and-ave shade glowed by the head of her l, the covers were turned back invitingly. e had never dreamed that life could flow smoothly.

When she awoke in the morning it was wing on with never a ripple. A maid lled down at her and announced that her th was ready. The breakfast table stood a flood of sunshine, everyone smiled and s pleasant. Tony ran off to his office, the eventful day began.

With Tony's mother Ellen made no prog-s toward intimacy, but by noon she and r grandmother were old friends. They yed piquet together, went for a drive ter lunch. Another evening, cut from the me pattern as the one before, and then nother day.

On Sunday morning Ellen went to the lephone and called Andy's number. A epy voice responded.

"Hello, Andy. Did I wake you?" she ked.

"Ellen—is that you? Say—how are ou, kid? How are they using you?"

"Why, fine, Andy. I can't complain."

"That's good. Getting better?"

"I'm all right, Andy. How's the show? What's the news?"

"Everything's lovely. Sold out Monday ight—how's that for a hit? Of course we ll miss you."

"Do you, Andy? What I called up to ay—I wish you'd tell Mickleson to expect ne back next Thursday night."

"Thursday—say, that's great! Are you trong enough, Ellen?"

"Me? I could troupe to Frisco. One-night stands."

"That's the talk! We'll have a party fter the show. What say?"

"I'm for it. Give my love to Lil and all he gang. Thursday night, Andy."

"Red letters on the calendar, kid. Red ire at the stage door. Gee, I'll be glad to ee you."

With the date of her departure fixed she elt better. Three more days slipped by, lays just like the others, calm, uneventful. On Wednesday morning she announced the late of her departure. Her hostess re-eived the news philosophically, but Tony nd his grandmother were loud in their pro-ests. Ellen, however, was firm.

"The old man—I mean, our producer—he's paying my salary right along. It wouldn't be fair not to go back just as soon as I can."

On Thursday morning Ellen and the grandmother gathered round the piquet table for a final battle. The old lady seemed unusually thoughtful. Suddenly, in the midst of a hand, she spoke:

"Sorry you must leave. Have a good time?"

"Wonderful," said Ellen.

"Yes, I suppose you did. We all enjoy a change. Me, I'd like a week in the chorus—kicking up my heels, smoking cigarettes." She laughed. "But I was right, wasn't I? Dull here. Dull as dish-water."

"Well, everything is sort of peaceful and easy," Ellen admitted.

"Exactly. I've been wondering—how would you like it as a steady diet? Quite a bridge between your life and this—chilly trip across—like walking to Cambridge in March. Still, you could make it, land safely, rosy cheeks. You're that sort. But what would you find when you landed? Stagnation. This." She waved a thin old hand about the quiet room. "Great race once, the Winterslips. I'm a Brooks myself, but I say it—wonderful men. Even the bishop, stuffy old bore, but—what did you call it?—pep. Sort of petered out now. Tony—lovely boy—last of the giants, and a pretty poor imitation. Only half alive."

"I think he's—he's very nice," said Ellen.

"Good word for him—nice. Colorless and ineffective. He'll end like his Uncle Charlie. Charlie flits about—Santa Barbara, Palm Beach, the Riviera, the White Mountains—like a fly on a hot griddle, always going somewhere, hunting something, doesn't know what. There's more in life than comfort, pretty chairs, soft carpets. There's knowing where you're going—and moving on."

"I guess you're right," Ellen said.

"I know I'm right. Think it over. Stagnation. You couldn't stand it. You're not that kind. See it in your eye. Well, what are you waiting for? It's your play."

At five o'clock that afternoon Ellen said good-by and Tony drove her back to the city in his little racing car, with her feet resting on the straw suitcase. The April air brought color to her cheeks and made her lovelier than he had ever seen her before; the warmth of her shoulder against his thrilled him as few Winterslips had been thrilled to date. A reckless mood came upon him.

"They're mighty fond of you—mother and grandmother both," he said. "But no wonder. Who wouldn't be?"

He turned and looked at her. April was urging him on. Ellen's heart stood still; she was no prophet, but she knew what was coming. They were in a shabby street back of a big factory, a street where the houses were all the same, unpainted, sagging, sad parodies of home.

"I was born in a street like this," Ellen said suddenly. "My folks still live there." A tired woman was leaning on a gate, watching two children sprawling in the gutter. "That baby, playing in the mud," the girl went on, "that might have been me, fifteen years ago."

A shiver passed down Tony Winterslip's fastidious spine. After all, there was time yet, time to consider, time to weigh. Early environment—he read books about it—it counted a lot. His whole life—he mustn't forget that.

Poor Tony. Cautious by inheritance, by training. One of those lost souls who see all sides.

"Glad to get back to work?" he inquired.

"I've had a wonderful time." Ellen smiled at him pityingly. "But I'll be pretty glad to get back."

When he stopped his racer before the door of the apartment Ellen reached into her pocketbook and took out a roll of bills. "Tony—I want you to take this."

"Nonsense. What is it?"

"It's the money you paid the nurse. I had Lil find out how much it was."

"Couldn't think of it, Ellen."

"But I owe you for—so many things. I'd rather there was no money in it, Tony."

"Rot!" He leaped out and carried her suitcase into the hall. "I'll leave you here, Ellen."

"Tony—please take it!"

"Don't be silly, Ellen."

"I wish you would. I guess you know, Tony—how I feel. You've been so kind."

"Nothing at all," Tony said. "I'll call you up in a day or two."

The door banged behind him.

She went upstairs. The apartment was deserted—a note from Lil pinned to a portière. "Welcome home, honey. See you at the theater."

She smiled happily, sat down at the little desk, took pen and paper. "Dear Tony," she wrote. The note finished, she folded the money carefully, put it inside, borrowed one of Lil's stamps. Then she went quickly downstairs, the fat letter in her hand.

The dressing room was ablaze with lights, the girls were screeching round her. "Hello, duchess—you back to the old life? What's the good word with the four hundred?" Lil, greatly excited, was hooking her in the back. From somewhere outside came the booming voice of Mickleson:

"Girls—for God's sake! Where are you?"

They clattered down the iron stairs and on the stage. Ellen took her old position for the rise of the curtain. Out front the last stirring notes of the overture resounded like a battle song. She shook her skirts, made sure of the pins in her hat—smiled. She mustn't forget to smile. The curtain rose on a clatter of seats, ushers racing down the aisles, expectant faces. Out there in the dark a new audience, a new adventure. Life was whirling on. The line of girls swung gayly down to the lights.

And there in the pit, Andy with the baton in his hand, smiling up at her again.

VI

SHE sat opposite Andy in the bright dining room of the hotel most favored for parties. They had a good table near the orchestra. Her cheeks were flushed with the joy of coming back to her little world, her dear world, the theater. In her ears rang a buzz of giddy talk, the tinkle of silver and china, the melodious lilt of a fox trot. Movement, color, excitement—what would life be without these things? Stagnation.

She saw the old man coming down the red carpet, escorted by obsequious waiters. He paused beside her. "Hello, Llewelyn. Glad to see you back. Don't leave us again." He passed on to his favorite table in a corner.

"What did I tell you?" Andy laughed. "Little Sunshine—that's what we call him now."

"Oh, Andy," she answered. "Everybody's been kind! I'm so happy—getting back."

"Honest, Ellen? Happier than you was out there in the country?"

"I'll tell the world I am!"

"That's the talk. Say, what happened out there, anyhow?"

"Not a dog-goned thing, Andy. Not one."

"Well, of course—it was the country. But what did you do with yourself?"

"I read, Andy. Take it from me, I've been through enough books to last me twenty years. I don't want to read about life any more—I want to live it."

"You've come to the right shop then, Ellen. The theater. Always something doing in our business."

"Ain't it the truth?" she laughed.

The minutes passed, and she told herself it was the happiest night of her life. How comfortable to be with Andy, someone who talked her language, someone who knew her world. She gazed at him serenely across the white tablecloth. His face was shining with pleasure and excitement. Really Andy wasn't bad-looking, not bad-looking at all.

"You never told me what you been doing, Andy," she said presently. "While I was sick—and before. All these weeks."

"Me? Oh—I've got nothing to report, Ellen. You summed me up once, and you was right, I guess. Just drifting along. Cards all night, sleep all day. That's me."

She smiled at him. "Andy, you're a bad boy," she said.

There was tenderness in her smile, and affection. The orchestra was playing a waltz now, a sweet old-fashioned waltz that suggested love, moonlight, crinoline. Her eyes blurred as she looked at Andy. Dear Andy—all the kind deeds he had done for her—what was this talk of his getting busy, making good? Was she a slave driver or a woman?

Life with Andy—she considered it. Why, it would be wonderful—color, excitement, thrills. A cheerful little flat in Harlem, shows opening and closing, rehearsals, first nights, failures and successes. Jolly parties, Andy with his collar off, dealing the cards. Hard times now and then, but you got to expect that in the show business. And Andy's good-nature, she knew, would never fail her.

She leaned across the table. The music was swelling to a gentle climax; it seemed to pull at her very heartstrings. "Say, listen, Andy—if you still want me—I'm willing."

She framed the sentence in her mind. She spoke: "Say, listen, Andy ——"

"What's that they're playing?" Andy cut in. "A new one on me."

"Me too," she answered. "But isn't it beautiful, Andy?"

"Honest—do you think so?" he cried.

(Continued on Page 77)



WATERSIDE SUEDE-LIKE

Tams of Waterside "Suede-Like" hold first place in feminine favor. They're so chic and trim! So youthful and becoming! So fascinating in their colorings and so everlastingly durable. A delightful range of fashionable shades insures a harmonizing Tam for each costume.

Tams of Waterside "Suede-Like" are sold at good stores everywhere. Be sure the Tam you select has the Waterside "Suede-Like" label. If your dealer does not carry the genuine Waterside "Suede-Like", send us his name and $2.00 and we will see that you are supplied. State color preferred.

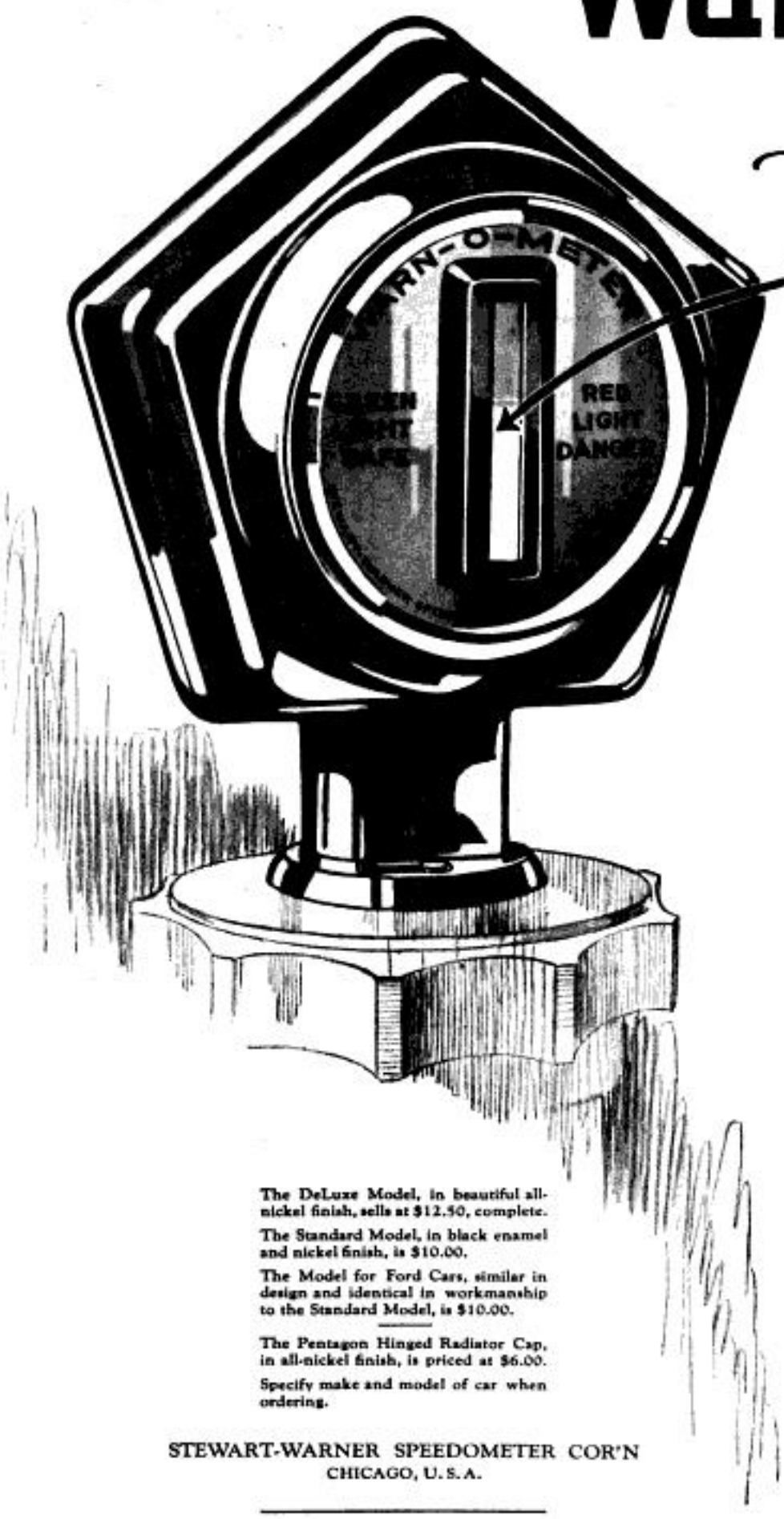
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Warn-O-Meter



The Warning Light Seen Day and Night

IF YOU are an experienced driver there's no need to tell you of the disastrous effects of engine overheating. You know how quickly it results in loss of power and pick-up.

Keep your car out of the shop. Avoid overheating. Don't depend upon steam from the radiator to warn you. Steam may pass unnoticed, especially at night. You can't possibly overlook the Warn-O-Meter's bright red warning light.

At a normal motor temperature a green light appears in the Warn-O-Meter. Should the motor begin to overheat the green changes to pink and then to a brilliant red, unless necessary precautions are taken. The Warn-O-Meter takes the motor's temperature from the motor itself. Not from the water in the radiator.

A beautiful addition to the car. The glowing light, atop radiator or fender, attracts admiring attention. In the non-indicating side may be placed a special insignia, car name-plate, monogram, lodge emblem or trade-mark illuminated by the light within the instrument.

* * *

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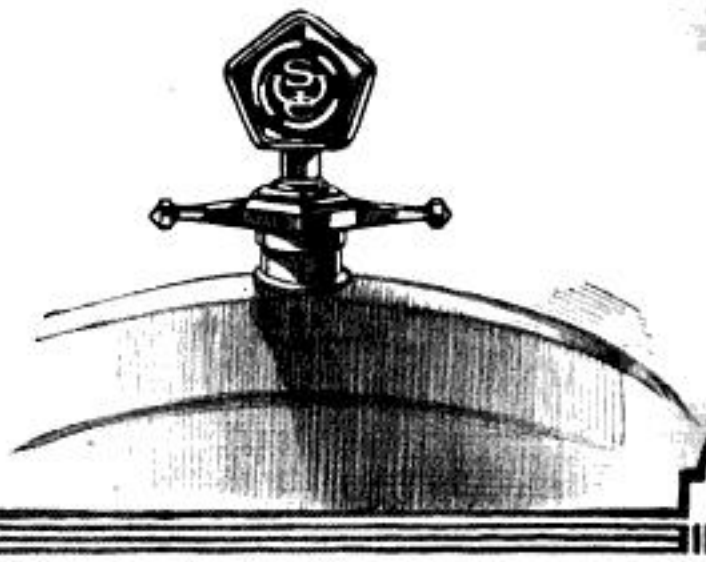
The Standard Model, in black enamel and nickel finish, is $10.00.

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Stewart
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(Continued from Page 75)

A huge figure towered above them. Ellen looked up into the face of the old man, furious, contorted, terrible with anger.

"Damn it, Andy!" he cried. "What does this mean? I buy your music, I pay you good money—and I hear it bandied about where any fool can steal it. It's an outrage, and you're to blame! I hold you responsible."

"You better cool off," Andy remarked gently. "The last time I saw you this way was just before we called the doctor."

The old man sank into a chair and mopped his damp forehead. "You're right," he admitted. "I must cut that out. I must be calm. I am. But, Andy—my boy—this is dangerous."

"They won't play it again," Andy explained. "I'll get it from them in a minute. It was just this once—I arranged it as a surprise for Ellen. You don't mind that."

"Oh, very well." The old man's hard features softened. "You're taking a chance, but I suppose you figure it's worth it. I wanted to speak to you, Andy. Barton's libretto came to-day—it's great stuff—only don't tell him I said so. I wired him maybe we could make it do, with fixing. You and I better get together to-morrow and fit your numbers in. I've got a New York theater for Labor Day, and I want to open about the middle of August."

"Andy!" cried Ellen. "What's he talking about?"

"Why—don't you know?" The old man stared at her. "Hasn't he told you? Our young friend Andy is a rising young composer. Yes, my dear—he's coming. Of course his stuff's pretty crude yet," he added cautiously, "but it shows promise." He stood up. "Be sure and get your script back, Andy," he advised. "I wouldn't trust that leader. He worked for me once." He went back to his table.

"Andy—is this what you've been up to?" Ellen's eyes were shining.

"How did you like that waltz, kid? You said it was beautiful. Do you think so—honest?"

"Oh, Andy," she answered brokenly. "It just—it just seemed to get me."

"That's good. It's a little thing I've had in my head five years or more."

Ellen's lips trembled. For a moment she could not speak. She stared at him—at the head that had carried that lovely melody for five years. She thought of Tony Wintership, sitting at the Symphony, discoursing on the history of music. Educated, polished, a gentleman, unable if his life depended on it to write a single bar of Andy's waltz or anything else that was beautiful and new.

"And you're doing a show for the old man, Andy?" Ellen said.

"I sure am, kid. You see, something somebody said—it might have been you—got me thinking. So I had a piano moved into my room, and I started in on it—mornings. I worked out a lot of stuff I'd been puzzling over for years. Then I went to the old man—it was just after his bad spell—and he pretended the stuff was rotten, but he was in an awful hurry to sign me up for a show."

"I always told you, Andy. I guess after this you'll listen to me."

"You bet I will."

"All my dreams for you, Andy—they're coming true. You're going to be a big man in the show shop. Won't you have exciting times—first nights with you in the pit, directing your own score. Then you'll go over to London, and do a revue there. Then maybe on to Paris ——"

"To Czecho-Slovakia if you say so," cried Andy. "Only—only, do I have to go alone, Ellen?"

All his soul was in that question. She looked into his eyes, considering. If only she had told him that she was ready to take him before the news of his success came along, take him as he was! But now—it was too late now. She had never been so fond of him as she was to-night, but wouldn't he think her mercenary and calculating if she told him so? Not at the moment, of course. But some day, somewhere, the thought would come to him.

"Pay the check, Andy," she said, "and let's go along."

Poor Andy! "Oh, I see," he said. "Well, Ellen, I've made a good fight, but I couldn't compete, I guess. I'm not in his class—I don't trail with his kind at all. I—I wish you happiness, kid. All the luck in the world."

"Andy—please—hurry," she said.

While he was waiting for his change the orchestra leader came up with the script of his waltz. "It's great stuff, Andy!" he said. "Congratulations. If anybody asks me I'll say you've got the goods."

"Thanks," answered Andy grimly. He put the script in his pocket. "It doesn't matter now," he added.

They were out in the street. "Cheer up, Andy," Ellen said.

"Everything I wrote—it was for you," he told her.

"I'm proud of that, Andy. And you'll write even bigger stuff."

"Maybe. I don't know."

At a corner she took him by the arm. "We're not going home just yet," she said. "I want to drop in at Dan's place first."

"Dan's place? Great Scott, Ellen! You still hungry?"

"It looks that way, doesn't it?" she answered.

Dan was on duty. "Say, listen, Dan," Ellen began. "Some time ago I left an envelope with you. A bet. My name was on it."

"Sure," he said. "Here you are."

"Much obliged, Dan. Come on, Andy." She led the dazed Andy back into the alley, and halted him in the light that streamed from Dan's window. She handed him the envelope. "It's for you," she said. "Open it."

He took out the soiled bit of paper. "Dan's Place. Bill of Fare. February 21," he read. "Grape fruit ——"

"On the other side," Ellen explained.

"Oh, I remember now." He turned it over. "Dear Andy: I'm making a bet with myself. I'm betting if I get you good and mad you'll wake up and deliver. Oh, Andy, don't disappoint me, because I'm terribly fond of you, and I'm afraid I'll have to take you whether you land or not."

He thrust the paper into his pocket and turned to her. "Ellen!" he cried. "Ellen!"

"Now you know, Andy."

"Ellen, darling. And just when I thought I'd lost you!"

"Not a chance," she told him. "I wouldn't get mixed up with that bunch, Andy. Why, they haven't stirred since the bishop died, and that was sixty years ago. But you and me—you and I, Andy—we're going on."



Sunset on the Columbia River, Oregon



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"WHY didn't somebody make an athletic union suit like Topkis long ago? It has everything I've been hunting for years!

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The base of Nesco Royal Ware is of pressed steel—heavy, shapely—on the surface of which pure melted granite—the hardest of rock—is flowed and baked into the very pores.

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It is not unusual for a Nesco Rockweave Wick to give months of unvarying service. Housewives have learned to expect this dependable service from it whether it is new or months old. With the Nesco Perfect Burner, this durable wick produces a perfect blue flame close under the utensil. It gives an odorless, smokeless heat best suited for all cooking. It is ready to be lighted at a moment's notice without pre-heating or generating.

The Nesco Perfect Oil Cook Stove has gained favor as much with the city as the country housewife because of its beauty, convenience and low operating cost. As a summertime cook stove it has been particularly appreciated. You will want to own a Nesco Perfect Oil Cook Stove and it is priced so that anyone can afford it. See this stove at progressive hardware, house furnishing or department stores. There you will find the Nesco Royal Granite Enameled Ware which has been used by housewives for over forty years. Also, the Nesco Perfect Oil Heater and the Nesco Perfect Water Heater.

Send for free booklet of "Thirty Picked Recipes," by Mrs. Simon Kander, author of The Settlement Cook Book. Address National Enameling & Stamping Co., Inc., Advertising Dept., Sec. D, Milwaukee, Wis.

NATIONAL ENAMELING & STAMPING CO., Inc.

ST. LOUIS · GRANITE CITY, ILL. · NEW YORK · MILWAUKEE
BALTIMORE · CHICAGO · NEW ORLEANS · PHILADELPHIA



NESCO PERFECT
OIL COOK STOVE

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COMMON HONESTY OF SPEECH

(Continued from Page 27)

ıe entire business interest of the commu-ity. Their boards of directors are chosen om four main groups—the leading retail ores, the industries, the banking and nancial community, and the newspapers. heir power to handle cases depends upon :e wide extent of their ramifications and ffiliations, and upon the willingness of con-erns in many branches of business to con-ribute not only money but information and ssistance.

At first sight it is a curious and striking act that these organizations, which in heir origin and even now in their tech-ical connections represent only the idea nd force of advertising, are able to do for usiness what business cannot do for itself. Obviously advertising is only one part of usiness, and yet these offshoots of the dvertising clubs have been able to rush n where the most powerful organizations f producers have feared to tread.

If a jeweler is misrepresenting is goods, if he says that a watch as twenty-three jewels when in-estigation proves that most of hem are red paste or celluloid and ot bearings for movable parts, it ight seem as if the local retail or jewelers' association or the state or national jewelers' association hould get after him. If a man who calls himself a dentist says that all dental work is rendered entirely painless by him, when of course such a thing is impossible, why does not the dental asso-ciation of the county or state run him out?

The trade and profes-sional associations do in numerous instances drive out the more obvious frauds and fakers. But there is plenty of room for outside organizations like the better-business bureaus, for a reason which is simple if not al-together obvious to the reader who has never had to give the subject thought. If one concern criticizes another in the same line of busi-ness, or even if the charge is brought by an association, it is so easy to insinuate that jealousy is the actuating motive.

"Of course the state jewelers' associa-tion is against me," says the man who is selling fake watches, "because they know I am selling better goods than their mem-bers are, for less money."

In the same way the painless dentist argues that the dental association is com-posed of members who are jealous of his skill. He insinuates that they are high priced, old line and hidebound. A similar argument is made by the crooked stock promoter who is criticized by legitimate brokers. There is nothing he likes better than criticism from such a source, for it enables him to point to the Wall Street inter-ests, who he says are trying to destroy him. He poses as the under dog who is being attacked by the big fellow.

Methods Employed

Of course the faker's argument is largely bunk, but it serves his purpose. He always capitalizes the attempt of legitimate busi-ness to make him compete fairly. He is always looking for a chance to quarrel with legitimate business, and is dignified by its attention.

A remarkable illustration of this general principle is afforded by a case of the pro-moter who sent a representative to a small but legitimate broker and induced the broker to make a statement criticizing the promoter's financial reports. He then wrote a letter to the broker demanding a retraction, but the letter was written merely to build up correspondence upon which to base sensational advertising.

This little trick really gave the pro-moter his start, for then he was able to come out with a glaring piece headed Wall Street is After Me. It happened that the broker who criticized him lived in the Middle West, but it would have made no difference if he had lived in Portland, Maine, or San Diego, California; he would have served the purpose just as well, and would have been labeled Wall Street.

The promoter was later given a jail sen-tence, but not until after he had sold nearly ten million dollars of practically worthless stock to nearly seventy thousand innocent persons. For he sensed the preju-dice that exists against Wall Street and cleverly realized that he could make a strong appeal with the unthinking investor by connecting up in his advertising any man operating in the financial field, with Wall Street. He was able to get right down to the dear public with a false but very telling appeal, substantially like this:

Now you may wonder why Wall Street is after me. I will tell you. For years down in Wall Street they have had a little inner circle, and when any great genius came out of the West with a money-making idea this little inner circle financed him by putting in a few hun-dred dollars each, and from this investment they realized millions. I, however, knowing that you had a few hundred dollars to invest, preferred to go to you in financing my com-pany, and to give you the opportunity to make the millions. I did this for the very selfish rea-son that you would not only be able to finance my company but that your interest would con-tinue perpetually and aid and assist me in selling cars in your territory when the company gets to production.

For that reason Wall Street is after me, but I have observed that boys do not throw sticks into empty apple trees, and I am complimented that Wall Street sees the future of this business as clearly as I see it. Now I have their secret and I am organizing a company which will rival and perhaps drive them out of business, and the only thing they are sore about is that I know you have got one hundred dollars and I am going to give you the chance to put it in and get rich, and they want it themselves.

Then of course he told how one hundred dollars originally invested in the Standard Oil Company or the Ford Motor Company is now worth several hundred thousand dollars, and how in his company the dear public instead of Wall Street would make the fortunes.

Now, the National Vigilance Committee and the local better-business bureaus do not represent any one branch of business, whether brokers, bankers, jewelers or den-tists. They represent advertising, the com-mon instrument of all business. Therefore they cannot be accused of jealousy or of a competitive motive. Their sole interest is advertising, and they are in the closest possible touch with its every form and branch, some forty in all—newspapers, magazines, posters, programs, moving pic-tures, direct mail and the like. No other organizations can so effectively detect advertising misuse and abuse. They can take a broad viewpoint, disinterested as far as any single industry is concerned, which is difficult for the faker to capital-ize to his own benefit.

The question may be asked why any-thing like a serious diversion from truth in advertising statements should not re-ceive the attention of the legal authorities, local district attorneys, state and Federal commissions, and the like. But the work of such public authorities is mostly legal, whereas the bulk of the cases handled by the National Vigilance Committee and the better-business bureaus is disposed of through means of educational propaganda, suggestion and moral suasion.

There are three sep-arate methods em-ployed to bring about honesty of statement. The first is suggestion, the second is public-ity, and the third is prosecution. The last is rarely resorted to.

Out of two thousand five hundred cases handled in one city, only eight required prose-cution.



If the Millionaire's Wife Wears a Sealskin Coat, the Working Girl Wants an Article That Looks Much the Same

It is remarkable what suggestion, if tact-fully employed and coupled with general educational work, will accomplish. It ap-plies to the business man who is legitimate, who is building for the future and who realizes the value of a good name. If some-thing wrong is found in his business he is usually glad to be told about it and tries to prevent its recurrence. The local bureau calls his attention to the misstatement, saying that it is sure he desires to coöperate in the bureau's efforts to make the city's advertising as truthful as possible.

A newly organized automobile-tire firm adopted a trade name very similar to that of a house of long standing. The business judgment of the concern was appealed to, and it agreed to abandon the trade name of its old competitor in the interests of fairness. It is often found that where one concern encroaches upon the trade name of another it is sufficient to point out that the goodwill of both competitors will be jeopardized. Thousands of cases of this sort are settled yearly, and where the erring concern readily complies with suggestions no publicity results and the file is closed.

Publicity is almost as deadly as prosecu-tion. Thousands of copies of a bulletin sent to newspapers throughout the country for publication is a dose that rarely re-quires repetition. Publicity is applied mostly to business men who are overclever, who want to be considered as honorable as the best, but who attempt to put some-thing over every time they get a chance.

"There is but one thing to do with this type of man when we have definitely es-tablished his policy," says Richard H. Lee, director counsel of the national committee, "and that is to tell other business men of his methods."

Some time ago the National Vigilance Committee on request took up the matter of determining to whom credit should be given for first manufacturing a product which is now in common use and of ex-ceedingly great importance. It had been hoped by the committee to adjust the con-troversy between two competing concerns without any publicity.

But while the investigation was still on it learned that both concerns contemplated running advertisements, each claiming that the committee had decided for its claims. Both companies were called upon to ex-plain, and both promised not to run the advertising.

Cases for Prosecution

One of the companies kept its promise, while the other not only broke its word but used the truth emblem of the committee, which no private concern is ever permitted under any circumstances to employ. Where-upon the committee issued a statement to the newspapers reviewing all the circum-stances, mentioning both companies by name and containing this scathing denun-ciation:

"The committee is forced to take the attitude that the X Company or its repre-sentatives, as the case may be, in publish-ing these advertisements, have been guilty of a breach of faith and a violation of confidence. They have sought to capitalize their relations with this committee in spite of their agreement not to do so, and have flaunted the copyrighted emblem of the association at the head of their copy in the face of an express prohibition and in bold indiffer-ence to ordinary standards of ethics."

Prosecution is used only when the committee or local bureaus are certain they are dealing with an absolutely illegitimate inter-est, "with the fellow who has no intention of making an honest profit on an honest product, who cares nothing about the building of goodwill, who has no interest in other individuals connected with his industry, who, if he were not engaged in misusing advertis-ing, would probably be picking pockets, burglarizing banks or scuttling ships. The sooner he is removed from business gener-ally the better it is for everyone concerned. His livelihood con-sists of defrauding the public, and of course he has no business future."

"Two men are picked up on the street, drunk," says Mr. Lee. "They go to the same police station in the same wagon and occupy similar cells. But one is an amateur and the other is a professional. The first is sufficiently punished by being shamed, by the reflection which is cast upon him-self, his family and his friends. But there is only one thing to consider in the pro-fessional's case, the protection of society. You cannot appeal to his sense of fairness or honor. All you can do is to lock him up as long as possible."

Of course there are always persons who fear the disturbing and possibly destructive effects upon business in general of any vig-orous attack upon commercial dishonesty. It might as well be said that a city which is infested with burglars should simply un-lock the doors of every house and invite the thieves to help themselves. It cer-tainly cannot be proved that confidence in business has been injured by the truth-in-advertising movement. Lengthy and de-tailed bulletins were issued by the national committee, describing the two biggest frauds in the sale of automobile stocks—one of them probably the biggest financial fraud in the history of the country—and these bulletins did not in the least influence the sale of legitimate motor stocks. Indeed, though the two frauds in question were put a stop to, largely by this publicity and by the efforts of the committee, I am very much afraid they have not prevented the sale of other dubious motor stocks.

When the first of the bulletins was issued brokers and promoters of legitimate motor stocks were much disturbed. They said it would destroy confidence in all motor stocks, but the committee decided that it was solely a question of method. On the Sunday pre-ceding the publication of the bulletin the

(Continued on Page 82)

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TEXACO GASOLINE
THE *VOLATILE* GAS

Volatility is the readiness with which gasoline gives up its power

BEFORE 1902 The Texas Company did not exist. In but 20 years the public demand for Texaco Products has built a business of immense size.*

This widespread demand is so insistent as to compel a continuous and rapid increase in production and distribution. The public shows its appreciation of *distinctive, uniform quality* in an unmistakable way.

This great demand for Texaco Products is final proof that the soundest scientific practice in the refining of petroleum, pays. Every Texaco Product is made upon this important principle.

Texaco Gasoline is a good example. More power and readier, was the universal wish. Texaco Gasoline gives it, through high and uniform volatility.

Texaco Motor Oil is another instance: the Oil famed for its heavy body and its refinement to a *clear, pale* color.

That Texaco Gasoline is the *same* wher-**ever you fill your tank, is a vital point of** its popularity. Touring in New England in summer, or beneath Florida palms in winter, visiting America's wonder-scenes such as the Grand Canyon, or the Rockies, or Niagara, or the thousands of less known places of unsung beauty, you find that the trail leads to the Texaco Red Star.

At these filling stations you always find Texaco Gasoline and Texaco Motor Oil, and the satisfaction of improved operation and upkeep.

*In the last ten years the consumption of Texaco Gasoline has increased from 160,000 to over 1,000,000 gallons a day.

THE TEXAS COMPANY, U. S. A.
Texaco Petroleum Products



TEX
GASOLINE

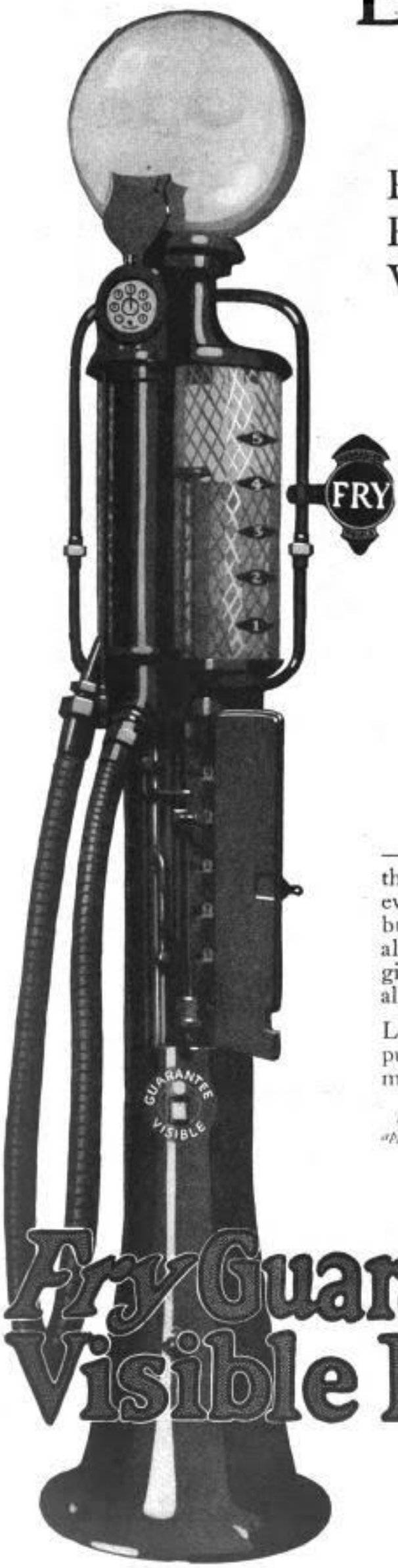
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ACO
MOTOR OILS

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To All Gasoline Buyers



Much Can Be Said of the Fry Guarantee Visible Pump

—but suffice is to state that it is a pump which every maker, seller and buyer of gasoline can always depend upon to give full measure under all circumstances.

Learn to recognize this pump and patronize the man who owns one.

Fry Guarantee Visible Curb Pumps approved by Underwriters Laboratories

Some good territory open to live dealers. Write at once. Dept. S. E. P.

Fry Guarantee Visible Pump

Guarantee Liquid Measure Company

Rochester, Pennsylvania

(Continued from Page 79)

leading newspapers of the country carried fifty thousand dollars of advertising of the worthless motor stock, but the Sunday following the receipt of the bulletin no legitimate newspaper would accept its copy. Finally the promoters were brought to trial and sent to prison, but reputable motor stocks continued to sell as usual.

The vast majority of all cases handled by the national committee or the local bureaus, however, have to do with misrepresentation of merchandise. Complaints come from both consumers and competitors, and the bureaus make independent investigations on their own account. In several cities a regular shopping service is maintained, detailed reports being made to the bureau and to the heads of the stores, not only concerning the price and quality of merchandise but as to the personal appearance, cleanliness, knowledge, courtesy and attentiveness of the salespeople. Often the bureaus manage to cause a shake-up between the head of a firm, who formulates its policy, and the subordinates, who do not always carry it into effect as constructively as they might.

Everything depends upon the enthusiasm, experience and judgment of the paid secretary or manager. Most of these are men under thirty-five. About half are lawyers, and among the rest are men who have had advertising, newspaper or merchandising experience.

They can accomplish little, however, unless they are willing to coöperate with other business organizations and with the local authorities. In some cases this cooperation has been carried to a point where the secretaries have been appointed special representatives of the state corporation or blue-sky commissions or of the local attorneys' offices. Though local methods differ in detail the more common procedure is sufficiently standardized, especially perhaps in regard to women's and men's clothing, shoes, furniture, musical instruments and certain other classes of articles, to be described briefly.

If it is suspected that there has been misrepresentation in the advertising of a lot of suits, one is purchased for cash by a buyer who of course is unknown to the store. All price tags, labels and other identifying marks are removed, and a number of different local authorities are asked for their opinion of its value. Care is taken that these experts are not told the price at which the suit was advertised.

Common Deceptions

If the average price arrived at shows a material discrepancy from the value as represented, executives of the store are at once interviewed. They usually accept the findings without demur. But if they object, the suit is sent to a bureau in a neighboring city for similar study. Frequently articles are subjected to chemical analysis to determine the percentage of wool.

So many forms of misstatement and deception are employed that it is almost impossible to classify, much less describe, them all in the space of an article. A minor but common form of deception consists in exaggerating the number of articles on sale. A store advertised tires at five dollars below the regular price. The statement was found to be perfectly true, but only one size was available. Here is another very common misleading statement: "$60 coats for $25." Investigation proves that in a given lot two or three coats of the higher value are selling at twenty-five dollars, but that the great majority are worth twenty-five dollars and no more.

The bureaus have frequently warned merchants against the practice of advertising small lots as if they applied to the general run of goods. The public has a right, it is held, to believe that all sizes in any given article where sizes are involved are obtainable unless the contrary is distinctly and unequivocally stated.

Another minor but common form of deception is the misleading use of cuts or illustrations. An advertisement should show on its face whether the accompanying illustration is intended to picture the specific goods advertised or merely the general class to which they belong. Thus pictures of children's wagons in advertisements sometimes look large enough for big boys, but when parents come to buy they find the wagons are too small for any except little tots.

The better-business bureaus have taken up many cases of the failure of furniture and musical instruments to conform illustrations. A library table is adverti at thirty-five dollars, and a cut is show a table which upon inquiry is found to standard article selling at one hundred twenty-five dollars. Merchants someti use standardized illustrations furnis them by manufacturers, regardless of w they have in stock, and discrepancies o occur in this way.

Another minor abuse which the bure constantly are fighting is the effort unscrupulous merchants to convey the pression that they have somehow eli nated wholesalers and are therefore sel goods at lower cost than their competit Such phrases as "retail clothing at wh sale prices" and "direct from factory you" are opposed as constituting un competition. Such phrases convey the pression not only that the wholesaler been done away with but that even re expenses themselves are eliminated. T of course is absurd as long as the goods being sold out of a retail store.

The bureaus have even taken except to the statement of a clothing manuf turer who advertised "no retail profit," the ground that as long as the manuf turer maintained retail stores and salesm his expenses would not admit of much lo prices than the prevailing level.

Extravagant Claims

A milk company advertised, "We o our herds, thus insuring purest prod costing no more." But it changed its a vertising when the local bureau discover that the company produced only eig hundred gallons of milk a day and s four thousand.

The element of unfair competition volved in the use of superlatives and clai which cannot be sustained requires co stant attention: "I sell more made-t measure garments than all other tailors the city combined, and I buy and sell mo woolens than all the tailors in the city "Largest assortment in the city." "T store in the city twice the size doing much business." "This article is the bi gest seller on earth and has no compe tion." "Largest auto-parts house in t Middle West." "Save half on your cloth bills. It is a fact." "Our book on accoun ing at $2 is worth more than any high college course up to $150." "If any sto in the city can duplicate our work shoes $3.95 at less than $6 and $7 a pair, brin them back and get your money." "We pa the highest prices for used articles"—wh three or four other dealers advertise th same way.

The better-business bureaus have com pelled merchants to discontinue the use these and many similar statements, for th simple reason that they are either untru or cannot be proved. In the case of th shoes it was found that the same make wa on sale in other stores in the same city fo about three dollars, and a much better sho could be found in other stores for six an seven dollars. A store that advertise "greatest values in the Northwest" wa asked to discontinue the statement, on th ground that the determination of valu rests with the general public rather tha with the advertiser himself. A dealer wh advertised "$200,000 of shoes to be sold a once" was found to have only sixty pairs

A man who claimed to have the larges shoe store in the city, when questioned as t whether he referred to the area covered variety or amount of stock carried, volum of business or number of salespeople, ha no answer. One concern advertised "ten thousand overcoats just arrived from our own tailoring establishments," but it was found to be only one of twelve stores shar ing in a single factory's production. Even such words as "best" and "finest" are often objected to on the ground that they unfairly injure other merchants.

There seems to be literally no limit to the variety and ingenuity of tricky statements. "Liberty Bonds cashed" was the announcement made by one store. "If you find that you must use your Liberty Bond we will pay you $51 in cash for your $50 bond. Don't let scalpers get it away from you for a song, don't lose on it at all. Make on it by coming to us."

Investigation proved that a purchase of twenty-five dollars or more in goods was necessary before Liberty Bonds would be accepted—a perfectly fair arrangement, but not mentioned in the advertisement. In the same way a music store offered to sell

(Continued on Page 85)

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Standing Invitation to Delightful Breakfasts

DO you know how good corn flakes can really be? There is a treat ready whenever you decide to "learn the Jersey Difference."

Great structures are devoted to producing the favorite corn flake of millions and *new* buildings are growing out of the appetizing goodness which is the particular appeal of Jersey Corn Flakes.

It's mighty satisfying to find nothing but large, wholesome flakes, appealingly flavored, so uniformly good and so crisp in milk — reason enough for their growing popularity.

Jersey Corn Flakes stand alone, inviting you to many delightful breakfasts — and most satisfying betwixt-meal lunches.

Your Grocer can supply you.

"I am your grocer, and I'm going to tell you about the Jersey Difference. Watch for me in this and other leading national periodicals and newspapers."



Grocers Will Read This

WE believe the story of Jersey Corn Flakes deserves telling in a big way,—so this is the beginning of a big, generous series of announcements in magazines and newspapers which will acquaint the public with what they always want to know, the name and quality of a better corn flake.

Over one hundred thousand grocers sell and recommend Jersey Corn Flakes. Their numbers and sales multiply as folks *taste* "the Jersey Difference."

The sooner you have Jersey Corn Flakes on your shelves the sooner you will be able to profit from the appeal of this extra-delightful, ready-to-eat food. Jerseys are irresistible, the flavor entrancing and the economy pleasing. Delectable goodness rules the quality of each flake.

Why not stock Jersey Corn Flakes today?—your jobber has them. You can then say "Yes, we have Jersey Corn Flakes," instead of "Sorry but we'll have some in next week."

"Learn the JERSEY Difference!"

JERSEY CEREAL FOOD COMPANY
CEREAL, PA. MILWAUKEE, WIS.
Also Manufacturers of JERSEY ROLLED OATS and JERSEY PANCAKE FLOUR

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This is the
"Neglected Inch"
—the inch between the
furniture and the floor

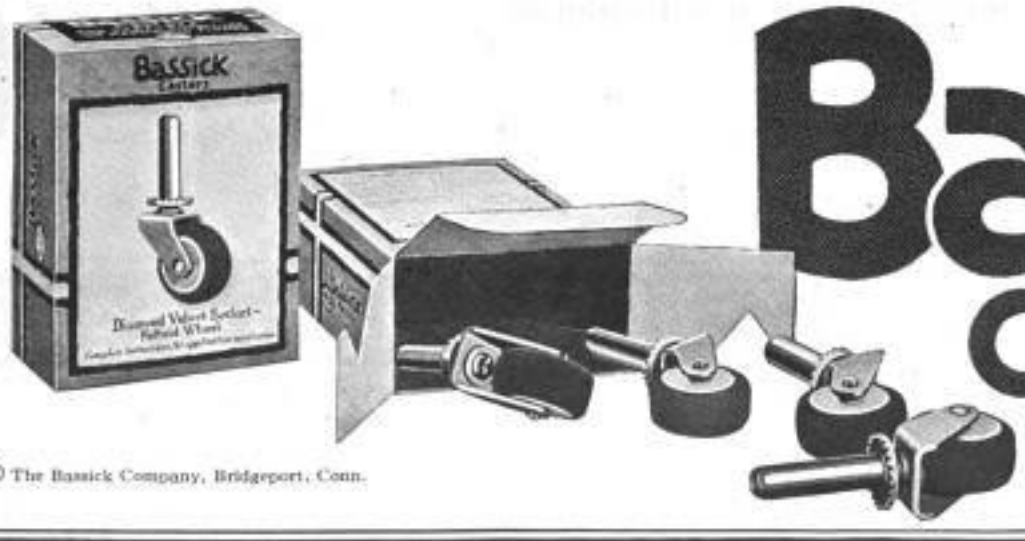
What is the Penalty for Neglecting that Inch?

YOUR divan weighs approximately one hundred and fifty pounds. Without casters or on the wrong kind of casters, your efforts to move it must be doubled. When casters refuse to swivel, but drag broadside across the floor, no wonder the end of a house-cleaning day finds tired muscles and wrenched and aching back—results of needless over-work and over-exertion—the penalty of the Neglected Inch.

And your furniture undergoes the same strain as your muscles. Your wasted strength, when the casters stick, pushes the top of the divan away from the legs, loosening screws, bolts and joinings. Rickety and wobbly furniture—also the penalty of the Neglected Inch.

Now is a good time to check the number of "Neglected Inches" in your home. And when you have found the many places where casters are needed, go to your dealer, tell him in detail about the furniture—whether it is light, medium or heavy in weight—and about the floor or floor covering on which it stands. He can give you or get you just the right Bassick Casters to meet any service conditions—casters which swivel and roll easy and freely—which eliminate the "Neglected Inch" from your home.

To save your energy as well as to protect your furniture and floors, hold a caster inspection day. In the future, whenever you buy furniture, look to the casters and make sure they bear the name, "Bassick."



© The Bassick Company, Bridgeport, Conn.

Bassick Casters

THE BASSICK COMPANY
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

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(Continued from Page 82)

he best grade of talking machines without penny down, but failed to mention the act that a certain amount of records had o be bought in the store and paid for in ash. One man advertised his establishment as being "The Main Store," a rather musing statement in view of the fact that was the only one he had.

Fake fire sales, "sample" stores, the old elling-out game, and so-called army and avy stores, a large part of whose stock ever had any connection with either anch of the service—all receive constant ttention from the bureaus.

It is very common for men who are aught in untruths to argue that their advertising is basically or technically true. A store advertised "Best brooms made, Saturday only, at 65c." It was found that the concern manufacturing these brooms makes several other better qualities, but the merchant put up a defense that he meant the brooms were the best that could be bought for sixty-five cents. His intentions may have been of the best, but the statement was capable of misinterpretation. The real question of course is what the public thinks an advertisement means, and the better-business bureaus work for advertising that is incapable of being misunderstood.

Nearly all the bureaus have fought the gyp or residential dealer. A professional dealer advertises in the newspapers from a residential address to create the impression that he or she is selling out personal effects because of illness, misfortune or the necessity of moving away. Gyp dealers concentrate on musical instruments and furniture, but occasionally they handle furs. Often goods are sold by these gyp dealers at much higher prices than in legitimate stores, although the purchasers are led to expect the greatest of bargains. A typical case is that of an old man in the Northwest who bought a cow from what he supposed to be a farmer on the representation that it would give five gallons of milk a day. But it gave only five quarts, and the pretended farmer proved of course to be a professional dealer in the poorest grade of cattle. A regular loan company advertised "Why don't you borrow money from me? Private party." When confronted with the obvious falsity of the words "private party" the president of the company could think of no excuse except that he did not investigate his clients at their places of employment. His explanation did not go.

One of the more serious forms of commercial misrepresentation has to do with the sale of seconds, or used articles. On account of the large number of rebuilt or reconstructed tire concerns which have sprung up all over the country—many of them without financial responsibility or good reputation—the vigilance committee has issued a special bulletin, entitled Earmarks of Deception in the Advertising of Cut-Rate Automobile Tires.

Substitutes Sold as Genuine

There is of course no objection to reconstructed tires as such. The makers of these casings serve a need and promote a saving of material that otherwise would go to waste. But unfortunately much of the advertising of this class of goods has conveyed the impression, to the sorrow of innocent purchasers, that the tires are a great bargain. Such expressions as "Tire bargains. 65 per cent off. Standard makes" are played up, and the word "reconstructed" or "reconstruction" is printed in very small type. A tire that is offered for 40 to 75 per cent less than usual is naturally as a rule worth no more than the cut price asked for it.

But perhaps the most serious and baffling evil which the truth-in-advertising movement has to contend with is the use of misleading trade names. The attempt to create an impression in the mind of the casual reader that substitutes and imitations of well-known expensive articles are the real, the genuine thing, is so common that only those who have given the subject close attention realize what a cancerous growth this has become in our industrial and commercial body. I do not think it is possible to exaggerate the extent to which far too large a section of American business merely trades upon, cheaply imitates and unfairly capitalizes the work of other business men.

Substitutes and imitations have important and valuable uses, and add to the comfort and well-being of millions. Often they represent the most brilliant conceptions of inventive genius. But that is no reason for giving them dishonest and deceptive names. I am no authority on fur and for all I know dyed rabbit may be as warm and beautiful as seal, but that is no reason for calling it French seal or Parisian seal or any other kind of seal. It is rabbit, not seal.

It may be possible even to manufacture a fabric out of wool or cotton or even from fiber waste which looks and feels like seal and wears as well. All hail to the inventive genius that devises such an article, but all scorn for the unoriginal, timid and servile mind that can think of no name for it except to combine a geographical name with the word "seal," when the fabric in question is totally unrelated to either!

There are hundreds, perhaps thousands, of substitutes, composition, fiber and synthetic articles of tremendous usefulness, but if they continue to multiply and continue to parade stupidly as something which they are not, they will threaten the ethical basis of our institutions. It is impossible here to mention all these articles, but probably the worst sufferer by the general practice which I have in mind is wool. Now there can be no doubt about the usefulness of cotton. It is probably of more benefit to the human race than either wool or silk or perhaps than the two combined. Why then in common decency and honesty must it be made so constantly to parade as wool?

In many cases the better-business bureaus have had goods that were advertised as wool subjected to chemical analysis, only to disclose the presence of a very small percentage of wool and a large percentage of cotton. In all such cases the advertiser is urged to change his copy to read "wool and cotton mixed" or "three-quarters cotton and one-quarter wool."

Deceptive Trade Names

It is unfortunate also that trade terms have not developed differently and more originally for what are commonly known as artificial silks. Of course silk is made only from the cocoon of the silkworm, and it is a thousand pities that the marvelous products of cotton and various fibers, pulps and other substances which are given a gloss and sheen to make them look like silk can not universally receive suitable, descriptive and distinctive names which place them squarely on their own merits. Nor is it any tribute to American business genius to connect some geographical name with the word "linen" as a trade name for an ordinary line of cotton goods.

Leather also suffers severely at the hands of its imitators. Leather is the skin of an animal, tanned or dressed, and it cannot by any stretch of imagination consist of a composition or manufactured fabric. In many cities the better-business bureaus have objected to the advertisement of moleskin leather or muleskin leather. This material, so the bureaus insist, should be referred to as moleskin fabric; not as leather.

In the same way objection has constantly been made to the combination with fanciful or geographic names such as "French" and "Parisian" of the old, familiar terms, ivory, shell, amber, jade and coral, in the advertising of composition products known as pyroxylin plastic goods. If the word "ivory" is used, truth requires a qualifying adjective like "composition."

When it comes to furs there seems no limit to the use of fanciful names. The fur of common animals, such as rabbits, dogs, goats and muskrats, goes by more resplendent names, such as sealine, Baltic seal, French seal, Australian seal and the like.

The National Vigilance Committee has been investigating several useful and wholesome artificial food compositions which are made as substitutes for highly popular natural products which are growing increasingly scarce. The committee takes the position that these substitutes are so useful and important that no business advantage is to be gained and much ethical advantage lost by exaggerating their similarity to the natural product.

Of course the public itself is partly, indeed largely, to blame for the widespread use of misleading trade names. People like to buy things that look better than they can afford or have any right to expect at the price. If the millionaire's wife wears a sealskin coat that costs several thousand dollars the working girl wants an article that looks much the same at a small fraction of the price. So she is given rabbit's

WINCHESTER
TRADE MARK
SKATES



BOYS

WE want you to own a pair of Winchester skates. They are good skates designed for speed, action and hard service.

¶ The frame is supported by a bridge girder that strengthens and stiffens the whole skate. The ball-bearing rolls are light-running and especially hardened to give long wear on asphalt and concrete. We have had all sorts of boys skating continuously for days on these skates over rough pavements to test them out thoroughly before offering them to you. We believe they are right, and want you to own a pair.

¶ There are 4000 stores in the United States which sell Winchester Skates and the other new products. Look for this sign on the window: *"The Winchester Store."*

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

TOOLS · POCKET AND KITCHEN CUTLERY
FLASHLIGHTS · GUNS AND AMMUNITION
SKATES · FISHING TACKLE

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Booth's
CHOCOLATES
Made For
Candy Lovers



Booth's True Blue Chocolates: A selection of the very choicest chocolates made by the Booth Candy Makers; every piece proven "True Blue." 20 ounces of Love-Food.

EVEN if we deserved it, we couldn't expect everyone to buy Booth's Chocolates; yet for 27 years we have been striving to make the Finest Chocolates, with the strictest attention to every detail. During these years a favorable public opinion has been created by the quality of the Chocolates.

Just buy a box of Booth's Chocolates. Why? Well, one reason is we use in our Chocolates fresh cream received daily from the Booth Dairy Farms.

If you like that Rich Milk Chocolate, buy a box of Booth's Butter Chocolates. They have met with approval everywhere. If you prefer the Good Old Dark Smooth Vanilla Chocolate, sit down by a box of Booth's Esther Chocolates, the box with the Rose Design, and enjoy real quality.

Booth's Billy Package meets the present-day demand for a popular-priced assortment of fine chocolates at a dollar a pound.

Our many other packages, beautiful in design, contain assortments of the most delicious flavors and combinations. Look for the name, Booth's Chocolates.

If unable to obtain Booth's Chocolates from your dealer, send his name and address and we will supply you by mail, upon receipt of the following prices: True Blue Chocolates, 20 oz., $2.00; Butter Chocolates, 1 lb., $1.50; Esther Chocolates, 1 lb., $1.25; Billy Chocolates, 1 lb., $1.00. Other sizes in proportion.

***Good Dealers:* Write today for information regarding our special agency proposition.**

Wilfrid I. Booth, Elmira, New York.

skin, and to satisfy her pride and vanity the dealer calls it Australian seal. In other words the public is just as dishonest with itself as any class of dealers is with it.

The retailer says that goods are misbranded when they come to him, and that the elimination of deceptive names should be reached at its source. But on the other hand the retailer can strictly state the truth in his own advertising. The fact is that trade names can be made to conform with trade facts only by the combined efforts of the manufacturer and retailer.

Unless they combine to do it the first thing they know Congress will pass some "truth in fabric" law which will compel the stamping on all manufactured articles of the exact nature of the materials. Manufacturers have fought such legislation, but it will certainly come unless the abuse of trade names is discontinued. Already, however, a number of misleading names have been abandoned or properly qualified by makers, importers, jobbers and retailers, owing partly to the activities of the truth-in-advertising workers.

Comparative Prices

Unceasing effort is made also to induce new concerns to adopt distinctive names, labels, trade-marks and slogans, rather than merely imitate those of older and more successful competitors. The point is constantly made by the truth-in-advertising workers that it takes brains to market goods in an original way, and that even to tell the truth interestingly requires brains. "Why not show that you have some brains?" is the way they put it.

From the point of view of local merchandising the misuse of comparative price advertising and the abuse involved in comparative value advertising also call for unceasing attention. Unlike the use of substitutes and imitations, this practice involves only the retail merchant, but it is so common and so widely employed by business men of good standing that improvement is very difficult to secure.

Few women shoppers really understand just what is involved in comparative prices and values, and therefore misleading impressions are easily conveyed. "Skirts $10, former price $25." Now this statement may be true, but in a sense quite different from what the reader supposes. The facts probably are that the skirt did actually sell at twenty-five dollars a year ago, a little later for, say, twenty dollars; and still later for fifteen dollars. Now it is offered for ten dollars.

There is no objection to mentioning former prices if—and this if is very important—the date of the former prices is mentioned. If the skirt sold for twenty-five dollars a few weeks ago instead of a year ago, and is now selling at ten dollars it is probably a tremendous bargain. But because it sold at twenty-five dollars a year ago it may not be a bargain at ten dollars at all now, because of changing price levels and changing styles. In other words it is a question whether the merchant is justified in using the prices at which articles sold six months or a year ago if there have been intervening reductions. In the case cited, if the advertisement had read, "Skirts $10, former price $15," it would have been truthful in the strictest sense.

But the possibilities of misstatement and deception are much greater when merchants deal with values rather than with prices. A fur dealer was convicted a few years ago on the charge of advertising a one hundred and twenty-five dollar seal coat for thirty dollars, when its actual value was found to be precisely thirty dollars.

In this case the court said: "A coat with a valuation of thirty dollars was never manufactured to retail at one hundred and twenty-five dollars. The people, through the legislature, struck out against persons who victimize them through such commercial frauds as this."

Naturally, reputable merchants do not make such representations, and few cases that involve the use of comparative values are ever raw enough to take into court. But the evil is none the less great. "Suits $35, $50 values." What does this mean? The suit may have had a value of fifty dollars six months or a year ago, and may be wholly out of style to-day. Is it fair then to say that the article has a value of fifty dollars now?

A number of the better-business bureaus have attempted to enforce a rule that comparative values in advertising should be based on the price at which the same article is being sold in three or more other stores in the same city at the same time. They take the position that a representation of value or worth which is other than the current value is deceptive on its face. If in the case cited it is found that three or four other stores in the same city are selling the same suit for about thirty-five dollars, then the position is taken that by no stretch of imagination can it be described as a fifty-dollar value. Of course if the merchant had said "Suits $35, were considered to be worth $50 last spring when this model which is now out of style was all the rage," there could be no possible objection.

A number of stores have greatly modified the comparative feature in their advertising. Numbers of them no longer mention former prices or values, except to say "Reduced," "Under the normal," "Better quality than usually offered at this price," and other reasonable statements of similar character. Many merchants feel that comparisons are necessary to stimulate business, but on the other hand the store which advertises that a suit which is selling at thirty-five dollars to-day was priced or valued at fifty dollars six months or a year ago is more likely to be suspected of having profiteered in the first place than the one which avoids such comparisons.

Perhaps the most striking accomplishment of a number of the bureaus has been to induce merchants to correct or retract misstatements publicly.

In Toledo six large stores have agreed to publish corrections of any error called to their attention by the local bureau, the corrections to occupy a certain definite space in specified type in their newspaper advertising. Some of these corrections have been trivial, but in the opinion of the Toledo bureau each one tends to strengthen the confidence of the reading public in the honesty of business.

Published Corrections

One of the other bureaus has taken a strong stand against published corrections. This bureau makes the statement:

"If the practice were carried far enough it would, we believe, ruin consumer confidence in advertising. There is a human element in producing copy, and consequently it is impossible entirely to avoid errors or false statements. They are in most cases made by mistake. We, therefore, believe this system is absolutely opposed to the purpose of our work, and if it was not, it would be impossible to operate it practically by any commission in the country."

It is admitted of course that the policy of inducing reputable concerns to publish retractions is in its experimental stage. Personally, speaking as a mere man, leaving if possible all forms of shopping to my wife, a public retraction would increase my confidence in a store immensely, especially if my previous dealings with it had been satisfactory. "Why, here is an honest store," I should say. "They have the courage of their convictions. If they are willing to admit they are wrong now and then they must be pretty decent most of the time."

The psychology of the thing could be determined fully only by interviewing hundreds, perhaps thousands, of shoppers. But the reaction of the first woman whom I questioned on the subject was suggestive. She is a housewife, the mistress of a large family, and has had plenty of shopping experience.

"Of course it would increase my confidence to see a published correction," she said in reply to my question; "but, there very few women believe the advertising stores anyway. What difference does a correction make? If I go into a store and see waists selling at $1.98 with a big sign over them showing the figure $4.98 crossed out, I turn to my mother or whoever else is with me and say with a laugh, 'Of course these are not $4.98 waists; they are too sleazy for that. But they are worth $1.98 and I think I will buy a couple of them.'

"There are a few stores," she added, "which tell the truth. The sales at X's are real sales; and do you know why it is that I buy so many clothes for the children at Z's? It is because they advertise in large type, 'Three-quarters cotton and one quarter wool.'"

"My goodness, woman!" I exclaimed. "It is just this lack of belief and confidence in the bulk of advertising which you so cynically acknowledge, that this movement I am writing about is trying to combat. It is the deception of this very system by which you are obliged to discount what you read that they are trying to abolish. Even if the articles you buy are worth what you pay for them it is just as deceitful in principle, if not in degree, for the merchant to claim that they are worth more."

"Oh, if that is the case," she concluded, "then I should think that a published retraction would be an excellent thing as a matter of course."

Leaders in the Movement

Not only do the workers in this movement believe that they are constructively helping honest business by relieving it from unfair competition that it cannot meet, but reputable concerns are often protected from unreasonable customers as well. Through typographical errors in newspaper advertising, goods are not infrequently offered at absurdly low prices, and the local bureaus undertake in these cases to persuade customers to withdraw their demands for such goods.

Perhaps the most active leaders in the truth-in-advertising movement have been Merle Sidener, an advertising man in Indianapolis, who was formerly chairman of the national committee and whose devoted voluntary efforts did so much to get the movement under way, and Richard H. Lee, formerly a lawyer in Cleveland and until recently the director counsel of the committee, and the man to whose fearlessness the country owes the elimination of many of its worst financial frauds. Actively associated with these two have been H. J. Kenner, who lately succeeded Mr. Lee as director, and W. P. Green.

Rapid and widespread as the growth of the movement has been, there are still a few large cities which have successfully escaped. Philadelphia has recently organized, Boston is organizing, and it is expected that New York will shortly follow. But there are a few other large cities in which the movement is badly needed, and also unlikely to develop in the immediate future because of the character of the newspapers. There are papers which seem to have no sense of responsibility to the public, and, unlike the leading papers of the country, regard themselves as nothing but billboards. It is impossible to operate or even organize a better-business bureau unless the majority of the newspapers in a city are fairly clean and willing to coöperate with the forces of decency.



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THE SPIRIT THAT LENDS GENIUS TO THE TOUCH OF A GUILDSMAN'S HAND

PERHAPS you have seen in the museums of Europe or America, or pictured in some old book, fine examples which still exist of the work of the ancient Guild of Watchmakers. Scattered in tiny hamlets in the mountainous districts of Switzerland, without machines to aid them, these men produced watches so fine that their fame spread throughout all Europe and lasted even until today.

Something more than skill and a lifetime of experience enabled these old guildsmen to win for their work the admiration of the world.

Dominating their thoughts, guiding their hands as they worked, was the Guild Spirit. Under that spirit no man thought of his work as a task but as an art. No man was driven. No man thought to give less than the best that was in him, for the honor of himself and of the Guild.

Under that spirit the guildsman's hand took on the touch of genius.

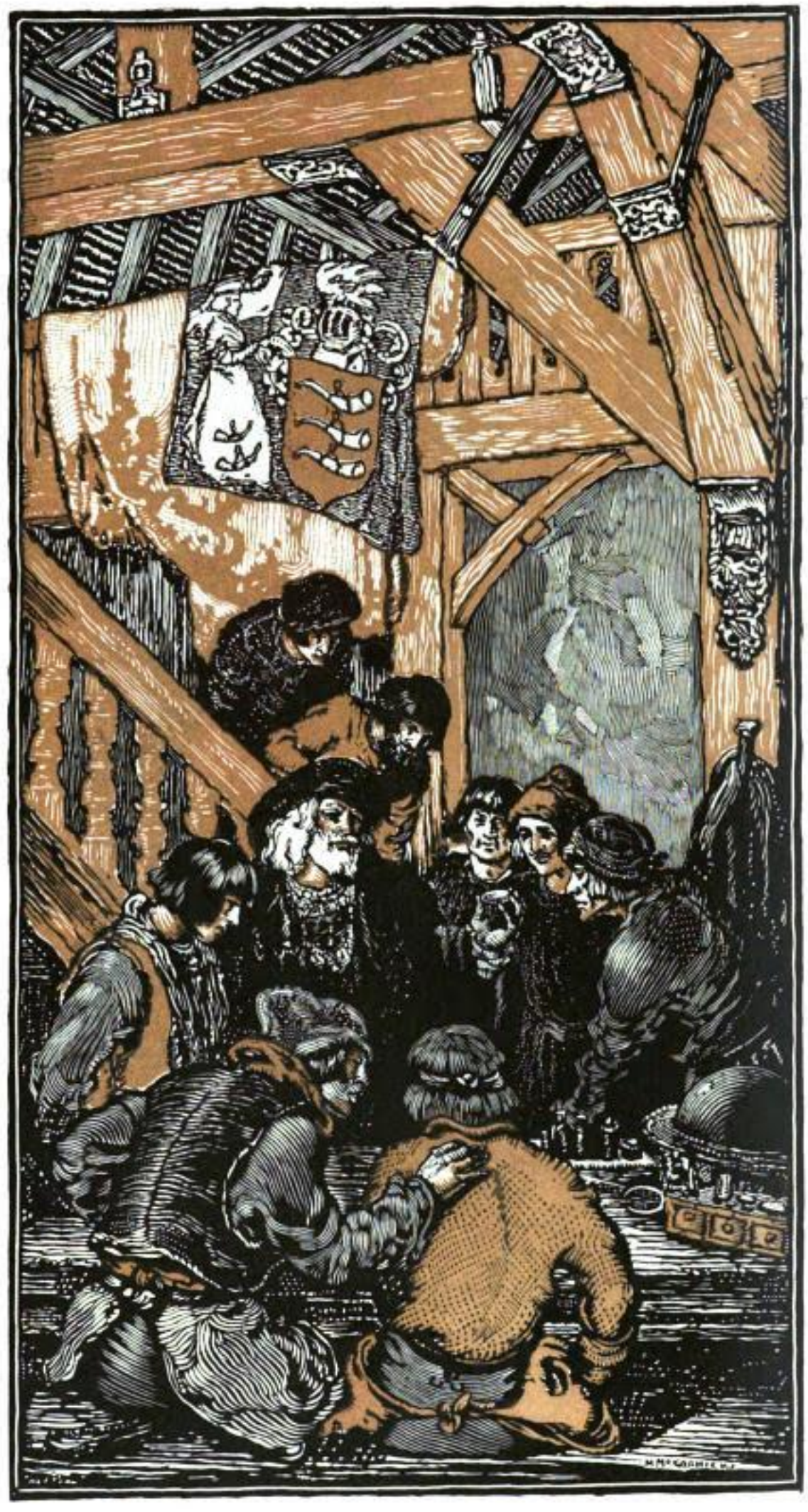
In the Gruen Guild of Watchmakers that spirit lives again today, and under it descendants of these medieval masters labor through unhurried hours to produce these modern masterpieces of the watchmaker's art.

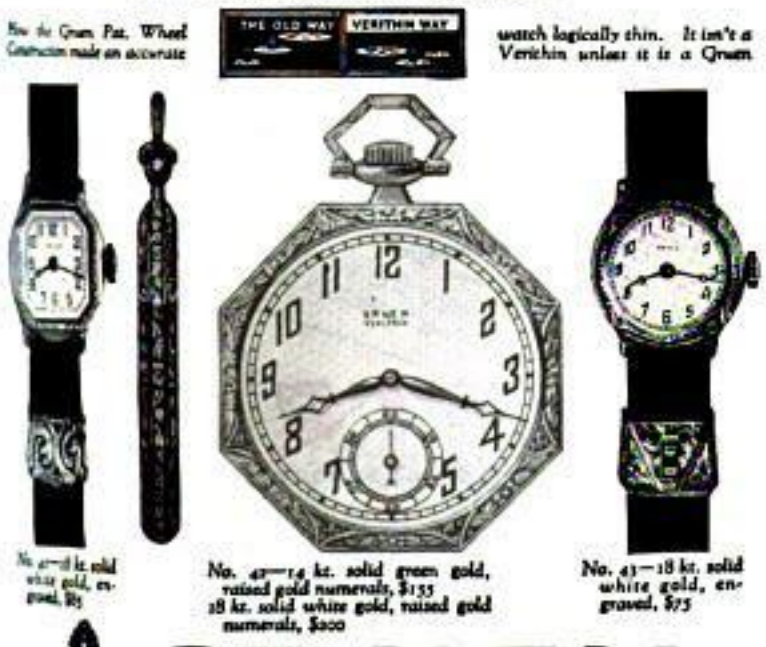
To this, more than to anything else, we attribute that prestige which Gruen Watches now enjoy, for it would seem that there lies deep in every man, no matter what his work, a knowledge that every really fine thing he ever did was done in that spirit, and that he naturally accords, therefore, to Gruen Watches a degree of excellence which has set them quite apart.

You may see Gruen Watches at the best jewelry stores in each community, to which their sale is confined. Look for the Gruen Service Emblem displayed by all Chartered Agencies.

Prices: $25 to $750; with diamonds from $100 to $6,000

GRUEN WATCHMAKERS GUILD, Time Hill, Cincinnati, U. S. A.
Canadian Branch, Toronto
Masters in the art of watchmaking since 1874





How the Gruen Pat. Wheel Construction made an accurate watch logically thin. It isn't a Verithin unless it is a Gruen.

No. 42—14 kt. solid green gold, raised gold numerals, $155
18 kt. solid white gold, raised gold numerals, $200

No. 43—18 kt. solid white gold, engraved, $75

GRUEN Guild Watches

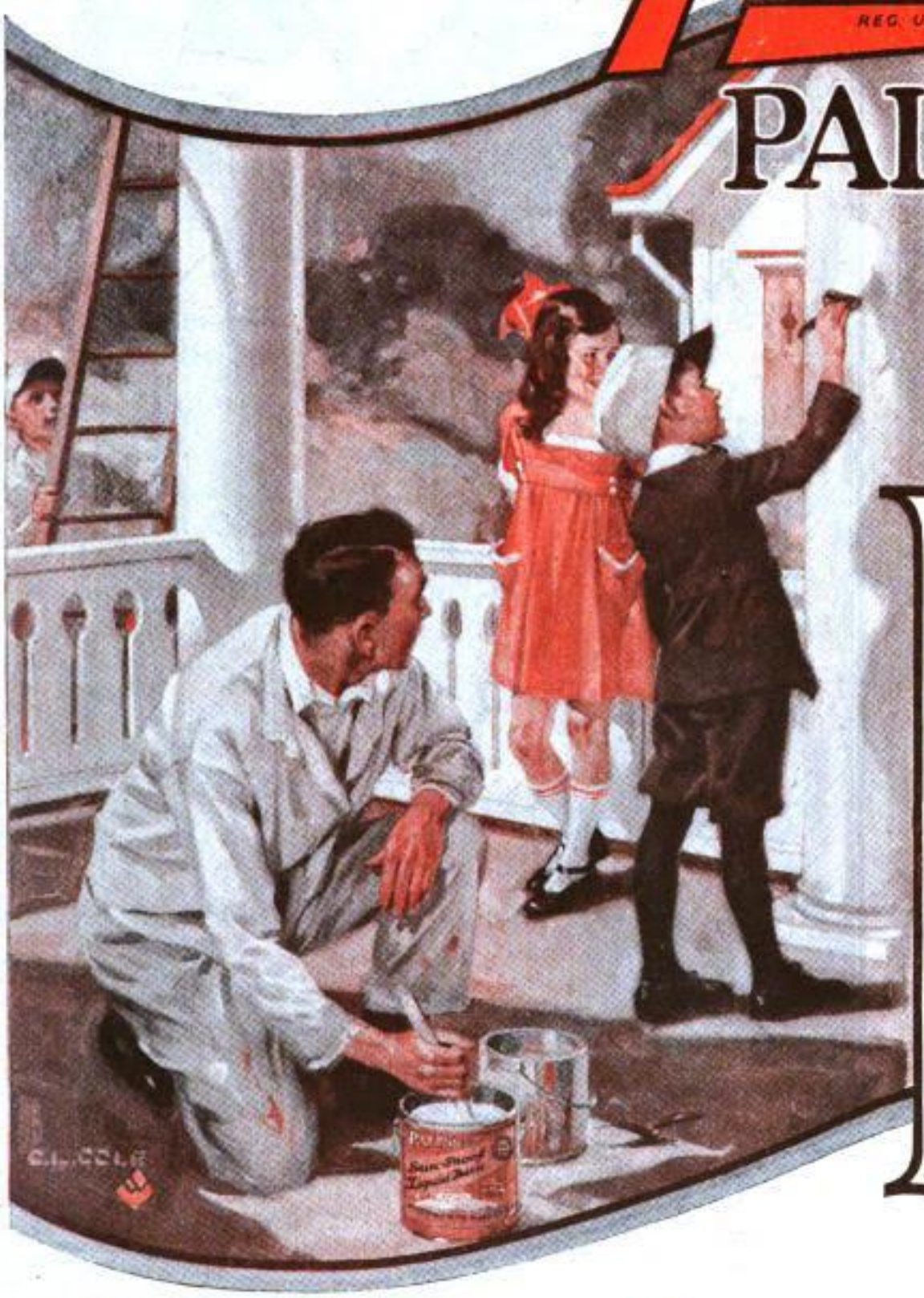
Including the original and genuine "VERITHIN" model

© 1923, Gruen Watch Company

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PATTON'S Sun-Proof PAINT

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.





Keeps Down Up-keep

EVERY brush stroke, not only transforms appearance but adds immediately to property value, and a scientific standardized paint like Patton's Sun-Proof paint prevents property depreciation. The life of property is unlimited if kept paint-protected.

Patton's Sun-Proof grips into the surface and seals it with a tough, elastic, moisture-proof, protective film which is enduring against extremes of climate. It is most economical because it covers greatest square footage per gallon, and protects your property against weather-wear for greatest number of years.

Sold everywhere by quality dealers and used by exacting painters and decorators.

Write for "Proof" booklet.

PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS CO.

Patton-Pitcairn Division

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

"Save the surface and you save all"

PITCAIRN AGED VARNISHES

Proof PRODUCTS

INTER-INDUSTRIES OF THE

PATTON'S Sun-Proof PAINTS

PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS CO.

PLATE AND WINDOW GLASS · MIRRORS · PAINTS · VARNISHES · BRUSHES · INSECTICIDES

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TRAVELER'S REPOSE

(Continued from Page 9)

In the fall he was to become part owner of the garage, built of concrete, in Greenstream Village; he would probably move in from the place beyond the mountain; and Emeline and he would be the most devoted of couples. He was obliged to add, though, it was miraculous that she could care for him; she was so gentle, quiet and yet firm, and delicate. Her hands in spite of their labors were slight, with thin fingers; flushed with heat in the kitchen, she was still not untidy, with hair orderly and soft, her enveloping apron crisply blue. She didn't seem strong; once, thrilling him with the delight of her confidence, she had confessed a headache to him. But the facts contradicted any weakness. Her voice was always low, with a little laugh that was at once appreciative and half inattentive. There was so much, it seemed to say, for her to attend to, to make right.

Mrs. Graham alternated with her husband in a conversation to which Jalan contributed little; his thoughts were divided between Emeline and his project of peace. Elias Graham, as though conscious of the latter, had something to say about progress—he was very contented with the vigorous spirit lately exhibited by the county. A number of the sick, who in the old days would undoubtedly have died under local treatment, had been sent to the hospital beyond the mountains at Stenton. Jalan suggested a hospital at home, but Elias didn't think it could be supported. What was the use, he argued, of an expense so largely unnecessary? Local pride, Jalan told him. Local fiddlesticks! Elias Graham did not enjoy contradiction; and it seemed to Jalan that Emeline made him a signal of caution.

"Progress," Elias repeated.

But Jalan had fallen into a silent contemplation of Emeline. She was like the shy fragrance of a flowery bank in spring, like the mountain streams, pure and clear and cool, and not easily found. She possessed exactly what he wanted the county to preserve and express.

Driving back he was obsessed by the possibilities of a place of rest held against all the uproar of the world. At first it had appeared selfish; but he began to see that the fame of Greenstream would go over the whole world; the world would be influenced, leavened by it. People would come to find out how such a haven had been made, and they'd go away full of emulation and hope.

Any aspect of the fantastic had vanished: it seemed concrete, imminent, now; he must bring it about. Inattentive to the road, the lurching clatter of the automobile, Jalan Heronbar found himself praying desperately, passionately, for the bounty of tranquillity, of a Garden of the Lord.

After this he was serious but happy; all the emptiness of his life was filled; or, rather, he saw that but for Emeline his life had been empty; and now it was that no more. He wondered if this were a call, and decided that beyond question it was. A call to him, Jalan Heronbar. What a dispensation of mercy!

He was happy, permeated by an inner glow, but grave rather than gay. The greatness of the inspiration that had enveloped him forbade lightness. He had never, though, been exactly light; wicked, but not the other. Neither was his undertaking, with which there could be no compromise, no half measures, easy. The attitude of Elias Graham showed him that. He'd have to go out into the mountains and lonely valleys, to the single cabins and straggling settlements on swift streams, and—and preach peace for Greenstream. Jalan was certain that in the end he could fire others with his determination. It would be like a sermon, a kind of Sermon on the Mount, and he would be a preacher.

When he began the following day at the store he spoke tentatively, and the gathering, waiting for the West Virginia mail, listened to him or not, as they felt inclined.

"Ever since I got back," he began, "I've been looking around as if it all was new here, as if I had never seen it before, and it's—it's beautiful. We get used to it. Forget. And we oughtn't to. Greenstream's made for a quiet and peaceful life; we have everything we want ——"

At this he was interrupted by a concerted demand of who had. Someone turned to the storekeeper and said that since they were living in a Paradise, could Peterton, please, sir, give him a pair of good shoes.

It was evident that Peterton couldn't; but it was suggested that Jalan intended to. Ask Jalan, the direction was offered. Jalan gazed around with a troubled brow. No one, it appeared, accepted what he said seriously.

"I mean it," he proclaimed in a resonant voice; "we have got to bring good will about and make this land a retreat from wickedness. Some of you didn't see what I did, and my experience was only a part, a little part, of what went on. I tell you the world is full of hatred and envy and malice; no one is filled or satisfied; it's like a quicksand sucking men down to death. But here we can stand firm, we have rock; we can put evil outside the ranges. Why it won't take any trouble at all, and it will change hardly anything. What we have to do is only to keep together, to be fair with each other, to be patient and tell the truth. That's all," he added wistfully. "If we'd just think a little it would be easy. Like putting up a barn in the old days—everyone helping."

This idea, a number agreed, was good; they were older men. The younger were no more than amused; and, but in a pleasant spirit, they begged Jalan to set up again the still in his parlor—like the old days, they echoed him.

"Can't you see what it must bring you?" he went on. "Can't you tell what honesty—yes, Christianity—would mean? No more bad blood nor killings; we'd keep that away from us; we wouldn't let any in. We'd let almost nothing in. Why should we when we have so much ourselves? We have fruit and cattle and corn and water, wood for fires; we've a printing press. What do we need from the world like it is? Nothing."

Jalan Heronbar stopped, looked at the men before him. One was ordering coffee at the counter; another getting his mail; two were leaving. It would be hard, but he'd do it, bring them in spite of themselves the blessings in his heart. The West Virginia mail was approaching and he was deserted; no one but the storekeeper, with the locked government sack, returned.

"Jalan," he called, "stop a minute. That scheme of yours, it sounds right good. I can see that you've studied it out." Jalan Heronbar turned back eagerly. "If there's anything to be done I'll help you with it. We could get up a campaign—Greenstream for Greenstream! I'll tell you confidential that since the automobiles have run into Stenton, them and the mail-order houses, my business here ain't what it was, not by a big meadow.

"See here"—his hand was on Jalan's shoulder—"as I understand it, you want to hold everybody here at home. Well, if you can influence them, if I see it on my books, I'll allow you—in trade—five per cent."

Jalan was so charged with fervor, with the excitement of having announced his supreme purpose, that at first he missed the storekeeper's intention. When it grew clear to him his face was grim. A bitterly angry resentment confused his brain; but he held it in subjection. Jalan conquered his resentment.

"I don't aim to make out of it," he explained temperately. "It's different from that. It came over me suddenly, sitting on the porch last night, the evening and the mountains were so pretty." The word didn't satisfy him. "So grand," he substituted. "And I thought maybe people here could be like that."

The other was puzzled almost to the point of irritation. "If you're just against improvement," he commented, "why, I can't be with you on that. Let me give you a little advice: go soft with Elias Graham or you'll make a muss of it with Emeline. Elias is great on improving the county. Why, it's him, to some extent, through his brother, North, who's bringing a moving-picture company right here to make a mountain story and show the world Greenstream scenery. He's been keeping it quiet, afraid it would come to nothing, but I hear it's fixed for soon as possible."

Jalan gave that but little thought; he was too much absorbed in his undertaking to be concerned by the fact—he saw it as remote—of a moving-picture company. His intensity, his conviction, increased daily; he devoted himself entirely to it. The county to its farthest limits grew familiar with his insistent hope. Usually he was met with humor; Heronbar's Paradise became a phrase attached to his tireless efforts. Often he was argued with, contradicted; a mess of practical detail was produced to show the folly of his scheme. A few people, long past youth, and a preacher or two agreed with him. He stopped men on the steep roads, on foot, in automobiles, on horses or droving cattle. To them all he proclaimed the peace to be settled on them.

At the Grahams', however, he had so far said nothing. The storekeeper's warning, Jalan recognized, was sound. And Elias had not yet opened the subject of Jalan's project. June had become July, and July was half gone when, sitting through the evening on the Graham porch, Jalan Heronbar was aware that Elias was about to speak. He caught a quick, fluttering glance of warning from Emeline, a supplication for him to be quiet, as her father deliberately laid aside his pipe.

"What's this, Jalan," he demanded; "what's all this I hear about your trying to pen up the county?"

Jalan explained.

"Nonsense!" Elias asserted; his brown cheeks already darker with opposition. "You want to choke down progress, that's what it amounts to. How can you keep the world, as you say, out? Who wants to? Nobody, I reckon, with any property worth considering, with interests. We want enlightenment and education and improvement. Why they tell me you want the women to go back spinning; you want us to have only homespun and such. You don't take the young folks into consideration. I'd like to see you get Ellery, here, into clothes his mother made for him."

"There isn't any enlightenment to be got from the world," Jalan said; "it's only to be found in your heart, in a quiet heart like the mountains around us. And what does the education come to? Dissatisfaction and doubt. Nobody believes anything any more, nobody has anything to tie to that won't corrupt and crumble in their hands. Or, perhaps, they have parts, little bits, of so much that they have nothing right."

"Stuff!" Elias Graham interrupted.

"And this improvement," the other continued; "what good is it against what it costs? Isn't content, happiness, better? You asked me why I rode up on a horse this evening. Well, it's better riding a horse than driving the way I did, from here to there and nothing between. You can't see anything in an automobile, you can't think slow enough or fully."

"Then there won't be any automobiles in this—this Heronbar's Paradise," Elias snorted angrily. "You're a plumb fool, that's what. I always said—I told Emeline over and over—you lived alone too much. It's the Heronbar blood in you flowing back upstream. I like you, Jalan; and I'm speaking for your good. That's not right—Emeline likes you and I'm

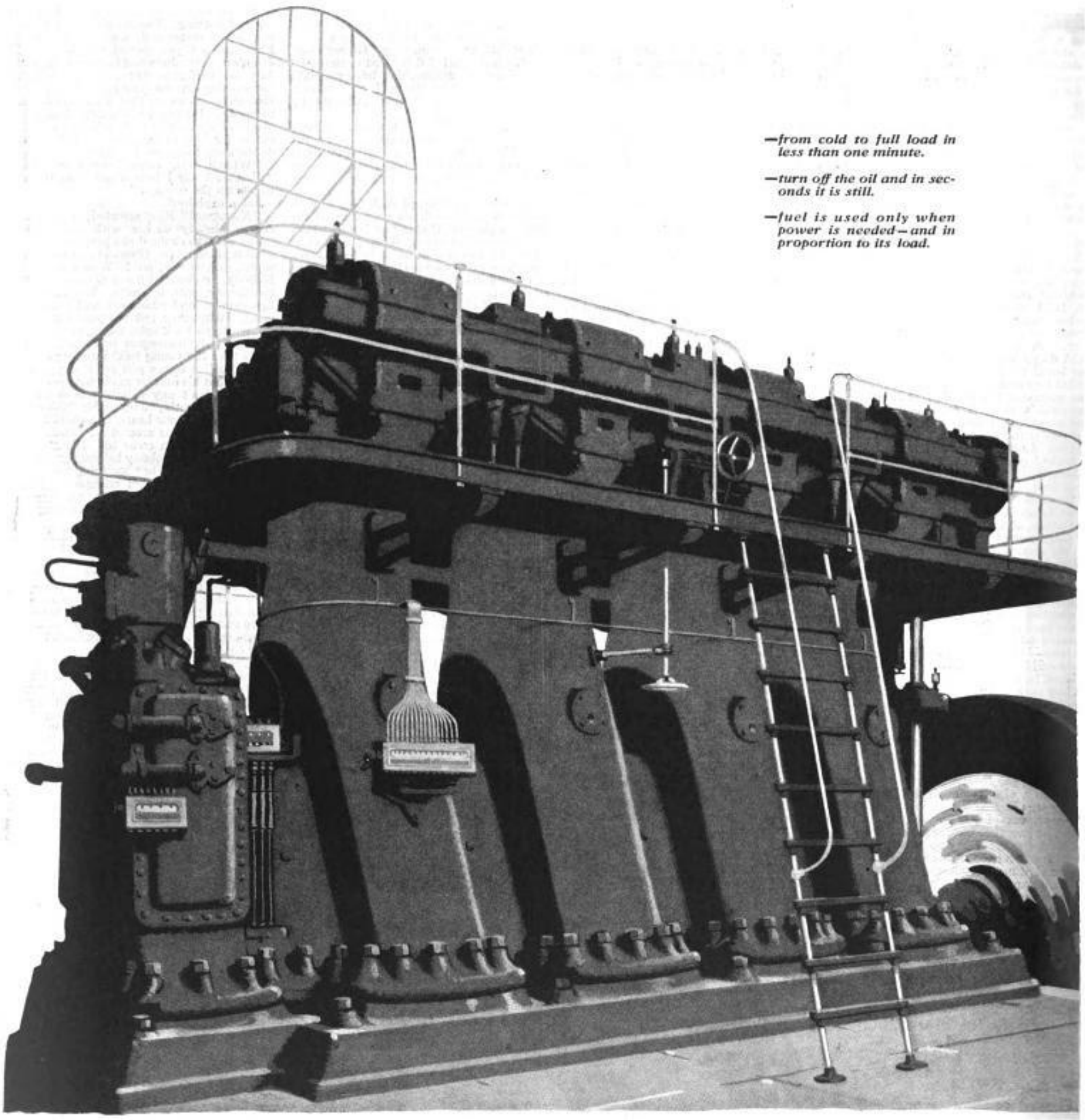
(Continued on Page 92)



The Director Struck Him Swiftly on the Side of the Jaw, and Jalan Stumbled Back. He Swayed From the Shock of Concussion, and Pain Filled His Mouth

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To cut



—from cold to full load in less than one minute.

—turn off the oil and in seconds it is still.

—fuel is used only when power is needed—and in proportion to its load.

FULTON

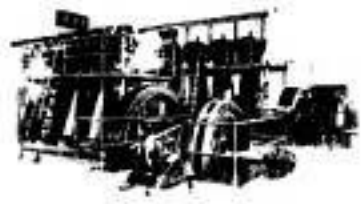
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the appalling cost of power waste-

The Fulton Diesel meets the pressing need today for lower power cost. A perfected stationary engine using low-grade fuel oil in internal combustion.

Its operation requires about one-third of the fuel that must be burned under boilers to furnish corresponding power. It consumes fuel only when in use, and in proportion to its load. One engineer runs it. All troublesome, costly problems and hazards connected with coal supply disappear—strikes, delivery, storage, deterioration and handling. No investment in boilers, stacks, condensers and other auxiliary steam plant equipment is called for.

Not since Robert Fulton applied steam power to water transport has there been so important a development in stationary power production as the Fulton Diesel. It embodies the experience of 70 years of successful engine building. Ten years have been concentrated on developing the Fulton Diesel to its present high state of mechanical excellence. Tested under varying and exacting conditions of service, the Fulton Diesel has proved to be the most efficient and economical stationary engine known to the world today.



Fulton Diesels in a Central Station.



Fulton Diesel on Oil Pipe Line.



Fulton Diesel in Flour Mill.

Fulton Diesel in Ice Plant.

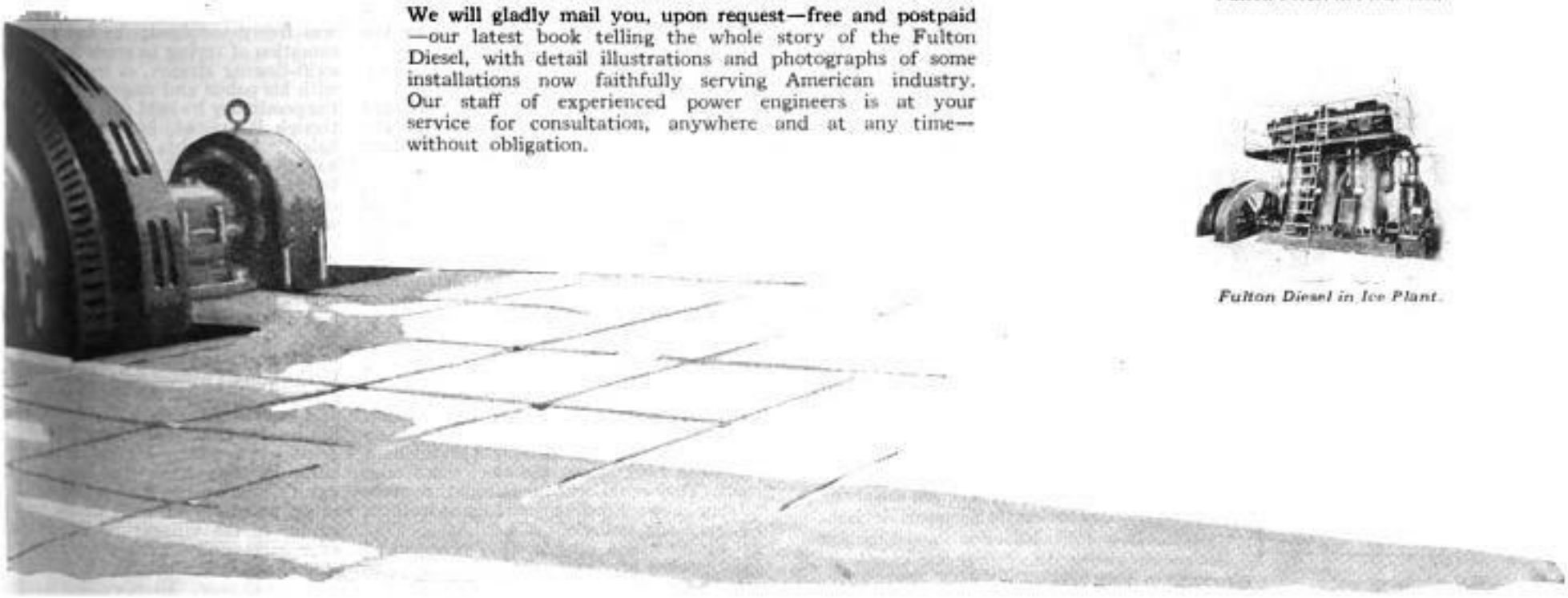
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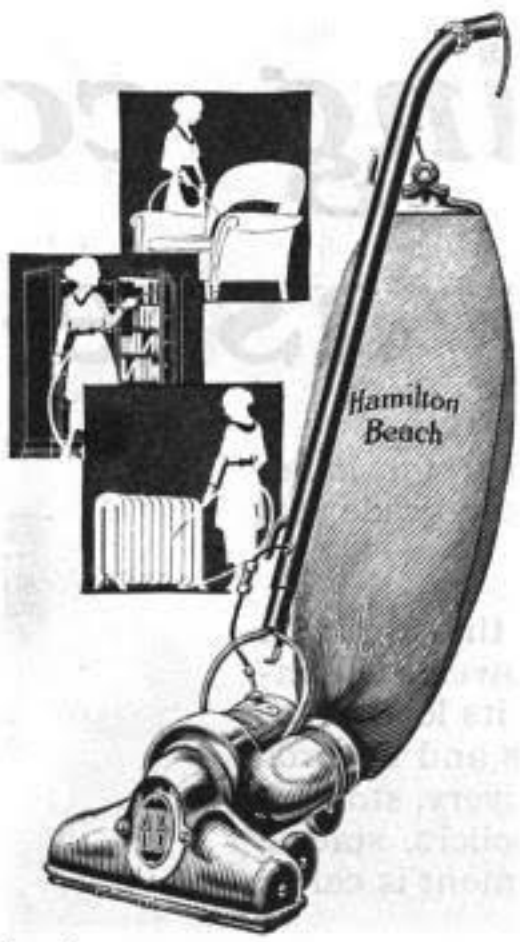
To Executives and Engineers

We will gladly mail you, upon request—free and postpaid—our latest book telling the whole story of the Fulton Diesel, with detail illustrations and photographs of some installations now faithfully serving American industry. Our staff of experienced power engineers is at your service for consultation, anywhere and at any time—without obligation.



DIESEL

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Note how ate sweeps the surface, besides cleaning through the rug

We have added

Super-suction to the Beating brush

The vacuum cleaner sensation of 1922

Leading cleaners are of two types. One class relies on good suction alone, the other uses a beating brush.

But we have always felt that the ideal-type cleaner should have *both* strong suction and a beating brush! Strong suction to take up the surface dust and to make the attachments for cleaning and dusting everything in the house really efficient and tremendously worth while; Beating brush for instantly sweeping up clinging threads, hair, lint, and fuzz—and for shaking loose all deeply imbedded particles of cutting grit that are so destructive to the life of fine rugs. So we worked to this end.

Our efforts were rewarded by a gale of 219 cubic feet of air per minute! which not only cleans through the rug from the bottom, but also air-sweeps the surface, because the carpet is prevented from sealing the nozzle. And besides this double air-cleaning action, we had the beating brush. We had merged the advantages of other cleaners in one amazing machine with multiplied cleaning power. So now you can have double efficiency in this marvelous cleaner, guaranteed throughout.



Hamilton Beach with suction alone

Same machine with the Beating Brush

Hamilton Beach Vacuum Sweeper

We believe you will be satisfied with no other, once you see the Hamilton Beach. It is a shining servant that is doubly thorough, though doubly swift. From corded bumper to handle tip, every detail points to lastingness and quality. No desired feature has been overlooked. Yet you can obtain its 30 superiorities for less than comparable cleaners cost. It is unrivalled value for the money. Dealers are glad to demonstrate it in your home free and to name convenient terms. Write us for FREE FOLDER and the name of nearest dealer. Ask any questions! Absolutely no obligation. Write TODAY for full facts.

See this striking demonstration of the effectiveness of our Beating Brush.

Hamilton Beach Drink Mixer
Now $18.75
Was $29.50

Tremendous quantity production permits this startling price reduction in the big No. 2 Drink Mixer. Write for booklet.



HAMILTON BEACH MFG. CO., *Racine, Wisconsin*

(Continued from Page 89)

speaking for her. I'll admit to you that often when you were coming here I wished you'd break your neck on the mountain. That ain't Christian but it's natural. I managed to get over that, though; I was almost agreeable to you when this came up.

"I waited, thinking you'd come back to your senses, but you haven't, and I'll get finished with what's in my mind. Why"—he became so exasperated that he stuttered, his face grew crimson—"what'll happen to the garage, tell me that—what?" He paused, but for the moment Jalan made no reply. "I sort of thought the county was playing a joke on you, but it's not; things are worse than I heard; you are a joke."

Jalan rose; but he faced Emeline and not her father.

"Emeline," he addressed her gravely, "you have heard what I said and how your father answered. It seems to me you know how we both feel. I didn't think it would come in this way; I hoped it would be happier, but I don't see a choice. I've got to go on until Greenstream understands, till it agrees with me—for itself. I was happy enough before, reckoning about you; it's for the others, Emeline, you must believe that. Well, will you join with me? Will you marry me, Emeline?"

She smiled confidently at him, and was rising from the step when Elias Graham thrust himself violently between them.

"I'll answer for her!" he almost shouted. "I'll tell you about that. She won't! Do you think I'll have my daughter, Emeline Graham, living in rags in a backwoods cabin with the last crazy member of the Heronbar family? Do you? Not while Ellery and me are alive. I was against you at the first and I'm stronger against everything about you now."

"Will you, Emeline?" Jalan said again.

"No!" Elias shouted.

"Emeline," Jalan Heronbar said again.

Elias Graham suddenly lost all trace of his excitement, his eyes were narrowed, his gaze was hard and level. "I told you last and for all time." His voice was thin.

"Mr. Graham," Jalan protested, confused, "I can't fight with you. There was to be no more fighting here, nor misunderstanding; that mustn't be. Not ever again."

"You can dodge it," Graham replied curtly.

"It isn't right for you to answer in Emeline's place," Jalan protested. "You oughtn't to hold her in like that. She must have a chance to speak out. I won't take it from you."

Elias stepped back. "Tell him, Emeline," he said briefly.

She gazed at her father, and, meeting no assurance there, half raised her arms to her mother, sitting still and cowed in the gloom.

"Tell him, Emeline," the cold, sharp voice repeated.

Then Emeline advanced a step toward Jalan. She moved forward but then she stopped, her eyes widely opened and dark against the pallor of her face.

"Jalan," she said, "Jalan."

Whatever her resolution of speech, of action, had been, it failed. The silence that possessed her was alive with suffering, with an inner wrenching agony and struggle.

"Don't worry, Emeline," Jalan said presently, slowly sounding the words one by one. "Emeline, don't worry. I know how it is, how it has always been—and good-by."

He turned sharply away and retraced the course by the corner of the house, over the cut grass, to the iron fence where his horse was tied. The horse's hoofs made no noise crossing the pasture; but on the hard piece of road below, the steel shoes rang out. They could hear them from the porch, Jalan knew; Emeline would listen to them going along, going out of her life.

Flooded with pity for her, governed as she was by her father, he had no atom of condemnation in his mind. It had always, with the Grahams in Greenstream, been like that. Emeline was a good girl, but she wasn't a girl any more, she was a woman, lovely with the quiet fragrance of May. He had lost her! This came to him with the shock of an unexpected bullet; Jalan swayed as though from the shock of an actual deep blow. Emeline had been taken from his life.

No apparent change took place in Jalan; his life, the pursuit of an object as close to his heart as Emeline, continued unbroken. He was more serious, his voice had a insistent ring; that was all. His stayed noticed, had drawn away from com place, surrounding things and words spoke, he thought, in parables. The tion he had first roused, a humor ceptibly touched, at least, with ser consideration, faded; the valley of the stream, the clearings on the moun slopes grew used to him; men listene him when they were not busy, at noo and through the late summer evenings. was regarded as a kind of preacher dressed to the good of the world, treated with regard; Jalan was presse the houses and lonelier cabins to stay whatever meal might be following, for night, as long as he desired.

The young at times sharply opposed but mostly they held him to be harm And this concerted attitude of a kin inattention was more difficult, obdur than an aggressive opposition. He felt he was thought of as a character, pec and admirable and local, but nothing m Before his door, with a stout hickory c canted back against the house, he d upon his task. A new phase in the past days had fastened upon his ardor: he came angry at the stupidity and blind about him. His outreaching hand, a were, was filled with gold, gold that mi be had for the asking; but nobody want no one, it seemed, could realize *that it* there.

Still, he wasn't discouraged; the fire his desire hadn't slackened; he would w harder, never linger on the road, fail argument. His attention to the order his house had grown mechanical; th were omissions, knives and plates out order. This he no longer noticed; he no very little of all that he had once fully s and weighed. His guns had been brok his powder deliberately spoiled, the lead bullets melted. Jalan Heronbar would nothing, and when he heard a shot in woods or in a purple buckwheat stubble would force a way through the underbru and remonstrate with whoever held gun. Sometimes it would be an *old m* quivering with indignation at Jalan's int ference; sometimes it was a grinning b or a man, a friend of Jalan's, who wou invite him to share in a stew of boiled p

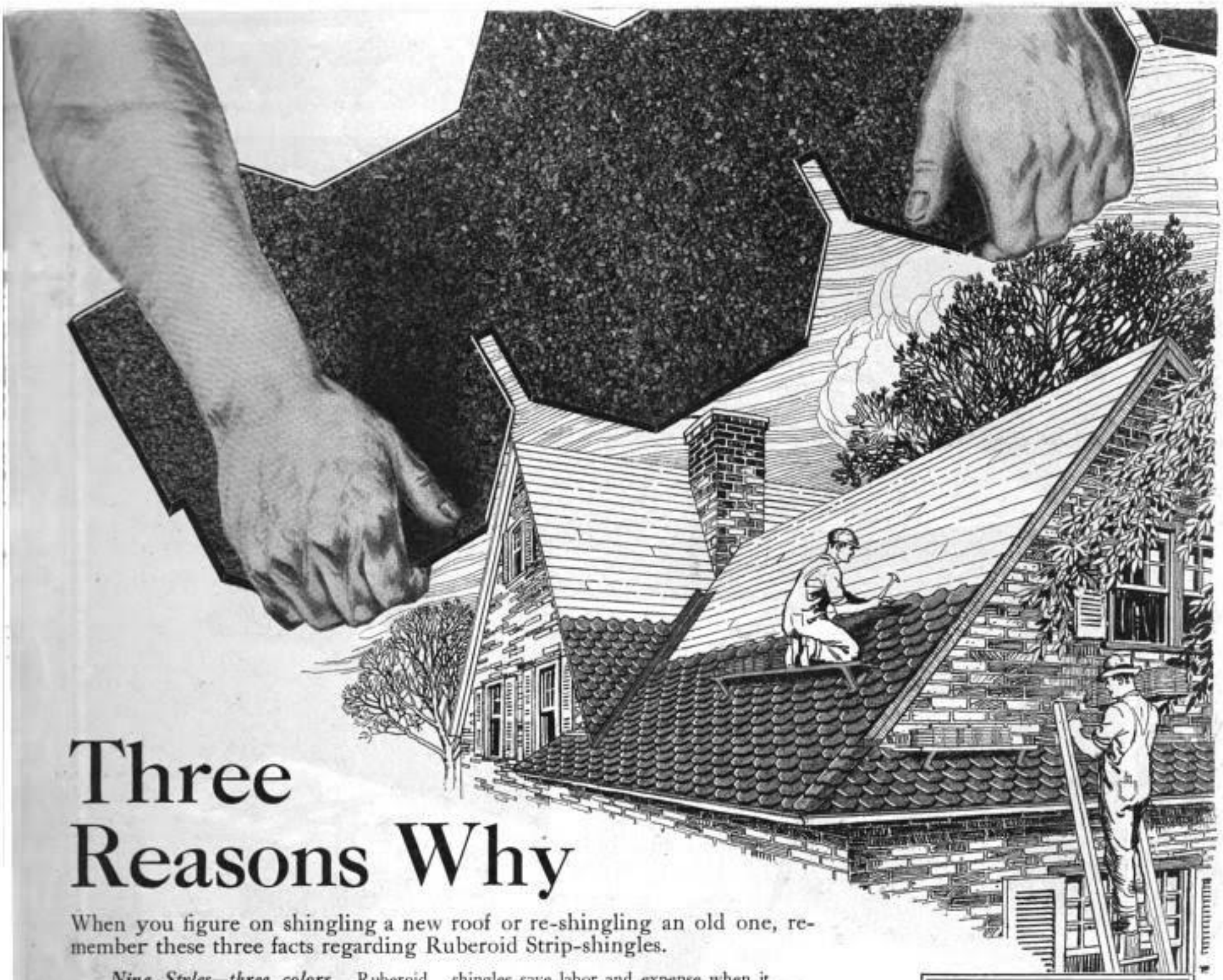
The regard with which he was treat left him increasingly alone. People, began to see, were superstitious abo him. They were reluctant to open a cas conversation with him; the children w often frightened at his approach and ran familiar and saving interiors. This at fi disturbed him, then he failed to notice th too. His resentment at the county, found, increased; from begging them accept his gift of peace he changed periods of rising scorn. In this, as well, was freely indulged; he had a hopele sensation of trying to grasp the water of swift-flowing stream, of hoping to dam with his palms and fingers. What he sa the possibility he held out, was as actual though it existed, like a city on a ne height, before his eyes. But he w baffled by the fact that he could show to no one—to no one, that was, but a ra old man with his sight already dim to th world and filled with inner visions.

Twice, lately, he had seen Emeline; one descending the insecure steps from th store platform to the road. There wer others, idle and curious, around, and so h had delayed at the crossing until she ha gone. Then on an upper road, riding hi mare, he had passed Emeline and Elia Graham in an automobile. They were both going slowly, and she smiled at him an said good evening, but Elias hadn't turne his head. Emeline! Beautiful and fra grant and tender. He had never blame her. Perhaps Elias was right, and his Jalan's, was no life for her to share. An other partner had been secured for th garage in the village; no Heronbar had ever successfully worked the rocky and steep acres which belonged to that family; and he was poor. There wouldn't be proper food for Emeline in the house.

That with, for, her he might have given up his present intention didn't occur to him; such a thing was an impossibility. Jalan and his project were inseparable, one. It was a call. His love for Emeline became a deep and impersonal admiration, a consuming sense of her perfection. Sitting in the dusk it seemed that she had no real existence, that she had never lived, but was a dream, a vision of perfection. It wasn't likely that gentleness like hers had a place

(Continued on Page 95)

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Three Reasons Why

When you figure on shingling a new roof or re-shingling an old one, remember these three facts regarding Ruberoid Strip-shingles.

Nine Styles—three colors. Ruberoid Strip-shingles provide an unusually distinctive roof. Their patented form enables you to choose your roof from *nine* attractive styles. The natural slate-surfacing (red or green) on one face and a substantial grey weather-coating on the other, makes it possible for you to carry out any particular style in either solid colors or in attractive blends of sage green, Indian red, or steel grey—depending upon your fancy.

Less expensive to lay. Ruberoid Strip-shingles save labor and expense when it comes to laying. With every strip, four shingles are fastened in place. No chalk lines are necessary, because the shingles are self-spacing.

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On request we will send you a folder which illustrates in colors the nine different styles which may be obtained. Ruberoid Strip-shingles are for sale by lumber and building-supply dealers throughout the country.

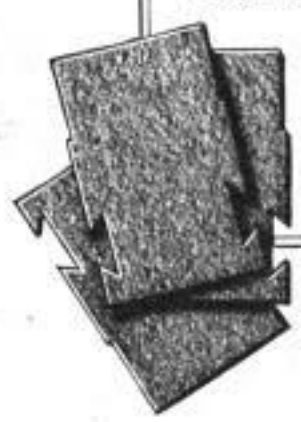
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(Continued from Page 92)

stubborn and vain and jealous world. he had imagined her—the lighting of smile, her cool sweet voice brushed amusement, the warming of her eyes. wondered what she thought of his what she heard about him. Prob- that he was cracked-brained. But would she think of it? Jalan had explained himself to her; the one nearly concerned, she could only to a sharp or a kindly scoffing, his distorted. Jalan hadn't tried to see to overcome her allegiance to her might prevail with her, but the were enormously against him. If if he, Jalan, were firm, Emeline was firmer. Nothing could turn her her purposes, her conceptions of duty. had been younger, again, it might all different; but she was thirty and over; had been in the service of her family for comparatively long while. And then he didn't want to hurt or tear her delicacy of didn't want to bring back to her the suffering he had seen in them on Graham porch.

Still, he wasn't unhappy; he recognized of himself. Emeline and the past were everything around him was insubstantial but his passion to keep Green- apart from the bitter unhappiness life. He couldn't be certain that he was gaining ground, belief, in his hope; he couldn't see it didn't prove its ab- A planted seed and then the dry. He hesitated over that word— was at once strange and familiar to him. speculated a little upon the old and their black blood; was he totally different from them or almost Appearance he resembled them point for point, feature for feature—the face and clamped jaw, a drooping of hair across a bony forehead, and an incredibly aged relative had told when he was a child, blue like the of Scotland.

They had been men of intense resent- brightly bad tempers, alternating between a cold sobriety and a colder they were cruel, even with men, and scrupulous— —with women. A of religion had run erratically through all. Bad, he was forced to conclude. he was, the last, bent on a sort of Repose that nobody wanted. around him now, except Emeline, understand his determination; but fish he saw that his father would have His father would have his hopefulness and understood. of blood were closer than any man

stirred, rose from his chair and to secure his mare. Riding, he de- the barren slope to the road. A of spruce was surcharged with the cry of whippoorwills. The moon above the mountains to the east; was a glimmer of silvery light, no perceptible than a cobweb hung the valley beyond. Pulling up the he raised his clenched hands in an of longing for the salvation of

West Virginia, where Jalan had gone horse lotion, he fell sick, and was de- in a pine sealed room of an informal where he was subjected to the heroic of a local doctor. When he rode —for he was still weak— was a visible trace of fall in the air. maples had already turned bright and yellow, and there was a haze, of burning leaves. At his home he differently prepared the bacon of supper, immediately after, sank into a deep He woke late the following morn- stronger and refreshed, and determined to the lower border of Greenstream his demanding message.

road followed the base of a range; the left a stream meandered through the grass, and he passed occasional pros- farms. It was all pastoral, quiet, then, beyond a spur, he came abruptly on an incomprehensible crowd confusion. He reined in, startled; and independently his memory, a sub- realization, told him that here the moving-picture company whose coming to Greenstream he had been told was to be secured by Elias Graham.

Driven to the side of the road was an truck filled with an incomprehensible of details. Jalan saw large squares a brilliant silver surface that, when they caught the sunlight, flung out bars of intolerably bright reflections; there were loaded baskets, heaps of materials, coverings and clothes; square, leather carrying cases, tripods, lumber; a hundred objects, familiar and unfamiliar. Beyond the truck were strung out automobiles, two—no, three, four, of them. And before the old rugged cabins of Sim Levering, set above the road, were what he recognized as elaborate cameras, attended by sharp-visaged young men, in the shadow of a great umbrella, fringed and striped in red and white.

Jalan Heronbar's instinctive feeling was antagonistic. He had been surprised, always an uncomfortable sensation, and his deep sense of privacy had been invaded, the secretiveness of the mountains had been broken into. Then a frank curiosity took the place of these, and he urged the mare on. At one side of the cameras a man under a broad shadowing hat was issuing orders from a comfortable folding chair, a group was on Sim's porch—they belonged to the moving picture—and beyond that there was a circle of silent, intent mountain people—women with babies, children fretful and fascinated, girls and awkward youths in rough clothes, and everywhere the uncommunicative men. They nodded variously to Jalan, calling others' attention to his presence. They seemed all to be intent upon him, as though they were waiting for something he might say or do.

A short vigorous individual with his sleeves rolled back on arms covered with designs in pale blue ink passed Jalan Heronbar with a tin bucket of drinking water. He nodded, friendly, and Jalan acknowledged his greeting. He went on carefully until he was stopped by a girl sitting squarely in the middle of the road. She was dressed, Jalan saw, in an imitation of the back-mountain dress; except for that, however, she bore little resemblance to the women among whom his life had passed. Her eyebrows curved in a single hard black line; her hair, with coppery glints in the sun, was cut short at the lobes of her ears; and her legs were thrust out with a careless disregard for exposure that no girl of Greenstream could have attempted. She was painting her face.

On her knees was a wooden box filled with thick colored pencils and gayly stained rags, powders and white and dark greases; the opened lid of the box held a mirror; and after she had made an application to her cheeks she critically examined the reflected result. Or, rather, she alternately painted her face and smoked at a cigarette deposited in busy moments on the arm of her chair.

"Well," she said, finally meeting Jalan's interrogation, "I'm here; you see me. It isn't the result of mountain dew."

The man whose voice had dominated the activities rose and approached. His gaze was rapid, sharp, and his voice, though pleasant enough, abrupt.

"Good morning," he addressed Jalan Heronbar. "I'm Dell Spannard, and I am making a picture in your country. We all hope you'll like it." He studied Jalan further. "Look here," he added; "I've tried making these actors look like mountaineers till I'm sick, and it won't, except with the best, come off. You're the best type I've seen, and you're on a horse. That's a blessing. I wish you would come and work with us. It isn't hard and you'd be well paid."

"Thank you," Jalan replied; "but I'm busy already."

The other broke in shortly.

"I know you are busy—for this country. The truth is you don't know what being busy means. I meant what I said about paying you well. You are really good. Twenty dollars every day you work, and that won't be less than ten days. Probably, if this cursed haze doesn't lift, more."

"There is something else I must do," Jalan repeated.

"At how much?" The demand had sharpened.

"Nothing," Jalan told him; "I'm not after pay." He hesitated. "I want peace here."

The girl turned from her painting with an exclamation of mingled wonder and amusement, but the man standing beside her apparently lost interest in the figure on horseback.

"A religious crank," he said, but not offensively. Then he turned to the cabin. "Not like that!" he shouted, filled with a sudden energy. "Cut, Beitler. That's out. Marple, I went over this with you twice this morning, we wait an hour for the light, and then you die on your feet. Can't you understand the script? You hate and fear this man who is threatening your daughter, and you are making up your mind to kill him. To shoot him; can you get that? It's murder, even in the mountains. Now, again; quick, there's the sun. Camera!"

Spread before Jalan Heronbar, in an exaggeration that made it doubly hideous, was a vivid show of what he most detested, fought against—murderous hatred and revenge and killing. There were smears of simulated blood, the explosions of powder, actual cries and hoarse, desperate breathing. Beyond this loud ugliness the side of the mountain, the distant softened peaks, the gleam of shining water, were prettier, grander than ever before.

An impulse swept over him to force the mare up the slope of the bank and break up, smash the spell of evil on Sim Levering's cabin. The force of his anger must drive it all away—the clicking cameras and glaring umbrella, the gaudy woman with her defiled face; he would still that grating directing voice.

"Watch where you're going!" an exasperated camera man warned him. "You'll upset us. Keep out of the picture anyhow; off the lot!"

Jalan gazed curiously at him; but he was thinking more of himself, of the Heronbar blood. Why, he hadn't even a pistol, nothing but a thin willow switch. Still, that could leave a welt. Jalan saw just where it would lie, from above the right eye down and across the mouth. But that was in the past; it was the old Jalan. What confronted him, he realized, was too solid to be dismissed with a wave of the hand, a sentence or two, however burning. There was, in reality, nothing he could do now.

He rode on down the valley with a pinched mouth and somber eyes, losing every disturbance, every sound but the stream following the road.

He had now in place of a general effort without specific time or needs an immediate and disturbing problem. What he had planned to keep from Greenstream had come into it in a specially evil form. Jalan saw at once the effect of the moving picture all about him. The talk at the store, along the roads, was devoted to it; work was neglected, houses empty, and an increasing number of spectators filled the rocky hill about Sim Levering's cabin. Jalan stayed away from the actual operation of the picture, undecided in his ultimate attitude toward it; but he was kept very fully informed of its progress, the bloodiness of the fights was described to him, the shootings, and the actions of the girl with the short red hair and painted cheeks. As the surrounding idleness grew there were discovered fresh sources of mountain whisky; the fighting was not confined to the picture; there was an encounter in the village which promised to be serious.

Jalan Heronbar was often asked what he intended to do about this invasion of his scheme of quiet and peace. Such questions were pressed sharply on him; and they had an edge, a suggestion of mockery. Here, he was told, was his chance to bar the world from Heronbar's Paradise.

Yet this didn't bother him; it was all too serious in Jalan's mind to permit the mere irritation of assaulted pride. He couldn't see his way clear, he told himself over and over. At the same time he was again conscious that his anger was stirring, an indignation fired by the resolution not to be overthrown by any assault. He began to think of the moving-picture company as a direct and mysterious challenge to him; it had been sent, he told himself, to try him, to test the strength, the reality of his conviction.

Nothing was secured, saved, by witnessing publicly against it; that he had not even tried. The temper of the county was wholly opposed to him; there was an endless satisfied speculation on the beneficial results to be expected from a broadcast showing of the natural beauties of Greenstream. The state road probably would be widened and made safe, a large hotel go up in the village.

Jalan's opposition to every phase of this deepened; he began to see a perceptible enmity to him, toward what he represented, through the high valleys; and his spirit, always intolerant, quickly responded. If no one would help him to drive this iniquity away he'd do it without assistance, severely, forever and at once.

It was noon, an October day keen with sunlight, and the cameras, he knew, would be clicking their records of murderous crime. Riding toward Sim Levering's, almost at the last turn of the road before arrival, he still had no plan, nothing but the determination to scatter the assaulting force. He was conscious of nothing in detail, the actual world was lost in his profound mental prepossession; the mare single-footed without guidance. In reality he was a little light-headed, and he remembered vaguely that he had had no breakfast, no dinner.

In another instant the familiar and hateful operation was spread before him. The laden truck was drawn to one side, the automobiles were strung along the road, a lounging group of actors standing beside one. The screens of silver foil were shifting their blazing reflections; under the striped umbrella the cameras were set up, charged and ready. Jalan heard the incisive voice of the director, who was himself hidden in a small gathering within Sim's fence. Sitting with a ribbon of smoke rising from her cigarette was the girl, with her face livid, unnatural, from paint.

Jalan swung down to the earth and secured the mare, with a half hitch instinctively safe and loose, to a sapling. Then he went forward through the gate to the road. The scene on the porch was the one he had already witnessed in part—a slouching figure in the doorway, with another, a towering menace, tormenting him with a bestial insinuation.

"Get in it!" the director shouted. "This man is threatening your daughter, he's ruining your life. Hate! hate! hate! Think of the satisfaction of stopping him with lead, with a dose of hot lead. That's it! Camera! Slowly now ——"

Jalan moved out to the little patch of trodden grass lying between the cameras and the porch, and instantly a score of voices, of excited curses beat upon him!

The director flinging himself forward yelled, "Cut! cut! That damned mule spoiled my sequence."

He shoved Jalan roughly aside, out of the picture, and Thomas Meekins, the sheriff, dropped a hand on Jalan's shoulder. The director was racked with strain and exasperation.

"I've done my best with you people," he asserted generally. "You have been well paid and considerately treated; I made up my mind to put up with anything; but when a man supposed to be in his senses walks in on me like that I—I could smash him!"

The murmur which had at first swept around the contention died. The mountain people, drawn nearer on the hill, were as motionless as the rocks.

"Anybody decent," the director raced on, "would see that I had a chance; they'd support me; and I'm going to ask the crowd here to do just that, to see that I get a square deal and a good picture without interference."

"You'll have to stop," Jalan told him. "All this you're doing—it's wrong. It belongs to the black past. It can't go on—here."

"It's the crazy man," the director hotly announced. "Is this county going to let a nut, a bug, hold up a two-hundred-thousand-dollar operation for its own good? Is it? Because if it is I won't. I don't need any help, either," he informed the sheriff; "you needn't finger your gun."

"It can't go on," Jalan repeated steadily; "it's all wrong, wicked. You must stop."

"I must?" The director was sarcastic. "I'll go back to my concern and tell them that I brought a company as far as this and then couldn't make the picture. 'The story was all wrong,' I'll say to them. Like that. 'It was wicked. A moron out of the backwoods told me so.'"

The two stood alone; those who had been with them had fallen slightly back. Jalan saw nothing clearly; even the face before him was blurred; the voice opposing him seemed to come from a distance. His suppressed anger, his innate bitterness was like little tongues of flame.

"This must be a place of peace," he explained with stiff lips; "without lies and harm—green hill far away."

"The only way to get peace here," the other told him, "is after trouble. Get out while you can, quick! I'm not afraid of you; the sheriff can't help me now."

"You must be driven away like a plague of locusts, for this is the wilderness of God.

(Continued on Page 98)

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For the Man Who



They Looked Alike This Morning!

Buddy and Barney started out together, both with their faces washed, their ties on straight and their clothes all clean and new. Just look at 'em now!

One took care of his clothes and had a pretty good time. The other—well, you can see for yourself what happened to *him!*

We grown-ups are like that with our motor cars. Some of us just will "treat 'em rough" no matter what it costs us later.

W

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'Treats 'Em Rough"

ew car owners admit that they abuse their ıtteries. You for instance. You honestly think ou take good care of your battery—*but the hances are against you!* For service station cords prove beyond question that most drivers e neglectful. They are not systematic in utiliz- ıg the service provided for them.

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First: regardless of the make of your battery, orm the habit of driving *every other week* into the Willard Battery Station and having your battery tested. Second: when the time comes for a new battery, be satisfied with nothing less than a Willard Threaded Rubber Battery.

It is powerful, tough and wear resisting—just the battery for those who occasionally "treat 'em rough". And it rewards *good* care by lasting longer and costing less in the end than any common battery.

Car and truck manufacturers know this—as witness the list of 193 makers who use only Willard Threaded Rubber Batteries for original equipment!

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO
Made in Canada by the Willard Storage Battery Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ontario

These 193 car builders use Willard Threaded Rubber Batteries as Original Equipment

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Acason	Bessemer	Cunningham	Fulton	Hurlburt	Metz	Parrett	Sayers	Transport
Acme	Bethlehem	Daniels	G. & J.	Huron	Miller	Paterson	Schorr	Traylor
Advance-Rumely	Betz	Dart	G M C	Independent	Mitchell	Peerless	Seagrave	Twin City
Ahrens-Fox	Biddle-Crane	Davis	Gardner	Indiana	Mor-Powr	Peugeot	Shaw	Ultimate
All-American	Bollstrom	Day-Elder	Garford	Jordan	Mueller	Phianna	Shelby	United Motor
Allis-Chalmers	Buffalo	Dearborn	Gary	Kissel	Mulford	Piedmont	Signal	Ursus
American	Canadian Briscoe	Defiance	Giant	Koehler	Napoleon	Prado	Southern	Velie
American Beauty	Cannon Ball	Denby	Glide	Lancia	Nash	Premier	Standard	Vim
American LaFrance	Capitol	Dependable	Goodman	Landa	Nash Six	R & V Knight	Standard 8	Vulcan
American LaFrance of Canada	Carroll	Diamond T	Great Western	Lease	Nelson	Rainier	Stanley	Waltham
	Case	Dixie Flyer	H C S	Lewis-Hall	Nelson & LeMoon	Raleigh	Stanwood	Ward LaFrance
	Chevrolet	Dodge	Hahn	Lexington		Renault	Stewart	Ware
	Citroen	Dorris	Halladay	M H C	Noma	Reo	Y F Stewart	Werner
Anderson	Clydesdale	Dragon	Hatfield	Maibohm	Norwalk	Re Vere	Stoughton	Westcott
Apex	Cole	Drake	Hawkeye	Marmon	Ogren	Richelieu	Studebaker	White
Armleder	Collier	Elcar	Haynes	Master	Old Hickory	Riddle	Stutz	Wills Sainte Claire
Atco	Comet	Elgin	Henney	McFarlan	Oldsmobile	Robinson	Tarkington	
Atterbury	Commerce	F W D	Highway	Menges	Oneida	Rock Falls	Thomart	Wilson
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STICK TO Cinco IT'S SAFE

(Continued from Page 95)

You must go out with your blood and ruin ——"

The director struck him swiftly on the side of the jaw, and Jalan stumbled back. He swayed from the shock of concussion, and pain filled his mouth. But almost instantly, curiously, he saw the people, the slopes, the stream, with a minute exactness, with the illusion that he was gazing with eyes of glass. The flames of passion that had touched him burst into an annihilating blaze.

"You would have it!" he cried to everyone about him. "And you"—he turned to the director—"this is how it's done."

Jalan plucked the sheriff's revolver from its leather and shot instantaneously. He was over the fence, on his loosened mare, before the echo of the shot had died from the hill. The clatter of the hoofs under him was far in advance of any pursuit coming out of the turmoil he had left.

He carefully shut the door of the stable, thrusting the wooden peg through the hasp, and approached his house from the back. The day was fading, the western sky showed a rim of red; on his left the ground fell away almost as steeply as a well. Cutting down and across it was the dry rocky cavern of a stream. The odor of burning leaves was clear. Jalan's mind was a confused image of what had occurred, what he had done. He was quiet, but breathing sharply; and he was flooded with sadness. "Traveler's Repose." He said the words with a sense of having been baffled, betrayed. As if further to mock him he found that he still had the sheriff's pistol.

It had been the result of a total misunderstanding, a mistake about his meaning. Traveler's Repose! And then his blood had ruined him; the Heronbar blood. He had never, since he was a child, been hit in the face. It was all wrong, a mistake. Then a darker mood settled over him; from the first this had been forced on him. What, except derision, had he been offered in return for the gift he had tried to bring Greenstream? Nothing. The woods in front of the house were slumberous, the road empty. But it wouldn't be empty long; they would come for him soon. The disturbing feeling of being hunted already fastened on him; and mechanically he examined the cartridge chamber of the pistol—five left. That was all he had. Such things of his own had been destroyed for months.

Well, they wanted it, and they had got it. In the middle of the vicious play, the pretended murder, the thing itself had fallen on them. There was no place of peace, none was possible. It had been a dream, coming, as Elias Graham had said, from his living so much alone. What had the director, the whole county, called him? Was it cracked-brained? It was insane, then, to think of a land free from hatred. It was and must always be everywhere. His mood steadily darkened; he had been unable to avoid the fate of the Heronbars. Bad from the beginning. He had tried to be good. That word had a childish sound.

This had been forced on him, and now he wouldn't try to avoid it. Jalan didn't want to live; he didn't want the humiliation of being dragged to jail, the long or short process of trial. The bitterness for so long stored against his family, which for a little had slept, would sweep the county. They could come up to the house and take him, after the pistol was empty. They could throw him into the earth, the last Heronbar, true to his name, true to the past.

He was desperately sorry for what had happened so entirely against his intention. This puzzled him. How could it have occurred, how could it have turned out like this? He had planned a paradise here, Heronbar's Paradise, where there should be no more tears; and he, Jalan, had helped to turn it into a hell.

There was a moving cloud of dust where, turning up the mountain, the road was visible for a little. It was an automobile, and it stopped at the far corner of the Heronbar land. Two men, the sheriff and the storekeeper, advanced steadily up toward the house. Jalan admired them, for it was an act of courage. They drew nearer and nearer; and then it was evident they saw him standing in his doorway.

The sheriff cried: "Will you come with us, peaceable?"

"No," he shouted back, ferociously mocked by the word—which he had made his own—peace.

"You only have what's in my p the sheriff reminded him.

"That'll be enough."

Still they hesitated. "It's the last like this," the officer added.

The storekeeper made a tentative forward.

"That'll do, Ambler," Jalan him.

They consulted for a moment, and the sheriff waved an arm. "Goo Jalan."

After that, about the house, it was quiet. Dusk again threatened, but b it gathered Jalan saw an increasing nu of men reach the lower field and sc out. They wouldn't rush the house, at least until after dark. They were cerned now with posting a circle of gu about him. They might smother him a concerted fire, but that was expe and uncertain. For a while a large nu of men were visible, and then they pr cally all disappeared; there were trac smoke from cigarettes, the gleam alo rifle barrel; a coat with a decided st the coat of a lumberjack from Hunting moved.

Jalan Heronbar wanted to go for and explain, not in order to save him that was an impossibility; but he wis above everything to be understood. wanted them to know that what he tried was for their good. This was oppo and conquered by a growing *feeling* savageness, of implacable temper, and knowledge that it was the tradition of house to be held at any price against vasion.

What finally was taking place in it fitting; it was as though the house its its memories, had called him back from ions and hope.

He had placed a chair just within opened door, where he was largely p tected without losing the widest possi field of vision. A hall went through house to the back; that door, too, open; but he had locked the lower shutt on either side.

He couldn't be taken. A figure mov up from the road, however, brought h tensely to his feet; and then he saw tha was a woman. Jalan realized that it w Emeline. She came slowly on alone, o the rugged path, through the broken g to the fence immediately around the hou and up to the portico.

"Jalan," she called in her low voice.

"Yes, Emeline." He moved forwa "You oughtn't to have come," he went gently. "It was brave and kind of yo Emeline; but it will do no good; you have to go back. I won't let them get me

Against this she mounted the steps a came across the uneven boards.

"Jalan," she said again.

Steadily, with a white face, she put h arms around his neck, and his head we forward on her shoulder. For a long breat they were motionless, silent.

"I'm not going back, Jalan," she sai "I came to stay with you for as long a possible. Isn't it queer—I had to. The tried to stop me, but I lied. I said I woul bring you out to them."

She laughed.

"They think he's dying, Jalan; but, isn' it strange, I don't mind. I had to come t you, to be a part of you."

He looked steadily, deeply into her eyes "It will be bad for a little," he told her.

"I am a part of it with you," she re peated. "I'd rather be with you for an hour, Jalan, than in heaven forever."

"You should go back, Emeline."

But as he said this he held her in th rigid circle of his arms. The darkness in creased.

"They won't raid until he dies," Emeline said; "they made that up. And, Jalan— the stream bed that cuts down to the bottom. They're not watching that; no one, they thought, could get through it. Could they, could we?"

In the past, he replied, Heronbars had escaped that way.

"Then if we can we will try it," she de cided.

Not a movement sounded from without; the night thickened. Jalan felt her hand against his cheek. It was time to go, she said. Out of the back door they slipped, away from the corner of the house, into the steep black cleft. It was dangerous, he whispered, already below her, feeling for a foothold. Then they began their painful descent into the darkness and insecurity of a world where peace, any repose for its travelers, was an illusion.

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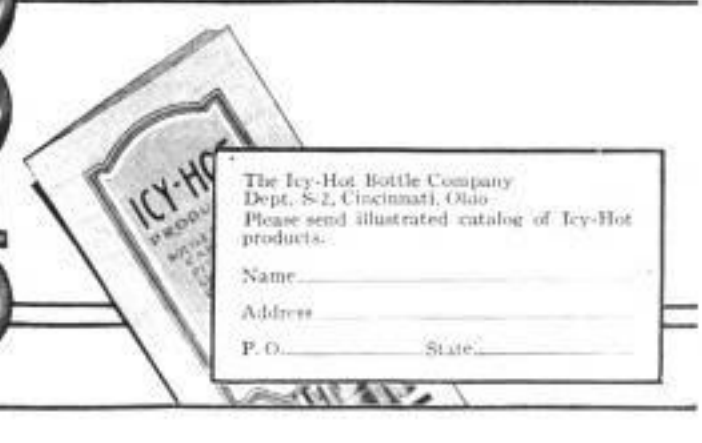

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New York Program by Joseph Smith's famous orchestra (Smith photo above); Saxophone solos, H. Benne Henton (center); Trombone solos, Charles Randall (below). Vocal numbers by Irving Berlin Trio.



Denver Program Cornet solos and duets by John Leick (above) and Mabel Keith Leick (below); numbers by Hal J. Nichols' Jazz Orchestra; Saxophone solos, Guy Hopkins; Tenor solos, Horace P. Wells.



San Francisco Program Popular numbers by Rosebrook's band; Cornet solos by D. C. Rosebrook (above); Trombone solos by Fred Tait; Soprano solo, Miss Helen O'Neill.

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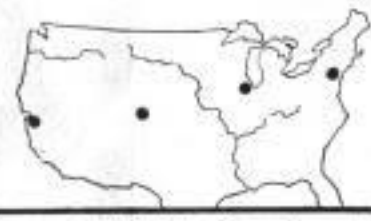
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MERTON OF THE MOVIES

(Continued from Page 25)

ever get over this disease that's coming on me. Anyway
u go, and then if you ever see me again you can give me
is." She quickly came to put the watch back in his
nds. "Yes, yes, take it. I won't have it till you give
to me again—if I'm still alive." She held up repulsing
nds. "Now we've had one grand little evening, and
ll let you go."

She went to stand by the door. He arose and stood
y her.

"All this nonsense!" he grumbled. "I—I won't stand
r it—see what I mean?" Very masterfully again he put
is arms about her. "Say," he demanded, "are you afraid
me like you said you'd always been afraid of men?"

"Yes, I am. I'm afraid of you a whole lot. I don't
now how you'll take it."

"Take what?"

"Oh, anything—anything you're going to get."

"Well, you don't seem to be afraid of me."

"I am, more than anyone."

"Well, Sarah, you needn't be, no matter what you've
one. You just forget it and give me a good big ——"

"I'm glad I used my own face in this scene," murmured
arah.

Down at the corner, waiting for his car, he paced back
nd forth in front of the bench with its terse message
'You Furnish the Girl, We Furnish the House." Sarah
as a funny little girl, with all that nonsense about some-
hing he would find out. What did he care if she'd done
mething—forgery, murder, anything?

He paused in his stride and addressed the vacant bench:
"Well, I've done my part."

XIX

"Five Reels—500 Laughs"

IT OCCURRED to him the next morning that he might have taken too lightly Sarah's forebodings of illness. Reviewing her curious behavior, he thought it possible that she might, indeed, be in for something serious.

But a midday telephone call at the Montague home brought assurances from the mother that quieted this fear. Sarah complained of not feeling well and was going to spend a quiet day at home. But Mrs. Montague was certain it was nothing serious. No, she had no temperature; no fever at all. She was just having a spell of thinking about things, sort of grouchy like. She had been grouchy to both her parents. Probably because she wasn't working. So she said she wouldn't come to the telephone. She also said she was in a bad way and might pass out any minute. But that was just her kidding. It was kind of Mr. Gill to call up. He wasn't to worry.

He continued to worry, however, until the nearness of his screen début drove Sarah to the back of his mind. Undoubtedly it was just her nonsense, and in the meantime that long-baffled wish to see himself in a serious drama was about to be gratified in fullest measure. He was glad, indeed, that the girl had not suggested that she be with him on this tremendous occasion. He knew that he wanted to be quite alone, solitary in the crowd, free to enjoy his own acting without the least pretense of indifference.

The Pattersons, of course, were another matter. He had told them of his approaching début and they were making an event of it. They would attend, though he would not sit with them. Mr. Patterson in his black suit, his wife in society raiment, would sit downstairs and would doubtless applaud their lodger; but he would be remote from them; in a far corner of the topmost gallery, he first thought, for Hearts on Fire was to be shown in one of the big downtown theaters where a prominent member of its cast could lose himself.

He had told the Pattersons a little about the story. It was pretty pathetic in spots, he said, but it all came right at the end, and there were some good Western scenes. When the Pattersons said he must be very good in it he found himself quite unable to achieve the light fashion of denial and protestation that would have become him. He merely said that he had struggled to give the world something better and finer.

For a moment he was moved to confess that Mrs. Patterson, in the course of his struggles, had come close to losing ten dollars, but he mastered this wild impulse. Some day, after a few more triumphs, he might laughingly confide it to her.

The day was long. Slothfully it dragged hours that seemed endless across the company of glowing dreams that he captained. He was early at the theater, first of early comers, and entered quickly, forgoing even a look at the huge lithographs in front that would perhaps show his very self in some gripping scene of the drama. With an empty auditorium to choose from, he compromised on a balcony seat. Down below would doubtless be other members of the company, perhaps Baird himself, and he did not wish to be recognized. He must be alone with his triumph. And the loftier gallery would be too far away.

The house filled slowly. People sauntered to their seats as if the occasion were ordinary, and even when the seats were occupied and the orchestra had played there ensued the annoying delays of an educational film and a travelogue. Upon this young actor's memory would be forever seared the information that the conger eel lays fifteen million eggs at one time and that the inhabitants of Upper Burma have quaint native pastimes. These things would stay with him, but they were unimportant. Even the prodigal fecundity of the conger eel left him cold.



"We Thought You Was Just a Beginner, and Here You Got the Biggest Part in the Picture!"

He gripped the arms of his seat when the cast of Hearts on Fire was flung to the screen. He caught his own name instantly, and was puzzled:

"Clifford Armytage—By Himself."

Someone had bungled that, but no matter. Then at once he was seeing that first scene of his. As a popular screen idol he breakfasted in his apartment, served by a valet who was a hero worshiper.

He was momentarily disquieted by the frank adoration of the cross-eyed man in this part. While acting the scene, he remembered now, he had not always been able to observe his valet. There were moments when he seemed overemphatic. The valet was laughed at. The watcher's sympathy went out to Baird, who must be seeing his serious effort taken too lightly.

There came the scene where he looked at the photograph album. But now his turning of the pages was interspersed with close-ups of the portraits he regarded so admiringly. And these astonishingly proved to be the enlarged stills of Clifford Armytage, the art studies of Lowell Hardy. It was puzzling. On the screen he capably beamed the fondest admiration, almost reverent in its intensity—and there would appear the still of Merton bidding an emotional farewell to his horse. The very novelty of it held him for a moment—Gashwiler's Dexter actually on the screen! He was aroused by the hearty laughter of an immense audience.

"It's Parmalee," announced a hoarse neighbor on his right. "He's imitatin' Harold! Say, the kid's clever!"

The laughter continued during the album scene. He thought of Baird, somewhere in that audience, suffering because his play was made fun of. He wished he could remind him that scenes were to follow which would surely not be taken lightly. He was feeling that at least his strong likeness to Parmalee had been instantly admitted. They were laughing, as the Montague girl had laughed that first morning, because the resemblance was so striking.

But now, on the screen, after the actor's long fond look at himself, came the words, "The Only Man He Ever Loved." Laughter again. The watcher felt himself grow hot. Had Baird been betrayed by one of his staff?

The scene with the letters followed—clothes baskets of letters. His own work, as he opened a few from the top, was all that he could have wished. He was finely Harold Parmalee, and again the hoarse neighbor whispered, "Ain't he got Parmalee dead, though?"

"Poor silly little girls!" the screen exclaimed, and the audience became noisy. Undoubtedly it was a tribute to his perfection in the Parmalee manner. But he was glad that now there would come some acting at which no one could laugh.

There was the delicatessen shop, the earnest young cashier and his poor old mother who mopped. He saw himself embrace her and murmur words of encouragement, but incredibly there were giggles from the audience, doubtless from base souls who were impervious to pathos.

The giggles coalesced to a general laugh when the poor old mother, again mopping on the floor, was seen to say, "I hate these mopping mothers. You get took with housemaid's knee in the first reel."

Again he was seized with a fear that one of Baird's staff had been clumsy with subtitles. His eyes flew to his own serious face when the silly words had gone.

The drama moved. Indeed the action of the shadows was swifter than he supposed it would be. The dissolute son of the proprietor came on to dust the wares and to elicit a laugh when he performed a bit of business that had escaped Merton at the time. Against the wire screen that covered the largest cheese on the counter he placed a placard, "Dangerous! Do Not Annoy!"

Probably Baird had not known of this clowning. And there came another subtitle that would dismay Baird when the serious young bookkeeper enacted his scene with the proprietor's lovely daughter, for she was made to say, "You love above your station. Ours is One Hundred Twenty-fifth Street; you get off at Fifty-ninth."

He was beginning to feel confused. A sense of loss, of panic, smote him. His own part was the intensely serious thing he had played, but in some subtle way even that was being made funny. He could not rush to embrace his old mother without exciting laughter.

The robbery of the safe was effected by the dissolute son, the father broke in upon the love scene, discovered the loss of his money and accused an innocent man. Merton felt that he here acted superbly.

His long look at the girl for whom he was making the supreme sacrifice brought tears to his own eyes, but still the witless audience snickered.

Unobserved by the others, the old mother now told her son the whereabouts of the stolen money, and he saw himself secure the paper sack of bills from the ice box. He detected the half-guilty look of which he had spoken to Baird. Then he read his own incredible speech: "I better take this cool million. It might get that poor lad into trouble!"

(Continued on Page 104)

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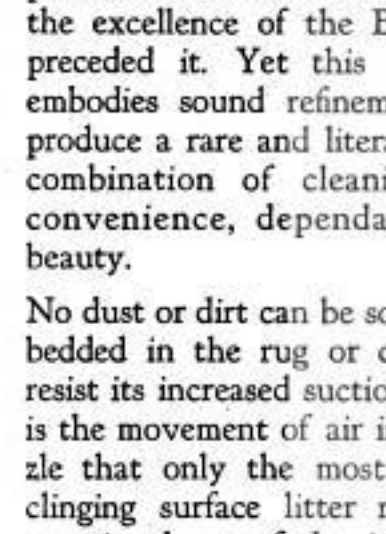
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LAWRENCE
Tailored Knit
UNDERWEAR

(Continued from Page 101)

Again the piece had been hurt by a wrong subtitle. But perhaps the audience laughed because it had been accustomed to laugh at Baird's productions. Perhaps it had not realized that he was now attempting one of the worthwhile things. This reasoning was refuted as he watched what occurred after he had made his escape.

His flight was discovered, policemen entered, a rapid search behind counters ensued. In the course of this the wire screen over the biggest cheese was knocked off the counter. The cheese leaped to the floor, and the searchers, including the policemen, fled in panic through the front door.

The Montague girl, the last to escape, was seen to announce, "The big cheese is loose! It's eating all the little ones!"

A band of intrepid firemen, protected by masks and armed with axes, rushed in. A terrific struggle ensued. The delicatessen shop was wrecked. And through it all the old mother continued to mop the floor.

Merton Gill, who had first grown hot, was now cold. Icy drops were on his chilled brow. How had Hearts on Fire gone wrong?

They were now in the great open spaces of the Come All Ye Dance Hall. And there was the young actor in his Buck Benson costume, protecting his mother from the brutality of a Mexican, getting his man later by firing directly into a mirror—Baird had said it would come right in the exposure, but it hadn't. And the witless cackled!

He saw his struggle with the detective. With a real thrill he saw himself bear his opponent to the ground, then hurl him high and far into the air, to be impaled upon the antlers of an elk's head suspended back of the bar. He saw himself lightly dust his sleeves after this feat, and turn aside with the words, "That's one lodge he can join."

Then followed a scene he had not been allowed to witness. There swung Marcel the detective, played too emphatically by the cross-eyed man. An antler point suspended him by the seat of his trousers. He hung limply a moment, then took from his pocket a saw with which he reached up to contrive his release. He sawed through the antler and fell. He tried to stand erect, but appeared to find this impossible. A subtitle announced, "He had put a permanent wave in Marcel."

This base fooling had been continuously blown upon by gales of stupid laughter. But not yet did Merton Gill know the worst. The merriment persisted through his most affecting bit, the farewell to his old pal outside—how could they have laughed at a simple bit of pathos like that?

"Looka him doin' Buck Benson!" urged the hoarse neighbor gleefully. "You got to hand it to that kid! Say, who is he, anyway?"

Followed the thrilling leap from a second-story window to the back of the waiting pal. The leap began thrillingly, but not only was it shown that the escaping man had donned a coat and a false mustache in the course of his fall but at its end he was revealed slowly, very slowly, clambering into the saddle!

They had used here, he saw, one of those slow cameras that seemed to suspend all action, a cruel device in this instance. And for his actual escape, when he rode the horse beyond camera range at a safe walk, they had used another camera that gave the effect of intense speed. The old horse had walked, but with an air of swiftness that caused the audience intense delight.

Entered Marcel the detective in another scene Merton had not watched. He emerged from the dance hall to confront a horse that remained there, an aged counterpart of the horse Merton had ridden off. Marcel stared intently into the beast's face, whereupon it reared and plunged as if terrified by the spectacle of the cross-eyed man.

Merton recalled the horse in the village that had seemed to act so intelligently. Probably a shotgun had stimulated the present scene. The detective thereupon turned aside, hastily donned his false mustache and Sherlock Holmes cap, and the deceived horse now permitted him to mount. He, too, walked off to the necromancy of a lens that multiplied his pace a thousandfold, and the audience rocked in its seats.

One horse still remained before the dance hall. The old mother emerged. With one anguished look after the detective, she gathered up her disreputable skirts and left the platform in a flying leap to land in the saddle. There was no trickery about the speed at which her horse, belabored w the mop pail, galloped in pursuit of the o ers. A subtitle recited: "She has wate her dear ones leave the old flat. Now must go out over the hill and mop the ot side of it!"

There was the sensational capture lasso of the detective. But the captor k not known that as he dragged his quarry the rope's end the latter had somehow p sessed himself of a sign which he la walked in with, a sign reading, "Join Good Roads Movement!" or that faithful old mother had ridden up to depo her inverted mop pail over his head.

Merton Gill had twice started to lea He wanted to leave. But each time found himself chained there by the fascination of this monstrous parody. remained to learn that the Montague had come out to the great open spaces lead a band of train robbers from Q. T. Ranch.

He saw her ride beside a train and her lasso over the stack of the locomoti He saw her pony settle back on its haunc while the rope grew taut and the train forced to a halt. He saw the passeng lined up by the wayside and made to p with their valuables. Later, when band returned to the ranch with th booty, he saw the dissolute brother, af the treasure was divided, winning it ba to the family coffers with his dice. He s the stricken father playing golf on bicycle in grotesque imitation of a p player.

And still, so incredible the revealme he had not yet, in the first shock of seemed to consider Baird in any way blame. Baird had somehow been deceiv by his actors. Yet a startling suspici was forming amid his mental flurries, suspicion that bloomed to certainty wh he saw himself the ever-patient victim the genuine hidalgo spurs.

Baird had said he wanted the close-u merely for use in determining how the sp could be mastered, yet here they we Merton Gill caught the spurs in und growth and caught them in his own cha arising from each fall with a look of gen determination that appealed strongly the throng of lack-wits. They shrieked each of his failures, even when he ran greet his pictured sweetheart and fell hea long. They found the comedy almost u bearable when at Baird's direction he h begun to toe in as he walked. And he h fallen clumsily again even when he flew that last glad rendezvous where the p were irised out in a love triumphant, wh the old mother mopped a large rock in t background.

An intervening close-up of this rock r vealed her tearful face as she cleaned t granite surface. Above her loomed painted exhortation to "Use Wizard Spi Pills." And of this pathetic old creature had been made to say, even as he clasp the beloved in his arms: "Remember, s is my mother! I will not desert her n just because I am rich and grand!"

At last he was free. Amid applause th was long and sincere he gained his feet an pushed a way out. His hoarse neighb was saying, "Who is the kid, anyway Ain't he a wonder?"

He pulled his hat down, dreading that h might be recognized and shamed befo these shallow fools. He froze with th horror of what he had been unable to loo away from. The ignominy of it! And no after those spurs, he knew full well tha Baird had betrayed him. As the word shaped in his mind a monstrous echo them reverberated through its caverns- the Montague girl had also betrayed him

He was lucid now and burned with mem ories of her uneasiness the night before She had been suffering acutely from re morse; she had sought to cover it with pleas of physical illness. At the moment h was conscious of no feeling toward her save wonder that she could so coolly have played him false. But the thing was not to be questioned. She—and Baird—had made a fool of him!

As he left the theater, the crowd about him commented approvingly on the pic ture.

"Who's this new comedian?" he heard a voice inquire. But "Ain't he a won- der?" seemed to be the sole reply.

He flushed darkly. So they thought him a comedian! Well, Baird wouldn't think so—not after to-morrow. He paused out- side the theater now to study the litho- graph in colors. There he hurled Marcel to

(Continued on Page 107)

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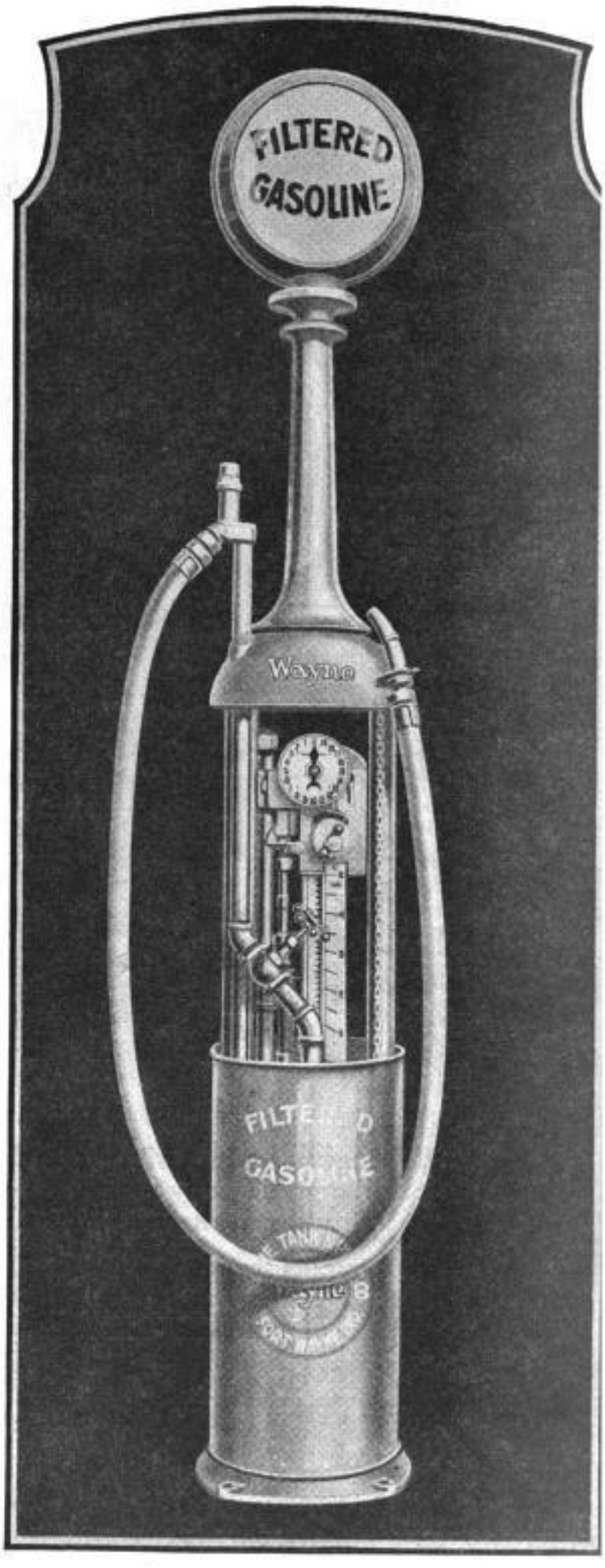
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This unusual tribute to the automobile craftsmanship of the Stephens Works has been won and held only through the car's embodiment of that conservative distinction which marks all things of permanent value.

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(Continued from Page 104)

he antlers of the elk. The announcement was, "Hearts on Fire! A Jeff Baird Comedy. Five Reels—500 Laughs."

Baird, he sneeringly reflected, had kept faith with his patrons if not with one of his actors. But how he had profaned the sunset glories of the great open West and its virile drama! And the spurs, as he had promised the unsuspecting wearer, had stood out! The horror of it, blinding, desolating!

He had as good as stolen that money himself, taking it out to the great open spaces to spend in a barroom. Baird's serious effort had turned out to be a wild, inconsequent farrago of the most repulsive nonsense.

It was over for Merton Gill. The golden bowl was broken, the silver cord was loosed. To-morrow he would tear up Baird's contract and hurl the pieces in Baird's face. As to the Montague girl, that deceiving jade was hopeless. Never again would he trust her.

In a whirling daze of resentment he boarded a car for the journey home. A group seated near him still laughed about Hearts on Fire.

"I thought he'd kill me with those spurs," declared an otherwise sanely behaving young woman. "That hurt, embarrassed look on his face every time he'd get up!"

He cowered in his seat, and he remembered another ordeal he must probably face when he reached home. He hoped the Pattersons would be in bed, and walked up and down before the gate when he saw the house still alight. But the light stayed, and at last he nerved himself for a possible encounter. He let himself in softly, still hoping he could gain his room undiscovered; but Mrs. Patterson framed herself in the lighted door of the living room and became exclamatory at sight of him.

And he who had thought to stand before these people in shame to receive their condolences now perceived that his trial would be of another but hardly less distressing sort. For somehow, so dense were these good folks, that he must seem to be not displeased with his own performance. Amazingly they congratulated him, struggling with reminiscent laughter.

"And you never told us you was one of them funny comedians!" chided Mrs. Patterson. "We thought you was just a beginner, and here you got the biggest part in the picture! Say, the way you acted when you'd pick yourself up after them spurs threw you—I'll wake up in the night laughing at that!"

"And the way he kept his face so straight when them other funny ones was cutting their capers all around him!" observed Mr. Patterson.

"Yes, wasn't it wonderful, Jed, the way he never let on, keeping his face as serious as if he'd been in a serious play?"

"I like to fell off my seat," added Mr. Patterson.

"I'll tell you something, Mr. Armytage," began Mrs. Patterson with a suddenly serious manner of her own: "I never been one to flatter folks to their faces unless I felt it from the bottom of my heart—I never been that kind; when I tell a person such-and-such about themselves they can take it for the truth's own truth; so you can believe me now—I saw lots of times in that play to-night when you was even funnier than the cross-eyed man."

The young actor was regarding her strangely; seemingly he wished to acknowledge this compliment, but could find no suitable words.

"Yes, you can blush and hem and haw," went on his critic, "but anyone knows me'll tell you I mean it when I talk that way—yes, sir, funnier than the cross-eyed man himself! My, I guess the neighbors'll be talking soon's they find out we got someone as important as you be in our spare room—and, Mr. Armytage, I want you to give me a signed photograph of yourself, if you'll be so good."

He escaped at last, dizzy from the maelstrom of conflicting emotions that had caught and swirled him. It had been impossible not to appear, and somehow difficult not to feel, gratified under this heartfelt praise. He had been bound to appear pleased but incredulous, even when she pronounced him superior, at times, to the cross-eyed man—though the word she had used was "funnier."

Betrayed by his friends, stricken, desolated, in a panic of despair, he had yet seemed glad to hear that he had been funny. He flew to the sanctity of his room. Not again could he bear to be told that the acting which had been his soul's high vision was a thing for merriment.

He paced his room a long time, a restless, defenseless victim to recurrent visions of his shame. Implacably they returned to torture him. Reel after reel of the ignoble stuff, spawned by the miscreant, Baird, flashed before him; a world of base shadows in which he had been the arch offender.

Again and again he tried to make clear to himself just why his own acting should have caused mirth. Surely he had been serious; he had given the best that was in him. And the groundlings had guffawed!

Perhaps it was a puzzle he could never solve. And now he first thought of the new piece. This threw him into fresh panic. What awful things, with his high and serious acting, would he have been made to do in that? Patiently, one by one, he went over the scenes in which he had appeared. Dazed, confused, his recollection could bring to him little that was ambiguous in them. But also he had played through Hearts on Fire with little suspicion of its low intentions.

He went to bed at last, though to toss another hour in fruitless effort to solve this puzzle and to free his eyes of those flashing infamies of the night. Ever and again as he seemed to become composed, free at last of tormenting visions, a mere subtitle would flash in his brain, as where the old mother, when he had first punished her insulter, was made by the screen to call out, "Kick him on the kneecap too!"

But the darkness refreshed his tired eyes, and sleep at last brought him a merciful outlet from a world in which you could act your best and still be funnier than the cross-eyed man.

He awakened long past his usual hour, and occupied his first conscious moments in convincing himself that the scandal of the night before had not been a bad dream.

The shock was a little dulled now; he began absurdly to remember the comments of those who had appeared to enjoy the unworthy entertainment. Undoubtedly many people had mentioned him with warm approval. But such praise was surely nothing to take comfort from. He was called out of this retrospection by a knock on his door. It proved to be Mr. Patterson, bearing a tray.

"Mrs. P. thought that you being up so late last night mebbe would like a cup of coffee and a bite of something before you went out."

The man's manner was newly respectful. In this house, at least, Merton Gill was someone.

He thanked his host, and consumed the coffee and toast with a novel sense of importance. The courtesy was unprecedented. Mrs. Patterson had, indeed, been sincere. And scarcely had he finished dressing when Mr. Patterson was again at the door.

"A gentleman downstairs to see you, Mr. Armytage. He says his name is Walberg, but you don't know him. He says it's a business matter."

"Very well, I'll be down."

A business matter? He had no business matters with anyone except Baird.

He was smitten with a quick and quite illogical fear. Perhaps he would not have to tear up that contract and hurl it in the face of the manager who had betrayed him. Perhaps the manager himself would do the tearing. Perhaps Baird, after seeing the picture, had decided that Merton Gill would not do. Instantly he felt resentful. Hadn't he given the best that was in him? Was it his fault if other actors had turned into farce one of the worthwhile things?

He went to meet Mr. Walberg with this resentment still so warm that his greeting of the strange gentleman was gruff and short. The caller, an alert, businesslike man, came at once to his point. He was, it proved, not the representative of a possibly repenting Baird. He was, on the contrary, representing a rival producer. He extended his card—the Bigart Comedies.

"I got your address from the Holden office, Mr. Armytage. I guess I routed you out of bed, eh? Well, it's like this: If you ain't sewed up with Baird yet the Bigart people would like to talk a little business to you. How about it?"

"Business?"

Mr. Armytage fairly exploded this. He was unhappy and puzzled, and in consequence unamiable.

"Sure, business," confirmed Mr. Walberg. "I understand you just finished another five-reeler for the Buckeye outfit, but how about some stuff for us now? We can give you as good a company as that one last night, and a good line of comedy. We got a gag man that simply never gets to the end of his string. He's doping out something right now that would fit you like a glove—and, say, it would be a grand idea to kinda specialize in that spur act of yours. That got over big. We'll work that in again. An act like that's good for a million laughs."

Mr. Armytage eyed Mr. Walberg coldly. Even Mr. Walberg felt an extensive area of glaciation setting in.

"I wouldn't think of it!" said the actor, still gruffly.

"Do you mean that you can't come to the Bigart at all—on any proposition?"

"That's what I mean," confirmed Mr. Armytage.

"Would three hundred and fifty a week interest you?"

"No," said Mr. Armytage, though he gulped twice before achieving it.

Mr. Walberg reported to his people that this Armytage lad was one hard-boiled proposition. He'd seen lots of 'em in his time, but this bird was a wonder.

Yet Mr. Armytage was not really so granitic of nature as the Bigart emissary had thought him. He had begun the interview with a smoldering resentment due to a misapprehension; he had been outraged by a suggestion that the spurs be again put to their revolting use; and he had been stunned by an offer of three hundred and fifty dollars a week. That was all.

Here was a new angle to the puzzles that distracted him. He was not only praised by the witless but he had been found desirable by certain discerning overlords of filmdom. What could be the secret of a talent that caused people, after viewing it but once, to make reckless offers?

And another thing—why had he allowed Baird to sew him up? The Montague girl again occupied the foreground of his troubled musings. She, with her airs of wise importance, had helped to sew him up. She was a witless thing, after all, and false of nature. He would have matters out with her this very day. But first he must confront Baird in a scene of scorn and reprobation.

On the car he became aware that far back in remote caverns of his mind there ran now a teasing memory of some book on the shelves of the Simsbury public library. He was sure it was not a book he had read. It was merely a title that hid itself. Only this had ever interested him, and it but momentarily. So much he knew. A book's title had lodged in his mind, remained there, and was now curiously stirring in some direct relation to his present perplexities.

But it kept its face averted. He could not read it. Vaguely he identified the nameless book with Tessie Kearns; he could not divine how, because it was not her book, and he had never seen it except on the library shelf.

The nameless book persistently danced before him. He was glad of this. It kept him at moments from thinking of the loathly Baird.

XX

The Tragic Comedian

PENETRATING the Holden lot, he was relieved to find that he created no perceptible sensation. People did not halt to point derisive fingers at him; he had half feared they would. As he approached the office building he was almost certain he saw Baird turn in ahead of him. Yet when he entered the outer room of the Buckeye company the young woman there looked up from her typewriter to tell him that Mr. Baird was not in.

She was a serious-eyed young woman of a sincere manner; she spoke with a clear certainty of tone. Mr. Baird was not only out but he would not be in for several days. His physician had ordered him to a sanitarium.

The young woman resumed her typing; she did not again glance up. The caller seemed to consider waiting on a chance that she had been misinformed. He was now sure he had seen Baird enter the building, and the door to his private office was closed. The caller idled outside the railing, absently regarding stills of past Buckeye atrocities that had been hung upon the walls of the office by someone with primitive tastes in decoration. He was debating a direct challenge of the young woman's veracity.

What would she say if told that the caller meant to wait right there until Mr. Baird should convalesce? He managed some appraising side glances at her as she bent over her machine. She seemed to believe that he had already gone. Then he did go. It was no good talking that way to a girl. If it had been a man now ——

"You tell Mr. Baird that Mr. Gill's got to see him as soon as possible about something important," he directed from the open door.

The young woman raised her serious eyes to his and nodded. She resumed her work. The door closed. Upon its closing the door of Baird's private office opened noiselessly to a crack that sufficed for the speaking voice at very moderate pitch to issue.

"Get Miss Montague on the phone," directed the voice.

The door again closed noiselessly. Beyond it Mr. Baird was presently speaking in low, sweet tones.

"'Lo, sister! Listen! That squirrel just boiled in here, and I ducked him. I told the girl I wasn't to be in unless he was laughing all over, and he wasn't doing the least little thing that was anywheres near laughing. See what I mean? It's up to you now. You started it, and you've got to finish it. I've irised out. Get me?"

On the steps outside the rebuffed Merton Gill glanced at his own natty wrist watch, bought with some of the later wages of his shame. It was the luncheon hour; mechanically he made his way to the cafeteria. He had ceased to rehearse the speech that a doughtier Baird would now have been hearing. Instead, he was roughly drafting the one that Sarah Nevada Montague could not long evade. Even on her dying bed she would be compelled to listen. The orator with bent head mumbled as he walked. He still mumbled as he indicated a choice of foods at the cafeteria counter, and he continued to be thus absorbed as he found a table near the center of the room. He arranged his chosen assortment of viands.

"You led me on, that's what you did!" he continued to the absent culprit. "Led me on to make a laughingstock of myself, that's what you did! Made a fool of me, that's what you did!"

"All the same I can't help thinking he's a harm to the industry," came the crisp tones of Henshaw from an adjoining table.

The rehearsing orator glanced up to discover that the director and the sunny-faced brown-and-gray man he called governor were smoking above the plates of their finished luncheon.

"I wouldn't worry too much," suggested the cheerful governor.

"But see what he does! He takes the good old reliable, sure-fire stuff and makes fun of it! I admit it's funny to start with, but what'll happen to us if the picture public ever finds that out? What'll we do then for drama—after they've learned to laugh at the old stuff?"

"Tush, tush, my boy!" The governor waved a half-consumed cigarette until its ash fell. "Never fear! Do you think a thousand Jeff Bairds could make the picture public laugh at the old stuff when it's played straight? They laughed last night, yes; but not so much at the really fine burlesque; they guffawed at the slapstick stuff that went with it. Baird's shrewd. He knows if he played straight burlesque he'd never make a dollar, so notice how he'll give a bit of straight that is genuine art, then a bit of slap stick that anyone can get. The slap stick is what carries the show. Real burlesque is criticism, my boy; sometimes the very highbrowest sort. It demands sophistication, a pretty high intelligence in the man that gets it.

"All right. Now take your picture public—twenty million people every day; not the same ones every day, but with the same average cranial index, which is low for all but about seven out of every hundred. That's natural, because there aren't twenty million people in the world with taste or real intelligence—probably not ten millions. Well, you take this twenty-million bunch that we sell to every day, and suppose they saw that lovely thing last night, don't you know they'd all be back to-night to see a real mopping mother with a real son falsely accused of crime—sure they'd be back, their heads bloody but unbrowed. Don't worry! That reliable field marshal, old General Hokum, leads an unbeatable army."

Merton Gill had listened to the beginning of this harangue, but was now savage-

(Continued on Page 110)

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The worst dirt is *in* your rug not *on* it

This is one of four important reasons why the Royal Electric Cleaner is the machine that will permanently satisfy you

In selecting a vacuum cleaner, you should consider four things chiefly: how well it cleans—efficiency; how long it serves—durability; how easy it is to use—simplicity; how clean it is in operation—sanitation.

As to cleaning efficiency, remember that the worst dirt is *in* your rug—not *on* it. Deep down in the fabric is the germ-breeding, unsanitary dirt; and much of it is finely divided grit that gradually "cuts" the fibre of your rugs. The jar-of-water laboratory test shows how much of this dirt there is in comparison to the surface litter.

How Royal's scientific suction gets the embedded dirt

To take out all of the gritty, germ-laden dirt embedded in your rugs, a cleaner *must*, we believe, do three things. It must produce a *powerful* suction. It must create a *uniform* suction all along the nozzle. And the nozzle must be *adjusted* "directly" to the rug surface.

You will find the Royal meets these three needs. The suction is not only powerful but actually *increases slightly with use*. Because of scientific design, fully patented, the Royal creates an amazingly *uniform* suction along the entire 14-inch nozzle length. And with the *patented* Royal adjustment screw, the *powerful uniform* suction is applied "directly" to the rug surface. Yet the Royal cannot harm the finest fabric. It can be used every day without fear of the slightest injury, even to finest oriental rugs.

Built to last a lifetime

So simply and sturdily built is the Royal that it will last a lifetime with ordinary care. For so many years will it lighten your housework that its actual cost distributed over those years, is extremely *low*. Remember, true economy and thrift lie in the purchase of articles of real value rather than at low *price*.

And with such mechanical precision is the Royal designed and built that it is practically trouble-*proof*. Anybody can use it after one explanation—the Royal Man will show you.

So easy to use!

The Royal weighs scarcely 11 pounds and is easy to use, not only because of this lightness, but also because it requires few strokes over the rug; the *Royal cleans quickly.*

The patented Royal nozzle is designed so that it will go easily into corners and under furniture. And the trigger-switch on the handle of the Royal saves stooping to turn the current on or off. The Royal will never tire you.

Sanitary Cleanliness

Until the embedded dirt is taken out of your rugs they may *look clean*—but they are not sanitary. The worst dirt, the unhealthful, dangerous dirt—large quantities of it—is still in the rug to be beaten into the air at every footstep.

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*Royal engineers worked three years with 136 experimental types to perfect the Royal scientifically designed and patented nozzle. The air, carrying the dirt with it, rushes **directly** into the bag; there are no obstructions to impede it.*



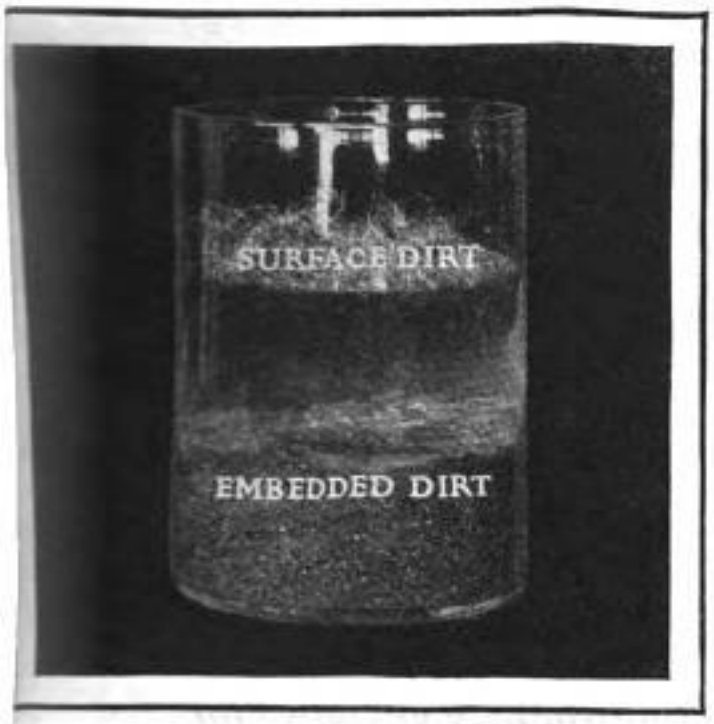
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THE ROYAL

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Much of the embedded dirt is gritty and injurious to rugs. Much of it is unsanitary and laden with germs.

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The Royal Man is trained in matters of housecleaning and can show you many interesting labor-saving methods of cleaning.

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The P. A. Geier Company expects every Royal Man to be courteous, considerate, and never insistent in his dealings with you. You need never hesitate to ask a Royal Man for a demonstration in your home.

In practically every community there is a Royal Man connected with a reliable retail store handling electrical appliances who will be glad to explain the superiority of this new cleaning method.

If you do not know where to reach him, write us and we will see that you are put in touch with him.

DEALERS: The valuable Royal Franchise may be had by progressive dealers in certain cities and towns. Write for complete information.

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Air Alone!

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The First Dish
of bubble grains
Puffed by Prof. A. P. Anderson

That great day, when Prof. Anderson found a way to puffed grains, brought a new cereal era to millions.

It offered your children whole wheat and whole rice with every food cell exploded.

It made whole grains wholly digestible.

And it made these grains food confections—the most enticing grain foods in existence. So countless children have been won to a larger whole-grain diet.

125 million steam explosions

There are over 125 million food cells in a grain of wheat. They must be broken to digest.

Prof. Anderson sealed the grains in guns, then rolled them for an hour in fearful heat. The bit of moisture in each food cell was thus changed to steam.

When he shot the guns, that steam exploded. Over 125 million explosions occurred in every kernel.

Thus digestion was made easy and complete. All the 16 elements were made available as food.

The grains were puffed to bubbles, 8 times normal size. Each grain became a tidbit, flimsy as a snowflake. And the heat gave a nut-like taste. Thus whole grains were made delightful.

Now you who believe in whole-grain diet can serve whole grains in this ideal form, and make them welcome dainties.



Puffed Wheat

Float in every bowl of milk. It forms a practically complete food, with every element fitted to digest.

Puffed Rice

The finest breakfast dainty ever served. Also mix in every dish of fruit. Douse with melted butter for after-school delights.

(Continued from Page 107)

devouring food. He thought this so-called governor was too much like Baird.

"Well, governor, I hope you're right. But that was pretty keen stuff last night. That first bit won't do Parmalee any good, and that Buck Benson stuff—you can't tell me that a little more of that wouldn't make Benson look around for a new play."

"But I do tell you just that. It won't hurt Parmalee a bit; and Benson can go on Bensoning to the end of time—to big money. You keep forgetting this twenty-million audience. Go out and buy a picture magazine and read it through, just to remind you. They want hokum and pay for it. Even this thing of Baird's, with all the saving slapstick, is over the heads of a good half of them. I'll make a bet with you now, anything you name, that it won't gross two-thirds as much as Benson's next Western, and in that they'll cry their eyes out when he kisses his horse good-by. See if they don't! Or see if they don't bawl at the next old gray-haired mother with a mop and a leading juvenile son that gets in bad!

"Why, if you give 'em hokum they don't even demand acting! Look at our own star, Mercer. You know as well as I do that she not only can't act but she's merely a beautiful moron. In a world where right prevailed she'd be crowned queen of the morons without question. She may have an idea that two and two make four, but if so it's only because she believes everything she hears. And look at the mail she gets! Every last one of the twenty million has written to tell her what a noble actress she is. She even believes that!

"Baird can keep on with the burlesque stuff, but his little old two-reelers'll probably have to pay for it, especially if he keeps those high-priced people. I'll bet that one new man of his sets him back seven hundred and fifty a week. The Lord knows he's worth every cent of it. My boy, tell me, did you ever in all your life see a lovelier imitation of a perfectly rotten actor? There's an artist for you! Who is he, anyway? Where'd he come from?"

Merton Gill again listened; he was merely affecting to busy himself with a fork. It was good acting.

"I don't know," replied Henshaw. "Some of the crowd last night said he was just an extra that Baird dug up on the lot here, and on the subject of burlesque they also said Baird was having him do some Edgar Wayne stuff in a new one."

"Fine!" The governor beamed. "Can't you see him as the honest, likable country boy? I bet he'll be good to his old mother in this one, too, and get the best of the city slickers in the end. For heaven's sake don't let me miss it! This kid last night handed me laughs that were better than a month's vacation for this old carcass of mine. You say he was just an extra?"

"That's what I heard last night. Anyway, he's all you say he is as an artist. Where do you suppose he got it? Do you suppose he's just the casual genius that comes along from time to time? And why didn't he stay straight instead of playing horse with the sacred traditions of our art? That's what troubled me as I watched him. Even in that wild business with the spurs he was the artist every second. He must have tricked those falls, but I couldn't catch him at it. Why should such a man tie up with Baird?"

"Ask me something hard. I'd say that this bird had been tried out in serious stuff and couldn't make the grade. That's the way he struck me. Probably he once thought that he could play Hamlet—one of those boys. Didn't you get the real pathos he'd turn on now and then? He actually had me kind of teary a couple of times. But I could see he'd also make me laugh my head off any time he showed in a straight piece.

"To begin with, look at that low-comedy face of his. And then—something peculiar—even while he's imitating a bad actor you feel somehow that it isn't all imitation. It's art, I grant you, but you feel that he'd still be a bad actor if he'd tried to imitate a good one. I suppose somehow he found out his limits and decided to be what God made him. Does that answer you? It gives you acting plus, and if that isn't the plus in this case I miss my guess."

"I suppose you're right—something like that. And, of course, the real pathos is there. It has to be. There never was a great comedian without it, and this one is great. I admit that, and I admit all you say about our audience. I suppose we can't ever sell to twenty million yes, day pictures that make any demand on human intelligence. But couldn't we something better to one million—or a thousand?"

The governor dropped his cigarette into the dregs of his coffee.

"We might," he said, "if we were dowed. As it is, to make pictures we n make money. To make money we must to the mob, and the mob reaches full m tal bloom at the age of fifteen. It w buy pictures the average child can't g

"Of course the art is in its infancy," marked Henshaw, discarding his own ci rette.

"Ours is the Peter Pan of the arts," nounced the governor as he rose.

"The Peter Pan of the arts?"

"Yes; I trust you recall the outstand biological freakishness of Peter."

"Oh!" replied Henshaw.

When Merton Gill dared to glance u moment later the men were matching co at the counter. When they had gone he left a half-eaten meal, and presen might have been observed on a sw rolling street car. He mumbled as blankly surveyed palm-bordered buildi sites along the way. He was again hearsing a tense scene with the Montag girl. In actor parlance, he was giving hi self all the best of it. But they were n lines. And he was no longer eluded the title of that book he remembered on t library shelf at Simsbury. Sitting in t cafeteria listening to strange talk, lash by cruel memories, it had flashed upon h vision with the stark definition of screened subtitle.

He rang the Montague bell twice befo he heard a faint summons to enter. Up the parlor couch, under blankets th reached her pillowed head, lay Sarah. Sh was pale and seemed to suffer. She greet him in a feeble voice, lids fluttering over th fires of that mysterious fever burning fi back in her eyes.

"Hullo, kid," he began brightly. "Here your watch."

Her doubting glance hovered over hi as he smiled down at her.

"You giving it to me again, Merton?

She seemed unable to conquer a stub born incredulity.

"Of course I'm giving it to you again What'd you think I was going to do?"

She still surveyed him with little veile glances, alive but unrevealing.

"You look so bright you give me Klei eyes," she said. She managed a wan smil at this.

"Take it," he insisted, extending th package. "Of course it won't keep Western Union time, but it'll look good on you."

She appeared to be gaining on her in credulity, but a vestige of it remained.

"I won't touch it!" she declared with more spirit than could have been expected from the perishing. "I won't touch it till you give me a good big kiss!"

"Sure," he said, and leaned down to brush her pale cheek with his lips. He was cheerfully businesslike in this ceremony.

"Not till you do it right," she persisted.

He knelt beside the couch and did it right. He lingered with a hand upon her pale brow.

"What you afraid of?" he demanded.

"You," she said; but now she again brought the watch to view, holding it away from her, studying its glitter from various angles. At last she turned her eyes up to his. "Well?"

"Well?" he repeated coolly.

"Oh, stop it!" Again there was more energy than the moribund are wont to manifest. There was even a vigorous impatience in her tone as she went on: "You know well enough what I was afraid of. And you know well enough what I want to hear right now. Shoot, can't you?"

He shot. He stood up, backed away from the couch to where he could regard its stricken occupant and shot gayly:

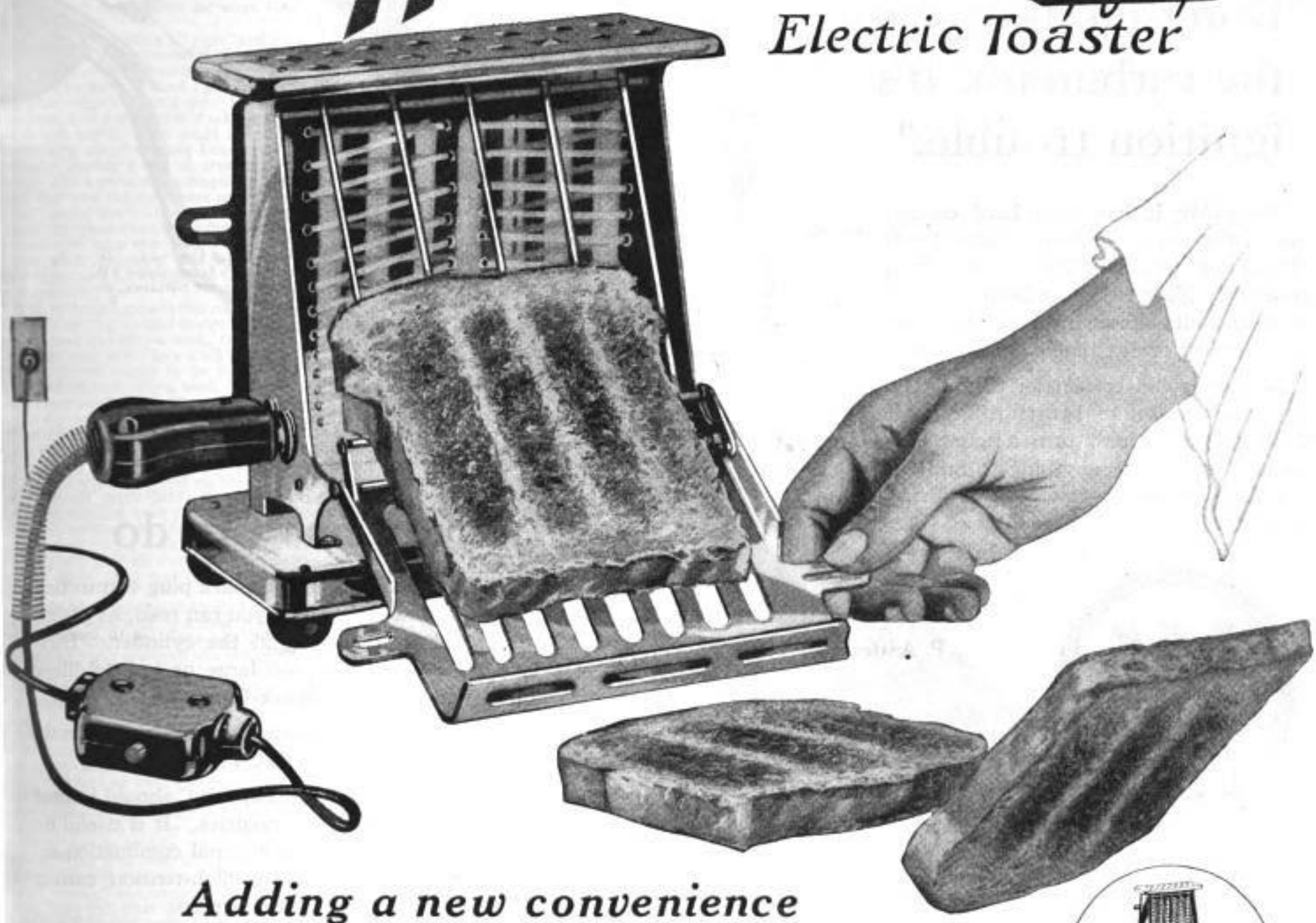
"Well, it'll be a good lesson to you about me, this thing of your thinking I was fooled about that piece. I s'pose you and Baird had it between you all the time, right down to the very last, that I thought he was doing a serious play. Ho-ho!" He laughed gibingly. It was a masterful laugh. "A serious play with a cross-eyed man doing funny stuff all through! I thought it was serious, did I? Yes, I did!" Again the dry, scornful laugh of superiority. "Didn't you people know that I knew what I could do and what I couldn't do? I should have thought that little thing

(Continued on Page 113)

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Marion

Flipflop Electric Toaster



Adding a new convenience

The pleasure and charm of making toast at the table are greatly enhanced by this *Marion* Flipflop, which turns the toast. When one side is browned as you like it, just flick the grid down and up, your bread is automatically turned, with the other side atoasting. Yes, it's as easy as that. And there are other reasons why using Flipflop will afford you added pleasure—

— it is very handsome in design and finish, with no springs to get out of order
— no one need touch the bread. Flipflop turns it automatically
— makes crispy toast, moist inside, or toasted clear through, as you prefer
— handy little push-button switch makes it easy to turn current on or off
— attach to any lamp socket—for luncheon on the porch—or in the sick room
— cost of operation is trivial, as a cent makes toast for several.

Most stores that sell electrical conveniences have this handy table servant in their windows. Others will be glad to get it for you from the factory.



Look for a store where Flipflop is working in the window.

This wonderful little servant is always ready to do your bidding—
—any time, day or night
—anywhere there is an electric light socket.

It goes into action instantly, toasting the kind of toast you best like, as long as wanted.

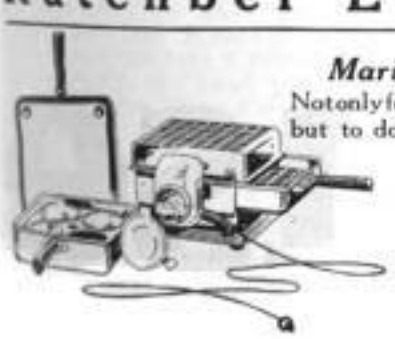
And turns the toast for you, at a slight touch.

Can you afford to do without this eager little servant that works so very cheaply?

Look for a Flipflop window



Rutenber Electric Company, Marion, Indiana



Marion Table Stove

Not only for the midnight "snack," but to do practical hot-weather cooking for several, right on the table. Bakes—boils—broils—fries—stews, quickly. Three aluminum pans and set of egg cups. Ask to see this stove.

Marion Iron

Perfected through many years of manufacture, you will find many desirable features, as—



—attached stand
—substantial plug
—cool handle
—hot ironing surface
—fully guaranteed.

Ask to see the Marion.

Marion Radiator

The penetrating heat rays make this heater surprisingly effective. Easily carried from room to room. Attaches to any lamp socket. Especially useful in bath room and after the furnace fire is out.



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Spark-C

TRADE MARK

tells you:

"Don't monkey with the carburetor. It's ignition trouble."

Previously it has been hard enough even for an expert to discover some kinds of ignition trouble. The average man couldn't. Now either or both can find ignition faults almost instantly, and with no more fuss or dirt than signing a name.

Nothing could be simpler to use than the Westinghouse Ignition Tester—Spark-C. You don't turn a screw, disconnect a wire—or anything to find out whether or not every plug is firing properly.



Sees all
Knows all
Tells all
about your ignition

Price
$1.50
in the United States

All you have to do

Place the point of Spark-C on the spark plug connection, and in the little window of Spark-C you can read, as plainly as if written, what is happening in the cylinder. Dirty plugs, points worn down, gap too large or too small—if there is trouble with the plug, Spark-C tells you.

And if there is anything the matter in the wiring or in the distributor, coil, or magneto, Spark-C finds it for you.

If you have a car or a motor-boat, Spark-C should be used for periodical testings and for emergencies. It is useful for anyone who has an electric-spark, internal combustion engine of any kind. Spark-C records high-tension current from dry cells, storage battery, or magneto.

Spark-C is a fine, sensitive electrical instrument—yet it is made to stand a lifetime of use. There is nothing in it to use up or wear out. It is made by Westinghouse—that name guarantees quality.

Ask your dealer for Spark-C. If he has no stock, place your order with him for a "Westinghouse—Spark-C."

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Executive Offices: 165 Broadway, New York

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Westinghouse

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(Continued from Page 110)

uld of occurred to you all the time. dn't you s'pose I knew as well as anyone at I got a low-comedy face and couldn't er make the grade in a serious piece?

"Of course I know I got real pathos—ok how I turned it on a couple-a times in at piece last night—but even when I'm itating a bad actor you can see it ain't acting. You'd see soon enough I was a d actor if I tried to imitate a good one. guess you'd see that pretty quick. Didn't u and Baird even s'pose I'd found out y limits and decided to be what God eant me to be?

"But I got the pathos all right, and you n't name one great comedian that don't ed pathos more'n he needs anything else. e just has to have it—and I got it. I got ting plus—that's what I got. I knew it l the time, and a whole lot of other people new it last night. You could hear fifty 'em talking about it when I came out of e theater, saying I was an artist and all ke that; and a certain Los Angeles society oman that you can bet never says things he don't mean, she told me she saw lots of faces in this piece that I was funnier than ny cross-eyed man that ever lived.

"And what happens this morning?" Hands in pockets he swaggered to and fro ast the couch.

"Well, nothing happens this morning ept people coming around to sign me up for hree hundred and fifty a week. One of 'em aid not an hour ago—he's a big producer, oo—that Baird ought to be paying me even hundred and fifty a week, because I earned every cent of it. Of course I didn't want to say anything the other day, with you pretending to know so much about contracts and all that—I just thought I'd let you go on, seeing you were so smart—and I signed what you told me to. But I know I should have held off—with this Bamberger coming over from the Bigart when I was hardly out of bed, and says will three hundred fifty a week interest me and promising he'll give me a chance to do that spur act again that was the hit of the piece."

He broke off, conscious suddenly that the girl had long been holding a most peculiar stare rigidly upon him. She had at first narrowed her right eye upon him at a calculating angle as she listened; but for a long time now the eyes had been widened to this inexplicable stare eloquent of hidden things.

As he stopped his speech, made ill at ease by the incessant pressing of the look, he was caught and held by it to a longer silence than he had meant to permit. He could now read meanings. That unflinching look incurred by his smooth boasting was a telling blend of pity and of wonder.

"Then you know, do you," she demanded, "that you look just enough too much like Harold Parmalee so that you're funny? I mean," she amended, seeing him wince, "that you look the way Parmalee would look if he had brains?"

He faltered now, but made a desperate effort to recover his balance.

"And besides, what difference does it make? If we made good pictures we'd have to sell 'em to a mob. And what's a mob? It's fifteen years old and nothing but admirons, or something like that, like Muriel Mercer that wouldn't know how much are two times two if the neighbors didn't get it to her."

Again he had run down under that look. As he stopped the girl on the couch, who had lain with the blankets to her neck, suddenly threw them aside and sat up. Surprisingly she was not garbed in sick-bed apparel. She seemed to be fully dressed.

A long moment she sat thus, regarding him still with that slow look, unbelieving yet cherishing. His eyes fell at last.

"Merton!" he heard her whisper.

He looked up, but she did not speak. She merely gave a little knowing nod of the head and opened her arms to him. Again he knelt beside her while the mothering arms infolded him. A hand pulled his head to her breast and held it there. Thus she rocked gently, the hand gliding up to smooth his hair. Without words she cherished him thus a long time. The gentle rocking back and forth continued.

"It's—it's like that other time you found me."

His bluster had gone. He was not sure of his voice. Even these few words had been hard. He did not try more.

"There, there, there!" she whispered. "It's all right, everything's all right. Your mother's got you right here, and she ain't ever going to let you go—never going to let you go."

She was patting his head in rhythm with her rocking as she snuggled and soothed him. There was silence for another interval. Then she began to croon a song above him as she rocked, though the lyric was plainly an improvisation:

"Did he have his poor old mother going for a minute? Yes, he did. He had her going for a minute—for a minute. Yes, he had her going good for a minute.

"But, oh, he won't ever fool her very long, very long—not very long, because he can't fool his dear old mother very long, very long, and he can bet on that, bet on that, so he can, bet a lot of money on that, that, that!"

Her charge had grown still again, but she did not relax the infolding arms.

"Say," he said at last.

"Well, honey?"

"You know those benches where we wait for the cars?"

"Do I know them?" The imperative inference was that she did.

"I looked at the store yesterday. The sign down there says, 'Himebaugh's Dignified System of Deferred Payments.'"

"Yes, yes, I know."

"Well, I saw another good place—it says, 'The House of Lucky Rings'—you know—rings!"

"Sure, I know! That's all right."

"Well," he threw off the arms and got to his feet. She stood up then.

"Well, all right!" she said slowly.

They were both constrained now. Both affected an ease that neither felt. It seemed to be conceded without words that they must very lightly skirt the edges of Merton Gill's screen art. They talked a long time volubly of other things: of the girl's illness, from which she now seemed most happily to have recovered; of whether she was afraid of him—she professed still to be; of the new watch, whose beauties were newly admired when it had been adjusted to its owner's wrist; of finances they talked, and even quite simply of accessible homes where two could live as cheaply as one.

It was not until he was about to go, when he stood at the door while the girl readjusted his cravat, smoothed his hair and administered a final series of pats where they seemed most needed, that he broke ever so slightly through the reserve which both had felt congealing about a certain topic.

"You know," he said, "I happened to remember the title of a book this morning; a book I used to see back in the public library at home. It wasn't one I ever read. Maybe Tessie Kearns read it. Anyway, she had a poem she liked a lot written by the same man. She used to read me good parts of it. But I never read the book, because the title sounded kind of wild, like there couldn't be any such thing. The poem had just a plain name; it was called Lucile, but the book by the same man was called The Tragic Comedians. You wouldn't think there could be a tragic comedian, would you?—but look at me!"

She looked at him with that elusive, remote flickering back in her eyes, but she only said: "Be sure and come take me out to dinner. To-night I can eat. And don't forget your overcoat. And listen—don't you dare go into Himebaugh's till I can go with you."

One minute after he had gone the Montague girl was at the telephone.

"Hello! Mr. Baird, please. Is this Mr. Baird? Well, Jeff, everything's jake. Yeah. The poor thing was pretty wild when he got here. First he began to bluff. He'd got an earful from someone probably over on the lot. He put it over on me for a minute too. But he didn't last good. And he was awful broke up when the end came. Bless his heart! But you bet I kissed the hurt place and made it well. How about him now? Jeff, I'm darned if I can tell, except he's right again. When he got here he was some heartbroke and some mad and some set up on account of things he hears about himself. I guess he's that way still, except I mended the heartbreak. I can't quite make him out—he's like a book where you can't guess what's coming in the next chapter, so you keep on reading. I can see we ain't ever going to talk much about it—not if we live together thirty years. What's that? Yeah. Didn't I tell you he was always getting me, somehow? Well, now I'm completely got. Yeah. We're gonna do an altar walk. What? Oh, right



Look for this picture, in color, poster size, in the leading men's stores of your community this week. Wherever you see the poster, you will find the best in shirts.

The new shirts for well-dressed men are now on show

Better-class furnishers all over the country are displaying Emery Spring styles

THIS is Emery Shirt Week—looked forward to everywhere by men who value correctness in every detail of dress. They have come to depend upon this event for authentic information as to what is proper in shirts.

Discriminating men have learned that Emery Shirt styles are always distinctive, always original. They have found that Emery Shirts *do* fit—easefully, comfortably; that Emery fabrics keep their good looks throughout long wear; that Emery tailoring refinements are to be had only in shirts with the Emery label.

They look for Emery when they buy shirts—because they know Emery Shirts are equal to custom-made—yet cost no more than ordinary shirts.

Why Emery Shirts are equal to custom-made

Pattern in each shirt perfectly balanced—stripes match in cuffs, front, etc.

Different sleeve lengths. Sleeve placquets (buttoning above cuff) to prevent gaping sleeves and make cuffs set right.

Pre-shrunk neckbands. Nek-ban-tab for inserting collar button on back.

Closely-stitched seams. Clear pearl buttons. Unbreakable buttonholes. And so on!

When purchasing your Easter furnishings, this week, look for the store with the Emery Week Poster—a reproduction, in color, of the illustration at the top of this page.

In the Emery store, you will find haberdashery of the first quality. Merchants who offer you Emery Shirts sell the best in every line.

Their showing of the new shirts, in all of the handsome new fabrics for Spring, is complete. $2, $2.50, $3 and up.

If there is no Emery dealer near you, we will see that you are served, on receipt of money-order and name of your dealer. Mention neck-band size, sleeve-length and color preferences.

W. M. Steppacher & Bro., Inc., Makers of Emery Shirts, Philadelphia.

Emery Shirt Week

April 6 to 13

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Only the hidden value can give you what you seek

How it looks and fits is of course important, and you can see this for yourself—but the real value of a raincoat is "inbuilt." It is hidden. You have to go by the name on the coat.

Backed by forty years' experience in raincoat manufacture, the name Raynster is your guarantee. When you buy a Raynster you get real raincoat protection. Every seam, every inch, is backed by layer on layer of rubber, "cured" to form a single waterproof sheet, yet light and flexible.

There are many different Raynster models, from the rugged rubber-surface types to smart tweeds and cashmeres with the rubber hidden inside and light as silk. Special types for boys, too. Whether you want a raincoat for work, for motoring, or for business, there's a Raynster built especially for you.

Look for the Raynster label! If your dealer should be out of the exact Raynster you want, he can get it in no time from the nearest of our many branches.

United States Rubber Company



Raynsters

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

A COMPLETE LINE OF RAINCOATS—*A type for every need*

away! Say, honest, Jeff, I'll never have an easy minute again while he's out of my sight. Helpless? You said it! Thanks, Jeff. I know that, old man. Good-by."

XXI
Onward and Upward

AT THE first showing of the Buckeye company's new five-reel comedy—Five Reels, 500 Laughs—entitled Brewing Trouble, two important members of its cast occupied balcony seats, and one of them throughout the piece quite brazenly applauded the screen art of her husband, named in the play "Chester Sap, a simple country boy."

"I don't care who sees me," she would reply ever and again to his whispered protests.

The new piece proved to be a rather broadly stressed burlesque of the type of picture drama that has done so much to endear the personality of Edgar Wayne to his public. It was accorded a hearty reception. There was nothing to which it might be compared save the company's previous Hearts on Fire, and it seemed to be felt that the present offering had surpassed even that masterpiece of satire.

The Gills, above referred to, watched the unwinding celluloid with vastly different emotions. Mrs. Gill was hearty in her enjoyment, as has been indicated. Her husband, superficially, was not displeased. But beneath that surface of calm approval, beneath even the look of bored indifference he now and then managed, there still ran a complication of emotions, not the least of which was honest bewilderment. People laughed, so it must be funny. And it was good to be known as an artist of worth, even if the effects of your art were unintended.

It was no shock to him to learn now that the mechanical appliance in his screen mother's kitchen was a still, that the grape juice the honest country boy purveyed to the rich New Yorker had been improved in rank defiance of a constitutional amendment. Even during the filming of the piece he had suspected that the little sister, so engagingly played by the present Mrs. Gill, was being too bold. With slight surprise, therefore, as the drama unfolded, he saw that she had in the most brazen manner invited the attentions of the city villains.

She had, in truth, been only too eager to be lured to the great city with all its pitfalls, and had bidden the old home farewell in her simple country way while each of the villains in turn had awaited her in his motor car. What Merton had not been privileged to watch were the later developments of this villainy. For just beyond the little hamlet at a lonely spot in the road each of the motor cars had been stopped by a cross-eyed gentleman looking much like the clerk in the hotel, save that he was profusely bewhiskered and bore side arms in a menacing fashion.

Declaring that no scoundrel could take his little daughter from him, he deprived the villains of their valuables, so that for a time at least they should not bring other unsuspecting girls to grief. As a further precaution he compelled them to abandon their motor cars, in which he drove off with the rescued daughter. He was later seen to sell the cars at a wayside garage, and after dividing the spoils with his daughter to hail a suburban trolley, upon which they both returned to the home nest, where the little girl would again languish at the gate, a prey to any designing city man who might pass.

She seemed so defenseless in her wild-rose beauty, her longing for pretty clothes and city ways, and yet so capably protected by this opportune father who appeared to foresee the moment of her flights.

He learned without a tremor that among the triumphs of his inventive genius had been a machine for making ten-dollar bills, at which the New York capitalist had exclaimed that the state rights for Iowa alone would bring one hundred thousand dollars. Ever more remunerative, it would seem, had been his other patent—the folding boomerang. The manager of the largest boomerang factory in Australia stood ready to purchase this device for ten million dollars.

And there was a final view of the little home after prosperity had come to its inmates, so long threatened with ruin. A sign over the door read, "Ye Olde Fashioned Gifte Shoppe," and under it, flaunted to the wayside, was the severely simple trade device of a high boot.

These things he now knew were to be expected among the deft infamies of Buckeye comedy. But the present piece held in store for him a complication that, despite his already rich experience of Buckeye methods, caused him distressing periods of heat and cold while he watched its incredible unfolding.

Early in the piece, indeed, he had begun to suspect in the luring of his little sister a grotesque parallel to the bold advances made him by the New York society girl. He at once feared some such interpretation when he saw himself coy and embarrassed before her downright attack, and he grew certain this was intended when he beheld himself embraced by this reckless young woman who behaved in the manner of many screen idols during the last dozen feet of the last reel. But how could he have suspected the lengths to which a perverted spirit of satire would lead the Buckeye director?

For now he staggered through the blinding snow, a bundle clasped to his breast. He fell half fainting at the door of the little home. He groped for the knob and staggered in to kneel at his mother's feet. And she sternly repulsed him, a finger pointing to the still-open door.

Unbelievably the screen now made him say: "He wears no ring! Back to the snow with 'em both! Throw 'em Way Down East!"

And Baird had said the bundle would contain one of his patents!

Mrs. Gill had watched this scene with tense absorption. When the mother's iron heart had relented she turned to her husband:

"You dear thing, that was a beautiful piece of work! You're set now. That cinches your future. Only, dearest, never, never let it show on your face that you think it's funny! That's all *you'll* ever have to be afraid of in your work."

"I won't," he said stoutly.

He shivered—or did he shudder?—and quickly reached to take her hand. It was a simple and direct movement, yet somehow it richly had a quality of wistful pleading.

"Mother understands," she whispered. "Only remember, you mustn't seem to think it's funny."

"I won't," he said again. But in his tortured heart he stubbornly cried, "I don't, I don't!"

Some six months later that representative magazine, Silver Screenings, emblazoned upon its front cover a promise that in the succeeding number would appear a profusely illustrated interview by Augusta Blivens with that rising young screen star Merton Gill.

The promise was kept. The interview wandered amid photographic reproductions of the luxurious Hollywood bungalow, set among palms and climbing roses; the actor and his wife in their high-powered roadster—Mrs. Gill at the wheel; the actor in his costume of chaps and sombrero, rolling a cigarette; the actor in evening dress; the actor in his famous scene of the Christmas Eve return in Brewing Trouble; the actor regaining his feet in his equally famous scene of the malignant spurs; the actor and his young wife on the lawn before the bungalow, and the young wife, aproned, in her kitchen, earnestly busy with spoon and mixing bowl.

"It is perhaps not generally known," wrote Miss Blivens, "that the honor of having discovered this latest luminary in the stellar firmament should be credited to Director Howard Henshaw of the Victor forces. Indeed, I had not known this myself, until the day I casually mentioned the Gills in his presence. I lingered on a set of Island Love, at present being filmed by this master of the unspoken drama, having but a moment since left that dainty little reigning queen of the celluloid dynasty, Muriel Mercer. Seated with her in the tiny bijou boudoir of her bungalow dressing room on the great Holden lot, its walls lined with the works of her favorite authors—for one never finds this soulful little girl far from the books that have developed her mentally, as the art of the screen has developed her emotionally—she had referred me to the director when I sought further details of her forthcoming great production, an idyl of island romance and adventure. And presently when I had secured from him the information I needed concerning this unique little drama of the great South Seas, I chanced to mention my approaching encounter with the young star of the Buckeye forces, an encounter to which I looked forward with some dismay.

(Continued on Page 117)

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A FASHION HINT FOR WOMEN

BY Natalie Norris



WHAT suitor or husband has not paced in despair up and down the library, choleric under the proddings of his collar, while his lady fair preened before her mirror? Even in the Elizabethan days, it is written, the knight was in his doublet and hose long before his lady appeared ready for the ball.

But procrastination is the prerogative of woman. She knows what she is about. It takes time to make an invulnerable toilette.

Yet, while there is probably no item of feminine apparel which comes in for as close scrutiny as stockings, there are still, otherwise faultlessly dressed women who give apparently little thought to the selection of their hosiery.

Women who would never think of passing a mirror without adjusting a hat, tucking a straying lock in place or administering a few deft pats with friend powder-puff, trip serenely down the street with stocking seams running woefully askew.

And what is more unsightly than a crooked seam?

Will some women never learn they can be forever rid of this dire misfortune by buying Burson Hose?

Burson stockings, as you are probably aware, are fashioned in the knitting so that they conform perfectly to the graceful contour of the leg and ankle, and they have no seams to twist and pull awry.

Years ago, before the wonderful Burson looms were invented, stocking manufacturers hit upon the idea of putting seams in stockings to make a poorly shaped article fit a little better. Even today, some ordinary seamless stockings, with just as many needles to the ankle as the leg, are made to imitate real fashioned hose by sewing a mock seam up the back. It is difficult to detect this until after the stockings are laundered, when they lose their pressed-in shape.

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(Continued from Page 114)

'Mr. Henshaw, pausing in his task of ecting certain changes in an interior of island hut, reassured me. 'You need e no fear about your meeting with Gill,' said. 'You will find him quite simple and affected, an artist and yet sanely human.' was now that he revealed his own part the launching of this young star. 'I ncy it is not generally known,' he conued, 'that to me should go the honor of ving discovered Gill. It is a fact, how-er.

"'He appeared as an extra one morning the cabaret scene we used in Miss ercer's tremendous hit, the Blight of oadway. Instantly, as you may supse, I was struck by the extraordinary stinction of his face and bearing. In that owd composed of average extra people he ood out to my eye as one made for big ings. After only a moment's chat with m I gave him a seat at the edge of the ncing floor and used him most effectively portraying the basic idea of this proundly stirring drama in which Miss lercer was to achieve one of her brightest iumphs.

"'Watch that play to-day; you will iscover young Gill in many of the closeps where, under my direction, he brought it the psychological, the symbolic—if I ay use the term—values of the great idea nderlying our story. Even in these bits e revealed the fine artistry which he has ince demonstrated more broadly under nother director.

"'To my lasting regret the piece was hen too far along to give him a more imortant part, though I intended to offer im something good in our next play for Muriel Mercer—you may recall her gorgeous success in Her Father's Wife—but I was never able to find the chap again. I made inquiries, of course, and felt a really personal sense of loss when I could get no trace of him. I knew then, as well as I know now, that he was destined for eminence in our world of painted shadows. You may imagine my chagrin later when I learned that another director was to reap the rewards of a discovery all my own.'

"And so," continued Miss Blivens, "it was with the Henshaw words still in my ears that I first came into the presence of Merton Gill, feeling that he would—as he at once finely did—put me at my ease. Simple, unaffected, modest, he is one whom success has not spoiled. Both on the set where I presently found him—playing the part of a titled roué in the new Buckeye comedy, to be called, one hears, Nearly Sweethearts or Something—and later in the luxurious but homelike nest which the young star has provided for his bride of a few months—she was Flips Montague, one recalls, daughter of a long line of theatrical folk dating back to days of the merely spoken drama—he proved to be finely unspoiled and surprisingly unlike the killingly droll mime of the Buckeye constellation. Indeed, one cannot but be struck at once by the deep vein of seriousness underlying the comedian's surface drollery. His sense of humor must be tremendous, and yet only in the briefest flashes of his whimsical manner can one divine it.

"'Let us talk only of my work,' he begged me. 'Only that can interest my public.' And so, very seriously, we talked of his work.

"'Have you ever thought of playing serious parts?' I asked.

"He debated a moment, his face rigidly set, inscrutable to my glance. Then he relaxed into one of those whimsically appealing smiles that somehow are acutely eloquent of pathos. 'Serious parts—with this low-comedy face of mine!' he responded. And my query had been answered. Yet he went on, 'No, I shall never play Hamlet. I can give a good imitation of a bad actor, but doubtless I should give a very bad imitation of a good one.'

"'Et voilà, *messieurs!*' I remarked to myself. The man with a few simple strokes of the brush had limned me his portrait. And I was struck again with that pathetic appeal in face and voice as he spoke so confidingly. After all, is not pure pathos the hallmark of great comedy? We laugh, but more poignantly because our hearts are tugged at. And here was a master of the note pathetic.

"Who that has roared over the Gill struggle with the dreadful spurs was not even at the climax of his merriment sympathetically aware of his earnest persistence, the pained sincerity of his repeated strivings, the genuine anguish distorting his face as he senses the everlasting futility of his efforts? Who that rocked with laughter at the fox-trot lesson in Object Alimony could be impervious to the facial agony above those incompetent, disobedient, heedless feet?

"Here was honest endeavor, an almost prayerful determination, again and again thwarted by feet that recked not of rhythm or even of bare mechanical accuracy. Those feet, so apparently aimless, so little under control, were perhaps the most mirthful feet that ever scored failure in the dance. But the face, conscious of their clumsiness, was a mask of fine tragedy.

"Such is the combination, it seems to me, that has produced the artistry now so generally applauded, an artistry that perhaps achieved its full flowering in that powerful bit toward the close of Brewing Trouble—the return of the erring son with his agony of appeal so markedly portrayed that for the moment one almost forgot the wildly absurd burlesque of which it formed the joyous yet truly emotional apex. I spoke of this.

"'True burlesque is, after all, the highest criticism, don't you think?' he asked me. 'Doesn't it make demands which only a sophisticated audience can meet? Isn't it rather highbrow criticism?' And I saw that he had thought deeply about his art.

"'It is because of this,' he went on, 'that we must resort to so much of the merely slap-stick stuff in our comedies. For, after all, our picture audience, twenty million people a day—surely one can make no great demands upon their intelligence.' He considered a moment, seemingly lost in memories of his work. 'I dare say,' he concluded, 'there are not twenty million people of taste and real intelligence in the whole world.'

"Yet it must not be thought that this young man would play the cynic. He is superbly the optimist, though now again he struck a note of almost whimsical pessimism. 'Of course our art is in its infancy.' He waited for my nod of agreement, then dryly added, 'We must, I think, consider it the Peter Pan of the arts. And I dare say you recall the outstanding biological freakishness of Peter.' But a smile—that slow, almost puzzled smile of his—accompanied the words.

"'You might,' he told me at parting, 'call me the tragic comedian.' And again I saw that this actor is set apart from the run of his brethren by an almost uncanny gift for introspection. He has ruthlessly analyzed himself. He knows, as he put it, 'what God meant him to be!' Was here, perchance, a hint of poor Cyrano?

"I left after some brief reference to his devoted young wife, who, in studio or home, is never far from his side.

"'It is true that I have struggled and sacrificed to give the public something better and finer,' he told me then; 'but I owe my real success all to her.' He took the young wife's hand in both his own and very simply, unaffectedly, raised it to his cheek, where he held it a moment, with that dreamy, remembering light in his eyes.

"'I think that's all,' he said at last. But on the instant of my going he checked me once more. 'No, it isn't, either.' He brightened. 'I want you to tell your readers that this little woman is more than my wife—she is my best pal, and I may also add, my severest critic.'"

(THE END)

A MAN OF PRINCIPLE

(Continued from Page 20)

reached the first vast hallway of the main cell, where the cell-lined corridors receded to left and right, rising over them in gallery after gallery like some cliff dwelling in hell. Bare stone and scoured iron joined themselves in that harsh architecture where the very light was dim and timid like a prisoned thing.

Mr. Ducane, new as yet to prisons, looked about him with intelligent interest. The chaplain ranged beside him.

"Smell it?" he asked. "It couldn't be cleaner or more sanitary; and yet—do you smell it? Clean air should taste queer after twelve years of that smell, don't you think?"

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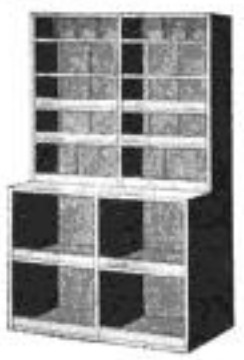
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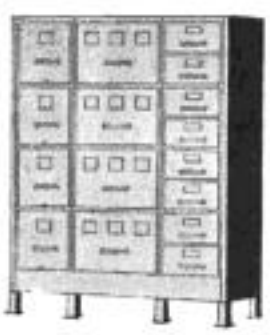
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Mr. Ducane sniffed obligingly. It was not a stench—scarce even a taint; rather it was a staleness, a stagnancy, as though air and light and stone and iron and souls and bodies had all been overused and refused the repose of decay.

"Very characteristic!" he commented.

The governor left the pair of them together for some moments in the bare and ugly room that was his office.

"The pardon takes effect to-morrow, of course?" asked the chaplain.

"Yes," said Mr. Ducane. "It's customary, I believe, twenty-four hours in which, as it were, to adjust the man for the change. One could hardly lead him forthwith to the gate and thrust him out."

"You think not?" said the chaplain. "Still, we find it possible to lead a man to the gate and thrust him in, with no adjustment at all. Hacker, for instance, has never adjusted himself. Why should he?"

"Eh?"

"Why should an innocent man adjust himself to prison conditions? He was a thief and a rogue, you say; but isn't there a kind of stubborn honesty about his refusal to submit tamely to injustice? I think there is. I have hopes for Hacker at last."

The governor returned. "They're bringing him along," he said. "Better sit down, Ducane. I'm sending him to the infirmary for the night."

A tread of heavy measured feet sounded on the flagstone without.

"Come in!" ordered the governor.

Two warders entered and saluted. Between them, grotesque as a clown in his prison dress by contrast with their neat uniforms, came the man who was to receive the King's pardon for the crime he had not committed.

Mr. Ducane looked at him curiously. He was not entirely without imagination, and here was a man about to be raised from the dead, whom fate, in mere freakishness, had dignified with agony and wrong.

"This gentleman," said the governor to the convict, "is from the Home Secretary. He has some news for you. Listen to him!"

The man's eyes came dully round and rested in mere obedience upon Mr. Ducane.

"Well, Hacker," began that gentleman, "I have to tell you that some new facts have come to light in your case."

He coughed; he had a notion that it behooved him to break the news, and he was uncertain how to proceed.

"I never done it!" said the convict huskily, and the chaplain stirred slightly in his seat.

"No," said Mr. Ducane. "But the jury—a jury of your peers—thought you did. We know now that they were wrong. There was a terrible mistake, and I am here to put it right."

The convict continued to look at him.

"You have had a hard time," went on Mr. Ducane; "but it is finished now. Smee has turned up, alive and well, and to-morrow you will be set free."

Hacker frowned faintly as though in an effort of thought.

"'E owes me twelve pounds," he said finally.

Mr. Ducane smiled. "I don't think you will be able to get that," he said kindly.

Like one who looks at a darkened house and sees a light within carried swiftly past a blank window, so he saw a sudden momentary shine of more than mere life in the man's eyes. "Won't I?" said Hacker.

"But the government owes you something," said Mr. Ducane. "When you get to London you must call at Scotland Yard and they will tell you what to do." He looked at the governor. "I think that is all," he suggested.

The governor nodded. "Take him to the infirmary," he ordered curtly.

The warders laid hands upon him and drew him away.

"Well," said the governor, and sighed. "There's your innocent martyr, Mr. Ducane. Pity I can't show you the warder blinded in one eye, nor the other one half crippled by a kick in the groin. Mr. Hacker's work, you know. Endearing little traits he's got, hasn't he, padre?"

"I think so, certainly," answered the chaplain without smiling. "I shudder to think of myself in his place—innocent like him, but without his fierce courage and endurance! I should have submitted, have set the seal of my acquiescence on a frightful, soul-destroying injustice. But he—he'd go to the stake or the rack sooner; he'd die or do murder for the right in as far as he sees it and knows it. Perhaps some day a Salvationist will capture him and convert him; then you'll see the apostle of slums!"

The governor laughed without m and rose from his desk. "I wish you'd Jack the Ripper," he said. "I'm sure y have loved him. Come on; let's get taste of all this out of our mouths."

"I like the taste," said the chapl "I'm going to the infirmary to get s more of it. Good afternoon, Mr. Ducan

He found Hacker seated on a bed, w his shoes off and the doctor standing be him. The latter turned his round, che face upon the new arrival.

"Come in, padre!" he called. "I'm speedin' the partin' guest. A cigarette a drink is what I was suggesting. To-morr this time," he said to Hacker, "you'll in London. Got any friends there?"

"There'll be Smee, sir," Hacker s "Owes me twelve pounds, 'e does!"

"Good!" said the doctor cheerily, departed to fetch the doped drink.

The government was never called u for the payment of the six hundred pou which it had decided to grant to Will Hacker in compensation for his death s tence, his twelve years of penal servitu his two floggings, his innumerable les penalties, his gruesome labor and his a ing sense of wrong. Hacker had decid that the twenty pounds which the gover had been authorized to advance to h on leaving was a better recompense th the hundreds to be gained by showing hi self at Scotland Yard. He vanished, the fore, into the jungles of London, to waterside wilderness, to the labyrinthi fastnesses where the Orient battens on t vices of the Occident.

And, of course, with twenty pounds his pocket he found friends. It was in co pany with one of these that he first countered Smee.

The bar of the public house where t meeting took place was a reeking jam shabby humanity under its flaring, sque ing gas jets. Hacker—he was calling hi self by the useful name of Smith for t time being—leaned with his friend at vantage point at the end of the bar a drank and looked about him at leisu The friend, known to his friends as You Izzy, was a lean person of about thirty; was doing the honors of the neighborho to the less sophisticated Smith.

He mentioned celebrities in the cro before the bar—a bookmaker, a sporti barge skipper, and the like.

"An' 'im over there—that fat 'un wit the soft 'at! Got money, 'e 'as. Went o on the quiet to foreign parts, and a fell was 'ung for murderin' of 'im."

Young Izzy laughed in a way he ha with lips barely parted and a sound lik an indrawn hiss.

"Tell yer somethin' about 'im!" he sai "Just before he disappears, me an' m brother—yer know my brother Mo——

He went on with his tale, but Hacker wa not listening. He was looking over hi companion's head at the man who ha been pointed out to him. Fatter than o old, burned with South African suns, wear ing the clothes and smoking the cigar o prosperity—it was Smee! Smee, who owe him twelve pounds.

The voice of Young Izzy beat upon hi ears; that man about town was approach ing the climax of his narrative.

"——and there 'e was, sittin' in the road goin' through his pockets an' screechin' 'e'd bin robbed. An' there was us, other sid the street, laughin' at 'im. Twelve quid we 'ad orf 'im—twelve golden sovereigns wrapped up in a bit o' paper. An' w'at do you think o' that?"

Hacker stared at him, slowly comprehending.

"You downed 'im and robbed 'im of twelve pounds?" he asked. He seemed incredulous, and Young Izzy laughed again.

"Smee, his name is!" said Hacker. "He was my mate! An' me thinkin'——" He broke off and Young Izzy stepped back aghast from his furious face. "That was my money, ye thievin' swine—an' I'm goin' to 'ave it! Get out o' this; I'll find yer w'en I'm ready!"

Young Izzy went—backwards and in haste. As the door swung behind him Hacker crushed his way through the throng to where Smee stood, all unconscious of his approach.

"Hullo, 'Arry!" greeted Hacker. "Don't you know me—Bill 'Acker?" He proffered a hearty hand. "'Member the last time we met?"

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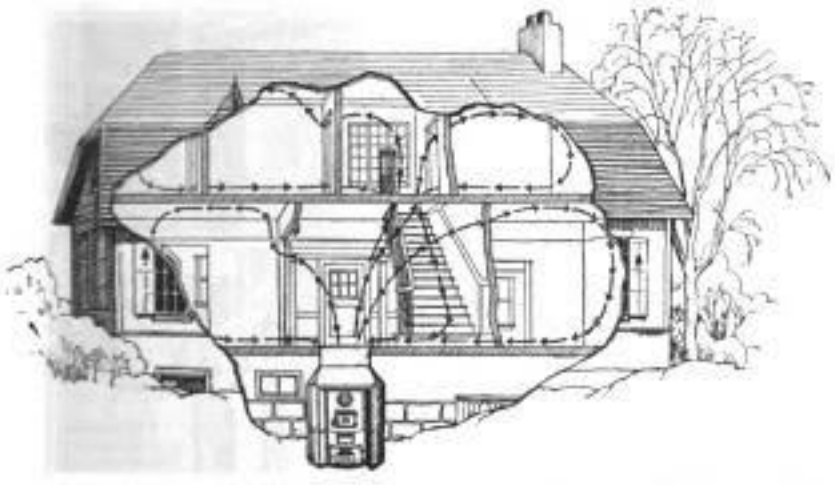
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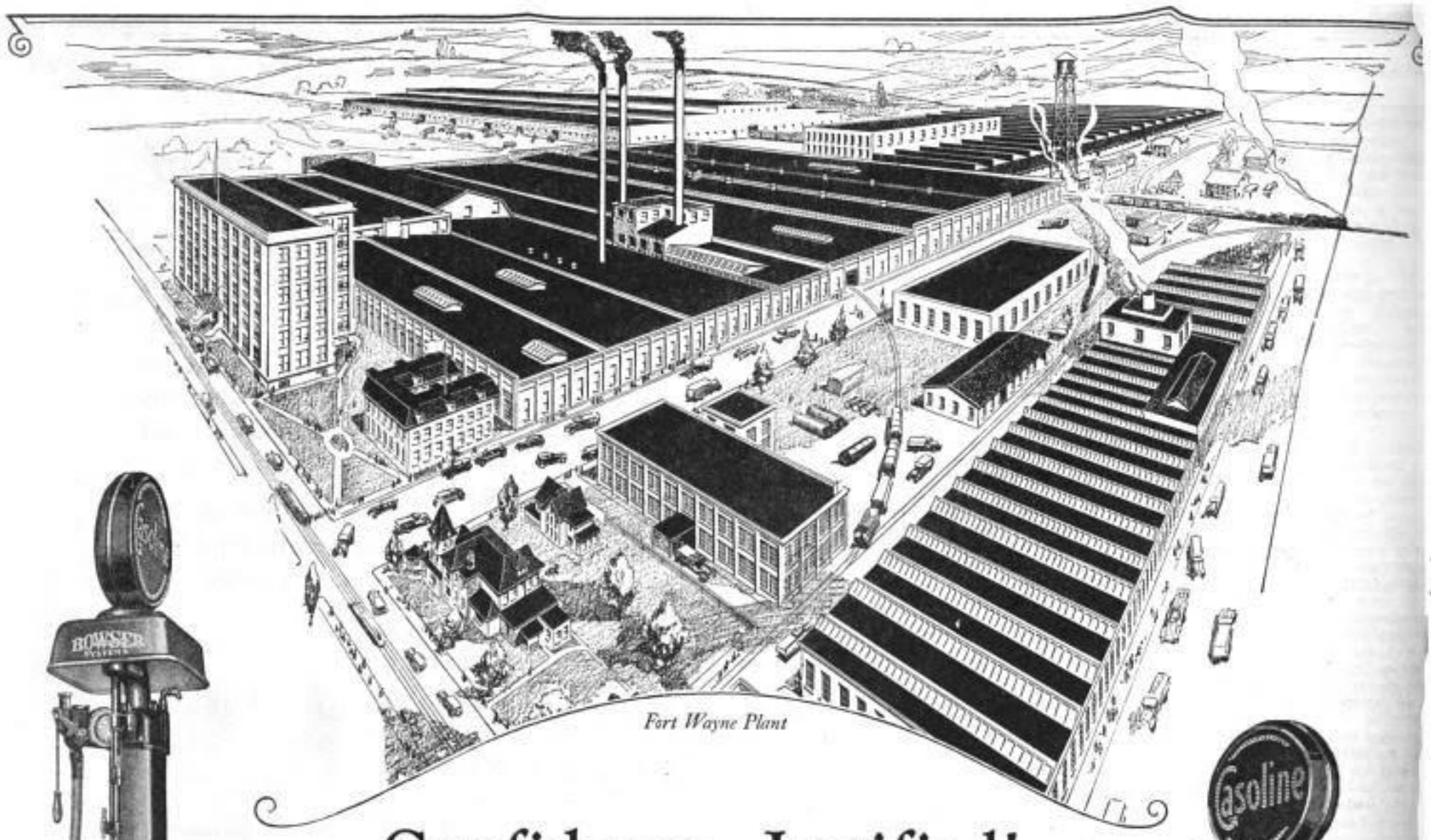
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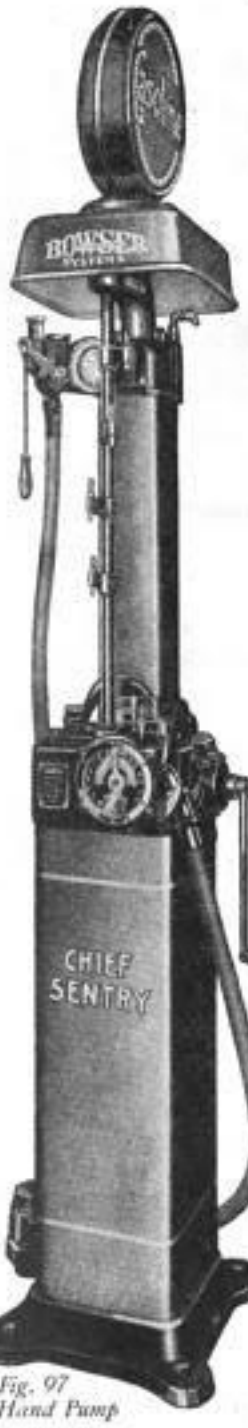


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Fig. 99
Power Pump

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BIG GAME

(Continued from Page 19)

'Here we are. Listen now, Nita, you ve everything to me."

The way he said that made her nervous. strained forward, looking ahead. The i turned into one of those bleak, expen- e streets, drew up before a stone house of der windows and carvings over a wide ck door. Why, this wasn't a hotel!

"Wait here for me."

Hal sprang out, rang the bell. She sat ing up at the shapely façade.

The door opened a crack. A little man ed suspiciously around the edge. Hal's ulders moved in self-assured advance. e door opened wider on a vestibule. She Hal and the little man in animated k, outlined against white steps. Hal k out his wallet, showed something that ked like a card, put back his wallet, slid hand in his pocket, appeared to be shak- g hands with the little man.

Now he turned, blocking the doorway. is eyes seemed to march forward and give r orders.

"Isn't it a bore, Nita? Monsieur Raton ver got the Putnams' telegram. Must ve gone astray. Beastly service, isn't it?"

Monsieur Raton? A telegram? The utnams? Her face twisted into some kind idiotic expression.

"Dear me! Really!"

Hal gave her no time. "Well, now we're ere we'd better spend the night, anyway. What say, Nita?"

She said nothing.

"*Ma femme est fatiguée. Ce voyage de Londres est mauvais.*" Hal turned to the ittle man, who flapped his shoulders and ands and stared sharply at the trunks in he second taxi.

So she had come from London, had she? Oh, why hadn't she insisted that Hal tell her what it was all about. He was at the taxi door, helping her out. He leaned close, his face secret, familiar.

"It's all right. I'll explain later. Come on, Nita."

There seemed really nothing else to do. The Raton person bowed from the thresh- old—a mean little man with eyes like arithmetic, adding up. Hal, at her elbow, steered her along.

She was in a large hall. The chauffeurs, humped under the trunks, brushed past, wheeled up a circular staircase of white marble, Monsieur Raton, spidery, leading the way. A neat fat woman of pinkish sur- faces bulged, gaping from a doorway. Hal spoke to her in a loud, assured voice. This was Madame Raton, no doubt? His friends, the Putnams, had so often spoken of her.

What were they doing here, and who were these Putnams? The name sounded vaguely familiar. Hal drew her into a room of soft shadows. Damask portières closed behind them. He snapped on a light. What a beautiful room! She clutched his arm, staring about at the creamy tints, the damask, the tapestries, the old gilded chairs and mirrors in which she saw re- flected a little woman in black with very red lips, a tall blurry-faced man.

She whispered, "Whose house is this?"

"Ours for the present. Be back in a moment." He nodded and grinned, left her there.

Of course it was fantastic. A host or hostess would presently appear with nipped gestures of annoyance at being so intruded upon by unwelcome guests. She tiptoed over the soundless Aubusson carpet, watching the door while she fingered curios, old leather-bound books. On a little marquetry table stood the photo- graph of a young woman in a silver frame. Where had she seen that face before? A grand piano nosed forward from a corner of the room like a sleek animal waiting to be stroked. She longed to touch the keys.

"Your room's ready, Nita."

Hal's jovial voice startled her. He stood in the door, smiling at her. She followed him through the hall, up the stairs, into a pink-and-white room of rosewood and laces. There was a chaise longue heaped with embroidered cushions, a bed, canopied and festooned. The trunks showed up big and black against the light carpet.

"Hal, what does this mean?" She de- manded an answer from under light, flat- tened brows.

A finger to his lips, he tiptoed to the door, arched himself over the keyhole. Evi- dently no one there. Good. He turned with an engaging air of candor.

"Phew! I don't mind telling you, old dear, that I wasn't sure we'd get it. Lucky I happened to have Putnam's card and that hundred francs handy."

Oh, dear, she might have known that something was wrong. Her head felt hot. In that steam-heated room torpor gained on her. Hal was looking at her brightly as if he expected her to pat him on the back and say "Clever boy!"

She took off her velvet toque, which pressed on her hot head, ran her fingers through moist, clinging hair. Well, now that he had got in, as he put it, she wanted to know how they were going to get out.

"Better tell me everything, Hal. Who are these Putnams? What about that telegram that never arrived? I can't understand why you have to do these things." She looked at him with hard, bitter eyes. "Really, Hal, if you've got us into another mess I'll never forgive you."

She would always forgive him. He knew it.

"The Putnams? You remember them, Nita," he began in a chatty voice. But he wasn't so confident as he had been down- stairs. "Here, old girl, you look tired. Do lie down." He fussed about her, led her to the chaise longue, propped cushions be- hind her back.

She wasn't going to be put off like that, though. "I'm waiting to hear, Hal."

"Well, now don't you remember that night we had supper at the Eléphant Rouge? The Putnams sat next to us. Nice chap, Putnam. He and I had a long talk."

Those people! The woman in the silver frame was Mrs. Putnam, of course. But they didn't know the Putnams. Hal had picked the man up that night.

"Why, Hal, we only saw them once. They were leaving for London or India or somewhere the next day."

"Pre-cisely." He dropped a thick lid over an eye, jiggled from heel to toe with a little seesaw motion. He acted as if with extraordinary intelligence she had guessed a riddle. But she wasn't going to help him out, so he had to continue. "They were leaving for London. You see you do re- member, my dear. And then they're going off to India for a bit—big-game hunting. Putnam wanted to rent his house. Told me all about it. You weren't listening."

"You don't mean to tell me that we're renting this house from the Putnams?" Her voice rose shrill, worried. She slid for- ward to the edge of the chaise longue, her feet touching the floor.

"Well, you might say it amounts to that." He fished for his cigarette case, lighted a cigarette.

"Amounts to what? For heaven's sake, Hal, don't throw matches on this carpet." Oh, he was exasperating! "Do the Put- nams know we're taking their house?"

She had him there. Of course they didn't know. Mrs. Putnam would never rent her house to strangers. She remembered now the supper as through a mist of lights and music. A gay place, the Eléphant Rouge. Major Brassington-Welsh in a jovial vein, thrusting cigars, champagne, anecdotes on a new acquaintance. The Putnam woman hadn't liked it. Her cool ennui had been wafted like a thin draft from a distant source over her too sociable husband's blond head, reaching Hal, who hadn't felt it, reaching Nita, who had.

She taxed him again. "Hal, they don't know?"

How could they know when they were in London, he blustered. But he meant to write Putnam, of course. Make it all right with him. A matter of business. If she would only listen——

"I'm listening. Hal, please don't throw ashes on the floor here. This isn't a hotel."

He went through an elaborate show of putting out his cigarette in a crystal re- ceiver beside the bed. Now, then, he could explain the whole affair quite simply.

When he was explaining anything he always walked up and down as if he were on the deck of a ship that rolled a bit. It needed all his attention to keep his balance. She watched him.

"It was like this," he said. "Billings was thinking of opening a Paris branch— Biscuits Billings. Good idea, wasn't it? Have to find the right man, though, to direct the thing. What about Major Brassington-Welsh? Just the man for it!" He stood a moment beaming upon her, twirling his mustache.

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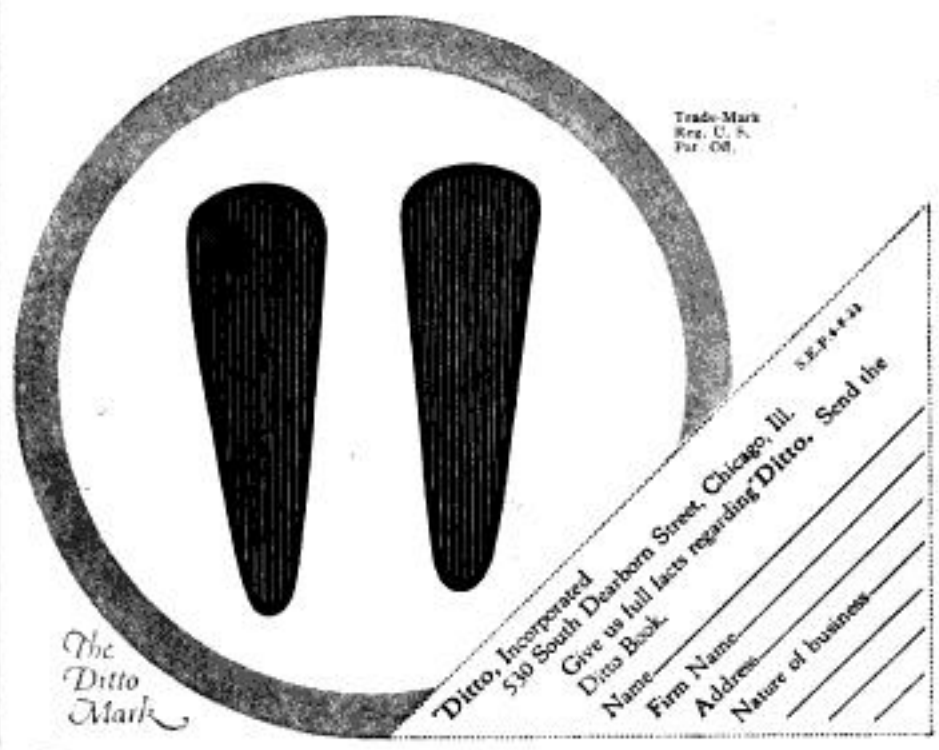
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MONTREAL

"Oh, Hal, has he said anything to you?" She had always hoped for something like this. Why, if it were true it would be the most wonderful ——

He patted her on the shoulder. Well, nothing was settled. Nothing ever could have been settled if they had stayed in that beastly hole of a hotel. What Billings wanted of course was a man with a solid background, a man with a clever little woman who could entertain. Billings knew the value of social prestige; no fool, Billings. He would expect ——

"But, Hal, we don't know anyone to entertain. And this house—we have no right here."

"Now, Nita, we got in, didn't we? I tell you I'll fix it up with Putnam. Once I'm appointed director of an office here, you and I will have the finest little position ever."

Suppose he were telling the truth? Suppose he could pay the Putnams later? Why shouldn't he? Oh, how she wanted to believe! She wished he wouldn't look sideways down his nose as if he were peeking at her from around a corner. Impress Billings—that wasn't a bad idea.

"But, Hal, if Billings doesn't give you that job? How could we ever make it right with the Putnams?"

"You leave that all to me." He looked so strong and sure of himself, as if everything were settled. The keys jingled as he bent over the trunks.

Give Hal his chance. It wouldn't do any harm to stay on here for a little while. Imagine waking up in this lovely room after that horrid little hotel; after all the hotels!

"Hal, don't unpack our old things. The Ratons will think ——"

"Think what, my dear girl?" But he knew what she meant. "Any objections to my taking out my dinner jacket? Madame Raton is fixing us up a bite here."

"Let me, Hal. You're mussing everything." Yes, they had better dress. She would wear her black satin. The sequin gown was too showy. Take a warm bath first in that beautiful white bathroom. What was Hal doing now? "For goodness' sake, don't take out that awful dressing gown! You can't wear that here."

He stood in his shirt sleeves, his hair rumpled. "What d'you want me to wear then to-morrow for breakfast?"

"Oh, I don't know. Your mauve pajamas are all right. Lock the trunks again."

She fluttered to the closet, hung up her black serge, her sequin gown. The hangers were padded and smelt of sachet. There were dozens of them.

"Nita, where's the whisky?" Hal shouted from the bathroom.

"You're not going to drink that horrid stuff now?"

"Just a snack. I've got a glass here. Must have caught a bit of chill driving up."

Get him his beastly bottle. "You can't leave it out, Hal. Hide it in the clothes hamper. Do rinse the glass."

"Oh, hell, Nita, what's the matter with you!" Grumblings and rumblings from the bathroom.

The black satin did very well. Just the note for a quiet evening. The chiffon in the neck needed changing. She must get some to-morrow. You never got tired of black satin.

"Nita, what say if we get the Billingses up here after dinner?" Hal stood admiring himself in the mirror.

She didn't want the Billingses to-night.

She and Hal sat alone in the large tapestried dining room. The round table was like a glassy pool in which rose-colored lights were softly reflected. A simple dinner indeed! Pheasant, endive salad, Brie cheese and a tart. Chablis that gleamed topaz in their glasses. Her smile lifted her face into radiance. She moved her shoulders and wrists daintily, talked in a low polite voice, careful of what she said. Raton might understand English.

Raton nearly spoiled everything. His little eyes added up and added up as he padded about the table. He was like a small sly animal, sniffing things out. She wished he wouldn't apologize so much. He apologized because monsieur and madame had put their silver away. He apologized for the dinner. Madame Raton presented her excuses. It was true that in her time she had been cook in very great houses.

It wouldn't do to be too enthusiastic. Hal overdid it, she thought. She must warn him not to be too familiar with this Raton person. Smile upon him with a shade of condescension. Yes, everything was quite delicious. Of course it was a picnic!

Back in the salon among those [illegible] things. Hal smoked his cigar; she lit cigarette.

"You look ripping to-night, old girl."

She drifted to the piano. She had played for years. Hal lounged over to h side. She tilted her head to smile at hi Good old Hal! Her fingers moved shy touching the keys. Try simple melodi A false note, never mind. Hal's ear w not critical. He nodded, and hummed o of tune.

Strange how she felt, sad with a kind yearning, and yet happy with Hal anchor there beside her. He and she hadn't be like this for a long time. Why couldn't always be like this?

"I say, trot us out something a gayer, Nita."

One of those jazz tunes, he meant. S tried. Jangled a syncopated chord, b somehow it didn't go here. She was gro ing sentimental. She thought of h mother, of the days when she used *to ta* her piano lessons. How she hated to stud She had looked differently then—a live giddy girl, never listening to anyone.

Hal was good to her. He was good to he

III

HAL was bringing Billings back th afternoon. She waited for them in t salon. If it hadn't been for the *Ratons*, a Putnam ghosts in the air—very snipp ghosts, at that—she might have spent pleasant day alone in the house. She ha sent Hal off because she wanted to be alon But from the moment she left her room t Ratons sneaked after her. If she went u stairs one of them managed to be there; she went downstairs she bumped *into t* other one. It was either Madame Rato wheezing from a scramble up the bac stairs, pretending to straighten rugs *in th* wide gallery overlooking the hall, or it w Monsieur Raton pottering about the dinin room. You would have thought they e pected her to steal something; to pick th locks of the cellar and linen closet or t secrete in the simple folds of her blouse an skirt any of the small rare ornaments tha might happen to take her fancy.

Their busy innocent manner didn't de ceive her. "Did madame ring?" "Woul madame like any help unpacking he trunks?"

"No, no, thank you. Quite all right thank you."

Madame Raton had a pulpous cater pillar smile that seemed to crawl awa when she thought you weren't looking. Fo a fat woman she moved with a treacherou speed, silent as a Japanese. Monsieu Raton's shoes squeaked.

If this was the way they took care of th house, no wonder there was dust every where. She knew how a house should b kept up. There were handsome houses in Stamford. Mrs. Lucas', for instance, with all that old colonial stuff in it; and her own mother's house, which wasn't so grand but which shone bright and speckless.

Those Ratons caught her dusting with her handkerchief the old *réfectoire* table in the hall. They didn't like it, of course. Monsieur Raton venomously apologized. "If we had known that monsieur and madame were coming we should have had the house in order. It is regrettable that the telegram from Monsieur Putnam did not arrive."

Oh, yes, the telegram! Better speak softly and smile. "We are very comfortable, thank you."

Now she had shut herself in the salon. But she couldn't close out the Putnams. She felt them everywhere—in the subdued arrangement of rich objects, in polished surfaces, in damask and high gilded ceilings. She moved the photograph of Mrs. Putnam to a darker corner. Hateful, those slender-necked anæmic women! She could imagine Mrs. Putnam in a teagown receiving guests. Well, she didn't have a teagown, and anyway Billings never took tea. Should she change into the black satin and pretend an early dinner? Those Ratons were prowling around outside. Stay as she was rather than bump into them again.

If only Hal had settled things with Billings! A decent job was the solution. She must manage somehow. Billings admired her; those large, white-faced men had more red blood in them.

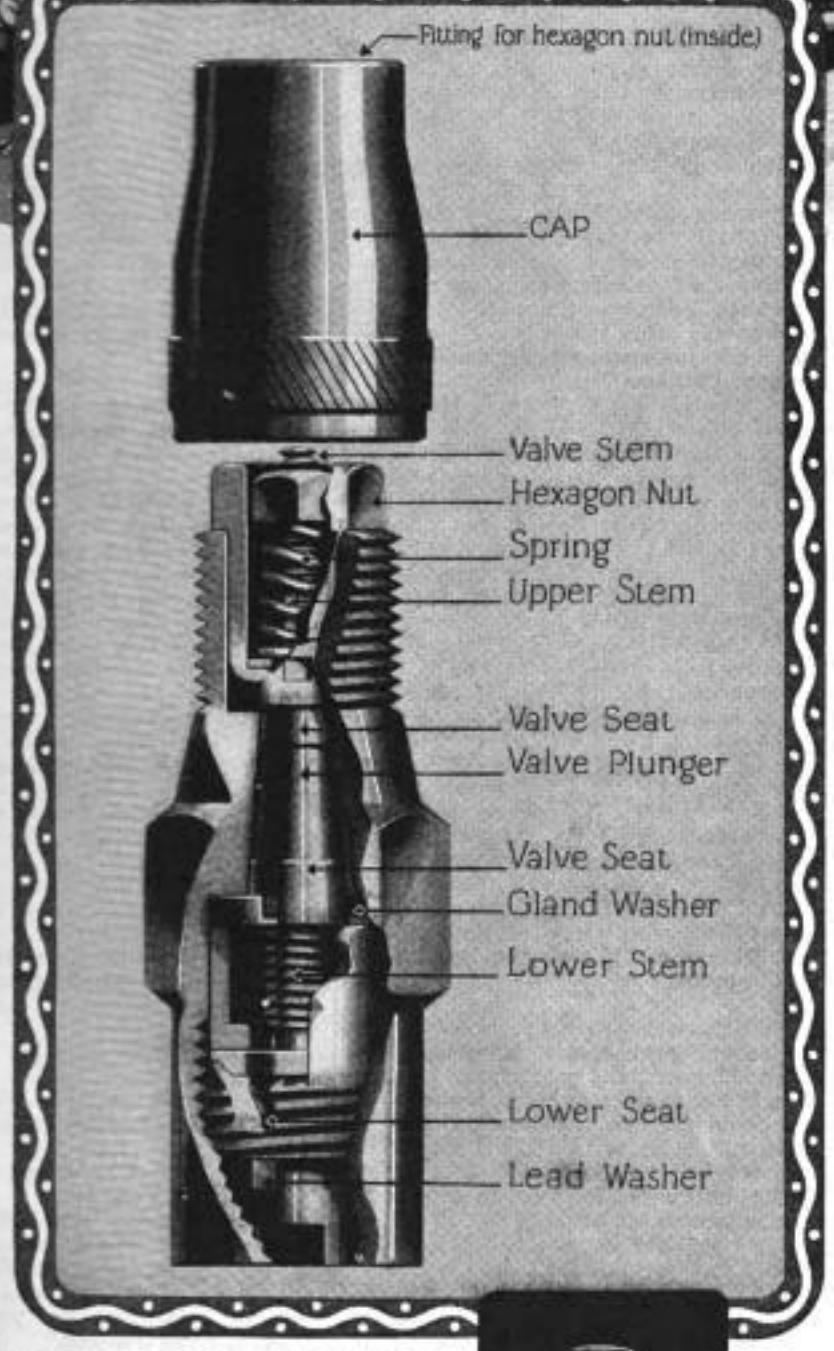
That was the doorbell. She heard Hal's voice, round and hearty. She hurried forward.

Hal hadn't settled anything, except probably bills for several rounds of drinks

(Continued on Page 124)

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ROCKLAND, MASS.

(Continued from Page 122)

One look at him was enough. Not a care in the world. He brought with him the warm, pungent atmosphere of cafés, the generous ease of good fellows.

Billings gripped her hand. She toned her own greeting to the room. Mrs. Billings was well, she hoped? So glad he'd come. He was their first visitor. What did he think of their new quarters?

"It's great. Beats any hotel I've ever been in."

He had a trick of half closing his eyes. His voice drifted. His large white face took on a deceptively dreamy expression. He looked at her. She wished she had put on the black satin.

"That's what I've been telling him all day. Finest house in Paris," Hal boisterously put in. "Nothing like it. Your own home. The best little woman in the world waiting for you. Nothing too fine for her. You'll have to admit that, old man." A bit throaty, the way he said that.

Billings admitted that nothing was too fine for her. As if on springs his eyes opened wide, intensely alive, intensely blue.

Her lips could take on a lovely, an alluring curve. Not in the morning, of course, but in this light. She smiled with a tilting motion of head, a loosening of the little clutching lines around her eyes. "Well, if we're to stay in Paris it's nicer to have a house." Very neatly hinted, she thought.

"Better come to the States, major, and bring the missis." Billings strolled about, his hands in his pockets, bending to squint at an ornament. The room seemed to make him restless. He sank finally into a tapestried armchair.

"Take a house here. That's the way to know a country." Hal thrust out his chest, straddling a flowered design on the rug. "Meet the right people. Entertain, and all that sort of thing. England's the place, though. If we were all in England now you'd be staying with us in Brassington Hall. Finest old ——"

She got near enough to him to lay a hand on his arm. Pretty picture. Little green-eyed woman smiling up at her big, good-natured husband. Her finger tips dug in, pinched.

"Ouch, Nita! What the devil ——"

"Poor old dear, your neuritis again?" He knew perfectly well what she meant. He and his Brassington Hall! Some day someone would accept one of these vague invitations. Then what?

"Hal, perhaps Mr. Billings would like a highball?"

"Certainly, certainly. Good idea." With a promising air of hospitality he bustled out.

Billings, deep in the cushioned chair, was staring at her feet. Well, she wasn't ashamed of them, especially in these patent-leather slippers. But if she were Mrs. Billings she wouldn't trust a man with an eye like that. The way he looked at women in restaurants! His idea of Paris, probably. Better be a little careful. Bright, but not too coquettish.

"Hal's like a child with a new toy," she said indulgently. "So full of enthusiasm. He's that way about everything. Don't you think enthusiasm is valuable in business, Mr. Billings?"

"Sure." He looked at her curiously, swung a leg over his knee.

She had to go on now. She sat down near him, not too near, spoke in an intimate confiding manner. "D'you know, I'm very ambitious for Hal." She shouldn't sound too eager. "You big men aren't the only ones who want power." Say that lightly with a little laugh. "Give Hal a chance to make good and ——"

"Hasn't he made good?" Quite another Billings, this. Blue eyes boring through her.

That was a mistake. "Of course," hastily. "But you know how it is. Hal's had so many offers since the war. He wants to find just the right thing, something with a future. He'd like to be here in Paris for a while, anyway."

"Don't blame him." Billings, suddenly genial, lifted himself with one of his brisk movements from his chair; strolled toward her. "You're a wonderful little saleswoman," he said.

Now what did he mean by that?

"Look here, Mr. Billings, I'm not ——"

"That's all right. Everyone sells things, don't they?"

She didn't like his tone. Keep her hands still in her lap, keep her feet still. Wished her cheeks didn't feel so hot.

"Sells or buys—at bargain prices," she retorted.

How he laughed, the insolent creature! But he stopped short, smooth as a high-powered machine. "I'm always ready to look over a bargain," said he.

"Perhaps you don't know, Mr. Billings. We took this house because Hal tells me that you ——"

"Here we are! Here we are!" Hal had to blunder in, followed by Raton, who peered inquisitively at Billings from between the necks of bottles on a tray he carried. He set the tray down, sidled out.

Ice clinked in tall glasses. Hal the jovial host presided over the tray.

"A wee nippie, old girl?"

"No, thank you. Hal, I was just saying to Mr. Billings that you'd be the very person to manage ——"

"Look out! Sorry!" Hal tipped over a bottle, caught it in time.

He'd tipped that bottle on purpose. His voice boomed on and on, filling the room. Very amusing, no doubt, those old stories of his. Billings laughed. The smell of whisky and cigar smoke coarsened the air.

For some reason Hal didn't want her to interfere. You never knew with Hal what he wanted. But this time she wouldn't stand any nonsense. Suddenly she hated their voices, hated their faces, hated the way they lounged around smoking and drinking.

"Nita, wake up, old thing." Hal stood ruddily over her. "Billings suggests that we make a night of it. Stop at his hotel for Mrs. B. We'll dine at the Eléphant Rouge."

"I'm a little tired." She meant him to see that she wasn't pleased.

"Come on, Mrs. Welsh," Billings urged.

She hated to be called Mrs. Welsh. "Really, I ——"

"Be a sport, Nita." They stood on each side of her, tall men, red and white.

She wasn't going to be left alone all evening. "Oh, all right. I'll have to dress, though."

"Good girl." Hal, very expansive, patted her on the back. "Like to see the house, Billings, while we're waiting for Nita?"

She'd wear her sequin gown. Didn't matter if the men weren't in dress clothes. Mrs. Billings would look dowdy of course. All the better.

IV

WAS there ever such a nuisance! In the sequin gown and a large black hat which shadowed the gold of her hair and brought out evening lights in her eyes, she had deliberately keyed herself up to the occasion. In spite of Hal's irresponsible behavior she meant that very night to coax Billings into promising that he would open a Paris branch for his biscuits.

Now here she was, waiting for Mrs. Billings in the drearily rich atmosphere of the Billingses' private salon, from whose windows she could gaze, for distraction, on the handsome proportions of the Place Vendôme. The two men had gone on, as they said, to order dinner. They had gone on, in reality, to escape waiting for anyone who was not in their festive mood. Mrs. Billings hadn't liked being fetched to make a night of it. Billings hadn't liked her not liking it, and had told her so in the curt tones of a man accustomed to command.

Anita couldn't help, in her own invested brightness, serving as a contrast to the bleached manner of Billings' wife. Hardly tactful of him, though, to point out Mrs. Brassington-Welsh as an example of liveliness to be followed. She wasn't so sure that Mrs. Billings couldn't have answered back, precipitating the domestic crisis that had hung for a moment, unexploded, in the air. But Mrs. Billings had only looked at her husband with those quiet brown eyes of hers, and said she would go.

She had been dressing now for over half an hour. Heavens, what chances that woman wasted! All those clothes and nothing fit to wear; all those jewels and she never wore them.

Wonder what she could be doing in there! No harm in tiptoeing to the door and listening. There came a faint sound that she recognized. She knocked gently, opened the door.

Mrs. Billings lay on the bed, face downwards, a limp slender figure in a plain corset cover and starched petticoat. There were clothes on the floor, clothes on chairs; the contents of boxes and closets littered about; a jewel case open on the dressing table. Mrs. Billings was crying. Strange to see another woman cry. Should she tiptoe away again? Billings' fault, this. Brutes men were.

Mrs. Billings lifted her head. She m
hate to be seen like this.

"I have a headache. I don't thin
can ——" She flopped back on the

Of course it wasn't any of her busi
The evening would be more successful f
every point of view without Mrs. Bill
But it would be rather beastly to le
now. There had been nights, she rem
bered, when, lying beside Hal in the s
darkness of hotels, she had cried just
Mrs. Billings was crying. And she h
something to cry about too.

"Don't you think it might do you goo
she said a little formally.

Mrs. Billings tried a moment for cont
"I can't—oh, I can't!"

Very well then, she couldn't. Y
couldn't force her to go.

"Can I get you anything? Perhap
headache powder."

"It isn't the headache. I'm ashamed
myself for acting this way. Mrs. Welsh
I could only make you understand. I
not the kind of woman to break down o
trifles."

She got up from the bed with a resol
movement, smoothing back loose stran
of hair.

After all, women had a rotten hard ti
of it in this world.

"Look here, Mrs. Billings, I should
let anything that my husband said ——

"It isn't his fault, it's mine." M
Billings faced her, suddenly animat
"For years he's worked with an idea
coming over here for a real holiday.
never wanted to come. You're an Am
ican, aren't you, Mrs. Welsh? Perhaps y
know, then, what it is to feel homesick."

Yes, she knew. But Mrs. Billings co
go home sooner or later, and find her hou
her friends, her charities; whereas she
well, that was another story.

"I don't want to be selfish," M
Billings continued with a sigh. "But wh
I think that Mr. Billings wants to spend
year over here it's almost more than I c
bear. It seems to me such a waste wh
you have a home of your own and respo
sibilities, don't you think so, Mrs. Welsh
I tell my husband that, and he says I sp
everything for him."

It was strange being here alone wit
Mrs. Billings and hearing her talk like tha
Wonder if there was any decent powder
the dressing table.

"A year passes quickly." That was tri
enough consolation.

"Did you know, Mrs. Welsh, that I w
Mr. Billings' secretary before we married!
Mrs. Billings stood very intense in h
ribbonless corset cover and crumpled whi
petticoat. "Yes, for six years. It w
absorbing work. Mr. Billings is an ab
sorbing man. He depended on me the
And he expects the same efficiency from m
in this kind of life as I could give him in o
business relations. But you see, I can't
I haven't the training."

It needed, indeed, quite a lot of trainin
to keep up with Billings.

"Why do you let him absorb you?" Sh
sounded a little impatient.

Eight o'clock, and those men waiting a
the Eléphant Rouge. She was hungry
Billings would be furious.

"I don't know whether you can under
stand, Mrs. Welsh. You're so sure of your
self socially, so gay and brilliant. My
husband thinks you're the cleverest woma
he ever met."

She could smile at that. A glance in th
mirror showed her a large black hat unde
which the smile gleamed like a red stitch
If she were clever she would be attending t
her dinner and business at the Eléphant
Rouge this moment.

Mrs. Billings moved nervously to and
fro, came toward her to clasp her hand.

"I feel I need a friend. I —— Oh, Mrs
Welsh, what shall I do? I haven't told you
everything. He leaves me alone so much
of the time. I just sit here and wonder
where he is, and when he comes back he's
irritable and critical. I don't know what
to do."

"Suppose you dress." She was begin-
ning to like Mrs. Billings.

"I look a fright in everything I put on."

"You have no right to look a fright."
Do her good to shake her up a bit. "If you
want to please your husband ——"

"I see that." Mrs. Billings was crying
softly again. "It's this life here. He never
used to care for such things."

"Don't you believe it. They always do
when they get a chance. You're a very
lucky woman, Mrs. Billings. You don't"

(Continued on Page 127)

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...continued on

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(Continued from Page 124)

how lucky. Why, if I ——" Stop there. This friendship game led into waters.

s. Billings was staring at her with a athetic expression. "Aren't you ? Why, I thought—oh, I don't ——"

row your head back, Nita. Laugh. I'm ridiculously happy. But really ust hurry. Will you let me advise bout your get-up to-night? I think suggest a few things ——"

at a fool she was! Educating this woman who, if smartly dressed, most certainly discover and use her attractions on an evening when she, needed to charm alone.

s. Billings flushed a becoming rose . "You're wonderful."

was something to be wonderful! She briskly to the clothes closets. Heavwhere had the woman found all these us expensive gowns! Two closets ed full, not to mention the stuff lit- around the room. How could you e out of all these things!

day I see that one—the red velvet?" h, that!" Mrs. Billings raised her lovely arms to reach the dress. "I've r worn it. Isn't it a little too con- ous?"

won't hurt you to be conspicuous." t as well go the whole way, now she'd ed. "Where are the scissors?" Clip— pull off a silly gold tassel, a large red e at the waist. "Can I have that t ornament I see on that blue dress there? And if I can have a needle and d ——"

rs. Billings hovered over her, flushed, ed. "Shan't I ring for my maid? I you to bother."

o bother at all. If Mrs. Billings only s what familiar work it was—ripping, sting, fixing over. Well, she never ght that she'd be doing anything like for another woman. She stood up, ed away loose threads that clung to the ins.

Now, then, sit down and I'll do your ."

How can I ever thank you?"

ine spun brown hair that slipped like er through one's fingers. Have it red to-morrow. For to-night draw it k from that low, rather good brow, k it over the ears, snuggle it tight in the k. Her fingers moved swiftly. A large toise-shell comb—the very thing! Now der, rouge for the lips.

'Do you think my husband will like me make up this way?"

'Rather nice women rouge their lips, a know."

"Oh, I didn't mean ——"

She might be a splendid secretary, but as woman of fashion she was in her infancy. re, now, the dress. It draped itself ound the slim figure. Jewels. What els that woman had!

"My pearls are in the safe downstairs." Oh, she was beginning to be interested, s she! "Never mind. These will do." ould say they would do! Fascinating g sapphire earrings, a sapphire brooch, pphire rings.

"There you are."

A long mirror gave back a tall young man in supple red velvet; red lips ted, silky brown hair folded in a casque und a small head. The young woman iled.

The telephone. Mrs. Billings, before the rror, paid no attention to it. Of course it s Hal.

"That you, Nita? What the devil is the tter? Why don't you and Mrs. B. come ng?"

"We're coming, Hal." There, now, in her rry she tore her sleeve. No time to mend ything either. She saw herself in the mir- r next to Mrs. Billings. Perhaps if she ted her hat a bit it would be smarter. ange hats, after all, made one dumpy. Not hen you were sitting at table, though.

"Shall I wear a hat?" Mrs. Billings was lling out more boxes.

"No, go as you are." She felt tired and ungry. Perhaps she had better take a ditch in that sleeve. Quick then.

"This sealskin is all right, isn't it?" Mrs. Billings held up a magnificent fur.

"All right? Oh, yes. Rather." There were limits to what one woman could be expected to do for another.

"I never can tell you how grateful I am. You look tired, Mrs. Welsh. It's my fault, keeping you from your dinner."

"Tired? I'm never tired."

She leaned back in the limousine that carried them smoothly through street after street, all lighted and gay. Shops, cafés, people moving briskly. She wished she were going home to bed.

The Eléphant Rouge. Hal's and Billings' expressions when they saw Mrs. Billings, who, a little self-conscious, made her way to the table where the two men stood.

No chance of getting anything out of Billings this night. He sat there, his face turned toward his wife like a powerful limelight in which she glowed with increasing animation. Hal, in a magnificent mood, rumbled out compliments. He had never seen Mrs. Billings look so well. That gown she had on was simply ripping.

"Nita, my dear, we'll have to get you something like it. Red's the color—eh, Billings? I always tell Nita ——"

"While you're about it you can buy me sapphires and a sealskin coat," she said sweetly. That held him quiet. Oh, well, better enjoy herself. Billings was paying this time for the dinner. Another glass of Pommery? Yes, thank you. The *poulet en cocotte* was delicious. Her lips curled, uncurled, curled again.

A little over a week ago she and Hal had been sitting at the small table opposite, where now sat a fleshy old satyr gobbling his food. He thought she was staring at him, and leered with piggish eyes. A painted young woman, in black velvet with huge pearls in her ears, and a pale young man sat sipping liqueurs at the table the Putnams had had that eventful night. Same background; same red elephant balloons floating in the thickening air; same excited faces, bored faces, hands holding glasses, cups, cigarettes. A fox-trot; couples seesawing.

Strange how life went. If Hal hadn't picked up Putnam that night, where would they be now? Back in the soiled pink room of the little hotel. Where would they be to-morrow? If Billings didn't ——

Mrs. Billings smiled tenderly at her. Not a bad sort, Mrs. Billings, after all.

Hal was bragging. She knew that tone. Better look after him. His loosened tongue wagged like a bell. "Remember when we were here last, Nita? The Putnams ——"

"The Putnams!" from Mr. and Mrs. Billings. "The Gerald Putnams?"

Oh, if she could only reach Hal's foot! Make him look at her. What did he have to go and drag in the Putnams for! Change the subject quickly.

"Hal, dear, do you remember the last time we heard that Blues they're playing? Makes me want to dance. Is there anything more fascinating than these new jazz tunes?" Fingers on the table, tapping the rhythm. Mrs. Brassington-Welsh, suddenly very gay; green eyes greener, light brows lifted.

"Eh? The Blues? Yes—oh, yes!" Hal looked as if she had waked him up in the middle of the night.

"Putnam used to be in the canning business," Billings pursued. "Great friend of ours, wasn't he, Mary? Someone told us he was in Paris. I'd like to see him again."

Hal had to blunder on. "Gone to India after big game. Nice chap. Don't care much for his wife."

"I wish we could have seen him," Mrs. Billings said in a lively voice. She kept tasting the red on her lips like a child eating candy. "He used to come into the office all the time. He and I got on famously. You never knew, Bert, but he tried to get me away from you when his secretary left him to marry."

That was what half a glass of champagne did to her! Billings didn't like it. You could see he was annoyed, the way he thrust out that jaw of his.

Hal grew fussy, purplish about the cheeks; accepted a cigar, lit it, and on an artificial gust of good cheer launched on one of his oldest stories.

Coffee. Liqueurs. A drop of cognac would do her good. No use to worry. But if Billings ever heard now that the house belonged to Putnam he would think it queer.

She didn't like it; didn't like it one little bit. She felt as if someone had slid a small chunk of ice down her back.

They were going on to a musical revue, then to supper. Mrs. Billings nestled up to her in the motor.

"Oh, I'm having such a good time, and it's all your doing, Mrs. Welsh. Will you come shopping with me to-morrow? You'll tell me what to get, won't you?"

Yes, she would go shopping. Yes, it was fun, wasn't it? She adored these parties. No, Hal didn't dance. His game leg, you know.

Would the evening never end? It was positively indecent the way Billings flirted with his wife. Wish the Putnam name hadn't come up. You never knew what might happen. What a rotten evening!

V

THE Billingses were coming to dinner. Hal never should have invited them to the house, with the Ratons in such a poisonous temper and everything going wrong.

It was all very well to have brought Billings and his wife together. You couldn't wedge them apart since he had seen his wife in that red velvet gown. The money he spent on her, and the money she let him spend! Shopping every day. Gowns, lingerie, hats. And the coiffeurs, manicures, masseuses, swarming about. You wouldn't know Mrs. Billings. But you could see how, when once she made up her mind to a thing, she could carry it through. Yes, she was certainly efficient, and really quite a decent sort. No end grateful too. Insisted on giving dear Nita—it was Nita now—a few rather lovely presents. With the background of the house and all, accepting these things didn't imply humiliation. That lace morning cap, for instance, matched the lace and rosebuds in the bedroom, and the fur-lined slippers went with her quilted blue wrapper. Of course the black lace teagown from Lucille's and the hat from Madeleine Viannet were a bit too much. But it wasn't as if she were taking commissions from dressmakers and modistes for showing Mrs. Billings around. She might have just as well. She didn't.

Hal had been in a vile temper all week, stalking about with that mottled bloodshot look he got when he was worried. She couldn't help it if he were worried. It was his own fault. She told him so. He hadn't written Putnam. At least he wouldn't say he had, and he wouldn't confess he hadn't. And, as for being director of any Paris branch, it was another of those beautiful dreams of his. Probably Billings had said, "Some day I may open a Paris branch. Think Billings Biscuits would go here, major?" And Hal had seen it all done. If he would only leave it to her, she might, through Mrs. Billings, work something out. No hope of reaching Billings direct any more.

Meanwhile the Ratons had drained Hal dry. She knew, because while he was taking his bath she had examined the contents of his wallet. Lean as a fasting priest, it was. And only yesterday he had had a beastly scene with Raton, ending very unwisely in Hal's calling Raton a blinking, bloodsucking rat. Which was true enough, but hardly helpful. Nor was it pleasant for her when Hal, after cursing Raton in French and English with a little Arabic thrown in, had stayed out with Billings the entire day, coming back to announce this dinner for the following evening, in so cheerful a mood that she had felt more worried than ever. What made him so suddenly cheerful? He seemed to think it a huge joke when she told him that she had seen Raton sneaking out of the corner post office late yesterday afternoon. What was he doing there, she would like to know.

"Don't you bother your head, old girl," Hal had said.

But she was bothering. Here was the dinner. Hal had hired a man to wait on the table; had ordered flowers, wine, heaven knew what. Madame Raton's caterpillar smile crawled over the preparations, spoiling the roses in their vases, the damask table cover, the crystal and silver which Hal had somehow wheedled out of the closets. Just showing that the Ratons must have had the keys all the time. She distrusted their eagerness to please. She distrusted Raton's smile, which was like butter smeared over a very sharp knife.

Well, she looked her best that evening, slowly sweeping down the stairs in the black lace teagown, her hair waved and coiled high in the new fashion Mrs. Billings' coiffeur had taught her. Hal came down, brushed and scrubbed, smelling of eau de cologne. He did know how to wear evening clothes.

The bell. Ridiculous to feel so nervous.

Mrs. Billings' manner seemed a little strained. Wonder what was the matter with her. Billings and Hal whispered in a

(Continued on Page 129)



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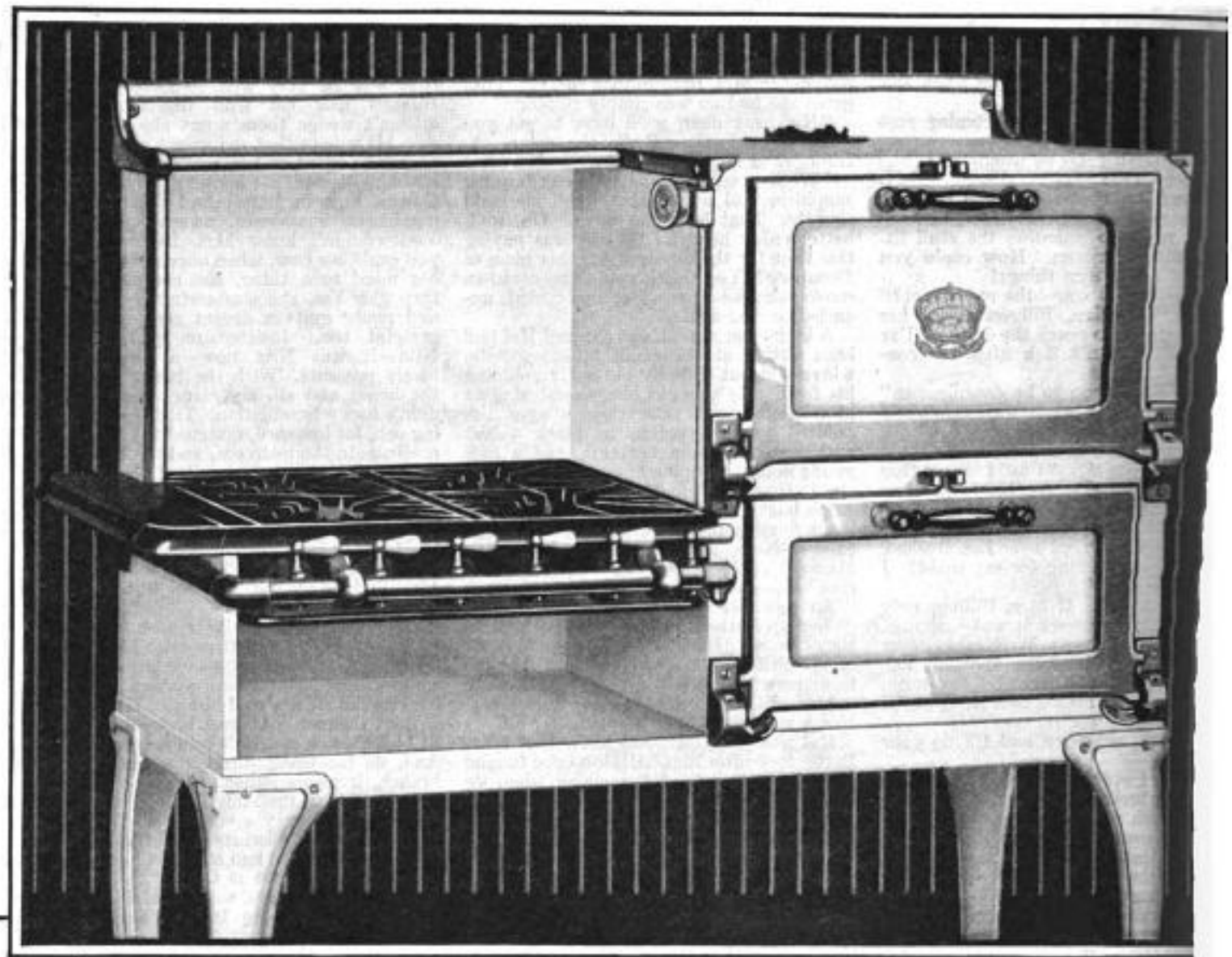


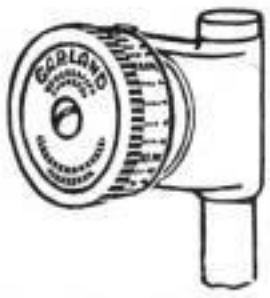
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(Continued from Page 127)

It was a relief when dinner was ...ced. If she had money, how she ...love to entertain always this way. ...here in black lace, presiding over ...d silver and napery; smiling at ..., smiling at Hal, who sat solid and ...opposite; smiling at Mrs. Billings, ...ade an effort to be gay.

...hey rose from table to saunter across ...ll to the salon Mrs. Billings clasped ...rm and whispered, "I don't know ...I shall do without you."

...ithout me? Are you going away?" ...as so startled that she raised her ...She didn't want Mrs. Billings to go

...s a shame. I really think you ...be ——" Mrs. Billings began.

...ngs came up with the genial air of a ...no has dined well. "Mary, dear, the ...wants to show you those miniatures ...telling you about."

...Billings hesitated a moment, but ...led to her from the salon. She went. ...gs glanced down, smiling, his eyes ...osed. Even the pearls in his glossy ...looked dreamy, contented. "You ...ly gave us one great little dinner," ...d.

...you going away?"

...oked it abruptly, and let her eyes ...full and green at him under the hang-...hanster lamp of the hall.

...seemed hugely amused, laughed. ...es not."

...en what did Mary mean?"

...butler came heavily out with coffee ...queurs. Hal came out with a box of ...Billings turned briskly as if re-...at the interruption.

...upstairs a moment. Her nose felt ...her nerves were on edge. How quiet ...om was! Turn on the light. She ...like to stay here away from them all. ...what had Mary Billings meant? ...they were going away or Hal hadn't ...er.

...knock on the door. It was Raton. ...lled in, peering about, his mean little ...twisted with malice.

...monsieur here?"

...only had to look at him. He'd been ...ing. He knew perfectly well that Hal ...downstairs.

"Monsieur is not here." Her tone dis-...ed him.

...t he nosed farther into the room, ...y and sly.

"The maître d'hotel wants his money ...re he goes. It's three hundred francs."

"Three hundred francs!

"It's impossible!" she said sharply; ...ght herself up. Better be careful; avoid ...ne.

...e straddled in front of her, his thin ...legs like hairpins, his beady eyes ...ing up.

"Three hundred francs," he repeated, ...edged closer, his voice all oily and ...oth: "*...aut mieux être raisonnable, ma ...ite dame. On peut toujours s'arranger.*"

...Better give him the money. She didn't ...e it.

"You will have to speak to my hus-...d." She turned away; didn't want to ...k at him.

...e whirred behind her like an angry ...ct. "Ah, *c'est comme ça!* But it shall ...pass like this. I know what I know." ...only the blood didn't rush so to her ...eks! She tried to answer quietly: ...ou know nothing. I shall tell my hus-...d of this, and to-morrow ——"

"To-morrow!" He fairly danced in ...t of her, his voice thin and shrill, rising. ...nd I who have risked losing my place. ...morrow it will be too late. I have ——" ...stopped abruptly.

...The creature had played them some ...ien trick. Yesterday—the post office. ...she had warned Hal! And now per-...ps it was too late. She must find out.

..."Monsieur Raton, calm yourself. If we ...e you any ——"

...He went again, higher, shriller. "My ...e was right. You have not even three ...ndred francs. *Voulez-vous que je vous ...e, madame? Eh, bien.*" He thrust his ...an little face close to hers. "You are ...thing, in spite of your fine trunks and ...ir airs. You do not belong here. You ...e no ——"

"May I come in, Nita?"

...Mrs. Billings stood there in the door, ...king at Raton as if he were a spot at her ...et. It took a tall woman in a gold dress ...d pearls to look that way.

...Raton fidgeted, muttered, and sneaked ...ward the door.

Had she better explain? No, never explain. But how much had Mary Billings heard? She must say something.

"All French servants are alike. They think they can rob you. They ——"

"He was drunk, wasn't he?" Mary Billings moved quietly to the dressing table.

There you were now! Suppose she had started explaining, getting all mixed up when it was so simple. Of course he was drunk. But she wished her fingers wouldn't tremble as she opened the dressing-table drawer, got out fresh cotton for her friend, took off the crystal lid of the powder box. Dear me, this would never do. Her face showed blotchy under the powder. Little lines set her eyes in quotation marks, and her lips sagged at the corners. Mary Billings, over her shoulder, was reflected, smooth and young. Not so young either. Possibly thirty. But when a woman has nothing to worry her ——

Embarrassing, this silence. Mary Billings broke it suddenly: "Nita, do you know that your husband has been called to London within a few days on a very important business matter, and that he expects you to spend the winter there with him?"

She found nothing to say. Nothing. Must have looked like an imbecile, staring.

"Well, I think you should know." Mrs. Billings came nearer, put a hand on her arm. "He asked us not to tell you, but I think it's all wrong the way men treat women—not telling them anything. He wanted to spare you, he said, until the last moment. But he knew yesterday and he came right to Bert about it. We were only too glad, of course, to take the house off his hands."

"Take this house? You're taking this house?"

Why, they couldn't take this house! Hal had no right to ——

"Yes, we're subletting it for the winter. Nita, you don't mind? If there's anything I can do I wish you'd tell me."

"No, there's nothing." Her voice was strained.

It was inconceivable that Hal should do this thing. He must have thought it up since yesterday, that business in London and all. How could he, how could he!

"I'm glad it's all right."

But Mrs. Billings as she moved toward the door didn't sound as if it were all right.

Call her back. No use. What could you tell her? Better let her and Billings get away, and then have it out with Hal. Oh, yes, she would have it out with Hal.

They had reached the head of the stairs. What was Raton doing there in the hall? The doors of the salon were closed. Wasn't that a taxi outside? Yes, it stopped, and Raton slid forward toward the vestibule.

"Wait a moment, Mary, please."

They were still on the top steps. Mary Billings turned.

A key scraping in the front door. She could see the hall, the vestibule. The front door opened.

Then Mary Billings, light on her feet, flew down.

"Mr. Putnam! Wherever did you ——"

Well, now they were in for it. Raton had telegraphed, of course. What could she do? Go upstairs? Hide? Go downstairs? Her knees would give way if she moved. She must get to Hal, must warn Hal. Creep a step down. She heard Putnam's voice, unfamiliar:

"Mary Billings! Where on earth? I thought ——"

Slip down the last steps. If only they didn't see her! Putnam stood, slender and blond in his dark traveling suit. That little beast of a Raton hovering in the background touched his arm. He looked up, recognized her.

The salon door opened noisily. Hal blew full tilt into the hall, a large cigar in his mouth.

There was nothing she could do now, nothing.

You really had to admire Hal. For a second he stood clamped to the floor. Then he braced himself with an upward heave of his shoulders and bore down, a bit too red and hearty.

"By Jove, if it isn't Putnam! Well, well, old chap, this is a surprise! Sent you a telegram yesterday. Just come in here a moment and I'll explain."

He took the blond young man by the elbow and tried to tow him into the dining room.

You could see that Putnam didn't know quite what to do. And then Billings



"And they said it wasn't good enough!"



¼ Actual Size

A salesman and an advertising man met in a Hartford hotel.

"I went down to Glastonbury this afternoon," said the salesman, "to show the J. B. Williams Company a sample of a certain oil that they use in their shaving soap. It was the best I carried. Very high grade. *Practically edible. And they said it wasn't good enough!* What do you know about that?"

"I know a lot," said the advertising man. "I know how finicky they are about the stuff they put into their soap. Good enough to eat. That's their motto."

"Not good enough" unless it's the best that can be gotten, whether it forms a large or a small part of the soap. That's the way Williams' Shaving Soap is made. That's the way it has been made for almost a century—only of the purest ingredients always.

Softens your beard? It does. It softens your beard quickly and thoroughly to the last hair; it stands up richly and thickly; it holds its moisture until the shave is done. But that's only part of it.

It livens your skin—makes it soft and flexible—leaves no drawn or leathery "feel"—prepares it to yield smoothly, gently, evenly, as the razor passes. There is no complexion soap like it for its perfect effect upon the skin.

If you are not one of the millions who already know Williams' Shaving Cream, try a few shaves with a

FREE SAMPLE TUBE

Just say "Shaving Cream" on a postal card. Or use the coupon. We will send you at once a sample tube of cream that will tell its own story.

Williams'

Shaving Cream

TRIAL SIZE FREE

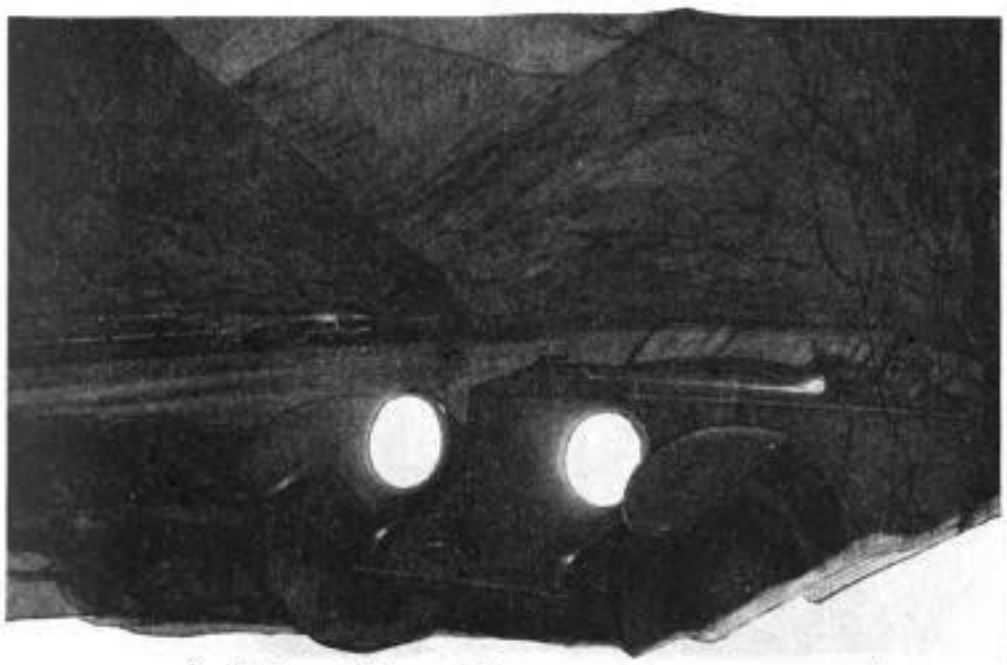
THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY,
Dept. 64, Glastonbury, Conn.

Send me, free, a trial size tube of shaving cream.

Name _____

Address _____

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A Quality Battery

IN building Westinghouse Batteries the dominant objective is to give you the most efficient and dependable performance it is possible to get out of an automobile battery. Westinghouse quality is evident, not merely in the superiority of some one feature, but in the excellence of the entire assembly. From grid to special shock-absorbing U-shaped gasket every detail must justify your faith in the name *WESTINGHOUSE*.

Westinghouse Attention!—a new standard of service for the battery now in your car. 1700 Stations. Get acquainted!



One quality of battery—the best Westinghouse can build. "Oversize" construction. Reasonably priced. Factory guarantee fulfilled through any Westinghouse Service Station regardless of place of purchase.

WESTINGHOUSE UNION BATTERY CO., Swissvale, Pa.

WESTINGHOUSE BATTERIES

Tom Wye

KNIT JACKET

"It's a Tom Wye"

There's a well-groomed look about a Tom Wye Knit Jacket that makes you want one.

It is well shaped and keeps its shape. Shoulder seam is reinforced to prevent sagging.

Buttonholes are strong, and pockets always hug closely.

Scotch heather or plain colors. At men's wear or sporting goods stores.

Look for the Tom Wye Label

TOM WYE, Incorporated
Winchendon, Mass.



appeared, hurried forward, exclaiming; almost shook Putnam's hand off. If Hal would only keep quiet! Any moment now Putnam might say something that would bring it all out, or Billings might.

But Hal had to go on talking about telegrams and letters. He talked louder than anyone until finally Putnam moved toward the dining room, with Hal prancing after him, inviting him to have a drink in his own house. Raton wanted to follow, didn't dare. It was worth while just to see his face as he sneaked away.

"Excuse us a moment, Bert," Putnam said.

She didn't like the sudden businesslike clip to his voice. He wasn't going to let Hal off. Oh, she must do something. Mary Billings—she could help. She was the only one.

"Mary, I must speak to you alone for a moment."

She really was splendid, the way she took her husband by the arm and led him into the salon. "Bert, dear, wait for us, will you?"

"But what the devil? What's going on?" Not easy to handle Billings.

The door closed on him, and Mary came back. Tell her the truth—or nearly the truth.

"Putnam didn't know we were here, Mary. Hal meant to write him. He didn't mean when he sublet the house to you—Putnam wanted to rent his house, you see. And Hal—I never knew until to-night that he—I thought we could pay."

"Let me understand. Putnam didn't know you were in his house?"

"No, he didn't. Hal thought your husband would give him a job if we had a decent background. And then we could have paid. But now he ——" The words were twisted and bitter. It wasn't so easy to explain. Through the dining-room door Hal's voice grew louder and louder, explaining.

"You poor dear!" Mary Billings' arms went around her. "I thought there was something wrong, upstairs. But I couldn't understand."

She didn't want to be pitied; mustn't cry.

"Hal really doesn't mean to ——" Everything she said made it worse.

Mary Billings spoke quickly: "I'm afraid Bert will be very angry. I'll try and manage him and Mr. Putnam. Go up and pack what you can. I'll send your husband to you. I'm afraid you'll have to get him out quietly. Good-by, Nita. I'm sorry."

She had lost her friend. Women like Mrs. Billings might pity, but they never could understand. Well, it couldn't be helped. Hurry up the stairs.

"Nita," Mary Billings called from below, "Bert lent your husband a little something yesterday. Keep it from me."

Oh, dear, Hal had borrowed again. No time to think of it now. Where was the valise? In the closet. Drag it out; pack what she could. Why didn't Hal come? Mary Billings' eyes—how sorry they had looked! And then she had turned away.

A cautious noise outside. Hal stepped into the room.

"Why did you mix the Billings woman up in this?" he said testily. "I could have fixed everything all right."

He couldn't have fixed anything. He had got the worst of it, she could see. The little veins were all swollen in his fa paced the room, cursing Putnam, Raton.

Couldn't get much in the valis suit, Hal's suit, handkerchiefs, a sh couldn't find anything. She ran to fumbling in closets and drawers.

"Nita, old girl, I'm damn sorry. ten for you." Hal put his big hand shoulders. She saw his face, flush poor old sorry face. "I swear to ——"

Yes, he meant to. No time now. There were tears in her eyes. O look at the room, at the chaise lon little rosewood desk, the soft lace-bed. Never to sleep there any mor

"Nita, I'm sorry. If that dam Raton hadn't ——"

"Hurry, Hal."

The Brassington-Welshes tiptoei the stairs, Hal carrying a shiny bi From the salon came voices, Mary talking in a crisp voice like a r ticking.

"You shall not, Bert. Mr. Putna must listen to me. I promised her —

The dining-room door opened. pattered forward, Madame Raton

Hal started back. "I'll wring h for him!"

She got him by his coat, pull along. "Hal, for my sake!"

A noise sounded in the *salon* as o one getting up, pushing a chair. Th door at last. She opened it. It shut behind them.

It was cold. Hal stalked ahead r ing, a shoulder sagging under the w the valise. She trotted along, her sh trying to keep up the pace. The li the long slim windows were like war she was leaving. She looked back o

Hal stopped to hail a taxi, helped "Grand Hotel," he said to the chauf

"Hal, we can't afford ——"

In the dusk of the cab she felt hin beside her. He fumbled in his pock suddenly he began to chuckle.

"Feel that."

It was his wallet, bulging with bil

"Hal, what ——"

He took it away from her.

"Twenty thousand francs, old dea bad—what?" Under the slanting ra street lamp she saw him expanded, s "You can call it my commission," h "Billings gave it to me yesterday. to tell you. It's a month's rent, ar earned it."

That was what Mary Billings had by a little loan. Twenty thousand f The price of a friend. Wasn't it stealing out in the night with twenty sand? She threw back her head and la The laughter had little hooks on it little hooks caught in her throat, tor

"Nita!" Hal gripped her arm.

But she had to go on laughing. dear—oh, dear—how funny! The bes black trunks left behind, and her gown, and—yes, she had forgotte toothbrushes. The Ratons' faces. T thousand francs for dressing Mary B up in a red velvet gown.

"Nita!"

It hurt to laugh like this. Lights together, broke into loose dancing sl The taxi drew up in front of the hote

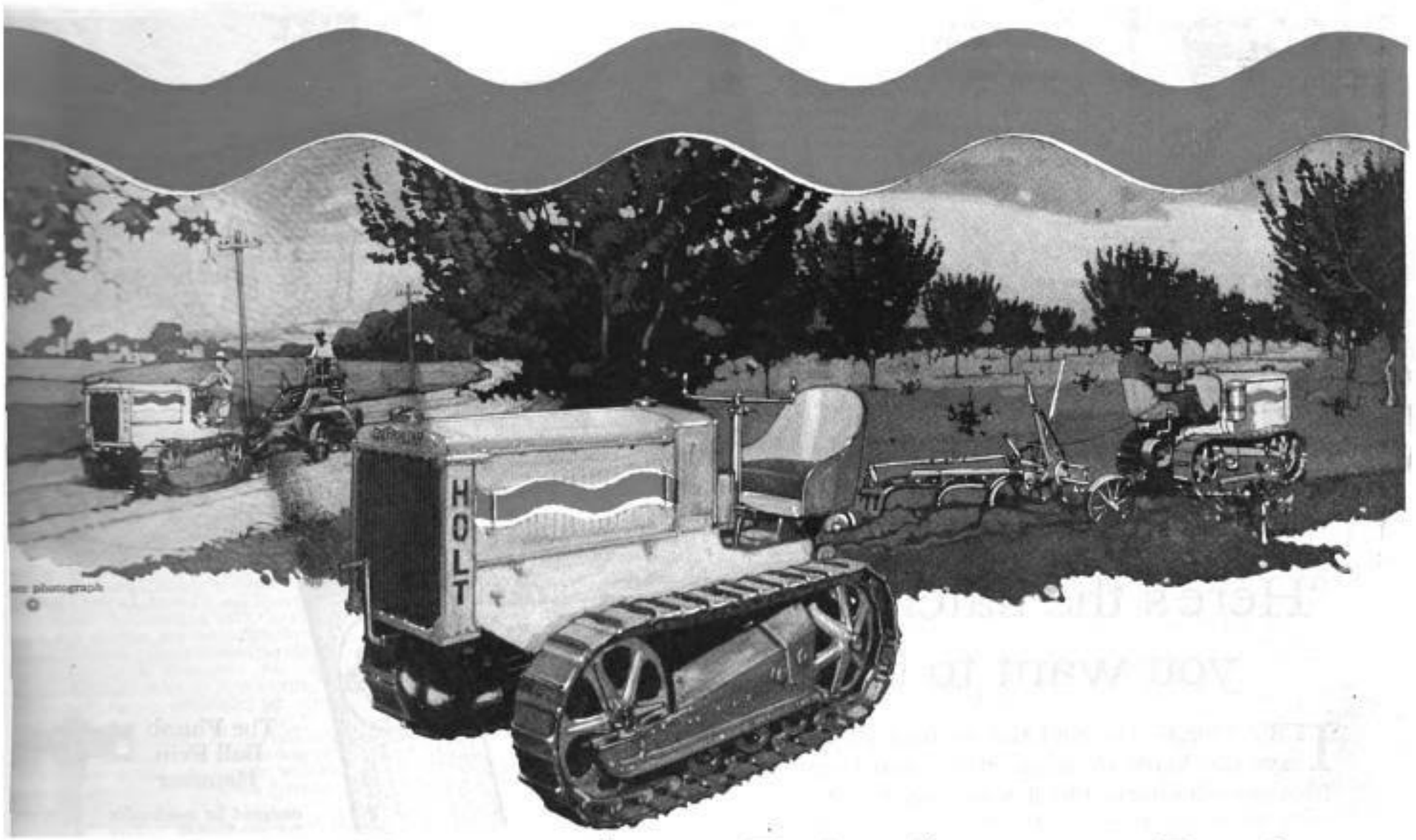
And her laughter left her.



PHOTO, BY FRED H. KIBBY, PORTLAND, OREGON, COURTESY OF NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

Lake McDonald, Glacier National Park, Montana

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For the Lighter Jobs

The "Caterpillar's" field of usefulness is by no means limited to the lighter jobs. There is a "Caterpillar"* of size and capacity for every power need. On farm or ranch, in the mining, oil and lumber industries, for snow removal and other civic work—wherever power and endurance are at a premium, the "Caterpillar"* has no real competitor*

In the "Caterpillar"*T-35, Holt brings to industry and to agriculture a small compact tractor embodying the same dependable qualities found in the larger "Caterpillars."* Simple in design, economical in operation, light in weight, yet with enduring strength and generous power, it clearly reflects the years of Holt experience in every field of tractor service.

The T-35 fits in with the road making and road maintenance programs of every city, town, county, and township. Its range of speeds, short-turning, and ability to operate in any weather or soil, gives it definite and pronounced advantages over teams or other methods of road-dragging and patrol maintenance, in pulling graders, levelers, scrapers, and other road tools. For quickly and economically **handling the lighter jobs, road contractors, engineers, and industrial users find the T-35 invaluable.**

For the farmer, the T-35 fills the need for a long-lived easily operated engine, able under all conditions, to plow, seed, and harvest, do hauling and belt work at a lower cost than can be done by any other method. In orchard and vineyard for subsoiling, discing and cultivating, operating in close quarters, the usefulness of the T-35 is practically unlimited.

Our motion picture, "The Nation's Road-Maker," shows "Caterpillars"* in actual operation, and we will gladly arrange an exhibition at your convenience. Write for a copy of catalog describing the T-35, or a copy of our booklet, "Caterpillar Performance."

CATERPILLAR
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
HOLT
PEORIA, ILL.
STOCKTON, CALIF.

**There is but one "Caterpillar"—Holt builds it. The name was originated by this Company, and is our exclusive trade-mark registered in the U. S. Patent Office and in practically every country of the world. Infringements will be prosecuted.*

THE HOLT MANUFACTURING COMPANY, *Inc.*
PEORIA, ILL. STOCKTON, CALIF.
Export Division: 50 Church St., New York
Branches and service stations all over the world

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"Here's the hatchet you want to buy"

"IT'S a Plumb—the kind the mechanics buy," says the hardware man. "It's drop forged from one solid bar of Plumb special analysis tool steel, hardened, toughened and tempered to give it 'Double Life.' It will take care of your odd jobs for years—until you lend or lose it.

"Don't run chances with an ordinary hatchet that may break just when you need it most."

The Plumb Hatchet holds its edge. The bit is tapered for fast cutting; the full striking face makes nail driving easy.

Try the "hang" and "feel." You automatically grip the hand-comfort handle at the point of greatest power. You find the weight where you want it—the perfect balance saves your strength. The mahoganized, springy, air-dried hickory handle is pleasant to the touch and pleasing to the eye. It stays clean. The black, hand-forged finish protects the head from rust.

Your hardware merchant wants you to have good tools. Take his advice: let your new hatchet be a Plumb. Carpenters insist "They're worth more."

Price $1.60 (except in Far West and in Canada)

FAYETTE R. PLUMB, Inc., Philadelphia, U.S.A.

Factories, Philadelphia and St. Louis Established 1856

Foreign Branches and Representatives:

Sydney Wellington Melbourne Brisbane Manila Johannesburg
Sao Paulo Montevideo Santiago Buenos Aires



The Plumb Ball Pein Hammer

designed by mechanics for mechanics. Eye placed off center, weight balanced in the striking face to give force and accuracy to the blow. Longer eye for greater leverage and strength. Cone shaped ball—to *spread* rivets, not mash them. Comfort grip handle. The favorite of good mechanics everywhere.

Machinists' Ball Pein (1½ lb.) $1.20
Automobilists' Ball Pein $1.00
(Except in Far West and Canada)



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THE AVERAGE WOMAN

(Continued from Page 11)

leaning her head back, laughed. The g blue eyes narrowed into slits of gleam- blue, with radiating spokes of muscle cing from the outer corners—an engag- crinkle of flesh across the bridge of her e. As a pictorial achievement it featured leniable charm, but as a device for mak- a young man feel perfectly at home it ed signally. The still ruddy frown the lyst turned into the murmurous fire was ominous one; so ominous that bending ward she asked with sirupy meekness: ou said you were in the advertising iness, didn't you? How did you come take that up?"

After several moments of brooding silence rallied to the blue friendliness of her e, and suddenly found himself expand- into autobiography. It seemed he had rked his way through Harvard after the ath of his father and the collapse of his pectations· with college ambitions that d cnanneled in other directions than ad- rtising. Immediately after graduation, wever, a cough following pneumonia d stethoscoped respirations which de- anded suspended aspirations and Western one. Elkins, a friend of his father's, had pped in and bundled him off to the mer's Colorado ranch. When a year ter, he returned, bronzed and brawny, to e East, his identification with the Elkins ency had seemed the inevitable thing.

"I see!" Infinite pity softened the phrase. You got coughed into your job. But ll, couldn't you take up steam fitting or lliard marking or something by corre- pondence?"

"My dear young lady," Straun informed er crisply, "I consider advertising the reatest power of the age, fraught with ro- ance and adventure. It is the literature f supply and demand. It is ——"

"Spare me!" An upheld hand halted im. "I know that oration by heart, having Chicago cousin in the profesh. The rouble is, though, that you advertisers hink you can take any darn old thing, ark it in a dressy box, and serve. While our ads prove you know nothing at all at ll about what you're talking about."

"For instance?"—with invitational ea- erness.

"Well, the other day in a soap advertis- ment I saw a portrait of the family wash, with a petticoat—ha, ha!—hung up by the waistband."

Such housewifely scorn fluted in this that Straun lost no time in finding out how it should be suspended. Her information, however, seemed valid, based on domestic- science information garnered from expert sources.

Then another soap picture showed Ruby in her Saturday-night tub, and even a *sense faux pas!*" she again contributed. "Which was?"

The blushing query elicited further elu- cidation; after which Straun faltered. Al- though a firm believer in Victorian reticences he knew of the realistic tendency featured in modern dialogue; hence this rapid prog- ress from petticoats to ablutionary inti- macies promised a sequence that dictated abandonment of the subject. Still, it was with the gratification of an evening well spent that he drew out the note book on his way home and scribbled:

(a) A petticoat should be hung up by piece of lace, so that wind can funnel through it.
(b) A woman does not take a bath with her hair hanging down.

The next Friday he found her in a foggy gray frock and a mood of even more spir- ited restlessness. From mockery to meek- ness, from nonsense to horse sense, from laughter to sighs—she skipped with such swiftness he despaired of focusing her atten- tion upon the static facts of advertising.

Eventually, however, his challenging "And are you still a conscientious ob- jector to advertising?" proved productive.

"Absolutibly!" was her report. "Oh, how you simiths do love to take the joy out of life! This morning I started out, full of Polly-Animation and pep, and what's the first thing I see? A cheerful reminder that eight per cent of us land in the poorhouse after we're fifty."

"But—ah——" he leaned forward so sud- denly that the wiry forelock sprang over his brow. "Doesn't that inspire you to start a savings account at that particular bank?" he pushed on after the forelock had been adjusted.

"Absolutibly not. I store my unearned increment at the Second National, be- cause ——" She furnished a perfectly good feminine reason.

Thus another entry was possible for our investigator on his way home:

An. wom. patronizes bank where ladies' writing room is cozy.

(Author's note): The surroundings, if suffi- ciently cheerful, can create an illusion that money really ain't the root of all evil.

With the third Friday came the con- viction that the probation officer was a five-foot fiend. For half an hour she embroidered the theme of mashing and mashers, and with jabbing audacities pricked Straun's sense of personal dignity into complete collapse. At first he had tried to reason her into seriousness, but the attempt merely served to stimulate her impertinence; so finally he lapsed, red and resentful, into silence. It was then she seated herself on the edge of the table before the fire, bending toward him with a mocking smile.

"Of what are you thinking of?" She ad- dressed him crooningly, chummily, just as if she'd known him all her life.

"Oh, nothing in particular." The re- sponse came stiffly, in a tone asking her to remember, please, he had known her but a short time.

"Well, you've evidently got something on your mind"—a riper smile half shut- tered the blue eyes—"besides that lock of hair that just won't lie flat on the brush."

Automatically his hand flew to his head, and at her responsive glee his scowl deepened. But suddenly he shrugged his shoulders. After all, why pay any attention to her? She meant nothing but copy, and this reflection accounted for the subsequent deformation of the truth.

"To be frank," he said, "I was just both- ering about a certain business quirk. A certain manufacturer conceived the idea of a square-headed clothespin. A good idea, you see; more easily made and packed. But somehow it wouldn't sell."

"I wonder why?" Instantly she so- bered, her small face in puckered response to the problem; then she clapped her hands. "Oh, of course!" And she gave a reason culled from a camping experience in laundry activities. And it was so plausibly utilitarian that Straun laughed.

"Oh, and another thing. A snap fastener was recently launched with an impressive advertising campaign. It proved, appar- ently, an adequate article; yet it, too, failed to sell. How ——"

"Probably because ——" She imme- diately tendered her version of a satisfac- tory snap fastener.

So into the notebook that night went two more entries:

(a) The av. wom. puts clothes pin in mouth while hanging up laundry. Square-headed va- riety uncomfortable.

(b) The av. wom. demands snap fastener that distinctly clicks when closing.

The next Friday his hostess was swaying before the phonograph when he entered. Halting her hummed accompaniment to the syncopation she greeted him gayly with: "Doesn't that tune go right to your instep?"

Straun smiled. "Not exactly. You see, I don't dance!"

"You don't dance?"—incredulously. "Why, you poor thing! But never mind. I'll teach you to think with your feet in one lesson."

"Oh, not now, please!"

The analyst's sense of the fitness of things rejected such a suggestion from a proba- tion officer. But already she had kicked aside the rugs, and when she held out her arms he perforce submitted. And somehow in the next half hour he managed to put his best foot forward in spaces unoccupied by hers so successfully that it evoked a final "Great! One more lesson, and you'll be a he-Pavlowa."

Which goes to show that a knowledge of the point of contact and motor principle may be applied in other spheres of life be- sides advertising.

"Whew!" She fanned herself with a handkerchief framed in Duchess lace. "Come over here on Madame Récamier, and cool off."

"Madame Récamier?" he questioned.

"Yes, Mr Straun." Demurely she patted the place beside her invitationally.

"I see." He grinned as he sank beside her on a couch structurally related to the chaise-longue school of relaxation. "Named after the divan in David's picture of the madame, I presume."

"Guessed it the first time," she twin- kled at him. "You see, I'm starting a movement against the anonymosity of the household gods, so I name everything. That"—nodding toward a cabinet of bijoux across the room—"is Little Jack Horner. It always stands in the corner, you know. Then the angel bed granny brought me from Belgium is of course Macduff."

"Ah! 'Lay on, Macduff!'" There was a smiling commerce between them, during which Straun put his æsthetic O. K. upon the corrugated effect that amusement wrinkled across her nose. "Then, I sup- pose," he contributed, "that the phono- graph is John Alden."

"John Alden?" A momentary pucker of perplexity cleared with a gurgle: "Oh, it speaks for itself. That's too slick! Here!" With a caracoling movement she spun to the bell. "Let's christen him now."

And so, after a servant had supplied water, Straun, the dignified analyst of the Elkins Advertising Agency, entered zest- fully into the business of flicking a drop of water over a mahogany surface, while a Puckish priestess solemnly chanted: "In the name of His Master's Voice I christen thee John Alden!"

Another session, then, on Madame Ré- camier, during which she told him a little of her life. She had been under the guard- ianship of a grandmother since her moth- er's death some ten years earlier. She had one married brother living in Baltimore, and a pet of a father. She had gone to a traveling school abroad before the darn old war; and then she had meant to be an opera singer or a nun; only she hadn't any voice and belonged to the Presbyterian church. Anyway, you know how one's family is or are, whichever it is!

Then followed an intimate exchange of irrelevancies, and Straun found this aver- age woman, with her endless ingenuities of charm, her quick nerves and imagination so persuasive and provocative that not until he reached his rooms did he realize that it was a wasted evening as far as advertising was concerned.

And yet, was it? Wasn't there a meaty, suggestive psychology in her habit of chris- tening the household gods? Vaguely he recalled feminine applications of human attributes to their belongings—his aunt's faithful umbrella, his secretary's comfort- able hand bag, his waitress' temperamental wrist watch. He remembered, too, a friend who, having taken cheap feminine notions and boxed them attractively, with a bit of paint, poetry and a name—Dolly Dumpling, for example—had turned over profits not to be sneezed at, even in golden-rod districts. All of which signified that woman's de- mand for the personal expressed itself even in her property sense. Possibly it ac- counted for certain modern advertising tendencies; but in it Straun saw capabili- ties for even richer expression. Certainly it would prove of value to the unimagina- tive merchandiser who called a spade a spade.

It was the next Friday afternoon that our analyst met his Miss Whipple on Fifth Avenue, radiant in a new kolinsky coat. She was on a shopping spree, it seemed, and he might tag her into several shops without fear of arrest if he cared to. Did he? A chance to witness at first hand the merchandising mechanics of the average woman?

"Absolutibly!" he smiled, and subse- quently attended the exchange of a thou- sand or so for articles ranging from a hair net to a jade lavallière. It proved most illuminating. In analyzing her preferences, through adroitly casual questions, he gar- nered enough material to fill eight pages of notebook. Yet something more personal than gratitude dictated his invitation to dinner; and when, later, they sat before her fire and toasted marshmallows his de- light in the curve of her cheek seemed dif- ferent from that tendered to ogive curves on platting paper.

"But see here," you are thinking, "are marshmallows supposed to be moral nour- ishment for sidewalk weaknesses? And haven't these sessions between an ostensi- ble masher and his probation officer pre- sented rather fantastic aspects?"

"travelo"
KNIT JACKETS
TRADE MARK



All-around Jackets for Year-round Wear!

Different men find different uses for "travelo" knit jackets. Every man ac- cording to his own habit, hobby or habitat. But to each, "travelo" is the favorite knit jacket for his particular activ- ity—business, recre- ation, or plain knock- abouting. That's why this original all-year jacket is handiest gar- ment a man can own. Your dealer has the models pictured; others too; in a va- riety of beautiful heathers. But, look for the "travelo" label as insurance of finest tailoring, fin- ishing, wear, fit and permanent shape.



Over 5,000 Dealers sell "travelo" knit jackets but please write us if you have any trouble buying one. And mention color preference, style and size

PECKHAM-FOREMAN, Inc
1909–1915 Park Avenue New York

$1 FORD OWNERS $1
SEND ONE DOLLAR



THE MAXO RE-GASIFIER
MONEY BACK

If the Maxo Re-Gasifier fails to give you four more miles per gallon on your Ford Car.

Makes your Ford start easier. Better pick-up and smoother running motor.

It overcomes unnecessary waste and motor troubles due to low grade gasoline.

No screens, tubes, valves, steam appliances or other parts to shake loose or become clogged. Installed in a few minutes with wrench and pliers, requires no adjustment or attention after it is in place.

The Maxo Re-Gasifier prevents condensation on the walls of the intake manifold, carbon de- posits, fouled spark plugs and will give you a maximum saving in gasoline.

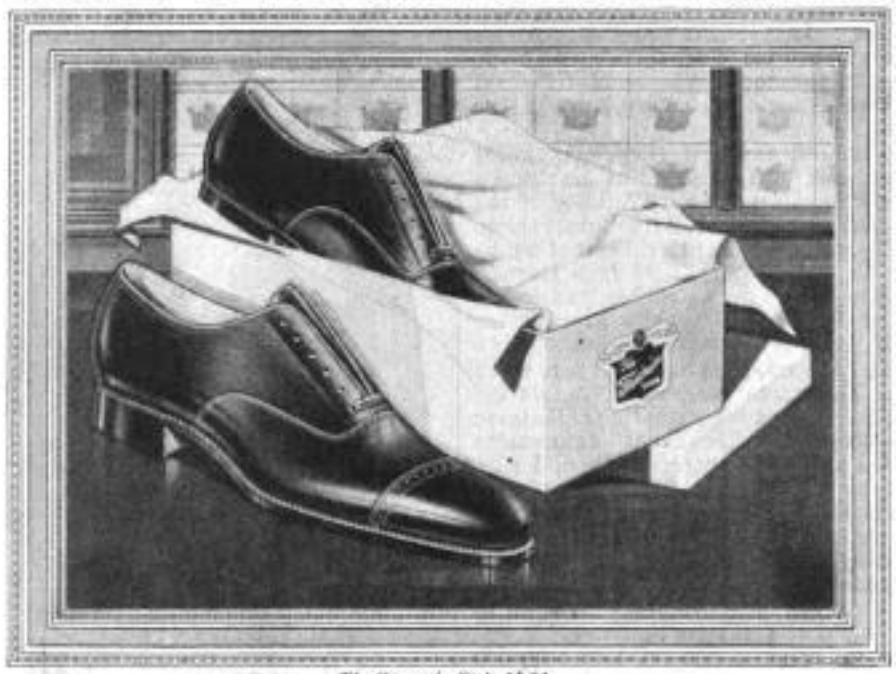
Send $1.00 and we will mail you postpaid a Maxo Re-Gasifier. Guaranteed for the life of your car. Accept no substitute for the Maxo. Start saving today by sending **your $1.**

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82 Wall Street, New York City

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THE FLORSHEIM SHOE



The Ormond—Style M-82

MONEY'S WORTH—or just a pair of shoes for your money? The difference is in the number of days' wear and the satisfaction you get. Buy Florsheim Shoes and be sure of value for what you pay. No shoe as good can sell for less.

Florsheim Low Shoes are Skeleton Lined and Non-slip—they fit the ankle and hug the heel.

The Florsheim Shoe, $10—A few styles, $11 and $12
Booklet "Styles of the Times" on request

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
Manufacturers Chicago

For the man Florsheim SHOE *who cares*



Write for this helpful little book. It will be sent you free



Madge Evans HATS for Little Ladies

EVERY girl of 6 to 16 who wants to look her loveliest should wear a Madge Evans Hat. If you would like to know how Madge Evans, herself, chooses her hats, just write: *"Dear Madge: Send me your new booklet—'Secrets of a Young Movie Star,' and I promise to look for a Madge Evans Hat before buying my Spring Hat." Address:*
MADGE EVANS HAT CO., *594 Broadway, New York City*

DEALERS: If there is no Madge Evans representative in your locality, write us at once for exclusive agency.

Undoubtedly; and Straun had by this time begun to speculate about the disregard of the involved issue. Yet his modesty and a certain naiveté refused admittance to most theories, and now, his attention given to the consumption of the bloated confections, he was enjoying himself too much to bother; too busy following the deft trickery of her mind, the butterfly restlessness of her hands. And it is surely significant that on the way home, mechanically extracting his notebook, he wrote with a whimsical grin:

She asked me to call her Teddy.

And perhaps moreso, next Friday's entry:

She calls me Alum.

The following memo,

Yellow roses are her favorite,

of course accounted for the florist's box delivered to the Whipple home the ensuing week.

Now what Straun was trying to say with flowers was this—that Fridays had become red-letter days in his calendar, ending as they did in sessions with blue eyes that laughed all the seriousness out of life. But since six weary days intervene he soon made other demands upon her engagement book. They began dancing and dining in New York. She made him read her favorite book, Alice in Wonderland; and he, mind you, read Emerson to her. Through him she became acquainted with Beethoven; through her he rediscovered Gilbert and Sullivan. Then as spring approached they ventured into Long Island picnics, usually under the chaperonage of her trim roadster, Paul Revere—who had a record himself, in midnight rides, you know. Now and then, however, they were accompanied by Granny, a tiny gracious lady of the Watteau school of grandmotherhood.

Naturally in this new intimacy he was teased ruthlessly; but now it meant piquancy, not pique. He had, you see, become rather expert in handling the zippy come-back. Certainly under her influence his somnolent play instinct awakened with surprising spontaneities. At the office he quoted Stephen Leacock, and practiced new fox-trot steps on the way to the water cooler.

Yet, however interesting this may be to the student of character, its value is negligible in revolutionizing business. And the sad part is that Straun's attitude now toward the average woman precluded any use of his copy. No, he simply couldn't do it! The advertising business could go to—the jabberwocky, before he'd turn her personality into publicity.

This decision had fully crystallized when he found Teddy one evening seated on the arm of a chair in which sat—the jocular gentleman of the courthouse.

"Oh, Alum!" she fluttered to him. "This is Judge Whipple, my paternal parent. But I forget"—with impish glee—"you two have met before."

Straun managed to absolve the orthodox amenities gracefully, but later, as the other turned to leave, there passed between daughter and father a wicked conspirational wink; and abruptly the analyst stiffened in outraged dignity.

"So"—he confronted his hostess grimly—"that was your father! Why didn't you tell me?" In the light of their intimacy, which had included acquaintance with Granny and the Baltimore brother, this omission was informed with the darkest collusion.

"I thought you knew, old stupid!"—with maddening unconcern.

"Then my supposed probation was just a frame-up; you knew I was no masher."

"Oh, absolutibly!"

"And you were willing to subject me to the humiliation of being dragged through the streets by a policeman just to exercise your peculiar sense of humor!"

Even now the memory of that ignominy stippled his brow with perspiration. The enormity of it! What if Beevee had seen! What if Elkins had heard! What if the newspapers ——

"Oh, not exactly," he heard her gurgled enjoyment of the situation. "But no man plays a follow-up system all afternoon without liking the lady's back hair or something. I just gave you an opportunity you were too spineless to make for yourself. 'Fess up now. You were frenzied to speak to me, weren't you?"

Blithely she tripped to Little Jack Horner, and selecting an antique ivory fan unfurled it across her face. Over its top her arched brows challenged a denial of her charm; her eyes gleamed an invitation to further climactic flirtatiousness. And at this childlike confidence in her attractiveness, a confidence to which every man had doubtlessly ministered, there came Straun an unaccountable impulse to wa her. Back of him generations of courtlin made this difficult. Twice he essa speech, and failed; then a triumph twinkle ignited him.

"Yes, I was frenzied to speak to you,' quoted in a dry statistical voice; "not cause you struck me as an extraordin girl but because you gave signs of bein the average woman." Then beginning v the clipping he told her everything, endi "Is this plain to you or shall ——"

"Oh, quite!" She tried to dissemble hurt in her voice with the flippancy "Say no more, my good man. Your planation is like liniment—penetrates w out rubbing it in."

For a moment she wilted; then draw her five feet to a Brunhild impressiver her eyes flashed thunder and lightning.

"So" — witheringly — "you thou you'd pick my birdlike brain to help with your darned advertising, eh? 'V do you know what you are?" Her curled in a sardonic twirl. "*You're* a co blooded, hard-boiled trout! Get out of sight. Get out of my sight!"

There was nothing else to do, so Stra went out into the night, with bla bordered, deckle-edged thoughts about women in general and the average wom in particular; really awful thoughts, s as you would hesitate to tell *your* b friend.

Once in his rooms, off came his coat a out came his notebook. By three A.M. was finished, the paper destined to re lutionize industry, entitled The Aver Woman as the Ultimate Consumer. Un his fountain pen the rather inconclus data of his notebook broadened into a co prehensive cross-section of woman's p chasing psychology. The concrete examp widened into significant general tendenc

Yet curiously enough, when he read paper that Tuesday to the advertisi club he saw it was the clothespin th pinned them to their seats; and the sn fastener that so fastened their attenti upon him.

"By George, Straun," Buell, the head a competitive agency, told him afterwa "that paper convinces me there's som thing to this psychology stuff. You' given us concrete facts to get our teeth in

Later there were many other indicatio that the article had created a definite st yet after the first flush of gratification t author sank into an emotional murk, pa ticularly noticeable on Fridays. The tru was that his conscience began functio ing painfully. Teddy was right. He ha proved himself a cold-blooded, hard-boil brute, commercializing friendship, whic according to Mr. Emerson, should be th uncommercialest of human relations. A his indignation toward her became co sumed in his own sense of guilt; and time wore on, his hunger to see her inte preted itself as the natural impulse of social sinner to exchange a whole-hearte apology for even a half-hearted pardon.

A month dragged by, and he could stan it no longer. A box of yellow roses was di patched with the plea—could he come Immediately came the answer: Yes, Wed nesday at 8:32.

Yet it was 8:21 when he raced up th steps; and 8:23 when she appeared, vividl lovely in white chiffon.

"Aha!" She struck a dramatic pose "Don't say a word. It is Mr. Sniffkins, c Seattle! I never forget a name."

Ignoring this flippancy he stalked to he and captured a butterfly hand. "Teddy I've been a perfect bounder!" and the confessed the foul deed.

"Just a moment, please." She sped to quarreled secretary, and returned with paper, which she extended. Perplexedly Straun read in his own handwriting:

THE AVERAGE WOMAN

(a) Adds postscripts to her letters.
(b) Uses hairpin for repair work.
(c) Is afraid of mice.

"That fatal day in the hotel," she bubbled, "after you left to phone, I reached over for some stationery, and this got mixed with it. Without thinking, I read it, and then staged that trick rehearsal. Of course I didn't write any postscript; nothing ailed my music roll; and as for mousie—well, there warn't no sich animal."

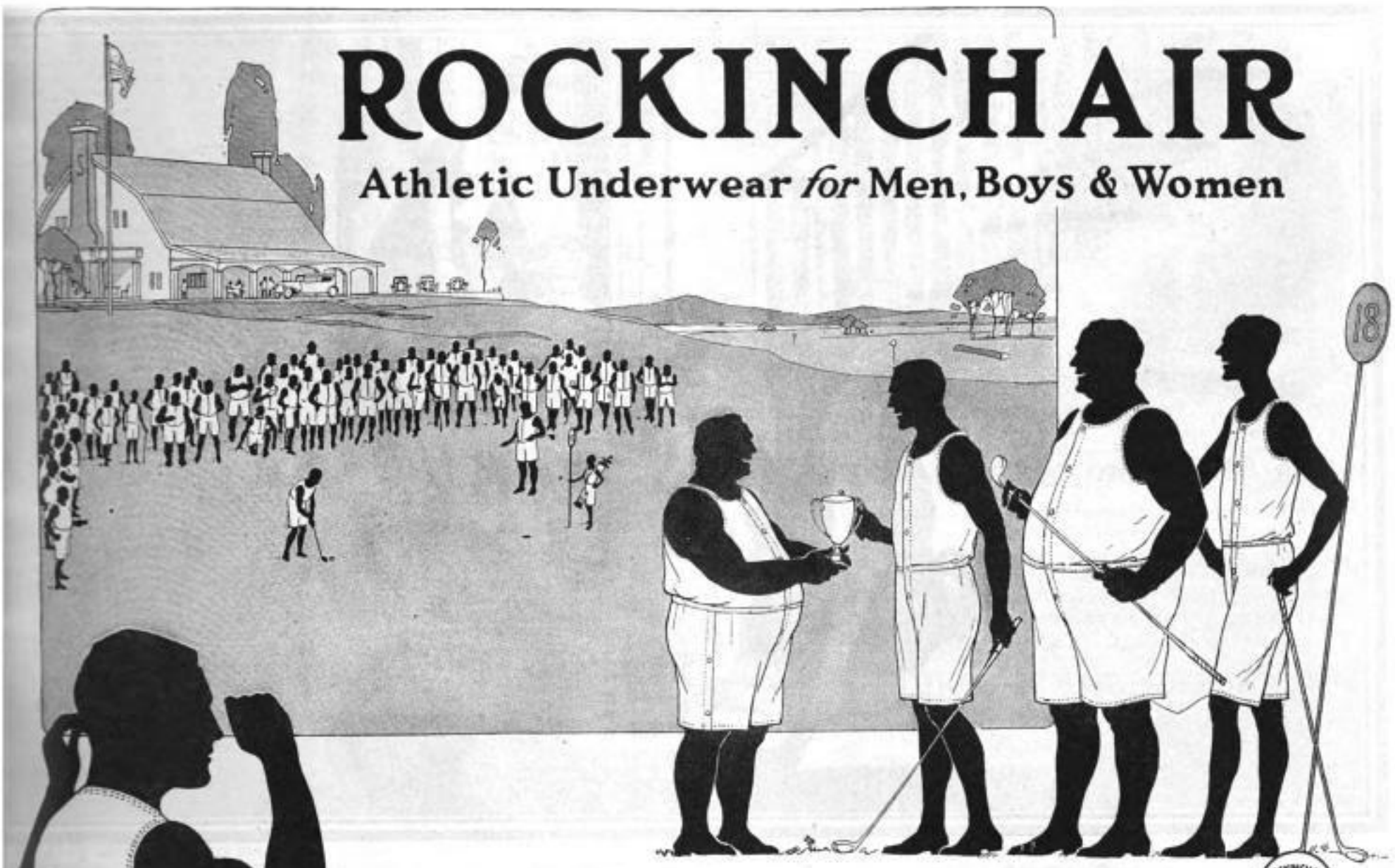
Straun grinned through the horn-rimmed goggles. "Well, I'll be darned!"

(Continued on Page 137)

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ROCKINCHAIR

Athletic Underwear *for* Men, Boys & Women



Perfect Fit for *All* Figures

The short stout, the regular, the tall slim and the big heavy man can *all* be *perfectly* fitted, with absolute comfort, in Rockinchair Underwear ——

—— *because every CHEST size of Rockinchair is made in these FOUR models—Short Stout, Regular, "Slim Jim" and "Big Bill."*

No matter what your build you can get solid underwear comfort in Rockinchair, because there is a model to fit *you*—not only at the chest, but in the *trunk* and *girth* as well.

And it is easy to be properly fitted. You are one of these four builds. You simply ask for your chest size in that model and you get a trunk and girth as well as chest measure that *fit your particular figure.*

Then there's the blouse in back that allows such unusual bodily freedom, the closed, sanitary seat and crotch and the side-leg opening, adjusted in a jiffy.

You see, Rockinchair is really *tailored* underwear, intelligently designed to fit and please men of all sorts of figures. There is class and character to Rockinchair—in the way it fits, the happy comfort it provides and in its very appearance.

Yet it is reasonably priced.

There is no underwear like Rockinchair. There are imitations but no substitutes—so ask your dealer for it by name.

HENDERSON & ERVIN **331 Fourth Avenue** **New York City**

CHICAGO: 234 S. Wells Street BOSTON: 52 Chauncy Street ATLANTA: 601 Silvey Building

Duofold for Winterwear *Rockinchair for Summerwear*



Comfort with Feminine Daintiness—for Women

Rockinchair for women is a truly feminine union suit that combines splendid comfort features with a dainty elegance so much desired.

Seat and crotch are fully closed—no bunching or binding. Convenient side-leg opening closes with one button, the only button on the garment. Has blouse effect above the waistband that allows bending over without straining the garment.

Made in zephyr mull, silk and cotton, and crepe silk—flesh and white. Neat lingerie pins make the shoulder straps adjustable.

Ask your dealer or write us.



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"Jap-a-lac Certainly Wears on Floors"

DISTRIBUTED BY

The Glidden Company	Cleveland
Heath & Milligan Mfg. Co.	Chicago
Adams and Elting Co.	Chicago
Campbell Paint & Varnish Co.	St. Louis
Campbell Paint & Varnish Co.	Dallas
The A. Wilhelm Co.	Reading, Pa.
T. L. Blood & Co.	St. Paul, Minn.
American Paint Works	New Orleans
Twin City Varnish Co.	St. Paul, Minn.
Forest City Paint & Varn. Co.	Cleveland
Nubian Paint & Varnish Co.	Chicago
The Glidden Company of Mass.	Boston
The Glidden Company of Texas	Dallas
The Glidden Co. of Cal.	San Francisco

For Canada:
The Glidden Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Manufacturers of
Paints · Varnishes · Stains · Enamels

"Yes, it's been several years since we refinished the floors with Jap-a-lac. This coat will be good for several years more. Dad used to Jap-a-lac the floors at home twenty-five years ago, when I was just a youngster."

Why not let Jap-a-lac lower the cost of upkeep in your home? It will save your floors, woodwork and linoleum. It will very materially enhance the value of furniture and countless other objects in and about the home.

With Jap-a-lac clear varnish, or any of the popular genuine Jap-a-lac varnish stains, the natural beauty of the surface finished is brought out splendidly. *And you save money, too.*

Look about you in your home. Decide to try this household necessity. You'll find a Jap-a-lac dealer in your neighborhood —they are everywhere. Be sure to ask for genuine Jap-a-lac.

JAPALAC WITH GENUINE JAP-A-LAC HOUSEHOLD FINISHES



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(Continued from Page 134)

So, you see, as an a. w. I'm a fake, so old paper was false testimony. Hence, rdingly and therefore, spare me the ogy." She sank into the softnesses of ame Récamier, and Straun relaxed le her.

Alum!" For several moments she d at him solemnly. "You came into fe at a psycho-illogical moment." An- long pause. "When I cut school years ago I got in with some speed ialists, here and in Manhattan. Our s were beset with olive pits and gin, ly gin. The girls were all sweet young s, 'standing with jazzy feet, where the ny Brook and the Green River meet.' the men"—with a reminiscent frown— re anticurfew cuties with nothing much e the collar except a snappy conviction we're a long time dead. Well, after a le I fell in love with one of these organ- s, and life seemed just one rosy blur, ll—until—he turned yellow on me. I d his ethics was or were—whichever it so broad that the only thing a perfect t wouldn't do was spit on the sidewalk hrottle his grandmother."

The smile with which she halted was the mocking one, but Straun sensed it was mask for a smarting scar.

"You poor child," he murmured, and ed a hand which snuggled into his own. "Then I saw he measured up to the rest em. I saw, if I may be perfectly Frank- ne, that you can't get loose on one of r soul-sides without rattling all over. I sickened of the whole gang, and was ning my farewell that day in the hotel. n suddenly," she sighed, "I glanced r at you; and you looked so darn de- ndable and sensible in those horn-rimmed ndshields that my faith in men revived." Here Straun permitted himself a pressure the snuggling hand, which was lightly re- rned, as she pursued: "Course it's a ean thing to say about anybody, but you emed so wholesome, so different from or an—whichever it is—that other bunch at, well—I wanted you in my life, as an tidote maybe. And when I found that lipping I saw a chance to start something, d I finished it, too, by gosh!"

"Do—do—you—mean"—with a goggled re of incredulity—"that—you—er—you ked me?"

"Absolutibly. I felt somehow, Alum"—tender note seeped into the soft soprano—"you were the sort who could save me from yself——"

"Oh, my dear," was the inadequate ex- ression of the analyst's tattooing pulses; at he made a move toward her and be- fore he knew it she was in his arms.

"Kiss me, angel man," she requested, and, after he had filled the order satisfac- torily, drew away to ask: "And now, where are we going to get married?"

"Get married?"—a little weakly.

"Certainly. You love me, don't you?"

"Oh, my sweet, I do!" And in it was the ringing conviction of a man who has long feared and meant to propose just as soon as—"And you?"

"I'll adore you forever and ever," she assured him gravely; then, addressing a French print above them, whispered smil- ingly, "Reno papers please copy." Straun was grinning idiotically as she ended, "As for orange blossoms—'eventually, why not now?'"

A worried frown sprang between the reddish-brown eyes then as they inven- toried the luxuries about them. "Dearest, I make a fair salary, but not nearly enough to warrant the life you've been used to," he tritely parried. "We must wait, I'm afraid, until I get an increase."

"No"—with the serenity of one whose initiatives have ever been ultimatums— "we'll do it now. I like the present style in wedding rings, and they may change any day. Besides, we don't need much to start with, just a teeny little apartment the size of a pie board. Then Granny will give me a mahogany and we can fill in with ash-ivers."

"As-ivers?" he queried.

"The kind of furniture that's tagged: 'Formerly $200; as is, $4.98.'"

This the young man receipted with a hug and a tender "You little mental gymnast," before she resumed: "Then, I'll do the cooking. I told you I'd taken a course in domestic science, and if I do say so as oughtn't, I can shake a pretty mean skillet. Give me some milk from contented cows, eggs from happy hens and honey from bliss- ful bees, and I can compose French pastry like an."

Rational thinking, of course, became more and more difficult in close proximity to such persuasiveness, so at last Straun rose and, pacing in front of John Alden, hands in pockets, tried to reëstablish his old acquaintance with the fourness of two and two. French pastry! Ah, that sym- bolized the whole situation! Her life had been all French pastry, and though the froth of her personality was largely tem- peramental its preservation was due to freedom from responsibilities and the re- strictions attendant upon the daily-bread realities of existence. Moreover, he loved the meringue of her too much to see it crusted over with sodden economies.

Now to you who married on fifteen per and achieved the French-pastry touches by saving soap wrappers, this will sound like foolishness. But Straun, it seemed, had carried over into this age of marital co- partnerships archaic ideals of the good provider—a sentimental hang-over from the days when feminine shoulders were so sloping that the lightest burdens slipped off.

And yet when he dropped into a near-by chair Teddy was instantly on its arm, and with the first playful tweak of the rebellious forelock reason was ruinously uprooted. He forgot the French-pastry prohibitions of his pay envelope; he forgot everything in the bliss of being engaged to not an average woman, please understand, but the most wonderful little girl in the world. It was not until after the good-night ir- relevancies were over that he connected up with reality sufficiently to promise: "I'll see Elkins about an increase to-morrow."

But that gentleman, a vegetarian whose conservatism extended far beyond dietetics, blasted this hope over his nut loaf the next day at lunch. Good Lord! Didn't Straun know what present conditions were? A raise was simply out of the question? When things opened up—well, he'd see.

Of course the lover's spirits dropped with a thud, and as he sought his rooms that night his heart was as heavy as—inferen- tially—Teddy's first pastry. Fiercely he applied himself to sordid problems of addi- tion and subtraction, but juggle the figures as he might, the total eternally insisted that his salary could not insure a happy future for a young woman with kolinsky coats, liveried servants and trim roadsters in her past. And oh, how he hated to tell her!

Yet the next evening she met the sad news gayly.

"It's all right anyway, Alum," sooth- ingly. "I told the family weeks ago I meant to propose, and after they'd fumed awhile they sleuthed out your history; finding, of course, that you're the salt of the earth as well as the apple of my eye." She tiptoed up to kiss the forelock into adherence. "So when I told dad you'd accepted me the old lovie said he'd buy us a bungalow on Long Island, so the children would have a yard to play in, and give us an allowance until you got to be president of the chamber of commerce or some- thing."

"No, Teddy, I couldn't accept it." His gentleness was steeled with an inflexible obduracy. "I've seen too many marriages fail that way. They both get a set of false values. The man loses the incentive to get the best out of himself; the girl loses iden- tification with the man's problems and interests. Instead of growing together they grow apart."

Somehow he anticipated a stormy pro- test or tinkling disdain, but instead, the long blue eyes clouded with the fear of a child who's seen a ghost.

"Grow apart! Oh, Alum, we can't let that happen." Fiercely she clung to him, then after a breathy pause: "Probably you're right. You know so much more than I or me—whichever it is—but, oh"— with sudden vehemence—"I've got to have you! You're the only person that can make anything out of a flighty filbert like my- self."

"You dear, divine thing." Straun bent to kiss her reverently. "It's mighty hard, but we'll have to be patient. Business is bound to pick up soon; then Elkins, I know, will come across. So"—he sighed dolorously—"we must wait."

Thus began weeks of waiting, during which Straun was taken to the bosom of the small family whose collective hearts beat in unified adoration of the tiny Teddy. Straun saw that had she elected to marry a Chinese laundryman their acceptance would have been inevitable; and his modesty interpreted their increasing amiabilities as gratitude for escape from this hypothetical *mésalliance*. Yet this friendliness flavored

There's no other drink like ROOTBEER *made from*



One 25c package makes 80 glasses

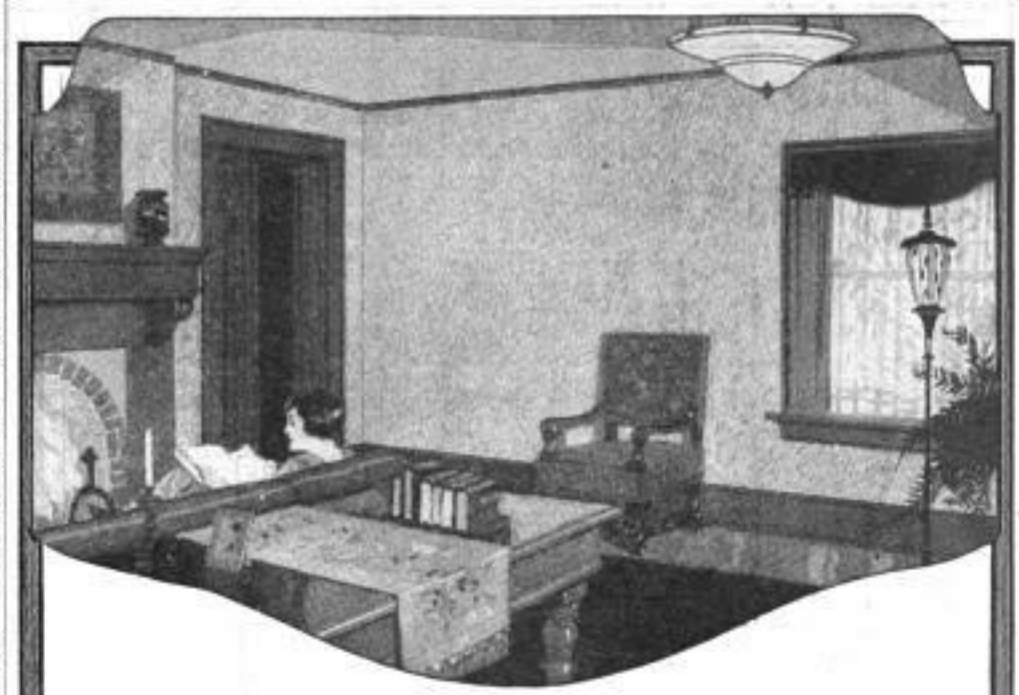
ROOTBEER from Hires Household Extract is easy to make. It is pure and delicious—fragrant with the blend of sixteen roots, herbs, barks and berries. Bottle according to the simple directions printed on the package. Use good corks or ask your grocer for Hires Patent Bottle Stoppers.

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If your dealer cannot supply you send 25 cents and we will send, postpaid, package direct. Or send $2.80 for carton of one dozen.

Ask for Hires at the fountain, or carbonated in bottles, ready to drink, from your dealer.

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Trade **CompoBoard** Mark

The Wood Core Wall Board

The Proper Foundation for Beautiful Interiors

Gives you permanent walls that will not crack, chip, warp, shrink or buckle. It keeps out dampness, cold and heat.

Does not require panel strips. Makes a smooth wall. The best decorations for Compo-Board are wall paper, canvas, burlap, etc. Can also be painted or kalsomined. *Compo-Board Filler* is especially prepared to fill joints and nail heads.

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"The Happy Daisy Boy"

You Can Trust Your Boy With a Gun!

Every boy who loves outdoors and clean, manly sport wants a gun. Most parents—mothers as well as fathers—recognize that the boy's first gun, while harmless, must be more than a plaything; it can be a means of education and training in itself.

Many parents are solving this problem with the Daisy Air Rifle. Harmless because it uses compressed air instead of powder, and so well finished and "business like" in appearance that it satisfies the rightful pride of every boy who owns one. Millions of American men first learned to shoot with a Daisy.

Different Daisy models range in price from $1.00 to $5.00. Ask any hardware or sporting goods dealer.

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Plymouth, Michigan, U. S. A.

DAISY
AIR RIFLES



CHARACTER EVIDENT : QUALITY INSURED

ÆTNA The Insured Hat

If you don't know how the Aetna insurance policy guarantees complete hat satisfaction, ask your dealer or write us.

Established 1832

COTRELL & LEONARD, DANBURY, CONN.

life so pleasantly that not until June did Teddy's growing restlessness reflect itself in his own dissatisfaction with the *status quo*. And then one day the gods grinned.

He was lunching at the Advertising Club, when Buell entered and joined him. The first half hour was wholly absorbed in the latter's homage to the Average Woman paper. Then as the author rose to go he was halted with "See here, old man, I know you're in strong with the Elkins people, but if you ever think of changing, remember, there's a ten-thousand job waiting at our shop."

The analyst gasped. Ten thousand! That meant orange blossoms and little Teddy. It meant enough of the French pastry of life to nourish a love as robust as theirs.

Not that his stammered "Thanks awfully; I'll think it over" meant identification with a competitive concern, but surely this indorsement of value, since business was looking up, would induce Elkins to meet the offer. Yet that vegetarian gave the proposition merely a fishy eye and a grunt. Not until closing time did he grow articulate. Of course, Buell was in a position to make a fool offer like that; but after all, he hinted in veiled circumlocution, wasn't it to his beneficence at a time of physical collapse and financial helplessness that Straun owed his life? To be sure, there was little sentiment in business nowadays, but he still kidded himself that there was such a thing as loyalty still left in the world.

Now Straun knew it was taking advantage of a situation. From his earnings he had repaid every cent entailed in that Colorado sojourn; yet this fact lost all its weight under the pressure of Elkins' assumption that he had saved his life. The vigor of his short-lived expectations showed him now how much the girl meant to him; and his anguish in their collapse became so acute that the next day when he met her for lunch the need for solace dictated a confession. Naturally enough, his ethical delicacies infuriated her.

"Do you mean to say you're going to turn down this offer just because this here Elkins let you graze on his ranch for a year?"

Straun's answer was checked by the entrance of this here Elkins. Seeing his analyst he came to their table and was presented to Miss Whipple; then, meaningly, "My fiancée." After a casual glance at her and some generalities he passed on; but his appearance seemed to madden the young woman. She flashed from scorn to bitterness and a final accusation that Straun's objections had all been alibis anyway. He had never really cared, and so forth, and so forth.

Naturally this evoked a passionate disclaimer, built around the I-could-not-love-thee-dear-so-much-loved-I-not-honor-more theme. Of course he adored her more than all the world, and so forth, and so forth.

"Well, then"—grimly, as she drew on a number-five glove—"you're too darn noble for me. I couldn't live up to these Alpine ideals of yours, Mister Galahad. So it's up to Teddy to store the old hope chest and flutter out of your life."

"You mean"—he caught her wrist tensely—"you want to break our engagement?"

"Absolutibly! Granny leaves Sunday for our New Hampshire place, and I'll go with her."

She paused to lower her veil over eyes that prophesied an imminent wet spell. "Of course if you come to your senses and accept this offer, all right. Otherwise I don't want to see you again."

It goes without saying that he tried every argument known to Romeo and Sir Francis Galton; but nothing melted her.

Then followed weeks in which fifty-seven varieties of pangs competed for ascendancy in his crushed heart. Life degenerated into a product of ashes and Dead Sea fruit, of which he became the ultimate consumer. It seemed purposeless, meaningless, as ironic as an anthracite advertisement in the nether regions. And all this time warfare between instinct and conscience raged; so that even prewar pleasures became marked-down values. Emerson, chess, Beethoven no longer pleased; two and two no more made four, but a five-foot figure of unforgetable dearness.

Then a psychological change deve in his relations with his employer. constraint between them, one which S tried to ignore out of existence, in l began finding expression in active ar nism and faultfinding. The ratio be the manufacturing and selling costs Camille Cough Drop was simply absur for the last chart, it looked as if it had traced by ouija under the control of Khayyam.

Self-consciousness and even self-di showed in the analyst's work; yet hi recation of Elkins' antagonism was most disturbed him.

After all, he had sacrificed the clai love to the obligations of friendship, a find this souring on him was reall much. Human endurance had a reached the saturation point. He gr ritable and embittered; so much so even Beevee noted it.

"What ails you, old hoss?" he rallie malcontent. "You've been going ar looking like a cross between the gladiator and a bird who's just paid h come tax."

So Straun confided Elkins' reactic the Buell offer, and his subsequent host

"Sure!" Beevee snorted. "That's old man's game—to squeeze every dro of us at the lowest price per quart pos You were a chump not to quit."

And later corroborations of this tou tribute did make the temptation to r almost overpowering. But at the tho of a violent disruption of an inhe friendship, through his initiative, an developed conscience always rebelled. it was better to suffer in silence Elkins' accumulative antagonism cr nated in a more or less honorable discha So he continued to suffer.

Then one day while in the filing room joining his employer's office he overhea conversation about himself, ending a casual characterization of the most derful girl in the world. It was this which evoked the clenched fist, the po ing pulses and other physiological ackn edgments of the superinsult. Blindly stumbled to his desk. Two minutes lat resignation was handed to the office boy immediate delivery. Then to the ph where, incredible enough, he instantly his party.

"Mr. Buell? . . . Allan Straun sp ing. . . . Is the position still op . . . Good! . . . Sign a contract the first? . . . Fine!"

Yet as a slow train carried him to N Hampshire that afternoon he wa far h happy. A thousand doubts assailed h Would she see him? Could she see hi Perhaps she was dead! Maybe she married! What if that anticurfew boun had —— O Lord!

But at five o'clock, in the prim little tion, the voice over the phone assured h that she and Paul Revere would pick h up in five minutes. And when, later, saw down the road the meteorlike flash Paul his misgivings merged in a grin thankfulness that there were no traffic c in that part of New Hampshire. On t ride back he incoherently reported his ceptance of the Buell offer, which, af they were settled in the viny arbor in t rear of the Whipple garage, resulted activities which the advertising fraterni would recognize as a class of transacti made without conscious decision.

Yet after a while Teddy disengaged h self to say: "But, Alum, to what do y owe your decision to? You haven't yet to me what made you resign."

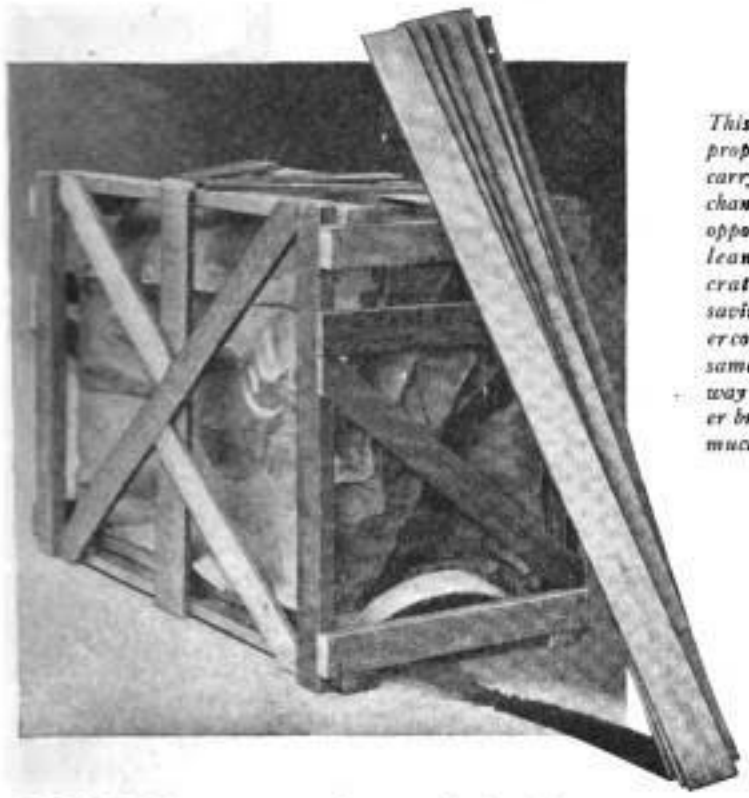
"Oh—er—something I overheard." took a long moment to cancel his relu tance. "Elkins was speaking of my e gagement, and someone I couldn't identi asked what sort of a girl you were. A then—and then"—the eyes behind th horn-rimmed goggles burned with remini cent resentment—"he said something so so belittling I could stand it no longer. quit."

"What did he say?" Now the butterfl hands were clenched.

"He said, 'Oh, nothing out of the ord nary that I could see. Just the averag woman, I suppose.'"

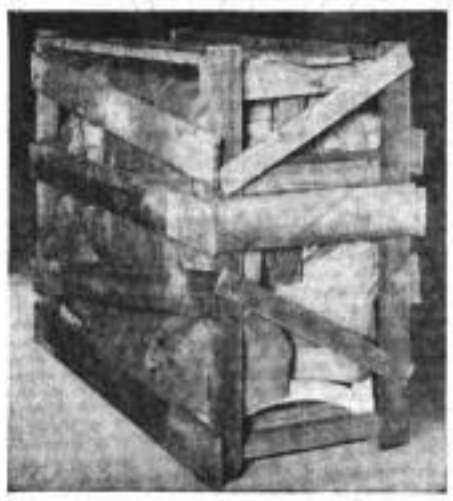
"Oh, angel man!" Teddy gurgled an held out her arms, and then was forme what might be termed an interlocking di rectorate.

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This cut shows a crate properly designed to carry the same merchandise as the crate opposite. The boards leaning against the crate represent the saving made by proper construction. At the same time the three-way corner, and proper bracing, make it a much stronger crate.

A typical crate. More lumber than necessary used, as shown by the crate opposite; weak corner construction; ineffective bracing. The kind of crate that makes for delayed shipments, damage claims, poor collections, dissatisfied customers.



A $100,000,000 *Annual Packing Loss—Most of It Saveable*

HERE are two facts of significance to every shipper in the country.

That in twelve cities in a single month a freight inspection bureau was obliged to refuse or repair 43,738 packages received by carriers unfit for shipment.

And that, in spite of such rigid inspection, the railroads of the country in 1919 paid out $103,000,000 in claims on lost and damaged freight.

What is responsible for this condition?

THE PACKING of goods looks like a simple matter.
Just two problems to meet:

1. *To build an economical crate of the right size.*
2. *To make it strong enough to stand the jolts and bumps of shipping and to protect the contents.*

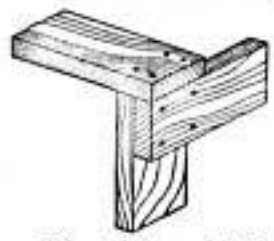
Such an obvious thing that few shippers have questioned whether it was being done right—perhaps not knowing that proper crate construction is no longer a matter of guesswork but is based on definite engineering principles. The U. S. Forest Products Laboratory and other agencies have contributed much in this development.

The Weyerhaeuser organization has for years been at work on this problem—collecting and analyzing the facts, so that every foot of lumber it sells for crating purposes will deliver 100% service and at the same time effect the greatest saving for the shipper.

AS A RESULT, this organization now offers to industrial executives a service that not only tells how to cut shipping costs and losses, but also includes the designing of crates to fit, in each case, the product to be packed.

Here is a service that has, in one instance, *saved a manufacturer* 10% *in his crating lumber costs,* 5% *in labor costs,* and 3% in freight costs; and through his ability to deliver his goods in uniformly better condition, speeded up his collections and increased his sales.

Weak Crate Corner Construction



The corner is the weakest part of the ordinary crate. This illustration shows a common method of crate corner construction in which the lumber is not used to maximum advantage. Nails driven into end grain have comparatively low holding power. This type of crate corner also lacks the bracing effect obtainable, with the same amount of lumber, nails and labor, in the approved "Three-way" corner illustrated below.

The racking and pulling apart of the ordinary crate corner is responsible for much of the damage to goods in shipment.

Strong Crate Corner Construction



This simple method of fastening together the corners of a crate requires no more lumber, is no more expensive to put together, yet is many times stronger than the method shown above.

In the better "Three-way" corner, each member is nailed to another member and has the third member nailed to it, making it very difficult to destroy the crate with ordinary handling. Note that all nails are driven into side grain. The distinguishing feature of this "Three-way" corner is that each member is held by nails or bolts in two directions. There are 16 ways to build this "Three-way" corner.

Make Every Month Perfect Package Month

LUMBER is the standard material for shipping containers. For this purpose this organization offers to factory and industrial buyers, from its fifteen distributing points, ten different kinds of lumber, of uniform quality and in quantities adequate to any shipper's needs.

A booklet outlining the principles of crate construction and explaining the personal service of Weyerhaeuser engineers will be sent on request to manufacturers who use crating lumber.

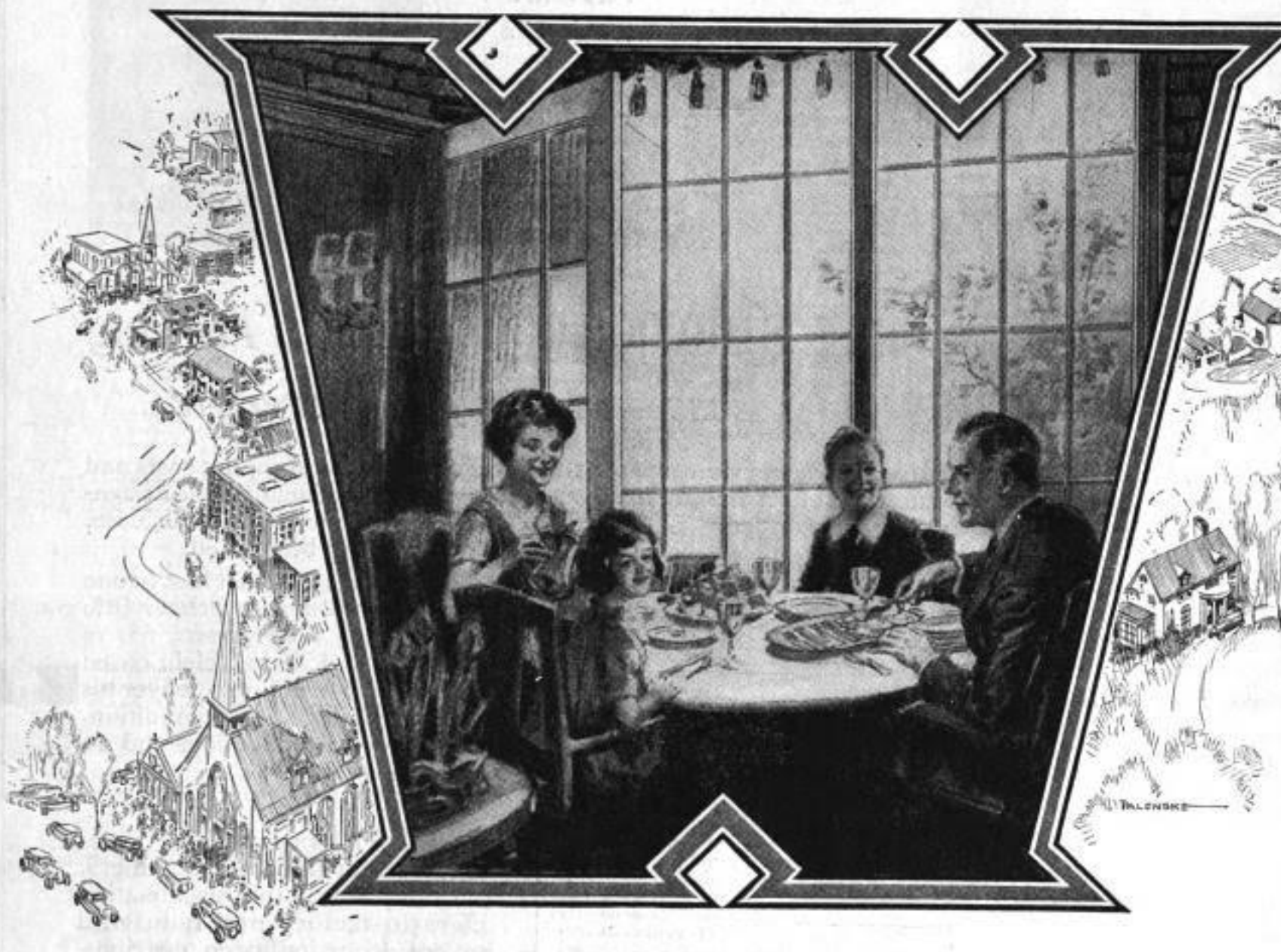
Weyerhaeuser Forest Products are distributed through the established trade channels by the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company, Spokane, Washington, with branch offices at 208 S. La Salle St., Chicago; 1015 Lexington Bldg., Baltimore; and 4th and Roberts Sts., St. Paul; and with representatives throughout the country.

WEYERHAEUSER FOREST PRODUCTS
SAINT PAUL • MINNESOTA

Producers of Douglas Fir, Pacific Coast Hemlock, Washington Red Cedar and Cedar Shingles on the Pacific Coast; Idaho White Pine, Western Soft Pine, Red Fir and Larch in the Inland Empire; Northern White Pine and Norway Pine in the Lake States

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WILSON'S



WILSON'S *Certified* BACON on Easter Mornin —the Best Breakfast of the year



This money-saving book free

Over a quarter of a million homes in America own a copy of "Wilson's Meat Cookery." If you have none, we will mail you one free. It tells you how to buy and cook meats most economically and most satisfactorily. Write today for a copy to Wilson & Co., Dept. 438, Chicago.

Users of Wilson's *Certified* Bacon know its goodness—know the appetizing appeal of the crisp, golden-brown, tempting slices on Easter morning. Those who have not eaten it have a real treat in store for them.

Not ordinary bacon this—though it is just as economical to buy as something which would please you a great deal less. Especially selected, it is cured slowly and patiently, and smoked just as carefully, so that it may have the fullest degree of delicious flavor—so that it tastes as good as it looks.

Here are some suggestions for cooking Wilson's *Certified* Bacon. You will find them most s factory. They are taken from "Wilson's M Cookery."

Broiling is the ideal method of cooking bacon. A fine wire rack s be used to hold the slices in place. Place the rack over a pan to the drippings, have a hot fire and turn the bacon as soon as one s lightly cooked, and finish the browning quickly.

Some cooks prefer the following way of frying bacon: Put boiling in the pan to cover the bottom and boil the bacon quickly until the has cooked away; finish the browning with dry heat.

Bacon is an economical meat, as every bit of both fat and lean is uti Left-over bacon may be used in sandwiches, or cut up in scra eggs, omelets, cereals or stuffed eggs.

Your dealer will supply you with Wilso *Certified* Bacon, Ham, Lard, Shortening, a other Wilson's *Certified* products.

"This mark WILSON & CO. your guarantee"

The Wilson label protects your table

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WINTER LIFE IN THE CZAR'S CAPITAL

(Continued from Page 17)

e or less mixed masses, till the tree den down and toys and other gifts nded it. Then the artists would come rom their stepladders or scramble up eir knees, tired and dilapidated, but sely satisfied after a long evening of irty work.

faculty of Russians to do a small th such delight, simplicity and serious ion always seemed to me one of their st charms. That and their love of n. I never could have brought up ree rollicking offspring had it not or the good advice and aid of all the ed aunts and uncles, who knew these people well and were adored by ttet. Somehow in our Russian life ship had a more intimate and greater eance than it has usually elsewhere world, and there seemed more time mpanionship as well. Long hours of were always possible as one sat in the fternoon or through the evening, with inevitable tea and cigarettes being d about.

y, intelligent conversation there was, every sort of subject came up and handled with unconscious brilliancy. tally in the society of old Russia one the same sensation as one has physi- when one's body has been thoroughly ised and is exactly fit. The whole at- phere of a Russian party, whether large intimate circle, seemed full of con- ce and affectionate understanding, of culture, free from all pedantry and , and there was invariably good breed- with no pretensions or mannerisms to it in the least. This, with sparkling good spirits, charity and kindliness, le up a society difficult to reproduce where, and of the most compelling at- tion to all foreigners who had the good to be included in our circle.

The Sovereigns Receive

With the first of the year and the levee d at court the season began in dead nest and society became the serious ness of our young women's lives. When Sovereigns were in town, before the sso-Japanese War occurred, the Em- s held court on New Year's morning d received in person the good wishes of r subjects. These, like herself, were ssed in typical national costumes. exandra-Fëdorovna's perfect features, e beautiful oval of her face, her classic ad and shoulders and her regal carriage re well adapted to the gorgeousness and ight of all she had to wear and the Czar- a's costumes were of legendary splendor. ittle as she cared for extravagance in odern gowns or hats from Paris, her na- re responded to the possibilities of ancient finery. Her love for beautiful brocades, r ancient laces, for rich embroideries of mas and other precious stones, for furs nd rare jewels, led her to create for her- lf clothes magnificent almost beyond elief. She liked, I think, occasions when he wore court dress. It suited the Em- ress' rather heavy figure and she was supremely well built to carry off the massive tuliness of it all. High Kakoshnik head- ress and long lace veil, slashed sleeves that ell to the floor, an underdress of metal and stones embroidered, with overdress and rain that taxed even her strength, became ar- well. Sometimes it was all cloth of gold, r velvet, or brocade, with always wide arderings of priceless dark sables. Over ll this—jewels, row upon row. Her Maj- sty wore about her neck pearls and dia- monds of most startling size, and they spread down on her dress, covering her as with a sparkling buckler.

The grand duchesses and the rich ladies f the court did their best to follow this example, but though they represented the best of taste, with often real creative talent, they had no such supplies to draw on for their costumes, and were forced therefore to modify ambitions which might otherwise have been allowed to soar. Here and there about the palace halls, some original note in color or design among the gowns attracted the eye. Such was a train of turquoise velvet with great sheaves of Easter lilies wrought in metal and soft silks upon it; and further on there was a train where the embroidery reproduced the tail of a proud peacock in its natural coloring. There were very varied patterns and many lovely old brocades. In the immense halls of the Winter Palace enough floor space existed to spread out all the trains, and the ladies of our court could preen themselves and show off their fine feathers beautifully on New Year's morning.

The men meantime were being received in other halls by the Emperor, who in the midst of his courtiers and officials of his army and navy always apparently felt an agony of shyness. Yet he made his round of the diplomatic circle gathered in one hall, and found some short phrase or question to address to each head of mission in that line. He did the same among the Russians.

During the days that followed, the talk of the town bore much on the great function of the New Year's reception, and always it showed the reactions of those who took part toward the central figures in these picturesque scenes. Toward the Empress there was unreserved admiration for her great beauty, no mention of Her Majesty otherwise at all. About the Emperor there was much talk as to what he did and said and how he did and said it, of how he looked, the charm of his expression, of how hard it was for him to do his share in any society program. A mixture of awe for the head of the church and state, of sympathy and a desire to aid the shy man, and a real regret that by his official rôle His Majesty was always forced to do these things which were so against his simple bourgeois tastes. I am sure when New Year's Day was quite over the Sovereigns drew a deep breath in sheer relief, but their guests of the morning kept a warm feeling in their hearts for those who ruled them, and who were to many of their guests really their Little White Father and the father's fairylike consort.

As soon as people left the Winter Palace they were seen rushing about all over town in tiny sleighs or broughams, which stopped and emptied their occupants at the grand-ducal palaces. We all were obliged to inscribe our names upon the books left in their anterooms by the members of the imperial family. This was the equivalent of a call on royalty and the scribbling of one's name was an excellent excuse for a few moments of pleasant conversation and the exchange of a compliment or two with other visitors.

About six weeks of quite mad gayety followed this opening of the season. It was only in old days, before the war with Japan, that the Sovereigns played any part in all this and gave their share of entertainments. Then the Winter Palace was often open. Their Majesties arranged to have at least one great party each week.

Court Entertainments

A large court ball—for three thousand people, who didn't overcrowd—began the series. Four smaller balls followed, where about four hundred was the limit of the guests. Then came the dinner dance which wound up carnival week and was still smaller and very informal. To the first ball every bureaucrat and army and navy officer of colonel's rank or over had the right and duty to go and take his wife. The category of guests for the second variety of party was made up of the court functionaries, the imperial guards, society and diplomats; and these were very attractive balls, where half those who were present looked on, while the younger element danced. Finally the last party of our season occurred in the Hermitage, and only young dancers were commanded to the feast.

At none of these were the guests in court costume, but merely in full ball dress. Yet jewels and uniforms, decorations and gold lace made a fair show to gaze upon. The men were well set up and generally both tall and handsome. The women possessed intelligent faces, with distinction and elegance, even when they had no special claim to beauty. Many were very handsome, too, and they wore their family jewels and their fine clothes without any trace of self-consciousness.

All strangers were struck by the simplicity and charm of these aristocratic people, who bore such ancient names famous in Russia's history, and who had such

REZNOR

GAS BATHROOM HEATER



Bathroom Comfort at the touch of a match

In building or remodeling, be sure you provide a permanent method of heating your bathroom on chilly days when the furnace is inadequate or not operating.

The Reznor Bathroom Heater meets this need completely. Occupies no floor space, is always in place, and gushes heat the instant it is lighted.

Easily installed in any type of wall construction, is a complete unit in itself, and the only appliance of this kind on the accepted list of the underwriters' laboratory, established and maintained by the National Board of Fire Underwriters.

The Reznor Bathroom Heater is the finishing touch to the modern bathroom.

Write for our free booklet of complete information. Then consult your architect, building or plumbing contractor, and be sure "Reznor" is on the heater you install.



REZNOR MANUFACTURING CO., 10 Main St., Mercer, Pa.

Doubles Business In Four Months

Anderson Brothers, retailers, of Joliet, Illinois, have *doubled* their business in four months through the use of a Rotospeed Stencil Duplicator.

George K. Birely and Sons of Frederick, Maryland, secured $25,000 worth of *new business* by using it. It *saved* a manufacturer more than $1,000, and it earned, for another user, a net profit of *six times* its cost from *one day's work.*

ROTOSPEED STENCIL DUPLICATOR

Here is a machine that prints form letters for 20c a thousand, good, clean-cut letters with all the power of typewritten originals. Any operator can turn them out at the rate of 75 a minute—enough for a large mailing list in an hour.

Simply write or draw the form on a sheet—attach to machine and turn the handle—that's all.

You can save half your printing bills, for this same machine, without additional equipment, prints bulletins, price lists, ruled forms and announcements—anything that can be hand-written, typewritten, drawn or ruled—even illustrated letters with fac-simile signature—*in one operation.* The price, complete with full equipment, is only $43.50.



$43.50 Complete

Try It Free

You can put Rotospeed in your own office for ten days absolutely free. You can prove for yourself that Rotospeed will increase your business and decrease your expense. At the end of ten days decide whether you want to keep it or not.

Ideas You Can Use

Do you want copies of sales letters that sell goods—bulletins that bring in new business—collection letters that bring home the cash? We will gladly furnish you copies of letters printed on Rotospeed and used by firms in *your* line of business. These letters will cost you nothing. Check the coupon below and we will send you at once either the machine, fully equipped and ready for work, or booklet, samples of work and details of our free trial offer.

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Indicate by check mark whether you want sample only, or the fully equipped Rotospeed on FREE TRIAL.

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☐ Please send me complete Rotospeed Machine and Free Trial Equipment. After 10 days' Trial I will pay $43.50 or return the machine.

☐ Please send samples of work, booklet and details of your Free Trial offer. This does not obligate me in any way.

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Address_____

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For Your Health's Sake



Ask Your Physician

President Suspenders

The Original and Only Genuine

PHYSICIANS say tight clothing, giving a false support at the waist, makes muscles flabby and fat, through lack of use.

Support your trousers correctly, from your shoulders, with scientifically made *President Suspenders*, and reduce this fat to firm tissue.

Every pair guaranteed

Be sure the name President is on the buckle

NOW 50¢ a pair

MADE AT SHIRLEY, MASSACHUSETTS

MACGREGOR

Bristol STEEL SHAFTED WOOD AND IRON CLUBS

In certain parts and with certain players there has existed a desire for steel shafted golf clubs. For several years we have experimented with steel construction and have this season perfected for the market a wide range of both Wood and Iron models fitted with a tubular steel shaft. Our assortment of these clubs is illustrated below.

In actual practice MACGREGOR Steel Shafted Clubs have been meeting every test. They may not give *you* greater distance or please *you* so well, but there are many who assert that they get greater distance and accuracy with all their shots. They certainly do give excellent control, splendid timing, remarkable direction and unquestioned durability.

We urge you to try at least one steel shafted club—and others if the first appeals to you. Ask your Pro or Dealer about them. Also get our complete free catalog. MACGREGOR Steel Shafted Wood Clubs in all standard models, $8.00 each—Iron Clubs, $7.00 each.

The Crawford, McGregor and Canby Co. Dayton, Ohio.

Established 1829



Make Records With MACGREGORS

splendor of estates, palaces and jewels for their background. It is true I never heard a Russian say, nor saw him do, anything inspired by snobbishness. All were judged by their personal merits and not by any glittering thing which belonged to their frames. Nothing could change the verdict nor society's point of view, once taken. Some of those best liked and most invited in society lived in small, cheap homes and had but shabby clothes, yet everyone went to their apartments with as much enthusiasm as to the largest palace's fine fêtes.

It was the same with the diplomats who came to Russia. They were asked to a few official parties, and were examined at these calmly enough. If their personalities attracted, they found themselves quickly taken into society's intimate circle. If they didn't make good when they were thus inspected, these foreigners might stay for years accredited to our court, yet never advance farther toward success. No matter how much they happened to offer in the way of entertainment, they could not overcome the prejudice against them. Puzzled and defeated in their efforts they would call our society cold and indifferent, never dreaming they had merely been looked over and found wanting, and that no one was taking the trouble to be rude. Simply that particular outsider didn't exist, no one even thought of him again, and he would never realize he had had the same opportunity others had had who made a real success.

Late hours were the rule in Russia. Men and women liked sitting up, and we were asked to supper at midnight more frequently than to dine at eight o'clock. The Russians could sit indefinitely over their wineglass or cup of black coffee, listening to gypsy music or merely talking. It was pleasant never to be restless nor to see others so. Time was without value, and so long as the company was congenial, as some foreigner said, a matter of spending one's night in sleep became purely a conventional idea, easy to discard. Political work was done at night, cabinet meetings were held and even business was transacted across a table in some restaurant.

Spoofing the Professor

Another curious and agreeable trait of Russian society life was the democratic way people mixed. Some simple self-made man, were he sympathetic, was included at once, and might become the center of all gatherings in which he took a part. This was so of a number of our cabinet ministers. Springing from the peasantry or the small bourgeois class, they gained interest or approval always were they genuine and interesting personally. The most notable example of this was Krivachène, the Minister of Agriculture for years. Of humble origin, born with great brains, with charm and of dignified manner, he was a favored guest always everywhere; and there were many others who were of his fine type in our capital.

There was no drunkenness in society; never once in the nearly twenty years I lived in Russia did I meet a man at dinner or at a ball who had had too much to drink. It was not spoken of or discussed, but simply did not exist. Wine was served everywhere plentifully; in all houses old port or sherry with biscuits stood on a smaller table near our tea tables of an afternoon; and those who did not like tea sipped their wine in comfort. Red wine and white were served at all meals, champagne at every dinner or supper, and as much as anyone cared for. It was a matter of proper training, how much one drank. Good taste left each individual to decide when to stop, but all the hospitable wealth of alcohol made no apparent trouble. No man aimed at drinking too much any more than at overeating, and no watching of the youngsters by anxious hosts or hostesses was ever necessary in St. Petersburg.

Among the peasants and the working people vodka was considered a necessity because of the cold, and was used constantly. There was much hard drinking of a Saturday night or on a holiday; and in the streets then one saw those who had had too much, sitting about, talking, embracing, singing or wandering home in zigzags; but hardly ever were they fighting or scolding one another.

At the regiments, when the officers congregated at their mess for lunches, dinners or suppers on the feast day of their patron saint, or met to celebrate some victory over their rival comrades in the field of sport, or when they invited the officers friendly regiment, the wine flowe through long hours and toast aft was drunk. It was well known th regimental parties were of fixed ha traditions, and they were put in a by themselves. Occasionally some story leaked out in spite of di but not often; and though various ladies then shook their heads in di this or that youngster's prank, t fathers understood and condon wives smiled amiably and found occupations for themselves on the of such entertainments.

One delightful anecdote was re me of some youngsters who, be time in Russia, between high spi champagne had gotten beyond the in the wee small hours of morning their barracks they had rung up phone the imperial observatory capital. A weary man on du answered their call was told to Professor —— by orders from the quarters, and to request the profe report at the instrument at once. the sleepy voice of the scientist over the wire asking for orders, and rejoinder was carried back: "We w ask a serious question of you, sir. With what do you habitually feed th Bear?" Professor ——'s reply i corded, but within a few days be report to the Emperor, who in turn young chaps severely reprimande incident made those who origin famous, and people long after woul to it in connection with any gay party, asking if curiosity hadn't scientific matters? But one nev occasion to wonder if the man sit one at dinner or dancing with one a was in condition; for in society o sure of safety, and no man dran women present, save in the privat *cabinet particulier*, where the wome consenting parties to the bout.

Dinners at court, at the embassies great houses, were pleasant ways of ing together old and young in groups than at the entertainments were set for later in the night, and carnival season there was never an e free and hardly ever one without parties to follow one another. Nor flicted, however; and one of the attractive traits in the Russian cour was the declared intention of each l to go to others' entertainments, and to draw guests away from a rival' Each in turn did her best to amus attract, and the general amiability for an enjoyable atmosphere. Ther really wonderfully perfect suppers music, flowers and food all admiral were the magnificent homes, which the proper frames for such gay gath

Indescribable Magnificenc

One would like to describe in deta people and their jewels, the splend their dresses, the brilliant convers and the greatness of many names i traditions and the history of their One would like to tell of the art tre collected about these men and wom the marbles, paintings, carvings, br porcelains, and the many precious ob worked by old masters' hands, the staircases and the sumptuous halls retainers devoted to each house, old in service there and jealous of an house's reputation. The fact of the m is, one must have seen it to quite reali this. Russia's magnificence and hospit beggared description and were above parison.

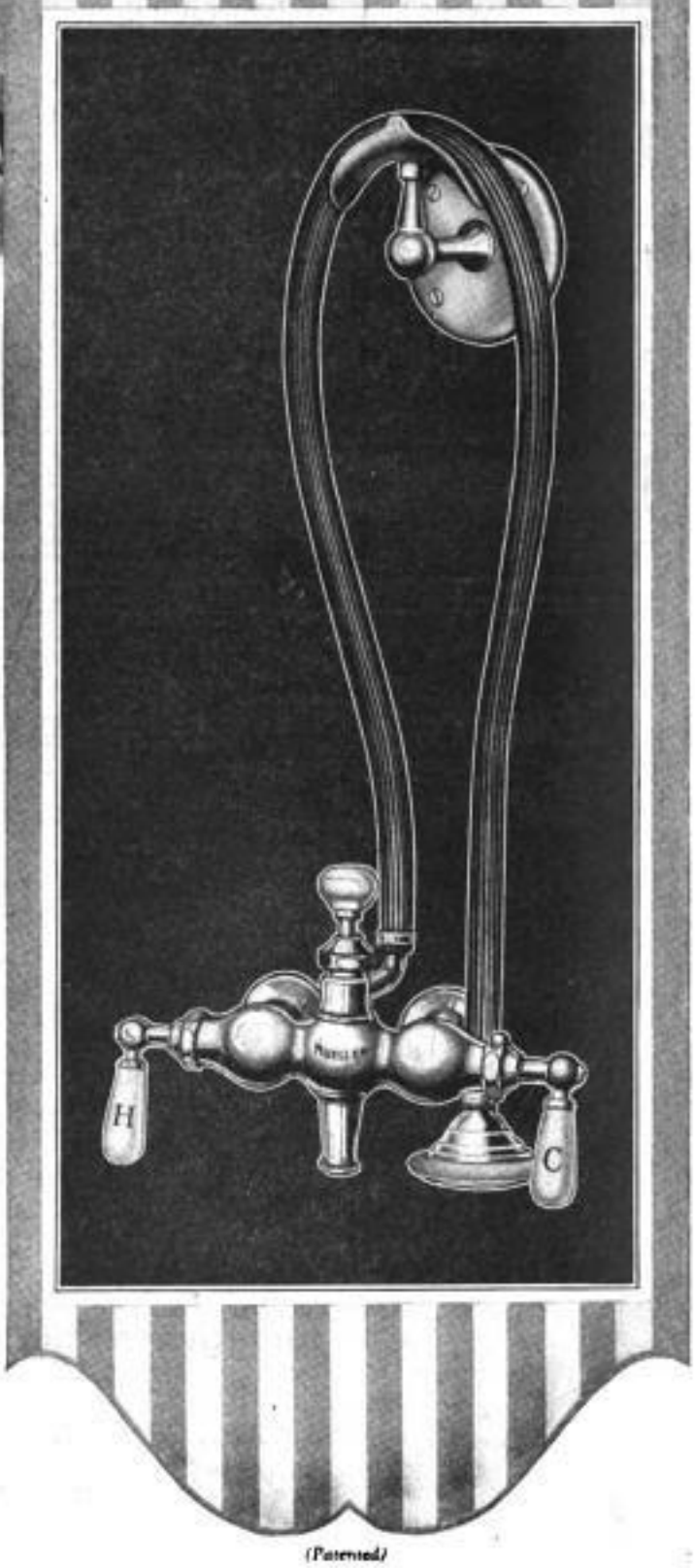
Legendary in size and quality, buil through centuries, this bloom of in civilization was swept away before winds of war and revolution. An ago suffering occurred which drew no n and these people showed heroism suc few in the world's history have ever sh and prove to-day a faith which will into the far future. To rebuild with lib forgiving spirit a new Russia on the rui the old feudal one, which had outlive time, and to refuse to cry for mercy is fine Russian's ambition wherever he vives. Sometimes it is difficult to bel that the old life is a closed chapter and so many millions of our people have off or been killed in the past seven ye while their land has been blighted and constructive effort or the results of it h been destroyed.

(Continued on Page 144)

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A bath a day—
the Mueller way



(Patented)

The New Mueller Tub-Shower Faucet

WITH this new invention you can take a tub-bath or a shower-bath. You can enjoy a hot tub, followed by a warm or a cold shower. You get the combined advantages of both tub and shower. Cold, warm or hot water can be drawn from either spout or spray.

The hose is permanently attached and independent of spout.

Dad and the boys can have their cold showers—mother and the girls can have warm showers or tepid tubs and luxurious shampoos—all with the Mueller Tub-Shower Faucet.

Any good plumber can install this device on short notice. It fits any regulation bath-tub. It requires no attention—is always ready to add to the comfort and convenience of all the family. It lasts a lifetime.

Write for the free book on "Dependable Plumbing" describing the many useful Mueller Plumbing Faucets, made to meet every known need. Where building or remodeling is contemplated, file this advertisement for future reference.

Mueller Tub-Shower Faucet No. E-3175—makes the tub you now have into a shower—encourages the bathing habit with the children—saves time and adds to comfort. Also recommended for use in hotels and apartment buildings. Order today through your local plumber. Price $12.50 in United States; $15.25 in Canada.

H. Mueller Manufacturing Company

Decatur, Illinois, U. S. A.

New York City, 145 W. 30th St. Sarnia, Ont., Canada San Francisco, 635 Mission St.

Mueller Metals Co., Port Huron, Mich., Manufacture the famous "Mueller Brass Forgings".

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THERE is no sympathy so helpful to a family that is bereaved as that of true friends and no help so reassuring as that of the good funeral director.

Acting in your stead, he understands that he must act in your spirit, performing each task with the reverence and tenderness with which your own hands would perform it if they could.

Sympathy which cannot be gracefully conveyed by words is revealed through his acts of service which bring the comforting assurance that every attention has been given with thoughtfulness and skill.

Parramount

THE CINCINNATI COFFIN COMPANY

Italian Renaissance Border. Symbol the Sickle, Sign of the Harvest of Life Message number eight. Copyrighted 1922 C. C. Co.

Do You Sometimes Tire of the Same Four Walls?

Home, office, factory, store, —all seem unattractive if seen too long without a change.

It is not hard to get the change your heart desires; to enjoy delightful entertainment, wholesome relaxation.

There is a good motion picture theatre near you, furnishing clean amusement at a modest price.

Visit it tonight!

PATHÉ Exchange, Inc.

(Continued from Page 142)

Even so, though, Russia is the richest country in the world in natural resources, and in its people, too, for it has in spite of famine, war and pestilence, the largest population of all white nations, and the nation's birth rate remains high. Its spirit, too, is fine, for faith and hope and charity toward all mankind are shown. Such traits as the above make for survival and for constructive force whatever comes.

Between balls and dinners at court there was another form of entertainment, which was one Her Majesty the Empress Alexandra particularly liked. It was the theater; and about once a week a performance of opera, play or ballet was commanded in the tiny jewel of a playhouse which the Winter Palace held. The stage with its settings was perfection, as were the decorations in the pretty auditorium, and it held only a small portion of the members of the court, since nothing was ever allowed to be crowded or uncomfortable. "Commands" to one of these performances were greatly sought and hoped for.

A thing which struck foreigners very much in our society of St. Petersburg was that the Russian never talked of money. If he had it he spent lavishly on others and on himself; did his charity and entertaining in quite regardless style, sent to the Crimea for fruits and to the Volga for caviar, to the Riviera for his flowers, elsewhere still further to gratify a whim, but with unfailing tact the price of all this luxury was never mentioned, not even thought of. The gold was there to be used where needed; and that was all. If one was quite poor it didn't matter, one had just as good a time and no responsibility, no sordid or snobbish thought or word disturbed the elegance of lives full of refined comfort, without thought of ostentation. I delighted in this trait, for it was so very unusual in our day in other lands. Open-handed charity was theirs in word and deed, a warm and cordial welcome to those who came among them was offered whether it was to the self-made man who had worked his way from peasant bed rock, or whether it was to a foreigner married into the charmed circle. Provided their personality pleased, they were asked for nothing more. Among the many American girls married to Russians not one that I can recall had any money, and all were very happy, I think, in their adopted homes.

Carnival Week

The season drew on to its carnival week, and the parties grew later and later, gayer and gayer, as they followed one another. A British diplomat once said to me, "During the season I never feel I've had a successful evening until in closing the door of my car about five in the morning, and after the third party, our footman says to me, 'Where next, sir?'"

There were costume balls, *bals à têtes*, and plain balls or those with some feature such as a gay quadrille in fancy dress to open with. For Christians of the Russian Orthodox Church, Lent begins always on a Monday, therefore our carnival lasts for a complete week, and in old days it piled up pleasure upon pleasure for the gay young set of the imperial court. The special carnival dish, *blini*, was eaten twice a day. A *blini* is a rather thick batter cake, heavier than our pancake and fried in butter, in heavy small round metal pans. Served sizzling in the pans, these cakes were delicious, especially when covered with drawn butter, fresh caviar, smoked salmon or sour cream. Such combination of excellent things would have been a real problem to any digestion but that of a Slav, but with him it seemed nothing worth mentioning to put away five or six of the heavy cakes and their attendant mixtures as a mere beginning of a meal. To do it through seven days was a test, yet a number of people I knew had much better records than five or six! I was told stories of carnival celebrations in Moscow, in earlier days, when men raced with one another, and considered it proper to swallow as many *blinii* as it took to build up from one's plate upon the table, a leaning tower the top of which should reach to and support one's chin! I have never had opportunity to verify this interesting statement, however, and it may well be a little exaggerated.

On the last day of the carnival a dinner, followed by a cotillon, was given at court. It lasted only till midnight and it ended the season. In many ways it was much the most wonderful fête of the whol
None who did not dance were bidde
certain members of the imperial fam
was a party of but two hundred a
or three hundred guests all told; ar
paratively young people, handsor
smartly dressed. They were decorat
their best jewels and the men's u
aided the picture, while the wo
background was more than worthy
a gathering.

Electric light was put all over the I
age for that one night, and as we sa
great tables, eating the best food the
chefs could produce, we were feastin
tally on our surroundings. So be
were the things that one was dist
from one's ordinary pleasures, and
in wonder. Old men and women
Rembrandt's brush watched us from
walls, and there just beyond were be
from France, always young in their p
and paint. There were also beautie
tributed by Reynolds, Gainsborough
number of other English masters, a
mention our own Russians' work, m
which was in the Alexander III Mu
Emperors, Empresses, favorites and
men of centuries long past presided
our gayety, and a grand array of t
ures, such as no other dining halls in al
world possess, stood about. It had t
many millions wisely spent to collec
the beautiful things. Jeweled ornam
from the sovereigns of Asia given to
great Catharine, others offered Eliza
or Peter crowded those belonging to otl
of their line. There were things made
patient, clever fingers in all parts of
world—porcelains, enamels, the finest
embroideries, weavings and arms, cabi
work and ancient furniture, all rare pie
which meant years of effort in old days
which in their way seemed as perfect as
paintings.

The Unassuming Czar

Rich magnificence of background we
tainly had for our feasting, though it
with some difficulty one singled out t
main objects meriting admiration. Eve
thing was so perfect, and the owner of it
was so unconscious, so little aware of h
great power or his great treasures as h
moved about or sat shyly down among h
guests. Never, even among all the sigh
seers who by day passed through th
museum, had a simpler or more modest ma
walked in those halls than the Czar of a
the Russias, Nicholas II. I often looked a
him and wondered how he could be as h
was. Completely unassuming, never did h
say anything that would have led thos
who talked with His Majesty to infer tha
any of this grandeur belonged to him, o
even that he was connected distantly with
all the state about him. Sometimes one
felt tempted to speculate as to whether
anyone else in all the world could be so
detached from the attributes of the position
he occupied as was our sovereign. He had
been kept exceptionally young both in his
education and in his family life by the
dominating old autocrat and giant Alexander III, who had made all Europe tremble
through the years he reigned. Then the
son, left with a great load upon his
shoulders, found it impossible to follow in
his father's footsteps. He didn't need or
want much for himself. A modest bourgeois in his habits, seriously he was interested in what his ministers reported to
him, intelligently he questioned them, and
honestly he tried to make decisions on the
information given. He hated the pomp
and ceremony, yet went through it without
complaint, suppressing what he could, escaping when there was a chance left open.
For the rest, if escape was not to be, he
accepted his destiny and had an expression
of bored patience or resignation, almost
sadness, which came over his quiet face.
Sometimes one saw real longing spring into
his eyes, as some young officer passed by,
a laughing woman with her hand upon his
arm.

Everyone felt sorry for His Majesty at
his own parties. The Empress was generally absolutely silent and her beautiful
mask wore a cold, tense look, the hard lips
had a bitter curl as she watched the dancing
or heard the laughing of her guests. It was
left constantly for the Empress Mother to
strike a note of cheerful hospitality and
welcome. She was always beautifully
dressed whenever she appeared, and her
musical laugh and graceful manner put
everyone at ease. The balls and dinners
to which she went were the brighter for her

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r. Imagine some young officer find-
: Her Majesty knew all about his
coration and thought he deserved
young woman, who had made her
wn at home, being told across a
table and before a number of nota-
What a pretty gown! I love that
nile and the roses with the black
An artist's work, not a dress-
r!" Of course both the captain and
ng matron were forever after Her
y's adoring subjects.
as so also with the older men and
some trinket or jewel, an absence
llness served as an excuse for a few
s words and a sweet smile. These
llegiance and held it permanently,
ong the poor and humble it was the
The sufferer in some charity hospi-
w her attention and he told his woes
who was not only sympathetic in
but when things were in her power
prove, this was always done in a
maternal way. A most human lady
example to all, both in her happy
and when trial came. Even to the
rough exile, bad health, poverty and
old age coming on, Her Majesty's
never fails to attract to her such as
strengthening, and her whole thought
those about her and for Russia. Her
in Russia's rebirth and the country's
glory remains steadfast. All who
r around her love her if possible more
dark days than they did in her youth
triumphs. But in the happy times
e the war she was in her element at
es like the Hermitage dinner and the
that followed. She would sit in the
ing hall with no thought of fatigue and
h us dancers or, gathering an intimate
p, she would talk and laugh in some
nt corner of the reception suites.
e place in the palace which I thought
t lovely was a winter garden built just
he ballroom, and the Empress Mother
it often as her retreat to sit in with her
p. Really one had the impression of
g transported to the tropics. There
e great palms and ferns with splendid
ming flowers to add their fragrance,
h in great numbers were singing hap-
, and it seemed a bit of fairyland where
pair weary of dancing might wander.
re were few who left the ballroom, how-
r, for if one moved about one missed
only the dancing but the beautiful
vers given out to every guest. It was
h a floral figure this ball ended. There
e delicious bouquets from the imperial
enhouses—violets, mimosa, jonquils,
rcissi and lilies-of-the-valley in large,
nerous bunches. They seemed miracles
fragrant beauty, especially if one
ought of the climate outside, with snow
d ice and blizzards enveloping the
pital.

A Serious Undertaking

So the season was concluded, and then
th their usual intensity the gayest of the
ussians turned toward higher things, and
t about the saving of their souls with real
thusiasm. "We are doing our devotions
d will see no one for a time," was the
planation given for many an attractive
uple's disappearance from their usual
unts. And "doing devotions" was a se-
ious undertaking. It meant a week of con-
ant fasting—that is, of limited food, and
ost of that fish cooked with oil and vegeta-
les. It meant two or three hours of church
rvices daily, and these were the most dry
nd dull of all the services on the church
alendar. Finally Friday, the fifth day,
brought the devotions to the point where
confession relieved a penitent's soul. This
once over, spirits rallied and the solemnity
of patriarchal worship left that particular
household, not to return again for a whole
year.

During Lent some of the embassies gave
great official dinners, and there was music
at the opera and at concerts as well as in
many homes. It seems to me all Russians
I have ever known were musical, to some
extent at least, and that they could con-
tribute always, when called on for it, to the
pleasure of a quiet evening gathering. We
had many such evenings in our own home,
where amiable amateurs were able to sing
or play for us, and if their program con-
tained well-known songs every member
of their audience joined in. At the opera
and playhouses it was wonderful to see the
enthusiasm. It might be either for a man
or for a woman, but when their favorite
appeared the people's applause was deafen-
ing, and after each act the whole audience
would rise and make a terrible racket, call-
ing madly the artist's name and renew-
ing their handclapping. And the singers
responded cordially. Many a time I've
looked about me with surprise as some one
of the capital's best artists asked what was
wanted, and then sang some simple old
folk song or a gay modern air to please an
audience so excited by its hero worship
that it could hardly stand quietly to listen.
I don't believe I ever saw Russians excited
by anything but music—and I liked them
the better for their single exception to an
unpublished law.

Easter ended our winter festivities with
a last splendid celebration, the most typical
in all the Orthodox church year.

Generally at Easter St. Petersburg still
wears its soft white garments of snow, and
the beautiful architecture takes on an
added mystery, to which the deep night
sky above gives only further attraction. It
was far from dark along the thoroughfares
of our old capital on Easter night, however.
Wide as the streets were, the crowds which
moved along them filled them completely,
but one could in spite of this see that every-
one wore his best clothes and felt pleased
and kindly, for there was no jostling. On
the houses there were everywhere electric
decorations. Great stars or brilliant crowns
or the imperial arms and monogram, made
in small bulbs, shone out like diamonds,
and lanterns and red bunting aided in the
effect of general festivity. The lamps to-
gether with the arc lights of the street
showed long processions of carriages, sleighs
and pedestrians to advantage. The people
were all well worth examination. Never
shall I forget our throngs, the neat, pros-
perous aspect of which was immensely
striking.

Easter Customs

Contentment and shining cleanliness
reigned, for in no phase is the gentle Rus-
sian so typical as in his religion or his
hospitality. Easter is the time above all
when these two elements combine to put
our nation at its best. Seven weeks of
fasting, of penance and of prayer, when fol-
lowed sincerely, prepared him to appreciate
the deep joy which Easter means to a
primitive and faithful Christian. At the
end of Holy Week, having confessed, he was
absolved, of course, and took communion;
then on the Saturday, late, the Russian
baths all over town had done their work,
and best clothes—civilian or uniform—had
been withdrawn from their wrappings and
donned to celebrate.

With everything at home burnished and
decorated, the whole family was finally
ready to wander out, laden with the dishes
which must be sanctified at church. Such
quaint bundles these made. Held in white
or in embroidered cloths which were a riot
of gay color, there were round platters piled
high with brilliant red, green, purple, blue
and yellow eggs, hard-boiled. These were
held by the father of a family, and the
mother was carrying the *Paskha*, or creamy
cheese with raisins in it. Children trotted
along and brought the family *Koulitch*, a
round cake appropriate to the Easter festi-
val. On each dish must always be a great
flower of brilliant pink or red tissue paper.
Sometimes one small platter held all the
modest repast of an individual or of a poor
family, but some extra food was always ob-
tainable, and it was always as gay and cheer-
ful looking as the face above the platter was
serene.

Threading their way along the great
Nevskii Prospekt the vast crowds parted
here and there to let sleighs, court equi-
pages and motors pass, and the latter moved
slower than usual, for it would have been a
crime to upset one of the precious bundles
in the concourse. Smiling eyes turned to
look at one. It was impossible not to smile
back and exchange a word of greeting, and
truly that night, at least, all men were
brothers in their happiness. Out at one
end of the Nevskii Prospekt was the mon-
astery of St. Alexander Nevskii, patron
saint of the great city, and there in the
ancient church the service would include
the singing of a choir called the most won-
derful in Russia—not a mean reputation in
a land where all the inhabitants have a
genius for song. At the opposite end of the
street the magnificent mass of buildings
visible included the Winter Palace, the
Admiralty and the Cathedral of Saint
Isaac. The latter's gold dome glistened in
reflections against the dark sapphire sky,
for on the four corners of the edifice flamed
up great torches held by bronze groups of



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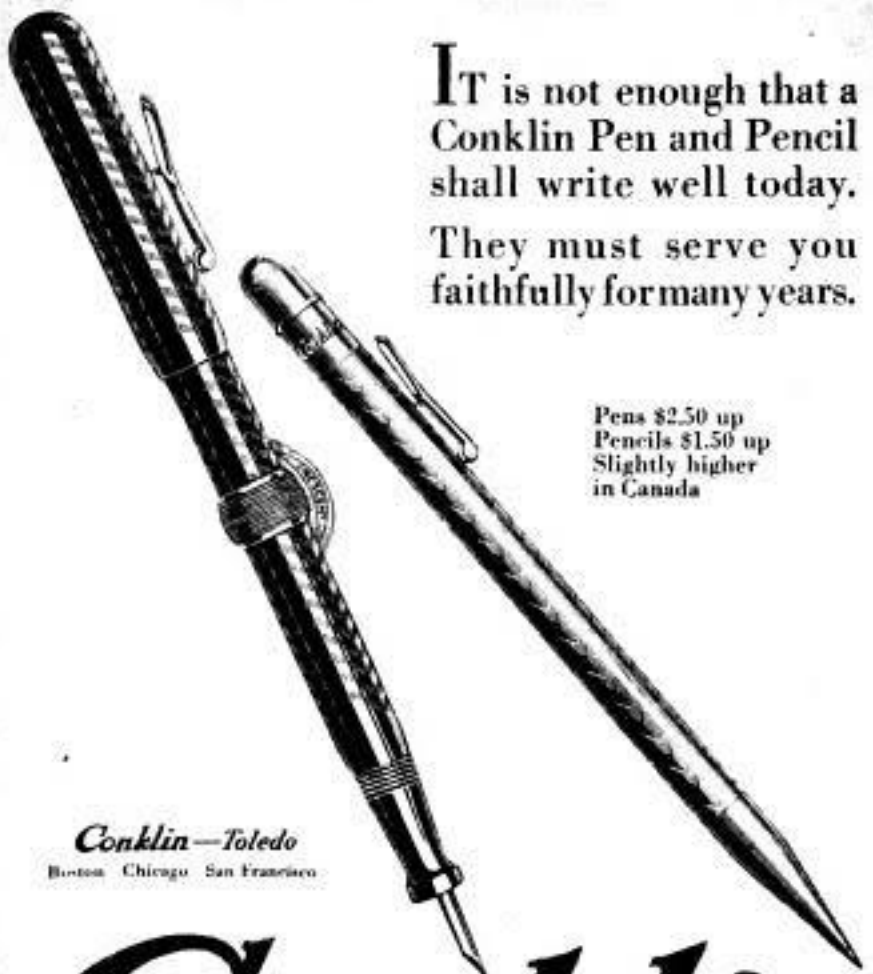
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angels of colossal size. Outside, it was a marvelous sight, while a fairyland of color and sound existed inside the mysterious and magnificent cathedral. Lined with rare marbles and semiprecious stones, their splendid colors gleamed, reflecting back thousands of tiny tapers held by humble worshipers.

It was to Saint Isaac's that the diplomats went for their midnight mass at Easter. The women in light gowns and the men in gold-laced uniforms looked very fine indeed in such a rich frame. Halfway up the Nevskii the Cathedral of Our Lady of Kazan was also packed with people, and their clothes and platters divided one's attention with the gold decorations of the church itself. This Madonna with the Christchild in her arms was an icon much revered and cared for. Had she not escaped the hands of the Tartar enemy and floated on the Volga's waters? Had she not granted many miracles to such as sought them of her in true faith? On Easter night the tapers twinkled by the hundred in the candleholders all about her, and gave full value to this icon's strange beauty. One gasped with wonder at the masses of jewels piled up as thank offerings by the devoted at this shrine.

The mass of humanity extended forth from the altar screen out into the church, and it overflowed into the colonnades, even to the little park outside. This was so of all the churches and chapels in the capital, however. Around Saint Isaac's the great square was filled to capacity, and in the smaller churches and the private chapels of various ministries or palaces the rooms beyond the actual church space were filled also with well-dressed crowds, who came to join in celebrating the Resurrection with the inhabitants of each house.

At a few minutes to midnight long processions formed: Bishops and priests, deacons and choir boys, with all the others who composed the Russian church officialdom. They moved out among the people, carrying banners and crosses, incense and tapers, and as the clock struck midnight a chant of triumph rose announcing that the Christ was risen to save all men from sin and punishment. Louder and louder in its full glory spread the news, and new tapers blinked and burned, adding more light and color to the lovely scenes and glorious sounds. One of the hours well worth living was this midnight time of a Russian Easter, one of the hours whose fine memories linger when the splendor of a whole nation bends in adoration of the best the world has known. High and humble over the whole land then gravely embraced and kissed three times, announcing to one another in brotherly affection, "Christ is risen," and answering, "Verily he is risen!"

Following the church ceremony came the happy feasting, full of touching incident. Every commander of a regiment or of a squadron kissed three times each soldier under his command. Every owner of a palace kissed each mujik in his employ, and so it was through all society class or caste.

My women friends and I, like m and I, followed the quaint old cus exchanged pretty jeweled or enam or other little gifts appropriate to son. In our home kitchen stood table with the traditional dishes and to every servant in the hou allotted a dozen eggs and part of a pig or mutton and ham, togeth *Paskha* and *Koulitch* in due propor share of beer or wine, of which our generous supplies prepared, was added. Then a sum of money was the household servitors by us for t party; and this was so in every ho any patriarchal self-respect in old

Great pride was taken both by t and by our simple servitor guests in their table heavily laden and beau look upon. When an Easter feast plentiful to transport to church it nearest priest who came to us to b food and scatter holy water on it, ceremony in itself was charmingly and touching in its symbolism. A of the Grand Ducal palaces the re in holiday clothes, stood about th room, where long tables were *laid* ou care for them, and the priest walk and down blessing their provisions, the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess with all their suites and friends lookir

My husband and I went first to ou regimental church always, and it was an the soldiers and our comrade officers their families that the earliest congrat tions and embraces were exchanged. T from the paschal feast at the command quarters we sallied forth into the illu nated night to visit other homes, those the friends we knew and loved the b In all these palaces both servants a owners received us with open arms and t classic salutations. It always impress me immensely to think that in the Czar capital the night was spent this way b some two million citizens, while out farth in the land one hundred and eighty milli Russians did the same things, believin with a deep faith that Christ had given hi life to save them, and that he was risen again and all was well with this great work of ours. Russia at prayer and Russia feast ing and believing was a wonderful sight.

Those who know the Russians best often think of them thus. They feel that when the criminals who have seized the land and so cruelly bled the people fall at last by their own weight of rottenness, the real Russians' spirit will again rise high above the destruction and death of this ghastly period. The nation will live again, and again will pray and feast in somewhat the old way and will say to other nations in brotherly faith and love, "Christ is risen for all of us once more." And as one looks about at civilization one wonders what will those others reply to them. How will they explain some of their words and actions during Russia's time of agony?

INSIDE

(Continued from Page 15)

can do this job better, whyn't you talk up and tell folks so? Kind of used to voting for me; you want to beat me you better campaign some."

He could see the pucker at the edge of Cole's eye. He nodded gently and patted the wet cloth of the bundle on his knees.

"Sim, I ain't going up in the hills after those boys. It don't look like good sense to me to kill a lot of decent folks on the chance of hanging a few bad ones. We ain't going to bring Joe Macrimmon back alive no matter how many we hang anyways."

Cole risked a quick side glance at him.

"You mean you aim to leave 'em alone—not do a thing?"

"Comes to something like that, maybe."

"Guess it's time somebody run against you then."

Mackenzie nodded.

"That's what I'm saying, ain't it? You go ahead, Sim. Talk to folks. Kind of got in the habit of voting for me, like I said. But you got plenty to tell 'em now."

"Aim to," said Cole.

III

DAN MACKENZIE could feel the thing in the air as he gingerly brought the panting car to a stand in the blot of shadow beside the warehouse. It reminded him of the queer way he could feel the coolness on his cheeks when he dipped into one of the deep hollows where the cold air settled and hung like water in a pool. Sim Cole had been talking, he knew. But it was strange to meet so many eyes without friendliness in them. He answered nods and words in kind, a faint taste as of bitterness on his lips. They'd known him all their lives, these men, and they judged him now as they might have judged a stranger.

He turned in at the driveway where the carts entered to unload. It was still early, and the narrow lane was full of wagons from which men were lifting sticks on which the hands of tobacco were spitted like mutton on a ramrod. The warehouse negroes slipped the leaf deftly off, piled it in neat circular heaps on the flat wicker trays, wheeled these to the big scales, where the weigher marked each with the grower's name and the number of pounds. Arranged in long rows on the cement floor, the full trays left narrow aisles, through which men strolled or loitered here and there to inspect a particular lot.

Mackenzie imitated their procedure, conscious of covert, curious stares behind him. He came face to face with the proprietor, Len Ganton, a plump, smooth-shaven veteran, whose thick hair seemed strangely

(Continued on Page 148)

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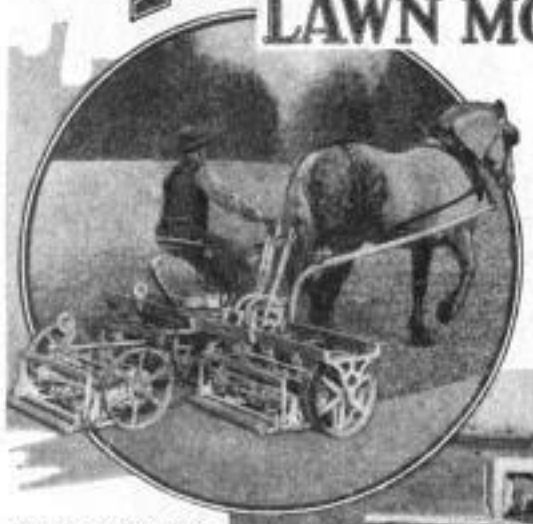
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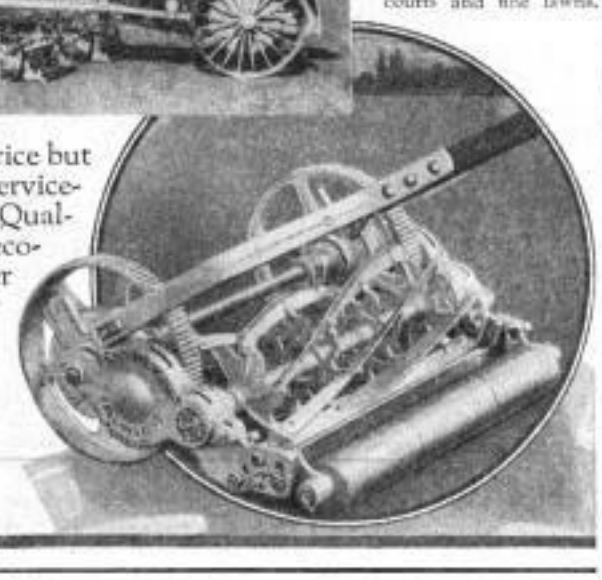


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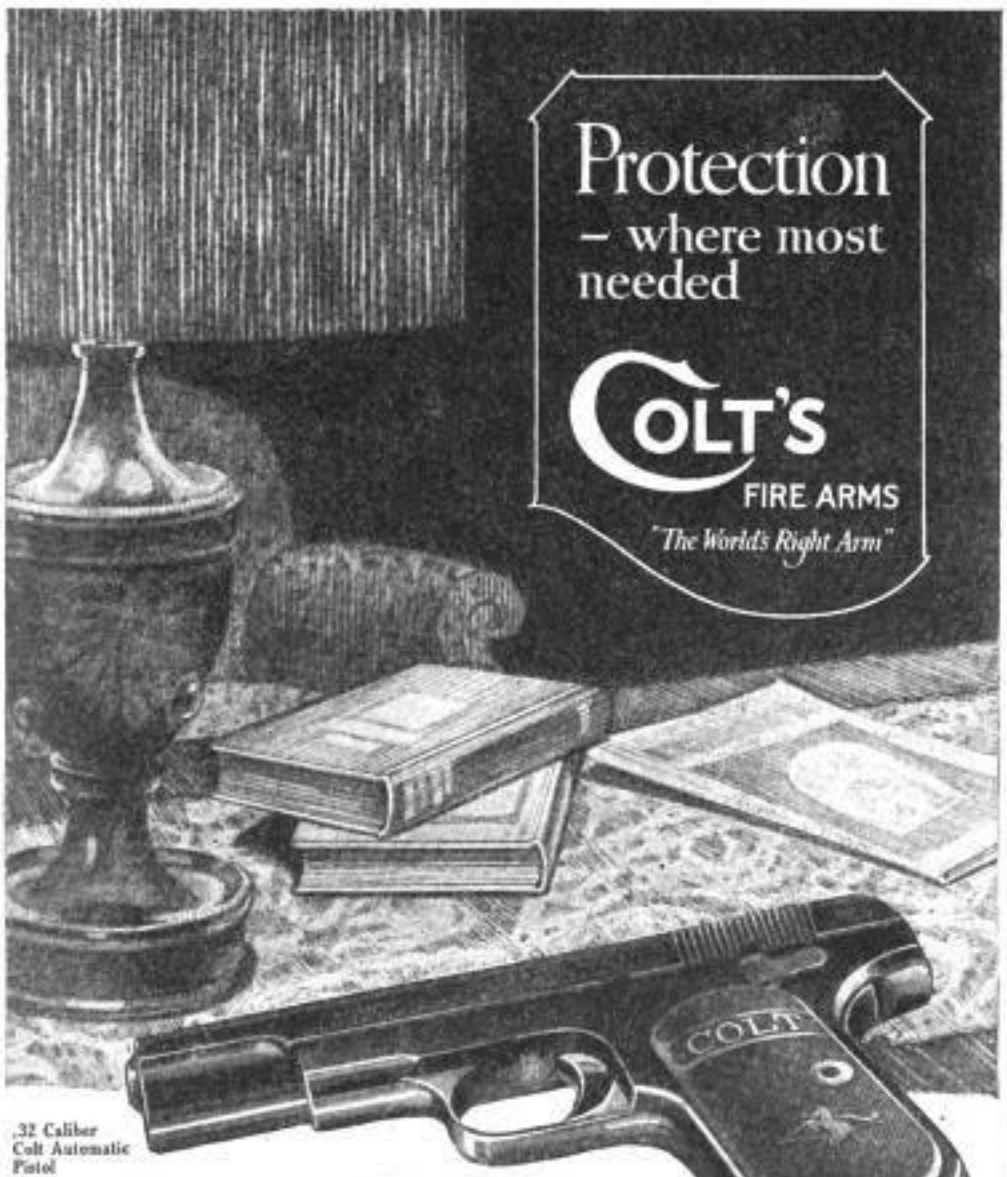


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(Continued from Page 146)

white against the clear color of his skin. Ganton's eyes dwelt on Mackenzie's frankly as they shook hands.

"Dan, what's this they're saying? Sim Cole was down last week ——"

"Sim he ain't right pleased with how I'm handling this Macrimmon case. He figures I'd ought to take a posse up in those hills and shoot it out with the Rayfield boys."

Ganton's eyes half shut.

"Whyn't you leave Sim do it, Dan? He can have my share without fighting for it."

"Seems like a pity to waste the next sheriff, don't it?" Mackenzie spoke gravely. "Whoever goes up there's apt to bring back lead in him. And I reckon the Rayfields ain't hankering to come down our side again."

Ganton looked sober.

"That's all't frets me, Dan. I figure they will come back if this talk gets up to 'em. The way tobacco's selling this year it's good stuff to steal, and they's aplenty of it where a man can get it. I ain't easy nights when I figure how much money lays on the floor right here."

Mackenzie shook his head.

"Reckon they ain't apt to bother you, Len. Where'd they carry the leaf to sell it if they did? Can't freight it over them hill roads to Kentucky, can they? And it's a burley market over there anyways."

Ganton was silent a moment; his eyes narrowed. Mackenzie faced him. He had known Len Ganton for fifty years.

"I come right near taking a stub and wearing Sim down for his chat, Dan. Reckon, maybe, you'd just as soon I didn't."

"Hate to have him spoiled, Len. He's right handy, Sim is."

"One thing—primary's getting close, Dan. You ain't aiming to get beat?"

"Kind of used to being sheriff; for a fact. Always figured it was a good business for an old man, Len. Maybe it ain't. Sim'd make a mighty busy sheriff."

He straightened and glanced around.

"I got a parcel out in the car, Len. You mind if I set it in the office? Hate to lose it."

"Fetch it in, Dan." Ganton studied him keenly. "Shake your sleeve. You know I ain't talking."

"Nothing in it but an arm, Len."

Mackenzie walked away. His shoulders felt straighter and lighter, and the level, doubting glances between narrowed lids didn't trouble him now. He might have counted on Len Ganton all along. He lifted a package from the floor of the car and carried it inside. Kit Harney obligingly stowed it in the big safe. When Mackenzie emerged to the main floor the day's selling had begun. Ganton's voice echoed a singsong of figures from the far end, where a queue of buyers stood between the rows of trays. Mackenzie could tell that the bidding was brisk. He felt a sort of savage pleasure in this. A kind of hatred seized him against these aliens and the more alien companies they represented; even local men, acting as buyers, seemed outlanders now. Let 'em claw each other till they bled! It meant money for the lean, stooped, silent men who looked on and listened—money that would bring a bit of comfort into the scattered houses in the hollows, send children to school in shoes this winter, set driven farmers free of their debt slavery for a season. It drew him. He moved toward the group, listened to the bidding. Somehow a bit of money above their bare needs had already changed these men. They stood straighter; there was less of the submissive, puzzled look in their eyes. Some of them even dared to reject the bids made for their offerings, high as they were in comparison to the prices of other years.

Ganton lifted a hand from a high-piled tray, began a brisk patter of praise, started the bidding with his own offer of a dollar a pound. Mackenzie saw a man lean forward, a man who stood well apart from the group at the tray. His glance rested on the face below the faded, limp-rimmed felt hat, a face masked by a shadow across the thin, broken nose. The sheriff turned away abruptly. In the office, where Kit Harney was feverishly making out checks against the sales reports brought to him, he apologized for interrupting, took his parcel from the safe and fumbled with the string. He carried it outside without opening it.

The single-file procession had moved on to another lot. Mackenzie sauntered past it to the trays which had just been knocked down. The broken-nosed man had come up now to paw the sales tickets. Mackenzie joined him, lifted a hand from the heap, noted the figure the leaf had fetched.

"Right pretty tobacco, sir," he
"You make it?"
The man nodded without turning.
kenzie lifted another hand.
"Nice tying too. You grade it your
Again a nod answered him. The
imitated the gesture. His voice was
gentle.
"Reckon you got good soil, sir.
at's your place?"
The man jerked an arm vaguely.
kenzie stepped close with a surp
quickness. His free hand came fro
sagging pocket and a revolver barrel pu
against the flannel shirt.
"Stand right still," he said. His
lifted sharply. "Oh, Len, step over
away! Like a little expert advice fro
you gentlemen."
The man in front of him stiffened s
Mackenzie could see lean, long muscl
taut under the shirt. He pressed th
muzzle tighter against the ribs.
"Stand right still."
Without moving his eyes from the
of the man's head he could see the c
gathering about him in the narrow
Len Ganton stood beside him.
"What's wrong, Dan?"
"You take and open this parcel, Le
got a notion they's some *of this* same
bacco inside it."
He had no share in the absorbed comp
ison which followed. He kept his attenti
singly on the motionless man at his gu
mouth, while Ganton and the buyers a
liberated. They took it soberly, compa
ing the marked samples with the tobac
in the trays for color and weight *and fe*
They were at one about it.
"I'd almost swear to it," said Ganto
slowly.
Mackenzie nodded.
"Maybe you all can't swear to the leaf
but how about the tying? *This man* say
he graded and tied this lot himself. Fetch
some loose leaf and leave him show us how
he done it. It looks to me like these hen
hands was tied by the same man't tied
what's in my parcel."
A volunteer fetched a handful of loose
leaves and thrust them at the prisoner.
He fumbled with them clumsily, dropped
them on the tray.
"I never said I tied this lot myself. I
hired nigras to do that."
Mackenzie nodded.
"You didn't say where your place was at
when I asked you. Maybe you'd tell us
now."
"Over in Bethune Township," the man
said glibly. "Along the Big Branch."
"Who owns next to you?"
There was an instant of hesitation and
then names. A man on the fringe of the
group broke in harshly.
"I live over on the Big Branch. They
ain't no folks named Hunter in the town-
ship, nor McNab, neither. He's lyin',
sheriff."
"Maybe they moved in right lately,"
said Mackenzie mildly. "We ain't in no
hurry, gentlemen. We got time to find
out."
Somebody laughed.
"Better hang him while we got him. He
never made no tobacco—that's Joe Macrim-
mon's leaf, sure enough. I got a rope out
to the wagon."
Mackenzie dropped his free hand on his
prisoner's shoulder.
"Reckon we'll go now, you and me.
They's too much mean chat here. State's
able to do its own hanging mostly."
He thrust the man through between the
trays and followed him. For a moment he
felt the indecision of the crowd. He knew
how little they needed to become a mob.
Ganton's voice lifted behind him.
"No hanging, gentlemen. We ain't no
ways sure yet."
Mackenzie beckoned to him with a side-
wise motion of his head, and the ware-
houseman stepped over the trays to his side.
"I want you should save them marked
samples I fetched over, Len. And pick out
a few hands off the tray he was selling and
mark them so's some of the buyers can
swear to them. And they's a piece of old
blanket I had wrapped around them hands,
Len—save that too. I got it up to Joe's
the day he was shot." He addressed the
prisoner: "Where's your team?"
The man cursed him in a whisper. He
nodded.
"Len, you can easy find which one's his.
Maybe he figured it was safe to come down
here with the rest of Joe's blanket to wrap
his tobacco. If he did you see't they's wit-
nesses can swear to that. I better not

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wait, the way things stand. They'll hang him on me yet if the blanket's there. And, Ben, make out his check to Letty, and mail it up to her, will you?"

"Better take two-three with you, Dan. It's a good ways back to Tyre."

"I can make out to carry him there." Mackenzie jerked his heavy old handcuffs from his pocket and snapped them on the lean wrists. "He ain't offering no trouble."

The crowd followed them to the car, still a potential menace. Mackenzie seated his captive and scrambled past him to the wheel. He paused to lash the handcuff fast to the top support. Somebody tugged obligingly at the crank and the engine barked spitefully through the broken muffler. He drove away with a sudden jerk, followed by a straggling cheer. It was late in the afternoon when he turned the key of the cell door on his man, but no word had passed between them.

"Make you comfortable's we can," he said cheerfully. "It's a right pretty jail, inside."

IV

MACKENZIE nodded approvingly over his plate. Sim had his wits about him anyway. It must have been an ugly jolt to come back to town after a day of still hunting along the branches and hear that one of the Rayfield gang was in the jail, but you'd never guess it to look at Sim or hear him talk. He acted as if the news tickled him. He made a ceremony of his handshake. There was even in his tone the note of benevolent condescension with which a man might praise a smart boy for a clever deed.

"Wish I'd gone along with you myself instead of chasing stills all day," he was saying. "Like to've been there with you. Wanted a hand in this job."

Mackenzie broke a fresh slab of corn bread. He met Cole's glance and held it a moment before he answered.

"You done your share, Sim. Reckon I got to thank you for my luck. Folks tell me you spread that chat about me just like you meant it. Whole county's been saying't maybe I'm getting too old for my job, losing my nerve. Reckon them Rayfields heard it clear up in the hills, just like we figured."

He saw Cole's jaw sag and shut again, saw the eyes turn blank and narrow with understanding. Sim was right quick-witted. He could follow a lead like this.

"Hated to do it, sheriff, but it looks like it worked. The Rayfields wouldn't never've had the nerve to carry that tobacco down to Randall warehouse without they figured it was plumb safe."

He sent a swift glance about the table. Mackenzie followed it. Sim wanted to make sure that the others understood. He saw his way out, thanks to Mackenzie's assumption that he had only spread his slanders as a trick. The sheriff watched him recover his normal aspect. His questions about the arrest found an edged tone, the brisk, crisp manner of authority.

"Was the feller alone?"

Mackenzie raised his brows.

"Guess so, Sim. Didn't see nobody with him anyways."

There was a pause.

"You mean to say you ain't sure?"

Mackenzie shook his head.

"I was right busy, Sim. You see, they was some talk about a rope, and I judged I better get him safe in jail quick's I could. Might've been somebody with him. I ain't sure."

Cole drew a deep breath. Again his glance sped around the circle of faces.

"Well, I am, mighty near. They must've been two anyways. The gang wouldn't leave one man come down to get that money." He beat his fist on the cloth. "Sheriff, you left one of 'em get away, sure's you're born! I wish I'd gone along! We'd got both of 'em!"

Mackenzie pushed back his chair.

"Reckon I better get back to the jail, Sim. Only Clay Duggin on guard now. You come over when you get through supper."

Cole straightened.

"Sheriff, we got to get ready for trouble. Whoever was with that feller must be back home by now, and they're bound to come down here to bust him out'n that crazy jail! Might try it to-night; they could get here easy enough. We got to get help right quick, or else"—he got to his feet excitedly—"I'll tell you, you and me can run this feller over to Cray to-night! They won't bust nobody out'n that jail!"

Mackenzie shook his head.

"Guess it ain't as bad as that, Sim. You and me can stand 'em off if they come, and it don't look right sensible to take him out on the road to-night. Reckon we won't bother 'em over in Cray yet a while."

He did not wait for the answer, but as he passed the dining-room windows he could hear Cole's voice inside, high and excited and angry. He nodded as if what he heard pleased him and went on out of earshot.

At the jail he dismissed the day guard and went in to make sure of his prisoners. The formidable presence of the white man in the next cell had reduced Dill Coomber to an uneasy silence. Mackenzie stood before the door a moment, and then unlocked it, beckoning. Dill shuffled out, his eyes showing white. Mackenzie led him close to the open door of the cell room before he spoke.

"Dill, how far do you reckon you could travel before daylight?"

Dill shifted uneasily on his wide, flat feet.

"As far as they is, she'iff, suh! All I needs is room!"

Mackenzie jerked his hand toward the door and Dill seemed to melt into the dusk of the corridor beyond it. The sheriff followed him slowly, giving the big door a twitch as he passed it. It swung home with a solid jar behind him. He could hear the double click of the spring bolts in the frame. He turned and studied it, pleased by the solid-steel security it offered. He lighted the lamp in the hall and came back to the door, testing it by trying to shake the heavy bars. Sim Cole found him thus engaged.

"Sheriff, we got to do something. They're bound to come after him, and they'll come quick. They ain't going to wait till we can carry him over to a real jail like Cray County's got. They'll get him out'n this one without we get help to stand 'em off."

Mackenzie surveyed him gravely.

"Think you said enough to give 'em the notion I wouldn't fight, Sim?"

The deputy's mouth opened and shut.

"I—it don't matter what I said. They'd come anyways, and they'll come shooting. We could get help—they's six-eight good men right around here ——"

"Paying taxes to hire you and me to do their fighting for 'em," said Mackenzie slowly. "Sim, maybe you're right about me getting old. It don't look right sensible to me to take and kill two-three good men over one ornery feller. You and me draw pay for resking it. That's different. But they ain't no call for Bill Fraser to do it, or Bruce McDow or Neil Barton ——"

Cole made a gesture of impatience.

"What could the two of us do against that gang? They'd settle us quick!"

"Maybe. But that wouldn't get 'em inside, would it?" Mackenzie patted the heavy door. "How they going to bust through that?"

Cole laughed.

"Think it would stop 'em? Why, it opens inwards! All they'd need would be a good-sized log. Four-five of 'em could bust that door down with one slam!" His voice dropped. "Le's get the car and take him over to Cray to-night—that's the best way, sheriff. They'd never get him over there."

Mackenzie shook his head.

"Reckon we'll keep him here, Sim. Maybe they won't come for him; maybe you and me can stand 'em off if they do."

"It's plumb crazy!" Cole's voice lifted angrily. "You might's well take and shoot me yourself! They'll get us both!"

"Maybe not, Sim. You figure it ain't right for me to make you stay?"

"They's no sense to it! I ain't scared to fight—guess you know that—but this, why, they just ain't no sense to it!"

"You don't have to stay, Sim, if that's how you feel."

Cole drew in his breath noisily.

"Don't have to stay! What'd folks say if I lit out, the way things stands? How'd it look?"

"I got another job for you, Sim. Nobody won't talk if you carry out orders. That Dill Coomber nigra he took and sneaked past me when the door was open and got clean away." Cole looked startled. "You take the car and see if you don't ketch him on the railroad bridge. Without he finds a skiff he can steal he'll likely go to cross on the trestle. You can get there long afore he does."

He could see relief in Cole's eyes. "I—I got to do it if you say so, sheriff."

"That's right! Better start! Dill he's a-traveling every minute you and me's talking."

Cole hesitated.

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"How you going to handle 'em if they come? You can't fight that crowd single-handed."

"Maybe they won't come, Sim. Anyways you're out'n it. You got orders to go ketch Dill Coomber. Might stop down at the store and say so. Don't want it to look like you was running off."

Cole shrugged and obeyed. Mackenzie watched him crank the car and turn it into the road. He filled his pipe and sat on the steps. It was very still; there wasn't even a wind to stir the dead leaves which clung to the oaks. He could hear the putter of Cole's car for a long time, till it dulled to a remote, drowsy thrumming like the sound of a big bee. After a weary wait he saw the lights go out in the windows of hotel and store, and presently caught a glint of the lamp in Bruce McDow's house farther down the road. He nodded approvingly at this. Bruce was going to bed. There wouldn't be any promiscuous fighting in front of the jail to-night. Mackenzie guessed that Sim Cole must have made them believe down at the store that there wasn't any danger of an attack. He'd have to make it look decent for him to go off after a negligible bootlegger, leaving the jail guarded by one old man. He must have done it or Bruce would have fetched his rifle and come to help. He was the only one who liked a row for its own sake. The other men would have answered a summons willingly enough, but they wouldn't look for trouble unasked. Mackenzie stretched his thin arms and stood up. He was going to be allowed to deal with the situation alone. Nobody else would get hurt if he bungled it.

He went inside and studied the heavy door of the cell room. Cole was right. Opening inward, it wouldn't resist a battering-ram very long. And there was a pile of six-by-six pine timbers just across the road.

He rubbed his chin doubtfully. He had a sort of affection for that big door; it always seemed to redeem the shabbiness of the building's outward aspect. It would be a pity if it should be battered out of shape. He shook his head and fumbled for his key ring. If he unlocked it now and left it ajar they wouldn't harm it. He swung it open carefully. No use in damaging the county's property without purpose or need.

Again he lighted his pipe and sat on the steps, waiting. The time dragged. He was glad when a hound lifted a mournful chant far out in the scrub woods. There was a sort of companionship in the sound. It must be one of McCallum's, he guessed, locating the noise. Silence again, and long minutes. Perhaps they weren't coming after all. It must be well past midnight. He started up at a faint rumble. Hoofs on the plank bridge over the branch—any minute now. His hand went to his pocket and came away empty. He'd left the gun inside. He sat down again, his elbows on his knees. He did not change this posture when a rush of hoofbeats sounded in the road and a thin, hard voice hailed him:

"Stick 'em up and keep 'em up!"

"Evening, gentlemen. Reckon you got me in a jam. My gun's inside."

He spoke levelly. A man slid to the ground before him and a revolver covered him. He could see them clearly now—count them—six men and seven horses. He could even recognize the nearest, from description, as Sid McKane.

"Gimme the keys."

"Right in my pocket, Sid. Guess you better help yourself so you won't think I'm going after a gun."

He rose and turned deliberately so his pocket was in easy reach. The c crowded up as McKane seized the ch ring.

"Go in and get him, Hub. I'll here. It looks funny—even by what say." He gestured menacingly with gun. "If they's any monkey business get it first, Mackenzie."

Mackenzie wagged his head.

"Nobody here only me and the man come for. Step right in and help yo selves."

The others hurried past him into building. He could hear the rattle of keys as they tried them on the cell lo the low-pitched voices which cursed so and steadily as they worked. Presen Hub Rayfield emerged.

"Which key opens that there cell, M kenzie?"

The sheriff fumbled with the ring.

"This here's the one, but it's a m lock. You got to tease it a mite."

"Fetch him in and make him open Sid. I plumb wore out my fingers on fool thing."

"Now that ain't using me right, boy Mackenzie spoke quickly. "You-all hadn ought to make me do that. It's bad enou the way folks'll talk anyways. You c easy open that door without me."

The refusal seemed to determine M Kane.

"Go on in," he ordered. "Nev' yo mind about folks talkin', Mackenzie. Th here gun'll hurt a heap worse."

The sheriff lifted his shoulders.

"Reckon I ain't got much choice, Sid."

He followed Rayfield into the corridor, feeling the ungentle pressure of McKane's gun against his spine. Inside the cell room he seemed to stumble, and fell sprawling at McKane's feet. He reached out helplessly and his fingers caught the grating of the main door, by which he pulled himself painfully erect, admonished by harsh warnings from McKane.

"Kind of jarred me, Sid," he said, hanging to the door. "Ain't so spry's I used to be." He turned toward the group at the far end of the room, his hand still on the grating. As he let go he straightened his arm sharply. There was a thud and a double click as the door shut. McKane whirled.

"You done that a-purpose, Mackenzie!"

The sheriff straightened slowly.

"Sid, maybe Letty Macrimmon ain't going to swear to all of you, but I reckon that wouldn't matter a heap if you was to shoot me. I left the key to this here door hanging on a nail by my bed, out front. Reckon we'll all be right here when Sim Cole gets back."

There was a tight silence. The barrel of the gun leveled, wavered, dropped. Mackenzie wagged his head approvingly.

"That's good sense, Sid. Reckon you must be getting old same as me. Done heard I was played out, didn't you? Sim Cole he claims I'm too old to fight. Maybe you all heard it up there. Sim's right, Sid. I got so old I got to figure how to miss trouble 'stead of hunting for it."

He surveyed the slack-jawed group benevolently.

"Saved me a heap of work by coming down like this. Maybe you-all heard what Sim Cole says about this here jail too—figured you could take and bust her wide open like he claims."

He paused to send an affectionate eye around the cage-lined walls.

"Sort of sorry-looking outside f'r a fact, but it's right pretty, ain't it—inside?"



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1st award	$500.00	for the	most practical list	
2nd "	300.00	" "	second most practical list	
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THE COVERED WAGON

(Continued from Page 23)

more scows built and the seams calked in the wagon boxes."

Surely enough, the Banion plan of crossing, after all, was carried out, and although the river dropped a foot meantime, the attempt to ford en masse was abandoned. Little by little the wagon parks gathered on the north bank, each family assorting its own goods and joining in the general *sauve qui peut*.

Nothing was seen of the Missouri column, but rumor said they were ferrying slowly, with one boat and their doubled wagon boxes, over which they had nailed hides. Woodhull was keen to get on north ahead of this body. He had personal reasons for that. None too well pleased at the smiles with which his explanations of his bruised face were received, he made a sudden resolution to take a band of his own immediate neighbors and adherents and get on ahead of the Missourians. He based his decision, as he announced it, on the necessity of a scouting party to locate grass and water.



Captain Woodhull

Most of the men who joined him were single men, of the more restless sort. There were no family wagons with them. They declared their intention of traveling fast and light until they got among the buffalo. This party left in advance of the main caravan, which had not yet completed the crossing of the Kaw.

"Roll out! Ro-o-o-ll out!" came the mournful command at last, once more down the line.

It fell on the ears of some who were unwilling to obey. The caravan was disintegrating at the start. The gloom cast by the long delay at the ford had now resolved itself in certain instances into fear amounting half to panic. Some companies of neighbors said the entire train should wait for the military escort; others declared they would not go farther west, but would turn back and settle here, where the soil was so good. Still others said they all should lie here, with good grass and water, until further word came from the Platte Valley train and until they had more fully decided what to do. In spite of all the officers could do, the general advance was strung out over two or three miles. The rapid loss in order, these premature divisions of the train, augured ill enough.

The natural discomforts of the trail now also began to have their effect. A plague of green-headed flies and flying ants assailed them by day, and at night the mosquitoes made an affliction well-nigh insufferable. The women and children could not sleep, the horses groaned all night under the clouds of tormentors which gathered on them. Early as it was, the sun at times blazed with intolerable fervor, or again the heat broke in savage storms of thunder, hail and rain. All the elements, all the circumstances seemed in league to warn them back before it was too late, for indeed they were not yet more than on the threshold of the Plains.

The spring rains left the ground soft in places, so that in creek valleys stretches of corduroy sometimes had to be laid down. The high waters made even the lesser fords difficult and dangerous, and all knew that between them and the Platte ran several strong and capricious rivers, making in general to the southeast and necessarily transected by the great road to Oregon.

They still were in the eastern part of what is now the state of Kansas, one of the most beautiful and exuberantly rich portions of the country, as all early travelers declared. The land lay in a succession of timber-lined valleys and open prairie ridges. Groves of walnut, oak, hickory, elm, ash at first were frequent, slowly changing, farther west, to larger proportions of poplar, willow and cottonwood. The white dogwood passed to make room for scattering thickets of wild plum. Wild tulips, yellow or of broken colors; the campanula, the wild honeysuckle, lupines—not yet quite in bloom—the sweetbrier and increasing quantities of the wild rose gave life to the always changing scene. Wild game of every sort was unspeakab dant—deer and turkey in every thousands of grouse on the hills, va of snipe and plover, even number green parrakeets then so numerou that latitude. The streams abou game fish. All Nature was easy a erous.

Men and women grumbled at so rich and beautiful a land lying None had seen a country more su attractive. Emotions of tenderness ness, also came to many. Nostal not yet shaken off. This strained co of nerves, combined with the trai ships, produced the physical irritatio is inevitable in all amateur pionee Confusions, discordances, arising o most trifling circumstances, grew int lance, incivility, wrangling and in as happened in so many other earlie vans. In the Bat excitement of the ing catch-up, am bellowing and ru of the cattle evadi yoke, more selfis less friendly acco dation now app and men met wi speaking, even this on the road.

The idea of four allel columns had since been disca They broke forma and at times the caravan, covering depressions and nences of the pra wound along in mile- detachments, each which hourly grew n surly and more i pendent. Overdri oxen now began to d By the time the prairies proper were reac more than a score of oxen had died. T were repeating trail history as recorded the travelers of that day.

Personal and family problems also m divisions more natural. Many suffe from ague; fevers were very common. old woman past seventy died one night a was buried by the wayside the next d Ten days after the start twins were born parents moving out to Oregon. There w numbers of young children, many of th in arms, who became ill. For one or oth cause, wagons continually were droppi out. It was difficult for some wagons keep up, the unseasoned oxen showing d tress under loads too heavy for their dra It was by no means a solid and compa army, after all, this west-bound wave the first men with plows. All these thin sat heavily on the soul of Jesse Wingat who daily grew more morose and grim.

As the train advanced bands of antelo began to appear. The striped prairie g phers gave place to the villages of coun less barking prairie dogs, curious to t eyes of the newcomers. At night the how ing and snarling of gray wolves now mad regular additions to the coyote chorus an the voices of the owls and whippoorwill Little by little, day by day, civilization wa passing, the need for organization daily be came more urgent. Yet the original cara van had split practically into three division within a hundred and fifty miles from th jump-off, although the bulk of the trai hung to Wingate's company and began t shake down, at least into a sort of toler ance.

Granted good weather, as other travele had written, it was indeed impossible to evade the sense of exhilaration in the bold, free life. At evening encampment the scene was one worthy of any artist of all the world. The oblong of the wagon park, the white tents, the many fires, made a spectacle of marvelous charm and power. Perhaps within sight, at one time, under guard for the evening feed on the fresh young grass, there would be two thousand head of cattle. In the wagon village men, women and children would be engaged as though at home. There was little idleness in the train, and indeed there was much gravity and devoutness in the personnel. At one fireside the young men might be roaring "Old Grimes is dead, that good old man," or "Oh, then, Susannah"; but quite as likely close at hand some family group would be heard in sacred hymns. A strange

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envisagement it all made, in a strange environment, a new atmosphere, here on the threshold of the wilderness.*

XII

THE wilderness, close at hand, soon was to make itself felt. Wingate's outriders moved out before noon of one day, intending to locate camp at the ford of the Big Vermilion. Four miles in advance they unexpectedly met the scout of the Missouri column, Bill Jackson, who had passed the Wingate train by a cut-off of his own on a solitary ride ahead for sake of information. He was at a gallop now, and what he said sent them all back at full speed to the head of the Wingate column.

Jackson, riding ahead, came up with his hand raised for a halt.

"My God, cap'n, stop the train!" he called. "Hit won't do for the women and children to see what's on ahead yan!"

"What's up—where?" demanded Wingate.

"On three mile, on the water where they camped night afore last. There they are—ten men, and the rest's gone. Woodhull's wagons, but he ain't there. Wagons burned, mules standin' with arrers in them, rest all dead but a few. Hit's the Pawnees!"

The column leaders all galloped forward, seeing first what later most of the entire train saw—the abominable phenomena of Indian warfare on the Plains.

Scattered over a quarter of a mile, where the wagons had stood not grouped and perhaps not guarded, lay heaps of wreckage beside heaps of ashes. One by one the corpses were picked out, here, there, over more than a mile of ground. They had fought, yes, but fought each his own losing individual battle after what had been a night surprise.

The swollen and blackened features of the dead men stared up, mutilated as savages alone mark the fallen. Two were staked out, hand and foot, and ashes lay near them, upon them. Arrows stood up between the ribs of the dead men, driven through and down into the ground. A dozen mules, as Jackson had said, drooped with low heads and hanging ears, arrow shafts standing out of their paunches, waiting for death to end their agony.

"Finish them, Jackson."

Wingate handed the hunter his own revolver, signaling for Kelsey and Hall to do the same. The methodical cracking of the hand arms began to end the suffering of the animals.

They searched for scraps of clothing to cover the faces of the dead, the bodies of some dead. They motioned the women and children back when the head of the train came up. Jackson beckoned the leaders to the side of one wagon, partly burned.

"Look," said he, pointing.

A long stick, once a whipstock, rose from the front of the wagon bed. It had been sharpened and thrust under the wrist skin of a human hand—a dried hand, not of a white man but of a red. A half-corroded bracelet of copper still clung to the wrist.

"If I read signs right, that's why!" commented Bill Jackson.

"But how do you explain it?" queried Hall. "Why should they do that? And how could they in so close a fight?"

"They couldn't," said Jackson. "That hand's a day and a half older than these killings. It's Sam Woodhull's wagon. Well, the Pawnees like enough counted coup on the man that swung that hand up for a sign, even if hit wasn't one o' their own people.

"Listen, men," he concluded, "hit was Woodhull's fault. We met some friendlies—Kaws—from the mission, and they was mournin'. A half dozen o' them follered Woodhull out above the ferry when he pulled out. They told him he hadn't paid them for their boat, asked him for more presents. He got mad, so they say, and shot down one o' them and stuck up his hand—fer a warnin', so he said.

"The Kaws didn't do this killin'. This band of Pawnees was away down below their range. The Kaws said they was comin' fer a peace council, to git the Kaws an' Otos to raise against us whites, comin' out so many, with plows and womenfolks—they savvy. Well, the Kaws has showed the Pawnees. The Pawnees has showed us."

"Yes," said the deep voice of Caleb Price, property owner and head of a family; "they've showed us that Sam Woodhull was not fit to trust. There's one man that is."

"Do you want him along with your wagons?" demanded Jackson. He turned to Wingate.

"Well," said the train captain after a time, "we are striking the Indian country now."

"Shall I bring up our wagons an' jine ye all here at the ford this evenin'?"

"I can't keep you from coming on up the road if you want to. I'll not ask you."

"All right! We'll not park with ye then. But we'll be on the same water. Hit's my own fault we split. We wouldn't take orders from Sam Woodhull, an' we never will."

He nodded to the blackened ruins, to the grim dead hand pointing to the sky, left where it was by the superstitious blood avengers.

Wingate turned away and led the wagon train a half mile up the stream, pitching camp above the ford where the massacre had occurred. The duties of the clergy and the appointed sextons were completed. Silence and sadness fell on the encampment.

Jackson, the scout of the Missouri column, still lingered for some sort of word with Molly Wingate. Some odds and ends of brush lay about. Of the latter Molly began casting a handful on the fire and covering it against the wind with her shawl, which at times she quickly removed. As a result the confined smoke arose at more or less well-defined intervals, in separate puffs or clouds.

"If ye want to know how to give the smoke signal right and proper, Miss Molly," said he at length, quietly, "I'll learn ye how."

The girl looked up at him.

"Well, I don't know much about it."

"This way: Hit takes two to do hit best. You catch holt two corners o' the shawl now. Hist it on a stick in the middle. Draw it down all over the fire. Let her simmer under some green stuff. Now! Lift her clean off sideways, so's not ter break the smoke ball. See 'em go up? That's how."

He looked at the girl keenly under his bushy gray brows.

"That's the Injun signal fer 'Enemy in the country.' S'pose you ever wanted to signal, say to white folks, 'Friend in the country,' you might remember—three short puffs an' one long one. That might bring up a friend. Sech a signal can be seed a long ways."

Molly flushed to the eyes.

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing at all, any more'n you do."

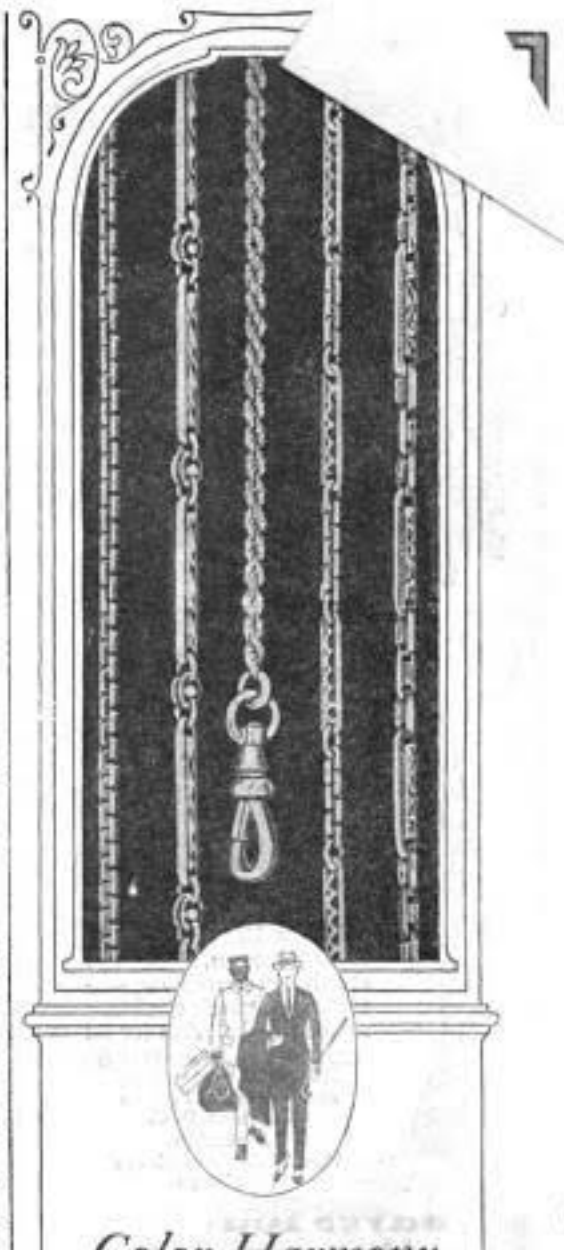
Jackson rose and left her.

XIII

THE afternoon wore on, much occupied with duties connected with the sad scenes of the tragedy. No word came of Woodhull or of two others who could not be identified as among the victims at the death camp. No word, either, came from the Missourians, and so cowed or dulled were most of the men of the caravan that they did not venture far, even to undertake trailing out after the survivors of the massacre. In sheer indecision the great aggregation of wagons, piled up along the stream, lay apathetic, and no order came for the advance.

Jed and his cow guards were obliged to drive the cattle back into the ridges for better grazing, for the valley and adjacent country, which had not been burned over by the Indians the preceding fall, held a lower matting of heavy dry grass through which the green grass of springtime appeared only in sparser and more smothered growth. As many of the cattle and horses even now showed evil results from injudicious driving on the trail, it was at length decided to make a full day's stop so that they might feed up.

*AUTHOR'S NOTE—In dealing with times three-quarters of a century ago, a writer must rely in part on tradition, but much more on the contemporary written word. The author asks leniency for lack of specific credit to scores of earlier writers. All the first explorers—Pike, Long, Lewis and Clark, etc.; all the standard historians—Parkman, Irving, etc.;—all the chronicles of the early fur trade; all the pioneer records of early Oregon—these come as matter of course in any readings on our great Western treks. In addition are the still more useful personal journals of actual Western travelers of that day, such men as Jesse Applegate, Joel Palmer, Edwin Bryant, William Kelly, many others who set down chapter and verse as they went across the continent. From such as these, for sake of verity, free and often almost literal quotations are made, so that as far as possible we may get the atmosphere of a day now gone and see the Western country as it really was at that time.



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Molly Wingate, now assured that the Pawnees no longer were in the vicinity, ventured out for pasturage with her team of mules, which she had kept tethered close to her own wagon. She now rapidly was becoming a good frontierswoman and thoughtful of her locomotive power. Taking the direction of the cattle herd, she drove from camp a mile or two, resolving to hobble and watch her mules while they grazed close to the cattle guards.

She was alone. Around her, untouched by any civilization, lay a wild, free world. The ceaseless wind of the prairie swept the grass down into a continuous undulating surface, silver crested, a wave always passing, never past. The sky was unspeakably fresh and blue, with its light clouds, darker edged toward the far horizon of the unbounded, unbroken expanse of alternating levels and low hills. Across the grass lands passed the teeming bird life of the land. The Eskimo plover in vast bands circled and sought their nesting places. Came also the sweep of cinnamon wings as the giant sickle-billed curlews wheeled in vast aërial phalanx, with their eager cries, "Curlee! Curlee! Curlee!"—the wildest cry of the old prairies. Again, from some unknown, undiscoverable place, came the liquid, baffling, mysterious note of the nesting upland plover, sweet and clean as pure white honey.

Now and again a band of antelope swept ghostlike across a ridge. A great gray wolf stood contemptuously near on a hillock, gazing speculatively at the strange new creature, the white woman, new come in his lands. It was the wilderness, rude, bold, yet sweet.

Who shall say what thoughts the flowered wilderness of spring carried to the soul of a young woman beautiful and ripe for love, her heart as sweet and melting as that of the hidden plover telling her mate of happiness? Surely a strange spell, born of youth and all this free world of things beginning, fell on the soul of Molly Wingate. She sat and dreamed, her hands idle, her arms empty, her beating pulses full, her heart full of a maid's imaginings.

How long she sat alone, miles apart, an unnoticed figure, she herself could not have said—surely the sun was past zenith—when, moved by some vague feeling of her own, she noticed the uneasiness of her feeding charges.

The mules, hobbled and side-lined as Jed had shown her, turned face to the wind, down the valley, standing for a time studious and uncertain rather than alarmed. Then, their great ears pointed, they became uneasy; stirred, stamped, came back again to their position, gazing steadily in the one direction.

The ancient desert instinct of the wild ass, brought down through thwarted generations, never had been lost to them. They had foreknowledge of danger long before horses or human beings could suspect it.

Danger? What was it? Something, surely. Molly sprang to her feet. A band of antelope, running, had paused a hundred yards away, gazing back. Danger—yes; but what?

The girl ran to the crest of the nearest hillock and looked back. Even as she did so, it seemed that she caught touch of the great wave of apprehension spreading swiftly over the land.

Far off, low lying like a pale blue cloud, was a faint line of something that seemed to alter in look, to move, to rise and fall, to advance—down the wind. She never had seen it, but knew what it must be—the prairie fire!

Vast numbers of prairie grouse came by, hurtling through the silence, alighting, strutting with high heads, fearlessly close. Gray creatures came hopping, halting or running fully extended—the prairie hares, fleeing far ahead. Band after band of antelope came on, running easily, but looking back. A heavy line of large birds, black to the eye, beat on laboriously, alighted, and ran onward with incredible speed—the wild turkeys, fleeing the terror. Came also broken bands of white-tailed deer, easy, elastic, bounding irregularly, looking back at the miles-wide cloud, which now and then spun up, black as ink toward the sky, but always flattened and came onward with the wind.

Danger? Yes! Worse than Indians, for yonder were the cattle; there lay the parked train, two hundred wagons, with the household goods that meant their life savings and their future hope in far-off Oregon. Women were there, and children—women with babes that could not walk. True, the water lay close, but it was narrow and deep and offered no salvation against the terror now coming on the wings of the wind.

That the prairie fire would find in this strip fuel to carry it even at this green season of the grass the wily Pawnees had known. This was cheaper than assault by arms. They would wither and scatter the white nation here! Worse than plumed warriors was yonder broken undulating line of the prairie fire.

Instinct told the white girl, gave her the same terror as that which inspired all these fleeing creatures. But what could she do? This was an elemental, gigantic wrath, and she but a frightened girl. She guessed rather than reasoned what it would mean when yonder line came closer, when it would sweep down, roaring, over the wagon train.

The mules began to bray, to plunge, too wise to undertake flight. She would at least save them. She would mount one and ride with the alarm for the camp.

The wise animals let her come close, did not plunge, knew that she meant help, allowed her trembling hands to loose one end of the hobble straps, but no more. As soon as each mule got its feet it whirled and was away. No chance to hold one of them now, and if she had mounted a hobbled animal it had meant nothing. But she saw them go toward the stream, toward the camp. She must run that way herself.

It was so far! There was a faint smell of smoke and a mysterious low humming in the air. Was it too late?

A swift, absurd, wholly useless memory came to her from the preceding day. Yes, it would be no more than a prayer, but she would send it out blindly into the air. . . . Some instinct—yes, quite likely.

Molly ran to her abandoned wagonette, pushed in under the white tilt where her pallet bed lay rolled, her little personal plunder stored about. Fumbling, she found her sulphur matches. She would build her signal fire.

It was, at least, all that she could do. It might at least alarm the camp.

Trembling, she looked about her, tore her hands breaking off little fagots of tall dry weed stems, a very few bits of wild thorn and fragments of a plum thicket in the nearest shallow coulee. She ran to her hillock, stooped and broke a dozen matches, knowing too little of fire-making in the wind. But at last she caught a wisp of dry grass, a few dry stems—others, the bits of wild plum branches. She shielded her tiny blaze with her frock, looking back over her shoulder, where the black curtain was rising taller. Now and then, even in the blaze of full day, a red, dull gleam rose and passed swiftly. The entire country was afire. Fuel? Yes; and a wind.

The humming in the air grew, the scent of fire came plainly. The plover rose around their nests and circled, crying piteously. The scattered hares became a great body of moving gray, like camouflage blots on the still undulating waves of green and silver, passing but not yet past—soon now to pass.

The girl, her hands arrested, her arms out in her terror, stood trying to remember. Yes, it was three short puffs and a long pillar. She caught her shawl from her shoulder, stooped, spread it with both hands, drove in her stiffest bough for a partial support, cast in under the edge, timidly, green grass enough to make smoke, she hoped.

An instant and she sprang up, drawing the shawl swiftly aside, the next moment jealously cutting through the smoke with a side sweep of the covering.

It worked! The cut-off column rose, bent over in a little detached cloud. Again, with a quick flirt, eager eyed, and again the detached irregular ball! A third time—Molly rose, and now cast on dry grass and green grass till a tall and moving pillar of cloud by day arose.

At least she had made her prayer. She could do no more. With vague craving for any manner of refuge, she crawled to her wagon seat and covered her eyes. She knew that the wagon train was warned—they now would need but little warning, for the menace was written all across the world.

She sat she knew not how long, but until she became conscious of a roaring in the air. The line of fire had come astonishingly soon, she reasoned. But she forgot that. All the vanguard and the full army of wild creatures had passed by now. She alone,

(Continued on Page 156)



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187K—Pair links $3.00
188K—4 vest buttons $3.00
189K 3 studs $1.50

"Old Town Canoes"

EASIEST canoe you ever paddled—that's an "Old Town." And it's the steadiest, too. For old-time Indian ideas are combined with "Old Town" craftsmanship. They last for years. $54 up from dealer or factory. "Old Towns" are the lowest priced canoes made.

Make your selection from new 1922 catalog. All models shown in rich colors. Write for it.

OLD TOWN CANOE CO.
284 Fourth Street
Old Town, Maine
U. S. A.



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"We had a business barrier to remove"



One of the Monitor Stove Company's thirteen productive page advertisements in *The Country Gentleman* in 1921.

writes The Monitor Stove Company of Cincinnati. "Our Caloric Pipeless Furnace was a change from accepted heating and ventilating methods and the regular trade channels were practically closed to us.

"We coupled our sales efforts with consistent advertising in the farm field. This has enabled us to build up a new distributing system and create a growing market.

"THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN is the most effective farm medium we have used. Its ability to produce returns has caused us to increase our space in it steadily since 1916. We find it prolific of inquiries of a high potential sales value."

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

The Saturday Evening Post *The Ladies' Home Journal* *The Country Gentleman*

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Of Course You Have Spare Hours To Sell!

CHARLES PIFER imagined he was a pretty busy chap—and well he might! He is a student in the University of Illinois, and to help pay his way through college he works eight hours a day in the University Printing Office. There is no exaggeration in his statement: "I have but a short time to devote to your work each day. Some days I can't solicit at all—I haven't time." Yet, in his very first month as our subscription representative, we paid him $29.30 extra for his spare time.



Even if you are busy eight or ten hours of every day, you can still find a few minutes to spare—and those few minutes are worth money to you.

Let Us Buy Them For Cash

AS a subscription representative of *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*, you have an opportunity to pick up extra money at all hours of the day—whenever you have a spare moment to tell your neighbors, friends and others that you are ready to take orders for these three popular publications. You need not neglect your regular work—this profit is *extra;* it is *clear gain*. You will be surprised at the ease with which an inexperienced beginner can gather orders in odd moments that would otherwise be wasted.

Let us tell you about YOUR profit opportunity.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
620 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

Gentlemen: I haven't much time to spare, but I'd like to know, without obligation, what you will pay me for it. Please send details.

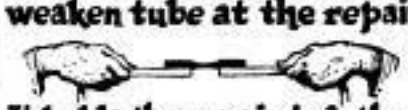
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Town _____ State _____

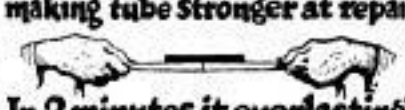
This Coupon Brings Full Details

LOCKTITE TIRE PATCH

does not stretch and weaken tube at the repair



It holds the repair together making tube stronger at repair



In 2 minutes it everlastingly mends smallest or largest holes in tubes and casings~



Sold by all Ford Dealers and most other good dealers

LOCKTITE PATCH CO~Detroit

FORD TIMERS AND IGNITION WIRES NEED PROTECTION

Your Ford will have steadier, stronger power and a common source of trouble will be eliminated if timer and wires are protected from water, grease and dirt. This is proven by the satisfaction given thousands of users of the

STA-KLEEN TIMER BRACKET

It raises timer up where it is accessible and away from water, grease and dirt. Easily inspected without soiling your clothes. Prevents short-circuits; prolongs life of timer and wiring. Easily installed. Mailed postpaid for only $3.00. Get one and you wouldn't part with it for three times the price. Order today. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Manufactured by
THE MILWAUKEE AIR POWER PUMP CO.
884-3rd St., Milwaukee, Wis.
Sole Sales Representatives
The Fulton Company
75th and National Aves., Milwaukee, Wis.



But this is only—someone may say—what all men and women in the public eye are subjected to—the politician, the general, the society leader. Of course it is the price of all publicity. But these other people enjoy, by comparison, an ephemeral prominence. The politician is released after the campaign is over; the general slides into obscurity in peacetimes; the society leader intrigues the public only on stated occasions. Whereas this other publicity never stops. There is not a day in the year when a given movie star is not being beheld of thousands. The real actor has periods of retirement and rest, when people forget about him. He can go to Europe or betake himself to rural solitude. So can the movie star, in the flesh; but his *alter ego*, the self that the public knows, never withdraws from the public gaze, never rests, never, as long as he is professionally successful, has a holiday of oblivion. Modern inventions are uncanny, indeed. No opera singer can refuse to sing so long as there is one phonograph record of his voice existent in the land. No moving-picture actor can refuse a public appearance so long as there is a demand for a film in which he has acted. Whether he is asleep or awake, has married a wife or gone on a journey, he is there, being seen and considered of thousands, the hours of his greatest activity perpetually relived and reproduced. From eleven A.M. to eleven P.M. three hundred and sixty-five days in the year his *alter ego* is on the job somewhere; he is never out of sight, and therefore never out of mind. By George Eliot's definition he would seem already to have achieved immortality. There is no other publicity like this in our modern times. Presumably the stars desire precisely this success; certainly their managers want it for them.

But how they could have expected, under these conditions, to be let alone, one does not see. Nor should they have forgotten that the more you are admired by the public the more resolutely the public invades your privacy. If it has pa to see you it feels that you have n become, to the extent of that s ticket, its property. No "joy i commonalty spread" is going to e reforming appetite for long. Refo we have hinted, never go after sm They wait until their stroke can tacular, and can affect vast nu people.

The tiny or obscure minority, r how vicious, is practically always them. They haul with nets, the fish with rods. When you ma Crippsville yours, gentlemen of th you were simply asking for this come upon you.

It is, I hope, needless to say article is in no sense a defense of l is not even an expression of perso ion, except as one is always willin oneself on record as being against and self-defeating censorship in a That, I take it, is a duty of every gent person. Both you and I, of would like, on general principles, assured that only decent films w shown, and that Hollywood condu self better than Spoon River. B is not the point. I have simply invi to consider with me an ancient law sponsors of the motion picture hav aged to make movies everybody's bu Even now some of us do not take magnitude of that triumph. But wh have once taken it in you are bou look for Nemesis round the corner never fails to keep an appointment, this one she was positively a little ov It would seem that men who make i business to appeal to millions of h hearts might have investigated the h heart a little more exhaustively. O might have paid themselves the c ment of realizing that they had pulled it off too wildly well not to a the attention of that power which, Greek times, has never stood for a broken run of luck.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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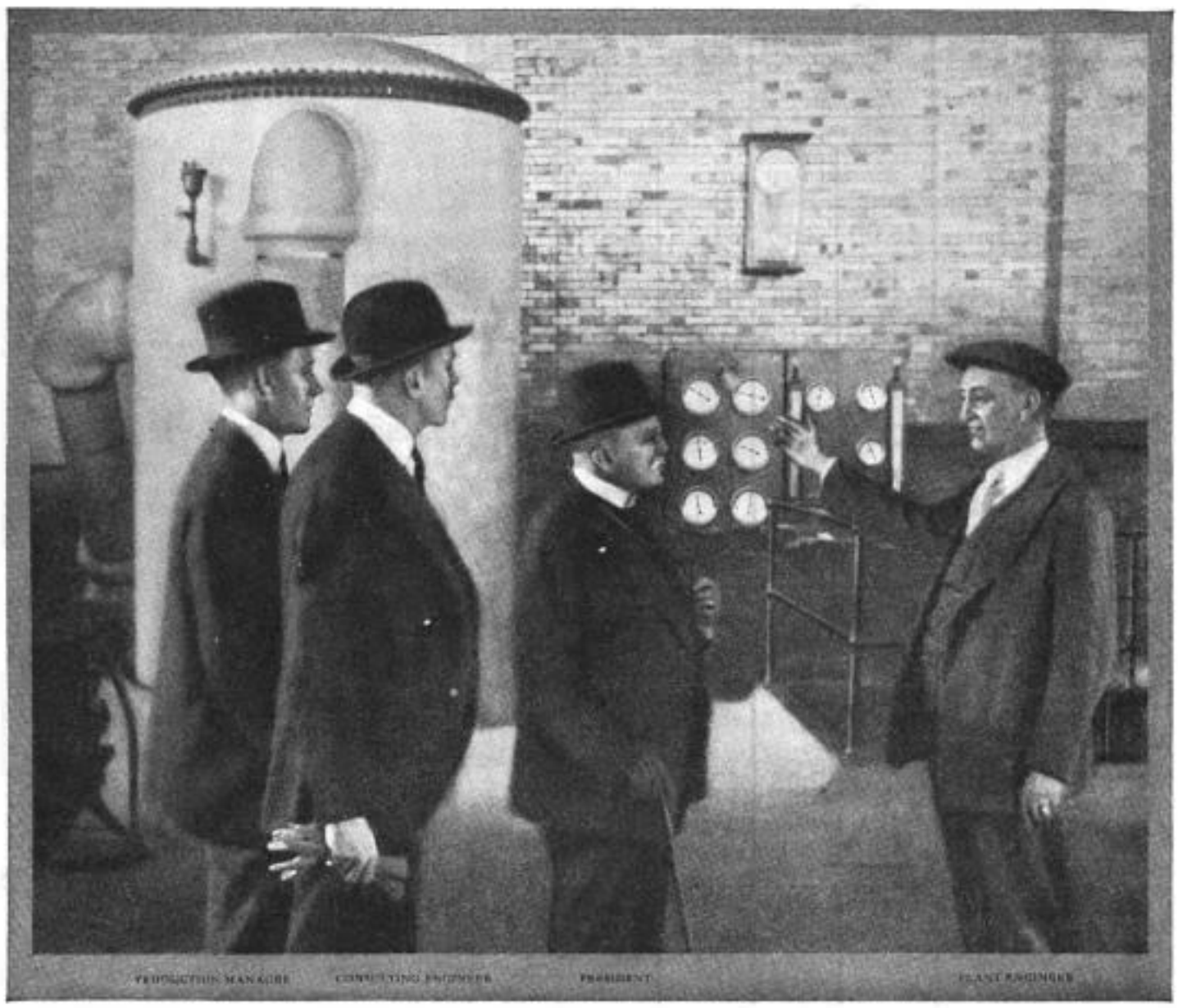
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amatized Facts out of The Day's Work

No. 13

The next day they stood in the engine om of the great South Works of the J. I. Case Company.

"The temperature outside is 29 degrees," said the Plant Engineer, "and ou see," pointing to the control board, my outgoing hot water is 140 degrees. After traveling through over a mile of welded mains, through thirty miles of heating coils, and through 75,000 square feet of cast-iron radiation, the water comes back to me at 123 degrees."



nd competitors thought they were losing money

Nine hundred automobile dealers are expecting a night letter from me ing the price of our car has been cut 10%," said the President, fixing Consulting Engineer with his steel-gray eyes.

"We've shown you a 7% saving without counting increased labor effi- ncy," came back the Production Manager.

"So far, so good; the only other idea you propose is to remodel the old ating system," snapped the President. "I'll grant you half the coal ving you claim, but what does it amount to per car?"

"I'm talking increased labor output, not coal savings ——"

"Output, fiddlesticks; it's only on a few zero days that the plant is really comfortable."

"That's where so many manufacturers miss a bet," replied the Consulting ngineer. "They think workmen are only affected when their fingers are umb with cold."

Like a flash the Production Manager cut in with: "There's just one right tem- erature at which labor unconsciously and without effort works at top speed."

"Oh, I know all that," said the President, testily, "but an automobile lant isn't a hospital. Keeping acres of plant space always at the right emperature is a pipe dream!"

Consulting Engineer: "Come up to Racine with me tonight and I'll how you a heating system that's a *dream* of piping."

* * * *

The next day they stood in the engine room of the great South Works f the J. I. Case Company, illustrated above.

"The temperature outside is 29 degrees," said the Plant Engineer, "and you see," pointing to the control board, "my outgoing hot water is 140 degrees. After traveling through over a mile of welded mains, through thirty miles of heating coils, and through 75,000 square feet of cast-iron radiation, the water comes back to me at 123 degrees."

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz! An impolite telephone interrupted him. He answered, then paused to turn a valve slightly.

"Somebody kicking for more heat, eh?" quizzed the visiting President, with a sly wink at the others.

"Oh, no," was the quiet reply. "That was just our regular half-hour report from the Weather Bureau. It's three degrees colder outside than it was at ten o'clock. I just turned in enough exhaust steam to meet that drop ——"

"Exhaust steam!" exclaimed the President. "That means heat for nothing. Had I known our proposed system would utilize exhaust steam, I would have granted the enormous coal saving claimed.

"One question more, about the control and the workman's efficiency: Isn't there something peculiar to this plant that makes so remarkable a showing?"

"No," replied the Consulting Engineer. "The working of the system is due to the exactness of the engineering; the excellence of the construction work; and the intelligence of the operating engineer. Take *my* word on the calculations and the Grinnell Company's guarantee of performance."

* * * *

Send for our booklet, "Five Factors in Heating Costs." Address Grinnell Co., Inc., 302 West Exchange St., Providence, R. I.

AUTOMATIC SPRINKLER SYSTEMS

When the fire starts the water starts

GRINNELL
INDUSTRIAL PIPING
Your kind, their kind, every kind of Piping

If it's
INDUSTRIAL PIPING
take it up with
GRINNELL COMPANY

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Fair Prices for big as well as small cars		Oversize "Fabric Tire" Batteries — 18 mos. guarantee		Oversize Philco Retainer "Cord Tire" Batteries — 2 year guarantee	
CAR	YEAR	PRICE	Maximum cost per mo. under guarantee	PRICE	Maximum cost per mo. under guarantee
Packard (except Single 6)	1914-21	45.00	2.50	51.25	2.13
Cadillac	1914-19				
Cole	1914-15			51.25	2.13
Stevens-Duryea	1914-15				
Cadillac	1920-21				
Cole	1918-20				
Lafayette	1920-21				
Lincoln	1920-21				
Locomobile	1920-21				
Marmon	1920-21				
Maxwell	1918-20	40.00	2.22	45.00	1.88
Mercer	1918-20				
Pierce-Arrow	1916-21				
Revere	1918-20				
Singer	1920				
Standard	1918-21				
Stevens-Duryea	1920				
Willys-Knight	1920-21				
		40.00	2.22	45.00	1.88
Dodge	1915-21	*Dodge Special at $35.00 Guaranteed One Year fits these cars also.**			
Franklin	1916-21				
Cole	1921				
Cunningham	1917-21				
Daniels	1920-21				
Dorris	1921				
Haynes	1920-21				
Marmon	1917-19	37.50	2.08	42.50	1.77
National	1919-21				
Peerless	1916-21				
Stutz	1918-21				
Wills Ste. Claire	1921				
Willys-Knight	1916-19				
Winton	1919-20				
Buick 6	1919-21				
Case	1918-21				
Chalmers	1919-21				
Chandler	1918-21				
Chevrolet FB	1920-21				
Cole	1915-17				
Dorris	1916-20				
Du Pont	1921				
Durant Six	1921				
Essex	1919-21				
Grant	1920-21				
Haynes	1919				
H. C. S.	1920-21				
Hudson	1916-20				
Jordan	1919-21				
King	1920				
Kissel	1919-21				
Lexington	1919-21				
Maxwell	1920-21	35.00	1.94	40.00	1.67
McLaughlin	1919-20				
Metz	1919-20				
Mitchell	1921				
Moon	1920-21				
Nash	1919-21				
Oakland	1920-21				
Oldsmobile 8	1920-21				
Packard Single 6	1921				
Paige	1917-21				
Pierce-Arrow	1914-16				
Premier	1921				
Reo	1916-21				
R. & V. Knight	1920-21				
Saxon	1921				
Scripps-Booth	1920-21				
Stephens	1920-21				
Studebaker	1914-21				
Templar	1919-21				
Velie	1913-21				
Westcott	1915-21				
		*Buick Special at $30.00 Guaranteed One Year fits these cars also.**			
Allen	1920-21				
American Six	1920-21				
Anderson	1919-21				
Auburn	1921				
Buick D	1916				
Chevrolet 490	1916-21				
Cleveland	1920-21				
Columbia	1918-21				
Crow-Elkhart	1920				
Davis	1916-21	30.00	1.67	35.00	1.46
Dort	1916-21				
Durant 4	1921				
Elcar	1918-21				
Elgin	1916-21				
Ford	1919-21				
Hupmobile	1918-21				
Liberty	1916-20				
Monroe	1920				
Oldsmobile	1916-20				
Overland	1919-21				
Saxon	1916-20				
Scripps-Booth	1916-19				
Studebaker Light 6	1921				
		*Ford Special at $25.00 Guaranteed One Year fits these cars also.**			

Excise Tax Paid. Exchange prices east of the Mississippi River. West of the Mississippi, including Pacific Coast, only slightly higher.

* Special batteries with 11, 13 and 7 ***thick*** Diamond Grid plates, **4¾ inches high,** at $25.00, $30.00 and $35.00, for cars using respectively Ford, Buick and Dodge size batteries. These batteries, while not oversize, are full size and are guaranteed one year. No skimping in plate size in Philadelphia Specials.



"and here are two guarantees—the factory's and

"The regular published factory guarantee means that t delphia factory is still building high quality Diamond Grid and standing back of every one of them, just as it alw

"*Our* guarantee means that you don't have to sen factory in case of failure. We will make the adjustme here, and we have so few, we can afford to be liberal."

LOCAL adjustment is a convenience which has always been offered to car owners under the Philadelphia guarantee policy.

To make this convenience, and the breadth of the factory guarantee, known to every Diamond Grid Battery purchaser, and also to show their own confidence in the quality of the Diamond Grid Battery, most of the 5000 Philadelphia Dealers and Service Stations now issue, with each battery sold, their own written guarantee.

The factory guarantee is y ance that the particula Grid Battery you are in the one that goes into will give you the same low month as shown in the table

And it is confirmed and b by the written and transfera antee of the Service Stat from whom you buy the b man you know and have with, and easily accessible t case of trouble.

PHILADELPHIA STORAGE BATTERY CO., Ontario & C Sts., Philade

PHILADELPHIA DIAMOND GRID BATTERY

With the PHILCO Slotted Retaine

THE "CORD TIRE" BATTERY

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food you'll like
hat is *good* for you

All the nourishment and food value of Malted Milk
A delicious chocolate flavor in addition



YOU can *now* get *Chocolate* Malted Milk—all of the ingredients blended in dry form—in one convenient package. Mixed with water or milk, it is ready for serving—hot or cold—a home beverage just like that served at your soda fountain.

Over a million people in this country depend upon malted milk taken daily as an energy and health builder, restoring nerves, keeping the body young and fit.

This addition of *chocolate*—the most popular flavor—makes Chocolate Malted Milk a better health food. It is delicious—everyone likes it.

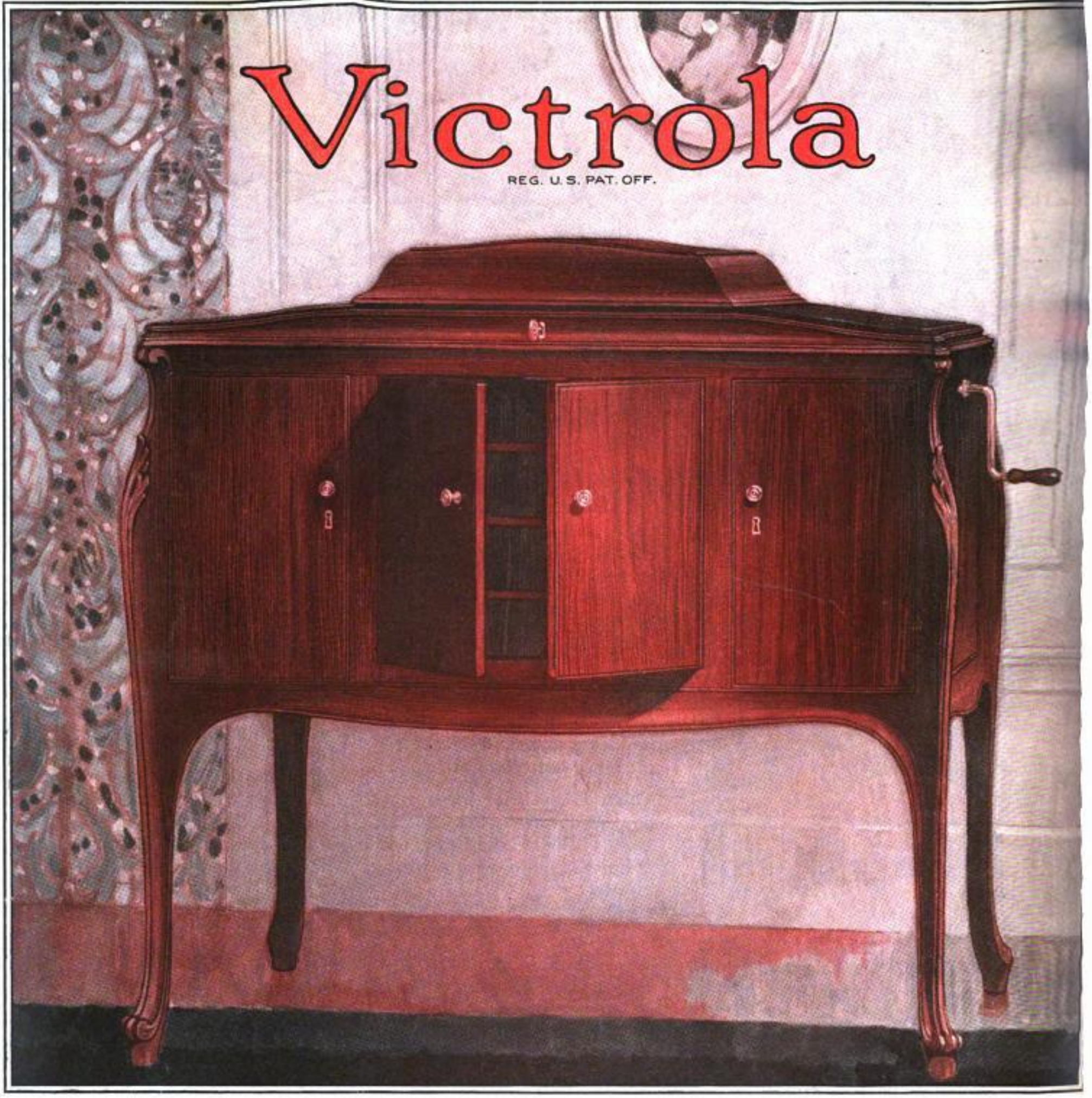
You can well make Borden's Chocolate Malted Milk a daily addition to the children's meals. Serve it regularly for luncheon or supper. They will love it as they do a special treat. Yet it is an ideal *food* for growing boys and girls—digestible, rich in proteins, full of nutriment that makes firm muscles, strong bodies, glowing faces.

Chocolate Malted Milk is made and guaranteed by the *Borden Company*, whose *Eagle Brand Condensed* Milk, *Evaporated* Milk, and other milk products are familiar in every household.

Borden's
CHOCOLATE MALTED MILK

Waiting for you at your dealers

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THE VICTROLA No. 300—a new model that is a true musical instrument and embodies the exclusive Victrola features which give the Victrola its leadership among musical instruments.



"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N.J.

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For ...lin

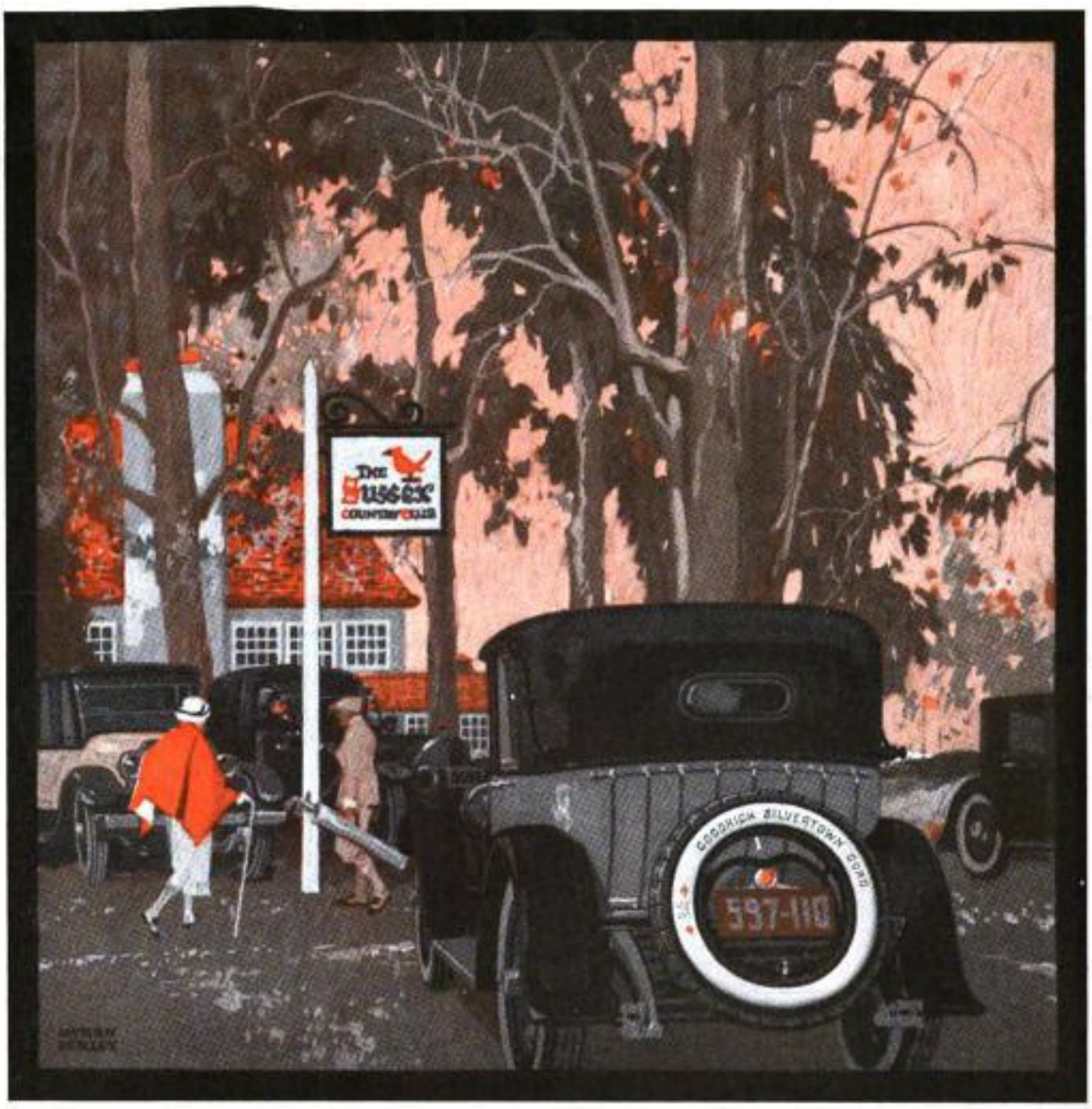
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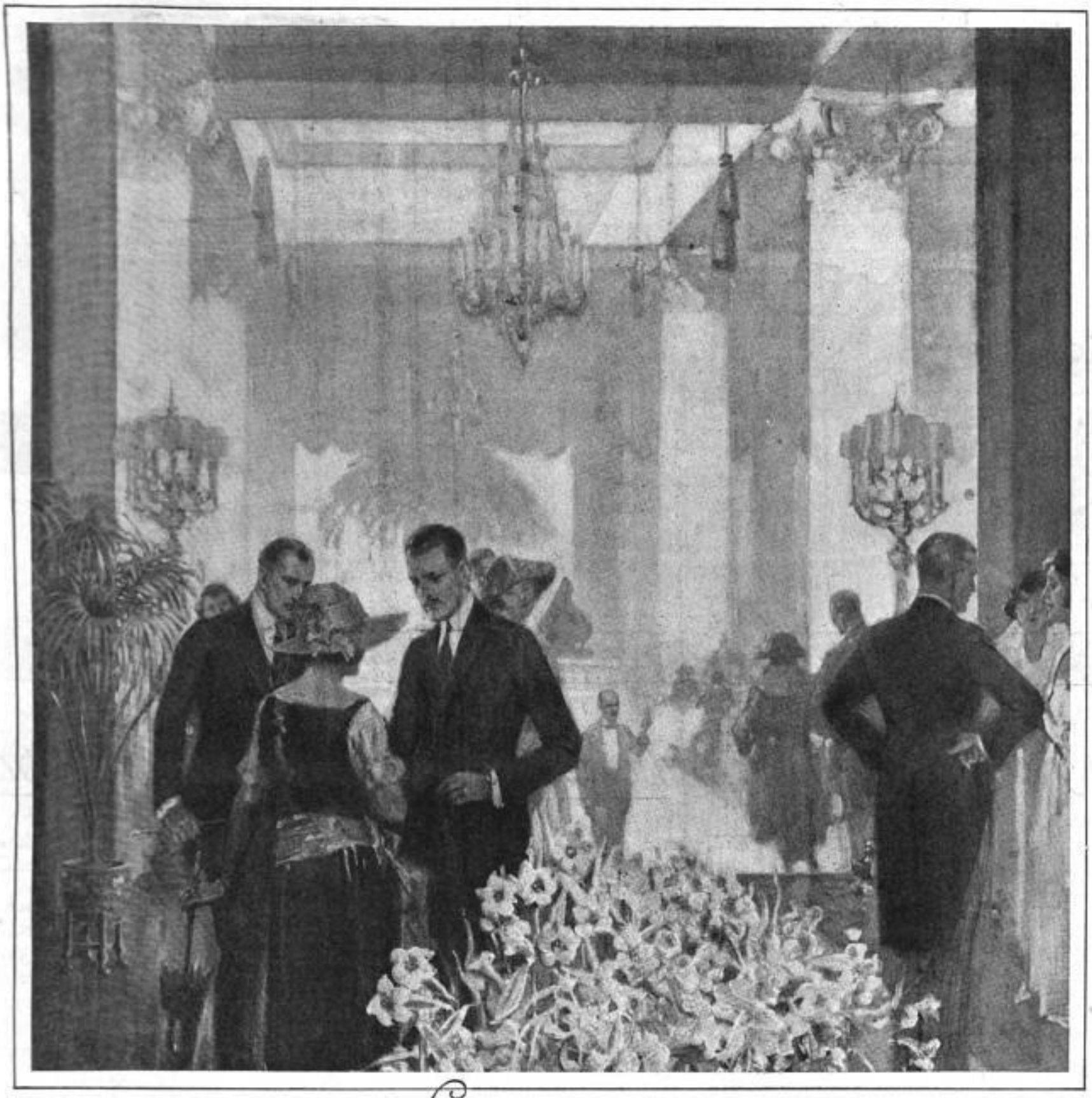
TIRES OF DISTINCTION

WITH SILVERTOWN CORD TIRES on your car you can park it anywhere on earth with the comforting assurance that whoever sees it will credit you with good taste and good judgment. They are the finest examples of tire craftsmanship, a remarkable combination of beauty and durability. Thoroughbreds in appearance, with sleek, creamy white sides and glistening black treads—they have within them the rugged strength that means long wear, long life and long service.

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY
Akron, Ohio

GOODRICH SILVERTOWN CORDS

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Society Brand Clothes

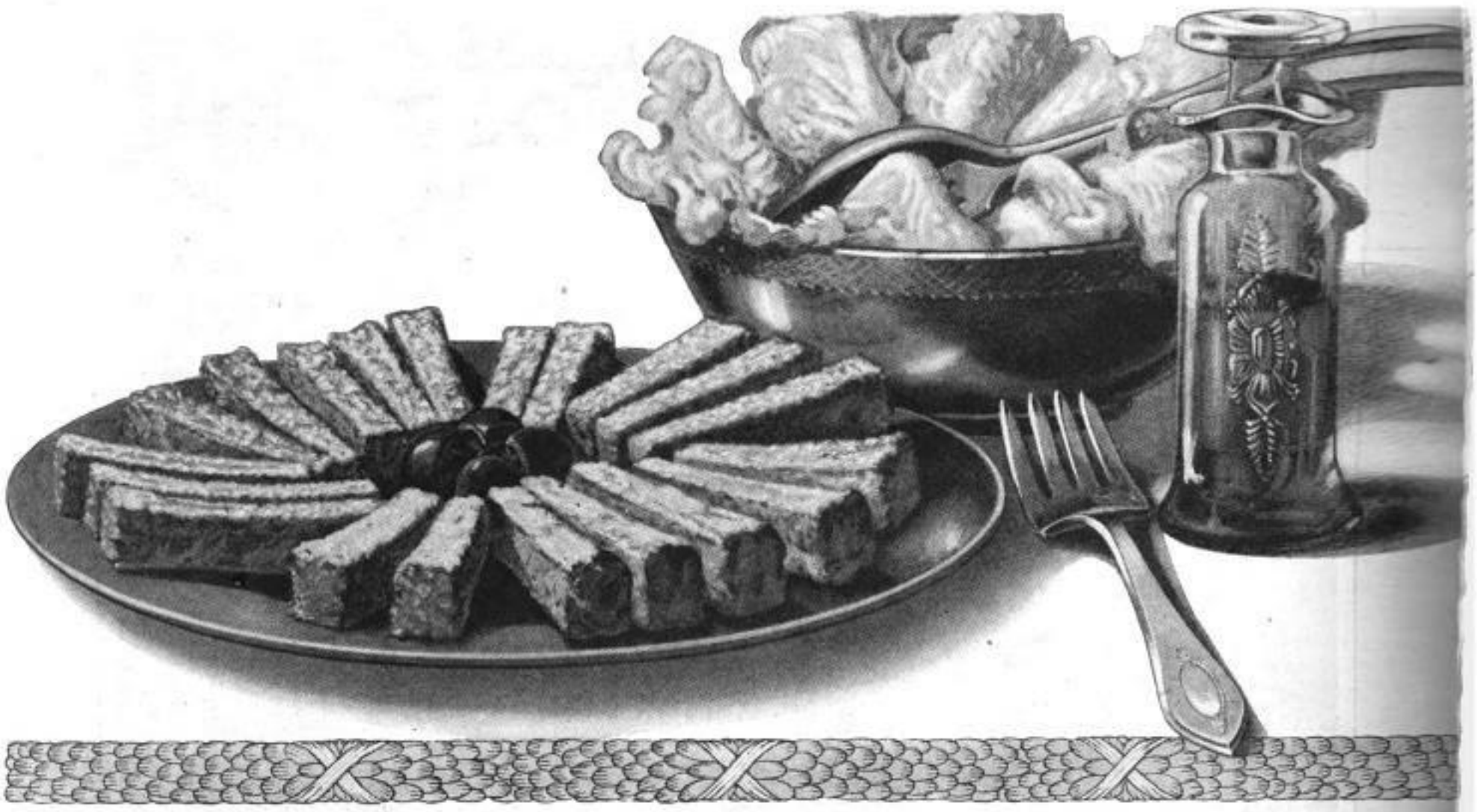
For YOUNG MEN
and
MEN WHO
STAY YOUNG

Good fabrics—certainly; good tailoring—of course; but good style comes first. Your satisfaction in your clothes is largely a matter of style.

Society Brand Clothes are well made, of the best fabrics, and known everywhere for their smart style. The new Spring models are unusual values at 1922 prices.

ALFRED DECKER & COHN, MAKERS, CHICAGO, NEW YORK · IN CANADA: SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES, LIMITED, MONTREAL

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Do you use the frying kettle as much as the frying pan?

FEW women do. Most of them consider deep frying an expensive, disagreeable, difficult way to cook, and deep fried foods unappetizing and hard to digest.

Just the reverse is true. The trouble is with the fat—not the kettle. A frying kettle used with the right fat consumes less fat than a frying pan, cooks without smoke or odor, and enables the housekeeper to prepare easily many delicious, digestible dishes that no other method can produce.

To be satisfactory for deep frying a fat must have the following qualities:

It must be odorless and tasteless and must not smoke at frying heat. It must give up its heat quickly so as to form a protecting crust on the food, thus preventing the food from absorbing an excess of fat. It should be a vegetable product so as to digest easily.

Professional cooks and experienced housekeepers say that Crisco is the ideal medium for deep frying because it has all these qualities, and because it simply has to be strained after using and it is ready to use again. It absorbs no taste from anything cooked in it and gives none to the food it cooks. Moreover, it is strictly vegetable; simply the pure, white, solid cream produced by hardening edible vegetable oil.

If you want to serve foods that are *different* the frying kettle is your greatest help. Get the cookbook offered at the left and you will have the simple rules that will enable you to do deep frying as easily as ordinary boiling and stewing. Get Crisco from your grocer and you will have the ideal fat.

Cheese Fingers

A delightful substitute for meat—strictly vegetarian when fried in Crisco.

¾ pound cheese, grated (1 cupful)
½ cupful soft sifted bread crumbs
½ teaspoonful salt
1 teaspoonful mustard
½ teaspoonful paprika
2 tablespoonfuls Crisco
1 cupful milk
1 egg beaten light
(1 egg, milk, soft sifted bread crumbs, Crisco)

Cook the cheese, crumbs, seasoning, and milk over hot water, stirring constantly, until the cheese is melted and the mixture is thickened somewhat. Add the beaten egg and turn mixture into a square dish of such size as will give it a depth of three-quarters of an inch, set dish in a pan of boiling water, and cook in a moderate oven for about fifteen minutes. Cool mixture, and cut it into strips three-quarters of an inch wide and the length of a finger. Roll in crumbs, dip in beaten egg diluted slightly with milk, roll again in crumbs, and fry in Crisco which has been heated until it browns a crumb of bread in 40 seconds; drain the fingers, when browned, first over the kettle, then on soft paper. Serve at once with bread and a green vegetable salad or stewed fruit.

Why does smoking fat make fried foods hard to digest?

Knowing the reasons why you should or should not do certain things is what gives assurance in cooking. Learn the expert "whys" of all branches of the culinary art from "The Whys of Cooking", the unique cookbook written by Janet McKenzie Hill, founder of the Boston Cooking School and editor of America's foremost cookery magazine. Over 100 pages of rules, original recipes, cookery time tables, tables of weights and measures, and instructions in table setting and serving. Bound in blue and gold and illustrated in colors. If you could buy this book in a bookstore, it would cost at least 75c.

We will send you one copy for only 10c, on receipt of your request, addressed to section K-4, Department of Home Economics, The Procter and Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.



Of course, you can use Crisco for all your cooking. The delicacy and richness that make it so satisfactory for frying are the qualities that you need in cake baking and pastry making.

Crisco is sold in sanitary, dust-proof cans of 1, 3, 6, and 9 pounds, net weight. Cheaper per pound in the larger sizes. Never sold in bulk.

CRISCO
For Frying - For Shortening
For Cake Making

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RITA COVENTRY



"Then, Caro Mio," She Retorted Gayly, "I Have Not Altogether Lost the Power to Surprise You"

By Julian Street

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

AMONG New Yorkers it is recognized that the changing seasons do not first announce themselves from almanacs, nor in precocious items upon menus, nor yet among the growing things of Riverside Drive and Central Park. The first signs make themselves apparent on the treeless, grassless reaches of that hard-paved highway extending from the Waldorf to the Plaza. And to-day, though it was but mid-February according to the calendar, the dense and animated crowds upon Fifth Avenue, the brightening costumes worn by women and exhibited in windows, and a bursting golden something in the air proclaimed the spring.

To Richard Parrish the miracle was the more wonderful because he had not seen it come to pass. It had burst upon him, a thing accomplished, on his return this morning from a brief trip to Chicago. Only a week ago he had left New York plunged in its miserable winter; slush swimming in the streets and a solution of slush swimming in the heavy atmosphere above them, mixed with the gaseous breath of coughing motor cars. Chicago had been as bad or worse. The weather there, coupled with what Parrish regarded as a provincial taxi service, had forced him to the purchase of a pair of rubbers—things abominable alike to his bachelor fastidiousness and to his feeling as a young and active man in the late thirties that rubbers properly belonged to the equipment of decrepitude.

A wet snow had been falling yesterday in Chicago. He had worn the rubbers to the train, but once in his Pullman had quickly slipped them off, and in expression of their permanent dismissal from his life had pushed them far into the recess under the opposite seat. And though this renunciation implied in him nothing of the ground hog's gift of prophecy, the weather in New York this morning had seemed to give benignant sanction to the act. It was a day for open windows. The windows of his limousine had been open as he drove home from the station, yet he had felt the weight of his winter overcoat uncomfortably. Entering his apartment he found the windows open there; for Ito, his servant, had seen to that. The curtains swayed gently in a soft breeze; a pattern of dappled sunshine, sifting through them, wavered over the fixed pattern of the library rug, and from the streets ten floors below floated up to him a medley of sounds blending into a not altogether inharmonious symphony.

He had not telephoned to Alice until after bathing, and looking through his accumulated mail; nor did the thought strike him that in the year and a half of their close comradeship this was the first time the telephoning, on his return after an absence from New York, had been thus postponed. That, however, was the fact. In the course of the year he had made four of these short business trips. After the first two he had telephoned her from the station. Last time he had come home before telephoning. This time he had not telephoned until he was ready to start down to his office.

Then he had departed for Wall Street wearing for the first time this season a light overcoat and a soft gray hat, and carrying a wanghee cane. The day in the Street had been one of mere routine. The market was dull. At the close he had come uptown on a leisurely Elevated train in preference to the swifter Subway, and descending at Thirty-third Street had walked the remaining distance on Fifth Avenue. Then and

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then only had he felt entirely at home again, for it is not until he has walked Fifth Avenue that the returned New Yorker feels certain of his reinstatement.

Now, seated in the library of his apartment, with the late sun shining through the west windows like a rose-colored calcium in the theater, his thoughts were on the Avenue and what had happened there. Not only had he seen the spring emphatically confirmed but his walk was illumined by a circumstance the adventurous flavor of which seemed to him exquisitely suited to the season, and left him filled with a strange restlessness.

The restlessness was more than merely vernal. There was contrition in it; and because the contrition had to do with Alice Meldrum, Parrish felt now, as the time when he must go to her drew near, an obscure sense of annoyance with her. When a man is about to wound the feelings of a tender-hearted and adoring woman he is likely to feel a little bit annoyed with her.

In a sense, he reflected, Alice would have no right to feel hurt. He had made no definite engagement with her for this evening. Yesterday, before departing from Chicago, he had wired her that he was starting. This morning he had telephoned that he was back and would be in to see her late in the afternoon. Specifically that was all. But the trouble was that at the time of telephoning he had planned to take her out to dinner, and had known that she would understand it so. There lay his difficulty. So many things were understood between them in that way.

Of course it was not his fault that his plans were changed. When he telephoned to Alice, how could he have foreseen that in the glory of the afternoon he would meet Larry Merrick proudly escorting the gorgeous Rita Coventry, or that Larry would stop and present him—for the purpose, Parrish suspected, of exhibiting his privilege of addressing the singer by her first name? By a happy chance the meeting had occurred in front of Yoshioka's, which led to the discovery that Rita and he had a kindred interest in Japanese prints. But even so, who could have anticipated that on what was evidently an impulse the prima donna would invite him to a dinner party at her house that night?

Of course he had accepted. Really there had been nothing to prevent his doing so, and an opportunity to know Rita Coventry did not present itself every day. Besides, there were her prints—she had promised to show him some Utamaros and Toyokunis. Even Alice, in whom he had inculcated a certain interest in Japanese prints, was aware that he was particularly fond of the works of those two artists. Surely, under the circumstances, she could spare him.

For more than ten years he had admired Coventry, knowing her only through the press, through gossip, through her voice and through his opera glasses. At the time of her sensational début in Paris he had heard her sing Circe at the Opéra Comique, and one day in the same season had seen her lunching at Larue's. She had eaten heartily, laughed heartily, gestured heartily with her hands, arms and shoulders. That was as near as he had ever been to her until this afternoon. The elderly man who had sat across from her at the table was manifestly not the king with whom her name was linked by gossip. It was her father, so his waiter had informed him. The story was that her father had been a postman in Rochester, New York.

Two or three years later, after she had captured London, Parrish heard her there, and since she had left Covent Garden and become the adored of New York opera goers, he had heard her in many parts. Season after season he had listened and observed without detecting any change in her save that her figure, displayed in certain of her rôles with such striking generosity, had with the passing years become if possible more perfect.

Her back was famous. In it was revealed the strength which enabled her to give such energy to her performances. Newberry the sculptor said that a back like Coventry's, reproduced in marble, would look too anatomical. "It's the life, the motion, that makes it so fine," Parrish once heard him declare. Life! That was it. She fairly flashed with life.



"I Have to Dine With Some Friends of Larry Merrick's. I Didn't Know Until This Afternoon. It's a Dinner Party"

She had been dressed this afternoon as one felt a beautiful opera singer ought to dress. Her costume was utterly unlike that of other fashionable women; she was, so to say, elegantly noticeable. The gown of gray cloth with black braid in unexpected places, and a skirt rather short, somehow looked Russian, though perhaps that suggestion was rather the effect of her dark and lustrous furs; her rather small black hat had a hedge of black feathers depending from the brim in such a way as partially to conceal the eyes—but only partially. Glimpsing them through the fringe of feathers as through heavy lace, he had been conscious of an impulse to bend over and look directly at them. But that had not been necessary, for presently she had thrown back her head and let him see her eyes. That was when she invited him to dinner. It had seemed to him that an agreeable vibration was set going between them when their eyes met, and he even fancied he detected a little note of challenge in her look as she gave the invitation—something dashing, like the gesture of a cavalier flinging a gauntlet.

This pleasant and stimulating picture in his mind was dispersed abruptly by the striking of the grandfather's clock. Five. His car would be waiting, and by going at once to Alice's he could spend two hours with her before coming home to dress for dinner. That would not satisfy her, but it ought to help a little.

Going down in the elevator he began to think of the explanation he would make. She would not reproach him—there was nothing of that in their relationship—but she would feel hurt, and though pride would make her try to conceal her feelings, she was too artless to be able to conceal them, especially from him. How he knew her! And all in less than two years.

Of course she was sensitive. Very likely she was becoming more so. That was not unnatural. To a man an attachment such as theirs, running along as theirs had run along, pleasantly but without a definite objective, was an agreeable thing. It gave a man a deep interest without too much responsibility. But to a woman, however much she might at first endeavor to deceive herself into a belief in equality between the sexes, such a relationship could not bring permanent contentment. In the beginning he had tried to point that out to her; but she had shown long strain, very strange, he thought, in a woman temperament, and had professed herself satisfi things as they were. Thence they had drifted.

He had tried always to be c ate. Had he not, for example, her twice from during the pas busy though been? Little att of that kind ples so. When at hom ephoned herever ing. Often he s flowers. For her day last year h given her a har lamp, and at Chr a Chinese rug f living room of her ment. She had twenty-six when I met her, and in M would be twenty- Already he had l at flexible-linked l lets of platinum, se square diamonds, and costly—and stocks gone absol to the devil too!

"Park Avenue, said to his chauffe he got into his car.

Then suddenly, the first time, his r focused sharply on fact that somehow it had come t understood between his chauffeur himself that Park Avenue meant All address. Habit. He had become a habit with A and she a habit with him. It was habit that m her expect to dine with him to-night. When he been away he always took her out to dinner on the nigh his return. Moreover, they dined together three or f times a week, now at a restaurant, now at her apartm occasionally at his. On Thursdays and Sundays he alm always took her to a restaurant, because her maid was on those evenings—and this was Thursday.

Their habits were so fixed that others understood the the elevator men in the building in which she lived, i instance. Parrish knew them as well as he knew those his own building. He even tipped them. They nev announced him by telephone, but took him right up Alice's floor. Nor had he to mention the number of t floor. All that was understood.

Also it was understood that one long and two sho pressures on the doorbell button was his ring. Alice maid, Otillia, did not answer the doorbell when she hear that ring, for it was understood that Alice herself liked to le him in. Parrish thought well of Otillia, though he some times found himself wishing she would treat him more as caller and less as a member of the household.

As his car stopped before the tall apartment building where Alice lived, Parrish was aware of a feeling of rebel lion against all this mass of understanding.

"You've been away, sir," said big Henry, the door man.

"Yes, yes," Parrish replied, and hastened across the sidewalk.

"Back again, Mr. Parrish?" said Michael, the elevator man. And as the car ascended, "Unusually fine weather we're having for this time of year."

"Yes, fine."

Parrish was wishing that he knew some other tenant of the building in order that he might astonish Michael by getting off at any floor other than the seventh—the same old seventh. At Alice's door he allowed his feeling of perversity to triumph. He pressed the button only once. But even so, it was Alice, not Otillia, who answered.

II

SHE was tall, deep bosomed, golden haired, with a delicate skin which, when she flushed, as she did now on seeing him, made him think of an evening gown she sometimes wore—a gown in which a glow of cerise showed faintly through a sheer fine drapery of creamy satin.

"Dick!"

"Hello, Alice." He entered the little hall.

"Why, you rang only once!"

Then after a moment, as he drew away from her and slipped out of his overcoat, Otillia appeared.

"Oh, it's Mr. Parrish!" she exclaimed, surprised and a little confused.

"You didn't recognize my ring, eh?" He was smiling.

"No, sir." She turned back toward the kitchen.

"There's one thing Otillia doesn't understand at any rate," he thought to himself with a certain satisfaction.

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taking his coat and hat and hanging them in a closet nked arms with him and led him to the living

y didn't you ring the way you always do?" she "I thought it must be you, but I ——"
ause it's spring," he answered.
at has that to do with it?"
e starts anew in the spring. Everything is new, even y I ring your bell."
y!"
patted his cheek. He sat down in an upholstered his chair—and she perched upon the arm.
d you think of me while you were away?" she asked. dn't I write you twice? Didn't I wire?"
s, you were a good boy." She stroked back a lock of ir. "But did you think of me often?"
f course, of course." Then as though to dismiss the he asked, "What have you been doing with yourself?" m still looking for something to do in my spare time," id.
ou haven't found anything?" It was as much a nent as a question.
lothing I liked. You don't take much stock in my unting, do you, Dick?"
f you needed a job you'd get one."
Yes. But as money isn't particularly a consideration, t you think I ought to wait for something I'd like?"
I think you'd be pier with some- g to do."
Just anything?"
Perhaps not, ——"
"Because," she nt on, "I did have b one day. Clara I went around d acted in a vie."
"You did? What t that in your ad?"
"Clara knew a l who did it. We ought it wouldn't rt to try it. They ed us in crowd enes. It was rather n, just for once. ut the lights are ard on your eyes, nd they keep you aiting around do- ng nothing for hours t a time, and some f the people are terribly queer. I shouldn't like the movies."
"I understood when I went away that you were think- ing of taking up dress designing."
"I asked Madame DuCharme about it. She says the field is overcrowded. Any- way, I don't be- lieve I sketch well enough."
"Have you thought of anything else?"
"Yes. I went around to a *crèche* and inquired, but they didn't need any help with the children—just an office worker."
"Well ——"
"I'd rather work with children. That was my whole idea in going there."
"I wonder if you'll ever find anything you do care for," he said, shaking his head as though he did not believe she would.
"I care for you."
"I know; but car- ing for someone isn't enough to fill a per- son's life. That's just the point."

"Not a man's, perhaps," she answered.

He saw his opportunity.

"But, my dear girl, it's not good for you to have no outside interest. It's not fair to yourself. We can't be together every evening, even when I am in New York. Take this evening, for instance. When I telephoned this morning I was expecting to take you out to dinner, but as things have turned out I shan't be able to."

Her eyes, which had been on him, turned to the rug.

"I'm sorry," she said, drooping.

"So am I. But it can't be helped. I have to dine with some friends of Larry Merrick's. I didn't know until this afternoon. It's a dinner party. If I didn't go it would throw things all out of joint. They have some fine Japa- nese prints they've been wanting me to see."

"I suppose you couldn't see them any other time." She was still looking down.

"Not very well. They're going away."

"Maybe you'll be able to come in later in the evening," she suggested.

"I'm afraid not. I'm invited for eight; that means we won't be at table until 8:30 or so. And afterwards there'll be the prints to see. I don't expect to get away much before midnight. For heaven's sake, Alice, don't look like that! You make me feel like a brute."

"I'm sorry. You're anything but a brute. I couldn't help being disappointed."

"But I ought to be able to go out to dinner and look at some prints without your making a tragedy of it." There was a slight note of irritation in his tone.

"I know it. It was just for a minute. You've been away, and I was expecting —— But I'm all over it now." She smiled as though to offer proof. "It was selfish of me, and you're never selfish with me. I want you to go to- night and have a fine time."

"That's a dear girl," he approved. Then he added, "But don't say I'm unselfish."

"But you are. You've always done everything I wanted."

"Not always."

"Yes, you have."

"What about Blenkinswood?" he reminded her. Some- how it salved his conscience to remind her of something he had refused her in the past.

"That's different," she said. "You had your point of view about it and I had mine, but it was for you to decide."

Becoming interested in the topic itself, he forgot his reason for having brought it up.

"Well," said he, "now that you look back, don't you see that I was right?"

"I see that it was for you to decide," she repeated, evading a direct answer.

"Yes; but be honest with yourself—wasn't I right?"

"I've never been able to see," she said after a moment's hesitation, "why you couldn't have taken me to Blenkinswood if you'd really wanted to."

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed. "I thought you had stopped talking about it because you'd come around to my point of view."

"No," she an- swered; "I stopped because I saw it was annoying you to hear what I thought. It's your place. If you want to forget about it ——"

"And I do," he put in with a rueful little chuckle.

He did want to forget about Blenk- inswood. That old house in Virginia weighed upon his conscience like a neglected poor rela- tion. With its mort- gaged acres it had come to him as an inheritance—a tumble-down ances- tral home, symbol- izing the decay of the proud colonial family whose name his mother as a maiden had been the last to bear. He had paid off the mortgage, spent some money in put- ting the place in better condition, brought to New York the portraits, the mahogany and such old silverware as the Yankee sol- diers had not found, and installed a farmer to run the plantation on shares.

The farm had never paid. For a dozen years he had sent annually a check to cover re- pairs and replenish- ments, yet each year there was a deficit. In all that time he had gone down there

(Continued on Page 88)



She Continued Calmly to Turn the Prints, Commenting Upon Them as She Went Along

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UP IN THE AI

By Floyd W. Parsons

WE HAVE heard a lot about the various ages through which civilization has passed. Centuries ago there was the Stone Age, and in later times people have talked of the ages of steam, steel and electricity. Now we have come to a time which might be termed the Age of Air, for out of the earth's atmosphere and the ether that lies in and beyond it are coming wonders that amaze us and veritable miracles we do not understand.

In years gone by our attention was chiefly given over to thoughts concerning land and water; now we find that the air must be reckoned with and considered as something more than a mere mixture of oxygen and nitrogen which we must breathe in order to live. The airplane has converted the air into a highway of travel; the skill of the chemist has transformed the earth's atmosphere into an infinite storehouse of useful elements of great commercial value; and radio has made space a wonderful medium of communication.

It would be difficult to predict in just what way we shall profit most from our use of the air. The nitrogen we shall get from it in ever-increasing quantities will enrich our farms, greatly increasing the productivity of the soil. The oxygen of the air is already being used in such large quantities that important industries and arts, like welding, are based on its constant production. The cost of producing oxygen has been reduced from twenty cents a cubic foot, in 1906, to one cent at present, and yet we have hardly commenced to produce and use oxygen as we should in our industrial life. One blast furnace turning out 500 tons of iron a day requires five times as much oxygen in its operation each twenty-four hours as is produced daily by all the oxygen plants in the country.

The useful properties of oxygen have been known to scientists for more than a century, but because of the magnitude of the project the development of a great oxygen-producing industry has been retarded. What the future holds for us along this line of development is difficult to imagine. Perhaps some day, due to the slight difference in the ratios of density of oxygen and nitrogen, it may be possible to employ centrifugal force to stratify air into layers of increasing oxygen content toward the outer edge of the rotating mass. Again, there is the possibility that we may hit upon some cheap substance possessing oxygen-absorption properties similar to those possessed by the blood. Theoretically speaking, oxygen should be produced from the air at about 1 per cent of the cost of producing it by the electrolysis of water. Even if we fail to realize these dreams we have gone far enough in this line of scientific endeavor to make it certain that in the near future we shall witness the production of oxygen at a much lower price than is possible to-day, and then the practice of medicine, chemistry, steel making, gas manufacture and other pursuits will be wholly revolutionized.

But oxygen and nitrogen are not the only elements in the air, although they compose 99 per cent of it. In addition we find the rare gases, argon, helium, neon, krypton and xenon, all of which may one day become useful elements. Argon, the most common of the rare gases, is now used to fill electric bulbs, for it has been found that the efficiency of incandescent lamps is increased by filling them with an inert gas instead of making them vacuous, and argon, as well as the four other rare gases, is absolutely inert. Not only does argon increase the brilliancy of the lamps but it lengthens the life of the filaments. The use of argon in electric bulbs last year saved the nation about $60,000,000.

Air No Longer Free

HELIUM is being used to inflate dirigibles and observation balloons. A few years ago it cost $1700 to get a cubic foot of helium out of the air; to-day this gas is being produced for ten cents a cubic foot. Neon is being used by a few lamp makers to produce electric bulbs and tubes that give off a beautiful orange-pink glow. Krypton and xenon are present in the air in such small quantities that little is known of them. However, if it were not for krypton there could be no aurora borealis. At any rate, science has gone along far enough in its investigations of the atmosphere to prove beyond doubt that the air is a storehouse of elements of untold commercial value.



PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF HOWARD COX, N. Y. CITY



PHOTO. BY RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

The Radio Transmitter Gets Everything But the Smile. Above — Listening to an Evening Concert by Radio

At present we are deriving only a few of the possible benefits that will result from a proper utilization of the air. The air brake has been one of the most useful inventions of man, and has been the chief governing factor in the development of railroad transportation. Air power is also used in painting surfaces, salvaging sunken ships, conveying and handling materials, cleaning the fronts of city buildings with a sand blast, picking cotton with vacuum machines, coating surfaces with cement, boring, drilling and tamping, and in other operations too numerous to mention.

Often we have heard the expression "free as the air," but since the advent of the airplane and radio the air is no longer free. Slowly but surely the advances of science are rendering it necessary for the nations of the earth to exercise control over the air. The development of aërial travel is already presenting problems requiring legislative action. It is perfectly obvious that there must be international laws regulating the travel of aircraft from one country to another. Furthermore, aërial navigation in the future will be chaotic unless it is carried on in systematic fashion. There will have to be specified lanes of travel and prescribed elevations for various types and classes of air machines. Fast-moving planes will speed along at certain elevations, while the heavier and slower freight-carrying craft will move at other levels designated for them.

All of which is intended to create a wholesome respect for the air, and lead the reader's thought to the important fact that the air certainly is no free. We may breathe it as often generously as we please, but we h right to use it as a dumping pl unhealthy fumes, smoke and smell air has become an asset of unme importance to civilization, but its depends on a general acceptance truth that the earth's atmospher become public property which can polluted by the individual to sat personal whim, or selfishly used for ure or profit by the few to the inco ience of the many.

Radio Audiences

THE newest wrinkle of the air i radio, and here we have a new ma a new industry, in fact, the future of w depends entirely upon a careful sys atic national control of the use of atmosphere. Most businesses lo government meddling, but radio ca exist without it. The value of the w art of wireless communication is fou on the proper control of the origin length of the electrical waves that imparted to the air, or rather to the et by the radio apparatus. Just as one v singing or speaking may be drowned by a hubbub of other voices, so the ra waves of a song or speech have their fulness destroyed and are made u telligible by other wireless waves broadcast at rand without any observance of prescribed rules or schedu

Radio has a wonderful future, but in a limited fi Its usefulness depends on the settlement of proble that business men and legislators have never bef considered. Everybody cannot use the air to advert some special line of business or popularize some p ticular hobby; so it is a question as to what will be p mitted and what will be barred. Who will bear the c of broadcasting the various features of news, educati and entertainment? Before long the radio audience the United States will be the largest audience that c be reached by anyone instantly and simultaneously. is perfectly plain that the air cannot be sold to a individual or corporation for so many dollars, to use any way and for any purpose the purchaser desire Advertising matter in papers and magazines is censore by the post-office authorities. So far as possible no o is permitted to use the mails to deceive the public. Lik wise radio must be regulated to prevent its misuse.

Radio is not new, for it was pretty generally under stood by electrical folks twenty years ago. But unlik the automobile and the telephone, its development ha come all at once rather than gradually. In less tha six months approximately 500,000 radio-receiver sets have been sold in the United States. The fact that for more than a dozen years the public generally saw very little in radio except an agency for intercommunication, is responsible for the slow development of the art. Lots of people for years have carried a mental picture of a day when busy individuals would carry a little portable radiophone about with them and use it to talk to their offices, their homes or friends whenever occasion arose. For transoceanic communication radio has an interesting future, but for universal intercommunication here at home it is out of the question. One person may use it to talk to a multitude, but the multitude can't talk back. Perhaps the chief of police of a great city might arrange to talk to the members of his force, but the stalwarts on duty would not be able to reply.

The moment one or two large corporations interested in the manufacture of radio apparatus hit upon the plan of popularizing wireless communication by establishing broadcasting stations and sending news, market reports, sermons, bedtime stories and concerts through the ether, free to any and all who have an apparatus and care to listen in, the new industry, for such it is, jumped ahead in amazing fashion. Upward of 5000 newspapers in this country at the present time print the regular radio programs in each issue. The press has found that radio has opened up a new and fertile field which provides profitable advertising; so papers of all kinds and classes have been quick and willing to foster the growth of the infant industry. The telephone and cable companies have been far-sighted enough to understand that radio will increase their business by widening rather than curtailing the uses of the phone and the cable, and these corporations have viewed wireless as an ally rather than a competitor. In the logical

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of things it is altogether likely that our big telephone any will become the most interested user of radio and untry's principal broadcaster.

us look ahead to the evening before the next presi- l election, which takes place in 1924. By that time doubtless will be an organized business, and likely s what will happen: Arrangements will be made with lephone company by the chairmen of the national ittees of the leading political parties to have their ctive presidential candidates address the people of ation in final campaign speeches which will be de- d on a prearranged time schedule during the evening. candidates will talk into a telephone apparatus, and voices will be carried by wire to the ten or a dozen casting stations belonging to the telephone company located throughout the country in such a way that y town and hamlet in every state will be able to hear final arguments of the presidential nominees. The hone company of course will charge a tidy sum for lling the job of broadcasting, and the campaign mana- will consider the service cheap at the price asked.

Who Should Pay for Broadcasting?

HIS is what must happen to the radio business: Wire- ss service will have to be paid for by those who use ust as advertising is paid for by those who buy space in newspapers and magazines. At the present time the e companies that are bearing the expense of broad- ting news, music, educational and other features are precisely the same position that the manufacturers of nographs would be if they were satisfied with selling ir instruments and then giving away records free of arge to all the owners of their machines. The present rangement is not satisfactory and will not be lasting, though it is not an easy guess to determine just what nd of scheme can be substituted for the present plan. lready there have been all kinds of suggestions for shift- g a part of the expense of radio broadcasting to the people ho have wireless outfits and who therefore enjoy the nefits of the service. None of the proposals, however, ppears to be sufficiently practical to justify mention. As consequence this phase of the problem remains a puzzle hich will tax the wits of radio leaders for some time to ome.

It will not be difficult to find people ready and willing o construct broadcasting stations and bear the expense of applying artists to amuse the public; in fact, almost any ne of the great metropolitan newspapers would jump at the chance of undertaking such work. But any newspaper or other organization or individual that would attempt to carry out such a plan very naturally would expect to profit directly or indirectly from the venture, so that such an arrangement of course is impossible and would be bitterly assailed by the competitors of any individual or concern that might make the attempt.

Government forces, led by Secretary Hoover, are following the rapid developments in radio without partiality, and with an eye to conserving the full benefits of the new art for the whole public. Mr. Hoover sees no future for radio if we attempt to use it for promiscuous intercommunication. It is his idea that the wireless telephone has one definite field, which is for the spread of certain predetermined material of public interest, from central stations. The matter sent out must consist almost entirely of features that are of importance to large groups at the same time. He holds the opinion that the number of sending stations must be definitely limited, and that the big problem is to determine who will do the broadcasting and what will be his purpose.



Singing Into a Radio Transmitter in a Wireless Broadcasting Station

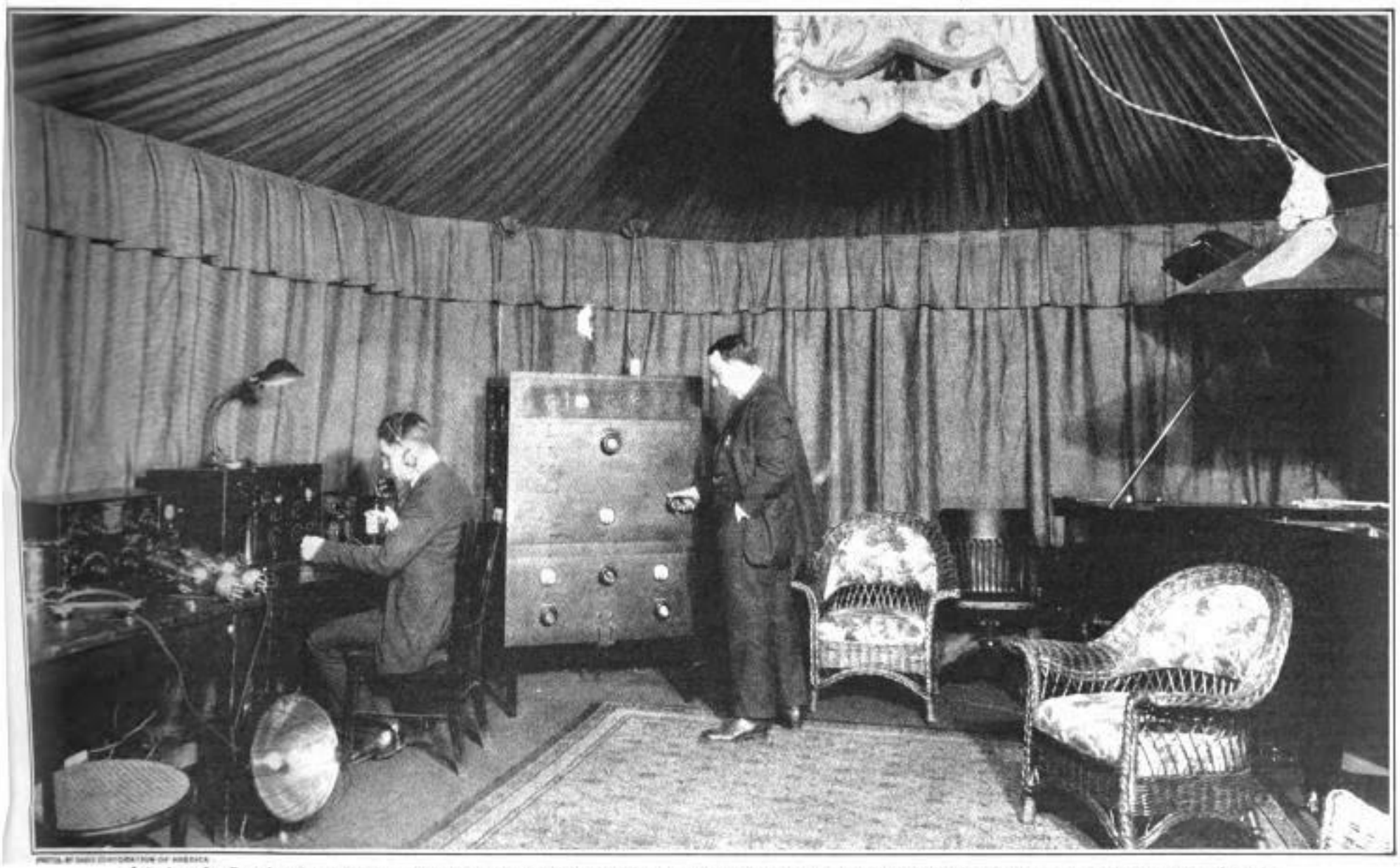
Owen Young, chairman of the board of the Radio Corporation of America, appeared to be most interested in the use of wireless for transoceanic communication. He believes wireless will be a great improvement on our present cable service. Talking by radio at the rate of 100 words a minute is certain of accomplishment, while it is quite possible we may attain a speed of 400 or more words a minute through the use of the wireless.

Already radio stations of considerable strength have been established in Norway, Poland, Sweden and other countries, and Mr. Young believes that the natives of all these countries living in the United States will use the radio to a large extent. Natives of Europe now living in America do not use the cable very often, but when wireless rates to Europe have been reduced to a level as low as the telephone and telegraph rates now charged for communicating from New York to Chicago the European element in the United States will commence to talk to the folks back home, and a substantial volume of business will result.

Possibilities

FURTHERMORE, radio will not put the cable out of business, any more than the telephone displaced the telegraph. Radio will draw the nations of the world closer together, and as a result the cable lines will profit materially, for there are certain kinds of communications that must be transmitted with absolute accuracy and with secrecy, and in such work the cable will find its proper field. According to Mr. Young the various governments must control the ether that carries the wireless waves, but not the stations. Radio offers the greatest opportunity ever presented for the establishment of an immense news exchange. The educational possibilities are unlimited. The real masters among us will be able to talk to the multitude. Then, going to the other extreme, it will be easy for the housewife to listen in at a certain time in the morning and find out in a few minutes just which of the big stores are holding sales that day and what bargains are offered. The basic principle on which wireless must be conducted is that it must be

(Continued on Page 141)



Interior of a Broadcasting Station at Roselle Park, New York. Curtains Surround the Room to Deaden All Sound. This Station Both Receives and Sends

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The Darned Little Bolshevik

By LUCY STONE TERRILL

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

THIS is not a technically told tale, for it spills out of the approved short-story pattern through a dozen little holes: Its viewpoint is criminally agile; both unity and sedate sequence are missing; there is no climax; and it possesses no element of suspense. However, I will give it the dynamic beginning recommended by textbooks and night-school teachers of fiction writing in order to clutch the reader's interest immediately. It follows:

My husband is a maniac. That is really dynamic. For he is a golf maniac. And when he saw Mrs. Bangor Ellington Stevenson glide down our driveway in her electric one Saturday morning his maniacal manner fell upon him. We had arisen early—and stealthily, that we might escape any demands of our four modern offspring, who were sleeping late after their Friday-night movie privileges. Now all was lost. My husband spat fierce words upon me.

"Now what the devil has she come for? I'm not going to wait a minute, Elizabeth"—my name is Betty when he is normal—"not a minute! I won't have my day spoiled on account of that leopardess."

"Why, John! What an unspeakable thing to say!"

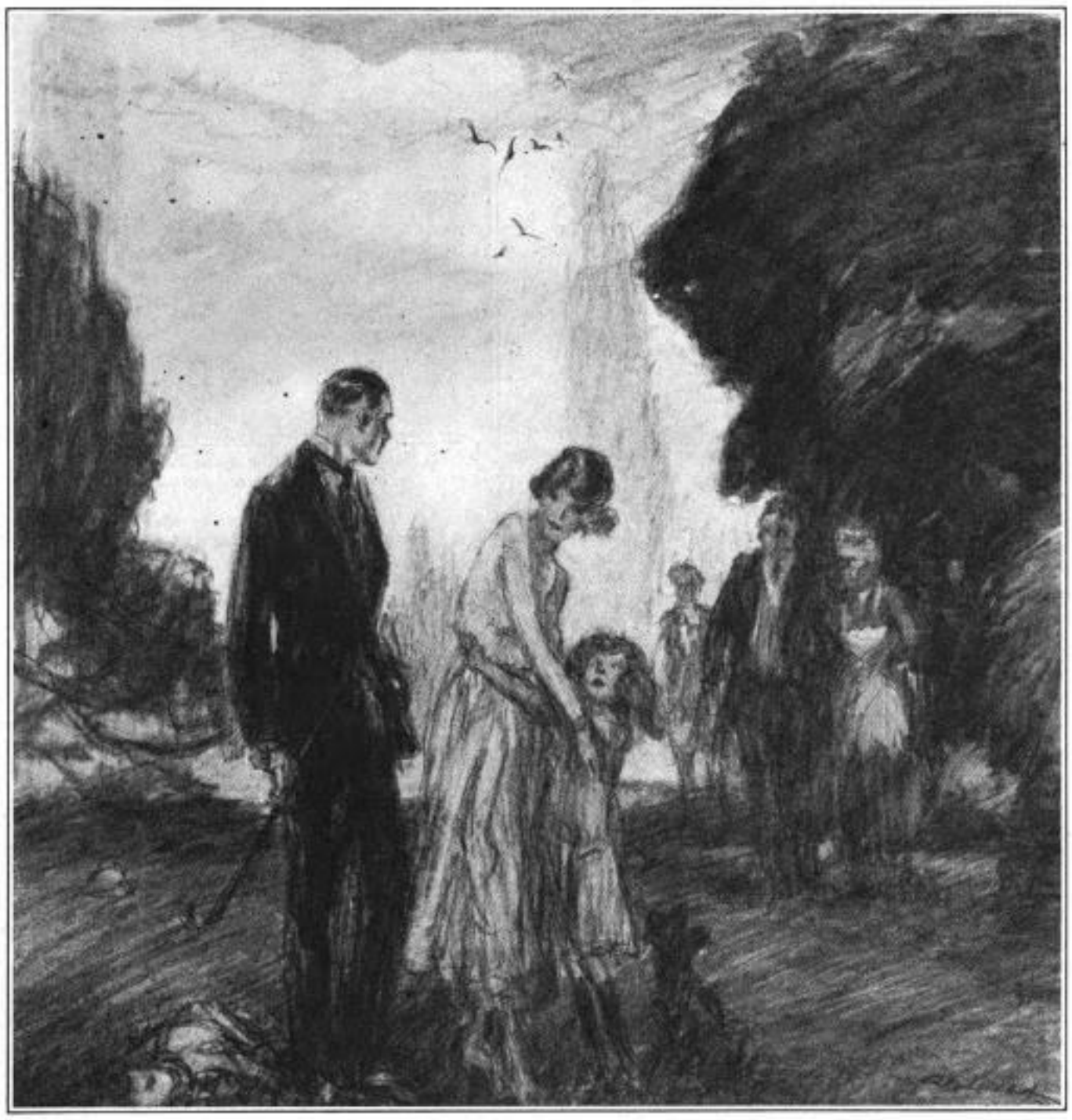
"No such thing. And she shan't come over here and prey on me, I'll tell you that! I begin to feel like a potato bug the minute she looks me over with her devilish eyes. The boys say she's eaten everything human out of Stevenson till he isn't fit to live. Now are you going to play golf with me or send her on her way rejoicing?"

I never play golf, but John insists that I keep up my record as an also ran, and I appreciate it; so I suggested meekly that he go out and manage the ceremonies, at which suggestion he gestured dangerously with his new mashie and departed toward the kitchen.

"I'll not go near her! She never comes here, and you know it, unless she wants you to do a favor for her. Listen to her! Let's sneak out the back way and let her ring her head off.".

Mrs. Bangor Ellington Stevenson—hereafter called Ann—had remained in her electric and was regally ringing for my appearance. It's true, Ann does rather patronize me, but she can be relied on for generous contributions to my charities. With this virtue in mind I sent John on, happily grumbling to be rid of me, and went out to greet Ann, who always wants my undivided time and attention whenever she favors me with her presence; at which times I am invariably prepared to hear that she is miserably unhappy and wishes she were dead. I never knew of Ann discussing her affairs with anyone except myself, and gossip regarded her as a reserved, haughty woman, entirely satisfied with her wealth and beauty. And though never once had she asked me not to repeat her confidences, and though I am far from immune to the lure of gossip, I had never betrayed her secrets. She has a strange power of commanding fidelity.

But on this particular morning she surprised me into silence by remarking calmly that she was on her way to adopt a baby. Silence is so unusual with me that it alarmed her.



The Red-Headed Child Put Her Shaking, Spindling Little Arms About Her Waist and Burrowed Her Face in the Soft Gray Dress

"Don't tell me you haven't any babies left!"

I continued to stare at her. Though Ann and I were girls together, she looked so young and so very pretty, sitting there against her velvet cushions, that she seemed to have gathered nothing from the years except the hardness of her eyes.

"Of course we've got babies—scads of 'em. But, Ann, a baby is too serious a thing to take up for a fad. If you want one why don't you have one of your own?"

She yawned. "We-ell, I think the season's getting a trifle advanced, don't you? Besides, Bang has left me. You needn't smile. He has. He left for England yesterday, and I'm going to break in a baby while I'm getting my divorce papers in shape. Evelyn Hill is having a perfectly wonderful time with the baby she took, and so is Hildegarde. Yesterday Evelyn broke up a bridge game to chase home and personally mash up steamed apple for her baby."

"There are times that babies aren't amusing," I said very firmly. "I'm afraid we haven't any babies for you to take to play with."

"To play with? What do you mean? Evelyn looks like a trained nurse on a death case. But it must be interesting or she wouldn't be so keen about it. However, I'm not going to sit here and be lectured. I thought perhaps you'd drive over to the home and choose one for me. You'll know if their heads are a good shape, and everything."

Imagine wanting someone el choose a baby for you! But the tunity to advise is a magnet that me relentlessly into strange and ways happy situa so I hurried und hat and went wit I was perishing to more about Ba but instead I obs tactfully that mo not the only ess for motherhood, asked Ann if she sure she would m good mother.

"No, I'm not s sure that I will," replied calmly, there are lot motherly look women in the de ment stores. I'll one if I have to. W shall I take, a boy girl?"

Having two of I am naturally neu "Besides," I told "we don't make babies to order at home. The ones yo probably want, beca they're the pretti are Mexicans a Indians."

"Well, I prefe pretty one, but I'm ing to get one of so kind this morning i have to take a Ho tentot. Perhaps I take two. Bang's go tearing off to Engla to drag home a lot mo dogs to appease hims with, and I've made my mind to drag hom a few things myself spend his alimony o Ugh, how drunk an horrible he was—th beast!"

This was an ol formula, so I merel remarked brusquely "Oh, you'll be all ove this in a few days Ann. Then what wil you do with the baby? You can't just throw it in the wastebasket, you know. I can't see why on earth you won't admit that you love your husband. It's no disgrace."

"For a long time I didn't think I did. It was just like acquiring a taste for garlic. At first it's unbearable, but if it's forced on you long enough you get so the salad tastes like chips without it."

To my great surprise her lips trembled over the tart words, and feeling that it would be as bewildering to see tears fall from those granite-gray eyes of hers as to witness animal cookies tumbling from stars I said hastily and with my best severity, "Well, for heaven's sake, Ann, telegraph Bangor to come back and have an end to it. I can't let you adopt one of our babies just for a ridiculous whim."

Ann stopped her electric in the middle of the traffic, utterly disregardful of the five-ton truck just behind us, whose driver regretfully avoided squashing us by the profanest hair's breadth.

"Betty, can't you at least simulate intelligence? I am not divorcing Bang. He is divorcing me. Nothing could bring him back. He has made up his mind. He told me it had taken him fourteen years and nine months to make up his mind to be rid of me—we've been married fifteen years, you know—and he's constitutionally unable to change his mind. I've never known him to, once. So you can be responsible for either of two things, for my adopting a baby or for my returning straight home and arranging myself with flowers in my folded hands."

I said nothing, and we continued on our way toward the home—just as she had known we would. Ann was famous for her facetious threats, but she was even more famous for her gruesome habit of carrying them out. One does not

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granite-gray eyes and auburn hair, straight as an
's, for nothing. She probably knew, with cold satis-
n, that I was reflecting on that day of our girlhood
she had threatened to jump off the veranda roof if
sted on going to school and leaving her. I insisted,
ump she did.
d, so strange is the law governing perverse people,
s I who suffered during her weeks of convalescence
Ann enjoyed her vacation from school.
t is a horrible mistake to love a man," she finally
amazing comment.
es, isn't it?" I agreed inanely, feeling guilty toward

in gave me a sharp glance and smiled scornfully.
What a liar you are, Betty! For heaven's sake don't
e me so far gone that you have to agree with me. I
e people who haven't courage to say what they
k."
Well, I'm obliged to agree that it's a mistake to love
thing with your kind of love," I was irritated into
ying. "You take everything and give nothing. I've—
even heard you called a leopardess."
er lips quickly conquered their tremor. She looked as
tionless as a calla lily. "My admirers flatter me then,
ty. Do put them right. I'm common cat. I get my
se in a corner and amuse myself—until—I—kill—it.
n—well, I'm not amused any longer, but I can't stop
I've killed it, to save my soul."
"Ann, what are you talking about?"
"I'm talking about my kind of love! I must talk about
Do you mind?"
In all our acquaintance Ann had never before men-
ned love in any relation to herself. I shivered with
ticipation.
"Of course you know why I married Bang," she began
olly.
"Certainly." I strove to be equally cool. "For his
oney."
"And he knew it too."
"Why of course. I imagine you never let him forget it."
"Thank you, Betty. You're so helpful. No, I never did.
covered my own shame for having sold myself with a
retense of contempt for his having bought me."
"But, Ann, I do think he loved you!"

"Yes. Poor thing—he couldn't help himself. He told me the day he left that God had wished me on him as a curse. That's just what I've been all my life—a curse."

"Why—why, Ann"—my pleasant curiosity was rapidly changing to acute discomfort—"why, Ann, I don't think you need blame yourself for Bangor's—ah ——"

"Say it, Betty! My Lord! Why be afraid of words? His drunkenness and gambling and other unpleasant habits. Well, I am to blame for them," she went on in the same uninflected voice. "Do you remember what fits of temper I used to have as a girl?"

I remembered.

"My whole married life has just been one long tantrum. I was determined to break Bang's phlegmatic acceptance of my beastly nature. You know how it used to be when I had a spell? The only thing that appeased me was to finally tear up a frock I most liked or to break or ruin something I was really terribly fond of. I never could stop until I'd made myself miserable. Then I was satisfied. We-ell, I worked for fifteen years to break Bang—to make him whine. Well, I did it."

I said nothing. I was thinking of what John had said about her having eaten everything human out of one of the kindliest men in the world. I was even regretting that I could never tell him all this because of Ann's peculiar power of commanding secrecy.

"He hates being so homely," she was saying; "you can't imagine how sensitive he is about it. He simply worships beauty. When I realized it I used to pretend he was offensive to me. I made fun of the way he looks."

"Why, Ann!"

"Oh, I did. I never let him forget how bitterly I was paying for my bargain. I've been horrible. I am horrible. But he would not admit that I hurt him. He couldn't do a thing because, just as he said, his love was a curse. Of course he finally began drinking and gambling and—and the usual things that men do. Then I'd act human for a day or two—just to enjoy his remorse. But now, you see, I've finally done it. I've lost him, gone too far—and I'm cured. Now that I've made him whine. Oh, he was drunk, wretchedly drunk, but he was beaten. Why, now—now—now ——"

She finally stopped saying "now," and the word seemed to hang accusingly in the air around our heads. The thought of big, homely, phlegmatic Bangor Stevenson, whining and broken, made me feel sick.

"Betty, he—he even cried—terribly!" she said in a whisper. Unconsciously she had expressed the spirit of triumph, even in her horrified confession.

"Oh, Ann, for heaven's sake have the decency to keep it to yourself!" I burst out.

Immediately I was ashamed of myself, seeing her flushed cheeks go quickly white.

"I'm sorry," she said stiffly.

The silence between us grew as tangible as a curtain of frost.

"You—you think I'm gloating over it, don't you?" she said at last with evident effort.

"You are," I said.

"I don't want to," she said simply, with such utter bewilderment and misery of herself that I was swept clean of all my disapproval. I always cry when I want most not to. So I began reluctantly to indulge myself.

"Great heavens, I'm not worth your tears, you nice old thing," she helped me brusquely to recover myself. "Don't you really think a baby is a good idea?"

She sat there, still looking as tranquil and undisturbed as a stately calla lily, of which she constantly reminded me, and I tried valiantly to affect her own composure.

"For you, perhaps. But babies don't stand treatment like yours very well. You can't sew a baby together like a dress, once you've torn it up."

She smiled at me companionably. "How comforting you are when you say what you think! But I've always had a feeling I wouldn't mistreat a baby. Then—you see, there's another reason. I'm going to make up to it for every beastly thing I've ever done to Bang. I'm going to make it the happiest thing that ever lived on earth. I am! Truly I am, Betty."

She searched my face for any doubts of the matter, but at the moment I had none.

"Well, we'll try to pick out a good sturdy child," I said hopefully, keenly relieved that at last we were driving up to the home.

Since the morning was Saturday the children were scattered about the grounds under the scraggly eucalyptus trees—a motley little crowd of gingham aprons and faded overalls.

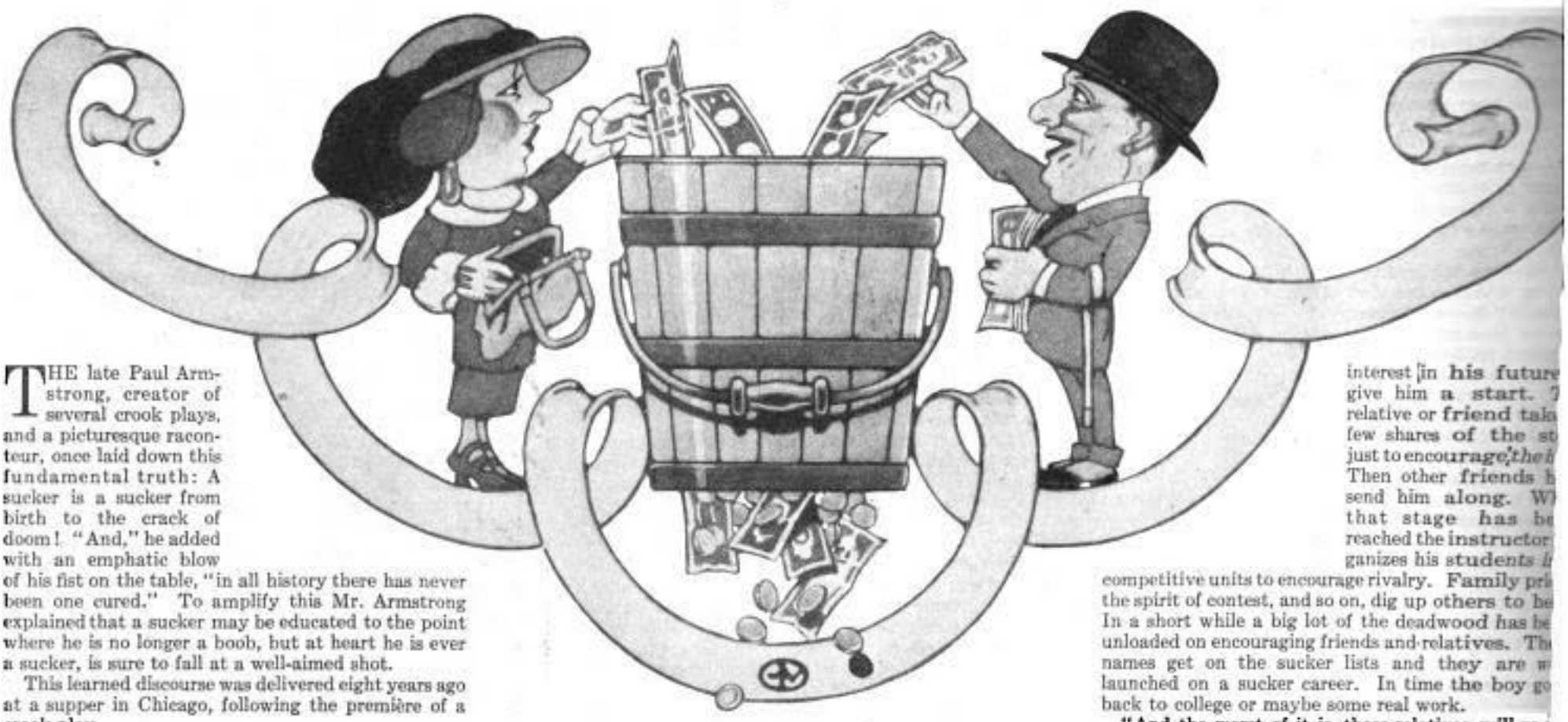
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"I am Ugly Inside, You're Perfectly Right. And it's Much Worse to be Ugly Inside Than Outside"

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The Psychology of the Sucker



By Bozeman Bulger

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

THE late Paul Armstrong, creator of several crook plays, and a picturesque raconteur, once laid down this fundamental truth: A sucker is a sucker from birth to the crack of doom! "And," he added with an emphatic blow of his fist on the table, "in all history there has never been one cured." To amplify this Mr. Armstrong explained that a sucker may be educated to the point where he is no longer a boob, but at heart he is ever a sucker, is sure to fall at a well-aimed shot.

This learned discourse was delivered eight years ago at a supper in Chicago, following the première of a crook play.

In the party were a reformed gunman and a man who had spent most of his life in pool rooms and bucket shops, Mr. Armstrong's consulting experts on sucker technic. They nodded sage approval.

This principle, so clearly outlined by the playwright then, was confirmed in a manner most positive, if not so amusing, to the same bucket-shop man a few weeks ago in New York. I looked him up.

This time, he explained, the shots had been too well aimed. The casualties among suckers were so great that the bucket shops fell with them. In the crash the expert was rousted out of his job.

"Paul had it right," he said, "but he didn't go far enough. A man who makes a living trimming suckers is often a sucker himself through inoculation. I went for every cent of my salary trying to beat the game in our own bucket shop. I ask you, is there any excuse for a guy like that? Yes, sir, 'to the crack of doom' is right."

We went to dinner at a little French restaurant that he might list and check up his experiences for presentation to suckers, or potential suckers, in the hope of effecting at least one or two cures.

"But it won't work," he protested. "I'm willing, but people who read what I have to say will take the angle that I am the sucker and that they are wise. That's exactly what perpetuates a sucker."

Almost Like Mindreading

A BIT of fortune fell right into our lap. I assure you this is not fiction. At the big table a young man, apparently French or Alsatian, sat opposite us. He listened with undisguised attention to what we were saying about stocks, bonds and the recent failures. He was bursting with desire to say something. Finally he asked for the salt and pepper, an obvious move to get into the conversation—so obvious as to be funny.

The young man appeared to be around twenty-five. His dark brown eyes flashed enthusiasm and youthful eagerness to unload some important information. The bucket-shop man kicked me under the table. Then he asked the stranger what he had found good on the menu card.

The boy—he really was a boy—leaped at this bait. His slight accent proved him to be Alsatian.

"So you gentlemen are interested in stocks?" he asked. "I'm sure you are, and that you are men of understanding. I have the most interesting proposition, the greatest opportunity I know of to-day. You will appreciate it."

"And it's no secret?" encouraged the expert, eying him shrewdly.

"Oh, not at all. It is the Great Interlocking Tire."

Without hesitation he began speaking his piece, a letter-perfect description of this tire, and how it was bound to revolutionize the market. His boyish enthusiasm, his absolute sincerity and innocence caused the lines in my friend's face to soften.

"That company failed twice, didn't it?" he asked kindly.

"I did hear something about that—out in Pittsburgh," the boy admitted, "but this is entirely different. The company has been reorganized and the tire made by a new process. You see, the threads are woven in an absolutely new way like this." He illustrated with his interlocked fingers; also with a diagram on the tablecloth.

"You also have a good proposition in a rapid-fire combination tool, haven't you?" asked the expert.

"Yes. And you knew that?"

"And if a fellow wanted to, you could let him in on a company just organized to manufacture a new kind of gas burner for kitchen stoves?"

"Why, yes—good thing, too," admitted the surprised youth.

"Did you ever get any training at one of those schools that can make ten-thousand-dollar business men out of college students in a month?"

The young Alsatian nodded agreement with this, looking at his questioner in awe.

"I wouldn't be surprised," went on the bucket-shop man, "if one of your relatives or nearest friends gave you your first order, didn't he?"

"My uncle," he said. "The man who owns this restaurant."

The boy began to fidget, to lose his assurance. These questions from an utter stranger were so unerring as to make him nervous.

"Well, son, let me tell you something. Go back to your business instructor and ask him to try you out on some standard stocks or bonds, and to give you the names of some investors of financial standing. See what he'll say."

The fresh-laid stock salesman went away, puzzled and uncomfortable.

That, my companion informed me, is one of the newest wrinkles in working off hard stocks on the unwary, of exploring and opening up virgin fields of suckers.

"Before we get down to business let me tell you something," he said. "There are numbers of stock sharps running schools of instruction for young salesmen, with no other real purpose than to place their bad stuff. They get these students by clever advertising, pointing out that these prospective ten-thousand-dollar men can earn while they learn. Now isn't that natural sucker bait?

"When enough students have been secured they are given a few nights of intensive training on how to approach possible customers. In time the young men get anxious to try these things out in practice. Then it happens. They are given two or three tough-selling stocks of concerns desperate to raise some cash.

"Naturally the boy wants to make a showing, so he goes to a member of his family or someone who has a personal interest in his future and will give him a start. The relative or friend takes a few shares of the stock just to encourage the boy. Then other friends help send him along. When that stage has been reached the instructor organizes his students into competitive units to encourage rivalry. Family pride, the spirit of contest, and so on, dig up others to help. In a short while a big lot of the deadwood has been unloaded on encouraging friends and relatives. Then names get on the sucker lists and they are well launched on a sucker career. In time the boy goes back to college or maybe some real work.

"And the worst of it is, those relatives will go on for years refusing to believe that they've been gypped. They think they used good judgment. No sucker ever admitted that his or her judgment was bad. Listen," he said, leaning over the table, "if I were to tip off the old Alsatian that his stock certificates were worth no more than cigarette coupons it's a hundred to one he'd put us out of his restaurant."

We took no chances. The expert began arranging his data, occasionally looking up to ask how far he could go with this and that. When it was all arranged ready for dictation he suddenly wrote something across the top of his notes.

"Say," he observed, "there's no use in putting my name on this because it wouldn't mean anything. All I ask is that you put this at the top—and I'm telling you it's the real dope."

So we agreed to let it go just as it lay:

BY A SUCKER HIMSELF

To be a real sucker is a gift. It's got to be born in a fellow. He may improve and he may get worse, but a sucker can't be cured. Don't you remember that old fellow who invented so many of the automobile appliances that he made millions? Well, I can tell you where he is now. He is sitting right out in the hall of one of the buildings in New York, at a little desk. After that old man made the millions and finally had time to think over his early tendencies he put so much money into bunk stocks and fake schemes that his boys put him out of the office and made him sit in the hall. The sons have got millions, but the old boy is flat broke.

Men Who Never Learn

THE old gentleman, one of the great inventors, is a sucker to the manner born. Though he has the ability to make millions simply by business methods I honestly believe he'd rather be out there in that hall, broke, than lose the pleasure of buying up trick stocks and going into fake schemes. That's one idea that common-sense people don't seem to get. A sucker likes to be a sucker, and any time you try to cure him he'll fight back. I hope you won't think I'm stringing you or trying to be fresh. I'm not. That old man simply got worn out inventing things, and wanted to get some natural enjoyment by being a sucker.

I think I know suckers. I know them so well and have worked with them so long that I have to change jobs sometimes to keep from joining up with them myself. Never be afraid of anybody exaggerating about a sucker. They can't do it. Right in my pocket, for instance, I have a letter from a man whom I regard as the champion sucker of all times. He is a stake entry—no selling plater. He writes, placing an order in the bucket shop where I worked, for a few shares of new oil stock:

Gentlemen: So far I have invested in twenty-four different oil stocks, and not one of them has made good. But I'm still game. Put me down for two hundred shares of this one.

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t to my mind wins the all-around championship. g been soaked twenty-four times this fellow is willing e another chance, just to show he's game!

arted out as a telegraph operator in a race-track oom. I later got to be a tout. After that I landed as operator in a bucket shop out West. From that luated into what is known as a producer—one who o out and produce suckers. All stock peddlers, by ay, are known as producers.

bucket shop gets but a small percentage of the gen- ucker output. The stock peddler lands the biggest , and the race tracks come next. It is impossible to estimate the number of suckers who get bold gh to step right out in Wall Street. They are usually heeled enough to be open game. It is the little igno- fellow with something sewed up in the toe of his who is shot out of season.

hat is really the cruel feature of sucker trimming. I r minded figuring out ways and means for taking one e big, rich, wise guys. A long time ago I drew the at selling stock in a patent stove lifter to a poor old le who had but five hundred dollars in the world. man who did take that old couple is now doing time. he wasn't convicted until that old couple had put up a t in his defense.

n the complaint of a lawyer friend of that old couple xpert investigator was put on the trail of the salesman his new company. They were forced to disgorge and ke restitution of the five hundred dollars. But do you nk those old people were grateful? Not on your life! week after the money had been returned that slick ducer called on the couple again. He pointed out to m that he was a martyr; that a rich concern was trying rob him and his stockholders of their profits. The old n and his wife promptly loaned this crook the five hun- ed dollars to aid in his defense. There have been many nilar cases, some very recent.

When the Stars Picked a Loser

THOUGH trimming a sucker in a bucket shop is a sort of sport, especially the know-it-all fellows, I could never et going as a producer. Either my sense of pity or sense f humor always stopped me. It's something to have nat much conscience anyway.

One day I was sent out with a crack salesman to see if couldn't learn the business. He took me to a little shack f a house way up in the Bronx, then outside of New York ity. A truck farmer and his wife lived there, paying bout twenty-five dollars a month rent. Both of them ere over sixty-five years old.

I sat in the little stiff parlor while my friend went into the kitchen to talk to the old lady and her husband. He was selling stock in a new-fangled gas burner for cooking stoves.

"I have heard of your business ability," he said to them, "and I can see that you both know what sound investment means. You are interested in practical things—things that save people time and money. Right?"

Both agreed with him.

With a lot of similar patter he produced his burner, attached it to the gas stove and showed them how it worked. Apparently it gave more heat with half the amount of gas. He convinced them that everybody in the world would simply have to buy one of those burners. The upshot of it was he took twelve hundred dollars from that old couple, giving them for it some fancy-looking stock certificates. That was all the money they had.

"You are a pretty tough guy," I said to him as we walked away. "I've seen the time when I could laugh at the squawk of a race-track sucker, but that stops me. That cleans them, and they are both well over sixty."

"Well, what of it?" he came back at me. "It may be tough, but if I didn't take them somebody else would. Why not me?"

"All right, you take them," I said. "But I'll be no producer. How much of that is your bit?"

"My end of the twelve hundred ought to be about three hundred dollars."

Think of what a chance that poor old couple had! Even the salesman had one-fourth of their money already.

The first bait at which any sucker bites is the chance of getting in on the ground floor. They'll jump at the chance of trimming another sucker. And that spirit is not limited to poor or ignorant people. Not at all. Some of the choicest fish are caught right out of the eddies about the big Wall Street pool. The rich and haughty will fall just as easily as the poor and humble. You see, a sucker to the manner born is a sucker always. He is likely to bob up in any surroundings.

Just a few weeks before the big smash of brokerage houses—many of them bucket shops—in New York, a member of our firm called up the wife of a rich financier. She was entertaining some friends with whom she was interested in studying psychic phenomena.

This suave talker had heard of the woman's unusual knowledge of copper production, he said. She was pleased. He also knew of her interest in the psychic stuff, and casually mentioned it. Finally he suggested that if she were really interested in the copper business he knew of a concern whose stock had not yet been listed. It would be possible for him to allot her a block of stock before it was put on the market.

"I will consult the stars to-night," she declared in all seriousness, "and will let you know to-morrow."

I don't know what happened in the skies that night, but the stars certainly ran true to form—for us. This woman invested thirty thousand dollars in trick copper stock. She left strict orders that under no circumstances was her husband to know the state of her account with the firm.

That stock on the curb would probably bring a thousand dollars. As a matter of fact it is worth nothing. Still the stars put the woman right, and nobody's going to tell her that her judgment is bad. No, indeed. I'll bet my hat right now that woman will chip in to help the company out of a hole before the end of six months.

The main thing that starts a sucker and makes him stick is an unshakable belief in the correctness of his or her judgment. If a loser, he satisfies himself that conditions went wrong temporarily—never his judgment. For that reason he figures that things are bound to right themselves, and when they do it will be a good laugh on his friends who were timid about going in. His sound judgment must finally prevail.

Often I have been asked what it is that makes a sucker come back for more. The person who asks that should remember, in the first place, that a sucker never believes that he has been trimmed. His vanity precludes a thought of that. If his stock goes down rapidly he jumps in and buys more because he regards it as a chance to get a sure thing cheaper. When it does rise, as his judgment has so clearly pointed out, his profits will be all the greater.

For instance, if a sucker buys one hundred shares of oil stock for one hundred dollars and it drops to twenty-five cents a share—why, there is a chance to buy a sure thing for twenty-five dollars when a few days before it cost him one hundred. In the drop he has made seventy-five dollars according to his mysterious way of thinking. Simple enough, if you can be that satisfied with your judgment, isn't it? Remember, the impelling motive of a sucker always is to get something for nothing.

We wipe them out on bucket-shop margins, and all that, but they are right back again. There is simply no use trying to cure them. Every one of them has read or has had a chance to read of how bucket shops are run. But do they heed this? I should say not. They think the fellow who wrote the warning was either badly informed or had some ulterior motive. He can't trick them that way!

There isn't enough room in this periodical to list the various schemes and tricks of bucket shops, and I am not going to attempt it; in fact it is often impossible nowadays to draw the line between a bucket shop and a regular, legitimate brokerage house. A bucket shop is not a bucket shop until caught with the goods. Sometimes they actually execute their orders and sometimes they don't. And they can trim you even if they do execute the orders and have everything perfectly proper on their books.

Where Did Your Money Go?

A BUCKET shop is very similar to a hand book at the race track. Sometimes the man, feeling sure that your horse cannot win, will hold the bet and make the money himself. If there be any doubt he will place it with some real bookmaker and take his commission. When these men hold too many bets and the long shots win they simply go smash. They cannot settle. So it is with the bucket shop. It is no trick at all to dope up the books so as to fool an inspector.

But here is the tip-off: Any time when you see where a brokerage house has failed just take a look at the liabilities and the assets. Always the liabilities are far in excess. Of course they are, or there wouldn't have been a failure. Then think a moment. If these houses actually executed their orders on a commission basis, what did they do with all this money of customers that is shown in the amount of liabilities? The answer is obvious. They did not execute their orders, but gambled with your money. Or maybe they simply split it up and went South with it.

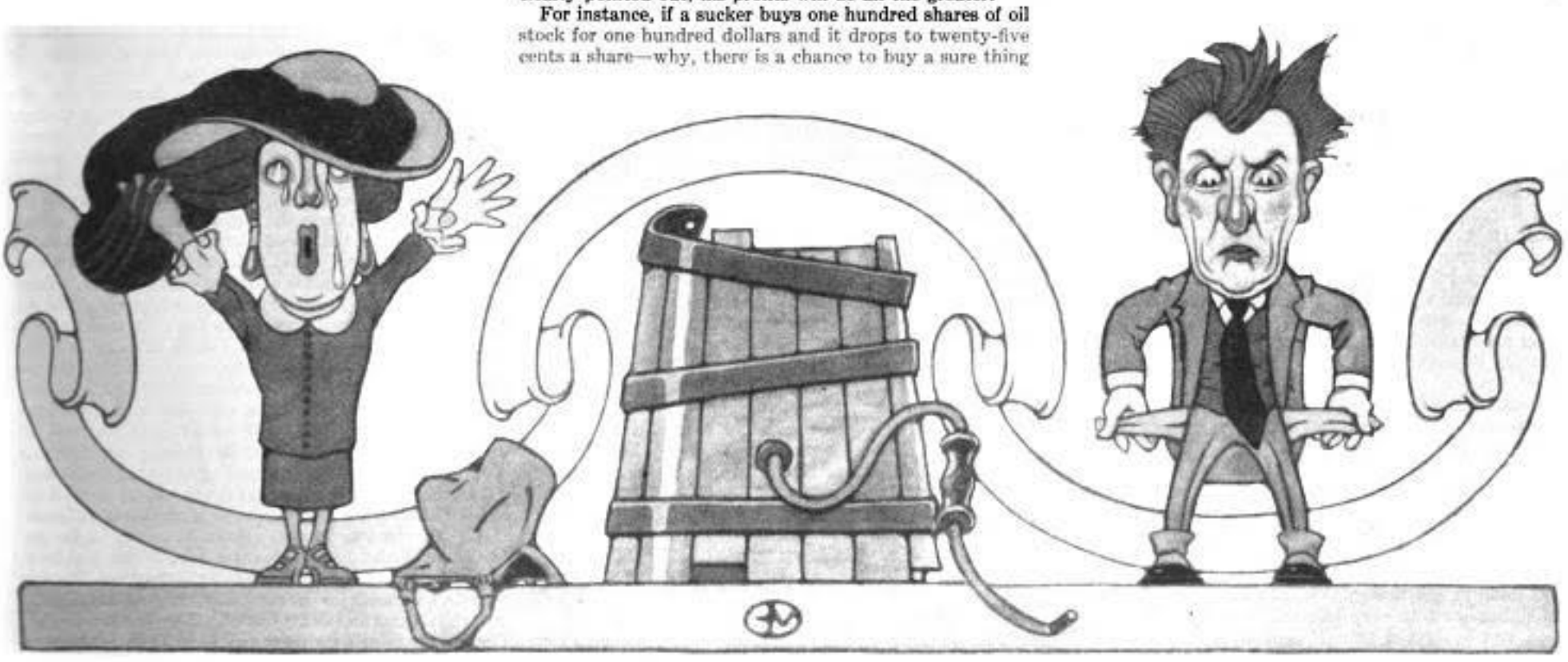
Folks try to make too much mystery out of this Wall Street business, and that's what appeals to suckers. A concern is either on the level or it isn't, that's all. Personally I've never worked for one that was on the level.

I've knocked around this old country a lot. I'm willing to make the crack right here that there isn't a 100,000 population city in the United States that hasn't a bucket shop in operation this very minute. On a strict commission basis I doubt if they could pay their employes and the rent. Just calculate the number of daily orders in any one of those cities and see how it comes out.

Take this as a tip: Any concern that will take a stock order for legitimate or standard stuff for less than five hundred dollars should be given the once-over. They may not get you, but petit larceny is bound to break out somewhere along the line.

Except for the fact that he was born that way, a sucker is not entitled to an awful lot of sympathy. In any small city there is no necessity for him to go to a brokerage house or bucket shop. If he really wants to invest in some sound security he can place his order through his bank

(Continued on Page 107)



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TAPE

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRIN

THE night had come on bleak and dark; it was raining—a thin pelting downpour; and as Nat Truax left the brokerage office and walked up New Street into Wall the clock on Trinity's spire struck, clanging the hour with sledgelike strokes. Five o'clock! It was at five o'clock, and on a night just such as this, he remembered, that for the last time he had gone up Wall Street with Harvey Nash, the trader; and he stopped short, the rain beating on his upturned face while he stared down the narrow, dimly lighted slope. A little street with a church at one end and the river at the other, someone has called it, but what he thought of that is another matter. In the old days Fred's Place, the saloon, was round the turn in Broad Street; and night after night in those bygone times he'd stopped like this and waited till Harvey Nash came lurching up the hill.

"Huh!" he grunted to himself.

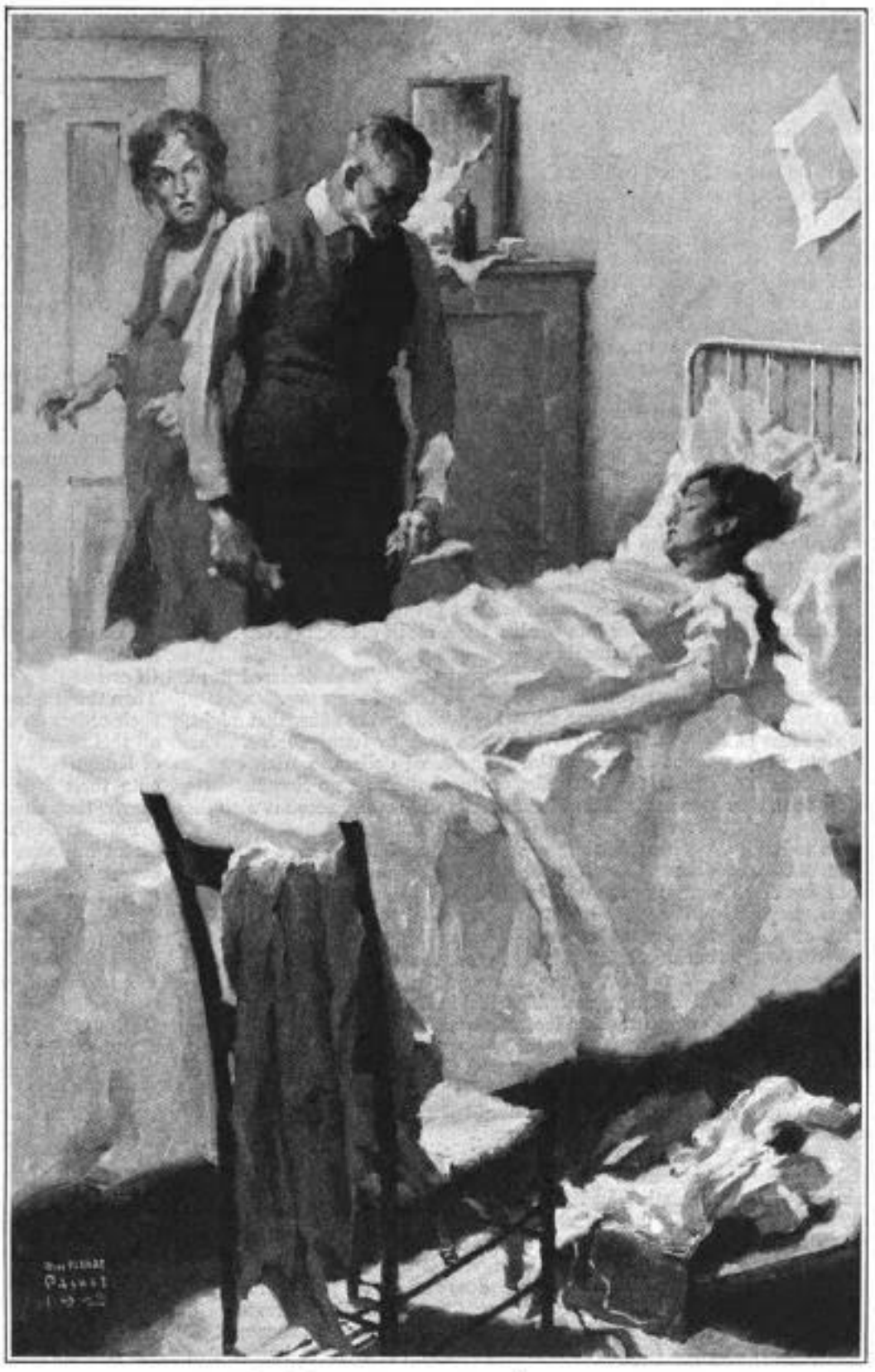
A tough bird, wise and as hard as nails, was Nat Truax's reputation; but as he stood at the curb, staring intently into the dark, the rain dripping from his clothes, the men at the brokerage offices where he dealt would have wondered had they seen him. Twenty years had gone since that night, the time he'd last taken his partner home; and in Wall Street twenty years is a lifetime, an age. It was, in fact, only when some old-time broker or trader saw him drifting by that the other man was remembered. "There goes Harvey Nash's old pal," they'd say.

Then, their memories quickened, they'd tell of the time Northern Pacific was cornered—the Nipper panic—recounting how on that night long after the market's close Harvey Nash had been carried out of the back room of a brokerage office, limp, insensible.

He was a tape reader, it seems—one of the few, too, that for all the brag and talk Wall Street has ever known; and having read the signs from the tape he had played Nipper all the way up from the low, raking down a fortune meanwhile; but he had cracked in doing it. A man who lives high, drinks hard and wears a number eighteen collar must be wary of excitement like that; and on the third day, when Nipper touched 1000, a stroke of apoplexy stretched him on the floor beside the ticker.

It might as well have laid out Nat Truax too. Harvey Nash, at any rate, was the one who'd had all the luck—read the tape and knocked down the killings for the two; and a year or so later, but for a chance, the help another trader gave him at the eleventh hour, Nat Truax would have been on the rocks—cleaned out, broke. Joe Cartright, it happened, was the trader; and there you are again! He was then a new hand to the Street—a young man hardly more than a boy; and for a time, like Nash, he too, had rolled it high. Cartright, though, long had disappeared—gone with Nash and the rest of them; and of the old bygone crowd Nat Truax alone was left. It was little wonder men thought him harsh, as hard as nails. In Wall Street, as he could have told you, it's every man for himself.

A gust, knife-edged in its piercing sharpness, boomed down the slope from Broadway; and he swore softly as the wind searched through his clothes. The night before, in the lodging uptown where he roomed, Nat Truax hadn't slept. A woman in the next room was ill of something; and through the night she had tossed and talked incessantly. A child, too, was with her—a boy; and hour after hour he, too, had clattered about, his voice shrill as he spoke with the woman on the bed. That wasn't all, however. If Nat Truax hadn't slept there was more than what went on at the lodging house to keep him wakeful; and as the gust passed and he braced himself against it he looked back over his shoulder, his mocking eyes roaming along the length of New Street, up which he just had come. In one of the buildings down the block a light was shining from a plate-glass window on an upper floor; and he stared at it intently. Nat Truax was on the rocks now. The place was the brokerage office of Rooker, Burke & Co., an odd-lot shop; and that afternoon, just before the market's close, the firm had sold out his account.



He Took One of Her Hands in His. "Look at Me, D'you Hear!" He Ordered. "Mrs. Cartright, Look at Me!"

The crowd thronging past toward the Subway and the L stared curiously at the grim harsh-faced figure standing there in the darkness and the wet. "Damn! Damn!" he said. It was a deal in oil—Mex Pete—that had done it. On a sudden bulge unlooked for by him he had seen his scant handful of dollars dissolve like snow on the desert's sands. That was nothing new though. It was only that he had pawned and sold the last of his available possessions to margin the ten-share lot. "Damn! Damn!"

He did not stand there long, though, gazing up at the lighted window. A gust again came booming down the slope; and when it had gone, with his head shrunk down between his shoulders he turned and sped up the hill toward Broadway. A moment later, still hurrying swiftly, he was lost to view in the darkness.

Back in the brokerage office—Rooker, Burke & Co.'s—Buck Rooker, the firm's head partner, was smoking a last cigar for the day when the door of the back room opened, and Beeks, the manager of th tomers' department, put in his

"Say," said Beeks, his face "that bird, Nat Truax, was bac a minute ago. You ought to hav him, Buck."

"That so?" inquired Rooker thought you gave him the gat afternoon."

"So I did," answered Beeks, " that's not what I mean. He wa here in the customers' room just and what do you think he was d He was reeling up all the tape i ticker basket."

The cigar Rooker was rolling in his jaws came to a sudden hal end cocked up like an astonishe clamation point. "He was d what?" ejaculated Buck.

"Rolling it up," repeated Be "stuffing it into his inside poc When I asked him what he was d he told me to go to hell."

"Well, I'll be dished!" ejacul Rooker. "Must be going nuts, say."

"Nuts, I guess," returned Be

He had seen many queer *thing* his downtown experience, but was the first time he'd ever know customer to come back to the of and roll up the tape for a souve They often came back, true; *but* was usually just to put up a squeal kick. He said as much, in fact, face puzzled.

Meanwhile, a long way now fr Rooker, Burke & Co.'s, Nat *Tru* was still hurrying.

II

TWENTY years. The lodging hou was over near the Twenty-thi Street ferries; but it was not alwa in a dim, dingy neighborhood like th that Nat Truax had dwelt. Eas come and easy go had been the rul with him too; the plan of most those who get their money that way and in the days when he, too, ha rolled it high the best had not bee any too good. The man, however was not thinking of that as he left th L station at the corner and sped down the wet, shadowy side street. It had been years, a lifetime, since he'd had out of the life he led any thrill o pleasure.

Year in and year out Nat Truax had kept on dabbling in the market; yet the lust for it, or, for that matter, any liking even, he long had lost. The Street he hated. Most of all he hated the brokerage offices where he dawdled day after day, gaping at the quotation board with its rows of changing figures. The air, too, of easy, glib good-fellowship that was the atmosphere of these places sickened and disheartened him; and it was little wonder the others thought him harsh, hard as nails. A single purpose was all that kept him going. It was the hope, the longing for a stroke of luck, just one, that would let him leave the Street for good. The old story—that. A last strike, a final killing! The brokerage offices are filled with men like Nat Truax.

Feverishly he kept on playing the market; but the only sensation he got from it now was fear. It was the terror that some day the market would clean him out, leave him penniless. Only Nat Truax—he, or at any rate, the men like him—could tell you the sweating terror of that fear. However, though the market that day had cleaned him out, Beeks and Buck Rooker would have marveled had they seen him. As he neared the lodging house his pace quickened. He was almost running as he reached its door.

The room he occupied was at the top floor, back. It was like the house itself—dingy, down at the heels, its furnishings worn and threadbare. Here, however, for the past years Nat Truax had made his home. "The Wall Street gentleman" was the term he went by in the place. The other tenants, transients for the most part, the flotsam and jetsam of the city, came and went; but with these he never mingled. The harsh, grim face they saw gave little invitation to closer acquaintance, in fact; and they went their ways and

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s, each heeding little and caring less about the . It was only when some among them grew too or annoying that the top-floor lodger made himself n to them. The night before was a sample. Hour hour the woman in the next room had kept him ess; and when he first heard the noise he had rapped ly on the wall. It was queer though. The noise had broken out again; and he had lain and listened unprotesting. But never mind now about that. ing up the steps he put the key into the latch and t open the street door.

rust of flat, tepid air greeted him as he stepped into the Overhead a single gas jet was burning dimly, but the years he had dwelt there he needed no light to him up the stairs. He had just closed the street door, ver, and turned, when he was conscious of a figure— d, rather—at the other end of the hall. The basement were there; and the woman, the lodging's slatternly ant, was peering at him over the rail.

Where's Mrs. Mangin?" he demanded.

rs. Mangin was the landlady.

Upstairs," answered the servant; and when the lodger ed "Where upstairs?" she answered sulkily, "She's in room next to yourn."

he man's face, at the reply, twitched itself into a den scowl, and he stared, his brows working.

Say!" he snapped, his voice a snarl. "She's turning woman out, isn't she?"

The servant didn't know. She mumbled something or er in reply, but Nat Truax didn't wait to hear it. The wl still working in his eyes, he turned and stamped on way up the stairs.

The house was silent. As he reached the top floor where lived he could hear a murmur of voices though; and at stairhead he halted, his head cocked, listening. It was ly for a moment, however. The voices died away as if in room they'd heard him; and unlocking the door he pped inside and shut it. Then fumbling on the mantel he found a match he struck it and lit the gas burner erhead.

His hat he put on a chair. It was soaking from the rain, so, too, was his coat; but the coat he did not remove. rom its inside pocket he drew a folded newspaper. This laid upon the center table, after which he drew from nother pocket the tape he had filched that afternoon at Rooker, Burke & Co.'s. There were yards and yards of it, all wound carefully into a roll. This, too, he put upon the table. Then he went to the door and turned the key in the lock.

The procession of drab, slatternly servants that came and went at the lodging house often had wondered what went on behind the closed door of the top-floor room. Mrs. Mangin also. It, too, was an old story though. It was as old and as trite as the story of any dabbler like Nat Truax; any of the sort that haunt the odd-lot shops and other brokerage houses, honing for one last strike, a killing. The newspaper on the table was an evening issue; its financial page spread double-banked columns of that day's quotations in the market. With these and a pencil to aid him, night after night for years now Nat Truax had sat there, striving to solve the riddle of his failure. The mistakes, the false steps he'd made he could see; but how and why he made them he never had been able to discover. Here in the room when he played the market like this he almost always won. He could, for example, take a fictitious amount—a few hundred dollars, say—and in effigy run it into a fortune. Trade after trade came his way.

Downtown, though, let him try it on, and what happened? Scanning the tape and vitally sure he was right, downtown he would plunge his dollars on the outcome, only to find he'd gone wrong again. Nash had had the trick. The tape he'd been able to read, with uncanny prescience forecasting nearly every turn; but though again and again in those bygone days Nash had tried to teach him the knack, that subtle extra sense, Nat Truax never had been able to grasp it. To-night, however, he wasted no time in his usual futile, footless endeavor, the effort to find where he had failed. Once he had locked the door behind him he hurried back to the table.

His coat he took off as he came. It was dripping from the rain; his shoulders, too, were soaked, but though he shook with a momentary chill he gave no heed to that. With the same feverish activity he had shown as he sped on his way uptown he drew up a chair, seated himself, and spreading the wet garment on his knees he took a penknife from his pocket. Swiftly he began to rip out the lining in the breast.

A last strike, a final killing! To-day was the culmination—the end, rather, of his effort. The market that day had cleaned him out at last; but though it had, the calamity had not left him penniless; not yet, at any rate. Nat Truax in his fears, his apprehension, had seen to that; and working swiftly, feverishly, he laid open the soggy dripping lining of the coat. Sewed to the cloth with clumsy stitching was a small flat packet; and from this, too, he cut the wrapping. It was a packet of bills—ten of them. Each of the bills was for one hundred dollars; a thousand dollars.

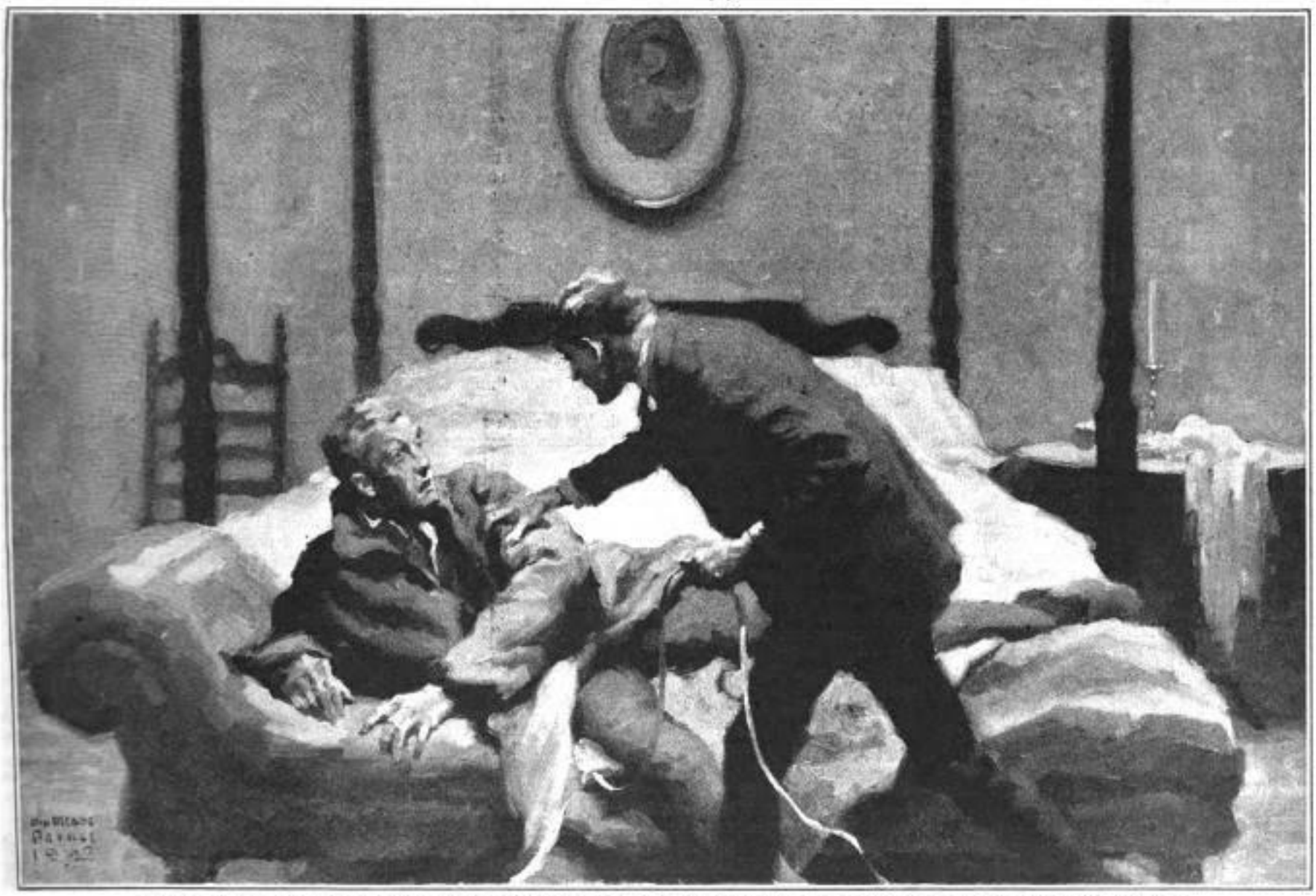
He had for years kept them by him like this. When one coat wore out he sewed them in the next. That was why in the brokerage offices where he dealt he had almost always looked so dingy and unkempt, his clothes wrinkled, never ironed; as if he'd slept in them. Even when he'd had for a time a little run of luck, and money was coming to him at some broker's, it was the same. One might ask of course why he had not put the thousand dollars in a bank, laid it away there in safety. He knew himself too well, that's all. He knew the temptation, the blind hope that sways every dabbler while he still has a dollar left. A check is too easy to write. Had he been caught by the market, called to make good his margins, with the money in the bank and a check book in his pocket, he was sure to a certainty he'd succumb to the temptation, the dabbler's usual deluding hope, that the next turn would recoup his losses. But if this he'd resisted and he had the money yet, what now?

Rising slowly Nat Truax crossed the floor, the money in his hand, till he came to the wall of the room adjoining. Then, his ear laid to the plaster, he stood there listening.

A low murmur came to him. The voice of Mrs. Mangin, the lodging house keeper, he could detect, and he could hear, too, the higher, shriller tone of the child, the boy, as he replied to her. Then came another sound, low yet penetrating. It was the rambling, incoherent voice of the woman lying on her sick bed. As the man listening at the wall heard it a scowl twitched his heavy brows together.

He heard it again. Another of those small sordid tragedies to which the lodging house was no stranger manifestly was taking place in the room next door, but his interest in it was not clear. The scowl, the snarl bared his teeth. That week downtown in the brokerage office he had sat with a scowl like that, staring at the quotation board. Something was doing in the market—all the signs showed that; but when he'd made his guess and played it he'd

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His Eyes Ablaze, Nat Truax Tried it Again. "Show Me, for God's Sake, Harvey!" He Said. "It's Nat, Old Nat, Who's Asking You!"

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THE LIBERTY OF THE JAI

There are two kinds of lawyers—the one who knows the law and the one who knows the judge. —JOSEPH H. CHOATE.

There is a third kind of lawyer—the one that knows his fellow man. —EPHRAIM TUTT.

By Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN



"I'd Like to Draw and Quarter Him, Burn Him in Chains and Boil Him in Oil!"

ONE of those breezy, back-slapping fellows; javelin-collar type, you know, or thought he was; feather in his hatband; tartan silk neckerchief; cigarette with his initials; coat cut in at the tenth vertebra; hand in glove with the head waiters; a masher, a dasher, a wise one, a devil, except when it came time to pay the check; talked secretively out of the corner of his mouth about all the big fellows—Charlie Schwab and Charlie Hughes, Sam Untermyer and Sam Bernard, Irv Cobb and Herb Hoover, Nick Butler and Warren; the kind that calls his stenographer "sister," but always writes to a girl on the machine and signs his name that way; known in belles-lettres as a paper sport; a mean one; T. Otis Crabb, his name.

He had foozled everything from the time he wore kilt skirts—sold books, bonds, hardware, soft stuff, real estate, automobiles, everything except himself; out of Lowell, Massachusetts, via Fall River to Columbus Circle; up to 1914 had worn a kaiseresque mustache; after that a little stenciled one like the headlights on a B. R. T. local; this not his life story, but merely an episode. To cut it short, about his fifty-fifth year he met a rich widow—another mean one—called her "sister." They landed each other—easy money!

Mrs. T. Otis Crabb, *née* Peterman, would have had you know that she was of another sphere. Really she was very much like Otis, although she had always had what she called position, due to the circumstance that Father Peterman had reached New York in 1870 instead of 1910, when all one had to do was to buy a swamp lot and hold it to become a millionaire. Lucretia was his only child, but even to his prejudiced eye she lacked that indescribable thing called charm. Time sped and she still dangled, a withering pippin on what the bard calls the virgin tree. Her father and mother died, leaving her a fortune outright. Suitors came, but turned away. At last old Admiral Buck was put in command of the Brooklyn Navy Yard—seventy-one, his eyes bad, but his taste for wine still good. So Lucretia became Mrs. Admiral Buck. Since she gained somewhat by being both married and official, her position became stronger than ever.

Then the admiral, having been retired by a grateful country, quickly drank himself to death, leaving the Widow Buck with not much in her life except bridge. Her second blooming synchronized with the jazz era. She might just as well have married her dancing teacher, but as it happened she ran into T. Otis at a *thé dansant;* thought him a dashing fellow. She had always wanted a dashing husband, and now she had one—gave him three thousand a year pin money. On their return from the honeymoon at Miami he developed influenza, had to give up work and lost all interest in girth control. After a month or so he got on Lucretia's nerves, sitting around the house and doing nothing but take the little white dog out in the afternoon. Also, with returning health he began to get a bit skittish. So she bought an interest for him in Smith, Murphy & Wasservogel to get him out of the way.

After a while T. Otis didn't mind, particularly in the summer when Lucretia was out of town, although he always ran down to Atlantic City from Friday afternoon until Monday—liked the bathing. The rest of the time he devoted to his young-man-about-town complex. As he was gray-haired and fifty-five, it came high. It cost a great deal of money—more than he got either from Lucretia or out of his share in Smith, Murphy & Wasservogel. He was a good spender—overdrawn at both banks.

His only friend was a dasher like himself, another of those rosy young-old boys you see on the billboards ogling a cigarette, a bachelor—Algie Fosdick, known on the Rialto as Fozzy. They hunted in the same leash. All summer long he and Algie palled it on the roof gardens, at Long Beach and at Coney, and Lucretia let him use her runabout—the little yellow one with red wheels you always see on Broadway. It kept him quiet. He was a poor thing, but her own. Not nice people—any of them.

That is how the accident happened, the worst in years—T. Otis driving the yellow runabout back from Coney after a shore dinner with Algie and a couple of girl friends. He had had a little too much clam broth and thought he'd show 'em what the little bus would do.

II

"MR. TUTT," said Tutt, hopping in over the threshold from the outer office like a belated robin, "may I disturb you for a moment?"

The old lawyer turned from the window through which he had been contemplating the Syrian wash fluttering from the roofs of the nether tenement houses.

"Tutt," said Mr. Tutt, "you may."

"I want to kill a man!" said Tutt.

"Dear, dear!" answered his elderly partner. "Only one?"

"At the present writing, only one. But believe me, at that, hell's too good for him!"

"You surprise me, Tutt!" exclaimed Mr. Tutt, reaching down into the recesses of his desk for a decrepit bottle and pouring out a glass of amber-colored liquid. "Have some Malt Extract?"

"No, thanks," replied Tutt. "I never drank until prohibition, and somehow I can't seem to get used to it."

"I confess it is hard to break the habits of a lifetime," agreed his partner, absorbing the contents of the tumbler; after which, having replaced the bottle, he seated himself in his swivel chair, leaned back, crossed his long legs upon his desk, lit a stogy and locked his hands behind his head—his customary office attitude—while Tutt started an all-tobacco cigarette as a sort of back fire and sank into the chair reserved for paying clients.

"You remember Wallace Barrington," began Tutt—"that young accountant we did some business for? His wife died two years ago, and he's been looking after his old mother and four children ever since. Firm paid him fifty-five hundred a year—pretty good; but his wife ness took all his savings. They lived over in Flat somewhere near the Coney Island Boulevard."

"Well?" inquired Mr. Tutt, exhaling a cloud of p gas.

"Well," echoed Tutt, "he was walking home fro overtime job the other night and a drunken bounder m ing back from Coney with a party of women ran him and smashed him up. He's done for. Wheel chair a life, I guess. Earning capacity entirely gone. Not for it but to send the children t orphanage and the mother to ar folks' home."

"What's the brute's name?" manded Mr. Tutt, all attention.

"T. Otis Cr He's a banker broker."

"Sue him fo hundred thous dollars!"

"Won't do good. He says l broke. Threaten we do sue, to through ban ruptcy."

"Whose mo was it?"

"His wife's."

"Sue her!"

"Can't! She w out of town, at A lantic City, a swears he was usi the car without h permission.

"Rotten luck, f Crabb's wife is wor a couple of million I asked her if sh would do somethi for the Barrington and she laughed i my face.

"'Me?' she say 'What have I got t do with it? I wasn' in the car!'

"'But,' I said, 'i was your car that broke Barrington's back, and your drunken husband wa driving it. Haven't you any heart?'

"At that she rang a bell and the butler threw me out."

"The female of the species!" muttered Mr. Tutt. "Won't either of 'em pay anything?"

"Crabb offered me five hundred dollars for a complete release. A good nerve! What?"

"Where's Barrington?"

"In the charity ward at Bellevue."

Mr. Tutt brought his feet down with a bang, and his tall frame shot toward the ceiling like an avenging jack-in-the-box suddenly released.

"Where is this cur, Crabb?" he shouted.

"Right over in his office—smoking a perfecto paid for by Mrs. Crabb. Says he's sorry, but hasn't any money of his own. She underwrites him—all right; but if she keeps him she ought to be responsible for the damage he does!"

"Poor Barrington! I'll go over and see him at once," said Mr. Tutt. "Meantime just you call up this Crabb animal and inform him that unless he sidles over here with twenty thousand dollars by to-morrow morning at ten o'clock we'll bring suit against him and his wife for one hundred thousand, and that it's going to cost them exactly five thousand more for every week he holds back. Meantime tell Barrington's mother to send us the bills for the rent and household expenses. It isn't exactly ethical for us to pay 'em, but what's a little ethics when an old woman and four children are starving? Eh, Tutt? Did you say you wanted to kill a man? I'd like to draw and quarter him, burn him in chains and boil him in oil! I'd like gently to peel off his epidermis and shake salt and pepper on his quivering subcuticle! I'd like—I'd like ——"

He stood quaking with rage, his fist shaking in midair.

"U-r-r-h!" he roared. "And, by heck, I will!"

III

"THERE are two kinds of lawyers," said Joseph H. Choate—"the one who knows the law and the one who knows the judge."

But this cynically jocular aphorism is true only in a general sense. It is not enough for a lawyer to know either

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aw or the judge, or even both. To succeed in his ession he must above all else know his fellow man. In atter quality Ephraim Tutt excelled. Inevitably he his man, whether the latter were a mean-spirited com- ant, a weak or timid juryman, or an uncertain or lying ss. The last thing he did was to look up the law; the to study the characteristics, temperament and rela- hips of the various *dramatis personæ* involved in any and he was accustomed to illustrate this great iple of practice by a certain litigation which much to body's surprise had resulted favorably to the defense he sole but sufficient reason that the only witness for complainant—who had a perfectly good case—owed efendant's lawyer twenty-five dollars.

e used to say that it was as important to know what ey men owed or what women they were in love with o be able to quote the Statute of Frauds or the Fif- th Amendment. By this we do not intend to intimate Mr. Tutt ever resorted to improper means to win his fcts, but only that he placed a proper value upon the alled human element in every case. The law might be irely against him, and so might the facts; but that er disturbed his equanimity so long as there was a jury e appealed to; and he believed that the chief require- nts for the legal career were a good digestion and a stout r of legs. In a word, he was a practical man.

To him every case that came into the offices of Tutt & tt presented a concrete triangular problem, standing on own bottom, and exposing three sides, on one of which s inscribed "What are the facts?" on another "What's e law?" and on the third "What then?" And Mr. Tutt, gangrenous stogy protruding from his mouth, his hands rust beneath his coat tails, would saunter contempla- ively around said problem, viewing each side in turn, but ausing inevitably before the last, where, if the truth must e known, the question of what the law or the facts actually ere played a small part. There is more than one way to ill a legal cat, and Tutt & Tutt's job was to find the best ethod of executing every such feline that wandered into heir office. Both Tutts enjoyed the law as a science and elighted in it as a craft, joyfully uniting science and craft n a scientific craftiness in which inevitably a pleasant time was had by all—except their opponents. They loved their profession for its own sake, apart from the fact that they earned their living by it; but they cared for it rather upon its pragmatic than upon its academic side.

Mr. Aaron T. Lefkovitsky, on the other hand, though also a legal pragmatist, was the kind of lawyer who mistakenly thought he knew both the law and the judge, and everything else. Like seeks like. A smart-Aleck client is apt to engage a smart-Aleck lawyer, much as men are said, out of personal vanity, to marry women who in general resemble them. Thus it was natural that T. Otis should have retained Aaron T. to defend the damage suits brought on behalf of the Barringtons against him and his wife. It was also natural that after Aaron had blustered around for several months, loudly asserting that Tutt & Tutt could never get a verdict against his clients, the several juries interested should have soaked the latter an aggregate of fifty thousand dollars in damages. This unlooked-for consummation might have resulted in a loss of mutual confidence had it not been for the fact that T. Otis was unquestionably judgment proof.

Nevertheless, one shadow still stalked behind him by day and hovered above his bed at night—his liability to arrest and imprisonment for debt in default of paying the judgment. This lever old Mr. Tutt still had concealed upon his lanky person, and both T. Otis and Aaron T. knew that he would certainly make use of it, the fact being that he had served written notice upon them that unless someone should pay that fifty thousand in full, with interest, costs and disbursements added thereunto, within five days he proposed to cast Mr. Crabb into durance vile, which, as it happened, would be just when Mrs. Crabb desired to take her departure to Atlantic City for the summer. As the lady did not want to go without her husband, and wanted neither to pay the aforesaid fifty thousand dollars nor to have it publicly known that T. Otis was visiting the warden of the city prison, she immediately and in some distress telephoned to the Hon. Aaron T. Lefkovitsky, who stood not upon the order of his coming.

Hence there were assembled on a certain June evening, in the gilt drawing-room of the golden suite of the rococo apartment house upon Riverside Drive overlooking the Hudson where dwelt the Crabbs—the lady herself, the Honorable Aaron, her dashing spouse, and Algie Fosdick, his friend.

"Well, Mr. Lefkovitsky," she was saying, "what kind of a mess have you got us into now, losing all these cases, and my husband threatened with jail?"

Mr. Lefkovitsky received the broadside good-naturedly.

"Jail!" quoth he nonchalantly. "A good joke, that is!"

"Joke!" repeated Mrs. Crabb in dudgeon. "It may be a joke to you, but a nice thing for me to have it in all the papers just as I'm going away for the summer! I'd almost rather pay the fifty thousand dollars and be done with it!"

"Not much you won't!" asserted the lawyer grandly. "And your husband won't go to jail, either; that is, really go to jail. All he has to do is to give a bond for the amount of the judgment, and under the law he gets the liberties of the jail. At the end of six months the bond is automatically discharged and that's the end of it. Nobody need ever know he's even been arrested."

He nodded his glossy black head sagely.

"I don't understand!" declared Mrs. Crabb suspiciously, for she was suspicious of all men, her only experience with the sex having been with the admiral and T. Otis. "First you say he'll have to go to jail, and then that he won't have to go to jail! What sort of bunk is that?"



"A Nice Thing for Me to Have It in All the Papers Just as I'm Going Away for the Summer! I'd Almost Rather Pay the Fifty Thousand Dollars"

"They call it going to jail, but practically he can go anywhere he chooses," said Lefkovitsky. "The jail limits in New York County are New York County itself!"

"You mean Otis can live right here in this apartment and still be in jail?" she demanded incredulously.

"That's it!"

"I told you he was a smart lawyer, mamma," murmured Mr. Crabb.

"Don't you call me mamma," she retorted, "or go to jail you shall!"

As between Mrs. Crabb and jail, less hardened men might well have chosen the latter.

"All he has to do is to get a responsible party to go surety on his bond that he won't go outside the jail limits—Mr. Fosdick can act as surety. And then he stays right here, and sleeps at home."

"That's a funny sort of law!" ventured Mr. Fosdick. "How do you know the sheriff would accept me as a surety on the bond? I haven't a cent of my own!"

"He'll have to accept you if you put up the right sort of security," announced Mr. Lefkovitsky with authority.

"But where shall I get it?"

"Mrs. Crabb can loan it to you," suggested the attorney. "She merely deposits fifty bonds, or an equivalent amount in any good securities convenient to her, and at the end of six months, when Mr. Crabb is released and the bond is discharged, she gets them back."

"Are you sure I will?" she insisted doubtfully.

"Absolutely! I'll show you the law if you want to see it. Your husband just gives bond and walks around New York for six months and then it's all over. He can't be arrested again."

"Easiest way to save fifty thousand dollars I ever heard of!" beamed Fozzy. "Ain't it grand to be a lawyer?"

"But suppose there was some slip-up? What would happen to the money?" Mrs. Crabb inquired. "I'm a bit leery of this law stuff."

Mr. Lefkovitsky smiled with condescension.

"There won't be any slip-up."

"But if there should be?"

"Of course, if the bond was forfeited the securities would be used to satisfy the judgment."

"You mean the Barringtons would get our—I mean my—money?"

"If the bond was forfeited, yes," he replied rather impatiently. "But it wouldn't be forfeited. There's not a chance in the world. As I tell you, a man who has secured the liberties of the jail can go anywhere he wants in New York County. That's why I say that being arrested for debt is a joke."

"If that's all being arrested amounts to," pondered Mrs. Crabb, "why have any jail limits at all? The only thing I don't like about it is that Otis can't come down to Atlantic City over the week-ends."

The Honorable Aaron looked knowing.

"Maybe I could fix that too," he admitted modestly.

"Well, what do you think about that?" ejaculated Fozzy.

"Oh, if you can ——" brightened the lady.

"Listen," said Lefkovitsky, helping himself to a cigar out of the silver box at his elbow on the strength of it. "I'll tell you something. Very few lawyers know it, either. When a man's arrested for debt and locked up—as when he isn't able to give a bond to remain inside the jail limits—the sheriff becomes personally responsible for him; and if the debtor escapes the sheriff is liable to the creditor in damages. But—and here's what most people aren't wise to—if the debtor voluntarily returns before the creditor can begin an action for damages by serving his summons and complaint on the sheriff the law says that any harm that has been done by his escape has been undone by his return, and that the action no longer lies. Get me?"

(Continued on Page 146)

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The Print of My Remembranc

By AUGUSTUS THOMAS

IN THE early summer of 1889, finding myself in New York and unemployed, I was glad to accept the offer of Mr. William G. Smythe, who had associated himself with another young manager named Charles Matthews, to produce a four-act play, The Burglar, which I had built up from the sketch Editha's Burglar. Maurice Barrymore had just closed his engagement at the Madison Square Theater in a successful run of Haddon Chambers' Australian play, Captain Swift.

Barrymore at that time was not only the matinée idol but was the favorite leading man of most of the theater-going men of New York. My first meeting with him, in fact my first identifying sight of him, was in an office on the second floor of a converted dwelling on Broadway near Thirty-first Street, where Smythe and Matthews had desk room. Will Smythe introduced us.



Emma V. Sheridan

As this smiling, keen-eyed, handsome, athletic fellow shook hands with me and looked me over as critically as I was regarding him he said, "Somewhat of a husky, eh?" and, still holding my right hand, jabbed in playful burlesque ponderousness at my ribs with his left. As I instinctively stopped him he added, "Know something about that, do you?" I have seen boys of ten begin acquaintance in similar pretense.

That meeting characterized the intercourse between us that covered the next twelve years or more—the last of his active life. He had an army of friends, but that during that final period I was the nearest to him I believe none informed will dispute. During that time he played in six pieces of mine, The Burglar, A Man of the World, Reckless Temple, Alabama, Colonel Carter and New Blood, his parts in all but the first two being written for him.

Maurice Barrymore Offstage

I NEVER saw Harry Montague, but I have seen numerous portraits of him. All the other popular idols of the American theater from 1880 to 1900 I saw in person. Barrymore was easily the finest-looking and best-carried man of them all. His features were in drawing almost identical with those of his son Jack, with the difference that for Jack's poetical expression and fiber the father had the challenge and the sturdiness of a Greek gladiator. Physically he was five feet eleven inches tall, with a shoulder breadth accentuated by the smallness of his head, and weighed about one hundred and seventy pounds. In romantic costume or in evening dress on the stage he had the grace of a panther. On the street or in the club or coffee-house he was negligent and loungy and deplorably indifferent to his attire. In the theater a queen could be proud of his graceful attention. Outside, a prize fighter or a safe blower was of absorbing interest to him unless some savant was about to discuss classical literature or French romance.

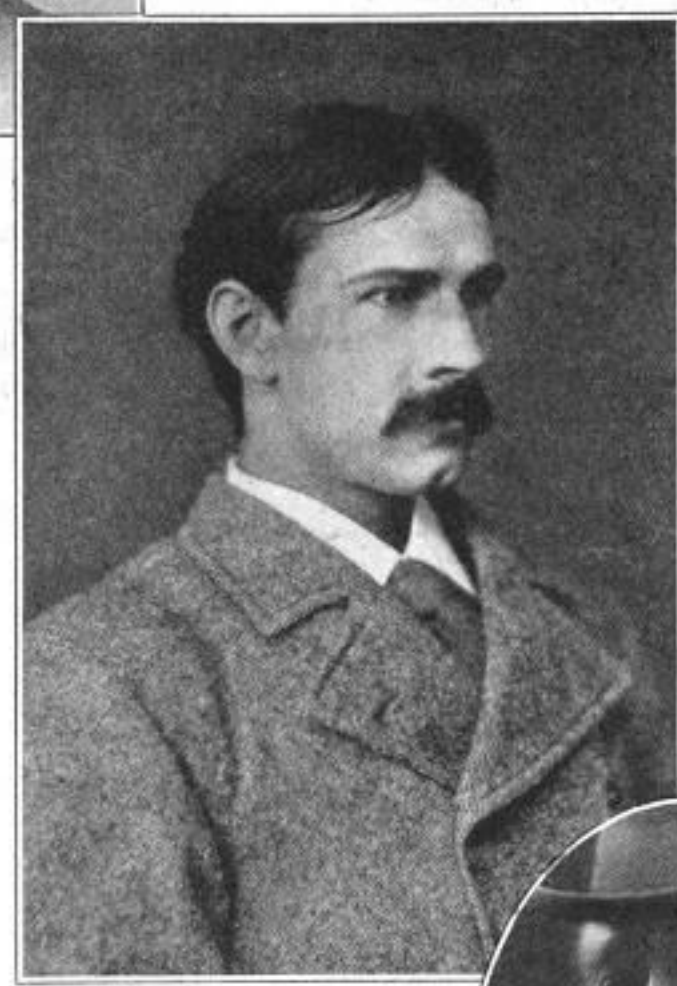
At that time the stationers' and jewelers' windows displayed silver frames containing photographs of him as Captain Swift in a dress suit, standing in a conservatory, holding in his hands a saucer and demi-tasse from which his attention had just been sharply distracted. Some observer, Wilton Lackaye, I think, said not long ago that Barrymore in transmitting his traits had definitely separated two personal and principal characteristics. The teacup quality he had bequeathed to Jack and the prize-fighting excellence had gone to Lionel. There is enough truth in the comment to justify it, although both the boys are much more protean than it suggests.

Mentally Barrymore was capable of interest in the most abstruse questions, but as far as I was qualified to judge he did not care to seem profound. He was vastly more amused in surfaces, but to the depth that facts and theories, forces, events and expression in all forms did i[illegible] him his was the quickest, most alert, the most [illegible] the wittiest and most graceful intelligence that

Once, describing to me a fight between a pet mongoose that he owned and a cat, he said, "All you saw was an acrobatic cat and a halo of mongoose."

The line could have been paraphrased to describe any tilt in repartee in which I ever heard Barry himself take part. And yet I never heard him speak a line that left a scar. It is hard to quote some of them and convey this conviction, but his smile and manner, true declarations of his intent, made the most acid speeches amiable.

I was delighted, of course, to have him chosen for the lead in my first big play in the East. These young managers were considerate of my wishes in getting the entire cast. Other prominent artists engaged were Emma V. Sheridan, who had been playing leading business for Richard Mansfield; Sydney Drew, then in his early twenties, but already a favorite as a comedian—he had been featured in a play



Maurice Barrymore

of Gillette's and was regarded as starring material by more than one manager; John T. Sullivan, a prominent leading man for second business; and Gladys Rankin, the beautiful daughter of McKee Rankin. I went into the company to play the old man and to understudy Barrymore in the part of the burglar. Willie Seymour, later the general stage manager for Charles Frohman, was engaged to rehearse the play. Mr. Seymour was an experienced producer; as a matter of fact, had been in the theater all his life, having gone on as a child with Edwin Forrest in Metamora.

The managers had little money and were staking all on our trial in Boston. As a matter of economy the organization was taken there by the Fall River boat. Nobody in the company had any important money. Salaries at that time were not what they are to-day. The largest on that list was Barrymore's at two hundred dollars.

On the palatial Plymouth at the dinner table we sat down somewhat a family group. Barrymore took the head of the table, with Miss Sheridan to his left. The rest of the company strung along on the[illegible] There arose somehow a pretend[illegible] pute over the honor of ordering [illegible] for Miss Sheridan.

Drew said, "We'll toss for it."

A cube of sugar was marked on its six sides li[illegible] ordinary die and given to Sydney for the first thro[illegible] was an anxious moment, the comedy of it irrepressi[illegible] his temperament, and as he shook the cube in his han[illegible] looked at the other derisive men before throwing he[illegible] "High man out." Barrymore had to remind him th[illegible] stake was the honor of ordering dinner for a lady[illegible] Sydney's line had revealed the situation. Before al[illegible] finished throwing, Joe Holland, who was with an[illegible] company on the same boat, noticing the hilarity o[illegible] party, joined us and wanted to know what the gam[illegible] was for. Sydney, who had lost, told him it was dinn[illegible] the entire party. Barry added, "A large stake."

Joe threw and lost, and after the order was given, h[illegible] also in an actor's summer, made a tour among the men[illegible] of his own company, borrowing for the prospective[illegible] When the checks came Barrymore paid for all the din[illegible] But Sydney's line of "High man out" passed into[illegible] company's quotations, and on all occasions was use[illegible] exclude anybody from polite or generous enterprises.

Our rehearsals were in Boston. Knowing how m[illegible] depended upon the result of the venture, I was es[illegible] cially watchful, trying to detach myself and look[illegible] the presentation objectively, as a critic in the thea[illegible] I could see nothing but success. As a touchst[illegible] for my estimate I had of course the rather full r[illegible] ord of the little play which was now the third act[illegible] the big one. Naturally the story mounted to th[illegible] and the fourth act, which was a logical sequence, [illegible] not seem to drop.

Sitting Up for the Papers

OUR first night was not more short of its endeavor[illegible] effects than most first nights are. The nervousne[illegible] of men and women in a new play is such that at a fir[illegible] performance they never give their best interpretatio[illegible] At this opening the calls were sufficient, the applau[illegible] and laughter were great. Behind the curtain w[illegible] thought we had a success. The thing that chilled [illegible] was the failure of the inexperienced management t[illegible] say so. They had been in touch with the men fro[illegible] the papers, and we felt that they reflected the opinio[illegible] of those men.

Most actors have a light dinner around six o'cloc[illegible] and a supper when the work is over. That night i[illegible] Boston we men were all too excited to think of goin[illegible] to bed even at the actor's hour. Four of us, Barry[illegible] more, Drew, John Sullivan and I, decided to sit up for the morning papers. We were joined by dear old Gen. George Sheridan, the silver-tongued Republican spellbinder, father of our leading lady. He had been with us during our four weeks' preparation.



PHOTO. BY LEWIS SMITH, CHICAGO

Otis Skinner

The impression upon a sensitive author may mislead me, but as I remember the morning papers they had very little to comfort anyone. Barrymore's indignation and revolt were magnificent. He consigned all the critics to the bowwows, and was disposed to send the audience with them.

His finishing line as he slapped me encouragingly on the shoulder as daylight was breaking through the window was, "Boston, my boy! Why pay any attention to it? What is it? A city of Malvolios."

Sharing my first faith in the piece, trying to analyze and weigh the elements of success against everything in the other scale, he was sympathetically bracing me up.

Sydney Drew, who lacked Barrymore's ability to do this, but who had an equal good will, broke in by saying, "Now Gus, I've been in too many first nights ——"

His brother-in-law said playfully, "You have, Mr. Drew, you have," and pushed him out of the conference.

Sydney, with his comedy smile and a gesture of recovery, added, "Well, I'm a wonder."

"You do yourself an injustice—you're a freak," Barry added, and returned to lifting my soggy spirit.

Two or three managers had come down to Boston to see our opening, among them Joseph Grismer, at that time

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arite actor on the c Coast, where he arring jointly with eautiful and tal- i wife, Phœbe s. Grismer had an n on the Western to the play. That id disappeared at nd of the perform- was an unhappy ry in the mind of anagement. I was ng in the old Clark's A. a place for men . At six A.M. I edinto bed in a room n upper floor with a at right angle to om occupied by the. The weather warm, the transoms e open. I was waked ut nine o'clock by tthews calling upon ythe. Through the n transoms I could r the dejected con- nce between the two nagers.

A bell boy knocked at e door. Matthews took e card.

From Grismer! Each an tried to pass to the her the painful duty of ping below to interview m. Matthews finally ent.

After a considerable terval I heard his eps come quickly to mythe's door, a sharp rap, an entrance and his excited one as he reported to his partner, "Why, he still wants it!"

Further sleep was impossible to me. I dressed quickly, and as soon as I could do so diplomatically confirmed the meaning of the report. Later I saw Grismer himself. With the ease of the veteran he had dismissed the unfavorable notices. He had seen the play; he had watched its effect upon the audience. He saw himself in the part.



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Lillian Russell



Nat Goodwin



Digby Bell

Success Despite the Critics

I SHALL never forget his hearty laugh or the strong soldierly face as he said, "Why, my boy, it'll make a fortune for everybody!"

That was a hard Tuesday for me. The day before I would have bet upon my ability to brace up under any conditions. But when I found Smythe and Matthews discounting also Grismer's optimistic opinion and acceptance, and regarding both as peculiar to his isolated territory and his personal needs, I was a demoralized author. One thing that hurt me much was what I thought injustice in important press comments. In the first act of the play my burglar was a man in refined surroundings, speaking good English; in the third act he was talking thief jargon. I had believed that subtly effective, because in my railroad experience I had seen educated men quickly adopt the ungrammatical and slangy speech of the man on a box car. Mr. Clapp, then the principal critic of Boston, cited this departure as a mark of my immaturity. The opinion marked only his own inexperience with actual life in that stratum and environment. Two or three days later some other paper took issue with him upon the point, but on that Tuesday I was submerged by that and other objections equally valueless.

During a walk alone in the afternoon I found myself looking into a shop window with no accurate consciousness of my surroundings or recollection of how I had acquired them. It was only a dazed minute or two before objects fell into their proper categories and I was able to get my bearings, but the lapse alarmed me. A half block farther on I met Mary Shaw, whose home was Boston. Mary had seen the play and was enthusiastic in her approval of it and of the work of the company. This, however, was to me unimportant in the presence of the lapse of consciousness I had just been through. In frightened fashion I told her of it.

Mary put back her head and with her contagious laugh of those early days, said, "Good old-fashioned biliousness, my boy, nothing more." Mary's diagnosis was correct.

Our Boston engagement was for two weeks. The business showed such healthy signs that we were regretful that it was not for a longer period.

On Wednesday after the matinée Wesley Rosenquest, managing the Madison Square Theater for A. M. Palmer, proposed to Smythe and Matthews that the piece be brought to New York for as long a time as it would hold up in the summer. His terms were for the theater to take each week the first two thousand dollars. It was of course possible to play to much less than this on the gross, and for the management also to be stuck for salaries and advertising.

As they hesitated Barrymore said, "Take it! If the money doesn't come in you'll owe me nothing, and I think I can answer for most of the company."

This decided the managers. As they started to thank Barrymore he interrupted them: "I'm not doing it on your account. This is for Thomas."



PHOTOG. FROM THE COLLECTION OF THOMAS F. MADIGAN, NEW YORK CITY

Charles L. Harris and E. M. Holland in "Alabama"

The New York opening was a night of almost equal anxiety to that of Boston. As one of the cast I had only the actor's biased opinion as to how the play was going. I was heartened during the first intermission by a visit of the comedian, Louis Harrison, who came to my dressing room with a message from Bronson Howard, commending the workmanship of the act just finished; and when the play was over Harrison came again to Barrymore's room and mine to bring us good news and to give his own opinion—by no means an unskilled one—that we had the best melodrama offered in New York since The Two Orphans.

Bronson Howard was then in New York with his production of Shenandoah at the Star Theater, where its great success was so substantially the beginning of Charles Frohman's fortunes. Other attractions running at that time were Rosina Vokes with her little company at Daly's in repertoire, including My Milliner's Bill, The Rough Diamond and His 'Art Was True to Paul. Maude Adams was making her first hit at the old Bijou Theater in Hoyt's A Midnight Bell; Francis Wilson was playing The Oolah at the Broadway; Sothern was rehearsing Lord Chumley by Belasco and De Mille to go on at the Lyceum on Fourth Avenue, the beautiful little second-story theater managed at that time by Daniel Frohman and supported by a clientele second only to Daly's. The McCaull Opera Company, with Digby Bell as principal comedian, was in the midst of a run at Palmer's; Lillian Russell was playing The Brigands at the Casino; Ferncliffe, by William Haworth, was at the Union Square, and Helen Barry had in rehearsal Love and Liberty to follow. Denman Thompson was in the midst of his popularity with The Old Homestead at the Academy.

A Beginner's Royalty

THE BURGLAR was a success in New York, and after its first year on the road played with two and sometimes three companies throughout the country almost continuously for the next ten years. I report this to record a fact which may be useful to other writers. When I was in St. Louis Will Smythe had written to say that forty dollars a week was a fair royalty for a four-act play by a beginner. In his own inexperience he had consulted Howard P. Taylor, then somewhat in the public eye as a dramatist. That royalty was agreed upon. I was sure that Smythe had been misinformed, but the terms were adhered to. The lowest royalty that a beginner of a play worthy of production should have received would have been 5 per cent of the gross receipts, amounting on The Burglar's average business to more than ten times forty dollars. Smarting under what I felt to be the injustice of the arrangement, and yet declining to ask anything not in the contract, after the first few weeks I sold my rights for twenty-five hundred dollars. The piece did, as Grismer had prophesied, make small fortunes for all owners associated with it.

When The Burglar went away for its first season, however, its royalty of forty dollars a week was my total income. I don't know what decree of fate led to such a general agreement upon this figure as my value, but with certain obligations in the West economy was essential. Smythe relinquished a second-story front room at 205 West Twenty-fifth Street, over a parlor that was occupied by an Italian who gave a table d'hôte dinner for thirty-five cents with a pint of red wine thrown in. That was the dinner to which I treated Barrymore and asked him if it wasn't a fine offering for the money.

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THE REAL STORY

By WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE L. BENSON

IN ORDER to shield myself against those careful readers who gloat over the inaccuracies of the hard-working fictionist, let me begin by saying that I know little more about newspapers than what the average citizen learns at breakfast. And I never, never read the New York Bugle, because I do not care to have opinions furnished me by a somersaulting juggler turning world news into a comic song.

Many of the facts herein contained I got from the thin hard lips of Miss Cissy Ragnell, that able spinster whose temporary collapse out of the society page of the Bugle and into a rest-cure sanitarium cried havoc in the office and brought forth the dogs of war and love.

Mr. Trask, who has been recently promoted from city editor to managing editor of the ever-strident Bugle, was in a state of high tension one late fall afternoon in the year 1921. Insufficient it was to Mr. Trask that the affairs of Mexico, Ireland and Russia should be performing, three rings at a time, under the personal management of Mr. Trask, who looked like Napoleon and, like the First Consul, was limitless in his ambition. The society page was on Mr. Trask's mind during the comparatively calm hours of afternoon.

He had never approved of the lovely amateur, Miss Corless, in the nominal editorship of that important department. But what was he to do? Cissy Ragnell had, as I have said, collapsed. Miss Corless, child of an illustrious family newly impoverished, had done very well as an occasional contributor of sprightly items. Cissy Ragnell, moaning on her pillow less than a month before, had insisted that Miss Corless knew Manhattan society down to the slightest glove button. That no doubt she did, but——

"Dead from the neck up!" growled Mr. Trask.

A fortnight before he had given Miss Corless up, editorially speaking; he had demoted her to the post of space writer and taken the society page under his own charge.

Behold, then, the sporting department of the New York Bugle, where Mr. Hadley (Brick) Minor sat that afternoon, his brilliant pince-nez tilted to a scholarly angle. He was an average-sized, average-looking man whose rough complexion suggested fresh sandpapering; you would scarcely have recognized in him the nimble-legged Minor who once held the intercollegiate record for the mile. Indeed, as he leaned rather fussily, making marginal notes with a fine-pointed pen, you might have put him down as a young professor perfecting a monograph on South American fauna. As a matter of fact he was giving the finishing touches to a prophetic utterance which would soon be syndicated under the title Big League Dope.

Occasionally he would look up, as for inspiration, at an enlargement of Jack Dempsey's fighting face, which hung in a frame over his desk; then he would steal a glance through a half-open door where he could see Julie Corless' willowy back as she bent over the work to which a malign fate had called her. How like fury he loved her, and how he wished he could help her out of the bog.

Occupying the third corner in this triangle—a triangle of wills—Julie Corless uttered a little moan and prayed for extinction. She was a lovely picture of despair, her creamy neck framed in a cobwebby collar, her slim body incased in one of the simple street costumes which anybody can wear—if she knows how.

At this instant she had her character on the witness stand and was subjecting it to a harsh cross-examination. In the process she had said several things which should have been ruled out of court. "Are you weak," she had asked, "or are you just stupid? Certainly you have rushed in where angels fear to tread. You're a field marshal all swollen up with his importance and going into battle without any plan of campaign. You never really knew anything about life."



"I'm Sorry I Have Caused You Suffering," She Said Softly. "How Could I Have Known? Please Tell Me"

She groaned again, and Brick Minor, seated in his cell, would have come to her had she not with an impatient gesture come to him. Her pale oval face, with its clear Scotch-gray eyes and beautiful, rather heavy eyebrows, was filled with anguish as she stood beside his desk and laid down an untidy bundle of paper.

"Brick, I can't do it!" she wailed. "Mr. Trask insists on yellow articles. I hate the horrid things!"

"And you've faced the music like a soldier," he grinned consolingly. "Sit down, won't you, Julie?" He had slid into the habit of calling her by her first name, and she had never resented it.

"I'm too busy. I can't do anything I want to," she lamented. "I've got to go into the art department and look over those trashy illustrations. Oh, Brick, please tell me what to do with the stuff!"

She whisked out of the room and left her confidant to the unpleasant duty of criticism. The manuscript—its pages unnumbered, after the manner of journalistic amateurs—embodied a dignified, rather dull article on Mrs. Hassett-Cromer's *bal masque*. He had read the article half through and had picked it up in order to straighten out its crumpled pages when another and disconcerting matter came to his notice. It was a cheap yellow post card which fluttered out of the mess to the floor. Brick Minor, by instinct a gentleman, was no spy, but the misbehavior of his eyes was involuntary as he translated a scribbled line of French:

. . . to endure anything for the sake of thy beauty, oh, cruel and unattainable! . . .

And the signature below was "Del Argo"!

Now to love is to be jealous, and a pang shot through Brick Minor's heart as he tiptoed into Miss Corless' office and laid the card among her papers. He would not, at least, have her embarrassed by the knowledge that he knew.

Mr. Trask poked his Napoleonic head into the door and almost caught the sporting editor in his sly act.

"Miss Corless around?" he asked sharply.

"She's just stepped into the art room," responded Brick.

"Here I am
Julie quietly,
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Minor's office.
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ley proof bet
his short fingers
he gave her a
intended for kl
ness, "this coli
The Little Bird
is all right—as f
it goes—but I'll
you, you have
been in this g
very long."
"You mean
not interesting
asked Julie.
"Well, just
at this." He pla
a short finger
way down the
umn and rea
"'Mr. and M
Ribbel-Standish
remaining at Newport this fall.' N
that's rather bald."
"It's what people who know t
Ribbel-Standishes want to know
declared Julie defensively.
"There's my point!" Mr. Trask grinned. "We're n
running the society page for society. Get that out of yo
head. We've built this page up into one of the most pop
lar features in the paper. Why? Because we've given t
people who aren't in society their own idea of what socie
looks like. You don't expect a servant girl or a tru
driver—the sort of people we rely on for circulation—to
satisfied with the bare statement that Mr. and Mr
Ribbel-Standish are remaining in Newport. They want
know how many thousands a year Mrs. Ribbel-Standis
spends on perfume, and why Mr. Ribbel-Standish go
drunk and kicked his butler, and why the butler left with
out claiming damages. Our readers demand to know th
worst, within reason. If people want sad solemn fact
about society they read some other paper. Our policy
classy jazz, pep, romance. That's why we're featuring
Lady Sombrey's Sin next to your column. There's a
knock-out in every installment."
"In other words," drawled Julie, recalling an ancient
proverb on yellow journalism, "when the dog bites the man
it isn't news. When the man bites the dog it is."
"Keep that in mind and you won't go far wrong in this
office," said Mr. Trask. "But you've got to have enough
facts about the dog to protect us. Now what I want out
of you is bigger feature stories—some good divorces,
snappy facts about visiting noblemen, some wild stuff
about what's going on behind the scenes in Park Avenue.
Pep and yet more pep—that's our motto."
That Julie Corless did not brush the papers off her desk
and resign on the spot was a tribute to early training. Pep
and yet more pep! She saw the abominable motto em-
blazoned on the Bugle's yellow flag. She had gone into
the work with the high ideal of giving a cultured tone to
the paper.
And heavens, how she had wanted the money with which
to buy the pretty fragile clothes which meant more than
warmth and life to her!
Raging with equal fury at herself, fate and the managing
editor, Julie reached out blindly for Del Argo's fervid post
card. All day, in her desperation, she had been planning
to do an audacious thing. Why not? The mysterious
Spaniard was no longer a romance to her. In his volumi-
nous one-sided correspondence he had furnished ample
material for a sprightly biography.
She found the card among her papers and was again
glancing over its ardent French when a rat-tat as sharp
as the knock of conscience sounded upon her door.
"Come in!" she called, making haste to conceal the
damaging evidence.
In the doorway she beheld the quiet fastidious man of
forty whose somewhat auburn cast was his only claim to
the sporting sobriquet of "Brick." She was glad that he
had come, though she could tell him nothing worth while.

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The horse follows the cart, Jonah swallows the whale, the Christians torture Nero," he began quite solemnly. You've been listening," Julie accused him.
How could I help it? Mr. Trask has a nose tone which ies like a Cremona violin."
Brick," she told him desperately, "there's no use try- to make anything out of me. Just give me up and let resign."
Eighteen years ago I said the same thing," Brick nor assured her. "I was a trifle young, I think, though idn't realize what was the matter with me. Then the E. came to me and told me to put more whoop into my agraphs or I'd have to quit. And, behold, how I have ooped!"
"Your page is tremendously vulgar," she informed him ch a smile.
"Isn't it!" he exclaimed, complimented. "A great deal the slang which you abhor—and my department is the ngiest in America, I believe—I invented myself. It's ng de luxe, most of it. The Bugle's sporting page has character all its own. Our cartoons, our prize-fight nes and our column of baseball patter so absolutely nchronize that not one line of really good nglish ever slips in."
He said this with one of his quizzical oks which always left Julie in doubt as to hether he was joking or in earnest.
"Aren't you too good for this sort of ing?" asked she.
"Am I?" he responded, and his eyes inkled again.
"With your education and fine mind you ight be a great lawyer or—or a master of nglish. To degrade one's standards like his is entirely too easy."
"Disabuse yourself of that idea," he said eriously. "It took five years of the hardest hinking and keenest analysis to work my age up into what it now is. Take slang done. In order to equip myself for the work I approached slang from a purely intellectual angle. Much of the current slang of to-day comes from my invention."
Julie Corless looked up and smiled. What was wrong with Brick Minor?
"All this, I suppose," she said archly, "is because I ask to resign before they turn me into a social gunman."
"If you live in Rum you must do as the Rum'uns do," he persisted; then with his queer puckering smile: "I think you're right in wanting to resign."
He had risen and was standing over her. At that instant she had the thought that Brick Minor, though far from handsome, was one of the most attractive men she had ever known.
"I—I know I shall have to," she informed him, trying to keep her voice steady.
"I'm not a poor man, Julie," he was saying. "I've made money in business of my own. I'm not going to be here much longer, and—and there's one thing I've got to tell you ——"
He stood silent for an instant, and Julie's impressionable heart turned over ere he said: "When you leave this office about all that's ever given it charm goes with you."
"Oh! It's so nice of you to ——" she began tritely enough. She had undergone too many proposals of marriage not to understand what was imminent.
"I'm not a good match—what you would call a good match. But I've saved for years and I've never made a poor investment."
He stopped abruptly while she sat looking wide-eyed into his interesting, troubled features. She felt no surprise. It seemed quite natural that the man whose companionship she had enjoyed during these unconventional weeks should have burst forth into this romantic avowal. And Julie was nothing if not romantic. But the avowal was strangled at the whim of its author.
"What the devil am I saying?" he blurted, snapping his fingers impatiently as he rushed out of the office.

II

JULIE CORLESS went home to dinner, stinging with the memory of a rebuke and glowing with the memory of a proposal. Had Brick Minor brought it to a definite question she felt almost sure that under the stress of impulse she would have accepted him—to regret it afterward. For Julie was not an easy maid to win, as Mrs. Corless found these seven years since her daughter had been of a marriageable age. Self-willed, her discouraged elders called her, little guessing how deeply a living share in one storybook romance had influenced her girlish heart. Had you accused her of being something of a snob she would have flamed indignantly; yet the taste of a noble title charms the feminine heart, even in these days of tumbled thrones.

Journeying homeward by Subway, Julie's inner mind argued the ethics of this case, while Julie's outer mind exhausted itself in its quarrel with Mr. Trask. Several times she decided to resign, just as she should have done. Then she considered Brick Minor's advice to the effect that she should quit; and being all feminine, hence partly perverse, she determined to stay in the office and fight it out.

Pep and yet more pep! How she loathed that detestable phrase, haunting her like a strain from some cheap popular song!

She got off at her station in the early thirties and walked over to Madison Avenue, where in a high-stooped Victorian house that had once been a private residence the Corlesses maintained a flat with a modest show of the grand style that had characterized them before the crash. Julie mounted the walnut stairs and entered, to see her mother, looking cool and handsome in a dinner frock of half mourning as she sat crocheting under a reading lamp.

"My dear, how tired you look!" exclaimed Mrs. Corless, giving one of her calm kisses. "I hope you're not overdoing on that dreadful paper."

To call the Bugle a dreadful paper was but a part of Mrs. Corless' creed.

"I've had rather a busy day," said Julie.

"How hot you are!" the mother cried, holding one of Julie's hands against her cool cheek. "And now do hurry, dearest; Monsieur Duval is coming to dinner. He's just up from Washington. I've laid out your gray dinner frock—almost everything's at the cleaner's. And dearest ——"

By the clear look in her mother's gray eyes Julie knew that something was coming.

"—— dearest, why do you keep that foolish Spaniard's letters lying about where anyone can read them? They don't mean anything to you, and if someone who understands French should pick them up—think how they might misconstrue ——"

"Oh, mother!" cried Julie, and whisked out of the room.

Julie was no sooner in her bedroom than she saw the foolish Spaniard's letters, an obese bundle on the glassy top of her dressing table. As she dressed for dinner her eyes roved more than once toward the dog-eared one-sided correspondence which had wrought such havoc in the soul of a girl ripe for romance yet not sufficiently mature to understand love.

When Julie was just out of school she had gone touring France with a Mrs. Mapes, a widow qualified for tutor and chaperon. It was one of those educational pilgrimages which young ladies of Julie's class so often undergo without appreciable damage. In order to live in intimacy with what Mrs. Mapes called "atmosphere" they had taken quarters in an exclusive *pension*—mostly devoted to wealthy American and English tourists—in a handsome street not far from the Luxembourg Gardens.

One morning in May—what better start for a tale of romantic adventure?—pretty Miss Corless, slender as a lily and pink as a rose, dutifully followed the guidance of her conscientious chaperon to the Luxembourg Gallery. Julie, being very much alive, was in no mood for ecstasies over the paint daubs and chisel scars of geniuses. It was a divine day in Paris and as Julie wandered from romanticist to impressionist, in the back of her busy little brain she was aching to be out in the sun, joy-riding in one of those lanky little river boats that scuttle under the Pont Neuf down the Seine, or rolling in a crazy open fiacre along the Champs Elysées, or sipping something pinkish under the awning of an open-air restaurant in the Bois, where the tablecloths were pink, where swans were wont to play in the crystal pond, and slim chasseurs, removing silvern helmets with horsehair plumes, lolled in their chairs, leering amiably like illustrations out of Sourire.

"What a day for love!" sighed Julie, who translated the novels of the younger Dumas too well for Mrs. Mapes' liking. And it was almost upon that thought that romance had come to her in a flash of eyes.

Mrs. Mapes had discovered a pea-green impressionist, and while the dutiful chaperon was enjoying her ecstasy the restless girl escaped to the foyer, where, casting lack-luster eyes from wonder to wonder, she spied what caught her maiden fancy. Jewels!

In the upper compartment of a high glass cabinet which stood between aisles, the treasure of a queen lay haughtily on its velvet cushion. It was a wreath of diamonds and emeralds, and the placard explained that this coronet had been worn by the Empress on a historic occasion.

Female-wise the young girl viewed the gem-wrought wreath quite personally, scanning it from every angle as she would a sweet spring hat. How would it look on her own head, her hair cunningly arranged to be made perfect by that flashing foliage? It must be heavenly, thought she, to be a queen with lapidaries and goldsmiths vying to please and ——



How Long She Stood There Playing the Ridiculous Game of Eye-to-Eye She Never Knew

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At the instant there flashed out at her through two layers of plate glass a gleam more vivid than that of any diamond on the royal wreath. A pair of remarkable, luminous, soul-searching, somber, romantic black eyes!

Julie's heart stood still. No poetic anthology could have contained words to tell her more distinctly that those eyes were for her, seeking her out, appealing, adoring. In that crowded moment she had little time to study the man behind and surrounding those eyes. She had only an impression of a distinguished figure in a morning coat. He seemed rather young, she thought; but the rest of her impression was buried in the hypnotic beauty of his eyes.

It was a May morning, as I have said; also it was Paris, and Julie was eighteen.

How long she stood there playing the ridiculous game of eye-to-eye she never knew. Finally the apparition behind the showcase made a move, which caused the girl a frantic impulse to escape. As she turned she ran almost into the arms of Mrs. Mapes, who was panting out her horror and casting suspicious eyes toward the tall young man behind the jewel cabinet.

Now if such an adventure had befallen Julie Corless in New York—at the Metropolitan Museum, say, or the Public Library—she might have put the intruder down as one of those handsome and venomous insects whom the common call a masher. But I must again repeat the mystic formula, May, Paris and eighteen, in order that the drift of her springtime thoughts may not be misunderstood.

The flash of those magnificent eyes, competing successfully with garlands of crown jewels, haunted her waking hours. The silent, momentary meeting had come as the stimulating reaction she had craved.

That afternoon when Julie was going out the concierge at the door smuggled a note into her hand. He did it skillfully. Not until the dressing hour did she dare break the seal. A coronet, embossed in blue, met her eyes, and below, scribbled fiercely, as though with the point of a bayonet, the passionate avowal, which she translated from its perfect French:

Mademoiselle: I gazed through the glass and saw your beauty. The world is changed for me. Whatever you do, wherever you go, my heart will follow you always. Forgive my impetuosity—I am of a race which acts quickly and forgets slowly. I do not ask to see you at once if that offends your sense of propriety. But let me say that I can offer you a coronet more precious than that you gazed upon to-day. Permit me to call on your parents or guardian that I may make my offer for your hand.

Eternally, devotedly,
DEL ARGO.

Julie was at first indignant, then amused, then captivated. There had been something so boyish in those wonderful dark eyes wooing her through the glass of the royal jewel case! Apparently her impetuous lover had bribed the concierge for her name. She dreamed over this until after dinner; then she acted as a good girl should, and showed the note to Mrs. Mapes, who was properly horrified.

Notes came to Julie every day after that—sometimes there would be two—smuggled in by the cautious hand of the concierge, who was a Swiss.

Del Argo's words, glowing from the dull red of live coals to the blue heat of a blast furnace, revealed that love in his case was a progressive disease. She did not show these letters to Mrs. Mapes. There is no doubt that fine words make fine feelings; and Julie became so charmed by Del Argo's beautiful wooing French that she came to imagine his voice, repeating the phrases over and over. Between protestations of undying love he furnished biographical data. His father was richer than an Inca. Young Del Argo was a swordsman of repute and had fought many duels. Once he implored so poetically for her photograph that Julie yielded to a crazy impulse. She wrote to an address he mentioned in Boulevard Raspail. It was a discreet schoolgirl letter, penned at midnight; but she mentioned a photographer's where her picture could be found.

In those days Julie's sense of humor was undeveloped. Otherwise she surely would have laughed at Del Argo's frenzies. One miserable morning she peeped out of the window, to see a young man in a handsome red runabout sitting quite unsheltered under the drizzling rain. He had equipped himself with a waterproof coat and sporting cap, but he allowed the moisture to rill down his back and gave no heed. His attitude was in keeping with the weather. Once he looked up, and Julie, afraid he had spied her out, popped back behind the curtains.

An hour later Mrs. Mapes came in to report: "That silly impostor has been sitting out there, wet to the skin, all morning. He has a coat of arms as big as a teakettle on the side of his car, and I think somebody ought to report him to the police. This thing will have to stop!"

And stop it did within a very few days. What settled Del Argo's case, so far as Julie was concerned, was a frantic appeal, written on a cheap post card and sent to her by *pneumatique*. It vowed again undying love, threatened suicide, proposed marriage, and ended in an avalanche of verbal flowers. Mrs. Mapes got the postal, read it, and was frantic at the man's abominable effrontery. Forthwith she declared that they would move at once. She acted upon the impulse; but the transfer of locale took them three days, as a matter of fact.

On the very afternoon that their baggage was being shipped to the opposite bank of the Seine, Del Argo's last despairing wail arrived, postmarked Biarritz:

Mademoiselle: Nemesis pursues the unhappy lover. I must fly from the vengeance which pursues me. If the envious gods have prepared this stroke because I love too much, remember that I bear the penalty of what I have done, for your sake, without complaint or remorse. If there is pity in your heart, remember me.

Your forsaken,
DEL ARGO.

"I thought he was dishonest," said Mrs. Mapes, "but now I believe he's only crazy."

They went to England shortly after that, Mrs. Mapes congratulating herself upon escape from a nuisance, Julie filled with girlish sighs. It was the last they heard of him, save for a scrap of gossip that came to Miss Corless' sharp ear in the autumn, when they were returning to America.

An Englishwoman, well versed in Continental scandal, was chatting with Mrs. Mapes between deck chairs:

"Oh, Del Argo? You know him then? The Marquis del Argo ——"

"There seems to be an adventurer using the name."

"Probably. He would be. . . . A great family. . . . Wealthy and very close to the throne. . . . Young Raphael del Argo. . . . Why, he's the greatest catch in Spain!"

III

JULIE CORLESS, aged twenty-five, stood before her mirror putting the finishing touches to her toilet. For the first time in seven years she realized how musical-comic that romance had been. Ever since morning, when she had taken the flowery post card with the idea of weaving it into an article for the Bugle, she had viewed her girlish indiscretion with a new cynicism. In the reaction she would have burned the bundle of sentimental letters had she not become possessed with a daring idea.

The impertinent, passionate post card lay where she had restored it, at the top of the heap, and ere she went to dinner she glanced sarcastically over the opening lines of the lyric:

. . . to endure anything for the sake of thy beauty, oh, cruel and unattainable! . . .

Then came to her memory the words of Mr. Trask: "'Pep and yet more pep."

Inspiration overwhelmed her. Why not? She glanced guiltily at the bale of Del Argo correspondence. Then she went to dinner.

She was inattentive to the charming elderly Monsieur Duval, even though he spoke with more than usual sprightliness on European politics. Her own ax was grinding, grinding under her silky hair.

Toward dessert she looked up and asked, apropos of nothing: "Is there more than one Marquis del Argo in Spain?"

"But yes, mademoiselle," replied the knowing Frenchman. "It is a very noble house, but there are many of that title. The family of Del Argo, by royal patent granted by Philip IV, may confer the title of marquis upon all sons."

Coffee was scarcely over when Julie excused herself on the plea of unfinished office work. Her temples were throbbing with generic fever as she locked the door of her room, unpacked her portable typewriter and began busily ticking:

"New York thinks she has set a pace for the world during the reign of slam-bang dance music. Now let me breathe a word into Mademoiselle Gotham's ear.

"A newer, faster, wilder pace is going to be set. 'Cause why? 'Cause of Spain!

"Marquis del Argo—ever heard of him?—is coming to town. Marquis del Argo of the romantic disposition, that has set Paris by the ears, Madrid on its toes.

"He is young. He can't be more than twenty-seven. He is wealthy beyond the dreams of Golconda. His family, very near royal, is close to the royal house of Spain. He's unmarried. Look to your laurels, girls! Dance with him, glory in his eyes, which are said to be the most beautiful in Europe. And, for heaven's sake, have him tell you his sporting adventures in the mad, glad town of Biarritz. Do you glory in the code duello? Then tease him to 'fess up, for Raphael is a dangerous man with the sword.

"When he takes his suite at the Hotel Merlinbilt—which will be right soon—New York society will be in competition ——"

Julie Corless paused, shifted the ribbon of her typewriter and glanced over the pile of letters for further sensational facts about the Marquis del Argo, facts that would introduce pep and yet more pep.

It was after ten o'clock when she called for a messenger to carry her copy in haste to the office.

IV

EARLY in the afternoon of the next day Mr. Trask, beaming with satisfaction, came out of his den and walked over to the society editor's cage for the purpose of apologizing. In his short fingers he held a clipping f that morning's Bugle.

"A knock-out!" he chuckled.

"Thank you," said Julie faintly. "I thought ma I had your idea."

"Now slam this stuff at them, hot off the griddle, you'll have all America asking who you are."

"Heaven forbid!" was Julie's inner prayer. But said aloud, "I think I can give you a great deal more that."

"Fine! Follow this up when that spigotty Del A comes to town. Get all the stuff about his doings in N York." A cautious look came into his keen little eyes as asked, "This is all verified, I suppose?"

Julie hesitated, frightened at possible consequenc then she stiffened proudly in her chair and *evaded:* "I information came in personal letters."

"That ought to satisfy a jury," he grinned.

Through the half-open door she could hear Brick M nor's typewriter ticking merrily. She wished he wo come in and help her, but he gave no heed.

"I've got an item for your department," went on M Trask. "It seems that Harry Leek, the tennis champio is going into the movies. Of course I'd rather you'd tack this in the style of that Del Argo article ——"

"I suppose I could," said she.

Human vanity is a weak thing, and Julie was blossomi under the sun of flattery.

"Good. He's stopping at the Merlinbilt. We've phone him."

Brick Minor did not look up as she passed his door. H scholarly features, slanted toward the keys of his typ writer, suggested intellectual concentration; a new su was rising in the pugilistic world.

At the Merlinbilt, Julie Corless found Harry Leek eve more accessible than she had anticipated. But as sh passed through the handsome lobby she encountered Mr Ramsey Burgstaller, the manager, with whom she had ha a speaking acquaintance for years. Julie's father, up to few months before his death, had been an important stock holder in the Merlinbilt.

"Good afternoon, Miss Corless. Got a nice item fo you," he twinkled. "Mind stepping round to my office?"

She was no sooner inside the mahogany-walled com partment and seated by his desk than he wheeled in hi chair and said beamingly: "Great item that you had o your page—that article about Marquis del Argo. But say! You've certainly got a nose for news. Know more about my hotel than I do, by George!"

Apparently he was nursing the best joke in the world. Julie struggled to return his smile and to falter out something to the effect that she was learning her business. Vague misgivings tickled her heartstrings.

"How in the world," resumed Mr. Burgstaller, "did you get onto that?"

"Get onto what?" she asked.

"This Del Argo's coming, and all the rest."

Julie turned in her chair and faced him blankly.

"To tell you the truth, Miss Corless, I thought I knew about all the big arrivals in New York. And here, an hour before I saw your article, comes this."

He reached into a pigeonhole and brought out a scrap of paper. It was a telegram, and Julie saw the typewritten words through a mist at first. Then she read:

Beyond, N. J. Reserve large suite for Marquis del Argo four o'clock to-day. C. L. JONES.

"'Beyond, New Jersey'!" Mr. Burgstaller tittered. "Marvelous place for a noble Spanish grandee to be arriving from."

Julie drew a deep breath before she suggested, "He might be an impostor."

"Well, I thought of that," said Mr. Burgstaller. "But when I read your article I came to the conclusion you wouldn't stand for the story unless the man was all right. But 'Beyond, New Jersey'!"

"The marquis is a little eccentric," Julie temporized.

Her mind was not concerned with Beyond, New Jersey. She was glancing nervously at the dial of her wrist watch, which indicated three minutes after four.

"Have you reserved the rooms for him?" she managed to ask.

"Up to ten minutes after four," replied Mr. Burgstaller. "If he doesn't show up by then I'll know the telegram isn't serious."

Julie rose, her mind concentrated on one object—escape.

"Won't you stick round?" invited the kindly manager.

"Thank you, Mr. Burgstaller, I'd like to—really. I'll have to be getting back."

"Might be a spry interview for you," he urged. "He's rather a young devil ——"

"He isn't very old," she informed him idiotically, and all but ran out of the place.

When she came to the revolving glass doors leading to the street her flight was interrupted by the entrance of several porters laden with luggage. She let them by and

(Continued on Page 62)

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THE COVERED WAGON

By Emerson Hough

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER



"Now, Men, Come On!" Called Out Banion. "Ride Them Down!"

XIV

"IT WAS the wind!" Will Banion exclaimed. "It was the sky, the earth! It was fire! I don't know what it was! I swear it was not I who did it! Don't forgive me, but don't blame me. Molly! Molly!

"It had to be sometime," he went on, since she still drew away from him. "What chance have I had to ask you before now? It's little I have to offer but my love."

"What do you mean? It will never be at any time!" said Molly Wingate slowly, her hand touching his no more.

"What do you yourself mean?" He turned to her in agony of soul. "You will not let me repent? You will not give me some sort of chance?"

"No," she said coldly. "You have had chance enough to be a gentleman—as much as you had when you were in Mexico with other women. But Major William Banion falsified the regimental accounts. I know that too. I didn't—I couldn't believe it till now."

He remained dumb under this. She went on mercilessly.

"Oh, yes, Captain Woodhull told us. Yes, he showed us the very vouchers. My father believed it of you, but I didn't. Now I do. Oh, fine! And you an officer of our Army!"

She blazed out at him now, her temper rising.

"Chance? What more chance did you need? No wonder you couldn't love a girl—any other way than this. It would have to be sometime, you say. What do you mean? That I'd ever marry a thief?"

Still he could not speak. The fire marks showed livid against a paling cheek. "Yes, I know you saved me—twice, this time at much risk," resumed the girl. "Did you want pay so soon? You'd—you'd ——"

"Oh! Oh! Oh!"

It was his voice that now broke in. He could not speak at all beyond the exclamation under torture.

"I didn't believe that story about you," she added after a long time. "But you are not what you looked, not what I thought you were. So what you say must be sometime is never going to be at all."

"Did he tell you that about me?" demanded Will Banion savagely. "Woodhull—did he say that?"

"I have told you, yes. My father knew. No wonder he didn't trust you. How could he?"

She moved now as though to leave the wagon, but he raised a hand.

"Wait!" said he. "Look yonder! You'd not have time now to reach camp."

In the high country a great prairie fire usually or quite often was followed by a heavy rainstorm. What Banion now indicated was the approach of yet another of the epic phenomena of the prairies, as rapid, as colossal and as merciless as the fire itself.

On the western horizon a low dark bank of clouds lay for miles, piled, serrated, steadily rising opposite to the course of the wind that had driven the fire. Along it more and more visibly played almost incessant sheet lightning, broken with ripping zigzag flames. A hush had fallen close at hand, for now even the frightened breeze of evening had fled. Now and then, at first doubtful, then unmistakable and continuous, came the mutter and rumble and at length the steady roll of thunder.



The Sioux War Chief

They lay full in the course of one of the tremendous storms of the high country, and as the cloud bank rose and came on swiftly, spreading its flanking wings so that nothing might escape, the spectacle was terrifying almost as much as that of the fire, for, unprotected as they were, they could make no counter battle against the storm.

The air grew supercharged with electricity. It dripped, literally, from the barrel of Banion's pistol when he took it from its holster to carry it to the wagon. He fastened the reins of his horse to a wheel and hastened with other work.

A pair of trail ropes lay in the wagon. He netted them over the wagon top and lashed the ends to the wheels to make the top securer, working rapidly, eyes on the advancing storm.

There came a puff, then a gust of wind. The sky blackened. The storm caught the wagon train first. There was no interval at all between the rip of the lightning and the crash of thunder as it rolled down on the clustered wagons. The electricity at times came not in a sheet or a ragged bolt but in a ball of fire, low down, close to the ground, exploding with giant detonations.

Then came the rain, with a blanketing rush of level wind, sweeping away the last vestige of the wastrel fires of the emigrant encampment. An instant and every human being in the train, most of them ill defended by their clothing, was drenched by the icy flood. One moment and the battering of hail made climax of it all. The groaning animals plunged and fell at their picket ropes, or broke and fled into the open. The remaining cattle caught terror, and since there was no corral, most of the cows and oxen stampeded down the wind.

The canvas of the covered wagons made ill defense. Many of them were stripped off, others leaked like sieves. Mothers sat huddled in their calicoes, bending over their tow-shirted young, some of them babes in arms. The single jeans garments of the boys gave them no comfort. Under the wagons and carts, wrapped in blankets or patched quilts whose colors dripped, they crawled and sat as the air grew strangely chill. Only wreckage remained when they saw the storm muttering its way across the prairies, having done what it could in its elemental wrath to bar the road to the white man.

As for Banion and Molly, they sat it out in the light wagon, the girl wrapped in blankets, Banion much of the time out in the storm, swinging on the ropes to keep the wagon from overturning. He had no apparent fear. His calm assuaged her own new terrors. In spite of her bitter arraignment, she was glad that he was here, though he hardly spoke to her at all.

"Look!" he exclaimed at last, drawing back the flap of the wagon cover. "Look at the rainbow!"

Over the cloud banks of the western sky there indeed now was flung the bow of promise. But this titanic land did all things gigantically. This was no mere prismatic arch bridging the clouds. The colors all were there, yes, and of an unspeakable brilliance and individual distinctness in the scale; but they lay like a vast painted mist, a mural of some celestial artist flung en masse against the curtain of the night. The entire western sky, miles on untold miles, was afire. All the opals of the universe were melted and cast into a tremendous picture painted by the Great Spirit of the Plains.

"Oh, wonderful!" exclaimed the girl. "It might be the celestial city in the desert, promised by the Mormon prophet!"

"It may be so to them. May it likewise be so to us. Blessed be the name of the Lord God of Hosts!" said Will Banion.

She looked at him suddenly, strangely. What sort of man was he, after all, so full of strange contradictions—a savage, a criminal, yet reverent and devout?

"Come," he said, "we can get back now, and you must go. They will think you are lost."

He stepped to the saddle of his shivering horse and drew off the poncho, which he had spread above the animal instead of using it himself. He was wet to the bone. With apology he cast the waterproof over Molly's shoulders, since she now had discarded her blankets. He led the way, his horse following them.

They walked in silence in the deep twilight which began to creep across the blackened land. All through the storm he had scarcely spoken to her, and he spoke but rarely now. He was no more than guide.

But as she approached safety Molly Wingate began to reflect how much she really owed this man. He had been a pillar of strength, elementally fit to combat all the elements, else she had perished.

"Wait!"

She had halted at the point of the last hill which lay between them and the wagons. They could hear the wailing of the children close at hand. He turned inquiringly. She handed back the poncho.

"I am all right now. You're wet, you're tired, you're burned to pieces. Won't you come on in?"

"Not to-night!"

But still she hesitated. In her mind there were going on certain processes she could not have predicted an hour earlier.

"I ought to thank you," she said. "I do thank you."

His utter silence made it hard for her. He could see her hesitation, which made it hard for him, coveting sight of her always, loath to leave her.

Now a sudden wave of something, a directness and frankness born in some way in this new world apart from civilization, like a wind-blown flame, irresponsible and irresistible, swept over Molly Wingate's soul as swiftly, as unpremeditatedly as it had over his. She was a young woman fit for love, disposed for love, at the age for love.

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Now, to her horror, the clasp of this man's arm, even when repelled in memory, returned, remained in memory! She was frightened that it still remained—frightened at her own great curiousness.

"About—that"—he knew what she meant—"I don't want you to think anything but the truth of me. If you have deceived people, I don't want to deceive you."

"What do you mean?"

"About—that!"

"You said it could never be."

"No. If it could I would not be stopping here now to say so much."

He stepped closer, frowning.

"What is it you are saying then—that a man's a worse brute when he goes mad, as I did?"

"I expect not," said Molly Wingate queerly. "It is very far out here. It's some other world, I believe. And I suppose men have kissed girls. I suppose no girl ever was married who was not ever kissed."

"What are you saying?"

"I said I wanted you to know the truth about a woman—about me. That's just because it's not ever going to be between us. It can't be, because of that other matter in Mexico. If it had not been for that, I suppose after a time I wouldn't have minded what you did back there. I might have kissed you. It must be terrible to feel as you feel now, so ashamed. But after all ——"

"It was criminal!" he broke out. "But even criminals are loved by women. They follow them to jail, to the gallows. They don't mind what the man is—they love him, they forgive him. They stand by him to the very end!"

"Yes, I suppose many a girl loves a man she knows she never can marry. Usually she marries someone else. But kissing! That's terrible!"

"Yes. But you will not let me make it splendid and not terrible. You say it never can be—that means we've got to part. Well, how can I forget?"

"I don't suppose you can. I don't suppose that—that I can!"

"What are you going to say? Don't! Oh, please don't!"

But she still went on, strangely, not in the least understanding her own swift change of mood, her own intent with him, vis-à-vis, here in the wilderness.

"While we were walking down here just now," said she, "somehow it all began to seem not so wrong. It only seemed to stay wrong for you to have deceived me about yourself—what you really were—when you were in the Army. I could maybe forgive you up to that far, for you did—for men are—well, men. But about that other—you knew all the time we couldn't—couldn't ever—I'd never marry a thief."

The great and wistful regret of her voice was a thing not to be escaped. She stood, a very splendid figure, clean and marvelous of heart as she was begrimed and bedraggled of body now, her great vital force not abated by what she had gone through. She spread her hands just apart and looked at him in what she herself felt was to be the last meeting of their lives; in which she could afford to reveal all her soul for once to a man, and then go about a woman's business of living a life fed on the husks of love given her by some other man.

He knew that he had seen one more miracle. But, chastened now, he could, he must, keep down his own eager arms. He heard her speak once more, her voice like some melancholy bell of vespers of a golden evening:

"Oh, Will Banion, how could you take away a girl's heart and leave her miserable all her life?"

The cry literally broke from her. It seemed in her own ears the sudden voice of some other woman speaking—some unaccountable, strange woman whom she never had seen or known in all her life.

"Your—heart?" he whispered, now close to her in the dusk. "You were not—you did not—you ——"

But he choked. She nodded, not brazenly or crudely or coarsely, not even bravely, but in utter simplicity. For the time she was wholly free of woman coquetry. It was as though the elements had left her also elemental. Her words now were of the earth, the air, the fire, the floods of life.

"Yes," she said, "I will tell you now, because of what you have done for me. If you gave me life, why shouldn't I give you love—if so I could?"

"Love? Give me love?"

"Yes! I believe I was going to love you, until now, although I had promised him—you know—Captain Woodhull. Oh, you see, I understand a little of what it was to you—what made you ——" She spoke disconnectedly. "I believe—I believe I'd not have cared. I believe I could follow a man to the gallows. Now I will not, because you didn't tell me you were a thief. I can't trust you. But I'll kiss you once for good-by. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry."

Being a man, he never fathomed her mind at all. But being a man, slowly, gently he took her in his arms, drew her tight. Long, long it was till their lips met—and long then.

But he heard her whisper "Good-by," saw her frank tears, felt her slowly, a little by a little, draw away from him.

"Good-by," she said. "Good-by. I would not dare, any more, ever again. Oh, Will Banion, why did you take away my heart? I had but one!"

"It is mine!" he cried savagely. "No other man in all the world shall ever have it, Molly!"

But she now was gone.

He did not know how long he stood alone, his head bowed on his saddle.

The raucous howl of a great gray wolf near by spelled out the lonesome tragedy of his future life for him.

Quaint and sweet philosopher, and bold as she but now had been in one great and final



"I Call One on 'em Blast Yore Hide—She's a Ute. The Other is Younger an' Purtier. I Call Her Dang Yore Eyes"

imparting of her real self, Molly Wingate was only a wet, weary and bedraggled maid when at length she entered the desolate encampment which stood for home. She found her mother sitting on a box under a crude awning, and cast herself on her knees, her head on that ample bosom that she had known as haven in her childhood. She wept now like a little child.

"It's bad!" said stout Mrs. Wingate, not knowing. "But you're back and alive. It looks like we're wrecked and everything lost, and we come nigh about getting all burned up, but you're back alive to your ma! Now, now!"

That night Molly turned on a sodden pallet which she had made down beside her mother in the great wagon. But she slept ill. Over and over to her lips rose the same question:

"Oh, Will Banion, Will Banion, why did you take away my heart?"

XV

THE great wagon train of 1848 lay banked along the Vermilion in utter and abject confusion. Organization there now was none. But for Banion's work with the back fires the entire train would have been wiped out. The effects of the storm were not so capable of evasion. Sodden, wretched, miserable, chilled, their goods impaired, their cattle stampeded, all sense of gregarious self-reliance gone, two hundred wagons were no more than two hundred individual units of discontent and despair. So far as could be prophesied on facts apparent, the journey out to Oregon had ended in disaster almost before it was well begun.

Bearded men at smoking fires looked at one another in silence, or would not look at all. Elan, morale, esprit de corps were gone utterly.

Stout Caleb Price walked down the wagon lines, passing four score men shaking in their native agues, not yet conquered. Women, pale, gaunt, grim, looked at him from limp sunbonnets whose stays had been half dissolved. Children whimpered. Even the dogs, curled nose to under the wagons, growled surlily. But Caleb Price f at last the wagon of the bugler who had been at the and shook him out.

"Sound, man!" said Caleb Price. "Play up Susannah! Then sound the assembly. We've got to l a meeting."

They did have a meeting. Jesse Wingate scented mu and remained away.

"There's no use talking, men," said Caleb Price, use trying to fool ourselves. We're almost done, the things are. I like Jess Wingate as well as any man I knew, but Jess Wingate's not the man. What shall we d

He turned to Hall, but Hall shook his head; to Kels but Kelsey only laughed.

"I could get a dozen wagons through, maybe," said "Here's two hundred. Woodhull's the man, but Wo hull's gone—lost, I reckon, or maybe killed and *lying* somewhere on these prairies. You take it, Cale."

Price considered for a time.

"No," said he at length. "It's no time for one of us take on what may be done better by someone else, becau our women and children are at stake. The very best ma none too good for this job, and the more experience he h the better. The man who thinks fastest and clearest at t right time is the man we want, and the man *we'd follow* the only man. Who'll he be?"

"Oh, I'll admit Banion had the best idea of crossing t Kaw," said Kelsey. "He got his own people over, too.

"Yes, and they're together now ten miles below u And Molly Wingate—she was caught out *with* her tea by the fire—says it was Banion who started the back firing. That saved his train and ours. Ideas that come to late are no good. We need some man with the right idea at the right time."

"You think it's Banion?" Hall spoke.

"I do think it's Banion. I don' see how it can be anyone else."

"Woodhull'd never stand for it."

"He isn't here."

"Wingate won't."

"He'll have to."

The chief of mutineers, a grave and bearded man, waited for a time.

"This is a meeting of the train," said he. "In our government the majority rules. Is there any motion on this?"

Silence. Then rose Hall, of Ohio, slowly, a solid man, with three wagons of his own.

"I've been against the Missouri outfit," said he. "They're a wild bunch, with no order or discipline to them. They're not all free-soilers, even if they're going out to Oregon. But if one man can handle them, he can handle us. An army man with a Western experience—who'll it be unless it is their man? So, Mister Chairman, I move for a committee of three, yourself to be one, to ride down and ask the Missourians to join on again, all under Major Banion."

"I'll have to second that," said a voice. Price saw a dozen nods. "You've heard it, men," said he. "All in favor rise up."

They stood, with not many exceptions—rough-clad, hard-headed, hard-handed men of the nation's vanguard, and Price looked them over soberly.

"You see the vote, men," said he. "I wish Jess had come, but he didn't. Who'll be the men to ride down to Wingate?"

"He wouldn't go," said Kelsey. "He's got something against Banion; says he's not right on his war record—something ——"

"He's right on his train record this far," commented Price. "We're not electing a Sabbath-school superintendent now, but a train captain who'll make these wagons cover twelve miles a day, average.

"Hall, you and Kelsey saddle up and ride down with me. We'll see what we can do. One thing sure, something has got to be done, or we might as well turn back. For one, I'm not used to that."

They did saddle and ride—to find the Missouri column coming up with intention of pitching below, at the very scene of the massacre, which was on the usual Big Vermilion ford, steep-banked on either side, but with hard bottom.

Ahead of the train rode two men at a walk, the scout, Jackson, and the man they sought. They spied him as the man on the black Spanish horse, found him a pale and tired young man, who apparently had slept as ill as they themselves. But in straight and manful fashion they told him their errand.

The pale face of Will Banion flushed, even with the livid scorch marks got in the prairie fire the day before. He considered.

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entlemen," he said after a time, "you don't know you are asking of me. It would be painful for me to that work on now."

t's painful for us to see our property lost and our fam- set afoot," rejoined Caleb Price. "It's not pleasant ne to do this. But it's no question, Major Banion, ; you or I find painful or pleasant. The question is on women and children. You know that very well."

I do know it—yes. But you have other men. Where's dhull?"

We don't know. We think the Pawnees got him among others."

Jackson"—Banion turned to his companion—"we've to make a look-around for him. He's probably across river somewhere."

Like enough," rejoined the scout. "But the first thing e all us folks to git acrost the river too. Let him go to ."

We want you, major," said Hall quietly, and even ney nodded.

'What shall I do, Jackson?" demanded Banion.

'Fly inter hit, Will," replied that worthy. "Leastways, n hit on long enough so's to git them acrost and help git ir cattle together. Ye couldn't git Wingate to work der ye no ways. But mebbe so we can show 'em fer a y er so how Old Missoury gits acrost a country. Uh-h?"

Again Banion considered, pondering many things of hich none of these knew anything at all. At length he ew aside with the men of the main train.

"Park our wagons here, Bill," he said. "See that they e well parked too. Get out your guards. I'll go up and e what we can do. We'll all cross here. Have your men t all the trail ropes out and lay in a lot of dry cottonwood gs. We'll have to raft some of the stuff over. See if ere's any wild grapevines along the bottoms. They'll elp hold the logs. So long."

He turned, and with the instinct of authority rode just half length ahead of the others on the return.

Jesse Wingate, a sullen and discredited Achilles, held to is tent, and Molly did as much, her stout-hearted and ust-minded mother being the main source of Wingate ews. Banion kept as far away from them as possible, but ad Jed sent for.

"Jed," said he, "first thing, you get your boys together nd go after the cattle. Most of them went downstream with the wind. The hobbled stuff didn't come back down the trail and must be below there too. The cows wouldn't swim the big river on a run. If there's rough country, with any shelter, they'd like enough begin to mill—it might be five miles, ten—I can't guess. You go find out.

"Now, you others, first thing, get your families all out in the sun. Spread out the bedclothes and get them dried. Build fires and cook your best right away—have the people eat. Get that bugle going and play something fast—Sweet Hour of Prayer is for evening, not now. Give 'em reveille, and then the cavalry charge. Play Susannah.

"I'm going to ride the edge of the burning to look for loose stock. You others get a meal into these people—coffee, quinine, more coffee. Then hook up all the teams you can and move down to the ford. We'll be on the Platte and among the buffalo in a week or ten days. Nothing can stop us. All you need is just a little more coffee and a little more system, and then a good deal more of both.

"Now's a fine time for this train to shake into place," he added. "You, Price, take your men and go down the lines. Tell your kinfolk and families and friends and neighbors to make bands and hang together. Let 'em draw cuts for place if they like, but stick where they go. We can't tell how the grass will be on ahead, and we may have to break the train into sections on the Platte; but we'll break it ourselves, and not see it fall apart or fight apart. So?"

He wheeled and went away at a trot. All he had given them was the one thing they lacked.

The Wingate wagons came in groups and halted at the river bank, where the work of rafting and wagon boating went methodically forward. Scores of individual craft, tipsy and risky, two or three logs lashed together, angled across and landed far below. Horsemen swam across with lines and larger rafts were steadied fore and aft with ropes snubbed around tree trunks on either bank. Once started, the resourceful pioneer found a dozen ways to skin his cat, as one man phrased it, and presently the falling waters permitted swimming and fording the stock. It all seemed ridiculously simple and ridiculously cheerful.

Toward evening a great jangling of bells and shouting of young captains announced the coming of a great band of the stampeded livestock—cattle, mules and horses mixed. Afar came the voice of Jed Wingate singing, "Oh, then, Susannah," and urging Susannah to have no concern.

But Banion, aloof and morose, made his bed that night apart even from his own train. He had not seen Wingate—did not see him till the next day, noon, when he rode up and saluted the former leader, who sat on his own wagon seat and not in saddle.

"My people are all across, Mr. Wingate," he said, "and the last of your wagons will be over by dark and straightened out. I'm parked a mile ahead."

"You are parked? I thought you were elected—by my late friends—to lead this whole train."

He spoke bitterly and with a certain contempt that made Banion color.

"No. We can travel apart, though close. Do you want to go ahead, or shall I?"

"As you like. The country's free."

"It's not free for some things, Mr. Wingate," rejoined the younger man hotly. "You can lead or not, as you like; but I'll not train up with a man who thinks of me as you do. After this think what you like, but don't speak any more."

"What do you mean by that?"

"You know very well. You've believed another man's word about my personal character. It's gone far enough and too far."

"The other man is not here. He can't face you."

"No, not now. But if he's on earth he'll face me sometime."

Unable to control himself further, Banion wheeled and galloped away to his own train.

"You ask if we're to join in with the Yankees," he flared out to Jackson. "No! We'll camp apart and train apart. I won't go on with them."

"Well," said the scout, "I didn't never think we would er believe ye could; not till they git in trouble agin, er till a certain light wagon and mules throws in with us, huh?"

"You'll say no more of that, Jackson! But one thing: you and I have got to ride and see if we can get any trace of Woodhull."

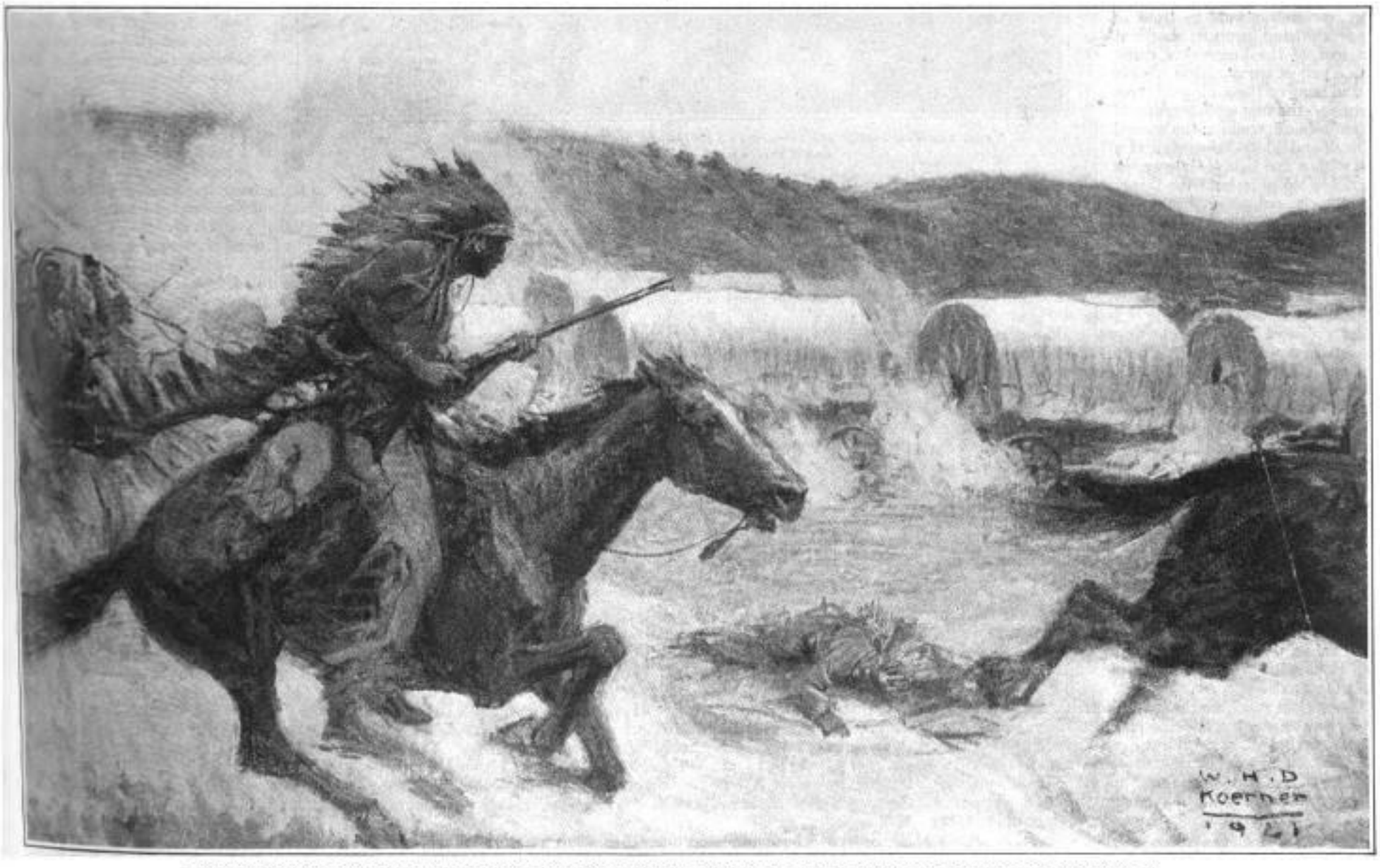
"Like looking fer a needle in a haystack, an' a damn bad needle at that," was the old man's comment.

XVI

"ON TO the Platte! The buffalo!" New cheer seemed to come to the hearts of the emigrants now, and they forgot bickering. The main train ground grimly ahead, getting back, if not all its egotism, at least more and more of its self-reliance. By courtesy, Wingate still rode ahead, though orders came now from a joint council of his leaders, since Banion would not take charge.

The great road to Oregon was even now not a trail but a road, deep cut into the soil, though no wheeled traffic had marked it until within the past five years. A score of parallel paths it might be at times, of tentative location

(Continued on Page 136)



The War Chief Led His Warriors in the Circle Once More, Chanting His Own Song to the Continuous Chorus of Savage Ululations

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THE GOLDEN EGGS

By George Weston

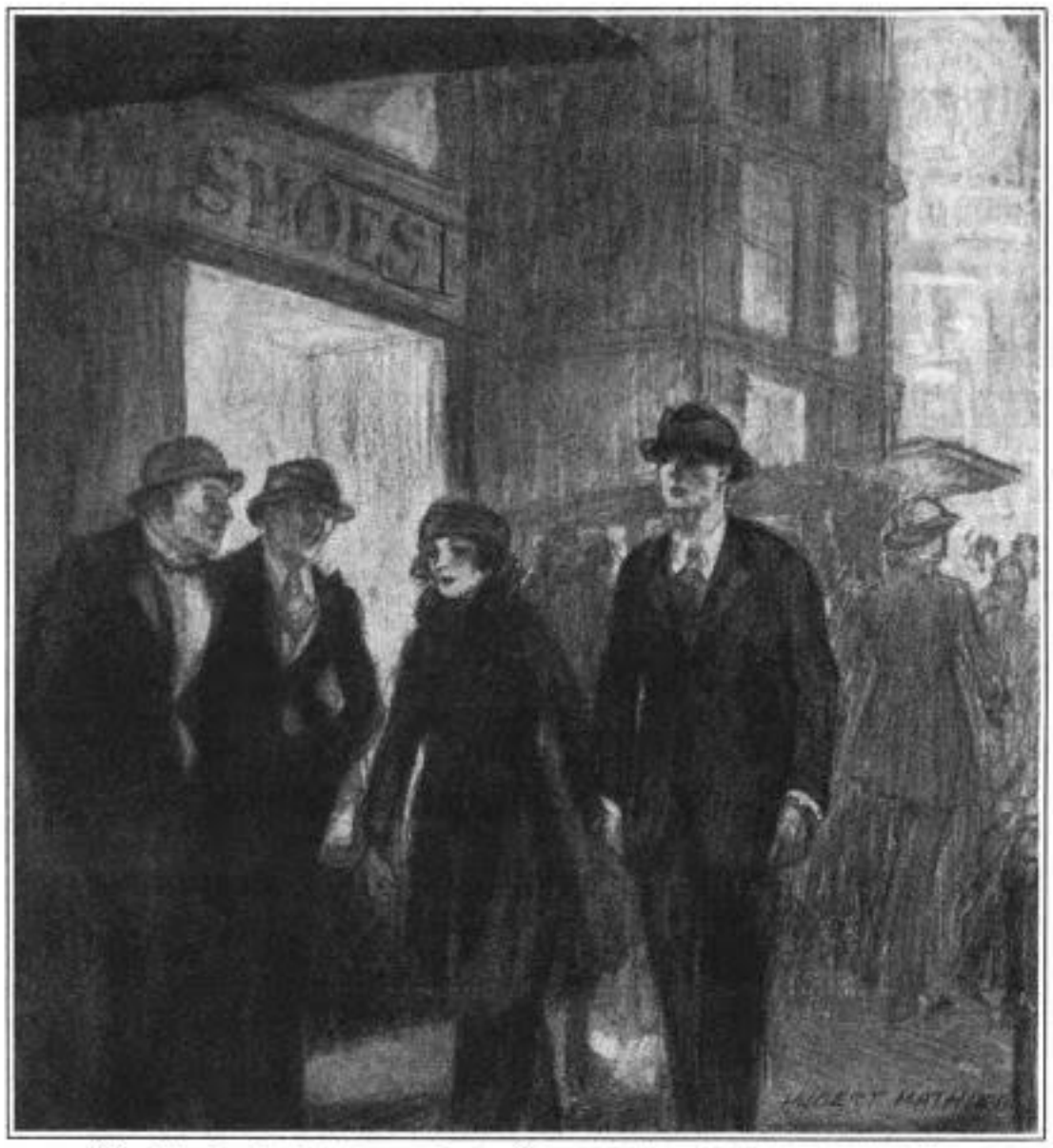
ILLUSTRATED BY HUBERT MATHIEU

LIKE many a greater man—and many a wonderful woman, too, no doubt—Paul Sohmer hated to get up in the morning. Indeed, at the moment when our story opens, if you could have looked into his room while he was yet asleep you would have seen that his face was curled into an expression of discontent as if, though slumbering still, he was already subconsciously dreading the moment when the alarm clock under the head of his bed would begin its shrill command.

It was a small room—the room of a young man who had come to New York to find those golden eggs which are presently hatched into motor cars, and trips back home in fur-lined coats, and beautiful wives, and names in the papers, and similar sundry items—and for the benefit of those who may be thinking of following Paul's example it might be well to describe a little more closely the room in which our hero sleeps—dreaming perhaps of his search for the golden eggs.

In size, then, it didn't differ a great deal from those stately apartments, six feet deep and six feet long, to which we shall all make our last great move. Against one of the walls was a white iron cot of such exceeding narrowness that to sleep on it was the equivalent of an education in tight-rope balancing, and to toss upon it was one of those acrobatic feats, generally attempted to the accompaniment of a crescending roll of drums, in which the sons and daughters of Nippon are popularly supposed to excel.

At the head of the bed was a chiffonier—such as are generally seen on the sidewalk in front of the secondhand furniture shops; at the foot of the bed was a trunk with a pair of trousers draped over it; and hung on the walls were three pictures—the first a photograph of a gentle-faced woman; the second a black-and-white lithograph of a lion with a fine pair of Galways on his noble old phiz; and the third a copy of one of Degas' ballet girls, poised on her toe and looking enraptured. Mother, lion and dancing thistledown—perhaps from these you can begin to get a line on the discontented sleeper who is still doing the balancing act on his iron cot.



"Yes, You Can Look," He Seemed to Say, "But This Young Lady's Walking With Me, and I Know How to Take Care of Her!"

And now, for the benefit of those young men who can see only a few odd miles of landscape from their bedroom windows and who are thinking of going to the city to get a wider vision of life, we might do worse than describe the view from Paul's window. The first thing that met the eye was a line of staggering clothes posts, each about as long as a telegraph pole. To these posts, by means of pulleys, a network of lines was attached; and when these lines weren't freighted with family washes too numerous to mention and too mysterious to catalogue, they were nearly always sporting drying dishcloths and associated articles. Beyond these poles and lines were the backs of the houses on the next block—and that was the view which Paul enjoyed from the only window in all New York which he could call his own.

"Rrrr-rrr-rr-r!" suddenly shrilled the alarm clock under the bed.

With a movement of his arm which betokened practice Paul reached under and shut off the lever; and then, as though to demonstrate the superiority of mankind over the other animals, he started the day by drawing one of those long sighs with which the sons of Adam too frequently greet the dawn.

"Looks like rain," he thought, and reluctantly swinging his feet out upon the floor he picked up his shoes. They were typical shoes of a typical clerk—that is to say, they looked smart on top but weren't very staunch beneath.

"They'll leak if it does rain," he told himself, pushing his finger against the hole in the soles, "but they've got to last a couple of months yet. I wonder if those old rubbers are any good."

His look of discontent growing, he opened the trunk at the foot of the bed and began rummaging among the contents. Old neckties, old collars, old waistcoats, a shoe box full of old letters and photographs, empty pipe cases, old shirts that had not yet been thrown away—every young man who has gone to the city to seek his fortune will know most of the items which that trunk contained. And near the bottom of it he came to a book, From Country Clerk to Merchant Prince, a book which made him forget the rubbers and brought a look to his face, half tender and half sad—the same expression which sometimes comes to an older man when he happens to find a bundle of old letters in a neglected drawer of his desk.

Paul carried the book to the bed with him, and as he turned its well-remembered pages a sheet of paper fell out—a memorandum which he had written on the day before he left North Branderville—in the days when the confidence of youth was strong as steel within him and discontent had not yet curled his lip.

"Time-Table," the paper was headed, and underneath were the following paragraphs:

May 1, 1913. I am leaving for New York.
May 1, 1914. By this date I shall be in a good position, where my hard work, faithfulness and integrity will be well rewarded.
May 1, 1916. By this time I shall have worked myself up to a responsible position in the firm.
May 1, 1918. By this time I shall have saved enough to go into business for myself.
May 1, 1920. Firmly established in my own business.
May 1, 1921. Business doubled since this time last year.

Paul glanced up at the calendar by the side of his chiffonier. It was May 6, 1921—five days after the date when his business should have doubled since this time last year. For a time he sat quietly—mourning a little, perhaps, over that confident young man who on May 1, 1913, had been leaving for New York—accompanied by the invisible figure of Hope—the world a football for his feet, and every kick a goal.

"Rotten!" he finally told himself in a low voice as he contrasted his leaky shoes to that last-quoted entry in the time-table. "And yet—it all seemed easy enough then. I could have sworn I could **do it**—just the sa those other men did it in **the Merchant** Pri Another thought came to him—**a thought** whic been rankling in his mind **more and more** *often* past few **months**: "I guess have to be **slicker** nowadays you did then. *Got to* have a Got to be **a smooth** article know how **to get away** *with* Me—I've been **working** like a h at the office, **thinking** that wa right way to **get along**—and all time Old **Man Weatherby's** p ably been **laughing** at *me and p* ing me for a **fool**. What I ough do is to have **a talk with** him find out where I **stand**. *All* it ne is nerve, and **I've** got to k sometime."

Half an hour later, when he the house, the **rain** had covered sidewalk with a *stippled film* wh soon demonstrated the theory capillary attraction by finding way through the holes in his sh

"Just what I said," he t himself, a feeling like *fatality* t ing possession of him. "To-ni I'll have the toothache *again*, a to-morrow ——"

He made a wry grimace—one those sour expressions *which* som times darken the faces of th who have been unsuccessful in th search for the golden eggs; and you had been walking behind hi then, blessed with the *gift of divi* ing things unseen, you might ha perceived that instead of being a companied by Hope—starry-eye and clad in white—another invi ible figure was now walking alo with its hand on Paul's shoulder- a clever-looking old gentleman wit a suspicion of a horn on his fore head—a clever-looking gentlema who is sometimes known as Ol Gooseberry, and who limps just a little as he walks.

II

IT WAS a magnificent building—the Bryce Building, in which Paul Sohmer worked—with a main entrance like something from the Arabian Nights, gorgeous in marble and gilt, and illuminated from chandeliers that might have reminded you of inverted Christmas trees, with golden boughs instead of evergreen, and every branch a glory of frosted light.

Indeed, when Paul had first set foot in that entrance, eight years before our story opens, he had regarded himself as being at last on the highroad to fortune. But on the morning to which he had now arrived there was no such feeling in him as he strode toward the elevators. Instead, he was nursing one of those dark moods which seem to settle upon the children of men at times—a mood of disillusion such as comes to the young when Santa Claus no longer lives and there are no raisins in the pudding—a mood of disenchantment such as comes to the old when love begins to lose its charm and rheumatism is settling in the knees.

The other clerks had already arrived and Paul greeted them with gloomy curtness as he made his way to his desk.

Eight years before, when he had first seated himself at that same desk determined to learn the export business from A to Z, he wouldn't have changed places with prince, potentate or any other person, but on the morning when our story opens he slammed up his roll-top curtain as though he would like to break it, and muttered "Darn you!" beneath his breath when one of the drawers wouldn't open as quickly as he wished. For a time he sat arranging his papers and preparing his work for the day, half watching the door for Mr. Weatherby to make his appearance, half listening to the conversation that was going on around him.

"I see Pete Finley and Bat Yonson fought a draw last night," said one of the bookkeepers.

"Sure they did," said another. "What do you think? They'll get another match now and make twice as much money. A couple of wise guys. You don't s'pose they're fighting for their health, do you?"

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I wonder how much they get when they fight."
About five thousand each."
Not bad for half an hour's work."
I'll tell the world it isn't."
It wouldn't be so bad if they got it all," said the bookkeeper, "but the matchmaker's a wise guy, too, and he gets slice or he wouldn't sign them up. And the manager his—often gets half of it—and what's left, there's erally a lawyer waiting to slap an attachment on it—another lawyer has to be hired to pry the attachment

Serves 'em right if it's a crooked game."
Where do you get that stuff? Tell me something that 't crooked nowadays."
"You've said something," said the stenographer, who s dusting her machine. "Last two weeks I've been oming with a girl who works for one of the big theatrical n uptown—and say! The things she tells me!"
Behind his desk Paul shortly nodded his head.
"Crazy—crazy—everything's crazy nowadays," he muted to himself.
During his first years at the office he had never allowed at sort of conversation to sink into his mind, but had garded it as the claptrap of those who didn't deserve ccess, only partly meant and not to be taken seriously. at lately, and especially after his two years in the service Mars, he, too, was beginning to wonder whether, with few rare exceptions, everything and everybody weren't oked—whether all the qualities mentioned in the Merant Prince had not become obsolete, like writing business letters in longhand, or taking a trip to Buffalo by ay of the Erie Canal.
"Stay honest—and stay poor." "Work hard and see what gets you." "Save your money—the wise guy likes to ake it away from you in chunks." Such were the gems f philosophy which were beginning to adorn his thoughts. ls for the Merchant Prince stuff, hadn't he tried it out or over eight years? And what ad it brought him?
Paul shuffled his damp feet nder the desk and for the second time that day he called himself a fool.
"I'm getting on for thirty," he thought. "And pretty soon I'll be getting on for forty. Yes, and I might as well be serving time in jail as fooling along the way I'm doing now."
Old stories that he had heard vaguely began to stir in his memory. There was one about a Boston merchant who, on a sworn statement, had simultaneously borrowed fifty thousand dollars from ten different banks, each bank thinking it was the only one that was making the loan. And then, of course, with his half million dollars safely salted away, the wise man from the East had gone bankrupt, and had never had to worry any more. There was another about a bank cashier who started on his vacation with a clean million dollars in his suitcase, and had settled his case out of court for seven hundred and fifty thousand. Then there was the prohibition officer who had accepted a bribe of eighty-five thousand dollars and had resigned his position the next morning. Slick work and graft. Hold up your hands and deliver! The Merchant Prince had become a Pirate and the papers were full of his carryings-on. Building-material manufacturers were robbing the public right and left; ships that had cost a fortune were being sold to favored companies for a few thousands; the prohibition laws were a joke; importers were dodging the customs.
"And that's no dream," thought Paul, pushing his papers aside and turning to stare out at the rain. "Old Man Weatherby's doing it right along. Nearly all the stuff we've been getting lately is undervalued. But he isn't going to take it out of me any longer. I've been undervalued long enough. Just as soon as he comes in I'm going to strike him for a raise. Might as well be dead and buried as sticking around here forever for eighteen dollars a week."
In the hall outside a quick step was heard—a step which seemed to say "Look out; I'm going to catch you!"—and simultaneously the office grew silent, except for the tippity-tap-tap of Miss McGuire's busy typewriter. The door opened and the senior member of the firm strode through the railing gate with a gruff "Good morning." The next moment he had vanished into his private office and Paul found his heart beating faster at the task before him.
"Darned if I'll put it off," he suddenly told himself. "I've put it off too long already. I'll get him now before he calls Miss McGuire in; and the sooner I start the sooner it's over."
Rising grimly from his chair he made his way to the door of S. J.'s private office and raised his knuckles to the panel.
"Rap-rap-rap!" he sounded; and again more loudly, "Rap-rap-rap!"
"Come!" cried a voice inside.
Paul hesitated a moment, and then drawing a full breath he threw back his shoulders and passed through the swinging door.

III

IT WAS characteristic of old S. J. that after a glance at Paul he should continue his perusal of the morning mail, slitting open an envelope with an air of irritation and reading the letter inside as though he despised it.
"Mr. Weatherby," began Paul, "I'd like to have a talk with you for a few minutes."
"Well?" demanded the older man, attacking the next envelope with his paperknife.
"It's eight years now since I started to work here; and I'd like to know if I've given satisfaction."
Old S. J. looked weary, as though he recognized the prelude of a very old tune.
"I'll tell you one thing quick enough," he said. "If you hadn't given satisfaction you wouldn't be here now."
"When I first came here you said my advancement depended entirely upon my own efforts. I've worked hard—yes, and faithfully, and well. On foreign-mail nights I've often been at the office till after ten o'clock. When Savage was sick for over three months I did his work as well as my own. I've never been a clock watcher—nor a time killer—nor a knocker. I've been a worker—yes, and a hard worker—but after eight years, it seems to me—well, it seems to me that I ought to know where I stand."
"How long do you say you've been here?"
"Eight years."
"Including your two years in the Army?"
"Yes, sir."
"Mmm. That makes six years—not eight. Do you ever stop to think that I kept your job open for you while you were away?"
"Yes, sir."
"Mmm. Give me credit for that. And now let me tell you something: If you have a better job in mind—as I suppose you have, talking to me like this—I can fill your desk a dozen times to-morrow for less money than I'm paying you now. This is a competitive world that we live in; I have to compete, and so must you."
At that he seized upon another envelope and slit its gizzard open with a whish of his knife that had something fierce about it.
"Do you mean to say, then," said Paul, stammering a little, his lips suddenly feeling dry and unwieldy, "do you mean to say, then, that—that there's no further chance of getting on here?"
"So far as that's concerned," said old S. J., making a note on the letter he was reading, "you'll have to draw your own conclusions. Any advance of salary at the present time is absolutely out of the question. Tell Miss McGuire to come in. That's all the time I can give you."
Paul went back to his desk as though to the roll of muffled drums, his feet feeling wetter than ever, and his future looming up like a constant succession of rainy days and leaky shoes and hopes deferred to make the heart grow sick.
"The old thief!" he muttered to himself at last. "I believe it now—every word they say about him. Anybody who would do a trick like that—string a kid along for eight years—and then practically tell him to go to the devil——"
Nursing his resentment he slowly set about his day's work. The afternoon before he had prepared the papers covering an export shipment of machinery from a Milwaukee firm, in whose favor the foreign purchaser had issued a letter of credit. Paul now gathered these papers together—the steamship bills of lading, insurance certificates, invoices and drafts—and pinning them to the letter of credit he took the documents to the bank which handled the firm's export business. Five minutes later the foreign-exchange clerk pushed through the wicket a check for thirty-seven thousand dollars, drawn to the order of the Milwaukee manufacturer.
"Thirty-seven thousand dollars!" thought Paul; and—nearly a minute later: "If that was only mine!"
When he returned to the office he had a heightened color, and almost hurriedly he gave the check to the bookkeeper to be forwarded to Milwaukee.
"Thirty-seven — thousand — dollars," he presently found himself repeating, and then catching himself with a start he put his mind back on his work, his ears growing warmer every moment.
Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief—there are few men living, and those few probably touched with deafness, who haven't heard the whisper of Old Gooseberry in their time.

IV

TOWARD noon the rain stopped and the afternoon developed into one of those

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They Were on Their Bench Overlooking the River When He Finally Told Her

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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 15, 1922

A Chance for the So-Goes

THE Hoosiers say that every man in Indiana is a politician, and since the Nineteenth Amendment they probably include every woman also. They used to claim, too, that "As Indiana goes, so goes the Union," which pleased the Hoosiers and was not unduly annoying to any section of the public save the politicians of the other ambitious barometer states, of which there were several. In any event, Indiana maintained a rather consistent so-goes political reputation for a considerable time, and certainly politics was, and is, a favorite vocation, avocation, pastime, employment, diversion and practice of a large percentage of the population.

There always is some politics stirring in Indiana. The candidates begin their campaigns early and continue them over long stretches of time. The Hoosiers like to hear political speeches, and are keen to discuss political issues. As soon as one election is over candidates seeking for votes at forthcoming elections begin their rounds, and there never is a moment when the cities and the rural districts are not entertainingly besieged by members of all parties who desire the frequent suffrages of the people. Consequently the people of Indiana are a politically well-informed people—far better informed than the people of New York, say, where politics is neither so intensive nor so interesting—and to a large degree select their candidates and decide their elections on the basis of political knowledge rather than because of political enthusiasms.

Fundamentally the real Indianians—the authentic Hoosiers—the men and women of the country as distinguished from the aliens and the hyphenates—the Americans—have a keenly intelligent comprehension of national political affairs and tendencies and an active interest therein.

Hence all other Americans of similar comprehension and interest are watching with deep concern the progress of the campaign now being made in Indiana by Albert J. Beveridge for the nomination for United States senator, and with strong confidence that the voters of Indiana will take this opportunity to return Mr. Beveridge to the Senate, not alone because such action will be of advantage to Indiana but because it will be a distinct national, American service as well.

There is no greater menace to the security and perpetuity of American institutions than the continued deterioration of the United States Senate in character, in ability and in political integrity that has occurred during the past twenty years. It has degenerated from its former high capacity of check upon and balance for the political extravagances and maladministrations of the Lower House of Congress to a body now even more demagogic than that Lower House. It is now weak in leadership, faltering and inconclusive in purpose, swayed by blind partisanship, obstructionist, opportunist, raucous with the cries of self-seeking demagogues, and unable even to carry out its own feeble policies without interminable and futile discussion and the injection of all sorts of influenced compromise and capitulation to outside influences.

The only policy of its majority is expediency, and the only plan of its minority is to impede. The quality of the Senate's membership has so deteriorated from its earlier rosters that now one-third, at least, of the names on the roll-call are names that designate individuals who would add little weight to the deliberations of any average board of county supervisors.

The Senate of the United States should be, and was, the great, determining, able and scrupulous legislative forum of this country. It is now the rostrum of little politicians and the breeding place of little politics. It requires but a glance at the list of the Senate's membership of twenty years ago, say, and at that of to-day, and the most casual knowledge of the capabilities and character of the present senators to make proof of that assertion; that, and the daily record of the Senate's proceedings.

Wherefore the people of Indiana are fortunate in this present primary campaign for the selection of an Indiana senator. They have an opportunity to do the country a service, and themselves as well, by returning to the Senate Albert J. Beveridge, who not only has a record of twelve years of able and exceptional service in that Senate to commend him, both to Indiana and to the nation, but in the time that has elapsed since his first senatorial service ended has grown greater in stature and ability. He is an orator with a background and a perspective; a historian and a biographer with a wide and accurate knowledge of our Government, its functionings, its necessities and its capabilities; a man of independent thought and determined action; of character, courage and experience.

This is a chance for the Hoosier so-goes. It is quite possible that if Indiana shows the way by going for Beveridge other states may follow that excellent political example in the selection of their senatorial candidates to the great national service of bringing the United States Senate back to its former status of real and patriotic statesmanship.

Land Settlement for Veterans

ONE of the sections of the Delayed Compensation Bill makes provision for purchase of land for veterans desirous of entering on agricultural pursuits. Such a proposal receives everywhere local support, because every state, even the oldest on the Atlantic Coast, desires land settlers—to take up new land or reclaim abandoned land. To city folk the proposition sounds easy, but to farmers it has the earmarks of a promotion scheme. It is agreed that the new settler must have a better start than the earlier homesteader; but just how much a better start and how supported by the Government is not made clear. What we propose to do Australia has been doing for three years. The experiences with land settlement by veterans in that country ought to yield points of guidance for us.

The several states of Australia conduct the enterprises, but the Commonwealth contributes funds as well as the states. The original Soldiers Repatriation Act established a Repatriation Department for purposes of administration. The returned soldier is entitled to elect one of several options for land settlement. Each approved settler is granted £1000—£625 as working capital, £375 for resumptions and expenses incidental to settlement. Land is available under five different tenures, or combinations of them. The application is passed on in more than a perfunctory, red-tape manner. Every effort is made to fit the applicant to his land, so that he will stick. The following forms of tenure are available:

1. The lease, in perpetuity, of a homestead farm. The holder must reside on the farm for five years. He pays a rental equal to 2½ per cent of an announced valuat subject to reappraisement every twenty years. The re the first five years may be paid in specified improveme

2. Lease of a piece of Crown Land, extending forty- years. The holder must reside on the land five years, rental is 1¼ per cent of land value, reappraisement e fifteen years; the rental of the first year is payabl improvements.

3. Purchase of land. Payment on appraised cap value is to be made in fifteen equal annual installme with interest at 2½ per cent.

4. Suburban holdings, either with lease in perpetuity under sale. Settler must reside on the holding five ye the terms of rental or purchase are like those stated abo

5. Settlement purchase, especially for establishment coöperative land colonies like those at Durham and D in California. These are for diversified agriculture or special crops.

More than 1,000,000 acres were set apart as available these several projects. There is a long waiting list, desp the best efforts of the administrative board. *During* first year of operations more than 15,000 soldiers w settled on the land.

In order fully to evaluate this accomplishment we m recall the conditions in Australian agriculture *since t* war. A new settler of the usual limited means would n have been able to weather the storm of deflation *of pric* On the other hand, the country is still in the extracti state, indeed really a frontier state. There is still a choice of land.

We have little homestead land left untaken. New are for opening as homesteads scarcely exist. Leases on t forest reserves or other public domain would represent a experiment. The opening of further irrigation tracts fac the problems of high costs of reclamation. For the Go ernment to purchase land now in private ownership farms for soldiers would simply mean to make them fre holders without capital for operation. Clearly the cond tions for the undertaking are much more favorable i Australia than here. And the population there still po sesses strongly the psychology of frontier exploitatio almost extinct here. If returned soldiers are to march i the van of a back-to-the-farm movement the undertakin will demand better organization than is to be expecte from politicians anxious for the veteran vote.

The Little Tax Slackers

NOBODY knows and nobody can estimate, even roughly, how many million dollars are annually lost to the Government through the failure of the smaller tax dodgers to file income-tax returns. The Treasury Department is amply equipped for the detection and prosecution of big delinquents. Rich men have found tax dodging a hazardous sport, but the little fellows are protected by their very obscurity.

Under the present procedure nobody except Government officials is in a position to know who has filed a return and who has not. The privacy surrounding income-tax matters makes it possible for millions of persons who receive taxable incomes to evade with impunity even the small payments to which they are liable; and it cannot be doubted that many avail themselves of the defects of the system to the limit. It is common knowledge that there are many parts of the country, particularly rural districts, where very few persons even think of paying an income tax and where only the richest offenders are brought to book.

There is a simple remedy for existing conditions, an easy way to stop millions of little leaks. If the Secretary of the Treasury would cause local lists of income-tax payers to be printed and to be generally displayed in courthouses, post offices and other Federal premises, or published in local newspapers, the effect would be immediate and striking. Such lists would be eagerly conned and studied. Unless human nature should suddenly and radically alter, the slackers would be shown up in short order; for no man who has met a common obligation feels kindly toward his neighbors who have repudiated it. Absence from the list would put every tax dodger on the defensive. It would be less painful to come clean than to run the gantlet of neighbors' eyes.

This plan is worth a trial. Added income would be vastly greater than the expense that would be involved.

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THE SUN-HUNTERS

By Kenneth L. Roberts

THE manner in which modern migrations are stimulated is pretty much the same all over the world. A ident of Poland, having no money l no job, borrows enough money m a relative in America to ke the trip. Having made it writes back pityingly to his nds in Poland. "Why," he s in his letter, "should you y in Poland? It is a rotten ce. Borrow some money and me over here quick. The place full of rich suckers who will buy ything you show them. All the Amerans have money. Come quickly before mebody gets all of it away from them."



In a Tin-Can Town, Lemon City, Near Miami

As soon as it becomes known that America an offer advantages which Europe doesn't ossess the European is filled with a passionate desire to apture a few of them. Philosophers who have made a areful study of human motives and emotions have emalmed the philosophy of migrations in a few phrases, such s "Distance lends enchantment" and "They all look good when they're far away." These phrases are true; but the hing that lends the greatest amount of enchantment to a distant piece of real estate is a letter from Cousin Walt or Friend Herbert saying, "You ought to see the fish we catch down here. A full-course dinner costs only seventy-five cents. Don't miss this next year."

The Northern States in the past few years have developed a new type of migrant. Instead of being hot on the trail of any sort of coin, currency or legal tender, as is the modern European immigrant, and instead of being in search of political or religious freedom, as were many European immigrants during the past century, the modern migrant is after warm weather during the winter months.

He is a sun-hunter. He is sick of four months of snow and ice. He is heartily tired of cold feet, numb ears, red flannel underwear, rheumatism, stiff neck, coal bills, coughs, colds, influenza, drafts, mittens, ear tabs, snow shovels, shaking down the furnace, carrying out ashes, and falling down on an icy sidewalk and spraining his back. It gives him a prolonged pain to wear his overshoes and a muffler, and to have to thaw out the radiator of his automobile every two or three days. The bane of his existence is sitting around the house for four months waiting for April to come along and unstiffen his joints.

He wants sun and lots of it. If he must spend four months doing nothing he prefers to spend it amid the Spanish moss and the palm trees, hearkening dreamily to the cheerful twittering of the dickey birds and to the stirring thuds of the coconuts, oranges and grapefruit as they fall heavily to the ground.

In the big hotels in Palm Beach, Miami, Ormond, Daytona, St. Augustine and other Florida resorts are the time-killers, with their jewel lariats and their acres of white trousers, with their flask-trimmed tea dances and their hard-boiled social aspirations and their refined gambling houses and their trick whisky canes. The sun, to the time-killers, is not of the utmost importance. If they were unable to change their clothes several times a day they would feel ill at ease; if they were unable to be charged a little matter of forty dollars a day for a double room and bath they would feel that they were being slighted in some way; if they couldn't have the knowledge that they were inhaling the same air that was being inhaled by the leading millionaires and society pets they would feel cheated.

Not so the sun-hunter. The sun-hunter knows the value of a dollar. He usually knows the value of a nickel also. It is said that before he relinquishes his hold on a twenty-five-cent piece he gives it a farewell squeeze of such violence that the eagle on it frequently emits a shrill scream of anguish. This statement, I believe, is a gross exaggeration. The fact remains, however, that one never finds the sun-hunter throwing his money around in the loose spasmodic manner that always characterizes the genuine time-killer I have been describing.

And the sun-hunter wants just two things—sun and air. He knows nothing about Charlie Schwab or Harry Payne Whitney, and he would take no interest whatever in them unless they got between him and the sun.

Clothes mean nothing in his life. The male sun-hunter is usually garbed in dark trousers which hang loosely on his legs like the trousers always inflicted on sculptured statesmen by sculptors of the Horace Greeley period. He may or he may not wear a coat, depending entirely on his whim of the moment; but he almost invariably affects the old-fashioned gallus, or suspender. He will be found in this garb on Sunday morning, when fishing for yellowtails on the edge of a creek with a bamboo pole; he will be found in it on Wednesday afternoon, when visiting the movies; and he will be found in it on Friday evening, when engaged in an exciting game of euchre with a pair of brother and

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A Camp at the Edge of Tampa Bay. Note the String of Red Snappers, Sergeant-Majors, Grunts and Yellowtails Leaning Against the Back of the Flivver

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THE UPRISING GENERATION

The Adventure of the Missing Chaperon

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON



"I'll Trouble You to Leave Me Alone! I'm Fed Up With Your Mid-Victorian Tommyrot!"

AT LAST I have a past! Of course the family have made an awful row about it, and I had to work hard getting it, and now Rosamond—that's my elder sister—says it's only a technical past, when you come to look into it carefully. But at any rate I've got it now, and, though I was rather frightened at the time, it was fearfully exciting and I think a woman simply has to have an interesting past to attract any real attention. Look at Helen of Troy and Cleopatra and—oh, well, anybody! And besides all that, with this great literary talent of mine, I want some day to write one of those thrilling memoirs that get you so much trouble and money at the same time, because of telling such a lot of knowing things about the best people, and all that!

And if one is to get together enough material, why, one ought to start one's past in plenty of time, if you know what I mean. Of course I am eighteen, and that is rather late, but still I feel I have at any rate made a good beginning.

This past of my very own started after my quarrel with Ted Stonewall. Ted is an early indiscretion of mine, and it is now practically impossible for me to shake him. Very romantic for him, but a perfect bore for the woman to have a man hang around like that after one's tired of him—eh what?

And I got through with Ted simply aeons ago. We met when I was young, a mere child with no discrimination, and while the family were not so watchful about whom I got to know. He came to our country house with the boy who was delivering groceries and I happened to be on the back fence eating a hot cake I had coaxed from the chef. I was a mere flapper at the time and of course could not be expected to know my own mind. Ted gave me an apple and that started it all. I was very much in love with him for a while and used to see a lot of him every summer when we came back to Rosemere. I didn't meet him in town partly because Miss Spears makes that sort of thing so unnecessarily difficult, and partly because Ted's father, who was combined Coal, Wood and Insurance, lived in Rosemere Village all the year around.

The day I put up my hair for the first time without mother telling me to put it down again Ted kissed me—out in the orchard, because mother didn't encourage his coming around to the front door. Democracy simply means nothing to mother if the democrat uses bad grammar. Ted didn't, but his parents probably did, and that was enough for Mrs. Edward Torrington. I wasn't exactly forbidden to see Ted; mother was far too wise for that! But I was more or less on my honor not to, and this was a less day. So I saw him. And after that kiss he became simply impossible!

"I'm going to marry you one day, Pet Torrington!" he said in his heavy way. "I'm going in business with father in the spring, and I'll make good! I'll marry you—you needn't laugh, young lady!"

Wasn't that quaint? I was terribly intrigued by it, but remember I was a mere child of seventeen at the time. I hadn't come out, and I was fearfully ignorant. And by the next summer I was really living—having a perfectly dizzy time, Rosamond being mercifully married out of my way, and of course I wasn't going to have Ted hulking around and criticizing me in his ridiculous, old-fogy fashion. I was fond of him, of course, for auld lang syne, and all that, but I didn't want him scaring everybody else off, and his ideas about women were simply antique! The crisis came one afternoon when he showed up in a flivver—in a flivver, mind you!—and asked me to go to ride with him in it. It was a brand-new shining cracker box and it seems the amusing infant had bought it with his first earnings.

"No, I won't go, thanks," said I. "Not in that rat trap. I'm too slim to ride comfortably in it, Ted."

We were standing on the terrace, where we could com- an excellent view of the shining flivver. Ted frowned a cigarette.

"Sit down, won't you?" I suggested. "I'll ring for a drink!"

"No, thanks!" said Ted shortly. Then he burst out, "I don't like to see you drink, Pet! It's all wrong—I don't give a darn who says no! Your mother ought to stop you!"

"Mother," said I suavely, "is playing bridge over at the Slossens'. She won't be home for hours. Do change your mind."

"No!" said he hotly. "Your doing it behind her back makes it all the worse, Pet! My mother wouldn't allow such a thing! Honestly, dear—I wish you'd cut it out."

"Don't be a prune, Ted," said I. "And don't call me dear, either. I told you that was all off!"

"You can't cut the dear out as far as I'm concerned!" said Ted firmly. "I love you, and although it's no news to you, I may add I intend to marry you. And I have every right to protest."

"You have nothing of the kind because you're not!" I flashed back at him. "You give me the perishin' blues, old thing! I'm quite capable of taking care of myself!"

"That's just where you're dead wrong!" said Ted very earnestly. "You think you're as wise as the Sphinx, when as a matter of fact you're as innocent as a kitten. Girls seem to have gone crazy nowadays. What most of you need is a good old-fashioned spanking bring you back to your senses! My mot never acted like that when she was a I'd like to bet; no, nor yours, either!"

"But they probably put a lot over, just the same, thing!" I snapped. "Don't ever doubt it! The only ference is that they did it on the sly!"

"I don't believe that for a moment!" said Ted. "Y like to kid yourself that everybody has always done same sort of thing. You'll be sorry some day."

"I'll risk it," said I coldly. "And until that fatal h falls, Mr. Theodore Stonewall, I'll trouble you to leave alone! I'm fed up with your mid-Victorian tommyrot

"It isn't tommyrot, dear," said Ted, coming over a trying to take my hands. "It isn't rot—really, P Decency is never old-fashioned, whatever y may think."

"Ted, you bore me to tears," I replied languid "The world has changed and it's left you behir that's all. Stop being so silly, do!"

"All right," he sighed helplessly. "Come on hop in the fliv and I'll be good. Please! It's peach of an engine—the best of its tribe!"

"No!" said I. "I'm dated."

"Who?" demanded Ted, jealous in a flas "Pet, I've heard some talk. It's not Gran Messinger, I hope?"

"What if it is?" I said. "Can't I even make date without your permission?"

"Not with a married man—especiall one with the sort of reputation Messing has!" said Ted. "Pet, don't be a fool You can't do that sort of thing and ge away with it indefinitely, by gosh! Th life you lead is all wrong! I mean th crowd that hangs around the country club It's not normal! Take that diamond cu they're playing for now, for instance Think of a diamond-mounted tennis cup Paugh! They can't even do athletic wholesomely!"

"Ted, you talk from the depths of th camphor chest," I said, "and I resent your tone."

And indeed I did resent it! Ted's joining the pack which had been yelping at the heels of us poor buds all season marked the limit as far as I was concerned. As if a girl didn't have to have some experience, some knowledge of life! Mother's attitude I could endure. I could manage her, because she would have died rather than have me left out of things or be different from the other girls in the crowd.

"Ted Stonewall, that'll be about all!" I said, exasperated. "I am perfectly capable of running my own life without any help from you! I'll see whom I choose and go where I wish, and I do not wish to ride in that tin pan of yours. After this I'll never ride in it! I'm through!"

"But I'm not through with you!" said Ted with that clumsy, ridiculous seriousness of his. "I'm not through with you. But I'll stay away now, until you send for me. You are a bluff! And when you're through pulling chestnuts out of the fire and finding they are too hot to eat—why, ring me up!"

"Ted Stonewall, you insulting thing!" I cried.

But the sound of my voice was drowned in the roar of the flivver as Ted jumped in and started down the driveway. Thoroughly riled, but somehow not quite as gay as I ought to have been over Ted's very bourgeois departure, I went up to my room and sat down in front of my dressing table, still awfully wrathy as I prettied up and selected a hat. But I did not concern myself with that ridiculous Ted very long. Not much!

Instead I concerned myself with making my get-away unobtrusively before mother came home. Because though mother is awfully good form and fairly intelligent in some minor things such as cultural subjects, she and I are out of sympathy on many vital matters, and she has the most unreasonable way of drawing the line in places where a line has no more reason than if it were in a cubist drawing. For instance, she thinks it's all right for G. G. Third to call on me for hours all alone in our own drawing-room, or even out on the porch at night; but she wouldn't dream of letting me motor with Gran Messinger. And motor

(Continued on Page 30)

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MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS



Good news about beans!

You can eat all the Campbell's Beans you want! They are so wholesome and digestible you don't have to curb your appetite. They're slow-cooked, thoroughly cooked, cooked to taste better and agree with you. And so delicious with their spicy tomato sauce that you'll be glad you can indulge yourself freely.

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Campbells' BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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(Continued from Page 28)

with him was just exactly what I was off to do, and I had to hurry in order to get out of the house before she could refuse me permission to go.

When I was dressed I must confess my appearance gave me a good deal of satisfaction. I'd had a permanent wave two days before and it made my bobbed hair look simply delicious. And I had just that world-weary look which I think is so fascinating in a woman. I was too intrigued for words, because this was the first time I had ever been out alone with Granny Messinger, and I didn't want him to take me for a child.

He was waiting in the little lane outside the gate with his Colby-Droit roadster, and looking simply top-hole. Oh, I do think older men are so attractive! There is something finished-looking about them that is perfectly fascinating, provided they don't look too finished, if you know what I mean. Gran had this look, combined with a charming figure, gloriously well groomed, soft little mustache, patent-leather hair, and that poise which positively none of the kids can show. I guess that it only comes with experience, secret experience.

"Cheero, old dear!" said I as he reached out a hand and drew me aboard. "I had a time getting out!"

Of course that wasn't quite true, but I had to be interesting right off the bat with a man like Gran.

"The deuce you say!" said he. "I came directly from town. Look here—d'you mind if we keep along the back roads? No use rushing into the crowd on the beach and letting them start any Maltese remarks, eh?"

"Right!" said I. "One can't do the most innocent sort of thing without making talk, can one?" And I looked at him out of the corner of my eye.

"Innocent?" said Gran. "Innocent? Pet, your innocence appalls me!"

And he laughed in the wickedest way. It simply gave me shivers of delight. And then we started cruising off through the heavenly piny back roads, that are so lovely on our part of Long Island, and I settled down to enjoy myself thoroughly.

You see, Ted was right when he said that Gran Messinger had a fearfully bad reputation. But that didn't prevent his being chairman of the house committee at the club, and of course received everywhere, and all that. Naturally all the debs were mad about him, and I knew, for instance, that Sylvia Glenning and Tot Romney, my best friends, would simply die of envy if they could see me now! They were awfully keen about him, too, and we three had rehashed him pretty thoroughly more than once, and supposed a lot of things about him that couldn't be published.

And here I was, secretly motoring with him, all alone out in the woods! It was absolutely too dizzy for words! But how was I to keep him interested and amused? That was an awful question.

You see, it was the first time we had really talked. We'd danced a lot, for he had cut in on me no end for several weeks. But you know how that is. You just chatter when you toddle.

But out here in the air with nothing to occupy one but the view, it was appalling! I had to say something interesting and say it quickly. Gran was the type of man who throws the whole burden of entertaining on the woman. He sits back and dares you to amuse him. But help? Not heavily! So it was up to me.

I thought rapidly for a moment, and then decided to confess my sins. Of course I hadn't any sins, so I was obliged to invent some. But that was all the better; I wasn't hampered in my recital by mere facts. Also there was no back kick to imaginary slips, or so, poor fish that I was, I thought at the time.

For a starter I registered world-weariness and turned great troubled eyes to his in a combined come-on and an I-know-you-will-be-sympathetic look which was perfectly safe as long as he kept on driving. I wanted him to drive, for I wasn't looking for a petting party.

"Gran," I said, "I'm dreadfully off my feed to-day! Don't you think I'm showing my age terribly?"

"I do," said he. "You look all of eighteen, Pet. What ails you?"

"My conscience," said I. "I must cut out the sort of life I'm leading, Granny, or I'll be in hot water the first thing you know. I'm ruining my life, old thing!"

"Well, what else is there to do with one's life?" said Gran in his deliciously cynical way. "That is, if one wants any fun out of it. What's your favorite vice now, Pet?"

"Gambling," I said moodily, because that was the worst thing I could think of offhand. "Gran, I'm a born gambler and I always lose—yet **I can't stop** myself fearfully in debt!"

"The deuce you say!" said **Gran, his smile** var Up to now he had not been taking **me very** serious I could see that this hit him. **"By Jove,** that's awful!"

"Yes, isn't it?" said I, sighing **contentedly** at my But Gran of course took it for deep **melancholy.** " dare to tell my family—I simply **don't dare!"**

"I say, look here—how much?" **said he.** "Wo let me —— Eh?"

"Oh, no!" said I hastily. "**I couldn't dream** of thing. It's two thousand dollars—**about."**

"Phew!" said Gran with a long **whistle.** "I'll s are going strong for a baby!"

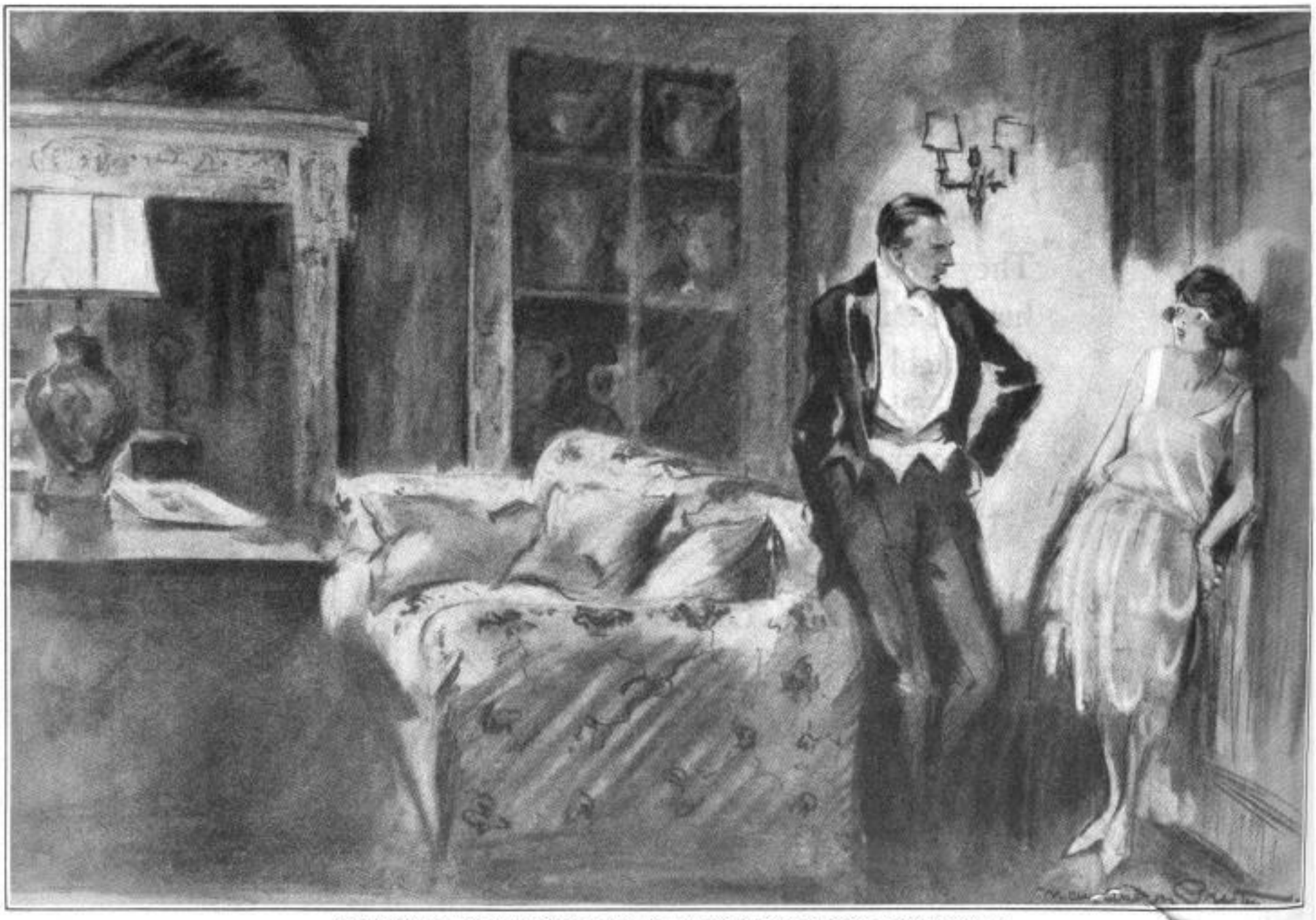
"I'm not a baby!" I said. "**I wish I were!** Gamb a vice with me, Gran, that's all! **Sometimes I** *feel a* years old!"

"You're a wise little duck," said **Gran seriously.** " here, though, you are a good sport. **A** *girl should* e herself—get a lot out of life. What **I mean**—experi and all that. I like you because you're **such a** *crazy* But two thousand dollars in the hole! **I say,** better l clean it up. Let me do it, eh what?"

Wasn't that too exciting for words? **Being** *offered* m to pay my gambling debts by a married **man!** I was s thrilled to tears! I sat there congratulating *myself* laying a mental bet that neither Sylvia nor Tot equal that for an experience! I could see them writhe envy when I told about it—if I decided to *tell. M* while the plot was thickening. Gran had taken one off the wheel and thrown his arm about the seat b my shoulders. My heart began to beat violently wit excitement of the game, but I wasn't a bit afraid. I I could handle him. And just think—what a *wond* item to tuck away for my past!

"Oh, no! Nothing doing, Gran!" I said, but s and looking down so that he wouldn't be sure wheth really meant it or not. You know—old stuff. I ha got to the place where it was my cue to jump *off the* with the villain in full pursuit—and land safely below w out breaking a single bone in my head! But we warming up. Gran was driving slowly and the road

(Continued on Page 113)



I Turned on Him Furiously, Panting With Fear and Anger, and Half Crying With Nervousness

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A wave of buying preference for the Hupmobile is evidently sweeping the country.

We began to feel it months ago, in a steady sales increase that persisted during the generally stagnant period.

Now our latest dealer reports show that this increase continues to swell in vigor and in volume.

Nothing can be responsible for it but the *known* good value of the Hupmobile, and the fact that people must now be convinced of value before they will buy.

Hupmobile

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UP STAGE AND DOWN

By Charles Collins

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

THERE was no reason why Mab Moody should go on the stage, so she went. There was no reason why, once on it, she should have succeeded, but she did. In these matters, as well as in some other things, Mab was a surprising young person. There was, for example, no valid cause for her to detest Harvey Norris, who taught her the A B C of acting—and all of that deserves to be explained.

The name Mab, mark you, is not short for Mabel; if it were, these things might not have happened. It belongs to Maeve, the queen of the fairies, who, being of Irish origin, is an extremely influential myth, and she probably put in a word for the girl who was baptized for her. Mab Moody, at any rate, made her début into the theater without any of the struggles and pangs which are believed to attend that process. She merely declared her intention, the enchanted land opened its stage door before her and, like a lucky fairy child, she calmly walked in and took out citizenship papers. Her first make-up box, borrowed from Harvey Norris, the stage manager, whom she afterward learned to despise, had a rabbit's foot in it, and it was an efficient talisman.

The gift of beauty had no share in the magic which manipulated these events, for Mab, in the days of her novitiate, was not a startling creature to look at. She was a little dumpling of eighteen years, round and soft as a fat kitten, a true roly-poly of a girl, five feet high with no waistline; and the way she did her hair was apparently patterned after a daguerreotype of her grandmother. Although too young to have a discernible profile she certainly had eyes, large, brown and gentle, with tremendous lashes which she knew how to flutter effectively; and her smile had a slant to it that was both droll and lovable. Her voice was merely a sweet, timorous whisper. Such was Mab, an odd child, with fat arms and legs and delicate hands and feet, when she first felt the call to a career among the beauties and the beasts behind the footlights.

Mab's home was in Illinapolis, where her father manufactured plows on an impressive scale; and that city was enough of a capital to support the kind of resident theatrical company which is known as summer stock. For three seasons of a year Illinapolis had to content itself with the miscellany of the Broadway booking offices, transient troupes in split-week engagements; but from June to August it could call itself a producing center and a contributor to the uplift of the stage. Windsor Morton's Repertory Company would then settle down there, to warm over an old play or try out a new one every week, much to the excitement of the local chapter of the Drama League. And Mab, as became the heiress of one of the best families in Illinapolis, kept in close touch with this cultural movement.

When she discovered that Windsor Morton occasionally recruited native daughters into his company for temporary service in inconspicuous characters—chiefly for the sake of their advertising value and willingness to accept microscopic salaries—the great idea burst upon her. To be among Windsor Morton's immortals for a week or two, to get her picture in the papers before she was a débutante, would be a thrilling kind of lark. It was not ambition that stirred within her, but the sense of adventure.

She went into action immediately, and with an excellent instinct for strategy. Instead of mentioning the matter to her father and mother, and thus submitting to the vexations of a family conference, she took her scheme to a bachelor uncle who had invested in real estate. One of the things he happened to own was the theater where Windsor Morton pitched his tent of dreams every summer. This uncle had a habit of spoiling Mab, so in less than no time he had written a letter to Mr. Morton, who upon reading it moved with equal celerity. The next day after the letter was written Mab Moody was engaged by telephone and called for rehearsal. The important Mr. Morton himself did the telephoning, and his voice as it came over the wire was like frankincense and nard.



"Many Thanks for Your Wire Last Night . . . Yes, Wasn't Everything Wonderful? . . . And Weren't the Critics Perfectly Dear?"

The way of Mab's going on the stage was the way of a princess entering into her loyal kingdom. Nothing could have been done more easily. Even her father, strangely enough, did not object, for he was convinced that Windsor Morton and all his works, having been indorsed by the united women's clubs of Illinapolis, were thoroughly respectable. And he was as nearly right as any man ever is.

What parts Mab Moody acted with the Windsor Morton Repertory Company, to the astonishment and admiration of her relatives, neighbors and playmates, are a completely negligible matter. She was not revealed, as the curtain rose, in maid's costume, dusting off the furniture of the drawing-room—center door fancy set—and expounding the plot in conference with the butler and the cook; and neither did she appear in page's costume to announce to his lordship that the carriage waits without. Such things as these are no longer done in the drama, although the comic weeklies are still printing jokes about them. But these two classic examples will serve as symbols to indicate the nature of her apprenticeship. Although her photograph was duly printed in the Illinapolis Gazette, three columns wide, her parts could have been written on the back of a postage stamp.

She ranged from the almost total obscurity of a supernumerary to deserving humility in bits. In parts she thought she could play with brilliance and conviction—captivating young women of the world who drift across ballrooms with exquisite grace, radiant of wit and coquetry—she discovered that she was most at sea. Being a society girl in Illinapolis and in Lady Windermere's Fan were, it seemed, not so much alike as she had believed. But in sketches of outlandish types—peasants, hoydens, tomboys, slatterns and gamins—that were supposed to give comic relief to the scene, she was not so bad; and occasionally when her lines had true humor in them she experienced the comedienne's bliss of evoking laughter. But whether she succeeded in giving some idea of the playwright's intention or was merely an ama excrescence on the performance, Windsor M ton, a canny man, kept her in the casts w after week, for he needed the few extra dol she drew to the box office the reprieves of rental p ment he could wheedle, cause of Mab, out of easy-going uncle. And th as she rehearsed for n week's play in the morni and appeared in the curr bill evenings and matin Mab grew in experience a knowledge. She began to f very professional and actre like.

Her technical educati was chiefly in the hands Harvey Norris, the sta manager and character m of the company. Whi Windsor Morton posed grac fully, discussing moods, ps chological subtleties, light ar shade, and all that sort thing, and tried to imita Belasco in his devotion to t switchboard, it was Harve Norris, his subordinate, wh did most of the heavy deta work of rehearsing. He ha patience and good nature; h knew exactly what he wante and how to impart that knowl edge; and he inducted Mal into all the mysteries—fron the beading of eyelashes t how to pitch her voice so tha there was some chance of it being heard in the back row— in a quiet, dominating, kindly way that filled her with awe and a kind of shy, tremulous gratitude. This was a new emotion to her, for like most of the emancipated children of this epoch she had never learned respect for authority and experience at home. Having at last found an elder and superior being to worship, she surrendered to the mood with ecstasy.

Harvey Norris was, she proclaimed everywhere, the most wonderful of men. To her parents, her friends, her swains—whose number had increased greatly since she took to the stage—and to her associates in the company, she confided the great news: Mr. Norris was wonderful, wonderful, wonderful! He was the wizard of stage directors and the nonpareil of actors, according to Mab's almost incoherent raptures. He was wise, he was kind, he was clever, he was sweet, he was strong, he was gifted, he was—in short, he was wonderful. She never went so far as to declare that he was handsome, for it was obvious that he was not; but as if in defense of the blunt homeliness that made him a character actor instead of a leading man, she often expressed an aversion, almost amounting to abhorrence, to good looks in the opposite sex. She pensively detected in Harvey a faint resemblance to her favorite hero of history, Abraham Lincoln.

In other words, Mab's first times on any stage were accompanied by a typical happening—a terrific crush on a male colleague.

This is often unfortunate, but Mab, as has been hinted, was born lucky, so the Fates awarded her Harvey Norris and permitted her to think she worshiped the master rather than adored the man.

Mab refused to admit to herself that she was in love. She had experienced the tender passion in occasional spasms, from the age of ten onward, and it had never been like this.

Harvey Norris was a self-contained kind of fellow with no Thespian flash and glitter about him. He could not be called young, although he was youngish; but the difference in age between him and Mab was not so vast as his completely paternal attitude toward her suggested. He accepted her frank adoration with the equanimity of a high-school principal hardened to the marshmallow tenderness of green girls. He pretended not to be flattered by the incense which she burned in his honor, and seemed blind to her soft stricken glances. Altogether he behaved as if he were the safest kind of actor upon whom Mab might waste her first devotion. She was apparently in no more danger

(Continued on Page 34)

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Taming the Coal Eater

Read this if you have a hungry furnace

IF your furnace develops an insatiable appetite for coal and still fails to keep your house warm, that's a sign that much of the fuel you feed it is wasted.

It will pay you to locate this waste and apply the remedy—simple cures which mean a warmer house and often a saving of one-quarter of the season's fuel bill.

Bare pipes waste fuel

As a starter take this fact, not generally known: Under average house-heating conditions a bare steam pipe 50 feet long and 3 inches in diameter loses heat equivalent to 4 tons of coal a season.

And that says: cover the pipes. Cover them wherever they are open to attack by cold air.

If your house is still "on paper" or in the early stages of building, cover the pipes which run between the walls and under flooring as well as those exposed in the cellar. If you are already living in the house, cover all accessible pipes. Cover the furnace body too.

But any covering will not do. To be efficient a covering must be so constructed that it prevents air from circulating through it and carrying off heat. If there is already some kind of covering on your pipes, here's a test—if your cellar is comfortably warm, the covering is not efficient. That means investigate.

Improved Asbestocel, the real heat insulation

Johns-Manville Improved Asbestocel keeps heat in because air cannot circulate through it. It is built in a series of closed cells, which act as baffles. See cut and description in panel at right.

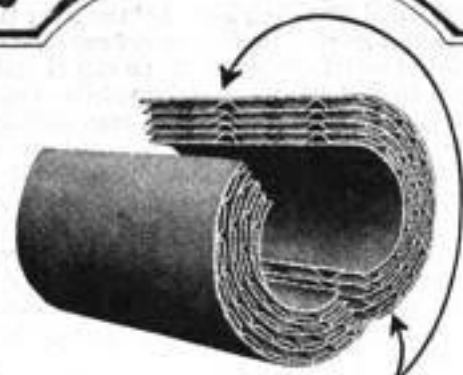
This unique construction makes Asbestocel the best household insulation on the market. Yet it costs about the same as air cell coverings which do not combine its features of high efficiency, neat appearance and long life.

For economy's sake, insulate with Improved Asbestocel.

Other ways to save coal

Clean the flues and heating surfaces of soot several times a season. Clean out ashes and clinkers frequently. Soot on flues and ashes around the fire-bed waste coal because they keep heat away from the boiler. For complete combustion put just a little coal at a time on the fire.

Johns-Manville has prepared a booklet explaining these principles. Send for it if you want smaller fuel bills.



Insist on this construction

Note that the corrugations run both lengthwise and crosswise—instead of lengthwise alone, as in other coverings. Insist on closed cell construction as your insurance for maximum heat saving. Ask for

Johns-Manville Improved Asbestocel

To the Trade: Johns-Manville has just issued a booklet which tells how to sell and apply heat insulation. Send for a copy and get ready for inquiries.

JOHNS-MANVILLE Inc.
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CANADIAN JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., Ltd., Toronto



Send for this book. It will help you get more out of your coal bin, whether or not you're ready for Johns-Manville Insulation.

JOHNS-MANVILLE Asbestos



PIPE COVERINGS — PACKINGS — CEMENTS — POWER SPECIALTIES — TRAPS

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(Continued from Page 32)

of drastic consequences than if she had been smitten with a secret infatuation for a choirmaster.

Nevertheless he liked her immensely, and more than that. If he had been completely indifferent to her existence, except as a raw amateur to be taught certain paces and gestures in order to humor the caprice of Windsor Morton, he would not have given so much attention to her at rehearsals. The zeal with which he worked over her was more than professional ethics demanded. Stock-company stage direction is careless of ragged edges, but Harvey was thorough when he came to Mab. He never permitted her to fumble and guess her way through a part, and often called her for ten minutes of special coaching before the rest of the company came yawning in to do their morning's chores.

II

SHE did not see much of him outside the theater. Stock means hard work and long hours, and its practitioners have no opportunities for the gay and adventurous recreations that are, in the feverish imaginations of laymen, the inevitable concomitant of life on the stage. This is particularly true in a city like Illinapolis, where the Windsor Mortons, in their one good hour of freedom after the show, had difficulty in finding a decent café open for the satisfaction of their midnight appetites. The night life of Illinapolis was scattered beyond the horizon among a fringe of sinister road houses; and although the jazz boys and jazzabels of Illinapolis might visit these rural slums in their automobiles, they were taboo to the Windsor Mortons, who had to behave according to the highest ideals of the older pillars of local society. Small city stock is a moral institution, and watches its step with vigilance.

For social relaxation there were the leading woman's teas, held on the stage every Friday afternoon after the back of the week's work had been broken. These were almost public functions, attended by matinée maids who had been dazed with the glamour of the great lady, under the chaperonage of their fond and fussy mammas, who also dearly loved a chance to have a cup of orange pekoe with an actress. The other members of the company, particularly the noble-browed leading man and the dapper juvenile, were expected to attend, to help in the entertainment of the customers; and Windsor Morton was always on hand to talk pontifically about modern tendencies in the drama. Mab never missed one of these chatter parties, and enjoyed them hugely, in her dual rôle as a member of both sets, Illinapolitans and Windsor Mortons; but she always came away with a lump of disappointment in her throat. For Harvey Norris was never there.

She wanted to know why, and the leading woman answered her, with a teasing smile, to the effect that Harvey was not a ladies' man and hated society. She at last grew bold enough to challenge him on the subject.

"I brought mamma to Miss Wayne's tea this afternoon," she remarked to him as she idled about backstage in costume, waiting for her only entrance cue. "She said she was dying to meet you, and she was so disappointed."

He smiled down on her quizzically.

"I'm sorry, Mab," he answered. "It would have been nice to meet your mother. But I never go to Miss Wayne's teas. I see enough of her acting on the stage."

Mab thought that his cynical view of Miss Wayne's social manner was a little cruel; but she was glad, anyway, to discover that there was no sentimental bond between them. She had begun to wonder if Harvey Norris were in love with anyone. Or maybe married! A dreadful thought, this last. He had never mentioned a distant wife, as married men have a habit of doing—when they are not trying to be gay deceivers—but she decided that she ought to verify her idea that he was a forlorn bachelor.

So she asked Gloria Wayne about it.

"Not that I know of," said Gloria, shrugging her admirable shoulders. "This is his first season with the company, and he hasn't taken me into his confidence except about what he thinks of me as an actress. But you can never tell about us, Mab, so be careful. Any one of us is likely to have a marriage license or a divorce suit tucked away in our shady past, somewhere out of sight."

Mab declared that she was sure that Gloria herself wasn't married.

"Why are you so sure?" Gloria wanted to know, as she started to comb out her blond wig, which was so much admired in Illinapolis.

"Because you don't wear a wedding ring. There are hundreds of men just crazy to marry you, of course, but you turn them all down because you are devoted to your art."

Gloria laughed and pulled open a drawer in her costume trunk.

"Here's my happy family," she remarked, showing Mab a picture of two obese infants and a grinning man with a large Adam's apple. "It happened ten years ago, and I haven't been able to lose him yet. He has a little job in New York, so we manage to live together occasionally."

Mab was flabbergasted.

"But you mustn't talk about it among the Philistines," Gloria warned Mab. "That would be bad for business. Professionally, at any rate, I'm still single."

"When I marry," Mab declared, "I shall retire from the stage."

Gloria shrieked with laughter at this remark, and refused to explain the joke. She repeated Mab's priceless utterance to everyone in the company, and Mab's attitude toward matrimony became a byword in backstage gossip for the next few days. The others developed a habit of asking her when she was going to retire, and of chuckling at their own wit, which Mab could not understand.

"Why do they think that is funny?" she asked Harvey Norris.

Harvey grinned and hesitated; then he said: "They mean that you're not on the stage yet, from their point of view."

Mab blushed and pouted angrily.

"Oh, I see. They think I'm as rotten as all that, do they?"

"Now don't begin worrying about what they think. As a matter of fact you're doing very well and they say lots of nice things about you, behind your back as well as to your face. But they have the idea that you are amusing yourself and will not go on with it. You're rank outsider to them, Mab."

She hated them all, Harvey included, for a second.

"Well, I'll show them!" she declared pugnaciously. "I'll become a real actress—a regular trouper—in spite them. Do you think I have a chance?"

He considered the question thoughtfully.

"A chance, yes. Anyone who isn't an idiot or monstrosity can learn to act a little and find something to do on the stage, with a certain amount of luck. But if you mean to become more than a minor member of a third-rate stock company, I don't know whether you have a chance or not."

"Then I've been pretty bad?" she quavered.

"Not at all. Your work has been satisfactory from the stock-company point of view. But you'll have to work for another year or so before anyone can tell what kind of a chance you've got. You will have to grow, Mab."

With which he patted her upon the shoulder in a fatherly paternal manner.

Mab resented his words but liked the caress. To be treated like a child had its compensations sometimes.

"What would you advise me to do?" she asked submissively.

"Why, what else would you do but marry the first eligible young business man and live happily ever after in Illinapolis?" he said. "That would simplify matters tremendously."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," she retorted. "I'm sick of this town. I hate being a débutante, which is all I shall have to do if I stay here next winter. And the young business men of the Illinapolis kind give me a pain. I'm going to grow up so fast it will make your head swim, Mr. Harvey Norris, and I'm going to become a real actress or take the veil."

Having delivered this ultimatum she withdrew in the most hoity-toity manner.

"Be sure not to get fat," he called after her.

She stuck out her tongue at him for a Parthian shot and went away determined, if the tragedy of fatness should overtake her, to become a ponderous low-comedy star in musical shows, making the world and Harvey Norris writhe with laughter at her buffoonery.

Mab had been learning something new about the theater almost every day; but she had not yet discovered her temperament. She had imagined that the word meant the glamour of talent, the free, active self-expression of the non-inhibited artist soul. She did not define this mysterious quality in that way, of course, but she had a vague idea along those lines. She thought that temperament was a happy gift of the gods. She yearned for the day when it would be said that Mab Moody had it.

Sudden, however, she discovered that temperament, in the technical meaning was a satanic affliction, pain to its possessor at times, and a thing of terror to everyone else.

The Windsor Mortons had observed, during Mab's association with them, remarkably like a happy family. There had been no quarrels, no jealousies, no disturbing professional friction. At least nothing of the kind had come to the notice of Mab's eyes and ears. She was convinced that they all loved one another, in a heavenly sort of way, and that life in the theater would be one long Elysium of such happy companionships. Her innocence in this direction was rare and quaint.

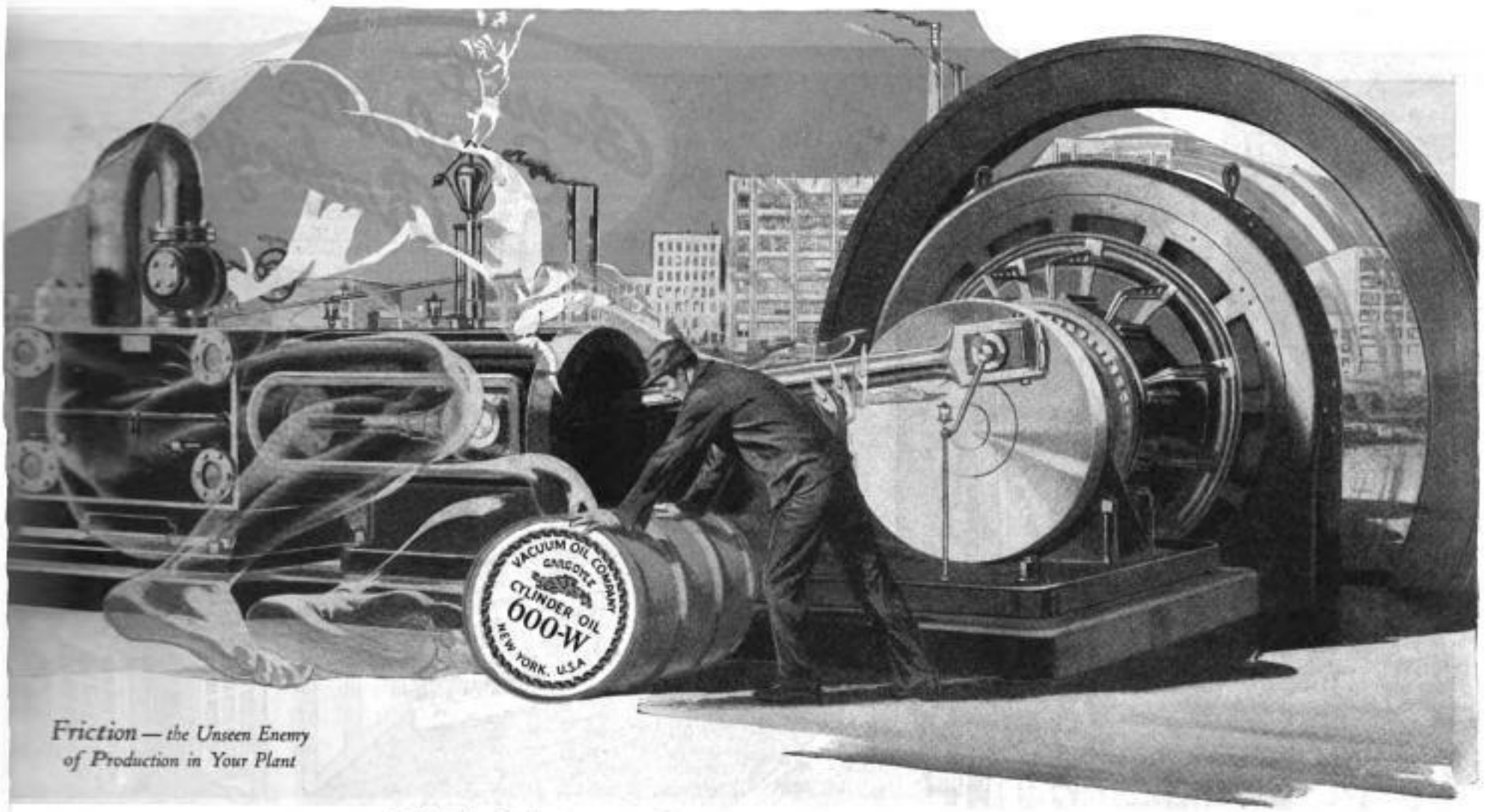
The next Monday after Mab had discussed her

(Continued on Page 37)



Was She the Leading Woman of This Verminous Troupe of Camembert Barnstormers, or Wasn't She?

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Friction — the Unseen Enemy of Production in Your Plant

600-W

Sharp facts about your Steam Cylinder Lubrication

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VACUUM OIL COMPANY

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(Continued from Page 34)

...ential career with Harvey Norris, Contrary Mary, a play that had great expectations but no history, went into rehearsal. ...had been consigned to Windsor Morton ...a cautious Broadway manager for a ...-company test of its acting value. ...kind of laboratory work contained ...abilities that were lacking in the routine ...ock revivals. It was creative work that ...the players on their mettle; it gave ...m a chance to get their teeth into fresh ...terial; it spurred ambitions that were ...oming jaded with provincial routine. ...rone might easily make a hit in the ...napolis première of Contrary Mary that ...uld take her or him to Broadway at one ...ft bound, for the great impresario who ...s to give the play its metropolitan pro...tion would be on hand to watch the ...ult of the experiment, accompanied by ...tinue of his advisers and flatterers; and ...s author, a young dramatist of promise, ...uld likewise attend. It was to be an ...sion when opportunity might easily ...ck at almost any dressing-room door.

Nearly every new American play, it ...ms, is written as a frank imitation of ...e other play that has made the pro...erial barrel of money. Its proud creator, ...endeavoring to enlist the interest of a ...eptical manager in his latest work, will ...peak of it as a second something or other; ...d the manager, remembering what a gold ...ine the first something or other was, im**mediately pricks up his ears, lights a fresh** Pomona-Pomona, and is ready to listen to a reading.

Following this tradition, Contrary Mary was to be a second Peg o' My Heart. It belonged to that breed of sentimental comedies in which the hoyden heroine, an elfin daughter of the plain people, suffers much from the taunts and sneers of gilded snobs until she is revealed as an heiress in disguise who heaps coals of fire upon the heads of the aristocrats, saves father from bankruptcy, mother from social suicide, daughter from a life of shame, and brother—by marrying him—from a career of cynical bachelorhood. The play differed from Peg o' My Heart in these particulars: The heroine was Scotch, not Irish; and the pet animal she brought with her when she visited her haughty relatives was not a dog but a Shetland pony. Also, to complicate the plot and avoid accusations of plagiarism she had a mania for masquerading in boys' clothes.

Windsor Morton began rehearsal in true ceremonial fashion by reading the play to the assembled company. Mab was thrilled with this formality; it had never been done for any of the stale Broadway successes which had preceded Contrary Mary. Then came the assignment of parts.

Harvey Norris, at a nod from Windsor Morton, who was languid from the dramatic fervor he had put into the reading, arose from the prompt table and began to deal out certain half portions of bound, typewritten manuscripts on which the dialogue and cues for the various parts were assembled.

In making this distribution he passed Mab by with a half-apologetic but still official explanation: "There is no part in this cast for you, Miss Moody. But Mr. Morton hopes you will be good enough to understudy Miss Olivier. Attend rehearsals and please give special attention to her part. We will have a copy of it made for you later on."

Mab meekly answered "Yes, sir," and sat there as still as an image. This announcement came to her as a sort of shock. She wouldn't be in the show; that was rather desolating, she thought. Still, while Mr. Morton was reading the manuscript she hadn't been able to pick out a part for herself. There were no ingénue bits, and the servants were a butler and a chauffeur. This time, it seemed, she was obviously out of luck. But Miss Olivier was the leading ingénue, and if she should happen to die within the next two weeks it would mean Mab Moody to the rescue. There was a chance, certainly, of winning glory—even though Miss Olivier was in the best of health. Thus Mab suddenly became familiar with all the mixed emotions and tragic yearnings of that creature of suppressed desires, the understudy.

She sat tight and looked on. She observed that every member of the company immediately began counting the number of sides, or pages, in his or her part. The result of this audit was either a smile of contentment or an expression of dissatisfaction. In the latter case, Mab thought, the look resembled that of a child who has bitten into an unripe persimmon—a kind of puckery symbol of contempt and disgust.

Suddenly Gloria Wayne, who had seemed to be satisfied with her total of sides, straightened up in her chair and observed in a frost-bitten voice: "There seems to be a slight mistake here, Mr. Morton."

The beatific stage director pretended not to hear her, and Harvey Norris stepped into the breach suavely with "Typist's error, Miss Wayne?"

"Not at all. You have given me Miss Olivier's part. Perhaps she has mine."

With which Gloria made a swift and forcible exchange, plucking Miss Olivier's part out of her hands and tossing the other, like a despised thing, into her lap.

Windsor Morton serenely sidled off into the wings and disappeared. His method of diplomacy was extremely Oriental.

"There has been no mistake, Miss Wayne," said Harvey crisply. "Kindly return Miss Olivier's part to her and take back the one I gave you."

If Miss Wayne had been one of the famous volcanoes of history, Krakatua or Mount Pelée, she could not have gone into a more complete eruption. Mab, who had led a sheltered life in a pacific family, had never heard or seen anything like it before.

The gracious Gloria, heretofore all smiles, coos and caresses, vehemently called upon her God and inquired where in the realm of Lucifer they got that stuff. Was she the leading woman of this verminous troupe of Camembert barnstormers or wasn't she? She certainly was, she would tell the world, and she would play the leading woman's parts in spite of hell, high water, and any nasty conspiracy that had been framed up against her. She talked to Harvey as a teamster will talk to a motorist on a hot summer day after an averted collision.

Harvey let her run on to an effective climax and then tried to pour oil on the troubled waters.

"I thought Mr. Morton had explained this matter to you privately," he said. "Apparently he forgot to. He came to this decision after long-distance telephone conferences with the author and the manager who will make the New York production."

Miss Wayne suddenly passed from verbal violence into the throes of heartbreak. Her tears began to flow freely.

"It's insulting," she moaned. "I shall never forgive Mr. Morton. That snip of a girl gets the title part and I am expected to play her elder sister. It's brutal. It's outrageous. It's incredible."

"I am really very sorry, Miss Wayne," Harvey continued, "and I assure you there was no thought of hurting your feelings in this arrangement. We were thinking only how to get the best results out of the play with our company. The title rôle calls for a slender young girl who can wear boys' clothes deceptively. You would be very attractive in tight knickers, Miss Wayne—but by no means boyish. The part also requires a Scotch dialect, and Miss Olivier happens to have a special knack at it."

"I played the lead in the Number Three Sandy McNab company," piped up that young lady in corroboration.

"And the part of the sister," Harvey ran on encouragingly, "will undoubtedly make the hit of the show. So you see ——"

"I only see," thundered Miss Wayne, "that my contract calls for my services as leading woman with this company! I insist upon my legal rights!"

"Your contract is for ten weeks," Harvey reminded her. "The season is to be extended through an eleventh week, as you know, for this special production."

At this blow Gloria promptly went into hysterics. She threw down on the floor the part she had refused to return, and stamped on it; accused Miss Olivier of improper relations with Windsor Morton, the author of the play, the New York manager, or some other person of mysterious authority over the production; attempted to assault Harvey Norris with her fingernails; and then fainted triumphantly in a picturesque attitude.

Gloria was lugged away to be resuscitated, and then the rehearsal began, in a fumbling kind of way, under Harvey's direction, with everyone strained and unhappy. Mab was asked to read Gloria's lines pro tem., and she nervously stepped into the gap, wondering what was going to come of it all. She had an idea that Gloria had gone mad and would suddenly reappear like a Fury, to attempt all kinds of harrowing things.

Fifteen minutes later the outraged leading woman emerged from her dressing room, red eyed and sullen, and hovered ominously on the outskirts of the rehearsal.

"We will go back to the beginning," Harvey announced calmly, with a gesture at Mab, which meant that she was to drop out and return the part to Miss Wayne.

So they began over again, and Gloria, rather hoarse from the recent abuse of her vocal cords, came in at her entrance cue as if nothing whatever had happened.

That ended the episode, in its surface manifestations. Of course, Gloria and Miss Olivier didn't speak again for years. Incidentally the former made an admirable impression in the rôle of the elder sister, as Harvey had foretold, and thereby won a contract to play it in the New York production.

After the rehearsal Mab, greatly excited by Gloria's uncanny behavior, hung around the theater to talk it over with Harvey Norris.

"What does it mean?" she burbled. "Gloria must be crazy! She starts that awful row, and then she comes back as meek as Moses and takes the part after all."

"That," explained Harvey, "is temperament. She felt that she had to do it to assert her dignity and maintain her prestige as a leading woman."

"But she couldn't play that title part," Mab declared. "She's too big—and too old. She ought to have known better."

"She did," Harvey admitted. "Otherwise she would never have come back. But just the same her position as leading woman compelled her to throw a tantrum because the title part wasn't offered her."

Mab expressed her opinion that Gloria had behaved like a spoiled child.

"You've said a mouthful," Harvey chuckled. "She is exactly that. And so are all the rest of us, more or less, as soon as we get a good juicy taste of success."

Mab considered this cynicism thoughtfully. She did not want to believe it; she hoped that Gloria was a special case; but still Harvey Norris had said it, and he, in her opinion, was infallible.

Then and there she made a great vow which was to have an important influence on her life.

"I am never going to be like that," she asserted, "when I make my big hit."

Harvey gave her an amused look of incredulity.

"No, I'm not," she continued. "I'm not going to get temperamental or vain or stuck-up ——"

"Upstage," he interrupted, tossing her the proper technical word.

"Or upstage or anything. Cross my heart, I hope to die, I'm not."

"That is a very pretty ambition," he said; "I wish you luck at it."

"And I want you to promise me," continued Mab, "that if you ever see me getting that way, any time in the future, you'll come to me and tell me about it. Sometimes, you know, we don't see ourselves as others see us."

"But what are you going to be when you become famous?" he asked teasingly. "Sweet and stately and noble and always kind to dumb animals?"

"I'm going to be—just Mab Moody."

He thought that nothing could be nicer, but he did not tell her so.

"Do you promise?" she demanded.

"I do," he answered in a manner worthy of the occasion. "And here's my hand on it, Mab."

They shook hands gravely.

"Thank you—Harvey."

This was the first time she had dared to call him by his first name; it was indeed an occasion. She romped away radiant with the idea that a bond of intimacy had been established between them. When she got home she made this cryptic note in her diary: "Compact with H. N."

After the week of Contrary Mary, in which Mab understudied the title rôle assiduously but hopelessly, the Windsor Morton Repertory Company closed its season in Illinapolis and disbanded. Most of its members hurried back to New York to spend their midsummer holidays hunting new engagements over the hot asphalt of Broadway. Harvey Norris was noncommittal about his plans, but he vaguely mentioned the necessity of going to Chicago on a legal matter. There was much miscellaneous promising to write, of course, and when Mab bashfully said to Harvey that she would like to ask his advice about her plans he gave her the Masks Club, New York, as a forwarding address.

Jim Henry's Column

Your Mind

It always fascinates me to figure out what will be going on in your mind at the instant that my column invites your attention.

There are several millions of you and I have to start with a thought which will appeal to everyone.

Of course, I must avoid politics or religion and the idea must be of a nature which will permit me to slip easily into a discussion of Mennen Shaving Cream and kindred products like Mennen Talcum for Men and our amazingly efficient Kora-Konia.

I generally fall back on the fact that every man hates to shave. The most casual allusion to the horrors of shaving strikes contact with a wealth of poignantly emotional thoughts and enables me to lead you down to my selling climax without any chance of escape.

I suppose, if I were more of an advertising man and less of a salesman, I would know how to write whang-bang statements of Mennen superiority which would send men into drug stores in droves demanding Mennen's.

But the only selling process I have been trained to is the direct, man-to-man kind, where you have to keep him interested to avoid being rudely rebuffed and in extreme cases removed to the sidewalk.

Now, of course, you are in suspense as to just what I am driving at. It is this:

Why put it off? You are more than half convinced right now that Mennen's is the finest shaving preparation ever invented. Your friends tell you so. Try it. Accept the verdict of your razor—and of your smooth, velvety skin.

And, by the way, if you are in the proud father class, I want you to know about the amazing virtue of our Kora-Konia for soothing Baby's irritated skin and protecting it with a velvety film of healing powder. Nothing like it for prickly heat and baby rashes.

I'll send a sample of Kora-Konia and my demonstrator tube of Mennen Shaving Cream for 10 cents.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.



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"A Clean Tooth Never Decays"



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Brush Your Upper Teeth Downward and Your Lower Teeth Upward

With this hurried flitting of her new friends, who seemed ever so much nearer and dearer to her than the old stand-bys of Illinapolis, Mab was left high and dry at home, bored, lonesome and slightly blue. Her first touch of the nostalgia of the theater was complicated with sentimental reminiscences of Harvey Norris.

III

SEPTEMBER found her in New York, a new little moth among the bright lights, with the customary collection of notices clipped from the Illinapolis Gazette in her hand bag. There had been the usual family protests against this adventure, but Mab had laughed and cajoled them away, and had been well financed for the pursuit of her destiny.

She had written to Harvey Norris several times in a vein which was quite the correct blend of cool formality and warm affection. He had not answered.

She had telephoned to the Masks Club when she reached New York, with no result except to get a curt answer that Mr. Norris was not in the city. She wrote once more and then gave it up.

Whenever she thought about him her feelings got hurt somehow, but she convinced herself that this was silly, and so she stopped thinking. That was easy enough. Mab found that New York was too exciting to allow anyone to think about anyone else who was out of town.

Of Mab in Manhattan, of Mab's adventures among the mad mercenary managers, there is little to be told. Many things happened, of course, which she thought were important, but as a matter of fact she was too happy—after she had forgotten about Harvey Norris—to have a history.

Her career on the stage—for she had one that contained a surprising amount of success, everything considered—may be accounted for briefly, thus: First, she was lucky, as has been intimated; second, she was a type, or rather the managers believed that she was, which amounted to the same thing.

How she became a type, however, is worth telling. She was sitting in the waiting room of a firm of producing managers, looking for something to turn up, much like a housemaid at an employment agency in the old régime when housemaids were plentiful. A door leading to the private office opened to uncage a worried playwright. He happened to glance at Mab, and started as if he had seen a ghost. He immediately darted back into the sanctum, and emerged with his collaborator in tow. They stared at Mab as if she were some rare work of art, and then bolted back into the inner shrine without a word. Presently out they came again with a stage director at their heels, and the process was repeated, with excited solemnity. Then the press representative was brought out; then the junior partner; finally the senior partner. They whispered together fiercely, but never said a word to Mab, who began to wonder what was the matter with her and to suspect that she had forgotten to put all her clothes on. Finally they retired into their lair to indulge in an almost interminable and apparently venomous debate. Half an hour later Mab was invited inside to face what looked like a grand jury sitting on a murder case. She emerged with a contract signed, sealed and delivered into her hands.

This is what had happened: A play was being cast which contained, among other Semitic characters, a homespun Jewish maiden, aged seventeen or thereabouts. She was to be dark, plump, demure and attractive in an amiably bourgeois manner. She had to look as if she might be the daughter of Ferdinand Da Silva, who would play the rôle of Mischa Mannheimer, the hero. The authors had already considered sixteen applicants for the part and rejected them all because they were either too Jewish or not Jewish enough, or were baby vamps, or had bobbed hair, or too much distinction, or too little class, or for twelve other good reasons and true.

The managers had begun to accuse the playwrights of being too fussy about their Jewish maidens; the authors had begun to assert that the managers would do well to return to their original occupation of cut-rate ticket brokers; and thus a crisis had developed. Then they had stumbled over Mab. She was dark, she was plump, she was demure; she was attractively bourgeoise; she was, in short, the very kind of girl the authors had in mind when they wrote the part, they declared. And so it came about that Mab went to work while hundreds of more deserving actresses continued to worry.

Mab played the part on Broadway and immediately found that it pays to be a type. She had offers that season to act fifteen other Jewish maidens in similar plays. Out of this embarrassment of opportunities she contrived to get three engagements, to raise her salary to an impressive figure, and to have a season of forty almost consecutive weeks, without leaving New York except for the tryouts.

Illinapolis was horrified when she wrote back home, "I am a specialist in fat little kikes," but Broadway admired her for her accomplishment.

But this was not the most important aspect in the metamorphosis of Mab. No, indeed, not by a long shot. She might have gone on playing a line of secondary Jewish maidens until she was fully prepared for the more serious specialty of Jewish grandmothers if something else had not happened. It was something mysterious and inexplicable. It was not quite miraculous, perhaps, but the laws of physiology have not yet given a satisfactory account of it.

In a word, Mab ceased to be roly-poly. A waistline manifested itself in her anatomy. Her fat arms and legs thinned out until they were in artistic harmony with her delicate wrists and ankles. Her plump cheeks smoothed themselves away until her face was like a cameo. Her figure changed from the dumpy to the dainty, and when she walked she no longed clumped but fluttered. Without dieting, banting, rolling on the floor or taking up interpretive dancing, without thinking about the matter at all, Mab dropped from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred pounds in weight, and evolved from a grub into a butterfly. This piquant transformation sometimes happens to pudgy and awkward girls at the end of their adolescence, and it happened to Mab, the lucky. It is, perhaps, Nature's method of launching her specially favored ugly ducklings into the mating season. So it came about that Mab ceased to be a fat flapper and became a lovely little lady, who looked as if she might be of fairy ancestry.

Of course she had learned how to dress so that she was always turned out with a crisp and gay Manhattan smartness. Of course her hair had been bobbed becomingly and her eyebrows had been delicately plucked and her mouth had become a thin cruel Cupid's bow of carmine by the art of the lipstick. But these were merely superficial changes. It was the subtle sculpture of Nature that altered her from a lower to a higher type, and that took her, as an actress, out of the group of simple Jewish maidens into the class of enchanting American ingénues.

And the gayest, jazziest cafés and dancing places in New York knew Mab as one of Broadway's favorite girls of that season. The prevailing styles of women's dress, as well as Mab's popularity, contributed to the happy result—the night-life crowd began to see a great deal of Mab.

IV

HARVEY NORRIS came back to town after a season on tour, to get in touch again with the sources of things theatrical, to enjoy a thoroughgoing actor's holiday by seeing all the new shows, and to find a new stepping-stone toward his ambition to become a recognized, high-salaried stage director. In carrying out this program he knocked about the theatrical district at a loose end, in and out of clubs, managers' offices, theater lobbies, hotels, and all the other rendezvous of his kind; meeting old friends, exchanging the gossip of his craft, finding out where it was safe to get an occasional drink now that the lid had been harshly tightened on, and amusing himself mildly as a man of his profession and celibate way of life will do.

Occasionally he crossed Mab's trail at a distance. He heard her name mentioned, her popularity declared, her acting faintly praised; but he never quite caught up with her during his first few weeks. He remembered her vividly as that droll little darling back in Illinapolis who had written him a few letters after the Windsor Morton company had disbanded. He was sorry that he hadn't answered those letters; and he was glad to hear that she was getting on so well. He would run across her sooner or later, of course, and they would have a jolly talk over old times.

He was surprised, however, to hear that she was to have the leading ingénue's part in Frank Baird's new play—and a co part it was, too, according to Frank, wrote it. A part that might easily away with the show, Frank had said. did not sound at all like Mab Moody had known her, Harvey thought; an idea occurred to him that there mig another girl of the same name who come up in the past year. He decided he would have to go to the opening find out if this was really his Mab.

Among the telegrams Mab receive night Flippant Philippa opened with h leading ingénue in a brilliant cast wa that read "If you are the Mab Moo knew and rehearsed in Illinapolis I that all your ambitions come true."

She murmured "Oh, that man!" differently—and then tucked it in mirror, in the place of honor among messages of good omen. As she did so observed that it bore a New York line, and she thought, "So he's no long the provinces."

After the third act, in which Mab carried off an intense emotional scene stunning effect—thanks mostly to veterans who had rehearsed her and b up the climax for her to shine in—a hur scrawl of a note was brought to her dres room.

It read: "You're great. Everyo raving about you out in front. I ha knew you. How do you get that w Many congratulations, H. N."

She said to her maid, as she added thi the mementos of a thrilling night: "Ar these men ridiculous, Louise?"

When Mab read the notices of Flipp Philippa in the newspapers the next mo ing her metamorphosis was complet The dramatic critics in raving about play had put in a few extra shrieks of light for her benefit. She immediately d the conclusion that in another season would become a star.

Harvey Norris was much more emotio over the success of his former protégée th he had any right to be. The sudden a thoroughly charming revelation of Mab a grown-up, infinitely pettable and adorab an etherealization of the chubby girl he h known, enraptured him. He left t theater gloating over her, in a professio kind of way—for after all he had so share in the making of this bit of love ness; and he woke up the next morni still inclined to gloat. How infernal pretty she had become! And how she h put it over! The sweet little rascal! Wi a happy grin he recalled a threat she h made—something to the effect that s would become a regular trouper and gro up so fast it would make his head swi Well, she had done it, right enough. Tho letters she had written to him must h somewhere in the bottom of his trunk, f he was sure he had saved them. When h saw her he would explain why he hadn answered.

Such were the reflections of Harve Norris as he went through his matutina splashings. Finally, with a start tha caused his safety razor to ruin its reputa tion, he remembered that he had mad Mab a certain solemn promise.

"And with this hit to top it off!" h ejaculated to his lathered visage. "Oh golly! Oh me, oh my, oh you!"

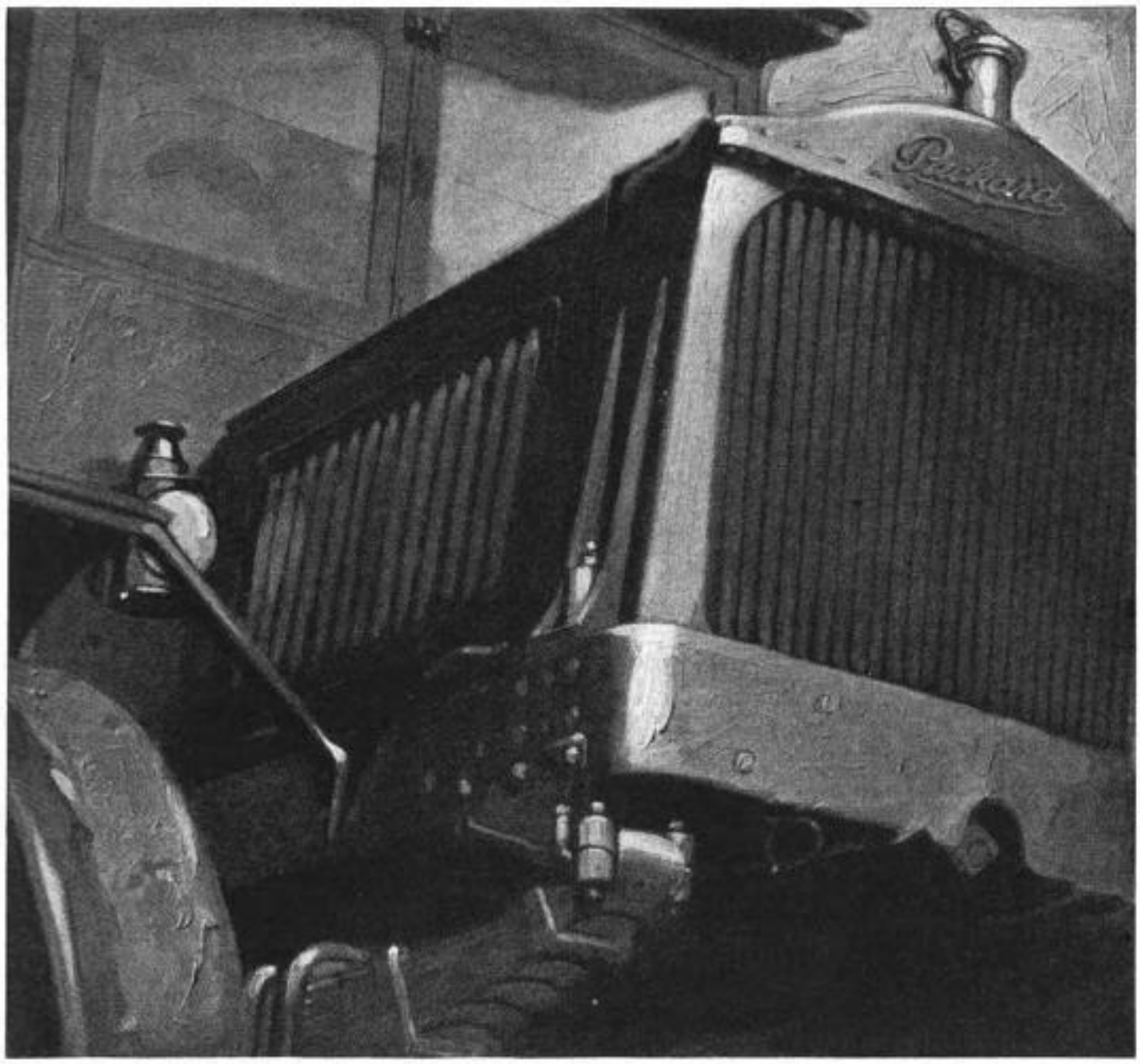
Before he went down to breakfast h telephoned to the manager of the theate where Flippant Philippa was playing, an acquaintance of his, to say a few pleasant words about the success of the opening, and also to ask casually where Mab Moody wa living.

Mab, in bed, surrounded by dismembered newspapers and a boudoir breakfast, answers her call:

"Yes, this is Miss Moody. . . . Who? . . . Oh, Mr. Norris. Surely not Willy Norris? . . . Oh, Harvey Norris. . . . Yes, of course. So glad to know you are in town. Many thanks for your wire and the note last night. . . . Yes, wasn't everything wonderful? . . . And weren't the critics perfectly dear? . . . Yes, it would be most nice to see you again, Mr. Norris. . . . No, I'm sorry but I'm booked for to-night. . . . No, you see, this is a crowded week, what with flashlights and rehearsals and cuts and parties and everything. . . . Sometime next week then, certainly. . . . Do try again. I'd be delighted. But don't ring me before twelve. . . . By-by."

(Continued on Page 40)

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PACKARD

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E. W. Hammons, President
Executive Offices, New York

(Continued from Page 38)

"Illinapolis!" growled Harvey satirically, as he hung up the receiver. "Illinapolis—with a new Ritz accent!"

V

THEY were nearing the end of a dinner in a café which was so quiet that Mab had never been there before—a proper place for such a reunion. As a reknitting of Illinapolitan ties it had been, thus far, a moderately successful affair. Mab was wondering when this man would apologize for not having answered her letters.

"Do you remember ——" Harvey began hesitantly, and she was sure that the time had arrived.

Well, she would pretend that she didn't remember whether he had answered or not, and that she had forgotten what she wrote or why she wrote it.

"Do you remember the agreement we made, out there in your home town, the day that Gloria Wayne threw her famous tantrum?"

No, Mab couldn't say that she remembered exactly. But didn't Gloria behave like a perfect goose about not getting that part?

"It was about temperament," Harvey reminded her. "You made me promise that if you ever got temperamental or spoiled or upstage I was to come to you and tell you about it."

"How funny!" said Mab evasively.

"Yes, I thought it was funny then," Harvey confessed. "But now, you see, it's different. It's serious. You've made the hit you swore you would make—a hit you can be proud of. I am a little boastful about it myself, and am going about trying to claim the honor of having discovered you."

Mab bowed mockingly in recognition of the compliment.

"Well?" she challenged.

"This is a gossipy town," Harvey droned on soberly. "Or our part of it is, at any rate. So, although I've been back only a few weeks, I've heard a lot about you."

"Scandal?" chirped Mab impudently.

"Of course not. Just gossip. From managers who have offered you parts and been turned down without a thank you. From acquaintances who say you have snubbed them. From the friend of a friend of a modiste who says you drove her into nervous prostration over the gowns you wear in Flippant Philippa. From stage managers who tell how your maids are always walking out on you because you have hurt their feelings. From press agents who describe with jeers how you wanted more publicity than the star."

If a fairy can look as hard as nails Mab was doing it now.

"Harvey Norris, how dare you invite me out to dinner and then repeat all this wretched backbiting stuff!" she flashed at him.

"Because of the promise you asked me to make," he answered uneasily. "It's happened. So I had to tell you about it. You've got some of the symptoms. You are an incipient case of a girl whose head is getting turned by a run of luck on Broadway."

"I am nothing of the kind!"

"It's natural, of course," he conceded. "It's inevitable. To be spoiled a little is the right of every pretty girl, particularly in this business, which is a constant inflammation of the ego. But don't let it go too far, Mab. Remember your sense of humor. Remember your determination to remain just Mab Moody. And for heaven's sake don't forget Gloria Wayne, or else one of these days you'll make a spectacle of yourself the way she did. Now I've told you and the worst is over. Let's have some fresh coffee and forget it."

But Mab was burning with indignation.

"Let me tell you, Mr. Norris," she said stiffly, "I'm not spoiled or upstage. My head isn't turned. You haven't said a thing to prove that it is. You've been out there in the provinces for years and know nothing at all about my career on Broadway. And anyway, it's none of your business whether I am spoiled or not. And furthermore, I deny that I ever asked you to make such a promise, and I think you have been very rude. I've had a perfectly stupid dinner, thank you. Will you kindly call me a taxi?"

She had spoken with such bitter conviction that Harvey crumpled up abjectly. There was nothing left for him to say. The conversation, the dinner and the friendship had closed abruptly.

There was no aftermath during the taxi ride to Mab's theater, because she made it perfectly clear that she did not desire him as an escort and rode away alone. He strolled toward the Masks Club, inwardly cursing women in general and himself in particular.

He also wished that the bars were as alcoholic as in the good old days.

Well, that ended the brief history of Mab and Harvey, no doubt. The wires of friendship were crossed and auld acquaintance had blown a fuse. This disastrous interview left them in hostile attitudes which would become permanent—she resentful, he contemptuous; she convinced that she had been insulted, he determined never again to take a woman at her word. Harvey, in Mab's opinion, was a tactless brute, assuming advisory privileges he had not earned, crudely blabbing the sneering gossip of the envious. Mab, Harvey decided, was a little monster of bad temper, conceit and ingratitude. In these moods they parted, each determined to live up to the theatrical hymn of hate, which demands a scratch for a scratch and a knock for a knock.

As Harvey headed toward his club he dwelt upon Mab's outrageous conduct with a growing sense of bitter humor. It was really priceless, when you came to think about it, he told himself, a gem of satirical comedy in vivid contrasts—Mab, the novice, swearing that she would never get upstage, and Mab, a spoiled darling of Broadway, angrily denying her oath. This would be a good one to spring on the boys at The Masks—a new and memorable variant of a formula classic in theatrical anecdote. In his mind Harvey began to phrase it for its most ironical effect and its biggest laugh.

He turned down Broadway, into the current of early playgoers, and immediately ran into an appropriate audience for a test of his story. The best possible audience, in fact, for it was none other than Gloria Wayne, the inspiration of Mab's broken vow. They met, as old troupers do, with exclamations of delight, too effusive to be altogether genuine; gay, casual phrases of professional patter; questions as to past achievements and present prospects, answered or evaded as need be. It was a swift, comradely picking up of the threads of their lives before they drifted apart again, for another season or forever.

Gloria was headed toward a rendezvous with her husband to see Flippant Philippa, and thus, as they walked together a block or two, Mab came into the conversation quite naturally. Mab and her unpromising start; Mab and her present hit—Gloria developed the subject with animation. Now was the time to serve the cream of the jest, Harvey's footnote to the episode. He therefore gave Gloria the story—with her share in it omitted—in his best Masks Club manner, crisply, quizzically, ironically.

For a first telling he made a rather neat job of pinning a butterfly's wings, he thought. But Gloria did not laugh.

She paused and considered; then she said quietly: "It takes an old, dear friend, one who has earned a lot of privileges, to tell a girl a thing like that. Mab will probably hate you for life. I know I should."

Harvey granted the likelihood of such a feud, and Gloria continued to interpret the omen:

"Of course if you two had kept on being pally after Illinapolis, you'd have had a right to take her at her word and tell her what the wild gossips were saying. But I gather you didn't. You apparently dropped her cold, so you needn't be surprised at getting your fingers burnt when you tried to pick her up again. It's too bad. Mab was crazy about you out there. Well, here's the theater and there's my man, looking jealous. If I ever run into Mab I'll forget what you told me."

With the disappearance of Gloria, Harvey changed his mind. He went to his hotel instead of the Masks Club, and dug three old letters out of his trunk. Then he sat down for an hour of painful literary endeavor, notable for the frequency with which he tore up what he had written.

VI

MAB had gone to her performance, frigid with a comprehensive exasperation. She hated Harvey Norris for his presumptuousness in attempting to correct her manners, for his paternal theory that she was a spoiled child. She was out of patience with herself for lying like a chorus girl an having like a little pig. She despise cats who were saying things about her was even annoyed with the taxi drive not knowing where Flippant Philippa playing. But Harvey, of course, wa principal grievance.

She reached her theater half an hou soon because of that miserably interru dinner. To kill a little time before g back to her stuffy dressing room decided to inspect the new flashlight ph graphs of the play, which had appe that afternoon, in huge rococo frame exhibition in the lobby. She studied pictures carefully, scene by scene, fro professional point of view; and sudd her cloudy mood of sullenness broke in thunderbolt of white-hot rage. She visible in only one of the flashlights, there, by an accident of perspective, was caricatured almost beyond recognit The officiousness of Harvey Norris pas out of her mind. Her artistic prestige been slighted; her contribution to Flipp Philippa had been practically ignored! flamed with indignation.

Like a belligerent wren Mab flew the box-office window and hurled at grinning treasurer a shrill demand for manager of the company. She har recognized her own voice as she spoke.

That culprit had not yet arrived. M learned. She restrained, with difficulty, impulse to tell her troubles to the cyni young ticket seller, and left word for t manager that she wanted to see *him* once. Then she rushed away to her dressi room, almost hysterical, fiercely det mined upon a policy of reparations resignation.

But as she planned her attack the rec lection of Harvey Norris' warning d scended upon her like a cold shower bat Under its tonic influence she tried to co vince herself that she was a lady by bir and an actress only by accident.

"Let me," she breathed prayerfull "remember the Wayne."

That parody of an old war cry helped h to regain her sense of humor.

Between acts Mab charmed the compar manager with her rational attitude towa his excellent explanation of the mischievo flashlights—how the scenes in which sh had figured did not come out right, and s on. She understood perfectly. She agree that another session of flashlight posin would be annoying to the others in th company.

She applauded his suggestion of substi tuting her best cabinet portrait for th flashlight which had made her look s ridiculous. Mab was quite angelic abou it, and the manager went out front pro claiming that Miss Moody was a sensibl girl with a perfect disposition.

That night, after the performance, Mab addressed to Harvey this carefully considered note:

Dear Old Harvey: Please forgive me for being so rude at dinner. Of course I remembered all about it. Perhaps you were right, for I nearly made a goose of myself to-night—in the best style of Gloria Wayne—over nothing more important than some wretched flashlights. But your warning helped me to get hold of myself. So now I am trying to reform, and am being kind to dumb animals. Yours sincerely ——

A missive from Harvey crossed hers:

Dear New Mab: I owe you three letters, and I want to explain why I didn't answer them. I would have got around to it at dinner to-night if you had given me time.

I was a married man back in those good days in Illinapolis, and was being sued for divorce. It was a perfectly respectable divorce as such things go, with both victims satisfied. But you were too nice a girl to be having anything to do with an actor about to celebrate his first divorce. I thought it was up to me to drop out of your sight for a while.

It was something like our misunderstanding of last night—I was stupid but I meant well. Let's forget about both incidents. Faithfully yours ——

Mab read this surprising message with mixed emotions. Of course she was glad to have so adequate an explanation of Harvey's indifference, and to accept his apology. But it was not so pleasant to discover the existence of a first Mrs. Norris, and to begin wondering what kind of creature she had been.

There was nothing to be done about it, of course—nothing but to telephone Harvey, a few days later, to inform him gayly that his confession was perfectly disgusting. With that off her mind she promptly accepted another invitation to dinner.

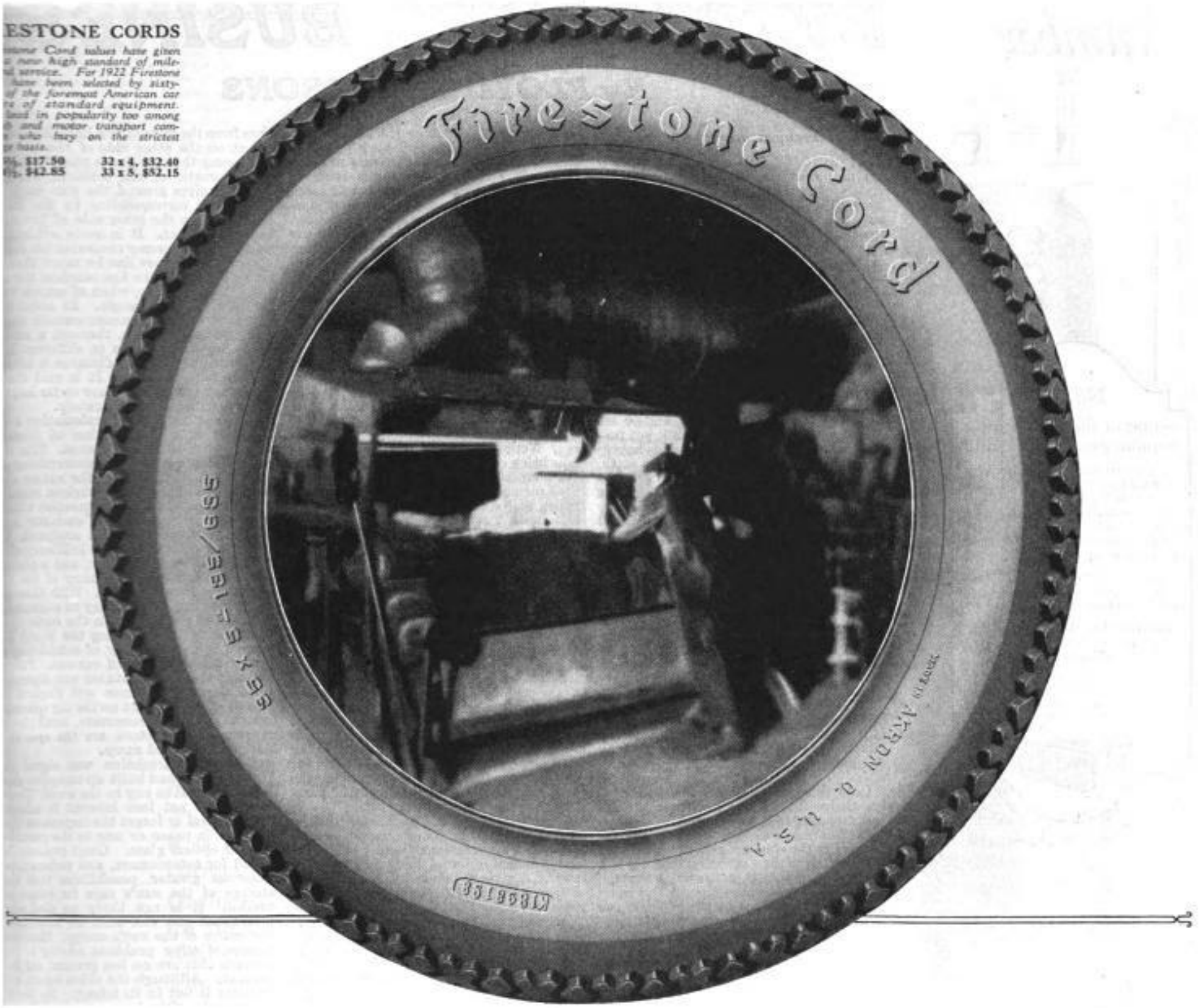
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EVERYBODY'S BUSINES

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

Telescopes and the Stars

ASTRONOMY is looked upon by many people as a rather useless profession, and its followers are often derisively dubbed stargazers. But there is a growing belief on the part of many that we have taken too light a view of the science of the heavens, not only because of its influence on our intellectual life but for the reason that astronomy may be utilized to a much larger extent in a practical way in our everyday existence. A famous European astronomer has just discovered a sun spot almost fourteen times the size of the earth. The spot at the present time is in its infancy.

Now the questions arise: Is there any connection between such a spot on the sun and the comparatively mild temperature of our last winter? Some of our winters are severe, while others are not. Is it not possible that this seasonal variation is largely influenced by forces external to the earth, and if so, why should not astronomy eventually provide us a fairly accurate means of weather forecast?

Astronomy is the science of infinity and eternity. It is the oldest science, probably because the heavenly bodies are the most prominent of natural objects. The study of the sun and stars creates a reverence for the truth and a desire to know the truth. The degree of civilization of a nation may be judged by the provision which the people of that country have made for the study of scientific problems.

Astronomy has influenced human thought to a greater extent than any other science. It has given birth to many traditions which still survive, and has always been mixed up with the various types of religions. It has changed the crude and fantastic theories of world origin held by the ancients into proved scientific principles.

Only three centuries ago the leaders of knowledge taught that because the earth had no limbs and muscles, like animals, it could not move as they did. To-day we know that the stars are really suns—many of them larger than our sun; that our sun and family of planets are traveling through space at a speed of more than twelve miles a second, or approximately 400,000,000 miles a year. We know that the early life of the earth was lived at some point in the stellar system far distant from where we are now; that the planet on which we live is hundreds of millions of years old; that if our sun were a hollow shell of its present size, more than a million earths could be dropped into it, and there would still be unoccupied space between the earth spheres. We know that if it were not for the sun's energy the tropics of the earth would speedily attain a state of frigidity far more severe than that which now exists at the North and South Poles. It is the sun's heat that permits us to follow agriculture, and yet less than one two-billionth part of the solar heat of the sun falls upon the earth. Providence has been kind to man in providing a beneficent atmosphere around the earth, for it is this air that protects us from the bombardment of 20,000,000 small foreign bodies which collide with our planet each and every day.

The interest of most people in any science is generally limited to its practical applications. Astronomy has done more for civilization than most of us imagine. We are indebted to it for the first voyage of the Phœnicians, and later for the discovery of the New World. It was his intimate knowledge of the sphere that inspired Columbus with confidence to pursue his journey westward over an unknown sea. The average layman does not realize the great value to the human race of the knowledge we possess concerning the shape of our planet and the fact that the earth rotates upon its axis in a dependable way and revolves around the sun in exact obedience to law.

It is by means of astronomy that latitude and longitude are determined, and practically all important land surveys are founded on this science. Observations of the stars with transit instruments furnish the correct time for all nations. Two astronomers stationed on the same north-and-south line, and supplied with modern equipment, can observe the stars so accurately, in comparison with the beats of their common clock, that they will agree within two one-thousandths of a second as to how much that clock is fast or slow. Astronomy enables us to make precise maps of continents and islands; to sail ships over long courses; to determine the times of high and low tides, so essential to mariners in entering many harbors. It has helped to abolish the necessity of forts on the frontiers of nations, for by observations of the stars we are now able to fix imaginary boundary lines between adjacent countries. Modern astronomical instruments on a ship to-day enable a navigator in clear weather to determine the position of his vessel in midocean, within less than a mile of its true position.

The telescope is the astronomer's super-eye. Work with the wonderful instruments now being constructed is rapidly extending the boundaries of the visible universe. It now requires three to six years to grind, polish and correct the lens of a powerful telescope. The glass disk alone of one of the larger telescopes now used weighs more than two tons. The diameter of such a lens is six feet or more. Hardly more than a dozen people in the United States have the training necessary for working out the difficult calculations required in perfecting the parabolic curve of such a lens. In testing one of these big lenses a ray of light is passed through a hole one fifty-thousandth of an inch in diameter, hits the lens and is reflected back to a plane mirror and then to the opening. If the surface of the lens is perfect the ray of light will go out through the same opening through which it came in. In finishing the surface of one of these lenses it has been found that the opening and closing of a door, or the additional heat from the body of another person in the grinding room perceptibly affects the parabolic curve of the lens.

The telescope is not used solely for its magnifying power; its greatest value consists in its capacity for collecting light from some distant celestial body or cluster of stars. A seventy-two-inch lens will gather and concentrate 100,000 times more light from a distant star than the human eye. The modern astronomer substitutes a photographic plate for the human eye, for the effect of light from a heavenly body, brought to a focus by the lenses of a telescope, is cumulative upon the photographic plate, which is not true in the case of the human eye. The eye will see nearly as much at the first glance as it will ever see. The photographic plate, on the other hand, accumulates its impressions, so that distant bodies which are not luminous enough to make an impression on a plate at once can be made to imprint their images clearly, through keeping them exposed to the eye of the telescope for a period of hours. It is for this reason that modern astronomy is becoming long-exposure photography.

In making these time-exposure photographs it is necessary to move the telescope so that it will accurately follow the travel of the star. If the timing and movement of the telescope are not perfect a blurred plate will result. The longer the exposure the more difficult it is to secure an accurate photograph, and for this reason scientists are endeavoring to construct larger and still larger telescopes. As one authority points out, it has been found impossible to substitute unlimited length of exposure for increased light-gathering power of a big lens. So delicate is the mounting of one of these great instruments that the power required to move a large telescope is no more than that which is required to light a sixteen-candlepower electric bulb.

Another interesting use of the big telescopes, aside from making photographs of distant bodies, is the measurement of the distances to the most remote stars. Direct measurements are impossible, so the astronomer employs the simple method of the land surveyor who wishes to determine the width of a river. In this method a base line is established on one bank of the river, and the surveyor measures the angles made by lines from the ends of this base line to object on the other side of the rive astronomy the base line is the 186,00 mile diameter of the orbit in whic earth revolves around the sun each The object corresponding to the in sible point on the other side of the ri the distant star. It is quite evident when the astronomer measures his an one end of his base line he must then six months, until he has reached the end of the base line, when of course h measure the other angle. In order t sure accuracy these measurements mu repeated many times, through a seri years, by astronomers in different l and finally an average distance is obt that is fairly correct. It is said tha more than thirty stars have so far had distances measured accurately.

A newer method of calculating st distances is a contribution of Amer astronomers to world science. This r recent plan consists in determining tance through a study of the nature of light received from the various stars. spectroscope is used in connection with telescope, and the light of each star is lected, photographed and analyzed. spectroscope measures the brilliancy of light when it left the star, and a phot eter calculates the brilliancy of the l we receive from the star. With these quantities known it is easy to estimate distance of the star from the earth.

Our experiences during the World W taught us the necessity of establishing optical-glass industry of our own. Prio the war the United States was depend upon Germany, France and England its optical glass. Just as the big telesco are the eyes of astronomers, small glas mirrors and reflectors are the eyes o nation's army and navy.

When the armistice was signed United States had built up an optical-gl industry equal to any in the world. The fore let us not lose interest in subje astronomical or forget the importance th attaches in peace or war to the manuf ture of optical glass. Great problems ahead for astronomers, and perhaps no possesses greater possibilities than t storage of the sun's rays for release needed. It is not likely we shall ev accomplish this end until we have foun the source of the sun's energy. There a dozens of other problems relating to th heavens that are no less practical and im portant. Although the oldest science, a tronomy is but in its infancy. No line work can possibly have a greater influen upon the lives of the people of the worl After journeying from Massachusetts t Ohio at the age of seventy-seven to lay th cornerstone of the Cincinnati Observatory ex-President John Quincy Adams said i was his endeavor to turn the enthusiasm for astronomy at Cincinnati into a per manent and persevering national pursuit which might extend the bounds of human knowledge and make the country instru mental in elevating the character and im proving the condition of man upon earth One thing is sure: If the skies were clear of clouds only one day and night a year these twenty-four hours would be eagerly watched and waited for by every person in the world. But as we have the free and easy opportunity to view the wonders of the heavens practically at will, very few of us either appreciate or take advantage of the great privilege afforded us.

Ways to Boost Retail Sales

MERCHANTS are finding the selling game at the present time a difficult and tedious process. Slackened activity resulting from the business depression is forcing retailers to tax their ingenuity. Store managers are searching for new ideas that may stimulate trade. Any promising plan to attract customers and foster a desire to buy merchandise is now speedily utilized.

The methods of shopkeepers to-day are quite changed from those of years gone by. In olden times retail selling was more or less of a struggle between buyer and seller. Antagonism and suspicion permeated

(Continued on Page 44)

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(Continued from Page 42)

trade. Not one merchant in a hundred adhered to a one-price system. When John Wanamaker adopted the plan of having only one price for each article and refusing to sell for less, dozens of merchants condemned the new policy and urged legislation to prohibit this one-price plan, which was called "unfair competition" by the critics.

Slowly but surely business morals have improved. Retailing is no longer founded on a system of bargaining. Merchants in the same line coöperate. Advanced practices and new ideas are openly advertised instead of secretly guarded. Store executives meet in convention and exchange experiences. Goods are reliable; damaged articles are marked as such, and the dissatisfied customer may have his money back if he so desires. The contrast in business between to-day and even twenty years ago is amazing when true parallels are drawn.

Though many things are important in operating a store, most retail businesses are based chiefly on salesmanship. Selling over a counter is not so difficult as selling on the road. The customer of the retailer takes the initiative, and enters a store with a definite idea of making a purchase. The retail salesman, therefore, is not compelled to devote so much attention to arousing the prospective buyer's interest and desire to own as is the traveling salesman.

However, the person who sells over a counter must have ability to classify a customer quickly. He must determine first of all whether the prospect has come resolved to buy, has merely reached the stage of desiring to own, or has been prompted only by curiosity. A different method of selling must be employed in each of these three cases. The salesperson must also discover whether the buyer considers the price almost exclusively, whether price and value are equally balanced, or whether price and value are secondary, and suitability alone is the chief consideration.

I found the business philosophy of one famous retailer most interesting. In salesmanship a dozen sound facts in hand are worth a five-foot shelf of books. The two things most necessary to avoid are overstatement and condescension. They kill many sales. Keep the spine straight and the head erect. Holding the head to one side denotes indecision. Hew to the line of truth. Avoid placing negative thoughts in the prospective buyer's mind. After making a sale don't add, "You couldn't use anything more, could you?" Instead make positive suggestions that will encourage desire rather than kill it. Get the customer into personal contact with the article. Some buyers are half sold when they get an article into their hands. Though all deception must be avoided it must not be forgotten that many an unimportant defect would never be noticed except for needless apology. Get rid of the snob salesman who gives attention to the rich and neglects the poor.

Salespeople must understand that before they can sell an article they must sell their own personality. At the commencement of a sales transaction the buyer sizes up the salesperson just as the salesperson does the buyer. No seller can make a permanent success unless he is interested in the goods he is handling, and knows them thoroughly. Each retail-store employe should be taught the value to the firm of public esteem and good will. In selling, it is usually best not to refer to the price of an article unless the customer first inquires about it. This is especially true when the customer appears interested in the merchandise only. An exception to this rule is the case of an article that is of unusually good value in relation to the price. The up-to-date merchant regards possible customers as his guests, just as he does the actual customers. People who are only looking around and not spending should be made to feel perfectly welcome. The attitude of salespeople should be shaped accordingly.

It is a mistake on the part of store managers to pet or coddle their salespeople, especially the beginners. Many young men and women are ruined in business by employers who incline to flattery. Though it is true that indifference toward an earnest, efficient worker may easily be carried too far, it is usually best for a manager to show his high regard for an employe by singling him out for the really tough jobs, for this gives the promising worker a chance to advance and make good. It is always wise to train salespeople to make two or more sales instead of one to each customer. Put a ban on flowery language. The day of oratory in selling is past. Encourage salespeople to develop their memories for names and faces, and insist that they cultivate both tact and a cheerful demeanor. It is not a bad plan to hold each salesman responsible for certain customers, and have him handle all transactions with such buyers, in this way building a personal following. This gives salespeople somewhat the same feeling they would have if they were in business for themselves.

Although it is desirable to have attractive window displays, such exhibits should not be out of keeping with the merchandise inside the store. A luxurious window display defeats its own end if it possesses none of the characteristics of the goods inside the store. One of the greatest mistakes a merchant can make is to refuse ever to sell goods at a loss. Many a store has lost trade and become involved in financial difficulties through hanging onto a stock of old goods that could have been sold easily by marking them down to replacement prices.

It is a good policy for a store to purchase not more than 70 per cent of the stock anticipated as necessary to satisfy seasonal requirements. It is more than likely that additional goods can be secured if needed later in the season to fill shortages. The merchant who follows this plan insures himself against an oversupply of slow-moving goods. When this rule is not followed it too often results that the store must sell surpluses at reduced prices, thus cutting down the original profit. In determining when to buy, the merchant should remember that it is a good rule to make his purchases if possible when others are not buying. When mills and factories are shut down reserve stocks soon melt away. Manufacturing plants that have been closed entirely, or which have been working on part time, cannot get back to full production for a period of weeks. Sound judgment must be exercised in deciding on the proper time to buy.

Original ideas to increase sales have been put into operation by retailers in many parts of the country during the recent months of depression. One store in a small Western city has appointed agents who make weekly reports from near-by towns. The printed forms used provide space for the names of new customers, newly married couples, engaged girls, new babies, houses being built or remodeled, automobiles purchased, high-school graduates and confirmations. The agents or correspondents of the store are given a 10 per cent commission on all goods that any of these prospective customers purchase. A great many stores in both large and small cities are now endeavoring to build up a mail-order out-of-town business by issuing catalogues and offering rebates. In one Western city seven firms got together on a coöperative basis and issued an attractive advertising circular. The plan proved a success in boosting sales, and effected a saving in postage alone of more than ten thousand dollars.

One large retail concern in attempting to enlarge its business with suburbanites and farmers has established a store service on wheels. Several trucks were purchased, supplied with numerous articles in common use, and then assigned to certain established routes. Each house on every route is visited once every two or three weeks. On near-by routes the articles sold are supplied from the truck at once. On the more distant routes orders are taken for the delivery of goods the next time around.

In several towns where business has slumped merchants have introduced a day-and-night sale to stimulate buying. One concern in a small town started such a sale early Monday morning, and kept it going, without interruption, until the following Saturday at midnight. The sale was widely advertised, and the market was scoured for real bargains to add to the regular stock. Day and night shifts were arranged, and the store was never closed from the time the sale started until it ended. A sewing machine was given away each afternoon and a talking machine each midnight. A free lunch was served every night at one o'clock. More goods were sold during the week than had been sold during the two previous months.

One firm answers letters from women on tinted notepaper that is inclosed in an envelope of the social size. Another concern has established a personal-service department to supply customers with useful knowledge. A capable woman in charge of this work has prepared a series of
treating of the manufacture and ca
various fabrics. These talks are given
hall accommodating two hundred per
and include facts concerning the qua
and care of materials. In treating of
moving-picture films taken in Japan
shown. Large sales have resulted fron
plan, and the women of the city have
educated to purchase in a more discrim
ing manner.

A number of large stores are now pa
more attention to children, realizing
these youngsters are the buyers of
future. There are twenty million chil
in the United States between the age
five and fourteen. Several stores
established barber shops for children, w
parents can leave them to have their
cut while the older folks are shopping.
concern publishes a monthly magazine
boys. Another store has organized a st
hour club for children. The club m
every Saturday afternoon, with an in
esting story-teller in charge. The mee
place has been made to resemble a p
room, and is decorated with articles ta
from the toy department. Music and
freshments are served free. The
started with fifty children, and now ha
membership of more than five hundr
Mothers of the children have found it e
venient to shop in other departments of
store while their little ones have b
attending the story hour. The scheme
been a business builder.

The manager of a store in another to
secured from public-school records in
city the ages and dates of birth as well
the addresses of young children likely
appreciate toys. A form letter was sent
parents two or three weeks before the di
of each child's birthday, suggesting that t
store had a large assortment of toys appr
priate for birthday gifts. Many parer
were flattered and pleased by the thoug
ful interest of the merchant, and respond
to the invitation to purchase toys. A
other store, which keeps track of engag
ments of local couples to marry, sends
cordial letter to the new fiancée, suggesti
that she purchase a cedar hope chest
easy terms. As a result of this thoughtf
attention the concern has sold not only
number of these chests but many thin
to go in them.

An impromptu price-cutting sale w
conducted recently with much success by
store in New York City. A number
salesmen armed with big blue pend
pushed their way through the crowds i
the store, and without any previous a
nouncement commenced to reduce th
prices on the tags attached to certain lin
of articles. The psychological effect
having these reductions actually made rig
before the customers' eyes started a buyi
movement that in a few hours cleaned th
shelves of the goods that were reduced. Th
plan was successful because the reduction
were convincing.

One store proved the value of absolut
frankness in advertising by calling atte
tion to the sale of a number of suits tha
had been in stock for several seasons an
were not of the latest style or of the mos
popular colors, but the goods were all woo
and the garments were well tailored and in
perfect condition. The price was right an
the sale was an immediate success, due
chiefly to the honest impression created by
the advertisement.

Though some merchants still continue in
the ways of their forefathers, the majority
of retailers have become students of modern
methods of handling men and rendering
service to the public. These progressive
ones know that men will work much harder
with the boss than they will for him. Be
fore a merchant can build sales he must
build sellers. The trend of the times is
shown by one general manager who in-
stalled an iron box with a padlock on it and
a slit in the top just big enough to receive
an average-size letter. The box was placed
at a point where it could be seen daily by
all employes, and bore this notice, signed
by the general manager: "This box is in-
tended for private communications from
you to me. There is only one key to the
lock, and I have that. Tell me how to
better working conditions, improve meth-
ods and reduce costs. Sign your letter and
give me your home address, and I'll mail
a personal reply to you there."

Perhaps in no line of endeavor is originality of thought more necessary than in retailing merchandise. It is one business where an ounce of ability is worth a pound of pull.

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Your Battery Plates Are Dead, Sir"

When the battery expert tells you this, you know it means a new battery

When the old battery can't n your engine, and the expert the service station makes his gnosis and gives you the *bad* s, you just *dig down* and *buy* ew battery.

Face to face with the fact of ates gone *bad*, you know their portance. For the *life* of a ttery is in *the plates.*

Then, isn't it good business nse when buying a new battery buy *plates?* Plates that *last!* f course! And it is just as good nse when manufacturing a bat- ry, to make plates the most portant feature, and build lates *that last.*

The Famous PREST-O-PLATES

This is why Prest-O-Lite *spe- ializes* in plates. Always the aker of a *better* plate, Prest- O-Lite used all its scientific research and skill to improve it, and produced the Prest-O-Plate, a genuine achievement.

Prest-O-Plates are *better* than ordinary plates; basically better in the making, and better in the practical *operation.*

Small-batch mixing assures Prest-O-Plates a *uniform mixture,* making each plate an exact likeness in quality with every other plate.

PREST-O-PLATES Pre-tested

Pre-testing separates *high* vitality plates from *low* vitality plates, leaving only high vitality plates to go into finished Prest-O-Lite Batteries.

Prest-O-Plates possess an *unusual hardness,* combined with a *peculiar* porosity.

None of the *old trading* between lasting strength and ready delivery of power. No power swapped to get durability.

There is proof of it in their dependable *reserve power* in biting cold weather, and great *non-buckling* strength, which resists *overheating* in *summer.*

All PREST-O-LITE Parts Top-Quality

Every *other* part of a Prest-O-Lite battery *measures* up to the *top standard* of Prest-O-Plates.

All the factors of the great Prest-O-Lite institution function as a unit in turning out the best all-weather battery.

Small wonder that 87 leading manufacturers already specify it as original equipment, and this list is growing.

Every Prest-O-Lite is *underwritten* by a liberal and specific guaranty, a definite obligation *plus* a *spirit* that says the car owner must be pleased.

Friendly Expert Service

Your car is the *better* for having a Prest-O-Lite Battery. But, whatever battery you have, give it the benefit of a Prest-O-Lite Service, the *oldest service* to motorists.

The friendly expert help of the Prest-O-Lite representative will banish battery troubles.

Between the *method* of *making* a Prest-O-Lite Battery, and the *method* of *taking care* of it, you *have* the *utmost* in battery service.

THE PREST-O-LITE COMPANY, Inc.
Carbide and Carbon Building
30 East 42nd Street, New York
Eighth and Brannan Streets
San Francisco, California
In Canada:
Prest-O-Lite Company of Canada, Ltd., Toronto

THE OLDEST SERVICE TO MOTORISTS





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"It Clamps Everywhere"



$5

The LAMP with the CLAMP

READ-
Clamp it on bed or chair; or anywhere.



WRITE-
Clamp it or stand it on your desk or table.



SEW-
Clamp it on sewing machine or table.



SHAVE-
Clamp it on the mirror or any handy place.



Adjusto-Lite
A FARBERWARE PRODUCT
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE lamp of a thousand practical uses. More uses daily. The longer you have it the handier you find it. Clamps—stands—hangs—anywhere and everywhere—and stays where you put it. A necessity in home, office, store. All the light you need, where and when you need it. Hundreds of thousands are finding Adjusto-Lite indispensable. Prevents eye-strain—reduces light bills. No other lighting device like it.

Solid brass; handsome, durable and compact. Clamp is felt-lined: can't scratch. Guaranteed five years. Complete with 8-ft. cord and plug. $5

Get an Adjusto-Lite today. If your dealer doesn't carry it, order direct.

S. W. FARBER
141–151 So. Fifth St. Brooklyn, N. Y.

Prices in U. S. A., complete with 8-foot cord, plug and socket: Brush Brass finished $5.00; Statuary Bronze or Nickel finish $5.50. West of Mississippi, prices 25c per lamp higher.

TRADE FARBERWARE BROOKLYN MARK

TAPE

(Continued from Page 13)

guessed wrong again. A last strike, a final killing! That was the savage, grotesque irony of it. The next play, the next turn of the market might have set him on his feet again, let him go on again; but though he'd had the money, that thousand dollars stitched in his coat, Nat Truax hadn't used it. The money was the last shot in his locker, all that he had left to him. When that was gone ——

The silence of the room was broken by a sudden savage mutter, a snarl. The next instant he was at the door, cursing to himself as he unlocked it and flung it open. He was still in his shirt sleeves; and the light from the dim gas burner overhead gleamed on his shoulders, wet, still dripping. Without the ceremony of a knock he pushed open the door of the room adjoining.

Mrs. Mangin, in a wrapper, stood by the bed, her hair and attire in its usual frowzy disorder. Near by was the boy, a lad of twelve or so. On the bed lay the woman, his mother, her face flushed and her eyes dulled and half closed. She did not move as the door opened, but the boy and the lodging-house keeper turned toward it, startled. An exclamation, a protest, sprang from Mrs. Mangin; but as she saw the face of her top-floor roomer the landlady shrank back, silenced.

"What are you doing here?" demanded Nat Truax. "Turning out that woman?" The landlady gasped. Then as she stared at him her mean, unlovely face hardened. "What's that to you?"

Her lodger strode toward her, his look menacing. "Answer me!" he snapped; and at the dull rancor in his voice and face her eyes fell.

"I brought her some food; a plate of broth," she mumbled sulkily.

The boy, too, was frightened. In his fright, though, his boyishness still asserted itself. He edged across the room, his face pale, his eyes rolling; but he had his fists doubled.

"You get out of here!" he stuttered.

Nat Truax looked at him, his face sour. Then he walked over to the bed and, leaning down, he peered at the woman's face.

"Mrs. Cartright," he said. The woman stirred restlessly, but she did not reply; and he took one of her hands in his. "Look at me, d'you hear!" he ordered. "Mrs. Cartright, look at me!"

The lidded eyes opened tiredly. A moment afterwards into their dullness crept a dawning wonder, and her lips moved.

"Why—it's Nat Truax," she faltered.

"Yes; Nat Truax. Where's Joe, your husband?" he asked.

"Joe?"

"Yes; where's Joe?"

She had closed her eyes. Her face lying on the pillows was wan and tired, a faded face; and in the chance that had brought her to the drab and dingy lodging it was evident that Joe Cartright's wife had come a long way—a long way down too. Presently her lips parted and the man stooped lower to catch her words. Joe was dead.

Nat Truax stood up again.

"Here, you," he said brusquely to the lodging-house woman; "go downstairs—get a doctor." As she still gaped at him, rooted to the carpet in dull wonder, he gave another growl: "D'you hear? Get a move on!" The money, the bills he'd ripped from his coat lining, he had in his hand; and stripping a bill from the packet he thrust it at her. "There's a hundred dollars," grunted Nat Truax; and he shot at the woman another threatening look. "You spend that for what's needed," he ordered. The boy he looked at for a moment. The boy, his eyes rounded, his mouth wide, was shaking. "Don't you worry, son," he grumbled; "it's all right."

Then, his face once more scowling, harsh, he turned and shuffled from the room.

Five minutes later, his hands deep in his pockets, his coat collar turned up to his ears, Nat Truax was stumping along the dingy side street, once more hurrying through the rain. Inside his coat was the tape he'd taken that afternoon from Rooker, Burke & Co.'s.

III

TAPE. In the years Nat Truax had haunted the downtown brokerage shops, feverishly dabbling in the market, the stock tickers he had watched there must have ground out from their maws innumerable miles of the narrow paper ribbon. Miles, miles. It inched from the rasping, chattering machine in a never-ending stream; and even in his dreams, it seemed, he saw it. His ears, too, it seemed, dinned day and night with the staccato clack of the ticker as the tape came from it. For all that, though, the trick, the knack of guessing the riddle he never had managed to catch. Harvey Nash, as it's been said, could do it; but what had happened that day in the brokerage shop was conclusive. Nat Truax was as far from the knack, the trick, as he'd ever been.



Spreading the Wet Garment on His Knees, He Took a Penknife From His Pocket. Swiftly He Began to Rip Out the Lining in the Breast

Now, however, he was going to find out why. That was why he hurried. It was why, too, that night downtown he had sped away from the street corner, hurrying from it as if he fled from what he'd seen at the street end. The doings uptown in the lodging house were merely an incident.

The night before, when he lay sleepless, staring at the wall, he had heard enough to let him guess who were his neighbors in the room next door. It was, in fact, another grotesque detail of the luck—his luck—the kind that for years had dogged him. He might be harsh, a tough bird, as hard as nails; but Joe Cartright, it appeared, had been the man who once had held out a hand to him, saved him when he was on the rocks. In the test, though, it seemed, Nat Truax had proved no tougher than his fellows. It might even be said that in the same test they would have proved not tougher. Never mind, though. What graveled the man was that in his extremity the luck should have lain in wait like this for him. The thousand dollars he had kept by him all these years was only nine hundred now. It was, as the luck ordered, already slipping through his hands.

The money he had hoarded for the end. He often had wondered, though, if the end came, how he'd use the money. The fact is, he'd never dared to face it. In other
a thousand dollars might, by contrast
fortune. Not in Nat Truax's hand,
ever. By the nature of the way he
money—got it, rather—the amount se
little but a pittance. With it, if he used
his living, he might live on a year
longer. He might, too, if he saw fit,
with it a last fling—a week or so of
living, hard drinking. The taste for
though—happy days, the Street's
term for it—long had left Nat Truax.
after year, however, the fear, the
tugging at his heart, was that at the
the money, the thousand dollars, wou
the way the rest of his money had gone
sweated at the thought that in a last
hope to recoup himself he might, afte
at the last risk it in the market.

A last strike, a final chance! Well, it
come to that. The morning would see
Truax back at the brokerage shop.
he was sweating now as never before he
sweated; but the decision he had m
The nine hundred dollars would enable
to margin ninety shares. That would
him ten points' leeway should the ma
start to go against him. He could play
whole ninety shares, the nine hundred
lars in a lump; or, more safely, shoot
ten-share trades. In the ten-share trade
would not risk being wiped out all at o
Something was doing, though, in the m
ket. It was getting ready to move, as
seen; and though he'd guessed wrong
the turn, going short so that on a sud
bulge it had wiped him out, this time
guess it right. No sense now in pil
Ninety shares, the whole string, was w
he should play. If he played it like t
any sort of turn—say, a
point movement—would set
on his feet. And when he won—

The old story. They're all
that, the men with the fever
their blood. Wall Street he mi
hate, and if he made a last stri
a final killing, the Street he mi
quit; but as Nat Truax linke
along now through the darkn
and the wet he was, in spite of
the tragic consequences he fac
still the dabbler he had alwa
been.

Hope. A fever of hope. T
belief, almost a surety, that son
time the luck would turn. Th
all have it, the dabblers.

He was again almost runni
as he turned the corner and head
toward the near-by L statio
Twenty minutes later in a si
street near Riverside Drive
stood at the door of a tall brownsto
dwelling, tugging at the bell.

The house, its surroundings, too, seem
distanced vastly from the neighborhood
just had quit—the lodging house and i
mean and drab vicinity. The dwelling itse
was one of the most pretentious in t
block. The door and its ironwork grill
the lace-draped windows and its other ev
dences of smart costliness were all we
enough known to Nat Truax, however.
years had gone since he had been there la
he still knew the place; and the manservan
who presently opened the door he al
knew. The man knew him as well.

"Sir!" cried the servant. "Mr. Truax!"

Nat Truax made him a gesture of caution

"Your mistress—is she in?" he asked i
a guarded voice.

"She's out, sir. She's dining somewhere
then going on to a dance afterwards," th
man replied. He stared at the visitor, hi
wonder growing. "You're all wet, sir. Ha
something happened, sir?" he faltered.

The question Nat Truax didn't answer.
A harsh laugh came from him.

"A dance, eh?" he croaked. He thrust hi
way into the hall, the water dripping fro
his face, squelching from his soaking shoes.
"Show me upstairs," he ordered brusquely.

The servant's face lost for the momen
its usual air of obsequious deference. He
eyed the visitor with a fishy, uncertain eye.
"Sorry, sir, my mistress said ——" he be-
gan; but a growl, a snarl almost, cut him
short.

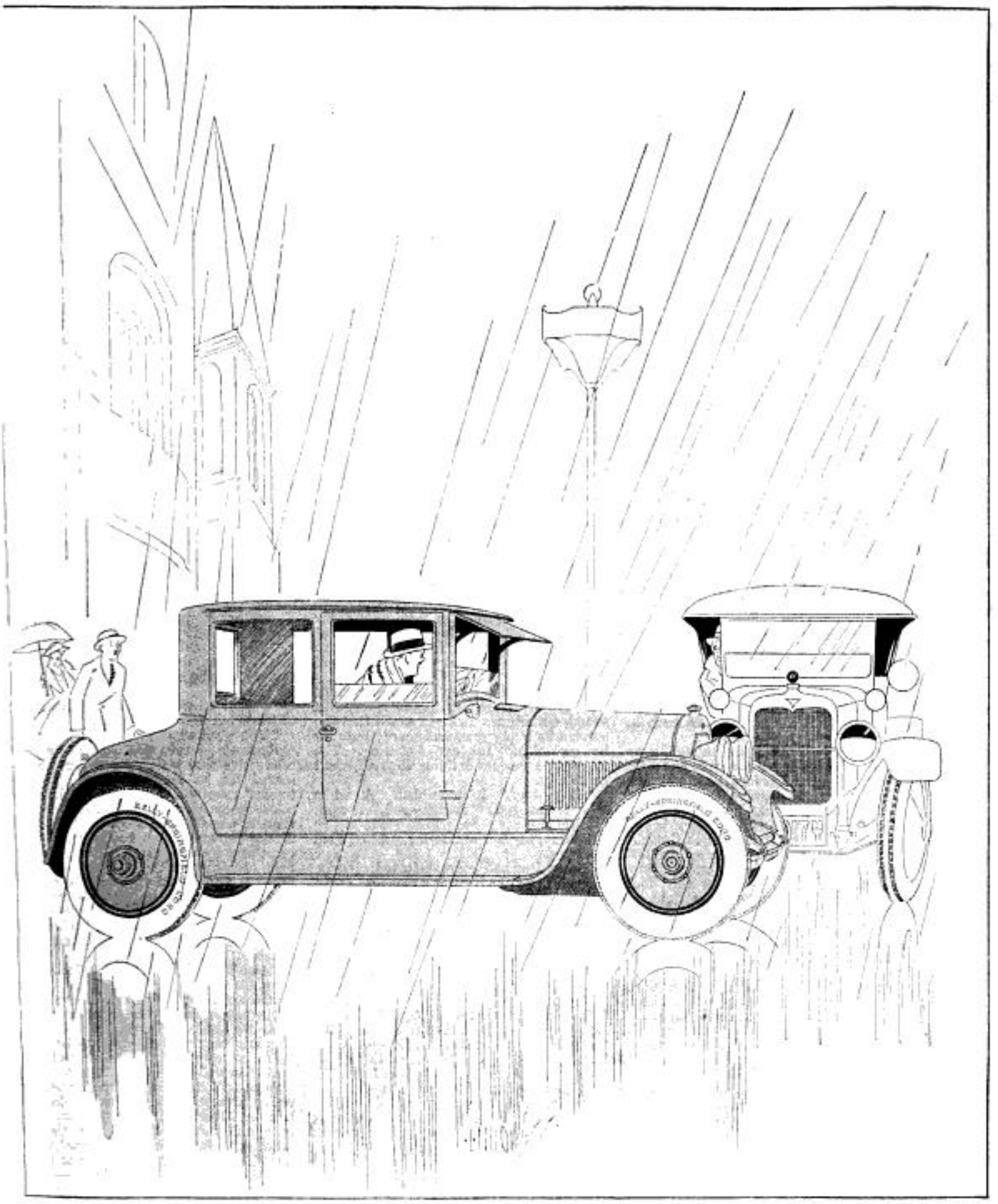
"Take me upstairs!" Nat Truax ordered.

The man, after a glimpse of the visitor's
face, closed the door and silently led the
way up the staircase.

The hangings of the house, the pictures
and other ornaments, the deep pile of the

(Continued on Page 48)

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"Well?"

"It wouldn't have been 'well' if we hadn't both been driving on Kelly-Springfield Cords!"

NOT only will the new Kelly Kant-Slip Cord Tire help the driver to keep his car under control on slippery streets, but it will give him the long, uninterrupted mileage which Kelly users have come to expect as a matter of course. Best of all, you can now buy Kellys for no more than you would have to pay for ordinary tires.

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No. 6360

Can You *Relax*?

Notice a babe asleep. Every muscle is limp. Notice a cat. Not a nerve is tense. This is relaxation—rest. Few people know how to relax. That is why thousands in this country have the ailment called "Americanitis." Nature can't restore a tense body. You need relaxation.

Just Push the Button

Royal Relaxation is complete. This celebrated "Push-the-Button" chair supports every point of the body. Pull out patented DISAPPEARING LEG REST. Then "PUSH THE BUTTON" and lean back until you are at perfect ease. Release button and back remains in that position. Absolutely automatic. Locks in any position. Read, sew, or just recuperate completely relaxed.

The Royal is "The World's Easiest Easy Chair." Made in many modern and period designs—oak or mahogany. Upholstered in tapestries, velours, fine leather and fabricated leathers. Absolutely guaranteed. Moderately priced. See your local furniture dealer for demonstration. Attractive booklet sent free on request.

Royal Easy Chair Corporation
Sturgis, Michigan, U. S. A.

Royal
EASY CHAIRS
"Push the Button—Back Reclines"

Special No. 4
Mahogany or walnut finish. "Buckskin" imitation Spanish leather in tan, blue or black. Loose cushion seat over special springs. Disappearing Leg Rest.





No. 884 V
Mahogany or walnut finish. Tapestry, velour or "Buckskin" imitation Spanish leather, blue, brown or black. Equipped with De Luxe Spring Edge Seat and Disappearing Leg Rest.



Special No. 9
Mahogany or walnut finish. "Rasel" or "Buckskin" imitation leather, tan, blue or black. De Luxe Spring Edge Seat and Disappearing Leg Rest.

(34)

(Continued from Page 46)

carpets and rugs upon the floor—were all further evidences of the costly luxury which made the place distinct; but if Nat Truax marked it nothing of that showed either in his face or in the feverish animation of his eyes. The servant, now silent, led him from the floor above still on. Through two other floors they passed till they came to the floor at the top. There, in less ornate, less richly furnished surroundings they halted before the door of a room in front. Nat Truax touched the manservant on the arm.

"Anyone else up here?" he asked sharply.

"No, sir," said the servant; "the attendant's still at his dinner below." He looked at Nat Truax as he spoke. His air was deprecatory, evidently aghast. He cleared his throat. "The mistress, sir, she will be angry if she hears," he remarked. "She said if you came I was not to let you in. If you needed money I was to give it you, Mr. Truax; but you were not to get upstairs."

"Money, eh?" said Nat Truax. His lip curled itself. "You tell her to keep her money till I ask her for it." He made a motion with his hand for the man to stand aside. "Keep that fellow, the attendant, downstairs," he directed.

"I'll do it for you, Mr. Truax; it's as good as my place, though," said the man.

He stood aside then and, opening the door of the room in front, Nat Truax stepped within.

An electrolier overhead was lighted brightly and, closing the door behind him, the visitor stood gazing about him momentarily. A bed, a big old-fashioned four-poster, half filled the room; and at the foot of the bed was a heavy leather-covered lounge. On this lay sprawled a huge loose-limbed figure, a man, clad in trousers and a corded brocade dressing gown. The robe was open at the throat, disclosing an unkempt collarless shirt, the shirt and the silken texture of the gown soiled each in front with spots, greasy stains.

The man's face and figure, though, were what at once would have caught and held an observer's eye. His face, like the frame it surmounted, was massive, quite huge, in fact; but the eyes that looked out from beneath the man's bushy, shaggy brows were hardly the sort that one had thought to find in features, in a figure, like his. They were dulled and wandering. They raised themselves heavily as the door opened; but in them was no light of recognition.

Crossing the room Nat Truax went to the couch. He stood for a moment looking down at the loose, sprawling figure lying on it.

"Harvey, it's Nat—Nat Truax," he said.

It was then, a second time that night, that Nat Truax was recognized, known.

Harvey Nash looked up at him, his dulled eyes lighting to a flicker of remembrance stirred in the remote blurred cells of his brain. Though he had not died that night when the stroke laid him on the floor beside the ticker, it might have been better for him if he had.

"Nat? Old Nat?" he quavered. His voice, querulous and thick-tongued, droned on its lifeless monotone. "What's happened to you, Nat? You've changed since last night—yesterday."

Yesterday? Last night? It was twenty years and more since that night, the time drifting now through his shadowy mind.

His voice, fretful and petulant, gabbled on. The twenty-odd years were as the day before in his dim, disorganized wits. It wasn't right, droned Harvey Nash, that they'd kept him here all the day, locked in his room like this. He wanted to get out. He wanted to get downtown to the Street. Something was doing in the Street. She wouldn't let him go though.

Who the she was Nat Truax had no need to hear.

Once, years before in that same room, he'd had it out with Harvey Nash's wife. She had been Nat Truax's stenographer—Nash's, too—in the days when they'd traded together; and but for Nat Truax —— Well, that, too, was twenty years and more ago. It was Nat Truax, though, who'd made Harvey Nash take her uptown one day and marry her. Let that go, however. The time Nat Truax had faced her there in the room was years after that. It was after the night, too—long after it—when he had brought home Harvey Nash the last time from Wall Street. She had planned to send Harvey away, it seemed; arranged to get rid of her encumbrance. Nat Truax had stopped it, that's all.

He was not thinking of that now, however. He drew in his breath, its shrill sibilance whistling in the stillness of the room.

"Look!" he said. "See what I have here, Harvey!"

He had, as he spoke, slipped a hand into his pocket and drawn it out again. Once more Harvey Nash's mouth had gone slack and drooling, but with his other hand Nat Truax gripped him by the shoulder.

"Look!" he whispered.

It would be hard to depict the feverish fire of anxiety and expectation in his eyes, for on the outcome the man hovering over the couch had hazarded all his hope. Before the dulled orbs of the other, once his pal, he dangled the tape he'd brought that night from the brokerage office.

"D'you see it, Harvey?" he said.

"Yes, I see it," quavered Harvey Nash. He gave a momentary, meaningless giggle. "What d'you bring me that for, Nat?"

The sweat had started on Nat Truax's brow.

"Read it!" he said hoarsely. "Show me how you used to do it, Harvey! You can show me, can't you?"

A whimper came from Harvey Nash. "My shoulder, you're hurting it," he complained.

His eyes ablaze, Nat Truax tried it again.

"Show me, for God's sake, Harvey!" he said. "It's Nat, old Nat, who's asking you!"

It was ten minutes later when Durkin, the manservant, uneasy and apprehensive now, hurried up the stairs. It was, as he'd said, worth his place to let the visitor in; but as he reached the top-floor landing he paused. Nat Truax he had known for years; and after the look he'd seen that night on his face Durkin had no wish to rouse him. He stood at the stairhead and listened.

The door of the room in front was shut. Through its paneling, however, came a sound, a murmur. It was a sound that the servant for many years had heard; but now he cocked up his ear, listening. The murmur, a voice mumbling to itself, went on fitfully.

"Buy—buy," it mumbled. A while later it changed. "Switch—sell," it said; "sell."

Durkin, his face wondering, pushed open the door.

The visitor had gone, departed; but on the couch sat the servant's master. In his hands Harvey Nash held a narrow paper ribbon, yards and yards of it; and he was running it through his fingers, muttering to himself as he scanned the cryptic letters and numerals printed in its face.

"Sell," he was saying; "sell; switch—buy."

IV

THE market opened at ten o'clock. A half hour, however, before that time the customers' room at Rooker, Burke & Co.'s began to fill with its daily throng of dabblers. The night before, it seemed, the list had closed feverishly hectic and uncertain; and that something was doing in the market was evident not only from this; it was visible also in the general uneasiness that charged the atmosphere.

Beeks, the manager, moved about in the growing crowd. The nervous anxiety his customers showed, though, was too old a story to Beeks to let it affect his affability, and he was as urbane and gentlemanly as ever. In the background Buck Rooker hovered, too, the familiar stub of a cigar clenched betwixt his jaws. Activity of any sort meant, of course, commissions; and Buck's face reflected his satisfaction. As ten o'clock drew near he moved out to the front of the room.

"Gentlemen, your attention," commanded Buck.

It was the head partner's habit each morning to begin the day with a little discourse on the market. Its technical position he referred to first, the term dear to him; after which Buck gave to the dabblers—or such of them as cared to listen—his advice on making their trades. The long pull—that is, lengthy, waiting trades—Buck seldom, if ever, favored. "In and out"—this he advised always—"in and out." The process naturally meant frequent commissions.

"Gentlemen ——"

Buck had reached this far when he stopped. The door of the brokerage office opened, and in walked Nat Truax.

The firm's old customer, the man it had closed out the day before, came in a hurry, it appeared. His face was moist; it w white too; but his eyes, in contrast w his skin, were burning. Thrusting a pa way through the throng he made his w toward Rooker.

"Buck, I want to see you," he said.

Buck scowled. Interruptions like this was not accustomed to.

"Just a moment," he said austerely.

"No," said Nat Truax; "now!"

Beeks, in behalf of his employer, beg to bristle.

"Say!" he said.

The look Nat Truax shot at him w menacing. The threat, too, of its tru lence was imminent; and Beeks fell ba aghast.

"What d'you want, Truax?" growl Rooker.

With a jerk of his thumb Nat Truax dicated the private offices at the ba "Step inside, Buck," he said; and, su and grumbling, Rooker did as he w directed.

The night before, Nat Truax again h not slept. The doctor had come, and had found him at the lodging house on return from the trip uptown. Joe Ca right's widow might not die; but it wou take careful attention—money, too—save her. "How much money?" demand Nat Truax. The doctor didn't know; was impossible to say with pneumonia.

When the doctor had gone, however, N Truax went back to his room. There t money he had left he divided into tw packets. One of them, then, he put ba in the lining of his coat, and sewed it fa again. The other he slipped into h pocket. Five hundred dollars. It was his pocket now as he closed the door Buck Rooker's private office and turned t face the broker.

"Well?" inquired Rooker.

Nat Truax was breathing deeply. I five minutes or so the market would ope for the day.

"I want a room, Buck—a private roo to trade in," said Nat Truax.

"You want wha-at?"

Rooker's drawl was expressive. Th rooms like that kept by the firm were n served for its heavy traders. The cu tomers' room was where the small fry, th pikers, congregated. Nat Truax's demand though, was not just a whim of his. Eac of the private rooms had a ticker of it own; and nothing less would do Nat Trua now. It was sink or swim with him. Fo this last time—and it would be the last that was certain—he must be where h could have quiet, all his faculties concen trated in that final trading. Rooker's gri widened. As the man at the door saw it h shook.

"Don't laugh!" said Nat Truax; and from his throat came a wheeze. It wa thousands of dollars that he'd spent in the brokerage office; and he shook again. With fumbling hands he felt in his inside pocket, stepping toward the broker as he did so "There's my margins," he wheezed.

Rooker methodically counted the money handed to him. There were five hundred-dollar bills in the roll—five hundred dollars—a shoestring. The amount would margin fifty shares of stock; and the sweat beading his face Nat Truax waited, watching. The tip of his tongue for an instant wet his lip. If Rooker said no ——

The broker slipped the bills into his pocket and Nat Truax stirred swiftly.

There was a ticker clacking and chattering in the corner; and for a moment it had paused, its type wheels whirring aimlessly. Then with a sudden resounding thump it burst forth into a renewed reverberating clack and chatter. Outside, too, the sound of a sudden animated stir ran through the customers' room.

"Quick!" cried Nat Truax.

He sped to the machine; and with the tape stretched between quivering hands he hung above it, his eyes gleaming. At the same time from the room came a cry, shrill and vociferous.

"They're off!" it piped.

It was ten o'clock, and the market had opened for the day.

Only for an instant, though, did the man hovering over the rasping, thumping machine linger there beside it. The tape he gave a swift eager glance; and tossing it from him he turned and sped toward the door. At the door he halted, his hand on the knob, and looked back hurriedly at the now wondering Rooker.

"Wait! I'll be back!" he barked. "Don't let anyone in here till I come!"

(Continued on Page 51)

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The signature, Wilson Bro's, is not only a guaranty of quality but it is also an unfailing index of fashion and correct dress. Look for this signature on hose, shirts, pajamas, belts, underwear, cravats, garters, handkerchiefs, nightshirts, mufflers, suspenders knit gloves

WILSON BRO'S, CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 48)

Then flinging open the door he was gone. Buck Rooker, his mouth agape, stood ere with the cigar stub drooping from his s.

"Bug!" said Buck. "Nuts!"

V

THE market opened with a whoop. A thousand Steel came over at the first ansaction, the price an eighth up from the se of the night before. A hundred-share t followed, the quotation 80 flat. It was llowed by another hundred-share lot, en another, each at the same price, 80. hen followed a flock of other quotations—eading, Soup, Katy, Mex Pete, Little nnie—each in turn spread on the flowing pe. Steel was the leader though; and moment later in the customers' room rose shrill exuberant voice:

"Five hundred Steel at an eighth!"

By all the signs, the dope the reader, the dept, gets from the tape, that meant inside accumulation—the time to buy. It is a the trend of the big blocks, briefly, that he tape reader gets the hint, his hunch. The tape tells the story—or so they say. Hardly had the man at the ticker, however, shouted out the price when he raised his voice again:

"Steel—five hundred at 80 flat! Another five hundred, the same. Steel, 79—Five hunded at the same. Steel, 80!"

The customers' room was in a ferment. The dabblers, eager for action, like all their sort, milled about in their anxiety to get aboard. In a market like this, though, it would have taken a seer, a Harvey Nash, in fact, to tell which way the cat would jump; and a shrill explosive outcry escaped from one of the most agitated among the customers.

"Himmel, I shall bust!" he vociferated.

The customer, a short, rotund person with protruding eyes screened by heavy, thick-lensed glasses, rushed up to the manager and began to paw him wildly.

"Vat's der dope, Beeks? Der markget—vich vay does she go?" he spluttered.

Beeks gave a grin. "Search me, Bimmy. Why don't you read the tape?" he drawled.

Mr. Bimberg—for that, it seemed, was the gentleman's name—at once exploded again. "Read der dape, vat!" he shrilled. "Is it a choke you make off me?"

If it was a joke Mr. Bimberg failed to see it. He was a specialist, it appeared, in five and ten share lots; but though wild like the rest to get action, how could a man lay a trade in a market running—as Mr. Bimberg termed it—"sideways"? "Sideways" seemed, too, an apt term for it. Then, as the hands of the clock marked ten minutes after ten, the door of the brokerage office opened; and when the crowd thronging the room looked around and saw who stood there a low murmur of wonder and astonishment rose from it.

It was Nat Truax again. This time, though, he was not alone. Two others were with him—a boy and a man; and the crowd stared.

"This way, Joey," said Nat Truax.

It was to the boy he spoke. The boy, a lad of twelve or so, was on the other side of the man Nat Truax had with him. The man's arm Nat Truax had in his, while the boy, his face set and intent on his task, guided him by the elbow. It was this—the figure between them—that made the crowd stare. As the trio started to cross the floor the throng parted, making a pathway for the three.

"The back room, Joey," directed Nat Truax.

Harvey Nash in that brief moment of his appearance seemed to have undergone a change. As the door had opened and the crowd first saw him his mouth was slack and drooping, his dulled eyes vaguely roving. It may have been the old, long-forgotten sights and sounds of the brokerage office that stirred him now—the crowd, the familiar quotation board, the rasping clack and clatter of the stock machine; but whatever it was, a swift, vital transformation swept into his face and frame. His eyes lit alertly, and he threw back his head on his shoulders. From him came a laugh, a chuckle of excitement, animation.

"Hey, Nat!" he chirped.

"Come on, Harvey," urged Nat Truax.

They were halfway to the room at the back when Beeks blocked their path.

"Here! What's this? What's this?" cried Beeks.

Nat Truax bared his teeth at him.

"Out of the way, you!" he snarled.

A thrust of his arm swept the manager aside. Then the door of the back room opened and Buck Rooker emerged. He had sensed the commotion outside; and his jaw was squared belligerently.

"Sa-ay!" he said.

That was all, though, he said. The door Nat Truax opened; and the three, the two men and the boy, stepped inside. Then the door closed behind them; and out in the customers' room Buck Rooker stared at Beeks.

"Say," said the broker, "can you tie it?"

Beeks couldn't. If Beeks and his boss, however, could have looked at that moment inside the doors of a house uptown near the Drive they might have had an explanation of the morning's doings. It would not have left them any the less wondering and startled, perhaps; but whatever the case, in a room on the top floor of the house stood a middle-aged, overdressed woman with frizzed hair and a doll-like, vapid face. Now, however, her face was crimson with anger.

A man, a servant, stood at the door; and it was he, evidently, who was the object of her wrath. "You say you don't know?" she was saying. "Why don't you know? I told you, didn't I, not to let that man inside?"

"I didn't let him in, Mrs. Nash," protested the servant; "it was that boy, the kid with him, who did it. The boy said he wished to see you; and when I went upstairs to find if you was awake he must have opened the door for the man. I didn't see him, anyways, till he had the master down the stairs and outside, driving off in the cab."

A look of uneasiness for a moment replaced the wrath blazing in the woman's eyes. "You don't suppose that man's heard anything, do you?" she faltered; and the servant looked at her queerly.

"About your putting the master away, ma'am? Sending him to that sanatorium?"

"Yes."

Durkin, the servant, didn't know. All he knew was that Nat Truax always had threatened to make trouble if anything like that was tried. The explanation, though, was all very simple. The night before, Nat Truax had for once and for all found out that he'd never solve the riddle, the trick of reading the tape; and that was why he'd taken Harvey Nash to Rooker, Burke & Co.'s. It was to find out if his old pal still could do it.

Down at the brokerage office the door of the back room opened; and the boy, Joe Cartright's son, appeared. His eyes were popping; yet for all that, his air was boyishly alert and confident.

"Hey, Mr. Rooker!" he piped. The broker he beckoned to imperiously. "Mr. Truax wants you—quick!"

Rooker came hurrying. Inside the room the ticker was stamping and chattering in another reawakened burst of sound; and over it hung Harvey Nash, his bulky figure quivering and the tape stretched between his hands. Beside him stood Nat Truax, his coat off and a penknife in his hands. The lining he again had ripped apart; and from it he took the bills he had sewed there the night before. In his air now was no longer any uncertainty.

"Here," he said; and the money he handed to Rooker; "there's some more for margins."

Then he turned to Harvey Nash.

His eyes on the tape Harvey Nash was chuckling and mumbling to himself.

"Steel!" he was saying. "Steel!"

Nat Truax wet his lips. It was only for an instant though. His thumbs he put into his armpits; and his tone, when he spoke, was as airy and nonchalant as if he, too, for the moment, had set back the clock twenty years or so. One had to look close to see how he was shaking.

"Well, Harvey," he said, "what's the dope?"

"Sell," said Harvey Nash.

VI

THAT day's happenings in the market the customers at Rooker, Burke & Co.'s will long remember. They will remember, too, the doings at the brokerage shop. All around, it was an occasion they would have reason to recall. Harvey Nash few of them had ever heard about, while fewer yet had ever seen him. That something, though, was going on in the back room of the odd-lot house none had any reason to doubt.

Buck Rooker's face when he emerged from the inside office was dazed and wondering.



Most Widely Quoted In Foreign Press

Wythe Williams, special correspondent of the Public Ledger, recently cabled from Paris, as follows:

"The Public Ledger leads all American and English newspapers this week in the quotations from the English language press appearing in Continental newspapers. The Havas Agency and its connections, covering virtually all of Europe, give the Public Ledger the leading position in cable reports of the editorial comment on the Conference, especially on the Public Ledger article supporting the justice of René Viviani's 'fervent' speech at the conclusion of the quadruple entente.

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As he hurried to the booth to telephone the order Nat Truax had given him, Steel by fits and starts had crept up half a point. The order, however, he had hardly given over the wire when Steel came to a standstill. Five minutes later it began to slide. With it went the entire list. At half past ten Steel was a point and an eighth under the opening; and from the thick of the crowd again arose another sudden explosive ejaculation. It came, it appeared, once more from Mr. Bimberg.

"Himmel, I shall bust!" he ejaculated.

Mr. Bimberg, it seemed, had been whipsawed. Having gone short on Steel at the outset, he had switched to the long side, only to have the market go again against him; and now shoving his way through the crowd, his elbows going like flails, Mr. Bimberg precipitated himself on Buck Rooker.

"Say! Vat's heppening?" he vociferated. "Nat Truax he has something up his sleeves, ain't it?" Puncturing the air with an eloquent if somewhat wildly agitated thumb he pointed to the room at the back. "Vat's der dope, Buck? Does he buy or does he sell in there?"

It was no business of Rooker's to say. He shook off Mr. Bimberg's clawing hands; and he was turning away when the door of the back room opened once more and the boy appeared at it.

"Hey, Mr. Rooker!" he shrilled.

Rooker again went hurrying. Inside Harvey Nash still stood at the ticker; and beside him was still Nat Truax. "Cover," said Harvey Nash; "cover; then switch to the long side. Buy!"

The order Nat Truax repeated; and closing the door, at the same time evading the now wildly agitated Mr. Bimberg, Buck Rooker hurried to the telephone. Again as he gave the order Steel began to react. By fits and starts once more it swung back toward its former figure; but ere it reached it the boy once more was calling from the door for Buck Rooker.

"Switch," said Harvey Nash. "Sell Rebecca now!"

Nat Truax's eyes as he gave the order were like lamps. "And pyramid!" he said.

Rooker understood. The order was to sell Republic I & S; and add to the transaction the profit they already had. Not many minutes after that U. S. Steel began to slide again, and with it slid Rebecca, the latter tumbling as if the props had been kicked from under it. Harvey Nash had read what was coming from the tape.

How many times during the next two hours or so Buck Rooker shuttled between the customers' room and the office at the back not even he could have told. To the dabblers outside, however—Mr. Bimberg, in particular—the broker seemed kept upon the jump. The day Mr. Bimberg had not enjoyed—a good many of the others with him. In spite of his efforts to keep on the right side of the now hectic, feverish list, the small rotund gentleman seemed to have guessed wrong in at least four out of five of his trades. Now cleaned out, his margins reduced to a few remaining dollars, he was preparing toward the close to leave the brokerage office when again the door of the back room opened.

"Hey, Mr. Rooker!" called Joey Cartright.

This time the boy did not beckon imperiously to the broker. His eyes were round, true; but now they looked a little frightened. When Buck Rooker went to the door and looked within, his air, too, was startled.

"Say! What's wrong?" he said.

The ticker in the corner had again set up a clattering chatter, striving to keep up with the prices now pouring in on the tape; and over the machine hung Nat Truax, not Harvey Nash, the tape stretched in his shaking hands. Sunken in a chair, his chin on his breast and his eyes once more dulled and roving, Harvey Nash was muttering to himself.

Nat Truax dragged the tape from machine; and bending over the figure h dled in the chair he held the tape be the other's eyes. The market was wave now, shaking to and fro; and on Truax's face the sweat had started. To last dollar, his profits pyramided in margins, he'd played on that one last t

"Look, Harvey!" he croaked.

The man in the chair, his mouth s and drooping, looked up at him with du roving eyes.

"I'm tired, Nat. I want to go h now," said Harvey Nash.

The tape fell from Nat Truax's ha "Here," he said abruptly to the boy. boy went toward him; and fishing into pocket Nat Truax drew out a coin. "Ch it into the air, son. You may have lu I haven't." The boy, as he was bid tossed up the coin; and as it fell to floor Nat Truax put his foot upon "Heads I buy, tails I sell," he said. T he took his foot from the coin.

It was tails; and his voice cracking, Truax turned to the broker.

"Sell," said he.

It was at four o'clock that afterno when on the top floor of the lodging ho over near the ferry there was a sound scurrying footfalls from the stairs. T door of a room at the back opened; an young woman in a neat crisp gown, a nu stepped out.

"Hush!" she whispered.

The boy at the stairhead halted and an instant he caught at his breath.

"Mother—she's all right?" he falter Then, ere the nurse could restrain him, had pushed by and bolted inside the roo The woman in the bed, though, was i asleep.

Her eyes opened; and as she looked at him Joey Cartright gave a cry. It w more like a shout though.

"Mother!" he piped. Then jumping and down in his excitement he held up long cardboard box he had in his han and from it he began stripping the co erings.

"Not flowers!" exclaimed his mother.

"Yes, flowers!" cried the boy. "N Truax stopped and bought 'em."

There was another sound of footfa outside, and a moment later Nat Tru stood at the door. His face, however lacked the boy's fire and excitement. was haggard and drawn; and as t woman saw it a shadow came into her ey It was as if she had seen that look befo and had learned to dread it.

"What happened?" she breathed.

A smile for an instant twisted N Truax's mouth.

"It's all right, my girl," he said. "You' going to get well, and from now on you ar your boy don't have to worry."

"Yes—but how about you, Nat Truax? she said queerly.

Nat Truax again smiled that thin, wea ied smile of his. What he had undergon in that moment at the brokerage offic when he had stood with his foot on the coi the boy had spun in the air only he woul ever know.

"Yes, I'm all right," he said. "I'm going away somewheres—some place i the country maybe; and I'm going to tak an old friend with me. We two will be to gether there again; and that's all I want, guess."

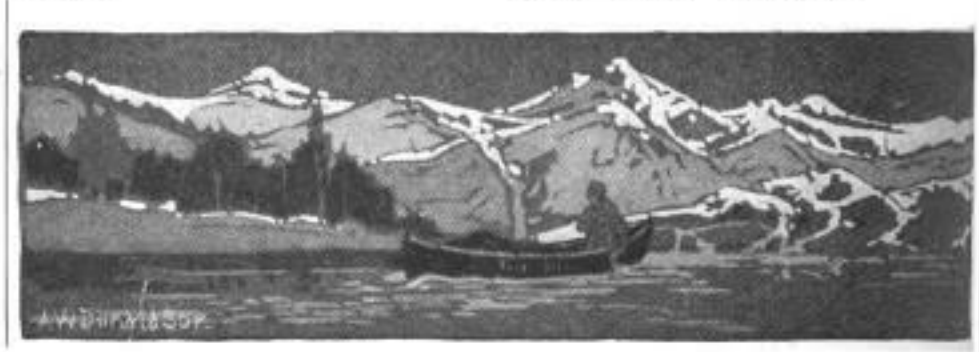
She was still gazing at him, her breat held.

"Then you—you won?" she faltered.

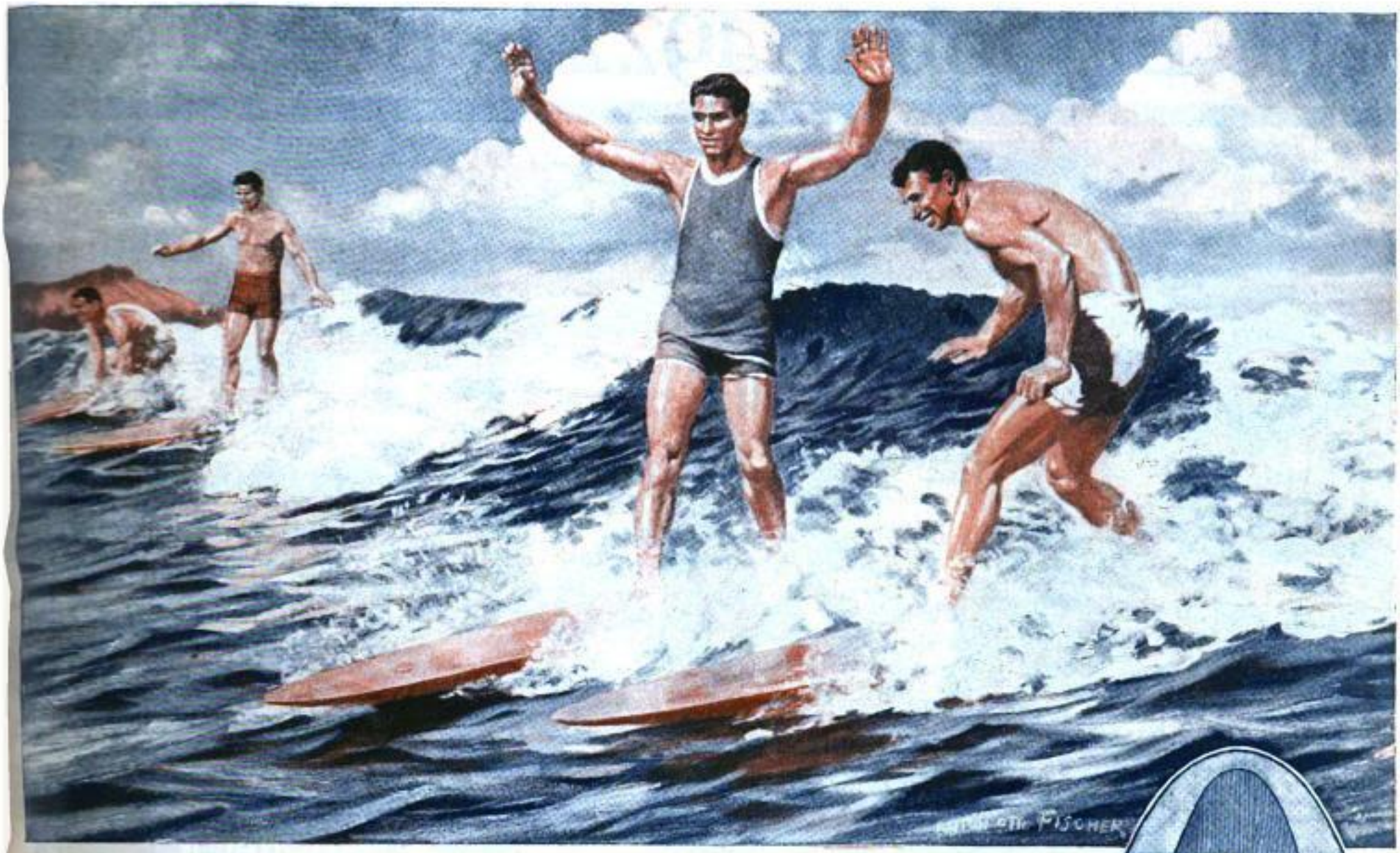
From his pocket he took a strip of pape and held it where she could see it. Th paper was a check; and as she saw th figures on it she gasped.

"Yes, I won," he answered. Then h drew in his breath; and with a heave of hi shoulders as if he freed them from a load h spoke again.

"Yes—and it was worth the price, I guess," he said. "I'm cured."



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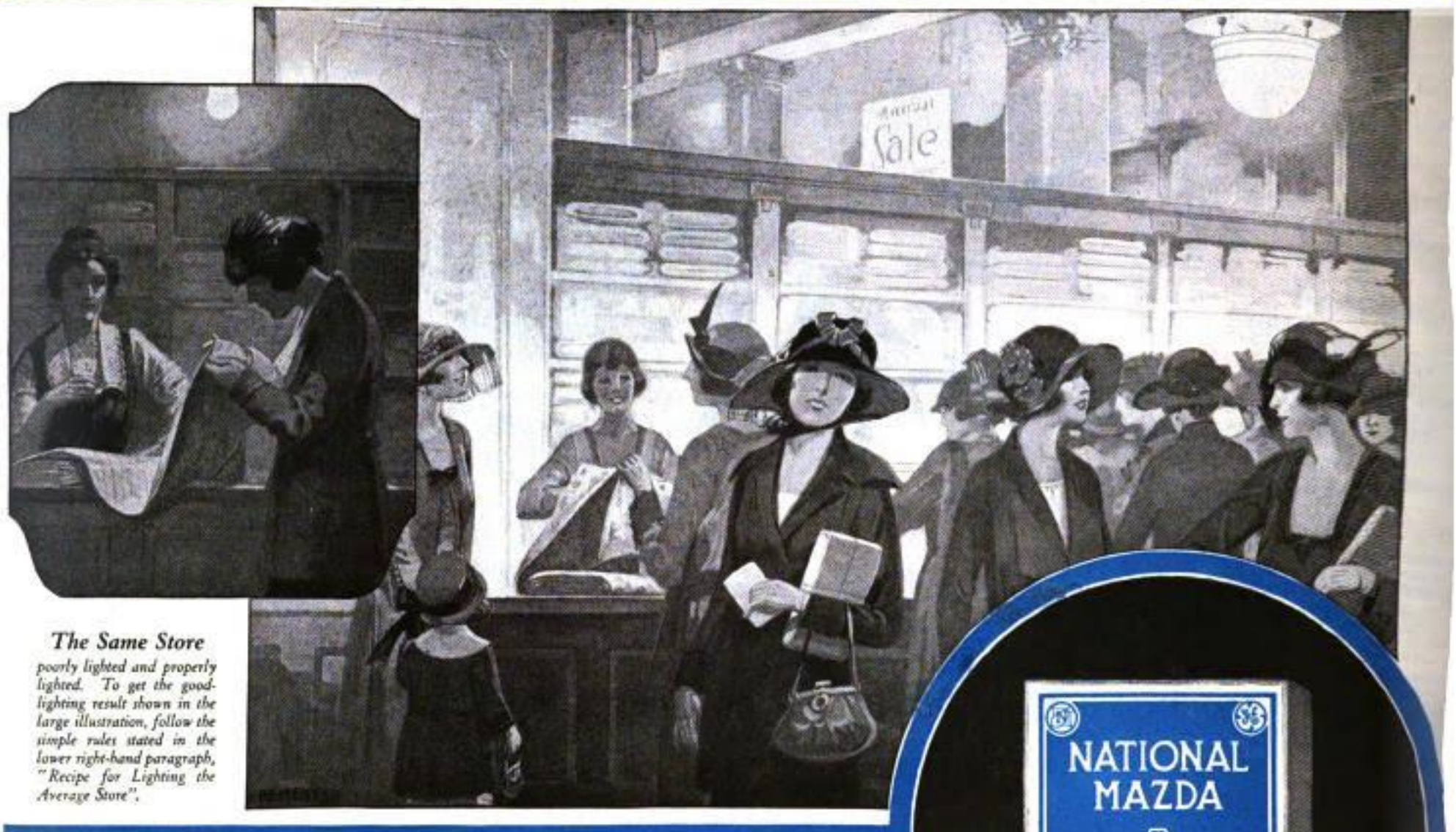
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The Big Job in 1922 is SELLING



The Same Store
poorly lighted and properly lighted. To get the good-lighting result shown in the large illustration, follow the simple rules stated in the lower right-hand paragraph, "Recipe for Lighting the Average Store".



Good Selling is Partly Good Seeing!

Other things being equal, the well lighted store will always be the busy store! Good lighting does make buying easier. Comparisons are readily made, details are clearly seen and quality is better appreciated when the eyes can aid in the purchase without strain and without fatigue.

Many store proprietors—you are possibly no different from many others—will say, "Yes, but *my* customers can see!" Is this true? Is it not possible that your lighting falls far below the modern standard? A recent survey in a large city was carefully made by experts with the following results: Out of each 100 stores examined, only two had "excellent" lighting, 23 "good", 15 "fair", 60 "poor". If the rule of probabilities holds good, then, your lighting is very apt to be less efficient than you have thought!

Yet correct illumination—the sort that adds to the results of each sales person—costs less than any other important item of store outlay. The recipe in the next column tells, in a few words, how to light the average store.

More detailed instructions will be mailed on request! National Lamp Works of General Electric Company, 303 Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.



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NATIONAL MAZDA LAMPS

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THE SUN-HUNTERS

(Continued from Page 27)

er sun-hunters. He may change it, but re are few who are aware of it if he does. is the sun-hunter's uniform.

The sun-hunter is not recruited from y one class of citizens. The natives of orida, with their unflagging determina- on to place everything in the most favor- le light, tell you that they are bankers, erchants, doctors, lawyers, what not. ey'd have you think that most of them e bankers. As a matter of fact there are me bankers among them—and some bur- rs too. The bulk of them are farmers; a farmer can, if he wishes, arrange tters so that he has little or nothing to during the winter months. Next to them me contractors, builders and carpenters. he sun-hunters are the people who can away from home with the least amount trouble; and among them one finds re- l business men of all sorts—dairymen, tors, bankers, lawyers and similar folk. Such is the modern American migrant, Florida is the goal of his migration. s soon as the first snow begins to fall in e North, or when the earth has tightened under a black frost, the sun-hunters repare for their flight to the South. Great mbers of them travel by automobile; nd their automobiles are completely tocked with folding chairs, collapsible eds, accordion mattresses, knock-down nts, come-apart stoves, telescopic dish- ashers and a score of dishpans, tables, inner sets, tin cups, water buckets and toilet articles that fold up into one another nd look like a bushel of scrap tin.

In addition to this, each automobile carries a large assortment of canned goods. There are canned goods under the seats, slung against the top, packed along the sides, tucked behind cushions and stacked along the floor. Some of the automobiles are so well stocked with canned things that they could make a dash for the Pole. And as one passes some of them on the road they sound as though their owners were carrying a reserve supply of canned goods under the hood—loose.

Stamped-in-the-Can Sun-Hunters

It is due to the heavy weight of cans carried by these automobiles that the true, stamped-in-the-can sun-hunter is known to himself, to his friends and to his enemies as a tin-can tourist. He lives in more or less permanent settlements known as tin-can towns; and his interests are safeguarded by a flourishing organization rejoicing in the impressive title of Tin Can Tourists of the World.

The badge of the Tin Can Tourists of the World is a small white celluloid button with the letters T C T tastefully disposed on it in dark blue. The emblem of the order is a small soup can mounted on the radiator of the member's automobile. There is also a password which the members bawl at each other when they pass on the road; but this is one of the secrets of the fraternity that should not be profaned by publication.

The tin-canners organized in 1919 at the Tampa tin-can town and have held conventions there ever since. The present membership of the order is estimated by some of the most important officials, or khans, of the Tin Can Tourists to be in excess of 30,000.

Practically every Florida town and city, large and small, located inland or on the gulf or on the ocean, provides a tin-can town or a tin-can village for the Tin Can Tourists. Occasionally these towns are free and provide not only all the comforts of home but comforts that home never possessed for most of the tin-canners.

The largest and most celebrated tin-can town is in De Soto Park, East Tampa, on the shore of Tampa Bay. Hundreds of automobiles are lined up side by side throughout the winter in De Soto Park. The camp, which is carefully regulated and policed by the municipal authorities, is free. A trolley line connects it with the business section of Tampa. In the center of the camp is a pavilion, where entertainments are given. The camp has electric lights, running water, city sewerage, shower baths and an enormous hot-water tank. The tourists are permitted to send their children to the excellent schools on payment of fifty cents a week—which is too little.

Oddly enough fifty cents a week or twenty-five dollars a year is the amount that naturalization experts want to charge aliens for their schooling, but that Congress considers too high. It's not enough for American tin-canners; but it's too much for aliens. How does Congress get that way?

About the only things that aren't furnished for the tin-canners are free telephones, a free morning paper and free butler and valet service.

During the 1920–21 season there were great numbers of free tin-can camps throughout Florida; but Florida towns found, as the United States itself is beginning to find, that an open-handed and unsupervised welcome to any person who can scratch up enough money to take advantage of the welcome will bring nothing but annoyances, losses and misery in its train. The Tampa camp was a success because it was very carefully regulated and policed. Many of the other free camps, however, suddenly woke up to the truth of the old adage that people never appreciate the things that they get for nothing. This is of course the old problem of immigration reduced to a personal basis. The United States talks for a century about the necessity of restricting immigration and forcing aliens to pay for the privilege of enjoying America's benefits; but in that hundred years she does next to nothing. Florida towns, confronted with a mild edition of the same problem, take action overnight.

The Florida Refugees

What happened was this—and the same thing, to a far greater degree and with far more evil and widespread results, is happening to the United States and will keep on happening until immigration is rigidly restricted: Word began to go forth in the Northern States that free camping grounds were to be had in Florida towns and cities; that if one bought a secondhand flivver at the beginning of winter and beat his way to these camps he could live more cheaply than he could live in the North, could afford to accept lower pay for his services than could the Florida natives, and could go back North in the spring with money in his pocket and sell his flivver for what he paid for it. These are almost exactly the same reasons that brought a million immigrants a year to America from Eastern and Southern Europe before the war.

Florida has made it plain that she wants no more of these seasonal laborers who can't make a satisfactory living in their own communities. Most of them are so hard-boiled that a diamond-pointed drill is needed to penetrate their shells; and most of them have as much regard for neatness, cleanliness and the rights of others as a Berkshire hog has for a potato peel. Tin-can towns have begun to charge various prices for the privilege of staying in them—prices ranging from twenty-five cents a night to seventy-five cents a night or from four dollars to ten dollars a month. Even the free towns won't admit residents who wish to go to work each day. They've got to be tourists or devote themselves to taking the air. As a result the seasonal laborers who went to Florida for the 1921–22 season were taking themselves homeward early in 1922 and hurling many a deep, guttural, roughneck curse at the state of Florida as they went. America would get very rapid and satisfactory action on her immigration problem if her citizens could be brought into personal contact with its rottenness.

These automobile hoboes are about as welcome in Florida as a rattlesnake at a strawberry festival. The Florida newspapers, usually very slow indeed to find any flaws in anybody or anything that has secured a foothold in the state, emit poignant shrieks of rage at the very thought of them. Early in 1922 a North Carolina paper, with the smugness which characterizes the utterances of a resort newspaper when it thinks it is administering a painful black eye to another resort, stepped forward with a tale to the effect that 1922 was seeing a great exodus from Florida of broke, hungry and disheartened tourists. Instantly the Florida papers threw their palpitating typewriters into the breach. "The only Florida tourists beating it back to the North," declared the Tampa Tribune scornfully, "are the cut-rate, fly-by-night cheap skates who have been coming to the state and preying off the public for the past

(Continued on Page 57)



"When Old Folks they wuz young like us
An' little as you an' me,—
Them wuz the best times ever wuz
Er ever going to be!"

James Whitcomb Riley

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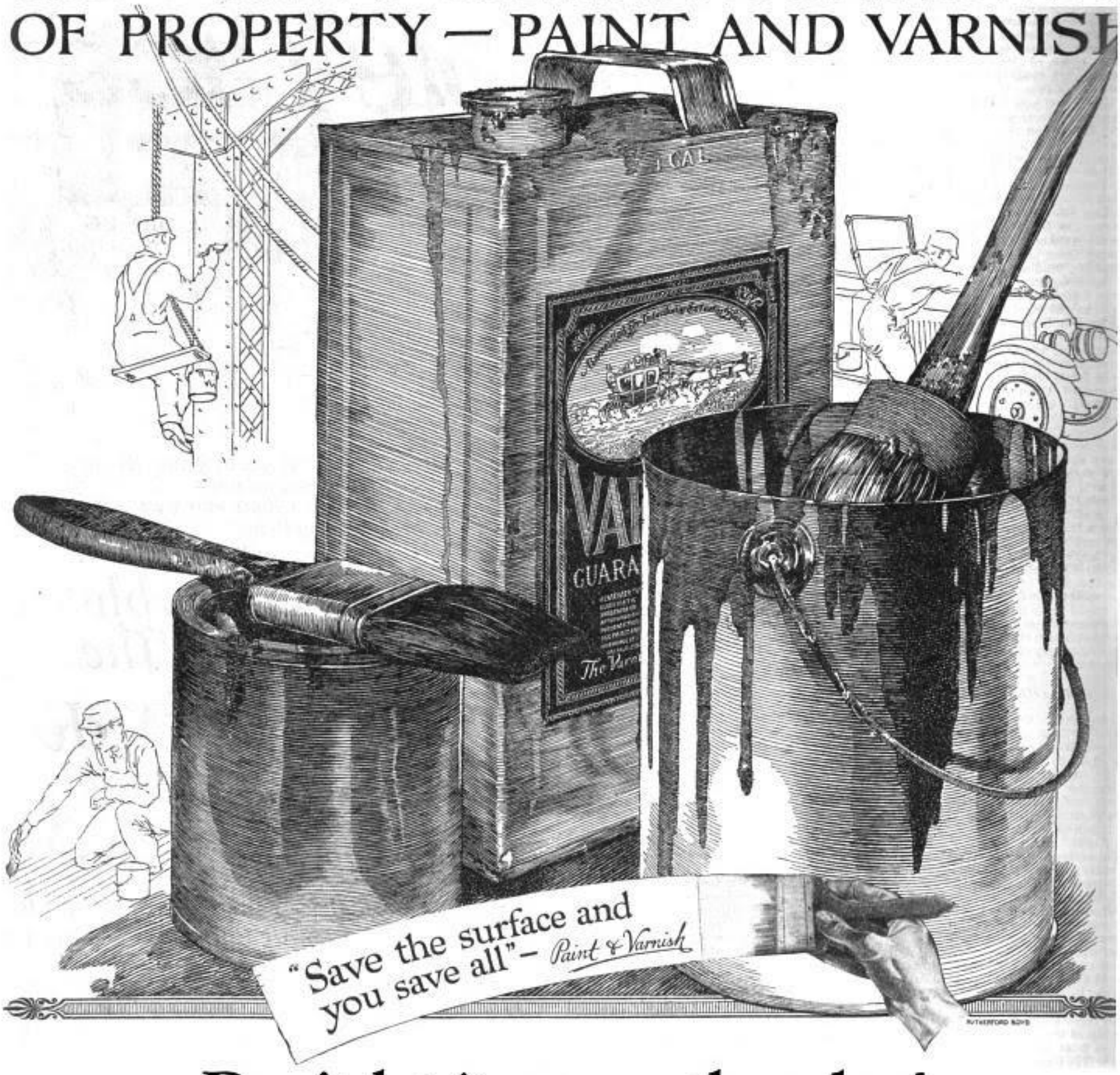
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THE WORLD'S GREATEST CONSERVERS OF PROPERTY — PAINT AND VARNISH



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FOR weeks—months—perhaps years—many owners have been saying to themselves: "One of these days I must have that painting done." But as someone said: "One of these days is none of these days." Not until the thought is translated into action, is deterioration definitely checked.

Inside, too. Think of the floors and furniture—of the walls, wainscotings and windows—of the ceilings and stands—of the tables, bookcases and chairs—of the bureaus, mantels and beds—of the many surfaces that must have varnish, and paint, too, if they are to retain their attractive looks, stay clean and sanitary, and give years of faithful service.

If you have property that needs attention, the time to paint and varnish is *now*. There are reliable painters and paint dealers in your town. Talk with them about the painting you ought to have done. Don't let it go another day. The longer you put it off, the more money it will cost you, "one of these days." Save the surface and you save all.

TODAY it costs less to paint than it did. The cost of materials has led in the downward economic trend of manufactured products. But no matter what it costs, the fact remains that it always costs more not to paint than to paint. Rust and rot go on till you check them. The logical time to paint and varnish is NOW.

SAVE THE SURFACE CAMPAIGN
507 The Bourse, Philadelphia

A co-operative movement by Paint, Varnish and Allied Interests whose products and services conserve, protect and beautify practically every kind of property.

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(Continued from Page 55)

years. . . . The state has enough own honest labor to take care of with- pening its doors to the floater who is to take the bread out of his brother's h for less than the honest price. This r Florida is taking care of its own out- rk men and women. The riffraff, the lence man, the faker, the wage cutter he public mendicant all get the cold der in Florida."

e true sun-hunter and the Tin Can ist in good and accepted standing are ved in most parts of the state with the quiet welcome that would greet the al of a new citrus fruit. The big re- like Palm Beach don't welcome the anners; but those resorts don't wel- e anyone who isn't able to spend at fifty dollars a day on the merest ntials. And there are numbers of g men employed by the leading Palm ch hostelries who have nothing but terable contempt for the person who n't spend one hundred dollars a day he is at Palm Beach.

far as I know, tin-canners have never mpted to wield their can openers at n Beach or Miami Beach; and it is ly probable that the regular Palm ch set would give the tin-canners even e of a pain than the tin-canners would the Palm Beach set. One can imagine anguish on both sides if Mrs. J. Vander- nk Fritter, of Park Avenue, and a party her prominent friends should, after g in bathing in full evening dress at A.M., emerge in a still potted state and smack into a flivver loaded with that ll-known tin-canner, Herman Blister, of kkhammer, Michigan, and his wife, ter, daughter and maiden aunt. The itter party might feel that its entire eve- g had been spoiled; but the Blister mily would probably feel that a sinister ud had descended on their entire season.

Roughing it De Luxe

The tin-canner spends, for his winter of avel, about the same amount of money at a seasoned Palm Beach mixer fre- ently spends in a couple of days. This 't exaggeration either.

On the road between Miami and Palm ach I encountered a commodious porta- bungalow lumbering noisily along in the neral direction of Palm Beach at the te of about fifteen miles an hour. It lled the entire road, which was nine feet ide at that point. There are many tretches of fine macadamized road in lorida which are exactly nine feet wide, so that when two machines pass each other ne or both of them have to take to the ditch. The reason for such peculiar road building is supposed to be that the road engineers took a look at the surrounding country, decided that nobody would ever be willing to live in it, and figured that all traffic along the road would run in only one direction—north. They were mistaken, as people usually are about the development of Florida.

At any rate this portable bungalow filled the road, and it continued to fill the road until it found a good hard place beside the road that would permit it to get out of the way without tearing itself to pieces. It had a thermometer hanging beside its back door in an attractive manner, and three neighborly looking people were sitting placidly on its glassed-in front porch. Across the base of the front porch in large gold letters was painted the owners' ad- dress, from which fact one might suspect that the owners were not persons who were striving to hide their lights beneath a bushel, or who would shrink timidly from publicity.

When questioned, the suspicion became a certainty. The owners of the portable bungalow proved to be typical Tin Can Tourists, equally ready to share with you their last tin of Norwegian sardines or Chicago baked beans in the Boston manner, or to furnish you with concise and intimate information concerning their own or their neighbors' business and family affairs from the panic of 1907 down to the present day.

The owner of the portable bungalow was a dairyman who had grown tired of de- veloping rheumatism, chilblains and a grouch during the long winter months, and had decided three years before to spend the winter in Florida. He had enjoyed his first winter so much that he had persuaded a couple of friends to make the trip with him during the second winter; and this winter there were two other couples in his party. The four other people traveled ahead in a little sedan, while he and his wife and his eighteen-year-old son pounded along be- hind in the ole truck. "Yessir, this house here is nothing but our ole delivery truck with a camping top put on it, and she cer- tainly is the greatest ole truck you ever saw! Why, my gracious, she'll just go through anything, this ole truck will! Why, coming through the Everglades this ole truck ran into ——"

That is one of the hall marks of the simon-pure Tin Can Tourist. No matter how battered and dilapidated his auto- mobile may be, it has qualities which place it above all other cars—even above other and newer cars of the same make. It can extricate itself from thicker mud and from deeper sand than other automobiles. Its feats of endurance are superautomotive. They verge—to hear the tin-canner tell it—on the miraculous. After the tin-canner has dwelt for some time on the almost- human intelligence of the little ole car, one thinks of the little ole car as standing up on its hind wheels and honking with delight when its master says a kind word to it.

The dairyman's portable bungalow, which would slough its skin with the advent of spring and return to its less romantic duties of trucking milk, contained a porta- ble stove, countless canned things, a fully equipped sink and kitchen cabinet, three hammocks, bedding for seven people, and a phonograph, to say nothing of numerous odds and ends like chairs, dishes, pans, suitcases and what not.

In the party that used this portable bungalow as a base there were, as I have said, seven people. The seven of them had started from Ohio on the twenty-second of November, worked down to the west coast of Florida, lingering at the larger and better resorts, crossed over to the east coast, and were slowly working back up through Palm Beach and Ormond. I met them on the eighth of February; so they had been on the road for two months and a half.

The expenses were borne equally by all the travelers, except the dairyman's son, who worked out his keep around the cars. The six others chipped five dollars apiece into a general pool as money was needed. In the two and one-half months a grand total of $510 had been chipped in; and this sum covered the expenditures of the trip—gasoline for both automobiles; inner tubes, tires and repairs for both auto- mobiles; street-car fares when needed; food for seven people, and movies whenever the spirit and the movies moved together. This meant an average of seventy-three dollars apiece for two and one-half months' travel in the sunny South, or almost exactly a dollar a day apiece. Such an ex- penditure contrasts startlingly with ex- penditures in the big resorts, where one week's expense for a man and his wife may easily cause a thousand-dollar bill to degenerate into a two-ounce package of chicken feed.

The Original Tin-Canner

The dairyman declared that to travel in the way he was traveling cost him about one-third as much as it would have cost him to travel to Florida in trains and to live at hotels and boarding houses. From this statement it can be seen that one doesn't necessarily have to be a millionaire in order to spend a winter in Florida.

Mr. Charles Dickens, in The Old Curi- osity Shop, described the original luxurious tin-canning vehicle; but Dickens knew the contraption as a caravan. And instead of being motor driven, it was, of course, horse drawn. The original tin-can tourist appears to have been Mrs. Jarley, pro- prietress of Jarley's Waxworks, who rode in "a smart little house upon wheels, with white dimity curtains festooning the win- dows, and window shutters of green picked out with panels of a staring red, in which happily contrasted colours the whole con- cern shone brilliant. . . . One half of it . . . was carpeted, and so partitioned off at the further end as to accommodate a sleeping-place, constructed after the fash- ion of a berth on board ship, which was shaded, like the little windows, with fair white curtains, and looked comfortable enough, though by what kind of gymnastic exercise the lady of the caravan ever con- trived to get into it was an unfathomable mystery. The other half served for a kitchen, and was fitted up with a stove whose small chimney passed through the roof. It held also a closet or larder, several

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Sole-Proof
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85c Refinishes a Table

30c refinishes a chair
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So far as cost is concerned, no fur- niture, floor or woodwork need be shabby or worn—and everyone finds it a pleasure to use the brush.

Perhaps you would like to give your furniture a change of color—make old chairs presentable for porch use—"do over" a bedroom suite in enamel—or any of the beautifying things that can be accomplished with a brush.

You can do them all with Sole-Proof Colored Varnishes and Enamels—which come in colors, ready-to-use, in big and small packages. They are the highest grade, easiest-flowing varnishes and enam- els and insure enduring results.

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THE RAZOR THAT SHARPENS ITS OWN BLADES



Just slip the strop through the razor





A few strokes on the strop—the blade is keen again

Ten seconds—no more—for a new, keen edge *every* morning

With this razor you average fifty smooth, clean shaves per blade

ARE you still plugging along with an ordinary non-stropping safety razor? Half-dull blades to struggle with? Sinking dollar after dollar on new blades right along?

Just get the Valet AutoStrop Razor into your hands and you'll see the big difference! A few strokes on the straight leather strop with this razor and you've got a new keen edge for the morning shave. It's as easy as winding your watch—ten seconds does the trick. The Valet AutoStrop Razor strops, shaves and cleans without removing the blade.

It gives a fine smooth shave—the kind you talk about—every day in the week.

It saves the good money you've been spending on blades. Over a year of smooth, clean shaves are guaranteed from every $1.00 package of blades—an average of 50 comfortable shaves per blade. Ask your dealer to demonstrate the Valet AutoStrop Razor for you today.

Valet AutoStrop Razor

Silver plated razor, strop, year's supply of blades, in compact case $5.00

Strops and blades may also be bought separately

Saves constant blade expense

chests, a great pitcher of water, and a few cooking utensils and articles of crockery."

Heated discussions arise among the tin-canners as to the proper size of a camping outfit. The man with a portable bungalow scorns the man who jams all his belongings into a small space as being an old woman and a tightwad; while the man who packs his camp outfit into the small machine views the portable-bungalow owner with the utmost contempt as being inefficient, spoiled by luxury, a road hog and a slave to his belongings.

In Lemon City, a suburb of Miami, I found a tin-canner whose tin-canning outfit was probably the extreme opposite of the portable-bungalow outfit. His home was Chicago, and since early autumn he had jounced from Chicago down to Texas, around the eastern side of the Gulf of Mexico, down the west coast of Florida and up the east coast. He was a hard-boiled bachelor of the sort that announce loudly that they don't propose to bother anybody and that they don't want anybody to bother them. His means of locomotion was a small runabout with a boxlike arrangement behind the seat similar to that used by salesmen who carry their samples around with them. Nothing was strapped to the sides or the running boards of the machine; it was an ordinary runabout with the top up and with an inconspicuous box attached behind. Into this box, which a carpenter had built for him for a matter of seven dollars, the tin-canner had packed everything that he needed for a five months' camping trip. He had lain awake at night for years doping out exactly where he was going to carry the butter and how he could fry the eggs with the least commotion; and the final result was a masterpiece of compactness—of such compactness that if anyone but the inventor had tried to repack the camping outfit he might have sweated over the problem for two hours and still had enough left over to fill a freight car.

The Condensed Tin-Canner

The front of the box came off and proved to be shelves packed with tin cans and other matters pertaining to the kitchen. A khaki top and sides pulled out of the top of the box, extended straight backward from the machine top, and were held in place by collapsible uprights. The seat of the machine, laid along the top of the kitchen shelves, formed the bed; and on this was placed what the owner called a shoulder-and-hip mattress. All a person needed, he explained, was a mattress that made a comfortable resting place for his hips and shoulders; it made no difference what became of his legs. His cooking utensils, including a collapsible stove no bigger than a fair-sized inkwell, came out of a small tin suitcase. He had every move planned out in detail.

"In the morning," he explained, fondling his outfit with the proud and gentle hands of a parent, "I get up and eat one of these individual packages of breakfast food. While I'm doing that the water is boiling for my coffee, and as soon as the coffee is done I put on my frying pan with bacon and eggs in it. I use two paper napkins for my tablecloth. When I have finished breakfast I put the eggshells in the breakfast-food box, wipe out the frying pan with the napkins, put them into the box with the eggshells, and touch a match to the box. That cleans everything up."

He knew exactly how, when and where he was going to do everything, and he was delighted to knock off a couple of days to explain any or all of his well-ordered regimen to anyone who wanted to know about it. He would even deign to explain it as fully as possible to some who didn't want to know about it. One of his greatest pleasures was to unpack and pack the tin suitcase that contained his kitchen utensils. It seemed impossible that any human agency could get all of them into the space at his disposal, but he could do it almost every time. Occasionally he would find himself with a frying pan left over when the packing was finished; but instead of getting excited he would unpack calmly and coolly and fit the things together with a practiced hand until there was nothing left over. He had a collapsible chair that dropped into the side pocket of his coat and took up less space than a notebook. He had a diminutive double-ended ice-cream freezer. This was his ice chest. Butter went in one end and milk or cream in the other. The biggest day in the life of this genius will, I believe, be when he covers a collapsible frying pan to fold into a one-pound bacon box.

The ordinary tin-canner, unlik two extreme examples, is content ordinary small touring car, which motion has a part of his campin attached to every exposed portio machine. The tent and a couple cases are attached to one runnin mattresses and blankets are att the other; cases of canned goods, utensils and other odds and ends to the rear or concealed beneath floor in the tonneau. The false flo quently carried to such an extreme occupants of the automobile cor impression of riding around the the backs of their necks.

When the ordinary tin-canners b their camping outfit the tent exten right angles from the side door of tomobile, so that the occupants of can use the automobile as a com lavatory, sitting room, chiffonier closet, pantry and safe-deposit va

I conferred with a mild-spok canner at a Miami tin-can camp February afternoon as to tin-can general. His wife, who was a cap keen-witted lady in a blue gingha sat with us and dug the soft subst of tiny pine cones, her idea being paper them and varnish them at date and make them into fas strings of beads. This is one of t popular diversions among lady tin- almost as popular as is horseshoe among the male tin-canners.

The tin-canner was a noncommi farmer from the vicinity of tha famous Ohio town, Marion. thought on his part, assisted by promptings from his wife, brought following information:

He had broken away from the the winter because he preferred around where it was comfortably sitting around where it was uncom cold. He wasn't particularly stru Florida land, but he liked the Flo

Looking at Florida land with th an Ohio farmer, he felt that he particularly care to pay much mor nickel an acre for most of it. He with a lot of Michigan and Ohio along the road, and they felt the sa about it. Still, it was kind of res soothing to look at, and the sun an more than made up for the drawb the land. The sun was nicer just than the Ohio sun, and there was it. This Florida sun made a per kind of trifling—trifling being mid- slang for lazy.

Better Than It Looks

He wouldn't want any Florida p hear him say that some of the land worthless, because they would p pass an act through the legislature ding him to come back into th again—and he wouldn't like that it was a real pleasant place to com to—in the winter. Besides, you c tell much about this Florida land fro ing at it. Something that was a swa year would be nice solid land the ne and selling for fifty dollars a fron These Florida people were real touc ple and you had to be mighty careful you said when they were around. T flies pricked holes in him every aft but he preferred not to mention it wh Florida people were around, for fe would say he was a California ma had been paid to come over and ca on Florida's fair name. And for th reason he disliked to mention the sa that came up out of the sand arou down and nipped him all over the

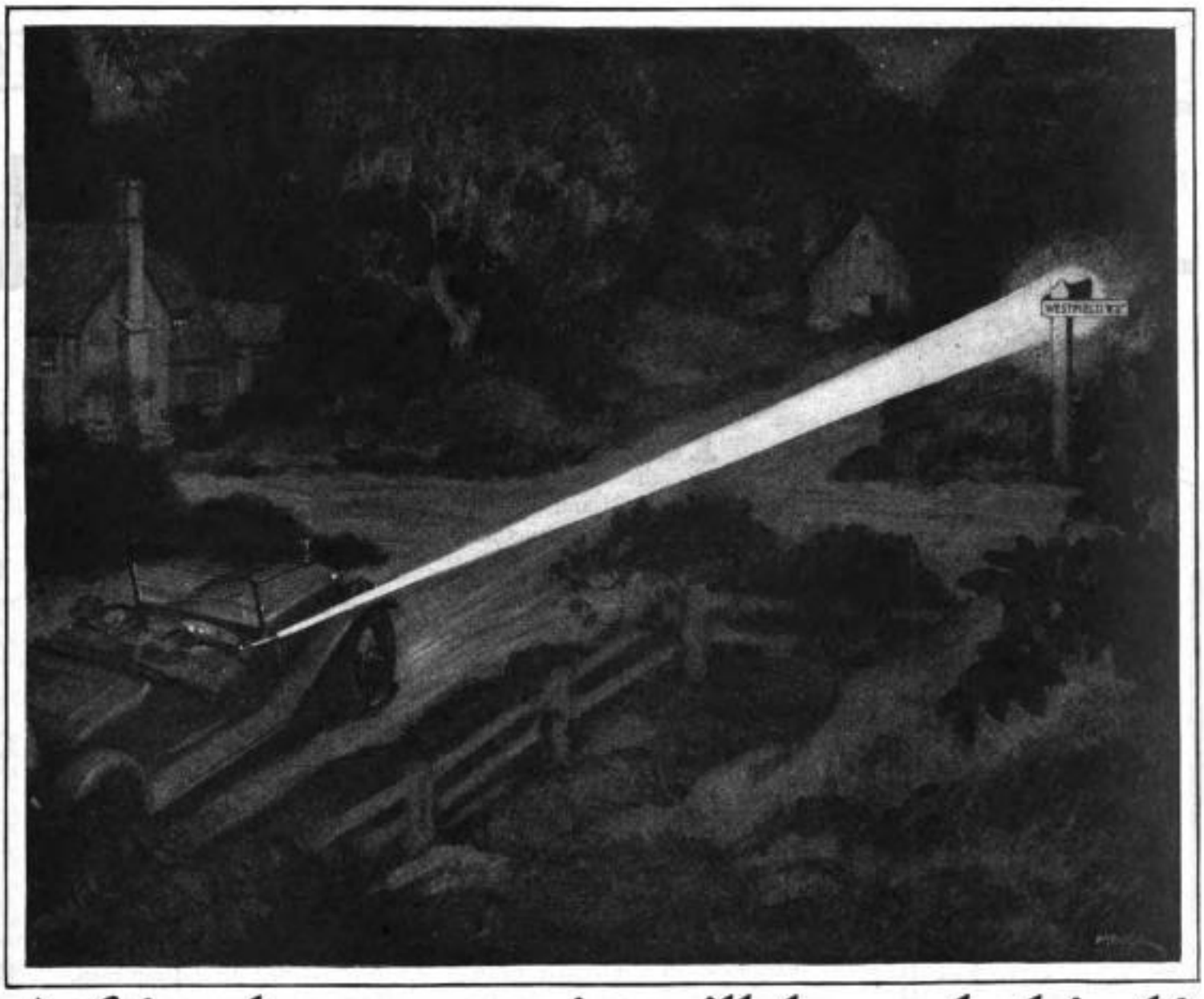
There was one bad feature con with tin-canning, and that was lon There were a lot of honeymooners the tin-canners, and they were abo only ones who didn't seem to get Unless you had a couple of friends to with, or were honeymooners, you we to get lonely and homesick, and ge where it was cold, and be sore at y for going back.

They were traveling with a docto his wife from back home. The docto the only doctor in the neighborhood had been just run to death. Folks wo let him alone. He was just run to Somebody was getting sick every n and they'd call him up at all hours

(Continued on Page 61)

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A friend no motorist will leave behind!

The Eveready Focusing Flashlight—a 300-foot beam—to read road signs at night; to furnish light *quickly* when a tire needs attention, or when anything happens along the road. The handiest, surest, safest light ever made for motorists. Independent of all other equipment.

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Bird's Rugs

Bargains Whenever You Buy Them

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"Brighten up"—the floors especially—is the order of the hour in Springtime.

No need to put up for another single day with a dingy, unattractive, worn old rug. When once you see these lovely, modern, sanitary Bird's Neponset Rugs—*and when you read their price tags*—then you'll know the reason.

The most inexpensive *good* floor covering it is possible to buy, a Bird's Neponset Rug, tones up any room amazingly. It simply radiates cleanliness and good cheer. And it wears and wears and wears—longer than any rug within its price range and its field of usefulness.

For every room in many homes
For many rooms in every home

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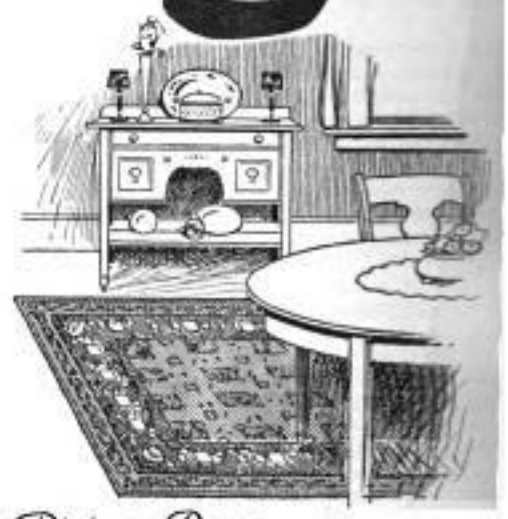
When Washington Was President

the first Bird plant was in operation. Since that far distant day in 1795 this ever growing enterprise, which has culminated in the Bird & Son organization of today, has been engaged in making Quality Products, for each of which a nation-wide recognition of leadership has been established.

Bird's Neponset Products

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Bird's Artcraft Roofing
Bird's Asphalt Shingles
Bird's American Ready Roofing
Bird's Granitized Roofing
Bird's Neponset Black
Bird's Coated and American Building Papers
Bird's Neponset and American Wall Board
Bird's Neponset Fiber Shipping Cases and Shoe Cartons
Bird's Neponset Rugs and Floor Coverings
Bird's Press Board and Special Papers

NEPONSET



Dining Room

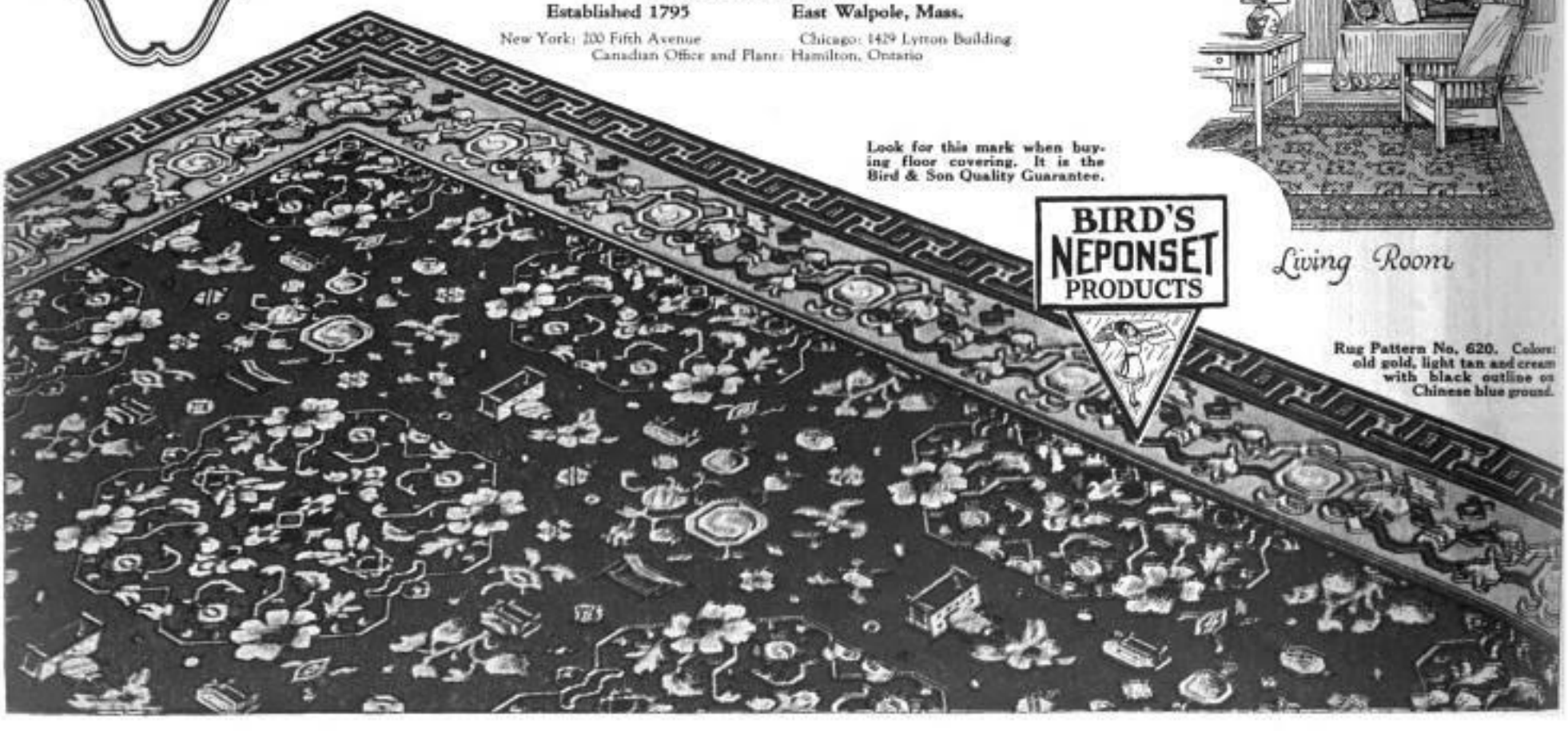


Bed Room



Living Room

Look for this mark when buying floor covering. It is the Bird & Son Quality Guarantee.



Rug Pattern No. 620. Colors: old gold, light tan and cream with black outline on Chinese blue ground.

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(Continued from Page 58)

f and night and just run him to death. f years he'd been planning to take a va- ion and rest up, but they ran him so he ldn't. So finally, when he heard that y were going to Florida, he just up and nt. Oh, he was run to death, but a few eks in Florida had done him a world of od. No, he didn't know how his former tients were getting along. Probably y were all right. Probably there was me young college feller looking out for m. There generally was in a case like at. He didn't know. Things like that dn't worry you much when you struck lorida and began to sit out in the sun.

And so we return to the great craving of he sun-hunters—to sit in the sun and take he air. Golf is a matter of which they now little; tennis is regarded as a game or muscleless smart Alecks; polo might be sort of dog or a game or a movie actor—hey're not quite sure about it; sea bathing a diversion in which they rarely indulge. But they are remarkable sitters. Given a ench in the sun they can outsit a trained thlete or the United States Senate.

Thrilling Outdoor Sports

All the towns and cities and large tin-can camps of Florida cater to the sun-hunters by setting apart a sunny park where they can gather and commune silently or monosyllabically with one another, chew tobacco, discuss fertilizers, cuss the Administration and indulge in the games to which they are addicted. Some of the sun-hunters who wear the benches shiny in these parks are tin-canners; and some are seasonal sun-hunters who have left their farms and their businesses in the North and hired a bungalow in Florida for two hundred or four hundred or eight hundred or a thousand dollars a season; and some are professional sun-hunters from the North who have made barely enough money to last them the rest of their lives unless the country goes Bolshevik or unless Congress taxes their savings out of existence, and who have bought homes for themselves in Florida; and a very few are rebellious husbands from the big hotels who have sneaked away from the money-perfumed atmosphere of the time-killers, and incurred their wives' disgust and loathing by mingling with the roughnecks.

Take, for example, Royal Palm Park, at Miami. It is larger than some of the Florida parks for sun-hunters; but the people who use it are no different from those who use similar parks all over Florida. On one side of the park is Biscayne Bay, with gingerbreadish houseboats and gleaming steam yachts and broad-winged flying boats crowded along the shore. On another side is Miami's principal business street, lined with modern office buildings and up-to-the-minute haberdasheries and modistes and drug stores and real-estate offices and hotels and soft-drink emporiums and parked automobiles and bustling shoppers.

In the park itself, beneath the softly rustling palms, an audience of silent sun-hunters, sprawled on benches which surround the edges, gaze intently at the long double row of horseshoe pitchers and at a score of long tables crowded with men who are brooding over obviously important matters. The men at the tables are the skilled checker, chess and domino players of the tin-can camps and the sun-hunters' colonies. At one table one afternoon I recognized a doctor who had cured my childish ailments in Maine many years ago. Opposite him was a cattleman from Iowa. Beside him was a crippled beggar and panhandler who owned to no home at all; and busily playing checkers with the panhandler was a prosperous-looking small-town banker from Illinois.

Checker and domino tournaments of terrifying ferocity take place at frequent intervals. The champion checker player of Miami issues a challenge to the champion checker player of West Palm Beach, and the outcome is awaited with breathless interest. It is not unusual for individuals to wager as much as fifty cents on the result.

For hair-raising excitement and action so thrilling that it frequently causes hardened sun-hunting onlookers to swallow their chews, one must turn to the horseshoe pitchers. Horseshoe pitching is the representative sport of the tin-canner and the sun-hunter, just as the representative sport of the British workingman is drinking Burton's, and just as the representative sport of certain African tribes is wearing rings in their noses.

Just as an Englishman is unable to see anything in baseball, and just as most Americans yawn heartily at the mere mention of cricket, so is the ordinary passer-by unable to detect the charm in horseshoe pitching. He sees a long row of men tossing horseshoes at iron stakes, and another long row of men digging the horseshoes out of the dirt and tossing them back at other stakes. But the sun-hunters get out immediately after breakfast and pitch all day with feverish intensity and passionate concentration, only quitting when the sun goes down behind the palms in a golden haze.

Some of the horseshoe experts carry their private horseshoes with them in leather bags, and it is not unusual for an aspiring horseshoe tosser to seek out the experts and pay handsomely for copies of the instruments with which they won to fame and high position. Thus it may be seen how among horseshoe tossers, as well as among golfers, ball players and others who should know better, the delusion persists that a workman may attain perfection through his tools instead of through himself.

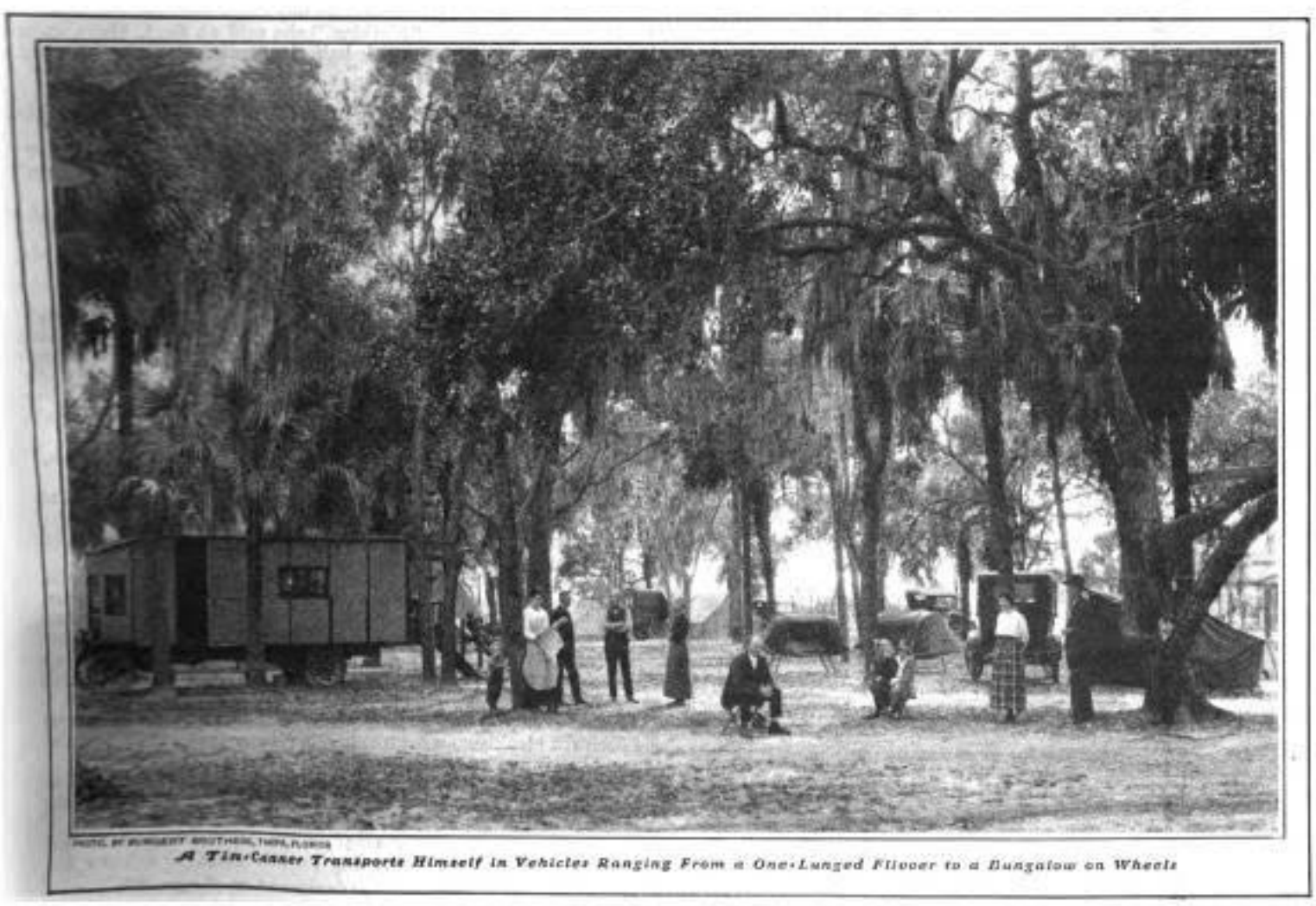
The more skillful tossers carry with them all the appliances of their avocation—tape measures with which to measure the distance of the shoes from the stake; calipers to measure their distance from each other; chalk with which to keep score; collapsible rakes to smooth out the tumbled dirt around the stakes. The delicate movements of a celebrated tosser as he hitches up his galluses, spits on his right hand and tests his muscles by sinking to a semi-squatting position and rising upright again are watched with the keenest interest by large crowds of sun-hunters. When a horseshoe makes a particularly noteworthy flight a fusillade of applausive spitting splashes on the sun-baked ground.

A Fisherman's Paradise

There is, of course, an International Horseshoe Club. It is too important an organization to be demeaned with a merely local name, such as the Horseshoe Club of America. Then there are local chapters that indulge in tournaments at which feeling runs high. At West Palm Beach, when I was there, a new pitch was being prepared for the big impending tournament with Lake Worth. An international polo match may get more publicity, but there's more quiet bitterness over a horseshoe tournament—much more. Especially in Florida.

Those who weary of dominoes, checkers, chess and horseshoe pitching are at liberty to cut a bamboo pole and sit in the sun beside one of the countless rivers, streams and inlets which dent the Florida coast. These waters are full of trout, bass, red snapper, yellowtails, pompano, grunts—silvery and delicious fish, so-called because of their noisy and peevish growls and grunts of protest when removed from the water—and many other fish whose eating and fighting qualities would have caused Izaak Walton to swoon with delight.

It's hard to believe that the North, every winter, is full of people who hate Northern winters, and of folk who don't know what to do with themselves. If they don't know enough to become sun-hunters they deserve to suffer.



A Tin-Canner Transports Himself in Vehicles Ranging From a One-Lunged Flivver to a Bungalow on Wheels

Try a pipeful or two direct from the factory

Not that it will be any better than the Edgeworth you buy in a store, but we want you to have your first Edgeworth smoke at our expense.

You may repay us by finding that Edgeworth just suits your taste. And if it doesn't—for there are some few men to whom Edgeworth is not just the thing—there's no harm done.

We are glad enough to send free samples in the same spirit that we'd hand you out pouch if circumstances permitted. We wish it were possible to save you even the little trouble of writing for Edgeworth.

Edgeworth is a likable smoke. Men who have tried it and found it to be the right tobacco for them never think of smoking other tobaccos. They'll tell you there are many good tobaccos—and there are. And when you offer them your pouch with "stranger" tobacco in it, they may use up a pipeful just to be friendly.

But notice how quickly they get back to their beloved Edgeworth!

Day after day Edgeworth fans write to us. They tell us human little stories, friendly anecdotes centering around Edgeworth. Often it is the number of years they have smoked Edgeworth that prompted them to write.



Knowing how hard it is for the average man to write letters, we consider these unsolicited messages the greatest tribute to Edgeworth we could possibly have—greater even than the increasing sales. It gives the business of making tobacco a pleasure that runs through the whole gamut—from factory executive to the smoker in the backwoods.

If you have never tried Edgeworth, let us repeat our offer, "Try a pipeful or two direct from the factory." All you have to do is to write "Let me try a pipeful or two" on a postcard, sign your name and address and send the postcard to us. The address is Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. If you want to add the name of your tobacco dealer, we'll make sure that he has Edgeworth in stock.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

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Hundreds of men and women tell what Fleischmann's Yeast is doing for them



THE reports came from all parts of the United States—113 different occupations were represented. Lawyers, artists, lumbermen, wrote in. Housemaids and private secretaries. Dressmakers. Even a boxer told how he had added Fleischmann's Yeast to his daily diet.

These letters reflect the growing realization of men and women all over the country that American meals are often lacking in certain essential food factors.

"We now know definitely," writes one of our greatest authorities, "that the regular diet of a large portion of the people of the United States is falling short of maintaining satisfactory nutrition."

This is what has caused fresh yeast to assume such a new and startling importance in our food. Today men and women are getting from Fleischmann's Yeast exactly the food factors they need. For yeast is the richest known source of the necessary vitamin-B.

Fleischmann's Yeast contains elements which build up the body tissues, keep the body more resistant to disease. Also, because of its freshness, it helps in eliminating poisonous waste matter.

It is well known that many of the things we eat have lost their valuable food properties through refining and other such commercial preparation. Fresh yeast has not been subjected to any such process. Fresh yeast gives you the health-essential food factors in all the potency of their fresh form. This is what your body tissues crave.

Doctors are agreed that laxatives never remove the cause of the trouble. Indeed one physician says that one of its chief causes is probably the indiscriminate use of cathartics. Fleischmann's Yeast as a fresh food is just the natural corrective you need. Fresh yeast, says a noted doctor, should be much more frequently given in intestinal disturbance, especially if it requires the constant use of laxatives.

More and more science is coming to look on digestive disturbance not as a separate ailment for which one takes a drug but as a danger signal that something is fundamentally wrong with the habits of eating. The food factors which Fleischmann's Yeast contains in fresh form improve the appetite, stimulate the digestion, and strengthen the entire digestive process.

Some of these men and women did not like the taste of yeast at first. Almost all grew to like it. Most people took it in water. A number liked it in milk. It tastes something like an egg-nog. Many of the men liked it plain. Women liked to make sandwiches with it, or they took it in fruit juices. Two or three liked it in ice cream. One took it in soup. Several liked it in coffee.

Add 2 or 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast to your own daily diet and notice the difference. *Place a standing order with your grocer. 200,000 grocers carry Fleischmann's Yeast. If your grocer is not among them, write to the Fleischmann agency in your nearest city—they will supply you.*

Send for free booklet telling what yeast can do for you. Address THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. 608, 701 Washington St., New York City.



FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST is a natural corrective food

THE REAL STORY

(Continued from Page 20)

made a dash for the whirligig arrangement. Just as she got herself inside, a slender, handsomely dressed young man entered the opposite section. The glimpse was as rapid as the contact of two straws carried by opposing currents in a whirlpool. Through the sparkling plate glass she saw two lambent flames, and her knees weakened.

Black eyes, somber as night, eloquent as Shakspere, limpid as dew, fiery as stars, were burning their way through the transparent barrier and into her soul!

Marquis del Argo had arrived.

v

JULIE CORLESS had spent a miserable hour in the confines of her office, doing her best to make the article about Harry Leek something better than a lame, tame catalogue of facts. Her mind was a continent away from her work.

So the Marquis del Argo had come to New York as if in response to her recklessly written biography! Was the man endowed with magic powers? Certainly there was a touch of the supernatural in those eyes which had flashed at her once more through a partition of brightly polished glass. The idea gave her a shudder of dread; there was romance, too, in that shudder.

His reappearance in her life brought up a hundred questions. How had he comported himself these seven years? Had he made good his hot promise to reserve his mind and heart for her? It is wonderful to be loved like that, and by such a man, she found herself thinking, and her lips softened to a fond smile, more appropriate perhaps to eighteen than to twenty-five.

Mr. Trask came in to interrupt her thoughts. His Napoleonic features held a benign look.

"A quarter of seven," he began amiably, "and still working! I thought you society rustlers never really worked. How's that Harry Leek interview coming along?"

"Pretty well," she responded dully.

"Good. Pep it up to the limit. Harry won't care—it all comes under the head of press notices."

Mr. Trask paused and his keen eyes seemed to be seeking out her dejection.

"Heard anything more about that Marquis del Argo?" he asked casually.

Julie raised her eyes, confronted by fearful alternatives. Should she lie to him and thus weave another tangled web about an already complicated situation?

"He registered at the Merlinbilt this afternoon," she announced distinctly.

"You don't say so!" Mr. Trask thrust his fingers into his waistcoat pockets and eyed her speculatively ere he asked: "You've got the story, haven't you?"

"Why, no," faltered Julie. "There isn't any story—that is ——"

"For the love of Mike, Miss Corless!"

"I beg your pardon," cut in Julie with a severe inflection.

"I beg yours," conceded Mr. Trask, "but there's the finest follow-up story in the world just lying round waiting to be grabbed. You can beat everything in town on it, because you're the only reporter who knows anything about Del Argo. Get him to talk—he'll probably be tickled to death. Get his opinion on American divorces, horse racing, shimmy dancing and international marriages.

"And here's another chance: You said in your first article that he was a champion swordsman—get that. Make him tell you his duels and a little spicy stuff about what led up to them. You've got a gold mine there, Miss Corless."

Someone called him out into the hall, so he left her to despair. She had decided that she couldn't under any circumstances go asking a vulgar, impertinent interview of the nobleman who had worshiped her as a queen; then she saw Brick Minor standing diffidently in the doorway. She could not help comparing his rather small, unimpressive figure with that of the dashing Spaniard who dared everything for love.

"A quarter after seven," he smiled, "and you've forgotten all about dinner."

"I don't want any," she declared bleakly. "Oh, Brick, I'm making such a mess of things!"

"That Harry Leek interview, you mean?"

She nodded her diminished head, satisfied to let it go at that.

"Let me see it, won't you?" he begged, and took the litter of yellow paper.

"You've got his athletic record a lit twisted," he explained after reading. "I I'll fix that. It isn't so peppy and jazzy yesterday's story, but it'll pass all rig And now will you dine with me?"

Would she? She woke from her tra to realize that she was hungry. She thou of Brick Minor's company with less re than the day before. Female-wise, liked him far less in one way and far m in another. His complexion was so ugly but after all, he was such a brick!

They had a little table at a downto restaurant. Over a casserole she listen vaguely to Brick's conversation. Never b fore had he talked much of himself. Quaint enough, during his years in the sporti department he had fostered a passion f medieval textiles. He had read volum and written one book on the subject. Bu as he was he had found time to speculate Connecticut real estate and to devote vacations to flying trips abroad; he h driven a few sharp bargains in French a Flemish tapestries.

His tale of bickering in beauty seemed Julie a trifle sordid. Would Del Argo ha stooped from his castle in Spain into su hawking commercialism?

"I hate to sell them," he confesse "I'm keeping a few for my house."

"Your house?" Julie was surprised.

"It isn't built yet," he smiled. "Y see, I've done very well for several yea and I shan't be a sporting editor week aft next. But I'm waiting ——"

He paused and she knew what he w going to say.

"I'm waiting for a woman worth t house I've planned to buy. Julie, I'd mal a very good husband, I think. I know I try. But I've never been in love befor Maybe I've had my long nose sticking t much between pages of copy to look rou me. I don't know how to go at this."

Softness came into his colorless eyes he blurted: "I'm in love now. I haven anything to offer you'd think worth whil But I adore you."

"I'm afraid it won't do any good no Brick," she told him. "But I wish y knew how much I admire you. You' been doing the sort of work—well, y know the sort—for so many years. An yet you've kept yourself above it, remaine one of the finest gentlemen I ever met."

"I don't think you'll ever understan the newspaper business," he assured h with a wholesome laugh.

"I suppose not."

The confession caused her to droop little and he asked, "Julie, what's been o your mind all day?"

"Nothing," she said at first, then cam out with half the truth: "This Marqui del Argo."

"I see." Brick Minor bit his lip.

"He's at the Merlinbilt, you know. Mr Trask insists on my interviewing him."

"Of course. And why shouldn't you?"

"It's hard to explain, Brick. I don' want to."

"That's a poor way to go at it in th newspaper business," he told her in queerly constrained voice. "You're in th profession to advance yourself."

"But you don't understand, Brick."

"Perhaps not." Minor sat as though searching his memory. "Del Argo? Del Argo? There was a Spanish marquis by that name who fenced at Stockholm when I went over to report the Olympiad. Defeated by the French champion. I wouldn't mind talking with him."

"Suppose you do this interview, Brick," she suggested hopefully.

"Oh, no!" Brick grinned. "A good reporter doesn't pass the buck. Besides, I have a prize fight on for to-night. But what's your hesitation, Julie?"

"It's simple enough to me," she said, trying not to make her tone superior. "There are circumstances—well—I hate to put myself in the undignified position of hounding a man of Marquis del Argo's sort into playing vaudeville for the Bugle's readers."

Brick Minor's rough-surfaced features were puckered into a look that revealed how snobbish it sounded.

"I don't think you ought to quit on that plea," he said. "It would be a little like deserting in the midst of battle."

By this remark he managed to spoil the evening for her. And she knew that,

(Continued on Page 65)

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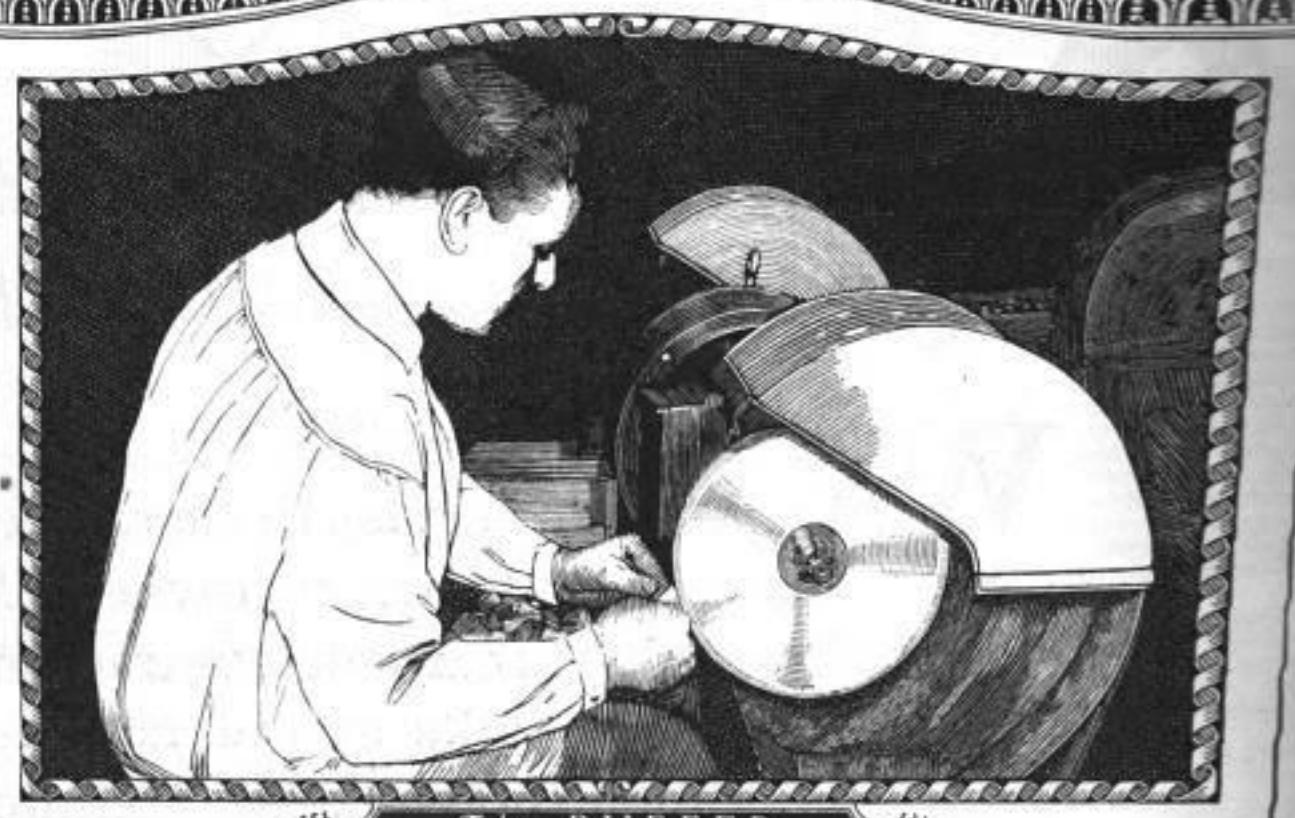
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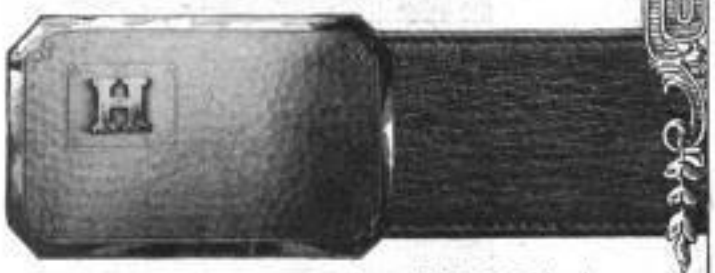
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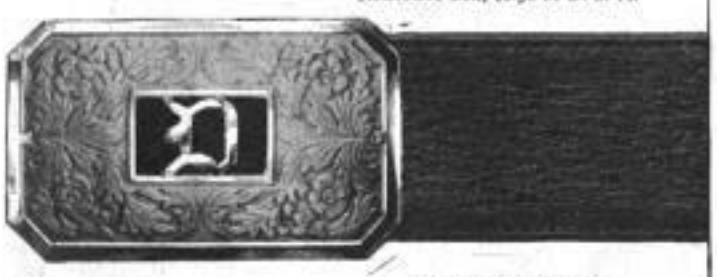


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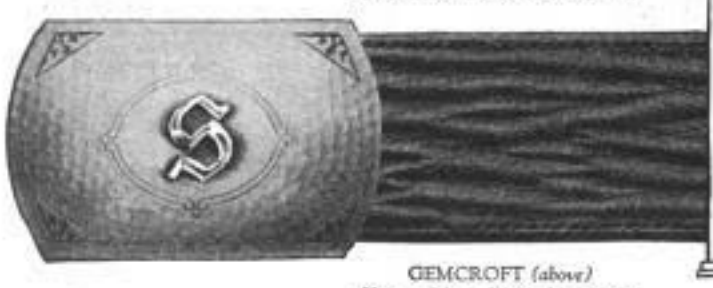
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(Continued from Page 62)

Whatever the circumstances, she could never again consider marrying Brick Minor.

Julie Corless went home by Subway, repeating her resolve never to return to Park Row. She was done with the whole sordid mess—with the cheap ethics of the Bugle, with the continual dinning impossible orders into her ears. She had about made up her mind to take a talented spinster to her bosom and open an art tea room when the train slowed up at Thirty-fourth Street. The pause gave her time to change her mind; for she had a thought of her father, who had been a fighting man. People said that Julie was more like the late Major Corless than like her mother. And Major Corless had never cried quit in all his brave adventurous life.

When the door opened Julie stepped out into the Thirty-fourth Street Station and walked over to the Merlinbilt. A sort of courageous numbness had fortified her for the ordeal she was resolved to undergo.

"The Marquis del Argo is still in the dining room," the man at the desk told her when she inquired.

Julie drew a deep breath and withdrew to a padded chair in sight of the Merlinbilt's handsome dining-room door. She had provided herself with a newspaper, round the corner of which she watched the important exit. Like a poor wretch awaiting execution she hoped it would be soon. The moments were interminable. Fat ladies, old men, thin ladies, old girls, tall gallants and blushing maids came trooping out. At last Julie could bear it no longer. Panic overcame her. Only to get away, that was her obsessing thought as she threw down her paper and bounded toward freedom.

Now, in the Merlinbilt's foyer there is a small glass-windowed writing room which stands out like a booth at a turn of a corridor. The fleeing Julie was passing this booth when she was cut off by several fat velvet chairs, occupied by an equal number of fat velvet ladies. In that instant of pause Julie chanced to glance over her shoulder into the plate-glass window.

Those eyes again!

His head and shoulder plainly revealed in the electric glare, Marquis del Argo stood gazing at her through a glassy partition, as though it were his fate always to hypnotize her through this transparent medium. Julie could have screamed, and when she tried to go she found that some invisible carpenter had nailed her shoes to the floor. During this nightmare hesitation the marquis, his somber face kindling, came bursting out of the door.

"Ah, mademoiselle!" he addressed her in French. "What an arrangement of fate that we should meet again!"

Julie knew not how she got there, but when next she began to understand she was seated primly in the writing room, the marquis beside her, his wonderful eyes playing upon her, an enchanted fountain.

"I—I've been waiting outside for you," she began foolishly enough.

"Ah! Then you also have waited! Those years have made no difference to you also, mademoiselle! I shall not call my sufferings vain after this. I have wandered out of this abominable morass to touch the Rose of Paradise."

He said all this in his remarkably pure French. Already the spell had so far overcome Julie Corless that she was quite unable to explain why she had come. How could she tell him that she had sought him out to obtain a frivolous interview for the yellowest journal in America? Instead she sat back and breathed in his words as though they had been clouds of intoxicating perfume. In a thousand years, in a thousand thousand years, Brick Minor could not make love like this!

"Through my suffering and exile, mademoiselle, I have carried your perfect picture in my heart. Not till now have I heard your voice. How sweet it is! Say that you have not forgotten me!"

"I haven't," she said, shaking herself out of her dream. "But it seems strange that you've remembered so long."

"Remembered!" His eyes seemed to be playing a melody to the obbligato of his rich voice. "The Del Argos do not forget, mademoiselle. That motto is upon our crest: 'Our swords and our hearts.' Despite the sacrifices which my love for you has caused ——"

The flow of his speech was stemmed as by some bitter thought, and Julie asked: "For me? Was there some trouble?"

His glorious orbs dimmed for an instant.

"I'm sorry I have caused you suffering," she said softly. "How could I have known? Please tell me."

He changed his position and gazed away. Julie dared study him now and comprehend how handsome he was. His face was lean and distinguished, his hair silky and black as night. He was wearing a dinner jacket, and his soft shirt, of exquisite fineness, was elaborately tucked and pleated. Round his high collar he had wound a black tie several times after the manner of an old-fashioned stock. He looked like a royal poet as he sat there brooding.

"You wish me to tell you," he said at last, his air becoming calmer. "It is a story of persecution, mademoiselle—persecution unrivaled in all the history of treason. And yet the fault was mine—the fault of a heart that loves too much."

He groaned slightly, and Julie restrained an impulse to reach out and stroke one of the slender hands. "Tell me," she insisted.

The Marquis del Argo straightened himself.

"This first: I am a swordsman of reputation. Any gentleman can tell you that. But then, it is my sword that is dishonored."

Again his lambent eyes lost their fire.

"What do I care for my sword when it is a question of the heart? I have done it, and I will do it again. Yet, in effect, he gave me a good fight. But I anticipate my story. You will recall, perhaps, how a certain postal card came to you by *pneumatique*?"

"My chaperon was furious," Julie informed him.

"And well she might have been. But I was beside myself with impatience that morning! I had waited for hours in the rain, then like a whipped dog I slunk away—but no! like a pilgrim of love, humble but glorying much. I met my automobile awaiting me at a corner, and as we made speed across the Seine my heart was afire. I felt that I should burst asunder unless I uttered what was surging through my brain."

Rising to his subject, Marquis del Argo became all animation. Every muscle in his lithe body seemed to be working at once with explanatory gestures. As the story of his emotional experience unrolled itself he stroked his forehead, his waistcoat, the back of his head.

"It was incredible then, mademoiselle, what happened to my life. I found it impossible that I should delay writing to you my sentiments. Also I had an appointment with my hairdresser."

The last statement came to Julie in the nature of an anticlimax.

"This hairdresser was an animal who kept his shop on Place Vendôme. Jacques Mordeau was his name—and why did the devil send me there? This curly-haired, bearded little fat *canaille*, smelling of pomade and full of his shopkeeper's tricks—but yes. He was a great artist of his kind.

"I had no sooner entered his shop than I called for ink and stationery. What should this perfumed little scoundrel do but bring me a postal card, with the excuse that there was nothing better in the shop! I accepted his apology, for I was distracted with the beating of my heart. The words burned from my pen; I never felt finer poetry than that I scribbled then.

"But my evil genius attended me that morning, mademoiselle, as you shall see. This oily fellow, Mordeau, full of the pretentious airs of his class, was busying himself with shampoos and pomades in the little booth I occupied. I had scarce completed the ecstasy of composition when I noticed that his goggle eyes had been following every movement of my pen. I had opened my mouth to remind the tradesman of his position in life when the devil, disguised as a manicure, opened a window, causing a sharp wind to rush across the little room. Before I could right the mischief—and I am not slow of hand—the wind had picked up the postal card made sacred by my message.

"This species of camel, Jacques Mordeau, was first to reach the card where it lay, face up, on the linoleum. As he raised it in his grubby fingers his goggle eyes, bright with curiosity, fed themselves upon the precious words, meant only for your sight. But imagine my feelings.

"'Monsieur le marquis has a gift of style,' he said, bowing very low as he returned the card.

"At those vile words the blood leaped from my heart to my head. That is to say, mademoiselle, the Del Argos are not accustomed to insolence from the *canaille*.

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What, then, could I do under the circumstances?"

"You might have waited till you got back to your hotel before you wrote that letter," suggested Julie a trifle dryly.

"The Del Argos strike rapidly—too rapidly," he explained, as though that settled something. "But ah! I was constrained to act upon my sense of honor. What could a gentleman of Spain, thus annoyed, do but kick the *canaille?* I did so with all the strength of my foot. It was a murderous blow, I will confess, for it sent this animal Mordeau head first through a glass case and sprawling over a stand of toilet articles. I thought for an instant that I had taken his unworthy life for his impudence. But no. How much better had it been so!"

The marquis buried his face behind his aristocratic hands and murmured: "The horror of what he said!"

"Tell me, please!" begged Julie, affected as much by the dramatic suspense as by the profundity of his sorrow.

"He rose, mademoiselle, and all the vengeance of the gutter was on his loutish face. 'You have assaulted me in a manner unbecoming a gentleman,' he snarled. 'I have witnesses here.'

"'I have no objections to paying damages,' I replied haughtily.

"'The damages shall be settled upon the field of honor,' he raved, tearing his hair, which was vigorous and curly. 'Marquis, I have been insulted. In the morning my seconds shall call upon you and await your pleasure.'

"I was at first thunderstruck, you can imagine. Then I filled the tawdry establishment with my ironic laughter. A hairdresser of the Place Vendôme was challenging me, Raphael del Argo, to a duel! With all the dignity at my command I informed the fellow that I was inexperienced at fighting with curling tongs or cakes of soap, as he would undoubtedly require; whereupon he shook his stubby fists under my nose and stormed: 'It will not be curling tongs, monsieur! With your permission it shall be swords.'

"'Whom have I the honor of addressing?' I asked, putting all possible sarcasm into the question.

"'Doubtless you will remember me better,' said he, 'under the professional name I bore before my retirement. Jacques Benoit, premier fencing instructor of the French Republic!'"

Marquis del Argo sat quite rigid, his splendid eyes appealing.

"Did you fight him?" whispered Julie.

"Let me tell you," he moaned. "Early next morning appeared at my hotel two ruffians, a tobacconist and a tailor, giving themselves fine airs and announcing that they were Monsieur Mordeau's seconds, anxious to confer with mine. I informed them that my valet was too decent a man to lower himself by such associations. Monsieur Mordeau, they informed me, had instructed them to say that in case I refused to fight he would follow me to the ends of the earth, issuing challenge as he went.

"I cowed the beggars with a look and bade them be gone. But their words left me with an unconquerable depression. The beautiful idyl which you had brought to my heart was to be mired by contact with the vulgar herd. A hairdresser had invited me to befoul my sword in his miserable blood. And yet I am a fighting man, mademoiselle. A growing impulse to meet and slay the loutish animal would have conquered me had I not saved myself against myself by packing and departing at once for Madrid. I paused in Biarritz but a few minutes, merely to write you my farewell and my despair.

"Once in Madrid, I went to the house of my noble father, there to forget my sorrow in the gayeties of the capital. But it was not for long. One morning two pretentiously dressed tradesmen awaited me outside and sent in a note by my valet. The note informed me that Monsieur Mordeau, stopping at one of Madrid's tawdry hotels, was anxious to finish the business begun in Paris; if I refused to fight he was determined to publish me as a coward.

"I was beside myself, mademoiselle. In my fevered imagination I could picture the rage of my father at the stain upon our family. In a panic I summoned these petty tradesmen into my presence and offered them a bribe of princely proportions. They mocked me and declared that Monsieur Mordeau, himself well-to-do, craved nothing better than satisfaction. My father's butler showed them to the back door.

"There are newspapers in Madrid, mi moiselle, which follow the worst ethic American journalism—if you will par me. Here was a titbit for their polit press! Pages of print burst forth satiric items telling how Raphael del A was hiding in the house of his father order to avoid an honorable challenge f a worthy hairdresser of Paris.

"This, indeed, was more than I co endure. Therefore I waited but a sh time before I sent my valet and his cou a respectable gardener, to meet the seco of Monsieur Mordeau."

Marquis del Argo fell back in his ch as though exhausted by the telling of unhappy story.

"You didn't kill him!" gasped Ju laying a hand on his sleeve.

For answer Del Argo pulled that slee up to the elbow, rolled back the cuff a showed an angry scar on the forearm.

"Santa Maria, what a wrist the fell had! It is not right that the middle class should be allowed to fence so well. At t first pass I knew that he was indeed Jacqu Benoit, who had taught swordsmanship the best families of France. He fenced perfect form. Before it was well begun had beaten my guard down and pinned m from wrist to elbow. Some disreputab physician whom he had brought alon attended my wound. When the blood wa stanched I resumed my sword, and lookin my hairdresser in his goggling eyes I said 'Monsieur Pomade, we will engage wit the left.'

"'Indeed we shall not,' replied the artfu dog. 'My left is better than my right, an I have no intention of killing you. *Bon jour, monsieur.* I have had my satis faction!'"

He closed his eyes, and his face, robbed of its principal charm, was still handsome. His account of the dishonorable duel had roused more sympathy in Julie's breast. Under his spell she saw nothing humorous in what he had told her.

"I'm dreadfully sorry!" she murmured.

"Ah!" Instantly he unmasked those orbs of glory. "That sweet understanding is reward for all. But let me tell you *how* my father received the news. That monster of a hairdresser persisted in his dastardly revenge; he gave an account of his victory to the rabble newspaper, which was the enemy of our house. With all their rowdy genius they adorned the tale, relating how the hairdresser, after wounding me in the arm, curled my hair on the point of his rapier and dressed my wounds with a stick of pomade. The article was illustrated. Madrid burst into a roar of laughter. When I visited my clubs those who had called me friend snickered behind their palms. Then my father came to me like a tower of ice.

"'You are no longer a Del Argo,' he said. 'The blade of a scullion has penetrated your veins, polluting your blood. Do me the honor of going at once.'

"So you find me, mademoiselle, an exile from Spain, bearing the name of a commoner in your republic."

"And you did this all for me?" she murmured.

"It is nothing," he assured her, though his look belied his words.

"Have you been here ever since—ever since the duel?" she asked.

"Practically. When I found that I must leave Spain I thought of North America, because I knew that you were living somewhere in that strange commonwealth. I sold my jewels and personal possessions and took passage for New York under the name of C. L. Jones. How adversity matures us, mademoiselle! Unaccustomed though I was to commercial life, I yet developed business genius. With my small capital I launched forth in partnership with a young financier ——"

"In Wall Street?" cut in the romantic young lady.

"No. In bed springs. An enterprising North American wished capital to invest in the Morpheus Bed Springs Works, whose factory was situated, quite appropriately, in the village of Beyond, New Jersey. For five years I have been living there, doing well according to North American standards. C. L. Jones is now a man of property. It is only poor Raphael del Argo who wears a broken heart."

Julie, overcome by his sacrifice and devotion, was on the point of asking him a question that goaded her curiosity.

"I have never married. I am proud," said he, "and there is but one woman who has looked into my soul."

(Continued on Page 68)

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(Continued from Page 66)

His eyes were looking deep, deep into her innermost being. She almost swooned in the delight, but she still had strength to say, "It's strange that you should come to New York—just now."

"It was you who brought me to New York," he told her, moving a little nearer.

"I?" She lacked strength to stir.

"I saw that curious, vulgar article in the paper. It mentioned my presence at Biarritz that fateful summer. Do you realize, *ma chère*, that you are the only living person who knew of my going to Biarritz? I was there less than an hour. Only by my letter did even you know."

"I never thought of that!" exclaimed Julie, a certain panic entering her dream.

"And when I read that mad article I said: 'Enough! She is in New York and has spoken of me. I am now a man of means. I shall go back into the world and resume my title. She shall hear of me; we shall meet again!'"

Del Argo leaned over and took her hand. She let him hold it an instant.

"I offer you again," he said in his sweet low voice, "the title of my family and the devotion of my heart. And who knows? With the wealth and ability of an American girl, could we not win back my place in court society?"

The room swam before her eyes. Her fairy story had come true! Then into the spell there crept the serpent of doubt.

"I suppose I ought to tell you," she wavered. "I'm tremendously honored, but ——"

"But what?" he taxed her almost fiercely. "There is not another?"

"No. It isn't that. But you spoke of my—my wealth helping you back into the world. I'm not rich any more, marquis."

"No?"

He looked at her curiously, and the dulling of his jewel-like eyes gave her courage to add: "I came here to-night to talk to you ——"

"Ah, yes. You have told me."

"—— to talk to you about an interview."

"An interview?" For the first time little wrinkles showed in his forehead.

"Yes. You see, I represent a newspaper ——"

If the cushions of his chair had been concealing a poison fang the Marquis del Argo could not have arisen more quickly.

"I am giving no interviews for the newspapers," he said with all the frozen dignity of his class; and without so much as a bow he strode out of the room.

VI

THE managing editor of the Bugle took Miss Corless' sudden resignation far more seriously than one would have expected. She was a weak spoke in the wheel; that he admitted; but it is always embarrassing to have a spoke fall out in the course of a race. Mr. Trask, who had conceived the idea of putting pep and yet more pep into the society page during Miss Ragnell's invalidism, now cursed himself for having been so severe with Julie Corless as to have sent her home and to bed. After all she was better than nothing.

Early one evening about a week after Julie's desertion Mr. Trask sat in his swivel chair chewing a cigar and glaring morosely at Brick Minor, who was chewing another cigar.

"Do you think she's ill or only playing possum?" asked Mr. Trask savagely.

"She isn't the sort that plays possum," replied Brick, his rough skin reddening.

"H'm." Mr. Trask studied his cowe then barked: "Did you see her?"

"No. She isn't seeing anybody. mother ——"

"Ah!" The trace of a crafty smile over the Napoleonic countenance, inc ing that he knew how things stood Brick Minor. Then Mr. Trask brough fist down and spluttered: "What's the ter with those society hustlers, anyl You'd think they were war correspon the way they get shell shock. I've tu the department over to Riley, which m that the page is dead until Cissy c back. Ho, hum!"

The telephone rang again. Mr. T put his ear to the receiver.

"Minor will know him. I'll send right over," he muttered, and hung

"Here's a new chapter on that Del story," he snapped as Brick rose to go. said not a word, but his eyes spark through his glasses.

"Burgstaller, of the Merlinbilt, is s ing us an S O S."

"You don't mean the marquis ——"

"That's it!" supplied Mr. Trask wit new cheerfulness. "He's been blowing h self like a Roman candle—on credit. Bu staller got suspicious and put the ho detective on the case. It must have b easy, for the h. d. to have found anythin

"Well, what did he find?" grunted Br Minor, sensing a fear that Julie might dragged into the case.

"Del Argo's a counterfeit, that's Sworn statement of his divorced wife a a lot of other dope. Now Burgstaller's g the marquis locked up in his office; doesn want to make any publicity if he can h it. But he's anxious to have Miss Corle come and tell what she knows."

"Impossible," declared Brick. "She w running a temperature all week."

"Well, see here," begged Mr. Trask, h voice taking on a wheedling tone, don't think there's any story in this f us—the Merlinbilt company's solid wi our office, you know. But we'd like to do favor for Burgstaller."

"I'll know Del Argo," Minor volunteere "I saw him fence at Stockholm."

"So you told me," admitted the ma aging editor. "Go round and identif him, will you? If Burgstaller turns th man over to the police grab the story whi it's hot. If he turns him loose do what yo can for Burgstaller. It's just a favor be tween friends—understand?"

Minor hastened uptown to the Merlin bilt. He cared less than three straws fo Burgstaller, Trask or Del Argo. Julie alon concerned him. A news gatherer by in stinct, he had pieced together sufficien evidence to assure himself that there wa more to Julie's strange behavior than mere maidenly shrinking from the require ments of yellow journalism. What wa Del Argo's hold on Julie Corless?

The scene which Minor encountered in the sanctum of Mr. Burgstaller, of the Merlinbilt, was no more painful than that presented by the average directors' meeting. The room was full of Havana's incense. Burgstaller, the house detective and the splendid cavalier who called himself Del Argo were all smoking very good cigars. In a far corner an overblown beauty with a gorgeously plumed hat and a sulky mouth sat staring inimically.

"I'm Mr. Minor, of the Bugle," announced Brick.

"Here's just the story for you," beamed Mr. Burgstaller, shaking hands. Then he

(Continued on Page 70)



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A Sunset—Lake McDonald, Glacier National Park, Montana

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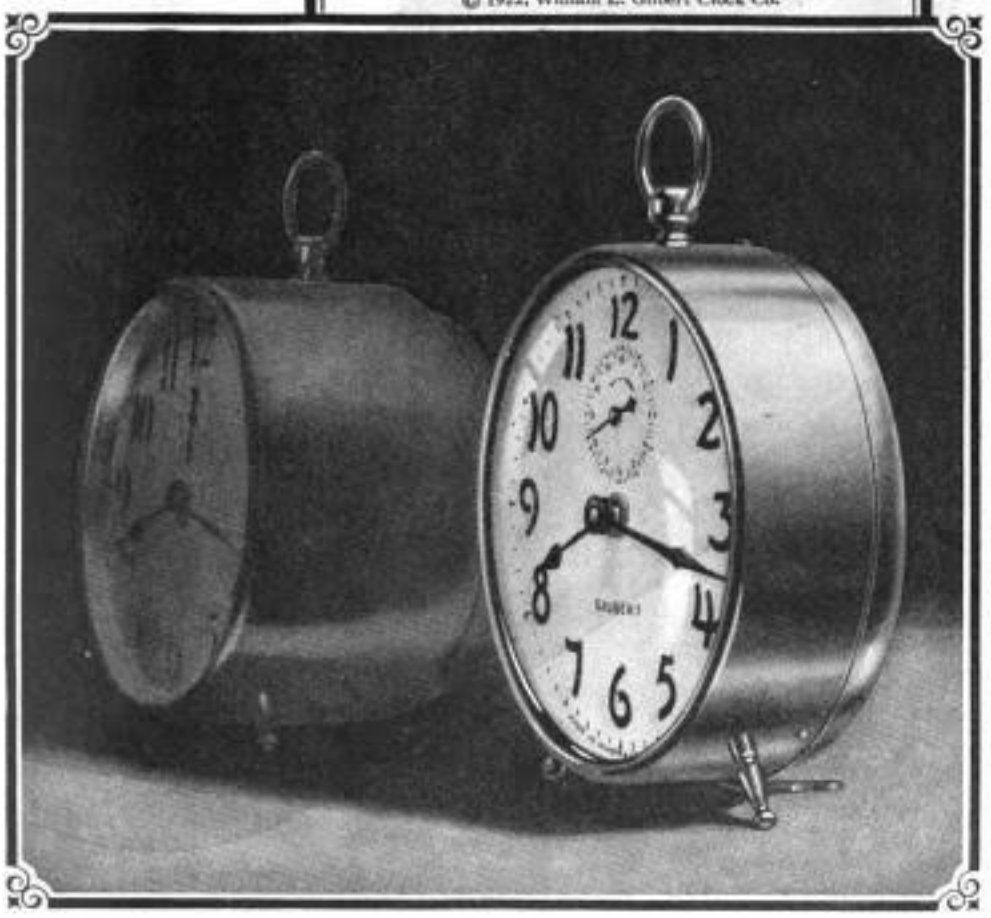
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Gilbert Clocks

(Continued from Page 68)

added in a low whisper: "Not for publication unless I say so—see?"

"I understand," replied Brick, and was introduced to the company.

"Mr. Alviso," announced Burgstaller, indicating the handsome foreigner. "And Mrs. Alviso; and our house detective, Mr. Alsace."

Brick bowed and sat down.

"Now, Mrs. Alviso," drawled the detective, casting fishy eyes toward the overblown beauty, "will you please repeat for the gentleman what you have just told me?"

"Certain-lee," replied the lady, glaring hatred toward him whom they now called Alviso. "Henry and me first met at Coney—that was in summer, 1914. It was a sort of hot night and ——"

"Just stick to the bare facts, if you will," suggested Mr. Burgstaller kindly.

"Well, there wasn't nothing between him and I until fall, when he said that waiting on table wasn't no place for a lady like me. He wrote the sweetest letters—now, don't try to interrupt, Henry!" This last was directed toward the dark gentleman, who affected an amused smile.

"He gushed a lot about love and said he'd keep my picture next to his heart—that's been his weakness—keepin' pictures next to his heart."

"Would you mind showing Mr. Minor the—documentary evidence?" asked Mr. Burgstaller.

"You mean them photos and all that?" she shrilled; answering her own question she delved into a shabby handbag and brought out a scrappy collection.

"He was always crazy 'bout rich women," she buzzed on. But Brick Minor was too much concerned in what he saw to attend further lamentations.

He was holding a half dozen photographs in fan formation under his nose. There was a variety of portraits, all of ladies—a jeweled dowager, a dashing horsewoman, a simpering miss. Some of them were inscribed with sweetish sentiments to the Marquis del Argo. But that which caused Brick Minor's heart to turn over and his cheeks to blaze hotly was a portrait he would have given all he owned not to have recognized.

Julie Corless, slimmer and less mature than the Julie he knew, beamed with a look of girlish purity out of a cabinet photograph with the name of a Parisian atelier stamped on its margin.

"There's a letter goes with that," said Mr. Burgstaller coolly.

Brick Minor could scarcely see the half-formed scrawl on a bluish sheet which he held under his unhappy eyes. Then he struggled with the shockingly bad French:

Mon cher Marquis: Les circonstances de ma vie rendent difficile l'introduction qui vous desire. Ma chaperone est une femme severe et je n'ai point de la liberte ——

He could read no more.

"It was them letters and photos and the way he carried on with ladies everywhere we got a job that fed me up with Henry," snapped Mrs. Alviso from her corner.

"Where did you get these?" asked Brick frostily, turning to the Spaniard.

Alviso shrugged his graceful shoulders, but his ex-wife cut in sharply:

"He kept 'em locked in his trunk. I found 'em one day when I thought he was holdin' some money back on me and ——"

"I see," interrupted Brick Minor.

Mr. Burgstaller took up the cross-examination, facing the unworthy Alviso, who sat languidly blowing smoke rings.

"Mr. Alviso," said the manager politely, "you have registered at my hotel with a dozen empty trunks. You have been here ten days, and, so far as I can see, you have no intention of paying your bill. This afternoon you tried to leave the hotel without settling. There is a serious penalty attached to jumping a hotel bill."

"So I am informed," replied the accused in the tone which one gentleman employs with other gentlemen.

"There is also evidence that you are not what you pretend to be. If you are not Marquis del Argo, as you say you are ——"

"That can be quite easily settled," cooed Alviso with just the trace of a foreign accent. "I am not Del Argo."

"I see," agreed Mr. Burgstaller, apparently moved by the dramatic announcement. "Then I suppose you know that you are facing another serious charge?"

"I suppose so." Alviso smiled and undulated his shoulder blades.

"Gentlemen," he went on pleasantly, fore the prosecution could resume, "I no intention of annoying you further have no money. If you wish to send n jail I offer you my services, as I have little defense."

What game was this adroit fellow ing now? The slightly foreign accent explaining smoothly: "The Marquis Argo is with me an assumed name. I only seen the gentleman twice, whe came to the shop of the hairdresser employed me in Paris. I am an ambit man. I always had a desire to be somet in the great world. Possibly that had n to do with my interesting career.

"In the profession of hairdressing meets many distinguished men, you understand. Quite frequently I im sonated these celebrities—there was l but excitement to be gained by the ad ture. One time, for instance, I gained t porary control of the Duc de Bourb automobile—that is another amusing st I cut quite a figure with it for an entire and no questions asked—for reasons kn to the duke and myself."

Alviso smiled in pleasant recollectio

"Shortly before that adventure I burnt my forearm severely with an elec curling iron. Would you care to see scar?" Deftly Alviso rolled back his sle to exhibit an angry disfigurement. "T was useful a little later when I decided impersonate the Marquis del Argo.

"The marquis, perhaps you rememl became famous throughout the Contin because of a duel which he was forced fight with Jacques Mordeau, a hairdres Mordeau had once been my employer, a at his shop I had seen the marquis knew how much we resembled each oth I am a man of very poor character. Bu have imagination. My scar and my rese blance to the marquis was, for me, tempting a combination to resist.

"I did very well, at brief intervals, rel ing my duel with the hairdresser to sel audiences. This required discretion. Ho ever, I managed to profit by the story a borrow from time to time in watering pla where Americans abound."

Alviso was looking Brick Minor straig in the eyes when he said this callous thi A murderous impulse filled the veins of t sporting editor. Poor Julie had been o of those Americans with whom wateri places abounded.

"How came you in Beyond, New Je sey?" asked Mr. Burgstaller.

"I have been there for a year," a nounced the accused. "I could not purs my trade in this country because my reco is known among hairdressers all over t world. I have worked as timekeeper in t Morpheus Bed Springs Works. I hav saved—well, saved enough for clothing an a few trunks. It has been like strong drink gentlemen, this passion for impersonatin a nobleman."

Silence fell over the room at the end the strangely frank confession.

Finally the manager of the Merlinbil turned to Brick Minor and asked point blank, "Is this man the Marquis del Argo?"

"He looks a great deal like him," sai Brick, staring boldly into the face of th adventurer.

"Have you ever seen the marquis?"

"I saw him fence at the Olympiad i Stockholm."

"Then you would recognize him. Is thi man Del Argo?"

Alviso's beautiful eyes and Minor's keen ones encountered each other just a second.

"No," said the sporting editor. "It is only a resemblance."

"And now," smiled the impostor, helping himself to another cigar out of Mr. Burgstaller's stock, "it seems to me there is nothing to do but to call in the police."

"And serves you good and right!" came the chiding tones of his divorced wife.

"Mr. Alsace," commanded the manager of his lanky house detective, "you'd better ring up headquarters ——"

Mr. Alsace had just risen to obey when Minor blockaded the door.

"I don't think you'll gain anything by this, Mr. Burgstaller," he objected.

"Who's running this business?" asked the manager, reddening.

"You are," announced Brick Minor. "And I don't think you're keeping a hotel to lose money."

"I don't intend to be beaten out of it," replied Mr. Burgstaller hotly.

"That's my point. If you'll bring me the bill ——"

(Continued on Page 73)

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(Continued from Page 70)

's going to pay it?"
anager was now facing Brick with hich threatened personal injury.
. if you don't mind."
Burgstaller put his hands in his . The house detective sat down Mrs. Alviso half rose. The man om this battle raged was the calm- an in the room.
're really most considerate," he his rich accent.
't thank me!" requested Brick "And now—if you'll bring me the s check book."
the bill came in Brick glanced at l: $1327.55. Without a moment's ion he filled out the blank line and the check over to the manager.
ink that's all," he said, slipping the aphs and letters into a side pocket. ld on!" Mrs. Alviso, from her cor- getting in her word. "You ain't way with them photos."
be sure," responded Brick. "They're roperty, aren't they? Mr. Burg- would you mind loaning me your book again? And now, Mrs. Alviso, do you ask for the evidence?"
ell," said she, "I been to a lot of e hangin' onto them photos. Lord s I've had enough sorrow and tears poor life. I think they ought to rth twenty-five dollars, seein' as —"
er obliterated her protests with an- flourish of the pen across a check. e was going out the Spanish impostor with all the dignity of Castile and n. He was holding out his hand.
Mr. Minor," he asked smoothly, "you done me a great service; would you shaking hands with me?"
would," said Brick.
Naturally," agreed Alviso. "I quite erstand."
t. Burgstaller, frankly puzzled, fol- d the sporting editor out into the y.
Mr. Minor," he said, "I'm much obliged. e ought to thank you, too, and that's ct. But what I'd like to know is, what's r idea?"
Who's running this business?" smiled k Minor, and fled into the night.

VII

INOR walked miserably up Madison Avenue, his pocket burning with the idence he had wrested from the Spanish ondrel. The encounter had left him irres- te and sick at heart, for in that bad arter of an hour he had linked up the idence against Julie Corless. He walked ffingly along, considering what to do; s dragging feet, a mite more forceful than s will, were advancing him step by step ward Mrs. Corless' apartment.
He paused at last in front of the familiar use. Gazing up at the rows of wide- ned windows he saw lights shining on e third floor. Acting upon impulse, for rick had passed the reasoning stage, he ent up to the little vestibule and rang e Corless bell.
Presently the door began that mysteri- s click-click peculiar to the elevatorless partment house. Minor turned the knob nd bounded up to the second landing, here to find the Corless door ajar and lie, looking white as a swan, in a filmy ouse gown, standing in a patch of light.
"Brick!" she cried in a faint little voice.
"I just thought I'd come up," he began.
He had taken her hand, which seemed far more fragile than the one he had clasped before. She led him into the small drawing- room, which, with its few pieces of hand- some Chippendale, its English engravings, its carved marble mantelpiece and Dresden ornaments, always gave him a feeling of being at home with people he understood.
Seated beside her on the chintz-covered couch, he found breath to say, "I'm mighty glad to see you're around again."
"Oh, I'm ever so much better to-day," she answered with a pale smile. "I've been up since noon. I bullied mother into going to the theater. I hope you're all right, Brick. You look tired."
"Julie," he launched forth, for the Alviso woman's bale of evidence was burning in his pocket, "I've been up to the Merlinbilt on a story. It seems to concern you."
"Me!"
He was sorry for his words when he saw the look in her face, yet a demon prompted him to say on: "The Marquis del Argo."
She looked away for just an instant, then said in a perfectly natural voice: "I'm glad you did the interview, Brick. You can handle it so much better than I ever could."
"I'm not sure of that," he grunted. "It wasn't the interview we expected, Julie."
"What did he say?" The look of fear had come again into her eyes.
"Burgstaller called the office and said that Del Argo was being held for jumping his hotel bill. Because I had seen Del Argo fence at Stockholm they sent me on the detail. The man confessed everything——"
"Everything?" she asked in a still, small voice.
"To Burgstaller's satisfaction. He said that his name was Alviso and that he was a hairdresser by trade——"
"Brick, my dear!"
She folded her thin hands and looked so pitiful that he was loath to go on until she insisted: "You must tell me, Brick."
"He said that he had taken Del Argo's name in order to make a fine appearance in the world. It seems he's had a bad habit of collecting photographs and letters——"
He brought a faded blue envelope and a girlish portrait out of his pocket and thrust them into her hands. She made no attempt to read the letter, which she knew by heart, but she held up the photograph just an instant before she closed her eyes.
"Where did you get these?" she whispered.
Brick was ready to tell her about the overblown beauty. Then a sense of pity sealed his lips.
"Oh, the detective shook these out of his clothes," he said easily. "I knew you wouldn't want them hanging round. And—I thought maybe you'd let me keep the picture."
"It's spoiled for any decent man," she said bitterly, and with a strength which belied the slimness of her hands she tore portrait and letter in twain.
"What a little fool I was!" she cried. "What a snob and what a romancer! Brick, you're going to write it up, aren't you? It's your duty, you see."
Her eyes had become wild with resentment and despair, but Brick Minor's words came soothingly:
"There won't be anything written up, my dear. Alviso's hotel bill has been paid and the Merlinbilt has sent him on his way."
It was a full minute before she comprehended his words, then she asked: "Brick Minor, did you pay that impostor's bill?"
"Why, yes," he replied sheepishly. "There wasn't anybody else round to."
Then Brick Minor found himself straining her slender body against his breast and expressing his ecstasy in supplications that she mustn't cry and that she mustn't go on like that.
"Let me tell you! Let me——" he heard a smothered voice saying into his lapel.
"Tell me just one thing, Julie," he conceded.
"Yes, I'll marry you," she agreed, jumping accurately to the conclusion. "If you'll have me, Brick."
Brick Minor made no verbal reply, but his subsequent behavior indicated that she had been accepted without reservations. After a half hour of beautiful nonsense wherein Brick had described a real-estate bargain he had seen at Greenwich and they had quarreled loverlike over the spot—either in the reception hall or the dining room—where his largest Flemish tapestry should be hung, Julie had a lucid interval and said severely: "Brick Minor, you've been evasive about one thing. Now that's no way to begin, is it?"
"I am an open book," he grinned, but he had an inner dread lest she question him about poor Alviso's matrimonial past.
"Why in the world did you pay that Spanish impostor's hotel bill and let him go without punishment?"
Brick Minor cleared his throat.
"You know, I suppose, that I saw Del Argo fence at Stockholm when I reported the Olympiad?"
"Yes—you've told me that."
"I met him on that occasion and had lunch with his party. I ought to know him, don't you think?"
"You ought to," she replied, puzzled.
"Well, this Spanish impostor, as you call him, is the Marquis del Argo himself."
Julie Corless sat quite still, her chin resting in the cup of her hands.
"I think I see," she said dreamily. "But I can't understand why he should be passing himself off as a hairdresser."
"Family pride is a curious thing," replied Brick Minor as he rose to go back to the office and tender his final resignation.

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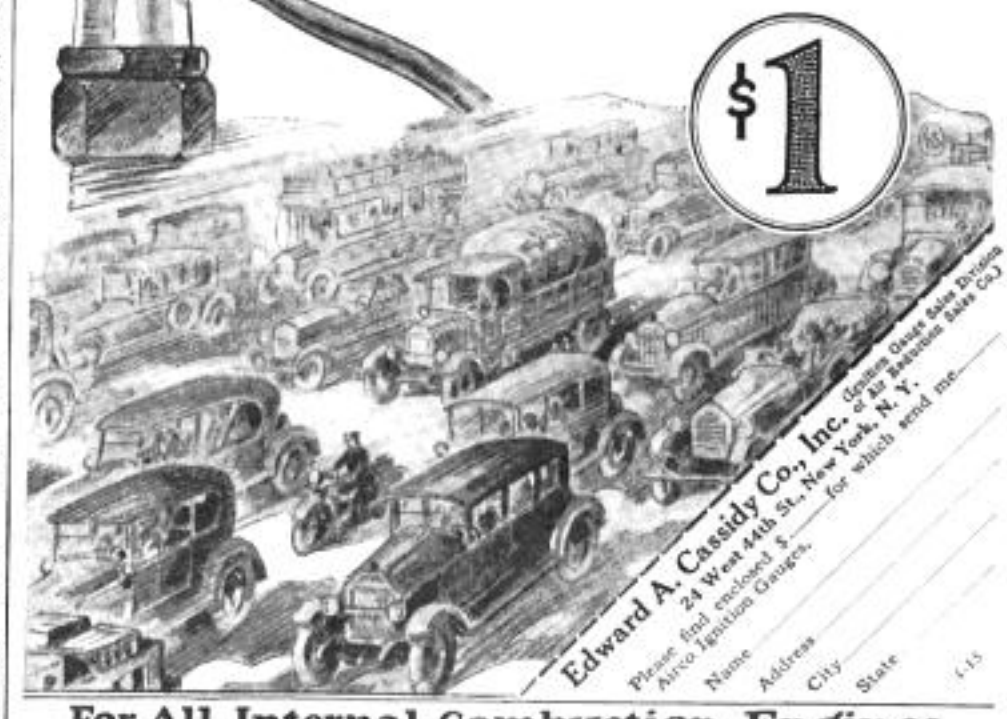
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THE GOLDEN EGGS

(Continued from Page 25)

golden days of spring in which poets are born, and pessimists have to struggle hard for existence. The blue of the sky looked as though it had been washed by some celestial laundress and put out in the sun to dry. There was a balmy wine in the air—much stronger than any paltry half of one per cent. You sniffed it, breathed it, drank it, and after the first few draughts you began to feel at one with lilac blossoms on the south side of a stone wall, and wild violets in a sheltered dell, and curled-up hickory leaves beginning to burst their buds, and blue-eyed calves frolicking over the meadow with their tails aloft, and orioles tuning their songs in the topmost branches of the maples and making civilization seem shabby, and man a wingless cuckoo in a weeping willow tree.

One of Paul's last duties that day was to visit a steamship office on State Street, and as he walked through Battery Park even he began to feel the magic of the day—insensibly at first but gradually with a perceptible lifting of his tragic mood.

"There are other places in the world besides Weatherby's," he thought to himself at last. "I don't have to stick there as long as I live. All I have to do is to look around and get into something good—something with a future to it, this time—and make up for the years I've lost."

The sun still warming him, half-forgotten schemes arose to his mind. There was Stapleson, for instance, who had once been a bookkeeper for the firm. He started with a lucky deal in Bethlehem Steel, and now had an apartment on Riverside Drive and a summer cottage on the shore. Ever since then Paul, too, had followed the market—in his mind—and more than once he had made an imaginary fortune in the rise of stocks. Wrought Iron Common, for instance, was about due for one of its periodical climbs. The only thing needed was a little capital.

Yes, and there was money in real estate, leasing old buildings for a long term of years, fixing up the fronts a little and renting them out again at a profit. Or a man might start a chain of garages through the country, the same as a chain of grocery stores; or invent something like an automobile bumper that would automatically stop the car if it touched anything; or plays could be written like Checkers or The Old Homestead—surely he'd hit on something. Surely everything profitable in the world hadn't been gobbled up yet.

In short, by the time he went home that evening a feeling of promotion had taken possession of him, a sense of adventure—as though something important and satisfactory was about to happen; perhaps the same feeling that comes to the lilac bud when the sun has warmed it, or to the blue-eyed calf when it lowers its head and gallops over the pasture.

"I ought to get a new suit and a pair of new shoes before I leave Weatherby's, though," he told himself. "Now let's see—if I go slow—and save four dollars a week ——"

He was still at this, and not very fond of the answer which was threatening, when he reached his boarding house and climbed the steps. In the vestibule a girl was trying to unlock the inner door and was evidently having trouble with the key.

"What's the matter?" asked Paul. "Won't it fit?"

"No," she said; "and I hate to ring. Landladies never like it. She gave me the key this morning, but I think it needs filing or something."

He noticed then for the first time the two suitcases which she had been carrying.

"New boarder?" he asked.

"Yes," she nodded. "Just moving in."

Paul unlocked the door and picked up the suitcases—and even as the couplings of a freight train creak when the locomotive first picks up the load, so Paul's wrists felt the strain the moment he lifted those suitcases off the floor.

"I'll carry them in for you," he said. "Where's your room?"

"Third floor front."

"We're neighbors then. I'm third floor rear." He paused and then rather awkwardly added, "Paul Sohmer's my name."

"Mine's—Edna Benson," said she.

He gave her a smile which she received with that caution which daughters of the city have learned to throw around such offerings; and she followed him up the stairs, both busy with their own thoughts, and between them one of those screens of silence behind which human beings have learned to hide the things that are in their minds.

"Some class, all right," thought Paul. "Down on her luck, I wouldn't be surprised, and had to find a cheaper boarding house. Suitcases look like the real thing, too, but aren't they heavy! I'll bet she didn't carry them far." Aloud he asked, "Come in a taxi with these?"

"No," she said. "On the El."

"And carried these suitcases all the way from the station?"

Her answer had a touch of spirit in it. "You wouldn't expect me to leave them behind, would you?"

Paul whistled to himself, his arms and wrists already beginning to ache, but he had climbed another flight before the solution came to him.

"I know," he suddenly told himself. "She didn't take a surface car from the station because she wanted to save the nickel. Probably had to pay a week's board in advance, and it just took every cent she had."

They had reached the third floor by that time, and the girl opened the door of the front hall room. Paul had another chance to look at her then; but if he had been expecting to see any signs of poverty he was certainly disappointed. On her head was a brave little hat of dark red velvet; her suit had a freshness and a fit to it that would have done credit to many a dummy in a Fifth Avenue window; and her shoes and stockings had that indefinable trimness which had been included in Paul's first impression—"Some class, all right." And yet, if he had disregarded the accessories and had looked at the girl herself, he might have noticed that her face was peaked a little more than Nature demanded, and that her eyes, as she thanked him, were brighter than they should have been, and had vague shadows beneath them too.

"Dinner's at half past six," he said. "Did Mrs. Seeger tell you?"

"Yes, thank you," she said.

"'Yes, thank you,'" repeated Paul to himself in his own room a minute later. "Some queen, all right." He looked at the dancing girl on his wall, her skirt standing out from her waist like an opalescent ring of fluff, poised on the point of her toe and looking enraptured.

"She's prettier than you," said he, and still looking at the picture he thoughtfully added, "I wonder if you would have carried those two trunks six blocks to save a nickel."

The smiling face looked back at him, inscrutably ecstatic. "Guess!" it seemed to say.

"I'll say you wouldn't," said Paul, and turning to the portrait of his mother he added more thoughtfully still: "I never thought of that before. It's bad enough for a man to be down on his luck, but God help a girl in the city when she finds she can't get on."



"Pardon Me," He Said. "This Young Lady Was Here the First. You Take Your Place in the Line"

V

MANY old saws have a rusty sound and grate upon the reason. "Still waters run deep," perhaps—but so do those who haven't the wit to talk. "The night brings counsel"—yes, but it brings cold feet as well. "Nothing is impossible to a willing heart"—yet probably Mr. Hohenzollern couldn't tell you so. But there is one old saw which cuts as truly as on the day when it was first sharpened—"Misery likes company," and every time Paul started to think of his interview with old S. J. some ended by thinking of Miss Benson half-guessed troubles. After din over he was standing on the fron building those vague plans of g which are the heritage of disap youth, when the door behind him and the girl in the third floor front ca

"Oh, it's you," she said, and moment's thought she added, "I you can tell me—I want to find paper office where they take ad ments."

"I know where there's two," sai "and I was just going out for a w you wouldn't mind—coming with

They went down the steps togethe walking quietly by his side. "You I'm not putting you out?" she ask

"Indeed, you're not," he said. "It He had started to say "It's a pl but it didn't sound quite right—s of that freshness which he had shunned like the plague. "It's—a ful evening, isn't it?" he concluded enough, and frowned at himself having been born with the gift of

"Yes," she said. "I think *spring's*

They walked along in silence for and when they came to a street lar stole a glance at her. She was slig told himself, than he had thought, ing him of the bisque statuette of shepherdess that had stood for yea mother's mantelshelf—a dainty fi the Watteau age that had to be carefully when it was dusted for might be broken.

"Yes, and she's prettier than tha he thought.

Slender, diminutive and pretty, h was something else as well. Nigh trick to cast romantic spells, hid details and letting the fancy play, Paul glanced down at his companio the light of the lamp she was no l young woman out of a boarding h her way to an advertising office; a mysterious figure of grace and her eyes deep as though with the of impending drama—a helpless threatened by a dragon and arou Paul's mind a growing feeling of chi an ambition to shield her, mind h her—to swing his foot like a mule s and kick the dragon into the mi next week.

In the brighter lights of Broadh mood attained even higher prop Young Apollos, slightly sallow of fi engaged in the immemorial past looking them over, glanced at Edn unconcealed admiration—glances t which she walked without the lea cern. Paul noticed them, though, soon as he had assured himself th were rolling off the girl by his side lik drops off a rosebud he felt the spirit o

"Yes, you can look," he seemed "but this young lady's walking wi and I know how to take care of remember that!" At the crossi guided her with his hand cupped un elbow, but when he reached the adv office he opened the swinging porti so much strength that the door sl back against the wall, and the peo side turned around to see what H was entering, and whether or not it be safe for them to stay.

Along one side of the office was a equipped with blanks and pencils c to the wall. Paul followed Edna to cant space and when she started to one of the blanks he happened to s opening words:

"Situation Wanted—Female."

"Out of a job. I thought it was thing like that," he nodded to himse under the glare of the lights above th he noticed for the first time the sus of shadows beneath her eyes. At th spirit of chivalry grew and was in nigh perfect flower when Edna went place in the line that had formed in of the clerk's cage, and was almos mediately jostled aside by a prosp looking man who was evidently in those prosperous hurries which a Sit Wanting Female could hardly be ex to understand.

Paul was on him like a flash.

"Pardon me," he said. "This lady was here the first. You take place in the line."

(Continued on Page 78)

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On any size or over-size you may need, your repairman can give you quick service—promptly through his supply house, if he hasn't the right rings in stock.

Complete McQuay-Norris-made piston equipment may be had for your car by securing McQuay-Norris Wainwright Pistons and Piston Pins—recently added to the McQuay-Norris piston ring line.

Booklet Sent FREE. Relation of piston rings to gas engine power and economy is fully explained in our booklet, "To Have and to Hold Power." Mailed postpaid on request. Address Dept. B.

McQuay-Norris Mfg. Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.
McQuay-Norris Manufacturing Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto

Leak-Proof—an exclusive two-piece design, preventing loss of gas and compression. Gives equal pressure at all points on cylinder walls. For all piston grooves except top, which should have Superoyl. Each ring packed in a parchment container. Price per ring—

$1.25

In Canada, $1.50

Superoyl—Keeps lubricating oil out of combustion chamber. Collects excess oil on each down stroke of piston and empties on each up stroke, which ordinary grooved rings cannot do. Each ring packed in a parchment container. Price per ring—

$1.00

In Canada, $1.25

JIFFY-GRIP—a one-piece ring. Non-butting joint, which can be fitted closer than ordinary step cut—velvet finish—quick seating. "Seats in a jiffy." To keep them clean and free from rust, each ring is packed in an individual glassine envelope. Price per ring—

50c

In Canada, 50c

Snap Rings—of the highest grade. Raised above the average by McQuay-Norrismanufacturing methods. Their use insures all the satisfaction possible for you to get from a plain snap ring. They are packed twelve rings to the carton and rolled in waxed paper.

And Snap Rings of the highest grade



A RING FOR EVERY PRICE AND PURPOSE
MADE OF ELECTRIC IRON

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WRIGL

After Every

Use it regularly and
beneficial effects.

It aids digestion,
mouth and teeth
and sweet.

Delicious,
lasting, he
refresh
ha



After Every Meal—Get Benefit

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Y'S

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in

form.



The Flavor Lasts

Wrapped in

UNITED PROFIT SHARING COUPONS

Good for valuable **premiums**

C-19

Pleasure in Generous Measure

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KROEHLER Daven-O



An Added Room—Subtracted Rent

With a Kroehler Daven-O in your home, you can have all the comfort of a handsomely furnished living room, the convenience that an extra sleeping room affords, and economy of reduced rental. The Kroehler Daven-O takes the place of an additional room and subtracts from the family budget the rental which that room would cost.

By day it is a handsomely upholstered, luxurious piece of living room furniture, just like any other fine davenport in appearance, with bedding completely concealed. There is ample room, when folded, for thick, removable mattress and bedding.

At night it is converted, with one simple motion, into a full-sized, comfortable bed, with patented, sagless, folding metal bed frame and springs.

Made in overstuffed styles and Colonial and Period designs, with any wood finish; upholstery of plush, tapestry, velour, genuine leather or leather substitute. Made to harmonize with any decorative scheme. Handsome styles, at prices to meet any requirement. Sold by leading furniture dealers everywhere, for cash or easy payments. Ask for demonstration. Look for Kroehler trade mark. Send for free booklet.

KROEHLER MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Chicago

Factories at Kankakee, Ill.; Naperville, Ill.; Binghamton, N. Y.

Canadian Factory, Stratford, Ontario

The Invisible Bed Room



Long Daven-O No. 830

(93)

(Continued from Page 74)

There was a clash of eyes, but perhaps the prosperous man had risen to affluence because he had the gift of knowing when best to advance and when best to beat a retreat.

"Sorry, I'm sure," said he, making a place for Edna in front of him. "I had no idea ——"

"That's all right," said Paul, breathing hard and looking stern; and when they left the office a few minutes later there was a touch of color on Edna's cheeks, and one of her hands rested lightly on his arm.

"Listen," she whispered. "Suppose—suppose he hadn't stepped back when you told him to—that man in there?"

"Somebody would have had to carry him back," said Paul shortly.

They walked along without speaking for a few minutes, her eyes deeper than they had been, and a proud little strut to her walk. Every woman sooner or later meets the man who will fight for her, and she never exactly hates him for it.

"That's the best of being a man," she said. And in a lower voice: "I often wish I was one."

"Why? What would you do?"

"I'd get on—somehow," she said. "Make money—somehow. You know—a lot of it. And then I'd travel. I've always wanted to go to Europe—Switzerland, France, places like that."

He told her about the Vosges then—of the village where he had been stationed while in the service of Mars.

"It must be nice there," she breathed once, drinking in every word; and again, "Oh, I'd love that!"

Soon after she seemed to grow tired.

"I guess we'd better start back," she said. "I—I was in the hospital quite a while this winter—and I'm not very strong yet."

Paul sat in his room a long time that night—staring out at the towels and dishcloths that were dimly waving in the darkness like ghostly vestments; and with every breath he drew he grew more and more determined.

He, too, would get along! There must be some way. He, too, would get his hands on a bunch of money—the same as the rest of them did!

"I've been a fool long enough," was his good-night thought, after he had set his alarm clock as though he were turning an engine of fate. "I'm going to try the other thing now, and see what I get from that."

VI

FOR the next month Paul's thoughts beat against the limitations of his mind like waves against a rock. Surely there was some way—some opening for a bright young man without capital intent upon a quick success; but when the week was over, all that he had for his pains was a growing doubt of his own abilities.

"Perhaps that's the reason I haven't got on," he told himself one evening. "Perhaps I haven't got it in me. Maybe there's some little thing that's missing—something that I shall never have." Which wasn't very cheerful thinking.

"Funny, too," he thought, "the way old S. J.'s been acting lately. Told me to-day that he wanted Gus to know how to make out ocean bills of lading. I wonder if he's thinking of firing me and giving Gus my job."

Which also wasn't a particularly cheerful thought, especially at a time when office clerks were a drug on the market and the strongest firms were trimming down their forces to the bone.

"If I only had some money to start with," he told himself with a hungry look. "Wrought Iron Common is going up again."

After dinner that evening he went with Edna to the advertising office, but there was nothing there for her.

She was quiet for a minute or two, and then with an air of serenity she said, "Well, I guess I can stand it for a month."

She spent her days, he had learned, answering ads in the papers, and applying in person to those who gave names and addresses. She was a stenographer, and from bits she had dropped Paul had guessed that she wasn't a very good one.

"A sort of misfit, maybe, like me," he had thought, and felt himself drawn more closely to her because of that.

They walked together to Riverside Park and stood for nearly five minutes on the edge of the Drive, waiting for an opening in the procession of cars that were rolling up and down by the side of the river. Stately limousines and sporty runabouts, fa sedans and knowing-looking taxis, aute biles of every size and make went slip past them in a double line that seeme have no end—until, if you had been th you might have been pardoned for thin that all the cars in the world were on rade, taking advantage of one of those vine spring evenings when it seems a si be lonely and a crime to stay indoors.

"You know what they remind me o said Edna. "The Egyptians in their c iots." And voicing a very old thought added, "Wouldn't you wonder where t all came from?"

"Beats me," said Paul, watching th with another of his hungry looks. "I u to think that I'd have one—long bef this."

"Isn't it funny," she said, "how so people are lucky—and some aren't?"

Seeing a break in the traffic they r across to the opposite side of the Drive, a then he noticed that the hand on his a was trembling.

"I'll have to sit down," she said.

They found a bench by the side of t parapet, and when they sat down Pa saw that she was trembling still. With instinct as old as the human race he plac his arm around her for a rest. "Lean c me," he gently told her. "You'll be bett soon. Don't be afraid. Just think m arm's a rock."

He felt her little body trembling agains his shoulder, and so for a time they sa there, watching perhaps the lights on th battleships below, and listening to the pro cession of the Egyptians behind them Gradually she grew quiet again.

"I'm all right now," she said at last, and gently moved his arm.

"You ought to see a doctor," Paul told her. "It isn't right for you to be like this. A doctor ought to be able to give you something to make you strong again in no time."

"They say I need a change and a long rest," she said, and turning to him with a smile that had a touch of tragedy in it she continued: "Isn't that funny? A change—and a long rest. Can you imagine that?"

Paul groaned to himself.

"Lord, if I only had some money!" he mourned, half despairing and half in prayer.

"Why, what would you do with it?"

"What would I do? Well, now, I'll tell you." And gently putting his arm around her again he continued, "First I'd make a lot more money—and then I'd take you to France—or Switzerland—somewhere far away—and you'd have all the rest you wanted, and grow strong and well again."

"Wouldn't that be nice!" she sighed contentedly, and after leaning her head on his shoulder for a few moments she added, more to herself than to him, "I'm afraid there's not much chance, though."

"Not much chance?" he repeated, one of the moods of Hercules falling on him again. "I'm going to get some money soon if I have to take New York by the neck and shake it!"

But the opportunity came more easily than that. The next week old S. J. called him in and gave him an order from South Africa to be placed with the Hedman Manufacturing Company, a Cleveland concern. The order was accompanied by a letter of credit for sixty-two thousand dollars made out in favor of the Hedman company—the money to be paid them in exchange for the ocean shipping documents.

"Get this through as quickly as you can," said old S. J. in his testy manner. "They're in a hurry for the stuff down there."

Delivery, Paul noted as he returned to his desk, was to be within three months, and from his previous experience with the Hedman company he guessed that they would probably be a month or two late.

"Sixty-two thousand dollars," he thought. "If I could only get the use of that—till the Hedman people are ready to make their shipment!"

VII

BIT by bit that day Paul worked upon the details—doing it impersonally, one might say, the same as he would have solved a puzzle in the Sunday paper.

"Anybody could easily make out the ocean bills of lading—and sign them," he told himself. "There's a bunch of blanks in my bottom drawer."

He drew one out, and in imagination he filled in the dotted lines, adding the shipping marks in the margin and the sprawling signature under the agent's name.

(Continued on Page 80)

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LINCOLN

MOTOR CARS

Beauty

LINCOLN MOTOR CARS are supremely beautiful to look upon.

Their beauty does not lose its charm, because it is the full embodiment of rare good taste and true refinement.

The charm does not grow less, because the beauty of the coachwork is not merely an embellishment for a mediocre mechanism.

Even were they outwardly less elegant, LINCOLN MOTOR CARS would still, in truth, be beautiful because of the infinite fineness of their mechanical structure.

But the fineness of the mechanism is not for beauty's sake. It is for the sake of how that fineness expresses itself in superlative performance, and in unremitting constancy.

The beauty which delights the eye and the beauty of the mechanism so unite and blend that the LINCOLN owner luxuriates in a mode of travel in which none but LINCOLN owners are privileged to participate.

And this superior mode of travel is persisting, in the LINCOLN, long beyond what motordom has been accustomed to experience.

TWELVE BODY TYPES

LINCOLN MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

LELAND-BUILT

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Murphy Varnish—for over fifty years an invisible preserver of beautiful surfaces



2,000,000 New Cars Came Out of a Can!

Just as for fifty years, master painters have preferred Murphy Varnishes for fine surfaces, so have motor car owners come to appreciate the time-tested skill and artistry in varnish making which has produced Da-cote—the motor car enamel which has renewed the showroom glory of over 2,000,000 cars.

Da-cote is Murphy Varnish colored with finest pigments and ground to the smoothness of cream.

Anyone can use Da-cote and get fine results—brush marks melt like magic into one even satiny surface—overnight it dries, leaving a finish hard and radiant as glass. Costs about two dollars.

Try it some afternoon and next day have a new car. Or use it to renew porch furniture, or to preserve metal surfaces from rust. Da-cote comes black and white and in ten popular colors.

Murphy Univernish

Will Brighten Your Home

The floors and stairs in your house—have they lost that lustrous newness of the day you took possession? Murphy Univernish will make them smile once more, for this wonderful "universal" varnish leaves a beautiful, professional finish wherever applied. Of course, it won't turn white. Not affected by soap, boiling water, alkali, nor even ammonia. Comes clear and in six wood colors.

Murphy Varnish Company

NEWARK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.

The Dougall Varnish Company, Limited, Montreal, Canadian Associate

(Continued from Page 78)

"The insurance certificates would be easier yet," he thought. "All that anybody would have to do would be to make out an application and take it around to the insurance company, and they'd have the certificates in half an hour."

The only other documents necessary would be the invoices and the draft.

"Anybody could easily get some billheads printed, with the Hedman company's name on them," he nodded. "There's a printing shop near Seventy-second Street, and they wouldn't know whether your name was Hedman or what it was. And then a rubber stamp for the draft, 'Hedman Mfg. Co., ... Treasurer.'"

With these papers and the letter of credit in his hand he saw himself in imagination going to the bank and pushing them through the window marked "Foreign Exchange"—even as he had pushed other sets of papers for the last eight years. There would be a brief glance at the documents—by this time they had learned that Paul could be relied upon to have them in order—and a few minutes later the foreign-exchange clerk would silently give him one of the bank's checks for the amount of the invoice, plus freight and insurance.

"About sixty-four thousand dollars altogether," thought Paul, and felt his breath coming faster as he turned and stared out of the window. At first the size of this imaginary check unconsciously disturbed him, but it wasn't long before he saw the error of his fears.

"It's only the little fellows who are caught," he repeated to himself, drawing from some of those wise modern sayings aforesaid; "the big ones get away. The little fish who grabs a hundred dollars goes to Sing Sing, but the big fish who gets away with a million goes to Palm Beach." Besides, it wasn't as though he were going to take it for good. He was only going to use it till it was really needed, and then when the Hedman shipment came through he would pay their bill with a cashier's draft, and nobody would be out a cent.

"Sixty-four thousand dollars," he thought again. "Suppose I had put that on Wrought Iron Common last month when it was down to 44." If he had bought on a ten-point margin he could have swung sixty-four hundred shares, and Wrought Iron Common was now selling at 56. "Twelve dollars a share profit," he morosely nodded. "I'd have made over seventy-five thousand dollars in less than a month." And the stock had only just begun to move. Half a dozen times in its history it had sold at 100 and more. "And it's on its way up to par again," thought Paul, frowning at the opportunities which he had lost in the past. "Any fool can see that."

For the rest of the day he did his work in a sort of mechanical trance, his mind skimming around in dangerous circles; and it wasn't till late in the afternoon that he saw a detail which he hadn't noticed before.

"I hadn't thought of that," he reflected. "The bank would give me a check, all right, but it would be drawn to the order of the Hedman Manufacturing Company. And what good would that do me?"

Vaguely at first, and then more definitely, the solution took form in his mind.

"That's right," he nodded; "I'd go to one of the big banks and introduce myself as Mr. Hedman, and say that I was starting a company and wanted to make a first deposit. Then a day or two later I could draw most of it out. I wouldn't need cash; I'd only have to draw a check to some good firm of brokers."

By that time, as you will see, he was no longer working out the details impersonally. He didn't say, "Anybody could go to one of the big banks," but "I'd go." So easy at times, alas—so easy is the descent to Avernus. But although the plan was now nearly fully fledged in his mind, old habits have an inertia which is hard to overcome; and planning is one thing, but doing is another.

"I don't know," sighed Paul as the afternoon drew to a close. "Anyhow, I'll send Hedman the order and tell them a credit has been opened. And then, to-morrow or next day, I can still mail them the letter of credit—if I want to."

Meanwhile he hid it among the papers in one of his pigeonholes and went uptown. Wrought Iron Common, he noticed in his paper, had gone up two more points.

"On six thousand shares," he told himself, "that would be twelve thousand dollars profit. At that rate I could make seventy thousand dollars in a week and still have the money to pay Hedman."

Disturbing snatches of old dreams be to trouble him, but with a variation t added to their disturbance—and t charm. Before, he had always seen him as the central figure who had found golden eggs, but now by the side of Merchant Prince was a Princess—a ser little queen with class in every line of h whose eyes were constantly raised to hi mingled love and admiration.

It was nearly half past five when reached his boarding house, and in c trast with the splendor of his visions it h never seemed so common, its windows shabby, or the smell of cooking in its h so stale.

"Mean—cheap," he thought as he ma his way up the stairs; "and if I stay he much longer I'll be just the same."

He reached the third floor with a feelin of helplessness, and was about to tu toward his room when he noticed th Edna's door was open, and that she w sitting at the window, staring out at th street below. There was something in he attitude which quickly drew him towar her.

"What's the matter, Edna?" he asked "I'm mad," she said in a low voice.

"Mad? Why?"

She wouldn't tell him at first, and whe it finally did come out Paul had to guess a lot. That afternoon she had answered an advertisement, and after the man had en-gaged her —— She showed him the mark which his hand had made on her wrist.

"Who was he?" demanded Paul in a rage. "Where's his office?"

She wouldn't tell him, though, and as she sat there, listless and tired, Paul caught glimpses of a brave little spirit which could no longer perk up a whistle—of a tired little body which had grown weary of stating qualifications and salary expected—or of climbing to Room 302 and asking for Mr. Bull.

"I telephoned the newspaper where he advertised, so that no other girls would go there," she said, "and they said they'd attend to him."

"Oh, damn it all!" cried Paul, suddenly moved to mutiny against the constantly recurring craziness of life; and making it comprehensive he went on, "Damn everybody! Damn everything!"

"No, Paul, don't say that," she quickly protested.

It was the first time she had called him Paul, and with a queer fullness in his heart he leaned over and kissed her. The memory of her thin little arms around his neck was still strong within him ten minutes later when he hurried into the printing shop near Seventy-second Street.

"How long will it take you," he asked, "to get me out five hundred billheads?"

"You can have 'em to-morrow noon," said the proprietor. "Got your copy?"

In a world that had strangely grown silent Paul drew a sheet of paper toward him.

"Hedman Manufacturing Company," he wrote. "Cleveland, Ohio ——"

VIII

OLD Gooseberry himself might well have taken a hand in the matter—oiling the bearings and turning down the grease cups—so swiftly moved the adventure along the road which Paul had planned. At the bank the foreign-exchange clerk accepted the substituted papers without a raise of his eyebrows, and presently pushed through the wicket a check for $64,110.40 drawn to the order of the Hedman Manufacturing Company.

Paul walked out of the bank with his heart playing the anvil chorus against his ribs, and a fine warm sweat breaking out along his spinal column. Once in the street the orchestration grew fainter, and a feeling of confidence that wasn't far from recklessness gradually took possession of him.

"There'll be a great old row when the Congo Prince gets to Delagoa Bay and they find that the shipment isn't on board," he thought. "But I should worry! It won't get there for two months yet, and by that time I'll have money enough to take care of myself."

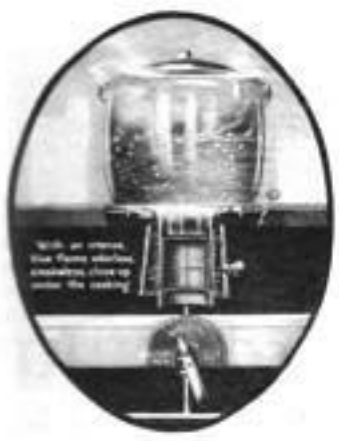
He had already sketched out a plan of campaign to take care of the situation when his substituted papers would be discovered. He would retain a lawyer—one of the old-fashioned bullyragging school such as achieve temporary fame in prominent criminal cases—Paul had the names of two such men in his mind—and when it was time for the storm to break he would

(Continued on Page 83)

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Come in and See it Work





More Heat Less Care

Note how the heat reaches up and is directed close up under the cooking by the powerful 12-inch burner.

FLORENCE National Demonstration Week April 17-22

YOU are invited to be present at a practical cooking demonstration to be given by us in our stores from

Monday, April the Seventeenth
to
Saturday, April the Twenty-Second
during
Florence National Demonstration Week

Tempting dishes will be prepared and cooked before your eyes, on a Florence Oil Cook Stove, by practical cooks.

You will have the opportunity of seeing how such good things can be simply and conveniently prepared on this stove.

While you are eating you will see that a match touched to an asbestos ring quickly starts the intense heat from the powerful 12-inch burners.

You will see how the heat is easily regulated. A lever handle gives the right heat for any cooking—hot, medium, simmering.

You will be convinced that the Florence Oil Cook Stove is easy to keep clean. Also that it is economical because it burns the cheapest fuel, which is used only when needed.

Watch for our announcements. Come in and let the Florence prove that it can live up to your ideal of a stove.

(SIGNED) Seventeen Thousand Merchants

FLORENCE
OIL COOK STOVES

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Why waste your time and energy in an old-fashioned kitchen? Such a kitchen costs you miles of steps and hours of time each day—an unwarranted tax on your vitality

Don't Let Monotonous Kitchen Work Wear You Out

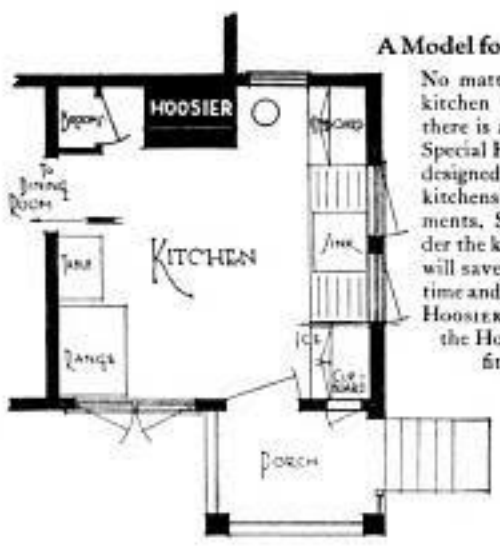
THOUSANDS of women who, like yourself, thought they had "easy" kitchens, tell us that no woman realizes the amount of drudgery in the average home until the HOOSIER gives her a modern work-reducing kitchen of her own.

Then the contrast is most noticeable. How much better you feel at night! For the first time it dawns on you that you have been wasting more time and energy than you had thought it possible for any woman to squander.



Built-in shelves and cupboards can never serve so well as when used in connection with a HOOSIER. Thousands of women have torn out part of the cases in their kitchens to make room for the HOOSIER

A Model for Every Kitchen



No matter what kind of a kitchen you may have—there is a HOOSIER to fit it. Special HOOSIERS have been designed for the smallest kitchens of the coziest apartments. Some even fit in under the kitchen window. All will save work and worry—time and energy. Go to your HOOSIER dealer and select the HOOSIER which best fits your needs

There is No Substitute for the HOOSIER

At an expense of $300, the wife of the president of a large hardware company had an elaborate arrangement of shelves and cupboards built into her new kitchen. Within twelve months she had carpenters tear out enough of these built-in cases to make room for the HOOSIER. She could have saved money in the first place by using the HOOSIER.

Extra shelf room is essential, but is never so effective as when used in connection with the HOOSIER. Such a combination provides maximum convenience at minimum cost.

Why HOOSIER Excels

The reason the HOOSIER excels is because HOOSIER'S scientific arrangement gives you in one compact spot every help you need to get up a meal and clear away after it.

In the HOOSIER, that spot is equipped with the greatest labor-saving inventions to make kitchen work easy—many of them patented, and not to be duplicated.

In the 23 years during which these inventions and their scientific arrangement in the HOOSIER have been developed, every suggested improvement for a kitchen convenience has been tried out. The best have been accepted—the rest rejected. Today the HOOSIER is the cabinet of proved improvements. Without it you waste miles of steps and hours of time each day.

Liberal Terms Make it Easy to Afford the HOOSIER

There is no reason why any woman need be a kitchen slave. You can afford the HOOSIER *now*. No big outlay is needed. Two million women have already taken advantage of this offer and not one would part with her HOOSIER if she could not replace it. Write for folder. Let us tell you where to get the HOOSIER on such liberal terms that you will never miss the money.

THE HOOSIER MANUFACTURING COMPANY

MAIN OFFICE: 422 Maple Street, Newcastle, Indiana

BRANCHES: Mezzanine Floor, Pacific Bldg., San Francisco; 368 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Man., Canada

Saves Steps

HOOSIER

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(Continued from Page 80)

d this lawyer around to old S. J., bear- in one hand an olive branch, and in the er a sword. If Mr. Weatherby would ree to make no complaint the money uld be returned in full, every penny of but if Paul was molested even for a gle second, even by a single word, not a t would be given up and in addition to at, information would promptly be given the Federal authorities about S. J.'s sion of duties, undervaluations, and er questionable tricks which were whis- ed about in the office.

"It won't take him long to make his ice!" thought Paul. "But I'll have to d a lawyer. If I went myself he'd have arrested, if he only did it for pure edness; and they'd put me through the rd degree till they found out where the ney was, and maybe I'd get another years for attempted blackmail. No; have to send a lawyer, but that's all t. I'll be able to afford it with the ney I make out of Wrought Iron Com- n."

His confidence growing, he entered a k which had lately been advertising for depositors—and here again Old Goose- ry might have been with him, for a few inutes later a charming young assistant nager was making out a pass book and ul was indorsing the check.

"You are incorporated, Mr. Hedman?" ked the assistant manager, looking up. Or is it a trade name? Or what?"

"Trade name," said Paul, and seeing hat he was expected to say something nore he seized upon inspiration and added, "I shall incorporate later when I have a undred thousand dollars in hand."

"Splendid!" said the assistant manager with one of his charming smiles. "Now if you'll sign this card, please—for a specimen signature."

"P. S. Hedman," signed Paul—the name which he had adopted for his intensive search for the golden eggs. It was all over in five minutes—so quickly, alas, so quickly can Avernus be plumbed—and he returned to the office by way of Broad Street, stop- ping for a moment to look up at the façade of the Stock Exchange, as though he saw a nest up there.

"I'll wait till to-morrow," he thought. "It wouldn't look right if I drew out the money the same day that I put it in."

On his way home that night, opening his paper to the financial page as soon as he reached the Subway Station, he saw that the advance in Wrought Iron Common had been checked in the last hour of trading—the stock closing a point lower than it had opened in the morning.

"Good thing I didn't get started yester- day," he told himself, "or I'd have lost money to-day instead of making it. Still—it's only a temporary decline, of course. Some of the weak ones have probably been taking their profits, but I'll bet the strong ones are holding on all right."

Edna was in her happiest mood that night. She had been engaged, on trial, in a real-estate office at fifteen dollars a week, and she showed Paul a side of her nature which he hadn't seen before. As they started for Riverside Drive she walked by his side with a gay young air of ownership, sometimes striding along in an attempt to keep step with him, quoting grandiloquent lines from a play in which she had taken part at school—"A beautiful day for the hunt, my lord." "Aye, aye, Sir Jaques, and the gallant steeds are ready"—humming snatches of old songs, blowing her nose like a little trombone and laughing at the sound—in short, playing some of those adorable tricks which seem to come natural to every girl when she knows that she loves—and is loved.

"The Egyptians are looking prosperous to-night," she reported as they stood on the edge of the Drive, waiting for a break in the double row. "I'll tell you what would be fun—just to do it once, you know. Some night when you've struck it rich—good and rich, I mean—we'll take a taxi and ride to Grant's Tomb and back. And we'll both sit in the cab with our noses up in the air like this—looking down on the pedestrian clahss, my dear."

"That's all right," said Paul after they had dodged across the asphalt. "I may be striking it rich before you know it, and we'll buy a taxi then, if you'd like one."

"Honestly?"

"You bet you!"

"But how are you going to strike it rich? Are you going into business for your- self—or something?"

"That's it," he solemnly nodded, "and we may have to go and live in France if the business prospers—or Switzerland, even. What do you think of that?"

She gave him that tender look which mothers reserve for their firstborn sons when first they speak of setting the world afire.

"I love you, Paul," she whispered.

They found their bench and he sat for a while staring out over the water, half afraid of the secret which he was nursing, uneasy because he must never share it with her. Edna's head was on his shoulder, her fingers twined in his.

Behind them sounded the roar of the Egyptians, hurrying along in their chariots as though they would never stop. Below them swung the men-of-war—those meek ones who have been promised the inherit- ance of the earth—making signals to each other by lights that winked in dots and dashes.

Paul watched—and listened—the events of the day for a background in his thoughts—the pass book in his pocket—Edna's head upon his shoulder—and more than ever he felt disturbed by the craziness of life, felt himself slipping into a current which would never let him rest again.

"You're cold," said Edna, suddenly sit- ting up and looking at him.

"No, I'm not."

"Yes, you are; you shivered. You ought to have a nice lightweight overcoat, and when I get rich in the real-estate business I'm going to buy you one."

"I'll get one soon," he promised her.

"When we go to live in France—or Switzerland?" she quizzed.

"That's right," he nodded.

"You!" she gently scoffed. After a quick glance around she kissed him, and then her head found its place on his shoul- der once more.

"I love you, Paul," she whispered again.

IX

WROUGHT IRON COMMON had a bad month of it—emulating the frog in the well and slipping back each session a little more than it climbed.

"I'll wait till the flurry's over," thought Paul from day to day. "There's no hurry. The Congo Prince won't get to Delagoa Bay for a long while yet. There's plenty of time."

But though his search for the golden eggs might wait, events moved faster with Edna. One night at the dinner table he noticed how pale she looked, and when they went for their evening stroll she walked like a sad little figure in a tragedy, her merry tricks forgotten.

"I know what's the matter with you," said Paul. "You've been working too hard. You ought to let the other girls at the office do some of it."

"No," she said, drooping more than ever as she walked by his side. "It isn't that. They—they told me to-day that I wouldn't do—said I needn't come again."

"Never mind," said Paul. "I'll be rich enough for both of us soon."

But she didn't enthuse—this girl who wouldn't do—looking instead as though her faith in fairies had gone for good.

"I'm a failure," she sighed.

"You are not!" he quickly assured her. "You're the nicest, sweetest girl that God ever made." And as a new thought came to him he as quickly added: "You wait till to-morrow night, and I'll show you whether or not you're a failure!"

"How?" she asked.

He wouldn't tell her, but the next morn- ing he went to the bank and drew out a thousand dollars, and that night he took Edna to a jazz palace on Broadway and they dined in an artificial arbor among trellises of Dorothy Perkins roses that were made of dusty pink paper, and under elec- tric lights that were fashioned like bunches of grapes.

"Now!" said Paul, beaming at her when the dessert was over. "I've got a surprise for you."

"Another?" she breathlessly asked, her eyes bright with interest.

For reply he fished down into his waist- coat pocket and came up with a small leather case. And, oh, how her eyes were on it! He pressed a spring and the lid flew back, disclosing a solitaire which fairly seemed to throb with fire as it sat in its velvet nest and seemed to say, "Behold! At last! You meet me face to face!"

"Oh, Paul!" she breathed. "What have you got?"

(Continued on Page 85)



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Seattle—Center of the Charmed Land

SEE THOSE BABIES—typical babies in Seattle, healthiest city in the world and in a class by itself in respect to the low rate of infant mortality. If it's good for the babies it's good for you. Learn the secret.

Breathe deeply of this wonderful mixture of mountain and sea air, never too hot nor too cold, always balmy, tonic and life-giving. Whip our trout streams, glide over our shimmering mountain lakes and our placid inland seas. Climb our glorious mountains. Motor over our forest and mountain and seaside roads. Golf, ski, swim, hike, camp, canoe, hunt and do any and all of the things you love—they're all here if they're of the great out-of-doors.

It is the out-of-doors people we especially want, those who can revel in the wonders and delights of the greatest out-of-doors country on the continent; those who can appreciate the supreme masterpieces of Nature's handiwork in majestic and inspiring scenery and the sheer beauty of a lovely countryside—of big trees and ferns and wild woodsy things.

We want them to go back to their tasks renewed in body and soul, and our friends. We want them to learn why babies such as these are Seattle's babies. We want them to spread the tidings until all our over-wrought people will come to America's Summer Playground for healing and regeneration.

Plan for a month, two months or three months. It will be the time of your life. Mt. Rainier National Park will hold you for a month of delight if you can spare the time. Come by train or motor and direct to the Chamber of Commerce Tourist Bureau, 702 Third Avenue, Seattle, and they will make things easy for you. Low summer rates and fine motor roads.

Write today for booklet "The Charmed Land" and begin now making plans. SEATTLE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, 910 Arctic Bldg., Seattle, Washington.

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Average summer months' maximum for 20 years—71 degrees.



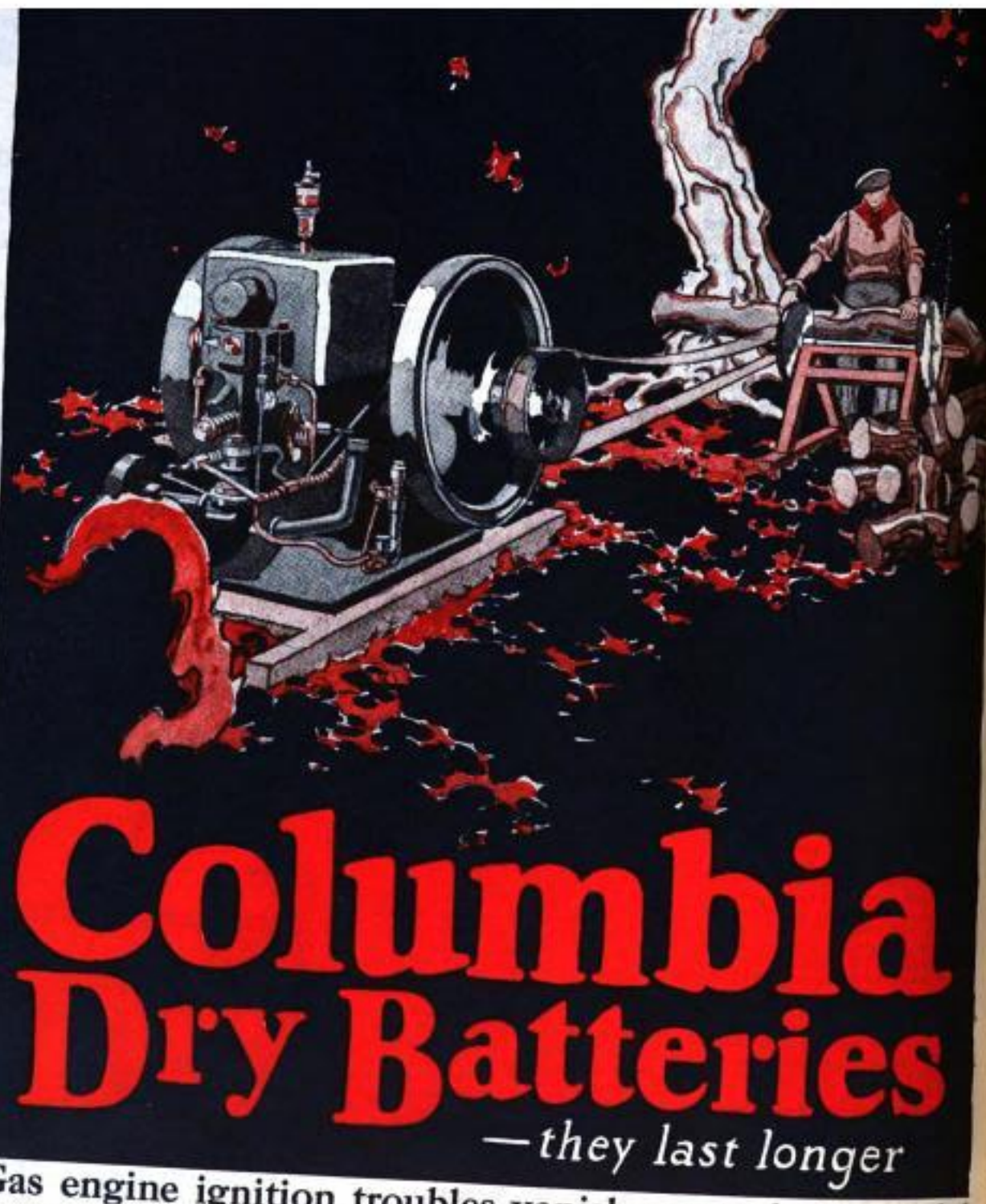
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-protect bank vaults
-call the police
-ring fire alarms
-buzz buzzers
-fire blasts
-run toys
-call pullman car porters
-ring burglar alarms
-operate telegraphs and telephones
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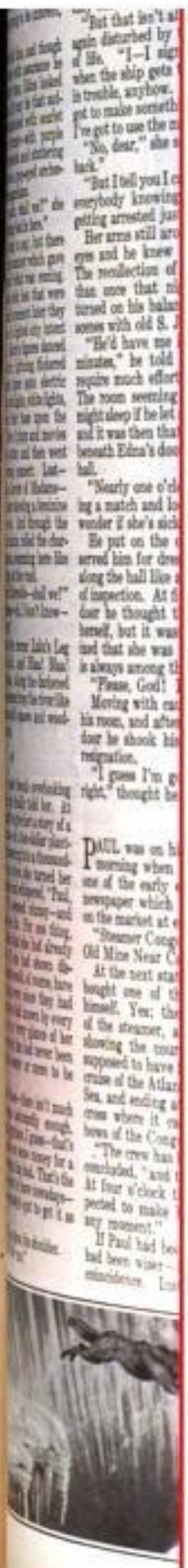
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didn't I?"

He quickly looked at him, and though he tried to smile back with assurance he scarcely could it. As quietly then, Edna looked around the room and it may be that suddenly she felt disenchanted with scarlet cushions and box vivarts—with purple crepon and dusty rosebuds and stuttering gramophone music from a pop-eyed orchestra of perspiring Senegambians.

"Let's go for a walk; shall we?" she said. "The air's getting bad in here."

It was a simple thing to say, but there was something in her manner which gave Paul a premonition of what was coming. He followed her out with feet that were none too willing, and a moment later they stood in the glare of a lighted city intent upon its pleasure. Electric figures danced and postured—electric lightning flickered and struck—electric tigers spun, electric whales; blue lights, red lights, white lights, yellow lights—cast their hues upon the crowds below. Titles of plays and movies appeared letter by letter, and then went out in disconcerting concert: Lust—Blaa! Blaa!—The Lovers of Madame—Lulu's Leg—the latter showing a feminine limb in active service. And through the center of this illumination rolled the chariots of the Egyptians, swarming here like locusts and blotting out the road.

"Let's go over to Riverside—shall we?" said Edna. "It seems—oh, I don't know—it seems nicer there."

As they turned the corner Lulu's Leg gave a farewell kick, and Blaa! Blaa! went out with a plop. Along the darkened side street came a breeze from the river like a message from moonlit spaces and woodlands sweet and cool.

X

THEY were on their bench overlooking the river when he finally told her. At first he had thought to give her a story of a lucky deal in stocks—of a ten-dollar plant miraculously flowering into a thousand-dollar harvest—but when she turned her head on his shoulder and whispered, "Paul, dear; tell me," it seemed clumsy—and somehow useless—to lie. For one thing, something told him that she had already partly guessed. If she had shown displeasure or distrust it would, of course, have been different; but ever since they had left the restaurant he had known by every tone of her voice, by every glance of her eye, that her love for him had never been stronger, broader, deeper or more to be relied upon.

"Well, I don't know—there isn't much to tell," he began awkwardly enough. "I've joined the Egyptians, I guess—that's all. Get my hands on some money for a while, so I can swing a big deal. That's the one thing you've got to have nowadays—capital—and everybody's got to get it as best they can."

Her head still lay upon his shoulder.

"And you did it for me."

again disturbed by the apparent craziness of life. "I—I signed some papers, and when the ship gets to Delagoa Bay I'll be in trouble, anyhow. That's the reason I've got to make something. That's the reason I've got to use the money; don't you see?"

"No, dear," she said; "you must put it back."

"But I tell you I can't put it back without everybody knowing. What's the use of getting arrested just for fun?"

Her arms still around him she closed her eyes and he knew that she was praying. The recollection of it came to him more than once that night as he tossed and turned on his balancing cot and imagined scenes with old S. J.

"He'd have me in jail inside of twenty minutes," he told himself, and it didn't require much effort to imagine the scene. The room seeming stuffy, he thought he might sleep if he let a current of air through, and it was then that he saw the line of light beneath Edna's door at the other end of the hall.

"Nearly one o'clock," he thought, striking a match and looking at his watch. "I wonder if she's sick."

He put on the old army overcoat that served him for dressing gown, and tiptoed along the hall like an O. D. ghost on a tour of inspection. At first when he reached her door he thought that she was talking to herself, but it wasn't long before he realized that she was pleading with One who is always among those present.

"Please, God! Please!" he heard.

Moving with caution Paul went back to his room, and after he had gently shut the door he shook his head and sighed with resignation.

"I guess I'm going to put it back, all right," thought he.

XI

PAUL was on his way to the office next morning when he caught a headline in one of the early editions of an afternoon newspaper which human ingenuity places on the market at eight A.M.

"Steamer Congo Prince Sinking. Strikes Old Mine Near Cape Verde."

At the next station he left the train and bought one of those evening papers for himself. Yes; there it was, with a picture of the steamer, and a map of the ocean showing the course which the mine was supposed to have followed in its three-year cruise of the Atlantic, starting in the North Sea, and ending at the spot marked with a cross where it came to grief against the bows of the Congo Prince.

"The crew has been taken off," the story concluded, "and the ship is slowly sinking. At four o'clock this morning she was expected to make her downward plunge at any moment."

If Paul had been older—or perhaps if he had been wiser—he would have called it a coincidence. Instead, a thrill passed over

and down the avenue he thought they never stop; but Paul hardly noticed them. Somewhere down in the harbor below, the Hedman shipment was snugly stored in the hold of a South African steamer, and somewhere in the evening mails three banker's drafts were going forward—one to pay for the invoice, one for the insurance and one for the freight.

"I'm so glad," said Edna. "You know, if anything had happened I should never have forgiven myself, because it was all my fault."

"Your fault!" gently repeated Paul, looking at her with love—yes, and a touch of awe. "Why, honey, you didn't have any more to do with it than—than that star up there. I had just grown to believe that everybody and everything was crooked—and I thought I'd try it myself."

"I know!" she as gently protested.

Their bench was occupied, and as they started in search of another he noticed that she walked more slowly.

"Tired?" he asked.

"Well ——" she hesitated.

"Lean on the old rock," he said. "It may rest you a little."

"I got a letter from home last week," she said, her hand upon his arm. "I didn't want to tell you before, till you'd got things straightened out."

She paused and then she continued: "I'm going home Monday. The city—well, it doesn't seem to agree with me. I'd have gone home before, only I felt ashamed. They used to tell me that I'd be glad to go back, but I was so sure that I could get along here, by myself."

"Going home?" said Paul, stopping to look at her as though he couldn't believe his ears. "You mean to say you're going home—and leave me here?"

"That's what I wanted to talk to you about," she said. "I don't see why you can't come too. Of course it's only a little place, but there's always something to do, and people get along there too. You'd be surprised. 'Most everybody has a car, and things like that. I wrote Uncle Will about you, and he said he could find you a job easily enough. And then—don't you see?—if—if you had a girl you could call on her Wednesdays and Sundays—and take her out to parties and sociables and things. And later—maybe—when you'd got along, you know ——"

"I know," said Paul in a low voice. "I could get along. Don't worry."

"You'll come then?"

"Come?" he repeated, looking at her with a glance that was part humility. "Do you think I want to stay here alone?"

They stopped by the side of the parapet. She was still leaning lightly on his arm, but if you had been there, blessed with the gift of divining invisible things, you would have seen that it was Paul who was doing the leaning—his search for the golden eggs forgotten, and a happier quest begun.



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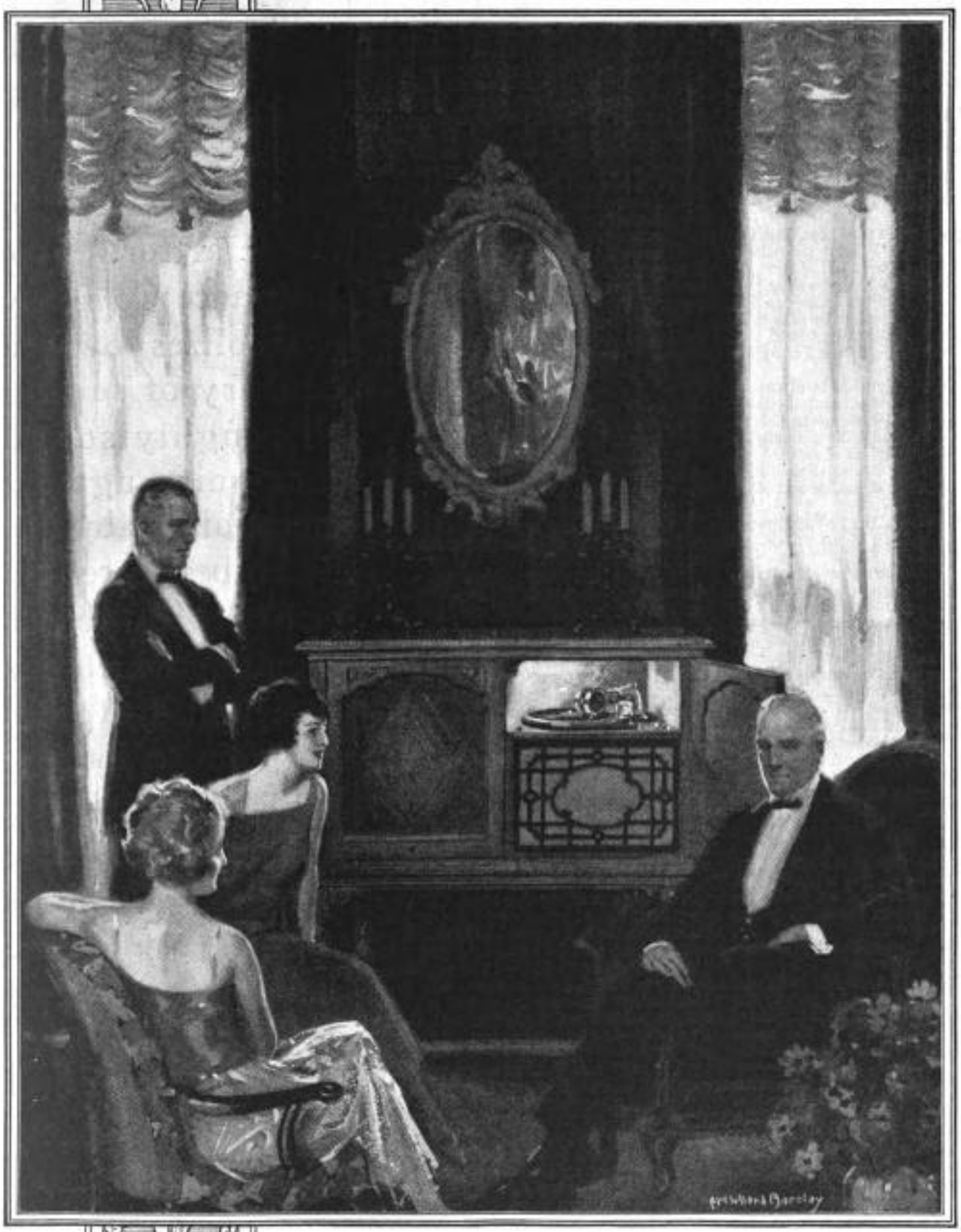
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World-Great Artists now on Double-Faced Records!

Of supreme importance to every family with a phonograph is the recent decision of Brunswick to offer Standard Artists' numbers on double-faced records.

It marks the first step of Brunswick's nation-wide movement to place greatest artists and greatest music within the reach of every American home.

Brunswick Gold Label Records!

Just twice as much music as before! Two selections in place of one! An inexpensive way to quickly acquire a distinguished musical library. Start by obtaining three or four of these records from the new release each month.

Leopold Godowsky, Richard Strauss, Elly Ney, Giuseppe Danise, Mario Chamlee, Max Rosen, Bronislaw Huberman, Florence Easton, Tino Pattiera, Claire Dux, and other internationally acclaimed artists of the New Hall of Fame will contribute, continuously and exclusively, to the new Brunswick Gold Label Records. *Play on any phonograph.*

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THERE is a New Hall of Fame of concert and operatic stars—great artists of today, succeeding those of yesterday.

Their names are on the lips of well-informed people the world over—Godowsky, Huberman, Ney, Dux, Chamlee, Pattiera, Easton, Danise, Richard Strauss, Max Rosen.

Do you know them? Their most noted triumphs?—the amazing virility of interpretation which inspired world's critics to acclaim them?

To bespeak a cultured person's familiarity with the present-day world of musical art, you must.

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You can hear them now in your own home; can quickly become conversant with the most widely discussed musical attainments of the day.

For without exception, all have chosen Brunswick as the most fitting means to perpetuate their art. And Brunswick Records can be played on *any* phonograph.

Thus the world's *de luxe* recordings, including those of the great Richard Strauss himself, are made available to *every* home.

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By means of exclusive Methods of Recording and of Reproduction, Brunswick brings phonographic music into the realms of higher musical expression.

"Mechanical" suggestion—discord and vibration are refreshingly absent. Tones are sweeter and more beautiful. Expression is clearer. The true musical expression, both of the artists and their art, is reproduced in amazing fidelity.

For that reason, foremost living artists are now recording exclusively for Brunswick.

And for the same reason, you will find Brunswick in the homes of greatest musicians, both in Europe and America.

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Hear the Brunswick, phonographs and records. You will find them featured as the Standard of the Day, by those shops devoted to that which is best in music, in every city and town.

There is a Brunswick dealer near you, who will gladly give you a demonstration.

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CHICAGO NEW YORK CINCINNATI



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BRUNSWICK AND RECORDS

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This is the boy you've got to stop!

GET a sock that keeps the big toe in and your hosiery troubles are over. If you haven't found such a sock you've never worn True Shape.

Now don't say "That's just advertising talk." Say "I'll try anything once," and go to it. You'll find that

True Shape

SOCKS

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Why, Man, the toes and heels are unbelievably strong! We said we'd stop that destructive big toe or know the reason why. And we've done it.

TRUE SHAPE socks are beauties, too. Closely woven, they fit the ankle snugly and conform to the shape of the foot. Easy to get, too. Just ask your dealer for

True Shape No. 152

TRUE SHAPE Hosiery is also made for women and children. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us direct.

TRUE SHAPE HOSIERY CO.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.



RITA COVENTRY

(Continued from Page 5)

but once, and the excursion had proved depressing—a drive of eleven miles through a sea of mud called by courtesy a road, and at the end the spectacle of a house falling to pieces, surrounded by broken fences, neglected box trees, and undernourished cattle grazing amongst weeds where gardens used to bloom.

Year after year he told himself that something must be done about Blenkinswood, but the mental whisper grew fainter and fainter with time. He knew that the farmer and his family were a shiftless if not dishonest lot who ought to be turned out; yet so unpleasant was the thought of going there again, of seeing the cheap oak furniture in the old paneled drawing-room and the horrid little ornaments on the porphyry mantelpiece which Lafayette had sent from France as a gift to that several-times-great-grandfather of his who had built Blenkinswood, of smelling cabbage cooking and hearing the man's maundering excuses for the years of failure, that he continued to postpone the duty.

Alice had become interested in Blenkinswood soon after becoming interested in him. She had developed what he regarded as a mania about the place, and for a time had spoken to him of what he ought to do about it in a voice which was like the insistent voice of conscience.

"You ought to take care of it," she would say. "You ought to be proud of it. Not everybody has an ancestral home. Not everybody comes from an aristocratic old family. You don't appreciate what it means. Take me, for instance. My father built the house where I was born, in Cleveland. My grandfather came out there from Connecticut when he was a young man. His father was just a plain farmer."

"That's all the Blenkinses were," he would reply. "Planters and farmers are the same thing."

Then he would tell her lightly that ancestry was largely a question of bookkeeping; that everyone had the same number of grandfathers; and that whereas his aristocratic forbears had handed down to him a plantation covered with weeds and mortgages, her father, who had been a manufacturer, had left her and her sister well provided for. He would tell her tales of his ancestors; stories of bouts of drinking over cards, duels and scandals.

"They raised tobacco and slaves and Democrats and hell," he would say. "Down in that part of the county they still think and talk so much about family that they have no time left to weed the garden. They're lovable people, but I thank the Lord I had sense enough to get out and come to New York when I was a youngster. I'm prouder of my seat on the exchange than I should be of twenty Blenkinswoods."

At first Alice had urged him only to put Blenkinswood in repair and get a capable farmer to run it, but presently she began to want to see the old plantation herself. This also had become a fixed idea with her; nor had he been able to shake it with his descriptions of the wretched roads and the dilapidation.

"Isn't it natural that I should be interested in your family?" she would demand. "I'll never get over wanting to see the place where they lived."

That, in effect, was her declaration now, uttered with a curious gentle tenacity.

"But you have seen all of it that's worth seeing," he told her. "You've seen the best of the portraits and furniture from Blenkinswood in my apartment. You'd be awfully disappointed in the place itself."

She shook her head.

"And I've told you a dozen times why I can't take you there. It would make talk."

"It wouldn't if I were your sister or your cousin."

"But you aren't."

"Who'd know that?"

His laugh was impatient.

"The whole county would know it inside of six hours. If a man comes from Virginia the people down there know more about his family than he knows himself. If I were to take you down there it would make a scandal."

"It would be my risk, wouldn't it?"

He gazed at her, amazed.

"Upon my word," he said, "you fairly paralyze me when you say a thing like that! It's so unlike you."

"If a woman has a clear conscience ——"

He interrupted.

"In this world a clear conscience sufficient. You've got to think how look."

"Well, at the worst, how would look? They'd look as if I loved you. I? I'm proud of loving you. I'm pr the kind of love it is. I have nothi conceal. Don't you suppose a good people who know us are able to see love you? Clara knows. I've told h

"What did you do that for?"

"She's the best girl friend I have in York," Alice answered. "She knew it how, and I wanted her to see how it

"What did she say?"

"That I was heading for unhappir

"Well," he said defensively, "I tried to conceal that possibility, did I

"That's what I told her. I wante to see the beauty of an absolutely h friendship like ours. I've never bee happy in my life. You know that. worth any risk. I wanted her to see fine it was—my never demanding anyt of you; wanting only as much as you glad to give; our complete independe your having promised to tell me fra if you ever found yourself losing int in me."

"What did Clara say to all that?"

"She said you might promise, but you wouldn't tell me when it came to point."

"Why did she think I wouldn't?" asked, surprised.

"She says men don't do things that w Poor Clara! It's not unnatural that should be cynical about men after her perience."

"Just what was her experience, do y know?"

"Her husband was absolutely good nothing."

"But how do you know?"

"She's told me all about it."

"Oh!" He smiled faintly.

"That's another reason I wanted to t her about you. She has her life to ma over again, and it's not good for her to so cynical. She mustn't go so much that one bitter experience, judging all m by one. She must learn that some m aren't that way."

He gave a grim little chuckle.

"I guess you didn't make much headwa with her, holding me up as an example."

"What makes you think that?"

"Clara doesn't approve of me."

"I don't see why you say that."

"It's all right," he said. "I'm not com plaining."

III

IT WAS an old though not a hard-fough difference between them, this differen over Clara. He did not care to fight hard, first because Clara was a woman, an second because so long as he was no obliged to see much of her he had no grea objections to Alice's friendship with her.

It was a friendship antedating his ow friendship with Alice. The two girls, wh were of about the same age, had met durin the war, in a Cleveland hospital where the were in training as nurses' aids. Befor they had completed their courses the wa had come to an end. All this Parrish knew by hearsay. As for him, the close of th war had found him doing relief work in Poland, and it was not until some month after his return that he met Alice, who was paying a visit in New York.

He had first seen her at a Sunday-evening party given by some people neither of them knew well—one of those large, vague parties the object of which seems to be to assemble and feed flocks of people who have never met before; and who, having eaten and participated in the vocal din, depart upon their various ways, never perhaps to meet again.

Sometimes, however, they do meet again. Parrish had asked to be presented to Alice, had driven her home after the party, and before leaving her at her door had arranged to have her as his guest for dinner and the theater a few nights later. Though her beauty had been the first thing to attract him he had found himself charmed, as they fell into talk, by her genuineness. Moreover, there was something fascinating about the expression of her mouth. At first you kept thinking she was just about to smile, but you presently discovered that this illusion resulted from the sweet aspect of the lips in repose.

(Continued on Page 91)

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SELLERS 30TH ANNIVERSARY



The Only Automatic Lowering Flour Bin. Comes down level with the work table. Filled with ease. Saves heavy lifting and dangerous climbing.



Automatic Double Base Shelf Extender now brings BOTH base shelves, and their contents, forward. You can reach the pot or pan you need from where you sit at the cabinet.



Silverware Drawer. This is just above the roll front. Plush lined and a convenient place for knives, forks and spoons in frequent use.



Extending Table Drawer Section —A feature every woman has wished for and which is perfected only on the Sellers—makes it possible to get into the big table drawer even when the work table is extended and covered with work things.



The Cabinet That Makes Kitchen Work Easy

WHY thousands and thousands of women have their hearts set upon owning a Sellers is explained with a single word—"Convenience."

Saving steps is important—but what counts most in your kitchen work is how things are arranged in the cabinet—how it anticipates your wants—how easy it makes your work while you are at the cabinet—how simple it is to care for. These are the things that make a kitchen cabinet a real help and a joy. And in these things the Sellers has no rival.

The new Extension Table Drawer Section, for example, makes it possible to get into the big table drawer, even when the work table is covered with utensils and other things. This is a convenience found on no other cabinet. Then there are the famous Automatic Lowering Flour Bin, the Double Base Shelf Extender, the Dust-Proof Base Top, the Ant-Proof Casters, the Buffet Silverware Drawer, and many others.

In all there are "15 Famous Features" that make the Sellers a real delight to work with, in addition to saving steps.

And what makes the Sellers even more desirable today, in the eyes of most women, is the fact that this superior cabinet costs no more than any good cabinet. Most dealers will place one in your kitchen upon receipt of a small payment down, and make terms for the balance to suit your income.

Building a cabinet in the kitchen costs practically double the price of a beautiful Sellers and can have none of the wonderful features that we have developed in our 30 years' progress. The Sellers requires only the space occupied by a kitchen table.

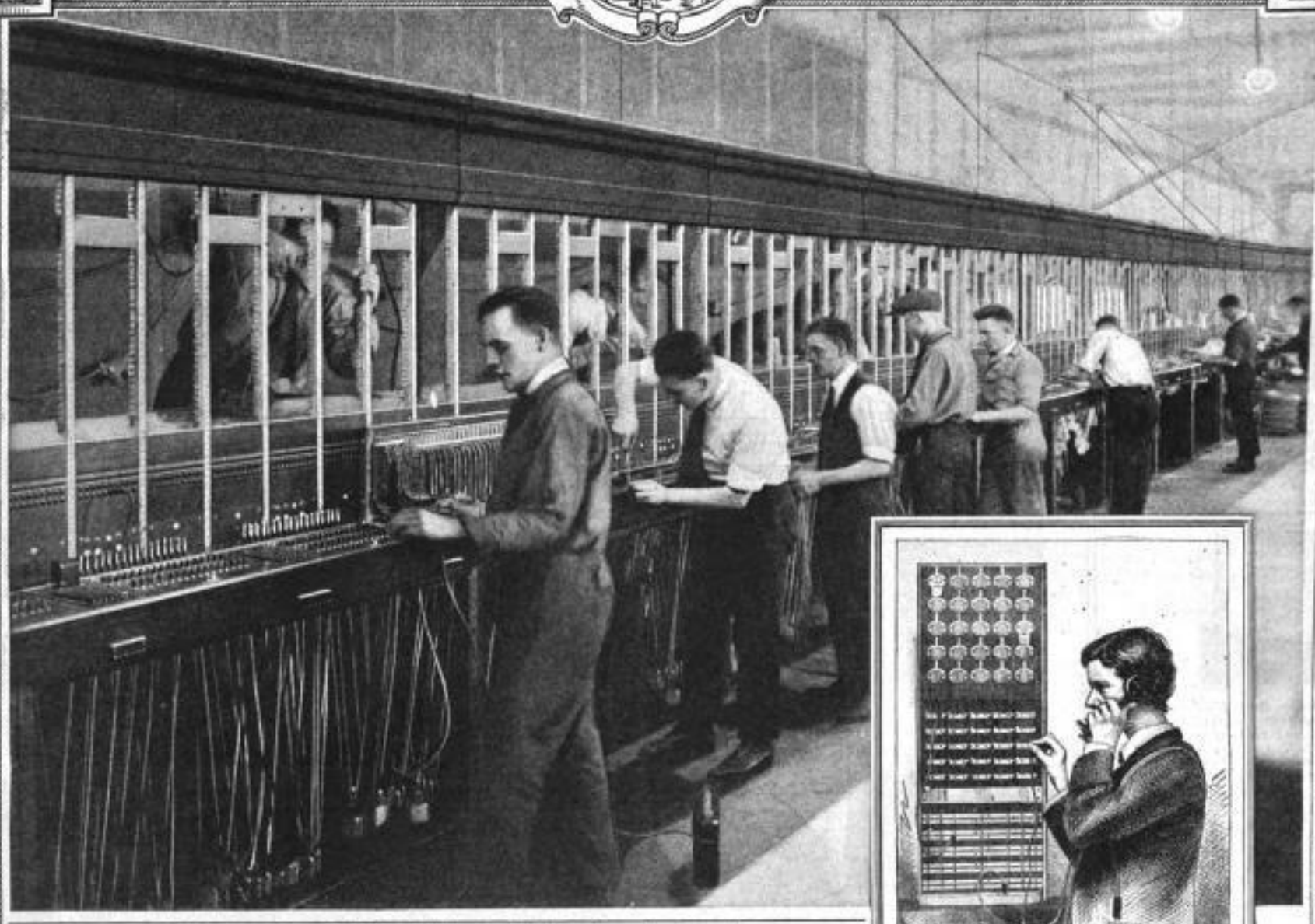
At present reduced prices, a Sellers is the best value in our history. See your dealer for a demonstration. In the meantime, write for a free copy of our new Sellers Blue Book which pictures and describes the wonderful new features of the Sellers. (128

G. I. SELLERS & SONS COMPANY · ELWOOD, INDIANA
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SELLERS

THE BEST SERVANT IN YOUR HOUSE

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A 1922 switchboard, built of millions of finely adjusted parts. To plan, make and install such a board sometimes takes two years.



The switchboard of 1878

Setting the stage where a whole town gets together

That busy meeting-place of voices, your telephone switchboard, has a manufacturing story not often considered.

Some idea of the problem can be had from the very size of the boards pictured above—the one of today connecting five thousand subscribers for every dozen served by the crude affair of forty-odd years ago.

And greater size brought greater complexity. The modern switchboard houses a network of wires measured by the mile and is made up of parts measured to the thousandth of an inch for accuracy.

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Western Electric

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(Continued from Page 88)

In the next few weeks he had seen her ften. The time came when according to er original plan she should return to leveland, where she lived with her mar-ed sister; but she did not go. By then he ad not wanted her to go and, albeit with certain air of playful camaraderie, had old her so. An orphan, financially inde-endent, she was able to do as she pleased, nd now it pleased her most to do as he leased. She put off her departure first from ay to day, then from week to week, mov-g from the house where she had visited a hotel and later to this pleasant little partment, which she had rented furnished r a few months.

Before those months were ended a rankly affectionate relationship had been stablished between them. When her first hort lease on the apartment was expiring he renewed it, this time for a year, and ow another year was half gone.

It was shortly after Alice had first taken he apartment that Clara put in an ap-earance in New York. She came at once o Alice's, with the understanding that she as to remain for a few days while seeking boarding place. The apartment had but wo bedrooms, one of which was occupied y Otillia, and with these facts to work rom Parrish had no difficulty in deducing hat from the time of Clara's advent the iving-room couch must needs be pressed nto service as a bed.

Because of Alice's enthusiasm for her riend he had been disposed at first to like her and had tried during the first week of her stay to make things pleasant for her. When she had been there two weeks, show-ing no sign of preparation to leave, he began to wonder just how long it ought to take to find a boarding place, and just how long a comfort-loving girl like Clara would be content to spend her nights upon a couch. Then he had discovered through a chance remark dropped by Clara herself that it was not she but Alice who was sleeping on the couch, which meant of course that Clara was in possession of the bedroom and the bed. It was then that he first began to notice in Clara's pink prettiness, particu-larly about the nose and eyes, the hint of an expression slightly porcine.

Thenceforward, when he took Alice out, he had ceased to include her visitor, but of course Alice sometimes felt she should not go, and urged him to come instead to her apartment. Now, however, Clara's friends were generally to be found there in the evenings—a heterogeneous collection, rang-ing from sleek young men intent on taking the two girls out to jazz restaurants where they could dance, to Sam Burke—a broker of a type Parrish did not approve—and Georgina, his effulgent, jewel-incrusted, paradise-plume-sprouting wife.

After a few evenings with Clara's friends Parrish had begun to stay away from the apartment, a fact that seemed to disturb Alice far more than it had disturbed her to sleep upon the couch; and thereafter the situation did not long endure. Precisely how it came to be terminated he was never sure. He only knew that after the third week of her visit Clara had moved to a boarding house round the corner.

There she had since resided, and though she continued to be with Alice a great deal, lunching with her either at home or at a restaurant several times a week, spending many of her daytime hours at the apart-ment, and even coming there to do her dressmaking, she now avoided, as though by tacit understanding, the hours at which he was likely to come in.

Clara's chief source of revenue, he had been given to understand, was a small alimony, though something was said also of her writing a weekly New York fashion letter to several Middle Western news-papers. It was to these fashion letters that Clara referred when, as often happened, she spoke of "my work." He had been curious to know what sort of writing she could do, and had several times asked Alice to get him copies of some of her friend's journalistic efforts; but these had never been produced. Alice herself had never been permitted to see them, she told him.

"Dick," said Alice presently, "Clara is wrong about that, isn't she? You would tell me, wouldn't you, if you found yourself losing interest in me? You promised, re-member."

Why, he wondered, were her thoughts running on that theme to-day?

"Did I ever break a promise to you?"

"No; but ——"

"Well, then, what's the use in discussing such a thing?"

"You understand I wouldn't blame you if you did lose interest. We can't control those things. They just happen. All I ask is to be told. It would be so humiliating to feel that you were ——"

"What on earth is all this about?" he demanded impatiently.

"Nothing. But men do tire of women—we all know that. You tired of Josephine. You told me so yourself."

"Josephine!" he exclaimed almost an-grily, placing one hand on the arm of the chair as if about to rise. "What has Jose-phine got to do with it?"

"You were tremendously interested in her at first; but you ——"

This time he did rise.

"Look here!" he said. "I wish you'd be so good as to drop that subject. Jose-phine wasn't —— Well, I prefer not to talk about it."

"All right, dear, so long as you under-stand that you're absolutely free. There are no strings to you. You know that, don't you, Dick?"

She spoke with intensity, gazing into his face, and this eager gravity of hers sur-prised him. It always surprised him. He had a theory that blondes were never in-tense.

"Free?" he repeated. "Why of course! We're both free. That's understood."

He tried to make his tone convincing, and if he failed she did not appear to notice it. It was their established creed, and no one notices the tone in which an established creed is pattered off; yet now he was scrutinizing this creed. How free was he? At the moment he felt painfully like a hus-band, for had he been actually her husband his sense of responsibility to her could not have been much greater. She depended upon him so.

Strange how that sense of responsibility had grown upon him almost unnoticed. It was the very thing he had intended to avoid. From the time when he and Alice had begun to be a great deal with each other he had been careful to make clear to her his atti-tude toward life.

He had told her definitely, although in a manner meant to suggest casualness, that he intended always to remain a bachelor, and so, possessed of this knowledge, she was in position to order matters as she might see fit.

But he had not stopped with that. Now and then, after their relationship had be-come affectionate, he had harked back to the topic, pointing out to her with an air of impersonality which in the circumstances he considered somewhat creditable that she was young and beautiful, with domestic tastes, including a great love for children, and that she ought to marry and have a home and family of her own; and he had even intimated that, delightful though the relationship was to him, he thought it un-fair to her, since it could lead to nothing, and since other men, knowing of her interest in him, or sensing it, would drift away.

"What do I care!" she said.

Since then his prophecy had been ful-filled. Other men she had known had drifted away; they did not come to see her now. Once, more recently, he had spoken of that, finding his opportunity in the disappearance from her living room of all masculine photographs.

"What's the use in keeping their pic-tures around?" she had returned with a little laugh. "They'll never know the dif-ference."

"You don't see any of them any more?"

"No—thank goodness!" Then as though by way of explanation she had come and kissed him, saying "I love you."

Poor Alice! She did love him. He had ample proof of that. Now he found him-self wishing that she did not love him quite so much. It was less his love for her than hers for him that bound him to her.

"What are you going to do with yourself this evening?" he asked when, at seven, he got up to go.

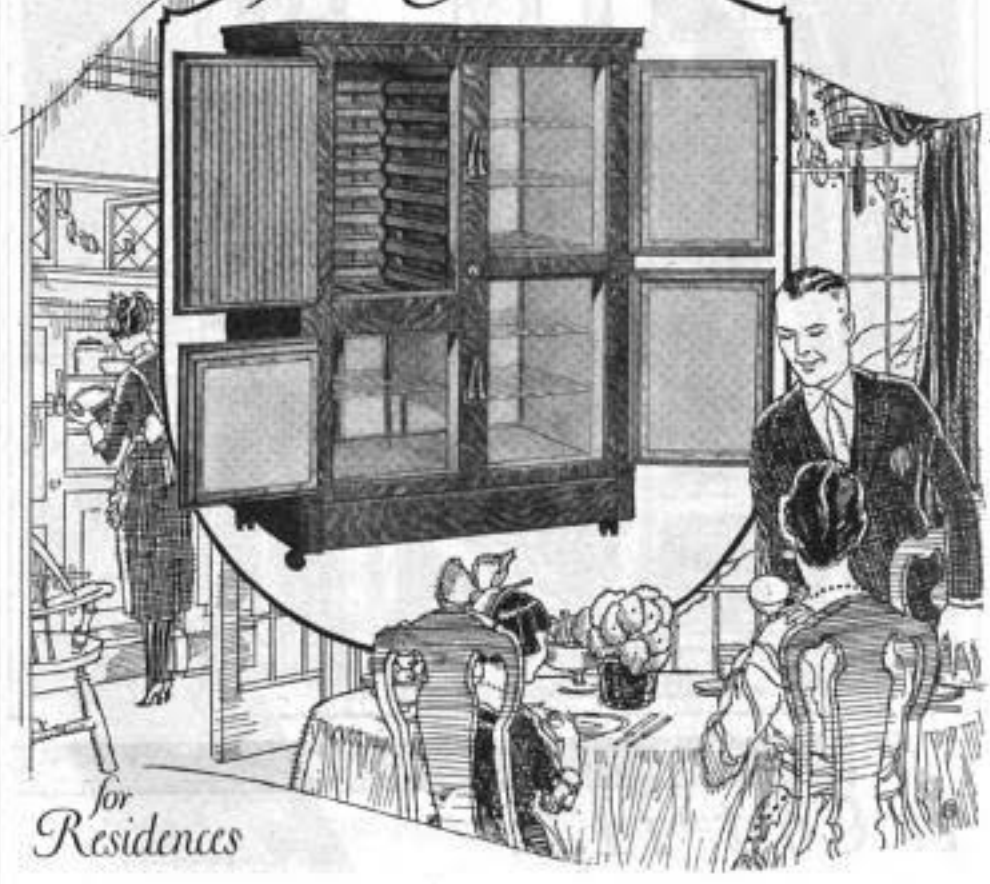
"I think I'll telephone to Clara and see if she can't come over. We might go to a movie or something." She followed him toward the hall door. "Have a good time, dear, won't you, and forgive me for having been silly?"

"Nonsense! There's nothing to forgive."

"Yes," she insisted, "I can't always hide my feelings as I ought to. It's because I love you so."

"You're a dear girl."

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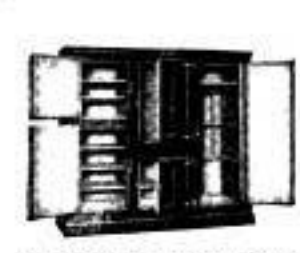
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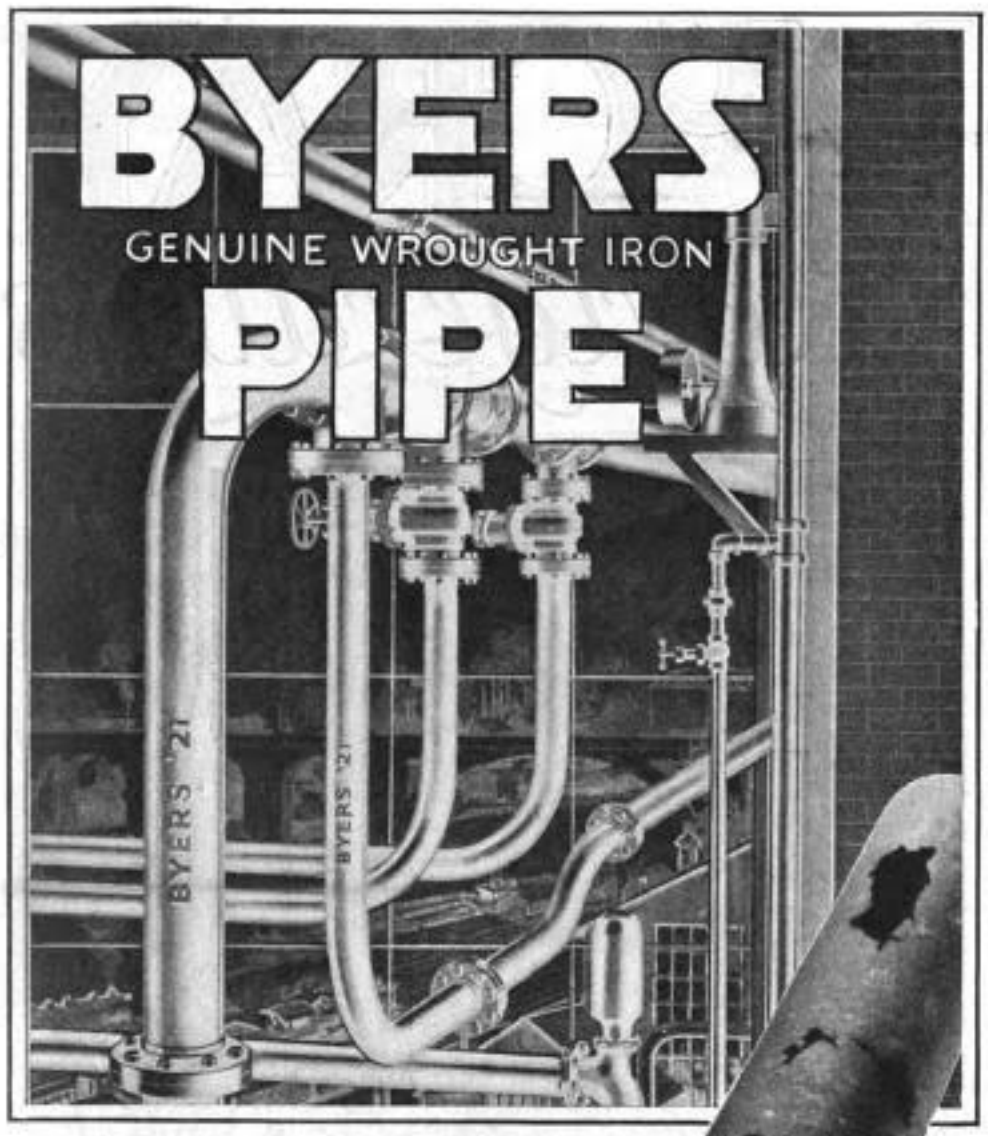
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"Are you going to think of me after you go?"

"Of course I am."

And it was true. He did think of her. He thought of her as he descended in the elevator, and as he drove home, and as he dressed, and as he went to Rita Coventry's. He thought how good she was, how unselfish, how honest, how devoted, and the thought of her merits weighed upon him. If only she were not so fine and so adoring, things might be easier just now!

Women! A good woman is such a lovely, delicate, lofty-minded thing; but when she falls in love she falls headlong, and doesn't count costs. With a man it is different. He may be in love, but even so he can't think constantly of love and nothing else. He has other interests—and he does like variety. No matter how sincerely he may care for a woman, he doesn't want her draped lovingly around his neck *all* the time. That sort of devotion wears a man out. That is the trouble with women. Once in love they can think of nothing else. They have no outside interests. Love is their whole life.

Thus he thought as his car carried him toward Rita Coventry's house.

IV

HAVING closed the door behind Dick, Alice stood there with her hand upon the knob until she heard the elevator come up to the hall outside and descend again. It was as if she had half expected him to return for something.

With the departure of the elevator she moved back to the living room, crossed to the desk on which reposed the telephone and called up Clara Proctor.

"Have you started dinner yet?" she asked her friend.

"No, I was just going in."

"Come on over here instead. It's Otillia's night out, but we can pick up something for ourselves."

"I thought you were going out?" Clara put in quickly.

"I had expected to, but Dick has to go somewhere."

"All right, dear, I'll be around in a few minutes."

Alice, wearing a checked gingham apron, let her in when she arrived.

"I have soup on," she explained, and hastened back toward the kitchen.

In leisurely fashion Clara removed her coat and hat, and passing into the living room paused before a mirror, giving a touch to her blond hair. Then crossing to the table she took up a fashion magazine and stood for a time looking at it. Noises coming through the open pantry door presently reminded her that supper was being made ready. Without putting down the magazine she moved to the dining-room door, where she stopped and called to Alice.

"Anything I can do, dear?"

"No, don't bother. I'll have everything ready in no time."

Clara returned slowly to the table, finished her cursory inspection of the magazine, replaced it, glanced about the room and wandered slowly to the writing desk. There, after surveying her friend's engagement pad, she took up a letter, scrutinized the handwriting and postmark, put it down again, and went into the bedroom, where she paused near the dressing table, upon the glass top of which a number of silver toilet articles were neatly arranged. Also, on the dressing table stood a large photograph of Parrish in a silver frame.

Clara pushed the photograph an inch or two nearer the edge, took up a pair of manicure scissors and snipped a piece of cuticle at the corner of one of her thumb nails. After feeling the thumb to see that it was smooth she put down the scissors and scrutinized her face in the mirror, turning her head critically from side to side. What she saw apparently satisfied her, for she now gave her attention instead to one of the dressing-table drawers, opening it and reviewing its contents. After examining some handkerchiefs which she removed from a silk case she took up a pair of new white gloves and looked them over as a critical purchaser might have done. Then she drew forth a black net veil, and with eyes again turned toward the mirror held it outstretched before her face. Having replaced the veil she closed the drawer and opened the other, finding in the front of it a small bottle of perfume in a satin-lined box. She removed the glass stopple and sniffed the perfume appreciatively, half closing her eyes, then put the bottle back, closed the drawer and returned to the living room, as Alice appeared from the kitchen with a small platter of cold chicken and lettuce garnished with lettuce leaves.

"Can't I help bring things in?" suggested Clara, stopping as she spoke.

"No, everything's ready. You sit do I'll bring the soup directly." And A disappeared again through the pantry d

Clara moved languidly to the din room and seated herself, and almost sin taneously Alice reappeared with two ste ing cups of tomato bouillon, one of wh she placed before her friend.

"Um!" Clara exclaimed, sniffing. Alice stood near her. "Isn't that a n scent you're using?"

"Yes. Do you like it? I just put o tiny touch."

"I love it. What is it?"

"Fleur de Fée."

"Awfully expensive?"

"I don't know."

"Oh, a present?"

Alice, seating herself, nodded across t table.

"Look out," she warned, "the soup hot."

"Dick?" asked the other.

"No; Margaret."

Margaret was her married *sister* i Cleveland.

"Oh!" said Clara. Then she asked "What do you hear from Margaret?"

Alice sighed.

"I'm worried about her," she said "She hasn't been awfully well. George's business keeps him tied up, and she won't go away without him. What she needs is a change and a rest. I've been trying to get her to come on and visit me, but she always has some reason why she can't. It's not only George and the housekeeping—it makes her nervous to leave the children."

"She's like you," Clara said. "That's the kind of wife and mother you'd be too."

"If I could be as good a wife and *mother* as Margaret," Alice returned, "it would make me mighty happy."

Clara smiled.

"Have no fear," said she, "you would. You'd never consider yourself any more than Margaret does; and married you'd be that much worse."

"Worse?" repeated Alice, smiling.

"Yes, worse. It doesn't pay for a woman to be unselfish with a man. Men don't appreciate it. They'll accept all a woman will give them, and take it for granted."

"You wouldn't say George didn't appreciate Margaret, surely?"

"Of course I never saw them very much when I was in Cleveland," Clara answered, "but I should say he accepted her devotion pretty—well, pretty calmly. Not so calmly as Dick accepts yours, though."

"Dick is mighty sweet to me," Alice defended. "No man could be more thoughtful and kind. You simply don't understand Dick, my dear."

"I understand one thing," Clara retorted, "and that is, if he's so darn thoughtful and kind I should think he'd be saying something about marrying you."

"He has," Alice returned calmly, rising and taking up her empty soup cup.

"He has?"

Alice, coming around the table to get the other cup, nodded.

"I've told you that before. Dick has been perfectly square. In the beginning, when we were first interested in each other, he told me frankly he was going to be a bachelor always."

"Oh, that!" Clara's tone was disappointed and a little bit contemptuous. And as her friend moved toward the pantry she added, "That's when you should have dropped him like a hot cake too!"

Alice did not reply. When she returned from the kitchen bearing plates and a bowl of lettuce-and-tomato salad Clara continued as though there had been no interruption.

"You'll be twenty-eight pretty soon," she said. "You've got to think of your future. You ought to have been married ages ago—a girl like you, with your money and your looks. It isn't right for him to be driving other men away and—and doing nothing about it himself."

"But I keep telling you," Alice returned as she served the salad from the bowl on the sideboard, "that he made his position perfectly clear in the beginning."

"But what about your position?"

"That's understood too. We're absolutely free—both of us."

(Continued on Page 95)

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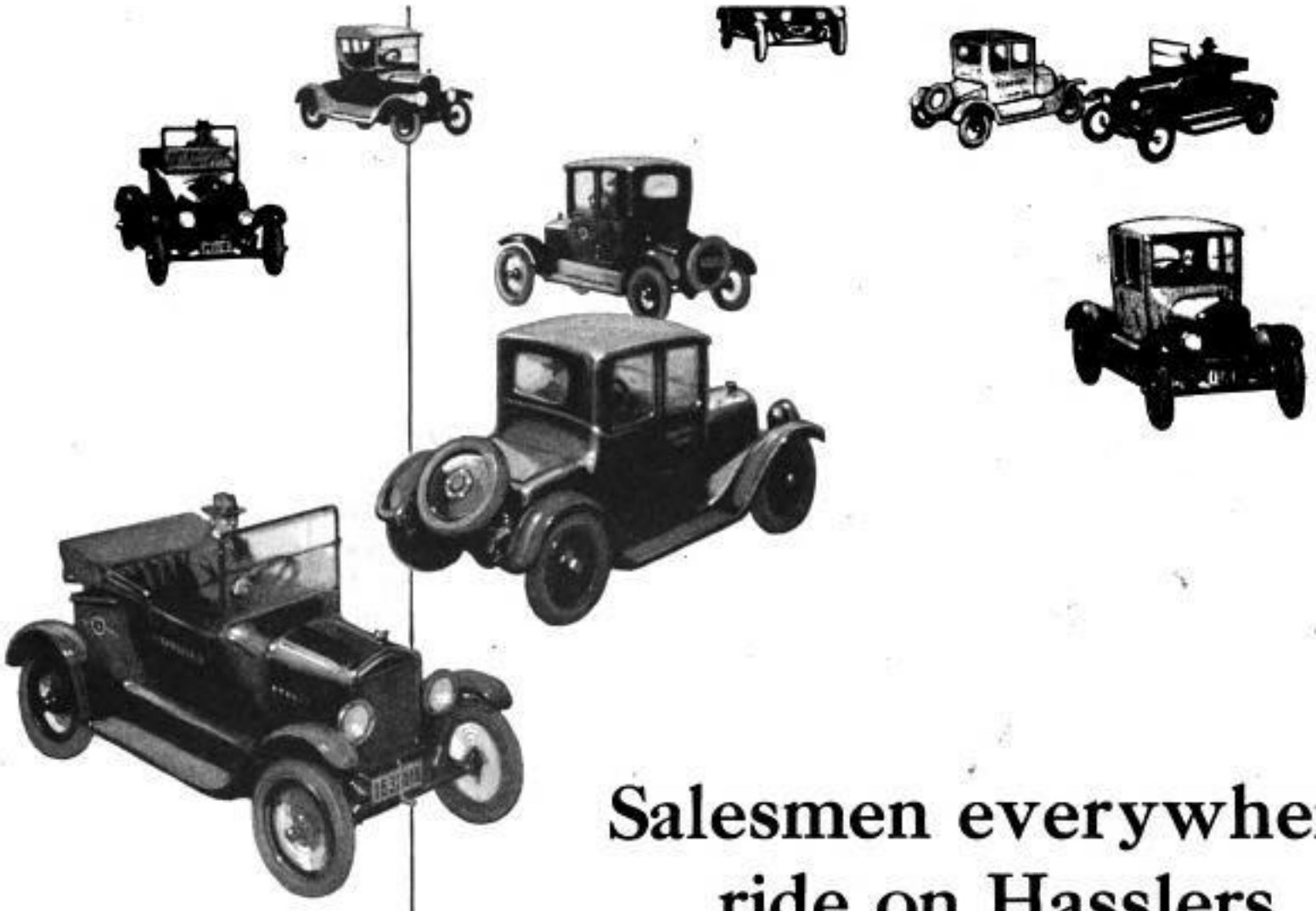
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(Continued from Page 92)

"Yes," said the other with an ironical d. "He's free, as he wants to be, and u're free whether you want to be or t—and you don't want to be!"

"Yes, I do."

Having served the salad, she had taken e plates to the table, where she was now gaged in placing a slice of chicken and a ce of ham on each.

"That is to say," pursued her friend, you wouldn't want to marry him?"

There was a dry little smile upon her lips she gazed at the unhappy Alice, awaiting reply.

"Not if he didn't want me," Alice insted stoutly.

"He'd have wanted you if you'd made im."

Fork in hand, Alice paused and looked uickly at her friend.

"How?" she asked.

"By chucking all this highfalutin stuff nd playing the game."

"There's nothing of a game about my riendship with Dick."

She made the reply with a little show of lignity. But Clara was not to be deterred.

"That's just what's the matter," she reorted. "Between a man and a woman it is a game. A woman has to use the weapons the Lord gave her. Otherwise the man has all the advantage. He can come to see her when he wants to or stay away when he wants to, but it's up to her to keep him from knowing that. Her job is to keep him on the anxious seat. That's what makes men propose. They always want what they're afraid they can't have. The trouble with you, my dear, is that you're too square with him."

"He's square with me."

"Maybe."

"Have you any reason to suppose he isn't?" demanded Alice, passing Clara's plate.

"Not except that he's a man. I wouldn't trust any man."

Alice took her own plate and sat down.

"You're so awfully cynical," she said. "I can't seem to make you see that my friendship with Dick is ——"

Clara, who had begun to eat, could not wait even to masticate her salad before replying. "I understand this much," she put in thickly: "You'd marry Dick tomorrow if he'd ask you."

"Yes. But I ——"

"Wait!" said Clara, holding up her fork. "You wouldn't raise a finger to get him. Isn't that what you were going to say?"

Alice, looking none too happy, nodded assent.

"I knew it," said her friend, shaking her head hopelessly. "And that's just where you lose out."

"All right then," Alice returned in a tone gentle but determined, "I'll lose out."

She looked at her plate for a moment, touched a lettuce leaf with her fork, then rose and hurried to the kitchen.

"What is it, dear?" Clara called after her.

"Nothing. I just forgot the cocoa."

She was a long time getting it, but her eyes were dry when she returned.

After that Clara permitted her to change the subject.

"There's just a chance," the guest announced as they were finishing supper, "that I'll go to Atlantic City next week sometime. Georgina Burke phoned this afternoon and invited me. That is, if they decide to go. Sam has a cold. It depends on that. If his cold gets better between now and Monday the trip's off." She laughed. "I like Sam Burke. I know he's a trifle loud, but he's all right, and he's strong for me. I amuse him, and he's awfully generous. Of course they'd pay all my expenses. Well, I'd like to get in a few miles on the Boardwalk just about now. Much as I like Sam I'm rooting for his cold to hang on a few days more."

"Why, Clara!" Alice was shocked but amused.

"Oh," said the other lightly, "I make no secret of it. I told Georgina the same thing and asked her to tell Sam. He likes that kind of talk—rough stuff." Then as Alice began to clear the table she, too, arose, and moving some of the dishes to the sideboard asked, "Shall we wash the dishes now?"

"No, don't you bother. I'll just set them in the pantry and do them later."

The proposal was not protested.

Later in the evening when she was about to go Clara spoke again of the new scent her friend was using.

"Um!" she exclaimed. "You always have such nice perfumes."

"Do you like this so much?"

"It's wonderful. It has lure, my dear."

"Lure?"

"Yes. You know—like expensive ladies in elevators at the Ritz."

Alice went to the bedroom and from the dressing-table drawer produced the little bottle in its pretty box and handed it to Clara, who drew out the stopple and inhaled ecstatically.

"Um!" she exclaimed again. "De-lish!"

She corked the bottle, put it back, closed the box and held it out to Alice. But Alice did not take it.

"No," she said, "I want you to have it."

"Oh, Alice! You dear! But I mustn't rob you!"

"Nonsense!" Alice gently pushed away the hand containing the box. "I don't think I like it as well as the kind I used before." And with a little laugh she added, "I guess lure isn't exactly my style anyway—worse luck!"

v

ALIGHTING from his car in front of Rita Coventry's house Parrish told his chauffeur to return at half past eleven.

"And wait," he added.

The house, one of a block of English-basement residences of red brick and white stone, stood in a side street a few doors from Central Park West. Through the evening dimness he saw that the windows of the floor above, now glowing with soft light from within, were equipped with boxes in which low shrubs grew. The front door, two steps up, was of wrought iron backed by plate glass and curtains of light silk, through which sifted a pleasant amber glow.

His ring was answered promptly by a blond young butler, evidently a Frenchman or a Swiss, who, after taking his hat, coat and cane, led him as far as the stair landing, from which point he indicated with a polite gesture the drawing-room at the front of the house on the floor above, whence came a buzz of conversation.

In his first glimpse of the room from the doorway Parrish perceived that it was spacious and that the walls and ceiling were of gray and cream color, with low-relief moldings and embellishments in the Adam style. Furnished in the period, it would have been a chamber dignified and chaste. But it was not so furnished. In its heterogeneous contents he seemed to read the journal of a world traveler, a cosmopolitan with an ample, careless pocketbook, a quick, acquisitive feeling for beautiful things and a striking disregard for the conventions—at least for those having to do with the furnishing and decoration of a house. In a single glance he saw an ancient Spanish desk, tall and bulky, studded with nails and strapped with ornamental ironwork; a Chinese cabinet of red lacquer; and another cabinet of buhl. A semicircular Hepplewhite table stood against the wall between the French windows, and in the next wall space a Korean chest of dark polished wood, heavily bound with brass. The massive table backed against the blue velvet couch at the center of the room was an old Italian piece, and upon it were two lamps made from Chinese jars; but the several tall standing lamps of carved and gilded wood were Florentine. He noted also a light Sheraton sofa, French and American chairs of several different eras, and a stiff Italian throne and footstool covered with old velvet and embroidered with the arms of the Borghese.

Inside the door he paused briefly. Rita, across the room, was half surrounded by a group of guests. Her famous back, which was toward him, was uncovered save for two ropes of pearl beads which passed over her shoulders and connected with her gown at the waistline.

Standing thus, she appeared to be dressed only in these beads and a scant satin skirt, black and lustrous like her hair. The skirt was festooned with strings of beads, some of them pearl, some of an emerald shade matching the large fan of ostrich plumes that dangled from a loop of velvet ribbon on her arm. She was talking and gesturing, using her hands and shoulders as he had seen her use them long ago in Paris at Larue's.

As Larry Merrick, standing near her, caught sight of Parrish and nodded a greeting Rita turned with a rattling of beads, and extending her hand gave him a smile that made him feel as if more lights had been turned on in the room.

He advanced and took her hand. It seemed to him that he had never seen a human being so full of brilliant contrast—white teeth contrasted with red lips, red lips against a creamy skin, and a creamy skin set off in turn by dark eyes and the jet black of her gown and hair.

Except Rita and Larry Merrick, Hermann Krauss, the banker and patron of music, was the only one of the group he knew. The others proved to be Schoen the pianist, his pretty American wife, and Mrs. Fernis, the novelist, who gushed and continually spoke to Rita and of Rita by her first name in a way that made Parrish feel that she was vain of the intimacy.

Hardly had he been introduced when three more guests arrived—Bickford, the steel millionaire, with his girlishly dressed wife of fifty-five or sixty, and Luigi Busini, the great conductor of the opera, a man tall and dark, with a beautiful profile and the look of one whose hat has been blown away and whose hair and mustache have been set on end by the same high wind.

Parrish, who had of course heard the gossip about Rita and Busini, watched them now with interest. Busini kissed her hand and looked at her ardently; but as he did the same with each of the other ladies one could hardly deduce anything from that.

The butler and a maid now appeared with trays of cocktails and appetizing little sandwiches of caviar and pâté de foie gras, after which the company moved in helter-skelter order to the dining room at the rear of the house on the same floor. It was an unusual dining room, resembling rather a conservatory, with its many plants, its large windows facing the south, and its walls of imitation stone, stripped with green lattice through which vines climbed from marble pots on the floor.

Parrish was pleasantly surprised to find himself placed at Rita's right, and it amused him to notice that both Krauss and Busini, seeking their seats at table, looked first at his place card, as though each expected to find his own name there.

"No, Luigi—at the other end," said Rita, indicating to Busini his seat far down the board.

The conductor was at no pains to conceal his disappointment. He gave a little shrug as he turned away.

"He is not pleased," remarked Krauss as he seated himself at Rita's left. His eyes twinkled as they followed Busini. "He looked as if he wanted to slip a stiletto under your fifth rib, Mr. Parrish."

"I have spoiled Luigi," said Rita. "See—he won't look at me. He's cross as a bear." And she explained to Parrish, "He sulks that way if there's anything he doesn't like."

"I understand his disappointment," Parrish said. "You were very kind to place me here."

"No—selfish," she said lightly. "I want to know you. Luigi has sat here often enough. His performance reminds me of something that happened at a dinner in Paris years ago, just after my début. It was Vasquez's first season there. He was a sensation. They were calling him the greatest barytone who had ever lived. The Russian ambassador was at this dinner, but he was placed at the left of the hostess and Vasquez on her right. I sat by the ambassador. He was very charming, but he was annoyed all the same. As he was leaving the house he kissed the hostess' hand, and then, so that she could hear, said to Vasquez, 'Good night, monsieur. His Majesty, my august sovereign, will be much flattered when I tell him that this evening it was you who represented him.'"

Rita's was the sort of dinner at which people talk about dinners and dining. The cuisine, that is to say, was perfectly Parisian and the wines, from sherry to champagne, delicious.

Schoen told of the chef of an Italian prince who refused to prepare a meal for more than twelve. When his employer gave large dinners the chef would cook only for the dozen most prominent guests, the repasts of the remainder being prepared by his assistant, who sometimes made out a separate menu. The chef maintained that twelve was the greatest number for whom one man could cook, and that a smaller number was even better. He had a saying, "*Pas moins que les Grâces, et pas plus que les Grâces et les Muses.*" At last he left because his employer, who was entertaining an Archduke of Austria at luncheon, demanded that he cook for fourteen.

This, in turn, reminded Rita of a story about Brambleton, the London critic. Besides his caustic criticisms, Brambleton

(Continued on Page 98)



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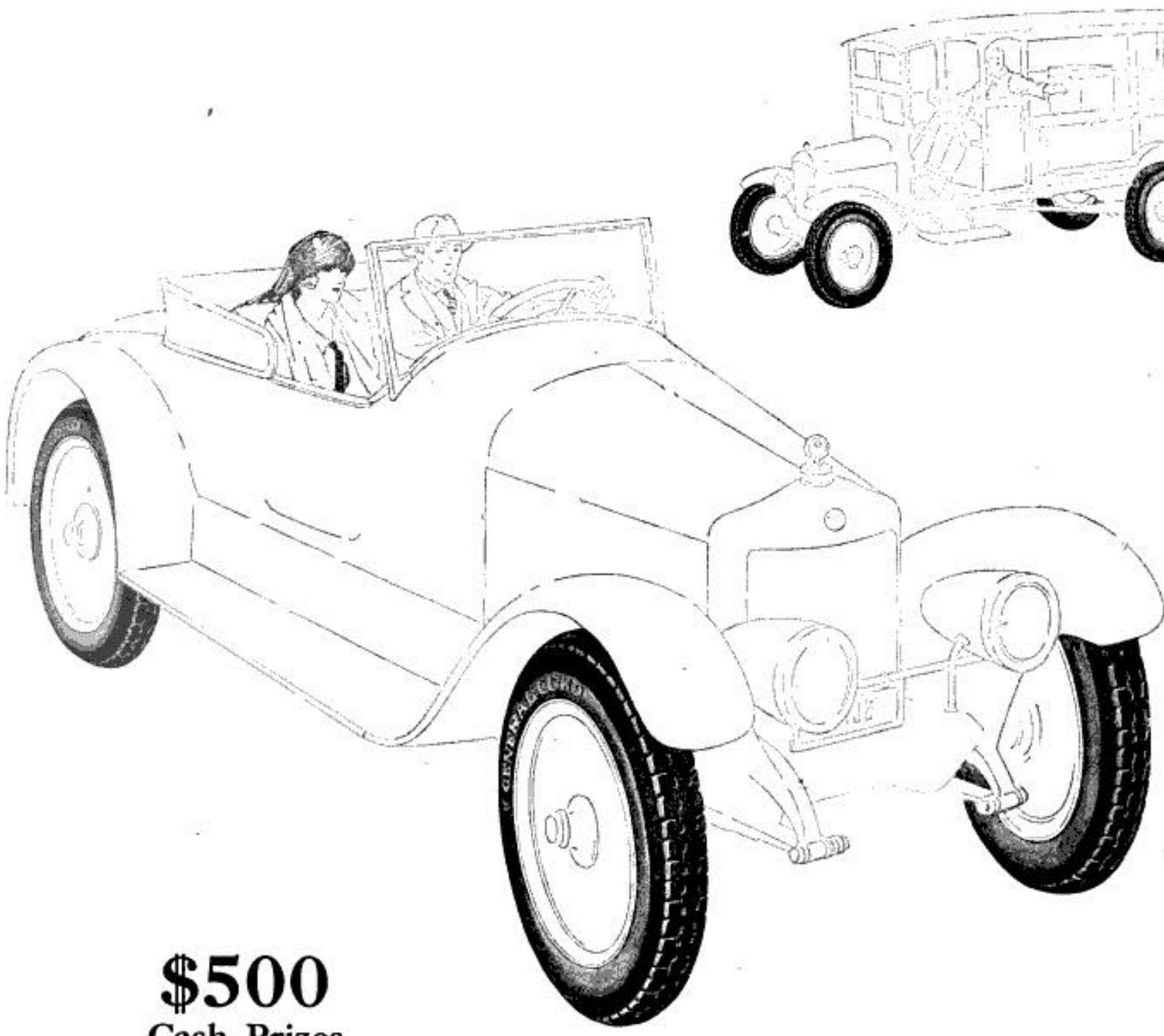
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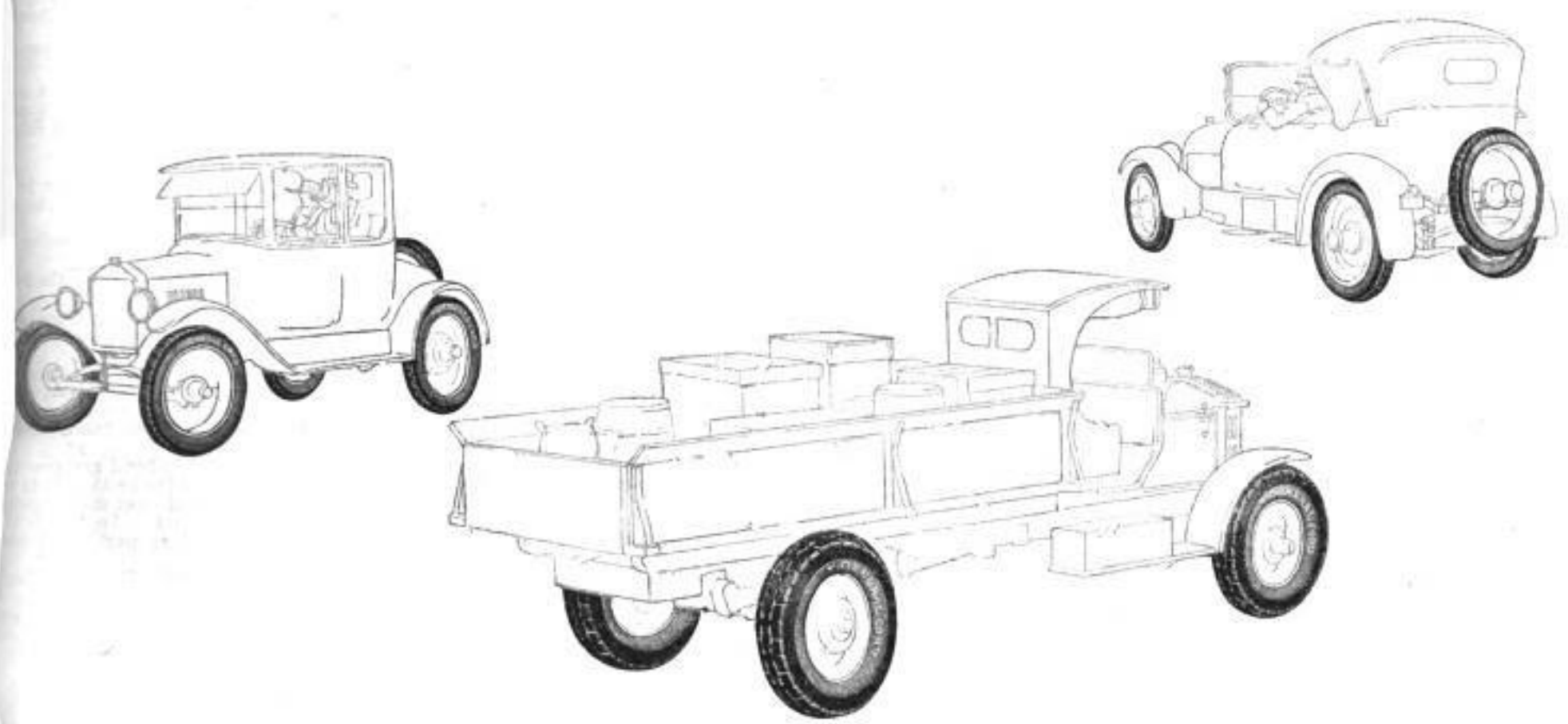


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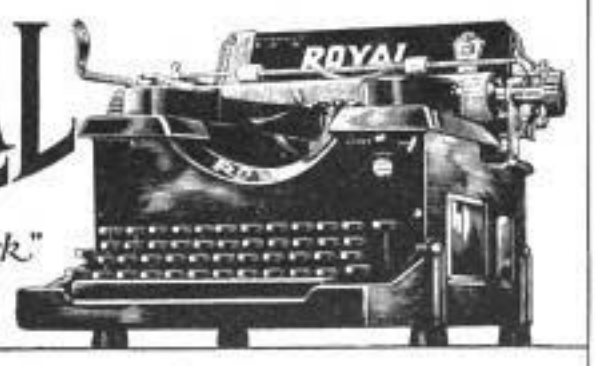
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LIGHT-RUNNING
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(Continued from Page 95)

was famous for two things—his love of food and of solitude and silence. He avoided people, or if he could not avoid them refused to be drawn into conversations. One day a fellow critic who more than once had crossed swords with him in print saw him alone in a restaurant. He spoke to Brambleton, but the latter did not answer. Just then the waiter put a dozen oysters on the table before him.

"Look here, Brambleton," said his confrere, "don't you think you had better invite me to lunch with you to-day?"

Brambleton shook his head and glared.

"Because it is unlucky to do what you are doing," the other persisted. "You're thirteen at table."

The dinner was all but over before Parrish realized that his neglect of Mrs. Fernis, at his own right, had verged upon rudeness. In the last few moments he turned and talked with her, trying to make up for the earlier delinquency. And yet he felt that here, much more than at the average dinner party, there was an excuse for what he had done. It was not only he whose attention had been centered on Rita. Mrs. Fernis and all the others had looked to her rather than to those beside them. Eyes drawn to Rita in the first instance by her beauty were held not only by that beauty but by some strange adductive power almost entirely apart from it; a kind of vividness which Parrish, watching her, explained to himself as being like the vital force of two or three persons combined in one. She bubbled with spirits. Her mind and tongue were quick. She was amusing. Yet there was that about her which, even when the things she said were of no consequence, made people pause and listen. Call it personality, individuality, magnetism, charm, allurement, what you will, she had that gift, indefinable and priceless, that super something which is granted to a few rare beings in this world, and which causes those who have it to stand out from the mass of mankind like searchlights in the night.

VI

AS THE party left the dining room he managed to keep his place at her side.

"I'm to see those prints?" he reminded her.

"Yes, later—if you don't mind waiting after the others go."

"Oh, thanks!" Then he asked a question about something he had wondered over: "How have you found time to interest yourself in prints—a woman as busy as you are?"

"Ah," she replied, looking at him over her white shoulder and giving him the smile, "I can say to that what Mario said, 'I have had all the follies—all.' But I'll tell you more about it later."

"About the follies?" he suggested, smiling.

"No, the prints. I don't talk of my follies. It's enough to commit them. I leave the talk to the world, and to judge from the reports I hear of myself the world is quite able to take care of it."

When, in the drawing-room, coffee and cigarettes were passed Rita took both. As she lighted her cigarette from the silver spirit-lamp, Busini came over to her.

"I thought you were not smoking any more?" he said in Italian.

"Then, *caro mio*," she retorted gayly, "I have not altogether lost the power to surprise you." She blew smoke at him.

"Your lower register!" he said with grim significance, and turned away.

"Beast!" she called after him. But she was not disturbed. She winked at Parrish, explaining, "He is trying to be as awful as he can to-night. It makes him furious when he cannot annoy me. As a matter of fact my lower register is better than it ever was." She appealed to the others: "Isn't my lower register better than ever?"

"Indeed it is, Rita darling!" exclaimed Mrs. Fernis. "It never was so rich!"

"Isn't it, Hermann?"

"Absolutely!" declared Krauss. "Like your figure, my dear, it continues to improve. When you are sixty I shall no longer be able to resist you. We shall go to Venice."

"Your voice is superb—superb!" put in Schoen without waiting to be asked. "But for saying so I want an orange."

"Great goose!" she said, slapping at him with the green-plumed fan.

"I do want an orange," he insisted.

"Really? What for, insatiable monster? Haven't you had enough to eat?"

"I do not want it to eat. I w orange and a hairbrush. I will d for you."

"Very well, child, you shall hav Ring."

She indicated a push button n door. Schoen rang and gave his order to the butler, who went aw soon returned with the orange and t brush.

"Come and see this, Rita. Come body!" cried the pianist, going ove instrument and sitting down up bench before it.

They gathered about him. Taki orange in his right hand he began to quickly back and forth over the blac at the same time playing an accor ment with his left, producing a cha little air.

"Something of your own?" asked I as he finished.

"His own?" echoed Busini with a "Chopin's own! The Black Key St

"The orange is my part," said S amiably.

"Do it again! Do it again!"

The artist, who was like a large, boy, did it again, evidently enjoyin trick greatly.

"Let me do!" cried Busini, crowdi way up to the piano.

"Wait," said Rita. "What's the brush for?"

She held it up, a lovely thing of gold enamel with little wreaths of roses or back on a field of blue.

"Ah!" said Schoen, assuming the terious air of a magician as he put d the orange and took the brush from hand. "Now you shall see! This is perh my chef-d'œuvre."

Again his large left hand ran over bass keys, while with the brush, held in right, he played the Ride of the Valkyr pressing down upon the keys with bristles. His auditors were filled w enthusiasm.

"Wonderful!" laughed Krauss, appla ing. "You must stop giving recitals Carnegie Hall, where your art is not p haps fully appreciated, and go into vau ville—three or four thousand dollars week!"

Even Busini was lost in admiration, f getting for a time to sulk.

"Now let me do!" he cried, seizing t orange and elbowing Schoen to the end the piano bench.

His first effort was not entirely succes ful.

"No, no!" cried the originator of th trick. "Not that way! You hold it to tight. Let it roll in your palm."

He tried to take the orange from Busi in order to illustrate, but the latter clun to it as a child clings to a toy.

"*Aspitto!* Let me have my chance. I wan to do!" And he began again. "There!" he exclaimed, delighted, as after some prac tice he began to get it. "Now I do better This is more like!"

"The bass! The bass!" admonished Schoen, eager to help. "It isn't only the orange, Luigi. You must get the bass too!"

"I don't know the bass. I play it by ear—hearing you."

"Look—like this!" Schoen showed him the chords.

Busini attempted it again, still without perfect success.

"Amateur!" said Rita.

"But this is the first time I try!" pro-tested the conductor, and made a grimace at her. Then putting down the orange he said, "Now give me the hairbrush."

"It's just what you need!" Rita said with a laugh.

The other did not grasp the jest at once.

"Oh," he retorted, passing his hand over his upstanding locks, "it is my beautiful hair you do not admire this evening, *carissima*. And you used to admire so greatly." He shrugged.

"You misunderstand, Luigi," she said with mock ardor. "To me your hair will always be beautiful. It will be a beautiful memory even after it is gone. For you, my dear, it is the back of the brush."

As the others laughed the face of the Italian lighted with sudden comprehension. He clapped his hands.

"Ah, *je comprends! C'est ça!* That is very droll. Oh, very droll, Rita!" And to the others, who had understood from the first, he began to explain: "You see what she mean? She mean I am naughty boy; I ought to have the *bastone*—the spank!" He illustrated, hitting the palm of his hand

(Continued on Page 101)

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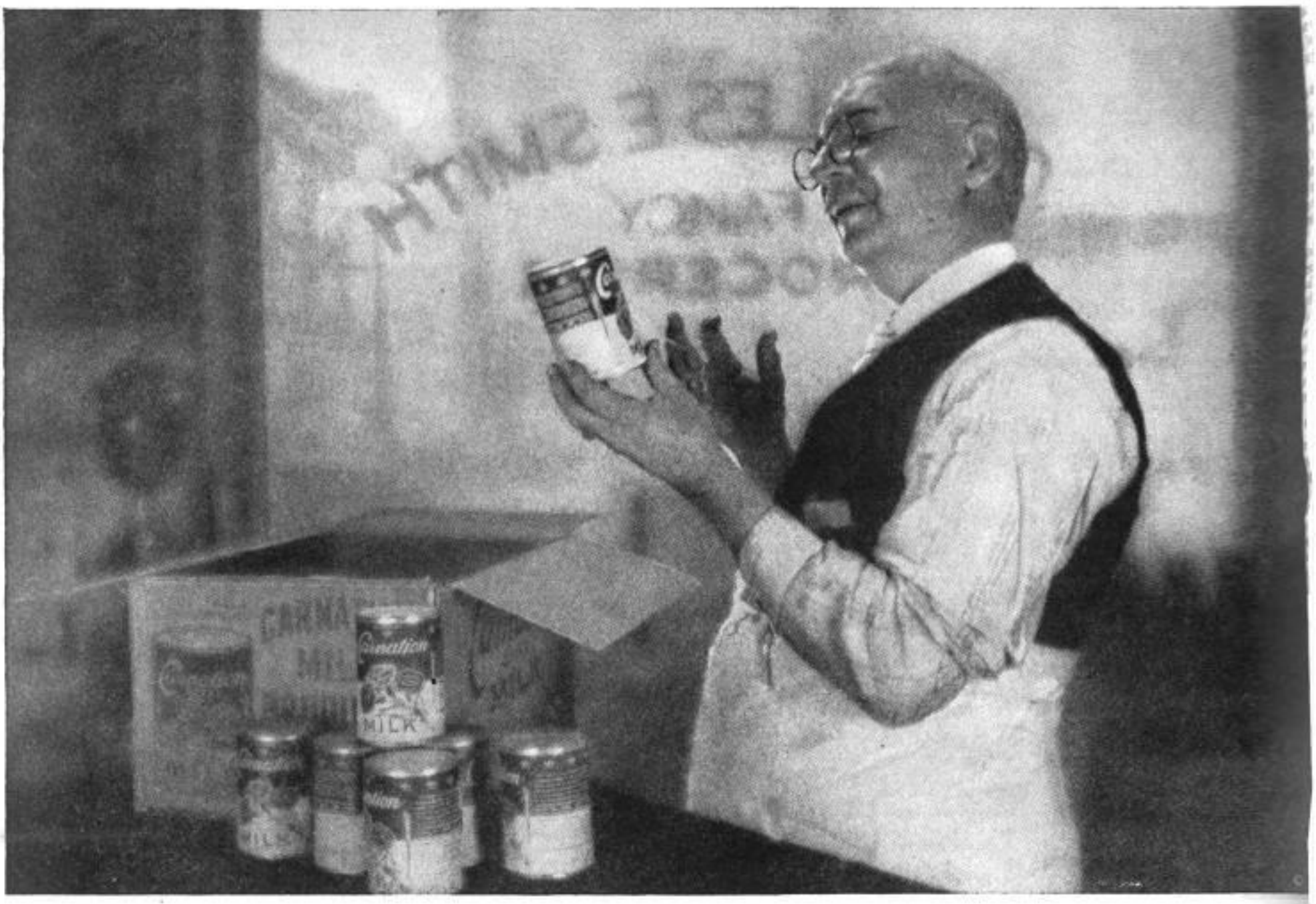
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(Continued from Page 98)

he back of the brush. Then, to Rita, ingly: "No wonder everybody fall with you, *chérie*. You are beautiful, other women. But you have *esprit*. is what ——"

a interrupted him, singing:

"*Pourquoi serais-je belle*
Si ce n'est pour être aimée?"

es, from Louise," said Busini, "but tone low." He struck a key several with one finger, then a chord.

ie has absolute pitch, you know," Fernis told Parrish in an awed tone.

bsolute pitch?"

es." She turned to Rita, saying, "Get to show Mr. Parrish, Rita dear."

sini was quite willing to exhibit his ge gift. Going to the other end of the and turning his back he named one another the notes making up each of chords struck on the piano by Schoen. e sat down afterwards, amid exclama- and applause, he seemed to be in better or than at any time during the evening.

VII

HE two bars from Louise made Parrish eager to hear more.

Aren't you going to sing to us?" he d Rita.

He had not meant the request to be over- rd by the others, but the sudden silence ich ensued about them, and the eyes ed to her, showed him that he was not e in awaiting her answer.

"Yes," she said after an instant's hesi- tion, "I'll sing." The beads on her gown ttled pleasantly as she rose and moved to piano.

"Rita must like you very much," Mrs. rnis said to him in an undertone. "She most never sings for her guests."

"But no one has asked her to," he re- rned. "I've been waiting, thinking some- e else would do it; someone who knows r better than I do."

"We don't ask her."

"I ought not to have done it, you mean?"

"You didn't know the unwritten law."

"She could easily have said no."

"Not to you, evidently," said the lady ith a certain air of coy intimation.

She had made him uncomfortable, but forgot that a moment later when, after triking a chord, Rita let her golden voice ll the room:

"*Drink to me only with thine eyes,*
And I will pledge with mine ——"

Her head was thrown back slightly, and her gaze rested, while she sang, upon the upper part of the tapestry across the room. But when at the end of the song she allowed her eyes to fall he found them meeting his. It was only a swift glance she gave him, but it thrilled him. She had looked first at him! Then, as their eyes parted, he rebuked himself. "Idiot!" he thought. "She looked at you only because it happened to be you who asked her to sing."

Before the applause had stopped he was at her side. She had risen and closed the cover over the keyboard.

"It was the loveliest thing I ever heard!" he said, glowing with sincerity. "But I am afraid I did wrong to ask you."

"Admirable!" came Busini's voice across the room. "But why? Why not sing something good?"

"That is a good song," she replied indifferently. Then, to Parrish, "I felt like singing to-night. This sort of day makes me feel like it."

"Spring!" he answered with a sigh. "So it does me!"

"And you don't sing?"

"Not a note."

"Perhaps you have some other mode of expression for the springtime?" she suggested with a little smile.

"Auctions," said he. "I buy all sorts of curios I don't want."

"Why not the thing they call interpretative dancing? Have you tried that? Judging from pictures in the magazines, spring is the season in which to wrap a necktie around the brow and prance barefoot through the park with a tablecloth."

"One must get up at dawn for that," he objected, echoing in his tone the mock gravity of hers.

"Or stay up all night," she amended.

Mr. and Mrs. Bickford, who had sat through the evening like people entertained and a little mystified, came up in time to catch the last words Rita spoke.

"That's what *we* mustn't do," said the lady. "Alex is at his desk every morning at 9:30. Example, you know." Whereupon she and her husband said good night.

"Is anybody going our way?" Bickford said, pausing at the door.

It was unnecessary for him to say which way theirs was. The Bickford house, on a Fifth Avenue corner, across the park, was celebrated throughout the city for its curious tower, its arches, balconies and strange protuberances, resembling gigantic goiters carved in stone. This invitation resulted in the departure of the Schoens and Mrs. Fernis, who were soon followed by Krauss. "Perhaps I can drop you, Mr. Parrish?" he suggested.

But before he could answer, Rita replied: "I've asked Mr. Parrish to stay behind. I want him to see my print collection."

"You, Merrick?" invited the banker. "You, Busini?"

Merrick accepted, but Busini shook his head.

"Thank you, no," he replied. "I also will stay and look at those print."

Parrish heard this with a feeling of disappointment, which, however, Rita almost instantly dispelled.

"No, you won't!" she said to the Italian; and though she said it with a smile her tone was definite enough. "You would never look at my prints before. Now you can go home, my dear!"

"Home, Sweet Home," Busini answered, giving her a slanting smile. "That is another song, silly like the one you sang. Home is not always attractive." His shrug expressed a certain resignation. "Good night, beautiful Rita." He kissed her hand. Then, bowing formally to Parrish, he said: "Good night, sir. I believe you will enjoy those print. I am inform that the collection of mademoiselle is large. Some examples, I believe, have merit. Perhaps others not so good. But that might be due, sometimes, to a selection too sudden." He looked at Rita as he finished: "Mademoiselle's temperament is like that. For deciding she is very quick."

Parrish was vaguely annoyed, for, although he was not certain of Busini's meaning, he sensed an indirection of some kind. He bowed formally and Busini walked toward the door.

"There is this about my collection, Luigi," said Rita as he moved away: "When I find in it something not so good as I had believed it to be I quickly get rid of it. Good night, *mon ami*."

Moving to the doorway she pressed a push-button. A bell sounded faintly from a distant part of the house.

"Come," she said, turning to Parrish, "the prints are in the sitting room on the floor above."

As she led him up the stairway they heard the soft, metallic sound of the front door as it closed behind Busini.

Rita paused and leaning over the balustrade called: "Pierre!"

"*Mademoiselle?*" He came running up. "*Laissez la lumière là bas.*"

"*Bien, mademoiselle. Merci.*" He turned and descended toward the lower hall.

VIII

RITA'S sitting room bore no resemblance to the other rooms that he had seen. It was smaller, and there was about it a modernity that was aggressive and startling. The carpet was of solid black; the panel moldings on the deep-ivory walls were picked out in lines of black and nasturtium color, and the same striking combination appeared again in the mantelpiece and in the hangings at the doors and windows. Two deep, comfortable couches standing at either side of the fireplace were upholstered in black velvet, and might have given a too somber note but for the brilliant pillows of taffeta in solid colors with which they were equipped.

"How do you like it?" she asked, observing that he looked about.

"It is very striking."

"Be frank. I've just had it done. I'm not sure I like it myself. I fell into the clutches of a decorator, a very clever and persuasive woman, who wants to do the whole house."

"Don't let her."

"I don't intend to. This sort of thing seems to me abnormal—like Strawinsky's music. I'm having a frightful time, though, keeping her out of my bedroom. She wants to give me black-and-gold walls—originality, you know. She says my bedroom isn't original, but I tell her sleep isn't original either."

Parrish smiled.

(Continued on Page 104)



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AN UNUSUAL treat awaits your arrival in each of these cities. It will be found in the form of an excellent hotel service by an organization trained to give the greatest service possible and with the utmost courtesy.

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This spirit is reflected by all who attend you while you are with us. It is, of course, only one of many things which make people return to our hotels year after year.

Reservations Wired Free

We gladly wire reservations from one Keenan Hotel to another, so that you may be assured of excellent accommodations. In dining rooms of the Keenan Hotels you receive appetizing food with excellent service. Café and room rates are reasonable.

Notice the names carefully and when you are in any of these cities, go to one of the following hotels. You may feel sure of satisfaction.

THE PLANKINTON
Milwaukee

THE WALDORF
Toledo

THE ANTHONY
Fort Wayne

Acknowledged Leaders

KEENAN *Hotel* SYSTEM

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"Heart-Break House"

A true story of a home that came back

"WE discovered it when we came out into the country to rest three years ago—a pathetic little house with its weather-beaten sides, sagging porch and broken eaves.

"Almost daily that summer we passed it in its nest of weeds and brambles. By and by we began to call it 'Heart-Break House.'

"One day we stood before it in the twilight and John said, 'That house haunts me; I believe it has a soul. What a wonderful place if some one would fix it up.'

"'Let's,' we said simultaneously and 'Heart-Break House' was ours! Ours to fix up! Ours to heal of its 'Heart-Break.'

"What joy we had in the work! We repaired the neglected porch, the sagging eaves, the tumbled-down fence. We painted inside and out; cut down the weeds and planted flowers.

"If you could see our little home today you would believe in modern miracles. The white painted fence stands up with dignity; the gravel path leads to a neat, well painted self-respecting house that proclaims home and love in its every line. Inside, white woodwork, varnished floors and 'grandmother' rugs; a kitchen whose shelves and shining crockery speak of care and taste and common sense.

"Something has made us healthy and contented. Maybe it is God's sunshine, and work, and dear companionship in our own home; maybe, who knows, the magic was wrought by that blessed paint brush."

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Is *Your* House Worth Saving?

EVERY time you are tempted to put off painting ask yourself that question. Is your house worth saving? If it is, do not neglect it. Delayed painting means loss—there are thousands of "Heart-Break Houses" to prove it. Save the surface and you save the house. Paint! ***But be sure the paint you use is the kind that saves.***

There is a Sherwin-Williams paint, varnish, stain or enamel for every surface that needs protection. Each is the right finish for its purpose. Each has proved its dependability over a period of half a century.

There is a Sherwin-Williams dealer near you.

Send 50c. (65c. in Canada) for *The Home Painting Manual*, the most complete work on painting ever compiled. 170 pages of text; 27 color plate pages. Address 601 Canal Rd., Cleveland, O., Dept. B435.

Sent Free.—Set of eight color plates, showing modern effects in interior decoration and attractive combinations for exterior painting. The Sherwin-Williams Co., 601 Canal Road, N. W., Cleveland, O.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS
PRODUCTS
PAINTS AND VARNISHES



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It won't be harmed —it's Brenlin

The window shade of lasting beauty



Through all the constant strains of everyday usage Brenlin *wears* —two or three times as long as an ordinary window shade.

It sturdily withstands the attacks of sucking and snapping winds. Its rich colors resist fading and will not show water spots.

That is because the material from which Brenlin is made is finer and more closely woven—like strong linen in texture.

And because this fabric contains none of the chalk or clay "filling" that crumbles and falls out, causing cracks and pinholes in ordinary window shades.

Also—because the rich colors are of the highest grade, and are applied *by hand* by experts.

Every step in Brenlin-making is a step for longer wear.

And rich and beautiful in a wide range of colorings is Brenlin. It is supple, not stiff, yet always hangs straight and smooth. Its endurance will surprise you.

See Brenlin Duplex, made for perfect harmony with a different color on each side.

Look for the name Brenlin perforated on the edge. If you don't know where to get this long-wearing window shade material, write us; we'll see that you are supplied.



Scratch a piece of ordinary window shade material lightly. Tiny particles of chalk or clay "filling" fall out. BRENLIN has no filling.

"How to shade and decorate your windows correctly" —free

We have your copy of this very readable and instructive booklet on how to increase the beauty of your home with correct shading and decoration of your windows. Send for it. Actual samples of Brenlin in several colors will come with it.

For windows of less importance Camargo or Empire shades give you best value in shades made the ordinary way.

THE CHAS. W. BRENEMAN COMPANY, INC., CINCINNATI, OHIO
"The oldest window shade house in America"

Factories: Cincinnati, Ohio, and Camden, N. J. Branches: New York City, Philadelphia, Dallas, Texas, and Portland, Ore. Owner of the good will and trade-marks of the J. C. Wemple Co.

HAND MADE **Brenlin**
the long-wearing WINDOW SHADE *material*

(Continued from Page 101)

"How is it done now?" he asked. "Rose color, I suppose."

"French blue and gray."

"That sounds nice."

"Would you care to see it? It's just back there." She indicated the door.

"Yes, I should like to."

"Come, then."

He noticed again the rattling of the beads as they passed down the hall. It was a sound, disturbing but agreeable. The bedroom was spacious. The French blue of the velvet carpet ran up into the window hangings, the portières and the canopy and covering of the bed, all of which were of taffeta. The bed was large and much carved, with panels of basketwork let in at head and foot. All the furniture was of a cold gray tone a trifle lighter than that of the walls, and the only color in the room other than blue and gray was in the gold of picture frames and small articles on the dressing-table, in the pink roses filling a bowl upon a table and the small design of rose wreaths with which the silken draperies were bordered.

On a table conspicuously placed, Parrish noticed a large photograph of Busini. That, however, would have seemed to him more significant had not this room, like the sitting room and the drawing-room downstairs, contained so many other framed photographs. Whatever truth there might or might not be in the gossip about Rita and Busini, she was evidently not in the least sensitive about it; nor about that story of her affair with a monarch, either, for the picture of that potentate with a friendly inscription in his handwriting stood on the table in the sitting room.

"Oh, don't let the decorator-lady touch this room!" he exclaimed after a brief survey.

"You like it?"

"It's exquisite. Let the decorator do her own bedroom in her own way. This room expresses you."

Indeed, it seemed to fit her as a jewel case fits its gem. Into his mind there came a vision of her as she must look in that bed when the maid brought her breakfast in the morning. He was sure she had her breakfast there, and that, doing so, she made a picture to delight the eye of an old-time French engraver. She would be propped against a mountain of soft pillows, and would wear a boudoir cap trimmed with blue ribbons and little knots of roses, from beneath which locks of that dark wavy hair would escape to nestle on her shoulder. She was not the sort of woman who would look tired in the morning. Far from it! She would be pink and lovely like a baby just awake. From the moment her eyes opened there would be that brightness in their depths. She would see the sun streaming through the curtains and would smile.

He turned to the door again.

"You were going to tell me how you became interested in prints," said he as they moved through the hall in the direction of the sitting room.

"It was the summer before I first sang Butterfly. I wanted a rest and change, and I thought a trip to Japan would give me atmosphere for the part. Well, it gave me a taste for lacquer and jade and prints, at all events."

They were in the sitting room now, beside a table on which were several large portfolios bound in Japanese silk and fastened with little pegs of ivory.

Rita opened the cover of the uppermost portfolio and began to turn the cardboard sheets on which the prints were mounted.

"This light is poor," she said, pausing after they had looked at two or three of the pictures. "Let's put them on the floor under the tall lamp."

As Parrish carried the bulky volume over and laid it on the rug in the lamplight Rita took a cushion from the couch, tossed it to the floor and dropped down upon it.

"I'll turn for you," she said. "You can stand. That ought to give you about the right distance."

The first prints were primitives—a Gonshiro, several Moronobus and early Harunobus, interesting as examples of the art in its beginnings; but presently she came to works by later masters—Utamaro, Yeishi, Toyokuni; superb compositions splashed with rich soft colors like those brocades.

Rita knew about prints. The s was generally good; where there w perfections she recognized them, p out that this one was weak in colo one a late impression made after the blocks had been trimmed at the ed that another had been creased, or to mended.

But though his interest in this a genuine enough, and though many of prints were worth seeing, Parrish fo increasingly difficult to give them h tention. How may a man yield his to minor constellations when in th is Venus, brightest and most beauti stars?

Continually his glances wandered the printed images to the lovely livin age bending over them. In the soft of the lamp the beads on her gown s like the jewels of some fabled princess o East; her flesh was luminous and rosy; cinating lights and shadows played thr the soft waves of her hair.

By the time the first portfolio had b run through he was aware of strain. Ca ing the portfolio back to its place upon table, and bringing the second, he c gratulated himself on having so far b coherent. But there were four portfol Too many!

Now she was showing him Hokusai the Thirty-six Views of Fuji.

Muttering something about Hokus detail, he flung a cushion to the floor a dropped down beside her. Yet here, wi out looking at her directly, he continu to be disturbed. Every time she turne page he was aware of the white lovelin of her arm and shoulder near him.

Presently he began to feel somethi like an electric current. It seemed emanate from her arm and jump across his. Did she feel it too? Apparently n for she continued calmly to turn the prin commenting upon them as she went alon

"Let's stop!" he heard himself exclai

He had no sooner spoken than the crit cal part of his mind came into play, tellin him that kind of talk would not do at al Suppose she were now to ask him why h wished to stop looking at the prints—what would he say to that? If he had good sense he would say he had a headache—and go home. But would he do that? Or would he blurt out recklessly some further wildness?

But Rita did not ask him. She did not speak. She reached out and closed the portfolio. She had turned her head and was looking at him. She did feel that current! Her eyes told him so! He gazed into them with straining eagerness like that of one who seeks to penetrate the depths of some unfathomable sea.

"Why—they're blue!" he murmured.

The shadow of a smile showed in them. He leaned a little more. Now he could see nothing but her eyes. The rest of the world was nebulous. He was shipwrecked on those sweet blue seas.

Rita descended with him to the lower hall as he was leaving. On a carved Italian chest reposed his coat, hat and cane. As he started to slip into the coat she stepped behind him, and taking hold of the collar helped him on with it. Then she gave a touch to either shoulder—a touch of adjustment given as if she loved to give it.

He turned quickly, and as they stood there silent for a moment he felt her fingers working softly at the edge of his lapel. How sweet to have her doing that! There was a fragrance in her hair against his cheek.

"My beautiful!" he whispered. "Oh, my beautiful!"

She raised her eyes to his, and in a voice low and lovely sang again in French the passage from Louise ——

"Why should I be beautiful
If it is not to be loved?"

"Rita," he murmured, "I love you so!"

"It's spring," she answered, smiling.

"No, it's you! I'm mad about you!"

"You think so."

"I know! Tell me, do you care for me as I do for you?"

She patted his cheek.

"Rita, you do care, don't you?"

"Don't you know?"

(Continued on Page 107)



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"There is no excuse today for foot trouble in any form" —*Dr. Wm. M. Scholl*

Modern science offers immediate and permanent relief for all foot ailments

Have you been enduring painful foot trouble because you have believed there is no escape from it?

Have you tried "cures" of one form or another and found them wanting? Have you, in other words, lost hope of ever being rid of foot ailments—are you accepting them as a matter of course?

No matter what form of foot trouble you have—whether it is tired, aching or tender feet, irritating corns, enlarged joints, callouses on the bottom of your feet, cramped toes, weak arches or an extreme case of flat foot—there is available to you a scientific remedy or appliance that will bring you certain, positive relief.

Today seven persons out of ten have something wrong with their feet.

Science is overcoming these handicaps

In earlier days foot troubles were practically unknown. Today they have attained so much importance, as regards the health and comfort of the average individual, that scientific men are giving them serious attention and study.

Among the first to recognize this tendency was Dr. Wm. M. Scholl. During the last twelve years he has specialized almost entirely on foot troubles and their correction.

From the beginning Dr. Scholl has based his research on a study of the underlying causes of foot ailments. Thousands of cases have been examined and treated. And out of this experience have developed appliances and remedies which go to the fundamental causes of, and relieve and correct, every known form of foot trouble and foot discomfort.

Of greater importance to the public, perhaps, is the nation-wide organization which Dr. Scholl has built up whereby these remedies and appliances are made available to foot sufferers everywhere.

In thousands of shoe and department stores the country over are men—trained Practipedists—who have been carefully instructed in Dr. Scholl's methods. In these stores Dr. Scholl's appliances and remedies are selected, fitted and supplied with an intelligent understanding of the specific foot trouble to be corrected.

Sure relief from foot troubles

No matter what your foot trouble may be, Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Service offers you immediate and certain relief.

For every form of foot ailment—tired, aching feet, weak or fallen arches, tender heels, corns, bunions, callouses—Dr. Scholl has devised a scientific appliance or remedy.

If you are one who has despaired of finding relief from foot suffering, take new hope in Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort appliances and remedies.

You CAN have relief. Today foot suffering is wholly needless. Go to the shoe or department store in your town that is headquarters for Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Service and ask to see the man in charge. Tell him of your foot trouble and let him demonstrate to you free—how you can have relief.



Positive relief for tired, aching feet, weak arches, weak ankles

Dr. Scholl's Foot-Eazer gives you immediate and permanent relief from tired, aching feet and limbs, weak ankles, cramped toes and the weariness induced by weakened and falling arches. Scientifically designed to remove the excessive strain upon the feet and to rebalance the body's weight. Eases feet, body and nerves. Comfortably worn inside any shoe





Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads—special size for corns, callouses, enlarged or under joints. Put one on, the pain is gone. Antiseptic, healing, waterproof; give quick and lasting relief. Sold by shoe dealers and druggists, 35c per box

Pains or callouses there? Dr. Scholl's Anterior Metatarsal Arch Support corrects callouses, tenderness or cramps caused by weakening of the arch ***across the ball of the foot***



Don't let your heels run over. Dr. Scholl's Walk-Strates, worn inside the shoes, distribute the body's weight so that the heels wear evenly and regularly. 40c per pair

NOTE: If you cannot locate the Dr. Scholl store in your city, send us the coupon below and we will send you the name of the nearest store.

SEND COUPON BELOW

The Scholl Mfg. Co.
Dept. 1004

Send coupon to nearest office: 213 W. Schiller St., Chicago / 62 W. 14th St., New York City / 112 Adelaide St., E., Toronto

Send me free booklet, "The Feet and Their Care."

Name _____

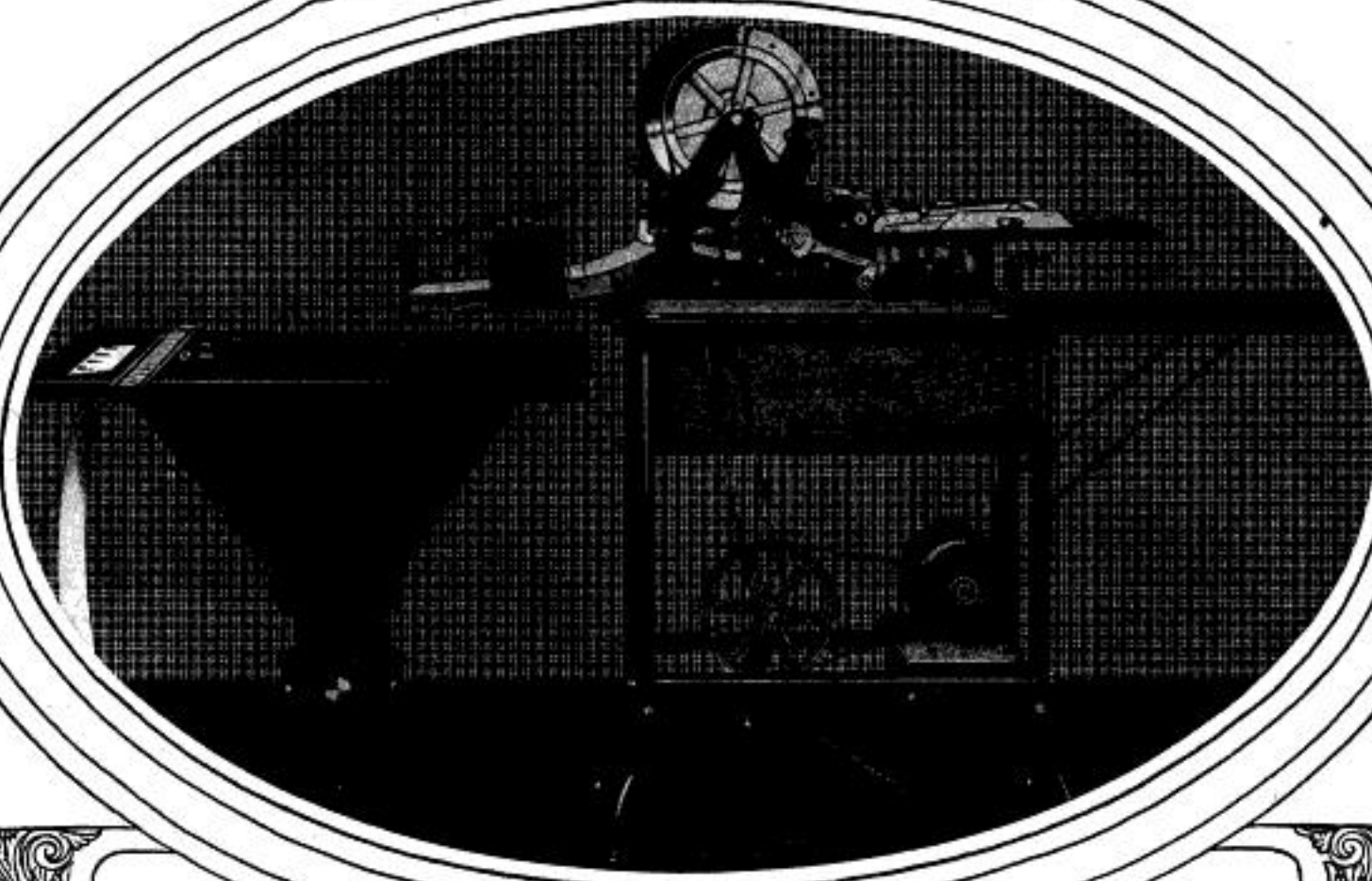
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Dr Scholl's Foot Comfort Appliances

There's a Dr. Scholl Appliance or Remedy for every foot trouble. At shoe and department stores everywhere

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Outfit! There's downright magic in the artful skill of the Mimeograph when it is reinforced by the crafty Mimeoscope. Twins! A thousand duplicates of a drawing this outfit will produce in less than that many seconds. No cuts! No delays! Merely trace the design upon the illuminated Mimeoscope on a sheet of stencil paper, and print! And typewriting may go on the same page. All the unnumbered thousands of industrial and educational institutions throughout the world which know the fine economy of Mimeographic printing may now benefit by the artful easiness of Mimeoscopic drawing. All kinds of charts, maps, cartoons, designs, factory diagrams, together with letters, bulletins, instructions, sales messages, etc., leap in quick thousands from the ready Mimeograph —at negligible cost. Twin savings for others—why not for you? Send for Booklet "S-4," A. B. Dick Company, Chicago—and New York.

EDISON DICK MIMEOGRAPH

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(Continued from Page 104)

at did not satisfy him.
low much?" he demanded.
e raised her lips. Ah, that was better!
When am I to see you again?" he asked.
n you dine with me to-morrow night?"
To-morrow night I sing."
Supper, then, afterwards?"
I'm sorry—I've promised to go to
necourt's birthday party."
When, then?"
he thought for a moment.
I'll telephone," she said.
le wrote on a visiting card his address
his telephone numbers uptown and
n.
When will you telephone?"
To-morrow."
Of course. But what time?"
Before I go to the opera."
That would be around six?"
She nodded.
"Oh, my dear," he said in a low eager
ce, "I'll be waiting all day for that
!"
He opened the door, but paused reluc-
at on the threshold.
She gave him a gay little wave of dis-
ssal, saying "Good night."
"I love you!" he said, and closed the
avy door behind him.
In the vestibule he paused until the
aber lights within were extinguished.
hen he walked toward his limousine,
hich was standing at the curb.

IX

AS HE journeyed homeward thoughts of Rita sang through his mind. Yesterday morning he had called life monotonous. Yesterday morning! He had not even met her then! He had come to her house a few hours since, all but a stranger. Of those who were there he had known her least. How long ago that seemed!

Life monotonous? Life's little periods of dullness were nothing but a background, like the gray wall of a gallery against which splendid pictures show more splendid still. In the gallery of his life there hung but one picture now. Rita! Rita of the golden voice! Rita, young, brilliant, famous, beautiful, all that was desirable! Rita, who in one splendid blinding flash had let him know she cared for him! For him!

He tried to conjure up her likeness, to visualize her face. But the features at which he had so lately gazed in adoration would not come into focus for him now. In his mind he could see her strong little hands, her tapering arms, her shoulders; and he could see the color of her; the pallor of her skin, the red of her lips, the glistening white of her even little teeth, the shimmering black of her hair, the deep blue of her eyes. But try as he would, he could not harmonize these elements and make them blend into one clear and satisfying image.

The failure disappointed him. It was that way sometimes, though, when one tried to think how certain people looked. Why? he wondered. Why was it that the likeness of one person should be vague when a perfect picture of another could be summoned to the mind at will? Take, for example, Alice. He could always make himself see Alice. He had only to think of her. He could see her now almost as clearly as though she stood before him in the flesh.

Alice! His heart sank. There was a situation to be faced! That couldn't go on. He must find some way to break with her. Cruel? Yes. But he had not willed it so. It was life. Life was cruel; crueler to women than to men. It ought not to be so, but it was.

How was the thing to be managed? Alice was so sweet; she needed him so. What would become of her? Like a black cloud the sense of his responsibility, the responsibility he had always striven to avoid, rolled down upon him.

But this was no time to be wrestling with the problem of Alice. It was a problem to be met in the full light of day, when he was at his best. For the present he must put Alice out of his mind. He did put her out of his mind. Over and over again he put her out. He perspired with the effort of it. But always she came back. Through mental doors of which he had no knowledge until they opened at her touch, she reappeared and reappeared, a silent, gentle, terribly insistent ghost.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE SUCKER

(Continued from Page 11)

and it will go direct to a reliable house in Wall Street. What's more, the stock will be delivered.

The man who does that is not a sucker and has no part in this discussion. The sucker wants to get mysterious and trim somebody. He likes to watch the big blackboard with its rows of numbers. He likes to hear the click of the telegraph instrument and be able to impart some wise observation on industrial conditions to the sucker sitting next to him. He dotes on knowing that people in his neighborhood are whispering to each other that he is a stock speculator. As a matter of fact he hasn't the slightest idea of what it's all about.

I am not particularly proud of my experience, but I am no reformer. The best you get out of that penitent reform stuff is to give somebody a laugh. I have been active in the sucker market all my life. I've tried my darnedest to study the minds of suckers and learn what makes them tick. I'm simply giving you the result of my observations.

I really believe it would be a serious deprivation to rob suckers of their opportunities to give somebody their money, would make them genuinely unhappy. They don't want sound business men and reformers interfering with their games and pastimes, and they are not going to have them either.

I have an old friend, part owner in a bucket shop, who was an incurable devotee of faro—the bank, as it is called among professional gamblers. No matter where he goes this elderly man must play against the bank. One night in Chicago it was reported to a group of his friends that the old fellow was up against a crooked game down the street and that the dealers were taking him good. Two friends went down to rescue him.

"Say," whispered one of them as they called him from the table, "are you crazy? Don't you know this game isn't on the level? It's one of the crookedest joints in Chicago."

"I know that," he said fretfully, "but what's a fellow going to do? It's the only one in town."

I'm telling you the truth when I say that nine suckers out of ten will fight you back when you try to show them where they are being robbed.

The war and the activities incident to it increased the output of American suckers tenfold. I have noticed in the magazines and newspapers editorial comment to the effect that the investment in Liberty Bonds had taught the people to be investors in sound securities, the impression being that it was a good thing.

Maybe so, but I want to tell you that in selling Liberty Bonds as was done by drives and patriotic speeches the Government innocently created more suckers than were ever known in the history of the world. I'd hate to know the gross suckerage of this country right now.

Do you know that salesmen of bunk stocks and promotion schemes had regular follow-up schedules on the heels of the Liberty Bond drives and took the newly created investors the way Grant took Richmond?

Around one city in the Middle West that gang took out eight million dollars in a single month!

The clipping of the first coupons was the signal for the round-up. The people, you know, liked that idea of clipping coupons. It looked such an easy way to make money. Their feeling was: "How long has this been going on and me not wise?"

The fellows with the bunk oil stocks went at them like this:

"Yes, the government bond is a great thing. But that 3 per cent! Doesn't that make you laugh? Why, they are investing that money in big-paying securities and foreign obligations, while you are only

(Continued on Page 109)

Announcing
PALMA
The New Remington .22 long rifle cartridge of remarkable accuracy



REMINGTON UMC

ANOTHER Remington achievement. Palma .22's have been tried out by expert target shots in all parts of the country—and have received unqualified endorsement for exacting target work at all ranges.

No matter *where* you buy them, Remington Palma .22 long rifle cartridges are always the same—every single cartridge in every single box *exactly alike* in shooting qualities.

When you ask your dealer for Remington Palmas you get the identical cartridge used by experts in establishing world's records.

To the hunter, also, who likes to pit his skill against long range shots at a squirrel's head or a chance at a crow—Remington Palma .22's offer steady, unfailing accuracy and maximum power.

These are the cartridges to give you the full benefit from the accuracy of your Remington .22 rifle—the best possible results from any make of rifle.



The Remington .22 Rifles

Solid Breech—completely enclosed.

Hammerless—no chance to catch hammer on clothes, fences or twigs.

Safety Devices—same as in the Remington high power slide action rifle so popular with big game hunters.

No. 12 A—22-inch Remington steel round barrel, straight grip. Price $22.00.

No. 12 C—24-inch Remington steel octagon barrel, half pistol grip. Price $25.55.

Send for Palma Folder

Remington

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, Inc.
Cunard Building 25 Broadway
NEW YORK CITY

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When Havoline was Young

A queer looking outfit, isn't it?—judged by the standards of the present. But it's a true picture of the "horseless buggy" as it was nearly twenty years ago, when the motor car—and Havoline—were young.

Since 1904 Havoline Oil has played an important part in the automobile industry in America. Havoline engineers and chemists were solving problems of automobile lubrication when a two cylinder, twelve horse power car with "detachable tonneau" was considered the acme of perfection. They have kept pace with—yes, a step ahead of—improvements in motor design and in lubrication.

For every car on the road in 1904 there are a hundred today. For every car lubricated with Havoline in 1904 there are a hundred so lubricated today. Havoline Oil has always made good.

The Havoline Sign, displayed by dealers who sell Havoline Oil, is a *good* sign for car owners to follow. Look for it when you need motor oil.

HAVOLINE OIL
INDIAN REFINING COMPANY

Look for This Sign
It is the sign of good lubrication and a good garage.

INDIAN REFINING COMPANY
Incorporated
New York

HAVOLINE OIL

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(Continued from Page 107)

ng the crumbs. Clip coupons, yes. why not make it 7 or 8 per cent in- l of 3?"

he sucker, asking for more details, ld be shown a list of stocks that paid where from 7 to 9 per cent. Also there the additional chance of the stock pling in price.

Oh, no, no, no—you don't need any ey, not a cent! Just deposit your Lib- Bonds as security and we will issue the stock. In other words, you can s make your Liberty Bonds earn you dditional profit of 4 to 5 per cent in- d of simply lying up in some bank lt. Get the idea? Or you can simply for this stock in Liberty Bonds."

hey did get the idea. It was mighty ple. Few of those people realized that erty Bonds were negotiable—not reg- red in the name of the holder. They e just the same as money. Millions of ds were hypothecated and even sold s way—all being lost to the original lders.

Now can you imagine a man or woman ing a good Liberty Bond to buy a tricky stock?

I may do an injustice by referring to all stocks as bunk stocks. Of course there e some real oil stocks that have proved od investments, but not many. In 20, for instance, the stock of three thou- nd oil companies was put on the market. f these companies 98 per cent were of the me-on variety.

Self-Trimming Suckers

The oil stock is the sucker's favorite. hose stories of the old family that was topped on the way to the poorhouse and urned into millionaires did the trick. The dea of thousands of dollars running right ut of the ground every day, once you hit he spot, brings up old stocking bank rolls hat have been buried since the Civil War.

Even the wisest guys fall for that. In ther industrials something has to be nanufactured, but in oil—why, all you've got to do is bore a hole, and there it is, running right out of the ground! No bother—nor nothin'.

It makes little difference to some of the confirmed suckers that the concern with which they are dealing has no standing. They are just like my old faro friend. Many of them sneak around and line up with a trick outfit by preference. They think they will get a bigger profit. Anyway, they've got to get into something where they can invest fifty or a hundred dollars. They must take a flyer whether it be reliable or not.

In the real crooked bucket shops—the crudest form of them—every convenience has been arranged for letting the smart sucker trim himself. He likes to do that. It is worth a great percentage of what he loses to be regarded as a person of wide information and intelligence. Here he is:

"Had you noticed the accounts in the newspapers of the big building boom that has just started in France, and also in the manufacturing centers of this country?" our floor man asked of the self-satisfied customer who had casually dropped in to look at the board.

"Sure. Well—that is, not carefully, but ——" he stalled.

As a matter of fact there had been no such news.

"Well, tell me, just what does that mean—what should be its influence on the market?" innocently asked the floor man, all the time glancing pointedly at the last quotation on steel, which was falling.

"Naturally," the customer enlightened us, "there will be a lot of steel bought. A man has to be no clairvoyant to see that. It is elemental. What is steel now?"

That was enough. To steer him on a falling stock was not hard. He put in a hundred-dollar order, which was promptly bucketed. He was wiped out the next day, but what of it? To that man it was worth something to be regarded as wise and farseeing.

Most of the stock really bought for delivery in a bucket shop is on the installment or partial-payment plan. It is not to be delivered until the last payment is made, and the price to be paid is that of the market at the time of placing the order. You can see how many chances that offers for taking the customer. The stock can be manipulated for a month or two before he ever gets it—if he ever gets it at all. It is when a number of these partial-payment fellows insist upon delivery of their stock that the bucket shops get into trouble.

The real job of brokers, whether they be genuine or tricky, is to get in touch with suckers. Once they are hooked a large percentage of them stick. The most effective means of reaching them, naturally, is by the sucker list.

These lists of names are first made up from telephone directories, the theory being that when a man has a private telephone he must have a little something else. At any rate, he is somebody in his community. After the first or second try-outs these lists are carefully revised and the more promising names retained. They are added to from year to year.

The sucker list of one concern in New York that failed sold for forty thousand dollars. A list-distributing company bought it and sold copies to new companies being organized for stock-selling campaigns. A good sucker list is easily worth five thousand dollars to a new oil company. I even know of one financial investigator connected with the detective bureau who paid five hundred dollars for a copy just to get a line on the innocents who were being trimmed and who could furnish evidence.

A financial investigator, by the way, is a man who makes a business of representing cautious investors who want accurate information about the standing of certain concerns. Usually he is wise to the ropes and is feared by fly-by-night companies and bucket shops. A new investor would often do well to read the report of one of these authorized investigators before going in too deep on a strange proposition.

The average citizen in an outlying section or right in the city likes to have an important man call him up on the phone. It makes him feel just a little chesty. The salesmen prey on that feeling.

In Brooklyn there was a school organized once for training boys out of high school in what they call the art of telephony—they pronounce it te-leph-ony, with the accent on the second syllable. Try it out and see if it doesn't sound nifty. The idea was to teach these boys how to approach a prospective customer over the phone and then, of course, to sell him something.

"This is the president of the Native Bank, New York. . . . Yes. . . . Exactly. Knowing your interest in the industrial outlook I have taken the liberty of calling you at home," and so on.

The Love of Taking Chances

That sounds pretty good, doesn't it? Yes, the bank president himself called up. That is angel food to the born sucker.

Pretty soon others will be calling up. Then the citizen will quietly take a flyer at a bucket shop to see how it goes. Take it from me, it will go.

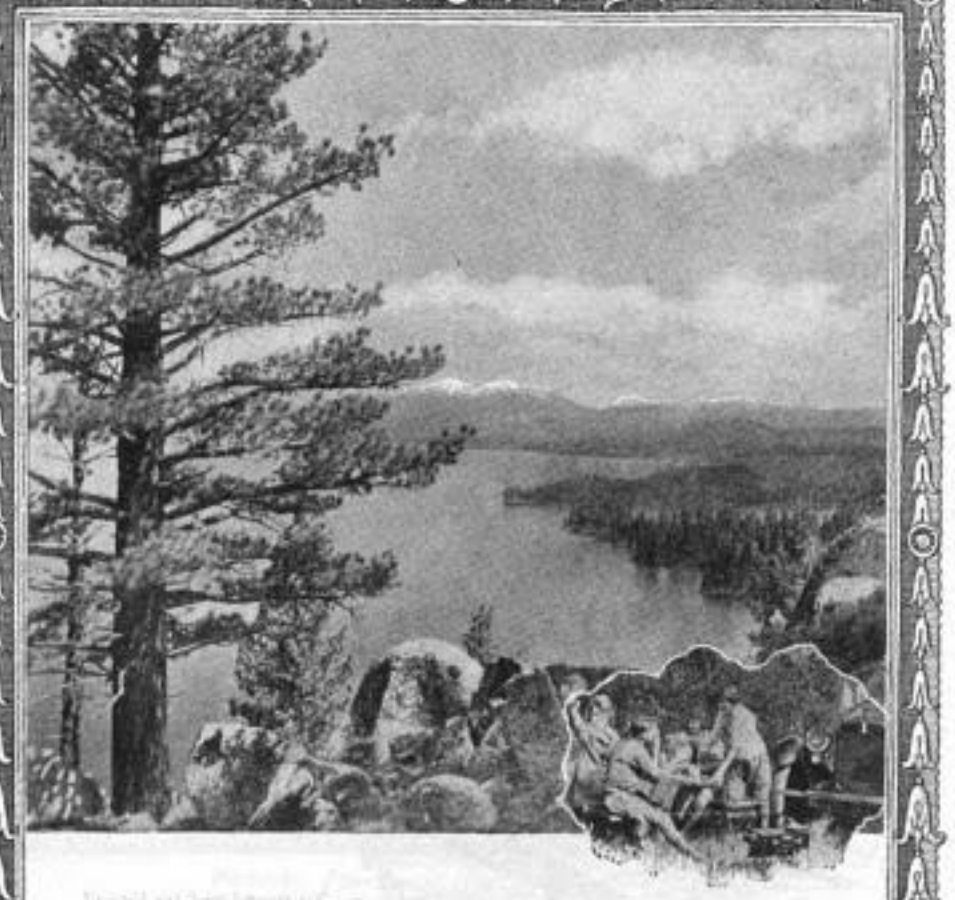
About the best that a poor wage-earning sucker gets for his bit is the attention he attracts while reading the stock-market report and looking wise on the car, going home. His family stops all newspapers that haven't a good market report. They all read the tables, and soon—well, they think they know more about stocks than anybody in the world.

These people have read how a one-hundred-dollar share of stock in the original telephone company, organized to help out Doctor Bell, is now worth four hundred thousand dollars or something like that. You can't fool them, not on your life!

I heard a motorman on one of the waiting cars laugh indulgently at the thought of how stupid our forbears were not to have seen that opportunity. This motorman, at the time, was considering going in for fifty dollars on a manless airplane company that some promoters were trying to put over. That is no joke, by the way—that manless airplane company.

Up in Harlem there is an old man of a scientific turn of mind with considerable money. These fellows went up there and took him for ten thousand dollars. It was explained to him that but a few scientific men were to be let in on the scheme, which had for its purpose the trimming of the Government. All patents had been protected and the Government would have to buy at the company's own terms.

And that old gentlemen to this day resents any efforts to put him right. He firmly believes that the manless airplane will supersede the wireless as the invention of the age. Folks, there you have a sucker born in the purple. I reckon, at that, there is royalty in suckerdom just as there is peasantry.



My Greatest Summers

all were spent in Southern California

By An Easterner

THAT may seem strange to you. I, too, once thought—before I spent a summer there—that Southern California was a place to go in *winter*, not in summer.

And yet I know no other that offers such a wealth of summer fun, such complete recreation because of *complete change*, or—strange as you may think it—a summer climate so attractive in all ways!

I have spent summer after summer there, and in a three months' stay slept under blankets ninety nights.

What Do You Do?

You motor, if you wish, for 4,000 miles on paved highways as smooth as city streets through a country unlike anything you have ever seen—unless you've been there.

You play golf on inspiring courses, some of the world's best. You stay at beautiful seashores at the foot of mountain ranges, or in the wilderness at mountain camps.

You view a great desert, like Sahara, and drive back to one of the world's largest cities for your dinner at a famous restaurant or hotel.

You visit great National Parks and Forests—see giant trees, stupendous panoramic views. Or you go quietly and fish in mountain lakes and streams or at world-famous ocean fishing grounds.

You hike, you ride horseback, you breathe deep and you enjoy a sort of youthfulness that you haven't felt, perhaps, for years.

And all within a *few hours* of a great *metropolitan center!*—an easterner who doesn't know hardly can conceive of this.

Different and Enchanting

The enchanting difference is what lures me and the other thousands who go there in the summer from the east.

It's that difference which renews your youth, changing your viewpoint if you're "run down." You become absorbed, fascinated, relaxed to perfection. The greatest cure for "nerves" you've ever known.

Summer? An amazing summerland—you'll never spend a more delightful, restful, interesting summer anywhere.

Ask any railroad ticket office for further information, or mail coupon below.

Special, low-rate, round trip fares beginning May 15th—*No more War Tax.*

Plan now for this summer. Let the family have this great change and great trip.

Southern California is America's ideal summer as well as winter resort. Average temperature at noon: June, 66 degrees; July, 70 degrees; August, 71 degrees; September, 69 degrees.—The 44-year record of the U. S. Weather Bureau.

All-Year Club of Southern California

Dept. M-204, Los Angeles, Calif.

All-Year Club of Southern California, Dept. M-204, Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

Please send me full information about the summer vacation possibilities in Southern California.

Name_____

Address_____

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To round out its line of high grade bituminous coals, The Consolidation Coal Company recently added to its holdings 28,000 acres in the Pocahontas regions of Virginia and West Virginia and 11,500 acres of block coal in Kentucky.

Fuel for the Railroads

The railroads of America in 1919 consumed 119,000,000 tons of bituminous coal, according to **the records of the Interstate Commerce Commission.**

Next to labor, coal is one of the major costs of rail transportation and the great railroad systems of the country, in their striving to keep down operating costs, have given much attention to coal quality and to coal economy. These great railroads are governed in their coal purchases not only by the convenient location of the mine but by the suitability of the fuel itself. They demand for their crack trains a supply of fuel that can be relied upon to maintain schedules.

The fact that Consolidation Coal is being used today in the locomotives of some of the Nation's most famous limited trains is a result of the economy records made by our coals.

THE CONSOLIDATION COAL COMPANY

INCORPORATED

Munson Building - New York City

FIRST NAT'L BANK BLDG., *Detroit, Mich.* — UNION TRUST BLDG., *Washington, D. C.*
137 MARKET STREET, *Portsmouth, N. H.* — FISHER BLDG., *Chicago, Illinois.*
CONTINENTAL BLDG., *Baltimore, Md.* — UNION CENTRAL BLDG., *Cincinnati, Ohio.*
STATE MUTUAL BLDG., *Boston, Mass.* — MARION-TAYLOR BLDG., *Louisville, Ky.*
LAND TITLE BLDG., *Philadelphia, Pa.*
Sales Agents { NORTH WESTERN FUEL CO., MERCHANTS NAT'L BANK BLDG., *St. Paul, Minn.*
EMPIRE COAL COMPANY LTD., SHAUGHNESSY BLDG., *Montreal, Quebec.*

A little narrow-faced, henpecked-looking man came into my place one day to tell me about a concern he was going in on to manufacture gasoline out of the mud on the marsh islands of Jamaica Bay.

I liked this little old fellow, and shook my head.

"Better lay off that stuff," I cautioned.

"You," he came right back, "are just as ignorant as the old people who thought Doctor Bell crazy when he tried to raise funds for his telephone. Gee! If my grandfather had known as much as I do now he could have taken two or three hundred dollars and run it into a million. You remember also the fellows who laughed at Henry Ford when he was trying to borrow money to start his automobile."

"But there ain't many Bells and Fords," I suggested.

"But are you so stupid that you can't realize that gasoline is going to be the motive power of the world? Don't you realize what it will mean when they can make it out of mud? Have you no imagination?"

"Sounds good, but I'm not so sure they'll ever make it out of mud. Are you?"

Getting the Pikers' Money

"There you are!" he said, waving his arms despairingly. "That's exactly what they said about Doctor Bell, Marconi and all of them. But you can't discourage me. It'll never be said of me that I didn't have more sense than my father and grandfather."

And that's all there is to it. He put his money in, and also that of his wife. What's more, there's no living financier, orator or prophet who can convince that little old fellow that he isn't going to make a fortune.

They really did try out that experiment with the mud, but nothing has come of it, so far. They had the inventor in court the last I heard of it.

The sucker is always ready to go one step further if he can think himself a part of a big scheme. He dotes on being in a secret pool formed by the big financiers to trim the unwary. Handle him mysteriously and he will go the length of his bank roll. Never does it occur to him that he is unwary.

This tendency to grab at a mysterious tip of something big in the wind also makes the big offices of legitimate stock-exchange brokers one of the choice feeding grounds of the bucket shops.

Clerks, telephone operators and stenographers create deep impressions in their neighborhoods by relating what Mr. So-and-So dropped to-day.

"Why, I heard Mr. Smith, the president—yes, the president—say only this morning ——" And away it goes to the next-door neighbor.

Immediately little wage earners hurry down to the bucket shops with fifty-dollar orders.

These clerks, of course, haven't money enough to trade in the regular market, and besides they don't want their employers to know they are using information picked up in the office.

They go in mostly for puts and calls, a practice more common in the smaller cities than in New York. In other words, they simply bet that a certain stock will go up or down. Officially these puts and calls are called options to buy or sell a certain stock at a fixed time in the future. A call is to buy and a put is to sell. That is pure gambling.

One common method of trading in puts and calls is simply this: John J. Sucker puts up fifty dollars for an option to buy or sell so many shares of steel at the market price June first. If at that time the price is lower or higher he either receives the difference or pays the difference. John J. bets them fifty dollars that he can outguess them, in other words. The best guesser wins. There is never any intention of these speculators actually to buy stock certificates for investment.

At that, John J. is apt to be much wiser than the sucker who actually invests in bum stocks. He simply follows the game as one does the races. Some of that kind become shrewd enough to beat it.

Samuel S. Sucker, out in the small towns and cities, is the better mark for the fellow who organizes a fake company for getting rich in oil or something. Samuel likes to outthink his neighbors, who haven't any vision for the future. He'll stick to show them that he was wise. There are several ways of encouraging him. My former pals have seen to that.

One of the best schemes for n the already drained oil sucker is t merger. Several concerns, knowin psychology of their clients, tried th and it worked beautifully. All ov country there are suckers holding bl stock in oil companies that were abs worthless. These had been checked recently revised sucker lists. It had long time since they were trimmed, the judgment of the expert producers would certainly be wanting a little action. So literature was sent to carrying, among other gems, this c phrase:

"We feel that you could not be co to permit your money to remain in de dormant nonproducing oil stocks wit further investing. You would like t that money put to work."

It was explained that a new merger been organized to take over these productive stocks and consolidate t into a productive one, new stock h issued to those holding shares in se companies, the names being given. would entail the outlay of no cash w ever, except the nominal charge of 2 cent for transfer and expense. The s would simply be transferred.

"That," said Mr. Sucker to Mrs. Suc "sounds like real sense. We certainly c lose, and there is a big chance of gain Suppose the transfer fee does amount ten dollars? We are already in several hu dred dollars. It amounts to *nothing*."

But Mr. Samuel S. Sucker didn't figu that if thirty thousand holders of de stock made such a transfer to a new co pany, also dead, it would mean $300,0 to the organizers in transfer fees and e penses—a nice little bank roll.

No, he figured that a man who would do that had no business acumen.

Several of these mergers were organize and the suckers gently milked again. The liked it too. There was a novel enjoymen in looking at the new stock certificates an in importantly placing them in a safety deposit vault or maybe the old trunk.

The Tipping Bureau

The main support of the sucker trimmers, the ease with which they can work, is the fact that no one understands stock speculation. They never will. To the average person it is always a mysterious way of making money without working for it.

There is no real difference between the race-track sucker and the stock-market sucker. Just a different form, that's all. Always it is the prospect of getting money without working for it. Nobody ever stops to think who produces the money to keep these institutions going.

At the outset I mentioned that I had once been a tout. I was for a short time only.

My turn of mind was to stay in the office and take my bit in commissions. I have seen the suckers taken, though, and their minds work on the race track just as when going after a secret oil stock.

I acted as business manager for a tipping bureau once. It was run by a former jockey. The business was to sell tips on the races—one best bets. This jockey, of course, was supposed to be on the inside—wise as a treeful of owls. His explanation of the fact that he didn't make all the money for himself was that he needed outsiders to help him finance the big killings. They fell for it easily.

We advertised in the newspapers and did a good business selling tips on the daily racing cards. These tips cost anywhere from two to five dollars. We had lots of subscribers. Sometimes our tips would win. If they didn't it could always be explained as a bad ride, change of weather or something.

Our main killings were made by ribbing up suckers whom we sized up as having good-sized bank rolls.

One day I admitted a prosperous-looking man to the presence of the former jockey, who occupied a back office, very private.

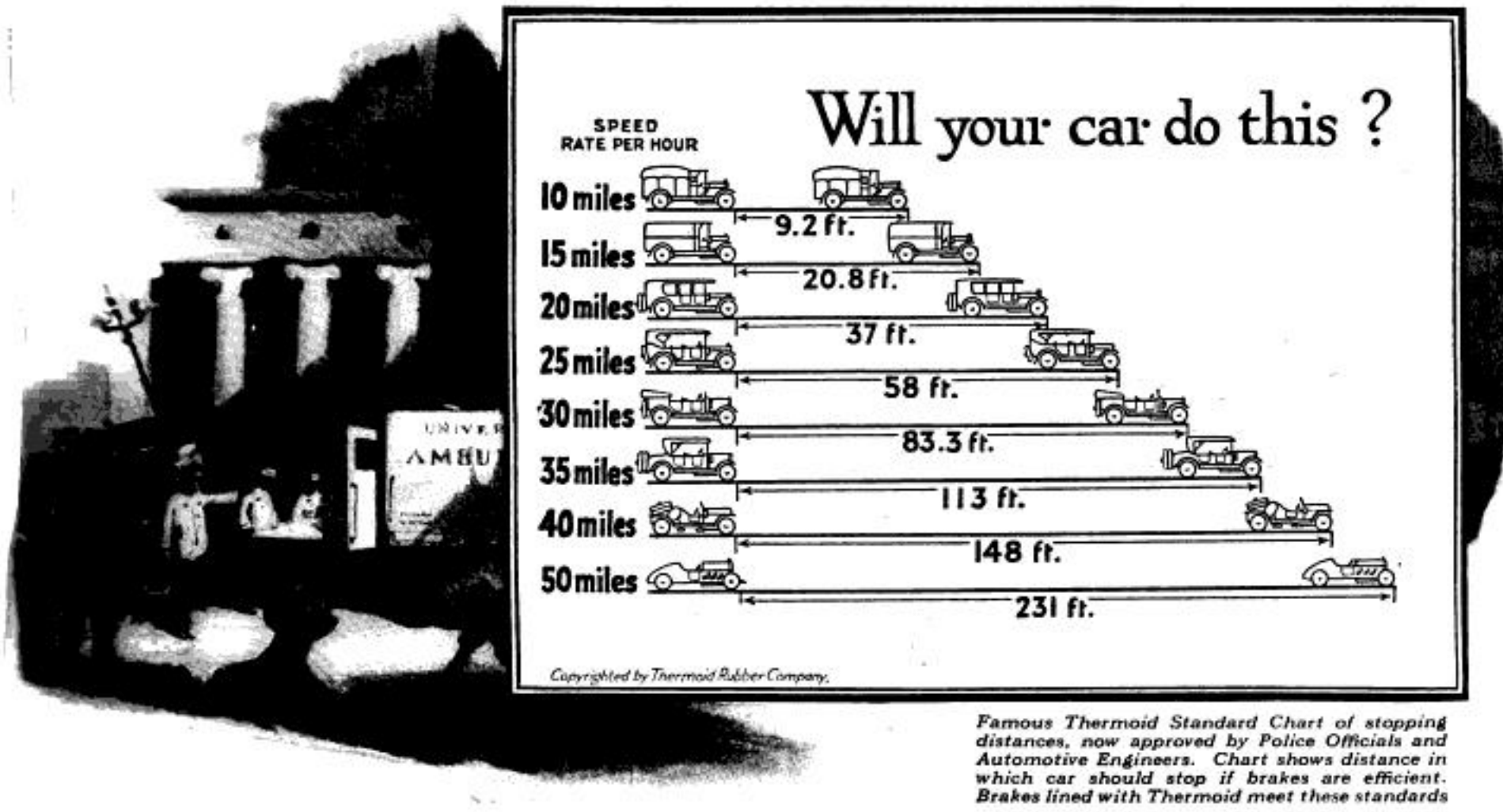
"The ordinary card is pretty good," the jockey told him, "but we've got a very special thing on that must be pulled off in a hurry. Just how much would you be willing to bet on a good thing?"

"Well—why, I've a couple of hundred to bet."

"Oh," smiled the jockey, "that's out of the question. We can't talk business. Now if you could bet five hundred—why,

(Continued on Page 113)

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Famous Thermoid Standard Chart of stopping distances, now approved by Police Officials and Automotive Engineers. Chart shows distance in which car should stop if brakes are efficient. Brakes lined with Thermoid meet these standards

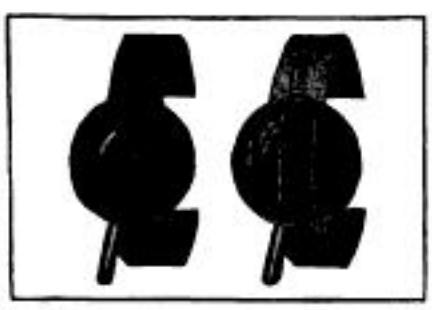
2 out of 3 motor accidents *occur under* 15 *miles an hour*

TWO out of three of those wrecked cars you see along the road were smashed when they were going *slowly*. Reports indicate that out of the 600,000 motor accidents of last year, approximately 65% occurred at fifteen miles an hour—or less.

Safety isn't a matter of how fast you are going, but how quickly you can *stop*. The chart above shows how quickly you should be able to stop your car if your brakes are in proper working order. At 15 miles an hour you should be able to stop at 20.8 feet—less than two car lengths.

Don't rely blindly on brakes that may fail you just at the critical moment. *Have your brakes inspected by your garage man at regular intervals.*

Perhaps a slight adjustment is what they need. Or they may need new brake lining. Ordinary woven lining wears down quickly and unevenly—it may fail unexpectedly. It grabs and slips after the first few hundred miles. Unless frequent adjustments are made you can never be *sure* that your brakes will hold.



Ordinary woven lining

Notice the loosely woven texture.

Wears down quickly and unevenly.

Loses its gripping power as it wears.

Thermoid Brake Lining

Hydraulic compressed.

Notice the compact texture.

Wears down slowly. Gives uniform gripping surface until worn wafer thin.

40% more material—hydraulic compressed

To insure efficient brake action at all times Thermoid Hydraulic Compressed Brake Lining has been perfected which wears down slowly and maintains its gripping power even when worn as thin as cardboard.

In each square inch of Thermoid Hydraulic Compressed Brake Lining there is *40% more material* than in ordinary lining. This additional body gives a closer texture, which is made tight and compact by *hydraulic compression* of 2,000 pounds.

By an exclusive process—*Grapnalizing*—Thermoid is made to completely resist moisture, oil and gasoline. Even during long rainy seasons it is unnecessary to readjust your brakes. They cannot grab or slip.

Because of its wearing qualities and unfailing efficiency, the manufacturers of 50 of the leading cars and trucks use Thermoid.

Don't take any more chances with faulty brakes. Have your brakes inspected regularly. And next time they need relining, be sure to specify Thermoid.

The new Thermoid book, "The Dangers of Faulty Brakes," is the first complete publication on the subject ever printed. It tells you how to keep your car within safety limits. Sent free. Write to-day.

THERMOID RUBBER COMPANY

Factory and Main Offices: Trenton, New Jersey

New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Detroit, Atlanta, Boston, Cleveland, London, Paris, Turin.

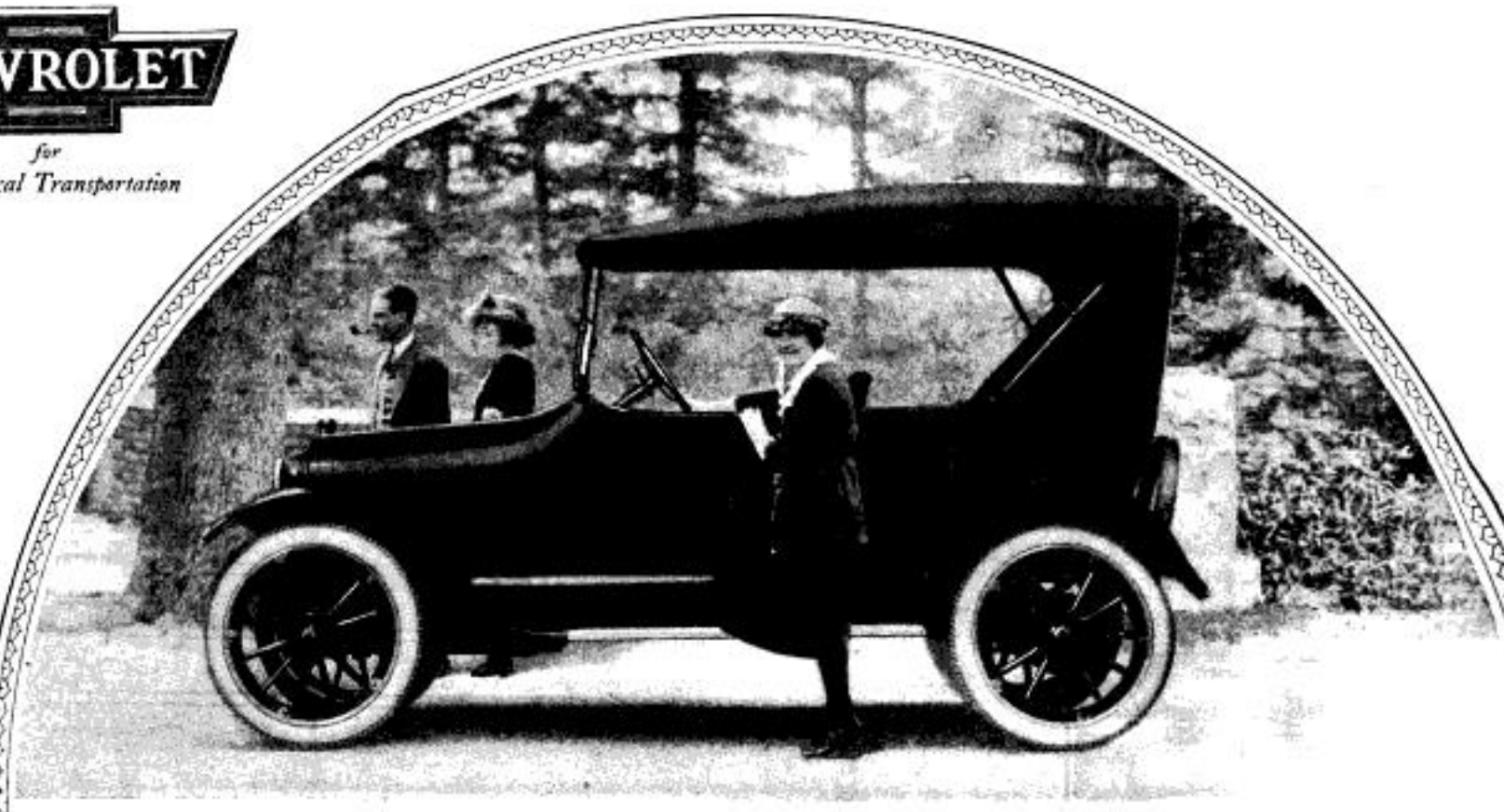
Thermoid Brake Lining

Hydraulic Compressed

Makers of "Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joints" and "Thermoid Crolide Compound Tires"

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CHEVROLET
for
Economical Transportation



WHY CHEVROLET IS BECOMING THE MOST POPULAR AUTOMOBILE IN AMERICA

Public favor changes when reasons for a change are obvious. Public opinion as to the most popular car of the future *is* changing.

Users of low-priced motor transportation are demanding completely equipped automobiles, modern in every respect, with nothing left to buy but the license plate. The New Superior Chevrolet is FULLY EQUIPPED, including modern 3 speed and reverse sliding gear transmission, standard service and hand brakes, electric starter, demountable rims, water and oil pumps, and speedometer.

In addition to completeness, buyers insist on real economy in four important essentials. They demand *low gasoline consumption; low oil consumption; low repair costs; long tire life.* The New Superior Chevrolet excels in these particulars.

Twenty-five miles on each gallon of gasoline is not uncommon for a New Superior Chevrolet. It excels in oil economy as well. Repair costs are low because every Chevrolet part is built to give long life under hard conditions.

These are a few of the reasons why public favor is increasing toward the Chevrolet—why it is becoming the favorite low-priced car of America. Chevrolet distribution is practically universal. Cars can be bought from over five thousand dealers located in almost every American community, and abroad, and their number is daily increasing.

You owe it to yourself to examine the New Superior Chevrolet, the car which is establishing new standards in the medium and low price field.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY

Division of General Motors Corporation
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

5000 Dealers and Service Stations throughout the World.
Consideration will be given to applications from HIGH-GRADE dealers in territory not adequately covered.

Superior Roadster, $525 — *Superior Touring, ($525 illustrated above)* — *Superior Sedan, $875* — *Superior Coupé, $875*
Model FB 12 Roadster, $975 — *Model FB 32 Touring, $975* — *Model FB 42 Sedan, $1575* — *Model FB 22 Coupé, $1575*
Light Delivery Wagon ½ Ton Complete, $525 — *Model "G" Truck ¾ Ton Chassis, $745* — *Model "T" Truck 1 Ton Chassis, $1125*

F. O. B. Flint, Michigan. (Prices subject to change without notice.)

CHEVROLET

FOR ECONOMICAL TRANSPORTATION

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(Continued from Page 110)

rou realize that we've got to fix cer-
iders, and—well, a lot of details?
t this."
showed the man a peculiar electric
y, and let him touch it. He got a

ow!" laughed the jockey. "If that
you jump like that, what do you
e it will do to a horse? This horse
all right, but he gets sulky and we
to stir him up."
man bet his five hundred. The
ran second. The man came in to see
went wrong; not angry though.
Why," said the jockey, "that's the
est piece of luck that ever hit a guy
e world. I'll say it broke me. I
d in my whole bank roll on it. A
like that wouldn't happen again in a
sand years."
What was it—what went wrong?"
Why, would you believe it? Just as
ockey pressed the button on his saddle
ve the old nag the final jolt, that other
e swerved against him and—I'll be
goned if the wire didn't break and lose
nection."
Did you claim a foul?" asked the
er anxiously.

"Claim a foul? Why, man, don't you know if we'd claimed a foul and the judge had examined that saddle we'd have all been ruled off the track and put in jail?"

That fellow came in the next week to go in on another killing. A month later, notwithstanding his losses, he bought an interest in the concern.

I'm going to give a little advice, in the firm belief, though, that not a single sucker will pay the slightest attention to what I say:

Unless you have more than a thousand dollars don't invest in anything less secure than a government bond. Only the big fellows can afford to gamble. If you decide to put in an order for stock wait until you have enough to deal with a brokerage house of standing—one that your banker would recommend, for instance. Stay away from race-track bookmakers unless you can afford to bet for fun—not profit. It isn't in the cards for you to make a living trimming men whose profession it is to trim you.

I say this in the hope that I may help some young sucker before he is ripe. The confirmed sucker—well, he will go right on to the crack of doom. Old Paul had it right.

THE UPRISING GENERATION

(Continued from Page 30)

arrow secluded one. He leaned toward
and dropped his hand to my shoulder.
d just at that instant Tot Romney's
llow roadster, with Tot driving and Sylvia
th her and Mary Gale on the outrigger,
me dashing around the corner.
They gave a cheer when they saw us.
an snatched away his arm, and narrowly
oided a smash. They saw that too. And
didn't mind, idiot that I was! Because
w they would have to believe anything
told them about Gran's crush on me.
They were gone out of sight in another
inute, but the meeting had a funny effect
n me. I wanted to go home, and go
uickly. I'd gained my point, do you see?
stablished my affair with Gran, in the
ght of my friends, and of course I was
hrough, so I demanded to be taken back.
"But I say—look here!" said Gran.
'Could we go over to the club for tea?
They're playing the Diamond Cup finals,
you know. There'll be a mob. Come on!
After all, what harm, eh?"
"No," said I. "I want to go home. I
haven't seen that cup, but I don't care
about it anyhow. I think it is awful of Mr.
Sartelle to give a gold cup incrusted with
jewels for a challenge trophy! Disgusting
bad taste!"
"Well, look here!" said Gran, awfully
keen. "When am I going to see you
again—to-night?"
"Of course you will!" said I. "I'm
coming to the dance with G. G. Third.
But you can cut in right away. Boys like
that bore me terribly!"
"Righto!" was all he said. "And by
the way, you're all wrong about the Dia-
mond Cup. It's a beauty, really. I have
it in charge, you know. I play nursemaid,
and put it to bed every night. But I'll
keep it out of the safe and show it to you
this evening!"
"All right," said I. "But don't be sur-
prised if I steal it to get myself out of
hock!"
Then we laughed, and I ran into the
garden. Just in time, too, for I could see
from afar that mother's limousine was stop-
ping in front of the house.
That evening I climbed into my party
clothes with more pleasure than I had done
for a long while. I really consider it re-
markable that I can still find a certain
amount of fresh, almost girlish pleasure in
the prospect of a dance. Of course I am
very careful to conceal this fact, as it
would look so silly. But I almost danced in
anticipation while Celeste got me into a
ducky petal gown of orchid chiffon that
hung about me like a loose flower. I was
really pretty-pretty, and enjoying my ap-
pearance thoroughly when mother marched
in to inspect me before I slipped away.
"Who is taking you to the club?" she
asked.
"G. G. Third," said I.
"That's nice," said mother. "He's a
dear boy. I like to have you go with him,
Pet. He's a suitable age, and they are
such nice people."
"He's a flathead!" I said tartly. "All
his brains are in his feet!"

"He is a very desirable young man from every point of view—every!" said mother in that perfectly transparent mid-Victorian manner of hers. "I am glad to see you encourage him, dear."

"I don't encourage him; I fight him off!" said I. "Mother, there is no earthly use in your keeping up these delicate and subtle hints about my marrying G. G., because I wouldn't marry the poor fish if he was the last man on earth!"

"Pet," said mother gently, "I wouldn't try to influence you for the world, dear—but they are such desirable people. And I'd like to see you settled."

Celeste had left the room by now, and mother came over and put her hand on my arm confidentially.

"Listen to me, Pet!" said she. "This afternoon I heard something about Granville Messinger paying you a good deal of attention—I hope there is nothing in that, my dear?"

"No, nothing!" said I, awfully annoyed. "And if there were—good heavens, where's the harm? Marriage needn't make a man a—a hermit, need it?"

"Pet!" said mother in a tone which made my name sound like anything but an endearment—"Pet! I forbid your having anything to do with that Messinger man! If you don't obey me I'll speak to your father!"

"I tell you there is nothing in it!" I said angrily. And just then Celeste came back to say that G. G. was waiting, and so, grabbing up my cloak and fan, I made my escape.

The club looked wonderful that night, and the dance was a special one, being held in celebration of the tennis finals. G. G. Third told me on the way over that Rosemere had won and that we would keep the Diamond Cup. He was awfully keen about it too.

Everybody seemed to be cackling about that cup and I began to be interested in it—little dreaming how violently concerned with the darned thing I was eventually to be.

Well, the clubhouse was a blaze of glory when we got there, and it was going to be some party, I could see that.

I felt full of pep when I joined Sylvia and Tot in the dressing room, where they kidded me enviously about Gran.

Well, the party that night was a riot! Never have I seen such a jam as turned out, and the gathering was considerably more than damp. There was the tennis championship to celebrate, you see, and from the very first toddle, which Gran Messinger cut in on extremely promptly, I got more of a whirl than I'd had since my coming-out ball, and I'm not exactly unpopular either. I wasn't hung up once all evening.

Later in the evening I discovered that Gran was getting pretty well lit up, and I was relieved when after a few blundering steps he suggested that we stop dancing and that he show me the Diamond Cup.

"I hid it in the trophy room," he said. "They locked the room for the night at

SETH THOMAS



REPARATIONS all made—everything started on time—*by a clock that was fifteen minutes slow.* So the guests are met with apologies and an embarrassed hostess has her evening spoiled.

One hundred and nine years ago something happened in America that made such embarrassments forever needless. In that year Seth Thomas began making accurate clocks.

Stop at a jewelry store today and ask the Jeweler to show you Seth Thomas Clocks. He *likes* to show them and to tell how many have gone out from his store into homes of good taste, and how seldom they ever come back for repairs.

A Seth Thomas Wedding Gift is a lifetime reminder of the giver's good judgment.



An excellent clock—a fine movement in a hand-rubbed mahogany case, plain or carved. Strikes hour and half-hour on a rich cathedral gong. It is 27½ inches long. Prices from $27 to $45.

SETH THOMAS

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"Clean Hands in Business"



It is Thirsty Fibre (millions of him in each ScotTissue Towel) who absorbs four times his weight in water and is responsible for that essential, thirsty, absorbent quality found only in ScotTissue Towels.

"CLEAN Hands in Business"—What does that mean to you? What a wonderful thing it is that Thirsty Fibre stands for clean hands in business—both physically and morally. We are trying to make Thirsty Fibre and Clean Hands in Business mean the same to you and all who use ScotTissueTowels.

Thirsty Fibre personifies the spirit of Clean Hands in Business efficiency in your washroom.

A ScotTissue Towel is not inanimate paper. Thirsty Fibre makes it a living impulse of absorbency—thirsty at the slightest contact with water.

ScotTissue is a real towel that really dries. Soft, white, comfortable—it is so different from all others that the imprinted ScotTissue on every ScotTissue Towel is really an unnecessary identification to the person who has once used them.

Thirsty Fibre—His Biography is a most delightful little book. It is sent free upon request.

SCOTT PAPER COMPANY
Chester, Pa. Philadelphia New York
San Francisco

ScotTissue Towels

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suppertime, but I've got a key—look here—let's go have a look!"

"All right, lead on!" I said gayly.

I didn't mind going off the floor, because the party was petering out a little by now anyway. And so, tucking my arm in Gran's, we started along the corridor to the far end of the clubhouse.

Now our country club is the finest on Long Island, and although it has no living quarters it is an immense building with everything else in the world in it, and the trophy room is on the ground floor in a wing way off by itself, facing on a very quiet part of the grounds. I mean there is no driveway or path running near it, but only shrubbery and that sort of thing.

The room itself is awfully unusual, but very good-looking, having been built especially to hold the club trophies, and so forth. There are compartments for these, with heavy glass doors that lock, sunk into the walls between the three windows which overlook the grounds. This room is practically a safe deposit, but well camouflaged with nice comfy chairs and carved panels and ceiling and so on, and you'd never think it was a sort of vault, to look at it.

During the day it is open—just a part of the clubhouse, you know, where one can smoke or read, but at night they lock the heavy door into the corridor, because there really is a whale of a lot of stuff in there—the Dalton trophy, and no end of cups and things, which would require a truck to move off.

With a good deal of fumbling Gran used his key. Inside it was awfully dark and mysterious. You know how weird a familiar room can seem at night. It gave me a nasty sensation for a minute, like a wind from a tomb or something, until Gran switched on the light, and then it was just the trophy room—as commonplace and reassuring as you please.

"Look here—I'm supposed to have this put in the safe," said Gran, going over to one of the glass cupboards, "but I kept it out to show you, as I promised."

"That was dear of you!" said I.

Gran took one of those big shiny boxes that come from jewelers out of the cupboard and put it on the table between the two lamps. Then he took the cup from it and removed its flannel nightie. I gave a gasp when I saw it. Really, it was a lallapalooza—a peach!

Standing about a foot high, it was as graceful and lovely as if it had been made by that old Italian chap Cellini, and like some of his things it was all covered with a beautiful design and incrusted with jewels. Of course it was a perfectly ridiculous thing to use as a tennis trophy, but aside from that it was a wonder. As it stood there reflected in the dark wood of the table, catching the light and throwing it back like a prism, it seemed almost alive. I clasped my hands and squealed with pleasure.

"There—look here now, didn't I tell you it was a pip?" said Gran, coming around to my side of the table and seating himself beside me on the couch. "It's as unique and lovely as you are!"

His eyes fastened on me and his hand slid along the sofa and covered one of mine. Then he tried to kiss me. He smelled horribly of whisky and stale cigarettes and a faint perfume that he uses.

My very soul went sick with terror, but I couldn't scream—I couldn't breathe, even—and in an instant, like a flash of light, I knew I hated Gran, that I loathed him.

It seemed hours that I fought him off, but I suppose it was only a moment. Then he saw I really meant my struggle, and let me go. The instant he loosened his hold I shoved him back upon the couch and left him all rumpled up, in one corner, while I ran for the door. It was locked.

I turned on him furiously, panting with fear and anger. With my back to the door I commanded all my strength to make that red-faced pig obey me.

"Open this door at once," I said, "or I will scream!"

"Scream your head off!" said Gran, picking himself up with an ugly look on his face which changed him entirely. He was no more like the cynical frivolous Gran I had known then, than anything! He was a stranger. "Scream your head off!" said he. "Nobody will hear you out there! Can you even hear the music?"

I listened intently. He was right. I could hear the orchestra, but only faintly. And if I did scream, what then?

"If you didn't mean it why did yo it?" he said. "Look here—I'm go teach you a lesson, you little fool! going to teach you not to play with you don't understand—see?"

We had moved away from the doo but all of a sudden Gran made a dash his face still ugly and purple and wit horrible sneer upon it. With a quie ture he unlocked it and stood for stant with his hand on the knob.

"I'm going to leave you locke here!" he said. "It'll give you a cha think!"

And with that he was gone, closin door after him. I heard him lock it o outside, as I stood there absol paralyzed with fright. Then gradua came to my senses. My head was enough now, heaven knows, and I bega reason things out.

The first thing I did was to try the to make sure Gran really had locked it

"But," I thought incredulously, won't leave it that way long. Why, can't! He wouldn't dare! He'll c back and let me out soon. He's just tr to scare me, and I won't let him!"

So I made myself sit down again on big couch, and tried to compose my But I didn't do a very good job. I could sit still. Very distantly I could hear music from the ballroom rising and fall in faint throbs. I seemed utterly cut from the world in that quiet room. And time slipped by and Gran didn't come ba it began to be rather horrid. I looked my wrist watch. Quarter of two! W the crowd would be going home pret soon now, and then he would have to co and let me out!

But another fifteen minutes ticked aw and still he didn't show up. I began to g really worried. Suppose he had anoth drink or two, as was more than likely, a then forgot all about me?

"Nonsense!" I told myself. "Buck u old girl, he can't forget a thing like tha He'll be back in a minute, or G. G. wi come looking for me. Why, this can't la much longer!"

Then I remembered with a little chill tha I had expressly forbidden G. G. to do any thing of the kind, and with this though came a sharp wish that the day of chap erons was back again so that this couldn' have happened to me. Then I laughed and tried to comfort myself with the thought that I was most certainly having a real adventure. But somehow I did awfully wish mother had come along to this hate ful dance, and the adventure failed to intrigue me in the least.

At quarter past two I began to think that the interval since the last dance had been unusually long, and in five minutes more I realized that the orchestra would not play again that night. Then I began to hear cars leaving the club. Their honking came to me, muffled, from the extreme opposite end of the building and from the driveway several hundred yards below. The party was over and Gran had not come back! I grew absolutely frantic, and running to the door pounded on it with my fists and called with all my might.

"Let me out! Let me out!" I cried.

But I might as well have saved my strength. Apparently nobody heard me, although I kept it up for goodness knows how long, with intervals of listening for some response, listening uselessly.

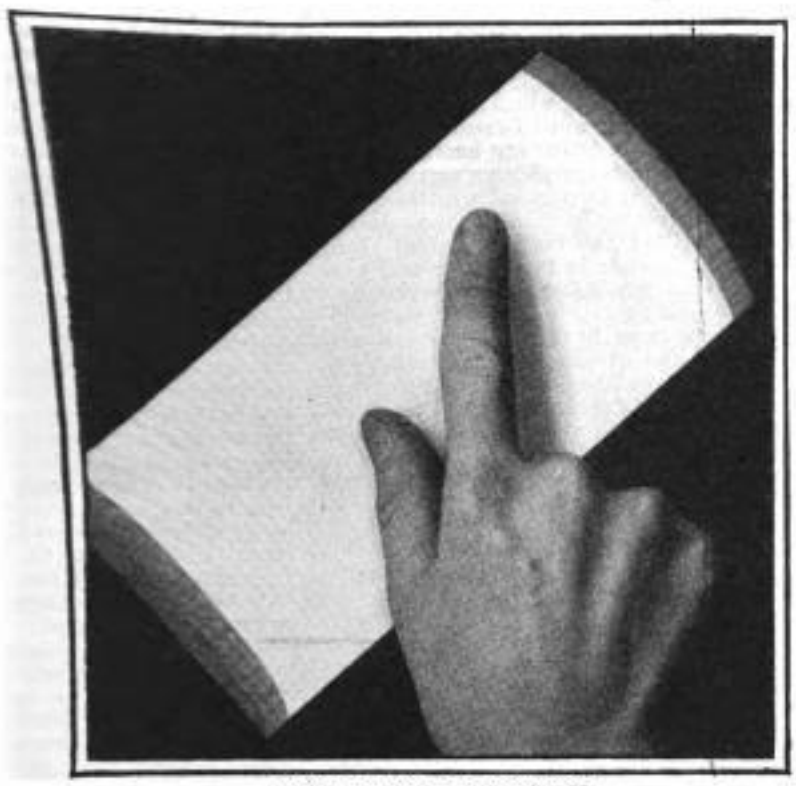
Then I thought of the windows. I was so stupefied that I had not thought of them before. I would climb out and beg a lift in somebody's car before they all got away.

Great goodness, but those windows were heavy! There was only one that I could manage to unlock, and when I had got it open, and lifted the sash, I found an iron shutter outside, one of those corrugated things such as shops put up at night; and to my horror I saw that it was locked with some kind of fastening that I couldn't understand. The more I tried to open it the less I could. I only succeeded in bruising my fingers badly. I crouched on the sill, rumpled and wretched, as the last of the cars went away and a dreadful silence fell. Then I heard a noise outside the building, and sat up to listen.

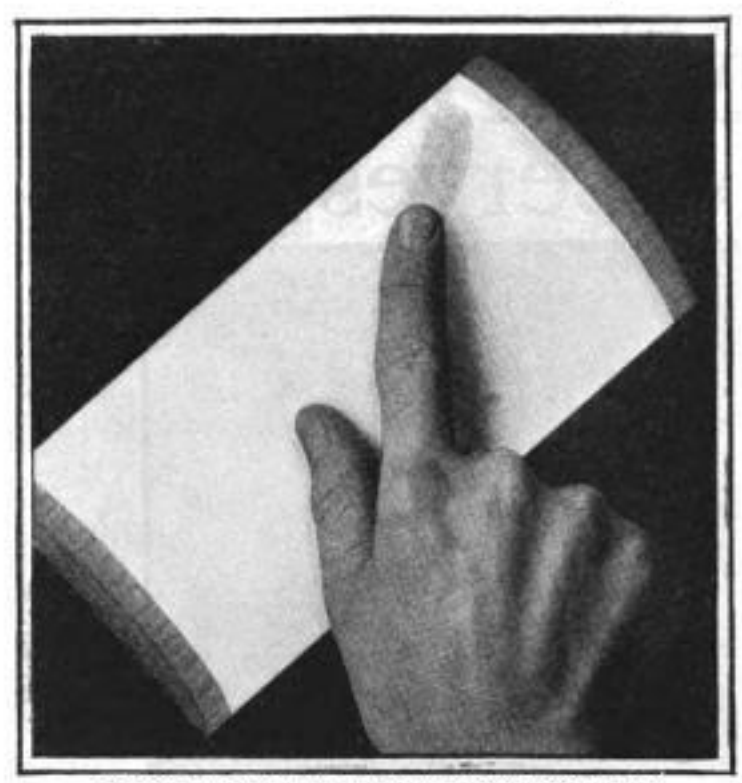
Thunder! Crash after crash. And then the rain came, sweeping and rattling against the iron shutters. I closed the window and went back to my place on the sofa. What was the use of struggling? I was worn out—simply exhausted. There was no bell in the room, and no house telephone; I had made sure of that.

(Continued on Page 116)

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BARRELED SUNLIGHT



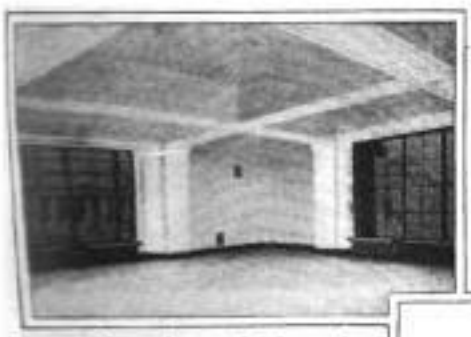
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Rub your finger firmly over a surface coated with Barreled Sunlight. It will not leave a mark. Then note the smudge which will be left when this test is applied to a similar surface coated with ordinary flat finish white paint.

Any dealer who carries Barreled Sunlight will supply you with test panels for this interesting experiment.

If you ever buy paint—

you should know this important test



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Barreled Sunlight was selected by the world's greatest technical institute for use in its own buildings.



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White woodwork in the home that stays spotless—painted with Barreled Sunlight.

Can you tell, when you buy white paint for walls or woodwork, how it will look in six months or a year?

Will it be soiled, spotty—ready for another coat? Or white and clean as when first applied?

Make the simple test illustrated above. It will show you how readily ordinary flat finish white paints collect dirt—and how completely Barreled Sunlight resists it.

Such paints become soiled so quickly because their surface is actually full of pores—tiny holes invisible to the naked eye but clearly seen under the microscope. These pores catch and hold the dust and dirt particles. Permanent smudges and spotty gray places soon result.

Barreled Sunlight is a white paint made by the exclusive Rice Process, which produces a smooth, lustrous finish that resists all forms of dirt. Its unbroken, even surface offers no lodging place for dust particles. Even if soiled after years of service, walls and woodwork coated with Barreled Sunlight can be washed like tile.

That is why Barreled Sunlight is being used today in buildings of every description—hotels, apartment houses, office buildings, stores and industrial plants. Ideal also for woodwork in the home and for the walls of kitchen, bathroom, laundry, etc.

Barreled Sunlight is guaranteed to remain white longer than any gloss paint or enamel applied under the same conditions. Easy to apply. Flows freely and leaves no brush marks. Comes ready mixed in cans from half-pint to five-gallon size—barrels and half-barrels.

When painting over an unpainted surface use Barreled Sunlight Undercoat.

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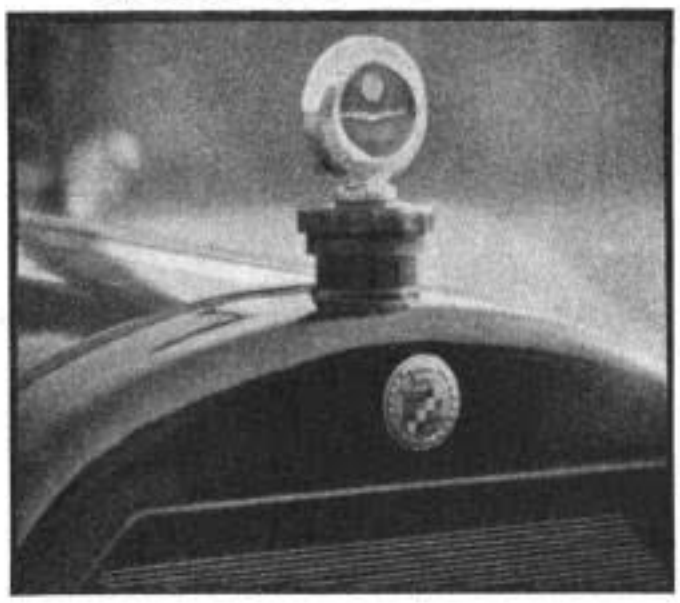
And 50 other distributing points in the United States

Barreled Sunlight

THE RICE PROCESS WHITE

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WITH the BOYCE MOTO-METER you are protected—protected against unnecessary, costly repair bills.

You *know* whether your motor is too hot, too cold, or operating safely. Your mind is always at rest. No guessing at the amount of water in your radiator, or the oil in your crank case.

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That's why the BOYCE MOTO-METER is on the radiator caps of over three million of the finest cars in both America and Europe.

BOYCE MOTO METER

"Your Car Deserves One"

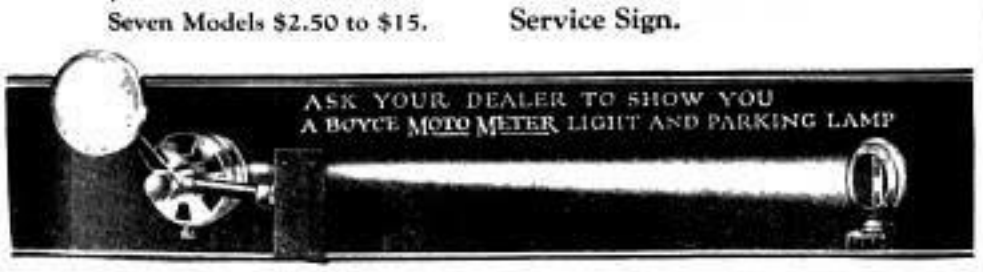


The instrument shown on the left is the De Luxe Model. Recommended for use on all high grade cars.

Your garage or dealer carries the BOYCE MOTO-METER in stock, or can quickly obtain one for you.

Seven Models $2.50 to $15.

Trade with the dealer who offers service. Look for the BOYCE MOTO-METER Service Sign.



(Continued from Page 114)

With every nerve raw I curled up on the lounge and sat miserably blinking at that gleaming golden cup, which seemed to wink at me mockingly, until I cried like a little girl, and almost broke my heart over the silly fool I had been. With a sort of opening of my mind I saw what a rotten way I had been looking at life, and how badly, dangerously, I had been behaving! Lots of things mother had said over and over about what she called good behavior, and that I had thought so silly and old-fashioned, came back to me with a new meaning, and I began to understand them. I began to realize, too, that there were reasons for lots of conventions that I had called antiquated, and that probably they were the result of people's experience—maybe some experiences like the one I was having.

And then, at a little before three o'clock, when I felt as though I just simply couldn't stand anything more, there was a terrific crash of thunder, and a moment later the lights went out.

How long the room was in darkness I don't know. In my exhaustion I must have fallen asleep, because the next thing that I knew clearly I was sitting bolt upright and listening intently to a sound that had nothing to do with the storm. The room was still pitch black, but somewhere close by I could hear a stealthy noise. It was like somebody using a key, very quietly and uncertainly. My heart nearly stopped, but after a moment I knew it wasn't a key. The sound came from the window. Someone was trying to break in.

I couldn't move. I couldn't make a sound. My heart started pounding so hard that I felt as if it would burst out of my body. Slowly and softly I heard the window raised and a faint thud as the person who had opened it entered. I clenched my hands tight but I could not stir. The round disk of a pocket light jumped out of the darkness, and danced about the room, touching everything, it seemed, except me, as the owner moved swiftly away from the window, searching the walls, and finally lighting full upon the Diamond Cup. As it flashed into view there was a smothered exclamation from the intruder.

"The cup!" he said. "What luck!"

On the instant I found my voice and screamed, and as I did so, as suddenly as they had gone out the lights came on again, and I found myself looking into the barrel of a revolver.

It took me a full minute to realize that the burglar was most awfully surprised at seeing me. He hadn't expected to find anybody there, I guess, except perhaps a night watchman, and he hadn't taken the trouble to cover his face with a handkerchief, the way burglars are supposed to. He didn't even look very much like a burglar, except for the gun in his hand, for he was a pasty-faced young man, with cheap shabby clothes, and one would not have glanced at him twice unless he happened to be pointing a revolver at one. As it was, I got a good long look—and believe me, I will never forget him!

"Hold up your hands!" said he, backing toward the door and trying the knob. A wave of amazement swept over his face as he did so. "Locked!" he said. "Well, don't try to open it! Stay as you are, and don't yelp again or I'll shoot!"

He came over to the table now, and seized the Diamond Cup, never taking either his eye or that dreadful gun off me. Then he backed to the open window, through which the first faint streaks of dawn were now shining, and knelt beside a suitcase on the floor. Keeping me covered still, he opened the bag with one hand and put the cup inside. Then he stood up and made me a sarcastic little bow.

"Unheard-of luck!" he said. "The Sartelle Cup and the pleasure of your acquaintance—thank you for a couple of pleasant surprises! Now just oblige by keeping that pose. Good morning!"

He stepped backward out of the low window and vanished from sight, while I stood there with my hands over my head and my mouth so dry with fright that my tongue stuck to it. The whole thing had only taken a very few minutes, but to me it seemed like hours. Then at last I remembered that I could move; that I needn't stand there in that silly position any longer. And what was even more important, I realized that the window was still open—I could get out!

Honestly, when that registered on my tired brain I didn't think of a single other thing. All I wanted in the world was t[o] home. If only I could get home and [g]into my own bed and cry myself to s[leep] I never even remembered there must [be a] watchman somewhere about and th[at he] ought to give the alarm! If I had but [known] so what a lot it would have saved us! But I only saw the open window. I tuck up my hair before I stuck my h[ead] out of it, though, and powdered my n[ose] too, mechanically. Queer, how instinc[tive] that was. I thought of my nose a[uto]matically, but I forgot about the watchm[an].

Outside the daylight was grow[ing] stronger all the time, and the rain h[ad] stopped. I looked cautiously about a[nd] stepped out of the window onto the gr[ass] but there was no one in sight. And s[o] just ran and ran, like a crazy thing, o[ver] the broad wet lawn and through the shr[ub]bery to the public roadway; and there, [of] all people in the world, who should co[me] along in his car but G. G. Third, his p[er]hair all askew, and his coat turned up [to] hide his evening clothes. Naturally, wh[en] he saw me he stopped.

"Pet Torrington—in the name of Ha[ven] what are you doing here?" he said.

"Oh, G. G.! I've had such a terrib[le] night!" I gasped, climbing into the se[at] beside him. "For heaven's sake take m[e] home—quick! Take me to the east gat[e] I've got to get in without their seeing m[e] Oh, if only I can get in and to bed witho[ut] anybody knowing! Oh, G. G.!"

And like a silly fool I broke down an[d] cried again.

"Lucky thing for you I played pol[o] over at Dickey Bowe's!" said G. G. "I don't like this—not half! What have you been up to, Pet?"

But I wouldn't tell him. I just simply couldn't. All I could do was cry in spasms. G. G. wasn't very comforting, I must say, but he did drive me home and let me out at the little east gate.

"Thanks, G. G.!" I managed to gasp. "I'll—I'll explain all about it sometime! If only I can get in before the servants are up!"

Well, I got in before they were up, all right. There wasn't a soul in the garden; that sort of reproached me, it looked so fresh and wet and bright. Nor was anyone stirring in the quiet house. The stairs squeaked dreadfully, no matter how carefully I walked, and it just seemed as if I would never reach my room. But at last I did, and threw open the door with a sigh of relief. And there was mother, waiting in a dressing gown, and very wide awake indeed.

"Pet!" said mother, getting to her feet in a mixture of relief and annoyance. "Do you know that it is nearly six o'clock? Where have you been?"

"At the club, mother," said I. And there was something in her manner that immediately made me sound confused and guilty. And I guess I looked pretty dreadfully too. "I've been at the club until a few minutes ago."

Of course that was a foolish way to begin my explanation, but I was too tired to realize how anxious mother was, or how queer my statement seemed to her.

"Nonsense!" said mother. "You have not been at the club. The dance was over at two o'clock. Your father telephoned."

"But, mother ——" I began protestingly. She cut me short.

"Pet Torrington!" she said severely. "It will be much simpler for you to tell me the whole truth. Oh, my dear, I have always said that this wild freedom you girls insist upon would have some dreadful ending!"

"Mother, I tell you I've been at the club!" I said. My fatigue disappeared and I felt awfully indignant at being questioned in that tone. "I've been at the club; I was locked in the trophy room by—by accident!"

"Locked in the trophy room?" repeated mother. "And pray, how did you get out?"

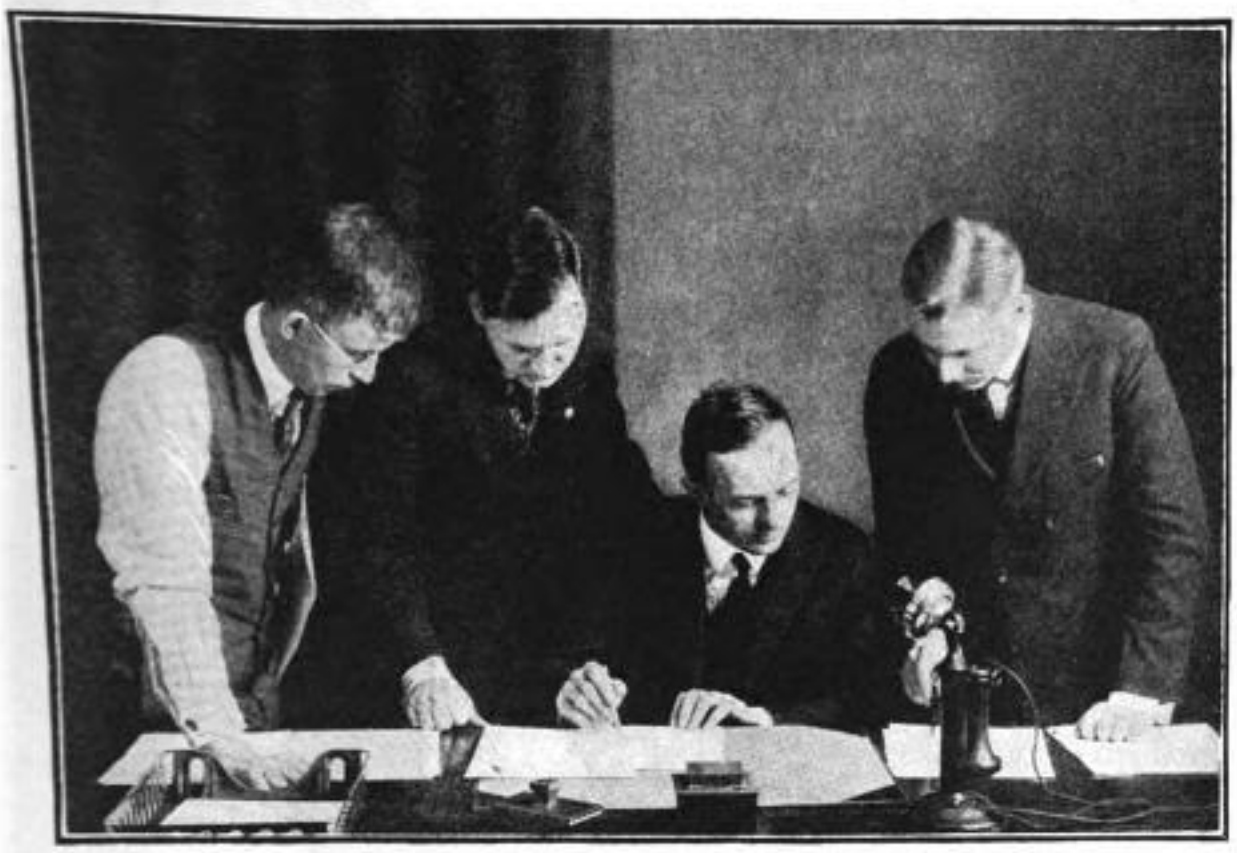
"A burglar let me out!" I said.

"A burglar!" said mother. "My dear child, do you expect me to believe such a story? You are accidentally locked in the trophy room, and an obliging burglar turns up and lets you out. And then, instead of arousing the household as soon as you get here—and by the way, you haven't mentioned how G. G. happened to be on the spot to bring you home—instead of arousing the household, you slip quietly up to your own room! A likely story! Now, Pet, there is no use in trying to

(Continued on Page 115)

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Send for our Book: **Printing Gets Things Done**



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Here is one of those office post-mortems in **which** several agitated men try to fix the **blame** for a mistake. The mistake cost **money**—so does the post-mortem.

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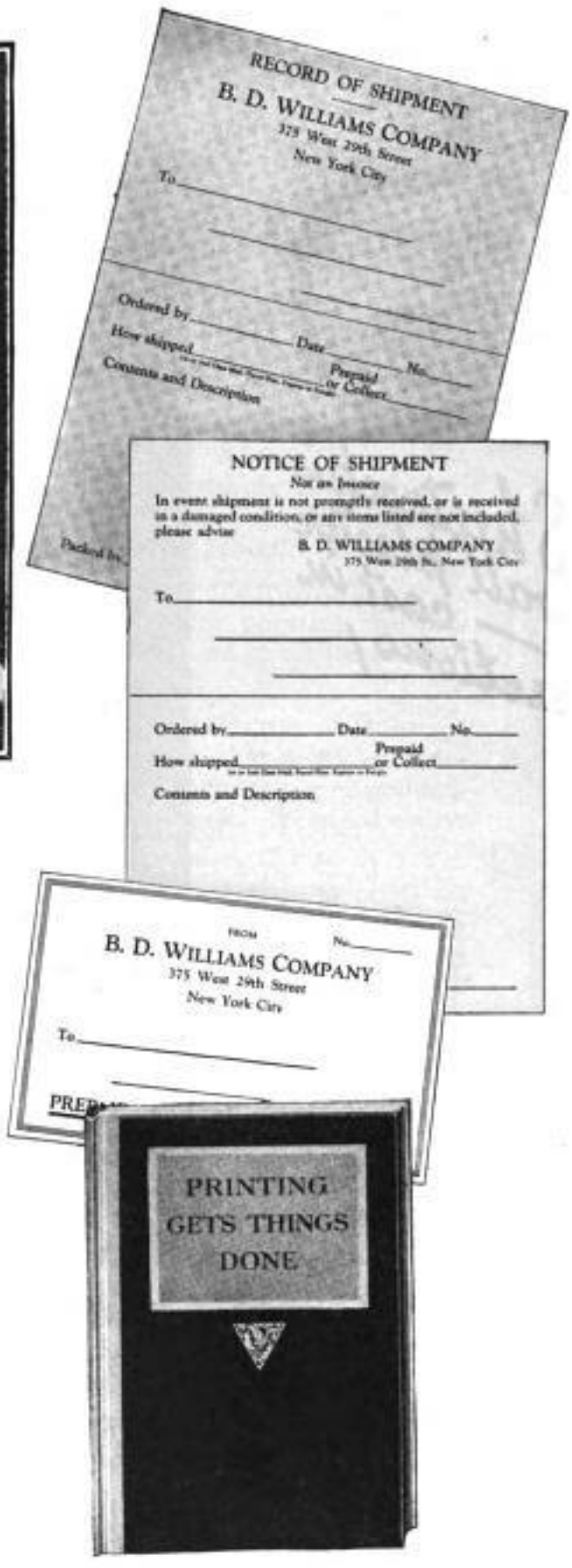
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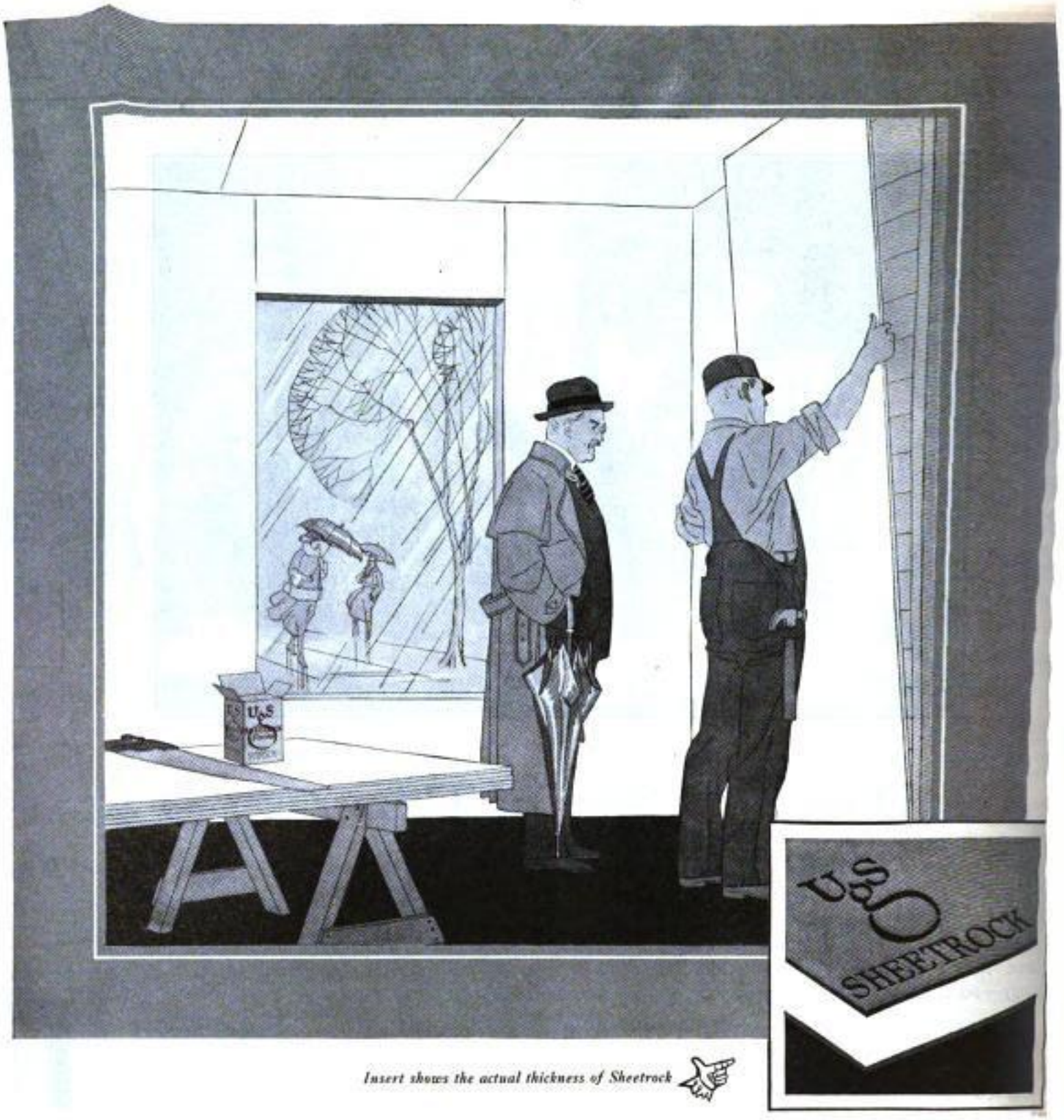
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The Utility Business Paper

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USG

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Insert shows the actual thickness of Sheetrock

ONE of the great merits of Sheetrock is that ***it will not warp.*** It stays flat, smooth-surfaced and rigid all the years you have it on your walls and ceilings. Being made of rock, it is not affected by atmospheric changes, heat or cold; so it never pulls away from the supports, never bulges, shrinks or buckles. Its USG Patented Edge insures tight, even joints. It is highest grade gypsum plaster, cast evenly and uniformly three-eighths inch thick, and ***it cannot warp.***

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(Continued from Page 116)

give me. You are holding something g—what is it?"

"Oh, mother—I'm telling you the th!" I cried. "Don't look at me like t, mother! I'll tell you all about it! nny Messinger locked me in! There!"

"But why?" said mother, with such a hetic, worried look in her eyes that I ke right down and told her the whole y, only toned down a little, about how been a silly fool and led him on, and he'd got drunk and angry and locked in the trophy room, and the rest. ther listened quietly, but although I was fully earnest about it, when I'd got ough I could see that while she wanted adfully to believe me she didn't—not ite. And I couldn't blame her entirely, ause as I told it the whole thing seemed unreal and silly that I sort of doubted it yself and got to fumbling about for words d sounding sort of false and artificial, en to my own ears.

"Well, dear, that is a most extraordinary ital!" said mother when I finished. "I rdly know what to think, I'm sure! You ung people are entirely beyond me. ch a thing simply could not have hap- ned in my day, and I hope it will satisfy ur father. I shall have to tell him, of urse. At any rate we can do nothing out it just now. You had better get a ttle sleep, my child."

And with that she left me, sadly. But I idn't sleep. Instead I lay on my bed and ssed about and wished to goodness I was a convent or some place where the older omen just simply made you behave! I ished I had never come out. I wished was dead! But most of all I wondered hy on earth I had ever thought it would e delightful to be wicked. After a while I uldn't stand it, so I got up and had a ath and put on a crisp pink gingham to ive me courage; and believe me, I needed t, because after breakfast, which was not actly a love feast, with mother tearful nd father grimly silent, and my married ister Rosamond, who had apparently been ummoned for the inquest, sweetly su- perior; well, after breakfast they herded me into the library and closed the door, nd sat solemnly looking at me as if I were some strange new kind of animal, while they made me tell my story all over again.

When I got through dad tapped his vest with his eyeglasses and pursed his lips just as if it were a directors' meeting, and I was a financial problem. But at least he didn't get hysterical, like mother and Rosamond.

"Well," said dad doubtfully, "this is the deuce of a story! I'd like to believe the child, and in justice to her we ought to have Messinger over. That's only fair. I always thought the fellow was a rotter, anyhow. However, incidentally, there's the Diamond Cup. He's responsible for it, and he will have to get Pet's evidence sooner or later. Better have the whole nasty business over at once. Carrie, will you telephone and ask him to come here as quickly as possible? Don't say what for; just ask him to come."

"Very well," said my mother, "I will. Just as you wish, Edward. I'm sure you know best."

I will never forget that awful half hour of waiting, when we all sat around and, like that famous parrot, thought but hardly spoke. I was miserable as could be, although I tried to appear aloof and indifferent. But inwardly I was wretched. Anyhow, it would certainly be a great comfort to have Gran clear me and set the family's mind at rest. And just as I had reached this cheering conclusion and my spirit had begun to come back, Parker announced the Messingers.

Do you get that? Mr. and Mrs. Messinger! I'll say I hadn't counted on her putting in an appearance; no, nor wanted her to, either! But there she was, her nervous eager face darting quick looks around from under a big lavender hat that wasn't a bit becoming, and keeping an eagle eye on Gran. He was all shaved and white-flanneled, but looked pretty seedy around the eyes after his last night's party. And yet he had the nerve to swagger in gayly, just as if nothing at all had happened. However, that was only front. Knowing what I did, I could see that underneath this manner he was terribly nervous, and if Vivian kept an eye on him he was watching her anxiously too. Everybody knew how much afraid of his wife Gran was, and when I saw them come in together that way it gave me a sort of lost feeling, even before she spoke.

"I thought I'd just run over with Gran," said Vivian in that poisonous sweet way of hers. "It seemed so unusual, his dropping over here this early—I wanted to be in on whatever it is!" She laughed sharply, and looked us all over in turn, with those swift daggerish glances of hers.

"So sweet of you, dear!" mother murmured automatically, and then we all sat about for a moment in a ghastly silence until father cleared his throat and spoke.

"Mr. Messinger, it is necessary for me to ask you a few—ah—very important questions!" dad began. "The first one—ah—is—ah—did you see my daughter at the country-club dance last night?"

"Why, yes, of course!" said Gran, his smile a little pale, if you know what I mean.

"At what time did you see her last?" dad went on. "Please be sure. I have a special reason for this question."

Gran shot me a swift glance before replying.

"Why, yes, I can answer that," said he easily. "It was about one o'clock."

"Where was she?" said dad, leaning forward eagerly.

There was a tense silence in the room now. Gran hesitated ever so slightly, and there was a faint flush on his forehead.

"I—it was on the front steps of the clubhouse," said he. "She was just leaving with G. G. Third."

I could hardly believe my ears. The room seemed to be going around. He couldn't have said that—he couldn't! But he had. Dad pursed up his lips and frowned. Mrs. Messinger was watching her husband intently.

"Are you sure of that, Messinger?" said dad.

"Absolutely!" said Gran lightly. "Why not? What on earth are you driving at? What's all this about, anyhow?"

His manner was perfect. I never saw anything to equal it. Why, I almost believed him myself.

"See here, Messinger," said dad, now terribly serious, "I want you to be very sure of what you are saying. A great deal depends on it. Are you certain you did not see her again after that?"

"Certainly!" said Gran, apparently as surprised as could be. "She left the club, I tell you! I went back to the ballroom and danced for half an hour, and then went home myself."

"With whom did you dance?" said dad.

"With me," said Vivian unexpectedly. "I came in late from the Wentworths' dinner. We had one dance and went home. We didn't see Pet. I'm sure she had gone, because I always notice her—she's so very popular!"

Well, it was too astounding for words! So that was why Gran hadn't come back! With a shudder I remembered that it had been about one o'clock when he locked me in! This was awful, awful! I tried to speak, but I couldn't.

"Humph!" said dad. "Well, Mr. Messinger, how about the theft of the Diamond Cup?"

"The theft of the Diamond Cup!" exclaimed Gran. "Look here—I say, have you all gone quite mad here this morning, or what? The Diamond Cup hasn't been stolen. I know where it is this very moment."

"I understand it was stolen from the clubhouse last night," said my father slowly.

"Perfect nonsense!" exclaimed Gran, getting to his feet. "The Diamond Cup is kept in my own safe at night. It isn't even left at the clubhouse. By Jove, I know how you got that idea—you've heard that the trophy room window was found open this morning. Of course! Great Scott! How quickly things spread in a community of this kind! The steward telephoned me about it two hours ago. But nothing was taken, I assure you. If anyone broke in they didn't steal a thing. The trophies and all are quite all right—really!"

"Then I beg your pardon, I'm sure," said father. "Mr. Messinger, I am sorry to have brought you over on a fool's errand. Will you and your wife excuse us? Something important came up, and we thought you could help. But I see there has been a mistake somewhere."

Well, they left after that. And I hadn't uttered a word of protest. I was too stunned. I felt exactly as if I had been hit over the head with a mallet. But when they were gone I came to life.

"It's not true, what he says!" I cried. "Make him show you the cup—dad! mother! Surely you will take my word



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against that man's? I'm telling you the truth—honestly I am. You must believe me!"

"Daughter, daughter, I don't know what to think!" said my dad, walking up and down distressedly while mother cried into one of those old-fashioned, substantial handkerchiefs of hers. "I don't know what to do!"

"I think you'd better have that young idiot G. G. Third over," put in Rosamond.

"All right, have him over!" I cried. "But he's got nothing to do with this. Or call up Dickey Bowe and ask where G. G. was last night until twenty minutes before he brought me home!"

Father was caught by my last sentence. He picked up the telephone. Then he gave the number. And after a few questions he hung up with a puzzled air. "The child is right," said he. "Dickey Bowe says that young Graithwaite was there from twelve o'clock last night until after five this morning. So that's that!"

There was a little pause, during which I stood there, sullen and defiant and mad—oh, goodness knows how mad I was!

"I think you had better go to your room, Pet," said mother at last, "and stay there until I send for you. I want to talk to your father privately."

Well, of course there was really nothing else for me to do. So I went up, feeling pretty sick, I don't mind saying, and shut myself in. Scarcely had I done so when the telephone rang in my sitting room. As it didn't stop after a few minutes I answered it.

"Pet!" said a male voice. "This is Gran. For my sake, Pet, bring it back! Let me pay your bridge debts—but bring it back!"

"Bring what back?" I said stupidly.

"Why, the cup, of course!" said the voice impatiently. "Look here, that was a fool, childish thing to do! I'll meet you on Ketchen's Point in half an hour, and you bring it with you."

"But I haven't got it!" I said incredulously. "Gran Messinger, you beast! Do you actually think I—oh, you must be mad! A burglar took it. How on earth do you suppose I got out of that room? You know perfectly well I couldn't open the window myself! And besides, to think that you should dare—oh, it's too terrible!"

"Do you actually mean a burglar took it?" said Gran. "Then ——"

"He most certainly did!" said I. "And as for meeting you anywhere, ever again, I hate you and I will never even speak to you so long as I live! So there!"

And with that I hung up, and went and flopped down on the window seat and thought hard. This was unspeakably awful! Gran had actually thought me the thief, and had tried to protect me from my family by that lie an hour earlier; also to protect himself from his wife by saying I had left before she arrived. Why, no wonder none of them would believe me! I could not prove that he had locked me in the trophy room; and if I could prove it they would think I had stolen the Sartelle Cup! Oh, but I was being well punished for my foolish flirtation. It wasn't a bit of fun to be bad. I had been all wrong about that! It was ghastly! But what could I do now? What? I jumped up and began walking frantically up and down, trying to think. But I couldn't think of anything except that I wished to heaven I'd been born and raised in 1870 or in Turkey.

At noon Celeste brought me some luncheon on a tray, but I was so wretched that I couldn't touch anything except a couple of lamb chops and some baked potato and a little ice cream. And when they were all gone I seemed to feel better, somehow, and could think more clearly. And then suddenly I realized that there was one person, and one person only, who could clear me of both charges. The burglar! I must somehow catch that burglar and force him to tell the truth!

For several minutes after I thought of this I danced about the room with joy. Then I began to realize that catching him might not be altogether easy. This thought was depressing, but I refused to let it down me, for I was a desperate woman. However, it was certain that I could not catch him alone. I would need help. There was no use in appealing to my family, they had proven that pretty conclusively, I thought with bitterness. Besides, they had forbidden me to leave my room, and being practically locked in a person's room is distinctly hampering in such a situation. But fortunately they had not as yet removed my telephone, and so I at once proceeded to use that—my only **weapon**, one I call it.

The first place I **called was** the station, where I gave **a full** descripti the burglar and **everything, only** le out about Granny **Messinger, of** c and saying I had **been locked in** by dent.

I'll say I started **a riot in that** station, all right. **I expect they** h had any excitement **like it since** mond's dog was poisoned—**and then** Rosamond who was **excited. I even** of my entire next month's **allowance** as ward for the burglar's **capture.** Of c I didn't have the **allowance yet,** b hardly thought the **family would** go s as stopping it, no **matter what** they lieved I had done. **And as nobody** else reported the burglary **I hung up** with full satisfaction of having **created** *a ter* sensation.

Then I picked the **receiver up** again called Ted Stonewall. **I didn't** *feel sure* how Ted would take it **after the way** I treated him; but I **ought to have** kno

"Ted," said I, "**this is Pet.** *I'm* terrible trouble."

"Yes, I suppose so!" **said Ted** gen "I'll be right around."

"Oh, Ted, you're a dear!" I cried. "I I'm locked in my room. **That is,** *pra* cally. I'll have to sneak **out.** *Be* at east gate with the flivver in fifteen m utes, will you, and wait **until I show up**

"Sure!" said Ted. "**Gee,** you must in wrong to want that!"

I didn't stop for a come-back at *that, b* hung up and flew around getting mys ready, made a crawl-off, and was waiti in the lane when Ted and the *tin Liz* came rattling up.

"Hello! All aboard!" said Ted, and hopped in. The flivver ground *its teet* and away we went.

"Drive along the backest back road yo can find, please, Ted," said I. "*I* have lot to tell you, and I don't want to meet soul! Not on the flivver's account, bu because I must think!"

"All right, dear," said he, and for a litt while we rode in silence, Ted giving me al the time in the world to start talking in my own way, which was mighty kind and swee of him. But somehow I couldn't begin Not at least until a big yellow roadste came whirling around the corner. It was Tot Romney's roadster, and Tot was drivi ing, and she had Sylvia Glenning with her And as we came abreast, and had to pass slowly on the narrow road, both girls cut me dead!

At first I couldn't grasp it, and then all at once I saw things in a flash. G. G. Third had been talking! The beastly little cad! So the news was around already. But that Sylvia and Tot, of all girls, should do such a thing to me! Why, I had expected them to be simply green with envy, and crazy about my adventure, and now —— I couldn't get over it at all; particularly as I was perfectly innocent. Something rose up in my throat and choked me at this evidence of how conventional they were at heart, and first thing I knew I was crying wildly, and Ted had stopped the flivver and I was doing it on his shoulder and blurting out the whole story.

"There, there, dear!" he said in his heavenly kind way. "They are a lot of stupid beasts not to see you are as innocent as a kitten!"

"Then you believe me?" I gasped. "You take my word?"

"Don't be silly. Of course I believe you absolutely," said Ted briskly. "And I'm going to help you all I can. Cheero, sweetie, we will clear it up, you'll see! Believe you? Certainly, you poor little dear!"

Well, I was so grateful to Ted that I didn't even mind the sweetie, and as we drove on again, through the back country and over roads where only a flivver could go with safety, we laid a lot of plans about catching that thief, and my confidence and self-respect just simply returned in jumps.

And then, about twenty-five miles back in the country on the most awful road, but with the loveliest views, and where we hadn't passed a single car and were apparently only the second flivver that had traveled that way since the rain, the most amazing thing happened.

We were talking quite happily about various things when on rounding a curve what should we see but an overturned car, evidently the one which had been through ahead of us. It was lying on its side, and from the tracks in the deep slippery mud you could see that it had skidded badly and

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big elm tree that sort of jutted out roadway. There was not a soul pparently, but just the same it gave rid sick feeling to look at it.
t Scott! What's all this?" said wing down and skidding pretty mself.
certainly was an awful bit of road. n—oh, then we saw a foot sticking a beneath the wreck. There was pinned under it!
urse we stopped at once and Ted out and ran to help. I felt simply r words, because I can't endure the blood, but I made myself behave, right out after him and ran over, ause of course I wanted to be of here was a man pinned under that right, and he was alone, but I had round to the far side before I saw was, and then I nearly died, for the is my burglar—the very same pasty- young man who had broken into the

ren knows he was no beauty and the t hadn't improved his appearance, ay that he looked like an angel from to me is putting it pretty mildly. sing metaphorical, of course, because in a physical sense he looked simply ghastly, being pastier, than ever, with both legs pinned under the car, and one of them, as we found out afterward, quite broken. He was conscious, though, as Ted bent over him, and as I came up I could hear him say: "Thank God! Say, feller, I been here ever since last night, and you are the first ——"

Well, that is as far as he got just then with his few well chosen remarks. I didn't give him a chance to go on and thank Ted. With a yell I pushed that astonished young man aside, making a dive for the injured man's right pocket, and coming to my feet with a shout of triumph and his gun.

"Great heaven, Pet Torrington!" gasped Ted. "What is it?"

"It's my character!" I shouted, dancing around and waving that blessed gun—rather dangerously perhaps. "This is my chaperon that was with me at the club last night! And there is his bag. Never mind his legs yet, Ted—open the bag!"

And while our prisoner lay and cursed, Ted tore the suitcase open; and there, praise be, lay the Sartelle Cup, twinkling and winking up at the brilliant sunlight. To think that I had ever called it names!

The Poets' Corner

When We Had Our Rights

USE, ye Boozemen! Red-nosed men,
ntraged citizens! Listen, then,
e I break your hearts
a tale that starts
in the I Can Remember When:

a man might trade a whole week's pay
glorious jag that would last all day;
derful day and a wonderful night,
ding a free lunch and a fight.
d when at last
glad hours passed—
swooning Nature could stand no more,
uld fall asleep on the sawdust floor,
his weary head in the cuspidor.

was the days! And I drop a tear
e mournful grave of that Yesteryear.

ever you think of the sinful way
waste our jack on a Saturday?
cing the wages on grub and shoes
ch once on a time would have bought good booze!

cynical one, ne'er shake your head!
dime that you spend for a loaf of bread
uld have bought you a schooner of foaming beer
the joyous days of a vanished year!

r old songs! Dear old fights!
k in the days when we had our Rights!

golden days! When a yegg could make
barrel of hooch from one rattlesnake,
a rubber boot and a drug or two,
d pass it over the bar to you
en a throw; then, deft and brisk,
mming a carefree ditty, frisk
r Sunday suit from tie to pants
d kick you out to lie in a trance
d sleep it off in a watering trough
ll the gang came round with the ambulance.

hem was the days! Them was the nights!
'e lost our dough and our liver and lights
nd an eye or so—but we had our Rights.

fine, fellow Suckers good and true!
omewhere a Voice is Calling You!
omewhere a yegg is catching cold,
in the night with a piece of old
ty gaspipe! While he biffs
r old scared commuting stiffs
the bean, he pensive sighs,
ping his poor bleary eyes
an absent way as he wonders when
'll get him back on the job again.

all we then endure to behold his pain?
all his weeping rise to the stars in vain?
all the poor yegg's tears, like the summer rain,
Water a land that is crass and crude
And sown with the seeds of ingratitude?

Shall we tamely sit by our bank account,
Watching it mount and mount and mount?

Shall we hold our peace when the Suckers then
Tell how they got it in Goucher's Den—
Knockout drops in their pail of hops—
Back in the I Can Remember When?

Shall we ever forget sweet days gone by
When we went home loaded with drug-store rye
And woke Wife up with a crack in the eye,
And a bump in the nose when she started to cry?

Dear dead days! Dear dead nights!
When the yeggs and the Suckers had their Rights!
—Lowell Otus Reese.

Shellback
(Corrected With Apologies)

GIVE me the mainsail's bloodstained bunt,
And night, and a black Cape Horner;
The fo'c'stle hands who curse and grunt—
Keep you your chimney corner!
Keep your book with its printed page,
And its verses of poetry;
Mine the men of the Golden Age,
And the wrath of a blasted sea.
You keep the little things of life—
All your prayers and your hymns of praise;
Give me the Horner's piercing knife
And the hurricane's awful rage.
Give me my pals, who drunken go
Where the watchful crimps are lying—
Lads whom never a home shall know
Till the gentle time of dying.
Keep the books of the wise men's word,
And mouth all their soft words over—
Give me the scream of the white sea bird,
And my God when my work is over.
—Bill Adams.

Ballade of Inayne the Fair

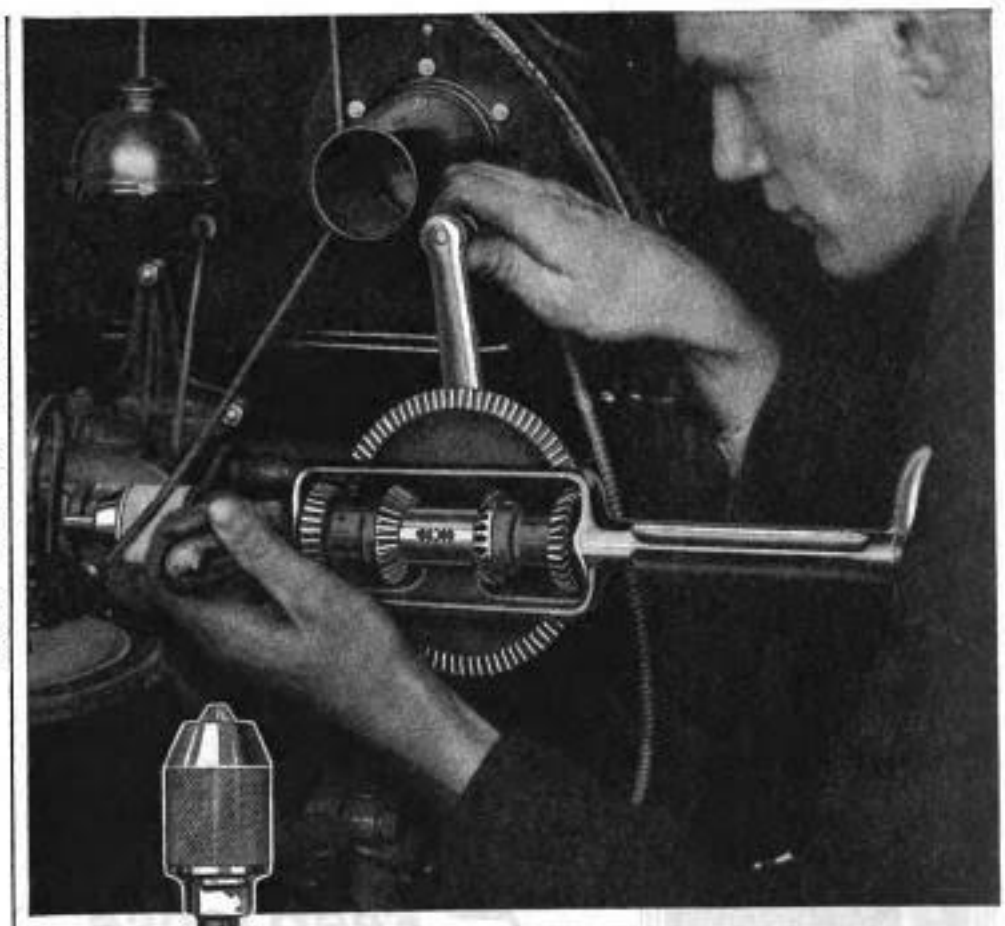
INAYNE the lovable, the fair—
I wish that I could add, the wise—
One sees your picture, debonair,
On every magazine one buys.
Artist with cover artist vies
To paint again and yet again,
In many-fashioned garb and guise,
My cold and faultless-fair Inayne.

In raiment marvelous and rare,
One sees you making goo-goo eyes
At young men tall and square and spare;
Or knitting socks, or baking pies,
Or playing golf, or casting flies,
While treating Cupid with disdain.
You never seem to really care,
My cold and faultless-fair Inayne.

Of thrills you do not seem aware;
You never show the least surprise;
Your calm and graven-image air
Love, anger and delight defies.
Your pulse beats never fall nor rise;
Your roses never wax nor wane;
Your grace and beauty none denies,
My cold and faultless-fair Inayne.

L'Envoi

Oh, Lady of the Cover Page,
One seeks the soul of you in vain,
In spite of all your vogue and rage—
My cold and faultless-fair Inayne.
—Thomas Lomax Hunter.



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Ratchet Screw-drivers
Plain Screw-drivers, 1¼ to 30 in. blades
Ratchet Hand Drills
Ratchet Chain Drills
Ratchet Bench Drills
Plain Breast Drills
Automatic Push Drills
Ratchet Tap Wrenches
Bench Vises, removable base



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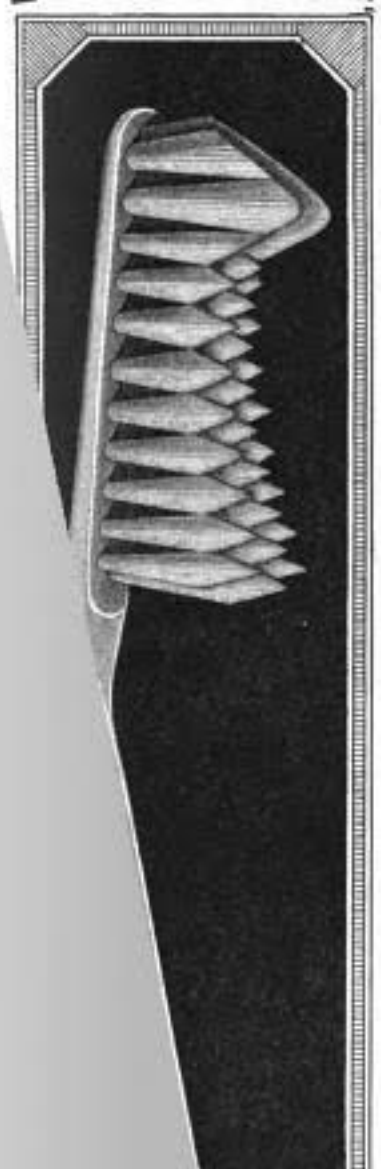
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"YANKEE" TOOLS

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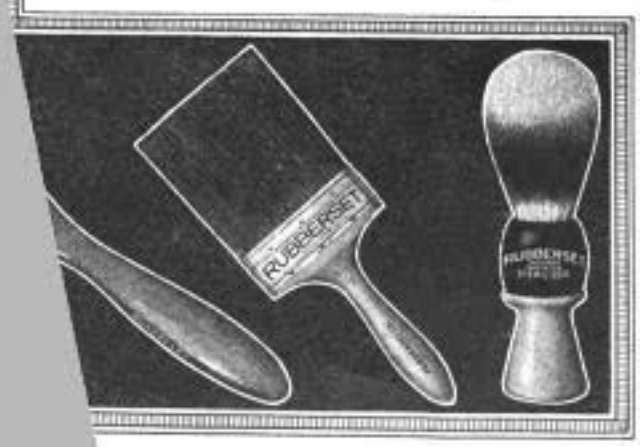
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THE PRINT OF MY REMEMBRANCE

(Continued from Page 17)

Barrymore said, "Great! Let's have another!"

This second-story room was let for three dollars a week. I engaged it when Smythe left toward the end of September. It was a fine room for the money, being nearly twenty-five feet square and having three windows at the front. Among its few drawbacks were the simplicity of its furnishing and a rich, permeating odor of Italian cooking, never absent and especially high at the flood of the gastronomic tides. Barrymore thought that anybody ought to be able to write in such rich and redolent quarters, away from all distractions and calls, and when the rear room on the same floor, separated from the front room only by the customary wardrobes and marble washstands of that period, was vacant he rented it at the same price.

On his first day as a tenant he brought in two reams of soft printing paper, typewriter size, and two dozen plain wood pencils already sharpened and made of a grade of plumbago suggesting stove polish. They had retailed at ten cents a dozen. He declared his intention of starting in the next morning to write a play. But he didn't come that morning or any other morning. His wife predicted that such would be the case. She said their own apartment, wherever it happened to be, was strewn with stray leaves on each of which was written, "Act One, Scene One. A Ruined Garden."

Some five or six years later, when I had built a home and was living at New Rochelle, Barrymore came out one night to read a play he had completed. We had to explain the burst of laughter that greeted him from my wife and me as he began to read, "Act One, Scene One. A Ruined Garden." Not only did Barrymore never work in that Twenty-fifth Street room but as far as I know he never came to it but once.

This failure to use the room is not astonishing when we remember Barrymore's way of living then. Rather than store his four or five trunks of valuable costumes which he was apt to need at a moment's notice, he kept them in a little hall bedroom on Twenty-eighth Street in a house managed by a Mrs. Higgins. The room also contained a little iron bedstead and washstand. Barrymore never occupied it, but to disagreeable persons he gave it as his address. Mrs. Higgins was instructed to say always that Barrymore had just gone out, and occasionally some wastrel transient, on an order from Barry, slept there. In conjunction with one or two actor friends, he had a flat on Fourth Avenue. I think this was really the place where he preferred to sleep and to get his breakfasts. Mrs. Barrymore was traveling with the Crane company at that time, and when she came to the city Barrymore took an apartment with her at some hotel. During one of these engagements their joint address was the old Sturtevant House, so that with the room back of mine Barrymore quite honestly had four private addresses.

One blizzard night, walking away from The Lambs Club on Twenty-sixth Street, I was stopped by a shivering boy of twenty who asked for a dime to get a bed. I took him with me, showed him into this back room. The boy looked at the sofa.

"There?"

Four Homes, but No Bed

I said "No," pointed to the roomy and well-furnished bed and left him stammering his thanks. About three o'clock in the morning I was waked by somebody striking a match and turning on the gas. Barrymore, dripping from the storm, stood in the middle of the floor.

He nodded to the back room and said, "What's all this in there?"

After collecting my thoughts a moment I said, "That's a little philanthropy of mine."

"Well, where am I to sleep?"

"What's the matter with the Fourth Avenue flat?" There was some friend there. "What about the Sturtevant House and Georgie?"

Barrymore said, "Ethel is over from Philadelphia to visit her mother, and I've been turned out."

"What about the room at [illegible]gins'?"

"King Hall has that this week."

I couldn't help laughing at t[illegible] of America's favorite and best-p[illegible] with four apartments for which h[illegible]ing rent and no place to sleep.

I said, "I don't know what yo[illegible] to do, old man."

"I do."

He shed his outside clothes and bed with me.

Barrymore at that time was pl[illegible] one-act piece, A Man of the Wor[illegible] ously referred to as the contrib[illegible] fused for publication when offere[illegible] my reportorial duty on the Post-[illegible] Somewhat dissatisfied with his op[illegible]ties at the Madison Square The[illegible] was considering an engagement[illegible] under the management of J. M. Hi[illegible] casting about in an effort to devise[illegible] a play that would show to best adv[illegible] the Barrymore qualities. My ass[illegible] with him and the little circle about[illegible] this time put a decidedly new tw[illegible] my way of thinking of the theater[illegible]

Barrymore had written and prod[illegible] Helena Modjeska a story of Russ[illegible] called Nadjesda, which in the op[illegible] many had been handicapped by the[illegible]ity of its dramatic incidents. It was[illegible] of that kind that he wanted fro[illegible] Somewhere from the South there[illegible] newspaper item of two men wh[illegible] fought a duel by drawing lots from[illegible] with the understanding that the ma[illegible] got the marked card was to suicide[illegible] and other incidents coming to our[illegible]tion at that time, all equally unus[illegible] bizarre, combined to make a story w[illegible] under the title of Reckless Temple, [illegible] mitted to Barrymore and Hill, and, [illegible] by their enthusiasm, wrote in that Tw[illegible] fifth Street room.

The Old Lambs Club

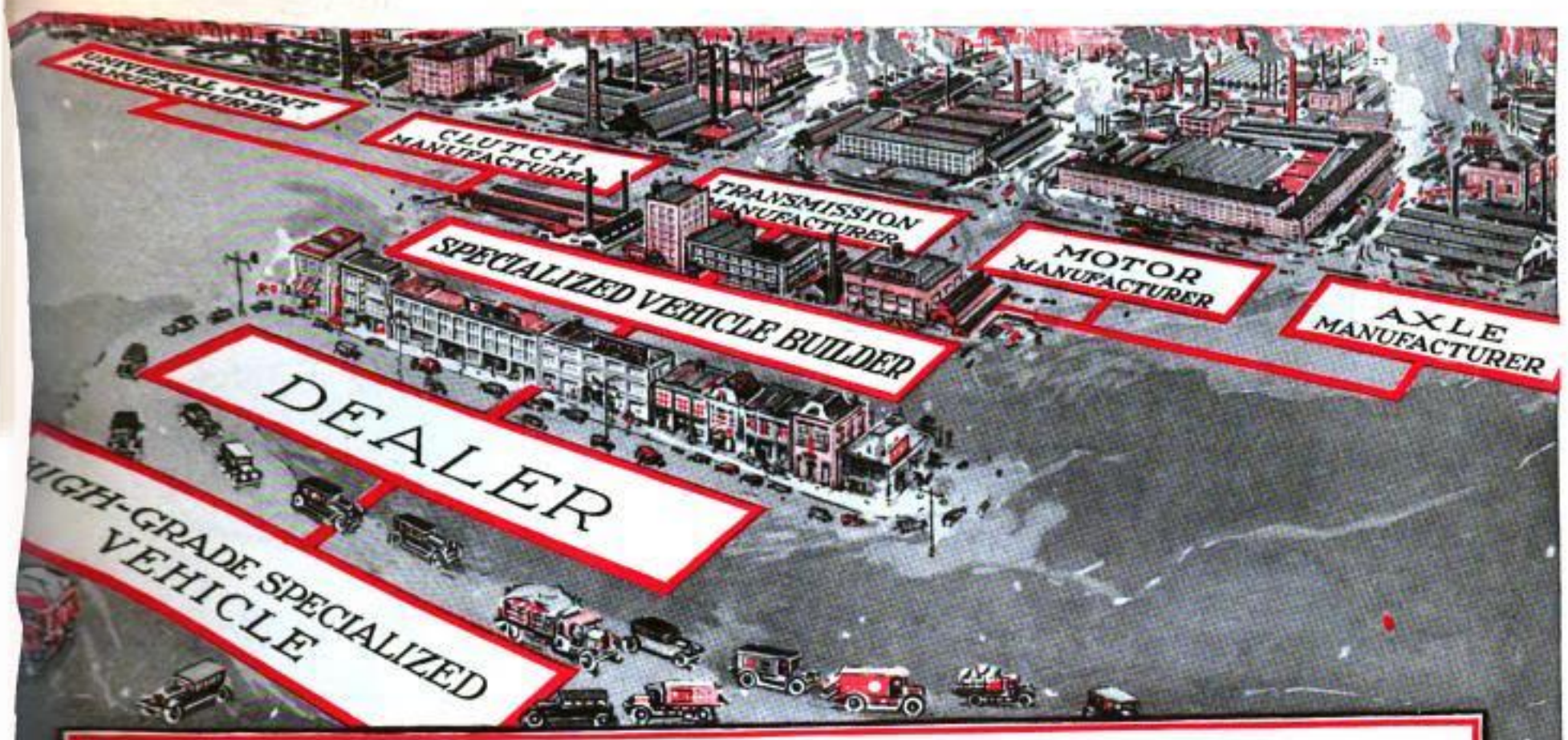
I had now become a member of[illegible] Lambs. At the clubhouse I passed [illegible] than half the time I permitted myself a[illegible] from my writing. The Lambs was the[illegible] its fifteenth year, and contained the[illegible] element in the profession. It was a g[illegible] honor, privilege and education to be[illegible] ceived on equal terms by its then mem[illegible] ship, a total professional number of[illegible] hundred, which included such men as [illegible] ter Wallack, Dion Boucicault, Steele M[illegible] kaye, Mark Smith, Robert G. Ingers[illegible] Otis Skinner, the Holland brothers, Geo[illegible] Edmund and Joseph, and others worthy[illegible] the standard that these names indicate.

A table d'hôte dinner was served for [illegible] cents at the large club table, where the m[illegible] were like members of a family. There w[illegible] a notable musical contingent and oth[illegible] between courses the popular songs of t[illegible] time. The gayety of such youngsters [illegible] Harry Woodruff, Cyril Scott, Fritz Wi[illegible] liams, Francis Carlyle and Ned Bell was [illegible] memorable as the wise talk of such elder[illegible] as Steele Mackaye and Frank Mayo. Fu[illegible] was spontaneous and unconstrained. A[illegible] one of these small dinners I began my pe[illegible] acquaintance with Otis Skinner. He ha[illegible] come in from a trip on the road, was greete[illegible] with shouts and lifted glasses, and became[illegible] the place on the impromptu program fitte[illegible] it he stood in the doorway, and answering[illegible] the men's demand recited Béranger's When[illegible] We Were Twenty-One. I shall always[illegible] remember the romantic picture of that[illegible] virile, Moorish-looking youngster, and the[illegible] sentiment with which he read "Flo, my Flo,[illegible] was a coryphée."

The Lambs was then at 34 West Twenty-sixth Street, between Broadway and Sixth Avenue; the house an old-fashioned five-story, twenty-five-foot-front brownstone dwelling with high stoop, under which was a basement entrance. It was like its adjoining houses in external looks and faced similar buildings on the north side of the street. Those respectable neighbors eyed it with distrust. Leaving The Lambs and walking east to Broadway you passed the St. James Hotel on the corner. On the other side of Broadway was Delmonico's, running through the short block to Fifth Avenue. The block was and still is short, because these two great thoroughfares nedge

(Continued on Page 125)

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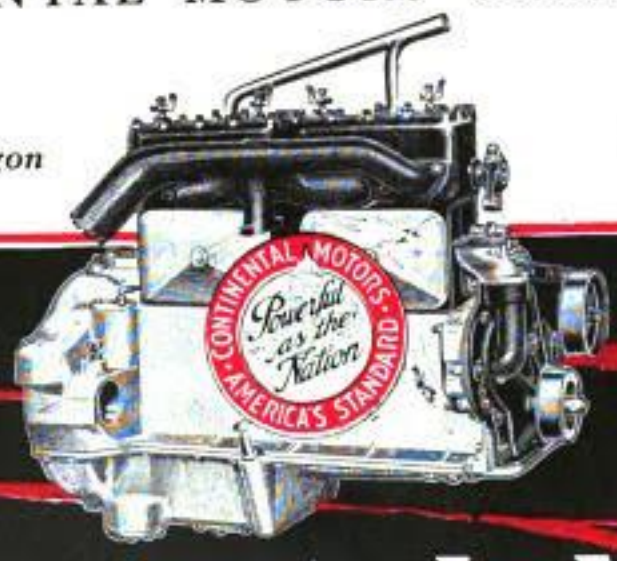
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(Continued from Page 122)

y three blocks farther south. East
e long plaza made by their inter-
n is the park called Madison Square,
ger fountain in the center and the
Gaudens bronze of Farragut on the
west corner.

ing this square on all four sides in
were beautiful and impressive build-
ach with its history fairly mellow and
th their uniform sky line that could be
ed without suggesting curvature of
pine.

have eyes and never to see the sky is
slowly and unconsciously immersed
tter. Where no vision is the people
, and the vision of this nation is born
nourished and reinforced and sus-
d from modest houses that are de-
d and which face four ways to the
her and from which men and women
n easy angle at the sky. Someone has
further than this and said that a view
e horizon is necessary to the sanity of
ye. In thirty-three years Industry
a capital I has torn down the old
onico's, the old St. James, the Worth
Hoffman houses, the Fifth Avenue
d and the handsome homes of modest
ht., and replaced them with cubes of the
ring kind that make central New
k City a gridiron of box cañons.
1889 Madison Square had just won
a Union Square, nine streets farther
h, its claim to be the theatrical center.
as the smart and modern spot, although
y of the actors of the comic-page, fur-
med intensity still haunted the older
to. And at Fourteenth Street there
still considerable theatrical power and
ation. Under the old Morton House
d. Hill still managed the Union Square
ater. One street farther south was the
r, where Crane's long run in Sydney
enfeld's Senator and other plays was
ccur before the passing of that historic
se. North of Union Square, where now
nds the lofty Century Building, was the
tely, hospitable Everett House; while
the east was Riccadonna's, famous for
ghetti and the patronage of the Salvinis,
her and son. These, with the Academy
Music, then run by E. G. Gilmore, and
ny Pastor's own theater just behind it,
t up their ancient claim for attention.
t the fashionable town was moving
rth.

At Twenty-fifth Street two tides of easy
menaders joined in their downtown
ift, and returning there divided for the
rtherly walks. Every fine afternoon
her than matinée days members of the
ck companies of Daly's, Palmer's and
e Lyceum theaters, and members of
her combinations of nearly equal im-
rtance, moved in leisurely manner and
most small-town neighborliness through
e comfortable throngs of well-dressed
d fairly intelligent Americans, to whom
l of them were known by sight. Fashion-
le New York was out in private rigs with
veried coachmen and tigers; there were
o trolley cars, no motors. The busses on
fth Avenue were drawn by slow-plodding
orses.

Life itself had a gentle pace, social inter-
course a more genial temperature. Friends,
neeting, stopped to exchange a word; men
n groups told stories, laughed; policemen
lid not ask them to move on. The molds
f form, the glasses of fashion were John
Drew and Herbert Kelcey, Robert Hilliard
nd Berry Wall. Equal centers of interest
nd prompters of good nature were Barry-
more, Coghlan, Goodwin, Hopper, Digby
Bell, Dixey, Charles Stevenson and Frank
Carlyle. A certain challenge went with
Ted Henley or Lackaye.

An Old Landmark

Some day it will be as respectable to write historically of the fine barrooms of that time as it was for Dickens in his day to write of the taproom; and even now I must venture something, because to leave them out is to attempt a portrait with half the face concealed. Any one of those important men just named could be stopped in that parade and under the pretense of business or pressing communication enticed for a moment's misleading conference into one of those convenient snares.

In the St. James Hotel, behind and above the glassware, was a picture of three dashing cavaliers, plumed hats, flowing cloaks, swords and all; portraits in costume of Billy Connor, hotel proprietor and erstwhile manager of John McCullough; of Charles W. Brooke, distinguished lawyer, orator and *bon vivant* of the day; of Louis N. Megargee, newspaper writer of Philadelphia and New York, all intimate friends of the talented Moses P. Handy of Clover Club celebrity. This picture had the kind of draft and influence of Maxfield Parrish's Old King Cole, painted in after years for the late Knickerbocker Hotel café, with the difference that King Cole came from the nursery with the reputation of having quite shamelessly and in *haute voix* expressed his preferences, whereas the St. James trio depended entirely upon the law of associative suggestion.

One habitué was Jerry Dunn, a handsome fellow strongly suggesting in appearance former United States Senator J. Hamilton Lewis, though Dunn was rather a silent person. He had, however, killed a man with a revolver. Another sport was Pat Sheedy, who managed John L. Sullivan. It was in that saloon, the story ran, that when Sullivan proposed to beat up Sheedy with his fists Sheedy, not unprepared for the attention, had pushed a derringer against Sullivan's body and asked him not to do it.

Brass Rail Conferences

Some politicians came there. General Sheridan—Silver-tongued George, as his Republican friends called him—lived in the hotel.

On the next block south from the St. James was the Hoffman House café, perhaps the finest in the world. The proprietor was the handsome, melancholy, gray-haired Ned Stokes, who had killed Col. Jim Fisk on account of the notorious Josie Mansfield. It was said Stokes always slept thereafter with the light burning in his bedroom. In this café, guarded by brass rails and plush ropes, hung a heroic canvas by the great Bouguereau, a painting of several nymphs trying to throw a fighting satyr into the water. This prophetic symbol was years before the general adoption of woman suffrage.

In the theater the prizes are to magnetism quite as much as to ideas or antics. Of the three factors, magnetism is the hardest to define. To call it attraction is but to change the substantive. To call it personality is only to befog it. To recite the reasons for my own explanation of it or to support my case adequately in the controversy those reasons would provoke would take half a volume. I therefore omit reasons, and avoiding controversy issue only my belief that the force is electrical; that its possessor is not its generator but its medium, and that the voluntary transmission of it is exhausting. The truly effective actor cannot simply wipe off his grease paint and turn in to slumber.

Our Faversham, our Hacketts, our Marlowes, our Cohans, our Drews of three actor generations, our Barrymores of two, with the admixture of the Drew strain, our like artists of repute, as well as those yet undiscovered and uncelebrated, cannot after a night's play set the psychical brakes and come to a dead center. Like a machine before the stop, the human organism before the normal nerve rate, must slow down. For this retardation the ample apartment with trained butler or equally trained maid and the presence of understanding comrades who quit at the first suppressed yawn is ideal.

For an income unequal to such provision the proper restaurant, the club, the café of the Hoffman kind, is invaluable. Let us not chide that immortal coterie at the Mermaid Inn, nor Chris Marlowe, nor Ben Jonson, nor Will Shakspere, nor criticize too severely that other at the Cheshire Cheese of which Garrick was so often the center and Doctor Johnson the mentor.

Into that old Hoffman House café from the Madison Square, the Fifth Avenue, the Lyceum, three theaters within a radius of two blocks, actors easily drifted. Those of Palmer's, Daly's and the Bijou had but little farther to come. The writers met them. For some obscure reason—as slightly higher price or the watchful eye of the house man, Billy Edwards, ex-champion prize fighter—only the better element of the men about town frequented the place. A group of players and playwrights at a table were uninterrupted. Men nodded to them, or joined them if invited, but they did not intrude.

What wise conferences were many of those expert discussions of current or projected plays; what condensed experience; what discovered and tested rules; what classifyings of situations; what precedents

Food Dangers of Early Spring

SPRING is a treacherous season. The weather is extremely variable. Warm days follow cold days abruptly. A variation of 20° is often enough to start decay in food, to incubate millions of germs.

It is false economy to rely on weather and spoil food. Food is expensive; ice costs only a few cents a day. Before the weather gets hot, ice melts slowly; one good size cake will keep the ice box cold for days.

Besides, food kept with ice is crisper, fresher-flavored, more nutritious.

Read what Dr. Evans, the well-known health authority in Chicago, says:

"Food keeps very well when the temperature of the food compartment is 45°. When the temperature is 60°, milk spoils before the bottle is emptied."

How *often* the temperature rises above 60° on a mild spring day.

The well-informed housewife takes ice the year 'round. She would not risk the dangers of an outdoor window box. That exposes food to germ-laden air, and to alternate warming and cooling—the worst condition for keeping food wholesome.

Start now to protect your food against sudden spoilage and loss of flavor by taking ice regularly.

Patronize an Ice Wagon that Bears this Emblem

It is your protection. It means that your ice dealer is a member in good standing of the National Association of Ice Industries, and is pledged to give you

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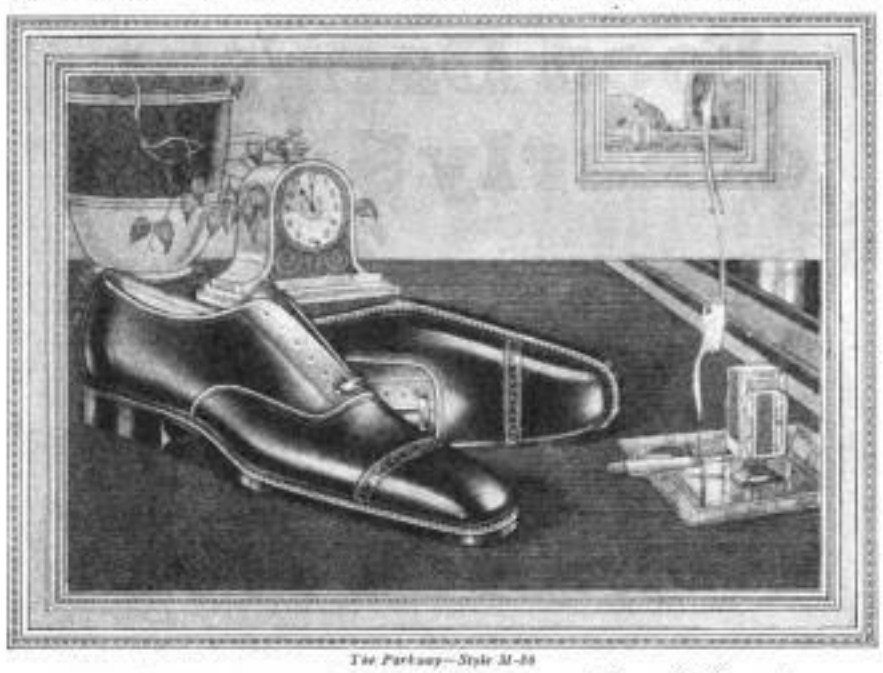
The dealer whose wagons carry the Association emblem is a responsible business man, permanently, located in your community, with *capital* invested in the ice business. Suggestions from ice users for improving the service of any member will be welcomed at headquarters.

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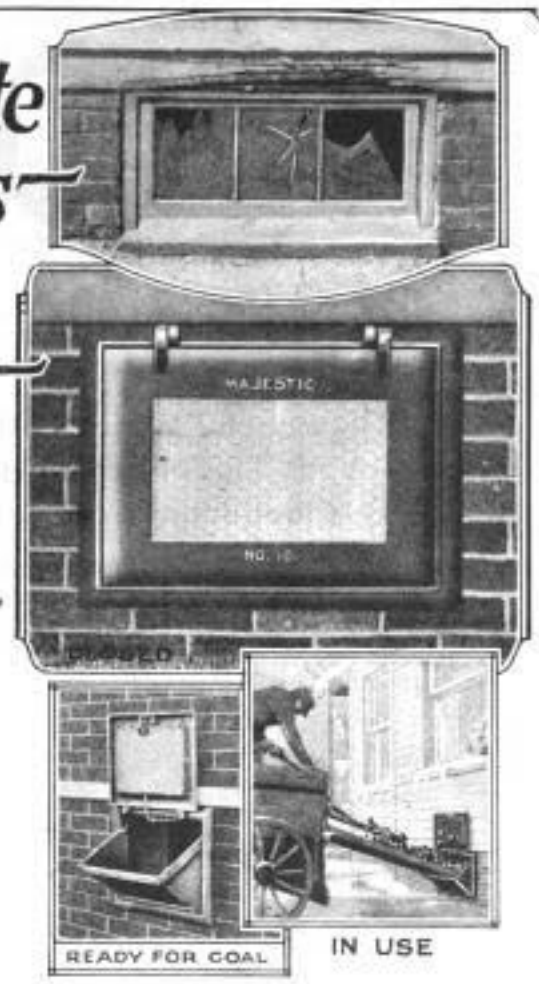
Florsheim Low Shoes are Skeleton Lined and Non-slip—they fit the ankle and hug the heel.

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The Mark of a Modern Home

and likenesses; what traditions, conventions, experiments, suggestions; what a winnowing of ideas by what vigorous, original, challenging, prolific fellows; and in what free interchange in an atmosphere and temper stimulated to just that degree of exaltation that can bridge and blend and give an overtone and group consensus! Truly, "Wisdom is justified of her children."

For more private and smaller conferences, among other places, there was also Browne's famous old chophouse on Twenty-seventh Street just off the Broadway corner; one stone step to the hallway and a turn to the right for the parlor dining room with its little tables to which a third chair could be drawn; the hot-water dishes for the mealy Welsh rabbit and the pewter mugs for the musty ale.

I first saw Paul Potter there, rewriter of French comedy at the time, but afterwards author of The Conquerors, Trilby, Under Two Flags, and adapter of a half score of farces. He looked an oldish young man then as, thirty years later, after the unmanageable cropped hair turned white, he looked a youngish old one. Barrymore made him join us, and then rallied him on his theories until daylight. Paul Potter was always a bookworm. Why study life when it is all so thoroughly written and pigeonholed and catalogued by men so superior to any of us? And Paul knew all the indexes, including the Expurgatorius. Diderot was his guide, and his laws were immutable. Paul remade plays as an Italian worked in mosaic, or he thought he did.

After that first meeting he met me at long intervals in America, in London, in Paris, and without astonishment in a seemingly uninterrupted intimacy, with both hands out in greeting and with perplexed eyes; but whether in luck or in trouble, always with the self-deprecating, boyish, white-toothed smile. At Foyot's on the Rue Vaugirard, the French senators from the palais opposite, equally with the bowing waiters, saluted him as Monsieur l'Américain.

I saw him last in New York in the early spring of 1921, one afternoon in a Turkish bath on Forty-second Street. I first inquired quietly of the attendant, and having made sure of the solitary sleeper talked loudly enough to rouse him. The grave, emaciated face, simple as one of Shakspere's forest rustics, took on its waking smile as he asked "Gus? Gus?" and sat up in his sheet, as sunny as a boy at a swimmin' hole.

"How are you, Paul?"

He chuckled with the merriment of it.

"Why, Gus, old friend, I'm dying!" And then he laughingly told me how desirable diabetes was as a way to finish. One had to go sometime. The doctors gave him only a few weeks longer. "See? It's the swelling of feet and ankles that keeps me in here most of the time, but the boys all know me and don't mind me lying around. Soon after this stage one goes into coma and—it's all over." And he laughed again, his forehead wrinkling under his thick white hair. The next day they couldn't wake him.

I hate to jam old friends into their coffins this way, but with only twelve of these articles one has to do it or hurt some of their feelings by leaving them out. But back in Browne's in 1889 Paul told me that, as Diderot had printed for him, our plays are written backwards; that is, constructed like a mystery story, from the solution backward to the enigma. Of course, it was helpful to know that, and I've told it to dozens of youngsters. Who was it said the unpardonable thing, the one base thing in life is to receive benefits and to confer none?

Very Close to Palmer

There came into New York that winter a typical Southerner in speech and appearance named Col. Edward Alfrend. His home had been Richmond, Virginia. Other citizens of that place reported that because of his courtly manner he had been called Count Alfrend. The colonel was about sixty years of age, tall, suddenly portly at the meridian, with prominent features, and a walruslike white mustache, which with the important consciousness of an English guardsman he stroked to hold the floor in the pauses of his discourse. His ambition was dramatic authorship. His most prominent friend in the theater was A. M. Palmer, above whom in physical stature he towered some seven inches. He spent many hours in Mr. Palmer's office when it was evident to other callers that Mr. Palmer w insisting on it.

Reporting these interviews outsi colonel frequently said, "I am very A. M. Palmer."

After a couple of years, with the ance of Mr. Augustus Pitou, who sig joint author, he produced under t of Across the Potomac his only pla Palmer's office Alfrend met Barry and Barry, amused by the old gentle punctilious manner, his pomposity mediocrity that warranted predi carried Alfrend about with him in leisure hours. One of Barry's gentle f wishing to embroider a sofa pillow, a l ope activity then not fallen into ne asked me to draw in outline on a squ silk a profile of herself and one of B more. After I had drawn her own p I said, "How close to that do you wan profile of Barry?"

The lady said, "About as close as Alf is to Palmer."

Barrymore introduced the colonel t and insisted on my sharing for the acquaintance his own enthusiasm. L Barry found a furnished flat, fourth fl on Thirty-fourth Street between Seve and Eighth avenues, with three bedroo a little parlor, dining room and kitch The tenant wanted to sublet it furnis for forty dollars a month. Barrym thought it would be an ideal arrangem if we three—he, the colonel and I—sho take this flat and live there. We ente upon its occupation. A rotund, matro negress, the janitress for the building, the housework and prepared our bre fasts. Other meals we took outside. don't remember a happier period.

The Colonel's Complaint

When the spring came and the fish we running so thick in the North River th one could buy a five-pound shad with r for thirty-five cents, Gen. George Sherida having sent old Sarah word the night b fore, would appear in time with such a fi in a brown paper; and as Sarah, under h instructions, prepared it and put it on th breakfast table he would discourse upon and the expert way to separate the fis from the bones with all the savory interes of a Colonel Carter.

During those five months in the Thirty fourth Street flat I wrote two plays, both under arrangements with Manager J. M Hill; one for Sydney Drew, which wa never produced; another adapted from the German, which was produced more than a year later under the title of A Night's Frolic, with Helen Barry, an English actress of more than masculine stature, in the principal rôle, which fortunately required that most of her scenes be played in the uniform of an officer of the chasseurs. That event lives principally by the association of one of its least important members at that time, a singularly active, optimistic, dark-haired lad of some nineteen or twenty years named John L. Golden. It is difficult to avoid his name now among the Broadway white lights with his presentations of Turn to the Right, Lightnin', Thank You, and so on.

After a while Barrymore's enthusiasm for the flat subsided noticeably, and with the coming of the summer we abandoned our arrangement. We were the only theatrical ménage in the building, so I doubt if we could have maintained our occupation much longer, because during our last month there I heard the colonel, whose point of view old Sarah understood perfectly, tell her to ask the lady on the floor above what the devil she meant by moving furniture around at eleven o'clock in the morning. The colonel seldom slept more than six hours, at that. He wrote his plays from books of the vintage of the Deserted Village. They were pitifully short, but filled with long soliloquies, and all of them written for Barrymore. Barrymore listening to one of these and looking to me for help would have been an inspiring subject for When a Feller Needs a Friend; but with his diplomatic skill he always protested himself an unworthy exponent. One spring day on Broadway Barry and I, walking together, saw Wilton Lackaye approaching us with menace in every lineament.

When we met him he said, "See here, what do you two fellows mean by sicking the colonel onto me?"

After leaving the Thirty-fourth Street flat which we three men had leased I

(Continued on Page 128)

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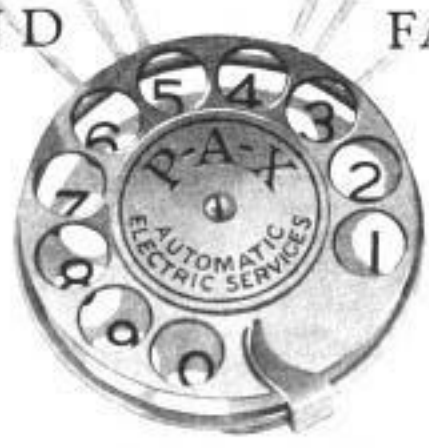
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(Continued from Page 126)

roomed at The Lambs Club until I left it to take an apartment with my wife at a hotel. The sojourn at The Lambs was rich in experiences which would fill a volume of small talk, smaller even than this. One item that, notwithstanding its diminutive proportions, I feel justified in describing was of a parrot. Parrot stories do not amuse me, because as a rule so palpably invented; but as Maeterlinck has written some association between happiness and the bluebird, I will tell of this green one's occasional power.

The club at this period was not prosperous; in fact quite the contrary, and the newly organized Players had begun to draw from it many of its best members. The only other permanent lodger in the house in that fall of 1890 was the owner of this parrot, John B. Miley, a graduate of Dublin University. Mr. Miley's business was to sell wholesale, on commission, fine liquors handled at that time by the old-established house of Roosevelt & Schuyler. Miley was proud of his business and of his wares, and as self-respecting as if a discerning monarch had just given him the knighthood recently conferred upon an eminent English distiller. The parrot had been with him in many years of convivial associations that may be inferred, but it had learned nothing demoralizing; no profanity, no greetings, no call for biscuits; but laughter of every variety, from a complimentary chuckle to the hysteric and pained abandonment that needs help.

Miley occupied the little hall bedroom, second floor front, in which Bishop had died. He was an industrious person, and went early to his business. Alone in the club, downhearted for important personal reasons that must not take attention here, each morning as I reached Miley's room I was greeted by a formal, complimentary little laugh from the parrot. It was my custom to push the door farther open, speak to the bird, and sometimes sit on the bed and invite his specialty. That little formal laugh of his, encouraged by my echo, voluntary only at first, would grow in volume and expand in character until it revived somewhat of all the merry and maybe dissolute hours of exhilarated companionship that Miley's trade and temperament had won; laughs of a superior clientele, but punctuated occasionally by guffaws of chance and cheaper acquaintances, and by concerted crescendo effects spraying into broken vocables as some falsetto, tearful enthusiast regurgled the point of the story. I was a poor amateur compared to Polly, but together we could fill all the windows on both sides of Twenty-sixth Street with matrons and housemaids, sympathetically agrin and curious as to the disorderly convocation at The Lambs. It was a great way to start the forenoon, and required several unpleasant letters of efficiency experts to dissipate Polly's fiat sunshine.

Doing Hack Work on Salary

In the spring of that year the reputation of The Burglar on the road and A Man of the World at the Madison Square Theater had influenced Mr. Palmer to ask me to become connected with that fine playhouse. Dion Boucicault was then under a regular retainer to patch or adapt for Mr. Palmer any imported play that might need it, and also to give him first option on any original work, subject, of course, to usual royalty terms. Boucicault wished to retire. After a study of the rather limited field, still more limited in approachable material, Mr. Palmer offered me the Boucicault desk at a salary of fifty dollars a week the year round. He had been paying Boucicault one hundred, and told me I could follow the theatrical custom and say outside I was getting the same; but that never became necessary. It was stipulated that I was at liberty to produce Reckless Temple and The Correspondent, which J. M. Hill had respectively for Barrymore and Sidney Drew. This Madison Square engagement was a substantial addition to income, was good publicity and a fine business address. I was then thirty-three years old.

I wrote at Mr. Palmer's request A Constitutional Point for Mrs. Booth, who needed a one-act play. Mr. Palmer thought the public wouldn't understand it. Eighteen years later I expanded it to four acts and called it The Witching Hour. For Mrs. Booth's immediate need I wrote another one-act play called Afterthoughts, which she did successfully.

Reckless Temple did not succeed in York, and after sixteen weeks on the Barrymore came back to Palmer's Ma Square Theater, where, anticipating those events, I was at work upon a with parts in it for all the company, in ing Barrymore. About making that there is in my opinion a story of some chological as well as pathological inte

Men differ in degree, perhaps in kin their capacity mentally to see forms, ability to draw faces from memory me to think that I have at least the ave faculty. Sometimes in the dark, wit external claim upon the optic nerve, t mental pictures seem faintly objec Their definition is not perfect. Ag the reddish-gray background that el eyelids bring there will appear in cont lines of a lighter gray. These lines are fixed. They move. At times, when t take on resemblance to a face, imagina running just a little ahead of the vision muster them into proportions of per drawing, and memory can manage th into portraits. It is a fact in pathol that under fever nearly everybody s these shapes. In drowsy daylight, figu of the wall paper grow fantastic, move have expression. In his most exci moments, Martin Luther, it will be membered, could not banish the image the devil from the wall of his cell, and th used to be shown a spot where he had thro his inkwell at this negative invocati become objective.

How Alabama Was Written

After the production of Reckless Temp and some attendant dissipations and d mands upon me physically, and when was in a run-down condition, this facul of such seeing was feverishly augmente Under the doctor's orders I had resume strictly regular hours, not the easiest s covery in The Lambs. One night befo the club was completely quiet I was tryin to go to sleep in the dark. At the pian downstairs E. M. Holland was playing melody, then popular, called Down on th Farm. These lines in the dark of which have written assembled into definite shap and I could see before me more plainly tha many a stage set shows in theatrical ligh two posts of a ruined gateway, one standing the other fallen, crumbled. I recognized the picture as of a gateway I had seen in Talladega some six years before, but had not consciously thought of since. As I looked at it with some amusement an old man walked through it, stood a moment, and was joined by a young girl who took him by the arm and led him obliquely out of the picture. Two or three times this little action was repeated so definitely that it was impossible for me in any way to connect it with imagination, although the association between Holland's tune, with its rural, sentimental color, and this picture is fairly evident.

There was nothing unpleasant about this visional intrusion, nor was there such persistence that I felt driven to Luther's protest. This little gateway and its two figures played somehow through my dreams. In the morning I found myself interested in the relationship of the two people, partly trying to divine, but rather drifting with their story. After a day or two the result was a one-act sketch. This I had typed, and carried it to Mr. Eugene Presbrey, stage manager for Mr. Palmer. Presbrey was enthusiastic about the little piece, but told me it was a mistake to play it in that form. He reminded me that The Burglar had some of its New York effect dulled by having first been done as a one-act play, and insisted that I had in my possession the nucleus of a fine big story. He saw at once in the characters a part for Stoddart and another for little Miss Agnes Miller, who was the ingénue of the company at that time. There were other parts for Barrymore, Ned Bell and Harry Woodruff.

Under Presbrey's encouragement, using the sketch as a third act, I wrote the four-act play Alabama. I had fun with the Southern colonel in the piece, whom I called Colonel Moberly and whom I endowed with all the formality and pomposity of our Colonel Alfrend. There was a boy's part for Harry Woodruff, and a fat square for Charles L. Harris, the splendid comedian who had been with us in Reckless Temple. At my suggestion, after hearing the scenario, Mr. Palmer added Harris to his company and used him in two or three plays that were produced before we finally reached Alabama.

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Ed Holland liked the idea of the colonel
itten for him, and as he and Woodruff
eady had some hint concerning certain
nes in which they were together they
n began to greet each other in Southern
lect and manner. The membership of
e Lambs, ignorant of the reason for this
sumption, but amused by it, caught its
ntagion, and in a little while the club was
parently an organization of two hundred
uthern colonels all shooting cuffs and
oking phantom but magnificent mus-
ches.

The play was finished under pressure in
nuary and read to the company on the
ge. Presbrey, familiar with it, was not
that group but in his little office near
e entrance to the dressing rooms.

As Mrs. Booth left the theater she leaned
er the closed lower half of Presbrey's
tch door and whispered to him, "Rotten,
ank you!"

When we reached rehearsals she de-
ded to play the part written for her and
was given to May Brookyn, from whom
e reclaimed it shortly after the piece was
oduced. After rehearsing Alabama a
ek Mr. Palmer lost faith in it and re-
aced it with one of his English plays.
his attack and retreat was repeated twice.
ut after there had been three English
ailures the rehearsals of Alabama in a
pirit of desperation went on to its produc-
ion on Wednesday, April 1, 1891.

In these varying moods Mr. Palmer lost
aith not only in the play but in its author,
nd one dark day told me that when the
ear of our contract ended, which would
e in May, my engagement as dramatist
xtraordinary—that was my title; I don't
know why—would cease. But he added
that he was sending on a first tour through
the country Mr. E. S. Willard in The
Middleman, and that if I liked I could go
ahead of him as publicity man. He would
pay the salary I had earned with Bishop,
one hundred dollars. It felt like a slip
backward, but as a newly married man I
took it. The plan was for me to leave New
York Sunday, March twenty-ninth, and
have two weeks in Chicago before Willard
opened.

By earnestly protesting that I didn't
need all that time I got Mr. Palmer's per-
mission to wait until early Thursday morn-
ing, and thereby on Wednesday night see
Alabama open.

Shortly after his installation as Vice-
President of the United States Theodore
Roosevelt was one of six men who came to
the home of Brander Matthews to meet at
lunch Mark Twain, recently returned from
a trip abroad. Colonel Roosevelt was most
entertaining throughout the luncheon with
reminiscences of Cuba.

Pertinent to one of these he turned to
Mark Twain and said, "As an old Con-
federate soldier, Mr. Clemens, you must
have noticed the nervousness of the brav-
est men upon going into battle."

Mark took his cigar from under his white
mustache, and with a dreamy squint re-
plied, "Oh, yes, I know that nervousness
of brave men going into battle, and I had
the quality of maintaining it all through
the engagement."

The Watchers in the Gallery

The playwright never gets so experi-
enced that a production is not an occasion
of nervousness. An inexperienced one
whose play has been set aside three times
because of the manager's distrust has more
nervousness than the brave man going into
battle. On the first night of Alabama mine
was augmented by an almost panic condi-
tion of Mr. Palmer. Although quite un-
known to anybody that mattered, I sought
a further obscurity by standing behind a
post in the gallery. A similar timid figure
in the shadows across the aisle attracted
my attention. It was Mr. Palmer. When
the first curtain fell with mingled laughter
and applause, the most desirable response
a company can ask for, Mr. Palmer looked
at me, his eyebrows lifted in an inquiry
mixed with astonishment.

Friends of Mr. Palmer will remember his
regular features and intellectual and dis-
tinguished expression; also his large, pale
eyes. He also had rather full gray side
whiskers, decorations not so uncommon
then as since the introduction of the safety
razor.

These facial forms and effects, his white
lawn tie and his look of shocked surprise
carried the uncomfortable suggestion of
some interrupted mortuary function. Four
or five curtain calls and the mood in which
the audience had taken this blandest of
our four acts gave me courage to go to the
balcony for the second one.

With similar but more pronounced re-
sponses after that, and finding that Mr.
Palmer had also ventured down to my
level, I threw all caution to the wind and
said, "I'm going to see the rest of this per-
formance from the ground floor."

When the play was over it seemed to me
we had been in the presence of a success,
but Mr. Palmer was not able to lift his
spirits from the depression of the disastrous
season, so that despite the congratulations
of many friends I went to bed uncertain.

My wife and I at that time were in our
first apartment in the old Oriental Hotel,
opposite the Casino. As we had to take an
early train for Chicago, we agreed not to
look at any of the papers until we should
have had an undisturbed breakfast and
were alone together on the train, speeding
from police detention. I gave her the
paper in which I felt I would get the most
considerate treatment, and took myself
the one I believed most hostile. Its very
headlines disarmed me. I looked up and
met an enthusiastic glow imparted by the
notice she had read. We hurriedly went
at the other papers. The press was unani-
mous. Alabama seemed the surprise of the
season, and was characterized in terms al-
most too laudatory to refer to except by
proxy.

In Chicago, as Willard's advance man,
my calls at the newspaper offices were ex-
citing, owing to telegraphic reports about
the New York first night, and the dramatic
men were kind. But that day an ailment
that had been threatening became acute,
and I had to submit to an operation under
ether that put me in bed for the next ten
days. During that time the men on the
Chicago papers gave me all the help I could
take. I was told that whatever I got to them
concerning Willard would find space. Thus
encouraged, I dictated to my wife long
specials for each paper, which she carried
to the offices, and I doubt if any theatrical
attraction ever went into Chicago or any
other American city with better publicity
than those generous fellows handed us.

Alabama Makes a Hit

Presbrey kept me informed of the play
in New York, where it was doing capacity
business, and the royalty checks made me
think of the first time I had ever sat in an
overstuffed chair. We got the New York
papers every day; the ads and paragraphs
were fine, and some of the papers carried edi-
torials about the play, inquiring if New
York managers had not made mistakes in
leaning on the imported article when native
subjects seemed so acceptable. And then
in the midst of all of it came a long tele-
gram from Nat Goodwin asking me to write
a serious play for him, to choose my own
subject, and offering a royalty of 10 per
cent of the gross receipts, with an advance
of twenty-five hundred dollars. I agreed
to do it.

With the Willard company Mr. Palmer
came into the city, delighted with condi-
tions in New York and heartily approving
all those he found in Chicago. I passed the
credit for the display to the men to whom
it belonged, especially to a young writer
named Kirke La Shelle, whom Mr. Palmer
engaged that week to take the place with
the Willard company which for sufficient
reasons I was giving up. La Shelle later
became a theatrical captain and produced
for me Arizona, The Earl of Pawtucket,
The Bonnie Briar Bush and The Education
of Mr. Pipp. Mr. Palmer asked me to for-
get his terminating our contract and to go
on under the old arrangements for another
year. He consented to my writing the play
for Goodwin, which he excepted from the
optional claims of our Madison Square
agreement.

There were more checks from New York,
and this twenty-five hundred dollars from
Goodwin. I was able, with a cane, to get
about comfortably. I had been away from
St. Louis for twenty months. We went home
to see the folks. Crossing the Eads Bridge
in the morning I got to thinking of Whit-
lock, alias Jim Cummings, who robbed the
Missouri-Pacific express car to cancel the
mortgage on his mother's home, and I felt
ashamed of myself. My mother then lived
in a rented place. I didn't tell her my in-
spiration, but we went together and picked
out a house.

Editor's Note—This is the eighth of a series of twelve articles by Mr. Thomas. The next will appear in an early issue.



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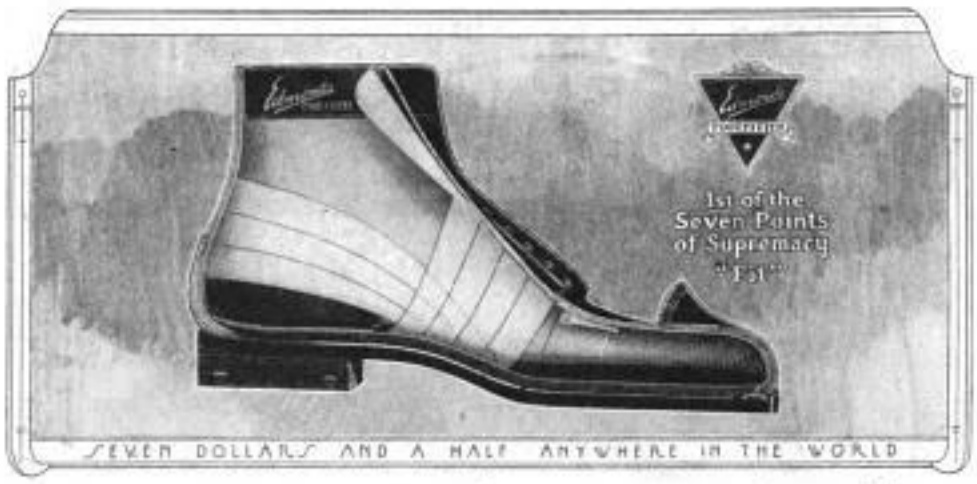
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THE DARNED LITTLE BOLSHEVIK

(Continued from Page 9)

"I must say they don't appeal to me much, en masse," Ann remarked dryly as we glided by the suddenly silent and speculative groups of youngsters who, when we left the electric, came slowly toward us in groups, like curious young calves. Their scrutiny annoyed Ann.

"Those largest ones might certainly be taught manners," she objected with irritation. "They stare like little cannibals. Ouch!"

For at this juncture we both stumbled over Jenny's broom.

Jenny had been sweeping the steps of the baby cottage and, paralyzed with Ann's beauty, had neglected to remove her broom from our path. Straightening from an investigation of her bruised foot, Ann saw Jenny. The two stared at each other with equal wonder—the tall, beautiful woman, perfect in her white sport clothes, and ugly little Jenny in red calico.

Then Ann said to me slowly, "How can such things be possible?"

I should have laughed, except that Jenny's cross-eyed gaze held such a reverence of admiration. For Jenny was indeed homely beyond all telling. Tiny bright blue eyes set wrongly under a protruding forehead, spindle legs, straggly reddish hair, a sun-tortured skin and the merest indication of a nose combined in no measure to offset the unattractiveness of her faded red apron and scuffed shoes. She looked the embodiment of immortal Irish impudence.

Mistaking Ann's expression for one of pain, Jenny unconcernedly asked—of me, since one does not directly address the queen, "'S she hurt herself?"

"No," corrected Ann with her colossal lack of humor; "you hurt me, because you left your broom in the path—you ugly little thing, you!"

Horrid words always seem to gather added venom from beautiful lips. I had seen Ann's big, homely husband shrivel under her careless tongue, just as little Jenny now did. Looking at her in a dumb sort of way the child backed away from her, the desperation of a trapped animal in her eyes—and all its primitive viciousness.

"Yes, an'—an' I bet you're as ugly as me—inside of you!" she retaliated, and fled.

Ann stooped slowly and picked up the worn, dirty broom.

"Why don't you add that she has expressed your own views?" she prodded my silence.

"Well, I must say that this exhibition doesn't especially recommend you for motherhood," I evaded testily. "Go on in and tell Mrs. Evans I sent you to look at the babies. I'm going to find Jenny."

But Jenny was not to be found. Jenny was one of the problems of the children's home, where she had taken residence at the age of two months. She was now seven years old, and in all that time I had never heard one favorable report of Jenny. As a baby she rocked the institution by day and by night with her wails, and of late years all plots, uprisings and insurrections were traced to her nimble wits and horrible capacity for finding weak spots in the government of the home.

"She's a born Bolshevik," a matron had once despairingly told us at directors' meeting, and the name had grown to Jenny. But a seven-year-old Bolshevik can have a very vulnerable little heel, and my heart ached when I thought of the way Ann's unkind words had shriveled up her pertness and brought out that look of furtive meanness.

Failing to find her, however, I went back to the baby cottage, where Ann was waiting for me on the steps.

I knew she was in no mood to be interested in anything except her ruffled feelings, and though Mrs. Evans was chatting pleasantly to her she was quite evidently and rudely not listening.

When I approached she said abruptly, "Did you find her?" And at my negative reply she said to Mrs. Evans, "Will you please call the little girl who was sweeping here when we came in? I wish to apologize to her."

This from Mrs. Bangor Ellington Stevenson! It was small wonder that Mrs. Evans lost speech.

"I spoke to her very sharply," added with her quick irritation. "P call her."

"Oh—I'm sure, Mrs. Stevenson, tha deserved it; she—she's really alway need of correction."

"Yes?" said Ann, looking at her a who is not fond of them looks at wo "Will you please call her?" Ther something about Ann that makes you her while hating her. Moreover, Evans knew that Ann's generous ch meant half its existence to the home. an incoherent mutter she disappe rapidly into the cottage, from the of which loud calls of "Jen—ee!" sounded.

I utilized these moments by telling that she was ridiculous and unkind would only further humiliate the child. listened silently, with an aggravating that died away when Jenny came spin toward us beside the plump and cur Mrs. Evans, who hastened to say chee "This is Mrs. Stevenson, Jenny. wishes to speak to you."

Ann looked steadily at the child, speaking.

"I—I didn't go to do it," mumb Jenny sullenly in acknowledgment of introduction, directing her cross-eyed g not toward Ann but to me. "Honest didn't go to say it."

"Then you don't really think I am u inside?" questioned Ann in a rather dis pointed voice, which seemed to turn M Evans' emotions into active little inse that raced over her fat face. Jenny plant herself, shabby shoes well apart and han on her swaying hips.

"You bet I do! I meant I didn't go say you was," she made explicit correctio and transferred her gaze, unwavering, Ann.

Mrs. Evans uttered a horrified gasp, b one simple gesture from Ann silenced h further demonstration and sent her ling ingly into the cottage. Jenny swayed a A ripple of slow-coming laughter—re laughter, such as seldom left Ann's throat broke prettily into our silence. It brough apprehension into Jenny's defiant fac Then Ann dropped to her knees in front o the startled child and took the red calic shoulders tightly in her long, beautifu hands.

"You're an honest little thing!" sh cried in the clear, quick voice of her girl hood.

"I am ugly inside; you're perfectly right. And it's much worse to be ugly inside than outside. But if I take you home with me perhaps you can make me prettier inside and I can make you prettier outside. Would you like that?"

As a statue of idiocy I should have taken all the ribbons. Jenny, however, adjusted herself to the whirl of events with really remarkable poise. She twisted her head and looked down at the white hands so tightly clasping her shoulders, first one and then the other.

"I ain't old enough to work for anybody," she demurred. "Pretty soon, when I'm twelve, I'm going to work for a ranch lady."

"Oh, I mean for you to be my little girl. My—my little daughter."

Again Jenny stared down at that white hand.

"Do you mean 'dopt me?" she asked incredulously.

"Yes," said Ann.

"Not just like I was born at your house?"

"Yes," said Ann.

"Hu-umph," commented Jenny after a long pause—and giggled.

It was a mirthful giggle of real humor, and it made her, in some intangible manner impossible to describe, complete mistress of the situation. Ann stared at her wonderingly—possessively. It seemed to me I could see her metamorphose her impulsive, passionate determination to make retribution to Bangor into desire for this homely child. Jenny, after a perplexed glance at me, who had collapsed on the cottage steps, changed her humorous grunt into a negative one.

"Hunh-unh," she decisively settled the matter. "Hunh-unh, I don't want to

(Continued on Page 132)

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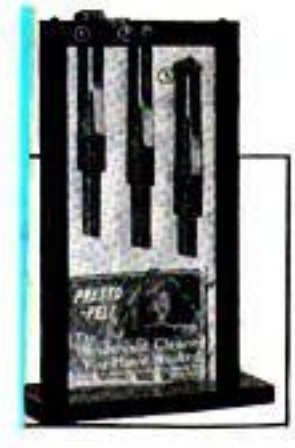
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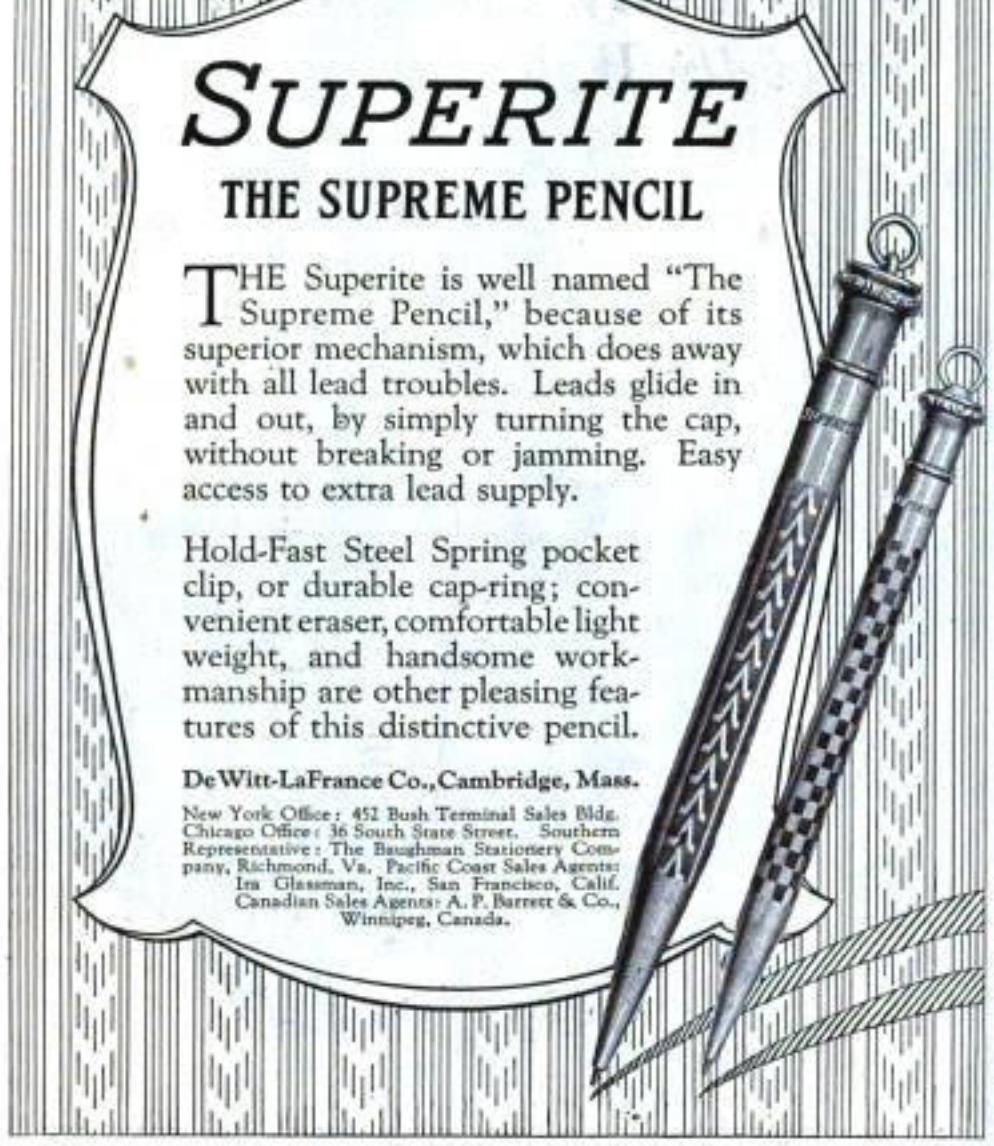
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ALLEN'S



(Continued from Page 130)

Pretty soon, when I'm twelve, I'm going to work for a ranch lady. The girl that sleeps next to me wants somethin' fierce to be 'dopted. She's got pretty hair. It curls."

"But I don't want to adopt anyone except you," said Ann.

Jenny quickly switched to new tactics, her manner magnificently casual, as if she refused adoption by rich women several times a day.

"You'd get awful sick of me. Honest you would. I'm a mean kid. An' lots o' times, when my face gets dirty, I'm uglier than I am now."

"The homelier you get the more I'll love you, Jenny. You don't understand that, do you? But it's true."

These earnest words gave Jenny a new light on the situation.

"Say! You don't need to care if you said I'm ugly. I don't care. 'Tain't nothing. I like to be ugly. I can make the little kids yell. I'll run over an' get Molly. She'll be nice to 'dopt."

"No, Jenny," Ann said with remarkable and childlike patience; "I don't want anyone except you. I'm sure you'll like it at my house."

"Nope," said Jenny. "I don't want to—thank you."

Of course Ann's determination and desire were cementing more closely every instant. They made a strange picture—Ann kneeling in front of the child, clasping her shoulders, her beautiful face vivid with earnestness; and strange little Jenny staring back at her like some old, old little creature that a wizard's wand had turned into grotesque youth for a whimsy.

"Suppose you try it just for one week," Ann suggested, smiling. Ann's smiles are sweet, but Jenny was adamant.

"Nope. It's my week to sweep."

"Oh, but, Jenny, couldn't you sweep the next week and come to me this one?" Ann was adding a coaxing note to her voice, which, with the smile, made Jenny weaken. I understood Bangor's helplessness as I watched her. She was the most lovable thing I'd ever seen.

"Well—but what'd I do all week?" asked Jenny, like one going under a spell.

"Oh, you'd have a fat pony to ride, and we'd buy some dolls, and—and you could play with the dogs ——"

"—like dogs," Jenny condescended sur-

one of my own? I've got
f Molly's."
just as many as you like.
nearly fifty, and you can
ou like."
enny, withdrawing her
s a father, is there?"
nn; "once there was a
sn't any more."

e away."
e hate to leave all his

nd for them," said Ann.
r you too?"

like you either?"
white.
so. Perhaps you will
a while."
Jenny. "I can tell in a

ettled. Ann got to her
still, looking down at
lders where those long
ld her so tightly. Then
on the front of Ann's
nted them out with her

matter," said Ann.
r things, honey, and

oney" fifty times a day
ut it sounded like a
, falling from Ann's
ne the three of us, one
amed Nigger and in-
lf—and a weird bundle
belongings got into the
d been venturing with

forget the faces of the
Jenny—as disregard-
Queen of Sheba of her
t into that shining car.
voice could not con-

shrilled. "You ain't

," yelled Jenny with
and tucked herself

down on the seat in front of us with a
grin.

II

THIS chapter is devoted to the pa
from this story—of me. I may fi
necessary to return later, but you wi
member that I warned you in the
paragraph about the viewpoint and
technical details.

With my passing there passes also
year.

III

MR. BANGOR ELLINGTON ST
ENSON was waiting on a sech
road until a limousine should leave the
gateway of Mrs. Ann Carleton Stevens
beautiful grounds and glide down the
bon roadway toward the country
where Mrs. Ann Carleton Stevenson
that day giving a charmingly appoi
luncheon to twenty of society's yo
matrons. He had discovered this from
morning paper at his hotel.

While he waited he was pretending t
enjoying the view. But he knew the dr
doubted him; the man's furtive glar
at the sleek white bull terrier which
Stevenson's constant companion sugge
that he was thinking of past experie
in the bootlegging line. Perhaps this
another passenger with ulterior motiv
For Stevenson did not look like a man
paid taxi fare by the hour to sit still
enjoy views. He looked more like a m
who enjoyed prize fights, chorus girls
expensive food. In fact, these were some
the things Stevenson had been experime
ing with rather extensively for the l
year—but to no avail. There was no
trying to forget Ann—the pain of lov
her had gone too deep.

There are people who say, boasting
that this thing of letting love get the b
of you is ridiculous—mere poet's twadd
they read about love and talk about lo
and lay down laws about it. But they ta
only to make clothes for their nakedne
and they read only for patterns to fashi
their garments. There are other peop
whom love has arrayed in her possessi
mantle, but they are a silent folk. Th
have a knowledge past conjecturing, a
nimble words would fail to do it hono
Because of their silence many of the less
loving think them cold or indifferent.

Bangor Stevenson was one of these. H
was homely, ungainly, and absurdly sens
tive. Helpless with love, he had mad
a mess of happiness. He had though
that, loving, he could buy love. He ha
hoped that gentleness would breed grati
tude; instead it had made him a beggar. Bu
with all his bitterness, his love endured
He had no illusions about Ann; no blin
love could have lived under her selfishness
her intolerance and her exquisitely refined
passion for cruelty. His love was all seeing
and all accepting.

To-day he had come for a glimpse of the
small world he had built about this woman
whom he loved, because he was again leav-
ing the country. Ann herself he did not
want to see. When she had left for her
luncheon party he would walk quickly
through the gardens and hurry away.

Finally, when her limousine flashed
down the roadway, he gave the bull terrier
into the keeping of the curious chauffeur
and walked down the hillside. Standing in
the wide gateway he looked with emotion-
less eyes upon the beauty he had made to
grow on what had been a bleak brown
hillside of Point Loma.

The proud Spanish house looked from
its deep-set eyes upon a vista well worthy
of its regal gaze; there are no bluer waters
in all the world than those of San Diego
Bay, which lie like beds of lapis lazuli, sky
patterned, around twin islands. Above the
bay rise the climbing hills where the sun-
loved city lingeringly leaves the sea and
stretches like a yawning giantess back to
the sage-scented mesa, beyond which blue
mountains carry their color to the sky.

West of the house, behind the hills, one
could hear always, listening, the great
triumphant sea song of the Pacific. Stand-
ing there Bangor Stevenson waited for its
steady rhythm to touch his ears.

"Oh, damn it all!" he muttered, and
quickly fell to whistling a light tune.

Twelve years before he had stood in
almost that same place and had looked
upon a bleak ten acres spotted here and
there with dusty greasewood bushes. And
one lone young eucalyptus tree grew on a
small knoll. Because of that tree he had
bought the place. It had risen from the
hillside—slender, white trunked, solitary,
its long whispering leaves turned edgewise

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gun. It seemed the very spirit of
And it had reminded him of Ann,
id, graceful girl he had bought to be
e. Now the tree was a queenly thing,
y in its maturity, its naked limbs
the long leaves above the whispering
s into the high singing winds. Dis-
l now, and self-sufficient, it was more
ver beautiful. And the big ungainly
rith his large loose lips and brow-
eyes and absurd speck of a nose felt
oat choke as he looked at it.
e, long ago when the house was in its
ng, some little careless tenderness of
had won him out of his self-conscious
nd he had blurted out to her his feel-
out the tree. He had walked over to
touched it.
eally, Bang," she had said amusedly,
don't fit into the picture. You ought
se by a husky old live-oak lady."
had never again gone near the tree
she could see him; and often, walking
e her, he would remember and be
ly and painfully conscious of his un-
ness and of her lack of love for him.
many times in the darkness, or unseen,
d put his arms about the tree, and the
of it and the whispering of its leaves
given him strange comfort. He wanted
to go over and touch it, but he was not
.
tween him and the tree a red-headed
girl in a brown linen frock was playing
a putter, a golf ball, and Butterscotch—
Yorkshire terrier. He had wondered
Ann had kept Butterscotch when she
his other dogs to New York.
e sauntered across the lawn, swinging
oft gray hat in one hand and his cane
he other, but neither the long-legged
e girl nor Butterscotch paid him any
l as he approached. The golf ball, how-
, sped forward and gave him a right
m greeting on his gouty foot.
Why didn't you dodge it?" yelled the
-headed child, advancing leisurely, But-
cotch scampering beside her.
tevenson stood, storklike, and invoked
gods of profanity, his unprintable re-
rks gradually silencing themselves be-
the deepening wonder on her face.
"Why—why, you're him!" she finally
ped, her crossed eyes seeming about to
nb over the bridge of her nose under
ir thick-lensed glasses. After the brief-
pause she gave a sudden leap forward
d, dropping the putter, possessed herself
htly of his hand so that his hat fell to the
ound, where Butterscotch fell to investi-
ting it with reminiscent sniffs and grunts.
"You have changed it! You have
anged it! You have!" yelled the red-
aded child as explosively as a repeating
p gun. "Haven't you changed it?" she
manded, ceasing her gyrations and pois-
g before him like an animate question
ark.
"So you have just informed me," he re-
lied heavily. If an ichthyosaur had at-
ched itself to him and conversed similarly
e could have been no more at a loss.
"An' mother thought you couldn't do
:!" she reflected with a gasp of escaping
eath.
"Couldn't do what?"
"Why, change it. She said you couldn't.
She said that somethin'—God, I guess—
ept you from it."
"Kept me from what?" Stevenson's
ne-track mind was finding this a tangled
trail. Who the devil was this imp?
"Kept you from changing it," the imp
reiterated.
"From changing what?"
"Why, my goodness—your mind!" It
was quite evident that his perspicacity was
descending in her estimation, but she added
cheerily, "Oh, but won't she be tickled,
though!"
"Who? Who are you talking about?"
Apprehension was beginning to prick
through his stupidity. The odd, leggy crea-
ture was still possessed of his hand and she
began gyrating again, her jubilant words
dropping more slowly as if trying to pierce
his bewilderment.
"Why, mother. I'm Janet True Steven-
son. I'm new since you went away. You'll
be my father now. And I'm glad. I think
it's nicer to have a father."
Stevenson stared at her, his small brown
eyes eating their way out from their over-
hanging brows. "Good Lord! Are you what
she adopted?"
"Yep," said Janet, too absorbed in her
intent scrutiny to carry on with her con-
stant enemy—grammar. After an instant
she added, "An' she loves me too; even if
I ain't pretty."

This remark was taking the thunder from his very thoughts.

"Oh—you, you don't say," he muttered, recovering his hand by insistent effort, and bending over the dog, who was now attacking his legs with violent affection. He petted him and mumbled things at him, keenly and uncomfortably conscious of the child's steady, measuring gaze.

"He's my dog now," she said as he straightened. She had picked up the putter again since he seemed so unfriendly about having her hold his hand. "Mother kept him for me because he's homely and you're homely and I'm homely."

In spite of himself a smile broke up the fierceness of his features at this solemn information. He had been deeply and primitively angered, as men always are when bewildered.

"We're a well-matched triumvirate, for a fact. So she makes fun of your looks, too, does she?"

What a beastly thing for Ann to do—to take a child like this as a vent for her miserable passion to inflict pain. But Janet True seemed amazingly untouched by it.

"Nope," she answered him; "that's why she likes me—'cause I'm ugly. I'm better'n I used to be. She's making up to me for how she treated you. You see I'm making her prettier inside and she's making me prettier outside. You'll be awful glad you've come back. You see if you ain't."

For a fleeting instant it occurred to Stevenson that this was some ruse of Ann's, some little clever, confidence-gaining trick so characteristic of her, that always left its scar, once it had worked itself out. But the child's trembling excitement dispelled the suspicion quickly. He cleared his throat, but his words were thick.

"But I haven't come back—to stay," he said.

"Then what did you come for?" she challenged with Irish alacrity.

"Perhaps I came to get Butterscotch."

"Ah, you never."

"We-ell, perhaps I came to see how the trees were getting along."

"That tree?"

She jerked about and pointed at the eucalyptus tree with the putter. Stevenson felt as physically startled as if she had hit him with the club. He felt himself go painfully red under the questioning scrutiny of Janet's crossed eyes. He did not answer, but she accepted his expression for an affirmative.

"Mother said you liked that tree. She does too. Sometimes she comes out and puts her cheek right up against it—like this." She demonstrated grotesquely with the putter.

"Wha-at?" he said.

"Yep," she insisted cheerily; adding an astute "sometimes she cries too."

Stevenson threw back his shoulders and took himself firmly in hand. Smiling with massive unconcern he spoke, not to the child she was but to the knowledge she seemed so weirdly to possess.

"My dear young lady, if you survive for fifteen years, as I did, you will learn that your—your—ah—mother's tears are because things are denied her, not for the things themselves. If she wishes me to come back, as you say, it's merely because she knows I never will."

This was a little difficult to follow. Janet True reached up with both hands and adjusted her glasses more securely. What she understood of the argument left her entirely unimpressed.

"I bet you do!" she wagered blithely. "I bet you can't help it. Once I ran away, but I only got a little ways. I thought I jest hated her—but I didn't. An' you don't hate her, do you?"

"Has she ever told you I hated her?"

"Nope. She thinks you like her—all right. But she thinks you can't change your mind. I don't see why. I change mine lots of times. I heard her tell Mis' Williams, that time when your picture was in the paper with the chorus girl's, that you didn't care any more about that chorus lady than she cared about the iceman." Her words were tripping over one another in her eagerness. "An'—an' she told Mis' Williams that it was all her fault, an' she said you were the love-li-est man that ever lived; an'—an' lots of other nice things. You—you jest stay to dinner and see how good she is."

Bangor Stevenson took himself yet more firmly in hand. His unfriendly features assumed the finality of a locked door. He coughed, and looked at his watch, and finally found a businesslike voice.

"Thank you. I've no doubt it would be interesting—very interesting. But I'm

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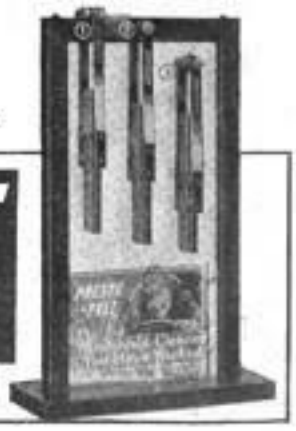
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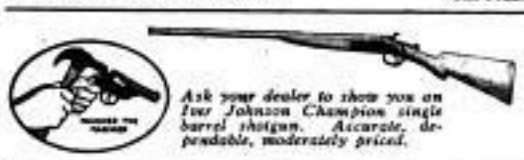
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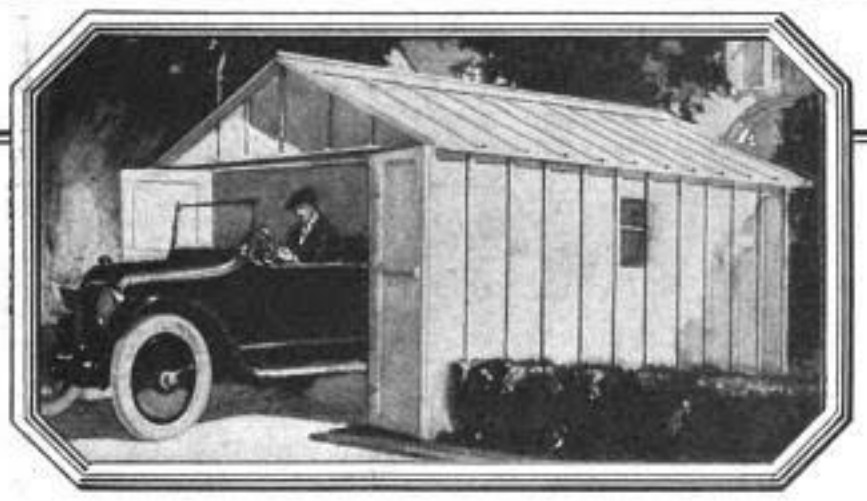
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sailing for Japan to-morrow, and I must be getting along. From what you tell me I think you must be a very efficient interior decorator—very." He turned, hesitated, and turned back to her. "It would be interesting—that is, do you mind telling me if your—mother"—the word was difficult, seeing the child and thinking of Ann—"that is, is she ever affectionate? I mean—does she ever kiss you?"

He was increasingly embarrassed over her lack of embarrassment at such a simple question.

"She would if I liked it. I don't like kissing much; only when you say good night, or something special, like I'm hurt, or she goes to a party like she has to-day. But she'll kiss you lots if you come back. I know she will. Sometimes she kisses your picture, and I don't think you're as homely as it is. Honest, I don't."

"Wh-what picture?" stuttered Stevenson, swept into a simplicity as transparent as the child's. He had avoided pictures as painstakingly as the plague.

"It was jest a little one. Butterscotch is in it too. You're grinning and all squinty in the sun. An' she had it made great big, an' it's got a nice frame on it an' she keeps it right on her dressing table. The frame's silver. D'you want me to get it?"

"No!" said Stevenson.

"We-ell, you look like you don't believe me."

The opportunity was not given Stevenson to decide whether he did or did not believe her, for a strange pulse-stilling whine of terror made them both sharply aware of advancing disaster. Butterscotch had departed. They both stared after him as he made his frantic way in a wabbling black blotch toward the kennels, his absurd legs carrying him all too cumbersomely toward safety. For across the lawn flashed a white streak of lightning with thorn-pointed ears. Stevenson's white bull terrier had become bored with inactivity and escaped from the chauffeur.

Words are much too clumsy things to keep pace with what happened. Janet True immediately contributed a shriek of such shrillness that it seemed visible—like a jagged line of light, and from that moment the world became a trilogy of color to the paralyzed Stevenson—black ahead, white rapidly overtaking it, and red—a shrieking redness—amazingly pursuing both. Never had he witnessed such speed in human legs. Janet True was not running; she was traveling—as does sound. And the golf club traveled with her menacingly.

Stevenson was not aware for some time that he also was in motion. But male sounds, probably from his own throat, though mechanical, were adding themselves to Janet True's screams.

Then—white and black mingled—a horrible confusion! With miraculous rapidity red entered the chaos, unfearing; hadn't she personally conducted many a dog fight—triumphant? She made an indelible memory on Stevenson's consciousness as she chose her moment, her red head thrust forward, her body like a taut brown wire. The putter ascended far above the swirling mass of black and white, poised, chose a fatal spot of attack on that proud white head, hung aloft—fell! And the dogs became again separate entities—the one returning to and the other departing from the things of this life.

When Stevenson found himself transplanted to the scene of action the English bull lay on its back, its legs jerking. And Janet True was huddled, moaning, over Butterscotch. Servants were materializing out of the quiet house.

For more than a year the only love that had touched Stevenson was the loyal love of that fierce white dog. It had come into his valiant loneliness with a power beyond describing. And now this red-headed child had killed him.

He stretched out his long arm and his fingers closed on tough brown linen. It was good to feel her wiry weight as he lifted her into the air. She looked like a dangling June bug. And she made no sound. He shook her gently at first, then less gently. Her spectacles sped through the air, followed by treasures from her pockets.

"You little devil, you little devil!" his voice made music for her motion.

The servants had suddenly stopped. They stood like pillars of salt, staring. Their gaze cooled his blood. It rested on something behind him.

"Mother!" wailed the weight on the end of his rigid arm. He loosed it, and Janet True dropped limply to her wavered, gurgled and stood still.

There, at the end of his arm, when murderess had been, her face white an eyes harder than gray granite, stood A his wife. She was dressed for her hun party in a simple perfect gray gown deepened the color of her eyes and bro her vivid auburn hair into wonderful trast.

She had lost her hat. It lay behind on the green lawn. She stood there l ing at him, and the shame of his exist broke out on him like a rash.

"Oh, mother!" he heard Janet Tru in a frightened little choke.

Ann turned, making a queer thr sound of tenderness. Stevenson stare her, fascinated out of his misery as he love come into her eyes—deep, yearn maternal love.

It came with the ease of a miracle, w the softness of evening clouds, with light of the highest stars. And the r headed child put her shaking, spindl little arms about her waist and burro her face in the soft gray dress, while A kissed the top of her head, holding her cl and murmuring to her.

Stevenson's face went slowly to an u pleasant yellow color. He could not ta his eyes from Ann's two long white hand outlined possessively on the child's brow linen back. How could this woman Ann, the woman who had been *his* wif He lost all thought of himself in his pri itive wonder of it all.

But all too quickly the woman he h known returned. She put the child fro her gently. She straightened and fac him. And with a sick wave of heat I knew himself for the hideous, beastly thi she had always made him feel. But sh said very little.

"Take your dog, you contemptible cow ard—and go," she said.

Stevenson winced visibly. Not that he words mattered. He didn't really hea them. It was the inexpressible way i which she could summon all your weak nesses, your faults, your shames and sicken you with them. She did it by the very look of her.

He stood there stupidly. She made a faint gesture toward the dog.

"M-mother!" said Janet True in a shrill little voice. It was a cry of alarm. It brought a strange swift flame of color to the woman's face. "Why, mother," the child burst out again and hurried swiftly on, "don't! Don't look that way! You're being awful—jest awful! He'll go 'way again. I've jest told him you wouldn't ever be mean any more, and that—that you kiss his picture an' want him to come back. An' now—now—you're being mean. You are, mother, you are. I don't care if he shook me. He—was jest mad 'cause I had to hit his dog. It was kinda fun—bein' shook—honest it was. Oh, mother, don't act mean to him! Act true to him like you want to!"

The man and woman stared at each other helplessly while the blood drained away from Ann's face, but before her lids fell Stevenson saw again that light that is as steadfast and unfailing as the high stars. It was the first time he had ever seen love come into her eyes for him. When silence came after Janet True's frenzied outburst a little surrendering smile touched her lips. She held her arms out to him.

"Oh, Bang! Isn't she—wonderful? I'll try so hard to be good. D-d-don't go away any ——"

Then, conquered by her emotions, she sank for the first time in her undisciplined life into a swoon at his feet, where she was entwined instantly by Janet True's mad little arms.

Stevenson did not attempt to loosen the child's fierce embrace. He picked the two of them up together and carried them into the house, explaining to the terrified Janet that her mother had only fainted.

Andrews, who had rapidly reassembled himself from one of the pillars of salt, was holding the door open for them, his eyes awed and gratified at a miracle which was taking place on the lawn. Surely it was quite comprehensible that the Lord could not allow such a dog to be taken off in such an unseemly fashion.

But it is a tale of lifelong telling with Andrews, in whom a proper respect for English terriers was as deeply bred as his reverence for old England, how Stevenson with his arms full of women was beguiled away from a fitting regard for good dog flesh.

(Continued on Page 136)

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"Time," said Aristotle to his pupil Alexander, "dissolves all things." In this third chapter of Elgin's new art-cycle, "Krónos" shows how Alexander applied this philosophy to the strategic dissolution of the mighty city of Tyre.

*...er, Alexander's amaz-...siege of the city of Tyre, ...B. C. * * * Below, at ...st, an Elgin of today: ...terial, construction, ad-...ustments and service fully ...ured by Elgin Guaranies.*



The Value of Time

By Krónos

Paintings by
HAROLD DeLAY

ALEXANDER the Great, setting out at twenty to conquer the world, found the city of Tyre blocking his path to glory.

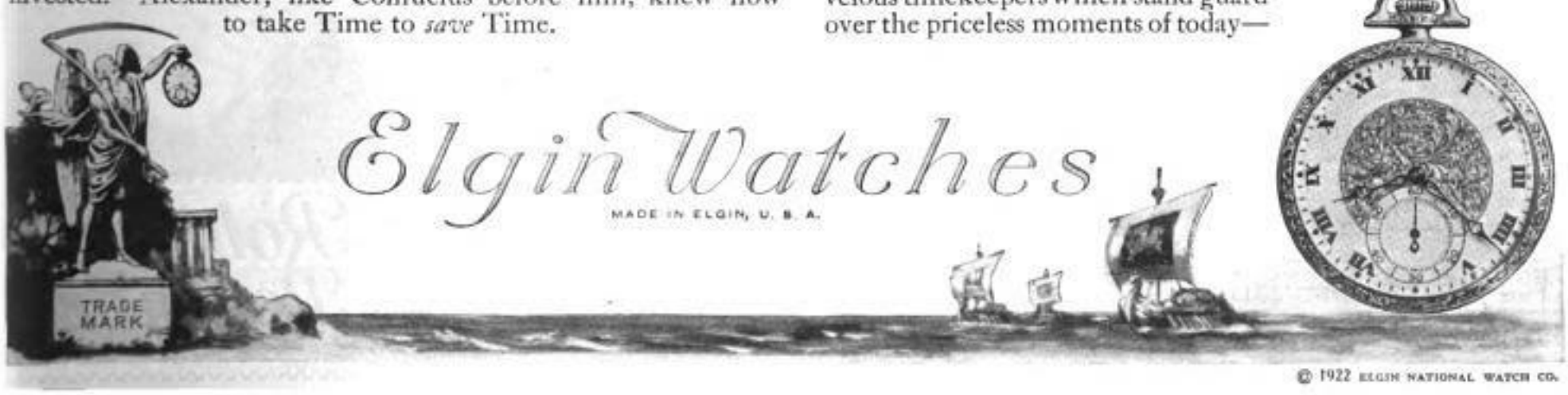
In Tyre he saw the key to the vast Persian empire. Its massive walls had withstood the battering of centuries. Solidly intrenched on an island half a mile from the shore, it was heavily guarded by the Phoenician fleets—while Alexander had only land forces.

Calling together his engineers, the youth settled down to such a siege as never was on land or sea. Under an incessant bombardment from the island, he calmly proceeded to build a great pier straight across the ocean's floor—a pier that stands to this day.

Tradition says that when his generals murmured at the delay, Alexander answered, "I *must* wait—for *I am in a hurry!*" Seven months of incredible toil bridged the gulf and made him master of the seas. Hammering his way into Tyre, he opened an easy gateway to the empires of the East. His campaign of the next few years proved that his seven months had been well invested. Alexander, like Confucius before him, knew how to take Time to *save* Time.

The boy of twenty taught the world a lesson that will be remembered to the end of Time. Before his birth, Antiphon declared that the sacrifice of Time was the most costly of all sacrifices—after his death, Theophrastus called Time "*the most valuable thing a man can spend.*"

Step by step, the world draws nearer to a practical recognition of *the Value of Time*—and of the inestimable service rendered to mankind by those marvelous timekeepers which stand guard over the priceless moments of today—



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Are you a sensitive person?

NATURALLY, you are. Every person of culture and refinement possesses those finer sensibilities that mark the gentleman and gentlewoman.

And particularly are such people sensitive about the little personal things that so quickly identify you as a desirable associate—socially or in business.

Attention to the condition of your breath ought to be as systematic a part of your daily toilet routine as the washing of your face and hands. Yet how many, many men and women neglect this most important item.

The reason is a perfectly natural one. Halitosis (or unpleasant breath), as the scientific term has it, is an insidious affliction that you may have and still be entirely ignorant of.

Your mirror can't tell you. Usually you can't tell it yourself. And the subject is too delicate for your friends—maybe even your wife or husband—to care to mention to you. So you may unconsciously offend your friends and those you come in intimate contact with day by day.

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is usually temporary, due to some local condition. Again it may be chronic, due to some organic disorder which a doctor or dentist should diagnose and correct.

When halitosis is temporary it may easily be overcome by the use of Listerine, the well-known liquid antiseptic, used regularly as a gargle and mouth-wash.

Listerine possesses unusually effective properties as an antiseptic. It quickly halts food fermentation in the mouth and dispels the unpleasant halitosis incident to such a condition.

Provide yourself with a bottle today, and relieve yourself of that uncomfortable uncertainty as to whether your breath is sweet, fresh and clean—Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, Missouri.



For HALITOSIS use LISTERINE

(Continued from Page 134)

For as they passed through the door, Janet True announced in a muffled voice from Stevenson's shoulder:

"Say! Your dog's comin' to life! I guess God's resurrectin' him for you."

And Stevenson replied lightly, near to flippantly:

"Well, a dog or two, my dear, is nothing—nothing at all, to what He's resurrected for me to-day. He must just be throwing the dog in for good measure."

IV

IT WAS some months after this that Janet True's eyes were operated upon. The day after the operation Ann sent for me to come to see her.

The maid took me directly upstairs, where Mr. Bangor Ellington Stevenson himself softly opened the door for me and in an emotional whisper warned me not to make a sound.

"She's asleep. First time since the operation. Isn't she the game little brat now? Never cried once."

We tiptoed through to another room, where Ann, white and tired, sat rocking beside a low bed on which lay a straight, still little figure with bandaged eyes. Ann was singing—a wordless wandering melody that only mothers know, and its sweetness swept the last vestige of worldliness out of her husband's face. While she was still singing, not knowing us there behind her, he felt impelled to share the wonder of it all with me, though I scarcely knew the man at the time.

"Ever see Ann look so fine?" he hissed at me. "Know why? Janet True's going to have a little brother—ah, our own, you know. Yep; surest thing. Darned little Bolshevik wants one, so that's what she's going to have."

And, as it turned out, that is just what she had.

V

THIS chapter is for those who have wondered why Ann came back just at the moment when the story needed her. It was because she forgot the favors for her luncheon party.

THE COVERED WAGON

(Continued from Page 23)

along a hillside or a marshy level; but it was for the most part a deep-cut, unmistakable road from which it had been impossible to wander.

Stretching out, closing up, almost inch by inch, like some giant measuring worm in its slow progress, the train held on through a vast and stately landscape.

Game became more abundant; wild turkeys still appeared in the timbered creek bottoms. Many elk were seen, more deer and very many antelope, packed in northward by the fires.

A number of panthers and giant gray wolves beyond counting kept the hunters always excited.

The wide timberlands, the broken low hills of the green prairie at length began to give place to a steadily rising inclined plane. The soil became less black and heavy, with more sandy ridges. The oak and hickory, stout trees of their forefathers, passed, and the cottonwoods appeared. After they had crossed the ford of the Big Blue—a hundred yards of racing water—the soil was sandier; the grass changed yet again.

They had rolled under wheel by now more than one hundred different varieties of wild grasses.

The vegetation began to show the growing altitude. The cactus was seen now and then. They were passing from the Prairies to the Plains.

Shouts and cheers arose as the word passed back that the sand hills known as the Coasts of the Platte were in sight. Some mothers told their children they were now almost to Oregon.

Two thousand Americans, some of them illiterate and ignorant, all of them strong, taking with them law, order, society, the church, the school, anew were staging the great drama of human life, act and scene and episode, as though upon some great moving platform drawn by invisible cables beyond the vast proscenium of the hills.

XVII

AS THE long columns of the great wagon train broke through the screening sand hills there was disclosed a vast and splendid panorama. The valley of the Platte lay miles wide, green in the full covering of spring. A crooked and broken thread of timber growth appeared, marking the moister soil and outlining the general course of the shallow stream, whose giant cottonwoods were dwarfed now by the distances. In between, and for miles up and down the flat expanse, there rose the blue smokes of countless camp fires, each showing the location of some white-topped ship of the Plains.

Over all shone a pleasant sun. Now and again the dark shadow of a moving cloud passed over the flat valley, softening its high lights for the time.

"Look!" exclaimed Wingate, pulling up his horse. "Look, Caleb, the Northern train is in and waiting for us! A hundred wagons! They've camped over the whole bend."

The sight of this vast reënforcement brought heart to every man, woman and child in all the advancing train. Now, indeed, Oregon was sure. There would be, all told, four hundred—five hundred—above six hundred wagons. Nothing could withstand them. They were the same as arrived!

As the great trains blended before the final emparkment men and women who had never met before shook hands, talked excitedly, embraced, even wept, such was their joy in meeting their own kind.

Even so, the Missouri column held back, an hour or two later on the trail. Banion, silent and morose, still rode ahead, but all the flavor of his adventure out to Oregon had left him—indeed, the very savor of life itself. He looked at his arms, empty; touched his lips, where once her kiss had been, so infinitely and ineradicably sweet. Why should he go on to Oregon now?

As they came down through the gap in the coasts, looking out over the Grand Island and the great encampment, Jackson pulled up his horse.

"Look! Someone coming out!"

Banion sat his horse awaiting the arrival of the rider, who soon cut down the intervening distance until he could well be noted. A tall, spare man he was, middle-aged, of long, lank hair and gray stubbled beard, and eyes overhung by bushy brows. He rode an Indian pad saddle, without stirrups, and was clad in the old costume of the hunter of the Far West—fringed shirt and leggings of buckskin. Moccasins made his foot-covering, though he wore a low, wide hat.

He jerked up his horse close at hand and sat looking at the newcomers, with no salutation beyond a short "How!"

Banion met him.

"We're the Westport train. Do you come from the Bluffs? Are you for Oregon?"

"Yes. I seen ye comin'. Thought I'd projeck some. Who's that back of ye?" He extended an imperative skinny finger toward Jackson. "If it hain't Bill Jackson hit's his ghost!"

"The same to you, Jim. How!"

The two shook hands without dismounting. Jackson turned grinning to Banion.

"Major," said he, "this is Jim Bridger, the oldest scout in the Rockies, and that knows more West than ary man this side the Missoury. I never thought to see him agin, sartain not this far east."

"Ner me," retorted the other, shaking hands with one man after another.

"Jim Bridger? That's a name we know," said Banion. "I've heard of you back in Kentucky."

"Whar I come from, gentlemen—whar I come from more'n forty year ago, near's I can figger. Leastways I was borned in Virginny and must of crossed Kentucky sometime. I kain't tell right how old I am, but I reck'lect perfect when they turned the water into the Missoury River." He looked at them solemnly.

"I come back East to the new place, Kansas City. It didn't cut no mustard, an' I drifted to the Bluffs. This train was pullin' west, and I hired on for guide. I've got a few wagons of my own—iron, flour and bacon for my post beyant the Rockies—ef we don't all git our ha'r lifted afore then!

"We're in between the Sioux and the Pawnees now," he went on. "They're huntin' the bufflers not ten mile ahead. But when I tell these pilgrims they laugh at me. The hull Sioux nation is on the



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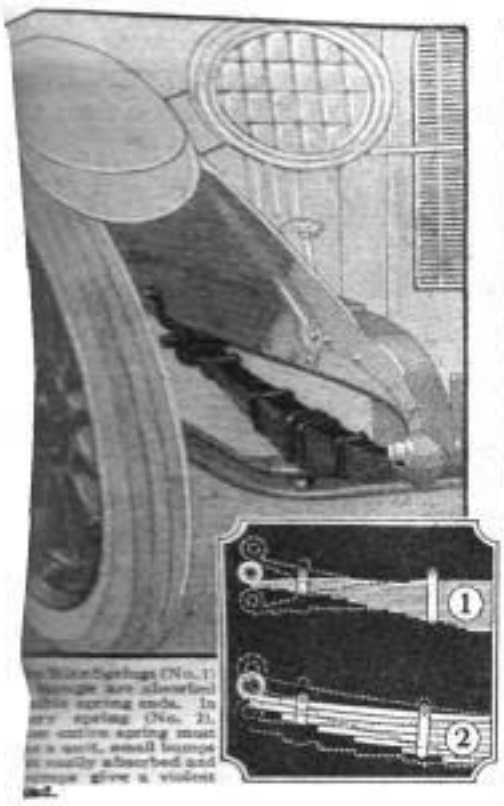
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spring hunt right now. I'll not have it said Jim Bridger led a wagon train into a massacree. If ye'll let me, I'm for leavin' 'em and trainin' with you-all, especial since you got anyhow one good man along. I've knowed Bill Jackson many a year at the rendyvous afore the fur trade petered. Damn the pilgrims! The hull world's broke loose this spring. There's five thousand Mormons on ahead, praisin' God every jump an' eatin' the grass below the roots. Women and children—so many of 'em, so many! I kain't talk about hit! Women don't belong out here! And now here you come, bringin' a thousand more!

"There's a woman an' a baby layin' dead in our camp now," he concluded. "Died last night. The pilgrims are tryin' to make coffins fer 'em out'n cottonwood logs."

"Lucky for all!" Jackson interrupted the garrulity of the other. "We buried men in blankets on the Vermilion a few days back. The Pawnees got a small camp o' our own folks."

"Yes, I know all about that."

"What's that?" cut in Banion. "How do you know?"

"Well, we've got the survivors—three o' them, countin' Woodhull, their captain."

"How did they get here?"

"They came in with a small outfit o' Mormons that was north o' the Vermilion. They'd come out on the St. Jo road. They told me ——"

"Is Woodhull here—can you find him?"

"Shore! Ye want to see him?"

"Yes."

"He told me all about hit ——"

"We know all about it, perhaps better than you—after he's told you all about it."

Bridger looked at him, curious.

"Well, anyhow, it's over," said he. "One of the men had a Pawnee arrer in his leg. Reckon hit hurt. I know, fer I carried a Blackfoot arrerhead under my shoulder blade fer sever'l years.

"But come on down and help me make these pilgrims set guards. Do-ee mind, now, the hull Sioux nation's just in ahead o' us, other side the river. Yet these people didn't want to ford to the south side the Platte; they wanted to stick north of the river. Ef we had, we'd have our h'ar dryin' by now. I tell ye, the tribes is out to stop the wagon trains this spring. They say, too, many women and children are comin', an' that shows we want to take their land away fer keeps.

"From now on to Oregon—look out! The Cayuses cleaned out the Whitman mission last spring in Oregon. Even the Shoshones is dancin'. The Crows is out, the Cheyennes is marchin', the Bannocks is east o' the pass, an' ye kain't tell when ter expeck the Blackfoots an' Grow Vaws. Never was gladder to see a man than I am to see Bill Jackson."

"Stretch out!"

Banion gave the order. The Missouri wagons came on, filed through the gap in order and with military exactness wheeled into a perfect park at one side the main caravan.

As the outer columns swung in, the inner spread out till the lapped wagons made a great oblong, Bridger watching them. Quickly the animals were outspanned, the picket ropes put down and the loose horses driven off to feed, while the cattle were close herded. He nodded his approval.

"Who's yer train boss, Bill?" he demanded. "That's good work."

"Major Banion, of Doniphan's column in the war."

"Will he fight?"

"Try him!"

News travels fast along a wagon train. Word passed now that there was a big Sioux village not far ahead, on the other side of the river, and that the caravan should be ready for a night attack. Men and women from the earlier train came into the Westport camp and the leaders formulated plans. More than four hundred families ate in sight of one another's fires that evening.

Again on the still air of the Plains that night rose the bugle summons, by now become familiar. In groups the wagon folk began to assemble at the council fire. They got instructions which left them serious. The camp fell into semisilence. Each family returned to its own wagon. Out in the dark, flung around in a wide circle, a double watch stood guard. Wingate and his aids, Banion, Jackson, Bridger, the pick of the hardier men, went out for all the night. It was to Banion, Bridger and Jackson that most attention now was paid. Banion could not yet locate Woodhull in the train.

The scouts crept out ahead of the last picket line, for though an attack in mass probably would not come before dawn, if the Sioux really should cross the river, the horse stealing or an attempted stampede might be expected before midnight or soon after.

The night wore on. The fires of willow twigs and *bois des vaches* fell into pale coals, into ashes. The chill of the Plains came, so that the sleepers in the great wagon corral drew their blankets closer about them as they lay.

It was approaching midnight when the silence was ripped apart by the keen crack of a rifle—another and yet another.

Then, in a ripple of red detonation, the rifle fire ran along the upper front of the entire encampment.

"Turn out! Turn out, men!" called the high, clear voice of Banion, riding back. "Barricade! Fill in the wheels!"

XVIII

THE night attack on the great emigrant encampment was a thing which had been preparing for years. The increasing numbers of the white men, the lessening numbers of the buffalo meant inevitable combat with all the tribes sooner or later.

Now the spring hunt of the northern Plains tribes was on. Five hundred lodges of the Sioux stood in one village on the north side of the Platte. The scaffolds were red with meat, everywhere the women were dressing hides and the camp was full of happiness. For a month the great Sioux nation had prospered, according to its lights. Two hundred stolen horses were under the wild herdsmen, and any who liked the meat of the spotted buffalo might kill it close to camp from the scores taken out of the first caravans up the Platte that year—the Mormons and other early trailers whom the Sioux despised because their horses were so few.

But the Sioux, fat with *boudins* and *dépouille* and marrowbones, had waited long for the great Western train which should have appeared on the north side of the Platte, the emigrant road from the Council Bluffs. For some days now they had known the reason, as Jim Bridger had explained—the wagons had forded the river below the Big Island. The white men's medicine was strong.

The Sioux did not know of the great rendezvous at the forks of the Great Medicine Road. Their watchmen, stationed daily at the eminences along the river bluffs of the north shore, brought back scoffing word of the carelessness of the whites. When they got ready they, too, would ford the river and take them in. They had not heeded the warning sent down the trail that no more whites should come into this country of the tribes. It was to be war.

And now the smoke signals said yet more whites were coming in from the south! The head men rode out to meet their watchmen.

News came back that the entire white nation now had come into the valley from the south and joined the first train.

Here, then, was the chance to kill off the entire white nation, their women and their children, so there would be none left to come from toward the rising sun! Yes, this would end the race of the whites without doubt or question, because they all were here. After killing these it would be easy to send word west to the Arapahoes and Gros Ventres and Cheyennes, the Crows, the Blackfeet, the Shoshones, the Utes, to follow west on the Medicine Road and wipe out all who had gone on west that year and the year before. Then the Plains and the mountains would all belong to the red men again.

The chiefs knew that the hour just before dawn is when an enemy's heart is like water, when his eyes are heavy, so they did not order the advance at once. But a band of the young men who always fought together, one of the inner secret societies or clans of the tribe, could not wait so long. First come, first served. Daylight would be time to look over the children and to keep those not desired for killing, and to select and distribute the young women of the white nation. But the night would be best for taking the elk dogs and the spotted buffalo.

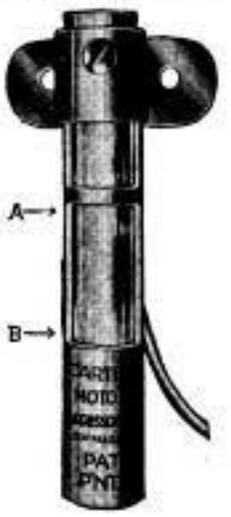
Accordingly a band from this clan swam and forded the wide river, crossed the island, and in the early evening came downstream back of a shielding fringe of cottonwoods. Their scouts saw with amazement the village of tepees that moved on wheels. They heard the bugle, saw the white nation gather at the medicine fire, heard them

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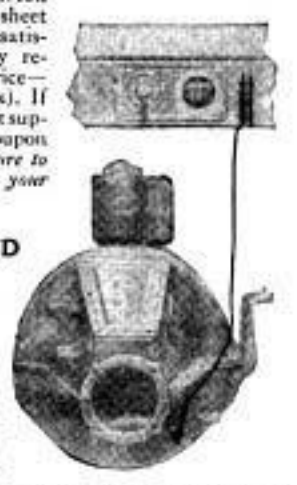


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chant their great medicine song; then saw them disperse; saw the fires fall low.

They laughed. The white nation was strong, but they did not put out guards at night!

For a week the Sioux had watched them, and they knew about that. It would be easy to run off all the herd and to kill a few whites even now, beginning the sport before the big battle of to-morrow, which was to wipe out the white nation altogether.

But when at length, as the handle of the Great Dipper reached the point agreed, the line of the Sioux clansmen crawled away from the fringe of trees and out into the cover of a little slough that made toward the village of tepees on wheels, a quarter of a mile in front of the village men arose out of the ground and shot into them. Five of their warriors fell. Tall men in the dark came out and counted coup on them, took off their war bonnets; took off even more below the bonnets. And there was a warrior who rode this way and that, on a great black horse, and who had a strange war cry not heard before, and who seemed to have no fear. So said the clan leader when he told the story of the repulse.

Taken aback, the attacking party found cover. But the Sioux would charge three times. So they scattered and crawled in again over a half circle. They found the wall of tepees solid; found that the white nation knew more of war than they had thought. They sped arrow after arrow, ball after ball, against the circle of the white tepees, but they did not break, and inside no one moved or cried out in terror; whereas outside, in the grass, men rose up and fired into them and did not run back, but came forward. Some had short rifles in their hands that did not need to be loaded, but kept on shooting. And none of the white nation ran away! And the elk dogs with long ears, and the spotted buffalo, were no longer outside the village in the grass, but inside the village. What men could fight a nation whose warriors were so unfair as all this came to?

The tribesmen drew back to the cottonwoods a half mile.

"My heart is weak," said their clan leader. "I believe they are going to shoot us all. They have killed twenty of us now, and we have not taken a scalp."

"I was close," said a young boy whom they called Bull Gets Up, or the Sitting Bull. "I was close, and I heard the spotted buffalo running about inside the village; I heard the children. To-morrow we can run them away.

"But to-night what man knows the gate into their village? They have got a new chief to-day. They are many as the grass leaves. Their medicine is strong. I believe they are going to kill us all if we stay here." Thus the partisan.

So they did not stay there, but went away. And at dawn Banion and Bridger and Jackson and each of the column captains—others also—came into the corral carrying war bonnets, shields and bows; and some had things which had been once below war bonnets. The young men of this clan always fought on foot or on horse in full regalia of their secret order, day or night. The emigrants had plenty of this savage war gear now.

"We've beat them off," said Bridger, "and maybe they won't ring us now. Get the cookin' done, Cap'n Banion, and let's roll out. But for your wagon park they'd have cleaned us."

The whites had by no means escaped scatheless. A dozen arrows stood sunk into the sides of the wagons inside the park, hundreds had thudded into the outer sides, nearest the enemy. One shaft was driven into the hard wood of a plow beam. Eight oxen staggered, legs wide apart, shafts fast in their bodies; four lay dead; two horses also; as many mules.

This was not all. As the fighting men approached the wagons they saw a group of stern-faced women weeping around something which lay covered by a blanket on the ground. Molly Wingate stooped, drew it back to show them, and even Bridger winced.

An arrow, driven by a buffalo bow, had glanced on the spokes of a wheel, risen in its flight and sped entirely across the inclosure of the corral. It had slipped through the canvas cover of a wagon on the opposite side as so much paper and caught fair a woman who was lying there, a nursing baby in her arms, shielding it, as she thought, with her body. But the missile had cut through one of her arms, pierced the head of the child and sunk into the bosom of the mother deep enough t her also. The two lay now, the shaft t fixing both; and they were buried t and they lie there still, somewhere nea Grand Island, in one of a thousand known and unmarked graves along Great Medicine Road. Under the ash a fire they left this grave, and drov hundred wagons over it, and the In never knew.

The leaders stood beside the dead wo hats in hand. This was part of the of empire—the life of a young woma bride of a year.

The wagons all broke camp and wen in a vast caravan, the Missourians no the front. Noon, and the train did halt. Banion urged the teamsters. Bri and Jackson were watching the many nal smokes.

"I'm afeared o' the next bend," Jackson at length.

The fear was justified. Early in afternoon they saw the outriders turn come back to the train at full run. Beh them, riding out from the concealment a clump of cottonwoods on the near side the scattering river channels, there peared rank after rank of the Sioux, m than two thousand warriors bedecked all the savage finery of their war dre They were after their revenge. They h left their village and, paralleling the wh men's advance, had forded on ahead.

They came out now, five hundred, eig hundred, a thousand, two thousand stron and the ground shook under the thunder the hoofs. They were after their revenge eager to inflict the final blow upon t white nation.

The spot was not ill chosen for the tactics. The alkali plain of the vall swung wide and flat, and the trail cross it midway, far back from the water and s quite to the flanking sand hills. While few dashed at the cattle, waving the blankets, the main body, with workman like precision, strung out and swung wid circling the train and riding in to arro range.

The quick orders of Banion and hi scouts were obeyed as fully as time allowed At a gallop, horse and ox transport als were driven into a hurried park and some at least of the herd animals inclosed. The riflemen flanked the train on the danger side and fired continually at the long string of running horses, whose riders had flung themselves off-side so that only a heel showed above a pony's back, a face under his neck. Even at this range half a dozen ponies stumbled, figures crawled off for cover. The emigrants were stark men with rifles. But the circle went on until, at the running range selected, the crude wagon park was entirely surrounded by a thin racing ring of steel and fire stretched out over two or three miles.

The Sioux had guns also, and though they rested most on the bow, their chance rifle fire was dangerous. As for the arrows, even from this disadvantageous station these peerless bowmen sent them up in a high arch so that they fell inside the inclosure and took their toll. Three men, two women lay wounded at the first ride, and the animals were plunging.

The war chief led his warriors in the circle once more, chanting his own song to the continuous chorus of savage ululations. The entire fighting force of the Sioux village was in the circle.

The ring ran closer. The Sioux were inside seventy-five yards, the dust streaming, the hideously painted faces of the riders showing through, red, saffron, yellow, as one after another warrior twanged a bow under his horse's neck as he ran.

But this was easy range for the steady rifles of men who kneeled and fired with careful aim. Even the six-shooters, then new to the Sioux, could work. Pony after pony fell, until the line showed gaps; whereas now the wagon corral showed no gap at all, while through the wheels, and over the tongue spaces, from every crevice of the gray towering wall came the fire of more and more men. The medicine of the white men was strong.

Three times the ring passed, and that was all. The third circuit was wide and ragged. The riders dared not come close enough to carry off their dead and wounded. Then the attack dwindled, the savages scattering and breaking back to the cover of the stream.

"Now, men, come on!" called out Banion. "Ride them down! Give them a trimming they'll remember! Come on, boys!" (Continued on Page 140)

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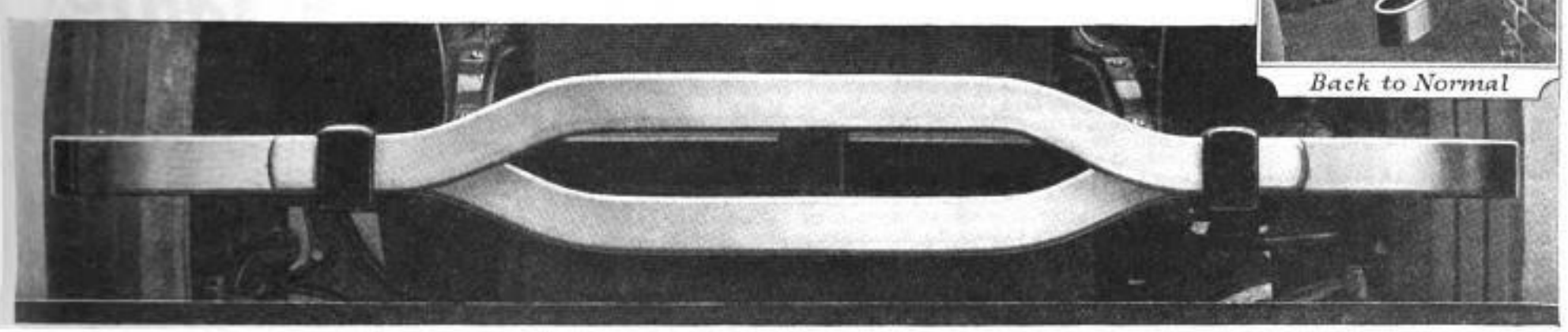
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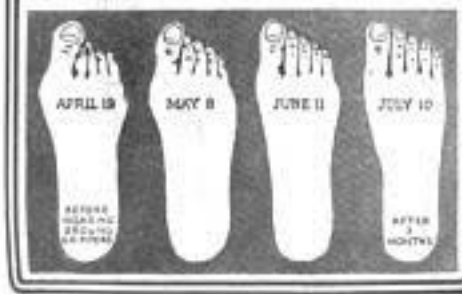
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(Continued from Page 138)

Within a half hour fifty more Sioux were down, dead or very soon to die. Of the living not one remained in sight.

"They wanted it an' they got it!" exclaimed Bridger, when at length he rode back, four war bonnets across his saddle and scalps at his cantle. He raised his voice in a fierce yell of triumph, not much other than savage himself, dismounted and disdainfully cast his trophies across a wagon tongue.

"I've et horse an' mule an' dog," said he, "an' wolf, wil'cat an' skunk, an' perrairy dog an' snake an' most ever'thing else that wears a hide, but I never could eat Sioux. But to-morrer we'll have ribs in camp. I've seed the buffler, an' we own this side the river now."

Molly Wingate sat on a bed roll near by, knitting as calmly as though at home, but filled with wrath.

"Them nasty, dirty critters!" she exclaimed. "I wish't the boys had killed them all. Even in daylight they don't stand up and fight fair like men. I lost a whole churnin' yesterday. Besides, they killed my best cow this mornin', that's what they done. And lookit this thing!"

She held up an Indian arrow, it's strap-iron head bent over at right angles. "They shot this into our plow beam. Looks like they got a spite at our plow."

"Ma'am, they have got a spite at hit," said the old scout, seating himself on the ground near by. "They're scared o' hit. I've seed a bunch o' Sioux out at Laramie with a plow some Mormon left around when he died. They'd walk around and around that thing by the hour, talkin' low to theirselves. They couldn't figger hit out no ways a-tall.

"That season they sent a runner down to the Pawnees to make a peace talk, an' to find out what this yere thing was the whites had brung out. Pawnees sent to the Otoes, an' the Otoes told them. They said it was the white man's big medicine, and that it buried all the buffler under the ground wherever it come, so no buffler ever could git out again. Nacherl, when the runners come back an' told what that thing really was, all the Injuns, every tribe, said if the white man was goin' to bury the buffler the white man had got to stay back.

"Us trappers an' traders got along purty well with the Injuns—they could get things they wanted at the posts or the rendyvous, an' that was all right. They had pelts to sell. But now these movers didn't buy nothin' an' didn't sell nothin'. They just went on through, a-carryin' this thing for buryin' the buffler. From now on the Injuns is goin' to fight the whites. Ye kain't blame 'em, ma'am; they only see their finish.

"Five years ago nigh a thousand whites drops down in Oregon. Next year come fifteen hundred, an' in '45 twicet that many, an' so it has went, doublin' an' doublin'. Six or seven thousand whites go up the Platte this season, an' a right smart sprinklin' o' them'll git through to Oregon. Them 'at does'll carry plows.

"Ma'am, if the brave that sunk a arrer in yore plow beam didn't kill yore plow hit warn't because he didn't want to. Hit's the truth—the plow does bury the buffler, an' fer keeps! You kain't kill a plow, ner neither kin you scare hit away. Hit's the holdin'est thing ther is, ma'am—hit never does let go."

"How long'll we wait here?" the older woman demanded.

"Anyhow fer two-three days, ma'am. Thar's a lot has got to sort out stuff an' throw hit away here. One man has drug a pair o' millstones all the way to here from Ohio. He allowed to git rich startin' a gris'mill out in Oregon. An' then ther's chairs an' tables, an' God knows what——"

"Well, anyhow," broke in Mrs. Wingate truculently, "no difference what you men say, I ain't going to leave my bureau, nor my table, nor my chairs! I'm going to keep my two churns and my feather bed too. We've had butter all the way so far, and I mean to have it all the way—and eggs. I mean to sleep at nights, too, if the pesky muskeeters'll let me. They most have et me up. And I'd give a dollar for a drink of real water now. It's all right to settle this water overnight, but that don't take the sody out of it.

"Besides," she went on, "I got four quarts o' seed wheat in one of them bureau drawers, and six cuttings of my best rose-bush I'm taking out to plant in Oregon. And I got three pairs of Jed's socks in another bureau drawer. It's flat on its back, bottom of the load. I ain't going to dig it out for no man."

"Well, hang on to them socks, ma'am. I've wintered many a time without none—only grass in my moccasins. There's outfits in this train that's low on flour and side meat right now, let alone socks. We got to cure some meat. There's a million buffler just south in the breaks wantin' to move on north, but scared of us an' the Injuns. We'd orto make a good hunt inside o' ten mile to-morrer. We'll git enough meat to take us a week to jerk hit all, or else Jim Bridger's a liar—which no one never has said yet, ma'am.

"Flowers?" he added. "You takin' flowers acrost? Flowers—do they go with the plow, too, as well as weeds? Well, well! Wimminfolks shore air a strange race o' people, hain't that the truth? Buryin' the buffler an' plantin' flowers on his grave!

"But speakin' o' buryin' things," he suddenly resumed, "an' speakin' o' plows, 'minds me o' what's delayin' us all right now. Hit's a fool thing, too—buryin' Injuns!"

"As which, Mr. Bridger? What you mean?" inquired Molly Wingate, looking over her spectacles.

"This new man, Banion, that come in with the Missouri wagons—he taken hit on himself to say, atter the fight was over, we orto stop an' bury all them Injuns! Well, I been on the Plains an' in the Rockies all my life, an' I never yit, before now, seed a Injun buried. Hit's onnatcherl. But this here man he, now, orders a ditch plowed an' them Injuns hauled in an' planted. Hit's wastin' time. That's what's keepin' him an' yore folks an' sever'l others. Yore husband an' yore son is both out yan with him. Hit beats hell, ma'am, these new-fangled ways!"

"So that's where they are? I wanted them to fetch me something to make a fire."

"I kain't do that, ma'am. Mostly my squaws——"

"Your what? Do you mean to tell me you got squaws, you old heathen?"

"Not many, ma'am—only two. Times is hard sence beaver went down. I kain't tell ye how hard this here depressin' has set on us folks out here."

"Two squaws! My laws! Two—what's their names?" This last with feminine curiosity.

"Well now, ma'am, I call one on 'em Blast Yore Hide—she's a Ute. The other is younger an' pertier. She's a Shoshone. I call her Dang Yore Eyes. Both them women is powerful fond o' me, ma'am. They both are right proud o' their names, too, because they are white names, ye see. Now when time comes fer a fire, Blast Yore Hide an' Dang Yore Eyes, they fight hit out between 'em which gits the wood. I don't study none over that, ma'am."

Molly Wingate rose so ruffled that, like an angered hen, she seemed twice her size.

"You old heathen!" she exclaimed. "You old murderin' lazy heathen man! How dare you talk like that to me?"

"As what, ma'am? I hain't said nothin' out'n the way, have I? O' course, ef ye don't want to git the fire stuff, thar's yer darter—she's young an' strong. Yes, an' perty as a picter besides, though like enough triflin', like her maw. Where's she at now?"

"None of your business where."

"I could find her."

"Oh, you could! How?"

"I'd find that young feller Sam Woodhull that come in from below, renegadin' away from his train with that party o' Mormons—him that had his camp jumped by the Pawnees. I got a eye fer a woman, ma'am, but so's he—more'n fer Injuns, I'd say. I seed him with yore darter right constant, but I seemed to miss him in the ride. Whar was he at?"

"I don't know as it's none of your business, anyways."

"No? Well, I was just wonderin', ma'am, because I heerd Cap'n Banion ast that same question o' yore husband, Cap'n Wingate, an' Cap'n Wingate done said jest what ye said yerself—that hit wasn't none o' his business. Which makes things look shore hopeful an' pleasant in this yere train o' pilgrims, this bright and pleasant summer day, huh?"

Grinning amicably, the incorrigible old mountaineer rose and went his way, and left the irate goodwife to gather her apron full of plains fuel for herself.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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UP IN THE AIR

(Continued from Page 7)

operated to afford the greatest good to the greatest number.

Doctor Easton, of the Westinghouse Company, has kept in as close touch with radio as anyone, and he holds that radio possesses possibilities of entertainment and instruction not yet comprehended even by those who are familiar with wireless developments to date. The radiophone receivers of to-morrow will be as different from the sets now used as present-day motor cars are different from the first machines that were built. Radio bulletins will make it possible for practically the whole nation to follow a Harvard-Yale football game so closely that a distant listener will know a Yale back has circled the Crimson's right end and is tearing down the field and has not yet been downed.

One great value of radio is that it will bring its message to the group in the isolated farmhouse as quickly and satisfactorily as to the dweller in the heart of a great city. The members of a family living miles from a railroad and receiving mail but once a day will likely profit most of all from the development of the radio telephone. In the past a farmer's family could find little to interest them on long winter evenings if they had grown tired of their phonograph records and were situated too far from town to reach a moving-picture theater easily. Now they can all cluster around a radio-telephone set, and first on the program they can hear a story for the children, a tale of fairies, cleverly prepared and told to please the little folks and send them to bed in a happy mood. Then comes the news of the day, and in a few minutes the farm folks have been acquainted with the high spots of the day's world affairs. Next comes a concert or a song recital, and then the evening ends with an interesting address by some distinguished leader in business or public life. In the morning the farmer may hear market and crop reports, government agricultural bulletins, weather forecasts and the official time. On Sunday, if the weather is bad and the family are unable to get to church, the complete religious services of some selected church, located a hundred or more miles away, can be heard. It is simply impossible to estimate what the value of the radiophone will be to those of our people who are cut off from the outside world.

It is difficult if not impossible to find anyone who is well versed in electrical matters who does not see an expanding field for radio. Doctor Steinmetz, the electrical wizard at Schenectady, expressed to me his belief in a bright future for radio for broadcasting, and stated that as the art advances it will be possible to use many more wave lengths than we can now use, due to the ability we shall gradually acquire to control with greater accuracy the wave length and to confine it absolutely within specified bounds.

In the Realm of Surmise

The engineers of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company are deeply interested in the use of the radio telephone as part of a commercial system of intercommunication. It is their belief that the practical field for radio telephony lies in connection with those situations where it is impracticable to employ wires, as in the case of communications between moving vehicles, from ship to ship, from ship to shore, from airship to ground, and similar classes of service. All these fields are being explored, and in time they may be developed into useful auxiliaries to the wire service.

The telephone experts also recognize the possibilities of radio in furnishing a one-way broadcasting service which will handle news, music, speeches and the like, from a central station. They say that the number of wave lengths available for this service is limited, but that they are preparing to furnish this broadcasting service to such an extent as may meet the commercial demands of the public.

There is much that is not understood about wireless, even by the most highly trained students of the subject. People who profess to know very much about radio are rare specimens these days, for strange results that have been little expected and less understood have been occurring with disturbing frequency in recent months. Just why and how radio is so greatly affected by atmospheric conditions is not entirely clear. An amateur in New Jersey, using only a modest transmitting outfit, sent a wireless message to a friend less than a hundred miles away, and was clearly heard in Scotland. Many similar happenings have proved that when atmospheric conditions are just right the wireless waves will carry literally to the ends of the earth, while on other days, when conditions in the atmosphere are unfavorable, even the most powerful transmitting set will experience difficulty in sending its message long distances through the ether.

And speaking of ether, here again we come up against a problem that is perplexing. We know less about ether than we know about electricity, and that's not very much. The common theory is that ether is a universal electromagnetic medium, and it is the strain that exists or is made to exist in it that constitutes what we call electricity. At any rate, without ether it is supposed there would be no such thing as electricity, and without ether it is hard to see how there could be any such thing as radio, assuming it is this medium that carries the wireless waves. According to the present conception the ether fills all space and exists even within the densest bodies, whether they are soft and heavy, like lead, or hard and brittle, like the diamond. It is the ether that carries radiant energy of all kinds, including the waves which transmit light. Just as the discovery of radium and its application to life and industry are giving us each day a better understanding of the properties of the atom, so will the use of radio and the study of wireless phenomena give the world a clearer conception of electricity.

Matter and Ether

It is the ether that is the connecting link between what we know as things material or physical and things spiritual. The life impulse of motion in matter is thought to be produced by the impulses of the etheric motion. What we visualize as matter is perhaps atomized etheric units engulfed in unatomized etheric atmospheres in motion. We talk of the earth's atmosphere as being etheric, and of course this is perfectly true. But if we carry the thought a step farther it is plain that what we call the air is but a body of ether, without beginning or end, and in it float atomized units of oxygen, nitrogen, and so on, which float in the ether because of their rotative motion. Some day we shall better understand the relationship between what we call bodies in motion and what we call ether in motion. Nothing on the horizon at the present time holds forth greater hope of adding to human knowledge along this line than do the study and development of radio.

From the very beginning of time man has been devoting himself seriously to the task of analyzing and imitating the wonders of Nature. When the first man uttered the first word a perfect wireless apparatus was put into operation. The Creator placed in each of us a sending and a receiving set. It will be a long time before human skill will be able to build a radio receiver that will be able to select the desired wave lengths with such delicate distinction as does the human ear. At the present time, in practical operation, it is difficult to select one radio message from another unless there is a difference of about thirty meters in the length of the two sets of waves. The big development in the near future of wireless will be the perfecting of receiving sets that will materially narrow the wave bands and enable the radio operator to adjust his apparatus to various sets of wave lengths that do not differ from one another by anything like so much as thirty meters. What the end will be it is not possible to predict, and it is because of this uncertainty that no one can foretell just how many broadcasting stations will be able to operate in any prescribed area.

In sending a message by wireless the radiophone transmitter must vibrate electrically at a certain rate, which is determined by what is called the inductance and capacity of the circuit. The electrical vibrations flash out through the ether in ever-widening circles, at the speed of light, which is 186,000 miles a second, or the equivalent of 300,000,000 meters a second. In order to determine the length of the waves sent out it is only necessary to divide the speed in meters at which the disturbances travel by



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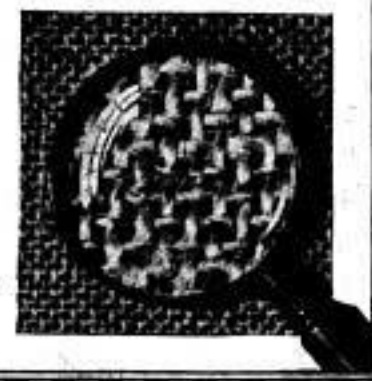
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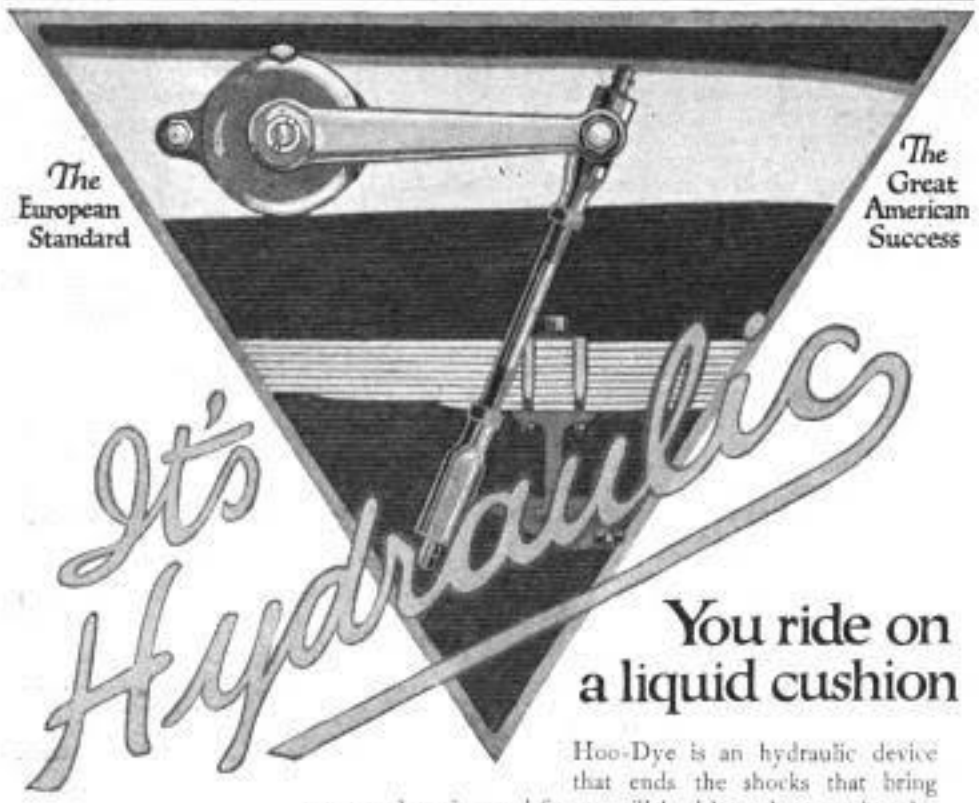
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Hoo-Dye is regular equipment on the majority of the finest foreign cars, and in this country it is standard equipment on Cunninghams, while many thousands have been applied to Packards, Pierce-Arrows, Cadillacs, Studebakers, Mercers, Hudsons, Buicks and other of America's best Cars.

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the frequency of their recurrence. If the transmitting set is vibrating at a frequency of 833,000 a second, then by dividing 300,000,000 by 833,000, we get 360, which figure gives us the length of the waves in meters.

Everyone understands that the ether which surrounds us is literally filled with noises, and the radio beginner likely at first will not understand just why, if this is true, he can adjust his receiver to hear a certain speech or song that is being sent out through the air. The plan used to eliminate radio interferences is easily understood if one will only undertake a simple experiment that is familiar to all musicians. Press down the forte, or loud, pedal of a piano, so that the strings are released, and then whistle some note or sound a note on a violin. The sound waves from your mouth or from the string of the violin will instantly set the corresponding piano string into vibration, which can be immediately determined by both the ear and the fingers. It will be noted that the string which is being excited will vibrate while no other string in the piano will be much affected. If the note you whistle or produce with the violin is made to ascend or descend in pitch it will be found that the piano string vibrates with greatest amplitude only when the note you produce is in agreement with the pitch of the string in the piano. Similarly radio-broadcasting stations adjust their instruments to send off waves of a given length, and the messages that are sent out are caught and heard only by receivers that are tuned to that same wave length. Furthermore, the receivers so adjusted will not be affected by messages of other wave lengths.

On practically all receiving sets is a dial which permits the operator to tune his instrument to whatever wave length he desires, provided it lies within the range of his machine. It is therefore certain that before long the broadcasting stations will adopt certain wave lengths for each particular kind of feature that is transmitted to the ether, and no one else within a certain area will be permitted to use exactly these same waves. One wave length will be used for market news, another for financial notes, a third for news of world affairs, while other waves will carry speeches and music. When this time comes—and it is not far distant—the dial on each receiving set will have engraved on it such titles as Crop Reports, Sporting News, General News, Children's Stories, Church Services, Classical Concerts, and so on. The owner of one of these radiophone receivers will simply set the dial on his apparatus to whatever feature he desires to hear, and at stated intervals during the day or evening the desired message will be caught and heard.

The Mystery of Dead Areas

There is very little doubt but that the members of certain industries who are vitally interested in each day's market quotations or other important facts bearing on their businesses will arrange to use radio service, paying the telephone company or some other broadcasting organization a stipulated sum for such daily service, which will be sent out once or twice a day at a prescribed time. Already certain industries have taken this matter up in earnest, and there is little doubt but that the dream of such service will be a realized fact before long. In this way radio will bring the fellow in the little town as close to the market as the man who sits in an office on Wall Street in New York.

Let no one think, however, that all this kind of development will come smoothly and without a ripple of opposition from established news agencies and other organized bodies with which the radio will mildly compete. For instance, one large news service of international scope recently discovered that news for which it charged small newspapers a nominal fee was being sent out by radio, and several country papers were getting a splendid service for nothing at all. In cases of this kind the parties concerned will be compelled to make arrangements and take such action as will be necessary to safeguard the interests of news companies engaged in a legitimate business.

With 750,000 radio sets actively in use here in the United States, and with several million people directly interested in the comparatively new art, it is certain that great speed will be made in advancing the business to a level of permanent usefulness and stability. Not all the discoveries be made by experts working in great l ratories. A half million young men, m with a fair knowledge of electricity, play a live part in the progress of w less. Already I have heard of two secti of the country that are said to be "des Why, no one seems to know. Bearing this same phenomenon is the experienc a young fellow in Southern California, w in trying to send a message by radio t friend in San Francisco, was heard in city of Washington, several thouss miles away, whereas he couldn't re San Francisco, only a few hundred mi away. Since the ether carries the ra waves, and, as stated, the ether exists the densest granite, it is altogether pr able that the ground is a conductor wireless waves, very much as is the air.

Doctor Steinmetz tells me that the theo that wireless waves may travel throu the ground as well as through the air well in accord with accepted electrical la He explained that a return circuit must provided, and that inasmuch as the sendi antenna and the receiving apparatus a both connected to the ground there is reason why the ground may not be t conductor for the return circuit or ma not even carry wireless waves itself. Pe haps one reason some places are dead because there is a break in the return ci cuit. There will be any number of prob lems of this kind that will arise from tim to time and that will make interestin points for amateurs as well as profes sionals to speculate upon.

Obstacles Surmounted

Each day, practically speaking, sees new step forward in radio. Most amateur who have become familiar with the workin of their sets have an intelligent understand ing of audio frequency amplification, but radio frequency amplification has bee more or less of a mystery. Now it is found that the radio frequency amplifier is a desirable aid, especially to amateurs who are using a small antenna and a somewhat unfavorable receiving location. Such operators, by merely inserting one or more stages of radio frequency amplification, can build up the weak currents that previously had passed through their detectors without being rectified, until they are capable of producing a loud signal. Audio frequency amplification can now be used to boost these signals to any desired intensity.

Amateurs living close to trolley lines have found that the sparking from the passing trolleys greatly interferes with the satisfactory operation of their receiving sets. One observant radio fan discovered that he could eliminate the greater part of the disturbance from the trolley by arranging his aërial so that it runs at right angles to the trolley wire. Another investigator found that with single-strand aërials, set up in different directions, the interference from the trolley is almost completely removed. This is a type of the kind of information that will be forthcoming from day to day, and with several thousand newspapers throughout the country engaged in a wild scramble for every radio fact or wrinkle that is new and helpful it is a safe bet that the advances in the art will come with record speed.

Then we must not overlook the fact that the universities in many states have added the study of radio to the school curricula. In some of the colleges radio clubs have been established, and these keep open house every night to give the students an opportunity to practice the operation of both receiving and transmitting sets. In half a dozen states the agricultural colleges are broadcasting weather reports and crop and market news. Very few of the colleges have gone in for amusing the public, it being their claim that they are academical, not theatrical. The schools of technology are using radio outfits primarily for experimental purposes in connection with their courses on the theory of radio engineering. Out of these colleges will come much of benefit.

As is always the case in the development of a new industry, the radio business is having to contend with the activities of a multitude of fakers who are doing the art incalculable harm. Companies are being organized to float all kinds of so-called wonderful radio inventions, 90 per cent of which have no merit or practical use. In one instance a crook advertised

(Continued on Page 144)

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In his Car nearly Six Years

The Gould Battery shown below began service Dec. 17, 1915. On Nov. 10, 1921, Mr. H. D. Snyder, Maryville, Mo., stated: "Been using it right along, day and night, until this afternoon." Affidavit and battery in office of Gould Storage Battery Co.



Longest Life by Owners' Records

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Gould Endurance Contest

The slogan "Longest Life by Owners' Records" is based on the average long life record established in the recent nationally advertised Gould Endurance Contest by standard type Gould Batteries on various makes of cars—the average among all Gould owners entering the contest being 4 years and 1 month.

Gould Battery

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Definite proof of the long life of Gould Batteries was established by a National Endurance Contest among Gould owners. The reason why Gould Batteries live long is equally definite. There are four fundamental factors:

1—Dreadnaught Plates

The famous long-life Dreadnaught Plates, made from an exclusive formula, are the foundation of Gould Quality. Their rugged stamina made possible the Gould National Contest Average Record of 4 years, 1 month.

2—Gould-made Oxide

Long life plates demand good oxide. To insure uniform high quality, all lead oxide used in Dreadnaught Plates is made in the Gould Oxide Plant. No other battery manufacturer makes his own oxide.

3—Armored Separators

Rubberized wood separators—combining the ideal porosity of wood and the acid resistance of rubber—are an exclusive patented Gould feature. *Long-life* separators side-by-side with *Long-life* Dreadnaught Plates.

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Gould Batteries, whether for the Ford or the Rolls-Royce, are made to one standard only—Dreadnaught Quality. Every Gould for every car has the famous Dreadnaught Plates and Armored Separators, and bears the Dreadnaught trademark.

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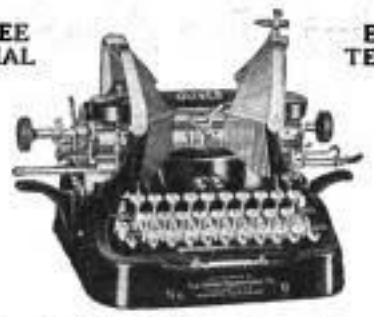


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You get this brand NEW, latest model, for 5 days' free trial—without paying one penny in advance. Then you can buy it on easy terms, or return it. It is today's foremost offer, nothing can compare. Over 950,000 Olivers have been sold. Our price and plan have an irresistible appeal to all who want to save.

The coupon brings the Oliver offer, and it will surprise you. Such a saving is rare, indeed. Especially when you obtain such a fine typewriter, with a 23-year reputation. Mail the coupon direct to us—we are the makers.

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Please send me details of your price reduction offer.

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(Continued from Page 142)

a receiving set for sale at an absurdly low price, and asked all who were interested to come in and see a demonstration. Several hundred sets were sold on the strength of the splendid results obtained, but the unwary purchasers did not know that while they bought a crystal receiver, which they believed had supplied the great volume of sound which came from the loud speaker, the currents that produced the satisfactory results had come from a vacuum-tube detector and five stages of amplification which the trickster had secreted under the counter.

Everyone proposing to purchase and install a radio set should take time and investigate carefully before parting with his money. There are three general classes of receivers, of which the crystal set is the cheapest. Next comes the vacuum-tube set, and finally the vacuum-tube set employing the regenerative principle. This last-mentioned receiver is the most satisfactory, although of course it is the most expensive. It is not often that a crystal set will do good work, and frequently it is necessary to buy several pieces of mineral before a good crystal is secured. Few crystal sets tune up sharply, and all of them have a very limited range. Many people in Brooklyn using crystal sets are unable to receive radio features sent out by the broadcasting station in Newark, less than fifteen miles away. Vacuum-tube sets are twenty-five to fifty times as efficient as are the crystal sets. In using a vacuum tube it is well to bear in mind that it adds only a very little to the cost to add regeneration.

Receiver sets range in price from ten dollars to $250. A high-grade apparatus of standard make, useful within a radius of twenty miles, can be purchased for $32.50. This apparatus produces sounds that are clear, but not loud, unless the owner is very close to the broadcasting stations. An average receiver set having a range of several hundred miles can be purchased for seventy-five dollars complete. This set requires an ordinary dry cell, a special dry battery, and a sensitive element known as a vacuum tube, which costs $7.50 to replace. In fact, if the receiver of this set is used for long periods each day the vacuum tube and the dry cell must be renewed once a month at least. If the prospective user of radio wishes to receive messages over a range of a thousand miles he must pay from $200 to $250 for his set, which requires two batteries, costing three dollars, three vacuum tubes, costing six dollars each, and a storage battery. The dry batteries and the tubes require periodic renewing, and the storage battery, if used constantly, must be recharged once a month. With this last instrument a loud speaker can be used, enabling everyone in a room to hear the messages without the use of ear phones. Such a device costs from ten dollars to $100, depending on the quality and volume of the sounds it produces.

When Radio Becomes Common

In the case of the crystal detector it is necessary to adjust one of the members of the set until a sensitive spot is found on the large crystal. This detector has to be readjusted each time it loses its sensitiveness. In comparison with this, the vacuum tube is far more constant and positive in its operation, and is adjusted by means of a rheostat, which controls the flow of filament current. The vacuum tube is far more sensitive than the crystal, and is always more satisfactory.

In the matter of the receiving aërial it should be remembered that the better the receiving apparatus the smaller the aërial required. In some cases amateurs use nothing more than twenty-five to fifty feet of magnet wire, concealed behind the molding of the room in which the receiving set has been installed. Of course the range of a receiving set is materially extended if a larger aërial is erected.

Some people believe that the development of radio telephony will be only a little less important in its effect on our lives than the invention of printing. In the amusement field it will be second only to the motion pictures. When radio broadcasting has been developed a little further it is certain that a dozen or more different kinds of features will be sent out concurrently on different wave lengths, so that the members of any family owning and using a radio receiving set will be able to choose from a variety of features that particular lecture or other number on the program which strikes their fancy. Radio has an advantage over the press because its action is immediate. It is also superior to the telephone and the telegraph, for these reach only specific points, while wireless telephony covers an area.

It is not too much to say that the radiophone will tend to develop the people of a nation into one family and will serve effectively in removing such obstacles to international amity as the boundary lines that separate nations. Radio enthusiasts predict that wireless broadcasting will uplift the popular taste in music and the spoken drama; it will link up the officials of the government with the citizens they are supposed to serve, and the result will be that reactions to great issues will be direct, swift and powerful. In the matter of communication it is the nearest approach to the instantaneous that human minds have ever conceived. It brings a distant voice to our ears and causes the diaphragm of the telephone to vibrate simultaneously and in unison with the vocal cords of the speaker. If the President were to speak in a great auditorium in Washington his voice could be made to reach the ear of a listener at a radiophone in New York more quickly than the same words would reach the ears of those members of the President's audience in the auditorium sitting in the last row of the gallery.

The Scientific Fans

A lot of folks are fearful of the future of radio in those fields of communication where it appears to fit, because wireless messages cannot be sent in privacy. Let no one doubt but that this handicap will soon be overcome. Already instruments have been invented which send out messages in code with tremendous speed, and other machines decode these messages at the receiver. People picking up such messages would not be able to understand them, and certainly would not be able to decipher the code in time for it to be of any practical use. All such code machines will be able to alter the code they use whenever it is found desirable to do so.

Then there is another instrument which will soon be on the market and which will send out the voice so greatly distorted that anyone listening in would hear nothing more than an unintelligible hash of words or sounds. With this instrument goes a receiver which is designed to pick up the gibberish and convert the sounds into intelligible language. With such inventions available, it is safe to say that the ether will soon become as safe a conductor as the cable or the private wire.

The development of radio telephony has already advanced to the point where it is purely a public matter, and the whole future of the art or industry must be shaped in accord with the principle of the greatest good for the whole people. The great trouble that now appears will be in controlling the army of ambitious amateur enthusiasts who really mean to do no harm, but if permitted to operate at will would soon choke up all the receivers in their neighborhoods. Many of these fans, who are more interested in being heard than in hearing, entirely overlook the fact that the great mass of the public is not imbued with scientific interest but is wholly concerned about being entertained, and it is this great majority of our citizens who will have the last word to say with reference to the rules and regulations that must be prescribed for radio.

Though the entertainment uses of radio appeal most just now to the average layman it will not be long before everyone will comprehend the true worth of this new art as a commercial and industrial asset. Though it is entirely possible, when atmospheric conditions are favorable, to talk across the continent or for even greater distances over water, such long-distance communication by radio is far from being dependable, and day in and day out is not to be compared in reliability, service or economy with the transmission of messages by wire. However, for a one-way broadcasting service, to reach a great number of people in a limited area, radio offers an interesting as well as a promising field.

The first important commercial broadcasting station is now being erected on top of a twenty-four-story building in the downtown section of New York City. This station will be operating within a few weeks, and will use an antenna 100 feet

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high. This important distributing station will be equipped with the latest developments, including the use of electrical filters and new methods whereby, as the business grows, several wave lengths can be sent out simultaneously from the same point, so that the receiving stations may listen at will to any one of the several services. This will be the first station that will handle the distribution of news, music and other features on a commercial basis for such people as contract for the service. The company will provide no program of its own, but simply will supply a channel through which anyone with whom it makes a contract can send out his own program. It will lease its radio facilities just as wire facilities are now leased to newspapers, banks and other concerns.

The station will cover a radius of 150 miles, and it is estimated that within this area there are already 35,000 receiving stations, which provides quite an audience for those using the service. In this same area are more than 11,000,000 people, so that if the service proves popular it is only reasonable to suppose that the number of receiving stations will be vastly increased. It is not too much to say that at least the immediate future of commercial radio telephony depends largely on the success attending the operation of this first station. If the idea catches hold and if there is not too much interference in the ether from other stations this initial experiment will doubtless be followed by the establishment of a system of stations throughout the country, so that from any central point the same news, music or other program can be sent out simultaneously through all these stations by wire and wireless with the greatest possible economy.

The possibilities of radio are endless. The appeal is universal. The radio telephone has developed in a few months from a schoolboy's toy to a household apparatus of value and a business device of merit. It is an invention with a definite field and a useful future; a war necessity and a peace asset. Soon there will be more radiophones in use than pianos, and who dares say it will not be as much a household utility in the future as the telephone, the bathtub and the kitchen stove?

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc.

REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published weekly at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for April 1, 1922.

State of Pennsylvania } ss.
County of Philadelphia }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared George H. Lorimer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

NAME OF	POST OFFICE ADDRESS
Publisher, The Curtis Publishing Company	Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
Editor, George H. Lorimer, Wyncote, Pennsylvania.	
Managing Editor, None	
Business Manager, P. S. Collins, Wyncote, Pennsylvania	

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.)

Edward W. Bok, Merion, Pennsylvania
William Boyd, Wynnewood, Pennsylvania
Philip S. Collins, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Trustee under the will of Louisa Knapp Curtis, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
John Grubbs, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Edward W. Hazen, Haddam, Connecticut
George H. Lorimer, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
C. H. Ludington, Ardmore, Pennsylvania
Ethel S. Ludington, Ardmore, Pennsylvania
Fredrik F. Meyer, Farmers' Loan and Trust Company, New York City
E. W. Spaulding, Ridgewood, New Jersey
Public Ledger Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but, also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also, that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona-fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.)

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY,
GEORGE H. LORIMER, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of February, 1922.

[SEAL] W. C. TURNER,
Notary Public.

(My commission expires April 1, 1923.)

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on the Big Model HU 1250 (plus) Lalley Plant. Recently sold for $625.00. Now costs about half that price.

Other plants rated at 1250 Watts cost from $100 to $200 more—Don't buy a plant of less capacity.

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And it's the finest looking umbrella you ever saw, distinctive in shape and mighty sensible. It opens with a generous spread to keep you dry. Your head isn't hidden in a cavernous dome.

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The popularity of all stations equipped with Milwaukee outfits, prove them to be magnets to motorists. They have learned that a Milwaukee pump means a quick "get-away" and an accurate measure of perfectly filtered gasoline.

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THE LIBERTY OF THE JAIL

(Continued from Page 15)

"Sure, that's easy!" assented T. Otis jauntily. "I should be a lawyer myself."

"Well," continued Lefkovitsky, "when a bond is given, conditioned on the debtor's remaining within the jail limits, that lets the sheriff out. The bond takes his place, so to speak, and if the debtor escapes or goes outside the jail limits the creditor cannot sue the sheriff, but must sue the surety on the bond. Now freeze onto this: As any defense open to the sheriff in an action for an escape is likewise open to a surety in an action on the bond, if the debtor comes back before the action is begun the action falls; the creditor has lost his right to sue."

He looked around triumphantly.

"Well, what of it?" asked Mrs. Crabb. "What are you driving at?"

"I'm driving at just this: No action can be commenced legally except by personal service of the summons and complaint upon the defendant, on a week day, within the state. Therefore in any event your husband could go away on a Sunday, and so long as he came back within the jail limits before midnight no action could be commenced against the surety, no matter where he went."

"I see that," she nodded. "But Otis can't wait till Sunday comes to spend the week-end at Atlantic City with me and get back the same day. There would be nothing in that."

"Of course not!" agreed Lefkovitsky. "He don't have to wait for Sunday. Just let him take Mr. Fosdick with him when he goes, and he can leave New York on Thursday or Friday and come back Monday afternoon. Tutt can't begin an action on the bond while Mr. Fosdick is outside the jurisdiction, and he can't begin it at all after your husband has come back inside the jail limits. If they go away and come back on the same train everything will be all right."

"Well, I'll be damned!" ejaculated Mr. Fosdick in bewildered admiration.

"Certainly looks good to me!" said T. Otis. "What do you think, ma—my dear?"

Mrs. Crabb smiled appreciatively at Mr. Lefkovitsky, now entirely satisfied that she could keep her money and have her Otis, too, over the week-ends.

"I think," she replied, pressing the bell with sudden decision, "that anything as slick as that is worth a round of drinks. Grape juice, Martin."

While this distinguished group were engaged in the foregoing conversation upon Riverside Drive, Ephraim Tutt was sitting in one of the wards of Bellevue Hospital beside a cot upon which a human form was strapped immovably to an iron frame. Wallace Barrington was going to recover, but he would be a cripple for life; he, his mother and his children dependents upon public charity unless the law came to his aid. He was thirty-two, had been an expert in his line, a hard-working man of ideals. Now he was little more than an inanimate object. And the thought of what he had been and what now he was, the sudden collapse of his little universe, the crushing of all his hopes, were mirrored in the despairing eyes he fastened upon the old lawyer's kindly face.

"So you're not to worry," said Mr. Tutt encouragingly as he felt beneath the chair for his stovepipe hat. "Your mother and the children are going right on living in the apartment, and there is a woman who comes in every day to do the cooking and take care of them."

"But who pays her?" asked the man in the frame hoarsely. "I had practically nothing in the bank."

"Oh, that's all right!" Mr. Tutt assured him. "The money is being advanced against the fifty thousand dollars which T. Otis Crabb will eventually pay you."

"How soon will that be?"

The lawyer wrinkled his nose and winked at the picture of one A. Lincoln upon the wall above the bed.

"I'm hoping he'll arrange to pay it in about ten days," said he cheerily.

"I shall never be able to thank you enough," whispered Barrington, closing his eyes.

But by the time the old man had reached the elevator the cheerful expression upon his face had vanished.

"What did you tell him that for?" he muttered. "You're a damned old liar, Tutt! Now, by thunder, you may have to support that family for the rest of natural lives!"

He and Mr. Lefkovitsky passed— did not recognize—each other on their home.

IV

"AND ten," said Mr. Joshua Carman just like that, with his forefi advancing two blues into the field of ba An unemotional person, Carman, gr superintendent of one of the big rail terminals. It was the regular Saturd night session of the so-called Bible Cla the Colophon Club, 11:54, and six min to go.

"I run," cravenly remarked Col. Clay Jones, the next in order.

"*Ich auch!*" echoed M. d'Auriac, Paris, who had run up from Washing

"And even I!" squeaked the tiny l bear known as Peewee Cadwalader.

All laid down their hands and turn towards the Hon. Ephraim Tutt, w elongated features expressed neither nor joy.

"I cal'late," muttered the colonel M. d'Auriac as he clipped a fresh ci "that if no one is shy there should be exa five hundred and twenty-three bones that cemetery."

"Seven thousand eight hundred a forty-five francs—at to-day's rate," nod the Frenchman. "*Beaucoup d'argent!*"

"And ten," said Mr. Tutt, placing t more blues—his last—upon the leani tower in front of him. "Farewell, de little ones!"

"Making in all five hundred and thirty three," murmured the Peewee.

Mr. Carman thrust his cards jauntil into his collar at a certain sanctified spo adjacent to his right ear. He had just tw more blues. Nobody else had much of any thing. It was all in the pot. He and Tut had each drawn but one card.

"And ten," he whispered as if in a ecstasy.

The minute hand of the clock on the mantel had slipped to within two minute of midnight. Mr. Tutt pulled back hi sleeves and deftly removed the huge sin cular onyx buttons ornamenting his cuffs

"Are these good for a raise?" he inquired

"Sure!" nodded his adversary.

Mr. Tutt placed each one upon the spot of a pile of blue chips.

"And ten!" added the railroad man, shoving in his last.

The circle formed of the players from the other games in different parts of the room drew closer about the green table. All had frequently seen Mr. Tutt depart minus everything but his clothes.

"Well," moaned the old man, "though great is my faith in the hand which our distinguished military guest has dealt me, unfortunately I cannot walk home in the nude. However, I have one last resource. I will throw in my old tall hat and my ivory-handled cane—a sacrifice, you will admit, for I have used each of them over thirty years—as equivalent to a raise. And since you have no more chips, Carman, I will bet the entire lot against a favor."

"A favor?" repeated the railroader, wrinkling his forehead.

"That's a new one to me!" remarked the Peewee.

"Simple enough," explained Mr. Tutt, as if playing for a favor were an ancient and familiar custom of the game, although he had invented it on the spot. "If he wins he gets my all—except my skin and bones; if I win he has to do me a favor."

"What sort of a favor?"

"Oh, anything reasonable. Just a favor."

"Done!" agreed Carman. "Take notice, gentlemen, the Honorable Ephraim Tutt and I are now playing for the pot, plus his cuff buttons, tall hat and cane, with a phantasmagorical, diaphanous and elusive thing y-cleped a favor on the side. I call! He calls! We call each other!"

He removed the cards from his collar with a beat-that-if-you-can gesture and spread them face up before the crowd.

"Marjorie, Minnie, Molly and Maud!" he murmured exultantly.

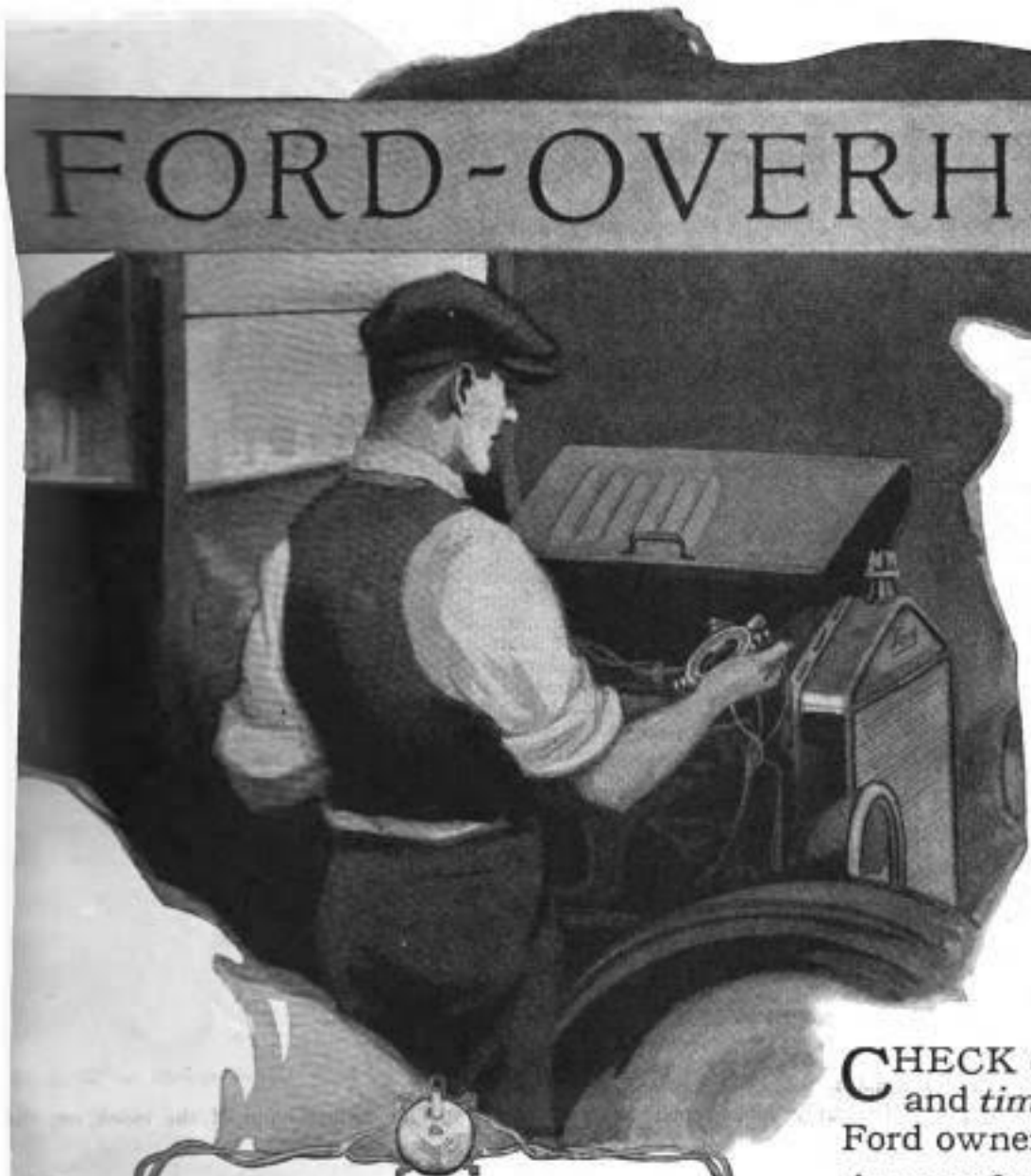
Mr. Tutt bent over and examined the ladies with interest.

"Dear me! Dear me! Nice girls, very!" he commented, spreading his own hand. "Joshua, Jephthah, Japheth and Jehoshaphat!" he chuckled, matching each queen with her own king.

(Continued on Page 18)

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FORD-OVERHAUL TIME



Is *Yours* Ready for the Road?

Scraping carbon, grinding valves, tightening nuts—Overhaul Time!

*Ford owners bustling about their garages, grease-smeared and happily busy, their household chores postponed—Signs of Spring! Millions of Fords are being groomed, greased and garnished for the season—**is yours?***

CHECK over your Ford's *ignition*—plugs, wiring, coils, and *timer*. It's vital to engine performance—too many Ford owners don't realize how vital.

A worn, faulty, or unreliable timer will make the best Ford engine labor, misfire and carbonize like an old "junk".

Play safe! Start the season with a new timer. The cost is only a detail—the best you can buy, the Milwaukee Timer, costs no more than a tank-full of "gas"!

You will notice at once the improvement it makes. Each cylinder gets a hotter spark—your engine starts quicker, pulls harder and steadier, and stays cleaner (most of the carbon burns up instead of baking in).

Sixteen years of ignition engineering are back of the Milwaukee Timer's simple, smooth-running design and super-accurate workmanship. Compare it point by point with any other and you'll see why it is the standard replacement timer of the world—in general use everywhere, in Ford cars and trucks, and Fordson tractors.

How to Revive Your Ford's Ignition

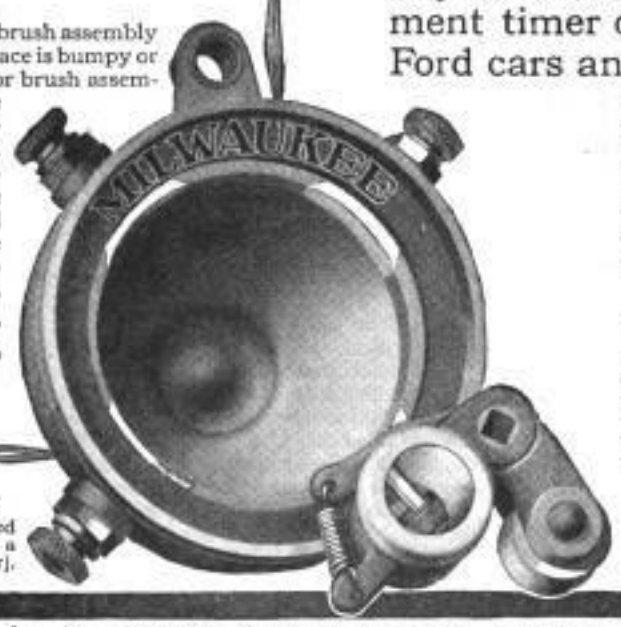
Coils. File vibrator contact points smooth, see that they meet squarely, and set all evenly to a gap of $\frac{1}{32}$ inch. Your Ford dealer will willingly test them for even tension. Have this done.

Plugs. Disassemble all spark plugs, wipe porcelains clean, examine closely for cracks. Better replace porcelains if they have gone over 5,000 miles. Scrape plug body clean, reassemble and set gap at $\frac{1}{32}$ inch.

Wiring. Examine for oil-soaked, frayed or exposed places. Better replace entire "harness" if in doubt. Seldom worth while to repair with tape, etc. See that fan or fan belt cannot rub wires.

Timer. Remove case and brush assembly and examine for wear. If race is bumpy or irregular, contacts loose, or brush assembly badly worn, replace with complete new timer—one you know is good. Oil thoroughly—follow manufacturer's directions. See that wires are attached *firmly*, and that advance rod is set for correct advance and retard action.

Above all, don't "try out" any complicated or cheap timers. Play safe!



The short-circuit-proof timer! Contact points sealed and anchored in their machine-cut grooves by a special method [patent applied for].

Each Milwaukee Timer is rigidly tested, mechanically and electrically, before packing. It fits perfectly, runs freely and quietly—and its durability is famous. *Ask any garage mechanic* about the Milwaukee Timer. Sold by garages, auto supply, and hardware stores everywhere. PRICE **$2.00**

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$500 Cash

For best colorings of cars in the big double-page advertisement of General Tires on pages 96 and 97 in this paper.

53 Prizes

First Prize $150; Second Prize $75; Third Prize $25, and fifty prizes of $5 each.

Conditions

1 *Coloring may be done with water colors, crayons, inks, or any coloring material.*
2 *Must be done by boys or girls under 12 years of age.*
3 *Entry blank must include signature of an automobile owner vouching for age.*
4 *Coloring must be done without the aid of any older person.*
5 *Colorings must be delivered to the General Tire dealer in your city before May 1st, 1922. He will enter you in contest and forward your coloring to the Contest Judges for The General Tire and Rubber Company at Akron, Ohio.*
6 *Prizes will be awarded on artistic merit of colorings and will be announced in one of the June issues of this paper.*

----Entry Blank----

Your Name .....
Age .....
Address .....
City and State .....

Certificate of Age

The above contestant is under 12 years of age.

Signature .....
Street and Number .....
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Make of car owned .....

This entry blank, properly filled out, must be attached to the back of your coloring when you deliver it to the General Tire dealer in your city.



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Name .....
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(Continued from Page 146)

There was a wild cheer from the onlookers as Mr. Tutt gathered in the pile upon the table. The clock was striking twelve.

"And now," said Carman with a grimace, "what is this favor I've got to do you?"

The old lawyer slowly replaced his sleeve buttons.

"I haven't lost you yet!" he whispered to them. "Why, I don't know, Carman. It is Sunday morning. Whoso hath an ox or an ass which hath fallen into a pit is entitled to have him hauled out on that day, as I read the Scriptures. Let's walk along together, and if you should care to stop in at my house maybe I could give you a drink of—h'm!—malt extract."

"I sure will!" said Carman, who, as we said, was in the railroad business.

▼

"PRAY pardon the simplicity of my welcome, Carman," remarked Mr. Tutt as he relieved his guest of his overcoat and hat, suspended them from one of the arms of the hat tree in the front hall, and preceded him up the rickety stairs of the old house on West Twenty-third Street to the library. "This being the Sabbath, my manservant and my maidservant are both resting."

He turned on the gas and ignited it with a safety match. Mr. Carman, who had played poker with Mr. Tutt every Saturday night for over fifteen years, but had never visited the old man at his home, looked round the study with interest. It was so just like Mr. Tutt himself! There was a sea-coal fire in the grate and a kettle steamed on the hearth; ancient engravings and a couple of colonial portraits hung upon the walls, which were covered with what Mr. Carman decided was the ugliest paper he had ever beheld; the carpet was threadbare—Turkey red; a horsehair sofa stood at one end of the room, and between the windows a high colonial secretary, while on each side of the marble mantel reposed two horsehair-covered walnut armchairs whose bottoms sagged to within an inch or so of the floor.

"Sit down, Carman," directed Mr. Tutt.

The railroad man looked suspiciously at the hammocklike seat of the nearest armchair.

"Damn if I think if I once sit down I shall be able to get up again!" said he simply.

"Sit down!" repeated Mr. Tutt. "Will you have hot toddy, port, Madeira or sparkling Burgundy?"

He turned to the escritoire, the glass doors of which were lined with faded green silk, and, unlocking it, disclosed a small but complete collection of bottles of all shapes and sizes. Mr. Carman sank instantly into his allotted hole.

"Burgundy!" he answered hoarsely with a light in his eyes.

Mr. Tutt, opening the lower half of the escritoire, took out two glasses with hollow stems, and having placed these carefully upon the rug between the two chairs excavated from the rear row a dusty bottle, the cork heavily wired and wrapped in scarlet tin foil. Then he slowly lowered himself into the chair opposite Mr. Carman, which, owing to his own length and the nearness of his seat to the floor, gave him the appearance of a partially folded pocket knife, but enabled him to grasp the bottle firmly between his knees.

"Who's doin' the favor now?" inquired Mr. Carman significantly.

"Pop!" said the bottle. "I am!"

Mr. Tutt held it for an instant above the ashes as the contents creamed over the neck, and then carefully filled the glasses upon the rug.

"There are," he remarked sadly, "exactly five glasses of wine in that bottle. However, I am not particularly thirsty, and—there is another bottle."

"Here's luck!" said Mr. Carman.

"Here's misery, marital infelicity, chilblains, financial ruin, rheumatism, indigestion, sciatica, arteriosclerosis and all the murrains, plagues and evils known to ancient times and to modern man, upon one T. Otis Crabb—damn him to everlasting hell!"

He lifted his bubbling ruby glass, eyed it critically and slowly emptied it.

"One!" he said, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand.

"Ah—one!" echoed Mr. Carman. "Tutt, I'll do you a favor every Saturday night if you press me."

Mr. Tutt reached to the humidor on the near-by table and tendered his guest a cigar, and while Carman was lighting it filled the two glasses again.

"Well," he remarked, "here's to the favor!"

"The favor!" nodded Carman.

"I suppose," said Mr. Tutt, "that being a railroad man you agree with Mr. Bumble that the law is an ass."

"I don't know the man, but he's certainly got the right idea," returned his guest.

"I'm up against a legal farce," went on the old lawyer. "I've got a judgment of fifty thousand dollars against a miserable swine that ran down and nearly killed a client of mine, and I can't make him pay a cent, although his wife has all kinds of money."

"Can't you arrest him for the debt?" asked Carman.

"I have! But he got a friend of his to go on his bond for the liberties of the jail. His wife put up the security and now he goes anywhere he wants."

"You mean if you put a man in jail for debt he don't have to stay there?"

"That is precisely what I mean. If a New York judgment debtor who has been arrested gives bond in the requisite amount and keeps within the boundaries of Manhattan Island he can disport himself freely from the Battery to the Harlem Canal, and from the Hudson to the East River, eating at Delmonico's and sleeping at the Waldorf, spending his mornings in Central Park, his afternoons at the movies and his evenings at the theater, and still technically be in prison, for he is within the jail limits as defined by law. And at the end of six months he's free for good and all!"

"That's a good thing to remember," affirmed the railroader.

"Also this," continued Mr. Tutt. "You might use it sometime. If the imprisoned debtor can induce his bondsman to leave the jurisdiction in his company and return at the same time that he does—or later—he can disregard the jail limits entirely and go to Atlantic City or anywhere else for a few days every week, just as my man is doing."

"You don't say! Is he now?" exclaimed Mr. Carman sympathetically.

"He is! But he takes his surety with him and brings him back on the same train, so that there is no way for me to begin an action on the bond until there is a good defense; namely, that the debtor has returned."

"What wise guy worked that out?"

"Mr. Aaron T. Lefkovitsky."

"He's a great man. I'd like his telephone number and office address," said Mr. Carman. "Well, this is all very interesting, but what has it got to do with me?"

Mr. Tutt stroked his lean lantern jaw and gazed meditatively at the empty glasses.

"That remains to be seen," he murmured. "That remains to be seen. How about that other bottle?"

Mr. Carman instantly showed new signs of life.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "who is this miserable wretch? Tell me all about him!"

VI

"OH, BOY!" exclaimed T. Otis Crabb, elongating himself deliciously upon the sands in front of the Traymore at Atlantic City in a snappy, sleeveless, white-and-green one-piece bathing suit. "This is certainly some jail!"

Mrs. T. Otis, also in snappy bath attire, which, it must be confessed, exposed her limbs to great disadvantage, glanced coyly at him from under her purple-and-vermilion sunshade.

"You'll come down again next week, dearie?"

"Right-o! Fozzy says he can leave town on Thursday and stay over until Tuesday. That right, Fozzy?"

"Surest thing you know!" replied his elegant associate, stretching in sympathy.

"Lefkovitsky's a very clever fellow," yawned T. Otis. "All samee he's shown me a way to beat him out of his bill if he tries to do me."

"I hope that he isn't too smart," said his lady. "I'd hate to lose fifty thou on a cripple."

"Bet your life the cripple will never see a cent of your money!" assured Fozzy. "Even I, with my subatomical admixture of brains, am able to cognate the proposition that you can't serve papers on a man in the state of New York if he isn't there, and that if the return of the dear departed to the jail limits before the papers are





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served is a good defense to an action T. Otis and yours truly can ride up and down from town to Atlantic City all summer without anything to fear from that old geezer who tried the cases against you."

"Old Tutt's not much of a lawyer," remarked T. Otis, lighting a cigarette.

"He got the verdict," countered Fozzy.

"But not the money!" laughed Mrs. Crabb. "We've got that!"

"Any lawyer can get a verdict for the plaintiff in a damage suit," declared T. Otis. "But it takes a real one to collect a judgment."

"My idea of a real lawyer is Lefkovitsky," said Fozzy. "If I ever get into trouble I'm going to him. Think of his being able to cook up a way for you to spend most of the summer down here and yet be in jail all the time! Yet it's simple enough. Anybody might have thought of it. We go away together and we come back together, and your comin' back makes it useless to serve papers on me. Ha-ha! Bean work! Bean work!"

"Only," warned Mrs. Crabb, "you boys must be very careful to come back at the same time."

"Oh, yes, ma—my dear!" her husband assured her. "We've got all that dope down cold. We go together and we return together, like Siamese twins. In the words of the famous song by O. W. Holmes, 'Nothing shall sever our friendship ever!'"

"That's right, or it might cost me fifty thousand," smiled Mrs. Crabb.

Number 1112 is the snappy train leaving Atlantic City at 2:40 on Monday afternoons that snappy fellows like T. Otis take back to New York City—when they are in jail for debt. It is a flyer—leaves Manhattan Transfer on the Jersey side, where you change for lower New York and Brooklyn, at 5:24 and then ducks down through the double-barreled tunnel under the Hudson and shoots into the lower level of the big station on Thirty-fourth Street at 5:40. When there is a big rush of homing jailbirds No. 1112 runs ten cars, and—through the tunnel—two engines, for the grade beneath the river silt is heavy; a long train, a very long train, indeed; nearly, if not quite, a full quarter mile.

Number 1112 was the train T. Otis and his friend Fozzy took that same afternoon, and as usual they beat it for the forward smoker with two other dashing fellows for their regular game of bridge. T. Otis had lost only sixty-eight dollars of his wife's money by the time they reached Manhattan Transfer, and the party were so engrossed in what they were doing that none of them noticed the strange little group of three who boarded the train just before it started across the devastated regions beyond Jersey City preparatory to plunging beneath the river. They still had sixteen minutes to play, and T. Otis wanted to win back Lucretia's sixty-eight dollars if he could.

"Speed it up, boys!" directed Fozzy. "Gimme the pasteboards. It's my deal."

He dealt rapidly. Gaunt factories and piles of soft coal flicked by the windows. The porter turned on the lights.

"Sixteen minutes more!" said T. Otis as they picked up their hands. "I'll make it. Two on hearts."

At that precise instant a very elegantly dressed young gentleman touched him on the shoulder, almost as dashing a fellow as T. Otis himself, and bending over mysteriously whispered something out of the corner of his mouth.

"I'm going to play it alone," announced Fozzy.

"Good!" laughed T. Otis, with an equal air of mystery. "I'll be dummy the next couple of hands." He grinned expansively and winked. "Lady wants to speak to me back there."

Thus like a lamb led to the slaughter did T. Otis trot after Bonnie Doon back even unto the last car. For of all the words of tongue or pen there are none so irresistible to a dasher, a masher, a wise one, a devil, as "Say, there's a girl in the last car who wants to know if you're going to speak to her." And, be it remembered, there were three long days until Thursday.

Thus, as No. 1112 dropped beneath the cellars of the western bank of the Hudson, T. Otis worked his way at Bonnie Doon's coat tails through the nine other cars, his heart beating with high expectancy.

Over in the terminal building, at his desk in Room 223, sat Mr. Joshua Carman, the general superintendent, obligated by his word of honor to do Mr. Tutt a favor. Mr. Carman represented the third, or "What-Then," side of the old lawyer's triangular problem, and without him this story would have remained unwritten. For no one else could have done what he, stifling his official conscience, was about to do for Mr. Tutt. Entombed like an Egyptian astrologer in the center of a pyramid, he, nevertheless, had his finger on every train on the terminal system. What he said went, and what he stopped stopped.

"By the Lord," he muttered, "I wonder if any other fellow in my place ever had the nerve to do a thing like this before! All the same," he added to himself, "the rules say 'emergency,' and who's to be the judge of what an emergency is if I'm not?"

All the time he had his eyes on the clock.

"Five-twenty-four—she's just pulling out of the Transfer," he remarked with what in a prima donna would have been described as a slight tremolo. He reached nervously for a cigarette and lighted it.

"Five-twenty-six — twenty-seven — twenty-eight ——" His heart was really thumping, for he felt like a schoolboy about to pin something on the teacher's back. "Charlie," he shouted to a bald-headed youth, "get me Forty."

Charlie unhooked the receiver.

"Line's busy, chief," he replied.

Mr. Carman felt a curious prickly sensation steal up his arms and over his shoulders.

"Forty" is the train locomotive dispatcher, the official who directly controls train movements and through whom orders are customarily given by the supervisor, or on occasion by the general superintendent.

Five-twenty-nine! Number 1112 was well down in the tunnel by now. He would have to give the order directly to the Train Director in the A Tower if he was to be in time to help Mr. Tutt. There wasn't a fraction of a minute to lose, either. Feverishly he grabbed the telephone.

"Give me A Tower," he ordered. "And hurry!"

Johnny McNaughton, up in the big signal-bridge Tower A, on the "Island Platform" at the Manhattan opening of the tunnel, was sitting, pipe in mouth, his eyes fixed on the board which, like an animated cartoon, shows the movement of every train by a tiny green light that creeps along and stops and creeps along again. Johnny was the man who actually controlled every signal, could start or stop or deflect any train upon the system—the train director, the man at the switch—accountable to no one but the general superintendent, the supervisor, the dispatcher—and God.

Evensong on a Monday afternoon is a busy moment for Johnny McNaughton, and trains are following one another both ways through the tunnel every few moments. The little green light that was 1112 moved to the spot that represented the Manhattan Transfer, stopped and started again.

Johnny knew her passing time was five-twenty-four, and that in another sixteen minutes the little green light would have slipped by all the tunnel signals on the diagram, and that he could look into the mouth of the east-bound tunnel and see her headlights as she came roaring through. Unconsciously he looked into it now—that round deep hole with the signal over its mouth—the signal repeated every thousand feet or so through the tunnel, by which he could control all trains. It showed red. That meant that the signals were set clear, green, against the trains coming towards him—towards the east—the terminal; set clear for Number 1112 now in the tunnel; and the little green light indicated that she was well underneath the river—nearly halfway between New Jersey and New York—just passing Signal Number 904. Suddenly the telephone beside him shrilled.

"Hello, Johnny! This is Mr. Carman," came the voice of Carman. "Throw all tunnel signals against east-bound traffic, and hold the movement three minutes. I want to stop 1112 before she reaches Signal 903."

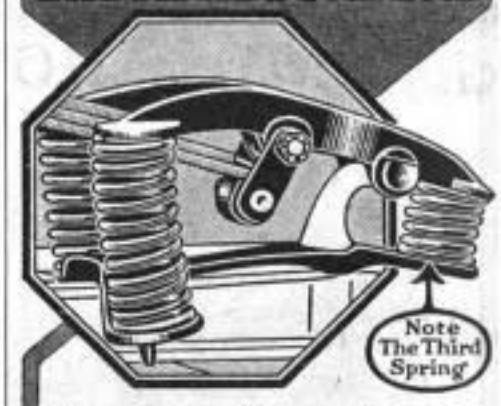
"Right!" snapped the towerman, grabbing his lever.

Coincidently the little green light on the diagram stopped between 904 and 903, exactly in the middle of the tunnel.

"Wonder what that's for!" commented Johnny.

That identical phrase issued but a second later from the grimy lips of Sam Burke, engine driver of Number 1112, as, having

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slid by Signal 904, he saw 903 an eighth of a mile ahead turn from green to red. Curious how men's minds work in the same way!

"Wonder what that's for!" he ejaculated to O'Carroll, his helper, as he jammed on the brakes and brought his train to a standstill midway between the two signals.

"Hello!" remarked Algie to his partner in the smoker at the same moment. "Train's stopped! Gives us time for another hand!"

Before he could deal the cards a red-headed youth with a large assortment of freckles bobbed up unexpectedly at his elbow as if from beneath the train.

"Say, are you Mr. Fosdick?" inquired Willie Toothaker, the ubiquitous office boy of Tutt & Tutt, with his usual ingratiating smile.

"That's me, son!" nodded Algie. "What can I do for you?"

"Just let me serve you with these papers," answered Willie, suddenly slapping a package of documents upon the dashing fellow's shoulder. "It's a summons and complaint in an action brought against you for fifty thousand dollars as surety on the bond of T. Otis Crabb."

Mr. Fosdick laughed rudely.

"No use, young feller-me-lad! You can't serve me when Crabb is already back in New York."

"But he ain't, young feller-me-lad!" grinned the irrepressible William. "See that signal—Number 903? Well, you're in New York all right, but he's still in New Jersey—back in the end of the train."

T. Otis, following hard on the heels of Bonnie Doon, had just threaded his way through the last Pullman, stumbling inconsiderately against the passengers who were engaged in putting on their wraps and closing their bags, in his eagerness to see the lady who had sent for him. But T. Otis never bothered about how much he inconvenienced other people.

"She's in that last chair on the left," floated over Bonnie's shoulder.

"I don't see her!" replied T. Otis excitedly, hardly aware that the train had suddenly come to a stop.

"She's got her back to you," expla Bonnie, stepping to one side. "Go ahead."

T. Otis hurried on to the end of the and bending coquettishly over the bac the last chair found himself staring into wrinkled face of old Mr. Tutt.

"How d'y'do?" remarked the lawye "What sort of a game is this?" ga T. Otis, suddenly feeling very ill.

"Game, my dear sir?" murmured Tutt innocently. "Game? I don't un stand —— Oh, now I remember You're the man who owes my cl Barrington, fifty thousand dollars, a you? Oh, yes, of course!"

T. Otis sank weakly on the arm of adjacent seat.

"What a wonderful tunnel this is, it?" rambled on Mr. Tutt. "Marvel bit of engineering *skill!* Reaches all way from New Jersey to New York. N if you'll just look out of the end win there you can see Signal 904. You ar are still in the state of New Jersey, w the forward half of the train is already New York."

He glanced quizzically at the yell features of the judgment debtor.

"By the way," he said, "haven't y been rather careless about violating y jail liberties? I feel *quite sure* that process server has already served pap on your bondsman—in the state of N York."

T. Otis collapsed into the chair a pressed his fists to his temples.

"Look here," he gasped, "is that right Mr. Tutt bowed punctiliously.

"Quite so," said he.

"And is this going to cost my wife thousand dollars?"

"Beyond the shadow of a doubt!" Tutt assured him.

"That fool Lefkovitsky!" wailed Otis. "I wish I'd stayed in jail!"

"I'm glad you didn't," answered Tutt. "The Barringtons need the mon

"Well," muttered Crabb as the started and he staggered to his feet, know one thing: I won't go back to lantic City! I'd rather stay in jail for rest of my life!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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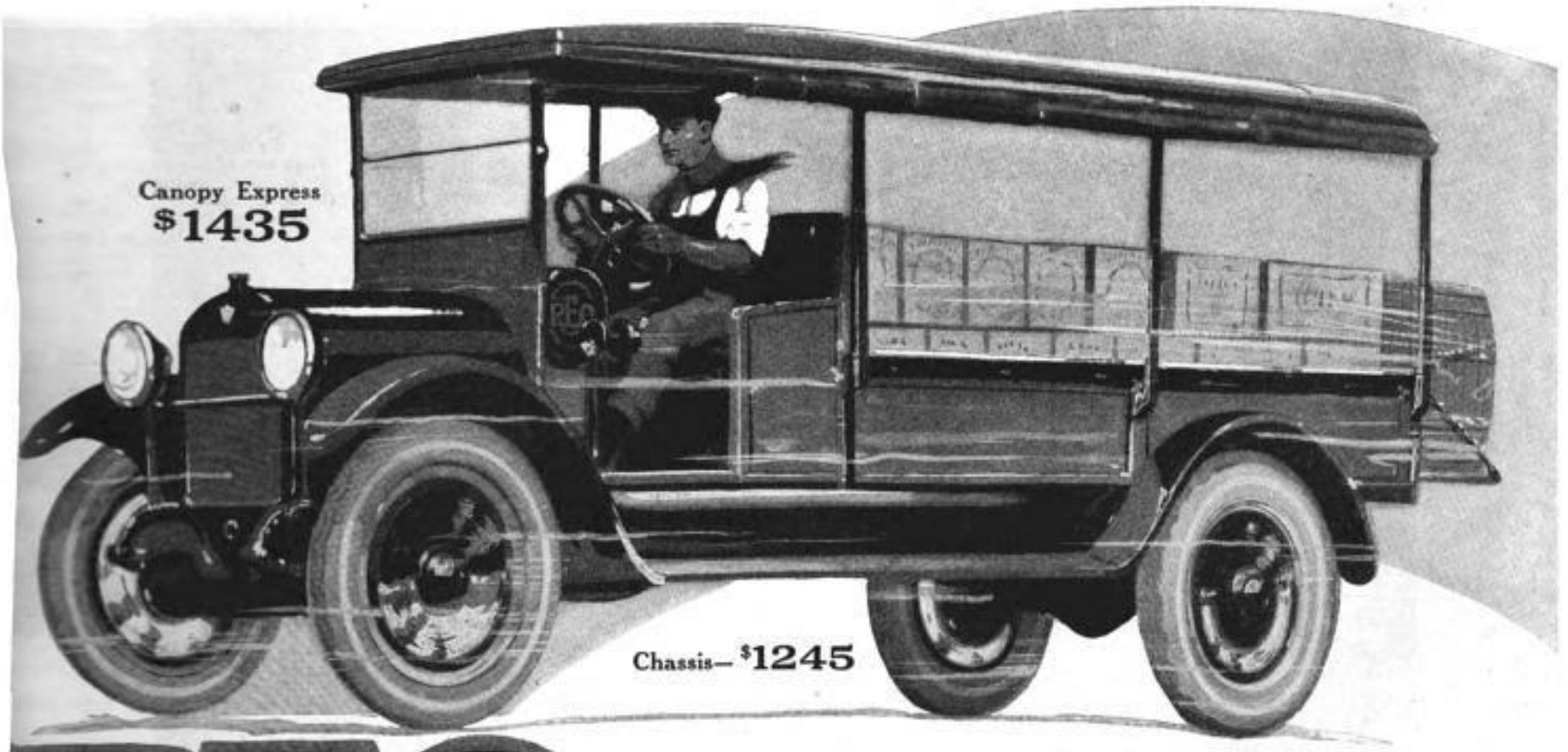
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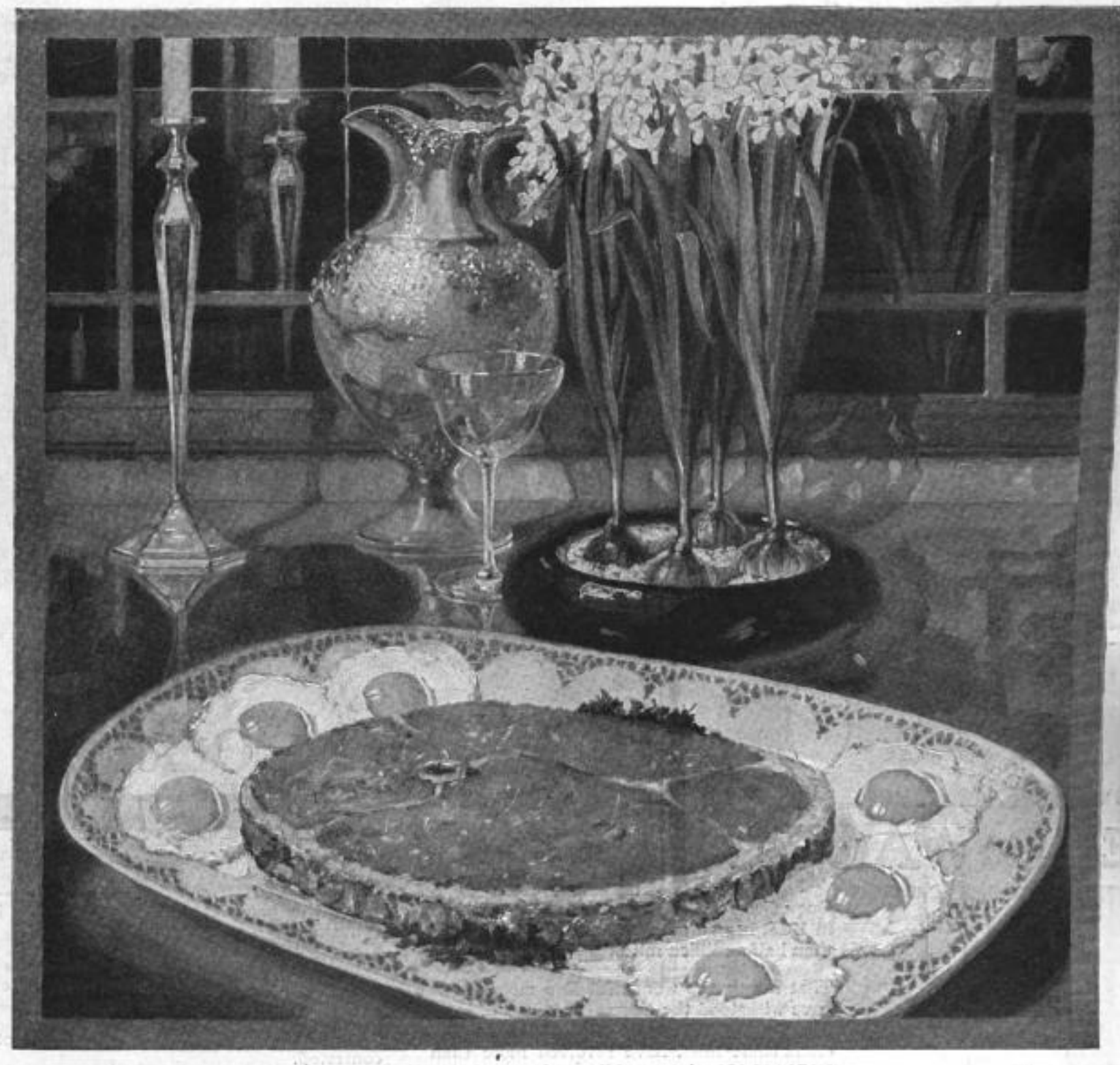
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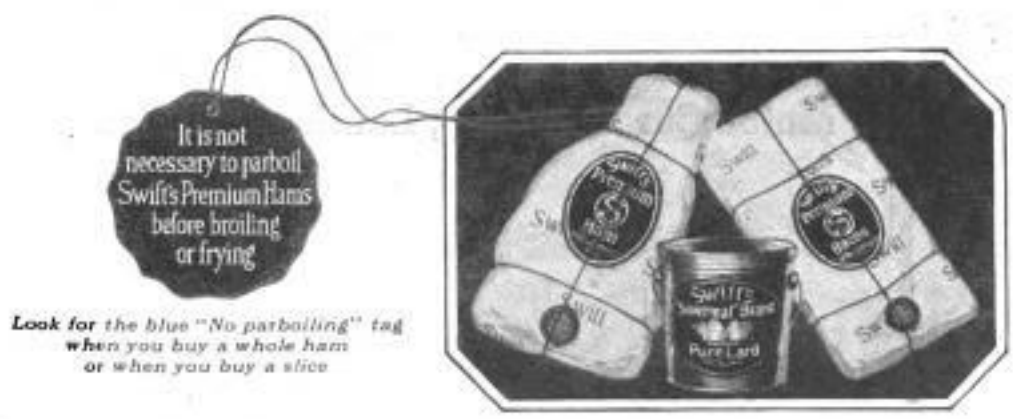
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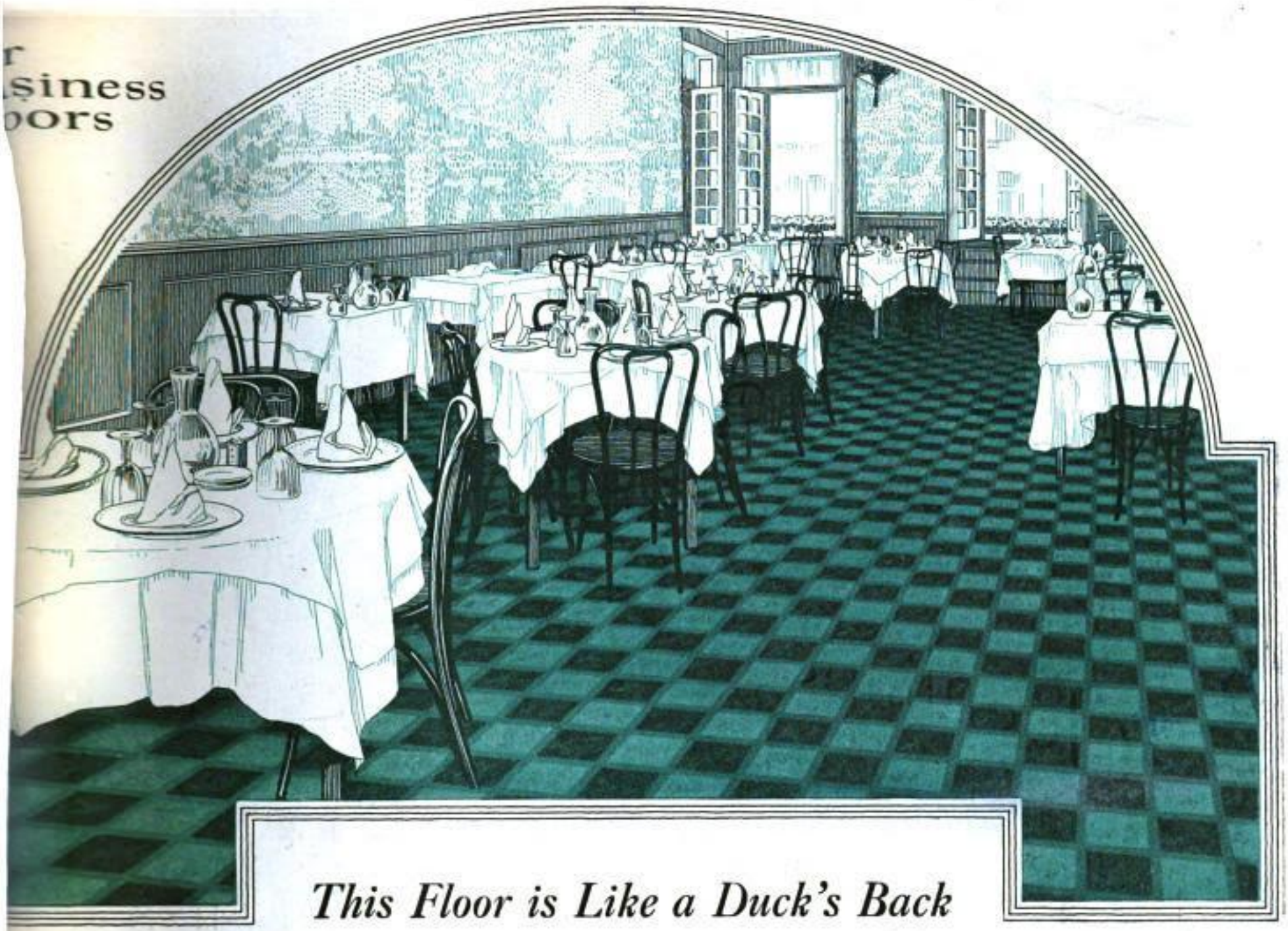


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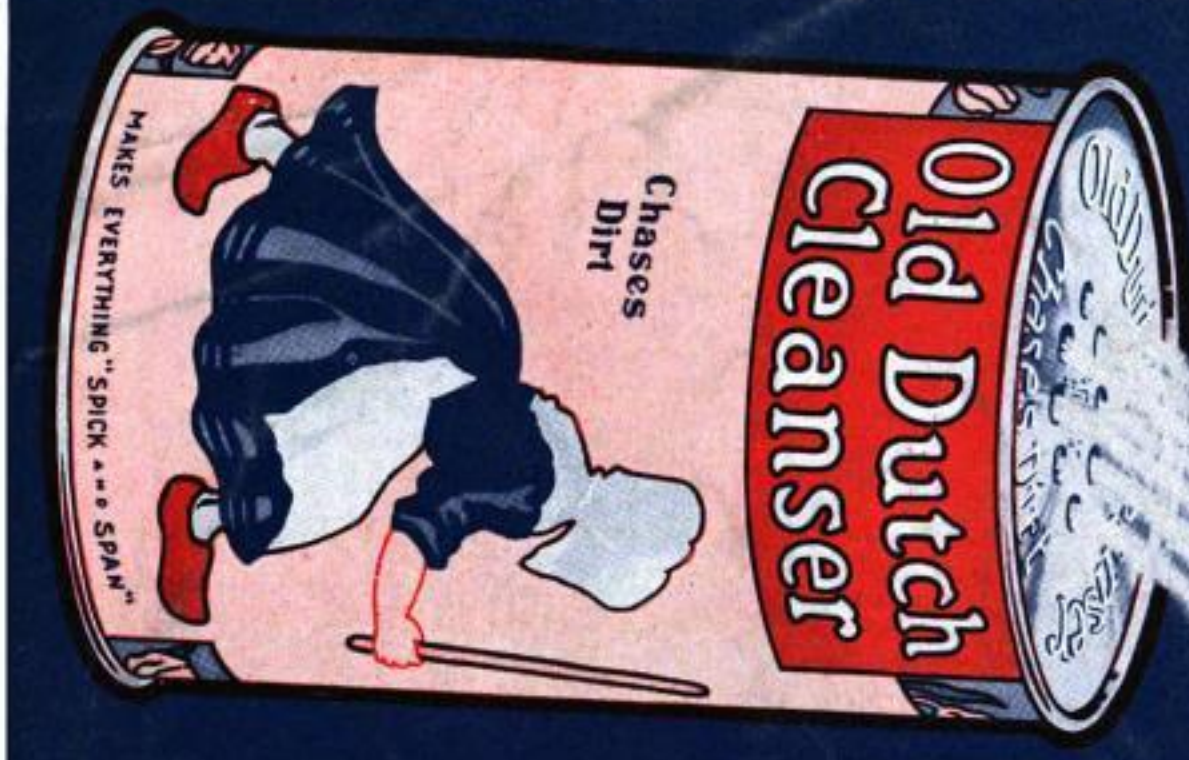
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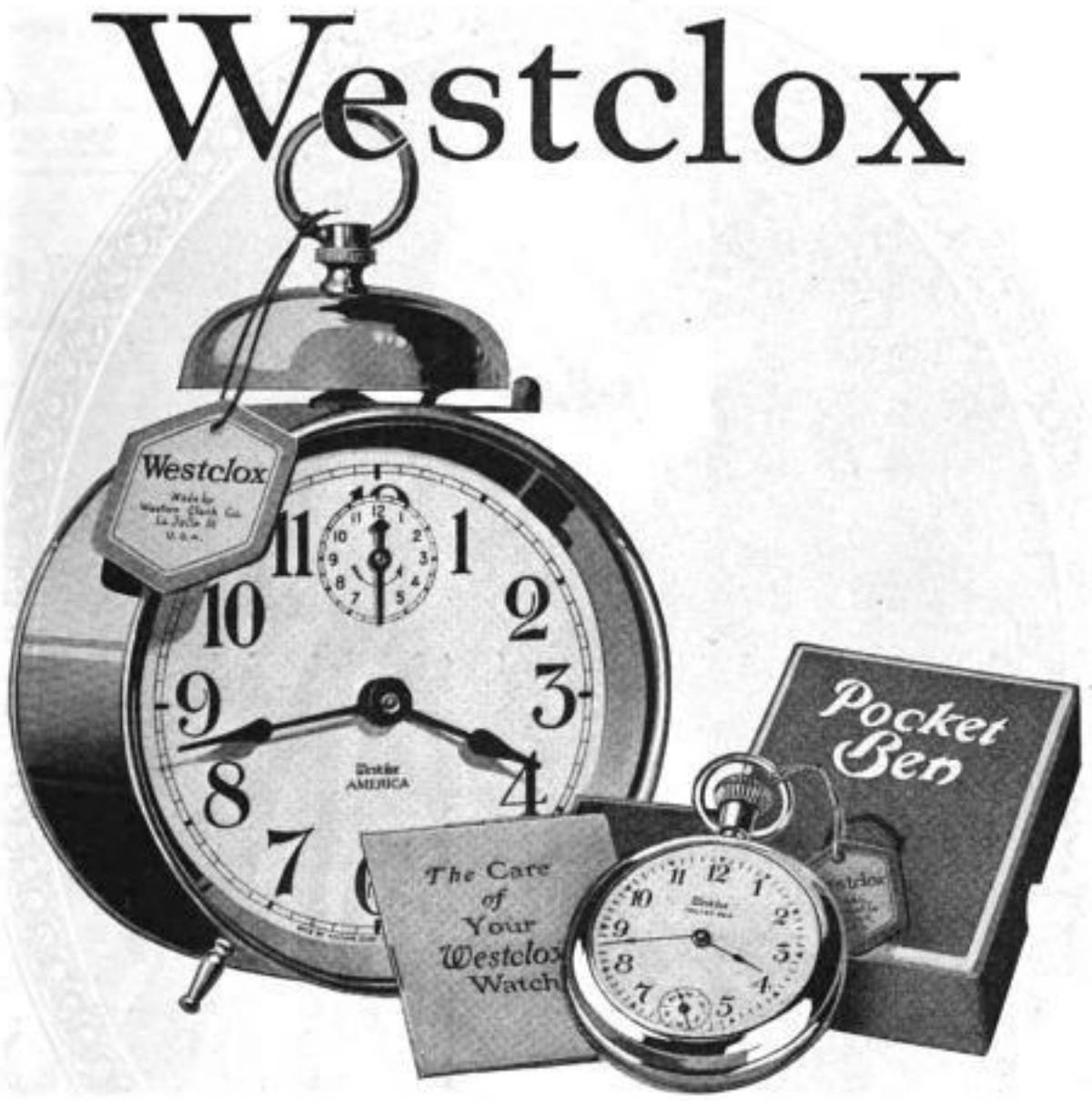


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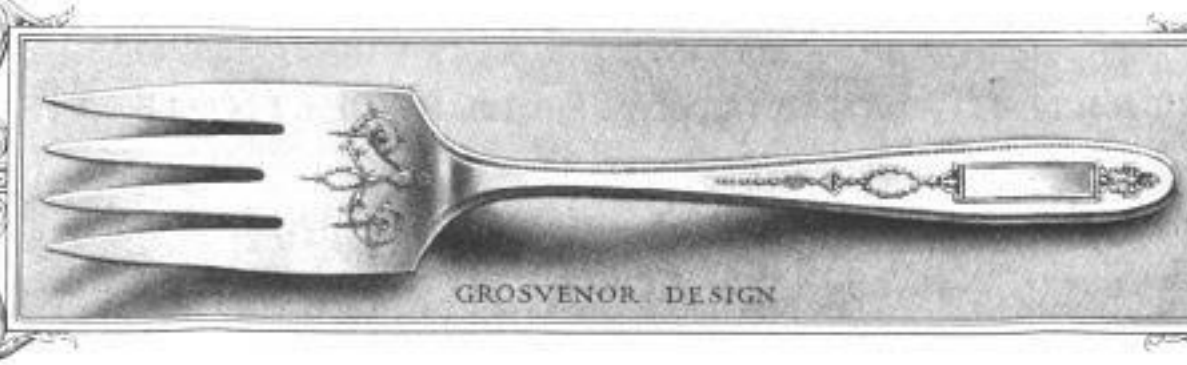


"'How lily pale, yet proud she stands.'

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HE RETURN TO NORMALCY

By Alice Duer Miller

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

RANGE, unnatural onventions were grow- ng up about divorce, Cora reflected. The xpected you to appear pletely indifferent to a hen once your decree nted as it had assumed be uniquely devoted to long as the marriage . Here she was, sitting in her little apartment; bitten her toast, poured r coffee, opened her a dinner invitation, a rom her architect about ans for her new house, or her brocade slippers, ouncement of a picture tion, and —— As she the last envelope from sition on the morning aper her eye fell for the ime on the account of tine Bing's illness.

t was said at the Uni- Hospital, where Mr. was taken late last night, is condition was serious." sketch—almost an obit—of him followed: "Val- e Bing was born in 1880 . Albans, a small town on Erie. He began life as inter. At twenty-one he me editor of the St. Albans rier. In 1907 he came to York." She glanced along ily. "Great consolidation ewspaper syndicate fea- s—large fortune—three s married—the last time liss Cora Enderby, of the ninent New York family, whom he was divorced in s in October of this year." hing was said about the other wives; that seemed ural enough to Cora. But id not seem natural that man, who for two years made or marred every in- nt of her life, was ill—dying, haps; and that she like any er stranger should read of casually in her morning per.

She did not often think idly of Valentine—she tried t to think of him at all—t now her thoughts went ck to their first romance. those days—she was barely enty—she had been in con- t with her family, who represented all that was conservative in old New York. She had anted work, a career. She had gone to see Valentine in his office, armed with a letter introduction. He was a tall red-haired man, long armed and large fisted, with intense ue eyes, clouded like lapis lazuli; he was either ugly or rather beautiful, according as ou liked a sleek or a rugged masculinity. For an instant she had had an impression—he only time she ever did have it—that he was a silent being.

She had told her little story. "And as I really don't know much about writing," he ended, "I thought ——"

"You thought you'd like to do newspaper work," he interrupted with a sort of shout.

He explained to her how newspaper writing was the most difficult of all—the only kind that mattered. What was the object of writing anyhow? To tell something, wasn't it? Well, in newspaper work —— On and on he went, the torrent of his ideas sparkling and leaping like a mountain brook. She was aware that she stimulated him. She learned later that he was grateful for stimulation, particularly from women.

Almost immediately afterward, it seemed to her, he was insisting that she should marry him. At first she refused, and when her own resistance had been broken down her family's stood out all the more firmly.

They regarded two divorces and a vulgar newspaper syndicate as insurmountable obstacles. But a family had very little chance against Bing, and he and Cora were married within a few months of their first meeting.

On looking back at it she felt that she soon lost not his love but his interest. He would always, she thought, have retained a sincere affection for her if she had been content to remain the patient springboard from which he leaped off into space. But she wasn't content with any such rôle. She wanted to be the stimulus—the excitement of his life. And so they had quarreled and quarreled and quarreled for the two horrible years which had just ended in their divorce.

And now he, so vital, so egotistical, so dominating, was dying; and she, the pale slim girl whose charm to him had been the joy of conquering her, was alive and well and happy. It would annoy Valentine to know that she was happy—fairly happy—without him.

She wondered whether she should call up the hospital, or go there herself to inquire about him. Wasn't it possible that he would send for her? After all, it was only the other day that she was his wife. And at that instant the telephone rang.

She heard a suave voice saying, "Is that Mrs. Bing? Mrs. Enderby-Bing? This is Doctor Creighton, at the Unitarian."

Half an hour later she was at the hospital. She had expected to be hurried at once to Valentine's bedside. Instead a little reception room was indicated. At the door a figure was standing, head raised, hands clasped behind the back. It was Thorpe, Valentine's servant.

"In here, madam," he said, opened the door for her, and closed it, shutting her in.

The sight of him destroyed the last remnant of Cora's self-control. He seemed like a little bit of Valentine himself. Thorpe had been with them on their honeymoon; she could see him waiting at the gate under the turquoise dome of the Grand Central Station, with their bags about his feet, and their tickets in his hand—so cool and competent in contrast to their own excitement that first day.

She hurried into the room. It is not to be expected that a hospital should waste sun and air on mere visitors, and yet the reception room, painted a cold gray, and dimly lighted by a shaft, was depressing. Some logical interior decorator had hung one large



He Had Come for the Photograph, Which He Now Took Gently Out of Margaret's Unresisting Hand

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brown photograph on the wall. It was a copy of the Lesson in Anatomy.

Cora sat down and covering her face with her hands began to cry. A kind voice said in her ear, "I'm afraid you've had bad news."

Looking up Cora saw that a middle-aged woman was sitting beside her, a woman with comfortably flowing lines and large soft brown eyes and hair beginning to turn gray.

"I'm afraid my husband is dying," answered Cora simply. She thought it better not to mention divorce to a person who seemed like the very genius of the family.

"Why, you poor child," said the other, "you don't look old enough to have a husband."

"I'm twenty-four," replied Cora. "It's almost three years since I was married."

"Of course," said the other. "It's just because I'm getting old that everyone seems so young to me."

She smiled and Cora found herself smiling too. There was something comforting in the presence of the older woman; Cora felt assured that she knew her way about in all simple human crises like birth and illness and death.

Suddenly as they talked Cora saw the face of her companion stiffen; Thorpe was ushering in another woman, sleek headed, with a skin like white satin, wrapped in a mink cloak. Evidently the newcomer was painfully known to Cora's friend, though the mink-clad lady gave no sign. She sat down, holding the blank beauty of her face unruffled by the least expression; and as she did so Doctor Creighton entered.

"Mrs. Bing," he said. All three women rose. The doctor glanced at a paper held in the palm of his hand. "Mrs. Johnson-Bing, Mrs. Moore-Bing, Mrs. Enderby-Bing."

Even in her wild eagerness to know what the doctor had to tell them of Valentine's condition Cora was aware of the excitement of at last seeing those two others. Phrases that Valentine had used about them came back to her: "A cold-hearted unfaithful Juno"—she in the mink coat. "She was so relentlessly domestic"—Cora glanced at her new friend. Yes, she was domestic—almost motherly. Cora's friendly feeling toward her remained intact; but toward Hermione—Mrs. Moore-Bing—who had so deceived and embittered Valentine, her hatred flamed as it had flamed when Valentine first told her the story.

How could she stand there, so calm, drooping her thick white eyelids and moving her shoulders about in a way that made you aware that under the mink cloak they were as white as blanc mange. "She must know," Cora thought, "that I know everything there is to know about her. Valentine had no reserves about it. And Margaret, from whom she took him; and Thorpe, whose testimony in the divorce case ——" Instinctively she took a step nearer to Margaret, as if wishing to form an alliance against Hermione.

Meantime the doctor was speaking rapidly, apologetically: "You must forgive me, ladies. I might have arranged this better, but time is short. You must help me. Mr. Bing's condition is serious—very serious. He keeps demanding that his wife come and nurse him. He believes we are keeping her from him. His temperature is going up, he is exciting himself more and more. We must give him what he wants, but ——" The doctor paused and looked inquiringly from one to the other.

Mrs. Johnson-Bing smiled her quiet maternal smile. "Poor Valentine," she said; "he was always like that when he was ill."

There was a pause.

"But you don't help," said the doctor. "You don't tell me which one it is that he wants."

"Well," said Mrs. Moore-Bing in her cool drawl, "as I'm the only one who left him against his will I'm probably the only one he wants back again."

Cora would not even glance in the direction of such a woman. She had been kept silent heretofore by the trembling of her chin, but now she managed to enunciate: "Mr. Bing and I were divorced only a few months ago. Until October, you see, I was his wife."

The logic of this, or perhaps his own individual preference for a slim elegant young woman, evidently influenced the doctor. He nodded quickly.

"If you'll come with me, then ——" he began, and turned toward the door, but there Thorpe was standing, and he did not move.

"If you'd excuse me, sir," he said, "am I right in thinking it will be bad for Mr. Bing if we mistake his wish in this matter?"

"Yes, I'd like to get it right," said the doctor.

"Then, sir, may I say it's not Mrs. Enderby-Bing that he wants, sir?"

"What makes you think that?" said Doctor Creighton.

"I could hardly explain it, sir. Twenty years of being with Mr. Bing ——"

There was an awkward pause. The obvious thing to do was to ask Thorpe who it was Bing did want, and something in the poise of Thorpe's head suggested that he was just waiting to set the whole matter straight, when hurried footsteps were heard in the hall, and a nurse entered—an eager panting young woman. She beckoned to Creighton and they spoke a few seconds apart. Then he turned back to the group with brightened face.

"At last," he said, "Mr. Bing has spoken the first name. It is Margaret."

Cora caught a glimpse of Thorpe quietly bowing to himself—as much as to say, "Just what I had expected."

Mrs. Johnson-Bing rose.

"My name is Margaret," she said, and left the room with the doctor.

Hermione rose, too, hunching her cape into place. "Well," she said without taking the least notice of Thorpe, who was opening the door for her, "that's one chore you and I don't have to do. He was bad enough healthy—sick he must be the limit."

Cora did not so much ignore Hermione as she conveyed in her manner as she turned to Thorpe that everyone must know that whoever might be the object of Mrs. Moore-Bing's conversation it could not be herself.

"Tell me, Thorpe," she said, "what do you think of Mr. Bing's condition?"

"Mr. Bing is ill, madam—very ill," Thorpe answered immediately; "but not so ill as the doctors think."

"No?" said Cora in some surprise.

"No, madam. Mr. Bing, if I might use the expression, yields himself up to illness; this assists him to recover."

He opened the door for her at this point, and she went out of it.

She returned home not so emotionally upset but more depressed than before. There was a core of bitterness in her feeling that had not been there when she went to the hospital, and at first she found it difficult to discover the reason for this. Was it anxiety at Valentine's illness? No, for he was a little better than she had feared. Was it the realization that those two former wives, who had always seemed to her like shadows, were, in fact, living beings like herself? No, for they had turned out to be more unattractive, more utterly unsuitable to Valentine than she had imagined. It was true that her taste, her sheltered selectiveness—a passion which mu brought-up women mistake for morality—was at being in the same room with Hermione, but a certain satisfaction in finding her to be worse Valentine's highly colored descriptions of her. Margaret, she felt no jealousy of her, even thoug been chosen. No one could be jealous of any kind, so old and so badly dressed.

It came to her gradually as she moved about unable to look at her plans, unable to read, una anything but encourage the toothache at her hea was like a memory of all her later relations with The reason was Thorpe—Thorpe's instant convic it was not she whom Valentine wanted. Why sure? He had been right; Thorpe was always ri twenty years he had made it his business what Valentine wanted. That was Thorpe's ide function of a good servant. He had always qui consistently followed this line, while the wives lowed others. Margaret had been concerned wi was best for Valentine; Hermione had thought of what was most agreeable to herself; Cora ha only to preserve the romance of her love. Thorp cialty was knowing what at the moment Valentine for, and then in getting it. Thorpe had survived a

Cora could understand a sick man having a fanc nursed by Margaret, but Thorpe's conviction th Cora, could not be the wife called for had a deep more lasting significance. That was the thought tha her heart ache.

She tried to take up her life where she had left morning, but everything had paled in interest—ev new house. She had bought a little corner of land, the city limits but near the river, surrounded by She saw wonderful possibilities—a walled garden river view within twenty minutes of the theaters recognized certain disadvantages—the proximity of road track, and the fact that the neighborhood wa unkempt; she enjoyed the idea of being a pioneer. now, though the plans were lying on the table, she d open them. It was as if that hour in the hospita married her again to Valentine, and there was no vivi left in the rest of life.

For ten days the bulletins continued to be increa favorable, and then—a sign that convalescence ha in—they ceased entirely.

Cora found the silence trying. With the great que of life or death answered there was so much else tha wanted to know—whether he had been permanently w ened by his illness; whether he would now be startin one of his long-projected trips—to China or the South China had always fired his imagination. Twice durin short marriage they had their trunks packed for C Had he been softened, or fr ened, or in any way change the great adventure of al dying?

There was one person could tell her all these thi and that was Margaret. W out exactly formulating a Cora went to the hospital day and inquired about h The girl at the desk answe as if Valentine were alread personage in the hospital.

"He's getting along spl didly now. His wife's with hi

"I wonder," Cora heard h self saying, "whether Mrs. B would see me for a minute."

She retired, rather frighte at her temerity, to the recepti room, where the Lesson Anatomy still dominated t wall. "Margaret won't mind she kept telling herself. "Sh so kind, and, anyhow, sh more like his mother than h wife." It was on this materna quality that Cora depended.

There was a footstep in th hall. A statuesque figure molde into blue serge stood in th doorway—bare-headed wit shiny bronze-colored hair elab orately looped and curled. I was Hermione.

"You wanted to see me?" she asked in her drawling, re constructed voice. She did no at once recognize Cora.

"No," said Cora, "I certainl did not want to see you. I thought it was Mrs. Johnso Bing who was here."

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It Was the Picture of a Terrible and ***Fascinating Woman***

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MEN WHO FAIL

By Albert W. Atwood

A TIME when business effort is still concentrated to a notable degree upon the elimination of superfluous human factors be pertinent to inquire why so many men get ahead or make good. It is purposed not so much why the few succeed as why the many fail. This e merely turning about a very old subject. But it is looked at in such a way; and, besides, when men or even toward the end of a period of retrenchment reorganization, which means the survival of the , they are more interested naturally in not slipping n the pleasurable but perhaps untimely and impracoccupation of dreaming about the ts of success.

s difficult to deal with the subject lividual success and failure withlatitudinous preaching. Even if opic does not carry one to mystic ses or along the road of a charlatanism it lends all too readily to a tone ous, solemn warning and rtation. Everyone loves to other people advice, and e who have a sense of humor it at once that it is the pest thing they have to as well as the easiest of or sports.

lthough a vast literature, posed of books, correspond- e courses and magazine newspaper articles, has wn up in the last twenty rs on the subject of success, re is exceedingly little that e can be new therein. For re is a copy-book wisdom of ages. Most of the wise say- s, saws, precepts, rules, prin- les, theories and practices on ich a successful life is sup- sed to be built have come wn to us from the past. In e same way the reasons for ilure are just as old. No one n improve on William James, alph Waldo Emerson, Ben- min Franklin, and back of em the Bible and the ancient ilosophies.

It is doubtful if the most mous of modern captains of dustry can hand out to a ading public of eager and mbitious youth, through the killful medium of a sympathetic interviewer and feature writer, any wise bit of advice hat has not been anticipated by poets, philosophers and prophets, men who speak eternal truths in words of living ire.

But the vocabulary changes somewhat; the form of expression and the vernacular even more. Men use different expressions and different symbols. The illustrations, the cases, of one age mean comparatively little to another, although the underlying thought may be the same.

Formidable Specifications

THE young man who has just been fired from a bank or other business corporation may find that the Hebrew prophets really said more of a mouthful concerning his qualifications and shortcomings than did even the employment manager who gave him his walking papers the day before yesterday. But naturally the remarks of the latter seem to have more immediate application than those of the former. The boss upon whom one depends for a living, and perhaps fears, is a much more imposing figure than the dim, vague name of a seer who lived several thousand years ago, even though the remarks of the boss are perhaps a rather poor imitation of the wisdom of greater men.

Thus the ideas that run through this article may not be new. They have been gathered in the last few weeks from interviews with twelve individuals: The president and also the personnel director of one of the largest financial institutions in the country, which employs several thousand workers; the director of an employment agency or bureau dealing with the highest class of workers only; the vice president in charge of personnel of one of the chief public-service corporations in the country; the assistant to the president of the same concern; the vice president of a nation-wide chain-store organization; the vice president of a New York bank, who has had extensive experience as well with a large government organization and with great bodies of college men; an experienced industrial-plant manager; the assistant to the president of an industrial corporation of world-wide scope; a partner in an international banking firm, who is also a director in several of the country's great industrial corporations; the head of a most successful and enterprising advertising agency; and an author whose world-wide travels have brought him into intimate personal contact with many thousands of men all the way from doughboys in the trenches to kings and prime ministers.



He Promptly Lost a Small Fortune

The ideas gleaned from these sources depend for their justification upon no impossible originality. If they are worth relating it is solely because they come first-hand from active participants in the business game, and because they are based upon individual cases and individual experience.

Now it is sometimes said that there are as many reasons why people fail as there are individuals. But such a remark, though natural enough and a wholesome antidote against too sweeping a simplification of the subject, is both misleading and careless. Ordinary common sense and experience, as well as science, point toward the classification of men as well as natural objects. Exceptions pop up to most rules, but there are rules, and the world would be a chaos without them. It is a poor teacher who does not soon learn to recognize a few well-defined types among the pupils in a class at school.

But there is danger also as soon as we begin to build up rules. Many articles and books have been written about success which mention anywhere from twenty to thirty essential qualities, the secrets of success, corner stones, keys, alphabets, and all that sort of thing. Anyone who reads such articles and books, or who pursues courses and systems of home education, character building, memory training, self-analysis, concentration, and the like, cannot but envisage a paragon, a creature of unattainable perfection. Such advice is very often too confusing and baffling to be of much help. No one can be a paragon, or wants to be.

An excellent book on the training and handling of employes says that the essential qualifications of a successful business executive and leader must be: "Character; creative, sober imagination; sound judgment; courage; a sense of humor; ability to cooperate, to understand men, and to organize; receptivity; courtesy; expert technical knowledge."

To put it mildly, this is a tall order, but it is almost literally nothing as compared with many other lists of necessary qualities or qualifications. To succeed, one is told that he must have honesty, character, health, industry, will power, energy, initiative, imagination, self-control, common sense, judgment, confidence, dependability, reliability, ambition, loyalty, courage, a good memory, application, knowledge, reasoning power, concentration, alacrity, accuracy, power of observation, tactfulness, courtesy, perseverance, thrift, resourcefulness, enthusiasm, cheerfulness, a good disposition, a good appearance and personality, and that he must be able and willing to assume responsibility. Personally, I should think a young man would simply curl up and die when confronted with these lists, or advice made up of such ingredients, and that he would admit he was defeated before he began.

No, men cannot be shown where they are weak or failing to make the most of their opportunities by hurling at their teeth great long schedules of an impossible perfectibility. Such methods lack the necessary light and shade. There is no contrast. It is like a continuous diet of maple-nut sundaes. Few human beings can take in so many ideas all at once. If you tell a man that he needs to change his life in twenty different respects it means nothing to him. One is quite enough. Unless experience can be boiled down to a few, a very few ideas, and unless the individual cases to be related in this article drive home a few, and only a few points, it might better have been unwritten.

Measures of Success

IN REAL life men are made or undone by the way in which they meet the concrete situations which arise. A firm but wise and tactful employer in a single flash of criticism may enable an employe to climb from failure to success. There can be only discouragement in a lengthy schedule of defects. A producer of goods, whether he be a manufacturer of silk stockings or a short-story writer, can usually be told in a few words what is wrong with his product.

Besides, though it is misleading to say that there are as many reasons for success and failure as there are individuals, yet there is danger always in stressing any list of qualities, because all sorts and conditions of men prove to have the qualities needed for success, "the cautious and the daring, those given to detail and those negligent of detail." As one impartial and experienced observer has said:

"Some heads of large organizations keep every thread in their own hands, and not only plan the large outlines of their ventures but look to every detail. Others intrust almost all administration to subordinates, and keep themselves free to think, plan, confer. There are those who keep strictly to 'their business,' the particular branch of industry in which they have embarked; and again there are those who launch freely into new and varied enterprises. No one key opens the doors of success."

First, of course, it is necessary to define success and failure. This is no place to discuss such fundamental questions as to whether success should be measured by money, position, reputation or by such tests as happiness and contentment. But it may be pointed out that, even considering only what is called business success, men are sometimes superficially classed as failures merely because their heads have not risen above the crowd.

The small country merchant, provided he gives good service, extends his business and makes a comfortable living, may by any sane standard be just as successful as the

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'TAIN'T RIGH

By George Pattullo



BY goodness, but Fortune often plays scurvy tricks, sir! She will shower her favors on a worthless fellow, raising a beggar from the dust to set him among princes, and at the same time watch with a coldness the striving efforts of a patriot to better his condition. 'Tain't right!

In my opinion this Benito Servin was nothing short a bum, yet to-day he is rich and powerful, whilst you see before you a penniless exile, devoid of everything but honor. Just luck, sir—nothing else—the Ruler of the Universe, who cares for fools, had him in his keeping. How else can you explain it?

This Servin possessed what we call crazy courage, which often led him to attempt things he was in no way fitted to do. "I am the pluckiest one of the whole bunch," he would say. "See for yourselves!" And then he would prove it sure enough.

He even dared to raise his eyes to the haughty Señora Adela Tostado, a lady in the saloon business at El Sauc who also owned a great plantation thereabouts known as Tres Hermanos. My, it was an earthly paradise, that hacienda, where fat cattle dozed pleasantly in the afternoon shade and high-tailed calves romped across greenery of the pastures because everything looked nice to them. In the cool of the evening, when the perfume of flowers mingled with the soft breezes, the pretty little girls from the village would promenade on front of the house, with their hair down and glancing sidewise at you out of their violet eyes. I think violet eyes are very beautiful. What is your opinion, sir? Yes, those shy creatures seemed to say "The night is very agreeable, is it not? Wel-l-l?"

Tres Hermanos seemed like heaven to poor tired soldiers, exhausted by fighting the treacherous enemy and going hungry half the time, and many officers in the army of Dario Pez would willingly have terminated the sad bereavement of the Widow Tostado. But the lady was of a cold, imperious nature, sir, who suspected they were after her lovely money, and they made little progress. And from the day this Benito Servin arrived on the scene the unlucky fellows lost every liking for the job, for Servin knew nothing of the ways of civilization. No, he was a tough guy.

Such was the selfishness of his disposition that he endeavored to run off anyone he considered might have the same intention he did. What do you know about that! And he did this with a ferocity also.

"*Para el valiente se hizo la belleza*," he would say. "None but the brave deserves the fair. So keep out of my way, or I will cut off somebody's ears."

Worse still, he treated the object of his attentions with a roughness. Instead of serenading the lady, or expressing to her by ardent glances and sighs and moans how sweet her image made the scenery appear to him to be, this *hombre* displayed the instincts of the brutes the very first time he set eyes on the Señora Tostado. That was in the saloon at El Sauc, and Servin was strutting up and down the place like he owned it, staring at everybody with insolent eyes, when Adela espied him. Seeing him thus, she muttered, gloomy, "Well, I like that! Huh!" and began to wonder who this son-of-a-gun thought he was, anyhow, and where did he get that stuff.

"Hi, you! Who made you *jefe* of this town?" she cried. "Hey? How do you get that way, *hombrecito?*"

Benito turned and eyed her from head to toe while she stared at him the same. It was exactly like a couple of dogs glaring at each other and waiting for a chance to get a hold. The instant their glances crossed, it was as though two swords crossed, sir, or two currents of electricity. Everybody in the saloon could feel it and we all paused to watch the pair.

The widow was breathing short and leaning a little forward; a smile of contempt for this bum curled her lips, and she emitted a sniff of derision. It seemed to anger this Benito Servin.

"You look at me that way again," he said between his teeth, "and I will sock you on the nose."

The Señora Tostado, she only laughed. Seemingly gratified by the effect she had produced, she walked up close to Servin and snapped her fingers in his face like this, turning her shoulder against him.

"That for you, you miserable runt!" she exclaimed queenly.

Everybody expected the *pelado* would now make good his threat and sock the señora on the nose, sir, but he did not. Instead he turned around and inquired of the room in general, "Has this nagging crow got a husband? I would deal with him. Men are my meat."

Somebody spoke up and told Servin the lady was a widow.

"She needs a man," he said; "one who will learn her not to get too fresh."

To which the señora retorted displeasingly, "Listen at him! What does he know about a man? In these parts, *muchachito*, men don't make such big talk, but let their actions speak. You may be cock of your own back yard, but you'd best not crow around here."

"Is that so?" said Benito. "Well, a good rooster crows everywhere. And I am one. Go fetch me a mescal, woman. And be quick about it."

"You're drunk already. I verily believe you have been taking *marihuana*, rascal! My, but aren't you the tough guy!"

"Yes, I am," admitted this Servin. "I am a tough guy—Benito Servin, the black cloud of his enemies. I am a tiger of the mountains. Where I come from they grow fighters—not scented stiffnecks. Do you know what they do when a child is born in my country?"

"I know what they ought to have done in your case—sure—yes. Ha, ha!"

"Well, when a child is born in my country the mother throws him up against the wall, and if he doesn't dig his nails in and stick there—why, that child is unworthy and is tossed to the hawks. Go fetch that drink, woman. I am thirsty."

The Señora Adela, she informed him of a suitable destination without no intermediate stops.

"That will do," answered Servin, very severe. "That will be about all from you. Try to act like a lady. If I was your husband it would be my pleasure to beat you every morning."

"If—if—if!" jeered the señora, angered by the laughter of the guests, but unable to think up any answer.

"Well," continued the fellow, and he grinned, "I may do it some day if I take the notion."

"Ha!" cried the widow. "That is a good one. Any time I want a husband ——"

"And any time I want a wife," cut in Benito Servin, his eyes doing lightnings, "I'll send for you. You'll come too!"

In my opinion Servin went too far on a first acquaintance. What do you think, sir?

The Señora Tostado was evidently of that mind, because at this juncture she entirely lost patience and attacked Benito w furiosity. tect himse prevent scratching eyes he sei by the wris they stru body to bo two wrestle while thus in a tight em who should the saloon bu Maclovio Z of Dario staff. Now Z fancied hi the favored of all Adela mirers, and he beheld adored one i squeeze of an he let out a b of rage and upon Servin.

But the cately mus dandy was match for wildcat of the wilderness, and Benito soon had him less on the floor, in which position he was preparing finish the business with a knife thrust where it would complish the most good, when I sprang to the colon rescue. At the same moment a squad of soldiers enga in patrolling the street burst in and arrested all of That's what a peacemaker usually gets, sir.

"What!" cried Dario Pez when we lined up before h next morning. "You amaze me, Don Francisco! T runt was getting the better of the colonel? It is imp sible! Colonel Zapien is twice his size and a fine fighte he has told me so himself."

"Nevertheless, the colonel would not now be among Excellency, had I not intervened in his behalf."

The general kept silent a moment, eying Benito Serv And Benito Servin, sir, gave him back look for look.

"H'm," said Dario Pez at last. "What was the troub about?"

"I am planning to marry the Señora Tostado, *general*," spoke up Servin, "and we were discussing th matter of the betrothal when this criminal crow made a attack on me with suddenness."

By goodness, what a lie!

"What? You marry the Widow Tostado! Why, sh would have to shake the blankets every morning to fin you."

"And," I added, "the prisoner has neglected to mention that the lady does not yet know of his intentions."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Dario Pez. "You interest me Don Francisco. The fellow seems to be —— Where do you come from, rascal?"

"From the mountains."

"And what are you doing here?"

"I came to help your army. In my country they grow fighting men, Excellency. And I am the best fighter in the whole bunch."

"Sure—I used to drink mescal, also," said Dario Pez, "but I don't judge a mule by its bray, *hombre*. We will see about you. How do I know that you are not lying? You may be a spy, or a Red Flagger, for all I know."

"No, Excellency, you wrong me. See—here is a letter from your ally, General Urbina. In it he tells what sort of a guy I am."

The general took the letter, turned it around and around, and scrutinized the writing very carefully.

"Well, that seems to be all right," he admitted. "Urbina must think a lot of you. It seems to be a long piece. But one is a fool to believe in recommendations. They are either given by prejudiced friends or with the purpose of getting rid of importunities. A man should recommend himself by his behavior, *compañero*. Remember that. Here, Don Francisco, put this away among your papers."

Well, I glanced at the letter, sir, and by goodness, it was nothing but a bill of sale for a goat!

"General," I cried, "you have been deceived! This is not from Urbina. It concerns the fate of a goat only, and means nothing." At that, Dario Pez's eyes began to roll and the veins in his neck swelled up.

"What!" he thundered. "The son-of-a-gun has tricked me? Order a firing squad to be made ready, Don Francisco. I will give him a pill of my making."

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Mister General, I am innocent! Hear me, I beg!
ess it all mean? I was led to believe the paper was
ndation, sir; yes, I paid Captain Azacarote, of
Urbina's staff, seven pesos for same. He told
"

ice, viper!" roared Dario Pez. "Prepare yourself,
are going on a long journey, a journey without
s."

is point I ventured to whisper to the general, for
that he might do an injustice because of a mis-
anding. Also I did not wish this Zapien to be rid
val so easily.

at is that you say, Don Francisco?" he demanded
irritation. "Well, what of it? The scoundrel as
said I could not read, did he not? He deserves

need men, General. And this fellow has come a long
serve you. Perhaps—it is apparent he did not
he contents of the letter, or he would never have
ooby enough to present it."

right. All right. Have it your own way. I will not
obody saying Dario Pez ever did an injustice to the
d ignorant. But wait—let us get to the bottom of
siness. What right had you to interfere in this
Colonel Zapien?"

ne but the duty every man of honor owes to a
in distress, General. This rascal had attacked the
"

that true, accursed one?"

. She attacked me."

io Pez gazed from one to the other of them with a
al expression of dismay. He scratched his head.

is clear to me that somebody lies," he remarked.
se brawls are very annoying. What do you wish me
Colonel Zapien?"

nly justice, Excellency. I wish to have this villain

nd for what, precisely?"

le threatened to kill me if I ever showed up in the
a's saloon again."

e general turned to Servin and asked, "Is this so?"

ly partly, Mister General. My exact words were
I would smear this stiffneck all over the floor if
ught him pestering the señora with his unwelcome
ations."

So! You, a *pelado* from the hills, dare to threaten a
ber of my staff!"

He is a *cientifico*, Excellency; yes. It is apparent in his
er. Moreover, I think he is a traitor."

Traitor? What do you mean?"

I can read
achery in his
s."

That angered
rio Pez, sir.
old your tongue,
d!" he shouted,
nging the table
th his fist.

"Were I to listen
all the idle gossip
my army the fir-
squad would run
t of ammunition.
lence!"

This Benito
rvin had never
en Dario Pez ex-
pt at a distance,
r, and his terrible
ger daunted him.

"Don Francisco,"
aid the general to
e, "what is the
fficial complaint
gainst this man?"

"That he at-
acked Colonel Za-
pien."

"But Zapien at-
tacked him—he ad-
mits it. Has the
Señora Tostado
lodged a com-
plaint?"

"She refuses to
prosecute."

"H'm—then it is
just as I thought—
a lovers' brawl.
Turn him loose,
Don Francisco, and
put him in Captain
Banda's command.
We will soon see
the color of his
stripes, this tiger
of the mountains.
And listen to me, *amigo*—a close mouth catches no flies.
Understand?"

"Sure."

"As for you, Colonel Zapien, I don't expect members of my staff to mix in saloon rows or get into fights with peons; but if they do, it's up to them to take care of themselves. Enough of this childish business—you are like two cake sellers, quarreling for a position on a corner. And another thing, Zapien—don't try to hide behind your rank in affairs of the heart. Do you hear?"

"But, Excellency ——" began the colonel, a pale green with fright.

"If a soldier is insubordinate have him arrested, and if guilty he will be shot. But in love, Zapien, it is every man for himself. And I will not have my officers taking advantage of their rank with the pretty girls." By goodness, we were afraid to look at one another, sir, for we could all remember numerous occasions on which the general had ranked us out of the pretty girls.

When they had been led away—"Tell me, Don Francisco, is not this Señora Tostado very beautiful?"

"Very beautiful."

"But I have heard it said also that she is disagreeably virtuous and possessed of a shrewish temper. Is it not so?"

"She has been a widow three years, *mi general*."

"And with all that property! Wow! She must be a devil, Don Francisco. It is very strange. Did not her late husband come to a bad end? It seems to me I heard something to that effect."

"Señor Tostado perished with a suddenness."

"Yes?"

"She stabbed him."

"But probably Señor Tostado deserved it? He had done something to displease her, yes?"

"The señora surprised him with another lady, sir."

"Still ——" murmured Dario Pez, pursing his lips, and he rubbed his hands thoughtfully. I knew what he was thinking about, sir—that this was a sad ending for so trifling a matter.

Well, we remained at El Sauc several weeks while Dario Pez sent couriers throughout all the surrounding country, gathering his forces for a great blow he purposed delivering against the enemy in the North. Ah, sir, those days at El Sauc and Tres Hermanos! We had to work hard, yes; but every afternoon we had horse racing and cockfights, and the band played in the *kiosco*, and the young girls would promenade with their hair down and decorated with flowers. And when they passed a handsome officer they would blush. By goodness, I like to see a girl blush. Do you not, sir?

For a while I did not see nothing more of Benito Servin, because the general kept me so busy. We were growing very much in need of money, sir. He wanted dollars with which to pay his boys, and the question of where to raise them occupied his mind day and night. Often I have seen him pause in a game of cooncan with Captain Banda to stare at the floor, even when he was winning; and at such times Dario Pez would run his fingers through his hair and murmur, very thoughtful, "Ah, ah! *poderoso caballero es Don Dinero, hey, amigos?*" A powerful gentleman is Mister Money. And then in his absent-mindedness he would cheat, and Banda feared to draw his attention to this remissness.

The captain reported that Servin was an excellent soldier and had already beaten up the best fighters in his command, and he planned to promote the fellow to be a sergeant. One day I dropped in at the Señora Tostado's saloon for a bottle of beer, she having received a shipment of same. And who should come clinking in behind me, with bells on his spurs, but Benito, as bold as a yearling bull. He sat down at a table in a corner, and then Adela espied him.

"Oho, little boy, so here you are again! I thought you were in jail. What! They have made you a soldier? Dario Pez is sure enough getting hard up for men!"

"Yes, I am a soldier. Listen to me, woman—you see before you a poor *pelado*, a man without education or graces, but who aims to climb the ladder of fame. Yes; one of these days the name of Benito Servin will ring throughout Mexico. So fetch me a drink. It is very hot."

"Listen at him!" retorted the lady sneeringly. "Well, let me tell you this, *hombrecito*—somebody else can serve you—not me."

And she walked queenly away. Servin, he did not say nothing and he did not endeavor to reason with the woman. What is the use? No; he just sat there and smoked his cigarette and rolled his eyes around, and drank mescal until he was perspiring very nice.

As for Señora Adela she kept her distance, but maintained a close watch on her unwelcome guest. As she walked around and around among the tables every little while she would mutter "Huh!" very gloomy, and the looks she darted at this Benito Servin ought to have burned him like fire.

"Ah-h-h!" she exclaimed, with a hissing, seating herself beside me, "I could kill that man—yes."

"Is it permitted to inquire why, señora?"

"Because," said Adela, "I hate him. Is it not enough?"

"More than enough. But what makes you hate him so? In my opinion he does not deserve a thought from you. He is too insignificant."

"Insignificant? Why, you are crazy, Don Francisco! Have you not seen his eyes? Look at him now—just look at him! You might think I was dirt under his feet—the son-of-a-gun!"

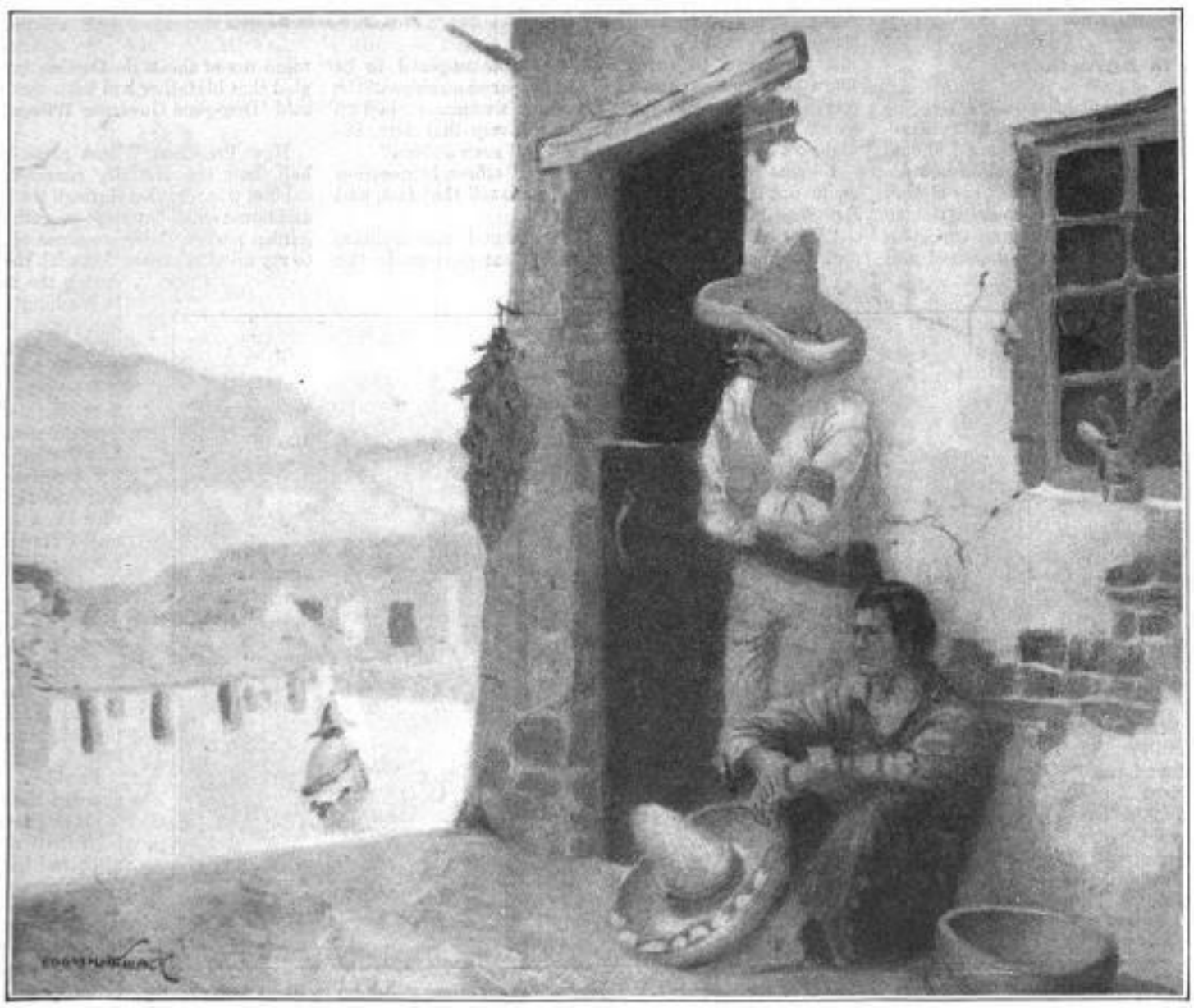
Servin was leering at her across the room as though the woman amused him, sir.

"He is nothing short a bum," continued Señora Tostado. "That is what he is. He is not worth that!" And she snapped her fingers. "I would have him thrown out, only it would start a fight and hurt business. This rooster is not afraid of nobody."

"Why do you not drop a hint to Colonel Zapien to remove him from annoying you, señora?"

"Who? Zapien? This *pelado* would assuredly kill him, Don Francisco. Yes, indeed; he is a tough guy. Why, do you know what he has done? He has succeeded in driving

(Continued on Page 114)



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OUR OFFICIAL FAMIL

RECOLLECTIONS OF A CABINET MINISTER'S WIFE

By Mrs. Josephus Daniels

GOVERNOR WILSON is going to ask Mr. Daniels to be Secretary of the Navy." The news was plumped at me by a caller in Washington, a man who said that for reasons of conscience he himself was declining the appointment as Secretary of War.

Was I overcome by joy, or tears, or anticipation of the days to come? Not at all. My very first thought was of Mr. Daniels clasping a high silk hat over his heart and standing on a ship, the American flag waving over his head. I knew that, deep-seated in his heart, there was patriotism, but a patriotism that had in it too much of reverence and sacredness to lend itself easily to those formalities which are demanded of a Secretary of the Navy.

A little later my mother, whom I was visiting, came to my room and wanted to know whether I was laughing or crying. Laughing, I said. The picture of Mr. Daniels and the tall silk hat was still in my mind, and with it a knowledge born of twenty-six years of being comrade to my husband. I realized that there were breakers ahead. Precedent might make its demands. But I knew that there would be a breaking of precedents.

There came to me also the memory of that night a quarter of a century before. As a young bride I had gone to hear my husband, then editor of a weekly newspaper in Raleigh, North Carolina, speak at a little school in a neighboring community. The presiding officer at the meeting was the school principal, an old Confederate soldier.

His introduction of Mr. Daniels ran like this: "The greatest honor for an Englishman is to introduce his Wellington. The greatest honor for a Frenchman is to introduce his Napoleon. The greatest honor for a Northerner is to introduce his Ulysses S. Grant. The greatest honor for a Southerner is to introduce his Robert E. Lee. But a greater honor than any of these is mine to-night, that of presenting to you the young statesman, Josephus Daniels, who is known on two hemispheres." Just then the old soldier apparently realized that the fervency of his oratory had carried him too far, for he threw his hands out in a wide gesture and added, "Or will be."

Lessons in Discretion

LITTLE did I think that night that I should ever be going to Washington with that "young statesman" as Secretary of the Navy; or that for eight years there I should be called upon to decide such problems as I shall now describe: What to reply when a queen says that her clothes closets are dusty. How to feed fifteen hundred women at a reception when eight hundred have been expected. Where to find the time to make from two hundred and fifty to four hundred calls every week. What to do when a lady blurts out a government secret at a tea. How to act when a vase of flowers tips over upon the guests at a very special dinner. What to reply when ladies ask for one's husband's shirt tails to make into aprons for a bazaar. How to act at the embassy of a country which is at war, when spies are being discussed and suddenly all the lights go out.

Least of all was I thinking that night of what it would mean every minute of every waking hour of every day for eight years to be a woman in public life.

It was months later, on a ship in the Pacific Ocean, when in my honor the band played Dixie and I applauded only moderately, that the President of the United States put into words what the woman in public life must never for an instant forget.

"You see, Mister President, I try not to be too enthusiastic," I explained, and Mr. Wilson leaned across the table and said: "You are right. It is the little things like that which count most in the estimate which people form of us."

I had another bit of advice which I remembered all through the years in Washington. There once lived in my state of North Carolina a man who had been governor of the state, a United States senator, and ambassador to a foreign country. He had been known to me from childhood, for he served in the same company with my father in the Civil War. His wife has tasted the joys of public life to the fullest. And it is characteristic of her that in all the years no one has ever heard her make an unkind remark about another person.

When she came to my home in Raleigh to bid me good-by she said, "I can trust you not to do anything wrong; try not to say anything wrong."

I made up my mind that day that though the wife of a public man must run the risk of seeming inane she must guard her tongue more dearly than her life, and be like a Halloween pumpkin, just eyes, nose, mouth, with the light shining through.

Many times the wisdom of this course was brought home to me. Once in particular I remember during the days of the war when many of us had to keep secrets, secrets which I am now privileged to reveal. It was not supposed to be known that armed guards were to be placed on ships of the merchant marine, when at a reception a woman rushed up to me and said, "Isn't it perfectly lovely that Mrs. So-and-So's husband is to be on such-and-such a ship!"

I knew that the wife of the naval officer in question could not have been so indiscreet as to tell that fact, and I professed ignorance for myself.

"Why, don't you know?" exclaimed the woman, and I replied, "I try not to know what goes on in the Navy Departme
then I am not te
say what I shou
But all this ca
the day when we
in the living roo
home in Raleigh
good-by to the y
had known the
husband, myself,
boys, and the
who had been
nursery for many
We had had a
taken, my boys a
the big chair in wh
had been accusto
gather for long t
the firelight. That
go with us as one
dearest memories.
now for the boy
glamour of goin
blotted out by th
that Sophy, the old
mammy, through t
cision of her own rela
was to be left behin



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Mrs. Josephus Daniels

Secrets

WE HAD a l
prayer together
as we rose a sniffing
boy blurted out, "
gone Governor Wils
That small boy
later to be quoted at a
ner where men to w
President Wilson
given everything in t
personal careers were
icizing him bitterly.
of the gentlemen pre
remarked, "You all
mind me of the little Daniels boy, who, instead of b
glad that his father had been made Secretary of the Na
said 'Dog-gone Governor Wilson!'"

How President Wilson came to abolish the inaugu
ball, how the carefully concealed personnel of the
cabinet was revealed through the invitations to a luncheo
and how a small boy slept peacefully through a president
garden party—these are some of the incidents that co
to my mind in connection with the White House festivit
during the first few years of my st
in Washington. Those of the follo
ing years, when there was anoth
mistress in the White House, I sh
describe later.

When the announcement was ma
that President Wilson would not a
cept the usual ball on the night of h
first inauguration, in 1913, the cou
try wondered and speculated an
searched for the reason. Those of
who knew something of the stron
quiet figure in the background
Eleanor Wilson, and of the ambition
she had cherished for her husband
understood that to her this was
dream reverently come true, and tha
she could not bear to have its sacred
ness tarnished by the fripperies an
frivolity, the new dances just then
coming in, the selling of invitations,
the folly and empty heartaches of a
ball.

President Wilson had carefully
guarded the secret of who was to be
in his cabinet, and each man who had
been invited to take a portfolio had
respected his wish and aided in the
concealment. To the wife of an ed-
itor, who knew the signs of the times
among those with printer's ink on
their fingers, it was interesting on the
morning of the inauguration to watch
in the press gallery those men who



The Former Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Daniels at an Army and Navy Football Game

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as had been making up possible slates, oked down into the United States Sen- ber and beheld the little covey of ten Woodrow Wilson had brought there. s excited was the atmosphere in the private gallery, where the wives of those sat in a row of seats reserved for them ilson. Many of them did not know one and to the other women in the gallery ity of the ten was also a puzzle. Whispers ng the aisles, "Who is she?"

enter of attention to the ten of us was seat in the front row, where sat the wife w President, she who was to be our chief, her husband was to preside over our s. I shall always remember her as she e that day, it seemed to me the embodi- a golden pheasant, aristocratic in figure, len—golden not only in hair and costume he soul which shone out of her eyes.

the inauguration ceremony Mr. Daniels ent out to find our carriage, and there for t time I met the new Secretary of War, rrison, and Mrs. Garrison. In some way riage or theirs had gotten lost, and so r we drove down Pennsylvania Avenue, ng a friendship that has continued ever

presence of the ten men and their wives inauguration luncheon that day at the House was the first official announcement shington of the personnel of the new cab- It was a large party and the luncheon rved buffet. Almost before luncheon was d President Wilson went out to the review- nd, followed by the members of the cabinet eir wives. To me it was a keen disappoint- to learn that the midshipmen, who are ally dear to me always, since two of my ers have been midshipmen, had already d in review. As newcomers we were the ts of interest to people gathered there that and we ourselves were much concerned in st glimpse of those rules of precedence which give o many of the most amusing stories connected with ington and which I shall describe later. Especially we interested in watching the diplomats and United s senators who had witnessed many of these proces- and were in consequence rather bored.

The White House Gardens

THAT morning the late Lord Bryce, then ambassador o this country from Great Britain, had made Mr. Dan- and myself very happy by a letter in which he recalled acquaintance with . Daniels and ex- sed his pleasure that y were to be brought o still closer associa- n in Washington.

Another incident of day was a telephone ll from Mr. Page, en a nine-year-old y jumped up and an at my elbow and ed:

"Is it Thomas Nelson age? Is it Thomas elson Page?"

The effort to quiet m and to conduct an telligent conversation ith Mr. Page finally came too great to be orne, and I asked Mr. age if he would speak o the boy. Eagerly latching the receiver he boy called, "Mr. Page, have you ever written anything else as good as the Two Little Confederates?"

"No, I never have," declared Mr. Page, whereupon the boy went away appeased.

After that inauguration-day luncheon there were many informal entertainments to which we were bidden at the White House, as well as the official affairs which are a regular feature of every year.



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Mr. and Mrs. Daniels and Three of Their Boys at the Reception Given in Honor of Admiral and Mrs. Dewey in the Garden at Single Oak

Mrs. Wilson was very fond of music and often the invitation was for some unexpected treat of singing or playing. Once I recall that it was a surprise concert by a Russian choir, the first I had heard, and there will ever linger in my memory the great united note of harmony in which it was well-nigh impossible to distinguish the individual voices. She also had great love for art and flowers, and it was her pride and joy to make the appropriation for the improvement of the White House grounds go as far as possible. She built two new gardens, one a rose arbor, the other a pool of water lilies. She frequently invited callers to go with her into the gardens and see how the flowers were progressing. I remember one particular occasion, after a meeting of the women of the cabinet, when she asked me to remain and took me all over the grounds. It was after Mrs. Wilson's illness had started, but long before any of us realized that it was to have a fatal termination, that we were invited for moving pictures in the White House garden one June night. Cabinet children were not bidden on this night, we understood, but something happened which had taken place on other occasions. Just as on the late afternoon of the day of the marriage of Miss Jessie Wilson to Francis Bowes Sayre, when there came a message from the White House that Miss Wilson wanted the boys at her wedding, so this afternoon there came a telephone that Mrs. Wilson desired our sons with the other children of the cabinet to see the pictures. We had with us a very young guest from North Carolina, and we asked permission to include him in our party.



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Eleanor Wilson McAdoo

Mrs. Wilson's Thought for Others

THE cinema was very long, the garden was dark and fragrant, and the small guest went fast asleep. The next morning one of his young hosts very much embarrassed him by remarking, "No one can say after you grow up to be a man that you have never slept at the White House."

It was not only in social affairs that Mrs. Wilson made herself felt. She was deeply interested in the welfare of the crowded portions of Washington City, and she wanted very much to have the alleys cleared out and the filth replaced with parks. Almost on the last day of her life President Wilson sat by her bed and wrote a letter for her to Congress asking that an appropriation be made to establish a small park in the center of one of these blocks. The money was given, and now when visitors go to Washington they find at the foot of Capitol Hill near B Street and Maryland Avenue a model alleyway with trees and flowers, where those whose houses face inside the square may still have a glimpse of the beauties which God intended for the enjoyment of all mankind.

One of my husband's predecessors as Secretary of the Navy paid more than his salary for the rent of the house in which he lived in Washington. Another former cabinet member, after weeks of weary hunting for a home for his family, found one that suited their needs and was also adequate for the social demands which, no matter how simple the desires of the Federal official, are imposed upon him by his office.

He asked the rent, and was told seventy-five hundred dollars. Whereupon he sank into a chair and looked off into the distance for some minutes. At last the real-estate agent became restless.

"Are you thinking that the house will do, Mister Secretary?" he ventured.

"I am wondering," was the response. "If out of my salary of eight thousand dollars I pay seventy-five hundred dollars in house rent, how shall I spend the other five hundred dollars?"

Of all the women who ever went house hunting I was probably the most ignorant. All my life I had lived in the same house in Raleigh, North Carolina. There they tell the story of a man with three daughters, two of whom married and brought their husbands to live at home. When the third daughter was asked in

(Continued on Page 109)

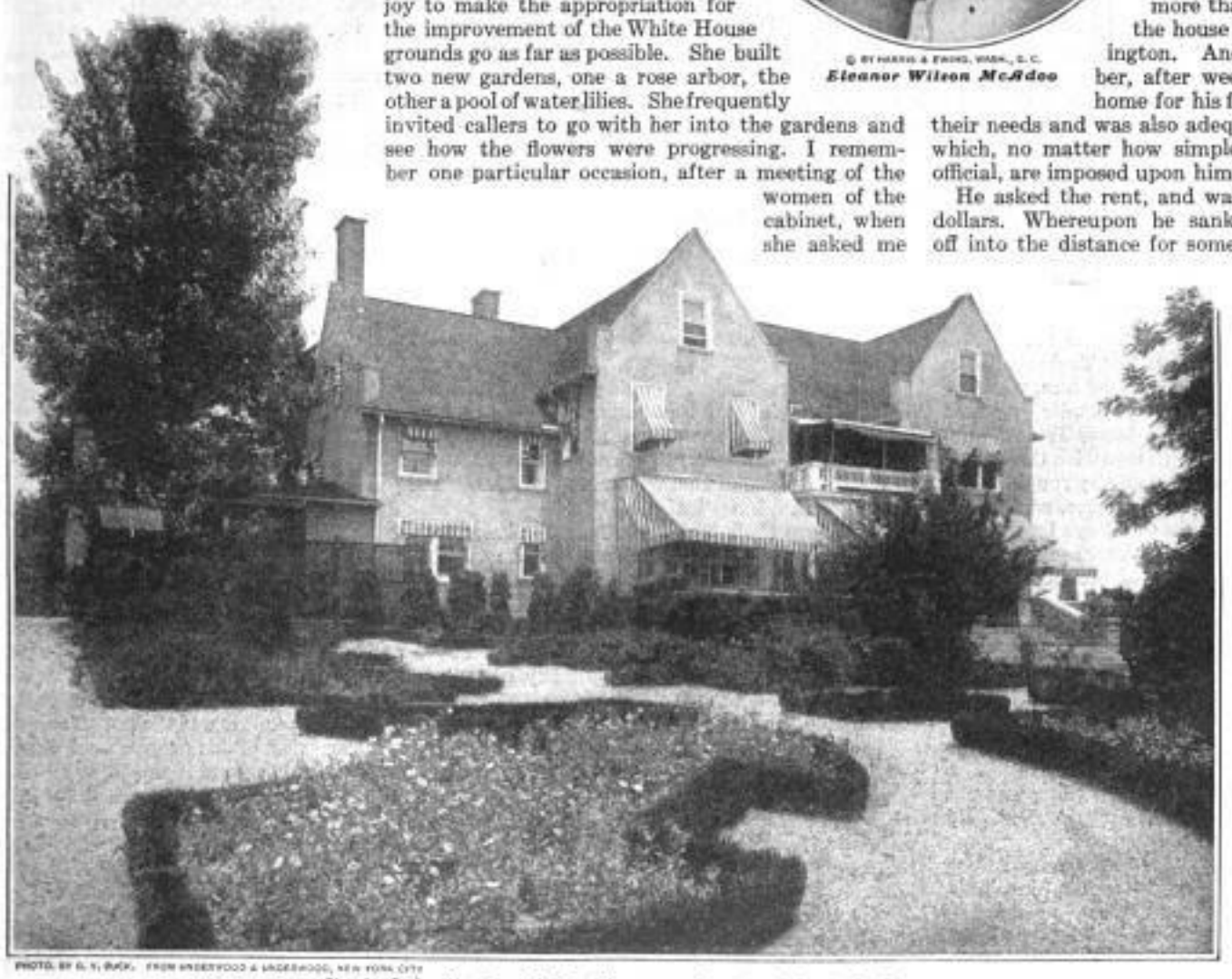


PHOTO. BY G. V. BUCK. FROM KEYSTONE & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK CITY

Single Oak, the Daniels Residence at Cleveland Park, D. C.

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THE BOYS

By MARY BRECHT PUL V

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. C

THE two letters and the little green book came in the same mail, and Helena could hardly contain herself in patience until James came. Directly she heard his ring she hurried down the broad flight of stairs, quite forgetting her usual last feminine glance into her mirror, as a vain female woman preparing for her very special man. She headed full tilt for the haven of James' arms, which not incapably and not at all automatically infolded her, sweeping her to an obbligato of mingled odors—tweed, tobacco, cold air and masculinity—quite out of contact with her temporary problems and her material setting into a wall-less garden of complete content. Infolded her so capably and with so little of the automaton that only the protesting crackle of the letters and an outraged squeal from the little book recalled her. She drew away with a sigh.

"My sweet girl! My dear love, what is it?" inquired James, a little flushed and not at all inexpertly.

"You're so lovely, Jamie—my precious old Jim! You surprise me every time. I don't blame 'em—some of these modern kittens, for liking 'em the way you are, I mean—an old relic like myself ——" And she reached up and touched James' kind brown face, which Nature had elevated nearly six inches above her own.

"But I can't linger over this, darling Jimmie. Not now. Because I've got a problem."

"A problem, is it! Well, and I'll bet a dollar dog I know what it's about. It's about the heaven-born. It's about your sons—one or both. The brats, I should say. I've listened to the saga of the brats, by heaven, until I know it backward. Only my great love for you, madam——"

"You don't know this part of the saga—yet," she sighed. "Come in and sit by the fire and be kind to me. And I'll turn the light, so it's kind to me too."

"I might remark that kindness is unnecessary to a lady with a golf bogey of one-twenty and who can look in the evening like Melusina in that silver-colored dress."

"But who has two big handsome galumphs of sons to trouble her," sighed Helena. "Marry at eighteen and be Methuselah at forty-four."

It might be remarked that there was no trace of Methuselah in the lady who had pressed James Trulow into an enormous stuffed chair, and now, seated by him, was preparing a barrage made of the little green slender book and the two fat letters for him. In fact, James Trulow, who was as creditably and unashamedly in love with the wearer of the straight slim Melusina frock of silvery rough silk as though they were both twenty years younger, could have found nothing at the moment to please his eye better than Helena with this mounting pink in her cheek and her pretty profile with its classical twist of brown hair bent over her worry point.

And indeed there was something to be said for James' taste. For if a flapper may be represented by the opal—reacting in the exposure of the harshest sun, only to vivid hues and brilliant colors—there is something to be said for the moonstone also, which has a steady and very lovely light, and—in a setting of crushed silver—may be preferred by some.

Helena was James' moonstone; and the thing was not inappropriate, since James himself was not an opal. By no means.

He stretched out now, a brown grizzled man, his long legs thrust gracefully from the depths of a big blue chair, inhaling his cigarette smoke, blowing out fluffy rings, perfectly aware of the pretty woman he had lately kissed, half-minded to rise and repeat the performance only for the inhibitions imposed by her occupation.



"A Problem, Is It! Well, and I'll Bet a Dollar Dog I Know What It's About. It's About the Heaven-Born"

About them Helena's living room offered an endless appeal of restful quiet and charm, made of walls of unobtrusive sand color with quiet mezzotints, more of the fat blue chairs, a Chinese rug of deeper azure, a white mantel with a witch's fire of thorns, low stands of books and plants, a piano with a harp leaf raised.

Just above their heads on the mantel was an excellent replica of the four bronze horses of the Quadriga, with their implication of the timeless, the superior, the utterly cognizant.

They offered in the cheerful mundane surroundings an arresting note like a stilling hand lifted above sudden clamor, dwarfing for the moment any petty material aspect that would assert itself before the experience they represented.

Helena momentarily catching this note, as she often did, forgot her perplexities for a fleet second, then, realizing the clutch of the material, sighed, straightened the first letter and laid it on Jim's knee. The horses of the Quadriga were all very well, but they represented the abstract; and there was still the concrete. There still remained—the boys.

"Beansy," she announced, "has been suspended. From the Bryarson School."

She paused with a sort of tragic sigh and James did his best.

"Well," he said, "but rather usual thing? I, m Once—we hazed a fellow over three weeks I ——"

"This is entirely differ Helena quickly. "You wi by the letter. Read it."

Then after the fashion she prevented his readi telling him what was in it

It was, she explained, th of Beansy's behavior at a d faculty and trustees had honor of the heads and pres the school associations. B president of the athletic tion—an honor at seventee half—had of course been and all had gone well until Anderson, one of the trust up to speak.

"I've met him." Helena jected. "Fat, fifty and pomp very rich. Fawn-colored spats, bay window and gol no children, but uses the B as a child, a protégé. Well, a I've heard before how bo boys get at the dinners w speaks. That's not the poin point is that Beansy got up he was two-thirds throug speech at the dinner and i him. And the other boys—th of the associations—cheered. was the awful part. No r Jim—you can see that. That awful thing about the childr day. Not that you'd ever ha pected Beansy—he's always very conservative—and he a spark of humor. He gave Whistler's Mother on my last day because he said it always him think of me, and every ye the last three, on Mother's he's written me the most bea and terrible letters, all full of ments about his gratitude t and the sacrifices I have mad him. Really, Beansy never gav a bit of trouble—before. He w good as an India-rubber baby. I'm sure he gets the sentiment cards and booklets, and of cours sends a white carnation in each Well—you wouldn't suppose — Helena paused, sighed again.

"And yet," she went on, " child has certainly been chang He's thinking queer things. O at Christmas when he was home went up to the wall motto in room—Cousin Annie Edwa made it with her pyrography needle, oh, ages ago!—y know the thing of Browning's:

"The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His Heaven—
All's right with the world!

"And he tore it right off my wall and when I asked h why, he said because it wasn't true. 'But,' I said, 'i true. Morning does begin at seven, and hillsides do g pearled with dew, and I've seen plenty of snails sitting o thorns.' And he told me not to be facetious! He said course it was the last two lines. He said anybody who ha any brains or ever read anything knew the world was al wrong and it was no use bringing God into it. At seven teen, Jim. He said in the interest of freedom it was sill and unintelligent. And so he tore it off my wall. Bu I ask you is that freedom—mine, I mean—for Beansy to d that to my wall, to forcibly take away Cousin Annie Edwards' burnt-wood gift? Not that I hold a brief fo snails. But Beansy! I might have seen it heading thi way. And yet I'm so taken back. If it had been Henry Henry was always reactionary and radical, and very de termined. He used to cry for things and, when that didn't

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hold his breath and beat his head on the carpet. for the doctor once ——"

ight point out, Helena, that you left off with telling ansy—er—Harold had insulted the trustee, Mr. son, and if you don't object to switching back to the rack—just exactly what was it about?"

seems," said Helena, "that Mr. Anderson made a deal of money during the war—war babies, you —oh, in a perfectly legitimate way, but the thing got You know young people in a school—well, there's sort of undercurrent! Beansy told me about it be- Not that Mr. Anderson wasn't patriotic, and all er—well, the way lots of them were patriotic, you I mean he made lots of speeches and stood up for ational anthem, and bought Liberty Bonds, but— the war babies were there. And—that's the awful errible thing about young 'uns, Jim—you can't gloze ing over for them. They're so uncompromising and adly unforgetting. They'll look right into your eye, you think you've got everything beautifully painted nd say, 'Yes, but ——' In short, they're the hardest e in the world to fool. Well, the war babies have been g some time—and Mr. Anderson got up to speak and oke about the war. And it seems he got on a very horse. Anyway, he made some gilt-edged remark t the boys. The beautiful boys, he called them, who out into battle so gallantly, like young knights in en armor, to fight for an imperishable ideal, their ts aflame with righteousness. And Beansy ——

Well, with his awful hero worship for Henry, and the of Henry's service, and Henry's book of poems about truth about the war, and all Henry's friends and their e of mind, since they got back, Beansy said 'Bah!' t out loud. And Mr. Anderson stopped and looked nd and said, 'Do I hear someone speak?' and Beansy up, clutching his napkin and said, 'Yes, sir, you do. oke, sir. I said, "Bah!" sir.'

Then Mr. Anderson said, 'Will you explain your re- k, young man?' And Beansy said, 'I will, sir. What ant, sir, was that we went out to battle because you t us, sir.' Jim, Beansy was twelve when we entered the r, but of course he was being Henry and Henry's friends the time. 'We went to war because it was our duty to port you when you asked us to do a piece of dirty work. t I doubt if you can ever send us again, sir.'

"Can you imagine it, Jim? Well, there was a terrible uproar and a lot of talk. Beansy was asked to apologize, and he wouldn't. They were going to expel him, then Mr. Anderson interceded—that was galling to Beansy—and they've given him a month to reconsider and he swears he won't; and the top form swears he shan't; that if he's put out they go with him."

"And Beansy has written you his decision ——"

Helena faced James tragically.

"Beansy has written me nothing, Jim. He's written to Henry. The school—Mr. Paterson, the headmaster, has given me the story, and notice of Beansy's return. And I've got a letter from Henry. Beansy wrote to him at once. And Henry is coming home to talk it over. And he's bringing Moresby Girard. To talk it over with him! Fancy, as though it should need any talking over! For no matter about the war babies, nor how right Beansy may be, Mr. Anderson is his superior officer. He was his host, besides, and Beansy behaved like an ill-bred nasty little boy. That's all. If we are to have freedom, Jim, doesn't it work both ways? Hasn't Mr. Anderson the right to be cheaply forensic if he chooses—or even illogical? If one individual has a right to force his standard on another hasn't Mr. Anderson the right to express his, when he's invited to? Beansy doesn't have to believe what he said—any more than he has to believe in Cousin Annie Edwards' wall motto."

"Mostly, freedom's a one-way ticket when you're Beansy's age," Jim said dryly.

"And sending straight for Henry, Jim! What can we expect of Henry? And bringing Moresby Girard into it. As though it were a matter of sacred principle. Oh, of course, Moresby and Henry! Gaiety has their pictures this month with six others—a whole page of Our Young Modern Thinkers. Because of Henry's poems and Moresby's novels. I know it's remarkable—the things they write. I know it's remarkable for Moresby at twenty-two to have written Outlaw and Unafraid.

"They're amazing books, and full of horrible truths, as very young people see truth; in—well, a sort of physiological way. Because, I suppose they've found out all about themselves so recently, and can't wear their knowledge lightly. Oh, beauty's in them too! A lot of beauty. Physiology and beauty and the plain names of things all mixed together. That's what strikes you so! They make me think—Moresby and Henry's kind—of little boys with their eyes full of dreams throwing mud balls at the teacher."

"The teacher!" snorted Jim. "They'll tell you about the teacher!"

"Oh, I just meant life, Jim; and some of the rules. I know you can't teach 'em anything. If you point out that you've lived longer they only jeer and ask you what you made of your living. They'll say, 'See the mess you turned over to us!' As if one didn't learn more from one's messes than one's successes. Still, what can you expect from children?"

"Youth," quoted James, "is a disease that cures itself."

"It's tough now and then on the nurse while they're healing," sighed Helena.

"You, yourself," Jim continued, "at Henry's age—twenty-four—were married; the mother of a child."

"I wasn't trying to fix the world; I had a job and I attended to it."

"But that"—James opened his case and selected carefully a new cigarette—"is what they claim they're doing—isn't it? Fixing the world—isn't that what they're going to make their job?"

"Oh, yes. And they've begun well enough. The world's listening to them. That's a great deal. They don't get snubbed the way we did. And I know they're clever. Henry's A. E. F. book has been called the truest war verse we had, and the Post Digest has made him a literary editor. He has a new book of verse just out. This is my copy. I got it to-day. I'll read you something." Helena opened it at random. "This is what may be expected of our Henry just now:

"COCOTTE

"She came—white poppies in a shaking wind,
All silver chaliced on their gracile stems,
I thought of this when first she spoke to me,
There on the road to Ems,
The long, long road with shadows dropping, bending
From poplars tipped with gold—and night descending.

"Oh, there was in her face her whole young being—
Dark pools her eyes, dim now with sweet unseeing;
Like blood, her mouth, in her white blanchèd face.
Oh, bitter blood, steeped from her heart's young grace.
She had a wisdom, from the Sphinx's day—
She hailed me on my way."

(Continued on Page 44)



"You're a Pretty Old Thing, Mom. But I Can't Go Back to Anderson. I'd be Going Back on Everything—On All the Fellows Too"

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THE GENTLE CRIMINAL

By Wilbur Hall

ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. ALLEN



"When I Learn to Shoot the New Revolver I Have Bought by Mail Order I am Going to Hold Up the Overland"

THE time came when Gideon Worrick chortled to think what the people of Derbyville would do and say if they could only know what was in his mind. Suppose, for example, that he should stand up in the Young People's League meeting on any Sunday night and remark: "When I learn to shoot the new revolver I have bought by mail order I am going to hold up the Overland."

Or, again, if he should lean close to the grille in the cashier's window and say to one of the State Bank's leading customers: "Better draw your money out of here, my friend, for on one night soon I am going to embezzle and abscond with every penny in the vault."

Of course no one would believe him. Of the twelve hundred and odd souls comprising Derbyville, Gideon was exactly the last anyone could have suspected of possible faithlessness. This careless acceptance of him, by unanimous consent, as so trustworthy and honest that he could not do wrong, no matter how much he might want to, coupled with the common conclusion that he would never want to at all, was the trouble. Gid resented being taken for a machinelike man of probity, as old Bije Linder in his rare moments of sobriety might have resented the offhand finality with which he was awarded a life position as the village drunkard. The sensitive man may crave recognition of his human frailties as insistently as of his attributes of divine strength.

The cashier had been born on the river below Derbyville, and had lived in and around the mountain town all his thirty-eight years. He was the community's most trusted man, but far from being its most popular. He was a pattern of respectability, but not respected. Instead of being influential and a leading citizen he was a born treasurer. His application to duty was noteworthy, so they did not look to him for brains. His willingness was notorious, wherefore they gave him no opportunity to use initiative. His morals were unassailable, and they supposed that he lacked spirit. No one ever thought of him as a chairman, a president, an orator of the day, a marshal of the parade, or even as a committeeman on ways and means. But whenever there were moneys to be paid in, kept, paid out and accounted for Worrick was your man. As a treasurer Worrick was a Derbyville institution.

In his younger days this confidence in him had pleased Worrick, but when he found it unaccompanied by any of the more flattering and warming sentiments it began to pall. He revived somewhat when, at thirty-four, he was made cashier of the State Bank, after twelve years of unremittingly faithful service; but he found that the promotion made no change in his status in the community. He was not such a fool as to think old Warren Selfridge, the president and principal owner, had made him cashier for any reason save that he would work harder for less money than anyone to be had who could be as safely trusted. Selfridge, while always the despot of the bank's affairs, had been in the habit of consulting Brown, the former cashier, more or less freely, and had often taken his advice. Not so with Worrick. He was never consulted at all; merely trusted. Selfridge considered him—and found him—as faithful as an adding machine; as safe as the time lock. He was given ten dollars more a month and treated exactly like a bookkeeper. The iron began to eat into his soul.

At first his rebellion was in the form of dark thoughts hastily banished. Later he entertained these malignant mental visitors—gradually came to inviting them. He contemplated high and dreadful crimes, not as possibilities, but as dreams. He liked to imagine tying Warren Selfridge, against whom he had not the slightest animosity, hand and foot and locking him in the vault, taking the money in the cash box, swaggering down Main Street and up Mendocino with a revolver in each hand, blazing away; or setting the library afire some time when there was a strong west wind which would carry the flames thundering through the business section, gutting it; or getting drunk at the pool room—where it could be done, he heard—and staggering through the town, shouting profanity. He could work himself into quite a state by thinking such thoughts.

Quite abruptly this random and frankly impracticable cogitation—meaningless and harmless in itself—was crystallized, and began to harden into planning at the meeting held to wind up the affairs of the committee in charge of Derbyville's third annual home-coming-week celebration. Because of attempting to outdo all previous committees, this one had exceeded its appropriation and had come out with a deficit. Now a deficit on the books of a committee charged with staging a public celebration is always a grievous thing, and there is no subscription list more difficult to explain and to obtain signatures on than one calling for contributions with which to pay for what we know colloquially and inelegantly as dead horse. Every committeeman in America knows that. The committeemen in Derbyville, after the third annual home-coming festival, knew it well. They had been a trifle apprehensive for weeks, but, as is characteristic of committees, they had hoped for the best. When Gideon Worrick presented the final statement of accounts and showed them, in his neat red figures, a shortage of $348.74, they looked at one another unhappily and then, as one, turned to look at their treasurer.

He was a very thin man, with a thin and somewhat melancholy face. His hair was thin and of a reddish hue, so that one might have been forgiven for thinking that what he displayed was a copper-colored scalp devoid of hair. He had slight, light eyebrows, and these, framing light blue eyes, gave him a bald and v expression that di less than justice. had a thin, long neck and a very prominent Adam's a which moved up and down when he swallowed, as a tu gobbler's head does when he gobbles. Gideon had a f for light clothes, and these made him look more thin he was, and did not favorably affect the colorless char of his face. Most blond men redden easily; Gideon got sunburn when exposed, and grew white when ang embarrassed. He was impeccably neat, which may tended to heighten the tedious monotony of his etiola

Perhaps it was partly because he was so neat and wash out that he irritated the committeemen as they looke him. He leaned back, furtively paring a finger *nail*, waited for the chairman, Hugh Drury, to say bri "All right, Gid, we'll talk this thing over. Much obl for coming."

Instead the chairman cleared his throat and obser "That's funny."

"Your idea of funny maybe," Doc Neal, the town d tist, snapped acidly. He was notably sharp-tongu "It's not mine."

Mrs. Gordon remarked, "Dear me, I wouldn't h been so shook up by a hundred or so short. But th hundred—how much did you say, Mr. Worrick?"

"Three hundred forty-eight seventy-four."

"My land!"

"But what for?" someone else demanded crossly.

"There are the vouchers," Gideon said, indicating t pile.

"Oh, drat the vouchers!" Doc Neal broke in. "If y think this committee is going to waste half the night loo ing through a stack of receipts and canceled checks you crazy! Don't sit there like an eel and make faces! Gi us some idea about this shortage, can't you?"

Gideon wanted to make an angry retort. But he cou not think of one. Wearily he drew the sheaf of pape towards him and began to thumb them over.

"The fireworks cost more than Mr. Drury thought th would, in the first place," he remarked tonelessly.

"How's that?" the chairman interrupted. "Wait minute, here! I never said anything about how much th fireworks would cost. I'm a dry-goods man, not a pir wheel expert. What do you mean—I thought?"

"I have your original estimate here," Gideon said with little more spirit.

But they refused to examine it. They passed to th next item. Every item got under someone's skin. By a perfectly human process of thought the five members o the committee began to look on the man who exhibited their financial difficulties to them as the man responsible for them. In three minutes the treasurer was like a



Things Were Happening Too Rapidly for Him"

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pt on the stand, bullied by counsel gry and importunate creditors. k grew angrier and angrier, but he : the sort of man to show it. There- ey redoubled their faultfindings.

Neal finally snatched at some of oks and papers and began to claw y through them, sniffing and biting In a moment, interrupting some- e, he ejaculated:

w what the Sam Hill does this bill Worrick? Curtin & Laird, San sco: stationery and supplies—nine ve. What was that for?"

e letterheads and envelopes the ittee ordered," the treasurer replied tonously. "And, oh, yes—ninety- nts for this account book."

hich account book?"

he one I kept the accounts in—

e dentist took it snappishly. He ran ough. He leaned back, throwing the to the table.

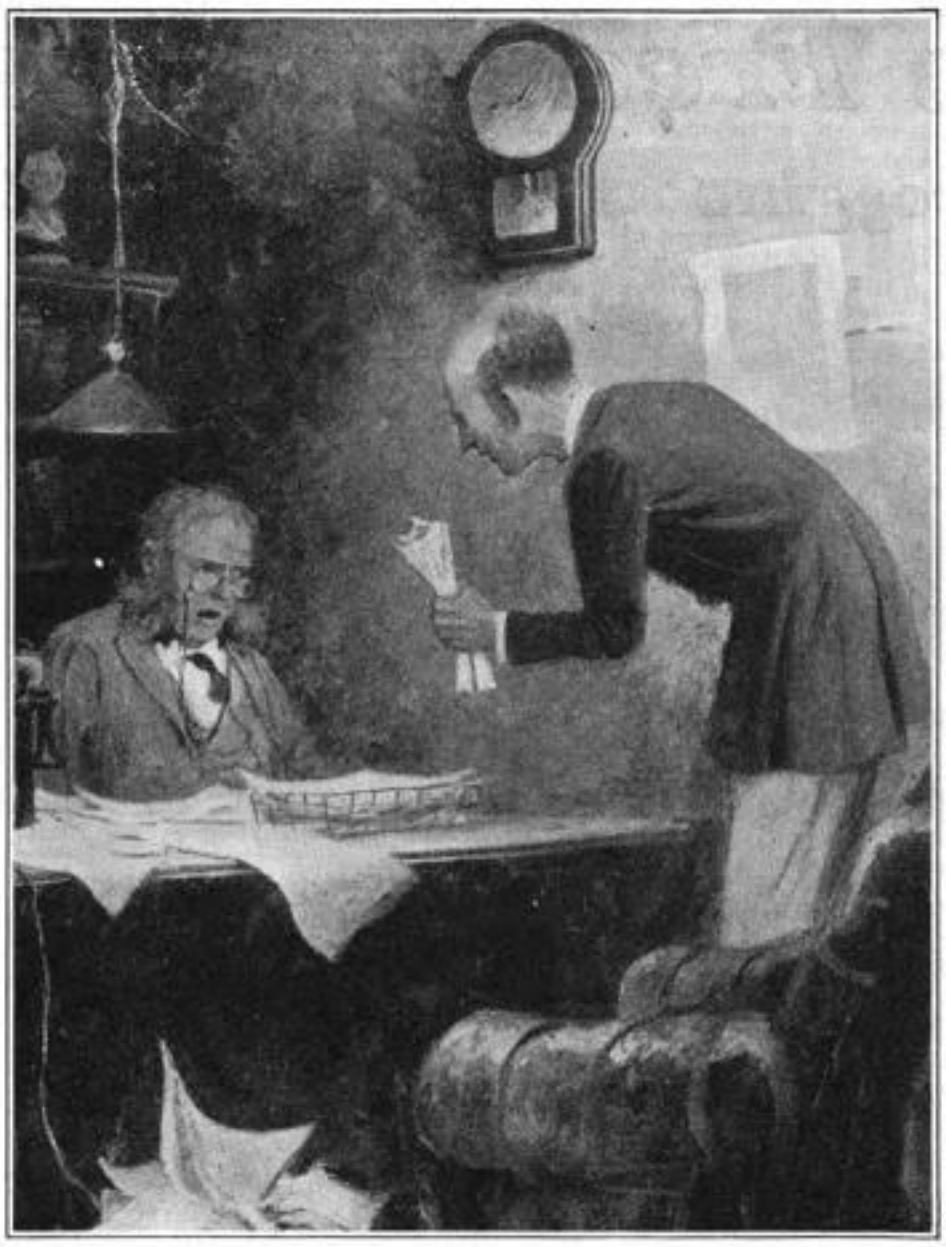
h, very well," he said in a resigned of voice. "If our treasurer forgot he wasn't a member of this com- e and went out on his own hook out authority and spent money that ——"

What way?" Gideon demanded.

That way! Account books! Fancy gs! Pretty covers! A hundred pages e book and not twenty of them used. a wonder you didn't buy yourself a fountain pen to keep 'em with." He ed to the other committeemen. "This hat comes, I suppose, of having a man can be a sort of treasurer suddenly gining that he can be the chairman and general manager and the committee lf all rolled into one. It's sickening!"

Gideon Worrick, for the first and last e in his life, leaped to his feet, over- ing a chair and striking the table h his fist. He reached for his hat and pped it on his long head defiantly.

"That's all I'm going to take from ybody here," he said in a thin voice at suggested tears. "I've worked ghts and even Sundays on this festival business, and I've queezed the pennies and cut down expenses and used my n things, and I've never had a word to say about raising e money or appropriating it or allowing it or spending it, lthough I could have done better than some of you did ore than once; and I've been trod on like a doormat, and ever thanked and never appreciated and never given a least word or a decent job, and now I'm all through and done for. You can take your books and your deficit and your faultfindings and you can go to the grand jury with them, if you please; but I quit, now and forever. I've been the last treasurer of anything that I'm ever going to be in this town, and you can put that down to stay. Not ever again!"



The President's Glasses Fell Down on His Nose and His Mouth Opened. He Looked at His Cashier in Stupefied Amazement

He walked out, trying to slam the door. But he could not be dramatic, even in such a moment. The door knob caught in his coat pocket and tore it, and the door closed quietly and decently.

Gideon walked down Mendocino Avenue with tears of rage and impotence in his faded blue eyes, and for the first time began to wonder seriously how a man entered upon a life of crime. His speculation from that moment began to take tangible form. He began to consider practical ways in which to commit some startling felony, partly for revenge on the mean-minded people of the little town, partly to demonstrate to them that he was something more than a smoothly operating machine, and partly to startle them out of their complacent custom of classifying people and putting them into pigeonholes. He was sick and tired, he told himself, of finding himself labeled, and always summarily pushed back into his particular rut when others conceived that he was getting out of it.

Derbyville was a small town, with no particular present reason for being. Its genesis had been logical, for in the very early days two great sheep and cattle ranches had made a common boundary of the road of which Main Street was a piece. The Derby Ranch had long since passed with its founder, but the Van Lythe Ranch stretched for miles and miles in three directions from the town. The trouble was that old Frank Van Lythe, a headstrong and fiery gentleman, had never forgiven the first settlers for naming the town for his rival, Jesse Derby; and though the latter had been dead for years, and though the Derby Ranch was scarcely a memory any more, Van Lythe did his business in San Joaquin and in San Francisco, and avoided whenever he could entering Derbyville even to board a train or to load steers. If Van Lythe ever died—which some deemed doubtful—his sons might come to the village and help to make it quite a place. But until then Derbyville marked time.

Warren Selfridge, president of the State Bank and Gideon's employer, was a poor banker; but he was good enough for the town. He was easy-going, trustful, absent-minded and lazy. His father had founded the bank, and Warren had taken it over in time as a matter of course. For forty years he had been its head, and it had gone up and down with the country and the times, always making him and his wife a living, which was all he desired and more than he, on the rare occasions when he reviewed its condition and prospects, could reasonably expect. It was not what an economist would have called sound, many times, but no one worried about that. The state bank examiner's deputy disliked stopping at the Stratford Hotel, and therefore he always notified Warren Selfridge when he was going to call, and the banker would take him out to the comfortable family home two miles from town as his guest. It happened once or twice a year, therefore, that kindly, domineering, bustling little Mrs. Selfridge and fat, indolent, good-humored Warren Selfridge were both putting their houses in order at the same time and in honor of the same visitor.

Gideon Worrick and a bookkeeper were the sole employes of the State Bank. For a long time after Gideon's elevation to the cashier's desk old Henry Peacock had divided his time between the bank and Patterson's General Store; but the purchase of a small automobile and a tour or two had changed the Selfridges' habits materially. With a tent rolled upon the running board and a kit of miscellaneous cooking utensils and a box of easily portable foodstuffs in the tonneau, they had become gypsies almost as though by reversion to type, and for weeks at a time Gideon Worrick was left in charge; in charge, that is, to the extent only of being abandoned with the work of keeping the institution running. He had no authority, could use no discretion, could act positively on nothing. "If anything came up"—that was the phrase—he always had on his desk the itinerary of the wanderers and strict and inviolable instructions to wire the president and await orders from him.

Worrick had not resented this state of affairs actively until the incident of the deficit in the funds of the home-coming committee. This incident pointed the subordinacy of his position and he began to chafe, brooding over the lack of confidence shown in his ability—if not in his honesty—by Selfridge. His troubles assumed unduly large proportions in his mind. Very definitely he made up his mind to revolt, and gradually his rebellious inclinations took the form of a criminal program. He only wondered whether or not he had the spirit actually to carry out his plans. If he did have there would be amazement and consternation in Derbyville, for he would strip the bank clean, and with its funds take every penny belonging to half a

(Continued on Page 66)



Keep More Than a Rough Account of Balances

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Charles Frederic Goes Eas

By C. E. Scoggins

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE



"Step Up, Gentlemen! First Come—Ugh!—First Served!"

SUDDENLY, though the pale and chilly moon had not yet faded in the dusk of dawn, the gangs on Tiscua Fill were electrified into amazing energy. Tiburcio bounded from gang to gang, visibly and vocally the diligent foreman; and rasp and clatter and thump, rattle and crash and bang; the cañon rang to industry redoubled. For two mounted figures had appeared on the cañon trail, and the fat one in white breeches, who rode with knees hunched high, would be J. C. Bailey himself, lord of the Bailey Construction Company.

The checker cocked a cynical eye and yawned and went on making marks on a sheet of paper. He, the checker, held J. C. Bailey in the mild contempt that is due a tenderfoot—witness those tight white breeches, that ridiculous postage stamp of an English saddle, as if the mountains were a city park! He, the checker, had been in Mexico three years already, and knew the country. Yes, even as Jonah knew the whale.

He sat at the high exposed end of the great fill muffled to the ears in a red blanket—it is cold in Tiscua Cañon at dawn, and seems colder because you know how much hotter it will be when the sun blazes up; and a checker's work is not so violent as to heat the blood. Nor is it complicated. On a dozen tracks, from either side of the cañon, dump cars shuttled, tilting their contents roaring down the dumps, and for each car he made one mark on his sheet of paper. Almost anybody with a civil engineer's degree can make marks on a sheet of paper.

Tiburcio, the diligent foreman, paused beside him with stern admonitions.

"You, *checador, alerta!* On the job now!" said he in effect. He further addressed the checker as Charley, which is more cutting than it sounds—meaning, humorously, a Chinaman. The checker didn't mind. A checker has no dignity; and his name, though Tiburcio neither knew nor cared, was Charley.

Tiburcio bounded away. A diligent foreman cannot waste all his time on a checker. The horses, scrambling up, topped the fill and turned toward the dump, but the checker did not rise. On the contrary he pulled his battered hat over his face and hunched the blanket closer about his ears. A civil engineer is perfectly competent to hold a checker's job, but he is not necessarily proud of it.

"How many cars go already?" demanded J. C. Bailey in his tenderfoot Spanish.

"Fifty-two," reported the checker in a slightly better variety of the same language.

"What!"

A checker, you understand, is paid to be honest. He is paid a whole peso and a half a day, which is seventy-five cents in money, though he has nothing to do but sit all day on a comfortable rock and make marks on a sheet of paper.

"Tiburcio!" bawled J. C. Bailey, and Tiburcio galloped out, hat in hand. "Tiburcio, this *checador*, he *dice* that they've got out *cincuenta y dos* cars already, before day. 'Taint possible!"

Tiburcio, ever so anxious to please, was baffled by the fact that the great man's Spanish was somewhat diluted th English.

ke the voice of the second horseman:

her, don't be silly, talking Spanish at that man. ou see he's an American?"

man?" said J. C. Bailey. "Oh, um!"

See now how habit betrays you into humiliation. The checker was apprised by the voice of the second horseman that she was not, accurately speaking, a horseman at all; wherefore his legs mechanically hoisted him to his feet and his hand on its own responsibility pulled off his hat. The blanket slipped from his shoulders. He snatched at it too late.

"Um!" said J. C. Bailey, seeing what the blanket had covered.

"Hello, Mr. Bailey!" said the checker brightly. "Have a good trip in the States?"

And right at his elbow a car dumped and a virtuously industrious voice bawled "Number Two!" But the checker did not move. Across the cañon floated a musical howl of "Eleven!" But the checker, his tally sheet forgotten in his hand, the wind of dawn frisking unimpeded through his calamitous raiment, stood simmering in shame, his eyes helpless on the sweet, grave face of the girl who gazed so curiously on him.

It is bad enough to go on your uppers, to come down to a checker's job and be caught at it by a fat, sleek, offensively wealthy tenderfoot like J. C. Bailey; but to have a girl, an American girl, a girl like that, see you there and pity you ——

"Um," said J. C. Bailey. "Haven't I seen you before?"

"I shouldn't wonder," admitted the checker. "I have boned you for a job as often as I could get to you. My name is Gray."

"Um. I remember. Engineer, ain't you? What you doin' here?"

"Checking," explained the checker.

"I mean, how come? What for?"

"A peso and a half a day."

"Um," said J. C., and thrust an impulsive hand into his pocket. "Here! For the love of Pete, buy yourself a new shirt anyway!"

"Will you kindly go to thunder?" said the checker in cold fury, and sat down and fished vaguely for his blanket.

"You impudent pup!" said J. C. Bailey.

Now Tiburcio, looking from one to the other, caught his cue. Beyond a doubt the great *jefe* was rebuking that checker, who, all unheeding of the frantic voices of car dumpers, sat gazing at the lovely señorita who wore pants. Tiburcio knew and treasured a few explosive words in English. "Pup" was a new one, a good one.

"You, *checador*," cried one who chimes virtuously the voice of authority, "a then hired to sleep? Hav no ears? Loafer! Block Pup!" But unjustly the of authority turned on his diligent foreman.

"Hey, you!" sputtered Bailey. "*Donde—donde*—where the blinkety-blank b do you get off, talking to a man that way? Huh?"

Tiburcio missed a priceless opportunity to enrich vocabulary with English words; he was stunned.

"Gray," said J. C. Bailey, "give this fool your t Tell him to put another checker on the job and be dam to him. You come on to town and see me. I'll give y job that's fit for a white man, by glory! if I have to in one. Cl'k! Cl'k!"

With wrathful cluckings and thumping of the heels breathing through the nostrils he hauled his horse ar and set off. The girl followed. Over her shoulder nodded and smiled as if that checker were anybody at The sun had popped up, dazzling, cheering, chasing thin chill of dawn; and all about him righteously in nant voices were bawling "Two!" "Six!" "Eleven "Nine!"

II

THIS is how Ishmaelites are made. The original Ishm no doubt, coming to the notice of some impulsive m arch of that olden time, was given a job that was neith fish, flesh nor fowl, neither boss nor honest son of toil, so th men unjustly judged him. It is not down in the Book th a woman scorned him; but a woman finished the cro of poison ivy for Charles Frederic Gray.

The new job was so new that nobody, not even J. Bailey, who invented it after as much as twenty minute thought, knew the name of it.

"Here's the idea," he said in the important calm of h office in Tequila: "You're an engineer, and you got a ce tain amount of construction experience, haven't you?"

Charles Frederic felt this to be modest enough. H nodded.

"And you're young and husky. Now, me, I'm old an fat. Riding does me up."

"Ought to use a Texas saddle," said Charles Frederic.

"Use any kind you want to. Here's the idea: Wh can't you ride down one end of the line while I go down th other, look over the work in each camp, meet me her every week or so and report? Save me half my riding."

"I can," said Charles Frederic, dazzled.

To be sure, there isn't any regular job called superin tendent's eyes, and he wasn't assistant superintendent because he hadn't any authority; and the pay, it de veloped, was only fifty a month and found. But it was an important job anyway.

"You want to go easy," J. C. warned him. "Most of the camp foremen are hard-shells, old-timers that were build ing railroads when you were eating your dinner out of a bottle. You're young, you got to admit that. Don't make 'em sore. Don't swell around. Just get the dope and report."

You didn't need to tell Charles Frederic to go easy. Even fifty a month is wealth when you have been six months on your uppers, and the pride of a decent job is as tingling wine.

He went easy. He went superlatively easy—at first. He listened respectfully to the theories of the old-timers and offered none of his own, wherefore the old-timers found

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ntertaining and companionable youth; and con-
he work of building a railroad he saw what he
t and reported that same, so that J. C. Bailey
his own avoirdupois less and less often to the
s of the saddle. All, in short, was superlatively
Charles Frederic Gray—for a while.
edit was good at the company store, so that he
d early in new boots, laced very high, new cor-
new hat and everything. His standing was good
mpany office; but more and more often he re-
t the house of J. C. Bailey, where his standing was
There were attractions at J. C. Bailey's house—to
et, grave gray eyes whose gravity was denied by
hievous quirk of their own dainty brows; a short,
little nose that wrinkled in the most devastating
with laughter, like a baby's; a slender figure that
made for fluffy frocks until you saw it in mannish
lothes; hands that were a delight to watch. Their
as Pat, which, if you will believe it, was short for

all was amazingly well. And inevitable chance
four or five of the hard-shells together in Tequila
nday evening, and they compared notes on Charles
e Gray.
at about this guy Gray?" inquired Long Henry
foreman of Camp Eight. "What's his graft any-

th the engineers, ain't he?" offered old Hub
in. Youth is excusable in engineers. They have
lon.
h; some kind of inspector," said Lon Dickey, of
Four, and signaled the bartender to repeat. They
the *cantina* of the Red Rose, which is like anything
flower. "I recollect he had a
om Bailey sayin' show him the
"
wass a checker in my camp,"
e Ribera, of Camp One.
de Oscar grunted morosely.
was drinking mescal, which,
white man, omits to cheer while
briates.
e ban spotter, if you ask me,"
he, "t'ats what. Spotter! Ol'
Bailey, he cuss me for trinkin'
al. I swear he naver see me tak'
k. T'is Gray, he tal him. T'ats
!"
I'm," said Hub Franklin
ghtfully. "Mebbe that's why
ld man was climbin' me about
wder requisitions. I've noticed
this kid always looks cross-eyed
n he sees me loadin'."
Spotter, I tal you!" insisted
r. "What you tal t'is Gray, he
l' man Bailey. T'at's what!"
nd the door at the end of the
n swung and the selfsame Gray
ked in.
Sh-h-h!" said Oscar, and set his
le under the table.
Hi, Henry!" cried Charles Fred-
, all cheerily unsuspecting.
ow's tricks out your way? Hello,
h! I ——"
"Mr. Franklin to you," said Hub,
athing through his nose.
"Aye, aye, Your Majesty!" agreed
arles Frederic, unrebuffed. Old
ub Franklin was everybody's friend.
What's the lay?"
"Run along, sonny. We was just
in' to have a drink."
"Queer!" laughed Charles Fred-
ic. "I was just going to buy one.
hat'll you have, everybody?"
"Soda water," said the pious Oscar,
oiging Lon Dickey.
"Licker!" declared Dickey. "And
o spotter can make me say dif-
ent!"
"Huh?" said Charles Frederic
lankly.
"Yes, huh!" said Dickey, getting
o his feet. "Git out of here before
e throw you out!"
Plainly here was no merry jest.
Charles Frederic's jaw went gently
lut; a spot of white appeared over
either cheek bone.
"You'll what?" he begged. "Say
that over again—slow!"
"You heard me," said the sullen
Dickey.
"Run along, sonny," repeated Hub
Franklin. "We'll buy our own, thanks
just the same."

And then Charles Frederic's hands relaxed and his face went from the white of anger to the red of misery. He had to keep the peace with these men. His job depended on it. And if J. C. fired him now there would be no other job; he would have to leave Tequila; and never again—never again would there be evenings in a peaceful courtyard where jasmine breathed its fragrance under the stars and the sweet slow voice of comradeship spoke of many things. He grinned, though the effort hurt him to his heels.

"Put up your battle-axes. I'm not on the warpath just now. Dickey, I was looking for you. Step over here a minute, will you?"

"If you got anything to say," said Dickey, "say it!"

"Have it your way. You're running high in both your rock cuts. Bailey says look out for that. It costs a lot of money to skin a hard-rock cut afterward."

"When was Bailey in my camp?"

"T'e ol' man, he ain't naver lef' t'is town t'is week," put in the helpful Oscar. "T'is kid, he ——"

"I'm telling you what Bailey said," snapped the kid, blinking to clear the atmosphere of red.

"All right, all right," said Hub Franklin; "we hear you. I reckon Lon'll tend to it. That all? Good night."

"Good night," said Charles Frederic through his teeth.

In those few seconds the street had changed. The moon still bathed romantic walls and barred windows, flooding the ancient cobblestones with liquid shadow; yonder the hills rose mysterious, challenging, lovely against eternal blue—a brave world, but all unfriendly now. A spotter, a spy, a bearer of dishonorable tales! That was what they thought. And what was he? A messenger boy!

He came to the street where J. C. Bailey lived and turned into it. His hobnailed boot heels woke furious echoes in that peaceful thoroughfare, but he strode unheeded and unheeding past the very elbow of a youth who worshiped at a lady's window bars. Across the street from J. C. Bailey's house yet another youth stood in the shadow against the wall, craning and murmuring sweet nothings to a maiden who leaned to him from the balcony above; and at Charles Frederic's shoulder a mirthful voice drawled, "Ah! Whither in such haste, industrious sir?"

III

YES, and the moon was high. The scent of night-blooming jasmine was in the air, and it was Pat herself who sat within the barred embrasure of the window, the shadow of the grating broken on her white dress, her clear eyes laughing under their tender, whimsical brows. His humiliating status had not changed, had it? Yet he was comforted. The lump of bitterness melted in his throat.

"I've been sitting here," she confided, "envying those damsels with the long-distance swains. There's devotion for you! They don't seem to mind us a bit, do they?"

"Envying them? 'Od's bodikins! By my halidom, but this shall not be!" he declared, and swept off his hat in a bow of courtliness. He placed one hand upon his heart and extended the other—the one that held the hat—as in ardent pleading. "Señorita," he begged with fine tremolo effect, *appassionato*, "one smile! One little tender thought! Thou knowest that without thee the sun is dark and the days are very long ——"

But he could not carry it off. His own words conjured up reality, the empty days that waited him if he must go away from her. For he was no immortal lover, facing heroic obstacles. He was a youth who lived in a world of too, too practical things; whose very bread depended on a job of humility and scorn. He choked—and grinned.

"How do you like my samples, lady? Will I do?"

"Encore!" she applauded softly; but he stood awkwardly before her, grinding his heel on the stone pavement and seeking vainly some safe and not too banal word. "Listen!" she said, nodding. "Can you hear what he says?"

"Yes," he admitted, and no more. For it was love that murmured there across the street, no less than in the ancient orchard of the Capulet; love, on this azure night, that whispered at a thousand windows; and he, Charles Frederic the unworthy, must be dumb. There were no fierce male relatives to fight, no dragons to kill. There was only the fat and kindly J. C. and a job that paid, precariously, fifty dollars a month and found.

"I—I liked your samples," she said.

Did she not know how beautiful she was? The darkness behind her made her clear face a cameo, gave her gray eyes a depth of tenderness in which Charles Frederic was lost. He meant to speak lightly, to play the game with her; but his voice was husky in his throat.

"*But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?*
It is the east, and Juliet ——"

And madness took him wholly. No poet was this Charles Frederic Gray, but the man who shaped those lines was so. He knew that his hand, which had gripped a cold window bar, held both of hers; very small they were to yield so much of strength and comfort. He heard his voice as though it were not his:

"*It is my lady, O, it is my love!*
O, that she knew she were!
She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?
Her eye discourses ——"

And her eyes fell, and lifted bravely again to his. Her face was unaccountably very near the bars; it was with no sense of violence that he took her in his arms and kissed her. He had forgotten that he stood in a village street, forgotten that he was despised of men. It was as though he held the ineffable fragrance of jasmine in his arms. He released her and stood back, trembling.

(Continued on Page 38)



"Señorita, One Smile! Thou Knowest That Without Thee the Sun is Dark ——"
But He Could Not Carry it Off

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RITA COVENTR

By Julian Street

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

X

ARISING at nine the morning after Rita Coventry's party, Parrish felt that he had visited the boundaries of sleep but had not for a single moment crossed them. He had lain in his bed with eyes closed, his mind whirling in a wild but not unpleasant phantasmagoria, neither real nor dream. Having bathed, dressed and breakfasted he appraised his feelings. He was not fatigued, but felt upon the contrary a slight exhilaration, like that of one who in the morning continues to be buoyed up by last night's alcohol.

As he was about to leave his apartment the telephone rang. Of course it would be Alice. He did not want to talk with Alice now. His first impulse was to have Ito say he had left for the office. Yet somehow he did not want to do that either. It did not seem fair, and he wished to be as fair with Alice as the circumstances would permit. Besides, was there not a chance of its being Rita? Only the faintest shadow of a chance, to be sure, but —— He had a vision of her sitting in that pretty bed of hers with a telephone instrument in her hands. Suppose she had awakened thinking of him, and was calling up just to say good morning!

Quickly he turned back and answered.

"Good morning, dear."

Of course he had known it would be Alice. She wanted, as usual, to chat.

"I hope you had a good time last night?"

"Oh, good enough."

"The prints were nice?"

"Yes."

"A large collection?"

For some curious reason he thought of Busini.

"I'll tell you about it tonight," he said. "We'll go out to dinner. I must run now. I'm short of time."

"I'll see you about five?"

"No, I have an appointment late in the afternoon. I'll not get there much before seven."

"Earlier if you can," she said in that sweet voice with its faint note of wistfulness.

"Yes—of course." As quickly as he could he terminated the conversation.

Ah! Now he knew what had brought Busini into his mind. A phrase used by Alice had recalled the parting utterance of the Italian: "A large collection."

Last night he had sensed an indirection without grasping its significance. Stupid of him! Yet in fairness to himself, how could he have understood it then? Busini had, at that juncture, foreseen more than he himself would have dared to foresee, and had prophesied in sneering parable. Not very flattering, certainly, to be likened to one carelessly selected print out of a portfolio-full! And as to the double meaning in that reference to Rita's collection—that only showed how far a jealous man could stoop.

Jealousy! That clearly was at the bottom of it all. Doubtless there was a certain amount of truth in the gossip connecting Rita's name with that of the conductor. But however that might be, it was self-evident that she had discarded him. What other meaning could one read into her retort to him as he was leaving her house? She had answered his parable in kind, telling him that when she found an unworthy item in her collection she got rid of it at once, and she had pointed the shaft with a good night. That barb must have lacerated!

What if some of these tales were true? What if it were true that Rita had cruised the Mediterranean in the royal yacht? What if, as they said, she had used the private car of Tilghman Keppler? What of it? In one sense was not all that to her credit? By her gifts she had lifted herself from obscurity and made herself a personage, with the prerogatives of a personage. She was too big to play the game according to the rules laid down for ordinary women. She could make her own rules. Moreover these stories concerning her supposed love affairs were always based on rumor alone. It was "They say ——" "A friend of mine tells me ——" "I have heard ——" And it was not, upon the whole, harsh gossip, but rather amiable, or even hopeful. People talked about her, but they were proud to know her—prouder, it sometimes seemed, because of these very stories. She was sought after by the aristocracy of brains and achievement.

She herself was frank enough. What had she said to him last night? "I have had all the follies." A confession, surely, but one showing in what light she looked upon the past. No sentimental adventure, he took it, had ever seriously scarred her heart. Just affairs—follies. Busini, for instance. If she had ever cared deeply for Busini she could not have dismissed him last night so ea As for the king, it was policy for an opera s be gracious to a king; or for the matter of any very rich man who was a patron of the ar like Hermann Kra Tilghman Keppler.

In his own case, heaven, there could such motive! He a were merely man and It was as a woman, prima donna, that shown herself to woman fearless, enge ous. More than tha met as man and wom dom meet, on an abs equal footing. There be no raking up of h on either side. Let th past bury its dead. Th found each other. Life future, now, for both o With such radiant refl his mind was filled headed for his office.



He Saw Himself With Rita in Foreign Places Amid Spectacular Surroundings

XI

THAT afternoon, as day before, he found seething on Fifth Av Twice on his march up he stopped; first at a flo where he selected a great of roses for Rita; then haberdasher's—for at the human, like the feat male, is fain to celebrate brilliant plumage.

Beyond the surging walk mob he saw, as h the shop, a green-and-y bus go lumbering down street.

It was a new bus shi with fresh paint, looking all the world like a double-decked flower abloom with pretty f under pretty hats.

A flash of blue and s amid the swifter moving t fic near the center of street drew his eye to a hel roadster which by the loo it might have emerged a ment since from behin plate-glass show window. unaccompanied young wom at the wheel, so conscio debonair, had also that pearance of fashionab costly freshness.

"Behold us—spring m els!" car and driver seem to chorus.

There was something ve nice about a roadster. It cupied a place in motordo not filled by any other type of car. He would have to g a roadster after things picked up a little in the Street.

"Taxi?" invited the chauffeur of a prowling pub vehicle.

Glancing up, Parrish saw that the cab, though by means new, was resplendent with varnish freshly put o

Spring! And Rita! But he would not hear from Ri until six.

Half past five found him sitting in his library by th desk on which the telephone reposed. There wasn't an news in the papers any more. A weak market was n news certainly; and for the rest there was only the usua assortment of robberies, murders, fires, motor accidents divorces. He dipped into several editorials, but found no interest in them. Even his favorite frivolous column, Peek-a-Boo, yielded him but a single smile.

He threw the paper aside. Now at any instant the tele phone would ring. Was Rita sitting waiting, too, he won dered? Would she call him exactly at the appointed time?

Ah, six! The clock was striking. He reflected that women were sometimes peculiar in these matters. What was it about them that made them like to keep men wait ing? Even Alice, least artful of her sex, had kept him

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t once or twice when he first knew her. Woman Well, if it pleased Rita to make him wait a little, means let her do it. He could endure it, though ality was, in his eyes, one of the high virtues. It taken Alice long to find that out. Rita, too, would etter when they had known each other for a while. rief intervals his eyes lifted to the face of the grand- s clock which had for so many years told off the at Blenkinswood. The hands were bending to a ngle now. He wondered whether, on that sleepy old tion, time had ever dragged itself away so slowly. ps the clock was fast. He compared it with his . No, it was right.

rose and paced the rug. Something must have hap- to delay her. She was a busy woman. Innumerable might have come up—unavoidable things. She have callers and be waiting eagerly for them to go. again it might be that she was one of those women are by nature careless about time. He had heard it hat artistic people were oftentimes that way. To her, ight mean merely the general neighborhood of six. aps she was now having tea. She had told him she dined on evenings when she was to sing. Or perhaps as adding the last touches to her toilet. She had to go rémecourt's birthday party afterwards. How lovely would look! He wished that he might see her. He ed that he knew Frémecourt. He had never liked that asso. He looked so gross.

ontinuing to pace the rug he became engaged with the ern, following it with his feet. There was a place in orner where he had to take a short step or else go over the border. In his present frame of mind this annoyed . In the back of his mind was an incoherent wish that rug had been a little shorter or a little longer to match length of his stride.

ould she have misunderstood the arrangement? Could have thought he was to call her? No, it had been her posal. "I'll telephone"; those were her words.

promise was a promise. What would become of busi- s—his brokerage business, say—if everyone were care- about verbal agreements? A person's word ought to as good as a promissory note. Here it was, seventeen nutes after six! Something must be the matter. If she not telephone by half past six he would ring her up. He k the telephone directory and looked for her name. ree Coventrys were listed, but she was not among them.

As the half hour struck he called Information and asked for Rita's number. But he did not get it. It was a private wire, Information said; the number could not be divulged. When he tried to argue with the switchboard sibyl she cut him off.

Either Larry Merrick or Hermann Krauss would undoubtedly be able to tell him the number, but for some obscure self-conscious reason he did not wish to ask them. He would do it if he had to, but would try Mrs. Fernis first.

A maid answered. Mrs. Fernis was out, she said. He requested her to look up Rita's number on Mrs. Fernis' telephone list.

Well! At last he had found a girl who was obliging and intelligent! She gave him the number, whereupon he thanked her quickly and hung up the receiver before she had a chance to ask his name. Now he would find out what the matter was!

But he did not find out. Pierre the butler, who answered Rita's telephone, informed him blandly that mademoiselle was not at home.

"How long since she went out?" Parrish was ashamed of the question, but he burned to know.

"I really can't say, sir. Is there any message?"

"No," growled Parrish. "Or rather—yes. Ask mademoiselle to call me up whenever she gets in." For safety's sake he gave his number.

"Mademoiselle will be late, sir."

"I know she'll be late. It doesn't matter how late she is. Kindly give her my message."

"Yes, sir."

He disliked that blond young servant. Probably he did know when Rita went out. It stood to reason that he knew. But trust a butler not to tell you anything, whether there is anything to tell or not.

It was almost seven. He was due at Alice's, yet here he was, not even dressed for dinner. He went to his room. He did not feel like dressing. He did not feel like going out. He did not feel like seeing people. He did not feel like talking to anybody. But he must hurry. If he didn't get out of here pretty soon Alice would be calling up.

XII

ARRIVING at Alice's building he did not go to her apartment, but had the hall man telephone to her that he was waiting. Almost immediately she descended.

"Why didn't you come up?" she asked as they drove away.

He made his lateness the excuse.

"I was beginning to worry," she said.

"For heaven's sake, why?"

"You're usually so punctual."

"Well, I couldn't help it. I was delayed. I'm sorry."

His tone was almost brusque. He was gazing straight ahead through the front window, but was aware that she turned to look at him as she replied gently:

"Of course I know that."

"Why are you finding fault then?"

"Finding fault?" she repeated, astonished and hurt. "I'm not finding fault, dear. It's only that you mean so much to me, and with all these accidents they have in the streets ——"

She gave a little shudder and left the sentence unfinished. He was ashamed.

"I ought to have let you know I was delayed," he said in a kinder tone, still without looking at her, "but I didn't want to take the time to telephone. I was thinking we could have a quick dinner and go to a show. They say this new thing Gladys is pretty good."

"Oh—the theater?"

"I thought it would be pleasant, yes." Then he acknowledged the disappointment he detected in her voice by adding, "but if you'd rather not we don't have to."

"No; I want to do whatever you want," she put in quickly. "I just thought—you've been away, and all—I thought we could go back after dinner, and you could smoke and we'd talk. I got such a lovely present to-day too. I want to show it to you. Margaret sent me the sweetest picture of herself and the children. You know the little girl is named for me."

"Yes," he said.

"And it's getting on towards eight," she continued. "We'd be late for the theater. But if you ——"

"Doesn't matter how late you are for a musical show."

"No, certainly not; and we needn't eat much."

"Still," he said, "if you really don't want to go ——"

"No, no! I'm glad to, honestly. Just so we're together, I don't care." She touched his hand. "Oh, Dick, you don't know how nice it is to see you!"

"It's nice to see you too," he returned, pressing her fingers. Then, grateful to her for giving him his way, as

(Continued on Page 80)



He Stood Horror-Stricken, Rooted to the Spot. He Heard Her Pleading With Them. He Tried to Shout and Stop Them, But Was Dumb

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THE COVERED WAGO

By Emerson Hough

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

XIX

MOLLY WINGATE was grumbling over her fire when at length her husband and son returned to their wagon. Jed was vastly proud over a bullet crease he had got in a shoulder. After his mother's alarm had taken the form of first aid he was all for showing his battle scars to a certain damsel in Caleb Price's wagon. Wingate remained dour and silent as was now his wont, and cursing his luck that he had had no horse to carry him up in the late pursuit of the Sioux. He also was bitter over the delay in making a burial trench.

"Some ways, Jess," commented his spouse, "I'd a'most guess you ain't got much use for Will Banion."

"Why should I have? Hasn't he done all he could to shoulder me out of my place as captain of this train? And wasn't I elected at Westport before we started?"

"Mostly, a man has to stay elected, Jess."

"Well, I'm going to! I had it out with that young man right now. I told him I knew why he wanted in our train—it was Molly."

"What did he say?"

"What could he say? He admitted it. And he had the gall to say I'd see it his way some day. Huh! That's a long day off, before I do. Well, at least he said he was going back to his own men, and they'd fall behind again. That suits me."

"Did he say anything about finding Sam Woodhull?"

"Yes. He said that would take its time too."

"Didn't say he wouldn't?"

"No, I don't know as he did."

"Didn't act scared of it?"

"He didn't say much about it."

"Sam does."

"I reckon—and why shouldn't he? He'll play evens some day, of course. But now, Molly," he went on, with heat, "what's the use talking? We both know that Molly's made up her mind. She loves Sam and don't love this other man any more than I do. He's only a drift-about back from the war, and wandering out to Oregon. He'll maybe not have a cent when he gets there. He's got one horse and his clothes and one or two wagons, maybe not paid for. Sam's got five wagons of goods to start a store with, and three thousand gold—so he says—as much as we have. The families are equal, and that's always a good thing. This man Banion can't offer Molly nothing, but Sam Woodhull can give her her place right from the start, out in Oregon. We got to think of all them things.

"And I've got to think of a lot of other things too. It's our girl. It's all right to say a man can go out to Oregon and live down his past, but it's a lot better not to have no past to live down. You know what Major Banion done, and how he left the Army—even if it wasn't why, it was how, and that's bad enough. Sam Woodhull has told us both all about Banion's record."

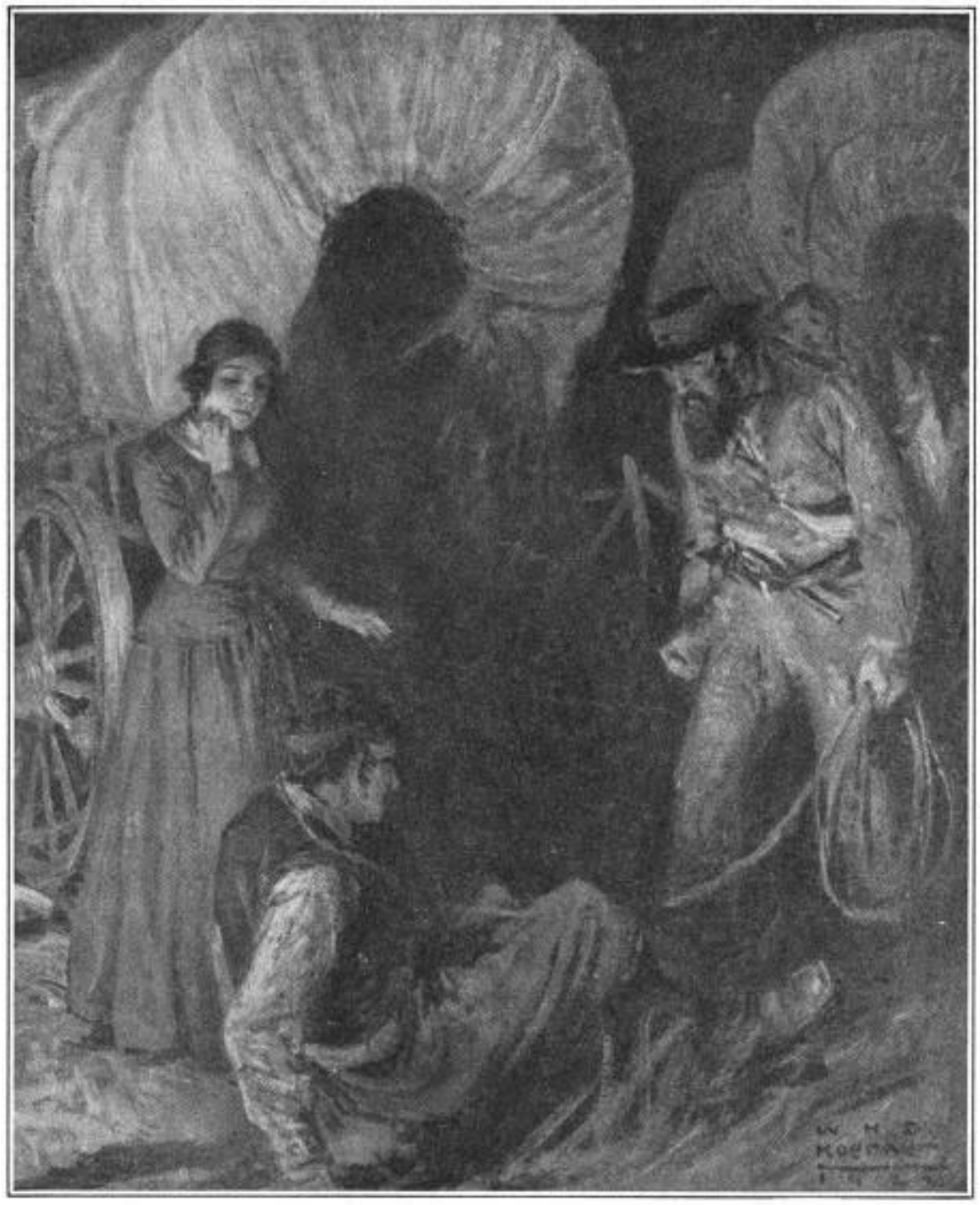
"You didn't ever get so far along as to talk about that!"

"We certainly did—right now, him and me, not half an hour ago, while we was riding back."

"I shouldn't have thought he'd of stood it," said his wife, "him sort of fiery-like."

"Well, it did gravel him. He got white, but wouldn't talk. Asked if Sam Woodhull had the proof, and I told him he had. That was when he said he'd go back to his own wagons. I could see he was avoiding Sam. But I don't see how, away out here, and no law nor nothing, we're ever going to keep the two apart."

"They wasn't."



"Here, Miss Molly," said He, "This Thing is Somethin' Major Banion Sont in ter Ye by Me. We Find hit Stuck in the Mud"

"No. They did have it out, like schoolboys behind a barn. Do you suppose that'll ever do for a man of spirit like Sam Woodhull? No, there's other ways. And as I said, it's a far ways from the law out here, and getting farther every day, and wilder and wilder every day. It's only putting it off, Molly, but on the whole I was glad when Banion said he'd give up looking for Sam Woodhull this morning and go on back to his own men."

"Did he say he'd give it up?"

"Yes, he did. He said if I'd wait I'd see different. Said he could wait—said he was good at waiting."

"But he didn't say he'd give it up?"

"I don't know as he did in so many words."

"He won't," said Molly Wingate.

XX

THE emigrants had now arrived at the eastern edge of the great region of free and abundant meat. They now might count on at least six or seven hundred miles of buffalo to subsist them on their way to Oregon. The cry of "Buffalo! Buffalo!" went joyously down the lines of wagons, and every man who could muster a horse and a gun made ready for the chase.

Of these hundreds of hunters, few had any experience on the Plains. It was arranged by the head men that the hunt should be strung out over several mil Missourians farthest down the river, the ot the westward, so that all might expect a chance in an enterprise of so much importa

Banion and Jackson, cordance with the fo promise to Wingate. h tired to their own train after the fight with the The Wingate train therefore looked to Bric their safest counsel matter of getting meat. worthy headed a band best equipped men and his own part in full char A wild figure he made rode, hatless, naked t waist, his legs in Indian gings and his feet in m sins. His mount, a co cayuse from west of the R ies, bore no saddle beyo folded blanket cinched on a rawhide band.

For weapons Bridger ried no firearms at all, bore a short buffalo bo the Pawnees—double-cur sinew-backed, made of th silient *bois d'arc*, beloved wood of all the Plains tri A thick sheaf of arrows, ne sharpened, swung in beaver quiver at his b Lean, swart, lank of hair, had small look of the w man left about him as he r now, guiding his horse w a jaw rope of twisted hair playing his bow with ha dozen arrows held along with the fingers of his hand.

"For buffler the bow's best," said he. "I'll show afore long."

They had not too far to At that time the short-gr country of the Platte Val was the great center of t bison herds. The wallows in thousands, the white alk showing in circles which most touched edge to edg The influx of emigrants h for the time driven the her back from their ancient for and watering places, to whi their deep-cut trails led dow worn ineradicably into th soil. It was along one of th great buffalo trails that the now rode, breasting the li of hills that edged the Platte to the south. When the topped the flanking ridge a marvelous example of wil abundance greeted them. Bands of elk, yet more numer ous bands of antelope, countless curious gray wolves, mor than one grizzly bear made away before them, although by orders left unpursued. Of the feathered game the had now forgot all thought. The buffalo alone was of in terest. The wild guide rode silent, save for a low India chant, his voice at times rising high, as though importunate

"Ye got to pray to the Great Speret when-all ye hunt, men," he explained. "An' ye got to have someone tha can call the buffler, as the Injuns calls that when they hunt on foot. I kin call 'em, too, good as ary Injun. Why shouldn't I?

"Thar now!" he exclaimed within the next quarter of an hour. "What did Jim Bridger tell ye? Look-ee yonder! Do-ee say Jim Bridger can't make buffler medicine? Do-ee see 'em over yan ridge—thousands?"

The others felt their nerves jump as they topped the ridge and saw fully the vast concourse of giant black-topped, beard-fronted creatures which covered the plateau in a body a mile and more across—a sight which never failed to thrill any who saw it.

It was a rolling carpet of brown, like the prairie's endless wave of green. Dust clouds of combat rose here and there. A low muttering rumble of hoarse dull bellowing became audible even at that distance. The spectacle was to the novice not only thrilling—it was terrifying.

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eneral movement of the great pack was toward
ey; closest to them a smaller body of some hun-
at stood, stupidly staring, not yet getting the wind
assailants.
enly rose the high-pitched yell of the scout, sound-
charge. Snorting, swerving, the horses of the
followed his, terror-smitten but driven in by men
whom at least knew how to ride.
thly as a bird in flight, Bridger's trained buffalo
losed the gap between him and a plunging bunch
buffalo. The white savage proved himself peer of
age of the world. His teeth bared as he threw his
to the bow with a short, savage jab of the left arm
oosed the sinew cord. One after another feather
, clinging to a heaving flank; one after another
dripped red with the white foam of running; then
ter another great animal began to slow; to stand
, legs apart; soon to begin slowly kneeling down.
ring swept ahead, the dying lay in the wake.
insatiate killer clung on, riding deep into the surging
rolling humps. At times, in savage sureness and
, he did not ride abreast and drive the arrow into
gs, but shot from the rear, quartering, into the thin
ack of the ribs, so that the shaft ranged forward into
testines of the victim. If it did not bury, but hung
s the animal kicked at it convulsively, he rode up
ith his hand pushed the shaft deeper, feeling for the
s the Indians called it, with short jabs of the im-
d missile. Master of an old trade he was, and, stimu-
by the proofs of his skill, his followers emulated him
their own weapons. The report of firearms, muffled
e rolling thunder of hoofs, was almost continuous so
as the horses could keep touch with the herd.
dger paused only when his arrows were out, and
bled to himself that he had no more, so could count
a dozen fallen buffalo for his product. That others,
ded, carried off arrows, he called bad luck and bad
ting. When he trotted back on his reeking horse, his
er dancing empty, he saw other black spots than his
on the short grass. His followers had picked up the
ot so ill. There was meat in sight now, certainly—as
as a half dozen unhorsed riders and three or four
nded buffalo disposed to fight.
he old hunter showed his men how to butcher the
alo, pulling them on their bellies, if they had not died thus, and splitting the hide down the back, to make a receptacle for the meat as it was dissected; showed them how to take out the tongue beneath the jaw, after slitting open the lower jaw. He besought them not to throw away the back fat, the hump, the boss ribs or the intestinal *boudins*; in short, gave them their essential buffalo-hunting lessons. Then he turned for camp, having no relish for squaw's work, as he called it, and well assured the wagons would now have abundance.

Banion and Jackson, with their followers, held their hunt some miles below the scene of Bridger's chase, and had no greater difficulty in getting among the herds.

"How're ye ridin', Will?" asked Jackson before they mounted for the start from camp. Banion slapped the black stallion on the neck.



Kit Carson

"Not his first hunt!" said he.

"I don't mean yore hoss, but yore shootin' irons. Whar's yore guns?"

"I'll risk it with the dragoon revolvers," replied Banion. "Not the first time for them, either."

"No? Well, maybe so they'll do; but fer me, I want a hunk o' lead. Fer approachin' a buffler, still-huntin', the rifle's good, fer ye got time an' kin hold close. Plenty o' our men'll hunt thataway to-day, an' git meat; but fer me, give me a hunk o' lead. See here now, I got only a shotgun, cap an' ball, fourteen gauge, she is, an' many a hide she's stretched. I kerry my bullets in my mouth an' don't use no patchin'—ye hain't got time when ye're runnin' in the herd. I let go a charge o' powder out'n my horn, clos't as I kin guess hit, spit in a bullet, and roll her home on top the powder with a jar o' the butt on top my saddle horn. That sots her down, an' she holds good enough to stay in till I ram the muzzle inter ha'r an' let go. She's the same as meat on the fire."

"Well," laughed Banion, "you've another case of *de gustibus*, I suppose."

"You're another, an' I call it back!" exclaimed the old man so truculently that his friend hastened to explain.

"Well, I speak Blackfoot, Crow, Bannock, Grow Vaw, Snake an' Ute," grumbled the scout, "but I never run acrost no Latins out here. I allowed maybe so ye was allowin' I couldn't kill buffler with Ole Sal. That's what I keep her fer—just buffler. I'll show ye afore long."

And even as Bridger had promised for his favorite weapon, he did prove beyond cavil the efficiency of Old Sal. Time after time the roar or the double roar of his fusee was heard, audible even over the thunder of the hoofs; and quite usually the hunk of lead, driven into heart or lights, low down, soon brought down the game, stumbling in its stride. The old half-breed style of loading, too, was rapid enough to give Jackson as many buffalo as Bridger's bow had claimed before his horse fell back and the dust cloud lessened in the distance.

The great speed and bottom of Banion's horse, as well as the beast's savage courage and hunting instinct, kept him in longer touch with the running game. Banion was in no haste. From the sound of firing he knew his men would have meat. Once in the surge of the running herd, the rolling backs, low heads and lolling tongues, shaggy frontlets and gleaming eyes all about him, he dropped the reins on Pronto's neck and began his own work carefully, riding close and holding low, always ready for the sudden swerve of the horse away from the shot to avoid the usual rush of the buffalo when struck. Since he took few chances, his shot rarely failed. In a mile or so, using pains, he had exhausted all but two shots, one in each weapon, and of course no man could load the old cap-and-ball revolver while in the middle of a buffalo run. Now, out of sheer pride in his own skill with small arms, he resolved upon attempting a feat of which he once had heard but never had seen.

Jackson, at a considerable distance to the rear, saw his leader riding back of two bulls which he had cut off and which were making frantic efforts to overtake the herd.

(Continued on Page 56)



The Insatiate Killer Clung On, Riding Deep Into the Surging Sea of Rolling Humps

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TROUPIN' WITH THE TENT

By L. B. YATES

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

IT WAS on the evening of a very peaceful Sabbath, and the tents were pitched down in a little pocket of the mountains not far from where the sluggish Big Sandy clings close to the borders of Kentucky and West Virginia. Back in the mysterious bypaths of those hills they tell you how old-time feuds and clan battles almost dating from Revolutionary days are still smoldering and upon occasion burst into lambent flame.

And, as I say, the canvas of the circus was jammed in between the hills in such a small space that instead of being parked as the conventional tent show it was strung out along the banks of a little creek which felt its way from some hidden spring and percolated quietly through the valley. Higher up one could see the corkscrew bridle paths winding in and out among the stunted vegetation which grew along the mountainside. In this country all journeys are made on horseback. The women of the mountains still come to the little stores riding behind their men on the ancient pillion. Yet, strange to say, thirty or forty miles farther down, where the country is flat, horse riding is almost a lost art and the atmosphere of the settlements is polluted by the unhealthy stench of gasoline.

Perhaps you will ask yourself how a circus big enough to need ten cars for its transportation could possibly get patronage in a little hamlet like this. But circus men will tell you that sometimes a locality with nothing to recommend it except a few scattered houses will afford a good day's business. At daylight the next morning our patrons commenced to come on foot and on horseback. They fairly oozed out of the big hills. Frequently the beast they bestrode was carrying a double burden, sometimes a triple one. The mountaineers are always circus crazy. They took in everything, from the pit show in which Rhoda—that mysterious girl who is alive—holds forth, right through the kid show and candy stands, then into the main tent for the full performance, staying for the after show or concert. Not only did they do this but most of them came again at night and went through the various attractions all over again.

And, as before stated, it was an off evening and most of the performers and attachés of the circus were lying out on the banks beside the pleasant little creek. It struck me as I looked at the scene what a marvelous setting it would have made for a theatrical production dealing with the activities of the little-known world of the circus. A group of men and women were resting comfortably, stretched out on the greensward just behind the dressing tent, and I joined them. You don't hear the doings of the outside world discussed to any great extent by those of the circus. Word of mouth is limited to what might be called family gossip, because when people move to a new location every day, food for interesting conversation is never lacking.

"Somebody was sayin' you was goin' to pull out for the big town, Sleepy," exclaimed one of the group as I walked up. He was addressing a tall young fellow who lay sprawled out face downward on the grass.

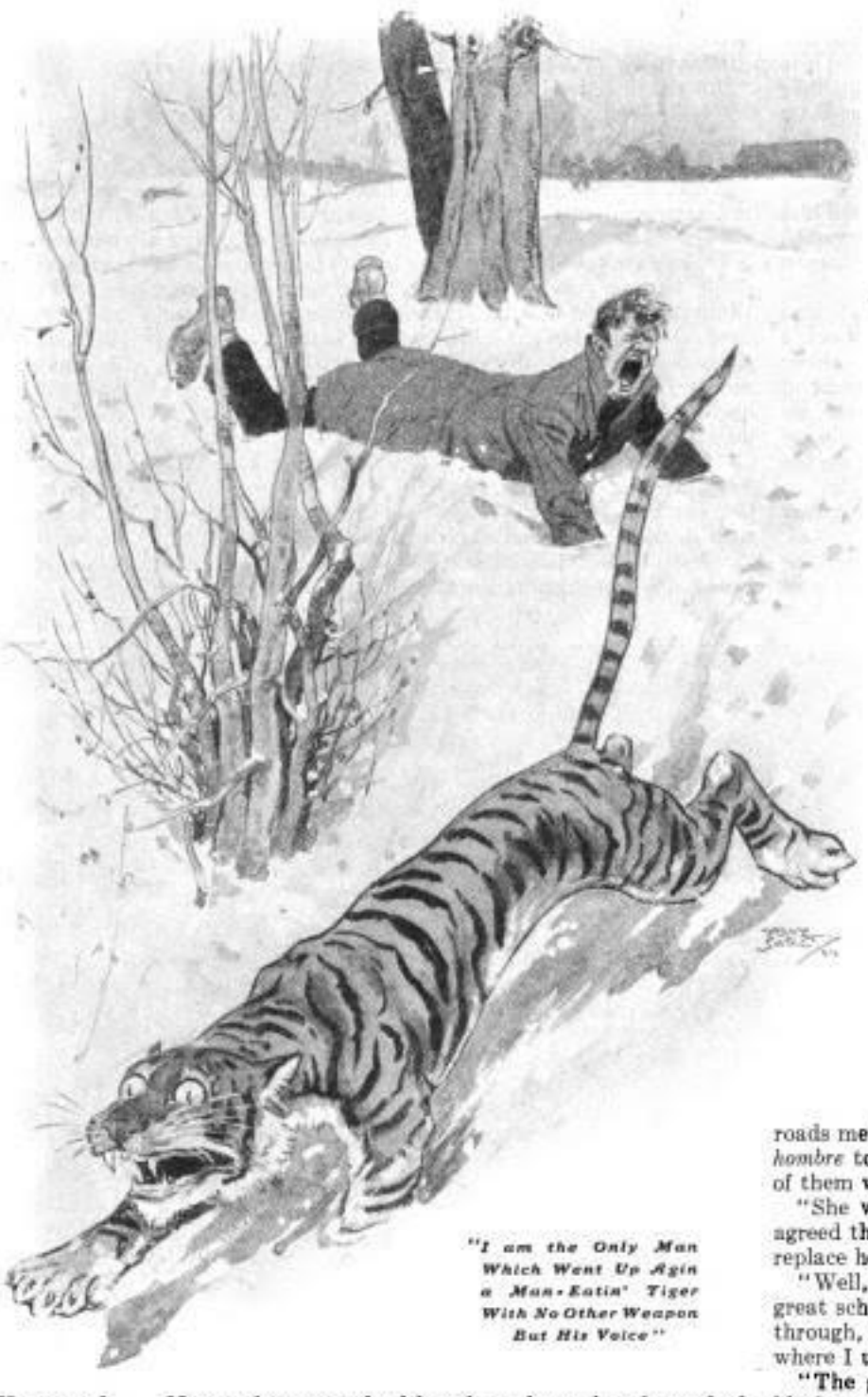
"Yep," drawled Sleepy Stevens, as he lifted an unshaven face and rested it in the broad palm of a calloused hand. "Oh, yes, I am a-goin' to walk away to-morra."

A Wandering Son in Good Standing

MR. STEVENS, be it said, was first assistant to the train boss. He was reputed to be a marvelous mechanic. The speaker arose from a recumbent to a sitting position and wound two long sinewy arms about his knees, while the little old fat clown dog who had been snuggling close to him staggered to his feet and voiced a wheezy protest.

Obadiah the trained goose, who had been greedily nipping the lush grass on the banks of the stream, came forward with outstretched neck and hissed belligerently. The clown dog wabbled a few feet toward him, intent on giving battle, emitting as he did so a series of asthmatic barks. He was a jealous-minded scamp and admitted neither sacred oxen nor feathered actors to close communion with the human members of the show.

"It's all regular and right," continued Sleepy Stevens, as one who would combat argument. "I give the boss fair warnin' two weeks ago to-night. After we had loaded the show and was ready to pull out of the yard I sez to the boss, sez I, 'Guv'nor, I'm a-goin' to drag my freight two paydays from now. Do I get my hold-back?' Fair and square I give him notice."



"I am the Only Man Which Went Up Agin a Man-Eatin' Tiger With No Other Weapon But His Voice"

No one interrupted, although twelve pairs of ears had been listening to Sleepy's valedictory.

"An' the boss he sez," continued the prospective pilgrim, "the boss he sez, 'Sleepy,' sez he, 'of course I'm a-goin' to give you your hold-back if you want to go, but you ain't a-goin' to step away, is you? You ain't got nothin' against the show, have you?' sez he.

"'No,' sez I, 'it's a first-class outfit to troupe with, an' the big show don't run no better cook tent,' sez I, 'but it's ju-t this way,' sez I."

"Well, Sleepy, if you like it on this show, what do you want to go away for anyhow?"

It was a woman's voice coming out of the gloom.

Sleepy shifted his position until he faced the speaker. He tilted back a broad-rimmed but battered black hat from an ingenuous boyish face, and emitted a half chuckling laugh.

"Why?" he ejaculated slowly. "Why do I hit the grit, eh? Oh, I dunno! I jest had a yen to go down Cincy way an' see what was doin'."

"When you get there and find out what is doin', what then?" persisted the woman.

"Oh, when I land there," responded Mr. Steven unbelievable optimism, "when I light off of the rat old Cincy I'll be all right."

"Yes?"

"Uh-huh. I'll just go an' buy me a Billy Boy a out what shows is slated around that country, a-course I kin join out again."

"Sleepy don't ever stay with a show more t month," volunteered a voice at my elbow. "Befo season closes he'll be on every show in the country. T old Sleepy. But he's a fine fellow and everybody give the good word."

And all unwittingly, perhaps, Sleepy Stevens had reading from the ritual of the Wandering Sons. It wa old blood of Ishmael talking. The desire to go forth in the world an what was to be seen had filtered a way down.

It was an honorable lineage, mencing with the first quest of the Grail and ending where a burro pa a frying pan and pick ax in the last rush to the Black Butte.

"Sleepy's all right, he'll be back b the season's over," voiced the little who presided over the destinies of "up town" wagon.

"The first time I seen you you with a mud outfit," broke in the hostler. "They was just five wagons, I mind you was ballyhooin' for a which didn't have no legs. You doin' a land-office business."

Circus people have a peculiar way shifting from its base the subject m ter under discussion.

Mamie, the Legless Wonder

THE little man at the other side of t circle laughed. "I was while it lasted he affirmed; "there was days when wouldn't have given John D. Rockefell a pleasant smile. But she blew!"

"She didn't walk away on you?" queried the boss hostler, laughing at h own witticism.

"Not exactly," returned the other "she were what you might call ab ducted."

"Yep?"

"That's what she were," he reiterated "You see, it was thisaway: After th night show I uster have one of the can vasmen carry her to the bunk wagon. We was playin' a hick town an' he come for her just as usual one night, but he never reached his destination. He must have grabbed a rattler, because 'twas at a junction where two little old jack-leg roads met, but I never seen her again. They tell me this *hombre* took her down to Cuba, and joined out with one of them winter circuses."

"She were quite an attraction an' it was some loss," agreed the pit-show impresario. "I suppose you couldn't replace her very handy?"

"Well, it looked that way at first, but I thought up a great scheme. I hired a girl in one of the towns we went through, and I cut two holes in the exhibition platform where I used to exhibit the legless wonder.

"The girl stuffed her legs down the holes and I had black curtains surrounding her body, and it was as perfect an illusion as you ever seen. Everybody thought it were genuine.

"I was shakin' hands with myself an' rakin' in the coin with both mitts, when blooey! a blame red-headed kid come along and put me out of business."

"Ah! He did, did he?"—this from the boss canvasman. "All the trouble I've had in my life has been with red-headed kids. Whenever ye see a guy rope cut an' one side of the top floppin' like a frostbitten mushroom you can bet your boots that Santy Claus has put a jackknife into some red-headed kid's stockin'."

"Yep," continued the boss of the wagon, "I had noticed a young carrot-top loafin' around the kid show all the afternoon and I didn't pay no attention to him until Mamie, the legless wonder from the Peruvian plantations, let a yell out of her that pretty near blew the big top away. An' at one and the same time I hears howls of anguish from underneath the platform.

"'What in thunderation is it, Mamie?' sez I. 'Are you seein' things?'

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"They Drew Big Crowds Until They Had a Dispute Amongst Themselves"

Seein' nothin'!" sez she. 'Some rabbit is makin' a ashion out of the calves of my legs!' sez she. 'Come pull me outta here!' sez she. 'I think I landed on his ,' sez she.

'What are you talkin' about?' sez I.

Talkin' about?' sez she. 'Some scorpion musta got in r the platform. He stuck pins in my ankles. I kicked ard as I could and I think I landed,' sez she. 'Don't hear him yawpin'?'

What could I do? I jumped on the platform and yanked Mamie till I got her out. Meantime the red-headed kid mbled through the curtains and was boo-hooin' to t the band. When Mamie said she landed on his pan didn't tell no lie; both of his eyes were black, and he bleedin' at the nose like a stuck pig.

"I'll tell my pop,' he squeaks at me. 'I'll tell my pop see what happens to you.'"

From Thirty Days to a Life Sentence

[JUST grabbed that brick-dust twin by the shoulder, laced him for the door of the side show and give him a ft kick to speed him on his way. But that wasn't the last it, because about half an hour afterwards a big husky ner with a tin windshield nailed to his wishbone come ng and didn't do nothin' but drive me an' Mamie down the booby hatch an' before the beak. We was charged th assault and battery, obtainin' money under false pre-nses and vagrancy. The sentence of the court was ten ys in the coop on each separate an' distinct count. I gged like a dog to be permitted to pay a fine, but the stice wouldn't hear of it. Mamie an' me spent thirty ys on the inside a-lookin' out, an' by the time they turned loose the show was headin' for the Pacific Coast."

"And what became of Mamie?" inquired the woman ho sat back in the shadows.

"Oh, her? Ah, yes. Mamie, eh?" replied the manager of he "up town" wagon. "Oh, yes—the last I heard of Mamie he had put up a hundred and fifty jars of asparagus, a raft f canned cherries, and a whole parcel of raspberry jam. She ays the wheat looks fair but needs rain and that we'll ave a good crop of oats if the dry spell don't hang on for nother week. Whenever Mamie starts a argument with me when I'm laying around home in the wintertime an' tries to tell me what a terrible example I am, all I got to say is: 'Well, Mame, that's all right, but you ain't no Pearl of Pekin yourself, an' don't forget that I took you out of jail an' married you. I don't think it's up to you to be so proud and haughty.' That always wins the argument for me."

"I call that downright mean," ventured a woman's voice.

"Well, perhaps it is," agreed the other, "but it always gets the important money in the family handicap. I don't have to pull it more than once in a season."

"If a guy could grab himself a real good freak his fortune's as good as made," exclaimed the reserve-seat ticket seller; "but of course that's like findin' a gold mine."

"Talkin' about famous freaks, I guess the Siamese twins led the procession so far as old-time attractions were concerned. But the best one I remember was Lucy Zaratta the Mexican Midget. She was so small that she could get inside an ordinary tall hat and just peek over the brim. I figure the Tocci Twins rank second. They were Italians having one body, two heads, four arms and two legs. They talked five languages, and the remarkable part of it was that one head would be talking French while the other jabbered away in either Italian or English or Spanish, as the case might be.

"Then there was George Gilchrist, who came from Mexico. He was the first wild man I ever heard of, and was a great drawing card. The toes on his feet and the fingers on his hands were like horns and his nails were half a foot long. When in public he walked on his hands and feet like an ape; as a matter of fact I guess the calloused hands and feet were really a growth of warts, but everybody thought it came from using his hands and feet so much in propelling himself around. As a matter of fact Gilchrist had a fairly good education and could walk upright as well as you.

"Jo-Jo the Dog-Faced Boy was really a Russian Jew, who came to this country when quite young and was featured by Barnum, Bailey and Hutchinson. Jo-Jo was supposed to be an imbecile, but he had lots of sense. I heard that he got married in later years and had a family."

"Didn't you never have no other fake after you got through with the Mamie experience?" interrogated the clown.

"I always will claim I had the best one on record," returned the man addressed, "but the worst of it is you can't depend on 'em. One time I gotta hold of two one-legged men, one having lost his right leg, the other his left. I harnessed them together and of course when fully dressed they looked like as though they had two heads, one body and four arms. They drew big crowds until they had a dispute amongst themselves about their respective share of the salary and separated. In the main, however, the day of freaks in the side show is pretty well a thing of the past. People look for entertainment now; in fact, in every walk of the show business they demand more than something to stare at."

"I wonder," broke in the man who looked after the props, "if that Jane which used to play the calliope will blow back."

"Can't never tell," vouchsafed the side-show man oracularly; "she were a towner, and you can't never depend on them. I heard her folks sent for her, mother sick or somethin'."

"She told me one day as how she played the organ in the First Methodist Church of her home town," ventured Shorty the acrobat. Shorty did the high dive for life besides being the understander for the famous Shortall Acrobatic Troupe.

"You wasn't exactly opposed to that dame, was you, Shorty?" This from Sleepy Stevens.

"She were a right nice girl; and if I was I wasn't the only one on this show which might have been dippy about her."

The girl back in the shadows laughed. "Look out, Shorty, you're hittin' below the belt. Sleepy isn't the woman-hater he bills himself to be."

"I have joined out with everything on wheels from wagons to carnival caravans," stormed Mr. Stevens, "but I ain't been attached to no show run by old Dan Cupid yet."

"Well," combated the acrobat, "that ain't your fault, Sleepy. You bank too much on them eyes you got in your nut, and a gallus way of goin'. It's language which mostly wins the womenfolks."

Big Returns From Small Towns

"WELL," responded Mr. Stevens, "you win a argument, Shorty. Was you tongue-tied all the time that gal was on the show?"

The little old town where we were playing had no sidewalks or streets. We did not give a parade because we couldn't. The railroad just ran through the town and disappeared in the dent of the big hills beyond.

If you talked to a Broadway impresario and told him that you could take ten or fifteen cars into a cross between a woodpile and a water tank like this, and that you could not only get expenses but on top of that a profit of some seven or eight hundred dollars, he would possibly imagine he was listening to the cheap claptrap braggadocio one so often hears on the Great White Way.



"Meantime the Red-Headed Kid Scrambled Through the Curtains and Was Boo-Hooin' to Beat the Band"

Well, the circus I am speaking of took exactly $7744 in the week, and that was about an average business. The day's receipts ranged from $1700 to as low as $460.

But as the show has to take into consideration winter expenses and getting ready to go out the next season, you can figure that the daily expense is $100 a car.

For ten cars this makes the running expenses total $1000 a day. Anything over that can be called clean profit. Here we have an expense account of $7000 as against an intake of $7744. This would leave a balance of profit on the week of something over $700. So you see that even the circus game is not so tremendously profitable as it is cracked up to be. Under average conditions you cannot expect week in and week out to get much more than this; sometimes, indeed, bad

(Continued on Page 34)

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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 22, 1922

Our Army on the Rhine

OUR Government has made a claim for reimbursement for costs of maintenance of the little American army in Germany. The sum demanded is $241,000,000. We have addressed the claim to the Reparations Commission, desiring that this sum be allotted to us out of the first billion marks reparation payments. This billion gold marks is worth about $243,000,000, so we are asking for it all. In all, Germany has paid about $2,200,000,000 reparation—in ships, coal, mines, kind and services—so that the American claim does not in itself look avaricious. This reparation has been collected by the Allies from Germany under a treaty that we have refused to ratify. Many Americans have wondered why we keep an army of occupation in Germany. On reading this bill the ex-Allies may also wonder why we do so! Our bill is much higher per man than those of the ex-Allied Governments, because pay and subsistence are very high in our Army. If the accounts returning from the Army of Occupation are to be believed the cost is worth while. What with good food, attractive quarters, plenty of pretty women to dance with, little drill and no Eighteenth Amendment, the situation of the American soldier on the historic Rhine is in the material sense not onerous.

How is this bill to be paid? Only in one of three ways: The Allies may send us German goods; they may keep the German goods and send us their own goods; or they may send us gold. In gold, of course, the average American would reply. But if the ex-Allies cannot find the gold now to balance their trade with us, how can they find more gold to cover this bill? Every man knows that in the final analysis this bill can be paid only with German goods.

In the five years before the war our average imports from Germany were worth about $175,000,000, our exports to her about $300,000,000, a balance of trade in our favor of some $125,000,000. The principal goods in the imports were aluminum, apparatus, brasses, bronzes, coppers, brushes, buttons, carbons, cement, chemicals, dyes, drugs, clocks, chocolates, confectionery, cottons, porcelains, filaments, explosives, feathers, flax and linen, fish, furs, gelatin, glassware and optical goods, jewelry, hides, cutlery and other metal goods, magnetos, paper and pulp, photographic supplies, pencils, seeds of clover and other grasses, sugar-beet seed, silks and artificial silks, malt liquors, wines and cordials, mineral waters, starch, tins, toys and zinc. Mostly finished goods.

Many of these goods before the war were virtual monopolies. Since that time we have established plants for their manufacture. Some of these goods belonged to what are called key industries. Our antidumping bills are directed against some of them. The Eighteenth Amendment keeps out a few. Let anyone familiar with conditions in the factories of this country, knowing the state of stocks in the hands of dealers and the state of mind of the consuming public, picture what would happen if more than a prewar volume of German goods was to be sent to us in payment for the keep of our soldiers. That would make The Watch on the Rhine entirely too expensive a tune for us to sing. Secretly the British and the French are enjoying our dilemma, though on the surface they are annoyed. The Germans are enjoying the situation openly.

Inside Information

ONE of the poorest reasons for envying the rich and powerful is their supposed infallibility in the purchase of investments and in stock-market operations. To the small capitalist, whether investor or speculator, a veritable halo encircles the head of the great banker or corporation executive, not so much because of what he has as on account of his assumed opportunity to get in on good things or to beat the market. But there is not a shift or eddy in the current of business life, not a tornado or the gentlest of showers, whose passage does not disclose enormous losses sustained by the rich and powerful.

There is no lesson that people need so to take to themselves as that the keeping of money is a very different thing from making it. One does not have to be a Wall Street banker, a corporation director or an insider of any kind, to be careful, thrifty and the reverse of foolish. Moralists are troubled at the great rewards that have fallen into the laps of a few movie stars and baseball players. But the situation will take care of itself to a greater extent than is imagined by critics whose mental reactions are hasty and superficial. Those who have not the strength of character to resist the sudden inrush of wealth will quickly enough lose it, and even among those whose moral fiber is strong enough will be many whose business judgment is lamentably weak.

In every group of the suddenly enriched—bootleggers, movie stars, war profiteers, oil operators, trust magnates of the early 1900's and railroad kings of the '90's—there has been or will be a natural and inevitable process of winnowing. Wealth has been made in this country in countless ways and by men of types so various as to defy description. But wealth has no great sticking qualities, and the mighty have fallen again and again. They have been cleaned out by playing the market and by sticking to their own business. They have lost fortunes by staying in one line of business while it dwindled away, and they have lost fortunes by going into new lines.

Much is said of the opportunities which this country affords and of how the lowliest may rise to wealth and fame. But perhaps it is just as fortunate that so many who rise are unable to maintain their position. It is fortunate that "whosoever hath, to him shall be given" is so far from being a universal truth. It is a consoling thought that one does not have to be a millionaire, a captain of industry or in any sense an insider, but only an average everyday citizen, to enjoy the benefits of common sense, care, thrift and ordinary good judgment.

Dead Horses Cannot Pull

AN ATTITUDE which has gained popularity in the last year or two is more pungently expressed by the story of the banker with a glass eye than by volumes of eloquent speeches against the money power. The banker said he thought the would-be borrower's balance sheet was all right, "but one never can tell. Now you couldn't tell from looking at me that I have a glass eye. Which do you think it is?"

"The right," replied the borrower.

"Yes, but how did you know?"

"I knew it must be a glass eye because it had a gleam of human kindness in it."

But unfortunately banks which operate on the sentiment, generosity and heart-throb stuff rare of any service to the community in the long r peculiar sense the first duty of a bank is to remain It has not helped the farmers in parts of the N to have so many banks fail in their behalf. It c argued that thousands of Boston residents are an off because Mr. Ponzi went to smash with thei while attempting to prove that banking could be co for the common people on a scale of magnanimit before dreamed of.

The banker is under a three-fold obligation. these, of course, is to the community in which h and his discharge of that duty may not always be or compounded of the highest measure of intelliger judgment. But critics who charge him with these too easily forget his other obligations. He is accou for every penny of deposits, responsible for them on an immediate cash basis, although to earn any in his business he must invest or loan these deposits all sorts and conditions of men to use in a variety of all of them involving human risk and chance. Is wonder that he is careful, that he exacts at times rate of interest?

But this is not all. No bank is worth the confi of a depositor to the extent of a single dollar unles stockholders themselves have contributed a consid sum upon which substantial profits are earned. For the ability to earn these profits which proves to depositor that the promise of the bank to return his f upon demand is backed by more than empty w Banks in this country differ from nearly all other cor tions in that the liability of the stockholders is doubl par value of their holdings.

These are simple, elementary facts. But there are t when they are easily overlooked and purposely forgot Progress should be made in banking as in every other of human endeavor. But the history of money and ba ing would seem to indicate that loud protestations aga the "usury" of commercial banking, together with spe banking programs involving political, social and phil thropic features for special groups of people, usually m in the end no other than unsound banking, and that in t means merely that the depositor loses his money.

From Glut to Scarcity

WOOLS are divided into two main groups—merin and cross-breds. Merino wools are finer and adapt to the making of the most prized cloths. Cross-bred wo are coarser and inferior from the standpoint of maki cloths. When the war closed, a heavy accumulation wools, largely cross-breds, lay in British hands. The c of 1920 added to the store of stocks. The clip of 1921 w below the normal level of consumption.

The glut in lower-grade wools and the consequent fall price, together with decline in price of mutton, result in liquidation, followed by reduction in breeding. In 19 the count of sheep in the world was some 530,000,000, which some 200,000,000 were in the British Empire. Th count in 1921 had fallen to some 440,000,000, of whic some 185,000,000 were in the British Empire. In 191 the sheep of the British Empire were 38 per cent of th world stock, but they produced three-quarters of the com mercial wool. In 1921 the sheep of the empire were 4 per cent of the world stock, but they produced four-fifth of the commercial wool. In this four-fifths of the tota supply is two-thirds of the fine wool. Therefore, whether certain United States senators like it or not, the British Empire controls the wool markets of the world.

In the meantime the use of fine wool has proceeded while consumption of inferior wool has lagged behind. If the present pace of consumption of fine wool is continued and the prewar consumption of lower-grade wool resumed, the world with the present count of sheep will face a scarcity of merino wool within a year, and a succeeding scarcity of cross-bred wool within another year. Prices will rise, and the breeding of sheep will be stimulated. With high prices, consumption will be depressed and a new equilibrium established.

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BUCKET SHOPS AND HOW TO AVOID THEM

By Richard D. Wyckoff

DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE

ALL STREET, in the minds of many people who are not acquainted with it, is pictured as a group of overfed plutocrats entirely surrounded by ey. To a large extent Wall Street is responsible for view, for it has seldom taken any pains to defend ; instead, it has assumed a position of too proud to . It is this attitude which has permitted most peo- to kick Wall Street around without any retaliation the party of the first part. Nevertheless, I believe it is time for the real Wall Street to come out of its , turn the works inside out, and prove how closely the k Exchange, those whose operations are centered in around it, as well as the public, are bound up in the ent and future welfare of the country.

his bucket-shop situation, for example, is one that has wn out of the neglect of many vital issues. The Street permitted it to drift along from one stage to another, dently believing that the bucket shops would effect ir own cure. Such has not been the case.

n a previous article I denoted some of the earmarks of ucket shop. Most of these related to the many and rious ways in which they approach and secure the con- nce and patronage of a prospective client. I will now deavor to explain some of the other earmarks, which come more apparent after the client has begun dealing th the bucketeer.

Once you get into his clutches you are regarded as grist r his mill—merely one of many victims from whom the st dollar is to be extracted. You may be poor or wealthy, d or young; business man, doctor, clerk, widow or rphan; he is taking values from so much human ore. Some ockets are richer than others. Ice water runs in his veins. e is not concerned with the mental, physical or financial istress growing out of his rascalities.

The Bucketeer's System

BACK in the mind of this scoundrel who is "advising" you what to buy and sell is a scheme by which he hopes reduce your bank account to the vanishing point; hence, very bit of advice and every move he makes is not in your terest, but in his own. So, though he may begin by mak- ng a fictitious profit for you—that is, report some transac- tions which "already show a profit"—he is doing this only to lead you on, get you to put up more money, have more confidence in him, and in other ways prepare you for the final killing.

The bucketeer does not always follow the same routine. He has many ways of accomplishing a result. One which requires less finesse than some of the so-called pool opera- tions previously described is to load you up and keep you loaded. Following this method he not only induces you to trade on a small margin but in case the stocks which you buy advance in price and you thereby have a profit on paper he promptly sees to it that you use this paper profit to buy more securities. In this way he keeps you spread out so thinly that the first little dip in the market catches you and wipes out your margin. Hence the small-margin inducement already mentioned has two advantages to the bucketeer: It first leads you to trade with him because you can do so with a little money; and next, it is a simple means of making you lose your money so that he wins.

Note the difference between your "friend" and a legiti- mate broker with a New York Stock Exchange member- ship: When you call on the latter or write a letter for the purpose of opening an account with his firm you find that instead of the paltry $500 margin on 100 shares which the bucketeer requires, this Stock Exchange firm wants you to deposit from $1500 to $2500. You say you cannot afford it. They appear to be overcharging.

Let us look into this question of margin and the position occupied by your broker in relation to yourself and your transactions. First of all it must be understood that when you engage a broker you are appointing an agent. As your agent the broker is authorized by you to make certain pur- chases and sales of securities for your account and risk. If you wish to purchase 100 shares of stock, at $100 a share, the total cost would be $10,000; but if you have not this much money at the time, you ask the broker to carry the stock for you on margin. You hand him your check for $2000—which is the margin—and he supplies the remain- ing $8000 with which to make up the purchase price. To all intents and purposes the $2000 you deposit is in part payment of the full amount. You may or may not intend to pay the balance in order to obtain full possession of the hundred shares of stock, but it is your privilege at any time either to pay up this balance or to let the account run along on margin.

The purpose of the margin is to protect the broker against loss in this transaction which he has made for your account. If the stock for which you paid $100 a share should decline in price to $90 a share he would probably call upon you for another $1000 in order to keep the original amount good. If the stock rose to $110 you could withdraw $1000 out of your original $2000, because your stock would be worth $1000 more.

The broker may not have all the money necessary to supply the $8000 which you require to complete your pur- chase. He therefore takes your certificate of stock to his bank and borrows about $8000 on it; so that ultimately your transaction is financed by his bank, with the broker acting as a go-between. The bank requires him to keep his margin good, and he must—if he is a legitimate broker who executes your order and carries your stock for you—require you to keep your margin good; otherwise he would run the risk of losing a considerable amount during violent market fluctuations in your stock.

From this it will be seen that no legitimate broker can afford to carry such a transaction on a margin of $500, because he would have to supply the $1500 difference between the cost—$10,000, what he borrows—$8000, and your $500. It would take an enormous amount of capital to carry any substantial number of clients on such terms, and it would involve a risk that would be out of proportion to the small amount of commission which a real broker receives for executing your order. The bucketeer, who has no financing to do, requests a $500 margin because that amount seems attractive to you. The legitimate broker in asking proper protection for himself is in reality working in your own interest as well when he says "Put up plenty of margin," for he knows that you will thus be protected against the ordinary fluctuations of the market.

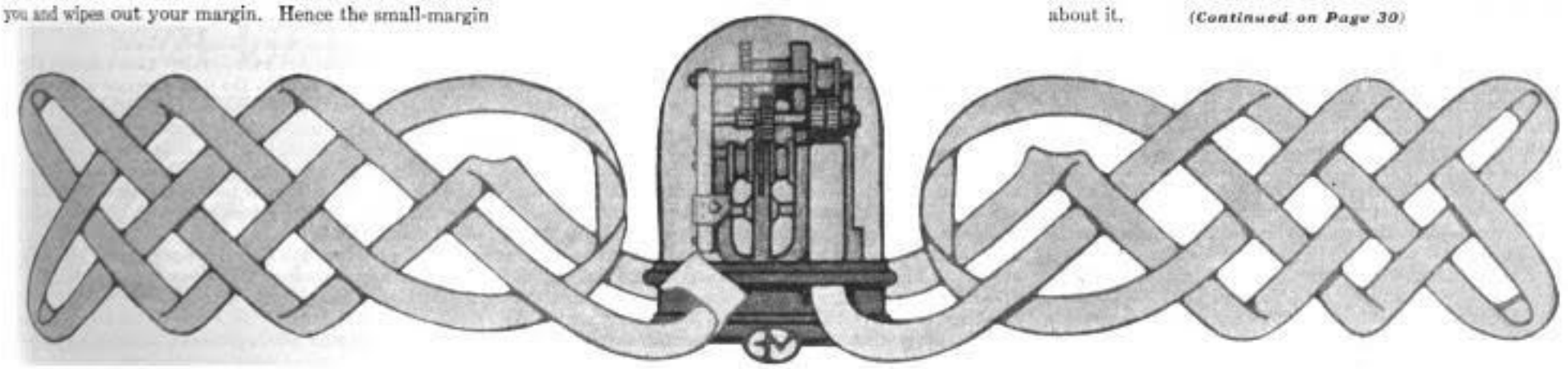
In between the time when your account is opened with a bucketeer and you go out with the tide or are sent to the cleaner's he has various other little tricks which expedite your finish. If you are living in a distant city and he knows you are not in a position to watch the market closely he may encourage you to send your orders by telegraph, for this method frequently means delays which are difficult for you to prove, and it permits him to fill the order at a price which is to your greatest disadvantage. For example: If you wire him an order to buy 100 Chandler Motors, and the price of the stock is 70 when your telegram arrives at his office, he will not execute it and report back to you that he has bought 100 shares at 70; he will hold that telegram perhaps one, two or three hours, and if, in the meantime, Chandler sells at 72 or 73, you will get it at whatever figure is the highest. In the office of one Consolidated Exchange house which failed a couple of years ago it was the custom, when conditions would permit, to hold all telegraphic orders until the close of the market and then fill these at the highest prices of the day if they were buying orders, and the lowest prices if they were selling orders. This is only one style of crookedness which is designed to make you a fluent loser.

No Profits Allowed

IN PLACING orders to buy or sell with bucketeers you frequently find them covering their tracks by saying, "We thought we had better not buy just then," or "We over- looked that order," and other evasions on trades which might have been to your advantage. They do not want you to realize any actual profits after they have built up your account by inducing you to deposit all your available funds. It is too much for you to expect that they will aid you. As an outsider you know very little about the busi- ness, and are almost powerless in their hands. It will therefore be seen how vital it is, if you are trading in stocks, that you place your account with a broker whose character, financial strength, standing in the community and method of handling his business are beyond criticism.

Contrast the attitude and the assistance given by the honest brokerage house, which realizes that it can make money only through the commission you pay for the exe- cution of your orders on the Stock Exchange or a dealer's profit on investment securities which they sell you. Such a firm is always extremely desirous that you be successful in your investment and trading operations, because if you are not they will lose your business; consequently they aid you in every possible way, are sincere and conscientious about it.

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THE UPRISING GENERATION

SAY IT WITH FLOWERS

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

THE members of the older generation do cling to their antiquated ideas in such a pathetic way!

And to me the most ridiculous of these is their conviction that the ambition of every deb is to become a wife, though of course what she really wants is to be a widow.

All the girls in my crowd proclaim this frankly, although none of them, so far as I know, have decided how to achieve the delectable estate of widowhood without a whole lot of preliminaries. However, nobody denies that there is a certain magnetic 'something about a widow which registers with the men.

In the dim dead past of my own extreme youth three years ago, when I was a mere flapper of fifteen and awfully worried about my ears, which the family constantly alluded to as being like little pitchers, and which, though they were then, alas, unconcealably large, my bobbed and permanently waved hair of to-day mercifully makes of little account—well, at any rate in those vanished days of my prankish childhood I used to be rather impressed by what my sister Rosamond and her chums said about being a bride. Whenever they had failed to shake me and, giving up the effort, talked freely in despair and my presence, I gave great attention to their words, for I was a thick-skinned youngster, eager and thirsting for knowledge and ready to experiment with everything forbidden from chewing gum to playing with the all-the-year-around boys from the village, especially Ted Stonewall, with whom I was even then having a secret affair consisting mostly of an exchange of green apples, but which was thrilling me to the core just the same.

Standing as I was with anything but reluctant feet where womanhood and girlhood meet, I shuffled said feet in a toddle of eager expectation around after my sister and Elsie Brown and lapped up everything they said about white satin and orange blossoms and whether tulle or real lace was the more becoming. The poor saps! They talked this stuff over in as much secrecy as I would permit them, and evidently, as I recall the impression on my childish mind, thought that to be a bride was the end of life. And so it was for their half generation. It took a newer, more vigorous age, meaning my own, to see beyond the white satin and the voice that breathed o'er Eadam.

To Rosamond and Elsie, who promptly and satisfactorily achieved their crowning ambition the first year they were out, a bride was the most intriguing feminine figure in the world. But to me there seems something so frightfully temporary about being a bride. Why, even the Episcopal service takes only twenty minutes! And then, even when she gets back to the house, the poor bride is only allowed to shine for a brief hour at best before they whisk her upstairs and take away her wedding gown and hustle her into a *tailleur*, and that's the last of her white-and-shining glory, for I'll tell the world there is nothing so flat as a wedding dress when it reappears as a useful dinner frock. Yes, the bride's glory and her costume last but for a fleeting hour, whereas the widow—oh, daddy boy! That snappy little bonnet with the becoming crêpe veil, the slenderizing black dresses and the pearls for tears can be strung on and on indefinitely. A bride flares up for a moment and is promptly extinguished, but a widow, if she gets that way young enough, is good for twenty years. Besides, as I have remarked, there is a certain something about a young widow. Anyhow, every girl in my bunch is wild to be one.



When the Job Was Finished the Professional Widow Looked Like Something That Had Escaped From the Accident Ward

I suppose I am in a way responsible for the introduction into our set of this new ideal, and of course I myself acquired it through that dreadful week when Marilyn Morelle chaperoned me, and when Little Arthur came to visit. Well, ghastly as that experience was, what I learned from it I have learned. With all the panning we debs get, no one can say we ever pass up any first-hand knowledge or slither through our experiences without becoming wiser for them. And as usual this particular experience was the result of one of mother's semiannual efforts to protect me from any experiences whatsoever.

Of course at eighteen I am perfectly well able to look out for myself, but there are two people who can never seem to realize this—mother, the sweet old priceless, and that pest, Ted Stonewall. When one of them isn't picking on me for some technically harmless bit of self-expression, the other one is. And when they both perform on the same day it is more than any reasonable person can endure. I should think they would see how dangerously it bores me, and yet they both love me, or claim to. Blind stuff that! Love, you know, to the older generation and its adherents means a constant butting in and spiking the loved object's pleasure at every opportunity. That this is an obsolete conception of the term I had tried, with a good deal of patience, to get over to Ted on the very same day mother telephoned for Marilyn.

Ted had come over at a ghastly hour—my diamond wrist watch regis barely 11:30—and I was just finishin coffee on the breakfast porch when dreadful flivver of his stopped unde front portico. I knew it was Ted's cause the only other flivver which c to the Edward Torringt Long Island estate with regularity is J. Smither's, Clams & Lobsters, and uses the tradesmen's entra So when the faint infant artil of a fliv died gaspingly ou front I knew very well who parked it there, and so plenty of time to gulp down one remaining hot waffle throw myself into an att tively unconscious attitude, fore Ted came romping in li big St. Bernard dog. He's like a St. Bernard—no sens humor and always rescuing p ple who don't particularly w to be rescued, without cons ing them first. When he ente I was deep in a book, fr which I looked up with lang grace. "Hello, sport!" I s with a yawn. "Totter in a park yourself! Coffee?"

"Nix!" said my young gia looking about him wrathful "I don't lunch until twel thanks."

"Lunch, my eye!" I reprov him. "This represents my str gle back to life after a big nig That was some cozy little part eh, old topper?"

"Pet Torrington," said T solemnly, ignoring my remar "I thought you told me yo father insisted on your gettin up for breakfast."

"Well, I'm up, aren't I?" said defensively. "Anyone ca see that!"

"Must be a great satisfactio to your dad," replied Ted "Let's see, he goes to town o the 8:41, doesn't he?"

"You sound so suburban, Ted!" I drawled. "I suppos it's the effect your new farm i having upon you. Do you ge up with the carrots and beet nowadays?"

"You need not laugh at that farm, Pet," said Ted in his sober way. "You are going to live on it some day, you know."

"Out among the truck gardeners? Not much!" I hooted.

"That district is going to be very fashionable before long," retorted Ted. "I'm not in real estate with my dad for nothing. It was a darn good investment—my first, dear. What I mean, I own a home, and I'm going to make the ground pay for the house—our house. I wish you would not laugh at it, Pet. Even the carrots and beets are no joke. They are going to help clear the place."

"Ted Stonewall, you are a scream!" I replied sadly. "You take an awful lot for granted!"

"How do you mean?" he demanded. "After last night there is only one thing I can take for granted—that you are going to marry me."

This was so naïve that I laughed aloud.

"Ted, old precious!" I shrieked. "Don't be such a tusk! Solid bone—solid bone! Do you suppose a girl marries every boy she does a little petting with?"

"Constance!" thundered Ted, using my given name for the first time in years, and in a tone which sent a sort of cold chill of fear down my spine. Perhaps in my tormenting of him I had really gone too far this time. "Constance! Don't tell me you have done that sort of thing with any other man! Don't!"

"Well, priceless, don't be so peppery about it!" I replied rather shakily, I confess. "It doesn't mean a thing."

"Look here, dear!" said Ted half incredulously. "You don't mean it seriously? Of course I'm not so green but that I've heard a lot about that sort of thing, but I haven't

(Continued on Page 26)

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If you would prove the love sincere
You've vowed to me tonight,
Go get that Dipper—bring it here—
Its size for soup is right.





Spoon-time

Dip your spoon into a steaming, stimulating plate of Campbell's Tomato Soup. You'll relish each savory sip. Even the aroma is a prod to drooping appetites. Consider Campbell's not only as a proper introduction to the dinner, but also as the main support of lighter repasts.

Campbell's Tomato Soup

is a skilful blend of the tonic juices and fruity parts of fresh, firm, red tomatoes, sun-sweetened on the vines; golden creamery butter, sweet and smooth; palate-pleasing spices, added with a professional sense of proportion by the Campbell's chefs in the spotless Campbell's kitchens. Who wouldn't love Campbell's Tomato Soup?

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Cream of Tomato

Heat separately equal portions of Campbell's Tomato Soup and milk or cream. Be careful not to boil. Add pinch of baking soda to the hot soup and stir into the hot milk or cream. Serve immediately. Many prefer to use evaporated milk for an extra-rich, thick Cream of Tomato.

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

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(Continued from Page 24)

gone in for it myself. I suppose because I'm village people and not really in your set, and my sort of folks don't mess around like that, cheapening their most tender relationship. I suppose you will consider that a quaint notion. I consider it only decent. I kissed you last night because I mean to marry you. And I won't permit any other man to touch you."

"Permit?" I said icily, getting to my feet. "That is not a word I like, especially when used in that tone."

"Look here, Pet Torrington!" said Ted, going very white. "Are we engaged, or are we not?"

"You know very well my mother wouldn't dream of allowing any such thing!" I replied. "She wouldn't even let you come here if she suspected ——"

"I'm not asking your mother," said Ted. "I'm asking you. For six years I haven't looked at any woman but you, and I have the right to know where I stand. Are we engaged?"

"Well, sort of," I replied reluctantly. "Oh, Ted, let it go at that! I don't want to be definitely tied up to anybody. I'm having too good a time. I want some experience of life. Of course I am fond of you, but ——"

"But you won't come out and tell the world!" said Ted, altogether too quietly.

"Not yet!" I cried. "I want to be free!"

"So you think it's nice to be engaged, or sort of half promised to me, and meanwhile go around with other fellows, and that that sort of thing is all right?" said Ted.

"Of course I do!" I retorted peevishly. "Honestly, Ted, you might have been distilled in 1841."

A look which somehow disturbed me more than I cared to admit even to myself came into Ted's eyes. He squared his shoulders and picked up his cap. He became, for Ted, positively debonair.

"All right!" said he. "I guess I've been an old-fashioned fool. I'll try to bring myself up to date. But just remember this when the occasion pops up—that sauce for the goose is also an alibi for the gander!"

And at that he beat it without even so much as a kiss! But I didn't let his not kissing me or his darkly veiled winter-weight threat disturb me for long. I knew Ted thoroughly, and I was as sure of him as I was of mother. What he had said was true. He had never even looked at another girl since the day he gave me that first apple over the back fence. He was mine, absolutely mine, and I knew from past experience that I could trust him anywhere. Oh, I wasn't worried about holding Ted securely! What was eating me was the fact that I had hurt him by the lie I had told concerning my other parties. Of course I would hate to have it get around how completely innocent my drives between dances had always been, and how very mild my flirtations on dark porches. So far, the men had not spread a word about it. Believe me, a man may kiss and tell, but he never brags about his failures!

Yet some devil in me made me want Ted to worry. When he was away from me I was simply crazy about him, but when he was there it was so easy to torment him that I could not resist getting right on the job. And now the very moment he was gone—back to the vegetables, I suppose—I wanted to run after him and tell him it was all a silly lie. But I couldn't. Principally because just as I made a half-hearted start for the doorway it was filled by mother, and from the look in her eye I knew that life had again insisted upon interfering with her well-regulated existence.

Mother is that way. When she has mapped out a program for the week—dinners, luncheons, a bridge morning and a Russian famine concert, and so forth—she expects to pull off her schedule ruthlessly, and if somebody develops a funeral or breaks a leg, or it's a garden party and the Lord decides on rain, mother takes the disruption as a personal insult and deliberate injury. This morning I could see first crack that her favorite Maréchal Niel roses had deliberately refused to bloom in time for Tams, our old family servant who has been with us nearly a year, to use on the table on Friday, as per agreement, or that some similar dire calamity had overtaken her. She carried a sheaf of opened letters, topped by a telegram, and dropping all but the latter upon the breakfast table she seated herself and fluttered the wire at me.

"Pet!" said she. "The most upsetting thing has happened! You know my old friend, Mrs. Elihu Cornwallace?"

At mention of this name I got a queer mental picture. It was of mother as a little girl, in a much-ruffled, long-waisted dress, bangs and white stockings and something called a pinafore, playing with the minister's daughter, a red-headed girl in equally impossible clothes. They were sitting on the minister's front steps engaged in the impeccable and altogether feminine game of jackstones. Automatically I said "Daisy Duncan" aloud.

"Yes!" beamed mother, ecstatic for an instant. Then the troubled look returned. "Of course I have not seen Daisy since her marriage," said she. "But we have written each other regularly, and I have often suggested her sending Little Arthur on here for a visit."

This was really rather appalling. I knew of Little Arthur. For years I had seen a cabinet photograph of him on mother's dressing table—an enormous, fat and husky human pie of five, positively bursting out of a shou unmowed curls and a Fauntleroy suit of velvet.

"Mother!" I exclaimed. "Not Little Arthur!"

"Of course I am delighted to have the only child c old playmate come on and stop with us indefinit mother continued. "I'm sure Little Arthur will be a brought-up young man and a most desirable companic you, my dear. Incidentally, I understand that the (wallaces are the richest people in Indianapolis, not the money means anything to us. But that he should just at this time is certainly most upsetting. He'll be to-morrow."

"His arriving at any time will upset me if he has gr up true to that tintype!" I retorted. "Outside of t what's wrong with the date? If I must have that moun of young Western manhood about, why not now?"

"Pet!" said mother. "You seem to forget that father and I are starting on our motor trip to Car to-morrow morning!"

"Well, and what of it?" I asked.

"A chaperon, my dear, a chaperon!" replied mot "I can't very well go away and leave you unchaperoi I've telephoned your sister Rosamond, but she c possibly get away."

"Thank heaven!" I murmured.

"So I have done the next best thing," said mot "I have sent for poor dear Marilyn."

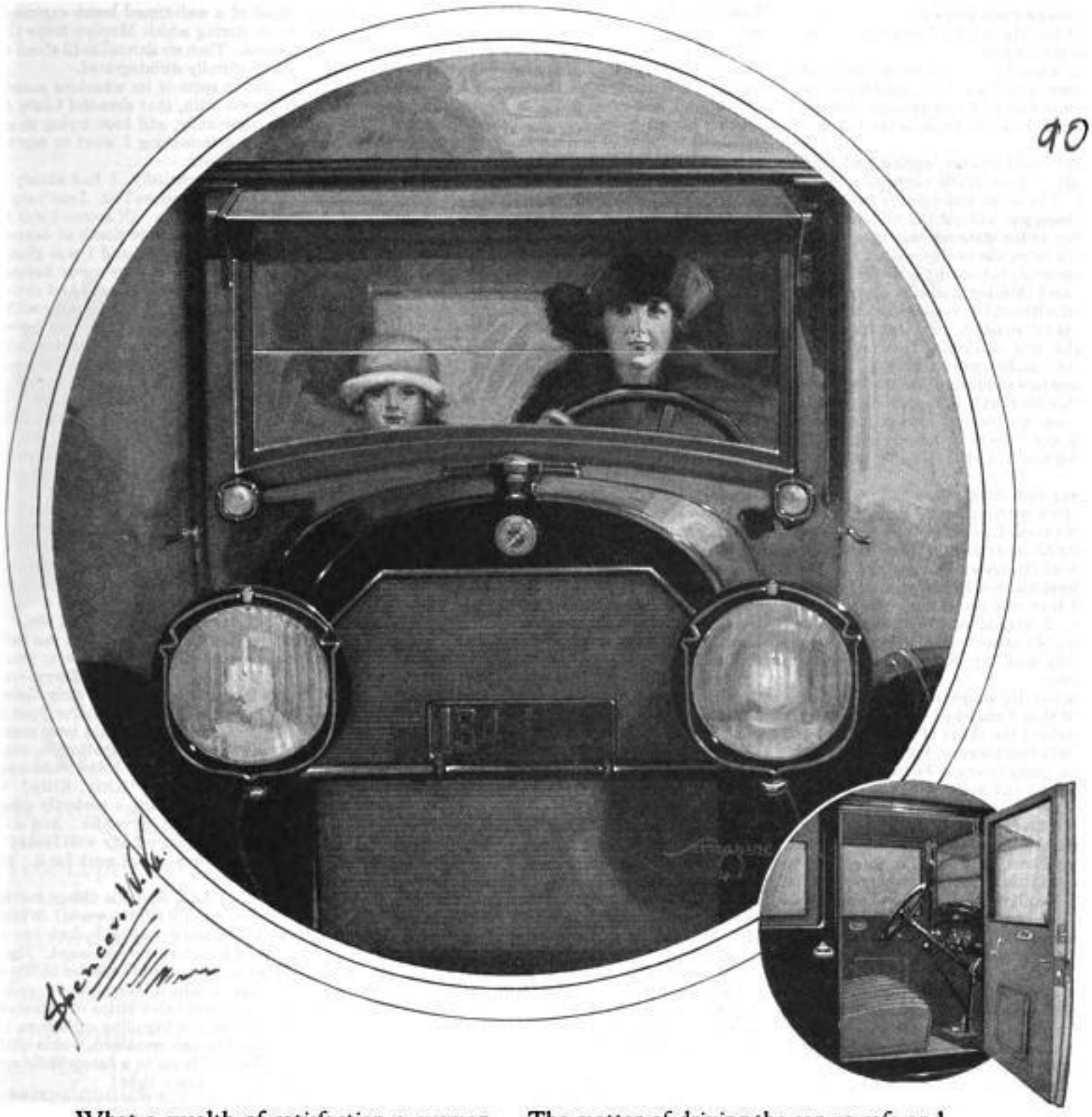
Now Marilyn was a widow. The lucky man was— rather, I should say, had been mother's first cousin. of course Marilyn was pretty old. She must have been least thirty-six or seven, as mother had often plaintiv pointed out, when she was reluctantly obliged to recogn Marilyn's existence. This usually occurred only wh Marilyn wrote that the interest on the mortgage was agi due. I had never seen the widow myself, but you can ima ine how I was shot with dread at the idea of adding her the household when I tell you that none of the women our family ever referred to her except as poor dear Marily and that although she lived only as far as Jersey City, a mother sometimes talked to father vaguely to the effe that "we must have poor dear Marilyn out for a vi sometime, Edward. It is our duty really." She nev made good on the proposition. I didn't have to be a min reader to know that Marilyn must be an awful hick, an of course she was poor. What is more, the house on whi the mortgage interest fell due so often was admitted frame! Oh, boy, I could see she would make an ide chaperon—from mother's point of view! I would be luck if she didn't wear health shoes and rubbers and try t

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He Had On an Immense Panama Hat and the Tightest-Waisted Coat I Have Ever Beheld. In Fact, All of His Clothes Would Have Done Credit to a Chorus Man

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What a wealth of satisfaction a woman takes in the dependability of her Cadillac.

There is no other single trait, of all the wonderful traits of the Cadillac, that quite equals it in her esteem.

She realizes thankfully that no thought of the car need intrude for a moment to mar her enjoyment.

Her mind is at rest, she is free to rejoice in the fine buoyancy of the Cadillac, its suggestion of soaring grace.

The matter of driving the car, so safe and simple and easy it is, adds a sportive zest to her pleasure.

And as the miles unroll, the joys of Cadillac travel grow more precious because of the serenity and security she feels.

This is the quality that is even more than beauty, or luxury, or the social prestige of Cadillac ownership.

This fine dependability, always the cardinal fact of the Cadillac, finds even higher expression than before in the new Type 61.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

C A D I L L A C

The Standard of the World

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(Continued from Page 26)

make me wear them too. My holiday looked as if it were going to be pretty well cramped.

"Mother!" I said severely. "You know that was a mean trick! For years you have been shirking Cousin Marilyn's visit, and now you wish her onto me and sneak off to Canada. I should think one freak in the house at a time was enough!"

"That will do, Pet!" said mother, arising and hastily assuming her busy air. "I am really sorry to miss poor dear Marilyn's visit. She is, as I remember her, a most estimable woman. I hope you will not fail to show her the courtesy of meeting her at the station to-morrow. She and Little Arthur will both be on the twelve o'clock train."

Do you see how hopelessly far apart the present generation and the old one are? Mother walked away with that as her final word, and without the remotest idea that she had completely ruined my holiday. She and dad were to be gone for two weeks, and, of course, I had planned to sort of just drift about—make some visits, show myself a big time generally—and now suddenly I was tied up as tight as a deb of '09 in her hobble skirt! It was simply maddening! However, there was no use my kicking any harder. Mother would simply say "There now, dear, your mother knows what is best for you!" and that would be the end of the conversation.

Mother was sending that hick cousin out to give the poor creature a good time without herself doing any of the dirty work. Very well then, I would give poor Marilyn a good time. And as for Little Arthur, he'd have to take his chance with the rest of the crew. For if I had to entertain those two I at least was not forbidden to add to the crowd. Nothing had been said about my inviting nobody else at the same time. I determined to sink my hicks and sink them thoroughly. In other words, I decided to surround them completely with my own particular bunch, and give them the razoo.

No sooner had this sweetly simple solution of my difficulties presented itself than I snatched the telephone from where it was hiding behind the skirts of a bisque doll and got my side kick, Sylvia Glenning, on the wire.

"I'm having a house party over the Fourth, old-timer," I said, "and you must not fail me."

"But I'm having one of my own!" objected Sylvia. "Tot Romney, Jed di Silva, Tommy Barnes and Rotter Cairey and—oh, yes, Ethel!"

"Bring them all over here!" said I. "I'm going to have two aces. One is called Little Arthur Cornwallace and the other is a girl named Marilyn Morelle. I will add G. G. Third and—oh, yes, Ted Stonewall!"

"You old priceless!" gasped Sylvia. "We will be there!"

"Dinner at eight to-morrow night," I said grimly, and hung up.

And then I sat for a while in gloomy silence. If that crew of strong men and wild women didn't send my two intruders scurrying for shelter I was a poor guesser. This house party was going to make history if I could arrange it. I called the general store down in Rosemere Village.

"This is Miss Torrington speaking," said I. "I suppose you have stocked up for the Fourth of July? Well, I want all the fireworks you have—all! And please be sure to send lots of red fire and plenty of very noisy crackers." After which I felt better.

But by the next morning when I set out for the railroad station to gather in the freaks I had about as much pep as a wet ostrich feather. For of all the smart towns on Long Island, Rosemere is undoubtedly the smartest, and draws a crowd which would put your eye out, especially over a holiday and week-end combined; and this was Friday, and Monday would be the Fourth and—well, you can imagine the sort of mob I had to face. Simply everybody who was anybody would be there meeting friends, and it seemed as if I had been appointed to furnish a laugh. It was beastly, simply beastly of mother to let me in for a situation like that! All the way down from our place, riding in solitary grandeur in the blue limousine and trailed by the suburban car for the trunks, I could just picture what was going to happen. There would be the shoals of gleaming cars, the gayly dressed crowd parading the platform of the pretty little vine-covered station—the Warringtons, Tot Romney, Sylvia, the whole bunch meeting regular people, with good-looking luggage and all that, and ragging each other, and probably staring at me while Cousin Marilyn waddled down the platform, with very likely a straw suitcase and a string bag in either hand, and she would smack me on both cheeks, and then we would rescue a big hulking goof of a backwoodsman with a wide-brimmed hat who would say "Pleased to meetcher!" And this, of course, would be Little Arthur!

I simply writhed at the thought. How could mother be so cruel? Oh, the things parents force upon us, and then expect us to love and respect them!

Well, at any rate, dreadful as these visions were, they did not affect the speed of the limousine's excellent motor, and I joined the happy throng at the station just before the train arrived.

Never will I forget the agony of the next few minutes. I scarcely know how I lived through them. Automatically I exchanged greetings with a few friends, and coming upon Sylvia Glenning did manage to keep my head sufficiently to grab her by the arm and hiss "Eight o'clock to-night" into her passing car. To my relief she nodded, for I was suddenly overcome with the ghastly thought that if she saw what I had come down to meet she might renig on moving her party over to my house. Ted had not even answered my note of invitation, and I was worried by the thought that everybody might go back on me. Sylvia was cordial, however, even though she broke away from me immediately, for by now the train was puffing and panting out in front and passengers were pouring from it.

I hid myself behind one of the columns of the shed and combed the pack for my pair of aces. But for a long while none of the arrivals seemed to meet the specifications. Once, indeed, I saw a middle-aged woman who filled the bill; but when I approached her smilingly that common Mrs. Gabler, whom nobody knows, darted in ahead of me.

"Pardon me, but this is *my* cook," she said firmly, and I fell back rather dashed.

The crowd began to thin out, and I saw it would be wise to get a little action. So I started darting up and down the platform looking about. But no freaks. The mob began to melt amidst the roar of motors, suddenly, as it does at a railway station, and then way down the platform I saw Ted Stonewall in knickerbockers and a gray flannel shirt completely surrounded by crates of young carrots and beets from that awful farm of his, and Ted was talking to a young woman in deep mourning. As Ted caught sight of me he said something to her and she turned around.

She was a widow. But at first glance that meant nothing to my fevered brain. All I saw was that she was a blonde, very pretty, with a lovely slim figure which her long black veil set off to perfection. Snappy? Some snap! Shoes, hat, a French bag of dull beads, a string of pearls and, as I drew nearer, a pair of appealing blue eyes and a peach of a make-up. Her age might have been anything from twenty-five on.

"Here is Miss Torrington now," said Ted as I approached. "Pet, this lady was looking for you."

Immediately the lady put out both hands in a graceful, impulsive gesture.

"I am Marilyn," said she. "Rippin' of you to ask me out, my dear!"

For a second I could scarcely speak. Then I heaved a huge sigh of relief. I felt as if an enormous weight had been lifted off my shoulders. This was a woman one could take anywhere! She was an asset, not a liability!

"Why, you're a peach!" I cried enthusiastically. "Gee, but I'm glad! How are you, and everything? Ted, this is Mrs. Morelle, my cousin, who is going to be with us over the Fourth."

"My name is Stonewall," added Ted, shaking hands.

"You have been so kind, Mr. Stonewall," said Marilyn, switching those light-blue lamps on him as gratefully as if he had just slipped her a new car or saved her from drowning or something. "I'm so glad we shall be seeing you again."

"You've got nothing on me there!" said Ted with a laugh. "Do I move over this evening, Pet?"

"I'm glad you have found out that you can come," I said a trifle coolly. "Dinner is at eight."

And then I steered Marilyn away, found the second man and watched her stack a whole pack of luggage checks into his hand while I broke the bad news about Little Arthur to this stunning young visitor of mine.

"I'm afraid Arthur is an awful piece of work," I said. "They have simply no end of money, but they are undoubtedly trimmed with hay. I suppose he missed this train."

"There is a lost-looking male grasshopper whom nobody seems to have claimed down the platform there," said Marilyn. "I talked with him in the train coming out. Nice kid."

I glanced in the direction she indicated and shook my head incredulously. For marooned in the midst of a perfect flotilla of luggage stood a small pale young man who looked as if he had aged suddenly at seventeen. He had on an immense Panama hat and the tightest-waisted coat I have ever beheld. In fact, all of his clothes would have done credit to a chorus man, from his Italian lacework brogues to the magnificent orange necktie which flamed brazenly beneath his weak chin. All of a sudden I realized that it must indeed be Little Arthur. It had to be. Nobody else could have needed his millions so badly. At once I dashed over and demanded the whole truth, and his watery eyes were as grateful as a lost dog's for the rescue.

"Oh, how awf'ly good of you!" he said, holding out a wilted hand. Around the wrist glinted something which I thought at first was an identification tag. But it wasn't. It was a bracelet!

"Not a bit good. Glad to do it," said I, lying cheerfully. "Come along!"

And then he followed me as if I were Mary and he had been born a lamb.

Well, dinner that night was a riot. Sylvia's crowd, together with my own, filled the house like a brimming cup, and my house party started off with all the restraint and quiet of a well-timed bomb explosion. The dinn feast, during which Marilyn broke the stems of t glasses. Then we danced until about three, when just naturally disintegrated.

But in spite of its whacking success I was no To begin with, that dreadful Little Arthur had me continually, and kept trying to get me alone

"I got something I want to say to you," he over and over.

Really, eventually, I had simply to walk out creature. But not so Ted. I can't say that he overs me with attention. Of course I was relieved, beca rule Ted bores me to death at dances by hanging simply all the time, and I was glad to have him for once. Still, I have never before seen him d much in any one evening. And curiously enough, a regular ace, and danced mostly with Marilyn, wh otherwise have been hung up, for she didn't kn crowd and was so much older, too, although she wa pretty good-looking at night—if you cared for he I had begun to go cold on it myself.

When we went upstairs later she slipped her through my arm and drew me into her room. willingly enough, because by now I was beginn realize that she would bear watching, and I wan know more about her. A nice chaperon my *moth* provided me with, I must say!

Well, in Marilyn's room a sleepy maid aroused and helped Mrs. M. out of her filmy and brief black gown.

"Why do you wear black, Marilyn, dear?" *I* "I thought your husband had been dead simply year years."

"My weeds, dear girl," said she, "are the only we of the penniless creature you see before you. Then certain something about weeds, you know. Men it. My weeds are my only dowry—my, as you might only inheritance from poor dear George."

"But you look so young for your age, honey!" I "I should think you would have married again!"

"Kitty, Kitty!" said Marilyn, seating herself bef dressing table simply laden with creams and bottles boxes and lotions. "Kitty, Kitty! Well, I'm not su fool as to stop being a perfectly good widow unless made well worth my while. And so far I haven't h chance to meet anybody who looked good to me. As my continued youth, I work for it. You just watch, ki give a look!"

Well, I did. And the things her maid did to Mar were enough, I'll tell the world! When the job was finis the professional widow looked like something that escaped from the accident ward. She had on a chin str a nose mold, surgeon's plaster at the corners of both ey the lids of which were heavily greased, and across forehead were other strips of adhesive. The maid had moved the two beguiling curls from the nape of her ne taken what hair remained, wet it with some kind of to and twisted it up in a funny little spill on the top of head. She was a sight!

"Do you do all this every night?" I gasped, impress Marilyn nodded dumbly.

"Madame cannot speak when she is like deese!" t maid explained. "A lot of trouble, non? But it ees grand success, n'est-ce pas, mademoiselle?"

And I had to grant her a lot. It was a miracle, that what it was, for with this get-up on something indefinab stole out of Marilyn's face, through the plasters and a and showed her true age. She must have been forty! could have sworn to it! But all I did was throw up m hands and rush off to bed in hysterics. The old thief Going around fooling decent young men! Ugh!

The next day things began to thicken. Ted, who ha said he would be obliged to run out to the farm every day did so, and took Marilyn along with him. Both Sylvia an I heard him promise to send her in a bouquet of whatev she admired most out there as he helped her into hi flivver. Silly ass!

I didn't have any heart for tennis that morning, but I played doubles with Sylvia, Jed and Rotter, because that soft clam of a Little Arthur had the nerve to spring an invitation to a solitude *à deux* on me before lunch.

"I say, won't you, Pet?" he pleaded in his piping voice. "There is something I want to say to you."

"Not now. I've got to play tennis," I answered irritably, and beat it for the club with the bunch, although a nice cool drive into the country would have pleased me much better, even if it had been taken in a flivver.

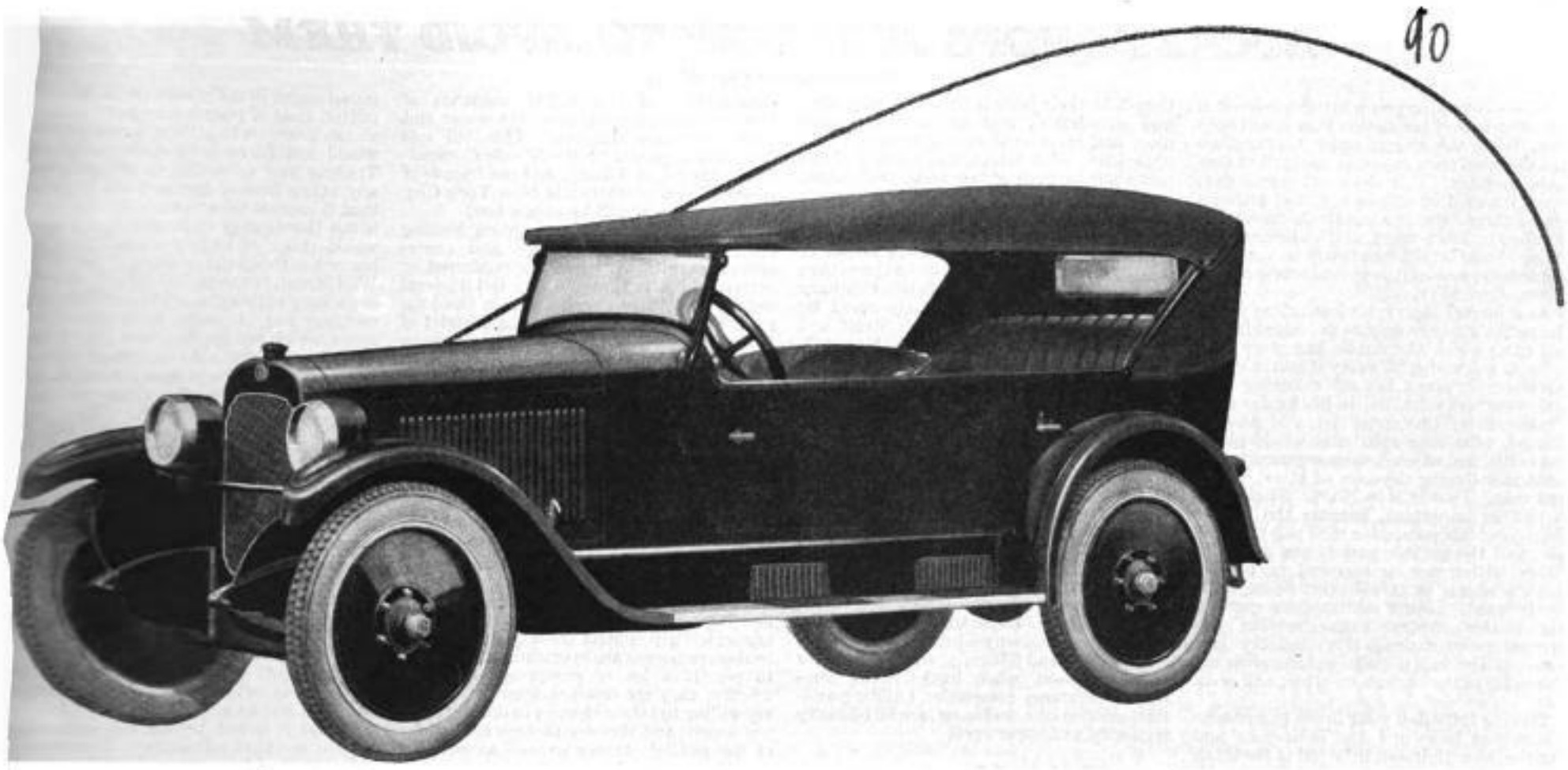
But worse was to come. At lunch Ted was polite, but Marilyn was gushing to me. And any girl knows what that means!

"Oh, you ought to see the darling young beets he grows!" she said with one eye on Ted to find out how this was getting across. "Simply miles and miles of them—too lovely! And he's such a sweet host. He's been so good to me. And he is a wonderful farmer!"

"Yes, he must be, dear," I answered sweetly. "Farmers are generally familiar with weeds, aren't they?"

(Continued on Page 122)

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A New and Finer Kind of Six-Cylinder Performance

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The CHALMERS SIX

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BUCKET SHOPS AND HOW TO AVOID THEM

(Continued from Page 23)

When they give you a bit of advice it is with the honest conviction that it will help you. When you give an order it is executed and reported back to you at the earliest possible moment. This does not mean that every transaction will be reported within a few minutes, because some stocks have what is called a slow market, and to force a purchase or sale would be greatly to your disadvantage, just as it is in real estate or any other commodity.

As a bucket shop is an institution where the public's money may be deposited freely, but from which the public has great difficulty in extracting it, every resource of the bucketeer is spent toward retaining cash and securities intrusted to his tender care. Trainloads of literature, acres of postage stamps, telephone calls that would girdle the earth, and other means are used to the limit in inducing deposits of stock, bonds and cash. That is Step No. 1. Step No. 2 is just as important, because the bucket shop considers possession nine points of the law, and the greater part of the money is either withdrawn or secreted in private bank accounts or safe-deposit boxes, or is freely spent. Liquor seldom came quite so high in this country; women seldom have dressed more expensively; and the jazz music of the day is quite in tune with the character of the bucketeer—loose and reckless.

Having intrusted your funds to someone whom you know not but believe in, and desiring to withdraw a little out of the total, you find him making excuses. He doesn't like to see you missing these good opportunities, or the stock you want to withdraw is being transferred and it will be along in a few days, or there is some little irregularity in the account that needs straightening out, or he has a rush telephone message for you which says "Get into this quickly." Please note one of the most distinguishing earmarks of the bucketeer—he will not let you have your own money. You must pry it out of him. In most cases you have to go there, demand it, and threaten trouble before he will give up. If you write him a letter and say "Please transfer my account" to this or that other broker, he will make the same kind of excuses—more of them. If all his clients asked for their money he would close up, because the money has disappeared. What was left in recent failures was a mere patch on what they had before the deluge of withdrawals by their clients.

An Epidemic of Failures

Within the last few months many people who were dealing with bucket shops have telegraphed or written to them, "Please transfer my account to Blank & Co.," naming another house. Such requests filed with a New York Stock Exchange house would have resulted in an immediate transfer, for to delay in such matters is to cast reflection upon the credit of the house. In the case of the bucket shops, days, weeks and months have passed without any result except a string of excuses designed to keep the cash and securities in the hands of the bucketeer. Had these people taken the trouble to go to the main office of the bucket shop and demand their property, their loss might have been avoided in many cases. The liabilities of failed bucket shops consist largely of amounts of money and securities due clients who had demanded them but could not obtain them.

The New York State law makes bucketing and trading against a customer a felony. But though the newspapers have been filled with bucket-shop failures and bucket-shop crookedness there has not been any noticeable increase in the population of the Tombs Prison since the exposures began.

In the early part of last November things bucket-wise were comparatively quiet along the Rialto. Under the surface the situation had been growing more unhealthy; the pirates were becoming bolder; but few suspected that the Street was about to witness a series of explosions such as had never before been recorded. The publication of articles showing in minute detail all the inner workings of the bucket shop was the little match that touched off the bonfire. The first evidence of this was the withdrawal of cash and securities from a number of bucket shops by clients who had not realized the character of the houses with which they had been dealing. Then they told their friends how and why they had withdrawn, and as there appeared more and more evidence of hesitancy and opposition with which the bucket shops met their increasing demands, the clamor became so loud as to awaken numerous sleeping neighbors who rubbed their eyes and found their own houses afire.

Here and there bucket shops began to fail. Others came along—two or three, then more—each day until along in late February and early March loud reports could be heard from all quarters of the Street and the house of cards came down with a crash. The New York district attorney found his office transformed into a collection agency. The grand jury found many indictments. But the sheriff found that a general exodus had taken place to Canada and parts unknown. The house cleaning had begun.

It was then my privilege to publish the principles on which it seemed that the proper regulation of the brokerage business should be based. It was my firm belief, based on many years' observation of the situation, that the banking laws of New York State should be so altered as to bring stock brokers under the supervision of the State Banking Department. There appeared no reason why a broker, who acts as a depositary and fiduciary, should be under no supervision, when banks, trust companies, insurance companies, building-and-loan associations, and so on, are all officially regulated and supervised.

Projected Legislation

It seemed imperative that every individual, firm or corporation acting as a broker or dealing in or lending money on securities within the state be licensed by the State Banking Department, and that a staff of auditors with long Wall Street experience be appointed to examine every brokerage firm's books and affairs at frequent intervals.

Happenings along in February bore every indication that the best element in Wall Street was awake to the situation. The president of the New York Stock Exchange expressed a realization of the responsibility put upon the Exchange by the presence of all the millions of new investors who had learned to buy securities during the Liberty Loan campaigns, and announced that the time had come when the Exchange members must collectively assure themselves as to one another's affairs, as to the firms which were carrying stocks on margin for the public, the relation between their free capital and their commitments, and so on. President Cromwell stated that he would "never be satisfied until we have carried our effort for safety so far that insolvency caused by improper dealing shall never occur among Stock Exchange firms; . . . that the stocks bought for clients must be carried not only by members of the Stock Exchange but by all brokers who have the remotest connection therewith."

Legislators in Albany and Washington also became thoroughly aroused to the evil which had been exposed, and several constructive bills were presented. Some are meeting opposition, principally on account of the licensing feature. It is claimed that the Martin Law of New York State, 1921, if properly enforced, would prove effective in stamping out the bucket shops, but it lacked the little detail of funds with which its provisions might be enforced.

A bit of legislation which at mid-March looked the most promising and which might well be followed both by other states and by the Federal Government, was embodied in the Katlin Blue Sky Bill, which provided for licenses, which were to be obtained from the superintendent of banks; examination of books and accounts of brokers; revoking of licenses for cause; and other necessary features. This bill was favorably reported by the Senate Committee on Banks, at Albany, and the friends of a clean financial district in New York City sincerely hope it will become a law.

The consensus of opinion among leading congressmen, state senators and representatives with whom I have conferred or corresponded is that nothing but Federal legislation will prove effective in the long run. This was illustrated in the District of Columbia. When the blue-sky laws were passed in Maryland the Wallingfords all flocked into the capital; also by the migration from New York City to New Jersey when the local bucketeers began to fear prosecution. The author of the Betts Bill, which was recently up for public hearing at Albany, writes: "The reason I introduced the bill was because I discovered that the so-called blue-sky laws in the Western States had driven so many of the crooks out of those states that they were all flocking to New York, which was becoming their Klondike."

What we need in New York State and every other state in the Union is a Federal law which will control the way in which all brokerage houses are operated. It is absurd to permit a lot of irresponsible people, whether they are crooked, ignorant or simply willing to take a chance, to open brokerage houses and thereby become custodians of the public's money as well as advisers as to how the public should speculate and invest in securities. Just imagine what our banking situation would be if those who are now operating bucket shops should abandon that pursuit, and—if the laws would permit—open banks and begin to take in and pay out. How long would it be before the commercial and financial interests of this country would be on the rocks?

It is well for Wall Street and the whole country that the New York Stock Exchange now realizes its responsibility to the public and to the investment interests of the American people; that it owes a duty to those who deal in its securities, especially to the small investors. Admitting that it is primarily organized to provide facilities for buying and selling stocks and bonds, it has, chiefly by reason of recent disclosures, found itself in a position where it must, to the very utmost, control the dealings in the stocks and bonds which it has listed, and so extend this control that no one can employ its facilities in any scheme for taking advantage of the public.

A Great Opportunity

The New York Stock Exchange now faces the greatest opportunity of its career. Many more people are to-day buying stocks and bonds than ever before. Many more corporate securities are listed on the New York Stock Exchange than at any previous period. It is the one big market for American railroad, industrial, petroleum, mining, public utility and other kinds of securities. Buyers and sellers from all over the world express themselves in the prices which they bid and ask for stocks and bonds on the big floor. Banks everywhere value listed collateral by the prices there quoted. The Exchange should now take steps which will place it in such an unassailable position that when this is done and fully realized by the public there will remain little or no basis for the organization or operation of houses which illegitimately may attempt to deal in New York Stock Exchange securities.

Though the Stock Exchange can provide the necessary facilities, there is one thing that the public must do for itself, and that is acquire a certain amount of trading and investment intelligence, for it must be admitted that if people who patronize bucket shops knew what they were about they would not have been such blind victims. Trading and investing in securities is like any other line of business in this respect, that it cannot be successfully followed if it is not thoroughly understood. Few people would think of setting up as doctors or lawyers without the necessary training, but Wall Street, in the public mind, seems to be something entirely apart from the rules and customs and, I might say, the ethics of business, which are applied to any other business or profession. As in other lines of endeavor, particularly for the reason named, it is the comparatively few who make great successes and the many who fail because of, largely, of their own ignorance, incapacity or unwillingness to master the rudiments of investment. What most people want is a tip to buy something, and as a rule they will not only refuse to expend their efforts in learning how but they will not spend their money.

I have no desire to stimulate the speculative instincts of the American public, because these tendencies are already altogether too potent in the minds of our people, many of whom prefer to gamble than to speculate intelligently or to invest at all. Henry Ward Beecher said: "I hold that a man who is long-headed, who foresees and judges more accurately, has an advantage over his neighbor, and it is not accounted immoral for him to use that advantage, because he is individually better fitted for the business, and it inheres in him by a law of Nature that he has a right to the whole of his legitimately applied. If one man or two men, looking at the state of the nation, look at the crops, at the possible contingencies and risks of climate, at the condition of Europe; in other words, taking all the elements that belong to the world into consideration, are sagacious enough to prophesy the best course of action, I don't see why it is not legitimate." Nevertheless, the best interests of the public lie on the investment side of Wall Street, and by "investment" I mean the placing of money for income and possible increase in value of the securities purchased.

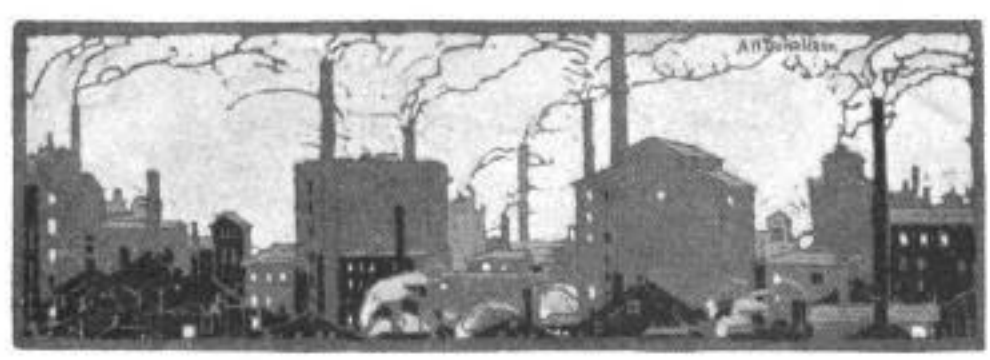
Time to Clean House

The wide diversity and character of industries now listed and being listed on the Stock Exchange show an increasing tendency of important corporations to establish a market for their securities where millions of people can pick up their daily newspaper in any part of the country and see just what their property is worth; and with the additional advantage that any stockholder, large or small, can take any such listed securities to his bank, in any part of the country, and borrow money on them at current rates of interest—a fact which distinguishes New York Stock Exchange securities from all others.

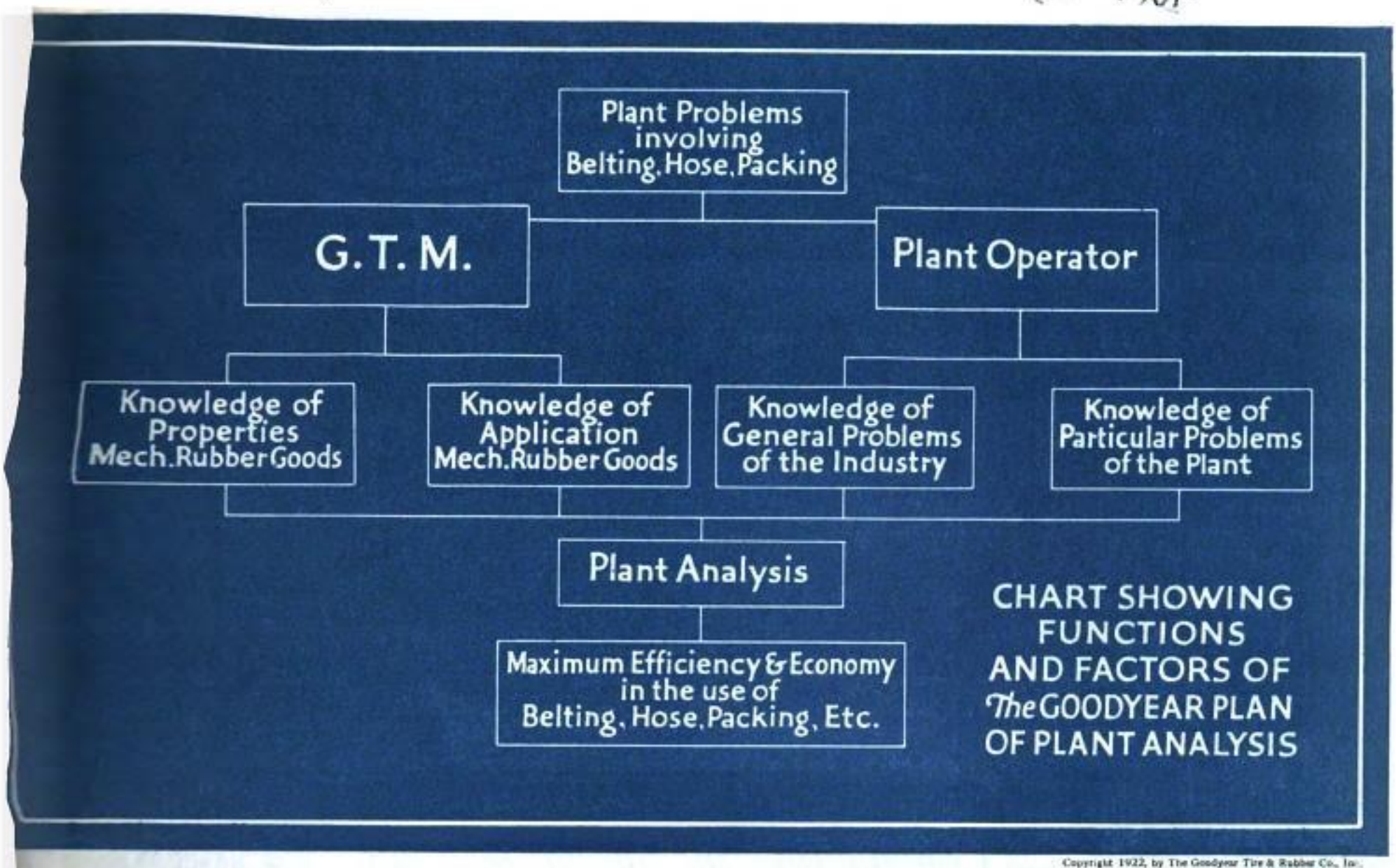
Not only have the railroad, public utility, manufacturing, commercial and banking corporations established plants and properties in every state in the Union, but their stockholders are also scattered throughout the length and breadth of this land and in every country on earth, so that these vast properties are neither located nor owned in Wall Street.

Wall Street being the heart of all these activities, it is more than essential that the financial district become the source of the education of American investors if it is possible to open their eyes to the necessity and the advantages thereof. The literature and advertising of many investment houses are becoming more strongly flavored with the desirability of thrift, investment knowledge, intelligent investing; and this is well, because statistics prove that only a small percentage of Americans of either sex in their later years are financially independent—something like four out of one hundred—and at the age of sixty-five, and in many cases long before that time, the majority are dependent upon charity or their relatives for support.

As I see it, therefore, the problem of Wall Street is to clean house, keep it clean, improve facilities, give service, guard and insure the public, encourage individuals to educate themselves in the technic of the security market. If all this be done we shall be well on our way to the goal—a nation of intelligent investors.



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Plant Analysis Service — and the G. T. M.

Look at this chart. It pictures, in the language of the plant superintendent and the industrial engineer, the place occupied by the G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man—with relation to your belting, hose and packing problems.

It identifies the G. T. M. for what he is, the tested link in the chain of service connecting your need for efficient plant operation, and your knowledge of the special working conditions of your plant, with the Goodyear Plan of Plant Analysis and the products Goodyear makes for industrial use.

You have seen on these pages example after example of the efficient and economical performance of Goodyear mechanical goods that were specified to their work by the G. T. M. These reports make up a body of convincing evidence, we think, as to the honest effort made by Goodyear to build the best possible product for certain operating conditions. The part the G. T. M. has played in each of these instances has been one of responsibility, seeing that the user gets out of the product in useful work all the value of the materials and workmanship put into it.

The G. T. M. is an expert in his line. He knows the properties of good mechanical goods. He is trained in the science of their specification and application. His work takes him into many plants, in many industries, so that he is familiar with most transmission and conveying problems, and is a practical authority on many of them.

When he comes to your plant, he comes as a friendly analyst of your operating problems, your troubles, maybe. He doesn't pretend to know it all. He takes the advice of your superintendent and engineer. He gives close attention to their experienced knowledge of your particular working conditions.

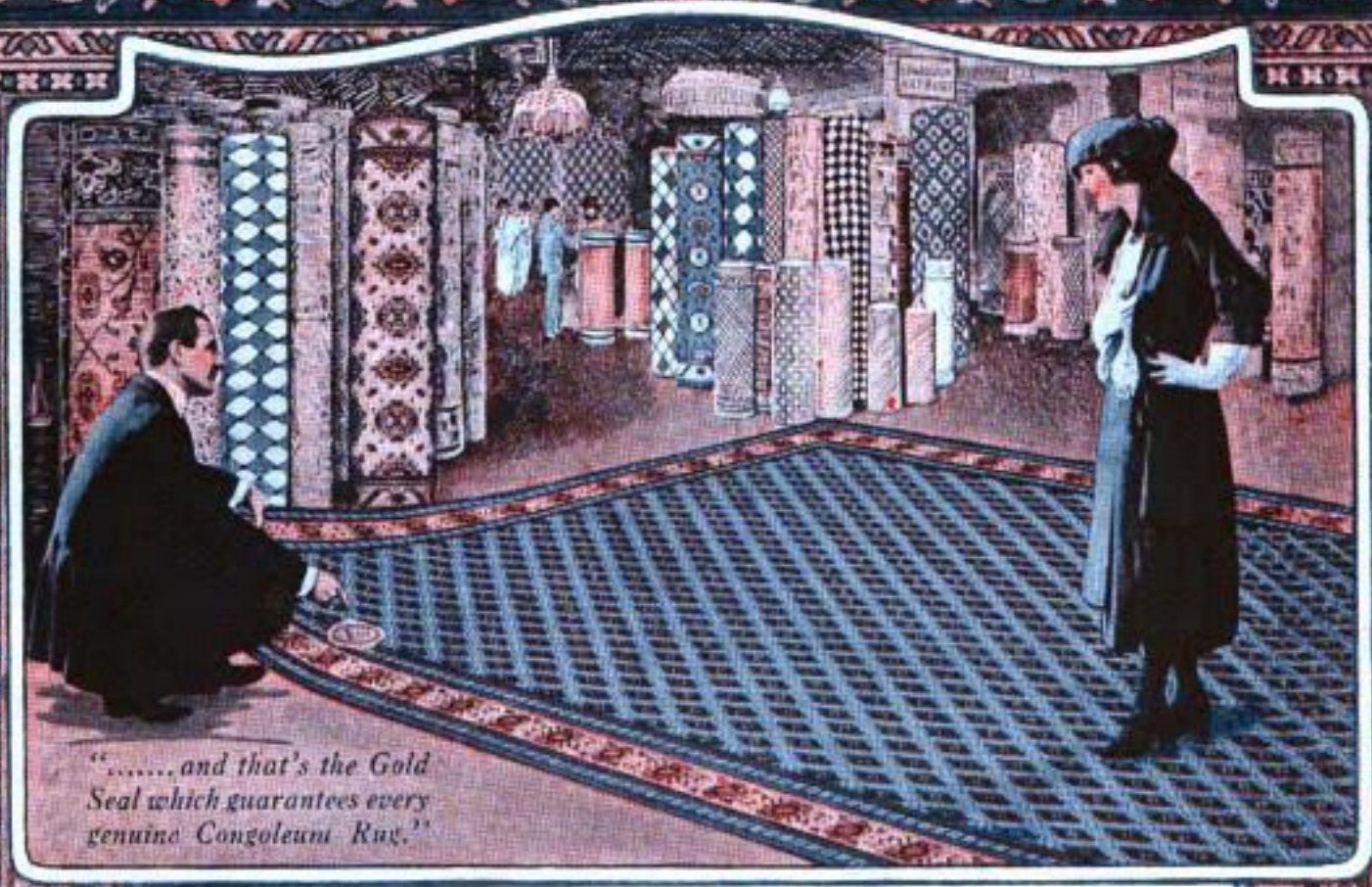
His sole object is to fit what he knows about belting, hose or packing to the demonstrated conditions of service in your plant. If he can find out what you need, and Goodyear can furnish it, he will recommend it to you, and after its installation he will follow it up with a sincere service.

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6 x 9 feet	$ 8.10	9 x 10½ feet	$14.15
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OUT-OF-DOORS

Maryland Game Laws

ERRING to comment on the former istence of many county and local in the state of Maryland, a president state game commission of that state hat within the last ten years Mary- has abandoned local legislation in of state-wide laws, and that the y laws have been pretty much wiped Many disinterested sportsmen have d long and faithfully to bring game ions in Maryland to this better status. land has a state-wide hunting license, ll as state-wide laws; for the resident dollars and ten cents, the nonresident dollars and twenty-five cents. The nt county license is one dollar and nts. All hunters while hunting must on the left arm a sleeve band with mber corresponding to their hunter's se. The open season and bag limits of state seem to be logical and modern. eaking of open seasons, it chances that writer often is asked for suggestions as ates for fishing and shooting seasons. n't suppose any one man is wise enough ll how to increase the fish and game of erica by merely setting dates, and, of rse, the only way we really can increase fish and game is to stop killing; but e dates are worse than others, and con- ting dates are always bad. For instance, pose Wisconsin or some other state ws pickerel fishing a month before it ws bass fishing. The result is that many s are taken illegally anyhow. We used have in Illinois and in other states a dove son which began in August, and a chicken son which began in September. The ult was that by September first there re no chickens.

Broad, simple, concurrent dates for all ecies of fish found in one water, all species game found in one habitat, giving a little l taking a little, will in the end usually rk out better than a number of dates d to suit the habits of the different ecies, or to suit the wishes of avid sports- n. It seems to me we shall have to come a month or two months' shooting in the ll for any or all kinds of game before we t down to the actual saving of our upland ds and other animals. There is no royal ad about it—we shall have to content our- lves with shorter seasons and smaller gs. America is not the same country it ed to be, even twenty years ago. Indeed, am not sure but that Doctor Hornaday's an of alternate open and closed years on l game will before long seem much more ndurable than it does to-day. The present **ystem cannot run on much further.**

Special Spectacles

IN A RECENT periodical I saw further proof of the curious inventiveness of the out-of-door crank. Everyone knows that the rear peep sight is the answer for that fuzzy look of the open sights when you get to be seventy or eighty years old. This student has invented a peep sight which stands very close to the eye, with a small aperture which seems to sharpen the vision, so that the sights are seen as clearly as ever. But what could he do with his revolver, held at arm's length, away out yonder from the eye?

He could not find the aperture if he tried. So he sat down and took an old pair of spectacles, and for the right eye fitted in a piece of black tin with a small hole drilled in it opposite the pupil of the eye. The hole was punched with a large darning needle.

The inventor says, "Now the sights of the revolver are both seen very sharp and distinct, as well as the target." He says it works.

The human eye is a curious thing, not understood by many shooters. Indeed, the whole principle of wing shooting is understood very little by the average shooter, no matter how expert. Theoretically the right eye lines up the barrel and the left eye covers the field and the object to be struck. In practice, however, a man may establish some sort of accommodation between a left eye which still sees fairly well and a right eye which does not. He has some kind of least common denominator in his eyes or in his mind somewhere. He pulls up his shotgun, lines up on his flying bird and kills it, though he does not know just how. Of course, when it comes to shooting a rifle, the shooting eye has got to be doctored if it does not see the rear and front sight clearly and the object of aim also. The open sight is better so long as we can use it, but the aperture sight becomes useful when the three objects are not all clear in line. You can make a spectacle or a lens by poking a little hole in a piece of paper. I think, however, that a great many men shoot a rifle on running game much as they do a shotgun—by pointing with the stock and barrel at that mentally imagined spot which represents the accommodation of the two eyes. It sounds difficult, but any rifleman knows he can shoot with both eyes open and kill deer.

The Great Explorers

NOT long ago there was erected at Charlottesville, Virginia, a monument to the two greatest of our American explorers, Meriwether Lewis and William Clark—the only monument, it is believed, which these two splendid young Americans ever conjointly have received, at least so far as falls within my personal knowledge. The monument is a gift of Mr. McIntire, of Charlottesville, and Charles Keck was the sculptor. The height of the pedestal is fourteen feet, the height of the bronze figures eight feet four inches. The chief inscription reads:

> BOLD AND FARSEEING PATHFINDERS WHO CARRIED THE FLAG OF THE YOUNG REPUBLIC TO THE WESTERN OCEAN AND REVEALED AN UNKNOWN EMPIRE TO THE USE OF MANKIND

Below the inscription are the thirteen stars of the thirteen original states, and beneath them the statement:

A TERRITORY OF 385,000 SQUARE MILES WAS ADDED TO THE COUNTRY BY THE EFFORTS OF THESE MEN—AN AREA LARGER THAN THE THEN EXISTING SIZE OF THE UNITED STATES

Around the base of the bronze figures are bas-reliefs of Lewis and Clark entering a council of Indians; the Indian guide, Sacajawea, returning to her tribe; Indians admiring the huge negro of the party; an Indian dance; a buffalo hunt in which Lewis and Clark joined.

Naturally very much interested in this monument by reason of my own personal interest in early Western exploration, I have examined it with considerable exactness. It shows Lewis carrying what might very well be a Harper's Ferry musket, ramrod and all, which does not in the least resemble the frontier rifle of a hundred years ago. Regarding this detail I wrote to a gentleman in Charlottesville, who says that the sculptor was of the belief that Lewis and Clark should not be shown as hunters, and for this reason he has Lewis carrying a musket. This, although both figures are in fringed buckskin and not in army uniform. This gentleman also says that he has seen a picture of Lewis in Indian dress, painted by St. Memin, and showing him with a Kentucky rifle about as tall as he was. He adds, however: "The army musket in use at that time was rifled and a very powerful weapon—better, I should think, for buffalo and grizzly than the small bore. It is told that on several occasions, when pursued by grizzlies, the hunter loaded his rifle while running, which would be a pretty difficult operation with the smaller gun with its long barrel, tight bullet, slender ramrod, patches, and so on. On first thought one would infer that they used the rifle in general use by the pioneers, but I am inclined to doubt it. They were United States soldiers. There must be some record of the Expedition's equipment, but I have had no time to look it up."

It is sure that Capt. Zebulon Pike, Western explorer of about the same date, used the small-bore rifle, for in his narrative he constantly makes mention of its lack of knock-down quality on large game.

It is stated that none of Meriwether Lewis' descendants now living around Charlottesville know anything about his rifle, although they have other relics, including his spyglass. I think it may be stated as safe that all members of the Lewis and Clark Expedition carried the frontier rifle of their day, no doubt in the larger caliber which antedated the later squirrel rifle in that form of firearms in America. At the time of Lewis' melancholy death at the Grinder cabin, in what is now Lewis County, Tennessee, his bodyguard, Pernia, disappeared with his rifle and his watch. This man was later found in New Orleans in possession of both these articles by a relative of Meriwether Lewis, to whom he surrendered both without any protest. Of the history of the rifle from that time on I know nothing. I am of the belief that the counterpart of such a piece would have looked better in a monument intended to be descriptive of the heroes of America's greatest expedition of discovery.

The Coming of the Horse

IN THE American Indian Magazine Mr. Clark Wissler gives some very interesting facts about the first appearance of the horse in Western America. Of course that animal came over with the early Spaniards. Mr. Wissler states that many of Coronado's horses escaped around 1540 while he was making his great expeditions; also that De Soto's followers abandoned their horses when they took to boats and ascended the Mississippi River in 1541. Cortez brought horses to Mexico twenty years before any came into what is now the United States. The first French horse came over in 1647, the first English horses reached New England in 1629. In Virginia wild horses were rather a nuisance in 1669. When La Salle went down the Mississippi in 1681 he met Indians riding horses where St. Louis was going to be. By that time, the author thinks, all the tribes south of the lower Missouri River had become horse Indians. The Hudson Bay Company, in 1754, around what is now Edmonton, Alberta, met Blackfeet who were well supplied with horses. It is difficult to think of a Western Indian otherwise than as a mounted man.

Do Animals Reason?

MY OLD-TIMER up in Alaska, prospecting, also makes me happy once in a while with some first-hand natural history. He says: "I have seen an article about animals, say, dogs and bears, having reasoning power. That is nothing new to me, for I have had plenty of time to study dogs, and if they can't reason they ought to be killed, for they are worthless. I have two sledge dogs, half wolf, and it is wonderful what they will do. I have seen my leader locate a trail with six feet of snow drifted over it, and do many other things that would make an ordinary man guess. I have traveled twenty-eight hundred miles over my trap lines in the past winter, and have never seen them pass a trap or a snare yet. They always know where the next set is—and find it, although it would be lost if they would go a few feet farther down the trail. As to bears, they will find the weakest place in the cache quicker than a man would—they always find the easiest place to break in. I find it also very interesting to watch my foxes."





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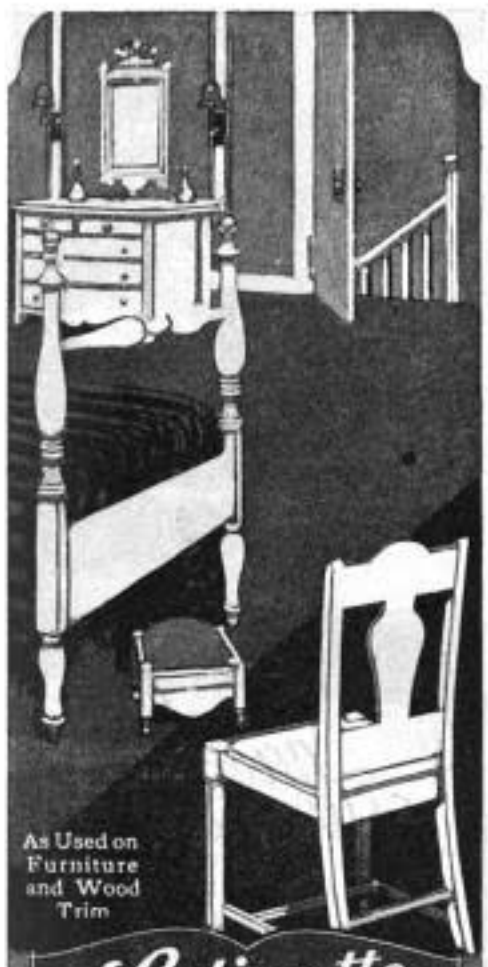
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TROUPIN' WITH THE TENTS

(Continued from Page 21)

weather comes along and on the week you will run perhaps two or three thousand dollars behind, and when the season closes like as not the owner finds himself facing a deficit instead of a profit. Really good showmanship consists of hooking up your show so that the intake will consistently offset the expense.

Of course this does not take into consideration a fire or a wreck or a blow-down. A blow-down means new canvas, which taken all around will cost a show of this kind $3500 or more. It is not infrequent that a sleeper may get on fire and burn up, the replacing of which, provided the running gear is left in good shape, will cost anywhere from $2500 to $4000; or there may be a wreck on the road, when perhaps three or four cars, or for that matter nearly the whole show train, may have to be rehabilitated.

The expense of this falls almost invariably upon the pocketbook of the showman, because railroads in their contracts very explicitly covenant that they will not be responsible for any mishap to the train from any cause while it is on the rails of their division.

A Menagerie at Large

In the years gone by, of course, circus owners have brought suits against the roads for various torts and breaches of contract. Very few were successful in holding a verdict in their favor after it has been passed upon by the higher courts.

"I'm lookin' for a big day's business tomorra," interjected the ticket taker. "You can't tell nothin' about a tank like this unless that you are bound to be surprised either one way or the other. Of course I rather we was playin' closer to Broadway, because hikin' over these hills sure does put the wagons on the toboggan."

"One time," reminisced Sleepy Stevens, "I joined out with a show in the fall of the year, and as it was goin' to winter in California I stuck along after closin' day because they wanted a guy which would be handy junin' up the show train when we was layin' off.

"Along about the end of this season the equipment was pretty well shot to pieces and I says to the boss that he had better lay off a few days and let me look over the cages, 'because,' sez I, 'some of it was put together with carpet tacks, and,' sez I, 'if anybody throws a kiss at it it'll melt away like a snowball in July,' sez I.

"'That'll be all right, Sleepy,' sez he. 'Don't you worry none. You ain't one of them calamity *hombres*, is you?' sez he.

"'Not exactly,' sez I, 'but ——'

"'But nothin',' breaks in the boss. 'Lemme tell you somethin', Sleepy: we have had pessimists an' hard-luck-story tellers an' sob artists and distributors of the old doleful dope since time began, but there was only one of 'em ever got his moniker on the roster of the big league. His name was Jeremiah,' sez he, 'an' I guess they figured one of him was enough, because in all that time from Demosthenes to Jack Dempsey he has held the undisputed championship for gloom, and his record for the calamity stakes over a distance of ground has never been approached, much less beaten.'

"'Well, it's up to you,' sez I. 'It's your show an' it won't worry me if you has to pass a dividend,' sez I."

"At that, I bet you landed in winter quarters all right," interjected the acrobat. "I mind the time I was with the Kassack outfit. You would have took your oath we couldn't get to the next town, because we didn't have a car that wasn't sagged down in the middle, an' no self-respectin' junk dealer would have made a bid for the runnin' gear. But we went through the season without a bobble, an' when the band played Home, Sweet Home the old man sold the whole blame train to a movin'-picture outfit which wanted to stage a honest-to-goodness realistic railroad wreck."

"They staged it all right, I betcha," volunteered Sleepy.

"That's what they did," confirmed the acrobat. "I slipped down to see that event myself. I was always anxious to know what would have happened if another train was to hit us when we were on the road."

"Well, you found out?"

"And then some," said the acrobat. "This sensation were staged in Arizona. It was fixed so as two trains would meet head on. Half of our cars was hooked on to one engine and half to the other. They give 'em a start of about half a mile and then the engineers jumped off. Some of the folks thought they would be safe if they stood off a couple of hundred yards from the scene of the collision, but old Shorty knowed better. I took up a position fully a mile away as the crow flies, but even then an old mattress out of the sleepers hit me in the solar plexis an' I took the count. The rest of 'em had a considerable baptism of old junk. The he-doll which was the hero of this movie outfit ain't never been the same since. They picked up parts of that show train as far west as San Burdoo."

"How did you get along with your train, Sleepy?" interrogated the boss canvasman.

"Oh, we run all right till we got goin' through the tunnels in the Cascades," responded Mr. Stevens, "then we telescoped the back end of a freight train which was stalled. It were just as I said it would be."

"Yep?"

"Yessir; the flats with the cages on 'em doubled up like a jackknife, an' while you could clap your hands the mountains was full of nothin' but strange beasts of jungle and plain. Tigers, leopards, lions, monks and everything on the show got loose except Bon the Baby Hip. No railroad wreck ever happened could jar that bird into action.

"Luckily enough, nobody back in the sleepers got hurt, so we all got busy tryin' to round up the menagerie. If it wasn't that we had a cowboy outfit with us, which was headin' for California for the Big Rodeo day at Los Angeles, we would be lookin' for 'em yet. But they got busy with their ropes and secured most of the big cats, which wasn't such a hard job as you may think, because the snow was three or four feet deep and most of 'em anchored their own selves. Finally they was all rounded up, but when we counted noses we found that Grover Cleveland, the swellest Bengal tiger which was ever in captivity, was still missin'. And the old man sent us all back to rout him out of the brush. I didn't hunger for a job of this kind, but I went along. I knowed from experience that when it comes to big cats you don't want to monkey with no tigers. If I had of met up with that bird I was a-goin' to sidestep him an' politely wish him well, so when I got out of sight of the cars I just picked me a nice spot an' lay down in the snow. I figured I would let the others do the sloppy sleddin'."

Scaring Off a Tiger

"Well, Sleepy, you was playin' safe anyway—I will give you credit for that."

"I just thought I was," responded Mr. Stevens, "but I was only kiddin' myself. I was like a guy that would start for the North Pole with a straw hat an' a Palm Beach outfit. I was layin' there listenin' to 'em rough riders hollerin' and yellin', when I hears a low growl a few yards to one side of me in the brush.

"'Holy Saint Dog!' sez I. 'I'm cast for the leadin' part in Daniel in the Den of Lions, an' I always knowed the reporter which went out on that yarn got soused before he reached the scene of operations.'"

"You beat it, I suppose," laughed the acrobat. "I'll bet, Sleepy, you was a race track full of speed."

"I couldn't have run if I wanted to," confessed Mr. Stevens. "As it was, I was cold enough outside layin' in that snow, but I am a liar if I didn't freeze inside too. I went out of the hero business right there. Every time them cowboys would yelp old Grover would growl an' I could tell by the sound that he was comin' closer and closer to me. I was like a ostrich, I buried my head in the snow an' waited. I lived a thousand years an' then some. Finally I couldn't stand it no longer, so I poked my head up. You would never guess, neither, what I did see, because that tiger was about two feet away from me lookin' me right in the eye. There was a woman oncet out Chicago way which won a prize at the butchers' picnic for bein' able to shout louder than any skirt on the grounds. I don't want to boast, but I made her sound like a undertaker arrangin' the pallbearers at a swell funeral.

"I let a yelp out of me which all the boys claimed afterwards could hev been heard by the President in the White House; an', say, do you know, I am the only man w went up agin a man-eatin' tiger wit other weapon but his voice, and he b down that hill through the deep snow as if I had been armed with a machin loaded with barbed wire an' pavin' st Yes, sir-ree, they can talk about conqu big cats with the human eye, but gi the voice. Ast any married man if I right."

"This here talk about Willard wa another chance at Dempsey jars me," h in the clown, who was billed in big bl faced type as the Boy Jester from O homa—the funniest fellow alive! He regarded in the dressing tent as a p authority on sports and pastimes. "E They don't never come back."

"Oh, I dunno. I've seen 'em do a re engagement," vouchsafed the boss can man quietly. "There ain't nothin' run rule except what you see on the blackbo in the little red schoolhouse."

"Say, pop, I never seen you yet that didn't get on the yon side of a argumen protested Oklahoma. "You think they eh? Well, now, for instance, who did ever see come back? And I gamble y know all the riders an' kinkers of y time. Just gimme one specific case and throw my hand into the discard."

"I seen somethin' which you and other Joey will ever see," returned the cient one solemnly. "I was on the lot t night that Jimmy Vokes come back."

"Jimmy Vokes—who was he? I ne heard of him."

"No," muttered the old man; "I exp you didn't. There ain't over half a doz men in the business to-day which ev heard of Jimmy Vokes, but just the sa he did what you call a comeback, and if y was to live a thousand years you'd nev see one like it in no man's country."

A Real Trouper

The veteran ceased speaking and rose his feet. "Well," said he, "I guess I'll on over and hit the hay."

"Aw, don't go yet, pop!" chorused th crowd. "Tell us about this here Jimm Vokes. Don't pay any attention to Okl homa."

"What'll be the use?" quavered the an cient one. "None of youse knowed him I don't suppose any of youse was bor when Jimmy was the star equestrian of th Jobson Show."

"Old Guv'nor Jobson that just died?

"Naw—it were his father, the origina William Jobson. I joined out with him. This latter statement was made with a little pride.

"Well, well. But go on, pop, spin th yarn. What's the use of bein' a grouch?"

The oracle resumed his seat in the littl circle and lit his pipe, puffing thoughtfully for a few moments before taking up his parable. He was evidently rehearsing in his mind what he was going to say.

"I don't want to criticize anyone," he began slowly, "but when you come to talk about riders, Jimmy Vokes started when they all left off. Day in, day out, he could outride anyone I ever seen. He had everything, as you might say; and what's more he could do three somersaults in the leaps."

"There ain't nobody done the leaps for twenty years," interrupted the star of the Shortall Troupe.

"That's what they ain't," returned the old man, "but you can bet that on the old Jobson show everybody was billed for the big act. Clowns, acrobats and equestrians—it didn't make no difference. The boss used to say that he didn't carry no tourists, which perhaps is the reason that we don't have 'em nowadays. They was the most popular act the circus ever had."

"They're too blamed dangerous," broke in the clown, who in his professional capacity impersonated a rube policeman. "Who wants to get his leg or his back broke just to show that he kin turn a twister over four elephants an' half a dozen baggage horses? There ain't nothin' in that."

"No, that's what they all say," agreed the canvasman. "That's what's the matter with every business nowadays; they're all specialists. A show has to carry so many people that it's mighty few of them don't eat a hole in the old man's bank roll. But Jimmy Vokes wasn't one of that kind; he were a real trouper."

(Continued on Page 36)

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DEALERS: Write on your letterhead for sample can and send your jobber's name. Put the below pictured display on your counter and tie up with, and cash in on, this advertising.

JOBBERS: Las-Stik being pure rubber does not deteriorate in three years. Consequently it makes good for consumer, dealer and you. Our sales policy protects you. Write.

Las-Stik Patch Mfg. Co., Hamilton, Ohio



Complete outfits, 50 cent and $1.00 sizes

Look for this display on your dealer's counter

(Continued from Page 34)

The old man again relapsed into silence. The crowd seemed to sense that it would not do to question him further. They would give him his own time and the story would come of itself.

"As I said, Vokes was a real rider," he resumed after a lengthy pause. "But he had one failin'—that was licker. Jimmy drank like he did everything else, just as hard as he could; sometimes he would lay off of it a month or so, but then he would break out again. The remarkable thing about it was, it didn't appear to hurt his ridin' none. I have seen him fill an ordinary glass with whisky and drink it off like you would water; then he'd get up and ride just as good as ever.

"Sometimes he would go on a prolonged bat and wander off somewheres, but the folks around the show didn't worry—they knowed he'd blow back at the next stand. But one time Jimmy went and he didn't come back. After a few days the guv'nor got real worried and he sent one of the twenty-four-hour men to try to dig him up, but he had disappeared as if the earth had swallowed him."

Jimmy Vokes Comes Back

"Weeks and months went by, and still no word of Jimmy Vokes. We had made up our minds we would never see him again, and was just about to close the season in Texas when one night at the evenin' performance and just as the principal act had finished, the worst-lookin' tramp you ever seen in your life come through the entrance, made a bolt for the center ring and did a flyin' leap on to gray Jenny's back, which was the mare Jimmy always used for his finish.

"Most of the show folks thought it was a new act the old man had signed up, because in those days there wasn't many rube riders an' whenever anything new come out you could bet old man Jobson was among the first to grab it. Well, this tramp started to do a hurricane ride. I have seen 'em all, but this feller did forwards an' backs an' rode a horse every way a human bein' could ride him, from his head to his tail. The crowd went wild; they had never seen anything like that before; but while they was applaudin' an' yellin' their heads off the tramp rider disappeared. You might of thought we would have knowed him first off, but we didn't because he had two weeks' growth of beard on his face.

"As I say, he went out through the back door, and from that day to this we have never seen or heard of him. We knowed it was Jimmy, though, because someone picked up a battered old black hat beside the ring, and his name was punched in the leather sweatband."

The old canvasman finished and for a moment or two the little gathering was lost in thought. Could it be that they were following along a mental back trail and journeying with the prodigal?

In more sophisticated circles it might have been called a silent tribute, but the people of the circus have no particular name for an expression of profound sympathy. It is possible to have a human heart even if one lacks the attributes of a conventional soul; the circus always understands, and they interpreted the story of Jimmy Vokes.

"Playin' Texas was no joke those times, eh, pop?"

The old man nodded. "We used to call it a foreign country," he exclaimed. "When we got over the border an' wanted to write back we used to date our letters 'United States of America.' Everybody toted a gun, an' shootin' scrapes were as common as movin'-picture theaters nowadays. I can remember our ticket wagon was loaded with firearms and boxes of ammunition. All the protection we got was what we could give ourselves. I won't say as we was lily white, either, because we carried an outfit of gamblers with the show. The authorities knew that. Nine out of every ten of 'em was paid for protection. Sometimes they gave it to us, sometimes they didn't, but they all held us up.

"I mind one time some towner went up against the shells in the connection and lost a couple of hundred dollars while you are battin' an eye. I was behind him when he reached for his gun, an' I grabbed him around both arms so as he couldn't use it. Then the town marshal come along and took him away to the calaboose. I needn't tell you we had paid that marshal for protection.

"Well, we thought there was nothin' more to it, but later in the evenin' it appears they turned this towner loose an' he went and got his gang. After fillin' them with red licker they started back for the lot. In them days, I must tell you, when a resident of Texas went after you with a gun he didn't waste no time argufyin'. The first thing we knowed, this *hombre* an' his pals opened fire on the menagerie, just the same as if they was regular troops suppressin' a riot.

"The old man was in the menagerie when the shootin' started.

"'Get the guns! Hustle to the wagon an' get the guns!' he shouted. An' believe me, they did. I was one of the canvas crew then. When the fight got fairly started he hollered at me to start tearin' down."

Pulling Out Under Fire

"We struck that canvas, big top, menagerie, horse and cook tent, an' all while the battle was goin' on. Bullets was flyin' in all directions, but the old man never stopped a minute. I guess no circus before or since was loaded on the cars quicker than ours. Then the high sign was given the boys an' we climbed aboard. The engineer pulled out, hell bent for election. He didn't stop neither until we got over the line at Texarkana. If you think it wasn't a real battle I'll tell you for your information that we was nine men short when we called the roll, an' I heard on good authority afterwards that seventeen Texans had croaked with their boots on.

"We never went back to Texas while the old man was alive, although no charge was ever brought against him, because everybody knew that the Texans started it, and so far as we was concerned we was only defendin' ourselves. Yep, that's thirty-nine years ago, an' Texas don't look or the same place as when I was a boy

"What was the funniest thing y seen on a show, Oklahoma?" inqui boss of the side show.

"Oh, I dunno," returned the clo have seen so many funny stunts t hard to give one of 'em a name, but one time I was with a wagon show the hick towns of York State. A fell along one day an' wanted to join o clown; if you listened to him he co everything, from singin' to produ the boss signed him up—four dollars and cakes. Figurin', of course, tha couldn't clown he could drive stake

"This feller was a sure rube an' him his first tryout in the concert. I a song he wrote himself and he w just as he was, blue overalls and breakfast hat. All the props he had wisp of hay which he held tucked un arm. He sang somethin' that ran lik

"I went to town the other day
To get some books and toys,
For dad and mammy think I a
The finest of their boys.

"At the end of every two lines he do a breakdown. Everybody on the come in to see him perform, and h handed them a laugh. Billy Cross wa us then and it was too good an opport for him to lose.

"He stole up behind the rube wh was right in the middle of this song a the bunch of hay on fire. Well, you the rest. Talk about tyin' a can to a tail! This guy lit out of the tent li had been shot out of a gun, and tha the last we saw of him."

Sleepy Goes His Way

Away up the railroad track a fr train whistled. It was one of those low hoots that echo and reverberate a the little valley. Sleepy Stevens rose shook himself.

"Thar she comes, an' she's headin' w he ejaculated. "I guess I'll be on my folks."

"Why, we thought you wasn't goi start till to-morrow, Sleepy," voiced side-show boss.

"Well," returned Mr. Stevens, "I aim to ride the cushions, but conside the weather I calculate I'd be more c fortable in a furniture Pullman with side doors open. Guess I'll pull out. long, folks. Good-by."

He turned to go, pushing his battered down over his eyes.

"Good-by, Sleepy, old boy. Good luc echoed the crowd as the slim figure dis peared in the dusk.

Later we noted the same form silhouet against the sky away up on the ridge alo which the railroad ran. A long arm sh heavenward in parting salute, and a m low voice came down to us: "Good-b everybody! Good luck!"

And then as the cars rattled past we s a lithe figure lurch toward them and d appear.

"Old Sleepy made her on the run," com mented the clown. "Good old Sleepy!"



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We have **always guaranteed the quality of** TUXEDO — **now we guarantee its condition** when it reaches you.

To do this **the American Tobacco Company has** changed its **entire plan of distribution. Every** modern **device for speed** — **fast trains, motor** delivery, **and telegrams** — **has been taken advan**tage of.

Nothing is **overlooked that will clip minutes** from the **schedule on which TUXEDO is de**livered from **our factory to your pipe. All this is** done because **freshness is the essence of smoking** tobacco quality.

Today TUXEDO **is sold to every dealer in one** dozen lots. **This makes it necessary for the retail** dealer to **order TUXEDO continuously but it** insures TUXEDO **reaching you in fresh con**dition.

This means **that every pipeful of TUXEDO is** good and **every pipeful alike. You need never** smoke stale **tobacco again.**



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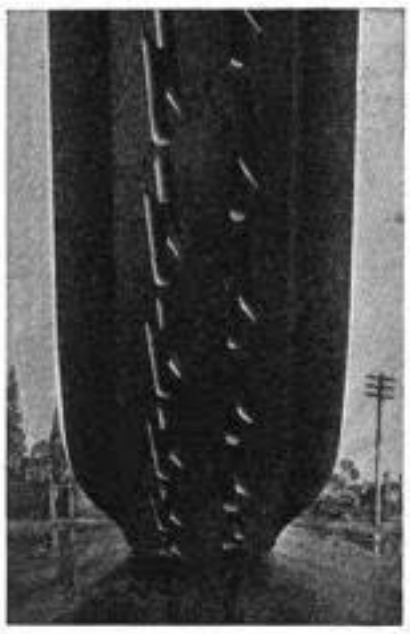
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Read the little booklet attached to every tin —The story of FRESH TUXEDO.

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A Non-skid Tread that LASTS

THE Lightning Streak tread of the Carlisle Tire LASTS because it is *inset*. It can*not* wear *off*. Carlisle Tires will not leave you without protection after 4,000 miles.

CARLISLE Tires *keep* COOL and the rubber of the treads is not aged by *internal* heat. These tough, *live* treads grip wet, slippery pavements until the tread is worn right down to the *rope* carcass.

THE depth of the *in*set tread design is practical because with Carlisle patents the tread and body are *actually* vulcanized into one piece of rubber.

THE *in*set tread design gives smooth contact with the road. For this reason Carlisle tires steer as easily as smooth treads and can be used on front as well as rear wheels.

A MAXIMUM efficiency is obtained by interchanging your front and rear tires after the first seven thousand miles.

THE smooth road contact and the remarkable resiliency of Carlisle Tires give unusual easy-riding qualities, easy steering, reduced road friction, and more miles per gallon of gasoline.

THE *in*set, non-skid Lightning Streak tread design is but one of the seven fundamental and basic features in tire construction, resulting from Carlisle patents, that make—

CARLISLE Rope TIRES

"Destined to Revolutionize the Industry"

Ask for Booklet A-9

CARLISLE TIRE CORPORATION
Stamford, Conn.

(Continued from Page 38)

slip too low on the south end and too high on the north."

"Yeh? What would you do about it?"

"Tilt the cross heading," said Charles Frederic listlessly.

"Well," snapped J. C., "have I got to see to every little thing? Why didn't you tell Lon Dickey to tilt it then?"

"All right," said Charles Frederic. "I'll tell him."

The girl, Pat, you will understand, was at this time practically nothing in his life. It was mere habit that made him lie awake that night, remembering how her eyes used to crinkle with comradely laughter, pursuing the fragrance of jasmine where no jasmine was.

When he climbed into the saddle he was thinking "Oh, what's the use?" and the weariness of weeks was on him; but he rode to Camp Four and told Lon Dickey to tilt the cross heading.

"Who says so?" demanded Dickey, speaking plainly.

"I do," said Charles Frederic.

"Yeh?" said Dickey, speaking yet more plainly. "Since when do I take orders from you?"

It was too much trouble to explain.

"If you feel like arguing the question," said Charles Frederic, fixing Mr. Dickey with a blurred and poisonous eye, "you might begin right now. You heard what I said?"

Dickey glared. But he did not find the glaring pleasant; plainly this fellow Gray was in no reasonable frame of mind.

Dickey muttered, "I hear you," which was not much to admit.

"All right," said Charles Frederic. "I'll be back before it's ready to shoot. I want to see it."

That, of course, was where his brief delusion of authority began. The camp foremen did not, to be sure, bring on the summer rains, but they indulged every other perversity they could think of. The telephone line was down, and Charles Frederic began to feel like a cat climbing a slate roof. He came to Eleven and found that a slide had carried three stations of side-hill cut-and-fill and five mule carts into the Rio Verde; saw the swollen green flood gnawing merrily at the remnants of the fill, while no man toiled.

"Get your men out there and save the rest of that fill!" he raged at Oscar. "Are you crazy?"

Oscar was not crazy; he was merely drunk.

"Rain," he explained. "Tak' a trink, you tam spotter, and mebbe you feel better!"

No, it was Charles Frederic who was crazy. He took the bottle from Oscar's trusting fingers and hurled it whistling and gurgling through the door into the river. And while Oscar stuttered reproachfully he caught up a rope from the floor and basely assaulted Oscar and bound him to his bunk and set two of Oscar's own men to guard him. That was on Saturday.

Through the night, with torches that hissed in the stinging rain, he stood over a gang of drillers who sank holes in a ledge of rock high above the crumbling grade. On Sunday they shot the holes and rolled the rock down and blocked the gnawing of the river. On Monday he released Oscar. Oscar, weeping, promised faithfully to slay him, Charles Frederic, as soon as he, Oscar, felt better; but Charles Frederic paid little attention. He could not remember a time when everybody had not hated him. He would go and see if Lon Dickey had properly tilted that cross heading, and then he would sleep.

The six-foot burrow of the tunnel was driven deep under the point of an overhanging hill, the chambers of the cross heading forming a T. From afar he saw men already trotting up the hill, bearing kegs of powder. He pushed into the black hole and found the cross heading quite, quite horizontal.

"Take that powder out!" he commanded briefly. "Take it back to the powder house."

Lon Dickey, seeing the line reversed, appeared.

"You giving orders to my men now?"

"You're fired!" said Charles Frederic. He had given many orders already; one more made little difference. "And if you think you're not fired," he added, "try giving just one more order in this camp. Try it—and let me hear you!"

The men halted, watching them—the Señor Dickey very red, the other, the young *jefe* who came horseback, muddy and white-lipped, glaring from bleared and sunken eyes.

"I'll see the old man about this," said Dickey.

"Right!" said Charles Frederic.

Three days he remained unmolested, in full majesty of command. The cross heading was finished and loaded; with his own hand he jerked the battery that sent a two-hundred-foot tongue of smoke and flame belching across the valley; he saw the point of the hill lift and disintegrate and go roaring down, climbed the still smoking grade and saw that the slip had properly occurred. Then, being very weary, he tossed all night in his unlawful bunk and rode indifferently to his reckoning.

The camps he passed were idle—all idle. Was it Sunday already? No, it was only Wednesday or Thursday. A strike? He abandoned the effort of thinking. He was tired, burned out with vengeful and destructive emotions.

In the office J. C. Bailey, a fat figure of retribution, rose grimly behind his desk.

"Oh," said Charles Frederic, "you not gone yet?"

"Really," said J. C., "I don't know why I stayed. You don't need me hanging around, do you? Running the work all on your own, I hear. Hiring and firing and every little thing."

"I've quit," said Charles Frederic.

"You said it just in time," said J. C. Bailey.

VI

IT IS not a festival for Ishmaelites, that Glorious Fourth. Americans, employed and unemployed, were forgathered in Tequila, and in bass and tenor and barytone the eagle screamed; but one American was missing. Still, there was Oscar the Swede; there was Joe Ribera, who had once lived a whole year in California; and if these did not count for half an American apiece, for good measure there was the Señor Don August Hermann, proprietor of the Red Rose, who, though born beyond the Rhine, professed on this day great reverence for the Stars and Stripes. So you might say the Americans were all there.

On a balcony above the Red Rose the Señora and Señoritas Hermann listened with interest to the sounds of revelry by day. They were not born beyond the Rhine; they were born this side the Rio Verde, and they pronounced their name 'Errman; but they had a tolerant eye for these stalwart if uncivilized gringos who brought the railroad and prosperity to Tequila, and the jingle of the family till was music in any tongue.

Yes, there was noise in the Red Rose, chiefly vocal; but throats tire. Through the door erupted little Andy Burch and Long Henry Hines, brandishing, with innocent and festive intent, large blue revolvers. If a heedless architect had placed a balcony between them and the open heavens, why, that was not their fault, was it?

Pow—bang! Pow—bang! Pow! exploded the forty-five of Mr. Burch and the thirty-eight of Mr. Hines, to the glad accompaniment of bass roars and tenor yells. Hooray for those dear United States!

Plaster showered down upon them. With one contralto whoop and three soprano shrieks the ladies somersaulted backward and evacuated the balcony.

"Oh, my gosh, Hennery, we've killed a woman!" moaned Andy, clutching Mr. Hines.

But the floor was fortunately thick. While they leaped into the street to apologize for casualties Mrs. Hermann reappeared, three shades whiter than normal, but smiling, every daughter accounted for. Andy and Henry mopped their brows and repaired to the bar for restoratives. They were greatly shaken.

From his window in the *mesón*, two blocks away, Charles Frederic saw and grinned. He saw, too, how Henry's arm fell carelessly across Andy's shoulder as they disappeared; and then a frightful, shameful fact hit him amidships. He was twenty-six years old and he was crying.

He turned from the window lest some passer see him there, like a convict behind the bars, an outcast gazing into paradise. He had promised himself that he would sleep, but you can lie staring at a blank ceiling only so long. He had tried to read, but the superhuman feats of handsome heroes could not shut out the sounds of riotous good-fellowship that was open to everybody but Charles Frederic Gray. He paced the room to and fro, to and fro, grinding a bony fist into a bony palm.

At length, moving softly for some r he took up his hat and went out, pace measured strides down the street and p into the Red Rose. The noise perce abated. The crowd made way for hi he came to the bar, his hard eyes m nowhere a friendly glance, his cheek white.

"Hallo, Mr. Gray!" cried Herman fessionally cordial. "What for you?

"Anything. Have a drink, H Hines?"

"Ain't drinkin' just now, thanky," tered Andy, uncomfortable.

"We ain't broke yet," declared Henry. "Set 'em up again, Hermann me and Andy."

"Have a drink," said Charles Fre "I'm asking you just once *more*."

"Cordial cuss, ain't he?" confided H to the gathering at large.

But little Andy, seeing how the mouth of Charles Frederic jerked at corners, relented.

"I'll have a drink with you, Gray," he, and pushed over a glass and seiz bottle. "Say when, ol'-timer!"

Charles Frederic did not say when. dared not. He felt again that sham stinging in his throat, that unmanly ti ening of the diaphragm. He had armed against anything but kindness.

"Hey!" said Andy. "'Smatter now?

"What's it to you?" cried Charles F eric furiously. "Here's—here's how!"

He lifted the glass—and the tip of a liard cue slipped over his shoulder flipped it from his fingers.

"Yah, you tam spotter!" said the w of Oscar the Swede.

Charles Frederic turned. The men stood between them stepped hastily as Oscar himself was not reassured by t grim and hollow-eyed visage. Hastily swung the cue and struck. The light, sti ing tip fell harmlessly in Charles Freder hand.

He gripped it and jerked. Oscar, holdi the thick butt, sat back on his heels a pulled. Charles Frederic felt the tip sl ping and pushed, pushed hard, so that wi the sudden drive of a sinewy shoulder a the force of Oscar's own pull the bu rammed into his Swedish midriff. Osc grunted once and toppled backward und a billiard table and knew not what pass thereafter.

Charles Frederic himself knew h vaguely. He saw a short, broad-blade knife appear as by magic in a swarthy hand He struck at it with the cue and heard Jo Ribera's fervent voice somewhere. Anoche hand snatched the cue from him and hi own fist smacked heartily into the face tha belonged to the hand. A heavy body wa upon him. He flung it off and drove at t broad vest of Sunday black, Hub Frank lin's. After that was the storm, a storm o shadowy arms and shifting bodies and faces that bobbed up and vanished. His head rocked. He was suddenly happy—heaving, smashing, stamping, not scorning even to kick whatever shin presented itself.

Absurdly he was shouting, "I'll go easy!"

He laughed aloud at the exquisite humor of that phrase.

"Step up, gentlemen! I'll go easy! First come—ugh!—first served!" He trod on a leg that squirmed and pitched him about, nose to nose with little Andy. "Hi, Andy! What say? Le's go easy!"

He did not know how Andy's brain was reeling from a half somersault inflicted by himself, Charles Frederic. But Andy knew. Andy set himself and swung earnestly upon Charles Frederic's jaw.

When the fog lifted, the scene had changed. There was a street, with cobble-stones and everything. Everybody in the world, thought Charles Frederic, was bruised and sore. A million arms and legs ached; a million brains throbbed and a million men were sick. He rose and groaned and sat down again.

People went incuriously by him. They knew that this was the *fiesta* of American independence and they were familiar with the effect of strong waters. Ponderous heels rounded the corner; J. C. Bailey, summoned by a forbearing police to quell the riot, gazed on the wreck of Charles Frederic and snorted.

"H'mf! So you're the guy that was tearin' down the house and throwin' it out-doors!"

"I think," said Charles Frederic thickly, "they threw me out."

J. C. Bailey pushed in through the swinging doors. He saw what he saw, and limply

(Continued on Page 42)

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Oakland

An open letter to the Ten Million Automobile Owners

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY
PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

Oakland

An Open Letter to the
Ten Million Automobile Owners!

As an owner of an automobile you are interested in the progress of the industry — for your motor car is one of your prized possessions.

You depend on it a great deal. It carries you, your family and your friends. In your business, you find it one of your most valuable assistants. For recreation, it brings the country to you, the brook, the lake, the sports field or the woods -- your car brings all out doors to you.

Why wouldn't you be interested in automobiles in general!

You are. And because you are, we are going to tell you about a new automobile, a dependable motor car, well balanced as to looks and performance, power, style and comfort.

This model establishes a new standard of motor car value in mechanical superiority, in beauty of body design, in completeness of equipment and in economical operation.

We are calling this New Oakland, Model 6-44 and we have had it under preparation for a long time. It is finished and in production.

It is an overhead-valve six-cylinder automobile - which is admitted to be the ideal power plant. And you are going to be interested in everything we say, for we know that as an automobile owner you are familiar with automobiles and want to know all about new designs and models.

This new Oakland motor develops forty-four horse power - in operation it is smooth, and it should be, for we have built this power plant with painstaking care, from the very beginning. The cylinder walls are "honed" to glass like smoothness and fitted with oil-sealing piston rings of exclusive design. The camshaft is driven by an adjustable Morse Chain which is silent and positive in action. Bronze-backed bearings are used - a type used on the highest priced cars. We guarantee the motor for 15,000 miles against excessive oil in the combustion chamber. And this motor is

- 2 -

economical. 18 to 25 miles per gallon of gasoline is not an uncommon thing.

We stand back of this new car. We know the design, the material selected and the construction. And we are sure of the day-in-and-day-out service of this whole chassis. It will render good service.

The owner wants a dependable chassis, and it is without doubt the most important item in the selection of a car, but beauty is almost of equal importance and we have provided this chassis with a variety of body designs - Touring Car, Roadster, Coupe, Sedan and a Sport Car.

A body style for every requirement! And each design a credit to the builder. The lines are pleasing - symmetrical, and the body is well made, in our shops, of metal on wood, properly insulated. The upholstering will please you, even to the angle of the cushions - and we have been equally careful with every detail associated with a fine, strongly built, body. Many, many coats of paint have been put on to stay. And the finished body, its appearance, and general characteristics remind you of the most exquisite coach work.

Other features include Drum-type adjustable headlights; new high nickeled radiator; Walnut instrument board with silver-faced glass-covered instruments and genuine leather upholstery in all open models.

The closed body equipment includes Plate glass windows, Rear view mirror, Perfection heater, Gabriel snubbers, Walnut steering wheel, Visor, Windshield cleaner, and Dome light.

The chassis features include 115 inch wheelbase, 6 1/2 inch frame, 32 x 4 non-skid Cord tires, Alemite lubrication, Hotchkiss drive and Brake equalizers.

Quite an automobile, you will admit. We think so well of it that we believe the ten million motor car owners of this country should know about it.

The price! - we almost forgot to tell you, we have been so busy reciting the quality, - but the Touring car lists $1145.00, Roadster $1120.00, Sport Car $1265.00, Coupe $1685.00 and Sedan $1785.00, at the factory.

Yours very truly,
Oakland Motor Car Company

The New Oakland 6-44

Oakland Motor Car Company, Pontiac, Michigan
Division of General Motors Corporation

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Take These Brilliant Lights With You!



Style CQ-329 Price $9. West of Rockies $9.50. In Canada $12.50.

A Quick-Lite Lamp will bring you great pleasure and prove a real convenience in your summer cottage, tent house and for lawn parties and porch use. This wonderful pure-white light of 300 candle power brilliance gives a bright and gala touch to any evening social event.



DEPENDABLE—plenty of good light whenever and wherever you want it. No wicks to trim; no chimneys to wash; no daily filling.



AND FOR THAT CAMPING, fishing or auto touring trip you'll want a Quick-Lite Lantern! A real outing necessity—as handy as it is dependable. Ready for any night job, anywhere.



In the woods or on the water—in any weather—the Quick-Lite gives a brilliant steady light. Durably built of nickeled brass to stand many a season's use.

Style LQ-327, Price $7.50. West of Rockies $8. In Canada $11.



GO TO A DEALER near you who sells Quick-Lites; let him show you the wonderful light they give. Then buy one! Take it along on your trip. Get one Today! If your dealer can't supply you address nearest office, Dept. F-43.

THE COLEMAN LAMP COMPANY

Wichita, St. Paul, Toledo, Dallas, Atlanta, Los Angeles, Chicago. Canadian Factory: Toronto. Distributors for Great Britain: Coleman Quick-Lite Co., Ltd., No. 3 Gerrard Place, London, W.1. England.

Coleman Quick-Lite

"The Sunshine of the Night"

(Continued from Page 40)

he leaned against what was behind him. The doors yielded and he danced backward across the sidewalk.

"Gray!" he gurgled. "Gray, if you love me—did you use an ax?"

But nobody was there. J. C. charged in again, and the ladies Hermann, trembling on their balcony, heard a sound very strange to follow upon slaughter. They scurried to the stairs and saw men whose discolored and rapidly closing eyes gazed upon neighbors under whose noses red handannas dripped yet more red; men with puffed lips who howled at men who caressed their own midsections and grinned, albeit feebly; a fat man in the last stages of apoplexy who gazed from festive raiment torn to gore imperfectly removed and whooped and gasped for breath—men who, with every visible cause for sorrow, laughed.

It is well known that all Americans are crazy.

That sound, filtering down the street, distracted Charles Frederic from the intricate business of navigating a sidewalk that was only ten feet wide, so that a building bulged treacherously at him and thrust him sprawling into the street. He clambered back. The street was wider, but on the sidewalk there were window bars to cling to when the earthquakes came.

Let them laugh. He was going away—away.

Marvelous, though, how the scent of jasmine soothed the rocking and weaving of the street. He closed his eyes and breathed deeply, anchored to the security of window bars. A hand clutched his arm.

"Leggo," he mumbled. "I'm all right. Lie down a minute, that's all. Sleep."

"No!" cried a voice. "Oh, please! Can you hold on a minute—just a minute? I'm coming!"

You could not fool Charles Frederic. She was not there. There was only a shady street, admirably steady because of the scent of jasmine; and a pock-marked man in cotton clothes, bareheaded, who issued from a door and came leaping at him. He did not care for pock-marked men in cotton clothes. He closed his eyes and at once he heard her voice again.

"Walk," it commanded.

He felt his legs moving woodenly under him. He passed into cool dimness and softness. The universe wheeled briefly; he opened his eyes and saw that pock-marked face suspended strangely against the ceiling. It was a villainous face.

"Pat," he mumbled in alarm, "where are you?"

"Here."

A hand touched his face and there was comfort.

"Don't go away. Just be there."

He heard the sound of water and winced under the shock of cold on his face. The pock-marked visage above him had now sprouted eyeglasses and whiskers; it made him dizzy to look at it; and horrible smells killed the fragrance of jasmine. Merciless fingers caught his wrist and a stab of pain shot up his arm. He wrenched it free.

"Pat!" he appealed, groping.

"No, no! Oh, you'll hurt your poor hands!"

He saw her then, and her lovely face was all twisted with weeping. In his dream he thought clearly that he mustn't alarm her.

"Don't cry," he said soothingly. "It won't hurt much."

She vanished; but he could hear her voice, crooning; and the fragrance of jasmine came to him again, and warmth and peace and comfort. Night fell very swiftly. He was murmuring, "You do! You do love me a little, even if you despise me, don't you?"

And dimly—in his dream—he heard her answer, "Oh, I do! I ought to be ashamed of myself, but I do, I do!"

He woke. Two queer white bundles lay across his chest. He moved a hand to investigate them, and they moved. They were his hands. His face felt stiff and strange. Ah!

At a little distance a shaded light glowed upon a pleasing scene—to wit, a girl sewing. Now he saw with shame how his heavy boots rested on a dainty coverlid. He swung them to the floor and sat up.

"Gee," he muttered, "you must have thought I was drunk!"

She was watching him, her hands poised. Her eyes looked big and solemn. She shook her head, ever so slight a movement of negation.

"I thought you were half killed," she said. "How—how do you feel?"

"Rotten!" he said happily, for it came to him that it was not a dream. It was Pat, Pat herself, and there was no glass between them now. He got to his feet, and she watched him as a mother watches a baby's steps. He laughed.

"You said you loved me," he cried. "Don't you remember, girl? You've got to remember!"

He stumbled on an unheeded hassock. She flew out of her chair and caught him, as a very small mother might catch a very large and unwieldy baby.

And he caught her as a man gathers up his heart's desire.

"Say you remember!" he implored, speaking fiercely into her hair. "Say it!"

"Of course I remember." Her voice was small and muffled. "But you can't really respect me—the way I just threw myself at you."

"Must have been while I was asleep. No fair! Do it again," he urged. "Woe is me, I wasn't looking the first time!"

"I mean—that night at the window. I just made you make love to me. I wanted you to, and you did; and then you—you said you mustn't. It served me right, but why did you?"

"Oh!" said Charles Frederic.

"You aren't—engaged to anybody else, are you?"

"No!" said Charles Frederic with violence.

"Then it's all right," she sighed, and lifted her face.

"Is it?" said the caustic voice of J. C. Bailey.

He sat in plain sight beyond the door, a green eye shade proclaiming that he toiled.

"It is!" affirmed Charles Frederic. hands, being in plaster casts, were cl but his arms were strong enough f practical purposes—that is, to hold daughter of J. C. Bailey. "Pat," he "I'm out of a job, but don't you care go and get one, a decent one this time then ——"

"Still running things your own w way," said J. C. Bailey. "Consult me in a while, why don't you? I reckon wouldn't consider a job as assistant su intendent?"

"This is no time to be funny," Charles Frederic coldly.

"I reckon," said J. C., "you don't k how funny you look then. But wh funny about that job? What did you t I was breaking you in for all this time?

"If you mean that," said Charles F eric, dizzy with all the wrongs that swarm back upon him, "you might have told You might have told me! Letting the think I was a spotter; letting me th I was no good!"

"How could I tell you," argued J. "when I didn't know it myself? You young, you got to admit that. How I know you could swing the job?"

"How do you know it now?" counte Charles Frederic harshly.

"Well, you did, didn't you? Just grabb it and swung it all on your own little hook

"And quit just in time to keep fr getting fired!"

"Well, I was mad. I admit that. B you know how I am, Charley; you ought to go off halfcocked that way. You g no call to get mad and quit every time bawl you out."

J. C. spoke plaintively. He pushed his eye shade and swung round in his cha and grinned.

"You'd 'a' died," he confided. "Ot from under a table crawls this—what's h name?—this Swede, and he starts yodelli about his troubles. And some more of 'e pipes up, all about how you come bulgi into their camps and makin' 'em sit up an beg and roll over and play dead.

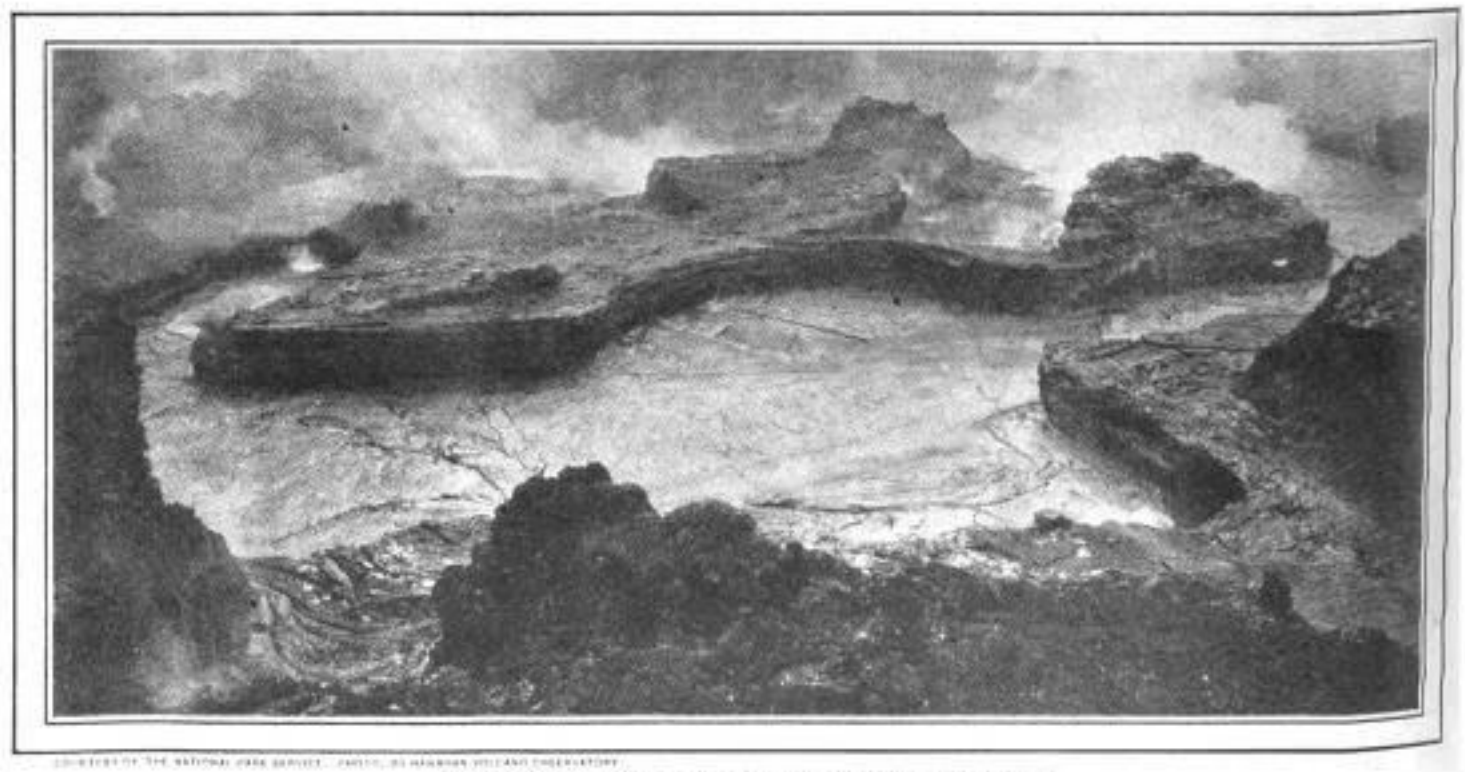
"'Boys,' I says, 'I'm sorry for you, I am A young feller ain't got no right to act tha way, bluffin' a bunch of real leatherneck like they was children. Go on talkin', boys, I says; 'you're tellin' me right where t find the man I been lookin' for.' Well now, have I got to go back there and tel 'em you turned up your nose at the job?"

"I guess you'd better," said Charle Frederic heavily. "They won't stand for me. I got started wrong."

"You make me tired," said J. C. Bailey. "A fat lot you know about it! You got 'em eatin' out of your hand right now. Any hard-shell loves a scrapper; anybody knows that. All you got to do is go easy and use your head, and you'll get along as easy as shootin' fish. Just go easy, that's all."

Now for some reason Charles Frederic's battered face relaxed, and he grinned. He looked down at his bandaged hands, at the anxious, tender eyes of the girl at his shoulder; and his chest filled to the scent of battle and the fragrance of jasmine under the stars.

"Yes, sir," he said. "Quite so."



Inner Lava Lake and Crags of Kilauea Volcano, Hawaii

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75

THIS Spring, drive an Oldsmobile Four. You will enjoy the feeling that comes with riding in the best looking, the best performing and the most economical 4-cylinder car made—regardless of price.

You will enjoy this car because it is so much more than just beautiful. It is pleasureful—comfortable in its perfect riding qualities—enjoyable because it handles so easily.

Of course, there are particular reasons for this—a spring suspension almost equal to its wheel-base is one—the exclusive design of its frame construction is another. It is a restful, easy-riding, roomy four-cylinder car, equally easy to handle in city traffic or tough cross-country driving. Its wheel-base is 115 inches—unusually long for a four-cylinder car.

And it is economical—principally because of the supreme care with which it is built, but basically because it is Oldsmobile. Oldsmobile's twenty-four years of experience in engine design has evolved the surprising gasoline and oil economy of this 4-cylinder motor.

There is an Oldsmobile dealer near you—with an Oldsmobile Four that he will be proud to show. If you wish, we will send you a specially prepared little booklet entitled "Speaking of Power," and our dealer's name and address, whether you are figuring on buying an automobile now or not.

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Division of General Motors Corporation
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Model 43A, 5 passenger touring $1145

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Model 47—8 Cylinder *115 Inch Wheelbase*	
Coupé	$2145
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5 Pass. Touring	1595
4 Pass. Super-Sport	1825

F. O. B. Lansing, Michigan

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DOUBLE
the Business-getting Power
of
Your SALES-DOLLAR!

The Address-Press

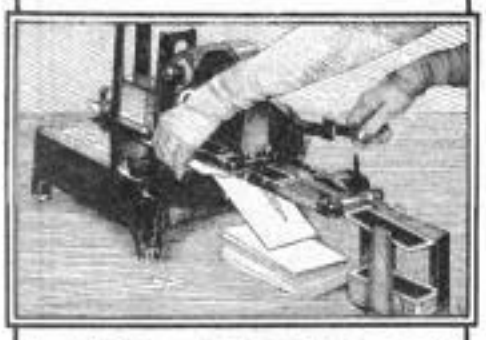


In this house lives Smith—a $2,000 foreman. Yesterday his firm made him superintendent—doubled his pay—and now he's ready to buy many things he never before could afford.



In this house lives Jones—an $8,000 manager. Yesterday his firm was forced to cut his salary in half. He'll hardly be buying anything for a time.

Today the same changing conditions affecting Smith and Jones as individuals govern the buying-power of entire communities—cities—States. How to keep concentrating on the collectively prosperous "Smiths" without wasting money on the "Joneses" should be every wise sales-executive's foremost thought;—a problem most speedily and economically solved the Direct-Mail way—*with an* ELLIOTT ADDRESS-PRESS.



Any statistical organization can keep you posted as to localities where selling is good because industry is active. Stencil the names of people or firms in such localities into Elliott Address Cards. Then—when run through the ELLIOTT ADDRESS-PRESS (as shown above)—these cards will *automatically* address sales-letters, advertising circulars, etc., to these "able-to-buy" prospects—whenever you wish—*at a speed of 60 per minute.*



Elliott Address Cards serve also as complete and handy one-piece *Index Cards.* They contain no metal, come in 8 different colors, and you can write on their fibre frames.

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Phone "Tel-U-Where" for name of nearest Agent

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THE ELLIOTT COMPANY
146 Albany St., Cambridge, Mass.

THE BOYS

(Continued from Page 11)

"Is that all?" asked Jim. "Doesn't Henry state his reply?"

"That will do!" cried Helena. "You know what Henry's like—a neatly folded handkerchief. Even Moresby calls him Galahad; this is merely observing life. *La Vie!* And, of course, romancing it—though Henry would shoot me through the head for saying so. Here's another—Spring. They still do that one.

"Oh, April is a baggage,
Oh, April is a slut.
She kisses as she goes her way
In furrow, field and rut.
Her petticoat's a tattered cloud,
Her stocking's down at heel.
She staggers on the windy hill
With a drunken gypsy peal.
There are tears upon her eyelids,
There's a violet in her hair,
You see the trollop sweetheart—
everywhere!

"Gracile stems, bitter blood, sweet unseeing, staggers, drunken peals, trollop sweethearts! What ails Henry, Jim? Rather pretty stuff here and there—but such strange words. The whole book—it's called A Bowl of Green Pomegranates—is like that. His A. E. F. book was so full of that sort of thing too. Beauty, impolite language and profanity. And a lot of discontent, too, all mixed together."

Helena turned her slim foot so that her little slipper caught the fire glow.

"That part's all real—I know that. The discontent and the cursing. You're bound to get it out of a draft war. I've listened and talked with the boys at the Legion and the hospital. They think we didn't guess—women sitting rolling bandages in our comfortable parlors, and men like you, making utilities; I won't count men like Mr. Anderson, fattening war babies—what we were doing to them. It wasn't mud nor bad chow, nor cooties, nor death, as Henry says, but some principle they think we invaded and violated; something monstrous we worked out. That's what makes them so scornful of us—they won't forgive us. I've watched their faces on Armistice Day. They're proud of having done their duty well, but scornful of the duty. They say we didn't go! But they forget that even if we didn't—we sent them!

"That's why Moresby Girard, who went out in No Man's Land under a frightful barrage to bring in his buddy, and why my Henry, who has a citation, won't talk about the war—at least with us who stayed at home. That's why they hold our old patterns in contempt. That's why," she swept on, "Henry and Moresby Girard will prevent Beansy from apologizing to Mr. Anderson. It's a blow at what they call hypocrisy.

"And I ——" She stopped, then went on. "Well, I'm in difficulties on my own account. Because of you, Jim. For I've got to tell them—about you, about us! That's always hard for a woman. Her sons resent her being anything but their mother; and Henry, for all his radicalism, keeps his father as a sort of fetish. He only saw him when he was a little boy, and he's made a sort of romance of him."

Helena sighed. "I ought to have given them an idea—before Christmas or last summer. How stupid that they didn't guess! It's because they've put me on the shelf forever. And now, I don't see how. Well, I've got to break it—and it isn't an opportune time. But it's bound to come out anyhow."

"I'm afraid it is," said James mildly, "unless you intend to be wholly bound by the decision of the heaven-born. I had always hoped, though, that even in the event of their refusing their blessing, an elopement ——"

"James," said Helena, and she took his hand in hers and squeezed it—"James, I would be boiled in oil before I gave you up, much as I love my pig-headed independent bairns. Nevertheless, I am abashed by the idea of telling 'em—my young men. Oh, I'll have to! I'll find a way, I suppose; lead up to it gently. But Henry! I'm afraid Henry will be rather awful. He believes in anything new, except for the old."

"Have you," asked James, "taken counsel with anyone else?"



"Marriage," He Proclaimed, "is Changing! It is Changing Every Day"

"Only with Norah. She is my friend as much as my servant. She has been with us ten years. And she wouldn't discuss it. She says she's too busy."

"Busy?"

"Cooking." Helena smiled. "She's making regiments of pies and huge quantities of gingerbread. The thick, dark, sticky kind that Henry loves."

II

THE train which was to bear to Helena her brace of returning godlings—Henry connected with it by a branch road—came in at 4:10, and precisely at 4:06 Helena tooled her neat five-passenger sedan into the parking space at the left of the station platform, in the oval of hard black cinder where a central bed of brown parched vegetation survived a last year's memory of bright coleus and geranium. Through a thin screen of bare poplars the western sky offered a suffusion of lavender and pink and a silhouetted range of near-by smoke-stacks, spewing languid floating curls of blue-white smoke.

The steel rails of the four-track road sparkled a hard-ice black in the cold sun, stretched away, tightening, narrowing, like a black-ribbed fan receding to a remote blue speck of union in the horizon. Out of this horizon point would come the godlings—in on the snorting 4:10.

Helena perceived now that old Mr. Leafy, with an empty coat sleeve, was waving his good left arm at her, his gnarled hand clutching at a tangle of yellow dispatches as he bent over a baggage truck, and that a considerable crowd beyond him had gathered to meet the 4:10.

On the edge of this group, arm in arm, lost in an intense feminine absorption, were two young girls, fresh colored, pretty, smart looking, in hats of velours, apricot and jade green, respectively, above their opossum sports coats. And when Helena recognized the hats she figuratively raised her wide blue coat sleeve and smiled into it.

"I told Leah Raymond yesterday the boys were coming, and now Tot has an errand down here. Brought Ann Kimball. Oh, well, youth calls to youth. I wish Ann and Henry ——"

She saw that her little turban was shipshape in the horizontal mirror bar, the peacock blue wing lying tidily against her hair; then locking her wheel she climbed out.

The green and apri
hats hurried up at on
"Mrs. Tilden, how
you do? Isn't it a lov
day? Not going aw
are you? Mother s
me down here to see if
express package had co
They're so slow with their d
liveries."

It was the taller, darker o
explaining elaborately. He
ena's eyes were on the oth
girl as she answered—the pr
tier one, she thought.

"Tottie—and Ann too
How do you do?" Sh
simulated a charming su
prise. "It is a nice day, isn
it? And, no, I'm not going anywhere. Can
down to meet Harold and Henry. They'r
coming home and bringing a friend, Moresby
Girard."

Tot Raymond gasped. "Moresby Gir
ard, who wrote Unafraid! He's wonderful
Simply wonderful! And Henry too! I'm
afraid of Henry these days, Mrs. Tilden
It must be wonderful to have a son like
that!"

"It is," bragged Helena.

And she referred to the little green book—quite proudly.

"Now why did I do that?" she asked herself as she moved away. "I don't like Henry's verses. I don't understand 'em—or, yes I do—but I don't know why he writes things like that. And yet—I brag, brag, brag! Proud as Punch—and yet I'd like to spank him. But I talk about him—at the club, to everybody. And look what I said to Mrs. Everfew, who told me she had counted forty-one cuss-words in Henry's war verses, and said she didn't want her library table littered with curses. I'm not consistent, indefensible—because it's my Henry. Perhaps because —" Her sense of humor bubbled up at the memory of two lines from In Memoriam — "Because 'I only love, I cannot understand.'"

There was more truth than poetry, literally, in this.

Helena had extricated herself from the girls as quickly as possible with an invitation to dinner for the following evening—had drawn away almost exclusively, as though grudging an invasion of her privacy of expectation. She was like a queen preparing herself for a special audience, and when she saw a man chalking up a delay of three minutes on the bulletin board she stared resentfully down the ribs of the gray black steel fan, with an impatient spiritual clutching, an outrunning of her mind to the point of their approach.

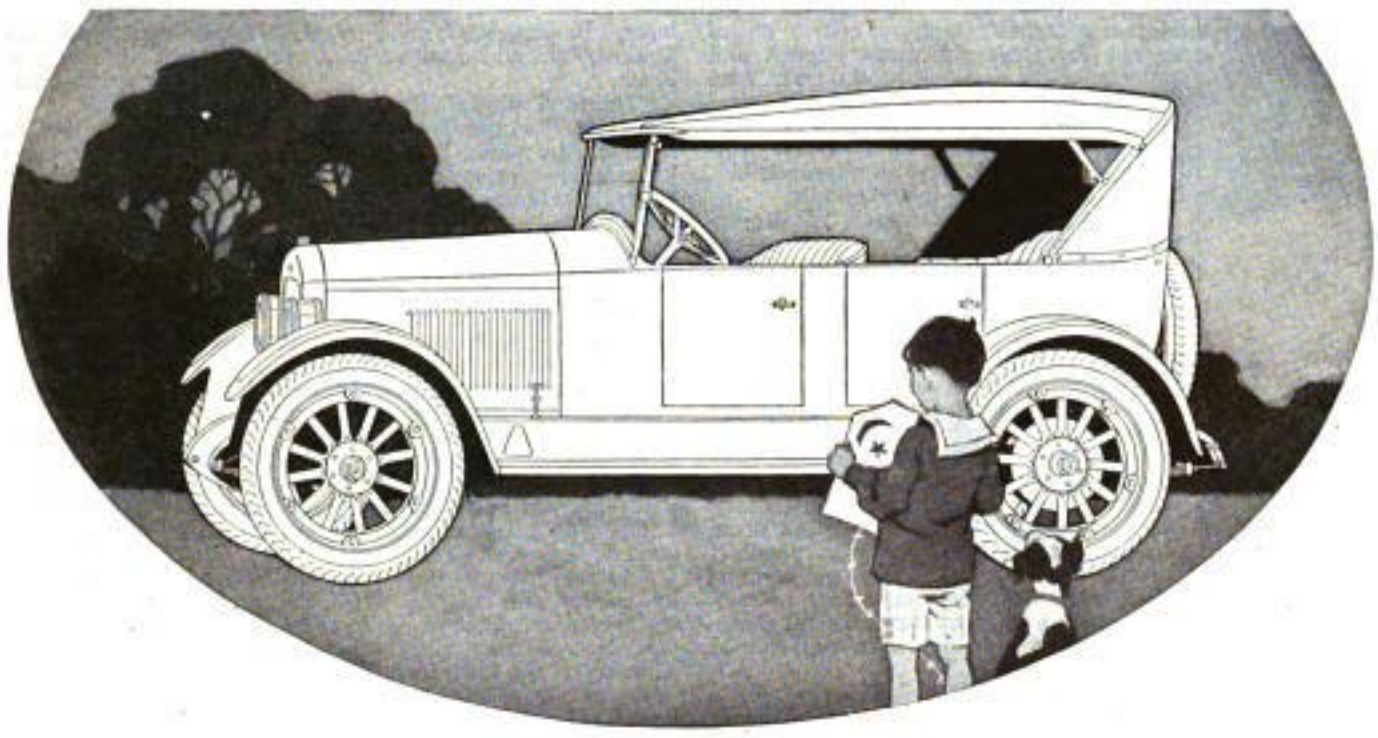
It was always so when the boys came back after absence. There was an almost actual pain in the first moment before reunion. As though these lives, which had been begun and nurtured in her own, which had derived their tissues and their significance from hers; whose individual liberty had brought first a physical and later a mental pang, came back for reamalgamation with their source and the process brought with it a certain pain—a certain

(Continued on Page 46)

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85

Real Six Cylinder Comfort for $1065



A car that runs easily, smoothly and quietly does not punish itself on the road. There you have the supreme advantage of the good six. It is a mechanism of inherent balance with overlapping impulses that reduce vibration to the minimum.

And now comes the opportunity to enjoy this great engineering advantage for only a trifle more than one thousand dollars. For the Jewett is a truly fine motor car, built by specialists in six-cylinder construction, the Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company.

Though the Jewett is amazingly low priced you will quickly learn that it has been produced without a single compromise. It is equipped with a Paige built 50 horse power motor—a larger power plant than you will find in any car of the same price class.

Its frame, clutch, transmission and rear axle are all perfect mechanical units designed to supplement one another in a union of vast strength and efficiency. Its springs are unusually large and scientific distribution of weight assures the steadiest of riding qualities.

It offers, in brief, just those elements of fine co-ordinated engineering that you have always associated with the finest and most expensive motor cars. For this reason the price of $1065 is a sensational achievement.

It is a car of beauty, distinction and wholesome comfort. It is neither too large nor too small for a family of five full grown adults. And as we have said, it is a *real* six built and endorsed by men who have always made quality their first and last consideration.

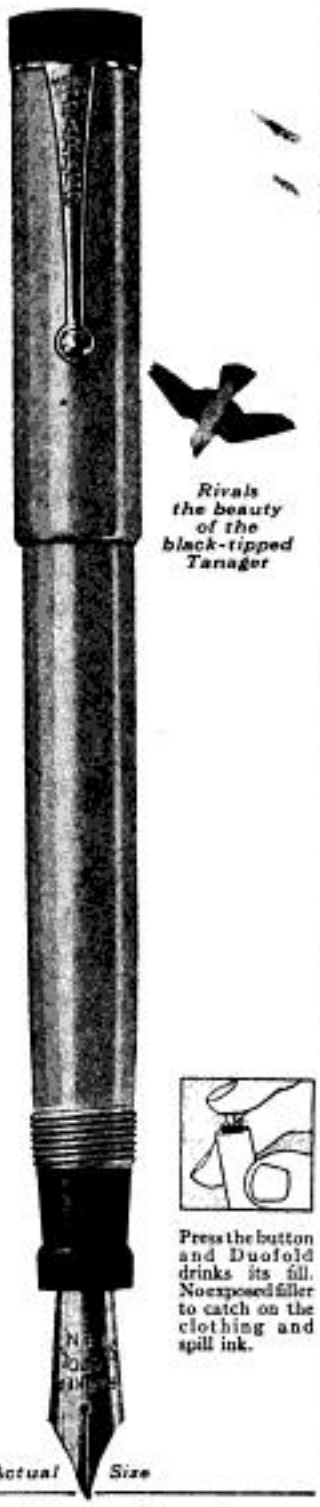
See it in the showroom of the nearest Paige dealer.

The Touring Car $1065, f. o. b. Detroit

JEWETT

A Thrifty Six JEWETT *Built by Paige*

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Rivals the beauty of the black-tipped Tanager



Do you know another pen you can pass from hand to hand, have it suit all and hold its original point?

Press the button and Duofold drinks its fill. No exposed filler to catch on the clothing and spill ink.

Actual Size

Chinese-red barrel with smart black-tipped ends—resembles fine lacquer—handsomer than gold!

A 25-Year Over-size Pen

With a point like a smooth jewel bearing

THIS Classic of Fountain Pens was created by Geo. S. Parker, inventor of the leakproof "Lucky Curve." It took him 30 years to perfect it, but it took America only six months to make it the leading seller at hundreds of prominent pen counters. Step up to the first one you come to and see its lacquer-like beauty.

Grasp it! Get the business-like feel of its fit, weight and balance in your hand.

Compare its over-size barrel with the ordinary pen to note how much more ink the Duofold holds.

Then write with this Native Iridium point set in extra thick gold—so smooth it needs no "breaking in"—so hard and life-enduring we can guarantee it 25 years for wear and mechanical perfection.

We are supplying dealers as rapidly as possible with this 25-Year Pen. But if you don't find it near-by, give your dealer your order subject to your approval after trial. Or write us giving your dealer's name.

The PARKER Duofold OVER-SIZE The 25 Year Pen $7

THE PARKER PEN CO., JANESVILLE, WIS.
Chicago New York San Francisco Spokane

(Continued from Page 44)

wistful torment, because it marked so inexorably a merely temporary point of contact in a natural progress of withdrawal.

Helena walked up and down, now impatient, a sudden tension on her, with only an abstracted recognition of her surroundings. But at last the three minutes dragged a last limping foot. The 4:10 came thundering in, convoyed by a grimy oil-stained blue-and-black individual quite unaware of his special privilege. Through the lacing crowd Helena saw three youths dismounting, and an engulfing wave of tenderness swept her. She wanted to run forward, the silly mist in her eyes, and cry out, kissing them, "My darlings! Mother's big boys! Mother's lambs!" Only, of course, out of respect for their ridiculous bigness and importance she wouldn't have dared. Also now, on an occasion with special implications, there must be a different note. She drew on her knowledge of the grand manner and permitted them to approach her. Beansy, she saw, was in the middle.

"Beansy," Helena reflected, "is dramatizing himself. He is enjoying this—the naughty brat! And look at his big feet—nearly a yard long! And his round little-boy face with his ridiculous red cheeks! And that camel's-hair scarf I gave him! He looks nice in it. He has the loveliest complexion, and boys usually don't. That's right—brag, woman. Even to yourself."

She saw that the iniquitous Beansy was supported on the right by his brother, Henry, poet and editor, carrying now a small week-end bag and a literary-looking brown-leather portfolio. Henry as usual was as shipshape and shiny as possible. He was a mild, precise, brushed-and-combed youth with very slick hair, very conventional dress and great tortoise-shell cheaters striding the bridge of a well-shaped nose.

On Beansy's left walked one a little less methodic of apparel—Moresby Girard, that gay insouciant novelist, who was sounding the clarion of radical thought for his generation and ringing the curfew for all social structures previous to 1917; whose editorials on freedom appeared in all the younger magazines, and whose poem beginning:

I sing of my hatred of ancient repressions,
I sing of my hatred of days that are dead,

was pretty generally regarded as a potential classic. Well, Moresby corresponded rather more clearly with his doctrine. His clothing—his coat especially—swung with a lightly raffish air suggesting a complete liberation from silly trammels. Even his tie was casual, and his hat—a worn velours fedora tipped at a not ungraceful angle—smacked of liberalism. His hair, too, was striking—a vivid sorrel, clipped less closely than the others; and a mustache of similar hue, hardly larger or less vivid than a Parmachene Belle, rode his upper lip.

All three young men unhatted when they saw Helena, and she permitted herself a three-foot advance.

"Boys! Henry! Harold! And Moresby Girard!" she said graciously, though with utter gravity.

The radicals were slightly taken aback. She offered no salute, save to press on Beansy's forehead a brief grave caress, indicative at once of his status of black sheep and of her complete maternal indulgence—within limits.

Some of the bumptiousness immediately left Beansy's shoulders. He fell in with his companions rather meekly as Helena, turning, indicated the sedan. The gay hats had crept up on her left—still presumably hunting the express package. These Helena now completely ignored; as also Mr. Leafy, whom she passed perfunctorily, together with several acquaintances. To command the situation quickly and gravely was her point; not to let them perceive emotion, but rather an abstract attention to principle.

It was very hard. Difficult to be inhuman—not to squeeze Beansy's arm or to cuddle to Henry a moment. She packed them quickly into the car, but not before Moresby Girard had inhaled deeply.

"The air here is admirable," he said gravely. "What a contrast to the city!"

"I'm so glad you find it so. Of course you don't get it as clear and pure here as you will at the house; we're in the west end, away from the industries. We have a lot of industries here. You know, lock works, cork works, silk mill, shoe factory. We're the city, too," Helena claimed. "Eighty-five thousand; and that"—she made a circular gesture indicating more remotely a distant gray triangle of roof—"that—those buildings are our waterproof fabric factory—raincoats and umbrellas. One of our biggest enterprises—made a lot of the army coats. Moved over from Astorvale two years ago. I believe they've nearly doubled their output since they were brought over; without any increase in overhead either."

"Output! Overhead!" cried Henry. "Have you joined the Board of Trade, mother, or the Industrial Association? A lot Moresby cares about raincoats and umbrellas."

"Well," said Helena as she took the wheel, "it's one of the nicest factories we have. In fact, it's owned by Mr. James Trulow," she added with a faint irrelevant blush.

"James Trulow," Henry thoughtfully repeated. "James Trulow—I seem to remember the name. When I was up here last summer for my two weeks didn't he call at the house a lot? A lean gray old codger ——"

"Lean! Codger!" cried Helena. "He weighs one hundred and eighty-two in his socks, and he's as fit as a fiddle. He's a—friend of mine"—she choked a little—"and a very fine gentleman. And he isn't old. Only five years older than I am."

"Well, but, mother, even that ——"

Helena almost ran into a tree and Beansy emerged from his new humility.

"Mother, you don't seem like you did last time. Sort of—kind of different. Do you think you ought to be driving the car? I mean, do you think your nerves are as good as they used to be?"

"As they used to be!" Helena bit her lip, colored and laughed. "Oh, don't you worry, laddie. There's life in the old hoss yet. Now, Moresby, if you bend close I'll rubberneck the town for you. We haven't much to offer—we're a bourgeois lot, you know that. But still—that's the City Hall and the Municipal Building over there, where our wheels go wrong; that's the First Presbyterian Church, where a precious lot of our Victorian hypocrites assemble every Sunday; here's the new Celadon Theater, where we're shown that the wages of sin is death, every day; and here's the Southern Market and I've got to get out for bread and cheese and meat."

Mr. Parr and Mr. Orvis left their respective places of business and supported Helena to the car with her packages—to see the boys.

If Helena had repressed her own raptures it was vicarious joy, a true Freudian sublimination, to see Mr. Parr, in his butcher's apron, offer a picnic-ham hand and compliment her on her jewels—beam at her rosy Beansy in his camel's hair, the glossy Henry in his serious cheaters—and their ruddy gala friend.

"Glad to see you back, boys!" old Mr. Orvis cried in greeting, equally interested, filling interstices around their feet with parcels of raisins and apples and schweitzer.

"Boys!" cried Henry as they left the market and old Orvis' friendly clasp. "Don't they realize we're not boys? Don't they realize we're grown up and are men—with the minds of men—doing the work of men?"

"You'll never be men to me, darlings—really," thought Helena secretly.

"I can't move, for all this truck," said Beansy boredly.

"It isn't truck. It's food, Beansy. Norah's going to cook it into good square meals for you."

"Meals!" said Moresby Girard. "I've been eating at a little Italian place on Twenty-eighth Street. Rather a good cuisine—and of course a chap that's eaten all kinds of chow overseas can stomach a lot—but still, frankly I'm tired of the stuff! A square meal! If there's anything of the sort lead me to it."

"Norah can certainly sling a nasty apple pie," cried Beansy joyously, as Helena turned into the home street—a wide span of hard blue-gray under arches of bare drooping maples and elms.

Comfortable middle-class homes lined it—stucco, limestone, red brick. Just ahead a broad span of graystone dwelling offered, wings thrust out from the sides, and the dying light was refracted in prismatic splinters from the long many-paned windows, glimpsed through two unusually large maples.

They stopped here and the sedan suddenly erupted, in a fury of luggage, long legs, brown-paper parcels.

"We'll take it all, Moresby. Your[s] too. Give mother an arm."

"I don't need an arm."

Helena, forsaking the car, sprang up the wide step. Norah had emerged [at] widespread door and welcoming cries.

Beansy, laden, and Moresby with [his] repudiated arm well occupied, passed [to] side, Norah shooing them affectionate[ly] Henry more sedately followed with [the] bags, and him Helena ambushed beyo[nd] the others' range.

She caught him by the coat lapels j[ust] inside the door, kissed him, held him fa[r] her.

"Henry," she said earnestly. "I'm glad as glad to have you home, dear. couldn't begin to tell you—only you know it—it really wasn't necessary for Bean to write—and ask you—about the thi[ng] he did."

"I'm the head of the family, mother."

Henry was grave above the bags, a[nd] Helena winced.

"But to bring Moresby in—a dear bo[y] but so unnecessary."

"Moresby's not a boy, mother." Th[e] light fell through a western window, l[it] Henry's face to a pale, earnest, almost a[s]cetic beauty. "Moresby, like myself, is [a] man—and has had a man's experience There's a principle involved. If my fath[er] were living I am sure he would see ——"

"Your father was a gentleman, Henry The principle of courtesy is involved, and—and there would be only one sort of advic[e] he could give—one kind of instruction."

Henry sighed.

"That is why we came home. We perfectly understood how you would feel Beansy took a wrong method, true—bu[t] he expressed truth, or truth as he believes it. You can't violate the truth by apologizing for it. That would be falsehood—to oneself, to the integrity of one's mind. You must stand by truth and self-expression—at any cost, mother. Well, it's a thing we've got to discuss—just how Beansy is to stand by his truth and its expression. I don't see how he's to yield. I'm against that. These bags are heavy, mother. Oh," he added impatiently, "if you knew us at all! If you ever read us—with any intelligence! If you read Moresby Girard's papers—The Cult of the Individual, The Individual as the Unit, The True and New America, Self-Expression and the New World. If you read me, even my papers in the Post Digest, for instance: Our Modern Liberty and The Passing of an Old Fetish. If you read my books ——"

"I do read your books, dear. The little yellow war book and the little green new one too. And I'm as proud as—lend me one of your words, dear—as proud as hell! They're wonderful, Henry, and I can hardly believe that you've grown up and can write books. It seems like yesterday you were playing marbles and getting your nose wiped! Oh, of course I know you were in the war, but that was because your body was fit. But you're getting away so fast—too fast! Oh, I know boys become men quickly and some of them have done wonderful things. Bryant—with Thanatopsis. Only nineteen."

"Bryant! Thanatopsis," Henry paled, groaned. "Really, mother ——"

"Keats, Chatterton," Helena hurriedly added—"great for their period." She apologized, blushing. "But we were talking of Beansy, dear. Now, you have so much influence. Support me in this—can't you see Beansy is a mere child? Not half educated. Look at his arithmetic. He'll have to have some arithmetic—even if he's free. He must go back to school, Henry. I ask it of you as a favor—as your mother ——"

"Isn't that like a woman! You approach a discussion of principle through the emotion, when you see that you fail of logic. But logic—a discussion among men ——"

"Well," cried Helena with a touch of spirit, "there isn't any reason why all the men have got to be such brand-new ones. I—I have asked an older one to help me—a friend I—I value"—she blushed—"who thinks as I do; who has a good mature mind, well balanced ——"

"Well balanced!" Henry coughed.

"Mr. James Trulow," Helena swept on, and Henry started.

"The man who makes raincoats and umbrellas? You would ask a perfect outsider ——"

"He isn't an outsider—exactly! Henry"—Helena wrung her hands together—"I think I ought to tell you —— Oh, Henry, I really must let you know ——"

(Continued on Page 49)

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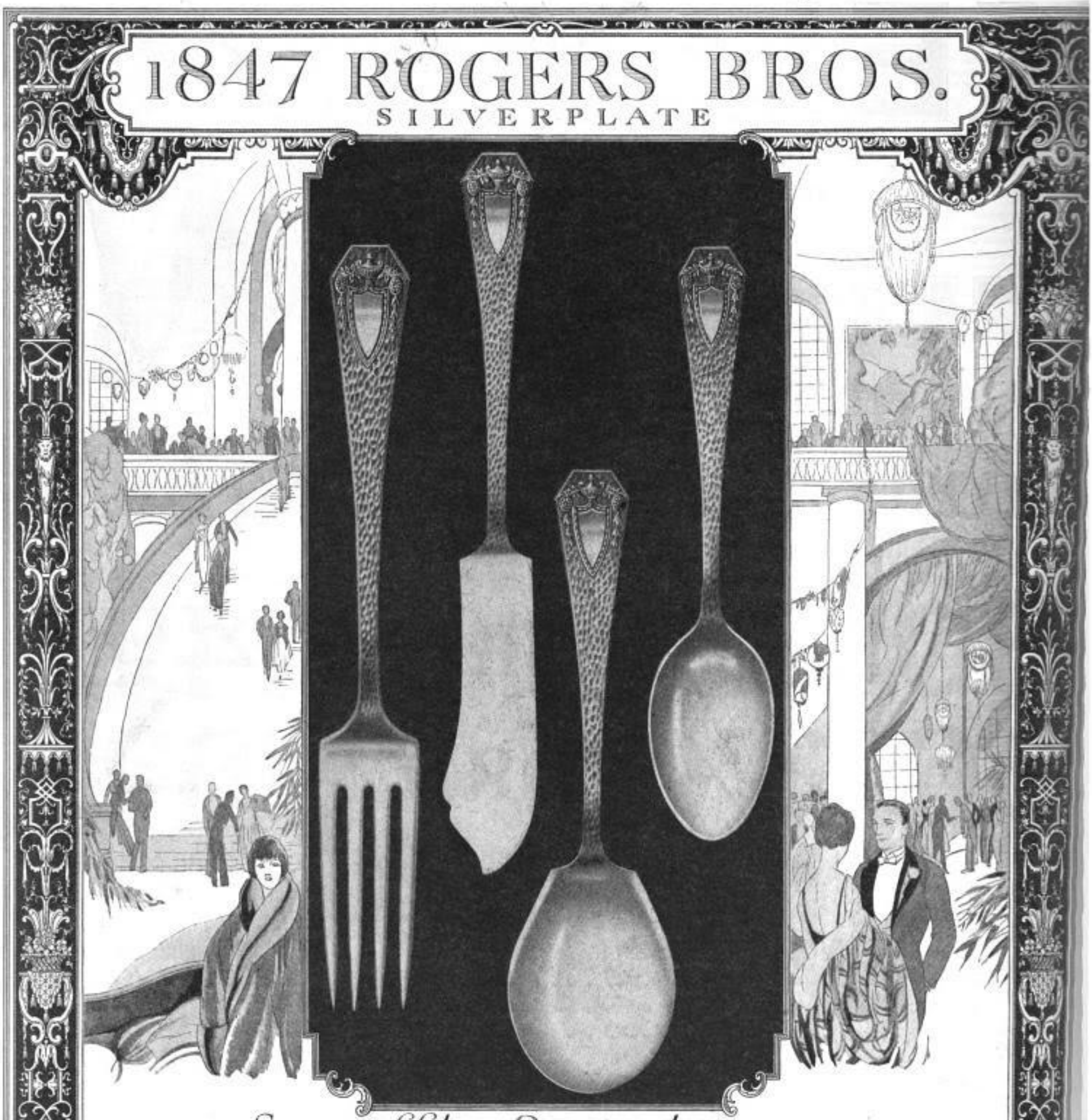
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(Continued from Page 46)

Henry was utterly contemptuous. cowlick lifted itself from the glossy of his head, stood up disturbedly. mmal friend, a mere acquaintance, to discuss with us the welfare of your d's sons."

, Henry!"

lifted a protesting hand, but swept up the stairs with his bags Helena dejectedly entered her living where the fire crackled and her easy- and piano waited. She sank dispirit- into the biggest blue chair.

k, Jimmie, old dear—I don't see how tell 'em. I'm afraid of 'em—that's uth. Big cowardy cat! But I've got darling—and won't they be awful! just tell it. If only the time were propitious. Only, of course, it would be—with Henry! And now it's just hard. Just too awfully"—she for adjective, levied on the younger ation's opulence—"just too awfully hard," she sighed.

III

had made, Helena realized, watching group, exactly no advance what- in two days' time. Dinner was ed now—a dinner to which Tot Ray- and Ann Kimball and James Trulow been bidden—and they had all ad- ed to the living room.

Helena herself, mentally spent with two s of almost incessant argument and ding with Beansy—alone or with a rt of Henry and Moresby—sat by the ight. Beansy lay semisprawled on a low couch, where he could act as an ndant on the talking machine. Jim had ther of the chairs, and Tot occupied a faldstool, sitting with linked hands, ching the gold of the flames in her vel- brown eyes, eyes turned up now, in nkest worship for Moresby Girard.

Moresby stood in a graceful straddle ghtly beyond the middle of the mantel- ece, with one elbow touching the advanc- g feet of the four horses of the Quadriga. he horses with their polished metal surfaces d secure advancing pose were exceed- gly apt to Moresby himself, whose grace d security of manner repeated their as- rance like a designed motif. He looked e a young red-gold viking in mufti while he firelight brought out a line of pure gilt round his young head, set off radiantly his Parmachene Belle, which moved abruptly p and down under the pressure of his loquence.

Helena was not heeding his eloquence at e moment. She had listened to it, off and n, for forty-eight hours. Now she watched through the archway the figures in the all—Henry and Ann Kimball. They had olled back the rugs a little earlier and Henry had undertaken to teach Ann the evised tango of New York, while Beansy wooed the muse. But now, though the music had died away by two minutes, it ap- peared that Henry was still dancing with Ann, or, at least, was about to dance with Ann—for he had not changed the dancing position at all. He stood there with his arm about Ann, quite unaware of it—the arm— apparently; as one who has laid down some trifling article on a mantel, say, and will presently remember it. Ann didn't seem to mind being a mantel at all. They stood there, the two young things, depending no doubt on the insecure camouflage of Hel- ena's biggest fern, which, however, basely betrayed them, and their two faces were as eloquent as a town crier's call.

Helena sighed. Henry might be an editor and a modern poet whose clamor was su- periority to any sort of toil and for com- plete freedom, but he was heeding the siren now. He was enjoying one of those effer- vescences known in Beansy's parlance as a case—and without any attempt to stuff cotton in his ears! Ann was a case, too— clearly—and a very beautiful case. She was a flowerlike sweet young thing, looking like a white rose to-night in her snowy Georgette, and Helena took up the concept of an eventual conclusion or permanence to their cases.

Supposing Henry grew serious, married Ann!

It was so wholly appropriate, so log- ical, that she sighed. She could quite visualize all the predestined steps in the sequence. Henry, married, a family man, responsibilities, aging, graying; Ann, a wife, a mother, the rosebud blown to full petal, fading. It was a pattern, so usual, so inescapable, as life had been lived, that a pang of mutinous regret rose in Helena's heart. She saw the wilding youth, the illu- sion, the beauty of these two untouched inexperienced spirits slowly, surely being stamped and conformed as with a species of die—to a certain cohesive unity with— pattern. Cut like cookies. She caught oddly for a moment in a complete wave of feeling an utter understanding of the recal- citrant protest in these modern children against what they observed to be an insidi- ous and terrible destruction. A complete sympathy with restless revolt—revolt as voiced now by Moresby! Using the Quad- riga horses nonchalantly to support him he was waving his arm again and talking about marriage. Moresby had not experi- enced it, but he knew about it.

"Marriage," he proclaimed, "is chang- ing! It is changing every day. Our divorce laws are doing so much, of course; but more and more it is changing by the will of the individual. Adjustments are made from within. Naturally these were brought about by a new economic status for women, but they would have come anyway, through man's realization of his essential freedom and right to choose his life for himself. Woman, too—there is no reason why mar- riage will continue with us much longer as it has in the past. It will be at best, frankly, a partnership, whose tenure depends on the desire of both parties. In fact, the new order will probably dispense with the old type—marriage, *per se*. There isn't a real necessity for it at all. There is no necessity for anything except one's self-expression. If a marriage happens to do that—let it stand," Moresby's arm indicated permis- sion. "If not—some different adjust- ment ——"

It seemed to Helena that—or was it the effect of the fire?—the off Quadriga horse winked its eye at her. One lustrous eyelid dropped slowly down behind Moresby's bright head in a brazen cynical wink. Tot Raymond, still worshiping, drooped slightly forward; Tot, scarred veteran of hockey and tennis fights—who yet, as Helena knew—was collecting a hope chest. James was looking down his cigarette. Beansy ate gingerbread.

She reflected now, looking at James, on their affection; on their plans for life to- gether; their peculiar affinity of taste and temperament—in sport, in books, in con- versation. She loved her Jim. She ought to get up now and taking his old head between her hands defy the whole pack. This was her moment. She ought to cry, "Well, then— here's a fine example! James Trulow and I are going to do both. Express ourselves and be—*per se*. We're going to be married in the good old-fashioned way."

But Moresby went on talking and flour- ishing:

"I tell you it's a wonderful thing. The new marriage—er—the whole new rela- tionship of the sexes as it's being worked out—in the new school of expression! The new love! Take the case of Carl Kirschmer and Alida Paxon, for instance. Carl's the socialist writer and Alida does illustration; theater stuff, too, after the Reinhardt Method. Well, when they did it—it was Alida who put it up to Carl. He'd been around—well —— Oh, I mean in Europe, quite a bit. There was a little girl, too, Julia Freedmann, and they got over that. Well, Alida asked Carl to go with her to Miami; and he did. And on the way back—Pete Edwards heard her—she asked him how he'd like it for a permanent thing. And Carl was no end fond of Alida, so they got married, and it's been the greatest success. I saw Alida in New York this week. She was having her lunch with Kirby Williams. Carl's gone over to Italy to do some work."

"That"—James Trulow took his cigarette from his mouth—"that is your idea of mar- riage, as you would apply it to yourself?"

Moresby cleared his throat.

"Oh, I'm merely a bystander, a writer, a spectator. You've got to dissociate your- self from emotion—look at life in the large." Moresby spoke respectfully enough, but his glance at James clearly said, "You old umbrella man!"

"You're beautiful, anyhow!" thought Helena, watching Moresby, with his cock- sureness, his fire, his young pomposity. "And you're a golden liar—only you don't realize it."

She remembered the rescued buddy in No Man's Land and the bad shrapnel scars on Moresby's legs. She had knowledge of a young sister whom Moresby was helping through school, and she looked at him limned with the halo of light, and thought of Mr. Anderson, the trustee, who had called him and his kind "young knights in golden armor going out with an imperish- able ideal"—the thing that Beansy had said "Bah!" to. Yet the thing was in a measure true at least of Moresby's type, of Henry's. Their ideal was, of course, truth, as they proclaimed. And yet, what was their truth? Duty to themselves, they shouted loudly. Yet, at the scratch, what precisely did each one count as himself? What was a man's self, the exact embrace of his ego? What allegiances did he create for himself out of his environment—stick to at all odds? Always had. Always would.

Helena understood now why the Quad- riga horse had winked—wise old traveled beast who with his mates had seen the world so often remade, so many empires fall—and rise: Alexandria, Rome, Con- stantinople, Venice.

The talk drifted on. Henry came in, walking tenderly and close to Ann. He, too, claimed favor for the latter-day matri- monial order—the experimental, for the free. He, too, had known, he said, of very successful instances.

He was acquainted with at least three personally. Guy Howell, who did reviews in Benke's Magazine, and Matilda Estey, who acted. They met once a week only. And there was Kent Bishop and Batika Price—they weren't—well, they hadn't bothered with convention at all. They were simply for each other—for as long as they could hold each other!

Helena's eardrums ached, she had tried to remember all the terms and concepts that had whirled in the air these two days—begotten of Beansy's unfortunate episode.

They had included Puritans, Victorians, repressions, morons, Œdipus, Electra, so- viets, blocs, communism, futility, individual choice, hypocrisy, self-expression, the new world, the new poetry, and the new love— oh, a great deal about the new love!

She had been called an old fogy three times.

And Norah reported that the pie and the gingerbread were nearly finished.

"'Life,'" Moresby was quoting now, "'is, after all, an idiot's tale, told dancing down the wind.'"

And Helena, remembering the pies, looked at him in astonishment.

Jim, frankly bored, removed his cigarette.

"After all, though, it isn't danced alone— is it? Rather what you'd call a morris dance, isn't it? I mean you take it with a whole lot of company doing the same fox trot. That—helps a little, doesn't it?"

"Raincoats and umbrellas!" Moresby's eye and little mustache sneered, and Helena let everything go, to recall that they hadn't progressed a bit. The issues were unchanged. Beansy had been unpardonably rude, and vowed he wouldn't apologize. She insisted, and Henry and Moresby opposed. Not an inch gained—a complete impasse. And— she hadn't told them about Jim.

A clock chimed somewhere and Tot, her eyes drugged with the new freedom, stag- gered upright. Ann and Henry were still looking at each other. They would—de- clared Moresby and Henry—see the girls home, and Beansy whisking the last crumb declared for bed.

To Jim, lingering, Helena was pensive and subdued, even at the jeering "Rene- gade!" in his eyes; and afterward she stood a moment in the lowered lights of the house, still weary. But when she realized that Beansy must by now be in bed she went and knocked on his door. Not that she had any hope of success greater than the night before.

She went in and tucked up the long length of him and kissed his drowsy eyes and one great apple cheek.

"Darling," she said, "of course I've come to heckle and bully you. It doesn't seem to do any good, but I want you to listen to me and go back and tell Mr. Anderson ——"

"Apologize to the old coot! Mother, I can't; I'm not sorry."

"Not sorry for differing from him, if you like—but for being nasty and utterly out of place, Harold."

Beansy curled a long arm around her.

"You're a pretty old thing, mom—do you know it? But I can't go back to An- derson. I'd be going back on everything— on all the fellows too. Henry's right and you're wrong—though it'll play the dickens with the track."

Helena sighed and went to fresh attack. She might, of course, use duress. She could cut his allowance, force displeasure—but the modern boy had great resources—there

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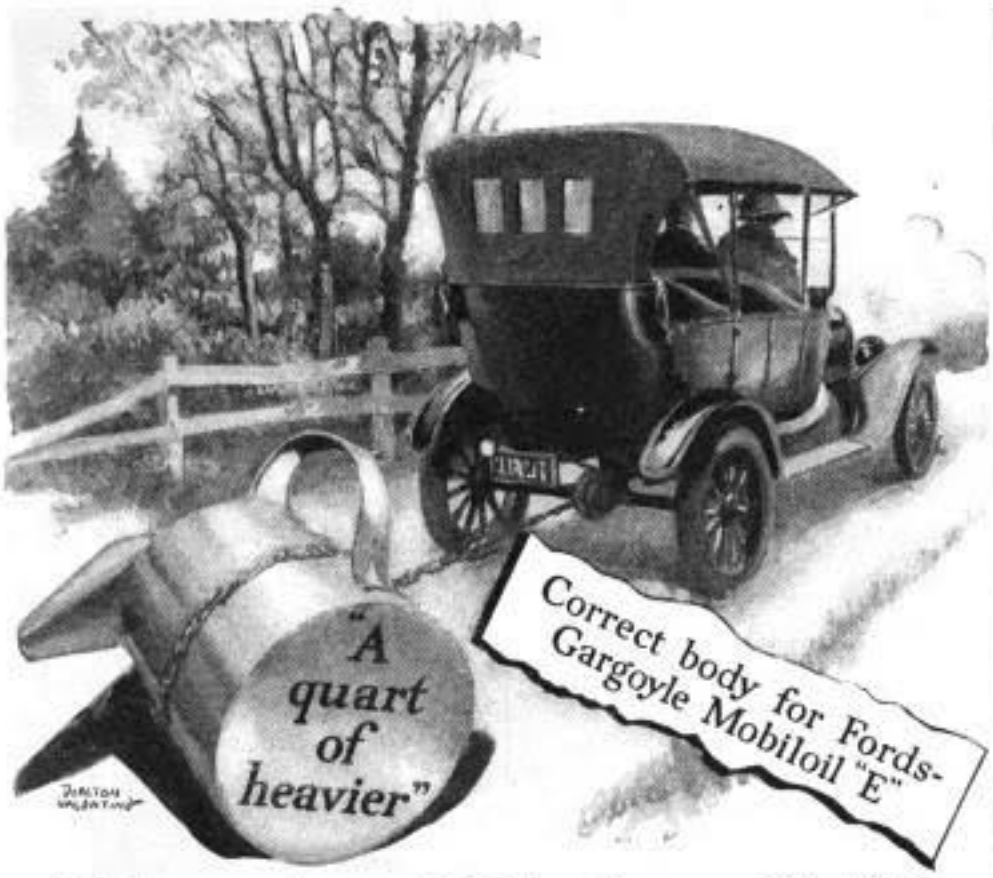
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was Henry to back and help him, too, and a maternal breach would mean a heartbreak.

There were other schools, as Henry suggested, but here, too, Beansy himself was recalcitrant. He was tired of school—done with it. If he left Bryarson he left 'em all.

Helena looking at his young ignorant beloved face, his sprawled virile length, felt her utter futility. She presently left his room with a sense of defeat, and later when she heard the others return she forbore to go and kiss Henry good night. No use milling it over with her other young bullhead. Better to find a way—some new, fresher fashion of persuasion.

IV

THE new way came abruptly clear, like a bolt from the blue. Old Mr. Haggard, the fishman, gave it to Helena the following morning, along with three pounds of chicken halibut for baking:

"I seen your boys, yestiddy, Mrs. Tilden. My, they're big good-lookin' fellers, an' I'll bet you're as proud as Punch! I hear they're as smart as all get out, too, and get things printed in books—but I guess you don't need to feel hurt any if they are so growed up. You look like you was young enough yet to have your fling as good as any."

"To have your fling as good as any!" Helena, outside the shop, almost staggered under an inspiration that brought a relief as clean cut and instant sharp as white lightning.

She put herself and the chicken halibut into the sedan and turned the sedan's nose to Breitmann's Popular Department Store, a place at which she seldom shopped. Here, with a bare pause before an array of wax ladies in popular paper-back editions of Fifth Avenue de luxe bindings, she spent an excited half hour of purchase. Thereafter she sped straight for the waterproof-goods factory and the reticent sanctum of James Trulow.

It lacked but a half hour to lunch when she reached again the privacy of her room, untied sundry parcels, slipped out of her quiet pale-gray Jersey-wool one-piece. For an instant remembering her bronze horses, the blue and cream harmonies of her lower rooms, she blenched. Then, like a diver about to test unknown depths, she resolutely clad herself.

Gold slippers and stockings, the former crystal-beaded; a magenta frock, very short, of the kind Vionnet originally called a petal dress. About her waist she girded a broad band of brilliant watermelon-green satin with an ample sash; and added finally what the Breitmann saleswoman called a necklace of genuine vegetable ivory dyed in alternate blue and orange beads. There was still fifteen minutes' margin as she sped quickly downstairs.

Beansy was nowhere in sight, but Henry and Moresby Girard were sprawled, talking, in the living room. An odor of baking molasses permeated the halls and a plate of Norah's gingerbread, fresh baked, sat, not unnoticed, between the young literati.

They sprang to their feet as Helena entered, and greeted her with the unseeing eye of affection. But only for a second.

Henry literally howled, "Mother! Mother! What in the —— Wh—what ails —— What on earth ——"

"What do you mean, dear?" asked Helena.

She seated herself, her hands passively lying in her magenta lap, and looked at her firstborn.

"Mean! Look at your clothes! Look at your dress! Have you gone out of your mind?"

"My mind! My clothes! What's wrong with my clothes?" cried Helena.

"Why—why, look at you! Why, the way you're dressed. Why, they're a curse! Why, they're a crime! Why, they're an offense—to the æsthetic eye. To good taste. For the Lord's sake—what do you mean by this?"

"I—I know they're—different," said Helena in a low voice.

"Different!" Henry became speechless.

"I know," said Helena quickly, "that you've never seen me like this before, dear. That's because—well, that's because I've dressed like other people—as I haven't wanted to dress—at all! I—I've always wanted to wear colors—bright colors, all together—lots of 'em. People—other people don't usually. I've always thought I—I had to do what others thought was appropriate. I mean—pay some attention to—what you just said, Henry—the—the æsthetic—to good taste. That doesn't it, dear, in clothes—dressing tain agreed-on ways of—of handling and form—and color. So you don't people's sense of beauty? I mean ing in such a way that if everybo lowed your example you'd get the amount of peace—nervous peace.

"But what do I care what other want—in my secret heart? Only a years I've been a kind of slave. I lieved—fighting myself—that I was And now that I've heard you and M it came to me like a flash of ligh evening. That's why I didn't ev good night to you. All my life"—He voice grew low, penetrating—"all I've had a repression—a suppressed for magenta."

The color poured suddenly into H face.

"Oh," he cried, "I suppose you you're being funny, mother! You'd make fools of us, mother. You'd h horse us. You'd hold us up to derisio

"If I could hold you up to deri would only serve you right, sonny. T what you've been doing to us, the generation, for a long time. But I'm jesting. No, no! Oh, Henry, let's not of clothes! They're only a beginning beginning of a liberty I never dream should enjoy. I want to speak of somet else. Sit down, Henry! Sit down, More I want to tell you something. I was tell you—about Mr. James Trulow."

The name produced a curious effect. complete suspension, a silence fell, Henry, very pale, rose slowly, grimly, approached his mother, with almost like grace.

"James Trulow!" he cried in a h breathy voice. "A-ha! So I was rig My instinct was not wrong. I've wate it—last summer, and at Christmas, now. And now—it's come. You're going to be foolish."

Helena lifted a pleading hand.

"Oh, Henry, don't blame me, too mu I've never done anything except along old settled lines—like other people. H could I—I be different, until I had he everything explained ——"

Henry was not attending. He had moi ened his lips, swallowing hard.

"And so it's come to this. James Trulo You—you would replace your husb— father—with James Trulow. You wou marry—again!"

"Oh," cried Helena quickly, "you ha misunderstood me, dear. I did not spe of marrying. If—if I had—at any time any such idea—oh, I realize the absurdit Anything so permanent. I said, merel Henry, that I wanted to tell you—abo 'James Trulow. I wanted to tell you"—h voice lowered, she drooped her head—" wanted to tell you that—James and I hav decided to be for each other."

The room suddenly seemed to spin, th objects fused into a dark haze. There wa a complete silence in which Henry stoo stricken and transfixed. It was Moresb Girard who spoke first, springing up wit an intense gesture, a disordered pallor:

"Mrs. Tilden! But this is too terrible!

Henry found a suffocated voice, his fac suffused:

"Mother! Why—why, do you know what you are saying? You mean—wha you are saying?"

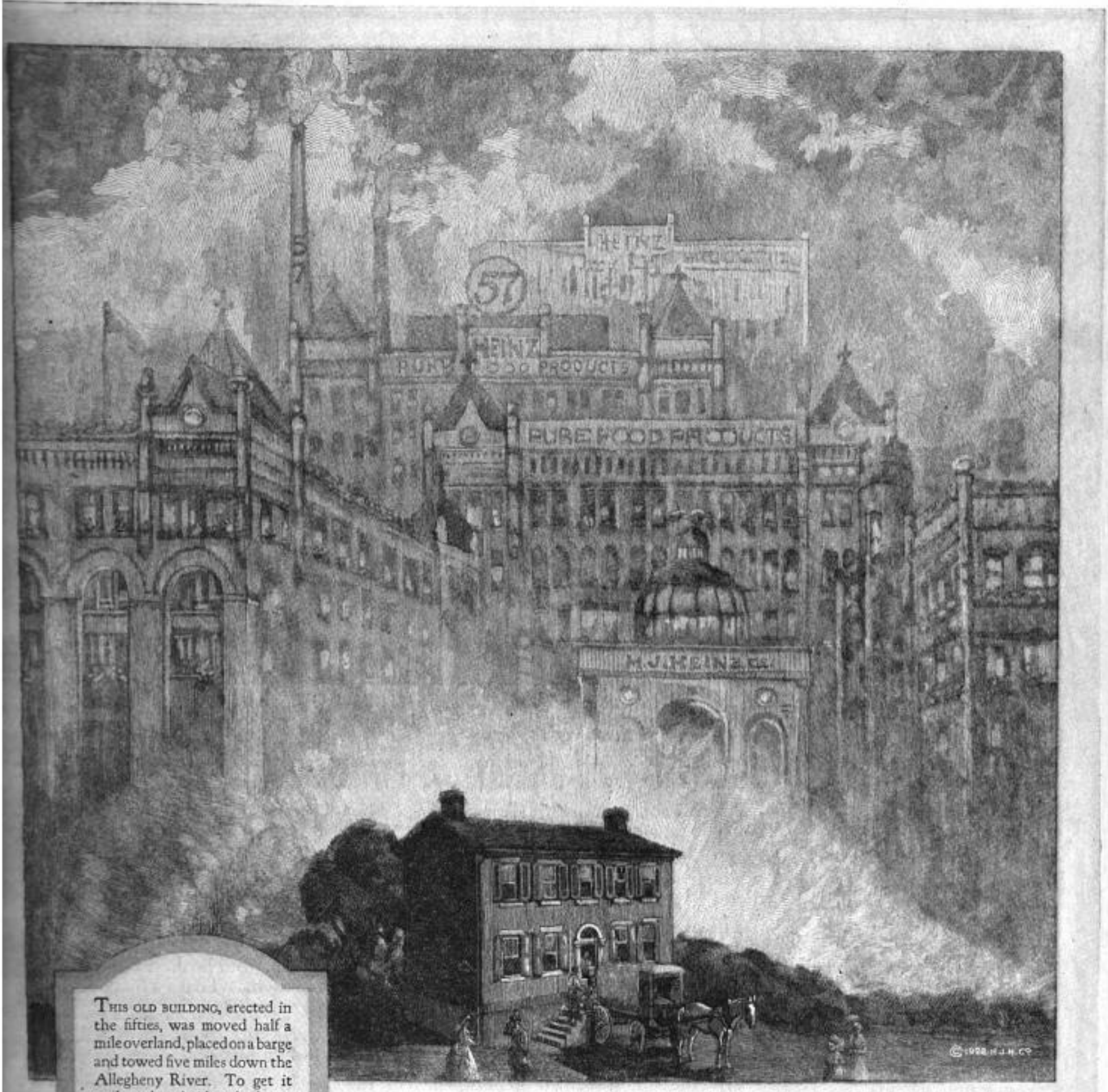
"I mean—what I am saying," Helen bowed her graceful head. "Oh, Henry," she cried, "I've thought things all out—and I see that—that any different—er—mor conventional idea that I may have en tertained—was an error. It would hav displeased you—and I did not wish to dis please you. In fact, I feared to displeas you. I want your good opinion, your re spect, dear; and when I realized that James and I had grown to care for each other— well, I didn't see any way really to secure it—to—to respect our own truth, our in dividual expression—yes, actually, our right—until you and Moresby came home. And then I listened to you. To the new widsom—to the freer way; and I saw how clear everything was, and how mistaken I had been. For here—see—Jim and I can belong together, for as long as we hold each other—and we're actually spoiling nothing. We sacrifice nothing. I remain as I was. My own name ——"

"Mother! Stop! Are you mad?" Henry threw up his hands. "Insulting yourself ——"

"Expressing myself," Helena corrected. "Oh, Henry! Oh, Moresby! You have

(Continued on Page 53)

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THIS OLD BUILDING, erected in the fifties, was moved half a mile overland, placed on a barge and towed five miles down the Allegheny River. To get it under a low bridge the barge was sunk, pumped out, floated again, and moved on down the river to Pittsburgh, where it was placed in the center of the Heinz plant.

Where the "57" began

The LITTLE HOUSE *that was floated down the* RIVER

WHEN YOU visit the "Home of the 57" you see the little "House where we began" —surrounded, overshadowed by large modern buildings. To the visitor the little house may seem but an interesting relic—a thing of purely historical interest, signifying growth and prosperity. To us, this homely little brick building stands as a symbol—a constant reminder of the ideals established there, the principles on which the Heinz business has been built.

It was because of this, of what the little house meant to us all, that we moved it from its original location, floated it five miles down the river on a barge, and placed it where its inspiration would be most manifest. Loyalty to the standards which the little house represents is reflected in the spirit of service, care in preparation and pride in workmanship which characterizes the whole Heinz organization.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

57 *Varieties*

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A Lesson from the Stars



IN the garden of a country home two men were talking. Near them sat a small boy, looking at the stars.

"Business," said one of the men, "grows worse every month. I am making a product that I know is the best in the field—and still I can't sell it."

There was a moment of silence. . . . Then the second man called to the boy who sat near them. "Son," he said, "if you had your choice of any of those stars up there, which one would you choose?"

The boy promptly pointed to the brightest star in sight. "That big one over there!" he said.

The man who had addressed the boy turned to his companion. "As a matter of fact," he said, "there are other stars in the heavens, which the boy cannot see, that are far brighter and bigger than the one he chose. But he didn't know the other stars were there—and so he couldn't choose them. That's why your product isn't selling. People simply do not know it exists."

"I know what you mean," said the first man, "advertising. But I have tried advertising in the past—two or three times—and it didn't work."

His companion seemed preoccupied with the stars. . . . "If we stand here and watch the sky for a few minutes," he finally said, "we shall see a shooting star. It will spurt across the heavens for a second, and then it will die out. There are thousands of shooting stars every night. People pay little attention to them and they are instantly forgotten. That's the kind of an advertiser you were.

"The Pole Star," continued the speaker, "has stayed on the job so long and so faithfully that its very name has come to mean 'a guide, a controlling principle.' And that's the way to advertise. There are certain products today whose names are regarded as a guide to satisfaction and a controlling principle of quality. They are the pole-stars. In this present economic situation, it is the pole-stars that are doing the business."

N. W. AYER & SON *ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS*

NEW YORK BOSTON PHILADELPHIA CLEVELAND CHICAGO

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(Continued from Page 50)

me a very different way of thinking, re you. Jim, too. And we are firmly ed—you have taught me the uses of dual liberty—and of the importance dividual truth as one sees it. I see now—in the broader aspect. You ght! Beansy was right! I shall be

my own family! To hear you like I little dreamed—I thought a step- r! It was a horrible idea, but I'd r a thousand times. I'd give my con- a hundred times rather ——"

h, but that might be so foolish! How know that I may not tire of Jim—or tire of me—though that last seems y improbable. But there is the pos- ty. This—the new way—leaves an ing for us. It is a truer way. The must prevail."

Mrs. Tilden, this is too horrible!"

Mother! At your age."

I am not a nonagenarian, Henry."

All mothers are old—too old for non- e."

Not for the truth. You have taught even with my failing powers, to recog- it."

But we were speaking in the general— e abstraction, Mrs. Tilden."

Beansy's not an abstraction."

We were speaking, Mrs. Tilden, of—of ew school of thought—or rather of ething still in the making—processes completed yet—they are only being nded, tested, a very little way—by— -the younger generation. They may haps be too radical—for—er—the mass. ey may be merely for the individual— special individual. We can't tell as ."

"One for all; all for one,'" cried Helena. What man may do, men may do. And at," she added incorrectly, "is sauce for e kitten—must be sauce for the cat."

"In my own family!" Henry bleated.

"Well, dear—you need not pull so long lace at making a convert. For I've truly anged. I shouldn't dream of opposing ur views on expression. Nor Beansy— w. Anyhow, James and I have fully cided. We are going to be for each her—on the fourteenth of April. We shall to Bermuda for a month ——"

Henry cried out sharply, "Do you real- e! Think of your home—of your town, f your place here. Of your memories. h, it would be bad enough to marry gain—but—mother, why don't you? Why can't you do the thing as others do, ke any other sane person?"

"But, Henry, I thought ——"

"Why, look what you'll do to yourself! Look what you'll do to us all. You can't ruck the game alone. Look what you'll do to me! Why, Ann wouldn't look at me ——"

"Ann!"

"Yes, Ann. Do you think she'd have a thing to do with me? And just when I— why, if the Post Digest'll give me a raise next year I'll ——"

"Do you mean that you and Ann ——"

"We've been writing since last summer. I've never known anyone on earth like Ann. I want to marry Ann."

"You mean—in the old way? Forever and ever, and *per se*—and take your chance?"

"Twouldn't be any chance at all—with Ann," cried Henry, just as though he had been born fifty years before.

Helena shook her head a little sadly.

"Well, I can't agree with you any more, dear. Anyhow, Jim and I have seen the light. He's coming at four. You can talk it over with him. But I doubt—oh! I want everything"—she paused in the doorway, looking like the Bohemian Girl in her bright attire—"I want everything to be open and expressed frankly. No secret repressions, no hidden longings, but light—light pouring through everything! I think I will have my lunch in my room," she added.

"If Jim," reflected Helena, "continues this line a minute longer I shall believe him—about us—myself. I shall believe we're going on a temperamental journey. He does it almost too well."

Helena, still in her blithe clothing, sat listening to her James—and two as impassioned and active aggressors in the cause of convention as could be imagined. Beansy had of course been excluded from the conference. But now the air was filled with argument for the obverse side of the question as formerly presented, and Helena could not forbear admiration for James, stoical patient manufacturer of umbrellas—and no slouch at his books, either—who sat stubbornly unmoved, carefully considering the persuasions the younger men offered. It was odd, indeed, to hear James returning one by one, with quiet determination, the Rolands given aforetime to his Olivers. He had been a pat and apt listener—old Jim.

It was odd to hear Moresby pleading now like any fogy—to hear Henry reasoning, bullying, demanding like any bourgeois Victorian.

Helena, by the window, planning a garden to be begun when she and Jim got home from their wedding trip, indulged a wicked old habit. She smiled down her sleeve with a rare sense of content. But now Henry threw up his hands, pacing up and down in a last exasperation.

"What can I do to make you see what you and mother are doing? Why, the thing is suicidal—it's monstrous!"

"Do you know," said Helena, "that's just the way I felt about what Beansy did—before I knew better."

Henry paled.

"Beansy! Harold!" he cried bitterly. "If he hadn't behaved like a young ass this would never have happened. Moresby and I would never ——"

"Have infected me. True. But I'm glad you did. I'm as glad as Pollyanna. I'm glad all around. I'm glad Beansy did it. I'm just—glad!" she added softly.

"I'd like to choke Beansy!" cried Henry. "I suppose," he added, "if he had yielded the point in the first place—the first day, you wouldn't have thought of —— Mother, you were going to do it differently—weren't you?"

"Oh, of course. But—I think you're very wrong to get so agitated, Henry. There's a principle involved here—that's all. I believe that's what you and Beansy stood on."

"But look here!" cried Henry. "Oh, mother!—I get your point—I—I—there's something in what you said before—I see that now—but if Beansy gave in—if we all gave in —— Upon my word, I believe you're stringing us!" He stopped suddenly.

"Jim," cried Helena, "are we ——"

"Friday, the fourteenth of April. On the steamship Carpathia, first cabin," said James gravely.

"Mother, then listen. If Beansy eats crow and tells old Anderson he was wrong—would you give it all up? At least"—he caught a strange glint in Helena's eyes—"would you—be willing to be—perfectly conventional, the two of you?"

"Well," said Helena, "I've never been pig-headed, Henry. But I may say that unless Beansy does—we shall continue precisely as we've planned."

Her son looked at her silently, considerингly a long minute, then before something in her eyes his face changed, the red of confusion, even sheepishness poured into his face.

"Mother!" he said with a low breath, "I stick 'em up. I hand it to you. You are simply—priceless." He looked at Moresby, but Moresby covered his mouth and the Parmachene Belle with a concealing hand.

"Where is Beansy?" he asked.

But Beansy was not far and, brought in, Henry, his hero, gave his instructions with clarity and abruptness.

"Beans," he said, "we've been considering it all over—your school stunt; and I've changed my mind. I guess you'll have to renege on the free-expression stuff. I guess you'll have to tell Anderson. It don't work out. We were wrong."

"To tell the truth, Hen," said Beansy, "I've always kinda felt I was. Only that you—I don't mind telling the old stoat I was in darn bad taste. I was. And of course it'll keep the track athletics up."

"Oh," cried Helena, "the track work's saved; and so is your arithmetic; and so are James and I. And I don't care who tries to contradict me, 'God's in His heaven: all's right with the world.' In mine anyhow. And now I'll go and tell Norah to cut a fresh pan of gingerbread."

▼

THE white curl of smoke was the only thing left. The train had quite vanished into the horizon point where the fan of rails met.

The three radicals had departed and Helena stood alone with Jim, looking after them. Others—more remotely—looked, too; two opossum sport coats and a brace

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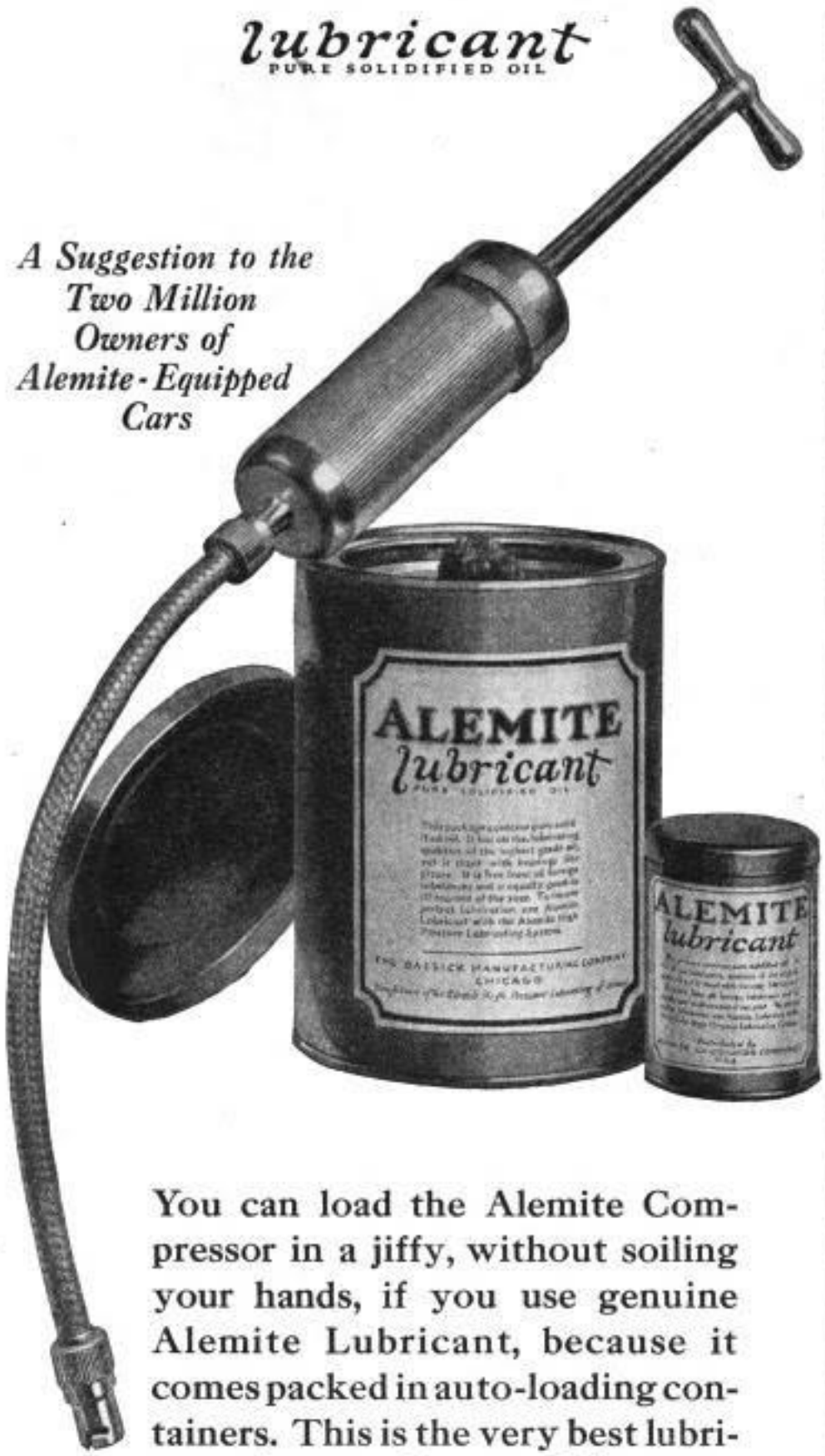
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A Product of
THE BASSICK MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Chicago, Illinois
Alemite Products Company of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario

of velours hats—jade green and apricot. But Helena thought only of her loss.

"Good-by, novelist; good-by, editor-poet; good-by, athlete. Good-by, you golden boys," she cried. "Jim—I feel like an exhausted bellows. Comfort me."

"Comfort you? I ought to cast you into the street, woman. I ought to throw you before this south-bound freight. You haven't looked at me in three days. I'm half dead of jealousy."

"If you're jealous it's because of something you've lost. Both of us have lost, Jim. Something they've got now—but must lose too. But aren't they beautiful—while they've got it? So deadly sure of things—so talky and full of words though the words mattered! It's usin spade as a spade that counts—not you call it. They don't know for all tearing down that they'll build their on important things—like all the *old* vers that lived before them."

"I see, my dear Mrs. Godfrey G. Gl that I really must comfort you. Just t of Bermuda—will you? And the g coming up hard and smooth. Look at t fields over there."

But Helena still looked down the t

After a minute, Jim; but just now last look her eyes cried Godspeed to boys.

BUSINESS LETTER

By Floyd W. Parsons

LETTER writing, especially in business, is being rapidly reduced to something very much in the nature of an exact science. This transformation has been necessitated by changed conditions in commerce and industry. The letters of yesterday would fail in serving the needs of to-day. It is interesting, therefore, to note some of the ideas being evolved by students of the subject.

Personal talks are not always possible in the operation of businesses, and the result is that letters must be substituted for human contact. It follows, therefore, that to be effective in this rôle of proxy for humans, letters must have human qualities. Progressive corporations now realize not only this fact but also the magnitude of the service to the firm in the establishment of good will that well-written letters will render. Practically every large corporation deals with its customers a dozen times as frequently through correspondence as by personal contact. It is not surprising, therefore, that progressive managements are establishing well-planned courses of study within their own organizations to teach employes the most advanced practices in business correspondence. Several companies charge a small fee for the course, returning half the payment when the employe completes the study. This is done to make the course fully appreciated.

Such a course should be placed in the hands of a qualified executive of the company, or a letter-writing expert should be employed. If an outsider is called in it will be necessary for him to study the company's correspondence for several weeks before mapping out the course. Though personal coaching may be undertaken in a limited way, the principal instruction should be given by correspondence. The aim must be to establish uniformity of style, and this must be accomplished without destroying individuality and freshness. Stress should be placed on service to the company; easy, correct diction; forceful expression through concentration on the chief points; and progression to a natural, logical, convincing conclusion.

One concern in an effort to improve the letters written by its employes holds a meeting on company time twice a month, to which all workers of high and low degree are invited, but not officially required to attend. Several persons are appointed to bring in a letter apiece, which was received during the fortnight from some outside correspondent. The employes are expected to criticize their letters, and each one suggests the changes that should be made in his letter. After the several reports have been made a letter writer of recognized ability takes all the letters and comments on the criticisms of the critics. This plan has been found effective in improving the concern's standard of correspondence.

Different types of letters require different styles of treatment. Perhaps the most difficult communication to write is an adjustment letter. In such a communication the opening sentence is vital, for the recipient of the letter is likely to be in an unfavorable frame of mind. Never restate the complaint or commence with an expression of surprise that the customer or client has had trouble. If the writer has decided to make a concession it is far better to do so gracefully, and not at the same time state a number of reasons why he should not do so. Adjustment letters are especially designed to continue business relations, and therefore sarcasm or ill temper has no place in th The writer should avoid flattery and tempts at humor. He should not instr but instead give information. Don't tr force the complainant to admit he is wr Avoid negative suggestions, and never flect on the customer's veracity. S the letter by saying: "It is a real plea to help straighten out this difficulty."

Don't waste words stating a letter been received and that the contents h been noted. Your reply indicates all t Some people call every letter a fav whereas many letters are not favors at A lot of people continually use the w "beg" in writing business communicatio which word conveys an unnecessary impr sion of subservience, besides being ha neyed. The clever letter writer alwa begins and ends his communications by st ing in one form or another the point of vi of the person to whom he is writing. It generally wise to cover up or at least t to disguise the points that are of spec interest to the writer. Many letters a spoiled by including exaggerated stat ments such as the expression, "the bigge value in the world for the money." T telegraph companies tell us that the wo "please" used in telegrams costs mo than one million dollars each year, an that the people spending the money ha made an excellent investment. The wor "please" can be used as effectively in le ters as in telegrams.

The correspondent who trusts his punc tuation to a stenographer admits his incom petence, and should not complain if hi letters are misunderstood. Form letter thoughtfully composed and neatly type are a valuable asset in business, except in cases where correspondents carelessly selec paragraphs that do not fit the subject in hand and cause the letter to lack coher ence. Form letters designed with care usually show restraint and sincerity, and are free of superlatives. In these points they are often superior to letters hastily dictated on the spot.

It is a good plan to avoid trying to cover two separate business transactions in one letter. A number of authorities go so far as even to suggest a different envelope for each letter, although the communications to the same person may be written at the same dictation. Don't use "Gentlemen"; instead say "Dear Sirs." Assume that your stenographer is the person you are writing to, and talk as you would in ordinary conversation. Try to strike a responsive chord, remembering that if you can get the other fellow to feel with you it will be easier to get him to act with you. Don't say "I wish to advise you"; you are not advising, but simply telling him something. The words "tell," "acquaint" and "inform" are far better usage.

Short paragraphs are often attractive, but they can be so brief as to be jerky. If it does not require too long a paragraph it is best to finish the idea or thought in mind in the same paragraph in which you introduce it. In closing a letter it is better to be positive, using a finite verb rather than a participial construction. The expressions "Wishing you success," "Trusting you are well," and so on, are not as strong as "I wish," "I trust," "I hope," and the like. Thousands of correspondents interchange words that are not synonymous.

Few lines of effort to-day offer corporations as great an opportunity to improve their position in business as is presented in the field of commercial letter writing.

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Layout 90
Text 25



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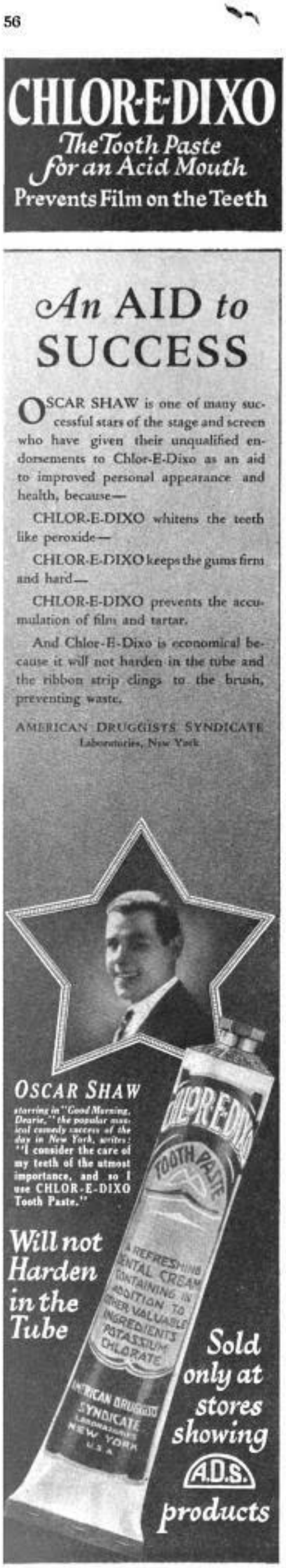
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CHLOR-E-DIXO keeps the gums firm and hard—

CHLOR-E-DIXO prevents the accumulation of film and tartar.

And Chlor-E-Dixo is economical because it will not harden in the tube and the ribbon strip clings to the brush, preventing waste.

AMERICAN DRUGGISTS SYNDICATE
Laboratories, New York



THE COVERED WAGON

(Continued from Page 19)

After a time they drew close together, running parallel and at top speed. At the distance, what Jackson saw was a swift rush of the black horse between the two bulls. For an instant the three seemed to run neck and neck. Then the rider's arms seemed extended, each on its side. Two puffs of blue smoke stained the gray dust. The black horse sprang straight ahead, not swerving to either side. Two stumbling forms slowed, staggered and presently fell. Then the dust passed, and he saw the rider trot back, glancing here and there over the broad rolling plain at the work of himself and his men.

"I seed ye do hit, boy!" exclaimed the grizzled old hunter when they met. "I seed ye plain, an' ef I hadn't, an' ye'd said ye'd did hit, I'd of said ye was a liar."

"Oh, the double?" Banion colored, not ill pleased at praise from Sir Hubert, praise indeed. "Well, I'd heard it could be done."

"Once is enough. Let 'em call ye a liar atter this! Ef ary one o' them bulls had hit ye ye'd have had no hoss; an' ary one was due to hit ye, or drive ye against the other, an' then he would. That's a trap I hain't ridin' inter noways, not me!"

He looked at his own battered piece a trifle ruefully.

"Well, Ole Sal," said he, "'pears like you an' me ain't newfangled enough fer these times, not none! When I git to Oregon, ef I ever do, I'm a goin' to stay thar. Times back, five year ago, no one dreamed o' wagons, let alone plows. Fust thing, they'll be makin' plows with wheels, an' rifles that's six-shooters too!"

He laughed loud and long at his own conceit.

"Well, anyways," said he, "we got meat. We've licked one red nation an' got enough meat to feed the white nation, all in a couple o' days. Not so bad—not so bad."

And that night, in the two separate encampments, the white nation, in bivouac, on its battle ground, sat around the fires of *bois des sackes* till near morning, roasting boss ribs, breaking marrowbones, laughing, singing, boasting, shaking high their weapons of war, men making love to their women—the Americans, most terrible and most successful of all savages in history.

But from one encampment two faces were missing until late—Banion and Jackson of the Missourians. Sam Woodhull, erstwhile column captain of the great train, of late more properly to be called unattached, also was absent. It was supposed by their friends that these men might be out late, superintending the butchering, or that at worst they were benighted far out and would find their way to camp the next morning.

Neither of these guesses was correct. Any guess, to be correct, must have included in one solution the missing men of both encampments, who had hunted miles apart.

XXI

AS BANION and Jackson ended their part in the buffalo running and gave instructions to the wagon men who followed to care for the meat, they found themselves at a distance of several miles from their starting point. They were deep into a high rolling plateau where the going was more difficult than in the level sunken valley of the Platte. Concluding that it would be easier to ride the two sides of the triangle than the one over which they had come out, they headed for the valley at a sharp angle. As they rode, the keen eye of Jackson caught sight of a black object apparently struggling on the ground at the bottom of a little swale which made down in a long ribbon of green.

"Look-ee yan!" he exclaimed. "Some feller's lost his buffler, I expect. Let's ride down an' put him out'n his misery afore the wolves does."

They swung off and rode for a time toward the strange object. Banion pulled up.

"That's no buffalo! That's a man and his horse! He's bogged down!"

"You're right, Will, an' bogged bad! I've knew that light-green slough to cover the worst sort o' quicksands. She runs black sand under the mud, God knows how deep. You can't run a buffler inter hit—he knows. Come on!"

They spurred down a half mile of gentle slope, hard and firm under foot, and halted at the edge of one of the strange man traps which sometimes were found in the undrained Plains—a slough of tall, coarse, waving grass which undoubtedly got its moisture from some lower stratum.

In places a small expanse of glistening black mud appeared, although for the most part the mask of innocent-looking grass covered all signs of danger. It was, in effect, the dreaded quicksand, the octopus of the Plains, which covered from view more than one victim and left no discoverable trace.

The rider had attempted to cross a narrow neck of the slough. His mount had begun to sink and flounder, had been urged forward until the danger was obvious. Then, too late, the rider had flung off and turned back, sinking until his feet and legs were gripped by the layer of deep soft sand below. It was one of the rarest but most terrible accidents of the savage wilderness.

Blackened by the mud which lay on the surface, his hat half buried, his arms beating convulsively as he threw himself forward again and again, the victim must in all likelihood soon have exhausted himself. The chill of night on the high Plains soon would have done the rest, and by good fortune he might have died before meeting his entombment. His horse ere this had accepted fate, and ceasing to struggle lay almost buried, his head and neck supported by a trembling bit of floating grass roots.

"Steady, friend!" called out Banion as he ran to the edge. "Don't fight it! Spread your arms and lie still! We'll get you out!

"Quick! My lariat, Jackson, and yours!" he added.

The scout was already freeing the saddle ropes. The two horses stood, reins down, snorting at the terror before them, whose menace they now could sense.

"Take the horse!" called Banion. "I'll get the man!"

He was coiling the thin, braided hide *reata*, soft as a glove and strong as steel, which always hung at the Spanish saddle.

He cast, and cast again—yet again, the loop at forty feet gone to nothing. The very silence of the victim nerved him to haste, and he stepped in knee deep, finding only mud, the trickle of black sands being farther out. The rope sped once more, and fell within reach—was caught. A sob or groan came, the first sound. Even then from the imprisoned animal beyond him came that terrifying sound, the scream of a horse in mortal terror. Jackson's rope fell short.

"Get the rope under your arms!" called Banion to the blackened, sodden figure before him. Slowly, feebly, his order was obeyed. With much effort the victim got the loop below one arm, across a shoulder, and then paused.

"Your rope, quick, Bill!"

Jackson hurried and they joined the ends of the two ropes.

"Not my horse—he's wild. Dally on to your own saddle, Bill, and go slow or you'll tear his head off."

The scout's pony, held by the head and backed slowly, squatted to its haunches, snorting, but heaving strongly. The head of the victim was drawn oddly toward his shoulder by the loop, but slowly, silently, his hands clutching at the rope, his body began to rise, to slip forward.

Banion, deep as he dared, at last caught him by the collar, turned up his face. He was safe. Jackson heard the rescuer's deep exclamation, but was busy.

"Cast free, Will, cast free quick, and I'll try for the horse!"

He did try, with the lengthened rope, cast after cast, paying little attention to the work of Banion, who dragged out his man and bent over him as he lay motionless on the safe edge of the treacherous sunken sands which still half buried him.

"No use!" exclaimed the older man. He ran to his saddle and got his deadly double barrel, then stepped as close to the sinking animal as he could.

There came a roar. The head of the horse dropped flat, began to sink. "Pore critter!" muttered the old man, and now hastened to aid Banion.

The latter turned a set face toward him and pointed. The rescued man had opened his eyes. He reached now convulsively for a tuft of grass, paused, stared.

"It's Sam Woodhull!" ejaculated the scout. Then, suddenly, "Git away, Will—move back!"

Banion looked over his shoulder as he stood, his own hands and arms, his clothing, black with mire. The old man's gray eye was like a strange gem, gleaming at far end of the deadly double tube, w was leveled direct at the prostrate m forehead.

"No!" Banion's call was quick and perative. He flung up a hand, stepped tween. "No! You'd kill him—now?"

With a curse Jackson flung his gun f him, began to re-coil the muddied ro At length, without a word, he came Banion's side. He reached down, ca an arm and helped Banion drag the ma on the grass. He caught off a handf herbage and thrust it out to Wood who remained silent before what see his certain fate.

"Wipe off yore face, you skunk!" the scout. Then he seated himself, rosely, hands before knees.

"Will Banion," said he, "ye're a foo ye're a nacherl-borned, congenual, ingr damned fool! Ye're flyin' in the face Proverdence, which planted this crit right here fer us to leave where no on ever be the wiser, an' where he could never do no more devilment. Ye id leave me kill him, ef ye're too chick hearted yoreself! Or leave us throw h back in again!"

Banion would not speak at first, thou his eyes never left Woodhull's streak ghastly face.

At length he said slowly, "If we hadn joined Scott and climbed Chapultepec t gether, I'd kill you like a dog, right her Shall I give you one more chance to squa things for me? You know what I mea Will you promise?"

"Promise?" broke in Jackson. "I damned fool, would ye believe ary promi he made even now? I tell-ee, boy, he murder ye the fust chanct he gets. He tried hit one night afore. Leave me cut h throat, Will! Ye'll never be safe ontel I d Leave me cut his throat er kill him with rock. Hit's only right."

Banion shook his head.

"No," he said slowly, "I couldn't, an you must not.

"Do you promise?" he repeated to th helpless man. "Get up—stand up! D you promise—will you swear?"

"Swear? Hell!" Jackson also rose a Woodhull staggered to his feet. "Ye know this man orto kill ye, and ye sneaked hit, didn't ye? Whar's yer gun?"

"There!" Woodhull nodded to the bog, over which no object now showed. "I'm helpless! I'll promise! I'll swear!"

"Then we'll not sound the no-quarter charge that you and I have heard the Spanish trumpets blow. You will remember the shoulder of a man who fought with you? You'll do what you can now—at any cost?"

"What cost?" demanded Woodhull thickly.

Banion's own white teeth showed as he smiled.

"What difference?" said he. "What odds?"

"That's hit!" Again Jackson cut in, inexorable. "Hit's no difference to him what he sw'ars, yet he'd bargain even now. Hit's about the gal!"

"Hush!" said Banion sternly. "Not another word!

"Figure on what it means to you." He turned to Woodhull. "I know what it means to me. I've got to have my own last chance, Woodhull, and I'm saving you for that only. Is your last chance now as good as mine? This isn't mercy—I'm trading now. You know what I mean."

Woodhull had freed his face of the mud as well as he could. He walked away, stooped at a trickle of water to wash himself. Jackson quietly rose and kicked the shotgun back farther from the edge. Woodhull now was near to Banion's horse, which, after his fashion, always came and stood close to his master. The butts of the two dragoon revolvers showed in their holsters at the saddle. When he rose from the muddy margin, shaking his hands as to dry them, he walked toward the horse. With a sudden leap, without a word, he sprang beyond the horse, with a swift clutch at both revolvers, all done with a catlike quickness not to have been predicted. He stood clear of the plunging horse, both weapons leveled, covering his two rescuers.

"Evener now!" His teeth bared. "Promise me!"

(Continued on Page 59)

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The Small Car Deserves a Good Tire



"A Tire that Will be Known Everywhere"

The 30×3½ Clincher Cord at $12.50

You would doubtless like to have cord tires on your car, if you could be sure you could afford them and that they were really as good as the cords made for larger cars.

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Mr. Seiberling, after many years of cord-tire production—resulting in the world's largest cord-tire business—was satisfied that a high-grade 30 x 3½ Clincher Cord could be built and sold at a price which would put it within reach of the average owner of a small car, and which would at the same time relieve any doubt as to whether it really was a better investment than a good fabric tire.

Such a tire has now been produced. It has equally as good materials and construction advantages as the larger size (straight-side) Seiberling Cords.

This Seiberling Clincher Cord has very strong features to recommend it to the owner of a small car.

The tough, durable rubber of the tread is continuous from bead to bead, preventing tread-separation, assuring side-wall resistance to ruts, gravel and other rough going, and it is strong at the shoulder, where most small clincher cords have been weak.

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It has one tread design (anti-skid) for all wheels, making tires interchangeable. It is semi-flat, giving better traction and longer wearing qualities.

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How Manufacturers Reduce Cost of Building 15%

The Application of Mill Construction to Factory Building. Also Reduces Carrying Charges, Taxes, Insurance

MANY a business man has, in the last twelve months, come to realize the true meaning of costly factory buildings.

Extravagant building investments, entailing high, fixed overhead, are proving an almost insurmountable handicap in the present intensely competitive period.

A big price to pay for yielding to fear of fire, instead of investigating the causes of fire and the real facts of fire protection.

And entirely unnecessary when the application of a single established principle of commercial building construction, coupled with adequate sprinkler protection, might have *saved him* 15% *on building investment,* 15% *on interest carrying charges, a considerable amount on taxes and as much as* 75% *on actual insurance costs.*

NO wonder industrial executives are, more and more, figuring necessary industrial building in terms of fire resistant, sprinklered "mill construction."

They are finding that insurance rates are much lower than on so-called fire-proof buildings, unsprinklered, while the rate is, at the same time, applied on a lower valuation.

It is, after all, not buildings so much as contents that constitute fire hazard; and trying to reduce fire hazard by increasing building investment only piles up the overhead, and unnecessarily increases costs.

Engineers and architects, long familiar with the principle of fire-resistant, sprinklered "mill construction," yet obliged to limit its use because of lack of sufficient uniformly safe timbers with which to apply it, are now unhesitatingly recommending it.

Timber values are no longer a matter of guesswork.

The work of testing engineers, scientists and lumber experts, extending over a period of years, now makes possible the selection of timbers for "mill construction" *based on uniform values.*

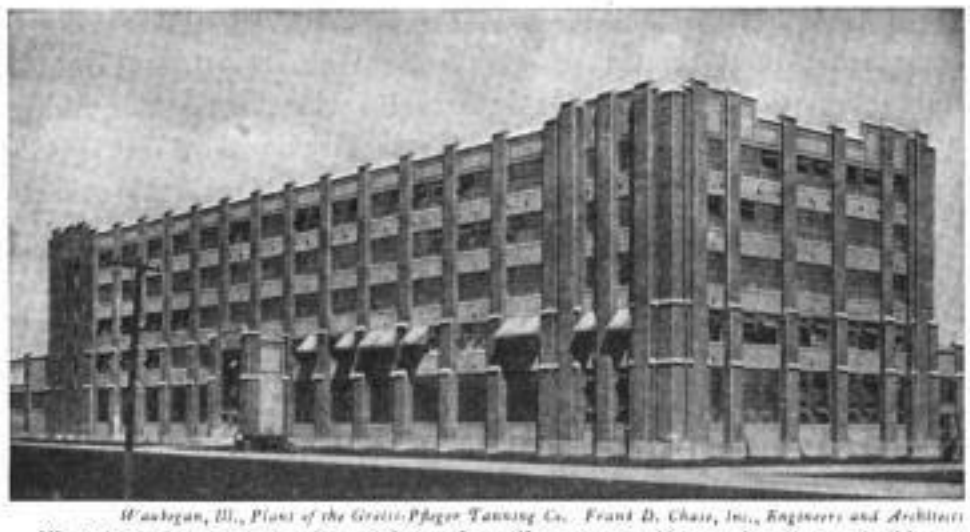
IT is now possible to secure selected timbers for the most exacting industrial uses from the Douglas Fir Mills of the Weyerhaeuser organization or from its great distributing plants in the heart of the Eastern and Mid-western markets.

Just what the principle of fire-resistant, sprinklered "mill construction" is as applied to commercial buildings, and just why Weyerhaeuser selection of timbers now makes this principle practical of application, is told in two booklets sent free on request.

Weyerhaeuser Forest Products are distributed through the established trade channels by the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company, Spokane, Washington, with branch offices at 208 S. La Salle St., Chicago; 1015 Lexington Bldg., Baltimore; and 4th and Roberts Sts., St. Paul; and with representatives throughout the country.

MANUFACTURERS who have assumed that so-called fire-proof building is necessary to lower insurance rates are surprised to discover that thousands of the greatest mills in the country — sprinklered "mill construction" buildings, in which brick and wood have been intelligently combined into factories of great utility and adaptability — are paying today lower insurance costs than almost any other class of insurance risks and that their losses over a recent three-year period have averaged only 3½ cents per $100.00 of insurance written.

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(Continued from Page 56)

ıson's deep curse was his answer. ı rose, his arms folded.
ou're a liar and a coward, Sam!" said Shoot, if you've got the nerve!"
edible, yet the man was a natural rer. His eye narrowed. There came t motion, a double empty click!
y again, Sam!" said Banion, taunt- m. "Bad luck—you landed on an !"
did try again. Swift as an adder, his flung first one and then the other ın into action. Click after click, no Jackson sat dumb, expecting death.
hey're all empty, Sam," said Banion t as the murderer cast down the re- rs and stood with spread hands. "For irst time, I didn't reload. I didn't I'd need them."
'ou can't blame me!" broke out Wood- "You said it was no quarter! Isn't soner justified in trying to escape?"
'ou've not escaped," said Banion, y now. "Rope him, Jackson."
e thin soft hide cord fell around the s neck, tightened.
Now," shrilled Jackson, "I'll give ye g's death!"
sprang to the side of the black liard, who by training had settled , tightening the rope.

XXII

ATCHING the intention of the mad- dened man, now bent only on swift re- ge, Banion sprang to the head of his e, flinging out an arm to keep Jackson of the saddle. The horse, frightened he stubborn struggle between the two, ng away. Woodhull was pulled flat the rope about his neck, nor could he en it now with his hands, for the horse t steadily away. Any instant and he ght be off in a mad flight, dragging the n to his death.
'Ho! Pronto—vien aqui!"
Banion's command again quieted the mal. His ears forward, he came up, ickering his own query as to what really s asked of him.
Banion caught the bridle rein once more d eased the rope. Jackson by now had shotgun and was shouting, crazed with ger. Woodhull's life chance was not rth a bawbee.
It was his enemy who saved it once ain, for inscrutable but unaltered reasons his own.
"Drop that, Jackson!" called Banion. Do as I tell you! This man's mine!"
Cursing himself, his friend, their cap- ve, the horse, his gun and all animate and animate Nature in his blood rage, the d man, livid in wrath, stalked away at ngth. "I'll kill him sometime, ef ye on't yerself!" he screamed, his beard rembling. "Ye damned fool!"
"Get up, Woodhull!" commanded Ban- n. "You've tried once more to kill me. f course, I'll not take any oath or prom- e from you now. You don't understand uch things. The blood of a gentleman isn't nywhere in your strain. But I'll give you ne more chance—give myself that chance oo. There's only one thing you under- tand. That's fear. Yet I've seen you on firing line, and you started with Don- phan's men. We didn't know we had a oward with us. But you are a coward.
"Now I leave you to your fear! You know what I want—more than life it is to me; but your life is all I have to offer for it. I'm going to wait till then.
"Come on now! You'll have to walk. Jackson won't let you have his horse. My own never carried a woman but once, and he's never carried a coward at all. Jack- son shall not have the rope. I'll not let him kill you."
"What do you mean?" demanded the prisoner, not without his effrontery.
The blood came back to Banion's face, his control breaking.
"I mean for you to walk, trot, gallop, damn you! If you don't you'll strangle here instead of somewhere else in time."
He swung up, and Jackson sullenly fol- lowed.
"Give me that gun," ordered Banion, and took the shotgun and slung it in the pommel loop of his own saddle.
The gentle amble of the black stallion kept the prisoner at a trot. At times Banion checked, never looking at the man following, his hands at the rope, panting.
"Ye'll try him in the camp council, Will?" began Jackson once more. "Any- ways that? He's a murderer. He tried to kill us both, and he will yet. Boy, ye rid with Doniphan, an' don't know the *ley refugio?* Hasn't the prisoner tried to es- cape? Ain't that old as Mayheeco Veeayho? Take this skunk in on a good rope like that? Boy, ye're crazy!"
"Almost," nodded Banion. "Almost. Come on. It's late."
It was late when they rode down into the valley of the Platte. Below them twinkled hundreds of little fires of the white nation, feasting. Above, myriad stars shone in a sky unbelievably clear. On every hand rose the roaring howls of the great gray wolves, also feasting now; the lesser chorus of yapping coyotes. The savage night of the Plains was on. Through it passed three savage figures, one a staggering, stumbling man with a rope around his neck.
They came into the guard circle, into the dog circle of the encampment; but when challenged answered, and were not stopped.
"Here, Jackson," said Banion at length, "take the rope. I'm going to our camp. I'll not go into this train. Take this pistol—it's loaded now. Let off the *reata*, walk close to this man. If he runs, kill him. Find Molly Wingate. Tell her Will Banion has sent her husband to her—once more. It's the last time."
He was gone in the dark. Bill Jackson, having first meticulously exhausted the en- tire vituperative resources of the English, the Spanish and all the Indian languages he knew, finally poked the muzzle of the pistol into Woodhull's back.
"Git, damn ye!" he commanded. "Cen- ter, guide! Forrerd, march! Ye ——"
He improvised now, all known terms of contempt having been heretofore em- ployed.
Threading the way past many feast fires, he did find the Wingate wagons at length, did find Molly Wingate. But there his memory failed him. With a skinny hand at Sam Woodhull's collar, he flung him for- ward.
"Here, Miss Molly," said he, "this thing is somethin' Major Banion sont in ter ye by me. We find hit stuck in the mud. He said ye're welcome."
But neither he nor Molly really knew why that other man had spared Sam Wood- hull's life, or what it was he awaited in return for Sam Woodhull's life.
All that Jackson could do he did. As he turned in the dark he implanted a heartfelt kick which sent Sam Woodhull on his knees before Molly Wingate as she stood in won- dering silence.
Then arose sudden clamorings of those who had seen part of this—seen an armed man assault another, unarmed and de- fenseless, at their very firesides. Men came running up. Jesse Wingate came out from the side of his wagon.
"What's all this?" he demanded. "Woodhull, what's up? What's wrong here?"

XXIII

TO THE challenge of Wingate and his men Jackson made answer with a high- pitched fighting yell. Sweeping his pistol muzzle across and back again over the front of the closing line, he sprang into saddle and wheeled away.
"Hit means we've brung ye back a murderer. Git yer own rope—ye kain't have mine! Ef ye-all want trouble with Old Missoury over this, er anything else, come runnin' in the mornin'. Ye'll find us sp'ilin' fer a fight!"
He was off in the darkness.
Men clustered around the draggled man, one of their own men, recently one in authority. Their indignation rose, well grounded on the growing feeling between the two segments of the train. When Woodhull had told his own story, in his own way, some were for raiding the Missouri detachment forthwith. Soberer counsel prevailed. In the morning Price, Hall and Kelsey rode over to the Missouri encamp- ment and asked for their leader. Banion met them while the work of breaking camp went on, the cattle herd being already driven in and held at the rear by lank youthful riders, themselves sp'ilin' fer a fight.
"Major Banion," began Caleb Price, "we've come over to get some sort of understanding between your men and ours. It looks like trouble. I don't want trouble."
"Nor do I," rejoined Banion. "We started out for Oregon as friends. It seems to me that should remain our purpose. No little things should alter that."
"Precisely. But little things have al- tered it. I don't propose to pass on any

(Continued on Page 61)



"Of course you want a Skinner Lining"

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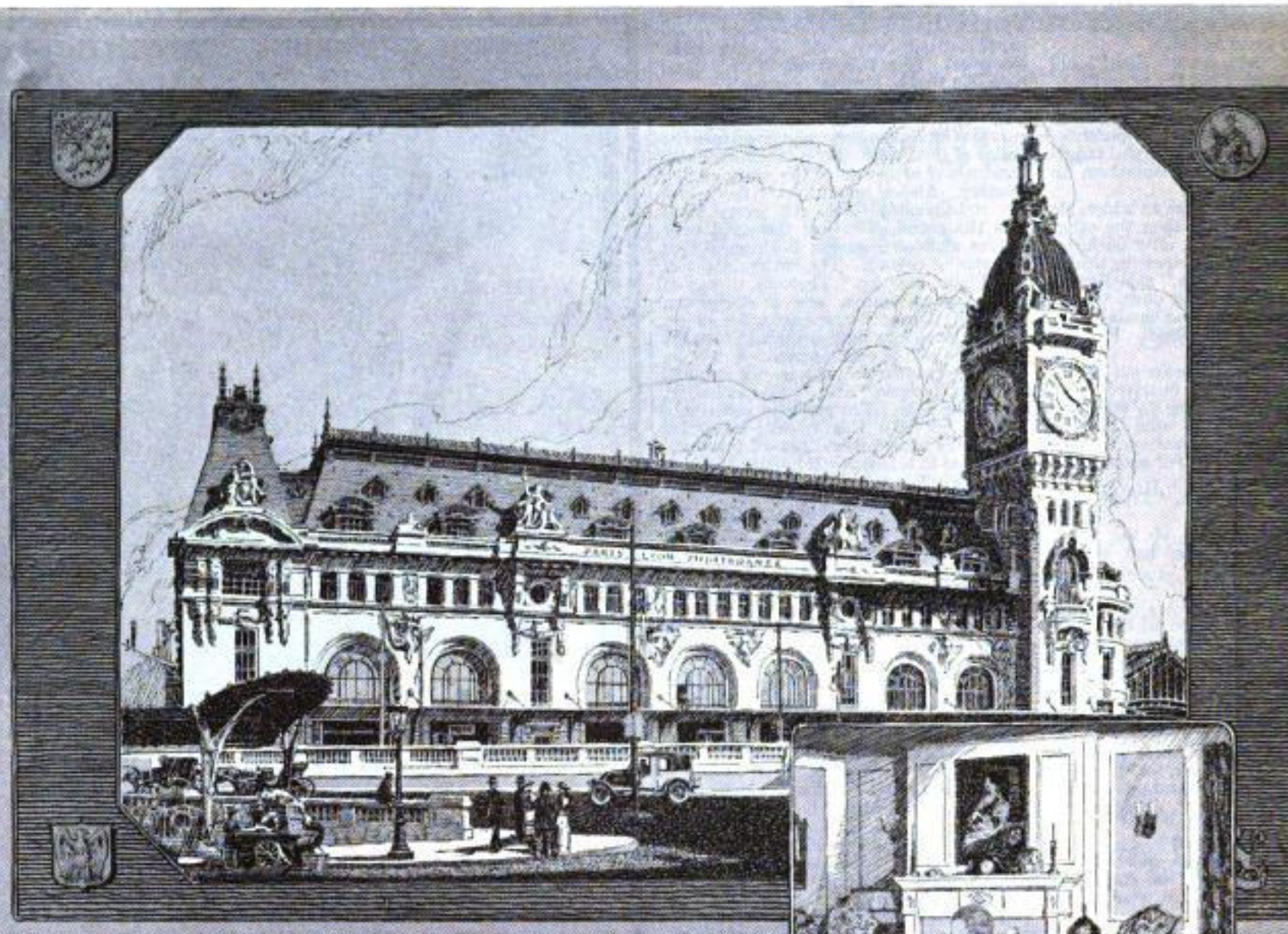
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(Continued from Page 59)

between you and one of our
a man from your own town, your
ment. But that has now reached
where it might mean open war
two parts of our train. That
ean ruin. That's wrong."
," replied Banion, "surely it is.
e, to avoid that, I was just ordering
ple to pull out. I doubt if we could
ogether now. I don't want war with
ends. I reckon we can take care of
emies. Will this please you?"
b Price held out his hand.
ajor, I don't know the truth of any of
ings I've heard, and I think those are
s that may be settled later on. But
bliged to say that many of our people
you and your leadership more than
lo our own. I don't like to see you

ell, then we won't leave. We'll hold
nd follow you. Isn't that fair?"
is more than fair, for you can go
now than we can, like enough. But
ou promise me one thing, sir?"
hat is it?"
we get in trouble and send back for
will you come?"
es, we'll come. But pull on out now,
e. My men want to travel. We've
ur meat slung on lines along the
s to cure as we move. We'll wait till
for you."
is fair." Price turned to his asso-
. "Ride back, Kelsey, and tell Win-
we all think we should break camp at

ou see," he added to Banion, "he
dn't even ride over with us. I regret
break between you and him. Can't it
ended?"
sudden spasm passed across Will
on's browned face.
t cannot," said he, "at least not here
now. But the women and children
have no risk on that account. If we
ever help, we'll come."
he two again shook hands, and the
gate lieutenants rode away, so ratify-
a formal division of the train.
What do you make of all this, Hall?"
d sober-going Caleb Price at last.
hat's the real trouble? Is it about the
?"
Oh, yes; but maybe more. You heard
t Woodhull said. Even if Banion de-
l it, it would be one man's word against
other's. Well, it's wide out here, and
law."
They'll fight?"
Will two roosters that have been
asted?"

XXIV

AME now once more the notes of the
bugle in signal for the assembly. Word
sed down the scattered Wingate lines,
atch up! Catch up!"
Riders went out to the day guards with
lers to round up the cattle. Dark lines
the driven stock began to dribble in from
e edge of the valley. One by one the
rralled vehicles broke park, swung front
rear, until the columns again held on the
aten road up the valley in answer to
e command, "Roll out! Roll out!" The
lissourians, long aligned and ready, fell in
r behind and pitched camp early. There
re two trains, not one.
Now, hour after hour and day by day, the
ll of the trail through sand flats and dog
wns, deadly in its monotony, held them
l in apathy. The light-heartedness of
e start in early spring was gone. By this
me the spare spaces in the wagons were
pt filled with meat, for always there were
uffalo now. Lines along the sides of the
agons held loads of rudely made jerky—
ieces of meat slightly salted and exposed
o the clear dry air to finish curing.

But as the people fed full there began a curious sloughing off of the social compact, a change in personal attitude. A dozen wagons, short of supplies or guided by faint hearts, had their fill of the Far West and sullenly started back east. Three dozen broke train and pulled out independently for the West, ahead of Wingate, mule and horse transport again rebelling against being held back by the ox teams. More and more community cleavages began to define. The curse of flies by day, of mosquitoes by night added increasing miseries for the travelers. The hot midday sun wore sore on them. Restless high spirits, grief over personal losses, fear of the future, alike combined to lessen the solidarity of the great train; but still it inched along on its way to Oregon, putting behind mile after mile of the great valley of the Platte.

The grass now lay yellow in the blaze of the sun, the sandy dust was inches deep in the great road, cut by thousands of wheels. Flotsam and jetsam, wreckage, showed more and more. Skeletons of cattle, bodies not yet skeletons, aroused no more than a casual look. Furniture lay cast aside, even broken wagons, their wheels fallen apart, showing intimate disaster. The actual hardships of the great trek thrust themselves into evidence on every hand, at every hour. Often was passed a little cross, half buried in the sand, or the tail gate of a wagon served as head board for some ragged epitaph of some ragged man.

It was decided to cross the South Fork at the upper ford, so called. Here was pause again for the Wingate train. The shallow and fickle stream, fed by the June rise in the mountains, now offered a score of channels, all treacherous. A long line of oxen, now wading and now swimming, dragging a long rope to which a chain was rigged—the latter to pull the wagon forward when the animals got footing on ahead—made a constant sight for hours at a time. One wagon after another was snaked through as rapidly as possible. Once bogged down in a fast channel, the fluent sand so rapidly filled in the spokes that the settling wagon was held as though in a giant vise. It was new country, new work for them all; but they were Americans of the frontier.

The men were in the water all day long for four days, swimming, wading, digging. Perhaps the first plow furrow west of the Kaw was cast when some plows eased down the precipitous bank which fronted one of the fording places. Beyond that lay no mark of any plow for more than a thousand miles.

They now had passed the Plains, as first they crossed the prairie. The thin tongue of land between the two forks, known as the Highlands of the Platte, made vestibule to the mountains. The scenery began to change, to become rugged, semimountainous. They noted and held in sight for a day the Courthouse Rock, the Chimney Rock, long known to the fur traders, and opened up wide vistas of desert architecture new to their experiences.

They were now amid great and varied abundance of game. A thousand buffalo, five, ten, might be in sight at one time, and the ambition of every man to kill his buffalo long since had been gratified. Black-tailed deer and antelope were common, and even the mysterious bighorn sheep of which some of them had read. Each tributary stream now had its delicious mountain trout. The fires at night had abundance of the best of food, cooked for the most part over the native fuel of the *bois des vaches*.

The grass showed yet shorter, proving the late presence of the toiling Mormon caravan on ahead. The weather of late June was hot, the glare of the road blinding. The wagons began to fall apart in the





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Another Detachment of the Great Army Following the Hegira of the Mormons Was Now Approaching Laramie

dry, absorbent air of the high country. And always skeletons lay along the trail. An ox abandoned by its owners as too footsore for further travel might better have been shot than abandoned. The gray wolves would surely pull it down before another day. Continuously such tragedies of the wilderness went on before their wearying eyes.

Breaking down from the highlands through the Ash Hollow gap, the train felt its way to the level of the North Fork of the great river which had led them for so long. Here some trapper once had built a cabin—the first work of the sort in six hundred miles—and by some strange concert this deserted cabin had years earlier been constituted a post office of the desert. Hundreds of letters, bundles of papers were addressed to people all over the world, east and west. No government recognized this office, no postage was employed in it. Only, in the hope that someone passing east or west would carry on the inclosures without price, folk here sent out their souls into the invisible.

"How far'll we be out, at Laramie?" demanded Molly Wingate of the train scout, Bridger, whom Banion had sent on to Wingate in spite of his protest.

"Nigh onto six hundred and sixty-seven mile they call it, ma'am, from Independence to Laramie, an' we'll be two months a-makin' hit, which everges around ten mile a day."

"But it's most to Oregon, hain't it?"

"Most to Oregon? Ma'am, it's nigh three hundred mile beyond Laramie to the South Pass, an' the South Pass hain't halfway to Oregon. Why, ma'am, we ain't well begun!"

XXV

AN OLD gray man in buckskins sat on the ground in the shade of the adobe stockade at old Fort Laramie, his knees high in front of him, his eyes fixed on the ground. His hair fell over his shoulders in long curls which had once been brown. His pointed beard fell on his breast. He sat silent and motionless, save that constantly he twisted a curl around a forefinger, over and over again. It was his way. He was a long-hair, a man of another day. He had seen the world change in six short years, since the first wagon crossed yonder ridges, where now showed yet one more wagon train approaching.

He paid no attention to the débris and discard of this new day which lay all about him as he sat and dreamed of the days of trap and packet. Near at hand were pieces of furniture leaning against the walls, not bought or sold, but abandoned as useless here at Laramie. Wagon wheels, tireless, their fellies falling apart, lay on the ground, and other ruins of great wagons, dried and disjointed now.

Dust lay on the ground. The grass near by was all cropped short. Far off, a village of the Cheyennes, come to trade, and sullen over the fact that little now could be had for robes or peltries, grazed their ponies aside from the white man's road. Six hundred lodges of the Sioux were on the tributary river a few miles distant. The old West was making a last gallant stand at Laramie.

Inside the gate a mob of white men, some silent and businesslike, many drunken and boisterous, pushed here and there for access to the trading shelves, long since almost bare of goods. Six thousand emigrants passed that year.

It was the Fourth of July in Old Laramie, and men in jeans and wool and buckskin were celebrating. Old Laramie had seen life—all of life, since the fur days of La Ramée in 1821. Having now superciliously sold out to these pilgrims, reserving only alcohol enough for its own consumption, Old Laramie was willing to [illegible] world wag, and content to twiddle a [illegible] around a finger.

But yet another detachment of the great army following the hegira of the Mormons was now approaching Laramie. In the warm sun of mid-morning, its worn wheels rattling, its cattle limping and with lolling tongues, this caravan forded and swung wide into corral below the crowded tepees of the sullen tribesmen.

Ahead of it now dashed a horseman, swinging his rifle over his head and uttering Indian yells. He pulled up at the very door of the old adobe guard tower with its mounted swivel guns; swung off, pushed on into the honeycomb of the inner structure.

The famous border fortress was built around a square, the living quarters on one side, the trading rooms on another. Few Indians were admitted at one time, other than the Indian wives of the *engagés*, the officials of the fur company or of the attached white or halfbreed hunters. Above some of the inner buildings were sleeping lofts. The inner open space served as a general meeting ground. Indolent but on guard, Old Laramie held her watch, a rear guard of the passing West in its wild days before the plow.

All residents here knew Jim Bridger. He sought out the man in charge.

"How, Bordeaux?" he began. "Whar's the bourgeois, Papin?"

"Down river—h'east after goods."

The trader, hands on his little counter, nodded to his shelves.

"Nada!" he said in his polyglot speech. "Hi'll not got a damned thing lef'. How many loads you'll got for your h'own post, Jeem?"

"Eight wagons. Iron, flour and bacon."

"Hi'll pay ye double here what you'll kin git retail there, Jeem, and take it h'all h'off your hand. This h'emigrant, she'll beat the fur."

"I'll give ye half," said Bridger. "Thar's people here needs supplies that ain't halfway acrost. But what's the news, Bordeaux? Are the Crows down?"

"On the Sweetwater, h'awaitin' for the peelgrim. Hi'll heard of your beeg fight on the Platte. Plenty beeg fight on ahead, too, maybe so. You'll bust up the trade, Jeem. My Sioux, she's scare to come h'on the post an' trade. He'll stay h'on the veellage, her."

"Every dog to his own yard. Is that all the news?"

"Five thousand Mormons, he'll gone by h'aready. H'womans pullin' the han'cart, *sacre Enfant!* News—you'll ought to know the news. You'll been h'on the settlement six mont'!"

"Hit seemed six year. The hull white nation's movin'. So. That all?"

"Well, go h'ask Keet. He's come up South Fork yesterdays. Maybe so *quelq'cho' des nouvelles* h'out West. I dunno, me."

"Kit—Kit Carson, you mean? What's Kit doing here?"

"*Oui*. I dunno, me."

He nodded to a door. Bridger pushed past him. In an inner room a party of border men were playing cards at a table. Among these was a slight, sandy-haired man of middle age and mild blue eye. It was indeed Carson, the redoubtable scout and guide, a better man even than Bridger in the work of the wilderness.

"How are you, Jim?" he said quietly, reaching up a hand as he sat. "Haven't seen you for five years. What are you doing here?"

He rose now and put down his cards. The game broke up. Others gathered around Bridger and greeted him. It was some time before the two mountain men got apart from the others.

"What brung ye north, Kit?" demanded Bridger at length. "You was in Californy in '47, with the general."

"Yes, I was in California this spring. The treaty's been signed with Mexico. We get the country from the Rio Grande west, including California. I'm carrying dispatches to General Kearny at Leavenworth. There's talk about taking over Laramie for an army post. The tribes are up in arms. The trade's over, Jim."

"What I know, an' have been sayin'! Let's have a drink, Kit, fer old times."

Laughing, Carson turned his pockets inside out. As he did so something heavy fell from his pocket to the floor. In courtesy as much as curiosity Bridger stooped first to pick it up. As he rose he saw Carson's face change as he held out his hand.

"What's this stone, Kit—yer medicine?"

But Bridger's own face altered suddenly as he now guessed the truth. He looked about him suddenly, his mouth tight. Kit Carson rose and they passed from the room.

"Only one thing heavy as that, Mister Kit!" said Bridger fiercely. "Where'd you git hit? My gran'pap had some o' that. Hit come from North Carliny years ago. I know what hit is—hit's gold! Kit Carson, damn ye, hit's the gold!"

"Shut your mouth, you fool!" said Carson. "Yes, it's gold. But do you want me to be a liar to my general? That's part of my dispatches."

"Hit come from Californy?"

"Curse me, yes, California! I was ordered to get the news to the Army first. You're loose-tongued, Jim. Can you keep this?"

"Like a grave, Kit."

"Then here!"

Carson felt inside his shirt and pulled out a meager and ill-printed sheet which told the most epochal news that this or any country has known—the midwinter discovery of gold at Sutter's Mills.

A flag was flying over Laramie stockade, and this flag the mountain men saw fit to salute with many libations, hearing now that it was to fly forever over California as over Oregon. Crowding the stockade inclosure full was a motley throng—border men in buckskins, *engagés* swart as Indians, French breeds, full-blood Cheyennes and Sioux of the northern hills, all mingling with the curious emigrants who had come in from the wagon camps. Plump Indian girls, many of them very comely, some of them wives of the trappers who still hung about Laramie, ogled the newcomers, laughing, giggling together as young women of any color do, their black hair sleek with oil, their cheeks red with vermilion, their wrists heavy with brass or copper or pinchbeck circlets, their small moccasined feet peeping beneath gaudy calico given them by their white lords. Older squaws, envious but perforce resigned, muttered as their own stern-faced stolid red masters ordered them to keep close. Of the full-bloods, whether Sioux or Cheyennes, only those drunk were other than sullenly silent and resentful as they watched the white man's orgy at Old Laramie on the Fourth of July of 1848.

Far flung along the pleasant valley lay a vast picture possible in no other land or day. The scattered covered wagons, the bands of cattle and horses, the white[illegible] rising now in scores, the blue of many[illegible] all proved that now the white man[illegible] come to fly his flag over a new frontier.

Bridger stood, chanting an Indian [illegible] A group of men came out, also excited patriotic drink. A tall man in moc[illegible] led, his fringed shirt open over a [illegible] breast, his young squaw following him.

"Let me see one o' them da[illegible] things!" he was exclaiming. "That's I left home fifty year ago. Pap wante[illegible] make me plow! I ain't seed one since, I'll bet a pony I kin run her right now! git yer plow things, boys, and fotch on sort of cow critter suits ye. I'll bet I hook 'em up and plow with 'em, too, r[illegible] yere!"

The old gray man at the gate sat twisted his long curls.

The sweet wind of the foothills [illegible] aslant the smokes of a thousand [illegible] Over the vast landscape passed many m[illegible] ing figures. Young Indian men, ma[illegible] Sioux, some Cheyennes, a few Gros Ven[illegible] of the Prairie, all peaceable under the t[illegible] truce of the trading post, rode out f[illegible] their villages to their pony herds. F[illegible] the post came the occasional note of an harmonic drum, struck without rhythm[illegible] a hand gone lax. The singers no lo[illegible] knew they sang. The border feast [illegible] lasted long. Keg after keg had be[illegible] broached. The Indian drums were goi[illegible] Came the sound of monotonous singi[illegible] broken with staccato yells as the bo[illegible] dance, two races still mingling, went [illegible] with aboriginal excesses on either side. [illegible] the slopes as dusk came twinkled countl[illegible] tepee fires. Dogs barked mournfu[illegible] a-distant. The heavy half roar of t[illegible] buffalo wolves, superciliously confide[illegible] echoed from the broken country.

Now and again a tall Indian, naked s[illegible] where he clutched his robe to him unco[illegible] sciously, came staggering to his tepee, h[illegible] face distorted, yelling obscene words s[illegible] not knowing what he said. Patient, h[illegible] youngest squaw stood by his tepee, h[illegible] spear held aloft to mark his door pla[illegible] waiting for her lord to come. Wolfish do[illegible] lay along the tepee edges, noses in ta[illegible] eying the master cautiously. A grumblin[illegible] old woman mended the fire at her own si[illegible] of the room, nearest the door, spreadi[illegible] smooth robes where the man's medici[illegible] hung at the willow tripod, his slatted la[illegible] back near by. In due time all would kn[illegible] whether at the game of "hands," while th[illegible] feast went on, the little elusive bone h[illegible] won or lost for him. Perhaps he had lo[illegible] his horses, his robes, his weapons—hi[illegible] squaws. The white man's medicine wa[illegible] strong, and there was much of it on th[illegible] feasting day.

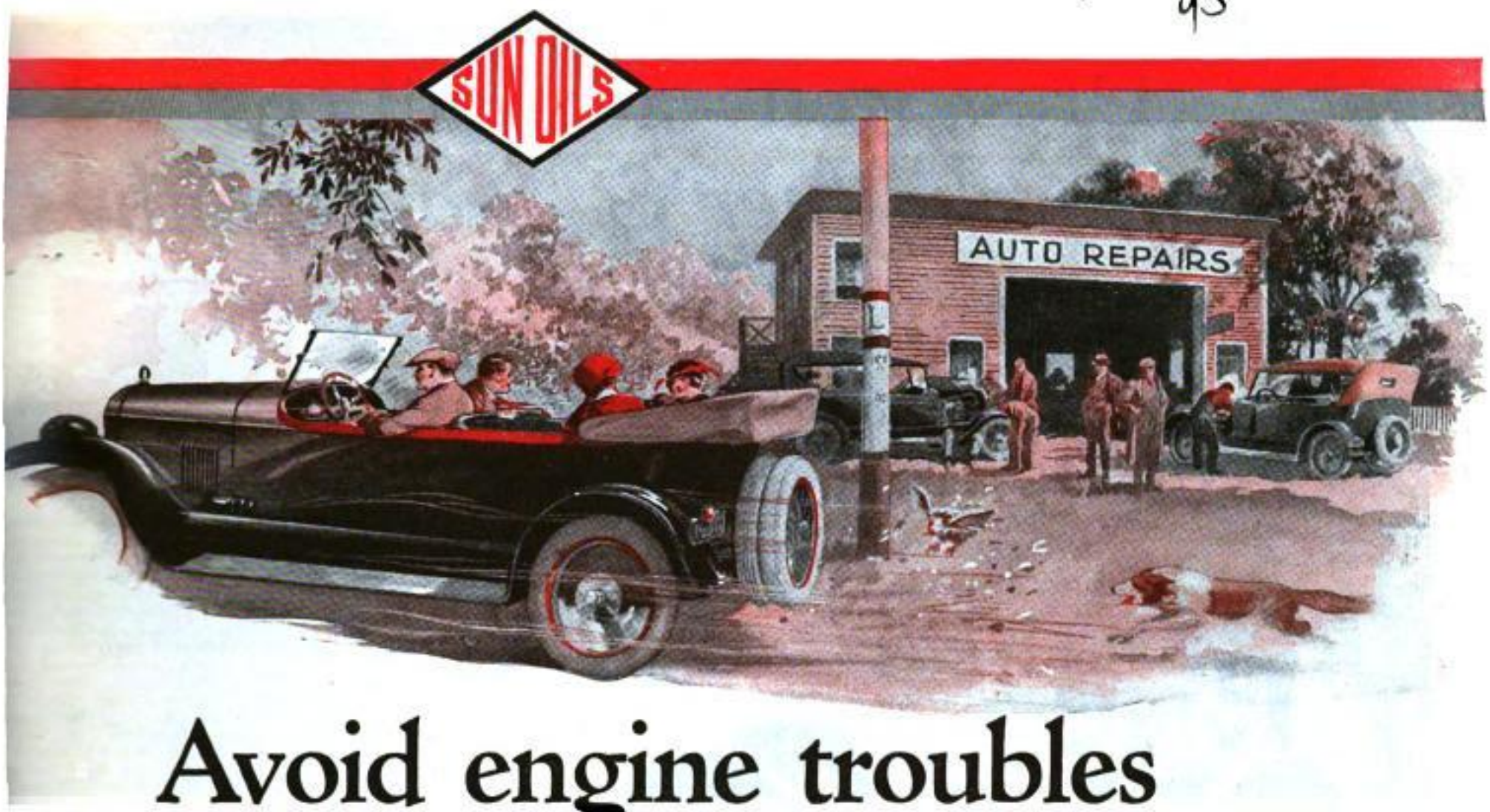
From the stockade a band of mounte[illegible] Indians, brave in new finery, decked with eagle bonnets and gaudy in beaded shirts and leggings, rode out into the slopes, chanting maudlin songs. They were led by the most beautiful young woman of the tribe, carrying a wand topped by a gilded ball, and ornamented with bells, feathers, natural flowers. As the wild pageant passed the proud savages paid no attention to the white men.

The old gray man at the gate sat and twisted his long curls. And none of them knew the news from California.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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95



Avoid engine troubles

by changing to "summer oil" now

You can't drive your car on the same oil, summer and winter, and *give your engine a fair deal.* (Not unless it is one of a few cars for which one type of oil is specified.)

The wrong oil cripples its power and shortens its life. And it increases your gas and oil consumption and eventually leads to trouble and repairs.

Oils of proper body for winter driving are too thin for almost all engines in warm weather.

Combustion chambers are not properly sealed—compression escapes—the power stroke is weakened—*raw gas gets by the pistons into the crankcase.*

And gasoline-contaminated oil—thinned out and impoverished—is a cause of scored cylinders, worn pistons, damaged bearings and *breakdowns on the road.*

Your engine is a good engine—built for power and speed. But you must treat it fairly—*give it the right oil*—if you want these results from it.

Why not insure its proper lubrication—in warm or cold weather—by using the right type of SUNOCO Motor Oil? *Now is an opportune time to begin.*

Drive your car to the nearest SUNOCO dealer. He will drain the "dead" oil from your crankcase and refill with the type of SUNOCO *designed for summer use* in your car.

SUNOCO is unlike any other oil. And this trial in your engine will prove its vast superiority.

Being wholly-distilled—NOT *a compound of a light and a residual oil*—SUNOCO will not clog your engine with carbon, foul the spark plugs or gum the valves.

And SUNOCO is made in six scientifically refined types to provide a free-flowing oil of proper body *for any condition of service.*

Don't put off changing to summer oil. Delay simply invites trouble and expense. And look for the SUNOCO sign. It's the mark of a dealer who sells lubrication—not just "oil."

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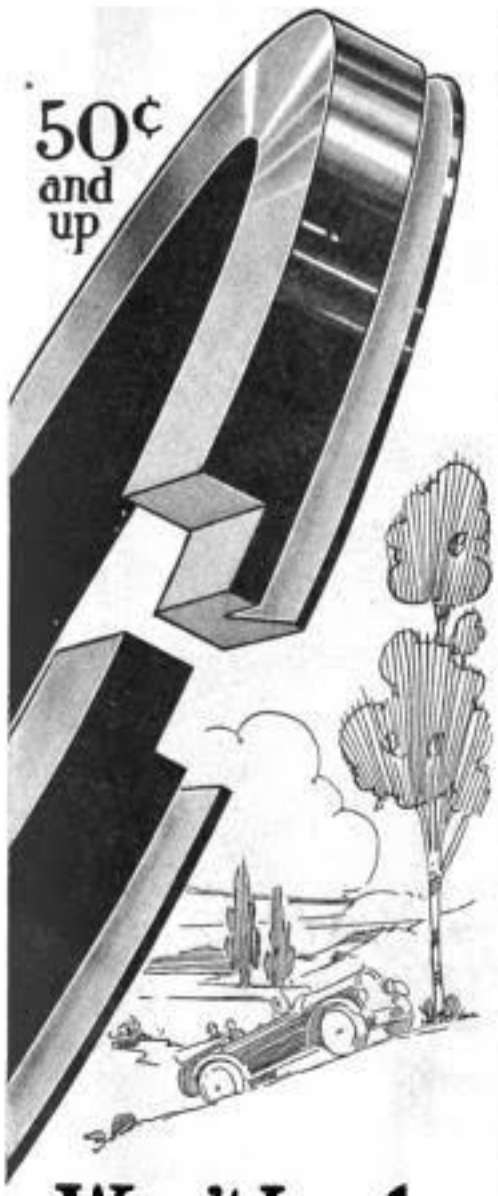
From the Painting by Samuel Nelson Abbott

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Won't Leak
Because They're Sealed
With Oil

IF your piston rings leak your engine "eats up gas" and your cylinders become carbon-clogged.

No-Leak-O Piston Rings won't leak.

Their "oilSEALing" groove, a specially cut groove, found only in No-Leak-O, collects and holds a film of oil between piston and cylinder wall.

This "film" forms an impassable stop between combustion chamber and oil pit. Both exploding gas and lubricating oil stay where they belong.

You get full five gallon power for every five gallon of gas in your tank, and no carbonized cylinders with NO-LEAK-O Piston Rings.

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NO-LEAK-O
PISTON RINGS

THE GENTLE CRIMINAL

(Continued from Page 13)

dozen leagues, associations, committees and societies of which, as usual, he was treasurer. It remained only for him to determine how and when and whither he should go thereafter.

One warm June morning, when the red thread in the tube of the thermometer by the door was climbing steadily for the first time that year, Warren Selfridge came into the bank in his Palm Beach suit, wrinkled from its winter in the press, and walked over to the cashier's desk.

"Gid," he said, mopping his forehead and smiling affably, "the old lady's got her mind made up to a trip. We set up half the night figurin' it out. She wants to start Sat'day."

The cashier glanced out the south window. The promises of spring were being unmistakably redeemed in every shrinking snowbank on the mountain tops; in the tumultuous booming of Little Creek under the bridge on Main Street; in the outcry raised by the red-tipped blackbirds swooping in noisy clouds from the tops of the full-leafed cottonwoods to the acre piece where Milt Downer was planting corn, and back again; and in the languor of the soft, sweet air. Worrick continued to snap rubber bands around bundles of canceled checks.

"It's nice weather, all right," he volunteered.

"Yes, that's what the old lady says. She wants to go up to Oregon an' around."

"I see."

"We'd prob'ly be gone quite a spell, Gid, so I want to check things up with you. 'Fore we start I'll give you a list of the places where you c'n telegraph me."

The president went to his own desk, humming a little old tune. He took his cashier's probity and trustworthiness for granted with every syllable he had uttered, with his casual announcement and turning away, with the very lines of his broad back. His voice rose now and again in that humming. Several times he went into the vault for papers or books. Just before noon he called Worrick in.

"I don't know's I'd ought to go for long this summer," he began doubtfully. "I'd forgot about quite a jag o' things."

"I guess I could manage," Gideon said. "I always have."

"Yes, you always have, Gid. But there's matters here"—he waved a hand—"well, let's see. First of all, there's the water-company note. Due this month. They won't have the money."

"Not likely."

"Not possibly. Next here's Giff Duncan's note—extension on his loan—twenty-eight hundred. He said he'd have it by the fifteenth. Don't reckon he will. An' Mrs. Dorrit's havin' bad luck with that millin-ary business of hern. Only eight hundred, to be sure, but we might need it." The president broke off. "Consarn it," he cried aggrievedly, "I'm always gettin' my old stiff leg pulled! Never have sense enough to say no!"

"You've kept going, though, for quite a while."

"Oh, laws, yes! Sure! Bungler's luck. Well ——"

"The examiner hasn't been here this spring," Worrick reminded him.

"No. But he don't worry me any. Templeton always gives me plenty of warnin'. Lucky he does. Saves a power of scandal, I expect. No, he won't bother none. Just wire me if you hear from him, or ask him to wait till I get back."

"That might make him suspicious."

"What? Templeton? Templeton suspicious of me?"

"No. But of me, perhaps."

The president's glasses fell down on his nose and his mouth opened. He looked at his cashier in stupefied amazement.

"What in nation you talkin' about, Gid Worrick?" he cried when he could get his breath. "Where you pickin' up such fantastic idees? Suspicious of you? Why, drat my suspenders, the man that's suspicious of you'd ought to have his head examined—that's the fact! Ho-ho-ho! That's the funniest thing I've heard tell of since Bije Linder got drunk at revival!"

The cashier winced a little, but he only said, "Well, you never can tell, Mr. Selfridge. How about the mortgage on Rich Galloway's timberland?"

The president paused in his mirth and shot a quick look at Worrick.

"Don't recollect tellin' you anything about that deal, Gid," he said.

Worrick smiled one of his rare, lugubrious smiles.

"That shows you can't trust me as much as you think, Mr. Selfridge," he observed. "I happened to find the papers when I was looking for something one day."

"Humph! Did, eh? Can't think what in nation you was lookin' for to run onto that. But never mind. Rich, eh? Well, now, Rich needed that four thousand mighty bad, and he's goin' to come out all right in the end."

"The note is overdue."

"Well, I know it is—I know it is. But plague on it, what you want me to do? If I'd 'a' called Rich's note in I'd 'a' ruined him and had to take the prope'ty over. An' I wouldn't give ninety cents an acre for it as it stands."

"You mortgaged it on a valuation of ten dollars an acre."

"Sure I did! Certainly I did! What of that? If those power people have to build a narrow gauge up past Rich's they'll pay him more than four thousand for right of way alone. Never thought of that, did you?"

"I haven't thought at all, Mr. Selfridge," Gideon replied. "I only asked about the mortgage so I'd know what you wanted me to do."

"Don't want you to do anything."

"I see. That's all then?"

"Certainly it is. You're all right, Gid, and I ain't no complaint to make about you at all. You're a good cashier and you earn your money. Fact is I been thinkin' you earn more'n you been gettin'. But when it comes to loans and mortgages, and so on and et cetry, you've got to leave that to me. Now ——"

The Selfridges left before daybreak on Saturday morning, according to Mrs. Selfridge's original plans. They usually followed Mrs. Selfridge's original plans.

Two weeks passed, each one of them bringing to Gideon Worrick some fresh and sharp reminder of the lowly position he held in Derbyville, and his mind was made up. He had known from the first that he could not loot the bank for any large sum of money, simply because there was never a large sum in its vault; but now he was determined to find out exactly what there was to be stolen. After dinner one evening at Mrs. Cassity's select boarding house on Inyo Street, therefore, the cashier went to the bank to make inventory.

The cash on hand totaled seven thousand dollars and odd. There was less than eight hundred dollars in a special gold reserve the president kept in a small safe in the vault. There was a sack containing one hundred dollars that Mrs. Stoney, the cautious little widow woman, had intrusted to the bank's care but had not deposited to her account. There were odds and ends of trifling sums set aside for special purposes, most of them known only to Warren Selfridge; and there were the funds, kept in special envelopes, of which Gideon himself was the treasurer and custodian. Outside of notes, mortgages, stocks and bonds, I. O. U.'s and various evidences of indebtedness, none of which could be counted as cash, eight thousand dollars would cover the amount available to the prospective embezzler if he started that night. As he could not do that he had to figure that the total would vary day by day. He looked at a calendar, sat down at his own desk and began to plan.

The following Monday was a state holiday; if he left Derbyville Saturday afternoon, ostensibly for a pleasure trip to Merced or Stockton, it would be Tuesday before any inquiry for him would be made or any search begun. In his desk was a railroad time-table. From it he constructed an itinerary that would put him over the Mexican border not later than Monday morning, several hours before the hue and cry in Derbyville could possibly be raised. It was true that there was little immediately beyond the Mexican line to attract a country bank cashier of Gideon Worrick's temperament and habits; but he would be safe from pursuit there, and could arrange further flight at his leisure. So far so good. He went to Mrs. Cassity's and to bed, but he slept little.

What puzzled him was that all this imminent enterprise seemed a dream. Try as he would he could not imagine himself actually going over the border, a fu It was much easier to think of him dying of old age, in the dim future, cashier's desk in the State Bank of D ville.

On the following morning he mad first step towards flight, however. H marked to Henry Peacock that he th he'd take a little trip down to the over the week-end. Henry bit a pen and grunted abstractedly. But he remember to tell his wife and two sm daughters that evening at supper, Gid and Anne and Maud Peacock we dependable as a chatty evening pap Derbyville when it came to dissemin the news. So that his bridges shou set afire behind him, Gideon that afte bought a one-way ticket to Stockto the 1:10 train Saturday. Further cleaned up his room at Mrs. Cassity's night, burning all his letters and papers inspecting the ashes carefully to see no scraps were left for the feasting o rious eyes. Friday morning he st packing. Also, he bought a state ma his way to the bank and spent a few utes conning it to help him with the ad ture southward towards that elusive sometimes illusory Mexican line. By day noon he was practically ready for great crime.

Henry Peacock went to lunch at his u hour. The bank was empty of custom Main Street was drowsing in the sun. or three blue flies buzzed intempera against the plate-glass windows, and o Doctor Witherspoon's setters ambled panting, sniffed along the counter and down in a shaded corner. Gideon Wor went through the motions of being a tru and law-abiding and respectable cash but all his thoughts were on a defalcat and embezzlement of the funds, down the last penny, of the State Bank and divers and sundry trusts, organizatio leagues and committees of the village. I little more than twenty-four hours the commodation would roll out of the Der ville station, carrying among its unsuspe ing passengers a bank wrecker!

Gideon looked up from his routine someone pushed in through the swingi screen doors of the bank. For a moment two he stared without comprehending t phenomenon presented. There was precedent for it, and Gideon was a litt slow to move to meet it.

Frank Van Lythe, the cattle baron, i his picturesque cream-colored corduroy sui his shining boots and his broad sombrer with its famous grass-green silk band s cured with an enormous golden disk, wa entering the State Bank for the first tim in its history.

These two—the surprised and obfus cated cashier and the millionaire stock man—held a fifteen-minute conference. At the end of that conference Van Lythe walked out of the bank with five thousand dollars of its funds, in cash, in his wallet. Cashier Gideon Worrick had broken every rule of his life and of his employment by Warren Selfridge; he had met an emergency with an air of grave carelessness, as though accustomed to doing so, and now he moved in a daze.

He had made a loan—he, himself, Gideon Worrick, without so much as glancing at the carefully penned itinerary of President Selfridge and his wife!

After that, Gideon felt, anything might happen. And, as is often the case after months in which nothing at all happens, something did.

Gideon had not recovered from the shock and surprise of Van Lythe's visit and errand; he had not yet telegraphed the president, and was beginning to wonder whether he would do so; and he had decided not to communicate his news to Henry Peacock, when the waning hours of the banking brought in through the doors Mrs. Dorcas Stephens. Mrs. Stephens was the relict of a first citizen some years deceased, and was a temper-touched and irritable old lady whom the villagers scrupulously avoided crossing. Gideon greeted her with a mechanical politeness, but she ignored his amenity.

"Nice day, Mrs. Stephens," Gideon said, reaching for the check she presented.

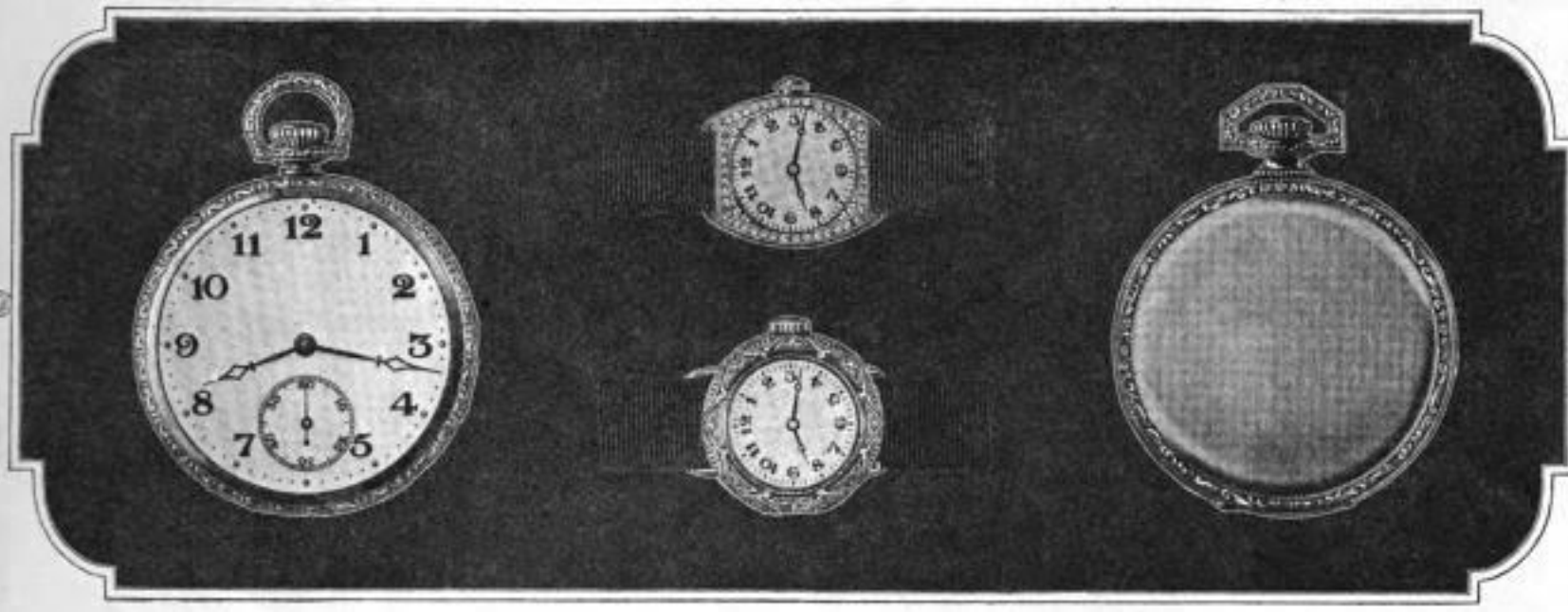
"Is it?" the old lady replied tartly. "I ain't noticed. I'm movin' an' tel'ble busy. What's the matter, man?"

(Continued on Page 65)

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Wadsworth Cases

MAKE WATCHES BEAUTIFUL



Designs in Wadsworth White Gold have the brilliance of full-cut diamonds

WHEN a manufacturer achieves a greater perfection in a product, immediately the thing produced becomes a standard by which all others of its kind are judged.

Such is the story of Wadsworth white gold in Wadsworth cases.

For several years there have been watch cases made of white gold. But it remained for Wadsworth to refine this precious metal to the point of *perfect* adaptability to watch cases.

The Wadsworth creations pictured here bear worthy evidence to this greater Wadsworth achievement. Here are cases with a new charm, with a luster that will remain undimmed through the wear of years—

Cases fashioned in a metal harder and more durable than yellow or green gold or silver—

Cases that disclose, in their hand-chasing or engraving, a brilliance as of full-cut diamonds.

These Wadsworth designs, adapted from the works of the great artists of the ages, will mark your watch as more than a mere timekeeper. Your pride in its possession will be the greater, for in it will dwell something of the spirit of the masters.

Unsurpassed for beauty, and for endurance and exactness of fit as well, the Wadsworth cases in white gold remain in keeping with the modest purse.

The watch—a product of two industries

With great skill the movement maker constructs the movement, an intricate mechanism for the measurement of time. But, for the completion of the watch he now turns to the case maker, who employs such artistry in the designing of the case as will make the completed watch a beautiful article of personal wear.

Thus it is that for thirty years Wadsworth cases have dressed and protected the watch movements of leading manufacturers and importers. Many of the most beautiful, most popular designs with which you are acquainted are Wadsworth creations.

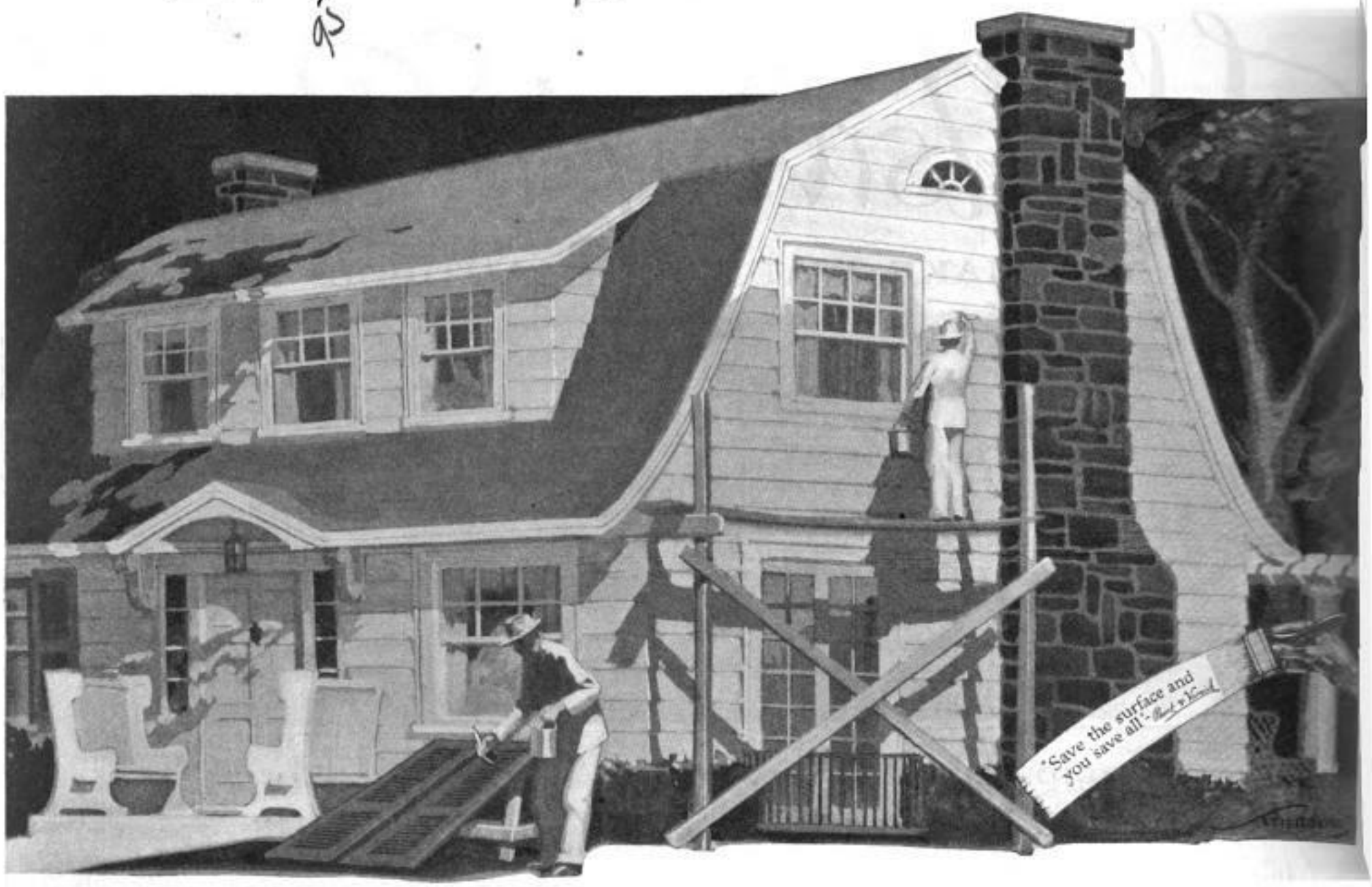
When you buy a watch, select a movement that your jeweler will recommend and insist that it be dressed in a Wadsworth case. The Wadsworth name is your assurance not only of correct design but of the finest material and workmanship.

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE CO.
Dayton, Ky., suburb of Cincinnati, Ohio
Case makers for the leading watch movements

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BEAUTY AND PROTECTION

Plus Lowest Cost Per Square Foot

The retail price of *Lucas Tinted Gloss Paint* is as high, if not higher, per gallon than any other house paint on the market.

And yet it is actually the lowest priced paint you can buy.

There are three important elements that determine the actual cost of paint—so consider them carefully.

First—Thorough and complete grinding in a *Lucas* factory reduces the pigments to such a fineness that *Lucas Tinted Gloss Paint* has a covering capacity of nearly double that of ordinary paint. One gallon of *Lucas Tinted Gloss Paint* covers 400 square feet or more, depending upon the condition of the surface,—100% more than ordinary paint. This immediately reduces the price of *Lucas Tinted Gloss Paint* to a *lower cost* per square foot.

Second—The exceptionally high percentage of pure raw linseed oil used in *Lucas Tinted Gloss Paint* produces a full, even gloss of enduring beauty. Then, the hours of heavy milling that blend the various elements into *one* perfect paint product assure longer life and greater durability. Thus, *Lucas Tinted Gloss Paint* costs very much less per year of service.

Third—In painting the average house the paint represents about one-third of the cost, and the labor two-thirds. So that it costs just as much in labor to put on a paint that will last only two or three years as it does to put on a good paint that will give good service five years or longer.

Thus, paints costing less than *Lucas Tinted Gloss Paint* are actually more expensive. *Lucas Tinted Gloss Paint*, in Beauty, Spreading Qualities, Protection, and Durability, is not an expense. It is an investment.

Write to Dept. 14 for color card and name of your nearest dealer.

John Lucas & Co. Inc.
PHILADELPHIA

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MEMPHIS, TENN. RICHMOND, VA. SAVANNAH, GA.

Lucas
Paints and Varnishes

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(Continued from Page 66)

e cashier had picked up the check ssly, expecting the usual demand for r ten dollars which Mrs. Stephens for her weekly budget, and had been dumb by beholding that it called for 50.

ere was at that moment in the State vaults exactly $3697.14.

xcuse me, Mrs. Stephens," Gid Wor- gulped. "I—you—this check ——"

ook here, young man," Mrs. Stephens ed, "don't stutter and stare at me way! My bank book shows that's the nt you got here belongin' to me, an' t it."

ut, Mrs. Stephens ——"

s'pose you ain't got that much here."

h, absolutely! Of course we have! ——"

Then fork it over. I'm goin' down to with my daughter Elmiry, in Fresno, her husband's brother is comin' up n my place for a spell. I ain't in the of tellin' my business to every ninny wants to know it, but I'd just as lief you. D'ye want to find out anything about me?"

deon smiled weakly.

I didn't mean to be prying," he said. such a surprise to me, that's all. How h of this would you like in cash?"

All on it."

But a cashier's check or a draft ——"

You heard what I said, didn't you? old-fashioned maybe, but I know what ant."

It's only that cash will be pretty bulky carry ——"

The angular and sharp-faced widow smiled mly.

"You hand me over my money! I'll dertake to carry it, all right."

"Very well," Gideon said stiffly.

He was not angry or spiteful—just nned. Mechanically he counted out s. Stephens' money. All but some sixty lars he was able to give her in bank notes; e rest was silver and pennies. She glared him when he handed her the heavy k, but she was not the sort to admit fusion, and she walked out with her d high. Gideon Worrick sat down hard d stared at the floor.

His loan to Frank Lythe had been made r several reasons—because the old cattle- an had a peremptory and compelling way ith him; because the cash deal for the nsummation of which he declared his ed of the money was one Gideon could e the great profit in; because he had al- ays felt that Frank Lythe would become a atron of Derbyville, to the great advan- ge of the town, if he were properly han- led; and finally because he was in revolt nyway and welcomed this opportunity to xpress the fact. Under ordinary circum- tances that loan would have been possible without hampering the bank for cash, since its normal routine was simply that of a clearing house for the merchants and towns- people, with their checks drawn for the most part on the State Bank itself. Van Lythe, of course, was as good as the United States Treasury, and he had promised to return the money within a few days. Gid- eon had thought that it would be a nice little sum for President Selfridge to receive in the midst of the confusion and chaos caused by the cashier's imminent flight with what moneys were left.

But now there were no moneys left. Mrs. Stephens had seen to that. Gideon tried to laugh. His plans for robbing the bank and departing were still flawless, with the single exception of this consideration—that some- thing under one hundred dollars remained to be embezzled. Of course he could stage an embezzlement novel in the annals of crime: he could flee with this small amount, paying the expenses of the flight and re- sultant outlawry out of his own pockets. That, it seemed, was all that was left for him. He would carry it through. But he wondered if, leaving ruin and consternation behind him, he would not provide a spec- tacle savoring more of comedy than of high tragedy.

Here Monk Moore wandered in, whis- tling. Monk was a silly boy of seventeen, whose brain was addled and who functioned as errand bearer and messenger for the village. He stood in the front door of the bank for several minutes, gazing as though fascinated at the ceiling and whistling shrilly.

Then he sat down on the floor, took off one shoe, shook a pebble from it, rose with the shoe in his hand and crossed to the cashier's window.

"Go on away, Monk," Gideon said me- chanically. "I'm going to close the bank now."

"Close it?" Monk echoed vacantly with a giggle. "What for? Shut the door? Keep Monk out? Where's your money? You got a lot of money? You're rich, ain't you? I had a dollar once. Drummer give it to me. Know what I spent it for?"

"Candy, I guess, Monk," Gideon re- plied. He was slowly counting the little heap of cash and his mind was not on the idiot boy. "Run along, Monk; I'm busy."

"You busy? So'm I. I'm busy. Got to take a telegraph. Know who to? Don't, eh? It's to you."

"Well, hand it over, Monk; that's a good boy."

"I'm a good boy. You bet! Hid the telegraph. In my hat. Looka here."

He peered around cautiously, took off his cap, extracted from it a buff envelope, gazed at it a moment as though trying to remember what it was, then put it down on the ledge and ran out abruptly, whis- tling and shouting and swinging his shoe around his head.

Gideon picked up the envelope, slit it idly, read the thin sheet inside:

SELFRIDGE,
STATE BANK, DERBYVILLE.

Arrive there Sunday A.M. Want to check up your business in time to make east-bound at three Sunday for Truckee. Please be ready for me. B. S. TEMPLETON.

The state bank examiner's deputy! Gid- eon tried to laugh and failed. Perhaps when he was in Mexico, Sunday night late or Monday morning, he would be able to laugh. But he couldn't now. He had some twenty-one hours ahead of him as cashier of the State Bank of Derbyville, and it began to appear that at least eight of those twenty-one hours would each be made up of sixty minutes jammed full of grief.

All that afternoon and evening and most of the night Gideon spent trying to see a way out. It was too late now to summon President Selfridge. If he went to Frank Van Lythe and frankly confessed that the bank was without cash he would probably fail to get help from that source, in time, and he would most certainly end all chance of bringing any good to Derbyville from the irascible old stockman. Better to go down in defeat than to do that. If Presi- dent Selfridge had ever trusted him before as messenger or bank's representative he could have taken some of the securities down to the Valley by automobile and there have borrowed enough cash on them to keep the institution open for a few days. But they would probably arrest him in Stockton for embezzlement, and even Gid- eon could see the rich and spicy humor in that situation! No, he must stay by his guns. His train would not leave until 1:10 on Saturday and up to that time he was cashier of the State Bank. That was the simple logic of his position as he saw it.

He opened the doors on Saturday morn- ing with total cash resources of $92.64, ex- clusive of trust and treasurer's funds. The first customer to appear was Terry Casey, the plasterer. Terry was full of rich Irish humor that morning, and he made cheerful remarks to which Gideon found himself hard pressed to rally. For Casey wanted to draw—and did draw—the sum of seventy- five dollars to make a quarterly payment on his two-acre piece at the edge of town.

Immediately Casey had gone out, caro- free and joyous, Gideon took down an old calendar, reversed it, found himself a stub pen and a bottle of ink and began to design a notice, reading:

THIS BANK TEMPORARILY CLOSED
TO REOPEN ——

On his labors entered Ed Walsh, the plumber. The cashier watched him breath- lessly. Walsh nodded, walked to the side- wall writing desk and reached for a pen. Was he going to deposit or draw? The plumber, his back to the cashier, was very deliberate. He took a long time—hours, it seemed. Then Gideon sighed with relief, and hastily whisked his sign under the counter. There were bank notes in the plumber's knubbly hand. Walsh, with con- versation, deposited $28.50 and went away.

The two McCormick girls, from over the hill, came in and drew twenty-five dollars. Gideon took an unreasoning dislike to them that he had never felt before. After them came Sam Shore, and on his heels Parrott, the cashier of the water company. Gid- eon's heart stopped beating. He had

(Continued on Page 71)

Where the important value is always hidden

Two different raincoats—the same price. Which is the better? Even experts are often fooled. A clever makeshift may look as well as the best raincoat ever made.

The real value of a raincoat is always hidden. It depends both on the quality of the rubber itself and on how thoroughly every crease and crevice in the fabric has been water- proofed. Looks alone are no guide to quality.

That's why it will pay you to look for the name Raynster. Raynsters are made and backed by the oldest rubber organization in the world. Everything that money and skill can provide is used to give you real protection.

Many different Raynster models, from rug- ged rubber-surface types to smart tweeds and cashmeres with the rubber hidden inside. Special types for boys, too. Whether you want a raincoat for work, motoring, or business, there's a Raynster built especially for you.

Look for the name Raynster! If your dealer hasn't just the type you want, he can get it in no time from our nearest branch.

United States Rubber Company
NEW YORK



Raynsters
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

A COMPLETE LINE OF RAINCOATS—A type for every need

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For the woman who's too busy to listen to reams of advice

MOST women have had about all the housekeeping advice they can stand. Now for some real *help* with the housework.

If you have ever used a Hotpoint Electric Iron, you know by experience something at least of what electricity *can do* toward taking the drudgery out of housework.

But the Hotpoint people have met the American woman's needs *at other places* besides the ironing-board. The story is better told in pictures in this particular instance.

And it might be said also, that the following scenes have been drawn with utmost care as to *practical fidelity*.



7 a.m. The Hedlite Heater, with its glowing heat for bedroom or bath.



7-15 a.m. The Immersion Heater, for heating shaving water or the baby's milk.



7-30 a.m. The Percolator—uniformly good coffee day after day.



9 a.m. The Vacuum Cleaner—equally effective on carpets, rugs and bare floors.



10 a.m. The Electric Iron—the most celebrated electric iron in the world. Its point even hotter than the rest of the iron.



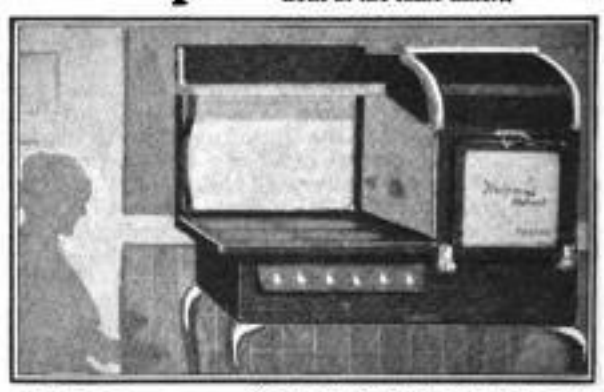
12-20 p.m. The Radiant Grill—boils, broils, fries and toasts, any two operations at the same time.★



3 p.m. The Curling Iron—the hair lies *flat* in the iron, and a uniform wave is assured. The only electric iron that gives a true Marcel wave.



4 p.m. The Teapot—continuous heat. Tea is served without jumping up to reheat the water.



5-30 p.m. Hotpoint-Hughes Range—the most responsive cooking equipment a woman ever had in her kitchen.



The Hotpoint Utility Set

It might have been called "The Intimate Set"—so *personal* is its service. The three-pound *Iron* finds many opportunities to help—freshening up a blouse, for instance, or pressing out a vestee. The Curling *Iron* is quickly heated in the place provided for it in the Iron. While for heating a little water in a hurry, one simply reverses the Iron in the *Stand*—and it becomes a hot-plate. The whole comes in a Cretonne-covered case which opens out into a compact *Ironing Board*.

Hotpoint SERVANTS

EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., INC.

Boston New York Atlanta Chicago St. Louis Ontario, Cal. Salt Lake City



★ With your Radiant Grill, get a Hotpoint Ovenette. A baking or roasting oven, which fits on the Grill. Bakes biscuits, pies, cakes, etc. Roasts meats, poultry, and small game of all kinds.

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(Continued from Page 69)

forgotten the water company's weekly pay roll. It was eighty-five dollars. Before either of the two customers could reach his window he had his sign out and was about to put it up in his wicket.

Then he had a brilliant inspiration—whisked the sign away once more. In the vault was Mrs. Stoney's $100 in gold. He walked back coolly, rifled the sack deliberately and returned to his place. Parrott was taciturn, and Gideon wanted very much to tell him that, as the water company had been operating for five months on the bank's money, it might be more decent in him to show a certain apologetic reticence or shame now. But he held his tongue, and Parrott took the money as though it belonged to him and went out. Sam Shore desired to draw twenty dollars, and was given it.

"What is that shiftless farm hand going to do with twenty dollars?" Gideon thought angrily. But again he forbore expressing his thoughts.

As Shore disappeared through the door Henry Peacock, at his high desk against the wall, coughed and looked up from his work. Gideon started. He had not thought of Peacock before.

"By the way, Henry," he said, catching the bookkeeper's eye, "Mr. Selfridge and I were talking over that loan to Richmond Galloway before he left, and we aren't just satisfied about it."

Peacock caught the unusual use of the plural pronoun and looked at the cashier quizzically. But he only said, "He's bound to be slow, Rich is. Not crooked, don't suppose, but ain't much idea of business, I'd say."

"That's what we were thinking, and I'll tell you what occurred to us: We'd like you to get a rig and drive up to Galloway's place. Don't tell him what you've come for. Just look around and see if you can make out what he's doing."

"I can go out this afternoon, I guess."

"No, you couldn't make it comfortably. It's a long drive. You deserve a change anyway, Henry. Get the wife and spin out there right now—take a lunch, maybe. No reason why you shouldn't."

The old man fairly beamed.

"Well, now, I ain't sayin' Sarah and I wouldn't like a buggy ride. Of course if Mr. Selfridge ——"

"Absolutely!" the cashier interrupted. "Get out with you!"

"Well, of course, it's for you to say, Gideon."

The old accountant shuffled across towards his coat hook, shedding his ink-smeared office jacket as he went. He went back to close a book and straighten his pens. Then rubbing his hands and chuckling he moved towards Gideon's desk. The cashier kicked his closing sign farther out of sight.

"Sarah and I ain't been buggy ridin' since I courted her, I do believe," Peacock averred. "How about the cash f'r the rig, Gideon?"

Gideon replied airily.

"Oh, charge it to the bank, Henry," he said.

And it struck him afterwards that that was one of the richest pieces of comedy in this whole phantasmagoria.

With the bank to himself, Gideon faced its dissolution with less anxiety. He would keep it going as long as he could. He did not stop to ask himself why he should. He did not analyze the futility of trying to save the face of an institution all morning, only to rob it of its last penny at noon. His mind was a small one, and duty and habit rode him hard. Besides, his train did not leave until 1:10 that afternoon!

John Patterson, the grocer, sent over a twenty-dollar bill about eleven o'clock to be changed. There was about sixteen dollars in the money drawer. To send the bill back unbroken would have been to bring Patterson over, bellicose and profane, to demand an explanation. Gideon reached for his sign. Then he remembered the few dollars in silver that he carried in his own pockets. He made change hastily.

With Patterson's messenger gone, he faced the world with a twenty-dollar bill and a little over three dollars in silver and copper. But half the banking day was past and there was still hope. Tom Mott and Clyde Sparrow, two ranchers, came in, discussing the water shortage and the relative food values for a dairy string of dry and green alfalfa for summer feeding. Their argument absorbed them while Gideon Worrick sat in his cage and held his breath. With a nod to the two debaters, Doctor Witherspoon entered. He deposited two checks and asked for ten dollars in cash.

"Driving up to Nash's Mill," the medical man explained casually. "I'd like silver, Gid."

Gideon smiled his watery smile.

"Just a minute, doctor. I've given out so much silver this morning ——"

He walked back towards the vault, his sentence trailing. He violated the trust fund of the Young People's League for ten dollars in silver, came back and handed the amount to Doctor Witherspoon.

"Couldn't sell you a nice Gordon setter pup for eight dollars, could I, Gid? Not full-blood, but ——"

Gideon tried not to laugh—to answer off-handedly.

"No, doctor," he said. "Don't know what I'd do with one."

The doctor left, and the two ranchers suspended their argument long enough to attend to business. Tom Mott deposited $42.25, of which thirty was in the form of a check. Gideon cast up his trial balance hastily. A twenty-dollar bill, four checks, three of them on his own bank, and $23.64 in change. Clyde Sparrow put down a check. It called for $25. Gideon gave up Patterson's twenty-dollar bill and the balance in silver, and sighed. He felt as he imagined a slack-wire artist might who, balancing on one toe, juggles a knitting needle, a five-pound weight and an open umbrella.

A glance at the clock showed him that it was half past eleven.

Ten minutes later Mrs. Stoney appeared, bustling and panting as usual, for she was a fat little lady who moved quickly, and chirped to Gideon, "Good morning, Mr. Worrick. I've decided to buy that sewing machine I've been trying, and I'd like that money you folks have been keeping for me. 'Twon't take quite all of it, but ——"

Gideon faltered. This was a demand he had not at all anticipated, and the shock of it left him winded.

"Probably you would prefer our check," he began hopefully.

"I was going to give the agent a check myself," Mrs. Stoney interrupted, "but he said he'd like cash. It's sixty-two dollars. He bought a horse, seems like, from the Mill boys, down below the highway bridge, and he wants to pay 'em to-day. You know how the Mill boys are about checks."

Yes, Gideon knew. He also knew how he himself was about cash. His hand traveled towards his closing sign; he tried to frame an explanation that would tell Mrs. Stoney the worst but in the gentlest manner. Then Miss Harris, Patterson's cashier, swung jauntily in through the front doors. She carried with her the morning's receipts. She was generally considered plain, and she was certainly all of thirty-seven, yet Gideon Worrick thought her in that moment the most beautiful vision of a woman he had ever beheld.

"Do you mind my waiting on Miss Harris first, Mrs. Stoney?" Gideon asked.

"Not a bit. I've got all day. Good morning, Harriet. How's your ma? Has she tried that flaxseed cough medicine? She ain't? Well, now, when Daniel used to have those ter'ble spells of his ——"

Gideon was frantically running through the Patterson store deposits. One hundred thirty-two dollars in cash and several checks. The cashier paid no heed to the latter—his mind was on the currency. There was enough to pay Mrs. Stoney, at any rate, and after that the deluge!

Tomlinson, the druggist, was behind the two women, and beyond him again two or three others were entering. With machinelike accuracy and his usual subdued politeness Gideon transacted the business as it came to him. But things were happening too rapidly for him to keep more than a rough account of balances. They demanded and drew money; they deposited money; they asked for silver when there was none in the box; they tendered him bank notes when he would have given his soul for a shiny fifty-cent piece, and Dick Drury, the retired rancher, almost brought the sign up at the very end when he scrutinized, then sounded, then rejected a five-dollar gold piece as a counterfeit. Gideon had no time to argue the point, and no spirit, either. He excused himself on a plea of putting the coin in the vault for later examination, and came out with the last five dollars from the last of the funds of which he had been until now the trusted and trustworthy treasurer and custodian.

At one minute past twelve o'clock he shut the front doors on the back of Mary Symonds, the school-teacher, and almost in the faces of two or three flustered—and immediately angry—customers, went back to his place again and fell into a chair, weak-kneed, trembling, hoarse with tension, shivering with the reaction, completely done up. Not counting postage stamps, he had in the bank a grand and final and complete total of ninety-eight cents!

Now that he had time to cast up his circumstances and return to his own affairs, Gideon Worrick awoke to a realization of the fact that he could not even abscond. In the rush of those last ten minutes he had put all that out of reach. His own money was gone, to a penny, and all there was left to steal was ninety-eight cents. He had his railroad ticket, to be sure, but that would carry him only sixty or seventy miles to Stockton, and there lay some six hundred miles between that thriving city and the Mexican border—at three cents a mile and up! He told himself ruefully that the game was played out.

The carefully lettered sign he had begun—and by the skin of his teeth avoided having to use—winked at him sardonically from the floor, where it had fallen in the excitement. It might as well be hung up now as later, of course, for Templeton would come, in the majesty and dignity of his position as deputy state bank examiner, on an early morning train Sunday, and he would put the sign up if Gideon did not. Why all the effort and the strain of the struggles of this hectic morning? To what good end had he sacrificed his plans, his own money, his schemes for revenge on a stupid and an ungrateful community, his predilection for a career of crime?

Gideon did not know. He tried to think it out. But there was no use. He supposed dimly that it was a matter of business with him. It did not occur to him—which was the truth—that it was a matter of habit, the habit of being a tried and true and trusted man. All he did know was that everything was gone save honor. And honor, in Derbyville ——

The reaction passed, and Gideon became again, by slow steps, the reckless and desperate character of a few days since. By golly, he'd show them! He'd make them catch breath and raise their hands in horror. He would shock them somehow into recognition that he was human and frail and weak and a bad egg!

He would learn to play pool and poker. He would take to gambling and swearing and hanging around Tom Noddy's place, where it was rumored a blind pig was conducted. He had never done any of these things before in his life, but he wasn't too old to learn!

He rose and went into the president's cubicle of an office, pried open a drawer and took from a box therein a fat brown cigar. He lighted it after a moment's search for a match and puffed at it. The taste gagged him and the smoke made him cough. But he persisted, spitting into Selfridge's cuspidor inaccurately, but with a desperate and rakish swagger. He returned to his own place and appropriated the bank's last cash assets—that ninety-eight cents. It was too late now for lunch at Mrs. Cassity's, and he would get a bite at the Mint Chop House, where all the Derbyville bloods ate, telling bad stories. At that moment he heard the 1:10 whistle for the station. He started towards the safe, to close it.

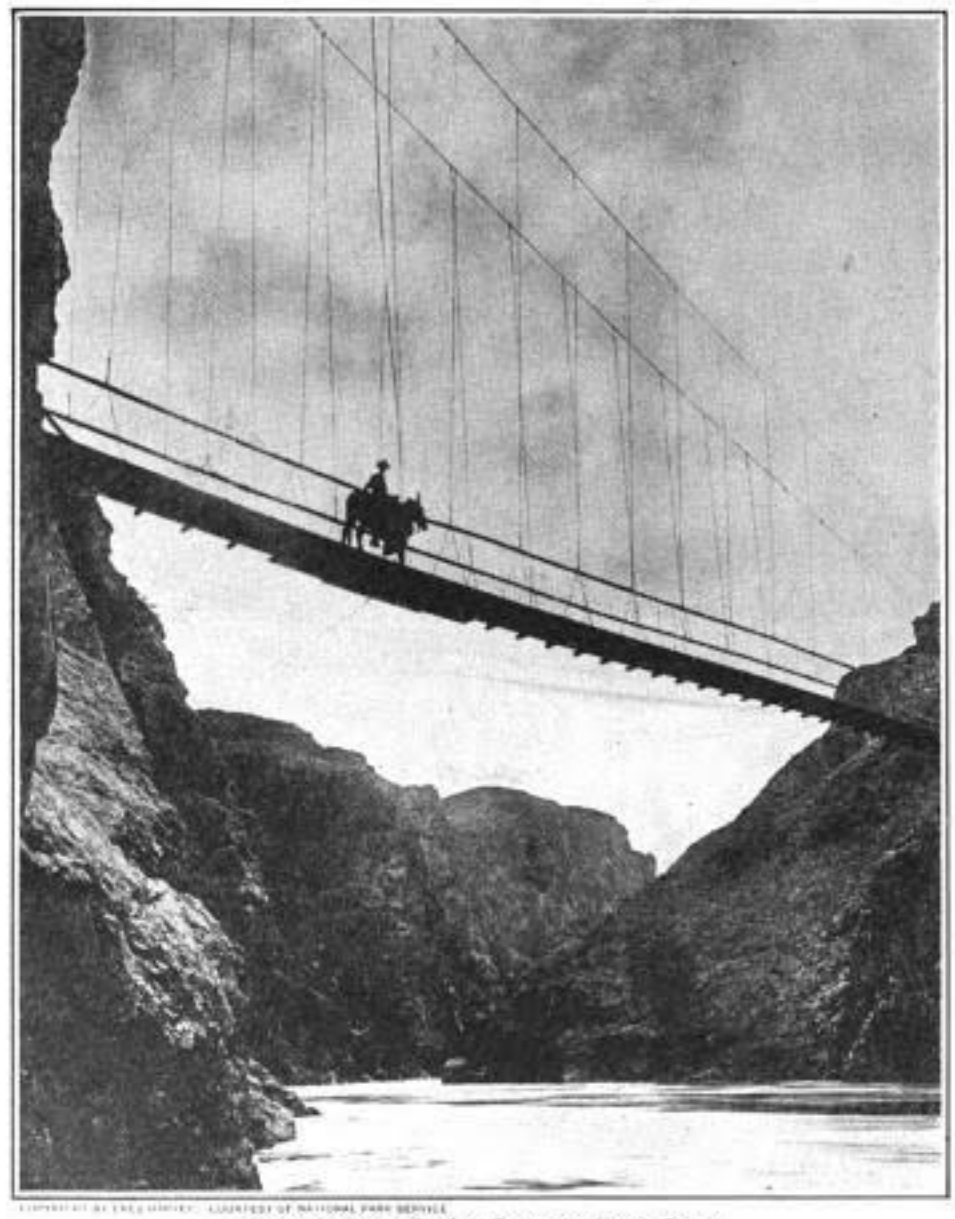
Then someone rattled on the front door. Gideon frowned and pretended not to hear. The demand there became importunate. Gideon faced around, prepared to tell the late comer to go to—well, Halifax.

But he did not sully his lips, after all. He crossed hastily and opened the door. Old Frank Van Lythe, the cattle king, came in, ruddy, agreeable, hearty.

"Closing up, eh?" he inquired in his rumbling big voice. "I'm just in time, then. Here! Stick this in for me, will you? That loan you made me sure came handy. I bought a Hereford herd yesterday morning and sold last night. No kick on the deal, either. Not a particle of it!"

"That's good," Gideon said feebly. The cigar had dropped from his sagging jaw; he was fumbling with the great roll of bills the cattleman had thrust at him. "You want me to hold these for you—till Monday, Mr. Van Lythe?" he stammered.

"Hell, no!" Van Lythe bellowed. "Open an account with 'em. Never thought much of old Warren Selfridge's way of running a bank, but you seem to know your business, young fellow. Open an account. That is, if ten thousand and odd is enough for you. Is it?"



Colorado River Bridge From the North Bank

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Twenty years ago, while building marine motors, Ole Evinrude conceived the idea of the outboard motor. Fourteen years ago he built his first motor of this type. Three years later, rowboat motoring had become a universal sport.

The rapid growth of this industry in which he figured so prominently, inspired Ole Evinrude to develop the outboard motor to a point approximating perfection. The Elto Light Twin marks the goal of his effort. It is his biggest achievement, embodying 19 big, new features.

The Elto develops more horse-power than any other light-weight motor. And it's more compact. Light, powerful, extremely substantial. Starts quickly and easily. Runs quietly and smoothly. Tilts automatically. Operates at perfect trolling speed.

Write to Ole Evinrude's new organization for descriptive literature and name of the Elto dealer nearest you.

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Ole Evinrude, Pres.
Dept. M Mfrs. Home Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.



3 H. P.
48 lbs.

19 BIG NEW FEATURES

THE RETURN TO NORMALCY

(Continued from Page 4)

"Margaret?" replied Hermione. She drooped her thick eyelids and smiled, as if the name itself were comic—she never broke her beautiful mask with a laugh. "No, that didn't last long. He bounced Margaret as soon as he got over being delirious."

"And was it then that he sent for you?" asked Cora with an edge to her voice that a Damascus blade might have envied.

"As a matter of fact, he didn't; it was Thorpe who sent for me," said Hermione. "Thorpe had a wholesome recollection that I used to keep Val in order. Nice little job, keeping Val in order. Ever tried it? No, I remember Thorpe said that wasn't your line."

Cora would have given a good deal to know just how Thorpe had characterized her line, but not even curiosity could make her address an unnecessary word to the coarse, cold woman before her. She was not jealous, as she understood the word, but the disgust she felt for Hermione included Valentine, too, and made her hate him for the moment with an intimate disturbing warmth.

Hermione went on: "And, after all, as I said to Val yesterday, what does it matter to me whether he gets well or not? It takes too much vitality—making him mind. I'm through. I'm off to Palm Beach to-morrow. Thorpe's taking him home."

"It's amiable of you—to come and go as Thorpe orders."

Hermione moved her eloquent shoulders. "Oh, Thorpe and I understand each other."

"I knew Thorpe understood you," said Cora insolently.

But the woman was insensitive to anything but a bludgeon, for she answered, "I understand Thorpe too. All he objects to is wives. He's like the—whatever it is, you know—that fishes in troubled waters."

Cora merely moved past her and went away. It wasn't until she was outside that she took in how pleasant had been the unconscious suggestion behind Hermione's last words. Thorpe objected to wives. That was why he had not sent for her—she wasn't a mother, like Margaret; nor a vice, like Hermione. She was a wife. The story-teller, the magic builder of castles that is in everyone, suddenly made for Cora a splendid scene, in which she, reunited to Valentine, was dismissing Thorpe.

Ten days later she took title to her new property and her architects filed the plans. Both events were announced in the newspapers.

That very morning her telephone rang, and Thorpe's voice—a voice so associated with all her emotional life that her nerves trembled even before her mind recognized it—was heard saying, "I'm telephoning for Mr. Bing, madam. Mr. Bing would be pleased if you could make it convenient to stop in and see him this afternoon."

"Tell Mr. Bing I'm sorry. I can't," answered Cora promptly. She was not a Hermione to come and go at Thorpe's invitation. And then just to show that she was not spiteful she added, "I hope Mr. Bing is better."

"Yes, madam," said Thorpe, "he's better, but he hasn't thoroughly regained his strength. He tests it every day."

Cora hung up the receiver. Her thought was, "He can't test it on me." She was aware of a certain self-satisfaction in having been able so firmly to refuse, to set her will against Valentine's. In old times she had been weak in yielding to every wish and opinion that he had expressed, until she had almost ceased to be a person. Of course in this case her ability to refuse had been strengthened by the incredible impertinence of allowing Thorpe to be the one to communicate Valentine's invitation. A few minutes later the telephone rang again. This time she let the servant answer it, and when the woman came to her with interested eyes and said that Mr. Bing was on the wire Cora answered without a quaver, "Say I'm out."

But she knew Valentine well enough to know she was not going to get off so easily as that. He kept steadily calling until at last, chance, or perhaps Cora's own wish, directed that he should catch her at the telephone.

He must see her; it was about this new house of hers. Her heart beat so she could hardly breathe, while Valentine ran on as of old:

"It's folly, Cora, absolute folly! Why didn't you consult me before you bought? You can't live there—the railroad on one side and a gas tank on the other. Besides, the railroad is going to enlarge its yards; in two years you'll have switching engines in your drawing-room."

On and on, giving her no chance to answer him, during the ten minutes he kept her at the telephone. Yet when she hung up the receiver she found she had spoken one important word: she had promised to come and see him late the following afternoon. She had made him beg; she had refused to come that day, she had put it off; she had, in fact, teased him as much as was consistent with ultimately agreeing to do what he wanted. Before she did agree the impertinence of Thorpe was explained. Valentine had simply told him to get her on the telephone. Of course he had meant to speak to her himself. Thorpe was an idiot—overzealous. Cora had her own view about that, but she let it pass. Thorpe feared her, and Thorpe knew what was to be feared. He knew that if she once entered that house she might never be allowed to leave it.

"No," she said to herself the next day, as she tried various veils, and with hands that shook a little put on the dangling earrings that Valentine had given her in Madrid, "it will be Thorpe who will leave."

If there was fear in Thorpe's heart he did not betray it when he opened the door and led her upstairs to the library. The room was empty.

"Mr. Bing has been expecting you for some time, madam," he said.

The slight reproach was agreeable to Cora. She had waited long enough for Valentine in old times, and sometimes he had not turned up at all.

The room was familiar to her. They had not been much in New York during their brief marriage, but she had spent part of the previous winter in this house. She had left her own imprint in the decorations. Valentine used his house as he might use a hotel—asking nothing but that it should be convenient for the purposes of his stay. Cora had been greeted on her first arrival by hideous tasseled gold cushions and imitation Japanese lamp shades; remnants, she believed, of Hermione's taste. She had instantly banished them, and now she saw with pleasure that the shades of her own choosing were still on the lamps. Everything had remained as she had arranged it; he had seen that her way was best. A wood fire was burning on the hearth—not the detestable gas logs which Hermione had left behind her. She found herself wondering for the first time what Hermione had found—what Margaret had left. Then she remembered that Valentine had not bought the house in the simple days of Margaret's reign; he had had a apartment far uptown and at first Mar had had no servant.

A wish to know if Valentine had k paper cutter she had given him— lazuli, the color of his eyes—made he up and go to the desk. Yes, it was t but something else was there, too: a framed photograph propped against a p weight—the photograph of a woman.

She bent cautiously to look at it, a bends to examine the spot where trembling of the grass suggests the pres of a venomous serpent. It was the pi of a slender woman with heavy dark and long slanting eyes, the cruelty o high cheek bones softened by the s drooping curve of her mouth. A ter and fascinating woman. Then as the l struck across the surface of the picture saw it was a glossy print for reproduct It might mean business—a feature for syndicate—not love.

She was sitting far away from the when, a minute or two later, Valen entered—Valentine a little thinner t before, but no less vital. He greeted he if they had parted yesterday, or rather did not greet her at all. He simply be to talk to her as he came into the room. had a roll of blue prints in his hand.

"Now, my dear girl, these plans of your have you thought them over at all? You practically made them? But don't y see what you've done—sacrificed eve thing to a patio. A patio—only good hot weather, when you'll never be h anyhow. The whole comfort of the ho arranged for the season you'll be aw They are without exception the most rid ulous plans —— Oh! Yes, I sent down a copy of them at once. I'm glad I did. I hadn't ——"

"But, Valentine," she interrupted—s knew by experience that you were fore to interrupt Valentine if you wished speak at all—"it is my house, you know

"And that's why I want it to be rig for you," he answered. "But we'll get right—never fear."

"It's exactly what I want as it is," sh returned, and she heard with a mixture disgust and fear that the old tone of fal determination was creeping into her voic

"It isn't at all what you want," he sai "You only imagine it is, Cora."

"Valentine, I've thought it all out wit the greatest care."

"But it's absurd—you won't like it. D listen to reason. Don't be obstinate."

Obstinate—the old accusation.

"That's what you always say when I in sist on doing anything my own way."

"But your way is wrong. Now just listen to me, my dear girl ——"

It was, to the identical phrases, the quarrel of their whole short turbulent married life. He had always made her fee that she was pig-headed and unreasonable not to yield at once to his superior knowledge of her own inmost wishes. The trouble was that the turmoil and the fighting slowly extinguished her own wishes—they weren't changed, they were killed—so that after a little while she was left gallantly defending a corpse; she ceased to care what happened; whereas Valentine's poignant interest grew with each word he uttered—and he uttered a great many—until he seemed to burn with an almost religious conviction that she must not do the thing in the way she wanted to do it.

It always ended the same way: "Now, my dear girl, don't be so obstinate." Was she obstinate? she wondered; and as she

(Continued on Page 76)



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(Continued from Page 74)

wondered Valentine rushed in like an army through a breach in the wall. He was doing it now.

"All I ask," he was saying, "is that you should look at the set of plans I had my man draw—he's a real architect—not a bungalow wizard like that fellow you employed. Now you might at least do that—it isn't much to ask that you should just look at them. Oh, well, you'll see they call for another piece of land, but honestly, Cora, I cannot let you settle on that switching yard that you picked out ——"

She could not refuse to look at his plans; in fact, she was not a little touched by the idea that he had taken such an infinity of trouble for her.

And at this instant Thorpe entered. Valentine shouted at him to get that other roll of plans from his room.

"Yes, sir," said Thorpe, "directly; but the message has come that the steamer is docking and I've sent for a taxi, sir."

Valentine collected himself. "Oh, yes, the steamer," he said, and then he glanced at Cora. "I don't think I'll go to the steamer, Thorpe."

Cora's heart rose; she knew that look, that tone; he did not want to go. She looked at Thorpe; not a muscle of his face had changed, and yet she knew he was in opposition.

"Yes, sir," he said. "Would you have any objection if I went to the dock? I doubt if the princess will understand the American customs without assistance, sir."

There was a little pause.

"The princess?" said Cora.

Valentine waved toward the photograph on the desk. "She's coming—Hungarian princess. Great stuff, if she's as per invoice. I'm sending her to China for the syndicate. Hun to Hun, you know. Good idea, isn't it? Thorpe told me about her. He lived with her uncle when he was ambassador in London; the uncle, you know, not Thorpe—though why not?"

Valentine rose. The recital of the facts in the case of the princess had revived his interest in her.

"I'll just go and grasp her by the hand. We've got her transportation for the Coast for this evening, and she may not relish starting at once, unless it's put just right. I'll show her it's the best thing for her to do. Her last cable suggested she wished to linger in New York, but she would enjoy it more on her way back. I'll explain that to her. It won't take a minute. You'll wait, won't you? Stay and dine with me. I'm alone. Or no; I see by Thorpe's face that I have someone to dinner."

"Indeed, you have, sir."

"Who is it? I don't remember."

"Mrs. Johnson-Bing, sir."

"Oh, Margaret—good old Margaret—so it is." Thorpe and Cora, a little embarrassed for him, averted their eyes, but Valentine was not embarrassed at all. "You have no idea how good she was to me when I was at the hospital. And I wasn't very grateful—out of my head, you know. I thought I ought to tell her —— You'll wait, Cora; just give you time to look over my plans, and when I come back I'll tell you about the land I bought for you. Well, I have an option on it ——"

She lost the end of his sentence, for Thorpe, who during the speech had been putting him into his overcoat and handing him his hat and gloves, finally succeeded in hurrying him out of the door, still talking. But Cora did not require the end of the sentence; no woman who has lived two years with a man does. She knew what he was going to say, but even more important, she knew what was in his mind—that her welfare was as important to him as it had ever been. The marriage ceremony, she had always known, did not unite people, but now she was discovering that a decree of divorce did not always separate them. She was as much married to Valentine as she had ever been—no more and no less. How astonishing!

She sank into a chair. Perhaps the really astonishing fact was that they should ever have parted. They parted because they quarreled, but now she saw that their quarreling was the expression of their love. Her relations with everyone in the world except Valentine were suave and untroubled. And she was sure there was no one else with whom Valentine enjoyed the struggle for mastery. The mere notion of attempting to master the docile Margaret was comic, and as for Hermione, she was like a dish of blanc mange—you liked it and ate it or else you let it alone. No, it was useless to evade the truth that she, Cora, of all women was to him unique.

Thorpe returned presently and brought the new plans. She nodded without looking at him and told him to leave them on the table. She had plenty of time. Valentine's few minutes were always an hour.

"If you don't care to wait, madam, I'm sure Mr. Bing would be very glad to have you take them home with you," said Thorpe.

Cora did not trouble to repress a smile. "I shall wait, Thorpe," she said, with the good humor that comes from perfect confidence.

Thorpe bent very slightly from the waist, and left the room.

At last she rose and began to unroll the plans. She became immediately absorbed in them; they were not only beautiful and ingenious but, better to her than any beauty, they showed how he had remembered her tastes, her needs. She had always loved growing plants, and he had arranged a glassed passageway with sun and heat to be a small conservatory for her; there was a place for her piano; a clever arrangement for hanging her dresses. He had remembered, or rather he had never forgotten. The idea came to her that this was not a house for her alone, but for her and him together. How simply that would explain his passionate interest in the prospect of her building. She began to read the plans as if they were a love letter.

She was still bending over them when later—much later—the door opened and closed. She did not immediately look up. It was not her plan to betray that she had guessed what lay behind his actions. She waited with bent head for Valentine's accustomed opening, and then hearing nothing she looked up, to find the newcomer was Margaret.

In their last meeting the shadow of death had obliterated the pattern of convention, but now both women were aware of an awkward moment. Margaret smiled first.

"I suppose, as no one sees us, we may shake hands," she said. Cora looked at her predecessor. Even in the low becoming lights of Valentine's big room she was frankly middle-aged, large waisted and dowdy, and yet glowingly human. Cora held out her hand.

"Is it so late?" she said. "Valentine mentioned that you were coming to dinner. He said he hadn't thanked you for all you did for him when he was ill.

Mrs. Johnson-Bing smiled. "That isn't what he wants," she said. She undid her coat and began to remove stout black gloves. She was in a high dark dress—very different from what Cora would have worn if she had decided to come back and dine with Valentine.

"What does he want?" Cora asked. She was really curious to hear.

"He's heard I'm going into business—supplying food to invalids. He wants me to organize according to his ideas, and not according to mine." Margaret smiled. "But poor Valentine doesn't know anything about invalids; just wants the fun of having everything done his way."



"What Does it Matter to Me Whether He Gets Well or Not? It Takes Too Much Vitality—Making Him Mind. I'm Through. I'm Off to Palm Beach Tomorrow"

The words for some reason sounded a knell in Cora's ears. Was that all Va tine really cared about—getting his way? There was a brief silence; far a in some other part of the house she dimly aware of a clock striking and a phone bell ringing. It must be dinner she thought—Margaret's hour. No, couldn't both stay to dinner. She fo herself wondering which of them Val w put at the head of the table. He woul there himself, of course, with one on side of him.

"I suppose you'll do it all just a says," she remarked mechanically.

Margaret laughed; she had a plea laugh, almost a chuckle. "Indeed I shan she answered. "But I may let him t I'm going to. It saves such a lot of trou as I suppose you found out too."

No, Cora had not found that out. felt shocked and admiring—as a little feels who sees another one smoking. was it that Hermione, the faithless, Margaret, the maternal, dared to t Valentine more carelessly than she Perhaps they did not understand him well as she did, with her more subtle r tions.

Before she could answer, Thorpe in the room. When she thought of t moment afterwards she appreciated power of the man, for there was no trac elation or excitement or even of hurry ab him. He addressed Margaret:

"Mr. Bing is very sorry, madam, he not be able to get home to dinner to-nigh

Cora's mind working with the quickn of lightning waited for a second part of message—something that would detain and let Margaret depart in peace. Thorpe having delivered himself of this sentence turned to the desk and began lecting various objects—a fountain pen package of letters.

"When will Mr. Bing be back?" C asked.

"Mr. Bing is obliged to start for Chi this evening, madam," said Thorpe, his eye just wavered across hers. "I packing for him now—as well as I can such short notice." The reason, his to suggested, was sufficient excuse for leavi the two ladies to see each other out. left the room, his eyes still roving about search of necessary objects.

In this bitter moment Cora f vaguely envious of Margaret, wh unmoved by the intelligence, was b ginning to replace her heavy glove

"To China," she observed pla idly. "Now I wonder what t reason for that is."

Cora snatched up the glossy ph tograph and thrust it betwee Margaret's shapeless black finger "That's the reason!" she said pa sionately. "He left me for just ha an hour to meet her steamer—princess—'great stuff if as per i voice.' Well, evidently she is as 'pe invoice,' if he's going to China wit her the first time they meet—he an his princess!"

Margaret took the photograp and studied it with irritating calm

"I don't suppose there ever live a human male who would not enjo going to China with a princess," sh said, and she almost smiled at th thought of their departure.

Tears were already running down Cora's cheeks. "What does i mean?" she said. "Are men incap able of permanent attachments?"

"Oh, no," replied Margaret "Valentine's attachments are very permanent—only they're not ex clusive. He will always want me when he's sick—and you when h wants to test his will power."

She stopped, for Thorpe had come into the room again. He had come for the photograph, which he now took gently out of Margaret's unre sisting hand. She hardly noticed his action, so intently was her mind working upon the question of Valentine's health.

"Thorpe," she said, as if consulting a fellow expert, "do you think Mr. Bing is strong enough to make this journey?"

For the first time Thorpe allowed himself a smile—a faint fleeting lighting of the eyes.

"Oh, yes, madam," he said. "I think now Mr. Bing is quite himself—quite normal. And then, madam, I shall be with him."

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The startling difference between civilized foods and natural diets

"The chief causes of disease and death lie in food and drink," says an international authority on food and its relation to health. This doctor tells of his nine years' experience in the East. There he found a primitive people, far removed from the refinements of civilization, who never had digestive troubles, never suffered from intestinal inactivity, and who never heard of appendicitis.

These primitive people, he says, are "content with natural foods, protective foods, . . ." "But," he continues, "the case is different with civilized man. No longer is he content with the unsophisticated foods made in nature's laboratory; his foods must be preserved, purified, polished, pickled and canned. Some he extracts and distils with the object of procuring concentrates agreeable to his taste. His animal food he heats, dries, freezes, thaws and stores.

"One way or another, by desiccation, by chemicals, by heating, by freezing and thawing, by oxidization, by decomposition, by milling and polishing, he applies the principles of his civilization—the elimination of the natural and the substitution of the artificial—to the food he eats and fluids he drinks. With such skill does he do so that he often converts his food into a dead fuel mass, devoid of those vitamins which are to it as the magneto's spark to the fuel mixture of a petrol-driven engine."

A fresh food rich in health-protective elements

Now that we are learning about the real seriousness of wrong habits of eating, we are vitally interested in knowing just how valuable a food fresh yeast is.

The big chart will explain why Fleischmann's Yeast is needed in the diet. Yeast is not only the richest known source of



Modern man with his refined and modified foodstuffs needs to supplement his daily diet with some natural health-protective food.

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nin-B, a necessary protective element, but also a source of other food factors essential ealth. It is a fresh natural food sprung clean, wholesome grains—corn, rye, bar- containing factors which must be present our daily meals. It contains precious ral salts. It has valuable protein—the body building material.

he tissue building factors in fresh yeast so valuable that the same noted authority ted above says, "It may occasionally be tituted for meat in the dietary with antage."

he fresh yeast cake contains highly im- ant mineral matter—phosphorus which is l to all the living tissues of the body, ium for the teeth and bones, and iron, ch is an essential element of the blood.

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he full value of this wonderful plant can be obtained in its fresh form. This is the body craves fresh yeast!

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atives are made unnecessary by this nat- l food. Of course we know that laxatives er remove the cause of the trouble, but n make it worse. They weaken the intes- l muscles. One physician says that prob- y one of the *chief causes* of intestinal ctivity is the indiscriminate use of ca- rtics.

Fleischmann's Yeast is a simple food, cor- tive in its nature, which increases the tion of the intestines and maintains normal functions. By adding this fresh food to your daily diet you will find the need for laxatives gradually disappear.

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Thousands today are realizing that faulty eating is the cause of their digestive troubles. These people are now eating Fleischmann's Yeast and finding increased appetite and improved digestion.

Fleischmann's Yeast supplies abundantly the elements which help the flow of bile and the pancreatic juice. It will help you get the full benefit from the other foods you eat. Without this help even good foods may fail to give you sufficient nourishment.

Eat 2 to 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day before or between meals. It will help keep your intestines clean and active, your stomach normal, your appetite keen, your whole being radiant with health.

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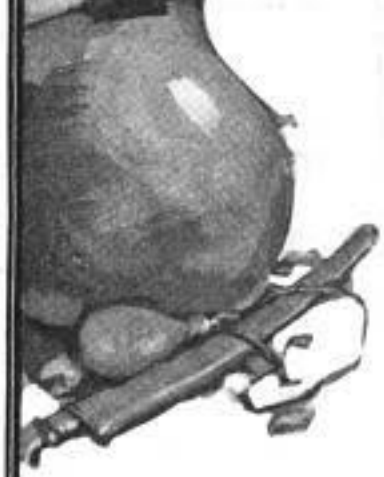
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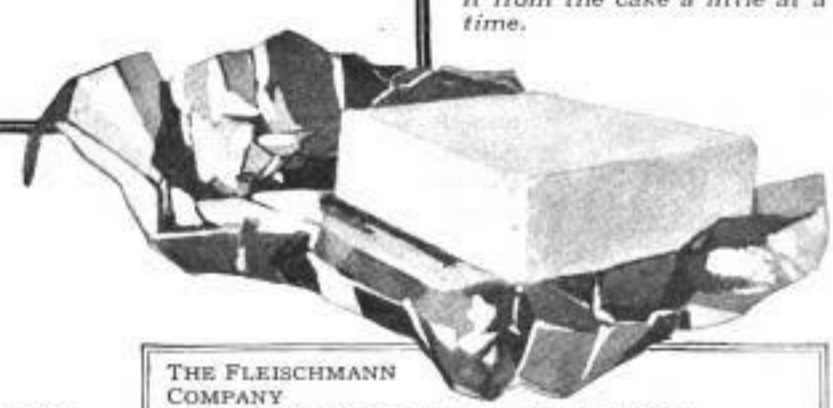
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Mineral matter—regulates the body functions and helps maintain the body's health

Vitamin—increases appetite, helps digestion. Without vitamin, neither protein, carbohydrate, fat, nor mineral matter can be properly utilized by the body. Without vitamin the body starves.



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Yeast is grown from a mixture of the most wholesome grains—corn, rye and barley. The grain is carefully selected and thoroughly cleansed from all dust or other foreign substances. When these grains are ground and soaked in water they provide the most nourishing mixture for the yeast. These tiny remarkable plants then grow with astonishing rapidity. The familiar cake of Fleischmann's Yeast consists of millions of these microscopic plants.

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RITA COVENTRY

(Continued from Page 17)

he had known she would, and feeling that he had not said enough, he went on apologetically: "I can't imagine its being nice to see me, though. I know I'm an utterly unsatisfactory person to be with this evening, Alice. I'm as restless as a cat. That's why I thought of the theater—something bright to take our minds off things."

"There's nothing the matter, is there?" she asked tenderly.

"Oh, no; nothing special." He sighed. "Apparently there just isn't any bottom to this market. And a lot of little things have bothered me to-day. You know how it goes sometimes."

Feeling as he did, he found it pleasant, after all, to be with Alice—someone to whom he could grumble, even though he could not grumble about the one thing that was on his mind.

"I wish I could help you."

Even more definitely than her words, her eyes, with their expression of solicitude, informed him of that wish.

"You do," he assured her honestly, looking into her face with a peculiar and not too happy little smile. "You help a lot, my dear. You're a mighty comfortable person to be with."

And she was. She was the sort of woman who, when the waiter hands her a menu, lays it down and says to her escort: "You order, please."

The head coat-room boy at the Tuileries, the quiet and fashionable French restaurant at which they dined, possessed a gift for obtaining, at the last moment, seats for the most popular theatrical performances, the one provision being that the purchaser should be willing to pay well for the service. And the mere fact that one dined at the Tuileries was proof of willingness to pay.

The place was dedicated to the affluent, critical and self-indulgent. Two could dine excellently at the Tuileries for approximately twenty-five dollars—this sum including, in this post-Volstead period, a bright yellow beverage at twelve dollars a quart, which was served only to guests known to the management, and was mentioned with wise glints of the eye by the waiters as special cider, although it tasted so precisely like sauterne that it was sometimes ordered by that name, albeit in a low tone, by those lacking a full degree of delicacy.

One got what one paid for at the Tuileries. The dining room was not too large, and was decorated with a restrained elegance which knew neither red nor gold nor marble. The tables stood upon soft carpet, not too close together; the chairs were comfortable, and the cushioned benches against the walls more comfortable still; the cuisine was irreproachable, the waiters sympathetic as only the most expert French waiters know how to be, and among the guests were always to be seen celebrities and beautifully costumed women. And best of all, one paid not only for what one got but for what one was spared. There was no orchestra.

A few years earlier Parrish could have bought a box with seats for six for what he gave to-night for two seats for Gladys. But his two seats were in the third row on the aisle. No one knew better than the coat-room boy where patrons of the Tuileries preferred to sit.

When they arrived at the theater the first act was over, but once the curtain rose they had no difficulty in picking up the thread of story. A thread was all there was.

The star, a pretty Broadway favorite, figured as a Russian grand duchess who had escaped the revolution and come to New York with her guardian, a middle-aged prince with comic legs. Incognito, the two were working in a restaurant, he as a waiter, she as a kitchen maid. Poor though they were, they had brought with them elaborate wardrobes, and they were thus able to lead a dual life, going at times into the fashionable world to which their titles gave them access.

A young man with wavy golden hair, a tenor voice and wealthy parents fell in love with the beautiful kitchen maid, but did not recognize her when he met her in black velvet at a ball; nor did the lank society woman recognize the prince of the night before in the waiter who spilled things on her and tripped and fell with trays of dishes.

These confusions of identity through several scenes enriched with and specialties, but were cleared up end when the kitchen maid, havin her sweetheart, was suddenly revea him standing at the head of an impr flight of stairs, up center, in a pri gown which was the climax of the s a gown which took the honors o evening from the girl, the librettis composer, and even the Italian mas melody with whose famous operatic t the composer was apparently familia

As the sumptuous garment desc the stairs to meet its lover the truth upon him. The person it contained embellished was of royal blood and t fore fit to be accepted on terms of equality by any American family, ho wealthy. The young man put his around the gown, and from the careful he did it the audience knew that he cherish it as long as that show should

At least so far as Parrish was concer the evening's offering had served its d ening purpose. His eyes had been eng with bright stage pictures, his ears trifling jests and melodies, his mind nothing. But as his limousine nosed way cautiously through the glittering ferno of the after-theater streets, rever ating with the snarls of angry motor h and the shrill whistle blasts of traffic po men, he began to think again. He did want to, but he could not help it.

XIII

"YOU'LL come up for a little while Alice suggested hopefully as t turned into the lofty cañon of Park Aven with its double asphalt trail.

"It's pretty late."

"How would you like me to fix you so bacon and eggs?"

"No; nothing to eat, thanks."

"You look tired."

"I am, rather."

"Then you're right—you'd better home and to bed. I did want you to see t photograph of Margaret and the childre though. It's so sweet."

"How is Margaret?"

He asked the question not so much b cause of interest in her married siste whom he had never seen, as to keep h talking of matters unrelated to him.

"I'm worried about her. She's all ru down. George's business keeps him tied u so he can't take long vacations, and Mar garet won't go away for any length of tim without him. I ask her here—time an again I've asked her—but there's alway some reason why she thinks she can't come If it isn't George it's the children. Instead she's always urging me to come out there."

"Naturally," he said, "when she's s fond of you. Of course you haven't been home often." And as the car drew near her door he added: "I believe I will stop in for a few minutes."

She gave a little sigh of contentment.

"I didn't want to urge you," she told him, "but I'd have been disappointed if you hadn't stopped in. I've felt lately as if things weren't—I don't know—as if you were different somehow."

"Nonsense," he said. He was glad the car was stopping.

"Well, that's the way I've felt."

"You shouldn't get ideas like that," he said.

Going up in the elevator he made small talk about the musical comedy. She gave him her latchkey and when he unlocked the door preceded him into the living room, turning on the lamps. Then, as he had slipped off his overcoat, she came and led him to "his chair," where she made him comfortable, tucking a pillow behind him as a trained nurse might for an invalid, after which she brought the photograph and placing it in his hands perched upon the arm of the chair where she could look at it over his shoulder.

"Very nice," said he, nodding.

"Did you ever see a sweeter picture?" she demanded.

"Don't believe so." He continued to look at it. "Margaret isn't so pretty as you are."

"Oh, isn't she though! You wouldn't say that if you could see her. She's a regular little madonna. And did you ever see such darling children? Georgie's such a

(Continued on Page 83)

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Continued from Page 80)

ttle thing, and little Alice—isn't
able? Just look at her hair, too—
curly."
very pretty."
ted her cheek against his temple,
the photograph.
tly he stirred a little, dislodging
the position, and turning his head
p at her, asking:
say Margaret has been urging you
out and visit?"
she's always doing it. Even now
ave my own apartment in New
and George insist that their home
my home—the dears! And of
a way it is."
of course," he agreed; then:
hy don't you take a little run out

I was out there last fall," she an-
almost defensively.
two or three days."
eek," she corrected. "And I've
re three other times, remember—
since I met you." She had a way
time in that fashion.
" he went on, gently persistent,
sister isn't very well ——" He
sentence unfinished.
sighed.
course I've been thinking about
she said. "I do want to see them
I hate to have Margaret feeling
cause I don't come oftener. And
lice—being her godmother ——"
s," he encouraged, "naturally she
to see more of her Aunt Alice."
nodded.
d Georgie's so sweet too. They're
arest pair of youngsters! But"—
she sighed—"well, I guess you know
don't want to go, don't you?" She
tened, looking at him with eyes
ously tender.
ou find it dull?" he suggested, wish-
fend off the declaration.
h, no. It's not half bad. They have
tty house and the people are nice—
t they seem so to me, being a Middle
rner. Of course they aren't like New
rs; perhaps you'd think them pro-
l; but they're mighty comfortable
with."
m sure of it. In fact, I've often won-
that you didn't spend more time
your sister."
ou've wondered?" She looked sur-
d and somewhat hurt. "You think I
t to? Surely you know why I haven't,
Why, at first you didn't want me to
You didn't like it if I even spoke of it.
said you'd be so lonesome. You told
——"
'm afraid I've been very selfish," he

No, I wanted to be with you as much
ou wanted me. You know that, dear."
Perhaps," said he somberly, "we've
been thinking too much of what we
ted."
Not you. It's no fault of yours if
——"
Yes, it is. I have no right to come be-
en you and your only sister."
Come between us?" she repeated,
nished. "Why, you haven't done any-
g like that! Margaret and I adore each
er."
'She's hurt because you don't go oftener."
'Not hurt, exactly. It's just that she—
misses me, because after father and
ther died we were always together."
"Until you came East," he added.
That's where my responsibility begins."
"But I didn't have to stay East if I
n't want to."
"That's not the point." He gazed at
gravely. "Alice, I think you ought to
ke a run out there. It would probably
ake Margaret feel better if she could just
ve a look at you."
"I thought I'd go early in the summer."
"You ought to go right now."
"Now? Oh, I couldn't!"
"Why not?"
"A lot of things I have to do."
"What?"
"Well, I want to clean house— and I've
dered some clothes."
"Nonsense! Those things will wait."
"I don't want to leave you," she de-
lared; "not when you're feeling the way
you are."
"I?" he said, taken aback. "Why, I'm
all right."
She shook her head.
"Something's been troubling you."
"Business," said he a little bit defen-
sively; "but that's only another reason why you might better go now. I can't tell when I'll be called out of town again. I'm going to be frightfully rushed in the next few weeks. If you were out there with your sister I'd know you were all right. I'd know you weren't waiting around for me."

"But, Dick dear," she interposed, "you mustn't feel that way about me. That means I'm a drag on you—the very thing above all others that I never want to be."

"Not a drag," he corrected. "But honestly, Alice, I won't be happy until this thing is set right."

"Then I'll go of course," she said.

"That's the girl! Now the question is, when?"

"Next week sometime?"

"Why wait until next week? Why not now—to-morow?"

"To-morrow?" The idea seemed to take her breath away.

"Yes, the sooner the better. The sooner you go the sooner you'll be back."

"But I ——"

"To please me," he urged in a final appeal the effectiveness of which he well knew.

"Well, then ——"

She was assenting, though a little doubtfully. At once he became expansive.

"Splendid!" He threw an arm about her waist. "I'll stop and get your tickets on the way down in the morning. You can go in the late afternoon and be in Cleveland early next day. You'd better wire them to-night that you're coming. I'll be around to drive you to the station." Then, perhaps because she looked a trifle dazed, causing him to fear that she was still uncertain, he added encouragingly, "It's just possible that I'll be going to Chicago again, and if I do we might arrange to meet on the train coming back."

Immediately she brightened.

"Oh, that would be lovely! Maybe you could get off and come up and meet Margaret and George. And I'd love to have you see the children. You probably think it's just because they're my niece and nephew that I talk so much about them, but it's not. They're really —— Do you think you could stop off?"

"Well," he said, "we'll see."

"In about a week, you think?"

"I can't say surely yet. I'll let you know as soon as I know myself. The main thing now is for you to get started. We can fix up the rest later." Then observing that she looked cast down again he patted her shoulder reassuringly, exclaiming in a voice intended to be stimulating, "Buck up, my dear! Think how happy you're going to make them all! You mustn't be looking like Grief on a monument, you know!"

"I shall miss you awfully," she said.

"No, no! You're going to have a fine time. You'll see! Why, you may meet some fellow out there who'll make you forget all about me."

"I wish you wouldn't say things like that, Dick."

"Why be so hideously serious, dear?"

"Well, I am—about you. I don't see how you can joke about such things. You know that no one could ——"

"Of course I know." Again he patted her shoulder.

"I'm always thinking of you," she went on. "Every night of my life I pray for you the same as for Margaret and George and the children."

"You sweet girl!"

He rose to his feet; she followed, standing close beside him and looking up into his face as she asked, "Will you miss me?"

"Of course."

"Much?"

"Lots." He kissed her lightly. "Now it's time for me to be running along."

"Already?"

"It's after twelve."

She glanced at the clock.

"Only five minutes after."

"Yes, but you've a busy day ahead of you, packing and getting off. And I'm tired."

She made no further effort to detain him. But in the hall, just as he was leaving, she flung her arms around him and for a moment clung to him like a frightened child.

XIV

WITHIN the hour Parrish, in pajamas and dressing gown, was settled in a comfortable position on his bed. At his back were three large pillows and a good light fell over his shoulder upon the book which he hoped would keep his thoughts engaged until Rita's call should come. He had switched the telephone off from his study to the extension instrument at his bedside, which he could reach at the first sound of the bell.

But there would be a long wait before the bell would ring. She had sung Aïda to-night, and Aïda ran rather late, as he remembered it—until about half past eleven. Then there was all that dark make-up to be removed before she could dress. That meant three-quarters of an hour at least. By now she was at Frémecourt's, but she would hardly be leaving there before two hours more had passed. It would be three or four o'clock in the morning when she reached home and got his message.

But would she get it? He had been explicit enough with Pierre, certainly; but would Pierre, in passing on his word, lay stress enough upon the fact that he wished her to call him up, regardless of the hour? He lacked confidence in Pierre. This business of communicating always through a third person, and that a butler who spoke usually in French, was irritating—irritating as the devil! So much depended upon Rita's understanding the messages he left! It wasn't a mere case of "Call me up some day." He must hear from her! He must! Worn out as he was, he felt he could not sleep until he heard her voice.

The large volume in his hands was admirably suited for ordinary bedtime reading. It was the first volume of the memoirs of a British diplomat who had spent the past half century in various capitals, and who described in an easy rambling style events he had witnessed in those capitals. It was a book of gilded gossip and anecdote which could be opened at any point and closed at any point—a first essential in a bedtime book.

But this was not apparently the kind of reading Parrish needed now. Time and again he found that his eyes had traversed pages while his thoughts were otherwise engaged. He was neither reading coherently nor thinking coherently. He would turn back and reread, endeavoring to concentrate, but only to find himself presently drifting again into shadowy, dreamlike speculations and imaginings.

He saw himself with Rita in foreign places amid spectacular surroundings. Now they would be strolling along the borders of some sapphire lake in the North Italian hills, now dining in a brilliant restaurant at Monte Carlo, now roaming the garden of a villa at Taormina—a villa sparkling white against the green mountainside, with the sea spread out below, and smoke-plumed Ætna lifting its white crest through a far-away blue haze.

At two the striking of the old clock in the study roused him. He had been lying with closed eyes, the open book propped against his knees. Once more he began to read. There was a description of a ball and supper at the Winter Palace, vast and beautiful apartments lighted by thousands of candles—a noble company. He seemed to see Rita there. Constantinople, the Bosporus, the Golden Horn—a succession of strange places, strange people, strange happenings, always with Rita at his side.

Now they were on the stage at the opera. No, not the opera. They were standing at the prow of a great galley surging through a summer sea. Richly colored sails bellied in the soft, sweet wind. Rita was dressed in trailing robes of white brocade. Her glorious dark hair was hanging about her shoulders. There was music. She was singing to him, but in a language he did not know. The sailors, too, were speaking a strange tongue. He listened, spellbound.

Then came Alice. Sailors held her roughly by the wrists. They were dragging her to the ship's side. They were going to throw her into the sea. Rita was not looking at them; she did not know what was happening. He tried to tell her, but she could not understand. She continued to sing, smiling at him, and while she sang there was a charm upon him—he was unable to move.

The sailors were lifting Alice now. Something must be done to save her. She looked at him imploringly, but he stood horror-stricken, rooted to the spot. He heard her pleading with them. He tried to shout and stop them, but was dumb.

They were holding her out over the water now. He could see it rushing by below. In a moment she would be gone. Rita still smiled and sang her song. In agony he watched. What were they waiting for? Ah, yes, the signal. They were awaiting the signal, which, he somehow knew, was to be

(Continued on Page 86)



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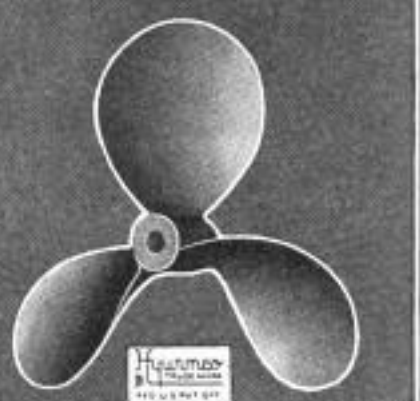
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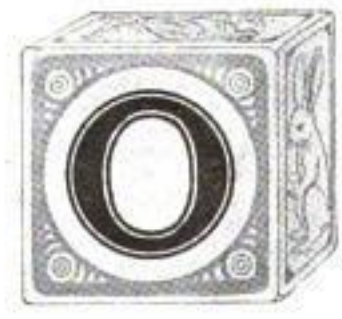
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Skin and baby specialists place great emphasis on the necessity of a pure soap for children's tender skins. They say that mothers cannot be too careful about this one bath necessity.

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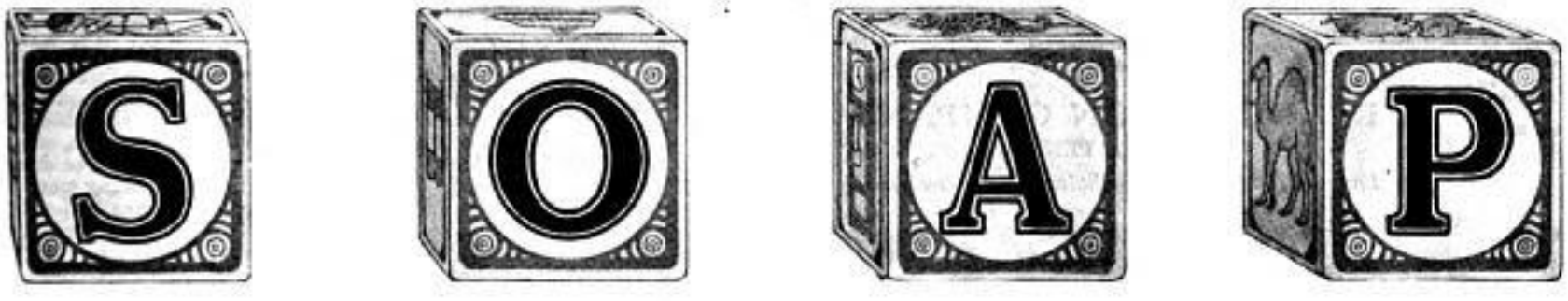
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Write for the booklet, "The Ultimate Cost." It is of unusual interest to the home builder.



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"'Reading' on every length"

READING IRON COMPANY
READING, PENNA.

Largest Producers of Wrought Iron Pipe in the World

READING WROUGHT IRON PIPE

(Continued from Page 83)

the ringing of a bell. Then they would let her fall. That bell must not ring! Oh, it must not!

But it did ring, and as he heard it the whole scene faded out. In an instant he was wide awake, trembling and perspiring with the terror of that dream.

One thing, however, he knew he had not dreamed. A bell had in truth rung. It had awakened him. Even now he seemed to hear the echo of its last reverberations.

The telephone! Rita!

He snatched the instrument from the stand beside his bed and answered.

For a moment there was silence on the wire. Then came the droning voice of the operator, "Number, please?"

Without a word he hung up the receiver.

Through the net curtains gently swaying in his open windows he saw daylight. He squinted at the little clock upon his dresser. Twenty minutes to eight. He heard his servant pass down the hall, open the front door and say good morning to the elevator man, who always brought the mail and newspapers. It was the doorbell he had heard—only the doorbell.

He reached above his head and turned off the reading light. As he moved, the book of memoirs slipped from the bed and fell with a dull bump and flap of leaves to the floor. One of the tassels of his dressing gown was digging into his side where he had lain upon it as he slept. The night was gone. Another day had dawned; and not a word from Rita.

For a time he lay there miserable. He ached. But he must get up. There was that infernal tassel to encourage him, and there was so much to be done to-day. He must buy Alice's tickets, go to the office and come up later to see her off.

And Rita—that matter must be definitely settled. The waiting, the uncertainty were no longer to be endured. He had not known a moment's peace since he first laid eyes on Rita. She was driving him mad.

He arose, hurried through his toilet, bolted his breakfast and went out. From the Grand Central Station he telephoned, letting Alice know that he had secured accommodations on the Cleveland Limited and that he would call at six to drive her to the train.

Then, anticipating her, he added, "I'll come before six if I can, but there's no telling about that until I get to the office."

There! That much was done.

But, oh, this case of Rita! Why couldn't he see through it? Generally, he felt, he understood women and their ways. Certainly his friends, troubled by affairs of the heart, had come to him often enough with their problems; and always he had been able to interpret and advise. Everit, for instance, when he was in love with that married woman in Pawtucket; and Sage, when he was having difficulties with his wife; and poor old Goodman, who only needed to be nerved up to propose to a girl who had waited more than a year for him to do so. All he required now was help of the kind he had so often given. He must eliminate his feelings. He must force himself into a state of frigid practicality. He must audit his affair with Rita as impartially as an accountant would audit his own books. A man of his experience ought to be able to do that.

Riding downtown in the Subway, he attempted it. He had a choice of two courses: Either he must ignore Rita until she should communicate with him or else he must spare no effort to get in touch with her at once. The arguments in favor of the first course were simple. She had broken her promise to call him up. She had ignored his messages. She had not acknowledged his flowers. He would like to punish her for all that.

But there were arguments in favor of the other course. Suppose he remained silent—what then? Rita was proud. She might answer silence with silence. A deadlock. Everything ended. Moreover, a card in a box of flowers was easily lost. And there was absolutely no way of being sure that his message, left with Pierre, had ever reached her.

To discover a plausible excuse for her failure to telephone according to her pledge did not at first look easy, but before he reached his office he had hit upon an explanation which seemed to him a masterpiece of feminine psychologizing. Her promise, given freely as they parted, had assumed an aspect altogether different when the time came for its fulfillment. Twelve hours of daylight had cha look of things. She had felt self-co Diffidence! That was it! He had of her thinking of him, wishing to t to him, yet not wishing to; going h toward the instrument, then falte giving up. A charming vision.

He understood her feeling. He w away false pride and keep calling until he got her. Once they had ta shyness would depart.

At eleven o'clock he left his des an investor was discussing with advisability of selling stocks and bonds, went to the private telepho and called Rita's number. Pierre that she was not yet awake. He pected that. But to-day he mea forehanded.

Returning to his desk, he resu conversation with the custome thought him overpessimistic.

At half past twelve he telephone This time the butler asked him to h wire. That was encouraging. kindling hope was quickly exting Pierre returned to say that the specialist was with mademoiselle. Parrish would leave his number moiselle would call him in a little

The throat specialist! Perhaps ill. Perhaps that was why he h heard from her. That was anothe tingency he should have taken i calculations. Opera singers had to b careful of their health than o mortals. But in response to his inquiry Pierre assured him that s quite well; the doctor's visit was a of routine.

"I'm glad to hear that," said Par

Yet somehow he was not quite g hear it. Of course he did not wish be ill, but on the other hand had sh ill everything would have been exp He left his number. Then instead o out he had lunch sent in to him and at his desk. The market to-day irregular—the kind of market one d like to leave.

An hour passed. An hour of su punctuated by frequent excursions ticker. The uncertainties of this flu ing market were trifles by comparison those of his state of mind. At leng ceased to make excuses for her. Her ises were worth nothing. She had intended to call him up.

Well, he would give her one more ch As he went to the booth for the third he felt that he was facing one of the of his life. The whole future hung on should happen now. Again he hear voice of Pierre. He asked to speak to

"Mademoiselle had to go out, sir."

"All right!"

The electric contact, broken as he ered the receiver on the hook, would be resumed. It was over; over and with. He stood for a moment staring at the mouthpiece.

"Damn her!" he muttered. " through!"

XV

HE WAS tired—frightfully tired. needed rest. He needed to relax. his nerves would not let him relax. sensible thing for him to do, he knew, to go home and have a nap before ta Alice to the train, but the thought was tasteful. He was too restless for that.

After the closing of the market he mained for a time in the office, talk gloomily with customers about the e nomic future of the country, the railr situation, wages; the excess-profits killing initiative. Had not the Brit tried an excess-profits tax and abando it? But the British generally showed so sense in these matters. A direct sales was the only thing.

He looked in his desk drawers for a c tain pamphlet giving the comparati figures, but could not find it. The drawe were full of old papers and reports, ma of them useless. Talk about efficienc Sixty dollars a week to a secretary w didn't even clear out these desk drawer He buzzed for the young man, and in th tone of one who has suffered long a patiently spoke to him about the matte Then he left for the day.

Instead of taking the Subway up Forty-second Street, according to his usua habit, he walked up crowded Nassau Stree to City Hall Park, and striking across th park continued up Broadway.

How the city had changed within hi memory! Not only the buildings but th

(Continued on Page 89)

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There is the right Diamond Tire for you and your car—a Diamond Cord, or a Diamond Fabric. Sum up your needs, and one or the other will meet them.

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The climax of our twenty-nine years of quality tire making. The sum total of our experience, ideals and principles. Diamond *durability* at its *highest*, *plus* a *handsomer* tread, tastefully set off by smart, shapely sidewalls. Diamond *economy* at peak, *plus* a new road-gripping, tractor-like anti-skid, unique in tire history. A tire to add beauty to the luxurious limousine, and elegance to the most modest car. To get a *new thrill* out of your automobile, equip it with new Diamond Cords.

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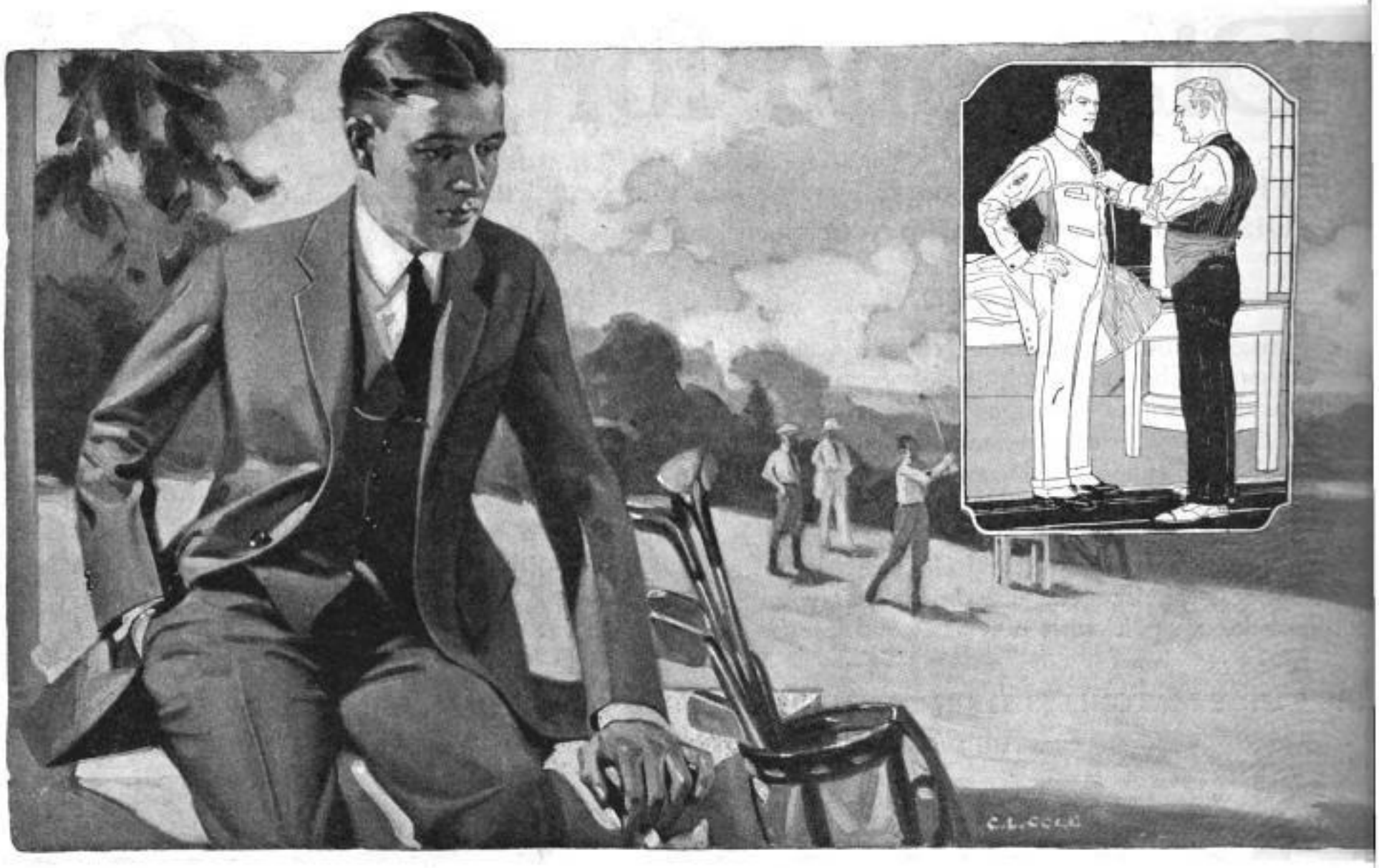
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❖ ❖

Get that one point forever in your mind —it is *very* important. We do not do so-called "type-tailoring." Every Kahn made-to-measure suit is tailored with infinite care and precision to fit just *one man.*

❖ ❖

This individuality, this "mine" feeling in your Kahn Clothes is pure plus—you pay no premium whatever for it. Kahn made-to-measure clothes cost no more than fine ready-to-wear clothes

—because they are tailored in great volume—meaning low production costs and a low price to our dealers

—and because our dealers have no merchandise investment and no losses on old stocks—meaning a low retail price to you.

❖ ❖

Prove—at our risk—that Kahn Clothes offer the most comfort, satisfaction and value for the money.

Go to the nearest Kahn dealer (there are three thousand of them in this country); select the fabric you admire; let him measure you for a spring suit. If it doesn't please you in every respect

—DON'T TAKE IT. Kahn clothes must make good, or we will.

Get a suit, *this time*, that FITS.

Because of its superior fit, workmanship and materials, your hand-tailored Kahn suit will look well and stand pressing and cleaning indefinitely.

Prices on Kahn made-to-measure clothes for Spring are $35 to $70. To pay less is false economy; to pay more is false pride.



KAHN-TAILORING-CO.

OF INDIANAPOLIS

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(Continued from Page 86)

You never saw any Americans
ys. Half the time you didn't even
e English language. Swarthy for-
stopping in the middle of the side-
o converse blocked the way like
attle.

hing Union Square he swung around
ern border. Why was Union Square
torn up? It never ceased to look
ining camp. There was something
, about Broadway between Four-
and Twenty-third Streets. All the
es gone—some of them moved up-
some closed forever. He used to
se stores, even in the days when he
much to spend. And the Fifth
Hotel—one missed it; it had char-
The moment anything became a
rk in this town it was time to get rid
unless it happened to be something
ike the Worth Monument. That of
would always be preserved. It
looked so bad when there were trees
it, but the trees were gone.
mild weather of the last few days
ued. If you wore your overcoat it
o warm, but if you took it off you
chill in the air. There was a lot of
onia about. This premature spring
ervating. As soon as everyone was
omed to it there would come a bliz-
That was the New York climate.
ching the Waldorf he thought of
a taxi, but after a moment's hesi-
continued up Fifth Avenue afoot.
d not intended to walk so far, but as
s he had done it he might as well com-
the job, tired though he was. There
ast about time enough to walk home
eshen up before calling for Alice. After
d left he would go home and bathe and
nd have some dinner. Or perhaps he
i go out to dinner. He could go to a
He would run into
e there. He didn't
ike dining alone. As
tter of fact he didn't
ike dining at all.
rious how the looks of
rowds changed from
to day without appar-
eason. There ought to
many pretty, fashion-
dressed women out
afternoon as yester-
or the day before, but
e were not. To-day
the women looked
dy and the other half overdressed. How
piled the make-up on! So many of
s had taken to dyeing their hair, too,
every now and then one got a whiff of
ous scent that was asphyxiating.

That a town! More and more crowded
ry year. Business offices piled in layers,
her and higher; homes piled in the
e way—so-called homes. Nobody in
w York really had a home. It was all
ermanence.

His car was waiting at the curb when he
ched home, and soon he was on his way
oss town to Alice's. It would be some
e now before he took this drive again.
would be gone ten days or two weeks.
Now that Rita had been definitely and
ally ejected from his life there was not,
course, the pressing need that there had
en for Alice's departure. Still, it was
t as well that she was going. The ex-
rience with Rita had shaken him. Such
splendid dream with such a swift and
ter awakening. It would take him a
tle while to pull himself together and get
er it. It was better that Alice should be
ay while he was fighting the thing out
th himself.

He found her putting the last touches to
r packing. The wardrobe trunk stood in
e corner of the bedroom ready to be
sed. He pushed the two sides together
d snapped the lock. The porters came
get it.

"Let me ——" she said, fumbling at her
rse, but he tipped them, telling them to
t the trunk on a taxi and have it wait
ith his own car.

Her Russia-leather suitcase was lying
pen on the bed. He saw her go to her
ressing table, take the large silver-framed
hotograph of himself, wrap it in some-
hing soft and silken and place it in the bag.

"Surely you aren't going to lug that out
here with you?" he asked.

"I most certainly am!"

"You should have put it in the trunk,
hen."

"Something might happen to it—they
hrow trunks around so. Anyway, I want
it with me."

"But when you get out to your sister's—you won't want to put my picture up in your room, will you?"

"I'd like to know why not!"

"They'll be asking about it. They'll want to know if it's your young man."

"Well, it is my young man, isn't it?"

"Not so very young," he said.

She came and put her arms about his neck, looking up into his face.

"Yes, young!" said she. "You don't look within five years of your age, dear. And you're handsome—so handsome!"

"God forbid!" he said.

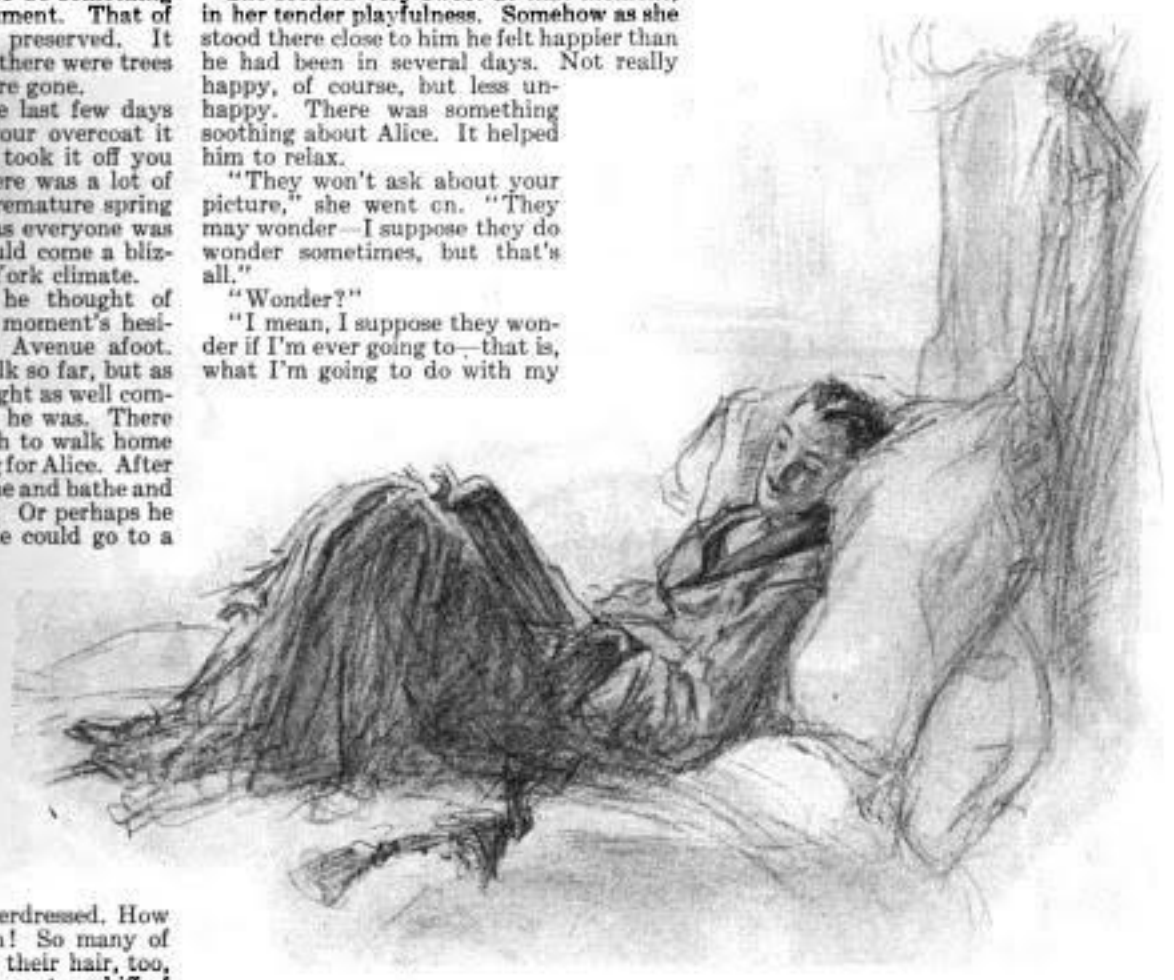
"Yes, handsome—the handsomest man I ever saw, if you want to know! Maybe that's the only reason I take your photograph with me. Did that ever occur to you? Maybe I don't love you at all! Maybe it's just that I'm proud of your looks!"

She seemed very sweet at that moment, in her tender playfulness. Somehow as she stood there close to him he felt happier than he had been in several days. Not really happy, of course, but less unhappy. There was something soothing about Alice. It helped him to relax.

"They won't ask about your picture," she went on. "They may wonder—I suppose they do wonder sometimes, but that's all."

"Wonder?"

"I mean, I suppose they wonder if I'm ever going to—that is, what I'm going to do with my life. But they aren't the prying kind. And even if they were, dear, I just couldn't get along without your picture. I love you too much."



He Had Been Lying With Closed Eyes, the Open Book Propped Against His Knees

"Too much!" he said. "That's just it. You really haven't had out of life anything like what you're entitled to. I haven't done ——"

She placed her hand lightly over his mouth as though to stop the utterance of a sacrilege. They stood thus for a moment, silent.

"It's time to go," he said.

He helped her close the bag and snap the cloth cover over it. Then, when she had put on her hat and coat, he carried the bag to the hall and waited there while she ran to the kitchen to say good-by to Otillia.

"I told her to telephone to you if anything came up while I'm away," she said when she returned. "That's all right, isn't it?"

"Of course. Come along." He held the door open.

In the limousine he felt her hand descend softly over his upon the seat.

"Are you feeling better to-day, dear?"

"Yes, I'm all right."

"Be careful about sudden changes in the weather."

"Certainly."

As they neared the station she said, "I don't know how I'm going to get along without you."

"Oh, it won't be long."

The car had swung into Vanderbilt Avenue and was approaching the carriage entrance of the terminal.

"Do you love me, Dick?"

"You know it."

"Darling!" she said, and pressed his hand gratefully. "And you will try to arrange for us to come back together, won't you?"

"If I can."

Her trunk had followed them down in a taxi. He checked it; then went with her to the train-gate, which was just being opened.

An obliging gateman let him pass through with her.

"Dick," she said in a low tone as they walked down the concrete platform beside the long row of Pullmans, "I can't help it. I feel—apprehensive."

"Why should you?"

"I don't know. I woke up last night—you know how weak you are when you wake up in the night and begin to worry? It was a sort of nightmare. Things haven't seemed just right lately. I felt almost as if—as if we had quarreled. I couldn't get it out of my head that you wanted to get rid of me."

"Silly girl!"

"I suppose I am silly."

"Yes. Why, I had a nightmare myself."

"About me? What did you dream about me?"

"Oh, I don't know. We were on a boat. I can't remember dreams. There was cheese in that salad dressing last night. Cheese never agrees with me."

He boarded the sleeper, saw her to her section and tipped the redcap who had carried her bag.

"Now," he said with the air of one whose duty is done, "you're all fixed. Here are your tickets."

"Thanks, dear, for seeing to everything. Can't you sit down a minute?"

"I have to get home and freshen up before dinner," he answered. "And—I hate to wait around for a train to leave."

"Yes, I remember." She rose. "I'll go to the platform with you."

He followed her down the aisle and into the narrow passage. At the end of the passage she paused, looked out to the platform to see that no one was coming, then turned quickly, and placing her hands upon his shoulders gave him a swift, eager kiss.

"Not here!" he protested, disengaging himself and glancing apprehensively behind him. She was amused.

"Don't you like me when I'm brazen?"

"Now you go back," he said, smiling uneasily, "and we'll say good-by through the window."

He left her, walked back beside the car, and presently saw her sit down on the green plush seat within. Bending over and looking at her through the two thicknesses of glass, he formed a good-by with his lips,

(Continued on Page 92)



Why Brown missed his train

Brown boasted he had never missed a train in his life. He was also a wizard at working puzzles. He had never found one he couldn't do. But one morning Brown missed his train. His record as a puzzle worker was at stake. He had seen some of the boys at the Club puzzling for days over—

"Puzzle-Peg"



He thought he could solve it in a hurry. So he bought a set and took it home. After dinner he worked on it for hours. Finally he gave up for the night but started in again next morning as soon as breakfast was over. He had it almost solved. The tantalizing pegs were jumping just right—when all of a sudden his train whistled. He sprinted for the station, but too late. Away went his record for making trains as well as for solving puzzles.

Thousands of people of all ages from ten to eighty have puzzled over Puzzle-Peg for days. It is the most baffling and mysterious fun-provoking puzzle ever invented. You may work for days to find one solution. You may say it can't be done. But free booklet sent with each game shows already *30* ways of doing it have been found.

If you want the biggest box of fun and entertainment you ever had for 50 cents, get a set of Puzzle-Peg anywhere good games are sold. If you have trouble in getting your set, send 50 cents and we will mail one postpaid together with free booklet of 30 Problems.



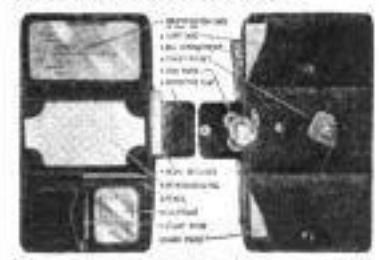
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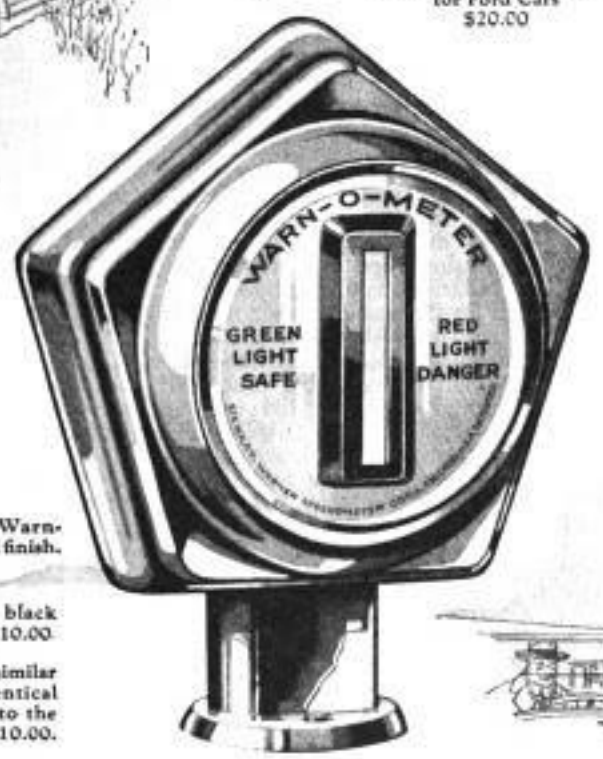
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Stewart
Stop Signal
$5.00



Stewart-Warner
Carbureter and Vaporizer
for Ford Cars
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Stewart DeLuxe Warn-O-Meter, all nickel finish. $12.50

Standard Model, black and nickel finish, $10.00

Ford Car Model, similar in design and identical in workmanship to the Standard Model, $10.00.

SO BIG—so bright—the driver behind can't fail to see it. Avoid *smash-ups*. Through rain or fog STOP flashes out in brilliant red against a black background whenever the foot brake is depressed. Sand-blasted glass to avoid glare.

Extreme caution is advised when buying electrical equipment. The name Stewart is on this Stop Signal.

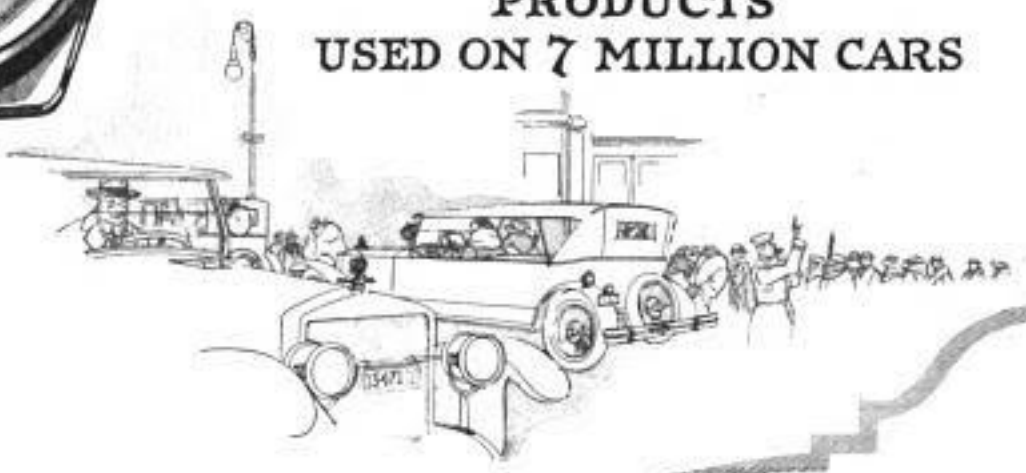
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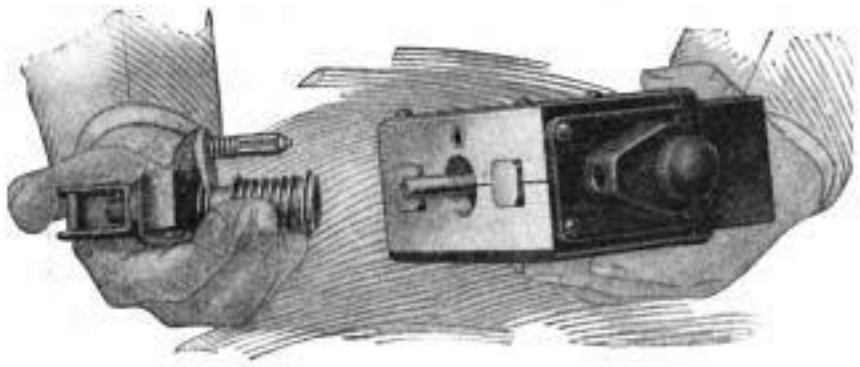
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WICO HIGH TENSION MAGNETOS for all one cylinder engines

are guaranteed to give a stronger spark for starting, independent of engine speed, and more hours of perfect service than you imagine possible. You can care for one yourself just as you would any other part of your engine.

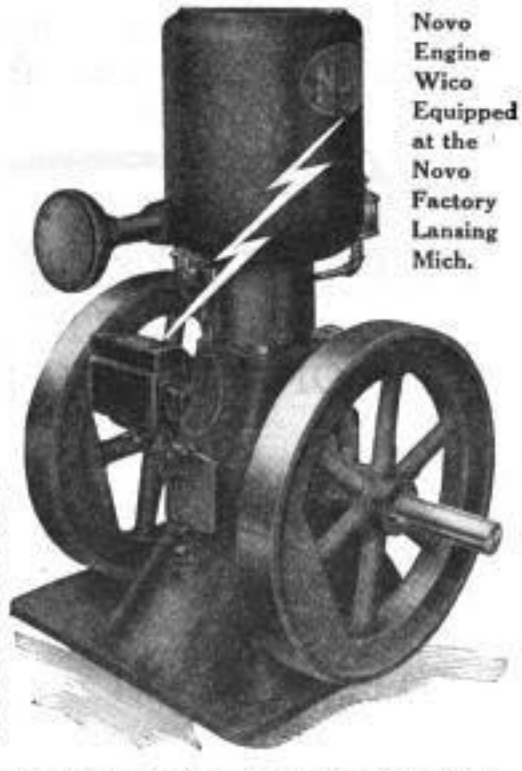
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WICO ELECTRIC CO. SPRINGFIELD MASS. U·S·A

(Continued from Page 89)

then paused for an instant, feeling her clinging to him with her eyes.

"Good-by," he said again, and lifted his hat.

This time her lips moved in answer. With a nod and a smile he straightened up and walked away. Coming upon a newsman some distance back along the platform he was reminded that he had failed to supply her with reading matter. He hesitated. He did not wish to go back to her. It would mean saying good-by all over again.

Making a quick selection from the man's supply he penciled Alice's name and her car and section numbers on the cover of one of the periodicals. Then he stopped an empty-handed redcap who was passing and gave them to him for delivery. It would be a little surprise for her. Trifling attentions always pleased her so.

XVI

THE street lamps were lighted on Fifth Avenue as he drove home from the station, and the traffic was much diminished. It was nearly dinner time. How should he pass the evening? The sensible thing to do would be to dine at his apartment, read for a while and go early to bed. But tired as he was, he dreaded the thought of a quiet evening at home. His nerves were all on edge. He craved diversion and companionship—anything to get his mind off Rita.

All day long he had known that the time would come when he would feel as he was feeling now; that he would find himself alone with nothing to do, and that, left thus to himself, he would be miserable; but he had lacked the initiative to plan the evening otherwise. He had thought of various friends and various pastimes, but had rejected them one after another. There was no definite person he really wished to see; there was no definite thing he really wished to do; yet his desire to see someone and to do something was overwhelming. He did not want to plan. He wanted something to happen—something unexpected, extraordinary, stimulating; the kind of thing that never happens when one longs for it.

He wished he were anywhere but where he was. Oh, to be in Paris at this moment, with a seat at a little table on the sidewalk terrace of some boulevard café; or in a speedy motor boat, dashing along the shores of some tropical isle, blue and silver in the moonlight; or in an aëroplane soaring like a swift night bird between the stars and the sleeping world! But he was conscious, in each of his imaginings, of someone at his side, and though he tried to make himself oblivious of the identity of that someone, he could not.

Rita—how she haunted him!

Reaching home he dawdled miserably over his dressing. He was planning to go out only because it struck him as a little less unpleasant to go out than to stay in. It was after eight when he started on foot for the club; and when, a little later, he entered the dining room and looked about he saw after-dinner coffee on many of the tables. Four of his friends, Larry Merrick among them, were at a table where there was no room for an extra place. Two more were talking business and evidently wished to be alone. Clarke was dining by himself, as usual, and for the usual reason: nobody wished to dine with such an ass as Clarke.

Parrish sat down alone and scanned the menu. It did not interest him. The head waiter came and recommended chicken potpie. He hated chicken potpie. His order given at last, he read his second evening paper. How slow the service was here! When he was eating his dessert Larry Merrick came over and joined him.

"A nice party we had the other night," he said.

Parrish assented briefly; then he spoke of a consolidation of steel companies which had been announced that day, asking Merrick what he thought about it.

"It ought to be a good thing," said the other. "Wasn't it nice to hear her sing in those intimate surroundings? It was just right, the way she modulated her voice for that room."

"Yes. It struck me as peculiar that the steels didn't go up on the news though."

"You can't tell in this market. Have you seen her since?"

Why did he keep harping on the subject of Rita when the world was full of things to talk about?

"No, I haven't."

"She seemed quite taken with you."

"Rot!"

"Busini evidently didn't think it rot." Merrick smiled.

Parrish laid down his fork.

"Waiter," he said, "bring my coffee."

"You think she was simply using you plague him?"

That possibility had not occurred Parrish before; he found the thought tasteful.

"How should I know?" he demanded "All I know is that Busini is a lunat

"Yes. What do you suppose she saw him?"

"The Lord only knows."

"Yet they've been keen about each o for a long time."

"So I've heard," Parrish answered tone intended to dismiss the topic.

"I guess it's pretty straight." Mer paused, then added ruminatively, "Wo are certainly queer!"

"I don't agree with that statement," other returned crisply. "You can't ma sweeping generalizations about either any more than you can about nations political parties or the members of t club. Some men are queer, and so women aren't queer at all. Where can y find a greater freak than Busini, for stance?

"On the other hand, take a high type woman—the fine, straightforward, hone loyal kind that you can tie to as if she w the Rock of Gibraltar. Certainly y wouldn't call a woman like that queer!"

He was thinking of Alice. Her tra must be somewhere near Albany by no She had eaten her dinner and was back her section reading one of the magazin that he had sent her; or perhaps she w sitting thinking about him. He wish that she had not gone away; that she w back in her apartment, where he could go her for solace. She would ask no question She would demand nothing.

"I was talking about temperament women," explained Merrick; "the artist kind."

"Why didn't you say so then?"

"Weren't we discussing Rita?" Merri looked surprised.

"We were discussing women. When yo get down to artistic people there's no us discussing them at all. Nobody can figur them out. You can't tell what they're go ing to do any more than you can tell wha a bolt of lightning is going to do. And even if you could figure them out—what's th use? It's a waste of time. They're like a lot of animals in a zoo. You may like to go and look at them once in a while, but you wouldn't want to live with them, because that would drive you off your base."

The waiter brought his coffee. Parrish tasted it. It was too hot. From his glass he poured some ice water into the cup, then gulped down its contents and rose from the table.

"Talk about generalizations!" said Merrick as they moved together toward the door. "It seems to me you've dealt with artistic people pretty much *en bloc*. Architects are artistic—aren't they pretty sane?"

"They'll put small windows in a house to make it pretty, whether you get air or not."

"Maybe they will. But there's a big difference between different kinds of artistic people. Of course poets are the worst. I don't like authors either. Half of them seem to be socialists or anarchists. They get too much advertising. It swells them up. And painters—they're a little off too. They think they have to wear beards and soft hats and baggy homespun suits. But music is more universal than the other arts. It reaches everyone and expresses things for them they can't express for themselves, and for that reason it seems to me that musical people are generally more human than artists of other kinds."

They had reached the head of the wide stair leading down from the dining-room floor to the hall below.

"Musical people!" repeated Parrish, stopping in his tracks. "Musical people human? Why, musical people are the worst of the whole outfit!"

As quickly as he could he escaped from Merrick and from the club, and walking aimlessly to Broadway strolled down through the glittering, noisy, crowded district of theaters, restaurants, little shops and movie palaces. There came into his mind a vague thought of seeing a movie, but the signs in electric lights outside the movie houses repelled him: The Penalty of Passion, The Chains of Love, The Golden Sin. No, no! Besides, it was

(Continued on Page 95)

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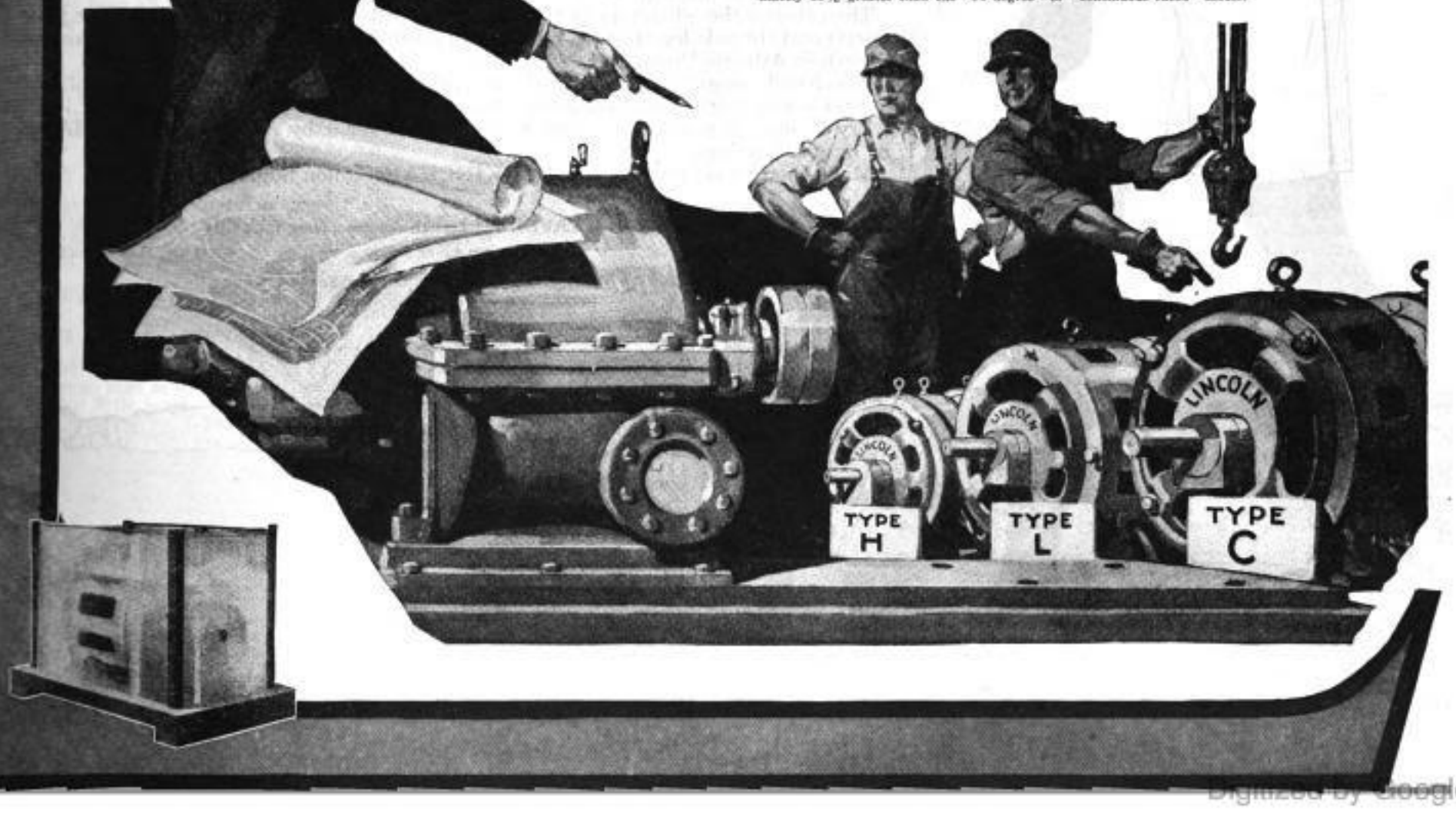
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MEN WHO FAIL

(Continued from Page 5)

owner of the largest city department store. The young employe of a large metropolitan bank whose one ambition is to become its foreign-exchange manager or trust officer may be working on a far sounder philosophy than his fellow worker who seeks the arduous, almost back-breaking strain and wider reputation that go with the presidency.

There are unthinking persons who would call the one man a failure and the other a success, although if the question be looked at in what might be called a professional sense, like the ministry or medicine, one man is just as far removed from failure as the other. Andrew Carnegie was fond of telling of "Captain" Jones, who for many years was the competent superintendent of the Carnegie Steel Company, but who consistently refused to become a partner, although he was told it would make him a millionaire without any risk. Who can say that his decision was unwise?

"No," he said, "I don't want to have my thoughts running on business. I have enough trouble looking after these works. Just give me a hell of a salary if you think I'm worth it."

"All right, Captain; the salary of the President of the United States is yours."

"That's the talk," said the little Welshman.

Then, too, there are vast numbers of men who may seem to be failures, but if they are such it is because of circumstances over which they have no control. Napoleon said, "I make circumstances," and great men, geniuses, do overcome what seem to be insuperable obstacles. Those who have marked talents usually find ways of exercising them, but the great masses, and even those of ability far above that of rank-and-file workers, are not the kind to burst the bonds of circumstance. Their abilities need to be called forth and stimulated by circumstance. They need every chance to develop.

A young man in a college class twenty or thirty years ago showed unusual talent for writing. If he could have gone to work on the New York Sun under the tutelage of Boss Clarke he might possibly, or indeed in the opinion of friends, probably, have developed into one of the greatest of living novelists. But with a mother and a sister to support he had to go into a branch of teaching which would give him immediate income.

How many men there are who because of family responsibilities must do the immediate thing at hand instead of following the long path to success and reputation!

Poetic Justice

Vast numbers drift into occupations through the merest chance, or because of trivial superficial circumstances in no way connected with the great primary fact of their natural endowments and aptitudes. The head of any business enterprise will tell of men in his employ possessing good education, health, character, industry and even sound judgment and fine personality who never get beyond a mediocre position because they are not in the right place, but who feel they cannot change on account of accumulated family responsibilities.

There is a certain inborn capacity, a flair, a form of canniness almost, for business, for trading, for buying and selling, which cannot be analyzed and which great numbers of those in business, despite numerous other admirable qualities, most certainly lack. These are the men who should be in literature, art, science, handicrafts and mechanical work of various kinds, and perhaps in cultivating the soil.

Nor are all the misfits in life on the lower rungs of the ladder. Indeed there are men who attain a fair measure of material success who are not even honest, and this means that many young men are held back because they are not given a fair chance. A man may be living a half life through no fault of his own and because his superior lacks fairness or common honesty and decency.

A young man called at an employment agency a few years ago and said that he was keeping books for a certain employer and managing the office as well, for eighteen dollars a week. He had tried many times to get a better position, but was always blocked by his boss, who told other possible employers that he was not quite honest.

"Yet he lets you manage his office, he?" asked the manager of the ag "I have a friend, a lawyer, who wa young man like you. I will have him to your employer, and I think he can place for you."

A few days later the lawyer called office where the boy was working and the employer that he merely wants confirm in conversation the letter he received. The employer, quite unsus ing, dilated on the importance of his ness and the size of his office. He adm that the boy was practically office man but that, as he had written in his lett couldn't pay him any more becaus youth wasn't quite honest.

"I will have you in jail in a few ho said the lawyer, "unless you write and a letter, as I dictate, to every man to w you have ever suggested the idea that boy is dishonest. Of course he mus honest or you wouldn't keep him here ning your office."

The letters were written, the young secured a better position, and is no partner in an important firm.

But where there is one dishonest ployer there are hundreds who keep subordinates down through selfishnes mere inertia. This is perhaps espec noticeable in the case of big organizati The great difficulty is that the man im diately ahead will not recommend assistant for promotion. There are natural reasons for this attitude. The is unwillingness to lose a good helper to have the trouble of breaking in a one. The other is the fear that if assistant is promoted he may prove a be man than his superior and in time go ah of him and perhaps oust him from his pl

Untrained Understudies

"There is a vice president of a cert well-known organization," says one knows but evidently does not love h "who gets about twenty-five thous dollars a year, and owing to his connect with the concern has made many investments, but who has long ago stopp being of any use. He is selfish and ingro ing. He is, however, very gracious, ev obsequious, to the men above him, a very disagreeable indeed to those bel him. His whole attitude to those und him is, 'I've got mine, it's up to you to g yours if you can.'"

A series of newspaper comics known Bug House Fables pictures in one issue t department head of a business conce going to his employer and saying, "Bo why don't you give my job to my assistan He is better than I am." But though su extreme altruism is not of this world, a ce tain measure of it pays. Many men ha failed of promotion because they have d veloped no assistants to take their ow places. A large corporation which does n go outside its own ranks for its gener managers recently found itself in need five such executives without having th proper material ready, because the me higher up had failed to develop tho below.

Then there are great numbers of em ployers who are honest and unselfis enough, as well as successful and farseein in all other respects, but who have abou as much ability as a hen in picking sub ordinates and balancing their organizatio Far too often they choose assistants be cause the applicants have the same stron qualities as the employers themselve when obviously the assistants should b selected for supplementary and complemen tary qualities; perhaps for very differen traits rather than for the same.

A close student of human values in busi ness has said that 80 per cent of manage ment troubles are due to the fact tha assistants are not picked out to supply qualities which superiors lack, and with a view to preventing the clash of tempera ments. The visionary, literary type o business head instead of picking out an assistant who has initiative, who is a driver and a self-starter, selects one of his own type, and then everybody wonders why the assistant is a failure.

"If an executive comes to me and says he wants a treasurer, a bookkeeper, a stenographer or any other assistant, I cannot supply such a worker unless I know all

(Continued on Page 99)

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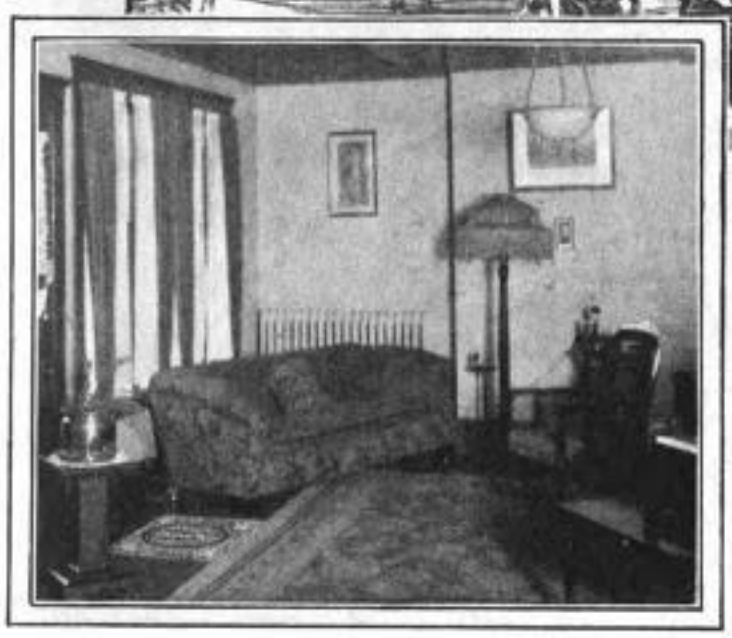
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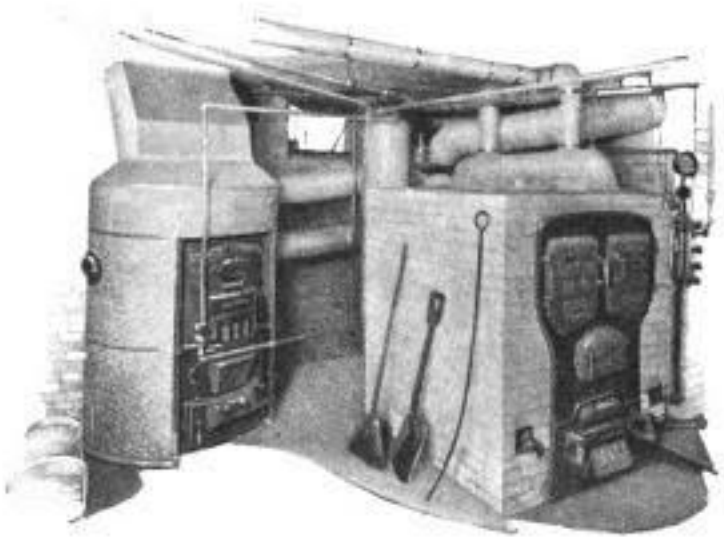
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69 USES—HEAD TO FOOT—CELLAR TO ATTIC

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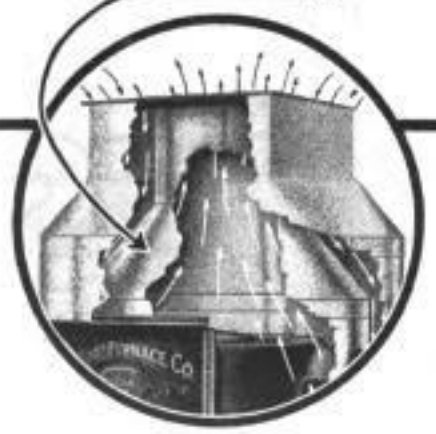
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ntinued from Page 96)

executive himself," says an em- expert. "It is just as difficult mployers to choose assistants as a physician to treat his own

stance and chance of many kinds s that cannot be passed. This is ntal fact of science and everyday s at once silly and harmful to But equally important facts of d everyday life are that nearly all e reservoirs of power that we great energies upon which we aw, and that we habitually live evel that is far below what we upy. Even those scientists whose s have been devoted to the study ty, and who naturally appreciate ll the limitations that it imposes, what we habitually do is far less it we could do.

end of his life Charles Darwin de- at men differed less in capacity eal and determination to use the hey have. A noted living biologist, . Conklin, speaks frequently in his and books on scientific subjects of lden mental and moral powers" of als, of "capacities very much han the demands upon them," and tent talents of men.

d, though circumstance and chance edly play their part, there is reason to be suspicious of persons h forward pull, luck and favoritism ain the success of others and who the lack of them to be the explana- their own failure. Few are those ll frankly admit inferiority, and cir- nces are often invoked as a defense he facts do not justify it. Thus to an that is great enough at least to in- whole world of free will, freedom, lity, opportunity and responsibility, nen are masters of their own fate.

n a reasonably normal degree of mental and physical health, it is well e faith in the power of the human o conquer success. But obviously the reasons for failure are sought out hysically defective must first be ated.

re are a few exceptions, but gen- speaking any unusual measure of ss success requires sound health.

Lack of Personality

had the 'flu' a few days ago," said the dent of one of the largest banking utions in the country. "I usually re- from any illness quickly, but that se seems to be no respecter of person ysique. I came back to work in a few and realized that I was only 95 per well. I learned that I could not con- for more than a few days or a few s at most to fill this position in that lition. My health has to be 105 per to put the smoke on the ball and give e right wallop."

is often said that men fail because lack personality. But this statement, gh true in a sense, begs the whole stion. Personality means the collective ributes and qualities of a person, the bination or composite of them, and of se it is this composite which chiefly ls success or failure.

But what of it? A man's personality is man himself, it is his whole human ture. To say that he fails for lack of per- ality is like saying that he is the sort of n who fails. It is merely a repetition of bald statement that he is a failure.

What most people really mean, however, n they say that a lack of personality ls failure is that the failure has not a ning and agreeable appearance and ner, that he does not attract other peo- and draw them to him, and that he is presence. But though the gift for ndliness, the ability to make other peo- feel happy, and what is commonly ed an attractive personality, do aid terially in the struggle for success and ndicap those who lack them, it is posi- ely tragic to note the way business or- nizations confuse this quality with the al underlying flair for success and with e attributes that make it up.

Nothing is more common than for a man pleasing personality, the sort that is known in common parlance as a nice fellow, to stay in an organization too late and too long. Such a man, of course, accumulates many friends, everyone is sorry for him and hates to see him go. Very often he builds around himself the semblance of a job. But in reality he is a second-rate business man; and some little runt, lacking in the same pleasing gifts, goes far ahead of him eventually. Time and again an individual with an attractive personality induces his friends and acquaintances to intrust him with the care of their money or their undertakings, only to make a failure in the end.

To condemn to failure those who lack what is commonly known as personality is to place a premium on the mere possession of numerous gifts, although nothing is more common in a business organization than for employes who appear to be handicapped to come out on top. Nearly two thousand years ago the truth that it is not so much the number of talents that one has as the way in which they are employed was told in a parable that is immortal.

And again, the explanation of failure is sought in a single word by saying that one must have judgment, just the right balance between courage and caution. In a way this statement is true, but once more the question is begged and the complete circle traveled to no avail. It does little good to tell a person that he must have judgment and balance in general. It is like saying that one must be a good business man in order to succeed in business. It is a generalization back of which we must still continue to delve.

Cases of Arrested Development

But if we dig into the operation of great business organizations it at once appears that many employes fail to attain the highest measure of possible success because of a stoppage in the growth of their mentality and character. Just exactly why this is so no one can say, and to explain its manifold forms would take a dozen articles like this. But the fact itself is not only fundamental; it has the utmost practical bearing and value.

A man of thirty-five who had been with an important business institution for fifteen years and was the head of a minor department at five thousand dollars a year was recently reported on unfavorably by a superior. He was called to the office of the personnel director and asked to explain the criticism. He complained that the superior who had made the report disliked him, had learned all he knew of the business from him, and in addition had a pull. The personnel director then drew out a similar report on the superior officer from those who in turn were his superiors, and read both reports in full.

"Can you stretch your imagination far enough," asked the personnel man, "to pass judgment on these two reports with complete impartiality, in spite of your envy and hatred of your superior?"

Finally, after half an hour's grueling interview, the department head admitted that no one considered him valuable but himself, and that the favorable and unfavorable reports on his superior and himself respectively were alike fair and just.

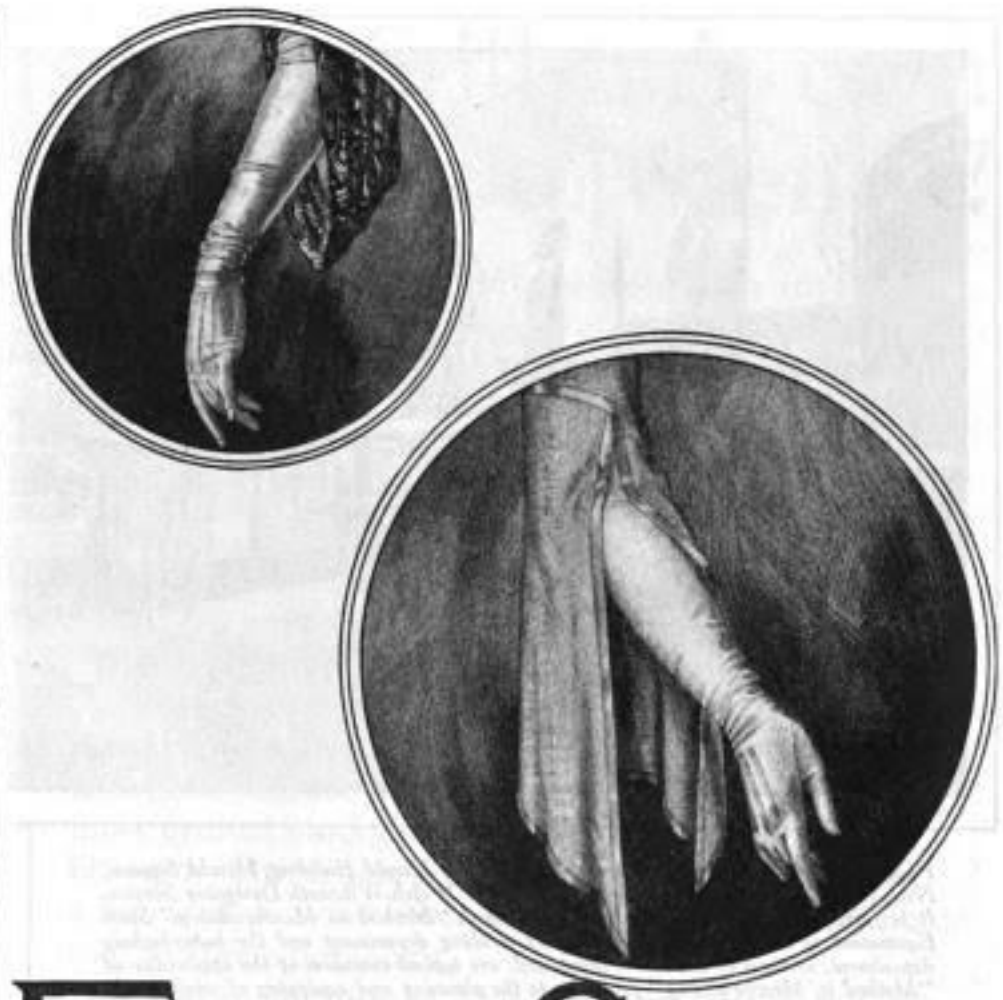
"What have you done to widen yourself in all these years?" he was asked, and the only thing he could think of was a correspondence course on the work of his department.

"That's all right as far as it goes," said the personnel director, "but I don't see where it widens you. You have kept in your own little sphere. You have drawn a circle about yourself. You agree that you have made no other effort to improve upon an unfinished grammar-school education, that your speech is uncouth and your whole appearance unnecessarily shabby. No one has planned to fire you, but natural laws have worked like gravity to bring it about."

In another case unfavorable reports were being received from a man of about the same age, but in a somewhat less responsible position. His work had deteriorated in the last year and he had grown indifferent, gloomy and morose. On several occasions he had been absent on account of illness. When questioned by the personnel director he expressed fear that in the retrenchment process he might lose his job. He could not sleep for worry of it. He said he had executive ability enough to hold a more important position and needed a larger salary to support his family, but, although he had been with the concern ten years, he had gotten nowhere because he had no pull.

"We can't pay you any more," replied the personnel officer, "because you are not

(Continued on Page 101)



FOWNES



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Or SILKS of every length, in springtime shades corresponding to the foulards, print silks, or oriental effects of the season.

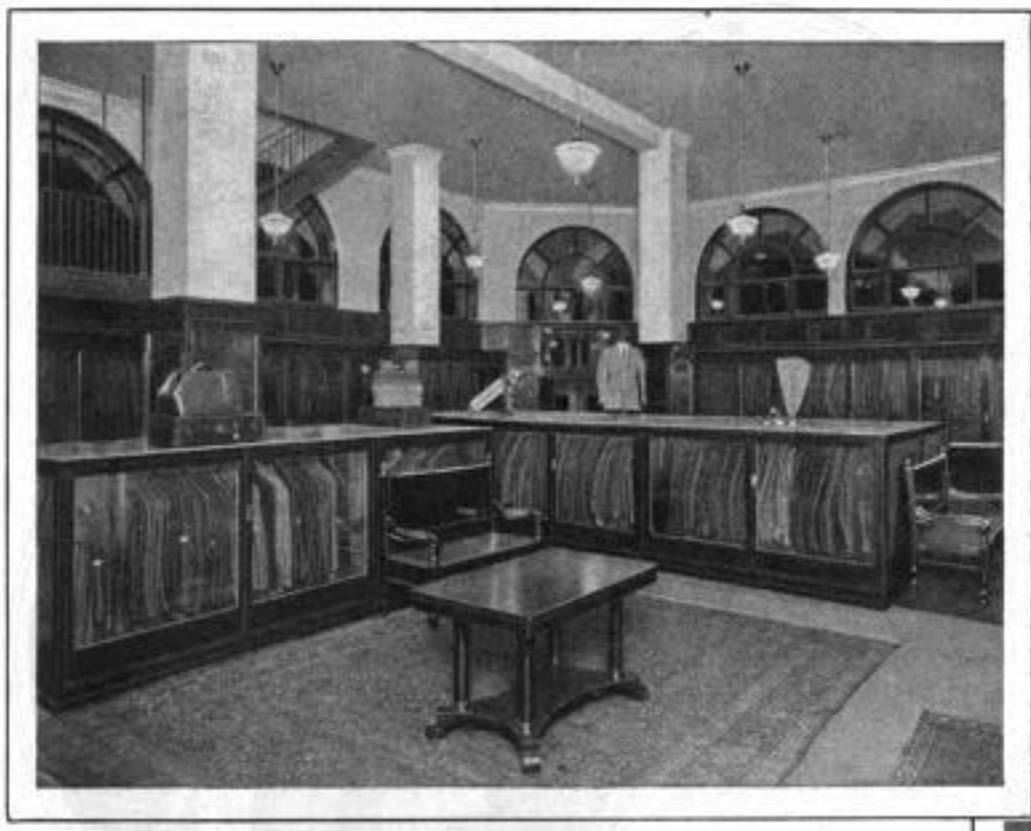
Seek harmony and smartness in Fownes and secure good wear and good value at the same time.

If you have any difficulty in securing Fownes send us size and style desired with the name of your dealer.

It's a Fownes—that's all you need to know about a glove.

FOWNES BROTHERS & CO. INC., 119 WEST 40TH ST., NEW YORK

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Rogers Peet Company's new store, located in the Herald Building, Herald Square, New York City, was planned throughout by the Welch-Wilmarth Designing Service. It is furnished completely with Welch-Wilmarth "Method in Merchandising" Store Equipment of standard type. The men's clothing department and the haberdashery department, sections of which are illustrated, are typical examples of the application of "Method in Merchandising" principles to the planning and equipping of retail stores.

The design of your store—
does it help to create busines

—does the beauty of your store attract trade?
—does the arrangement induce purchases?
—does the equipment accelerate sales?

IN the many sided retail business of today, no one merchant—no one designer—can know all there is to know about store planning. The merchant who would have his store designed along the broadest lines of efficiency, beauty and economy must turn—not to a single man, experienced as he may be in store planning—but to an organization.

The Welch-Wilmarth Designing Service is such an organization. It is greater than any one man. It includes a group of licensed building architects, store architects and merchandising experts—men who are familiar with America's most successful stores, large and small—men who have gained in years of planning retail establishments a rich, practical knowledge of modern merchandising principles.

If you are dissatisfied with the progress of your business—if you wonder whether or not it would pay you to modernize your store, or a department of your store—ask the advice of the Welch-Wilmarth Designing Service. Whether your business is a small one or a large one, the Welch-Wilmarth Designing Service offers co-operation. Laying your problem before the Welch-Wilmarth designers will obligate you in no way—but it will give you a new insight into modern merchandising efficiency.

TO the design of your store—the type of your fixtures and the arrangement of departments—can be traced much of the success or lack of progress of your business.

If you would achieve for your store a beauty that creates new prestige—if you would attain a merchandising efficiency that develops increased sales without a corresponding increase in overhead expense—lay out your store according to a Welch-Wilmarth Store Plan and furnish it with Welch-Wilmarth "Method in Merchandising" Store Equipment.

Store planning, as practiced by the Welch-Wilmarth Designing Service, embodies a scientific layout of the store from the standpoint of sales potentialities. Every department is correctly located in relation to other departments, to store traffic and to windows and skylights. Every department is allotted space according to proven rules of merchandising—so that each will carry its own share of the overhead and show a clean profit.

Welch-Wilmarth "Method in Merchandising" Store Equipment—which includes patented, interchangeable sectional units, standardized display cases and revolving clothing wardrobes of advanced type—combines beauty of design and finish with the highest development of modern merchandising efficiency. It permits more goods to be carried in the same space. It makes possible more sales by fewer clerks. It eliminates "mark-downs" of shop worn items. It gives the merchandise manager a constant check on stock. Above all, "Method in Merchandising" Equipment insures the utmost in merchandise display value per square foot of fixtures.

Invite the Welch-Wilmarth Designing Service to prepare a modernized plan for your store. Select "Method in Merchandising" Equipment of the standard type or in one of the Period Styles, and you can be sure that your store design will be a real factor in building business.

Write—on your business letter-head, please—for a copy of our new forty-eight page bound book, "Method in Merchandising." It illustrates and discusses authoritatively many of the modern tendencies in retail store designing.

"Method in Merchandising" Store Equipmen

Originated and Built by

THE WELCH-WILMARTH COMPANIES, ASSOCIATED

Pioneer Store Equipment Builders of Grand Rapids

Offices in principal cities—Representatives everywhere

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ntinued from Page 99)

I find you haven't done any read-
years. You reached the peak of
lness five years ago, and we have
ng you ever since for work you
done. You say you need more
cause of your family. In other
want more on the basis of your
ad of your work. I have ten
eports on you written by six dif-
eriors, and, although there is no
on, the gist of them all is the
ill accept your resignation now."
ployé begged for another chance,
stly promised to do better work.
hereupon told he could have a
acation with pay to get over his
disabilities, and upon his return
given a clean slate. His work has
ever since.
who had inherited a good busi-
through indifference, love of com-
extravagance had wantonly and
let it slip away from him, re-
alled on an employment expert
m he received little comfort. "I
w what the end will be," said the
in discouragement.
was the reply, "and nobody else
cares either. The trouble with
at you have never fed your mind.
't know it, but others do. There is
ome. Your mind is a bungalow,
top story. Do you ever read the
es of great men, or works on cul-
e, psychology, ethics, justice and

was the somewhat startled reply,
ver been interested in those sub-

you will never hold a good posi-
til you do become interested in

hen Indifference is Fatal

nsible person who reads the recital
actual cases will infer that mere
ading or study is the secret of and
al road to success, or that in the
se mentioned shabbiness was in
major defect. But the two em-
nt and personnel experts who have
oted drove with unerring instinct
at one symptom of the appalling,
l indifference or stoppage of growth,
n the opinion of numerous authori-
ounts for the failure of at least half
rhaps two-thirds of all those em-
in the offices of large business
ns. It is a lack of broad horizons, a
and narrowing down to the day-
stint, as years go by. If men have
tten into the habit of reading and
or other methods of mental improve-
by the time they are thirty-five it
ourse very difficult to get them to

en come here every day," said one of
thorities just quoted, "and tell me
want better positions with more
. But I discover almost at once that
an't expect to get anything better
heir present equipment."
same idea has been expressed many
by saying that men get into a rut,
hey rust or that their mental growth
with their physical growth. As the
dual becomes familiar with the details
job he lets up in effort, develops a
e and standardized way of doing the
and actually rots on the job. Of
this is especially true in highly or-
ed and departmentalized institutions.
is not altogether the fault of the
ers; they are invited almost to easy
in which the easy thing to do is to rust
Thus nothing is more common in a
institution than for a department
to report as follows concerning mem-
of his staff: "He is not growing and
loping. He is standing still or actually
back. Unless he goes ahead I can
get along without him."
It is quite generally overlooked," says
mployment expert, "that thousands of
le who work for large concerns receive
heir salary envelopes more than their
ket value. The mere success of the or-
ation itself adds something to their
. When they leave, the world shears off
rything but the market value. They
e nothing to sell except their technic,
at they can produce in the market, not
at the other fellow has given them be-
se he liked them or because he had
wn them a long time or could afford to
it.
Why is it the East Side of New York
y is slowly creeping up into the big business positions? One answer is that twenty or thirty thousand of these East Siders go to night school at the local universities. Americans talk a lot about success, but have become lazy and indifferent to its necessary conditions."

"What I am preaching to our four thousand employes all the time," said the vice president of a chain-store organization, "is to increase their mentality by study and otherwise, in order to keep abreast of the new problems and changes which come up. I put it up strong that unless enough of them look to the future to learn to operate on new plans as new conditions arise, not only they but the business itself will fail.

"The pity is that so few go on; most men stop when they have learned to do a single thing. In one city recently we were able to pick only six men as a result of two hundred interviews, for while we can get all the salesmen and clerks we want, what we are looking for are men who will become highly trained associates. There are hundreds of new stores to be opened, provided only the young men we take on prove competent to handle them.

"For there is just as definite a curriculum of activity from stock room to partnership in our business as in any university. The man who only knows part of our problems is handicapped on his way upward. Men run after a fairly good job the way they do a street car. When they have caught it they stop. They don't run any more, and their life becomes to all intents and purposes one of indulgence and holiday.

"They have been keen in the first few years, have watched every chance for service, spurred on by small salaries and a desire to live better. But when they get up to a moderate salary imagination dies, and, although they won't admit it to anyone, their development has stopped and they are now prisoners within their own limitations."

An official of one of the great public-service corporations said he thought the reason so many people fail is because they are egotistical, puffed up with a very little success, and predisposed to think they know it all from the start. Although at first glance this is an apparently different line of thought, I am convinced that the idea as thus expressed is fundamentally the same as that running through this article—namely, the vital importance of continued mental growth.

"But aren't you and I middle-aged crabs, when we say things like that?" I asked.

Men Who Never Stop Growing

"My answer," he said, "is that many of the ablest men have never stopped growing, no matter what their age. The most outstanding characteristic of the late Theodore N. Vail was his open mind to the other fellow's suggestion, even when he was well past seventy. The reason people slip is because they discard the very means by which they have gotten ahead, the bridge by which they have crossed."

"But is it not natural," I asked, "for people to change mentally as well as physically as they grow older?"

"Suppose a man gets ahead by being genial," was the reply. "Why should he stop just because he has reached years and position? I caught myself being brusque yesterday just because of my position. Constant vigilance is the price of success for young and old alike. We are all in danger of slipping back every minute, no matter what our age or position. The essence of the matter is that every man must watch his step all the time.

"I am fifty-nine years old and I could become a distinct failure in three months if I let myself slip. I can't see that vigilance in this matter hurts me any. I had a partner once who thought the world was his oyster when he was thirty. But now no one wants him around."

One of the most remarkable cases of failure that has come to the writer's attention is that of a young man who had such a distinguished war record that, without any previous business experience whatever, he was able to take his pick of positions when he returned from France. This he could not have done even with the war record except for a most attractive personality. The story must be shorn of all the picturesque detail and interesting human touches for fear that the person concerned might be recognized. At any rate, the young man obtained a position in what, for sake of illustration, we will call an insurance company. Here he was at once

Is Dan Stillson's own mark on your wrench?

The most famous tool in the world was invented by Dan Stillson in the Walworth plant 53 years ago. It has been imitated many times. It has never been improved upon by anybody, not even by ourselves, and it has never been displaced in the confidence and affections of mechanics everywhere.

We are today supplying new parts for Walworth Stillson Wrenches made 40 years ago. And these parts will, in all probability, fit the Walworth Stillson Wrenches we make 40 years hence.

The genuine Walworth Stillson Wrench is the master mechanic's pal. It holds first place in his affections because it meets every test and rises to the most critical emergency. There isn't a job of pipe fitting or nut turning too tough for a Stillson, and in a hundred and one other breaks and "fixes" it's the tool for the emergency.

A Walworth Stillson is as finely manufactured as any tool in the world. All working parts are made of the best tool steel. The jaw and bar are drop-forged and skilfully heat-treated to give strength and toughness, and hardness without brittleness.

And if any further guarantee of quality be asked, we can point to over 50 years of service behind the genuine Walworth Stillson Wrench.

Be sure that the wrench you buy has the diamond on it.

Ask your hardware dealer for a genuine WALWORTH Stillson Wrench (look for the trade-mark). Also write our Boston office for descriptive leaflet.

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"LAWRENCE KNIT—TAILORED TO FIT" Shorts and Stouts in Union and Two-Piece Suits.

"This knit underwear saves my summer suits"

"BEFORE I got wise to the fact that *absorbent* underwear was the only satisfactory kind, I spoiled more than one light suit. And my shirts often hung on me like wet rags on hot days.

"I don't have any trouble with this Lawrence Underwear. It takes up perspiration like a sponge and my outer garments are never stained — they look better and wear longer. It's the finest thing to wear with Palm Beach or other tropical suits.

"Cool? Why shouldn't it be? Just as light and thin as any other underwear and never sticky. More comfortable, too, because it's so porous and elastic, and it wears to beat the band.

"The Lawrence tailor-cut feature is a knock-out. Every garment I get is so perfect in fit — cut separately to pattern by hand and made *full size*.

"I like this sock-length union suit because it protects the knees of my trousers, but you can get Lawrence underwear in loose-fitting athletic union suits or separate garments, if you prefer."

If you cannot find the Lawrence style you want at your dealer's, write to us and mention his name.

LAWRENCE MANUFACTURING CO.
Established 1831 Lowell, Mass.

America's Largest Manufacturers of Men's and Women's Light and Medium Weight Knit Underwear, from the raw cotton to the finished garment.

E. M. Townsend & Co., *Selling Agents*, New York City

Lawrence Celebrated Union Suits, Undervests and Bloomers for women — perfect in fit, dainty in tailoring and finish.



LAWRENCE
Tailored Knit
UNDERWEAR

picked for a future officer and given to understand as much. The company even went so far as to get up a training class especially for him. To quote the language of one of the officers he was "put into executive action as quickly as possible."

But he never went beyond the first job. He thought he was so much better than others that he made no friends. On several occasions he refused to work after five o'clock. Finally the department head remarked, "I guess he is going to be a flivver after all." Soon he was given very little work to do. Then for a couple of weeks he was given no work, finally he was called to the office of the employment manager to be told that he had made a mistake in going into the insurance business; and that was the end.

A few months later, instead of being on the threshold of an executive position in one of the greatest insurance corporations, he held a manual and menial position, where he will probably always remain.

Or consider the grandson of a wealthy manufacturer who had always lived on an ample income until he was about thirty, when he inherited a principal of five million dollars. He formed a brokerage-and-promotion firm, and within three or four years was completely cleaned out. This man did not lack ability or energy, but he had not gone through the mental processes of learning and growing. He had been spoiled in one way, just as the returned soldier had been spoiled in another.

An entirely different group of cases, which at first glance may seem to have little relation to the subject in hand, should be referred to. The most striking example that has come to the writer's attention recently was that of a middle-aged employe of the faithful and reasonably hard-working sort, fairly well up in one of the departments of an exceedingly prosperous financial institution. Owing to an unexpected number of deaths and other changes he was suddenly promoted in a short period of time until he became assistant treasurer. In this position he handled large trust funds and was in a position to familiarize himself with inside financial operations of the first magnitude. He was told, however, that one condition of this new office must be the eschewal of all speculation in stocks.

The Story of Three Brothers

Despite this warning he began immediately to play the market, and when the fact was discovered he was summarily fired, thereby losing a more than generous salary and the prospect of retiring within a few years on a good-sized pension for the rest of his life. Only a psychologist could hope to discover why this highly and fortunately placed individual should throw away his inheritance, as it were, for a mess of pottage. But in the character of many of the business men who speculate there is the weakness of self-indulgence and laziness, the false idea that success can be achieved by a short cut that avoids work. Whatever may be the economic benefits or evils of speculation, it is far too often an indulgence whose only effect upon the individual is to weaken the fibers of both mental and moral strength and growth.

There is a vital defect in many men, rich or poor, young or old, that is not defined by any one word or phrase, such as laziness, indifference, self-indulgence, or being stuck on oneself, although these all suggest the essential idea. It can best be envisaged by contrasting such cases as those related here with that of a man like Mr. Vail, who kept on learning and in other ways paying the price of success up to the very end of a long life.

This defect of easy, indifferent slipping from day to day, of not taking the trouble to grow mentally, is perhaps only another way of saying that people are unwilling to pay the price of success. A distinguished writer on political and historical subjects planned to sail to Europe on March first of this year. He was able to get the passage he wanted on that date, and in addition would have reached Europe in time to attend the wedding of the King of Serbia, to which he had been invited.

"Every reason of self-indulgence invited me to go at that time," he said; "but I have a new book coming out, and to see that it gets started right meant that I had to stay here a few weeks longer. The trouble with most authors is that they do not really finish the job. They work hard up to a certain point, then lose interest and stop."

The story is told of three bro worked for a New York export ho Jim and Bill. Tom received ten dollars; Jim, the oldest, three dollars; and Bill, twenty-one hu lars. Bill, being the youngest, was his mother's idol, and contin plained that the other brothers, Tom, received more than he did the father complained to the empl by way of reply asked the father the next day in an adjoining office, could hear what went on in the e room, without being seen.

The following day, at interval hours, each of the brothers was s turn to investigate a shipload of g had just arrived, with orders to their nature and value. Bill ca shortly and said a man on the him so-and-so about the goods. a little longer and quoted the c describing the goods in a certain w did not return until the follow when he reported that he had option on a portion of the car having examined it all personally, sold it over the phone at a con profit. After hearing this report fr the employer called in the father adjoining room, and said, "You why I pay Tom so much more t others. I am going to take him in nership."

I cannot vouch for the literal a of a tale so reminiscent of the Roll but it might as well be true, and it to the writer by a responsible busin as being such. Certainly it is a lit that relatively few men have c loyalty to the end they are tr achieve. It is so much easier to ta eye off the ball.

Too Quick on the Trigge

"Too many men are satisfied with holding a job," said the vice preside corporation which employs all sor descriptions of men and women. hope to be carried on by the momen circumstance, by the lapse and pro of time, instead of by their own They are the five-o'clock quitters. astounds me is the unwillingness average young man to do his job little bit better. There is only a very difference, only a little extra marg tween the good man and the very man. Most men stop just a little too They do the perfectly logical thing correct mediocre thing, but not the bit more which makes it excellent.

"A young lawyer was told by his ployer to find all the witnesses in a sui have them in court at a certain hour. shall I find them?' asked the young helplessly. 'I'll be hanged if I kno care,' was the irritated reply. The y lawyer's question was nothing but a of laziness, of an unwillingness to pa price of the mental exertion require doing the job."

Now it is true that numerous me though probably a far smaller group the ones we have been considering, fai cause of impatience. Instead of bein different they are too quick on the tri too bright, fresh and smart. The yo lawyer wants to get into the firm so that his superiors lose confidence in bustling, officious eagerness. Often, because of no fault of their own, young are pushed ahead beyond their ability, find themselves in such rough water they cannot swim at all. The bear taken out of them and they are bran as failures when they really deserv better fate.

A young man with a fair educat drifted into a line of work where he sho great ability in handling men. He made a foreman of a large gang of laborers and did exceedingly well. But boy became engaged to the daughter very wealthy man, and the young lad family thought it undignified for th future son-in-law to be bossing a gang hunkies. So they set him up in business himself and he promptly lost a small fortu This happened several times, to the creasing disgust of the father-in-law, w thought the boy was no good. But finally, his own accord, the young man obtained minor position in a concern where an old friend was an executive, and there, aft some years in a subordinate capacity, has made good, being at the present tim one of the chief executives himself. Wh

(Continued on Page 105)

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Chicken à Lorain



Any woman who owns a Lorain-equipped Gas Range can easily prepare this favorite delicacy

COOKERY, until a few years ago, was an inaccurate art. Today it is an exact science because the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator gave housewives an easy way to measure and control heat. No longer need you wonder why the appetizing recipes you try sometimes fail to meet your expectations.

"Time and Temperature" now a part of the recipe

Two new elements, you'll notice, are now being included in the best recipes—"Time and Temperature." Formerly, recipes gave exact quantities of ingredients only. The exact temperature and length of time for cooking were left for the reader to guess.

Lorain—The Missing Link

Then came the invention of the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator. It's a simple, accurate, automatic device attached only to certain makes of Gas Ranges. With Lorain you tell the oven just what heat you want. Automatically that heat will be maintained for any length of time.

A Twist of the Wrist Brings Cooking Success

Now, when you read a modern recipe, such as that given on this page, you can exactly duplicate the success of the originator, if you own a Lorain-equipped Gas Range. Just prepare the ingredients as explained. Set Lorain at the temperature required. Then go where you will, and do what you please until cooking time is up. Everything in the oven will be deliciously ready to serve when you return.

Lorain Dealers Invite You

Our dealers are always glad to explain the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator. Many of them give public demonstrations frequently. That's where you can see for yourself how this magic oven will cook, bake, roast, boil and stew—all at one time—without any attention. If you'll mail us the coupon we'll send you the name of the nearest Lorain Dealer and a copy of an interesting booklet—

"An Easier Day's Work".

Recipe
Chicken à Lorain

Dress, clean and cut up fowl. Dip pieces in flour—patting the flour into every part of surface and then shaking off surplus. Place in roaster and pour melted butter over them. Set uncovered in oven, turn "LORAIN" to 450 degrees, leave at this temperature until the skin is seared a delightful brown. Put cover on roaster. Turn "LORAIN" to 275 degrees for a three hour meal or 250 degrees for a four or five hour meal. No further attention is required until dinner is ready, when you will remove from your oven the most delicious chicken you ever ate—even if it happened the fowl were not young. Soup, sweet potatoes, squash and a barley spice cake may also be placed in the oven after the searing temperature has been reduced and will be found perfectly done at dinner time.

Only these famous Gas Stoves are equipped with the "Lorain"

CLARK JEWEL—George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Ill.
DANGLER—Dangler Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio
DIRECT ACTION—National Stove Co. Div., Lorain, Ohio
NEW PROCESS—New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio
QUICK MEAL—Quick Meal Stove Co. Div., St. Louis, Mo.
RELIABLE—Reliable Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio

One easy turn of the Lorain red wheel gives you a choice of 44 measured and controlled oven heats for any kind of oven cooking or baking

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY, 14 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Largest makers of gas ranges in the world

We manufacture oil and coal stoves for use where gas is not available but the "Lorain" cannot be used on these

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OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

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Please send me free booklet, "An Easier Day's Work".

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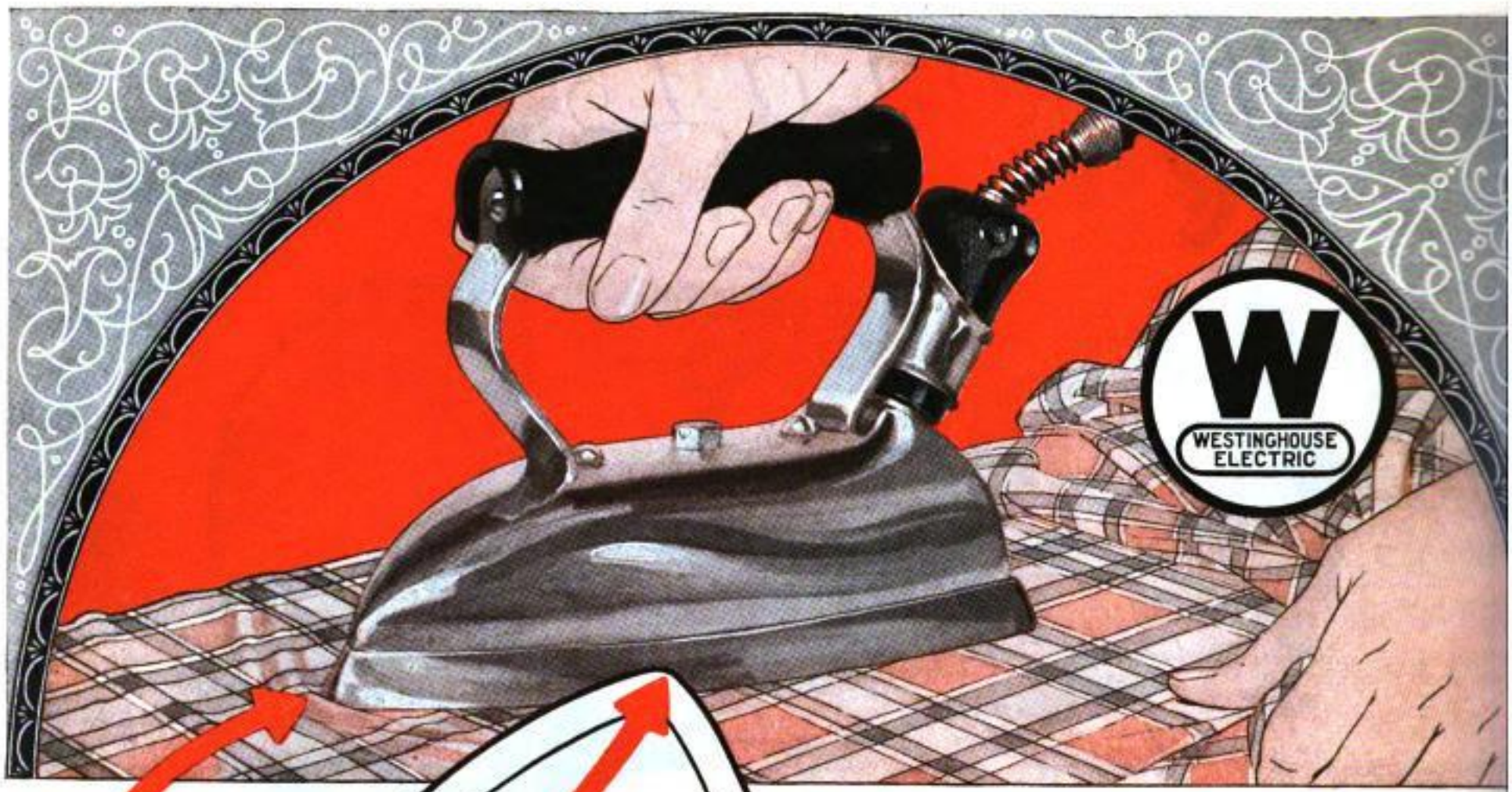
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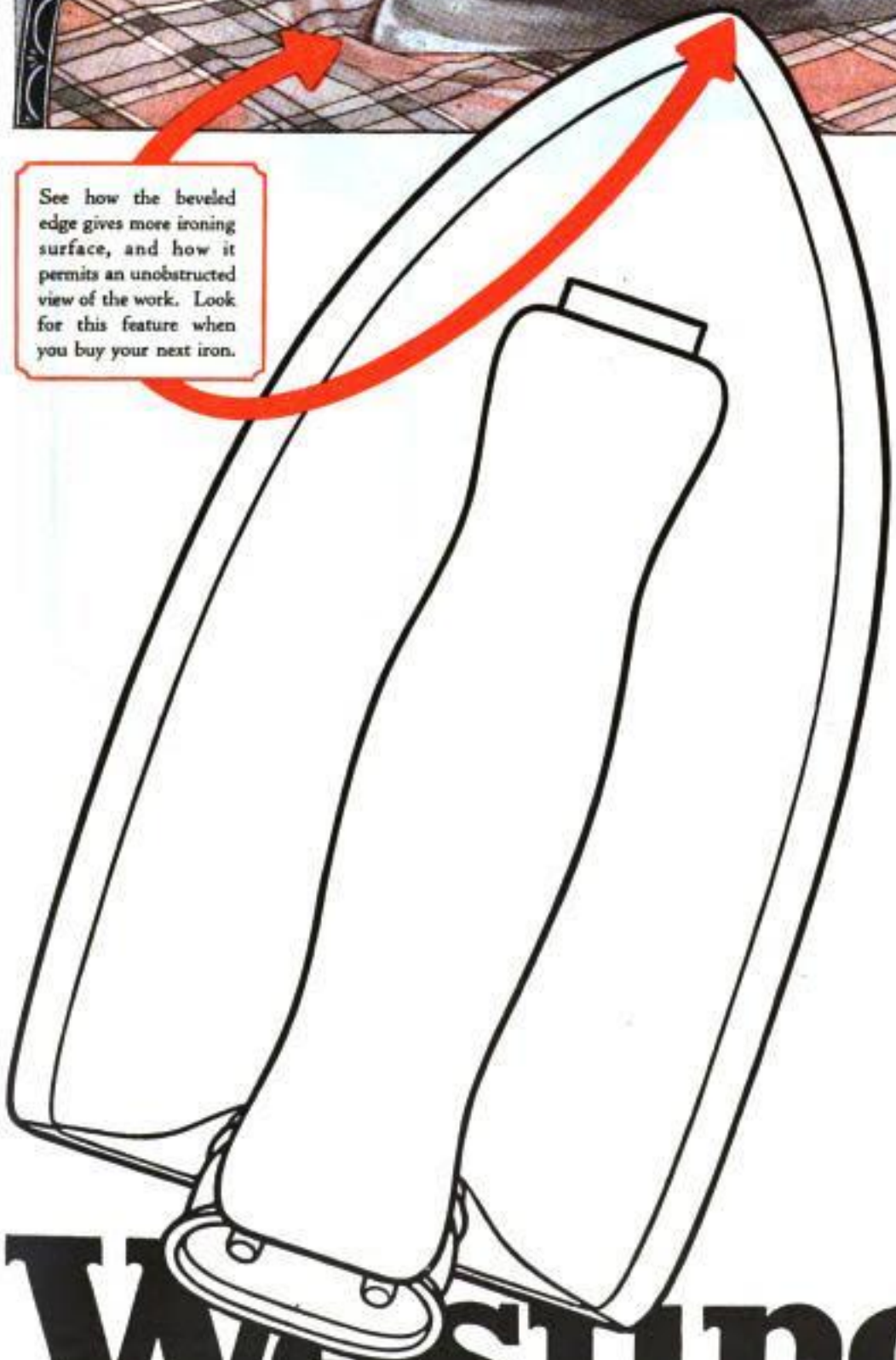
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1922

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See how the beveled edge gives more ironing surface, and how it permits an unobstructed view of the work. Look for this feature when you buy your next iron.



See How Big Your Iron Should B

It may interest you to compare the size of your iron with of the Westinghouse M-Iron, as shown at the left. Place iron on the outline and see if it fully covers the area shown. does, you may be sure that your iron is of the proper siz work with the greatest speed and the least expenditure of ene

This takes for granted, of course, that you have found ironing surface to be properly heated, as it is in the West house M-Iron.

Look, then, and see if the base of your iron is beveled al the working edge. This is a feature that is extremely desira It enables you to do finer work on fussy pieces than is oth wise possible with a standard-weight iron, and also, as thousan of women have found to their great delight, it gives you unobstructed view of the work, without bending over.

Ask your electrical dealer for the Westinghouse M-Iro which embodies all the ironing advantages mentioned abov as well as other new and practical features.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPAN
Offices in all Principal Cities · *Representatives Everywhe*

More Convenience Outlets Make More Convenient Home

Westinghouse

ELECTRIC APPLIANCES FOR THE HOUSEHOLD

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(Continued from Page 102)

ied, of course, in the earlier part of
er was an older head over him.
cases of this nature, though inter-
are much less frequent and signifi-
an those of another sort, a recital
h leads us straight on to the second
two great fundamental reasons for

n being asked his views concerning
bject of personal, individual failure,
erienced manager of industrial plants
ed as follows: "When I was man-
f the Blank Motor Company I
d that we needed a lot of new blood.
eded new foremen and superintend-
o I took on a dozen or more young
men. I remember two of them
y. The first one came from a great
sity and had a good record. I put
t work in the machine shop, and in
r three weeks he came back and said
s pocketed. I hadn't forgotten him,
gh he thought I had. But that man
always chafing, he was always dis-
ed and wanted more money. I
n't say to him, 'In five years you will
aking five thousand dollars.' I had
s of other young fellows like him,
couldn't lay out a time-table for each

nother young college man came on at
ame time. Superficially he was more
dicapped, because he was married and
parents were much poorer. But he
r peeped. Not a word came from him.
I had my eye on both these men all the
I don't know what has become of
first man, but the second one is now
l of a department and is just as sure to
eed as the other is to fail. The trouble
hat young men will not do the daily
ible chore.
So many of them are afraid the things
have to do aren't dignified enough.
hey are educated men, if they start
h certain mental and social advantages,
y are so afraid of losing caste. When I
around speaking to groups of our sales-
n I always tell them I am perfectly will-
to carry the other fellow's bag if it's
t of my work, and especially if the other
n is older than I."
A young college graduate who had
ered a financial institution went to the
sonnel officer after a year's time and
ed how long it would be before he
came an officer.

The Wrong Slant

"In about fifty years, the way you are
ing now," was the answer. "You think
am fooling, but your record is unsatis-
ctory because of your unrest. You were
good scholar in college and were highly
commended by the faculty. You and
e others in your class came in here with
hat might be called a head start; you
ere supposed to be capable of serious
pplication and your abilities were organ-
ed by years of study. You all looked
like at the start, we might as well have
icked you out blindfold. But now, after a
ear, you are on different levels, you are
perating on your natural tools.
"You don't seem to realize that good
en go wherever they are sent, and do
hatever they are given to do to the best
f their ability without regard to what job
ies immediately ahead. This job which
you have been holding is not so very im-
portant in itself, but you have had just as
good an opportunity here as anywhere else
to show what your attitude is toward work.
This job is just as important as any other
in this institution in respect to the attitude
which is shown, and that is the important
thing."
What I mean by the second great funda-
mental cause of failure is the wrong atti-
tude, the wrong slant taken by so many
workers, high and low. For so often this
attitude is the very essence and alchemy of
the man. Failure with them starts in the
heart, and the results are just as thoroughly
unsatisfactory as where the cause lies in
the stoppage of mental growth. This is not
preaching and moralizing, even though the
Old Testament does tell how the prophet
Samuel in searching among the sons of
Jesse for a king to rule over Israel looked
them over one after another and finally
took David.
"But the Lord said unto Samuel, Look
not on his countenance, or on the height of
his stature; because I have refused him:
for the Lord seeth not as man seeth; for
man looketh on the outward appearance,
but the Lord looketh on the heart."

There is no more firmly established fact in business experience than that the wrong attitude, which produces failure on the part of so many workers of high as well as low degree, is to a considerable extent caused by the death of spiritual or at least of ethical forces.

A man over fifty, well endowed physically and mentally, but with that indefinable air of being too smart and just a little crooked, called upon a placement-and-vocational expert one day. "I don't want to touch you," said the latter with a wry face. "I know something is wrong with you, and I can't help you—that is, unless you will build up your spiritual forces from the beginning. Will you meet me at church next Sunday?" The man was game, with the result that he now has a four-thousand-dollar position, and his two sons have thanked the placement expert many times.

Moral Factors

A professional man with excellent ability but a dangerous propensity for overdressing, leaving unpaid bills behind him, and getting into trouble with women, was kicked out of an eight-thousand-dollar position and obliged to take one for four thousand. Fortunately, at the start of his new work he took a long railroad trip with his employer, who, knowing his weaknesses, read him the riot act during the trip, and explained in frank language how a continuance of such behavior would soon mean the workhouse. The lecture seemed to strike home, and its recipient has been moving up in the professional scale ever since.

But I am not talking primarily about the moral derelicts, the down-and-outs, or those whose only escape from actual degradation lies in the shock of religious revival. The placement-and-vocational counselor previously quoted always seeks to draw out the moral philosophy of applicants, even those of fine, manly appearance, and he is in touch with something like six hundred a week. The existence of a moral philosophy is just as important to the growth of ultrarespectable holders of good positions as to those who are patently on the toboggan. In this connection the following statement was made by an officer in charge of personnel of a corporation of the first rank:

"I have considered your question carefully and talked it over with several of my associates. We all agree that with men who have initial ability and steam of their own the greatest obstacle to success is that they think only in terms of themselves. They think of each situation only as to how it reacts upon them. They have no ambition for the organization whose growth in the long run means their growth."

The vocational counselor already quoted says that the hardest part of his work is straightening out the mental and moral kinks of the people who come to him. "Hundreds of men start out with everything in their favor for a successful career, but some twist or turn in their make-up develops a personality or an attitude which overshadows their ability. Then no one wants them. These are the kind of men who are always saying of their employers 'He won't give me a chance.' What I try to do is to take that stuff, that grouch, out of them. But there are many cases where I can't do it.

"People make most of these troubles for themselves in the beginning, but they become very real after a while. There was a man in here to-day with not very much ability, but he has other good points which would make him of some value in a big organization. He must make a connection very soon, however, for I see signs of his becoming sour, and once that occurs he is done for.

"Men are too close to get a correct view of themselves. Most of my work is straightening out these kinks, checking way back into the lives of middle-aged men to find if they can see and hear correctly. They have to be helped as much as if they were children."

The personnel director of a financial institution who personally or through his assistants sees something like fifteen thousand men and women in a year, either those who hold positions in the institution or are applying for the same, says that what he has to fight the hardest is the individual who thinks only of what the concern can do for him and not of what he can do for it. The typical failure, in the opinion of this experienced authority, is the fellow who

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grumbles about everything but himself and is constantly saying "I am not paid for doing that," who always blames everyone and everything but himself.

"My job is to save men from themselves. I am trying to run a human-salvage department. We released a man to-day who said as he left that he didn't intend to worry, because someone would give him a living, and the world owed him one anyway. I replied, 'You owe the world a life of service.' Men need medical and hospital treatment for their attitude toward work as much as they do for their bodies.

"Men invite failure, and the pity so often is that they do not know it. The head of the department says, 'Sorry, but we've got to work to-night.' Instead of replying 'I'm with you, Bill,' they say, 'Do I get supper money? What do you think I am, anyway, a centipede? I'm not paid for that. That's Fred's job.' They don't say 'Sure; all right! I'm glad to do it.' They resent being asked to work.

"The trouble with so many is that they have a score of reservations. 'How long before I get a real nice job? Do I get off at one o'clock Saturday? Do I ever have to work after five o'clock?' They want better jobs, but in hundreds of cases they fail when they get them. They go down of their own dead weight. They want to be front horses without doing any pulling. We had a vacancy in a certain line recently and a man from another institution came in to look it over. I asked him what was the matter with the job he was holding, and he replied that he had been there nine years without getting ahead. He couldn't get along, he said, with the man over him, because this fellow was a hard driver.

"'I don't think you have the right slant,' was my reply. 'You have never worked very hard over there. You are not changing your work or improving your position by coming here. It is exactly the same kind of work here. I'm going to send you back and keep tabs on you. I want you to come and see me in about a year and tell me how you have gotten on. But you must make a right-about-face in attitude.'"

A Useful Prescription

"He came back in a year and said he had made more progress than in the preceding four years. The most curious part, he said, was that his superior had changed his attitude too.

"Men come to me and say, 'I want to get along; I want that job up there.' 'Are you big enough for it?' I ask them. 'Before you answer let me write out on a piece of paper for you what Robert Burns said:

'Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us!'

"They come into my office and say that they can't get ahead, that there is no opportunity for them. 'What do you really think of yourself?' is the reply I often make. 'Here's what I think of you. Tell me where I'm wrong. Have you ever stopped to think of the opinion which your superiors have of you? I know you have complaints to make of them, but are you big enough to reverse the situation and put yourself in their place?'

"I often say to young fellows, 'Here's a little plan I want to set out for you, and see just what happens.' Then I write prescription on a slip of paper for a plete change in attitude, urging them whatever is given them to do to the best of their ability. In about three m the head of the department comes and says in a tone of surprise, 'Why fellow is a crackajack, after all! Wha happened to him anyway? He's a dif man from what he used to be. His att has changed. Formerly he was all gr and resentment. Now he's all service, can cancel that release. I'll keep th low, after all.'"

"But," I queried, "when you tell young men to get the right slant don't sometimes come back at you by s that hard work doesn't get a man where?"

"Of course they do, but I ask them else they have to give except that. to them, 'You haven't got anywher other way, now why not try the meth suggest?'"

"But," I persisted, "don't young who are dissatisfied or who need a ever come to you without your losing spect for them?"

"Certainly. I have the highest re for the young man who says 'I'm complaining, but I want some advice.'

Why There are Favorites

"'I have been here eighteen months my ideas about this business have cha radically in that time,' said one yo fellow.

"'The man just ahead of me has b here five years and he is a mighty capa chap. I am firmly convinced that I h a longer way to go than I first suspect and I want your advice about going i some other business.'

"I was able at once to get this ma job selling musical records, and that pro the right occupation for him. Now he a store of his own, and is doing very w A man who is in the wrong place may benefited from being kicked overboard, l that is a very different thing from havi the wrong attitude toward one's work.

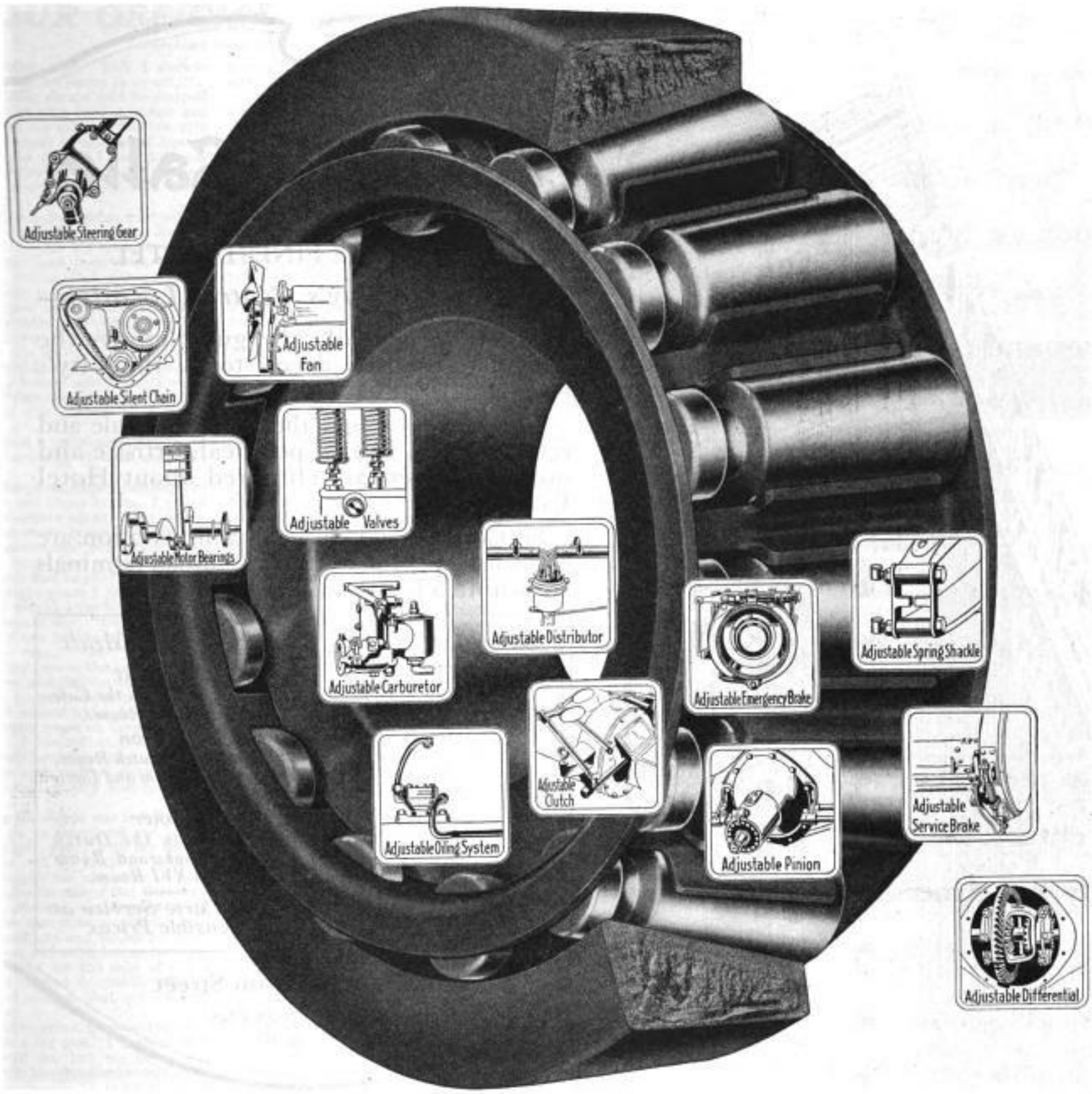
"No, the trouble with most of them that they want something for nothi Their characters have to be trained to gi them the right viewpoint. The attitude willingness to serve attracts attention. course there are always scores of you fellows here who are working for all th are worth, and they stand out above t rest in a short time. A man may be poc eted for a while in a big organization a his superior may take the credit for h good work, but sooner or later it inevitabl turns up in the figures. Sooner or later th officers are looking around for someone t promote.

"There are always a bunch of youn men here that every department hea wants, the fellows who don't think o hours. You can't keep them in a rut. Soo they find themselves treated better tha the others. They get more consideration from their superiors, and the other crow are constantly having it rubbed into them by department heads. Strangely enough they never seem to know why. They com plain that favorites are being played, and of course they are, the favorites being those who serve the organization best."



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194	2.50	4.00
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OUR OFFICIAL FAMILY

(Continued from Page 9)

ge the father said, "Well, I want to
if you intend to marry in or out."
Daniels has always said he married
mother having been a widow and
ving spent all our married life with
With my scant knowledge of how to
d I thought that all I had to do was
a real-estate agent what I wanted,
uld take me to see the house, and I
move right in.
h this born-on-Sunday-married-on-
ay idea of the old rime, I left Raleigh
nday night, with my house in charge
rvants who had been with me for
, and the rooms filled with guests. I
the guests not to hurry away, for
my program would be to spend Mon-
with my mother and sisters, who had
an apartment in Washington; Tues-
was the inauguration; Wednesday
Daniels would be sworn in; Thursday
ld find my house; and Friday I would
n home. With the greatest confidence
en ordered the packers to come on
ay.
e day to find a house according to my
ram, and actually it took me three
s!
suit our large old-timey furniture we
ted a large old-timey house. I stated
to the real-estate agent of my choice,
I looked at every house he could sug-
. Then I summoned every other real-
te agent I could find and I looked at
y house each had to offer.
uring the eight years I lived in Wash-
on, when I would drive through differ-
streets I would say, "Oh, there's the
se with only one bathroom and that on
third floor rear." Or, "There's the
se with the kitchen in the basement and
y one window and that on an areaway."
looked at houses where people were
n living and houses which had the dust
l mold of empty years on their hangings
l curtains. I looked at houses with
niture and without furniture. I looked
large houses and medium-sized houses,
l houses in the country and houses in
wn.
All this while the season was in full swing.
d I had to go to receptions and lunch-
s; and at night, weary with my search,
had to dress and go forth to smile at
nners. It taught me why men of great
ility but moderate means feel that they
ust decline Federal appointments. I
ew that other countries provided homes
r their ambassadors and homes for their
binet members and even homes for their
iefs of staff, and for the sake of every
merican man named to public office—
d his wife—I wished that our country
re in this list.
Finally we discovered a house that was
t for rent, but for sale. I decided that
he house would do, but my boys said,
'Why, mother, it hasn't a hardwood floor";
nd my husband said, "I think the only
ason you are willing to take it is because
t has a plot of grass on either side."

The Shackles of Precedent

So the house was given up and shortly
fterward we found Single Oak, and its ten
cres, which was our home during the first
f our Washington stay. Single Oak is in a
tract of one hundred woodsy acres, next
door to Senator Newlands' house, which
President Cleveland made his summer home
while he was at the White House. It
suited our needs exactly, and our gratitude
for it was greatly increased by a sense of
thankfulness that we had not obligated
ourselves to buy a house when one month
later our newspaper, the Raleigh News and
Observer, burned.
The news came to Mr. Daniels in New
York, where he had gone to make a speech
before the Associated Press convention. It
meant more than a financial loss, because
to us our newspaper is not a piece of prop-
erty, but an institution. Mr. Daniels had to
make his speech that night with an aching
heart.
The oldest boy at home at Single Oak
said, "I shall pack up to go back to Raleigh
with father. Plenty of boys fourteen years
old have to earn their living, and I can help
down there."
"I am going too. I can go around selling
magazines and newspapers," said the eleven-
year-old.
The smallest boy, then nine years old,
had sometimes been allowed to earn extra
money by stamping circulars in the office,
and he said, "I can help. I can lick stamps."
There is no loss too great to be borne
when one has a small boy who is willing to
lick stamps.

Using the word "manners," which my sons' colored mammy constantly held before them, I verily believe precedent is death to manners. Never so long as I was in Washington did I become reconciled to those hard-and-fast rules which require an older woman, whose husband had served faithfully and well in a position of highest rank in the Navy, to stand aside for me, the wife of the Secretary of the Navy. Nor could I feel that it was right for me, because I was the wife of a secretary, to enter a room ahead of the daughters of the President of the United States.

Two instances very shortly after I arrived in Washington brought forcibly to my attention the rigid rules of social observance in official circles. At one of my first dinners I stood in the women's reception room talking with Miss Margaret Wilson. I was not then conscious of my duty as the ranking woman present. Perhaps I was even waiting for Miss Wilson to indicate her readiness to proceed to the drawing-room, when Mrs. Wilson's secretary stepped up to me and asked, "Mrs. Daniels, will you go forward?"

A few days later I went upon a warship for the first time with my husband. As had been my habit all my life I stepped ahead of him, and not until I heard the salute and saw the flag fluttering above my head did I realize that I was receiving the honors intended for the Secretary of the Navy.

Never again could I be unmindful of those rules of precedence by which Washington lives. In seating guests at dinner, in placing a receiving line, even in the simple matter of making an introduction, one must always take thought as to which of two men or two women has higher rank.

Sticklers for Form

The President, Vice President, Speaker, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, members of the cabinet, justices of the Supreme Court, senators and members of the House of Representatives—each has his individual rank, and woe betide the hostess who places one of lesser rank above one of higher rank or, in the case of members of Congress, one who has served a lesser number of years above one who has served a greater number of years. Indeed it is even told of the wife of a senator who stood in line at a social club in Washington waiting to wash her hands, that because the woman ahead of her in line, whose husband happened to be of lesser rank, did not stand back and give her her place, the wife of the senator would never again enter the doors of that particular club.

It is not women alone who are thus bound by precedent. It is told of a man high in official life in Washington that one night he looked at a dinner diagram and said to his wife, "My dear, we are not properly seated. We will leave as soon as dinner is over." This they did, rising directly from the table, and as they said good night to their hostess the gentleman remarked, "I hope that the next time we dine with you we shall be properly seated"; but the hostess had spirit, and she replied with double meaning, "I assure you, sir, that you will never be embarrassed again in dining with me."

There are conflicts of opinion occasionally about rank, especially between the justices of the Supreme Court and the members of the cabinet. Custom accords to the cabinet members the higher rank, but when any lady belonging to the family of a justice gives a dinner she puts all the justices first and the members of the cabinet second.

Sometimes there are unexpected contretemps due to this question of rank. Once Mr. Daniels and I were giving a dinner to meet a new member of the cabinet and his wife. My husband insisted that since we were in reality all one official family the Vice President of the United States would be glad to come. Although I reminded him that the Vice President should not be invited to meet one of lesser rank he insisted upon the invitation being sent. Regrets came back promptly. A few days later I casually spoke to Mrs. Marshall about the invitation, and she said, "I will tell you



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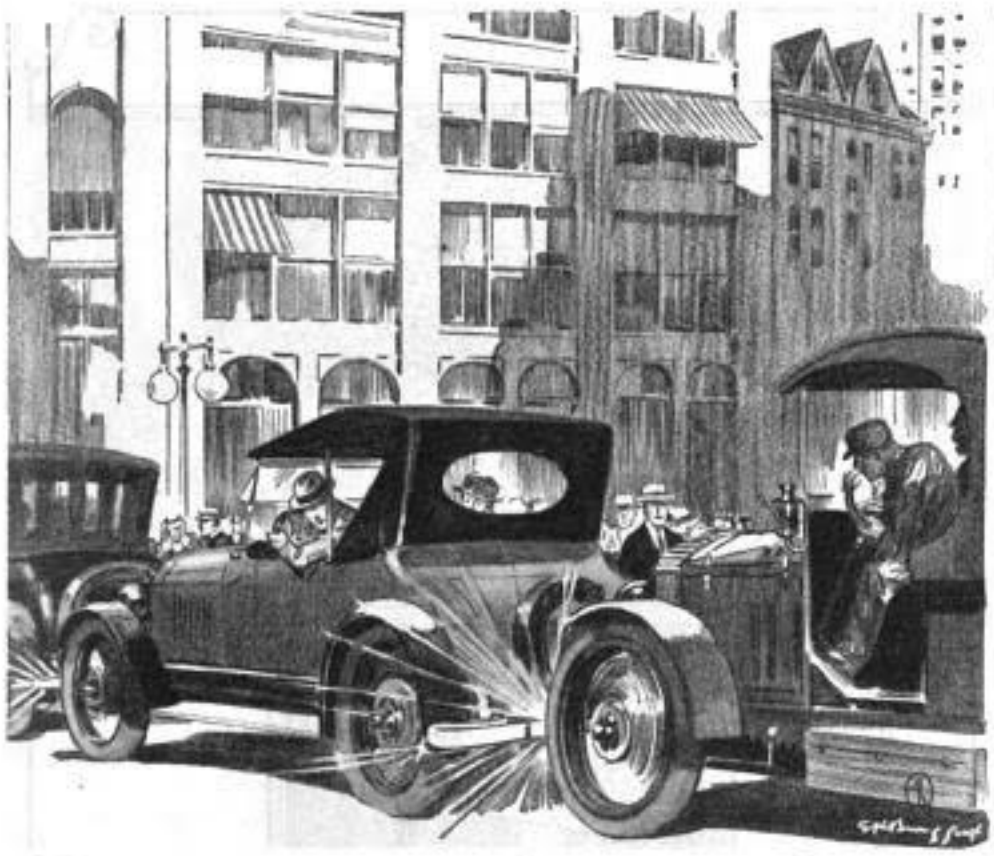
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LYON RESILIENT BUMPERS

frankly, Mrs. Daniels, we do not accept an invitation to a dinner to meet someone who does not rank us."

Apparently the most plain and simple of Democrats, who cares nothing for rank himself, is subject to this system, for Vice President Marshall, in reality a strong believer in democracy, would have accepted the invitation to have dinner with members of the cabinet, but in deference to his position had to decline that same invitation because it was worded "to meet" one of them, a man of lesser rank.

During his stay in the United States the Prince of Wales several times exhibited the greatest courtesy with regard to this question of rank. On the occasion of the big reception given in his honor at the Congressional Library there were seated at his table for supper Vice President Marshall, Mrs. Lansing, Earl Grey, Madame Riaño, wife of the Spanish Ambassador, and myself. The Prince asked the Vice President, the ranking gentleman present, at what hour he intended to leave, and Mr. Marshall said, "When you leave, Your Highness, I assure you I shall not be half a mile behind you."

A few minutes later the Prince approached Mr. Daniels with the same question and received a similar answer, since this was during a time when there was great pressure of work and most of the officials present were expecting to return to their offices to put in several hours at their desks.

"I shall be leaving early, since I have work to do," said the Prince.

Both Earl Grey and Mr. Daniels smiled, and the Prince asked the reason. The British Ambassador explained that it was because he could not understand why the Prince should work at that hour instead of the next morning. But the young man insisted that work claimed him, and shortly was out of the building, a long line of carriages immediately following with the men who in reality had work to do but who were required by courtesy to await the pleasure of the guest of honor.

Stories are constantly current of those who are unhappy over breaches of precedent, or who themselves offend by trying to occupy positions ahead of those to which custom entitles them. I never had these experiences, because to me this was never a personal matter. As I said to a woman once during commencement week at Annapolis, when she asked me if I were not proud of the honors being paid my husband, "There are no honors being paid to my husband. The gentleman who is being saluted is the Secretary of the Navy."

Overwhelming Social Duties

In thinking of precedent I am glad to recall that the President of the United States never forgot that his wife outranked him by an older law than that of Washington officialdom, and always accorded her the honor of preceding him.

And I must confess that now in private life I see some instances where rules of precedence would bless and not harm, and where unhappiness might be avoided by some of the usages in which Washington delights.

"Mother, doesn't a cabinet lady ever have a day off?" is a question from one of my young sons which is easily understandable after a glance at an average day's program during my life in Washington.

Take, for instance, one Easter Monday when my engagements were so complicated, especially because of my living some distance from town, that I planned a costume like this: In the morning I started from my house in a black taffeta frock with feathered hat, bouquet of white lilacs and white gloves. In this garb I attended a wedding. Back in the carriage, off came the flowers and white gloves, and black gloves were donned for a call of condolence.

The call paid, the white gloves were again substituted for the black, the flowers were hastily pinned on, and my carriage had arrived at a luncheon. After the luncheon I paid forty calls and then hastened home to dress for one of the six dinners to which we had been invited that evening, and for a reception to which we were going on later.

Usually I arose at eight o'clock. After breakfast and telephone calls I discussed the program of the day with the servants. This was no light task, although I did not have the servant problems which beset many Washington hostesses. Once Mrs. Hoke Smith, wife of the former United States senator from Georgia, whose cook longed for Georgia just as Mrs. Smith was ha a dinner for some ambassadors and m ters from foreign countries, groaned, " Margaret, you leaving and the mini coming!" But Margaret, true to her gious upbringing, said, "Law, no, Birdie, I yain't gwine to leave you if co ence meets yere." My servants wer faithful to me as though conference meeting every day. After making out menu I dictated to my secretary and over the invitations for the day, the market. There was usually a luncheon, from three until six o'clock every day Wednesday, when I received myself, Sunday, when I made no social eng ments, I called.

This matter of calling, one of the m mooted questions of Washington life, brought up at the first meeting of women of the cabinet after I went to W ington. I was heartily in favor of upho ing the old custom of returning the call all those who called on me. I enjoy m ing people and I was sure then of w proved to be true, that I should never m calls myself without meeting some won who would illumine my whole day.

When in common with the other la of the cabinet I began to be at home Wednesday, receiving from two hund and fifty to four hundred calls, I began realize that it is well-nigh impossible any woman in five afternoons in the we even though she calls every minute, to turn these hundreds of visits. Added to I myself took pride in never sending in card, but always asked if the one called were receiving that afternoon, and if were I went in and made a real call, such I would at home in Raleigh, North Carolin

Page Mr. Daniels!

Out of that experience I came to belie that if the wife of a cabinet member mak callers really feel welcome when they co on her public receiving days, and then, i stead of returning visits, occasionally giv a large reception, inviting by card all tho who have called, this most controversi question would be solved.

There was scarcely an evening, save Sun day, when we dined at home unless we ha guests ourselves. I always called for Mr Daniels at the department, and as he wa rarely ready to leave before 6:30 o'clock would be seven when we reached hom with barely half an hour to dress befor going out for the evening's engagements.

I recall one occasion when Mr. Daniels appointments for the afternoon made it im possible to get even half an hour at home He was to finish the afternoon with a private interview at one of the hotels with a gentleman whose presence in Washington it was not wise to have publicly known. Mr Daniels arranged to change his clothes at the hotel and I was to call for him there and go on to a dinner at the Navy Yard. I went as agreed, and after waiting almost up to the dinner hour I had him paged. There was no response. Then in desperation I asked to have him called in Mr. M——'s room. The clerk said that no Mr. M—— was registered. I insisted that he look on the private register, and he came back to whisper that Miss M—— was registered, and should Mr. Daniels be called in her room?

About this time Mr. Daniels came walking across the street. There had been a misunderstanding as to the hotel at which we were to meet. Of course the dinner hour was long past. In the carriage Mr. Daniels asked if he might kiss me and be forgiven, and I said the only difficulty was that he could not kiss and be so readily forgiven by the wife of the admiral whose dinner he was keeping waiting.

The average day makes no reckoning of the many special calls for entertainment or attendance upon meetings or participation in charitable enterprises. I am a little proud of my record that I never broke an engagement during all my eight years in Washington.

When national conventions, of which there are many in Washington, took place, I usually invited the delegates to meet the North Carolina representatives. We never found our home as large as our hearts, and one occasion when it was taxed greatly was when the Women's Christian Temperance Union met in Washington, and fifteen hundred women came to tea when we had expected about eight hundred. The line reached not only from the house to the sidewalk but clear to the end of the block.

(Continued on Page 113)

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Reproduced from actual photographs taken after the two panels had been handled for several days

His friends made this test for him

Its result is a warning to everyone who buys paint for interior use

HE was about to repaint again. It was a question of dirty, graying walls—or "another coat."

On his desk were two wooden panels—one painted with an ordinary flat-finish white paint, the other with Barreled Sunlight.

Passing friends picked them up and examined them.

At the end of several days they showed a startling difference.

The panel painted with ordinary flat-finish white paint had apparently collected every fingermark—every particle of dust and dirt. The board painted with Barreled Sunlight remained white and clean as when newly painted.

The reason is simple. The surface of ordinary flat-finish white paint is full of countless invisible pores. These microscopic holes catch the dirt and hold it. That is the reason most walls and woodwork need repainting so often.

Barreled Sunlight is a white paint made by the exclusive Rice Process which produces a lustrous surface so smooth that it offers no lodging place for the tiny dust and dirt particles. It can be washed clean like tile—even after years of service.

That is why Barreled Sunlight is being used today in buildings of every description—hotels, apartment houses, office buildings, stores and industrial plants. Ideal also for woodwork throughout the home, for the walls of kitchen, bathroom, laundry, etc.

Barreled Sunlight is guaranteed to remain white longer than any gloss paint or enamel applied under the same conditions. It is easy to apply. Flows freely and leaves no brush marks. Comes ready mixed in cans from half-pint to five-gallon size—barrels and half-barrels. When painting over an unpainted surface use Barreled Sunlight Undercoat.

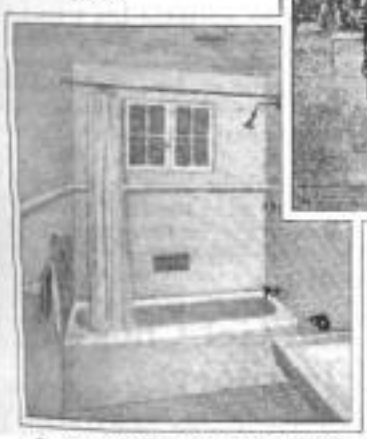
If your dealer does not carry Barreled Sunlight have him communicate with us for name of nearest distributor.



Grove Park Inn, N. C. Barreled Sunlight has replaced enamel in this well-known Southern resort



Interior of the Kellogg Plant
This famous food product plant is painted throughout with Barreled Sunlight



Barreled Sunlight has made walls and woodwork in this bathroom white and washable as tile

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Barreled Sunlight

THE RICE PROCESS WHITE

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Here, Madam, Is the Wonderful Vacuette Which Cleans Perfectly Without Electricity

THE drudgery of sweeping banished—housework made much easier. That is the good news now for every woman who is weary of old fashioned ways, or expensive and cumbersome devices for cleaning rugs and carpets.

The Vacuette is the long looked for device which is actually revolutionizing housework—saving strength, saving time and costing nothing to operate.

In justice to yourself, Madam, you should know just what the Vacuette is and what it will do. You should not only read what we tell you here—you should ask for the demonstration by which you can make a free test of the Vacuette in your own home. Do not delay—write us at once—we will arrange for free demonstration.

Absolutely Automatic No Electric Current Needed

With the Vacuette you need no electric current because it operates mechanically and automatically. You, therefore, have no electricity to pay for. You do not have to handle plugs, cords, wires or attachments. You simply run the Vacuette across the floor and all the dust, dirt, lint, thread, ashes, grit vanish into the bag.

The Vacuette gives the advantage of both a fast revolving, gear driven bristle brush and a powerful air suction. No dust or dirt can escape—it must go into the bag. It has the pistol-grip handle which makes it easy to guide and the handle stands upright when not in use.

The body of the Vacuette is made of beautiful cast aluminum. It has "Parkerized" rust proof parts. It runs on noiseless rubber wheels. The mechanism requires practically no oiling. It will last for years. It weighs only 7½ pounds.

Model "C," our new type of Vacuette, presenting these improved features, stands as the "last word" in vacuum sweepers.

With all the advantages which it offers, the Vacuette costs only about half the price you would expect to pay for an efficient vacuum sweeper. And those who wish to buy on easy terms can make a small down-payment and pay the balance a little every month.

Our local representatives are ready now to call and arrange for the free trial which will be a revelation—a positive proof that the Vacuette makes rugs look bright and new, and actually makes play out of work. If there is not a representative in your territory, write direct to us.

Proved in 180,000 Homes Wins on Merit

Already the Vacuette is in daily use in more than 180,000 homes. It is also in constant use in great city office buildings, in hotels, in schools, in hospitals and on steamships and on trains.

No sweeping device ever invented has stood more strenuous tests than the Vacuette. We did not offer it to the public until we knew to a certainty that it would do its work perfectly, that in strength of construction it was unsurpassed and in simplicity of mechanism without a rival.

And then we let thousands of women demonstrate it in their homes at our risk. We told them to use it daily—to use it hard—to try to find defects because we were determined to make the Vacuette beyond criticism, and we wanted the user's experience and judgment. The results were as gratifying as we hoped—the reports that came in were a tidal wave of enthusiasm—we knew that the Vacuette had scored an epoch-making triumph.



Improved Model "C" Vacuette

And now we are offering this splendid labor-saving device in a nation-wide campaign so that people everywhere in cities, towns, villages and on farms may have it.

Guaranteed by the Makers

Not only do we offer the Vacuette, backed by its remarkable record in use, but we guarantee that in every case it has been thoroughly examined and tested before leaving the factory—that it is in perfect condition and that if any part shows a defect due to fault of material or manufacture, we will replace it free of cost to the user.

The Vacuette will last for years—practically for a lifetime.

Free Demonstration

All you need to do to learn what the Vacuette will accomplish for you is to ask for a free demonstration. Just write to us direct and we will arrange for the demonstration right in your home. We want you to see the wonderful work which the Vacuette does before you make a decision one way or another. See dust and dirt disappear as if by magic—all into the bag—none scattered—none left as with ordinary sweepers or inefficient suction devices. Simply marvelous, you will say, just as 180,000 women have already said.

Local Representatives Wanted—Now

So successful has the Vacuette been wherever introduced that we are planning to cover the entire country through salesmen and saleswomen who will visit homes, make demonstrations and take orders in localities which we are ready to assign now.

We are now ready to make appointments, and to active, ambitious people we offer an opportunity such as we believe has never been equalled in its field.

Experience is not necessary, as we give every representative a thorough special training by sales experts who make every point so clear that any intelligent man or woman can quickly take up the work. Every one who enters the field goes with a preparation which, coupled with enthusiasm and energy, means success from the beginning. Not only are splendid earnings to be made by demonstrating and selling in the home, but salesmen who prove their ability will have the opportunity to take charge of crews and to manage districts.

Our representatives are constantly backed by a consistent campaign of national and local advertising and by active co-operation from the factory.

And our free demonstration offer, reasonable price and easy terms place the Vacuette in the great majority of homes—and once placed it always stays.

Women never go back to the hard way of sweeping when once they see how the Vacuette makes rugs and carpets look like new with really no effort. To show the Vacuette is to sell it.

Those who realize that the Vacuette has a market in practically every home need no argument to convince them that the possibilities are simply tremendous. No active man or woman who is ambitious to make large earnings and to win independence need remain in any small-pay occupation while this proposition is open.

In the cities—where electricity is in general use—the Vacuette is sold the same as in the rural communities where there is no electricity. *Everywhere*—large cities, small towns, on farms—the Vacuette sells itself. To demonstrate is to sell it.

Write—and Get Choice of Territory

If you are ready for an opportunity such as we have described—if you want to enter a pleasant paying business in which you will be associated with active, ambitious people—write and tell us in what part of the country you wish to work and we will give your application careful consideration.

This is a proposition on which you should not delay, for as fast as we find people of the kind we want, we will fill the open territory.

Write today and get complete information about the unusual opportunity.

Vacuette
Non-Electric Suction Sweeper

As Efficient as an Electric—as Easy to Operate as a Carpet Sweeper

★ Endorsed by Good Housekeeping and Modern Priscilla

THE SCOTT & FETZER COMPANY, Dept. 12, CLEVELAND, OHIO

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(Continued from Page 110)

as perfectly appropriate, the wives of am J. Bryan and Josephus Daniels ived the guests together, and if our s could have been turned with praise ur husbands they would have been on day. One woman met Mr. Daniels in crowd and asked the way to the door. hich door?" he questioned. "Any e!" she gasped. He conducted her ugh the back hall to the kitchen and to the alley, where she joyfully shook elf free from the crowd. I thought Women's Christian Temperance Union ies were many on that day, and they e seemed equally numerous when on trips through the country I have met se whom I entertained and have been ertained by them in return.

I have said that we accepted no Sunday itations. We had no criticism for those o did do so, but we abided by this rule for rselves. We were asked once to dine with r. and Mrs. Thomas Nelson Page, and as declined I asked my husband if I should re the real reason. He said yes, and erefore I turned to Mrs. Page and said, We never accept Sunday hospitality; and en, that is the only day we have at home th our boys."

There were tears in Mrs. Page's eyes as e said, "Stay with your boys."

It is an actual fact that women order eir chauffeurs to take them to a series of ashington receptions and literally enter house without realizing whose it is.

The women of the cabinet are at home on ednesdays, and on that day they have ne of the few perquisites of their position, owers from the White House conservato- ies always being sent for their tables.

On my first day at home I received nine undred and sixty-eight callers, and each eek from two hundred and fifty to four hun- red women came in the long line past me. I ad a rare blessing in that when women ame thronging so rapidly that I had no hance for a special word with them I could ay, "My mother is in the next drawing- oom." To be able to send one's friends on with the sense that you are conferring upon them your greatest gift and with the knowl- edge that they will have a friendly hand- clasp and just the right word from one's mother is a great thing.

The first day that I received after going to Washington the wife of a former cabinet member asked me how I expected to like official life. I told her that I had always enjoyed people and I looked upon this as a broadening of the social lines in which I had always delighted. Of course, then a vase of flowers had not been tipped over at a very special dinner, nor had a conference at the White House and an executive ses- sion of the United States Senate thrown another dinner into chaos—but those are stories to be told later. I learned that a sense of humor is the only saving grace in times like those, as well as during the long hours that one stands in line receiving guests.

Doctor Walker Comes to Tea

On that same first receiving day there came a woman who said that she wanted to make a good impression upon me because her son was a plebe at the Naval Academy at Annapolis. I told her I was interested because I had had two brothers plebes at the Academy, and I had four boys of my own. And then this woman who was so eager to clinch her good impression asked blandly, "Oh, were those your little grand- children I saw in the garden?" speaking of my two youngest boys.

Another day, when I was receiving, not the public, but only an invited group of guests, I found standing in front of me a woman with a horseshoe of oxeye daisies on her frock and a chaplet of the flowers on her head, who stated that she had decided to come because she knew that if I had under- stood how much she wanted to be there I would certainly have asked her. She re- mained all through the affair and had a blissful time.

Once one of my youngest boys came in to say, "Mother, I didn't want to go out in front, but Jordan called me"—Jordan being the footman—"and there's the funniest little old man coming in that's a woman."

Before I saw the little figure in trousers, frock coat, and green-and-red-plaid tie fas- tened with a diamond breastpin, I knew that it was Dr. Mary Walker, and I sent word ahead to the maids to see that she had special attention in the dining room.

"Mrs. Daniels, I had no idea you were so far from the trolley. I am so glad that I didn't bring my secretary with me. I do not know how she would have gotten here, clothed as she is," said Doctor Walker. But I replied, "Doctor Walker, with the present fashions perhaps we are less im- peded with clothes than you are." Out in the dining room Doctor Walker declined tea, but yielded to the urging of one of the maids who offered to make her a cup of cambric tea. On that occasion and at one other reception, when I saw her in full-dress male attire with a corsage bouquet of flow- ers and palm leaves thrust between her shirt and waistcoat, I saw in the face of the little woman the spirit which had carried her onto war-torn battlefields.

The first formal event for which we is- sued cards in Washington was a garden party in June, 1913, for Admiral and Mrs. Dewey. The morning dawned clear and radiant, and baskets of flowers and chairs were arranged on the lawn. Almost imme- diately the sky was overcast and everything was brought into the house. Again the weather cleared and things were returned to the lawn. When the clouds came again we telephoned to the weather bureau to ask if it was going to rain. The reply was that it oughtn't to. And it didn't.

Admiral and Mrs. Dewey accepted very few social engagements and this garden party was one of the last occasions on which large numbers of persons had an opportu- nity to meet the admiral.

A Day With Admiral Dewey

The friendship of the admiral and Mrs. Dewey is one of the rarest gifts which came to us in Washington, and many of my hap- piest memories are of them and their marvelous kindness to us. On one day I was asked to bring our boys to see the admiral's trophies. We saw his mementos of Manila and many other treasures, price- less because of their connection with events and people. Then we were invited to the dining room, where we found a feast laid out surrounding a great birthday cake. The admiral had chosen to spend his birthday showing his trophies to our boys.

A few months later we gave a big recep- tion to every North Carolinian in Wash- ington, securing from all the government departments lists of the representatives of the state who were at work, and sending each an invitation.

The first of our series of New Year's receptions was in 1914. The President was not giving his usual New Year's reception, because he was not well and was spending the holidays on the Gulf of Mexico. There- fore we had added to the brilliant uniform of our own Army and Navy guests the magnificent gold braid and glittering colors of the diplomatic corps, who might other- wise have been at the White House. The diplomatic corps, I might mention, came to us that year from the celebrated grapejuice breakfast given for them by the then Sec- retary of State, Mr. William J. Bryan.

There was great excitement among my boys when they found that among the call- ers were the discoverer of the North Pole, Admiral Peary, and Mrs. Peary.

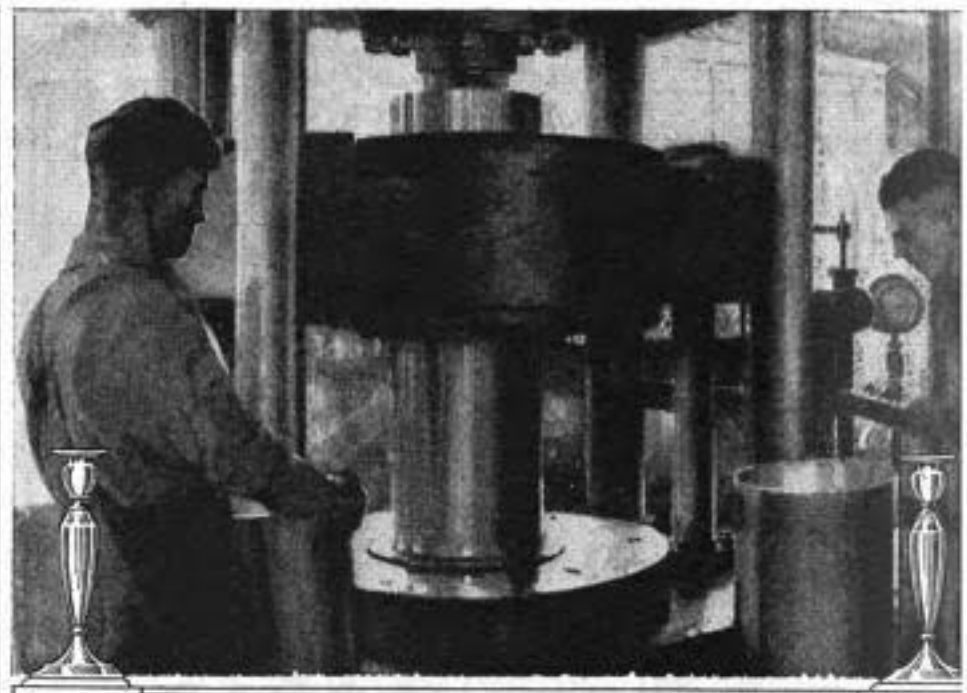
Among the pleasantest receptions were those at which I received officially, the Navy Relief balls for charity, the Army and Navy League club affairs, the events following the Army and Navy games, and the festivities at Annapolis.

When I went to Annapolis for the games I saw in place of the youths out on the field, my brother, Worth Bagley, who was the first American naval officer to give his life in the Cuban War, and of whom it was said twice that he won the game for the Navy. For some time his place kick of fifty-three yards was the longest on record, and he used to tell with great glee of the time when as a midshipman he was familiar with an ad- miral. The admiral in question slapped him on the back after the Navy had won the game and said, "My boy, you have saved me five hundred dollars."

So it was that in place of these others I saw him on the gridiron, and in the cheers and songs I heard the words, to the tune of Marching Through Georgia, which they used to sing when he played:

There goes Bagley round the end
With Johnson by his side
Fighting like the devil
For a touchdown.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mrs. Daniels. The second will appear in an early issue.



The Beauty of Silvore Never Fades

WHETHER it be your tableware or your toilet articles, if your silver plate has been proved to be of lasting brilliancy it must have been made from Silvore or from a metal of equal quality. For Silvore is simply a new name for the lasting metal base which has been used for silver plating by many of our foremost silversmiths for decades past.

Silvore is a manufactured metal, so much like silver in appearance, texture and weight that in its finished form it might easily be mis- taken for sterling. Many famous brands of silver plated ware, superb examples of the silversmith's craft, owe their lasting loveliness and moderate cost to the fact that they are made from Silvore. For silver plate made with Silvore as its base, retains brilliancy and beauty as long as it remains in use.

Of uniform composition throughout, wear does not lessen the silvery whiteness of Silvore. That is why articles made of Silvore, or plated on it, hold their lustre after years of usage.

When a salesman assures you an article is made of Silvore, or plated on a Silvore base, you may be certain its beauty will never fade.

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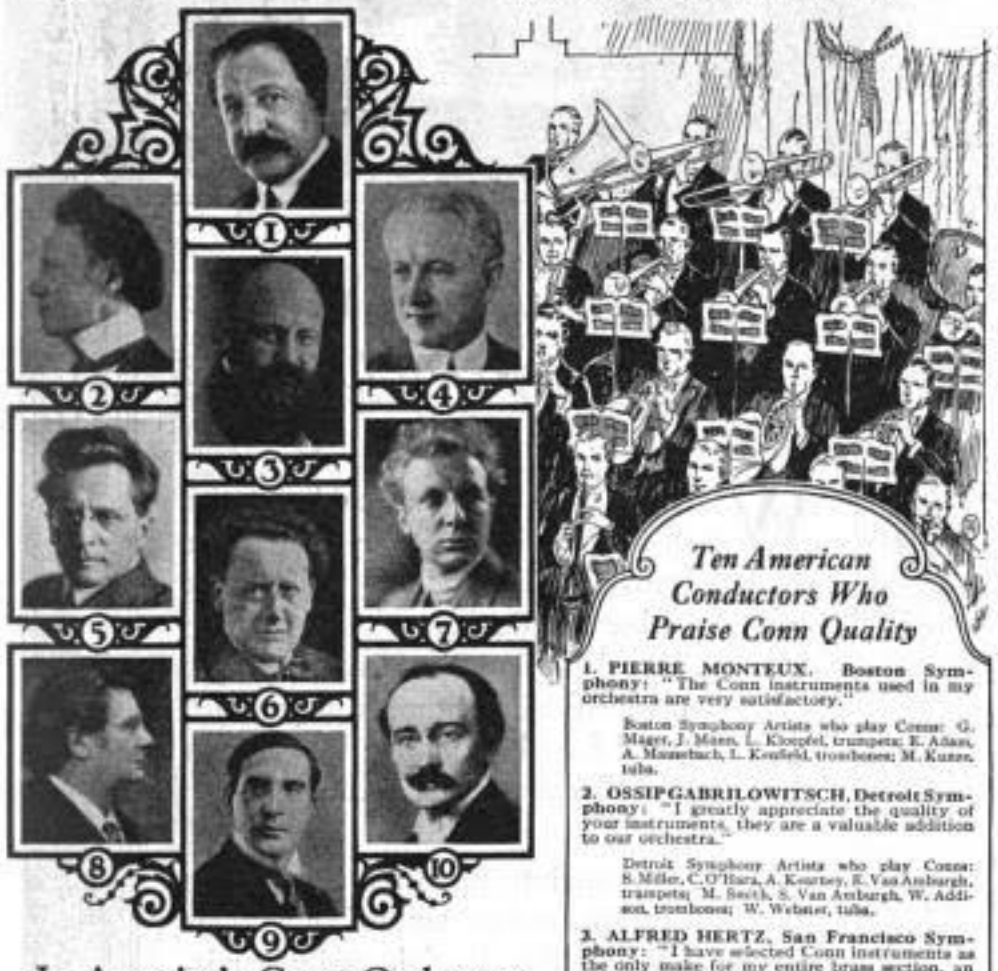
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CONN

WORLD FAMOUS BAND *and* ORCHESTRA INSTRUMENTS



Ten American Conductors Who Praise Conn Quality

1. PIERRE MONTEUX, Boston Symphony: "The Conn instruments used in my orchestra are very satisfactory."

Boston Symphony Artists who play Conns: G. Mager, J. Mann, L. Kloepfel, trumpets; E. Adam, A. Maasbach, L. Kenfield, trombones; M. Kunze, tuba.

2. OSSIP GABRILOWITSCH, Detroit Symphony: "I greatly appreciate the quality of your instruments, they are a valuable addition to our orchestra."

Detroit Symphony Artists who play Conns: S. Miller, C. O'Hara, A. Kearney, E. Van Amburgh, trumpets; M. Smith, S. Van Amburgh, W. Addison, trombones; W. Webster, tuba.

3. ALFRED HERTZ, San Francisco Symphony: "I have selected Conn instruments as the only make for my entire brass section, an indication of my regard."

San Francisco Symphony Artists who play Conns: D. Rosebrook, O. Kegel, A. Arriola, A. Stephen, trumpets; F. Tait, O. Clark, F. Bassett, trombones; A. Starch, tuba.

4. JOSEF STRANSKY, New York Philharmonic Orchestra, endorses Conn quality. The following artists playing under Stransky use Conns:

V. Bruno, M. Schlossberg, J. Grapp, trumpets; M. Falcone, L. Haines, W. Lilleback, trombones; F. Gelb, tuba.

5. W. H. ROTHWELL, Los Angeles Philharmonic: "Conn instruments used in our orchestra are very satisfactory in tone quality and pitch."

Mr. Rothwell's players who use Conns are: V. Drucker, G. Pacheco, trumpets; H. Beitel, L. Steinberger, J. Wallace, F. Schellhouse, trombones.

6. JOSEF WILLEM MENGELBERG, the famous guest conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, appreciates the effects obtained by the Conn brass section of his orchestra.

7. LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI, Philadelphia Symphony. Artists under Stokowski, who play Conns:

S. Cohen, trumpet; G. Simons, C. Gerhard, P. Lotz, trombones; G. Fery, tuba.

8. EUGENE YSAYE, Cincinnati Symphony. Artists under Ysaye who play Conns are:

F. Weiss, W. McGee, W. Kopp, trumpets; J. Hanse, tuba.

9. NIKOLAI SOKOLOFF, Cleveland Symphony: "Your instruments in the Cleveland Orchestra are of excellent quality and beautiful tone."

Cleveland Symphony Artists who use Conns: A. Clark, A. Clonset, J. Sirota, trombones.

10. EMIL OBERHOFFER, Minneapolis Symphony. Artists under Oberhoffer who use Conns:

W. Thieck, H. LeBarbier, A. Koehler, H. Bossenbah, M. Rabin, G. Lickeberg, trumpets; R. Lindenhahn, French horn; M. Sery, V. Gebhardt, F. Wagner, trombones.

Conn Instruments are also used and endorsed by the following New York Symphony Artists: B. Glantz, F. Vesecia, C. Heinrich, trumpets; M. Wackerhan, S. Tilkin, trombones; J. Perletto, euphonium; D. Bibelo, tuba. METROPOLITAN OPERA ORCHESTRA, N. Y. G. Nappi, A. Arbuzo, trumpets; S. Miatia, C. Cusumano, B. Wankoff, W. LaCroix, trombones.



In America's Great Orchestras

WHAT a significant fact it is, that the artists who interpret the works of the masters, who paint again the great tone-pictures of the symphonies, use Conn instruments in the expression of their art!

The standards of these conductors, and of the players with them, are indeed exacting. Conn instruments meet these standards in every detail, giving life and color to the composition with the brilliant beauty of their tone, and responding instantly to the player's control in the most difficult passage.

Exclusive processes of manufacture developed in the great Conn laboratories, the painstaking care of artist-craftsmen, and the skill developed in half a century of instrument building are responsible for this excellence. The name Conn on a band or orchestra instrument means above all: *Highest in Quality.*

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"Success in Music and How to Win It"

A short period of practice with a Conn will prepare you for the profit and pleasure of playing a band or orchestra instrument. This book illustrates and describes all instruments, tells use and opportunities of each. Send coupon now for your copy and details of *Free Trial, Easy Payment Plan.* Mention instrument that interests you.

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'TAIN'T RIGHT

(Continued from Page 7)

off all my admirers. It is the truth, Don Francisco. The colonel hardly ever comes here any more unless he first makes sure Servin is nowhere in the neighborhood."

"Surely not, señora. The colonel is a gallant soldier. He has frequently told me how ——"

"He is very handsome; yes."

"What, then, do you propose to do?"

"Just let him go about his business and pay no attention. That is the only way to treat a conceited fellow like Servin. Wow, he is all swelled up like a peacock!"

Well, she continued her promenade among the tables and I watched her. Women are curious creatures, sir. The Señora Tostado was resolved to ignore the rascal, yet no matter where she moved or to what person she spoke, her gaze kept returning always to Benito Servin. By goodness, how she hated that fellow!

I think my suggestion in regard to Zapien must have borne fruit, because not long afterwards he came into the room where I was working on a manifesto and, twirling his mustache, said, "Well, Don Francisco, I give you good day. Congratulate me."

"With all my heart. But what for, my dear colonel?"

"Because I am the accepted suitor of the Señora Adela Tostado. You are surprised; yes? Well, pretty soon I shall be master of Tres Hermanos."

He was very much pleased with himself and smiled at his own image in a mirror. I did not like this Zapien. He was a stiff-neck, sir, and none of us could understand why he enjoyed the general's confidence.

"Fine!" I said. "You are, then, betrothed?"

"Well—well—you see—you are going too fast, Don Francisco. We are not exactly betrothed, but she has given me to understand. You are a man of the world, *amigo*, and you know the numberless ways a woman has of acquainting a lover of her favor."

"Sure. But I also recall, Colonel, instances where I was mistaken in the symptoms."

"Possibly. But when a woman asks you for protection against another man, Don Francisco, what are you justified in thinking? Hey? Have I not told you that I know women? Well, you may consider this affair as good as settled."

"So that is it," I replied indifferent, but I did not feel that way.

Zapien's manner convinced me he was speaking the truth, and I grew very sad, sir, when I thought of that lovely hacienda, Tres Hermanos.

The same night I reported the conversation to Dario Pez. He pricked up his ears, then he became thoughtful. Finally he started rubbing his hands with every appearance of satisfaction.

"Excellent!" he exclaimed. "This pleases me very much, Don Francisco. It gives me an idea; yes. You do not seem overjoyed, *muchachito?* Me, I am not surprised. Zapien is a fine chunk of a man, and the girls like a pretty fellow, hey?"

"When they are very young and inexperienced, *mi general.* But the Señora Tostado ——"

"Yet it is something to marry a member of the *aristocracia*, Don Francisco. And do not forget that Zapien belonged among them before he joined my flag. The arrangement suits me very well; yes."

His good humor continued to increase.

"Get ready to write a letter," he commanded.

"I am ready."

"It is to General Miguel Fierro."

"The Hangman?"

"The same. Now take what I say, and be sure the spelling is correct and you write it word for word."

By goodness, what he wrote to Fierro made my eyes stick out. Perceiving which, Dario Pez said to me in the purring tone he always used when in his most dangerous mood, "You understand, do you not, Don Francisco, the necessity of absolute silence in this business?"

"Assuredly, Excellency."

"Then order a special courier to get ready, and send Colonel Zapien into my presence."

I ran like an antelope to execute his commands. After all, it was none of my affair and Zapien was certainly not my friend. He came with an elation, sticking out his chest and smoothing his uniform, persuaded that Dario Pez intended to congratu[late] him; so the general's first words took [him] by surprise.

"Colonel Zapien," he said, "you [will] take fifty men and proceed by wa[y of] Cañon del Huarache to the town of B[ena]. I have information that the garrison [there] is disaffected and friendly to my cause [and] will not offer much resistance. Be[sides] they have only a small force. So I re[quire] you to capture the place and hold it [until] further orders."

It was not a job to Zapien's liking, much preferring to make a big bl[uff] headquarters and look as wise as a[n owl] when Dario Pez summoned a staff co[n]ference; but he had to pretend.

"Consider it done, *mi general.*"

"Good. You will start as soon as [your] party has saddled. It ought not to [take] you more than three days to reach Ba[ena]."

Then all at once Zapien grew thoughtful. "But why through Cañon del Huarache, Excellency? There is an easier way."

"Because it is shorter," answered the general sternly. "And you would run [into] the Red Flaggers on the other road. Carry out my orders. It is your place to obey, not to question."

"Yes, General."

When he had gone to get his command together, and I had dispatched a trusty courier with the letter to Fierro, Dario [Pez] looked at me with a sly smile and remarked, "He is a smart man, that Zapien—he, Don Francisco?"

I did not answer, sir. What could I say?

The very next day a thing occurred which promised at one stage to result very disastrous for somebody. This Benito Servin was walking along the street on front of the general's house when suddenly he saw a man rush out of a doorway on the opposite side, his feet moving like the needle in a sewing machine; at the same time a woman, with her hair flying and a shawl streaming behind her, appeared in pursuit, screaming at top of her voice, "Ah, rascal! Wait till I catch you! Come back, you coward!"

Now the man was a perfect giant, sir, and the woman nothing but a thin, wretched slattern; but my, the way he beat it from there! He had a heavy sack slung over his shoulder and it bounced as he ran, and Benito Servin made sure the scoundrel had robbed the poor creature.

So he sprang like a mountain lion, direct Benito Servin, to intercept him. Against that prodigious bulk he knew he could do nothing and Benito had no weapon except a knife, but by cunningly thrusting out his foot he tripped the giant and brought him tumbling to the earth.

"Now," he cried, "I've got you! Give up or you are a goner."

The man on the ground lost no time in surrendering, shouting it in a voice like a bull, at the same time begging Benito to be very careful. And then the sentry at the gate of the general's house rushed up with his rifle ready.

"A thief! A thief!" said Benito Servin. "Arrest him."

The sentry, sir, arrested both, and while still undecided whether to shoot them or call somebody in authority, was startled by the appearance of Dario Pez himself at a window of his headquarters. He had been disturbed in his siesta by the awful racket and now wanted to know what all this noise on front of the house meant anyhow. Well, the sentry tried to tell him, and so did Benito Servin, and so did the Goliath he had captured. All three jabbered away at the same time, making more confusion than a cageful of parrots.

"Bring them in," ordered Dario Pez in a rage, and the soldier escorted Benito and the other man through the gate, up the walk, and inside. Goliath held firmly to the sack, and Benito was glad of that, for it heaved in a highly suspicious manner and he was satisfied that therein reposed the evidence. As for the woman, no sooner did she hear the general's wrathful voice than she disappeared most swiftly—beat it without once glancing back.

"Well, what now?" demanded Dario Pez, bending his brows. "What was all that row about? Hey, *hombre?*"

"This criminal was robbing a poor woman, Mister General," answered Servin boldly, "and I leaped upon him and captured him."

(Continued on Page 116)

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Having sent back Fierro's courier with a confidential message the two of us strolled up to the saloon, sir. It was well filled, and, by goodness, the consternation of those *hombres* when they recognized their general! What was Dario Pez doing there? Some of them decided that his visit boded no good and it was assuredly no place for them, and they beat it; but quite a few remained, and these just sat and gaped without paying him any open recognition. Among this daring bunch was Benito Servin, sir. The magic oil had evaporated to some extent, so that he was not now even prominent among his fellows.

"It occurs to me, Don Francisco, that the Señora Adela is none too glad to see us," remarked the general as we took seats. "Her welcome lacks warmth."

Dario Pez was right. The widow did not come near us, signal as was the honor being paid to her poor place, but pretended to notice nothing unusual and walked in and out among her guests at the far side of the room, with a restlessness. Yet her gaze wandered back to the general, time and time again. In fact, she watched him almost as closely as she watched Benito Servin. And Dario Pez, sir, he kept his eyes peeled also.

"Pshaw, you are a great blockhead, Don Francisco!" he exclaimed at last.

"Yes, *mi general*."

"Let us go. I have seen enough." He chuckled as we emerged into the street, and appeared well satisfied with the visit. "Yes, you are a fool! Send for this Servin and bring him into my presence."

I found Benito still in the saloon and escorted him to headquarters.

"Sergeant Servin," began Dario Pez, "I am going to intrust to you a dangerous and delicate mission."

"Fine!" said this Servin. "I'm the guy for the job."

"Captain Banda has recommended you highly. It is a job for an officer, but I have nobody on hand whom I can trust. Are you listening?"

"Sure, Mister General."

"You will take fifty men and proceed by way of Cañon del Huarache to the town of Baeza. I have information that the garrison there is disaffected and friendly to my cause, and will not offer much resistance. Besides, they have only a small force. I rely on you to capture the place and hold it until further orders. Also, you will observe absolute silence until your mission is accomplished. Do you understand?"

Benito Servin, he nodded; that is all he did, sir. I could see from his expression that he was puzzled and was thinking fast. And why should he not be puzzled? Here he was, an obscure sergeant, being selected by Dario Pez to command an expedition which ought to have been given to a colonel, at the very least.

"You will start as soon as your party is ready. It ought not to take you more than three days to reach Baeza, by Cañon del Huarache. Is there anything you wish to ask?"

Servin shot a swift glance at the general, and then replied, "Nothing."

This way of acting did not please Dario Pez at all, sir, but he could not complain of it, and dismissed Benito with a movement of his hand. And by goodness, that roughneck raged around with such a furiosity and tore things up so fast that the force was ready to set out by midnight! The bugles sounded "Saddle boot!" and away they went.

Not long after this event Colonel Zapien reappeared one day on a starved and dusty mule, and was followed, singly and in pairs, by his entire command. He told a stirring tale of their escape from the Red Flaggers, which had been made possible by the intrepidity of Zapien himself in binding all the sentinels as they slept. The colonel and his followers were almost famished; they had endured terrible privations from heat and thirst in the desert, sir.

"But," demanded Dario Pez, unable to conceal his exasperation, "was the food not good where you were, colonel?"

"The food not good? I do not understand, General."

"Never mind. It is nothing. Go and rest up. And you, Don Francisco—see that these poor boys get their bellies filled."

Well, the days went by, and no word of Benito Servin. The general began to grow impatient.

"What? No courier this morning?"

"No, Excellency."

"It is very strange. If Fierro has betrayed me ——" he muttered, gloomy.

We waited another twenty-four h Then Dario Pez summoned me int presence.

"Don Francisco," he said with a bru ness, "I have received a message General Fierro that he has capt Sergeant Servin and his force, and is ing them for ransom."

"It is very sad, *mi general*."

"It is a terrible blow. He deman hundred thousand pesos, this Hang What do you know about that!"

"A robbing price for a sergeant, sir.

"Sure. That's what I have been t ing. Where are we to raise the m Don Francisco? Has this Servin friends who would be disposed to con his aid?"

"I have heard that the Señora A Tostado ——"

"Go and fetch her. Hustle! Shake hoofs, Don Francisco—get a move on

I did not relish the job, sir, but I hu and brought the señora to the gene house again.

"Well, here we are once more, Se Adela. The blessings of God upon yo said Dario Pez.

"*Gracias, mi general,*" answered Señora Tostado. "Have them yours

The general coughed and rubbed hands, eying her sidewise.

"A dreadful thing has happe señora."

"If it has to do with Zapien, Ex lency ——"

"Not at all. The miserable victim t time is Benito Servin."

I saw the señora stiffen and clutch at breast, sir, but she made like it was a m ter of indifference to her what happened that son-of-a-gun.

"You may have noticed that he has been around lately?"

"Whether he is around or not, I sho worry," replied the Señora Adela w proud.

"Well, that is as may be. But Serv was sent on a mission, and the blockhe has let himself fall into the villaino Fierro's hands. That man hates m señora. And he sends word that Serv is to be shot."

The Widow Tostado, she sort of laughe sir. Then seeing from the general's fa that it was a matter which might make h laugh on the other side of her mouth s grew grave and murmured, "Unless?"

"Exactly. You have guessed it, señor Unless a ransom of a hundred thousan pesos is paid immediately."

"But he may escape, Excellency. Zapie accomplished it, and Zapien cannot b compared ——"

"He will not escape," answered Dari Pez, very slow. "It happened once, but will not happen again. If this money not paid by somebody Servin will die."

The general spoke in a soft purring voice and the two stared steady into each other's eyes. It was perfectly still in the room, s still that I could hear the señora's heart thumping. She looked as though she would have liked to twist her fingers in Dario Pez's hair, sir.

"Well?" murmured the general at last.

"What is this *hombre* to me, General? Besides, I haven't got the money."

"Surely a hundred thousand pesos ——"

"I could not raise a fourth of that sum."

Dario Pez smiled and remarked with politeness, "But your fine fat cattle, señora. Surely you could sell some of them. And sheep, too."

"Oh, you villain!" she suddenly burst out, and then began to cry. By goodness it made me feel bad!

"There, there!" said Dario Pez, trying to soothe her. "You are a noble woman, señora. And I respect and admire you exceedingly."

The Widow Tostado made no reply. She kept on sobbing, with her face hidden in her shawl.

"Don Francisco," cried the general to me, "do not stand there like a booby! Make all the necessary arrangements. The señora has searched her heart, and she cannot permit this man to die. Therefore she will dispose of some of her cattle, the money to be used to pay the ransom. See that the business is attended to at once, Don Francisco. That is what you wish, is it not, señora?"

The widow moved her head in consent, and fearing she might change her mind and turn on him Dario Pez signaled that I should escort her out. I did so, sir. The business did not please me, but war is

(Continued on Page 120)

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(Continued from Page 118)

full of such stratagems and meannesses. 'Tain't right!

The general was triumphant, for now there would be money to pay the troops a handful on account; but before the project of selling the señora's cattle could be put into effect, here came a courier hell-bent from Benito Servin himself. And by goodness, sir, guess what that guy had done! He had captured Baeza, and sent word he was organizing the place; he had fallen upon Fierro with a surprise assault and made a whirlwind of friends and enemies, and now held The Hangman and his whole band; he had in jail the rich *científico*, Don Luis Aviles, whom he had snaked in whilst Don Luis was paying a secret visit to one of his haciendas to gather some treasure.

And what were the orders of Dario Pez?

"Why—why—the fellow is crazy, Don Francisco! He had only fifty men. And I know for a fact that the garrison numbered two hundred and forty, and Fierro had a hundred and ninety seasoned fighters. It is a fake—a trick."

"But, Excellency, the courier swears it is true. He says this Servin works magic. They call him The Enchanted Captain, and ——"

"Enough! If it is true—ah, at last I have a fighter to help me, Don Francisco!" cried Dario Pez, and his eyes blazed like a leopard's, sir.

Well, the general sent a courier on one of his own horses, carrying instructions to Benito Servin, and meanwhile I countermanded the orders for selling the widow's cattle.

"But don't tell her yet that this Servin is unhurt. It may not be a fact, and besides, we can use the cash she has advanced," said Dario Pez.

A week later, sir, Benito Servin himself reported at headquarters, and behind him seven hundred men. I tell you it scared us when scouts brought word of the approach of this army and we saw them winding like a huge serpent across the plain. None of us could believe it was really Servin, except only Dario Pez, and he had received exact information which prepared him for what to expect.

"Well, Colonel?" he cried with a joyousness as Benito strode into the room, and he jumped up to embrace him.

"Colonel?" queried this Servin, raising his eyebrows.

"I should have said 'General,'" replied Dario Pez. "My mistake. I congratulate you."

What do you know about that! From sergeant to general, and I myself only a captain.

"Now," continued Dario Pez, "tell me all about it."

"Well, you ordered me to go and take Baeza, by way of Cañon del Huarache, Mister General. But I reflected that this route might be dangerous."

"Of course. You did well."

"So I made a wide swing and got close to Baeza from the other side. There, at night, I built many fires. All along the line of hills I had fires built."

The general laughed and rubbed his hands, for this was one of his own favorite tricks.

"The rascally Federals perceived those fires. They said, one to the other, 'Aha, the enemy is yonder in force. Maybe we had best beat it.' So when I attacked at dawn of the following day they had no heart for the encounter. Moreover, I had allies."

"What? Allies, you say? You amaze me, Servin."

"Yes. There were woodcutters in those hills, and I made them mount their burros and come with us, raising shouts of 'Viva Pez!'

"The scoundrels had good lungs, Excellency, and we created a fine impression."

"And then what?"

"I learned Fierro had hidden his band in Cañon del Huarache, Mister General, thinking to ambush me as he had ambushed Zapien."

"Well?" said Dario Pez, uncomfortable. He could not help wondering how much Servin knew, sir.

"When the garrison at Baeza surrendered I gave them their choice of death or joining our flag. The cause of liberty appealed to them. I now had nearly three hundred men. And later recruits came in from all the surrounding territory."

"Excellent. Excellent, General. That is my own method. I could not have done better myself."

"So in the blackest of night we fell] thunderbolt upon The Hangman. He been led to believe we had gone the way. Yes. He captured one of my who carried that information. So we jumped on them they scattered b us, and I had the victory."

"But Don Luis?"

"Fierro told me of his presence in country. I led a small band to his pl tion, and here he is, Mister General— prisoner."

Dario Pez walked gravely up to B Servin and again embraced him, ki him on both cheeks.

"*Compañero*," he said, "you are a man. I am proud to have you in my a But tell me—it is very strange—how you happen to think of all this?"

"It was not entirely due to my efforts, Mister General, as you per have guessed. No. It was the magic

"What? Not that stuff which C Pena ——"

"The same, Excellency. I have use and my enemies have been powe against me. Knowing I could not be h what was there to fear? I also sme some of my most trusted followers wit And now the whole world knows me as Enchanted Captain."

By goodness, can you beat that, sir? occurred to me that Servin and his lowers might have stunk out the garri of Baeza, but he was now a general an an obscure captain, so I kept this thou to myself. And just then they led in G Miguel Fierro, the Red Flagger, the ter of all that country, whose name moth used to frighten naughty children wi The Hangman and Dario Pez had l been deadly enemies, but recently, as y may have surmised, they had come t sort of secret understanding, so I was c rious to see how Fierro would regard t last incident.

For a moment or two Dario Pez did n meet The Hangman's gaze, but fidgeted his chair. Then at last he glanced up, sm ing very sheepish.

"So," he said, "we meet again, General

"Yes, viper, here we are!" retorte Fierro. "Only for your treachery ——"

"Clear the room, Don Francisco!" crie Dario Pez sharply. "General Fierro and have business to discuss. You may reti now, General Servin. Your promotion wi be recorded in orders to-morrow. Embrac me, my brave fellow."

Well, when he and Fierro came out couple of hours later they walked arm i arm and appeared to be on very friendly terms, sir, so the news spread like wildfir that the Red Flag chieftain had joine forces with Dario Pez.

Meanwhile the bells of the town were ringing and all the people crowding to the plaza to hear the great news of Benito Servin's victory. The *cura* of El Sauc told the story from the *kiosco*, and how those people did shout! My, but he became a hero, and the entire population gave themselves over to feasting and celebration.

And Carlos Pena grew second only to Servin in importance, sir. Everybody wanted to buy some of the magic oil. They besieged his house. Not only soldiers but men who had private enemies, or a grudge to work out—all offered any price for the stuff. The demand from married couples was steady and strong also. The people of El Sauc showed a willingness to part with any of their treasured possessions to obtain a few drops of the fluid which would render bullets and steel powerless to hurt them.

Now Pena had very little of the oil in stock, as you may well believe, and he was at his wit's end what to do. On the one hand was a market which would certainly never offer again, and which would assuredly make him rich in a few hours if he could take advantage of it. On the other was the sad fact that he had no more than half a cup of the magic oil left. He put water with this, sir. Yes, he thinned it down a lot. Still the demand persisted.

I cannot say with authority how he met it, but I know that everybody went away satisfied. People learned later that Carlos Pena had purchased ten gallons of oil from a merchant of El Sauc, and since he did not possess an automobile or any machine whatsoever, I consider this circumstance suspicious. What is your opinion, sir?

However, his reputation did not last long. On the second morning, as Benito Servin was making a triumphal progress toward the Señora Tostado's saloon, somebody fired at him from the corner of the

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and Benito dropped like a stricken
he man who fired the shot did not
make any resistance; he just con-
to gaze at Benito Servin's body as
h he could not believe his eyes.
ot dead, you say, Don Francisco?"
med Dario Pez. "Good. We can ill
to lose a man like Servin."
he bullet penetrated one lung, but
ctor says he will recover."
nd what does Benito say now about
agic oil?"
hy, he says his watch was wrong and
s not yet midnight when he made the
pplication. It appears, Excellency,
when the smell goes the charm is

lave they caught the assassin?"
le did not try to escape."
What was at the bottom of the busi-
Don Francisco?"
Well, it seems, Excellency, that two
ignorant soldiers got into an argu-
about the magic oil. Neither had
eded in buying any. One contended
s all a big fake, the other believed in
th a sincerity. While they were dis-
ng, along came Benito Servin. There-
one bet the other that the magic oil
amous Servin was covered with would
turn a bullet. The second soldier ac-
ed the bet."
And believing firmly in the stuff, that
fired the shot. Hey, Don Francisco?"
You are right, General. But how did
know?"
Oh, *muchachito*, learn human nature.
other rascal would never have risked
Does the Señora Tostado know of this
?"
She does."
And how does she take it?"
I do not know. I was just about to
to offer my sympathy, sir."
Dario Pez regarded me with a sly smile.
'Too late, Don Francisco," he said.
esides, he will recover. Nevertheless,
to the Señora Tostado's house and con-
to her my profound sorrow, and assure
that General Servin will receive every
ention."
This last assurance turned out to be
ecessary, sir. For when I met the
ora face to face, almost the first words
uttered were, "I am going to have him
ed to Tres Hermanos, Don Francisco.
s. Will you help me? I can give him
tter care there."
"But, señora, I thought —— You your-
f told me ——"

"Told you what?" she snapped.

"Why—well—well, now, you certainly did not express admiration of this Servin, Señora Adela. Ha, ha! Did you now?"

"Men are fools!" returned the señora, very sharp. Then her expression changed, sir. It grew soft. "Why, *muchacho*," she whispered, placing one of her little hands on my sleeve, "I would go to the ends of the world on my hands and knees for that son-of-a-gun. Tell that to your general."

"Yes, señora," I said, my heart heavy.

"And tell him, too," she added, her voice rising, "that this rooster Servin can protect his own roost."

"I will do so, señora."

On my way back to headquarters I heard a din of voices in dispute, and on approaching nearer, discovered that they came from the house across the street, the one occupied by Carlos Pena, the snake man. Now and again his bull-like tones made themselves heard above the racket, but chiefly the noise emanated from the Señora Pena, who was screaming abuse at her husband. Wondering what could be amiss I tiptoed through the passage and into the yard at the back, for it was from there that the sounds came.

"So! You will stay out all night, drinking, and try to sneak in when my back's turned, will you?" shrilled the señora, and then I caught sight of the pair. That little scrawny woman was chasing that giant around and around the yard with a broomstick, sir, and whenever she caught up with him she thumped the unfortunate wretch over the head with a ferocity. Finally he could stand it no longer, but gaining on her by a burst of speed, he sprang into the largest of the snake pits, which was standing open.

And there, in the midst of the crawling, hissing reptiles, which he herded into a corner with his stick, he tried to plead with her.

"Ah!" shrieked the señora. "You think to escape me. But you shall see."

Well, that is all, sir. I contrived to get this Carlos Pena out unharmed, but only after much trouble and by threatening the señora with the wrath of Dario Pez. Benito Servin, he married the Widow Tostado. And, by goodness, that son-of-a-gun spends most of his time at the hacienda of Tres Hermanos, where the perfume of flowers mingles with the soft breezes, and the pretty little girls promenade on front of the house in the cool of the evening. 'Tain't right!

THE GROWERS

DADDY he got him some maple trees
And he planted them in a row,
Up and down and about the house,
In the long time ago.
Daddy he tended them lovingly,
And they grew and they grew and grew.
The years came on and the years went by
And the trees grew into the summer sky,
In the long time ago.

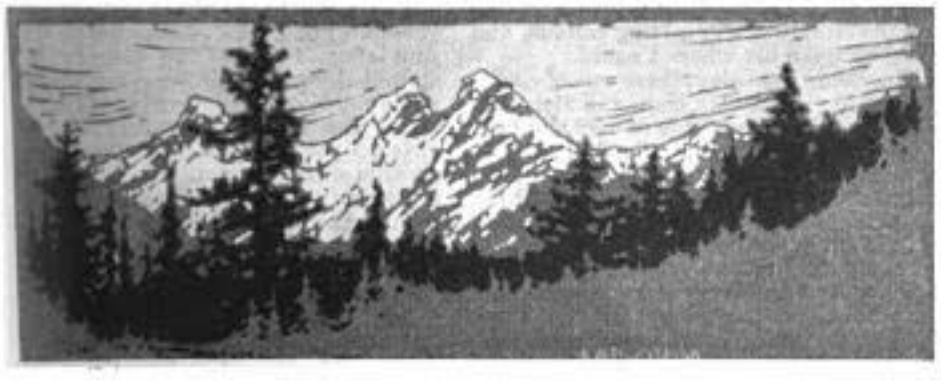
Uncle Hi got him some dollar signs
And he planted them in a row,
Far out and away from the old homestead,
In the long time ago.
Uncle Hi tended them night and day,
And they grew and they grew and grew;
And the years came on and the years went by,
And the dollars heaped into the summer sky,
In the long time ago.

Daddy sat under the maple trees
And dreamed in the summer noon,
The blackbirds followed him down the field,
And the wild bee's cheerful croon.
Daddy came home in the eventide
And sat under the maple trees
Till the sun went down and the night breeze strayed
Through the whispering leaves where the fireflies played
In the sheen of the harvest moon.

Uncle Hi seldom was known to smile;
He battled his whole life through;
The whisper of God in the maple trees
And contentment he never knew;
To the end of his life he was gray and grim
And jealous of all mankind;
His heart was cold and his eye was hard—
For he lost his soul when he set to guard
The field where his dollars grew.

Daddy was not a success, perhaps;
All he did was to make things grow—
Green things he and God tended lovingly,
In the long time ago.
His clothes were worn and his purse was lean,
And he dreamed and he dreamed and dreamed;
Yes, he was a failure, the world would say—
But the neighbors all cried when he went away,
In the long time ago.

—*Lowell Otus Reese.*





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THE UPRISING GENERATIO

(Continued from Page 28)

Marilyn changed the subject and, I suppose, forgot it in her light way. But I remembered it a long time, as you shall see. I felt hot and uncomfortable all through the rest of the meal, and afterward refused to join the bunch who were going out on Sylvia's father's yacht for a little cruise.

When they had all left I didn't know quite what to do with myself in that ghastly quiet house, and roamed about aimlessly from room to room, awfully depressed and in the sink generally until in my wanderings I came to the little coat room on the ground floor, looked in, saw that my huge order of fireworks had been stored there, went in to give them the once-over, and then heard voices directly outside the window.

At once I tiptoed over and peeked through a crack in the blind, my heart growing sort of cold, a most upsetting and unpleasant sensation. There on a stone bench, well concealed by shrubs in this secluded corner of the east terrace, sat Ted and the widow. So they had not gone on the yacht after all! The low, deceitful things, sneaking back like that! Marilyn's silly china-blue eyes were turned up to Ted in the most idiotic way, and she was sort of wavering toward him.

"Of course I do get lonely," she was saying. "But what else can I expect—an old woman like me, and a back number, with so many pretty little chickens around?"

"Old! Why, you're lovely! You don't look a day more than twenty—honest!" Ted replied. "And believe me, you've got it all over these kids. Nit-wits, that's what most of them are!"

I drew back from the window, my heart pounding furiously, a sort of red blindness coming over me. I could hardly breathe. Then I controlled myself. So she didn't look over twenty! Ha, if he knew only the half of it! Not that I cared a hoot what Ted Stonewall thought, or whom he sneaked away from the crowd with or anything! For certainly I wouldn't demean myself so far as to care for a man who flirted with other women. Only it did seem a pity that a nice decent chap like Ted should be fooled by an old woman like Marilyn. There are mighty few boys as clean-cut as Ted, and so naturally—well, of course it did make me sick to see him taken in by a middle-aged fake. Not that I cared, you understand. Not a rap—not personally! Yet I couldn't refrain from a bitter, silent laugh at the thought of Marilyn in her nightly make-up. If Ted could only see her like that he'd get an eyeful which would bring him to his senses. If he could just see her with the chin strap and the muscle plasters and the coconut oil and the damp little knob of hair! Why, she even slept in a flannelette nightie! And if Ted once knew it ——

At this point I realized that I was staring at a big box marked Red Fire and that just above it was another packet marked Insect Smudge, Smokes 'Em Out. And as I read the words over and over mechanically a great thought blossomed comfortingly in my mind. Ted should see poor old Marilyn in all her negligée! I could save the dear silly boy from the horrid creature, and I would do it that very night! No sooner thought than floated! Collecting several pots of red fire and the smudge, I stole silently and rapidly to my own room, where I concealed them under the taffeta flounces of my day bed. After which I took a nap, and when I awoke refreshed I did the nastiest thing I could think of: I deliberately put on a black dinner gown. It was a dirty trick to cramp Mrs. M. like that when black was the only thing she could wear, and ordinarily I wouldn't have dreamed of doing a thing of that sort to a girl who was stopping in my own house; but the situation was getting serious, and I had to spike her where I could.

This being Saturday, there was of course a dance at the country club, and after dinner we piled into a couple of cars and beat it on over there. No one who had seen me perched on the running board of Tot's yellow roadster, my bobbed hair and my cloak flying in the wind, my girlish laughter pealing out in harmony with the rest, would have dreamed of the solemn, secret plan which was at that very instant burning in my bosom, or suspected the fact that I was simply wild for the dance to be over so that I might get the crowd back home and put the plot into execution. Oh, I mana keep up a brisk enough shoulder—a anyhow! But as the evening drag and on and Ted cut in on me only grew irritable and impatient. So m that when poor Little Arthur cut in for the third time in quick successio as soon as he had got in step and take his mind off his feet began his about having something he wanted to me, I almost pushed his face in, a actually shove him away the very firs I caught sight of help in the shape of on the end of the stag line. I felt simply wanted to kill Little Arthu nasty, effeminate worm! In fact I have enjoyed killing almost anybo thought it a beastly dull dance.

But not so Marilyn. She toddled professional, and was cut in on ever steps, especially by Ted, the poor old Well, I reflected, he would soon see he should see!

At length, after what seemed a fectly interminable evening, althou was really an uncommonly early on we left the club shortly after two o' we returned to the house; and follo the usual gabble downstairs, said night and scattered off to bed. I en my room with beating heart. Sending Celeste, my maid, I at once set abou preparations for the remainder of the with the calm of one who is committe a strange and terrible deed.

First I undressed, and then I ma most careful and attractive new t starting with a pale pink satin nightie, which I put on a boudoir cape of rob egg-blue Georgette trimmed with ye ribbons and violets, and thrust my young bare feet into a pair of lace-trim mules to match. Next I tucked my su curls, all but one or two which might considered to have escaped while I slept, a filmy boudoir cap, sprayed myself some of mother's eighteen-dollar perf and sat gazing at myself in the mirror quite ten minutes, feeling, I must say good deal of artistic pleasure in the re I had achieved. Considering I had j been startled from my bed, I was cha ing—I admit it. I was, in fact, a wond I looked at my watch—twenty-five m utes past three. By now Marilyn must safely asleep, arrayed in her flannele nightie, chin strap, patches and all, reeking of cocoa butter! This was my tim I collected my bundle of red-fire pots a my box of insect smudge, added a packet safety matches, and switching off the lig I stole softly out into the corridor.

The house was silent as a grave, and t upper hallway but dimly lit as I flitt along it. At least I started to flit; but so found that my heelless mules made t much noise, so I was forced to take them and stuff them into the lace pocket of m Georgette cape. Then I hoofed it a Duncan. My heart pounded furiously, a I was in deadly fear that someone woul hear me and come flocking out; but n body did, and I reached the little r ception room on the ground floor, whic was my destination, without trouble. On there, I turned on a light, shut the doo and got busy with my fireworks.

The three red lights I set together in th middle of the floor where they couldn possibly do any harm. I needed only t ignite their wicks. The smudge gave m more trouble, but I simply had to have it A red glow wouldn't be good enough. wanted smoke and a smell to make m party more convincing. And believe me that smudge was a task! You had to wet on top and put kindlings underneath, I took the peacock feathers out of the fire place and the new magazines from mother' table and some water from a vase of flow ers, and the nasty stems spattered me a good bit, but I didn't notice it at the time. And then I mixed up that stuff and sprinkled on the brown powder and it made my nose itch horribly and I had an awful time not to sneeze too loudly. But at last I got the darn thing started, and it sure did smudge beautifully! Then I lit the red lights, switched off the lamp, and as soon as the mess got going strong I beat it upstairs, and when the lower hall began to be smoky I started to yell.

"Oh! Oh!" I screamed. "I smell something! I knew I smelled something! Fire! Oh, fire! Fire!"

(Continued on Page 124)

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(Continued from Page 122)

That brought 'em out! You should have seen them flock! And even in the excitement of the moment I realized that I was learning a lot about my friends that I had never known before, and if anyone had told me Sylvia wore two false teeth on a plate I simply wouldn't have believed it! Or that Rotter actually was a rotter and a coward, and that Little Arthur would keep his head and have a common blanket bath robe! But all this was true, and more. Gosh, how they rushed out and yelled! That upper corridor went simply mad with excitement. I kept screaming with sheer terror and led the stampede for the lower floor. Once there, however, I turned to watch them coming down the stairs; but the figure I had my eye out for was missing. Marilyn was not there. Could the vain old fool actually have stopped to prink in the face of this hideous danger? I could scarcely believe it, yet what else could be keeping her? The servants were on the scene by now, and Tams, in a red shirt but no undue haste, was very brave about the fire extinguishers, and Celeste, my maid, was wonderfully helpful, because she overturned a huge tubful of flowers and water in the general direction of the fire, and the mess it made helped to disguise the true origin of the blaze. But still no Marilyn appeared. With a dreadful shock I realized that Ted had not shown up either!

This was awful! I assure you I was so unnerved by the realization that I began to feel like screaming in earnest. And then all at once I heard footsteps running along the terrace, and Ted's voice.

"What's wrong?" he shouted, bursting in at the door.

But I could not answer him. I was not only screamless but speechless, for there behind him came the widow, still in her lovely evening gown, her hair immaculate, and she was even powdering her nose as she entered!

"What is it?" Ted asked.

"Where have you been?" I demanded chokingly.

It was not Ted who answered me, however, but the widow. She sailed past him and up to where I stood trembling with indignation.

"We've been walking on the terrace," she said lightly. Then she gave a little scream of laughter. "Oh, Pet, my dear, how funny you look! For heaven's sake what have you been up to?"

Seizing me by the shoulders she whirled me around to face a full-length mirror, and for a moment I stood before it frozen with horror by what I saw. My cap was all askew, and across my nose was a horrid black smudge, while another ran up from one corner of my left eye into my untidy hair. My lovely cape was a wreck and my rosy bare feet showed all too plainly that I had pattered around on the dusty floor—especially the heels, which were simply black! A roar of laughter went up from the crowd, but I didn't join them. With a sob of rage I turned and fled up the stairs and into my room, banging the door behind me.

There I lay awake for simply hours and hours, tossing from side to side and thinking of what Marilyn had said. "Just walking on the terrace!" She and Ted—my Ted! Oh, it was dreadful! And so, there alone in the dark, where I didn't have to pretend or keep up a good front, I simply let my heart go ahead and break. What a vile thing it was to treat love so lightly! How could any decent boy do such a thing? A person ought not to cheapen himself like that, but come fresh and clean to his own real sweetie—the one he is going to marry.

"Oh, Ted, Ted, how could you?" I howled into the smothering depths of my damp pillow. And then a thought came to me which caused me to sit straight up in bed with alarm. Suppose Ted intended marrying the widow! What was there to prevent? Widows had been known to marry again. She was old, but she was free! What should I do? What? I must stop them somehow. I must! But how?

With a groan I turned on my bed-head light and, wondering why death was so unpopular when life was so hard, I got up, secured a little snapshot of Ted—a ridiculous thing snapped in midair when he was on the tennis court—and with this I crept back to bed again, holding it to my broken or almost broken heart and fully intending to spend a miserable, wakeful night. But somehow or other the next thing I knew the sun was pouring into the room through the crack between the rose-taffeta curtains, and Celeste was running the water into my tub. It was a beautiful morning, [illegible] took me quite five minutes to rem[illegible] that my life was wrecked.

How I lived through that day I [illegible] know. When I came downstairs at [illegible] it was around noon, and the rest [illegible] bunch was also just beginning to co[illegible] life after the hard night, and to st[illegible] out onto the breakfast porch. I s[illegible] others, but I must except Ted Sto[illegible] and Mrs. Morelle. They, it seems, h[illegible] an early start and gone off for a long [illegible] Well, of course I liked to hear tha[illegible] about as well as I would have enjoy[illegible] tening to my own death sentence. A[illegible] didn't cheer me up greatly to have [illegible] Arthur, who was resplendent in raja[illegible] promptly maneuver himself into the [illegible] beside me.

"Look here, Pet!" he said. "Wh[illegible] you always try to avoid me? I think [illegible] are just too mean!"

"Don't weep over it!" I replied t[illegible] "I'm a busy hostess, that's all. I'm [illegible] avoiding you."

"Look here!" he said again, hitchin[illegible] seat a little closer. "Look here! I k[illegible] you don't like me—not yet. But I t[illegible] you are a peach, Pet. I'm—well, now [illegible] quite crazy about you. Don't be so m[illegible] to me!"

"I'm not!" I said.

"Now, now!" said Little Arthur, s[illegible] ing his finger at me. "Yes, you are! [illegible] know you are, for you never let me see [illegible] alone!" He dropped his voice, and I s[illegible] dered at what I knew was coming. "I[illegible] see you alone, Pet. I have something I w[illegible] to say to you."

"No, you haven't!" I snorted, and [illegible] to my feet. Little Arthur was almost dri[illegible] me to drink. This was his sixth effort to [illegible] pose in less than three days, and it's a fu[illegible] thing, but if you don't love a person n[illegible] ing makes you hate them worse tha[illegible] have them love you—after the first refu[illegible] anyhow. Arthur was a nut to keep it [illegible] The little fish face! If he did have tw[illegible] million dollars, he wasn't worth a—a [illegible] rot or a beet raised by a real man! But [illegible] poor moon calf didn't seem to realize thi[illegible] the least, and continued simply to ha[illegible] me all that hateful day. However, he [illegible] not catch me alone, although he did w[illegible] nearly succeed in doing so just before d[illegible] ner that night.

I had trusted my diamond wrist wat[illegible] once too often, and it had betrayed me, [illegible] that I came down too early. That is to s[illegible] I almost came down. But when I reach[illegible] the head of the stairs I caught sight [illegible] Little Arthur all alone in the prefesti[illegible] silence of the hall below and drew back [illegible] of sight before he spotted me. I felt pa[illegible] icky at his watchfulness, but I was ab[illegible] lutely determined not to run into the tra[illegible] For an instant I couldn't think what [illegible] do, and then I did. Very quietly I beat [illegible] tiptoed retreat along the upper corrid[illegible] and opened the door to the back stairs a[illegible] incidentally to fate, although, as the wri[illegible] ers say, I was all unconscious of it at th[illegible] time. Strange what trivial actions precip[illegible] tate great disasters! For if I had n[illegible] spotted Little Arthur parked in the fron[illegible] hall, and used those once-in-my-childhoo[illegible] familiar back stairs, I would never hav[illegible] seen that big florist's box lying on the re[illegible] pantry shelf, or read the tag upon it. Bu[illegible] I did; and what is done, alas! cannot b[illegible] undone.

It was a long white box with the florist' name in gold upon the lid, and the strin[illegible] and the tag were as yet untouched. Jus[illegible] the sort of box which flowers for the table might come in. The only peculiar thing about its appearance in the rear pantry was the fact that we have huge greenhouses of our own, and practically never buy from florists. However, I did not think of all that at the time. It was some swift uncontrollable instinct which caused me to stop and examine the tag instead of passing on through to the butler's pantry and the dining room. But stop I did, and imagine my feelings when I saw that the box was addressed to Mrs. Marilyn Morelle!

Who had sent flowers to Marilyn? In my heart I already knew the answer, and yet I stood there trembling for a moment, and whispering that I had to know the truth. I had to! I put down my blue ostrich fan and with shaking fingers untied the string and lifted the lid. Under the dewy paper something glowed red. Roses! Red roses! And nestling on top of them was a little envelope. Sick with foreknowledge, I drew the card out. Mr. Theodore Stonewall, of course! But he hadn't written anything on it except to draw a line through

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the engraving and write "Ted" above it. It was the darkest moment of my life.

Then from misery I turned to rage. Roses! Red roses, no less! The old-fashioned sentimental simp! Of course he'd send that sort of garbage! Ha, it was pretty sappy! Well, he wasn't so far gone but that I could still save the poor nit-wit before he went down for the third time—and I would. I'd teach that cat Marilyn Morelle not to come in and steal another woman's man and turn a good young farmer's head! There is one thing no woman in the world can stand, and that is being made to look a fool. Well, I'd make her look one, all righto! I knew how, for nobody is so sensitive to the brutality of crude youth in love affairs as an older, experienced woman. Just let one of the boys get funny over a sentimental situation, and he is queered with her—he's simply out, that's all! I knew this as well as another, and once having made up my mind, I didn't waste any time.

I gathered up those roses one and all, and holding them way off so that they would not contaminate me, I thrust them into the garbage can and put the lid on tight over them. Then I collected several large bunches of new beets from the screen closet and laid them gracefully, leaves and all, upon the bed of asparagus fern in the florist's box, folded the paper over them, placed Ted's card upon that and tied the box up again. Just as I had finished, Tams, the young-old family butler, entered from the pantry. He was not unnaturally startled at seeing me, but got back his poker face almost at once and stood at respectful attention.

"Can I do anything for you, miss?" said he.

"You can!" I replied grimly. "I see there is a box of ros—flowers here for Mrs. Morelle. Please deliver it to her at dinner to-night—with the roast."

"Very good, miss," said Tams respectfully, standing aside to let me pass.

"You said a mouthful!" I thought. "Very good is right!"

At dinner that night I fairly bristled with pep, the knowledge of sitting, as it were, upon a bomb intrigued me tremendously, although I had myself perfectly in hand, and never even turned my head at first when Tams brought in the fatal florist box.

I did look, of course, when Marilyn gave a little squeal of delight as the butler presented it to her. So did all the rest of us. Every eye was upon her. My heart thumped with pleasant excitement.

"For me? How wonderful!" she cooed. "Ted, dear old thing, unfasten the string, do!"

Well, Ted, who was sitting beside her, obliged, lifted the lid, and Marilyn picked up the card from the veiling oiled paper.

"Oh, Ted! How darling of you!" she shrieked.

Then she dug into the box and drew out a bunch of beets amidst an instant of horrified silence. The table broke into a roar—hoots, catcalls, a regular tornado of kidding.

They all thought it a peach of a joke. But not so Marilyn. Getting to her feet she flung that bunch of sweet, wholesome, innocent vegetables down hard upon mother's best Italian cut-work cloth, which wasn't at all a sweet womanly thing for Marilyn to do, because beets stain horribly. But anyhow, she flung them down and pushed back her chair.

"Why, Marilyn!" I said. "You simply raved about Ted's beets at luncheon yesterday!"

"And he promised to send you whatever you admired most on the farm!" chimed in Sylvia, proving once and for all what a sterling friend she is to me.

"I have never been so insulted in my life!" gasped the widow. "You young—beast!"

She shot this at Ted and then flung herself out of the room, carrying her napkin pressed to her lips, her face as red as one of the despised vegetables, and leaving Ted staring and frozen with astonishment.

"But—but good heavens! I didn't do this!" he sputtered. "I say, Marilyn—by gosh, this is awful! Wait—let me explain!"

He was on his feet now and beating it out of the door after her. Another shout of laughter from the crowd followed him. Then I got up too. I was simply eaten with curiosity to see what would happen, and also bound to stop any reconciliation between those two.

"Excuse me," I murmured into the din. "I think I really ought to go to poor dear Marilyn," and with that I left the table.

But I need not have worried about a reconciliation, for as I slipped out into the hall and watched, hidden by a curtain, Marilyn turned at the foot of the stairs like a cat at bay and almost scratched Ted's eyes out.

"There is no explanation!" she spat the words at him. "And I will never forgive it! I never saw anything so—so unspeakably young! A schoolboy's trick! I suppose you think I am an old fool, and so you first give me a rush and then show me up! I should have known better than to have anything to do with a chit of a boy!"

"But, Marilyn, I didn't do it!" Ted pleaded. "And I never gave you a rush—really. You've known all along I was only trying to punish Pet. And you were so understanding and sympathetic at first! Why don't you believe me now?"

Well, did my heart sing at those lovely, heavenly words? He had been pretending! There was really nothing between them, after all. He was mine, mine, and always had been! I simply swayed with joy. I went delirious with happiness, and did not even hear Marilyn's last spiteful remark as she turned from Ted and dashed up the stairs. Then the dear boy, after staring hopelessly after her, shrugged his shoulders and started back toward the dining room. And as he did so a second interpretation of that speech of his came into my bean—"To punish Pet!" So he had an idea that he could punish me, eh? Naturally I decided that if any punishment was to be pulled I was going to be the administratrix of said punishment. At once I conceived the perfect idea. I would let Little Arthur propose that very night, accept him, announce the engagement and then break it off after Ted had suffered a day or two of utter misery.

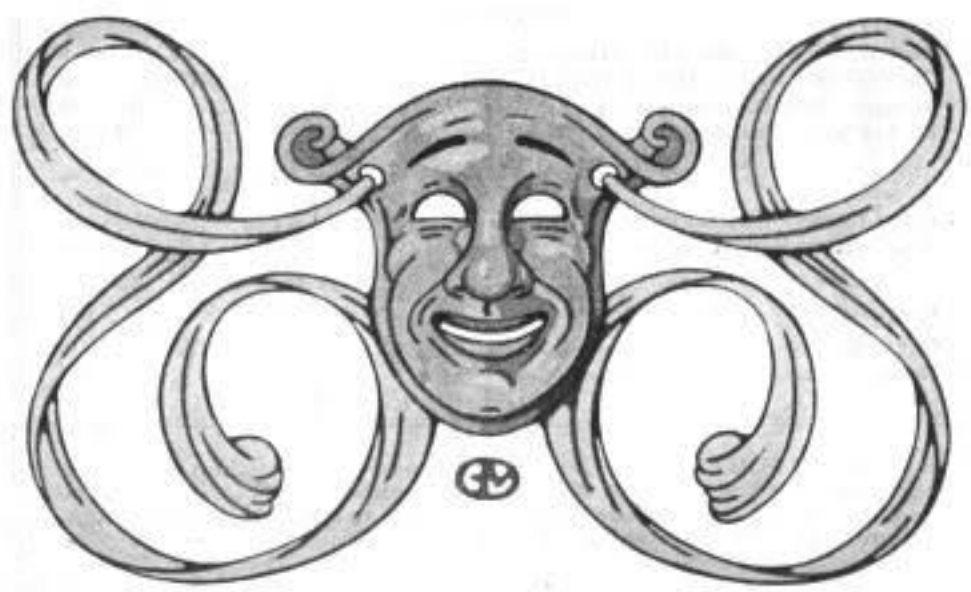
"Where is poor dear Marilyn? I asked the unsuspecting Mr. Theodore Stonewall as I emerged breathless from between the portières as though I had just left the table.

"She's gone upstairs," said Ted. "Pet, who the devil did that?"

"How should I know?" said I, looking him in the eye in my charmingly frank way. "I'm not concerned with your affairs."

"Here—don't go!" said he. "Wait a minute, dear! I have something I want to say to you."

At these all-too-familiar words I simply saw red.





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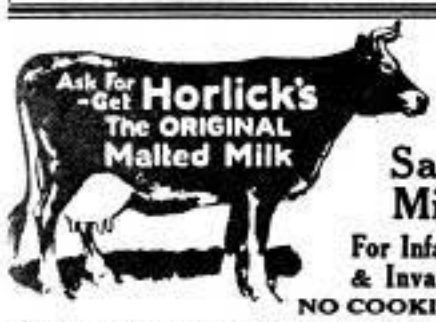
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"You must not speak to me in that affectionate tone," I said coolly.

"If you are angry about Marilyn," said Ted, "you have the wrong dope, dearest."

"Don't dearest me, Ted Stonewall!" I flashed back at him. "I am—well, there is another man. You will know more later in the evening!"

And with that I walked back to the dining room with great dignity and inner satisfaction. Oh, wouldn't he suffer! My eye! I would make him go through all the agonies he had been putting over on me for the last three days, and then several! I simply ached to see his face when I sprang the news of my engagement.

But it was fully two hours later before it occurred to Little Arthur that he hadn't been reciting his favorite line for quite a while. And then he did so in the middle of a toddle.

"Can't we go somewhere alone?" he whispered. "I have something I want to say to you, Pet."

I sprang at the suggestion like a cat upon a frightened mouse.

"Indeed we can, old dear!" I said. "Let's slip out into the conservatory—it's empty."

Well, he nearly fainted at my reply, and I had to support him to our secluded bower, where I parked him upon a wicker settee which was backed by a screen of ferns and orange trees, and sank down beside him languorously. But Little Arthur didn't begin at once. The engine had stalled because I'd let it get cold, I suppose. He didn't seem to have any self-starter either, so I had to crank him up.

"You said," I murmured shyly, looking down and plucking at my dress—"you said there was something you wanted to say to me."

"Ah—er—ha—yes!" he sputtered. "I—I do. But I hardly know how to begin."

"Well," said I, "you need not be afraid of me, Arthur—dear."

"That's awfully good of you, Pet!" said Little Arthur. And then he stopped dead for a moment. "It's—it's about us," he went on at length—"you and me."

"Yes?" said I softly. "And what about us?"

"Well, I—I'm sort of embarrassed to explain," said he. "But our mothers are old friends, you know."

"That only ought to bring us closer," I suggested.

"Well, yes," said he. "You see, Pet, your mother and my mother have been writing to each other about us. The fact is they want us to marry. In point of fact, I—I was sent on to propose to you."

"Oh, Arthur!" I said. "How darling!"

"But now—well, I want you to see your mother as soon as she comes back and sort of help me to explain and back me up and all that."

"Of course I will, dear Arthur!" I said. "Because when I left home I fully intended to obey my mother and fall in love with you if possible," he went on earnestly. "Really, I want you to believe that. How could I know that I would meet my fate, my lovely Marilyn, on the train and become engaged to her?"

"Engaged!" I said, stunned. "To Marilyn!"

"Of course I explained to her how things were," he babbled on. "She suggested that we would let no one suspect our betrothal until I had talked with your mother and fixed matters up. Oh, you will help me, Pet? I'm in the deuce of a hole, you see."

"Of course I will help you," I said slowly, in a dazed way. "I—I—well, of course I will help. Only go away now, I want to be alone. I want to think."

"Oh, thank you so much!" squeaked Little Arthur, jumping up and actually kissing my hand before he skipped out of the room.

For a moment I stood like Lot's wife turned to salt. And then to my horror the orange trees behind the bench parted and there was Ted Stonewall.

"The horrid little sap!" said Ted. "Well, if he wouldn't propose I will. Would you like to be my wife, Pet?"

I was speechless with rage and mortification. But not for long. Glaring at him with fiery eyes and clenched fists I stamped my foot.

"I wouldn't like to be your wife, Ted Stonewall!" I said. "But oh, how I would love to be your widow!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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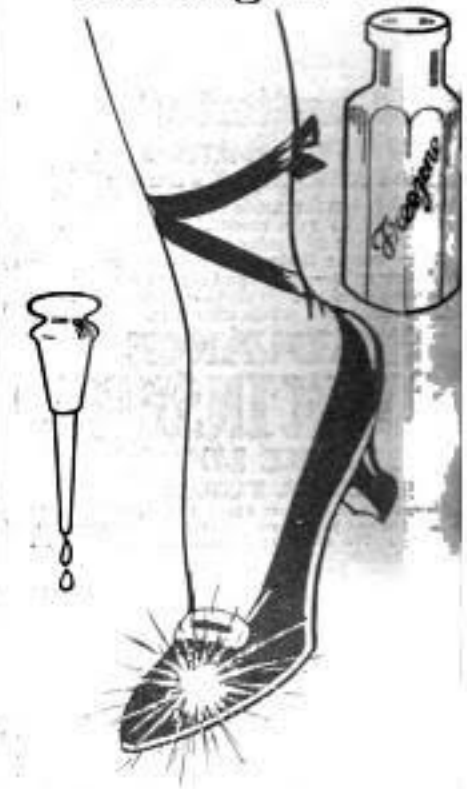
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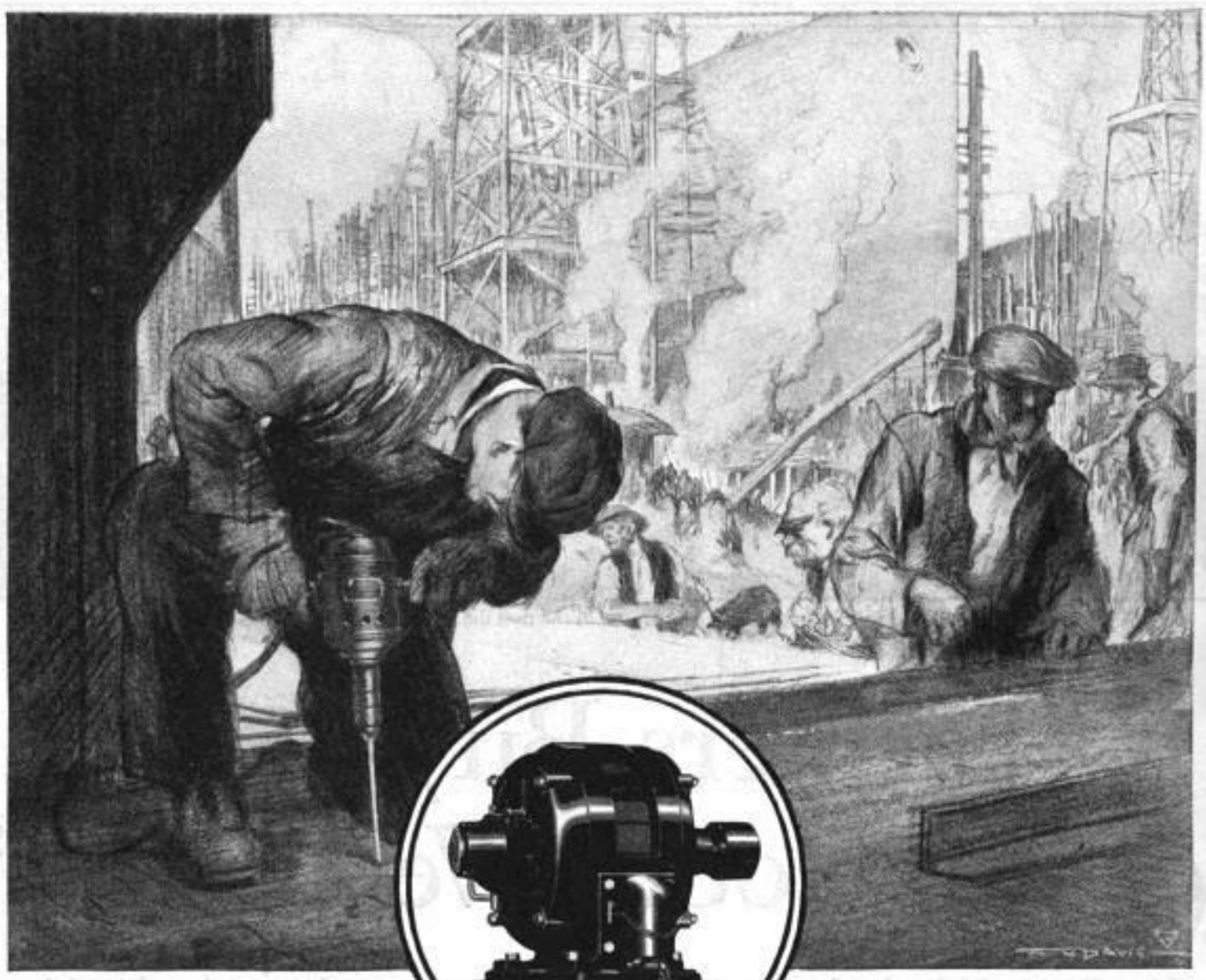
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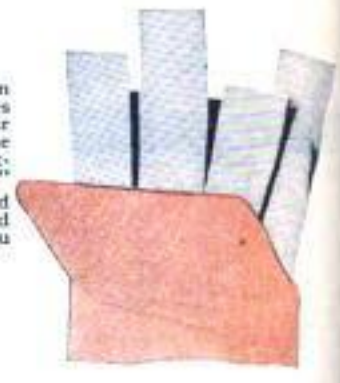
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When burning brands fall on the slag or gravel surface of a Barrett Specification Roof, they burn themselves out without doing serious damage. If a fire inside the building weakens the roof-deck, the Barrett Specification Roof has the necessary tensile strength to support itself over a large area, thus effectively blanketing the fire.

The degree of fire protection afforded by a roof is not determined by the character of any one ingredient of the roofing material, but by the ability of the completed roof to resist fires that attack it, whether from the inside or the outside of the building. Barrett Specification Roofs are given base rating by the National Board of Fire Underwriters.

The Barrett Specification Type "AA" 20-Year Bonded Roof represents the most permanent roof covering it is possible to construct and, while we bond it for twenty years only, we can name many roofs of this type in service over forty years and still in good condition.

Where the character of the building does not justify a roof of such extreme length of service, we recommend the Barrett Specification Type "A" Roof, bonded for 10 years. Both roofs are built of the same high grade materials, the only difference being in the quantity used. Before specifying or closing contract for a Barrett Specification Roof, be sure to read carefully all the stipulations in the specification.

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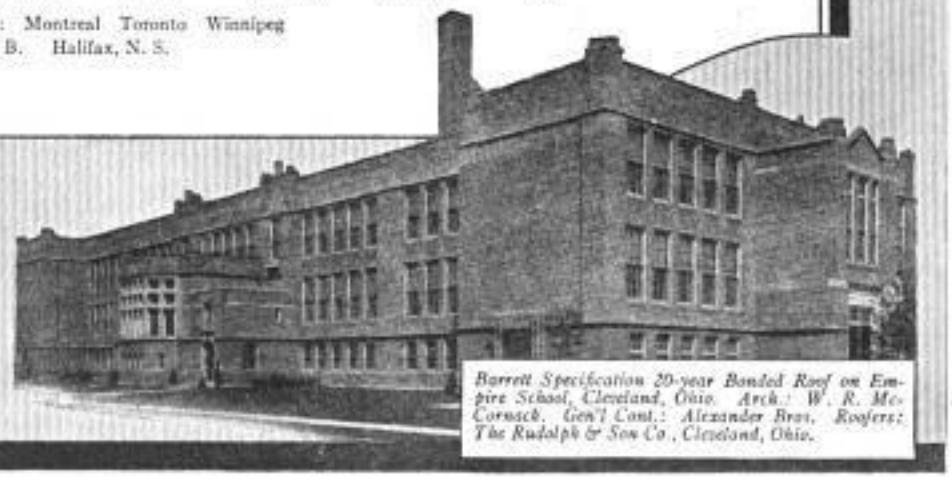
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Do you know this:

The grocers of the country sell more P and G The White Naphtha Soap than any other soap?

Why?

Because you, the women of the country, have learned to get the *speed* of *naphtha* soap, combined with the *safety* of *white* laundry soap—by using P and G The White Naphtha Soap.

The same cake of P and G The White Naphtha Soap that safely washes your precious table linens will quickly wash your husband's shirt cuffs—without boiling or hard rubbing—and preserve the colors.

With P and G The White Naphtha Soap, you can remove the light surface soil from a white piqué collar *and* the playground grime from your children's clothes —with *equal* promptness and safety.

P and G The White Naphtha Soap is a complete soap for laundry, dishes, woodwork, floors and all other general household cleaning. It does so many things supremely well!



for speed and safety

Not merely a white laundry soap—
Not merely a naphtha soap—
But the best features of both, combined.



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...he Inside Story of the A. E. F.

By GEORGE PATTULLO

...RESENTING unknown facts of ... went on behind ...cenes while the ...tates was joined Allies for the de... ...ermany I am ac... ...y more pressing ...tions than any ...value such narra... ...y possess. The ...ents with which ...o lately associated ...t ceased their ef... ...tie us by close alli... ...heir campaigns to ...erican opinion are ...istent and all per... Under date of ...fth, newspaper dis... from Washington ...ed that the extent ...fluence of foreign ...nda had grown so ...ince the war that ...deral Government ...l an inquiry. ...y resource has been ...ed to entice Amer... ...o participation in ...'s postwar troubles. ...ts of propositions, ...conomic and polit... ...ve been advanced, ...ually in a guise that ...real motive, making ...l hard and ungra... month in and month ...nce 1914, we have ...carefully instructed ...duty by the mouth... of the Allied na... and at this writing ...body is wondering ...some uneasiness what proposals to enlist ...ican aid will come out ...e next conference. ...hat the United States ...ot hold aloof is ac... ...ed by every American ...n who views the situa...



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Clemenceau and Pershing

...free from blind adherence to the outworn policy of no association. Willy-nilly, ...country must take its place at whatever council table disposes of world problems. ...elopment made impossible and the war definitely ended our comfortable isolation. ...in joining with other nations in such settlements the American people are entitled ...now what sort of treatment they may expect from those with whom they will have to ...; they should be alive to the motives that may move those who would enlist their ... For five years sentimentalism and a hysteria bred of war fervor have clouded their ...ds when considering our foreign problems, and it has become imperative that they ...uld approach European contact with clear eyes.

International Politics Based on Big Business

...ND so I venture to write of a series of happenings whose recital may prove instructive ...and therefore assist in a return to that sanity and common sense which formerly dis...guished our attitude toward foreign nations, but from which we have been stampeded ...misdirected idealism and the propaganda of those who thought to profit from it. ...Americans are generally given credit for shrewdness and hardheadedness in the con...ct of their business affairs; yet they suddenly grow mushy and maudlin in their ...ought on international relations. Why? International politics is nothing but business ...a colossal scale. No matter what floods of patriotism and sacrifice are let loose in the ...ot rush of war, behind the moves in the final settlements is the cool hand of selfish ...terest; even when the peoples are flaming with high resolve and forgetfulness of self, it is always seeking to direct their efforts. The first step in world politics is to learn to view dealings with other powers in the light of business transactions.

In every crisis and in every war the people concerned have seldom been really informed. They have learned only what the inner circles who controlled governments and national effort deemed fit to hand out to them—which information has been plentiful enough in the direction of stimulating united action, but has generally been meager of facts and, when not brazen distortions of truth, either lacking in any indication of motives or camouflaging them.

In the Dark

HAD history always told the whole truth, instead of being largely what Napoleon dubbed it—a fable agreed upon—the peoples of the earth might have attained by now to a knowledge of one another and an attitude toward international relations which would render military alliances unnecessary and warfare so abhorrent that no nations or combinations of them dare undertake it.

An extraordinary, sedulously nursed tradition has contributed to the successful effort to keep the peoples in the dark. This tradition imposes the idea that in any international undertaking it is highly improper to divulge a word of what transpires, beyond the formal communiqués. Should any government or diplomat do so, it or he is instantly held up to execration. Such conduct is shocking, rotten bad form; every gun of the old order's artillery is turned loose on the luckless offender. And in the smoke screens they create the important facts of such disclosures are blurred and public attention is diverted from the real issue and focused on this heinous offense against the fine traditions of diplomacy. As though any individual's conduct or fate weighed one iota against the terrible necessity of a people learning every fact of an effort which may demand from them thousands of lives and billions of treasure! The thought back of this tradition seems to me to be on a par with the recent plaint of some rascally oil promoters who, being thrown into sudden bankruptcy and jail, clamored that their nice business had been ruined by the publicity given it by the press.

From the day the outbreak of war, in 1914, rendered American support of vital importance to the combatants the American people were subjected to organized, unflagging campaigns by the European powers to secure their help. That was natural enough and only what we expected. Then in 1917 the United States declared a state of war with Germany, and the need for concerted effort to line us up with the Allies ended. From then on it became a silent struggle between Great Britain and France to bring the United States under tutelage.

As usual in the international game, the British were first with a concrete proposal for the employment of the American effort. The United States got into the war in April; the French Military Mission outlined a week later some general suggestions as to what form American participation ought to take, and on April twenty-seventh Marshal Joffre

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Doughboys in Mass Formation at a Review Before Belgian Royalty, Chaumont, France

asked that one division be dispatched at once for the moral effect; but on May fifth Major General Bridges, of the British Mission to this country, wrote a letter to Major Gen. Hugh L. Scott, then chief of the General Staff of the United States Army, requesting that 500,000 untrained men be sent at once to England for training there, later to be drafted into the British armies in France.

"If you ask me how your force could most quickly make itself felt in Europe," wrote General Bridges, "I would say by sending 500,000 untrained men at once to our depots in England to be trained there, and drafted into our armies in France. This is the view alike of our Commander in Chief in France and the Chief of the Imperial General Staff—Sir Douglas Haig and Sir William Robertson—their reasons being that we are short of men, the war is at a critical stage when we may yet be able to turn the scale and force a decision during the summer, and EVERY DAY COUNTS. Our recruits are put into the field after 9 weeks' training in England and 9 days in France, and give a good account of themselves. With your intelligent men under our system and instructions this would be found ample. In no other way could those 500,000 men make their presence felt before what we call the fighting season is over for the year."



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General Tasker H. Bliss

British Arms Recommended

"BOTH Sir Douglas Haig and Sir William Robertson however recognize the difficulties attending such a course in view of the fact that you are engaged in raising a national army. However I put it forward for your consideration whether in view of your enormous man-power you cannot do both, in which case the drafts sent us could eventually be drafted back into the U. S. Army and would be a good leaven of seasoned men.

"The sight of the Stars and Stripes on this continent will make a great impression on both sides. It will be as good as a tactical victory in its moral effect. To this end I would like to see one of your regular divisions sent to France at once, with 50 per cent reenforcements following closely."

After arguing for the adoption of the English rifle and the English 18-pounder gun and 4.5 howitzer, in preference to French armament—General Bridges impressed upon General Scott that Great Britain could supply all of these that the United States troops might require—he went on: "It appears to me that the above considerations may have some weight in the decision of your government as to whether your initial forces are directed to the care of our army or to the French. The French may be able to promise a separate line of supply for a small force. I understand they are extremely anxious to have your army with them, a are probably willing to sacrifice a good deal to t I feel certain that Sir D. Haig could not promi but would stipulate that your divisions would come into line with ours as regards ammunition If with the French you would probably want yo food supply also."

Some Practical Details

"A FEW other points occur to me in this connection will have the language difficulty to contend your divisions go to the French. The French hav few English-speaking officers; not so many as they A good instructor can indeed seldom speak Englis men will soon get tired of being instructed through preters.



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On Their Way to the Front. A British Band in the Background

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re been told that
nt in this country
f fighting with and
nch. We under-
ntiment, and I am
overnment would
ng better. At the
as I think I have
r, there are serious
disadvantages, and
sacrificing some of
ncy for this senti-
making, in my
e task of your com-
nd staff more diffi-
field. Once you had
t force in France,
it would be quite
place your army
e French and our-
ere it could, if so
under French di-
nd supplied by us.
e all in the same
aged in the same
and from a soldier's
ew should apply our
re and how it will
t use."

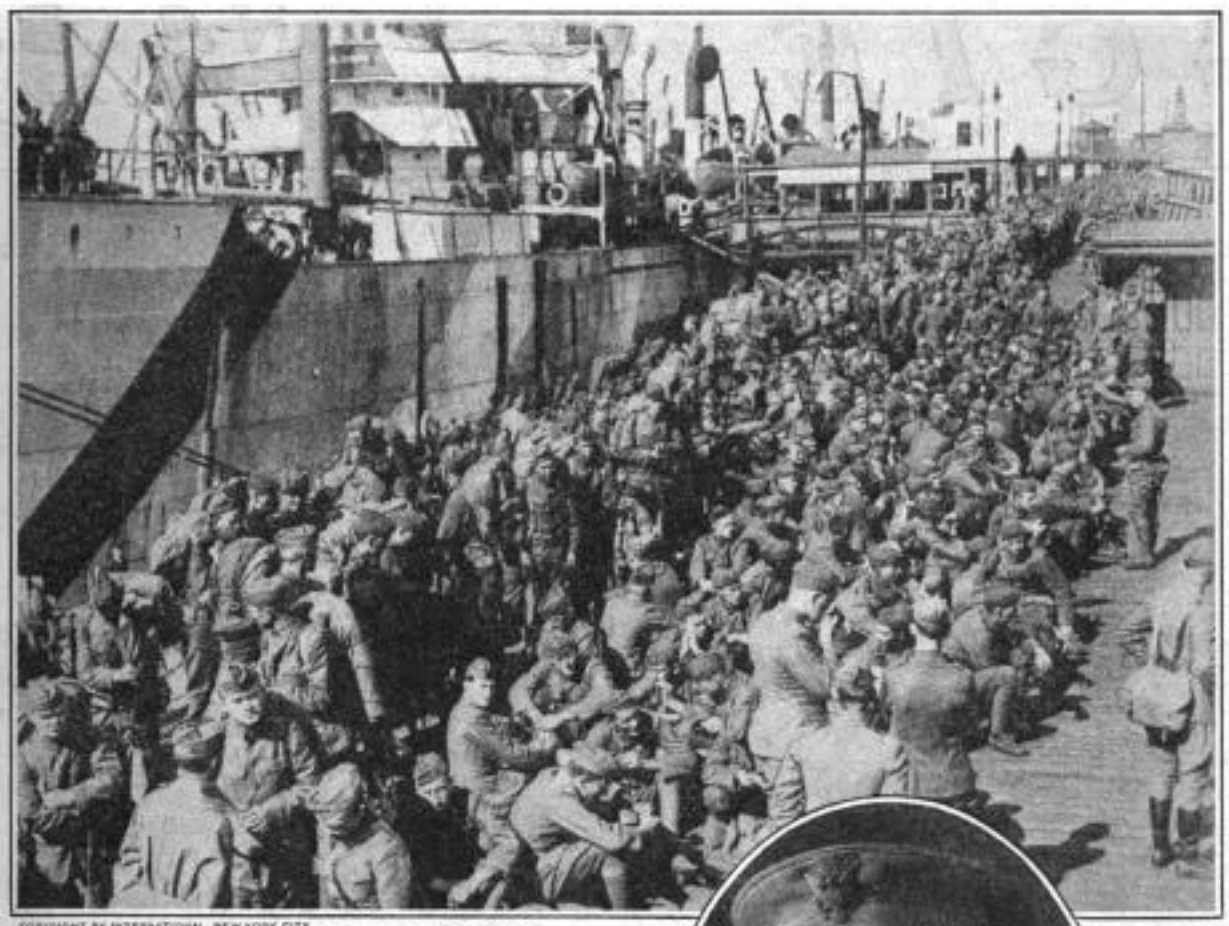
the Secretary of War
Gen. J. J. Pershing,
1917: "5. In military
s against the Impe-
an Government, you
ed to coöperate with
s of the other coun-
ployed against that
but in so doing the underlying idea must be kept
that the forces of the United States are a separate
inct component of the combined forces, the identity
h must be preserved. This fundamental rule is
to such minor exceptions in particular circum-
as your judgment may approve. The decision as
your command, or any of its parts, is ready for
confided to you, and you will exercise full discre-
determining the manner of coöperation. But, until
es of the United States are in your judgment suf-
y strong to warrant coöperation as an independent
nd, it is understood that you will coöperate as a
ent of whatever army you may be assigned to by
nch Government."

The French Program

H were the orders under which the American com-
nder in chief went to France. At the outset it was
ntemplated that
United States
l be called upon
ke the military
t which subse-
ly became neces-

In his published
l Report, General
hing remarks:
rshal Joffre dur-
his visit to Amer-
had made special
st that a combat
on be sent at once
Europe as visible
nce of our pur-
to participate ac-
ly in the war, and
asked for engineer
ments and other
ial service units."
first plans drawn
by the General Staff
re limited to this
tribution, but on a
le that would per-
of growth.

Pershing went to
ngland and thence to
rance, and what he
arned there of the sit-
ation led him to cable
me on July sixth:
Plans should contem-
late sending over at
ast 1,000,000 men by
ext May." This was
llowed a few days
ater by complete plans
r such an army, in-
luding ports of entry
and bases of supply.



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American Troops Landing at Liverpool

American troops began to arrive—very slowly, for shipping was scarce and we had no trained units of division size then. The regular army regiments which went first were largely composed of recruits. They were placed around Gondrecourt to be instructed in trench warfare by the French.

Early in September, 1917, M. Clemenceau paid a visit to the training area. Major General Sibert was then commanding the First Division. With Clemenceau was General Castelnau. They had an interview with Sibert, in the course of which Clemenceau made a talk on the importance of an early entrance of American troops into the line. When he had finished he asked Castelnau to outline to the American commander the arrangements for this entry of American troops, and Castelnau revealed that it was the intention to place the Americans in the quiet Lunéville sector, brigading them with the French. And then Clemenceau brusquely capped this information by naming the date—September twelfth, only ten days distant.



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Major General William L. Sibert

Promises

GENERAL SIBERT was placed in a difficult position, but replied to the Frenchmen that he was not empowered to agree to any such arrangement. Decisions of that character were for General Pershing, the commander in chief, to make. On hearing this Clemenceau sprang from his chair and began to pace up and down in great agitation, delivering an impassioned harangue in English on the seriousness of the crisis and the necessity of immediate American participation in the fighting. He declared it was not a question of the American troops' getting into perfect shape—it was one of losing the war, for the strength of the French soldier was exhausted, his morale was at lowest ebb, and he had begun to doubt the good faith of the United States, because months had passed and no American troops had been seen in the trenches.

He had come direct to General Sibert, he explained, because he had been unable to locate General Pershing, and he wanted to make this point clear: The Americans must enter the battle to prove to the French they meant business and were there to fight to a finish.

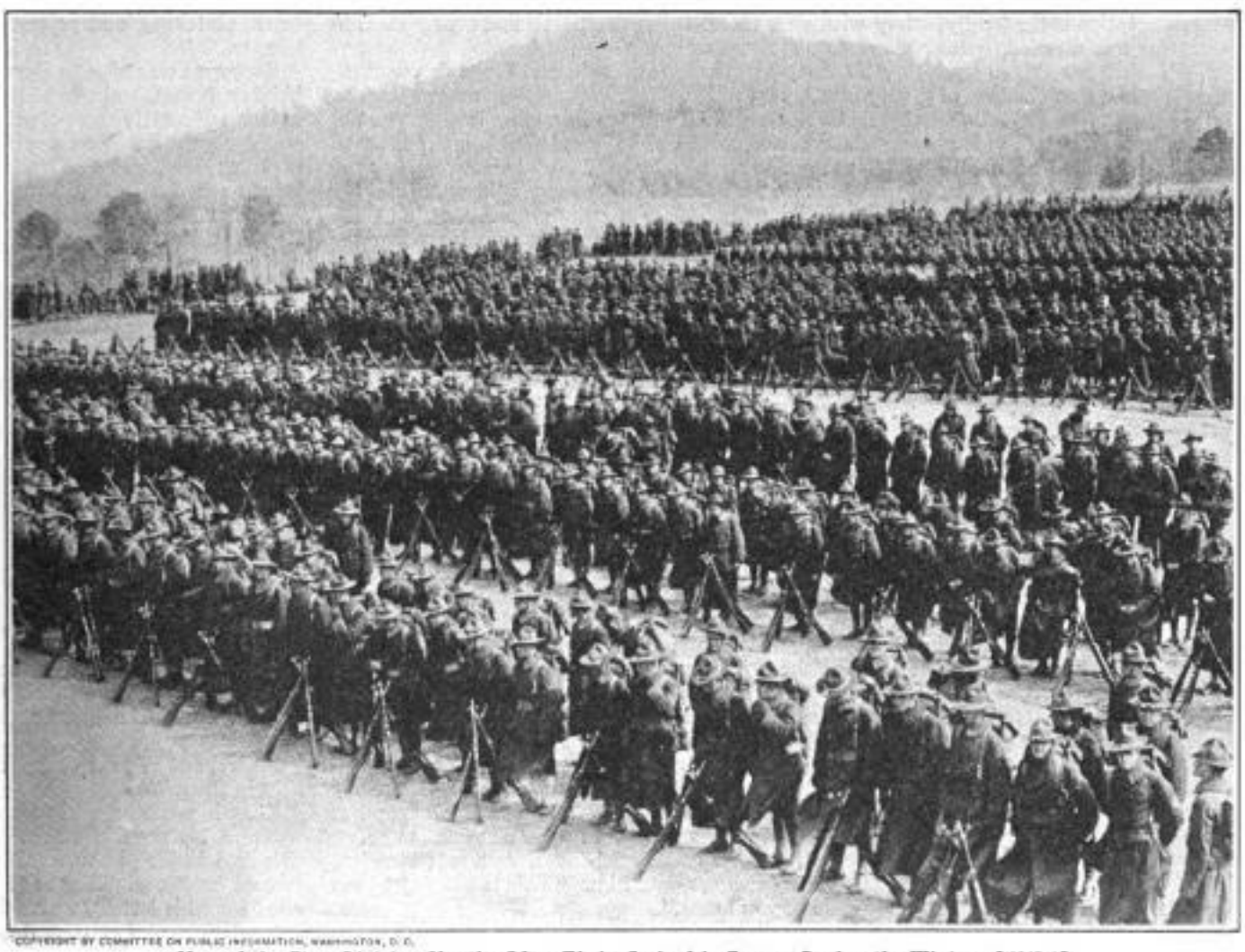
One can sympathize with M. Clemenceau's heat. Extravagant promises had been made by their own leaders to the French poilus and people as to the help the United States would be able to bring to them by the fall—promises utterly impossible of fulfillment. They had been told that the Americans would throw half a million men into the fighting by autumn, when there was not sufficient available shipping to transport a third of that number and matériel for them, even had the troops been ready in the United States. It may be that such propaganda is necessary in a pinch to bolster up a nation, but the reactions are always dangerous.

On December 2, 1917, Mr. David Lloyd George wrote the following letter:

My dear R.: I am scribbling this in the train after a tumultuous passage across the Channel.

The C. I. G. S. is very anxious you should place enclosed before Colonel House. I entirely concur, and urge its acceptance. We shall be hard pressed to hold our own and keep Italy standing during 1918. Our man power is pretty well exhausted. We can only call up men

(Continued on Page 30)



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Men of the First Division Shortly After Their Arrival in France During the Winter of 1917-18

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REGGIE

By DANA BURNE

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRES



"Bert!" She Said, "What are You Doing Here?"

THE Mendenhalls were a bustling family. Mr. Peter Mendenhall, the father, was the head of a large furniture business, and caught the 7:45 every morning for New York. Mrs. Mendenhall, the mother, was a vigorous, commanding, white-haired woman, who at fifty-five still maintained a complexion and a figure. She was a member of the Foxboro Woman's Club, president of the Wednesday Evening Literary Society, and undeniably the mistress of her own household. Belle, the oldest daughter, after a tentative social career, had decided upon a course in a business college and had emerged, a trifle battle-scarred but triumphant, to take a position as secretary to a Wall Streetbanker. She caught the 8:15. Belle was thirty, a trim, plain girl, very neat, with a nose that turned up a bit too sharply. It is fascinating, but dreadful, to think that Belle's life had been determined by the angle of her nose. Not that she was unhappy. None of the Mendenhalls was unhappy.

But we must hurry on with our description of the family.

Sue was the second daughter. She was married, quite successfully, to a Mr. Treadwell—Real Estate, Mortgages and Insurance, Foxboro, N. Y.—and had two children of her own. They were successful children.

Jane, the youngest of the Mendenhall girls, lived at home and did the housekeeping under Mrs. Mendenhall's direction. She was surprisingly her mother's replica. When they went shopping together in the family sedan, which Jane drove, people would turn and stare at them, and others who knew them would say, "I declare, Jane, you're the image of your mother." Happily both took this as a compliment, and would drive home to the large white-stucco house on Elm Avenue, pleased and satisfied with themselves.

The house itself was about twenty years old. The Mendenhalls had been among the vanguard of persons moving to the country. It was one of the family traditions that Father and Mother had been very astute about coming to Foxboro before the crush set in. But the house itself had never ceased to look vigorously and defiantly new. The stucco never had cracked, for one thing. That was extraordinary; but no one thought it surprising. It was taken for granted that the Mendenhall house never would crack, either inside or out, if it stood till Doomsday. Yes, they were a solid, bustling family—all but Reggie.

Reggie was twenty-five, the youngest of the lot, and the only son. To say that he had come as an afterthought to the Mendenhall marriage is to put it, perhaps, a little crudely. But there is truth in the statement. Mrs. Mendenhall had had the girls—let us say, conscientiously and even consciously—within the first six years of her married life. She had wanted two girls and a boy, and she had got three girls, one after the other, with a consistency that she had accepted as a sign of providential determination. Then, when she was past thirty and beginning to think of her family as complete, along had come Reggie.

He had weighed seven pounds at birth; less than any of the girls. That fact, coupled with an early tendency toward childhood diseases—"If there's a germ within ten miles of Foxboro," said his mother, "Reggie catches it"—had given rise to the assumption that Reggie was a delicate child. His physical appearance, as he grew up, seemed to bear out this theory. He was a thin, languid boy with pale blond hair, who never under any circumstances was known to bustle.

At twenty-five he was still thin and languid, very tall, very blond, very quiet. When he spoke it was in a low unhurried voice that had a way of drawing laughter out of certain types of people. The Mendenhalls never laughed at Reggie. They still considered him delicate.

His eyes were a light blue; his nose was long and sharply cut—a delicate nose. His mouth drooped a little at one corner. He had a skin that should have belonged to one of the girls; it was pale with a clear, transparent pallor that showed occasionally a becoming color. A delicate skin.

Reggie, alone of all the family, did nothing, was nobody. To be sure, he mussed about a little with paints; but that, from the Mendenhall standpoint, was as good as doing nothing. Nevertheless they suffered him, and even humored him, because they felt—it was an unspoken agreement among them—that Reggie was not long for this world.

He had gone to school in Foxboro, and incidentally had won several medals for scholarship. "Don't know how I happened to get them," said Reggie to his family. "No intention of getting them. Aren't they awful? What'll I do with them?"

"Give them to me," said his mother firmly. "I'll keep them for you. We're very proud of you, Reggie."

"Don't know why you should be. Feel silly about it, myself."

But Mrs. Mendenhall had put the medals away in a toy trunk which had been Reggie's as a child. She wept as she placed them among his other treasures.

Reggie had prepared for college, along with Bert King and Charley Bingham and the other boys of his age; but when the time came he decided he did not want to go.

"You'll never succeed without a college education, Reggie," his family said to him. "This is the day of the college man, you know."

"M'm," said Reggie.

"Why don't you want to go?"

"Don't
kind of p
wear."

This
father
mother—
three gir
inclined
as irrelev
Great-a
torine, w
in town,
brownsto
just off F
nue—it
sidered
Mendenh
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to live th
with two
servant
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her—had
up Reggie
decision
to college.

"Let
alone," she
Peter Men
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of a Sunda
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knows w
wants to d
gie's no fa
by a jugful

Reggie
go to co
"No," sa
mother
friends
Woman's
"no, he isn't
Reggie's
delicate,
know." He
at home, da
in oils and
color and taking long walks about the countryside. H
liked motoring; had refused consistently to learn to
the family sedan. He preferred to ramble off on hi
two legs, poking about the woods and fields beyon
town, sketching, and prying into the habits of bird
flowers.

Everyone was nice to Reggie. He was asked to a
holiday dances, and went. He danced beautifully; h
rather a decorative sort of person to have on a party,
popular exactly. You would call a boy like Bert
popular; Bert was a college man, a football player a
hero, even then. But Reggie—well, decorative wil

When the war came, and everyone was talking abo
Reggie still kept silent. One never knew what he tho
about the war. Nights when the rest of the family
arguing over the evening paper he would ask mildly for
art notes, and would sit buried in his single page
the others discussed the Kaiser, Belgium, Joffre and
Balkans.

His mother could pronounce all the strange na
that figured in the news, even the Russian ones. She
learned to pronounce them at the meetings of the Wed
day Evening Literary Society. Three years later she
organizing the local Red Cross committee and manag
bazaars for the First Liberty Loan.

Even after this country entered the war it did not se
to the Mendenhalls that Reggie could be in any
affected. Bert King had gone; had become a captain in
time. Charley Bingham was an ensign in the Na
Others had gone or were going. But no one ever thou
that Reggie ——

It was not until, having been called in the first dra
he stood before them in his ill-fitting uniform that th
realized what had happened. Reggie was going to France
to war!

"My pants," said Reggie, "they're too small. F
silly in them."

That is what he said to them when they would ha
wept on his neck. Somehow, oddly enough, not a te
was shed in his presence. The parting was grim with s
pressed emotions. They cried later, all of them; and the
cried over his letters, which were brief, laconic and cu
ously lacking in martial description. He had been t
Paris. The galleries were closed. There was a chap in hi

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ho had lived in Japan. Interesting nut. He
g Reggie the intricacies of Japanese wrestling.
a good deal of rain.
er treasured these letters as she had treasured
She knew—they all knew—that they would
eggie again. Only Aunt Victorine sniffed and
at boy doesn't begin to be as delicate as you
ie was they wouldn't have passed him for the

l at once, Reggie was home again—as pale, as
drawling as ever. There was one breathless,
ening when they swooped down on him with
or an account of himself. "Tell us, tell us,
hey cried. "Yes, tell us, my boy!" This from
ndenhall. "We're proud of you, you know."
know why you should be," said Reggie. "Only
had to. Didn't like it."
hat was it, Reggie? Where were you?"
at a horse hospital."
e hospital?"

e hospital! All the time?"
All the time."
did you do?"
bed horses down a kind of chute into a sulphur

ushed them, Reggie? You pushed horses?"
Horses."
was a tense silence, during which the family
its own picture of Reggie pushing horses into a
ath in France.
at all you did?" finally asked Belle, her sharp nose
nquiringly in his direction.
ed coal a ship at Brest on my way home," said
"Had influenza."
Reggie!" exclaimed the girls. And "My boy!" said
er. They wept then, making use of the handker-
hich they had provided for the occasion. Reggie
influenza. Of course he would ——
never wrote us!"
n't amount to anything. Light case," murmured

oked uncomfortably at his family crying into their
rchiefs, rose and walked out of the room, with
wo children gathered up, one under each arm.
ere plump, heavy children—very successful chil-
but he carried them as if they had been two paper
He had a way of doing extraordinary things in an
l, casual manner. He was so casual about it, indeed,
o one remarked upon the feat. They merely looked
another, shaking their heads and sighing with that
able relief

comes of
t emotion,
dly indulged.
developed
that Reggie
made some
hes in France.
nother, going
ously through
copy of the
layTimes, had
upon several
oductions of
work of a
ng artist
ed Menden-
, whose draw-
s, said the
he—it was de-
dly a flattering
de—might be
at the gallery
certain dealer
fifth Avenue.
'Reggie!" said
s. Mendenhall.
d "Reggie!"
d the rest of the
mily, when they
d seized and de-
ured the article
question. "How
uld you!"
"How could I
hat!"
"Not tell us?"
"Forgot," said
Reggie simply.
"Left them with
the dealer on my
way home. For-
got."

A week later he received a check for one hundred dollars from the Fifth Avenue dealer. He told them that, dutifully, blushing under his clear skin. They exclaimed over it as they had exclaimed over his medals, passing the check from hand to hand about the dinner table.

"Well, my boy," said his father, gravely inspecting the slip of paper, "it's a start for you. A start, yes. You can open a savings account with this."

"What for?" said Reggie.

They severally explained to him the virtues of a savings account.

"You aren't going to spend it, Reggie?" demanded Jane, the housekeeper.

Reggie nodded.

"Going to buy an etching press."

"An etching press!"

"M'm. Already ordered it."

Silence. The silence of inarticulate disapproval. Reggie went on calmly eating his dinner. Conversation started up again, desultorily.

The etching press arrived the next morning.

II

IT WAS the second year after the war. The period of economic depression had set in, and the furniture business was hard hit; for a time it was feared that Peter Mendenhall might be forced into bankruptcy. Then if ever the house of Mendenhall might have been expected to crack. But by rigid economy and a sharp curtailment of living expenses the family managed to keep going.

One servant had been dismissed. Only Bertha, the cook, remained. Mrs. Mendenhall, capable and courageous, helped in the kitchen. Jane did the cleaning. Belle contributed her salary. Sue was quite occupied holding together her own household during the slump in real estate. Aunt Victorine had come to live with them, her house sold at last, her income devoted to the family interests. Only Reggie seemed undisturbed by the change in affairs.

One Sunday morning his father spoke to him about it. The rest of the family had gone to church. Reggie never went to church—no one knew why, exactly, but he never went—and Mr. Mendenhall had overslept. Coming downstairs he found Reggie making coffee in the kitchen.

"Where's Bertha?"

"Church," said Reggie. "Got breakfast for you. Eat here. Save trouble."

"Certainly, my boy. Certainly," said Mendenhall, seating himself at the kitchen table. "Well, I didn't know that you could cook."

"Can."

"Where'd you learn?"

"France. Cooked for my outfit."

Mr. Mendenhall said, "Well, Reggie, I suppose some day we'll find out what you really did in France."

He looked at his son leaning gracefully against the wall. Reggie was always leaning against something. He had a cigarette between his fingers. He smoked a great deal, more than was good for him, no doubt; but apparently it had no effect upon his delicate constitution.

His father began to talk to him about his economic responsibilities. "It isn't that I begrudge you your living," he said after a preliminary review of Reggie's butterfly existence. "Even now, with the business just crawling along, I don't say I can't support you. But for your own good, for the sake of your own character—self-respect, you know, my boy!—I think you ought to go to work at something."

"Am working," said Reggie.

"Eh? At what?"

"Etching. Painting too."

"Yes, I know. I know. But that's not practical. At least"—remembering the hundred-dollar check—"not very practical."

"M'm," said Reggie. "Want me to do something practical?"

Mr. Mendenhall replied rather testily, "What do you suppose I've been talking about? The point is that you're not contributing anything to your own support or to the support of—ah—society. I don't ask you to go into the furniture business ——"

"Couldn't," interrupted Reggie. "No talent for furniture."

"Well, then—well, then. There are other openings. Look at Belle."

"Belle," said Reggie thoughtfully, then shook his head. "Poor Belle!"

"Poor? Nonsense. Belle's all right. A fine girl. Independent!"

Mr. Mendenhall broke off, and added, somewhat defensively, "At any rate, she's paying her way."

"Want me to pay my way; that it, father?"

"For your own good, my boy."

Reggie inhaled a most unhygienic amount of cigarette smoke, blew it out again.

"Think it over, father. Let you know to-night."

That evening at dinner Reggie announced his decision. Hereafter he would do the cooking for the family. It would amount, at the present rate of wages—including board—to a saving of about seventy dollars a month.

His announcement was received with indignant protests. What! Do the cooking?

He had cooked for his outfit in France. That was different! What would people say? Besides, he couldn't do it.

He could.

If he wanted to contribute to the family support why didn't he get a position somewhere?

Didn't like positions.

Well, he simply could not do the cooking! They wouldn't have it, any of them.

And then—somehow—Reggie was doing the cooking. No one knew just how it had happened, but there he was, in his shirt sleeves, puttering about the kitchen.

The attitude of the family then changed from one of active protest to one of kindly tolerance. After all, if Reggie wanted to amuse himself ——

Only Aunt Victorine openly encouraged him. "Good for you, Reggie. Stick to it. You've got as much in you as any of them." And the incorrigible old lady added under her breath, "Maybe more."

(Continued on Page 106)



"Kind of Spooky, Reg, Isn't It?"

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TROPICAL GROWT



By Kenneth L. Roberts





Three Pictures That Show the Evolution of a Leading Hotel at Miami, Florida, From the Time the Site in Jungle Land Was Selected in 1914. The Completed Structure Was Photographed in 1920

EVERYTHING grows in Florida. That is to say, everything grows in Florida that Florida people want to grow. That is Florida's specialty—growing. Occasionally a few things get out of hand and indulge in some over-enthusiastic growing when Florida people wish that they wouldn't; but for the most part Florida is proud of the remarkable growths that take place within her boundaries. This is particularly true of Southern Florida. The superlatives as well as the fish grow to surprising proportions; so do the real-estate advertisements and the avocado pears. The sun is larger and warmer than in other parts of America; and the sky—unless the leading Florida authorities are mistaken in their observations—is higher and bluer than elsewhere.

There are only three things that Southern Florida has never made any effort to grow. These are mountains, snowstorms and earthquakes. If there were any particular reason for her to grow any of these things she could probably arrange to pump up a few square miles of ocean floor and pile the sand up into a mountain that would look like a blood relative—say, a grandson—of Fujiyama; and she could unquestionably find a way to raise artificial snowstorms that would make Maine jealous, and earthquakes that would shake out a person's eyeteeth. Since there isn't any reason for them she specializes on more useful things, like pawpaws and prospectuses and perfect-thirty-four bathing girls and what not; and secures some startling results.

Take Miami, for example. Before taking it one should understand that there is grave danger in taking any particular city in Florida to the exclusion of any other city, because all the untaken cities feel slighted and begin to thirst for the heart's blood of the one who did the taking.

A Little Matter of Climates

EACH Florida city or resort is violently jealous of every other resort or city. The residents of Palm Beach speak of Miami as being just a little plebeian. The residents of Miami speak compassionately of Palm Beach, as young and pretty girls speak of decaying beauty. St. Petersburg and Tampa and Miami have little of a favorable nature to say concerning one another. They only unite to resist attacks from resorts outside the state or to say a few tart words about California.

Every little while some fiend in human shape prints a piece in a South Carolina or North Carolina or Georgia paper falsely accusing a Florida city of harboring a few cases of typhoid or scarlet fever or of being too chilly for winter bathing. Instantly the Florida people rise to defend the state's fair name; and the low, searing curses that are hurled against the foul detractor are warm enough to singe a hog.

Every little while, too, Florida gets a chance to slip a knife into her Western resort rival, California; and when the chance occurs the air is filled with a deadly swishing sound, due to the violence with which the knife is inserted.

A snowstorm in California causes Florida newspapers to spread loud and exultant headlines entirely across their front pages, declaring excitedly:

NO LIVES LOST IN CALIFORNIA BLIZZARD

This is the negation of news everywhere except in Florida; but Florida smacks her lips over it with the keenest delight. She emphasizes the blizzard's severity by shrieking that no lives were lost, thus implying that hundreds—nay, thousands—might have been lost save for the merest chance. She is so anxious to have tourists realize that she is the queen of winter resorts that she is overjoyed when another resort state is cursed with a phase of Nature that tends to discourage tourists.

There is another grave danger in taking any Florida city as an example. The natives of Florida winter resorts are constantly on the qui vive for slights and insults. They are so much on the qui vive in this respect that there is scarcely room for anyone else on it. They occupy practically the entire qui vive.

Furthermore, one can never tell beforehand what statements, phrases, remarks, words or inflections—or lack of these things—the staunch Floridans will regard as slighting or insulting. Sometimes they become just as fretful if you don't say them as they do if you do say them.

There is the matter of hotel rates, for example. If you tell what they are at the best hotels all Florida reviles you for frightening tourists away. If you tell what they are at the cheaper hotels the owners and officials of the best hotels curse you bitterly for representing Florida as a cheap dump.

Then there is the little matter of mosquitoes. Usually there are no mosquitoes along the Florida coastline between the months of November and March inclusive, because the prevailing winds drive them inland. Occasionally, however, the wind shifts or the atmosphere is unduly affected by the hemisphere or something technical; and the tough, leathery, muscular, hungry Florida mosquitoes are blown down to the shore, where they sink their dagger-like beaks into the soft white flesh of the Northern tourists.

It is only occa
it should be und
that such a catastr
curs. Occasionally
Beach one is to
hoarse jeering laugh
there are mosqui
Miami; but when
to Miami he finds
quitoes and is told w
emphasis that ther
any in Miami, bu
there are many of t
Palm Beach. And
goes. If one doesn'
tion the Palm Beac
quitoes one runs the
being viewed with
rence by the Miam
and if one doesn't m
the Miami mosquito
is apt to be regarde
loathing by the
Beach boosters. A
one goes back North
makes any mention whatever of mosquitoes in Flori
is more than likely to be enthusiastically damned by
Floridan as a vile prevaricator.

Not long ago the Shipping Board in its advertisem
emphasized the delights of winter travel in Eu
Instantly the watchful Floridans leaped to their feet
ear-piercing shrieks of protest. A government bureau,
screamed, was taking the money of Florida taxpaye
advertise winter attractions in competition with their
The entire state had never been so insulted in its life;
the wrathful cries which went forth traveled all the wa
Washington and knocked unsightly chips from many
the capital's ivory domes. As a result the Shipping Bo
promised to change its policy, and the Floridans bec
calmer—though it is difficult for the outsider to see how
Shipping Board can advertise at all in the winter with
entering into competition with Florida. But you never
tell. You never can tell. It is about as safe to write ab
Florida as it would be to kick carelessly at the nubbin
a floating mine.

Florida Fish and Fruit

BUT let us return to the matter of growth in South
Florida. Everything, as has been said, grows the
There are twenty-nine varieties of palm trees; and one c
spend an entire week doing nothing but check up palm tre
According to official count there are 275 different varieti
of fish in Southern Florida waters—or there were tow
the middle of last February. A new variety is discover
every week. Unofficial counters say that there are ma
than 700 varieties. The unofficial ones are probably near
right than the official ones. There are so many differe
varieties of fruit that if one attempted to eat every variet
in one day he would unquestionably burst with a low
majority report. A partial list of fruits which are bein
successfully raised in Florida's southernmost county, pro
vided by a man with a poor memory, contains avocado
or alligator pear—custard apple, mammea apple, Jamaic
apple, rose apple, Buganot, citron, banana, Barbado
cherry, cherimoya, cecropia, Surinam cherry, carissa, jac
fruit, lime, lemon, loquat, various sorts of mango, fifty
seven different varieties of orange, a number of crosse

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anges and other things, ggfruit, dates, olives, mon- sa, papaya, pomegranate, rsimmon, soursop, sapote, trawberry and tomato. If has plenty of time at his can think up twenty or fruits that are fruiting con- energetically in Southern

he unfortunate features of Southern Florida lies in the one isn't careful his non- nti-Florida hearers will sus- f having taken money to he state. They will, in short, n of being a liar when he mentions the ever-sunny he perfect-thirty-four bath- d the amazing growths. The ject is fraught with risks. nchausen would never have to work up a reputation as outhern Florida, because his 't much more startling than that happen there every day. baron had sandwiched a few cts among his lies and had tried them out on ors some evening after his second gallon of Dort- eer, they would have slapped one another on the rolled around in their chairs with tears of mirth own their cheeks, and assured one another between modic gasps and groans of merriment that there uld be anybody in the world who would be able ch downright ridiculous, preposterous, worthless, lies as Baron Munchausen.

Miami, for example. In 1896 Miami consisted of ll dwellings and a storehouse. Sometimes as many eminole Indians would be seen in the vicinity of ildings at one time, and the occupants of the s would scarcely be able to sleep that night of their excitement at seeing such a throng of

10, Miami had a population of 5471. In 1920 there out 30,000 people living there. In 1922 there were

And in addition to the 40,000 regular residents ere 40,000 temporary or winter residents. That's y things go in Florida. Once let a thing get a foot- nd it grows so rapidly that the general effect is more an explosion than a growth.

s grows with such enthusiasm in Miami that one nerely plant seed and let it grow. If one did that the would come in so thick that it would choke itself. one does is to plant the seed and then, when the as sprouted, transplant the spears of grass so that e six inches apart.

A Jump Ahead of the Prophets

E culture is very simple. A small piece of wood the e of a toothpick is stuck in moist sand. At the end of years the toothpick has grown into a hibiscus bush y feet high and twenty feet across. The publisher of ading Miami paper declares that in some sections of lty the soil is so fertile that if a shingle is planted in it e sunup it will grow into a fully equipped bungalow by fall. Other fish stories will be taken up in another place.

iami surges ahead so lly that none of its citi- dares to stand still for ment in order to watch ew, for fear that he'll be so far behind that he'll r catch up. If he makes ediction he makes a run- t prediction; never a ding prediction. If he a piece of land—and it's atural for a Miami citi- to sell a piece of land as for him to have coffee for akfast—he is very likely name a price that the ld will reach to-morrow in- ad of the price that it has ched to-day. He is always ving ahead of the city.

The population of Miami as increased 440 per cent the last ten years. There- re the Miami people figure at it will easily increase nother 440 per cent in the ext ten years. They claim hat the city's population in 925 will be 100,000, and hat in 1930 it will be 200,- 00. Proceeding at that rate, its population in 1950 will be 5,000,- 000; and by 1980 practically every- one in North America will be pushing and crowding in his effort to squeeze into the city.

It is of course quite obvious to the effete and blasé Northerner that the claims made by the Mi- ami folk show that there are some screws loose on their claimers. The Miami people, however, say that the Northern peo- ple don't know how to adjust their views to a rapidly growing city—that they stand still to look at it; and that while they are looking the city grows out of focus. They say that a short time ago the telephone company sent down esti- mators to look at Miami and estimate its population in another ten years, in order that the company might be able to install the proper-sized telephone switchboard. The esti- mators looked, made careful esti- mates, and reported that the popu- lation would be 100,000 in ten years' time. The telephone company burst into loud howls of derision. "You're crazy!" it cried to the estimators.



Miami Beach in January, 1922



Mr. Roberts, and an Eight-Foot Shark Caught Off the Florida Keys



Water-Sports at the Miami Beach Casino

"Who ever told you that you could estimate? Somebody must be paying you to boost the place! Get out of the way and let us send down some regular estimators!" So the company sent down some new estimators; and these estimators in turn looked over the ground and did some careful estimating. They then returned and reported that the population in ten years' time would be 120,000. The telephone company, without more ado, installed a switchboard based on that estimate. But the Miami people claim that the estimators were making stationary estimates, and that the difference between the estimates of the first and the second estimators was merely due to the fact that the city had moved forward between their visits. If they had known how to place themselves *en rapport*, so to speak, with the city and move forward with it, both of them would have estimated that the population would be 200,000 in ten years' time.

At any rate, the real-estate operations in Miami—and the word "Miami," by the way, is pronounced "My-amma" by everyone except the rude hicks who insist on pronouncing it as spelled—the real-estate operations in Miami are on a scale that will provide building lots enough to go around.

A Thriving Florida Industry

THE exact number of real-estate dealers in Miami is not known. Practically everyone over eighteen years of age dabbles in real estate at one time or another. Almost everyone owns a lot somewhere that he is anxious to get rid of, although it is unanimously admitted by the owners that every lot in Miami will double in value in a year's time. Almost every other doorway along Miami's crowded streets shelters a real-estate firm; and whole coveys of real-estate firms are frequently sheltered in buildings that would be considered small by a family of three people.

Some of the firms keep impressive-looking salesmen standing just outside of the buildings in which the firms do business. These salesmen are large, handsome men for the most part, strikingly dressed in white trousers, pearl-gray sack coats, white shoes, white belts, white neckties and straw hats tilted knowingly toward the right ear. If one stops for a moment to admire a window display which shows automobiles, diamonds and tax-exempt bonds sprouting from the superfertile soil of land that is on sale within at $1000 an acre, one of these salesmen is very apt to come up behind him and tempt him with honeyed words. It is almost futile to struggle against these salesmen. Unless one possesses an iron will he will weakly permit himself to be coaxed within the portals of the office, where he will spend the better part of an hour looking at meaningless maps and hearing large sums of money mentioned with the utmost carelessness and disrespect.

Other real-estate firms constantly carry on selling campaigns that strongly resemble—in noise, at least—the return of the 27th Division from the war. They resort to brass bands, numbers of sightseeing automobiles, silver-tongued orators to cajole the crowd, and advertisements that inflame the acquisitive spirit of every beholder. When newcomers see a monster parade of automobiles, headed by a blaring band, swinging through the streets of Miami, they usually think, in their innocence, that a three-ring circus has come to town. As a matter of fact, it is only a mob of prospects going out to the daily auction sale of lots at Rubber Plant Park.

Skilled and expensive real-estate auctioneers are imported—auctioneers capable of selling refrigerating machines to inhabitants of the Arctic Circle. People are lured to the auctions by free lunches, by distribution of souvenirs, by the giving away of automobiles.

Early in 1922 the real-estate firms who disposed of their land by auction were vociferating passionately

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JOSEPH'S COAT

By Marguerite Cu

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E.

I AM fully aware that the story I am about to relate could be told in a number of ways. I might, for instance, write a novel and let Valentine act as the heroine, relating her history in an impersonal sort of way, with a paragraph here and there of my own observations, nicely veiled under the cloak of authorship. Or I might give the pen into her own hands, so to speak, and let her do the talking—but that seems giving in altogether too much to the natural proclivities of woman. So I have decided to tell the thing in my own way, without prevarication, just as it happened, and this naturally brings me to that spring morning when Briggs opened the door while I was at breakfast and announced that there was a lady to see me.

"A lady?" said I, my eyebrows rising alarmingly. "A lady, did you say, Briggs?"

He stood firm, though his attitude as usual was that of the perfect servant.

"A lady, Mr. Magnus," he repeated after me, not batting an eyelash. "I left her in the reception room. Shall I show her in here?"

Now, no one except myself knows better than Briggs how very strict my rule is about ladies. I don't like them in the home. They are all right—quite in their place, I think—at a social function, decorative and amusing both; but in one's home—particularly a bachelor's establishment—they do not fit. I have never had a woman caller since I came to live in Central Park South, and that this is so is due not a little to the gentle firmness and perfect training of Briggs. No wonder, then, that I was a trifle upset at his persistency.

Three questions rose to my lips. I wanted to ask why he had admitted her, whether she was old or young, and was she pretty? But it would never do to let Briggs know that I was curious. The only way to manage a servant is to keep aloof and be chatty alternately. Never let them guess which mood has you. This was a time to keep aloof.

"Why the devil do you want to bring her in here?" I said testily. "Don't you know I haven't finished my breakfast, and I'm not dressed either?"

"Your house coat is in perfect form, Mr. Magnus," said Briggs reprovingly, glancing with the air of a connoisseur at my dressing gown of purple silk. "And besides," he added, "I don't think the lady is in the mood to notice those things much, sir; she is very young."

"Hasn't she a name, you idiot?" I shouted after him, modifying my voice a trifle, however, when I realized that he had gone and left the door open. My apartment, though commodious, is on a plan that acoustically speaking leaves much to be desired. After all, I did not want any young lady, however unwelcome, to receive the impression that I was a boor.

I rose from the breakfast table and stood with my back to the window, waiting, and almost immediately Briggs returned, carrying in his arms two dilapidated traveling bags, which he deposited inside the door, while he announced in his best manner: "Miss Valentine Forster."

A little girl entered, or at least for a minute I thought she was a little girl, although as I looked again I saw that she wore her hair up and a veil depended from her battered black velvet hat. She was about seventeen, I judged, and I breathed a sigh of relief, for a very young lady is not so terrorizing as I had surmised this lady might be.

The name, however, conveyed nothing to me. Valentine Forster was not familiar to my ears, and I felt that I should like to say something to Briggs for having so interrupted the quiet hours of morning. Instead, that worthy discreetly withdrew and closed the door.



"Then I Knew That I'd Done Something Terrible, Though I Did Not See Why It Should Be"

The young girl turned to me, smiling, but I recall now that her underlip trembled a little as she spoke.

"You didn't expect me, Uncle Magnus?"

Her voice was very soft and beautifully modulated, with a little singsong quality that even after all these years away placed her nationality easily. I hid my indignation at her mode of address—for to my knowledge I have no nieces—as I made a remark.

"You're English!"

"Of course," she said in a bewildered tone. "I only got here this morning. The boat docked very early; I—I didn't think you'd be at breakfast. I came straight here."

Valentine Forster! Suddenly I knew. I smiled and went closer to her.

"Why, my dear child, I do believe you're Clement Forster's daughter; Marie's girl."

She gave a little unsteady laugh. "Didn't you know, Uncle Magnus? Haven't you had Amanda's letter?"

"I had one from her three weeks ago"—I searched my memory for something relating to the present arrival—"but it was just the same sort of letter Amanda always writes. She mentioned nothing unusual."

"She wouldn't," said the girl, nodding her head wisely. "Amanda hates things that are different, and of course at that time we didn't know ——" She broke off hurriedly, her face tinted with rose color. "But you ought to have heard by now, Uncle Magnus; she promised me she'd write."

Now, I have a very bad habit of not opening my mail until after breakfast, a remnant of a vow I made when I had to open so many letters early in the morning for other people, and now as she spoke I had a sudden misgiving. In that pile of letters Briggs had brought in towards the end of my meal and deposited on the small table near the window designed to hold them, hadn't I glimpsed a gray envelope addressed in Amanda's careful hand?

Turning to look I found the gravely inquiring eyes of the stranger fixed upon me, and for the first time I experienced a sense of warmth towards her. I pushed up one of my great armchairs, change from the which she sat, an myself as I saw h in it, picking up n letter.

Amanda has years my only En respondent. She i sister, one of th who seem born o in those days bef home she mothere her smudged and i letters, smuggled father's house by servant, were very when I went aw through the years venturous life in her letters followed the regularity of clo a thing I gibed at, over in public, and loved. Only once in time *did* she really herself, and that w in an unguarded m told her I had becom zen of the United It hurt her gentle old heart that a brother should ignore his ow try, as she put it. I o very well explain to America *is* my c now—has been this heart ever since I its shores. She could understand.

Her letters, *if* th done nothing else, least kept me in tou some of the minor in the life of the Not that I cared; the was nothing to me, helped me consid with Briggs, who ha reverence for birth t inbred in all English the lower classes. He could never have been so fa to an American born and bred!

As I opened Amanda's letter a suspicion shot th me, and not for the first time either. Why had admitted this particular lady so readily on this parti morning? Why had he carried in her bags as a ma course? Why was he even now making fresh coff frying ham and eggs in the kitchenette if he had not to some degree cognizant of the contents of this lette was strange, to say the least of it.

For once Amanda had spread herself, and the exp tion of this unexpected visit from a strange girl who me uncle was instantly before me:

My dear Magnus: I have some very distressing news for I know you always disliked Clement Forster, who marri second cousin, Marie Blount, but now that he is missing may appreciate his qualities. I notice that death or a ser accident often affects our most acid conceptions of others. pretend to have forgotten the family, so I will inform you a Clement.

Marie's mother made that marriage, settling an income Clement and building a great house for them in Harley St It may be wicked of me, but I never fancied that he Marie; just married her to make himself financially sound able to continue his work in peace. He became a famous surg and did magnificent work during the war.

Two years ago Marie died, and Valentine took over the m agement of the house. The family protested, but we could of us do anything when she announced quietly that she promised her mother. Valentine is the only girl. Clement eldest; we call him Clem to distinguish him from his fath Toddy died quite suddenly last year of heart trouble; he the baby. From that time Clement changed; he began to ha long brooding fits of melancholy. Val's influence over him wonderful, but of course we all felt it was very bad for the chi Poor Marie's life had been spent in looking after Clement, a it did seem a shame that Valentine's youth should go that w too. We were all a trifle resentful of the way he accepted services, until he disappeared and we knew that something w definitely wrong. I am writing this to prepare you for Valentine arrival. She has taken it into her head, poor deluded child, tha her father has gone to America.

Why? Why should he leave all the honors of English life a its best to go to the United States? I never remember hearin him speak of the country, and one so cultured could only have felt contempt for a land where the almighty dollar is upheld as a god. I don't want to pain you, my brother, but at such a crisis I must record my solemn conviction.

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alentine unreservedly in your care. It is terrible for his journey unchaperoned, but she insists, and Clem . Since the war he is so crippled that it is useless for npt it. My dear Magnus, try and make Val realize nt is dead. He never did anything different from e in his life—except his profession. He must have ff in a fit of melancholy and been killed. It is all With much love,

Your affectionate sister, AMANDA.

ntine sails on the Adriatic.—A.

own the stilted, old-fashioned letter, and just as if it had been etched on the air I saw a picture reway at the Blount home that day I'd gone to ity call on my only visit to England since leav- —and of old Benson driving up to the house, a eated proudly beside him.

's your name?" she asked me curiously, eying parkling interest as Benson pulled in his horses ed his hat.

hame, missy!" the old coachman said. "Mind iners, now; the gentleman has been to see your w!"

gled and brought up a forgotten dimple, shaking emphatically. "Her is out; he couldn't."

ocative shoulder was turned on Benson while she her question to me coaxingly:

t's your name?"

nus."

gested that, smiling a slow, dazzling smile. "Are uncle?"

no; missy, this is Mr. Magnus. Wait till I tell ndmaw on you," old Benson reproved.

n't have no misters, nor no missuses," the little id informed me mysteriously. "They is all uncles its. Are you Uncle Magnus?"

re am!" I'd interpolated this Americanism for the of old Benson, holding out my arms to the child. look in my pockets you'll find some candy."

climbed into my hold without hesitation, and the ands searched like busy squirrels in my pockets as eated. "Candy? What's candy?"

, sweets—chocolates."

shed I'd an armful for her. But she was blissfully d with the little satin box she found, and kissed pily as I passed her back to her seat beside Benson.

"You're nice, Uncle Magnus." Her approval was shy, but the blue eyes shone as she looked me over. Benson told me she was Miss Marie's little girl. "My, she's a box o' tricks, too," he chuckled; "a reg'lar box o' tricks."

So this was why she called me uncle; it was a remnant of her childhood; and I—I had never even known her name; she'd just been a charming five-year-old, a trifle in the life of a young man.

Again I looked at the little girl who had been thrust upon me so unexpectedly. Without doubt Amanda's letter had been on a slow boat and so arrived only a few hours before Valentine herself, and owing to my habit of breakfasting late after a ride in the park Briggs had been aware of the contents before my niece's arrival—well, she wasn't my niece, of course, but that word does as well as any; otherwise I could not imagine his admitting such a stranger to my home, for Valentine had little, that morning, to recommend her to the outward eye.

I can see her now as she sat in the big rocking-chair, holding herself still and immobile in the way English girls are taught to do in the presence of their elders, but with effort visible in every line of her slender body. She wore an English traveling suit, and from anything more hideous I pray to be delivered. It was one of those good but indeterminate tweeds of which the English are so fond, and although its lines may have been good when it was made—were good, I have no doubt, for Clement Forster's daughter would have nothing but the best procurable—it was now shapeless and lackluster. Valentine had evidently worn it during the voyage over, and there hung about it still the indescribable aroma of the sea, that pungent, intangible essence most of us love. Already I have mentioned the battered velvet hat, and her shoes were of the ordinary Oxford shape, which in terms of the English means an ugly shoe built of the best leather. Their cost had been excessive, probably, but there was nothing graceful about them.

Valentine's eyes were closed, and this took away something—as I was later to discover—of vividness from her face. It seemed to me, as I looked, incredible that this could be Marie Forster's daughter. Poor Marie! I had not guessed that Clement really meant to marry her that evening in my chambers at Christ Church when he had spoken of her so patronizingly; the whole thing had been a most tremendous surprise.

She had come up for the boat race with her mother; a pale, rather stupid girl, I had always thought her, with hair of a reddish tinge, hair that in these days we might have made much of. Clement, charming to every woman, had shown her round, and we had a sudden, rather impromptu meal in his rooms, during which hour I had seen Marie's eyes lifted to Clement's with a shy adoration in their pale depths, a look that somehow hurt me. Lady Blount had studied him coolly—I caught that expression too—and perhaps it had been less Clement's desire to marry Marie than her mother's belief that she had better make the best match possible for a daughter without natural charm or beauty that had made the marriage. Because that night in my study Clement had not meant Marie for his wife. I am sure of that, even though he had dropped his lazily patronizing tone when he mentioned the Blount money, and for an instant that expression of caution had come into his eyes, the expression of which I had learned to beware.

Well, well, well, that must have been eighteen years or more ago, when I was a freshman and he'd just graduated with honors in medicine. I left England after only a year at the varsity—I'd danced at Marie's marriage to Clement, but Amanda had forgotten.

Briggs entered silently with the breakfast tray, and the smell of the coffee so near her must have reached Valentine's tired senses, for she opened her eyes with a startled expression and looked at me apologetically.

"I wasn't asleep, Uncle Magnus, but—but the boat swayed so."

"Your mother's girl should be a good sailor."

"Oh, I am; mother loved the sea. You remember that?"

The eyes were fixed upon me eagerly, and the tiredness had gone out of the little face as by a miracle. I could think of nothing except that her eyes were blue as the sea itself, the one heritage from her father that I could discover; in all else she was Marie, except that she was vivid where Marie had been negative, rosy where she had been pale, colorful as to the thick braids of reddish-gold hair. That awful tweed suit—and those shoes!

Briggs had drawn up a little table before her and deftly assisted in the removal of coat and hat. He does things well, does Briggs. I was more than ever certain that he had

(Continued on Page 56)



Suddenly I Found Myself Violently on Her Side, Wishing Her Well in a Quest That Could Not be Anything But Futile

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ONCE A SLOGANEER —

By RICHARD CONNELL

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

HERE is Bowser. J. Sanford Bowser. The great J. Sanford Bowser. Bowser, the President of the Bowser Publicity Engineering Corporation, Inc. "Let Bowser Put You On The Map." Bowser, director of a dozen other corporations, all on the map. Bowser, from whose teeming brain sprang "The Tuck Truck Delivers The Goods," and "Beardfoe, The Oh-So-Different Shaving Soap, So Pure A Babe Could Eat It," and a score more you know as well as your own name. Bowser, the poet, author of

"My daughter's face
Was a disgrace,
I'd given up all hope,
Till, luckily, I tried a case
Of Horowitz's Soap."

He is sitting in his office on the fifteenth floor of the Bowser Building—"Built—Like The Himalayas—For The Ages." It is a vast apartment, this office, big as four tennis courts, and scenically impressive. As Mr. Bowser said to the interior decorator who, with suggestions from Mr. Bowser himself, decorated it, "This Is My Little Work Room. Spare No Expense. I want this to be a place Where Taste and Luxury Shake Hands." It is hardly less than that. Note the rugs—black, velvety and so thick one sinks ankle-deep in them and withdraws one's foot with a plopping noise. "Rugs," cried Mr. Bowser rapturously, when first he gazed on them, "Rugs As Soft As A Woman's Voice in Love, As Strong As A Man's Voice In Anger." Note the furniture. "In These Sturdy, Beautiful Chairs A Forest Fulfills Its Destiny." Mr. Bowser said this directly his bright blue eye fell on them. He had a way of accenting his words that made one know that as he spoke them he saw them set up in bold-faced type, with capital letters.



Let us undress Mr. Bowser. In the interests of the science of which he is a high priest—"To-day's Magic Wand, Publicity" (Copyright, J. Sanford Bowser)—he will not mind, but will doubtless assist in the process, pointing out that from head to toe he is a Bowser-dressed individual. In his own person, indeed, he is the epitome of the craft he so assiduously practices.

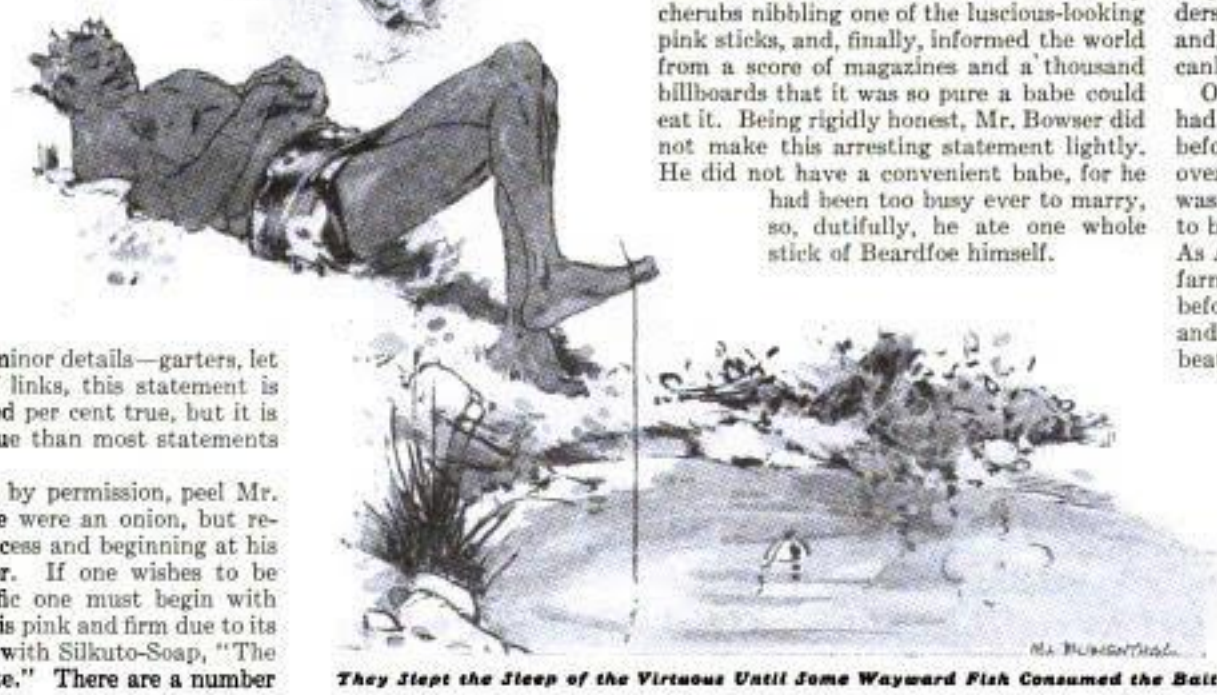
"There is not," he will tell even a casual acquaintance, "An Iota Of Hypocrisy about J. Sanford Bowser. I Eat, Wear, Use Only What I Advertise." If one wishes to quibble about minor details—garters, let us say, or cuff links, this statement is not one hundred per cent true, but it is more nearly true than most statements of that kind.

Let us then, by permission, peel Mr. Bowser as if he were an onion, but reversing the process and beginning at his innermost layer. If one wishes to be strictly scientific one must begin with his skin, which is pink and firm due to its daily intimacy with Silkuto-Soap, "The Pores' Playmate." There are a number of square feet of this skin, into which Mr. Bowser fits snugly but comfortably, one hundred and seventy-nine pounds of him.

The next layer is of a white clinging material and is nothing less than one Swansofto Underthing, "The Garment That Stays Put. Note The Big Buttons." The feet of Mr. Bowser are incased in Gloss-I-Fit Sox, "Oh, Boy, How Happy My Feet Feel!" His shirt is of a subtle hue of heliotrope and, one sees at a glance, is a He-Shirt, "Man-Built For A Man's Man." His collar is unmistakably of the Fitz-U Brand, Ritzy Shape, "Alps in Quality, Grand Canyon in Price." It is held firmly in place by Triple-Truss Collar Buttons—"Constructed like the Brooklyn Bridge by the House of Katz." His necktie is of black knitted silk, very narrow and very straight, and, incidentally, "The Newest Sensation of the Ar-Is-To-Krat-O Line of Toggery." That narrow black tie might strike a note of sinisterness quite out of keeping with the character of its wearer, were it not redeemed by a single pearl scarfpin, glowing modestly. The pearl is an excellent specimen of a NO-Telly Pearl. "She'll Think They're Real!"

The outer layer that incases Mr. Bowser's round, but not too round, figure, is of blue and is "The Most Virgin of Virgin Wool; From Sheep With A Family Tree." It has a fine white stripe running through it and its cut is jaunty and imparts to Mr. Bowser's thirty-eight-year-old being a certain juvenility. The fact is—and Mr. Bowser would be the last man in the world to conceal it—that he is trying out the new Yale-Fence Model of Kampusfello Duds, and is trying, casually, to see how friends and acquaintances react to the new Slant-Slit Pockets and the Hug-Fit Waist-Line.

Jumping to his shoes the passionate explorer perceives that they are Gothick Brogues of the Armorclad Line—"You Could Kick A Battleship To Bits With A Pair Of Armorclads." Jumping five feet and eleven inches from his brogues to his face one notes that its almost unnatural smoothness is due to a happy combination of a Cutlasso, "The Dempsey of Safety Razors—A Million Safe, Sane, Successful Shaves For A Dollar," and Beardfoe, "That Oh-So-Different Shaving Soap," the sales of which have increased four hundred per cent since Mr. Bowser took hold of it, changed the package from brown to rich eye-taking flamingo, had the best baby-head artist in America do one of her characteristic rosy cherubs nibbling one of the luscious-looking pink sticks, and, finally, informed the world from a score of magazines and a thousand billboards that it was so pure a babe could eat it. Being rigidly honest, Mr. Bowser did not make this arresting statement lightly. He did not have a convenient babe, for he had been too busy ever to marry, so, dutifully, he ate one whole stick of Beardfoe himself.



They Slept the Sleep of the Virtuous Until Some Wayward Fish Consumed the Bait

That it did not kill him and is therefore pure[ly] denced by the fact that just now he was discovered in his office, gazing pensively out of the window tow[ard] Hudson River, where the ferryboats, mere speck[s] his altitude, slid back and forth from New York [to] Jersey, from New Jersey to New York, from New [York] New Jersey and back again, like so many met[al] skating bugs, such as Mr. Bowser, as a youth, had [on] the horse pond back in Wingville, Ohio, which vill[age] given Mr. Bowser to a waiting world some years [ago]

From Mr. Bowser's well-razored cheek it is but [a] distance to his mouth, which is, normally, smiling, confident, and to his chin, which is, usually, tilted [up] and upward, partly because it is naturally aggressive partly to offset a ruff of protoplasm about the Bow[ser] neck, which follows, alas, a sedentary occupation a consumption of much Bender's Beans, "The Food Makes America What She Is"; Sunshine Tripe, "A Of Paradise For A Dime"; Choc-Oh-Late Nutties, "[Eat] As Is Candy"; and Joan of Arc Hams, "From S[un] Table, Untouched By Human Hands."

Mounting upward from the Bowserian neck we co[me] the eyes, blue, as has been mentioned, but of a pe[cu]liar brightness, and alert as a robin's. Then we encounter his forehead—high, protruding and rather noble; and above it, his well parted, smoothed, perhaps oiled assemblage of blond hair of that decided cider shade seen on Princeton sophomores and collar advertisements. Lastly one observes his hands—doing hands—manicured, he will inform you in that bell-toned voice in which he always declaims slogans of his own making, by Dazzle-Dust, "The Polish That Makes Mirrors Of Your Nails. Be Critical Of Your Cuticle." Between two fingers is a Marlborough-Somerset. "Just Sniff The Air At Any Swell Club. Get That Tangish Perfume? It's a Marlborough-Somerset, Of Course!"



"Do You Think I Don't Know the Fine Hand of Bowser When I See It?"

The whole picture at first glance is one of youth triu[m]phant, for Mr. Bowser certainly, from a distance of twen[ty] feet, does not look his thirty-eight years. But draw nea[r] On closer examination it becomes apparent that all is n[ot] rosy with him. There is an unwonted droop of the shou[l]ders, a melancholy series of small wrinkles about the eye[s] and, for all their bright blueness, deep in those eyes lurks cankering discontent.

On this day J. Sanford Bowser did not feel right. He had not felt right the day before. Nor had he the da[y] before that. For months something had been creepi[ng] over him, and he could feel it, without knowing what it was. This worried him. Its secret spring hardly seemed to be physical. He was fond of saying, "I Am As Tough As A Boiled Rhinoceros." This was almost true. On the farm back in Ohio he had built up a steel constitution before he put his flannel underwear in a straw suitcase and came to New York and tackled it bare-handed and beat it to its knees. In that fifteen-year battle he had not spared himself. His work had meant more to him than air to a deep-sea diver. He had given the world a lot of punishment in that fight, and he had taken a lot himself. He had won, but, as he sat and, Alexander-like, surveyed the city from his window, he got little joy from his victory. He felt as if he had eaten a barrel of pickles.

Things seemed sour. Could he be going to pieces, he wondered. Nonsense! He was only thirty-eight. He felt his biceps. They were hard as a landlord's heart.

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y should even the choicest Joan of Arc like ashes to him? Why should he get re from his new custom-built car—A ight—"Good Breeding In Its Every Motor Has The Gentleness Of A Zephyr, r Of A Herd Of Bulls"? Why should omedies bore him, and him to sleep?

ould he loathe, actually ing home to his handsome on Park Avenue, where home in regal style with a valet and a Chinese cook hes were works of art and cktails were masterpieces? uld he be tempted to say rds to his clients and to cranky with his business s? It wasn't like J. Sanser at all.

a sudden moody ferocity ed for a hammered copper and crunched the life out lf-smoked Marlborought, and muttered "Cabwhich, of course, was ab- *he* well knew that the was "The Hand Picked Perof Ole Virginny's Choicest Fields r Own Private Process." He had said so. The fault couldn't e cigarette; it must lie in Bowt that was absurd too. He dug y at a buzzer on his desk and a y popped in like a cuckoo from a clock. He tried merge himself in work; but he could not escape

t afternoon when Dr. Ned Harter dropped in to pay dly call on Mr. Bowser, he found Mr. Bowser d in his chair staring gloomily out over the pan- of the great city. When he was a tackle at Yale alled Ned Harter "Tiny" because he was only smaller than a taxicab. He had a positive way s patients; "They Were Afraid Not To Get Well," owser had once said of him.

w's tricks, Bowse?" asked Doctor Harter.

'll do ten million gross this year," replied Mr. tonelessly. "A Product In Every Line, And Each Line The Leader."

lad to hear it. But how about you, yourself?"

Fell, not so good," admitted Mr. Bowser. "Not bad. ot so good. Not good at all."

What's the trouble?"

've got," said Mr. Bowser in the bell voice he reserved he announcement of a new contribution to the litera- of sloganism, "That All-Shot-To-hereens Feeling!"

e reached for a thick leathern notebook. Wait!" he exclaimed. "I must put that n. I do the Personality Pill account, know. How's this: 'For That All-t-To-Smithereens Feeling: Get Outside \ Personality Pill. Pure Whale Oil In A bon. Health's Right d Man.' How's that, t?"

"Not bad," admitted the tor, "as advertising. say, Bowse, have you one of those pills?"

Of course. Dozens of I'm so full of whale this minute I feel slipy all over."

"Did they make you feel tter?"

"Worse. But I guess it's t the pills' fault," said Bowser, ever loyal to product of his. "I guess y trouble is too deep for y pill to reach."

e leaned toward ctor Harter confidentially. "You now, Ned," he id in a plaintive oice, "I can't unerstand it. I've ot the world by the neck, but 'm not happy. I Am In The Grip Of A Vast Emptiness!"

For some moments Doctor Harter studied Mr. Bowser. Then he said, "I know what 's you, Bowse."

"What?"

"Sloganitis."



"Are You a Patient Here?" He Asked. "Do I Look Like a Milkmaid?" Laughed the Girl

"I don't get you, Ned. Something new?"

"Brand-new. And almost unique. Yours is the first full-fledged case I ever ran across. You see, it's an occupational disease."

"What did you say it was called?"

"Sloganitis."

"You're kidding me."

"No, I'm not," said Doctor Harter seriously. "Bowse, the trouble with you is that you have a rush of slogans to the head. You talk, think, eat, sleep and dream slogans. Isn't that true?"

"Yes, I suppose it is."

"You've done it fourteen or more hours every day for the past fifteen years, haven't you?"

"Guess I have."

"The chief symptom of this disease," went on the doctor in his best bedside manner, "is an uncontrollable desire to put things on the map. It makes no difference whether they belong there. You're not happy till you've coined a slogan and put them there. Am I right?"

Mr. Bowser grinned. "You are," he said.

Doctor Harter leaned toward him earnestly.

"You're a sick man, Bowse," he said. "Organically you may seem to be sound. But sloganitis is an insidious disease. It will get you if you don't watch out."

"Oh, doctor," cried Mr. Bowser, faintly facetious, and yet concerned by the seriousness of his friend's tone, "is there no hope, no cure?"

"Science," said Doctor Harter, "has not agreed on any sure cure. There are several treatments we can try."

"What are they?"

"Have you tried falling in love?"

With a snort of double-distilled contempt Mr. Bowser waved this idea aside. He spoke emphatically.

"Bah!" he said. "Bah! I gave up that idea years ago. Love may be good for adolescent troubles, but my case of sloganitis is in its tertiary stage. It's in my blood, Ned. Why, do you know I live to make slogans! It's The One Big Dynamic Passion Of My Life. What woman could understand that?"

"You are far gone," the doctor admitted. "But I've another cure—the best cure I know of for sloganitis."

"What is it? Tell me."

"Rest," said Doctor Harter.

Mr. Bowser snorted like a harpooned whale.

"Rest," repeated Doctor Harter. "Complete rest and change of scene. No slogans for at least a month."

Mr. Bowser snorted again, even more vigorously.

"No use," he said flatly. "I don't know how to rest."

"Then you'll have to learn."

"I don't want to. Rather die in the harness."

"And so you will. Mighty soon too."

"Do you mean that, Ned Harter?"

"I do. Absolutely."

Mr. Bowser shrugged mournful shoulders.

"I'm as bad as that, am I?"

"You are."

Mr. Bowser whistled.

"I'm only thirty-eight," he stated.

"But, like most American business men, you've crowded thirty years of work into fifteen."

"But I like to work," said Mr. Bowser. "Honestly, Ned, I don't think I'd be at all happy resting."

"You have nothing to say about it," said Doctor Harter. "As your doctor I order you to take a rest."

Again Mr. Bowser's shoulders gestured a shrug of doubt.

"If I must, I must," he said.

"Will you promise me this, Bowse?"

"What?"

"That you will give up sloganeering for a month."

"I'll try."

"Good! Now here's your prescription! Up in Dutchess County is an old farmhouse kept by two elderly ladies. There isn't a billboard, magazine or newspaper within four miles. They still read Godey's Lady's Book. But they raise the best strawberries in the world. I want you to go up there and just lie around and eat strawberries. Don't do a darn thing. Don't think of a single slogan. Just rest."

"But ——" began Mr. Bowser in accents of protest.

"No buts," said Doctor Harter. "Come. Get your hat. I'll motor you up there this very afternoon."

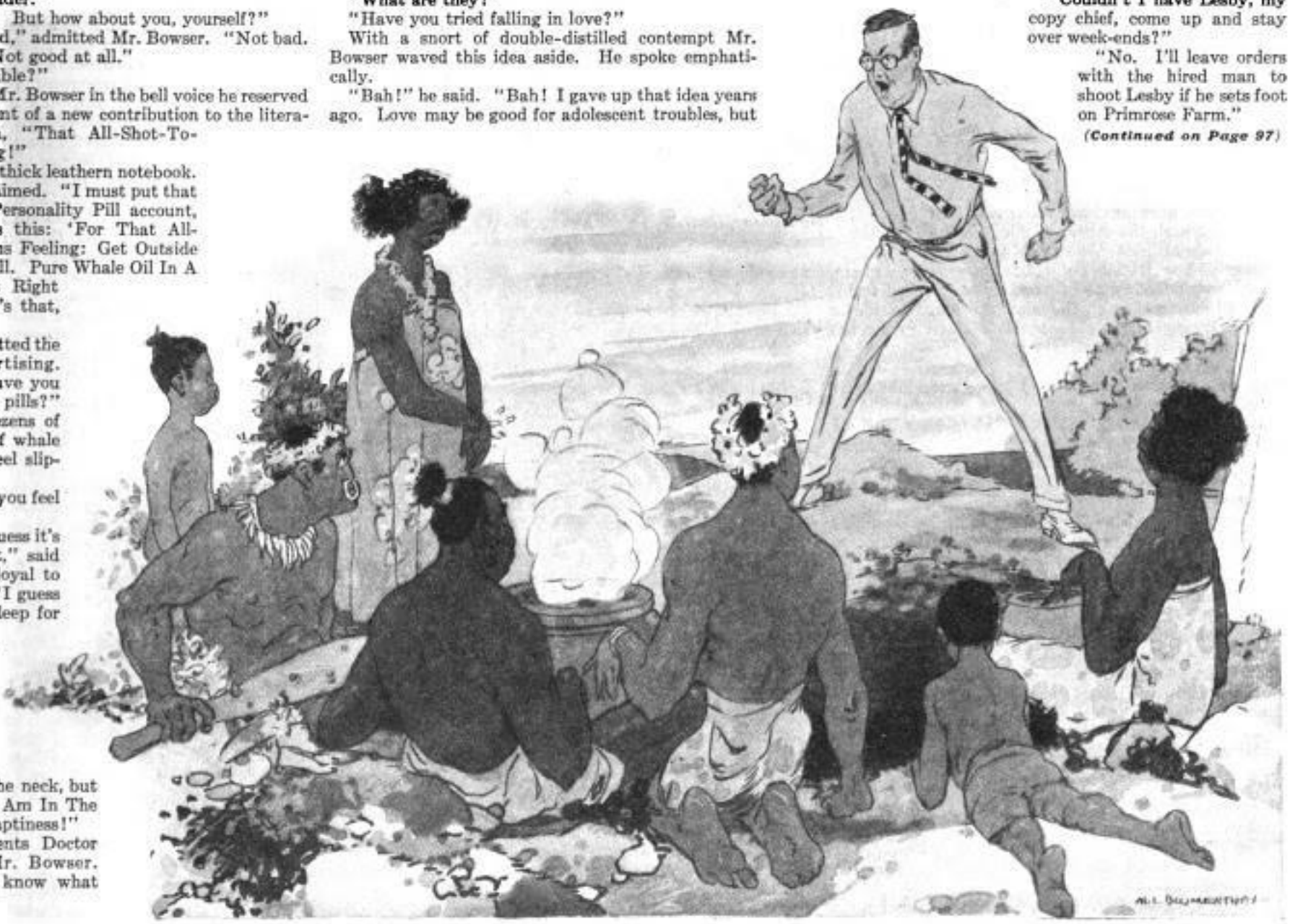
"Must I stay a whole month?"

"You must."

"Couldn't I have Lesby, my copy chief, come up and stay over week-ends?"

"No. I'll leave orders with the hired man to shoot Lesby if he sets foot on Primrose Farm."

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"Wake Up, You Black Dumb-Bells. Wake Up! I'm Going to Put Opipee On The Map!"

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THE TIP

By EVERETT RHODES CAST

ILLUSTRATED BY HIBBERD VAN BUREN KL

THERE was nothing of the cringing debtor about the big man. Of the four sitting about the heavy walnut table he least of all looked the stag brought to bay. Like most big men who look back on sixty, he was heavy about the shoulders, his coat collar running up to meet a jumbled mass of wrinkled cords. He slouched, unharassed, in the huge chair, tapping the table before him with a forefinger modeled by many years of toil. With the other hand he caressed an unpleasant black pipe. He puffed, seemingly content, and little clouds of ashes fell unheeded on his vest. There was about him the hint of an old lion basking in the sun, and nothing of the man who needed twenty million dollars—desperately. Nothing perhaps but the bristling of the wiry white hair on the wrinkled cords.

"Well, gentlemen," he said very quietly, "here I am."

Mr. Payne Ashbrooke, at his seat at the head of the table, clipped a cigar with a gold cutter and gazed absently through the large double window down into the whirling mass of Wall and Broad. He had the reputation, wherever Wall Street was known, of being a clever man, and he knew that it was so. The two other members of the banking house of Ashbrooke, Mead & Oppenheim were good men; they might even be considered big men in any other house on the Street, entirely capable of giving orders, of generalship, of financial finesse. Here they were office boys—and knew it. In point of fact they gloried in it.

Mr. Payne Ashbrooke was a money-maker, natural born. Other houses on the Street could sneer all they pleased. They could hint at will that in changing to an American name he had not changed to American business ethics. Ashbrooke was a go-getter! And the grist he brought to mill was profitable. Always. Old John Stage was a case in point.

Twenty years back, when Ashbrooke was not Ashbrooke, John Stage was a trade name to American industry. If what they said was true Ashbrooke was still a peddler boy in Odessa when Stage Steel Products were known and liked. He was still saving his passage money when John Stage was a millionaire. When he was known only to Curb habitués they said Stage was worth a hundred millions.

And now look at the two men!

One still young and garbed to look younger, the other seventy and dressed to look every year of it. One with the fragrant touch of a fresh carnation, and the other sprinkled with dandruff. One growing richer with every turn of the mill wheel, the other tottering on the brink of financial disaster. Smug old-fashioned houses could bow, frigidly polite, but the answer was here.

Mr. Henry Mead smiled pleasantly and looked to his chief, still gazing through the window. Mr. Oppenheim was eagerly fingering a crisp sheet of tissue giving the opening market quotations.

"Well, gentlemen?"

The senior partner turned softly back to the table. He smiled.

"It is too bad to ask you to travel to New York in weather such as this. But I am afraid it was necessary. Unpleasantly so for me, Mr. Stage, as you undoubtedly know. We—we have asked you to come down to discuss the receivership."

The head of Stage Steel Products wrinkled his keen blue eyes, frankly puzzled.

"Receivership? For what?"

Mr. Oppenheim took the cue from his chief. Ashbrooke disliked to say unpleasant things.

"Stage Steel Products."

The banking house expected one of the usual outbursts at this point—wild anger; pounding on the walnut table; perhaps even tears, followed by all sorts of wild pleadings for extensions; hard names maybe; accusations of bad faith. Anything!

Instead there was nothing at all, unless an increased sprinkling of ashes or a further bristling of the scalp was indicative.

"Why?"

Expecting almost anything, the gentlemen were frankly surprised.

"Why?"

Ashbrooke silenced his astonished partner with a slim upheld hand.

"Simply because, Mr. Stage, as one of the largest creditors of your company—er—to the extent of twenty millions of dollars—we believe it is the best safeguard, not only for ourselves but for the best interests of the other creditors and—er—stockholders."



He Raised His Arms and Held Them Far Above His White Old Head. Jerkily He Prayed

"But the company is solvent."

Nettled, the senior partner's voice lost its suavity.

"For the moment—yes."

"Not a claim has been made against the company which has not been satisfied."

"Not yet, but ——"

"Why, then, why this receivership discussion?"

The senior partner knew that this was no moment for anger, that beneath a cloud of smoke one of the keenest minds of American industry was fighting the grim fight of self-preservation without anger or wild pleadings; fighting for time, which in the end would avail him nothing, with a finesse that consorted not with pipe ashes and baggy apparel. Stories drifted back to Ashbrooke—stories of the fights this man had made, of the situations he had saved. But the man was old now and times were different.

He tacked gracefully.

"Sixty days ago, Mr. Stage, you came to this house and requested a ninety-day loan of twenty million dollars to care for pressing obligations. You did not come here first."

"No."

"I believe I am right in assuming that gossip is true concerning your attitude toward financial houses."

The old man nodded his head. "I have never been able to get along with the banking mind."

"You were turned down."

"Yes"—grimly.

"You said at the time the loan was arranged that it was your opinion that within the ninety-day period you would be able to liquidate your inventory and accounts receivable to the point where you would not only be able to pay off our loan but place the company in a comfortable cash position. Is that correct?"

"It is."

"Sixty of those ninety days are up. Mr. Stage, this: Is two-thirds of your promise or—er—be filled?"

Through the smoke came the answer, still quie "It is not."

Like an expert stage director Mr. Ashbrooke ticking of the desk clock emphasize the point. F table he took a long sheet thickly covered wit figures.

"Your balance sheet, which we have just r shows an inventory of raw and finished product ing to approximately twenty-six millions of dollars accounts receivable aggregate twenty millions. Y including bills payable, taxes and ourselves, approx thirty-seven millions. Am I correct?"

"You are."

The senior partner clipped his words short: "G that you can liquidate your accounts receivable, be so kind, Mr. Stage, as to state why we should cuss a receivership at this point when your gross has fallen from a peak of fifteen millions per month than three at the present time? Why do you ch ignore these facts in the light of such conditions?"

"Gentlemen, I will tell you—and—and I'm going you standing up. A man can always talk — and better standing up. You asked come down to New York and br board of directors with me. I di that. I didn't bring my lawyer I just brought myself. The respo ity of making decisions has alway mine ever since the business wore ers, and I guess it will—until the t third of April anyway. In the first I am going to say to you that after through talking—and I'm going brief—there will be no further disc of a receivership for Stage Steel ucts—not for thirty days.

"You asked me how I was go avoid it, and I'm going to answe frankly—I don't know. And I am to be frank some more: You men business is only a question of bills able and bills receivable; of inven raw and finished; of cash in the and government taxes; but you wrong. It's—it's a question of h Twenty-six thousand of them scatt all over God's creation! Fine big b Some of them as old as I am; boys have been with me from the start. S tered all over the world from the h plant in Cleveland to Singapore.

"Do you think a little matter twenty millions of dollars means a thing to that troop if their fighting spirit was up? I k it wouldn't. You know it wouldn't. And there is wh the trouble lies. Somebody has gone behind the lines a taken the spirit out of them. Somebody dirty enough a unscrupulous enough has dug this thing called morale o of them. Somebody who has seen fine pickings from t bones of a nice big smash!

"What have they done? You men ought to kno You are within a half mile of where the whole thing w done. Where the entire operation has been carried o with neatness and dispatch. Listen! Every boy th has gone to work for me in the past twenty-five years h had to go in as a partner in the business. He has had t buy stock in the company. Not the preferred stock, whic only meant lending his money at 7 per cent, but th common stock that got the profits of the business. An regardless of the market price they only paid par for eac share. When surplus justified a stock dividend they saw the number of their shares grow and their dividends increase. Every single one of my boys who stuck with the old man has made money, many of them modest fortunes.

"Three months ago Stage Steel Products was selling around 197, and the market was strong. To-day the market is 31, and weak—weak as a cat. And what has happened? I'll tell you: Boys of mine who were building homes and using their stock as collateral have had their loans called at the bank. Boys who thought they were putting away for a rainy day found, on paper, that their savings were dissipating every day. What difference did it make if the solid value which had been built into that stock by thirty years of hard labor did amount to over three hundred dollars a share? There was the market staring them in the face. And with the decline came whisperings, baseless false things from bucketshops and shyster tipsters. Insidious, rotten trade lies which crept into the boys and their customers as well.

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eak of business dropping from fifteen millions
t didn't drop! It—it was stabbed in the back.
me, 'What hope is there to accomplish in one
which we have failed to do in two?' I'll say
about that: Give me my boys back with their
and three weeks will be enough. Plenty."
penheim coughed aggressively. He was the
the firm.
n't mean to insinuate," he bellowed, "that this
had anything to do with any damn bear market,

ment old John Stage studied the truculent up-
e of the speaker.
he said gently, "if I was sure it was you or any-
at engineered this dirty thing I'd twist your fat
he breath left your body forever! Good day,
."

ter the door had closed cold gray smoke wreaths
about the place where old John Stage had sat.
r partner felt his neck gingerly.
," he swore softly. "I'll bet the old fool would
"

corner on a small table a telephone jangled dis-
.
's Spangling," said the junior partner nervously.
dy else do the dirty work to-day."
oke laughed and crossed towards the corner.
it was fat too," he gibed.
e transmitter he gave one curt order.
t down to 28—and keep it there."
t the table the three sat in silence, Oppenheim the
e nervously patting the table.
market is getting awful thin." Mead said it
break the irksome silence than by way of con-
g anything.
ttle buying would help us distribute a good deal
ck," admitted Ashbrooke. "But in my judgment
enough at 28 until after the funeral."
smoke traces still clung about the empty chair.
wy," said Oppenheim nervously, "had the crust to
more money this morning. Every time he saves a
ney he gets independent."
ed employes," said the head of the house, "should
e allowed to become independent."
d laughed. "I was just thinking," he said, "we
kill two birds with one stone. Ashbrooke might tell
ued employe that S. S. P. could be bought for real
. Wherever Peavy runs with his little bank book
ill probably know of his connection here, and a
buying might come into the market and give us a
to pass out stock. In—in any event we take care
avy's inde-
nce until he
up a little
at least."
hbrooke
ed slowly.
I do the
ndly," he
d, "and pass
he word as I
to-night."

II

AT evening
hen Mr. Oli-
J. Peavy
ed to buy his
ing paper the
sboy did not
ke that he was
veying to a
whose secrets
e as liquid
ld, whose
wledge, locked
ay above an
ltation-tweed
der, would be
vied by men
ose ulsters were
l tweed or even
, or there was
mething else
ll more expen-
ve; Mr. Peavy
ad read of it
mewhere.
Maybe it was min-
ver. Or was that
nose?
Mr. Peavy al-
ys bought the
me evening
per, but to-
ght he bought
ll another and said brightly to the boy: "Well, my lad, how goes it?" But my lad did not happen to be a captain of industry in the making with a cheery "Very good, thank you, sir." Instead he gazed with sullen indifference into Mr. Peavy's beaming visage.

"Yah," he muttered.

From his position in the golden chair Mr. Peavy could not let this innuendo against a great and glorious world pass unnoticed.

"Tut!" he chided. "As you grow older you will find that true, faithful service never goes unrewarded; that—er—every cloud has its silver lining."

My lad grunted skeptically. He knew, out of centuries of experience, that they were made that way, one every minute.

"Keep the penny change, my boy, and remember that ——"

A burly individual brushed the advice and Mr. Peavy roughly to one side and bawled for a stock edition. But no anger lurked in Mr. Peavy's heart. He smiled benignly. A gust of raw March wind down the cañon of Broad Street plucked the Peavy derby with playful, boyish fingers and hurled it into the blue haze of hurrying figures. Mr. Peavy rescued it, liberally dented, from beneath the feet of a heavy Italian woman, who listened to Mr. Peavy's profuse thanks with complete indifference.

In the doorway of a darkened haberdashery he stopped and polished the nap with the sleeve of the imitation tweed. What was the difference? In a few days he wouldn't care how it looked. Through the darkened plate glass Mr. Peavy saw the new spring modes in derbies at fourteen dollars. Yesterday he would have sniffed audibly and demanded of the glass how they had the nerve to do it. In the half light of the present he made a mental selection and commented to his smiling image that good stuff couldn't be bought for nothing in these days.

With the dents removed and the nap smoothed away Mr. Peavy stepped again into the throng. Turning into Broadway he stopped at the first cigar sign, entered, and demanded the best fifteen-cent cigar in the house. His purchase well alight, he once again sought the crowded street.

Four blocks uptown another situation was presented. It read: "Shine, 10 cents." A man of affairs demanded highly polished shoes. The senior partner of Ashbrooke, Mead & Oppenheim wore shoes in whose reflections a man might shave—but he never walked through spring slush, and he had no Mrs. Henrietta Peavy. Mr. Peavy looked down at his rubbers in deep perplexity. The Greek within smiled and nodded vigorously.

"Fine shine," he stated. "No waiting."

Mr. Peavy approached tentatively.

"If I got a shine," he inquired anxiously, "could you keep a package?"

"Huh?"

"These." Mr. Peavy thrust forward his right foot, covered with its unexecutive rubber. "Keep them till to-morrow noon?"

The proprietor nodded.

"Sure!" he stated. "The cheek. Ten cents."

Mr. Peavy climbed into the creaking chair and probed for the foot rest. As he watched the swaying back below him he puffed contentedly at the straight fifteen-center. Chances were he would have them shined nearly every day from now on. A regular customer of the swaying back. As for the rubbers, well, Henrietta Peavy might as well know first as last that rubbers didn't go in the Street. As the brush clicked with false activity Mr. Peavy considered just what rubbers didn't go with. In the first place they didn't go with people that got on. For clerks, well and good; even for the general run of chief clerks perhaps; but chief clerks in the confidence of the head of the house, on whose shoulders rested friendly hands, whose ears received confidences for which men worth millions would fight? No. Decidedly no! And so Henrietta Peavy would find out. And she would find out quick.

As the bent back ran a line of shiny black about the edge of the Peavy soles he decided just the way the ultimatum should be given. Short and snappy. The way Ashbrooke said things. Without going into too many explanations. Just about the way he had talked to her over the telephone an hour before.

Mr. Peavy chuckled aloud as he recalled the conversation. First she had said something must be wrong with his head. Then she said that he had been drinking, though she knew the only thing he had ever touched in his entire life was elderberry wine weakened with water. And all for why?

Simply because he had said, "Henny, you go right in and get into your black net and spangles and meet me in the Ladies' Room of the Restmere."

What if it was the best hotel in New York? A man with the world in front of him had the right to anticipate if he wanted. What if Henrietta Peavy was right and Lima beans did cost sixty cents for a little side dish? If they could afford it, why should Hen—— And she could find the Ladies' Room if he could, couldn't she?

Sudden contrition came to Mr. Peavy. Why, it wasn't Henny's fault. She didn't know. After seventeen years of scraping and hoping and everlasting knitting she was going to know! Mr. Peavy stamped his foot aggressively in the face of the astonished Greek. Right from to-night!

Out of the chair Mr. Peavy eyed his shoes critically. Not so long and stylish-looking as the senior partner's, perhaps, but the reflections were there.

In consideration of the violent gesticulations of a frayed whisk broom he deposited an extra nickel in the palm of the Greek and ran a careful hand suggestively across his chin.

"Good barber near here?" he inquired carelessly.

The other pointed to a glow of red and white a short distance up the street.

"First-class?" demanded Mr. Peavy sharply.

"Huh?"

"First-class?" repeated Mr. Peavy sternly. "Clean? Gentleman's place?"

The Greek nodded violently. "Swell place! Swell smell!" and grinned.

Mr. Peavy nodded and stepped out into the night.

In the swell place he demanded a haircut and a shave and

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"Man," He Said Gently, "If I Was Sure It Was You or Anyone Else That Engineered This Dirty Thing I'd Twist Your Fat Neck"

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The Print of My Remembran

By AUGUSTUS THOMAS

IN THE middle of April, 1891, after Mr. E. S. Willard, for whom I was serving as publicity man, opened his mid-Western tour in Chicago as Cyrus Blenkarn in Henry Arthur Jones' play The Middleman, with Marie Burroughs as his featured support, my wife and I went to St. Louis, and afterwards to the Minnesota lakes and the Northwest. We returned to Chicago in the middle of May to see the Western opening of my play, Alabama, which had been forced out of New York by a summer sublease of the Madison Square Theater. My father and mother came from St. Louis to see that first night and visit us a few days in Chicago, where I tramped over the crowded downtown streets with father hunting landmarks of the small town he had known as a printer and medical student in his youth. The first week in June the parents went back to St. Louis and my wife and I returned to New York.

Marse Henry's Hospitality

UNDER my arrangement with Mr. Palmer I had rewritten parts of John Needham's Double, a play by the English author, Mr. Joseph Hatton, produced February 4, 1891, by Willard at Palmer's Theater. This rewrite was after I had completed Alabama but before that play was produced. An account of it in this place is a little out of such time order as I have attempted, but not enough to make the dislocation jar. Hatton had put into his play a supposedly Southern colonel whom he called Silas Higgins, or something of that kind, and who talked about nutmegs and apple sauce. Mr. Palmer asked me to make this character proper to its section not only in name and in speech but in viewpoint and relation to the story. I wrote a character which I called Col. Calhoun Booker. Mr. Palmer, at my suggestion, engaged for the part Burr McIntosh, at that time about thirty years of age, fairly prominent in the Bohemian life of New York, celebrated for his good nature and his willingness to take chances, and for a pronounced mimetic faculty. Palmer knew nothing of McIntosh, but I had heard him tell stories at the clubs and was sure he had the foundation for the part. With Palmer's permission I stressed Col. Calhoun Booker's importance in the play, feeling that its presentation would be a *ballon d'essai* for Alabama, which was to follow; and I believe that the success of McIntosh helped determine Mr. Palmer to go through with it.

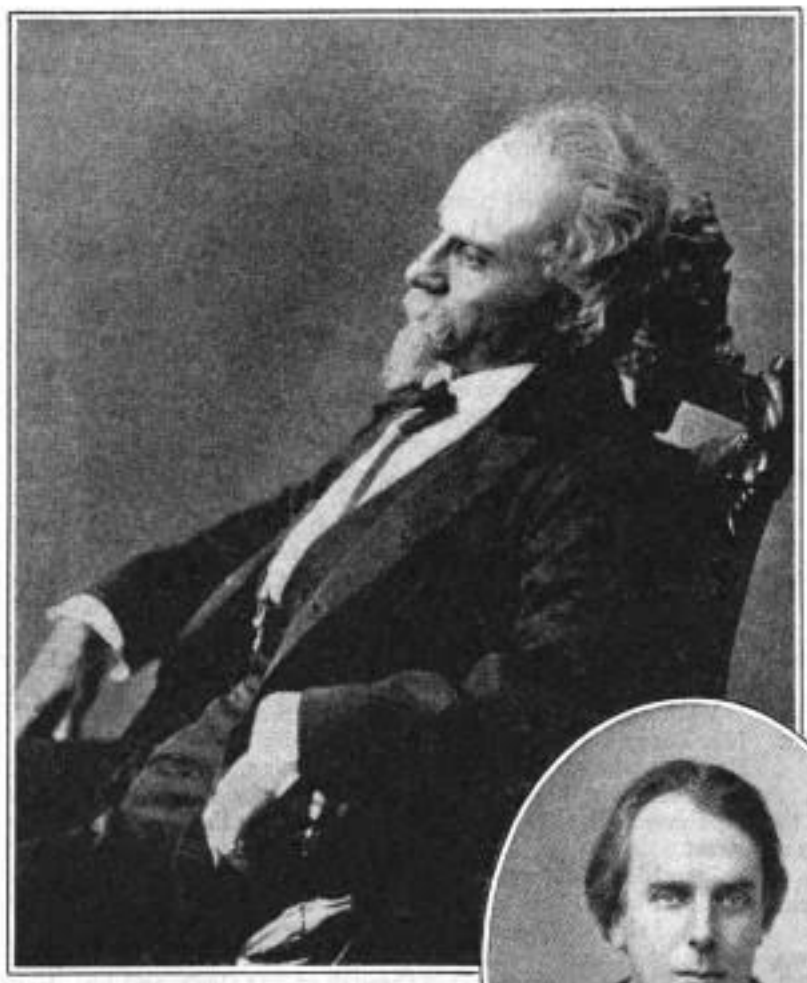
Needham's Double was one of those plays of dual personality, resembling in kind The Lyons Mail. It was invented and unlikely, and on the first night in New York McIntosh, with his breezy manner and his welcome Southern geniality, would have walked away with the honors if the opposition had not been a star in large type. He played the part during its short run and left it to do Colonel Moberly in the second company of Alabama.



PHOTO FROM THE COLLECTION OF T. F. MEEGAN, N. Y. C.

Annie Russell

After the original Alabama company played its New York and Chicago engagements, and before it reopened at Palmer's in the fall of 1892, it went to Louisville. Mr. Palmer asked me to go there and look over the performance. The Louisville engagement was in the fine old playhouse belonging to the Macauleys, so dear to me in memory of Johnny Norton and the more recent visit of Marlowe. Henry Watterson saw to it that our first night was a gala occasion, and the men of the company were invited to a midnight reception at the Pendennis Club. Marse Henry was in his element, ably aided by those Kentuckians who have the Southern instinct amounting to genius for hospitality and entertainment. At an effective moment in the evening he got the attention of the party—close on to a hundred men, I should say—and with his arm through mine in the center of the floor explained the circumstances under which our acquaintance had been made and claimed to be proud that I was a product of a newspaper office.



E. M. Holland as Colonel Carter, in "Colonel Carter of Cartersville"



E. S. Willard

Then shifting his arm over my shoulder, a habit he had with any younger fellow he thought it would help, and reverting to the play, the subject of which was the reconciliation of the two great political sections of the country, he said: "This boy has done in one night in the theater what I endeavored to do in twenty years of editorial writing."

No halfway measures about wonderful Henry Watterson, gone since I last wrote of him in these chapters.

With the opening of Palmer's at this time, the little Madison Square Theater passed into the control of Messrs. Hoyt and Thomas. Charles Hoyt was the author of a line of comedies as distinct in their kind and for their day as the George Cohan plays are three decades later.

Distinctively American Successes

THERE was in the business department of the theater of America at that time a relationship of forces worthy of comment here. Those forces were then functioning principally in New York. Although perhaps traceable to more remote origins, they focused and funneled through the channels of publicity.

The principal managers, like Wallack, Daly, Palmer, Daniel Frohman, had been accustomed to get their plays from the other side of the water. American playwrights, compared with to-day's number, were few, their triumphs not numerous; but in the '80's there had been some notable successes with American subjects. Florence had played Woolf's The Mighty Dollar to extraordinary business. Curtis had had success with Samuel of Posen; Raymond had made a fortune with Colonel Sellers in Mark Twain's Gilded Age. Denma son, under the encouragement o ager, J. M. Hill, had elaborated a sketch into The Old Homestead. rently with these American plays on th a cycle of big productions of English n like Romany Rye, The Silver King, T Hoodman Blind, Lights of London, an the exploitation of which throughout th had developed a school of publicity men accurately what part skillful press wo in all these successes. They also had a knowledge of the respective values of t age to be obtained in the various cit experience and this knowledge had co together with the rapid growth of the upon which both depended, and while managers, content with their local tri New York and Boston, gave their att those centers these lesser agents and the men referred to were wide awake to the the road.

Notable Managers

JUST back of Palmer's Theater, both and later Wallack's, on Thirtieth Stre basement of what had been a dwelling ho the office of Jefferson, Klaw and Erlang Jefferson of this firm was Charles Jefferso son of Joseph Jefferson. Klaw and Erlan no identification now; but even at th A. L. Erlanger was one of the best i of the men of whom I am writing.

At 1115 Broadway, near Twen Street, in a rear room, Charles Fr had his first office under his own He was another of these men.

Erlanger's genius was of the sy kind; he had the faculty of combi Very rapidly, under his activity was built up the first big syndi American theaters controlling th time on the road. Charles Froh vision was the supplementing one ducer. He also knew the country tastes of the people, and had an un flair for what would be acceptable. both men, and lesser ones with whom were associated, approached the whole the question along the lines of availability and sale ship. What were the things for which there market, and how rapidly could the public inte them be created, stimulated and expanded? Thes sets of managers, the Palmer-Daly-Daniel Frohman group on one side, and the Charles Frohman-Hayman-Erlanger group on the other, approached the business from entirely different points and with entirely different methods. An example of approach and method is furnished by Alabama. When that play was produced in April, 1891, there was ahead of it in the Madison Square Theater but four weeks. After that time Mr. Palmer had rented his theater for Martha Morton's play, The Merchant, and although Alabama immediately played to capacity and would have rapidly restored the failing fortunes

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Marie Burroughs

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ITA COVENTRY

XVII

By Julian Street

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

until Rita Coventry's traveling bags were in limousine with his, and she in the seat be- him driving toward the ferry, did Parrish he satisfying certainty that Rita really was him to Atlantic City.

his first opportunity to talk with her under con- once secluded and tranquil, and he felt pro- he momentousness of the occasion. He and on the threshold of great and beautiful begin-

h the Sunday desolation of lower Manhattan ed swiftly, and having crossed the bay and Staten hreaded their way through the nearer Jersey Beyond Red Bank they swung into the Rumson d presently, at Seabright, reached the coast.

vigorous sea, white crested and sparkling in the a crisp inshore wind which whistled shrilly at the of the car. Save for a solitary tramp steamer, mall and lonely as it wallowed toward the Nar- ler a thinning plume of black smoke, there was no ife upon the waters. Surf was breaking savagely serted sands. Bathhouses and summer cottages, ors and windows boarded up, showed faces as otless as those of blind

small automobile ap- d from the opposite di- and scurried past, as it to Parrish, apologetically. e road ahead was empty— anted solitude.

offered her his cigarette

, thanks, I don't smoke." t the other night ——" at was only to annoy

d not displease him to know e had wished to annoy the

ning a little in his seat he l his back into the angle of shions so that he could look without turning his head, s he looked he felt anew npact of her loveliness. He s felt it thus when, having ed away, he let his eyes re- to her. He wished to touch and, but was deterred by rious feeling of strangeness her.

Are you happy, Rita?"

e answered with a nod and the smile.

Absolutely?" He had a boy- longing to hear her explicit aration.

Of course. We couldn't have a finer day, could we?"

He was obliged to concede the ness of the day. But he hed her to understand that was not the weather that was king him so happy, so he con- ued: "That's far from being best of it though. The best it is that you and I are really ng to know each other now. is is going to be a day to date me from. Ever since that night your house I've had a tantaliz- g sense of knowing you, yet radoxically not knowing you all. It's as if I had an unfin- hed portrait of you—very beau- ful, what there is of it, but with e rough canvas showing hrough in many places. Oh, Rita, how eager I've been to get it ompleted, background and all!"

"I shall be sitting for you all his afternoon," she answered, iving him a little smile.

"Yes," he cried eagerly, "and omorrow, and the next day, and nd on, until ——"

"Evidently," she put in, "you en't a very rapid painter."

"I suppose," he said thought- lly, "I shall never finish really."

"Perhaps you'll be sorry you started."



"It's Our World. It's All Ours. No One Else Can Look at it Without Permission From Us"

After a brief glance of appraisal she said, "You're about thirty-five."

"Thirty-eight," he corrected in a sighing tone.

"Well, that's not old. You may be sure I shan't let myself feel old at thirty-eight."

"Ah," he said mournfully, "when you're that age—I *shall* be old then!"

"No, you won't."

"Oh, yes."

"Do you know my age?"

"Not exactly. But I have a pretty good idea."

"What?"

"Judging by your looks alone," he answered, "I'd call you twenty-five or six. But I have more than your looks to go by. I heard you sing in Paris the year of your début. Say you were twenty or twenty-one then. Add eight years and you have it."

"Twenty-eight's my publicity age," she said gravely, "but I'm really thirty-one. I don't mind letting you know."

Her slight stressing of the penultimate word gave him extraordinary satisfaction. Gazing at her fondly he laughed. "You're amused that I shade my age?"

"Of course."

"Why?"

"It's so unnecessary—and so feminine."

"Of course it's feminine; because age is infinitely more important to a woman than to a man. No one cares what a man's age is, but everyone is curious about a woman's. About a man they say 'Oh, he's somewhere between thirty and forty'; but of a woman they say 'She's thirty-five if she's a day!' Even when she's young and blooming they'll tell you what she's going to look like at forty. 'She's the type that gets fat!' People are always speculating about the ages of women on the stage. When a woman has been before the public ten or fifteen years they begin to feel they've seen her since the world began. It's bad enough when they check up, but it's worse when they don't. If it's ten years they call it fifteen, and if it's fifteen they say 'Why, I heard her all of twenty years ago,' and they speak of her as well preserved. Ugh!" She gave a little shudder. "I don't want to be old."

At that he seized her hand in both of his and promised that she never should be old.

"We'll stay young," he said, "together."

The afternoon's run left in his mind a patchwork of pictures and of memories. Long Branch, Lakewood, Toms River, Barnegat, Absecon; the sea, the pines, the marshes and the sea again; Rita's profile against the window; her gestures; the quick turning of her head; the sudden lighting of her face; the whiteness of her teeth when she smiled; the grave look in her eyes as she talked about her girlhood.

Of all their conversation that was what he remembered best. He felt almost as if he had seen the narrow gabled cottage in Rochester, standing in its cramped yard, between two other cottages almost exactly like it. There was a front porch with turned posts and a honeysuckle vine, where the young people used to sit, chattering or singing, on hot summer evenings.

But her father had not, as legend told, been a postman. He had been an accountant. This information, though in itself unimportant, Parrish found gratifying, because it pointed to the

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unreliability of all rumors concerning Rita. People like to tell exaggerated tales of a woman beautiful and famous. Such stories suited the common craving for dramatic contrast, making a Cinderella of her. As gossip painted Rita's beginnings grayer than they had actually been, so it gilded her later life with adventures set on the private cars and yachts of multimillionaires and kings.

The picture she made for him of her girlhood took its place in a larger picture representing the life of a happy though none too prosperous American family, in which the dressing and educating of three children was a chief concern. It was always a strain to make both ends meet. Neither Rita nor her sister had been able to dress so well as their girl friends.

"When I went out in my best," she said, "it was always with a haunting feeling that there might be a gap somewhere or that my skirt hung badly."

She was sixteen when the choirmaster in the church she attended thought he detected an unusual voice. He carried her along as far as he was able, then sent her to a local singing teacher, who, after a few years, advised that she go to Proileau, in Paris, to be finished. For her father to finance such a venture was quite out of the question, but some wealthy parishioners, becoming interested in her, made up a purse and sent her to Paris for a year. A year was not enough to bring out her voice fully, but Proileau believed in her and placed her as prima donna with a third-rate opera company which played through the summer at Trouville, where at his summer home he continued to coach her. Thus she gained her first practical experience and earned money for a second year in Paris. In her third year she made her début at the Opéra Comique, began to reimburse her benefactors, and bought herself "dresses in which I wasn't nervous every time I got up out of a chair."

He felt that he had made good progress with the background of his portrait of her.



She Was Sixteen When the Choirmaster in the Church She Attended Thought He Detected an Unusual Voice

XVIII

DUSK was advancing over the marshes as Parrish's car traversed the last miles of the broad boulevard by which Atlantic City is approached, and by the time they turned into Atlantic Avenue daylight had all but abandoned its rearguard action against oncoming night.

Looking down the wide, brightly lighted yet somewhat tawdry shopping street and into the intersecting highways with their close-set rows of frame cottages, boarding houses and cheap hotels, Parrish's first impression was that this strange settlement had changed not at all in the ten or dozen years that had passed since his last visit. It resembled, he thought, rather a town into which prosperity had gushed with a flood of oil than one established on the fixed flow of the Gulf Stream, the tides and tripper-laden trains.

Not until they swung around a corner and headed down a short street leading toward the ocean did he perceive that there had been, after all, a kind of progress here; for it was then that he discovered, in its new surroundings, the pleasant old hotel in which he used to stay; but its former look of size and consequence was gone. By contrast with the new flamboyant caravansaries facing the Boardwalk and the beach, it seemed to have paled and shrunk.

"I used to stop there," he said, looking back a little wistfully as the car drew up under the porte-cochère of one of the larger hostelries.

"Yes," said Rita, "it's a nice old place. But this one will amuse you."

One of Parrish's bags contained certain precious and illegal bottles. He paused midway across the lobby to warn the bell boy to handle it with care, and, waiting, overheard a snatch of conversation between two large, expensive-looking women whose modishly short skirts revealed the plebeian bowing of their legs.

"Irma's got three hats with different-colored paradise plumes on," said one. "That red one you was admiring cost two hundred and sixty. She showed me the receipted bill."

To which the other replied in an envious tone, "Manny don't seem to kick, no matter how much money Irma spends."

The dapper clerk knew at once who Rita was.

"We received your wire," he declared with extreme affability as he dipped the pen and handed it to her. "I've been able to hold a very choice suite for you. Our managing director has had his own personal grand piano placed in your parlor with his compliments."

Rita thanked him and signed the register, whereupon the young man turned to Parrish, assigning him a suite which, though it did not face the sea directly, he mentioned urbanely as having a favorable position with regard to the morning sun.

Before going to his own rooms Parrish saw Rita to hers. Her parlor was large and elaborately furnished. French windows opened upon a sheltered balcony overlooking the ocean. On the center table was a bowl of roses accompanied by the card of the manager, with the word "Compliments" written in a Spencerian hand above the name. Before slipping out of her loose motor coat Rita moved over to the grand piano, opened the lid and ran a hand over the keyboard. It was out of tune.

After seeing to the placing of her bags Parrish departed with his bell boy.

"I'll be ready in an hour," she said, giving him a gay wave of dismissal.

But he did not expect her to be ready in an hour. His experience of her was not such as to encourage hopes of promptness. Moreover she had not brought her own maid with her.

In leisurely fashion Parrish unpacked and made ready for dinner; then, as the hour was up, he took the small bag about which he had cautioned the bell boy, walked down the corridor and knocked at Rita's door.

"Come."

She was moving toward him as he entered. Her henna-colored evening gown was of some diaphanous material that fluttered as she crossed the room. It was draped with infinite art, and it seemed to him to fit with a kind of haughtiness. He fancied it as being proud of its lines and its fabric, as a beautiful woman is proud of her figure and the texture of her skin. The stockings and the little satin slippers, being of the color of the dress, gave a characteristic look of completeness; always there was that look about her; yet Parrish felt instinctively that this completeness was achieved without much effort or indeed much on Rita's part, but represented rather the unhamp of costly experts.

"I didn't think you'd be ready," he said, prai appearance with his eyes.

"I said an hour."

"Yes, but——"

He was thinking of the times that she had disap him; but instead of speaking the thought, shifted to tion of the absence of her maid.

"Oh," she answered, "that's easy. I've bought of the hotel maids."

Parrish laid his bag carefully upon the table bowl of roses, opened it, produced bottles and a and having secured ice, orange juice and glasses, mad tails.

"I have plenty of appetite without this," said Ri ping.

He was glad that she was hungry. After the ma his kind, he prided himself upon a certain skill in o and as to-night he was for the first time to exerci skill for Rita, he had given preliminary consideratio meal.

First they would have Lynnhaven Bay oyste Lynnhaven Bays; then green-turtle soup, provid green turtle was fresh—he would inquire about that; filet of flounder—call it sole if you like—with Mar immortal sauce: he was sure that Rita would app that touch; then a broiled live lobster with drawn b to be followed by a salad chiffonade. Sweets, h might be dispensed with. Crack cheese—Roquefort or Port de S would be more suitable. Then

The elevator was half full whe got in. He saw a woman nudge th with her, calling his attention to and the two stared at her with un ing eyes during the descent to the floor. Clearly they recognized Clearly many people did. Walking her through the lobby and dow corridor he thought he could te the faces of those he saw lookin her whether they knew who she w saw in her only a woman to be adm One man stopped and stood at inspecting her as a gourmand n an appetizing dish being served a other's table. He was a gross-loo creature. Parrish would have like kick him. Rita, however, appeared livious of ocular intrusions. She wa among strangers as she might b among trees in a forest.

At the door of the café they w met by the head waiter, who led th through the crowded room to a t bearing a card marked "Reserv and drew out their chairs with an el flourish.

"I have had the honor to serve madame at the Carl in London," he declared as he seated Rita; and it was o her, not Parrish, that he leaned to discuss the dinner.

This was a novelty to Parrish, who was thorough accustomed to receive attention from head waiters. had realized, of course, that to escort Rita would be different matter from escorting a woman in private li but he had not foreseen how great the difference would b Interrupting the culinary conference across the way, began to outline to her the dinner he had contemplate but before he could finish she broke in.

"I know just what I want. I want a porterhou steak—medium—about three inches thick." As she spo she glanced up at the head waiter, measuring with h hands in exaggerated illustration. "And some hashe brown potatoes, and soup—cream of tomato—to pa with while the steak is cooking."

"*Bien, madame.*" The man made swift notes on his pa and came around the table.

"Monsieur wishes Lynnhaven Bays?" he asked, h pencil poised to write.

Parrish hesitated, but only for the briefest moment Then he duplicated Rita's order.

"Oh, but you mustn't let my vulgar appetite spoil you dinner!" she protested.

He assured her that the things she had ordered were the very things he wanted. Nor was the statement alto-gether false.

Steak and hashed brown potatoes ordered in this plac by so complete a cosmopolitan as Rita constituted not a barbarity but a gastronomic playfulness in which he wished to join, precisely as he would have wished to join in any other playfulness of hers.

The café orchestra, which had been finishing a trivial tune from a musical comedy as they came in, presently be-gan again to play. But this time it was *Un bel dì vedremo*, from Madame Butterfly.

"They've found me out," Rita told him with a sigh.

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lainly was the case. The violinist who led the kept his sad, luminous eyes fixed upon her as he This directed to her the attention of those among s who had not already noticed her. It was to her an to the musicians that people looked as they d at the termination of the aria, and to her that iist bowed in acknowledging the unusual demon-

're pretty sure to keep this up until we leave," "It's rather awful to be stared at when you're sn't it? I've always thought the animals in the hate it."

ald speak to the orchestra leader," Parrish sug- But Rita demurred.

no! It's intended as a compliment, and I'm ely sorry for a good musician who has to play in like this. Probably this man used to dream of g a Kreisler or a Heifetz. The chorus of the opera people like that, people who have dreamed and appointed. There's so much luck about it too. the time I've looked at some woman in our chorus ught what John Bunyan thought when he saw the ng to be executed."

the soup they fell to discussing differences between ers of artists and those in other walks of life.

failure of an artist," said Rita, "seems to me tragic because the artist is not out only for a Being poor isn't the worst of it for him. He's in f his art jilts him it breaks his heart, for of course no love greater than that of the artist for his art."

, I don't believe that," he put in quickly, jealous music.

n't you?" She inspected him with quizzical eyes. it's true. Other loves come and go, but the love for never changes. If anything, I stated it too mod- I might have said there isn't any love so great." shook his head, but did not reply. He was thinking hat she had said meant, after all, only that she had known a love beyond her love for music—not yet. nly that was nothing for him to deplore.

prevision concerning the musical program proved ate. *Depuis le jour*, from Louise, became the entrance for their steak, and was followed by melodies from and La Bohème, while their coffee was drunk to the *Près des Ramparts de Seville*. After each number there was the same applause, the same bowing of the violinist to Rita, the same concentrating of eyes upon her.

When, having lost no time over the simple meal, she rose to leave, people at near-by tables stopped talking and gazed up into her face, and as she moved toward the door, Parrish, walking behind her, saw that the whole room turned its head. The violinist stood and made her a profound obeisance as she passed the musicians' platform; at the portal the head waiter paid her like homage; and as she emerged to the foyer the maid from the ladies' cloakroom hastened forward with her wrap.

But no one came running forward with Parrish's hat and coat. The olive-skinned attendant at the men's coat room stood entranced, gazing at Rita. Parrish had to speak to him crisply before the trance was broken. Had Rita been a queen, he thought to himself, she could hardly have received more attention; then with a little inward smile he added the reflection that had he been a prince consort he could hardly have received less.

"If I should ever be a fugitive from justice," he said to her as they made their way toward the exit leading to the Boardwalk, "I should know exactly what to do. Instead of hiding on some obscure island where they live on pineapples, bananas and rum highballs, I should conceal myself by going everywhere with you."

But, as he was to learn later, that form of self-concealment was not so effectual as he had supposed. Some eyes there were alert enough to encompass both Rita and her escort. By one such pair of eyes—a not too friendly pair—he had been recognized.

XIX

EMERGING from a revolving door and passing by a wheel-chair stand, they moved up the Boardwalk in the direction of the Inlet.

The night was dark. The moon had not yet risen, and though there were stars overhead they were dimmed by the Boardwalk lamps. Below them the beach was a gray mystery fading away to a blackness within which, as an awakened sleeper may feel the presence of a silent moving something in his room, they felt the presence of the sea.

A mild salt breeze blew toward them. Ahead the heart of the Boardwalk was marked by an electric brilliance against which wheel chairs and promenaders were revealed in shifting silhouette. Nor was the brilliance to be seen only along that way of pleasure with its rows of lamps and its bright doors and windows; by a ladder of illuminated windows it mounted to where, above the hotel roofs, the sky was restlessly alive with the changeful dotted glitter of great advertising signs.

As Rita took his arm and stepped out beside him he was struck by the fact that she did not amble after the fashion of most women, but strode with a fine swinging gait, making necessary but a slight abridgment of his own normal step. It was like an expression of her spirit, that free, elastic tread.

He leaned forward a little and looked down at her slippers swiftly appearing and disappearing below the hem of her cloak as she walked—satin trifles, frail and exquisite, with soles wafer thin and heels of a voluptuous violinlike curvature.

"I suppose," he said wonderingly, "that those slippers are fully as durable as morning-glories."

"Oh, they're stronger than they look."

"They must be."

For a time he was silent, his mind taken up with the miracle of woman's dress, which is to man the most baffling thing about her. For man feels that even supposing he could walk in slippers such as hers they would be ruined in the distance of a block or two, while as for her gowns—made seemingly from wisps of rainbow, sunset and the Milky Way—he knows that such things, worn by him, would not endure an hour.

His ruminations on this theme were interrupted when she drew him over to a lighted show-window containing dainty bits of feminine equipment at which she wished to look.

As they moved on again he shifted the position of his arm, bracing it behind hers so that her elbow found a cradle in the crook of his, her wrist resting in his hand. Holding her thus firmly he was more than ever conscious of moving with her in delightful unison.

They wandered out upon a pier and back again; then, having resumed their way along the Boardwalk, were attracted by sounds of snapping rifles and clanging target gongs to a shooting gallery, where they stood for a time looking on. The shooting gallery fascinated Rita; presently she announced a wish to try her marksmanship; and when, after a little coaching, her bullets began to break clay pipes, ring gongs and knock over moving models of

(Continued on Page 69)



"The Point is That I'm Going to Sing Your Songs in Concert"

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THE COVERED WAGON

By Emerson Hough

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

XXVI

THE purple mantle of the mountain twilight was dropping on the hills when Bridger and Carson rode out together from the Laramie stockade to the Wingate encampment in the valley. The extraordinary capacity of Bridger in matters alcoholic left him still in fair possession of his faculties; but some new purpose, born of the exaltation of alcohol, now held his mind.

"Let me see that little dingus ye had, Kit," said he—"that piece o' gold."

Carson handed it to him.

"Ye got any more o' hit, Kit?"

"Plenty! You can have it if you'll promise not to tell where it came from, Jim."

"If I do, Jim Bridger's a liar, Kit!"

He slipped the nugget into his pocket. They rode to the head of the train, where Bridger found Wingate and his aids and presented his friend.

They all, of course, knew of Frémont's famous scout, then at the height of his reputation, and greeted him with enthusiasm. As they gathered around him Bridger slipped away. Searching among the wagons, he at last found Molly Wingate and beckoned her aside with portentous injunctions of secrecy.

In point of fact, a sudden maudlin inspiration had seized Jim Bridger, so that a promise to Kit Carson seemed infinitely less important than a promise to this girl, whom, indeed, with an old man's inept infatuation, he had worshiped afar after the fashion of white men long gone from society of their kind.

Liquor now made him bold. Suddenly he reached out a hand and placed in Molly's palm the first nugget of California gold that ever had come thus far eastward. Physically heavy it was; of what tremendous import none then could have known.

"I'll give ye this," he said. "An' I know whar's plenty more."

She dropped the nugget because of the sudden weight in her hand; picked it up.

"Gold!" she whispered, for there is no mistaking gold.

"Yes, gold!"

"Where did you get it?"

She was looking over her shoulder instinctively.

"Listen! Ye'll never tell? Ye mustn't! I swore to Kit Carson, that give hit to me, I'd never tell no one. But I'll set you ahead o' any livin' bein', so maybe some day ye'll remember old Jim Bridger.

"Yes, it's gold! Kit Carson brung it from Sutter's Fort, on the Sacermento, in Californy. They've got it thar in wagonloads. Kit's on his way east now to tell the Army."

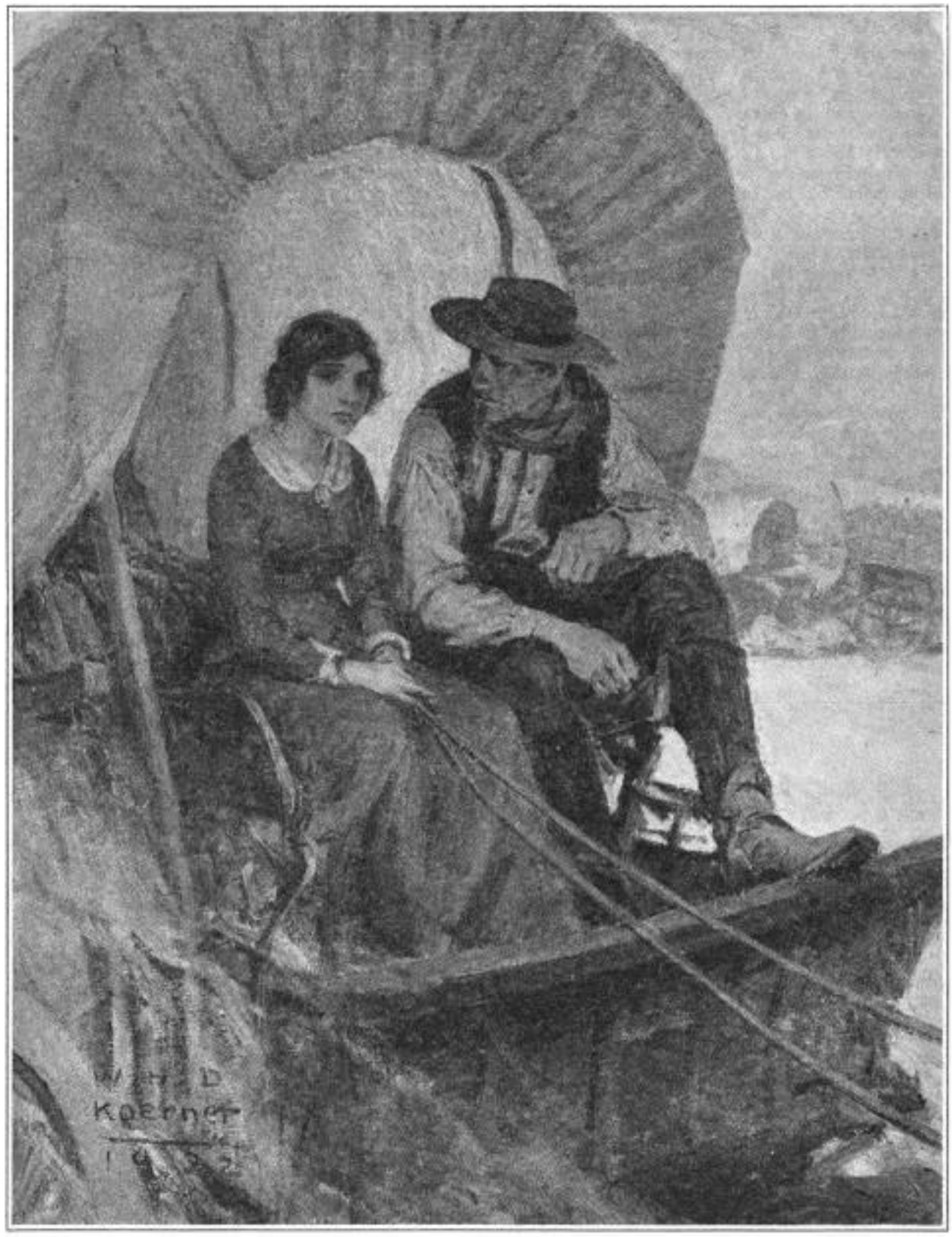
"Everyone will know!"

"Yes, but not now! Ef ye breathe this to a soul, thar won't be two wagons left together in the train. Thar'll be bones o' womern from here to Californy!"

Wide-eyed, the girl weighed the nugget in her hands.

"Keep hit, Miss Molly," said Bridger simply. "I don't want hit no more. I only got hit fer a bracelet fer ye, or something. Good-by. I've got to leave the train with my own wagons before long an' head fer my fort. Ye'll maybe see me—old Jim Bridger—when ye come through.

"Yes, Miss Molly, I ain't as old as I look, and I got a fort o' my own beyant the Green River. This year, what



"Molly!" He Broke Out. "Listen to Me! Do You Want the Engagement Broken? Do You Want to be Released?"

I'll take in for my cargo, what I'll make cash money fer work fer the immygrints, I'll salt down anyways ten thousand; next year maybe twicet that, or even more. I sartainly will do a good trade with them Mormons."

"I suppose," said the girl, patient with what she knew was alcoholic garrulity.

"An' out there's the purtiest spot west o' the Rockies. My valley is ever'thing a man er a womern can ask or want. And me, I'm a permanent man in these yere parts. It's me, Jim Bridger, that fust diskivered the Great Salt Lake. It's me, Jim Bridger, fust went through Colter's Hell up in the Yellowstone. Ain't a foot o' the Rockies I don't know. I eena'most built the Rocky Mountains, me." He spread out his hands. "And I've got to be eena'most all Injun myself."

"I suppose." The girl's light laugh cut him.

"But never so much as not to rever'nce the white woman, Miss Molly. Ye're all like angels to us wild men out yere. We—we never have forgot. And so I give ye this, the fust gold from Californy. There may be more, I don't know."

"But you're going to leave us? What are y to do?" A sudden kindness was in the gir

"I'm a-goin' out to Fort Bridger, that's w a-goin' to do; an' when I git thar I'm a-goi hell out o' both my that's what I'm a- do! One's name Yore Hide, an' t'oth Yore Eyes. Which ask me, is two nam an' fitten, way I fe

All at once Jim was all Indian agai turned and stalked She heard his voice his Indian chant turned back to h wagon fire.

But now shout arising, cries coming line. A general mo was taking place tow lower end of the camp a high quavering c again and again.

"There's news!" sa son to Jesse Wingate "That's old Bill Ja war cry unless I a taken. Is he with yo

"He was," said W bitterly. "He and his broke away from the and have been flocki themselves since then.

Three men rode up Wingate wagon, and flung off. Jackson was yes, and Jed Wingat son. The third man st his horse. Wingate str ened.

"Mr. Banion! So yo fit to come into my ca For the time he ha answer.

"How are you, Bill Kit Carson quietly, now stepped forward the shadows. The old gave him a swift glan

"Kit! You here—w he demanded. "I've seed ye, Kit, sence th rendyvous on the G Ye've been with the A on the coast?"

"Yes. Going east n

"Allus ridin' back forerd acrost the hull c try. I'd hate to keep y buckskin breeches, Kit. ye're carryin' news?"

"Yes," said Carson. "D patches about new a posts—to General Kea Some other word for h and some papers to the a jutant general of the Ar

Besides, some letters from Lieutenant Beale in Mexi about war matters and the treaty, like enough. You kn we'll get all the southern country to the coast?"

"An' welcome ef we didn't! Not a beaver to the th sand miles, Kit. I'm goin' to Oregon—goin' to settle the Nez Percé country, whar there's horses an' beaver

"But wait a bit afore you an' me gits too busy talki Ye see, I'm with Major Banion, yan, an' the Missou train. We're in camp ten mile below. We wouldn't a with these people no more—only one way—but I reck the major's got some business o' his own that brung h up. I rid with him. We met the boy an' ast him to bri us in. We wasn't sure how friendly our friends is feelin towards him an' me."

He grinned grimly. As he spoke they both heard woman's shrilling, half greeting, half terror. Wingat turned in time to see his daughter fall in a sheer faint. Will Banion slipped from his saddle and hurried forward

XXVII

JESSE WINGATE made a swift instinctive motion toward the revolver which swung at his hip. But Jed sprang between him and Banion.

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old on, pap—stop!" cried Jed.
ight. I brought him in."
prisoner?"
no man's prisoner, Captain
" said Banion's deep voice.
es were fixed beyond the man
he spoke.
Molly, to whom her mother
taking the white face in her own
Wingate looked from one to the

do you come here? What do I
that you should bring more
s you always have? And what
we me?"
e you nothing!" said Banion.
ve me nothing at all. I have
eled in your train, and I shall
el in it. I tell you once more,
rong in your beliefs; but till
rove that I'll not risk any argument about it."
a why do you come to my camp now?"
should know."
know. It's Molly!"
Molly, yes. Here's a letter from her. I found it in
in at Ash Hollow. Your friend Woodhull could
led me—we passed him just now. Jed could have
e—you can now; it's easy. But that wouldn't
me. Perhaps it wouldn't change her."
come here to face me down?"
sir. I know you for a brave man, at least. I don't
I'm a coward—I never asked. But I came to see
because here she's asked it. I don't know why.
want to shoot me like a coyote?"
But I ask you, what do I owe you?"
hing. But can we trade? If I promise to leave
th my train?"
u want to steal my girl!"
! I want to earn her—some day."
old Roman before him was a man of quick and
decisions. The very courage of the young man had
peal.
least you'll eat," said he. "I'd not turn even a
Secesh away hungry—not even a man with your
in the Army."
o, I'll not eat with you."
Wait then! I'll send the girl pretty soon, if you are
by her invitation. I'll see she never invites you
."



Bill Jackson

Wingate walked toward his wagon. Banion kept out of the light circle and found his horse. He stood, leaning his head on his arms in the saddle, waiting, until after what seemed an age she slipped out of the darkness, almost into his arms, standing pale, her fingers lacing and unlacing—the girl who had kissed him once—to say good-by.

"Will Banion!" she whispered. "Yes, I sent for you. I felt you'd find the letter."

"Yes, Molly." It was long before he would look at her. "You're the same," said he. "Only you've grown more beautiful every day. It's hard to leave you—awfully hard. I couldn't, if I saw you often."

He reached out again and took her in his arms, softly, kissed her tenderly on each cheek, whispered things that lovers do say. But for his arms she would have dropped again, she was so weak. She fought him off feebly.

"No! No! It is not right! No! No!"

"You won't be with us any more?" she said at last.

He shook his head. They both looked at his horse, his rifle, swung at the saddle horn. She shook her head also.

"Is this the real good-by, Will?" Her lips trembled.

"It must be. I have given my word to your father. But why did you send for me? Only to torture me? I must keep my word to hold my train apart. I've promised my men to stick with them."

"Yes, you mustn't break your word. And it was fine just to see you a minute, Will; just to tell you—to say I love you, Will! But I didn't think that was why I sent. I sent to warn you—against him. It seems always to come to the same thing."

She was trying not to sob. The man was in but little better case. The stars did not want them to part. All the somber wilderness world whispered for them to love and not to part at all. But after a time they knew that they again had parted, or now were able to do so.

"Listen, Will," said the girl at last, putting back a lock of her fallen hair. "I'll have to tell you. We'll meet in Oregon? I'll be married then. I've promised. Oh, God help me! I think I'm the wickedest woman in all the world, and the most unhappy. Oh, Will Banion, I—I love a thief! Even as you are, I love you! I guess that's why I sent for you, after all.

"Go find the scout—Jim Bridger!" she broke out suddenly. "He's going on ahead. Go on to his fort with him—he'll have wagons and horses. He knows the way. Go with Bridger, Will! Don't go to Oregon! I'm afraid for you. Go to California—and forget me! Tell Bridger ——

"Why, where is it?" she exclaimed. She was feeling in the pocket of her apron, and it was empty.

"I've lost it!" she repeated. "I lose everything!"

"What was it, Molly?"

She leaned her lips to his ear. "It was gold!"

He stood, the magic name of that metal which shows the color in the shade electrifying even his ignorance of the truth.

"Gold?"

She told him then, breaking her own promise magnificently, as a woman will.

"Go, ride with Bridger," she went on. "Don't tell him you ever knew me. He'll not be apt to speak of me. But they found it in California, the middle of last winter—gold! Gold! Carson's here in our camp—Kit Carson. He's the first man to bring it to the valley of the Platte. He was sworn to keep it secret; so was Bridger, and so am I. Not to Oregon, Will—California! You can live down your past. If we die, God bless the man I do love. That's you, Will! And I'm going to marry—him. Ten days! On the trail! And he'll kill you, Will! Oh, keep away!"

She paused, breathless from her torrent of incoherent words, jealous of the passing moments. It was vague, it was desperate, it was crude. But they were in a world vague, desperate and crude.

"I've promised my men I'd not leave them," he said at last. "A promise is a promise."

"Then God help us both! But one thing—when I'm married, that's the end between us. So good-by."

He leaned his head back on his saddle for a time, his tired horse turning back its head. He put out his hand blindly; but it was the muzzle of his horse that had touched his shoulder. The girl was gone.

The Indian drums at Laramie thudded through the dark. The great wolf in the breaks lifted his hoarse, raucous roar once more. The wilderness was afoot or bedding down, according to its like.

XXVIII

CARSON, Bridger and Jackson, now reunited after years, must pour additional libations to auld lang syne at Laramie, so soon were off together. The movers sat around their thrifty cooking fires outside the wagon corral.

(Continued on Page 86)



A Steady Fire at the Unseen Foe Held the Latter at Bay After the First Attack

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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 29, 1922

A Really Shocking Book

THE reason why schoolboys furtively read dime novels under their desks during history hour is that, as a rule, novelists of the Nick Carter school have a far keener sense of the literary possibilities of suspended interest, dramatic situation and well-approached climax than is displayed by the pedagogues, with necks cramped in the yoke of tradition, who write textbooks. As good rules work both ways, is it not reasonable to suppose that if a writer of school histories, with all the comedy, tragedy, adventure, mystery and romance of the ages to draw upon, were clever enough, he might make a textbook so thrilling and absorbing that boys would stay indoors to read it when they might be outside at play?

This remarkable achievement has lately been accomplished by an American professor of history who wrote for his own children the story of mankind from the first brutish emergence of the human race down to the middle of the World War. His work is so clear and simple and so admirably balanced that it is to be doubted if the average college graduate has a more lucid conception of the history of the race than may be obtained from these pages by any bright boy of fifteen.

This book is of real significance not only on its own account but because it will probably exercise a powerful influence upon other textbook writers who have the courage and ability to follow in the same path and break away from the deadly formalism that old as well as young find so tiresome and uninspiring.

The advances in textbook writing that have been made in recent years are tremendous; but schoolbooks are still susceptible of a vast amount of improvement. This is a debt that age owes to youth, for though dullness and drudgery are inseparable from elementary education it is the obvious duty of teachers and schoolbook makers to present their subjects as attractively and interestingly as is consistent with sound learning.

The method pursued in the book under discussion is to avoid any attempt at unbroken narrative, but to deal adequately with the high spots of history, allowing the gaps between to take care of themselves. Well-proportioned biographies do not devote equal space to every week of the lives whose stories they relate. They are full and explicit in regard to significant events, periods of swift development and great pivotal occurrences; but upon the interludes they are silent. Applied to general history, this method dictates the exclusion of much dreary chronicle and the lively treatment of such really vital topics as daily life and thought in various ages and countries, the rise and fall of vast empires, the achievements of those who have most influenced the thought and behavior of men, momentous military activities, notable advances in science, industry, political organization, art, religion, philosophy, exploration, discovery, social systems and the various struggles whereby man ever seeks to adapt his life to the environment in which he must live it.

Such matters are full of interest for all except those who shrink from the slightest mental effort, and it is only when they are devitalized and spoiled in the telling that they become tiresome and repellent. Yet history is often written by men whose literary attainments are smaller than those of very mediocre news stand novelists.

Few textbooks would be improved by being illustrated by the author instead of by a professional illustrator, but in the present instance that rash procedure is entirely justified, for the "animated maps" and crude drawings with which the writer has illuminated his pages are singularly calculated to impress facts and sequences of events upon the student's memory.

Pictures and diagrams that have this effect require neither justification nor apology.

Professional textbook writers will find this a shocking volume, for though the author's subject is a solemn and stupendous one he has not been ashamed to give free rein to a lively sense of humor. He has even constructed two complete sets of laughs, one for his childish readers and another for those of maturer years.

If books of this sort should multiply and become commonly adopted for use in our public schools, American education would never be quite the same again. It might be brighter, more penetrating and fuller of the joy of living, but it would be different, very different.

Is the Trade Tide Turning?

INTERNATIONALLY minded economists who have been venturing the prediction that our positive balance of trade in commodities could not be long maintained, on account of the differences in the buying powers of the United States and Europe, observe in the trade figures for February an approach to the confirmation of their views. The value of exports was $251,000,000, of imports $217,000,000, the positive balance therefore $34,000,000.

This is only part of the picture. We are buying more services in shipping and insurance than we are selling. Many remittances of immigrants flow from this country to Europe, few are sent to us. We are expending far more tourist money abroad than is being expended here by the foreigners who visit us. Foreign loans are being floated regularly on our market. Americans are investing abroad in industrial enterprises. Europeans are selling back old investments in this country. It is not possible to strike a balance between these several forces, but the trend is unmistakable.

We have passed the worst of the business cycle and better times are ahead. We shall need to import more manganese, tin, nickel, jute, wool, rubber and other raw materials.

Our herds of animals have fallen to such an extent that decline of export of animal products to the level of 1913 would surprise no one. A short crop of wheat this summer would wipe out the exportable surplus. We are losing none of our fondness for coffee, sugar and other imported necessaries. Our exports of cotton should rise, and of manufactures also. But by and large, the impulse to import seems gaining ascendancy over facility to export. We shall restore our standard of living faster than any other people. That means imports. The cars that travel over our bonded highways run on imported asphalt, are made comfortable by imported rubber, and are propelled in part by gasoline made from imported mineral oil. Farmers, manufacturers, bankers, traders and shippers will resist an excess of imports of commodities as long as possible.

When it comes, if it does come, we shall console ourselves with the reflection that creditor countries have always had excesses of imports of goods. And po will find it as easy to argue for a tariff under the ne conditions as under the old.

Industrial Leaders in Diplom

THERE is sound common sense in President announcement that it will be his policy to c outstanding business and industrial executives rat old-school diplomatists to represent the German ment at foreign capitals. The tentative sele Dr. Otto Weidfelt, the dominant director of the works at Essen, to be German Ambassador to the States is a concrete instance of this policy. It is to bring forward any convincing reason why such representation should not be of the highest value, curriculum of industry is quite as broad as that macy and the training it affords is much more va exacting.

Old-line diplomacy was largely a matter of int jockeying, wriggling and maneuvering for advanta accepted and time-hallowed tactics were based on l ning rather than on beneficent wisdom. Its metho in sharp contrast to those of great leaders of mod dustry. Big business men do big things in a big way sharp eye on a future still two or three generations For the most part they are born builders with vig constructive minds that aim at broad general resul

There are always those who are ready to deri appointment of business executives to ministerial We still remember the sneers that were heard wh late Senator Knox was at the Department of State a enemies made much political capital out of his " diplomacy"; and yet the most superficial examinat international relations reveals the fact that often fairly bristle with dollar signs, sterling marks and symbols that indicate monetary units.

Successful men of large affairs are singularly fitt carry on the kind of negotiations that will be involv bettering relationships between the various national of the human family. It is not too much to say tha passing of the old diplomacy will be one of the best o for future peace that the world can desire.

Better Than Bucket Shops

SO MUCH has been written on the subject of thrift one hesitates to lay down rules designed to guide t seeking financial success. However, it is a fact that sonal thrift, to most of us, is such an unpleasant duty th is performed by the majority of people only in propor to the frequency of the admonitions. Therefore, here a few fundamentals which may serve more as remin than rules for those interested in saving:

Start a bank account. Banks may break, but they the safest known place to keep money. Money in savings bank will work for you as you have worked for Idle money is as mischievous as idle people. The p session of even a small checking account advances cr standing in the community. The best receipts for b paid are your checks which come back from the bank.

Make a budget. It is as necessary to the individual w would become successful as a compass and chart are t ship at sea. Purchase life insurance and make your wi Men who love their families should spend a few dolla now, rather than permit a situation where the expenditu of many more dollars will fail to safeguard the futures a widow and her children.

Investments should be made for safety rather than f large and quick returns. Money should not be investe in projects concerning which you are unable to infor yourself by personal examination, unless you are able t base your action on the advice of those who are specialist in the business concerned, and of whose absolute integrity you are assured. There are thousands of recognized finan cial institutions in the country managed by men of hig character and undoubted honesty, and these concerns e experience and reputation value their standing more highly than any comparatively small amount they might earn unscrupulously.

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HALL WE FINANCE EUROPE R AMERICA?—By Carl W. Ackerman

)M 1915 to 1920, according to George M. Reynolds, airman of the Board of the Continental and Commercial National Bank of Chicago, we exported ,000,000 of capital, cash or credit.

her words, during these five years the American loaned an average of nearly four billion dollars y to foreign governments, cities, railways and ies, through the U. S. Treasury and the banks of ited States.

year, according to the Guaranty Trust Company of ork, foreign governments and foreign corporations d $650,000,000 more. This, however, is a conservatimate. One of the bankers whom I know in New stimates that we exported one billion dollars in In making this statement he called attention to the ds of millions of dollars which have been "*spurlos t*" in the American market by private "invest-" in Russian rubles, German marks, Austrian , Italian lire and French francs and of foreign securities not included by ew York bank.

s, from 1915 to December 31, 1921, ported twenty billion dollars of capi- From January 1, 1922, to March 17, is article is written, that sum was sed by $225,000,000, the amount of y publicly obtained by foreign govents and corporations during the eleven weeks of this year. Included is figure are a few capital exports such e following: $60,000,000 to and; $27,000,000 to Argen- ; $11,000,000 to Canadian National Railways; $30,000,000 to the P. L. & M. Railway of France; £1,000,000 to Rumania; 25,000,000 francs to the Midi Railway of France; and so forth.

If we continue at this rate we shall export more than a billion dollars of capital before the dawn of 1923.

This is what Mr. Reynolds had in mind when he asked recently, "Shall we export capital or use it for American business?"

"Shall we finance Europe or our own country first?"

Home Needs for Billions

"WE TALK glibly of giving billions of credits to foreign countries to increase our farm exports," Herbert Hoover said, addressing the Interstate Commerce Commission. "I wish to say, with all responsibility for the statement," the Secretary of Commerce continued, "that a billion dollars spent upon American railways will give more employment to our people, more advance to our industry, more assistance to our farmers, than twice that sum expended outside the frontiers of the United States; and there will be greater security for the investor.

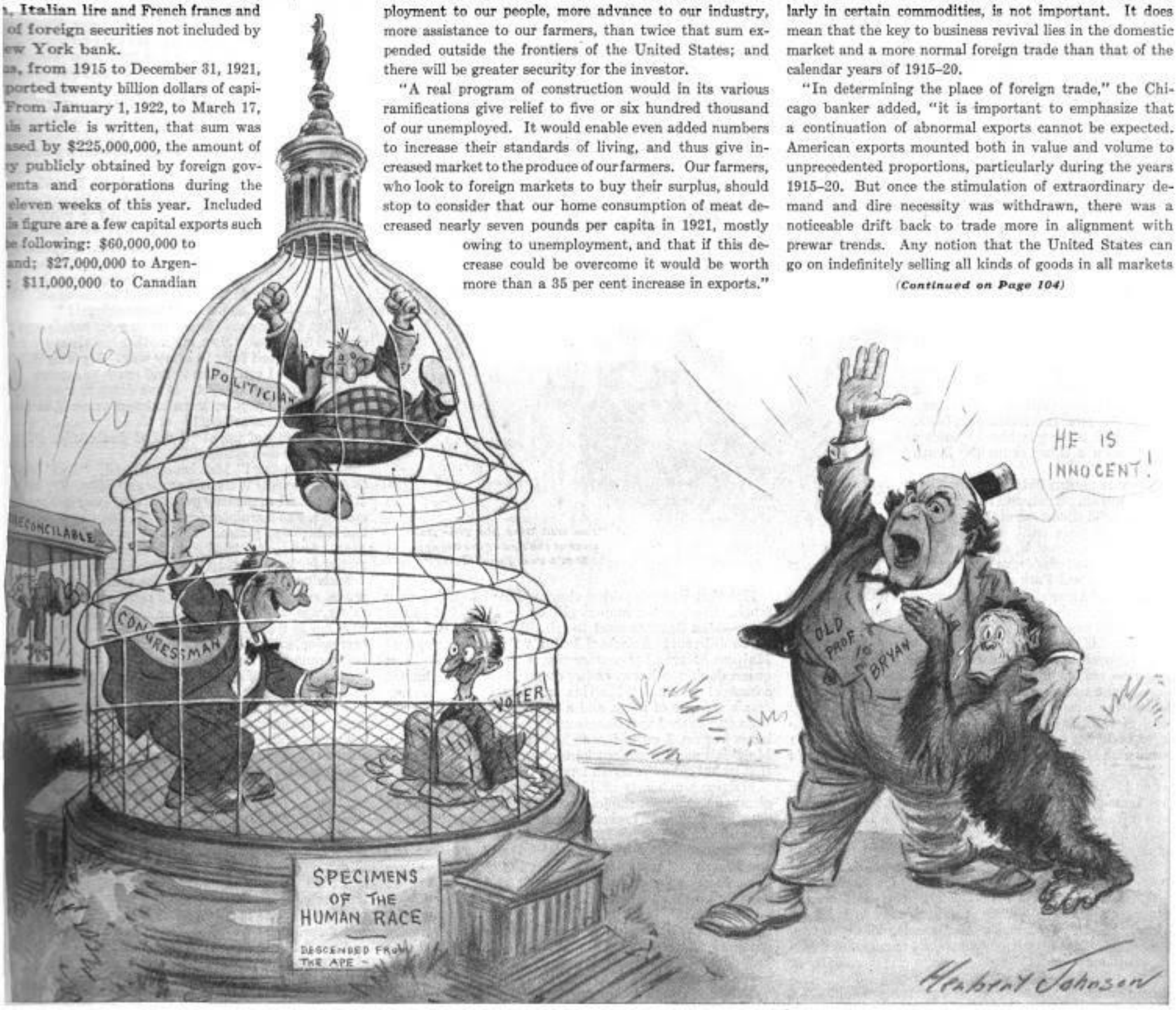
"A real program of construction would in its various ramifications give relief to five or six hundred thousand of our unemployed. It would enable even added numbers to increase their standards of living, and thus give increased market to the produce of our farmers. Our farmers, who look to foreign markets to buy their surplus, should stop to consider that our home consumption of meat decreased nearly seven pounds per capita in 1921, mostly owing to unemployment, and that if this decrease could be overcome it would be worth more than a 35 per cent increase in exports."

Mr. Reynolds, who interprets the sentiment of that broad fertile section of the United States, the Middle West, which Meredith Nicholson named The Valley of Democracy, answered the question of what we should do with our capital and what our national policy should be, in this way:

"Foreign trade for the United States is both necessary and desirable. There is no disagreement on this point among bankers, business men, economists, statesmen. However, in seeking a lead for the revival of American business, attention should not be focused on foreign trade to the exclusion of domestic business. American exports have constituted only some 6 to 8 per cent of the total sales of this country during the period of maximum exports. The domestic market is definitely under American control, to be revived if proper thought and action be taken. A clear ray of hope offers in the thought that measures looking toward business revival can be taken at home and at once. This does not mean that foreign trade, particularly in certain commodities, is not important. It does mean that the key to business revival lies in the domestic market and a more normal foreign trade than that of the calendar years of 1915–20.

"In determining the place of foreign trade," the Chicago banker added, "it is important to emphasize that a continuation of abnormal exports cannot be expected. American exports mounted both in value and volume to unprecedented proportions, particularly during the years 1915–20. But once the stimulation of extraordinary demand and dire necessity was withdrawn, there was a noticeable drift back to trade more in alignment with prewar trends. Any notion that the United States can go on indefinitely selling all kinds of goods in all markets

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PROOF AGAINST DARWIN

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THE GALLOPING TIGE

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

IN OUR set, particularly among mother's friends, the things we find really amusing are usually forbidden by convention.

Further down town, in Greenwich Village, it is perfectly conventional to break all the conventions except the convention against being conventional. At first glance the average pleasure seeker might easily consider this condition of things satisfactory, and give up any further search for the perfect happiness which someone—Bernard Shaw, I think—so quaintly refers to as "the Blue Bird."

But the Blue Bird lives further south than Washington Square. It seems he is a native of Tahiti, and that the South Sea Islands have it all over Greenwich Village when it comes to personal liberty, self-expression, and allowing your own true self to emerge from your inhibitions and ramp around on its own completely untrammeled, because the South Sea Islanders apparently haven't even a convention against conventions.

What I mean, it's quite all right out there for a native deb to expand pretty well as much as she likes, and Marquesan mammas never say: "Now, my dear, don't dance that dreadful camel walk or take anything to drink; and if you allow Bobby to kiss you he will never come to see you again, I assure you!" Well, instead of pulling a line like that, the Marquesan mammas are reputed to smile sweetly and merely say "Hicky oi poi!" or something of that sort, which gently translated means "Go to it, my child, and enjoy yourself!"

No wonder everyone has gone simply mad about the South Seas this season! Why, just think of the scope that place offers a really live deb—one full of pep and health and ideas like, let us say, myself! I could groan aloud when I consider all the wasted years before I knew what Tahiti was like, and the fact that my youth was thrown away upon the stuffy air of Rosemere, Long Island, and a mere New York season! Also it makes me positively shudder to think that if I had never moved to the Village I would not have met Shackelton Salts, and if I had never met him I wouldn't have known a thing about the South Seas.

Of course mother didn't like my moving downtown. That, as I read it over, is a very mild statement of the fact. As a matter of plain truth she made the deuce of a row about it, and yet it was really she herself who drove me from my father's ancestral Park Avenue apartment. What I mean, she did so because she tried to enforce a lot of conventions which simply would not convene as far as I was concerned; and the end came after our having a terrible row about my staying overnight at Sylvia Glenning's and walking in to lunch next day, wearing a tangerine chiffon evening frock and gold slippers. Of course there was nothing in the least improper about this, but mother simply could not be made to see it from my point of view, and so we had this fearful row I was speaking of, and I got dad to allow me to take a studio on Eighth Street with Malvina Jones, a girl who was at Miss Spooner's with me.

For I decided that perhaps, all things considered, it was time for me to have a career of some sort. I wasn't at that time quite sure what kind, but it was to be a real career, not merely a social one, and finding myself was perfectly ripping, as Malvina pointed out. Everything I wanted to do uptown and was forbidden to, or at least circumvented from doing as far as the family could manage it, was absolutely *de rigeur* below Fourteenth Street; and all the things my own people thought proper, such as being on time for meals, paying one's bills, washing all over every day, being a Mrs. Somebody when one married, and getting as rich as possible—all these were considered almost indecent by Malvina's set. I will say that I found it a tremendous relief, throwing off all social responsibility, or, as Malvina put it, allowing the subconscious to animate my life habit.



"You Will Give Me Your Answer at the End of the Voyage, Won't You, Leopardess?"

Not that it, or anything else, animated Malvina very much. She was the limpest girl I ever knew, but full of ideas—Miss Spooner used to miscall them notions—and so, so different! At school I didn't think very much of Malvina because her mother was a writer and lecturer; queer, don't you know, and of course, as a mere ignorant schoolgirl I thought Malvina was queer too. Our set didn't approve of ideas, and a mother who called herself Miss and backed movements and presented bills to legislators—or no, I guess it was legislatures—well, anyway, Malvina's mother was modern, and so was Malvina, and that let her out as far as our bunch was concerned.

Malvina was lonely at Miss Spooner's school, and we girls rather thought she jolly well deserved it for being so darn intelligent. I expect her mother sent her there because she didn't know what else to do with her. And when Malvina finished at Miss Spooner's she didn't come out like the rest of us, because her mother didn't have any home to bring her out of, I suppose, and so Malvina just went out, instead. Went out to the Art League, and took up batik, which is a kind of dyeing that can never be a failure, because no matter how it comes out—streaks, spots, anything—the batikist always claims that it was just the effect she had been trying for, and nobody is in a position to contradict her.

Well, anyhow, the very day I had that awful row with mother and threatened to leave home forever and had not the remotest idea of how I was going to make good on my threat unless I married stuffy, proper, old faithful Ted S wall, I was standing in Fifty-se Street looking mournfully at a feather hat at forty-five dolla Francine's window and realizing bitterness that under the circumst I couldn't very well go in and cha to mother. As I was standing along came Malvina in a green ha only it was a green felt tam. She had a portfolio under her arm an wearing a ruined batik smock tha one of her most successful inspirat an interpretation of a can of green I think it was. And I was so low in I was actually glad to see her.

Malvina allowed me to take h tea, although it was unfortunately conventional hour for tea, and whil ate she listened to me most beauti and understandingly.

"Look here, Pet Torrington!" sh claimed when I had pretty nearly ished—which is a long time for one to allow another to talk. "Look! what you need is work and freedom can see at a glance that you have gr intellectually in the year since we school. You have bobbed your hair one thing—the first step toward emancipation. I'll bet your people trying to marry you off to some con tional man, and that they will be j fectly satisfied as soon as they see trapped for life. I'll bet, furtherm that they hamper and curb you at ev turn!"

"Indeed they do!" I said eage "Why, father has actually cut my all ance to five hundred a month! A since last night he's been threatening take away my roadster. You see, we pinched for speeding coming home, a he didn't like our being in evening clot in the police court before noon. Dad so painfully conventional!"

"That clearly shows how narrow your people are!" claimed Malvina. "Now, my mother has always urged to express myself fully in every way. My only difficul has been that I can't seem to find much to express. But tell you what you do, Pet. Move down to my place, a meet some real people; learn to know yourself, and wor Work is the great solvent!"

"What kind of work?" I asked doubtfully. "I don know how to do anything!"

"All the better!" Malvina exclaimed. "I will help yo to find yourself. Work will come naturally. Try out a l of things and eventually you will find your *métier*. I, fo example, was a sculptor for a while, and then I dropped and it broke to pieces. It was a group called The Fall Man. And next I tried free verse, but I couldn't get an money for it. And then after a while I found—this!"

Malvina held up the tail of the green-pea effect as sh spoke, and while I didn't think much of the smock I cer tainly was impressed with her ideas about living alon with her in a studio and having perfect freedom for self expression, and when I found that there was a good garag right around the corner from her, why, I decided to try and make a woman of myself and find a career and allow my real nature to develop to the highest point so that I might be of greater value to society. Society in the most liberal sense, you know, with a capital "S" and all that!

And as Malvina was with me heart and soul, we went right to it. Malvina's mother only sent her thirty a week, so earnestness and inventiveness were about all she had to contribute. But she had a lot of those, and as I am promptness itself when I am trying to get away with anything, and mother was out and father still downtown, I gave up all idea of the green-feather hat at Francine's and put the remainder of my allowance into a van and two men, who obligingly went to the apartment with us at once and carted off my day bed and a big divan from my sitting room, and a long mirror and a few rugs and things; because Malvina had only a black cat called Poe, an easel and a spring cot for herself. We took my electric curler and my dressing silver, which is gold, in case we ever ran short of cash, and also a lamp, some books that Malvina wanted, a couple of lace-trimmed pillows, my blue satin comforter and the firedogs. Then Malvina thought we had enough and sent the men off with the load, while I got my

(Continued on Page 26)

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MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS



–with a sauce for a king!

What a challenge it is to your appetite—this spicy, delicious tomato sauce! How quickly you respond to it with a keener hunger and a greater pleasure in your food! Campbell's Beans are the select, meaty kind that have the true bean flavor. But their famous tomato sauce adds tenfold to your enjoyment. Slow-cooked, digestible beans that agree with you!

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Campbells' BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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(Continued from Page 24)

new red roadster out of the garage and had the tank filled and oil put in and charged that to dad, and then with only a couple of armfuls of clothes, three hat boxes and my jewel case I left my parents' apartment—I thought it only fair to leave that much—and drove Malvina down the Avenue, smiling at all the cops as I went.

When this was done and I was comfortably settled in that great glorious big studio, why, I telephoned home and asked permission to move.

What happened subsequently I refuse to put on record; I think too much of my parents to tell all that I know about them.

However, I will say dad produced a larger vocabulary than I had ever dreamed he possessed, but that in the end permission was granted, nevertheless.

Which is how I came to know about the social revolution and Freud and batik and chop suey, and a lot of wonderful things like that which showed me how I had been wasting my time uptown. I could do practically whatever I liked without a tiresome family snooping around except once or twice a week when mother would turn up with a hamper exactly as if I were the poor or something. But for some reason, once the break was made, mother didn't object to anything. She seemed to realize that I was finding myself and looking for my life-work, and she was really very sensible about it, and I was left practically untrammeled in my new life until one afternoon when Ted Stonewall showed up.

Now Ted's family are year-around people out in Rosemere, where we have our summer home, and when we were kids mother didn't mind our playing together. I expect she knew that I'd get over my girlish fancy for Ted, and for once she was right. Ted was intellectually quite out of date, if you know what I mean, and his ideas about women were as antique as mother's. And of course I was not going to permit myself to stay in love with anyone who would cramp my style. Curiously enough the alikeness of their standards got him nothing with mother after we grew up. I suppose his father being coal and wood was the reason for that. Certainly she had never of late years encouraged his coming around. And so when he turned up at the studio with a hamper from her I was a good bit surprised, until I realized that he had probably worked it so as to get to see me.

"Hello, La Bohème!" he greeted me as he swung the big basket to the refractory table with an easy lift of his broad shoulders. "Gee! This place is as big as Art Jones' photo-studio-six-dollars-a-dozen-finished-while-you-wait, down home!"

"Ted, don't be crude!" I admonished, digging into the hamper to make sure there was quince jam. There was, and so I turned back to Ted. "Don't be facetious, Ted, it's so bourgeois! This is a real studio—my workshop!"

"And where is your work?" Ted wanted to know with that disconcerting directness of his.

"I haven't found my true work yet, Ted," I replied crossly. "But when I do find it I shall work at it here."

"Oh!" said Ted. Then he came over and stood very close to me in that way which used to comfort and at the same time rather frighten me in the old days before I became an intellectual. "Don't you know what your true work is?" he asked softly.

"No!" said I, trying to break away.

"Well, I do!" he said. "It's to marry me; that's work enough."

"Oh, Ted, you are really impossible!" I cried, freeing my hands, which he had somehow managed to get hold of. "Don't be ridiculous, please! I shall never marry. And as for finding my work in the home, just forget it! Don't talk to me about domesticity; it's cold, old priceless!"

"It's never cold, to my mind!" said Ted soberly. "I say, Pet, you don't take this bunch down here seriously, do you?"

"Of course I do!" I said hotly. "I'm thinking, for the first time in my life, and I'm enjoying it!"

"Thinking about what?" said Ted.

"Oh, about art and life and beauty," I said, "and, of course, work!"

"But what work?" persisted Ted. "Look here, Pet, I believe this crew you're running around with is a bunch of fakes! Don't let them put anything over on you, dear. The real art in this world lies in the simple, fundamental things: in happy homes, fine children, in things which grow in the clear air, not in stuffy cellar cafés!"

"Ted Stonewall, you have no right to speak of my friends like that!" I retorted. "You think I am living down here among a bunch of cheap, fake Bohemians, but you are wrong. Do you call Shackelton Salts a fake?"

"I have heard of him—from your mother," said Ted, plainly impressed. "The chap that wrote those Deep Sea Chanteys?"

"Yes, that's the one!" I said triumphantly. "He's a very especial friend of mine—very! He's published seven volumes of sea poems—only two at his own expense," I went on—"and he's a very wonderful person. He's been around the Horn ten times, I think it is."

"Got Masefield lashed to the mast!" murmured Ted, but I pretended not to hear.

"I'm very fond of Shack," I went on. "And nobody, not even you, can deny that those are great sea poems. Then there is Shamus O'Shamus, who wrote Glimpses. And, oh—lots more real people!"

"Well, could you endure the company of a mere low-brow musical-comedy hound for one evening?" inquired Ted. "Because if so I would like to have you dine with me."

"Oh, Ted!" I said regretfully. "I'd love to, but I have already asked Shack to dine with me!"

"And he accepted?" said Ted in a peculiar tone. "Well, then, perhaps he won't mind if I bring Malvina along, and you all dine with me?"

"That will fix it splendidly!" I cried, relieved. "And some of the others are sure to drift in. Oh, Ted, I do want you to meet my new friends and see just how perfectly splendid they are."



"Don't be Ridiculous, Please! I Shall Never Marry. And as for Finding My Work in the Home, Just Forget It!"

"Good!" said Ted. "That's exactly what I can town for!"

An hour later we were seated in the café of the ol hotel, and I looked about the table with pride, for had foretold, the bunch had gathered around. H scarcely seemed possible that a few short weeks a people, all but Malvina and Ted, had been utter s to me. Why, I had not even heard of them, and now on first-name terms. They certainly were a distin looking crowd, and it was just wonderful to b there among people who did things!

First in importance came Shackelton Salts, of with his magnificent physique—and it is truly wo only perhaps just a little thick about the middl anyway, with it thrown gracefully into his mirrore and a new suit of corduroys, the shirt open at h strong throat, as he bade us notice, his mat of yel fairly standing on end as always when he was excit of course he was always excited, and usually poun table.

Then there was my Malvina, very limp in a batik smock, but so emancipated under it all, an Rosen—you know, the organizer who split the but makers' union. Just now she wasn't splitting a except a baked potato, but she did it with a single-min and fierce determination which made me realize ho erful her personality was—that, and her powerfu hair and strong little figure. Zelda was the daugh Lower East Side tailor and was the living proof utter democracy. Next to her sat Edouard Roula sculptor; awfully modern stuff, he does; in fact, h founder and one of the very few members of the A School of Sculpture, which never uses original mate takes something that is symbolic of the idea they interpret, and uses it as a foundation. For exampl statue called Smoke was made entirely of old cigar and attracted a great deal of attention at the las pendent Exhibition. Next to him was Ted, wisely but absorbing a steak, and on Ted's other hand sat S O'Shamus, the author of Glimpses; a dear boy, so romance, and the most perfect dancer. Besi of which he was the great Irish patriot, you At least his other book, the one about the H of Belfast, was a great success. Shamus had been in Ireland himself, but he changed his from James Jameson to its present form of h accord, and he feels very st about the Irish. I'm not jus on which side.

I felt sorry for poor old tical Ted, silently eating a his corner, completely swamp the brilliant talk of the other seemed so out of it and so con place, compared with the rest little group, that I pitied hi cerely. Particularly because so utterly unaware of his cr My heart ached for him—or have, only I remembered in that, as Malvina often say commonplace is always unfo able.

The talk had for some time upon Russia, as it usually among us at one time or an during an evening. Zelda w ways bringing it up because aunt's husband was killed in grom or a droshky, I don't remember which.

"See what an unservable tle capitalistic potato!" she claimed. "In spite of the li the kept press, I'd take an that the free peasantry of re tionary Russia grow larger p toes than that!"

All of a sudden Ted eme from his retired corner.

"Believe me, then, they hid 'em mighty when I was over there with the Red Cro said Ted.

"You were in Russia!" exclaimed Ze "Camerad! Tell us about it!"

"Nothing to tell that the papers haven't to replied Ted. "Slush, cold, hunger, disease slavery. All this freedom stuff is bunk!"

"Ah!" said Zelda. "You probably only saw what were meant to see! You probably never got to know truth!"

"Well, I was only there six months," Ted admitted, a returned to his steak.

"Truth," said Shackelton Salts, "is a strange, elus thing.

"We are afraid to look for it—because it's unclean you know, and we are a nation of prudes!"

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The Greatest Year In Hupmobile History

Sales Everywhere Mounting to Larger Volume With Each Succeeding Month

S year will be the greatest, sales volume, of all the 14 of Hupmobile history.

rst month of this year was eatest January in the records Hupmobile.

ebruary, the smashing in- in demand topped January per cent.

h rapidly gathered further entum and recorded the est month of selling the Hup- le has ever known.

it has gone and is going, after week and month after th, all over the country.

Public Sifting Out All Car Values

clear now that the six months' l will almost reach the entire duction for the largest year the has ever had.

The reason for this tremendous growth is perfectly plain.

The public has settled down to a sifting process—to a process that is leading thousands straight to the Hupmobile.

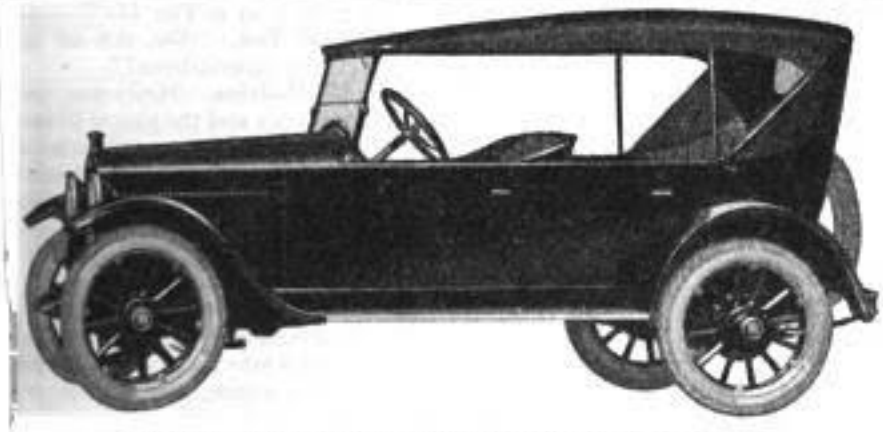
The Hupmobile is in tune with the spirit of the day—a spirit that seeks out that which is substantial, that which is sure, that which is saving, and that which renders service.

Traveling side by side with this swiftly speeding and greater appreciation, is an equally impressive demand for used Hupmobiles.

As we have told you in recent announcements, used Hupmobiles are a live asset all over the United States.

Confirm this by looking over your own local newspapers.

Offerings of used Hupmobiles are few and far between, and they are eagerly sought by waiting buyers.



Style—Beauty—Luxurious Comfort

Touring Car, $1250 Roadster, $1250 Roadster-Coupé, $1385 Coupé, $1435 Sedan, $1935
Cord Tires on all models—Prices F. O. B. Detroit—Revenue Tax Extra

High Lights in Hupmobile's Greatest Year

Official reports from scores of points throughout the country indicate the tremendous increase in Hupmobile retail sales. Comparison is made with 1920, the greatest previous year. Figures are the latest available in complete form, at the time this tabulation is made. These few examples are typical of our sales everywhere.

Boston . .	January and February, 1922, greater than same months, 1920, by—	100%
Detroit . .	January and February, 1922, greater than same months, 1920, by—	53%
Chicago . .	January and February, 1922, greater than same months, 1920, by—	238%
Minneapolis .	January and February, 1922, greater than same months, 1920, by—	30%
St. Louis .	January and February, 1922, greater than same months, 1920, by—	82%
Los Angeles .	January and February, 1922, greater than same months, 1920, by—	27%

New Buyers Come From High and Low Priced Fields

In large proportion, this great influx of new Hupmobile buyers is coming from two sources. One is the field far above the Hupmobile in price, the other the field far below it in price.

The Hupmobile has never sought comparison or competition with cars of lesser price and huge volume production.

But in many cases it is actually outselling the best of the cars whose strongest appeal is price.

There is not a distributor or dealer on our books who has not increased his orders and sold the increase.

There is scarcely a dealer who does not report remarkable instances of buyers abandoning costlier cars for the Hupmobile—and scores of others discarding cars of lower price because they are convinced of the greater economy of the Hupmobile.

That economy, of course, consists in the greater freedom of the Hupmobile from repairs, and its lower upkeep costs.

Greater Economy an Established Fact

Tested out time and again in business fleets, the Hupmobile has proved that it is a more economical car than those in the higher priced field, and the best of the lower priced as well.

More economical because this Hupmobile is built as all Hupmobiles have always been built—in shops with the will and the equipment to do the same precise and painstaking work; with the same high quality, tested materials; that go into the world's finest motor cars.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

Hupmobile

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(Continued from Page 26)

"Oh, pshaw, Shack!" said Edouard languidly. "You love to talk about nudity because you're stuck on your shape. You are getting fat, though—you ought to train down!"

"Train down!" shouted Shack. "How under heaven can I do that in this mad country? How can I live a free, healthy, natural life when I have to go around in clothes—the most unnatural things in the world? How?"

"Ye ought to go to the South Seas, Shack," put in Shamus. "I've been reading that Murphy book, The Shadowy South Seas. Great stuff! The place would suit ye, man! Faith, it would suit myself pretty good, as well!"

"The Shadowy South Seas!" I exclaimed. "Oh, that's a wonderful book! It makes you want to jump right on a boat and start for Tahiti!"

"Those Marquesans are real people!" declared Malvina, giving them her highest praise. "Utterly unconventional, and the only clothing they wear is batik. How I'd adore to go there and compare batiks with them!"

"By heavens, you are right!" exclaimed Shack, replying to Ed, however, not to Malvina. "I ought to go to the South Sea Islands! Do you know, in all my voyages before the mast I have never sailed the South Seas? That is to say, not seriously. Think of the glorious freedom of life on those islands! You are right, Ed—that Murphy book is a masterpiece. I would certainly like to go out to Tahiti. Every poet ought to go there! By thunder, I have an idea! Think what a magnificent thing it would be if an army of poets and sculptors and artists invaded Tahiti intent to live the glad, free life of the islands; to lie under the breadfruit trees and make verses, with no beastly editors and landlords around; with not a care in the world and no effort to make except to dance about. Think of it! Glorious! Marvelous! By heaven, if I had a seaworthy boat I'd take you all there! We'd leave this poisonous, artificial life behind us, and in Tahiti we would produce art that would conquer the world!"

I was simply paralyzed by his marvelous eloquence and by the inspirational light on his rugged face. But I was a little surprised at his referring to the Village as poisonously artificial, because he usually assured me that I was seeing true freedom there. Well, of course, Tahiti would be a whole lot freer; I had to admit that, even before Edouard took up the theme.

"An art ship to Tahiti!" he murmured, lifting his pale face and half closing his eyes. "Exquisite! I was on a ship once! If it could only come true!"

"If I could only sell some stuff I'd take you all!" exclaimed Shackelton. "I'd buy a ship—a sailing ship, for who would want to find romance under steam? Then I'd hoist the fair white sails, cast off, and then—ah, then!"

"By Jove, Shack, my boy!" said Shamus pettishly. "I wish ye wouldn't make such talk, with the winter soon to be upon us and my bones aching for the warmth of the sun! I'd go on that trip of yours for the shake of a cat's tail."

"So would I!" put in Zelda, who had finished her capitalistic potato, skin and all. "The trouble with those Marquesans is that they are not organized. How can they resist the invasion of the white man unless they have a union? I'd whip them into shape, so that authors would have to get a permit from the Hula-hula Union Local No. 1 before they would be allowed to land!"

"Friends!" exclaimed Shack. "If only we could do it! That mythical sailing boat—a schooner, preferably! She has captured my fancy utterly! No hired crew, you understand. We would sail it ourselves! Think of a crew of artists setting sail for the South Seas, the black ship dipping like a gull, the fierce white foam kissing her sides! The crew singing 'A deep sea, a cruel sea, between my blue-eyed love and me'!"

"How beautiful!" said I.

"It's the first poem in my second volume of sea ballads," breathed Shack, turning directly to me. "Think of that voyage, with you beside me, Leopardess! A ship, a ship, my kingdom for a ship!"

Then Ted, who had been watchfully smoking and looking keenly from one to another of us without joining in at all, spoke quietly.

"I can let you have a ship," said he. "Two-masted schooner in splendid shape; everything aboard her but the crew. I took her for a bad debt."

For a moment there was an incredulous silence. Then Shackelton leaned toward Ted, and they stared at each other like two dogs who are not quite sure whether to fight or not. Then Shack sort of wagged his tail.

"Do you mean that, or are you kidding?" he demanded, as we listened breathlessly.

"Never more serious in my life!" replied Ted, removing his pipe from between his strong white teeth and smiling in his pleasant way. "She's a sixty-foot schooner, two masts, full-rigged, sleeps ten people and has a gasoline kicker. Name, Sadie Brown of Boston. She is in sound condition and you are more than welcome to use her. With crews on strike I didn't know quite what to do with her. You have shown me!"

"Old man!" said Shackelton after an almost imperceptible hesitation. "Done with you!" And the two shook hands solemnly.



"Look Here, Pet Torrington!" She Exclaimed, "What You Need is Work and Freedom"

"This is a great opportunity," Shack went on. "Think of the publicity! Why, it's the biggest sort of a Sunday story! I can't tell you what a wonderful thing you have done!"

"Not yet, you can't," said Ted; "so don't try. I'm not sure just what I've done, myself. But the boat is yours to command; on one condition—that you let me come along!"

Well, we just about got up and cheered at that! We were almost put out of the hotel for it—Zelda afterward claimed that we actually were, but I still think it was only the ordinary closing time. However, we certainly made a big row over Ted, and then we parted reluctantly out in front, after first agreeing to meet next morning at ten at the wharf where the Sadie was tied up, and look her over. Ted took Malvina and me home—that is, to the studio. Once there he somehow managed to see me alone for a moment.

"Pet," said he, "Mr. Shackelton Salts seems very devoted to you. Does it mean anything?"

"I—don't ask me, Ted!" I begged. "I—well, I haven't made up my mind about him yet. I want to wait and get to know him better!"

"I see!" said Ted thoughtfully. "Well, you will, on this trip. Do you mind my coming along?"

"Mind, you old honey!" I exclaimed. "Mind your coming on a party that has any stunt I ever did before trimmed down the neck? That puts it all over any party I ever dreamed of? Why, little angel face! There is only one thing I'll mind, and that is if mother tries to stop my going. Oh, Ted, she must not stop it! You help me to persuade her!"

Ted looked around guiltily, to make sure that nobody was about. Nobody was, for Malvina had gone to bed.

"Pet!" he whispered suddenly. "How about up to the Crystal Room at the Ritz for a litt Your mother has a table there to-night, and twelve o'clock!"

"We—you—she might ——" I began hurrie Ted, I'd love to! Only promise faithfully you tell Malvina that I did such a dreadfully co thing!"

Next morning it was Shackelton Salts who ca me and take me down to see the schooner, for T business at his new Park Row offices had promise us at Pier 13 at ten o'clock.

Shack came around to our place at eleven min and I took him and Malvina down in the red ro

"Do yo anything boats, Pe asked, his so fixed upon r edly.

"Of cours replied. "I' Europe thre

"That's fi Shack reli

"The more understand the better. Sham he went to South on a sailing boat du war, and Ed has re of sea stories and fe he can easily put in tice what he rem from them. How your plutocratic Stonewall?"

"Oh, Ted isn't a I explained. "He' beginner at busine though he's making good. But when it to sailing a boat—wh been doing that ever mer all his life.

"Ted can sail a b easily as you can beautiful poetry!"

Shack smiled deligh at that, and I am hap say his attitude toward Ted became disti more cordial from then on.

Well, when we finally got to the wharf, was Ted sitting on a post and smoking his old pipe with all the patience of who was a monument? Anyway, there he was, and it turne that although a little late we were the first upon the s Malvina flapped up to him at once, an anxious expre on her face.

"Oh, Mr. Stonewall!" she cried. "Do you really t it is all right to leave your boat at Pier 13?"

"Good morning!" said Ted. "Yes, it's all right course. Surely you are not superstitious?"

"Oh, no!" disclaimed Malvina. "Only you see, teen is supposed to be unlucky and the idea of ill luck associated with anything may influence one's subconsc thought, that's all. I only mean that by associatio ideas some of us might actually though unconscio induce ill luck!"

"Well, it hasn't hurt the old boat any so far," Ted c mented. "Hello, here comes the rest of the bunch. it's only eleven o'clock."

The others were indeed coming down the pier, ea Shamus in a rather soiled white middy blouse, which had dug up goodness knows where; Zelda in her manni tweeds and no hat; and Edouard in his immacul sculptor's smock, looking paler than ever, if possi A handful of rude and shockingly sophisticated small bo were following them.

"Behold the faithful—our romantic seafarers!" cr Shack in his beautiful liquid voice. "Welcome, dear a venturers!"

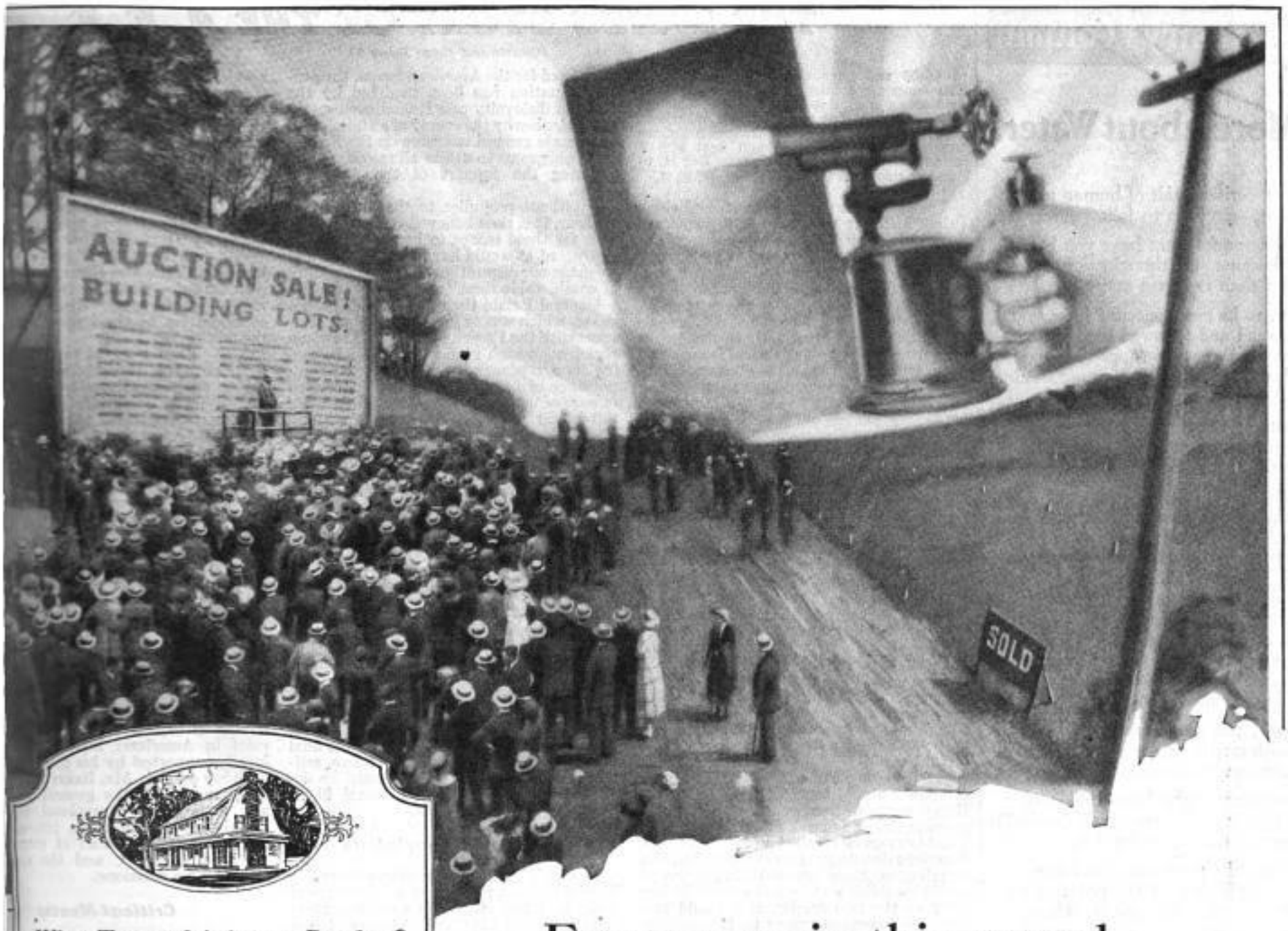
"Aye, aye, captain!" cried Shamus, coming to a sort marine salute. "The top of the morning to ye all!"

"It's not the top, it's halfway down the morning!" co mented Ted, the mean thing, spoiling the whole effec "Come on in, friends. The Sadie's warped to the far e and I've got to get back to the office!"

"Just a moment!" exclaimed Shackelton with one of h fine, strong gestures. "One moment! Before we stir fro this spot something has got to be set right. Shamus he has used a most opprobrious term. He addressed me or one of us—as captain. Now to my mind, on a voyage o this kind—a quest after sheer beauty, made by comrade in the arts—there can be no question of officers. No cap tain, no mate, no crew; but only a oneness, a perfect, fre and glad coöperation between us all. No one should hold

(Continued on Page 112)

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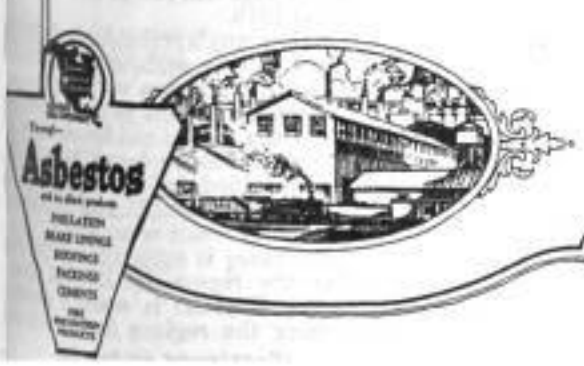


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This chart will help you decide

Kind of Building	Type of Asbestos Roofing	Brand or Trade Name
Small buildings	Slate surfaced roll roofing or shingles	Flexstone—red or green
Dwellings $5,000–$7,000	Slate surfaced roll roofing or shingles, or rigid asbestos shingles	Flexstone—red or green; rigid—red, brown or gray
Dwellings $7,000–$25,000	Rigid asbestos shingles	Standard or extra thick—red, brown, gray or blended
Dwellings $25,000 upwards	Rigid asbestos shingles	Colorblende—five-tone, brown with or without red or gray accidentals
Factories, shops and mills—Monitor and Sawtooth roofs*	3 or 4 ply ready roofing	Johns-Manville Asbestos Ready Roofing or Built-up Roofing
Flat roofs—all buildings*	Built-up roofing	Johns-Manville Built-up Roofing
Skeleton frame buildings—standard conditions*	Corrugated asbestos roofing with steel reinforcement	Johns-Manville Corrugated Asbestos Roofing
Skeleton frame buildings—excessive temperature or condensation conditions*	Corrugated asbestos roofing without steel reinforcement	Johns-Manville Transite Corrugated Asbestos Wood Roofing

*Note—Industrial buildings call for expert advice. A roofing expert is available at all Johns-Manville Branches.



Every man in this crowd can afford Asbestos Roofing

THESE people will soon have to consider the question, "What Roofing?"

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Only a few cents more—yet in addition to permanence you get fire-safety. Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofings will withstand the intense heat of a plumber's blow torch. Any dealer will quickly prove this to your satisfaction. Each type is given highest rating in its class by Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

Asbestos Roofing is made by Johns-Manville in many forms: shingles, artistic in colors and shapes, for homes; roll-roofing for the sloping roofs of garages or small industrial buildings; or built-up, layer upon layer, on the great roof-decks of commercial structures. (See chart on left.)

The most striking attribute of Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofing is not its fire-safety and weather-resistance, not its economy and permanence, not the single fact that it never needs painting or refinishing; but rather the fact that all these qualities are combined in this one roofing. The universal roofing is Johns-Manville Asbestos.

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Jim Henry's Column

More about Water

It is a curious trait of human nature that no one likes to follow directions.

How many times have you been lost because you thought you knew better than the road map?

Or, to be more specific, have you ever read and followed the instructions which come wrapped around each tube of Mennen Shaving Cream?

Of course, Mennen's will give great results no matter how you use it, but just the same you will never experience the perfect Mennen shave until you obey the rules.

These instructions (I wrote them myself) say to use three times as much water as you formerly used with old-fashioned soap. Yet, so far as my observation goes, most men use only the first brushful of water and, as a result, get a thin coat of whitewash instead of the heavy bank of lather they could build up if they would only use a lot of water.

Now, this extra water has a lot to do with putting your beard into a proper condition to be shaved.

One reason why Mennen's is so much better is because its lather holds so large a quantity of water.

Please do it my way just once. Start the lather on the point of your chin and gradually spread. Then keep adding water—a little at a time. It is amazing how much water you can pack into Mennen lather. Until you have exposed your beard to a three-minute, complete saturation with Mennen lather, you will never know the joy of operating on a thoroughly licked beard.

Just to fill up the column, I want to plead with you to learn what comfort there is in Mennen Talcum for Men for after shaving and bathing. It is neutral in tone and doesn't show. I'll send samples of Shaving Cream and Talcum for Men for 10 cents.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.



THE INSIDE STORY OF THE A. E. F.

(Continued from Page 5)

of 45–50 and boys of 17. France is done. The American soldiers will not be ready to fight as an army until late in 1918. Our experience proves that meanwhile we must keep the fight going. Even half-trained American companies or battalions would fight well if mixed with 2 or 3 years veterans. Beg H. to consider this favorably. Yours, D. L. G.

The inclosure to which the British Prime Minister referred was a memorandum, as follows: "Obviously Germany has a better chance of winning the war before America can exert her full strength than she will have after. It follows that she may try to win it during the next eight months or so. I believe she will. Russia's defection enables her greatly to strengthen her forces on the west or Italian front, or on both, and to try to get the decision. Italy will be weak for some months to come; the man power of France is rapidly diminishing; we cannot yet see our way to keeping our divisions even approximately up to strength throughout next summer, especially if there is heavy fighting this winter—which will probably be the German game—while America requires several months before she can put an appreciable force of divisions into the field.

"Would America, therefore, be ready to help in another way, as a temporary measure? When she first came into the war we hoped she might send some men for inclusion in the British armies, as being clearly the quickest way of helping; but for reasons we quite understand, she preferred to retain her national identity. No doubt she still desires to do so, but over and above the preparation of her divisions, and without interfering with it, would it be possible for her to provide a company of infantry to replace a British company in such a number of British battalions as America could bring over men? Even 100 such companies would be of the greatest value. Every consideration would, of course, be given to the companies, and if desired they could later on be recalled and posted to the American divisions. It is thought that this mingling of American and British troops would establish a close and cordial feeling between the two armies, and would also give the American troops useful training. If this system is not possible would America find a battalion to replace a British battalion in as many brigades as possible? There would be no insuperable difficulty in meeting American wishes in such matters as discipline, rations and general maintenance. The only difficulty is American national sentiment, which we quite understand.

"On the other hand, the system suggested is clearly one which would the most rapidly afford much-needed help during, perhaps, the most critical period of the war."

General Petain's Proposal

While pressure was being brought to bear overseas by both French and British, each government was exerting its influence in Washington, also, to accomplish the same end. The War Department cabled the American commander in chief on December 25, 1917: "Both English and French are pressing upon the President their desires to have your forces amalgamated with theirs by regiments and companies, and both express belief in impending heavy drive by Germans somewhere along the lines of the western front. We do not desire loss of identity of our forces, but regard that as secondary to the meeting of any critical situation by the most helpful use possible of the troops at your command. The difficulty of course is to determine where the drive or drives of the enemy will take place; and in advance of some knowledge on that question, any redistribution of your forces would be difficult. The President, however, desires you to have full authority to use the forces at your command as you deem wise in consultation with the French and British Commanders-in-chief . . . the President's sole purpose being to acquaint you with the representations made here and to authorize you to act with entire freedom in making the best disposition and use of your forces as appears to be possible to accomplish the main purposes in view."

Three days later General Petain presented a French plan for using American troops.

Writing on December 28, 1917, he said: "Since the time when the first programs were fixed for the American forces, the general situation has been modified by the Russian disloyalty and Italian events.

"A menace by the enemy of an imminent, large-scale general offensive on the French front obliges us to utilize all resources, not omitting the support of the American forces.

"Without prejudice to the duration of the war, it is then believed that we cannot wait for these troops to be organized and instructed as would have been desired had we made our dispositions in the tranquillity of considerable time."

General Petain then outlined his proposition, which was to incorporate the Americans with the French forces, one American regiment to each French division. In urging its acceptance he emphasized the importance of hastening instruction so that, in case of need, the French could draw on the better units of the American forces available.

In regard to these proposals the American commander in chief cabled the War Department: "Do not think emergency now exists that would warrant our putting companies or battalions into British or French divisions, and would not do so except in grave crisis."

To the French he said: "As to the question of placing American units in French divisions for actual service, there are many real obstacles in the way. The differences of language, military methods and national characteristics above referred to would seriously hinder complete coöperation necessary in combat. Moreover, the American people would not approve of giving up the integrity of our organization and scattering it among French and British units. Such a plan would prevent the final building up of a cohesive, aggressive, self-reliant American force which must be depended upon to deliver the final blows necessary to end the war."

General Pershing's Note

The training of the American troops in France had not progressed with the speed desired. Those of us who were over there in the winter of 1917–18 will never forget the maddening delays, or the general despondency among the French and British forces and the French population, induced by the collapse of Russia, and German triumphs in that direction; the Italian debacle, in which 300,000 men, 3000 guns and enormous stores were lost to the enemy; the failure of the Allied armies to achieve anything more than local attacks which proved wholly insufficient against the German defense, despite a superiority on the Western Front in 1917 of 20 per cent in strength; and finally the failure of American help to reach the battlefront, after the Allies had been led to hope for our participation in force before winter set in.

This delay was partly due to the shipping situation, but the handicap of French tutelage had a lot to do with it also. A memorandum written by a member of the American General Staff stated: "Reports have been made by several officers whose units have been most closely associated with French units and, while appreciating the value of French assistance, the opinion is very generally expressed that beyond the details of trench tactics, our troops have made better progress under their own instructors and according to our own methods. This, of course, does not apply to our staff officers, who have derived great benefit from association with corresponding French staffs."

Finding that the American commander in chief could not be bent to accept their views, the French proceeded to go over his head to Washington. General Pershing wrote to M. Clemenceau on January 5, 1918, Clemenceau being then President of the Council.

"Dear Mr. President: Permit me to quote the following cablegram from the War Department at Washington: 'The French Ambassador called on Secretary of War to-day and read to him a dispatch from M. Clemenceau to the effect that General Pershing and General Petain had conferred as to the wisdom of seasoning of American troops by attaching their regimental units to French divisions before committing a part of the line to an American division made up of troops not so accustomed to actual front condi... Clemenceau's cablegram stated ... eral Pershing had reported hi... General Petain in substantial ... on this subject, but General P... veyed to M. Clemenceau an oppo... ion. The French urge the actio... above as being safer for the ... troops than it would be to give ... once an independent place in the ... urge very strongly that the Sec... War here accept their view and ... it to you. This the Secretary of W... willing to do, desiring to leave th... wholly within your discretion, ... consideration of the important el... the matter.'

"May I not suggest to you, my ... President, the inexpediency of ... cating such matters to Washi... cable? These questions must all b... here, eventually, on their merits, ... friendly conference between Gener... and myself, and cables of this sort ... likely, I fear, to convey the impr... Washington of serious disagreem... tween us when such is not the cas...

"With cordial sentiments of h... sonal esteem and regard ——"

The answer given by Secretary ... Baker to the French Ambassador ... occasion was in line with his whole ... of American effort in the war. H... his appointments, and then he st... those men through thick and thi... matter what political pressure was ... to bear on him, Baker steadfastly ... on decisions being made by the ... the spot. Speaking at a dinner a... war Pershing paid the secretary the ... tribute of saying that no comman... chief in American history had b... loyally supported by his chief.

In my opinion Mr. Baker was mu... derestimated by the general public ... was a man of exceptional breadt... knowledge and accurate informati... many subjects, a man of extraor... precision of mind, and the coura... stand by his decisions.

Critical Months

Troops were not arriving as fast a... commander in chief had recommended ... on December second he cabled the ... Department: "It is of the utmost i... tance to the Allied cause that we ... swiftly. The minimum number of t... we should plan to have in France b... end of June is 4 Army Corps of 24 divi... in addition to troops of service of ... rear. . . . This figure is given a... lowest we should think of and is plan... higher because the limit of available t... portation would not seem to warra... Paragraph 4. A study of transport... facilities shows sufficient American ... nage to bring over this number of tr... but to do so there must be a reducti... the tonnage allotted to other than ... needs. It is estimated that the ship... needed will have to be rapidly incre... up to 2,000,000 tons by May, in addi... to the amount already allotted. The u... shipping for commercial purposes mu... curtailed as much as possible. The ... are very weak and we must come to ... relief this year, 1918. The year after ... be too late. It is very doubtful if they ... hold on until 1919 unless we give them ... of support this year. It is therefore stro... recommended that a complete readj... ment of transportation be made."

At the beginning of 1918 the ge... situation can best be summed up in ... words of a report compiled for the Ger... Staff: "(a) The offensive during the ... part of 1918 appears to have defin... passed into the hands of Germany, ... this advantage will probably be retaine... her until 1919.

"(b) Germany's probable superiority ... ing 1918 will be such as to cause he... seek to bring about a war of manoeu... But Germany cannot be sure of bring... about such a result, and her choice of ... regions in which to launch her offen... will be modified by the necessity of ... flicting a great moral blow on the Allie... the minimum result of her efforts.

"(d) France is especially sensitive c... cerning the region St. Mihiel-St. Q... tin, while England is especially sensi... concerning the regions contiguous to

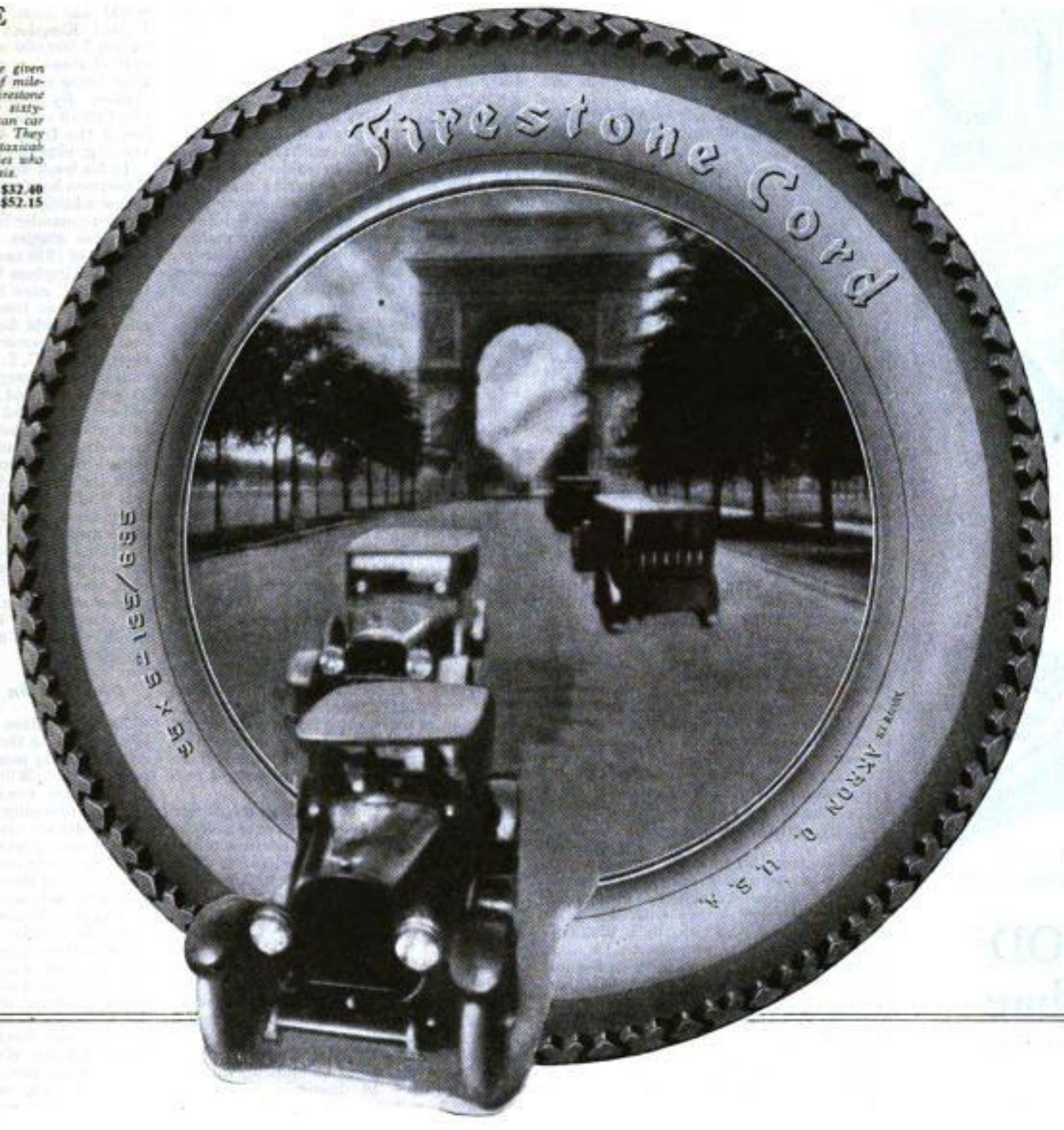
(Continued on Page 32)

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(Continued from Page 30)

Channel ports. This sensitiveness is such as to make it possible for Germany to choose her objectives in such a way as to reduce the cooperation between the French and English.

"(g) . . . We must bear a principal part in the main offensive for the reason that the other countries have suffered nearly all the important losses they will stand except in defense.

"(h) During the early part of 1918 our troops will not be instructed, equipped, or sufficiently numerous to take a materially great part in the war. They will not therefore be suitable for a general reserve. As a last resort they must, of course, be used to the last man, but to parcel them out and use them up prematurely in piecemeal means eliminating the possibility of launching a great Allied offensive in 1919.

"Political situation: To take full account of political considerations it is necessary to inquire not only into national aspirations but also into national antipathies and possible ulterior motives of governments. . . . France desires Alsace-Lorraine. It is believed that many French people suspect ulterior motives on the part of the English. . . . The British consider that the French methods are unreasonable in many cases and feel that the French are more interested in having their own ideas prevail than in winning the war. . . .

"England, France and the United States all contain certain elements who realize more fully the national necessities for after-the-war commerce than they realize that the war must be won before an after-the-war commerce can be established. Whether or not the above estimates are correct, it is undoubtedly true that the French and English relations are none too harmonious. It seems equally true that each of the nations is jealous lest the other's influence over America be greater than their own."

Shortage of Man Power

"In favor of throwing our forces in with the English, we find the increased morale which would benefit England. Due to the exceedingly heavy losses, with but little corresponding gain, which the British suffered in 1917, there appears to be little doubt that the present political and moral condition of England is less favorable than is that of France. It is to be remembered, however, that this condition may only last for a moment.

"Against changing our plans—to be more intimately associated on land with the French than with the British—we must consider the suspicions which would be raised in the French mind, suspicions which would be aggravated by German propaganda. . . . It has been suggested that it would be desirable to place our troops between the British and the French. It is difficult for us to avoid friction now, and to place our forces between those of our allies would increase our difficulties. We are on French soil and must use French facilities and it would appear we must get along with the French unless we decide to turn all our forces over unreservedly to the British.

"The constantly increasing efforts which not only the British but the French are making to induce us to put our troops into their units seems to be indicative of a growing necessity for raising the morale of our Allies and of a deep anxiety on their part concerning the possibilities of the next few months."

Only one American division had appeared on any portion of the front up to the first weeks of January, 1918, training not having been completed; but we had in France at the opening of the new year more than 176,000 troops. Our Allies began to feel the delay acutely and to regard the future with forebodings.

The British thereupon made another proposition, on January tenth, this time to secure 150,000 American replacements for their forces. A memorandum from General Sir William Robertson, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, set forth the plan. As it was discussed in conference later I will give only the substance here. Sir William referred to Russia's defection and the extent of the Italian disaster, emphasized the diminished man power of France and stated that heavy losses had compelled the British to cut down their divisions from twelve to nine battalions. On the other hand the Germans had placed twelve more divisions on the Western Front, bringing them from the east, so whereas the combined French and British divisions were fewer by eleven than they had been, Germany's strength had increased to a net gain of thirty-nine divisions. General Robertson conveyed the information that Germany could bring forty more divisions to the Western Front by the summer, but Britain would have 25 per cent less infantry by then.

"If France and England do not receive substantial American military assistance before the summer," he said, "the assistance America is now preparing may come too late to admit of the entente securing the kind of peace for which they are fighting."

Again: "The main difficulty in making your help available lies in sea transport, and from this point of view it is clear that to bring from America a given number of men with all necessary equipment, horses, etc., as complete divisions means an infinitely greater shipping effort than to bring the same number of men as battalions, and without transport of any kind—which could be found by us. Having regard to the general critical situation and to the shortage of our manpower my Government is prepared, in order to secure infantry reinforcements immediately, to run very considerable risks in the reduction of our present stocks of food and war material in the hope that later on the American commercial fleet, as it gradually increases, may be able to give compensation for the cargo shut out by the carriage of the reinforcements. All could be done without in any way interfering, now or in the future, with the transport for the American army as at present arranged, and it is estimated that 150,000 additional men—or 150 battalions—could be brought over within 3 or 4 months of the time it is decided to permit of their employment in the manner indicated. . . . It would not serve any very useful purpose to put these American units into British formations unless they could remain there for a reasonable period of time—say 4 or 5 months. . . .

"The great difficulty which confronts you in acceding to the above request is the very natural one of national sentiment and the desire to retain national identity. This is fully appreciated by the British government, who feel that if America can accept the proposal she will thereby display the greatest possible magnanimity and sacrifice."

This was an appeal calculated to touch the American spirit of sacrifice. Later in the memorandum General Robertson says: "I have already dealt with (a)"—General Pershing's suggestion to bring over divisions in place of battalions, so that the American Army might be built up without further delay—"in discussing transport; and the 2 or 3 extra divisions which the available tonnage would bring would not, I feel sure, be deemed by my Government sufficient justification for the risks incurred in providing the tonnage."

General Robertson's Statement

At a conference some time later, the Chief of the Imperial General Staff again made it plain that the British could not make sacrifices in shipping unless they were to obtain use of the American troops so transported.

"It is however," Sir William urged in support of the British proposal, "a matter of national sentiment on the one hand and on the other of Germany establishing herself in a winning position if your assistance does not come in time. . . . As you are aware, the French Prime Minister feels equally with the British government the inestimable value of the proposal and has no desire whatever to raise difficulties in regard to its application to the French Army as well as to the British Army."

The American commander in chief forwarded the British proposals to Washington, and in notifying the British of this step, took occasion to inquire into their man power. "In view of the national sentiment in our country against service under an allied flag at this time, it is deemed of the utmost importance, if the above plan be considered by my government, that the British government declare its purpose to exert every energy to keep its own forces as strong in man power as possible. Only with this general understanding in America would the foregoing plan meet with approval there. I would request a full statement from you as to British resources in this regard, including those at present available and to become available during this year."

General Robertson lost no time in replying. He furnished figures with which the world has been made familiar— United Kingdom had raised ar tained 7,500,000 men for its arm and of these over 4,000,000 wer time being carried on the strengt armies. By bending every effort the British could make available ice at the front 449,000 men th training, plus 100,000 more to be

In his book issued since the war Robertson has furnished some figur throw additional light on what th ican commander in chief was tryi at by his queries. "There were a ginning of 1918 nearly 1,500,000 m United Kingdom borne on the str the army," says Sir William in h "and it was frequently asked number should be so great. It was much greater than it ought been, and as C. I. G. S. I had ma endeavored, though without much to get it reduced. The responsib reducing it rested with the Army as a whole and not with the Gener as each department of the War O tained men at home on services co with its own special duties, and th eral Staff could do nothing except bring about a reduction so as to more men for the battle fronts."

"It was frequently asked why th ber should be so great!" Nearly 1,5 men were borne on the strength armies at home in England when th ish government was asking for 1 American troops as replacements fo ish divisions.

Pressure on General Pershi

An explanation of the British diff in maintaining their strength on the ern Front may possibly be found in a part of Sir William Robertson's "There were, towards the end of 191 writes, "probably no fewer than 1,20 men in distant theaters, who, be it were mainly fighting Turks and Bu and not Germans, and although a proportion of them were native troop therefore not altogether suitable fo ployment in France, they contained siderable number of British troops could well be spared without incurrin risk, as our successes in Palestine Mesopotamia had removed all dang Egypt, Persia, and India. By redu our forces in these theaters to a defe minimum we would set free not only troops for the West Front but also shipping for the Americans. As alre shown, this was not done."

At this juncture it may be well to exp what the French and British proposit aimed at and what effect their adop would have had on American effort. government of each of these count strove to get the United States to cons to the American forces being split up amalgamated in its armies by small un In other words, American soldiers wo have fought by battalion or regimen units under British or French comma The United States would have been utili as a great reservoir to supply the British a French armies and furnish replacemen Boiled down to a few words, that is wh their every proposition amounted to.

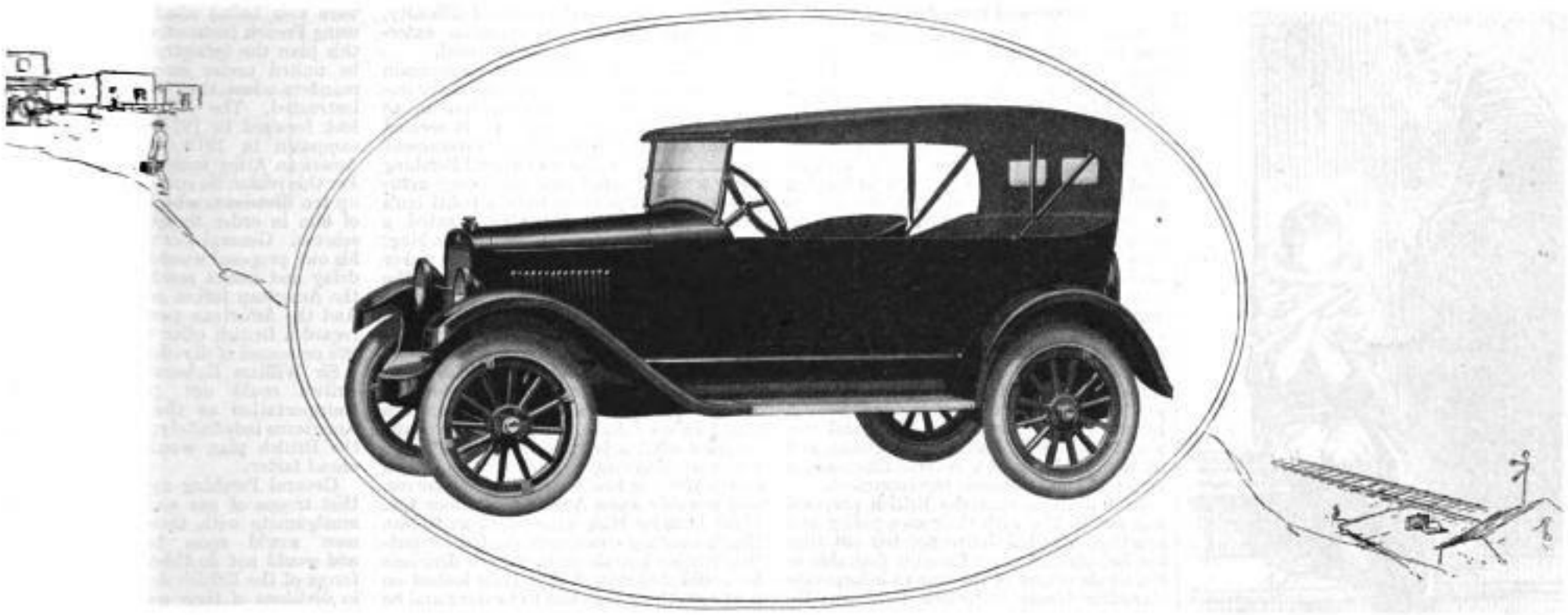
Day in and day out, month after mont the French and British persisted in th purpose. They brought to bear every co ceivable form of pressure to gain th point. In emergency the United Stat yielded some temporary relief in the w they desired—but all that will show good time. It early developed into a co test between the two Allies for the use our troops, a contest provoking no litt bitterness; but on occasion, when the was some advantage to be gained by united front, they acted in concert.

Had Pershing surrendered to the con stant and powerful pressure brought t bear—had he even backed up an inch— there would never have been any American Army in France, and the history of 191 would have been different.

At a conference on January 24, 1918, in Compiègne, which was attended by Gen eral Petain, Sir Douglas Haig, General Robertson, Foch, Pershing, Davidson and Lawrence, both Petain and Robertson re marked, in reviewing the situation, that their only hope lay in the American re serves. Without them, offensives or counter-offensives could not be undertaken. They asked the American commander in chief for a statement of the state of his forces.

(Continued on Page 34)

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28 miles to the gallon of gas
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"My total expenses up to that time, including gas, oil, tire repair, storage, washing and all other expenses, averaged 3.7 cents a mile.

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He: "Right key at last!"

She: "Don't tell me you've found it!"

And She some more: "How very clever of you to find it after only five minutes!"

MATTER of fact it's the fault of the method not the man. His keys are in a time-wasting, pocket-bulging bunch. He ought to have a Buxton Keytainer.

A KEYTAINER keeps keys flat, orderly, and free from tangling alliances. As convenient for women as for men. Prevents key-worn pockets and key-torn bag linings. Various leathers; sizes holding 1 to 16 keys; from 25c to $5.00.

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(Continued from Page 32)

General Pershing pointed out that the question had resolved itself into one of transportation and that nothing he might say could make the troops come faster. He wished them to understand clearly, however, that any real offensive in which the Americans took part would be executed by them as an American Army, and he could not approve the principle of loaning men to the Allies except in an emergency.

The British were still pressing their proposals for the transport of 150,000 American infantry to be amalgamated in British divisions, and their plan became the subject of a conversation between Marshal Joffre and the American commander in chief on January twenty-sixth. Joffre was against the scheme. He thought incorporation of American battalions in British divisions would have a bad effect. The Americans would find themselves commanded by a British general and British staff, and this would inevitably lead to resentment and friction; in case of a reverse there would be a tendency to blame the command.

As indicative that the British proposal was not in line with their own policy and practice, Marshal Joffre pointed out that the British had never found it desirable in the whole course of the war to incorporate Canadian troops in British divisions. He considered that the effect of amalgamation on the American people at home would seriously cool their fervor and create complications.

A very frank discussion of the British proposals took place at a conference in the Trianon Palace, Versailles, on January twenty-ninth. Present at this conference were Premier Lloyd George, Viscount Milner, General Sir William Robertson, Field Marshal Haig, General Sir H. H. Wilson, Lieut. Col. Sir M. P. A. Hankey, General Pershing, General Bliss, and Colonel Boyd, aide to Pershing.

Mr. Lloyd George's Argument

Lloyd George opened proceedings by asking what the situation was in regard to the proposed incorporation of American battalions in British brigades, to which Pershing replied that the question was in abeyance, pending action of the British Government on General Robertson's dispatch.

Sir William Robertson then announced that, contrary to their understanding, General Pershing had not approved the British plan in forwarding it to Washington and had not intended that the Administration at Washington should believe he did. General Pershing had felt very strongly the objections involved, and his counter-proposition was to bring over not only the infantry but the rest of the combat troops in these divisions as well. So, said Sir William, there would be sufficient transport for only seventy-two battalions instead of the one hundred and fifty they had hoped for, if complete American divisions were brought over, and the question arose as to whether it was worth while for the British to carry out the transaction in view of the shipping sacrifices involved.

David Lloyd George then took up the discussion. He read a cable which General Bliss, of the United States Army, had received in London; the Prime Minister insisted that this cable meant Washington had agreed to the British proposition.

Some argument followed, in which General Bliss remarked that the whole question was getting mixed up and that the Washington cable did not express approval of the British proposals. Instead, Washington submitted the question to General Pershing, and the latter did not approve.

Mr. Lloyd George reiterated that the British Government had understood from a telegram it received from General Pershing that he approved of bringing over one hundred and fifty battalions for incorporation in British brigades. To this, the American commander in chief replied that he had never approved the proposition and had never gone on record to that effect.

Lloyd George remarked that his government had interpreted the words "serious consideration" as tantamount to approval.

Pershing told him they were not, however—that he had only submitted the plan to Washington for consideration, and in a subsequent cable had emphasized the importance of keeping the American troops under command of their own officers.

At this point Sir William Robertson drew attention to the fact that the Washington reply referred only to the shipping difficulty and not to the political difficulty, so he had surmised Washington entertained no objections to the proposal.

This hint brought Lloyd George again to the fore. He said he had gained the impression that the question was now up to General Pershing for decision. It seemed to him that the Washington Government wanted a statement from General Pershing as to whether a military emergency actually existed. Speaking from a politician's standpoint, he thought they wanted a recommendation from General Pershing; that he himself knew what Secretary Baker wanted—he wanted a statement from the American commander in chief that a military emergency existed.

Two things had to be considered, argued Mr. Lloyd George. First, the placing of these American soldiers in British units was a necessity; second, they must consider the consequences of the disaster which might follow failure to do so. They must consider what a terrible thing might happen were Germany to turn on the British on the Western Front with all her resources, and possibly some Austrian divisions too. If Sir Douglas Haig were to report to him that a military emergency existed for putting British battalions in French divisions he would understand that Haig looked on it as something that had to be done and he himself would be protected by Haig's statement for the necessity of such action.

After a certain period of war, continued Mr. Lloyd George, every administration was severely criticized. In England the government had fallen; the same thing had happened in France. If he were in Secretary Baker's place he would be relieved to receive a recommendation from General Pershing in favor of the scheme.

General Pershing expressed the opinion that the adoption of this measure would so antagonize national sentiment that political outbursts would create a general opposition against the direction of the war, and the President would be exposed to bitter criticism. The Irish population would very naturally resent giving the United States troops for service in the British Army. All sorts of questions would be raised as to why our divisions were not competent to perform as units under American command. The question would be asked whether we were in the war to fight for Britain, and there would inevitably follow misunderstanding as to why our officers did not lead their own men.

A Question of Method

Mr. Lloyd George interposed that the battalions would be under American officers.

The commander in chief replied that the brigade and division commanders would be British, and the Americans would be acting under their orders. Before any such program could be carried out such a storm of disapproval would be raised that the project would have to be abandoned. The acceptance of this proposal was bound to create a breach of feeling between the British and American people, and stir the jealousy of the French, who would allege British domination. Moreover, it would be a dissipation of the present effort to build up a strong American Army. In his opinion it did not matter so much where the troops were in line—the thing was to get them there—so why not as an American force?

Replying to General Pershing, Lloyd George said the proposition was based on the fact that it took longer to train divisions than it did battalions, and the urgency was great. He then asked Sir Douglas Haig a question, and Haig remarked that a German attack might be expected any time; the Germans were moving to the Western Front an average of nine or ten divisions per month.

Sir Henry Wilson said by the first of May the Germans might attack with ninety-six divisions they had available, and they might have on the Western Front at that time two hundred and fifteen divisions—already they had one hundred and seventy-four.

General Pershing said that if the Germans attacked as soon as indicated, the American troops the British wanted could be of no assistance anyhow, for they could not be brought over that soon.

Amplifying his objections to the proposal he offered instead a plan to have the British bring over the entire combatant personnel of the divisions, giving the British the infantry and auxiliary services, and leaving the artillery to be instructed according to the same plans and on the same grounds as were now being used by the Am using French instructors and mate this plan the infantry and artiller be united under one of our ow manders when they had been sui instructed. The Allies had not look forward to 1918, but probab campaign in 1919 also, for wh American Army must be large and For this reason he could not afford t up ten divisions, which would be r of him in order to carry out the scheme. General Pershing submitt his own proposal would occasion ve delay and would render the useful the American forces much more v And the American people would c regard a British offer to transport tire personnel of divisions as very ge

Sir William Robertson stated th British could not place the p transportation at the disposition Americans indefinitely. He contend the British plan would result in ahead faster.

General Pershing again reminded that troops of one nationality wou amalgamate with those of another men would soon become disgr and would not do themselves credit forces of the British dominion serve in divisions of their own, and the had refused a plan submitted early war to amalgamate with the Frenc

At that, Lloyd George took u cudgels. He said the British had reason to refuse to amalgamate wit French in the beginning of the war. sides, they had done something in the first part of the war—they had five divisions of the very highest quality t in from the beginning. Whereas the A icans had been in the war since last

General Pershing reminded him tha Canadians had not amalgamated wit British.

A Lively Debate

Sir William Robertson said there never been any call for that; and matter of fact the French had never a the British to amalgamate with t Existing conditions pointed to the pr sition to incorporate one hundred and battalions in British divisions as the way to meet the situation.

General Pershing replied that we w not meet the military situation better one plan than by the other.

Sir Douglas Haig now took part in discussion, observing that the situat was more serious than he had previou thought. General Petain informed the French would have to disband twe divisions by the end of 1918 without fighting, and that such a fight as the G mans might be expected to put up wor cost at least 500,000 men or thirty di sions. With twenty divisions suppress and thirty more put out by the fightin the French Army would be reduced fifty divisions. That was a very seri matter. Sir Douglas concluded by dwe ing on the difficulty of organizing new di sions and the usefulness of the America in battalion units according to the pl proposed. General Pershing had be speaking only from theory, while he spok from experience, he said.

A general discussion ensued, and the in reply to a remark by Sir Douglas Hai General Pershing said that the Britis commander in chief seemed to imply tha the United States was to continue feedin recruits to the British Army. He de manded to know where this proposition was supposed to stop. In his opinion should stop now, and every effort should b exerted to build up an American Army.

Haig stated he had always understoo the scheme was to be a stepping stone to ward training and turning out American divisions rapidly.

In that case, replied General Pershing, he and the field marshal were in entire accord, if Sir Douglas meant what he said.

Sir Douglas remarked that he was speaking English.

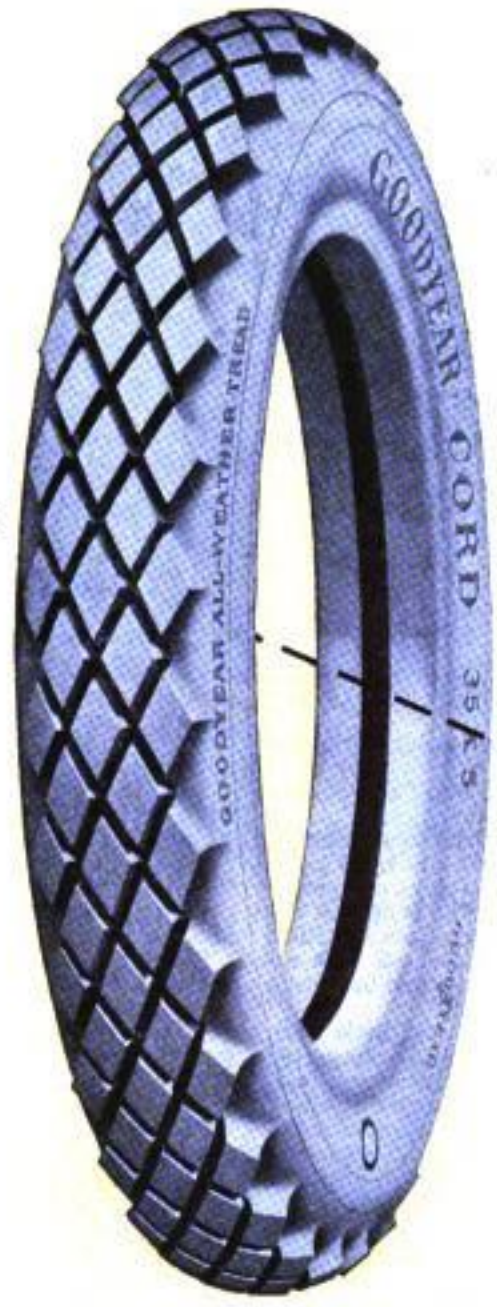
Later, during an argument as to whether these battalions would be with the British for training or really to make up a shortage Haig admitted that, incidentally, they would make up a shortage.

General Pershing announced that he was quite willing to have American troops trained in the British Army and had actually telegraphed this as a recommendation. But he understood that Sir William Robertson's plan comprehended feeding

(Continued on Page 35)

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$9.00 and $10.00

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HONEST ALL THROUGH

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(Continued from Page 34)

American troops into the British line as a more or less permanent arrangement.

Lloyd George said the British War Cabinet had never understood this.

Sir Douglas reiterated that he quite understood the proposition was intended for the training of American troops.

Still unconvinced that this understanding was clear in all quarters, General Pershing stated that he had gathered from Sir William Robertson that the latter wanted the American battalions put into British divisions to fill up the depleted British battalions.

Viscount Milner now intervened for the first time. His understanding was that Pershing would get his divisions formed more rapidly by passing them through the British line than by confining his training to the American camps.

After General Robertson had read aloud a memorandum covering the conditions for the incorporation of the American battalions, General Pershing resumed statement of his objections. He said he wished to make a clear distinction between placing battalions with the British for training and placing them there for service. Fighting was the best training troops could have, but he wanted them to grasp clearly that American battalions were not coming to stay in British divisions, but merely to train until ready for incorporation in divisions of their own.

On hearing this, Lloyd George asked if the general proposed to take the battalions out of line before the fighting was over, thereby leaving each British division shy three battalions.

"Do you think anyone would change during the fighting?" demanded Pershing.

"Would you take them out when you wanted them?" persisted Lloyd George.

"I would." General Pershing added that he insisted on being free to take over these American battalions when they were sufficiently trained to be used in American divisions.

The British Prime Minister inquired whether Pershing would be prepared to put in more American battalions to replace those taken away. The American commander in chief replied that he would like to be informed what would come from.

Were he to furnish replacements, he said, it would interfere with the project of creating an American Army. Anything to carry out the English plan would, he said, be a perfectly separate and independent scheme from the formation of the American Army.

Shortly after this the conference adjourned, Mr. Lloyd George intimated that he wanted to confer with Sir Douglas.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Pattullo. The second will appear in an early issue.

THE TIP

(Continued from Page 15)

said that he happened to be in a slight hurry. Twenty minutes later he was swung abruptly upright.

"Lilac on the face, sir? A bit of fragrant tonic on the hair?"

A wild light shone in Mr. Peavy's eyes. "Both," he commanded recklessly.

With the touch of fragrant tonic mingling with the remains of the straight fifteen-center Mr. Peavy paid his check and passed out. At the first corner he consulted the huge hunter which dangled from the Elk's charm and chain. It was 6:55. He extinguished the fifteen-center and boarded a surface car bound uptown.

Twenty minutes later a fat little man, his thinning hair most marvelously parted and exuding the pungent fragrance of budding lilacs, peered into the Ladies' Room of the Restmere Hotel. In a far corner a stiff figure in black and spangles sat between a giggling young thing of thirty-four and a stolid mountain of seal and kolinsky.

The little man smiled broadly and crossed to the sofa.

"'Lo, Henny," he bubbled. "Sorry I was late. Got held up. You know!"

The lady in black sniffed suspiciously and then nodded her head as if confirming some preconceived theory.

"Didn't want to be late. You know that, Henny. Especially a night like to-night. Just wait till you hear why ——"

The lady continued to nod—grimly.

"Where are your rubbers?"

The silly little thing of thirty-four giggled outright.

The little man laughed nervously.

"It's all right, Henny. Let's go in an' eat. There's a fine new picture at the ——"

"When did you take those rubbers off?"

Someone else in the background of faces laughed outright. A desperate inspiration came to the little man.

"Come on, Henny," he said. "It's all right. I—I—I left them out at the front door."

A belted earl conducted them through a blur of faces to an inconspicuous corner of the Fountain Room. On the right a huge palm separated the pair from another small table. On the left an aisle, and at its end the famous fountain sprayed with varicolored lights and huge goldfish darting, like golden blades, against the blue-green of the plate-glass tank.

The little man smacked his lips appreciatively and peered over the huge menu at the ominous figure of his companion.

"Swell! Eh, Henny?"

Henny's lips were a straight line. "If you can afford goldfish with your meals it is."

"We can. Wait till you hear."

A sniff.

For the moment the little man chose to ignore it.

"Oysters, Henny?"

"No."

"But Henny, they're still good. Ain't they, waiter? You know what they say in the rime about the R months." The little man was trying—hard—to ignore the calm.

Henny said it dryly: "It isn't R's that my stomach objects to—it's oysters."

The little man laughed gayly at this—too gayly.

"Some joke! Eh, waiter?"

The waiter thought so.

The lady did not.

"Roast beef," she said briefly, "fried potatoes, mixed tea and a chocolate éclair."

"Aw, Henny! Don't you want something different? Some of this New Jersey duckling or ——"

"The fried-potato order will do for two."

The little man dropped the card disconsolately.

"All right," he said bitterly. "Make the whole thing for two."

Water goblet in hand his bitterness left him.

"Henny! Henny!" he whispered hoarsely. "Lookit! Lookit!"

"At what?"

"Coming towards us. With the head waiter. See?"

"Well?"

"Don't you see him?"

"I see," said Henny quite calmly, "a dried-up man that looks as if he never slept eight hours in his whole life."

The little man tossed his head in complete disgust.

"Ain't that just like a woman?" he whispered under cover of the dinner card. "Calling a man like Henry Loveret dried up an' never sleeping! Can you beat it?"

"Oh," said Henny, quite without emotion, "so that is Henry Loveret, is it? I read about him in the paper last Sunday. The paper says they call him the Wolf of Wall Street—the poor man!"

"Poor!" ejaculated the little man. "Can you beat that? Why, do you know how many millions he is worth? Do you, Henny? Well, it's more than you have fingers and toes. An' all in the last three years too! Started as a board boy at Hallet & Hallet. Saved up and made a little clean-up! Made a little bigger clean-up! Then came the big bear market of 1920. Gosh! The money he made! An', Henny"—insidiously—"he didn't start out with any more than we got now."

"From his looks," observed Mrs. Henrietta Peavy, "he appears as if he won't have very much longer to enjoy it."

Mr. Peavy, for it was he, leaned as far over the table as his generous rotundity would permit.

"But we have, Henny!" he whispered impressively. "And we have it coming to us. Listen! I have it straight this time—straight from Ashbrooke himself! An', Henny! He patted me on the back when he told me! We're going to be rich, Henny! We ——"

Mrs. Peavy stopped him with an ominous forefinger.

"Oliver J. Peavy," she demanded, "when was the first time you made me come downtown to dinner this way?"

"Well, now, Henny ——"

"It was just about eleven years ago. We had saved up just fourteen hundred dollars for the farm. We needed nearly two thousand more and it looked so far off—and you said you had your information so direct ——"

"Oh, now, Henny ——"

"We said that it would be a lesson to us, didn't we? And we went to work harder than ever. And then when we had nearly a thousand again, after four years of the hardest kind of saving—you—you invited me to come downtown to dinner again."

"But, Henny, I had it straight from Mead himself. What you might call a straight tip—almost. Mead knew a man that knew the vice president of the company as well as I know you, and—an'

At the table behind the palms a fidgety old man of thirty-six had ceased to inhale his long brown cigarette. Henny perhaps just as well he had not asked the captain to move him. Apartment-house talkers were not always so interesting as the old lady was the straightest, prettiest thing—like you see in moving pictures.

She was speaking again:

"And the vice president was there, wasn't he, O. J.?"

"Yes; but, Henny, this is different. Never a tip was ever straight this is. I got it straight from Ashbrooke himself. Then, Henny, he laid his hand on my shoulder an' ——"

"You said that before. They are always straight—until it was all over and we were starting again. No! I said to myself the last time that it would never happen again. Never! Not even if the farm never comes. If I never do open the bedroom window and feel the salt in the air."

"But listen!"

"Oliver Peavy," said the lady with finality, "there is no use talking. I will not give up the bank book! We're going to take the long way round, but the way is sure. I may look out the window at the coal dust for many a year, but in the end I may sniff the salt. The Massachusetts Baileys were always a long-lived clan. Even if you were only sober now."

"Sober!" The little man's knife fell with a resounding clatter. "What do you mean, sober? That's what you said over the phone. An' furthermore, Henny, you know better! You know I haven't had even a touch of elderberry wine in fifteen years. You know ——"

"Sobriety," said the last of the Baileys clan slowly, "isn't always a matter of elderberry wine, Oliver! In—in your case it isn't. It's—it's money drunkenness and this is your third jag."

"Why ——"

"I've watched it for many and many a year. It begins when the deposit book begins to draw close to the thousand mark. You begin to get uneasy! You—you talk loud and read the stock page instead of putting on your slippers and demand double Canfield. You get abusive with food and talk about getting a raise or know the reason why. You—you smoke cigars instead of your pipe. You—you get as uneasy as Luke Tullo down home when spree time is approaching. And then it happens. Only this time it won't! Because, Oliver J. Peavy, the bottle is going to stay locked up!"

It was the moment for a determined stand. The money was his! He had worked for it. Hard! Half was his by any code. And the opportunity! It was the moment for any man—no matter how easy-going—to arise and declare himself.

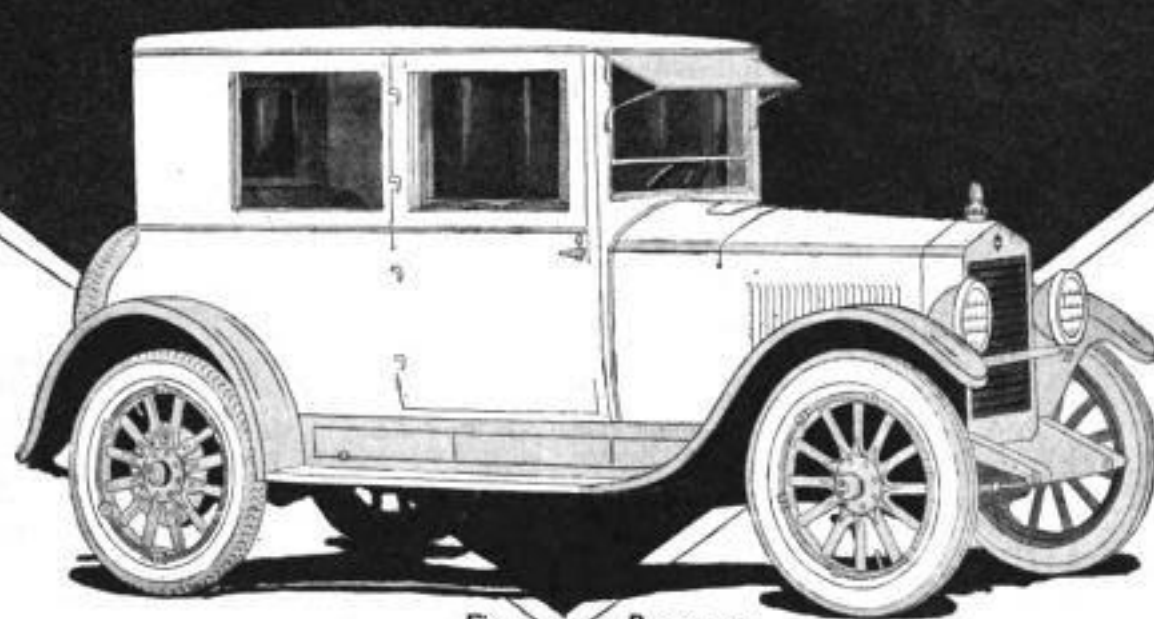
Mr. Peavy reddened liberally and half arose for the declaration of rights. But he didn't. Old Tam Bailey had had the same cold eye. He sank back into the plush of the golden chair.

"All right," he laughed wildly. "All right! Go ahead. Keep me working for another hundred years. I—I—I ——" And then inspiration came. "But just the same I didn't leave the damn old rubbers at

(Continued on Page 38)

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ESSEX COACH
$1345



Five Passenger

ESSEX MOTOR CARS

ESSEX MOTOR CARS

Performance as Notable As its Appearance

Don't Underrate Its Importance

The Essex Coach operates with the nimbleness of an open car.

You will like the way it gets about as well as its good looks and comfort.

It won't cause annoyance with squeaking body and rattling doors. You will be pleased at the little service attention required to keep it in tip-top condition.

Motoring pleasures come from ease of operation—simple control—a free, quick, responsive car that goes at any pace, that darts in and out of traffic and flies up-hill without effort of driver or motor. For these qualities all know Essex excellence.

Touring, $1095

Has These Fine Car Details

Dash controlled ventilator.

Wind and rainproof windshield.

Fine quality plate glass windows.

Sun visor.

Luggage and tool locker, opened from rear.

Newest type easy operating crank-handle lifts on door windows.

Four hinges on each door, and fittings that hold doors solid—very important.

Fine texture, long wearing upholstery and rugs.

Radiator shutters and motometer for efficient motor control.

Cord tires.

Coach, $1345

And no sacrifice of these advantages is made to obtain the closed car comforts furnished in the Coach.

Remember when buying a closed car you will continue to require motoring performance. You will want to drive wherever you drove with your open car. You want its fleetness, its reliability and its economy.

These are advantages of the Essex Coach plus its protection, comfort and distinction. They are made all the more attractive by reason of the price.

You can't ignore that.

Freight and Tax Extra

Go See—Ride and Compare

ESSEX MOTORS, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

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Says Goodbye to "$22 a Week"

—At 27 Earns $4,500 a Year

"Three years ago," writes A. J. Klick, "I was just an average young man of 24, possessing a fair education, liking a (so-called) good time, occupying a bookkeeper's high stool and receiving $1,100 per year.

"A crisis in my affairs woke me up and I began the serious study of Higher Accountancy.

"Before the year was over, I was making progress financially. Interested in my work, advancing steadily, more confident of myself, by the time I had finished the course I had an executive position and $3,000 a year.

"Last year I became comptroller of a good-sized corporation. My work became a pleasure; salary increased to $3,800.

"This year I accepted a similar position with a larger corporation, with broader responsibilities and an initial salary of $4,500. The future years are full of promise."

Unusual Opportunities in Accounting

Klick is *right*. His future years *are* full of promise! Never in the history of business has the need for trained accountants been so great or the rewards so attractive. The files of LaSalle Extension University contain literally thousands of letters reporting rapid advancement—incomes doubled, tripled, and quadrupled as the result of a comparatively few months of home-study training. Where these men were getting $1,500 or $2,000 a short time ago, they are earning from $3,000 to $10,000 today, *and they are on the upgrade.*

Their chance is *yours—if you will take it!*

Train by the "Problem Method"

Why let the *other* fellow walk away with the better job when the training you need is readily within your reach?

Right in your own home you can master Higher Accounting just as well as they! By the LaSalle Problem Method, you will be trained under the direct supervision of William B. Castenholz, A. M., C. P. A., former Comptroller and Instructor, University of Illinois, assisted by a large staff of Certified Public Accountants, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. You will be guided step by step through every phase of modern accounting practice—Auditing, Cost Accounting, Business Law, Organization, Management, Finance and Income Tax Procedure. You will handle practical accounting problems lifted bodily from business life. You will be given special preparation for the C. P. A. examinations.

Send for further information regarding the opportunities in accounting; read the enthusiastic testimony of men still in their twenties and early thirties who have broken away from the low-pay ranks and today are expert accountants—with incomes ranging from $5,000 to $10,000 a year. With this information we will send you particulars of our *convenient-payment plan;* also a copy of that inspiring book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One." "Get this book," said a prominent Chicago executive, "even if you have to pay five dollars for it." We will send it *free.*

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☐ Personnel and Employment Management
☐ Expert Bookkeeping
☐ Business English
☐ Commercial Spanish
☐ Effective Speaking
☐ C. P. A. Coaching

Name_____

Present Position_____

Address_____

(Continued from Page 36)

the door. I didn't wear them down here a-tall. I'll never wear them!"

Behind the palms the tired Wolf of Wall Street grinned and looked almost youthful. The old lady was a peacherino. If all the lambs were of the Clan Bailey the grist would be mighty small. But the little man had spoken of Ashbrooke. Thoughtfully he drained his coffee.

Ashbrooke! It was funny that one of Ashbrooke's tips would come to roost here! Loveret wondered what Ashbrooke would look like if he could sit at the table behind the palms and listen to his confidential clerk telling tales out of school.

Loveret thought. The security had not been mentioned. The old martinet had not let the jag get even that far. Loveret laughed softly. Was it a hunch? Or wasn't it? Somewhere he had heard once—from some cynical broken-down broker—"Out of the mouths of babes ——"

At least it wouldn't be half bad fun, and fun was uncommon. He paid his check and arose. There was still about this Wolf of Wall Street, the supreme gambler of the big slump, much of the boy who had chalked figures on a bright green board and joked with the dopesters.

Passing to the right of the aisle he slipped, and only the presence of the table by the wall prevented an apparently nasty fall.

"I'm so sorry!"

Popeyed with excitement, Mr. Peavy could only open and close his mouth convulsively. It was Henny who answered:

"Young man, you near had a bad fall."

Mr. Peavy regained his breath. "Don't mind her, Mr. Loveret," he apologized. "She didn't know you."

"I—I ——"

"You don't know me of course, Mr. Loveret, but I'm with Ashbrooke, Mead & Oppenheim. You know them. Peavy is the name."

The Wolf of Wall Street acknowledged the meeting with a smile. "A smart banker, Ashbrooke," he smiled, "but too conservative. But as far as that goes, all you bankers are too conservative—eh, Mr. Peavy?"

Tingling, Mr. Peavy managed a knowing wink. "Not always," he confided. "Sometimes we take a little flyer."

Mrs. Peavy sniffed, unnoticed in the glory.

"But I thought bankers never gambled?"

"They don't, Mr. Loveret. He, he! They don't have to! Not when they have sure things right in the office."

"Clever devils, you bankers," said Mr. Loveret thoughtfully. "Deep, too."

Mr. Peavy waved a deprecating fork aloft, a fork still impregnated with a cross section of astonished chocolate éclair. "Not that I wouldn't like to pass it along. But you understand, Mr. Loveret. Confidential. Eh?"

"Exactly. Highly confidential."

"Won't you ——" Mr. Peavy was reaching for another chair.

"No—er—thanks." The Wolf said it quite hastily but with a disarming smile. "I am late now. And—and I must stop at my room first and get—my rubbers."

"Well, you see," said Mr. Peavy slowly. "You heard him. The biggest gambler in Wall Street. You see what opportunities I have. Why, Henny, in two weeks the farm will be ours, an' besides ——"

"I was thinking," his wife interrupted with quiet calm, "about his stopping to get his rubbers—even with all his money."

III

AT 9:45 the telephone attached to the ornate desk of the first vice president of the National Trust Company tinkled musically, as became the telephone bell of a first vice president.

The vice president said "Hello" curtly.

"Loveret talking."

The v. p. said "Yes" cordially.

"I want you to confirm something I am almost sure of. Have Ashbrooke, Mead & Oppenheim anything in their shop now aside from poor old Stage?"

The v. p. laughed. His best customer's laugh. "To the best of my knowledge, not another fly."

"Certain? Nothing else that's listed on the Board?"

The v. p. thought not, giving certain reasons gleaned from financial back alleys.

"Thanks! For your trouble and frankness I'll tell you something: Stage isn't going by the board. They—they must be going to get their pound of flesh some other way."

The v. p. said "Thank you," and added, "But you know I never gamble."

At 10:20 the v. p. commanded an immediate connection with a downtown number and asked for the senior partner.

"Buy me a thousand S. S. P. at the market," he commanded, and then because the senior partner really was the best of good fellows, though inclined towards jumping to hasty conclusions, he added, "It's really not for me—but for the time being put it in my account."

The senior partner winked solemnly at the telephone and touched the button for his colleague.

"Our well-known v. p. is buying S. S. P. at the market in thousand-share lots."

The junior grinned. "Hot stuff?" he inquired.

"It looks that way. He's buying for the well-known friend."

"Would you pass it along?"

The senior nodded his head. "It—it looks pretty good to me; and because we happen to have a rule about employes and partners speculating in this firm I was just going to suggest that I have a well-known friend with a little spare cash that wants about two thousand shares."

The junior grinned again.

"Isn't that a coincidence now?" he said. "I have a friend that wants fifteen hundred."

In the building across the narrow cañon another man hung up a telephone receiver whose wire ran direct to a private suite in the Restmere Hotel. He lit a narrow flat cigar and whistled softly.

"Dynamite!" he said softly. "Ten thousand shares of S. S. P. at the market. Where does he get his hunches? Before this ten thousand is picked up they'll be calling it TNT."

He called a soft-footed man and spoke to him curtly. The soft-footed man nodded and took the slip of paper. On his way out through the clatter of shirt-sleeved operators he stopped over a scribbling form.

"S. S. P. at the market," he whispered and went on.

A few moments later the scribbler lounged carelessly through the door, then ran for an independent telephone. At the other end of the connection a fat man in a dirty little office grunted with satisfaction and hung up the receiver. He reached for a sheet of yellow paper whose imprint read:

AMOS J. McNULTY
SUCCESSFUL SERVICE FOR TRADERS

Under this caption the fat man scrib "To-day's best bet is S. S. P. Hop at least twenty points."

To a lanky girl in an outer offic handed the sheet. "Get this out pr And send Collison a check for a hund in a plain envelope."

The lanky girl giggled.

IV

IN THE private office of Mr. Payne brooke Mr. Oppenheim laughed ously. "It's like throwing gasolin fire. Spangling is nervous too! Simps Sayre have taken five thousand shares they grab every offering anywhere nea market."

Mr. Henry Mead nodded thoughtf "Well, that's what we wanted, wasn' We wanted a chance to distribute a more stock before we greased the skid the big drop, didn't we? That was wh called Peavy in, wasn't it?"

Mr. Oppenheim grunted contem ously. "Sure it was," he agreed. " Peavy and all of the little bucketsho that Peavy knows couldn't margin t than fifteen hundred shares at the ou Does Simpson & Sayre buying thous share lots two points above the ope sale look like Peavy? Don't make laugh!"

The telephone in the corner jangled.

Mr. Oppenheim picked up the rece with a jerk. A moment later he retur it to its place with an oath.

"Coles just bought eight hund eleven hundred and a thousand-sh block—and paid 35½ for the last th sand."

"Coles?" repeated Mead stupidly.

"Yes, Coles! And you know who C stands for. So does everybody in Street. In ten minutes it will be in ev trading room in the United States. Ca you see them reading it? 'Loveret buy S. S. P.' Hanged if I haven't half a mi to ——"

"Wait a minute!" It was the fi words from the head of the house. uttered them from his position by the w dow, where he had stood for a full twen minutes gazing down into the busy crev of Broad Street. "Don't be young! Do forget that you are in the banking busine Don't forget that for a moment! What di ference does it make if Simpson & Sayre take stock at the market? What differen does it make in the end if a born gambl like Loveret, even if he is able to buy an sell anyone in the Street at the momen

(Continued on Page 40)



"Swell! Eh, Henny?" "If You Can Afford Goldfish With Your Meals It Is"

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Stewart Vacuum System and Speedometer

Giants of the Automobile Industry



DO YOU know why almost 90 per cent of automobile manufacturers are equipping the cars they are offering you, with the Stewart Vacuum System? Not only because of its perfect operation under all conditions, but because it is the one gasoline feed system on which owners can obtain SERVICE from 86 Stewart Service Stations all over the world; 53 in the United States alone.

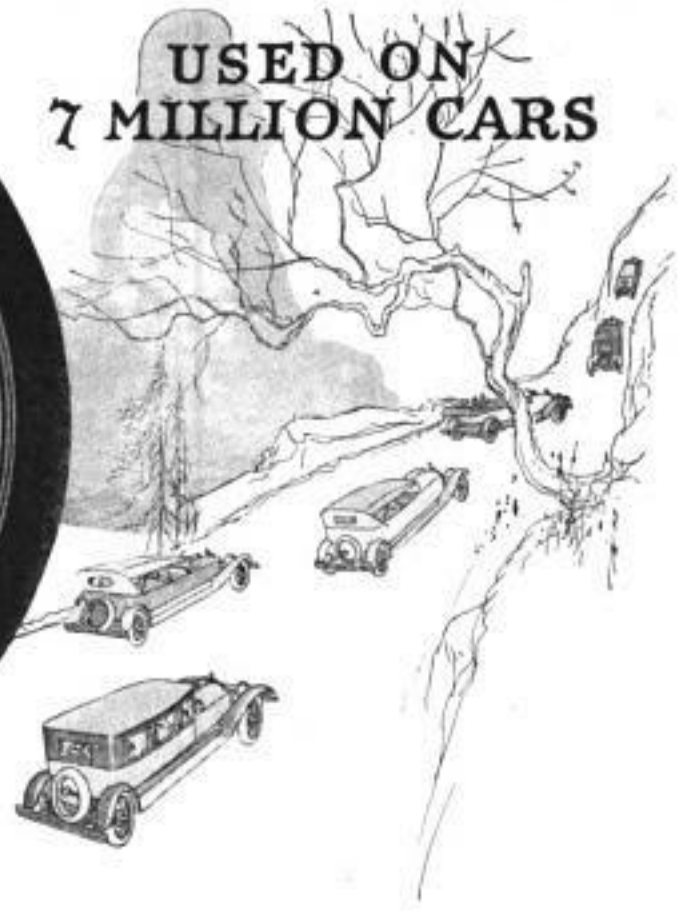
* * *

The same is true of Stewart, Warner and Van Sicklen Speedometers chosen by over 90 per cent of manufacturers. These instruments, long noted for their accuracy and fine workmanship, require but little attention. Yet, should the necessity arise, the car owner need not entrust the care of his speedometer to an average mechanic when there are Stewart-trained men in every Stewart-Warner Products Service Station.

STEWART-WARNER SPEEDOMETER COR'N
CHICAGO, U.S.A.

Stewart PRODUCTS

USED ON 7 MILLION CARS



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Treasures



All that rich flavor of mild, satisfying El Dallo is sealed in—protected from "killing" climate changes because we wrap "each cigar in its own humidor."

That's why El Dallo, with its fragrant aroma, means *big value* to the smoker who wants a generous sized cigar.

Not a mere fancy foil wrapping for looks—but a real climate-tight protective foil and tissue humidor for "keeps." For your full money's worth of flavor and aroma ask for El Dallo.

If your dealer doesn't have them, send one dollar ($1.00) for the Handy Pocket Edition Package containing 12 large Invincibles.

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Baltimore, Md.



Actual Size

EL DALLO

"EACH CIGAR IN ITS OWN HUMIDOR"

"Invincible" Size 3 for 25¢

"Straights" Size 2 for 15¢

(Continued from Page 38)

thinks of Stage Steel Products? We' know."

"True, but ——"

"We know that twenty million dollars owed to a banking syndicate headed by us must be paid in less than thirty days. And we know the money isn't there to pay it. We know the answer!"

"That's true"—Mr. Oppenheim licked his lips nervously—"but even when you know, it's nervous watching a market with that damned gambler in it. And then there is that old fool, Stage. I woke up the other night—cold, awake—and found myself wondering if he really meant what he said about my neck. If he found out ——"

Ashbrooke laughed. "The trouble with you and Mead," he said, "is, your nerve isn't as long as your avarice."

A moment later he answered the telephone.

"Stage Steel Products just came through on the tape at 38. Four thousand shares."

Oppenheim lumbered out of the room. In his private office he knew there was consolation in a squat brown bottle. It would help him to remember, perhaps, that he was a banker.

V

THREE weeks is, comparatively speaking, a short space of time, yet within its narrow confines lurk untold possibilities for a man who has something to say and the depth of feeling and dramatic ability to say it effectively. Such a man was Mr. Oliver J. Peavy.

On the evening following the dinner at the Restmere Mr. Peavy returned to his apartment and maintained a majestic calm throughout the evening meal. The meal itself disposed of, he removed from the inner pocket of his neat tobacco-brown suit a thin sheet of paper dotted with neat figures.

"It will interest you to know, Mrs. Peavy," he said throatily, "that Stage Steel Products closed to-day at forty dollars per share. If you will take the trouble to examine this sheet you will see that, had I been allowed to follow my own business judgment, a judgment—ahem—based on seventeen years' experience, we would have been two hundred and sixty-five dollars richer—or, at the rate we have been saving out of my salary, your ununderstandable obstinacy cost us to-day the savings of eleven months two weeks. I trust you are satisfied with your work."

After this he bowed stiffly.

On the following evening he carefully opened the evening paper to the financial page, folded it and thrust it dramatically before the calm face of his wife.

"Madam," he said, "please note! Don't take my word for it! Read it in cold print, fresh from the lips of one of America's foremost financial authorities. Here it is":

STAGE PRODUCTS TOUCHES 50 IN HEAVY TRADING

Following a steady demand at fractional advances throughout the early part of to-day's session Stage Steel Products jumped perpendicularly in the last few moments of trading to a new high for the recent move. In a turnover of less than five thousand shares the stock advanced from 43¾ to 50 in ten minutes just before the close.

Talk in the Street gives two reasons for the wide enhancement seen in this stock during the past two days. One is the operations of a big uptown speculator whose following, even on the merest hearsay, is very great. The other is the fact that the company's maturing indebtedness amounting to twenty million dollars will be met or extended.

As has been often pointed out in these columns, the enormous depreciation in this stock has been out of line with its book value for many months, and with a turn in the affairs of the company a condition might easily be created which would leave speculators short of the stock far out on the limb.

Mr. Payne Ashbrooke, head of the syndicate underwriting the loan of the company, could not be reached, and in his absence other members of the firm refused to make any statement.

Mr. Peavy arose and held the evidence dramatically extended. "Six months' more savings we have been cheated out of. Ten points! I tell you, Mrs. Peavy, this thing can't go any further. If you insist on remaining blind to our mutual interests, I will not! We have lost nearly eighteen months' savings, but we are not going to lose any more. I won't stand for it!"

Mrs. Peavy arose and faced her vermilion spouse, and in her eyes was the cold Bailey gleam of battle. Noting it, Mr. Peavy shifted nervously. He became less dramatic.

"Now look here, Henny ——"

She calmly arose and began to collect the dishes. Her hands well filled, she moved quietly to the door leading into the kitchen. There she stopped.

"No," she said—and passed on.

The baffled eye of her husband alighted on a package wrapped in newspaper lying on the golden-oak buffet. It was printed in Greek. He had brought it home that night. He would show her. Package in hand he moved to the window and opened it with a jerk. He waited until he heard its thud in the court below, then he closed the window with a slam.

"There!" he said to the closed kitchen door. "I guess that'll show you who is boss around here!"

VI

ACROSS the city three other gentlemen considered the same newspaper article.

"—— left out on the limb," repeated the largest of the three, and his voice was thick. "I tell you no matter how safe it is I don't like it! Suppose he should dig up the money somewhere, where would I dig up the ten thousand shares I'm short—an' at what price?"

"You're not the only one, Oppenheim. Think of someone else for a change. I'm short ten thousand—and so is Ashbrooke."

"Thirty thousand shares in a market like this!" The large man shivered.

"Shut up! You and Mead ought to be out in the streets stealing pennies from children. There isn't a chance in the world, I tell you—unless—unless ——"

"Unless what?" They both demanded the answer.

"Unless we don't hang together in this market and have one try to get out at the expense of the rest. In that case the market might get to a point where Stage would have enough equity in his collateral to give us the money—especially if business increases with the return of this morale he talks about—and I give him credit for that. I think he knows whereof he speaks. Do we agree not to sell?"

Mead nodded his head nervously. "Sure," he said.

Mr. Oppenheim agreed. "Let's have a drink on it," he suggested.

But four hours later, in the privacy of his own chamber, Mr. Oppenheim found slumber impossible—even with the help of another squat brown bottle. A sentence formed in phosphorescent characters danced upon the wall: "Ten thousand shares isn't as much as thirty thousand." And another: "Number One comes first."

Mr. Oppenheim arose unsteadily and switched on the night light. By its uncertain gleam he found the telephone and hoarsely commanded a number.

"Spangling?" he demanded.

"Yes."

"Rudolph Oppenheim. I want you to buy in all the Stage I am short. An'—an'—Spangling—do it through some other broker. Get me, Spangling? This is just between you and me. No, nothing is the matter. Only what nobody doesn't know don't hurt them."

At the other end Spangling smiled grimly. "No use going to bed just yet," he soliloquized. "I might just as well wait until Mead calls up and completes the thirty thousand. And all just between friends—and as usual Ashbrooke beat them to it."

VII

ACROSS the country another man sat with the financial page of the local daily before him. He was a large man, even as large men go, and from the corner of his mouth a huge brier gurgled and shot ashes.

"A little more," he muttered. "Just a little farther."

He reached for a telephone and asked for a number.

"Anderson," he demanded, "give me those figures again—they're pretty hard to believe. In two days—more business than we've booked in the last two months. Thank you, boy! Good night."

Stiffly he arose and stood in front of the old-fashioned marble mantel. Like a man long out of practice he raised his arms and held them far above his white old head. Jerkily he prayed.

VIII

STAGE STEEL PRODUCTS crossed 60 with a rush and 70 with ease. During the days that followed, Mr. Peavy continued to make pithy remarks relative to the obstinacy of certain people. On the twenty-third of April the Street a trading room in the land waite word from the offices of Ashbroo & Oppenheim. For the first tim weeks Mr. Rudolph Oppenhe downtown, having been sufferi ing to his household, with a s Mead, who had left suddenly f weeks' vacation, returned also. B exactly at the hour of meeting, pal of eye and nervous. Ashbrooke outward sign—of anything. The greeted one another cordially—al cordially—and looked at the cloc ten o'clock.

In an outer room Mr. Peavy, with importance, presided over a waiting newspaper men.

John Stage came—alone, his brier sending a whirling wake over his huge rounded shoulde ceded by the bustling Mr. Peavy t through the ornate walnut door of ference room. He walked straig table and laid on its shiny surfa of light blue paper.

"I left the receiver at home," grimly, "and brought you this I thank you—on behalf of the for the—the accommodation. Goo

The silence was broken by the op the door. Mr. Peavy apologized. newspaper men were insistent. Bu they were admitted he, Mr. Peavy few words to say. A few words of g for the interest they had shown in fare—an interest he, Mr. Peavy never forget as long as he lived—ev was prevented from realizing on it unexplainable obstinacy of a fema

Had he but known it, Mr. Peavy the partnership of Ashbrooke, M Oppenheim by that little speech. nished a safety valve that was needed—a football upon which the that could not be said might be expe

"You get out of here!" roared Oppenheim.

"And stay out!" from Mead.

The senior member of the firm too satisfaction in a lower tone—almost antly. "Get your money at the cas window, Peavy," he said, "and get o good."

Somehow Mr. Peavy found his through the maze of early noonday tr Some way he found his way home Fired! Nearly home it came to him. cause of it all! If she hadn't bee obstinate the thing wouldn't—cou have happened. And if it had happen wouldn't have made any difference. would have had the money—the mone do the things they had dreamed of do all the days and years of scraping paring. A cold rage cleared the numb from Mr. Peavy's brain like a shower ing the first spring dust. His step bec firmer. He moved with more purp Everything was gone! There would n be anything but scraping and paring fo the days to come. For once, however would speak his mind out.

In the doorway to the sitting room stopped. Subconsciously he noticed t she had the window open.

"Well," said Mr. Peavy, "here I a

"So I see, Oliver."

In vain did Mr. Peavy try to be calmly. A torrent can never be a bro Hot tears blinded his fat little eyes. lips quivered as they uttered chaotic, l tering things.

At its close, through the blur he saw t she was holding out a letter and an envel His watery eyes the letters refused to fo until they had been wiped time and ag Finally he read:

MRS. OLIVER J. PEAVY.

Dear Madam: Allow me to send you t very small commission, which I feel tha more than owe you. To your husband, to wh please convey my best wishes, I am also closing a remembrance, as yours is, for a ra day.

Sincerely yours,
HENRY LOVERET

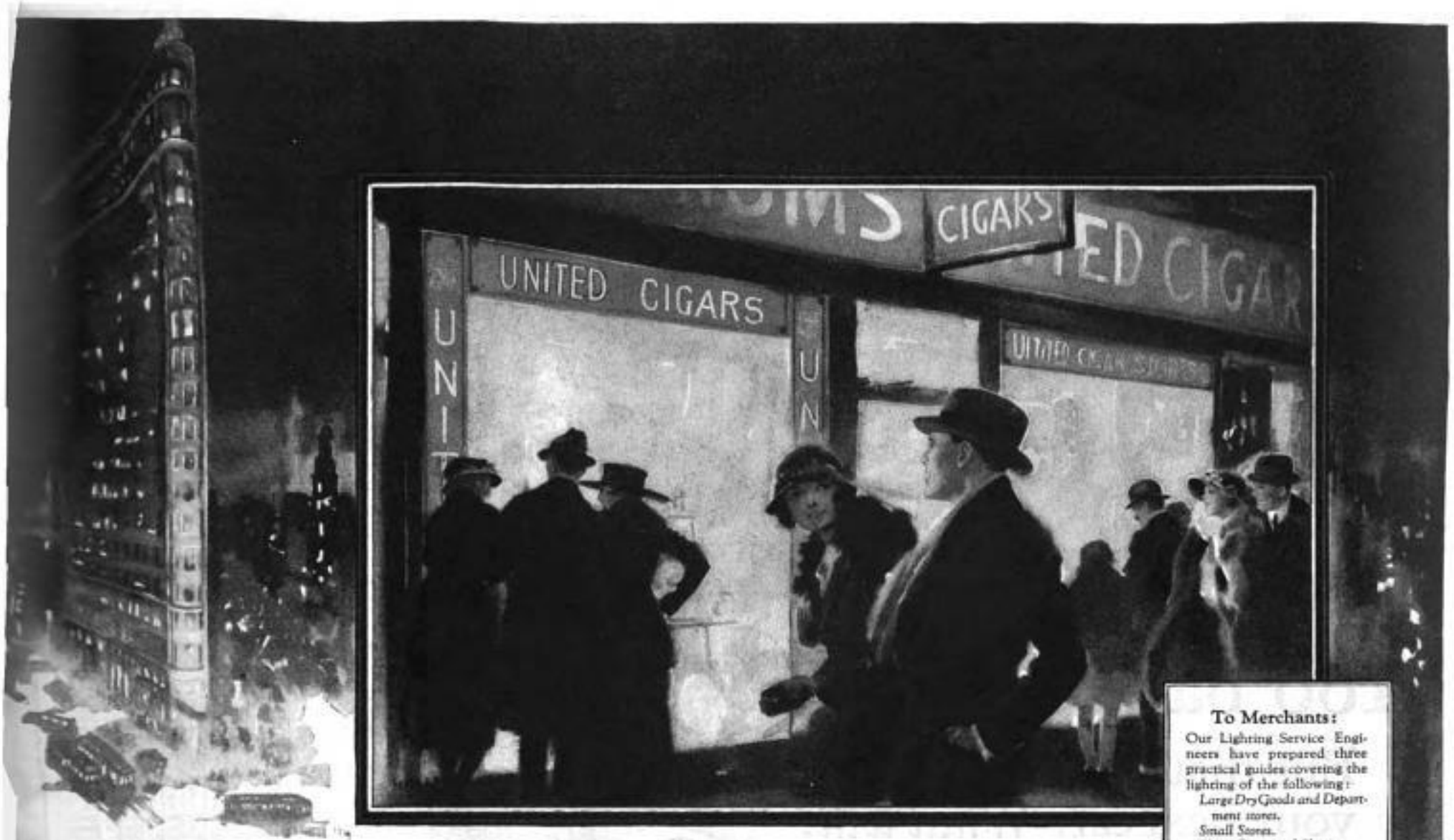
From the envelope Mr. Peavy dr with fingers that could hardly retain th power to grasp two brand-new thousa dollar bills!

"Here is yours, Oliver."

Breathing hard Mr. Peavy untied t string and slowly removed the wrappe Silently he placed a pair of shiny black ru bers upon the table by the door and walk slowly over to the window.

"I tell you what, Henny," he said finall "they're just what I'll need down in th Cape Cod country."

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To Merchants:

Our Lighting Service Engineers have prepared three practical guides covering the lighting of the following:

Large Dry Goods and Department stores.
Small Stores.
Show Cases and Show Windows.

Your request, mailed to the Edison Lamp Works, Harrison, N. J., will bring you the proper booklet or booklets at once.

Your Edison MAZDA Lamp Agent can supply you with the right lamps.

People buy
where the lights are bright

"OUR experience has proved it," says C. A. Whelan, President of the United Cigar Stores Company.

"We know positively that Light not only attracts buyers but actually sells goods," he adds. "Next to our salesmen, Light is our greatest selling force. That is why we have increased the wattage of our lamps and doubled our current consumption in the past seven years. That is why proper lighting is an essential consideration when we open a new store.

"We value our windows for advertising purposes at millions of dollars a year in sales. Without proper light our windows would be worth only a fraction of their present sales value—*yet the cost of the lamps is so little in comparison with what they add.*"

* * * * *

A glow of light in the store window is the outward mark of a progressive spirit inside. Good merchants everywhere realize this. You are pretty sure to be safe if you buy where the lights are bright.



EDISON
MAZDA LAMPS
EDISON LAMP WORKS OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

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Too bad!

But that won't help your next car. *What will?*

YOU give your car every care it should have, perhaps—save one. You may always thoughtlessly say, "Give me a quart of oil."

Queer, unexpected knocks come. Repair bills seem high and frequent. Operating troubles multiply. The repair man simply can't seem to keep the engine sweet. You expected to keep the car five seasons. But the engine already shows signs of age.

All around you are men who *don't* turn cars in every season or two—who *aren't* constantly face-to-face with unexpected repair bills—who climb long hills easily and quietly even when the car is old.

They are the men who fondle their cars a bit, keep them up well. And they are particularly careful about lubrication.

Have you ever noticed how many of them are enthusiasts on Gargoyle Mobiloil?

Now for Economy

People are learning that they have a right to expect more from their lubrication. More automobile owners will learn the lesson this year than ever before. More will wake up to the fact that incorrect lubrication doubles engine repair bills. Instead of saying "Give me a quart of oil" they will ask for the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil.

If your car is not listed in the partial chart shown here, ask the dealer. He has the complete list of recommendations—covering every car built.

Not a gasoline by-product

Nine out of ten lubricating oils on the market are simply by-products in the manufacture of gasoline.

Gargoyle Mobiloil is *not* a by-product.

It is produced by lubrication specialists who are recognized the world over as leaders in lubricating practice. Gargoyle Mobiloil is manufactured from crude oil chosen for its *lubricating* qualities—not for its gasoline content. Gargoyle Mobiloil is manufactured by processes designed to bring out the highest *lubricating* value—not the greatest gallonage of gasoline.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

Chart of Recommendations

(Abbreviated Edition)

How to Read the Chart:

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of both passenger and commercial cars are specified in the Chart below.

A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arc means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendations should be followed during the entire period when freezing temperatures may be experienced.

The recommendations for prominent makes of engines used in many cars are listed separately for convenience.

The Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers, and represents our professional advice on correct automobile lubrication.

Don't say "Give me a quart of oil" Make the chart your guide

NAMES OF AUTOMOBILES AND MOTOR TRUCKS	1921 Summer	1921 Winter	1920 Summer	1920 Winter	1919 Summer	1919 Winter	1917 Summer	1917 Winter
Ace (Newark)	A	Arc	A	Arc				
" (Model [illegible])	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Allen	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
American Six	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Apperson (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (All Other Models)					A	A	Arc	Arc
Auburn (6 cyl.)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (Model [illegible] H Eng.)							A	Arc
" (6-[illegible] Model H Eng.)					A	Arc		
Auto Carrier	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Briscoe	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Buick	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cadillac	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Case	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Chalmers	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chandler Six	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chevrolet (4 cyl.)				A	A	A	A	A
" (Model 490)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" All Other Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Cleveland	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Collier (1 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Crow-Elkhart	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cunningham	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Daniels	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Dodge Brothers	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Elcar (8 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (6 cyl.)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Fiat							B	A
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Grant (6 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (Com.) (Model 12)					A	Arc		
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Haynes (6 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (12 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Holmes	A	A	B	A				
Hudson Super Six	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jackson (4 cyl.)	A	Arc	Arc	Arc			A	Arc
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	A
Kissel Kar (12 cyl.)					A	A	A	A
" All Other Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Kline Kar	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
LaFayette (Indianapolis)	A	A	A	A				
Lexington (Cont. Eng.)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Liberty	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Lincoln	A	A						
L. M. C.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Locomobile	A	E	A	E	A	E	E	E
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Maxwell	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Mercer	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Minerva	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Monroe	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Moon	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Nash	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (Model 671)							A	A
" (Com'l.) (Quad)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (1 ton & 2 ton)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
National (6 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (12 cyl.)					A	A	A	A
Overland	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Owen Magnetic (Mod. M)							Arc	Arc
" All Other Mod.	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc
Packard	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Peerless (6 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Mod.							Arc	Arc
Pierce-Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (Com.) (3 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc
" All Other Mod.	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Pierlot	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Renault (Franco)	A	A						
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Rayner (Model R. A.)							A	Arc
" (Model 6-75)	A	A						
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Rolls Royce							A	A
R & V Knight	B	A	B	A				
Saxon	A	Arc	A	Arc	E	E	E	E
Sayers-Scott	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Singlex Crane							A	A
Standard (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Stearns-Knight	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	A
Stephens	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc
Stoughton (1 & 1½ ton)	A	Arc	A	Arc				
" All Other Mod.	A	A	A	A				
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Templar	A	A	A	A	A	A		
White (16 valve)					A	A	A	A
" (3 and 5 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A		
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Willys-Knight	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	A
Willys Six					Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Winton	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc

Prominent Makes of Engines

Beaver (Mod. J-JA-JB-JC)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
" All Other Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Buda (Mod. YTU-BTU-CTU-DTU-ETU-FTU-HU-HTU-IU-ITU-XU-XTU-YU-YTU)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Continental (Model R)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" (Model T)					A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Falls	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
G.R. & S. (Model AA)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Hinschell-Spillman (Models JU-S-V & VA)					A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hinkley	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Northway (Mod. 100)							Arc	Arc		
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Waukesha (Models CU-DU-EU & TU)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" All Other Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Wisconsin (Mod. QA-QU)	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A

Warning:

Don't be misled by some similar sounding name. Look on the container for the correct name *Mobiloil* (not Mobile) and for the red Gargoyle.

Domestic Branches:

New York (Main Office)
Boston
Philadelphia
Pittsburgh
Buffalo
Chicago
Detroit
Indianapolis
Minneapolis
Des Moines
Kansas City, Kan.
Dallas

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

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THE PRINT OF MY REMEMBRANCE

(Continued from Page 16)





A Group of Caricatures. At the Left—Frederic Remington by Augustus Thomas. At the Right—E. W. Kemble by Remington. Below—Augustus Thomas by Remington



Palmer, it never
d to him to de-
m the arrange-
nade to sublet
eater. To get
money he was
ore obliged to
alf interest in
ay to Charles
an and Al Hay-
Both these men
him to continue
at the Madison
. They argued
Miss Morton's
was as yet un-
that other the-
s suitable as the
on Square could
t for it in the city and that Miss
n had no right other than the most
ral one, and none whatever in jus-
o impair Mr. Palmer's property by
g it out of a theater where it had such
ntum. As a matter of fact, the new
ers were right. Miss Morton's man-
ould have benefited rather than have
y some financial accommodation that
have deferred their *première*. The
hant was produced in warm weather
was not successful.

arles Frohman knew nearly all the
then playing in the American theater.
had traveled with Haverly's and
nder's Minstrels, with modest ven-
of his own; he was a most approach-
and human person, and with his little
just one flight of stairs up from the
dway sidewalk, where anybody en-
without knocking in those days, his
aintance and his popularity rapidly
. After Shenandoah he acquired a
of the Twenty-third Street Theater,
een Sixth and Seventh avenues, and
ced Men and Women, by Belasco
De Mille, on the model of the plays
were then supplying the Lyceum.
was followed by other dramas and a
of farces provided by the skillfully
inal as well as adapting pen of William
tte. This success built for him the
beautiful Empire Theater at Broadway
Fortieth Street, which he opened with
sco's fine melodrama, The Girl I Left
nd Me, in which Frank Mordaunt,
liam Morris, Theodore Roberts and
rs appeared with the boy actor, Wallie
linger, as Dick.

Frohman's Cheerful Philosophy

Clay M. Greene, in a burlesque of that
y, had the colonel in agony, reading
ws of an injury to little Dick, hand the
egraph tape to the major and say, "Take
I must get back."
"Back where?"
"To the center of the stage."
I'll talk about me.

We were friends, Charles Frohman and
from our first meeting in 1882 until he
s lost on the Lusitania in 1915—thirty-
ree years. After 1892 he produced nine
ays of mine—Surrender, Colorado, The
an Upstairs, The Other Girl, Mrs.
effingwell's Boots, De Lancey, On the
iet, The Harvest Moon and Indian
mmer, and five others which I had re-
itten but did not sign. I don't remem-
r that we ever signed a contract, and I
m sure that we never had a difference. He
as among the first men upon whom I called
hen I first came to New York to go with
he Marlowe company, and when I returned
with the thought
ader Bishop. He was
he first manager to ask
me for a play after my
oming to the city. I
wrote for him many bits
not mentioned above.
These little things were
often written in his
presence as he pushed
a piece of paper across
the desk when a subject
came up in some related
talk. He had a fashion
of doing that with other
playwrights—Gillette
or Fitch or Carleton—
and it was great fun to
give him some bit for
one of his girl stars and
hear him say, "That
will go in to-night."

There was never any talk of remuneration for these little things, as the burden of obligation, if obligation existed, was always so heavily on the other side for the hundreds of little courtesies that he found one way or another of extending. Charles Frohman had a fine dramatic sense, and without attempting exactly imitation had the mimetic faculty that suggested the object of his portrait quite as definitely. Men amused him much, and when he told of his last visitor the interview was likely to be vividly dramatized. I remember a report of a visit of Colonel Alfrend, the Southern author of whom I have written.

C. F., with his irresistible twinkle, said "The colonel was here to see me," and then without another word there was the pantomime of the high hat laid carefully on the table, one finger after another of one glove carefully withdrawn, then the entire glove straightened out and laid across the hat; the same treatment for the other hand; the silk-faced overcoat carefully taken off, shaken out at the collar, folded, laid over the back of the chair; the button of the surtout carefully adjusted at the waist; mustaches stroked, and the victim transfixed with a steady and piercing gaze. The scenario of a play was drawn from one inside breast pocket.

But C. F., *in propria*, interrupted—"I am going to do a play by J. M. Barrie for Miss Adams. If you had brought me in something for Miller ——"

Then C. F. was stopped; another scenario came from the other inside pocket. This was not exactly the kind of story that was wanted. Then, still as the colonel, C. F. put one hand over his head like the legendary Westerner getting a bowie knife and drew a third phantom scenario from the back of his coat collar, this last gesture burlesque, but so in character that it was impossible to find the line dividing it from preceding comedy.

Charles Frohman had a bit of philosophy that he carried through life. He had learned that existence was supportable if he had one real laugh in the day. Among men interested in art and the theater as connoisseurs and patrons the wisest that I know is Mr. Thomas B. Clarke. I was at a loss to comprehend his standard of excellence in the drama until I heard him say one time that any play which for two consecutive seconds made him forget himself, made the playhouse disappear and him to feel that he was in the presence of a real event was for him a notable play. He said:

"One seldom gets from a studio a canvas of uniform excellence throughout. There will be one feature of it better than the others. I can prize it for that feature. And if I get a play with the scene I have indicated I go three or four times when the scene is on to get the same pleasure from it that I get from the excellent note in a painting."

C. F. seemed to apply an equal theory to relaxation and the day's conduct. The thing that amused him he would write upon a blotting pad, and recover somewhat of its joy by telling it to many a subsequent visitor. During the rehearsals of The Other Girl referred to in previous chapters we had on our third or fourth day reached the first repetition of the second act. I was on the stage with manuscript and a blue pencil, the company standing about, slowly marking positions on the parts, when C. F.'s office boy came with an envelope carrying across its back the well-known blue display of Maude Adams' name. As the boy waited for an answer the rehearsal stopped long enough for me to read the sheet inside.

It carried in large and hurried handwriting, in colored crayon, "How are you getting along at rehearsals without me?"

C. F. Wins a Bet

Taking the inquiry at its face value from a busy man, I wrote across the note one word "Great," handed it to the boy and forgot it. Two days later I stopped in at the office for some necessary conference. His letter with my comment was pinned on the wall.

He said, "That furnished me laughs for two days. I showed it to everybody."

He was also a practical joker, and would go to considerable lengths, but never with any of the cruelty or lack of consideration that practical jokes sometimes breed. When Alabama went on its second visit to Chicago he was interested in the management.

He said, "I'll bet you that it'll do a bigger business than it did the first time."

As it was to be in the same house and we had played to capacity the first time, I didn't see how that could be, and said so. He wanted to bet, nevertheless, and rejecting cigars and hats as stakes he fixed upon a suit of clothes. I demurred, feeling that it was unsportsmanlike to bet on a sure thing. He generously gave me that advantage, however. The business on the second trip was nearly double, because of the fact, of which C. F. was aware and I not when he made the bet, that the play had been chosen for the local police benefit and all patrolmen of Chicago were selling tickets. The increased royalties reconciled me to the loss of the bet. The bill for the suit of clothes came in with C. F.'s indorsement. The price, one hundred dollars, amused him greatly. We must remember that back in 1892 fifty or sixty dollars was a fair sum for a suit of clothes. C. F. was fond of telling all this when he had me and some other man in his office.

Considerably later he was to open with a new play, the name of which did not please him. On his blotter he had a half dozen alternative titles suggested by persons who had called during the day. The man who gave the winning title was to get a suit of clothes. He told me the story. I suggested Never Again, which C. F. wrote on the blotter and said would be taken





Eugene Wiley Presbrey and Francis Wilson, Caricatured by Augustus Thomas

(Continued on Page 45)



HAVE the pistons of your automobile been playing any pranks on you lately?

They do that sometimes. But you will know when they commence to cut capers.

When your cylinder walls become worn and out-of-round; your pistons vibrate and tremble and the oil begins to squirt up around them—then you will know that your motor is having a little party with you acting as banker.

You will find it expensive if you don't crab this little game, particularly when your motor begins to loaf on the job and displays a lack of pep and vigor.

You'll have to feed the kitty with oil pretty regularly and donate a few spark plugs to the cause. But that won't stop those piston pranks. They'll keep right on cutting into your roll until you insist on a new deal with new faces setting in. Now I don't want you to feel that we're mercenary—but here's a bit of free advice that you can follow and make some money.

It's simply this: If you want real action under the hood, just slip Spencer-Smith Pistons into your engine.

Then they'll receive sledge hammer blows at every explosion and grin; they'll race up and down the cylinder walls with never a skip, falter, or miss—developing the power that pulls you through hub-deep mud and speeds you over the highways to the *byways*. No oil pumping and no carbon griefs with Spencer-Smiths, because we encircle each piston with a groove into which the oil is wiped by the lower piston ring. From the groove the oil drains through holes into the crankcase. This is a patented Spencer-Smith feature and it works so perfectly that I am surprised somebody hasn't tried to imitate it.

So I say: Junk your old, overweight, sluggish, wasteful pistons and replace them with a set of economical energetic Spencer-Smiths after regrinding your cylinder walls. Honestly you won't believe it's the same old chariot. Smooth? Smooth as the mahogany above the old time brass rail. And power? Why you will be accusing someone of dissolving a stick of dynamite in your gas tank.

Did I hear some doubting Thomas ask "How does he get that way?"

Well, it's a fair question. But we have the evidence—in print, too. The boss is the author and he surely has given a dry subject a punch that would almost be convicting evidence for the prohibition officer—wherever he is.

Just drop me a card in care of the Spencer-Smith Machine Company, Howell, Michigan, and I, personally, will mail you his booklet, "Making Your Pistons Pay a Profit."



SpenSmith

P. S.

A Patented Oil Drain Groove

Notice that oil groove and the oil holes. They prevent carbon trouble caused by burning oil. On the down stroke of the piston the oil is wiped into the groove by the third ring and is then drained through the holes back into the crankcase.

© (11)

SPENCER-SMITH PISTONS

Built by the largest manufacturers of pistons exclusively

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Big as Cords, Cost less than Cords

Defects Kept Out Mileage Built In

Our mechanical process of building Hydro-Toron Tires—vulcanizing by Internal Hydraulic Expansion with water under pressure heated to the proper temperature—prevents those unseen defects which are real causes of Stone-Bruise, Rim-Cut and Blow-Out in ordinary tires.

The scientific chemical process of treating fabric—the Toron (no-rot) treatment—proofs each tire against the damaging effects of moisture and decay. The Toron treatment not only seals the tire against oxidation in all its forms, but gives the fabric a greater affinity for rubber, increases tensile strength, and insures a greater holding power between the layers of the tire.

This mechanical process, and this scientific chemical treatment, result in the unusual mileage represented by Hydro-Toron's fearless guarantee.

Besides this guarantee of 10,000 miles against Stone-Bruise, Rim-Cut and Blow-Out, Hydro-Torons are as big as cords, yet cost less than cords. Be sure to ask for them the next time you buy.

Tire dealers seeking a real money-making opportunity—a better proposition insuring good profit and satisfied customers—should write for our plan.

HYDRO-UNITED TIRE COMPANY

Factory and Eastern Sales Office
300 Hanover St., Pottstown, Pa.

Western Sales Office
1053 West 35th St., Chicago

Pacific Coast Branch
420 Beach St., San Francisco, Cal.

Fearlessly Guaranteed
10,000 Miles
Against Stone Bruise Rim Cut and Blow Out

HYDRO TORON

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(Continued from Page 43)

consideration. My wife and I dined own that night and went to a play. As e coming uptown to the Grand Cenation all of the exposed ash barrels, and temporary scaffolds were being d with snipe advertising of Never I went to an expensive firm and d their best suit; the price was one d dollars. I asked them if there some way to increase it, and after ous additions induced them to boost ne hundred and fifteen. C. F. added o his story.

h the success of Alabama the con- avidity of the public for the South- pe drew Mr. Palmer's attention to el Carter, by Francis Hopkinson . The story, which had appeared in the magazines, was already in book and was probably a best seller; one of it everywhere. I had *carte blanche* material, but felt a little overawed by opularity of the book and the au- of its author. The play was only successful, but it marked a very le date in my own affairs, a friend- with that man of such extraordinary *tility*, Hop Smith, as his friends him, that lasted until his death in I have at hand no scrapbook to upon the defenseless reader, but k it an act of simple justice to the r of the book to quote from The et of Time by Wil- Winter, America's est critic of the ter:

Coming as it did at e when the stage being freely used the dissection of itude and disease, play came like a ze from the pine ds in a morning of ng." And of the derful artist, dear Holland, he writes: is success was de- ve. The Colonel— h his remarkable k coat that could adjusted for all oc- ions by a judi- s manipulation the buttons, his yed wristbands, shiningtrousers, unconsciously lorn poverty, i his unquench- e spirit of hope, e and honor— s, in that remarkable performance, a turesque, lovable reality."

With the production of Carter com- ted, and with plays for Goodwin, Crane d Charles Frohman to write, I ended my nnection with Mr. Palmer and turned to e wider field. Mr. Palmer had about cided to abandon management anyway, though with his caution over any con- dered step he did not do so for two years.



Wallace Eddinger in "The Girl I Left Behind Me"

Mr. Palmer's Retirement

During those two years he produced ilby at the Garden Theater and one or o plays at his own house, in which the eautiful Maxine Elliott made her first ppearance. Mr. Palmer, who had been a ublic librarian in his youth, was the most ultivated manager I knew personally— never met Augustin Daly. But Mr. almer's culture made him timid in a busi- ess that was fast offering premiums for dventure. I remember the melancholy of he man in his gradual retirement, as dur- ng that period he said to me, "I'm an old man"—he was considerably under sixty at the time—"and I cannot compete with these younger men who are coming into the field." He named particularly Charles Frohman and Mr. Erlanger.

It would be of interest to remember the kind of world in which we then were living in that period beginning in 1892 and cover- ing the next five years of which I now write. The President of the United States was Grover Cleveland. William McKinley was governor of Ohio. Roswell P. Flower was governor of New York. The state of Massachusetts had just elected to the United States Senate, to succeed the veteran Senator Dawes, a person comparatively young and described as a man of letters, named Henry Cabot Lodge. The national legislature was considering the favorable report of a Senate committee upon a proposed Nicaragua Canal. We had reached a decision that it was essential to have our Navy doubled. Gold had been discovered in quantities in Colorado, and there was an excited movement to that state. Andrew Carnegie and Henry Frick, declining to consult with their men, with whom they were having some labor disputes, had been responsible for the precipitation of the Homestead trouble.

On the other side of the water Charles Stewart Parnell had just died under something of a cloud. In England Gladstone was preparing to retire from the premiership after explaining his home-rule bill. Bismarck was being charged by the Socialists of Germany with corrupting the press with money improperly collected. There was a famine in Russia. In France Ferdinand de Lesseps had been indicted because of irregularity in the conduct of the Panama Canal enterprise; five deputies and five senators were under arrest charged with complicity therein. Deputies Clemenceau and Déroulède had fought a duel, firing three shots at each other, and concluded by shaking hands.

The Early '90's

Thomas F. Gilroy was mayor of New York City; the community was busy discussing rapid transit and the prospect for a first subway, for which it seemed impossible to borrow money. There was a great stir in municipal consciousness all over the country. L. S. Ellert had just been elected mayor of San Francisco on an independent ticket and a promise to give clean business as opposed to the sand-lot variety of politics. Mayor Pingree, of Detroit, had won on a campaign for city lighting. Mayor William Henry Eustace of Minneapolis was closing a business administration, and although contracts with the lighting companies had five years to run, Minneapolis was resolving at the termination of that time to have her own electric plants. Chicago was hoping to elect Mayor Harrison in order to have his direction during the period of the World's Fair. And Nathan Matthews, mayor of Boston, had been elected on a ticket for municipal lighting and an extension of the transit.

For the season of '91–'92 my wife and I had resumed possession of our apartment on the upper floor of the Oriental Hotel on the Thirty-ninth Street side, overlooking the roof of the Casino. In the summer and early autumn evenings we could sit at the window or on the little fire-escape balcony thereby and see the operatic performance on the Casino roof as comfortably as if from a private box, though a bit remote. Part of our royalties that were coming in I devoted under competent advice to the collection of a small library, good for working purposes, and occasionally getting here and there a little picture that was worth having. Somebody has said that when you have once thoroughly seen a picture you may safely take leave of it; it will never again have for you its first effect.

For some reason that is not the truth for me. A picture that I have really chosen and that I like grows more and more to be a part of my environment, and I feel with Dr. Henry van Dyke, who wrote that his pictures were for him windows through which he looked out from his study on to the world.

In that apartment, thus agreeably situated and surrounded, I began to think about the story for Goodwin. He had been so successful in a sentimental bit in A Gold Mine, written for him by Brander Matthews and George Jessop, that though he was willing to have his new play largely comedy, he hoped that it would have a serious backbone. At that time Goodwin was slight, graceful, and with a face capable of conveying the subtlest shades of feeling;



HEINZ
Spaghetti
Ready cooked ready to serve

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his voice was rich and modulated. My problem was to find a story for a blond hero five feet seven inches tall, weighing under one hundred and fifty pounds, with a Roman nose and a steady, steel-blue gaze. I stood the Goodwin photograph on my table and looked at it until it talked to me. The slight physique couldn't explain the solid confidence of that look except there was behind it a gun. I clarified my problem a little by deciding that the gun should be carried lawfully, and as there was nothing suggesting the soldier in Goodwin, nothing of the setting-up type about him, I was urged to the idea of sheriff.

Persons interested in play writing—and I am persuaded they are not few in number—will see how that clears the atmosphere. When you must or may write for a star it is a big start to have the character agreeably and definitely chosen. To secure the love interest I thought of a girl who would be of a little finer strain than the sheriff type indicated, and the necessity for conflict suggested a rival. The rival should be attractive but unworthy, and to make him doubly opposed to Goodwin I decided to have him an outlaw, someone it would be the sheriff's duty and business—business used in the stage sense—to arrest.

I have told in earlier chapters of my experience with Jim Cummings, the express robber, who had given a messenger on the Missouri-Pacific road a forged order to carry him in his car and then after some friendly intercourse had tied the messenger and got off the train with a suitcase full of greenbacks. The need for a drama criminal decided me to make use of Cummings as Goodwin's rival, a glorified and beautiful matinée Cummings, but substantially him. This adoption rescued the sheriff and the girl from the hazy geography of the mining camps in which my mind had been groping and fixed the trio in Mizzoura.

Newspaper experience in those days before the flimsy and the rewrite emphasized the value of going to the place in order to report an occurrence, and I knew that aside from these three characters and their official and sentimental relationship the rest of my people and my play were waiting for me in Bowling Green, Mizzoura. I told Goodwin of the character and the locality, got his approval of the idea that far, and took a train for Pike County.

Getting Characters in Mizzoura

In those days Mrs. Thomas and I used to hold hands on our evening promenades; but I think it was really our foolish New York clothes that made the blacksmith smile. At any rate, we stopped at his door and talked with him. He knew Champ Clark and Dave Ball, another Missouri statesman, and had the keenest interest in the coming convention for the legislative nomination. It was fine to hear him pronounce the state name Mizzoura, as it was originally spelled on many territorial charts, and as we were permitted to call it in the public schools until we reached the grades where imported culture ruled. The blacksmith's helper, who was finishing a wagon shaft with a draw knife, was younger and less intelligent, and preferred to talk to Mrs. Thomas. A driver brought in a two-horse, side-seated depot wagon on three wheels and a fence rail. The fourth wheel and its broken tire were in the wagon, and the blacksmith said he'd weld the tire at 5:30 the next morning.

We went without breakfast to see him do it. He was my heroine's father by that time—a candidate for the legislature—and I was devising for him a second comedy daughter to play opposite to the boy with a draw knife. That day I also found the drug-store window and the "lickerish" boxes that Cummings should break through in his attempted escape; and I recovered the niggers, the "dog fannell," the linen dusters and the paper collars which in my recent prosperity I'd forgotten. I also nominated Goodwin for the legislature, which increased his importance and gave him something to sacrifice for the girl's father.

I was very happy over what I felt was the backbone of a play as I started from Bowling Green to St. Louis on the return trip. In the day coach my wife and I were the only passengers except a man who sat well forward by the heater and seemed in trouble. When the conductor, whom I knew, came along I asked him about the man. He said, "That's Nat Dryden. You must know him."



On the Ramona. William Crane in an Eccentric Dance. At the Right—Harry Woodruff

I did. I went forward to Dryden's seat. He was weeping and muttering to himself, though slightly consoled by liquor.

When I spoke to him he turned to me for sympathy and said, "Oh, Gus, Gus, Nancy died last night."

Nancy was his wife, and was known as one of the handsomest women in Missouri.

"Yes, last night! And oh, Gus, how she loved you!"

"Why, I don't think I ever met your wife."

"I know it. But you remember that convention at Jefferson City when I was a candidate for attorney-general ——"

I nodded.

"The fourth ballot was a tie between me and that blankety-blank-blank from Calloway County. You were at the reporters' table. At a pause in the proceedings you rose from your impotent and inopportune seat, and addressing that convention in which you had no rights whatever you said in a loud voice, 'I want it distinctly understood that the press of this state is for Nat Dryden.'"

I nodded.

"Dear boy, it beat me. But I went home and told it to Nancy, and we've loved you ever since."

My wife and I stopped only a day in St. Louis, and then we started back for New York. There are few better places than a railroad train for building stories. The rhythmic click of the wheels past the fishplates makes your thoughts march as a drum urges a column of soldiers. By the time our train pulled into New York I was impatient to make a running transcript of speeches of my contending people. But that is a relief that must be deferred. Like overanxious litigants, the characters are disposed to talk too much and must be controlled and kept in bounds by a proportioned scenario, assigning order and respective and progressive values to them.

Nat Goodwin Orders Breakfast

Before beginning to write I submitted the story to Goodwin. He was playing at the Fifth Avenue Theater at the time, I think, in Henry Guy Carleton's Ambition, but I am positive about his rooms at the Worth House annex of the Hoffman House just across Twenty-fifth Street. I called by appointment at twelve o'clock. Nat had been a little wild the night before, and was now propped repentantly against his pillows. As I entered the room a German waiter was standing at the foot of the bed with an order blank in his hand. Nat was studying the menu with a most regretful discrimination. Faintly assuming my permission, he gave his order, the obsequious German responding and writing down.

"Bring me a wineglass of orange juice."

"Vineglass, oranch juice."

"Dry toast."

"Jez-sir, try doast."

"Piece of salt mackerel."

The waiter answered and w
Long pause by Nat.

"Cup of coffee."

"Coffee, jez-sir."

"Curtain."

Following Nat's appealing
I explained to the puzzled w
the significance of the last i
tion.

Goodwin was so enthu
about the story that it w
added stimulation to the w
of it. I got a little inside roo
our apartment in the Orient
began work on the play, wh
far as dialogue went almost
itself. One night in particula
talking in minute detail the
act to Goodwin, really play
with him, I went to my tabl
an early and li
ner, but with sc
fee that I had th
boy bring at ir
times, and other
forcements n
deadly, and wro
entire third act
play before the
light came throu
windows. I was a
deal of a wreck
it was finished, an
handwriting was
cult to read; but
finally transcrib
was never altered,
the play coul
prompted from
script to-day.

A First Nig

Early in the Wo
Fair time there
a chance to do the
at Hooley's. Goo
had a fine comp
somewhat miscas
some particulars,
all of ability, with handsome Frank Ca
as the villain and a tower of strengt
McIntosh, whom I persuaded Goodwi
take when he had been rather set on ge
McKee Rankin, a much more expe
and older actor. We had exactly ei
days in which to produce the piece.
was one of Goodwin's greatest first ni
I had frequently been behind the cu
with Nat in other plays, but never saw
begin one. That night in Chicago he h
perfect case of seasickness, and with
culty controlled his nausea during the
He told me then that his nervousness
ways affected him that way with a
play.

I shall never forget his pale face no
descriptive line as during one of the in
missions he looked up at me and said, "
boy, a first night is a hoss race that
three hours."

After the Goodwin contract I had
gaged to do plays for William Crane
for Charles Frohman. The most imp
tive of these was for Crane, then pla
in The Senator and looking about f
play to follow it. Crane some years be
had had a play by Clay M. Greene ca
Sharps and Flats, in which he and Rob
had jointly starred, and Greene had
written for Robson and Crane some o
script. Joseph Brooks, Crane's mana
wished Greene and me to write toget
It was arranged that Greene and I m
Crane at his summer home, Cohas
Greene was to be in that neighborh
with a yachting party. My wife an
planned to stop on our way to Ocean Po
Boothbay Harbor, Maine, where
Eugene Presbrey and his wife, An
Russell, had a bungalow to which they
invited us for part of the summer.

At Mr. Crane's home I found a requ
from Greene for Crane and me to com
Boston, where a yacht on which Gre
was a guest was anchored. This was agr
able, as Crane had his own steam ya
the Senator, and was in the habit of run
up to Boston once or twice a week on
cuses not nearly so good. Greene's h
was Harry M. Gillig, owner of the schoo
yacht Ramona. The Senator ancho
near by and our party went aboard
Ramona, where, with Harry Gillig play
a tarepatch and Frank Unger strummi
banjo, the distinguished comedian show
the boys that he could still shake a fo
Crane began professional life as a basso
a comic opera company, and went fr

(Continued on Page 49)

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(Continued from Page 46)

to Rice's burlesque, Evangeline, in
as Le Blanc he had not only to sing
but to dance. Besides the jollity
ere was an amusing incongruity in
t of the sedate "Senator" in yachts-
fatigue doing a rattling jig on the
the schooner. After a jovial after-
rane went home alone to Cohasset
y wife and I joined the cabin party
schooner yacht under Gillig's prom-
sail us up to Presbrey's, an easy
of two or three days.

ry Gillig, Californian, had recently
d a daughter of a California multi-
aire. This young couple were on
honeymoon. The Gilligs had with
a Western party, including, besides
d Mrs. Greene, Frank Unger, father
dys Unger, the young playwright of
Theodore Worres, painter; Charles
n Stoddard, poet, author of South
lyls; Harry Woodruff, actor; and
s Thomas, partner of Charles Hoyt,
younger group of managers. Gillig
nger, as members of the Bohemian
San Francisco, were also members of
ambs, where I had met them and
an intimate friendship that lasted
g as both men lived.

the time the Ramona reached Booth-
arbor, Gillig and his cabin party were
ed to my wife and me leaving for the
to Presbrey. The amiable contest
djusted by our spending a few days
while the boat cruised near by and
en rejoining for a run to Bar Harbor
ack, when our host took Presbrey
d, too, for a sail back to New York.
ruise so composed and dowered can
ges with its record. I shall not write
, but will leave all to sympathetic
standing under the embracing words
th and fellowship, sail and song and
d summer.

would be with the greatest regret that
ld eliminate from my experiences that
er and parts of two subsequent ones
Ramona, and yet I think that nearly
e embarrassment that comes from
g one's expenditures exceed his in-
I could trace to standards accepted
at time.

gene Field was wise when he refused
inter strawberries, as Mr. Melville
relates, because he feared they would
his taste for prunes; and then we
e of the theater are so easily misled
ppearance, and also by a creative wish
ine a fancy. Only three or four years
met Henry Miller in San Francisco,
, like myself, he had come to put on
plays in that summer.

Hello, Henry! Why aren't you on a
tion after your busy season at your
York theater?"

From Pathos to Bathos

Because I was not content with a place
e country good enough for any man
ve in, but being a damn fool theatrical
n had to build stone walls around it,
terraces, and make a production. Now
still working to pay for it."

n the Ramona, Greene and I ham-
d out a story we thought would do for
ne's play. It wasn't easy, because
ne, like all the comedians at that time,
ted a comedy-drama, something that
ld give him a chance for the untried
ntial powers he was sure he possessed.
th this story in hand we had a season
ad of us in which to write the dialogue.
lthough again getting a little out of the
r of events, for the sake of cohesion I
jump ahead to the production of the
e play which we called For Money.
was a four-act construction, and with a
minant serious note. Crane played a
n who had been embittered by finding
his dead wife's locket, which he had
ught contained his own portrait, the
ture of another man. This unhappy
overy had been made many years be-
the opening of our story, and the in-
ue of the play, who had come under his
ection, speaking in pride of her ante-
dents, showed to Crane a portrait of her
ther. The unhappy star was to regard
and say in a quiet undertone to himself,
The man whose picture I found on my
ad wife's bosom."

Charles Thorne or John Mason or Lucien
arry might have got away with that line,
t when Crane spoke it, registering a
rtled surprise, and spreading his hands
a manner that had been irresistible in
s old-time comedy of Forbidden Fruit,
e house rocked with laughter.

Greene said, "Some of 'em wanted to cheer for the man in the picture."

The performance was in Cleveland, where Greene and I had a few friends. Sympathetic people tried to restore the equilibrium of the play by appreciating its other serious values, but as Greene said at our little post-mortem when the evening was over, "Yes, people came to me in the lobby and said they liked it, but they didn't slap me on the back."

By the end of the week Brooks and I took blame for our fall-down in equal shares. The play wasn't as good as it might have been, and Crane didn't handle serious stuff as well as he hoped he would.

I once made a caricature in my guest book of Francis Wilson, under which Frank wrote, "*Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas*," which some years later I was able to translate. But the fact of the easy step from the sublime to the ridiculous I knew by experience. Two weeks ahead Crane's time for his New York season at the Star Theater was waiting for him.

I said, "Joe, I think I can save the printing, the scenery and most of the company and make a farce of this thing in time for New York."

Brooks said, "For God's sake, do it!"

Unintentional Repartee

My wife and I went back to the Oriental Hotel. With close application to the work, with the brave use of scissors and paste pot, I rejoined the company in four days with a new script and parts for a broad farce. We rehearsed it in Baltimore, tried it in Washington, came to our dress rehearsal at the Star in New York with a good company and everybody in high spirits. There occurred at that dress rehearsal a commonplace inquiry of mine which I have seen quoted in newspapers as an example of my brilliant repartee, when it was only the most honest-to-God inquiry a man could make. In the middle of our second act at the Sunday-night rehearsal Brooks loudly clapped his hands after the fashion of the interrupting manager, came down the aisle of the theater, calling my name. I came into the prompt entrance, from where I had been readjusting a light.

Brooks said, "Gus, there are a whole lot of funny things that could be said right there."

Having written myself out on the rush work with the script and worked myself out at rehearsals, and willing to take help from any quarter, I simply answered, "What are they, Joe?"

When I heard the peal from the company that had been interrupted, and from the few people in the otherwise empty parquet, I let the answer go as an example of agility.

For Money played a fine eight weeks in New York, but, as I remember, Crane never did it on the road.

My first play for Charles Frohman was called Surrender. I believed that we were far enough from the Civil War to take a comedy view of some of its episodes, and that after the many serious plays that had handled it the public would be glad to have the subject treated humorously. C. F. thought so too. He liked the script as I gave it to him, and it was turned over to Eugene Presbrey to rehearse in Boston. Presbrey was so appreciative of its values that he thought it a mistake to make a farce of it, and after a conference with C. F., who went over to look at the rehearsals, they decided to play it seriously, stressing melodramatically every possible point and introducing a horse. When I arrived at about the dress rehearsal the enthusiasm of those two men overbore my first conception of the story, and we went to the public with it as a serious play. It lasted on the road only some sixteen weeks.

Maude Banks, the daughter of General Banks, was playing in the piece the part of the only Northern girl. A requirement of the script and of the part was a blue silk sash on her white dress, as I remembered the young women of war days declaring their loyalty. At the dress rehearsal Miss Banks declined to destroy the effect of her white dress by putting any color on it, preferring to leave the company rather than be disloyal to her dressmaker. C. F. said it was too late to do anything about it, and the young lady's whim prevailed. I don't think she ever played under Mr. Frohman's management again.

Louis Aldrich, a stalwart actor who as a star had won great reputation in Bartley Campbell's My Partner and other dramas, played a Southern general with a line that

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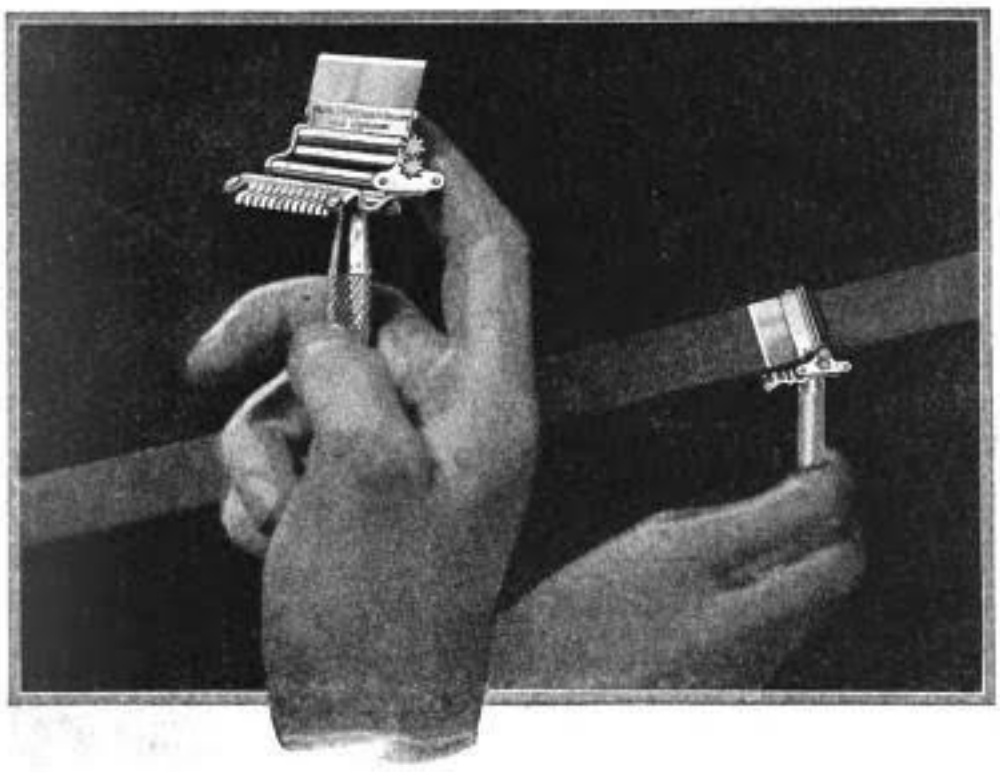
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Saves constant blade expense

I had taken verbatim from an assertion by Colonel Alfrend that the South had whipped the North on a thousand fields and had never lost except when overcome by superior numbers. Aldrich declined to deliver this speech, because personally he was a Northern man, so that altogether we had considerable trouble with our temperamental actors. There came a time in C. F.'s experience and development, however, when he was somewhat more insistent on the effects that he wanted, and when actors were not so ready to oppose him.

In the spring of 1892 we built at New Rochelle the house which is still our home. The versatile, volatile Sydney Rosenfeld at that time was among the first if not actually the principal librettist of America, and a writer of comedies. He had one or two successes on Broadway, and he and I were very closely associated in the Lambs. At his suggestion we went to New Rochelle to find land on which to drive our stakes. For some reason or other Sydney postponed his building and finally abandoned the intention. I recall our first day's negotiation with Sydney's friend from whom we hoped to buy the land. Mr. Leo Bergholz, ever since that time in the United States consular service, was showing us a little pine thicket on his own land, densely grown, the ground covered with fallen needles. He had a pretty wit, but stood somewhat in awe of the great Rosenfeld, who wrote smart dialogue for the Francis Wilson operas and had also been an editor of Puck.

Very Much Incognito

Commenting on the seclusion of this copse, Bergholz said, "No ray of sunshine ever penetrates this gloomy fastness."

When neither of us smiled at this mediæval utterance, Bergholz repeated it. With some difficulty we continued serious. As Bergholz approached it for the third time he lifted his hands after the manner of a *coryphée*, and dancing in most amateurish fashion a feeble jig, he said again, "No ray of sunshine ever penetrates this gloomy fastness."

Sydney, looking solemnly at Leo's feet, remarked, "That's the gloomiest fastness I ever saw."

It was great fun to plan a house. In the old days on the St. Louis Post-Dispatch architecture and real estate had been one of my departments. William S. Eames, one of the youngest and most talented architects of St. Louis, associated with Thomas Young, a pupil of Richardson of Boston, had been a member of our old life class at Washington University. He tried to tell me something each week about the beauties of his art, and I came to believe that an essential feature of domestic architecture was a roof that could be seen. According to Eames, the house should droop its wings and hover its sheltered brood like a mother hen. A memorandum sketch that I turned over to our New York architect, and which my wife still has in her scrapbook, was drawn on the back of an envelope after many conferences as to our joint needs. When we began to build we went to New Rochelle to board in order to be near the enterprise. There was no hotel. The best boarding house in the place was kept by two elderly ladies, one of them a Mrs. David, whose husband had been the principal merchant of that little city, and after whose family David's Island, now occupied by Fort Slocum, had been named. We were satisfied with their references, and they inquired for ours. With his permission, I gave them the name of Bronson Howard. They had never heard of him, and asked his business. I told them and named his prominent plays, The Banker's Daughter, The Henrietta and Shenandoah. They had never heard of any one of these.

I said, "He is your neighbor and owns the house just around the corner," giving them street and number. They had never heard of that.

This story of Howard's obscurity was a favorite one of mine for many years to illustrate the indifference of the general public to the men who write plays, until it was superseded by an experience of my own. In 1909 Mr. Shubert asked me to go to Chicago to overlook the performance that the John Mason company were giving in my play, The Witching Hour, at the Garrick Theater. I purposely stood in the lobby until the curtain had gone up, and then in my most humorous manner asked the man in the box office if he passed the profession. The lobby was filled with posters bearing Shubert's and Mason's names, and my own, in that order of impor and display. The treasurer aske name, the branch of the profession in I was. I told him. He asked me the of some plays I had written. I name or five, omitting The Witching Hou said he would have to ask the ma The manager came to the box-offic dow, put me through the same qu naire and shook his head; and it wa when I told him how he would disap Mr. Shubert, and pointed to the sheet bearing the name I had given that he in any way associated the with the type.

At New Rochelle I became intim acquainted with Frederic Remingto E. W. Kemble. These two illustrato been friends for some time elsewher were great companions; but the most tiful side of their friendship needed for its precipitation. Kemble is univ amusing when he cares to be. Fe are his equal in putting the spirit o cature into ordinary verbal report or ment; even his famous "Kemble's K do not show such sure fun. Remingt sponded promptly to Kemble's co however expressed. Most men who k do the same, but Remington went fu When Kemble had left him after any view, all of Kemble's woes of which Re ton had been the repository were sud dwarfed in the larger horizon of Re ton's experiences and transmuted into splitting jokes. In his mind, Kembl never grown up; and Kemble recipro

Remington's throes, viewed th Kemble's prism, were just as amu They took even each other's art as fellows take each other's games. were years when much of their leisur passed in company. Their understa was mutual and immediate. One after the theater, on the train home New York, sitting together, Remi was by the car window, Kemble next t aisle. An obstreperous commuter wa turbing the passengers, men and wo The busy conductor's admonition had ineffective, the brakeman's repeated postulations useless. The men passe seemed cowed; the rowdy was gaining fidence. On his third blatant parade thr the car, and as he passed Kemble's Remington's two hundred and fifty po of bone and muscle reached out into aisle, and with the precision of a snap turtle lifted him from his feet like a nau boy and laid him face downward Kemble's interposing lap. With the s of perfect teamwork, as Remington the ruffian, Kemble spanked him, while legs in the aisle wriggled frantically f foothold. The correction, prolonged ample, was accompanied by roars of la ter from fifty other passengers. Being d Remington stood the offender on his f The man began a threatening tirade. fore half a sentence was uttered Reming had him again exposed to Kemble's rh mic tattoo. This was enough, and w again released the fellow promptly left car for the seclusion of the smoker.

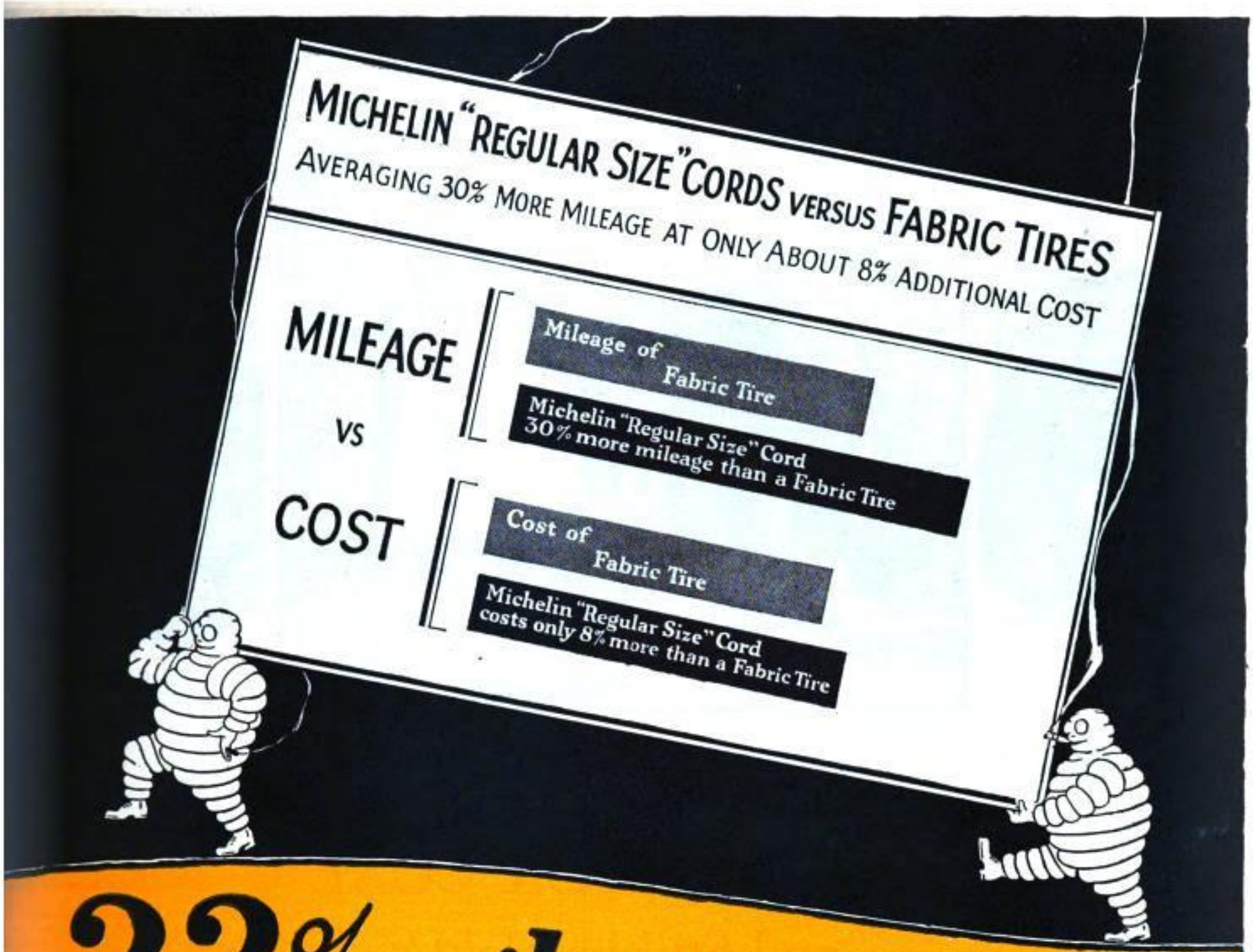
The Hartranft Statue

In those early '90's my sculptor fri Ruckstull's relation to life was not unl my own. He was working in a departm of art where there was no regularity of come, and where his opportunities were result of competition. Next to getting order for a play and finding a story sa factory to a star or manager was see Ruckstull win a commission in a compe tion where his sketch had been approv When he got the order for the Hartra equestrian statue to go up in front of t Capitol at Harrisburg it made quite a lit stir in our colony. Besides myself, bo Remington and Kemble were artistica interested.

After one had submitted a sculptur model sketch which is perhaps eighteen twenty inches high, the procedure towa the heroic group that is finally to be bronze is through what is called a fourt sized model—say, for horse and man pe haps four feet high. Ruckstull decided make his final clay model of the finish group in France. Studio rent, plaster cas ing and the final bronze, together wit one's own living for the year that the wo would require, would all be so muc cheaper that such a foreign residence, wit somewhat of a holiday color to it, woul about pay for itself. His fourth-sized model however, he would make in this country

(Continued on Page 53)

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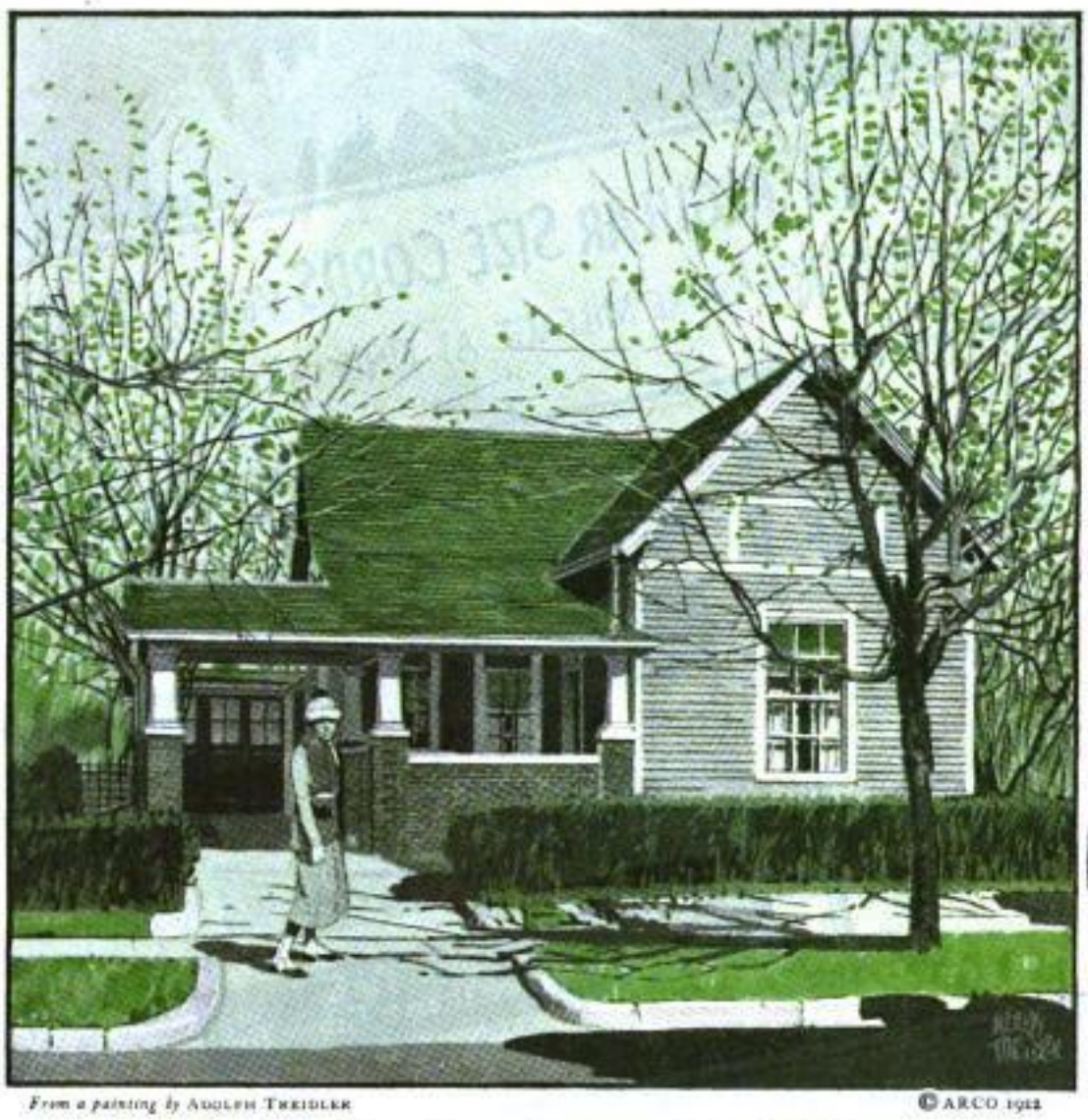
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ontinued from Page 50)

e fun that it would be for all of us ed him to put up a half shade on n ground back of our house at nelle and do the work there.
ton, a very methodic worker him- e his ability to play in off hours, ly, put in an entire forenoon, and interruption of a light lunch ntil nearly three o'clock. Then during this stay of Ruckstull's n came over to look at the prog- model. He once said that when e wanted to have written on his e knew the horse." And that aid of Remington about as truth- f any other artist that has ever merica. Ruckstull also knew the t from another angle. It was in- to hear the disputes of these two s Ruckstull's horse progressed in ling, Remington always arguing ire-drawn Western specimen and l standing for the more monu- picturesque horse of the Eastern

g that time I went to Remington's he day, where he was drawing a r shooting up a barroom. That figure in the foreground, however, d other detail that he wished to emington immediately dusted off coal outline, and instead he drew man in the background shooting e room.
l: "Fred, you're not a draftsman; sculptor. You saw all round that and could have put him anywhere sted him. They call that the sculp- gree of vision."
ington laughed, but later Ruckstull im some tools and a supply of r's wax, and he began his Bronco It was characteristic of the man s first attempt should be a subject t enough as a technical problem to aunted a sculptor of experience and r of technic. His love of the work e got at it, his marvelous aptitude art in which he had never had a lesson, are some evidence that it was y his *mother*. His few bronze groups figures that rapidly followed the o Buster and his heroic equestrian ment of The Pioneer in Fairmount Philadelphia, are the work of one who would have excelled in sculpture if l lived to follow it.

he Lost Tribe of Dramatists

k in those days there was a wish to ve the theater, not unlike the general so prevalent now, and which has been entirely absent; a feeling that ox office should not so largely domi- in the selection of a play, and that rdict should not be the final one on matic offering. Prominent in this on was Mr. Henry B. McDowell, a g man of enthusiasm and high pur- and, what was equally valuable at time, with somewhat of a fortune. Mr. owell decided upon a winter's series lays which should be produced under repertoire idea and be shown in both York and Boston. To launch his prise he began in the spring of 1892 a dinner of fifty men, about thirty- of whom were novelists, magazine ers and poets, the remainder being ady engaged in the business of writing m. I remember among the literary men William Dean Howells, Charles Dud- Warner, George W. Cable, Frederic J. ason of Boston, Richard Hovey, the d, Richard Harding Davis, Edmund mence Stedman, Frank R. Stockton, l others.
at to the left of Mr. Bronson Howard, during the meal said to me: "These nary gentlemen believe that they con- ute the lost tribe of American drama- s, and that the theater will be elevated, ot saved, as soon as they turn their at- ntion to it."
This critical attitude startled me some- at, as I remembered so pleasantly Mr. owells' little comedies, The Elevator, e Garroters, Register, and the like, nted in 1884 and 1885 in Harper's. ightly opposing Mr. Howard, I took the erty of suggesting that that might be the se.
Very definitely this veteran then asked e, "Thomas, what is a dramatist?"
I answered, "A man who writes plays."
"Exactly! What plays have these men written?" Then reinforcing his position e told me that the capacity to write plays invariably evinced itself in a disposition to do so before middle life. When called upon to speak, however, Mr. Howard took a sympathetic attitude toward the venture and talked encouragingly. One other speech that I remember in a general way is that of Mr. William C. De Mille, father of the present De Mille boys of dramatic and motion-picture fame. One line particularly had a considerable influence on my way of thinking. De Mille reported a proposition by Harper Brothers that he should write for them a set of rules for playwrights.

He said: "I at first accepted the commission, but later declined for the reason that I feared that if I once formulated a set of rules for writing a play I might some time be tempted to follow them."

It was about that time that Frederic Remington, speaking of his own art, as illustrator and painter, said to me, "'Tommy, if I felt cocksure of anything about my business I would begin to be afraid of myself."

The resolution of each of these experts to keep a perfectly open mind about the things they were doing went far toward retarding my own ossification.

Mr. McDowell established his Theater of Arts and Letters and gave the five performances. Plays by Mr. Stimson, Richard Harding Davis, Frank Stockton, Clyde Fitch and some other author were produced under the stage direction of Eugene Presbrey. Mr. Howard took a definite pleasure when the enterprise had closed in calling to my attention the fact that the only play that had made any worthwhile impression was one offered by a professional dramatist, Clyde Fitch, a little thing called The Harvest, which he subsequently elaborated into The Moth and the Flame. Besides a very generous subscription fund, McDowell lost a substantial sum of his own—as I remember it, thirty-odd thousand dollars.

A Reformation That Failed

I saw these performances, and after a lapse of thirty years I remember three distinct features: The small talk of a fashionable company waiting for the bridal couple in a church which made up the background of Fitch's little play; a line from Frank Stockton's Squirrel Inn spoken by Mary Shaw, who played the part of a trained nurse applying for a position, and who when the anxious mother asked her if she understood babies answered, "I ought to, I dissected one"; a third incident wherein Joseph Wheelock, Sr., played the part of a harassed husband whose wife was a drug fiend. Each sympathetic friend that came upon the stage took the husband's hand and gripped it in silent sympathy. As the audience began to titter over the repetition of this business Wheelock became sensitive. He put his hand behind him when Nelson Wheatcroft, the next member of the company, came near him in a succeeding scene. Feeling that something depended on the gesture, Wheatcroft took Wheelock by the elbow, recovered the hidden hand and shook it to general laughter that almost closed the performance. It is interesting, at least to me, that out of this expensive essay these somewhat technical points should be the lasting impressions, and that all the fine literary offerings intended for the reformation of the theater should have so vanished.

In these early '90's Joseph Brooks conceived the idea of having a play written with George Washington as the central character. This was suggested by the resemblance between the portrait of Washington and that of Joseph Holland, then at the height of his popularity as an actor. Brooks' idea was to associate Joe and his older brother Edmund. I undertook to write the play, and made a fairly thorough study of Washington's life and times. Avoiding the error of the biographical play which tries to cover too much, I confined my story to the period when Washington was a colonel of the Virginia militia, and before he had married Martha Custis. I found a character for Ed Holland in Virginia's Scotch governor, Dinwiddie. When the play was done the professional engagements of the two men did not allow them to undertake it immediately, and before both were at liberty one had fallen ill. The joint project was abandoned. Having faith in the play, I wanted to see it tried, and for that purpose went to Boston, where the Castle Square Stock Company at that time had as leading man Jack Gilmour, bearing considerable resemblance in face and figure to the



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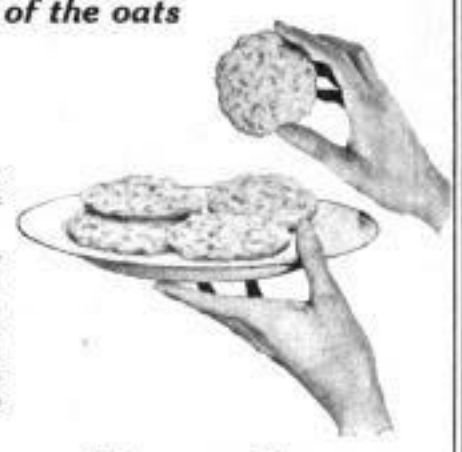
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Quaker Macaroons
A Confection

1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 eggs, 2½ cups Quaker Oats, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add Quaker Oats, to which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla. Beat whites of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tins with teaspoon, but very few on each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven. Makes about 65 cookies.



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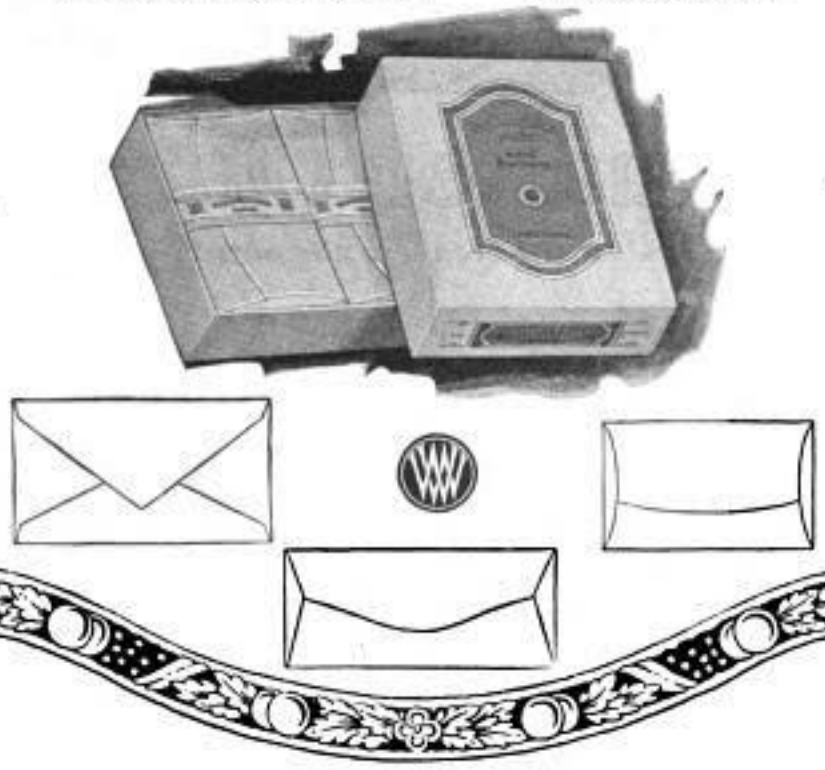
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traditional Washington. This stock company played a new play every week, having only five rehearsals in which to prepare.

On our first night a young actor who was playing Bryan Fairfax, with two scenes in the first act, was not at hand when we reached his second one. The usual efforts to hold the stage were made, but we finally had to ring down. The young man when found was in his dressing room in his underclothing, having forgotten his second scene and begun to dress for his second act. This was explained to the audience, but when we rang up again the whole thing had taken on such an air of unreality that two or three other mistakes which have a fashion of running in groups on hard-luck nights in the theater destroyed any impression we might have hoped for. Later performances convinced me that I had a good play, but it was never done after that week.

Brooks went to the production of a new play for Crane called The Governor of Kentucky, written by Franklin Fyles. At the end of rehearsals, star, manager and director felt they were in bad shape as to story. At their dress rehearsal, at the request of the author, I indicated what I thought were the weaknesses, suggested the remedies and told them what I thought the Tuesday morning papers would say. Remembering our quick revision of For Money, Brooks hoped something of the same kind could be done with The Governor. On Tuesday I was waked by telephone at daylight, and at his request came at once from New Rochelle. By arrangement we met Presbrey and Fyles. Fyles approved of all the proposed changes, but not being in good health left the work with Presbrey and me. Between us we had a revised script that evening, and the version went on before the end of the week. Brooks insisted on paying for the day's work. When I hesitated to name a figure he suggested the canceling of a thousand-dollar note of mine which he held. I agreed.

Willie Collier and the Tailor

A little later than this Harry Woodruff came to see me at New Rochelle. He had then left the stage and been two years at Harvard College under romantic conditions. Harry had won the affections of a daughter of a wealthy family whose members objected to an actor as a husband for the young woman. They agreed, however, that if Woodruff would go through Harvard and equip himself for another profession the objections would be withdrawn. They also agreed to pay his way. While Woodruff was at his studies the family took the young girl abroad, and with a change of scene and her wider opportunities succeeded in arranging for her an alliance with one of the nobility. With this accomplished, the family had notified Woodruff that the financial support they were giving him at the university would be withdrawn. Harry was courageously making arrangements to pay his own way through the remaining two years, and regretting that he had not secretly married the girl as he had an opportunity to do.

This possible set of relations—a young man in college secretly married and the family trying to marry his wife to a foreign nobleman—struck me as a pretty complication for a comedy. Having a contract with Goodwin for something to follow In Mizzoura, I developed that story into a three-act play which I called Treadway of Yale. Goodwin accepted both the scenario and the finished script, but before the time came for production he married Maxine Elliott, of whose dramatic ability he had such high opinion that he thought the comedy gave her insufficient chance. He therefore forfeited his advance payments on it and returned the script. It was produced some time later under the title of On the Quiet by William Collier under the management of Will Smythe, and later revived by Charles Frohman when Collier passed under his direction. Collier went to London with the piece. During his successful run with it there Willie had occasion to be measured for a suit of clothes. An English tailor, amused with his American manner, endeavored to spoof him, a risk that no American tailor would have taken.

As he ran his tape over him he said in his blandest manner: "I saw you last night, sir, in your very amusing comedy. Have you played that before the King?"

Collier said, "I played it before anybody. I'm the original."

Along in this epoch that I am so informally trying to describe I was one day in a dark theater listening to a rehe song intended for Marie Cahill, time, I think, still with Daly, with Duff. In the syncopated ac ment there was a hesitation not un intermitting heart jump that so one until the family doctor with h on one's wrist says "Too much The radiant composer-piano-playe above his racket to Miss Cahill, "B ragtime?" She did. I was at som distinguish it, but that was my i tion to the term and to the manne thereafter, a year or two, "ragtim stock word. Some more years at vided space and attention with jaz are negroid. On the border line of belt I had been brought up on dar While the melancholy of slavery them the negroes, intensely respo and expressive in music, had found in the Stephen Foster Kentucky Ho of melody and a racial cadence wo the tunes of the Baptist hymnal lighter output just after abolition w rap-tap-a-tap-tap school of sand da McNish silence-and-fun variety. W equality got onto Sixth Avenue, the African tom-tom in a red vest, appearance. Jazz was its offspring. ragtime triumphant and transfigu Congo arrived at kingdom come.

Plato on Jazz

The nation's feet kept time. Th step gave way to the fox trot a shimmy came along with jazz. (Africa saw ghosts. Some moralist of a certain ferocity in Nature whic it had its inlet by human crime, mus its outlet by human suffering." Wh not jazz be the cutaneous eruption virus of black slavery? If Davi Vaughan are accurate in their tran of Plato's Republic the idea is not s as the inquiry, for therein Plato say

"The introduction of a new k music must be shunned as imperil whole state, since styles of music are disturbed without affecting the mo portant political institutions. The style," he goes on, "gradually gai lodgment, quietly insinuates itself manners and customs; and from th issues in greater force, and makes it into mutual compacts; and from com it goes on to attack laws and constitu displaying the utmost impudence, u ends by overturning everything, bo public and in private."

It might no doubt amuse Plato to fifty years of musical progression in A ica and check its changes against our cl ing compacts, laws and constitutions.

"But say, this guy Plato—where he get that compax-and-constatution s Who wised him to anything about business? An' lissun! This Davus Vaughan—words by, music by—I n ketch them on no big time neither."

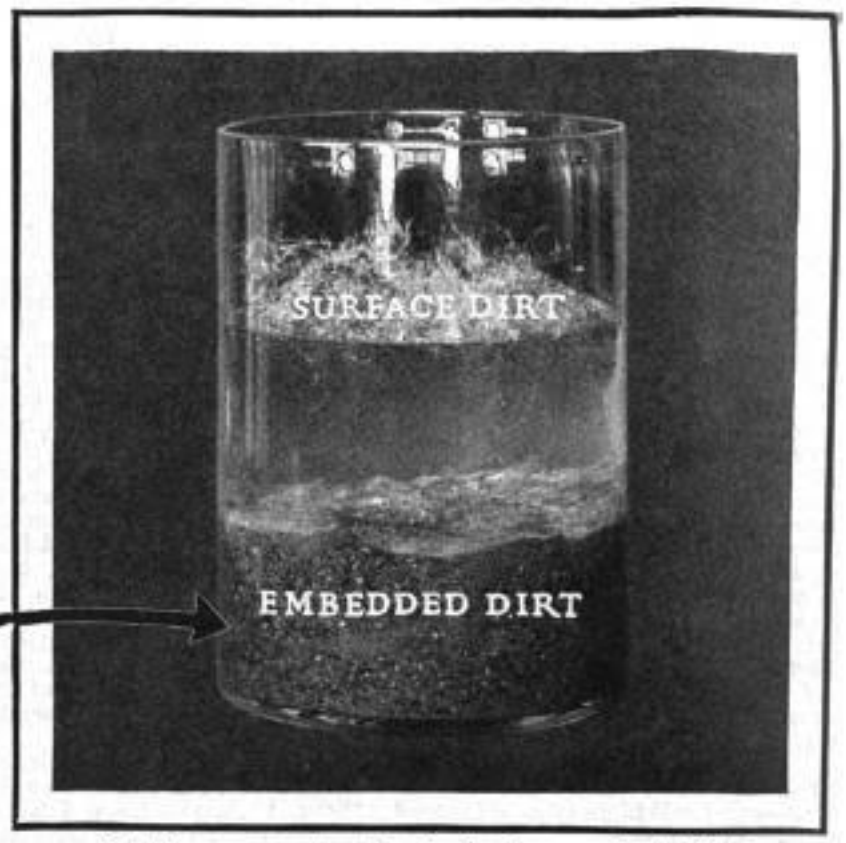
Frederic Remington, with a natural s philosopher's view of them as they wo not only in the theater but in life, refus believe that the overflowing tide of ignor was destined to inherit the fruits of the ea He disliked the growing influence of unassimilated immigrants. He hated political herding of them. He loathed politicians because they talked. He lo the soldiers because the military a promptly and without debate. In his in the West the local advent of troo meant sudden and inflexible order. saw humanity's future safe only un military discipline. We differed, bu liked his mettle and his impatience w conditions. At Remington's I met sev of his soldier friends, among them G Nelson A. Miles, then the command major general; also Capt. Francis Mich decorated for gallant service against In ans in Arizona in 1872 and 1873.

When finally confused with the rewri and inventions for the theater in whic was then becoming involved, I resolv again to go for a subject to the plain a primitive things as far as one could fi them. Encouraged by Remington, a definitely interested by his enthusiasm, took a mandatory letter that Remingto got from General Miles to all commandan in the West instructing them to give n information and assistance, and with t preconceptions as to story went to Arizon in 1897 to get a play. It was an importa turning point in my career.

Editor's Note—This is the ninth of a series twelve articles by Mr. Thomas. The tenth will a pear in an early issue.

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No rug is really clean until this dirt is removed



This laboratory test shows how the Royal removes the EMBEDDED dirt, as well as the SURFACE litter.

Much of the embedded dirt is gritty and injurious to rugs. Much of it is unsanitary and laden with germs.

Notice that the Royal not only picks up all SURFACE DIRT but removes all of the EMBEDDED DIRT.

When you select your suction cleaner, keep that important fact in mind

MRS. John Thompson, 1531 E. 82nd Street, Cleveland, O., was sure that her 9 by 12 Axminster rug was *clean*. She smiled a little when the Royal Man proposed to get dirt out of it.

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To get out all of this dirt a cleaner *must*, we believe, do three things. It must produce a *powerful* suction. This suction must be *uniform* all along the nozzle. And the nozzle must be *adjusted* "*directly*" to the rug surface.

The Royal does these three things. Its suction is not only powerful but actually *increases slightly in use*. Scientific and patented design creates a *uniform* suction along the entire 14-inch nozzle length. And with the *patented* Royal adjustment screw, the *powerful, uniform* suction is applied "directly" to the rug surface.

Yet the Royal, thorough as it is, is absolutely harmless. You can clean even your Orientals daily without fear of the slightest injury to them.

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Arrange with the Royal Man to clean a rug in your home—without obligation to you. He will also show you how to clean from cellar to garret—how to clean concrete, hardwood and linoleum floors; renovate mattresses and pillows; remove the dirt from upholstered furniture or hangings; and clean in and around fireplaces, registers, radiators, etc.

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JOSEPH'S COAT

(Continued from Page 11)

read my letter from Amanda. But I could not afford to quarrel with the old rascal; I was too used to him. I nodded my head at him and spoke to Valentine.

"Briggs has been with me a great many years, my dear; he is the person to ask if you want anything. He carries my mind and my money about with him. Briggs, this is my niece, Miss Valentine Forster."

I don't think either of them spoke. Valentine laughed a little, and her eyes lighted with mischief that was purely childish as she met the respectful glance of my servant. Did I say respectful? It was devoted. Yes, he knew who Valentine was, and he was already worshiping her family tree. Pshaw! The old snob!

I turned from him in disgust. Outside, the trees in Central Park were tinged with green; spring was here; the pool with the swans on it, up and down which the children sail in summer, had already been decked out with tiny boats. The sun sparkled on the mirrorlike surface, and the blue of the sky was the blue that only a young and slender woman can wear.

"Magic!" said Valentine, following my gaze.

"I had the picture framed especially for my windows," I said flippantly, and turned to pour out her coffee.

But Briggs had forgotten nothing; he had done that and withdrawn. Drat the fellow!

I urged her to eat, but she was almost too tired. The coffee and the warmth of the room revived her somewhat, and presently we managed to get round to the subject of Amanda's letter. To my surprise and relief I found her very direct. Most of the English girls I remembered were so vague and vaporish. Of course that was some time ago. Things change.

She told me that her father had been missing for two weeks.

"He just walked in one night, Uncle Magnus, and stood in the door of the drawing-room looking at me, his overcoat thrown back, his white shirt front gleaming in the light from the fire. He looked very excited somehow, and as if he had been keyed up to something tremendous; the way he looked sometimes when he had been doing a dreadful operation that no one else would undertake. He is so clever," she added proudly; "and so—so strange sometimes, although people don't guess that, ever. Mother had warned me about him when he looked that way. I must be very quiet and matter-of-fact, she said, and not disturb him by my manner; the thing to do was to get him to rest, anyhow, anywhere. I don't know, but I think that something had happened once when they were first married to make mother afraid of what he might do when he was in a tired mood like that—so I just called to him and he came into the room, throwing down his coat. You know, Uncle Magnus, our house is very old-fashioned and furnished almost entirely with things grandma gave to mother when she was married. Beautiful, in its way, but not a bit like your room here.

"Father had to pass several small tables to get to the fireplace, and they must have annoyed him, because he kicked one of them over and just left it lying there, and he is so polite; that wasn't a bit like him. I began to be more than a little disturbed, but I wouldn't have let him see for the world, and I kept on gripping my work and telling myself over and over inside that I must remember how mother used to act and try and take her place, when suddenly the dreadful thing happened."

She stopped, and the face she turned to me had lost every vestige of color; even her lips were white. And her blue eyes were almost black, she was so much in earnest.

"I don't suppose it will seem horrible to you," she said; "it doesn't to anyone except me, but I saw it happen, you see; that makes a difference. Father came to the fire and stopped dead, looking over at the ottoman. And then I knew that I'd done something terrible, though I did not see why it should be.

"Did you ever hear, Uncle Magnus, of Dick Forster, daddy's younger brother? He was just a baby, I think, when you and father were at college, and when I was little I used to think he was splendid, though I believe he was the most awful spendthrift, and quite wild. He used to visit at home a lot when I was at school at Miss Clayton's—he was house surgeon at one of the hospitals then—and once when I was home for the holidays he came in at lunch time and asked for the governor—that's what he called father—and heaved such a sigh of relief when he found he was not there nor expected. He had curly fair hair and always wore the most extraordinary clothes; at least mother said they were extraordinary, but I used to admire them like everything. This time he had on some pink socks with black silk clocks, and a most gorgeous waistcoat; it was of maroon silk, fine as could be. Mother laughed about it; she always teased him about things; and he said seriously, 'Mar'—that is what he always called mother for short—'you don't know what that waistcoat cost! I just wish I had the money I gave for it, now.'

"Well, we had lunch, and Dick was just as gay as he always was, laughing and chaffing mother all the time the servants were in the room; but when they had gone and we were drinking our coffee he sobered suddenly. 'Listen, Mar,' he said, 'will you do something for me? Will you promise to—to always be the same to me, whatever happens?'

"Mother grew a little pale, but she put down her coffee cup and smiled at him. 'Why, Dick, you know I will,' she said. Mother had an awfully comforting way of saying things like that. And when she spoke Dick stretched out his hand on the tablecloth—he had such beautiful hands—and he said huskily, 'Bless you, I believe you will too.' And he got up to go.

"Well, I don't know what happened exactly, because I wasn't there, but mother followed him out into the hall, and I heard them go into one of the reception rooms and close the door, and presently mother came back into the room and hunted in her desk for a check book and went out with it, and when Dick left he was laughing, and mother came back into the room with the maroon-colored waistcoat in her hand, and she was laughing, too, only she had tears in her eyes.

"'That absurd boy!' she said, and sat down with the waistcoat on her lap, smoothing it absently with her fingers every now and then, with a little frown between her brows.

"'What was it, mummy?' I said. 'Didn't Dick take his waistcoat?' And she laughed again softly, and said, 'No, the foolish boy; he insisted on taking it off and going away without it.'

"'Why?' I asked her, because, of course, I was still a little girl, and I didn't understand about not asking all the questions you want.

"'Why?' she repeated. 'Because I bought it, dear.'

"So that was all that happened that day, but often after that Dick would come in a waistcoat of some different design—once it was of moleskin, I remember, ornamented with little silver buttons—and he always left them behind him. Mother grew to have quite a collection, and she always kept them in the ottoman in the drawing-room, close to the fireplace, and once I remember she said to him that any time he wanted to be particularly gay he knew where they were; he could take which one he wanted. But he only shook his head, laughing the way he always did.

"'No, Mar, you've been an angel from heaven, but I won't take my trophies until I've earned them,' he said. 'Some day I'll pay you back and take them away in a taxi.'

"That was the last time I ever saw him, I think; the day he said that. For when I came back from school the next term he had gone, and mother was very sad about it when I asked her. 'Don't speak of him to your father, dear,' she said; 'he's very down on Dick. He didn't understand that he was just a boy; he is always so upright and honorable himself.'

"And Amanda told me there was a most dreadful scene once. Dick had been hauled before the governors of his hospital—he was a house surgeon, and so clever, they said—because he had been found gambling one night with some students. Daddy had been called in, and it was due only to his influence that Dick was allowed to stay. He begged and begged father to take him on as his assistant, but father—Amanda said he sneered.

"'Take you, and have the death of a patient on my hands—while you gambled and forgot!'

"'Take that back!' Dick cried furiously. 'I never neglected a patient in my life, and you know it.' They glared at each other like wild men, but father would not give in; he never gave in—he believed it, I suppose." She gave a tiny sigh. "But Dick wasn't bad, you know; just different. Mother always thought he'd come out all right.

"Once I heard mother and father talking about Dick—I think it was when daddy had been paying some of his debts—and he said angrily that he hadn't brought anything from Oxford but his bad name. Dear mother contradicted him—which is what she very seldom did. She said, 'Oh, you are wrong, Clement. He brought the best reputation as a fancy dresser of anyone in the varsity.' And she laughed a little, a sad laugh. She was awfully fond of Dick.

"So that night when father came home I had been looking at the waistcoats in the ottoman and thinking that I ought to wrap them up in mothproof paper before the spring came, and I suppose I hadn't set the lid down properly, for father caught hold of it with an impatient exclamation and instead of shutting it, jerked it open, and there, of course, lay all Dick's fancy waistcoats!

"He stared at them for a minute, and then he put down the lid quite gently and looked at me, and he looked just as he did when the news came of Toddy's death. Toddy was my little brother, you know, Uncle Magnus, and he died at Marlborough, while he was at school, the last year of the war. It wasn't anyone's fault; he simply had a weak heart and no one knew it, and the rifle exercises he did were too much for him. But father always laughed at him when he said he didn't want to be a cadet, the work made him so tired; and when he died, just because he had been one—though he wanted to, anyway, when it came to wartime, you know, because they were training even the little boys in all the schools—well, father felt as if he had had a hand in killing him.

"He'd taken up one of the waistcoats—it happened to be the one I remembered best of all, the one made of maroon-colored silk—and he felt it all over and he had the most dreadful expression. I can't describe it. It wasn't remorse, and yet it had a lot of that in it too. And he said, more as if talking to himself than to me, 'First the little brother, and then my son!' Then quite gently he dropped the waistcoat in the box and shut the lid, and muttered something to himself. I didn't quite catch it, but I thought he said 'Joseph's coat!'

"I said wouldn't he have some hot milk, or perhaps a whisky and soda, but he said no, he'd have some tea if I could get it for him when it was so late, and I went down to the kitchen myself—it is in the basement at home, and you can't hear what anyone is doing in the drawing-room, of course, because that is up two flights; you remember what English houses are like in the city, don't you, Uncle Magnus?—and made the tea. All the servants had gone to bed, of course, because it was really very late; about two o'clock in the morning.

"When I came back with the tea the drawing-room was empty; but all the lights were on, so I thought father would be back in a minute, and set down the tray and waited. But after a while the house was so still and I heard nothing of father in his room, so I went up to see where he was.

"No; he wasn't there"; she replied to my inquiring gaze. "We never saw him after that, and I think that when I was in the kitchen I heard the front door slam, though I didn't notice it at the time.

"Uncle Magnus, we've done everything to find him, everything we can think of. It was as I had thought at first, only his evening clothes put me off; daddy had done a difficult operation that night; he'd been dining out and they'd sent for him from the hospital. He was simply exhausted when he came home, and I suppose those waistcoats —— You see," she added explanatorily, "Dick had gambled away almost all his money, and he'd asked father time and again to let him come to him as assistant, because the particular work father specialized in was more interesting to him than anything in the world. But father told him to keep straight first and then he'd see. So when Dick simply hadn't anything more to sell he'd taken to his heels and flown the country, and mother told me once that he had gone to Americ and died there. Somehow that must hav preyed on father's mind, you see. Ther isn't any other explanation. Sometim people do strange things—the strange people—the very ones you think neve could!"

It was not in the least like my concep tion of Clement, but I could not tell hi daughter that. He had always been selfis in his young days; why should he hav changed now? It was plain that he ha been a drag on Marie, and that drag ha descended to his daughter. Why, this littl girl should have been in school now, no hunting in a strange country for a los father.

But I couldn't say any of this to Valen tine while she sat with her eyes wistfull on me, her face tense for something—a crumb of comfort, perhaps, I don't know what else—her lips trembling with eager ness to pour out all that had been pent up in her heart during that long ride across the ocean.

"You see, Uncle Magnus," she said, "everyone else thinks that I am crazy to come here to find daddy, everyone except Clem. I've had to fight them all, all the uncles and aunts—all the people who even think themselves related to us."

She passed her hand wearily across her brow. I could see that for an instant she was back again in England facing them one after another, all wearing that implacable expression of right that is so antagonistic to the one who is determined to do something that is never done, all with some coldly wise argument that means nothing to the person possessed of a passion for doing, righteous or otherwise.

And suddenly I found myself violently on her side, championing her cause, wishing her well in a quest that could not be anything but futile. At least it would give the child a rest to visit me, to see something of that America that as yet she viewed so dispassionately merely as a hunting ground for a lost father. Desire to make her love the country for itself rose up in me. She would love—with passion—once she was aroused, this little girl.

For the first time I saw that she had possibilities of beauty, of something that distinguished her from the usual run of American girls, beauties though they are—and there is no more ardent admirer of the American woman than I—something that set her apart from most girls. It came to me with an accompanying mistiness of the eyes that filmed my glasses over that it was a sense of sacrifice. Valentine had probably never had simply a good time. What with one thing and another, lots of English girls don't.

During the slight inconvenience caused by the mistiness of my glasses I had missed some subtle change of mood in the girl before me.

When I regarded her again she was looking out at the park with an expression in her eyes I had not seen before, something wondering, almost ecstatic.

I did not wonder at her. After sixteen years in New York I never tired of looking at my view, the view of Central Park framed by blue sky and shining in rarefied air. You must have been born over there to know how clear the air of even New York is—the gold on the roof of the Century Theater glinting in the sun—the air of charm and hustle everywhere below. I believe even Briggs loved it. And now here was another one, sitting with her hands clasped before her, her eyes mirroring the glory of the whole.

"Magic, isn't it?" she said again without turning her head, just as if she had known me for a long time, and I believe the dear child felt that she had, somehow. "Isn't it—isn't it a foreign city—like a dream—when you think of London? And," she went on, not waiting for me to answer, "how father would love it! After he got used to it of course. Oh! I mustn't miss any time hunting for him!"

She started out of her chair so rapidly and with such grace that I was surprised. I stood up also, but laid a detaining hand on her shoulder.

"What makes you so sure he is here, Valentine?"

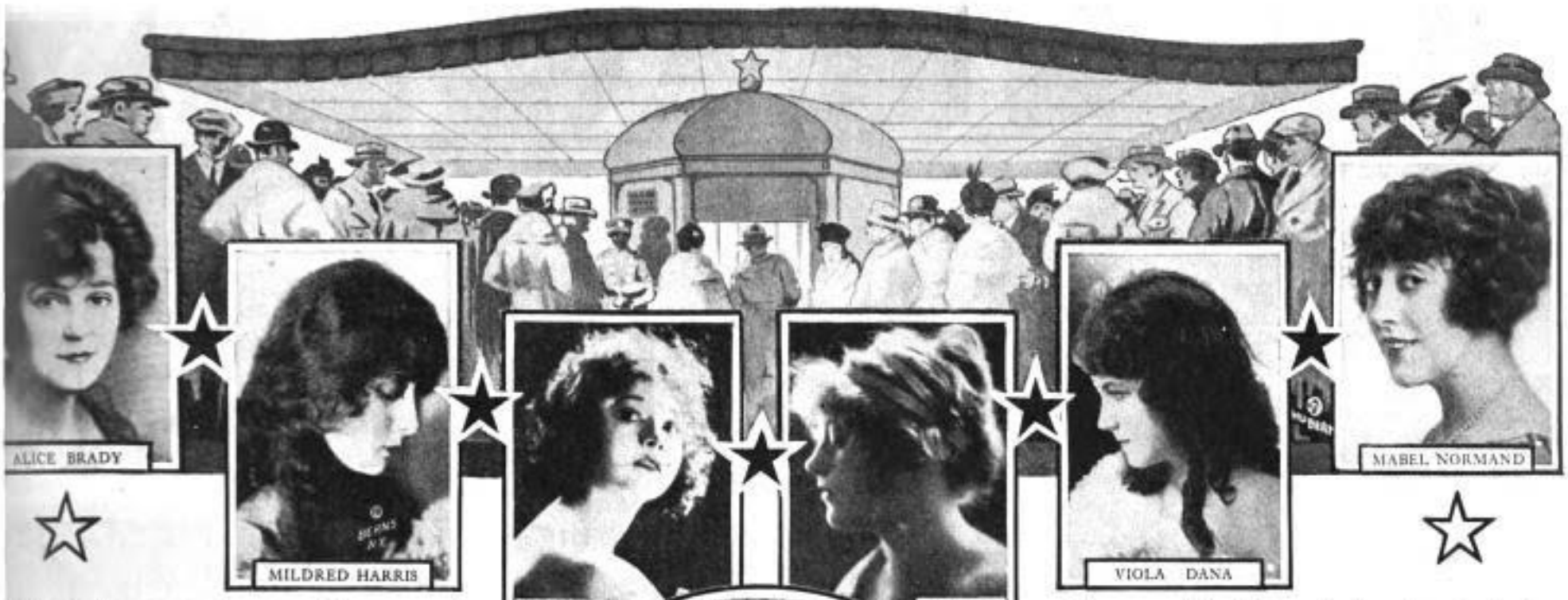
She flushed, but her eyes met mine steadfastly. She caught her breath a moment before she answered.

(Continued on Page 61)

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EAUTIFUL HAIR IN THE MOVIES

ow Stars of the Screen Enhance Their Charms



DY the pictures of these beautiful women and u will see just how much their hair has to do their appearance.

autiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a r of care.

u, too, can have beautiful hair if you care for it erly. Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon are you give it.

ampooing is always the most important thing. is the shampooing which brings out the real life lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your soft, fresh and luxuriant.

hen your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff gummy, and the strands cling together, and it harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because hair has not been shampooed properly.

hen your hair has been shampooed properly, and oroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, htfully fresh looking, soft and silky.

hile your hair must have frequent and regular hing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh t of free alkali, which is common in ordinary soap. free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair le and ruins it.

hat is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified oanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely aseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter w often you use it.

f you want to see how really beautiful you can make r hair look, just follow this simple method:

A *Simple, Easy Method*

IRST, put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then t the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour e Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it thoroughly over the scalp and throughout the entire length, wn to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of h, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thorghly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen e dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that ick to the scalp.



After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

You can easily tell when the hair is perfectly clean, for it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Makes Your Hair Beautiful



WATKINS
MULSIFIED
REG U S PAT OFF
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

Keeping a Child's Hair Beautiful

CHILDREN should be taught, early in life, that proper care of the hair is essential.

Get your children into the habit of shampooing their hair regularly once a week. Put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a glass of warm water. Then moisten the hair with clear warm water and pour the Mulsified over it, rubbing it in vigorously with the tips of the fingers. This will stimulate the scalp, make an abundance of rich, creamy lather and cleanse the hair thoroughly. It takes only a few seconds to rinse it all out when through.

You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of the hair and you will be teaching your child a habit that will be appreciated in after-life, for a luxuriant head of hair is something to be proud of.









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To Fair-M

—to those who give a hearing to men who try to please them

By V. K. Cassady, B. S., M. S., Chief Chemist



I am asking here for a simple test of a unique shaving cream. I spent a lifetime to qualify to make it. I consulted 1,000 men to learn just what they wanted. I made up and discarded 130 formulas before I attained this perfection.

Now I ask you to try it—free. And if you have something you are equally proud of, I'll do the same for you.

No ordinary soap

We are makers of Palmolive Soap. It is based on palm and olive oils—the premier cosmetics since the days of Cleopatra. To millions of women it has brought new beauty—skins like velvet, soft, clear, clean.

The makers desired to combine that blend in a shaving cream for men. But they insisted that we first create the best shaving soap in existence.

What men wanted

We first learned what men wanted, by 1,000 interviews. Then, step by step, we met those wants in scientific ways. In 18 months we made and tested 130 formulas.

They wanted abundant lather. We made a soap which multiplies itself in lather 250 times.

They wanted enduring lather. We made a lather which maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.

They wanted quick results. Within one minute, with our soap, the beard absorbs 15% of water. And that's enough to make a tough beard cut like wax.



They wanted the skin left soft a irritation. The palm and olive oils do Soap.

We've won the m

This shaving cream has won. It seemed like a fable. And every user some former favorite.

Now we ask your verdict. We hav

PALMOLIVE SHA

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ded Men



men like you. In mutual fairness try it and tell us what you think.

Stop now and cut the coupon.

Just make this test at our expense

Send the coupon for this ten-shave tube. Compare results with the best shaving soap you know.

Then decide for yourself. We will accept your choice.



Multiplies Itself in Lather 250 Times

A tiny bit — just one-half inch — suffices for a shave. One tube supplies over a hundred shaves. A pea-size bit makes a lather ball as big as a potato.



Softens the Beard in One Minute

Within one minute the beard absorbs 15% of water. And that's enough. The horniest beard may then be cut like wax.



Leaves the Skin Soft and Velvety

No lotion required. This blend of palm and olive oils soothes all irritation. The after-effects are delightful.



10 Shaves FREE

Simply insert your name and address and mail to

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Dept. B-288
Milwaukee, U. S. A.

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_____

NG CREAM

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The Old Way and The New

OLD ways must give way to new ways. Time is too precious to waste. Back-breaking stooping to dust, clean and polish the floors is no longer necessary—it is a foolish drudgery. Compare these pictures—the old way and the new way. The new way is the O-Cedar way. It means even more than the pictures show. It means cleaner, brighter and prettier floors. The saving of time, work and money.

The O-Cedar Polish Mop has six decided improvements, besides being bigger, stronger and better than ever before and, best of all, a decided reduction in price.

Sold on Trial

Simply deposit the price (Large size, $1.50, Cottage size, $1.00) with your dealer. Put your O-Cedar Mop to every test, and if you are not delighted with the result your money will be refunded without a question.

Prices in Canada, $1.25 and $2.00.



O-Cedar Polish Mop



Evolution

Today's way of beautifying furniture and woodwork is to use O-Cedar Polish. For O-Cedar "Cleans as it Polishes."

In place of a greasy, dust collecting shine or liquid coating O-Cedar Polish cleans the furniture and woodwork of all dust, scum, finger marks and the like, brings out the beauty of the grain of the wood and then imparts a high, dry and lasting lustre that does not get gummy, sticky or collect dust. In this way O-Cedar really beautifies, cleans, polishes—all at the same time.

O-Cedar Polish is unconditionally guaranteed and your dealer will refund your money if you are not delighted with the O-Cedar result.

30c to $3 sizes at all dealers



Years ago people greased their furniture to give it a gloss

—

Then came a quicker method—a liquid coating to merely make it shine



O-Cedar Polish

CHANNELL CHEMICAL CO.
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Toronto - London - Paris - Cape Town

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(Continued from Page 56)

'll think me foolish, but I think he punish himself. He's doing some- ifferent, something odd for him. —she came a trifle closer; her eyes le—"I—I believe he's wearing ex- ary clothes—making people stare for a penance, you know. Perhaps -a maroon waistcoat. You see, he t about Joseph's coat. Does it fully silly to you?"

er saw such wistfulness in a girl's didn't know a girl could look like lump rose in my throat; she was , so much in earnest. I didn't Clement had come here. It didn't me like him; and yet his daughter o know. Whether her reasoning t or not, I could follow it. I looked her gravely.

it doesn't seem silly," I said.

miled. "I know it as well as if he d me when he left home that night so tired. There isn't any reason in as grown persons speak of reason, e is plenty for me. When I knew ght that daddy had gone—it came suddenly that he had disappeared, verything had been too much for st as mother had always feared it —I sat down in a chair, numbed. I 't think of anything except that he ne, gone now that mother was not o take care of him. I went through rrible fears—fears ——" She caught oat at the memory of them, even. a bit I grew quieter, and then I I don't think I said much except d! O God!' just like that, but after he answer came. It wasn't in the of words; just that I began to think America—and I remembered you. ed to know quite clearly that I must here and search, that you would help That is why I came before they have finished searching all the places they ing to in London. They pretend to that he has just wandered off, that y be in any of a hundred places. They e had a nervous breakdown, and per- he lost his memory; that's what one e doctors suggested; amnesia, he it. They dragged the Green Pond, have inspected everybody brought up the river; but I haven't worried that much, because I know that is here."

e shining eyes, the voice gathering ness and vibrancy as she continued, utter trust in her own absurd little m somehow touched me as nothing had. Let her believe it if she wished. ably while she was here they would Clement's body back in London some- e, and the dismal details would be while she was out of the way. Let relations—the whole caboodle of 'em— nd the funeral and say "I told you so" ne another. I at least had the flower he family here, and she should try her d at America before she went back to n all.

You're just like your mother, my ," I said.

Which after all isn't a bit what I wanted say—for Marie had been a good soul, always a little dull, while this girl was linet with grace and life and pep. But 'd have thought I'd paid her the finest mpliment in the world. She flushed, and seized my hand suddenly with a con- sive clasp.

"I'm not half so good!"

"Probably not," I said dryly—I like with a bit of fire in their make-up, my- f—"but you suit me."

And then to my surprise she burst out ing and hung around my neck, and I und myself wiping her eyes with a hand- rchief that was hopelessly inadequate, ce I had taken it out of her own hand, and tting her back just as if she had been baby.

She was tired out; I saw that.

And just as I was about to suggest that go to her room and take a nap Briggs ppeared in that suave way of his and id that Miss Valentine's room was ready, nd since the boat had docked so early ould she care to take a sleep, and in the eantime we could find out all the in- rmation from the steamship companies bout passengers who might have a re- emblance to the doctor.

I hadn't thought of that, but I had to ad- it that it was a good notion. I nodded my head wisely and assured her that I would have everything shipshape for the search by the time she was awake, and as she disappeared with Briggs—I hovered in the background, for when it comes to making arrangements I have to admit that the rascal is much better than I—I heard a female voice upraised in respectful welcome. Briggs had imported an elderly maid for my niece, a creature as perfect as himself. I heaved a sigh of relief as I saw Valentine consigned to her hands behind closed doors.

But that should not prevent me having it out with Briggs!

He did not even reply to my tirade, merely suggesting by his attitude that I spoke with the wisdom of Solomon—that he was humbled in the dust. When I began to repent my severity he made the suggestion he had been waiting to make:

"Shall I take in hand the gathering of information about the doctor, sir? I know you won't want to be bothered with that; too much detail. And Miss Valentine, sir, she'll enjoy society and the theater, but Jane says she only brought two suitcases and she has nothing fit to wear. Shall I order from Tendrin's, or will you go yourself, sir ——"

He didn't finish his sentence, just stood waiting respectfully, and I felt my heart give a great leap of pleasure. I wonder if there is an old bachelor in the world who hasn't longed at some time or other to dress a pretty woman—not as she wants to dress herself, but as he would dress her? For a long time I'd owned a half share in an island where they breed birds of paradise—the big plumes that had come to me were packed away in a storehouse. I'd been paying storage on them for years and years. Now I had a woman to dress, even if she were a very little woman. But oh, she was sweet and charming and almost my own flesh and blood! I sprang up with haste and told Briggs I'd go myself.

"And I'll telephone Mrs. James, sir?" said he.

"Eh, what?" said I, staring. For a moment I didn't follow him. Then I knew that as usual he had been perfection. Mrs. James is a stately old dowager with a heart of gold, who has been my good friend ever since I was a clerk in her husband's bank. Then when I got on and they gave me a position of trust she gave herself the joy of running me socially, as she called it. I didn't appreciate what it meant then, but later I'd known that anyone Mrs. James sponsored was bound to be in the proper running; she's a social arbiter, even in these hurrying days. Briggs of course knew this, too, and he intended Valentine to have the best start possible. As I was getting into the taxi he came running down the steps.

"Mrs. James will be pleased, Mr. Magnus, if Miss Forster and you will have tea with her this afternoon."

"Telephone Mrs. James we'll be delighted," I said, and slammed the door. Briggs is an excellent servant, but hang it all, a man does occasionally like to do a little thinking for himself.

Val, I could see, would need the most careful turning out. She might be a beauty or she might be almost plain. She was going to be a success, I declared, and I did not hesitate to get Tendrin himself out of bed to talk the matter over. He keeps late hours and usually sleeps until noon. The little man became quite excited after a bit, and sketched two or three of his pet ideas for me. In the meantime he had a velvet suit and some smoky fox furs and three or four befurred and befeathered little hats packed into big boxes for me and sent on to the apartment. He understood that the young mees had distinction, he declared—so much better than beauty alone.

I chuckled to myself, because I believed that she might be beautiful as well.

But even so I wasn't prepared for the Val who appeared in the study. The elderly maid stood right behind her, her grim face relaxed in a smile as she watched me to see the result of her handiwork. I think she knew in that minute something of how an artist feels as he watches the public admire his latest picture. For I stared at Valentine with my eyes popping out of my head. Talk of your beauties! She was exquisite. I stared, and I chuckled, and she laughed softly. No girl could have helped liking the clothes and the sight her mirror had shown her. Val had cheeks the color of wild roses now, and her eyes were as blue as gentians.

"Uncle Magnus," she said, "you wizard!"

I squeezed her hand; a lump came into my throat. The pretty little thing—the pretty little thing! I felt as if my daughter had come to life before me, though I'd never had a daughter; but I imagined I felt as a father would feel.

Mrs. James was sitting very stiffly in her chair, but she stood up and peered at Val in amazement when I presented her. She became quite excited and whispered and pinched my hand behind Val's back. She scolded me for not having told her of Valentine's expected arrival.

"If you had," she said, "I'd have denied myself to everyone, and we'd have planned a sensation to introduce the child. Why, Magnus, she's a fairy, a fairy! Why didn't you tell me you had this in hiding? Man, she'll be the rage in half an hour, once she's seen. Oh, if I'd only known!" She rang the bell vigorously.

She was just a fraction of a second too late. The butler answered her ring and announced Young Jim at one and the same time, and the moment he did so Mrs. James looked at me with an expression that said "There, I told you so!" and waved the butler away. She couldn't very well let her other guest know that she had been going to deny herself to him, when he had caught her entertaining us. But after she had presented Young Jim she kept on muttering to me in an undertone that it was a pity—might as well not show the girl now. And her faded, shrewd old eyes would fasten first on me and then on the young people sitting side by side on the sofa—Young Jim, as we all called him, with his dark head and dark eyes and all his vigorous slim youth; and little Val, her head shining with its nimbus of red gold, her blue eyes dancing, her cheeks pink as a sea shell.

Old though we felt, we couldn't watch them without our hearts softening and our eyes shining a little too. It was so plainly a case of love at first sight for Jim—and Val was supremely unconscious of what was happening to him, it seemed. She laughed and shone and twinkled and talked of London and her wounded brother, and Young Jim listened as if he were entranced; and when we stood up to go he quite simply said good-by to Mrs. James and went with us as if it was the most natural thing in the world.

The last sight I had of the old lady she was sitting up, grimmer than ever, in her straight-backed chair, and she called after me as I followed Val from the room, "Telephone me, Magnus, later in the evening. You'll probably be bored."

She has the knack of being as right as Briggs, although not so frequently. But this was one of the times when she hit it, for I had been yawning for half an hour when I remembered what she had said. For Young Jim had insisted on coming back with us and staying for dinner—and he and Valentine sat and talked and talked and laughed—everything they touched on glittered.

Not that I minded! I loved Young Jim; everybody did! He was simple and manly and unspoiled, and he was Mrs. James' nephew and the heir to an enormous fortune, part of which I managed for him—or, rather, helped him to manage—and I could not suppress a really worldly satisfaction that he had fallen so desperately in love. As for Valentine, the child was made for love, and showed it! It was like Galatea coming to life out of the cold marble.

It did not take a minute to get Mrs. James on the phone, although she has usually quite a dignified ceremonial before she will take a call, but she must have been waiting close at hand.

"You tell Young Jim to come here. I want to see him!" she snapped.

In a few minutes she had the whole story out of me about Val's father, and her voice softened as she heard it. "A good girl," she said; "good and beautiful. Lord, Magnus, you're in luck—as usual."

"It's not my luck," I told her; "it's Young Jim's! After all, he's the right age."

I laughed to stifle a sigh, but all I heard in answer was a snort of wrath. There are times when you'd declare that Mrs. James has no manners—she expresses herself so oddly.

"Magnus," she said, "you make me tired; James used to say you were a financial genius. It's a good thing finance has nothing to do with women—you'd have been a failure all right. You talk as if you were eighty. Don't you know that at thirty-six —— Oh, pshaw!"

She hung up in disgust, jamming the receiver down on the hook in vicious disregard for my ears.



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says *The Dainty Woman*

When after active exercise on a warm day—tennis, golf, or even walking—you would like to feel entirely free from the odor of perspiration—

"Mum" is the word.

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The metal you never see on your table —but which is there

THE friendly gleam of polished silver greets your dinner guests. Perhaps in the linings of spoons or cups there is the dull glow of gold. Your percolator is polished nickel. For tea you may use a samovar of copper.

Another metal is always on your table—invisible, but ever present, in the delicate finish on your plates, cups, and saucers. This metal is lead, used by makers of fine china in producing the smooth, hard glaze on the surface. In your cut glass salad bowl or fruit dish, lead is again invisibly present, for lead is used to give cut glass its brilliance. The hard rubber insulation on your percolator and toaster contains lead.

Here, perhaps, are uses of lead that are new to you. There are many others; lead enters your daily life in more ways than you might think possible. The electric wires that supply the light above your dining-table are fastened together with lead solder, protected by lead fuses, covered with a rubber insulation which has lead as one of its ingredients. The electric-light bulbs contain lead, which gives to glass greater heat resistance.

Good paint contains white-lead as its most important ingredient. Tons of metallic lead are corroded every day, to provide the white-lead used by paint manufacturers and painters.

Paint protects buildings from deterioration and decay—hence the maxim, heeded everywhere today, "Save the surface and you save all." The more white-lead any paint contains, the greater its protecting power and its durability. The lead-and-oil paint which painters prefer for outdoor use is simply pure white-lead, thinned with pure linseed oil.

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There never has been any reasoning with Mrs. James. Five years ago she asked me brusquely if I was cherishing a broken heart. When my laughter had reassured her she attacked the subject from another angle. Thirty-one, she said, was a sensible age for a man to marry; she knew two charming girls ——

Assuring her gravely that I had no desire to follow in the footsteps of Brigham Young she swept my levity aside by handing me pictures—the débutantes of the year.

"Isn't there one that appeals to you?" she said.

But I couldn't tell her how I felt. Sometimes, wistfully, I'd thought I caught sight of a face in a crowd—the face of the sort of girl I might marry; but it had never turned out that way, and now I was afraid of women. What had an old bachelor to do with pretty, audacious girls? I was annoyed at Mrs. James—matchmaking, meddling old woman. Why couldn't she be content to watch the pretty idyl going on before our eyes, as I was?

As the days went by the thing became a byword. All the men were crazy about Valentine, but she seemed to me to have eyes only for Young Jim. They rode together every morning in the park, and often Young Jim came for breakfast. When we walked abroad he appeared as if by magic on the sidewalk, and when we went to dances or to the theater he was always there too. I used to tease Valentine about it, but she only glowed and laughed, though sometimes her beautiful eyes had a haunted expression. Each night that she had not found Clement she sighed, and each morning was exciting, because it held the possibility of finding him. Briggs reported no results from his many inquiries, even. Val had told Young Jim all about it, and he was as anxious as she. They neither of them doubted that they would find him either. Sometimes it seemed to me that youth is faith—because it has not suffered disappointment. And to what fragile threads it fastens its hopes.

Summer flew in that year. It was June before we knew it, and one evening in the first week Valentine came into the library before dinner and perched on the arm of my chair.

"Uncle Magnus ——" she said, and waited.

I felt a pang go through me. You know what it is to fear something—and suddenly know that you are face to face with it.

"Uncle Magnus," said Val again, burying her bright head on my shoulder for a minute, "I—I can't stay here unless I find daddy, you know. I have to go back to Clem."

I wanted to tell her that it was folly but I couldn't. I could see into her heart too well, and then somehow all the old tentacles of family life that I had thrown off came and gathered about me. I knew that Valentine, being herself, could not abandon her crippled brother Clement or the care of the household, and probably in their quixotic youth the two of them would decide that the old home must be kept open for their father. Unless they had proof of his death they'd plan for his return. And Young Jim would have nothing to say to which she would listen. I believed she loved him—but love, in her strange category, did not come before duty. It had been this idea of duty as an archenemy to all joy and freedom from which I had torn away, and here I was, up against it again.

It was hard—hard on me! At last I'd found something—something that made everything else seem small by comparison. Val was sweet and lovely and dear, and—she wasn't English, not at heart! She'd felt as if she came home, that morning she came to me. And with all her gentle sweetness she had a gayety and a happy charm that made her seem a part already of the country I loved.

How I'd dwelt on having her near me—an American! One of my own people—someone who really belonged to me—but free, free, no longer tied down by all their inhibitions and worn-out ideas.

Not that I don't admire the British—they're true blue all through; I'd fight another man who spoke disparagingly of them—but I didn't need to explain to Val what I meant. She knew.

Her little sigh told me as she looked out of the window to the fresh summer green of Central Park.

Nothing more was said just then, but I carried a heavy heart about with me all evening.

"Briggs," I said that night, st
him as he came to lock the windo
the night, "Miss Valentine thinks sh
leave us unless she can find her fath
give a thousand dollars to find son
to stop her."

"It's a lot of money, sir," said
respectfully.

"Yes," I said, lapsing into gloom

Briggs went on with his work; he
better than to interrupt me when
thinking. Presently I found him st
waiting by the door.

"Well?" I said impatiently.

"Nothing, sir," said my servant q
"except about Miss Valentine. Is she
she really wish to find her father, si
thought him a bad egg, sir, if you
cuse the expression."

"You saved me the trouble of ask
said I. "All the same, she wants t
him, naturally. But of course he
here; he probably jumped into the Tha

"I wouldn't be so hopeful, Mr.
nus," said Briggs gravely. "Men hav
known to turn up when they're leas
pected. Good night, sir."

He left the room with the air of p
solicitude that he adopts as a good
and good morning demeanor.

The next morning Young Jim ca
and asked if I thought that Val
would like to dine at the Adamantine

"It's different from anything she'
anywhere else, isn't it?" he said. "I
suggested it in the most deferential
as he took my hat. If you say the
Uncle Magnus"—he'd adopted Val's
for me; it made me wriggle irritably.
certainly not his uncle—"I'll invite
James, as company for you." He grin

I wonder it had not occurred to me
the Adamantine Club. I'd been a me
for years. Old James put me up befo
died, and Young Jim often lived in
place for weeks at a time. It isn't the
distinguished, but it is certainly the
fashionable club in New York, and i
cludes so many persons that it is al
distinguished for that fact alone.

But what I wanted Val to see, more
anything, was the clubhouse and the wa
did everything. Style—they couldn't
it in London. I had an idea that if Valen
had to go home she might as well see ev
thing possible beforehand. I fell in
Young Jim's idea with enthusiasm.

In days of loveliness I had never
Val so beautiful as she was that night
we waited for Young Jim to bring
James to the club. She had on a p
dress. I always love a young woman
pink. Tendrin and I had evolved it
tween us. It had been my idea to h
bird-of-paradise plumes form the soft dé
letage and the curve of the scalloped sk
and so, although the dress appeared
simple, it really was rather a gorgeous
fair. It looked as if a rainbow had be
caught and twined around a pink clou
There was a fan that went with it t
Val waved it to and fro as she watched t
crowd, always with that half-smiling glan
hiding the hint of wistfulness. Once s
sighed. I may have been wrong—but
think it was because she hated to thi
of leaving America. I'd determined
prevent her, but how—how? I gave
thinking and sat and gloated over the chil
When Young Jim arrived I saw him ha
stop as he followed Mrs. James across th
room. Valentine was enough that night
give any man pause.

We went into the dining room, found ou
table by the window. Valentine was talk
ing to Mrs. James—they were laughing an
looking about the room. It is a beautiful
lofty place, a trifle dark for my taste o
any but a summer day, but the oak panel
ing serves only to emphasize the uniform
of the waiters, which are gorgeous enough
for a stage setting. The Adamantine Club
wanted something different for its attend
ants, and it certainly got it. All tha
crimson and silver and brilliant blue—with
the powdered wigs and silken calves—
quite out of place, but gorgeous, all the
same.

I don't think anyone else noticed at first,
even Young Jim. But I saw Val glance
across the room to a particularly splendid
specimen wearing the waiter's uniform, and
her eyes widened peculiarly. She looked
again, and then bent across the table to me.
She spoke very quietly, but with a supreme
effort at self-control:

"Uncle Magnus, I have seen father.
Can you go and take Mrs. James, please!
Jim, I am dreadfully sorry to spoil the

(Continued on Page 66)

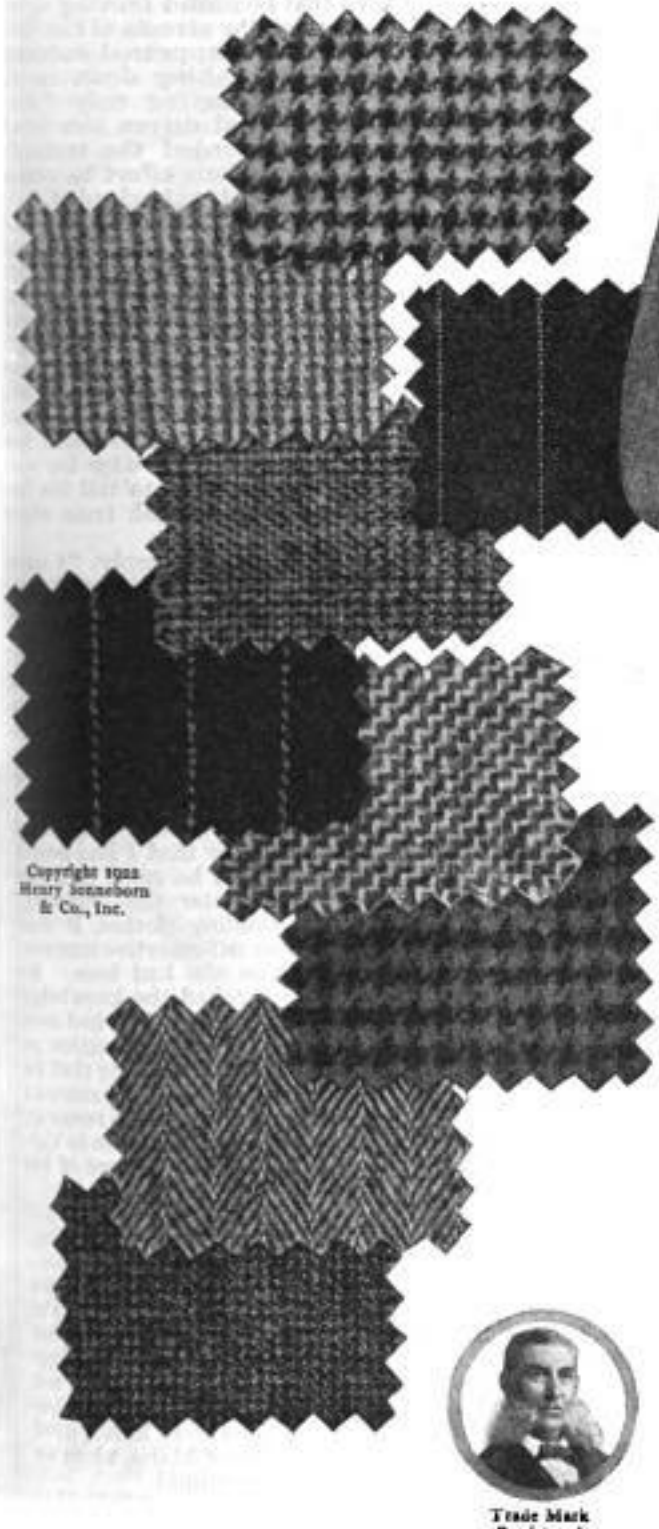
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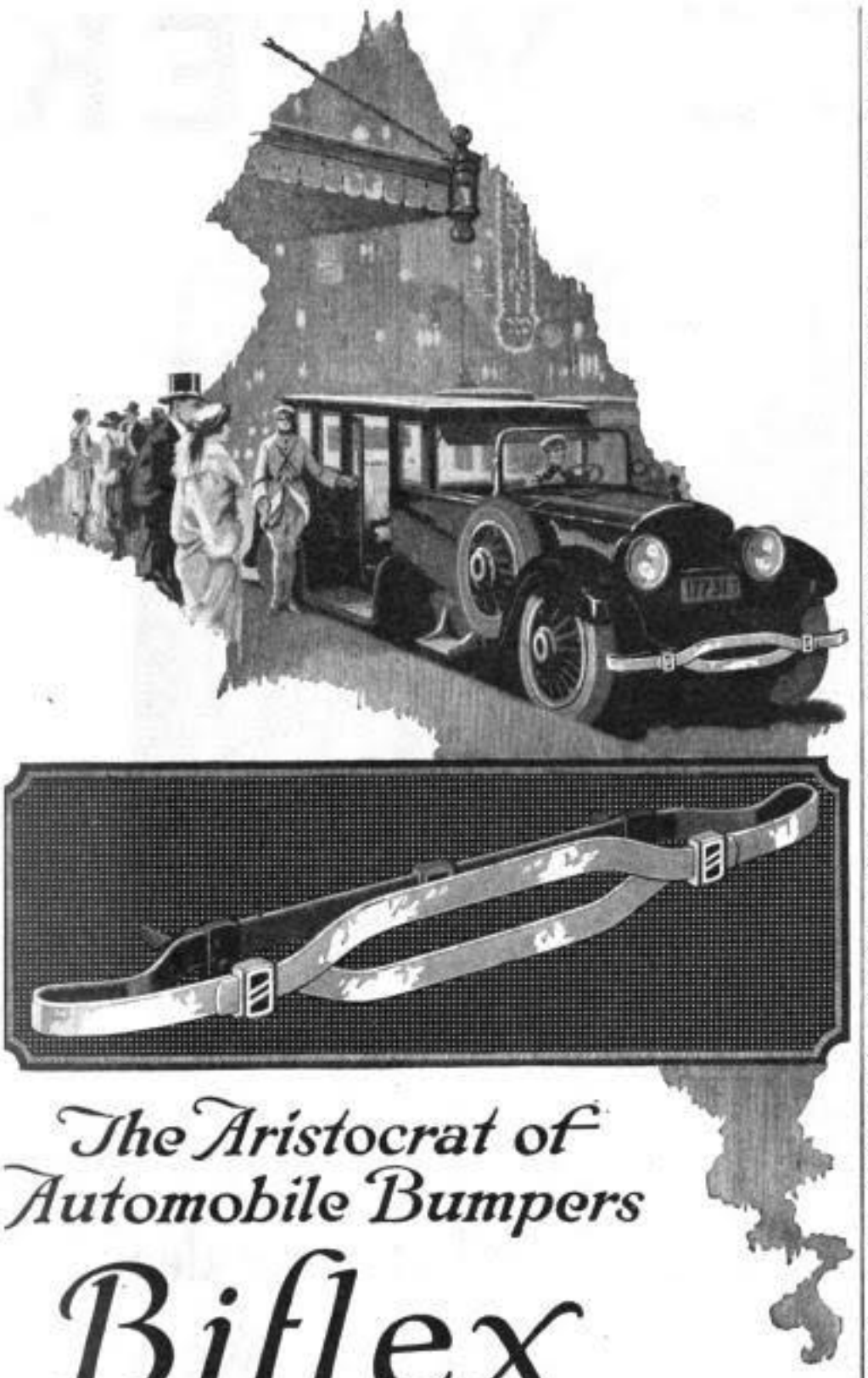
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TRADE MARK

(Continued from Page 62)

party, but you see, if father did not find me alone—it is the only chance ——"

Her voice had a note of terror in it; not for herself; for this poor father. Before I could reply she went on with her speech:

"He's—it's absurd, but he's a waiter! He won't mind me, but if he sees you all ——"

Her eyes besought; she almost pushed me from my seat. Young Jim grasped the situation with his usual flashing insight.

"Yes, yes, we understand. Of course we'll go. If you want us, telephone! We'll be at the apartment, dear." She did not notice the "dear." It was like a knife in my heart to believe he must have used the word often. The pain persisted as I guided Mrs. James from the room.

"Extraordinary!" she muttered.

I excused it, for I knew that she was hungry and wanted her dinner. Mrs. James has lost, in her sense of appetite, the delicate flavor of romance that is the birthright of every lady.

As we reached the entrance I looked back. Val sat alone at the table set for four, and a sudden mist came before my eyes. She looked so little. I seemed to see two pictures of her—as she had come to me that first day in her battered velvet hat and ugly tweed suit, and as she was to-night in her foamy pink cloud and birds of paradise.

Mrs. James coughed, attracting my attention.

"A good girl," she said in a hungry voice. "A good girl. And Lord, how beautiful!"

Val sat on at the table until the waiter she had recognized came near. Then she signaled him quietly. He came towards her, stooping a little in his gorgeous uniform, a napkin under his arm, the interrogatory expression of the waiter born in his eyes. But there was something else there, too, a remorse that was sadder than grief, a dry-eyed endurance of inexplicable suffering. Val said that the tears rushed to her eyes as she looked at him.

How came so much wisdom to be locked up in her heart? That was the marvel as she told me about it. She knew as she met his gaze that he had lost all memory—of her, at least. The words that had been on her lips died away; she clutched the table with her small hands, forcing herself to speak in a gentle, aloof tone.

"Waiter, my party have not arrived. I feel a little conspicuous sitting here alone. Won't you take me to some quiet place where I can telephone—and wait?"

"Certainly, madam!"

He drew back her chair deftly and escorted her from the room. The big lobby was almost empty, but she shook her head at his suggestion that she wait there, and he led the way to a small writing room off the main one. She sat down and looked up at him.

"I wonder, would you telephone to my uncle, Mr. Magnus." She paused. "Does that name remind you of anyone?"

"No," he told her; and he drew his hand across his eyes as if to brush away a film.

"I think it does," she said quietly, "only you don't quite remember, do you? What is your name?"

"Clement," he said, and stared at her.

Once again he made that gesture, infinitely weary, infinitely pathetic, of brushing away something that had tantalized him. A sob caught in her throat, but she forced it back.

"You've been ill, haven't you?" she asked, seeing how thin he had become. "Have you any family, any friends here?"

He hesitated uneasily, moving from one foot to the other. His eyes were on her face now, and she kept hers on him, watching for a faint spark of recognition. He still stood, but she pointed to the chair facing her, and he dropped into it after an instant of hesitation, leaning back as if he were ineffably weary.

And then, as the silence persisted, she had the big idea, the thing that dazzled her as she thought about it. She would tell him the story, the story of himself as she saw it. Perhaps her voice, and the names she would use ——

"I used to know someone so like you," she said. "His name was Clement, too—Clement Forster. He was a surgeon, and people came to him from all over the world to have him cure them. He was a very clever man indeed, but so often he was tired. He had a brother called Dick, and a son named Toddy, and a daughter ——"

She didn't get any further. He stood up, pushing back the chair and peering at her with eyes grown suddenly keen. The shadow had dropped away as if the sun shone on it; he touched the little hand she held out to him, and suddenly his head dropped down on it and he began to cry. Val fell on her knees beside him, the pink dress billowing all about her, her little face a blur of yearning tenderness.

"Daddy," she said, "I've been searching for you everywhere, darling."

"You are like your mother," he said, and looked at her gently, a look that turned almost to criticism. "But your mother was never such a little queen of Sheba!"

And so by degrees the real Clement Forster, the father she had known, came back. But he seemed to her stronger, less dependent than she had ever known him. As she talked to him understandingly he picked up the threads with ease. His trained mind could trace readily just what had happened to him, and he told Val that he had gone out that night when he had disappeared to get a breath of air, to forget a phrase that rang in his memory like a tolling bell.

"Joseph's coat," it went over and over, "Joseph's coat, Joseph's coat."

Haunted thus mentally, and yet physically so tired that he found moving agony, he had run through the streets of the West End. A taxicab had appeared suddenly, and he'd hailed it, sinking down on the cushioned seat and saying only "Anywhere!" The man had driven him to the station, and he'd boarded the train for Liverpool in subconscious effort to escape the sounds within his troubled mind.

Of all that happened when he had finally reached New York he did not know, nor how he got there. He'd come to the end of the money he carried, and then, passing the Adamantine Club one night, had seen the gorgeous uniforms of the waiters, and to stifle that old refrain had gone in and asked for a job. He said it had rested him at first to do that work, but lately he had begun to be troubled because he could not remember who he was nor why he was there; and he hadn't dared to tell his fellow workers that. He shrank from their laughter.

"At first," he said quite simply, "I used to see two faces—Dick's and Toddy's—then gradually they faded. I did not know why I saw them, but I knew they hurt. Val—my little girl!"

"Oh, daddy!" she cried yearningly. Yet as they clung together she knew that he had come back from the shores of forgetfulness with no longer any real need of her.

I don't know, but I think that Clement Forster was glad to drop his enforced rôle and emerge once more as the distinguished surgeon. He never knew that I had heard the whole story. When he came into the apartment with Val later that evening, wearing ordinary evening clothes, it was in his old easy, rather self-assertive manner. I saw then how wise she had been; he would never have brooked the knowledge that anyone of his own, save Val, had seen him. He had accepted her explanation as quite an ordinary thing. Realizing that he had suffered from an attack of amnesia brought on by strain and repressed remorse, he never spoke of it afterwards, even to Valentine; he knew enough to be sure of his cure.

Inwardly she clung to that idea of hers—that he'd worn that gorgeous clothing, done this extraordinary thing—as a penance, even though he hadn't known it. How right she was I do not know. I'm not a psychologist. The only thing that mattered was that she'd found him. That she should have sensed his feeling did not seem remarkable at all to Clement himself. I suppose it came from having lived for many years with poor Marie, whom we always looked upon as stupid.

"Of course, Uncle Magnus," Val said to me late that night, when she had seen her father safely to his room and crept out to me in the library, "he was very upset at first. For such a long time he'd suffered because he'd been harsh with poor Dick and—and perhaps hadn't always understood Toddy. It is very pathetic, really, when you think of it; not even mother suspected how he felt."

"Pathetic?" I growled. "Leaving you to suffer and drag the Green Pond—never a line, just walking off like that! Oh, I know he couldn't help it, but—but he ought to have helped it; and now—to look at him—you'd think he owned the earth."

(Continued on Page 67)

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FASHION PARK

Rochester, New York

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(Continued from Page 64)

smiled at me forgivingly. Did she faint sigh? "Of course you don't tand daddy. No one really did, ever, darling mother. I—I don't, quite. can't help thinking of how awfully e was I found him, Uncle Magnus. s frightfully tired of wearing Joseph's

lare say!" I said grimly.
rouldn't even flash back the tiny le of humor that showed as she fin-

I didn't approve of Clement Forsd I never shall. I could hardly make f sorry for him, and yet without Val-'s faith what a fate might have been Perhaps he'd never have remem-: perhaps he'd have lived and died ter. Oh! I was sorry for him when ught of that; but something troubled I couldn't sleep until I had ques-d her further.

'our father ——" said I.

were interrupted by a knock. Briggs ed; his manner was so perfect as al- to be unctuous. He carried a salver s hand, and before us deposited some gram forms.

Mr. Jim suggested before he left, Miss ntine, that you might want to send a age to your brother. Something after manner, miss?"

e indicated a message written in a clear, le hand.

mething dawned on me, something had not previously been clear. I hed for my check book.

Something of this kind, Miss Valentine, ing from the hospital in London, would r Doctor Forster greatly. Also, there boat on Saturday; we might secure sportation."

le waited gravely. The message was g, but it was very clear. Clem would erstand exactly what to do. He could ch from his couch, call the hospital, e them send an urgent cable to the er surgeon asking him to make all haste returning. Val read it through twice. aw her lips twitch. Then she bent and ed her name.

"That is an excellent idea, Briggs. I—I nk it had better be sent at once, don't u?"

"Yes, miss; very good, miss."

I could have sworn that he strutted, ough he hurried from the room.

"Uncle," said Val, "has it occurred to u—wasn't it strange that Briggs had nner all ready for you here when you and m and Mrs. James got back? Jim told e he laughed. I—uncle do you think im thought of that cable?"

I shook my head, sighing. "No, honey, don't; the message was in Briggs' own riting."

"And Jim said that he suggested our oing to the Adamantine Club. Of course t doesn't seem possible, uncle, but it almost—doesn't it look to you as if he must ave known—about daddy?"

"He probably did," said I bitterly. "He as undoubtedly already engaged staterooms on the boat sailing on Saturday, and—and passage for two."

My voice grew a trifle husky. I swear I couldn't help it; when a man is older he wants a pretty young thing of his own close to him. It seemed too bad that Clement Forster should have everything. I worked myself up into quite a state about it.

"If he has," I said, "he loses that thousand dollars, and I swear I'll dismiss him. I want a servant, not a secretary. Briggs is altogether too perfect."

"Oh, he hasn't taken passage for me, has he?" said Val in alarm. "It—it is all right about daddy, of course. I really think he had better go. He fits best in London, I think, don't you? But I couldn't go, Uncle Magnus, could I?"

She seemed to be waiting for something.

"You are going to marry Jim?" I asked. How heavy my heart felt! I could hardly bear the light in her face.

"Marry Jim?" Her voice was strange as she repeated my words. She began to laugh. "Oh, no," she said, shaking her head in the adorable way she had brought over from babyhood; "I couldn't marry Jim. He wouldn't want me, really; he just thinks he does. Why, Jim isn't old enough; he's just a boy."

"He's three years older than you."

A shadow flitted across her face. "It seems as if you wanted me to marry him," she remarked resentfully.

"No, no!" My words were vehement. She turned from me, but I could see her eyes as she faced me in the mirror. I don't know just what exclamation fell from my lips. "Mrs. James said I knew nothing about women!" I added, almost as if the words were forced from me.

"Mrs. James? Mrs. James? What has she to do with us?" Val shot at me; there was something like a flash of fire in the quicksilver voice.

At that minute Briggs tapped and entered again.

"The cable has gone, Miss Valentine," he announced in his best manner.

She thanked him, floating from the room silently like a gay butterfly. Something went with her, the doors of paradise shut. What a gray old world!

"Damn you!" I roared at Briggs. "Don't you know when you aren't wanted? No, don't go; now you are here we'll have a little explanation. When did you learn of Doctor Forster's position in the Adamantine Club?"

Briggs did not falter. He appeared to meditate. "I think it was three days after Miss Valentine arrived, sir."

"And you kept this knowledge to yourself? You allowed my niece to live in anxiety about her father? You ——"

"Well, Mr. Magnus, I kep' my eye on him, sir; he wouldn't have escaped me, I assure you. And it isn't as if Miss Valentine were really your niece; that's all a pretense, of course. Why, she never even speaks of you as uncle to Jane or me, no more. It didn't seem to be giving the thing time, sir, to find the doctor in three days."

His eyes had grown almost wistful; he looked at me respectfully.

Then he drew himself up and resumed his normal manner, standing back for Val to enter.

"If you please, miss," he said quietly, "I've taken passage for the doctor, Stateroom B—17, on the upper deck."

He seemed to melt from the room.

Valentine came towards me quietly, her blue eyes shining through tears.

"You see he didn't take passage for me," she said. "Will you fix it with him? I—I don't want to ask him myself."

But even then I didn't understand. I had to turn away from her, I felt so strange. Life had grown so gray. Now at last I knew that I was really old; I'd been playing with the idea before.

"Yes, I'll ask him," I said tonelessly, and picked up my pen. That silver voice was murmuring in my ears.

"Three days until Saturday—three days more."

As if she had taken a sudden resolution she stood up, her eyes brighter than I had ever seen them, the flush in her cheeks a brilliant rose.

Over and over in my mind went that phrase of Briggs: "It didn't seem to be giving the thing time, sir, to find the doctor in three days."

What thing?

I lifted my eyes to Val, and heard her catch her breath. She came closer, leaning over my shoulder, watching me write.

"A thousand dollars," she said curiously, "for Briggs?" She flashed a glance at me.

"Payment, little Val, for something he did for me; even perfect servants have their price."

A smile twinkled deep down in the blue eyes, came gasping to the surface in a half incredulous laugh. She looked at me, puzzled, radiant, the sudden clear joy of love shining through. The lovely, lovely thing!

The world rocked about us. I caught her to my breast. Not even to her father did she use the exquisite tone that now carried her thoughts to me. The spring wind floats the breath of violets to the stars in some such melody.

"It only took three minutes to make you love me, Magnus, and I had three days!"

"I've loved you from the first moment—only I didn't understand. Briggs did, the old rascal!"

I told her what he said.

She smiled up at me, her small face transfigured.

"We'll always keep him, won't we, Magnus dear? He's almost perfect, I think."

"If I hadn't asked you to marry me he'd have given me the idea—before Saturday."

She laughed in gentlest mockery—but I believe it. Then as I looked at my little love I forgot all about Briggs. I kissed her dazzled eyes softly. The frail feathers of the birds of paradise framed the lovely face—the face I had first seen beneath an old and battered hat. How thankful I am that she ever had that odd idea about Joseph's coat!

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RITA COVENTRY

(Continued from Page 19)

s, she became enthusiastic as a child, allenged Parrish to a match.
e loser to give the winner a prize," ified.
right. What shall it be?"
at's for the loser to decide."
as his purpose to allow himself to be d and to make his vanquishment an for giving her a present. He had ishing to give her a present. What ld be he had not determined beyond ct that it should be something ex- and precious; something worthy of d of his feeling for her; a piece of y, doubtless; perhaps a linked brace- platinum and diamonds such as he ought of giving Alice for her birth- except that for Rita the diamonds be larger to bear comparison with her jewels. Not that he had the least ht of overlooking Alice's birthday. urse he would get her something: hing nice, though less expensive than nond bracelet. He simply could not two.

a having emptied the magazine of her and made a not discreditable score, sh began to shoot.

must miss about every other shot," id to himself, and he commenced by so. Then it struck him that Rita t notice the even balance between the nd misses; wherefore he began to vary rogram, with the result that he lost t of his score. He found it, moreover, usly difficult deliberately to take false Two or three times he said to him- "I must miss this one," yet when he he would not miss. The targets drew rifle barrel as the magnetic pole a le. It was easy enough to miss if you t want to, but difficult to do it by nt. Trying to miss was like trying to at cards. To bring oneself to do it— competition and against a woman who never held a gun before—was absurdly cult. Yet Parrish, as he fired his last , believed that he had thrown the ch to Rita.

'Well, you win," he said, laying down little rifle.

'Why, no!"

'Certainly you do!"

The attendant set him right.

"You trimmed the lady by three hits," d he.

Parrish was surprised. However, it n't matter. Really he needed no excuse giving her the bracelet.

"You shot well for a beginner," he said they proceeded up the Boardwalk.

"I'm glad you think so. It's lots of fun. w you shall have your prize."

Like a child at a party he was wondering hat the prize would be.

"Now?"

"Yes. We'll go in here." She was head- him up a short connecting walk leading the door of a hotel grillroom.

"For the prize?"

"Yes. The prize is an ice."

He was a little disappointed. Not that e desired a handsome gift from her—had he proposed such a thing he would have rotested, and sincerely—but he wished hat she had thought of something more ersonal and less trivial; something he ould keep.

This grillroom was one of the gayest lancing places on the Boardwalk. The alf dozen negroes who supplied the music were not playing when they entered and the vacant central space with its surround- ing banks of tables made Parrish think of the sandy bed of some drought-stricken stream. Then the drum rolled and there came a burst of jazz music, whereupon the empty space was inundated, becoming a whirlpool on whose surface dancing figures drifted round and round, bobbing, swaying, spinning this way and that, like flotsam at the mercy of capricious currents.

"Aren't you going to ask me to dance?" demanded Rita presently.

The proposal came as a mild shock to Parrish. In his twenties he had enjoyed dancing, and though his interest in it had diminished with his advance into the thir- ties, he had remained a dancing man until, more than a year ago, at the time of Clara Proctor's protracted visit to Alice, in New York, he had found it expedient to renounce the pastime.

In this renunciation Clara had been the determining factor, for there had come to the apartment in her train a following of sleek-haired, facile-footed youths whose entire thought and talk was of dancing places, orchestras, tunes and steps; and though Parrish had tried at first to make himself agreeable to Clara and these friends of hers, on Alice's account, taking the two girls and the young men on several nocturnal jaunts to realms of jazz, he had soon perceived that Clara and the youths—her troupe of trained seals, she called them—regarded him as nothing more than a convenience: someone to provide liquor and a limousine and settle restaurant checks. Neither for Alice nor for him did they show the least consideration; once they became ensconced in some noisy half-disreputable dancing place, they were never ready to go home. He did not care for Broadway night life and knew that Alice liked it not at all; each time he took them out he saw her growing fatigued with the din as the night wore on, and, himself tired and bored, would finally suggest that it was time to go, but only to be overruled by Clara and the youths, who under the combined spell of jazz and high- balls seemed to contract a mild hysteria, a dancing frenzy which possessed them like some demon that only the light of dawn could exorcise.

After several of these unsatisfactory experiments Parrish ceased to invite them out. But they continued to go, and Clara, who did not wish to be the only woman in the party, was constantly tugging at Alice, endeavoring to persuade her to accompany them on their jaunts about town. This put Alice between two fires. She did not wish to go, and knew that he did not wish her to, yet she sometimes felt obliged to ac- company her visitor.

It was when he perceived Clara's per- sistent selfishness that Parrish put his foot down. Partly to protect Alice from further imposition, partly to protect himself from the continual intrusions of Clara and the youths when he and Alice wished to be alone, he declared his purpose of giving up dancing altogether and asked Alice to join him in so doing. Of course she agreed; she always did as he asked her to. From that day to this he had not danced; that fact— of course without the details—was his ex- cuse to Rita now.

"I haven't danced for a long time," he told her.

"Oh, never mind. Come on."

She had already risen. There was noth- ing else for it. Reluctantly he accompa- nied her to the floor. Then all at once reluctance turned into delight; the flow of music caught and wafted them away as easily as if they were adrift on a swift stream in a canoe; he might have known that it would be like this!

"And you didn't want to," said she in light reproach.

She was all music. Her speaking voice, rich and mellifluous, was like her tread in walking, while her dancing—ah, it was like a song expressed in motion.

"I want to close my eyes," he said.

"Do, then. I'll guide."

He let his lids fall, and in that artificial darkness, surcharged with melody and movement, experienced an exquisite sensa- tion as of soaring with her in a perfect oneness through a vast sweet night.

"Now," he murmured, "we are far up among the stars. How huge the heavens are! We must hold to each other, Rita, or we may get lost."

His eyes, opening, encountered hers. Not since the night of their first meeting had he looked into them at this close range; now, as then, he gazed like one who seeks to penetrate the depths of some unfathom- able sea.

"Are you sorry we danced?" she asked with the shadow of a smile as the music died away.

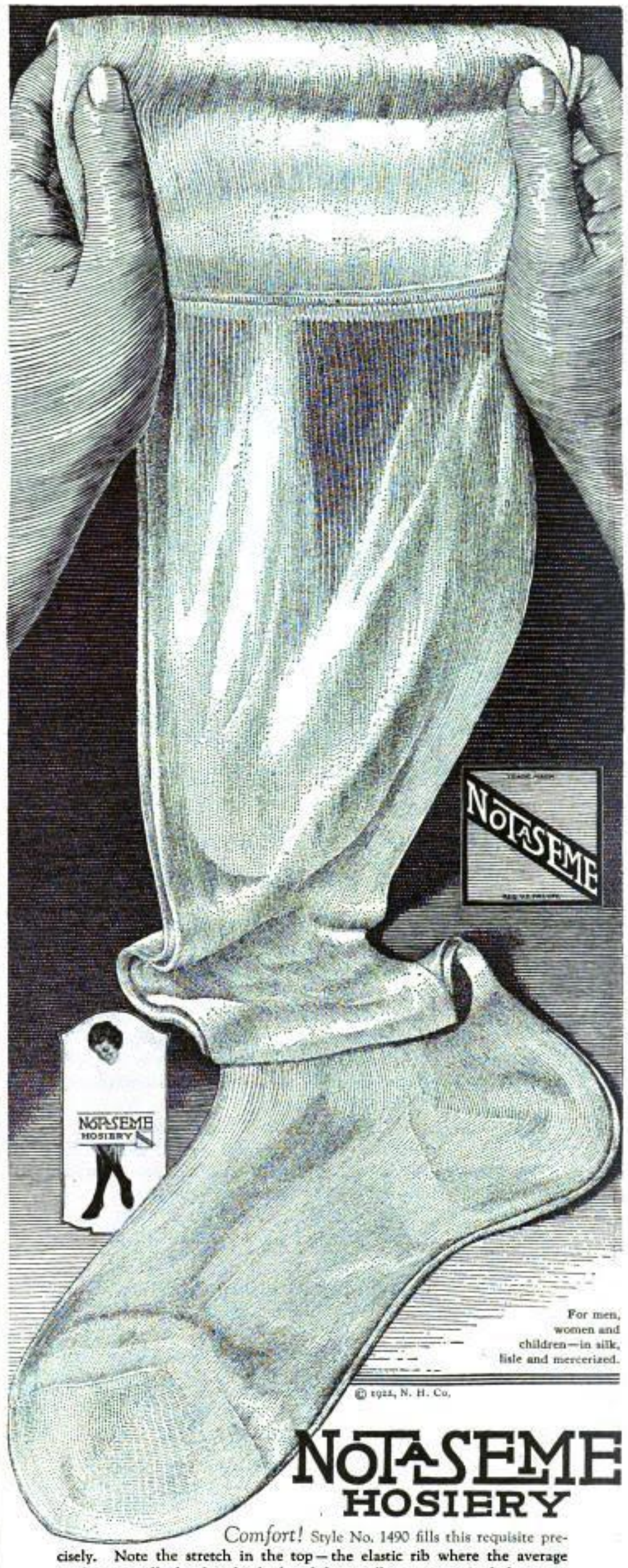
She knew he was not sorry, and he told her so as they moved toward their table.

"And yet," he added, "I don't want to dance again—not now; perhaps never again. I want to keep this memory."

She nodded, then suggested "Shall we go?"

"Yes, if you'd just as soon. Let's go out and look up at those stars we were among a little while ago."

But when they first emerged from that brightly lighted place they could not see the stars. Above the glitter of the Board- walk lamps the sky looked black. Not until they had walked halfway to their hotel, accustoming their eyes to this lesser



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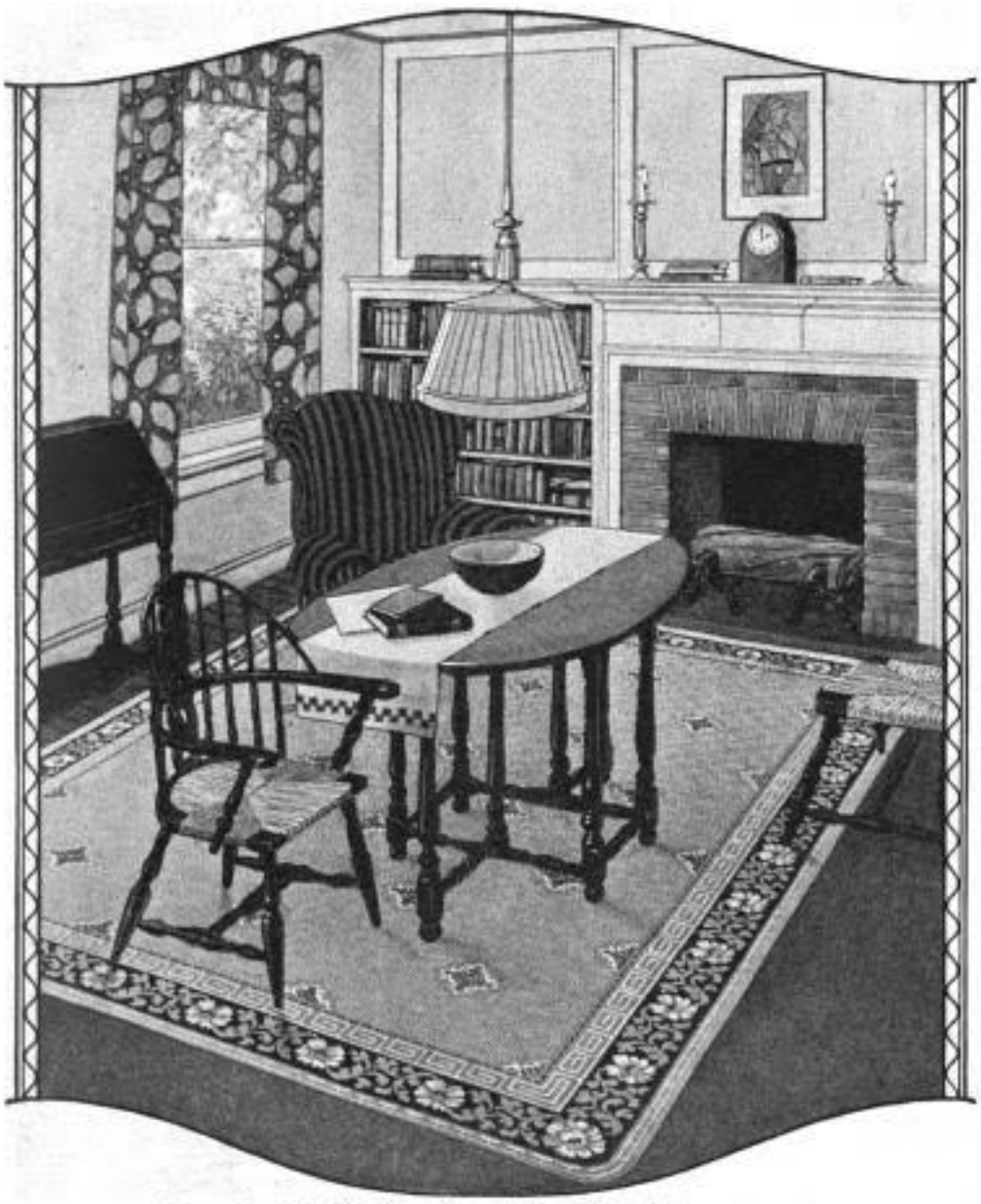
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brilliance, could they discern dim pinpoints of light overhead.

"Let's go out on the balcony," he suggested when they reached Rita's sitting room.

How different now the aspect of the heavens! Half the universe seemed to be spread out before them, the great dome, star-dusted, overhead; and below, stretching away to a mysterious horizon, a sea of blackness on which white lines of surf continually formed and faded.

"It's our world," he said when they had stood for a time by the railing looking out at the stupendous spectacle. "It's all ours. No one else can look at it without permission from us. We'll issue a few tickets; but only to a select group, and they mustn't stand where we can see them; and of course they must be lovers."

"Yes."

His arm stole around her. He leaned and let his cheek touch hers. How cool and sweet it was; how soft her hair against his brow! His arm about her trembled. He turned her toward him, closed his eyes, and with that power of divination that comes in the dark to lovers found her lips.

One of her hands was resting on the sleeve of his overcoat, and now he could feel it creeping upward slowly along the collar of his coat and so around his neck.

"Tell me you love me, Rita!"

She moved her head as though in acquiescence.

"But tell me! Say it!"

She drew away a little.

"I love you," she said. "That is ——" And there she stopped.

"A lot?"

She did not answer instantly; she seemed to be questioning herself; then, "Yes," she replied, "I think a lot."

"But if you love me a lot," he asked her, "why did you want to qualify at all?"

"Only because these things—if I shouldn't love you always so much as you wish me to—if it should end—why, then I ——"

He did not hear her out.

"But it's not going to end!" he cried, drawing her close to him again. "It's going to grow! It's going to be the big consuming thing in both our lives! You'll see! You'll see!"

XX

HE WAS already thinking of Rita when early next morning he awoke. Sunlight was streaming into his open windows with the fresh salt air. His sleep had miraculously refreshed him. He leaped out of bed like a happy boy, and sang to the accompaniment of his running bath water and the metrical click of his razor on the strop.

Few people were in the dining room at that early hour, and when, having breakfasted, he passed out to the Boardwalk he was astonished at its emptiness. It was like Wall Street on a Sunday, he reflected; and it occurred to him that there was something as startling in the spectacle of emptiness where usually there is a crowd as in the spectacle of crowds in unaccustomed places.

For a moment he leaned upon the iron railing, watching the surf break on the golden sand and drawing deep breaths of mild, invigorating air. It seemed to him that he had never smelled a breeze so sweet or seen a sun so brilliant. What a pity, he thought, as he walked briskly off, that everyone was not out to enjoy the morning. What a pity that Rita was not up to walk with him.

She had told him that eleven was her hour for rising.

By half past ten he was back at the hotel, waiting in his room, and promptly at eleven he telephoned to her. His good morning had the sound of a caress.

"How did you sleep?" he asked.

"Splendidly. And you?"

He told of his early start, his walk, the glory of the day.

"You never saw such a morning. You must hurry and get out."

"But you won't want to walk any more, will you?"

"Just try me! When will you be ready?"

"I'll hurry all I can."

"Let me come and sit while you have breakfast."

"I've had my breakfast."

"Then let me wait in your parlor while you're getting ready."

"The piano tuner's there."

"Oh!" He wanted so much to see her. It was hard to wait.

"I'll meet you downstairs in the lobby in an hour."

This morning, however, she was punctual. Five minutes—ten minutes—fifteen minutes past the appointed time sat watching the elevators. There began to return to him dimly, like memories of a nightmare, recollections of other times when he had waited for her thus—in vain. Matters were, however, on a different footing now; there would be no more of this miserable uncertainty; this was the morning of little tardiness.

Still—what was keeping her? She should surely to be down by now. He would go to his room and ring her up again. He ascended, and alighting from the elevator moved down the corridor; but instead of stopping at his own door as he had intended to he continued until he came to hers. As he drew near he heard the muffled sound of a piano, and he was raising his hand to knock at her door when he realized that the music was coming from within.

Ah, that then was the cause of the delay. Naturally. The piano tuner having completed his work, Rita was trying out the instrument and, artistlike, had lost all track of time.

Without knocking he paused. Sawyer, the night of her dinner party in New York, when she had accompanied herself in Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes, he had never heard her play, and he was astounded now by the brilliance of her virtuosity.

The composition she was playing was not familiar to him. It was a strange thing, full of curious melancholy cadences. He stood motionless, listening, until the last notes had been struck. Then he knocked.

"Why didn't you let me know that you were playing?" he said to Rita when she opened the door. "I should have loved to sit and listen."

As he took a step toward her she stepped back, raising her hand in warning.

A young man was seated upon the piano bench. His back was turned and he did not look around, but it was unmistakably a young back, and there was something youthful, too, in the look of the head—curly hair, thick and short cropped, which stood up upon the head like sculptured hair upon a Greek statue.

"Oh!" said Parrish vaguely, looking at the back.

"It was Mr.—ah ——" Rita paused, giving the stranger time to announce his name; then, as he neither spoke nor turned his head, but did a light swift run with his left hand, she raised her voice slightly to indicate to him that he was being spoken to, saying, "I don't think you told me your name?"

At that the other pivoted slowly.

"Delaney," he said, looking up at her.

"This is Mr. Parrish, Mr. Delaney."

The young man seemed to see Parrish now for the first time. He gave him a nod, making simultaneously a slight throaty sound which the older man interpreted as meaning "How are you?"

"How do you do?" said Parrish, advancing and holding out his hand. Meanwhile he was thinking, "He doesn't mean to be rude; he's shy and awkward."

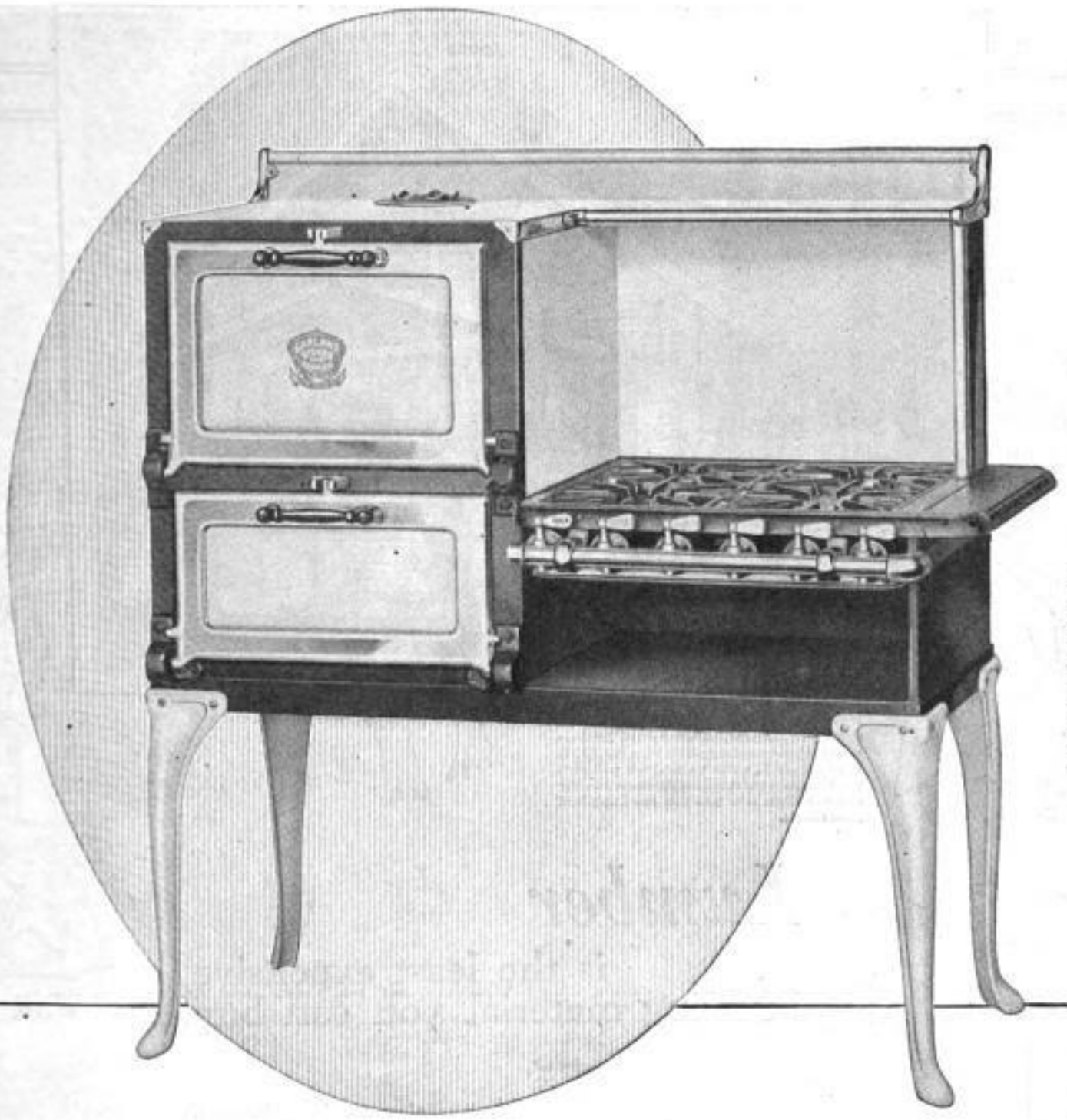
Thus cornered, Mr. Delaney got up from the piano bench and shook hands hastily, as one who would fain get something over with. Though his hand was not large it was square and strong, but there was a nervous quality in the grip it gave, and in its quick escape. Parrish felt as if his hand had been dropped.

The young man's glance was like his handshake. The light-blue eyes, large, intelligent and slightly prominent, held a vague expression as they encountered Parrish's, and they dropped quickly, seeming first to study his scarf and then his watch chain.

If Mr. Delaney's manner was unusual, so was his physiognomy. His was not one of those faces that fall conveniently under some everyday classification; Parrish had never known anyone who looked in the least like him, yet he was perplexed by a paradoxical feeling that the face was familiar. It was a Celtic face, although the strongly modeled features had the kind of regularity we associate with the art of classic Greece—a fact rendered the more striking by the sculptured hair, growing well down upon the forehead. Suddenly Parrish knew why the face had seemed familiar. Mr. Delaney was a prototype of the Hermes of Praxiteles—a slenderer Hermes in a shoddy suit of twentieth-century clothing. Of course! Why, he even had the soft cheek of Hermes and the

(Continued on Page 73)

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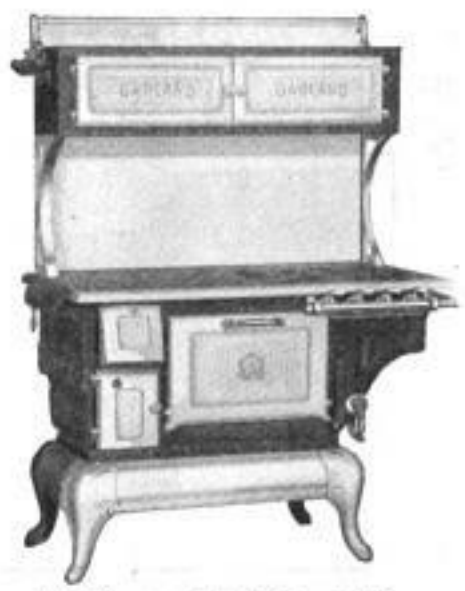
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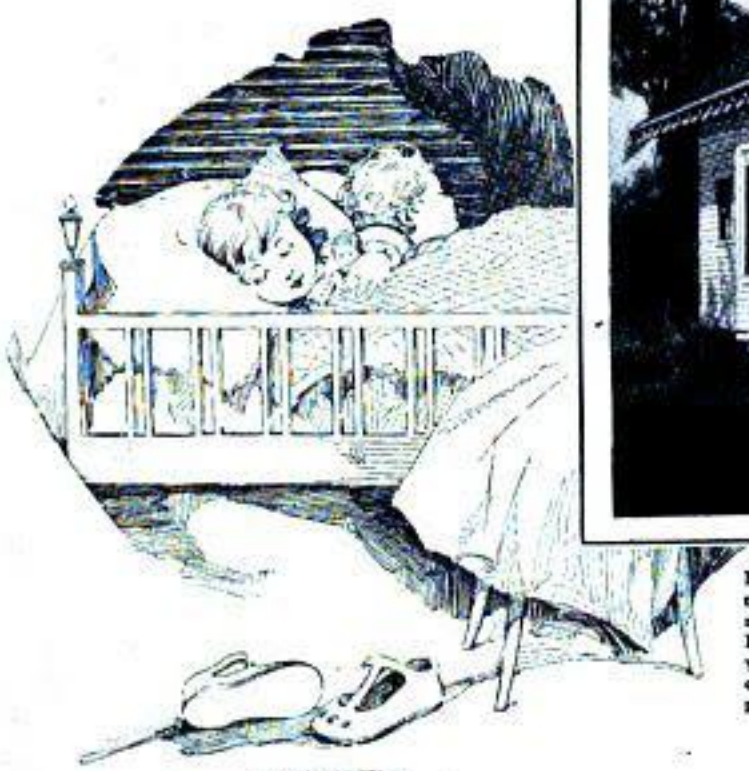
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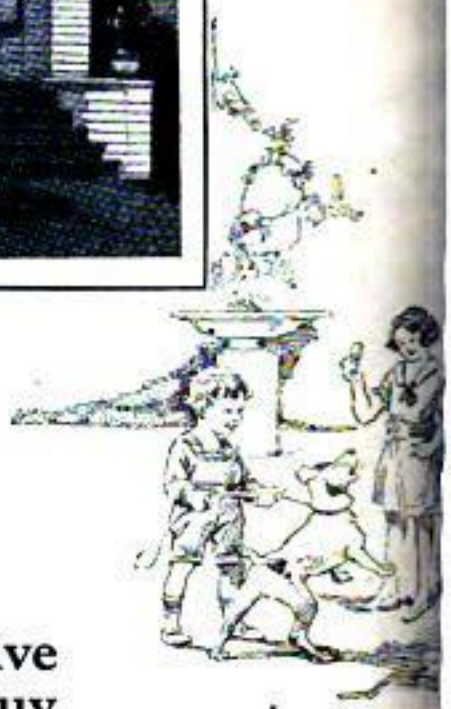
COOKING AND HEATING

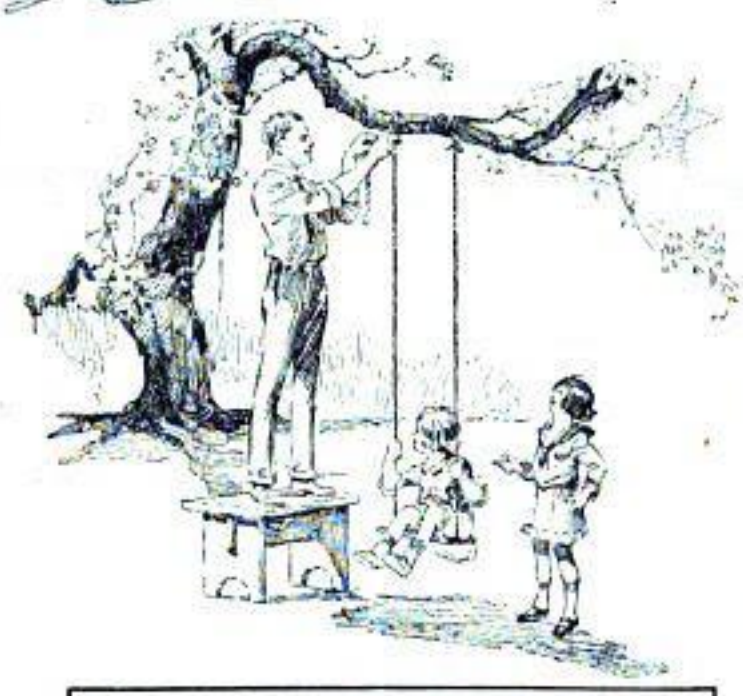
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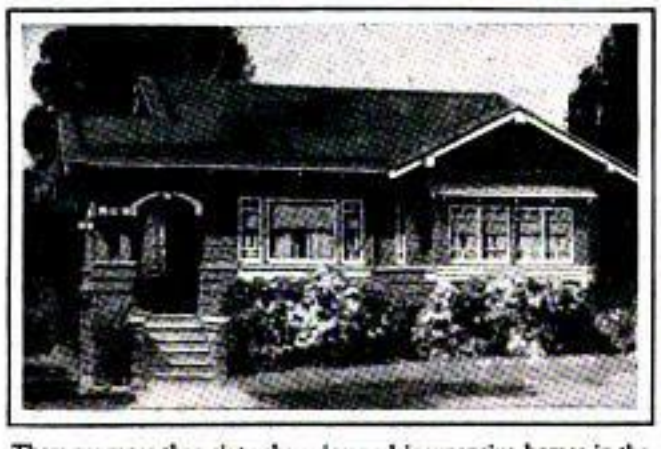
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(Continued from Page 70)

immortal youth, albeit Parrish his age to be twenty-six or twenty-

wishing to put the other at his e older man spoke cordially. t was a lovely thing you were play- said. "I waited outside the door. as it?"

ey thrust his hands deep into his pockets, bent his head forward as studying his feet, and took a few own the room.

wouldn't know it," he declared. art of a concerto."

own," Rita put in quickly.

don't say!"

youth had turned and was now by no again.

y it over, won't you?" said she.

lanced at her quickly, shaking his hen looked down at his shoes again. I told you I hadn't worked it

y, yes, you have. Certainly that ino movement is ——"

t andantino—adagietto," he cor-

smiled.

ere's very little difference," she re-

beg your pardon," returned Mr. ey, showing the faintest shadow of a and raising his voice to a slightly tenor note, "but there is every nce. There is exactly the same dif- as between andante and adagio."

rish looked expectantly at Rita, but ly answered, "Perhaps you're right."

ertainly I am right. Otherwise, why m?" Then, as she failed to reply, but gazing curiously at him, he said, me show you—in this song," and ng down to the piano bench again, to play.

a followed him to the piano, and behind him, watching his hands ly.

ere," he said. "When I play it this it's andantino; but if I do it like this, it's adagietto." He looked around at "You see?"

dismissed the elucidation with a little asking:

Is that yours too?"

Yes."

Unpublished?"

Yes. I've had nothing published."

It's a folk song, isn't it?"

An arrangement of Bonnie Doon," said "The familiar arrangement always ir- ted me. It's such a silly jig tune."

o Parrish, Bonnie Doon was one of eral folk songs that were sacred. He embered his mother's singing it long at the old square piano. He did not to hear it spoken of with disrespect. reover he was revising his first impres- of Mr. Delaney.

"Silly jig tune?" he repeated in a tone htly hostile.

"Exactly," replied the other. "It's all pped up." Then, lifting his light voice song he cruelly burlesqued the ancient angement:

banks and braes o' boh-honn-nie
Doo-hoon,
How can-hann ye bloo-hoom sae fre-hesh
and fair ——

"You see?" he said over his shoulder. The music doesn't fit the words at all."

"For a good many years," Parrish re- arked dryly, "people have been under an pression that they fitted."

"Well, they don't," said the other. That's only one of many queer impres- ions people have. They're full of 'em. ost people think that air was written for Bonnie Doon, but it wasn't. Not any more than my suit was made for you. It as written for an entirely different song."

"Nevertheless," pursued Parrish, "I ontend that there is a delightful quaint- ess about it."

"Oh," said the other, "if you're talking f quaintness ——" He gave a shrug. "I'm talking about the fitting of music to words."

"Play your arrangement again," Rita put in quickly.

Delaney did so.

"Really," she exclaimed when he had finished, "it's lovely." She looked at Parrish, asking, "Isn't it?"

"Why, yes," he said; "but ——"

"And you mean to say," she went on, "that you haven't published any of these charming things of yours?"

"I've sent them around," said he.

"And nobody would take them?"

"Nobody except one fly-by-night firm that wanted me to pay to have them published." He smiled up at her.

"They will take them!" Rita cried.

"Maybe—some day," he returned coolly, still smiling up at her, while his hands fluttered over the keyboard in a light improvisation. "Some day after I'm dead, I guess."

The idea seemed genuinely to amuse him, as if it were a jest not at his own expense, but at the expense of music publishers. His smile was infectious; his face lighted with it, his eyes looked roguish, dimples appeared in his cheeks, and his lips, drawn back, revealed two rows of hard white teeth. Though the young man had incensed him, and though the smile was not for him, Parrish found himself almost betrayed into an answering smile. He checked the impulse. Rita, however, burst into a laugh.

"If you're planning to die before they publish your arrangement of Bonnie Doon," said she, "you'll have to hurry up."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because it's going to be published at once!"

Unmoved, he demanded again, "What makes you think so?"

"I'm going to tell them to. That's why!"

"And you think that when you tell them to ——"

"Right off!" she answered, amused. Plainly she was delighted with the situation.

"You just give me the manuscript of that song," she went on, "and two or three other things. I'll take them with me. I'll have contracts drawn. My lawyer will ——"

"There isn't any manuscript. I've never written it."

"Heavens! Make one then."

"All right. I suppose I could do it to-night."

"Not to-night—now."

"I haven't any ruled paper."

Again she laughed.

"Oh," she said, "I'll rule the paper for you."

"But my job—I've got two more pianos to tune to-day."

"Your job!" she repeated scornfully. "Why, it's ridiculous, with your gift, tuning pianos! It's a crime!" In her excitement she took him by the shoulder and shook him gently for emphasis. "Don't you ever tune another! Do you hear?"

"That's all very well," he answered, "but I have a family to look after. I have to get a certain amount of money every week."

"Oh," she said, showing mild surprise, "you're married? Children?"

"No! Married? I should say not! It's my mother and sister."

"You don't look married," she said. Then dismissing the subject, "Well, anyway, you're coming to New York right off, and I'm going to ——"

"I can't afford to go to New York."

"You can't afford not to! Don't you understand there's going to be business with music publishers for you to attend to?" As if at the vision of his attending to business she laughed again.

"You don't seem to get it through your head," he declared doggedly, "that I have my living to make. It's a matter of dollars and cents."

He was playing his arrangement of Bonnie Doon again, pianissimo.

"Oh," she cried impatiently, "forget those dollars and cents for a minute, won't you?"

"I can't."

"But that part is easy!" There was a note of triumph in her voice. "The point is that I'm going to sing your songs in concert. Do you see? I'll sing your Bonnie Doon at a benefit next week. You'll accompany me, and when ——"

"Not in E major," he interrupted. Hastily he transposed the song a half tone lower. "E flat is better for you."

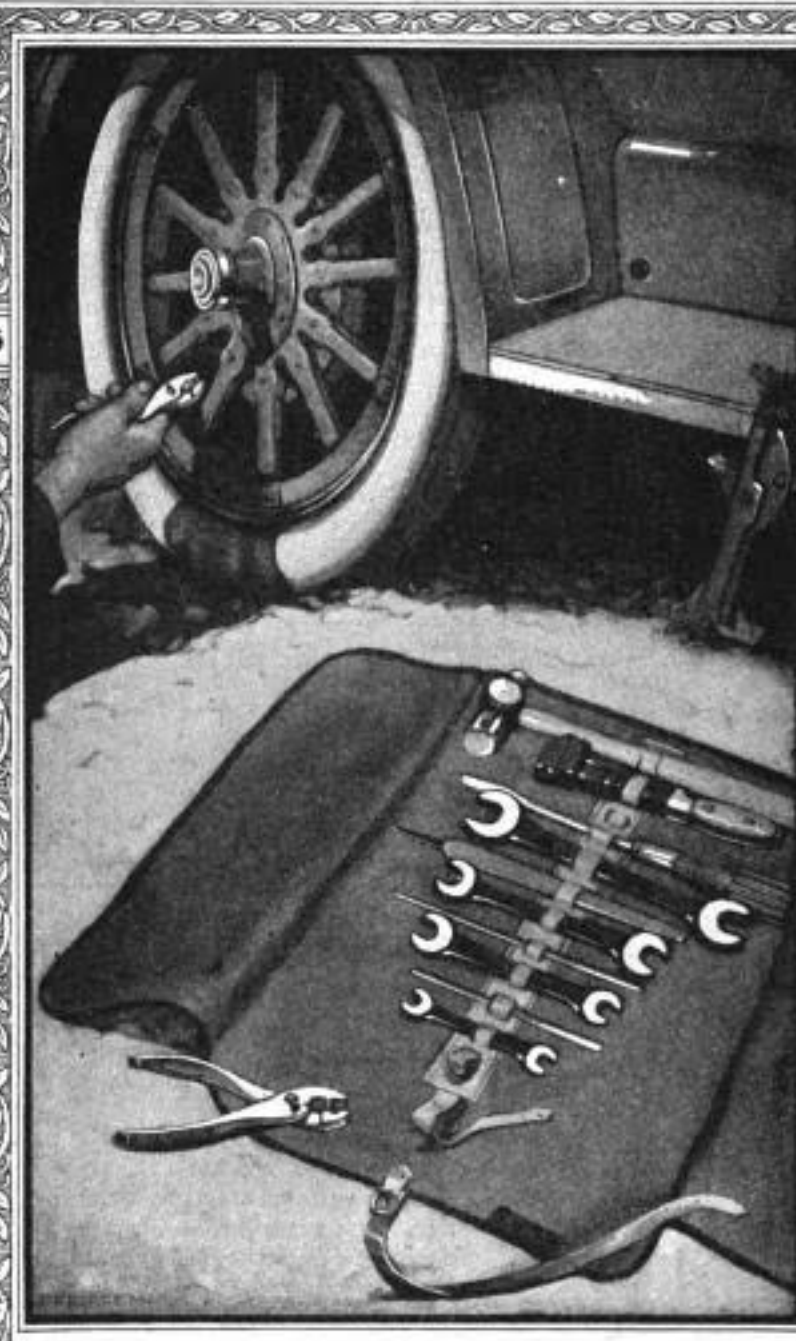
"No, it isn't! Why is it?"

There was a sudden crispness in her voice, which Parrish thought boded ill for the young man. But Mr. Delaney was apparently unconscious of the menace.

"Oh, yes," he insisted in a matter-of-fact tone, "that song in E major would bring out all the worst notes in your upper register." As he spoke he thumped heavily upon three successive keys.

Parrish saw Rita clench her fist. There was a moment during which she stared speechless at the youthful back in its wretched belted coat. But though the lightning played for an instant in her eyes

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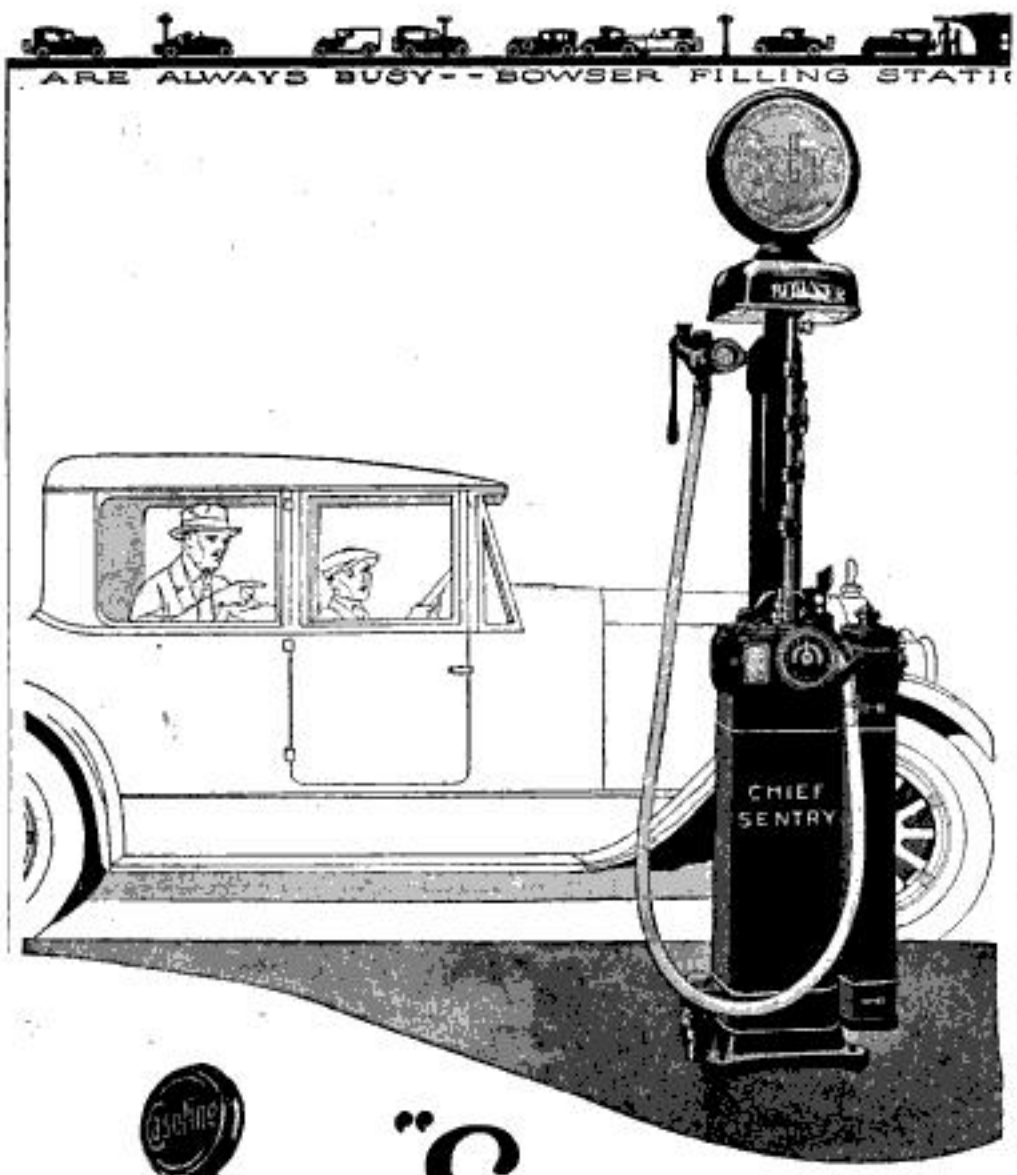
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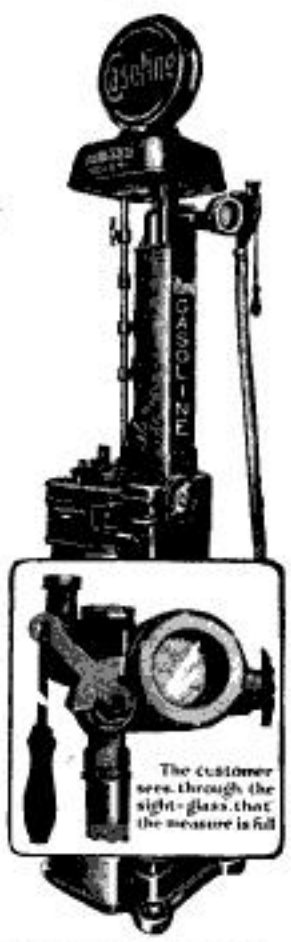
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it did not strike. When she spoke her tone was calm.

"Oh, you've heard me then?"

"A dozen times. I worked in New York all last winter. You're wonderful in Louise."

The little laugh she gave seemed to originate in the region of her solar plexus.

"Meaning, I suppose, that I'm not much good in my other rôles?"

At that he turned around and looked at her earnestly.

"Oh, I don't mean that at all! I meant musically. Histrionically, of course, nobody can touch you. Except perhaps in Butterfly."

Rita grinned.

"Thank you," she said, "for these very few kind words."

The other stared at her, puzzled. A flush like that of a rosy baby spread over his face. He rose, protesting.

"Oh," he blurted, "I didn't mean to—I—I didn't mean ——"

"Never mind what you meant," said Rita, shaking her head hopelessly. Then moving toward the desk, she ordered, "Come over here and write that music."

Parrish, who had been standing by the French windows leading to the now sunlit balcony, turned quickly.

"Look here," he said to her, "I—if we're not going to get that walk—if you're going to write this music—there's no use in my hanging around any longer. I'll just—ah ——" Without finishing, he moved definitely toward the door.

Leaving Delaney at the desk Rita crossed and laid a detaining hand upon his arm.

"I'm sorry," she said in a low tone, "but—you see?" With an expressive jerk of the head she indicated the musician, who was already writing busily. "He won't be long. Let's lunch at half past one—up here. We'll have our walk afterwards."

"All right," he said. But even before she pressed his arm and showed him the smile he was feeling that "all right" was not enough.

"That will be fine," he added.

XXI

WHEN, after a second walk, Parrish ascended again to Rita's sitting room he found Mr. Delaney all but ready to depart. The young man glanced at him quickly as Rita let him in, then took up his overcoat and made haste to put it on.

"Let me help you," said Parrish with politeness. Stepping behind the young man he lifted at the collar of the overcoat. But the garment did not slip on easily.

"Wait a minute," said the other after a moment's struggle. "This sleeve lining is torn."

He withdrew his arm from one sleeve, then carefully reinserted it and maneuvered it through. Having donned the coat he turned up the collar as if that were the natural way to wear it; then drawing a checked cloth cap from a pocket with one hand he reached down with the other and took from the floor a small tan satchel, which, though stamped in imitation of alligator skin, was plainly made of cardboard. A muffled clink of tools came from within the bag as he lifted it.

"Then it's all settled," said Rita, giving him her hand.

"Yes."

He snatched her hand, shook it quickly, dropped it and made for the open door, putting on his cap as he went.

"Don't lose the address," Rita called after him.

With one hand upon the outer door knob Delaney paused and turned in the aperture.

"I've got it safe," he assured her.

Finding himself thus arrested he seemed to have some difficulty in going on again.

"Well, then"—he said in the tentative tone of one about to depart; but he still stood there.

"Au revoir," called Rita, with a characteristically gay wave of the hand.

That seemed to supply the impetus the young man sought. With a quick smile and a jerky little nod he drew the door shut after him. No sooner had it closed than there came from the hall without a dull crash as of falling dishes. Then voices. The two looked at each other.

"I'm afraid," said Rita slowly—"I'm afraid he must have run into the waiter—with our luncheon."

"Of course," said Parrish with cynical indifference, "that's precisely what he *would* do."

He took a few steps away from the door as if to indicate his disassociation from any disaster in which Mr. Delaney might become involved.

"I'll go and see," said Rita, and rapidly toward the door.

"Hold on!" he cried, turning "Don't!"

She stopped.

"Why not?"

"He'll come back again!"

"No, he won't; and, anyway, if fault he can't afford to pay for it."

Parrish gave in.

"All right," he said, moving tow door. "You stay here. I'll go see to it."

Two or three minutes later he ca

"Yes, it was our lunch," he sa fatigued tone. "I fixed the waiter, gone down to duplicate the order, that Delaney's gone we may get it."

Rita laughed.

"Don't you like him?" she aske chievously.

"The young whelp!" he burst "Why, the way he talked to you— *down* to you! A piano tuner! It w worst piece of impudence I ever ha my life!" He paced the floor. "I ca believe my ears. I wanted to kick One thing after another! I kept say myself, 'This is a little *too* much! N going to nail him!' But you didn' just took it. Offering to help him, t what he'd said!" He stopped staring at her. "Think of it!" he "You tell him you'll sing some rot song of his; some song he had to— cause Bonnie Doon isn't good e him—the same as telling him yo him—and what does he say? Does thank you? No! He tells you yo sing!"

"Oh, hardly that," she said.

"Practically that. Telling you keys you can't sing in! Telling you got a lot of bad notes in your upper ter! Yes, and thumping them! T them! Rita, I can't see why you sta it. I can't get it through my head."

She smiled.

"He was a dog to do it," she tol "but it's true."

"No, it isn't! And if it were, that only make it worse. Tell me—f satisfy my curiosity—how did you come to let him get away with it?"

She looked thoughtful.

"Well," she said, "in the first place h gifted; he really knows. And being gift he's queer. One makes allowances. A there's something horribly pathetic abo him, so poor and so talented and ——"

"So rude," he put in.

"Yes, but he's young. He must be ve young. How old do you suppose he is?"

"Old enough to know better," he a swered dourly. And he added, "The pretty men always look younger than th really are."

"Yes," she agreed reflectively, "he good-looking."

"Too good-looking," Parrish mumble as the waiter knocked at the door. "I ought to have been a girl."

But he quickly forgot about Delaney Never, it seemed to him, had Rita be quite so fascinating as during that lunch eon. She seasoned the repast with amusin gossip—the story of a dog fight at a re hearsal, a little fight between two litt dogs which rapidly became a big fight be tween two big prima donnas; stories o intrigue in the struggle for fame; dri tales of temperament, love and jealousy of pranks played upon one another by th singers, and of misadventures during per formances, making for Parrish successiv pictures of a world new and strange.

"I've never been behind the scenes a the opera," he said.

"You'd like to? Come any time I'm singing."

"What do you sing Wednesday night?" he asked.

"Butterfly, but—you'd have to come during the first part of the evening. I have a business engagement later. Wouldn't you rather come Monday—it's Manon—and stay all evening?"

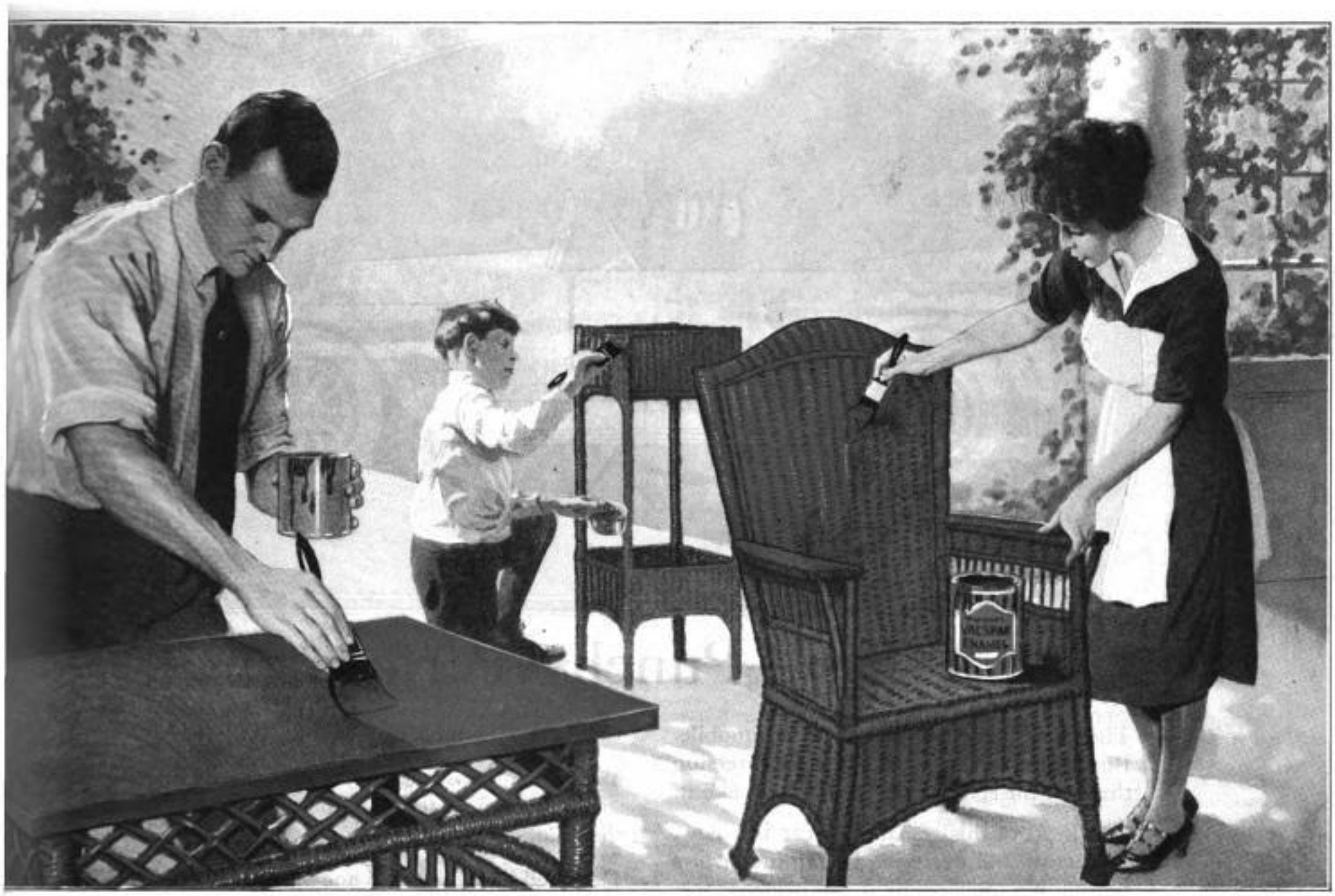
He put his hand over hers upon the table.

"What a question, when Monday is five days further off than Wednesday! Besides, I love you in Butterfly. You look just like a Toyokuni. I've always wished I could some day see you in those costumes, close to."

"All right," she said. "Come a little before eight. I'll leave word with the door man."

(Continued on Page 77)

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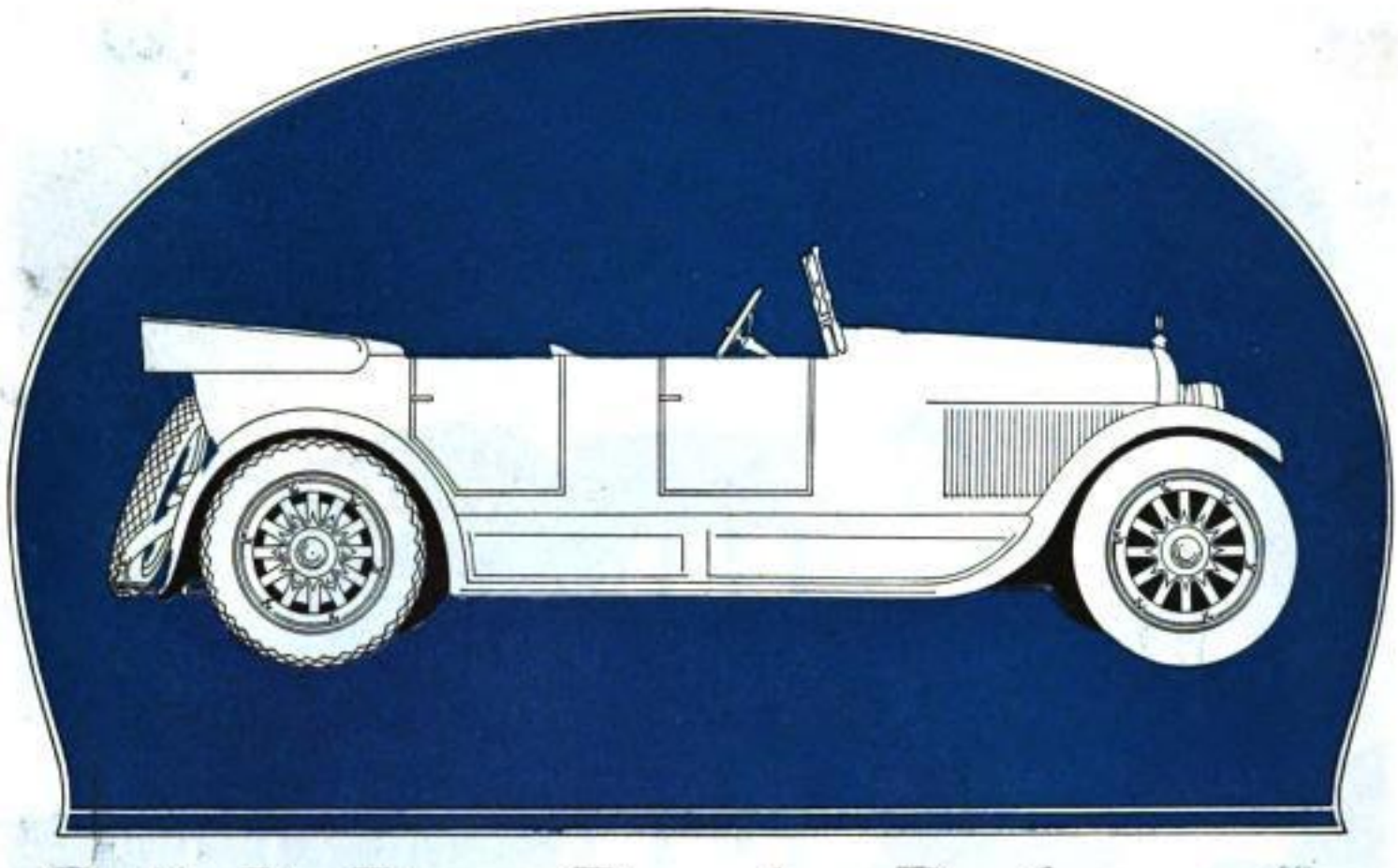
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This Jordan motor has what the small boy would call a "wallop"—a silent, thrilling something that makes the old driver turn and grin.

Call it pep—punch—performance.

You will enjoy its snap and go—the solid, sturdy feeling of the car—no wabbling on the road.

Designed in every detail and built from the owner's point of view, this new Jordan is produced for those who want a motor car of lasting value that will run 200,000 miles and, with friendly care, last ten years.

Light as the needs of the hour demand, it gives that dependable, day-after-day performance which reveals true value.

Drive this new Jordan yourself and know the thrill of true motoring joy.



Sunday morning in a quaint Virginia town. Mellowed by time and fragrant with great deeds. Spring coming up the world—church bells recalling romances of three hundred years ago. Then at the lilac close of a soft, spring day the wondrous round of the moon on the hill. That's Williamsburg in May.

JORDAN

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Inc., Cleveland, Ohio

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(Continued from Page 74)

rose, passed behind him and laid her upon his shoulders.

[y dear," she said, "I'm awfully dis-nted about something. Like a cow-'ve been putting off telling you. I go back this afternoon."

turned quickly in his chair and looked her, echoing stupidly:

his afternoon?"

es. They got me on the long-distance you were out. Isn't it disgusting? hat idiot Bonata. You remember, I you about her? She's such a slow '. It's outrageous that they keep her."

ut why do *you* have to go back?" he nded, rising.

t's the new opera—goes on a week from day. I have several scenes with her. 've called a rehearsal for ten o'clock orrow morning."

"Oh, Rita!"

"I tried to get them to postpone it," she went on, "but they couldn't. I saw that myself when they explained." She looked disconsolate. "But there's no need for you to come if ——"

"Don't be ridiculous!" he cried. "You know perfectly well I couldn't stand it here!"

"Then," she answered, sighing, "there's nothing to do but pack and order the car."

Turning away from her he walked with a slow step to the French windows and looked out upon the balcony and the wide sea beyond as if to bid them farewell. Then he faced her.

"Well," he said, "they can't take *that* away from us, anyhow!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

TROPICAL GROWTH

(Continued from Page 9)

their auctions were bona fide, that they legitimate and sound, that they were out reserve, that they were absolute. solute auctions" was the watchword of hour.

his was what had been happening: l-estate firms had advertised auctions, up lots for sale, and, when those in ndance languidly refused to bid more a six or seven dollars for a lot, used pro-ional buyers to make phony bids in r either to run up the price or get the off the market. It is possible that such ing will never happen again, now that l-estate firms have the habit of adver-ng absolute auctions—possible, but rely probable. With five or six auctions ng held each day, and with large num-s of lots being offered to stolid Middle sterners who have come more for the free ch and the automobile ride than for the l estate, it is inevitable that some lots will for about $1.75 if everything is left in the nds of the legitimate prospects. Common se tells us that no real-estate dealer could d such a blow without emitting poignant icks of pain, no matter how persuasively d convincingly he may chatter about solute auctions.

Some of the real-estate dealers allow cus-ners to buy land on terms that would at-ct even Trotzky, who doesn't believe in at sort of thing. Four-hundred-dollar s in one subdivision can be had for enty dollars cash and ten dollars a nth, with no interest or taxes for a year. another subdivision $1250 lots sell for 00 cash and twenty-five dollars a month til 20 per cent of the principal has been id, after which the buyer can sink back d refrain from paying any more on his incipal for seven and a half years. A m advertises island water-front lots at 750 a lot, the terms being "$750 cash; alance $500 every six months; no interest st year; no taxes till spring 1925."

Blots on the Landscape

Subdivisions extend out of Miami in all directions—up the coast and down the coast and inland and out into the bay in the shape of islands. Palm Beach is seventy-five miles north of Miami; and there are almost enough subdivisions along that seventy-five-mile stretch to provide homes for a million people.

Some of the subdivisions are beautiful. Some have been thoroughly cleared of the tangled jungle of palmettos and other scrub that make a total mess of so much undeveloped Florida land; and flawless roads and pavements have been constructed, water mains put in, and gas, water and electricity provided. Restrictions are imposed in some of the good ones; homes costing less than $4000 cannot be built on certain lots, while on other lots they must cost at least $15,000.

In other subdivisions the streets are half laid, the location is vile, and the shacks that are run up on the crowded lots are little better than the marsh huts of Revere Beach and Coney Island, to which poverty-stricken city dwellers of Boston and New York frequently repaired during the heated terms of the early '80's.

On top of these depressing spectacles, many of which may some day be partially obscured in tropical verdure, certain enterprising citizens of Miami have added to Florida's scenic beauties by lining the roadsides with blatant signboards setting forth the delights of garages, restaurants, clothing emporia and similar enterprises. Not content with building self-sustaining signboards which protrude gauntly and repulsively from the flat landscape and convince the newcomer that he is approaching a slum city, they have nailed countless numbers of huge yellow monstrosities to the palms and pine trees along the highways—signs which have no influence on anyone except the lover of beauty, and which serve only to fill him with contempt for people who can permit the natural beauties of their surroundings to be so befouled. In the North one expects to find—as he does find—a plague of signboards and hideous summer resorts whose predominant features are those of the awful and tasteless '80's. In the new South, however, which lures tourists with honeyed words and promises of every sort of beauty, the erecting of roadside signboards should be viewed with as much disgust and loathing as grapefruit stealing or murder—both of which crimes fall under somewhat the same head in Miami.

Sensitive Tomato Plants

Spreading through and beyond the subdivisions are the orange and grapefruit groves and the truck gardens and vegetable farms. Oranges and grapefruit are so common in Southern Florida that grapefruit are served free in many of the hotels, while many other hotels keep large bowls of free oranges alongside the ice-water tank. So far as is known, these are the only things that one has a chance of getting for nothing in Florida hotels.

There are hundreds of three-acre and five-acre farms owned by Northerners who didn't like winter and ran away from it with one or two thousand dollars in their pockets. Many of these little farmers not only manage to make both ends meet but even salt away comfortable bank rolls. One little town near Miami shipped 61,000 quarts of strawberries to Northern cities during the first six weeks of the 1922 season, and the growers' share of the spoils was fifty cents a quart. The wise strawberry farmers, who plant their land to velvet beans during the summer and plow them under in September, and otherwise indulge in the clever tricks of the trade, get some very snappy results. One of the best strawberry farmers near Miami had 4.1 acres of land planted to strawberries in 1921. His first berries came in on December twentieth, and he picked twice a week until July fifteenth. The total yield of his 4.1 acres was 41,059 quarts, his average price for each quart was forty-five cents, and his gross sales amounted to slightly under $18,500. His total expenses were a little over $6000.

More than 14,000 acres are planted to tomatoes in the vicinity of Miami, and nearly 500,000 crates were shipped North during the 1921 season. These tomatoes bring the growers about three dollars a crate, of which about $1.75 must be charged off to fertilizer, labor, hauling and crating. The life of a tomato farmer is not a happy one, for the crop is very sensitive to wet weather. It is also very sensitive to dry weather. The slightest nip of frost also puts a severe crimp in it. Some of the tomato farmers say that the plant is so sensitive that if a man cusses or chews tobacco in its vicinity it will refuse to bear. In spite of all this, there are plenty of tomato



No Air Lost!

2000 more miles can be added to each tire, if kept properly inflated

THE old fashioned tire valve, which is in such common use, is one of the things motorists have become used to, simply because they have never had anything better.

Do you realize how much time you waste going through the routine of pumping your tires once a week—not to mention the dirt and grease—waiting your turn—washing up—and all the rest?

This remarkable new invention, the Trex Air Valve Lock, now *positively* locks the air in your tire, stops all leakage and maintains perfect inflation. It eliminates all the troubles of repumping.

For years under-inflation has caused untold damage to tires, bringing them to an untimely end, in spite of the intention of the motorist to keep his tires at normal pressure. The Trex Air Valve Lock means *full mileage* from every tire, and with no cares or burdens whatever on the car owner. It pays for itself many times over.

Road tests as well as laboratory tests have proved that the Trex Air Valve Lock positively locks the air in the tire. Fits any tire, and is interchangeable. Screws onto top of present valve stem. Outlasts several sets of tires. All metal; no rubber parts to rot or deteriorate.

Carried by the leading established jobbers and dealers in all parts of the country. You can readily recognize our attractive orange and black display boxes, each holding five Locks, suitable for the four tires and spare tire on one motor car. Sold singly, if you desire. Get a set for your car today.

Ask your own garage man, or write to us. Absolutely guaranteed against defective workmanship or materials, as are all Trex Products.

THE TREXLER COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

Manufacturers of the famous Trex Tire Tool and other high-grade automotive products

Factories: WILMINGTON, DELAWARE



Actual Size

$1 for each tire. In many experiments this Lock has added over 2000 miles to the life of the tire. You'll never buy 2000 miles cheaper in any tire.

TREX

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

AIR VALVE LOCK

1. Positively locks the air in your tires; adds more mileage through perfect inflation.
2. Eliminates trouble of repumping, and premature blow outs due to rim cuts.
3. Fits any tire; any motorist can attach in three minutes.

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The selection and cutting of the sole leather for Beacon Shoes is performed with consummate care; which is characteristic of every step in the production of this nationally known footwear.

Your Ideal of Footwear

Just before you go to purchase new footwear you quite likely form a well-defined idea of style, of quality and of *price*.

More properly your idea should be termed an *ideal*. For you do want good style, and accurate fit, and faithful service. And you do not want your shoes to cost too much to buy, nor to wear.

In Beacon Shoes you will find that ideal. For example: At $6 your Beacon dealer will show you admirable footwear, smartly fashioned and substantially built; footwear that you will take pride in wearing.

We are as Proud of the Prices as we are of the Shoes!

We are proud of our ability to build for you intelligently designed, sturdy, comfortable shoes that you may purchase without a feeling that you have been extravagant. We are equally proud that we can stamp the Beacon trademark on shoes of that character.

BEACON
THERE ARE NO BETTER
SHOES
FOR FIT · FOR STYLE · FOR WEAR

F. M. HOYT SHOE CO., *Makers*
MANCHESTER, NEW HAMPSHIRE



The Beacon
Spring Price Range:
$5 to $8

Swag Last
Square Throat Bal. Oxford
Made in Gun Metal, Morocco and Chippendale Russia

$6

lovers to plant tomatoes every winter, and some of them have made fortunes out of this popular fruit—or vegetable.

The cupidity of farmers who are sick of Northern winters is easily aroused by prices obtained for the best varieties of mangoes. "Their rich, spicy flavor, tempting fragrance and beautiful coloring," say the Miami prospectuses, "make them one of the most tempting table desserts that can be imagined." Miami, it appears, has a monopoly on this fruit, and the catalogues rub in the bad news by adding that "this monopoly is not only confined to the cultivation but also to the exquisite joy of eating it, as very few find their way to the Northern markets, the local demand far exceeding the supply." One reads that the choicest varieties "readily sell in the Northern markets for from $1.00 to $1.50 each," thus confirming the belief of the late P. T. Barnum that there was one born every minute. The weak spot in this argument is not visible at the moment; but there is some good reason why the Florida people prefer the exquisite joy of eating the mango to the even more exquisite joy of shaking down their Northern brothers for $1.50 per mango. Maybe it's because there aren't enough raised in Florida to make it worth while to ship; maybe it's because the mango ripens from June through August and the weather is too warm to ship. At any rate, there is an Ethiopian concealed somewhere in the woodpile. And one who aspires to become a mango grower will no doubt have his first fine enthusiasm dashed by the fact that trees begin bearing in from five to seven years after being set out. Seven years is a long time to wait. And Northerners may acquire a little sense in seven years and refuse to pay $1.50 for the exquisite joy of eating one mango about the size and general texture of a peach.

Reclaiming the Everglades

Off to the west of Miami lie the Everglades, first made famous by the Seminole War, when the United States Army spent upwards of fifteen years trying to chase the Seminoles out of the Everglades, but seldom saw more than three Seminoles at one time. The Everglades, not so long ago, was an enormous shallow lake 8000 square miles in area, dotted with half submerged islands out of which grew giant whiskered live oaks and countless varieties of tropical plants. The alligator basked in its shadowed streams and the graceful panther lurked among the undergrowth, constantly ready to emit a blood-curdling scream calculated to make the hardiest intruder think longingly of home and mother. Exploration was made almost impossible by a saw-toothed grass which grew throughout the Everglades and extended several feet above the water, so that the person who tried to force his way through it would cut everything to shreds up to and including his eyebrows. People talked for years of draining the Everglades; but such talk was usually received with screams of laughter that rivaled the yells of the Everglades panthers.

Several years ago the state of Florida settled down in earnest to the systematic draining of the Everglades. Canals were cut, giant locks were installed to control the water level, and the land was cleared. Thousands of acres are being reclaimed each year, settlers are moving in constantly and the reclaimed land is yielding vegetables and fruits of a size and quality to make a Maine farmer shake his head dubiously and wonder whether that last batch of licker that the sheriff sent him had affected his eyes. The soil is a rich black muck which has resulted from centuries of decaying vegetation; and anything that will grow will grow about twice as large and twice as rapidly in the Everglades as it will anywhere else. There used to be only two seasons in the Everglades—wet and wetter; but now there is a dry season; and in the course of a few years, when the fruit trees begin to bear, the Everglades alone will be in a position to supply every city in the North throughout the winter with all the newfangled and oldfangled fruits and vegetables that can be desired.

The thousands of farmers who have retired from active farming and are occupying their winters by absorbing the sun in Miami and pitching horseshoes in Royal Palm Park become fearfully excited over the various varieties of grass that are raised in the Everglade lands. Grass is not a thing that one would expect to mention at any length in an article on a winter resort; but the excessive wonderment over it on the part of the horseshoe pitchers requires so mention of grass. It appears that some the grasses that have come in thick enou to get themselves talked about are Pa Bermuda, Rhodes, Natal, Sudan, St. Luc St. Augustine, Napier, broom-sedge, Gu emala, panicum, crab grass, maiden ca billion dollar grass and several othe There seems to be everything but just pla grass. The chief idea in the minds of t farmers seems to be that with all this gr the Florida stock raisers can have ev green pasturage, and cattle can be fed about a third of the space that they ne in the North.

This of course is important if true; b the average person who comes to Miami not interested in grass except as somethi on which to play golf or sit. What wants is usually holiday relaxation a plenty of it; and if that's what he wan he can get so much of it in and near Mia that one week of complete relaxation ma usually be followed by two weeks of s cuperation.

The Rise of Miami

The people who knew Miami prior 1918 have an entirely different place their minds from the Miami of to-day. T old Miami was a city first and a winter r sort afterward. This statement will course offend the touchy Miami folk; b it is true none the less. It was—and is— hustling, bustling, booming, noisy ci with about one automobile for each seve eighths of an inhabitant, and with pe petual warmth and sunshine. In the lon run, however, the big-money tourists—th people who roll down each winter wit their money done up in bales and be plaintively to be shown where and how t spend it—don't want to go to a hustlin bustling, rapidly growing city for the winter holidays, even though the city ma boast perpetual warmth and sunshine What they want is plenty of sun and sky and a complete change from the scener to which they are accustomed in the Northern cities, and a surcease from al noises except the noises they make them selves—which are frequently much louder than the ordinary noises of a city. Fo that reason Palm Beach was in a class by itself. The big-money tourists went to Palm Beach. Miami got a smattering of them, but a very small smattering. Palm Beach sneered at Miami Beach and called it the Coney Island of Florida. That, however, was prior to 1918. To-day Miami has been augmented by Miami Beach.

The story of Miami Beach is a remarkable one, and it should be told here, since without it Miami would scarcely be able to get out gaudy prospectuses with pictures of beautifully shaped ladies in red one-piece bathing suits on the covers. This is the way of it:

Miami's palm-shaded streets run down to the shores of Biscayne Bay, which is a strip of water some seven miles long and between two and three miles wide. Between the bay and the ocean is a long, narrow tongue of land, not much over a mile in width at its widest point. Prior to 1913 this narrow tongue of land was a worthless jungle. The man who owned practically all the land on it is said to have bought it for $12,000. The only way of reaching it was by ferryboat, and there was nothing on it except a bathing shack on the beach at the extreme tip, to which a few tourists occasionally repaired when the urge for sea bathing became almost too intense to be endured.

In 1913, however, when the population of Miami was only about 7500, a wealthy Indianapolis business man, Carl Fisher, came to Miami for his health. Fisher was able to see the possibilities in things which everyone else regarded as impossibilities. He had always plunged heavily on his beliefs while his friends and acquaintances stood on the sidelines and told one another what a shame it was that Carl had gone bugs. One of his plunges had been the big Indianapolis Speedway—a gigantic structure which does all its business, pays its expenses and makes its profits on one day out of the year.

In Miami he became interested in the long, narrow, jungle-grown sand spit that shut Miami off from the sea. In his feverish mind's eye he saw it covered with the greatest winter resort of modern times—with acres of beautiful homes, and hotels bowered in towering palms and scarlet-flowered hibiscus; with polo fields and golf

(Continued on Page 80)

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Now Ready!

Goodrich "55"

The NEW 30×3½

CLINCHER FABRIC TIRE

HERE is a *real* tire of *real* quality, at a price most remarkably low. It has everything that you demand—construction, appearance, long life, low price.

It's a GOODRICH—*Great Value!*

Made with all the skill of Goodrich, of high-grade quality throughout and perfected with its scientifically constructed, anti-skid tread of thick, tough, specially compounded rubber.

Ask your dealer to show you this remarkable tire. Remember the name—Goodrich "55." Also made in 30 x 3 size.

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY
Akron, Ohio
HOME OF THE SILVERTOWN CORD

Goodrich "55"

The TIRE for Small Cars

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SETH THOMAS



She ran all the way to the station
and got there ten minutes too soon

ALL the needless rush to get ready—the panting race down the street—a trip to the city started wrong because the clock was ten minutes fast!

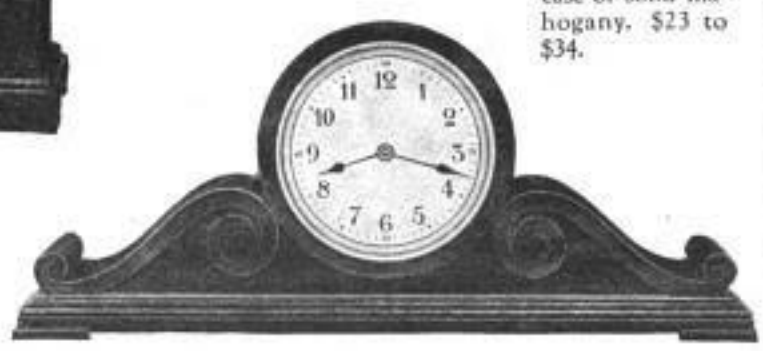
Surely modern life is tiring enough without the needless strain of faulty clocks. And it is *so* needless. A hundred and nine years ago Seth Thomas began making accurate clocks and putting his name on the dials.

It will add immensely to your peace of mind to have a Seth Thomas Clock in your home; and the cost, as the Jeweler will tell you, is very much less than you may have supposed. He *likes* to show Seth Thomas Clocks and tell about their service. Why not drop into his store this morning and afford him that pleasure?



At the left is one of a group of eight remarkably serviceable upright models—8-day, striking clocks in mahogany cases. Prices from $15 to $22.

There are eight small clocks, suited to desk or boudoir, in the group represented by the model illustrated below. Jeweled 8-day movement with watch escapement—a splendid timekeeper—in a hand-rubbed case of solid mahogany. $23 to $34.



A Seth Thomas gift is assured a place of honor in any home.

SETH THOMAS

(Continued from Page 78)

links and tennis courts and ice rinks; with lagoons and canals and artificial islands and Venetian gondolas; with casinos and bathhouses and outdoor swimming pools that would outdo anything in America or Europe.

He let himself go with the utmost enthusiasm, and kept his imagination working on a twenty-two-hour day. His friends gave up all hope for him. "Poor Fisher!" they murmured privately behind his back. "Poor Fisher has gone completely loco. We must make arrangements to put him away quietly."

He got control of the bulk of the unnamed worthless tongue of land and went out to look it over carefully. Around its shores he found a solid wall of mangroves, whose interlaced roots rose several feet out of the water in such a confused and slimy jumble that any appreciable progress through them was a matter of hours. So he got a gang of twelve negroes and set them to work hacking a hole all the way through this jungle. Beyond the mangrove swamp was a solidly interlaced growth of cabbage palms and palmettos through which no human being could force a passage without tearing his clothes and his skin to shreds. The palm and palmetto growth filled every part of the tongue except the shores—and the shores were overgrown with mangroves.

Greatly cheered and stimulated by these obstacles, he promptly set to work on his scheme to build, almost overnight, a great American winter resort. Starting at the extreme tip of the tongue his gangs of laborers cleared off the mangroves, cabbage palms, palmettos and other scrub. They found bears in it, and panthers and countless numbers of smaller animals, and quail by the thousands. Then along the edges of the tongue they built high cement bulkheads. As the bulkheads were finished dredgers pumped sand and water out of Biscayne Bay and inside the bulkheads. The water ran off, but the sand remained and turned the swamps and marshes into solid land. This work required dredging crews of 150 men, three pumping boats, two digging boats, from ten to fifteen barges, five supply boats, two oil tugs, two anchor boats and an eighteen-inch pipe line over a mile in length. For eight months the pay roll was $4000 a day, and Fisher's friends daily became more insistent that he be put away where he could no longer throw his money into the Atlantic Ocean.

An Extraordinary Development

Canals and inland waterways were dug so that future residents might have easy access to all portions of the resort by yacht, house boat and motor boat. Palms, hibiscus and tropical plants and vines slowly crept along in the rear of the dredging operations. Fifty acres were turned into polo fields. Three hundred and twenty-five acres were set aside for golf courses. Three excellent golf courses were made, two at a cost of $200,000 apiece, and one at a cost of a quarter million.

To-day the tongue of land that was an impenetrable jungle in 1913 and a waste of sand in 1917 has become the city of Miami Beach. Its value has grown from $12,000 to $20,000,000. There may be some to question the latter figure; but the assessed value of Miami Beach property in 1921 was $5,540,112; and unimproved property was being assessed at one-quarter its valuation, while improved property was being assessed at one-tenth its valuation. It has a frontage of six miles on the ocean, seven miles on Biscayne Bay, and sixteen miles on inland waterways and canals—though a Miami Beach enthusiast would no more think of listing Miami Beach property in miles than a jeweler would think of listing diamonds in quarts. It's too precious. He lists it in feet, and tells you that the frontage on inland waterways is 85,000 feet. In a few years, if he progresses in the future as he has in the past, he'll probably be listing it in inches.

Many a water-front lot has been sold for double the price that was paid for the original jungle not so many years ago.

There are over forty miles of streets and roads, lined with palms and shrubs. Several hotels have been built. The largest is no more expensive than the big Palm Beach hotels—although that is sufficiently expensive to send the cold shivers up and down the spine of the person who hasn't become thoroughly hardened to money spending.

There are a score and more of apa houses, and 350 private residences from unconsciously simple little bungalows up to artfully simple $200,000 huts.

Within another six years, accord the more sane and conservative Beach predicters, there will be six o more hotels at Miami Beach, all than the present ones. Fisher has a modest caravansary planned, which have an ice rink, covered tennis cou a tanbark horse-show inclosure on th Unless his friends lock him up he is carry out his plans—which will pr be as highly successful as his past ve

A few of his friends no longer fear sanity. His former business part Indianapolis, James A. Allison, has helped the good work along by buildi stocking at Miami Beach an aquariu rivals the greatest aquariums of M Naples, Honolulu and Manila. A many of his friends, however, still their heads pityingly when they hear tion of hotels with ice rinks on the

The dredging operations which transferred sand from the bottom o cayne Bay to the top of Miami Beac left several unsightly mud banks pr ing a few inches from the surface o bay. Fisher surrounded these mud b with bulkheads and pumped more into them. The result was seven bea islands, most of which are already sh by palm groves and dotted with simpl beautiful homes costing about thirty lars a square inch. They are easy of a since they are connected with the mai or the causeway.

Bathing-Suit Notes

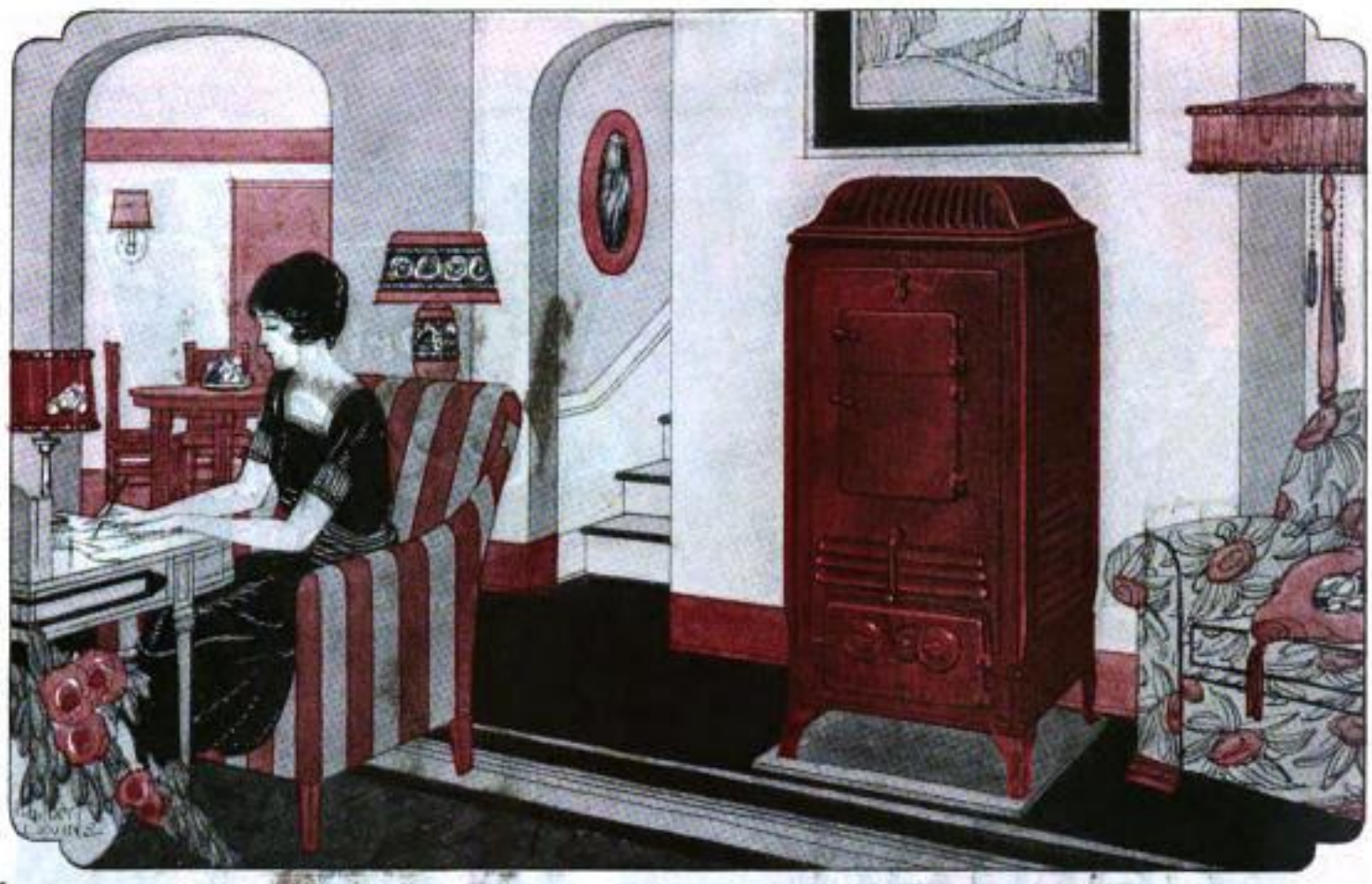
Some Miami people have likened t islands to lilies which o'erlace the sea, the fashion of Senator Lodge quoting Browning in an attempt to explain islands of the Pacific to a concourse of h boiled hearers; but Palm Beach folk, that peculiar jealousy evinced by the dents of one Florida resort toward ev thing in a rival Florida resort, say they look more like floating flapjacks. truth, of course, lies between; and in other two years, when all of them covered with masses of tropical foli there will be nothing flapjackish ab them at all. One of the islands, toge with an obelisk rising from its center, constructed solely as a memorial to He M. Flagler, without whose vision and fo sight Florida would probably be kno only as the place that Florida Water named after. One of the largest isla has an area of sixty acres. A mile of bu head, with bulkheading at twelve dolla foot, was necessary in its construction, a its total cost was half a million dollars.

The inability of 90 per cent of the hum race to see how a thing is going to lo when finished has cost the human race large amount of money at Miami Bea Not long ago, for example, an effort w made to sell a new house for $16,000. stood on new flat land, however, and the were no trees or shrubs around it. Ever body who saw it refused to buy it; $3500 was spent in planting grass, palm and flowers and adding walks and a boa house. When this had been done the hou sold instantly for $30,000 to one of the me who had refused to pay $16,000 for it th preceding year.

Miami and Miami Beach are now con nected by a curving concrete causeway three and a half miles long. New an spacious as it is, it is often too small t accommodate the thousands of automobile that hasten out to Miami Beach on bo Sunday afternoons in midwinter in orde that their occupants may obtain an eyeful as the saying goes, of the bathing crowds The prudish element hasn't yet been able to make its influence felt at Miami Beach to any noticeable extent. The one-piece bathing suit is heavily displayed by en gaging young women, and there are also large numbers of bathing suits which ap pear to be one-half-piece or even two-fifths-piece. The latter variety of bathing suit is never worn with stockings; for no stockings—so far as is known—have yet been made long enough to reach to the hips. A striking effect is frequently ob tained by the wearers of these two-fifths-piece bathing suits when they stroll out on the beach in short, hip-length capes which hang open negligently at the throat. One sees nothing below the cape but several

(Continued on Page 83)

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a building—or re-
g—a small home or
r this Spring? Then
to send you a blue
d specifications for
l hearth and brick
ng for the Heatrola.

Gentlemen:—

You were too modest!

—in your claims for this new heater, which looks like a phonograph and works like a furnace"

—so say letters from hundreds of men and women

HIS is to place important new heating information in the hands wners of small homes and bunga—with or WITHOUT BASENTS. Also stores, offices, halls, etc.

ply mail the coupon below. Book all information will be sent free postpaid.

e this opportunity to inform your- on this new-day way of heating, ou have had unsatisfactory heating ults this past winter, or if you are ding or remodelling this spring.

w principles are embodied in the ate Heatrola—a practical warm- furnace, finished in grained ma- pany enamel and designed like a dsome cabinet phonograph.

ousands are in use. Back of it is r 77 years' experience in building ating devices for the home. Results e amazing. The owner or renter of small home is now offered all the vantages of warm air heating at w cost.

What Users Write Us

Recently we wrote to hundreds of users of Heatrolas. We wanted to learn first-hand what their experience had been with the Heatrolas in their homes.

Their replies are amazing.

They tell us we are too modest in our claims.

We say the Heatrola will heat 3 to 6 connecting rooms. Many users tell us it has been doing even more than that. We have published a number of these letters in a booklet, which we shall be glad to send on request.

What we said about fuel economy, too, is multiplied. Five and 6 rooms are being heated at no more expense than heating one room the old way.

Thus it is in thousands of homes, from Maine to California. Everywhere the Heatrola arouses the greatest enthusiasm.

Supplants Stoves and Fireplaces

Installed in one of the living rooms, the Heatrola keeps the whole house warm. It heats 3 to 6 connecting rooms better than the ordinary stove heats one.

Note, particularly, that the Heatrola is not a stove. It is a furnace, which circulates great volumes of warm, moist air throughout the house.

Hence the Heatrola offers the most healthful, the most economical way of heating. And the cleanest, for it is finished in a vitreous enamel, hard and smooth as glass, that you can rub and dust with a cloth, just as you do your furniture. This finish is practically everlasting.

No black iron to polish, no nickel to shine. No going into the cellar to tend the furnace, this new way.

Where To See The Heatrola

Leading hardware stores, furniture stores and heating contractors everywhere are now featuring the Heatrola. Ask your local dealer to show it to you. Or, if you don't know him, MAIL THE COUPON for free book and local dealer's name.

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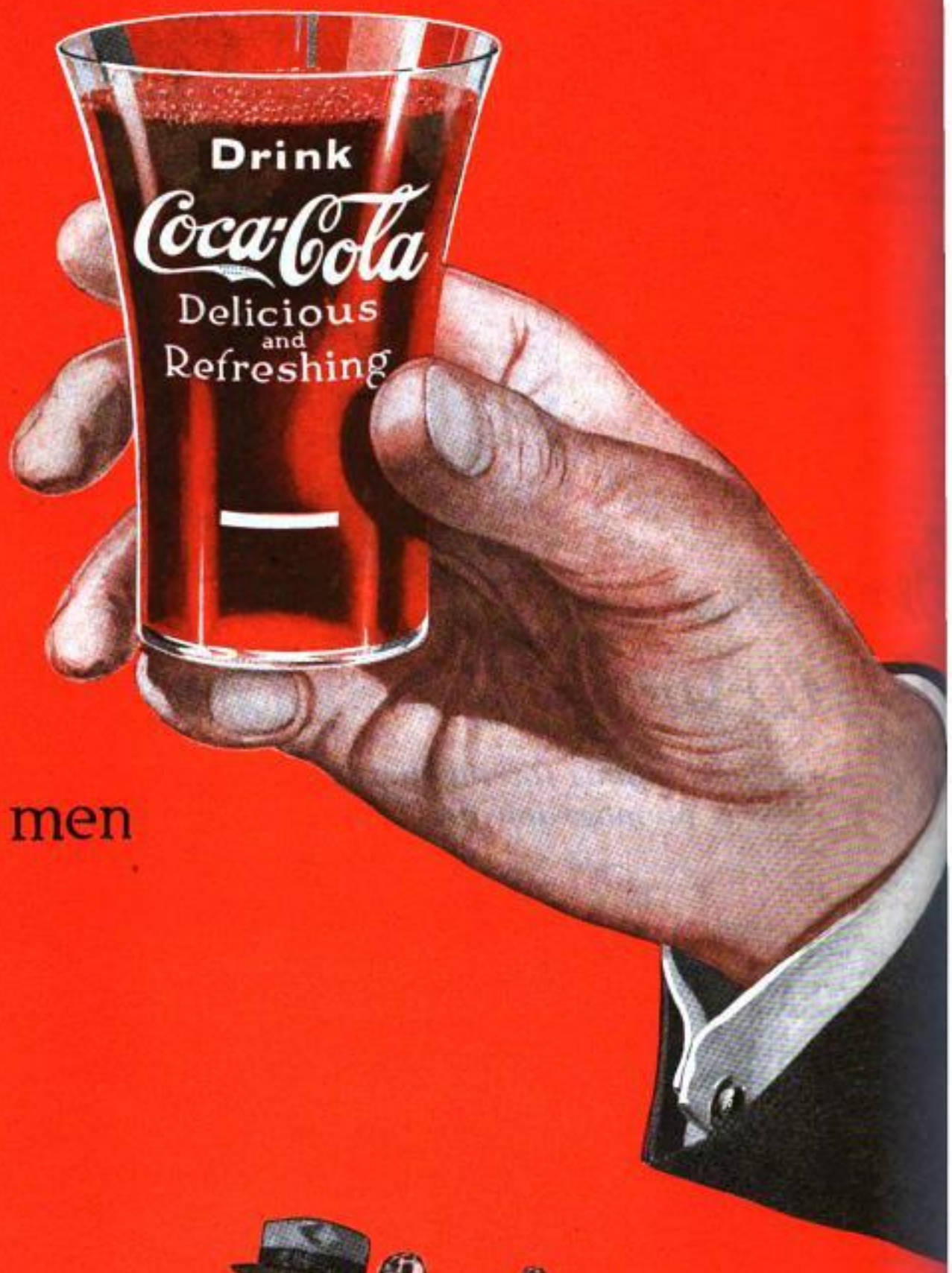
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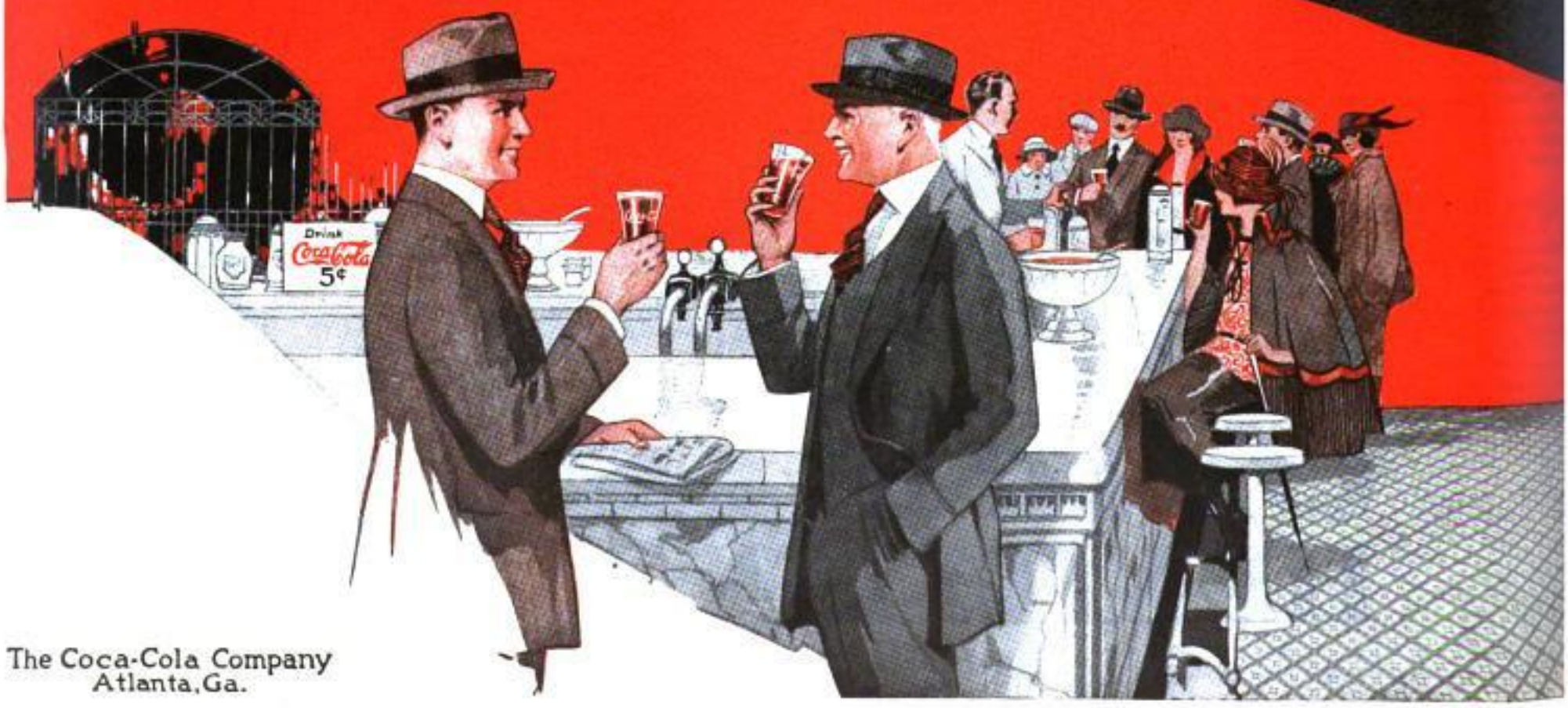
Pacific Coast Office: 839 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif.

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Thirst can't be denied

-even by busy men





The Coca-Cola Company
Atlanta, Ga.

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(Continued from Page 80)

yards of flesh, and nothing above
e but several square feet of flesh.
ght that gives one pause. When one
or the first time he feels that he
hunt up a life-saver sometime later
ay and ask him to go and speak to
ng woman and tell her that she
e out without her two-fifths-piece
suit. But one soon becomes ac-
d to seeing such things—so accus-
n fact, that one feels disappointed
esn't see them.

Hon. William Jennings Bryan has a
Miami, and was devoting most of
last winter to assuring his large
husiastic audiences that the doc-
evolution, hitherto accepted as
by every reputable scientist because
overwhelming mass of supporting
, is no more worthy of credence
e story of Cinderella and the little
pper; that, in fact, it is as harmful
oung and impressionable as an un-
ted set of Burton's Arabian Nights.
izens of Miami Beach were highly
d with Mr. Bryan's anti-evolution
es—not because they have anything
evolution but because they like to
Bryan interested in something that
ep him from trying to make his
rs conform to his ideas of right,
so doing, spoil the bathing hour.
a committee of Miami Beachers
nking of waiting on Mr. Bryan when
finished shooting holes in Darwin,
Wallace, Herbert Spencer and
distinguished scientists, and urging
attack the disgusting and contempt-
eory that the earth is a globe or
and to come out strong for a flat

re are no wheel chairs in Miami
as there are in Palm Beach. The
tried to interest their guests in wheel
but the guests would have none of
They are successful at Palm Beach
e the Palm Beachers find them use-
ings in which to kill time. But at
Beach one has no time for time-
. There is something doing every
. There are golf and tennis and polo
thing and dancing and rushing over
n to see a movie or an orange grove
nething, and if one tried to get around
heel chair he'd come down with nerv-
rostration in a couple of days.

bootleggers are very active in
i. The prices seem low to Northern-
ho have been paying $120 a case for
that is only fit for cleaning the nico-
ut of pipe stems. The bootleggers get
tuff in Bimini, which is a small island
a few miles off the Florida coast. It
British island, but the British officials
ntly haven't any idea of assisting the
ed States to enforce her laws.

Brought From Bimini

he universal bootlegging price for
rch whisky in Miami is fifty dollars a
. The bootleggers buy it for about
rty-four dollars a case in Bimini. The
ab men retail the stuff to the hotel
ts at ten dollars a bottle, or $120 a
, which makes a very nice profit for
m.

Tourists who plan to bring back a wee
of Scotch with them from Florida
uld be very careful to carry the bottles
their hand luggage. All trunks are
ed on the way up, and all alcoholic
mulants carefully abstracted. Nothing
s is touched. A friend of mine took three
tal hot-water bottles to Florida with
n so that he could bring Scotch back
them. These bottles were incased in
tty pink flannel wrappers. He filled
em with Scotch as planned; but when he
ached Washington again he found that
a trunk had been opened and the bottles
moved. The pink flannel wrappers were
t behind, and nothing else had been
uched.

There seems to be an idea in the North
hat rum running from Bimini and Cuba
o the Florida coast can be easily stopped
y prohibition agents. This is a mistaken
dea; for the rum runner has several hun-
red miles of uninhabited coast line and
eys on which to land his cargo. It was
among these keys that the most notorious
irates of the early days concealed their
essels and their treasure, and eluded pur-
uit for years. It would be as easy to catch
a rum runner among the Florida keys as to
ocate a red ant in the Hippodrome.

The Florida keys drip down from the end
of the peninsula on which Miami Beach is built, and would doubtless be compared by Senator Lodge or the late Robert Browning to a necklace of jade and gold, or to mango on mango that o'erlace the sea, or something similarly poetic. Among, between and around these keys is found the greatest fishing in the world. Florida fishing is about as much like the ordinary conception of fishing as prize fighting is like fox-trotting. Instead of sitting contemplatively over a rod and reel with a pipe in his mouth and a dreamy look in his eyes, and occasionally snaking a small fish out of the water in a leisurely manner, the Florida fisherman crouches over his rod with taut muscles and enters knock-down and drag-out fights with bundles of concentrated energy that leave him as sore and limp and blistered as though he had been wrestling with the Twentieth Century Limited.

Speedy motor boats slip away from Miami landing stages and reach the fishing grounds in an hour. Over the reefs, on whose rocky peaks lie the skeletons of many an ancient wreck, wait the barracuda, sometimes known as the tigers of the sea.

Catching Big Ones

They are long, slim, silvery fish, rather like enormous pickerel, and their jaws are set with heavy dog teeth. They average between four and five feet in length; and as the fisherman sits in the stern of a motor boat with his bait spinning along thirty yards astern he can see the barracuda following, following, following along behind the bait like a thin gray shadow. The barracuda is always there and always hungry; so when all other game fish fail the fishermen turn to him. When he finally decides to take the bait he takes it with such vigor that the fisherman feels that a steamer trunk has fallen on the tip of his rod. The rods are stiff as iron and the big reels have drags on them that would stop a race horse in a hundred yards; so the average barracuda seldom fights more than ten minutes. All game fish, of course, are caught by trolling from the back of a motor boat traveling from six to ten miles an hour.

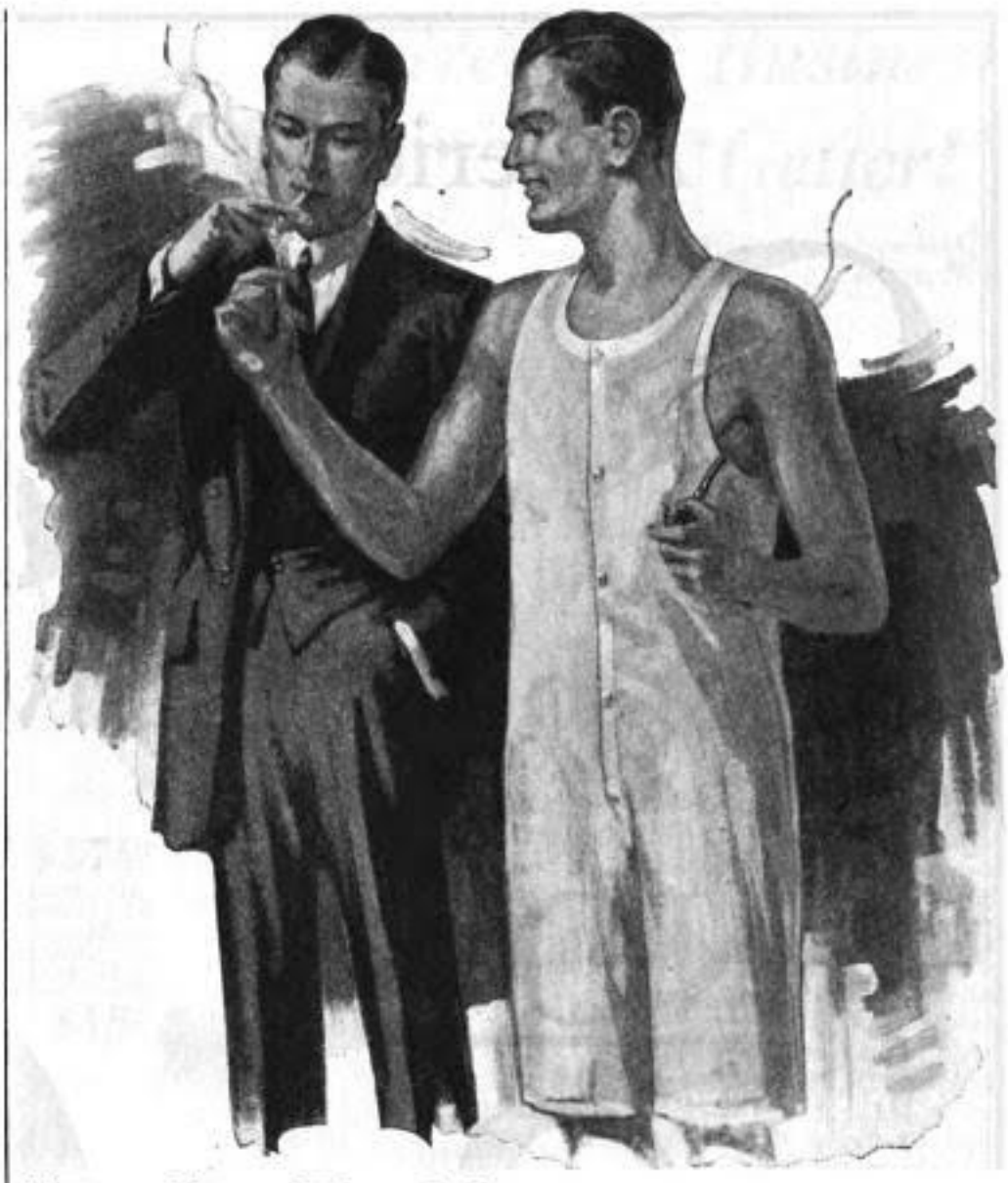
Out a little farther toward the Gulf Stream are the golden dolphins, thin and surprised-looking fish, much smaller than the barracuda, but better fighters. There, too, is the husky amber jack, that fights for twenty minutes and more in spite of the heavy drag on the reel. The prettiest welterweight fighter of the Florida waters is the sailfish, a blue-and-silver torpedo, five and six and seven feet in length, with a spear for a nose and a lateen sail for a dorsal fin. He is a finicky striker, and when he is at the bait one feels only a slight jar. The lightness of the touch usually means sailfish; and when it comes, the fisherman releases his drag and lets his line run out fifteen or twenty or even thirty feet. Then he snaps the drag back into place and hoists his rod with a mighty heave without further inquiry. Frequently the sailfish is at the end of the line, in which case the fun begins—the sensation being about the same as holding a bucking broncho at the end of a fifty-yard rope. If an amateur is holding the rod the end of the thirty or forty-five minute fight finds him calling in a weak and trembling voice for a large drink of varnish or some similar restorative, and he spends the remainder of the trip pricking and caressing the blisters on his hands.

Farther out in the Gulf Stream are the kings of the heavyweight scrappers—tuna; while between the keys and the mainland are the giant tarpon. These fish will fight for two, three and even four hours; and if, in their leapings to shake the hook from their mouths, they chance to fall into the boat, there is never any room for anyone else.

The spectacles that one sees in these Florida waters are enough to make Izaak Walton take the pledge.

During one day's fishing which I had off the keys with President James Allison, of the Miami Aquarium, and Cap'n Charley Thompson, champion tarpon tracker of Biscayne Bay, a whip ray twenty feet from wing to wing shot thirty feet into the air just ahead of our boat, falling back into the water with a crash that must have been heard a mile in every direction. Cap'n Thompson declared that this violent leaping was due to the fact that the whip ray frequently feeds on clams. When he has gathered a bushel of clams into his stomach he leaps high in the air and descends on his

(Continued on Page 85)



"Dollar Topkis gave me new ideas about value"

"I'D like to have the money I've wasted because I was afraid to buy an athletic union suit priced as low as a dollar. I was so sure I couldn't get anything worth while, that I cheerfully gave up double, year after year.

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"Finally, a persistent salesman in Johnson's shop argued me into trying Topkis. I thought he was foolish to urge me to spend less than I wanted to. He was—like a fox; he knew he was landing me as a life-time customer.

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NATIONAL BRANDS

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(Continued from Page 83)

h. The resultant crash breaks all
um shells and permits the ray to
the clams. This doesn't sound
right, but one should be careful
disbelieving any of these Florida

tle later a giant marlin or spearfish
d out of the water among our three
hen each line had a dolphin fighting
at its end. Cap'n Thompson esti-
his weight at 400 pounds, but three
later he was estimating it at 700
s.

the end of the afternoon, when
es were being reeled in preparatory
arting home, an eight-foot shark
up from nowhere and removed my
rom beneath my hand. Fortunately
noved the hook with it, and a few
es later he was lashed fast to the
of the boat, making a hurried trip
to Miami—where Director Louis
ray, of the Aquarium, spent a happy
emoving pilot fish and parasites from
se and gills and tongue.

can never tell what is going to turn
Florida waters. The prospectuses of
winter and summer resorts usually lay
it on a little too thick. The Miami prospectuses always sound very much too much. Starting with the bathing girls on the front cover and ending with the proud fisherman on the back cover, they always look a little too perfect. The phrasing, too, seems a trifle sappy and fat-headed. "It's June in Miami," these prospectuses declare, "where winter is turned to summer." They seem to rave overwildly. "Miami welcomes you with the smile of the tropics," rave these bits of passionate literature, "and the warmth of the unclouded sun is instilled in the hospitality of the greeting that awaits you here. Leave winter behind, fling care to the icy winds, come to Miami and play at being eternally young again. Here in Nature's most alluring out-of-doors playground, under azure skies, amid fronded palms and riotous flowers, with song of bird, the balmy air, and the benedictions of glorious sunshine, find health, happiness and contentment."

It seems like raving before you've been there. But after you've once been there you recognize that the bathing girls and the fish are as advertised. As for the prospectuses, they don't seem so violent after all. In fact, they seem pretty conservative.

Sense and Nonsense

Coming Across

RING the early Kansas days, when he Dalton Gang was terrorizing the trainmen on railroads were always ied when any of the Dalton boys ded their train, for fear they conlated a holdup.

e of the Dalton boys, the recognized r of the gang, had a habit, when trav- from one point to another, of bluffing onductors into carrying him free.

e day the Dalton Gang leader boarded ain, and when the conductor came nd and demanded his fare Dalton ped out his gun and snarled "There's fare" as he shoved his gun into the uctor's ribs.

All right, you ride, Dalton," coolly an- ed the conductor, walking on through car.

he conductor proceeded into the bag- car and procured a sawed-off shotgun. en he returned Dalton was leaning out he car window, so, taking him unaware, conductor calmly walked up to him, ed the gun into his ribs and gruffly . "Say, Dalton, I'm ready to punch your t now." And Dalton came across.

Distance No Object

AUNTING the farmer in the western section of Kansas about the absence of ter on his land has been commonly prac- d for years.

Last summer a party of Eastern autoists passing through this section of the ntry, bound for the Pacific Coast. One the drivers of the party, in need of water, pped a farmer along the road, who was ling several barrels of water on his wagon. After negotiating with the farmer for much-needed water the auto driver iously inquired, "Well, my friend, tell how far do you have to haul this ter?"

"Oh, only 'bout ten miles," the farmer yly answered.

"Land sake!" exclaimed the stranger. Why don't you dig a well?"

"What's the use?" drawled the farmer. It's 'bout as far one way as 'tis the other."

Took the Words Out of His Mouth

AT had got hurt—not much more than a scratch, it is true—but his employer d visions of being compelled to keep him r life, and had adopted the wise course of nding him to the hospital.

After the house surgeon had examined im carefully he said to the nurse: "As ubcutaneous abrasion is not observable I do not think there is any reason to apprehend tegumental cicatrization."

Then turning to the patient, he asked quizzically, "What do you think, Pat?"

"Sure," said Pat, "ye took the very words out of my mouth. That's just what I was going to say."

The Life of the Party

THE general manager of a large Pacific Coast concern overheard some of his employes discussing the Jap question.

Stepping up among them he jocularly interrupted, "Well, Tommy, I suppose you'll be the first to enlist if we should have war with Japan!"

"Oh, yes," Tommy nodded. "I'll go—but there'll be two other guys going too."

"Well, who are they?" inquired the boss.

"Why, the two fellows that will drag me there!" Tommy replied.

His Parting Words

A LARGE Western railroad, when its employes are injured or accidentally killed, requires the foreman to render a full detailed report of the accident. A printed form is used, which has many complexities before all detailed questions are satisfactorily answered. The company employs a large number of Mexican track laborers, and one day a push car loaded with rails got away from a Mexican, taking him on a wild ride down grade until the car hit a derail at a switch. The laborer was killed instantly.

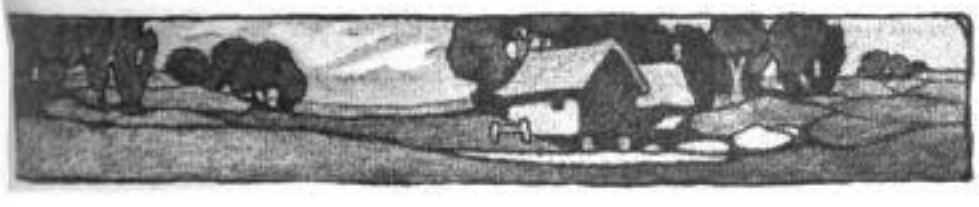
Mike Casey, an old-time foreman, took matters in hand and immediately undertook to render his accident report. In his rough scrawl he answered all the questions to the best of his knowledge, but hesitated when he encountered the last question on the printed form, namely: REMARKS.

Scratching his head for several minutes while he pondered, he finally inserted, "He never made any. He was dead."

His Method

"THERE hain't nuth'n special in the paper to-day," replied an acquaintance who had been interrogated by Tobe Wolford, of the Owl Gulch, Arkansas, neighborhood, "except that it says four million folks will starve to death in Rooshy this winter if they don't get help."

"Well, they ort to starve if they hain't got no better sense than to stick right there in Rooshy when times is thataway," was the disgusted answer. "When things get to such a pass with me that it looks like something has got to be did I hook up the hosses, pour a gourdful of water on the fire, call the dogs, and take the family over to Oklahomy to visit my wife's kin."



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The Comfort of Having Ice



cannot be measured in money. It makes a big difference in the family health, especially the health of young children. They must have fresh milk and you cannot keep it fresh without ice. Disease germs multiply rapidly in milk which is not kept COLD. Take ice regularly—the year 'round; it will save you money.

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NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ICE INDUSTRIES
163 W. Washington Street, Chicago, Illinois

DEPEND ON ICE IN ALL WEATHER

THE COVERED WAGON

(Continued from Page 21)

Wingate and his wife were talking heatedly, she in her nervousness not knowing that she fumbled over and over in her fingers the heavy bit of rock which Molly had picked up and which was in her handkerchief when it was requisitioned by her mother to bathe her face just now.

After a time she tossed the nugget aside into the grass. It was trodden by a hundred feet ere long.

But gold will not die. In three weeks a prowling Gros Ventre squaw found it and carried it to the trader, Bordeaux, asking "Shoog?"

"Non, non!" replied the Laramie trader. "Pas de shoog!" But he looked curiously at the thing, so heavy.

"How, cola!" wheedled the squaw. "Shoog!" She made the sign for sugar, her finger from her palm to her lips. Bordeaux tossed the thing into the tin can on the shelf and gave her what sugar would cover a spoon.

"Where?" he asked her, his fingers loosely shaken, meaning "Where did you get it?"

The Gros Ventre lied to him like a lady, and told him, on the South Fork, on the Creek of Bitter Cherries—near where Denver now is; and where placers once were. That was hundreds of miles away. The Gros Ventre woman had been there once in her wanderings and had seen some heavy metal.

Years later, after Fort Laramie was taken over by the Government, Bordeaux as sutler sold much flour and bacon to men hurrying down the South Fork to the early Colorado diggings. Meantime in his cups he often had told the mythical tale of the Gros Ventre woman—long after California, Idaho, Nevada, Montana were all afire. But one of his halfbreed children very presently had commandeered the tin cup and its contents, so that to this day no man knows whether the child swallowed the nugget or threw it into the Laramie River or the Platte River or the sagebrush. Some depose that an emigrant bought it of the baby; but no one knows.

What all men do know is that gold does not die; nay, nor the news of it. And this news now, like a multiplying germ, was in the wagon train that had started out for Oregon.

As for Molly, she asked no questions at all about the lost nugget, but hurried to her own bed, supperless, pale and weeping. She told her father nothing of the nature of her meeting with Will Banion, then or at any time for many weeks.

"Molly, come here, I want to talk to you."

Wingate beckoned to his daughter the second morning after Banion's visit.

The order for the advance was given. The men had brought in the cattle and the yoking up was well forward. The rattle of pots and pans was dying down. Dogs had taken their places on flank or at the wagon rear, women were climbing up to the seats, children clinging to pieces of dried meat. The train was waiting for the word.

The girl followed him calmly, high-headed.

"Molly, see here," he began. "We're all ready to move on. I don't know where Will Banion went, but I want you to know, as I told him, that he can't travel in our train."

"He'll not ask to, father. He's promised to stick to his own men."

"He's left you at last! That's good. Now I want you to drop him from your thoughts. Hear that, and heed it. I tell you once more, you're not treating Sam Woodhull right."

She made him no answer.

"You're still young, Molly," he went on. "Once you're settled you'll find Oregon all right. Time you were marrying. You'll be twenty and an old maid first thing you know. Sam will make you a good husband. Heed what I say."

But she did not heed, though she made no reply to him. Her eye, "scornful, threatening and young," looked yonder where she knew her lover was; nor was it in her soul ever to return from following after him. The name of her intended husband left her cold as ice.

"Roll out! Roll out! Ro-o-o-ll ou-t!"

The call went down the line once more. The pistolry of the wagon whips made answer, the drone of the drivers rose as the sore-necked oxen bowed their heads again, with less strength even for the lighter loads.

The old man who sat by the gate at Fort Laramie, twisting a curl around his finger, saw the plain clearing now, as the great train swung out and up the trail. He perhaps knew that Jim Bridger with his own freight wagons, going light and fast with mules, was on west, ahead of the main caravan. But he did not know the news Jim Bridger carried, the startling news that Carson was carrying east. Here three old mountain men, for a few hours meeting after years, now were passing on apart, never to meet again. Their chance encountering meant much to hundreds of men and women then on the road to Oregon; to untold thousands yet to come.

As for one Samuel Woodhull, late colonel captain, it was to be admitted that for a time he had been conscious of certain misgivings of fate. But as all thoroughbred animals are thin-skinned, so are all short-bred pachydermatous, whereby they endure and mayhap arrive at the mark as well as the next. True, even Woodhull's vanity and self-content had everything asked of them in view of his late series of mishaps; but by now he had somewhat chirked up under rest and good food, and was once more the dandy and hail fellow. He felt assured that very presently the bygones would be bygones. Moreover—so he reasoned—if he, Sam Woodhull, won the spoils, what matter who had won any share of victory? He knew, as all these others knew and as all the world knows, that a beautiful woman is above all things *spolia opima* of war. Well, in ten days he was to marry Molly Wingate, the most beautiful woman of the train and the belle of more than one community. Could he not afford to laugh best, in spite of all events, even if some of them had not been to his own liking?

But the girl's open indifference was less of all to his liking. It enraged his vain choleric nature to its inner core. Already he planned dominance, but willing to wait and to endure for ten days, meantime he employed innocence, reticence, dignity, attentiveness, so that he seemed a suitor misunderstood, misrepresented, unjustly used; to whose patient soul none the less presently must arrive justice and exoneration, after which all would be happier even than a marriage bell. After the wedding bells he, Samuel Woodhull, would show who was master.

Possessed once more of horse, arms and personal equipment, and having told his own story of persecution to good effect throughout the train, Woodhull had been allowed to resume a nominal command over a part of the Wingate wagons. The real control lay in the triumvirate who once had usurped power, and who might do so again.

Wingate himself really had not much more than nominal control of the general company, although he continued to give what Caleb Price called the easy orders. His wagons, now largely changed to ox transport, still traveled at the head of the train, Molly continuing to drive her own light wagon and Jed remaining on the cow column.

The advance hardly had left Fort Laramie hidden by the rolling ridges before Woodhull rode up to Molly's wagon and made excuse to pass his horse to a boy while he himself climbed up on the seat with his fiancée.

She made room for him in silence, her eyes straight ahead. The wagon cover made good screen behind, the herdsmen were far in the rear, and from the wagons ahead none could see them. Yet when, after a moment, her affianced husband dropped an arm about her waist the girl flung it off impatiently.

"Don't!" she exclaimed. "I detest love-making in public. We see enough of it that can't be hid. It's getting worse, more open, the farther we get out."

"The train knows we are to be married at the halfway stop, Molly. Then you'll change wagons and will not need to drive."

"Wait till then."

"I count the hours. Don't you, dearest?"

She turned a pallid face to him at last, resentful of his endearments.

"Yes, I do," she said. But he did not know what she meant or why she was so pale.

(Continued on Page 89)

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PRODUCTS
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$82 spent for paint brought a $1,500 loa on this house

FINDING it necessary to place a mortgage on a small dwelling which I owned, I had the property inspected by an appraiser and was surprised to learn that the appraiser advised his company to reduce the amount of insurance on the house by one-third.

The best offer of a loan I could get was $800 which I did not accept, and in talking with a real estate friend the condition of the paint came up. When I told him that the house was about four years old and had never been painted, he said without hesitation, "That is the cause of your trouble." I immediately got in touch with a reliable paint dealer, invested $42 in a standard brand of ready-mixed paint and employed an old negro "Jack of all Trades" who put two coats of paint on the house for $40.

This $82 investment made my house look so much better that I had no difficulty in securing a loan of $1,500 and my insurance policy, instead of being reduced, was increased one-third.

(signed) G. E. LENNON
Savannah, Georgia



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(Continued from Page 86)

hink we'll settle in Portland," he
n. "The travelers' stories say that
at the head of navigation on the
ette, has as good a chance as Oregon
t the Falls. I'll practice law. The
[am taking out will net us a good
'm hoping. Oh, you'll see the day
ou'll not regret that I held you to
romise! I'm not playing this Oregon
o lose it."
you play any game to lose it?"
! Better to have than to explain
ot—that's one of my mottoes."
matter how?"
hy do you ask?"
vas only wondering."
bout what?"
bout men—and the differences."
y dear, as a school-teacher you have
d to use a map, a blackboard. Do
ok on us men as ponderable, measur-
computable?"
girl ought to do that if she's going to
."
ell, haven't you?"
ave I?"
still was staring straight ahead, cold,
g no silent call for a lover's arms or

silence was so long that at length even
ick hide was pierced.
olly!" he broke out. "Listen to me!
ou want the engagement broken? Do
ant to be released?"
That would they all think?"
ot the question. Answer me!"
o, I don't want it broken. I want it
with. Isn't that fair?"
it?"
didn't you say you wanted me on any
?"
urely!"
on't you now?"
es, I do, and I'm going to have you

s eye, covetous, turned to the ripe
beauty of the maid beside him. He
illing to pay any price.
hen it all seems settled."
ll but one part. You've never really
ctually told me you loved me."
wry smile.
'm planning to do that after I marry
I suppose that's the tendency of a
an. Of course, it can't be true that
one man will do for a woman to marry,
e woman for a man. If anything went
g on that basis—why, marrying would
! That would be foolish, wouldn't it?
ppose women do adjust. Don't you
k so?"
is face grew hard under this cool rea-
ng.
Am I to understand that you are
ying me as a second choice, and so
t you can forget some other man?"
Couldn't you leave a girl a secret if she
one? Couldn't you be happier if you
? Couldn't you take your chance and
if there's anything under the notion
ut more than one man and more than
woman in the world? Love? Why,
at is love? Something to marry on?
ey say it passes. They tell me that
rriage is more adjustable, means more
erests than love; that the woman who
rries with her eyes open is apt to be the
ppiest in the long run. Well, then, you
d you wanted me on any terms. Does
t that include open eyes?"
"You're making a hard bargain—the
rdest a man can be obliged to take."
"It was not of my seeking."
"You said you loved me—at first."
"No. Only a girl's in love with love—
first. I've not really lied to you. I'm
ying to be honest before marriage. Don't
ar I'll not be afterward. There's much
that, don't you think? Maybe there's
mething, too, in a woman's ability to
djust and compromise. I don't know.
'e ought to be as happy as the average
arried couple, don't you think? None of
hem are happy for so very long, they say.
hey say love doesn't last long. I hope
ot. One thing, I believe marriage is easier
o beat than love is."
"How old are you, really, Molly?"
"I am just over nineteen, sir."
"You are wise for that; you are old."
"Yes—since we started for Oregon."
He sat in sullen silence for a long time,
ll the venom of his nature gathering, all
is savage jealousy.
"You mean since you met that renegade,
traitor and thief, Will Banion! Tell me,
isn't that it!"
"Yes, that's true. I'm older now. I
know more."

"And you'll marry me without love? You love him without marriage? Is that it?"

"I'll never marry a thief."

"But you love one?"

"I thought I loved you."

"But you do love him, that man!"

Now at last she turned to him, gazing straight through the mist of her tears.

"Sam, if you really loved me, would you ask that? Wouldn't you just try to be so gentle and good that there'd no longer be any place in my heart for any other sort of love, so I'd learn to think that our love was the only sort in the world? Wouldn't you take your chance and make good on it, believing that it must be in nature that a woman can love more than one man or love men in more than one way? Isn't marriage broader and with more chance for both? If you love me and not just yourself alone, can't you take your chance as I am taking mine? And after all, doesn't a woman give the odds? If you do love me ——"

"If I do, then my business is to try to make you forget Will Banion."

"There is no other way you could. He may die. I promise you I'll never see him after I'm married.

"And I'll promise you another thing"—her strained nerves now were speaking truth for her—"if by any means I ever learn—if I ever believe—that Major Banion is not what I now think him I'll go on my knees to him. I'll know marriage was wrong and love was right all the time."

"Fine, my dear! Much happiness! But unfortunately for Major Banion's passing romance, the official records of a military court-martial and a dishonorable discharge from the Army are facts which none of us can doubt or deny."

"Yes, that's how it is. So that's why."

"What do you really mean then, Molly—you say 'That's why'?"

"That's why I'm going to marry you, Sam. Nine days from to-day, at the Independence Rock, if we are alive. And from now till then, and always, I'm going to be honest, and I'm going to pray God to give you power to make me forget every other man in all the world except my—my ——" But she could not say the word "husband."

"Your husband!"

He said it for her, and perhaps then reached his zenith in approximately unselfish devotion, and in good resolves at least.

The sun shone blinding hot. The white dust rose in clouds. The plague of flies increased. The rattle and creak of wheel, the monotone of the drivers, the cough of dust-afflicted kine made the only sounds for a long time.

"You can't kiss me, Molly?"

He spoke not in dominance but in diffidence. The girl awed him.

"No, not till after, Sam; and I think I'd rather be left alone from now till then. After —— Oh, be good to me, Sam! I'm trying to be honest as a woman can. If I were not that I'd not be worth marrying at all."

Without suggestion or agreement on his part she drew tighter the reins on her mules. He sprang down over the wheel. The sun and the dust had their way again; the monotony of life, its drab discontent, its yearnings and its sense of failure once more resumed sway in part or all of the morose caravan. They all sought new fortunes, each of these. One day each must learn that, travel far as he likes, a man takes himself with him for better or for worse.

XXIX

BANION allowed the main caravan two days' start before he moved beyond Fort Laramie. Every reason bade him to cut entirely apart from that portion of the company. He talked with every man he knew who had any knowledge of the country on ahead, read all he could find, studied such maps as then existed, and kept an open ear for advice of old-time men who in hard experience had learned how to get across a country.

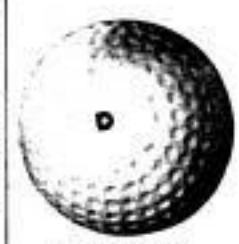
Two things troubled him: The possibility of grass exhaustion near the trail, and the menace of the Indians. Squaw men in from the north and west said that the Arapahoes were hunting on the Sweetwater, and sure to make trouble; that the Blackfeet were planning war; that the Bannacks were east of the Pass; that even the Crows were far down below their normal range and certain to harass the trains. These stories, not counting the hostility of the Sioux and Cheyennes of the Platte country,



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Dunlop *162*
The *best* ball to play with. Smaller size. 85c each.



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Here's the golf ball that has established itself as the choice of particular golfers. Amateurs and Professionals, the world over, have depended upon the *sure* playing qualities of Dunlops for more than fifteen years.

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This Year's Price 85 Cents Each

During the last two years the regular price of *standard* Dunlop balls has been $1.10 each. This season we are pleased to announce a price recession, which makes the Dunlop *162*, the Dunlop "*D*" and the Dunlop *Magnum* obtainable at 85c each. The *Warwick* will retail at 70c. Everything considered—including the playing qualities, durability and dependability—we believe that the buyer of golf balls will find the Dunlop range provides for the truest economy.

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Many players accustomed to the use of Dunlop golf balls have sometimes found it difficult to obtain their favorite brand. No need for being without Dunlops this season. A liberal supply is available, and there is no reason for taking a substitute article. Sometimes, though, you may have to insist on Dunlops to get them. If you don't find Dunlop balls in stock, please write us, giving the name of your club.

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If you are thinking of building, this book will be mighty helpful

ITS aim is to suggest to you a number of little things which should be carefully considered in building a home—little things which sometimes are overlooked—but little things which go a long way toward making your home an easy-running, pleasurable place in which to live.

It is a book which will prevent a lot of regrets after your home has been lived in a while. It will eliminate such expressions as "Well, if we had to do it over again we would do thus and so!"

Ask us to send you this book. A postcard will bring it by return mail.

The book will also give you considerable valuable information about proper hardware for your home—particularly information about hinges.

It will explain to you the importance of hinges. Why they should be selected carefully; why a few moments' thought about hinges before your home is built will enable you to forget all about hinges during all the years you occupy the house.

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made it appear that there was a tacit suspense of intertribal hostility, and a general and joint uprising against the migrating whites.

These facts Banion did not hesitate to make plain to all his men; but, descendants of pioneers, with blood of the wilderness in their veins, and each tempted by adventure as much as by gain, they laughed long and loud at the thought of danger from all the Indians of the Rockies. Had they not beaten the Sioux? Could they not in turn humble the pride of any other tribe? Had not their fathers worked with rifle lashed to the plow beam? Indians? Let them come!

Founding his own future on this resolute spirit of his men, Banion next looked to the order of his own personal affairs. He found prices so high at Fort Laramie, and the stock of all manner of goods so low, that he felt it needless to carry his own trading wagons all the way to Oregon, when a profit of 400 per cent lay ready not a third of the way across and less the further risk and cost. He accordingly cut down his own stocks to one wagon, and sold off wagons and oxen as well, until he found himself possessed of considerably more funds than when he had started out.

He really cared little for these matters. What need had he for a fortune or a future now? He was poorer than any jeans-clad ox driver with a sunbonnet on the seat beside him and tow-headed children on the flour and bacon sacks, with small belongings beyond the plow lashed at the tail gate, the ax leaning in the front corner of the box and the rifle swinging in its loops at the wagon bows. They were all beginning life again. He was done with it.

The entire caravan now had passed in turn the Prairies and the Plains. In the vestibule of the mountains they had arrived in the most splendid out-of-doors country the world has ever offered. The climate was superb, the scenery was a constant succession of changing beauties new to the eyes of all. Game was at hand in such lavish abundance as none of them had dreamed possible. The buffalo ranged always within touch, great bands of elk now appeared, antelope always were in sight. The streams abounded in noble game fish, and the lesser life of the open was threaded across continually by the presence of the great predatory animals—the grizzly, the gray wolf, even an occasional mountain lion. The guarding of the cattle herds now required continual exertion, and if any weak or crippled draft animal fell out its bones were clean within the hour. The feeling of the wilderness now was distinct enough for the most adventurous. They fed fat, and daily grew more like savages in look and practice.

Wingate's wagons kept well apace with the average schedule of a dozen miles a day, at times spurting to fifteen or twenty miles, and made the leap over the heights of land between the North Platte and the Sweetwater, which latter stream, often winding among defiles as well as pleasant meadows, was to lead them to the summit of the Rockies at the South Pass, beyond which they set foot on the soil of Oregon, reaching thence to the Pacific. Before them now lay the entry mark of the Sweetwater Valley, that strange oblong upthrust of rock, rising high above the surrounding plain, known for two thousand miles as Independence Rock.

At this point, more than eight hundred miles out from the Missouri, a custom of unknown age seemed to have decreed a pause. The great rock was an unmistakable landmark, and time out of mind had been a register of the wilderness. It carried hundreds of names, including every prominent one ever known in the days of fur trade or the new day of the wagon trains. It became known as a resting place; indeed, many rested there forever, and never saw the soil of Oregon. Many an emigrant woman, sick well-nigh to death, held out so that she might be buried among the many other graves that clustered there. So, she felt, she had the final company of her kind. And those weak or faint of heart the news that this was not halfway across often smote with despair and death, and they, too, laid themselves down here by the road to Oregon.

But here also were many scenes of cheer. By this time the new life of the trail had been taken on, rude and simple. Frolics were promised when the wagons should reach the Rock. Neighbors made reunions there. Weddings, as well as burials, were postponed till the train got to Independence Rock.

Here then, a sad-faced girl, true promise and true to some strange phil of her own devising, was to becom wife of a suitor whose persistenc brought him little comfort beyon wedding date. All the train kne Molly Wingate was to be married t Sam Woodhull, now restored to tru authority. Some said it was a good others shook their heads, liking well a maid either blush or smile in such Molly's, whereas she did neither.

At all events, Mrs. Wingate w days baking cakes at the train Friends got together little presents bride. Jed, Molly's brother, himself dler of parts, organized an orchest dozen pieces. The Rev. Henry D Baptist divine of much nuptial di en route, made ready his best coat. came into camp. In the open spaces valley hundreds of wagons were sca each to send representatives to Moll gate's wedding. Some insisted th ceremony should be performed on t of the Rock itself, so that no touch mance should lack.

Then approached the very hour— the night, after duties of the day done. A canopy was spread for the mony. A central camp fire set the for the wedding feast. Within a hal the bride would emerge from the s of her wagon to meet at the canopy the Rock the impatient groom, alread in his best, already giving largess t riotous musicians, who now attune struments, now broke out into rude or pertinent song.

But Molly Wingate did not appea her father or mother. A hush fell o rude assemblage. The minister of th pel departed to the Wingate encamp to learn the cause of the delay. He f Jesse Wingate irate to open wrath girl's mother stony calm, the girl h white but resolute.

"She insists on seeing the marria cense, Mr. Doak," began Jesse Win "As though we could have one! As th she should care more for that than parents!"

"Quite so," rejoined the reverend "That is something I have taken up the happy groom. I have with all couples I have joined in wedlock on trail. Of course, being a lawyer, Mr. Wi hull knows that even if they stood be the meeting and acknowledged themse man and wife it would be a lawful marr before God and man. Of course, also w know that since we left the Missouri R we have been in unorganized territory, no courts and no form of government, society as we understand it at home. well. Shall loving hearts be kept asun for those reasons? Shall the natural co of life be thwarted until we get to Oreg Why, sir, that is absurd! We do not e know much of the government of Ore itself, except that it is provisional."

The face of Molly Wingate appeared the drawn curtains of her transient ho She stepped from her wagon and ca forward. Beautiful, but not radiant, was; cold and calm, but not blushing uncertain. Her wedding gown was all white, true enough to tradition, thou but of delaine, pressed new from its pa ing trunk by her mother's hands. Fi bodice, long and deep in front and at ba was plain entirely, save for a treasure lace from her mother's trunk and f mother's wedding long ago. Her hands h no gloves, but white short-fingered mit also cherished remnants of days of scho girl belledom, did service. Over whi stockings, below the long and full-bodi skirt, showed the crossed bands of lo elastic tapes tied in an ankle bow to ho in place her little slippers of black hig finished leather. Had they seen her, all ha said that Molly Wingate was the sweete and the most richly clad bride of any on the long, long trail across the land that ha no law. And all she lacked for her weddin costume was the bride's bouquet, whic her mother now held out to her, gathere with care that day of the mountain flow ers—blue harebells, forget-me-nots of varie blues, and the blossom of the gentian, bol and blue in the sunlight, though at nigh infolded and abashed, its petals turning i and waiting for the sun again to warm them.

Molly Wingate, stout and stern, ful bosomed, wet eyed, held out her one little present to her girl, her ewe lamb, whom she was now surrendering. But no hand of the

(Continued on Page 53)

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he Open Door to Better Health-
It's in Your Home

scientist from another world ld come to our earth and a book on our habits and s, we might have a queer of ourselves. Among other he might say:

se humans live in artificial rns of wood, stone or c, divided into rooms with s between. The outer walls e doors and windows to it light and air.

ummer, windows and doors open and their houses are t and airy, but in winter close the outside openings even the doors between the ns, living in a stuffy, dry, ted atmosphere that is ally very uneven in temper- re.

is queer custom, that is quite erally followed even in the t of their homes, is un- ubtedly the cause of much ess, for these humans are ject to many diseases of se, throat and lungs in the nter, when they really should more healthy than in the mmertime."

t must admit that this is true. ors know it is true and insist on windows and doors in the sick- . Architects know it is true, they design homes with wide ings between the living rooms.

t do what they will, the doctor the architect cannot give you a pletely open house with proper ilation in winter; **only a good ting system can do this.**

The Convector Opens Your Doors to Health

The Mueller Convector heats ry room in a house through one ister on the first floor. It auto- tically circulates all the air in r home over its large heating sur- e and back again to your rooms.

Fresh air is warmed and mingled h all the air in the house and sent roughout every room. This health- ventilation is going on all the ne; the air is never still. There n be no stagnant air pockets, no otty hot or cold places.

This complete air circulation, used by the Convector, really ens doors to better health. Hav- g a well designed open house is of tle use unless your heating system ves you correct ventilation. You ight keep every inner door open d still have poor ventilation with a eating system that does not circu- te air.

There is no more practical and conomical way of heating any home han with the clean, warm air that omes from the Convector's single egister. Living rooms are entirely free of heating apparatus—no pipes, no radiators, no valves or registers scattered over the house—nothing but a constant circulation of health- fully moistened air. The Convector never makes a noise, it cannot freeze, it cannot leak.



How Nature Automatically Keeps the Temperature Even

Sometimes people ask how an even temperature may be maintained with Convector heat and ventilation—why the upstairs rooms are not cooler than the downstairs rooms—why the room or hallway in which the register is located is not warmer than other parts of the house.

They might as well ask how an even temperature is maintained with the large warm air heating and ventilating systems installed in our best schools and hospitals. They operate on exactly the same principle as the Convector, except that they must have expensive systems of fans and piping because of the large size of the buildings. With the Convector the warmed air circulates quite naturally and evenly, without these aids.

This system of circulation is so efficient that if one room becomes cooler than the others for any reason, the Convector automatically begins to send more heat to that room. Gravity causes this action, and there is nothing more positive than the law of gravitation.

There is rarely a difference of more than a few degrees in temperature in the rooms of a Convector heated home.

Interesting Facts About the Convector

It is positively guaranteed to heat all your home to your entire satisfaction.

Thousands of practical tests prove that it saves one-third to one-half in fuel.

It can be installed in any home, new or old, usually in less than one day's time.

Warmed air from the Convector is healthfully moistened. It does not harm furniture, interior woodwork and fine finishes, fabrics or musical instruments, as dry heated air often does.

The Convector is more quickly and easily regulated to temperature change than any other type of system, and it is regulated directly by the **amount of fuel you burn.** You can take the chill off the whole house in a few minutes by burning a few pounds of fuel—the Convector is noted for this economy.

It is very easily operated—two firings a day will keep all your home cozily warm. Nothing to get out of order. No expensive repairs.

Heats ample supply of water for kitchen and bath.

Sizes for homes of four to eighteen rooms. Will heat store buildings, theaters and churches. Takes small space in basement. Never heats basement. Not necessary to have full size basement for installation.

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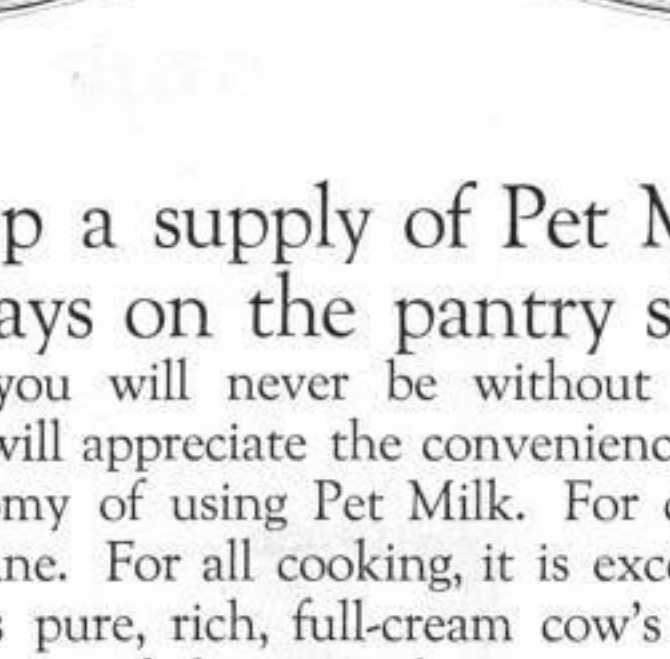
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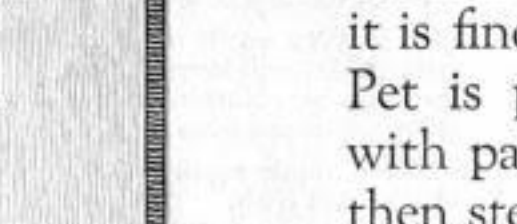
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and you will never be without milk. You will appreciate the convenience and economy of using Pet Milk. For coffee, it is fine. For all cooking, it is excellent. Pet is pure, rich, full-cream cow's milk, with part of the natural water removed, then sterilized—that's all. *Milk at its Best!* Try it and you will never be without it. Your grocer can supply you. Two sizes —tall and small. For *Free* book of Pet recipes, write to The Helvetia Company (Originators of the Evaporated Milk Industry) General Offices—St. Louis.

Try this recipe

COCOA. 2½ tablespoons cocoa, 4 tablespoons sugar, 1 cup Pet Milk, 3 cups water, few grains salt. Scald milk diluted with two cups of the boiling water. Mix cocoa, sugar and salt; add a half-cup boiling water and stir to make a smooth paste; then add remaining half-cup of water and boil one minute. Pour into scalded milk and beat thoroughly with Dover egg beater just before serving.







Milk at its Best

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(Continued from Page 90)

as extended for the bride's bouquet.
oice of the bride was not low and
t, but high pitched, insistent.
ovisional? Provisional? What is it
e saying, sir? Are you asking me to
ried in a provisional wedding? Am I
all I have provisionally? Is my oath
onal, or his?"
w, now, my dear!" began the minis-

father broke out into a half-stifled

at do you mean?"
mother's face went pale under its
nze.
ean this," broke out the girl, still
strained high tones that betokened
ental state: "I'll marry no man in
lfway fashion! Why didn't you tell
Why didn't I think? How could I
'orgotten? Law, organization, so-
convention, form, custom—haven't
ven those things to back me? No?
I've nothing! It was—it was those
—form, custom—that I was going to
o support me. I've got nothing else.
-they're gone, too! And
k me to marry him—provi-
y—provisionally! Oh, my
What awful thing was this?
't even to have that solid
to rest on, back of me, after
as over!"
y stood looking at her for
, trying to catch and weigh
al intent, to estimate what
ht mean as to her actions.
ke images, you are!" she
on hysteri-
her physical
ng for one
her physical
ng of another
ng her well-
mad. "You
dn't protect
own daugh-
she cried out
er stupefied
nts. "Must
k for you at
hour of my
How near
, how near!
not now—
his way! No!

What do you
, Molly?" de-
ded her father
nly. "Come
we'll have no
an tantrums at
stage! This
on! They're
ing! He's wait-

Let him wait!" cried the
in sudden resolution.
ll her soul was in the
all her outraged, self-
ished heart. Her philos-
y fell from her swiftly at
crucial moment when she
to face the kiss, the em-
ce of another man. The
t inarticulate voice of
woman nature suddenly sounded, im-
ative, terrifying, in her own ears—"Oh,
l Banion, Will Banion, why did you take
y my heart?" And now she had been
the point of doing this thing! An act of
d had intervened.
lesse Wingate nodded to the minister.
ey drew apart. The holy man nodded
ent, hurried away—the girl sensed on
at errand.
"No use!" she said. "I'll not!"
Stronger and stronger in her soul surged
e yearning for the dominance of one man,
t this man yonder—a yearning too strong
w for her to resist.
"But, Molly, daughter," her mother's
ice said to her, "girls has—girls does.
ol like he said, it's the promise, it's the
reement they both make, with witnesses."
"Yes, of course," her father chimed in.
It's the consent in the contract when you
and before them all."
"I'll not stand before them. I don't
ment! There is no agreement!"
Suddenly the girl caught from her mother
e pitiful little bride's bouquet.
"Look!" she laughed. "Look at these!"
One by one, rapidly, she tore out and
ng down the folded gentian flowers.
"Closed, closed! When the night came,
hey closed! They couldn't! They couldn't!
't not—I can't!"

She had the hand's clasp of mountain blossoms stripped down to a few small flowers of varied blooms. They heard the coming of the groom, half running. A silence fell over all the great encampment. The girl's father made a half step forward, even as her mother sank down, cowering, her hands at her face.

Then, without a word, with no plan or purpose, Molly Wingate turned, sprang away from them and fled out into a night that was black indeed.

Truly she had but one thought, and that in negation only. Yonder came to claim her a man suddenly odious to her senses. It could not be. His kiss, his arms—if these were of this present time and place, then no place in all the world, even the world of savage blackness that lay about, could be so bad as this. At the test her philosophy had forsaken her, reason now almost as well, and sheer terrified flight remained her one reaction.

She was gone, a white ghost in her wedding gown, her little slippers stumbling



Unmindful of the Sullen Apathy of Men and Women, Jed Sang With His Cracked Lips as He Swung From One Jig to the Next

over the stones, her breath coming sobbingly as she ran.

They followed her. Back of them, at the great fire whose illumination deepened the shadows here, rose a murmur, a rising of curious people, a pressing forward to the Wingate station. But of these none knew the truth, and it was curiosity that now sought answer for the delay in the anticipated divertisement.

Molly Wingate ran for some moments, to some distance—she knew of neither. Then suddenly all her ghastly nightmare of terror found climax in a world of demons. Voices of the damned rose around her. There came a sudden shock, a blow. Before she could understand, before she could determine the shadowy form that rose before her in the dark, she fell forward like the stricken creature.

XXX

THERE was no wedding that night at the Independence Rock. The Arapahoes saw to that. But there were burials the day following, six of them—two women, a child, three men. The night attack had caught the company wholly off guard, and the bright fire gave good illumination for shaft and ball.

"Put out the fires! Corral! Corral!"

Voices of command arose. The wedding guests rushed for the shelter of their own wagons. Men caught up their weapons and a steady fire at the unseen foe held the latter at bay after the first attack.

Indeed, a sort of panic seized the savages. A warrior ran back exclaiming that he had seen a spirit, all in white, not running away from the attack, but toward them as they lay in cover. He had shot an arrow at the spirit, which then had vanished. It would be better to fall back and take no more like chances.

For this reason the family of Molly Wingate, pursuing her closely as they could, found her at last, lying face down in the grass, her arms outspread, her white wedding gown red with blood. An arrow, its shaft cracked by her fall, was embedded in her shoulder, driven deep by the savage bowman who had fired in fear at an object he did not recognize. So they found her, still alive, still unmutilated, still no prisoner. They carried the girl back to her mother, who reached out her arms and laid her down behind the barricaded wagon wheels.

"Bring me a candle, you!" she called to the nearest man. It chanced to be Sam Woodhull.

Soon a woman came with a light.

"Go away now!" the mother commanded the disappointed man.

He passed into the dark. The old woman opened the bodice over the girl's heart, stripped away the stained lace that had served in three weddings on two sides of the Appalachians, and so got to the wound.

"It's in to the bone," she said. "It won't come out. Get me my scissors out of my bag. It's hanging right 'side the seat, our wagon.

"Ain't there no doctor?" she demanded, her own heart weakening now. But none could tell. A few women grouped around her.

"It won't come out of that little hole it went in," said stout Molly Wingate, not quite sobbing. "I got to cut it wider."

Silence held them as she finished the shreds of the ashen shaft and pressed to one side the stub of it. So with what tools she knew best she cut into the fabric of her own weaving, out of her own blood and bone; cut mayhap in steady snippings at her own heart, pulling and wrenching until the flesh, now growing purple, was raised above the girl's white breast. Both arms, in their white sleeves, lay on the trodden grass motionless, and had not shock and strain left the victim unconscious the pain must now have done so.

The sinew wrappings held the strap-iron head, wetted as they now were with blood. The sighing surgeon caught the base of the arrowhead in thumb and finger. There was no stanching of the blood. She wrenched it free at last, and the blood gushed from a jagged hole which would have meant death in any other air or in any patient but the vital young.

Now they disrobed the bride that was no bride, even as the rifle fire died away in the darkness. Women brought frontier drafts of herbs held sovereign, and laid her upon the couch that was not to have been hers alone. She opened her eyes, moaning, held out her arms to her mother, not to any husband; and her mother, bloody, unnerved, weeping, caught her to her bosom.

STUDY THIS PICTURE A MOMENT



HAVE you ever seen a union suit without a single button front or back? Here it is.

THE HATCHWAY
NO-BUTTON UNION SUIT *for Men and Boys*

Step into the legs, slip your arms through the armholes, and you're in. You never imagined such simplicity. You have a new experience in store for you in comfort as well: comfort that conforms to the body lines and comfort of mind through the complete elimination of button bother morning and night, and no more sewing on of buttons or repairing of button holes.

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See these garments at your favorite dealer's today. He can get them for you, if we have as yet been unable to supply him, or if he is temporarily sold out. It has been a big job to keep dealers stocked up this Spring, but if you have any difficulty in getting just what you want, we shall be glad to see that you are supplied, delivery free anywhere in the United States. In ordering, please state sizes and numbers of garments required, enclosing remittance to our mill at Albany. Send for free catalog illustrating complete line of Hatchway No-Button Union Suits and Hatch One Button Union Suits photographed on live models.

Men's Nainsook Suits, $1, $1.50, $2, $3, $5 (The $5 garment is all silk).
Boys' Nainsook Suits, $1, $1.25.
Men's Knitted Suits, $1.50, $2, $3, $3.50.
Boys' Knitted Suits, $1, $1.25.

FULD & HATCH KNITTING CO.
Albany **New York**

York Knitting Mills, Ltd., Toronto, Canada, Licensed Manufacturers of these lines for Canada.

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THE RICE PROCESS WHITE

Smooth—white—washable as tile

A paint for walls and woodwork that resists dirt

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The surface of ordinary flat or egg-shell finish white paint is not actually smooth but full of countless pores—microscopic holes in which dust and dirt cling.

Barreled Sunlight produces a lustrous finish that is smooth and unbroken. This even surface resists the tiny dirt and dust particles. Marks or smudges cannot sink in. Walls and woodwork coated with Barreled Sunlight can be washed clean like tile—even after years of service.

That is why this paint is being used today in buildings of every description—office buildings, stores, hotels, apartment houses, schools and industrial plants. Ideal also for woodwork throughout the home and for the walls of kitchen, bathroom, laundry, etc.

Made by the exclusive Rice Process, Barreled Sunlight is guaranteed to remain white longer than any gloss paint or enamel applied under the same conditions. Easy to apply. Flows freely and leaves no brush marks. Comes ready mixed in cans from half-pint to five-gallon size—barrels and half-barrels.

If your dealer does not carry Barreled Sunlight communicate with our nearest distributor. (See list below.)

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Chicago—659 Washington Boulevard
San Francisco—38 O'Farrell Street

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Save the surface and you save all

"My lamb! My little lamb! Oh, dear me! Oh, dear me!"

The wailing of others for their dead arose. The camp dogs kept up a continual barking, but there was no other sound. The guards now lay out in the dark. A figure came creeping toward the bridal tent.

"Is she alive? May I come in? Speak to me, Molly!"

"Go on away, Sam," answered the voice of the older woman. "You can't come in."

"But is she alive? Tell me!" His voice was at the door which he could not pass.

"Yes, more's the pity!" he heard the same voice say.

But from the girl who should then have been his, to have and to hold, he heard no sound at all, nor could he know her frightened gaze into her mother's face, her tight clutch on her mother's hand.

This was no place for delay. They made graves for the dead, pallets for the wounded. At sunrise the train moved on, grim, grave, dignified and silent in its very suffering. There was no time for reprisal or revenge. The one idea as to safety was to move forward in hope of shaking off pursuit.

But all that morning and all that day the mounted Arapahoes harassed them. At many bends of the Sweetwater they paused and made sorties; but the savages fell back, later to close in, sometimes under cover so near that their tauntings could be heard.

Wingate, Woodhull, Price, Hall, Kelsey stationed themselves along the line of flankers, and as the country became flatter and more open they had better control of the pursuers, so that by nightfall the latter began to fall back.

The end of the second day of forced marching found them at the Three Crossings of the Sweetwater, deep in a cheerless alkaline desert, and on one of the most depressing reaches of the entire journey. That night such gloom fell on their council as had not yet been known.

"The Watkins boy died to-day," said Hall, joining his colleagues at the guarded fire. "His leg was black where it was broke. They're going to bury him just ahead, in the trail. It's not best to leave headboards here."

Wingate had fallen into a sort of apathy. For a time Woodhull did not speak to him after he also came in.

"How is she, Mr. Wingate?" he asked at last. "She'll live?"

"I don't know," replied the other. "Fever. No one can tell. We found a doctor in one of the Iowa wagons. He don't know."

Woodhull sat silent for a time, exclaimed at last, "But she will—she must! This shames me! We'll be married yet."

"Better wait to see if she lives or dies," said Jesse Wingate succinctly.

"I know what I wish," said Caleb Price at last as he stared moodily at the coals, "and I know it mighty well—I wish the other wagons were up. Yes, and ——"

He did not finish. A nod or so was all the answer he got. A general apprehension held them all.

"If Bridger hadn't gone on ahead, damn him!" exclaimed Kelsey at last.

"Or if Carson hadn't refused to come along instead of going on east," assented Hall. "What made him so keen?"

Kelsey spoke morosely.

"Said he had papers to get through. Maybe Kit Carson'll sometime carry news of our being wiped out somewhere."

"Or if we had Bill Jackson to trail for us," ventured the first speaker again. "If we could send back word ——"

"We can't, so what's the use?" interrupted Price. "We were all together, and had our chance—once."

But buried as they were in their gloomy doubts, regrets, fears, they got through that night and the next in safety. They dared not hunt, though the buffalo and antelope were in swarms, and though they knew they now were near the western limit of the buffalo range. They urged on, mile after mile. The sick and the wounded must endure as they might.

Finally they topped the gentle incline which marked the heights of land between the Sweetwater and the tributaries of the Green, and knew they had reached the South Pass, called halfway to Oregon. There was no timber here. The Pass itself was no winding cañon, but only a flat, broad valley. Bolder views they had seen, but none of greater interest.

Now they would set foot on Oregon, passing from one great series of waterways to another and even vaster, leading to the western sea—the unknown Sea marked as the limits of their possions by the gallants of King C when, generations earlier, and care all these intervening generations of to danger, they had paused at the sumr Rockfish Gap in the Appalachians waved a gay hand each toward th known continent that lay they knew how far to the westward.

But these, now arrived halfway o that continent, made no merriment in turn. Their wounded and their sick with them. The blazing sun tried sore. Before them also lay they knew what.

And now, coming in from the nort in a vast braided tracing of travois and trampling hoofs, lay a trail which told them was that of yet another war waiting for the white-topped wagons led on across the Pass. It could n more than two days old.

"It's the Crows!" exclaimed Sam W hull, studying the broad trail. "Th got their women and children with th

"We have ours with us," said Price simply.

Every man who heard him looked at the lines of gaunt cattle, at the stained canvas coverings that housed families. They were far afield from or safety.

"Call Wingate. Let's decide wha do," exclaimed Price again. "We'll to vote."

They voted to go on, fault of any b plan. Some said Bridger's post was far ahead. A general impatience, *fre* querulous, manifested itself. Ignor many of these wanted to hurry on to gon, which for most meant the Willam Valley, in touch with the sea, marke the usual end of the great trek. Few k that they now stood on the soil of Oregon country. The maps and jour of Molly Wingate were no more fa coming, for Molly Wingate no more tau the evening school, but lay delirious un the hothouse canvas cover that intensi the rays of the blazing sun. It was life death, but by now life-and-death is had become no unusual experience.

It was August, midsummer, and o half the journey done. The heat was bli ing, blistering. For days now, in the sage country, from the ford of the No Fork of the Platte, along the Sweetwa and down the Sandy, the white alkali d had sifted in and over everything. L cracked open, hands and arms either w raw or black with tan. The wagons w ready to drop apart. A dull silence h fallen on the people, but fatuously follo ing the great Indian trail they made ca at last at the ford of the Green River, t third day's march down the Pacific Slo No three days of all the slow trail had be harder to endure than these.

"Play for them, Jed," counseled Cal Price when that hardy youth, leaving h shrunken herd, came in for his lunch th day at the ford.

"Yes, but keep that fiddle in the shad Jed, or the sun certainly will pop it open

Jed's mother, her apron full of broke bits of sagebrush, turned to see that h admonishment was heeded before she begt her midday coffee fire. As for Jed himsel with a wide grin he crouched down at th side of the wagon and leaned against wheel as he struck up a lively air, roarin joyously to his accompaniment:

"Git out o' the way, old Dan Tucker,
You're too late to git yore supper!"

Unmindful of the sullen apathy of me and women, the wailing of children stiflin under the wagon tops, the moans of th sick and wounded in their ghastly dis comfort, Jed sang with his cracked lips a he swung from one jig to the next, th voice of the violin reaching all the wagon of the shortened train.

"Choose yore pardners!" rang his voic in the joyous jesting of youth. And— marvel and miracle—then and there thos lean brown folk did take up the jest, an laughingly gathered on the sun-seared sands. They formed sets and danced—danced a dance of the indomitable, at high noon, the heat blinding, the sand hot under feet not all of which were shod. Molly Wingate, herself fifty and full-bodied, cast down her firewood, caught up her skirt with either hand and made good an old-time jig to the tune of the violin and the roaring accompaniment of many voices and of patted hands.

(Continued on Page 91)

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Announcing
Standardized Service
bringing reduced prices for maintenance, new economies in labor and parts, and an end to guess-work

NOW comes the long-expected introduction of Standardized Service. And Marmon is first to attain the mechanical perfections which make it possible. It is the climax of years of effort—the Marmon is a nine year development!

Since the inception of the "34" series of Marmon cars, Nordyke & Marmon Company has had but one object in view: to design and produce the most efficient and comfortable means of transportation at the lowest cost per mile.

This goal has finally been reached. Nation-wide records of upkeep costs of thousands of 1920, 1921 and 1922 Marmons, enable us to offer Standardized Service, the new-day way of reducing operating costs to a minimum.

Our plan is this:

The national organization of Marmon distributors have joined in a co-operative movement to adopt a known price for service. We are establishing uniform published prices.

We aim to prove beyond question that the Marmon, by virtue of its inherent simplicity and ruggedness of design, costs less to own and operate than comparable cars. We prove that a Marmon ranks first in economical operation, of all high-grade cars.

We have based our Standardized Service upon time studies of thousands of Marmons. The new minimums in hours of labor and material costs are entirely practical, not philanthropic. A fair profit is made on each job, but lower than ever.

For the first time in motor history, an owner knows *beforehand* just what service costs.

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Records show that there are 16 service operations covering the average requirements and constituting 85% of all maintenance. Now these are reduced to a simple cost system: hours of labor plus price of materials.

Take the most important item, for example. We know that with reasonable care Marmons do not require rebuilding until after 35,000 to 50,000 miles of service. **This enables the Marmon distributor to give you a contract with each Marmon of the later series, agreeing to completely rebuild the motor at any time necessary, in 55 hours' actual labor. The total cost for labor and materials does not exceed $265.*** This includes complete replacement of all parts liable to wear except crankshaft bearings, as records show that they do not wear within this mileage. Read about this remarkable contract in "Modern Transportation Costs," a booklet sent to all who mail us the coupon on this page.

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Learn the details

Marmon is able to make this revolutionary announcement, the details of which will amaze you, because it has established positive, undisputable records for long-life, dependability and economy—due to inherent simplicity of design of its wonderful, vibrationless six-cylinder motor, due to its sturdy chassis, due to superfine materials and higher standards of manufacture.

Every car owner will be intensely interested in this startling, but inevitable, development of Standardized Service.

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(Continued from Page 94)

used at length, dropping her calico etween her fingers, and hastened to a wagon side as she wiped her face er apron.

dn't you hear it, Molly?" she de- d, parting the curtain and looking in. s, I did. I wanted—I almost wanted . Mother, I almost wanted to hope Am I to live? Where are we now?"

a right pretty river, child, and ost to Oregon. Come kiss your r, Molly. Let's try."

reupon, having issued her orders t everyone to work at something er practical fashion, the first lady train went frizzling her shaved buf- eat with milk in the frying pan; ling that milk now was almost at the ing point, and that now they wouldn't nother buffalo; but always getting rd with her meal. This she at last ly announced:

ell, come an' git it, people, or I'll it to the dogs."

t on the sand, on blankets or odds nds of hide, the emigrants sat and rith the thermometer—had they had perhaps a hundred and ten in the The men were silent for the most with now and then a word about the which they thought it would be wise ake at once, before the river per- e might rise, and while it still would wim the cattle.

We can't wait for anyone, not even Crows," said Wingate, rising and end- he mealtime talk. "Let's get across." ethodically they began the blocking the wagon bodies to the measurement olished by a wet pole.

Thank the Lord," said Wingate, "they'll clear now if the bottom is hard all the ."

ne by one the teams were urged into ticklish crossing. The line of wagons almost all at the farther side when all nce the rear guard came back, spurring.

"Corral! Corral!" he called.

He plunged into the stream as the last driver urged his wagon up the bank. A rapid dust cloud was approaching down the valley.

"Indians!" called out a dozen voices. "Corral, men! For God's sake, quick—corral!"

They had not much time or means to make defense, but with training now become second nature they circled and threw the dusty caravan into the wonted barricade, tongue to tail gate. The oxen could not all be driven within, the loose stock was scattered, the horses were not on picket lines at that time of day; but driving what stock they could, the boy herders came in at a run when they saw the wagons parking.

There was no time to spare. The dust cloud swept on rapidly. It could not spell peace, for no men would urge their horses at such pace under such a sun save for one purpose—to overtake this party at the ford.

"It's Bill Jackson!" exclaimed Caleb Price, rifle in hand, at the river's edge. "Look out, men! Don't shoot! Wait! There's fifty Indians back of him, but that's Jackson ahead. Now what's wrong?"

The riddle was not solved even when the scout of the Missouri train, crowded ahead by the steady rush of the shouting and laughing savages, raised his voice as though in warning and shouted some word, unintelligible, which made them hold their fire.

The wild cavalcade dashed into the stream, crowding their prisoner—he was no less—before them, bent bows back of him, guns ready.

They were stalwart, naked men, wide of jaw, great of chest, not a woman or child among them, all painted and full armed.

"My God, men!" called Wingate, hastening under cover. "Don't let them in! Don't let them in! It's the Crows!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

ONCE A SLOGANEER—

(Continued from Page 13)

Mr. Bowser frankly groaned.

Primrose Farm! I see where I'm going have one merry time."

'It's that or the scrap heap," the doctor ured him.

'Ned, you've got me scared," said Mr. wser. "I'm afraid your diagnosis is ht; I have advanced sloganitis. But I n't think lying around a farm or anyere else will cure it."

Doctor Harter made as if to leave in gust.

"Wait, Ned!" cried Mr. Bowser. "You n. It's true. I don't own this business. owns me. But Nothing Can Break A wser. I'm Going To Be My Own Boss reafter, Not The Servant of Phrases. ad on to Primrose Farm!"

"That's the spirit," said the doctor, rning back from the door.

"I promise," said Mr. Bowser solemnly, not to think of slogans for a month. My ind will lie fallow. I want to come back re Charged With The Electricity Of ife."

Automatically he reached for the thick otebook to jot down the happy phrase. With a smile Doctor Harter snatched it rom him, threw it into a desk drawer, and lammed the drawer shut.

"No, you don't!" said the doctor. "From his second I hold you to your promise. Conquer this thing. Don't let sloganitis out you down and out."

"You Can't Put A Bowser Out," said the owner of that name, taking his hat—a handsome example of Handhewn Hedgear—Class Yet Dignity. "You Might As Well Try To Put Out The Sun."

"Cut that," warned the doctor.

"Sorry," apologized Mr. Bowser. "Rome Wasn't Built In A Day, Nor New York Razed In A Night."

"Cut that out," growled Doctor Harter as he hurried Mr. Bowser into the elevator.

II

JANSFORD BOWSER was in the sixth day of his rustication at Primrose Farm, Clinton Valley, in Dutchess, fairest of counties.

In a tweed suit, shaggy as a collie, he sat at breakfast in the pleasant old-fashioned dining room with Miss Evelina Venable, who was sixty, and Miss Cornelia Venable, who was sixty-one. The air of repose was well-nigh perfect. Mr. Bowser had napped, dozed and slept liberally since his arrival, and he was calmer than when we undressed him in his office, but hardly more contented. Only that morning as he tied his tie he had to check himself in the midst of announcing to a redwinged blackbird outside his window, "Bowser Totters On The Brink Of Boredom."

The two sisters wore that look of serenity seen only on the faces of the simple-hearted. And yet on this morning, sunlit though it was, that serenity seemed to be struggling with worry. Mr. Bowser might have noticed this had he not just then been very busy with the strawberries and cream. He was flooding his second helping of berries with thick yellow cream from the blue willow-pattern pitcher. Miss Evelina looked at Miss Cornelia and sighed. Miss Cornelia looked at Miss Evelina and sighed. Mr. Bowser looked up at both of them interrogatively.

"I beg pardon?" he said.

"Oh, nothing," said Miss Evelina.

"Oh, nothing," said Miss Cornelia.

"Man Does Not Sigh For Nothing," he declared, choosing a berry as big as an egg. "What's wrong?"

The sisters looked embarrassed.

"Cornelia is worried about the berries," said Miss Evelina.

"Evelina is worried about the berries," said Miss Cornelia.

"Worried about these berries?" said Mr. Bowser. "Why, Each Is A Garden's Masterpiece."

"It's not the berries themselves," said Miss Evelina shyly. "It's the market."

"O-ho," said Mr. Bowser. It was all he could say from a berry-crowded mouth.

"You see," explained Miss Evelina timidly, "Cornelia and I—we depend on our berries."

"O-ho," said Mr. Bowser again.

"You see," explained Miss Cornelia, "if the berry market fails us again we'll have to give up Primrose Farm."

"We shouldn't like to do that," added Miss Evelina.

"What's wrong with the berry market?" asked Mr. Bowser.

"The man in New York we usually sell them to," said Miss Evelina, "won't take them this year. He says he can get them cheaper in New Jersey."

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And the old idea—that comfortable shoes must be unconventional in shape—is knocked sky-high! Glove Grips are as good to look at as they are to wear. They combine style with comfort in a manner that cannot be duplicated in any other shoe made. The Glove Grip idea is *patented*.

Note the men's oxford shown above. Conservative in its general atmosphere but with a touch of distinction that marks its wearer as being fashionably shod.

Below is a spring model for women—the Vassar. Its graceful lines have aroused enthusiasm wherever it has been shown.

First-class dealers everywhere are now displaying these and other Glove Grip models for men and women. If your dealer does not carry them, we will gladly send you the name of one who does, together with an attractive miniature catalog.

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"The Most Interesting Development in Golf —since the rubber core ball"

The Bristol Steel Golf Shaft is the successful result of years of experiment in the effort to produce a golf shaft that would be equal to the finest hickory.

Lighter than hickory, the Bristol Steel Golf Shaft makes a better balanced club—it puts the weight where it ought to be. When you take hold of it, it feels right—it possesses the same "whip" in all weather, will not corrode and is unaffected by climatic conditions. It is a handsomely finished shaft.



Patented Nov. 22, 1910 Oct. 3, 1911

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"But not better," said Miss Cornelia proudly.

"I should say not!" agreed Mr. Bowser. "Best I ever put a tongue to."

He balanced a truly remarkable berry on his spoon and asked, "How much did he pay?"

"Six cents."

"A berry?"

"No; a quart."

Mr. Bowser looked horrified.

"Six cents a quart for berries like this? Why, I've paid sixty for worse."

"I'm afraid sister and I are not very good business people," said Miss Evelina, blushing.

"But they are fine berries, we think," said Miss Cornelia, also blushing.

"Why, it ought to be worth six cents just to see a quart of berries like these," declared Mr. Bowser.

"The man in New York said," remarked Miss Evelina, "that berries are berries, and that they all look alike to him."

"He did, did he?" said Mr. Bowser, and a sudden gleam, which might have been the sometimes mentioned gleam of battle, came to his blue eyes. "He did, did he?"

He ceased eating berries and leaned his brow on his hand a full minute. Then he raised his head and cried "I have it."

"You have what, Mr. Bowser?"

"The punch idea!"

He checked himself. He was thinking of his promise to Doctor Harter. He gazed wistfully at the berries. He ate one. He thought how bored he had been just doing nothing. He ate another berry. He gazed at the faces of the Misses Venable and read in them a growing concern. He ate another berry. He slapped his hand down on the table; the plates and the two sisters jumped.

"Sorry," apologized Mr. Bowser. "But really this idea is too good to lose."

"What idea?"

"About your berries."

"Our berries?"

"Yes. I know what they need."

"What? More cream? More sugar?"

"No," cried Mr. Bowser in the voice of a trumpet. "Individuality."

The sisters exchanged uncomprehending glances.

"Why, ladies," exclaimed Mr. Bowser, his nostrils distending like those of a veteran fire horse scenting smoke, "look here! These Berries Are Gems. They Belong In A Queen's Necklace. Why, New York is full of connoisseurs who'd gladly pay a dime apiece for such berries. Wait! I have it! I have it! 'The Connoisseur's Berry. A Dime Each—And Worth It. Each In Its Own Individual Container.' Look, ladies, look!"

Excitedly he rummaged through his pockets and fished out an old envelope. With fingers that trembled he tore it and folded it into a small cornucopia. Into this he popped a berry and, with a twist, sealed it in.

"There!" he cried, waving it before their astonished noses. "Behold! 'The Connoisseur's Berry. So Rare We Won't Sell More Than Twenty Berries To One Family.' Not bad, eh? We'll print that on each wrapper. Look here, Miss Evelina, Miss Cornelia, how long does the berry season last?"

"Only a few more weeks," they told him.

"We must work fast." The words were popping from Mr. Bowser so fast that they tripped on one another's heels. "Is there a printer in this town?"

"I believe Mr. Wibber, of the Clinton Valley Clarion, does printing for folks," said Miss Evelina.

"A job press. Might be worse," said Mr. Bowser, speaking crisply, incisively. All trace of ennui was gone now. "Here, you, Miss Evelina, get Wibber on the phone at once and tell him to come right up here with samples of colored paper——"

He caught himself, for he saw that the sisters were looking at him curiously.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, really," he said. "I'm very sorry. Forgot myself. Habit of mine to be bossy when I'm in a hurry. Will you please, Miss Evelina, ask Mr. Wibber to come up here as rapidly as the good Lord will let him. Ask him, please, to bring colored paper. Bright yellow preferably."

"What for?" asked Miss Cornelia.

"You'll see," said Mr. Bowser mysteriously. "Now let me have a pencil and a wad of copy paper. Please." He added this word as an afterthought.

"Doctor Harter said you weren't to have them," protested Miss Cornelia.

"Hang Doctor Harter! I beg your don. I mean I'm sure he won't mind, that I'm rested up a bit."

His tone was so exigent that Miss nelia produced paper and pencil. He most snatched them from her hands, the gleam noted before grew even brig in his blue eyes as he poised the pencil the paper.

"The man said berries are berries, he said aloud to himself. "Berries berries, eh? All alike, eh? We'll 'Most Berries Are Just Berries. Ver Berries Are Precious Jewels—Each B Gets A Mother's Tender Care.' Not that. Not bad."

He was still writing industriously w Mr. Wibber, the printer, arrived with yellow paper.

Five days after Mr. Wibber arrive Primrose Farm with his yellow paper, had a long, head-to-head talk with Bowser, the roadster of Dr. Ned Ha snorted angrily up to the door of Prim Farm, and Doctor Harter stamped ang up the porch steps, rang angrily at the and demanded angrily to see Mr. Bow

He found Mr. Bowser at the telepho and at Mr. Bowser's elbow was a pile what anyone could tell were proofs fr from the printer and exhaling the pung perfume of printer's ink.

As Doctor Harter burst into the room heard Mr. Bowser saying, "Is this Par & Rexford, Fifth Avenue's Famous Fr erers? This is Mr. Bowser, sales mana for Venable's Connoisseur's Berries. . Sorry, Mr. Parker, but we can't let y have more than ten thousand. Quali product, you know. . . . No, I did say ten thousand quarts. You buy ord nary berries by the quart. I said t thousand berries. . . . Yes, a nic each, wholesale. Fixed retail price, a di each. . . . You can use ten thousand week till the season closes? . . . Goo First shipment will reach you to-morro See our ad in the morning papers? . . Glad you liked it. . . . Thanks. G'-by

He hung up the receiver just befo Doctor Harter bounded across the room tear it from his hand.

"What the devil is the meaning of this roared Doctor Harter.

"What?" asked Mr. Bowser, trying t look innocent.

For reply Doctor Harter slammed dow on the table a New York morning news paper.

"Do you think I can't read?" demande the doctor heatedly. "Do you think don't know the fine hand of Bowser whe I see it?"

Mr. Bowser wriggled a bit sheepishly i his chair.

"Couldn't resist temptation," he mur mured.

"Listen to this," bellowed Doctor Harter in a fine passion. He read from the paper:

"BERRIES ARE BERRIES," said the old-fashioned fruit man.

But he was wrong. Dead wrong!

Most Berries are Just Berries.

But VENABLE BERRIES are the Precious Jewels of Berrydom. Each berry gets a mother's tender care. That's why the new sensation is called

Venable's CONNOISSEUR BERRY

The biggest, most luscious, most delicious mouthful that ever delighted the palate of mortal man!

Each in a sanitary, dust-proof yellow wrapper, with the Venable Seal of Superiority stamped on it. None genuine without the signature,

E. & C. VENABLE,
PRIMROSE FARM.

On sale at a few of the most select of the fine fruit stores. *Look for the Berry in the Yellow Kimono.*

A DIME EACH—AND WORTH IT.

Doctor Harter slapped the paper down hard and glared at Mr. Bowser.

"Again I ask," he said, "what the devil do you mean?"

"That ad sold ninety thousand berries," said Mr. Bowser meekly.

"And gave you a relapse of sloganitis!" roared the doctor.

"It put the Venable Berry On The Map," said Mr. Bowser.

"It may put you off the map," said the doctor hotly. "Now, see here, Bowser, I'm going to cure you in spite of yourself. Primrose Farm is a failure."

(Continued on Page 100)

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Is Foot Comfort Worth a Dollar?

When you come home feeling miserable and all tired out, with aching, swollen feet, you probably feel as though you'd pay anything to have well feet again. Anything rather than that pain in the ankle and instep, the burning in the soles, all the troubles that come from fallen arches and weakened conditions of the feet.

You can get foot comfort easily and quickly—for only a dollar. Jung's "Wonder" Arch Braces have aided thousands of such cases as yours. They help the feet by holding in place the small muscles between the bones of the feet. They correct fallen arches. Relieve foot strain. Overcome pain in knees, legs and heels.

No matter what appliances or supports you have used, you should try a pair of Jung's "Wonder" Arch Braces. Made of special "Superlastik," light and porous, but firm and durable. Enable you to stand or walk for hours without tired and aching feet. Money back if they don't make your feet feel better. Price $1 per pair (Canada $1.50).

If your shoe dealer, druggist, surgical dealer or chiropodist can't supply you, order direct.

Write Today for Our Free Book

Contains valuable information about the feet. Illustrated with X-Ray views. Tells how to relieve and prevent foot ills and get genuine foot comfort. New edition just off the press. Send for your copy today—no obligation involved.

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JUNG'S

The Original

ARCH BRACES

(Continued from Page 98)

"It is not," denied Mr. Bowser. "It's on the map now. Miss Evelina and Miss Cornelia are fixed for life."

"I mean as a rest place for you," returned Doctor Harter. "It's too civilized. Too near New York. Too many temptations for a weak-willed sloganeer. Pack up your things."

"Why?"

"You sail to-night for Opipee."

"What's that? Trade name?"

"No. It's an island."

"Where?"

"Never mind. It's wild and primitive. No white men there."

"No white men? Oh, doctor ——"

"Not one. The natives are bay. They don't know a word of English. But they're peaceable. You're to live there like a primitive man."

"I'm no Robinson Crusoe."

"Neither was he, till he was cast away," said the doctor grimly.

"But, Ned ——"

"What?"

"I don't believe it's rest I need, after all."

"I'm the doctor, not you. Do as I say. You promised you'd try to beat sloganitis."

"A Bowser Promise Is Like Forged Steel," said Mr. Bowser.

"Cut out that stuff."

"Sorry. I slipped."

"Come. Pack up."

"Oh, all right," said Mr. Bowser wearily. "Weeping Judas, doc, but you're masterful."

"Then you'll keep up your fight?"

"Until The Moon Falls Into Hoboken," promised Mr. Bowser.

They spun away in the doctor's car, while the Misses Venable, simultaneously tearful and radiant, waved their best cambric handkerchiefs after the departing Mr. Bowser.

III

A SERIES of successively smaller steamships landed J. Sanford Bowser on the palm-fringed coral strands of the remote and all but unknown isle of Opipee, with a vast quantity of impedimenta and a grouch.

He pitched his tent—it was a Beazleigh Tent—"Canvas of Unbelievable Durability"—and arranged his array of glittering camp utensils, took out his pipe, lit it, sat down on the sand.

"Now," he said, "for a real rest."

For a long, long time he sat there gazing out toward the horizon where his ship had disappeared.

"Now," he said again, "for a real rest."

And yet, somehow, the words did not ring right. The suspicion forced its way into his brain that for him resting was the hardest kind of work.

He got rid of this thought only by going to bed and to sleep.

Next day the mood of the night before was still with him, and despite his resolution to take things easy at any cost it was with a blue mien that he set forth for a stroll of inspection of the island, where for a month he was to be a voluntary Robinson Crusoe.

The island, clearly, was all that Doctor Harter had represented it to be in regard to primitiveness. As Mr. Bowser remarked to himself as he made his leisurely way along, "It Is As Devoid Of Traces Of Civilization As A Fish Is Of Pajamas." Nothing met his roving blue eyes but sky, sea, beach and trees. Finally he located the natives, the remnant of some tribe, very dark-brown, very aloof, and apparently of a philosophic temperament. They lived in a tiny settlement of thatched huts deep in the island jungle. They pursued, if one may use a word denoting motion, the simple life.

As a matter of fact they lay about and let the simple life come to them. Reclining on contented backs in the shade, they let Nature take its course and grow things for them to eat. Now and then with an abnormal burst of energy they overtook an earthworm in its flight, put it on a hook and let it dangle in the water, the line tied to one big brown toe. Then they slept the sleep of the virtuous until some wayward fish consumed the bait and twitched them into consciousness, whereupon they yawned, reeled in the line, yawned, and devoured the fish on the spot, spurning the formality of cooking it as an effete affectation. Mostly they slept. Their spoken tongue, indeed, resembled a series of snores. When Mr. Bowser greeted them with a loudly genial "Hello" they responded with an affable snore, and edged off deeper i the bush.

"Chummy little place," observed Bowser to a scarlet cockatoo on a bre fruit tree. It was the end of his tenth on Opipee. Truth to tell, Mr. Bowser finding rest and solitude not at all to liking.

"Chummy," he said ironically, but ad "Restful. You must admit that. Re restful, for those who like to rest. Place Where Sleep Was Discovered.' bad, that."

He continued to pace along the be

"A lot of men—tired business fellow would like to know about so restful a as this," he observed a little later to a l crab that was scuttling along the sh "Where Mother Nature Takes Man, Son, To Her Bosom. Wish I'd brou my notebook."

For the first time since his arrival a sm decorated his face.

"Nothing Here But Atmosphere," remarked; and then, brightening marke "By Judas, it rimes! You could set it two lines:

Nothing Here
But Atmosphere."

On he paced.

"No," he said a minute later. "I m cut that stuff out. I must not Fall A V tim To Verbiage."

As the words bounced against the pa trees and echoed in his ears he shrugged shoulders with a hopeless shrug.

"Did it again," he muttered.

He marched onward along the beach.

"I'll think of the trees," he said. I eyed them defiantly, as if he dared the to inspire him. "Musical-comedy trees he mused. Then from his mouth cam the words, "The Only Sound Is Th Whispering Of These Cool Green Sentine to Nature's Paradise. Not bad, tha Could have it set in 18-point Caslon und a good half-tone of that clump of cocon palms. Jove! I've done it again."

He clenched his fists resolutely.

"I'll watch the sunset," he said betwee tight teeth. He sat on a rock and concen trated his gaze on the semitropical sun very much as a cat watches a mouse hol The sun slipped down, mingling its molte gold with the glowing pink of the cloud

"Like Celestial Strawberry Ice Cream," said Mr. Bowser, and clapped his hand t his lips.

The sun seemed to leer at him seduc tively. Temptation beset him sore. A sig shook his whole body. He was acutely miserable. Then rebellion broke loose. His mind and body seemed simultaneously t stiffen. He stood up on the rock and faced the setting sun.

"I like to make slogans," he shouted. "I like to, do you hear? And I'm going to make 'em! I'm going to make 'em!"

The cloud lifted from his brow as he pronounced the words. He looked the sinking sun squarely in the eye, and in that bell-toned voice his clients and associates knew so well he declaimed:

"Here In This Zephyr Fanned Isle Of Repose, Diamond-Studded Night Succeeds Soft, Glorious Day. When New York Streets Are Deep In Snow Slip Away To Opipee, The Magic Isle Where The Sun Is Ever Kind. It Turns That Oh-What's-The-Use Feeling Into An I'm-Glad-I'm-Alive Feeling. Write For Free Literature."

He sprang to his feet and ran down the beach as fast as he could run. He dashed up all but breathless to the native settlement. The astonished blacks, languidly munching an evening meal of breadfruit from a common pot, saw his face red from running and alive with excitement. Had they understood English they'd have heard J. Sanford Bowser shouting with all his lungs:

"Wake Up, You Black Dumb-Bellies! Wake Up! I'm going to Put Opipee On The Map!"

IV

ONE month to a day after J. Sanford Bowser had for the first time swept a glum eye over the charms of Opipee, Dr. Ned Harter came to get his patient. Doctor Harter's launch lurched through the surf to the strand of Opipee, and the doctor was so violently in a hurry to catch Mr. Bowser in the act of resting that he leaped into the thigh-deep water and waded lustily to land.

"Bowser!" he boomed. "Bowser! Where are you?"

No voice replied; nowhere was there a trace of Mr. Bowser.

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h anxious eye he surveyed the spot he had left Mr. Bowser pitching it. Something had happened there, ding sudden and violent. Where the had been were evidences that it had prooted, wiped out. There were the d embers of the last Bowserian camp here were the tent pegs still in the l; but the tent had been ripped from Doctor Harter's alarmed lips framed rd "Typhoon." Then he shook his he knew that that tranquil isle knew t of typhoons. An even more alarmpicion shot across his brain. Canni- Had the natives by some strange us been pricked from their torpor anged, overnight, into man-eaters? possible.

avism," groaned Doctor Harter aloud. Bowser! And I'm to blame. I'm me." He stood there on the beach, ided. He lifted his eyes to the rows onut palms that marked the jungle's ing. Then his eyes protruded a good nch from his head as if his grand- 's ghost had darted into his ken. In elief against the dark green of the tropees was something that leaped out to his astonished eyes. It was a sign. peared to be made of what was once a brown canvas tent. It bore, in inexut unmistakable letters of white, this d:

THIS IS OPIPEE
"NATURE'S PLAYGROUND"
REST IN ITS NOURISHING AIR
RECTED BY THE OPIPEE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
J. SANFORD BOWSER
PUBLICITY DIRECTOR

octor Harter stood on the beach, inble of motion or articulation. At one the same second he experienced the tions of relief, amusement and anger. was reading the sign for a third time, was so absorbed in it that he did not a number of dark figures moving toward down the beach in single file until they ed within a dozen feet of him. They e natives, brown and glistening as re- ly shined tan shoes, and they walked heads high and with the step of men mportance. They were naked save for ething which was not exactly a garment which covered them from neck to es, before and behind. To the confused in of Doctor Harter the significance of odd garments did not, for some sec- s, become apparent. But as the natives ed quite near in dignified procession, it struck him.

They were sandwich men. Their garnts were signboards!

The signs they bore were made from ls and ends of packing cases and flat ces of driftwood, and in the same bold tering of the canvas sign they bore rious legends:

FREE
EVERY EVENING
GORGEOUS SUNSET
FREE

DRINK DEEP OF THE
STIMULATING ATMOSPHERE
NO EXTRA CHARGE

TELL YOUR FRIENDS
OPIPEE
MADE A NEW MAN OF YOU

BOOST OPIPEE—
OUTPUT
A MILLION COCONUTS
BY 1925

And there were a dozen more in similar ven, each carried by a proudly solemn native.

Doctor Harter said something between his teeth, and then strode down the beach toward the gap in the forest line from which issued the procession. Down a trail beaten through the jungle by countless bare feet, and quite recently trimmed and widened by hatchets, he could see the little clump of native huts. A sign on a tree at the trail's start caught his eye. It read:

STRAIGHT AHEAD
TO
BOWSER CITY
"WATCH US GROW"

With swift steps the doctor made his irate way toward the group of rude thatched huts. Just outside the hamlet, at the beginning of the crooked path that was the settlement's only street, was a sign on a stake:

FIFTH AVENUE
SPEED LAWS ENFORCED
AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF OPIPEE

Doctor Harter approached the first house, a tumble-down one-room hovel of straw and mud. Its door was all but obscured by a gay sign made, an acute observer might surmise, with pot black on a man's white linen shirt. This sign read:

THE MARLBOROUGH-BOWSER ARMS
"A HOSTELRY OF MARKED SUPERIORITY"
AMERICAN & EUROPEAN PLAN
J. S. BOWSER, PROP.

The next hut, more dilapidated, if possible, than the first one, bore a sign made obviously from a linen trouser leg, and lettered in clarion letters:

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF BOWSER CITY
"RELIABLE AS THE OCEAN'S TIDES—
SOLID AS THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS"
PLANT YOUR MONEY HERE; WE'LL MAKE IT GROW

Doctor Harter shook his head partly in awe, partly in anger, and compressed his lips. The next hut bore another sign, obviously the other trouser leg. This hut was the largest in the village, and from its size presumably the residence of the chief. The sign read:

OPIPEE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
"PROGRESS IS OUR MIDDLE NAME
PROSPERITY OUR LAST NAME"
GET ON THE BAND WAGON

A smaller sign, perhaps the sleeve of something, bore in firm letters the words:

WELCOME TO BOWSER CITY
OFFICE OF J. SANFORD BOWSER, PUBLICITY DIRECTOR
GET IN TOUCH WITH BOWSER FOR FACTORY SITES
WALK IN

Into this edifice pushed Dr. Ned Harter. In the single dim room he saw a figure so absorbed in the task of lettering another sign that the entrance of the doctor was not noticed. The figure was J. Sanford Bowser. He was clad sketchily but efficiently in a Swansofto unionsuit, having sacrificed the rest of his wardrobe in the cause of publicity, and the look on his face was utterly beatific as with a bit of burnt cork he put the finishing touches on a sign reading:

GET BEHIND BOWSER CITY
PATRONIZE THE LOCAL STORES

He looked up, saw Doctor Harter and the cork dropped from his hand. J. Sanford Bowser looked as guilty as a schoolboy caught with a Dead-Eye Dick novel in his geography. But the look changed swiftly to one of pride, of defiance.

As for the doctor, his aspect was sardonic, but his manner controlled, as he said, "Well, Bowse, at it again?"

"Yes," said Mr. Bowser. "I'm going to put Opipee on the map. Just wait till I get back to New York and spread the Message of its Health-Building Sunshine over a few hundred pages of newsprint. See. I've got a complete campaign all written."

He indicated a pile of palm leaves covered with writing made with a pin.

"Bowse," said Doctor Harter sternly, "I said I'd see you through this and I'm going to. My sporting blood is up. I demand one more chance to cure you of sloganitis. If I fail this time I'll admit my cure is all wrong."

"Guess I'm incurable, Ned," said Mr. Bowser.

"You're incorrigible," said the doctor. "Do I get the chance?"

"Yes. I gave my word."

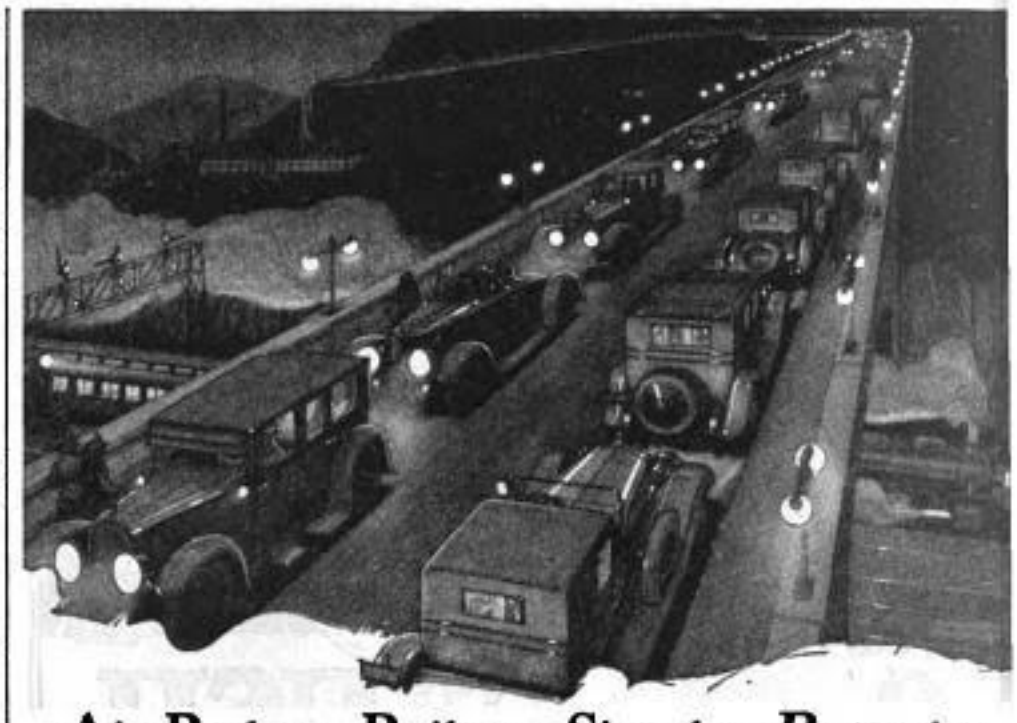
"Good! The launch is waiting."

"Wait a second, Ned," said Mr. Bowser, "till I find a good clarion site for this poster. Then I'll be with you."

▼

WHEN the boat docked in New York, Doctor Harter bundled J. Sanford Bowser into a waiting motor car, silenced his protests, whisked him straight past the Bowser Building, and onward, ever onward, deep into Connecticut.

As the car hummed through the beginnings of the Berkshires, Doctor Harter



Air Brakes—Railway Signals—*Batteries*

WESTINGHOUSE ATTENTION—a superior service created by Westinghouse—is for YOUR battery, no matter what make it is. 1800 Service Stations. Get acquainted!



WESTINGHOUSE contributions to safety in transportation are writ large upon the world's record of industrial achievements. The same fifty-year-old organization pledges itself to put into your car or truck a battery reaching new heights for efficiency and dependability—an "oversize" battery conceived by the foremost engineering minds and built with the finest materials and workmanship obtainable.

Westinghouse Batteries are reasonably priced, and definitely warranted under a guarantee fulfilled through *any* Westinghouse Service Station regardless of where the battery was purchased.

WESTINGHOUSE UNION BATTERY CO., Swissvale, Pa.

WESTINGHOUSE
BATTERIES



"Gold Medal" Comfort
for Your Summer Home

LIGHT in weight, yet strong and substantial, "Gold Medal" Folding Furniture will add immeasurably to the comfort and attractiveness of your summer home.

Inexpensive, simple to set up, compact when folded and easily finished to harmonize with any color scheme, "Gold Medal" is designed for service as well as restful relaxation.

ASK for the Genuine "Gold Medal." INSIST on it. Reliable dealers have it or can get it for you. The name and trade-mark on every piece. Catalog on request

GOLD MEDAL CAMP FURNITURE MFG. CO.
1736 Packard Avenue, Racine, Wis.
For 30 years makers of fine folding furniture

The "Gold Medal" Complete Line of folding furniture for camp and home includes folding cots, tables, chairs, camp stools, bath tubs, etc.



"GOLD MEDAL"
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
FOLDING FURNITURE



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New and delicious

Orange-CRUSH

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

ice cream, ices and sherbets

101,000 gallons of ice cream and ices flavored with Ward's Orange-Crush, Lemon-Crush or Lime-Crush were sold in 1921 by one firm in one city—Rieck-McJunkin Co., of Pittsburgh. *That is over three million dishes!*

These new flavors are the same used in the well-known "Crush" drinks, only specially prepared for ice cream purposes.

Utmost care is used in selecting and compounding the pure, delicious ingredients—fruit oils and juices from oranges, lemons or limes, U. S. certified food color and cane sugar.

One ice cream firm in principal cities and towns is exclusively licensed to use the "Crush" flavors in frozen products.

Ask any retail ice cream dealer. Send for free booklet, "How Orange-Crush Is Made."

Ice Cream Manufacturers: Write for information about exclusive rights.

Prepared by Orange-Crush Co., Chicago, U.S.A. In Canada: Orange-Crush Co., Limited, Winnipeg

"B.V.D." Underwear is Identified by This Red Woven Label

MADE FOR THE

B.V.D.

BEST RETAIL TRADE

(Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries)

No Underwear is "B.V.D." Without It



The "B.V.D." Red Woven Label is the Trade Mark by which The B.V.D. Company assures you the far-famed comfort, long wear and dependable quality of its product.

The B.V.D. Company
New York

SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF "B.V.D." UNDERWEAR

"B.V.D." Sleeveless Closed Crotch Union Suits (Pat. U.S.A.) Men's $1.50 the suit. Youths' $1.00 the suit.

"B.V.D." Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 85c the garment.

relaxed from his grim silence long enough to remark, "Charming bit of scenery we just passed."

"Wonderful site for a billboard," said J. Sanford Bowser wistfully.

Silence for a mile or two, then, from Mr. Bowser, "Would it be too much to ask, Ned, whither are we drifting?"

"Sanitarium," said Doctor Harter.

"What one?"

"Restwold," said Doctor Harter.

Mr. Bowser groaned.

"More rest?" he said plaintively.

"If this fails," the doctor returned, "I'll admit rest is not the cure for sloganitis."

A few more miles of scenery elapsed before Mr. Bowser ventured to speak again: "What sort of place is Restwold?"

"They make you rest," said the doctor briefly.

Mr. Bowser's shrug had an aroma of utter skepticism.

Presently, after following twisting back roads, barren of human habitations, the car reached Restwold, a low, white, much-porched building in a grove of pines, having about it such an air of somnolence that Mr. Bowser yawned at the very sight of it.

"Here we are!' said Doctor Harter cheerfully. "Restful, isn't it?"

"As a Tomb," said Mr. Bowser dejectedly. Then, brightening, "How's this? Restwold—The Temporary Tomb. All The Peace Of Death With None Of Its Inconvenience."

"Bowse!"

"Sorry."

Doctor Harter turned his reluctant patient over to Doctor Downey, who conducted Restwold, and departed.

"Am I the only inmate?" asked Mr. Bowser.

"One other," said Doctor Downey. He had a deliberately restful voice.

"Business bad?"

"I never take more than two resters at a time," said Doctor Downey with sweet severity. "And I never discuss business."

Mr. Bowser sighed. There being nothing else to do he went silently to bed.

In the morning after a quiet breakfast in his gray-walled room Mr. Bowser took a seat—a yielding, cushioned seat—on the porch, and sat staring at the Berkshires. His stare was sad. He had resolved on the night before to make one more try to throw off sloganitis, and to rest, really rest. He tried to occupy his mind by counting the trees on the mountain side. He got as high as 7853 and then lost count. A frown began to form on his face. He fidgeted. He started to count the trees again. He could not help trying to figure out how much paper they would make if reduced to wood pulp, and how he would fill that paper, when converted into magazine pages, with gripping, compelling, clarion words. He lit a Marlborough-Somerset. He fidgeted again. He closed his eyes and tried desperately to rest. It tired him to do so. He stood up and went to the edge of the porch and drew deep into his chest the fresh air, so fresh indeed that it forced its attentions on him.

"The freshest air I ever filled a lung with," he said aloud, "M'm. Let's see." He fumbled for a phrase. "Air So Fresh," he began, "Air So Fresh ——"

"—— That It is An Inspiriting Blend Of Wine And Electricity!" cried an excited voice at his elbow.

J. Sanford Bowser wheeled about sharply.

"Oh, I hope I didn't startle you," said the same voice. "But I just couldn't resist the temptation to finish your phrase."

J. Sanford Bowser saw that the owner of the voice was a girl, a rather pretty girl too; not a flapper, for she had too much character in her face; thirty, thought Mr. Bowser, or maybe thirty-one, and most pleasing to the eye in her sport suit of the newest shade of lavender.

"I promised I wouldn't, you know," said the girl gravely.

"Wouldn't what?"

"Make phrases," said the girl, flushing.

J. Sanford Bowser started.

"Are you a patient here?" he asked.

"Do I look like a milkmaid?" laughed the girl.

"Oh, no. Oh, no, no, no," he repli hastily. "This fresh air confuses me. I I understand you are being treated phrase making?"

The girl nodded.

"So nice to discover someone who derstands," she said. "Yes. I've got vanced phrase fever. Doctor Harter so."

J. Sanford Bowser gave her a look char with interest and curiosity.

"Will you sit down?" he said with bow.

They took adjacent seats.

"Let me introduce myself," said girl. "My name is Kunkle."

"Kunkle," mused Mr. Bowser. "Nam familiar. By any chance are you rela to P. I. Kunkle, of Dingman, Tinney Kunkle, "Prosperity Engineers—The of Advertising Wedded to ——"

"—— The Science of Selling," finish the girl triumphantly.

"You are related, then?"

"I am that Kunkle," said the girl, stud ing her brogue toe. "I wrote that phras

"You?" Mr. Bowser was incredulo "You, P. I. Kunkle?"

"Yes, I'm P. I. Kunkle—Pandora In Kunkle."

"But I always thought P. I. Kunkle a man."

"She never was," she replied.

"Do you mean to say," said Mr. Bow with widening eyes, "that you are P. I. Kunkle who did the Komfy-Kle Bath Tub campaign—'Makes Every Ba A Holiday'?"

She nodded.

"And you're the P. I. Kunkle that the Pan-American Pie campaign?"

"'Heaven In Hunks,'" she murmu with downcast eyes.

"And the P. I. Kunkle who did s wonders with the sales of Doctor Peetli Toni-Tonick?"

"'But, Mamma, you pwomised me Kwismus a case of Doctor Peetlie's To Tonick. It stimulates my pancreatic zymes and settles my tummy,'" she quote

"Great work!" cried J. Sanford Bows "I've always wanted to meet P. I. Kunk My name is Bowser—J. Sanford Bo ser ——"

"'Let Bowser Put You On The Map,' she said, delight and awe in her soft voi

"Shake!" he said.

They shook.

Then they talked. He was full bottled-up talk, and now the stopper was ou He told her of his loneliness, his smashe to-smithereens feeling, which Doctor Ha ter had labeled sloganitis, and of how had tried to rest and couldn't. The talked all day. Toward dusk they h jointly worked out an elaborate plan to p Restwold on the map.

"Restwold—With Emphasis on t REST," was his contribution.

"At The Second Joyous Lungful Of Vimful Air You Own The World," w hers.

After dinner, beneath a gentle moo they talked some more. Their chairs we close together. They talked about them selves; about their souls.

"To-night," he confided to her, "I tel graphed Doctor Harter that he was wron about my case. Rest will never cure m sloganitis. And, thinking out loud, I don believe I want to cure it—now."

There was something tender, full meaning, in the way he said the wor "now."

"Phrase fever is not so bad," she sai softly, "when someone else really unde stands."

"After all, Pandora," said J. Sanfor Bowser as he took her unresisting hand "Love Is Understanding."

There was an interval. What happene only the moon saw.

"Shall we call the firm Bowser & Kun kle?" he asked, his arm about her.

"No, dear," she answered. "Just Th Bowsers."

"The Bowsers," he repeated in ecstasy "The Bowsers!"

"The Bowsers," she said, more softly still. "Let These Twin Go-Getters Put You on the Map."



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The charm of hospitality

is not a matter of costly decoration, but rather one of quiet cordiality and good taste

For every use in a well ordered home Wm. Rogers & Son Silverplate is appropriate and desirable.

"THE BEST AT THE PRICE"

Wm. Rogers & Son Silverplate

Made and guaranteed by Wm. Rogers Mfg. Co., Meriden, Conn. Succeeded by

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

Also made in Canada by Wm. Rogers Mfg. Co., Limited, Niagara Falls, Ont.



LINCOLN Pattern Flat Server: $2.00 each

Teaspoons: ½ dozen $1.75

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SHALL WE FINANCE EUROPE OR AMERICA?

(Continued from Page 23)

at fancy prices finds no confirmation in the views of experts who have studied conditions, or in foreign-trade statistics.

"The prospect for the revival of American business lies in the increase of business in the domestic markets and in a foreign trade maintained along more normal lines and developed in a more normal way than is sometimes urged by the proponents of plans for artificial stimulation of foreign trade."

After picturing this background of normal trade Mr. Reynolds strikes the keynote of his theme by discussing the ill-balanced financial position of the world. "The United States," he declared, "and in much less degree Great Britain, are the only countries with an appreciable amount of capital for export. For the purpose of maintaining their own financial solidity these two countries can ill afford to supply Continental Europe with funds secured through bank expansion.

"Reports indicate that the nations of Continental Europe have made small progress in balancing their budgets. Deficits have accumulated. These nations must make serious efforts to improve public finances. This course involves stringent measures in the way of deflating inflated paper currencies. It also involves taxation of the most rigorous character. There must be retrenchment in public expenditures. . . . It is imperative that European countries work, tax, save, restrict imports to necessities, and above all reverse the mad policy of printing bank notes.

"One of the conditions necessary for normal trading between the United States and Europe is, therefore, that European countries shall themselves take clearly defined steps to strengthen their exchange position. Moreover, Europe should first help herself before seeking large amounts of new capital in the American market."

How often we have heard this same statement; so often that we, as Americans, are "full up and fed up" with the idea; but what is being done in foreign countries to-day, or, for that matter, in the United States?

Some Striking Figures

Do the American people to-day realize the extent to which European countries have been securing capital in our markets?

During the period 1915–20, according to this Mississippi Valley banker, "foreign loans floated through American bankers aggregated some $5,000,000,000. Direct loans by the Federal Government to European nations amounted to some $10,000,000,000. At the present time the unfunded debt of Europe probably amounts to somewhere between $3,500,000,000 and $4,000,000,000. In all, these figures represent an export of something like $19,000,000,000 of capital."

If capital is a form of prosperity, then we have been exporting prosperity at a get-rich-quick spendthrift rate which may be difficult to continue if we expect to enjoy and profit by some of our prosperity at home.

To illustrate the significance of his figures Mr. Reynolds makes some terrifying comparisons. "During the period 1915–20 the total reported issues of securities—railroad and traction, industrial, municipal and state, and those put out by the Federal Government, amounted to $43,500,000,000. Of that total $15,000,000,000 went to Europe. Europeans received $3,000,000,000 more than was given to all American railroads, traction companies and industries combined. They received as much as these with state and municipal issues added.

"In many statements regarding the subject of exporting capital the idea seems to be prevalent that money is the only form of capital." But this is not true, Mr. Reynolds maintains. "If the United States makes loans to France and the proceeds of the loans are expended in the United States, it is felt that Americans will be safe because the money is still here. But in such case they have parted with capital goods that have been paid for with their own funds. They will receive for these capital goods the customary evidences of debt—bonds or notes which draw interest. This is as truly an export of capital a gold had been sent abroad. . . . Am ican capital resources have been depl to the same extent in either case. I immaterial whether the recent $100,000, French loan was made in goods or in so far as this country's capital accoun concerned. Thinking about the expor capital should not be confused by cente attention on money and forgetting the that capital goods are exported even tho the money can be spent in this country

"Much of the same situation under the plan for the proposed $100,000, foreign-trade financing corporation. I a plan to export a large part, or all, $1,000,000,000 of capital to Europe. I a plan to stimulate exports, but it invol the export of capital goods in return which Americans will receive inter bearing promises to pay."

What is the effect of this policy?

"In considering foreign trade and export of American capital"—to qu further from Mr. Reynolds' statement "not only the needs or demands of Eur must be taken into account but also t capacity of Americans to export capi without seriously affecting domestic ind try. Europe would not gain in the lo run from the impairment of Americ resources and capital.

Exporting Prosperity

"No recourse to statistics is really nec sary to confirm the truth of the stateme so often made that American railroa have not received, for several years, ad quate additions to their capital, additio that were necessary to efficient transporta tion service. Some idea of the situation ca be gained from the fact that reported issu of railroad and traction securities fro 1909 to 1914 averaged almost $1,000,000 000 each year, while from 1917 to 192 inclusive, the average was less than $450 000,000 a year. It seems a reasonable in ference that the export of American capit to Europe must have helped to stay rai road progress and development. Similarly the export of American capital must hav had an adverse effect on building opera tions and must have been a contributin cause to the present housing shortag Capital needs for building are problemati Estimates range from $1,000,000,000 t $5,000,000,000. Even the most conserva tive figures, however, show the need fo capital in the United States if building to play its full part in the restoration o domestic prosperity.

"Indeed, in every field of domestic en deavor the shortage of capital has be more or less seriously felt, and althoug the United States is now a creditor nati it must be recalled that at no time in it history, prior to the war, have the peop of the United States accumulated enoug capital for American needs."

In 138 years of our national independ ence we produced our own prosperity by a process of work and thrift. During th past eight years we have been expecting our prosperity in the form of capital sav ings and capital goods, but now that we are at the turn of the road financially industrially, economically and nationally what is to be our future policy? To what use shall capital accumulations be put? Shall they be turned in large measure to Europe or put to work in the United States?

Mr. Reynolds raises the issue. "Since savings are not indefinitely expansible, a decision is necessary as to whether they shall be spent here to furnish Europeans with capital goods, or spent here to furnish American industries with such capital goods. To what extent shall American savings be used to furnish Europe with capital goods and to what extent used to furnish capital goods for the rehabilitation of American industries?

"One thing at least seems clear: The United States cannot export its capital and have it too.

"The scheme of financing sales to Europe would be more alluring if a revival of business on the high-price level of the first part of 1920 could be foreseen." Mr. Reynolds added, "but the maintenance of such a price level is neither possible nor

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e. It has already been lowered
ere. The revival of American busi-
the basis of lower prices is inevita-
the price of goods is to be lower,
ust be lowered enough to give a
ble margin of profit. This applies
to the production of the domestic
but production for foreign markets.
wering of costs demands a higher
of efficiency in production. This
efficiency must be found in capital
as labor. There must be the use of
te and efficient capital equipment.
an transportation in particular has
needs that must be met. It is im-
therefore—in fact, of major im-
e—that the question of business
be considered in relation to the
n of the extent to which American
should be exported."
problem of transportation and the
ed of capital to enable our railroads
in much needed new construction
one Mr. Hoover was discussing in
gton when he made the statements
at the beginning of this article.
we look at the national economic
on as a whole," Secretary Hoover
, "the greatest impulse that can be
to recovery from any source what-
a reduction of rates on primary
dities, combined with the immedi-
mption of railway construction and
ent. The first depends upon reduc-
operating costs, the second upon
tion of credit.
e thing is absolute: Our transporta-
cilities are below the needs of our
y, and unless we have a quick
ption of construction the whole
nity—agricultural, commercial and
rial—will be gasping from a strangu-
caused by insufficient transportation
oment that our business activities
e.
ew people seem to realize the amount
ansion in our transportation machine
sary to keep pace with the growth of
ountry, and an equally few seem to
any notion of the price we pay for
aving it. . . . There would be no
alty whatever, by basing such losses
e experiences we have already had, to
late a loss to the American people of
0,000,000 for each one of these peri-
transportation shortages.
here is nothing that is so irrecover-
a loss to the nation as idle shops and
men. To-day we have both," the
tary of Commerce told the Interstate
merce Commission. "There is nothing
will so quickly start the springs of
ness and employment as an immediate
mption of construction and equip-
t of the railways. When business does
me we shall need all of our capacity for
production of consumable goods. We
not only find it strangled for lack of
sportation but we shall find ourselves
ging into the manufacture of this very
way equipment and construction in
petition with consumable goods for
erials and labor. Herein lies the basic
e of destructive price inflation and
ns, with all their waste and over-
ansion."

Railroads in Need of Capital

f this is the condition of our transporta-
n system, if a real program of construc-
would aid the nation as a whole, then
y is not the capital forthcoming to
nce the work? Let Mr. Hoover an-
r: "Surplus capital is pouring by hun-
ds of millions monthly into tax-free
urities and foreign loans, and yet our
lways are unable to finance the most
derate of construction programs."
To show how the railways are not the
y businesses in the United States that
e being strangled by a lack of capital,
mit me to quote the latest reports of R.
Dun & Co. on the commercial failures
this country during February. Dun's
tistics state there were 2331 commercial
lures with liabilities of $72,608,393 in
at month of this year. In both number
d amount this exceeded any other Feb-
ary in thirty years, and included 481
anufacturers, 1714 general stores, grocers,
y-goods merchants and traders, and 136
nts and brokers. During January of
s year there were 2723 failures, with
ses amounting to $73,795,780. How-
er, during this same month of business
alties in the United States, foreign
vernments and municipalities obtained
4,236,000 of new capital from the Amer-
n people and American banks.

In January and February there were 5054 failures, with liabilities of $146,404,173. During these same two months European and other foreign countries obtained $158,886,000 in the American market. Our failures amounted to $146,404,173, and at the same time we exported $158,886,000.

During January of this year there was an increase over last year of $42,514,000 in the amount of our capital exportations to foreign governments and municipalities alone.

"If American railways cannot earn interest on their borrowings let us throw up our hands and prepare for a second Russia," Mr. Hoover declared.

"Justification for proposals to furnish Europe with even more capital," Mr. Reynolds said, "is sought in the plea that the fortunes of the people of the United States are tied up with those of Europe. Failure, distress and disaster there will mean failure, distress and disaster here."

Furthermore, the Chicago banker continued, the "view is urged that American goods, particularly raw materials, must be sold to Europeans, not only in order to relieve the American market but also to furnish Europe the materials on which to work in the process of economic rehabilitation.

"Any proposal to furnish Europe with more capital should receive the closest scrutiny.

"If certain of the European nations are impoverished their position will not be greatly improved by America's financing sales of goods without adequate consideration of the risk involved or thought of the extent to which capital should be exported. If Europe is impoverished improvement of the condition of her peoples will not be brought about by forcing America to the same condition."

Backing Foreign Horses

"Foreign trade has been emphasized to such a degree of late that thought of business revival is largely in terms of exports and foreign financing. If it were necessary for the people of the United States to await the rehabilitation of Europe before they could enjoy a fuller measure of prosperity, they might have to wait a very long time. Just how long, no one knows! Such a prospect is far from comforting at a time when gloom enough engulfs American business. There need be no paralysis of action with the world's greatest domestic market at hand and controllable. To emphasize this point, an exaggerated statement might almost be risked, that if we take care of our 92 per cent or 93 per cent of domestic business, the 7 per cent of foreign business will take care of itself."

"A prosperous America can help the world," Charles M. Schwab, chairman of the board of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, wrote not long ago, "but a prostrate America cannot."

The serious condition caused in the United States to-day by such large exportations of capital is what prompted the State Department, on March 3, 1922, to issue a warning to American bankers expressing the desire of the Government to be more fully informed of prospective foreign loans.

Prosperity comes in two varieties, the imported brand and the domestic product. There is a group of men who are tireless advocates of imported prosperity, the kind that is supposed to come from limitless investments in foreign countries. They say we can live and prosper on foreign profits. But can we?

Do we not as a matter of fact have to choose between imported prosperity and prosperity which is "made in the U. S. A."?

We are engaged to-day in national as well as international competition for trade. Our business depression, transportation deadlock, commercial failures cannot be exported and exchanged for the uncertain prosperity of Europe. By financing Europe's comeback and neglecting our own we are hamstringing prosperity and a sound economic revival in this country.

In the race for normalcy we have been putting our money on foreign horses because we have been told that Europe must come first and America last.

Can we afford, as a people and a nation, to wreck this country financially and industrially in order to rebuild the rest of the world?

The logical, safe and sound policy would be for the United States to put its own house in order first and then, when prosperity returns, share that prosperity with our less fortunate neighbors.

"What an Old Sea Captain says about Liquid Granite



"There she is, mate—clean, tight, and tidy as the decks must be. You can rattle your tackle on that. And if a bit of sea slaps over the rail, mop it up, and no harm done."

Liquid Granite brings out the natural grain of the wood and preserves its beauty under the hardest wear. It makes a floor clean, waterproof, durable, resisting the buffetings of use, standing up under occasional hard knocks and persistent daily wear.

Protect your floors with

Liquid Granite
FLOOR VARNISH

Manufactured by the makers of Luxberry Enamel the finish immaculate



"Save the surface and you save all"—But Who?

BERRY BROTHERS
VARNISHES
ENAMELS — STAINS
DETROIT WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO

An Architect, A Painter and A Sculptress Joined in Designing This Exquisite Lamp

The lines, proportions and coloring of most of the lamps you see in these days of commercialism are the work of designing departments of large factories. They are the fruits of a deep knowledge of what makes a "popular seller." But some people, the **Decorative Arts League** committee felt sure, would like a lamp designed purely with an eye to good taste, a lamp of artistic proportions and harmonious tones, a lamp embodying grace, symmetry and beauty rather than the long experience of the "salesman-designer" of what seems most in demand in retail stores.

Hence this exquisite little lamp you see pictured, "Aurora," as it has been named by an artist because of the purity of its Greek lines and tones.

A Labor of Love

For the delicate work of designing a lamp that should be a real work of art instead of a mere unit in a factory's production, and yet should be a practical and useful article of home-furnishing, the League enlisted the enthusiastic coöperation of a group of talented artists—one a famous architect skilled in the practical requirements of interior decorating, one a painter and genius in color-effects, and one a brilliant sculptress, a student of the great Rodin in Paris.

They caught the spirit of the League's idea, and the designing of a lamp that would raise the artistic standards of home-lighting became to them a true labor of love. Model after model was made, studied and abandoned, until at last a design emerged with which not one of the three could find a fault.

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One style of ornamentation after another was tried out, only to yield in the end to the perfect simplicity of the classic Greek lines. Even such a small detail as the exact contour of the base was worked over and over again until it should blend in one continuous "stream" with the lines of the slender shaft. The graceful curves of the shaft itself, simple as they seem in the finished model, were the results of dozens of trials.

The result is a masterpiece of Greek simplicity and balance. Not a thing could be added or taken away without marring the general effect—not the sixty-fourth of an inch difference in any moulding or curve but would be harmful. "Aurora" blends with any style of furnishing; it adapts itself to boudoir or foyer-hall, to library or living room.



"AURORA"
$3.50

In the exclusive Fifth Avenue type of shops, where lamps that are also works of art are shown, the equal of this fascinating little "Aurora," if found, would cost you from $15 to $25—perhaps more. Yet the price of this lamp is but

$3.50—Think of it!

Only the Decorative Arts League could bring out such a lamp at such a price. And only as a means of widening its circle of usefulness could even the League make such an offer. No matter how many other lamps you have in your house, you will always find a place just suited for this dainty, charming little "Aurora," 16 inches high, shade 10¼ inches in diameter; base and cap cast in solid Medallium, shaft of seamless brass, all finished in rich statuary bronze; brass-bound parchment shade of a neutral brown tone outside and an old-rose colored reflecting surface; shade holder permitting adjustment to any angle; push-button socket; six feet of insulated lamp cord; 2-piece attachment plug. You will rarely, if ever, get such a value again.

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Send no money—simply sign and mail the coupon, then pay the postman **$3.50** plus the amount of parcel-post stamps on the package. Weight of lamp shipped is only five pounds, so postage even to furthest points is insignificant. If you should not find the lamp all we say of it, or all you expected of it, send it back in five days and your money will be refunded in full. Clip the coupon now, and mail to **Decorative Arts League, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.**

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REGGIE

(Continued from Page 7)

At the end of a week Bertha, the paid cook, departed. Reggie had found her a new position. "Get another place for you, Bertha," he had said, and had started out in his casual, thoroughgoing way to make good his promise.

He had gone directly to the Kelseys'. Mrs. Kelsey, a widow, whose husband had made several millions, and then, in the good American way, had died and left them to her, was by far the wealthiest woman in town. Her daughter, Trenna, was a friend of Reggie's. He had known her for years. He called and presented his case.

"Business, Trenna," said Reggie, leaning against the wall of the Kelsey living room. "Find a position for Bertha, our cook. Letting her go. Can't your mother take her?"

Trenna, perched lightly on the arm of a purple velvet sofa—a slender, charming blond creature—swung her silk-clad legs and smiled at him.

"Of course. Mother's always looking for a cook. Send her over."

"Thanks."

The girl's wide-open blue eyes studied him keenly.

"Are you tired of her, Reg? Or ——"

"No. Fine cook. My idea, letting her go. Family thinks I ought to earn my board. Going to do the cooking from now on."

"Reggie! Are you really?"

"M'm."

She came toward him, put her hand on his arm.

"Reg! You funny old boob—can you cook?"

"M'm."

She glanced up at him appraisingly, then laughed.

"You're the darnedest man, Reg. Honestly ——"

"Don't see anything funny about it," said Reggie in his deep, drawling voice.

"You do see something funny about it. But not the way I mean. Sometimes I think you're laughing at—at all of us."

"Not at you, Trenna. Sure your mother will want Bertha?"

"Absolutely. Send her over. I'll be responsible."

So Bertha was transferred to the Kelseys', and Reggie—it was rather a mystery how he managed it—ruled serene in the Mendenhall kitchen.

III

THE extraordinary fact was that Reggie turned out to be an excellent cook. Before long the family began to admit privately that he was the best they'd ever had. Still later they took to praising him outright. "You really are a wonder, Reggie. How ever did you make that timbale?"

"Cookbook," said Reggie imperturbably.

He went to all the dances as before. If Foxboro, in the persons of its more fashionable set, looked at him curiously he did not particularly notice it. Foxboro always had looked at him curiously. Once Bert King, now a member of a famous brokerage firm in town, and still the hero of Foxboro, saw fit to poke fun at Reggie. It was at one of the Country Club dances, and a group of young people were gathered about the fireplace.

"Hear you're some chef, Reggie. Why don't you open a tearoom? Make scads of money!"

Everyone laughed and looked at Reggie, leaning against the stone mantel. He was as serious as ever—so serious, so thoughtful that it produced a little hush.

"'Fraid it wouldn't be a success, Bert. Tell me you're on a diet."

It was a subtle and telling stroke. Mr. King was known to be sensitive about his figure. They all laughed again, and rose as the music started. Bert, a trifle red about the cheek bones, gathered up Trenna Kelsey and danced off with her. He was paying open court to Trenna these days. So was Charley Bingham, for that matter; but Bert was the general favorite. They made an appropriate couple—the local hero and the local heroine. Foxboro approved the romance, sentimentally beamed upon it.

But now Mr. King, looking down into his partner's face, found it overcast with a peculiar sternness.

"You deserved that, Bert. You had no business to pick on Reggie."

"I was only joking, Trenna."

"I like Reggie. He's a peach."

Mr. King was moved to retaliate, was rather a short-tempered young and Reggie's reply had smarted.

"Peach blossom!" said Bert.

Trenna did not answer. But whe dance was over she withdrew abr from the hero's arms.

"Headache. Going home," she nounced over her shoulder, and lef King standing stiffly in the center room. She walked over to the fire where Reggie still made a graceful pi

"I'm going, Reg. Come with me?"

"Home? Right, Trenna."

"I'll get my things. Won't be a mi The car's parked out in front."

It was a February night, mild, w touch of spring in the air. Trenna She drove beautifully, negligently, gloved hand resting on the wheel, the holding together the flaps of her fu ning cloak.

"Reg?"

"M'm?"

"Aren't you painting at all now?"

"No time. Done a few etchings."

"Well, I think it's a shame. Jus cause you happen to be different —

"Got to make some money some Trenna. That idea of Bert's. Tear Not so bad. Believe I could make it

"Do you mean it?"

"M'm. Buy an old farmhouse o state road, just outside town. Decor myself. Do my own cooking. Get a C man. Only run it through the sum Make enough to paint all winter. Thi

"I'm sure you could! Listen, Re You know that old house with the elms in front of it, about a mile from t The one that's been empty so long?"

"M'm. Sketched it once. All q angles. Interesting."

"Why wouldn't that do? Let's d out and look at it."

"Now?"

"Yes. I've got a flashlight."

"Game," said Reggie.

She glanced at him, sitting slum down beside her, his long legs in t black trousers twisted about each o in a manner that was characteristic Reggie's. She laughed.

"Reg! You funny old nut!"

"Why?"

"Just because you are," said the and put her foot on the accelerator.

They reached the deserted farmh about a quarter of an hour later. It dark and, in its dilapidated state, bidding. Trenna shivered as Reggie p up a window.

"Kind of spooky, Reg, isn't it?"

"M'm."

He climbed through the window, lea out, picked her up casually and lifted over the sill. She stood close to h clutching his arm.

"See any mice, Reggie?"

"No." He was already calculating possibilities of the place. "Put a do tables here. Think? Cut a door thro to the porch. Maybe take down that p tition."

They prowled about for half an ho Reggie profoundly interested, thoughtf Trenna shuddering and clinging to flashlight.

Once a rat scuttled across the floor. S shrieked and jumped up on a broken ch her skirts to her knees.

Reggie regarded her contemplativel his head on one side.

"French poster," he said in a judi tone.

Trenna laughed hysterically. It stru her as irresistibly funny that Reggie shou compare her with a French poster eleven o'clock at night, in a spooky house that was falling visibly to pie about them.

She was still laughing when they g back to the car.

"Honestly, Reg, you don't know ho scared I was."

"Do," said Reggie. "Saw your le quivering."

She giggled as she swung the car o into the road.

"You forget my legs, young man."

They rolled quietly along toward th lights of Foxboro.

"Fun, wasn't it?" said Trenna.

"M'm," murmured Reggie. "Believ I could do it, Trenna. Make some money

(Continued on Page 108)

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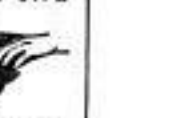
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CAMPFIRE MANUFACTURING CO.
1037 Boatmen's Bank Bldg.,
St. Louis, Mo.



(Continued from Page 106)

Go to Paris. Paint. Come home. Make some more money. Paint."

"Yes," said Trenna, and for some reason she sighed.

IV

IT WAS Aunt Victorine who advanced Reggie the money to finance his tea house. The family were solidly against it. Their arguments, in substance, amounted to this: It wasn't respectable.

"Respectable!" said Aunt Victorine from her place at one end of the council—dinner—table. "Maybe you don't know it, but one of your ancestors, old Jacob Mendenhall, once kept a tavern on the Boston Post Road; and it didn't prevent him from being a good citizen, either. You come up to my room, Reggie, and we'll talk it over."

"Aunt Victorine," said Mr. Mendenhall sternly, "I insist that you ——"

"You can insist all you like, Peter Mendenhall. It's my money and I'll do what I like with it. If Reggie wants funds for a tea house I'll lend them to him. What's more, I'll pay a cook to take his place here. You come along, Reggie."

Foxboro as a whole, it must be confessed, agreed with the family. It did not approve of Reggie's tea house. "Reggie's career," said Bert King, "is cut out for him. He'll invent a new salad dressing, and die famous."

If Reggie heard this *bon mot* he, as usual, paid no attention to it. He was busy fixing up the old house on the state road. He had decorated the front of it with a novel and humorous design of colored patterns, which gave the place a rakish, mischievous look. The various angles of its decrepitude had been held and firmly fixed by the local contractor—who had thought Reggie quite mad. Inside, the plaster walls of the main tearoom were covered with humorous figures—a fat man balancing a teacup on his knee, a willowy lady with green hair elegantly fishing for sugar lumps with a pair of fire tongs; a juggler in a brilliant coat balancing a pile of plates on one finger. Reggie, at least, thought his decorations amusing, and Sue's two children, when they saw them, shrieked with delight. Older persons, on the contrary, stared at Reggie's handiwork and were inclined to take it seriously. They had an uncomfortable suspicion that it was intended as Art.

No, Foxboro did not approve of Reggie's venture. That fact, however, did not prevent it from turning out, practically en masse, on the Saturday afternoon of Reggie's opening, which occurred about the first of June. Of his family, all were present except his father, who had not been able to get out from town.

"We'll have to go," Mrs. Mendenhall had said. "We can't desert Reggie."

"Go?" piped up Aunt Victorine. "Humph! Of course I'm going. Wouldn't miss it for a thousand dollars."

To say that the afternoon was a success is to put it mildly. It was a polite stampede. An hour after the first guest had arrived Reggie and his lone Chinaman were hopelessly involved. The latter came panting into the kitchen, his round face glistening like the Moon of Despair.

"Allee time glest come. No good. Me squalsh."

Reggie, flushed and disheveled but still calm, thrust his head out of the kitchen door and signaled to Trenna Kelsey. She came.

"Riot," said Reggie. "What'll I do?"

Trenna cast her eye over the crowded room, nodded, and gave his arm an encouraging pat.

"Leave it to me, Reg."

In ten minutes she had organized a relief committee of volunteer waitresses. She herself returned to the kitchen, rolled up her chiffon sleeves—it was a warm afternoon—and went to work making sandwiches and cinnamon toast. The day not only was saved but glorified as well. The daughters of the first families of Foxboro were toiling for Reggie. Even his own sisters ——

"Honestly!" whispered Jane to her mother as she passed with a tray of tea and cakes, "Reggie has every débutante in town working for him. Wouldn't you know it?"

"Genius!" said Aunt Victorine, highly delighted.

When it was over, and the crowd had gone, Reggie, a cigarette between his lips, leaned against the kitchen wall and looked at Trenna washing her hands in the sink.

"Thanks," murmured Reggie expansively.

"Oh, I thought it was fun."

"Bore," said Reggie.

She turned to him a face pink with bending over the stove.

"You'll make a great success of it. I know you will. Your decorations are a marvelous ad. If you could have heard what people said!"

The ghost of a smile passed over Reggie's lips. His mouth drooped a little more noticeably.

"M'm," said Reggie.

"You'll be a plutocrat in no time, young man."

"Hope so. Going away this summer, Trenna?"

"I'm going to Narragansett in August," said the girl.

From the road in front of the house came the loud honking of an automobile horn.

"That's Bert," observed Trenna. "He said he'd drive out for me. My car's on the blink. 'By, Reggie."

"Thanks, Trenna. Saved my bacon."

"I saved your cinnamon toast, anyway. I suppose you'll be busy from now on. Going to live here, aren't you?"

"M'm. Like it better."

"Well, come see me, Reggie, or I'll be out here after you." She added lightly, putting on her hat, "Can't give you up, young man. Too much of a habit."

Again the automobile horn. She touched his hand, turned and ran out of the kitchen. He heard her call to Bert King, "Coming! Sorry to keep ——"

For the next two months Reggie saw little of Trenna. He was busy—busier than anyone, including Reggie, ever had thought he could be. The tea house proved popular, became a fad. He hired a second Chinaman, then a third. By the middle of July he had made almost as much money as Belle made in a year. But he was so easy-going, so casual about it that his family refused to be impressed. They no longer looked upon Reggie's tea house as unrespectable. Somehow Reggie had a way of making things respectable simply by doing them. They looked upon it as an idiosyncrasy, as a toy with which he amused himself. They understood that Reggie was, at bottom, thoroughly impractical.

As for Trenna, she came frequently to the tea house—she was Reggie's best customer—but always there were others with her. Bert King or Charley Bingham, or both. A number of young men were more or less in love with Trenna, crazy about her, in the Foxboro idiom; but Bert and Charley were the chief rivals. Bert and Charley had been rivals since their high-school days, when both had tried for the Graduating Essay Medal—which Reggie had won. But in the present case Reggie could be safely disregarded. He was out in the kitchen, making sandwiches.

Foxboro had decided that it would be either Bert or Charley, and probably Bert. In fact some persons went so far as to say that Charley was not really in love with Trenna, but that he meant to marry her if he could, simply for the sake of defeating his rival.

Other persons had it on excellent authority that both young men were desperately in love with Trenna.

Altogether it was a fascinating drama. Foxboro talked about little else that summer. It was understood that Trenna would announce her engagement to one or the other of the two young men when she returned from her month at Narragansett. She was leaving Foxboro August first.

A few nights previous to that date Reggie locked up the tea house and set out to walk the mile into town. He was going to call on Trenna, to say good-by to her. He met her halfway to the village, driving her car. She saw his tall figure swinging along the road in the twilight and stopped.

"Hi, Reg!"

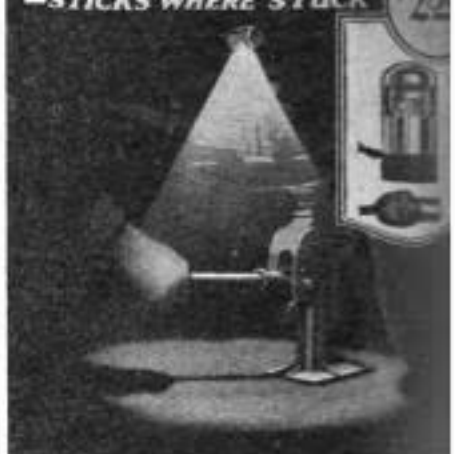
He crossed over to her, stood leaning against the side of the car.

"'Lo. Just coming in to see you."

"Were you? Funny. I was coming out to see you. Tired of waiting for you, Reggie. Honestly, we haven't had a talk for ages. Hop in."

He climbed into the seat beside her without bothering to open the door. She laughed and let in the clutch. They drifted along, the warm night air in their faces, the road a languid black river flowing under their lights. At the first hill, however, she stopped again; they sat looking at the lights of Foxboro, twinkling at a distance.

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"I feel I'm going to unburden myself, Reg."

Reggie did not answer. He was busy lighting a cigarette.

She said, murmurously: "So many lovers, I don't know what to do. Not so many really, but enough so that I feel—surrounded."

"What lovers are for," said Reggie.

"Reg! Don't be a lemon. What I mean is ——" She threw out her young arms in a gesture unpremeditated, beautiful. "I always thought it would be fun to have a lot of men—well—interested in me. I've only got two, as a matter of fact—that's a very modest number these days, I'll have you know—but they plague me, Reggie."

"M'm."

"I like them both, and I've a dreadful feeling that I'm going to marry one of them before long. You know, when a woman gets to be my age, twenty-two next September—and that's older than you'll ever be—she begins to have intuitions. She knows whether she's going to marry or not. I feel it coming on, Reg."

"Which one?" he asked.

"That I don't know."

Reggie mused, studying the hot coal of his cigarette.

"Why?" he said finally. "Mean—why ——"

"Why marry at all? That's just what I've been wondering. But—I don't know—people expect it of you, for one thing. And it is natural, isn't it? I mean—instinct, and all that. Ask Freud! He knows." Her laugh had in it a troubled note. "One day it doesn't seem to matter which man I choose, so long as he's young and sound. My mind runs to a modest mansion on Elm Avenue, full of my own things—silver and linen and furniture. Children, too. I get kind of hungry for ——" She shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know. But the next day, or more likely the same night, I want—other things. Things not so easy to name, but more—more perfect. Then I feel like jumping into the car and beating it away from Foxboro at sixty miles an hour."

"Feel that way to-night, don't you, Trenna?" he asked, looking around at her.

"Yes!"

"Let's go," said Reggie.

"Where?"

"Anywhere. Difference does it make?"

She put her foot on the starting pedal. The motor caught with a thrilling, muffled roar.

A moment later they were flying down the hill, if not at sixty miles an hour, at least at fifty. And they were headed away from Foxboro.

They got home from that drive at an indefinitely early hour. In fact, by the time Reggie had walked the mile back to the tea house the first gray feelers of daylight were beginning to creep over the sky. Even then he did not go to bed, but sat by the window in his room, smoking a cigarette and watching, with a deep contentment, the shifting colored patterns of the dawn.

▼

TRENNA came back to Foxboro in September. Reggie had closed his tea house directly after Labor Day, and was once more a man of leisure. He dropped in to see Trenna the first night of her arrival home. It was about 7:30 in the evening when he rang the Kelseys' doorbell. Trenna herself let him in.

"Reg!"

"Came early," said Reggie. "Avoid the rush."

She laughed, and putting her arm about his neck drew down his head and kissed him.

"You funny old nut. Let's sit out here on the porch. Mother's in the living room. Simply got to talk to you, Reggie."

They sat on the porch, in the warm September evening, talking. About 8:30 Bert King drove up in his car, and a little later Charley Bingham arrived.

The greetings were hearty, but somewhat forced. Charley Bingham produced a box of chocolates, which he opened with appropriate facetiousness. Still the atmosphere of the front porch continued to be charged with a slight constraint, a slight embarrassment.

Finally Reggie got up, in his languid, graceful manner.

"Go see the family," he murmured. "Night, Trenna."

"Good night, Reggie."

He nodded to the two rivals, descended the porch steps and sauntered off down the sidewalk, munching one of Charley Bingham's chocolates. In front of the Mendenhall house he stopped a moment, looking up at its discreetly veiled windows, his head on one side, his mouth drooping. Then he sighed and went in.

He found his family gathered in the upstairs living room—his mother, his father, Belle, Jane and Aunt Victorine.

"Well, Reggie!"

"'Lo. Thought I'd drop in, see how you were getting along."

His mother sketched the family state of health.

"Belle has a cold. Jane's coming down with one. My neuritis is better. Your father's been working nights at the office."

"Inventory," said Mr. Mendenhall wearily. "How are you, my boy?"

"Right," said Reggie.

"Have you seen Trenna?" asked Belle, looking at him with a peculiar animation. The light in her eyes was one almost of eagerness. Reggie wondered.

"M'm," he said.

"Tell us, Reggie," demanded Jane. "You know her best. Which one is she engaged to, Bert or Charley?"

Belle interrupted before Reggie had a chance to reply.

"It isn't Charley. At least ——" She stopped, confused, and looked appealingly at her father.

Mr. Mendenhall spoke.

"Charley's been confiding in Belle. They go in on the same train, you know—the 8:15. Eh, Belle?"

"He told me," said Belle more calmly, "that he hadn't proposed to her. He isn't sure whether he's in love with her or not. If you ask me, I think it's just because he and Bert have always been—rivals, and—everybody expects ——"

"Well, I think it's Bert!" said Jane. "Don't you, Reggie?"

"Never can tell, Jane."

Aunt Victorine spoke up.

"Humph! Reggie could have her himself if he wanted her. She doesn't look at anybody else when he's around. I watched her that day of the opening."

"But—Aunt Victorine!" protested his mother. "Reggie isn't—Reggie couldn't get married if he wanted to. He has no money."

"Have," said Reggie. "Made two thousand dollars on the tea house."

A chorus of exclamations.

"No!"

"Did you really, Reggie? I think that's wonderful."

"Very good, my boy. Very good indeed."

His mother's voice dominated the outburst. "But it isn't enough to get married on!"

"Trenna Kelsey's got plenty, and to spare!" retorted Aunt Victorine, tenaciously clinging to her argument.

"Reggie would never marry for money," said his mother with dignity.

Reggie had been leaning against the mantel, smoking. Now he straightened up, looking from one to the other with a mild and tranquil eye.

"Already have," said Reggie.

"Have!" exclaimed Mrs. Mendenhall. "Have what?"

His voice was as serene, as drawling as ever.

"Trenna," he said. "Married her. Month ago. Before she went away."

The family sat staring at him, their mouths open—a circle of round open mouths in astounded faces. Reggie felt it incumbent upon him to explain, to go into detail, to be, for once in his life, loquacious. He made an effort.

"One night out driving. Talked it over. Decided. Drove to Greenwich. Borrowed money from Trenna. Bought a ring. Minister married us. Came home." He stopped and glanced about at them; they still seemed stupefied. "Thought we'd get it over with," he said garrulously. "Announce it later."

His mother's voice was tremulous, almost plaintive.

"But—Reggie! You couldn't—without telling us!"

"Telling you now."

"But—you—where are you going to live?"

"Beauty of it," said Reggie. "Going to live in Paris. Paint there."

Aunt Victorine's triumphant pipe rose clear above the ensuing babel:

"Told you so!"

He escaped from them as soon as he could, slipping out of the room in the midst of a hot discussion as to whether a secret



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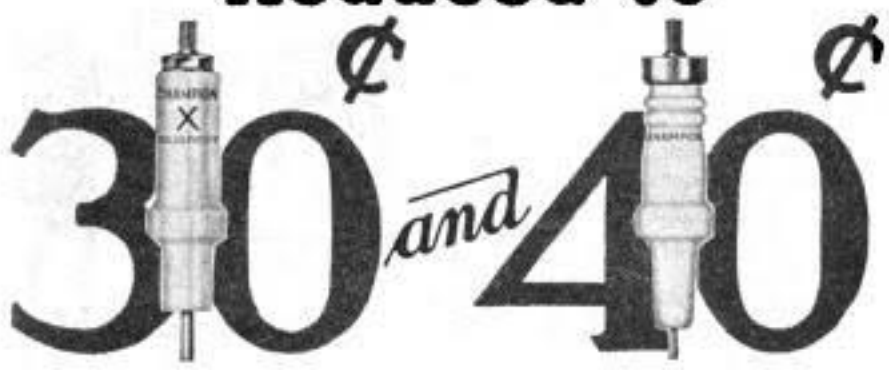
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wedding ought not to be followed by a public repetition.

Belle was the only one who observed his silent exit. She followed him and overtook him on the stairs.

"Reggie!"

He turned, aware of a strange agitation in that trim, businesslike body. Belle's hand was on his arm; it was trembling.

"Reggie, tell me. How do you do it? How do you do it?"

"Do what?"

"Get what you want?"

He looked into his sister's face. Her upturned nose, red now with the affliction of a cold, gave her an interrogative—a pathetically interrogative and beseeching air.

"Something you want, Belle?"

"Charley," she whispered; and then with a fierce choking sob: "Charley!"

He put his hand over hers and squeezed it.

"Ask him," said Reggie. "Be a damn fool. Ask him."

Belle's breath of a reply followed him down the stairs.

"I will, Reggie."

VI

IT WAS afternoon of a day later. Reggie was alone in the tea house, packing and putting things to rights. He was glad to be done with the tea house; it had bored him excessively. Possibly Jane would run it another season. Silly of Jane to stick around home, running errands for their mother, when she might be out on her own. He would speak to Jane about it before he left for Paris. Paris!

He heard an automobile stop before the house, looked out of the window and saw Bert King coming up the walk. The latter's face had a set look; his air was one of grim determination. Discomforting.

"Trenna's told him," thought Reggie. "Wonder what he wants?"

The matter was not long in doubt. Bert King opened the door of the tearoom, walked in and planted himself squarely in front of its proprietor.

"I've come, Reggie," said Mr. King, "to punch you in the nose."

"Why?" asked Reggie.

Mr. King's jaw—it was a fighting jaw—thrust forward slightly.

"Just—for—my—own personal satisfaction."

"Oh."

"Been wanting to do it all my life," continued Mr. King, drawing a deep breath. "All my life—and now ——"

"Minute," interrupted Reggie. "Come outside. Ground's softer than the floor."

The other opened his mouth to protest, but Reggie already was strolling across the room. Bert King, flushed with the rage of years, followed him out of the house and into the back yard, where a straggling apple orchard made sweet the autumn air.

But Mr. King was not to be moved by any sweetness, of apples or of human persuasion. He caught Reggie by the shoulder and spun him around. They stood eye to eye.

"All my life!" said Bert; and added, "You never would fight. Don't suppose you'll fight now?"

"Can't," said Reggie. "Not your way."

"Won't, you mean! Well, I'm not going to be done out of it," shouted Bert. "I've always wanted to, and I'm going to—just for my own personal satisfaction!"

He drew back his arm and shot it toward Reggie's inoffensive and rather delicate nose.

Something happened. It happened suddenly and miraculously. It happened to Bert King.

The ground dropped out from under him; an apple tree danced crazily before his eyes, and then—he was lying on his back on the thick grass, staring at the sky.

He sat up. There was nothing before him but the mild September landscape.

"Behind you, Bert," came in Regg deep, unhurried tone.

He spun about, sprang to his feet made a rush toward the despised advers

It happened again. The treache falling earth, the dancing apple tree, sense of being suspended in mid-air. T a crash, like something being broken distance.

When he came to, Reggie's arm around him and his head was resting Reggie's knee.

"What the hell?" said Bert King thi

"Jiujitsu;" explained Reggie. "Lea in France. Fellow in my company. right now, Bert?"

"Uh-huh."

Mr. King stood up.

"Reggie," he began—"Reggie, I—

But at that moment Trenna Kelsey, was Trenna Mendenhall now, came ing about the corner of the house, her h her hand, a luminous edge to her blond

"Bert!" she said when she saw him, stopped a short distance away. "W are you doing here?"

Reggie spoke up, gravely, imperturba

"Came out to congratulate me, Tre Right, Bert?"

"Right," said Mr. King. "I sur sure do. Both of you!"

And he went away.

He strode off, his shoulders squa walking rapidly in the direction of highroad. They heard the sound of motor, diminishing, growing fainter.

The girl sighed. She was standing c to Reggie now, looking up at him, hands on his shoulders.

"I feel awfully guilty, somehow. awfully happy. Kiss me, Reggie."

Reggie kissed her.

VII

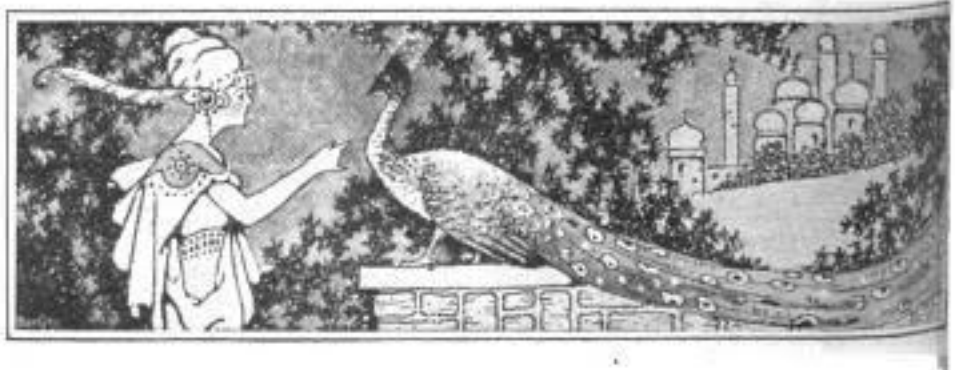
THE Mendenhalls are still a busti family, though their situations h changed somewhat. Belle is married Charley Bingham and has a baby, a g to which she devotes herself in a capa and businesslike manner. Sue is expecti her third, which doubtless will be as s cessful as the two others. Mrs. Mende hall divides her time between her clubs a the housekeeping, for Jane at last h shaken off the maternal apron strings. S has taken over the tea house, and runs the year around. She is doing very w All the Mendenhalls are doing well. T furniture business has returned to n malcy, and is beginning to prosper agai Mr. Mendenhall catches the 7:45 with his former gusto.

Aunt Victorine is planning to go abroa to visit Reggie and Trenna in Paris. T family consider it most impractical of h but she is going, nevertheless. Trenn baby, a boy, is named Victor, after Au Victorine.

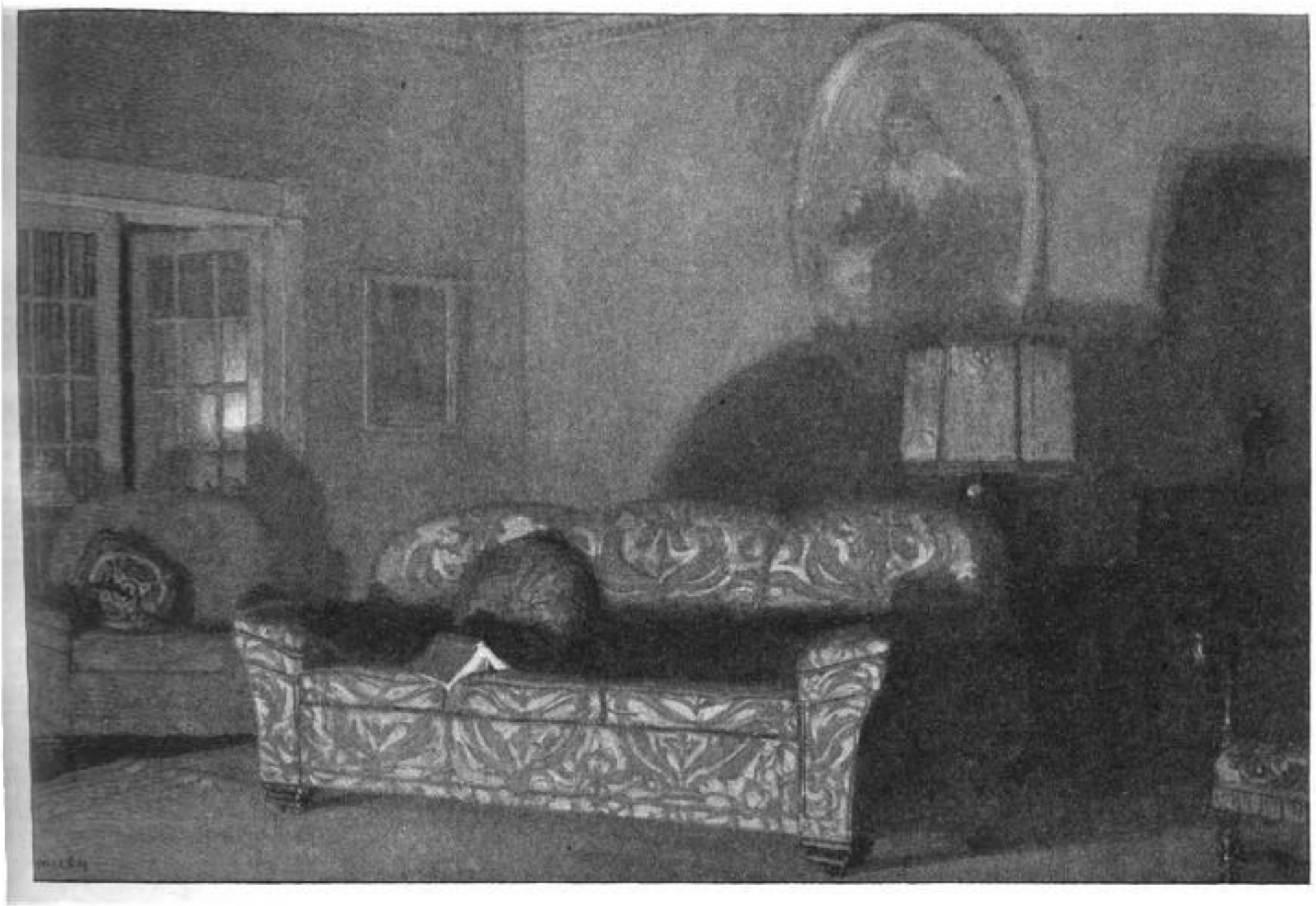
The Mendenhalls often speak of Regg and always with affection. When the ne came that one of his paintings had be purchased by the French Government f the Luxembourg they made no attempt conceal the fact, though when the paintin in question was reproduced in the Sunda Times it turned out to be a most unmi gated nude.

"I see," said one of the members of t Wednesday Evening Literary Society, Mrs. Mendenhall—"I see that Regg had one of his pictures accepted by t French Government."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Mendenha "We're all very happy about it. . . . What say, Mrs. Carpenter? . . . Trenn Oh, no, I don't think so. They ha models for—for everything. It's not re sidered at all im—— What say, Mr Fletcher? Lucky he married Trenna! Ye I admit that Reggie never would have be able to earn his own living. An artist, yo know. So impractical. But then"—glan ing about the circle with a maternal smile "Reggie always was a delicate boy."



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THE GALLOPING TIGER

(Continued from Page 28)

any higher position than any other. Are we not all artists, and therefore equals?"

"Right!" cried Shamus. "Especially as there are no two of us in exactly the same line!"

"It fits in with my adaptive theory perfectly," drawled Edouard. "We are not sailors, but we are men with the desire to sail in our hearts; therefore we will take the material at hand and make a sailing democracy of ourselves!"

I listened to this breathlessly. Wasn't it a beautiful idea? But Ted didn't appreciate it a bit! He just busied himself with his horrid old pipe until his face got absolutely crimson over it.

"Well, come on, you folks," he said, "if you want to see the ship. This isn't an experience meeting!" And with that he led the way down the long wharf to where at the very end a big sailing boat lay snug against the piles.

The Sadie Brown of Boston was a vessel you could not help noticing, because as you approached her a distinct odor of fish—not very new fish—began to sort of emanate from her. In fact she radiated an aroma of generations of fish, as it were, and if you had once been aboard her I am sure you would always have been able to find your way back, even in the dark.

"You see she was a fishing schooner," Ted explained rather unnecessarily. "But she can quite easily be cleaned up. She's in swell shape except olfactorily."

"She's a beauty!" exclaimed Shack as we boarded her. "A ship o' dreams! What do you say she is called?"

"The Sadie Brown."

At that a howl of protest went up from the entire crowd.

"That will never do!" said Shackelton, who in spite of his declaration about having no captain in our crowd could not help rather taking the lead. This was natural enough, too; a sort of instinct after all his voyages before the mast and his volumes of sea poems. "That will never do!" said he. "We must have an inspirational name—a name which means something!"

"Let's call her the Sinn Fein," suggested Shamus.

"Not on your life!" Ted howled at once. "This is a strictly peaceful boat, even if it is a she!"

"How about The Toddle?" I suggested. "She's apt to, when we get out on the deep water, you know."

"Dear Pet!" said Shack tenderly. "Your humor is so quaint! But I think that name hardly expresses us all, if you see my point?"

"How about The Gauguin?" put in Malvina.

"Nearer, much nearer!" exclaimed Shack. "But I think some native word would be even better!"

"Native of what?" muttered Ted, but nobody paid any attention to him.

Then Zelda, who had so far contributed nothing but cigarette smoke, took one of the books she inevitably carries about, from under her arm.

"I brought it along—my copy of Murphy's book," she said, "in case it would be useful. We may find a name in that!"

"Good!" exclaimed Shack. "Let us see!" and he began turning the pages over rapidly, with familiar fingers. Ted came and looked over his shoulder.

"Shadowy South Seas!" he exclaimed. "Some book! Shadowy is right; they sure are shadowy, not to say shady!"

"Do you know anything about the South Seas, Mr. Stonewall," Shack asked coolly, "that you call them shady?"

"Sure!" said Ted. "I know the natives' favorite food is tenderfeet, but I'll be game if the rest are!"

"Nothing of the kind!" reprimanded Shack. "Their native dish is called poi!"

"Short for hoi polloi," Ted insisted. "However, why not call the boat Tahoa? I see it means a headache from thinking."

"I favor calling it the Moon and Sixpence!" said Shack.

But nobody would agree to that, and finally we compromised upon The Galloping Tiger because that expressed the entire Village, if you know what I mean, and all of us had a feeling of relief when so much was settled.

"Well, come on, now," said Ted a trifle impatiently. "Don't you want to look over the boat itself?"

"Wait!" exclaimed the pale Edouard dramatically. "Before I go one step further on this voyage another point of extreme importance must be definitely arranged. This ship has no figurehead!"

It was too true. We all went and looked over the end where the figurehead ought to be, and there was none. Ted tore his hair—rather exaggeratedly, I thought.

"What shall we do?" he exclaimed.

"Calm yourself, old chap!" said Ed. "I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll make one."

"Something appropriate and in character," I suggested timidly, for I remembered Smoke, and Shack echoed my sentiment.

"Of course!" said he. "A symbol of our errand!"

And so that was that!

"Now that we have settled the two most important psychic points," said Shack briskly, "let's have a look at the practical side—eh?"

"If you really think it necessary," said Ted, leading the way. "Well, here is the hold—we men will have to sleep down there—it's a little fishy now, but we can fumigate it."

"Sulphur candles," said Shamus.

"Oh, sulphur smells so horrid!" protested Zelda. "Why not use incense? When I took my studio over the old stable I used incense, it's so much pleasanter!"

Shack ignored her.

"I say, this will be really amusing!" he exclaimed. "Once we get it clean we will give it a coat of paint—lavender walls with a cerise trim on the bunks! Ripping—eh?"

"Just as you please," said Ted, leading us on. "Now here is the galley; the oil stove is perfectly good if it's cleaned up a bit—messy cook, I'll say they had—and then come on aft ——"

"What's down there?" inquired Shackelton, peering over the edge of a sort of skylight—hatch, I mean. He drew back hastily at the first whiff.

"Oh, it's only the tank," replied Ted. "You ought to remember that, Salts. Didn't you say you once sailed on a fishing boat?"

"Er—well, only for a short time," said Shack.

"Well then, that's the tank, where they used to put the catch," Ted went on smoothly. "You'd better start your fumigating down there. Just give a look here at the cabin—two nice little staterooms off it—see? For the girls, of course."

"Light oak!" screamed Malvina as she entered first. "Oh! Impossible! We will have to paint it all! But give me time and I will make this ship a thing of beauty! I was an interior decorator for one winter, you know!"

"That's all down below," said Ted, turning to Shack and Shamus. "Don't you fellows want to look at the rigging now? She's got almost new canvas."

"Sails!" exclaimed Malvina, her face lighting with an idea. "Sails! Oh, children, wouldn't it be wonderful if I were to batik the sails? Glorious orange and purple, say?"

"Now that you mention it," said Ted, "it would. But I think you will find plenty to do below—and on deck. And after all, white or even gray sails are pretty good, don't you think?"

"Ted Stonewall, that's the first sympathetic remark you've made to-day!" I cried.

"I'll make another now," he retorted cheerfully. "It's nearly one o'clock—why not all come over to White's and have a bite of lunch on me?"

Well, everybody thought that would be splendid, only Shack could hardly bear to leave the ship.

"There is such a lot to be done!" he said with a groan. "Just one more thing before we go. Of course I think we ought to do the whole work ourselves, but as the boat is so large, and as perhaps one of us might fall ill, or overboard, don't you know, how would it be to have one—just one hired sailor to lend a hand if—if necessary?"

"I think," said Ted seriously, "it might perhaps be well. In fact I was going to suggest it. Not that we would let him really do anything—but just, as you say, to lend a hand."

If the party had been enthusiastic before, they were now wild with delight. This idea of Shack's was such a good one. That man certainly had a genius for thinking of the right thing.

"Well," said he, "will you engage one for us, Ted?"



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"I certainly will, Shack," said Ted, delighted to be admitted to first-name terms. "And I guess I'll keep him away from The Galloping Tiger until about an hour before we sail. You know how sailors are—the crude things! He might not understand our preparations!"

Everything being so beautifully settled, we went off to lunch. On the way over Ted as usual got me alone for a moment, and I felt moved to tell him a terrible secret which was weighing heavily upon my mind.

"Ted," said I, "you are not the only one who will have to bring someone on board at the last moment. Don't breathe it to a soul, but mother is coming with us. She wouldn't let me go, otherwise. Isn't it awful?"

"Huh!" said Ted. "There are going to be several shocks on the big day!"

"What?" I said. "Oh, Ted, what?" But he wouldn't tell.

"Wait and see!" he said darkly. "By gollies, I never thought this bunch would go as far as actually starting, but I now believe they will. And when we sail, believe me, kid, we're going to sail right!"

"You don't know these people!" I said indignantly. "They are real; and you are only just beginning to learn it!"

I will never forget the ten days that followed. They were one continuous party, during which the boat was gradually transformed, while Shackelton Salts presided over the work like a great poetic viking. He was simply the most wonderful of men, and I began to realize more and more strongly that a rich girl like myself ought really to marry a poet and make him free to develop his genius unhampered by any financial worries. Shack seemed to think so, too, although I would not permit him to come right out and say it. I wanted to prolong the sweetness of our indefinite relationship until the end of the voyage, sailing free with him—and the rest, of course—under the swelling white wings of the ship, and then seal our betrothal with a kiss beneath the tropic moon, bathed in the scent of palely flaming hibiscus blossoms. That last sentence is Shack's. I rushed off and wrote it right down immediately after he had said it, speaking on the deck of The Galloping Tiger, as she was now called, and waving a paintbrush dripping vermilion paint as he spoke, for this tender sentiment passed between us while he was working on the modernization of the cabin hatch.

"But you will give me your answer at the end of the voyage, won't you, Leopardess?" he ended, slapping a vermilion panel into a robin's-egg-blue door. And so of course I had to promise—and I had pretty nearly decided that I meant to say yes.

When that boat was finished it really was worth seeing. You would not have known it for the same old Sadie Brown of Boston, and although I had helped a lot in fixing her up, except when I was uptown buying a few yachting clothes, I could not but wonder if it really was the same vessel, and what on earth the New England lady for whom she had originally been named would think if she could see it now!

The hull was black and the deck a soft bright yellow—a queer shade which Edouard had put on because he wanted gold, and gold leaf was dreadfully expensive, so he had to use yellow paint because it was the nearest thing at hand. The hold was lavender and vermilion, as per first thoughts, and the cabin had been redecorated in black woodwork and tangerine upholstery, while on every available wall space and door hung synthetic Gauguins of South Sea subjects, painted by Malvina; and honestly, if you hadn't been told you would not have known that they were not by the great French-Tahitian master himself, particularly one called Papeete Madonna which represented a homely colored woman with twins looking through a sliced banana. At least that's what I think it was.

Well, at any rate the cabin was lovely, and the galley simply jammed full of wonderful eats. I had a big order of cooked things sent down from the Ritz as a starter, and I had also got Tams, our butler at home, to send down a lot of tinned things in glass—every possible edible that comes put up that way. Because when we had drawn lots about the work I had been elected to cook for the first day. And as I simply could not cook anything but fudge I was afraid they might get tired of it as a steady diet.

But while the boat was a great success I think that perhaps the most interesting thing about it was Edouard Roulande's figurehead. Never will I forget the day he brought it aboard, wrapped carefully in soft sheetings, and borrowed a couple of dollars from Ted to pay the men who lifted it from the taxi to the deck. Everybody dropped their work as soon as Ed announced what it was he had, and stood eagerly waiting for him to unveil it.

"Comrades," said Edouard solemnly, "I have devoted weeks of work to developing this figurehead, and I feel that its unveiling among our intimate little group is worthy of a real ceremony. I have put my whole soul into getting just the right figure—something which would be utterly symbolic of the spirit of pure beauty and adventure which is leading us seaward. It ought to be christened properly. Has anybody got any liquor?"

Well, we couldn't dig up any wine because Tams had not brought it down yet, but Shamus after a little hesitation produced a flask off his hip, and this Ed handed solemnly to me.

"Will you be sponsor, Constance?" he asked me, using my given name, which showed how seriously he was taking this affair.

"I will, indeed!" I replied, accepting the flask and starting, of course, to throw its contents upon the shrouded figure, when a unanimous cry halted me.

"Wouldn't it be more sensible to drink it?" suggested Shack.

He is always so practical. So they drank it—a little nip apiece—to the voyage, and then Edouard allowed me to pull the string, and the figurehead stood revealed.

At first I was afraid that my eyes had something wrong with them. Yet I felt all right, so I merely rubbed them and looked again. But the figure looked just the same, only more so. It was a wooden Indian—a regular Sixth Avenue cigar-store Indian holding a bunch of cigars. True, it had been jazzed up a good deal with gold paint and bright colors. The cigars had been painted white with green tips and around the figure's middle was a hula-hula skirt made of heavy copper wire; also it wore a garland of tin flowers gracefully but firmly flung about its neck.

"Suffering cats!" cried Ted. "What in the name of ham ——"

"It is a Tahitian maiden holding a bunch of asparagus," replied Edouard with great dignity. "The asparagus is the Marquesan symbol of swift growth."

There was a little silence then, of appreciation. I felt so stupid not to have immediately seen what Edouard had intended; it was all so plain once he explained it, and as we afterward agreed—all but that tiresome Ted—it was such a splendid example of the Adaptive School of Sculpture; so much result from so little work, if you know what I mean. But Ted simply could not get the right angle on it.

"All right, all right!" he said to me privately. "If they can pull that sort of stuff, so can other people. If you like it, Pet, why, I will strive to please!"

At the time I had not the remotest idea of what he meant, but on the day we sailed I got a glimmer.

The morning of that eventful day came at last, although at the beginning of our plans it had seemed as if we would never really get away. I awoke at dawn, my heart beating with excitement and anticipation. At least I thought it was dawn, but it was only overcast, and nearly ten o'clock. I jumped out of bed in a hurry, you can believe, for we were supposed to sail at one, and I wanted to be aboard before mother got there. Mother is apt to be on time for things, and her coming along was bound to be an awful shock to our little group, who had not as yet been told about her.

Well, I reached the Sadie—I mean The Galloping Tiger—ahead of the entire crowd, although I thought Ted, who lately had seemed to grow more and more pessimistic about the other man's seamanship, would surely be down, fussing and worrying over silly things like gasoline and ropes and that sort of stuff. But he wasn't, and the watchman let me aboard and then, at about 11:30, Malvina showed up carrying Poe her black cat, her dyeing outfit, and our electric curling iron. She was also accompanied by Shamus in a yachting cap, tennis shoes and a new straw suitcase.

"I thought we'd better have the electric curler, Pet," Malvina explained. "The salt air takes the curl out of one's hair so quickly. And I brought Poe along for a mascot."

"And where will ye get the electricity for that curler?" demanded Shamus. "Unless it's from sparks off the black cat itself?"



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"Oh!" said Malvina, chagrined. "That's so! I forgot we had no wiring on a sailing boat! What an annoyance! But Poe will bring us good luck, anyhow. Not that I am superstitious!"

"Sure a black cat is an evil thing!" exclaimed Shamus indignantly. "And Shack has a terrible fear of cats of any kind. Don't you know it's bad luck they bring, and no good at all?"

"It is not!" said Malvina furiously. "It's good luck, and we need something to counteract this Pier No. 13!"

Well, I did not enter into their squabbles then, for Zelda and Edouard and Shack were arriving simultaneously, with lots of luggage and in a high state of excitement. The instant Shack saw me he rushed right over and grabbed me by the arm.

"Pet, we are lost!" he whispered. "I must hide you at once until we sail. Do you know who is on the end of the dock in a motor? Your mother!"

"Well," said I, outwardly calm but inwardly trembling, "go help her with her bags. She's coming with us!"

"Pet Torrington, I thought you were a real radical!" he said solemnly. "And now you bring along your mother—your mother! I am inexpressibly shocked!"

But he fetched her, none the less, and the news was broken to the rest, and mother was really a dear to them, looking awfully smart and pretty, though large, in a blue serge coat and striped skirt, and examining the boat through her lorgnette, very amiably, making them all like her tremendously, the way she can when she wants something. There was no sign of Ted.

"Confound him!" said Shackelton, after we had finished a picnic lunch and waited around and gone ashore to telephone innumerable times, but to no avail. "Confound the man, I've a good mind to sail without him!"

"But there isn't any wind!" objected Shamus. "And besides, he was to bring a sailor. Sure and I think we should wait for the poor kid—I mean lad!"

"I should say so!" I cried indignantly. "Sail without Ted Stonewall on his own ship? Over my dead body!"

"Don't get excited, dear," said mother in that soothing way of hers which irritates me so. "There is no need to worry; Ted will turn up, I'm sure!"

And mother was right, as she sometimes is, for about mid-afternoon Ted did turn up in a state of breathless excitement. With him were two strangers, who hovered in his rear while he gave us his news; and a queerer pair I never saw.

One was palpably the hired, professional sailor: a stalwart man with stubby brown sideburns, wide-bottomed blue trousers, a short sailor jacket and a round cap with ribbons on it. He stood there, spitting behind his hand and occasionally giving a hitch to his trousers, and he was, I suppose, a typical sailing-boat sailor—a very extreme case, I judged, but competent. There was nothing queer about him except the perfection of his British-tar type, if you know what I mean. But his companion was certainly a most remarkable figure.

This other was an unusually tall, bony man with a hawklike nose and eyes and a terribly weather-beaten face. He stood with a peculiar slouch, and his glance fairly burned me up when I met it. But striking as his face was, his clothes were even more peculiar, for he wore a Russian-peasant smock belted with a bright sash, high boots, into which his trousers were tucked, and a round astrakhan cap. His long white whiskers swept across his chest. It was to this person that Ted pointed as he spoke to the assembled crew of The Galloping Tiger in a hoarse whisper.

"Friends," he said anxiously, "a most unexpected and amazing thing has happened. That's what delayed me so! An old friend of mine from Russia—a man who befriended me when I was there, in Siberia, and to whom I owe my life, in fact—has just arrived in this country, only to find that he is wanted by the police. I have brought him to you, to beg that we take him with us on our voyage!".

"From Russia?" exclaimed Shackelton. "Your friend? Bring him, of course. Who is he?"

"He is a great poet," explained Ted. "That's why I thought you would not mind, although he doesn't speak any English. His name is Andrey Kropushkin!"

"Oy! The great man!" cried Zelda. "What an honor!"

"Do you speak Russian?" asked Ted in a choking voice, whirling on her.

"Alas, no!" she mourned. "I'm afraid none of us do! But he maybe speaks a little Yiddish?"

"Well, never mind that," said Ted. "I talk Russian enough to make him understand me. I'll go fetch him and Harry Binz aboard, and then let's be off before the cops locate us!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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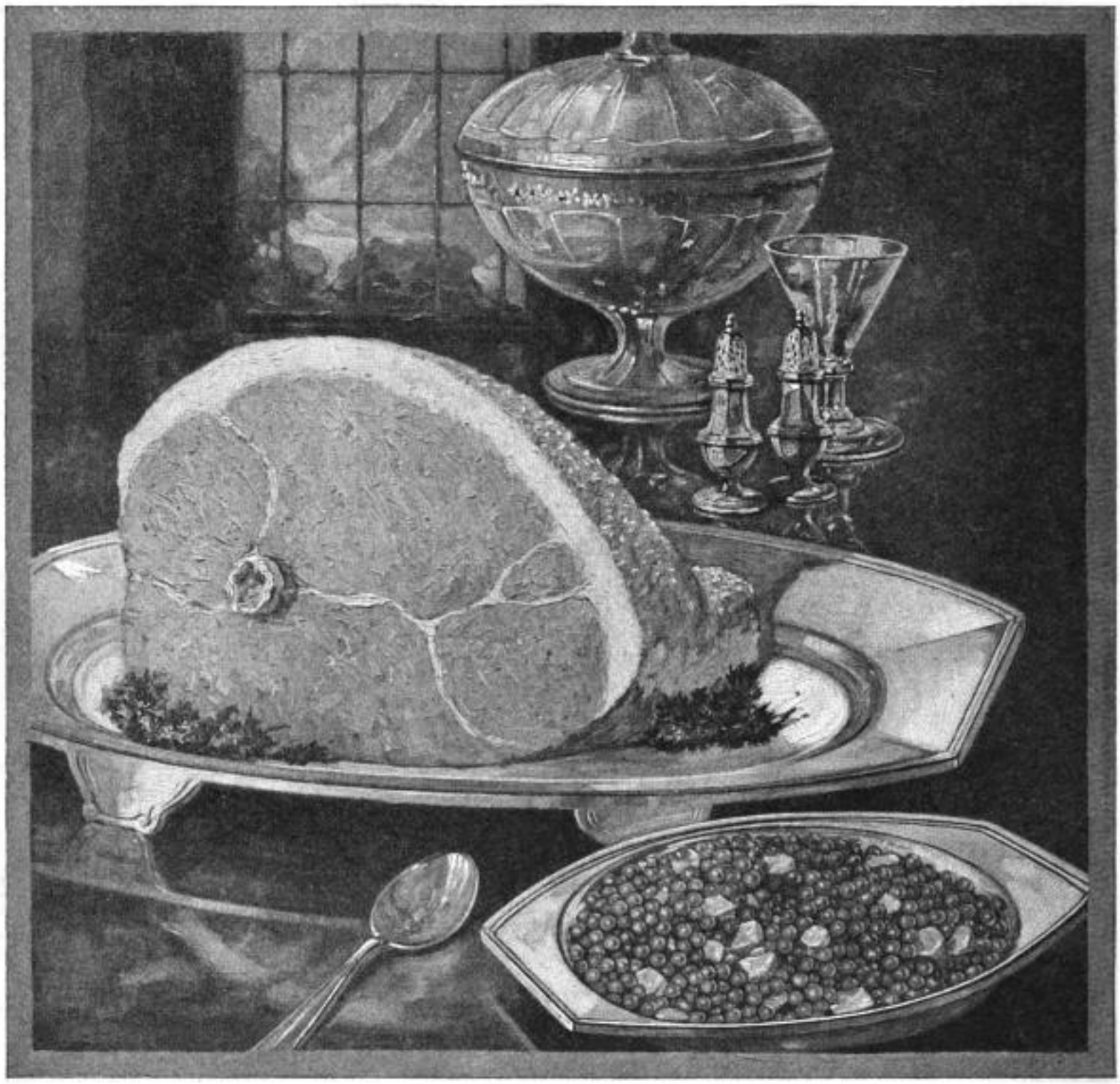
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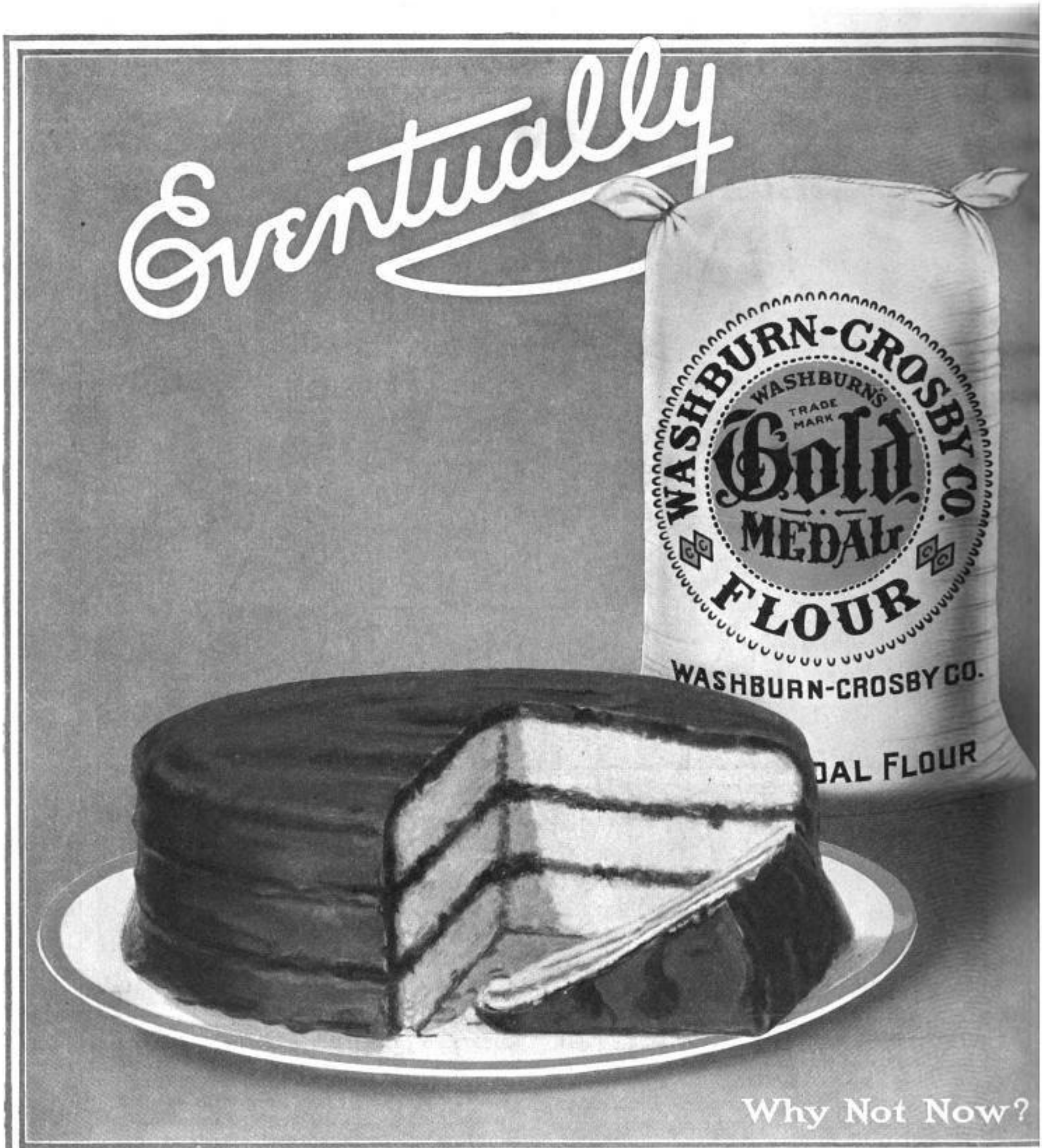
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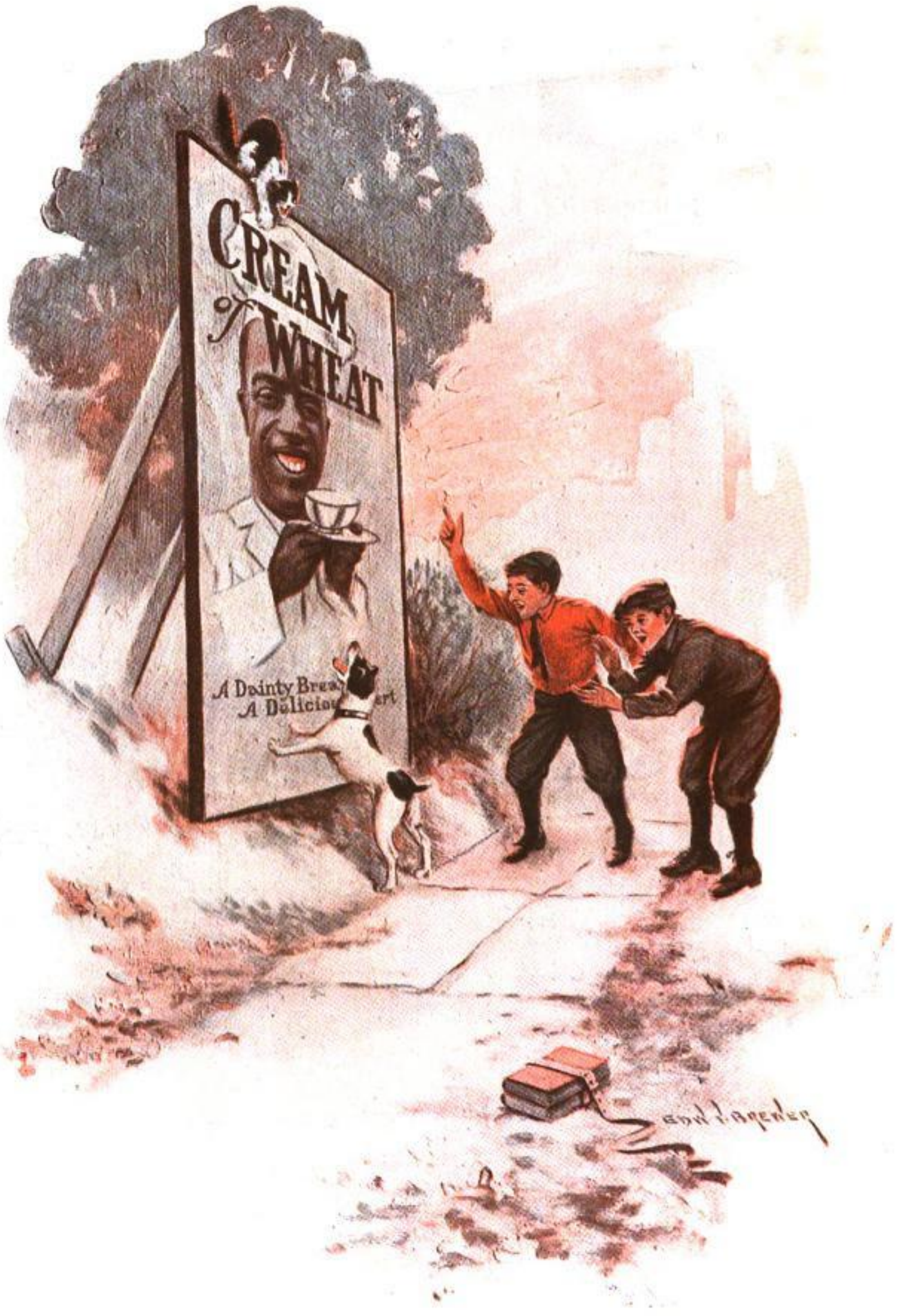
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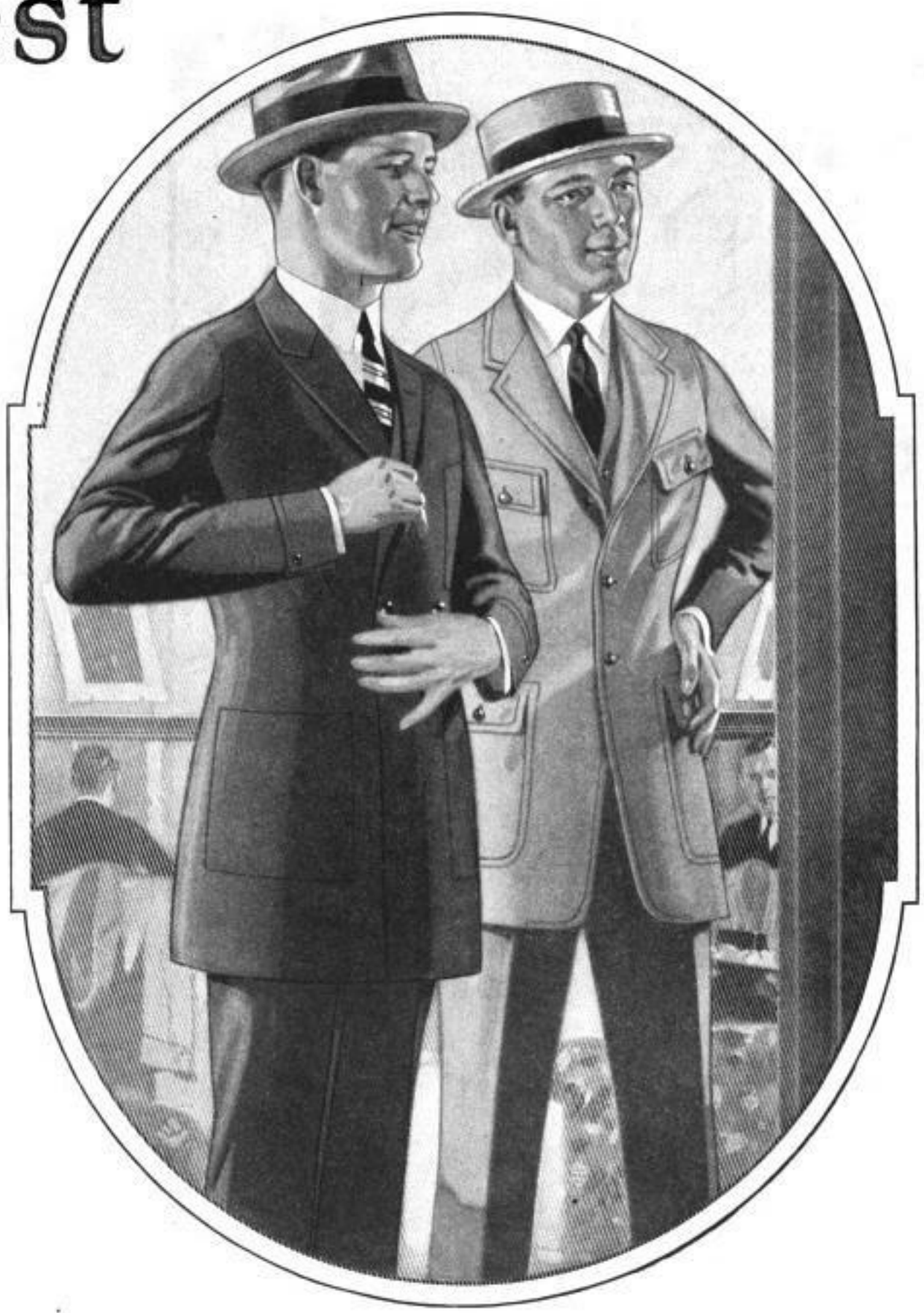
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rotecting the Small Investor

WHERE THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE STANDS

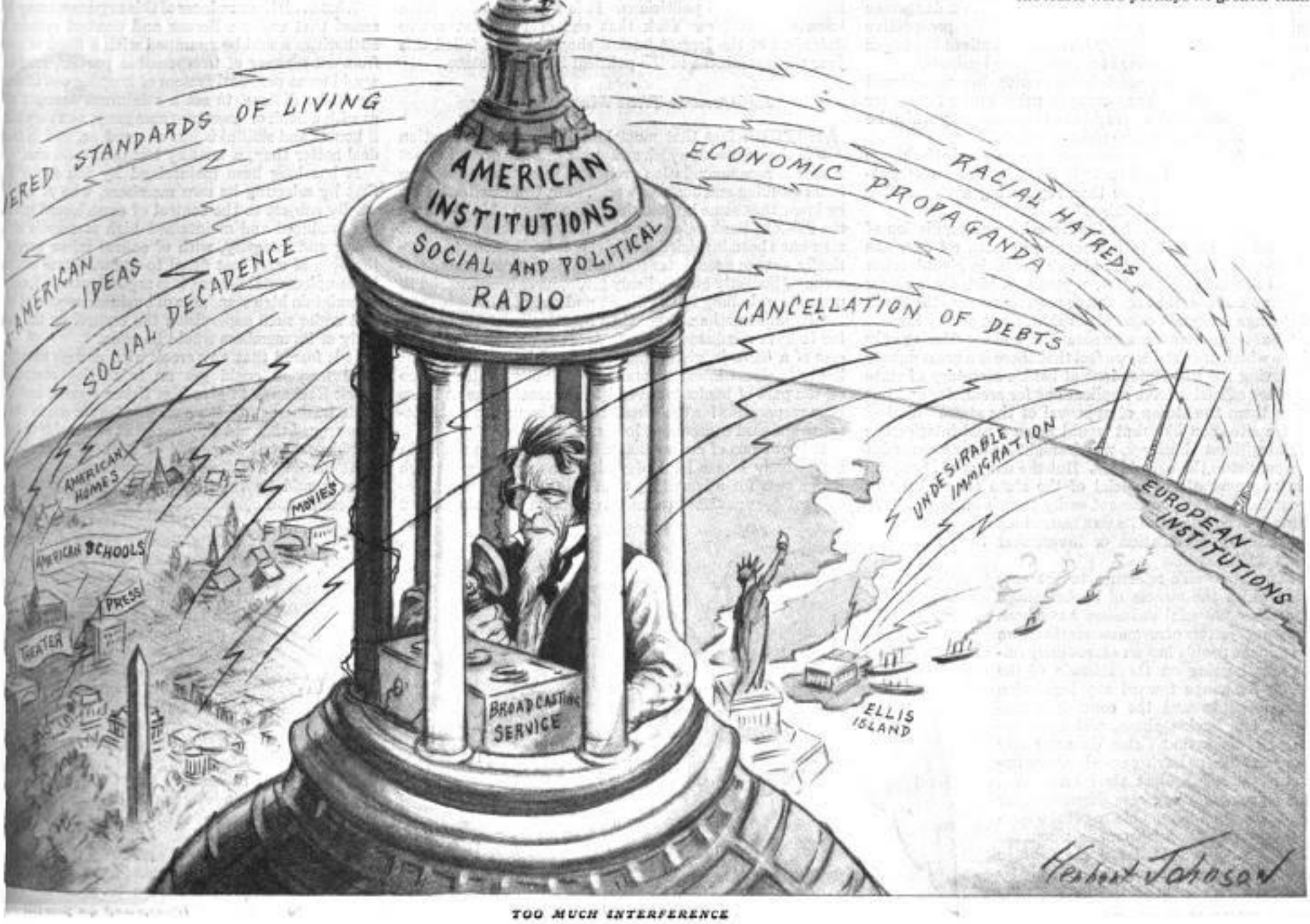
By Albert W. Atwood

question of protecting the small inves- is not only one of permanent economic ortance but has a continued personal rest for millions of individuals. The s been discussed many times from many viewpoints. High wages during the e Liberty Loans created new armies of stock and bond holders. The great boom of 1919 carried with it the flotation of thousands of new stocks. Now subject is up again in most insistent form because of the failure in the early year of between fifty and a hundred stock-brokerage lew York City alone. Though many of these were ers carried on the most extensive operations and several cases, with liabilities amounting to millions. are so many ways in which money may be lost and the purchase of stocks, and so many plans and protecting the small buyer, that one hardly knows egin. But an essential fact is that the largest single r securities, and especially for this country is the New York Stock . The 1100 members of that body rized to deal in bonds with a par value of more than $37,000,000,000 and stocks of a par value of nearly $18,500,000,000, in addition to nearly 32,000,000 shares of stock without par value.



The brokers who belong to the Stock Exchange are members of 437 different firms, ranging from comparatively small and unimportant partnerships up to J. P. Morgan & Co. itself. In the public mind the Stock Exchange is almost synonymous with the words "Wall Street." To a large extent the public looks upon the Stock Exchange and all manner of promoters, stock salesmen and brokers as part of the same piece of financial machinery of which the Stock Exchange is the essential cog. The Stock Exchange is blamed no doubt for many evils for which it is not responsible, but on the other hand it is by far and away the chief link in the chain by which securities reach the hands of the public.

Thus the first and most natural approach to the subject of protecting the small investor is to discover the attitude of the Stock Exchange. It is true that among the stock brokers who failed in recent months only a very small fraction were members of the Stock Exchange. It is true also that though severe losses have been sustained in the purchase of Stock Exchange securities in the last few years the losses were perhaps no greater than



TOO MUCH INTERFERENCE

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among business operations in general, and certainly the vast flood of get-rich-quick shares which were sold so freely in recent years were only in the rarest instances listed on the Stock Exchange.

But the Stock Exchange is so large and powerful that its responsibilities are correspondingly great. If the small investor is to be safeguarded and the standard of protection raised the Stock Exchange must obviously take the lead. For that reason these questions were put to Seymour L. Cromwell, president of the Stock Exchange:

What specific objection has the Stock Exchange to the regulation of its members by the state banking department or other state authority? Why should brokers, who handle large sums of money, object to being licensed and controlled like banks and other similar institutions?

If the Stock Exchange objects to this sort of treatment, what constructive proposal has it to make regarding the whole question of bucket shops, get-rich-quick stock selling and financial swindling?

Many customers have urged that all brokers be placed under state control, on the ground that the average customer is no more competent to pick out a good sound broker than he is able to choose a strong bank or insurance company. These latter institutions have long been regulated by the state.

Mr. Cromwell replied: "The Stock Exchange is not against legislation which will accomplish good, and there is nobody so thoroughly in favor of such legislation. But the danger of licensing, above all, to me is the lowering of the standard instead of the raising of it."

Objections to Licensing Systems

"WE CONSIDER that it would be a very easy thing for a man to get a license. We have seen an extraordinary amount of that in the personal letters that a lot of these bucket-shop men have received from really prominent persons.

"Now if a man came with letters of that character he could probably get a license, and it would not make much difference who he was. After a man once has a license he can go on doing business until he has been proved guilty. A very complete case would have to be made out against him before the license could be taken away.

"We feel that a man going into the rural districts with a license, with a badge, would carry with him practically the stamp of approval of the state, almost a guaranty from the state, and that a great many very bad brokers and promoters would slip in. We regard that as a dangerous thing. This licensing will not only lull the prospective investor into a false security but it would afford the bogus broker a valuable means of securing new business.

"Moreover, the honest broker with his well-earned reputation dislikes the attempt to substitute a license for reputation and credit. He dislikes the company which he believes such a system would necessitate."

In a recent speech to members of the Stock Exchange President Cromwell said that "licensing doesn't stop fraudulent practices any more than registering a vicious dog will prevent him from biting."

Nearly all proposals for the licensing and regulation of brokers are coupled with a measure of control over the issuance of securities. But Mr. Cromwell in his interview called attention to the fact, regarding which there seems to be no dispute, that the listing requirements of the Stock Exchange are much more strict than those of any law.

"But aside from our own securities and considering only those which are outside, we feel that there is a great danger in having the superintendent of banks, secretary of state or other official receive applications for securities and put upon them the stamp of approval of the state. We feel that a situation like that would mean a real interference with legitimate business, which might be countenanced if it would stop the bad things. But the danger of stamping the approval of the official of the state on an issue of securities is that you cannot easily take it off again. The thing does not stand on its own feet, which an ordinary speculation or investment must do."

Mr. Cromwell's reference to the ease with which the owners of bucket shops and other financial swindlers have been able to get letters of recommendation from prominent people has an exceedingly important bearing on the attitude of the Stock Exchange toward any legislation that looks toward the control of brokers. The bucket shops, which are so-called brokers that either do not really buy securities or having bought them immediately sell against their customers, are in almost every case dependent for existence upon being able to get the quotations of stock prices made upon the floor of the Stock Exchange and nowhere else. Unless these can be had quickly by telegraph or telephone the bucket shop soon goes out of business.

But the Stock Exchange, owing to its autocratic power and perhaps monopolistic character, as well as its freedom from state regulation, is able to deny and does deny its ticker service or quotations to many of those who ask for them. It also frequently rips out the telegraph wires from brokers who are not members of the exchange but who have been granted the ticker service. This is done upon evidence that these brokers are bucketing their orders. Whatever the defects or faults of the Stock Exchange may be, there is not the slightest doubt that it has broken up numerous great and powerful rings of bucket-shop gamblers by the simple and expeditious device of tearing out their wires, as well as those of many individual bucket shops. Indeed, the many brokerage failures in recent months were precipitated by action on the part of the Stock Exchange in depriving what it suspected to be bucket shops of their tickers.

Now it is asserted by the Stock Exchange that many of these bucket shops, and rings or groups of them, have had the most powerful of political backing. Nor is there the slightest doubt that bucket shops, like race tracks, gambling houses, liquor interests and other easy-money forms of business, have had in many instances the support of politicians. Mr. Cromwell says: "We believe that it is greatly to the public benefit for us to have this, you can call it 'autocratic' power, if you want to. We believe we are the last ditch, in the way of defense, against these swindlers. We believe that we are the one agency that the public authorities can use to accomplish what they want, if they want to. When the wires were taken out of one of these houses last year, the pressure that was exercised was such that we are convinced that the cure cannot come from that source"—political control.

"In some of the recent flagrant failures of bucket-shop houses men who had held public office were partners or directors. Any man in the public service who may have even a remote interest financially or otherwise in—let me say—bucket shops or stock-swindling concerns might be able to block the active efforts of honest officials in the enforcement of the law. It has another significant feature in that, if reputable stock exchanges were to be placed under the control of the states through incorporation, not only would their powers of discipline be menaced but they might be subject to demands under threats of interference which would be extremely serious and detrimental to the maintenance of free financial markets."

One does not have to take the word of the Stock Exchange for the existence of strong connecting links between bucket shops and politicians. It is a matter of common knowledge in New York that one of the most active defenders of the largest bucket shop that has failed this year was prominent in the political life of the state.

References That Mean Nothing

ANOTHER fact that must be taken into consideration is the ease with which swindling brokers appear to get letters of recommendation even from men of high standing in the banking and business world. Mr. Cromwell said that he knew that some bucket shops have been able to obtain the finest of bank references. "We know that prominent men have been inveigled into giving introductions to practically chance acquaintances, and in many cases these references, honestly but foolishly given, have been utilized to promote swindling in the Street and out of it.

"It has sometimes seemed to be sufficient for a depositor to have a substantial bank account to justify the officers of a bank in giving him letters of introduction that imply business integrity and responsibility. This failure on the part of banks to investigate character has at times been responsible for the distribution of securities of doubtful value, and consequent losses to the public."

It is obvious of course that a bucket shop can maintain a relatively larger bank deposit or appropriate a much larger sum for advertising than a legitimate broker, because it does not have to use its capital in its business, and therefore can pile it up in a bank to make an showing, or spend it for advertising purposes.

In view of these facts there is a very obvious presented. Many people feel that the Stock is not strict enough in keeping its quotations service out of the hands of irresponsible swindl has been urged to far greater severity in this re other people say that it is an arbitrary and institution when it rips out wires from bucket sho due process of law. The question is whether u control it would be easier or more difficult for t shops to get the stock quotations and ticker ser

In discussing the position of the stockbroker l well laid stress on the fact that the broker is a c and personal agent of his client. Brokers look u position as only slightly removed from the pr relationship of the lawyer or physician, where the of personal character is more important even tha finances. The relation is looked upon as one personal confidence, and there is no profession th posed to guard information regarding the affa clients more jealously than that of the stockbrok

Confidential Relationships

THE position taken by most brokers is that the handle money and securities for their princi handle them not as a bank does, but as a person Very few customers have personal checking acc brokerage firms, and a broker is not supposed t everyone who chooses to come into his office. He for the principals with whom he is willing to ass confidential relationship involved in the employm customers are expected to select as their brokers me they personally know, in whom they have perso fidence and whom they can trust.

In other words, brokers take the position that t less public business than banks or insurance co and for the state to come in and assume supervisio be to substitute forms and red tape for the perso tact that is the whole spirit of the business. The that their position is like that of an executor o personal agent holding property of another, and t a question of personal honesty and character rath of concrete facts in the form of financial statemen balance sheets, that quickly show to the examin insurance company or bank whether such institut insolvent or not.

Whatever the soundness of this argument may be, assert that under a license and control system th authorities would be swamped with a flood of appli from all manner of irresponsible parties, and that would be no practical system of keeping out the cro would be difficult to set a minimum amount of c as with a bank or insurance company, as a very poor if honest and skillful is just as good as, and in fact deal better than, a wealthy but dishonest one.

It has long been maintained by the Stock Ex that by selecting its own members, who at all tim wholly subject to the control of experienced govern has produced and maintained high standards of bu honor and integrity, with of course minor exceptio the eyes of men best fitted to know. State control its complemental license, it is argued, cannot itself pr or maintain high standards of business honor and int and under such supervision the control by the gov body of its members would be gone.

It is feared that any crook with enough money t good lawyers could get an injunction compelling Stock Exchange to give him ticker service, and con to do business until the case was fought out in the c It is argued that not only the swift removal of tickers outside concerns suspected of bucketing but the ex swift discipline of its own members upon frequent sions would be interfered with by all manner of objections and obstacles.

Mr. Cromwell stated that in one o Middle Western States which has a b sky law that has been advertised working well, the exchange has had n trouble with bucket shops using its tic than almost anywhere else, and has to pull out many of them.

It may be argued that the Stock change should take the leadership in ting statutes upon the books that restrict bucket shops, get-rich-quick erations and bogus investments generally and that its failure to do so has been important reason for the growth of su parasites. Mr. Cromwell spoke of t blue-sky laws as cumbersome and as bei obstacles to the distribution of honest securities.

He also expressed the view that m of these laws have not yet accom plished enough to make them a mat

(Continued on Page 131)



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NE CROWDED HOUR



"Sending You Down to the Cabin at a Moment When I Knew He Would be There. So That You Might Catch Him"

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

RANNEY lived on the road from Harbor to Fraternity, some eight from the bay. He was, at the which I write, a man fifty-seven , and his life had been as completely ul as life can be. He had never adventure, had never suffered a ohe, had never achieved any great d never even been called upon to particularly poignant grief. He was born in the here he still lived and save for one trip to Portland er crossed the county line. He married the daughman whose farm lay on the other side of Fraterhe was not particularly pretty at any time; and never any passion for her, though he had always r well enough, and had always been kind. His nd mother lived till he was in his forties, then ceably in their beds. He had been a child of their rs, and before they died they had become almost tely helpless, so that he felt it was time for them He and his wife had three children, all of whom maturity. The oldest, a girl, married an East boy who later moved to Augusta; the other two, ent to Augusta to work in a factory there, pre- the ordered hours of confined toil to the long and r tasks upon the farm.

and then Jeff's wife departed to visit her daughter, him to keep bachelor hall alone. He managed tably enough; his life, then as always, followed a dered and familiar routine. He rose at daylight, for his stock, made his own breakfast, did whatever ay before him for the day, finished his chores before supper at night, washed the dishes, read the evepaper till he fell asleep in his chair, and then went to Now and then in the spring and summer months he time to catch a mess of trout; now and then in the winter he shot a partridge or a rabbit. When there circus in East Harbor, or a fair, he went to town for ay. When there was a dance in the Grange Hall he is wife had used to go; but they had long since ceased frivolities.

ff's farm was well kept; he had a profitable orchard, ows were of good stock. When the price of feed made nterprise worth while he raised a few pigs. There was ortgage on the farm, his taxes were paid, he owed no , his buildings were in good condition, he owned a ndhand automobile and a piano, and he had some few dred dollars in the bank. It is fair to say that by the dards of the community in which he lived he was a sperous man. He was also a just man, and he had a ire sense and wit which his neighbors respected.

the November day, some years before this time of which pose to write, he woke early and looked from his hen window and saw a deer feeding on the windfalls in rchard. He shot the animal through the open win- ; and the spike horns, still attached to a fragment of skull, were kept on the marble-topped table in the er of the farmhouse. The shooting of this deer was most exciting, the most interesting thing that had ever happened to Jeff until that series of incidents in which romance and drama were so absorbingly mingled, and which is to be here set down.

It was a day in October. He had planned to go down into his woodlot and manufacture stove wood, to be stored for use during the winter that was still twelve months away. But when he awoke in the morning a cold rain was lashing his window, and a glance at the sky assured him the rain would continue all that day. He decided to postpone the outdoor task. A few errands in town wanted doing, so he put before his animals sufficient water for their needs till night, threw a thing or two into the tonneau of his car, secured the curtains, cranked the engine and started for East Harbor. Since the road was muddy and somewhat rutted, and he had no chains, it was necessary for him to drive slowly; and his late start made it almost noon when he slid down the steep and muddy hill into the town. He parked his car at an angle in the middle of the street and went to the restaurant presided over by Bob Bumpass for his midday meal. Eating at a restaurant on his trips to town was one of the things Jeff accounted luxuries.

Bob, fat and amiable as a Mine Host out of Dickens, asked Jeff what he wanted; and Jeff ordered Regular Dinner Number Three: Vegetable soup, fried haddock, pie and coffee; thirty-five cents. Not till he had given his order did Jeff perceive that a certain excitement was in the air.

There were two other customers having lunch near where he sat. One was Dolph Bullen, whose haberdashery was among the most prosperous of East Harbor mercantile establishments; the other was the chief of police, Sam Gallop, a wordy man. Bob Bumpass, having taken Jeff's order and served his soup, leaned against the counter to talk with these two men. Jeff perceived that Sam was telling over again a story that had evidently been told before.

"Yes, sir," said Sam, "he came right along when I took a hold of him. And he had the necklace in a kind of a leather case in his pocket the whole time."

"You took him right off the Boston boat, didn't you?" Dolph asked.

"Yep," said Sam. "Right out of his stateroom. He had his suitcase open on the bunk when I knocked on the door. I didn't wait for him to let me in. Just opened her right up and went in; and he looked at me kind of impudent; and he says, 'Hullo,' he says. 'What's the matter?' Cool as you want."

"He come in here one day this summer, when the yacht was in here," Bob commented. "I kind of liked his looks."

Sam shook his head ponderously. "Them's the worst kind. But he didn't fool me."

"Name's Gardner, isn't it?" Dolph asked.

Bob nodded. "Frank Gardner. He's worked for old Viles for six-seven years, he said."

The chief of police was not willing that his part in the affair should be forgotten. He was a round-faced, bald, easy-going man; but he knew his rights, knew that in this drama which had been played he had a leading rôle.

"I says to him, 'Matter enough,'" he continued importantly. "'I got a warrant for you,' I says. And he asked me what for; and I told him for stealing Mrs. Viles' jewels. He got red enough at that, and mad looking, I'll tell you. And he started to say something. But I shut him up. 'You can tell that to someone else,' I says. 'My job's to take you up to jail.' Then he asked who swore out the warrant; and I told him old Viles did; and at that he shut up like a clam, and snapped his suitcase shut, and came along. I found the things when I went through his clothes, up't the jail."

He had more to tell, and when Bob Bumpass had brought Jeff his fried haddock and resumed his place as auditor Sam took up the telling. How Leander Viles had come to him, demanding the arrest of his secretary; how he had insisted that the millionaire swear out a warrant; how incensed Viles had become at this insistence.

"I'll tell you," said Sam emphatically, "he got right purple, till I thought the man'd burst; and he sort of fell down in a chair, grabbing at his chest; and then he got white as can be."

Dolph nodded. "Men like him, big and fat, and full of whisky all the time—they go that way. He's got a temper too. Some day when he's good and mad that heart of his will crack on him."

Their talk continued, and Jeff continued to listen. In any issue it is instinctive for mankind to take sides. Dolph and Bob Bumpass were inclined to think a mistake had been made. "I don't believe he aimed to steal that necklace at all," said Bob; and Jeff found himself agreeing with the restaurant man. The three were still discussing the matter when Jeff finished his pie, paid his score and went his way.

His errands kept him busy all that afternoon. An ax handle, two or three pounds of nails, four feet of strap iron and a box of shells from the hardware store; a pair of overalls from Dolph Bullen; oatmeal, coffee, sugar and salt from the grocer; a bag of feed from the hay and grain market at the foot of the street. These errands were attended with much casual conversation, chiefly concerned with the arrest of the jewel thief. Late in the afternoon Jeff sought out Ed Whalen, who dealt in coal and wood, and made a deal by which Ed would buy from him a dozen cords of stove wood, to be delivered while snow was on the

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ground. Ed's office was near the water front; and when Jeff came out he perceived the Viles yacht at her anchorage a little above the steamboat wharf. Jeff studied the craft for a while admiringly, and he wondered how much she had cost. "As much as my whole farm," he guessed. "Or mebbe more."

Night was coming swiftly; the lights aboard the yacht were turned on while he stood there, and her portholes appeared like round and luminous eyes. He could dimly see a sailor or two, in oilskins, under the deck lamps. Rain was still falling, cold and implacable. "Guess the folks that live on her are keeping dry, inside," he hazarded. He tried to picture to himself their manner of life, so different from his own, as he went back up the hill toward where he had left his car.

A farmer from Winterport, whom he had not seen for years, halted him on the corner above Dolph's store, and they talked together for a space in the shelter of the entrance to the bank. A whistle down the harbor announced the coming of the Boston boat; and before they separated another whistle told of her departure. Then Jeff had trouble cranking his car. He had forgotten to cover the hood, and the ignition wires and plugs were wet. One cylinder caught at last; and then another; and finally all four. He had already loaded in his purchases on the floor and seat of the tonneau. The bag of feed lay along the seat.

The Winterport man had reported that the steamship line would make a new rate for apples by the barrel to Boston that fall; and Jeff decided to go down to the wharf and make inquiries. He parked his car on the edge of the wharf, in the lee of the freight sheds, and this time threw an old rubber blanket over the hood to keep the plugs dry, before turning toward the office. With the departure of the boat, business hereabouts was done for the day; and save for a light in the office, and another on the pier toward shore, the wharf was dark. Jeff's errand occupied some ten minutes' time; and while he was inside a fiercer squall of rain burst over the harbor. He could hear the water drumming on the roof.

When the squall had passed he returned to his car and took the blanket off the hood and threw it into the dark cavern of the tonneau, then cranked the engine and turned around and started home. His lights, run from the magneto, were dim and uncertain; his attention was all upon the road. The car skidded and slid and slued and bumped; but it came to no disaster. He drove into his own barn toward seven o'clock in the evening, and left his purchases untouched while he went into the house to change into overalls, so that he might do his chores.

When he came back into the barn he saw someone standing motionless beside the machine. He lifted the lantern which he carried, so that its light flooded the still figure, and perceived that the person who stood there, facing him, was a woman.

This woman, in these surroundings, was an amazing apparition. Against the background of his old hayrick, still half full of hay, Jeff saw her outlined. She wore a sailor's oilskin coat, buttoned about her throat; and beneath the skirts of the draggled coat he glimpsed slim silk-clad ankles and badly soiled white satin pumps. She wore no hat; her hair was wet and all awry; and there was a thin streak of blood from a scratch upon her temple that had trickled down across the bridge of her nose in a slanting direction. Yet in spite of these difficulties he perceived that she was very beautiful.

At sight of her Jeff had stopped in his tracks and still stood motionless with surprise, the lantern in his lifted hand. The woman's white fingers fumbled nervously at the fastenings of the oilskin coat she wore; she waited for a moment in silence; but when he did not speak she nodded in an uneasy little way and stammeringly said to him, "Good evening!" Her voice was full and throaty and pleasantly modulated.

Jeff replied, "Howdo!"

She began to speak very rapidly.

"You're probably wondering how I came here. I was in your car. On the floor of the back seat. Almost crushed. That big bag fell off the seat on top of me when you hit that terrible bump. It banged my head down on a piece of iron. I'm afraid it has bled a little. I was almost smothered. The road was so rough."

She was panting as though she had run a race; and Jeff watched her steadfastly for a moment, and then, for sheer relief from his astonishment, gripped the commonplace with both hands.

"You better come in the house and wash up," he told her slowly, "and get warm. I guess you're kind of wet."

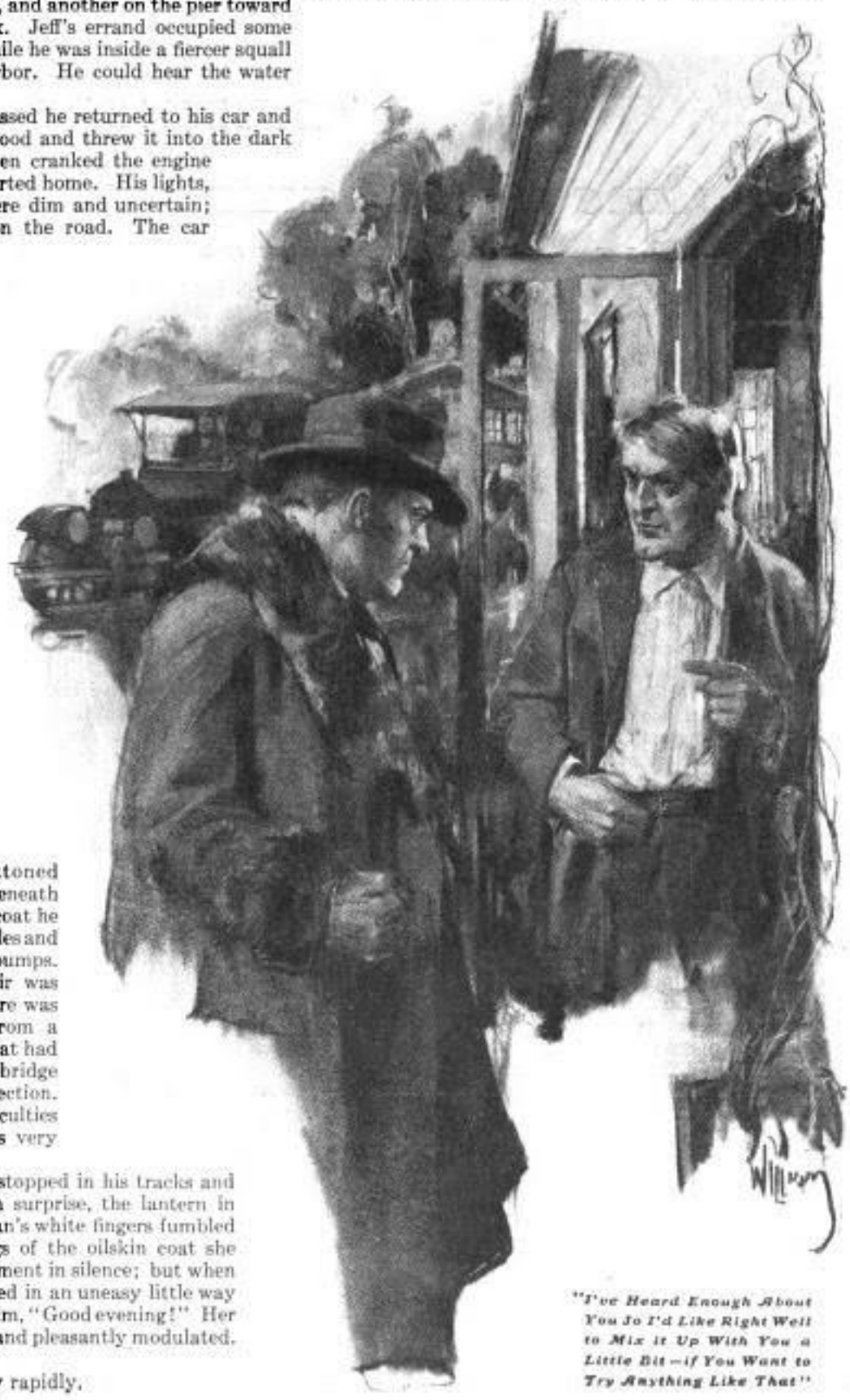
She nodded. "Yes. I'd like that. I'd like to do that."

He perceived that she was fighting for self-control, putting down the revolt of jangling nerves.

"Come through here, ma'am," he bade her, and led the way through the woodshed and into the kitchen. There he set his lantern on the table and brought fresh water from the pump. "I've been away since morning," he explained. "The water in the tank is cold. You want to wait till I heat some up?"

She shook her head. "This will do finely."

He went through into the bedroom and returned with a heavy porcelain bowl, which he set in the sink, removing the granite-ware washbasin. The woman had sunk down limply in a chair beside the table. Jeff, careful not to distress her by his scrutiny, unwrapped a fresh bar of soap, brought out a clean towel. Then with half a dozen motions he threw shavings and bits of kindling into the stove, touched a match to them, laid a stick or two of hardwood atop. "That'll warm the kitchen up pretty quick," he told her. He understood that she wished to be alone, yet was not sure what he should do. At last he said awkwardly, "I'll be doing the chores," and lighted a lamp for her, then took the lantern and departed through the shed again.



"I've Heard Enough About You So I'd Like Right Well to Mix it Up With You a Little Bit—if You Want to Try Anything Like That"

When he had gone only a few steps he stoppe ered, then returned and knocked upon the doo which he had come out. She bade him enter; he did so he found her on her feet, unfastening black coat.

"You could go into the bedroom," he said te

She shook her head, smiling gratefully. "I'm is fine. But I would like a comb."

"I'll get my wife's for you," he replied; and to her. Mrs. Ranney was a good housekeeper; was as clean as new. "Would there be anything asked when she had thanked him for it.

"No. But you're very kind to me."

"I'll get the chores done," he replied uncomfort this time departed in good earnest to the barn.

When he had fed and watered the stock, findi in the familiar routine, he removed his purchases car. Saw where the woman had crouched on The rubber blanket which he had thrown in at must have fallen across her back; the heavy sac might well have crushed her. "Lucky she wa hurt," he told himself. He was full of speculatio questions, half dazed with wonder. Women of su as this were as though they lived in another world, was in his kitchen now.

It was necessary for him to go back to the hou the milking pails. Again he knocked upon the d the woman bade him come in. She had laid aside skins; he was not able at once to understand just was she wore. A dress, but of a sort unfamiliar to He had seen magazine pictures of such things. An gown, décolletté. Her hair was loose in a wav about her smooth shoulders, and she was leanin the stove.

"I'm sorry," she apologized, flushing with so fusion. "I'm trying to get it dry."

He would have backed out of the kitchen. "I'm hurry, ma'am."

But she cried warmly, "No, no, it's all right. Co

"I come to get the milk pails," he explained. "I them out this morning." He took them from the d board at one end of the sink. "I'll go milk now."

She asked diffidently, "Can't I be starting supp you're doing that?"

Jeff smiled faintly. "I'm used to cooking. *I* know the things are."

"I can cook," she assured him. "What are we g have for supper?" She was beginning to see some in the situation.

"Why I just figured to scramble some eggs, and coffee," Jeff confessed. "The things are in the pan through the dining room," he added.

"I'll have supper all ready when you come back promised.

He said reluctantly, "Well, all right," and left her

When he returned, half an hour later, he found h hair in a loose braid, wearing one of his wife's aprons about the kitchen table. "I've everything ready, told him, "but I waited, so that things would be sli hot."

"I got to separate the milk first," he explained.

She nodded and, while he performed that oper busied herself with egg beater and mixing bowl. He the cream down cellar, set the skim milk in the shed fo hogs. When he had washed his hands and face she moned him to supper in the dining room. She had ma omelet and toast, and her coffee was better than his. ate with the silent intentness of a hungry man. After she insisted on washing the dishes, while he read, fit enough, yet with an appearance of absorption, the p that had been left that afternoon in the mail box b the door. There was something grotesquely domest the situation, and Jeff's pulses were pounding with wo at it all.

He had asked the woman no single question. Th were a thousand questions he desired to ask, but an in delicacy restrained him. The glamour of the hour dazed this man; his senses were confused. There wa unreality about the whole experience. The dishes, rat in the sink, sounded no differently than when his m washed them. The illusion that it was his wife who l come home in this guise had for a moment dominion o him. The lines of newsprint staggered and swam bef his inattentive eyes. He wondered, wondered, wonder But he asked no question of his guest.

When she had finished her self-appointed task and en into the dining room where he was sitting she seemed expect a catechism; but Jeff kept his eyes upon his pap as a man clings to a safe anchorage, till at last she w forced to speak.

"I've been expecting you to question me," she sa uncertainly.

Jeff looked up at her then and found some reassuran in the fact that the silence was thus broken. "I've bee expecting you'd tell me without asking," he said, smilin faintly at her.

"I ought to," she nodded. "But there's so much to tel and it must sound so incredible to you. I hid in your ca

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harf, blindly, not knowing who you were. I had
vay; wanted to get away. Anywhere. To hide.
le while. I can pay you." She spoke uncertainly,
; to give offense.
ook his head good-humoredly. "I don't run a
house, ma'am."
re to find some place where I can stay."
s thoughtfully silent for a little, then asked, "How

n't know. Perhaps only a little while."
ss you can stay here a while," he said.
spoke of your wife?" she suggested.
visiting my daughter, over in Augusta," Jeff ex-
"Won't be back for a week anyways. I reckon
sier for you if she was here; but you're welcome
."
oked down helplessly at the gown she wore. "It
ad thing to do," she whispered, half to herself.
sed what she was thinking.
kon you could wear some of my wife's things," he
d.
e you room for me?"
were two bedrooms on the ground floor of the farm-
but he thought she would prefer a measure of
. "I can make the bed in the room upstairs," he

n't your neighbors be surprised that I am here?"
onsidered that for a long time in silence, till she
o be afraid the obstacle was insuperable. Then his
hted with recollection, and he said slowly, "My
moved to California and married there, and his
been talking about coming to see us. We can let
re her."
cried with sudden friendly warmth in her tones,
e ever so kind to me. I appreciate it. Your taking
o unquestioningly."
at's all right," he told her.
going to take you at your word," she exclaimed.
oing to stay."

II

RANNEY was a man habituated to routine; he naturally into a regular way of doing even irregular The next morning his life was on the surface as it ways been. He rose to his chores, returned to his ast, went into the woodlot and set about the task postponed the day before. The woman cooked ast and did the work about the kitchen that his wife have done. It would have been easy for any out- o accept as fact her pretended status as Jeff's niece California.

Jeff was not deceived by the apparent normality s new existence. The man was immensely curious her, absorbed in the mystery which she personified. oughts all that day were full of conjectures, full of heses, formed and as quickly thrown away. One he clung to as probable fact. It seemed to him cer- he had come ashore from that yacht which he had lying in East Harbor the night before; had come e as one who flees. But to the questions who she be and why she had fled, he found a thousand an- and accepted none of them.

e question of her identity was solved that night, for e first page of his Boston paper a headline caught his It read thus:

MILLIONAIRE VILES'
WIFE IS A SUICIDE

s eyes moved down the closely printed column, intent ach word. Save for journalistic padding the first graph told the story:

ST HARBOR, ME., Oct. 18—Lucia Viles, wife of Leander , the millionaire banker, committed suicide here last night owning. She left the Viles yacht, which is anchored in the or, in a small rowboat, at a moment when a heavy squall of had driven the crew to shelter; and it is presumed that she w herself into the water as soon as she had reached a suffi- distance so that she would not be seen. The tide was ing out; and the rowboat was picked up by an incoming rman early this morning, down below the bell buoy, three s from the yacht's anchorage. The body has not been re- ed. Mr. Viles, millionaire husband of the dead woman, to-day that she had been subject to fits of melancholy for e time.

eff read this while his guest was washing the dishes r supper. She had thrown herself zealously into these usehold tasks, as though her overstrained nerves found ef in them. When she came into the dining room after- rd he laid the paper down in such a manner that she ot see the headline which had caught his eye.

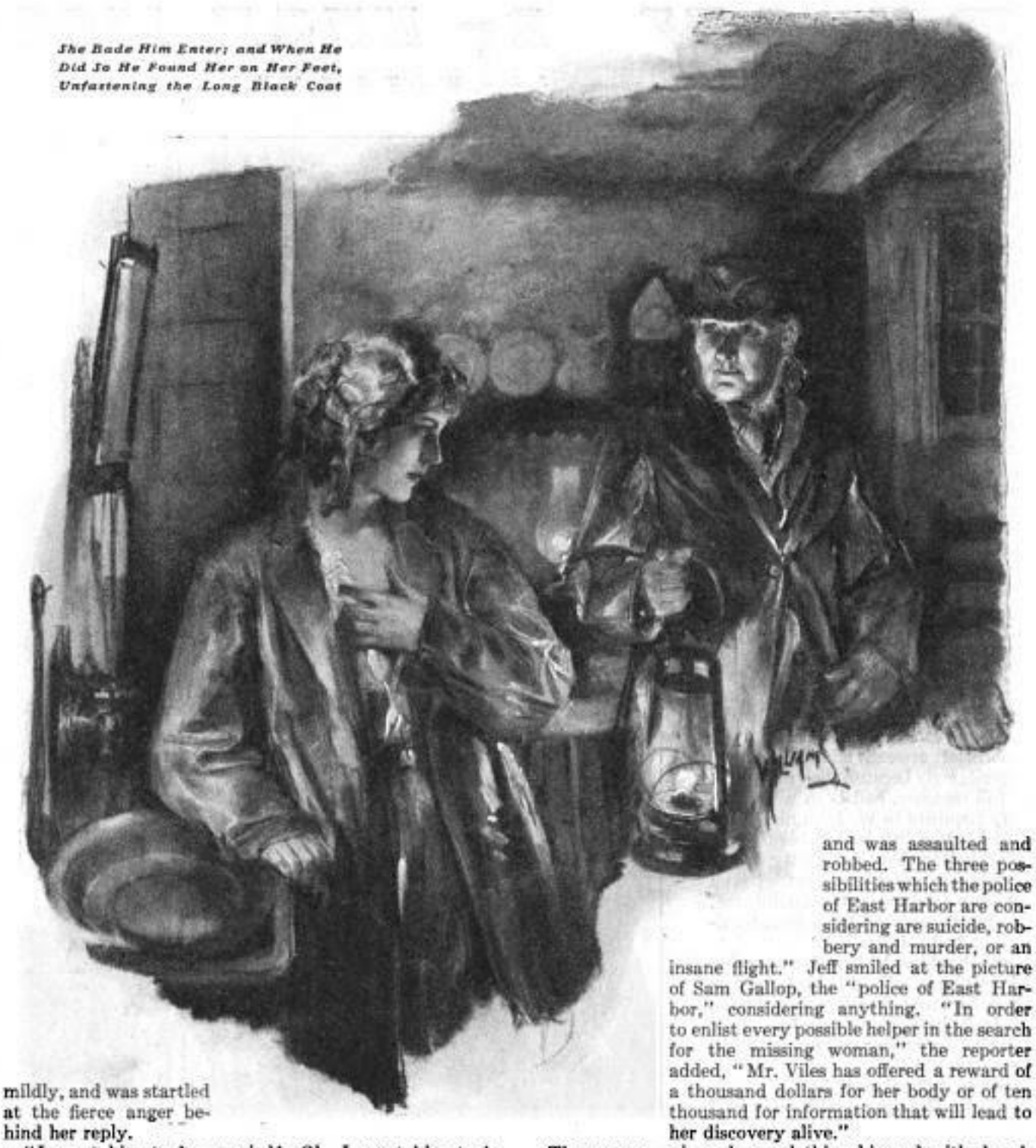
She did see it, caught up the paper, read hurriedly, ded up when she was done, to find him watching her.

"You've read it?" she asked. He nodded. "I didn't ink they'd have it in the papers," she cried, as though alled at what she had done.

"Guess you didn't make your boat fast when you ded," Jeff suggested.

She shook her head. "No. I pushed it off. I hoped ey would think this."

He studied her, surprised and thoughtful. "Won't your sband be kind of worried about you?" he suggested



She Bade Him Enter; and When He Did So He Found Her on Her Feet, Unfastening the Long Black Coat

mildly, and was startled at the fierce anger behind her reply.

"I want him to be worried! Oh, I want him to be tortured!" she cried, and became absorbed once more in that which was printed on the page before her. "'The body has not been recovered,'" she read aloud after a moment; and with a quick change of mood laughed at him, shuddering faintly. "It does give me a creepy feeling," she said.

"I should think it might," Jeff assented mildly. "Yes, I should think it would."

She was wearing a gingham dress belonging to his wife, which he had found at her request. Now, sitting across the table from him, she began to tremble and to laugh in nervous bursts of sound.

Jeff asked, "What's the matter? What you laughing at?"

"I can't stop," she told him helplessly. "It just strikes me as funny. I can't help laughing. If I didn't laugh I should cry. They think I'm dead. Dead!" The word was high pitched, almost like a scream.

Jeff had seen feminine hysteria before; he said sternly, "You got to stop. Now you be still."

The woman controlled herself at once, nodding reassuringly. "Yes, I'll be still. I will be still," she promised. "You won't let them find me here, will you? You won't let them know I'm here?"

"Andy Wattles stopped here this morning, in the truck," Jeff answered. "I told him you'd come. He'd heard me say you was thinking of coming. It was safest to tell him."

"But I wasn't thinking of coming!" she cried, appalled.

"My brother's girl from California was," he reminded her; and she nodded over and over, as a child nods, to show her understanding and her acquiescence. Her trembling had ceased; her fright was passing. She went to bed at last, somewhat reassured.

But the paper next day, in even larger headlines, announced that doubt was cast upon the theory that she was a suicide.

"Mr. Viles," the reporter wrote, "said to-day he thought it possible his wife might have become temporarily insane; that she was subject to hours of extreme nervous depression. It is known that she took a considerable sum of money from a safe in her cabin before she left the yacht. It is possible that she went ashore upon some errand and was assaulted and robbed. The three possibilities which the police of East Harbor are considering are suicide, robbery and murder, or an insane flight." Jeff smiled at the picture of Sam Gallop, the "police of East Harbor," considering anything. "In order to enlist every possible helper in the search for the missing woman," the reporter added, "Mr. Viles has offered a reward of a thousand dollars for her body or of ten thousand for information that will lead to her discovery alive."

The woman, when she read this, shivered with dread. "They will find me," she told Jeff wearily. "Oh, I hoped they would believe me dead."

"I dunno as they'll find you," Jeff argued. "They're not apt to look out this way. They're more likely to think you headed for Boston or somewheres."

"It's hopeless," she insisted. "I think you'd better go tell them where I am, and get the money. The ten thousand dollars. Some good will come out of it, that way. I'd like you to have the money. You've been kind to me."

The man laughed reassuringly. "Shucks, ma'am," he said. "What would I do with a lot of money like that? It's no good except to buy things with, and I've got more things than I can take care of now. Don't you fret yourself. They ain't going to find you, ma'am."

"Everyone knows I'm here. Those women who came to-day ——" She moved her hands drearily. "Someone will tell."

Jeff shook his head. "No, they won't. That was Will Bissell's wife and Mrs. McAusland. They heard from the store that you was here; and they'd heard my wife say you was coming."

"Oh, they must have seen that I was ——" She paused, unwilling to hurt him.

"Different from us folks?" he asked, smiling at her understandingly. "Well, California folks are different from people around here. They'd have thought it was funny if you was like us."

"And my wearing your wife's dress."

"I told 'em your trunk was lost. You had to have something to work around the house in."

She was, in the end, unwillingly persuaded to a more hopeful point of view. But when she had gone up the stairs to her room Jeff sat for a long time, turning the newspaper in his hands, reading over and over that which was written there. She was so beautiful, so much more beautiful than anyone he had ever seen; and the gown she wore when she came to the farm had stamped itself upon his visual memory as a part of her beauty. That a reward of ten thousand dollars should have been offered for her discovery did not surprise Jeff; though it added to the glamour which cloaked her in his eyes.

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PLAY

By HUGH MACNAIR KAHLE

ILLUSTRATED BY HUBERT MATHI

AS USUAL, W. John Simpson met disillusion halfway. He confronted his tardy enlightenment with a correctly cynical amusement, his chagrin almost exactly counterbalanced by the satisfaction of a triumphant inner "I told you so" addressed to that other Mr. Simpson who had once written it William J.

Edith had not justified the expectations of this artless fellow; the shrewd and sardonic W. John had never expected that she would.

He surveyed her now, impersonally, aloof, observing that his prolonged silence did not disturb her, that she was content to hear the nervous clock, the whit-whit-whit of the gas grate, her attention engaged with her seam, her lips puckered, her brows drawn faintly together. She no longer required conversation, his conversation. His smile became perceptibly acid. They were all alike.

In a way, he had known from the very beginning, had been accessory before and during the fact to his own deception. It was a pity too. Outwardly Edith left so little to be desired. He catalogued the items of this superficial appeal, admitting them ungrudgingly because their existence, in full measure, had been a preliminary requisite to W. John Simpson's notice. If Edith hadn't been something better than just pretty, if she hadn't been amiable and, in the trivial exchanges of nascent acquaintance, clever, there would have been no illusions to be destroyed.

He shouldered his just proportion of the blame. He'd helped her persuade him that she was different; she couldn't have convinced him if he hadn't been willing—eager, even—to be convinced.

She met his glance above the needlework. Her lips relaxed and curved slowly. He admitted that she had a jolly smile. "Tired, John?"

He nodded. He realized suddenly that he was very tired, tired of the whole silly quest. That very speech, for instance—he classified it savagely. Maternal, proprietary, without excuse. Just because he had fancied that a fellow could play about with her a bit she assumed a vested interest in him. Her property.

"You shouldn't do it! You're just slaving for that Mr. McIntyre. He doesn't appreciate you either. You ought to take care of yourself."

He held a bitter smile in decent leash. There it was, naked and shameless, if a fellow needed any better proof. She might just as well have added "because you belong to me now." They all got that way. Sooner or later, no matter how frivolously they began, they got that look in their eyes, that possessive quality in their voices, that tenderly superior attitude. And if you hadn't been on your guard, hadn't been wary and watched your step, they could make it stick too.

They couldn't remember that it was just play. That was the whole trouble. No matter how it started they always ended by taking it in dull, deadly earnest. And even when your conscience was absolutely clear they could make you feel like a desperate cad for not taking it in earnest too. A fellow was a fool to jolly himself with that old dream of finding a girl who could keep on playing, who didn't want young slender romance to grow old and fat and stupid. There wasn't any such girl. They were all alike.

"Of course I believe in working with all your might." Edith rethreaded her needle. "But you oughtn't to overdo it. Night work's bad for you—and you've stayed at that old office five evenings in two weeks!"

"Got some new accounts—keep us all hustling at first."

He achieved a passable counterfeit of a smile. She'd counted! She thought she had a right to keep tabs on his evenings! It was about time he got his eyes open.

"It's not as if they paid you extra either."

A finger on the purse strings too! He realized suddenly that she'd been vetoing nearly all expensive fun lately. They'd been going to movies instead of plays, eating afterwards at some soda fountain, dining at dinky Italian joints; she chose the Subway instead of taxicabs. Oh, she'd given him warning, sure enough. Her signals had flown in plain sight. And if she hadn't practically told him to-night he might have let it go on for weeks—might have got himself jammed in a corner.



She Thought She Had a Right to Keep Tabs on His Evenings! It Was About Time He Got His Eyes Open

He came to his feet, moved by an instinct of escape.

"I do feel all in. Guess I didn't realize it. Been holding my nose against the old grindstone pretty steadily, for a fact. Bad company. Better go home and catch up on sleep."

She let him go too willingly. He almost stumbled on the stairs. His feet wanted to run. That was a near thing—nearer than usual. If he'd happened to ask her what she was making! He shivered at the recollection of that impulse, arrested just in time.

It was always like this. You'd think you'd found one at last—found a girl who could play the game and stop at that—be a good comrade, dabble delightfully in sentimental shallows—and the first thing you knew she had you sitting by a fire and watching her hem dish towels.

It was lucky that he'd been working late. He could stay at the office every evening for a couple of weeks, and then taper down gently on any surviving intimacy, avoiding anything like a fuss.

Of course she'd be sore. Probably in private she'd cry about it, and see that he guessed as much when they met—try to make him feel guilty. They all did that. He scrutinized his word and deed in accurate retrospect, confirming his stainless innocence of anything, overt or implied, which could justify dish towels. And yet he couldn't help feeling rather mean about it. That was the worst of these disappointments: you couldn't even count on your own moral support.

Well, it was over anyway. That was settled. And he ought to be convinced, now, that there wasn't any pot of gold at the end of that rainbow. You could dream about a girl who took romance temperately, but there weren't any real ones who did, except those who only pretended to like it. To the rest it was just a habit-forming drug. They wanted it in ever-increasing doses, until even in sickening quantities it failed to stimulate, and merely narcotized.

Edith, for instance. At first made her gleam and sparkle; there was just a steady unea glow. And, at the last of it, t fire and dish towels!

No, when it came to re women were either total abstai hopeless topers. They couldn' it or leave it, couldn't learn to the taste instead of craving the e

He sighed deeply as he turn his collar against a nipping win the river. It was a frightful Taken sparingly sentiment glorious intoxicant, but you co drink alone, and for compan must choose between girls wh feigned a taste for it and girls it inevitably stupefied. There any sense in hoping that you'd day find the ideal playmate. only let yourself in for—for dish-towel look if you tried to for her.

The dream brightened as it its reluctant flight. Only su that such a girl existed—a girl took it truly and yet lightly, could enjoy the shallows with sire for the depths; a girl, fo stance, who could regard a kiss detached and pleasurable ineid with none of the train of implica which silly custom had append it. Only suppose—but it was b to stop supposing, once for all. you gave such dreams a lodgi your fancy they'd surely lead t tempts at their translation to re Still, suppose ——

He shook his head impatie Better get all that nonsense ou his head for keeps. Plenty of o things to think about. Miller, fo stance, of the Miller Electric. I could just get under Miller's s ever so little. He could be sold, anybody else, if you could find what went on behind that fr face. And a new contract like t would settle things at the office, too, put a fellow on a d nite footing as an out-and-out salesman, with a draw account against commissions instead of a static salary.

That was the idea. If you must dream, dream ab something attainable instead of wasting your imagina on impossibilities. One reason he hadn't got ahead fa at this advertising job was probably right there. If h cut out this wild notion of finding the ideal girl he mi have had an interest in the McIntyre agency by now.

In this light he regarded the closed episode of Ed with a new malevolence. She'd distracted his attenti from his work, just when he had his first crack at selling t Served him right though. Maybe he'd believe now th they were all alike.

It was a pity though. You were only young a little wh and if there were a girl who —— He set his foot brutal on the persistent vision. Of course there wasn't any su girl.

II

SUPERFICIALLY—he compelled himself to insert th adverb against an incautious impulse—superficial this girl undoubtedly measured up. Not just looks either there were thousands of them who struck agreeably on th optic nerve; this was deeper than that, though still a affair of the surface, to be sure. Class. You could alway tell that when you saw it if you'd trained your eye t recognize the counterfeits. A blend of health and wit an charm with something that was neither hereditary no yet acquired—a clear and confident eye, neither bold, inquisitive nor coldly disinterested; a direct, unstudie speech, with the effect of words used like arrows, instantly chosen, accurately aimed; that cunning harmony of dress too, presenting itself as a unit instead of an assembly—al these things had a share in it, and were yet merely symp toms of it, external indicia, not the thing itself.

There was fun behind that mouth, too, or W. John Simpson was no judge at all. That was the most important single factor, when you came right down to it, that gift of humor which could grin back at life's flat old jokes. Perhaps, after all, this girl ——

He jerked savagely at a mental curb. Playing the fool again, with the bill for the latest folly still to pay! Just

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e'd run into a new girl who was reasonably good
, seemingly intelligent, probably a nice, jolly sort,
t to know her! Dora Willet. Straightforward,
names, but to W. John Simpson names only.
he know about her except that she'd illustrated
catalogue with rather decent photographs?
he ever get rid of that obsession?
d them myself," she was saying in that cheerful
speech that had pleased him at once. "What
m? I suppose you didn't look me up simply to
kind words on my work."
dly she had humor—didn't take herself too seri-
e most women who got on at business. And she
her dignity, either, like some of them who seemed
lly alert for offensive courtesy at men's hands.
xactly." He felt his face reflect her smile. "And
s something like that—something pretty vague,
d. I thought that perhaps if I talked to you I
t a line on Miller that would help me manage him.
ur imprint on the back of one of these prints and
me that you must know ——"
." The mouth crooked more cheerfully. "You
to tell you how I did it. That's good sense. I like
here aren't many men who'd have thought it out,
ious few of them would have sunk their dignity
e around to a woman for the straight tip."
w, quite plainly, a narrower interest in her frank
n. He patted himself on a mental shoulder. He
w to handle 'em! That was one thing he'd got out
se painful experiences—he understood 'em like a
twelve-point bold! In five minutes' talk he'd got
's attention fixed on him as an individual worth
ady.
nks. But I might have guessed, without coming.
eed to know why Miller bought those illustrations

could hand it out straight to a girl like this. She
actly what her looks were worth to her.
was partly that," she admitted calmly. "He's
. But I had something to sell, didn't I?"
it's bully good work—I told you that to begin with.
ve been offering him good stuff, too, and never
a dent. That's the difference."
miled as if at a memory. Then her face darkened.
, that's the difference." Even when her voice
ed, he noticed, it didn't flat. His ear was nice in such
tions. "I probably shouldn't have sold him those
graphs if I hadn't had the sex percentage on my side.
—" She stopped abruptly. "Look here—I made up
tudies for him with a view to advertising. He didn't
them—didn't know anything about them. Before I
em complete we—we disagreed. There's quite a bit
ney tied up in them, and they're no good to anybody
: Mr. Miller. Suppose I helped you sell him your
y service, could you find a way of working them in
e campaign? I'd put a reasonable price on them, and
e really good—just about what he ought to have."

listen to reason. And we'd about decided, anyway, to illustrate with photographs if we ever managed to line him up. Can I see what you've got?"

He went over the prints rapidly. They were extraordinarily good, not merely in execution but in conception too. They told a story in its simplest form, realized the full value of the pictorial appeal.

"We could use most of these, I think. They're good—very good."

She shrugged. "I know that. There's a condition. If you ever come to use them my name doesn't appear. They're your work—as far as Mr. Miller is concerned."

"All right—that's all the better for us of course."

Again his mind wavered from the essential point. They must have quarreled in earnest if she felt like this.

"Now about selling him. I wonder if you've noticed anything queer about him."

"He's the coldest proposition I ever tackled. Sits perfectly still, never talks, himself, except to say when your time's up. Won't even ask a question."

"Yes. Does that suggest anything to you?"

He shrugged. "Plenty. But nothing very useful, so far."

"I'll give you a lead, then. You'll have to sell him through his eyes. There, now. Does that help?"

He laughed. "It would help—you, sure enough. But it doesn't do me much good. He won't even look me in the eye—sits there staring at the end of my nose till he gets me wondering if there's a smudge on it."

"You've even noticed that! And still you don't see!" She spread her hands. "Who ever started the fiction that business was a man's job, I wonder? I guessed it the first time I saw him."

"I'm still in the dark."

She was splendid when she glowed like this. Really handsome—not just another good-looking girl. Perhaps —— He gritted his teeth. Again? Wouldn't he ever learn?

"He's watching your lips, that's all. He's not very deaf, but he's sensitive about it. Men of his sort often are—they pride themselves on youth, and hate to admit anything that doesn't bear them out. He misses about half what you say, and has to strain for the rest. Stay away from his office and write him. When you do see him always send him a letter repeating what you've said. He does nearly all his buying that way."

His mouth opened. As simple as that! And as visible to his eye as to hers! That was the kind of observation and inference that counted! He'd been right about her—she had a mind with a tempered edge.

"I'll try it, anyway. I'm better at letters too. Six years' work in the copy department, you see. Just beginning to try the selling end of it. I'll land Miller if a typewriter can do it. And if I do I'll—well, I suppose thanks won't do you much good, but you'll get all I've got."

"I'll sell a lot of photographs that cost me real money," she said. "Take them with you if you like. Let your art manager see them before you go ahead. I'll talk prices with him direct if he's interested."

He lingered, in spite of dismissal in her voice and look. Carey would be dealing with her after this—fat, falsetto Carey, with his pink, puffy fingers and his bulging eyes. He groped for a pretext that would bring him back. A girl like that—and it was suddenly significant that a tenuous chain of improbable coincidences had led him to her—a girl who might, after all ——

"Good-by, Mr.—er—Mr. Simpson."

She'd even had to glance at his card. He resolved that she'd know his name before she finished with him.

"Good afternoon, and a first installment on the thanks account."

He went out, pleased that he'd varied the commonplace even a little. Really a remarkable girl, however you considered her. He discovered that he was contrasting her with Edith. A girl who wouldn't be very likely to degenerate to dish towels.

He was bitter about Edith now. He'd missed her—not the real woman of course, but the imaginary Edith who had almost convinced him that he'd found the ideal playmate at last. They had separated into quite distinct personalities in his thought; Edith as she was had destroyed Edith as he had fancied her. He couldn't quite forgive her for that, even though he was broad-minded enough to admit that she couldn't help being what she was.

Looking back he found the lost romance touched with a soft melancholy glamour. It had been perfect while it lasted; Edith had played the game so beautifully at first. He remembered an evening by that little lake in the Jersey hills, with a moonway on the water and a mandolin tinkling like thin silver on the farther shore. And he had kissed Edith, quite casually, and she hadn't minded, hadn't even seemed to give it significance. It had all been delightfully pianissimo till she spoiled it—as sweet and light and meaningless as the thin, distant mandolin. And it was gone. He couldn't help missing it, displeased as he was with Edith herself.

As he reached the office he was already considering Dora Willet as a possible candidate for the vacant idealship. Of course it wasn't likely that she was different, but you couldn't tell. Plenty of people believed in fate, and they might be right, at that. When you figured the odds against his ever meeting Dora Willet it certainly looked as though somebody had taken a lot of trouble to bring them together.

He scowled at Carey as he passed his desk; Carey, vulgarly cheerful under his layers, absorbing a cigarette in a long, feminine holder. Carey couldn't possibly appreciate a girl like that. He called them skirts, as if they weren't anything but clothes with clockwork inside. The fat mutt! He exhibited the prints defiantly, his hostility appeased only at Carey's ready approval.

"Who's this D. Willet? Never saw her work."

"Guess she's just beginning. Got a sort of shop over in the Sidney Building."

Carey cocked his head. "What's she like? Any good?"

The hostility revived. "Clever photographer, I guess."

"Meaning you saw her first, eh? Well, son, the race doesn't always favor the front runner."

"Quoting the war cry of the well-known turtle family," said W. John tartly.

He avoided a counter by shutting the door of the cell in which he still wrote his copy and dictated his letters, his good humor restored by the lingering savor of the retort. He'd tell Edith that. The impulse startled him. Habit took hold of a fellow in funny ways. He hadn't even realized this one. He saw

(Continued on Page 128)

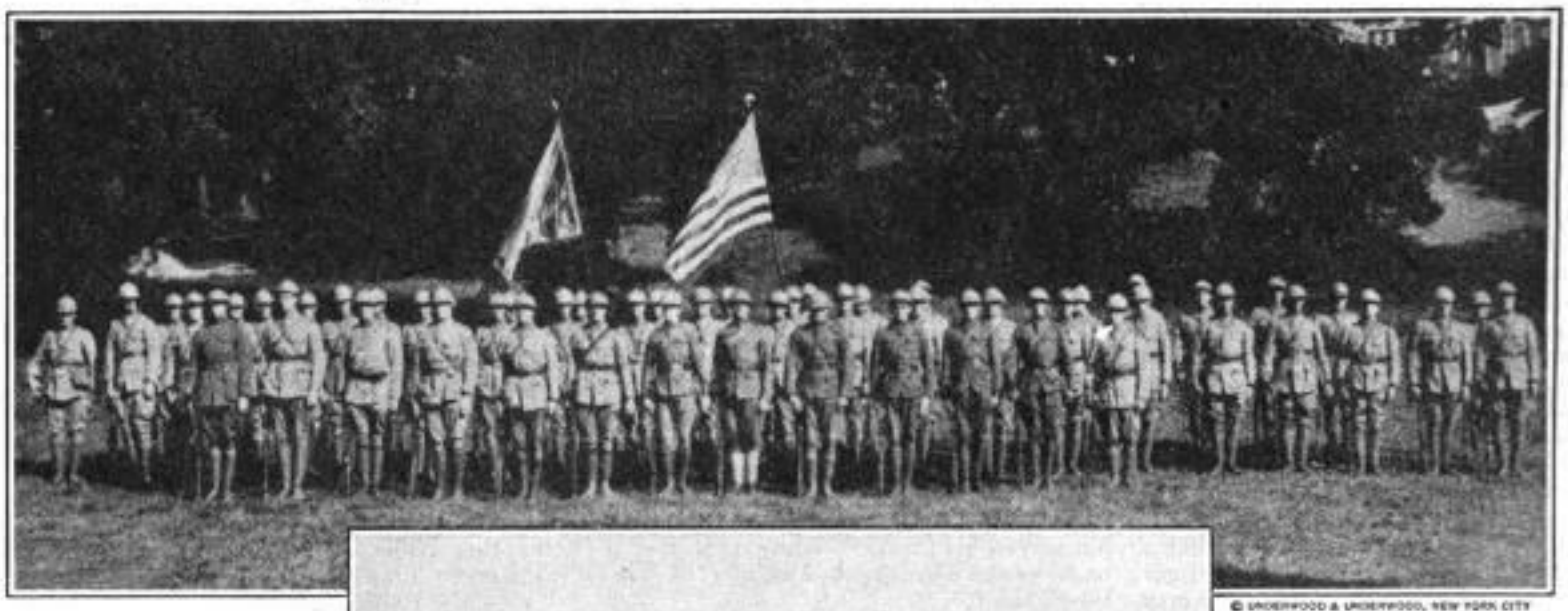


Dora Was Exactly the Woman of All Those Hungry, Hopeless Dreams. And Yet ——

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The Inside Story of the A. E.

By GEORGE PATTULLO



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American Troops, at the End of a Day's Training, Returning to Camp in Back of the Lines. Above—The First American Troops to Arrive in France. They are Wearing the French Helmet

JUST as it is impossible for an individual to view his family's relations with outsiders impartially, so is it beyond the capacity of nationals of one country to see anything except their own side in dealings with other nations. The tendency to attribute base motives and double dealing to a rival is universal; on the other hand, everything that one's own country does is great and noble and of pure purpose. And of course an enemy is always a scoundrel.

The extremes to which this sort of thinking will drive people are often laughable. I remember two nice old ladies from New England stopping a returned war correspondent on Fifth Avenue to question him about certain stories they had heard of war prisoners in German hands.

Was it true that the Germans prodded prisoners with bayonets, and kicked them, too, to make them walk faster?

"Well, war's a tough game," answered the correspondent, who was a bit fed up with the whole business.

"It's dog eat dog, and every army has men in it who go in for rough stuff. You have to, in a fight."

"Oh!" gasped the ladies, all aflutter. "But not our boys! They're too noble."

Conditions Early in 1918

WITH this very human tendency in mind I have tried in this narrative—and will continue to do so—to stick as exclusively as possible to official reports and memoranda which are in the secret files of the French, British and American authorities. Now and then short explanations are necessary to a clear understanding of what the official report really means, for it seems generally to be the object of officialdom to make communications conceal happenings and disguise intent to all except the inner circle, and even in that direction to word agreements so as to leave loopholes for further decisions.

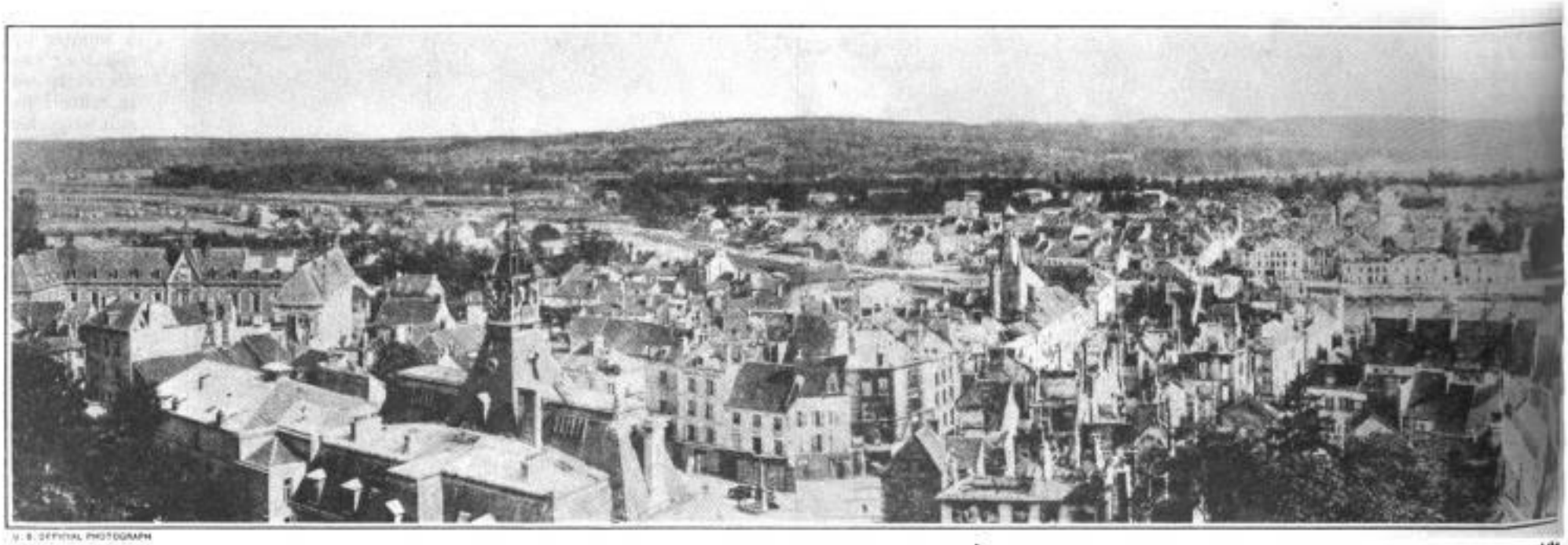
And I plan to tell all sides of the story. Therefore it may as well be admitted right now that the American effort in the war up to the early months of 1918 was very dismal. We had made the welkin ring with shouts of what we would do, and our Allies had evidently taken us at our word. By this I mean the civilian populations, and the rank and their ar their h command governm must hav ized the in bility of p such huge in France newspape orators described, those forc then none and we h means of porting had they ready.

That w saddest of the war erywhere enemy wa umphant. sia had lapsed; Italy lay bruised from one of the erushing defeats in military annals; an spite a 20 per cent numerical superiori the Western Front the Allies had been u to score anything but local successes ag the German defense. Their efforts to g decision had failed signally, with terrifi of man power and a sickening slump in mo If the Germans could hold and beat bac Allies with considerably fewer forces might they not do in the approaching when they would have numerical superi on account of the arrival of their freed sions from the Eastern fronts?

Dismal Months

"THE German general staff could now f see . . . ," writes General Pershin his published report, "the campaign of 1 against the French and British on the west front which might terminate the war. It not be said that German hopes of final vict were extravagant. . . . Discouragem existed not only among the [Allied] c population but throughout the armies well. . . . Allied resources in man po at home were low, and there was little prosp of materially increasing their armed strengt

The events of the last half of 1917 called new decisions. On July twenty-sixth a co ference of the French and Italian command in chief and the British and French chiefs staff had agreed: "General conclusio reached were necessity for adoption of purely defensi attitude on all secondary fronts and withdrawing surpl troops for duty on western front. By thus strengtheni western front, believed Allies could hold until Americ



U. S. OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH

Panorama of the City of Château-Thierry Photographed July 27, 1918, When the Last Offensive of the

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rive, in numbers sufficient to
endancy."
erman successes necessitated
ation of these plans. Our
oke to the fact that unless the
States vastly increased its
ery soon the war would be

merican commander in chief
eseen the need as early as
, 1917, when he wrote to the
partment in connection with
was forwarding for an army
lion men:
evident that a force of about
00 is the smallest unit which
ern war will be a complete,
lanced, and independent fight-
anization. However, it must
lly clear that the adoption of
e force as a basis of study
not be construed as represent-
maximum force which should
to, or which will be needed in,
. It is taken as the force
may be expected to reach
in time for an offensive in
nd as a unit and basis of or-
tion. Plans for the future should be based especially
rence to the manufacture of artillery, aviation, and
material, on three times this force—*i. e.*, at least
00 men."



U. S. OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH

Acres of American Trucks Used in the Service of Supplies

Shortage of Clothing for Our Men

H was the scale on which he planned—a million men
a 1918 offensive! But by the end of 1917 we had only
0 troops in France, and none of them had been in the
cept the infantry and artillery of the First Division.
ca's entry into the war and the spectacular arrival of
irst Division in Paris had done much to stimulate
morale, but their hopes gradually died when nothing
seemed forthcoming in the way of help from the
d States. Clemenceau put some heart into the French,
ust in time; had his assumption of the premiership
delayed there is no saying what might have happened.
ops were coming very tardily. The shipping situation
ad, and at home there were
s owing to the necessity of
anizing various departments
vernment and getting rid of
ead wood. Fine old peace
es who could sit at a desk
tare a recruit into a panic
could not think beyond
d needs to save their im-
al souls were hitting the
s, but politics still played a
land reorganization dragged.
did things faster in the
.F. When a man showed he
n't equal to his job there off
t his head regardless of his
or friends in Congress. J. J.
hing has never been noted
ice consideration of feelings
fight; he thinks a fight calls
fighting methods; and the
he slaughtered incompetents
one of the sweetest sights
ever gladdened the eye.

The winter wore along under most depressing conditions. On every hand we heard discouragement talked among the civilian population. Had our troops felt that adequate progress was being made, the rain and snow and mud and the lack of proper clothing and shoes and equipment would not have mattered; but it was so pitifully evident that American effort was falling below expectations. And our supplies! I remember at one time we had no blankets, no shoes, no socks, no caps, except what we could buy from the British surplus and the French.

Our lack of supplies at this time was a scandal. And instead of receiving the quantities needed, instead of getting the heavy shipments of hard-boiled fighting men the 1918 prospect demanded, the A. E. F. grew by comparative driblets while witnessing a continuous procession of junketing parties of politicians and their friends, and helplessly watching much needed shipping diverted to business uses and to humanitarian efforts. For we had in the United States an unduly large element of ballyhoo enthusiasts who seemed to think that the war could be won with chocolate and hostess houses, and whose excessive zeal for humanitarian work in preference to fighting slowed the wheels of the military machine appreciably. It was a bitter pill for the American soldiers to see these joy-riders whirling through the training areas when they needed clothes to their backs and reënforcements by division units.

The American commander in chief kept moving heaven and earth to hurry shipments of men and material, but the results were woefully disappointing. The United States had not yet got into its stride, and naturally the difficulties in the way of operating so far from its base proved enormous.

"For all practical purpose," reported Pershing, "the American Expeditionary Forces were based on the American Continent. Three thousand miles of ocean to cross with the growing submarine menace confronting us, the quantity of ship tonnage then unknown, and a line of communications by land 400 miles long from French ports to our probable front, presented difficulties that seemed insurmountable as compared with those of our Allies."

Great Handicaps Overcome

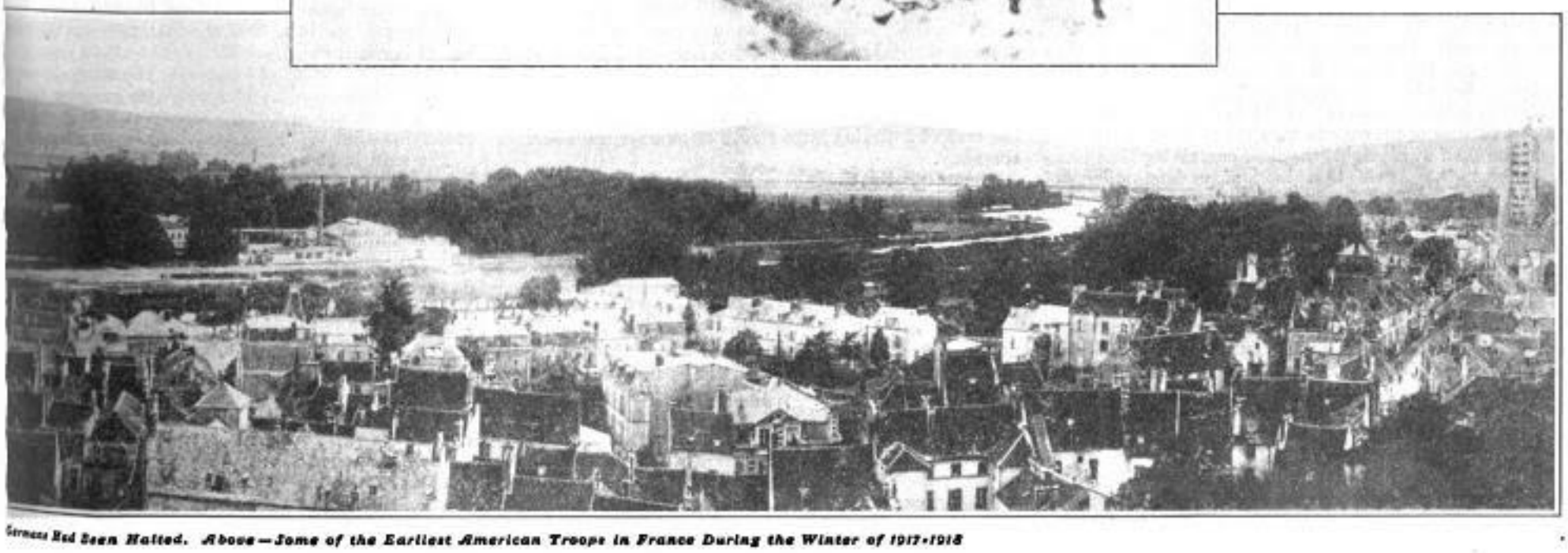
YET despite these handicaps—despite red tape and French efforts to direct American construction more in the direction of permanent improvements than temporary works to meet the need of haste—when the armistice was signed a year later, "all projects for construction had been completed and supplies were on hand to meet the needs of 2,000,000 men, while further plans for necessary construction and for the supply of an additional 2,000,000 were well under way." It is worth mentioning, also, that we had more than 2,000,000 men in France before the armistice was signed.

The A. E. F. had taken over certain southern ports in France and the use of some lines not already devoted exclusively to the French and British military machines. As for the American front of the future, "to the east the great fortified district east of Verdun and around Metz menaced central France, protected the most exposed portion of the German line of communications—that between Metz and Sedan—and covered the Briey iron region, from which the enemy obtained the greater part of the iron required for munitions and material. The coal fields east of Metz were also covered by these same defenses. A deep advance east of Metz, or the capture of the Briey region, by threatening the invasion of rich German territory in the Moselle Valley and the Saar Basin, thus curtailing her supply of coal or iron, would have a

(Continued on Page 98)



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Germans Had Been Halted. *Above—Some of the Earliest American Troops in France During the Winter of 1917-1918*

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FISH EYES

By OCTAVUS ROY COHE

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FU

CLIFFORD WALLACE was noticeably ill at ease. He worked intensively yet mechanically at his post in the Third National Bank, within the narrow confines of a cage bearing the inscription Paying Teller No. 1. Horizontal lines of worry creased his forehead and a single lock of white stood out with startling clarity against the deep brown of his hair.

Beside him were piled great stacks of money divided into neat packages. Behind his back the huge doors of the cash vault gaped, disclosing more money. At the right of his cage were the inclosures of the three other—the junior—paying tellers. The marbled lobby of the big bank was a welter of discordant activity, of impatience—the clink of silver, the soft shuffling of new bank notes, the slamming of ledgers, the hum of banking during the rush hours.

To-day was the busiest of the month for Paying Teller Number One. To-day came due the pay rolls of the three largest corporations in the industrial district of which this city was the metropolis. More than a million and a quarter dollars in cash occupied the cage with Cliff Wallace; a million and a quarter dollars in silver and bills, only a few of the latter in denominations of more than one hundred dollars. It was Wallace's task to make up these pay rolls and deliver them to the armed men who came with the checks. He was sorting the money now, indifferent to the exasperated stare of the little man outside the window who impatiently rattled his own modest pay-roll check for $208.

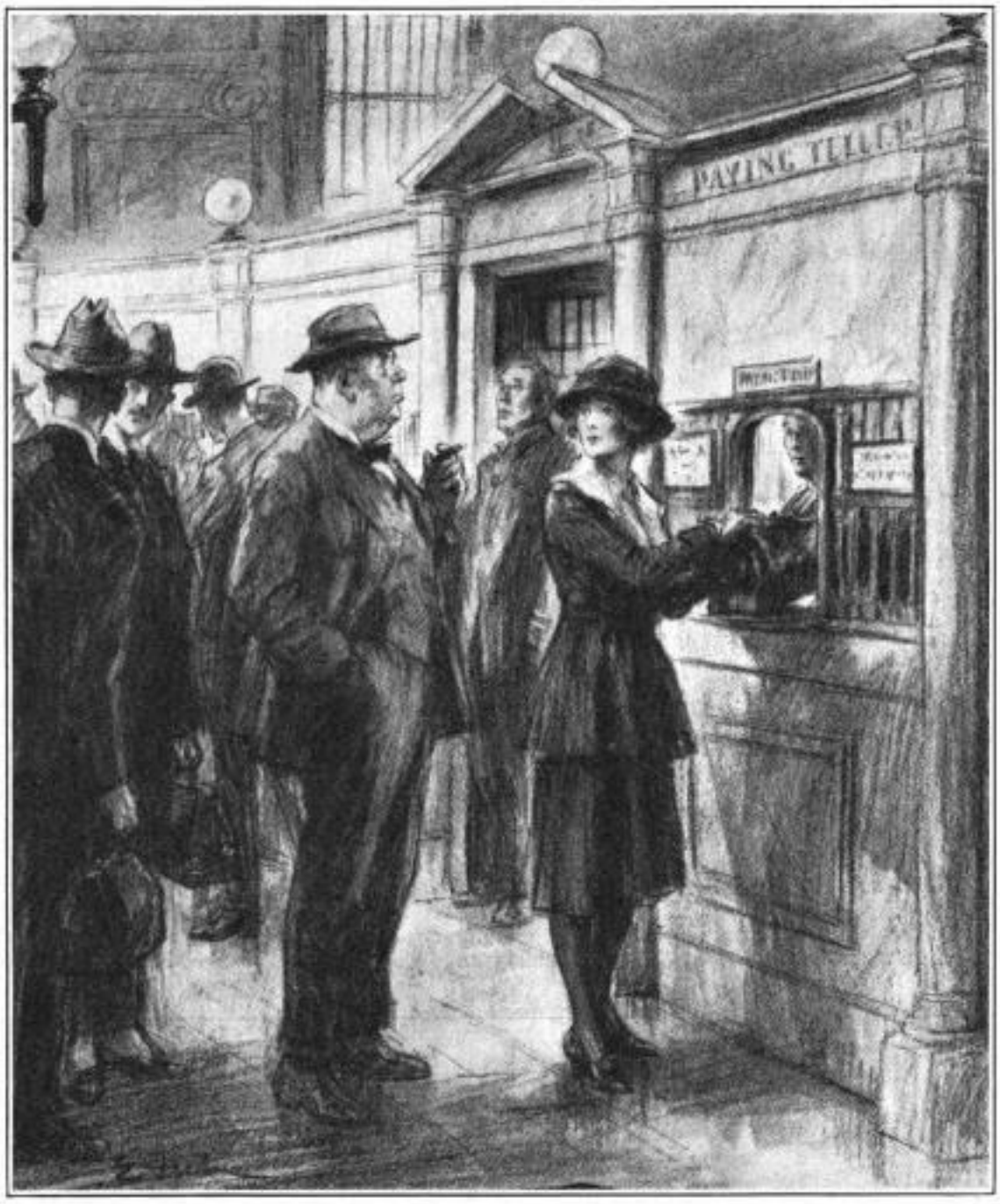
Behind the irate little man a line formed slowly—two or three other representatives of small businesses, then a strikingly pretty young woman in a blue coat suit, and behind her, two stalwarts from the Garrison Coal, Iron and Steel Company. Cliff knew the proportions of the check they carried—$278,000. Real work there, work requiring intense concentration. It was so easy to make an error of a few hundred dollars when one dealt casually in single amounts greater than a quarter million. Cliff received the little man's check and counted the money deftly, cramming it into a canvas sack. He was visibly annoyed when the man insisted on opening the sack and counting the money for himself. Cliff's eyes sought those of the pretty girl and a brief glance of understanding passed between them. Both were taut of muscle and tense of nerves; upon the face of each was an unnatural pallor.

The little man completed his count, closed his canvas sack and moved off pompously. The next man in line presented his check and received his money. So, too, did the next. The girl pushed her check through the window—the pay-roll check of the wholesale hardware company for which she worked; $728.56. With it she presented a leather satchel. Cliff Wallace unlocked the barred window of his cage to take the satchel. He placed it on the shelf at his right, the shelf containing the mountains of bills. Again that look of understanding—of apprehension—passed between them. They spoke with simulated casualness.

"Good morning, Phyllis."

"Good morning, Cliff."

That was all. Yet, save for those first glances, they avoided each other's eyes. The oldish-young paying teller sorted out the amount of her pay roll. And then, working discreetly, swiftly and dexterously, he piled beside it a small stack of new bills. In that stack of bills was a hundred thousand dollars; one thousand one-hundred-dollar bank notes. Once he permitted his eyes to rove restlessly about the lobby. They paused briefly on the gray-coated figure of the bank's special officer, who lounged indifferently near the Notes and Discounts Window. Apparently the bank detective had neither thought nor care in the world. Reassured, yet with no diminution of his nervousness, Cliff Wallace returned to the task in hand.



The Color Receded From Her Cheeks, and Her Hand Trembled Visibly as She Shoved Her Satchel Through the Little Window

Into the girl's brown leather satchel he put the amount of her pay-roll check, and then he crammed into it also the one hundred thousand dollars.

His face was ghastly pale as he faced her once more. The hand that held the satchel trembled violently. He conscripted a smile which he intended to be reassuring, and the smile with which she answered him was so obviously an effort that it seemed to shriek her guilt. For a second they remained rigid, staring into each other's eyes, then the envoys of the Garrison Coal, Iron and Steel Company coughed impatiently and the girl moved away. The paying teller fingered the $278,000 check nervously, his eyes remaining focused on the blue coat suit which was moving with horrid slowness toward the whirling doors that opened onto the street. And finally she disappeared and Cliff Wallace breathed a sigh of infinite relief. Thus far nothing had been noticed. He gave his attention to the task of assorting huge stacks of bills for the Garrison company.

Meanwhile the girl in the blue coat suit turned into the swirl of traffic on the city's main thoroughfare. She threaded her way through the crowd, walking with unnecessary swiftness, with the single thought in her mind of putting as much space as possible between herself and the Third National Bank. Her fingers were wrapped tightly about the handle of the brown leather satchel, her face bore a fixed rigidity of expression, her heart was pounding beneath the plain tailored waist she wore. It seemed incomprehensible that the transaction in Cliff Wallace's cage had gone unnoticed. It had been so simple—so absurdly simple.

And now she was making all haste toward the office where she worked. Cliff had warned her that she must return promptly from the bank in order that the inevitable investigation should disclose no suspicious lapse of time.

She turned up a side street and thence into a gaunt, red-brick building labeled Sanford Jones & Co. Biting her lips with a fierce effort at control, she entered the bu and turned immediately int women's washroom. Trem fingers found the door ke turned it. Then making c that she was alone in the roo took from the shelf a large pi brown wrapping paper whic had placed there earlier i morning—that and a bit of t

She dropped to her knees, o the satchel and took from it th hundred thousand dollars. Sl a vague amazement that so money should be of such small She arranged the bills neat three stacks of equal height wrapped them carefully in brown paper. Then with the age securely tied with twin closed the satchel, unlocked washroom door and swung the office. No one had notice brief excursion into the washr that much was evident.

Straight toward the cash desk she went, and in his h placed the satchel. His eyes sa briefly into hers.

"Got back pretty quick morning, Miss Robinson."

She forced a smile. "Yes. much crowd at the bank. I did back in a hurry."

The bit of dialogue pleased The cashier had noticed specific that her absence from the store been of briefer duration than us He would remember that when detectives made inquiry.

She seated herself at her ty writer. Beside her, on the batte oak desk, she placed the innocuo appearing brown paper packa the package containing one hu dred thousand dollars. She horribly nervous, but apparen no one noticed anything unusual her manner. The wall clock in cated the hour of 10:30. Fr then until noon she must work.

It was difficult. Her thoughts were focused upon t money before her. Once a clerk stopped by her desk chat and his hand rested idly upon the package of mone She felt as though she must scream. But he moved aw eventually. She breathed more easily.

At five minutes after noon she left the office for her lunc With her went the package of money. She made her wa to the City Trust and Savings Company, an imposi edifice of white marble nearly opposite the Third Nationa She entered the building and descended the broad stai way to the safety-deposit vaults, noticing with relief tha there was an unusually large crowd there. She extende her key to the ancient man in charge.

"Two-thirty-five, please. Mrs. Harriet Dare."

Mrs. Dare, now dead, had been Phyllis' sister. Phyll had access to the box. Too, she maintained in this bank box in her own name, so that should official investigatio progress to the point of examining the safety-deposit bo of Phyllis Robinson, nothing to excite suspicion would b found. That was one of the strongest links in the safet chain that Cliff Wallace had welded.

The man in charge ran through his index and handed her a card to sign. Her hand trembled as she wrote he name: Phyllis Robinson. The old man took her key and his, unlocked the box and left her. There were a number of persons in the vault: One pompous gentleman ostentatiously clipping coupons from Liberty Bonds of fifty-dollar denomination; an old lady who had already locked her box and was struggling vainly to assure herself that it was thoroughly locked; a fair-haired clerk from a broker's office assuming the businesslike airs of his employer; a half dozen others, each reassuringly absorbed in his own busi-ness. Phyllis took her box—it was a large one—and carried it into one of the private booths which stood just outside the vault door.

She placed the tin box and her package side by side on the mahogany shelf. A quick survey of the place assured her that she was not observed. She wondered vaguely why she was not. It seemed as though someone must know. But apparently no one did. Swiftly she transferred the

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thousand dollars to the strong box. She was o find herself computing financial possibilities the while she was frightened. It was an amount even thousand dollars a year carefully invested. ons could live comfortably on seven thousand year. And that meant every year—there'd be no n of principal. Nearly one hundred and fifty week. Every comfort and many luxuries assured. Independence. Fear.

urned the box to its compartment and emerged street again. With the money put safely away a lifted from her shoulders. She felt a sense of s relief. The danger mark had been passed, the appeared to have justified itself. But now her ere jangling as they had not been before. She htened, not so much for what the immediate ight hold as by the experience through which she passed. No longer was she keyed up by action. ction left her weak and afraid. She knew that she do it again; marveled at the fact that she had ed this act at all.

e a tiny meal at the dairy lunch which she patronlarly. At 12:40 she returned to the office, where w herself into the grind of routine work, seeking iness and ease for her jangling nerves. But her s were not on the letters she typed; they were at k with Clifford Wallace, chief paying teller.

while Cliff's inscrutable, rather hard face gave no on of the seethe within him. He did his work with ical precision, counting large sums of money with le speed, checking and rechecking his payments, ng to his routine work with the deftness and acthat had won him this post.

e was in his manner no slightest indication that he t engineered the theft of one hundred thousand in currency. Never friendly at best, he was per- is day a trifle more reserved than usual; but even fellow workers noticed the fact they would have d it to the abnormal pressure of work. It was sel- at three big pay rolls became due at one time. And dling of such huge sums of money is likely to cause ary irascibility in even the most genial of men.

hour hand of the big clock on the marble wall crept figure two. A gong sounded. Immediately work was ded at the long rows of windows. Then the little doors were dropped, the patrons of the bank drifted dually, and the bedlam of a busy day was succeeded drone of after-hours work—the clackety-clack of machines, the rustle of checks, the slamming of the clink of silver and gold.

ell in hand, Cliff Wallace checked over the money in ult. Paying Tellers Numbers Two, Three and Four their reports Then Wal- ave his at- n to his own The door of ge was open, t the cages four paying were tem- ly en suite. d Wallace's the door of ash vault d. The vault was part of age, its con- Wallace's re- sibility. He ked swiftly xpertly. And a few min- before 4:30 ock, he pre- d himself be- Robert War- president of ThirdNational. was nervous ill at ease. In left hand he a paper cov- d with figures. face was ex- sionless, unless was sufficiently n to observe the nted, haunted k in his cold e eyes. Here the crisis. He led up a chair d seated him- lf, after having rst closed the r of the presi- nt's office.

"Mr. Warren"—his voice was steady and incisive, giving no hint of the emotional strain under which he labored—"I have just checked over the cash. I am precisely one hundred thousand dollars short."

The president's swivel chair creaked. The gentleman strangled on a puff of cigar smoke. His big, spatulate hands came down on the polished mahogany desk surface with a thump. His eyes widened.

"You—you are what?"

"My cash is one hundred thousand dollars short."

The statement appeared to have difficulty in penetrating.

"My dear Mr. Wallace—that is impossible! An exact amount?"

Cliff was more at ease. It was a scene he had rehearsed a hundred times, and it was developing just as anticipated.

"I realize the impossibility, sir. But it is nevertheless a fact."

Robert Warren's face hardened slightly. He regarded his chief paying teller with a critical, speculative glance. Wallace returned look for look. The president spoke:

"Please explain yourself, Mr. Wallace. Am I listening to a statement or a confession?"

"A statement, sir."

"H'm!" Warren was himself again. Only superficially was the man genial. He had cultivated geniality as a business asset. Basically he was utterly emotionless. He realized that the thing to which he gave ear was of vital import, and as that realization hammered home, his demeanor became intransigently frigid. "H'm! A statement?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your cash is—er—an even one hundred thousand dollars short?"

"Yes, sir."

"How does that happen?"

"I'm trying to find out myself."

"You are quite sure?"

"Certainly, sir. I would not have come to you had I not been sure."

Silence. Again that clash of eyes. "This puts you in an exceedingly awkward position, Mr. Wallace. Personally."

"I understand that, sir."

"One hundred thousand dollars is a great deal of money."

"Yes, sir."

"The responsibility is absolutely and exclusively yours."

"I realize that."

"Its loss cannot but be due to carelessness on your part."

"That is probably true."

"Probably?"

"Yes, sir. I am not certain about any phase of this—this—unfortunate situation."

Warren lighted another cigar. "Of course the bank will not lose. You are bonded. I must notify the bonding company immediately."

"Of course."

The younger man's poise seemed to get on the nerves of the bank president. For once in his life he had come into contact with a man more unemotional than himself. His fist pounded the desk suddenly.

"Damn it! Wallace, what does it all mean?"

"That that amount of money has disappeared, sir."

"One hundred thousand even?"

"To the dollar."

"When did you notice the loss?"

"Just a few minutes ago, sir—when I checked over the cash."

"You rechecked?"

"Twice."

"Have you been alone in your cage all day?"

"I believe so, sir."

"You only believe?"

"I can't make a too positive statement. The cages of the other paying tellers open into mine. Almost every day the door between my cage and theirs is open for a little while. It is possible that that was the case at certain times to-day."

"You are not positive?"

"No, sir."

"But you believe that the door was open—in the regular course of the day's work?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you believe that one of your assistants took that money?"

Wallace's face twitched, ever so slightly. "No, sir."

"No?"

"Even if my door had been open, Mr. Warren, I don't believe they would have had a chance to take that much money."

"But—but, Wallace—there are only four men in this bank who could have taken it—provided it was taken; yourself and your three assistant paying tellers."

"I realize that."

"And you say that you don't believe they could?"

"Yes, sir."

"H'm! Do you realize the inevitable conclusion?"

"That if they didn't, I did?"

"Exactly."

"Yes, sir, I realize that."

"Yet you say that you did not."

"Of course."

Robert Warren showed a flash of irritation. "You seem damned unexcited."

"I don't believe this is any time for me to become excited, sir."

Robert Warren rose. "Come with me, young man. We'll lock the doors of the bank and check every cent of cash we have. There must be some mistake."

"I sincerely hope so, sir."

A careful check-up showed plainly that there was no mistake. One hundred thousand dollars had disappeared from the bank during the course of the day's business. It was gone. The three assistant paying tellers were nervous and excited. The cashier, a nervous, wiry little man, rushed around the bank like a chicken suddenly bereft of its head. The bank's private detective, a portly, unimaginative individual, strutted around the empty lobby trying to look

(Continued on Page 68)



He Fancied He Could Discern the Person Lolling in the Shadows of the Big Oak Across the Street

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BOOTLEGERDEMAIN

By Albert Payson Terhune

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

THEY called it the Greased Road. Before July, 1919, it had been known as the Hamburg Turnpike. It ran southwest from the Canadian border for several hundred miles. Here and there, on its smoothly twisting length, settlements were clumped or straggled. Incidentally it wound along Crescent Hill, skirting the noisily black metropolis of Midwestburg. It had once been a highway of much minor convenience but of no special significance. Now it had taken on a new and rather sinister importance. The countryside at large and the motor-club signs still spoke of it as the Hamburg Turnpike. But an ever-increasing element from Canada to Missouri knew it as the Greased Road.

There was no more visible or tangible grease on its well-kept surface than automobiles spill on any other thoroughfare. But certain chauffeurs received one dollar and seventy-five cents a mile for making long runs on it. Certain garages along its course received from twenty to thirty-five dollars a night—or a day—for harboring and tending these chauffeurs' cars. More than one village constable and crossroads justice of the peace was refurnishing his home and buying a mechanical piano and a new set of dining-room furniture by reason of a mysteriously doubled income.

The long highway was greased with money, particularly in spots where untoward creaking would have interfered with a flourishing industry. Along its undulating miles, sometimes by day but oftener by night, chugged heavily laden trucks, driven by stone-faced men and laden with boxes and bales.

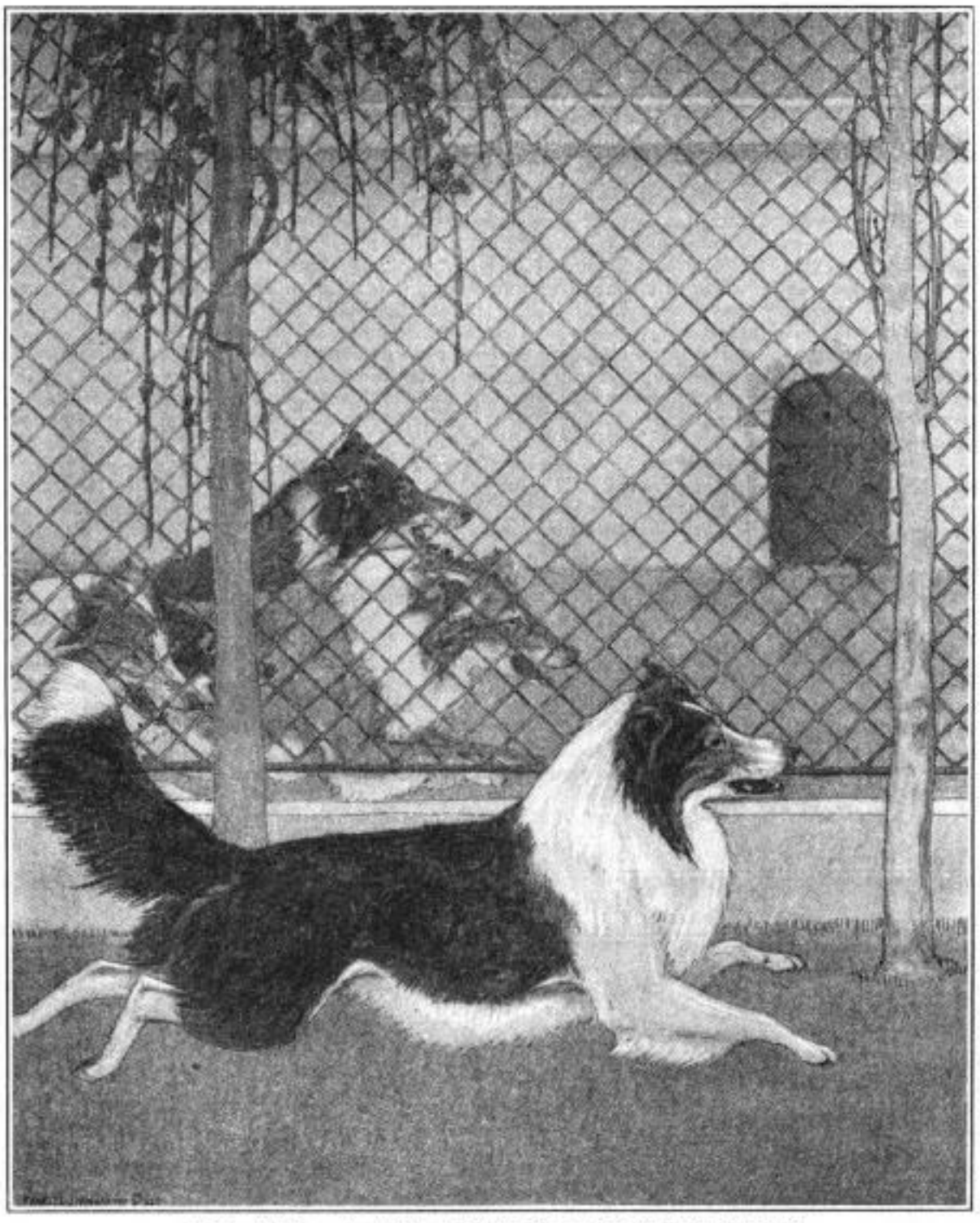
These bales and boxes were most distinctly labeled for all to see. There was no mystery about them. The legends, Dominion Apple Corporation and Saskatchewan Canning Concern, Ltd., and the like, were stenciled on their exposed sides with vivid clearness; and the vehicles themselves bore still more plainly the names and stolid business addresses of their owners. Sometimes through the darkness such heavy-laden trucks or a line of from three to seven high-powered motor cars would go roaring along the Greased Road at hideous speed and showing illegally few lights. From the north they came, and the night swallowed up their southward dash.

A like traffic prevailed on a score of other greased roads leading from Canada, from Mexico, from Florida. The greasing of these thousands of miles was a costly item. But the consumer paid it all, the price of the commodity rising in direct ratio to every greased mile.

At the point where the Greased Road topped the summit of Crescent Hill—the most exclusive residence suburb of Midwestburg—stood the gorgeous estate of Rufus G. Belden, the region's chief politician-financier. Well back from the curiously wrought iron fence and its elaborate gates, across a swell of stage lawn, the house of Rufus G. upreared its six-hundred-thousand-dollar bulk. It was not a home; it was a residence. Anyone with half an eye could see that.

The architect seemingly had sought to graft the dream glories of the Taj Mahal on the more practical groundwork of Buckingham Palace. If the resultant edifice had been built by a less inexhaustibly rich man it must have won the nickname of Belden's Folly. It was that sort of house.

At a respectful distance behind it was a garage-stable which had the aspect of a dissolute Russian cathedral. To the left of this was the most ornate and up-to-date group of kennel buildings in America. Here were housed the famed Beldencroft collies, the pride of Rufus G. Belden's heart. Here they were cared for by a staff of highly efficient and more highly paid collie experts, under command of a soft-spoken little Scot named Jamie Mackellar.



To Gambol Around and Around Their Prison Was the Ultimate Insult

Back of the kennels was the most unpretentious and only homelike structure on the estate—Jamie Mackellar's cottage. Here, with his big Yorkshire wife and his two stocky children, dwelt the little Scotchman. Here, too, an honored member of the Mackellar family, dwelt Champion Lochinvar Bobby, the great collie who shared Jamie's hearth and board and who gave to his diminutive master a blindly obedient adoration. Bobby was not one of the bragged-of treasures of the magnificent Rufus G. He was Jamie's own dog, not only because Jamie had bought him as a gangling pup and had humanized him and taught him he had a soul, but because Bobby had chosen Jamie as his god. When the best type of collie thus selects a man or woman to worship it matters nothing who else may buy or sell him. Till death he is the dog of that one chosen deity.

People had a way of liking Mackellar. Even the awesome Rufus G. held him in queerly high esteem, and after one or two useless attempts had ceased to try bullying him. He valued Jamie's services unspeakably, and trusted him alone of all his employes.

On a morning in very early spring Mackellar finished his round of the kennels. Bobby paced along beside him on the tour of inspection, every line of his classic head and shaggily tawny body vibrant with lofty contempt for these lesser dogs of his breed who must wire runs and concrete huts instead chumming with their master. For have reduced snobbishness to an

As Jamie paused to g rections to one of the men Bobby unbent so f sniff patronizingly at a merle collie—one of seven dogs that had been turn together for the day in wire inclosure. The mer been thrusting his pointe through the wire loop Bobby touched the sniffi trils inquiringly with hi The temperamental snarled at the unasked att from a dog that was fre he himself was not. No did he snarl, but he snap futility at the receding m

Bobby drew back in di gust at such a display temper. He did not deign turn the snarl or so much ripple his shaggy mane in ace. The merle was quit neath his notice. He pro to prove it by giving the gressor a look of contemp then turning slowly away. the snub rankled just a It was seldom that Bobby descended to make overtu friendliness either to at humans or to strange d and it was far more seldom such overtures were rebu The offender needed pu ment. Moreover, early s had got into the great blood and had wakened the imp of mischief that lies very deep below the su in a collie's make-up.

Thus, even as Bobby t away, he changed his s walk for a wild gallop. A and around the big wire r frisked at top speed, his plu tail flying. Now, as any student knows, this was the blackest affront he could sibly heap upon the merle the rest of the run's occup It was bad enough to walk their prison. But to gam around and around it in freedom while they were cap was the ultimate insult. A fraction of a second the ma of Bobby's prank was prov

Every one of the seven dogs proceeded to go ma Barking, screaming, howling, they flung themselves at wire barrier, following in a plangent rush the course Bobby's playful gallop, splitting the morning air with horrible cacophony of din.

"Quiet!" shrilled Jamie Mackellar, coming up at a t followed by two kennel men. "Quiet, there!"

The seven clangorous dogs ceased their wild din a came to a shambling halt, still whimpering and star resentfully out at Bobby.

At his master's shouted command Bobby had also doned the provoking gallop. His deep-set dark ey atwinkle, his head a little on one side, he stood gaz interestedly at Jamie, who bore down upon him.

"It's all your fault, you old ruffian!" accused Jamie "Don't go flattering yourself I don't know it! I saw th whole thing! Are you a harum-scarum, kittle-kattle, six month pup, or have you gone fey, Bobby lad?"

For answer Bobby wrinkled his nose backward in a gri that showed teeth and gums alike, and he came wriggling in conciliation up to Mackellar, gesticulating feverishly with one stiffly outthrust white foreleg. There was no fear in his placating manner. He knew perfectly well that Jamie was not displeased with him. But he also knew that he had been in mischief and that it behooved him to make his peace. Mackellar rumpled the classic head in feigned severity, grumbling:

"That's the collie of it! You never know when the oldest of 'em will turn puppy. Take shame to yourself for

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ose poor tikes, Bobby boy. Next time you do it you in there with 'em for a while, just to show you els to be in the hoosgow. I'm off to the station ve those bales of cedar shavings come and to pay ew crates. Want to come along? Not that you o."

e Bobby's mock contrition fell away from him as . Though he read the tone rather than the words 's question, long experience told him it forecast a l on the instant he was dancing feverishly around man, careless now whether or not his antics use the kenneled dogs to frenzy.

the drive to the highroad they started, Jamie sturdily along and Bobby dashing ahead and k to his master's side a dozen times in as many feet. Once out on the turnpike, he steadied down havior of the occasion. True, he trotted ahead or to investigate interesting scents and sounds along But at the most distant approach of any motor ways dropped back to Jamie and walked soberly, the man's side, until the car had gone by. This earned to do long ago, even as he had learned to the forward or sideways excursions and to stay is master as soon as the city streets were reached. t a half mile beyond the Beldencroft gates a turn llside road brought him in sight of a motor vehicle h he did not drop back to Jamie's side. For this was standing still. It was a huge truck, empty or a heap of tarpaulin on its tonneau floor. It was orth and had evidently come from Midwestburg some point to southward.

e puncture had brought its driver down from his he man was replacing the deflated tire with one of res strapped under the tailboard. He was on his side the car, hard at work. Bobby trotted past th no great interest, but stopped presently and back. This because Jamie Mackellar had paused the busy mechanic.

l Rufus G. had hired him as kennel manager Jamie ade his living, first by driving another man's truck r a truck of his own. Several odd features of this n the road to-day had caught his notice.

sweating driver glanced up from his tire-changing to see a small man and a large dog intently watching The driver had not the look of a bashful or self- us person. Yet noting this interested inspection he l. Indeed, he seemed thoroughly uncomfortable. ed any help?" Jamie opened the conversation in his way.

"No," grunted the driver. "And I don't need any gallery, either. Move on, can't you?"

Jamie looked grieved at the rebuff, but his interest was greater than his shyness.

"I never saw such a heavy truck before with pneumatic tires," he said, "except for carting explosives. It must be a big expense item when you're deep-loaded. Of course you can make lots better time, and you don't jounce so much. But the cost of all those spares ——"

"Say!" exhorted the driver, getting truculently to his feet and revealing himself as something like a head taller and forty pounds heavier than the little Scot. "Say, you mangy shrimp, I told you once to beat it! I'm telling you again! Next time I'll start you on your way. Take the air!"

Jamie flushed. He was a peaceable and friendly chap. He did not like to be spoken to in this fashion. Far down under his friendliness something hot began to stir.

"The road is public, neighbor," he said gently. "If it riles you to be talked to while you're working I'll keep my mouth shut. But I'm an old-time truckman, and this machine of yours has got some things about it that are new to me. By your leave I'll just walk around it and take a look or two. I won't meddle with anything."

The driver, after delivering his warning, had bent down over the almost adjusted tire. To the first part of Jamie's reply he had paid no heed at all. But now as Mackellar took an inquisitive step nearer the truck he got to his feet again and lurched threateningly forward.

Deftly, with his hamlike right hand, he grasped Jamie by the collar-back and spun him around, facing the city below.

"Walk!" he commanded, giving the amazed little man a forward shove.

Then two things happened at the same time and with bewildering quickness. Bobby, head turned, ears cocked, had been listening to the colloquy. Skilled at reading the human voice, he disliked the tone of this sweating and malodorous stranger toward his little god. Yet, as Mackellar did not seem ruffled by it, Bobby saw no cause to interfere.

Now, however, something occurred that did not need any explanation or second thought. The driver had laid violent hands on Jamie.

As the man gripped the Scot's coat collar Bobby sprang for him. Jamie, too, at the brutish contact, was galvanized into fury. Wriggling eel-like out of his coat, he spun about and smote upward with all his wiry strength at the driver's unprotected jaw.

Now Malachi Dorner was uncommonly handy with his fists. Also, as became a man of his trade, he was resourceful and plucky and of powerful physique. But just now his right hand was impeded by a suddenly vacated coat and his left was far extended in a grab for that coat's elusive shedder. Moreover, attack was the last thing to have been expected from the meekly talkative and nosey little intruder whom he had sought to chastise.

Wherefore Malachi Dorner was off guard. Wherefore, too, Malachi Dorner received on the jaw point a scientific and fairly effective blow that set him rocking back on his heels. At the same moment seventy pounds of furry avalanche smote him on the upper chest. A double set of white fangs raked his red throat dangerously deep, in a praiseworthy effort to reach the jugular.

Backward reeled Malachi Dorner, scrambling for his balance and flailing the empty air with his outflung arms.

Bobby, missing his mark, sprang again. The arm gripping Jamie's coat sought mechanically to fend him off. The coat was slashed from neck to waist by the snapping jaws; then was shaken aside as Bobby made a fresh dive for his master's assailant.

Jamie Mackellar, blind with rage, smote again for the heavy jaw of the giant who had so grossly assailed him, and again the blow landed. It landed at the same instant Bobby's flying bulk smote Dorner amidships, and this time the dual impact sent him asprawl on his back.

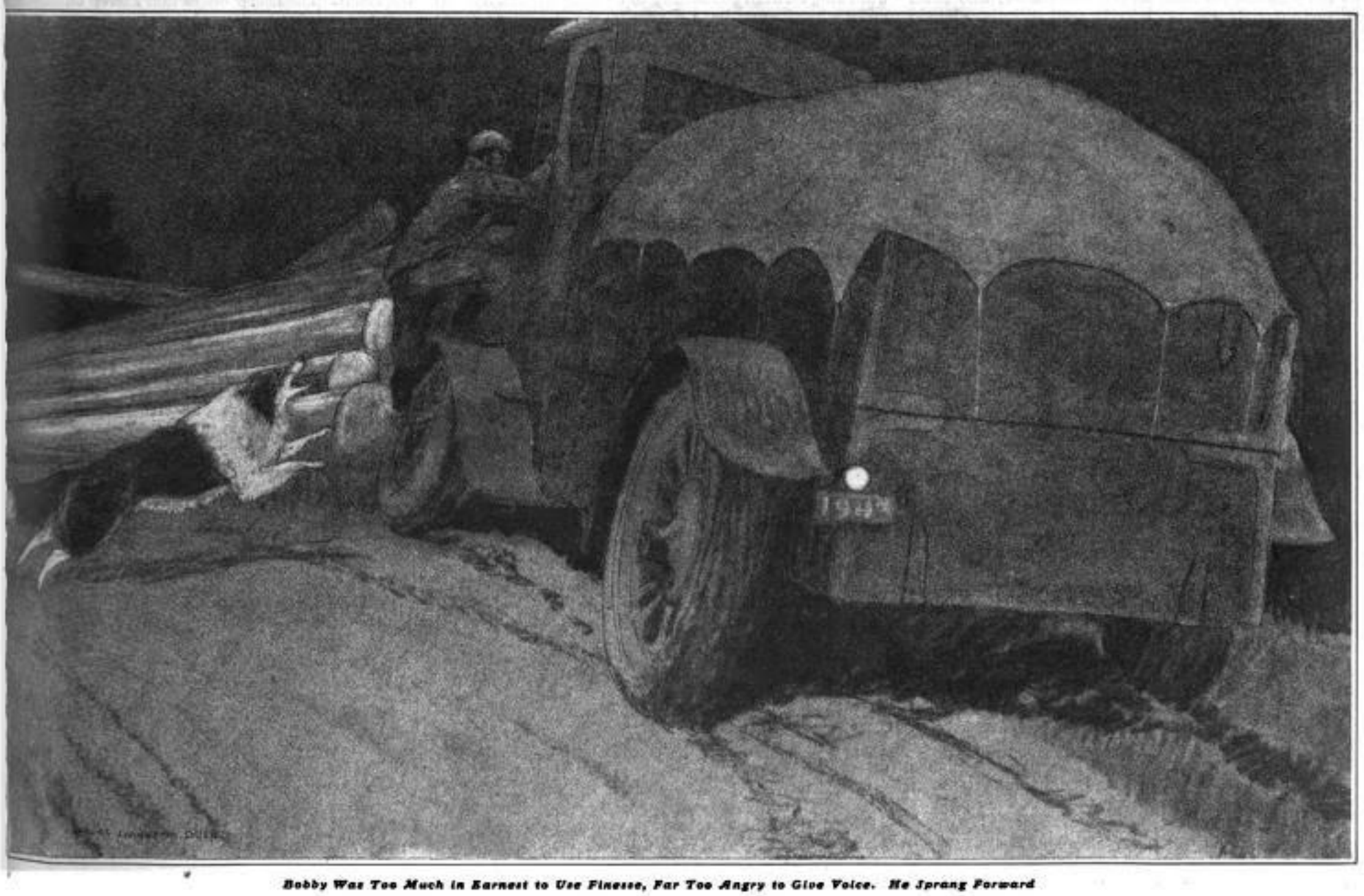
The driver, bleeding from the flesh wounds in throat and arm, and jarred by the two jaw smashes, prepared nevertheless to spring up and return to the fray. But Bobby whirled again at his throat and the man shrank back. With one hand Dorner sought to thrust away the dog; with the other he reached for his hip pocket.

It was then Jamie noted for the first time that his chum was taking part in the battle. He seized the collie by the ruff as Bobby flashed past him in the throat dive.

"Steady, Bobby boy!" he quavered, tugging at the anger-scourged collie. "Steady, there! No one asked you to horn in! I'm none so old I can't fight my own fights. Keep back, you murderous idiot! Now then," he shrilled defiantly at the prostrate Dorner, "are you man enough to get up and finish it? Or have you maybe had all you can hold? Which'll it be?"

For answer the driver tucked his ample feet under him for the dual purpose of getting up and of launching himself at the belligerently dancing little Mackellar. But his warlike eye rested on Lochinvar Bobby, tense, bulky, terrible, straining forward in his master's grasp; and half

(Continued on Page 76)

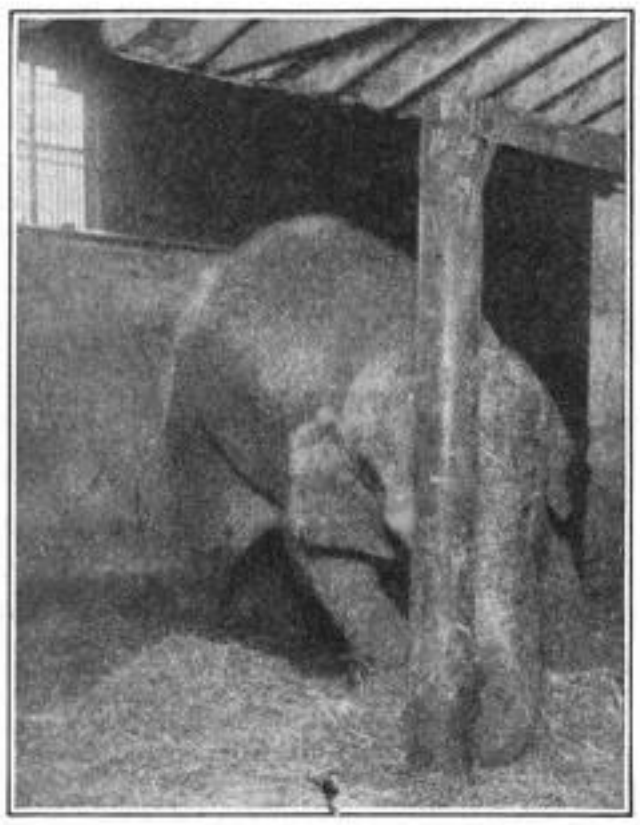


Bobby Was Too Much in Earnest to Use Finesse, Far Too Angry to Give Voice. He Sprang Forward

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THE KEEPER OF THE BULL

By Courtney Ryley Cooper



An Elephant in the Act of a Breakaway

THERE are certain well-founded American traditions regarding the equally American circus which it seems almost sacrilege to disturb. For instance, it has been handed from generation to generation that when a big show goes into territory comprised of many small towns the circus splits into several parts like the fabled joint snake, and exhibits in three or four places at once. Again, it's a certainty that the fiercest beasts in captivity are the lions and the tigers and that if ever one of them should escape it at once would vent the pent-up rage of years of imprisonment by killing everyone in sight. By the same line of reasoning the bravest man on the whole blatant organization must be the lion trainer, who twice daily—rain or shine—goes into the dens with these beasts and by a narrow margin comes forth with skin and body still hanging together. A different existence indeed from that of the bull man—all elephants are "bulls" on a circus—who has nothing to do save to keep his placid, gigantic, ever-begging charges from eating too many peanuts, to bring them forth now and then that they may push a few wagons complacently around the lot, or trot them into the ring during the crowded hours of the performance to do the hootchy-kootchy in their lumbering, comical fashion, to play a big mouth harp with their trunks until that laughing, easy-going trainer takes it away from them, to cavort at a pachydermic game of baseball or bear the million-dollar beauty around the arena at the head of the grand entrée. All in all, comparatively speaking, it would seem much easier than shooting a blank-cartridged revolver into the bellowing jaws of a roaring lion. Of course he must be handy always to warn the uneducated that his big, clumsy charges hate tobacco, and that they never forget an injury, but those are only little idiosyncrasies which bob up even with some human beings. No matter how placid a person or beast may be ——

Shattering Old Traditions

BUT to get back to the traditions. Just to take them in their numerical order, a show never splits and never exhibits in several places at once. The lions and tigers aren't nearly so fierce, perhaps, as one of the tumbling bears, which stays in its cage for the simple reason that no one ever has been able to train it. Still more, when the doors of a lion or tiger den are left open by a careless attendant—as often happens—the escaped feline is usually so frightened at being exiled from its natural, steel-barred home that it does nothing but run in circles and yowl like some overgrown house cat until its rescuers surround it with a bit of side walling and restore it to its own habitat again; and the lion trainer, he who fights the ferocious beasts in the steel arena, often yawns after his work is over and calls for nothing stronger than a bottle of near-beer. Unless there is illness or fear or an animal feud of some sort among his charges, he has little to worry about. But the placid life of the placid keeper of the placid bulls is something entirely different.

For, as it often happens with traditions, the usual reasoning is wrong. In the first place, the bulls are not placid, just as they are not clumsy, just as they do not remember an injury for years and just as they do not promptly set upon the man who insults their taste with a juicy plug of tobacco. Perhaps, long, long ago there may have been a solitary elephant that disliked nicotine—but times evidently have changed. To-day a plug of tobacco is a titbit for any elephant, and more than once is a visitor's pocket ransacked by an inquiring trunk searching for a chew. Elephants eat tobacco just as they eat sugar cane or pop corn or peanuts or candy. To them it is a delicacy. Nor is the taste confined only to chewing tobacco; if you'll keep your eyes open the next time you go to a circus you may even see elephants shooting snipes, where visitors have dropped their cigar butts along the picket line. Which ends that.

Their memories are no longer than those of any other intelligent animal, and their clumsiness and slowness are things that exist only in appearance. As for the relationship of ease between the lot of the keeper of the lions and the keeper of the bulls, the lion trainer leads a bored existence. All that is necessary for him to do is to keep a whip rein on a group of well-trained beasts, and by a reasonable amount of care guard his own skin. The keeper of the bulls must strive to protect his own life, the lives of the thousands who crowd into the circus, the lives of the animals of the menagerie, the horses of the great show, the tents, the wagons, the heavy, costly properties—and even the houses and lives of the people in the town where the circus is showing, as well as that of the countryside surrounding it! Once the placid, amiable, stodgy elephant starts forth upon a tour of wreckage his only competitor is a tornado, and his only possible master that envied person of a life of ease—the keeper of the bulls!

Inconsistency is a thing which surrounds an elephant on every side in his life in the circus. Just as he is the best-liked beast of the menagerie, so is he the most feared. Just as he is the thing that must be counted upon literally to drag the show out of the mud when the mire of a wet circus lot has sunk every wagon to the wheel hubs and so entangled the heavy conveyances that horseflesh, even tractors, lose their efficiency, so on the very next day he may wreck everything he has worked so hard to save. He will swing forward confidently to the attack, should a lion make a breakaway, but the proximity of a mouse or even a small, harmless snake on a country wayside is the signal for a panic. He will carry a cannon on his back into a performance and stand immobile while the booming charge breaks in deafening fashion above him—and then, on the next Fourth of July, start a stampede at the popping of a penny firecracker. He will remain at a picket line through confusion and turmoil while thousands of persons crowd about him, then pull up stakes and chase the daylights out of a candy butcher who consistently offends him by selling dainties among the show goers instead of distributing them free along the elephant line. He is the sagacious animal in captivity—yet, when he be frightened he doesn't know enough to turn out of the of a brick building. His daily food consists of fully hundred pounds of roughage, a few pounds of coal wh munches greedily if he can but get it, a bushel or grain, ten or twenty pounds of pure dirt—chocolate or swamp muck preferred—and a tub or two of wate he will quit it all gladly for one lonely peanut or a pi candy. In the circus world they've changed an old expression to fit their own needs:

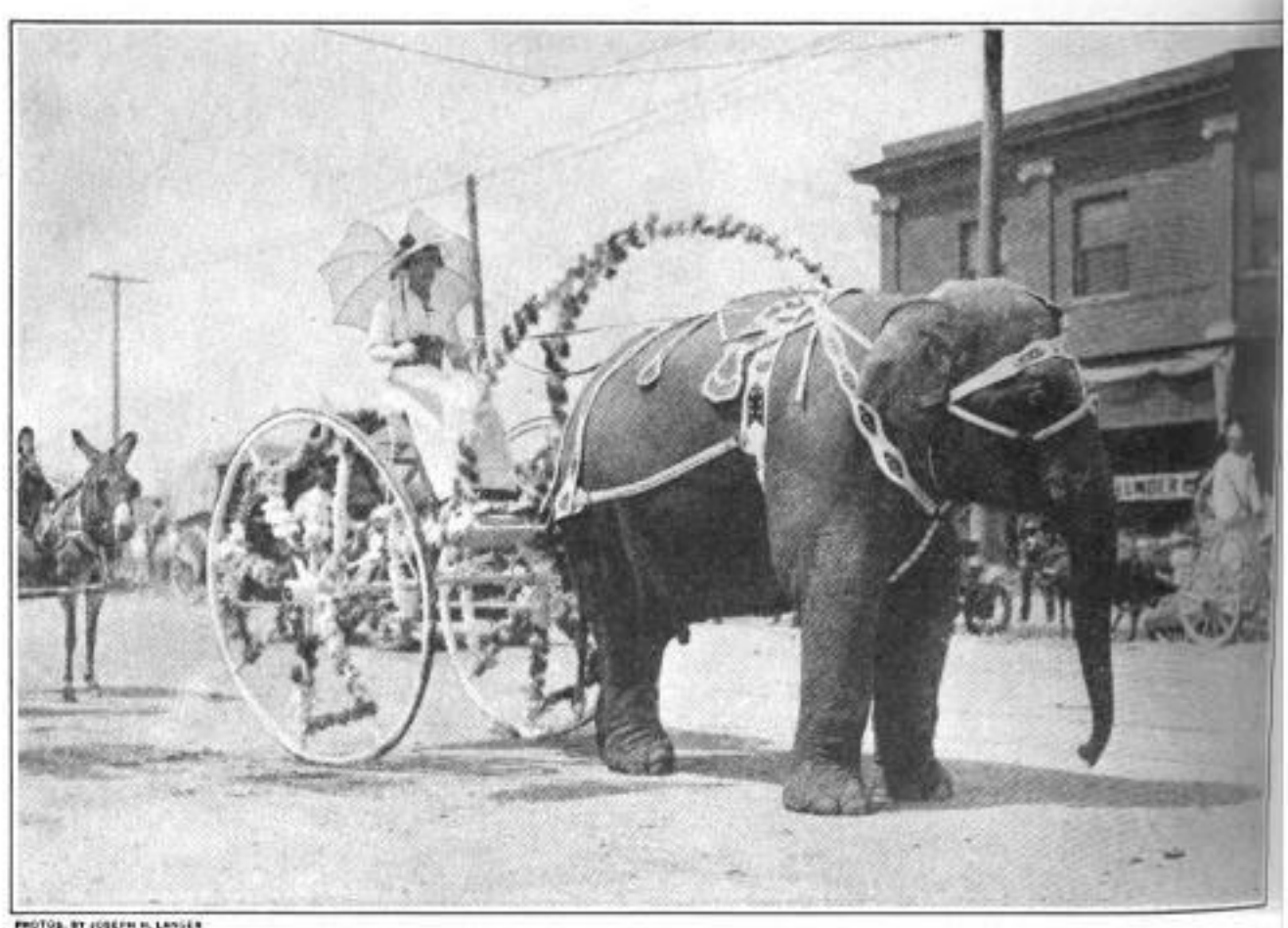
"Inconsistency—thy name is elephant!"

The Four-Legged Paradox

FOR, it seems, the paradox is a continual thing wit great pachyderms which form the backbone of pr cally every circus. There is never a time in which the not depended upon to save the show in times of arrivals, muddy or sandy lots or on long hauls from unloading runs to the exhibition grounds, when the tw three tons of flesh and bone and muscle which every phant possesses are thrown into play to augment efforts of the straining draft stock and chugging trac Yet, by the same token, there is never a moment w the circus is free from the danger of being torn to pi by that same bone and muscle and sinew! Upon one and one alone does the task depend, one man who leader above a leader, who can succeed often where others may fail, and upon whom rests the responsibi for salvation or wreckage—the keeper of the bulls.

In explanation, a herd of elephants—and in some of big circuses a herd will number as high as twenty members—is built upon the monarchial system, wit princess or two, a queen and a king in control. princesses and queen are elephants; the only male n allowed is the superintendent of the herd, the man whom the queen, or leader, vows allegiance. No mat what other men may do, what other men may command the keeper of the herd decides otherwise—then otherwi the result. The leader obeys him above all others, if obeys at all; the princesses obey her, and the male me bers tag along in a group of bulky camp followers, cithe agitators and revolutionists. The males make the trou in an elephant monarchy, the females make the laws a enforce them. It is seldom that other than a male cau a stampede; and almost inevitably it is a female—obeyi in her turn the man who commands her—that halts it.

As an example: The Sells-Floto Circus, one of t group of larger shows, was in Canada several years ag and one of its stands was Winnipeg. The performanc



PHOTOS. BY JOSEPH H. LANGER

Billy, the Trouble Breeder, Who Caused Another Elephant's Death

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ed for Monday and, as is usual with a circus, the
l arrived in town a day ahead for what is known
parlance as a Sunday on the lot—a day of rest
in which everything is made ready for the per-
s to come, leisurely, yet carefully, that the
nay go forth early the following morning and
eduled thing take place on the minute. The tents
erected, the seats placed, the animals fed and
, the ring curbs fastened into position, the hippo-
ack smoothed into readiness, the rigging for the
ërial acts set—and the circus had settled to rest.
menagerie the lions and tigers nodded sleepily,
hing to disturb them from their Sunday slothful-
e elephant picket line was calm and peaceful, the
nks weaving lazily at the transference of a full
of roughage from ground to mouth. Group by
e circus people departed from the lot, townward
or the usual Sunday stroll and the luxury of a
a hotel instead of the cramped berths of the
Only the watchmen were left about the various
ly the assistants in the menagerie.

came, starlit and peaceful. The torches began to
out the circus grounds, spots of limited brilliance
ufficient to provide protection
the pitfalls of stakes and wagon
and tight-pulled guy ropes.
assed in torpid peace. Down
e superintendent of the elephant
ed Alispaw, seated himself at
le of a night restaurant and
across toward his wife, awaiting
ision on the menu of an after-
supper. He called a waiter. He
he giving of an order. Then ——

ear-Crazed Monsters

)ENLY the café, the street, the
were in darkness, following a
laze of lightning and its con-
t crash of thunder. A moment
nd the rain was pelting, borne at
e of a forty-mile gale. Winni-
in a second had become a storm-
n city, its lights extinguished by
ning bolt which had struck one of
in feed wires, its street-car serv-
cked, its streets running small
from the rain, its every activity
e moment halted. In the café
laughed, struck matches and waited for the lights to
on again—all but one man, stumbling through the
ss toward the doorway, Fred Alispaw, keeper of the

ay here until the lights come on!" he ordered
of his wife. "I've got to get to the lot!"
it the cars are stopped."
an't help that. I'll find a taxi! I've got to get to
t!"
into the sheetlike rain he went, to leap to the run-
board of the first passing automobile and literally
commandeer it for a trip to the circus grounds several miles away. His experience with elephants and the instinctive knowledge of what the beasts might do under circumstances such as this demanded swift action, and plenty of it. More, intuition proved correct!

The storm had struck as suddenly at the circus grounds as in the city. With the first flash of lightning the wind had swept through the menagerie tent with galelike force, lifting the side walling and causing it to slap and bellow and snap in

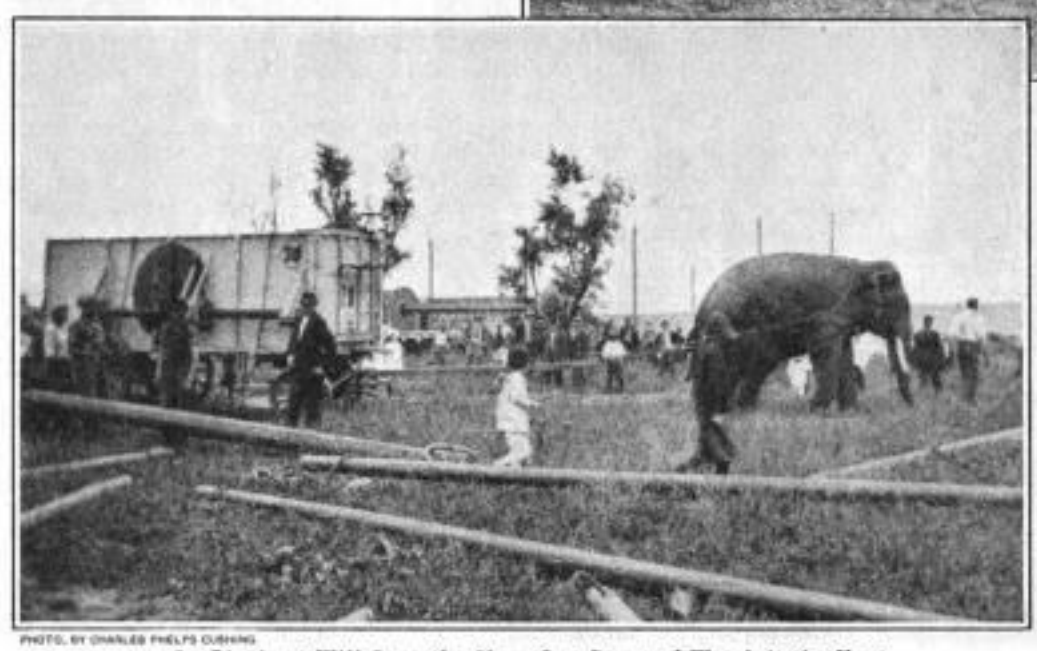


PHOTO. BY CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING
An Elephant Will Save the Show One Day and Wreck It the Next

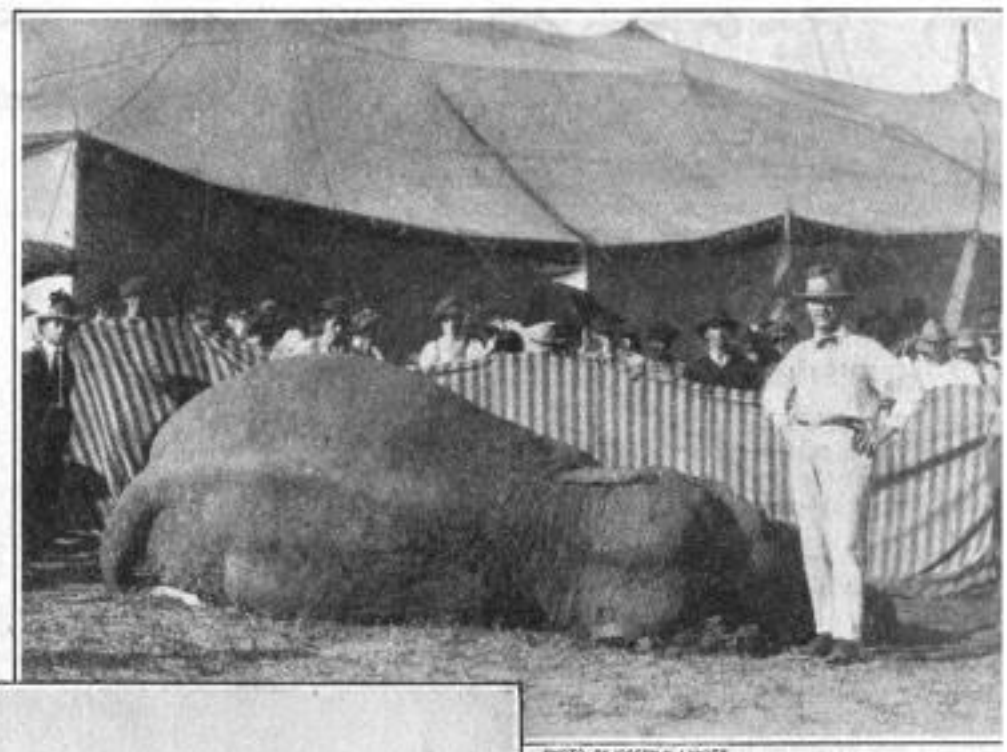


PHOTO. BY JOSEPH H. LANGER
Snyder After He Had Been Executed

queer ghostly fashion. The elephant herd, peaceful and drowsing at its double row of stakes only a moment before, had heard and seen!

There was no keeper to reassure them; only assistants. To an elephant an assistant counts for little if the supreme voice is absent, and right at that moment Alispaw was miles away. In vain the menagerie men sank their bull hooks into the ears of the plunging charges, then bobbing about like so many plummets strove in vain to hold the beasts in line. Even Old Mom, the head of the herd, had become panicky with the rest, not from fear of the storm but from the fright caused by the si
of that twisting, writhing side wall a
had shown for an instant in the glar
the lightning. To the elephants it r
resented s[illegible] unknown bellowing m
ster about to attack; the unexplai
thing always means trouble in an
phant herd. So the stampede had beg

One by one the extra stakes w
dragged from the ground. One by
the frantic animal attendants w
thrown aside or knocked down by
flail-like blows of tossing trunks.
thunder now bore an obbligato
screaming, hissing cat animals, crouc
in fear in their dens, of shouting m
of rending stakes, clanking chains
squealing, trumpeting elephants.
still another thunder—that of ton-he
bodies plunging across the menag
tent, the crashing of timbers as they knocked poles and ca
from their path, and the stampede of the nine-eleph
herd was on! A moment later the stages, the poles,
seats and grand stand of the main tent were splintering
snapping as some sixty thousand pounds of fear-madde
elephant flesh tore madly here and there in the big in
sure, rushing wildly, then wheeling as frantically in
other direction as a lightning flash showed that writhi
flapping thing of wind-blown canvas surrounding them
every side. Greater and greater the frenzy became; in
milling two of the males collided and began to fight w
swift smashing rushes and lashing trunks. Louder
louder became the squealing and trumpeting—sudde
to lull. A voice had come faintly from the darkness
the menagerie tent—every torch long had been ext
guished—a voice which caused Old Mom to turn and
trumpet with a new note:

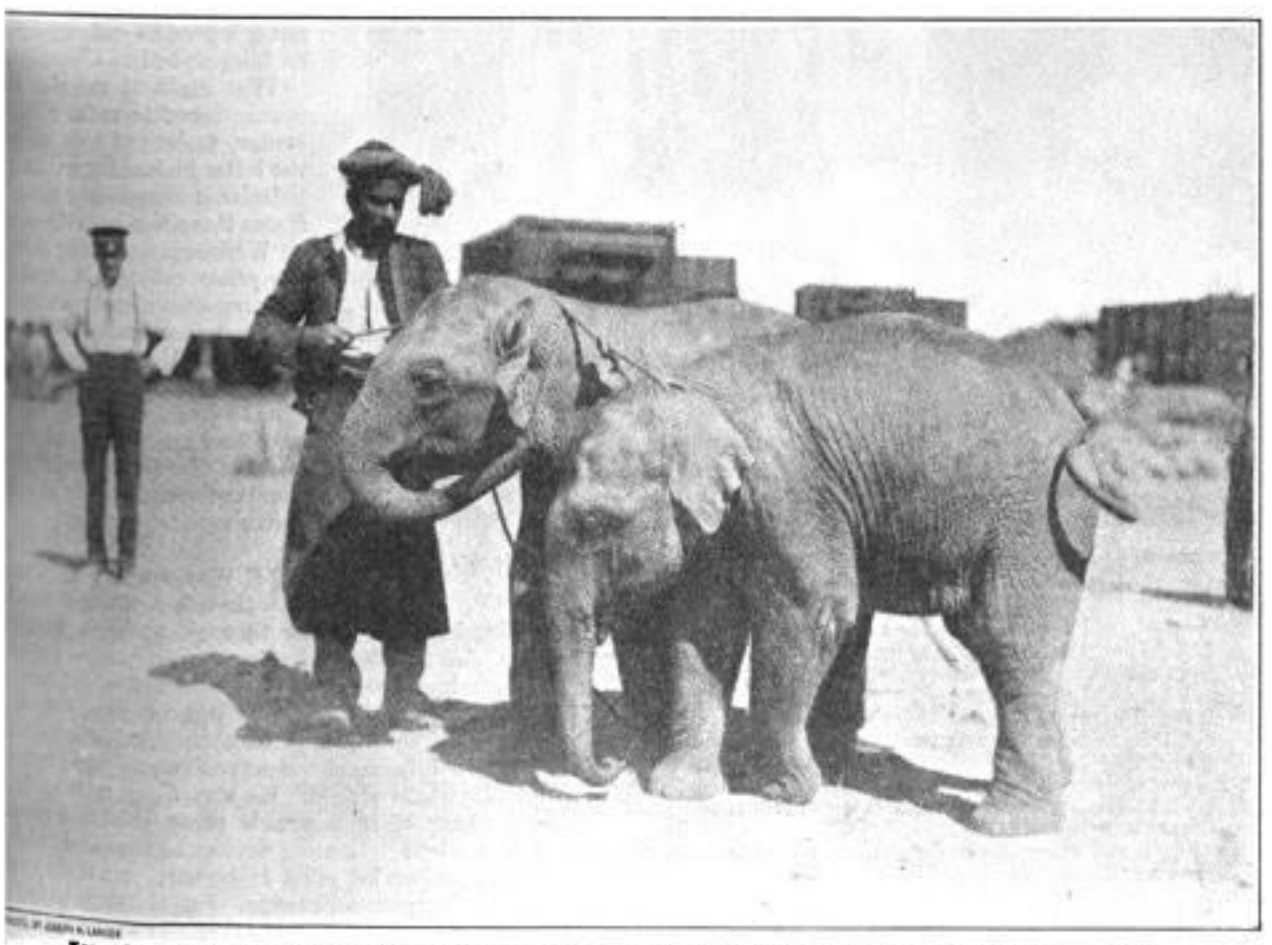
"Mom—Mom! Here I am!"

The Bull Keeper Restores Confidence

AGAIN the call sounded and Old Mom answered,
queen obeying the command of her overlord.
fighting ceased. A new signal sounded from the thr
of Old Mom. The elephants steadied. A moment la
Alispaw, standing in the connection between the men
erie and the main tent, saw revealed in a flash of lig
ning a great hulking shadow coming slowly but stead
toward him, while in the rear there followed eight oth
practically abreast! Old Mom had heard the voice
sought. That was enough!

But the fight had only begun. The storm now
taking on a new intensity, a new fury, and the trai
knew that he had but two allies, Mom and Alice, a s
of elephantine lady in waiting to the real queen of
herd. As soon as possible he caught the two elepha
by their ears and stood between them, talking to th
reassuring them, while they wrapped their trunks ab
him and squealed their delight, while the rest of the h
milled and trumpeted about them, each crowding
utmost to be near the thing which to them meant safe
For nearly an hour it continued, with the fate of the sh
in the hands of one man, literally buried in a bumpi
jostling mass of thirty tons of frightened elephants—
man whom they trusted and whose presence alone co
hold them against a new panic. Then slowly with
aid of his assistants and a lone flickering torch he be

(Continued on Page 113)



Ras and Mo as They Appeared When First Brought to This Country With Their Singhalese Attendant

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RITA COVENTRY

By Julian Street

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

XXII

THE Jersey pines were looming black in the February twilight as the limousine slipped swiftly into Lakewood, and it was dark when, after a light repast, Parrish and Rita resumed their way toward New York. Reaching the city before ten, they drove to her house, where, because of her early rehearsal next morning, they parted on the doorstep.

"Wednesday night, then, at the opera house," she said in farewell as Pierre opened the outer door.

Wednesday night—and this only Monday!

At Parrish's own door Ito greeted him with his polite Japanese smile.

"Teregram for you, sir," he said as he carried in the baggage; for Ito had the usual Oriental difficulty with "l" and "r."

Parrish knew what the telegram would be. Going to the library he took the yellow envelope from the desk, opened it and read. Yes, it was from Alice—a tautological announcement that she had arrived safely in Cleveland. Also there lay upon the desk a special-delivery letter addressed in her familiar handwriting—legible, slightly unformed, above all, honest.

As the telegram closed with the words "Much love," so the letter opened with the salutation "Dearest," followed by a dash; for dashes served Alice in place of periods, colons, semicolons and sometimes commas.

Hurriedly he read the letter:

George met me at the station with his car and drove me out to the house—It was certainly fine to see them all again—though of course I miss you terribly dear—When I was here before the grading wasn't all finished but now everything looks nice and settled inside and out—although it is certainly what you would call "suburban" looking—It's a California bungalow type house—stucco and brown wood—with a second story that you'd hardly notice from outside—and the furniture is mostly "mission"—I can see you turn up your nose at that! I don't think Margaret really likes mission furniture—but George the old dear likes it because it's "solid looking"—and all those two ever think of is having everything the way the other wants it—You would think them very unsophisticated and they are—the way I used to be!—but I know you'd like them because they are so good and devoted—and you'd be crazy about the children—They have grown so much since I last saw them that I could hardly believe my eyes—and they made such a fuss over "Auntie Alice" that it made her cry—It certainly is wonderful to have children love you like that and I don't say it because they are Margaret's but they really are *remarkable*—I think I cried partly because they are such little darlings and partly because their little arms around my neck somehow made my loneliness for you horribly acute—Does that sound crazy dear? Maybe it is but that's how I felt—Oh Dick how I do love you! (How Clara would scold me for writing you that and telling it to you all the time!) She thinks men are so conceited and selfish because she has never known the right *kind* of man and that has made her cynical—She says a woman is a fool to let a man know she cares because a man tires of a woman when he is so sure of her—I don't believe you can lay down any such rule to cover all cases do you? Anyway, I *want* you to be sure of me! And it's lucky for me I do!—because if I *didn't* want you to be you would be just the same—I couldn't help letting you see—

Oh dearest I'm so worried over Margaret! She's so miserable—worse than I thought—The doctor says she ought to have gone to the Adirondacks two or three weeks ago because though it's just pleurisy she won't get over it in this lake climate at this time of year and it might get worse—She has been fighting going because she can't bear to leave George and the children but she is getting frightened about herself now and since I am here she certainly has no excuse—But Dick it means a month or six weeks out here for me and I only reproach myself for not having realized and come sooner—So I can't go back with you when you come through—but I would give anything on earth to see you—Couldn't you stop over a train and come up? But if not I could come down and see you for a minute at the train—That would *help* wouldn't it dear? So if you go west be sure to telegraph me in plenty of time—

Well dear I'm afraid this epistle isn't any too cheerful sounding—but I do miss you so and this is the nearest I can get to talking to you—

Take care of yourself for my sake dear and don't get too tired—You work so hard you know—and there are so many germs around one can't be too careful—

I will write you every day and you must write me as often as you can even if it is only a line just to let me know you are well.

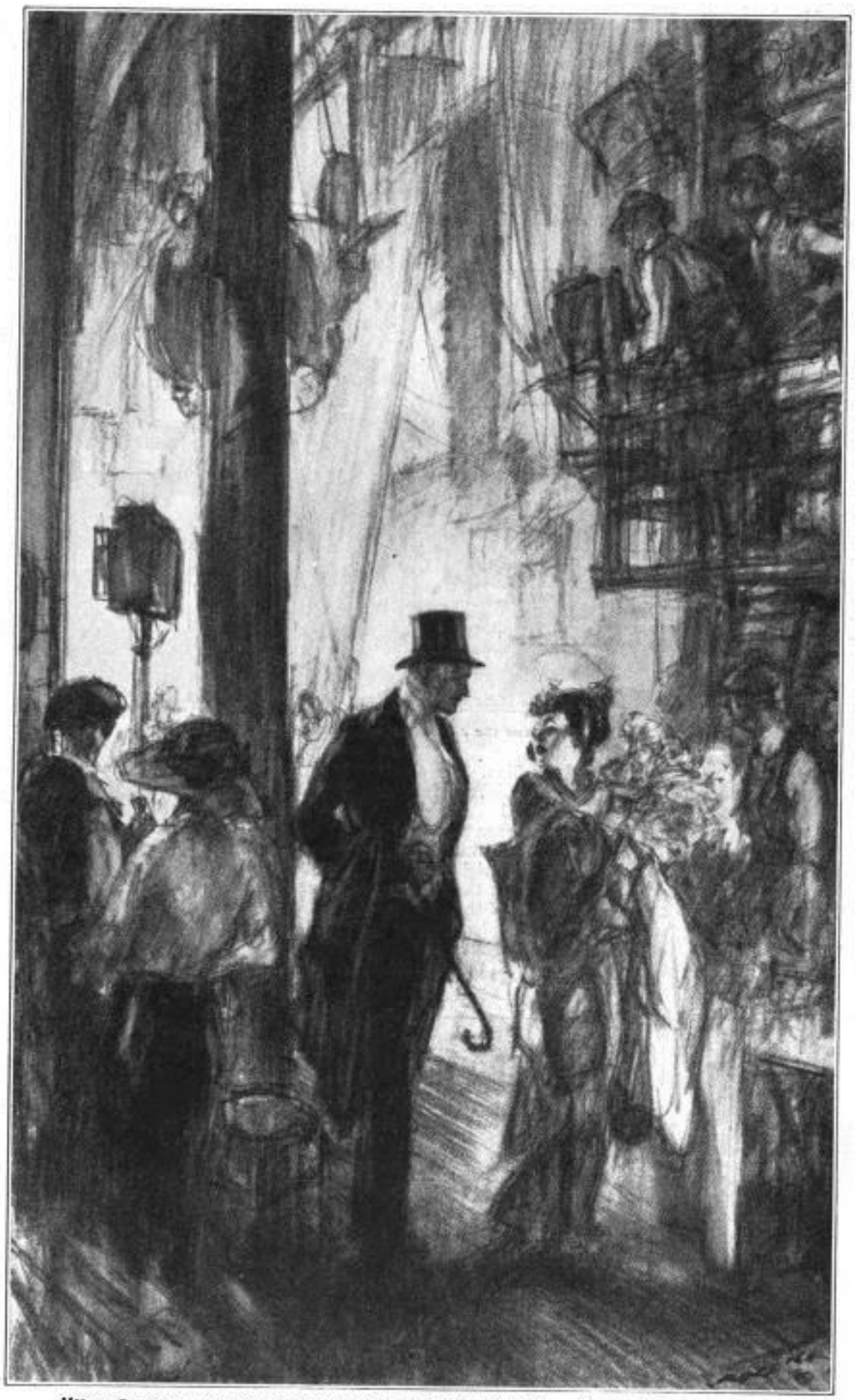
Perhaps if we get so lonesome for each other we can't stand it any longer we can talk on the long distance the way we did when I was here before—

Oh Dick you know how I adore you don't you?

Your loving Ali

P S—

You haven't forgotten what the farmer wrote you the fences at Blenkinswood have you?



"Your Engagement," He Began Interrogatively, "That Business You Spoke of—It Hasn't by Any Chance Been ——"

Parrish sighed heavily, to letter into small pieces and dr them into the wastebasket. of his welter of conflicting tions and impulses emerg thought of telephoning to be quickly he let it slip back int welter. He would write.

He took a sheet of paper the rack, dipped his pen paused. Then he wrote "D and after pausing again, a "est." But when he blotte word the final syllable, not h dried so long, was percep lighter than the first.

"Oh, hang it!" he said.

He tore up the sheet and le fragments fall to the basket, w Alice's letter already lay; the ing he went to his room, wa and put on his bathrobe and pers, whereafter he returned t desk and sat for a moment, only to get up again. This he proceeded to the butler's try, where, after picking sava at the ice, he secured a suit piece, which he washed and posited in a tall thin glass. Th he went to the sideboard and, unlocking it, withdrew a bo containing an amber fluid. Ha he poured a generous portion his glass, and adding water, dra

Putting down the empty g he returned to the desk, sea himself, took up the telephone asked for the telegraph office.

His night letter to Alice w long, sympathetic and uninfor ing. "Am writing," he ended.

But he did not write that nig and next morning he was pres for time; he had been absent fr the office for a day; much busin would be awaiting him. Moreov there were errands to be done the way down. He stopped at jeweler's, on Fifth Avenue, a was there for the better part of hour, closeted with the head of firm. Thence he went to his fl rist's, where he ordered flowers be telegraphed to Cleveland.

That night at the club he w requisitioned to make a fourth bridge, so he put into his pock the letter he had begun, intendin to finish it when he got home. B it was late when he got home; an on Wednesday morning there w the office calling him again. meeting kept him downtown late than usual, and when, after takin his walk up the Avenue, he reache the apartment, it was practically time to dress. Ordinarily he woul have had more time, but to-night he must dine early in order to be at the stage door promptly at quarter before eight.

XXIII

HE WAS even a little ahead of time, but the door man was expecting him and let him through, sending a young man to pilot him to Rita's dressing room.

Parrish had been behind scenes before, but never in such a place as this. Here, as in an ordinary theater, he was aware of worn gray boards underfoot, of brick walls crude and solid, and of the pervasive musty smell common to all playhouse stages. He was dimly conscious as he moved along of innumerable ropes and cables running aloft, of cyclopean lighting devices to be avoided, of furniture and properties piled in corners, and of the brutal bareness of unpainted canvas. Yet this stage, because of its vast size, was unlike any other. It was cosmic. In its dim vistas workmen were but gnomes; beyond the towering

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he scene set for the first act lay an undiscovered
the dark, deep spaces of the fly gallery, above,
remoteness of a midnight sky. Following the
an Parrish began to feel that life itself, becoming
with madness, had turned its clothing wrong side
gone to masquerading.

iating a corner and leading the way up several
steps the pilot knocked upon a metal door, and
eiving an answer from within, departed, leaving
standing there.

it immediately the door was opened narrowly,
a maid in a frilled cap.

sieur Parrish?"

"

pened the door wider, saying "*Entrez, s'il vous*
nsieur," and as she relieved him of hat, overcoat
e, continued, "*Mademoiselle vous demande mille*
, monsieur, mais elle n'est pas encore habillée. Vous la peine de vous asseoir, monsieur."

ting the most comfortable of the wicker chairs
obediently sat down, and as the maid departed
next room began to entertain himself by inspect-
surroundings. Long and narrow, the room had the
ons of a rather large hall bedroom; there was a
of dull beveled glass, white and blind like an eye
cataract, but Parrish had a feeling that the apart-
ardly knew the light of day, much less the sunlight.
it its mirrors, bright electric lights and chintz it
have been a very gloomy place. The chintz, which
cream color with a running pattern of rose wreaths,
ited the place. It covered the walls and the couch;
adow and the door leading to the dressing room
rtained with it; it had been used for upholstering
irs. A label-covered
be trunk standing in
ner, a small table and
ing desk of cream-
namel, some mirrors,
graphs and vases of
s half-heartedly at-
ed to dispute the sway
rose-wreath pattern.
e mirrors reflected it
e other objects were
ots against it. Even
t sheaf of American
y roses, standing in
resembling an enor-
megaphone of brass,
me inconspicuous
st those serpentines of
si roses on the walls.
s attention was at-
ed by some caricatures
eratic figures, and he
o look at them. They
drawn by a famous
whose talent for dis-
d portraiture was often
tioned in the news-
rs, and among them
a wicked sketch of Rita
délisande's trailing
es, with her mouth
open.

e was looking disap-
ingly at this when he
d the clink of curtain
s behind him, as the
ilere at the dressing-
n door was thrust back,
Rita's voice calling to
to come in.

he maid stood aside in
doorway as he entered,
n withdrew, closing the
e after her.

Rita was seated at a long
aking table with triple
rors strongly lighted,
en, pausing in the final
ocesses of making up, she
ned her head to greet
n. The silken kimono,
oaded obi, and convo-
ted wig of glistening coal-
ack hair were those of
adame Butterfly, but
ghly picturesque as the
apanese costume was, his
ance at it was cursory. It
as her face that held him.
e stared at it, discon-
erted. For though there
as a trace of Rita in the
es, disguised with heavy
ake-up—the lashes
eaked with oily black, the
inner corners dotted with red, the outer corners lined obliquely to give an Oriental tilt—and though it was her voice that spoke to him from behind that mask of grease paint and powder, he could not feel that this was she. Like the lad in the fairy tale whose loved one is transformed by witchcraft into another shape, he shared memories with the extraordinary being before him, yet felt that she was a stranger to him.

With an instinctive desire to overcome this sense of unreality he went back to the subject of which they had last spoken, asking, "How did the rehearsal go yesterday?"

She was leaning toward the mirror, giving a final touch of color to her lower lip.

"Lasted all day," she said, as if speaking to her own reflection.

Turning her head from side to side she inspected critically the fit of her wig; then with both hands she pressed it down more firmly.

Meanwhile Parrish, anxious to break through this sense of remoteness, sought her eyes, moving behind her and looking at her in the glass.

"Did you get very tired?"

She turned quickly.

"Oh, don't do that!" she cried. "Don't look at me in the glass when you're talking to me. It's unlucky!"

He smiled.

"I didn't know that you were superstitious."

"I suppose we all are. Things here depend so much on luck. Don't you remember—we were speaking of that the other day? For instance"—her laugh was a little bit apologetic—"we are superstitious about whistling in the dressing room. It brings bad luck to whoever is nearest the door. And I wouldn't dare have any shoes on a shelf higher than my head. That's awful—poverty, disaster, death! And yesterday we didn't sing the last few measures of the opera. We never do until the first night. And there's an old superstition about ——"

"I hope," he put in, "that there is none about receiving a gift in the dressing room. Because," he went on without waiting for her answer, "I've brought you this."

From an inside pocket he drew a flat leather-covered box, and placed it before her upon the dressing table.

She seized his hand.

"Oh, you dear! How dear of you!" Then pressing the button which released the lid of the box, and discovering in its black velvet nest a flexible linked bracelet of platinum, set with square diamonds, chic and costly, she cried out again, "Oh, it's lovely! You extravagant boy!"

Pulling back one kimono sleeve she slipped the bracelet on her arm and, holding it away from her, gazed at it admiringly. Then rising and taking both his hands she exclaimed, "I'd like to hug you! But I mustn't. This liquid powder rubs off."

"I'll take a chance," he said, looking down at her benignantly.

"I won't," she returned, laughing. "I have to go on too soon."

As if in confirmation of her words the maid knocked at the door, announcing:

"*Le prélude va commencer, mademoiselle.*"

"*Bien, Sophie.*" She summoned her, and taking off the bracelet placed it in her hand, saying, "Look at the beautiful thing monsieur has given me!" Then, as the maid admired, she added, "Now you take good care of it, Sophie!" And to Parrish, "I hate to take it off, but it might be noticed from the front—and of course it is out of character."

"Yes, of course."

He was disappointed. He wanted her to wear it. With it on she belonged to him.

"Now come," said she, "and I'll show you where to stay and watch the act."

She led the way out through the anteroom, down the steps and to the stage.

The scene, showing the Japanese house with its terrace and garden on a hilltop overlooking the town and bay of Nagasaki, was fully set, and the footlights and borders were aglare. Two singers, costumed for the parts of Pinkerton and Goro, were standing at one side, well back, prepared to be discovered when the curtain should rise.

This obvious readiness made Parrish nervous as he walked across the stage at Rita's side. "What if the curtain should suddenly ascend!" he was thinking to himself. And when, just as he was thinking that, the first violins vigorously attacked the beginning of the overture he was startled to the point of panic. To be caught out there in the middle of the stage—a nightmare! He looked anxiously at Rita, but she reassured him with a smile.

When the curtain did rise they were safely off the scene, seated in two gilt chairs behind the concealing proscenium arch and its appendant draperies. Hitherto the music had been muffled by the curtain, but now there came a burst of sound from the entire choir of strings, and simultaneously a sense of air in circulation between stage and auditorium, and of a great dark something out there beyond the footlights, very quiet but very much alive.

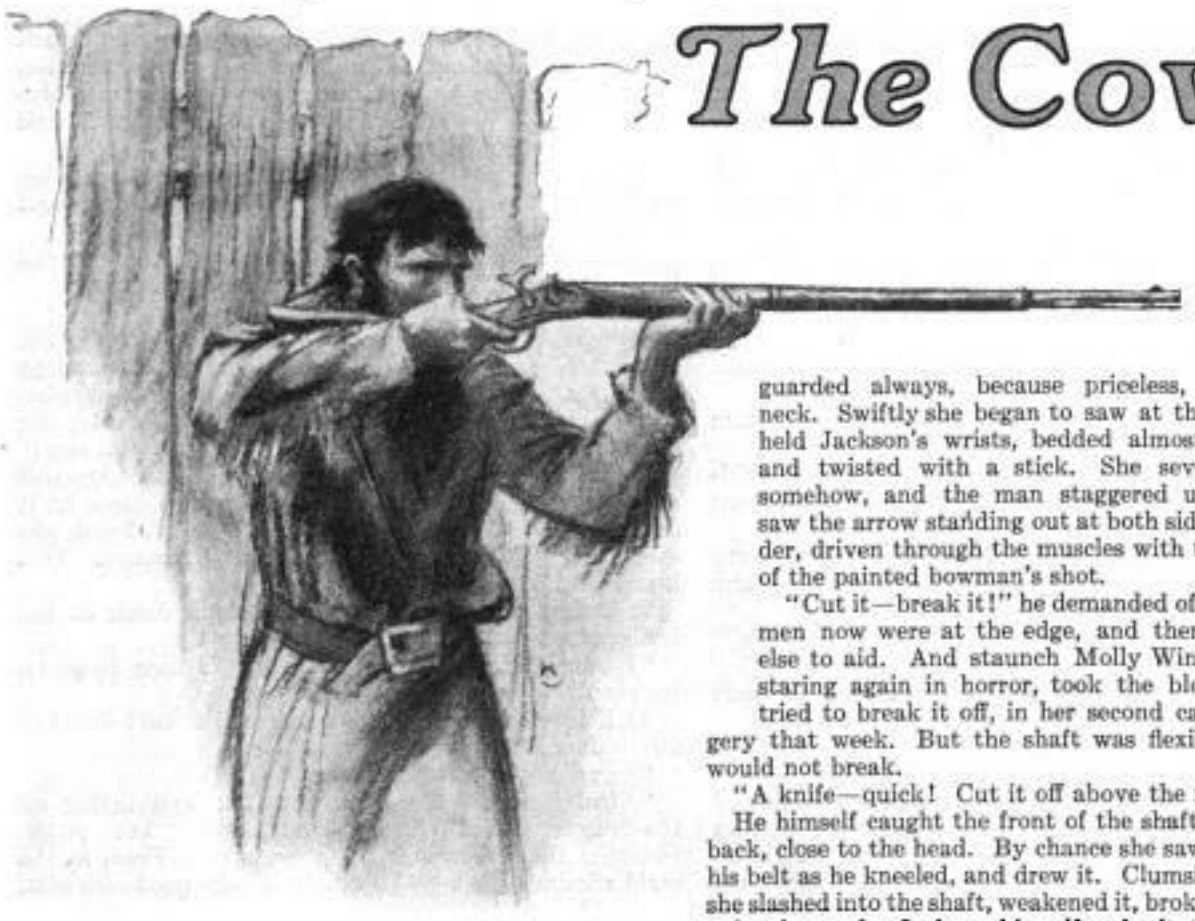
From their vantage point they watched the bustling

(Continued on Page 38)



Though it Was Her Voice That Spoke to Him From Behind That Mask of Grease Paint and Powder, He Could Not Feel That This Was Rita

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"All Right! Now Hold Stiddy a Minute"

The Covered Wago

By Emerson Hough

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

XXXI

HOW, cola!" exclaimed the leader of the band of Indians, crowding up to the gap in the corral where a part of the stock had just been driven in. He grinned maliciously and made the sign for "Sioux"—the edge of the hand across the throat.

But men, rifles crosswise, barred him back, while others were hurrying, strengthening the barricade. A half dozen rifles, thrust out through wheels or leveled across the wagon tongues, now covered the front rank of the Crows; but the savages—some forty or fifty in number—only sat their horses, laughing. This was sport to them. They had no doubt at all that they would have their will of this party of the whites as soon as they got ready, and they planned further strategy. To drive a prisoner into camp before killing him was humorous from their point of view, and practical withal, like driving a buffalo close to the village before shooting it.

But the white men were not deceived by the trading-post salutation.

"He's a liar!" called out the voice of Jackson. "They're not Sioux—they're Crows, and out for war! Don't let 'em in, boys! For God's sake, keep 'em out!"

It was a brave man's deed. The wonder was his words were not his last, for though the Crows did not understand all his speech, they knew well enough what he meant. One brave near him struck him across the mouth with the heavy wooden stock of his Indian whip, so that his lips gushed blood. A half dozen arrows turned toward him, trembling on the strings. But the voice of their partisan rose in command. He preferred a parley, hoping a chance might offer to get inside the wagon ring. The loose stock he counted safe booty any time they liked. He did not relish the look of the rifle muzzles at this close range. The riders were now piled in almost against the wheels.

"Swap!" exclaimed the Crow leader ingratiatingly, and held out his hand. "How, cola!"

"Don't believe him! Don't trust him, men!"

Again Jackson's voice rose. As the savages drew apart from him, to hold him in even better bow range, one young brave, hideously barred in vermilion and yellow, all the time with an arrow at the prisoner's back, the men in the wagon corral now saw that Jackson's hands were tied behind his back, so that he was helpless. But still he sat his own horse, and still he had a chance left to take.

"Look out!" he called high and clear. "Get away from the hole! I'm coming in!"

Before anyone fully caught his meaning he swung his horse with his legs, lifted him with his heels and made one straight, desperate plunge for the gap, jostling aside the nearest two or three of his oppressors.

It was a desperate man's one hope—no hope at all, indeed, for the odds were fifty to one against him. Swift as was his movement, and unprepared as his tormentors were for it, just as the horse rose to his leap over the wagon tongue, and as the rider flung himself low on his neck to escape what he knew would come, a bow twanged back of him. They all heard the zhut! of the arrow as it struck. Then, in a stumbling heap, horse and rider fell, rolled over, as a sleet of arrows followed through.

Jackson rolled to one side, rose to his knees. Molly Wingate chanced to be near. Her scissors, carefully guarded always, because priceless, hung at her neck. Swiftly she began to saw at the thong which held Jackson's wrists, bedded almost to the bone and twisted with a stick. She severed the cord somehow, and the man staggered up. Then they saw the arrow standing out at both sides of his shoulder, driven through the muscles with the hasty snap of the painted bowman's shot.

"Cut it—break it!" he demanded of her, for all the men now were at the edge, and there was no one else to aid. And staunch Molly Wingate, her eyes staring again in horror, took the bloody stem and tried to break it off, in her second case of like surgery that week. But the shaft was flexible, tough and would not break.

"A knife—quick! Cut it off above the feather!"

He himself caught the front of the shaft and pushed it back, close to the head. By chance she saw Jed's knife at his belt as he kneeled, and drew it. Clumsily but steadily she slashed into the shaft, weakened it, broke it, pushed the point forward. Jackson himself unhesitatingly pulled it through, a gush of blood following on either side the shoulder. There was no time to notice that. Crippled as he was, the man only looked for weapons. A pistol lay on the ground and he caught it up.

But for the packs and bales that had been thrown against the wheels, the inmates of the corral would all have fallen under the rain of arrows that now slatted and thudded in. But they kept low, and the Indians were so close against the wagons that they could not see under the bodies or through the wheels. The chocks had not yet been taken out from under the boxes, so that they stood high. Against such a barricade cavalry was helpless. There was no warrior who wanted to follow Jackson's example of getting inside.

For an instant there came no order to fire. The men were reaching into the wagons to unsling their rifles from the riding loops fastened to the bows. It all was a trample and a tumult and a whirl of dust under thudding hoofs outside and in, a phase which could last no more than an instant. Came the thin crack of a squirrel rifle from the far corner of the wagon park. The Crow partisan sat his horse just a moment, the expression on his face frozen there, his mouth slowly closing. Then he slid off his horse close to the gap, now piled high with goods and gear.

A boy's high quaver rose.

"You can't say nothing this time! You didn't shoot at all now!"

An emigrant boy was jeering at his father.

But by that time no one knew or cared who shot. The fight was on. Every rifle was emptied in the next instant, and at that range almost every shot was fatal or disabling. In sudden panic at the powder flare in their faces, the Crows broke and scattered, with no time to drag away their wounded.

The fight, or this phase of it, was over almost before it was begun. It all was one more repetition of border history. Almost never did the Indians make a successful attack on a trading post, rarely on an emigrant train in full corral. The cunning of the Crow partisan in driving in a prisoner as a fence had brought him close, yes—too close. But the line was not yet broken.

Firing with a steady aim, the emigrants added to the toll they took. The Crows bent low and flogged their horses. Only in the distant willow thickets did they pause. They even left their dead.

There were no wounded, or not for long. Jackson, the pistol in his hand, his face gray with rage and pain, stepped outside the corral. The Crow chief, shot through the chest, turned over, looked up dully.

"How, cola!" said his late prisoner, baring his teeth.

And what he did with this brave he did with all the others of the wounded able to move a hand. The debt to savage treachery was paid, savagely enough, when he turned back to the wagons, and such was the rage of all at this last assault that no voice was raised to stay his hand.

"There's nothing like tobacker," asserted Jackson coolly when he had reëntered the corral and it came to the question of caring for his arrow wound. "Jest tie on a good chaw o' tobacker on each side o' that hole an' 'twe long afore she's all right. I'm glad it went plumb th I've knowed a arrerhead to pull off an' stay in wh sinew wroppin's got loose from soakin'.

"Look at them wrists," he added, holding up his "They twisted that rawhide clean to the bone, dam skins! Pertendin' to be friends! They put me in fro you'd let 'em ride up close—that's the Crow way, t right into camp if they can, git in close and play f But, believe me, this ain't but the beginnin'. The back, an' plenty with 'em. Them Crows ain't west Pass fer only one thing, an' that's this wagon train.'

They gathered around him now, plying him with tions. Sam Woodhull was among those who came, a Jackson watched narrowly every moment, his own w handy, as he now described the events that had b him hither.

"Our train come into the Sweetwater two days b you-all," he said. "We seen you'd had a fight but ha on. We knowed some was hurt, fer we picked up woman fixin's—tatting, hit were—with blood on hit, we found buryin's, the dirt different color."

They told him now of the first fight, of their losses, wounded; told him of the near escape of Molly Wi though out of courtesy to Woodhull, who stood near, said nothing of the interrupted wedding. The old m tain man's face grew yet more stern.

"That gal!" he said. "Her shot by a sneakin' I hoe? Ain't that a shame! But she's not bad— comin' through?"

Molly Wingate, who stood ready now with band told him how like the two arrow wounds had been.

"Take an' chaw tobacker, ma'am," said he. "P hunk on each side, do-ee mind, an' she'll be well."

"Go on and tell us the rest," someone demanded.

"Not much to tell that ye couldn't of knew, gentlem resumed the scout. "Ef ye'd sont back fer us we jined ye, shore, but ye didn't send."

"How could we send, man?" demanded Woodhull agely. "How could we know where you were, or wh you'd come—or whether you'd have been of any use if had?"

"Well, we knew whar you-all was, 't any rate," rejo Jackson. "We was two days back o' ye, then one Our captain wouldn't let us crowd in he said he wasn't welcome an' we w needed.

"That was ontel we struck the big C trail, with you all a follerin' of hit bl a-chasin' trouble as hard as ye c chase.

"Then he sont me on ahead to war an' to ask ef we should jine on. We kno the Crows was down atter the train.

"I laid down to sleep, I did, und sagebrush, in the sun, like a fool. I beat out and needed sleep, and I thou I was safe fer a leetle while. Whe woke up it was a whoop that done They was around me, laughin', twe arrers p'inted, an' some shot inter ground by my face. I taken my chan and shook hands. They grabbed me a tied me. Then they made me guide th in, like ye seen. They maybe didn't kn I come from the east and not from t west.



Jim Bridger

"Their village is on some creek above here. I thi they're on a visit to the Shoshones. Eight hundred m they are, or more. Hit's more'n what it was with t Sioux on the Platte, fer ye're not so many now. An' a time now the main band may come. Git ready, men. F me, I must git back to my own train. They may be bac twenty mile, or thirty. Would ary man want to ride wi me? Would ye, Sam Woodhull?"

The eyes of his associates rested on Woodhull.

"I think one man would be safer than two," said h "My own place is here if there's sure to be a fight."

"Mebbe so," assented Jackson. "In fack I don't kno as more'n one'd git through if you an' me both started His cold gray eye was fixed on Woodhull carelessly. "An ef hit was the wrong man got through he'd never lead the Missouri men for'rerd to where this fight'll be.

"An' hit'll be right here. Look yan!" he added.

He nodded to the west, where a great dust cloud rose

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re is comin'," said he. "Yan's Bannocks, like as even the Shoshones, all I know, though they're uiet. The runners is out atween all the tribes. I e on my way."

urried to find his own horse, looked to its welfare, too, had an arrow wound. As he passed a certain he heard a voice call to him, saw a hand at the ed front.

s Molly! Hit's you! Ye're not dead no ways,

me," said the girl.

trew near, fell back at sight of her thin face, her but again she commanded him.

now," said she. "He's—he's safe?"

s, Miss Molly, a lot safer'n any of us here."

u're going back to him?"

s. When he knows ye're hurt he'll come. Nothin'll im, oncet I tell him."

ait!" she whispered. "I heard you talk. Take him She pushed into his hand a folded paper, unsealed, it address. "To him!" she said, and fell back on the ds of her rude pallet.

hat moment her mother was approaching, and at her alked Woodhull, actuated by his own suspicions Jackson. He saw the transaction of the passed note essed what he could not know. He tapped Jackson shoulder, drew him aside, his own face pale with

n one of the officers of this train," said he. "I want ow what's in that note. We have no truck with n, and you know that. Give it to me."

kson calmly tucked the paper into the fire bag that at his belt.

ome an' take hit, Sam, damn ye!" said he. "I don't what's in hit, an' won't know. Who it's to ain't o' yore business!"

ou're a cursed meddler!" broke out Woodhull. 're a spy in our camp, that's all you are!"

o? Well, cussed meddler er not, I'm a cussed shore An' I advise ye to give over on all this an' mind yore ess. Ye'll have plenty to do by midnight, an' by that all yore women an' children, all yore old men an' all cowards'll be prayin' fer Banion an' his men to come. includes you somewheres, Sam. Don't temp' me too ner too long. I'll kill ye yit ef ye do! Git on away!"

They parted, each with eye over shoulder. Their talk had been aside and none had heard it in full. But when Woodhull again joined Mrs. Wingate that lady conveyed to him Molly's refusal to see him or to set a time for seeing him. Bitterly angered, humiliated to the core, he turned back to the men completing the defenses of the wagon park.

"I kain't start now afore dark," said Jackson to the train command. "They are goin' to jump the train. When they do come they'll surround ye an' try to keep ye back from the water till the stock goes crazy. Lay low an' don't let a Injun inside. Hit may be a hull day, er more, but when Banion's men come they'll come a-runnin'—allowin' I git through to tell 'em.

"Dig in a trench all the way aroun'," he added finally. "Put the women an' childern in hit an' pile up all yer flour on top. Don't waste no powder—let 'em come up close as they will. Hold on ontel we come."

At dusk he slipped away, the splash of his horse's feet in the ford coming fainter and fainter, even as the hearts of some felt fainter as his wise counsel left them.

They waited—the women and children, the old, the ill and the wounded huddled shivering and crying in the scooped-out sand, hardest and coldest of beds; the men in line against the barricade, a circle of guards outside the wagon park. But midnight passed, and the cold hours of dawn, and still no sign came of an attack. Men began to believe the dust cloud of yesterday no more than a false alarm, and the leaders were of two minds, whether to take Jackson's counsel and wait for the Missourians, or to hook up and push on as fast as possible to Bridger's Fort, scarce more than two hard days' journey on ahead. But before this discussion had gone far events took the decision out of their hands.

"Look!" cried a voice. "Open the gate!"

The cattle guards and outposts who had just driven the herd to water were now spurring for shelter and hurrying on the loose stock ahead of them. And now, from the willow growth above them, from the trail that led to the ford and from the more open country to the westward there came, in three great detachments, not a band or a body but an army of the savage tribesmen, converging steadily upon the wagon train.

They came slowly, not in a wild charge, not yelling, but chanting. The upper and right-hand bodies were Crows. Their faces were painted black, for war and for revenge. The band on the left were wild men, on active half-broke horses, their weapons for the most part bows and arrows. They later found these to be Bannocks, belonging anywhere but here, and in any alliance rather than with the Crows from east of the Pass.



Nor did the latter belong here to the south and west, far off their own great hunting range. Obviously what Carson, Bridger, Jackson had said was true. All the tribes were in league to stop the great invasion of the white nation, who now were bringing their women and children and this thing with which they buried the buffalo. They meant extermination now. They were taking their time and would take their revenge for the dead who lay piled before the white man's barricade.

The emigrants rolled back a pair of wagons, and the cattle were crowded through, almost over the human occupants of the oblong. The gap was closed. All the remaining cargo packages were piled against the wheels, and the non-combatants sheltered in that way. Shovels deepened the trench here or there as men sought better to protect their families.

And now in a sudden mêlée of shouts and yells, of trampling hoofs and whirling colors, the first bands of the Crows came charging up in the attempt to carry away their dead of yesterday. Men stooped to grasp a stiffened wrist, a leg, a belt; the ponies squatted under ghastly dragging burdens. *(Continued on Page 86)*



The Crows Bent Low and Flogged Their Horses

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OUR OFFICIAL FAMILY

Recollections of a Cabinet Minister's Wife

By Mrs. Josephus Daniels



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Mrs. Daniels Going Aboard the U. S. S. Dolphin, the Former Secretary of the Navy Following

THERE are men who bitterly assail one another on the floor of the United States Senate, but whose wives are the best of friends. This situation has come about largely through the organization known as The Ladies of the Senate, which was formed by Mrs. Thomas R. Marshall, wife of Vice President Marshall.

During the days of the war Mrs. Marshall brought the group together to sew for the Red Cross. A room in the Senate Office Building was set aside for their use one morning of each week, and over their needles and their box luncheons the women began to establish friendships.

Some of the bonds which grew between Democratic and Republican women remind me of a friendship one of my boys formed soon after we went to Washington. The boy had never known much about Republicans, and one day he came to me with popping eyes. "Mother," he said, "my friend is a Republican. Will it do for me to go with him?" Democratic and Republican women have found that it would do for them to go together, and politics has been relegated to the background with such pleasant results that the organization is to be continued.

A remark which Mrs. Marshall made shortly after coming to Washington is indicative of her strength of character. "I have no respect for a woman who changes her habits here," she said. "If she has been brought up to believe that a thing is permissible under her code of manners I have no criticism of her when she does that thing here. But when she changes her standards because she has a different position in Washington, then I do condemn her."

Too Small for the Chair

UPON Mr. and Mrs. Marshall fell a considerable burden of social responsibility in Washington. Their own great popularity brought them many invitations. Added to this was the fact that while President Wilson was ill upon the Vice President devolved the official entertaining for foreigners.

It was during this time that Mr. Marshall said one night at dinner that he believed he should carry a screen around with him, retiring behind it at intervals to declaim, "The representative of the President will now come forth," or "The Vice President will now come forth," or "A Hoosier politician will now come forth."

Mr. Marshall never spared himself in the quips and jokes for which he was famous, and his frequent remarks at the expense of the senators over whom he presided have been enjoyed by many persons in the galleries.



Mrs. Daniels in Y. W. C. A. Uniform

A story is told of him when he first came to Washington. Former Senator Bacon, of Georgia, a great stickler for tradition, entered the chamber one morning to find that the great throne-like chair provided for the Vice Presidents for years had been replaced by a simple swivel chair such as is used by many an American business man at his desk.

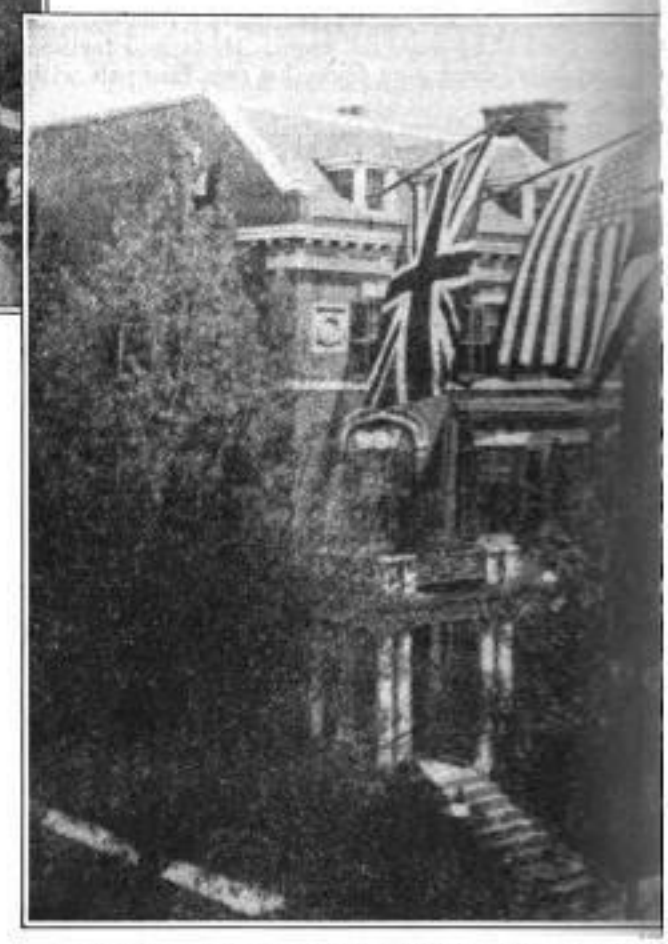
Senator Bacon interviewed the sergeant-at-arms and was told that the secretary of the Senate had ordered the change. His indignation mounted as he went to the secretary and was told that the Vice President was responsible for the order. Thereupon Senator Bacon approached the Vice President. Mr. Marshall heard him through, as he expatiated on the glories of vice presidents of the past who had occupied the chair, and then he asked: "Senator Bacon, the people elected me Vice President without having seen me or that chair. All I can say is I am a misfit and I do not intend to continue shaking around in it like one pea in a pod."

One can imagine the Vice President mentally remarking that it was hard enough to preside over that particular Senate without sitting in an uncomfortable chair.

It is a great tribute to the spirit with which the Vice President performed his duties during those trying days when the Administration was the object of such bitter attack by the senators, that upon his retirement he received a gift from the senators, accompanied by speeches bearing testimony to the high regard with which he is held. Similarly The Ladies of the Senate made a gift to Mrs. Marshall in token of their affection and esteem for her.

Mr. and Mrs Marshall brought home to me a fact which I had never appreciated so keenly before I went to Washington. I had enjoyed my own children so much and had lived so greatly with my four boys that I had not realized the void in the lives of those who have no children, nor the keenness of envy with which they regard those who have them. I can recall several men in Washington who happened to be thrown with my boys and who revealed plainly their yearning for sons to carry on the name they had striven and sacrificed to establish. One very wealthy and powerful man several times rode in the same elevator with one of my boys and one day laid his hand on the lad's shoulder and said, "I would give a million dollars if you belonged to me."

From the beginning of their stay in Washington Mr. and Mrs. Marshall participated in the local civic and patriotic activities, and at a day nursery where



Residence of Secretary Daniels in Washington, Where an Amusing War Scare Occurred While President Wilson Was Dining There

Mrs. Marshall helped to weigh and measure babies she became greatly interested in a little boy who was suffering from malnutrition. The boy often came under her attention. She learned that the father and mother were honorable, hard-working people with a large family to support. Finally Mrs. Marshall, with the approval of the Vice President, asked to take the boy home for six weeks. Permission was given by the parents. Mr. and Mrs. Marshall were then making their home at one of the hotels. They took a house in order to make the boy comfortable, and engaged a trained nurse for him. As they struggled to bring the child back to health they experienced the sacrifice which greatly endears, and at the end of the six weeks they found that they could not bear to give him up.

The Kindly Marshall Spirit

IT WAS a rare spirit which Mr. and Mrs. Marshall displayed in planning for the little boy. There was no adoption, for they did not want him to be bound to them by law nor the mother to be prevented from having him back whenever she might want him. There was no pretense that the child was their own, and the little fellow was taken regularly to visit his old home, for they wanted him to love and be loved by his own family. Whenever the child was ill his own mother was the first to be notified.

Morrison Marshall lived with the Vice President and Mrs. Marshall for several years, until the spring of 1920. One day Mrs. Marshall came to a Congressional Club luncheon, at which she was guest of honor, saying that the child was not well. During the luncheon she repeatedly sent to ask after him over the telephone, and immediately after the luncheon had been served she excused herself and rose from the table. From that day the child grew worse, and a few weeks later passed away. He was buried in Washington until one day, early last year,

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arshall announced that she was with- for a time from all social activities, took the little body to the Marshall plot in Indiana.

ip's transom is not a ventilator, a ne contains powder which is to be instead of stories that should be a conning tower and a fighting top eculiar purposes of their own—these were learned for the first time by women, and some men, when they e guests of Mr. Daniels on board the n, the ship assigned to the Secretary Navy for his particular use.

Dolphin was completed during the istration of President Arthur and ssioned in 1884. There was a terrible l over her cost, a sum considerable se days, but an amount which to-day scarcely buy a good launch. That rk was well done is proved by the long which the ship has given and the at her engines, in use now for more thirty-five years, have never needed replaced. But the criticism broke the of the owner of the shipyard in which olphin was built, and in his will he d his family never again to take a nment contract.

Trips Aboard the Dolphin

E Dolphin is the oldest steel ship now in e Navy and has the record for traveling reatest number of miles of any of the . Indeed, during one year of the war olphin traveled a greater distance than ther ship in our Navy. That was after les to the south of us created a great for small-draft ships, and Mr. Daniels d over the Dolphin for fighting service. the time the Dolphin had just been over. There were new hangings, and which I especially liked had been put into the com- tion dining and sitting salon. The Japanese steward, had been on board during most of the time that Mr. els had been Secretary of the Navy, carefully rolled up new rug and put back the old one. As the ship was oaching Haiti the admiral in command summoned the ard and remarked that he didn't think much of that and would like the new one laid before port was hed. The steward, with an intrepidity that was mar- s under any conditions and especially so in view of the utation of the admiral for sternness, replied, "Sir, you 't have that. That is Mrs. Daniels' rug."

ut the admiral got the rug.

While she was in southern waters the Dolphin was taken o Tampico Harbor, and there the memorable incident urred of the imprisonment of her paymaster, when miral Mayo noti- the authorities at the prisoner st be released and United States saluted or he uld fire on the y.

The first official p which we made the Dolphin was April 1, 1913, after ee weeks crowded ith entertainments the incoming embers of the Ad- inistration, house nting and all the tails of getting set- d in a new city. was the first time hat most of the embers of the cab- et and their wives ad been able to stop ng enough to real- e their new status s members of the fficial family.

We had on board, among others, the Secretary of War, Mr. Garrison; Mrs. Garrison; Miss Nona McAdoo, who was then hostess in the house of her father, the Secretary of the Treasury; and Miss Agnes Hart Wilson, who because of her mother's illness acted as hostess all during the two Administrations for her father, the Secretary of Labor. Then there was Miss Eleanor Wilson, the youngest daughter of the President, and her cousin, Miss Bones.



Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Marshall and Their Foster Son, Morrison Marshall

The sound of the steering engine of the boat was noticeable as we proceeded toward the capes for the target practice, which was the object of our trip, and there was recalled a former Secretary of the Navy, whose sleep was disturbed one night by the engine and who called the captain and asked what was causing the noise.

"The steering engine, Mister Secretary," replied the captain.

"Have it stopped," said the secretary, rolling over and composing himself again for slumber, and leaving the captain to solve the impossibility of stopping the steering engine and yet docking the next morning at Annapolis.

That was the first of many trips on board the Dolphin, all of them delightful, although wind and wave often worked havoc with our plans. On one occasion we were taking a party up to the Massachusetts coast for the launching of the Nevada, our guests including Mrs. Newlands, wife of the senior senator, and Senator and Mrs. Pittman, of Nevada. A very rough sea was running, which rolled Mrs. Pittman's chair completely over and sent her sliding across the deck in a heap with some young guests and their chairs. We were obliged finally to put in to Newport and continue our journey to Quincy by rail.

The Rivers and Harbors Convention was meeting in Albany one year and Mr. Daniels, who was to speak at the convention, could not spare the time to make the trip by water, but it was necessary that the Dolphin should go. It accordingly became my duty to make the trip and act as hostess. The Berkshire was taking up other delegates, and the two boats exchanged hospitalities on the ride up the Hudson. We stopped one evening at a small town and on our trip around the city a resident who apparently had not understood who I was, asked me, in the presence of the party from the Berkshire, "What kind of a fellow is this man Daniels, anyway?"

Consternation was visible on the faces of those around me, and I can still remember the relieved laugh at my reply, "That question was put up to me twenty-six years ago, and I decided that he would do."

The Dolphin was stationed in the Hudson River for the Army and Navy game one year, when a most amusing incident happened. The motor boat to go between shore and the ship was beautiful in appearance but unreliable in use. On this day the young officer in charge of the motor boat had had the bos'n and the crew taking her round and round the Dolphin so that he would be sure that she was in perfect trim when the Secretary of the Navy came on board. When they left the ship for the trip shoreward to meet Mr. Daniels a sailor standing at the stern, who was too confident of his sea legs, was swept off the boat by a hawser. As the launch circled round and round in the effort to pick him up out of the water a sudden jerk stopped the engine, the motor refused to mote—and there on the dock stood the Secretary and his party.

Entertaining in New York Harbor

THE young officer told me afterward, with tears of consternation in his eyes: "Oh, Mrs. Daniels, you don't know how I felt. You haven't been taught to believe for years that the Secretary of the Navy is a little shining light in heaven — not quite God, but the next thing to God."

A dinner on board the Dolphin which stands out most clearly in my recollection was given in New York Harbor, when the Mayflower, the President's yacht, and the Dolphin had taken up a large party for a review of the fleet.

Rear Admiral Fletcher, commander in chief of the fleet, invited the men of the party to dine with him on board the flagship, the Wyoming, and the ladies were asked to dine with me on the Dolphin.

When I returned to the ship that morning after the review I had a gift not ordinarily accorded to an individual, a box of flowers at

(Continued on Page 61)



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The Wilson Cabinet Being Received on Board the U. S. S. Wyoming, Flagship of Admiral Badger. Mr. Daniels, With Hand Extended, is Followed by Messrs. McAdoo, Burleson, Lane and Houston

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A Woman Named Kat

By Mary Brecht Pulver

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL



She Stared Now at Her Hostess, Unaware of the Mistiness That Came Before Kate's Eyes

AFTER the door closed on the lady agitator Kate Alverdy sat down again on the little sofa facing the picture of Napoleon and Josephine and looked at it steadily. Not that its details composed themselves to her eye any more clearly than during the interview just closed, nor indeed that Kate needed any clarity of composition. Actually she was not seeing the picture at all. It was there—a small patch of color arrangement on her wall—just as it had hung unobtrusively this many a year—since her marriage, eighteen years ago, in fact—like a familiar mole on a friendly face. She recalled now that she had never liked the picture. It was really a wretched choice for a wedding gift. She stared at it steadily, still without looking at it, remembering how she had unpacked it out of its tissue paper all those years ago and hung it up here in the little reception room, an unconsidered bit of detail, because Cousin Julius Page had so kindly sent it, and because its frame was really good, powdered Florentine gold leaf over bronze, and because in her great encompassing happiness this scrap of historic emotion seemed to play the part of foil. She had traded, self-congratulatory, a little smug, on the note of tragic suggestion it offered.

It was not really a picture of Napoleon and Josephine at all. It was really Napoleon Breaking the News to Josephine. At least this was the caption on the back, and you could gather from the posture of the parties concerned that the news was vital and most unpleasant. It was written all over the person of the doughty little emperor, in the puffed-out stock, on his pouter-pigeon chest, in the forensic position of his hands, one buried in the bosom of his coat, the other beneath its tail. His face was grim, his shoulder averted; but you gathered that the very grimness and angle of aversion bespoke his imperial discomfort and uncertainty of himself.

The effect of his news was even worse on the poor little beautiful, miserable lady on the sofa back of him. Her dark, curly head was buried in a morsel of handkerchief; her whole willowy figure had sunk back into the affectionate embrace of a maid of honor. All because of the news the disagreeable little person in the frog-bellied costume, with his square jaw and wispy forelock and tasseled boots, had broken to her—Kate had called him names a dozen times in looking at the picture—to wit and namely, as could be ascertained in any French history book, the news that he was going to put her away.

Kate suddenly pressed her hands tightly together and, leaning over, picked up from the corner of the rug, with delicate care, an almost invisible curlicue of white thread. As she did so she could see again the half-concealed legs of Petunia Rosyblow thrusting out from under the sofa—the legs which had precipitated the lady agitator's remarks.

Kate called them all lady agitators—these women who were affiliated with public movements, with those boards and bureaus and committees in which the name of Richard Alverdy figured, and with whom, in the capacity of Richard Alverdy's wife, she had so often been compelled to commune.

"Compelled" is the word deliberately chosen, for Kate was reactionary and insubordinate in her compliance with modern demands. She cared no whit to be a lady board or to sit on committees, though she must figure in their presence as the wife of the owner of the big Alverdy Mills and the social hub of their little mill community. She must lend an ear to community benefits, to soup kitchens and ailing orphans, to home relief and housing problems, to all necessary beneficences connected with her husband's work.

In her heart of hearts she cared for no active part here. For her a book by the fire or a tramp with her dog over russet autumn hills, or—driving her maids out of the kitchen—the mixing of a special cake or salad for Rick, as in the old days. She was insular and narrow in her interests—Rick had often told her so. It was because of this insularity that she had fought herself so often and so gallantly; had let her name become a synonym for generosity of time with those who fostered the growth of new movements in their town. It was because of this that she so often received them here—eager, earnest persons afire with zeal to better the world, to rebuild and construct. In the prefranchise days it was here the suffragist had burned her ear with scorching proof of her oppressions; it was here ladies with a string of federated clubs or societies under their wing pressed her for contributions; or patronesses of benefits for rest homes for pets or old women or outworn veterans; or godmothers for municipal schemes and leagues and drives. Kate always permitted herself to be driven. Rick had given her a wonderful bank account. Only at times her mind would grow a little vague before her besieging host. She would sometimes formulate a faint protest about people doing their day's work and saving a little and taking plenty of baths and reading books, but this was met with sweeping protest. They must have playgrounds and theaters, movies and talking machines, swimming pools ——

"Rick's given them all those things. This is Fairvale, you know—everybody gets fair play and fair pay."

There were other things, she was told. Her duty was clearly defined. There was always plenty to do.

This morning she had almost refused to come down when Miss Camilla Conway's card was brought up to her; had yawned boredly and was on the verge of flat denial.

"Field Secretary for the County and State Bureau of Eugenics and Health Extension," she had read.

"Great heavens," said Kate savagely, "what have I to do with health or eugenics, standing here tottering on the brink of the grave? What has old Mrs. Alverdy to do with this?"

You see, it was the morning of her fortieth birthday, and Kate was a bit savage about it. She didn't care particularly to be forty—never had really intended to be forty—yet here was the fact thrust violently upon her, full-grown, like Pallas Athene sprung from Z brow. Why, yesterday she had only thirty-nine—a mere chit—now, to-day, definitely categoried!

"I'm old, Father William—ol the dickens—and yet I don't feel bit."

It was just here that Miss Conw card had been thrust upon her.

"Eugenics!" said Kate ag "She'll be sixty, and have a lean hungry look, and yellow eyes that will blaze bore into you, and a bit of green parrot feathe a magenta velvet tomato on her bonnet. Perh just to look at her will cheer me up."

That was how it came about that a minute l Kate faced the visitor in her reception room, realized her great error.

Miss Camilla Conway was in complete rapport as exponent of her subject. She sat, a healthy-looking yo woman of twenty-eight or so, in a low mahogany ch wearing a modest suit of heather cloth with squirrel fu yet such was the quality of the atmosphere she creat the aura she exhaled, that Kate felt almost apologetic the closed windows of her room. She felt that only drivi currents of pure icy air should envelop any creature vivid and rose red and cream white and bursting w palpable vital energy. Not that Miss Conway was beau ful; quite the reverse; and this was curious, too, as Ka realized in coming forward. There was no feature of M Conway's face, no individual turn or curve of her stro hale figure, that was not in itself charmingly created. Fr the intense blue of her clear eyes like Norwegian i from her smoothly banded Titian hair and full-to-bursti ruddy apple cheeks; from her double row of unsull teeth like kernels of new corn—to the strong column of h throat and the rather fully exposed lines of her capabl strong legs in the thick wool stockings and stout brogu she was the epitome of human female vigor.

Yet the hand that had assembled her seemed to ha slipped. Despite numberless delightful features, there w no effect of beauty. She was the type of whom one woul say, "She just misses being pretty." To tell the truth Miss Conway's miss was well wide of the bull's-eye, a Kate, coming forward, noted.

Plain and wholesome; a suitable mother for warriors-the viking's bride. She does setting-up exercises, countin one—two—three. She looks best in a sweater and gym knickers. She can play basket ball like a fiend and do th Dutch roll backward. She washes with antiseptic soap an wears masculine lingerie.

"How d'you do, Miss Conway?" she said aloud.

"Mrs. Alverdy! How fortunate I am to find you a home! I've been wanting to see you for so long! But I've been so crazy busy ——"

"Exuberant!" thought Kate. "She gushes—she's so healthy she can't help it. Oh, well, I'm forty!"

She had drifted away from Miss Conway's thread, but caught up.

"—— for three weeks. Of course we've seen Mr. Alverdy a lot—ever since we opened up our committee rooms—and he's heart and soul with us. Mr. Alverdy is wonderful!"

"Yes," said Kate—she smiled, a little languid, though no one on earth could have told so well as herself, she thought, how wonderful Richard Alverdy really was. It was this feeling that threw up a barrier between her and others when they began to speak of him—a sort of fierce possessiveness that turned her cool and unreceptive.

"Women usually find him so," she added.

"I can quite believe it. I was never so surprised. I thought when he came into the office, 'Is it possible that so young a man, so—er—well, so attractive, so magnetic a man can carry Fairvale on his shoulders, and have made so great a name for himself throughout the state?' Wonderful, Mrs. Alverdy, really!"

"Yes," said Kate not ungraciously, "and what is it you wish of me, Miss Conway?"

Miss Conway sat very erect, her fine, strong young spine straight as a dart, but Kate rather lounged on her little sofa. Her lavender morning gown, with the pleated Val lace collar and cuffs, set off her long, slim, straight lines to advantage. Kate looked rather well when she lounged—and knew it.

"Oh, Mrs. Alverdy, I shall come to that in a minute—I was leading up to it, in fact—just telling you how wonderfully interested and kind Mr. Alverdy has been.

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—how different he appeared from my expecta-
nd you, too, Mrs. Alverdy. I hope you don't mind
ıg you you're different too. I had fancied some-
ll, how shall I put it?—someone quite matronly
All the mill owners' wives I've worked with
ere so—comfortable."
hrew back her head and laughed. Her teeth were
t as good as Miss Conway's, and her laugh was
dden chiming of full-toned, sweet bells.
now, Mrs. Alverdy, I'll come right to the point.
rdy has an autumn field day here in Fairvale, and
ised the eugenics and health committee a booth
n, with a lot of appropriate stunts. We'll have a
itronesses, and we'll want you to head it; and, oh,
ts are lovely, Mrs. Alverdy! We'll have a better-
ontest, of course, and a beauty contest for girls
enty—with a committee of returned soldiers from
. F. for judges—and running races for matrons of
e or over—the loveliest prizes, Mrs. Alverdy!
Brothers are giving the girls an order for a
ollar hat, and Barrett & Reeves are offering the
the loveliest set of sprigged china—one hundred
pieces—and we have a beautiful set of Famous
of the Past, in three-quarters Levant, for our prize
. The last contest will be for hale old men above
ears, Mrs. Alverdy. We will give the books to the
est preserved specimen, making the tests according
astic standards. It will be so interesting. We have
derful entries already, one of eighty-seven, the
e ninety—an old Mr. Knorr, a beautiful old man
ks like a prophet out of the Bible. And of course
ner will have to tell us exactly how he has lived
to preserve his splendid powers."
d Jake Knorr is the winner he will tell you he was
coffee and fried pork and pie and has chewed and
since he was a baby. Our old men around here
ke that."
I'm sure you are wrong, Mrs. Alverdy! Good
like everything valuable, requires thoughtful care
bandry. It is only to be had by living according
mple, hygienic routine. It is humanity's most
s possession and, like everything else, is had at a

apple bloom on Miss Conway's cheeks deepened,
blue eyes turned accusingly on Kate.
m sure our committee can convince you of many
ental truths regarding health, Mrs. Alverdy, if you
ow us. All too few mothers of families have as
te a comprehension as they should of the simple
ments of normal living. For your own sake, Mrs.
y. I hope you will forgive me if I am too
al, but you suggest a certain lack of physi-
e yourself, of—er—being under form, and
r own sake, and the sake of your children,
ould seriously interest yourself in our great
-extension work."
r the sake of my children!"
e repeated the phrase rather idiotically.
rely, as the mother of the children of a
ke Mr. Richard Alverdy—as the principal
r in Fairvale, in fact—it is actually your

t," said Kate, "I am not the mother of any-
Mr. Alverdy and I have no children."
remor of surprise, al-
horror, stirred Miss
ay perceptibly.
o children, Mrs. Al-
! But I was sure—
I thought ——"
d here Kate saw Miss
ay's eye following a
of sunlight
pearing at the
legs, in whose
lay fully ex-
the time-worn
s of Petunia Rosyblow.
thought one of your
ren ——"
Ah, Petunia! That's an
doll out of my child-
. My little nieces come in and play with her
etimes."
e knew perfectly the correct ritual to follow—
canonical thing to say.
It has always been the greatest disappoint-
t to Mr. Alverdy and me that we have no
dren—the source of a very deep sorrow."
he had heard women talk like that—a few women in
case. It would be the truest, the sincerest thing she
self had ever uttered, yet its very truth, its sincerity
vented utterance. To interpret the hidden wistfulness
her life into the cool ears of this positive, scrubbed and
wing exponent of the hygienic was unthinkable. The
verse in Kate that reared that peculiar barrier behind
ich she so often hid moved her now. She swung her
t and let her head tip at a casual, careless angle, her glance meeting Miss Conway's rapt blue stare nonchalantly. But Miss Conway was still involved.

"Oh, but that is too unfortunate—is it not, Mrs. Alverdy? I had no idea of such a thing! No child—no son to whom Mr. Alverdy can pass on his great interests! What a disappointment it must be to him!"

"In just a minute I shall put her out of my house—with my two bare hands. She's strong as a bull, but God will give me the strength," thought Kate.

Miss Conway appeared to be chanting. She was naming, one by one, Richard Alverdy's industrial achievements—the bone and sinew of the Fairvale prospect that stretched over two hills visible through the long windows. She was summing them up now, reiterating the pity of their deprivation.

"I've always been sorry for childless people. One can imagine the disappointment. After all, a home is not a home without a child, you know. Indeed, marriage"—she fixed Kate with a brisk, bright eye—"marriage without a child can hardly be called marriage."

"My dear young woman, what can you possibly know of marriage, who have never tried it?"

The words formed on Kate's lips, but died there. She was thinking what devastation a callous foot can offer to one's hidden inner garden.

"What should you call it, Miss Conway?" she asked.

Miss Conway lifted her head as at a challenge.

"It is not for me to say, Mrs. Alverdy; but I believe—I am sure that it might be made the basis of a supreme, a supernal sacrifice in the interest of life, of humanity. I have often wondered why in certain instances a childless woman does not abdicate."

"Abdicate!" Kate repeated.

Miss Conway snapped her glove with vigor.

"Just that, Mrs. Alverdy. How beautiful it would be—er—eugenically speaking, if women of that type stepped aside! Everything we do must be for the race, for the common human betterment. A woman not contributing is, of course, a parasite. You'll pardon my frankness, Mrs. Alverdy, but I am genuinely and unselfishly interested. What a pity that the triumph of Fairvale must die with Mr. Alverdy; that its association with his name will span but one generation!"

"With my two bare hands!" Kate's mind registered.

But she was no longer thinking connectedly. She saw the capable youth and strength of Miss Conway—and this was her fortieth birthday. Outside the wide reach of Rick's factories stretched, climbing brown-gold hills that melted into purple distance, and she saw Rick as he had walked out of the hall at breakfast—tall, lean, supple, active—young still, as men were counted.

And Kate almost sneered aloud. Almost she said aloud: "Why, I've thought of all these things before, my poor girl, a million times! Who are you to refresh my mind in this way? Do you suppose you have to go about putting the world to rights? Do you suppose your thought is original?"

Miss Conway was putting on a second glove. Rosy and strong and determined, ignorant as a child who has unwittingly set off a mine, she stared now at her hostess, unaware of the mistiness that came before Kate's eyes and lay like a film across the room. She only put out a square, forthright hand.

"Oh, Mrs. Alverdy, I hope I haven't been too personal—that you'll not construe my remarks in that way! I only spoke from a general angle. My work keeps me in touch so closely with people I can't help wanting to work out problems for them. It seems to me such a waste to do anything but put out a helping hand—don't you think?"

And Kate could think of no particular irony or convention with which to evade. Miss Conway wrung her hand literally, and her assent verbally to her project, and was gone all at once—calm, ruthless, conquering, "like a proud, trumpeting elephant," Kate thought, hearing her descend from the porch.

Then she had gone back to sit on the little sofa and had looked at the Napoleon and Josephine, which had bobbed suddenly into her consciousness during Miss Conway's talk, and at the limp form of Petunia Rosyblow.

After all, Miss Conway had offered her nothing new. She had been the spark, the catalytic that set off certain processes in Kate's soul. For better than two years now the tiny hidden seed of Miss Conway's idea had been germinating in Kate's mind. It had remained for a Miss Conway suddenly, crudely, to put into the symbols of accepted speech—the coarse phrases of an intrusive stranger—the hidden, evaded, half-guessed concept that Kate had allowed to play on the edge of her consciousness. Marriage, Kate had been reared to believe, was for better, for worse. Still, it was true that Rick had made a little kingdom for himself—was a little industrial Napoleon really.

There was, of course, something in Nap's idea. She admitted that. A woman must mean something—must be contributing. What exactly did she herself contribute? Well, if she contributed nothing, was not this horrible lady agitator right? Was she not a parasite—purely that? And didn't Rick himself think so? They were certainly no closer together. Something, some wall, lay between. For years Rick seemed to evade any—any searching analysis, any attempt to discuss their deprivation in life. He was satisfied, he declared, but was it not a satisfaction of resignation. And didn't hot rebellion stir in his heart at times? Did he not feel these things Miss Conway had so crudely uttered, or hadn't they been put into words, actually, for him?

Kate remembered suddenly a dozen instances where innuendo or condolence had been uttered. She had passed them over, but the scars remained. She was suddenly aware of these now. Now also she remembered afresh certain scraps of conversation overheard when Rick was making his Christmas presentation at the local newsboys' dinner, the little fellows clustering around him:

"Doesn't Mr. Alverdy love children? What a father he would have made!"

Rick was fond of children—healthily, normally so. Yet it hadn't occurred to Kate in their earlier years that they mattered more to him—if as much—than they did to her. It was apparently only that their lack mattered so much to other people.

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A Man of Rick's Looks and Achievements Could Marry Anybody. Women Were Always Falling in Love With Him

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 6, 1922

Getting What We Ask For

PENNSYLVANIA has a chance to leaven the public life of the country by nominating for the governorship at her approaching primaries a citizen who has behind him a long and unspotted record of unselfish public service, a record that is noteworthy not for mere passive honesty but for a thousand proofs of the old Roosevelt fighting strain that puts the fear of God into the hearts of political tricksters and predatory private interests.

Pennsylvania politics is a mass of contradictions. Governor Sproul gave the seat in the United States Senate left vacant by the death of Senator Knox to Mr. W. E. Crow, a purely political appointment that was not hailed with approbation except in organization circles. A little later, the passing of Senator Penrose, the sole survivor of the old race of great bosses, left the state organization leaderless, and the immediate political outlook was hazy until the governor surprised friends and foes alike by the appointment of Mr. George Wharton Pepper to the Penrose seat.

Apparently this was recognition of the principle that big offices should go to big men, regardless of the bleatings and yammerings of petty politics.

Shrill factional fights for the Republican gubernatorial nomination were suddenly stilled by the announcement of Mr. Gifford Pinchot that he was out for the governorship on a platform prepared by himself and scattered broadcast. To Mr. Pinchot's enemies the distressing feature of this sudden eruption was not that it was backed by a sensible and alluring platform but that they well knew he meant every word of said platform, and if elected would carry it out in letter and in spirit. Moreover, they were beset by the well-grounded fear that the voters at large are so familiar with Mr. Pinchot's reputation based upon past performances that they, too, would take his declaration of principles at its face value instead of regarding it as the conventional effervescence of political hokum.

The enthusiasm with which adherents flocked to the Pinchot banner threw the organization leaders into a panic, and after several withdrawals a new candidate was put forward at the last minute. The tactics pursued afforded a striking instance of the extent to which a few men can nullify the spirit and purpose of the direct primary system.

In recent years Mr. Pinchot's name has not often figured in national news, but everyone with a memory a yard long recalls that it is, in effect, a short way of referring to or connoting the Conservation of National Resources. The long and bitter fight that Mr. Pinchot made is now ancient history; but it is no less valid training for the sound exercise of executive functions as the chief magistrate of a vast and prosperous commonwealth.

One of the greatest living authorities on American history was recently asked what was his opinion of the House of Representatives, taking it by and large, from the days of the Continental Congress down to the present time. He was quick to reply, "Pretty poor stuff! But," he added, "the Senate, until recently, has been rather better." It ought to be a great deal better; and so ought the general standards governing the election of men to all high public offices.

The willingness of men like Mr. Pepper and Mr. Pinchot to make the very real personal and financial sacrifices involved in the acceptance of public office is a hopeful sign and a good omen.

Unceasingly we complain of the burden of taxes and extravagant public expenditure under which we labor; and at the same time, as a rule, we keep on putting into office men who, we know in our hearts, will continue to operate along the same old wasteful lines.

With our voices we moan for relief, but with our votes we echo the cry of the mad orator in Lewis Carroll's book: "Less Bread! More Taxes!" And we get what our votes ask for.

Bonds for African Land

ACCORDING to traditional economics the payment of the debts of Europe to the United States can be accomplished only in terms of goods and gold. We could draw the new gold of the world as fast as it is mined, and some governmental gold in addition. We could invite and receive a flood of goods. Mr. Vanderlip has proposed a scheme of liquidation whereby the payments would remain in Europe for upbuilding, constituting American investments there.

Many economists who rebel at the thought of a flood of gold and goods, declare outright for cancellation. New proposals are always welcome in a dilemma. A new proposal comes from Senator France, and is stated in the Congressional Record.

The proposition of the senator from Maryland—whose position on the recognition of the Soviet Government of Russia is well known—runs to the simple effect that the ex-Allies should turn over to us the former German colonies and cables as liquidation of their debts to us. President Wilson stated in Paris that this country would accept no part of former German possessions. That is not in contradiction to the present proposal, because we would now be accepting present Allies' possessions! Let a line be drawn from about Ashland, Wisconsin, to El Paso, Texas. The country to the east of this line corresponds in area to the combined areas of the former German colonies, as illustrated in a map printed in the Record. The speech of the senator bristles with pertinent homilies. "Civilization is goods." "It is ethically right for us to extend the boundaries of civilization to Africa, and it is commercially wise to do so." The bonus question is several times referred to in the address, and the reader makes the inference that homesteads might be carved out of these African lands. Finally, appeal is made to the missionary spirit of the country.

The link between evangelization and trade has seldom been more sympathetically described. "Christianity is service, and service must be expressed in goods; so that it is particularly sound ethically and it is very wise commercially to do what I have suggested."

What Germany might think of the matter is not stated. Nor is any intimation of the attitude of the ex-Allies adduced.

We did not ratify the Treaty of Versailles, so that we have never confirmed the legality of the transfer of these former German possessions.

Insular Americans who have only a hazy idea of the size and location of the former German possessions in Africa will proceed to study Africa when they take in Senator France's appraisal of the trade of these And the attention of the Shipping Board and of t partment of Commerce is respectfully drawn matter.

According to the figures printed in the Congre Record, in 1913 the imports into Togoland were at £531,000,000, the exports at £456,000,000. verted into dollars, that would make a nifty addi our declining foreign commerce. Surely, there reason to search for bagatelles in Europe when package in trade awaits us in Togoland.

What the group of irreconcilables who protest getting entangled in foreign affairs must have t when they read this proposal in the Record! F Senator Johnson was silent.

Four Thorny Problems

THE four thorniest problems of international and the four weightiest are:

How to reduce German reparations equitably to that Germany can pay without a ruinous collapse;

How to stabilize the depreciating currencies of E and to restore a régime of honest money;

How to adjust equitably interallied debts and restore a normal balance of trade between the Co and Great Britain on the one hand, and between E and the United States on the other;

How to bring about a drastic and proportionate tion of the armies and military budgets of Europe— that involves also a removal of the jealousies, fea territorial ambitions of many old and new states.

The particular point to which we wish to call att is that these four problems and their solutions are dependent and almost inextricably interwoven wit another. Thus, the reason why the French Gover has been struggling so desperately against any red of Germany's treaty debt to France is that the p public expenditure of France is nearly double the revenue from taxes; but a large part of this deficit to the cost of an enormous standing army, which ar required to overawe Germany and compel her, by ho by crook, to pay the installments as they become Again, the reason why all the ingenious plans for sta ing the depreciating currencies and fluctuating exch of Europe have come to nothing is that practically a old and the new states in the war area—and not a f their neighbors who were neutral—are suffering deficits, financial chasms that cannot be bridged ov taxes or loans.

Many of the taxes—and this applies especiall customs duties—are so high that their revenue yield w increase if they were lowered; and the liquid capital o world available for investment in such markets as Lon Amsterdam, Paris and New York is so small in compar with what it was before the war that embarrassed st with disordered finances, which have already ado measures of open or concealed repudiation, have no ch of obtaining loans, even on the most usurious terms why should any sensible American, Englishman, Du man or Scandinavian who has saved a little money it to Latvia, Esthonia, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia Greece when he knows that it will be used to pay the posterously inflated armies and bureaucracies of th countries, and that in a year or so after the money been spent there will very likely be no alternative betw another loan and default?

Thus, the solution of the first and second proble depends upon the solution of the fourth.

At first sight, the connection of the third is less imm diate and less obvious; and certainly it does involve oth considerations; but it is pretty clear from the terms of t United States Government's refusal to participate in t Genoa conference, as well as from the tone of debates Congress and of responsible organs of the American pre that neither the American Government nor the Americ people is at all inclined to be indulgent towards its ex barrassed European debtors, or even to discuss the co mercial difficulties that such huge repayments will involv until Europe is ready to set its house in order.

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'EPPER—By Kenneth L. Roberts

'RAIGHT line—unless you ave been dazed by the Einstein heory—is the shortest distance two points. Honesty is the icy. Simplicity is elegance. r to get a thing done is to do er put off until to-morrow a at can be finished before mid- These words of wisdom have been poured into childish ears at fluency, the understanding at when the child grows up he el his life on these wise precepts. persons remember the teach- heir early days and apply them · own conduct in after life. ersons suffer from fearful lapses ory. The persons who suffer ch lapses are not limited to any ar class of society. Not only y found on the baseball dia- nd in the bucket shop but even a cloistered hall as that of the States Senate. Many a dis- hed senator rises to his feet er day and emits a stream of that flows unceasingly for two, nd four hours, and leaves the uished senator no nearer to any- when he finishes than he was he started. Everybody who im is painfully aware that the t is apparently proceeding on eory that a curved line is the st distance between two points, ircumlocution and evasion are est policy, that tawdriness is ce, that the way to get a thing s to dodge doing it, and that no should be taken to-day if it can ly be delayed for two weeks. thing that he learned in his early seems to have slipped his mind. even in the United States Senate are men who remember and profit e wise advice that was conveyed em during their tender years— gh copy books, parental teaching and McGuffey's h Reader. Their memories are so good that they forget, even when harassed by the hide-piercing tos of the opposition.

these nonforgetters there is one that stands out—one mberer who can remember more in five minutes than verage absent-minded person can forget in a month.

e reference is to George Wharton Pepper, who, among tless other things, is senator from Pennsylvania, or of several hundred pounds of law books, athlete, ntaineer, college professor, baseball expert, Fellow of American Academy of Arts and Sciences, color sergeant e First Provisional Plattsburg Regiment, and cham- heavyweight rememberer of North America.



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Governor Sproul (Left) and Senator George Wharton Pepper on Their Way to the Capitol, Where the New Senator From Pennsylvania Took His Oath of Office

A Memory Like Macaulay's

HE reason for the peculiar Pepper memory is not due to the fact that his family was training him for the Senate to the fact that he was expected to be blind. His eye- ht was so bad when he was a child that he was never t to school, but was tutored at home by his mother— learned Greek in order that she might teach it to her . A year before he entered college a tutor was secured r him—a blind tutor, so that he might be instructed in e ways of blindness in addition to his studies. The tutor ught him tricks of memory that made it possible for him read a thing once and remember it or to have it read to him once and remember it. Such an accomplishment is a very handy asset for a blind man.

The tutor was eminently successful. It was no more difficult for young Pepper to remember offhand such difficult and annoying matters as the date of the Battle of Salamis and the names of the kings of Egypt than it was for him to remember how to tie his necktie. After he had read over two or three times a piece of prose or poetry sufficiently abstruse to make the average person clutch wildly at his brow and wonder what it all meant, he had it by heart. One of the most difficult pieces of poetry to memorize is Francis Thompson's The Hound of Heaven. Pepper learned it in an hour. Boyd-Carpenter, Bishop of Ripon, was remarkable for his skill at developing a complicated argument. Pepper once heard him deliver a lecture on a deep, mystifying, brain-twisting philosophical subject; and after the lecture was over Pepper, who had taken no notes, went away and dictated the entire lecture to a stenographer from memory. He can say the Book of Psalms from memory—if he has time. When he was an undergraduate at the University of Pennsylvania he took the leading part in The Acharnians of Aristophanes, the first occasion that a Greek comedy had ever been given in America. The play has a large cast, and the dialogue is composed of single lines and half lines, so that there are a great many speeches in it. Pepper learned not only his own part but all the other parts as well. When the rehearsals came to an end Pepper could recite the entire play, which took over two hours and a half to present. This would have been somewhat of a stunt if the play had been in English. Instead of that it was in Greek; and each vowel sound in each word had to receive the personal attention of the deliverer. When President Wilson declared before Congress that American participation in the war was essential Pepper and a party of friends were eagerly waiting in Philadelphia to hear what the President would say. When the speech was released it was read over the telephone to Pepper, who digested it carefully and then hung up the receiver and redelivered the speech to his friends.

Pepper's eyes grew stronger after he entered college, and he at once embarked with the deepest enthusiasm on his life program of taking a violent interest in everything in sight. If there weren't enough things in sight to keep him busy for sixteen or eighteen hours a day he invented a few things and took an interest in them with equal enthusiasm.

Keeping Busy

THUS it appears on the records of the University of Pennsylvania that George Wharton Pepper, of the class of 1887—he took his degree, by the way, when he was twenty years old—ran the half mile and threw the hammer for the varsity track team, played fullback and guard on the varsity football team, rowed on his class crew, played on the varsity cricket team and caught on his class baseball team. Nor will it do for the technicians who read this article to write letters to the editor pointing out amid hoarse and jeering guffaws that since track meets, crew races, cricket and baseball are spring pastimes, it would be impossible for any one man to participate in all of them outside of the pages of a piece of rah-rah fiction. Pepper participated in them, and anyone who doesn't like it should lodge his protests with the University of Pennsylvania.

In addition to occupying himself with every athletic diversion in sight Pepper toyed with his studies so effectively that he was elected to Phi Beta Kappa—an honor accorded only to students who maintain a dizzy standard of excellence in their studies for a matter of three years. And then, instead of being universally hated by all his classmates for his general superiority, he was made Spoonman of his class—the position of Spoonman being a peculiar University of Pennsylvania institution accorded by vote to the most popular man in the class, and carrying with it, as a badge of office, a large wooden spoon.

When he got out of college his memory easily retained the idea that the little busy bee, or the busy little bee, was worth emulating because it attains its enviable position at the pinnacle of the insect world by improving each shining hour. So he kept on exercising both his brain and his body and otherwise arranging matters so that he had no idle hours whatever; and for that reason he is still what might be termed a bruiser. He has the strength and endurance of one of those large, puffy horses with whiskers on its feet, but none of a horse's clumsiness. He is tall and brown-faced and soft-spoken, with a tremendous chest that frequently splits the cloth just to the rear of his upper vest

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THE GALLOPING TIGE

II

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL



"There Ain't No Justice!" He Shouted

THERE wasn't any wind as yet, but Ted didn't mind that, and curiously enough Shack did not seem to mind it, either, although he had talked so much of starting out under full sail, and had poetized about it constantly. He and Shamus turned over the flywheel of the kicker without comment, while Harry Binz, the professional sailor, took the wheel and Ted flew about attending to last details.

It gave me a mighty queer feeling, that start did, a very deep, profound emotional upset, I admit. To think that soon Manhattan's tall towers would be seen no more, and that we had simply weeks and weeks ahead of us of nothing but ocean—an ocean which would gradually grow warmer and more beautiful the while I came to know my poet better, and then—and then Tahiti! Nothing but sunshine and flowers and dancing. And, as I am ashamed to confess, I recalled with a little sigh of relief a couple of good moving-picture houses. There might even be a native yacht club. I rather hoped so, because after all there was a certain danger in a lot of New Yorkers remaining absolutely idle for too long, and nothing ruins friendship as quickly as boredom does.

But in the meanwhile the deck was a scene of gorgeous activity. I felt wonderfully safe and happy with our splendid crew. The only person who caused me the slightest feeling of uneasiness was the stranger, Andrey Kropushkin, Ted's Russian friend, who stood about morose and idle in a curious posture—his smock tucked up in the rear and his hands thrust deeply into his back trousers pockets, his jaws working constantly, although he did not speak a word. His silence was eloquent, however, for he eyed Shamus and Shack in a way which made me rather nervous when they performed any of their duties about the boat, and when Edouard spread a Spanish shawl upon the deck, and sitting down upon it began to play his ukulele, Mr. Kropushkin let out a peculiar sound that was half a roar and half a groan; a sort of native cry, I suppose. At any rate it brought mother to my side, from which vantage point she looked the unexpected guest over carefully through her lorgnette.

"Pet!" said she. "Do you know that man looks very familiar to me? I am positive I have seen him somewhere!"

"But where, mother?" I demanded. "You certainly haven't been to Russia."

"No, of course not!" replied mother in the tone with which she is accustomed to dismiss any suggestion she considers improper. "But wait a moment, dear! He reminds me of someone—that curious drop of his shoulders! Now I remember! He suggests old Captain Billy Hicks, who used to be around Rosemere Bay. He is dead now, I think, poor fellow. But he had that same morose look!"

"Mother!" I exclaimed, inexpressibly horrified. "The very idea of comparing a distinguished foreign poet to some old water-front character! I, for one, am glad to know that Ted would make friends with a Russian poet of his own free will, and I think it's simply too exciting for words to have him along!"

"Well, I expect I ought to see that the man is put at his ease!" mother replied, the hostess instinct in her coming to the fore, as usual.

And with that she sailed over to him, intent on a little formal conversation. But Zelda had beaten her to it and was already firing Yiddish at him when we drew up chairs and motioned him to sit down—which he did, somewhat reluctantly.

"Oh, Comrade Kropushkin!" Zelda exclaimed. *"Es git uns gros ehre eicle zu haben mit unz heite abend!"*

But Mr. Kropushkin only shook his head and stirred about uneasily, uttering a single Russian word which sounded sort of like "Goshallfishooks!" Having been obliged to take his hands out of his rear pockets in order to sit down, he did not seem to know quite what to do with them until he found his knees, when he at once started rubbing them rhythmically.

"I am afraid the great one speaks no Yiddish," said Zelda with a sigh. "Oy, what a pity! When there is so much I want to ask! The truth about Russia, you know, and everything!"

"Are you a good sailor, Mr. Kropushkin?" asked my mother in her best manner. "This may be quite a rough trip, you know. I hope you won't be seasick!"

Mr. Kropushkin only groaned at this, and I signaled shyly and appealingly to Ted, who promptly hurried over and joined the group.

"I think maybe Andrey would like to go below and lie down a while," said Ted nervously, "until we are clear of the port, you know! Ishov no iski sov!" he added to the Russian.

Kropushkin got to his feet with eagerness. Edouard had joined the group by now, and we all stood around watching interestedly.

"I really think he had better go below!" Ted insisted. "He probably is not used to small boats like this, anyway."

"Oh, I am so disappointed!" cried holding out a volume which she had carrying clasped to her breast. "I volume of his poems. They are in R and I can't read a word of them, but hope he would read them to us!"

"What the devil!" exclaimed Ted volume of his poems! Why, I—well, jiggered! Why, I—I didn't suppose was a volume of his poems anywhe this country, that is, I should say, of Ahem! Some other time, Zelda. The boat might come along any moment. him to read some other day! Slov nov he added to Mr. Kropushkin, who most unexpected thing. Thrusting b bony red hands toward the heav a despairing gesture he threw ba head, and strange words broke his lips.

"There ain't no justice!" he sh

In an instant Ted's hand desc upon the man's shoulder, and he q and went below, Ted closing the door behind him, and wiping th spiration from his brow as he back. He was evidently very d moved. So were we.

"You heard?" said Ted sh "That's his socialism—it's the only lish sentence he knows, and he do so worked up over it, the poor chap! He has these spells, but just leave him alone a while h recover."

"Do try to get him to read to night," Zelda begged.

And of course we all echoed her d Ted promised. He had to befor would let him go, and then we tered to take up our various appoi tasks.

These did not fall very heavil any of us as yet, however, althoug had drawn lots under our plan of fect equality and no command. Ed Shamus had the mainsail, Shack Ted the foresail, and as these wer tied up because there was no wind were not very busy and had nothin do except sit around and talk. We still going out with the kicker, w more or less ran itself, with only a l attention from Ted. Harry Binz steering, and while I was cook for day the things I'd ordered from the had been sent down in vacuum beat which left me perfectly free for afternoon.

Well, everything went beautifully. No formali delayed us, and no hateful police came looking for Kropushkin, and really, first thing we knew, we were of the narrows and in deep water, headed for the Azo The adventure had really and truly begun. And oh, h I loved it! My heart fairly sang with excitement pleasure, for I am a fine sailor and so, of course, was Sha who for the first hour or two paced the deck alone i stately manner, leaning over every once in a while commune with the waves, I guess, and to think profou thoughts about the deep.

Ted, on the other hand, was as busy as a beetle, fina taking a trick at the wheel, and while he was th Shamus joined us, for mother was doing her check bo and didn't want to be talked to, so I had stationed mys by Ted.

"Say, Stonewall," Shamus began. "That man Binz."

"What about him?" said Ted. "Isn't he a first-cla standard-size sailorman?"

"Well, he seems a fine sprig of a boy," said Shamu "and a good, competent fellow. But why doesn't h sing?"

"Why should he?" demanded Ted. "Grand opera isn written into his contract."

"Sure, man alive, I wasn't thinking anything of th kind!" Shamus declared. "Chanteys is what I mean! Wh don't he sing some chanteys?"

"Maybe he doesn't know any," Ted suggested.

"Well then, faith, and he's a funny kind of a sailor!" Shamus declared. "Why man, all common sailors sin chanteys. Anyone knows that! Maybe he's a bit shy You tell him we'd like him to go roaring about the deck

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(Continued from Page 28)

for that is the true nature of his kind, and very likely a habit with him. Maybe we'd pick up a little copy from what he sings—eh?"

A curious sort of spasm convulsed Ted's face for a moment, but when it passed he replied seriously enough.

"I'll speak to him about it, Shamus," he said. "I think your point is well taken. Any regular sailor in real sailor clothes ought certainly to sing deep-sea chanteys whether he has specifically contracted to do so or not. It's only right. Of course if he was one of the ordinary commercialized sailors in suspenders and an old derby hat, such as we all too often see on sailing vessels to-day, we could hardly expect chanteys from him. But he is so unspoiled—a good old-fashioned type—that it's more than likely he knows some."

"Call him and suggest it!" said Shamus. "Don't let him think we are making fun of him; just be natural about it!"

"All right!" assented Ted. Then he raised his voice. "You, Binz!" he shouted roughly. "Shiver your timbers and come along aft or I'll belay your bones!"

Harry Binz, who had been doing some mysterious thing with the ropes, gave a hitch to his trousers, called out, "Aye, aye, sir!" and came aft, which was where we were.

"Binz, my lad," said Ted in a kindly tone, "the ladies and gentlemen have requested me to state that if you feel moved to sing they will be glad to have you do so. If during your hours of toil, or in your idle moments, a deep-sea chantey or so leaps spontaneously to your throat, go to it and let her rip! We won't mind. In fact, we sort of expect it of you!"

Harry Binz blushed a deep crimson. I suppose it was a blush, or maybe he just got red in the face.

"What the dev—that is to say, aye, aye, sir!" he gasped. "Just as you like, of course."

Then he gave another little hitch to his trousers and went back to the rope.

"I hope we didn't embarrass the poor chap too much," said Shackelton Salts, who had quietly joined our little group, "so that he'll keep quiet for fear we're making game of him."

"Oh, no," said Ted easily. "I don't think so. He was probably just surprised, that's all."

And Ted was right, for a little while later, just before sunset, when I was in the galley hard at work putting parsley around a pair of cold roast ducks, I heard him singing, and peeking out I saw Shack with a notebook, crouched in hiding and putting the words down, I suspect, although I for one didn't think the chantey very beautiful and certainly not nearly as salty as many of Shackelton's own composing. Still, ringing out in the free ocean air, it did sort of add to the romance of things and lent a good deal of atmosphere to the ship. The chantey was something about:

The captain was a saphead,
And the stew was made of horse;
The mate was full of licker
And couldn't steer the course;
The crew was in the cabin
Eating bread and honey;
Oh, I don't love the sea, boys,
I just do this for money!

But Shack kept nodding his head as he wrote and seemed intensely interested. He had on his psychoanalytic expression and appeared to be finding some deep meaning in the chantey which was entirely hidden from ignorant little me. I gave up listening pretty soon and had just turned my attention to frosted charlotte — also from the Ritz—when Edouard stuck his head into the cookhouse and sniffed at the beautiful supper I was preparing.

"Huh!" said he scornfully. "You don't suppose Prince Kropushkin will eat that stuff, do you?"

"Why not?" I demanded. "And why prince?"

"Well, see here, Pet," he said seriously. "Zelda says he's a prince. She says all Russian refugees are princes or grand dukes. At any rate, she's got him out on deck, trying to teach him English, and she calls him prince. He hasn't denied it yet, anyhow. Look here—he's a really great man in Russia. Zelda says she knows all about him. And if we don't look out she's going to cop all his interest—she's bringing him cushions and what not, and I think it's up to some of the rest of us to show him a little distinguished attention and make him feel at home."

"That's a good idea, Ed," I replied. "What do you suggest?"

"I tell you what!" he said eagerly. "Of course I know this is your day to cook, and all that, and that you've a splendid supper for the rest of us—but I know how to cook the Russian national dish; I read about it in a novel by Gogoyl. And I think it would make a tremendous hit with the old boy if I fixed it for him."

"Go to it!" I said. "But where will you get the ingredients?"

Edouard gave me a look of scorn.

"My dear girl," he said a trifle impatiently, "how many times must I tell you that the actual materials are unessential in making anything? I will simply use as a foundation the ingredients we have, which most closely symbolize the real ingredients, and compose a mess of pottage!"

"Mess will probably be right!" I retorted, flouncing out with the ducks, and leaving Edouard already feverishly sorting cans of spaghetti and sardines. For the first time I doubted the soundness of his theory of adaptivity. He could talk all night about its all-embracingness, but I, for one, would not eat a mouthful of adaptive goulash! Furthermore, I doubted if Edouard would eat it himself, and I began to wonder whether he was perfectly sincere.

I had scarcely put the ducks on the center table of the main cabin, which was deserted, when a strange sound arrested my attention. It was a deep sobbing moan, and came from one of the tiny staterooms. Of course I went over and knocked, and when a faint voice said "Come in" I entered to find Malvina spread all over the lower berth, her face as green as her crinkled smock, her feet dangling limply over the edge.

"Oh, Pet, make them stop the boat!" she moaned when she recognized me. "This is awful—awful! Oh! I never felt anything like this in Kansas!"

"I dare say!" I snapped. "But this is a calm night! What on earth will you do when it blows? I thought you said you had done lots of boating?"

"On Duck Lake," Malvina replied faintly. "Oh, I wish I was home! Do you think I am going to die, Pet? I would hate to die without ever having truly lived!"

"But you have lived," I said cheerfully, "and you'll feel better if you'll only come up on deck!"

"I couldn't—I couldn't," she protested, resisting all my efforts to make her get up. "Oh, Pet, I know I'm going to die, and I've made such a failure of life! I wouldn't mind dying so much if only I had been married and h home and children and—and some decent tail and a French ball dress, first. And, oh, Pet, a house in the suburbs and a permanent wave; an you are my best friend, when I am dead just rem horrible mistakes and go back home to your o before it is too late!"

"There, there!" I said soothingly. "I'll get y of something that will fix you up. Things are n as you think!"

"Well, Poe is lost anyway!" Malvina retorte fully. "He escaped when Zelda took her thing doesn't come when I call!"

"Never mind that old black cat!" said I. " Zelda take her things away, and where did them to?"

"She's moved to that little cubby-hole up—u that she can study Russian in quiet," groaned "Oh, Pet, why did I waste my life?"

Well, I am not the sort who will do anything f some other time, so I did it then, and waited on Jones as well as I could. But I must confess dreadful shock to have her talk in that amazi ventional way, reneging on everything she had before the world merely because she thought dying; especially as she was doing nothing of the only needed a little fresh air and courage. It wa disillusionment to me to discover her true natur got her up finally, and half an hour later, the wa very calm by then, she even managed to come to which was a step in the right direction, because had been appointed waitress. However, the best do for the table was sit at it.

My own appetite was excellent, and my fait manity sort of returned as I looked at the bunch w gathered about the, by this time, fairly festiv Prince Kropushkin had the seat of honor, of cou mother on one side of him and Ted next on the interpret, although as yet the Russian had said a nothing at all. Then beside Ted came dark litt and next to her, actually, Malvina, very limp in pretending she was merely too thoughtful to eat, i chin resting in her thin hand. Edouard was at t and Shack, with, I was delighted to see, a coupl poems which he had dashed off on his little typewr very afternoon and which I had a feeling he would us if we urged him a little. Harry Binz was at th and Shamus, with the leg of a duck and two j cake, was on watch above. It was a beautiful evening and just that soft sunset hour that I love the roseate glow filling the little cabin and lendi of extra enchantment to everything.

My first supper was a great success and everyt joyed it except Malvina and Prince Kropushkin, obliged to eat som ouard's special di politeness, but wh seem to care for much, even after translated Edoua ory of adaptivity The Russian sat thought, and conv rather languished.

"See how he has ical romantic mel of the true Rus Zelda exclaimed. he would talk. I'd know what the gre is thinking. About olution, I suppose!

"He looks to me didn't have much replied Edouard, w sulky because his had not been prope preciated. "Mayb getting senile!"

"Well, for my think he has an infe complex," said S "He is certainly ver est, at any rate."

"He's got an inh allright!" Edouard

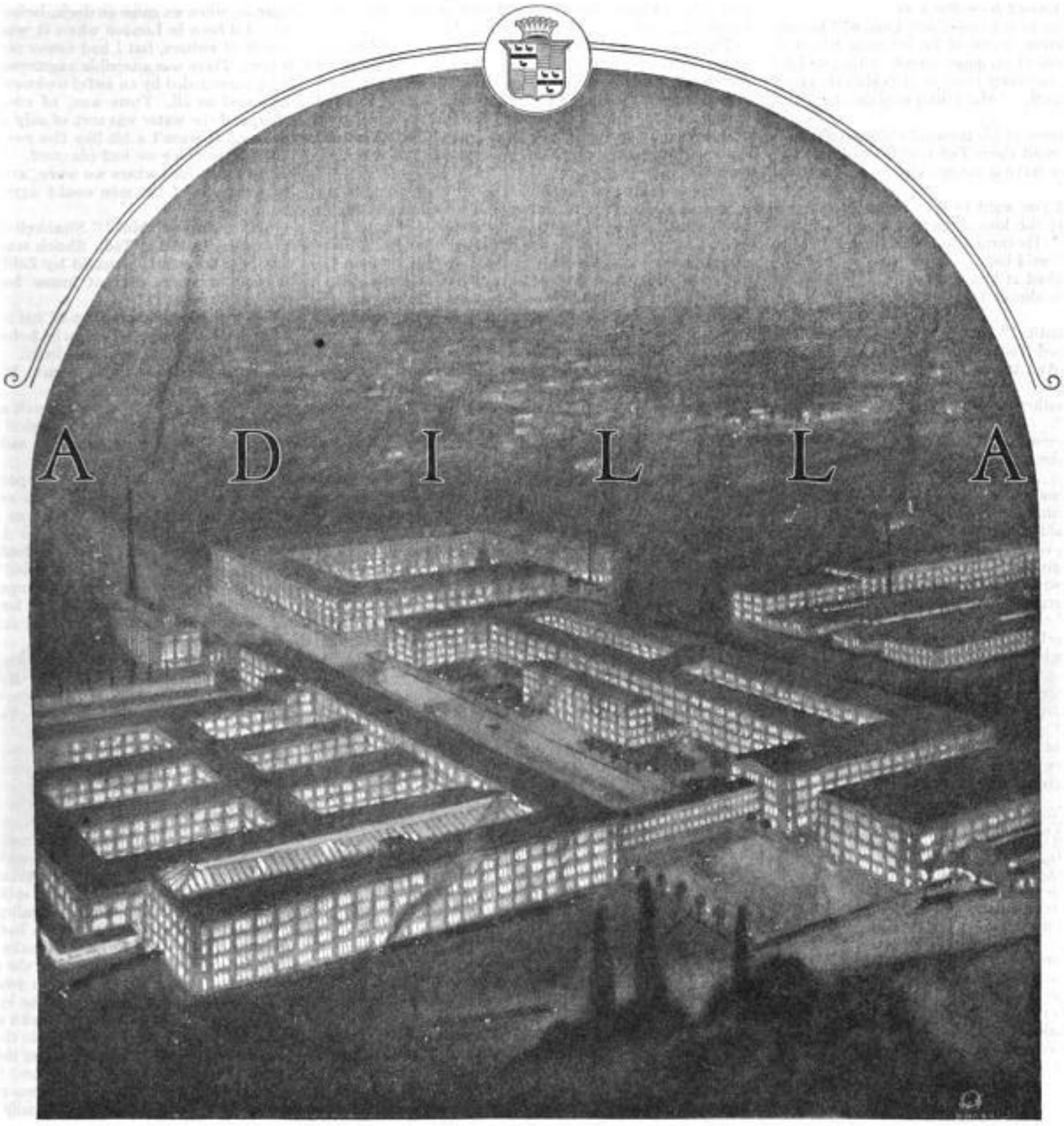
The sound of Edo voice must have att the prince's attentio he turned toward sculptor as if he were to speak—but he d he merely looked, got a distinct impr that Edouard was rep to him. Ted saw th and interfered tactfu



"Oh, Pet, Make Them Stop the Boat!" She Moaned. "This is Awful! I Never Felt Anything Like This in Kansas!"

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(Continued from Page 30)

"I'll try to get him to tell you about Lenine!" he suggested hastily. "Lenine is one of his intimate friends!"

The prince made one of his queer sounds at this, which I couldn't quite catch correctly because of Zelda's shouting.

"Oh, do!" she cried. "Make him explain the Third Internationale!"

"I'd rather hear some of his poems," objected Shackelton. "If he would read them Ted could translate. I'm sure his poetry must have a savage virility and unusual lyricism combined."

"I'll tell him that you want to hear his poetry, then," said Ted. "Some of the love sonnets are very delicate. You'd be surprised." He turned to his neighbor. "Solier ad nauseum solgob," said he.

The older man looked at him with a sort of piteous expression; there were almost tears in his eyes and in his voice as well.

"There ain't no justice!" he muttered helplessly.

"There!" exclaimed Ted brightly. "Always thinking of the revolution! And trying to talk to us in our own language!"

At that instant mother gave a violent start and a little scream.

"Someone kicked me!" she said indignantly. "I wish you'd tell your Russian friend to keep his feet where they belong."

The prince muttered something unintelligible at that, and Ted reproved him severely.

"Rashpitkin!" said he. Then he turned to Zelda. "Here—give us that volume of his poems and I will translate them!" he commanded. "The prince is very shy about reading his own stuff. You know how it is yourselves! Feels embarrassed at putting his own work forward, and all that!"

Zelda produced the book from her lap, and we sat about in expectant silence while Ted turned the pages, hesitating where to begin.

"Lovely stuff, lovely stuff!" he muttered, half to himself. "So different from his political works. You know his military book, of course—How I Took Russia Steppe by Steppe? Very cold piece of work, that! Ah! Here is a beauty!" And as we settled into silence he read aloud with, I must say, a great deal of expression:

"Rashir nor solsk:
Yah nar rasanah,
O posh, O, trolticar!
Hav no per permik!
Holnor! Lush lunisky,
Or droshky
Or droskivar,
Vodka, vodka!"

There was a tense moment when he finished. Kropushkin himself seemed uneasy and began rubbing his knees in that characteristic nervous way of his. The stillness was broken at length by Shackelton Salts.

"Beautiful!" he said in a low voice. "Very beautiful indeed—but what does it mean?"

"I'll have to make a very rough translation," said Ted apologetically. "I'm no poet myself, you know. But it's something like this:

"The little sister moon is in the sky:
Oh, come, my tender love, my father's little cabbage flower,
Let us catch a droshky, a low, swift-moving droshky,
And drive into the face of the mad moon,
Drinking vodka!"

"How striking! How strong!" cried Shack. "See—it even moves the poet himself!"

And indeed it seemed to. For a moment I thought the Russian was going to grasp Ted's throat in his extreme excitement. But before anything actually happened between them a terrible cry rang out from up on deck and sent us all simply flying above. It was Harry Binz who called, and the words sent a chill to my heart.

"Man overboard!" he shouted. "Man overboard!" And in a panic we all rushed up to see. Binz had the deck to himself.

"That fool of an Irishman walked out on the bowsprit!" he howled at Ted. "I guess he's hanging on by the stays, but we'd better get him quick!"

It was Ted who did the job, however. I never saw such snappy action in my life. It seemed only an instant before Shamus' dripping figure was on deck again, and Shackelton was giving him a bawling-out.

"You're a fine lookout!" said Shack scornfully. "What the devil did you think you could see out there from the bowsprit anyway? You can't see any distance from down here!"

"Look out your own self then!" retorted the shivering Shamus. "For by your leave I'll do no more to-night! Since you're so smart, why don't you do better?"

"I will!" replied Shackelton. "I will climb into the topmast and from there cry out what I see!"

And this he proceeded to do with great enthusiasm, although not much agility, while Shamus went shivering and cursing below, and the prince, becoming suddenly and violently agitated, drew Ted away for an emphatic whispered argument.

The rest of us watched Shackelton as he climbed up and up to perfectly dreadful heights. My heart was fairly in my mouth while I kept my eyes glued to his figure as it moved against the sunset, and I was most awfully relieved when he stopped at a sort of crosspiece, threw one leg over it, and clung there, one arm about the mast, the other hand shading his eyes in the most appropriate and charming gesture.

Meanwhile the prince had broken away from Ted, tucked up the back of his smock, and with his hands in his rear pockets again, paced violently up and down the deck several times before whatever was overcoming him overcame him completely and he made a dash for the forecastle and disappeared into it. After which Ted, with an exhausted air, joined us in watching Shack, and a mighty good thing he did, too, for just then we found Malvina's black cat, Poe.

You see, Shackelton had climbed into the foremast and Poe, who had been missing for several hours, had, it seems, climbed up into the hindmast and was afraid to come down. He—I mean Poe—had been up there mewing faintly, but nobody had heard him and come out to give him that moral encouragement about descending which all cats seem to need when they have gone up higher than they had originally intended. And now he caught sight of Shackelton up in the other crosstrees and gave every evidence of being about to try to jump across to him. Shack saw this and he didn't care for the idea at all. Not that he was afraid the cat wouldn't be able to make the wide leap, but that it would succeed in doing it, for Shack had the cat fear, and he simply could not endure one to come anywhere near him. So pretty soon he was mewing even louder than Poe.

"Hey! Call that creature off!" he shouted in a regular panic, holding to the mast first with one arm and then with the other. "Call that beast off, I say!"

"Here, kitty, kitty!" cried Malvina, suddenly galvanized into life. "Oh, Poe, come here! Oh, my lovely cat! Oh, do rescue him, Shack!"

"Rescue my eye!" shouted Shackelton. "Call him off before he jumps on me or I won't answer for the consequences!"

"Kitty, kitty!" shouted Malvina, now almost as frantic as Shack. "Oh! He won't come down! He's going to leap!"

"Don't let him!" yelled Shack, clinging hysterically to the mast with both arms now. "Don't let him or I shall fall!"

"Good heavens, man! Why don't you come down?" Ted called.

"I can't!" shrieked Shackelton. "I'm dizzy. I daren't move!"

"Oh, rescue him!" Malvina screamed.

But whether she meant Shackelton or her pet I am uncertain. Although the words left her lips and not mine, it was most certainly Shack for whom I was concerned. Of course I knew the cat could not possibly make the jump from mast to mast, and I expect the cat knew it, too, although he kept on going through preliminary crouches, the way cats do. But I certainly was afraid that if Shackelton got any more scared than he already was he'd fall to the deck before our very eyes. It was truly dreadful to see him, the far-famed sailor poet, crouched up there like a frightened monkey or something, on a mast which ought to have been perfectly familiar to him! The sight made me fairly ill.

"Grab hold of the halyards," Ted called up at Shack, "and swing yourself down!"

"How can I grab the halyards when the sail isn't up?" howled Shack.

"The halyards, you poor nut—not the hoops! The ropes—right at your hand!" Ted replied, convulsed with laughter. "Say, you are some sailor boy! Hey, wait, I'll come up and show you!"

With which he made a dash for the mast, shinnying up much better than Shackelton had done, and pretty soon he had the author of Sea Songs of a Sailorman safe on deck; safe but hardly sound, for Shackelton was a nervous wreck and had to be helped below. At this sight I turned away, overwhelmed with shame for him, something inside me simply crawling with disgust. If there is one thing I despise it is a fake of any kind. And Shackelton Salts had claimed to have been around the Horn goodness knows how many times! Well, perhaps he had—as a passenger on a steamer! Ugh! Tears of sheer bitterness and disillusionment welled up into my eyes, so that I could hardly see, and I stumbled over something in the growing darkness on my way aft to a secluded corner where I might weep in peace. The object over which I had tripped was Poe, the black cat, who had magically descended from the mast unaided and unobserved, and was now purring around my feet as unconcernedly as though nothing at all had happened, and the world was the same good old world of romance which it had been half an hour earlier.

The even tenor of our ways now suddenly turned to a deep barytone—and a little off key, at that. For next morning when we came on deck, behold we were in a fog. I'd been in London when it was showing of benefit of visitors, but I had never seen a fog like before. There was a terrible vagueness about it, a being surrounded by an awful unknown nothingne depressed us all. There was, of course, not a b wind, and the water was sort of oily and most un looking. It wasn't a bit like the sunny trip to t South Seas which we had planned. Moreover, w the remotest idea where we were, and just drifte because none of the men could agree on what to do.

"What do you think?" Shackelton, who was for the day, asked of Ted. Shack was rather cros very poor breakfast, prepared by Zelda, whose tu to cook, and who did not know how. "What suggest, Stonewall?"

Ted took his little pipe out of his mouth and e large cloud of smoke very slowly before he replie

"Why ask me?" he said calmly. "I thought agreed to run this ship in turn. It's your tur wouldn't dream of interfering."

Well, Shack walked off, very much annoyed at t he couldn't seem to make up his mind about what even after Harry Binz, the handy sailor, volunte suggestion that we anchor.

"No, no!" exclaimed Shack impatiently. "W keep moving! The Azores can't be very far awa and I'd like to touch them as soon as possible!"

No sooner had he said this than Andrey Krop who was standing near, suddenly doubled up in t alarming manner, and had to be led away by T course we all crowded around to inquire for the p man when Ted reappeared alone, for it was app quite a dreadful attack. But Ted said the Russ all right and resting quietly.

"I'm keeping him safe below for a while," he sai there is nothing to worry about. He has these occasionally. It comes from the bread he ate in as a rule, but it sometimes occurs when a poem is oping!"

And so began the most completely nightmari I have ever spent. The fog stayed down tight, and t we were scarcely speaking to one another. The o citement was furnished by Zelda, who discovered the galley and absolutely refused to go back in an cooking lunch. Zelda, the fearless radical! And w pointed out that it was her day to cook she simply re that nothing had been agreed about rats, and that s out on strike. And as we couldn't split her union mother took Poe with her into the galley and they s on the rats and on Zelda, and we had a delicious anyhow; but preparing it didn't make mother ver company, as you can imagine, and she said several sharp things about nasty common young females made Zelda sore, so she punished us by refusing to to the table, and went off sulkily with a volume of in one hand and a can of sardines in the other.

And still the fog kept up. During the afternoon Kropushkin reappeared on deck and began his r pacing up and down, turning nervous glances at th peering into the fog and occasionally bursting in exclamation. Sometimes it was "Yah!" and then something like "Godfreylishia!" And when pr Captain Shackelton Salts asked him to stop and te how to say "boat" and "sail" in Russian the old looked as if he would like to bite the poet's head o was so rude that Ted had to interfere.

"He's composing. Let him alone!" he advised t And believe me, we took the hint!

Shamus, Shack and myself were seated on the fo hatch and as I was between them I got the brunt of first fight.

"These poems I'm going to read you," Shack b "are all descriptive of the Marquesan Islands."

"I'm going to write a book about them islands my Shamus broke in. "I'm going to take an entirely diff angle from Murphy, at that. The men that's been there haven't properly understood ——"

"As I was saying," Shack insisted, "these poems going to read ——"

"How can you describe Tahiti when you haven't there yet?" demanded Shamus.

"Well, you've never been in Ireland, but you wr book about it!" Shackelton snapped back.

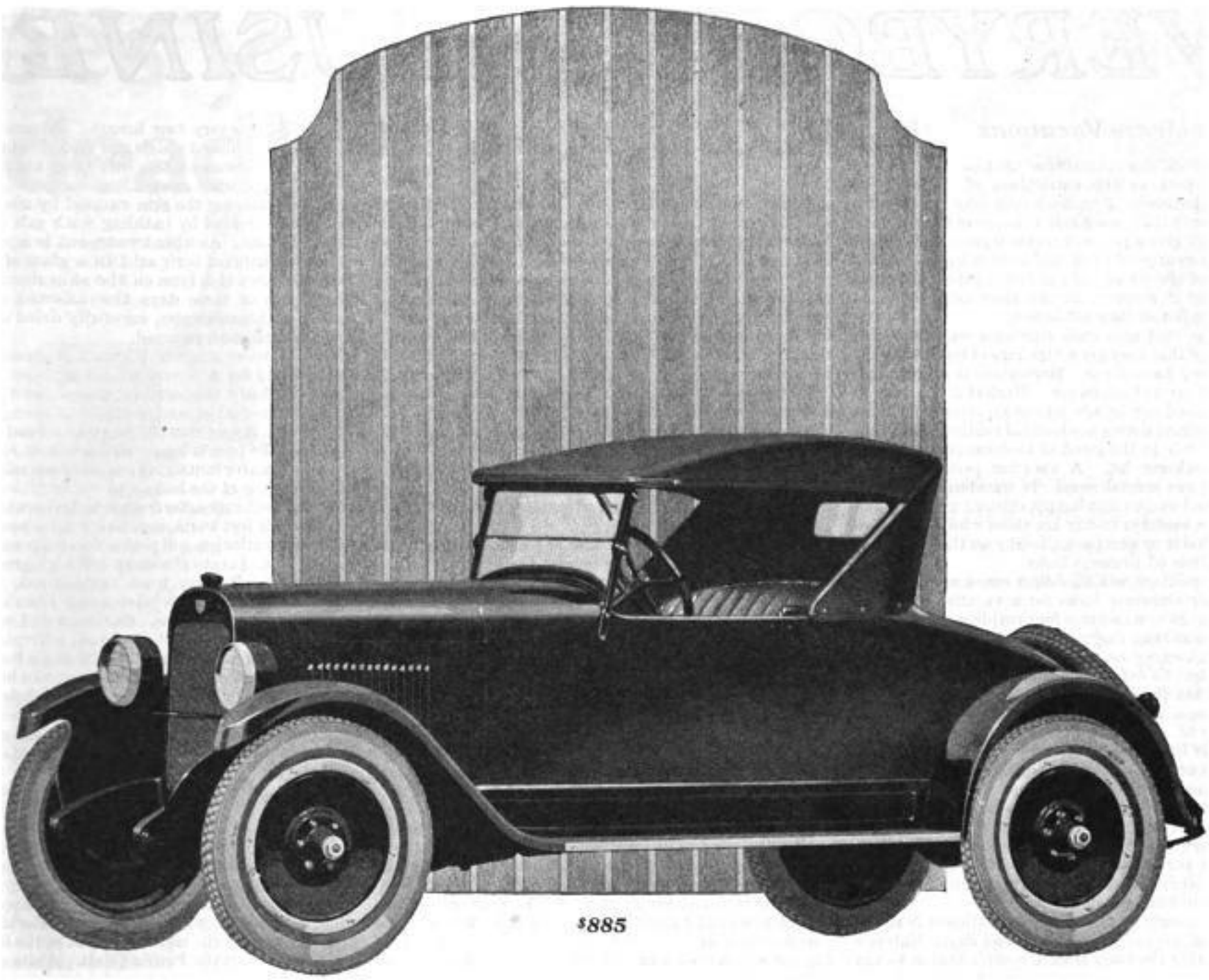
"Faith, I don't want to listen to any nonsense st out of The Shadowy South Seas!" exclaimed Sha jumping to his feet. "I suppose ye have poi rimed joy and pareu with happy crew! Bah! I know tricks! I'm off to write some titles for the chapters of own book!"

"Saphead!" muttered Shack, looking after Sha retreating figure. "He writes like an after-dinner spea and speaks like an after-dinner writer!"

From which you can see that things were really go very badly. And when Edouard, who was set to swab decks that evening, used all the fresh water out of

(Continued on Page 85)

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EVERYBODY'S BUSINES

Common-Sense Vacations

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

VACATIONS now constitute an important part in the curriculum of modern business. People who are wise know that a respite from one's daily work and a change of environment are necessary to give a person a renewed grip on life. Civilization often wearies of itself, and at such times ordinary individuals feel the backward tug toward the freedom of savagery. Just as serpents discard their skins, so must humans shuffle out of their old selves.

Corporations that give their employes vacations with pay have found that they get a high rate of interest on the investment they have made. Recreation is a great balancer as well as a harmonizer. Healthful exercise in pleasant surroundings brings into play certain faculties that are not utilized during the hours of routine work. Employes grown stale in the grind of business nearly always prove a quarrelsome lot. A vacation period properly employed restores mental snap. It transforms irritable, peevish men and women into happy, efficient workers. The biggest men in business to-day are those who either have the vacation habit or who have a hobby on the side which takes their minds off tiresome tasks.

Business conditions will doubtless cause many people to modify their elaborate ideas for a vacation this year and carry through some scheme for providing recreation at a much lower cost than they would contemplate in flusher times. Though expensive hotels and fashionable resorts may suffer from this enforced economy, it does not necessarily follow that the pleasures of the individual must be curtailed. People who are forced to follow the campers' trails this year because of their attenuated purses may find new joys never before experienced.

The success of a vacation depends largely on one's observance of simple common-sense rules. First is the necessity of a safe water supply. In order to have this, preference should be given to modern plumbing rather than mountain scenery. Tennis courts and golf links are less important than a sufficiency of pasteurized milk. If there is the least doubt as to the purity of drinking water it is advisable to boil it.

A common mistake of the average vacationist is to try to take on a full coat of tan in one or two days. Nature's way of protecting the body from the sun's heat is to tan the skin, but this process must take its course slowly. Otherwise the individual will acquire a painful if not serious case of sunburn. It is not the light rays but the invisible chemical rays from the sun that burn and blister the skin, sometimes setting up abscesses deep in the tissues. Sunburn may be treated satisfactorily by heating one-half pint of water and then stirring into it a level teaspoonful of boric-acid powder; then add twenty drops of carbolic acid and shake well. Use a small piece of cotton or a spray to apply the solution to the skin. If cotton is used dab it on—don't rub it in. Wet the skin twice each hour. If blisters form, do not open them. Less pain is experienced if one permits the blisters to break of themselves. When a person is burned and no medicine is available cold compresses will afford relief.

Vacations usually take people into new environments, where the body is subjected to changed conditions which should be beneficial. However, because of carelessness and lack of preparation many vacations bring disaster rather than build health. Everyone going to the mountains or seashore should be prepared to deal intelligently with accidents or cases of sudden illness. In many places doctors are not at hand, so a simple first-aid kit may prove to be a life-saver. One authority suggests the following contents for a simple, inexpensive kit: Two gauze bandages, two or three inches wide; two cotton bandages, three inches wide; one roll of adhesive plaster, one inch wide; two dozen safety pins, two ounces of absorbent cotton, one yard of plain sterile gauze, one or two ounces of tincture of iodine, two dozen compound cathartic pills, four ounces of castor oil, two ounces bicarbonate of soda, one dram permanganate of potash, one hot-water bag and one clinical thermometer.

Headaches and fevers may be relieved by ice-cold applications. Most other pains respond to hot applications. A pain in the abdomen is often the result of constipation and will be relieved by a laxative. Colicky pains, however, frequently accompany diarrhea, and in such a case all food should be stopped at once and the patient should be given plenty of water to drink. A twenty-four-hour fast will usually cure diarrhea. Isolate a feverish patient and feed him nothing except a little milk, and that only in case he is very hungry. Hundreds of cases of typhoid fever are contracted during summer vacations. Many people are guarding against infection with this disease by subjecting themselves to antityphoid vaccination. This vaccination affords protection for from one to four years. For those who lean to the use of vaccines it is worth looking into.

In the case of small cuts bleeding is beneficial, as it serves to wash out bacteria. Later paint the wound and the surrounding skin with a light coat of iodine. Then apply a dressing of sterile gauze and hold in place with a bandage. Even a large cut will stop bleeding of itself unless a large artery or vein has been opened, in which case send for a doctor. If the blood comes in spurts apply a tourniquet.

Fishhooks are a common cause of wounds among vacationists. Do not attempt to remove the hook by pulling it directly out. This lacerates and tears the tissues. The proper procedure is to push the point of the hook forward and onward in an upward direction, bringing it out on the surface at another point. The barbed end is then cut off with a wire cutter or file, after which it is an easy matter to extract the remaining part of the hook without damaging the tissues.

Even splinters which get under the skin are painful and require proper attention. Before using a needle or the blade of a knife to remove a splinter be sure to pass the needle or knife blade through a flame several times, each time cooling the metal before holding it in the flame again.

Insect bites and stings are a common source of annoyance to vacationists. Probably nothing is superior to the application of a few drops of household ammonia water or some bicarbonate of soda for treating the bites and stings of mosquitoes and other insects. The sting of the insect should be removed before applying the ammonia. Pain may be relieved by applying a solution of boric acid. The insects known as jiggers bore under the skin and must be dug out with a needle which has been sterilized in a flame.

Snake bites usually consist of two punctures, and these should be freely incised with a knife and then sucked. There is no danger in sucking the wound caused by a snake if there are no cracks or sores in the mouth or on the tongue. Later such wounds should be cauterized by applying carbolic acid or nitric acid on a toothpick or bare end of a match. If no acid is available cauterize the wound by touching it with a knife blade, nail or other piece of metal which has been heated in a fire. Permanganate of potash, a level teaspoonful to a pint of boiled water, is also useful. Giving the victim whisky is usually harmful, for in such treatment another depressant is added to the snake poison which is already in the system. Instead of whisky, give aromatic spirits of ammonia, one-half teaspoonful in water every hour, and half a cupful of strong coffee every two hours. Serums have been produced which are effective in certain k snake bites, but they are rarely obta when needed.

Inflammation of the skin caused by contact with ivy is best treated by bathing with salt water, sea being the best. Another treatment is made by dis one teaspoonful of boric acid in a glass of hot wate large blisters which form on the skin should be pun Every two or three days the affected parts sho bathed with warm water, carefully dried without ru and the treatment resumed.

One common summer ailment is sunstroke. Th thing to do for a person who has been sunstruck lower the body temperature and raise the heart Remove the clothing and sprinkle or sponge the bod cold water. Apply cold cloths to the head and heat feet. Let the person inhale ammonia or camphor or low a little water containing one of these stimulants. orous rubbing of the body and extremities is also h No person will ever suffer from sunstroke who keeps hi cool and his feet warm, especially if he perspires fre

More vacationists will probably camp out this yea ever before. Locate the camp on high ground, if po near trees, but away from underbrush. A grav provides good drainage. Get away from standing which breeds mosquitoes. Garbage and waste sho placed in covered receptacles and promptly dispos One way to treat such waste is to dig a hole, partly with field stones, and on top of the stones build a fire garbage should not be dumped into the hole until aft fire has made considerable headway. If the waste is b it should be placed in trenches that are at least t inches deep. Fresh earth should be placed in the tre each day.

Even the simple precaution of digging a drainage all the way around a tent is often overlooked. W flooring adds to comfort.

Many people do not know that there are more tha thousand summer camping sites to let in the one hun and fifty-three national forests in this country. These fo are located in the White Mountains, the Appalachians other Eastern ranges as far south as Florida. Sites also be rented in the lake states, out in the Rockies a the Cascades on the Pacific Coast. A site covering one to five acres may be rented for from ten to twenty dollars a year. Many sites are close to fishing, hunting wonderful scenery. The scheme is so arranged that a lease expires the original renter has the first chan renew it again as often as he likes. The United St Forest Service will sell timber at cost price on the st to the lessee, who can cut the timber himself or hire s one to do it for him. The only proviso is that a dec looking cabin must be built. Application for such a must be sent to the nearest forest-service official, wh authorized to issue a permit to any responsible applic Hundreds of people who are familiar with this plan h taken advantage of the Government's generosity and vided themselves with summer homes that are cheap practically permanent.

The majority of people prefer to sp their vacations near some body of wa and as a result boating and swimm are popular national pastimes. Th sands of smart-Alecks still rock bo and insist on changing seats at most opportune times. The only remedy this brand of folly that has so far b found effective is the liberal use of chlo form. But in swimming, even peo who are cautious often get into trou or must help others; so it is well to ke in mind some of the facts and rules must observe in helping those who ca to grief in the water. An experienc swimmer should always make a care survey of unknown waters before oth go in. Submerged roots, rocks and oth obstructions cause many accidents. Re cue a drowning person by throwing som thing to him rather than by going to hi if possible. Even a small floating obje is quite sufficient to sustain a person weight in the water. If the person trouble is struggling try to keep awa from him for a few seconds until he get quiet. In effecting a rescue take fir hold of the hair of the drowning perso and turn him as quickly as possible on hi back. Throw yourself on your back, an with his back to your stomach swim for shore.

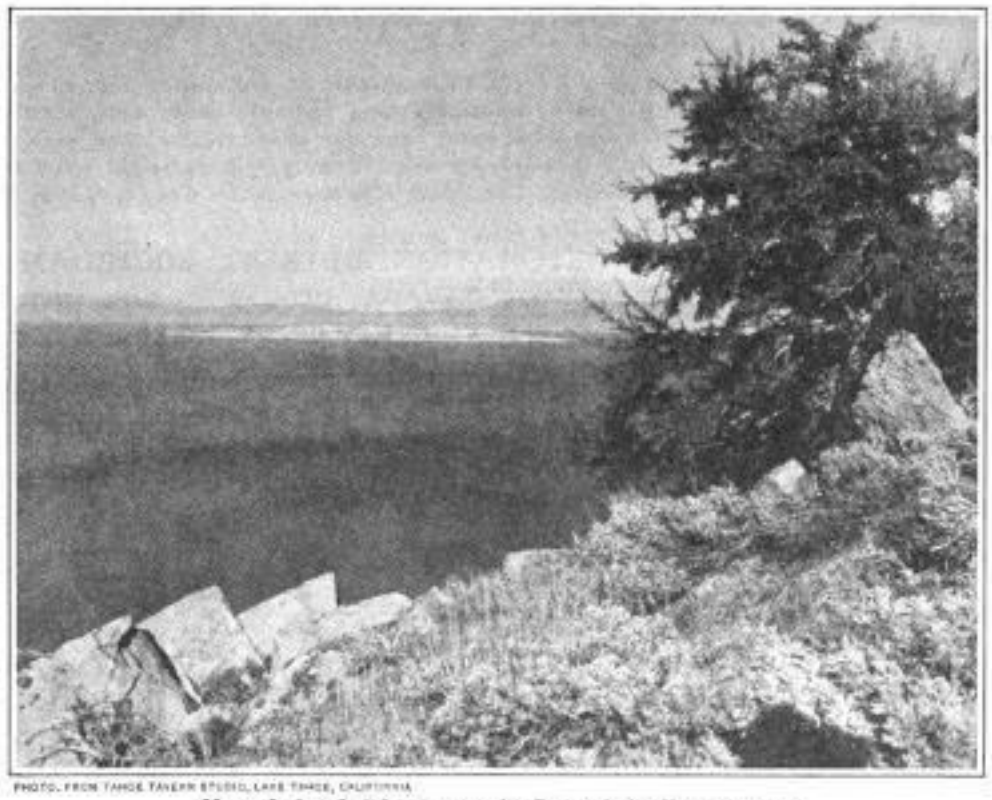


PHOTO. FROM TAHOE TAVERN STUDIO, LAKE TAHOE, CALIFORNIA

Mono Lake, California, at the Foot of the High Sierras

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Every piston head in your automobile engine is exposed hundreds of times a minute to a heat as deadly as that of a blow torch.

YOU have seen a blow torch in action. That shooting, roaring, gasoline driven flame heats whatever can withstand it to a temperature of about 1000 degrees.

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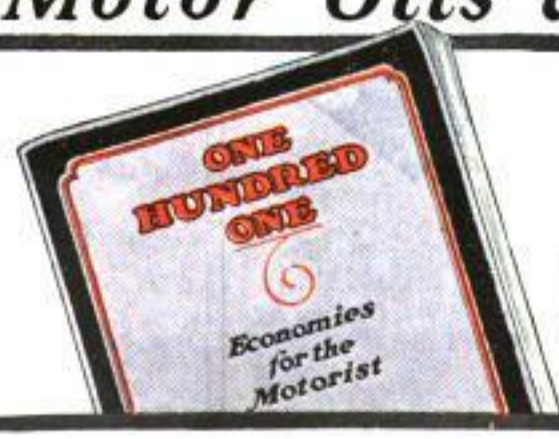
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OUT-OF-DOORS

The Rawhide Railroad

KING of forgotten trails, did you haps ever hear of the Rawhide Rail- at in Oregon? Dates appear in- , yet it seems quite certain that this first railroad ever known in Oregon. not lack a competent historian, for orge Estes, an attorney of Portland, has written a whole book about ook which I am willing to say holds as much of the Homeric humor of erican West as anything I have seen n covers since the days of Mark 's Roughing It.

pears that in the days of old there e Doc Baker, who moved and had ng at Walla Walla, and who, being sort to which coin naturally clings, possessed of all sorts, kinds and tions of money. He made money s, made it in cows, made it in wheat— every way he looked and in every- he did. Old Doc Baker, believe us, have made a splendid hero for some Fork story about Wall Street. In- I shudder to think what old Doc would have done to Wall Street had long enough.

Doc Baker was just naturally a cap- industry, and of the sort who some- live years before their time. It is ated where he got his vision, for so told he never lived outside of Oregon; mehow or other he had heard of rail- even in those early days, and he and pined for a railroad all of his The Columbia River was all right, t was thirty miles away from the which he made his seat of operations. anted to ride from Walla Walla to la on the steam cars, and nothing would do him—and there were no cars.

that time Portland, Oregon, was quite age. A great many of the stumps had pulled out of the main street and there a bank owned by one Mr. Ladd, to bank aforesaid old Doc Baker would once in a while and deposit a wheat full of gold. He brought this down by via the Columbia River and the rest e water route to the present emporium e Oregon country. One day he came ith an especially large sack of specie, dust and other proofs of his industry economy, and casually informed his ers that he wished them to send East order two modern and up-to-date motives for him. His bankers mildly d him what he wanted with locomo- , and in effect he profanely informed that if they would furnish the locomo- s he would do the rest.

cidentally, old Doc Baker told his kers that he wanted them to purchase him and have shipped out with the two motives a little order of one thousand hats. Of course they thought he ded to show his opulence by wearing a silk hat every day, but as to that also Baker remained entirely noncommittal. had a single-track mind. He suggested is bankers that so long as he had plenty money in their bank and they had im- diate access to it, all they had to do was get locomotives and silk hats when he ered them. Whereupon Mr. Ladd agreed do as bid.

t was explained to Old Doc Baker that bring the locomotives around by ship m New York to Portland would take out two years, not to mention the time might take to get together a thousand k hats. The new railroad king of Oregon sually remarked that he would have erything ready by the time the shipment owed up. He then departed for his own spire farther east.

Doc Baker knew that in order to con- ruct a railroad you must have an engineer lay it out. Mr. Ladd thought it would quire about six months to make the pre- minary survey for this railroad, but that emed a long time to a real hustler. Where- on Doc Baker bethought him of a friend y the name of Bill Green, an old-time tagecoach and ox-team driver. True, Bill reen had never seen a railroad any more han Doc Baker, but he was the sort of an that gets things done one way or an- ther; so he was hired for chief engineer n the new railroad.

Mr. Green was slightly handicapped by the fact that he did not know exactly what a railroad looked like, but he had heard of one Pat Prunty, a placer miner who was reputed once to have worked on a railroad far back in the East. He found Pat, and Pat agreed to go in as assistant engineer and chief of construction. The two of them started in to lay out the railroad.

They had no surveying instruments, and would not have known how to use them if they had owned them. Their methods were very simple. Bill Green took a whisky bottle half full of water and found that he could attain perfectly good levels by squinting along the top of the water in the half-filled bottle. This seems a little crude, but as a matter of fact it worked. More than that, it worked on horseback. In that country at that time no one ever walked. The engineers rode while laying out their levels, and so saved themselves much fatigue. So successful were their new railroad methods that instead of requiring six months to lay out the line they did the whole thing in just six days.

You might think that they did this work in a crude and incompetent fashion. Such is far from the case. When the advancing tide of civilization had brought real railroads out into that country the new engineers did not need to lay out a new line from Walla Walla to Wallula. The Bill Green survey and the Pat Prunty grading were found entirely satisfactory, and all that remained necessary was to put down new rails. Our historian informs us that in grading the new lines the engineers used twenty yoke of oxen hitched to a grader made on the spot according to specifications never used elsewhere. They kept this grader in line by hitching teams of mules to it on each side. With this equipment, original and empirical as it was, the grading on the new railroad from Walla Walla to Wallula went on a great deal more rapidly than Mr. Ladd had predicted. They put in culverts to let the water through, built bridges where absolutely necessary, and laid down ties just as is done on a regular railroad.

Of course they had no railroad iron, but that was a mere detail. The rails were made of heavy wooden stringers. Witness the level-headed quality of these masters of transportation. They spiked down the rail on only one side of the track. Why? Because they had no idea how far apart the wheels of a locomotive were, and there was no way of finding out inside of two years. So they nailed down one rail, and let the other lie loose until they could fit the road to the new engines when they came. There was almost no lost motion in any of the operations of building the first railroad Oregon ever had.

The reader will now suppose two years to have elapsed. At the end of that time Banker Ladd sent word by canoe express to Doc Baker that his cargo from the East had arrived. He also sent by personal messenger a straight stick of a certain length. Doc Baker understood. That measured the gauge of the locomotives. Bill Green at once started his men at spiking down the loose rail of the railroad. Doc Baker himself started down the Columbia River to bring up his freight.

It came by barge—two locomotives, one hundred pairs of car wheels and one thousand plug hats. That is to say, it came simply and steadily as far upstream as certain bold rapids, known as Wish-ram, whereabouts dwelt a certain tribe whose hearts were known to be bad in regard to the white man, and who were accustomed to exact toll of travelers much in ancient bandit fashion. At this point the real genius of the reticent Doc Baker shone forth.

He not only needed a passport but he needed a transport as well. How to get the heavily loaded barges over or around the Wish-ram Rapids was a question. Of course, since he had paid spot cash for everything, it was his privilege to do what he liked with the locomotives, the car wheels and the plug hats.

He never had told anyone why he had ordered one thousand plug hats. Everyone supposed that he intended to wear them all on the first train from Walla Walla to Wallula; but such was not the case. He now opened his boxes, crates and packages of silk hats and, taking one of the aforesaid hats in hand, entered the tribal council which had been called for this occasion. He placed the hat upon the head of the chief and, standing back in admiration, declared himself of the personal belief that Solomon had nothing on the chief of the Wish-ram, and that any Wish-ram warrior, thus attired, even if he could claim but little else by way of raiment, would put all personal competition out of the question as against any other tribal member whatsoever. Doc Baker explained that the Wish-ram thus arrayed would be irresistible with the fair sex.

Not to be partial, he explained that he had one thousand of these hats, one for each able-bodied member of the tribe. He indicated also, delicately, that he needed about a thousand able-bodied men to pull his locomotives around the rapids. He wondered if a thousand silk hats would not furnish him a Wish-ram passport in every sense of the word.

It would; it did. As one man, one thousand seminaked Wish-rams, each with a silk hat on his head, laid hold of the lines and walked the locomotives upstream around the rapids.

Bill Green and Pat Prunty had done their work well. It was found that the locomotives fitted the rails absolutely. The engineer and fireman imported from Portland got up steam and found that the new railroad worked. Mayhap certain things occurred by way of celebration—history saith not. But history saith that after a while, under the many cargoes of wheat, Indians and leading citizens who began to use the railroad from Walla Walla to Wallula, the flanges of the wheels began to cut into the edges of the timber stringers. It was apparent that before long the new railroad would disintegrate.

This would never do. But how could the catastrophe be averted? Why, plenty easy! Doc Baker knew that rawhide was the most durable substance in the world for one who rightly understood its uses. He ordered his new railroad to be faced with rawhide all the way from Walla Walla to Wallula! It was done. It was found that over the rails thus reënforced the traffic could be handled with perfect safety. Of course the railroad was a good deal longer when it rained, but in the hot weather she shrunk up hard as iron and worked perfectly.

According to historian Estes, Doc Baker and his engineers did not understand about the cowcatcher on the engine. There were a great many cows in that country, but they did not want to catch them—rather to the contrary. Hence they rigged a little platform at the front of each engine and on each mounted a competent dog. When any animal obstructed the track the dog warned it off, or chased it off when harsher measures were required. All in all, it is a grave question whether the engineers of any age or locality have shown themselves more practical than those who built and operated the first railroad in Oregon. It was only thirty miles long, to be sure, but it was some railroad in its day.

What became of it? Mr. Estes in his history makes that quite plain. There came a very hard winter in that part of Oregon, with deep snows. Maddened by hunger, the wolves came down out of the mountains and infested all the settlements. The hardy men of Oregon prepared to sell their lives as dearly as possible, for each habitation was surrounded by a circle of these beasts, with red, slavering jaws.

How often does some little event turn the whole course of history! The Rawhide Railroad might be operating yet between Walla Walla and Wallula had it not been for the fact that some hungry wolf, while digging in the snow for food, chanced to strike, in a shallow place of the snow, a portion of the roadbed and rails. At that time, owing to the moisture of the snow, the rails were in what might be called a relatively succulent and comparatively edible condition. Word was passed among the wolves. With red, slavering jaws they fell upon the Rawhide Railroad, and soon the Rawhide Railroad had passed through the red and slavering jaws aforesaid.

Naturally that ended it. You can't run a railroad after the wolves have eaten up the rails, can you?



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Guess that's about all I need to say to old friends. But to those who don't know U. S. N. Deck Paint so well, I'll say briefly: If you measure the value of paint in price per gallon instead of in years of service you won't be interested. U. S. N. Deck Paint costs a little more a gallon than most paints; costs more and is worth more. It outwears ordinary paint; it withstands rubbing, scrubbing, and washing. It dries hard overnight. It comes in unequalled colors.

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HATS FOR YOUNG MEN

RITA COVENTRY

(Continued from Page 19)

Goro exhibiting the little house to the American naval officer, the scene with Suzuki, the servant, the arrival of the American consul, Sharpless. Then came Pinkerton's aria, whimsically introducing a snatch of The Star-Spangled Banner, and the amusing passage with its convivial invitation—the English words "milk punch or whisky?" leaping out so startlingly from the mellifluous Italian text.

Presently, motioning to him to remain seated, Rita rose.

"My cue soon," she whispered, and left him.

Soon after, he heard the little hubbub of women's voices that precedes the entrance of Butterfly; then softly, in Rita's thrilling soprano, the recitative, *Ancora un passo or sia*, with music mounting like the hillside steps she was supposed to have climbed; and following immediately on this—still from a little distance—her happy song of love.

The wistful story of this opera and the passionate yearning of its melodies had always moved Parrish, but now he felt a new emotion. This was not Coventry in Madame Butterfly; it was the woman he loved. Breathlessly he awaited the first vision of her on the brow of the hill, his heart thumping thickly; but when, after repeating the plaintive "I have come at the call of love," she appeared he could see her but dimly through tears standing in his eyes. Startled and chagrined at his emotion he hastily brushed them away with the back of his hand.

Thenceforward he sat spellbound, listening for Rita's voice, watching her every gesture. How perfectly she simulated the mannerisms of a gentle little Japanese! How expressive her hands! And how small she looked—or was it only that the tenor was so big and fat? "Young lieutenant"—with those dimensions! There was something unmanly about tenors. Come to think of it, he had never known any man with a high voice to make good in business.

The wedding guests arrived upon the scene, the ceremony was performed and the company departed, leaving Butterfly and Pinkerton alone. Their wedding night. The footlights had been growing dimmer. Stars began to show through the back drop. The music! Nobody could equal Puccini as a composer of these throbbing, passionate love songs.

"*Ti serro palpitante*," sang the tenor and, suiting the action to the word, seized her in his arms.

That was the beastly thing about a woman's being on the stage; she must submit to being handled by such louts.

But in spite of his aversion for the tenor he was again deeply moved by the fiery surge of the big duet with which the act ended, as Pinkerton led Butterfly to the nuptial chamber.

Slowly, like a great cloud drifting across a mountain top, the curtain floated down, while from the space beyond swept applause which made Parrish think of the roar of rain on a tin roof.

As the magnificent footman drew back a corner of the heavy tableau curtain to pass the singers out for the first encore, Parrish stood up and peered through the aperture. In the dim auditorium he could see the people in the boxes nearest the proscenium arch—the men a background for the women—proud-looking women with white shoulders and vivid plumed fans. Because of the blinding glare of the footlights in his eyes they looked unreal to him, like paper figures cut from fashion magazines.

As the singers moved out before the curtain the applause rolled louder. He watched them taking hands, smiling, bowing to each other and to the audience, their faces sharply lighted from beneath, like ballet girls in Degas' paintings.

Finally, after many encores, Rita alone, with the brilliance beating on the youthful contour of her chin and throat; then suddenly through the air, flowers falling, seeming to come from nowhere, and men's voices in the distance calling "*Brava!*"

Her arms were full of flowers when she came to him.

"I must hurry!" she said. "I have to be on at the beginning of the next act, you know. I don't believe it's worth your staying while I change."

"Your engagement," he began interrogatively, as they moved toward her dressing room—"that business you spoke of—it hasn't by any chance been ——"

"No, I'm sorry," she broke in.

"I'll run along then," he said.

"I'm afraid you'll have to," she agreed as they reached the anteroom. She was speaking rapidly, like a busy executive to whom time is everything. "Why don't you go out front and hear the rest from there? Here." She snatched an envelope from the desk, scribbled a few words on it in pencil, and thrust it into his hand. "Take that to the box office. Ask for Mr. Spiegel. He'll give you a seat if there's one to be had. Now I really must ——" She turned toward the door of the inner room.

"Thanks," he said. "Shall I come back for you afterwards?"

"Oh, no. I'll be very late." The words came over her shoulder. But from the doorway she looked back, exclaiming, "Oh—I almost forgot! Come to dinner Sunday."

With that she disappeared.

"Thanks, I will," he said to the chintz curtain and, taking up hat, coat and stick, left the room.



He Was Walking Rapidly; the Collar of His Overcoat Was Turned Up, and He Wore a Checked Cloth Cap

Of course she was in an awful h no doubt about that. She just didn' time to think. And she was pleas the bracelet—he could see that wh thanked him. No particular reas she should speak of it again.

He passed through the stage do walked up the side street toward th of the building.

She couldn't mean that he wasn' her until Sunday. Impossible! S wanted to be sure he wouldn't ma other engagement for Sunday night. that was it.

The lobby was full of men in dress, smoking.

Parrish pushed the envelope throu box-office window.

"There's not a single orchestra left," said Mr. Spiegel. "Will you ta management's box?"

Parrish thanked him and too coupons.

The box, which an usher unlock him, was near the center of the hou A brass plate on the door bore the n the impresario, and a like place on th door informed Parrish that t joining box was that of H Krauss. If he were to go i and sit down at the front Krauss should be in his ow he would have to talk with and he was not in humor to He took a chair at the rear, the high partition sheltered from view.

Just what was her bu about, he wondered—not th was any particular affair o but what sort of business arr ments did opera singers mak course they had contracts. doubt Rita's lawyer looked over for her. He hoped he a good lawyer. But did they contracts at night—in dre rooms? That didn't seem businesslike. You'd think th go to the manager's office—t the lawyer's office—or that lawyer would come to the sin house. Artistic people were toriously careless about busi And she made so much mon probably with her it was come, easy go. What she ne was the advice of a good s business man. She might do worse than to consult him a some of these things.

The house was darkened, curtain rose. The sad story, th fecting melodies and his own e tions as he saw Rita—a tiny fig now in that great gold-fra picture—and heard her voice rying through those vast spa combined to produce in hi state of mournful intoxication which he remained until, as opera was about to end, pe in the parterre boxes began to s away to get to their limousi before the rush of the general odus should begin. He decided go too. If he waited to the v end and went out with the cro he was almost certain to m people he knew.

Having told his chauffeur to keep out the jam by parking in a side street o toward Sixth Avenue, he went out throu the main entrance, and headed up Broa way, intending to cross at the next corn but the street was crowded and he had wait on the curb.

He glanced back several times in the d rection of the stage entrance. He suppos she would take off her make-up before se ing to that business.

A street car stopped; a man jumped o came dodging through the traffic, an brushed by him as he hurried down th street.

Struck by something familiar in the man' appearance, Parrish turned and looked aft him. He was walking rapidly; the colla of his overcoat was turned up, and he wor a checked cloth cap. Something familiar Suddenly he got it. If it wasn't that piano tuner from Atlantic City it was someon mighty like him.

He stood looking after him, but as he looked the young man was lost to view in

(Continued on Page 40)

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PEERLESS

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MAY 1922

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(Continued from Page 38)

the crowd that was beginning to emerge from the carriage entrance near the stage door.

XXIV

EVIDENTLY Rita had not meant to put him off until Sunday, for next morning she called him up at his office. She wanted to thank him again for the bracelet, she said. She hadn't had a chance to thank him properly last night, she was so rushed. She had the bracelet on now. She loved it. She was going to wear it this evening to dinner. It would be perfect with a black velvet evening gown she had.

So she was going out to dinner!

"What are you going to do to-morrow night?" he asked.

"Some people are coming up to talk about a tour to the Pacific Coast. But I tell you—I'm going to the dressmaker's in the afternoon. Wouldn't it amuse you to come around there? And we could go out to tea after."

That day at lunch Parrish told his partner, Stuart Bement, that the period of depression which had so long been afflicting the country was, in his opinion, about over. This was a good market to buy in. By June conditions would be normal.

Yes, he was feeling optimistic. He carried his optimism up town with him that evening, down in the morning, and up again when in the late afternoon he went to meet Rita.

The name of her dressmaker had long been familiar to him; it was mentioned with respect by the best-dressed women he knew, and he himself had often found his eyes drawn to the double tier of windows, wide and sumptuous, in which its latest costumes were exhibited to the passing Avenue; but he had never entered it before, and now, as he did so, he found himself a little ill at ease. Vaguely he was aware of counters, showcases and wardrobes of polished wood and shining plate glass, holding all manner of feminine equipment; and although it was so obviously put there to be looked at, he had an instinct not to look; to have looked would have made him feel rather like a peeping Tom. Yet why? These things, which suggested to the corner of his eyes that they were dainty, sheer and ribbony, belonged to an incorporated company. Why did woman's dress seem so much more personal than man's—not only her under dress, not only a dress belonging to some specific woman, but even a frock in a shop window?

A being with honey-colored hair approached him, shapely in a tight black dress, very plain but somehow expensive looking. She had the air of mounting toward him like a sunlit breaker gracefully rising to a crest. With her head a little to one side she raised her lined eyebrows in polite interrogation.

He answered with "I'm looking for Miss Coventry."

"Oh, yes." Immediately she was smiling and gracious. She undulated to the elevators, pressed the button for him and, when the boy opened the door, enunciated with careful elegance, "Let this gentleman off at the fourth floor, please."

The fourth floor differed from the first in that the latter was a place of finished things, the former a place of things not quite finished. Except for chairs the room was unfurnished; there were long threads on the gray-green carpet, and opposite the elevators a battery of fitting rooms, gray paneled, with lights shining from within through ground glass.

As he emerged from the elevator two black-clad women stepped toward him.

"Miss Coventry?" he asked.

Ah, yes! Like destroyers picking up a merchantman they swerved and convoyed him.

"The gentleman's here, Miss Coventry," called one, rapping at a fitting-room door.

"Just a minute," came Rita's voice; whereat the convoy, having brought him to his anchorage, sailed away.

Presently the door was opened by a middle-aged woman wearing steel-rimmed spectacles.

Rita was facing him, posed like a manikin, with arms slightly extended. From her shoulders hung a trailing scarf of silvery fabric, very thin, which, attached to bracelets on either wrist, made a background resembling a pair of soft, half-folded wings. The gown itself was of brocade, sapphire blue and silver, cut to a deep V in front and held in place by the slightest of straps.

"Beautiful!" he exclaimed, looking at her white arms.

The fitter, moving behind her, ga touch to the scarf. Simultaneousl woman entered.

"Here's that little frock, dear said, exhibiting a handful of sl chiffon over lace. "It's just You're the very first to see it. I you're here! Mr. S. says right aw there's a creation for Miss Covent it aside for her.' Aren't those lit buds sweet though? I've never a frock like this, dearie, and I cert want you to have it. It's so sympa

"This is Miss McCaffery," said

"Pleased to meet you, I'm su the young woman.

"She's a burglar," Rita went she does know how to dress me."

Miss McCaffery rolled her br Irish eyes in humorous protest.

"Why, *dearie!* How can you a thing? Now, just to show you, I to let you have this little dress a sacrifice."

"It's too young for me," said Ri looking at it appraisingly.

Miss McCaffery turned to Parri mock hopelessness.

"C'n you beat it?" she demanded *her* looks!" And to Rita, "Dea know perfickly well you can we *thing!*"

"I haven't time to try it on t said Rita.

But Miss McCaffery was prep work fast.

"I'll have a model slip it on for said she. Thrusting her head out door she shrilled "Claire!" and pas gown out to unseen hands. Then was about to change, Parrish follow fitter from the room and waited the door.

He had waited but a moment whe appeared a youthful model, lookin a baby cloud at sunset, in the she gown. She entered the fitting r where from over the partition he hear their voices—and did not emerg Rita came out dressed for the street.

"You make no mistake in takin little frock," assured Miss McCaff they stood by the elevator. "It'll you look like an anngenoo. It's so s thetic! Well, good-by, dearie. C soon again." And with a little bow t rish: "Glad to of met you, I'm sure."

For tea they went to a neighboring where there was a dark wainscoted room with tables not too close to each with a softly glowing lamp, red s suggestive of confidences. Most of t bles were occupied by couples intent their own low-voiced conversation.

"This place always amuses me," Rita as they sat. "It's known far an as a place where people go when they want to be seen. So they all come he see each other, and pretend they don

Over the tea he found an opport to speak of something that was o mind.

"By the way, I thought I caught of that young piano tuner the other n The statement was a question.

"Yes; he came around to see me."

"At the opera, the night I was th

"For a minute, yes."

"Are you going to sing his song?"

She nodded. "I told him I would know."

"Well," he declared emphatically, I've got to say is—that young man s to be mighty grateful to you."

"He ought to be," she agreed, "b doesn't show any signs of it yet. I've wondering about it. Anyway, we are ing out some plans to push his songs."

"In spite of his ingratitude, eh?"

"But he's a genius."

"Huh!" said Parrish. "Genius overworked word. Nowadays anyone manufactures a dinky little automob paints a picture that looks as if a defe child had done it or raises the biggest sq in the county gets himself called a ge

Since seeing Delaney so near the o house he had given the case of that y man some thought, and he was prep now to state his conclusions; but Rita missed the topic, saying lightly, "Per you're right; he may not be a genius. I assure you he is a new type to me. odd types have always interested me."

"Certainly you've seen enough of the he said, diverted. "Lord, what a l people you know! And they seem to k you so well, too—or think they do. think *I* do. When I'm with you I think

(Continued on Page 42)

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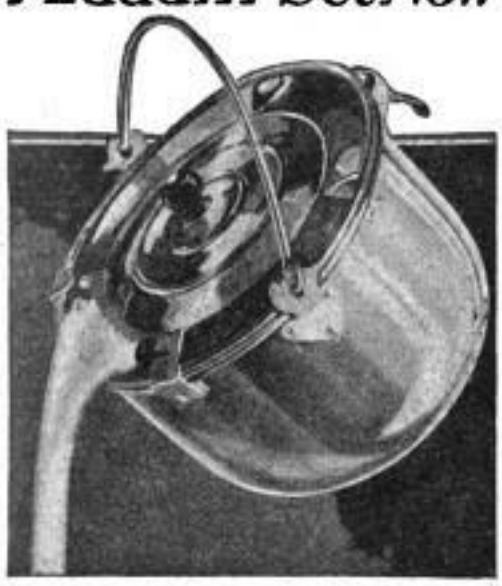


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(Continued from Page 40)

but away from you I sometimes get the feeling that I don't know you so very well after all—that I've lost you to whatever people you happen to be with at the time. And who are they all? I try to imagine where you are, but most of the time I don't know where you are. I don't know enough of your life to make a mental picture of it. Why don't I? That's what I want to know. You don't seem to me to be secretive."

"No," she answered. "I'm naturally frank, I think." Then, smiling faintly: "But supposing I were secretive—would you expect me to tell you so, or be secretive about it?"

He laughed, but this time was not to be diverted.

"I've never felt this way before," he ran on. "I can't figure it out. It makes me restless. I want you to know all about me, and I should think you'd want me to know all about you. Haven't you felt that way about people you've cared for? There was a girl I cared for a great deal and I could come pretty near reading every thought in her head."

"And are you still interested in her?" Rita asked.

"She was awfully sweet," said he. "I shall always have a mighty tender feeling for her."

Rita looked at her jeweled wrist watch.

"It's getting late," she said. "I must be going."

As they were waiting for the check he pursued his earlier thought.

"I want you to see my apartment," he told her. "I have some old things that will interest you. Will you come down and dine with me some night soon?"

"I'd love to, sometime when I'm not so rushed."

"Well, anyway," he said, knowing better than to press the point, "I'll see you Sunday night."

XXV

HOWEVER, he was not to see her on Sunday night.

Next morning he had a protracted talk over the telephone with the manager of Parrish & Bement's Chicago office.

"All right," he said rather irritably at the close of the conversation; "either Mr. Bement or I will be out there on Monday. Probably Mr. Bement this time."

But when he went into his partner's room and suggested to him that it was his turn to make the Chicago journey he found him obdurate. The idea of opening a Chicago office had originated with Parrish, and that office had always been regarded in the firm as Parrish's particular concern. But that was not all. The journey that Bement was momentarily expecting to embark upon was not to Chicago, but to his home on Long Island, Mrs. Bement's doctor having informed him that morning that it was probably only a matter of hours before his presence should be urgently required.

Parrish endeavored to express a proper sympathetic interest in the approaching ordeal of parenthood. Well, there was nothing else for it—he would have to go to Chicago himself. It was unavoidable. He must call up Rita and let her know he couldn't come. What vile luck! Who would be there Sunday night? He supposed she'd get some man to take his place. Who would it be? Who would be in his place, at her right?

He always felt uneasy about ringing Rita up. Telephoning to her was somehow connected in his mind with disappointments. But this morning, rather to his surprise, Pierre admitted that she was at home, and a moment later he heard her voice.

"Oh, that's too bad," she said when he had broken the news to her.

"Yes, and I may have to be out there a week," he answered gloomily.

"Well—be sure to let me hear from you when you get back."

"When I get back?" he repeated. "Isn't there some way of my seeing you before I go?"

"When do you leave?"

"To-morrow afternoon—2:45."

"Wait till I look up my engagement list." She began to ruminate aloud: "Um—let's see—Sunday. No, I don't think—unless you —— I tell you: I have to be downtown at three to-morrow afternoon. How would you like me to drive you to the station?"

"That will be great!" he cried. Then his voice became tender. "And there's something else I want, Rita: your photograph. I want to have it with me."

"I'll bring you one."

"Thanks, dear—and write on it, will you?"

"Yes. About quarter after two, then?"

He was waiting, with his baggage, in the lower hall next afternoon when her trim little French landaulet stopped at the door. He was becoming nervous; but she wasn't so very late; and Fifth Avenue wasn't crowded on Sunday—they could drive down quickly.

"You brought the photograph?" he demanded eagerly as they drove off.

She handed it to him. He slipped it out of the glazed-paper envelope.

"Oh," he exclaimed, "as the Festival Queen in Louise! Lovely!"

But secretly he was a little disappointed—not with the photograph but with the inscription: "Faithfully yours, Rita Coventry." He often signed his letters to men friends "Faithfully yours." He couldn't help wishing she had at least written "To Dick"—or better than that, since the picture showed her as Louise, she might have written those lines from the opera which would always have for him a significance so tender:

Pourquoi serais-je belle
Si ce n'est pour être aimée?

Still, when you really thought about it, that word "faithfully" could mean a great deal. He opened the suitcase on the floor in front of him and gently placed the photograph within.

"Do you know I've never had a letter from you?" he said. "Not even a little note." He slipped off his glove and took her white-gloved hand, which was lying in her lap. "Send me a line out to Chicago, will you, Rita?"

"I'll try," she answered; but the little chuckle that followed the remark disconcerted him. "I got a letter from a cowboy yesterday," she explained. "He said he saw my picture in a magazine, and *he* wants me to write to him."

He smiled dimly.

Ah, what a short glimpse of her this little ride gave him. Already they were halfway to the station.

"To-night, when you are going in to dinner," he said, "you can think of me sitting alone in the dining car."

"It's a shame you have to go," she answered, pressing his hand.

"I made a desperate effort to get out of it," he told her; and with feeling added: "I simply loathe to leave you. I hope you're going to miss me?"

"It's this getting away that's the hard part," she sympathized. "The break of leaving. But it won't be so bad when you get there. You'll be busy. You'll be back before you know it."

"But your dinner ——" he began.

"Oh, I'll be giving other dinners."

"And don't forget that you're coming to dine with me. I tell you: I'll wire you from Chicago as soon as I know when I'll be home again. Then you can save the first free evening."

She nodded.

"You won't mind coming alone? I thought I wouldn't ask anybody else—unless you think appearances might ——"

"Appearances?" she broke in with a little laugh. "You're right—you *don't* know me. I can't be bothered with such things. I go where I please." She laughed again. "I'm not quite so emancipated, though, as some people in the opera. Apparently some of them regard gossip as an asset—good advertising."

"As soon as I get back then!" he said almost gayly as the car passed under the overhanging cliffs of Grand Central Station.

He let go her hand.

"I love you, dear!" he said in a low voice as a porter advanced to open the door.

The man took his bags and he alighted.

"Where shall I tell him to go?" he asked, pausing, hat in hand, and thinking how luxurious she looked against the soft upholstery.

"The Discaphone studios; he knows."

"Making records—on Sunday?"

"Yes; they do it for me because I'm so busy through the week."

"What are you singing?"

"Bonnie Doon," she replied.

Some taxicabs had driven up behind them, and now, unable to proceed, set up a hooting of horns which reverberated raucously in that cavernous space.

Quickly he closed the door. The car flashed away. He turned and followed the porter into the busy concourse of the station.

Sometime during the night he wa ened by a silence. The train was cr a standstill. Wondering where he w he raised the curtain, looked out, a ognized the Cleveland station. T stopped; the airbrakes sighed wi

Alice! Alice very near! The trai scheduled to stop at Cleveland, a if it had been she could not ha down at such an hour. It was really then, not to have let her know tha passing through. He should have to her, though. He ought to have d He really should have finished th to her when he came across it in hi a day or two ago. But he would w from Chicago.

Come to think of it, he hadn't he her in some time. Almost a week. had said that she was going to wri day. What did her silence mean? H her sister wasn't worse.

Vaguely, as a background to his th he was aware of the metallic rapp wheel tester's hammer as he wo way along beside the train; first then nearer, then on the front wh the car he was in. Now he could faint flicker of the man's torch.

Poor Alice! Not in the whole wo there a sweeter, gentler spirit!

The wheel tester passed bene window, his torch making a revealin around him. The light penetrat dusty double panes, and there was ment when, for Parrish, the inner da was dispelled.

He had treated Alice badly. He ha selfish, cruel. Now for the first ti acknowledged the truth. And the stabbed him.

The sound of the hammer on the w grew faint in the distance. The train to move; it slipped out into the But Parrish felt it now an unrelenting like Fate, which had him in its clutche was drawing him away. For a long ti lay there in the darkness thinking of his heart filled with loneliness.

His first day in Chicago was cro with business; in the evening there a dinner to attend and it was late wh got back to his hotel. Instead of wr to Alice he sent a long explanatory gram, carefully phrased, pleading bus pressure and promising if possible to her at Cleveland on the return journe

"Am worried at not hearing from y his message to her ended. "How is sister and how are you? Please answer."

It was a little awkward to let her k he was in Chicago; in one sense he w have much preferred not to communi with her until he got back; but he better for having sent the telegram.

Her reply, which arrived early the afternoon, surprised him somewhat. sidering the length of his dispatch to she might, he thought, have been a more communicative. Her message ra

Margaret doing nicely. Am well. D trouble to stop here.

Ten words exactly. How like a wom A woman thought nothing of spend forty dollars on a hat, but to save a cents would boil a telegram to its bones. Though it contained the informat he desired he found the message unsatis tory. Her telegrams usually ended the word "love." That, though, w have made eleven words. But how like that last self-sacrificing phrase, telling not to trouble to stop at Cleveland on way back, although he well knew her e ness to see him.

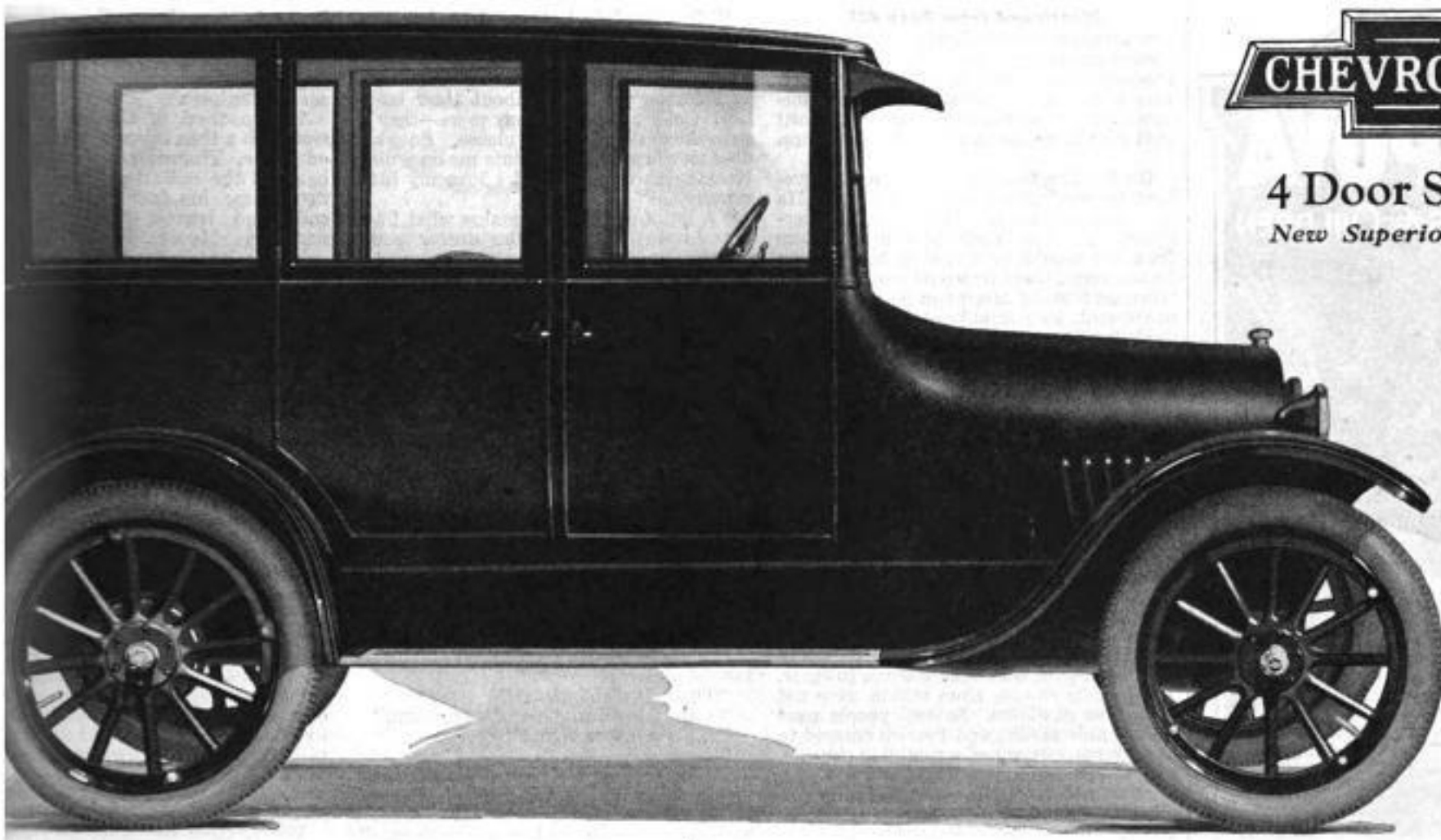
The effect upon Parrish of his wire Alice was so agreeable that, two days la he telegraphed again. This time there no answer. Two days more passed, ho ever, before he noticed that; and by th the foreground of his mind was occupi by something else: Why didn't that le come from Rita?

Toward the middle of the week he begun to look for it, having his mail s to his room with the papers early in morning, and making excuses to get ba to the hotel during the day. But here it Saturday; he was going home this afte noon, having heard nothing of Rita beyo what he had gleaned from New York new papers, stale with the peculiar staleness newspapers twenty-four hours old.

The concert had occurred on Wednes day. She had sung not only a charmi

(Continued on Page 44)

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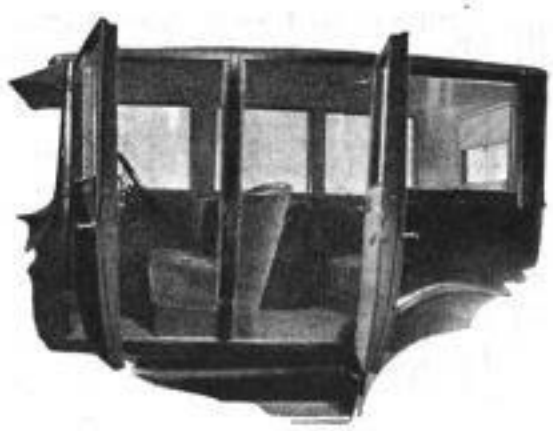
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(Continued from Page 42)

new arrangement of Bonnie Doon, but as encores two other songs by Patrick Delaney, the promising young American composer, who provided a sympathetic accompaniment. Both the papers he saw mentioned that Rita had been in unusually fine voice.

On the line that passed through Cleveland he was offered an upper berth. He took another road. Alice would understand. In New York, of course, letters from her would be awaiting him. When he answered them he would explain. But when on Sunday afternoon he reached his apartment, he had only one thought: To see Rita. The early twilight was shadowing the city as he arrived at her house.

"Mademoiselle is not well," said Pierre. "I will see."

"Nothing serious, I hope?" Parrish asked, alarmed.

"Only a little cold, monsieur, but she did not get up to-day. Mademoiselle has to be so very careful. She sings to-morrow night."

Pierre was not such a bad sort after all!

While he was gone Parrish traced patterns on the rug with his cane.

"This way, monsieur," invited the butler as he returned.

Up those two well-remembered flights he led the way, and at Rita's bedroom door stood aside and motioned Parrish to enter. The sounds coming from within were not indicative of illness. Several people were talking animatedly, and Parrish entered to the accompaniment of a rumbling chuckle, uttered by a bearded gentleman reclining upon the foot of Rita's bed, whom he at once recognized as the big basso, Frémecourt.

"And what do you think she do then?" he thundered. "You think she thank me? Hah! No!" He roared derisively. "No! She call me names. 'You grea-at, beeg, clumsy bool!' she say. And all for what? Because I try to do her leetle service! I say to her: 'Madame, your skirt is beautiful, but it leetle beet open in the back.'" He threw up his hands in comic resignation.

Rita, while joining in the laughter, waved to Parrish. He crossed the room, took her outstretched hand, and somewhat to his surprise found himself being drawn down by it.

"On the cheek," she said. "I have a cold. You know Mrs. Fernis, I think, and Mr. and Mrs. Schoen? And this beeg bool, sitting where I should like to put my feet, is Monsieur Frémecourt—Mr. Parrish."

Laughing again they greeted him. Frémecourt rose, made Parrish a brief little bow, and cried out to Rita in booming protest:

"Hah! So you, too, call me bool? It is too much! I go!" He took her hand, bent over, and for a moment extinguished her in his astrakhan beard. Then standing erect he smacked his lips and with a grand gesture proclaimed, "You see, my darling, I do not fear to kees your sweet lips. Your leetle germs have for me no terrors. On the contrary, they shall have a nice nesting place in my beard."

With a flourish of farewells he departed, and had hardly gone when Mrs. Fernis rose.

"Remember, dear," she warned, "the doctor said you were not to talk. You've been talking altogether too much. I blame myself for having stayed so long."

The Schoens made this their cue for departing also.

"I suppose I ought to go too," said Parrish, left alone with her. As he spoke he drew his chair close to the bed.

"Oh, not right away," she said. "Tell me about your trip."

"There's nothing to tell," said he, "except that I accomplished what I went for. I thought you said you'd write to me?"

"I did start a letter, but some people came in and interrupted me and I didn't have time to finish it."

"Let me have it anyway. I've never had a letter from you, you know."

"Oh," she answered, "I found it kicking around my desk yesterday and tore it up. I had your telegram by then, you see."

There was a knock at the door.

"The doctor, mademoiselle," announced Pierre.

Parrish rose as the middle-aged physician entered, carrying his bag.

"What would you do with a girl like this?" he began as soon as she had introduced them. "I can't do anything with her. I tell her not to use her voice, and I come and find a mob of people leaving the house."

"Mr. Parrish just came," defended Rita.

"And I'm just going," he supplemented.

"Anyway," Rita went on, "all you doctors are bullies." She turned to Parrish: "Of course you know about their latest fad? Colds aren't colds any more—they're autointoxication, if you please. So what does this brute do? He puts me on a diet: Nothing fit to eat. And I love my little tummy so!"

"A lot of difference it makes what I tell you to do!" retorted the doctor good-humoredly. "I can't see why you have me at all. Yes, I can, too—to patch you up in time to sing. You're too strong for your own good, young lady; that's what's the matter with you!"

He laid his case on a table near the bed and opened it. As he did so Pierre entered, carrying a tray. The doctor looked at it.

"Here!" he exclaimed. "What's that bacon doing on top of that milk toast?"

"I can't eat that soggy stuff without something to flavor it," protested Rita.

"But I told you," the doctor insisted, "nothing smoked and nothing fried."

"Pierre," said Rita, "you must learn to time your entrances. Take the tray back and bring it after the doctor has gone."

"Without that bacon!" added the latter severely as he screwed the top on an atomizer.

Parrish took Rita's hand. What a lovely invalid she was!

"Tuesday night, then?"

"Yes, unless I'm dead of starvation."

"A little before eight?"

She nodded.

The rosy glow of lamps fell caressingly upon her face and throat. He held her hand for an instant, gazing at her. Frémecourt had kissed her on the lips before them all. Why couldn't he before the doctor? But he knew why. It was because he wanted to so much.

XXVI

ON MONDAY he had men up to tune and polish his miniature grand piano, and he left word with Ito to be sure to have the polisher remove that mark on the music rack where a cigarette had burned it, long ago. On his way downtown he bought a piano lamp with a carved Florentine base and a shade of Burgundy-color silk, and that evening he and Ito did some rearranging in the living room, turning the piano so that a person seated at the instrument would face the room, with the lamplight falling from behind. When the room was settled to his liking Parrish tried Rita's photograph, in its new silver frame, in various places. It looked best, he thought, upon the mantelpiece, where Alice's picture, also silver framed, had so long stood alone.

But where to put Alice? He carried the portrait to his room and tried it on his dresser and his chiffonier; then, dissatisfied, he went into the library and stood it on his desk, where for some curious reason it again seemed out of place. Strange how hard it was to find a corner for it. The effort made him sad.

He had not greatly relished the thought of facing a pile of letters from Alice on that desk when he returned from Chicago, but having found none he discovered he was disappointed. Never before had she gone so long without communicating with him. It was very peculiar. With a sigh he took up his pen to write to her.

His letter did not altogether satisfy him. Under the circumstances, however, it was the best he could do; he hoped she would not notice the gaps. He sealed it, affixed a special-delivery stamp, dropped it in the mail chute in the hall, and returned to the living room.

How different it looked now, with the new lamp, the piano turned around and Rita's picture on the mantelpiece! That, of course—the placing of her picture there—was the great change. A grim little allegory of the love life of a man!

Next morning he gave Ito explicit directions about that evening's dinner. They would have cocktails, and for hors d'œuvre, fresh caviare; the soup would be Russian borsch; then *filets mignon* with mushrooms under glass, and crisp little potatoes gaufrette, followed by salad, cheese and coffee. He would bring some of that special coffee home with him this afternoon.

From his well-stocked wine closet he took the two bottles he most prized: A Chartreuse which had been extremely choice even in pre-Volstead days, and his last quart of Krug 1908.

He wore a fur-lined coat that day. Winter had come back. A fine snow driven by a gale from the northwest stung h as he walked to the Elevated, leanin the wind.

Anyway, her cold was better; sh sung last night.

The roadbed of the Elevated wa ered with a thin layer of snow, like fr on a cake. The man at the ticket-ch box had the collar of his blue clot turned up; his face was purple wi cold, and frozen breath clung t mustache. Now and then he would p woolen mittens to his ears as he in his felt boots, his back to the A fashionably costumed woman sta near him, waiting for the train, w turban and cape of caracul, under her arms were folded and her sho hunched, elevating the cape and mak and the skirt beneath seem even sh than the fashion of the day demande her face one could see only a pair of b eyes, a bit of upper lip and a saucy On her feet were light patent-leather pers with French heels, and these, an trim length of taupe-colored silk sto she exhibited—stockings the shade of burned legs—seemed the more inade in contrast to the warm bulk of the Parrish shivered as he looked at her.

All day the storm continued, the wind sweeping the hard little pelle snow out of the streets and into cor like a hasty housekeeper cleaning u company; and when as he opened the of his apartment that evening he was gr by the pleasant odor and cheerful cr of burning logs, he had an inspiration

"Ito," he said as he gave his servan package of special coffee, "set a little for dinner in the living room beside the

When, after dressing, he returned critically surveyed the arrangement.

"Excellent," he said to the Japan "except, instead of placing the lady o site me, seat her here facing the fire."

To-night Rita surprised him by arri ahead of time. He was aware of the grance of fresh air about her as he took sable cape, and as Ito carried the garm to the other room he did not waste the portunity. Her cheek felt like a rose fr from the refrigerator of a florist.

Perceiving the table set by the fire, exclaimed with pleasure, and, cross rested a slippered foot upon the fen holding her hands toward the burning l

On her wrist his bracelet sparkled spl didly, sending out needles of brilliance, green and white. The wavering flames changing lights and shadows on her a and face, and touched the folds of her bl velvet gown with a mysterious rosy hue

A woman and a grate fire—Rita be his hearth! He tingled with a sense domesticity.

Ito came in with the cocktails. Sta ing beside the table they touched gla and drank. Setting down her glass h found the orchids at her place and b them against her gown.

"But I won't put them on now," said, laying them beside her plate. want them here where I can see them."

The dinner pleased her. With the thusiasm of one playing truant from a she praised it, course by course.

"And this wine—delicious!" she said.

"The last quart of my 1908 Krug," told her, gratified. "I've been saving for a great occasion."

"It is nice of you to have made it t occasion, but you shouldn't have open it for me. I don't need stimulation."

"If you mean you don't need it t evening," he returned playfully, "I co distill a compliment out of that."

"Help yourself."

As Ito was in the kitchen he mischi ously chose to place his own construc on the invitation; whereupon she feign a great demureness, singing:

Je ne savais que dire, et j'ai rougi d'abo

"Yes," he said, greatly pleased with hi self because he recognized the fragment from Faust, "but Marguerite was Ea Victorian. I prefer Louise's idea of lo Marguerite is a wax doll in a bleed w She's so good and so pathetic. Instead being victimized she should have marri some worthy burgher and become th mother of a happy family."

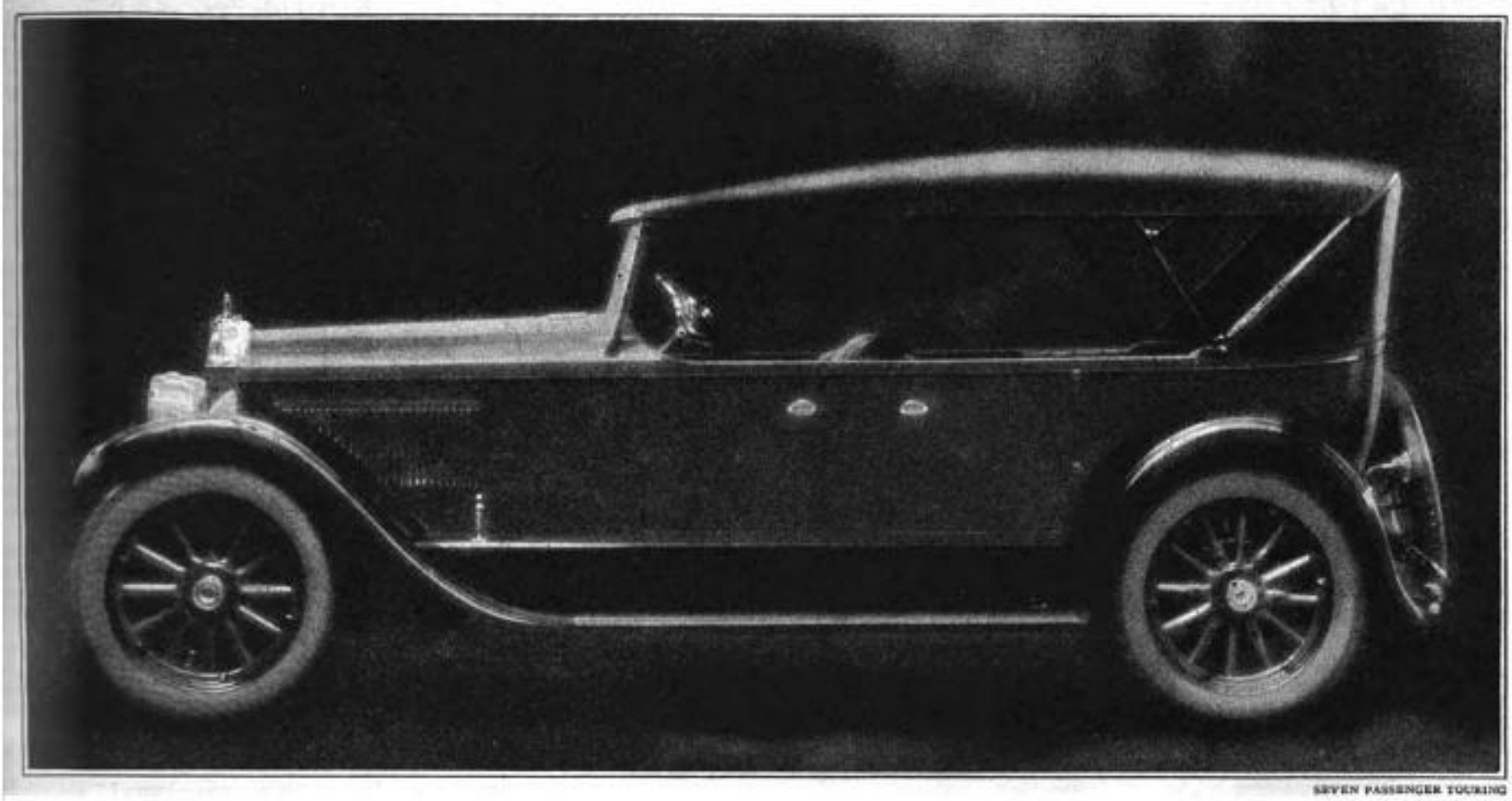
"Let's send her out boat riding in t park with Lohengrin," said Rita.

"All right, but Louise—she's the o I'm interested in. She stands out fro

(Continued on Page 46)

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(Continued from Page 44)

other operatic heroines as you do from other women. Her poet may quarrel with her later on, but she'll never bore him. If they quarrel it'll be because he's jealous of her."

"Yes," she agreed, "Louise isn't an easy lady to hold. Undoubtedly she'll tire of him. And when she does, let's give her a career. Let's have her take up with Lieutenant Pinkerton and pay him off for jilting Madame Butterfly by eloping with Parsifal."

"By all means," he agreed. "An affair with Louise would be a good thing for Parsifal. It would teach him something about life."

Over their coffee and liqueur they laughed together. As they rose he lighted a cigarette. Rita picked up her orchids and moving to the piano tried it with an arpeggio.

"A good tone," she remarked, as if she had not expected it.

"You're surprised?"

"A little," she said, seating herself and laying the orchids on the music rack.

"May I ask why?"

"Oh—bachelors' pianos." She spoke airily.

"What do you know about bachelors' pianos?"

Rita laughed.

"They're apt to be like their owners—a little battered," she said. "Give me a cigarette."

"Excuse me. I thought you smoked only to tease Busini." He hastened to offer his case.

"This time," she answered as he gave her a light, "it's because your dinner was too good."

After a few puffs at the cigarette she laid it down and began to modulate softly from key to key.

"Some friends brought a Southern girl to my house the other day," she told him as she played. "They wanted me to hear her. She had some negro songs—the real thing. Have you ever heard that plantation song, All God's Children Got Shoes? And she did some modern ones—blues—very funny. Of course I can't sing so soon after dinner, but ——" She played an accompaniment and began, half reciting:

"I got de blues and I'm too dahn mean to cry . . ."

ending with:

"Some people say dose weary blues ain't bad. It's jus' de wuss ole feelin' dat I ever had!"

Now and then she would glance up at Parrish as he leaned on the piano, and there was an amused expression in her eyes which told him she was taking a childish delight in doing something so remote from her usual repertoire.

"I've been teaching it to Frémecourt," she said as she ended. "You ought to hear him try to get the negro accent." Then with sudden enthusiasm: "There's an idea! I'll give a party and have him sing some of these songs. We'll call it a week from to-night—unless you hear from me to the contrary." She rose from the piano. "Now what about those treasures you were going to show me?"

He led her about, keeping close to her as he exhibited the portraits and the more important pieces of furniture from Blenkinswood: the Gilbert Stuarts, the Sully, the St. Memins; the Duncan Phyfe dining table, sideboard and chairs; the old silver punchbowl; the Lowestoft china; the card table at which Washington had played when visiting Blenkinswood; the armchair of his host, a signer of the Declaration; and the Chinese Chippendale clock ordered out from England by Parrish's three-times-great-grandfather Blenkin. There were letters about that clock—written in the old gentleman's distinguished hand, in ink now brown with age, on sheets of handmade paper. Parrish had found them in a chest in the attic of the plantation house and had sent the most interesting specimens to an expert who had reënforced them with silk at their worn folds, and mounted them in portfolios, along with steel engravings of the venerable house and of several of his ancestors.

The table having been removed from beside the fire, and the couch pushed back to its usual position, Parrish brought the old papers from the library and, seating himself beside Rita, placed the first portfolio in her lap, turning the sheets for her and explaining as he went along.

They had looked at a number o and had come to an engraving sho house with its new wing—added in when the old clock slowly boomed t It was ten.

"What day is this?" suddenly de Rita, turning to him sharply.

"Tuesday."

"But—the date?"

"March first. What's the matt

"The first!" she exclaimed, sta her feet. The open portfolio slipp her lap to the floor, the papers sc on the rug, but she seemed not t them.

"Heavens! I've had a feeling ning—— Now I *have* done it! A in my honor to-night—at the Kra

"Oh, that's too bad," said Par lieved.

From her agitation he had feared be something worse. "Yes, it's t But"—he shrugged—"well, you weren't there, that's all."

"But you don't understand! It' bly important! If it wasn't for H Krauss there wouldn't be any oper heaven's sake get me my wrap! rush right up there!"

"Nonsense! It would be half p when you arrived—they'd be going And your car—where's your car?"

She was near the door. Now she swiftly back, stepping on one of the

"Don't argue!" she cried, clench two fists. "Quickly! Get my cape a taxi! I must get there if I have in the snow!"

In spite of his reluctance he was to action by her vehemence. Slow sentfully he moved toward his room, the sable cape lay on his bed. But h did not suit her.

"Hurry! Hurry!" she cried, fol on his heels.

A fine ending, this, for their ev Before picking up the cape he turn make a last appeal.

"Rita," he began, "have a little How can you ——"

"Will—you—hurry?" she cried s

He took up the cape and half fl around her. Then in a paroxysm of longing he seized her in his arms an ered her face with kisses.

"There's no time for this!" Her was smothered. She pushed away him, beating with one fist upon his

He let her go.

She rushed from the room.

"Wait!" he called after her. "Give chance to get my hat and coat, anyw

"You don't need to come! I don't you!" The words streamed back to as she raced toward the outer door.

He ran to the hall, seized his coat struggling into it as he went, joined h the corridor, where she was waiting fo elevator. She did not look at him. did not speak.

The door man hailed a passing taxi it stopped it skidded in a pocket of beside the curb. Parrish, endeavorin help her in, had only a sense of the swe fur upon his finger tips.

"I don't need you!" she reiterated the darkness within.

"Get over!" he said roughly, and giving the driver the address he showe way through the narrow door and slam it shut.

At the end of their short, silent driv alighted, ceremoniously assisted her a the walk and rang the doorbell. Then, footman opened the inner door, he l his hat and gave her a stiff good night

"Good night," she replied pleasant And as she passed in she added over shoulder, "Good night, Bruin."

He got back into the taxi and d home. His feet were cold and wet: s had leaked in over the edges of his pum It would serve her right if he got pneumo and died.

His apartment was still redolent of When with her he had never noticed t she used perfumery, but now that she gone the place was haunted by her gh like fragrance. The cheerful fire was a mockery. He went to his bedroom change his pumps, and crossing the fl kicked something with his foot. It prov to be a gold-mesh bag with a diamon studded frame. Undoubtedly it had va able contents. She would worry about Let her, then! He put it in his safe, she wanted to find out about it she ca telephone!

(Continued on Page 4

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(Continued from Page 46)

In his slippers he returned to the living room. The Blenkinswood portfolio and its contents still lay upon the rug where she had dropped them; his indignation flamed anew as he got down to pick them up. Such frail old papers! She could so easily have laid them aside! One of the Signer's letters had been torn in falling; and in the center of the engraving showing Blenkinswood with its new wing—added in 1791—was the ruinous imprint of a sharp little French heel.

Having gathered the papers he sat down on the sofa to arrange them in their proper order.

The fact of the matter was that Rita hadn't been interested in them. He saw that clearly now. She had been bored. Her attention had wandered. That was how she came to remember her engagement at the Krausses'. Bored with these things! Priceless old Americana! Bored with Blenkinswood—his house! Alice wouldn't have been bored! She was always asking him to show her those portfolios.

With a tenderness he had never before felt for them he carried the portfolios to the library and laid them in their place. Rita had only looked into the library; there he seemed for a moment to elude her, but upon his return to the living room that subtle scent again assailed his nostrils. Maddening! He must get it out of here. Cold though it was, he would open dow. Passing the piano on his wa window he stopped short. The orchi picked them up. Already they were ing.

The window was frozen shut; he hammer with both hands at the open it. When it did open it flew cause of the momentum from hi blow, and a great gust of freezing a in, snapping the window-shade and the draperies awhirl. With his left h seized the agitated curtains, holdin aside. Then, drawing back, he pois self and hurled the orchids out into blackness.

Women! They talked of love! W they know about love? Devotion yes, they'd accept plenty of that plenty of everything else too! Bu it came to reciprocating—showing consideration for a man—they weren't there! The least little thi engagement, or anything—would se flying off at a tangent. They were unreliable, luxury-loving, selfish pus Give them a cozy cushion by the fi they'd purr for a while, but just wh began to trust them they'd sink thei in you. Women!

Sullenly he closed the window, p the lights and went into his bedroo

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A WOMAN NAMED KATE

(Continued from Page 25)

There were other things—other memories—one sharply outstanding—of the Etheridges and Rick, only last summer at the Hallowell house. After all, hedge or evade, the nucleus of her meditation was the Etheridges—Lily Etheridge, in her widowhood, soft and appealing in her half mourning, with little four-year-old Paul, a baby cherub with red-gold hair.

Paul had fallen and hurt himself down at the end of the wide green lawn, and Rick had gone to pick him up. They came back together, Rick carrying the little chap, his shoulder cradling Paul's bright head, and Lily at his side, her face turned up to him.

Kate had heard an out-of-town visitor exclaim: "So that's the father of that lovely baby! What a stunning couple!"

"Oh, no, that's our Mr. Alverdy—Richard Alverdy, of our mills. He has no children. But they do make a charming picture—quite *en famille*. Lily's so sweet and pretty, and such a perfect little mother too."

A queer little lightninglike flicker of pain had tightened Kate's body for an instant as Rick and Lily had come up to the porch. Then she had gone to meet them—this and a dozen, a hundred, similar scraps of remark floated up into her consciousness now.

She had always accepted the implications of condolence in them for herself. Wasn't it her denial, the stultification of all her latent instinct, that the warm little clinging bodies she took up and embraced—the little Paul, her little nieces, all the others—should be the children of other women? And she herself cheated! This thought always brought her to the edge of a dark abyss of disillusionment, a sort of spiritual tarn in which she had drowned certain bright hopes and expectations, cultivating on its brink substitute flowers of more material character. You had to take what life served to you—be satisfied.

But now she realized she had been concerned chiefly with her own denial—she hadn't thought of Rick. Though he was four years her senior, he was a still-young man. Why, men of his age every day founded new dynasties! If she—what was Miss Conway's hideous forthright word?—if she abdicated there was still time for—her lip curled, even while it trembled—for a Queen Louisa of Prussia—Lily Etheridge! Rick could have Lily like a shot. A man of Rick's looks and achievements could marry anybody, Kate thought confidently. Women were always falling in love with him, and Lily drooped like a ripe pear on a bough—courting protection. They were together so often—why, it was obvious ——

Kate pressed her hands together again, with something like a mingled sob and snort of contempt. She threw up her head with a quick, imperious movement, shrugged like one throwing off a burden and ran upstairs. She uttered at her bedroom door "The woman's wooden oath"; but, once inside, her valor drooped again.

She heard the hum of Rick's car o up the drive. They were going out to together, and she must not be unpun But when she had got out the chosen l eon frock, a georgette of the delicate that was her favorite color, had sl from her morning dress and drawn the pins out of her thick hair, her pace slow and torpid. She heard Rick's step on the stair, heard him come his room and presently set up a spla in his bathroom. But she only sat before her dressing table and stared her glass.

She could see behind her head all the tour and coloring of the pretty room called her own, the lilac rose of the w the warm ivory of her Empire furni the big sunny bay where her personal stood with certain special books, manif tions of her secret wish—a Stevens Child's Garden of Verse, a Field, a R a Walter de la Mare, Pater's Child in House. Above it a little cast of a D Robbia *bambino*, some photographs—haps a dozen—of little friends, her tin But for these and Petunia Rosyblow houses would have worn no trace of c presence.

To the right she could glimpse the terior of her bathroom, a symphony nickel and enamel, and to its left Ri door. His bedroom was the replica of except in furnishing: mahogany for R with dull maroon rugs and hangings, w tortoise-shell fixings to dress with, a br blanket on his day bed, and on the w an odd motley of pistols, Old World wa ons, the head of the big moose he killed in the Alberta country, and in drawers and cupboards the rows of Ri shoes and ties and shirts and socks, th intimate, plain, mannish things whose or and replenishment she supervised, t formed her particular *milieu* in Ri masculine world. All these things, act ally and unconsciously, made the ba ground for the head and face that look out of Kate's mirror.

Men called Kate Alverdy handso They had been frank about it to her and she was conscious of it, quite d passionately and free of all vanity. S had had no particular beauty in her youth only a sort of gawky, ardent grace. S was of that type that comes into its ow tardily; that in the September or Octob of life shames swiftlier blossoming sist with a persistent accent of youth deferre of girlishness. There was a virginal loo a freshness about Kate's bare throat th was the despair of the masseuse ridde Her chin and throat might have been young girl's; her arms were round but slen der; as Miss Conway had said, nothing ma tronly—motherly. Above the finely drawn sweet line of her neck her face gleame back at her, a good ten years younger than her actuality. Her oval cheeks were smooth

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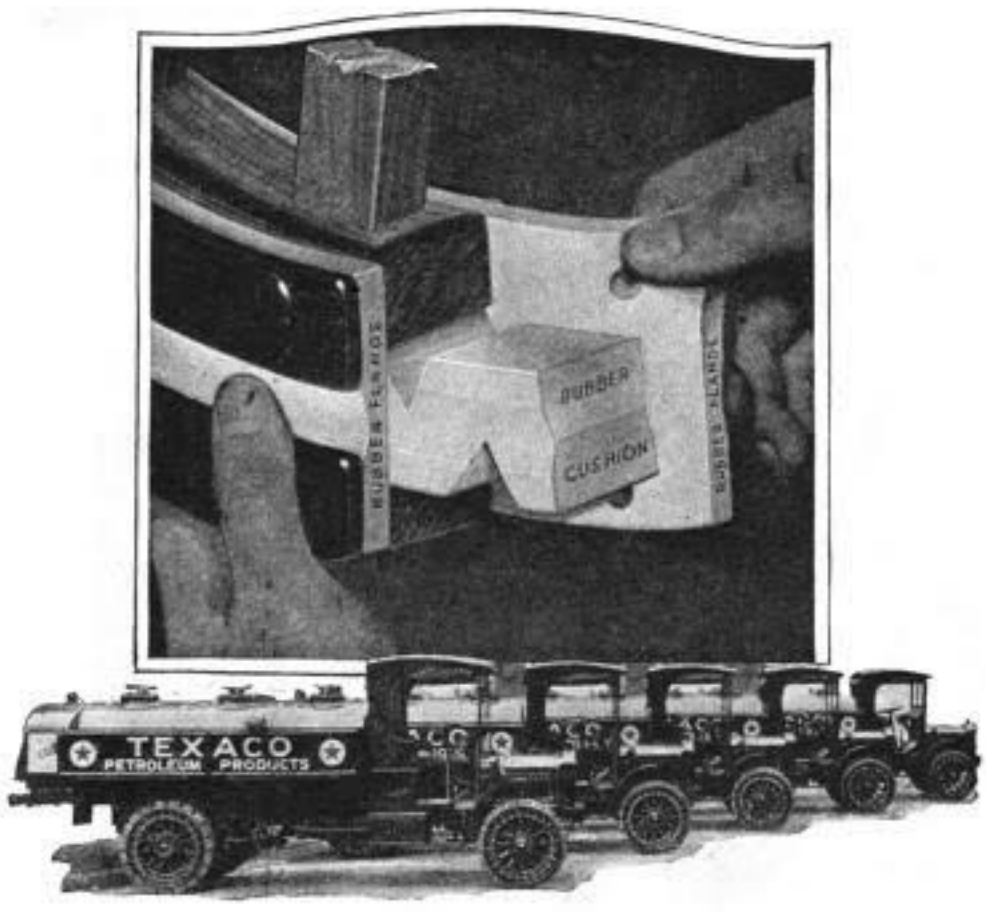


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(Continued from Page 48)

and firm, her eyes clear, candid, scarcely marked by line or wrinkle. Only her hair—Kate's hair had always been her pride; a dusky, silky, too heavy mass that rippled below her waist. Now, of late years, a little fan of silver had crept up on her temple, like a white elflock thrusting in. It was curious, fantastic, even a little quaint. Rick called it a granny lock.

Rick had always been proud of her hair. He had liked to touch it, and once, even, he had brought her a poem—a little sheepishly—with a line in it referring to another woman whose hair "smelt of apples and lavender."

"Just like yours, Kate," he had said. But that had been many years before.

She could hear Rick moving briskly about, and she wished suddenly he would come in and speak to her. She was too experienced in matrimony to expect him to remember her birthday. Sometime before night it would probably occur to him, or at least in the next few days, and he would be contrition itself and write her a sumptuous check.

It was not for this she wanted him. And presently she called to him.

He came into the open doorway. He was in his shirt sleeves, tying a cravat, his chin elevated to a supercilious angle, his hair tousled from his scrubbing. Even thus, under circumstances detrimental to ordinary masculine beauty, Rick was, Kate reflected, the handsomest man of her acquaintance—tall and shapely, with his finely poised head.

"I had a caller this morning, Ricky—she's just gone—a Miss Camilla Conway."

"Oh, yes, the little health fiend! Regular little dynamo, and fresh as a daisy. Lily Etheridge is helping her with her stunts here. They've been at me hammer and tongs to give them a booth at the fair. Oughtn't you hurry a little, Kate? I'm late myself, but Lily was in the office this morning going over her plans, and I nearly forgot this spree."

Into the reflected image of Kate's face there stole a change. She was aware of it herself—watched it like a curiously detached spectator. Something dimmed it, as though it had been breathed upon, pinched it with a delicate frost, struck from it all its prettiness. Even Rick ——

"You look tired, old dear. What's the matter?"

But Kate, watching the sudden blight, was only thinking how disunited body and spirit might be—what a lie the flesh was at times. Under the newly white, fatigued face her spirit was caught into a vortex of seething emotion. Her face looked cold—old, even—but her heart was half suffocated under an engulfing warmth, a wave of desperate emotion, of human love for Rick, for this man opposite her engaged in his homely personal task of dressing. It was like an echo of some old, fragrant, half-forgotten memory caught up with strands of despair and a strangely spiritual and sacrificial passion. But marriage develops reticences; she gave no sign of it. She put out a hand to gather some little appurtenances from her dresser and said in a bright, level voice: "Oh, I'm all right, Rick! Be ready in a minute!"

II

IT HAD been a genuine love match. Kate had grown up in a shabby little house in Baxter Street, where her experience in married or family life—in the outer, or manifest, phenomena of what is called love—had not been especially happy. She was one of a family of five—two sisters, her mother, her father. Her father had been an ineffectual, poorly provident sort of person, with certain inartistic—his wife called them coarse—predilections.

Early in their life together her mother had become quite unconsciously a matrimonial apple borer; a small, inconspicuous, gentle little woman, but, like the borer, capable of deadly and effective havoc. She produced it by references to "your father's disposition," "your father's sort of investments," "your father's unfortunate appetite," with an effect of disclaiming any participation. She had a decided taste for gentility. She read the society items and noted deaths and alliances of the city's leading families—of even larger places. She was very punctilious in her table etiquette, curling her little finger carefully over her teacup handle. She wore little jabots of lace, and belonged to a small, shabby-genteel club which discussed and studied Browning. She was a lady by instinct, in short, and Kate's father was—well, otherwi used the word "earthy."

He wasn't very neat about hi the brushing of his clothes, and grew earnest in his conversation certain gestures with his thumb had a taste for rather vulgar, food—onion soup. He seemed dis rather silent most of the time, rare intervals, when he laugh them, Kate discerned in a flash ence of a quite different person someone securely hidden from eye.

By reason of these contrast eternal deprecation, a constant st terness, home was rather unpleas father offered a mutely resigne passive front; her mother con bore. Kate sometimes though sad, because they had—presumal ried for love. Indeed, her mothe it was immoral to marry for reason. Neither parent was a They supported their obligation t they accepted their rôle, the world imposed on them. It wa the girl sometimes thought, a mat world, anyhow. They couldn't gether here—that was all. People like that. She had an idea that when they shuffled off their morta went to some other place, where s ters as Browning and onion so matter, they might come to love

Anyhow, when Kate was eigh was firmly resolved to evade ma She had observed in her own and o perience that it wasn't a success so why bother? She had to say th firmly to still a little hidden inn that kept urging her to certain gol vagaries of thought that cropped u moments, urging upon her the fallacy of special exemption, of her to make something special and ros of what had proved a common fail

Kate would have none of it—ou She was going to be practical, and end she enrolled in a day normal coming home across the city every to help her mother get tea. Kat this time a tall, slim, rather awkw with a fresh color, handsome eye teeth and tons of fine hair. Her were atrocious—worn discards of h sisters, a shabby made-over fur t her mother's, shoes that were delic tions of cobbling art. But she w happy, serene even in shabbiness. she was healthy and young; perha because she never succeeded in that inner seductive voice which queer, reassuring way defied her prove that something lovely was p to happen—as it did.

One raw, blustery February evenin staying for extra work, was given sage by her principal to deliver on t home. It was for her principal's si matron of the woman's wing of Ch Municipal Hospital, the low, yell bulk of which covered a whole b Kate's homeward way.

In the dim February glow she the single door that interrupted thi façade, and quickly found the sen Block in her scrubbed and disinfect office. It was a cheerless place, en its long, lean, brown corridors as K entered, but when she emerged fr office the lower corridor had bloom human activity.

She saw a group of well-dressed m women coming through double doo by, and heard Miss Block's referen just-completed trustees' meeting. A at the same time a narrow door op opened, and Kate caught a glimpse derelict women—old or middle-aged some of them in bandages—who sat of chairs, their heads bent over scra They were singing—it sounded like ing—to a nasal-voiced melodeon ac by a woman with a frightfully scarre a crutch against her knee; and a woman—little, old, wizened, in the less calico of the free hospital, wit withered, useless arm—came into the songbook in her good hand. Her ba pock-marked face was frankly vacant as she stepped forward, half hesitatin inviting in her gesture to the appra trustees.

"It's our evening service. Won come in?"

The men passed her with perfu but polite negative. The women proached more slowly, and Kate sur

(Continued on Page 52)

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This is Beaver Board time

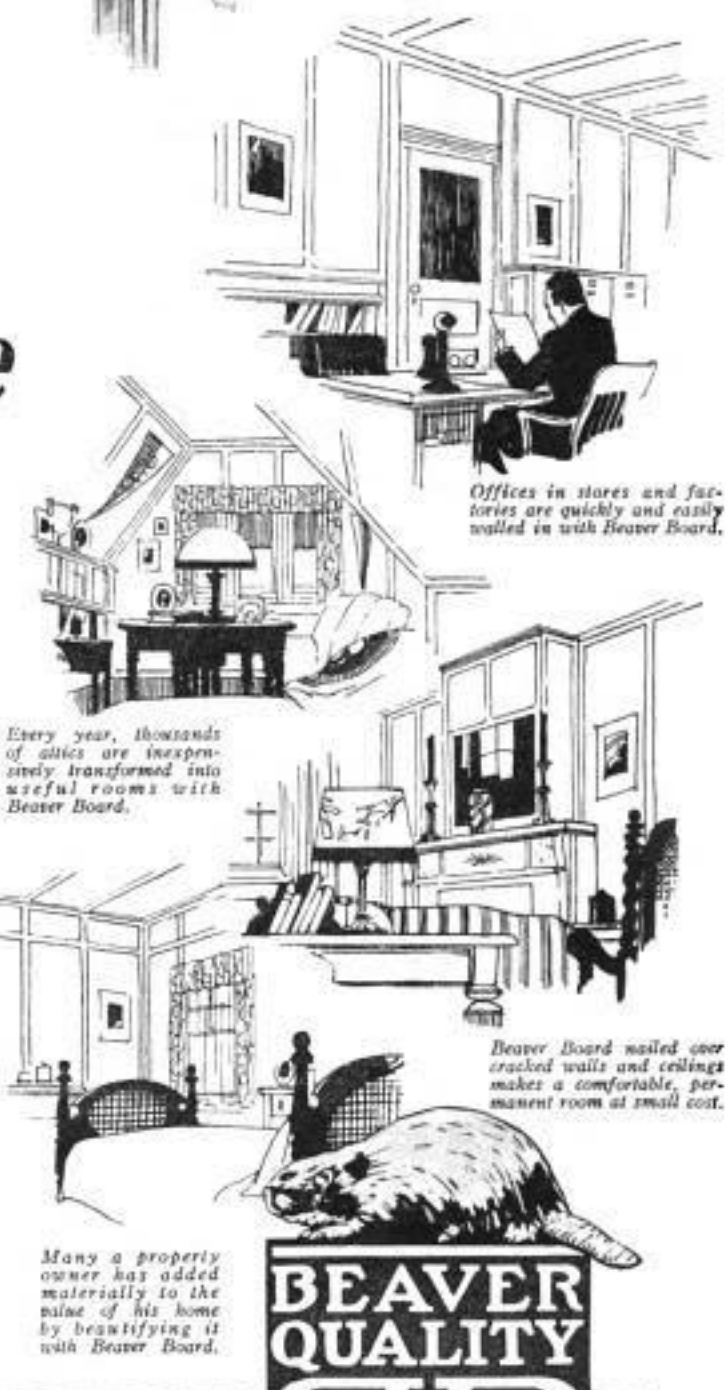
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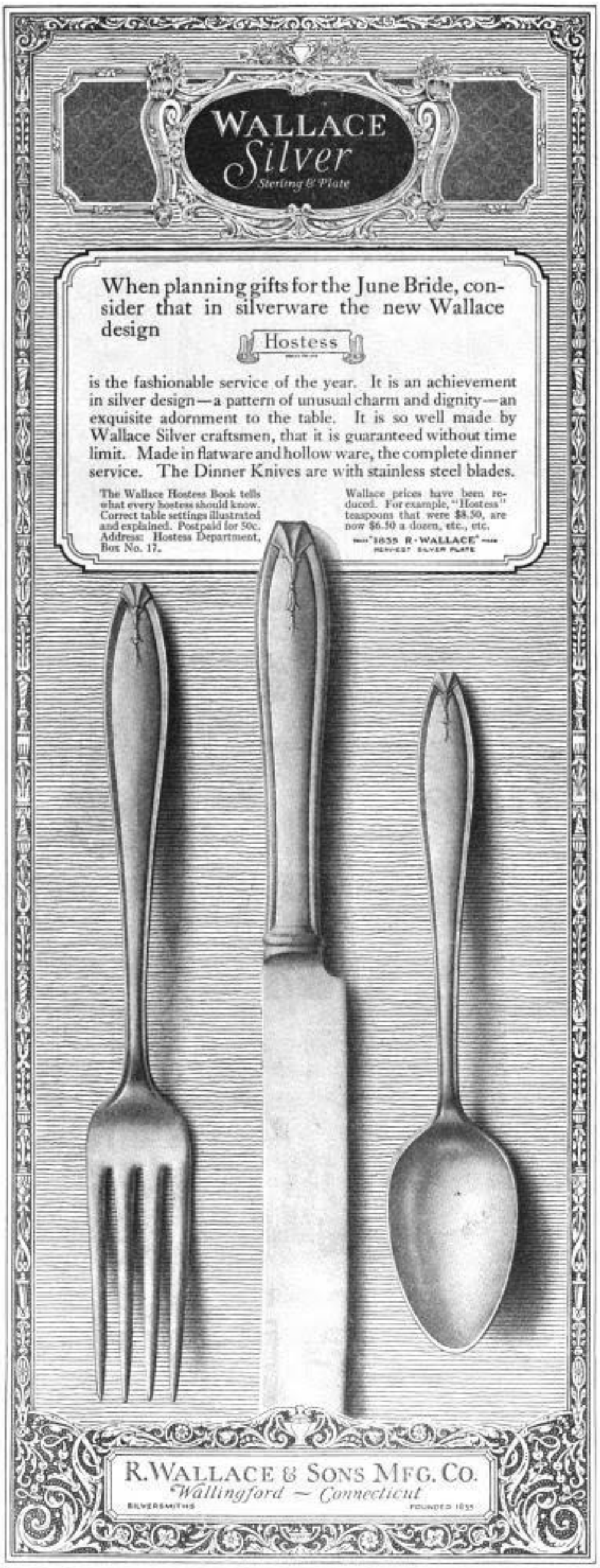
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(Continued from Page 50)

the little wizened woman had recognized one at least. She ran up to her and touched her on the arm.

"Won't ye come in to service a bit and sing a piece for us, lady?"

Kate had recognized the trustee too. She was Mrs. Helen Thornby, whose wealth and musical culture were legends; a beautiful, spoiled, still-young woman, whose rich voice had been trained in Europe, and who in certain hours of caprice favored specially advertised gatherings in the name of altruism. She saw Mrs. Thornby now in her costly apparel push the old woman aside as one brushes aside a stray, annoying dog. It was not an inhuman gesture—rather it denied the implication of humanity at all. It was so abstracted, so unaware, that a thrill of hot, quixotic rage sped through Kate—stirred her to one of her strange, swift impulses.

She stepped out in all her shabbiness, in the flare of the dingy gaslights, her books dangling on their leather strap. She laid her hand on the forlorn old woman's shoulder.

"Ask me," she said clearly, a little defiantly. "I'll come in and sing for you."

What followed was never quite clear. She found herself seated at the melodeon with a queer trembling on her. She realized the blur of unlovely, elderly but interested faces around, a darker bulk at the doorway that meant some curious individual out of the hallway group, and an actual horror settled on her. She was not a singer. She couldn't sing a note. Nobody had ever accused her of such a thing. Sometimes she sang in church or in school, her voice lost in the common vocal sea; but here—alone—a solo! She was completely crazy. It wasn't as if she felt any special compassion. These old women were well enough off, cared for respectably. Kate had all of youth's healthy distaste for poverty, disease. Her spark of anger had carried her here, and now it was gone. But she must do her part. She pressed down the melodeon keys and opened her mouth. It was really the worst voice she had ever listened to—wabbly, reedy, hideous.

"I am far frae ma hame,
An' I'm weary aftenwhiles,
For the langed-for hame bringin'
An' the feyther's welcome smiles ——"

It was really unthinkable! There was a roaring in her ears, a deep shame at her heart. Perhaps it was Mrs. Thornby who listened. How she would laugh! Kate finished the song and turned. There was no one there, only her charity audience, who thanked her and smiled upon her. One or two of them were in tears, and several were actually oppressive—demonstrative. Kate wanted to get into the air.

She escaped quickly to the hall, completely empty now. But with her hand on the door latch, he came out of the matron's office and faced her. Kate saw a tall, lean, cleanly built young fellow, with a finely molded head, a brown face under a crest of dark hair and eyes of a clear, penetrating light blue—strange, with his dusky coloring—that looked at her appraisingly, almost sternly, between close, thick, short lashes.

"I'm Richard Alverdy," he said. "I took my father's place at the meeting here, and I heard you sing. I think"—he blurted the words almost rudely—"I think you're a sweet woman."

The word "woman" startled Kate, at the very top of her girlhood years. She clutched her books tightly against her breast and stared at him.

"Oh," she cried, "I shouldn't have done it! I sing just like a frog."

He didn't deny this—couldn't.

"It wasn't the singing—you know that," he said, still sternly. Indeed, he was so stern, so dominating, so utterly virile and so beautiful that Kate found herself slipping away into a strange confusion of values. She could have died to think he had heard her sing; yet if he had bade her sing again she would have felt compelled—masterful, that was it! And quite—blinding to the eye. To hers ——

He stood looking at her, and Kate looked back. She would have sworn afterward, though, that they spoke together—even through their silence—of many things. For all his sternness, his virility, his eyes on her called up in her a strange emotion, a doglike desire to prove herself; yet a subtle recognition of some splendid, queer mutuality ——

He spoke quite abruptly.

"Well, good night," he said, and K
then did a rude, an inept thing. She tu
her shoulder, without a word, and ran
into the darkness. She cried a little to
self as she walked on under the yellow
At least tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Darn, darn, darn!" she sobbed,
being the profane expletive of Kate's
eration. "Why didn't the earth open
swallow me?"

As if it really mattered! He was Ric
Alverdy, whose father owned a fairly
perous woolen mill at Fairvale, and sh
just Kate Hallock, studying to teach.
emotion was really unnecessary and
surd. It didn't matter a picayune to R
ard Alverdy what she did—or
like—or looked like. Their ways w
never cross. She would never see
again, anyhow.

Never is a long time. In Kate's ca
lasted just three years. She had taught
years, an assistant in Miss Dell's Schoo
Small Girls, and on a blowy, windy eve
as she came out of the building and
to put up her umbrella he spoke to
She didn't recognize the approaching fig
at all—stood tussling against the pres
wind, tugging vainly.

"Please allow me," a voice said,
added almost immediately, "Why,
you!"

Kate made no effort to conceal her i
tity—only the slight sense of happy sh
she knew. She responded conventionall
his next phrase, and as far as the nea
corner they were simply two people thr
together afresh after a common, un
ventional experience of years before. Th
conversation was, indeed, meteorologi
They spoke of the weather—its quality
this time of year. They compared it w
other weathers of other years, and K
stated a preference for moderate weat
of any kind—that she actually hated
weather. And Richard said he liked w
ter—real winter weather—because of
sports, and the weather lately had b
worse than last year's.

But at the corner he said sudden
"Where've you kept yourself all this tim
My father died right after I saw you h
there at the hospital, and I've been busy
the deuce, but I've thought about you
hundred—yes, a thousand—times. Y
were beautiful. Where have you be
Tell me."

The words were so proprietary that Ki
thrilled. She began to speak rapidly, p
sionately, but Richard didn't listen. H
speech crossed hers; they were speaking
gether, their words mingling rudely, i
petuously breaking down a barrier of tim
revealing a hidden inner niche where ea
had kept the other.

At the corner Kate realized that Ric
ard's hand had clasped hers—that she w
clinging to him. Being young, they dre
apart, a little ashamed at their lack of co
vention. It took five weeks to bring the
together again. In these five weeks th
played a game of make-believe. They we
outwardly compliant to every convention
demand, but in each other's eyes they re
the truth, and Richard one evening voiced

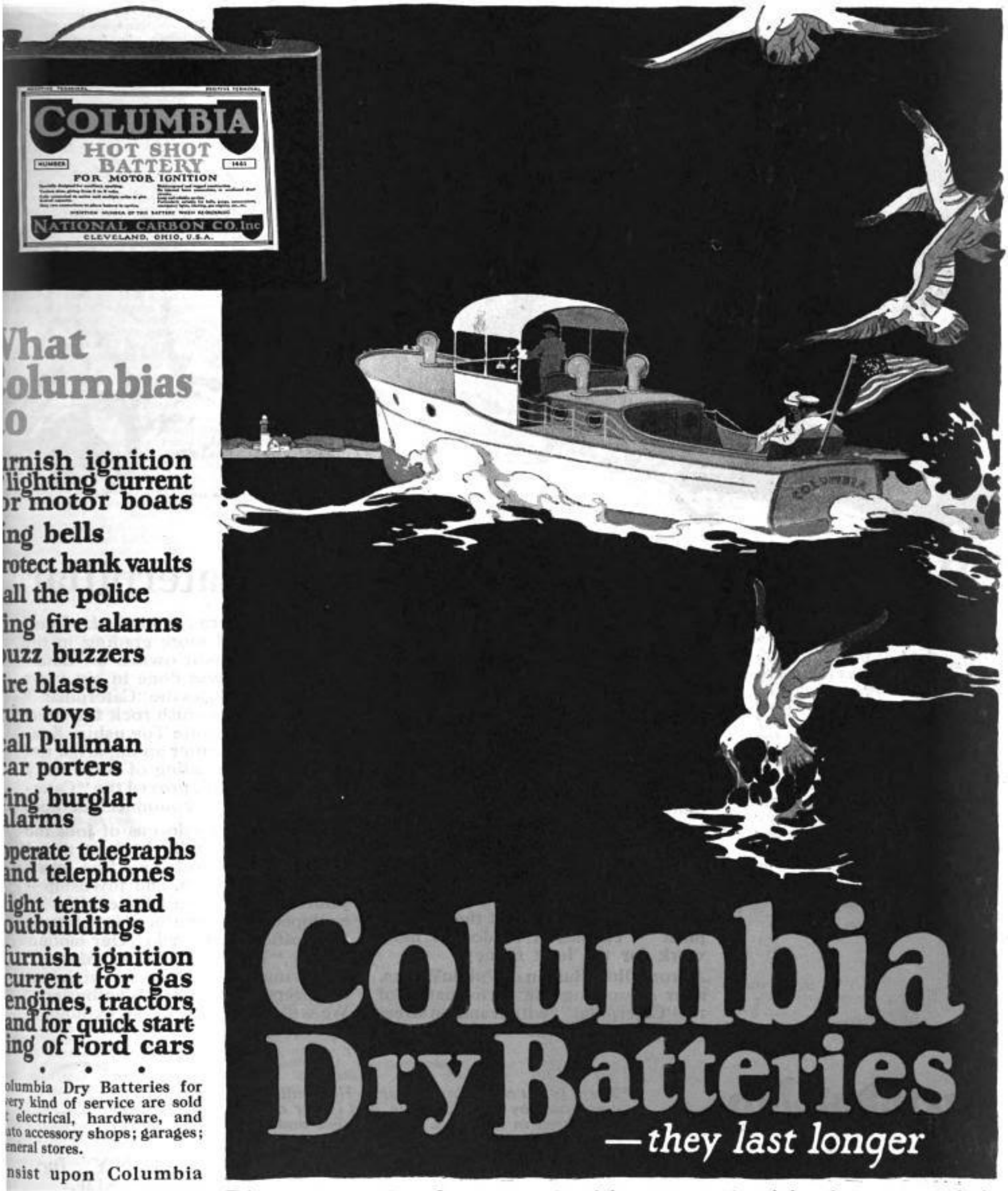
"Look here, Kate," he said, "why do w
beat around the bush so? Why do w
Kate, darling? I love you—you know
and I know you love me. We're not th
kind that need words—we knew it tha
night! Why, I wouldn't let you have any
body else! If your name's Kate, mine
Petruchio. I'm your bully and you're m
love—my Katy. Speak up and say some
thing, Katy!"

Kate spoke up. By these processes ha
she and Richard been married in the sprin
and come to live together in the Alverdy
family house, in whose reception room sh
had presently hung Cousin Julius Page'
gift of Napoleon Breaking the News t
Josephine.

Nor had Kate ever regretted for one
least fleet moment. Rick was her one and
only love—her romance. For in spite of the
prose and platitudes of daily life he still
offered her mystery in certain phases—the
very essence of romance. The change and
interplay of his moods—Rick's lowerings—his moments of recurrent difficulties
wrought upon by his responsibilities, his
apparent utter helpless need of her at times,
the sympathy and bond between them,
their walks and talks and books and plans
in common, their oneness, enhanced apparently by the very lack of family obligation—all these factors were knit deeply,
strongly together into the inner fabric of
Kate's consciousness. They made her life.

(Continued on Page 55)

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(Continued from Page 52)

I have no life actually without
ey were part of a selfish, precious
—selfish in that it considered
lf. Always she had believed this
happiness was Rick's also—none
red. But now under a troubling
saw, indeed, that there might be
else for him. How could she—
n utterly—deny him any gift in
to bestow?
nplexity of emotion made her a
and languid as she emerged from
to join him presently. She was
y in her blush-colored frock, with
of black lace and a stole of chin-
Rick did not notice. He had his
tted above his watch.
on, Kate," he said. "Don't poke
ot to see a party from the Crothers
two o'clock. Lord, I haven't got
ny jaunting this week! But peo-
so—women. Lily Etheridge," he
she didn't get through this morn-
uppose I'll have to have another
efore the committee meets on

said Kate, "that shouldn't be a
Rick!"
hardship! I don't say that, but
for Lily and girls like her's in a
e's a pretty thing—lots of charm
hat. But mixing into business
ou haven't the heart to throw out
y ones, Kate, and that's a fact."
urse Lily knows that."
lidn't speak the words, but she
laid her hand lightly over
her good-looking, bossy Rick, with
virile perfume of soap and tweed
acco.
has a dear little boy."
ust has! Cunningest little codger!
telling me something he said about
Wednesday ——"
lost the thread of Rick's anecdote
udden thought: "Rick and I have
een able to laugh together over
ke that."
urred to her as their car rolled on
llowing foliage how sad, how really
September was, beneath its mis-
ripeness, in its implication of nas-
ath and utter fulfillment—how
in its analogy to life's cycle.
's a nice little girl," Rick was fin-
"She's been a dandy little mother
oy."
ap of a quotation flashed to Kate's
"And so, having given all things,
ing no other left, he gave himself."
ngulfing wave of generosity flooded
he felt suddenly remote from life,
aged. She was not Rick's wife—
his mother—the mother of all men.
were rolling up the Cosmans' drive
n the veranda she could see brightly
ests. Lily Etheridge would be there.
ill be guided by what he does," she
rself with a sharply drawn breath.
goes to her directly, I will do it. But
wait for that. I will wait and see.
hall decide it."
oment and they were mounting the
ns' steps in a flutter of voluble hos-
y. Alice Cosman had taken Kate's

glad you and Richard came, Kate.
o much to say to you—about the
we want to do next week for little
e Wilton."
e was looking at her with an air of
t attention, but she was conscious of
ne fact—Richard had left her side and
deliberate precision had singled out a
n-haired woman in mauve smiling at
rom one end of the veranda. Only two
mounting spots of crimson in Kate's
indicated her recognition of her self-
ed death warrant. She answered
perfect composure:
think it will be lovely to plan for
be, Alice; but I'm afraid I'll have to
anned out. I'm going away next week.
yes—I haven't decided exactly—but
uite a long time. I think—I ought to
-indefinitely."

III

SEEMED to Kate as the train swung
er along over the rails with a swift hum-
g rhythm that she was like one dead—
ring into a region where there was no
ed or possibility of thought or
on. She felt disembodied—numbed,
er—as she lay back in her chair watch-
the gray smoke ribbon flatten against
pale sky. It seemed to her the train
—the rails chanted to this disem-
bled self of hers with a monotonous itera-
t.

"Going—going—going—going—going—gone! Going—going—going—going—going—gone! And a-going—and a-going—and a-going—going—gone!"

There was something chuckling, hideous, even derisive, about its murmur. Kate tried to fix her mind on other things—on the hours that lay directly ahead—but the future, being too veiled and opaque, offered nothing. She remembered instead the tension of the past week; her silently, swiftly crystallized decision; last of all the letter she had written to Rick and left on her desk—the letter in which she had tried to tell him that she was going away, like that absurd piece of femininity, Nora, in A Doll's House, who wanted a life of her own. Only here, of course, it was because she wanted to give Rick his more completely. This was the part that had been so difficult to let him see. It seemed like bathos—an absurd quixotism set on paper. She had done what she could to transmit her frame of mind. Writing it had been the only possible way. She felt she could never have spoken to Rick about it. He would have made all conventional protest, and here was something to be evolved from her soul, worked out for him, only set crudely on paper—black and white.

It had been a poor letter. It said merely that she had decided to go away; that she believed it was better for them both; that it would make for their eventual happiness for her to leave him; that she had been selfish not to have done so earlier; that she particularly wished to give him his freedom; that she believed life would offer him better things without her—would be better for them both. She had written this last with trembling fingers. It must appear a dual benefit in Rick's mind.

If the letter had been vague, it was at least irrevocable. She had left no address, and Rick would not suspect her—he would not suspect a haven with Willa Herbert in a city only seventy miles away.

Kate sat now, her hands inert on the book she could not see, watching the smoke flatten, break like an ill-defined flock of birds, melt away. Willa had written she would meet her at the Moxbury Station. She had not seen Willa in some years; remembered her chiefly as a rather handsome, rangy, loud-voiced girl who had made a disastrous matrimonial move, and followed with a second. It was fitting she should hunt up Willa.

"Divorcees should flock together," Kate thought ironically.

Suddenly in the midst of her abstraction she saw the outlying reaches of Moxbury. If Willa failed her she had no other immediate sanctuary.

But Willa had promised and had kept the promise. Kate recognized the tall, strikingly dressed, quick-glancing woman of artfully suppressed middle years moving toward her through the crowd.

"Katy, girl, I was so tickled to know you were coming to visit me! How fresh you look! I'm a fright with the pace I've gone. Come and tell me everything."

"Oh," said Kate, "there isn't much to tell." Something caught in her throat, a strangling desire to cry. She felt a sudden wild longing to burn all her bridges in a word, here on a station platform. "I haven't come to talk about myself at all, Willa," she cried with forced gayety. "I want to get away from everything for a little rest, so I thought of you."

Willa looked at her with canny gaze.

"I believe you've left your husband, Kate. Well, my dear, if you ask me, that's what husbands are for. Give me your baggage checks. My coupé's over there on the left. Don't look so bucked, Katy, if I've hit the bull's-eye." She laughed suddenly. "You're only going the way of all flesh."

"How absurd you are, Willa!" Kate laughed nervously.

A few minutes later Willa was crushing her silks and scent and beads into the coupé beside her.

"Well," she said vigorously, "it's nice to have you here, whatever the reason that sent you. Oh, Kate, don't look shocked! I'm a very wise woman. One gets that way. I had an idea when I got your letter that something was wrong. They can be so horrid, Kate, though just what ailed yours—wine, woman or song? It was song with my first one. Ted Royle was a waster—just whistled away the money dad left me. But I got it back from Ed Herbert. He was a sosh, though. There's always something. Oh, don't look like daggers and pistols, Kate! You shan't say a

(Continued on Page 57)



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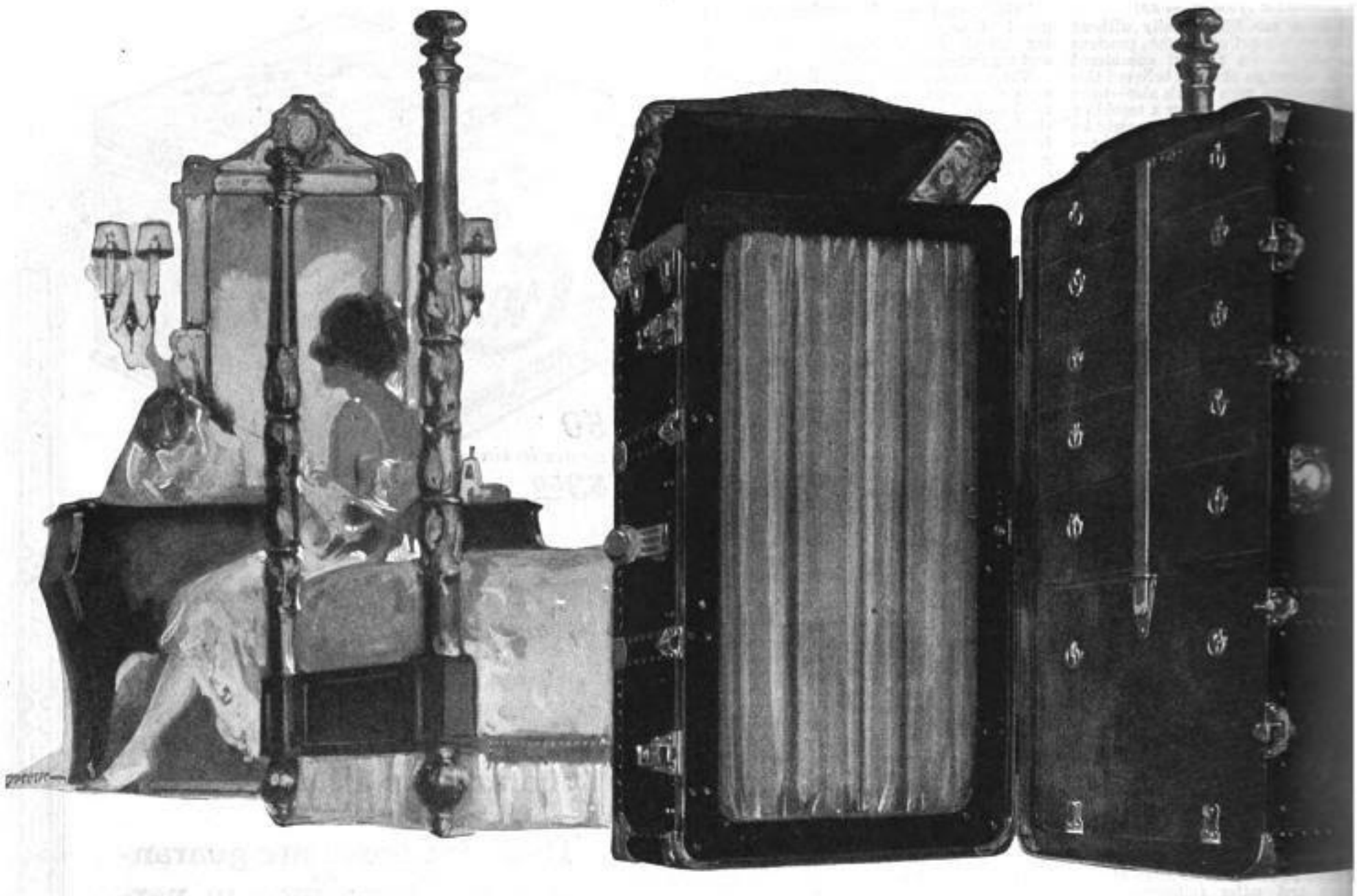
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Consider the name "Indestructo" as th proven standard of travelability—make up you mind what you will pay for a trunk—go to th Indestructo dealer—he will show you an Inde structo which will fulfill every requirement price, arrangement or finish.



The Indestructo line of hand baggage includes a limited number of suit cases, overnight cases and bags which are exclusive in design and utility.

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MISHAWAKA · INDIANA

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(Continued from Page 55)

nless you like. I've been through it Plays the deuce with a woman's —the first shock. That's why I'm ou came to me. You've come to the erson."

u're very mistaken, Willa!" Color into Kate's cheeks. "I don't know ou should infer—Richard and I have been so happy. He is the finest man . If there were any fault, any least n our situation, it would lie with me." ice rose passionately.

at's awfully heroic, Kate, but fright- ut of fashion. Well, my dear, I beg pardon if I was wrong. Only I nt—one learns to be so suspicious! 's lovely to have you, and you shall hile you're here all you like."

s," Kate said, "rest—that's what I Willa."

least filament of desire to confide in ightly hard, vulgarly kind friend had ed away. All in a minute they were lla's flat.

e're tiny, but we're cozy, Kate. I'll you on the davenport, and you can n my room. Wait, I'll pour you some y, and you'll find cigarettes there on ble."

don't smoke," said Kate. "Not that I , but my husband doesn't care it."

ell, but you haven't got a husband— re," Willa laughed. "I can see that nerves are bad," she added, "and you need chirking up. You're bound t it here. We've got a little group of d souls who meet twice a week to oh, economics and books and biol- psychology—that sort of thing—and problems, love and marriage. You'll it."

hat will be nice," said Kate vaguely. ill be nice to stay with you and rest. k I want a lot of sleep, first of all." Kate did not sleep. Perhaps the port arrayed like a robed catafalque bed her—or other things. She got up ressed before daybreak, and stole out he sleeping streets. That morning she d between park and library, and Willa was up put in a feverish orgy of ping with her. In the evening they d patience. It was a day of desperate eshifts, mental evasions.

ou look haggard to-day, Kate," Willa . "but we'll chirk you up. Our little p of kindred souls will meet to-morrow t at the Hotel Fothergay. We're going iscuss social parasites."

That's what I was—what I am no er," thought Kate. "Now why am I happier?"

he second day was no better than the . Kate seemed not to have chirked up ny appreciable extent at all. But in evening she forgot her preoccupation a e with the kindred souls. They were st-talking, rather clever bunch, she ught, the women either absolutely dy or blondined and enameled like la—very experienced.

This is what is open to me," thought te—"this or living in a room in a board- hotel, eking out some sort of lonely stence. Well, but for Rick's sake ——"

The mere memory of his name raised a louding emotion, blotted out the impas- ed utterance of a little moon-faced, mpling, beardless man quoting from a ssian play.

"That's Sigmund Hall," a neighbor ispered. "He's so temperamental! He's n named in three divorce cases."

A tide of sickness flooded Kate. She sat re in an encompassing cloud of tobacco oke, and brooded. That was one beauty the kindred souls. Her presence made no ference. They accepted an introduction thout question. They stood, they de- red, for an absolute freedom.

But one thing was clear: Her soul was t kin with theirs. She must get away in a y or two—try some other situation. She d not even the strength, the courage to clare her status here. This, in the face of r unalterable decision, was manifest ly. The world must know sometime. An pulse to bitter humor seized her as she membered a certain advertising slogan: ntually—Why Not Now? It was ex- tly applicable. What was she evading, oping for? She must give her decision to indifferent or coldly disapproving judg- nt of the world. Why put it off? It was e intention to declare herself frankly, to ept full onus for the separation, to sup- ly, if necessary, a certain element of pub- city. And here was her opportunity—in this freest of free atmospheres, where only individual will counted. Yet she was silent.

"I couldn't do it here," she told herself. "I'll go away at the week-end. New York would be better."

But she did not stay the week. It was on her third morning that she met Sigmund Hall in the park. He swept off his broad-rimmed felt hat with one dimpled, womanish hand and stood very close.

"I followed you deliberately. I saw you turn in here. You don't mind, do you, Mrs. Alverdy? I felt the other evening I wanted to know you. You know, you are very lovely—poetically lovely to look at. Er—you suggest emotion."

Kate's torpid sense of humor stirred. She looked at his broad, flapping tie; his pointed, effeminate little feet; his smooth, childish cheeks; his little quick-glancing green eyes, assuming what she supposed he considered was an intense look—and almost laughed.

"Emotion—that's the only thing that counts," he swept on. "You suggest it immediately, as though your name were really Lilith."

"Indeed," said Kate, "you are not very complimentary."

"Oh," he said, "that's the reaction of a fettered soul. But I want you to hear me talk to-morrow on this line. Our group—I'm to lead our discussion on our social evil—marriage, and its cure—divorce."

"But," said Kate, "you're not married! What do you know about it?"

"I know life—women," he said, and gave her a peculiar smile.

She remembered suddenly his legend, with an utter revulsion. He was not merely a plump little absurdity after all, but a cunning and miniature satyr with infinite potentialities to undermine. She drew away coolly and quickly. Indeed, her whole spirit was remote and withdrawn, gone into some definite inner sanctuary listlessly unaware of passing events or people.

She felt this the next night sitting by Willa, listening to Willa's friends, to Sigmund Hall, to passionate excoriation, debate, declamation among the freed ones. They talked on and on in their aura of thick blue smoke, dissecting matrimony, the adjustment of life for man or woman, the question of individual liberty, prerogatives.

"There's only one thing, one beautiful solution," cried Sigmund Hall, "and that's divorce. Of course we all know that; but the question is, what are we going to do to bring it more freely into our lives, to give it fuller play?"

It was here that Kate's sickened spirit moved her to one of her old frank impulses. She rose suddenly, conspicuous, isolated, the only fettered soul present, and spoke. Her face was pale, almost compassionate.

"You know," she said, "you're like children—playing with weapons you do not understand. There is no such thing as divorce, not if people have really been married, and the real thing's all that counts. The other thing's different. But marriage—it's bigger than all this you've been talking about. It's not made of contracted-for things, or of—or of habit-channels, or even of posterity, but something else—divine ——"

Her voice broke, trailed away. She was aware of the horrified, frozen kindred staring at her. After all, they were by-products, irrelevant.

"I—beg your pardon," she faltered. "I—I must be going."

She went out of the room and back to Willa Herbert's. Her black bag and the train for New York! Willa should have a note. Notes! Was she going through life leaving a paper trail? But she had had enough of it.

In an hour she was sitting on a late train bound toward Fairvale. Oh, but not to return—of course not! All that she had said back there to those people was true, but could alter her plans in no way. She had made them irrevocable. She was going toward Fairvale because there she must change for the New York train—only in the station for a little—in the late evening. Breathing the Fairvale air and then leaving it!

But when they were two miles outside of Fairvale the train stopped and the conductor came through.

"There's a spread rail, and we'll have to back to Shoreton, the last stop. We'll wire back for an engine and a coach, and passengers for New York can probably make the train at Perleyville flag station. We're a mile and three-quarters down the turnpike



The Price You Pay

For dingy film on teeth

Let us show you by a ten-day test how combating film in this new way beautifies the teeth.

Now your teeth are probably coated with a viscous film. You can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices, and stays. It forms the basis of fixed cloudy coats.

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Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They are the chief cause of many troubles, local and internal. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film. And, despite the tooth brush, they have constantly increased.

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Careful people have this film removed twice yearly by their dentists. But the need is for a daily film combatant.

Now dental science, after long research, has found two ways to fight film. Able authorities have proved their efficiency. A new-type tooth paste has been perfected to comply with modern requirements. The name is Pepsodent. These two film combatants are embodied in it, to fight the film twice daily.

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Pepsodent also multiplies the starch digestant in saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which otherwise may cling and form acids.

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Thus every use gives multiplied effect to Nature's tooth-protecting agents in the mouth. Modern authorities consider that essential.

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Millions of people now use Pepsodent, largely by dental advice. The results are seen everywhere—in glistening teeth.

Once see its effects and you will adopt it too. You will always want the whiter, cleaner, safer teeth you see. Make this test and watch the changes that it brings. Cut out the coupon now.

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Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. In several ways this test will be a delightful revelation.

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"Twice as fast—twice as cheap. Save us $500 a year"—that's how one plant engineer (name on request) describes the Clipper method of lacing belts. In this plant 2,000 small belts operate half as many machines. Before the first Clipper was purchased, each broken belt cost the company 15 to 20 minutes idle machine time. Now the machines are running in five minutes after the breakdown occurs, because one of several Clippers is always handy and because the workmen use the Clipper themselves to make a smooth, lasting joint instead of waiting for a millwright.

This means 333⅓ machine hours saved *each year*—a reduction of $500 in operation cost. Yet the Clipper machine which effected these savings was the largest of three sizes and cost only $25!

A partial list of Clipper users reads like a directory of America's leading manufacturers. From many of these plants we have statistics which show the sound, cost-sheet economy of lacing belts with the Clipper. Send for this convincing material—it's free.

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Grand Rapids, Michigan, U. S. A.
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Anyone can lace a belt with the

"Clipper"

from Fairvale now, if any passenger for Fairvale cares to walk."

It seemed there was only one passenger for Fairvale at that hour—a woman with a small black bag.

"It's past ten, madam, and beginning to rain," the brakeman uttered. "You could get a motor over from Shoreton."

But she drew away and melted, bag and all, into the darkness.

IV

IT WAS utterly futile and inconsistent, Kate reflected, that she should be walking back to Fairvale at this hour; walking back over a wet, deserted turnpike between ghostly hovering rows of stubble, a heavy bag dragging in one hand, her umbrella tilted in the other to a spray of cold, pelting drops. Walking back for what? She was not clear. She would be compelled to stay the night in Fairvale—a matter for talk possibly. Her presence was absurd, whether she remained in the station or sought a hotel, and there was no other refuge.

The rain seemed to accelerate, blew in under her umbrella. It smote her face like little cold, stinging fingers, clung there, but it was not rain that lay on her eyelashes. She shifted bag and umbrella from hand to hand.

"I should have gone back to Shoreton. I could turn back, even yet."

But she walked doggedly ahead. It occurred to her she might not reach Fairvale. The way was long, black, gray, empty—or almost. Distantly ahead of her some hundreds of feet Kate discerned a man's shape striding, head low, before her. He had emerged from a diverging lane. He walked without an umbrella, indistinct, misty, and in instinctive feminine reaction Kate realized what ambush the shrubbery and cornfields offered. Any one might lurk there—spring out.

She cared very little—nothing—what happened to her now, but atavistic instinct moved her. Her hand tightened a little on her umbrella. She suited her gait to the figure ahead. She would keep well behind, just in case, at the same time near enough, just supposing ——

She pulled her umbrella low and strode along. Walking so, her pace was nicely calculated to her interval from the figure beyond. But after a little, looking out, she saw that he was closer. He had seen her—had stopped, was coming back! She set down her bag and put down her umbrella instinctively in an at-bay gesture. But as he came up, foursquare, walking swiftly in the fine gray spray, she grew very still, frozen, like one participating in a long-expected, incredible dream. And as he drew a flash light from his pocket and threw its light on her she spoke, with a single strangling sob:

"Rick!"

He held the light rigidly on her a moment. In its tipped glare she could see his face, lined, dark, fatigued. Their eyes held each other, startled, full of question.

"Rick!" cried Kate, but she could only utter the trivial, the imminent thing. "What are you doing out here, Rick—this rain? You haven't even your raincoat!"

"I've been to a damned eugenic funeral!" he cried.

"A funeral!"

"This Conway woman and her committee—they had a contest on; but their prize old man, Jake Knorr, died day before yesterday. Then they planned a special service late this afternoon to celebrate his model life. I'd got to be there. I was late, and there was trouble with the car. They waited for us two hours and a half at the East Wellsville Church. But they couldn't have it after all—the good-health committee's service—because the old man had died of eating too much kidney pie. Co back we broke the differential. walked—that's all."

But now the light was out, and they remembered.

"Kate," Richard cried, "where hav been, and what did you mean—tha letter you wrote? What kind of a s was it—going away to leave me?"

"Well," said Kate, "that's what I went away and left you. But I was ing back. I didn't realize it until a m ago. I had to be near you, Rick."

"Near me!" cried Richard. "Giv your bag!"

"Oh, but Rick, wait! I couldn't sa the letter, but there's something back all. It's grieved me so, all through about—not having a family. And thought—well, another chance for Richard. I thought there might be one else. I—I was sure there was—l like Napoleon and Josephine."

"I see," said Richard. "I was to be and you were Josephine. Now, let m there was another party, wasn't th Queen Somebody-or-Other—Queen T ummy? Had you by any chance sel her, Kate?"

"I thought—I thought perhaps young pretty woman—Lily Etheridg

"I see," said Richard. "Jealous, of that little doll baby—was that it?"

"Yes," said Kate honestly. "But was more than that. It was to be all rig if you wanted it. You're entitled everything. I'd have given it to you."

He went up to her in the darkness.

"Oh, Kate," he said, "you're an a brick, but you're an awful ass! I wond care for you at all, Kate! Why, just would we do that, when I'm you and yo me—the way we've been? If we hav had everything, isn't it worse for you t me? Give me your bag, woman, and if love me, never put me through anot quarter hour of hell like these last d Don't say a word! You come stra home!" He bent and kissed her abrup sharply.

"Oh, Rick, you do care for me?" K sobbed.

"Care!" snorted Richard. "Care! Ca along; we've got to get home!"

"I wonder why a man hates to te woman he loves her after he's married her?"

"A man never tells a woman he lo her. He tells himself," said Richard, st ing ahead. "In the beginning he makes statement to his own consciousness. Wh it's thoroughly stamped it isn't necess to mention it."

Kate dimpled through her tears at tall figure before her, but Rick whirled s denly round to her.

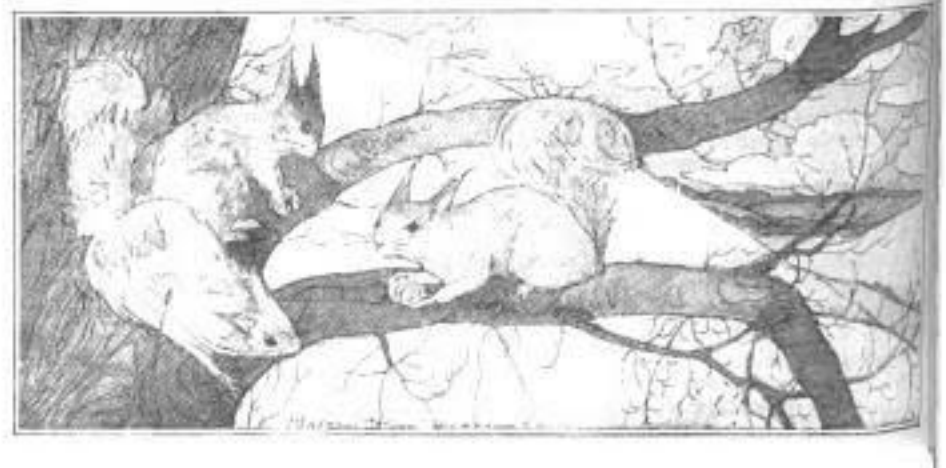
"This matter of a family," he cried "what do you call my kind of life?—pe ple—thousands of 'em for my famil dependent on me, on my strength and h piness, and through me, on the chap th looks after me. You, Kate"—he thun about, walked on three feet, stopp again—"I'll ask you a riddle out of m boyhood: 'What's worse'n a woman wit waterfall in her hair, a crick in her back a spring in her heel?' The answer is, woman with a notion in her head.' O Kate, you ought to be ashamed!"

Kate laughed brokenly.

"Oh, Ricky, such vulgar puns! Don turn again, dear. I heard you step in puddle, and you'll be sick."

But Rick disobeyed her. He went tw feet and stopped again, and this time neith arrogance nor certainty spoke.

"Katy," he said huskily, "I do love you. If you knew what I've suffered—if you ever do that again! Come here, you sil billy! You—come—here to me!"



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New Standards Now In Choosing a Motor Car

Old ways faulty because only first cost was revealed



EVERY man faces, in buying a motor car, two considerations: First cost and operating cost. Up to now, only first cost has been revealed and advertised.

Up to now, operating cost has been guess-work. No man ever knew what he was to encounter. Service has been offered, but the owner has had to wait until the bill came before he knew what the cost would be.

It has been a faulty principle of doing business. Every great maker has tried to overcome it. Leading associations in the industry have advocated various methods of ending this evil.

But no car up to now has ever been able to stand out and proclaim its fitness to adopt Standardized Service. Then came the inevitable: Marmon is first to arrive at this perfection.

A startling climax

That is why the Marmon announcement of Standardized Service by Marmon Distributors has created such a nation-wide discussion. It confirms Marmon's right to first place as The Foremost Fine Car.

Marmon has always been conceded first place in performance. It is known the world over for its superior driving qualities and comfortable riding, for its power and acceleration, its speed and distinction.

Now it stands pre-eminent in the field of economical operation. The evidence is overwhelming. To publish prices, as we do in our new book,—"Modern Transportation Costs"—is a revolutionary idea, conclusive, undebatable. Facts are facts.

Now all guess-work is ended. Now everyone can figure operating costs. Fine car ownership is no longer so vague that only the very rich can afford the speculation.

Now more men can own The Foremost Fine Car—any hesitancy, such as surrounded any high-grade car, is now removed. No man need content himself with a lesser car.

Marmon's sturdy and rugged qualities are now established. Its dependability, its simplified, vibrationless six cylinder motor, its lower upkeep, its long-life and its wonderful performance make it worthy of first consideration. It has established a new standard of comparison.

No one can now afford to buy any car until he knows how economical it is to own a Marmon. Then he can make comparisons. No one can afford to buy merely because of first price and blindly pay unknown service costs. It is as needless as it is extravagant.

Learn new standards

So important is this announcement of Standardized Service that we have published a book, "Modern Transportation Costs"—fully describing the new idea. Herein are the 16 average service operations, and others. Herein are tabulations as to time required for each job and cost of parts.

For instance, a major operation on 1920 and later series, such as rebuilding the motor, which is not necessary until after 35,000 to 50,000 miles, with reasonable care, costs only $265.00,* and only four days' time. This includes complete replacement of all parts liable to wear except crankshaft bearings, as records show that they do not wear within this mileage. Read about this in detail in "Modern Transportation Costs." Note how it is about half the usual price and half the usual time.

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Correct shades of Ivory and Cream, a beautiful Gray, a rare Leaf Green, Chinese Blue and White, provide a choice of authoritative shades for the most elaborate home decoration or the painting of a single chair.

These rare Vitralite tints possess character and decorative charm; they have none of the harshness of the common, heavy, "painty" enamel colors.

Vitralite is self-leveling, shows no streaks, laps or brush marks and dries with a smooth, porcelain-like gloss. It is so unlike ordinary enamels that the difference is apparent the moment you dip your brush into it.

So durable is Vitralite that it lasts longer than paint. It is guaranteed for three years on both inside and *outside* work, although inside it lasts indefinitely.

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OUR OFFICIAL FAMILY

(Continued from Page 23)

feet by two, with the compliments sident of the United States. The hted me, not only because I saw cind thought of the President for lso because it confirmed my sus- it the President was deeply inter- Mrs. Galt, who was to dine with night.

s a dinner not a dinner? might be one of the worst catastrophes fell me during all my stay in on. When John Lind returned trip into Mexico upon which Wilson sent him he was to be in on for only a few days. We asked Mrs. Lind for dinner on one of hts.

ouble began as soon as they ac- Due to the shortness of notice hom I especially desired were en- ewhere, cabinet members were out and men who were in Washington dened with a press of official busi- last I had my list complete, the cluding Secretary and Mrs. Lane eral United States senators and es.

norning of the dinner President lelivered to Congress his message co. Just as I started to go up on to hear him speak Mrs. Lane tele- that the President was sending e to speak out of town, and that uld therefore be unable to attend er.

I entered the gallery I saw Mrs. , who had declined my invitation Secretary Houston was out of From her I learned that he had d, and accordingly they were sub- for Secretary and Mrs. Lane on of guests.

ooner had I arrived home than who telephone regrets but my own hus- Mr. Daniels said he was very sorry ne my invitation to dinner, but that been called to the White House for rence just at the dinner hour.

William J. Bryan was then Sec- of State, and the ranking cabinet Mrs. Bryan was away, and I at- d to substitute him as host. All day ried to reach him at the Department e. His secretary assured me that ryan had no entries on his engage- ook for the evening, but it was not :30 o'clock that I was able to reach retary himself.

mighty sorry, Mrs. Daniels," came ice back over the wire. "Not only ot come myself, but I am obliged to away your guest of honor." Mr. and Mr. Lind had been summoned White House conference.

m 6:30 until 7:30 o'clock I snatched officials away from their own tables e and fill the vacant seats at mine, shed into my dinner frock, preparing eive my guests, *sans* host, *sans* guest or.

ppeared that my troubles had only egun, for the arriving United States rs said that an executive session had called unexpectedly for that evening hat they would be obliged to leave . At nine o'clock the senators began t up from my table, leaving those y chairs which ruin the peace of mind y hostess.

en to my dismantled table and my ally eaten dinner there arrived Mr. els and, hard on his heels, Mr. Bryan Mr. Lind.

The Daniels' Only Wet Guest

ere was another catastrophe, the e knowledge of which was mercifully ed to me at the time. It was one of last for the season, because as the dman trouble began in the spring we lled the invitations which we then had for dinners, not feeling that we could ntertaining when our troops were at border.

t this dinner the table was centered h a tall silver vase from which long sters of flowers were arranged in showers hey would hang from the branches of a sh. I had not then learned the danger ding in this form of table decoration, and had not weighted the vase.

When the dinner was about half over the ry sultry air changed. A storm was ring up and little gusts of wind began to blow into the dining room through the open doors. There was one of the woman guests about whose health I was particularly concerned, and I called the butler to me to tell him to shut the door behind her. Just as he moved to the door a strong breeze blew shut the door on the opposite side of the room and the draft which was created blew the vase of flowers over.

I could not imagine what had happened to the water in the vase, for as the butler lifted it up not a drop was visible on the table. The next morning I asked the man what had become of the water.

"Why, madam, didn't you know?" he answered. "The water all went between Commander Jones' shirt and vest!"

Commander Jones happened to be Secretary Daniels' aide, and when I told the story to a high marine officer he answered, "What is an aide for if not to take the hardships which should come to the secretary?"

There were sometimes difficulties owing to the late arrivals at dinners and luncheons, but not often, for Washington is notably prompt in attending functions. Officials especially have to manage their affairs on such a strict time schedule that the regular hour for luncheons is always 1:30 to 3 o'clock, and for dinners 8 to 10:30 o'clock. It is usual when any guest is more than fifteen minutes late for the hostess to give the signal to go to the table. There were two exceptions to this within my recollection. One was on a busy evening when a dinner was being given for Mr. Daniels and myself at the Army and Navy Club. After a particularly irksome forty-five-minute interval we discovered that we had been kept waiting for a retired lieutenant commander of the Navy and his wife. The other occasion was in my own home, when a young woman kept a distinguished guest of honor and a luncheon company waiting because her shopping that morning had proved especially fascinating.

"If it's Right it's Right"

There was one occasion which might have been rendered difficult for others than myself which was saved by a reminder from one of my boys. I returned home one evening exceedingly weary from a day of heavy social duties, and Mr. Daniels came from the office only to say that he must go back to it immediately after dinner. We had promised to sit in a box that evening at an entertainment for the Florence Crittenden home, the other guests in the box to be Vice President and Mrs. Marshall, the Secretary of State and Mrs. Bryan. As we discussed how hard it would be for me to go to the entertainment Mr. Daniels said to call up Mrs. Bryan and see what the Bryans were going to do.

"The secretary has to go to speak at a banquet, but he says I ought to go," was Mrs. Bryan's response.

At that moment there came from the adjoining room in solemn tones from one of my sons a statement which I frequently had made to him and his brothers when they had tried to make their acts dependent upon what other boys were permitted to do. "If it's right it's right. If it's wrong it's wrong," said the boy.

A dress was ordered out and I went to the entertainment; fortunately enough, for when I arrived I discovered that neither Secretary Bryan nor Mrs. Marshall had been able to come, and I sat there for the evening with Vice President Marshall and Mrs. Bryan.

Catastrophes may be turned to even greater account than to provide a laugh, as was proved one February night when Henry van Dyke was among our dinner guests. In some way a few drops of soup were spilled beside Doctor Van Dyke's plate. He was greatly embarrassed and exclaimed, "Oh, Mrs. Daniels, can you forgive me?" I told him that I had seen in New Hampshire, just a few days before, a rug proudly displayed because once Lafayette had spilled wine upon it. "Who can tell, Doctor Van Dyke," I asked, "but that in future years I shall be showing this table solely because you once spilled soup upon it?"

"You shall have a further reason to remember the dinner," said Doctor Van Dyke, and shortly afterward I received a beautiful copy of one of his books, autographed in memory of the dark spot which was to brighten many a day.

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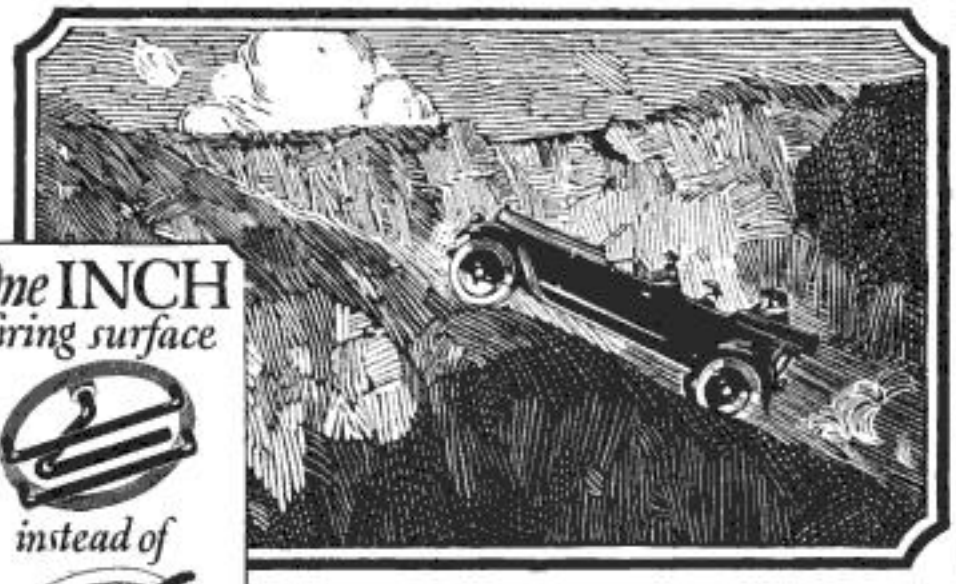
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—S. C. Parker, Salem, Oregon

A near catastrophe at an international convention during our stay in Washington was averted by a most ingenious stroke of the presiding officer. Many other attractions were making inroads on the attendance of the delegates to the convention and one morning when a famous foreign visitor was to make an address there was literally no audience to hear him. The presiding officer made a hurried trip to the telephone, called two of the largest hotels, and asked them to send one hundred of their best-looking waiters to his assistance. The waiters marched in, took the seats of the delegates, and diligently applauded the speech of the distinguished foreigner.

Mr. Daniels and I came to be known in Washington as the givers of cabinet-making dinners.

Once a year each cabinet member has the privilege of entertaining the President at dinner. At the beginning of the season the member and his wife send an invitation to dinner to the President, who, in replying, indicates the day on which he will be able to accept the hospitality. The list of guests is then made up and submitted to him for his approval. This has not always been so. Up to the time of Mr. Roosevelt's Administration only cabinet members and their wives were guests at these dinners. Mr. Roosevelt became tired of meeting the same group of people, and intimated that he would be glad to have other guests asked. This policy was therefore adopted, and the custom of submitting the list for his approval, which was then inaugurated, has been continued ever since.

Mr. Daniels and I felt that those who lived in Washington had other opportunities for meeting the President and Mrs. Wilson, and we therefore invited guests from out of town for our presidential dinners. We had the pleasure of having for our first dinner Mr. and Mrs. Newton Baker, of Cleveland. Later, there was a cabinet vacancy which Mr. Baker was asked to fill. At subsequent dinners we had for our guests Mr. and Mrs. Meredith, from Iowa, and Mr. and Mrs. Bainbridge Colby, from New York, both Mr. Meredith and Mr. Colby later being offered and accepting cabinet portfolios. This led to a facetious friend saying that our dinners were like horse shows with possible candidates paraded before the President for his inspection.

A North Carolina Dinner

To me, whether one is entertaining the President or anyone else, the atmosphere to provide is the one to which you are accustomed, the one which to you is most natural. So in planning our first dinner, for February 19, 1914, I decided to have a North Carolina setting.

We began with chicken-gumbo soup. It was early shad season and we had written to friends who sent us beautiful fish from Eastern Carolina. Our roast turkey and suckling pig came from North Carolina, too, both to be roasted, and the pig to be served with the proverbial red apple in his mouth. It was before the days of the wine mess order issued by Mr. Daniels, so I allowed myself wine flavoring for my dessert, something which we never did after the order, for we would not serve ourselves what was denied to the naval officers living on the reservations or the men on the ships. Our dessert was tipsy cake, a Southern delicacy, made with sponge cake filled with as many blanched almonds as you can make it hold. Over the cake is poured sherry, a heavy boiled custard is placed on that, and the whole is topped with whipped cream.

For the house decorations we had bamboo or Southern smilax and gray Spanish moss. The table was centered with double red camellia japonicas, single blue violets and white hyacinths. After the dinner there was a prophecy of the many future times when Mrs. Baker was to give Washington society pleasure with her voice, for she sang a group of songs.

Proof of the fact that the President did give his personal attention to the list of proposed guests for these affairs is a letter which Mr. Daniels received from President Wilson under date of January 4, 1917, which reads as follows:

My dear Mr. Secretary—Just a line with my own pen (this little machine is my pen) to say that this list is entirely acceptable to Mrs. Wilson and to me, and to thank you for sending it for our approval.

Faithfully yours,
WOODROW WILSON.

The list thus approved for our 1 ner, containing a number of Mr. newspaper friends, whom he wa have meet and to know the Preside did, was as follows: Mr. and Mr Cobb, New York City; Mr. a Adolph Ochs, New York City; M Bass, Bangor, Maine; Mr. and Mr Howell, Atlanta, Georgia; Mr. a Richard Hooker, Springfield, M setts; Mr. and Mrs. A. W. McLea berton, North Carolina; Mr. a Don C. Seitz, New York City; Mrs. Thomas Edison, Orange, New Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Meredith, Des Iowa; Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Alderm versity of Virginia; Mr. and Mrs Ford, Detroit, Michigan; Mr. a Meredith Nicholson, Indiana; Mrs. Grozier, Cambridge, Massac Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, Ne City; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Rees, field, Illinois; Dean Sills, Bowdo lege; Mr. and Mrs. Bainbridge Coll York; Mrs. Adelaide Worth Bagley ington.

Very different from the easy atm of our first dinner was this one on th the declaration of war. President had spoken before Congress on Sa evening, February third, announci he was recalling Ambassador Gera Germany and presenting passports German Ambassador to this co Count Bernstorff. Our dinner was o day evening, February fifth. The intensity in the air everywhere in the try during those days, and especi Washington, where public officials f great weight of responsibility for the

In the Midst of Alarms

On the afternoon of the day on whi dinner was to be given I asked my manservant to search the basement. minutes later Major Pullman, then h the Washington police force, telephon say that he understood the Presiden to dine with us. I explained the pr tions which I was taking and told him I would be glad to have him send a m well. He did so, and the man remain the basement throughout the dinner. W I told Major Pullman that I was h only my own servants, who had been me for years, and that they were all col he said, "I am glad of that."

As was usual when the President dining anywhere he was accompanied carload of secret-service men. This w accordance with the law which prov that as soon as a President is elected shall be protected, although it was e cially irksome to President Wilson and often worried the men appointed to be him by slipping off to take walks alone

On this night extra men must have b sent, for in the middle of the dinner th was a loud popping sound like the shoo of guns, and members of the family w were not attending the dinner said that they looked from the windows they s men seeming literally to rise everywh from the ground. The explosion proved be nothing more serious than a case Apollinaris which had been left on the ba porch without due thought to the freez weather.

A little later one of my boys set forth call on a neighbor, and slammed the gate he went out. A man rose in the darkne and a second later exclaimed in warm accents, "Son, I'll forgive you this tim but don't you ever do that again."

That night the President, of course, w on my right, and Henry Ford, who ha made such strenuous efforts for peace, wa on my left. During the dinner Mr. Ford leaned over to say, "Mister President, th day I have been to see the Secretary of th Navy and have tendered him my plant fo the construction of any war material whic it can produce." In that plant were made the Eagle boats which, though they were not finished so early as we desired them went as far as Russia.

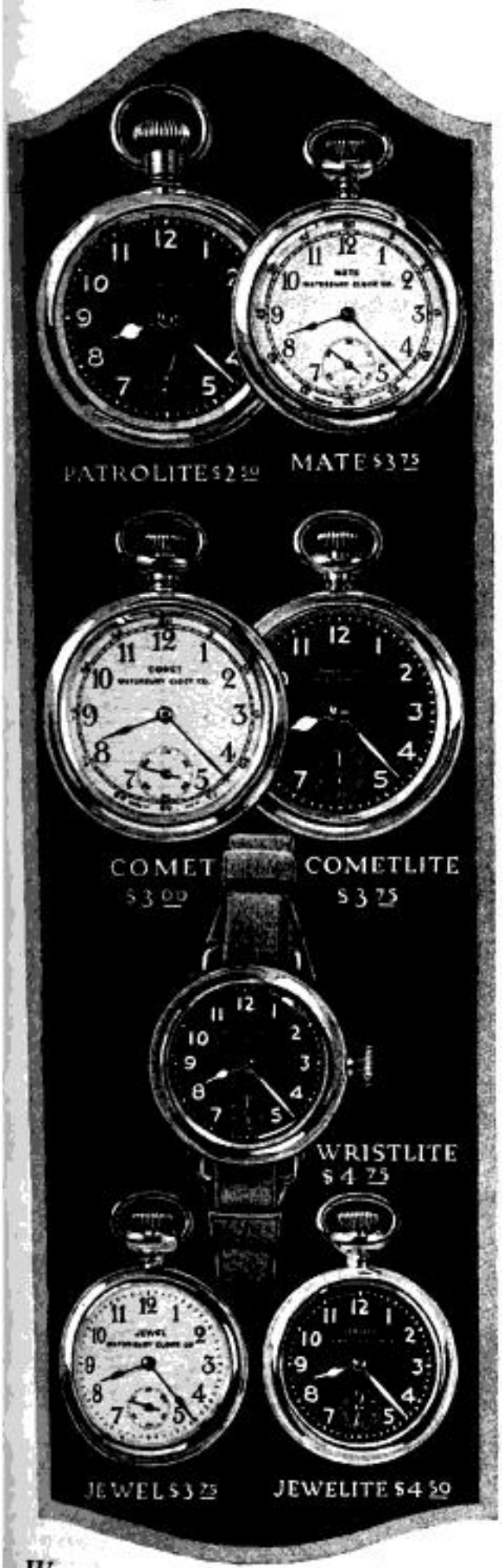
On the occasion of one of our presiden tial dinners Mrs. Wilson's carriage shaw and outer wraps were removed by the old colored mammy who had slept in my chil dren's nursery for many years. When th slipped out of the drawing-room for a mo ment after dinner while the gentlemen were still lingering over their cigars in the library I met her in the hall, her eyes shining be neath her bright bandanna. "The Presi dent's dun shook hands with me!" she murmured tremulously.

(Continued on Page 65)

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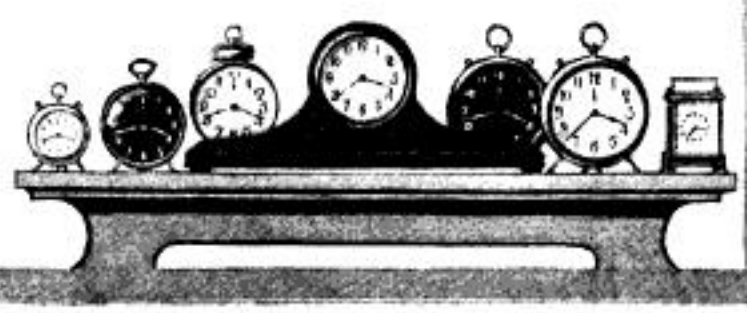
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STEADFAST THROUGH THE YEARS

It was midsummer. In the forest a traveler paused beside a mighty fir tree to rest. Seated there he was attracted by the beauty that surrounded him—gay wild flowers caught and pleased his eye; a darting dragon fly, brilliant in green and gold, excited admiration; the cheerful babbling of a little brook brought him delight.

The fir tree that sheltered him he scarcely noticed.

Months later the traveler passed that way again. Winter winds had driven away the flowers, the dragon fly had lived its little life and died; the brook lay silent, a twisted ribbon of ice.

But the fir tree stood as in the summer—strong and straight, its branches covered with eternal green.

Every industry produces its commercial fir trees—business houses rooted deep in honesty and trustworthiness, whose growth is steady and sure, whose products are of one high quality under all conditions.

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The fact that you find a Squibb product for sale upon the drug store counter is a guarantee that its ingredients are correct. Rather than lower its standards Squibb has frequently suspended the manufacture of certain products until the right materials could be secured.

When you use a Squibb product its finer quality is immediately apparent. Examine Squibb's talcum powder for example. Note its exquisite smoothness, its fineness of texture, its velvety touch on the skin; or try Squibb's cold cream and note how cooling and soothing it is. This fine quality is the result of years of laboratory experiments directed to the one end of producing a perfect powder, a perfect cream.

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(Continued from Page 62)

s the same old nurse who, when we l from the Baltimore Convention at dr. Wilson was nominated for his n, had said, "You say Mr. Wilson's run for President?"

Mr. Wilson's going to run," we

Wilson's a-gwine to run for Presi- Why, I thought Mr. Bryan most lly run."

y came only to visit and not to stay while we were in Washington, and I received a telegram calling me Raleigh because she needed me. vo weeks of watching by her bed the swung low and she was taken up to r that great day of judgment when ll be known as good and faithful s well as good and faithful servant.

nvitation to the White House is a nd, and indeed there are few persons e not glad to have it so, and to break her engagements they may have in o attend a function there.

t series of events is given for official each year at the White House, be- with a dinner to the cabinet in the l ending with a dinner to the Speaker fore Lent. In the intervening period s and receptions are given to the rs of the judiciary, the diplomats, mbers of Congress, the justices of the ne Court and the officers of the Army avy.

hour for the receptions is always 'clock, and just before that time the resident and his wife and the mem- f the cabinet and their wives as- in the large circular library on the floor of the White House. On a table the door are beautiful bouquets of s from the White House conserva- nd one of these is presented to each y the President's aide. Just before 'clock the President and his wife join rty, and exactly at the hour the bugle s and they start down the grand ay, the Vice President and his wife he members of the cabinet and their following.

ere was an unusual event during the nistration of Mr. Wilson when the r of a former Secretary of State, John Foster, stood at the foot of that ray, and watched coming down it her daughter, Eleanor Foster Lansing, on rm of her husband, Robert Lansing, Secretary of State.

e President and his wife with the wife e Vice President and the wives of the et members form in line in the Blue n, and the reception continues for t three hours, the guests passing by lly, with only a moment for a hand- e and possibly a murmured name.

ere is a great honor which is accorded few guests at White House receptions, of standing behind the line. During ears that I was in Washington as wife e Secretary of the Navy I never stood he line receiving without wondering ther the women whispering back of me as thrilled as I was the first time that s taken behind the line. It was when husband was chief clerk of the Interior it was the Secretary of the Interior, e Smith, who took me behind the line. ong the other interesting persons I met he charmed circle that day I recall Jo- Jefferson.

In the Receiving Line

tanding in the line is good discipline for woman's vanity, for there she is made realize that she represents her husband not herself. Women would come down line, reach out their hands with no in- est whatever until I murmured "Mrs. niels," and then they would say, "Oh, —Mrs. Josephus." A woman knows n that she is in the front line of the tle—but only as a substitute.

It is interesting to watch the effect, upon se receiving and those received, of the sic played by the Marine Band. When numbers are gay and lively the people p by briskly. Often the President has exercise a firm handclasp to keep a hus- d from stepping upon his wife's train. t let the music be slow and the line antly lags, while the spirits of those eiving suffer a corresponding drop. I member well one evening, when nearly ery number had been a classical selection, at I sent for Admiral Grayson and asked n if the music might be changed to some- ing with a march step. The change in tempo had its immediate effect and the crowd began to pass by more rapidly.

It is a curious feeling to have one of your best friends approaching and to be unable to say even one word to her, for it is the President who sets the pace. His handclasp is quick, and if anyone beyond him delays a second it means that the line stops directly in front of the President—a faux pas of which no woman of the cabinet would willingly be guilty.

After the last guests have been received the President and his wife retire to the upper apartments of the White House and the women of the cabinet are at liberty to break line. It is remarkable that women who have scarcely felt tired during the evening, in the excitement and pleasure of meeting distinguished guests, find after the line breaks that they have stood in one position for so long that minutes will pass before they are able to bend their knees.

Refreshments are usually brought to the members of the cabinet and their wives in the Blue Room, and chairs are placed for them. It is sometimes a little taxing to be regarded as an exhibit in a zoo, for it is the habit of many guests to stand in long lines to watch the animals eat.

Besides these formal events many small informal affairs are given at the will of the President or his wife. Sometimes the invitations to these are worded differently from those for the formal events, and say that if Mrs. So-and-So has no previous engagement she will be welcomed on such a day and at such an hour. Under such circumstances any lady who is invited is privileged, if she so desires, to write a note to the White House and state what her previous engagement is. Few, however, wish to do so.

The Mistress of the White House

Anyone may call upon the wife of the President and leave cards but without seeing her. If a lady desires to be received she must write a note to the White House and state her request. If the wife of the President grants the audience she usually issues other cards for the same time and sees several women at once, for the obligations upon the mistress of the White House are heavy, and her secretary keeps an appointment list which sometimes almost rivals that of the President himself.

It was into this atmosphere that Edith Bolling Wilson came after her marriage to President Wilson, in December, 1915. The first formal occasion on which she was entertained as the wife of the President was the dinner given by Vice President and Mrs. Marshall on January 14, 1916. I remember how charming and natural she was that evening, and how when Mrs. Burleson approached a group in which Mrs. Wilson was seated she rose and said, "Please take this chair, Mrs. Burleson. It is far too large and too grand for me."

Shortly afterward she displayed the same tactful courtesy at a dinner which Mr. Daniels and I gave for the President and Mrs. Wilson. The men were still in the library with their cigars and the women were gathered in the drawing-room, each of them anxious for a word with the new first lady of the land. She sat in one little group for a few minutes and then helped me as hostess very greatly by rising, walking about the room and making comments concerning some photographs which she knew would please me, and then seated herself with a different group of guests.

Her tact and her cordial democratic spirit had endeared Mrs. Wilson to many persons before the coming of the war curtailed the official entertainments. She has charm in a high degree—and charm has been defined as "something which, if a woman has, she needs nothing else; and if she lacks it, nothing supplies its place."

After that her days followed a certain routine. In the very early morning she played golf with the President, seeing to it that he had the exercise which those around him realized was so vital to his well-being. When she returned she wrote notes, and in many humble homes to-day there are treasured letters in the handwriting of Mrs. Wilson expressing gratitude for some kind thought for Mr. Wilson. Many letters were written to her concerning the men in the service. Mothers asked her about the welfare of their boys, and young wives begged that their husbands might be sent home to be with them as they passed through the great ordeal. These letters were not ordinarily referred to Mrs. Wilson's secretaries to be sent to the departments, but instead she would inclose them



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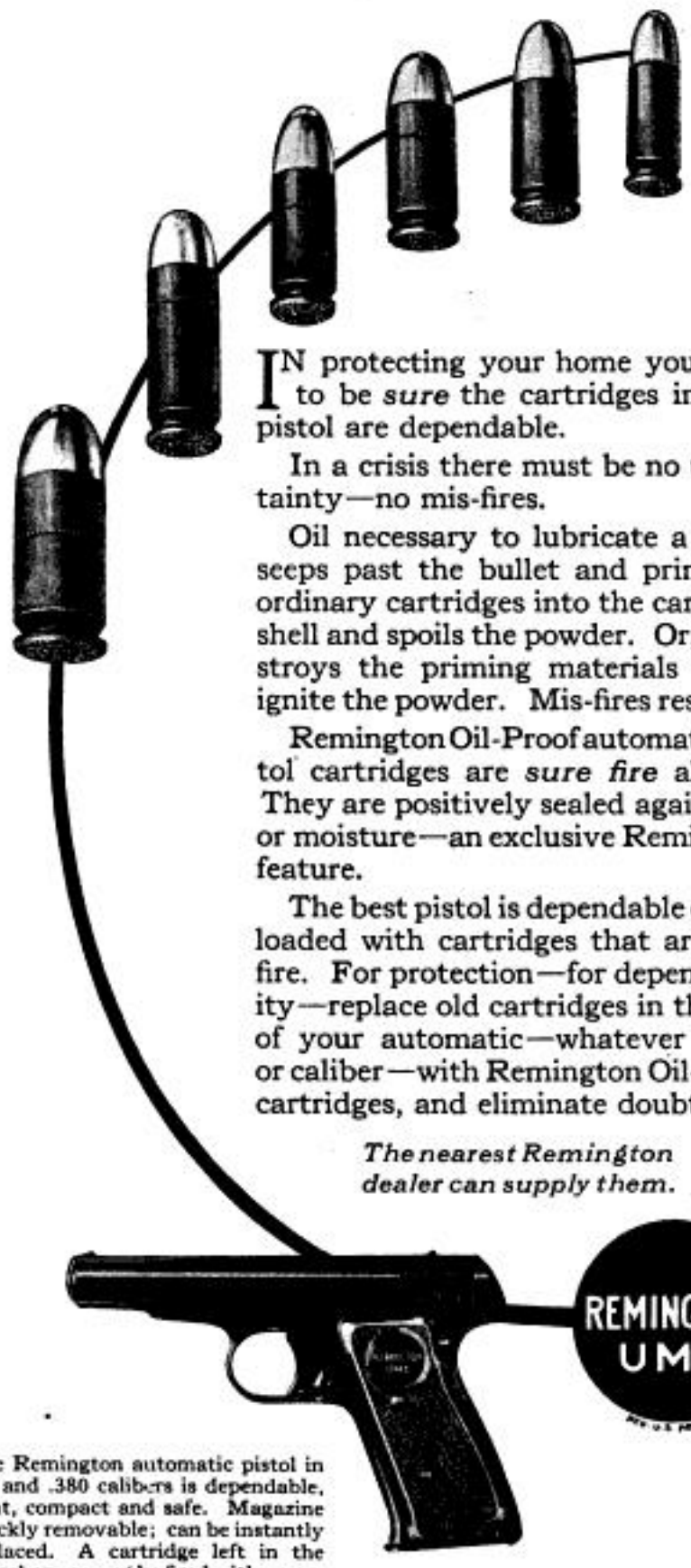
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with personal messages to the members of the cabinet asking what could be done to make it easier for the writers. Later in the day Mrs. Wilson cut and made garments for the Red Cross. Many an overseas man, too, will remember how incredulous he was when he was told that the beautiful woman in canteen uniform who had just handed him chocolates and sandwiches was the wife of the President of the United States.

There was the trip to Europe with the President, when her charm and grace, as well as her great strength of character, carried her through new and strange experiences in a manner which reflected credit upon her country.

Then came those trying months of the President's illness, when Mrs. Wilson was constantly at his side, and there was fresh cause for the display of her tact and thoughtfulness as she endeavored to spare her husband the vexations which might retard his recovery and at the same time strove to avoid making decisions which might appear like the assumption of political authority. It is my belief that for her service then the nation owes far more to Edith Bolling Wilson than ever will be understood by the majority of its citizens.

Old shirt tails of my husband to make into bazaar aprons, money for college courses, fresh eggs for charity patients in tubercular hospitals, positions in government departments—requests for everything under the sun come to a public official and his wife.

Sometimes the requests are small in themselves and therefore may be granted, although these little gifts make up a considerable financial burden in the aggregate. For instance, there are hundreds of requests for handkerchiefs to be sold at bazaars, and almost every woman in public life in Washington accedes to these. Sometimes the givers of bazaars are courteous enough to write and tell how the handkerchief, raffled, has brought a considerable sum into the coffers of the charity. Dolls are asked for almost as often as handkerchiefs. I have dressed many of these, usually in Southern-negro costume. For one bazaar I remember I sent to Charleston for a real mammy doll.

With four boys of our own of school age it was impossible to gratify those other mothers and fathers who believe that cabinet members can bestow free college courses as easily as they can autograph their photographs.

Not all these requests, of course, reach a cabinet member or his wife. In the case of the husband, all mail goes through his department. If it is official business it is referred to the chief clerk of the department. If it is personal business it goes to the secretary of the cabinet member. If it is confidential business it is read by the confidential clerk. And—adds one who is familiar with Washington procedure—if the letter is sent to the house—it is read by the wife.

One friend of my husband's who desired to send him personal letters tested out this scheme, and when he had found that all that I have said about official procedure is true he sent letters to the house, starting them with a message to me. He learned that what I have said about cabinet women reading the letters is true, too, for I always received the messages—and at first hand.

Reading One's Husband's Letters

There is more than curiosity in a woman's reading these letters as they come to the house, for often she spares her husband some slight unpleasantness or unhappiness contained in them whose barb may be very keen under the cloak of anonymity. The letters of a cabinet wife are also sifted for her, her secretary reading practically all of them.

Mr. Daniels and I had to give consideration to working out a scheme by which we might write each other free of censorship. And during all the eight years of our residence in Washington, when out of town myself, I sealed my letters to him in an envelope marked for him personally from me, and inclosed this envelope in still another addressed to him in care of his confidential clerk.

The war increased the burden of these communications which might be termed peculiar, because every care must be then. Much time and effort was wa following up such communications.

I remember one evening when Mr. iels was called to the telephone by a w who refused to give her name but wh that she had absolute information th submarines were on their way from many to the United States. She give the details only to the Secretar wanted him to meet her at a certa dress on the following morning. Daniels felt suspicious of the giver formation, but to be on the safe s said that he would send a trusta representative to her the following m

At four o'clock in the morning sh phoned again and said that the spirit fighting her, but that she must giv information and she wanted the Sec to come and hear her story. I pers her to wait until morning. When the intelligence officer proceeded that m to the address she had given he disc that it was an insane asylum. In the of terrible anxiety when everyone was for the defense and protection of the try this poor soul was grieving un weight of imaginary troubles, adde those that were real.

The Man With a Bomb

A North Carolina man appealed during this time in a trouble which p to be very real. He had invented a which he took to Washington. The Department referred him to Admiral S who was much interested in the inve and asked the man to test out s things concerning it. The inventor little accustomed to city ways an walked down Pennsylvania Avenue t Raleigh Hotel, where he asked a ma the street to direct him to a place whe could test out a bomb. The streets crowded, the man interrogated was ar for the safety of the crowds, and he the inventor jailed. Mr. Daniels ha send down to have him bailed out an assure the authorities that the bomb for the preservation and not the des tion of Americans.

Mr. Daniels was called to the telep on another occasion by a very much exc woman who said, "Do you know that C tain So-and-So has been here in Wash ton for ten years, and that he claims t nothing but God himself can get him of here; while Captain So-and-So, who came on shore duty and who has a and baby, has been ordered to the fron

Mr. Daniels said no, he didn't know and the woman snapped back, "You do know much about the Navy, do you!"

During this time many sad letters c to me from mothers who felt that I co get their boys into the Navy, or out of Navy, or secure information about miss sons. After the Marines had fought Belleau Wood there were many of th missing men who were not immediat reported.

One North Carolina mother wrote that she had been unable to obtain formation about her boy after this batt We investigated and as nearly as co be determined from his position at t time of the battle it appeared that he ma have been in a group of Marines who w blown into bits.

The first man lost on armed guard w from the staff of the Dolphin, the sh assigned to the use of the Secretary of t Navy. The mother of the young sailor w in Washington and later lost another s in the war.

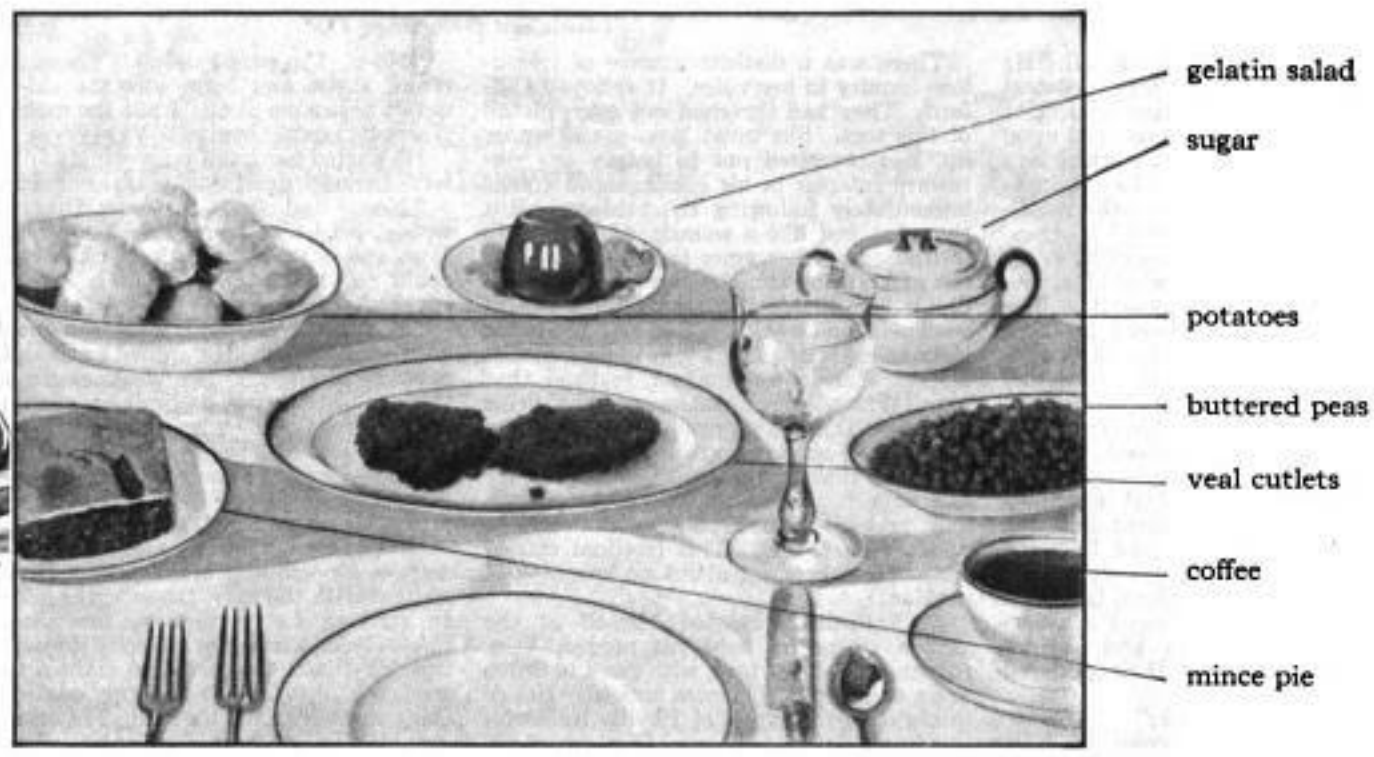
I felt close to all such mothers becau two of my own boys were in the servic and my brother, Commander David Wor Bagley, was reported missing for twenty four hours after his ship, the Jacob Jone was torpedoed off the Scilly Islands. T those who knew our family history it di not seem possible that my mother could b called upon again to bear such a loss, h my older brother, Worth Bagley, had bee the first American officer to lose his life i the Spanish-American War. But the hour of torturing anxiety before we knew of hi safety helped me to understand the agony o mind and soul through which other wome were passing.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two article by Mrs. Daniels.



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The crime you commit against your body tissues

Each year over 100,000 men and women still young pay the penalty for this wrong habit of eating

VEAL cutlets, boiled potatoes, buttered peas, gelatin salad, mince pie and coffee—all good foods. Recognized thousands of American families as a tisfactory dinner.

And yet this dinner, unless supplemented th certain vital food factors, is a crime ainst your body tissues. Because thou-nds of men and women do not sup-ement this diet with these factors they ıdermine their health and succumb to seases which prove fatal.

It was easy for primitive man to secure ı abundance of vitamin and other neces-ıry food factors from his fresh meats and reen leafy vegetables. But our modern iet—constantly refined and modified—o often lacks these vital elements.

A protective food—not a medicine

Yet with no trouble at all each one of s can make good this lack. By adding Fleischmann's Yeast to their daily diet, nen and women all over the country are ecuring for themselves the health and igor that are their birthright.

As a result many are being freed from minor ailments, are building up increased resistance to disease; and best of all are feeling a vigor and energy they have not known for years.

They have better appetite and their digestion is greatly improved. They also find that waste matter is eliminated regularly and naturally as a result of supplementing their diet with Fleischmann's Yeast.

Fleischmann's Yeast is a fresh food. It contains in a natural form the elements your body tissues crave. It is rich in the water-soluble vitamin, for yeast is its richest known source. In addition Fleischmann's Yeast contains a number of important mineral salts and other food factors essential to health.

What laxatives can never do

Doctors are agreed that laxatives never remove the cause of the trouble. Indeed one physician says that one of its chief causes is probably the indiscriminate use of cathartics. Fleischmann's Yeast as a food is just the natural corrective you need.

A noted doctor says fresh yeast should be much more frequently given in cases of intestinal disturbance, especially if there is a constant need for laxatives.

Hundreds of men and women who have long been in bondage to laxatives are now free. The addition of Fleischmann's Yeast to their daily diet has restored normal action of the intestines.

The ways they like to eat it

Many like to nibble Fleischmann's Yeast from the cake a little at a time. Some prefer it spread on crackers or bread. Others take it in boiling hot water, still others like it in milk, fruit-juices, coffee or cocoa. It is very nourishing with malted milk drinks. You will grow to like its distinctive flavor just as you grew to like the taste of olives or oysters.

The vitamin which Fleischmann's Yeast contains in such abundance improves the appetite, stimulates and strengthens digestion. Because Fleischmann's Yeast is a food it does for you naturally and permanently what habit forming drugs do only artificially and temporarily. One cake of Fleischmann's Yeast gives you ten times the amount of yeast-vitamin found in most of the so-called yeast-vitamin preparations to which drugs of various kinds have been added. Be sure you get Fleischmann's fresh yeast. Do not be misled by substitutes.

Begin today to eat Fleischmann's Yeast—2 to 3 cakes every day.

Place a standing order with your grocer. 200,000 grocers carry Fleischmann's Yeast. If your grocer is not among them, write to the Fleischmann agency in your nearest city—they will supply you.

Send for free booklet telling the fascinating story of "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet"—what it has done for others—what it can do for you. Address THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. 609, 701 Washington Street, New York, N. Y.

Fleischmann's Yeast corrects these wrong habits of eating



MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

The Fleischmann Company
Dept. 609, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet."

Please write plainly

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

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FISH EYES

(Continued from Page 13)

important and succeeding not at all. He believed it incumbent upon him to detect something or somebody, felt that the weight of the world suddenly had descended upon his shoulders. But his brain worked in a single unfortunate channel. His attempts at deduction led invariably into the *cul-de-sac* of "It just couldn't happen."

That was the reaction expressed by every bank employe who knew what had occurred. The thing was impossible. The paying tellers, who had worked in team preparing for the rush of the day, were all reasonably certain that the cash had been correct at the beginning of the day—as certain as they were that it was not now correct. Through it all Clifford Wallace worked with them. Tiny lines of worry corrugated his forehead. And when, at seven o'clock, it became evident that the money was positively gone and had disappeared probably during the course of the day's business, the president, the cashier and Clifford Wallace retired to Warren's office. The president and cashier were smoking. Cliff declined their proffered cigar.

"I never smoke, you know."

"The point now is," spoke Warren, checking off that particular point on his thumb, "that the money has disappeared and we must do something. The question is, what?" He turned his gaze upon Wallace. Cliff met the stare steadily and answered in a matter-of-fact voice:

"The obvious thing is to place me under arrest, Mr. Warren."

"Obvious, of course."

"But Mr. Warren"—it was the nervous little cashier—"you don't believe Cliff stole that money, do you?"

"Certainly not, Mr. Jenkins. Of course I don't. And equally of course I am not going to have Mr. Wallace placed under arrest."

A flicker of triumph crossed Clifford Wallace's face, to be followed instantly by his habitual stoniness of expression.

"I am perfectly willing, Mr. Warren ——"

"It isn't a case of willingness, Wallace. If I thought for a moment you were guilty—or even could be guilty—I wouldn't hesitate. Not if you were my brother. But the thing is impossible. You've been negligent—probably; I'm not even sure of that. I understand banks well enough to know that a certain laxity of routine is naturally and excusably developed. It is my personal opinion that the money did not disappear from the bank. It either never was here or it is still here."

"Yes, sir." Cliff was calmly attentive.

"I am going to search every employe as he or she leaves the bank. That will insure its remaining here to-night. By to-morrow morning the bonding-company detectives and the representatives of the Bankers' Protective Association will be here. Whatever action they care to take, Wallace, will be strictly up to them. Personally, I wish to take occasion to assure you of my confidence in your integrity and to express the belief that this is an explainable mistake of some sort, which will be set right to-morrow."

"And you are not even going to keep me under surveillance to-night?"

"No."

"Pardon me, sir, but I believe you are making a mistake. You will be criticized ——"

"They can criticize and be damned to them."

Wallace returned to his cage, where he busied himself arranging the shelves for the following morning. Then quite as usual he closed his vault doors, set the time lock, visited the washroom, and left the building after undergoing a thorough search. Once outside, his shoulders went back unconsciously. He knew that he had won. The very simplicity of his crime had caused it to be crowned with success.

But he did not allow his elation to strangle caution. Every move in the game had been thought out meticulously in advance. He did not deviate a hair's breadth from his regular evening routine. He went to a cafeteria and ate a hearty meal, although the food almost choked him. At the desk he telephoned Phyllis Robinson.

"May I come to see you this evening, Phyllis?" He did that four or five evenings a week; they were secretly engaged.

"Yes."

There was a distinct nuance of tremulous inquiry in her voice. It annoyed Clifford. They had threshed out every detail of this sort. She must keep a stiff upper lip, had promised not to betray any untoward interest in his comings and goings immediately following the robbery. But that was just like a woman, making plain in the tone of her voice the vast relief she felt at knowing that he was free. Wallace didn't like that. It was an indication of weakness, and weakness had no place in his elaborate scheme. Besides, he knew well that Robert Warren was no fool, realized that for all Warren's protestations of belief in his integrity, the bank president already had a detective shadowing him. He had anticipated that and a good deal more. He had expected to spend this night in jail, and perhaps several others. Certainly under observation. This freedom caused elation, but brought about no lessening of caution.

At 7:45 he presented himself at the garage where he kept his modest little roadster, filled the tank with gas and drove down the street. This was a nightly ritual. Straight to the home of Phyllis Robinson he went; it was a rambling two-story structure set well back of a high-terraced front yard, its wide veranda blanketed cozily with honeysuckle—a modest place, one which had seen decidedly better days. Phyllis, an orphan, lived there with an aunt. The place was a boarding house. All very discreet and proper.

She greeted him in the hallway. He was irritated by the patent effort of her casualness. He directed their conversation, they chatted about innocuous nothings until they were safely out of the house and in his little car, headed into the country. This, too, was a not uncommon procedure. Cliff was well satisfied with himself. The most suspicious watcher could have found no food for speculation this night. His actions had been the normal actions of an innocent man. He was acting just as he would have acted had he been innocent of the theft of one hundred thousand dollars.

They mounted a gentle acclivity. The broad smooth highway dipped from the crest through a small woods. Overhead the full moon shone benignly over the valley, behind them the city, ringed about by furnaces and steel mills, gems of fire in the setting of silvered night. A red glow in the sky. The man at the steering wheel, calm and self-possessed, eyes focused on the ribbon of road ahead, thoughts busy with the epochal events of the day. Nor did he mention the subject uppermost in his mind until the girl spoke, spoke with a quaver in her voice as her hand closed tremulously about his.

"You—you're free, Cliff?"

"Obviously." The man was a poser; this was too perfect an opportunity to miss. He wished the girl at his side to be impressed with his own granite imperviousness to emotion. Phyllis shook her head; she loved him despite the fact that she knew his weakness.

"They don't suspect you?"

"Certainly not. They couldn't. I went in to the old man and told him the money was gone. I didn't protect myself a bit. Suggested that he had better lock me up. And of course he didn't." He smiled grimly, pridefully. "The only danger point in the whole scheme has been passed, Phyllis. We're safe."

"And I'm frightened."

"Of course. That's natural."

"Aren't you?"

"Not at all." He stopped the car as if to light a cigarette. "You put the money in the vault at the City Trust?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"Immediately after I left the office for lunch."

"You went straight from the Third National to your office?"

"Yes. And the cashier commented on how quickly I got back."

"Fine! Great! Sooner or later they're bound to connect us in this matter, and when they do they'll investigate your actions. It'll disarm them to learn that you got back to the office in record time; that you couldn't possibly have gone anywhere between the bank and your place of business. And now about the vault—you didn't attract any particular attention there, did you?"

"No-o. I'm sure I didn't. There was a crowd there, and I am sure the old man didn't notice me at all. I put the money in Harriet's box, not mine."

He patted her hand reassuringly. "You were a trump, dear. And you're not sorry?"

"No-o—and yes. I know that it is wrong, yet—oh, well, we need the money. It means so much more to us than it ever could to that bank. If we're only not caught."

"We won't be." His narrow, rather hard face was set. He argued as though to reassure himself. "The weakness in anything of this sort is preliminary planning. The average man who sets out to steal one hundred thousand dollars"—the girl winced—"makes plans so enormously elaborate that he cuts his own throat, minimizes his chances of getting away with it. For every detail that such a man plants he sows a possibility of detection. He isn't content with the easy, the safe, the normal. In striving for perfection, for absolute safety, he lays traps for himself. Remember this, Phyllis: a detective can make a thousand mistakes and, by doing one single thing correctly, land his man. The criminal cannot afford a single mistake. Understand?"

"Yes." And then the feminine side of the girl flooded to the surface. "Cliff dear, you're so—so hard!"

That pleased him. He wanted to be hard, cultivated a gelid philosophy.

"Sentiment serves no man well, Phyllis. My hardness has made possible financial ease for us—and consequent contentment. I have no conscience. Neither has the average man. Conscience is the fear of being caught. We are all inherently unmoral. It was not wrong for the primitive man to steal. He took what he could get away with. Right and wrong are products of legislation, of artificial ethical culture. They are not part of us; we are inoculated with them. They are utterly foreign to us. In taking this money I have committed no natural crime. By statute only am I a criminal. I am not ashamed of what I have done. I would be ashamed of detection."

Silence fell between them. The girl shivered as though with a chill.

"You are very convincing, dear. But I'm afraid that I'm terribly a victim to the morality of education. Of course you've convinced my intellect. But—since this afternoon—I'm afraid you can never convince my conscience."

He flashed her a sudden apprehensive glance. "You're not getting cold feet?"

"No." She shook her head sadly. "It's too late for that."

"But you're afraid?"

"Yes. I'm afraid."

"Then you're silly. We're safe now. The minute you walked through those revolving doors with that hundred thousand in your bag I knew that we were safe. The scheme is successful because of its very simplicity. We are to go ahead in our normal ways. There is to be no variation whatsoever in our way of living. In a year we will marry. A year from then I will get a position somewhere else. And then—and not until then—will we begin to make use of the money which we got to-day. We're safe."

"From the law—yes. But not from ourselves."

"Harping on conscience again?"

"Yes."

"Pff! I have no conscience, no fear of the intangible."

She sighed. "I must agree with you, dear. I've gone too far not to. But I wonder—whether it's worth the price."

He laughed harshly and the car leaped ahead as his finger caressed the gas lever.

"It's fortunate, Phyllis, that I'm practical. The thing that counts in this world is what you have—not how you got it."

They returned to the girl's boarding house at eleven o'clock, stood chatting for a while on the front porch. Cliff wondered whether the man who must be shadowing him was witness to the tableau. He knew that the man must have been bewildered and apprehensive when they went off for a ride together—and pleased by their return. He fancied he could discern the person lolling in the shadows of the big oak across the street. He swung down the steps, whistling jauntily.

Phyllis slept not at all that night. Cliff, serene and untroubled, slumbered heavily. For two years he had planned this thing,

had surveyed it from every angle. He made an intensive personal study of men with whom he would have to d Of Robert Warren, the president; of G Jenkins, the cashier; of each membe the board of directors. He had stu their mental processes, had deliber built up their confidence in him and hi tegrity. He had known in advance Warren would do just about as he had and that his opinion would sway the b of directors. He knew that the ma would be hushed up and that the invest tion would be conducted with the most secrecy. He knew that detectives w appear the following morning, would main there for some time—and that would find nothing. He knew that eve ally the conclusion would be reached there had been, in fact, no robbery a but that the hundred thousand dollars never reached the bank vaults.

He would be watched carefully for month, two, three. Then the matter w be filed away as an unsolved myst Above everything, the bank was not sirous of a scandal. In the absence sufficient evidence to convict they'd pe him his freedom. And the perfect norm of his life would convince them spee that he was free from guilt.

He reached the bank the following m ing at precisely his regular time, not a ute early or a minute late. He held a b conference with the three assistant pay tellers and apportioned to each his quot cash from the vault, which was a part of individual cage. Then quite phlegmatic he answered a summons to the office of president. And as he entered the door recognized in the three strangers who fa him the detectives.

Cliff was somewhat amused. He in that the glances they bestowed upon were surcharged with deep and dark picion. Money had disappeared from cage of the chief paying teller; ergo, chief paying teller had stolen it. The start out on that theory—and butt th heads against a stone wall. He reali that Robert Warren was talking, that was being introduced.

"The detectives; this is Mr. Peter Jam son, representing the bonding compa And Mr. Carl Burton, of the Banke Protective Association." He hesitated moment as he turned toward the thi stranger. Then: "This other gentleman also here to represent the Bankers' Prot tive Association. Mr. Wallace, Mr. Ha vey—Mr. James Hanvey."

Cliff started visibly. Jim Hanvey! He heard of the man—a detective with an viable reputation. But he had envision Jim Hanvey as a person tall and sinew and with a saturnine face and deep-s flashing eyes. This man ——

The hand which the great detective tended to him was limp and clammy, t man himself utterly negative. He was large man, true; but his shoulders we rounded and from them the coat of h cheap ready-made tweed suit hung like smoking jacket. Above a thick red nec rose the head—huge, fat, shapeless. Thr floppy chins, an apoplectic expression, wide, loose-lipped mouth. And eyes —

Those eyes fascinated Wallace, not be cause they were marvelous eyes but b cause he could not reconcile himself to th fact that they were capable of seeing any thing. They were large eyes, and roun like a baby's. In color they were a passiv gray—fishlike. They rested on Wallace's their hands met, and then the lids close slowly over them like a film, rising just a deliberately. It was more an ocular yaw than a blinking of eyes. Cliff felt within him a contempt for the man, instant and instinctive, then pulled himself together with a jerk. He knew that would never do Jim Hanvey bore an international reputa tion, such a one as could not be attained through inefficiency.

Jamieson was nearer Cliff's conception of an efficient detective. Medium build, dap per, dynamic, with blazing eyes and a competent manner. He liked Jamieson, knew that he would know how to cope with him. Jamieson was a practical detective, and Jamieson was there in the rôle of a friend. It was most decidedly to the interest of the bonding company to establish his inno cence. Burton, too, radiated efficiency. He was tall and broad and had deep-set brown

(Continued on Page 72)

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The vital instant

in a motor comes when compression is complete, piston at top and spark fires. Every ounce of traction delivered to the rear wheels results from the action of the gas at that vital instant. Upon the degree of volatility of the gasoline depends the translation of every molecule into maximum energy at that vital instant.

TEXACO GASOLINE

THE *VOLATILE* GAS

(Volatility is the readiness with which gasoline gives up its power)

The high volatility of Texaco Gasoline comes into evidence in many ways; perhaps most unmistakably in the congestion of city traffic, where its delivery of quick impulse in response to the accelerator is sure to be observed and appreciated.

Texaco Motor Oils are heavy-body lubricants and are distinguished by their clear pale color. Light, medium, heavy and extra-heavy—they fit all cars and all conditions. You will find them wherever you see the Texaco red star*.

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*In ten years the consumption of Texaco Lubricating Oils has increased from 300,000 gallons per month to 7,500,000 gallons per month.

TEXACO

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To Soda Fountain Customers:

Here's *Real* Lemonad Delicious-Refreshing



And You See It Mad before your eyes on this Machir

You want real *fresh fruit* lemonade genuine old-fashioned kind.

Here's proof that you're getting it—ar cient and sanitary machine that makes i few seconds.

The dispenser presses the halved fruit t swiftly revolving extracting bulb and the rich juice gushes into your waiting glass.

You sense the natural fresh fruit ar There's no mistake about *this* lemonade.

It's the real old-fashioned kind—the you want. You see the machine produce

And there's no other refreshment that equals this classic beverage.

Simply seek the stores that use the Su Juice Extractor, and you will get *your lemonade.*

Sunkist Ju

You will want one when you see it work

The Sunkist Extractor is a trade magnet, a business builder, a sales creator, not only for your fountain, but your entire store. It does not hurt other fountain business—it increases it. Hundreds of users have told us this.

Apply halved orange or lemon to revolving extracting bulb. The juice instantly gushes into the glass. Revolving at the rate of 2,000 times per minute, the bulb extracts every last drop of the juice. Juice never touches operator's hands.

The solid china juice-bowl is guaranteed to be absolutely acid proof—not merely acid resistant—but positively acid proof. Bowl and spout are in one piece, and easily removable for rinsing in water—

The extracting bulb not only extracts the juice, but the well. It breaks up and shreds the pulp. Crushes thousa cells, not affected by other extracting methods. Releases of the pure, luscious, natural fruit juice from nature's store

You serve genuine lemonade—made to order from the f before the customer's eyes. All done in a few seconds.

Hundreds of soda fountain owners, now using this Extr seen their lemonade sales increase 1000 per cent, and more, i

California Fruit Growers Exchange *A Non-profit Co-operative Organization of 10,500 Growers*

Department of Fresh Fruit Drinks Section 174 **154** Wh

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To Soda Fountain Owners:

his Machine

Vas $102.50 ——

ow $47.50 with terms

12.75 cash, *ACTUAL COST* to alifornia Fruit Growers Exchange.

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cing in large quan-tting out manufac-ts and extra selling *re more than cut the in half.*

icient machine, once *sells for $47.50 on*

first actual-cost offer, know, ever made to

at actual cost purely the sale of lemon-ngeade.

re interested only in he use of *lemons* and view of our increas-

dvantage in the ma-fore is entirely your

gain—a wonderfully efficient hundred-dollar machine, gauged by all ordinary standards, for only $47.50, and even less for cash.

Don't miss the opportunity. Order yours at once to be sure of delivery. Orders the first month were multiplied many times over as the result of this new price announcement.

As our production plans permit the manufacture of only 5000 machines this year, only one fountain in twenty can be supplied. Send your order today and be sure of shipment at time you specify.

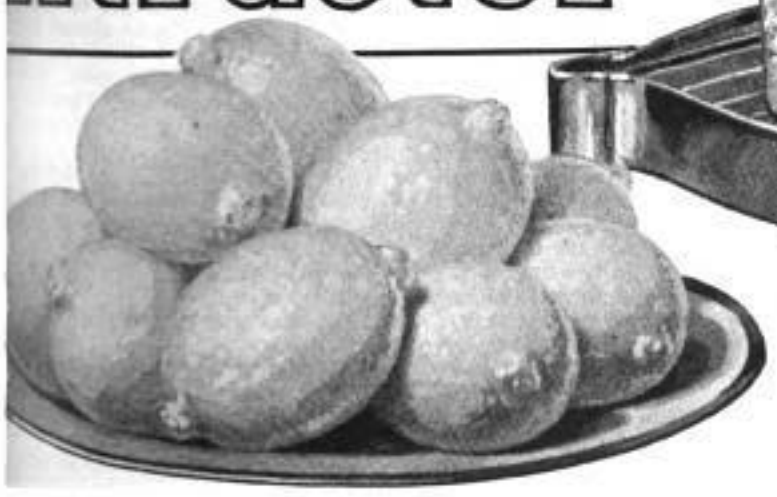
The coupon brings further information or a machine. Mark it now and send it. Be the first, if there is no machine now in your neighborhood, to make real lemonade in this new, quick way.



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- Cutting Board
- Special Sunkist Advertising Material

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, Chicago, Ill.

Be Sure of Yours—Mail This

California Fruit Growers Exchange,
Dept. of Fresh Fruit Drinks, Section 174
154 Whiting St., Chicago, Ill.

_____ 1922
(Date)

Ship _____ Express Prepaid _____
(When) *(Quantity)*

Sunkist Fruit Juice Extractors, upon terms checked below:
(Check terms desired or simply "Send me further information.")

☐ **$47.50 for each Extractor, in payments as follows:**
$10.00 in 10 days from date of shipment.
$10.00 in 30 days from date of shipment.
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Title to remain in California Fruit Growers Exchange until fully paid for.

Less 10% for Cash

☐ **$42.75 Net, for each Extractor.**

☐ **Before I purchase I should like further information.**

When ordering specify kind of current _____
(Direct or
_____ Voltage _____ Cycles _____
Alternating)
The above information can be secured from your electric light company.

Name _____

Street No. _____

City _____ **State** _____

Write any questions in margin below.

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$1000.00 in prizes



What is she saying?

THERE is no fixed answer to guess! Your idea of what this woman is saying may be the prize winner! What is she saying to the clerk that is making him turn to Sealpax?

Study the picture—study the facts about Sealpax below. Then, write your answer in not more than twenty words and send it to the Prize Department, The Sealpax Company, Baltimore, Md. Competent neutral judges will award prizes. Contest closes July 29th, 1922. And winners will be announced in The Saturday Evening Post, October 28th, 1922.

Best answer	$500
Second Prize	$200
Third Prize	$100
Fourth Prize	$50
Next Best Five	$15
Next Best Five	$10
Next Best Five	$5
Next Fifty (each)	one suit of Sealpax

(In event of a tie for any prize offered the full amount of such prize will be awarded to each tying contestant.)

Sealpax
Athletic Underwear

THERE are men all through the country who do not have to read about Sealpax to know what the customer in the contest picture is saying about it. They *wear* it! They *know* that wonderful free-and-easy Sealpax comfort—that light-and-breezy Sealpax coolness!

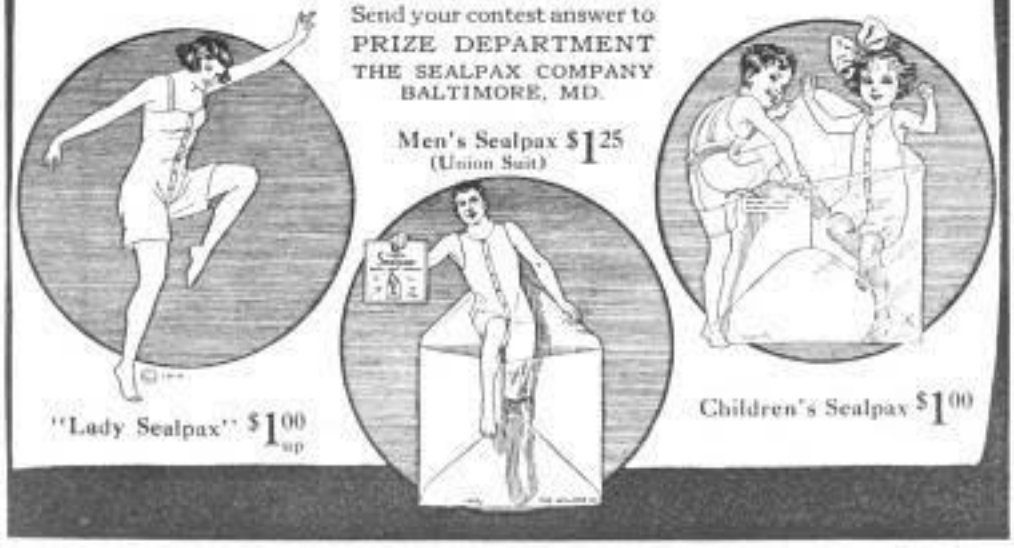
Why don't you slip into Sealpax and treat yourself to a new summer comfort? The snug athletic cut—the cool fabric—webbed shoulders and wide roomy legs—are a revelation in underwear comfort.

You begin to appreciate Sealpax when you buy it—because it comes to you packed in a sealed sanitary envelope, crisp and clean as driven snow.

Women and children may also enjoy the cool comfort of Sealpax. "Lady Sealpax" for women is "Just as Comfortable as Brother's" athletic underwear—just as dainty as a woman could wish it to be. "Little Brother" and "Little Sister" Sealpax bring "Dad's Comfort to Dad's Kids"—cool, comfortable athletic underwear for children, reinforced to wear long and well.

Sealpax for all the family—sold everywhere!

Send your contest answer to
PRIZE DEPARTMENT
THE SEALPAX COMPANY
BALTIMORE, MD.



(Continued from Page 68)

eyes which looked out keenly from under heavy lashes. He was there to convict, but Cliff did not fear him. Burton, like Jamieson, was too normal a man to inspire apprehension. But Hanvey, Hanvey of the slow-blinking, fishy eyes—Hanvey was a disturbing quantity. Cliff didn't like Hanvey.

Hanvey was speaking. Cliff noted that the others deferred to the ponderous, uninspired-looking individual.

"H'm! You're the paying teller, Mr. Wallace?"

"Yes, sir."

"Kind of funny—the hundred thousand gettin' lost thataway, wasn't it?"

Cliff was annoyed. The man wasn't even grammatical.

"Rather peculiar—yes."

"Ain't got any idea how it happened, have you?"

"No."

"No chance of anyone sort of slippin' an arm through the cage window and grabbin' it, huh?"

Bah! the man was an idiot.

"Hardly that."

"Kinder makes us believe that it must have been done by somebody inside the cage. Ain't that so?"

"That is the obvious conclusion."

"Well, now—so it is. So it is." Hanvey produced a golden toothpick, which he regarded fondly. "Awful funny thing how money gits to go thisaway. Awful funny. Ain't it, Jamieson?"

"Yes—yes indeed." Cliff glanced curiously at the competent Jamieson. He fancied that Jamieson would appear annoyed by Hanvey's cumbersomeness. But instead he saw the two other detectives hanging worshipfully upon Hanvey's words.

Peculiar—it was impossible that Hanvey possessed keen intelligence. And yet ——

Hanvey nodded heavily. "That's all, Mr. Wallace. I reckon that's about all I need from you."

All? It was nothing—less than nothing. One or two absurd, meaningless questions; a ridiculous voicing of the thought that someone might have stolen a hundred thousand dollars in currency from under his very eyes. And Jim Hanvey was reputed to be a great detective.

Cliff Wallace was bothered. The very somnolent heaviness of Jim Hanvey begot apprehension. He had no idea how to cope with it. The man was too utterly guileless, too awkward of manner. His ponderous indifference must cloak a keen, perceptive brain. Jamieson and Burton—well, Cliff knew just what they were thinking. He'd always know what they were thinking. But Hanvey—never. He didn't even know that Hanvey was thinking. He was an element which the paying teller had not foreseen. Frank suspicion was easy to combat. Through his head there flashed the shibboleth of the Bankers' Protective Association: "We get a man if it takes a lifetime—even though he has stolen only a dollar. It's the principle of the thing."

He shook off the thought of Jim Hanvey, but throughout the day watched the ponderous, big-jowled man lumber about the lobby and through the cages, those great fishy eyes blinking with a deliberation which reminded him of a man making physical effort to remain awake. Occasionally Cliff looked up to find the glassy eyes staring at him through the bars of his cage, the detective's unpressed tweed suit against the marble shelf. His eyes would flash into those of the detective, then would come that interminably slow blinking, and Hanvey would move away apologetically. Once Wallace shivered.

That was the beginning. Hanvey during the days that followed did absolutely nothing. Jamieson and Burton, on the other hand, worked busily and thoroughly. They pored over the list of customers for whom checks had been cashed on the day of the money's disappearance. And finally they came to the pay-roll check of Sanford Jones & Co. They called Cliff into conference with them, Burton doing the questioning.

"Who presented the Jones company check, Mr. Wallace?"

Cliff steeled himself to impassivity. "Miss Phyllis Robinson."

"You are acquainted with her?"

"Yes. We happen to be secretly engaged."

"Ah-h!" Cliff saw a meaningful look pass between the two detectives. "Your fiancée?"

"Yes."

"Did you personally cash her ch day?"

"Yes."

"You are positive about that?"

"Yes. I cash all of the pay-roll and besides, I remember talking while she was at the window."

The detectives nodded at each ot Cliff was dismissed. Immediately J and Burton checked up the mover Phyllis Robinson on that particul They learned that she had cas company's pay-roll check as usual she had been absent from the offic short time. Yes, the puzzled cas positive of that—he remembered particularly that she'd hardly left t before she was back with the mo answer to their query as to whet had time to stop somewhere en rou office from the bank, the little ma nantly protested that he recalled e tail of the morning and that she possibly have done so. "I never k to get back so quick before, and sh was one to loiter."

So much for that. The girl h doubtedly gone straight from the her office. The Jones cashier insist she delivered the satchel to him per Jamieson and Burton then visited th of the city and its suburbs. Th National was the largest in the distr they went meticulously down the the order of importance. At the Cit they were informed that Phyllis R rented a safety-deposit box. An ins of her card disclosed the fact that not visited the box in two months had she a box at any other bank. had Cliff Wallace.

News of the investigation, receiv the puzzled cashier, via the frig Phyllis, elated Cliff. He was deligh know that the two detectives were s and supremely confident that they discover nothing.

But Hanvey did nothing. All da he lounged about the lobby or sat of the cages with his feet propped shelf, surrounding himself with a h rancid cigar smoke. And always blank, stupid eyes were turned up cage of the chief paying teller—bli blinking.

Wallace did not vary a hair's h from the established routine of his life. He breakfasted at his usual pl the usual hour, snatched a lunch as h always been in the habit of doing, at his favorite cafeteria, called upon lis Robinson in the evenings and walked with her or took her riding little car.

On Thursday he drew his monthl check—two hundred and fifty dollars hundred dollars of it he immediate posited to his own credit in a savin count. He had done this for years.

On Friday he received a shock. It light pay-roll day—not more than a ter million dollars had been set asi the pay rolls. In the line was Ph satchel in hand. He greeted her as counted the packages of bills and re silver. And then, as he unlocked the window of his cage to return to he satchel, he visioned the ponderous figu Jim Hanvey lolling indifferently ove shelf; round idiotic eyes fixed unsee upon him. Fear flashed into Cliff's and the color receded from his ch What was the significance of that? it possible —— With an almost hyste gesture he slammed shut the win Hanvey's eyes blinked once, slowly second time, more slowly. Then he m heavily away, playing with his gold to pick.

That night as Cliff was driving Phyllis in the country—"That was H vey standing by the window to-day I cashed your pay-roll check."

The girl shuddered. "Ugh! He's ho Like a jellyfish."

"I wonder why he did that? He's n done it before."

"Did what?"

"Hung over the counter while I cashing your pay-roll check. I wonde he suspects ——"

"That man! He looks like an imbecil

"Looks like, yes. But he is supposed be a great detective."

"It's impossible."

"He's getting on my nerves, Phyllis. can't help but believe that he suspe something. At times I feel a contempt his obtuseness. Then I know that I

(Continued on Page 75)

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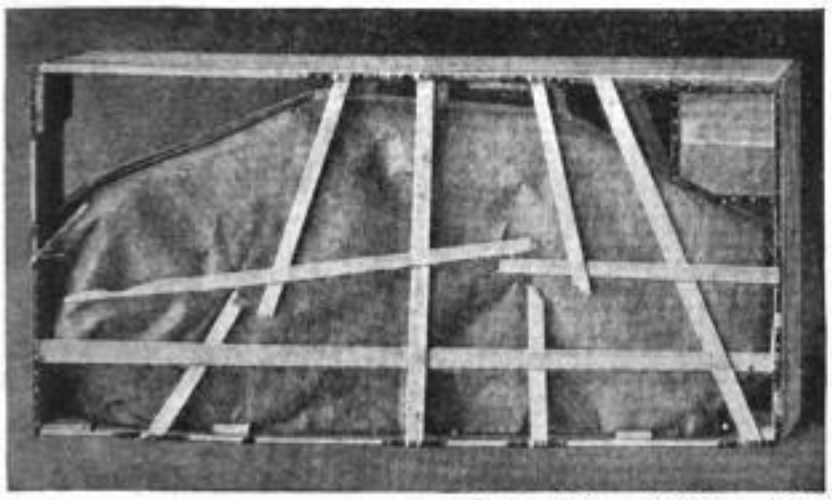


Photo by Underwood & Underwood, N.Y.

THROUGHOUT South America there persists a saying: "Good packing, bad packing, and then American packing." Who can estimate the damage done to American export trade by such a reflection!

This crate is a striking example of slipshod packing of goods for foreign shipment. It shows the condition in which a crated motorcycle reached an American port presumably ready for export. The manufacturer saved lumber and nails in making this crate. In order to save the motorcycle the forwarding agents had to rebuild the crate before it could be loaded into the ship.

A single shipment received in damaged condition may destroy the good will assets of a shipper or may injure the trade relations of a whole nation.

And for every needless damage, somebody pays—usually the consumer, through higher prices and transportation costs.

Do American Shippers Pay Sufficient Attention to the Packing of Their Goods?

TAKE a walk into a freight house and look at the crates that are expected to deliver merchandise safely to customers a hundred or a thousand miles away.

Too much lumber in one crate; too little in another; weak corner construction; lack of bracing; too few nails or nails of the wrong size, some too small to hold, others so large that they split the wood; nails driven into end grain and consequently of little holding power; insufficient protection for contents; contents not properly braced—these are the most obvious weaknesses in the crates of average American shippers today.

Weaknesses, too, that in large measure account for the enormous losses in damaged goods that the American people each year are obliged to pay.

SHIPPERS who have looked into this matter of shipping containers are securing startling results. They find that the elimination of damage claims and the delivery of goods in uniformly better condition, speeds up collections and increases sales.

In some instances, too, large savings have been effected through proper crate construction.

One manufacturer is saving 350,000 feet of lumber annually and has cut his shipping weights over a million pounds. Another saved $30,000 in materials, labor and water transportation through redesigning the container for a single product.

PROPER crate construction is no longer a matter of guesswork, but is based on definite engineering principles now thoroughly established by the experience, observation and experiment of the U. S. Forest Products Laboratory, the railroads, and many large shippers as well.

The Weyerhaeuser organization has for years been at work on this problem—collecting and analyzing the facts, so that every foot of lumber it sells for crating purposes will deliver 100% service and at the same time effect the greatest saving for the shipper.

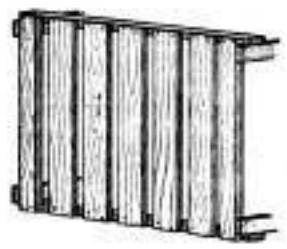
As a result, this organization now offers to the industrial user of crating lumber the services of a crating engineer who, without cost to you, will come into your plant, check up your crates, and, with the cooperation of your shipping department redesign your shipping containers to fit in each case the products to be packed.

Lumber is the standard material for shipping containers. For this purpose this organization offers to factory and industrial buyers, from its fifteen distributing points, ten different kinds of lumber of uniform quality and in quantities adequate to any shipper's needs.

A BOOKLET outlining the principles of crate construction and explaining the personal service of Weyerhaeuser engineers will be sent on request to manufacturers who use crating lumber.

Weyerhaeuser Forest Products are distributed through the established trade channels by the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company, Spokane, Washington, with branch offices at 208 So. La Salle St., Chicago; 1015 Lexington Bldg., Baltimore; and 4th and Robert Sts., St. Paul; and with representatives throughout the country.

MERELY adding more lumber to a crate does not necessarily increase its strength. Much more important is the manner in which it is used. The construction shown above could easily be thrown out of plumb if dropped on to one of its corners. Likewise such a crate might so lose its rigidity, as a result of rough handling and the weaving action of a freight car in motion, as to force the contents to bear the weight of any objects that might be loaded on top of it.



In the illustration below, correct construction has saved a considerable amount of lumber. Properly applied diagonal bracing prevents the distortion and racking of a crate frame and renders the contents immune to the damage often resulting from the friction between crate members and contents. Proper crate design in all cases recognizes transportation hazards and, through least material properly applied, protects against them.



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© Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

Fifth Avenue looking north, showing one of the new towers to control traffic



Traffic has trebled in five years—

A way to prevent this from becoming an increasing menace to motorists

ALMOST three times as many cars crowding the streets and roads today as in 1916—9,500,000 as compared with 3,500,000.

On Fifth Avenue, New York, a system of control by towers and lights has been installed to meet this alarming increase in traffic. Between 34th and 59th Streets all Avenue traffic moves and halts at the same time.

It has become imperative everywhere that precautions be taken to prevent accidents from increasing traffic.

Tests which the San Francisco Police have conducted revealed the startling fact that *the brakes of every fourth car are in dangerous condition.*

Don't let any emergency find your car with faulty brakes. The chart at the right shows how quickly you *should* be able to stop. *Have your brakes inspected regularly by your garage man.*

Perhaps you need new brake lining. Ordinary woven lining wears down quickly and unevenly—it may fail unexpectedly. It grabs and slips after the first few hundred miles. You can never be *sure* that your brakes will hold.

40% more material—hydraulic compressed

To overcome these faults of ordinary brake lining, Thermoid Hydraulic Compressed Brake Lining has been perfected. It maintains its gripping power even when worn as thin as cardboard.

40% more material than can be put into ordinary brake lining is compressed under *hydraulic pressure* of 2,000 pounds into a tight, close-textured mass. Each layer of material in Thermoid is *Grapnalized*. This exclusive process makes it oilproof and waterproof. Brakes lined with Thermoid can never grab or slip.

Because of its unfailing efficiency, the manufacturers of 50 of the leading cars and trucks use Thermoid.

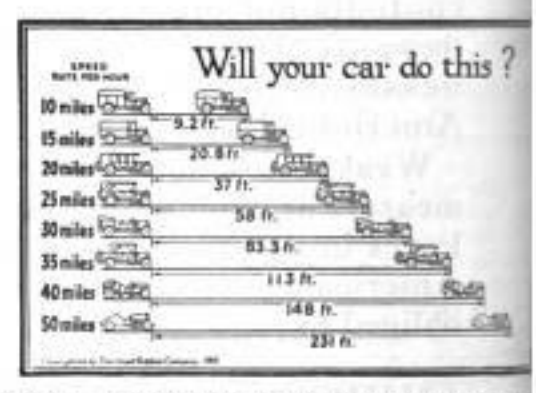
Don't take any more chances with faulty brakes. **Next time you need new brake lining, specify Thermoid.**

Write for "The Dangers of Faulty Brakes," the first complete publication on the subject ever published. Sent free.

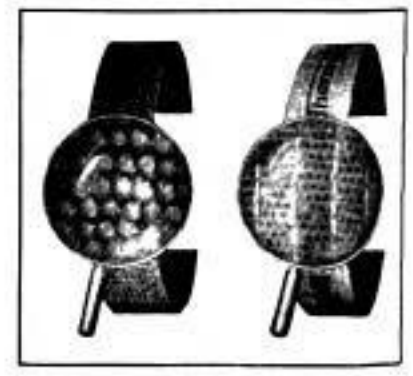
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Famous Thermoid Standard Chart of stopping distances, now approved by Police Officials and Automotive Engineers. Chart shows distances in which cars should stop if brakes are efficient. Brakes lined with Thermoid meet these standards.



Ordinary woven lining

Notice the loosely woven texture.

Wears down quickly and unevenly.

Loses its gripping power as it wears.

Thermoid Brake Lining

Hydraulic Compressed.

Notice the compact texture.

Wears down slowly. Gives uniform gripping surface until worn wafer thin.

Thermoid Brake Lining

Hydraulic Compressed

Makers of "Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joints" and "Thermoid Crolide Compound Tires"

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(Continued from Page 72)

g. He couldn't be what he is and be ool he looks. And he doesn't do any- g. He's never questioned me. He's r questioned anyone. He just sits and watches and watches—like— a Buddha."

r did the weeks which followed alter situation. Jamieson reported to the officials that in his opinion there had no robbery. Burton concurred. They arrived at the definite conclusion that money had never reached the bank. swer to Cliff's statement that it had, admitted that Cliff believed so—but n error. Cliff refused to be convinced, thus established more firmly than ever eir minds the fact that he was innocent mplicity in the crime. It was the y of Jamieson and Burton that in ing the unusually large amount of from the district Federal Reserve to meet the heavy pay rolls of that cular day, a miscount had been made e sending source and the checking up he Third National had been faulty. , the accounts of the Federal Reserve showed no surplus of one hundred sand dollars, but both Jamieson and on were optimistic that it would even- y come to light.

iff Wallace knew that he had been essful. No hint of suspicion had fallen him. The worst that had been said nst him was that he had been careless unting the money as it came into his ts. He was sorrowful about that—os- atiously so, just as he would normally exhibited grief at any suggestion of in- iency. The bank officials did not blame . Most of them had climbed the ladder dy and they were familiar with the ging routine of the paying teller's cage, inevitable liability to error. Undoubt- , they thought, the money would ap- eventually. It was absurd to doubt ford Wallace. Two detectives had lowed him meticulously. The orderly tence of the chief paying teller was un- ed. He went his way serenely.

'o Wallace it seemed more than worth trouble. Lying in the vaults of the y Trust was one hundred thousand dol- in cash, an amount sufficient to yield en thousand income invested with mod- te acumen. That meant leisure and e for himself and Phyllis through life. did not want anything more. He knew t he would never again be tempted to ne; not that he was morally opposed it, but because it wasn't worth the ger.

One hundred thousand dollars was ade- ate to their needs. He had planned this ng for two years. Now it had been cked successfully.

If it only wasn't for Jim Hanvey, those le-staring eyes. He couldn't get away m those eyes, from the insolent indolence the man, his apparent indifference to the stery he was supposed to be solving. l day he lounged around the bank; ig- rant, bunglesome, awkward, inactive. He spected no books, asked no questions, ex- bited no suspicion of Cliff Wallace. Yet iff felt those inhuman eyes focused upon m at all times. And that incident of anvey's presence at the cage when he shed Phyllis' pay-roll check—that was ught with deep significance.

"He suspects me," proclaimed the pay- g teller furiously to his accomplice. "He nows that I did it and is just trying to nd out how."

She held his hand between both of hers. I'm afraid, Cliff. Horribly afraid."

"If he'd only say something! I wish e'd arrest me."

"Cliff!"

"I mean it. If he'd arrest me they'd rosecute, and they couldn't possibly con- ict. They haven't a thing on me. I'd be equitted in jig time. Then he could go to he devil—Hanvey and those fish eyes of is. I'd be safe then—even if they found ut later that I had done it."

"You mean that you couldn't be tried wice for the same offense?"

"That's it."

"Then why not induce them to—to prosecute?"

He shook his head. "I can't. I've tried it, but old Warren and Garet Jenkins are convinced that I'm innocent. Jamieson and Burton both believe the money never got to the bank. And Hanvey just sits around like a hoot owl at noon and does nothing. It's Hanvey I'm afraid of. He knows! The only thing he doesn't know is how!"

Two more weeks passed. Wallace's hope that Hanvey would depart proved ill-founded. The big, awkward man was there at eight o'clock every morning, and there he remained until the books were closed at night. He spoke to nobody save in the most casual way. Every other employe of the bank came to take him for granted. They were interested in him at first, but later accepted him as they accepted the marble pillars which stubbed the lobby. He was big and lumbering and uncouth, and gradually they forgot his reputation as a bank detective.

But Clifford Wallace did not forget. In his eyes there had been born a hunted, haunted look. Hanvey's flabby, rather coarse face had a hypnotic effect upon him. He found himself wondering what obliquitous course this man was pursuing, what method there might be in his madness of inactivity. He felt like an ill man who finds himself daily in the room with a coffin. Hanvey's stolid demeanor generated an association of ideas that was irresistibly horrible.

It was obvious that Hanvey suspected something, someone; equally plain that he did not suspect anyone else in that bank. It must be, then, that he did suspect Cliff. And then he commenced visiting Cliff's cage.

He did it only a few times. His manner was friendly, almost apologetic. But he had a mean insinuating way of appearing at the cage door and rattling the knob. Cliff would whirl and find those dull inhuman eyes blinking slowly at him.

"Can I come in, Mr. Wallace?" And then once inside the cage: "Jest wanted to pass the time of day with you."

Invariably, then, the same formula. A browsing around the tiny cage. A peeping into the money-stocked vault of the paying teller. "Gosh! That's a heap of money."

"Yes." Cliff found himself on edge when Hanvey was in his cage.

"Never knew there was that much money in the world."

Damn the man! Always obvious in his speech.

"Didn't you?"

"Nope. Sure didn't."

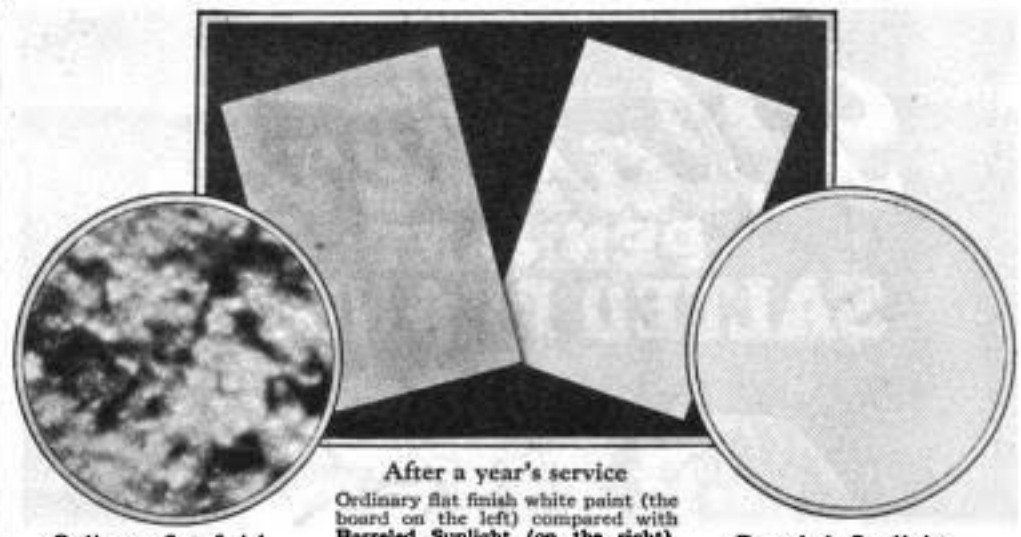
Hanvey never mentioned the robbery. His indifference must be studied; all part of a net-spreading process. Cliff was frightened. He recalled the adage that a detective can err a thousand times and yet win; the criminal cannot afford to slip once. He regulated his daily life scrupulously. At the end of another month he again deposited his regular amount of savings. He saw to it that Phyllis did the same. But the strain was telling on him. His appetite had gone, dark circles appeared under his eyes. He wished daily that he'd be summoned into Warren's office to face the thing out with Jim Hanvey. He knew they couldn't convict, that they didn't have a thing against him. Even the box in which reposed their hundred thousand dollars stood in the name of Mrs. Harriet Dare, Phyllis' dead sister. Before her death Phyllis had been authorized in writing to be permitted to the box. Cliff had taken care that the box remained in the name of the estimable and defunct lady.

He became moody and depressed, obsessed with speculation as to what was happening behind the bovinely expressionless face of the detective. The man's countenance was blank, but Cliff was no fool—he knew that it masked an alert mind. True, he'd seen no indication of that alertness, but he knew that it must be so. And Hanvey's inactivity was telltale. Hanvey knew that he had done it, and was waiting with oxlike patience to discover how.

Sooner or later he'd learn. How, Cliff didn't know. But no scheme is so perfect that it can stand the test of unflagging and unceasing surveillance. And when he did learn—Cliff shuddered. He knew full well what they did to crooked bank employes. Robert Warren would be hard in such a situation—very hard, merciless.

Then came another big pay-roll day, and Phyllis' weekly visit with the modest check from her firm. This time Hanvey fell into line behind her. Cliff saw him coming, and his face blanched. Phyllis noticing his pallor turned and stared into the expressionless countenance of the big unkempt detective. The color receded from her cheeks, too, and her hand trembled visibly as she shoved her satchel through the little window of Cliff's cage.

His fingers were trembling as he counted the money. He chatted with Phyllis, the effort being visible and unnatural.



Ordinary flat finish white paint, highly magnified.

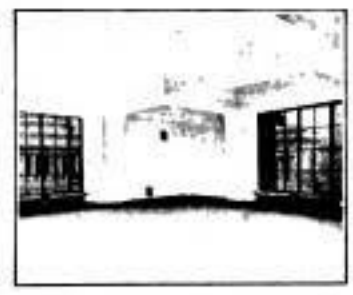
After a year's service

Ordinary flat finish white paint (the board on the left) compared with Barreled Sunlight (on the right). The accompanying photographs taken under the microscope show why one collected dirt while the other remained white.

Barreled Sunlight, magnified to same degree.

Find out now through the microscope

How the white paint you buy will look after a year's service



Massachusetts Institute of Technology. *Barreled Sunlight was selected by the world's greatest technical institution for use in its own buildings.*



Grinnell Plant.
The interior of this well-known fire extinguisher plant is painted with Barreled Sunlight.



Barreled Sunlight *has made walls and woodwork in this kitchen white and washable as tile.*

"Save the surface and you save all"

All white paint looks well when first applied. How will it look when it has been on walls or woodwork six months or a year?

That is the question you should answer in selecting your interior white paint.

Taken under the microscope the photograph of ordinary flat finish white paint above shows with startling clearness why most white walls and woodwork collect dirt.

The surface of such paint is seen to be actually rough and porous to an astonishing degree. In this surface dirt and dust catch readily—and stick. A permanently soiled, spotty finish soon results.

Notice in the circle on the right, the photograph of Barreled Sunlight. Seen even through this powerful lens it is smooth and unbroken!

That is why Barreled Sunlight resists all forms of dirt. It offers no lodging place for the tiny dust particles. Smudges cannot sink in. It can be washed clean like tile—even after years of service.

Barreled Sunlight is being used today in buildings of every description—apartment houses, office buildings, stores, hotels, industrial plants, etc. Ideal also for woodwork throughout the house and for the walls of bathroom, kitchen, laundry, etc.

Made by the exclusive Rice Process, Barreled Sunlight is guaranteed to remain white longer than any gloss paint or enamel applied under the same conditions. Easy to apply. Flows readily and leaves no brush marks. Comes ready mixed in cans from half-pint to five-gallon size—barrels and half-barrels.

'If your dealer does not carry Barreled Sunlight communicate with us for name of nearest distributor.

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Barreled Sunlight

The Rice Process White

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Planters
PENNANT SALTED PEANUTS



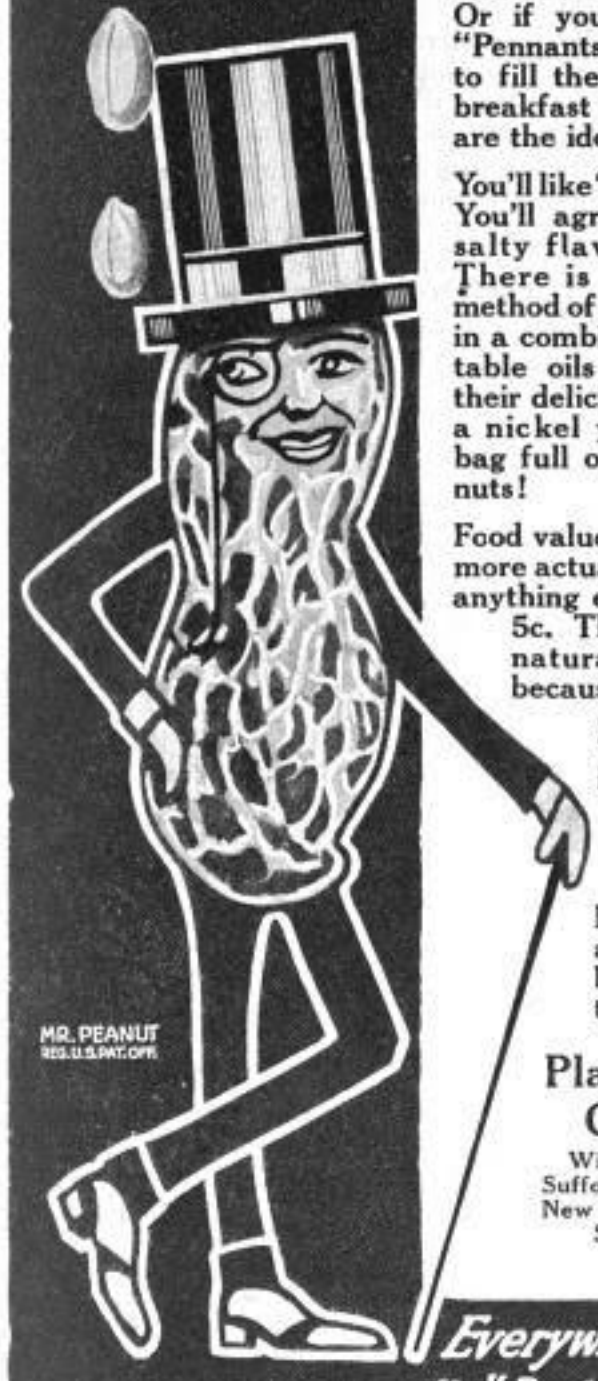
Eat "Planters Pennant Salted Peanuts"—

chase away that "hungry feeling". At the office in the forenoon, when you just can't wait for lunch-time, satisfy your craving for a bite with "Planters Pennants." Or if you miss your lunch, "Pennants" are just the thing to fill the long gap between breakfast and supper. They are the ideal "desk-lunch".

You'll like "Planters Pennants"! You'll agree that their crisp, salty flavor can't be beat. There is a very particular method of roasting "Pennants" in a combination of rich vegetable oils that accounts for their delicious flavor. And for a nickel you get a glassine bag full of these big selected nuts!

Food value? "Pennants" have more actual nourishment than anything else you can buy for 5c. They're an actual and natural aid to digestion because of their high oil content. A 5c bag of "Planters Pennants" is as rich as a slice of roast beef—250 calories by actual test.

Buy "Pennants" anywhere—5c a bag—eat them any time.



Planters Nut and Chocolate Co.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Suffolk, Va. Chicago
New York Boston
San Francisco

5¢

Everywhere in the "Red Pennant Bags"

Eat them daily *for* hunger *and* health

The girl moved away and Hanvey looked after her trim blue-suited figure. Then he turned his froglike eyes back to Cliff Wallace and blinked in that maddening way of his.

"Durned pretty girl."

"Yes." He was short, nerves ajangle.

"Friend of yours?"

"Yes."

"Awful pretty girl."

Hanvey moved away. Cliff staring after his waddling figure restrained with difficulty an impulse to scream. And when he left the bank that day he did something he had seldom done before in his life—he took a drink of whisky. Then he went to see Phyllis.

He was but a nervous shell of himself when he took her riding that night. He was a victim to nerves. Insomnia had gripped him—insomnia interrupted by a succession of nightmares in which he was hounded by a pair of glassy eyes which blinked slowly, interminably.

"It's all off, Phyllis."

"What do you mean?"

"Hanvey knows I did it. Sooner or later he'll figure out how."

"I thought—to-day—when he hung over the counter ——"

"I'm afraid he's about worked it out. We're near the ragged edge."

She commenced to cry. "Cliff ——"

"Don't weep. It isn't going to do us a bit of good. The man is driving me crazy. I tell you there's only one thing to do."

"And that is ——"

"Confess."

"Oh-h-h!"

He laughed bitterly. "Don't worry. They'll never know you had anything to do with it. You get the money out in the morning. Bring it to me just as it stands—wrapped in brown paper. I'll carry it to old man Warren. I'll offer to solve the mystery and see that the money is returned in exchange for a promise of immunity."

"Will he keep his promise?"

"Absolutely. He's that sort. He'd not prosecute anyway. It would injure the bank's reputation. A bank always prefers to hush up this sort of thing. They prosecute only when it's been very flagrant or when they have to secure a conviction so that the bonding company will be responsible for their loss. So, to-morrow ——"

She rested her head briefly against his shoulder. "You're right, Cliff. And I'll be glad when it's all over. So very, very glad. I've been afraid, dear."

She delivered the money to him at eleven o'clock the following morning. It was Saturday; the bank closed at twelve. He saw the eyes of Jim Hanvey blinking accusingly at him through the morning, and found himself trembling. Suppose Hanvey should accuse him at this moment, when he was on the verge of confession?

Noon. The great doors of the bank were closed. Cliff locked his cage, tucked the brown paper package under his arm and closeted himself with the president. During the walk across the lobby he had felt the horrible knowing eyes of the detective fastened upon him, leechlike.

The scene with Robert Warren developed just as he had anticipated. The president readily promised immunity, the cash was produced and counted. Warren was shocked and genuinely grieved. He was considerate enough to refrain from questioning as to the identity of the accomplice, although Cliff felt that the man knew.

Of course, he said, Cliff could consid himself discharged. The matter wou never become known; the bank sought such notoriety. Mr. Warren trusted th this would be a lesson to Cliff; he w sure that conscience had wrung this co fession from the young man. Cliff act his part adequately.

But all the time his heart was singing. load had been removed. His fear of Ji Hanvey had turned into a deep, passionat personal hatred. He felt that he'd like fasten his fingers in that fat, flabby throa

He swung out of the president's offic The loss of the hundred thousand dolla meant little as against the relief he exper enced in the freedom from fear of tha mesmeric, expressionless eyes. As he steppe into the lobby he felt them fastened upo him.

Cliff couldn't resist the impulse. Pent-u emotion demanded expression in word Cliff knew that he must tell this heav set, slow-moving man that he had be outwitted. He strode across the lobby an pulled up short before the detective.

"Well, Hanvey, you're too late."

The eyelids dropped slowly, then open even more slowly. "Huh?"

"I beat you to it." Cliff was gripped b a moderate hysteria. "I've fixed ever thing—for myself. You don't get a bit glory. And I wanted the satisfaction telling you that I've known from the fir you suspected me."

Jim Hanvey's fishy eyes opened wid then narrowed. His fat fingers fumble awkwardly with the glittering gold toot pick. His demeanor was one of bewilde ment and utter lack of comprehension.

"What you talkin' about, son? Sus pected you of what?"

Cliff felt suddenly cold. There was disquieting ring of truth in the drawlin voice. Was it possible that this hulk of man had not suspected him, that the con fession had been unnecessary? His trem bling hands sought the pudgy shoulder of the detective.

"You've been watching me and my cage haven't you?"

"Sure."

"Well—why?"

The big man's manner was genial friendly. His dull round eyes blinked and his voice dropped discreetly. "Jest between us, son, I reckon there ain't no harm in me explainin'. 'Bout three years ago Spade Gorman, cleverest forger in the country, pulled an awful neat job in Des Moines. Then he dropped outa sight. We ain't heard nothin' of him till Headquarters got the tip he was operatin' in this district. We knew good and well if he was he'd sooner or later try to slip a bum check over on this bank, it bein' the biggest one hereabouts. So as I know Spade pretty well an' personal, they sent me down here to loaf around until he showed up."

Cliff Wallace's hands dropped limply to his sides. It was hard to understand. "Then you weren't even working on my case?"

"No, I wasn't workin' on your case. An' if you went an' confessed anything, you probably done yourself an awful dirty trick. Far as I'm concerned, son, I ain't even been interested in your case since I got an inside tip it had been dropped."

BOOTLEGERDEMAIN

(Continued from Page 15)

lying, half squatting, Dorner wabbled irresolutely, his hand straying again to his hip.

One of the policemen from the Crescent Hill substation loafed into view around a bend of the steep road. Dorner's hand left his hip. The patrolman came bustling up. The sound of his hurrying footsteps made Mackellar glance about. At once the two humans in the bellicose group proceeded to become normal and a trifle sheepish, as is the way of squabblers at sight of the police. Jamie relaxed his hold on Bobby's ruff with a sharp command to the dog to come to heel. Dorner scrambled to his feet and returned busily to his almost completed task of tire changing. The policeman loitered to an inquiring stop alongside the three.

"'Smatter?" he demanded tersely.

"Nothing, sir," spoke up Dorner with cheery friendliness. "This gentleman's dog tried to take a nip at me, but he didn't land. His boss yanked him back and I kind of slipped on—on the grease and sat down. That's all."

As he prattled he watched closely for any possible effect the mystic and slightly emphasized word "grease" might have upon his hearer. But this was a city patrolman, not a rural constable. And as the Greased Road merely skirted Midwestburg, there was no arrangement between the local police, under a new reform administration, and the professional runners of the road. Wherefore the password made no sense at all, and Dorner was glad he had spoken so conciliatingly.

The bluecoat glanced for confirmation at Mackellar, whom he knew. Jamie nodded, his ancestral dread of the law visualizing police courts and a possible magistrate's order for Bobby's execution as a vicious dog.

"That was all, of'cer," said he. "Only this feller misjudged Bobby wrong in thinking

(Continued on Page 79)

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Hitting the nail on the head

HITTING the nail on the head is not a matter of mechanical skill alone; it depends largely upon the hang of the tool. The carpenter, who drives nails constantly, appreciates the "feel" of a perfectly balanced hammer. Of course the carpenter uses a Plumb!

The weight is in a chunk just back of the face—to give you driving power and accuracy. The extra size face makes it easy for you to hit the nail. The Plumb hand-comfort handle is formed to rest in your hand as cozily as a $10 bill—to give you ease and perfect control without the tiring grip necessary on ordinary hammers.

It's true economy to buy the Plumb. "They're worth more" because of Plumb special analysis steel, double forging, by die press and drop hammer; Double Life tempering—hard for service, tough for wear; knife-edged claws that pull any nail; non-rust, hand-forged black finish and handsome mahoganized hickory handle.

Ask your hardware man to show you a Plumb. To see it is to covet it. To swing it is to buy it. Retire that hard-to-use, battered veteran and know the satisfaction that comes with using a Plumb. Price $1.50, except in Far West and in Canada.

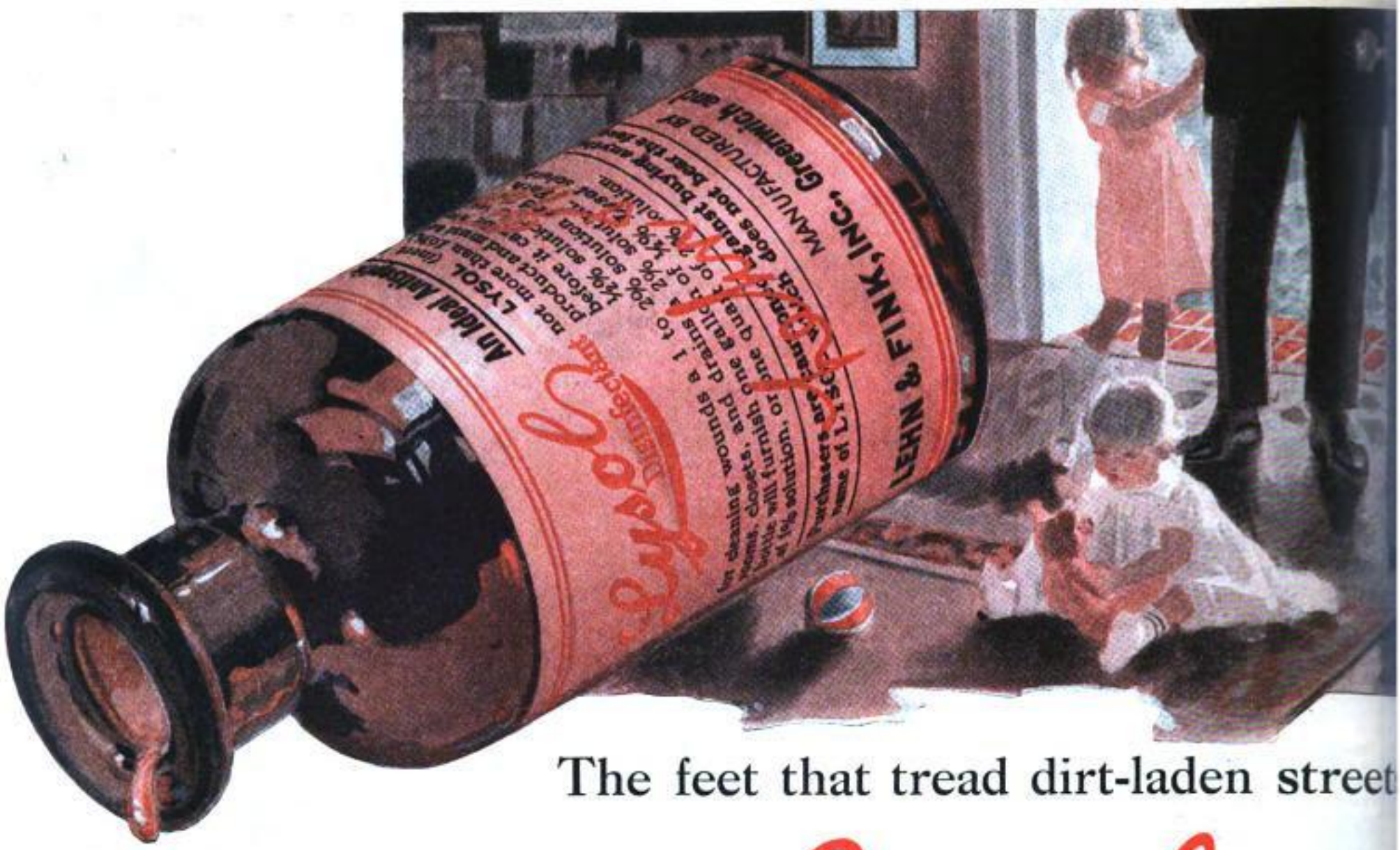
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Kills Germs

Streets are breeding-places for germs of all sorts of contagious disease.

The same shoes that tread germ-laden streets enter your home and walk the floors of your rooms. In this way, millions of disease germs are tracked into your home every day.

Whether these germs will spread and perhaps inflict sickness on someone in your family, or whether they will be killed by disinfection—is a matter that rests with you.

Proper disinfection kills germs. It also checks the breeding of germs.

If your floors were cleaned once a week with water that contains a little "Lysol" Disinfectant, they would be kept safely free from germ life. "Lysol" Disinfectant is a soapy substance that helps to clean as it disinfects.

A few drops of "Lysol" Disinfectant, mixed with water, should be poured frequently into your sinks, toilet, drain-pipes, garbage-pails, tubs. Such places also breed disease germs. A 50c bottle makes 5 gallons of germ-killing solution. A 25c bottle makes 2 gallons.

"Lysol" Disinfectant is also invaluable for personal hygiene.



Send for free samples of other Lysol products

You can purchase a 25c bottle of "Lysol" Disinfectant for trial purposes at any drug store. We shall be glad to mail you free samples of the other Lysol products.

Shall we send a sample of "Lysol" Shaving Cream for the men folks? Protects the health of the skin. Renders small cuts aseptically clean. We will also include a sample of "Lysol" Toilet Soap. Refreshingly soothing, healing and helpful for improving the skin.

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(Continued from Page 76)

dog tried to hurt him. It was only bby's play, sir."

the patrolman not only knew Jamie, knew Jamie was kennel manager for gust Rufus G. Belden, a magnate lightest word in the right quarters metimes sufficed to make or mar a an's record. Urbanely he smiled e fidgeting Mackellar. With almost diction he petted the unresponsive Lochinvar Bobby. He favored the led Dorner with a cold stare. Then lled on.

ley look wherewith he had swept the had taken in the details of abraded and of the torn coat lying beside Also it had conned and rightly tabu- he two increasingly red lumps on the jaw, even as it had appraised Jamie's knuckles.

st be on your way," he adjured over his shoulder as he continued st.

er was more than willing to obey nt. The tire was in place by this The driver slung his kit aboard and for his perch. As he passed Bobby a furtive look at the departing blue- back. Then he took a chance. He an emphatic kick on the dog's ribs. etically the same motion he swung lf up to the seat, far out of reach of reprisal. Then he pressed the self- and got under way with astounding considering the size of his truck.

kick, thanks to its deliverer's haste, glancingly. It stung rather than But it was the first kick Bobby had known since his long-vanished puppy in Lucius Frayne's Lochinvar Ken- With a wild-beast roar, Bobby hurled lf at the man who had offered him ile affront. But Malachi Dorner was out of reach. Jamie dragged the dog from under the truck wheels. He elf was white with wrath at the cow- action.

Come down here and finish it!" he ed, heedless now of the chance that policeman might hear him. "Come here, you dog-kicking swine! I——" e truck sped uphill, leaving him shak- in impotent and knuckle-torn fist after grinning driver. Mackellar released by and stooped to pick up his own aged coat.

Quiet down, Bobby boy," soothed Jamie he dog continued to snarl in helpless after the vanishing truck. "We both e rare fools of ourselves, you and I. what have we got to show for it? e's my best everyday coat ripped to ons. And there's you, with a kick in ribs to shame you. The coat'll mend er than you'll be forgetting that same , if I know anything about the inside of r brain, Bobby lad. But that's all the d it'll do you. So why not cool down me? Losh, but these knuckles of mine im to sting me! Not so bad as them two s on the jaw are fashing him, says you? d right you are, Bobby, like you're apt be."

Bobby, at the fascinatingly frequent etition of his own name, deigned to se growling murderously up the hill in wake of the departed truck and to give nething of his usual heed to his master's rangue.

"So that's that, Bobby boy," resumed mie as he tucked his wrecked coat under arm and resumed his journey downhill. nd let it be a warning to you never to y to be human. When two dogs fly at e the other in the street we call them ute beasts, Bobby. But how about two own men—men with souls and intellects d pants and all that, Bobby? Here I and at stranger don't even know each other's mes! And yet before we'd seen each her sixty seconds we were acting like we as two mongrels in the dog pound. Fine amples to set you, Bobby lad! Mistress ill scold and ask me when do I plan to ow up, Bobby. I'd best get this poor at mended downtown and say I cut up y knuckles stumbling against a door. Come on and stop havering."

He strode downhill at a swinging gait, Bobby trotting at his side. The little Scot was trying to walk and talk himself out of his ground swell of rage against the man who had tackled him and kicked his dog. Thus again he drifted into speech.

"I was wrong to scold you, Bobby," he said contritely. "You pitched into him be- cause he manhandled me, just as I tried to pitch into him when he kicked you. That was fine stuff, Bobby lad. I'm apologizing to you for calling you a fool. It's a splendid breed of fool who takes such risks just to stand by his pal. Did ye see him reach back to his hip, Bobby? Twice he did it. Was it a gun or a flask he wanted? In the old days when a man reached for his hip t'other feller would hold up his hands and look scared. Nowadays t'other feller holds out his hands and looks hopeful. But I'm doubting he was offering us a drink, Bobby boy. Maybe the cop did us no ill turn strolling in on us all when he did."

It was perhaps a fortnight later that a sample batch of summer climate was tossed into mid-April as a specimen of what might be looked for in mid-July. The cool of the Northern spring was changed in a trice into torrid August weather that endured for two days thereafter and broke up in a spectacular thunderstorm.

With the thermometer deserting the forties for the nineties, the heavy-coated collies of Beldencroft panted and fretted and drank much water and sought out cool angles of their runs to drowse in. The premature change got on their hair-trigger nerves. Their great blankets of unshed outer-and-inner coats caused them acute discomfort.

Lochinvar Bobby carried the heaviest coat at Beldencroft. But his luck was greater than that of his kennel brethren, for he could lounge at ease in a cool cellar or wander down to the brook and put its chilly waters to far more practical use than had been intended by the landscape gardener who had designed its ornamental course.

At midnight of the hot spell's second day Bobby lay asleep on the handkerchief-sized veranda of Jamie Mackellar's cottage. His tawny coat was still damp from immersion in the brook, and on the porch corner he could catch the faintest tinge of a breeze which wafted from the northeast. Apart from this tiny breeze the night was breathless. The sky was murkily lurid where the city's lights tinged its low-hanging clouds. From the horizon's rim in two directions pulsed and ever intensified a shimmer of heat lightning.

Bobby got up once or twice in search of a cooler or softer section of the porch boards for his nap. Failing to find what he sought, he would lay himself down again, sighing, and with a discouraged bump of his mighty body. The heat and the breathlessness were making him pant as though from a long gallop, for it is through the tongue alone that a dog can perspire.

After one of these vain quests for a spot that should be mysteriously cool and soft, Bobby checked himself as he was about to lie down. His tired body stiffened. Up went his chiseled nose to the faint breeze. His nostrils drew in quick whiffs of air. That air was tainted vaguely with something which caused Bobby's hackles to bristle. His teeth began to show in something which looked like a smile and was not a smile. Far down in his shaggy throat a half-audible growl was born.

Even as humans tabulate folk by their faces, so do dogs remember them by their odor. The dog is the most nearsighted of all domestic animals, and his uncanny scent and hearing serve him in the place of vision.

To-night, borne on the fitful puff of northeast breeze, came to Lochinvar Bobby a far-off odor which awakened not alone recollection, but wrath as well. A second and stronger whiff of breeze verified the scent. Bobby forgot his search for a comfortable sleeping place. He remembered only a man who had assailed his adored master and who had inflicted on himself the unforgivable, unforgetable insult of a kick.

Lochinvar Bobby cleared the low porch rail and made for the northeast. The largest of the kennel runs was in his path. He circled two sides of this at a tearing gallop. That was quite enough for the seven young dogs who, because of the heat, had been left out there for the night. To their feet sprang the imprisoned pack as Bobby sped halfway around their inclosure, and the night's silences were split by frantic barking from seven rackety throats.

The clangor, of course, was taken up instantly by every other collie in the Beldencroft kennels, for even better than dog men do collies know how to translate a bark. If some lonely or sentimental or cranky dog in the kennels had begun to bark, in order to voice his woes, not a collie would have echoed him. But the vocal efforts of the aroused septet bespoke indignation and much angry excitement. Such a bark never goes unanswered. Thus fifty-odd strong-lunged collies shattered the midnight with a galaxy of din. The place was in a turmoil.

Bobby, the unconscious cause of it all, did not heed or stay. Every stride was bringing to him more distinctly that fury-provoking scent. Raging, he sped on.

Malachi Dorner, of Canada and St. Louis and points between, was in the middle of his night's southward drive—at one dollar and seventy-five cents a mile—and planned to skirt and pass Midwestburg before one o'clock in the morning. For his cleverly constructed and pneumatic-tired truck was heavy laden with goods whose market value increased at every southerly mile of the journey, and he wanted to leave the ungreased city far behind him as soon as might be.

The garage and road house where he was scheduled to make his next twelve-hour halt—or stache, in the vernacular of his trade—was but seventy miles beyond. If by putting on extra speed he could convert an hour or so of driving into an hour or so of extra sleep, so much the better. He stepped on the accelerator. His nerves, like those of the Beldencroft collies, were frayed and on edge from the heat.

Dorner was topping Crescent Hill when he put on an extra burst of speed. At the hill's summit was the gaudy Belden estate. Then would come the steep pitch down into the edge of Midwestburg, and after that the smooth miles of open and friendly and well-greased country, with the hospitable garage and road house ahead.

Up the easy slope toward Beldencroft sped the truck. Dorner put on more gas. He knew he must use the brakes more than he liked on the steep and winding pitch beyond the crest. Hence the extra speed on the easier incline. As he topped the gentle rise he did not bother to ease up on the gas. The furlong of more level road was an ideal sprinting place.

The overstrained treads gripped the smooth stretch and the truck sprang forward. One of the tires incidentally gripped a semiflat and keen-edged shard of glass, remnant of a broken milk bottle dropped there from a wagon an hour earlier. The shard was lengthwise across the tire's way, and it cut like a knife blade.

The truck was going at something over thirty miles an hour. The collapse of the tire gave a wrench to the front axle which all but tore the steering wheel from Dorner's careless grip. Too late, the man twisted the wheel back into line. The truck had swerved an inch too far. Its right front wheel smote with terrific force the first of a heap of piled telephone poles which adorned that section of the road edge in preparation for a branch line to be run into the city.

The axle snapped like rotten wood under the jarring impact. The truck careened drunkenly, plowed its way a little deeper into the heap of prostrate poles and banged to a halt. Dorner was flung hard against the steering wheel, and clung convulsively to it in order to keep his balance on the sideways-listing seat. There he sat till the breath, expelled by the colliding of diaphragm with unyielding steering wheel, came back to his deflated lungs. Then, shaking both fists heavenward, Malachi Dorner launched into a pyrotechnic monologue addressed to his Creator.

At best it is not pleasant to ditch a car and smash an axle, at midnight, a mile or more from the nearest garage. But when one is carrying cargo salable at many thousand dollars, and when that cargo is of a sort confiscatory by law, the situation becomes all at once acute. Nor was the incident likely to enhance Dorner's popularity or wage value in the eyes of his Canadian employers. The driver's brimstone harangue to high heaven took on a note of added fervor. As if in chorus to his solo, a fanfare of wild barking surged forth upon the night.

Then, after swearing himself breathless again, Dorner decided on his only course. A hundred yards or more in front of him was the big estate he remembered so well. Thence, apparently, came the reverberant volley of barks. The best thing to do was to go thither, ask for the use of the telephone and call up the nearest greased garage. A wrecking crew could reach the spot in short order.

The hour was late. The road was lonely and was ill-patrolled by the police. It was not likely that any outsider would interfere. At worst he would reach his sleeping place somewhat later than he had hoped to.

(Continued on Page 82)





Young feet should have a chance

THE feet of young growing girls are tender and easily distorted. Equipped with proper shoes—Educators, they will grow up shapely and strong, as nature intended.

Don't bend and twist young feet out of shape in narrow, bone-crumpling shoes. Give them a chance.

The vogue of today is trending more and more to a sensible shoe with room for all five toes. Insist on Educator Shoes because they are made scientifically to "let the feet grow as they should." Your daughter will never know the meaning of corns, fallen arches and other foot troubles in later life if she wears Educators. They will suit you too. Conservative, good looks, and oh, so comfortable! All the family should wear them.

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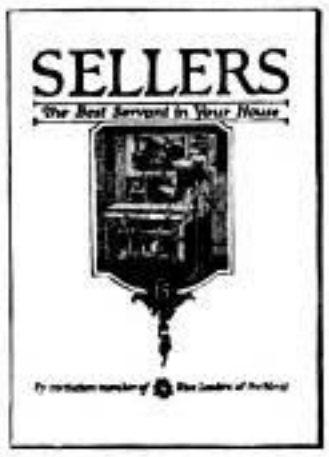
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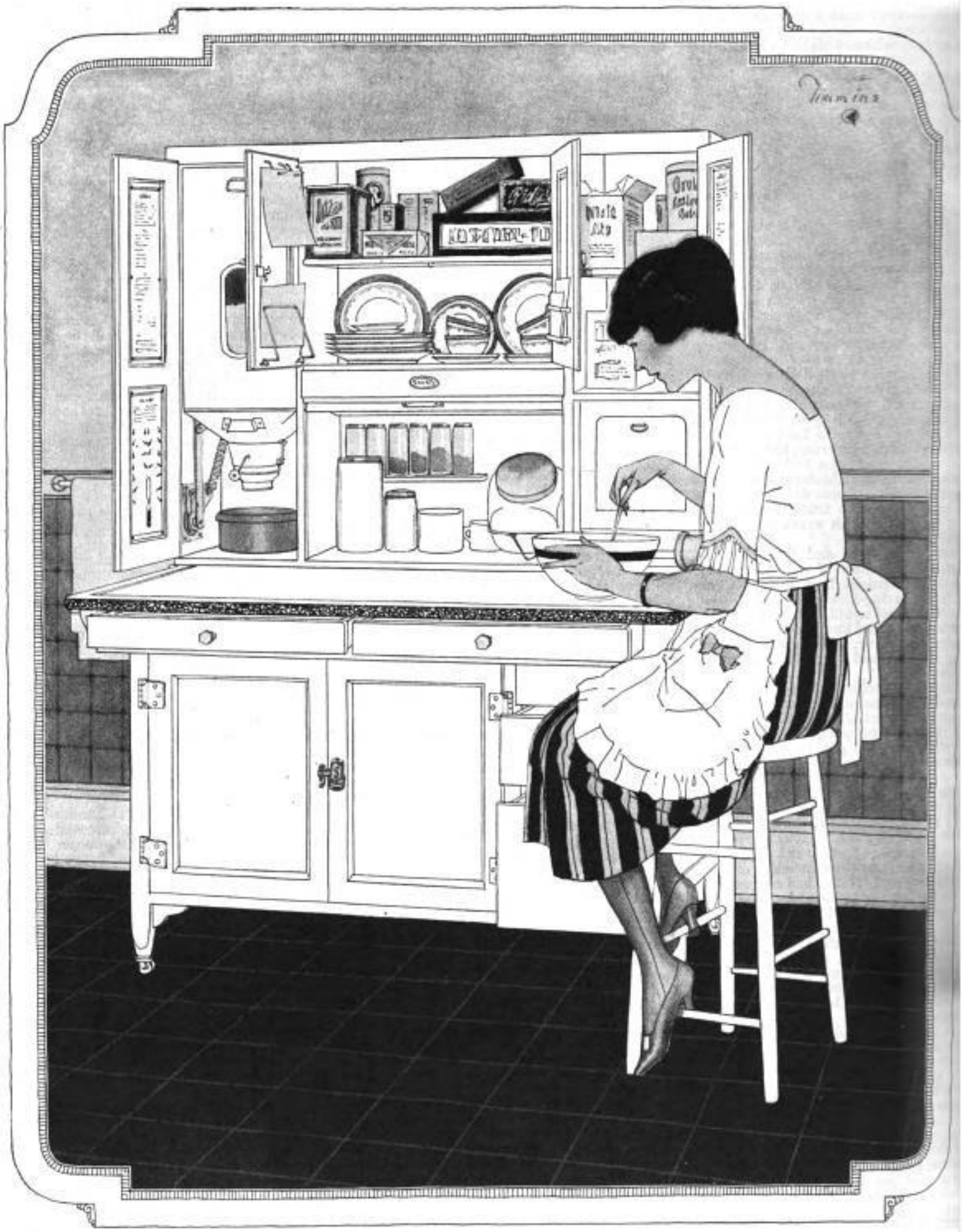
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ANNIVERSARY

FULLY appreciate how Sellers in 30 years has blazed the way for greater kitchen convenience, ou need only seat yourself before one of these beautiful and complete kitchen cabinets.

nusual ease with which things are done—the many wants, usually ignored, which this cabinet antic- will at once be evident. At present reduced prices, and with its many unusual conveniences, the is undoubtedly the greatest value in our 30 years' experience. Thousands of dollars extra are added cost of the Sellers each year, to give you these extra conveniences. Some of them are described . Read these descriptions. Then judge for yourself if you can be fully served without them.



THE FAMOUS AUTOMATIC LOWERING FLOUR BIN —A SELLERS INVENTION

xperts found early in the history itchen cabinet that the lifting of oads of flour, to fill the flour bin, e eliminated. So the now famous ATIC LOWERING FLOUR BIN rfected. This bin comes down ith the work table where you fill ease. Then with a little lift it back into place. No heavy lifting herous climbing is necessary.

ther feature which women im- ely appreciated was the snow sanitary Porceliron Work Table.

nen, we found, were complaining and other which got heir cabi- o make this able in the s, the fa- Ant-Proof s were in- l. By the in- us use of powder, ants and other insects are vely barred.



his same year the first Glass Drawer were used, because they are more ry, will not rust, corrode, etc.

ith most kitchen cabinets women it hard to get pots and pans from ower cupboard. To overcome this trouble on the Sellers, a device was perfected which automatically brought the lower shelf out as the door opened. This improvement makes it ble for the worker at the cabinet to needed pots or pans from her chair, out digging into the dark cupboard. recently this has been improved so now both shelves are automatically ght forward.



irt and dust frequently work their in under the sliding top and down into the cupboard of the ordinary kitchen cabinet. So that Sellers users would not be troubled with this, we designed the Dust-Proof Base Top underneath the Porceliron Work Table. This invisible top keeps the inside of the lower cabinet section absolutely dust-proof.

For several years our experts experimented with a finish that would be beautiful yet resist atmospheric changes in the average kitchen. The result was our handsome Oil, Hand-Rubbed Finish, which was applied to all Sellers cabinets beginning in 1905. No superior Golden Oak finish has ever been used.

For greater durability all Sellers Kitchen Cabinets were built with Dovetail Joints instead of ordinary construction.

While Sellers Cabinets had always been made in the standard size, our investigations among hundreds of women proved that many homes could use a larger size more conveniently. It was due to this fact that the first beautiful Sellers Mastercraft model with a capacity of over 400 articles was placed on the market. This is the model shown in the picture —the ideal size for the average family.

Today the Sellers shows the results of 30 years of constant endeavor. Never in all those years have we ceased in our search for practical improvements. In 1920 Sellers introduced the wonderful Apartment Kitchen Cabinet—the smallest cabinet built. This innovation now makes it possible for thousands and thousands of apartment dwellers to enjoy the Sellers. To make it more widely available, the Sellers Apartment Cabinet is made in three sizes: (1) full size; (2) to fit in space under high windows; (3) to fit under a low window.

Another event of importance in this year was the introduction of the beautiful Sellers Majestic, the largest cabinet made. To furnish real convenience in extra large kitchens, this larger size was needed. Therefore, Sellers produced it.

In this past year three of the most important of all Sellers improvements were brought out. One is the Double Base Shelf Extender referred to.

Another is the Extending Drawer Section under the work table. As the work table is drawn out the drawer section comes with it. When the table is fully extended and covered with things, you pull the drawer out and reach into it just the same as usual. You can always get what you need from the drawer. This is one of the greatest improvements ever made. Alone, it would cause many women to choose the Sellers.



The third improvement is the new Silverware Drawer just above the roll curtain. It is plush lined and a most convenient place for the knives, forks and spoons in frequent use in the average home.



In addition there is an added drawer and 20% more shelf capacity in the base.

These are just a few of the main features. Many more are discussed in our Blue Book.

A Sellers costs no more than any other good kitchen cabinet. And it costs only about half as much as building-in a cabinet. Besides, no built-in cabinet ever has the many wonderful features of the Sellers. Occupies only the space of your kitchen table.

See a demonstration. Your dealer will gladly arrange terms to suit your income. In the meantime, write for a FREE copy of the new Sellers Blue Book. It pictures and describes all Sellers cabinets and features. [326]

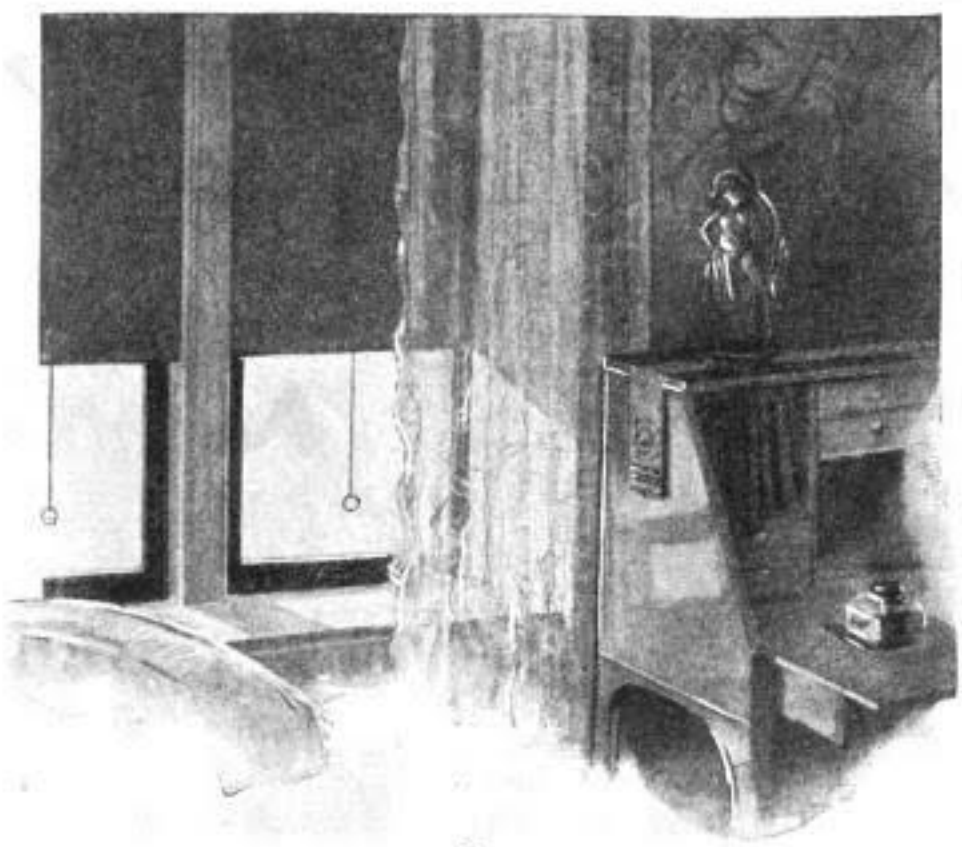
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The CABINET with the 15 FAMOUS FEATURES

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For window shades of enduring beauty—Brenlin



At left, the flimsy, loosely woven material in ordinary window shades; at right, the fine, strong, closely woven fabric in Brenlin

BRENLIN gives you two or three times the wear of an ordinary window shade. Every step in the making of Brenlin is closely watched to *make sure* of that.

The cloth from which it is made is finer and more closely woven—like linen in texture. The number of threads per inch in every bolt is counted to make certain it is fine and strong enough to go into a Brenlin shade.

Such fabric needs none of the chalk or clay "filling" that causes cracks and pinholes in ordinary shades. Brenlin has no "filling."

And experts apply by hand the beautiful colors that resist fading and will not show water spots.

At every step *long wear* is built into Brenlin window shades.

Rich and beautiful in a wide range of colorings is Brenlin. It is supple, not stiff, yet always hangs straight and smooth.

See Brenlin Duplex, made for perfect harmony with a different color on each side.

Look for the name Brenlin perforated on the edge. If you don't know where to get this long-wearing window shade material, write us; we'll see that you are supplied.



Scratch a piece of ordinary window shade material lightly. Tiny particles of chalk or clay "filling" fall out. Brenlin has no filling

"How to shade and decorate your windows correctly"—free

We have your copy of this very readable and instructive booklet on how to increase the beauty of your home with correct shading and decoration of your windows. Send for it. Actual samples of Brenlin in several colors will come with it.

For windows of less importance Camargo or Empire shades give you best value in shades made the ordinary way.



Every foot of Brenlin is finished by hand by experts for beauty of appearance, long wear, and smooth operation

THE CHAS. W. BRENEMAN COMPANY, Inc.
Cincinnati, Ohio
"The oldest window shade house in America."

Factories: Cincinnati, Ohio, and Camden, N. J. Branches: New York City, Philadelphia, Dallas, Texas, and Portland, Ore. Owner of the good will and trade-marks of the J. C. Wemple Co.

HAND MADE **Brenlin**
the long-wearing WINDOW SHADE *material*

(Continued from Page 79)

Reasoning himself thus into calmness, Malachi Dorner got up from his tilted seat and began to make his way to earth. He chose the side of the truck highest in air, lest his weight cause the precariously swaying vehicle to topple. It was a long way to the ground. Malachi Dorner began the descent backward, as if climbing down a ladder. He did not finish the descent at all.

From the seat to the top of a dished wheel he made his first step. Thence gropingly he lowered his exploring foot to the wheel's hub. As his toe found and balanced itself on the slanting surface Malachi Dorner addressed his Maker once more, this time in a screech of astonished pain, and instinctively he swarmed up the tilted side of the truck to the safety of the seat.

Lochinvar Bobby, following the guidance of his own unerring nose, had swept down the driveway of Beldencroft and out into the highroad. Body low, tiny white feet flying, he dashed along in dead silence toward two dimmed and slanted car lights. He reached and passed these lights. From the skies or elsewhere was descending into his reach the body of the man whose scent he had caught—the man who had kicked him, the man who was his master's foe and his.

Bobby was too much in earnest to use finesse, far too angry to give voice. He sprang upward, his mighty jaws driving for the nearest and most obvious part of Malachi Dorner's anatomy. Through trousers seat and underclothes and skin and flesh sheared the curved fangs, grinding against the very bone.

It was the shock and fiery anguish of that onslaught which wrung from Dorner the ear-torturing howl and which sent him sprinting up the sloped side of the truck like a monkey on a stick.

If Bobby had been a bulldog or a bull terrier he would have held his grip with locked jaws, and would have accompanied and impeded Dorner's upward flight. But a fighting collie has his wolf ancestor's way of abandoning one hold for a better with bewildering swiftness, thereby giving the impression of being everywhere at once. Bobby's teeth struck the bone, and at once he knew he had done all the damage with this particular hold that there was scope for.

He let go and slashed for the ankle as it climbed past him. His eyetooth found a goal just above Dorner's shoe top. But the dog's next leap was fruitless. The snapping jaws closed upon nothing. His victim was on the truck's tilted seat, well out of reach.

Dorner stood there—it was obviously out of the question for him to sit down either then or for some days thereafter—nursing his abraded ankle with one hand, while with the other he repeated his familiar hipward gesture. But he paused before drawing forth what he was reaching for.

Obviously, in the present condition of his body and of his truck, tact forbade him to introduce himself to the neighborhood by a succession of shots at the leaping and vaguely seen collie. The killing of a pet dog must lead to inquiry, after the firing of the shots should have brought the world at large running to the scene. Inquiry is the very last thing desired by the travelers of the Greased Road.

Malachi Dorner began to hunt, in the jumble of tools under the seat, for the truck's crank. Finding it, he prepared to climb down and to do battle with the dog who stood between him and his chance of telephoning for a wrecking crew. A hard-enough blow on skull or backbone with the heavy crank would put the collie well out of fighting trim, and the racket of barking at distant Beldencroft could be counted on to drown all lesser sounds of strife.

But, listening, he found the multiple barks had ceased. Except for the low incessant growling of Bobby, the breathless silence had settled down once more. Dorner made his painful way toward the ground, poising the crank for a blow. Bobby ceased growling and stood alertly watching the maneuver. Goaded by keen pain and by the keener need of getting himself and his truck on their journey again, Dorner slid to the road.

Bobby met him with a rush. The crank whizzed downward for the dog's skull. But Lochinvar Bobby was not there when it fell. Wolflike, he leaped back from the swashing blow, gauging his distance perfectly and flashing in with the same speed as the crank's key hit the ground. Before Dorner could swing the weapon aloft again Bobby had raked his hand and wrist and was once more alert to dodge the crank.

Bobby was having a beautiful
The first red rage had left him, no
this was to be a combat and not a
punitive expedition. With gay misch
entered upon the duel, understandi
general rules as well as did Dorne
preparing to invent such few addi
rules as he did not understand.

But with dogs as with humans
thing or somebody is always interfer
the very moment when interference
spoiled sport. From a hundred fe
hind came Jamie Mackellar's high
and the sound of Jamie Mackellar'
ning steps. Jamie was calling his
name, and Jamie's was the one ca
Bobby never disobeyed. Reluctant
collie drew back from the enthralli
time of dodging the murderous cra
trotted off toward his advancing mas

The frightful din of the Beldencro
lies had brought Jamie to wakefuln
the jump. Waiting only to don tr
and slippers, he had sallied forth to
tigate. So had the kennel men. So
equal haste, but in worse temper, ha
august Rufus G. Belden. While the k
men were quieting the hysterical
Mackellar whistled for Bobby. As
the big dog did not stir ten feet fro
self-chosen post of night guard. But
for some reason he was not within ca

Jamie ran down the driveway, sho
as he went. As he neared the ornate
gates he heard a yell of mortal pain.
into the road he scurried. There, t
right, he saw the two dimmed and sl
motor lights. He called again, and
behind the lights appeared his dog.
hurried to meet him. Bobby, tin
with excitement, touched his master's
with his cold nose and then wheeled al
galloping toward the truck, glancing ea
backward as he went. The world over
is a dog's invitation to a human to f
him. Mackellar followed.

His flashlight revealed to him the
upset vehicle with its tarpaulined cov
abulge with boxes and cases. On the
seat crouched a blaspheming giant
wielded a crank. The flashlight made
to Jamie the driver's pain-distorted

Mackellar whistled softly under
breath. Then he looked with new int
at the listing cargo of boxes. Bobby da
frantically about him, making occasi
little rushes at the unreachable Do
who had been prudent enough to rem
the truck as soon as the dog had been
moned away.

"I bust an axle," the driver was expl
ing with noisy volubility, "and I got d
to see could I fix it, and this cur tac
me. He seems to belong to you, stran
Will you grab hold of him and then tel
how to get to the nearest phone? I'll m
it worth your while."

"You've made it worth my while,"
swered Jamie's timid voice. "You m
it worth my while a couple of weeks b
You don't seem to remember me, or e
Bobby here. Last time you pitched
me like you was a wild beast. Afterw
you kicked Bobby. The cop interfered
fore I could pay my share of the bill. F
the red splashes on this wheel, Bo
seems to have paid some of his. Well,"
finished lamely, "I'm here. Will you c
down, or must I come up for you?"

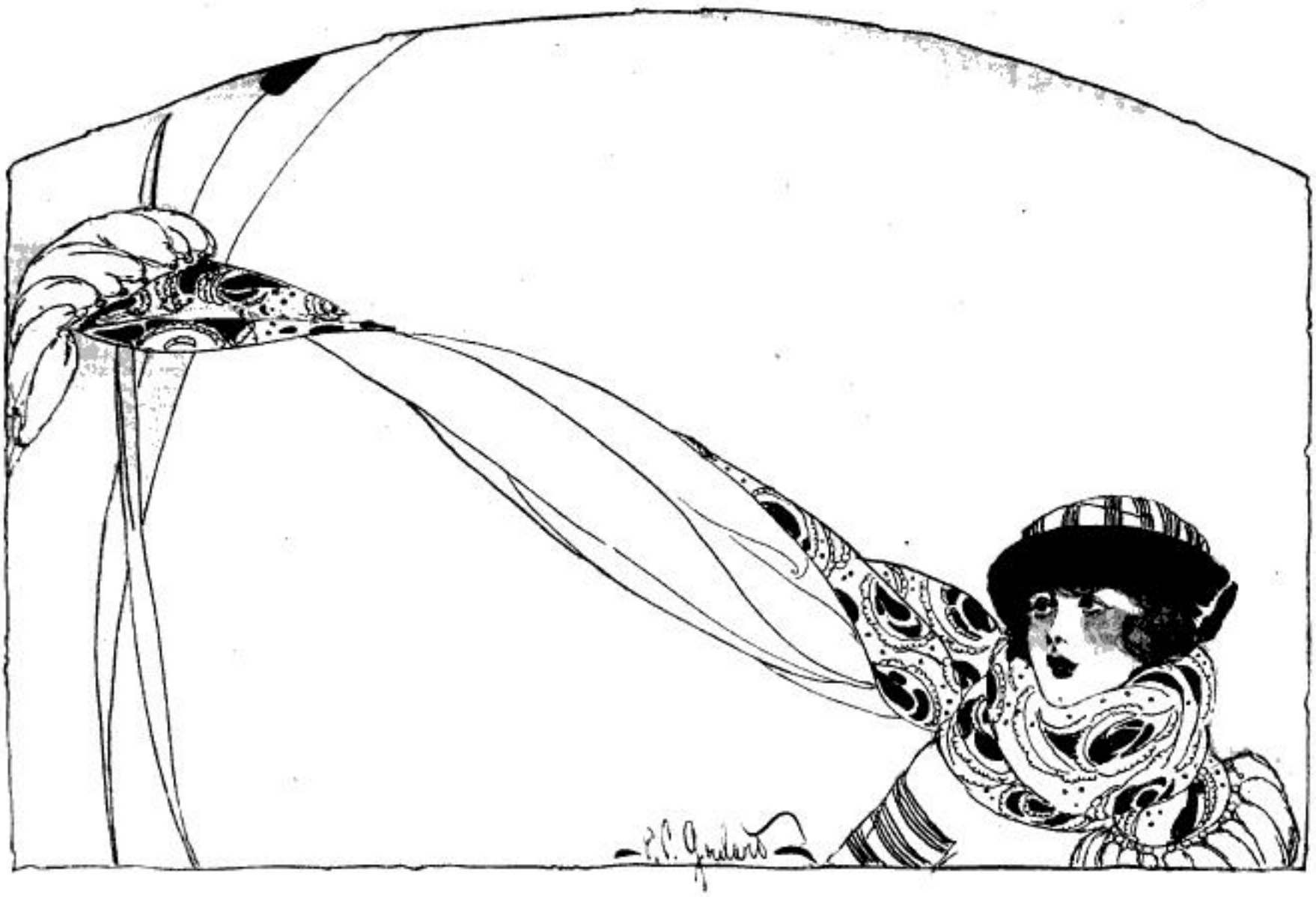
Now at the moment nothing would h
afforded keener delight to the wrathful
pain-ridden Dorner than to send a bu
through Bobby and then descend swo
ingly to earth and smash Jamie to a pu
But men of affairs cannot indulge th
cherished impulses. Some other tim
say, on a northward trip with an emp
truck—he could afford the luxury of st
ping off for a half hour of homicidal
canicidal fun. At present his duty and
fat job centered about the safe delivery
his cargo. Wherefore he swallowed thi
and conjured up honeyed words.

"Brother," he said in a tone of fratern
confidence, "I got a load of fast freig
here, for down below. Perishables—eg
and garden truck and the like. I g
to ——"

"You're toting a ton or so of contraba
liquor," interrupted Jamie, his own indi
nation still abubble. "Don't tell such
silly lie. I can be meek and silent under
whole lot of insults, but not to an insult
my intelligence, such as it is. Eggs an
garden truck and the like! Havers, bu
you're begging the question! I asked di
you want me to come up there after you
would you come down here to me. Whic
is it? Speak up! I ——"

(Continued on Page 84)

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Metal Ceilings
Permanent. Can't burn, crack or fall. Designs of simple beauty, clear in detail
BERLOY

(Continued from Page 82)

"Brother," cooed Dorner, leaning over with a gesture of appeal, "I'm a hasty man with a rotten disp'sition. I acted bad to you. I'm apologizing. I'm sorry. What more than that can one white man say to another? I ——"

"What one white man can say to another don't figure in this. I ——"

"Listen, brother!" broke in Malachi Dorner pleadingly. "To show I mean it, I'm going to put you next to a chance to earn the softest handful of coin you ever got. Here's the idea: I got a friend who runs a garage a coupla miles back. If you'll phone him for me to send a wrecking crew here in a rush it's fifty dollars to you. If you'll do that, and call off your cur—your fine big dog—why, it's fifty dollars in your pocket. That's no bluff. Here it is."

Rufus G. Belden, wandering to his estate's gateway in search of Jamie, had caught sight of the slanted motor lamps. Down the road he had puffed to investigate. He drew within earshot in time to catch the trend of this eloquent appeal. Rufus G. had heard rumors of the Greased Road traffic. The careening truck and the fifty-dollar offer of its driver for telephonic aid told him the story with entire clearness.

Belden paused outside the dimmed radiance from the lamps. Indeed, he slid behind a clump of bushes to make more certain of concealment, for here promised a little drama worth watching unseen. Jamie Mackellar's solid honesty was a continual wonder and delight to this magnate who had won his own wealth by Napoleonic methods and whose average employe sought with much industry to cheat him at every turn. Now Rufus G. prepared to hear the vials of Mackellar's honest rage launched upon the tempter. It ought to be well worth listening to.

But to his growing astonishment the outburst did not occur. Instead, Jamie abandoned his own belligerent attitude at the truck side and took a hesitant step backward. His clenched fists relaxed. He even chirped Bobby away from the truck. For perhaps half a minute he pondered in silence. Then he said, with no trace of his former heat:

"I—I kind of hate to do that, mister; not that I count myself a saint, not that I cheer every time the Volstead Law is spoke of; not that I don't like a drink or two, or maybe three. But —— Well, it's one thing to feel like I feel, and it's another thing to help bust the law and the Constitootion the way you're asking me to. I—I dunno."

There was a waver in his voice. Belden had a queer sensation of losing his scant crop of remaining ideals. He was annoyed that the little Scot's hesitation should affect him so. As to Malachi Dorner, the kennel-manager's signs of weakening were sweet music to him. But he dreaded the loss of every minute, and he urged eloquently:

"I honor you for feeling that way, brother, only you're all wrong. This stuff is for a hosp't'l, down below. You wouldn't want a bunch of sick folks to suffer for it, would you? Say, I'll make that an even seventy-five dollars. How about it?"

"I'm a poor man," surrendered Jamie, "and if it's reelly for sick folks —— Well, what's the garage number you want me to ring up?"

"It's 9999 Arcady," replied the delighted Malachi. "Jump, won't you, please? I've lost a passel of time already. Some bull might stroll past or —— Hustle, won't you? The coin'll be here waiting for you as quick as you get back and tell me you've phoned. Remember, it's 9999 Arcady. Quick!"

Obediently Jamie pattered off down the road in the direction of Beldencroft, with Bobby at his side. He passed, unw within ten feet of Rufus G. The dog rally knew by scent that Belden was behind the clump of bushes, but th no concern of Bobby's. Belden was enemy or even a stranger.

"The mangy little crook!" grunted G. to himself as darkness swallow Mackellar and the dog. "Yep, eve has his price. Nothing truer, and isn't the one exception I'd have g he was. But seventy-five measly He could have cheated me of ten as much, any time. Gee, but this g in the stomach! I'd have staked on him. The wall-eyed fool! He such a rush to earn his bribe he nev out for advance payment. Yet th the Scotch are shrewd! He'll have time collecting a cent from that bir the phoning is done."

Foreseeing sport in the coming c between the briber and bribee wh former should refuse to make good, stayed on where he was. The n dragged by, and still Jamie did no back for the price of his crookedness. or twice Belden could hear Dorner about and swear.

Then up the hill came chugging a mobile.

Belden peered from his cover to the wrecking crew descend as the car close to the truck. Then he caug breath and ran out into midroad to fun, for the dimmed lamps had re to him two or more men in uniform automobile police patrol apparenti chanced to be passing and had stop investigate. They had reached the ahead of the garage car.

Sturdily trudging footsteps behin interrupted Belden's enjoyment of t max. He turned to confront the bel returning Mackellar.

"You lost that seventy-five dolla was never going to give you," scoffed G. "The police got here before the you phoned to. Behold the glitteri wards of sin! You'll do better with a more practice."

"Yes, sir," assented Jamie with unu meekness. "I take it you heard passed. He offered me a handful of to phone the garage for him. I—yo I've a vile memory, sir. I couldn't fe life of me remember that garage nu I—I couldn't seem to remember bu phone number in the world. So I call that one. A fine, grand-sounding nu it was—12,000 Montmorency. I neve get that number. But this was the time I ever had need to call it. I'm ha it'll be the last, sir."

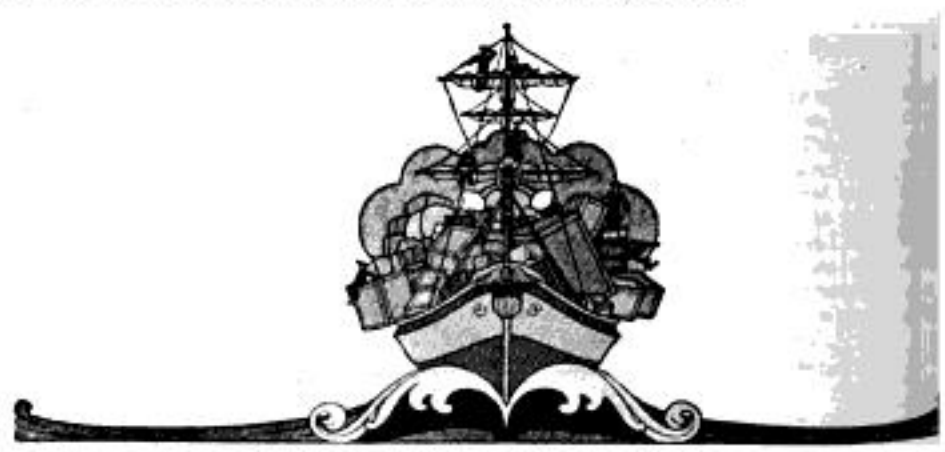
Rufus G., with fat jaw ajar, was blin down at Mackellar in utter amaze.

"Montmorency 12,000!" he blith "Why, man, that's police headquarte

"Yes, sir," said Jamie timidly. " sir, I—I know it is. You see, sir, he kl Bobby, and he called him a cur, an wasn't man enough to come down fight. So I—I had to carry the figh him the only way I could. Besides, he—he tried to bribe me. All those th aren't on the free list, sir. I was despe afraid he'd try to make me take the beforehand. But when he said that t about paying me afterward, then I k he was playing true to form, sir, and I k my conscience needn't fash me for sic the police onto such a man. He ——"

"Lord help American business me breathed Rufus G. in something akin awe. "Lord help American business me if ever there's a wholesale emigration f Scotland to the United States!"

"Come on home, Bobby!" Macki was exhorting the interested collie. " bit into carrion a while back. I'm goin wash your mouth."



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THE GALLOPING TIGER

(Continued from Page 32)

for the purpose, leaving us only a lon filterful in the cabin—well, when as discovered the social atmosphere just about as dense as the fog, instead of clearing off, grew thicker cker.

vere all pretty worried by then, I'll world—all but Ted, who somehow ed to keep cheerful and even tem- no matter what happened. In fact, re quarrelsome and nasty the rest the more suave Ted grew, until Harry Binz, and, rather to my sur- nother, were the only calm people

ight drew near, Shack's anxiety and sness increased. He got out the and compass, but of course he could them in all that fog. And to cap max, when Harry Binz suggested ng to get our bearings Shamus lost d off the line! It was too much. We ompletely lost, with no water and ittle common courtesy left aboard, alvina started babbling about Kan- how nice and dry it was, until we eady to choke her.

uld not sleep that night, but lay in row berth over mother, restless but ring to toss about for fear of disturb- r, and wondering what on earth had ttracted me either to the South Seas these dreadful people who were sail- ere with me. They were all right in rates' Den on Fourth Street, but I 't help realizing more and more that this voyage would have suited better if The Galloping Tiger had ned tied to Pier 13 and they had d it up as a tea shop.

ought, too, of my father's lovely big ment on Park Avenue, and my sweet taffeta bedroom in it, and my own bringing in a hot breakfast that had cooked in a kitchen instead of in a t. And I thought of bathtubs and in- ons to bridge teas, and motor cars and underwear and privacy and—oh, lots ngs. And in the watches of the night, were made a great deal less dreadful e fact of Ted's being on them, I began e the truth. And the truth was this: not a radical. I was not and never d be an artist of any kind. I was ly a commonplace, conventional female a little extra pep—and my career, if was more than likely to be along the which Ted had suggested. And, with wful clearness which comes when you wake at night, I saw that not only was I real artist but that none of the rest of unch were, either!

was terrible, but it was true. And I contemplated voyaging on and on them, cooped up in that little ship for ths, and then being marooned with upon an island full of savages which batiked where they weren't tattooed, uld hardly endure the thought. To say ing of the trip home! The mental sure became simply unendurable when ctured that homeward voyage; and it g now dawn I got up, dressed quietly stole out on deck.

here was nobody about except Ted at wheel, and old Prince Kropushkin, and latter was acting in the most peculiar r. The Russian was doing the same sort hing with the sextant and compass that ack had fumbled over. But Kropush- did not fumble. He knew what he was ng, I could tell from his businesslike air. ry much puzzled and wondering deeply, withdrew into the main cabin before her of the men saw me, and busied my- f setting the table for breakfast.

During breakfast, a silent, sulky meal, t with everybody present except the tch, Shack's voice rang out excitedly. "Land ahead!" he cried.

And I wish you could have beheld the ay that cabinful of long-distance voyag- s turned out on deck! It was a stampede see who would get the air first, and there, re enough, not very far ahead, a tall, eculiar mountain loomed dimly through e mist, shapeless but threatening and wfully high. A sigh of relief went up from he decks at the sight.

"It must be the Azores!" said Shack nitedly. "Gee, it's an ugly-looking stern nd rockbound coast to make a landing on, ut I think we'd better try!"

"There may be dangerous reefs!" warned Alvina nervously. "Oh, do look out for reefs, Shack!"

"Sure and I don't hear any surf breaking over them then!" put in Shamus. "Only a dim pounding, like!"

"We'll have to chance it!" shouted Shack. "We're short of water, remember, and we really must land somewhere!"

Well, nobody objected to that. In point of fact landing appealed strongly to everybody in the crowd, and for once we were of a single mind.

"Better go ahead slowly," said Harry Binz. "You can't ever tell what's ahead."

And you couldn't, either, for scarcely had he said it when the kicker went dead; stopped absolutely. And there we were, helpless. Of course Ted and Harry Binz did their level best to start her up again, but to no avail. For half an hour they worked and got all hot and dirty while the rest of us stood about foolishly and watched our ship drift slowly toward that awful mountainous island and a possible wreck. But for once Ted's efforts did no good at all. That motor was as dead as a doornail. And then when we were in utter despair a puff of wind stirred the curls against my face.

"Why, there's a wind!" I exclaimed. "Can't we manage to sail in?"

But I was not the first one who had noticed that sudden breeze. Prince Kropushkin, who had been standing apart in lonely grandeur like a statue, had miraculously come to life and was frantically stripping off his tight-fitting blouse and sash. With one hand he tossed the astrakhan cap overboard, and with the other threw his smock aside with a gesture of loathing, revealing a red flannel shirt and blue suspenders as he bellowed orders in a mighty voice.

"I'm running this ship from now on, and ye'll take yer orders from me!" he shouted with a perfectly good New England twang.

Then he marched up to the astonished Shackelton and shook a mighty fist into the poet's face.

"Ye would say I had an inferior complexion!" he shouted. "Well, get out there and help with that mains'l or I'll inferior your own complexion for ye!"

Then he turned on Edouard, who shrank before him, positively melted.

"And as for you," he shouted fiercely, "I'll show you which of us has an inhibition! Get over there to the fores'l and do what Harry tells ye to!"

"Yes—ha! Aye, aye, sir!" gasped Edouard, terrified.

"I'll take the wheel!" shouted the old man. "Ted, you show these boobs how to h'ist the sails and, by Godfrey, we'll bring the Sadie in in spite o' hell and poetry!"

"Say, fellows, you do as he says," shouted Ted. "Jump to it, quick! He's Captain Billy Hicks, the finest navigator going, and he'll land us safely! By heck, this is just the emergency I brought him along for!"

Well, I can hardly describe the scene which followed, with the men hopping about getting the canvas up, very awkwardly, all except Ted and Harry, whom Captain Kropushkin Hicks called son. But dazed as I was by this revelation, it was nothing to the shock I got the next time I looked toward land. The fog had melted rapidly under the whip of the on-shore wind—and behold, we were just off Atlantic City, and our terrible mountain was the Traymore Hotel!

An hour later we were safely on the Boardwalk, a disconsolate crew, very droopy and crestfallen, yet awfully though secretly relieved as well, and huddling about Ted, awaiting his command.

"What'll we do now?" said Shackelton. "This trip is ruined. It can never be the same again, as far as I am concerned!"

"I suggest," said Ted, cheerful and resourceful as ever—"I suggest that we acquire that flock of roller chairs over there, and all ride down to The Shelburne for a good lunch on me!"

"Thank God for that!" said Shamus fervently. "I've gone as far south as I've any wish to. And I'll write all the better about the South Seas for not having me mind too much confused by facts!"

"How about you, Pet?" asked Ted, turning to me. "What do you say?"

"Well," said I, smiling into his eyes, "I'm willing to go home. I suppose I can still find romance in the dictionary!"

"I'm going to help you look it up!" said Ted.

(THE END)

HAUGHTON ELEVATORS



The new George D. Harter office and bank building, at Canton, Ohio, completely equipped with Haughton passenger elevators of the geared type

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First cost was considered, as it must be. But due consideration was given also to the important question of upkeep and operation expense.

Haughton Elevators were chosen for their demonstrated ability to give uninterrupted service over a long period of years at a minimum cost of operation and maintenance.

An installation of Haughton Elevators is a true economy

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"M-m-m-goody, Mother! Coconut cookies"

Coconut cookies are wholesome, delightful, body-building food when made with Baker's Coconut. In the Baker air-tight can all the flavor and food value of fresh, ripe coconut are retained, because the natural moisture is there.

Use Baker's Coconut in home-made cookies to get the real, coconutty taste. The shreds are moist, rich and tender. Only perfect, selected nuts are grated for Baker's canned Coconut. The delicious freshness is sealed up and brought direct to you—a treat from the tropics.

THE FRANKLIN BAKER COMPANY, *Philadelphia*

Coconut Cookies

Cream three-quarters cup granulated sugar, one-half cup butter and one-quarter teaspoon salt together; add two well beaten eggs and one-half can coconut. (If the blue can coconut is used, thoroughly press out the coconut milk before using.) Sift one and one-half cups flour with one and one-half teaspoons baking powder and add mixture. Dust bake board with flour, roll out quite thin (one-eighth inch)—cut with cruller cutter. Brush top with well beaten egg and sprinkle with balance of coconut. Bake in hot oven ten to twelve minutes.



Three Kinds

In Baker's blue can—the pure, fresh, white meat of selected coconuts grated and sealed up in the wholesome, natural coconut milk.

In Baker's yellow can—the pure, fresh, white meat of selected coconuts shredded and sweetened; sealed up while still moist with its own wholesome, natural juices.

In Baker's blue cardboard container—the dry shredded meat of selected coconuts, carefully prepared for those who still prefer the old-fashioned, sugar-cured kind.

BAKER'S COCONUT

THE COVERED WAGON

(Continued from Page 21)

But this brought them within pistol range. The reports of the white men's weapons began, carefully, methodically, with deadly accuracy. There was no panic. The motionless or the struggling blotches ahead of the wagon park grew and grew. A few only of the Crows got off with bodies of their friends or relatives. One warrior after another dropped. They were used to killing buffalo at ten yards. The white rifles killed their men now regularly at a hundred. They drew off, out of range.

Meantime the band from the westward was rounding up and driving off every animal that had not been corralled. The emigrants saw themselves in fair way to be set on foot.

Now the savage strategy became plain. The fight was to be a siege.

"Look!" Again a leader pointed.

Crouched low, advancing under cover of the shallow-cut bank, the headdresses of a score of the Western tribesmen could be seen. They sank down. The ford was held, the water was cut off! The last covering fringe of willows also was held. On every side the black-painted savages sat their ponies, out of range. There could be no more water or grass for the horses and cattle, no wood for the men.

There was no other concerted charge for a long time. Now and then some painted brave, chanting a death song, would ride slowly toward the wagon park, some dervish vow actuating him or some bravado impelling him. But usually he fell.

It all became a quiet, steady, matter-of-fact performance on both sides. This very freedom from action and excitement, so different from the gallant riding of the Sioux, was more terrifying than direct attack en masse, so that when it came to a matter of shaken morale the whites were in as bad case as their foes, although thus far they had had no casualty at all.

There lacked the one leader, cool, calm, skilled, experienced, although courage did not lack. Yet even the best courage suffers when a man hears the wailing of his children back of him, the groans of his wife. As the hours passed, with no more than an occasional rifle shot or the zhut! of an arrow ending its high arc, the tension on the nerves of the beleaguered began to manifest itself.

At midday the children began to cry for water. They were appeased with milk from the few cows offering milk, but how long might that last, with the cattle themselves beginning to moan and low?

"How far are they back?"

It was Hall, leader of the Ohio wagons. But none could tell him where the Missouri train had paused. Wingate alone knew why Banion had not advanced. He doubted if he would come now.

"And this all was over the quarrel between two men," said Caleb Price to his friend Wingate.

"The other man is a thief, Cale," reiterated Wingate. "He was court-martialed and broke, dishonorably discharged from the Army. He was under Colonel Doniphan, and had control of subsistence in upper Mexico for some time. He had the regimental funds. Doniphan was irregular. He ran his regiment like a mess, and might order first this officer, then that, of the line or staff, to take on his free-for-all quartermaster trains. But he was honest. Banion was not. He had him broken. The charges were filed by Captain Woodhull. Well, is it any wonder there is no love lost? And is it any wonder I wouldn't train up with a thief, or allow him to visit in my family? By God, right now I wouldn't, and I didn't send for him to help us!"

"So!" said Caleb Price. "So! And that was why the wedding ——"

"Yes! A foolish fancy of a girl. I don't know what passed between her and Banion. I felt it safer for my daughter to be married, as soon as could be, to another man, an honest man. You know how that came out. And now, when she's as apt to die as live, and we're all as apt to, you others send for that renegade to save us! I have no confidence that he will come. I hope he will not. I'd like his rifles, but I don't want him."

"Well," said Caleb Price, "it is odd how his rifles depend on him and not on the other man. Yet they both lived in the same town."

"Yes, one man may be more plausible than another."

"Yes? I don't know that I ever s man more plausible with his fists Major Banion was. Yes, I'll call plausible. I wish some of us—say, Woodhull, now—could be half as plau with these Crows. Difference in Jess!" he concluded. "Woodhull there—and now he's here. He's here- now we're sending there for the other m

"You want that other man, thief dishonest as he is?"

"By God, yes! I want his rifles him too. Women, children and all whole of us, will die if that thief do come inside of another twenty-four ho

Wingate flung out his arms, w away, hands clasped behind his back met Woodhull.

"Sam, what shall we do?" he dema "You're sort of in charge now. Y been a soldier, and we haven't had of that."

"There are fifteen hundred or two sand of them," said Woodhull slowly hundred and fifty of us that can fight. to one, and they mean no quarter."

"But what shall we do?"

"What can we but lie close and bol wagons?"

"And wait?"

"Yes."

"Which means only the Missouri m

"There's no one else. We don't k that they're alive. We don't know they will come.

"But one thing I do know"—his face gathered in a scowl—"if he do come it will not be because he was asked! That fellow carried a letter f Molly to him. I know that. Well, wha you-all think of me? What's my stan in all this? If I've not been shamed humiliated, how can a man be? And w am I to expect?"

"If we get through, if Molly lives, mean?"

"Yes. I don't quit what I want. never give her up. You give me leav try again? Things may change. She consider the wrong she's done me, honest man. It's his hanging around the time, keeping in her mind. And we've sent for him—and so has she!"

They walked apart, Wingate to wagon.

"How is she?" he asked of his w nodding to Molly's wagon.

"Better some ways, but low," repl his stout helpmate, herself haggard, d circles of fatigue about her eyes. won't eat, even with the fever down. If was back home where we could get thin Jess, what made us start for Oregon?"

"What made us leave Kentucky for diana, and Indiana for Illinois? I do know. God help us now!"

"It's bad, Jesse."

"Yes, it's bad." Suddenly he took wife's face in his hands and kissed quietly. "Kiss Little Molly for me," said. "I wish—I wish ——"

"I wish them other wagons'd com said Molly Wingate. "Then we'd see!"

XXXII

JACKSON, wounded and weary as was, drove his crippled horse so hard the night through that by dawn he h covered almost fifty miles, and was in sig of the long line of wagons, crawling like serpent down the slopes west of the Sou Pass, a cloud of bitter alkali dust hangi like a blanket over them. No part of t way had been more cheerless than th gray, bare expanse of more than a hundr miles, and none offered less invitation f a bivouac. But now both man and hor were well-nigh spent.

Knowing that he would be reached with an hour or so at best, Jackson used th last energies of his horse in riding bac and forth at right angles across the trai the Plains sign of "Come to me!" H hoped it would be seen! He flung himse down across the road, in the dust, h bridle tied to his wrist. His horse, now nearly gone, lay down beside him, nor eve rose again.

And here, in the time a gallop coul bring them up, Banion and three of hi men found them, one dead, the other bu little better.

"Bill! Bill!"

The voice of Banion was anxious as he lightly shook the shoulder of the prone man.

(Continued on Page 89)

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"Say, Folks,–let ME tell you about Corn Flakes"

Your Grocer

HAVE you ever realized what he means in relation to public health and economy? Handing things over the counter and making deliveries are perhaps the least of his service in your behalf.

He must be continually alert, exercising unerring judgment, so as to supply you with the best at prices you can afford to pay. His is not a light task and his importance to the community, in the service he renders, is inestimable.

"EVERYBODY knows I've got to keep a pair of sharp eyes wide open, so's not to miss the good things that come along in the grocery line.

That's why I didn't miss Jersey Corn Flakes.

The first taste told me you'd like them. I *knew* you'd appreciate something different and delightful in corn flakes."

Jerseys give you a new thrill in tastefulness. They stay crisp in milk to the last spoonful—*large* flakes thoroughly steam cooked, evenly rolled and carefully toasted.

Packed in our famous triple-sealed, waxed-lined and wrapped package which insures their delivery to you fresh and appetizing.

Learn the Jersey Difference.



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JERSEY Corn Flakes

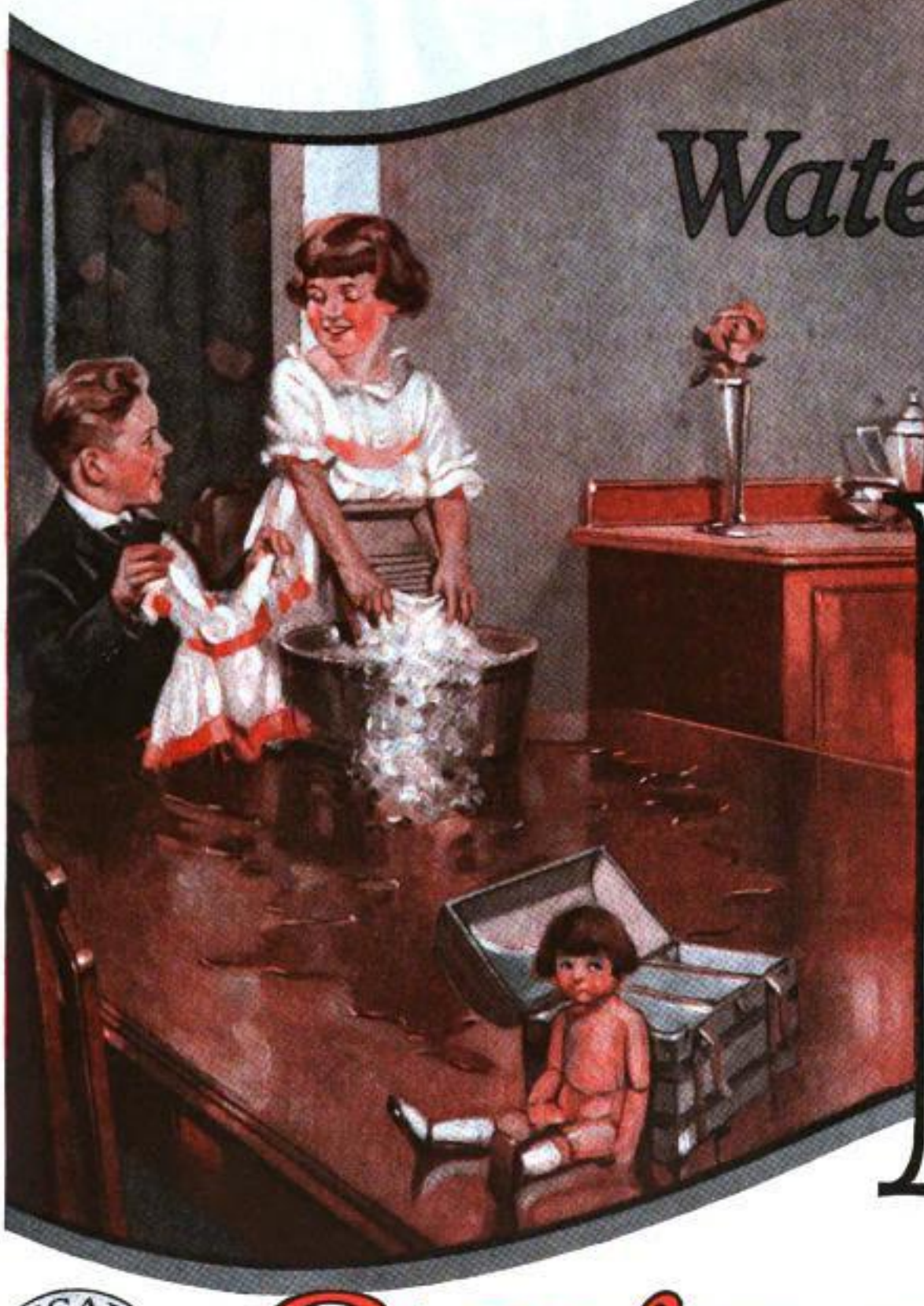
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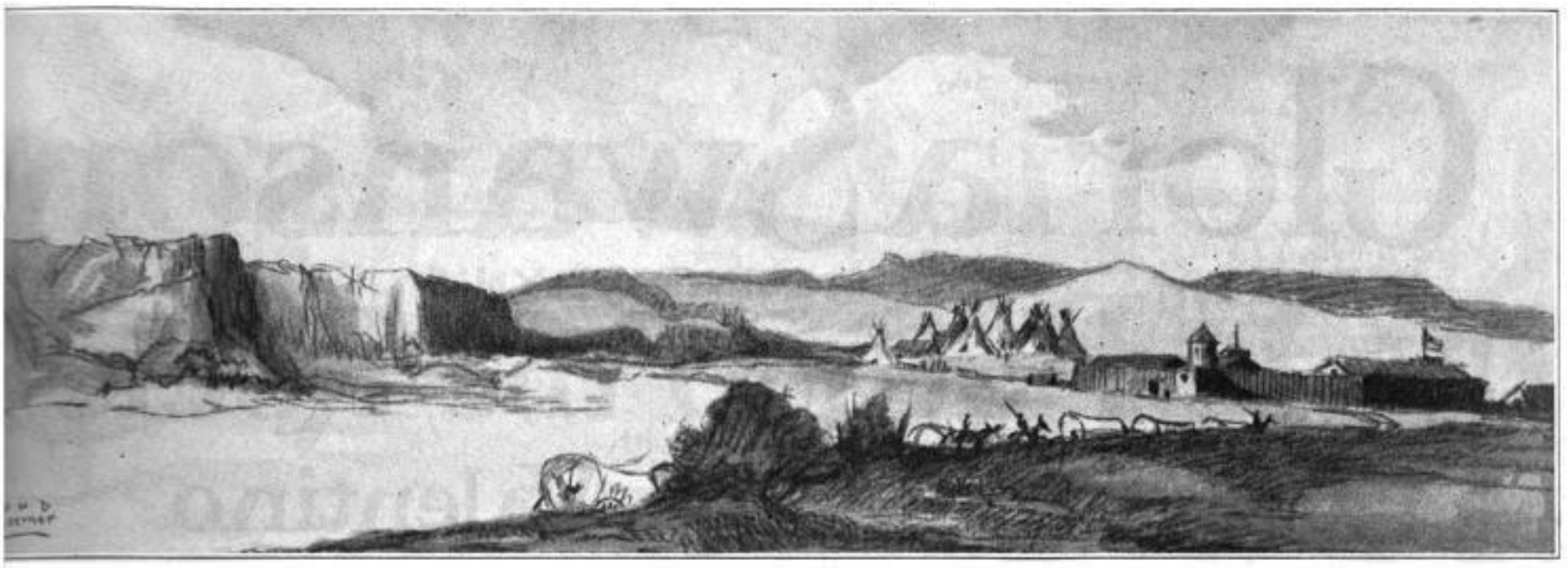
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Fort Bridger

(Continued from Page 86)

raid that he, too, had died. Stupid
, the scout sprang up, rifle in hand.
o's thar?"
ld, Bill! Friends! Easy now!"
old man pulled together, rubbed his

ıust of went to sleep agin," said he.
orse—pshaw now, pore critter, do-ee
ow!"
apid words he now told his errand.
could see the train accelerating its
Jackson felt in the bag at his belt
nded Banion the folded paper. He
l the folds steadily, read the words
and again.
ome to us,' is what it says." He
to Jackson.
're a damned liar, Will," remarked
n.
l read it all!" said Banion suddenly.
Bill Banion, come to me, or it may be
e. There never was any wedding. I
e most wicked and most unhappy
n in the world. You owe me nothing!
me! M. W.'
hat's what it says. Now you know.
e—you heard of no wedding back at
ndence Rock? They said nothing?
d she ——"
! they was ever any weddin' hit was
sort, an' she says thar wasn't none.
erto know."
an you ride, Jackson?"
pan in six fast mules for a supply
, such as kin gallop. I'll sleep in that
r or so. Git yore men started, Will.
ay be too late. It's nigh fifty mile to
rd o' the Green."
came near to mutiny when Banion
ed a third of his men to stay back
the ox teams and the families. Fifty
mounted and ready in five minutes.
were followed by two fast wagons. In
f these rolled Bill Jackson, uncon-
s of the roughness of the way.
the Sandy, twenty miles from the
they wakened him.
low tell me how it lies," said Banion.
w's the country?"
ckson drew a sketch on the sand.
They'll surround and they'll cut off the
r."
Can we ford above and come in behind
n?"
We mout. Send half straight to the
an' half come in behind, through the
es, huh? That'd put 'em between three
. Ef we driv' 'em on the wagons
'd get hell thar, an' ef they broke the
ons could chase 'em inter us again. I
e we'd give 'em hell. Hit's the Crows
most a-skeered of. The Bannocks—ef
t's who they was—'ll run easy."
t sunset of that day the emigrants, now
mad of thirst, and half ready to despair
succor or success, heard the Indian
me sound and the shrilling of the eagle-
e whistles.
The Crows were chanting again. Whoops
se along the river bank.
"They're coming!" called out a voice.
There was a stir of uneasiness along the
, an ominous thing. And then the
nage hosts broke from their cover, more
an a thousand men, ready to take some
s in their hope that the whites were now
re helpless. In other circumstances it must have been a stirring spectacle for any who had seen it. To these, cowering in the sand, it brought terror.

But before the three ranks of the Crows had cleared the cover the last line began to yell, to whip, to break away! Scattering but continuous rifle fire followed them, war cries arose, not from savages but from white men. A line of riders emerged, coming straight through to the second rank of the Crow advance. Then the beleaguered knew that the Missourians were up.

"Banion!" said a voice which few stopped to recognize as Woodhull's.

He held his fire, his rifle resting so long through the wagon wheel that Caleb Price in one swift motion caught it away from him.

"No harm, friend," said he, "but you'll not need this just now!"

His cold eye looked straight into that of the intending murderer.

The men in the wagon park rose to their work again. The hidden Bannocks began to break away from their lodgment under the river bank. The sound of hoofs and of shouts came down the trail. The other wing of the Missourians flung off and cleared the ford before they undertook to cross, their slow, irregular, deadly rifle fire doing its work among the hidden Bannocks until they broke and ran for their horses in the cottonwoods below. This brought them partly into view, and the rifles of the emigrants on that side bore on them till they broke in sheer terror and fled in a scattered *sauve qui peut*.

The Crows swerved under the enfilading fire of the men who now crossed the ford. Caught between three fires, and meeting for their first time the use of the revolver, then new to them, they lost heart and once more left their dead, breaking away into a mad flight west and north which did not end till they had forded the upper tributaries of the Green and Snake, and found their way back west of the Tetons to their own country far east and north of the Two-go-tee crossing of the Wind River Mountains; whence for many a year they did not emerge again to battle with the white nation on the Medicine Road. At one time there were forty Crow squaws, young and old, with gashed breasts and self-amputated fingers, given in mourning over the unreturning brave.

What many men had not been able to do of their own resources, less than a fourth their number now had done. Side by side Banion, Jackson, a half dozen others, rode up to the wagon gap, now opened. They were met by a surge of the rescued. Women, girls threw themselves upon them, kissing them, embracing them hysterically. Where had been gloom, now was rejoicing, laughter, tears.

The leaders of the emigrants came up to Banion and his men, Wingate in advance. Banion still sat his great black horse, coldly regarding them.

"I have kept my promise, Captain Wingate," said he. "I have not come until you sent for me. Let me ask once more, do I owe you anything now?"

"No, sir, you do not," replied the older man.

"And do you owe me anything?"

Wingate did not answer.

"Name what you like, Major Banion," said a voice at his shoulder—Caleb Price.

Banion turned to him slowly.

"Some things have no price, sir," said he. "For other things I shall ask a high price in time. Captain Wingate, your daughter asked me to come. If I may see her a moment, and carry back to my men the hope of her recovery, we shall all feel well repaid."

Wingate made way with the others. Banion rode straight through the gap, with no more than one unseeing glance at Woodhull, near whom sat Jackson, a pistol resting on his thigh. He came to the place under a wagon where they had made a hospital cot for Molly Wingate. It was her own father and mother who lifted her out as Will Banion sprang down, hat in hand, pale in his own terror at seeing her so pale.

"No, don't go!" said the girl to her parents. "Be here with us—and God."

She held out her arms and he bent above her, kissing her forehead gently and shyly as a boy.

"Please get well, Molly Wingate," said he. "You are Molly Wingate?"

"Yes. At the end—I couldn't! I ran away, all in my wedding clothes, Will. In the dark. Someone shot me. I've been sick, awfully sick, Will."

"Please get well, Molly Wingate! I'm going away again. This time, I don't know where. Can't you forget me, Molly Wingate?"

"I'm going to try, Will. I did try. Go on ahead, Will," she added. "You know what I mean. Do what I told you. I—why, Will!"

"My poor lamb!" said the strong voice of her mother, who gathered her in her arms, looking over her shoulder at this man to whom her child had made no vows. But Banion, wet eyed, was gone once more.

Jackson saw his leader out of the wagon gap, headed for a camping spot far apart. He stumbled up to the cot where Molly lay, her silent parents still close by.

"Here, Miss Molly, gal," said he, holding out some object in his hand. "We both got a arrer through the shoulder, an' mine's a'most well a'ready. Ain't nothin' in the world like a good chaw o' terbacker to put on a arrer cut. Do-ee, now!"

XXXIII

THE Missourians camped proudly and coldly apart, the breach between the two factions by no means healed, but rather deepened, even if honorably so, and now well understood of all.

Most men of both parties now knew of the feud between Banion and Woodhull, and the cause underlying it. Woman gossip did what it might. A half dozen determined men quietly watched Woodhull. As many continually were near Banion, although for quite a different reason. All knew that time alone must work out the answer to this implacable quarrel, and that the friends of the two men could not possibly train up together.

After all, when in sheer courtesy the leaders of the Wingate train came over to the Missouri camp on the following day there came nearer to being a good understanding than there ever had been since the first break. It was agreed that all the wagons should go on together as far as Fort Bridger, and that beyond that point the train should split into two or perhaps three bodies—a third if enough Woodhull adherents could be found to make him up a train. First place, second and third were to be cast by lot. They all talked soberly, fairly, with the dignity of men used to good standing among men. These matters concluded, and it having been agreed that all should lie by for another day, they resolved the meeting into one of better fellowship.

Old Bill Jackson, lying against his blanket roll, fell into reminiscence.

"Times past," said he, "the Green River rendyvous was helt right in here. I've seed this place spotted with tepees—hull valley full o' company men an' free trappers an' pack-train people—time o' Ashley an' Sublette an' my Uncle Jackson an' all them traders. That was right here on the Green. Ever'body drunk an' happy, like I ain't now. Mounting men togged out, new leggin's an' moccasins their women had made, warriors painted up a inch o' their lives, an' women with brass wire an' calico all they wanted—maybe two-three thousand people in the rendyvous.

"But I never seed the grass so short, an' I never seed so much fightin' afore in all my life as I have this trip. This is the third time we're jumped, an' this time we're lucky, shore as hell. Pull on through to Bridger an' fix yer wagons afore they tumble apart. Leave the grass fer them that follows, an' git on fur's you kin, every wagon. We ain't likely to have no more trouble now. Pile up them braves in one heap fer a warnin' to any other bunch o' reds that may come along to hide around the wagon ford. New times has come on the Green."

"Can you travel, Jackson?" asked Hall of Ohio. "You've had a hard time."

"Who? Me? Why shouldn't I? Give me time to pick up some o' them bows an' arrers an' I'm ready to start. I noticed a right fine horn bow one o' them devils had—the Crows allus had good bows. That's the yaller-an'-red brave that was itchin' so long to slap a arrer through my ribs from behind. I'd like to keep his bow fer him, him not needin' it now."

Before the brazen sun had fully risen on the second day these late peaceful farmers of Ohio, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri were plodding along once more beside their sore-footed oxen; passing out unaided into a land which many leading men in the Government, North and South, and quite aside from political affiliations, did not value at five dollars for it all, though still a thousand miles of it lay ahead.

"Oh, then, Susannah!" roared Jed Wingate, trudging along beside Molly's wagon in the sand. "Don't you cry fer me. I'm going through to Oregon, with my banjo on my knee!"

Fair as a garden to the sun-seared eyes of the emigrants seemed the mountain post, Fort Bridger, when its rude stockade separated itself from the distortions of the desert mirage, whose citadels of silence, painted temples fronted with colossal columns, giant sphinxes, vast caryatids, lofty arches, fretwork façades, fantastically splendid castles and palaces now resolved

(Continued on Page 92)

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Jesse L. Lasky presents

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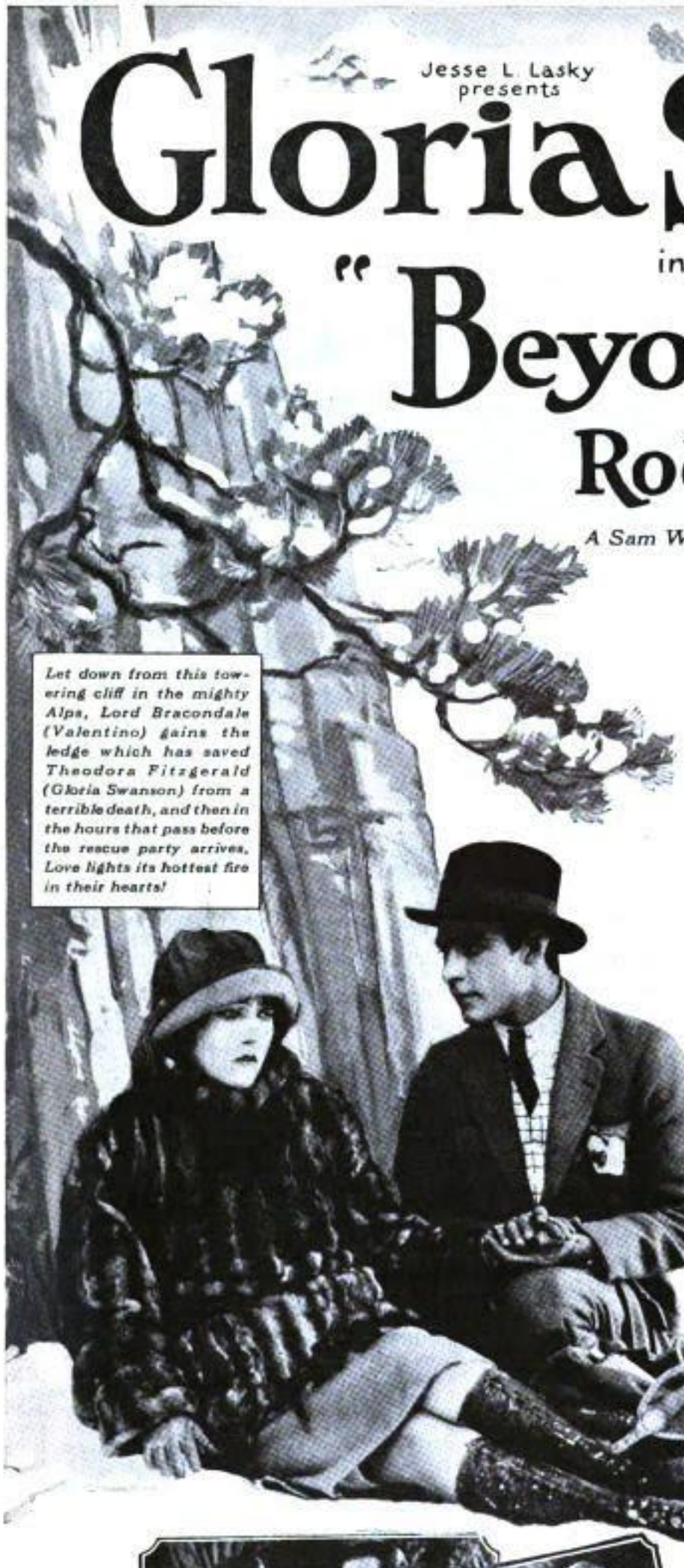
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Amid luxurious scenes in gay Paris their love deepens. Theodora luring him on with all the arts of Paris pomade and eloquent glances.



Dad knows his daughter's plight, but he knows also that Grant Circumstance is the only power to relieve it. See for yourself how Circumstance comes to the rescue!



"Oh to be free of this fat husband!" That was what Theodora (Gloria Swanson) found herself terribly wishing! And yet, he had treated her well. laid his wealth at her feet.

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Dashing Dorothy Dalton as the madcap sportswoman of English social life! Lovers galore, and then—the terrible scandal, the trial, and "the woman who walked alone!"

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Tom Meighan playing Daddy to five children orphaned by a bandit's bullet!

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In a certain village a group of young couples suddenly find that their marriages are illegal. There they are, sweethearting without regular license. Enough laughs in this tangle to make a dummy laugh!

From Leo Ditrichstein's adaptation of the play by Oscar Blumenthal and Gustav Kadelburg. Directed by James Cruze. Scenario by Walter Woods.

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How do things work out when a young millionaire marries his pretty stenographer? This fascinating drama, which has thrilled thousands of audiences on the stage, shows you.

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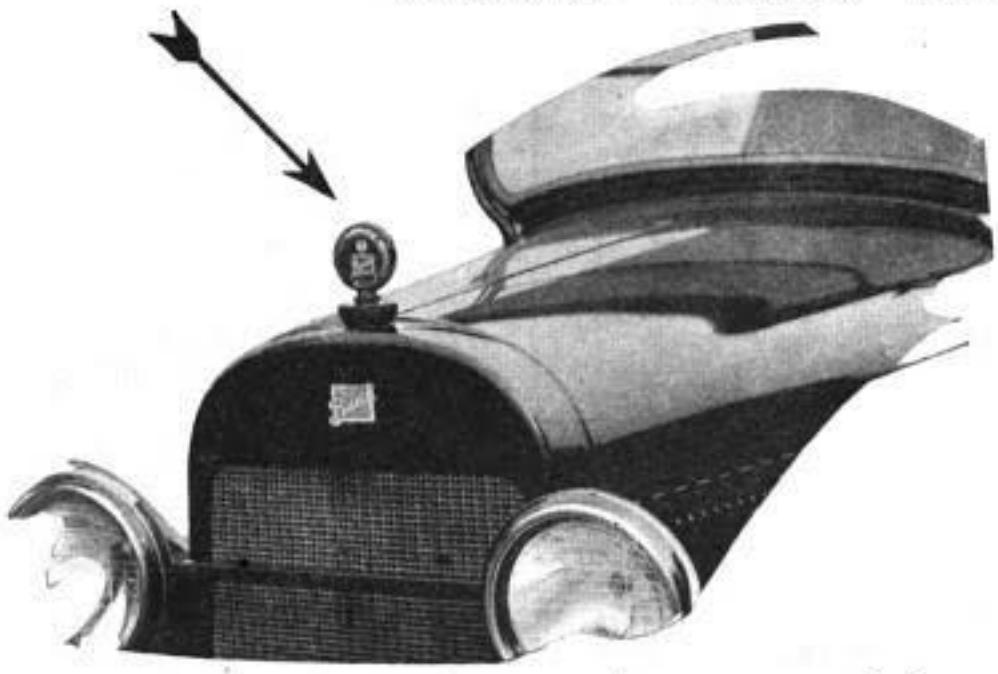
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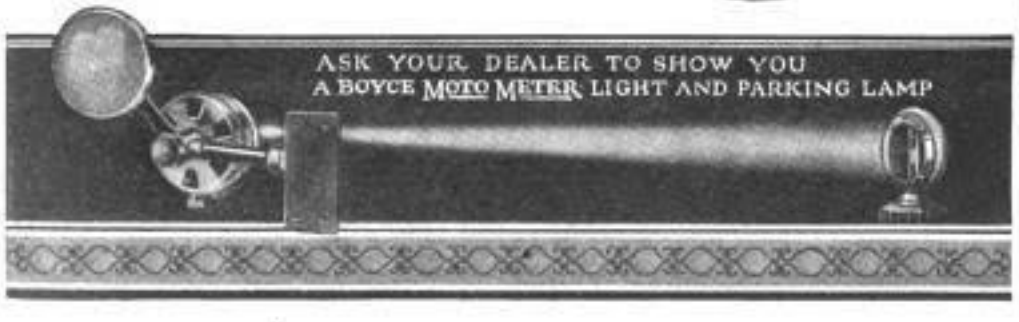
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(Continued from Page 89)

themselves into groups of squat pole structures and a rude stock corral.

The site of the post itself could not better have been chosen. Here the flattened and dividing waters of the Black's Fork, icy cold and fresh from the Uintah Mountains to the southward, supported a substantial growth of trees, green now and wonderfully refreshing to desert-weary eyes.

"The families are coming!"

Bridger's clerk, Chardon, raised the new cry of the trading post.

"Broke an' hungry, I'll bet!" swore old Jim Bridger in his beard.

But he retired into his tepee and issued orders to his Shoshone squaw, who was young and pretty. Her name, as he once had said, was Dang Yore Eyes—and she was very proud of it. Philosophical withal, though smarting under recent blows of her white lord, she now none the less went out and erected once more in front of the tepee the totem Bridger had kicked down—the tufted lance, the hair-fringed bull-neck shield, the sacred medicine bundle which had stood in front of Jeem's tepee in the rendezvous on Horse Creek, what time he had won her in a game of hands. Whereupon the older squaw, not young, pretty or jealous, abused him in Ute and went out after wood. Her name was Blast Yore Hide, and she also was very proud of her white name. Whereafter both Dang Yore Eyes and Blast Yore Hide, female, and hence knowing the moods of man, wisely hid out for a while. They knew when Jeem had the long talk with the sick white squaw, who was young, but probably needed bitter bark of the cottonwood to cure her fever.

Painted Utes and Shoshones stood about, no more silent than the few local mountaineers, bearded, beaded and fringed, who still after some mysterious fashion clung to the old life at the post. Against the newcomers, profitable as they were, still existed the ancient antipathy of the resident for the nonresident.

"My land sakes alive!" commented stoical Molly Wingate after they had made some inquiries into the costs of staples here. "This store ain't no place to trade. They want fifty dollars a sack for flour—what do you think of that? We got it for two dollars back home. And sugar a dollar a tin cup, and just plain salt two bits a pound, and them to guess at the pound. Do they think we're Indians, or what?"

"It's the tenth day of August and a thousand miles ahead," commented Caleb Price. "And we're beyond the buffalo now."

"And Sis is in trouble," added Jed Wingate. "The light wagon's got one hind spindle half in two, and I've spliced the hind ex for the last time."

Jackson advanced an idea.

"At Fort Hall," he said, "I've seed 'em cut a wagon in two an' make a two-wheel cart out'n hit. They're easier to git through mountains that way."

"Now listen to that, Jesse!" Mrs. Wingate commented. "It's getting down to less and less every day. But I'm going to take my bureau through, and my wheat, and my rose plants, if I have to put wheels on my bureau."

The men determined to saw down three wagons of the train which now seemed doubtful of survival as quadrupeds, and a general rearrangement of cargoes was agreed. Now they must jettison burden of every dispensable sort. Some of the sore-necked oxen were to be thrown into the loose herd and their places taken for a time by cows no longer offering milk.

A new soberness began to sit on all. The wide reaches of desert with which they here were in touch appalled their hearts more than anything they yet had met. The grassy valley of the Platte, where the great fourfold tracks of the trail cut through a waving sea of green belly-deep to the oxen, had seemed easy and inviting, and since then hardship had at least been spiced with novelty and change. But here was a new and forbidding land. This was the Far West itself; silent, inscrutable, unchanged, irreducible. The mightiness of its calm was a smiting thing. The awesomeness of its chill, indifferent nights, the unsparing ardors of its merciless noons, the measureless expanses of its levels, the cold barrenness of its hills—these things did not invite as to the bosom of a welcoming mother; they repelled, as with the chill gesture of a stranger turning away outcasts from the door.

"Here resolution almost faints!" one.

A general requisition was made o scant stores Bridger had hurried thr To their surprise, Bridger himself ma attempt at frontier profits.

"Chardon," commanded the moody ter of the post to his head clerk, down your tradin' bar and let my peop Sell them their flour and meal at w has cost us here—all they want, do what the post will need till my pa Vasquez brings in more next fall, if he does. Sell 'em their flour at four dol sack, an' not at fifty, boy. Git out flag I saved from Sublette's outfit, don. Put it on a pole for these folks give it to them so's they can carry acrost to Oregon. God's got some u them folks out yan or hit wouldn't be penin' this way. I'm goin' to help acrost. Ef I don't, old Jim Bridger liar!"

That night Bridger sat in his lodge moodily smoking. He heard a shaki the pegs of the door flap.

"Get out!" he exclaimed, thinking it was his older associate or else som truding dog.

His order was not obeyed. Will B pulled back the flap, stooped and ent

"How!" exclaimed Bridger, and fists smitten on the blankets made sign to "Sit!" Banion for a time smoked in silence, knowing the moody of the old-time men.

"Ye came to see me about her, Molly, didn't ye?" began Bridger af long time, kicking the embers of the fire together with the toe of his moccas

"How do you know that?"

"I kin read sign."

"Yes, she sent me."

"When?"

"That was at Laramie. She told m come on with you then. I could not."

"Pore child, they mout 'a' killed She told me she'd git well, though—me so to-day. I had a talk with her." wrinkled face broke into additional cre "She told me more!"

"I've no wonder."

"Ner me. Ef I was more young and Injun I'd love that gal. I do, anyhow, sake o' what I might of been ef I ha had to play my game the way the c said fer me.

"She told me she was shot on her wed night, in her weddin' clothes—right pla to the time an' minute o' marryin' then thar. She told me she thanked God Injun shot her, and she wished to God h killed her then an' thar. I'd like such a bride, huh? That's one hell of a wedd huh? Why?"

Banion sat silent, staring at the emb

"I know why, or part ways why. Kit me was drunk at Laramie. I kain't rem ber much. But I do ree-colleck Kit s something to me about you in the Ar with Donerphan in Mayheeco. Right t I gits patriotic. 'Hooray!' says I. Then taken another drink. Atter that we fell arguin' how much land we'd git out Mayheeco when the treaty was signed. said hit war done signed now, or else wan't, I don't ree-colleck which, but was one or t'other. He had papers. I see Kit again ary time now I'll ast him wh his papers was. I don't ree-colleck exact.

"All that, ye see, boy," he resume "was atter I was over to the wagons Laramie, when I seed Miss Molly to s good-by to her. I reckon maybe I was ot side o' sever'l horns even then."

"And that was when you gave her t California nugget that Kit Carson h given you!" Banion spoke at last.

"Oh, ye spring no surprise, boy! She to me to-day she'd told you then; said she begged you to go on with me an' beat the others to Californy; said she wante you to git rich; said you an' her had parte an' she wanted you to live things down. was to tell ye that.

"Boy, she loves ye—not me ner th other man. The Injun womern kin love dozen men. The white womern kain' I'm still fool white enough fer to believ that. Of course she'd break her promis not to tell about the gold. I might 'a knowed she'd tell the man she loved. Wel she didn't wait long. How long was hi afore she done so—about ten minutes Boy, she loves ye. Hit hain't no one else.

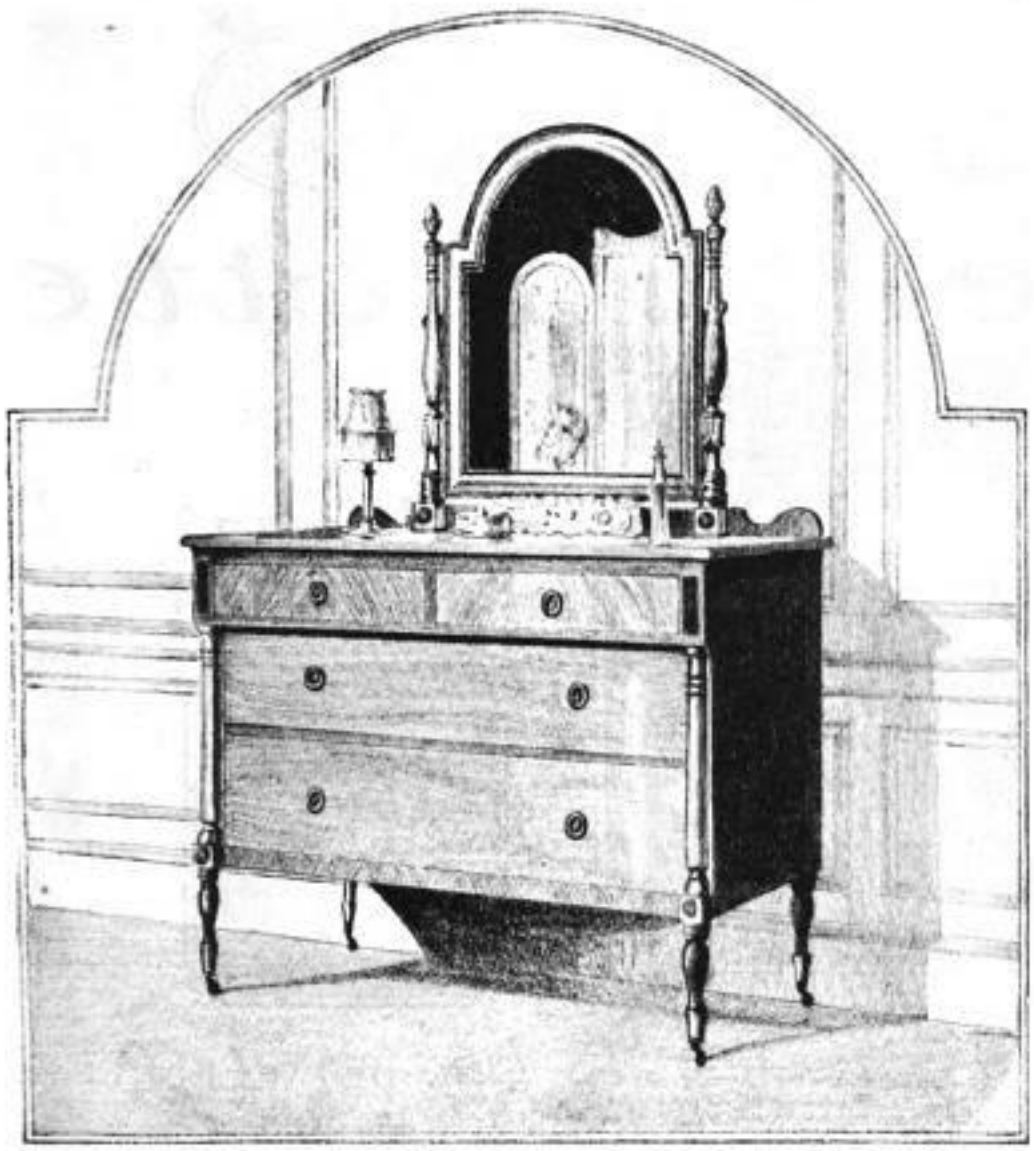
"I think so. I'm afraid so."

"Why don't ye marry her then, right here? Ef a gal loves a man he orto marry her, ef only to cure her o' bein' a fool to

(Continued on Page 95)

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ERKEY & GAY *Furniture*

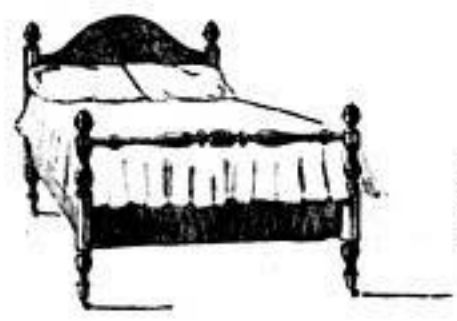


In the epoch that produced the Boston Tea Party, American artisans were creating the style of furniture known as Colonial. It was simple, substantial—eminently suited to the prim old homes where independence was the watchword; yet where false seeming was heartily despised and only true worth treasured









n the "Spirit of '76"

Our May Quality Demonstration Presents This Particularly Delightful Study of the Late Colonial Styles in Furniture

cture a fine old Colonial home with modern ing and electric lights, and you have the per- setting for this Berkey & Gay Chamber Suite. e 1776" is truly American—an interpretation he best creative thought in American furniture gning during the Revolution and for fifty rs thereafter.

t was during this first half-century of our pendence that much of the finest "Colonial" niture was produced. Naturally the American igners of the day were influenced by the styles England and France. But the exquisite pieces y developed were not copies; they had a ightful individuality; they typified the spirit independence that was everywhere.

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(Continued from Page 92)

ey man. Why don't you marry her
ow?"
cause I love her!"
ger sat in disgusted silence for some

ell," said he at last, "there's some
o' fools that kain't be cured no-
I expect you're one o' them. Me, I
o highfalutin'. Ef I love a womern,
r me, somethin's goin' to happen.
s this here like? Nothin' happens.
it's when nothin' happens that
ain' else does happen. She marries
r man—barrin' 'Rapahoes. A fool
k—that's you. But there mightn't
be a Injun hidin' to shoot her when
s dressed up agin an' the minister
ditin' to pernounce 'em man an' wife.
whar air ye?"
went on more kindly after a time, as
ched out a hard, sinewy hand.
ch as her is fer the young man that
white man's full life to give her.
purty as a doe fawn an' kind as a
ghbred filly. In course ye loved her,
How could ye a-help hit? An' ye was
to go to Oregon—ye'd plow rather'n
ight o' her? I don't blame ye, boy.
s her is not supported by rifle an'
Hit's the home smoke, not the tepee
e her. I ask ye nothing more, boy.
t ask ye what ye mean. Man an'
've followed the tepee smokes—blue
novin' an' a-beckonin' they was—an'
r set this hand to no plow in all my
but in my heart two things never was
out—the sight o' the white woman's
n' the sight o' the flag with stars.
lp ye all I can, an' good luck go with
Work hit out yore own way. She's
more'n all the gold Californy's got
!!"
s time it was Will Banion's hand that
uddenly extended.
ake her secret an' take her advice
" said Bridger after a time. "Ye must
ahead to Californy. Fust come fust
l on any beaver water. Fer me 'tis
I kin hold my hat an' the immi-
'll throw money into hit. I've got
rtune here, boy. I can easy spare ye
ye need, ef ye do need a helpin' out'n
late. Fer sake o' the finest gal that
crossed the Plains, that's what we'll
Ef I don't, Jim Bridger's a putrefied
o help me God!"
nion made no reply at once, but could
ail of understanding.
'll not need much," said he. "My
is to go on ahead with my men. I
think there'll be much danger now
Indians, from what I hear. At Fort
I intend to split off for California.
I make you this proposition, not in
ent for your secret, or for anything
If I find gold I'll give you half of all
as soon as I get out or can send it."
What do ye want o' me, son?"
ix mules and packs. All the shovels
picks you have or can get for me at
Hall. There's another thing."
n' what is that?"
I want you to find out what Kit Carson
and what Kit Carson had. If at any
you want to reach me—six months, a
—get word through by the wagon
s next year, in care of the district court
regon City, on the Willamette."
Why, all right, all right, son! We're all
be talkin' in the air, but I more'n half
erstand ye. One thing, ye ain't never
y intendin' to give up Molly Wingate!
re a fool not to marry her now, but
e reckonin' to marry her sometime—
n the moon turns green, huh? When
s old an' shriveled up, then ye'll marry
huh?"
arion only looked at him, silent.
"Well, I'd like to go on to Californy
h ye, son, ef I didn't know I'd make
re here, an' easier, out'n the crazy fools
'll be pilin' in here next year. So good
k to ye. Kit had more o' that stuff,"
suddenly added. "He give me some
re when I told him I'd lost that fust
ne he give me. I'll give ye a piece fer
mple, son. I've kep' hit close."
He began fumbling in the tobacco pouch
found under the head of his blanket
d. He looked up blankly, slightly alter-
g the name of his older squaw.
"Well, damn her hide!" said he fer-
ntly. "Ye kain't keep nothin' from 'em!
a' they kain't keep nothin' when they
t hit."

XXXIV

ONCE more the train, now permanently divided into two, faced the desert, all he men and many women now afoot, the kine low-headed, stepping gingerly in their new rawhide shoes. Gray, grim work, tolling over the dust and sand. But at the head wagon, taking over an empire foot by foot, flew the great flag. Half fanatics? That may be. Fanatics, so called, also had prayed and sung and taught their children, all the way across to the Great Salt Lake. They, too, carried books. And within one hour after their halt near the Salt Lake they began to plow, began to build, began to work, began to grow, and made a country.

The men at the trading post saw the Missouri wagons pull out ahead. Two hours later the Wingate train followed, as the lot had determined. Woodhull remained with his friends in the Wingate group, regarded now with an increasing indifference, but biding his time.

Bridger held back his old friend Jackson even after the last train pulled out. It was midafternoon when the start was made.

"Don't go just yet, Bill," said he. "Ride on an' overtake 'em. Nothin' but rattlers an' jack rabbits now fer a while. The Shoshones won't hurt 'em none. I'm powerful lonesome, somehow. Let's you an' me have one more drink."

"That sounds reas'nable," said Jackson. "Shore that sounds reas'nable to me."

They drank of a keg which the master of the post had hidden in his lodge, back of his blankets; drank again of high wines diluted but uncolored—the "likker" of the fur trade.

They drank from tin cups, until Bridger began to chant, a deepening sense of his old melancholy on him.

"Good-by!" he said again and again, waving his hand in general vagueness to the mountains.

"We was friends, wasn't we, Bill?" he demanded again and again; and Jackson, drunk as he, nodded in like maudlin gravity. He himself began to chant. The two were savages again.

"Well, we got to part, Bill. This is Jim Bridger's last rendyvous. I've rid around an' said good-by to the mountings. Why don't we do it the way the big partisans allus done when the rendyvous was over? 'Twas old Mike Fink an' his friend Carpenter begun hit fifty year ago. Keel-boat men on the river, they was. There's as good shots left to-day as then, and as good friends. You an' me has seed hit; we seed hit at the very last meetin' o' the Rocky Mountain Company men, before the families come. An' nary a man spilled the whisky on his partner's head."

"That's the truth," assented Jackson, "though some I wouldn't trust now."

"Would ye trust me, Bill, like I do you, fer sake o' the old times, when friends was friends?"

"Shore I would, no matter how come, Jim. My hand's stiddy as a rock, even though my shootin' shoulder's a leetle stiff from that Crow arrer."

Each man held out his firing arm, steady as a bar.

"I kin still see the nail heads on the door yan. Kin ye, Bill?"

"Plain! It's a waste o' likker, Jim, fer we'd both drill the cups."

"Are ye a-skeered?"

"I told ye not."

"Chardon!" roared Bridger to his clerk. "You, Chardon, come here!"

The clerk obeyed, though he and others had been discreet about remaining visible as this bout of old-timers at their cups went on. Liquor and gunpowder usually went together.

"Chardon, ye git two fresh tin cups an' bring 'em here. Bring a piece o' charcoal to spot the cups. We're goin' to shoot 'em off each other's heads, in the old way. You know what I mean."

Chardon, trembling, brought the two tin cups, and Bridger with a burnt ember sought to mark plainly on each a black bull's-eye. Silence fell on the few observers, for all the emigrants had now gone and the open space before the rude trading building was vacant, although a few faces peered around corners. At the door of the tallest tepee two native women sat, a young and an old, their blankets drawn across their eyes, accepting fate, and not daring to make a protest.

"How!" exclaimed Bridger as he filled both cups and put them on the ground. "Have ye wiped yer barrel?"

"Shore I have. Let's wipe again."

Each drew his ramrod from the pipes and attached the cleaning worm with its twist of tow, kept handy in belt pouch in muzzle-loading days.

(Continued on Page 97)

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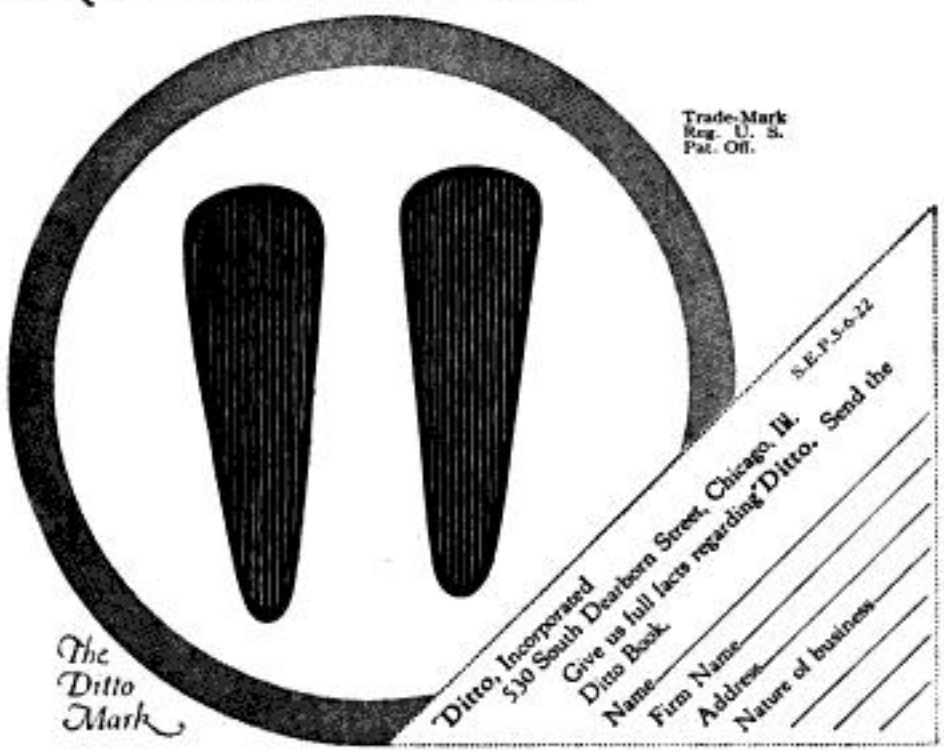
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(Continued from Page 95)

as a whistle!" said Jackson, ut the end of the rod.
mine, pardner. Old Jim Bridger graced hisself with a rifle."
ne," commented Jackson. "Hold l, Jim, an' cut high the top o' the t'll be safer fer my skelp, an' hit'll hisky out'n the hole. We got to at's left. S'pose'n' we have a ?"
we both shoot we kin drink," re- friend, with a remaining trace of . "Go take stand whar we marked ch. Chardon, damn ye, carry the an' set hit on his head, an' ef you op I'll drill ye, d'ye hear?"
gagé's face went pale.
Monsieur Jim ——" he began.
't 'Monsieur Jim' me or I'll drill a e anyways! Do-ee-do what I tell Then if ye crave fer to see some shootin' come on out, the hull o' ake a lesson, damn ye!"
e ye shoot first, Bill," demanded "The light's soft, an' we'll swap fust fire, to git hit squar for the t, an' no shine on the side o' the ht."
we'll toss fer fust," said Jackson, out a Spanish dollar. "Tails fer " he called as it fell. "An' I win! ust, Jim."
e I will ef the toss-up says so," re- is friend. "Step off the fifty yard. rt o' iron ye carryin', Bill?"
do ye ask? Ye know ol' Mike n Virginia never bored a better. er changed."
l from my old Hawken. Two good ' two good men, Bill, o' the ol' he ol' times! We kain't say fairer'n we, at our time o' life, fer favor o' imes, Bill? We got to do somethin', ind o' git rested up."
man kin say fairer," said his friend. shook hands solemnly and went on- ith their devil-may-care test, de- a historic keel-boat man's brain, as l then by alcohol as their own w.
wed by the terrified clerk, Bill Jack- l, thin and grizzled, stoical as an and too drunk to care much for ences, so only he proved his skill courage, walked steadily down to en spot and stood, his arms folded, aning his own rifle against the door trading room. He faced Bridger a tremor, his head bare, and Chardon for a coward when his embled as he balanced the cup on 's head.
an ye," he exclaimed, "there'll be lost without any o' your spillin'!"
ye all ready, Bill?" called Bridger is station, his rifle cocked and the e triggers set, so perfect in their nism that the lightest touch against ger edge would loose the hammer.
ready!" answered Jackson.
two, jealous still of the ancient art rifle, which nowhere in the world ed nicer development than among ch as these, faced each other in what was considered the supreme test of and skill; for naturally a man's hand tremble, sighting three inches above nd's eyes, when it would not move a ghting center between the eyes of an r.
iger spat out his tobacco chew and ly raised his rifle. The man opposite tood steady as a pillar, and did not his eyes. The silence that fell on who saw became so intense that it ed veritably to radiate, reaching out the valley to the mountains as in a of leagues.
r an instant, which to the few ob- rs seemed an hour, these two figures, which motion seemed to have passed er, stood frozen. Then there came a t of whitish-blue smoke and the thin rack of the border rifle.
e hand and eye of Jim Bridger, in of advancing years, remained true to long training. At the rifle crack the up on the head of the statuelike figure osite him was flung behind as though by blow of an invisible hand. The spin of bullet, acting on the liquid contents, ed apart the seams of the cup and g the fluid wide. Then and not till then Jackson move.
le picked up the empty cup, bored ber directly through the black spot, and thing walked with it in his hand toward dger, who was wiping out his rifle once re.

"I call hit mighty careless shootin'," said he, irritated. "Now look what ye done to the likker! If ye'd held a leetle higher, above the level o' the likker, like I told ye, she wouldn't have busted open thataway. It's nacherl, thar warn't room in the cup fer both the likker an' the ball. That's wastin' likker, Jim, an' my mother told me when I was a boy, 'Willful waste makes woeful want!'"

"I call hit a plumb-center shot," grumbled Bridger. "Do-ee look now! Maybe ye think ye kin do better shootin' yerself than old Jim Bridger!"

"Shore I kin, an' I'll show ye! I'll bet my rifle aginst yourn—ef I wanted so sorry a piece as yourn—I kin shoot that close to the mark an' not spill no likker a-tall! An' ye can fill her two-thirds full an' put yer thumb in fer the balance ef ye like."

"I'll just bet ye a new mule agin yer pony ye kain't do nothin' o' the sort!" retorted Bridger.

"All right, I'll show ye. O' course, ye got to hold still."

"Who said I wouldn't hold still?"

"Nobody. Now you watch me."

He stooped at the little water ditch which had been led in among the buildings from the stream and kneaded up a little ball of mud. This he forced into the handle of the tin cup, entirely filling it, then washed off the body of the cup.

"I'll shoot the fillin' out'n the handle an' not out'n the cup!" said he. "Mud's cheap, an' all the diff'runce in holdin' is, ef I nicked the side o' yer haid it'd hurt ye 'bout the same as ef what I nicked the center of hit. Ain't that so? We'd orto practice inderstry an' 'conomy, Jim. Like my mother said, 'Penny saved is er penny yearned.' 'Little drops o' water, little grains o' sand,' says she, 'a-makes the mighty o-o-ocean an' the plea-ea-sant land.'"

"I never seed it tried," said Bridger, with interest, "but I don't see why hit hain't practical. Whang away, an' ef ye spill the whisky shootin' to one side, or cut ha'r shootin' too low, your *caballo* is mine—an' he ain't much!"

With no more argument, he in turn took up his place, the two changing positions so that the light would favor the rifleman. Again the fear-smitten Chardon adjusted the filled cup, this time on his master's bared head.

"Do-ee turn her sideways now, boy," cautioned Bridger. "Set the han'le sideways squar', so she looks wide. Give him a fa'r shot now, fer I'm interested in this yere thing, either way she goes. Either I lose ha'r er a mule."

But folding his arms he faced the rifle without batting an eye, as steady as had been the other in his turn.

Jackson extended his long left arm, slowly and steadily raising the silver bead up from the chest, the throat, the chin, the forehead of his friend, then lowered it, rubbing his sore shoulder.

"Tell him to turn that han'le squar' to me, Jim!" he called. "The damn fool has got her all squegeed around to one side."

Bridger reached up a hand and straightened the cup himself.

"How's that?" he asked.

"All right! Now hold stiddy a minute."

Again the Indian women covered their faces, sitting motionless. And at last came again the puff of smoke, the faint crack of the rifle, never loud in the high, rarefied air.

The straight figure of the scout never wavered. The cup still rested on his head. The rifleman calmly blew the smoke from his barrel, his eye on Bridger as the latter now raised a careful hand to his head. Chardon hastened to aid, with many ejaculations.

The cup still was full, but the mud was gone from inside the handle as though poked out with a finger!

"That's what I call shootin', Jim," said Jackson, "an' reas'nable shootin' too. Now spill half o' her where she'll do some good, an' give me the rest. I got to be goin' now. I don't want yer mule. I fust come away from Missoury to git shet o' mules."

Chardon, cupbearer, stood regarding the two wild souls whom he never in his own more timid nature was to understand. The two mountain men shook hands. The alcohol had no more than steadied them in their rifle work, but the old exultation of their wild life came to them now once more. Bridger clapped hand to mouth and uttered his old war cry before he drained his share of the fiery fluid.

"To the ol' days, friend!" said he once more; "the days that's gone, when men was men, an' a friend could trust a friend!"



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One of the first things she will look at in your new suit or overcoat will be the lining. If it's Skinner's she'll be glad—for your sake and her own.

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adds much to the distinction of a garment and does not require constant mending. It is the overwhelming choice of those manufacturers and merchant tailors who use only the best materials—and has been for three-quarters of a century.

In ready-to-wear garments look for the Skinner label shown below. In custom shops ask to see the satin and

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Established 1848 Mills, Holyoke, Mass.
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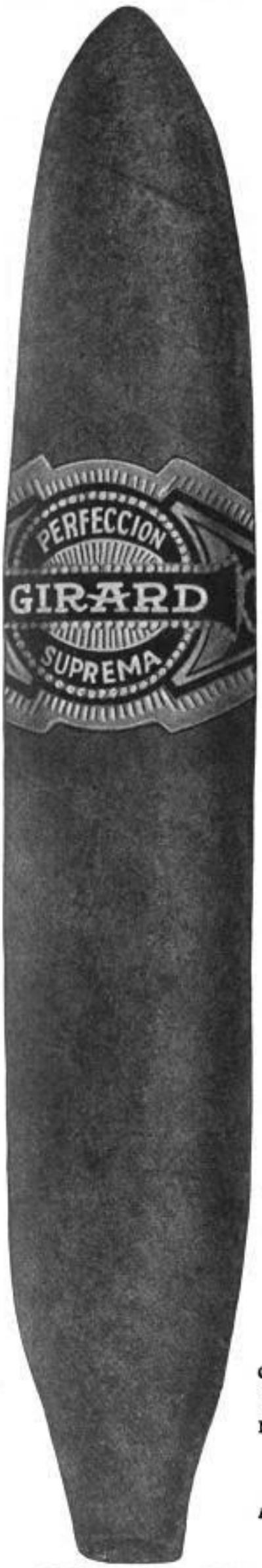
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PROVE TO YOURSELF —right *now*—that the new Girard is the greatest cigar you've ever smoked. Then you'll know why it enjoys such tremendous popularity.

Buy the new Girard today. Enjoy its mellow, full-flavored aroma—its distinctive, satisfying quality. You'll find it a revelation — unequalled for pleasure and easy on the nerves!

The new Girard is made by hand, under old-time ideal conditions — with fine old Havana and shade-grown wrapper. It is a bigger—it is a better cigar than ever.

And—*it costs less.*

10¢ and up

15c size now 2 for 25c

Other prices reduced in proportion

Girard BROKERS
5⅛ inch perfecto
Formerly 15c
NOW 2 for 25c

ANTONIO ROIG & LANGSDORF
Established 51 years PHILADELPHIA

GIRARD

America's Foremost Cigar

"To the ol' days!" said Jackson in turn. "An' I'll bet two better shots don't stand to-day on the soil o' Oregon! But I got to be goin', Jim. I'm goin' on to the Columby. I may not see ye soon. It's far."

He swung into his saddle, the rifle in its loop at the horn. But Bridger came to him, a hand on his knee.

"I hate to see ye go, Bill."

"Shore!" said Jackson. "I hate to go. Take keer yerself, Jim."

The two Indian women had uncovered their faces and gone inside the lodge. But old Jim Bridger sat down, back against a cottonwood, and watched the lopping figure of his friend jog slowly out into the desert. He himself was singing now, chanting monotonously an old Indian refrain that lingered in his soul from the days of the last rendezvous.

At length he arose and, animated by a sudden thought, sought out his tepee once more. Dang Yore Eyes greeted him with shy smiles of pride.

"Heap shoot, Jeem!" said she. kill-um. Why?"

She was decked now in her finest to use all her blandishments on h and master. Her cheeks were pain her wrists were heavy with copper thong at her neck hung a piece o stone which she had bored through awl, or rather with three or four aw much labor, that very day.

Bridger picked up the ornam tween thumb and finger. He said n but his fingers spoke.

"Other pieces. Where?"

"White man. Gone—out there answered in the same fashion.

"How, cola!" she spoke aloud. say, 'How, cola,' me." She smil much pride over her conquest, and two silver dollars. "Swap!"

In silence Bridger went into th and pulled the door flaps.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE INSIDE STORY OF THE A.E

(Continued from Page 11)

decisive effect in forcing a withdrawal of German troops from northern France. The military and economic situation of the enemy, therefore, indicated Lorraine as the field promising the most fruitful results for the employment of our armies."—Pershing's report to Baker.

So the winter dragged along and the A. E. F. remained a feeble growth. Small wonder that our Allies took alarm and lost patience. Where was the American help on which they had counted? So far it had consisted merely of the appearance of certain small forces of troops and then their disappearance into training areas; no Americans had engaged in the fighting in units. The French became openly skeptical and scornful. They dubbed Americans "boy scouts."

The French and British authorities pressed their efforts to have the American troops incorporated in their armies instead of waiting to build up an American Army. They kept pleading the emergency, even when no possible emergency could arise before two or three months.

"My conclusion was that, although the morale of the German people and of the armies was better than it had been for two years," reported Pershing, "only an untoward combination of circumstances could give the enemy a decisive victory before American support as recommended could be made effective, provided the Allies secured unity of action. However, a situation might arise which would necessitate the temporary use of all American troops in the units of our Allies for the defensive, but nothing in the situation justified the relinquishment of our firm purpose to form our own Army under our own flag."

The chief trouble at this time was Allied morale. They were in the dumps. "Well, here's the war; you take it," was a common salutation from individuals in the Allied armies when our troops arrived from overseas, and the losses and sufferings they had gone through rendered this state of mind easy to understand. But their depression had the effect of confining their efforts and plans to defensive trench warfare, whereas the Germans were then practicing for open warfare and concentrating the pick of their men in shock divisions. The American command felt that only offensive methods and open warfare could end the war, and decided that any sort of permanent amalgamation of United States troops with the French and British would have a disastrous effect on their usefulness in attack.

Some American troops went into the line in the middle of January, and discussions were held with the British authorities on their renewed proposals for bringing over troops from the United States for incorporation in the British armies for training and experience. The outcome of these negotiations was the six-division plan, which provided for the transportation in British tonnage of six entire divisions, without interference with the American shipping program. The infantry and auxiliary troops were to be given experience with British divisions, the artillery was to be trained under American direction, using French *matériel;* and it was agreed that when these battalions of infantry had received sufficient training they should be united for service in American divisions their own officers. It was planned t period of training should cover ab weeks. By this arrangement the A commander in chief secured the stip for which he had held out in the con described in a previous article.

The Supreme War Council appro agreement and adopted a memo which concluded "that France w safe during 1918 only under certain tions: (a) that the strength of the and French troops in France are o ously kept up to their present total s and that they receive the expecte forcements of not less than two A divisions per month."

And then came disaster. On twenty-first the Germans opened a sive against the British with the m midable military machine the wor ever seen. They crashed through th ish line, crossed the old Somme batt took 90,000 prisoners, and swept forw an irresistible flood, clearing ever before them to a depth of fifty-six k ters. The railroad center of Amie peared to be doomed; French and B reserves were eaten up in a vain ef stem the onrush. A plan adopted— of a supreme command—by which e the Allies was to furnish a certain n of divisions for a general reserve to b under direction of the Supreme War cil chiefs failed tragically; these re were not available in the crisis, and hundred thousand first-class troops cess of the country's requirements ha held in England. A. F. Pollard, pro of English History in the Univers London, writes: "Those hundreds of sands of troops shown to be superflu England by the subsequent dispat France were kept at home because p in authority believed they were need defend our shores against a Germa vasion."

The blow to Allied morale was sh ing. It looked like the beginning of th and something had to be done instu The lack of complete coöperation a the Allies was proving fatal. The F and British representatives got togeth Doullens on March twenty-sixth and n Foch to coördinate the operations o Allied armies, but they did not confe him supreme command in all its i pretations. Just why reservations made in his appointment is explained cable from Secretary Baker to Pres Wilson under date of March thirtieth:

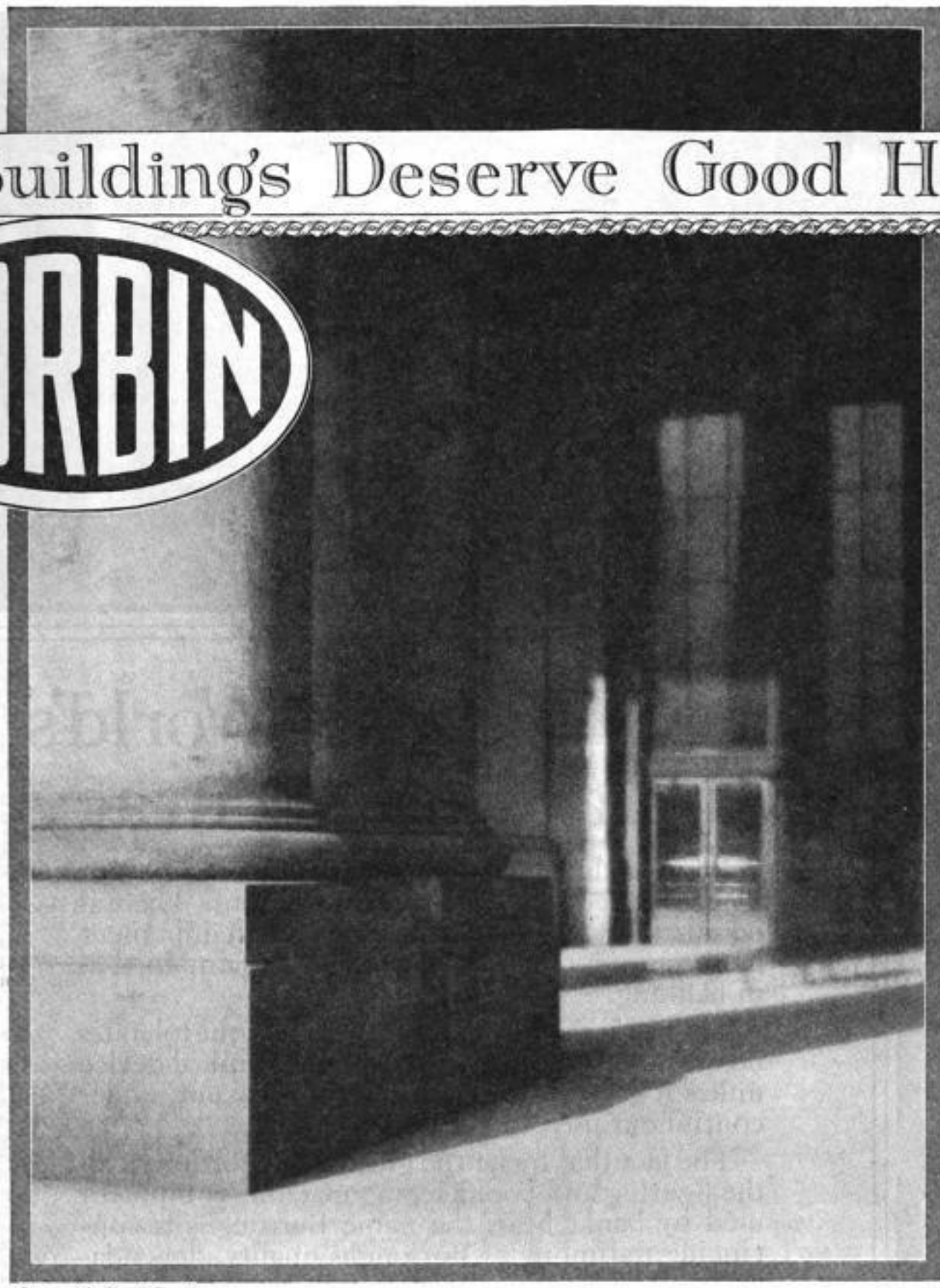
"The situation seems to be that L George is personally in favor of a sup commander, but fears British opinion be the other way because such a comma could sacrifice the Channel ports to defense of Paris. The arrangement th fore is that General Foch is to be supr enough to coördinate, but without b called Supreme Commander. . . . venture to suggest that in replying to t part of Lloyd George's message you m go further than he asks and say that we willing to accept a general supreme c mand whenever the French and Bri are. Perhaps the relative smallness of present force and our having no immedi defensive object in France would mak unwise for us to urge the point, though

(Continued on Page 101)

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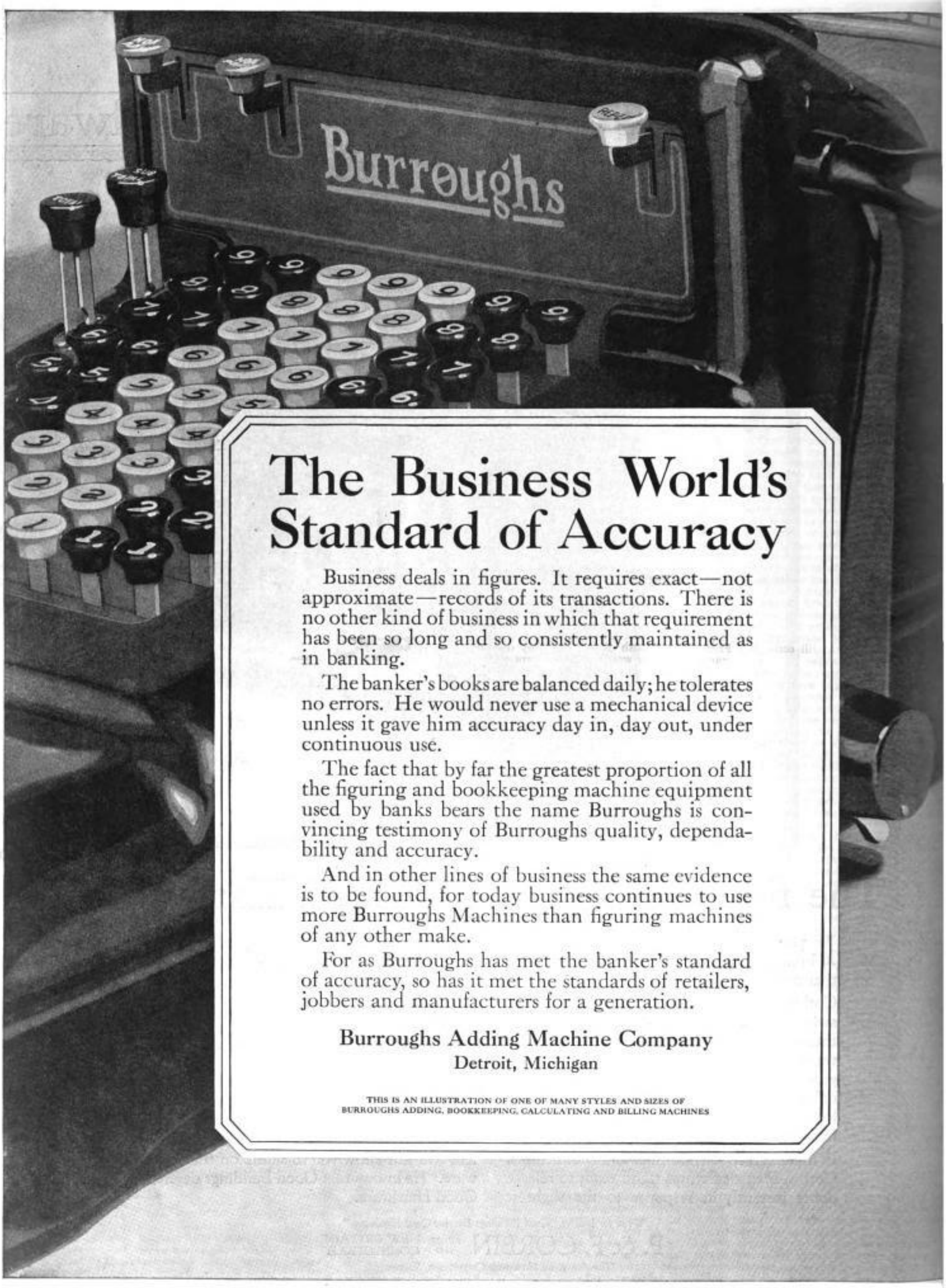
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(Continued from Page 98)

events would seem to have demonthe need."

while the American commander in k action to meet the crisis. He had steadfastly for the building up of an n army; no pressure, no arguments, sion, no declarations of "emerhad turned him from that purpose as the project did not imperil the of the war but seemed necessary it. He had weighed the many ncies," and he had consented to rifices of American aims as each but beyond that he would not go. ere was real peril. It was no question of each nation's seeing its ial interests in the light of a crisis he Allies. Defeat confronted the cause; Germany seemed destined ish. And in this dire emergency he t he had promised that the United ould do, and what American senti- erwhelmingly sanctioned. He went and put all the American resources sposal without restriction. That March twenty-eighth.

ng hastened to Clermont, the headof the Third French Army. Noemed to know at headquarters er not Foch was in the vicinity, a house on the edge of town, set ees well back on a hill, he located ho was engaged at the moment Clemenceau, General Petain and eur.

al Pershing walked in the garden aiting to see the marshal. When ed the house the American com- in chief found M. Clemenceau th Foch, Petain and Loucheur. plained the military situation to —the French had started counter- against Montdidier. Presently eau and Petain went out into the nd General Pershing told Foch had come for.

rench newspapers of the day quoted : "I have come to tell you that erican people would consider it a nor for our troops to be engaged in eat battle. I ask you for this in me and my own. Infantry, artilation—all that we have is yours. as you wish. More will come, th equal to requirements."

A Dramatic Moment

ve come especially to tell you that erican people will be proud to take the greatest battle of history." was manifestly touched. He grabbed erican commander by the arm and at M. Clemenceau must hear of this . The two hurried into the garden, they perceived the French Prime er in conversation with Petain. Holdking by the arm Foch strode across n and briefly told them the news.

Tiger's eyes lighted; even Petain, ossesses what is known in America poker face, reflected appreciation. iscussed what arrangements should de, and Foch said that the details tting this offer into effect could be between Petain and Pershing.

is published final report the Amerommander in chief has only this ent to make on the incident: "The ance of this offer meant the dis- of our troops along the Allied front consequent delay in building up a tive American force in Lorraine, but erious situation of the Allies de- ed this divergence from our plans."

the end of eight days the German drive s impetus, but a couple of days before spent the military representatives the Supreme War Council prepared a which ran in part as follows:

he battle which is developing at the nt moment in France, and which can d to the other theaters of operations, very quickly place the Allied Armies erious situation from the point of view jectives . . . and the new situation res new decisions.

The Military Representatives are of ion that it is highly desirable that the rican Government should assist the d Armies as soon as possible by perting in principle the temporary service merican units in Allied Army corps and sions. Such reinforcements must, how- , be obtained from other units than e American divisions which are now rating with the French, and the units so porarily employed must eventually be rned to the American Army.

"The Military Representatives are of the opinion that from the present time, . . . and until otherwise directed by the Supreme War Council, only American infantry and machine-gun units, organized as that Government may decide, be brought to France, and that all agreements or conventions hitherto made in conflict with this decision be modified accordingly."

Commenting on this note after a conference with Pershing and Bliss, Secretary Baker cabled to the President:

"This ought to be conceded only in view of the present critical situation and continued only so long as that situation necessarily demands it. The question of replacements will continue to embarrass the British and French governments, and efforts to satisfy that need by retaining American units assigned to them must be anticipated, but we must keep in mind the formation of an American army, while at the same time we must not seem to sacrifice joint efficiency at a critical moment to that object." He recommended that the preferential transportation for infantry and machine-gunners should be approved, and added: "He"—the commander in chief of the American Expeditionary Forces—"will use these and all other military forces of the United States under his command in such manner as to render the greatest military assistance, keeping in mind always the determination of this Government to have its various military forces collected, as speedily as their training and the military situation permits, into an independent American Army, acting in concert with the armies of Great Britain and France, and all arrangements made by him for their temporary training and service will be made with that end in view."

These recommendations were accepted, and preliminary arrangements were made with the French and British for training and early employment of such infantry units as might be assigned to each.

The Wishes of Our Allies

By now, however, the Allies were clamoring for indefinite continuation of priority for the infantry, and urging complete incorporation of these American troops in the French and British divisions. They demanded, in other words, entire absorption of the American forces to make up French and British losses and give them sufficient numbers to combat the Germans. So the A. E. F. commander found it necessary to cable the War Department on April third that the priority of infantry should be limited to four divisions, plus 45,500 replacements, and that the necessity for any priority in the future should be determined later.

The efforts made to obtain the employment of America's troops varied considerably. The British proposed to Secretary Baker late in March that engineer and other American troops employed in making the communications for the American Army should suspend that work and be drafted behind the Allied Front to construct defensive lines. They also asked for American batteries in excess of our divisional requirements, and wanted American artillerymen to be sent to British batteries to replace losses among the British artillery personnel through the recent German offensive. Also, they suggested that one of the American divisions reported to be complete with transport should be employed to increase the infantry in British combat divisions.

On the French side, in a conversation between Petain and Pershing about the same time, the French general asked for American divisions to relieve some French in the line, which he wanted to use elsewhere in the battle front. The American commander in chief agreed to this proposition, but wanted his troops united on the front as an American corps.

Petain objected that they had not had sufficient experience to justify this, never having functioned as a corps. He considered the plan too hazardous.

This gave Pershing the opportunity to emphasize the need of following a policy looking to the building up of an American corps and army. General Petain approved of the idea, but said he could not at present fix a date for the organization of an American corps. In asking for the incorporation of American troops in the French Army he wished to drive home the extreme urgency of the crisis.

General Pershing agreed that American divisions should take their place as soon as possible in quiet sectors of the line, and the



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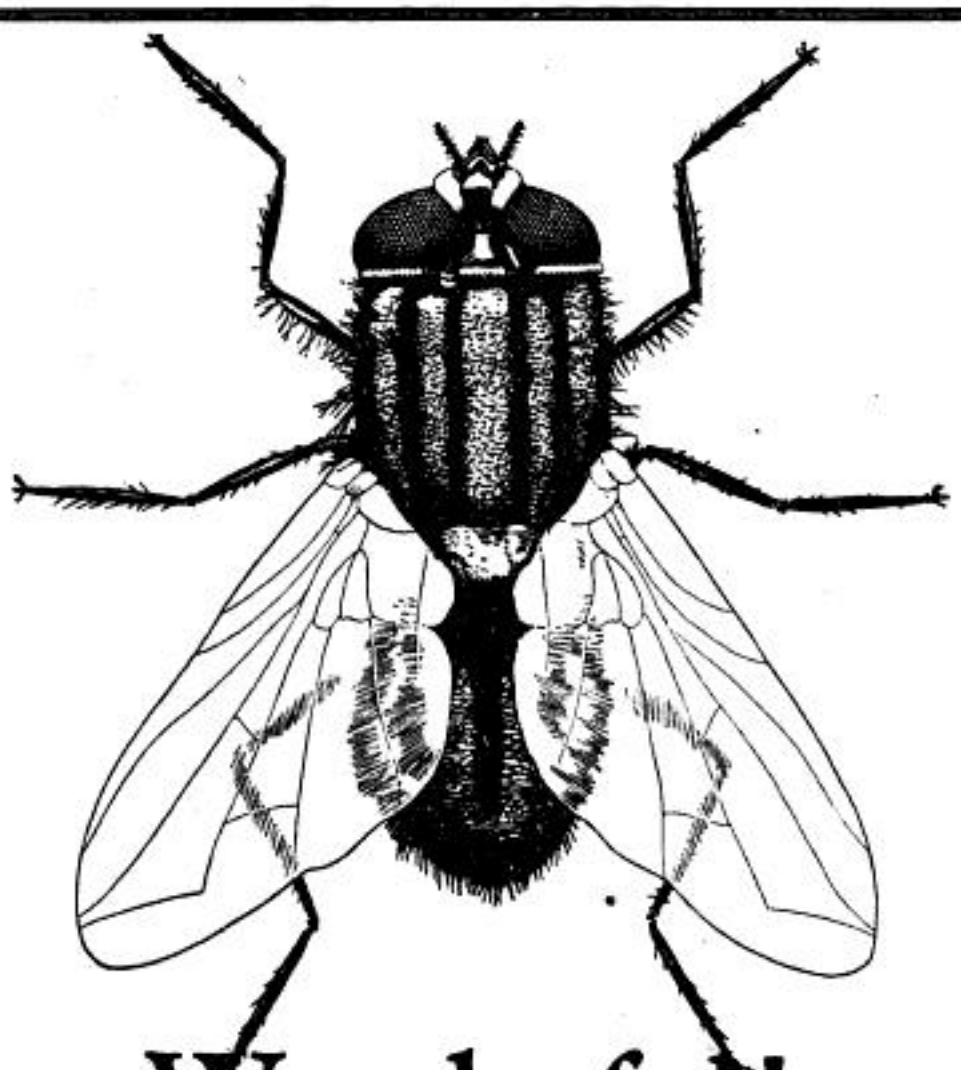


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If Flyosan should in any way fail to live up to your expectations, we will refund the retail price.

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Quart	1.25
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conversation turned on the American divisions being trained with the British. The commander in chief wanted to withdraw them for use with his other forces. Petain did not oppose withdrawing them from the British, but remarked he could use these American divisions advantageously in service with depleted French divisions. Perhaps, he said, it could eventually be arranged to have two French regiments and one American regiment per division.

Later—on April tenth—General Petain wrote to General Pershing as follows:

"No matter how appreciable it may be, the aid which you will be able to bring us will necessarily be limited and will be very far from making up the wearing out of our units in the battle. On the other hand, the effectives which we have available are also limited; thus, as I told you, it is necessary for us to plan for the suppression shortly of a certain number of our divisions. . . . This depression is of a kind to have a considerable influence in the result of the campaign of the year 1918. I can see only one way of escaping it, which is to obtain from America—which alone has the necessary resources in men—a sufficient support to compensate for our losses.

"It is for the infantry that our needs are imperious and urgent; it would therefore be advisable that priority be given to the transportation of American infantry during the approaching months, so that the effective strength of our divisions during the battle, which may be prolonged during the whole of the summer, may be maintained."

General Petain then proceeded to recommend that the shipping allotted to the transport of the American Army be devoted to transport of infantry, instead. "I allow myself to make this suggestion to you because I see the solution of the grave problem of effectives in the present campaign only in American coöperation in infantry."

Evidently the restrictions placed upon Foch's elevation to commander in chief of the Allied armies had provoked friction and difficulties, because another conference was found necessary to straighten out the misunderstanding. It was held in Beauvais on April third. Mr. Lloyd George, M. Clemenceau, Foch, Haig, Sir Henry Wilson, Bliss and Pershing attended.

Clemenceau opened proceedings by explaining that there existed some disagreement in the understanding of Foch's powers as conferred on him at the Doullens conference of March twenty-sixth.

Foch stated that the powers conferred by the Doullens conference were limited to coördination of action between the Allies. They were conferred while the action was in progress, and the power to coördinate had been construed to be limited to the time the Allies were in action. That step was taken on March twenty-sixth. It was now April third, and since the armies were no longer in action, but were facing each other, there was nothing to coördinate. He thought there should be authority to prepare for action and direct it. "We are right back where we were before," declared Foch.

Unity of Action

Mr. Lloyd George said they had had three years of war and had not had unity of action during that time. During the year just gone they had seen two kinds of strategy, one by Haig and another by Petain, and nothing had really been gained. The only thing the Allies had accomplished occurred while General Nivelle was in supreme command.

The Germans, continued Lloyd George, had done exactly what General Nivelle tried to do. Recent happenings had stirred the British people very deeply, and such things must not happen again, as the people would demand why they had happened and somebody would be called to account. The British wanted some sort of unity of command. General Foch was at present empowered to coördinate the action of the Allied Armies, but this did not go far enough, as he had no authority to control except by conferring with the respective commanders in chief. He needed authority to prepare for action, and Mr. Lloyd George thought that the resolution adopted at Doullens should be modified so that they might have a better understanding.

General Pershing remarked that the principle of unity of command was undoubtedly the correct one for the Allies to follow.

"I do not believe it is possible to have unity of action without a supreme commander," he said. "We have already had experience enough in trying to c the operations of the Allied Armi out success. There has never unity of action. Such coördination two or three armies is impossible, ter who the commanders in chief Each commander in chief is inte his own army, and cannot get commander's point of view, nor problem as a whole. I am in f supreme commander and believe cess of the Allied cause depends I think the necessary action should by this council at once. I am in conferring the supreme comma General Foch."

The British Prime Minister warm approval. "I fully agree eral Pershing. That is well put." turned to Sir Douglas Haig and for an expression of opinion.

Sir Douglas declared that the had practically complete unity He had always coöperated with th whom he regarded as in contr strategical questions of the war, placed under the command of Nivelle and General Petain he ha worked well with them. Sir Dougl with Pershing's general idea th should be unity of command, bu ered that they already had it.

Foch in Supreme Comm

After some further talk a resolu adopted to confer the supreme c on Foch, but it referred only to th and French armies.

Pershing said this resolution sh clude the American Army, whic soon be ready to function as s should therefore be included as a like the French and British armies

Petain said: "There is no Americ yet as such—its units are either ing or are amalgamated with the and French."

General Pershing replied: "Th not be an American Army in fo tioning now, but there soon will b want this resolution to apply to it becomes a fact. The American ment is represented here at this con and in the war, and any action supreme command that includes t ish and French armies should also the American Army."

An agreement was reached as "Gen. Foch is charged by the French and American Governmen the coördination of the action of th Armies on the western front; to there is conferred on him all the necessary for its effective realizati the same end, the British, Fren American Governments confide Foch the strategic direction of operations.

"The Commander-in-Chief of the French and American Armies will to the fullest extent the tactical d of their armies. Each Commander-i will have the right to appeal to his ment, if in his opinion his Army is in danger by the instructions receiv Gen. Foch. (Signed) G. Clemenceau; F. Foch; Lloyd George; D. Haig. Henry Wilson, General; Tasker H General and Chief of Staff; John shing, General, U. S. A."

The tail of the agreement was of the devil of distrust which lurke the Allied dispositions throughout years of war. The curious reservati each commander in chief had the r appeal to his government if he deem of Foch's orders endangered the ex of his army was inspired by the dread that the French might, in a sacrifice the Channel ports to protect The French lived in constant fear tha British allies would permit the fall o in order to save the Channel ports. feeling had a very injurious effect early conduct of the war.

The British assumption that the ential shipment of American infant employment in the British and F Armies was to be continuous develo a meeting in Paris between Secretary and Pershing, and Major Generals ham and Hutchison. At that meeting eral Whigham stated that the British be able to ship 60,000 troops per m and the Americans 60,000, making a of 120,000 per month.

These figures seemed to puzzle Secr Baker. He pointed out that no figure

(Continued on Page 104)

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Every Lawrence garment is cut individually to pattern by hand instead of by the dozen by machine. This means accurate sizing and perfect fit. When you ask for a size 40, you get a 40, not a 38 or 42.

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Athletic Union Suit	Sock Length Union Suit
Athletic Shirt and Trunk Drawers	Full Length Union Suit
	Full Length Shirt and Drawers

There are two qualities of Lawrence garments:

1—Blue Label—combed yarn—finest quality.
2—Red Label—the same durability and finish—not quite the softness.



Lawrence Union Suits, Under-vests and Bloomers for women—perfect in fit, dainty in tailoring and finish.

Look for the Lawrence Label and write us if your dealer hasn't the style you want.

LAWRENCE MANUFACTURING CO., Lowell, Mass.
Established 1831

America's Largest Manufacturers of Men's and Women's Light and Medium Weight Knit Underwear from the raw cotton to the finished garment.

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LAWRENCE
Tailored Knit
UNDERWEAR

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Being "handy" is just owning the right tool



For clogged drain



As emergency clamp or vice



On any nut or bolt (a cloth will prevent scratching)



To turn screw-driver when screw is rusty

To turn or grip anything—any shape; as furnace shaker

DO you qualify as a "handy-man-round-the-house"? Do you flinch when she pleads "Can't you fix it?"? When a rusted screw sticks, when the stove shaker hides, when a nut on the baby carriage gets loose, do you putter at it with a makeshift tool, bung your knuckles and bungle the job? When a faucet drips, or the radiator leaks, do you quit cold and call the plumber?

The plumber doesn't want "piker" jobs. He has more profitable work to do. He'll advise you to save time and money by owning a genuine WALWORTH Stillson Wrench. "Take your Stillson to it" has been a by-word with two generations of mechanics. Now it is getting into the household, because it will turn things that an ordinary wrench can't hold on to—such as a pipe.

Dan Stillson invented it in the Walworth plant over forty years ago. It is the best known wrench in the world. The working parts are drop-forged from the best tool steel, finely finished, and heat-treated to give strength and toughness, combined with hardness, without brittleness.

Ask your hardware dealer for a 10-inch genuine Walworth Stillson Wrench (be sure to look for the diamond trade-mark). Also write for descriptive folder.



Walworth Mfg. Co.
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Philadelphia - Chicago
Seattle - - Portland

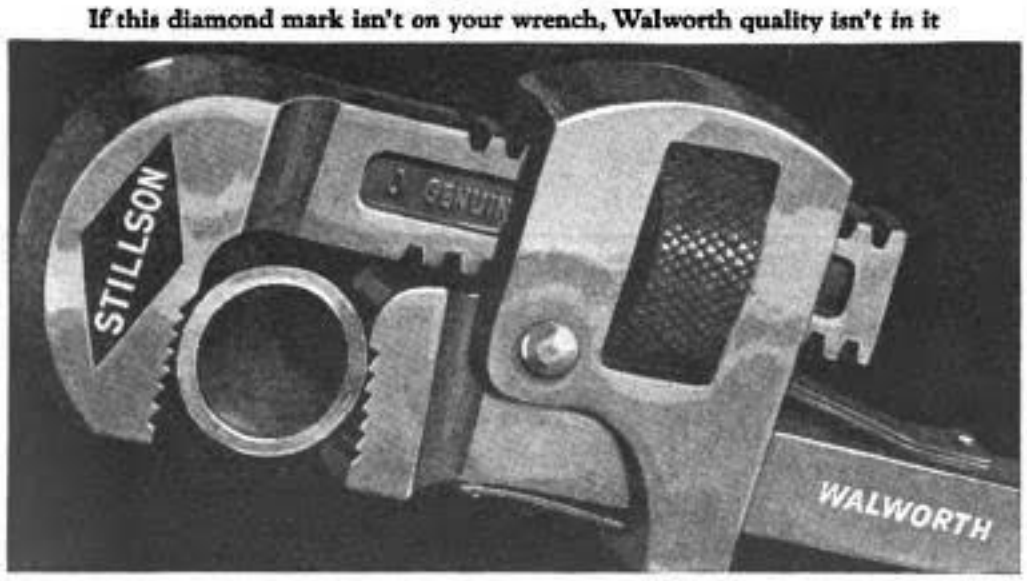


Boston-Kewanee, Ill.
WALWORTH INTERNATIONAL CO.
NEW YORK
FOREIGN REPRESENTATIVE

WALWORTH

STILLSON

If this diamond mark isn't *on* your wrench, Walworth quality isn't *in* it



Valves, Fittings, Tools for Steam, Water, Gas, Oil and Air

(Continued from Page 102)

been mentioned in the Versailles agreement, and he would like to know the origin of those given by General Whigham. Mr. Baker emphasized the fact that there had been no obligation on the part of the United States to send any given number of troops per month or for any particular period. He did not think it was clear that the Versailles agreement annulled the original six-division plan adopted at British behest. The Versailles agreement provided that priority of shipping for infantry should be given only until further orders—and those orders might come to-morrow.

Whigham said the British War Office interpreted the Versailles agreement as wiping out all previous agreements.

Baker replied: "What is pertinent to the present discussion is that American troops are going to the British for training. I don't want the British public or army, or the French public or army, to get an exaggerated idea that this scheme provides, or will provide, a means by which their losses are to be made up in future. I want no feeling of disillusionment when General Pershing calls for the return of the troops intrusted to them for training."

General Whigham replied that this was perfectly understood.

However, I venture to remark in passing that this arrangement Mr. Baker warned against was precisely what the British and French were trying to bring about. They had an uncanny knack of interpreting any concession made to help them out in a pinch as a fixed policy to be followed indefinitely, and their honest indignation knew no bounds when checked in their disposition of American resources among themselves.

Hardly had the battle lines of the March offensive by the Germans become stabilized when they delivered another crushing blow against the British in the vicinity of Armentières and along the Lys River. Passchendaele Ridge, whose capture had cost the British such a fearful toll of lives in 1917, had to be evacuated. The German attack was launched on April ninth on a forty-kilometer front, and losses were so heavy that the British were hard put to it for replacements.

Consequently they put forth extraordinary efforts to increase the shipping available for American troops. General Pershing went to London on April twenty-first to reach some agreement, and while there was shown a copy of a note which had been handed to Lord Reading, the British Ambassador in Washington, on April nineteenth. This note recognized the principle of priority of shipment of infantry and machine-gun personnel throughout the months of April, May, June and July. It was another instance of the Allies going over Pershing's head to Washington.

The Program Adopted

But the note assumed a shipping capacity of only 120,000 men per month, whereas the London authorities saw in sight enough British tonnage alone to carry 130,000 in May and 150,000 in June, with a greatly increased capacity for July. Finally an arrangement was arrived at providing that American troops should be sent over in the following order: Infantry, machine guns, engineers and signal troops, and headquarters of divisions and brigades, during May, for training and service with the British Army in France; but only up to six divisions. Any excess shipping was to be used for transporting troops necessary to make the American divisions complete.

It was stipulated that the artillery personnel of these divisions and the corps troops requisite to build up American corps organizations should follow immediately thereafter, and that the artillery personnel should receive its training with French *matériel* and join its own divisions as soon as trained.

Upon completion of this program, if the military situation made advisable the further shipment of infantry of American divisions, "then all the British and American shipping available for transport of troops shall be used for that purpose under such arrangement as will insure immediate aid to the Allies. . . . (d) That it is contemplated American divisions and corps when trained and organized shall be utilized under the American Commander-in-Chief in an American group. (e) That the American Commander-in-Chief shall allot American troops to the French or British for training, or train them with American units, at his discretion, with the standing that troops already tra by British shipping, or included i divisions mentioned in paragraph to be trained with the British Arm

Of course the French chose to s agreement an indefinite assignment ican infantry to British units; so, that the United States had accep principle, they wanted it applied to Therefore, at the opening of a me the Supreme War Council at Abbe May first, they started with a st that the first business was the allot American troops to the Allies.

This calm assumption of Amer ceptance of the rôle of replacemen voir was rather bewildering, and th ner of introducing the subject le doubt that the American comma chief, in their opinion, had no lon voice in the matter. That they ju a hasty conclusion seems evident f wording of the agreement reache prolonged debate:

"It is the opinion of the Supre Council that, in order to carry the successful conclusion, an Americ should be formed as early as possib its own commander and under its o In order to meet the present emer is agreed that American troops sh brought to France as rapidly as transportation facilities will perm that, as far as consistent with the n of building up an American Army, ence be given to infantry and machi units for training and service with and British Armies; with the unde ing that such infantry and machi units are to be withdrawn and unite its own artillery and auxiliary troo divisions and corps at the discretion American Commander in Chief afte sultation with the Commander in C the Allied Armies in France." T mainder of the agreement was prac an indorsement of that concluded i don, for it carried the same provisio

Mr. Baker's Cablegram

Apparently the arrangements ma priority of infantry were not so ext as the Allies wanted, because a litt they were pressing further demands Secretary of War cabled Pershing on twelfth:

"The President asked me to say t that he has been much impressed an turbed by representation officially m him here by French and British Am dors showing the steady drain upon F and British replacements and the number of replacement troops now able. He feels that you on the ground full opportunity to know the situatio fully trusts your judgment as to how ought to give additional priority to try and machine-gun units, in view fact that such troops seem to be the immediately serviceable and un needed. The Abbeville agreemen course, provides less priority for inf and machine-gun units than was r mended by the Supreme War Counci with shipping at present in prospec result in practically 120,000 infantry machine-gun units, signal corps, and neer corps per month during May June. It has been suggested to the P dent that General Foch may reopen subject with you, and the President h you will approach any such intervie sympathetically as possible, particula the suggestion as to replacements w has been presented to him is as critic it seems."

Orders were issued on May second b Eighth French Army for withdrawal o American Twenty-sixth Division from sector for service in another. This r called forth the following comment f General Pershing in a note to the Chi the French Military Mission: "Inasm as the final decision as to the Amer divisions to be sent to the battle front r be made by these headquarters, it is gested that in the future I be informe to the proposals of the French comm before any action is taken."

The French opinion of the Americ under training at this time is of inter In a memorandum issued May 1, 1918, Petain's headquarters, on instruction American units attached to large Fre units, these observations occurred:

"It should be borne in mind that th have an extremely highly developed se

(Continued on Page 107)

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See which kinds she likes best

—and give another evidence of your thought and care to please

ft of any Johnston Box is always a subtle liment. It suggests that only the finest ob- s worthy of her. And it distinguishes you es as a keen judge of fine candies.

Johnston Choice Box goes farther. It makes or her to choose her favorite varieties. ains 22 kinds—the most delicious of all have made in 74 years of fine candy And a booklet in colors, the Johnston look, listing the various combinations 6 other popular Johnston boxes.

chocolate creams, chocolate French honey nougats and Dutch bitter n one. Cherry cordials, nuts in cream gat-caramels in another. And so on. l of these and 15 others are in the Johnston box. Each piece is plainly identified by name.

hy connoisseurs prefer Johnston's

olates differ greatly. Johnston's are noted for a thick, rich chocolate coating. As this costs more than the center, makers etimes tempted to thin it.

We make our own chocolate. Thus we control its quality. We use only the finest of the 110 grades of cocoa bean, from which chocolate is made.

Every process gets the utmost in time and care. For instance, the longer chocolate is whipped, the better it becomes. Ours is worked four times as long as the average. It costs more, but is worth it.

We make our own syrups. Also our cream fondant —the inside of chocolate creams. We use only the costliest Cuban cane sugar—much finer than ordinary sugar. We accept only whole nuts and fruits. Thus we are sure of luscious fruit centers. Of nut centers full flavored and tasty.

All Johnston's chocolates are dipped and packed in rooms where the air is washed.

We have never compromised on quality. A Johnston confection must be the finest of its kind that can be made.

JOHNSTON'S
Milwaukee



The Johnston Choice Book is in this box

The little book shows you, in a novel and interesting way, how to get the *kinds* of candy you really prefer. We ask you to try Johnston's, should you not already know them. Once you have tasted them, no lesser candies will satisfy. At good stores everywhere. But if any dealer can't supply you, send us the coupon, with one dollar, and the name and address of the dealer.

MAIL TO
JOHNSTON'S
Milwaukee

Enclosed find $1, for which send me one Johnston Choice Box.

Name_____
Street No._____
City_____ State_____
Dealer's Name_____
Street No._____

Johnston's
THE APPRECIATED CHOCOLATES

This is not a pound box, but a special introductory assortment—22 kinds—of our finest chocolates and other confections

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THE SIGNATURE THAT BECOMES THE MAI OF A PRICELESS CRAFTSMANSHIP

YOU have heard of the craftsmen of the ancient Guild of Watchmakers, and of the great love they bore their guild.

Ofttimes, beneath the arched windows of the old guildhall, a worthy guildsman toiled for half a year over a watch which one day would weight the pocket of some European nobleman.

Proud of the skill which made possible his fine achievements, he was prouder still of the guild spirit and traditions. They were ever with him as he worked, lending a greater deftness to his hand, a greater beauty to his masterpieces.

And when he had completed a timepiece worthy of his name and a credit to his guild, he would sign it, even as Raphael signed a painting or Cellini a golden vase.

Centuries have passed since first a master's signature became the symbol of a priceless craftsmanship.

But today descendants of the old-time guildsmen labor in a modern guild, building for the name Gruen a prestige greater even than that of the most famous of the ancient masters.

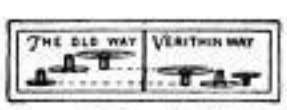
It is natural that the name Gruen, reflecting as it does the ideals and traditions of fine craftsmanship, should be found in a watch of greater perfectness, and that in the mind of every American this name should have come to stand for beauty and endurance, for timekeeping accuracy.

Announcing the new Gruen Pentagon

The Gruen Pentagon — the newest genuine Verithin — is a striking example of that craftsmanship which has made Gruen Guild Watches pre-eminent among today's finest timepieces.

Of unique design, it is so formed that it won't tip over in the pocket. It is fitted with the famous Gruen Precision Movement, and guaranteed to come within railroad time requirements.

You may see the Pentagon and other Gruen Watches at the best jewelry stores in each community, to which their sale is confined. Look for the Gruen Service Emblem displayed by leading jewelers.



How the Gruen Pat. Wheel Construction made an accurate watch logically thin. It isn't a Verithin unless it is a Gruen



51—The Pentagon 14 kt. solid green gold engraved center edge—$100 and up
It won't tip over in the pocket
This shape is patented and will be protected

Prices: $25 to $750; with diamonds from $100 to $6,000

GRUEN WATCHMAKERS GUILD, Time Hill, Cincinnati, U.S.A.
Canadian Branch, Toronto
Masters in the art of watchmaking since 1874

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GRUEN

GRUEN Guild Watches

Including the original and genuine "VERITHIN" model

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(Continued from Page 104)

r propre, based on their pride in g to one of the greatest nations of ld. Consequently an attitude of ity over them should be assidu- oided, a fact which in no way pre- e absolute subordination required ervice, nor carrying out the rules of y. . . . In case of necessity, fficers should not hesitate to exer- ir authority. . . . Americans f operating in open country, after roken through the front. This re- too much attention being devoted form of operations. . . . The n soldier, as did ours formerly, manual labor."

dless him, he surely did!

interview between Petain and at Chantilly on May nineteenth, ght to get an American sector des- was renewed. The American com- in chief favored a sector of the and insisted that the American with the British should be con- d there as soon as their training pleted.

s meeting they agreed to pool their s of supplies of all kinds, and also f transport, whatever reservations arrangement the British might

ermans next attacked between the d Berry-au-Bac, on May twenty- against the French this time in- the British, as had generally been i. It caught the French completely rise, and the initial push over a ve-kilometer front carried the en- y kilometers in four days. That is y good marching, without a fight. Germans reached the Marne and, as a defensive flank, directed their toward Paris. Allied morale was to the breaking point; the armies ttle weary, worn, with no heart for attack; the reserves were almost ed; German victory seemed immi- During those days of whispers, when Bertha was shelling Paris and half ople thought that it meant the were close, nearly 1,000,000 people capital, heading for points south. elp was now on the seas. It took a f catastrophes to wake the Amer- ple to the dire need of haste and its ficials to speed; it took defeats un- ed in British military history to at nation to the necessity of mak- reme sacrifices of shipping for the rt of American troops.

larch twenty-first, the date of the rman offensive, only 300,000 Amer- ops had reached France. A number ions were in line in quiet sectors, thing occurred to stimulate our hopes until the brilliant exploit of st Division in capturing Cantigny, y twenty-eighth. As that was a local attack, undertaken for its ffect, the military results were not ant except so far as they raised

tions Near Château-Thierry

the Second Division, in reserve est of Paris and about to relieve the the Montdidier sector, was thrown e battle near Meaux to help check rman advance. Deploying across âteau-Thierry-Paris road early on rning of June first to fill a gap in the line it stopped the German onrush. same time the partially trained Division went with the French to he crossings of the Marne and its ned machine-gun battalion assisted essfully defending the river crossing âteau-Thierry.

as these performances were, they compare in their effect with the swelling of American reënforce- The ports were jammed with can infantry, now arriving at the 10,000 men a day; all night and all rains loaded to the guards with boys went shrieking and clanking the face of France. In every town, every roadside, American soldiers on way to the battle areas grinned at the h spectators; afoot and in trucks, moved by thousands along every high- By the end of May there were 600,000 rican troops in France.

e French population saw these things wondered. A new hope stirred in . Underneath all these activities—in mping of countless feet, the ceaseless ble of troop trains—they could feel the mighty power of a roused nation flowing in resistless flood. So they gave a cheer and knocked off to follow the marching troops; and the poilu took a hitch at his breeks, lit a cigarette, and decided to take another fall out of Heinie.

Meanwhile the Germans, checked in their advance on Paris, were organizing for another effort. The prospect gave the British and French commands intense concern. Where would the new blow fall? How could it be met? Where were replacements to come from?

The whole question of man power was threshed out at a conference in Versailles on June second. Present at this meeting were Prime Minister Lloyd George, Viscount Milner, Gen. Sir Henry Wilson, Sir M. P. A. Hankey and Maj. Gen. Sir H. A. Lawrence, representing Great Britain; Clemenceau, Foch, General Weygand and General Mordacq, representing France; Pershing, General McAndrew, Colonel Connor and Colonel Boyd, representing the United States. Professor Mantoux acted as interpreter.

The announced subject of debate was the June and July transport program. General Foch opened it by saying that he and General Pershing had been unable to agree at a meeting the previous evening, and he inquired of the American commander in chief if he had any proposal to make.

General Pershing's Position

General Pershing suggested that, in view of the emergency, preference should be given in shipping during July to such infantry and machine gunners as were trained and ready, but he was emphatic in declaring that the United States must not be denuded of trained men. He was just as strongly opposed to bringing green, untrained men who would be unable to get into the fight within thirty days after landing, anyhow. The point he particularly stressed was that at the end of June there would be only a small proportion of infantry scattered among the eighteen divisions left in the United States.

In reply to this General Foch urged that every infantryman in the United States should be brought over, after sufficient instructors for the new levies had been excepted. It wasn't necessary to leave riflemen for instructional purposes, he argued.

The American commander in chief reminded the conference that this was a matter for the War Department at Washington to decide. He reiterated his opposition to any attempt to drain the United States of trained men, because it would oblige America to improvise an entirely new army.

At this point Mr. Lloyd George took part in the discussion. He remarked that they must be quite clear what General Pershing's proposal meant—that is, the Allies would receive practically no infantry from the United States in July. If President Wilson really intended this, they could understand, but he, Lloyd George, had not hitherto understood anything of the kind. He quite realized that the number of men to be retained in the United States was entirely a matter for the War Department at Washington to decide, he said, and he referred with his customary tact to the debt the Allies owed to President Wilson for generous and chivalrous aid in the manner in which he had agreed to meet their needs; but Mr. Lloyd George understood that 50,000 men were to be left in the United States as a nest egg, and if such a nest egg were left there they would have nothing but new levies to bring to France.

General Pershing replied that he did not say no part of these 50,000 would come, but the question must be left to the American War Department to determine. Upon which the British Prime Minister remarked that all they could do was to represent to President Wilson their needs and hopes, and make an appeal to him to come to the rescue—more especially of France—at a time of the most terrible necessity in which that country had ever been placed. The Allies were, of course, in the hands of the United States of America, he added.

General Pershing stated, "But in July there will be very little left in the United States except troops of one or two months' training."

Mr. Lloyd George's comment on this was that even these partially trained troops should be brought over, as a month's training on the spot would be worth more than three months' in America, and by training in France the American drafts would come into contact with their own men and would get the atmosphere of the war, which was an infinitely better atmosphere for training.

General Pershing said the troops should certainly have some training after they arrived, but in July they would be still too green. Drafts were being called up in June, and consequently in early July they would have had only one month's training, he said.

M. Clemenceau broke in with "In the meantime, what is to happen to the war?"

General Foch added: "They should bring over every available man, leaving only a certain number of instructors." His information was that ample tonnage would be available in July, and he urged that it be devoted to bringing infantrymen, filling the ships with the most advanced recruits.

The American commander in chief remarked that the question seemed to have become more or less complicated. The previous day he had explained his desire to ship more men for the railroads and ports, but the conference appeared altogether to ignore this, and he felt he was receiving short shrift. Generals Foch and Weygand knew the enormous difficulties under which the United States was forming an army in France, and they surely realized the impossibility of running an army without sufficient ports and railways. Owing to the necessity of bringing over infantry during the past month, in order to meet a grave emergency, these matters had been lost sight of; he was of opinion that a settlement could easily be arrived at if the matter were left to Lord Milner, General Foch and himself for arrangement.

M. Clemenceau said, "For the first time I understand to-day that the United States of America is short of men. At Abbeville the discussion proceeded on the basis that this could never happen." He went on to say that Lord Milner had spoken the previous day of 200,000 men arriving from America in June and July. Now he learned that only 50,000 instructed men could be brought.

General Pershing replied, "Not as many as 50,000. If you ship 170,000 in June, as contemplated, there will be only 40,000 trained troops in July."

After some further discussion of the number of available men Clemenceau remarked that he was terribly disappointed. Could General Pershing tell him when the embarkations would recommence?

General Pershing said, "In August." He mentioned, also, that 484,000 men had been called up in the United States during the month of May.

Mr. Lloyd George's Proposal

At this juncture Foch proposed that the June program should be allowed to stand and a plan worked out for July shipments on the basis of sending as many men as possible.

The French Premier wished to supplement this suggestion. He agreed with Lloyd George that the situation should be explained to President Wilson.

Mr. Lloyd George then addressed the conference. He opened by saying that he quite realized, of course, the importance of sending the supplementary troops mentioned by General Pershing; but they were confronted with a pressing need; and he proceeded to read the following message which he proposed should be cabled to President Wilson by Generals Foch and Pershing:

"We recommend that the reinforcements to be sent from America in the immediate future should come in the following order: During the month of June, infantry and machine-gunners should have absolute priority to the number of 170,000. During the month of July the same arrangement should hold good as far as possible. Inasmuch as this would exhaust all the infantry and machine-gunners recruited before May, the numbers of men of these classes should, if possible, be made up to the figure contemplated by sending some of the May levies. It is recognized that it is undesirable in principle to send out men having so short a period of training at home, but we consider that the present emergency is such as to justify a temporary and exceptional departure from this principle.

"In making this recommendation we base ourselves upon the assumption that combined American and British tonnage will render possible the shipment of at least 250,000 in each of the months of June and July, so that even if a maximum of 170,000 infantry and machine-gunners

(Continued on Page 109)



FOWNES

In spring and summer women welcome the change from conventional kid gloves to light and more informal wear . . . Fownes silks, that harmonize or contrast with every vagary of a rioting season of color!

For example—a pair of pearly white silk Fownes to set off black lace sleeves. Or Fownes of art shades to go with crêpes, foulards and satins of every hue.

But for sports wear FILOSETTE is supreme—its texture, washability and solid value give it the "outdoor" precedence.

If you have any difficulty in securing Fownes send us size and style desired with the name of your dealer.

FOWNES BROTHERS & CO. INC.
119 West 40th St. New York



It's a Fownes—that's all you need to know about a glove.

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The Hoover is guaranteed to prolong the life of rugs

A Simple Test Will Convince You

Next cleaning day, after your rugs have been vigorously swept, telephone one of our Authorized Dealers to send out a representative with a Hoover—*no obligation, of course.*

Just let him glide The Hoover over your cleanest rugs, after first showing you that its bag contains no dirt.

You will be appalled at the dirt he will soon empty from the Hoover bag. You will be surprised that such apparently clean rugs could in reality be so unsanitary.

Naturally such a condition is no reflection upon you. To dislodge all buried dirt from rugs they need beating, electric sweeping and air suction. The Hoover is therefore an absolute necessity.

Electrically it beats out all the nap-wearing disease-laden grit from rug depths; electrically it sweeps up the stubbornest litter, erects crushed nap, freshens colors and cleans by air—in one easy, rapid, dustless operation *guaranteed to add years to the life and beauty of all your rugs and thereby to repeatedly save its cost.*

Have a free home demonstration of this time-perfected cleaner and its attachments.

Phone any Tel-U-Where Information Bureau, any Hoover Branch Office, or write us for the names of Authorized Dealers.

Offered in three sizes, all moderately priced. Convenient terms if desired.

THE HOOVER SUCTION SWEEPER COMPANY
The oldest and largest makers of electric cleaners
Factories at North Canton, Ohio, and Hamilton, Canada

The HOOVER

It BEATS.... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

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ntinued from Page 107)

ch were attained, at least 160,000
e categories required by General
an be sent over during June and
e agree that this arrangement
w be adopted in substitute for
at Abbeville the beginning of

Pershing said: "I cannot agree
ver American troops of only one
raining. They could not be used
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t Milner undertook to pour oil
ubled waters. He made an ear-
or "some small concession" on the
neral Pershing, pointing out that
all members of a coalition and
neet one another's wishes to some
eneral Foch was surely making a
in agreeing to the draft telegram
George had read, so why couldn't
Pershing make a corresponding
cession?
ficulty was, answered the Amer-
mander in chief, that what they
he United States was not a small
—it was much more. Moreover,
h and British were not in a posi-
pply the troops they asked for, in
nt state of the railroads and sup-
e Americans must therefore plan
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oops with the British Army had
red, and were not then receiving,
pplies they ought, owing to con-
the ports. This proposition of
omitting to bring over men for
ads and ports, was bound to lay
e for them in the future. General
recommended postponement of
program until August, preference
ren meanwhile to building up the
and railroad personnel; the only
ment involved would be the em-
n of troops of one month's training
d not be expected to fight so soon

neau remarked, "But the Ger-
not postpone his attacks."
g replied, "Untrained troops can-
hed on to fight."

at the Proposal Involved

is stage of the proceedings Mr.
eorge presented the most daring of
ish proposals. Through the British
in Washington they had felt out
rican government on a plan to send
American troops for incorporation
British armies under British com-
ut that was on our entry into the
ly in 1917, and it progressed no
than a feeler; next had come their
for 150 battalions of infantry to
e emergency caused by British
ut the proposition which the Prime
r read to the conference as coming
e British Government dwarfed all
s demands in the scope of its ex-
ns.
iew of the critical situation created
ncentration of the French reserves
r Paris, and the consequent urgent
r further divisions to replace the
divisions withdrawn from the Brit-
t," it ran, "and having regard more
arly to General Foch's considered
that if the number of British divi-
not maintained we shall lose the
neral Pershing agrees, as an emer-
arrangement, that the British
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ount of training required and of the
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shall be put into the line."
s get a clear understanding of what
roposition involved. The British
rging that even fresh American
should be brought over; this pro-
provided that, no matter how green
roops might be, no matter how unfit
hting, these American troops could
rown into the battle any time the
commander in chief decided they
eeded. It aimed at taking control of
n men out of the hands of the Amer-
mmander in chief.
eems hard to reconcile this proposal
Mr. Lloyd George's usual common
probably he would look on it to-day
oisterous, and chuckle; for I venture
that no government in the world
have the hardihood to make any
proposition to the government of
Britain or the government of France,
atter how desperate "the emergency."
e American commander in chief de-
d emphatically that he could not pos-
accede to this proposal. He himself must be the authority to say when the American troops should go into the line. This proposal had never been discussed at all with him; it was thrust on him for the first time. And he wanted it distinctly understood that he could not have matters taken out of his hands as proposed.

The Prime Minister retorted that present arrangements were such that the American troops would very likely never be available for the battle.

This remark of Mr. Lloyd George's exemplifies a faculty the French and British possess of making it appear that you aren't playing the game whenever you decline to play it the way they want. Each government had its mind set on utilizing American aid for its own effort, and so each made continual demands on the plea of emergency, and if the United States refused to recognize that an emergency calling for such measures existed, then our ally tried to make it appear that the United States was not doing its share in the war.

General Foch's Memorandum

The tactics were probably familiar to General Pershing, for he merely replied to Mr. Lloyd George that he was ready to put the United States Army into the line whenever it was required, but in the case of troops in training he must preserve his own right to say when the moment had arrived. Moreover, he considered this matter was not one for the conference to decide, but he would be glad to give careful consideration to General Foch's recommendations for urgency. After some further talk it was agreed to leave the question of the July shipping program to Foch and Pershing for discussion.

The next thing on the program was a memorandum read by General Foch appealing to General Pershing to increase the American effort to 100 divisions, which would entail the calling up of more than 300,000 men a month. Now 100 American divisions would be numerically equal to 200 French or British, and so the proposed effort aimed at an American Army in France superior in size to the French and British armies combined—more than 4,000,000 men.

General Pershing readily agreed to this. He assured the conference that the sentiment of the American people would approve such an effort if it were required to win the war, and he heartily approved of General Foch's opinion being forwarded to Washington.

At this point Orlando and Sonnino, of Italy, entered the room, and then M. Clemenceau abruptly switched the discussion. He wanted to know how many British divisions could be maintained in France.

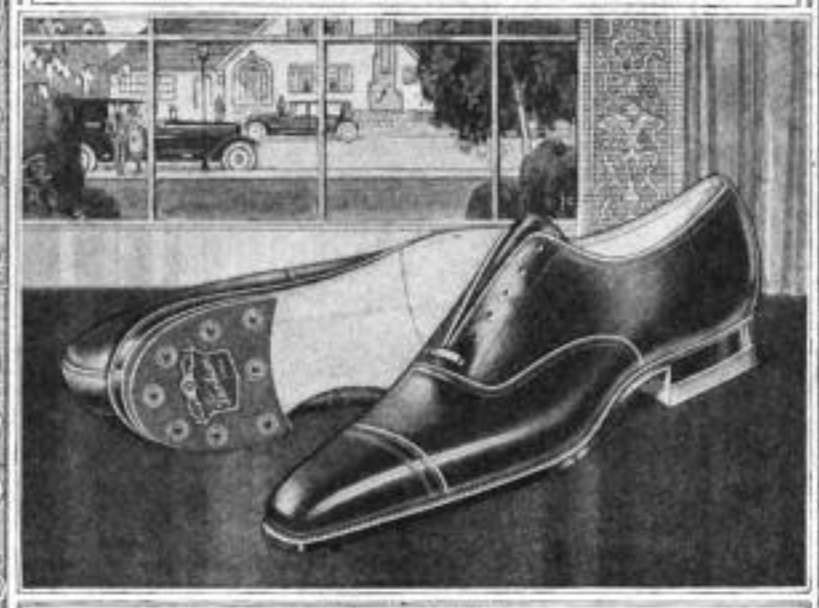
Prime Minister Lloyd George replied that it would be best not to discuss that question until the return of the expert M. Clemenceau had promised to send to England to determine the man power available there.

General Foch informed the conference that the Allies had only 150 divisions against 204 German divisions. If these 150 could not be maintained at strength, then the Allies would be bankrupt. No matter what the reply of M. Clemenceau's expert on their man power, the British must make a strong effort to maintain their fifty-three divisions. If they failed to do so he could see nothing but disaster. It was impossible for him, Foch, to carry on the war in behalf of the Allies against an enemy whose numbers increased whilst the Allies' diminished.

Here Viscount Milner expressed concern over some of the figures he had heard bandied about. He deplored their use. For instance, General Foch's figures of 150 Allied divisions—he wanted to correct those. He pointed out that the Allies had 169 divisions. This slip on the part of General Foch appeared to occasion the British representative considerable chagrin, because he referred to it again later. As regards British divisions, said Lord Milner, their reduction was due to the fact that losses had been out of all proportion to what they had anticipated. They had taken steps to replace the losses, but those measures would hardly produce the troops before August. Viscount Milner was referring to the new levies.

General Foch accepted Lord Milner's correction: the Allies had 169 divisions. But he wanted to point out that eleven Belgian divisions were being opposed by only seven German divisions, so the Allies lost in balance there. And it was incontestable that the Allies had a great numerical

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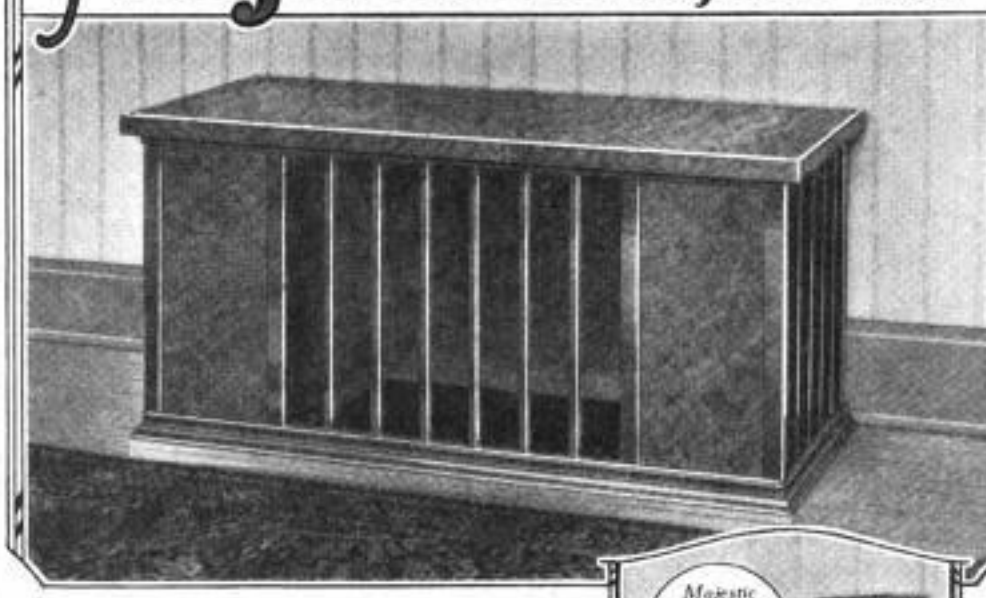
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inferiority, and he was not prepared to conduct the war on the part of the Allies if the British divisions were further reduced. He demanded again to be told the British intentions as to the number of divisions they would maintain.

Gen. Sir Henry Wilson said that it was impossible to give an absolute guaranty that they would not reduce below the present number. Only the last week or so they had had to reduce two more divisions. General Wilson hoped the British would not have to reduce below forty-seven divisions, of which ten would be American as regards infantry.

Once more Lord Milner drew attention to the fact that figures were being recklessly used, and many of them were incorrect. He said he could not accept Sir Henry Wilson's statement. General Foch persisted in his query. He demanded to know of General Wilson the minimum number of divisions the British would maintain.

Sir Henry Wilson replied that it would be forty-seven instead of fifty-three. The British had recently been maintaining fifty-three divisions. He hoped to increase the number later.

Foch asked, "Then that means that if the American troops with the British are withdrawn, the British Army will actually drop to thirty-seven divisions?"

By way of explanation the American commander in chief informed the conference that, according to their arrangement, the American troops were being put into British divisions on the understanding that the American infantry would be withdrawn as soon as the auxiliary troops arrived. However, he thought that by that time the new British drafts ought to be ready.

Mr. Lloyd George said the whole business seemed to simmer down to the assumption that no German divisions were being done away with. Were the German drafts like the widow's cruse, he asked, the oil of which was always maintained? The Prime Minister pressed General Foch to explain why it was that, before the recent fighting, only 400,000 German drafts were reported by the Allied Intelligence as available, yet now, after months of fighting and heavy reported German losses, there still remained to the Germans 300,000 drafts. He wanted to know how that could be.

Further Negotiations

General Foch made no attempt to explain. He said he was talking of British divisions, and of a fact, not a hypothesis. Out of fifty-three British divisions, ten would be completed with American troops; if the British reduced the number of their divisions to forty-seven, then only thirty-seven of them would be British. He pointed out that Germany, with a population of 68,000,000, was able to maintain 204 divisions. Great Britain, said General Foch, with a population of 46,000,000, could maintain only forty-three—excluding the American troops with her armies—and was considering cutting down the number to thirty-seven.

These remarks naturally produced some slight temperature, and Mr. Lloyd George apparently sought to create a diversion by returning to the problem of how Germany could possibly maintain 204 divisions on the Western Front with only 300,000 men in her depots. He urged that the British Government was entitled to a reply on this point. The Prime Minister then went on to offer a possible solution—he suggested that perhaps the Allied losses were much heavier than the Germans'.

General Foch agreed that such was possible, and again Lord Milner protested against bringing these figures into the discussion. Foch replied by demanding to know when the British would reconstitute the ten divisions mentioned as having been laid up. He reiterated his warning that if the British armies were not maintained at strength the Allies would head for disaster.

Finally M. Clemenceau closed the incident by remarking that he was sending an expert to England to determine British man power and to make proposals. The conference thereupon referred to Generals Foch and Pershing the matter of reconstituting the ten broken British divisions with American infantry.

Lord Milner, General Foch and [illegible] Pershing subsequently concluded [illegible] lowing agreement as to shipping [illegible] based on the assumption that 250 [illegible] could be transported in each [illegible] June and July—by combined Bri[illegible] American shipping: Priority for [illegible] combatant troops in June, infan[illegible] machine gunners; also 25,400 me[illegible] railway services, of which numb[illegible] had been asked for by the Fre[illegible] ister of Transportation; balance [illegible] categories to be determined by [illegible] Pershing. In July, priority for [illegible] combatant troops—our divisions [illegible] tillery, or 84,000 men, plus 56,000 [illegible] ments—balance of the 250,000 to [illegible] of troops designated by General [illegible]

"We recognize," the agreem[illegible] forth, "that the combatant troo[illegible] dispatched in July may have to [illegible] troops which have had insufficie[illegible] ing, but we consider the present em[illegible] is such as to justify a temporary an[illegible] tional departure by the United Sta[illegible] sound principles of training, especi[illegible] similar course is being followed by [illegible] and Great Britain."

The Premiers' Message

It will be seen that this agreem[illegible] tains practically all the points for w[illegible] American commander in chief co[illegible]

Out of the Versailles meeting [illegible] described came the following:

"The Prime Ministers of Franc[illegible] and Great Britain, now meeting [illegible] sailles, desire to send the following [illegible] to the President of the United Stat[illegible]

"We desire to express our [illegible] thanks to President Wilson for the [illegible] able promptness with which Ameri[illegible] in excess of what at one time [illegible] practicable, has been rendered to th[illegible] during the past month to meet [illegible] emergency.

"The crisis, however, still ex[illegible] Gen. Foch has presented to us a sta[illegible] of the utmost gravity, which po[illegible] that the numerical superiority of the [illegible] in France, where 162 Allied divisi[illegible] now opposed to 200 German divis[illegible] very heavy, and that, as there is [illegible] bility of the British and French in[illegible] the number of their divisions (on th[illegible] trary, they are put to extreme str[illegible] keep them up), there is a great dang[illegible] war being lost unless the numerica[illegible] ority of the Allies can be remedied as[illegible] as possible by the advent of Am[illegible] troops.

"He" [Foch] "therefore urges w[illegible] utmost insistence that the maximu[illegible] sible number of infantry and m[illegible] gunners, in which respect the shor[illegible] men on the side of the Allies [illegible] marked, should continue to be s[illegible] from America in the months of Ju[illegible] July, to avert the immediate dange[illegible] Allied defeat in the present campa[illegible] ing to the Allied reserves being exh[illegible] before those of the enemy. In addi[illegible] this, and looking to the future, he [illegible] sents that it is impossible to foresee[illegible] mate victory in the war unless Am[illegible] able to provide such an army as will [illegible] the Allies ultimately to establish num[illegible] superiority. He places the total Am[illegible] force required for this at no less tha[illegible] divisions, and urges the continuous [illegible] of fresh American levies, which [illegible] opinion should not be less than 300[illegible] month, with a view to establishing a[illegible] American force of 100 divisions at as[illegible] a date as this can possibly be done.

"We are satisfied that Gen. Foch [illegible] is conducting the present campaign [illegible] consummate ability, and on whose ma[illegible] judgment we continue to place the [illegible] absolute reliance, is not overestimati[illegible] needs of the case, and we feel con[illegible] that the Government of the United S[illegible] will do everything that can be done, [illegible] to meet the needs of the immediate [illegible] tion and to proceed with the contin[illegible] raising of fresh levies, calculated to [illegible] vide, as soon as possible, the num[illegible] superiority which the Commander-in-[illegible] of the Allied Armies regards as essenti[illegible] ultimate victory."

Editor's Note—This is the second of a se[illegible] articles by Mr. Pattullo. The next will appea[illegible] early issue.

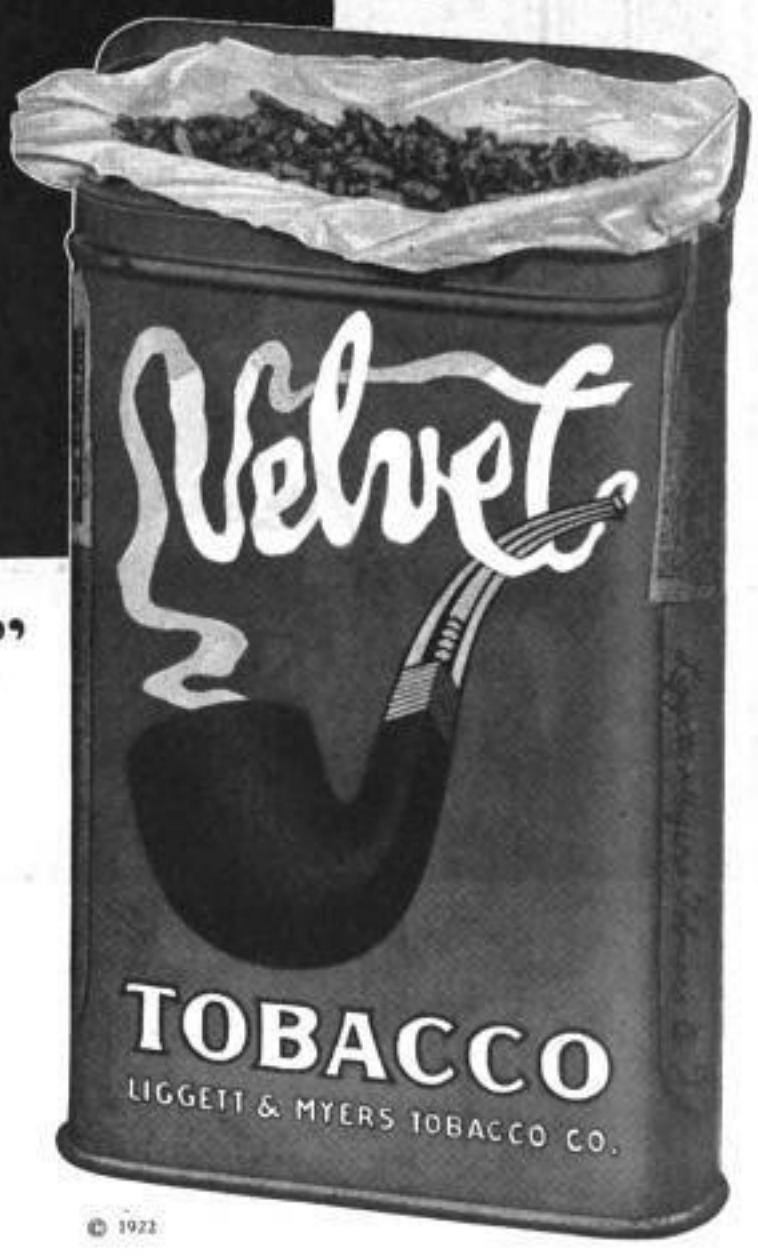


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THE LONG-DISTANCE TRAVELERS

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THE KEEPER OF THE BULLS

(Continued from Page 17)

of working the mammals back to
st line.
m and for Alice it was compara-
y. For the rest it was a far more
sk. Alispaw could not be every
once, and the moment the herd
trung out to the slightest degree
ld be a concerted rush to be near
elephants and the keeper who
em. In vain the assistants strove
hem back, and at last one of the
ng his head, struck violently at
beasts with an iron-tipped tent
dy to miscalculate. The blow
lispaw, and he dropped uncon-
d the note of fright in Old Mom's
ought a new spasm of fear and a
n of the milling to the rest of the

ore they circled and crowded—
e. That one was Old Mom, half
over the prostrate trainer, whim-
touching him with her trunk, and
er frightened curiosity forming
against the rest of the surging
r a full five minutes this con-
ben, dizzy and reeling, the keeper
his feet and renewed his calls of
. The storm lessened. Slowly
wheeled into place at the picket
submitted to her chains. Alice
ide her; then, still trembling,
ing and squealing and protesting,
followed. Daylight found the
e again a thing of comparatively
lephants, and all because of one

his at all unusual. Strictly other-
th the Barnum and Bailey Circus
gentle-voiced man who has been
r of the show's big herd of ele-
more than a quarter of a cen-
e his aide at the head of the herd
nt lady of some eighty-five sum-
can read his every intonation,
command, and who forces her
the rest of the herd—or knows
why! In elephantdom there
be a certain respect for superior-
leader of the herd attacks with
any beast under her control, no
w fierce it may be, how big or
red in fighting proclivities. In
r quarters of one of the Western
a glaring patch of cement work
w years ago stopped up a gaping
me ten feet in diameter where a
phant butted a recalcitrant mem-
r herd through an eighteen-inch
! When the keeper of a herd has
ance of that herd's leader he has
alf his battle. But even then
isn't safe. That keeper may be
leave suddenly, and what then?
exactly the question every circus
s when there is a sudden shift in
intendency of the elephant line,
hich there is no time to work in a
r gradually as the person in com-
More than once it has meant
not only to the circus but to the
. In view of which, enter Snyder.

der Gets Temperamental

called him the biggest elephant in
. Whether he was or not, he was
e best performers, one of the most
ble, and at the same time one of
valuable. When Snyder departed
it meant that a twenty-five thou-
ar performing tusker, trained to
his hind hoofs about the whole
rence of the hippodrome track, at
e time carrying his trainer on his
ot tusks, left the circus world for-
h the result that his trainers were
with care and that the slightest
of must, or badness, in his eyes
signal for instant and various
s to hold him from a stampede.
er to keep a valuable elephant out
des and performances—even to im-
him day after day in the bull cars—
run the risk of a rampage which
d in the necessity for an execution.
equently Henry Boucher, a trainer,
ed into Snyder's life with all the
the launching of a yacht when his
per resigned a few years ago. The
at gradually accepted his new mas-
en came to love him. Two years
in which Boucher held the big
ner safe from runaways, stampedes
emperamental outbreaks. Then, a
go, in Salina, Kansas, the trainer
became violently ill and was forced to leave the circus on short notice.

The next day Snyder grunted and snorted and trumpeted in vain. His trainer was gone. That afternoon the beast was kept out of performance, and he weaved uneasily at his picket chain, slapping his trunk viciously at every passing candy butcher—how every elephant hates them—even refusing food. His eyes began to cloud slightly, the first indication of must. The matinée performance ended, and an assistant, assigned to the position of substitute trainer, released the chain which held the betusked brute and led him into the empty big top, or main tent, for a first rehearsal under new management.

Snyder listened to just one command. Then with a rush he knocked the substitute from his path, splintered the quarter poles which crisscrossed before him, smashed a path through a tier of seats, broke through the side walling, lowered his head, then with a great butting lurch overturned the first wagon he saw, headed back through the side walling of the menagerie, seized the monkey cage at its tongue base with his trunk and threw it from him like a boy throwing a baseball. The cat animals began to roar and screech; he made for the dens, one by one, and overturned them. The hippopotamus grunted excitedly in his five-ton den, and Snyder rushed for it like the maddened thing he was; an impact followed like the crashing of runaway engines, and the den with its bulky freight catapulted through the side wall and ten feet clear of the tent.

Kas and Mo Start Something

They tried to surround him by peaceful elephants, to mingle him with the rest of the herd and thus return him to captivity. It was useless. Snyder had turned renegade; he recognized no superior and he fought the leader of the herd with the same frenzy that he fought any inanimate object which blocked his path. So at last they sent for rifles; nor was it long before twenty-five thousand dollars in elephant flesh became only an object for a museum. Four steel bullets in his brain had ended the career of an elephant which had refused to recognize anyone but the master of his choice.

So you see there are grounds for that circus saying regarding inconsistency. Once an elephant becomes thoroughly angry, little else than death can block his path. Yet in the regular course of events that same elephant actually can be afraid of his own shadow!

On one of the big shows are Kas and Mo, named respectively and respectfully for Kansas and Missouri. Both are what are known to the bull men as agitators, both flighty, unreasoning, seemingly always anxious to find something that will serve as an excuse for trouble. Both also are punks, the circus name for anything not yet full-grown, and the lack of maturity in age may account for the equal absence of steadiness in character. In any event their course has been a stormy one. Their first day on the show, when they arrived fresh from India in the care of a Singhalese, ended with a general stampede of the entire herd when the two punks decided to run straight through it without an introduction; the panic, although it lasted only the length of a city block, resulted in nearly a thousand dollars in damages. The first windy day after their arrival brought a breakaway on their part, and the danger of a like action on the part of the adult members of the herd. The first parade was one of constant attempts at runaways and the smashing of a two-hundred-dollar plate-glass window. Finally there came the time when, at the slightest hint of any unusual happening, Kas and Mo were loaded hurriedly into the first available wagon and sent unceremoniously to the cars. This continued during the entire first season.

However, elephant trainers are persistent beings, and all that winter the keeper of the herd labored with Kas and Mo to bring them to a condition of dependability. To every possible noise, action and circumstance that might cause fear on their part were they subjected, until the flighty brutes were considered proof against anything that might occur on a circus lot. Then they were turned over to Lucia Zora, wife of the menagerie superintendent, for a novelty in elephant training—the driving of the diminutive pachyderms in tandem style before a flower-bedecked two-wheel cart. It really seemed that Kas and Mo had reformed. They learned quickly; they obeyed every command.

Springtime came and the show went forth to its first exhibition stand, rehearsing, as is usual, for three days before the opening date. Everything was lovely. Kas and Mo, garlanded and festooned with strands of paper flowers, took their place in the grand entrée like veterans. Zora was pleased. So was the keeper of the bulls. So was the owner of the show. So was everyone. The past was forgotten.

The opening day arrived. Kas and Mo went into parade with their woman trainer, their garlands of roses and their high-wheeled cart, looking neither to the right nor to the left. At the afternoon performance they moved into their position in the elephant section of the grand entrée in a manner both joyous and faithful. Night arrived, the chandeliers gleamed, the signal to prepare for entrée sounded from the whistle of the equestrian director, and the punks took their place at the head of the section, awaiting the time when the rest of the entrée should emerge from the flags, or performers' entrance, that they, with the remainder of the menagerie exhibits, might enter at the other end of the tent, thus filling the hippodrome track simultaneously. At the head of the tandem was Kas, somewhat anxiously awaiting the signal to start. At the left was a low-hung chandelier which caught the beast's body and silhouetted it against the near-by side wall of the menagerie tent. Beyond was a main tent filled with gaping spectators, staring vapidly toward the empty rings and stages and hippodrome track, waiting for the show to begin. And just then Kas saw its shadow on the side wall.

The punk grunted and raised its trunk. Over at the side wall that mysterious thing raised its trunk also. Kas fidgeted. So did the shadow. The big ears of Kas distended in fright. Over there a pair of black ears moved in unison. Everything that Kas did was immediately aped by that thing on the wall. It was too much.

A squeal, a snort, then suddenly the crowded tent saw a tandem team of elephants pitch through the gay dividing curtain and swing into the hippodrome track at full speed, the rose-bedecked cart careening behind them on one wabbling wheel, and behind this the entire elephant herd, following excitedly and without a reason save the fact that Kas and Mo were leading the way. A moment later the cart hit a ring curb, while the bespangled Lucia Zora dived gracefully and far through the air to a dazed position on a pile of canvas—and the runaway elephant parade went on!

Back in Line

Around the hippodrome track they thundered, two squealing baby elephants in the lead, ten excited, bewildered adult beasts in the rear, and the whole shouting, panting menagerie force trailing vainly in their dust. The first curve came and the punks left their cart leaning in drunken, awry fashion where it had collided with a center pole. The second, and they tangled in their flower-decorated harness, but they went on! A third curve, a fourth, then straight through the dividing curtain they plunged again, the rest of the herd after them, and back to their places in the picket line! Meanwhile out there in the main tent a dazed crowd stared again at an empty hippodrome track, not knowing whether the whole thing had been an accident or some new form of elephant race! So swift do breakaways happen sometimes in the circus, especially if the culprit be an elephant!

In fact there is more than one breakaway, more than one panicky, dangerous minute or hour in which the very persons whose lives are threatened stand by without fear, without even the knowledge that a stampede is in progress!

Naturally it is an impossibility for any man or set of men to maintain an unbroken record of halting panics. Their charges are too big, too possessed with temperament, too prone to become frightened at the most puerile things for a keeper always to outguess them and outmaneuver them. However, the number of panics on the part of



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"One hundred and fifty tens, one hundred and fifty fives, one hundred twos and fifty ones this time, please."

"There you are, Jack," said the teller as he placed the various piles of greenbacks under the wicket, "twenty-five hundred dollars."

John Morse dropped the package into the black bag as he had done on a hundred Saturday mornings before and left the bank.

Five minutes later, breathless, speechless, pale and disheveled, he burst into Mr. Keith's office *minus the bag*.

"They got it all!" he managed to say, and sank into a chair. "I did my best to save it, but they got it all!"

"Only last night when I read about that Everett robbery," said Mr. Keith, glumly, "I was thinking 'it might happen to us.' It might happen to anyone—*once*. But we'll take no chances again. Here, John, run over to Stevens' right now and get the best Colt Revolver they carry. Hereafter you and the payroll will come back together—safe."

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the various elephant herds in which damage is caused or the big brutes actually succeed in getting away is so far overshadowed by the attempts at revolt which are broken up in their inception that there is not an opportunity for comparison. Hardly a day passes among the various circuses that at least one elephant does not decide to pit his will against that of the man in charge. But actual panics, with consequent damage, happen only a few times a year. One hears of the latter through newspapers and damage suits; the other events, in which a cool-headed human outgenerals an assorted tonnage of elephant flesh, is neither heralded nor announced; it's only a part of the game. In the life of the keeper of the bulls his failures become public property; his successes are reflected in his pay envelope only, and the crowd often goes home without even the thrill of knowing that an elephantine revolution was nipped in the making.

For instance, few persons in Berkeley, California, remember an elephant stampede in that city. The very persons who saw it probably would be willing to take oath that nothing of the kind ever happened.

Yet there was a stampede, and one that for at least five minutes threatened the lives of hundreds of persons, to say nothing of the property damage that might have ensued. If the street had not been long and straight ——

Berkeley, in the circus dictionary, is a rah-rah town—a feared thing to a menagerie department. It means a college, and the traditional enmity that has grown up between tent shows and student bodies through long years of fights and troubles occasioned by the overexuberance of youth, and the disturbances that almost invariably follow the attendance at a performance of a large body of students with their class yells, their chain steps and snake dances. Circuses are composed of high-strung persons who risk their lives as a part of their daily work, and of equally high-strung horses and other animals. Disturbances during the performances are not to their liking.

But on this particular morning in Berkeley things apparently were going exceeding well.

The parade had started on time from the lot, and now was traversing the longest and most crowded street of the whole route. The bands were blaring happily. The bull section, numbering some twelve animals, was shuffling along the asphalt in peace and contentment.

The Stampede in Berkeley

Suddenly from around a corner there swung into line with the parade a lock-step crew of some three hundred students, their feet stamping the pavement in unison, their lips chanting a monotonous college song, joining the procession directly behind the bull section. The elephant keepers spurred up their horses and attempted to stop the demonstration. The college men simply grinned at them and tramped steadily on. Time after time the bull men gave warning of what the result of the monotonous chant and still more monotonous tramp-tramp-tramp of hundreds of stamping feet might be. The parade marshal searched wildly for police. They were somewhere else. He strove to block the marching line with his horse. They circled him and went on, still beside the shuffling bull line.

Now ears were distending. Piglike eyes were rolling in their too small sockets. Heavy skins were beginning to wrinkle.

At last there came a call from Shorty, the head keeper, and the elephant men gave up their task. "Don't try to break up that line. If they won't stop let 'em go. These bulls'll break at the first rough-house. Stand by to tail 'em down!"

Into position shot the assistants, each ready to dig his spurs into his horse at the first sign of a break. Far ahead went Shorty, taking his position just behind the gigantic trembling Mary, bearing the Ten Thousand Dollar Queen of the Harem at the head of the section, a harem beauty who, incidentally, just at that moment wished she was back in Coshocton; in fact, anywhere except in that bobbing howdah. Leader Mary was beginning to shimmy slightly with increased fright, and her shuffle on the hot asphalt carried a new wiggle of impending danger. Then the marching three hundred broke into a weird class yell—and the stampede began.

Straight forward went Leader M scrape a lion's cage, to swerve slig one side, then, with the Ten Th Dollar Queen of the Harem squ aimlessly in the howdah, to lead wild scramble straight down the with the rest of the herd smashing her rear. Then it was that the prep of Shorty, the keeper of the bulls, w execution.

At the first move of the elephant the horses of keepers moved also furious pace, for the speed of an ele a deceptive thing, and it is a goo that can keep abreast of him, eno limbers into full steam ahead. The ing college men were left behind no the front section of the parade suddenly hushed band and blar clowns was passed almost in an Out of them all only the Ten Th Dollar Queen of the Harem was bouncing in her howdah, still squea squawking, while, spurs deep horses, the elephant men strove th to keep abreast of the fast-travel section, echoing and reëchoing the Shorty at the head of the line:

"Hi there! Mule up! Mule u Mary! Frieda—Frenchy—Sultan Tails there—tails!"

Elephant Psychology

It was a double command, whi eled along the line and back again as men could voice it, the order to at the same time for each elephant the tail of the beast before him. passed while throats grew hoarse, a the thick-packed throngs of the stared vacuously, wondering why th should be in such a hurry to get phants out of the line of march.

But never a warning sounded, hint that a panic was in progre that repeated and rerepeated en "Tails there! Mule up, you! tails!"

All of it meant an experiment in psychology—and one that had be many times before. At last the sank in. The second elephant of grasped the tail of Leader Mary—tinued to run. The third elephant the fourth, the fifth, and on thro whole section.

But the command continued: " there—mule up! Tails!"

Another two blocks and the changed; more, the elephant line A block after that, and the whole was peacefully shuffling along aga ply through the fact that the fri beasts had been made to believe th trainer really desired them to run, in their breakaway they were merel ing out orders. Nor could they kn in obeying the command of tai handicapped themselves so that th of one could be no greater than another, and that as long as the lea to a straight line, so must the rest

Further, the occupation of thei track minds in the execution of which coincided with their natural cies had wiped out in forgetfulness that something had threatened th brought to them the belief th trainer merely was running ther from an obnoxious thing. Therefo the command came to slow down so in confidence, and in the assura any danger was over. Many a pers that day from watching the para dering perhaps why the elephant should desire to put his beasts their paces. But few of them reali the little play of speed had saved the circus but the downtown se Berkeley, with its thronged sidewal disaster.

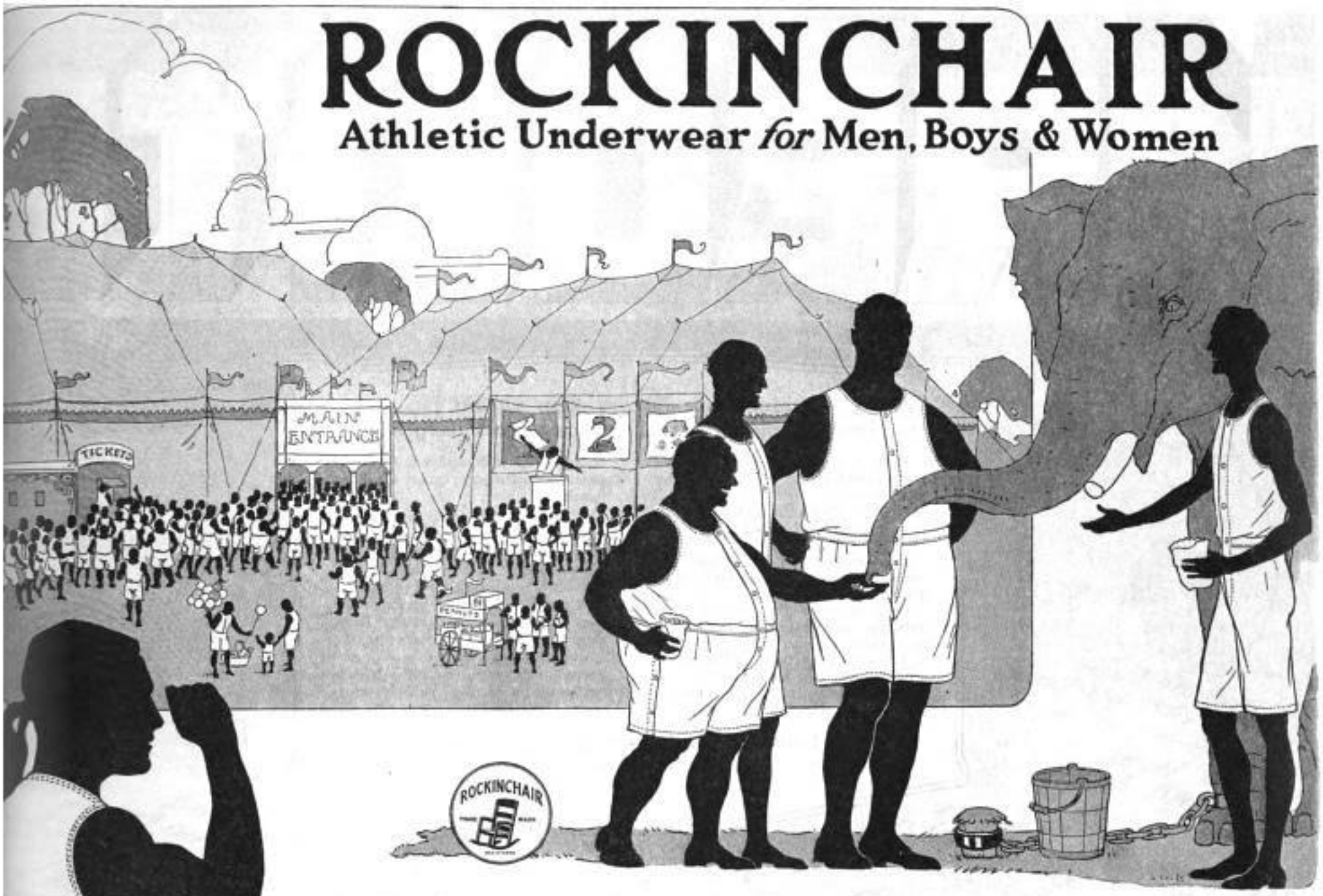
The trick works time after tim the stand-by of the elephant kee first hope at the beginning of a bre A few years ago, in Parkersburg Virginia, a circus had just arrived lot, with the consequent confusion ting up, of yowling caged anim lumbering, trucking wagons, and ring stock as the various element show traveled into position. Stand the menagerie tent were two ele secured side by side with neck which fastened one to the other keeper of the herd was within th superintending the staking out picket line, and leaving the two big in the care of an assistant until he

(Continued on Page 117)

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Patented May 6, 1919

WOOD BLOCK FLOORS

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(Continued from Page 114)

hem. But a second later he was he tent and in action. The chained l gone on a stampede!

al, the most innocent thing in the d caused it—simply the bucking odrome, or race horse, as he had the way to the stable tents. But been enough, and neck and neck elephants had started across the collision with a wagon, and the , clinging until this moment to a fastened in an elephantine ear, trouble or impede their flight. int the wagon—on went the nother wagon blocked their path, a sideswipe they capsized it, rving slightly in their course they , quite by accident, the rear of a le wagon with their connecting d began to twist madly in their free themselves and travel on- ore destruction. But just then a ent entered—the keeper of the

it up there!" he shouted. "San- rgan! Pick it up—pick it up!" the command to push, and with- ing that they were yielding their the elephants strained forward. urried into position at the tongue gon to guide it, while from the in ever-increasing forcefulness: right—pick it up! Pick it up 's go now—pick it up! Morgan— Shake a leg there—pick it up!" phants picked it up. With the ding the way they took that a half trot across the circus lot again, around the big top and up dway, and finally for a trip of a down the street and return, the ill commanding them, still prod- with his bull hook, still obsessed desire that they pick it up. At ing and wabbly, the two recalci- phants brought the wagon back xact position where it had rested ne of their collision, and were al- slow their pace. A bull hook a fanlike ear.

you two come over here and up this damage!" commanded r, and meekly the twain obeyed, ir trunks under the sides of the ey had capsized, and unprotest- e them into position again. Five later they were in place at the e, peaceful and calm, their fright eady for the bugle call of parade. all, the life of a bull keeper is a constant gambling. He has none surances with which the perform- er beasts are blessed; the lion or ner has his cages, and the knowl- even should a vicious cat escape, or two from a heavy-calibered at close range can finish him. It teel-jacketed army bullet to make nt even realize he's being shot! the beasts are too big to be caged. too strong for anything except a network of drop-forged chains. n, nothing short of a pile driver ood deep enough into the ground em when they really desire to run. ly a matter of a good leader of the d princesses working under her, that there are few agitators or nists in the rest of the monarchy— ong trust in fate and the breaks stance. For even the elephant ever knows what may start the . An invasion of fleas in the sandy of the West can do it; an ele- hide can turn a leaden revolver t it can't stand fleas! There's ven from mosquitoes.

Pesky Mosquitoes

e flea and the mosquito evidently e judgment regarding the points of ility in an elephant's hide than ullet. They select the soft spots the ears, the eyelids and tender nd flanks for their work, and once ive in numbers, trouble begins. It all unusual to see elephants being ith flea preventives. The mosquito far more rare, but at least one le is chargeable to this cause. entally, the instance formed an- redit mark in the career of Old nd another example of at least one t with common sense. The show king a Sunday run in Canada by bridged a long expanse of territory money-making stands, heading the north of the Dominion, where few shows had exhibited and where the natives would be glad to part with a double admission price for the pleasure of seeing a bigger circus than usual. The run had been preceded by several days of moist, mosquito-breeding weather, with the result that when the show train made a feed stop at a small prairie settlement, and the elephants were unloaded for a trip of a half mile to the nearest water, the insects swarmed in such millions that they almost obliterated the lettering of the railroad cars. About the railroad tracks several hundred smudges were lighted, thus freeing that exact territory from the pests, but the elephants weren't fortunate. They were forced to travel out into the country for water, and the mosquitoes went with them.

By the time the watering process was finished every elephant was crusted with stinging, poisonous insects and squealing with discomfort. They pulled from their keepers; in vain Old Mom, obeying the commands of Alispaw, strove to hold them in line. She bellowed, she butted, she lashed with her trunk—but to no purpose. A moment more and an inveterate agitator made the break, followed by two others, and instantly the rest of the herd rushed after them. More, Old Mom broke from the bull-hooked grasp of her keeper, and with Alice, her handmaiden, beside her, swung madly into flight also!

It seemed that at last the ability of Old Mom to command a situation was lost. Faster and faster she went, passing the slower members of the herd, and at last forcing her way to the very front of the stampede, Alice puffing along in her wake. For a full eighth of a mile she led the rush straight out into the prairie; then the pursuers, far in the rear, noticed that she was beginning to turn in her course. Soon she had made a semicircle and was leading the plunging herd straight back in the direction of the cars.

Old Mom's Leadership

Thundering on they went, the workmen and clustered performers parting spasmodically as they approached the runs, Old Mom still in the lead, and heading, it seemed, on a straight path for the sleeping cars and the crash which seemed inevitable. Once an elephant loses its head it takes no cognizance of what may be before it—its mentality knows a bee line only, no matter if the obstruction be a stone quarry.

Nearer, nearer—then it suddenly became evident that Old Mom evidently was in full possession of her faculties—and a bright idea. At the tracks she swerved, and while horses and workmen scurried for safety she led the way straight to the elephant cars—and climbed in!

The runs, or running board by which the beasts usually made their entrance and exit had been removed in preparation for the switching of the cars. So the climbing operation was a literal one. With the rest of the bulls behind her Old Mom, grunting and squealing, made the ascent, and Alice followed.

Then in the semidarkness of the smudge-filled car she trumpeted happily, and the rest of the herd crowded in after her. A stampede of nearly a mile was over without a cent of damage.

In fact, Old Mom, with her faith and her level-headedness, has meant salvation in many an instance. I once saw this sensible old elephant lead her herd across the cable bridge which connects Wheeling, West Virginia, with the Ohio side, with a storm in progress, the surroundings inky black, the rain pelting, the keepers almost as terrified as the brutes, with the beams of the bridge cracking from overweight, and the structure itself swinging fully eight feet from side to side! Below was a sheer drop to the Ohio River; two elephants had become panic-stricken and had broken from the bull man in attendance, rushing frantically forward to the protection of their leader. The rest of the herd had begun to mill, with only a thirty-foot width of bridge as their arena; bull men were befuddled and nearly blinded by the pelting rain. Yet Old Mom held true to the commands of her trainer, and with weird trumpetings which sounded sharp above even the rush of wind and crackling of thunder, someway, somehow reassured her herd. Then with the ever-present Alice at her side she began to lead the way, slow step after slow step to the opposite side.

That very slowness was the salvation of the herd; instinctively they knew that she was testing the bridge, and by some sort of



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animal understanding, did likewise. The rocking lessened. A half hour later Old Mom brought her charges safe out at the other side, every elephant walking in comical, gingerly fashion for a full block after leaving the structure, for all the world like overgrown fat boys trying to negotiate an area of eggshells.

Yet even Mom has her failings, her likes and dislikes; and once, at least, her discipline has ended in tragedy. Woeful is the life of the subject elephant that defies Old Mom, ancient though she may be. Well past the hundred-year mark in age, dependable when every other bull of the picket line is frantic, there is one failing—Old Mom is a disciplinarian to the point of being a martinet. More than that, she is as foolish in her likes as a person in second childhood, and her favorite is the worst trouble maker of the whole herd!

Long ago they named him Billy, a quarrelsome, snobby little runt of an elephant that spends half his time in winter quarters striving to slap the daylights out of the hoglike old hippopotamus that wallows in his permanent tank near the picket line, and the remainder of his existence in stealing feed from the rest of the elephants. Nor does one of that bull line dare to protest! Immediately there comes a squeal from Billy, and from farther down the line a bellow of anger from Old Mom, where, eyes glaring, trunk twisting, ears wide, she wheels forward toward her picket pin and prepares to free herself that she may punish the offender. For in addition to her other accomplishments Old Mom is an elephant Houdini. There never has been a man on the circus who has been able to invent a chain tie that Old Mom has not been able to loosen. With her a chain is only a formality, to be discarded from a stake at will and with only a few swift movements of her trunk. As to the ordinary half hitch, Old Mom can not only release herself from it but with a quick twist she can put that half hitch on a stake again!

So bondage means nothing to her, especially when a squeal of rage comes from the piggish Billy, and punishment is swift and sure to those who offend her by offending her pet. Billy, to Old Mom, is a little angel. He can do no wrong. To the rest of the herd he is an obnoxious, selfish, obtrusive little devil that can do no right. They hate him. But they submit—rather than feel the thump of Old Mom's trunk, or the pile-driver impact of her hard skull. Winter quarters or the road, it is all the same. Old Mom has taught her little angel her secrets of escape, with the result that he wanders the elephant line at will in spite of stakes, bonds or even keepers. Old Mom's protection of Billy extends even to humans, and the runt does as he pleases.

Floto, the Rebel

For eight years had this continued when the tragedy came. For eight years, Floto, the stodgiest, most amiable male member of the herd, had submitted to every indignity one elephant can heap upon another. Billy had stolen his feed. Billy had edged forward when visitors arrived with peanuts, and literally taken them out of Floto's trunk. Floto had protested and been punished, and so Floto had endured. But all during those eight years the hatred was being stored against a day of judgment. And near the end of last season, at Orange, Texas, it came.

The press services which carried the story of that day's event announced that someone had given Floto a chew of tobacco and that he had gone mad because of it. But that was only tradition—and a guess. Floto was one of the best tobacco eaters of the picket line. And Floto had something more on his mind than a bad taste. The story of his death is one of rebellion and revenge.

Old Mom was out on the lot busily pushing the wagons into position for the loading of the night. The matinée was over. The menagerie tent was drowsing in that calm which intervenes between the afternoon show and the gleaming chandeliers of night. Floto was at his picket pin, glorying in his portion of hay. Then came Billy.

He rooted in as usual and began to gobble Floto's feed share, even as he had done for eight years. But this time Old Mom was not there to protect him, and more, Floto had in his eyes the slight cloud which indicates the badness that comes to nearly every male elephant in the autumn. He snorted and warned the runt out of the way. But the fat little Billy only g and reached for another trunkful the final insult.

A weird trumpet blast, and the th Floto rose high on his haunches. Th a sudden thumping drop he came fours again, and seizing his piggish in his trunk raised him squealing head, only to throw him, breathless ground, and then breaking his stay to leap upon his pudgy enemy be smaller elephant could regain his moment of mauling followed, in thundering hoofs knocked resistan the fallen beast, and then, using for a combination roller and b ram, the angered elephant scraped of the beleaguered animal along t sandy ground until the heavy fl torn from the runt's body in great and the blood flowed from fully wounds.

Animal men with bull hooks futilely to pull him away. He sho off and began to pound the prostr with flail-like blows of his trunk—a to halt and wheel, trembling, yet Old Mom, with Charles Churchill, ent keeper, at her head, was swingi the side wall to restore order. time for that was past.

A Solo Performance

Floto was in the position of a criminal. He had disobeyed the e of the mistress of the herd—and defied her. He did not even wait Mom to approach him. Head trunk tightly curled, he swung fo the attack, butted her out of the plunged through the side wall, out sparsely peopled circus lot, an o last.

Wagons tumbled out of his w crashed into them. Ticket boxes matchwood when he caught th crushed them with swift stampi of his heavy forefeet. Ropes pa strings before his plowing pro workman crossed his path; the caught him in his trunk and th thirty feet into an irrigation dit to the menagerie he went, to h elephant that faced him, to overt to seize frightened, screaming pe break their backs. Then they call rifles.

Only thirty-thirties were in th wagon, equipped with leaden bull the animal men felt that enough sh them might suffice; at least they able to hold the maddened beast until a rushing automobile, alre townwards, could return with ar Hurriedly the guns were distribu the magazines filled. Then as fast could work the levers thirty sh fired at the head of the outlaw, e striking its mark.

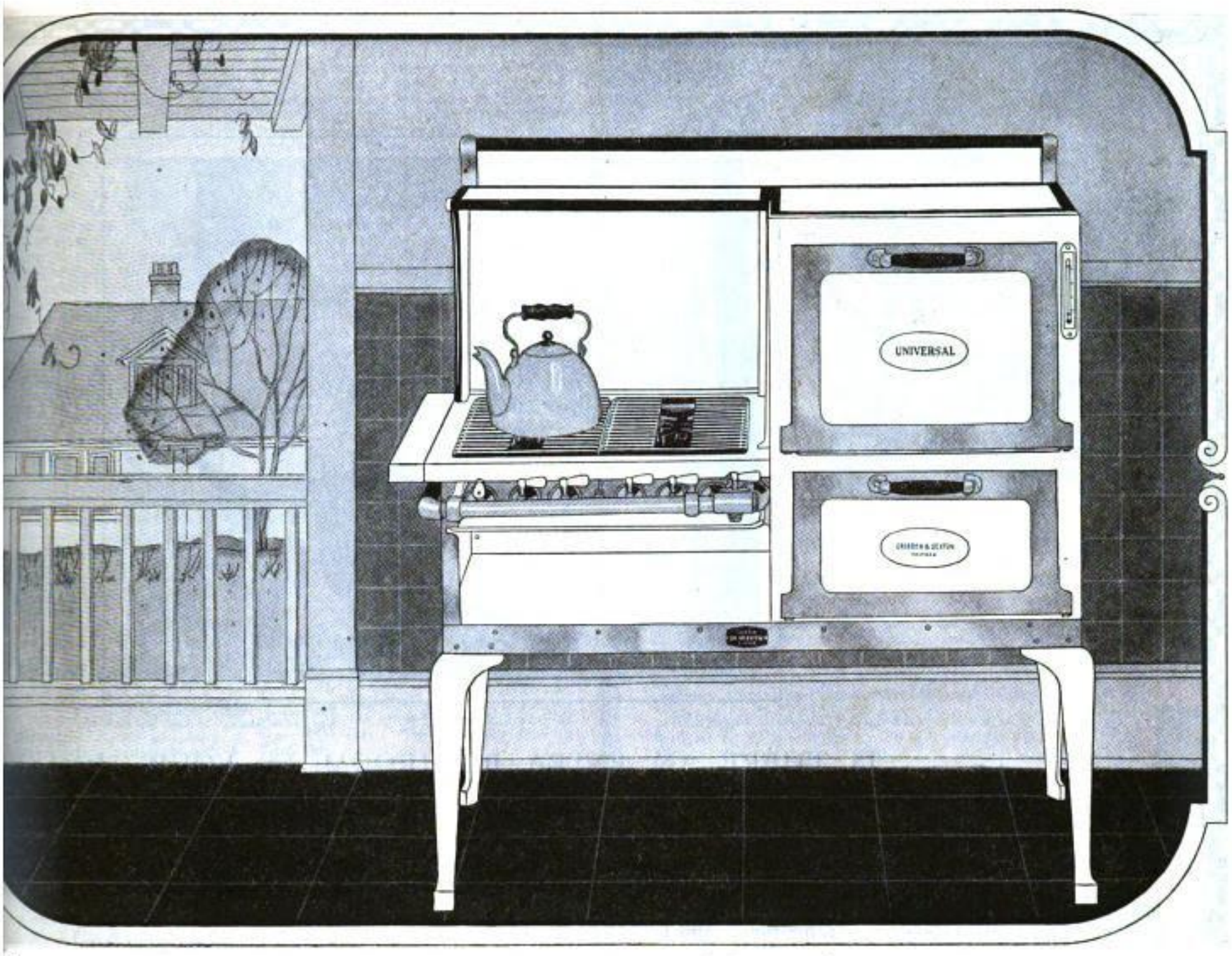
But the bullets did little more th the heavy flesh; some of them dr the ground without even break thick armor of skin that covered phant's skull.

He stood and took the shots, another, hardly seeming to noti impact. Then suddenly, as tho wildered, as though seeking a rea all, he whirled for a moment in circles, then headed straight for th big top. The bullets had not ent animal's thick skull, but something a thought had. The stinging of th ing lead in some way seemed to co idea to the brute that the humans commanded him now were striving him to do a certain thing, and in moment of obedience he hurries execution as swiftly as possible—thing he knew!

Into the center ring he rushed, a single elephant in the middle serted circus tent. There, alone, music, *sans* the crowds, *sans* the b and the brightness which usually a nied the performance, Floto the out blood streaming from thirty bulle without guidance, without even a c through the every figure of his act, the connections the men of the circ and watched, unable to cope wi unable to kill him, unable to him—watched while he waltzed ab ring, while he knelt over an im trainer, while he walked on his hin and while, with a sudden change of t he crashed across the stages, tore

(Continued on Page 121)

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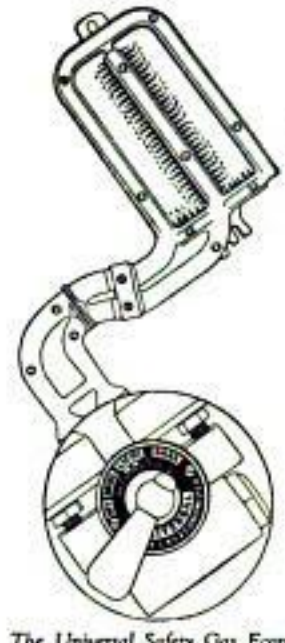
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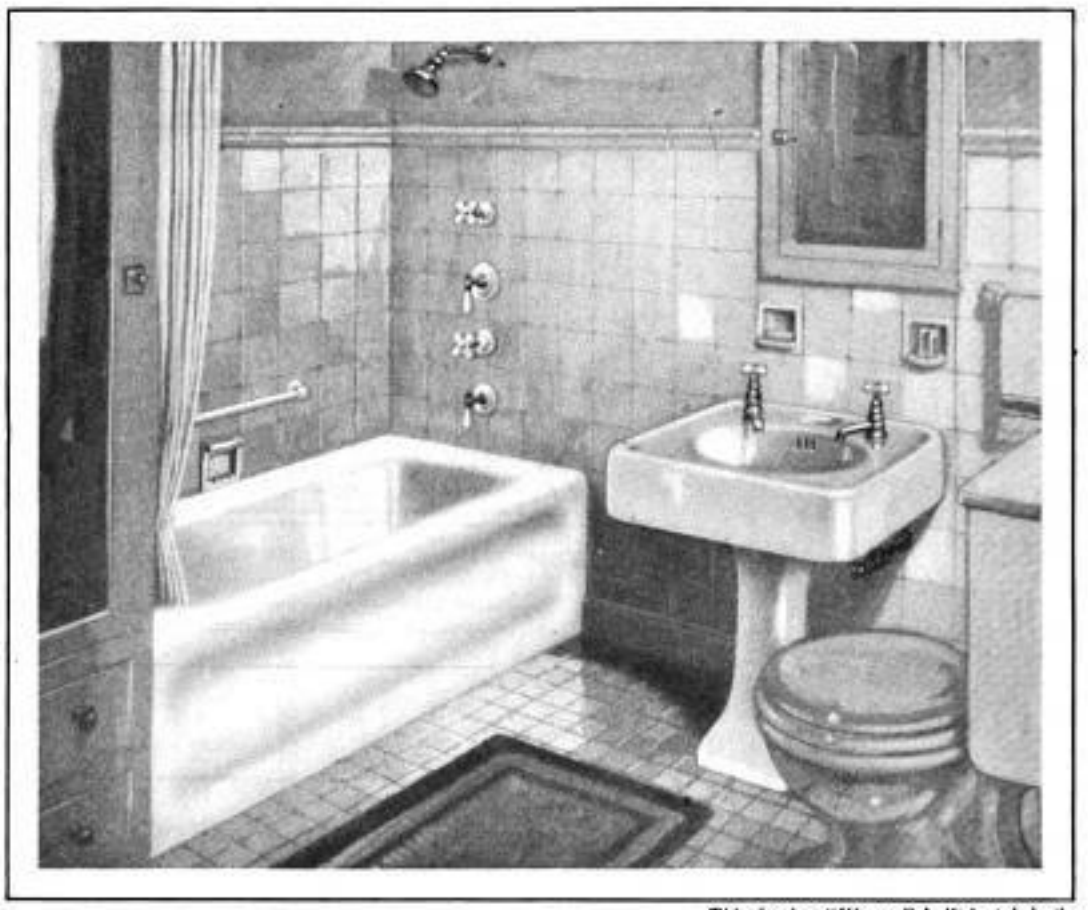
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THINK of the convenience of another bathroom in your home. You know the congestion and delay in the morning "rush hour" when everyone is anxious to wash, bathe or shave at the same time. And when guests come the condition is actually embarrassing.

You can utilize a large clothes-closet, a spare room that is too small for a regular bedroom, or waste space in the attic can be walled off inexpensively, to obtain the added comfort and convenience of the modern bathroom pictured above.

This bathroom is designed to cover a floor space only five by seven feet. It is compact and complete. The fixtures are standard size.

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BRANCHES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

MANUFACTURERS OF ENAMELED PLUMBING WARE AND KOHLER AUTOMATIC POWER AND LIGHT 110 VOLT D. C.

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(Continued from Page 118)

f seats, and then, bursting through wall, ran for the open country.
st night they trailed him, a trail of e, of broken fences, of wrecked yards, of wide swaths through crops. Coincidentally enough, the ecked place of the whole country- the ranch of the county sheriff, leading the circus posse! The next they found Floto a bare half mile rn, where he evidently was circling the circus. But he still was the still the renegade. He sighted the en, and trumpeted. Then with a vement he turned toward a tele- ole and wrapped his trunk about e was a sharp crackle. Wires spit g as they popped. Floto had the pole off clean at its base and, it even as an angered man would club, had headed straight toward ers! There they killed him, with ift volleys of steel-jacketed bullets, he charged them—Floto who had scipline enough to become a rene-

all of which may be gathered that f the keeper of the bulls is far from xistence. From one minute to the a gamble, from one day to another e of life and death is played, with standing between a tremendous otential destruction and the safety v, of people and of property.
it always a matter of a spasmodic ay or a single bad animal that must l. Sometimes the whole herd must it, not only for a day but for a ason. Such was the misfortune of gling Circus a number of years tampede that began in the spring ening of the season and which did until winter quarters had come The life of an elephant man that

o the story: There had been a the men commanding the herd, a change, and one which the ele- id not like. At least, they gave of a displeasure that was not only lasting. The show, as was usual, its season in the Coliseum, in and according to the ordinary held its rehearsals for three days he beginning of the regular per- e.
ay for dress rehearsal came—the e of practice, in which the whole om spectacle to races, is run —and twelve elephants of the herd y-two, each with its heavy velvet , its trappings and its howdah, into position to await the signal e. Which was also the signal for

coustics of a building are far differ- those of a tent. The minute the rted, so did the elephants. Some t the arena by the front entrance. ot down the chutes into the base- me headed straight for the horse ipping a number of the ring stock, became wedged in another chute, time threatened the safety of that of the building. At last sweating, bull men corralled them and for the only possible thing—to re- heir charges all night if necessary them ready for the next after- how.

Specialties in Noises

rogram was followed; dawn found hants still being forced through trance and their tricks. But even elve hours of practice only four of beasts were found sufficiently trac- risk in entrée.
time came, with the blankets again, pings and the howdahs. The ele- made their entrance. The audience led enthusiastically. All of which other new noise to the nervous Off went the four, heading for icket line in the basement, and a panic among the pachyderms d been left behind. Three hours e tired elephant men reported peace but only for a short time. The how brought another near-panic, "preposterous poundage of pon- pachyderms" was eliminated from gram of the circus—at least as far Coliseum was concerned.
e two weeks of the show's engage- which followed, the trainers prepared future. Every unusual noise, every e thing that might be the cause of fright on the part of the beasts, was provided for. Horses dragging sacks were ridden up and down in front of them; guns were fired behind them, tin cans dropped in a pile in front of them; they were even entertained every few hours by a pair of fighting dogs! Whenever an animal trainer thought of a noise or thing that might frighten an elephant, the picket line immediately was introduced to it, with trimmings.

On the last day of the engagement the trainers reported that they believed they had made progress sufficient to allow the presentation of one elephant act. The presentation was all. The only action was that of the entire herd stampeding wildly for that dearly beloved basement and its comparative safety.

The Futile Cow-Punchers

But now there came a new chance—the show left the indoors and went into the open, back to the land of canvas. Therefore at the first stand, Danville, Illinois, the doors of the bull cars were opened confidently, and out came the entire herd, except two, one of these being the chief agitator, of which every herd, it seems, has the misfortune to possess from one to three.

Never, incidentally, could there be a better comparison for the agitator of an elephant herd than that of the man who yells "Fire" in a crowded theater or the revolutionist who throws a bomb at a Sunday-school picnic. The elephant agitator occupies as much of a place in a herd as the nihilist occupied in Russia, or an anarchist in America. There is only one difference: With humans, the rest of the nation or state promptly does its best to squelch the alarmist or the trouble breeder. In elephantdom, the agitator, once he gets started, all too often has the following of the entire herd. This was the case in Danville.

The agitator started the trouble by refusing to come out of the car. Then he changed his mind and came forth on a run, milling the rest of the herd and starting a stampede of the entire twenty-two which lasted until late afternoon and which resulted in two things—a damage bill of close to fifty thousand dollars in the city of Danville, and a city ordinance which barred all elephants until five years later, when the herd of another circus, bearing many recommendations for sense and sobriety, were, under heavy police guard, allowed to parade.

The result of this sortie was that all the herd, save twelve working elephants, was confined to the cars for the next three weeks, when they again were brought forth, apparently pacified and evidently repentant. For three months there was nothing more dangerous than minor breakaways and lone recalcitrants, and it was believed that trouble at last was over. Then, at Rawlins, Wyoming, where the cow-puncher population of the entire surrounding country had congregated to watch the unloading of the big circus, the bulls were led forth as usual—and a dog fight started!

A rampage began less than a minute later. Five minutes more and the railroad yards were filled with wandering, frightened elephants; a passenger train was stalled at the station, the engineer fearing to pull out lest his coaches be overturned by an elephant galumphing forth from a hiding place behind a box car; the passenger station filled with refugees; and the cow-punchers eagerly volunteering to rope the darned critters an' bring 'em in, draggin' behind a saddle pommel. More, when six of the bulls took to the open prairie the offer was accepted—anything that looked like aid was a welcome thing to the circus just then—and the strangest roping contest in Wyoming's history began. Also the greatest defeat that a bunch of Western cow-punchers ever knew.

Not that they didn't succeed in roping the big beasts—for they did. But that was the end of the capture. The minute a rope settled about an elephant's neck the pachyderm decided to go elsewhere, taking rope, horse and cow-puncher with him until the lariat snapped. As a last resort some thirty of the cow hands decided upon a form of elephant round-up, an attempt to force the elephants to submission by the usual methods of a cattle round-up. It lasted only until the six recalcitrants decided to move on. Whereupon they lowered their heads, pushed the horses and riders out of the way and loped gayly

REZNOR

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Children's HICKORY Garters
CHICAGO NEW YORK



Double Grip Paris 50¢ and up

forth to new fields and broader prairies. Late that night a new relay of cow-punchers, accompanied by a half dozen of the captured elephants which had been thoroughly pacified, and headed by the bull keepers, found the truants a full twenty-five miles from town, and by mingling them with the passive beasts finally returned them to the cars. After which another full three weeks passed in which the elephants were missing from performance, followed by another period of passivity.

This lasted, however, only until the show reached Bakersfield, California, and a canvas man chased a frightened rabbit, which had bobbed up about the show grounds, under the side walling and into the menagerie tent. The rabbit went out the other side of the tent. So did twelve of the parade elephants, wrecking everything from the menagerie to the side show, and heading for an irrigation canal at the other end of the lot. Here they were dragged from the water, the parade paraphernalia muddy and ruined, and brought back to the picket line once more—where they remained peaceful for a whole twenty-four hours. The next day, at Santa Barbara, an agitator chirruped—a queer, almost bird-like call which precedes a panic—and away they all went again! Some chose town and the wrecking of fences and small buildings. Others made the outer circle, disrupting the garden hopes of residents for weeks to come. Two more made for the fish market—and ruined it. Another struck an automobile, wrecking it and injuring two persons. The remaining six of the runaways, smelling the open water, made for the bay and hopelessly mired themselves in the salt marshes, with the result that forty horses and nearly three thousand feet of rope were required to pull each of them from the mud.

A few days later, at Tucson, Arizona, the bull cars were run fifteen miles out of town, and the agitators were put to death.

But even with the agitators out of the way it was impossible to take chances. Every bull that remained was hobbled until it was weighted with chains to a point of uselessness. At New Orleans, a few weeks later, they were brought forth, assembled, appraised—and taken back into their cars, not to leave for the rest of the season. The risk was too great; it had cost the show nearly a fifth of a million dollars already for a herd of elephants that did nothing but cause trouble.

The Herd Goes Swimming

All of which has its antithesis in another stampede which stands alone in circus history, for it actually made money. Usually the toll is in the other direction, with the circus treasury wagon closed on the night of the stampede, and with the ticket takers receiving cash at the gate to guard against attachments until such time as the legal adjusters of the show can ferret out the damage—human or property—and make proper amends. But the gods sometimes favor even a keeper of the bulls, and such was the case in the stampede of the Sells-Floto herd at Idaho Falls.

The day had been hot. The elephants came out of the performing ring of the matinée tired and "juggy," as a bull man terms lassitude, to be led quite indifferently to a near-by irrigation ditch to drink. There, by their straining against the elephant hooks, they indicated that a mere drink would not satisfy.

"What're we goin' t' do?" inquired an assistant as he scrambled at the end of a bull hook. "They want in an' they're goin' t' have in!"

"Hold them bulls!" came the curt reply of the keeper. "Sink that hook deeper an' hold them bulls."

"What's the matter?" It was a new voice. "They just want a swim, don't they?"

"Yeh." The keeper touched his cap to the owner of the show. "Yeh—that's what they're after."

"Then why don't you let 'em have it?"

"Afraid. Snake River's just over this hump here, and they might make for it. It's deep an' swifter'n 'ell. Been a half a dozen horses drowned right here; nothing's ever come out of it alive."

"But," argued the little owner, "that isn't this ditch, is it? Why should they want to go over to a river they can't see when there's all this water right here?"

The keeper grinned in sickly fashion.

"You don't know bulls. They'll——"

"Quit your kidding. Let 'em go. The poor things are hot."

"All right." The keeper sighed with a good-by in it. "You're bo men! Turn 'em loose!"

There was a rush, a splash of then shining bulky forms that flo scrambled out of the water at t side of the irrigation ditch. The b entirety, had smelled broader ex water, and almost abreast they it—all but Old Mom, who tr wildly, who squealed and bello roared, but who for a moment alone. Even her faithful Alice her, running wildly with Snyder a over the edge of the hump an down a proclivity of solid rock raging waters of the Snake Rive Behind them the two remaining of the herd halted, stood a momen then whimpering returned to th Old Mom, while the circus owner, he had sent a valuable elephant h death, hurriedly decided to move than the range of the baleful ey keeper of the bulls.

A Good Publicity Stu

Down in the rapids, with its dangerous suck holes below, the phants floundered a moment, then out in different directions. Alice, mon sense aroused at last, swam her strength straight for the oppos finally landing in safety just above But Trilby and Snyder, forget swiftness of the current in their en of the water's coolness, drifte along—until too late. A moment the hundreds of excited sightseers gathered atop the banks saw the tossing, suddenly frantic beasts plu the falls and into the suck holes an pools beneath, from which no livi ever had emerged.

By this time the owner was fa and seeking even more speed. A m automobile hastened to overtake to break the news that his elepha in the Snake River death trap. He glumly and went on, while below the whirlpools ——

The elephants now were in a s which formed the main amusement boys of the town who, when the other games had faded, were wont large logs over the edge into the waters and watch them churned to the fierce action of the boiling Trilby had vanished. Only the Snyder's trunk showed at long in Atop the bank the keeper of th breathed another good-by to two best elephants.

Then a shout. Fully three hund below the suck hole Trilby, immer what had seemed hours, had come surface and was fighting valiantly shore. Finally she gained it, to cr rocky ledge, to stagger, then to exhausted. Five minutes later Sny beside her, equally fatigued. An they remained, moaning with human intonations, until their keepe Old Mom, came to their rescue.

All through the town the word that a living thing—two living t fact—had survived the death t crowds gathered; it was as though ing heroes had returned from a w townspeople even forgave Alice a damages when it was learned that ambled from her landing point to yard and caused a panic among th stabled there. That night the te unable to contain the crowds that to see the elephants which had be whirlpools. And in the years to co simple announcement of the comi circus was enough to insure the thousands of dollars—as long as tained the assurance that the de elephants would be a part of th formance.

But such a happy thing as this i of a bull keeper is almost too go true. His usual lot is a succession haps, of plunging fights against ev ceivable odd, of the fear of what may bring, and all too often the fu of every foreboding. In the circ the young man seeking adventure told to go West, nor to become a tor, nor to drive in motor-car speed nor to aspire to the Northwest M It is merely suggested that if he's earnest and doesn't care what ha might be a good idea to learn the ru of being a keeper of the bulls. Afte he isn't satisfied he's hopeless!

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Why do women "shop" better than men?

They do. Once a woman knows what she wants, she gets it. A man is more likely to accept a substitute.

Women who have had experience with products made of "Armco" Ingot Iron know precisely what they want. They insist that the enameled refrigerator or the stove they are buying bear the blue and gold "Armco" trademark.

There *is* a difference in appearance between enameled refrigerators and stoves made with "Armco" Ingot Iron and those that are not. The difference is a richer gloss, a smoother surface, and no "pinholes" or rough spots. You cannot see the real value of "Armco" Ingot Iron. It is hidden beneath the enameling—but the enameling will give many years of service because of the pure iron base which holds it.

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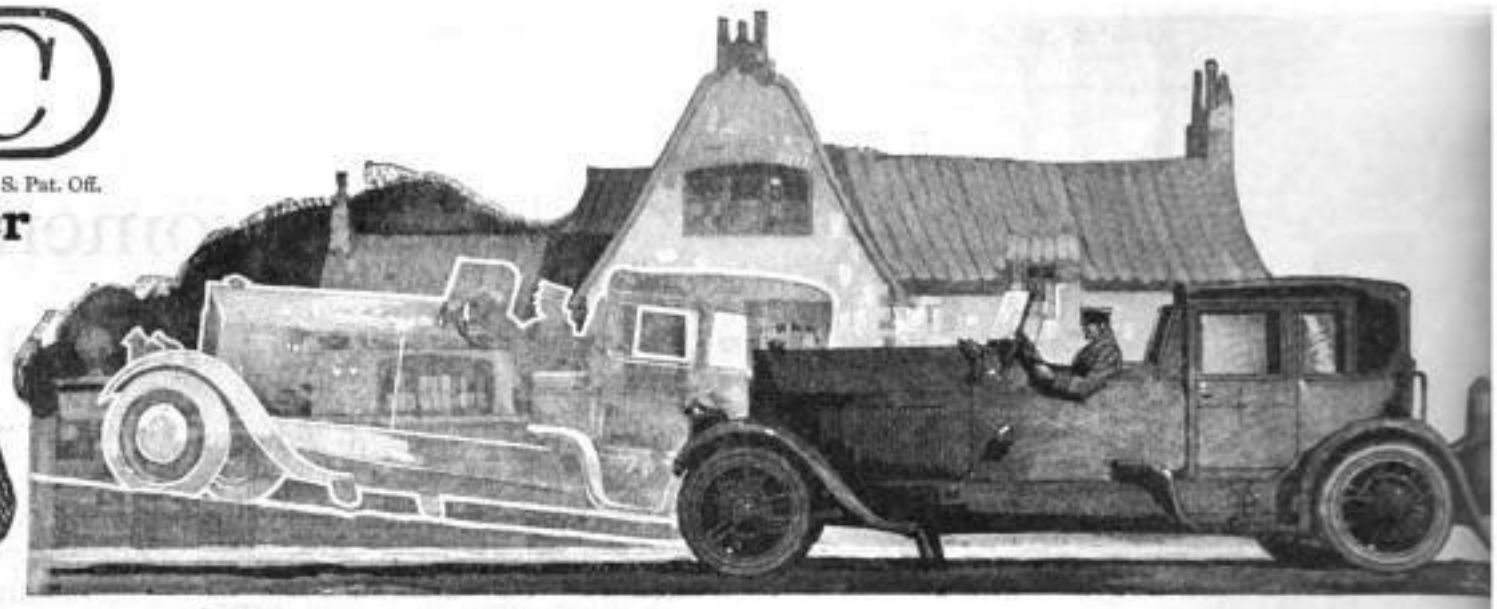


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Knows all
Tells all
about your ignition

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in the United States



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It does if the ignition system is faulty

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You can only be sure of getting the most power from the gas you use if you know that every plug is firing right.

If you have a car, a motor boat, an airplane, or an electrically ignited stationary gas engine, get a Westinghouse Spark-C Ignition Tester from your dealer or garageman.

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PEPPER

(Continued from Page 27)

and keeps his tailor in a state
ant exasperation. Any newspaper
ied a picture of George Wharton
ould make an answerable substi-
of a picture of Cecil Rhodes by
out a few of the harsher lines.
s with a long, catlike stride that
e from his passion for snowshoe-
r years—except during the years
ar—he went up into the Maine
the winter and made tracks over
mished surface of the entire north-
of the state. Then the war came

r's legal activities have been such
ake the busy little bee look as
it were suffering from hypnosis.
ated from the University of Penn-
Law School in two years, after
the Sharswood prize, which is the
reward that the University of
ania Law School has to offer for
brilliance. While he was in the
ol one of the fifty-seven things in
took an interest was the problem
ducation. At that time practically
chool teaching was done by what
as the forensic method, in which
er does all the talking, and the
quently does some heavy dozing.
, of Harvard, however, was devel-
at is known as the Socratic method
g, in which the students are made
the talking, so that none of them
ed to take cat naps in the class-
Pepper advocated the adoption of
atic method. He was elected a
fellow of the law school on his
n, in 1889, and at once went up
ard for a few months to study
's classroom methods. On his re-
law school adopted the methods
ated, and has retained them ever
n 1893 he was made Algernon
Biddle professor of law, and held
ion until he resigned, in 1910. He
ber of the board of trustees of the
y of Pennsylvania and of Carnegie
, so that he has had an opportu-
tudy the educational system from
nistrative as well as the teaching
m both ends and the middle.

Mr. Pepper's Interests

the great drawbacks in speaking
r lies in the fact that any mention
his activities is bound to distract
of the hearer from his other activ-
e is interested in missionary work,
ubles, people, road making, Amer-
on, children, ethnology, baseball
porterhouse steaks, preparedness,
the square deal, people, biology,
thinking, immigration, wood chop-
ck writing, foreign relations, fish
ion, philosophy, people, swimming,
thbrows, lowbrows, prison reform,
eology and people, to say nothing
less other matters too numerous
ion, among which people might
inently mentioned. Nothing bores
lany things make him hot under
ar—things like pacifism and Bol-
and sloppy law drafting and the
hot air that is known as hokum;
ing makes him tired. With these
teresta, therefore, it should not be
that Pepper is a lawyer to the
n of other things, or a professor
exclusion of other things, or any-
the exclusion of anything else.
thing that Pepper says is crystal
His thoughts flow out smoothly
egular order, and they are clothed
uage so simple that a child can
and them. Simplicity, he has been
is elegance. He has always re-
d in his memory. One of his pas-
the clothing of abstruse thoughts in
anguage. It is his belief that there
uncertainty in American law, and
is uncertainty is due solely to the
draftsmanship of the laws. He
he income-tax act to be a thing of
and a horror forever, for the
reason that the people who drafted
inapt and obscure English. Having
d hazy and meaningless clusters
ls, the well-intentioned folk in the
ry attempted to clarify them by
interpretations; but unfortunately
rpretations were frequently couched
n more obscure language than the
ey purported to interpret. Thus the
ountry was plunged into confusion.

Pepper gave an excellent demonstration of a simple but airtight legal document when he wrote the uniform player's contract now in use in the American and National Leagues. There are no whereases in it, no parties-of-the-first-part, no to-wit's, no hereinbefore-mentioned's. It is as simple as a telephone bill; and the player who signs it "pledges himself to the American public to conform to high standards of fair play and good sportsmanship." When he had written this contract he proceeded to write a little contract for all the hard-boiled club owners to sign, so that all the promising shouldn't be on the part of the players.

"We, the undersigned," ran this contract or pledge, "earnestly desirous of insuring to the public wholesome and high-class baseball, and believing that we ourselves should set for the players an example of the sportsmanship which accepts the umpire's decision without complaint, hereby pledge ourselves loyally to support the Commissioner in his important and difficult task; and we assure him that each of us will acquiesce in his decisions, even when we believe them mistaken, and that we will not discredit the sport by public criticism of him or of one another." This was signed by twenty-nine club owners, but not until some of them had emitted a plaintive howl of protest.

Some Big Cases

No Pennsylvania law library is complete without one little trifle for which Pepper is responsible, together with Prof. William Draper Lewis. The title of this bit of hammock literature is Digest of Decisions and Encyclopedia of Pennsylvania Law. It contains a digest of every case in every court in the state of Pennsylvania from 1754 to 1898, and is in twenty-two volumes. Each volume contains about a thousand pages. It was an eight-year job, and may be regarded as one of Pepper's after-hour relaxations.

Pepper represented Gifford Pinchot in the famous Ballinger-Pinchot struggle between the Forest Service and the Department of the Interior in 1910. He represented Pierre Du Pont in the litigation respecting the purchase of stock of the Du Pont de Nemours Company. Sixty million dollars were involved, and Pepper won the case. He represented the United Fruit Company in the longest jury trial ever held in Philadelphia, when Fruit was sued by the Bluefields Fruit and Steamship Company for alleged restraint of foreign commerce; and won the case after a twelve weeks' fight. He tried the case for organized baseball when it was sued by the Federal League for being a combination in restraint of trade. He lost the case in the District of Columbia, but the verdict was reversed in the Court of Appeal. He argued it before the Supreme Court a short time ago. And it was Pepper who drew up the documents under which Landis was made commissioner of baseball. He is as persistent a lawyer as he is a mountain climber; in one day, not long ago, he argued four cases before the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

He is frequently cursed fluently by the labor people as being the pal of the plutocrats and the lambaster of labor; yet from time to time he has been chosen as arbitrator in disputes between capital and labor, and he has refused to take cases against labor unions where the question involved was a dispute between an employer and employes. He has taken cases against labor unions—and always won them—where the unions were undertaking what is technically known as a secondary boycott. If you, for example, are building an office building, and the union notifies all laborers on the job to walk out unless you break your contract with a heating man who refuses to discharge nonunion laborers, you would be the victim of a secondary boycott. Since he won these cases Pepper's position would seem to be less that of a lambaster of labor than that of one who remembers the basic principles of the square deal.

When the Great War began he campaigned with General Wood in an effort to make the country realize that we were going into it eventually, and that we weren't prepared. When the first Plattsburg camp was started, in 1915, Pepper



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an ARROW
COLLAR
entirely new in style
and in construction

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In the funeral director's bill, the cost of this service and overhead (often a large proportion of the total cost) usually is included in the charge for better understood items. Such charges should be judged with this fact in mind.

Paramount

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MADDOCK

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went up as a rookie and was made color sergeant of the First Provisional Training Regiment. He went back on the following year and took the training course again. He not only wanted the training but he wanted to stimulate younger men to do likewise. He made an attempt to get into the army bill a provision that men over military age, if bodily sound, could be accepted for line duty. Failing in this he signed up with Colonel Roosevelt's provisional division. Pepper is driven by the same type of internal engine that drove Roosevelt, and the sight of him was always enough to make Roosevelt click his teeth together in approval and delight.

During the war he was chairman of the Pennsylvania Council of National Defense. After the war he started a fight on the League of Nations. He decided at once that our participation in that league meant that we would be a party to the settlement of every boundary dispute in Europe—and that for the next few years Europe would have as many boundary disputes as Polish emigrants have cousins. He fought the League of Nations with the League for the Preservation of American Independence, of which he was vice president. That organization was formed to coöperate with Senators opposed to the league; and on it, to a large extent, was built Harding's fight for the Presidency. The most dramatic incident in Pepper's fight was his debate with Senator Hitchcock in the Metropolitan Opera House of Philadelphia. The house was jammed; and Pepper and Hitchcock, after the fashion of all those who opposed each other on the League of Nations, thought that they got the better of each other. Pepper's efforts seem to have helped, at any rate; for not long after he had been appointed to the Senate to fill the place of the late Boies Penrose he overheard a guide leading a party of brides, grooms, corn farmers and pilgrims toward the Senate Chamber. "Now, ladies and gentlemen," said he, "I'm going to take you to a place of extreme interest—the place where the League of Nations was killed."

Friends High and Low

For twenty-one years Pepper has been a member of the Board of Missions of the Episcopal Church. He has written religious books, and he has been keenly interested in religious and missionary work in the Philippines, China and Japan. Some, too, would call him an uplifter, because he is always doing something to better the lot of jailbirds. He would admit, if asked, that he has a large number of friends who are murderers, burglars and forgers. Burglars, however, he views pessimistically. He has hopes for almost every other sort of criminal, but he feels that you can never be sure you've reformed a burglar. Burgling, he thinks, combines the joys of big-game hunting and those which come to the gambler when he gets something for nothing, so that the burglar never loses his aptitude for this fascinating profession, following or avocation.

But in spite of his tendency toward uplift, he packs, as the saying goes, a powerful wallop, and is apt to remember some of the more militant precepts before he remembers the one about turning the other cheek. If, therefore, anybody were to come right out in the open and accuse Pepper of representing any particular class of people he would probably be the recipient of a quick stiff-arm jolt [illegible] shape of an abrupt reminder that [illegible] represents murderers and millionaire[s] ployers and employes, beggars [illegible] players—that he has more friends [illegible] different sorts of people than any [illegible] American with the exception of Roo[sevelt]

Simplicity is elegance. That be[ing] case, Pepper could not, if he tried, be elegant in his beliefs on various [subjects] that will soon set a few tireless men [in] that august body, the United States [Senate], to spouting passionate and [meaningless] rivers of words that will [probably be] listened to by more than ten or [twelve] bored Senators, a couple of [industrious] stenographers and a few heartily [disposed] reporters. You can call it being [regular]; you can call it climbing aboard the [band]wagon or roller or you can call it anything else you like, but when you are through calling it [by] names you might try calling it [common] sense or an application of the old [adage] that a straight line is the shortest [distance] between two points.

Old American Stuff

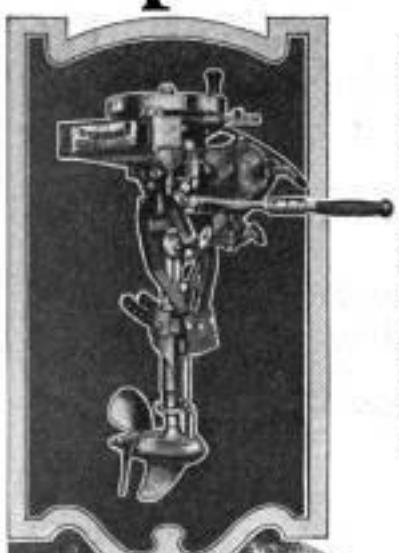
For example, Pepper holds that [the] problem that confronts this country, [whether] it be levying taxes or adjusting [tariff] schedules or fixing railroad rates, [must be] solved if it is solved in the interest [of a] class or locality or at the expense [of] other class or locality. This applies [to the] so-called farm bloc and to special [interests] that may be working on the tariff, [on] immigration and to matters of [health] kidney.

Many, for example, use their [taxing] power to levy excess-profits taxes, [to] gratify them enormously because they [do] seem to come largely from rich [men's] pockets and to bear comparatively [little] on their own resources. The actual [eco]nomic effect, however, is to make [men] do things in industry which result in [unem]ployment. Therefore the thing [is] done by the poor against the rich [turns] to be an evil from which the poor [man] suffers intensely and the rich man [feels] little.

As regards the military situation, [Pepper] views the surrounding scenery with [an] equally kindly and simple smile. On [the] one side are arrayed the "sexless [critics]" who infest the shoals of pacifism; [their] words are Pepper's; and on the other [side] is arrayed an idle regular army. [Pepper] idleness automatically breeds disaffection, pugnacity and militarism. To [devote] to either would be fatal. Therefore the [cry] less sirens must be ignored, and the Army officers and enlisted men both—[who] set to work training a yearly crop [of] serves. Thus there will be no idle hands [in] the Army, so that dissatisfaction and [grie]vers will vanish from it; and at the [same] time the country will be insuring [itself] against future ills by storing up a [vast] increasing number of trained reserves.

A straight line is the shortest distance between two points. Simplicity is elegance. Honesty is the best policy. Pepper's memory has never failed him; [it's] mostly the good old prewar stuff; [that] to say, there's none of the new, long-haired foreign-born stuff to be found in it; [none] of the offshoots of that "organized [lawless]ness and transfigured crime masquerading under a high-sounding Russian name. [I'll] quote Pepper again. It's all the old [stuff]—old and straight; and old friends are [the] best.

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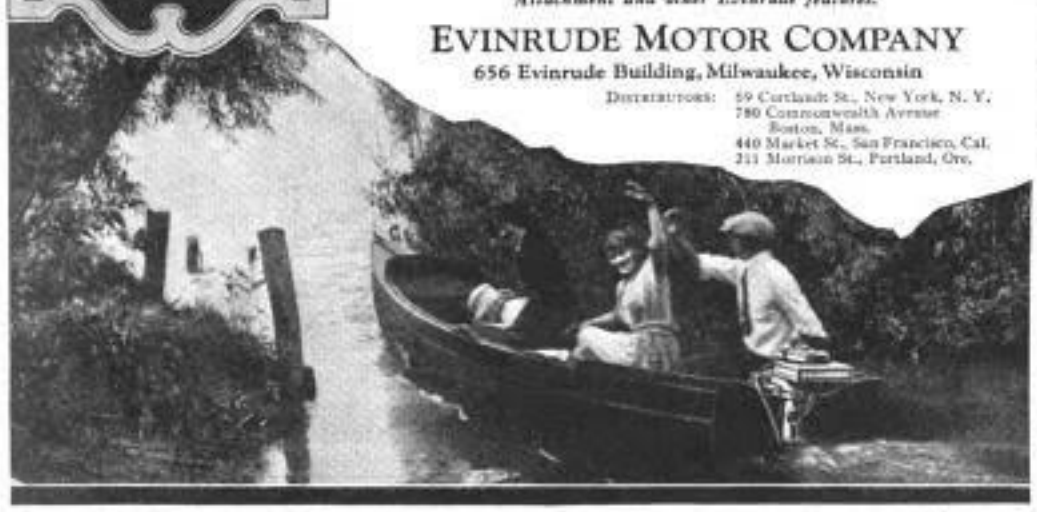
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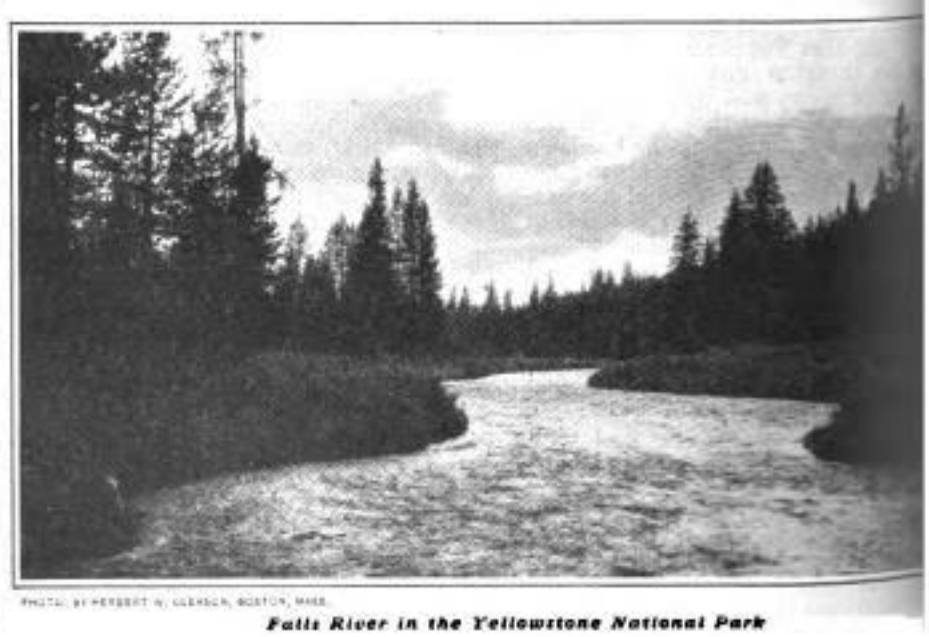
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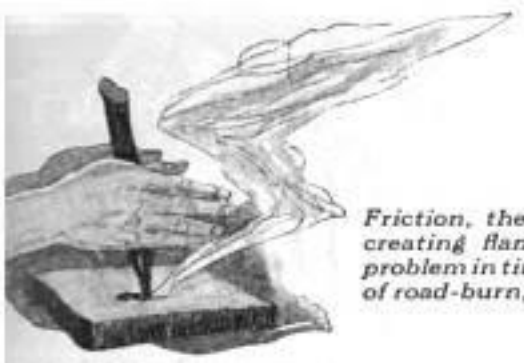
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PLAY

(Continued from Page 9)

now that he'd drifted into a way of saving up these business jokes to make Edith laugh. That was the whole trouble, he thought bitterly—Edith had forgotten how to laugh. A darned shame too. She had had such a jolly little tune of a laugh before she'd changed.

He spread the photographs on his desk before he rang for a stenographer. They ought to help construct that letter to Miller. They were even better than he'd thought. He could use some of those ideas in place of the suggestions he had tentatively sketched in his interviews with Miller. Beyond the prints he began to see the woman who had devised and posed and photographed them. An extraordinary girl, sure enough. It wasn't impulse that ——

Evidently this thing wasn't curable! He scowled at his obstinate delusions and punched the call button with needless emphasis.

III

"YOU'LL have to fix things so that I can deal with you on this Miller job. I simply bar your Mr. Carey."

W. John Simpson became conscious of an inner brightness. He might have known that Carey would disgust Dora Willet. He ought to have given her credit for so much taste, to say nothing of sense. Carey, whose notion of pleasing a lady was mainly a certain audacity in timing the adoption of "kid" as his form of address.

"All right. I can arrange that, I guess." He spoke confidently. Since the acquisition of the Miller account he had perceived a new and grateful attention to his suggestions at the office. McIntyre would back him on this if Carey tried to fuss. He chuckled. "I don't blame you. Carey ——"

"Oh, he's the regular thing. There are only two kinds; and his kind's less poisonous than the other."

Simpson lifted his brows. He objected to such inclusive generalities. He refused to choose between classification with Carey and being graded as yet more poisonous.

"I don't get that. How do you mean?"

She waved her hand wearily. "I suppose not. You wouldn't. It doesn't matter."

"But it does! I want to know which class I'm in, and why ——"

"That places you. You're the other kind."

"And why? I don't see any crossbones on my label."

"They never do. You're the type that takes its sentiment seriously. Carey's the sort who just makes it absurd, cheap. He's the male of the vamp species."

W. John Simpson sat very still, holding his unbelieving breath. It just couldn't be true. There really wasn't any such woman.

"And you think I'm the opposite sort—the kind that can't see anything to a kiss but a first degree in matrimony? Thanks!"

"Oh, you won't admit it of course. They never do; the he-coquettes would make Gibraltar look like a weathervane if you'd let them tell it; and the others are all positive butterflies. Let's drop it. I'm busy, and Carey's kept me way behind with this new series."

He held his peace. Words wouldn't convince her, but time could do it. Besides, how did he know that she wasn't only pretending? After all he didn't know anything about her yet. He could wait. But if she was real ——

The fatalistic theory acquired a new force, however, in the light of what had been said. Probably, just as she claimed, all man, like Gaul, was divided into three parts, of which W. John Simpson was one. If it proved that she occupied a similar division of the other gender there must be something in the idea of destiny. You couldn't account for it on any other theory. Billion-to-one shots couldn't win unassisted.

McIntyre justified his confidence. The man who had solved the long-standing mystery of Andrew Miller was more important than any number of fat art directors; Carey, rashly venturing on a veiled hint of resignation if his province were subjected to trespass, heard a pungent reference to the difference between producers and spenders that sent him back to his desk with the look of one suffering from a slow leak. Striking shrewdly while the metal glowed W. John Simpson adjusted the salary matter rather effectively. Seventy-five dollars a week, after this, and a commission on new business too. Very different from the forty-dollar status at which he had seemed to stick for the last year and more. His chest needed more room, somehow, than his vest allowed. He meditated on suitings over his work. Tweeds, probably—something that would combine dignity with—with class.

Collaboration in the photograph matter led, as he had foreseen, to a rapid progress in less commercial directions. It was necessary rather often to interrupt protracted sessions in the studio with brief luncheons at the tea room in the basement; a pressure of rush work required a pause for dinner and a return afterwards to work under artificial lights. The actinic quality of this illumination would have been severe on some complexions, but Dora Willet seemed to profit by it instead of losing. She paid for her own food always. He had the wit to offer no protest about this. *Suaviter in modo*—he amended the tag hastily—*et suaviter in re* too. Edith had insisted on going Dutch, at first.

He suffered still from a sense of undeserved reproach when he thought about Edith. He couldn't help holding her responsible for this. It was another grievance, although in justice to her he had to admit that she was taking it nicely. She'd only phoned a few times, and his uneasy references to night work and the Miller account had satisfied her. She wasn't going to pester him, he saw. That was something. But it was her fault that he persisted in feeling mean about dropping her. If she'd been what she'd pretended to be, what Dora Willet seemed, there wouldn't have been a single parting pang.

He became gradually aware of a reassuring background behind Dora Willet. At a late interview in her studio he encountered her mother, a Victorian survival, to whom, he instantly perceived, this daughter was as mysterious as a duckling to the aggrieved hen responsible for its incubation. Mrs. Willet visibly disapproved of a business intimacy unsanctified by social and domestic preliminaries. It was she who invited Mr. Simpson to regularize this relation by calling at the apartment. To his surprise there was no objection on Dora's part.

"You might as well," she declared. "Come along now and have dinner with us if you've nothing else on hand."

He hesitated. It undeniably had the look of the usual trap. The minute the family element entered the equation you could expect trouble. Still, Dora's tone was almost a release in advance from any inferences on Mrs. Willet's part.

"I'd like to," he decided.

After all, it would be just as well to get a line on her people. You could learn a lot about a girl by watching her relatives. More than once he'd avoided distressing entanglements by a timely glimpse of the family group.

There were three other Willets, he discovered, besides Dora's mother, and it needed only a few minutes to enlighten him unmistakably as to their attitude and hers. Mr. Willet addressed his daughter with a cautious deference which W. John Simpson instantly interpreted, before Dora's conversation revealed the fact that Mr. Willet was looking around. Miss Mamie Willet, appealing from the decisions of the lower court in a plea involving the propriety of a screen drama entitled The Hundred-and-First Kiss, confirmed a guess which had already become almost a conviction, and the unfilial tone of Master Clarence in the same dispute became sulkily submissive when Dora handed down a confirmation of the previous finding, which was at once and silently accepted as final by all concerned.

He departed early, his doubts dissipated. There couldn't possibly be any room for sappy sentiment in a girl who carried this family on her charming neck. Probably she harbored a lively desire to excoriate the parties who had invented marriage. And even if she was like all the rest of them, here was an impassable rock in the path. No woman would expect a man to shoulder that crew, and it was quite obvious that this was what a man would have to contemplate if he ——

She went to the door with him and shook hands. He discovered a distinct thrill at



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the contact. Somehow he hadn't expected that her hand would be like this; it wasn't a business hand at all. He had a sudden stab of anger against the other Willets. Letting a girl like this support them!

"You're great!" he said, on impulse. "I—you're a double wonder."

"I don't exactly hate myself either," she admitted. "I'll have those washing-machine ideas ready sometime to-morrow. Phone you. Good night."

He restrained a buoyancy in his feet as he walked home. Absolutely no nonsense about her; and yet —— He opened and closed his right hand reminiscently. This began to look as if a dream could come true, even a wild dream. She wasn't a bit the hard, emotionless, business type or her hand wouldn't be like that to the touch.

He remembered the way she had seconded her mother's invitation. "You might as well." He understood that tone now. She was serving notice, in effect. She'd classified him among the men who needed such a warning. He didn't resent this so much, now that he knew; at least she had also given him credit for enough intelligence to see and heed it. She didn't take him for the usual sapheaded male anyway. And she'd find out very soon that she was wrong about the rest of it.

He enjoyed his state of mind scientifically. It was the way he had felt before, when he had clung to the same hope, but this time there was less doubt in the background, less of that sophisticated scoffing from his enlightened self. Here was a girl who wouldn't ever let sticky sentimentality spoil things and yet could —— He moved his remembering fingers gently. That was what you got for being different; the ordinary fellow would never get any such reaction from a casual contact of hands. He was humming softly as he climbed the stairs to his room.

IV

DORA didn't move. She was so still that for a moment he had a sharp fear that she was angry, disgusted, after all, at what had happened. He held his breath, waiting. It was a climactic instant, with all the future wavering in a balance. If she took offense ——

"That," she said softly, with just a whisper of a laugh behind the word, "that was a nice kiss, Johnny."

He breathed again, relief quickening his delight. She took it perfectly. He might have known all along that she was real.

"The night needed it—to be perfect."

He had used the phrase before, under similar circumstances, but it was, he felt, as good as new. It was another test. If she resented its delicate hint as to the episodic nature of that kiss ——

"Why, Johnny!" She faced him quickly. There was light enough from the thin moon to let him see that her eyes were wide. "You're a clairvoyant! How did you know I was going to say that?"

He laughed softly. "I didn't. I felt that way, that's all. It's true, isn't it?"

"Of course it's true! But you ——" She paused. "I thought—oh, it doesn't matter. It spoils things to dissect them. Let's not talk."

He smiled triumphantly at the silvery night. She knew! Very gently he touched her hand, relaxed and motionless on the scuffed wood of the pier. She turned slowly toward him as if she waited, as if ——

"It's late. We'd better go."

He rose at once, helped her scramble up from the timber.

"Yes. And it's easy to spoil things when they're perfect, isn't it?"

He laughed again. She wasn't sure of him even now. He heard her breath catch in her throat.

"Are you pretending, Johnny? Because if you are it's rather brutal. And you can't possibly be real."

"That's what I've been telling myself about you, Dora. I wasn't sure till just now that there were two of us. But there are. It isn't possible, but it's true."

She stood facing him. "Don't you want to—to kiss me again, before we go back, Johnny?"

He caught himself in time. "Not any more than you want me to. It's perfect, isn't it, as it is?"

She laughed softly. "That wasn't fair, I admit. But I had to know. Oh, Johnny, it's going to be wonderful! I've always dreamed of somebody who could feel as I do about it. Somebody who could ——"

"I told you there were two of us. I don't more than half believe it myself, but the thing's happened. It's true."

The lights at the station, the homing holiday crowd, brought them back to another reality. Their eyes met and laughed together. In the car they were silent, sharing an esoteric amusement at the frank emotions of the common herd. Dora put it into words: "They don't know when to stop, poor things."

He nodded. But the word jarred unpleasantly on his mood. It suggested an end of even this radiant miracle of coincidence. He and Dora knew when to stop; the time would come when they would go their ways without rancor or regrets. He discovered a sudden savage hostility to the thought. Perfect things should endure forever. A comradeship like this ought not to fade and die, like ordinary friendships. If it could only last —— He asked himself sharply why it couldn't? Why couldn't they go on and on, as they'd begun, in this soft twilight zone of gentle emotions, never overstepping the boundaries like the unthinking who couldn't let perfection suffice?

The conceit took hold of his fancy, thrilling him. Forever and forever! It needn't even end with age; he saw them, white haired, still under the spell of a romance unspoiled by excess. It might go beyond, even —— He drew his breath very deep. Dora would see it too. He turned to tell her eagerly.

"I've been thinking about that Larned business, Johnny. I believe you could make him see reason if you keep pounding away at one definite point, instead of arguing on generalities. Let's work out a specific campaign in advance, and sell him that, instead of debating about advertising itself."

"Something in that, I guess."

He was annoyed to find a mild disappointment below his approval. Of course she was right to be severely practical in this atmosphere; you couldn't possibly talk about misty, fragile fancies in the seat behind that pair of gum-chewing cuddlers. But it was a pity, all the same, to surrender that thinly sweet instant of romance so suddenly. One should approach reality, after a rare and exquisite excursion into dreams, by a gently graduated descent.

He listened to Dora's elaboration of her theory, compelled to agree and to admire, and yet faintly discontent. Nothing was absolutely perfect, after all. His thought moved in some groove of association to that other evening, by the little Jersey lake. Edith hadn't taken it any more seriously than Dora, in one sense. But she hadn't talked all the way home about advertising aluminum kitchenware either. He resisted a twinge of conscience. Of course it was a long time since he'd seen Edith! Why shouldn't it be? It would be longer now before he saw her again. Hadn't he found Dora?

"It's a bully scheme, Dora. We'll have a shot at it."

He frowned as the girl in the seat ahead snuggled in the hollow of a weedy shoulder. But the frown was directed chiefly against a disgraceful, unbidden envy. It was sickening to think of himself and Dora in that artless, vulgar juxtaposition; he despised himself because in the teeth of this doctrine he continued to harbor the belief that it would be pleasant.

Even in the taxicab he governed that debased impulse. Their hands barely touched as they parted. Dora's smile praised him.

"I hardly hoped you'd play up so beautifully, Johnny. If you only knew ——"

He laughed shortly. "Think I don't? It's just as bad, being a man. You can't have anything unless you want it all!"

She shook her head. "They can't drive you frantic—begging you. If I give them the slightest excuse they think ——"

He untangled the obscure speech. Most men—any man except W. John Simpson—would certainly justify her complaint.

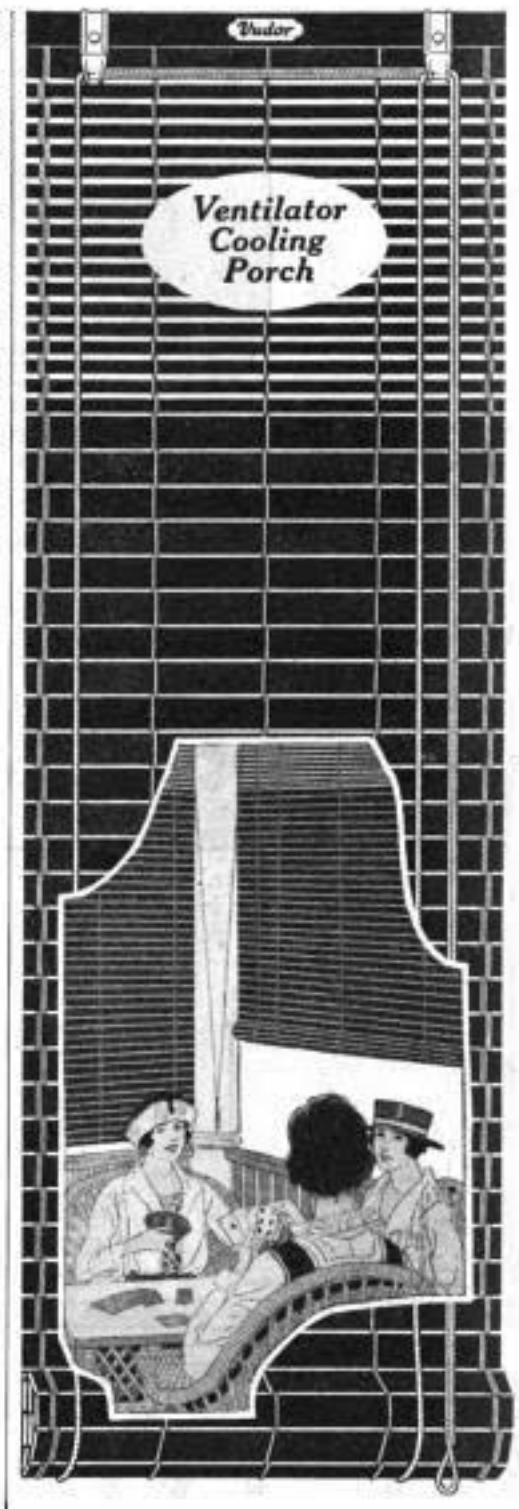
"Well, you can trust me, that's sure." He spoke grimly.

"And you can trust me. Good night; Johnny."

He paid the cabman and walked back to his room. If it could only last!

▼

A DIVIDED mood went with him to the ground-glass door of the studio—a door which had mysteriously acquired overnight a new and portentous aspect. He was at once eager for this interview and afraid of it. If he had been wrong about her, after all, he would find it out now. She'd be different anyway. They were always different after such revealing occasions as last night.



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There was a sharp relief at the sight of her, crisp and brisk and unmistakably businesslike, and her greeting finally shamed his lingering doubts. He listened to brief and pungent comment on the character of photo-engravers in general and of McIntyre's pet firm in particular, a discourse illustrated with proofs of the new Miller cuts.

"You're right, Dora. They've gummed the job. I'll get right after them."

He might have known she wasn't like the others. Nothing about her remotely suggested that she had watched the moonlight on the surf last night. A faint uneasiness subsided so quickly that he was conscious of a vacuum in its place. In the relentless morning sun she was prettier than under a feeble moon; her clear color, the glints of light in her hair, the soft, lovely curve of her cheek stimulated an ache in his throat. There was something out of tune here. A girl like this—what a pity that circumstances obliged her to think about the sins and shortcomings of engravers! He thought of that family group with a sudden vindictive animosity. All sponging on her, so that there was room in her waking life for only rare brief moments of that faërie thing for which Nature had so patently cast her!

"Dora, I—last night ——"

Her smile flickered through her annoyance and was gone.

"Business hours, Johnny. Nine to five, except Saturdays and Sundays."

Oh, she was wonderful! She remembered, and yet memory didn't govern her. She could keep things separate. That ache in his throat quickened and throbbed. What a crime that she had to!

"I knew you'd say that," he said slowly. "Dora, I can't get over it. It doesn't seem possible that it's true."

"Nine to five," she repeated. Again the smile flitted away almost before he saw it, and the slight frown came back. "I've got something worked out on that Larned account. Thought of it last night. Moving-picture effect—tell the whole story in photographs."

She fumbled for a scratch block and drew rapidly. He watched her, his admiration doing battle with that persistent aching compassion. Even last night, instead of thinking about what had happened, she'd worked out this idea for selling Larned's Eternalastic Saucepans! He put a protest into words when she paused:

"Last night, Dora? I thought you said that business hours were from nine to five."

He barely saw the smile this time. She spoke abruptly:

"Oh, don't, please! This is serious for us both. If you can get that contract it means ——"

"I'm sorry."

He was mollified at once. It wasn't business, altogether, after all. She'd lain awake to puzzle out this plan on his account. He touched her hand gratefully. She drew it away.

"It means five or six hundred net for my end of it," she finished sharply. "I'm counting on you to get it for me."

"I'll get it."

He was not deceived by that subterfuge of hers. He took his leave presently, upborne by the reassuring discoveries of the interview. She was even more marvelous than he had thought.

The conviction was forced upon him as a magic summer slipped away in almost daily business contacts, relieved by rare brief lapses into the pianissimo sentiment for which he had longed in vain, exquisite moments which inevitably ended in an abrupt complete return to the wholesome sanity of their workaday relation. There were other moonlit evenings at the less congested public beaches, late prolonged rides home from the play in open taxicabs that dawdled through the park or past the river, interludes of that precious intimacy generated by the seclusion possib in a crowded noisy restaurant earthbound souls. And always th that entire assurance that each was complete in itself, that here serial romance, leading to a climax barely connected series of distinct tures, ending exactly where they

He knew that it was perfect. Ex those excursions along the border mance he found no least excuse persistent sense of something lackin grew upon him with dismaying ob Dora was exactly the woman of hungry, hopeless dreams. And yet

Sometimes when he saw Andrew on affairs of business he found pervaded by a queer compassion. have hit this old bachelor pretty ha infatuation with Dora. Of cours was common clay and couldn't stand how Dora looked at things. have hurt him. Dora could be when she chose. And she wasn't ev for poor old Miller. She spoke of h a kind of exasperation—a man rated with sappy sentiment that insisted on marrying the whole family!

"If you hadn't come along I'd h to charge off about four hundred worth of work I'd done for him," clared. "I had to break it off altoge was such a pest."

W. John Simpson winced and himself for it. She was absolutely course. Hadn't he dropped Edith abruptly?

Dora's hand touched his as if dent. They were going home thro park after a play. That was one those sentimental moments—their pectedness. Somehow to-night he sense of discord. She didn't mea thing by that; she didn't care an about W. John Simpson than she drew Miller. It wasn't real. He d hand away and muttered an apol if it had been his fault.

"How does Larned like the te series, Johnny?"

He sighed. It was perfect. Abs perfect. But ——

VI

HE SURVEYED Edith imperv aloof, observing that his co silence did not in the least disturb h she was wholly content to hear th little clock, the friendly whit-whit the gas grate, her attention seemin gaged with her seam, her lips dra gether in an absorbed pout. His softened. Edith was so different!

He deliberately catalogued the in her superficial appeal, confirming curate mental list of them. She look meeting his eyes above her sewing, a lips relaxed in the smile for which, knowing it, he had been waiting.

"I saw Dora Willet this afternoon said. "She said the nicest things you, John. I don't understand men If I were you I'd be simply mad a girl like Dora."

W. John Simpson permitted his contemplate the mauve flame of the in Edith's new ring.

"Oh, Dora's all right," he concede erously. "But nobody could possibly about her—that way. She"—he g for a suitable phrase, at once chiv and emphatic—"she hasn't any ca for deep feeling. She—she just plays."

Edith's eyes widened.

"Plays? Why, nobody works harder ——"

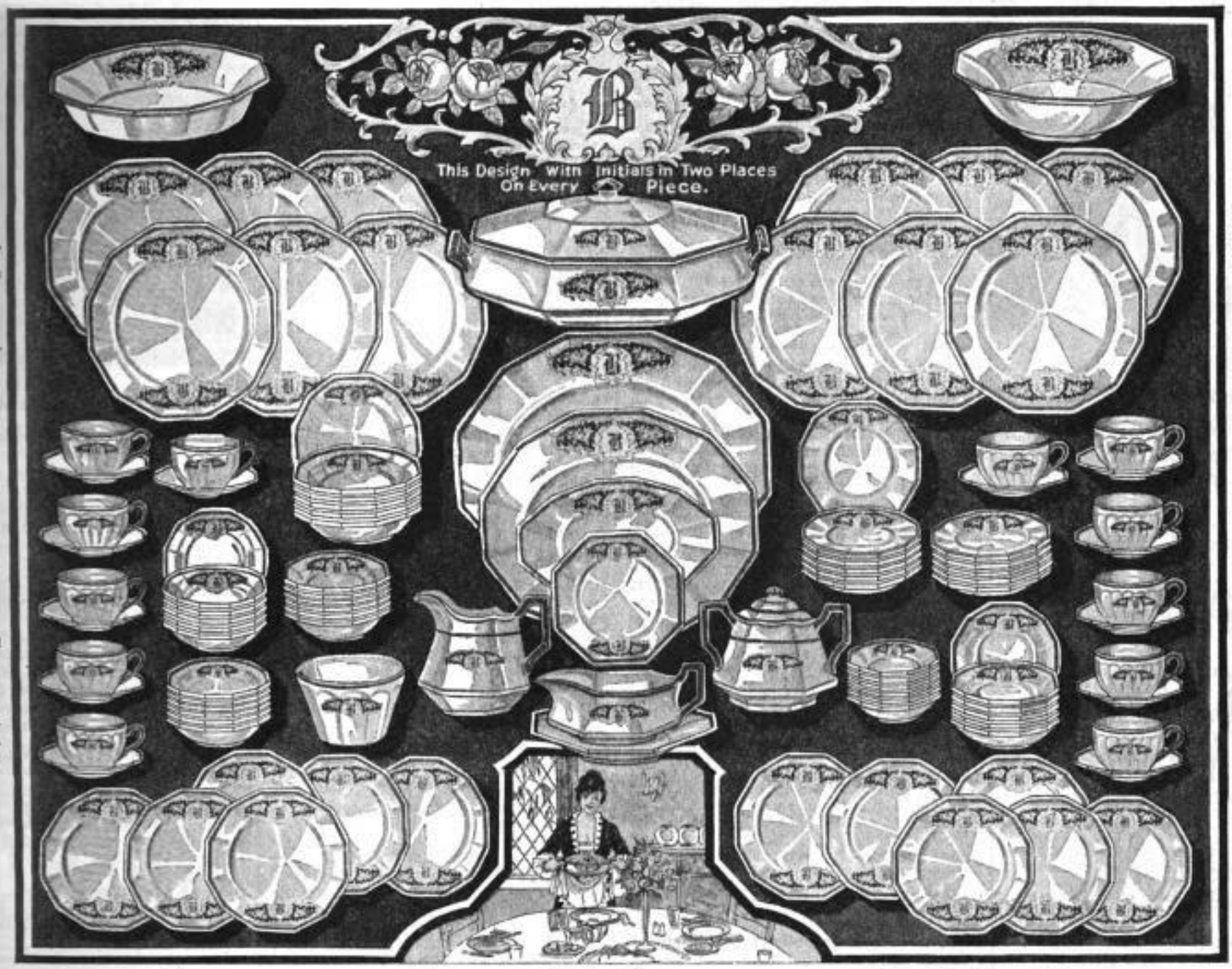
"I didn't mean it that way. She serious enough about things that matter—business and all that, you kn but she only wants to play with the that count."

He leaned forward and rested his on hers.

"Like—like this, Edith!"



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PROTECTING THE SMALL INVESTOR

(Continued from Page 4)

to follow. No one will argue that the blue-sky laws have accomplished nothing. Some swindles have been prevented or checked. Yet some of the biggest stock swindles in history have flourished in recent years in sections of the country where the blue-sky-law idea has been popular.

Even where the operations of swindlers have been checked by blue-sky commissions or other state authorities the initiative for action seems to have come in the case of several of the most notorious fakers from other and outside sources.

But Mr. Cromwell emphatically denies that the Stock Exchange has shown no interest in this subject. It helped to bring about the passage of the Martin Bill, which became law in New York State on May 7, 1921. This is an exceedingly drastic blue-sky law, which gives the attorney-general of the state sweeping powers to investigate and prosecute criminally those "engaged in the fraudulent, fictitious or pretended issuance, sale, promotion, negotiation, advertisement or distribution of any stocks, bonds, notes, evidences of interest or indebtedness or other securities within the state." It reaches not only persons but partnerships and corporations, and the attorney-general is empowered not only to go after those who are engaged in fraudulent practices but also those "about to employ any device, scheme or artifice to defraud or for obtaining money or property by means of any false pretense, representation or promise."

Not only authorities connected with the Stock Exchange but many bankers and lawyers familiar with the sale of bogus investments have long maintained that the chief difficulty is not so much the lack of laws as of enforcement machinery. The problem, they say, is not one of having more laws but of self-starters for those that already exist.

"If you really want to know the fundamental difficulty I will tell you," said a lawyer whose familiarity with crooked brokers and stock promoters probably equals that of any in the country. "The average district attorney although possessing great powers does not like to start something which he cannot finish. This whole subject of brokerage and stock promotion is complicated and abstruse to the lay mind. The district attorney has no time to study the subject; he has a thousand other things to do. He is poorly equipped to meet this special problem, and he knows, besides, that the crooks will employ the best lawyers there are to fight him, lawyers who know every detail of the game."

Laws That Lack Self-Starters

"But make no mistake about it, there are plenty of laws to meet the situation. Take the case of the great bucket-shop ring which an assistant to the attorney-general of the State of Pennsylvania in coöperation with the Stock Exchange cleaned out of the western part of that state a few years ago. The assistant knew nothing about it when he started out, but he studied the subject for months before he made a move. He found that the ordinary gambling laws used in conjunction with the bucket-shop law would meet the case. He took no chances on the local authorities being friendly with the bucket-shop people. He suddenly swooped down upon the bucket shops with the state constabulary; and that was the end of those swindlers.

"If the laws in all the different states relative to the issuance of and dealing in securities could be made uniform and then intelligently and effectively enforced without adding any new ones, the whole situation would be cleaned up."

Of course there is usually more glory to be won in the political arena by urging new and sweeping legislation and posing as the reformers of Wall Street than by merely enforcing existing laws that are dead on the statute books and of which the public has never heard.

The mere piling up and enactment of new legislation, commissions, bureaus, departments and forms of control means nothing unless laws already on the books are enforced. There have been laws in New York State for more than ten years aimed at the bucket shops, and yet there has been very little enforcement under the statutes. Moreover, there appears to have been very little effort, if any, made to enforce the relatively new Martin Act, and the bill has been much criticized by those who want still newer legislation, although it would appear to the layman to be a powerful and efficacious weapon.

Such at least are the facts which those familiar with and sympathetic toward the operations of the Stock Exchange are sure to call attention to. When asked specifically what plan or program the Stock Exchange has to combat bucket shops and bogus investments, Mr. Cromwell, besides referring to the Martin Act, which the Exchange helped to put on the books, pointed out two other lines along which the Exchange is working.

Remedial Agencies

One of these is the formation of an organization for popular education in thrift and sound investment. Among those on the organization committee, besides Mr. Cromwell, are representatives of several very large public-utility corporations engaged in the direct sale of their own securities to the public, and bankers representing both the commercial and investment banking interests.

Another purpose of the association is to assist in providing machinery whereby securities may more effectively be distributed to small investors. It is hoped to do this by inducing a larger number of banks and employers to buy sound securities for their customers and employes. The effort is to get the banks to break down the awe which the small investor feels for banks and bankers, and which is one reason why he would rather deal with the smooth, slick stock salesman than with his own bank.

It is hoped also to interest newspapers and advertising agencies to shut out more effectively the advertisements of swindlers, and also to prevent these gentry from getting bank references. Another most important purpose is to inform the public where facts regarding fraudulent promotion and stock swindles may be promptly had and handed over to the legal authorities or other agencies qualified to prosecute.

It is very difficult, of course, to get a large number of business organizations together for coöperative purposes of this kind. There is no immediate profit in it and each business organization prefers to carry on such work in its own way. But many of those who have studied the subject carefully agree that there is no other way of really waging an effective war upon the financial swindler. There is no single existing agency that is powerful enough by itself to follow up the constant violations of law. If the banks, insurance companies, investment bankers, stock exchanges and the larger corporations could act together something might be accomplished for the first time. Whether these various agencies can actually work out such a plan of coöperation remains to be seen.

Mr. Cromwell stated that another method to be followed by the Stock Exchange to protect the purchasers of securities will be a more frequent and accurate investigation of the financial condition of its own members. It already possesses almost absolute powers of discipline, which it frequently exercises. But it has long been urged to supervise its own members, under this complete power which it now has, far more actively than in the past.

"We are going to require from our members, at periods as frequent as twice a year, the answering of a questionnaire which will cover all the points necessary to disclose their condition."

He said that the Exchange would also adopt a system of requiring its members to take off trial balances as often as once a month. Mr. Cromwell readily agreed that the failure to do this in the past has been a piece of carelessness and that certain member firms have been unaware of their own condition for considerable periods of time, becoming involved sometimes without really knowing it. It has been asserted by Mr. Cromwell, however, on another occasion that in the last ten years fewer Stock Exchange members, relatively, have failed than banks.

"What is the attitude of the Stock Exchange toward what might be called



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indiscriminate speculation?" I asked. "Should everyone speculate, or only those with means and special equipment?" Which question, of course, refers to margin purchases.

"My personal advice, given in Boston to a large audience and since then by letter to our members in outlying districts, has been that if a man with a small amount of money comes into the house he should be advised to take his money and put it in the bank; and that it is very much against the interests of the public, which, after all, is the interest of the New York Stock Exchange, that people with small amounts of money should be allowed to speculate. When they get enough money to buy and hold outright a share or two shares of good stock, fine!"

Mr. Cromwell said that he doubted if any, or at least if many, decent brokerage houses on the Stock Exchange would refuse to buy stock outright for the smallest investor or in the smallest quantities. He said that upon all occasions he urges members to accept such business despite the smallness of the commission. Although Stock Exchange firms are allowed to charge a minimum of a few cents a share commission when buying stocks in hundred-share lots, they are not expected to take any order where the total commission is less than one or two dollars; and this may prove quite an item to an investor who buys only one or two shares at a time.

Mr. Cromwell believes that it would be better for investors to keep their money in a bank until they have perhaps $500, when they could purchase several shares of stock, and the commission paid to the broker would then be only a small percentage of the total amount.

In reply to a further question, as well as in speeches to members of the Exchange, he said that he did not believe in the partial-payment plan, which, it may be remarked, practically all stock-exchange authorities have always regarded as merely a disguised form of margin speculation and subject to all the evils thereof. If a small investor wishes to buy stocks he should save his money in a bank, according to Mr. Cromwell, until he can buy something outright.

Bucket Shops Still Popular

Upon being asked whether he thought small investors would do better to buy stocks outright through brokers or through banks Mr. Cromwell replied that he did not see that it made much difference. He said that this was a case where the public interest should be served and protected as much as possible, and that no matter how extensively people purchase stocks through their banks the Stock Exchange would not be injured, because the competition would be of the respectable kind. In fact he added that efforts are now being made by Stock Exchange interests to persuade the rural banks to act for persons who wish to buy stock outright.

The competition to be feared, he indicated, is the unfair kind of the get-rich-quick promoter and broker, who makes promises which cannot be lived up to and who by mere display of office space, multiplicity of telephones, clerks and the like attracts the ignorant and gullible.

Upon being asked whether he did not believe that if proper efforts were made vastly larger numbers of people could be started as investors in conservative securities rather than as speculators in more or less fraudulent stocks, Mr. Cromwell replied that though this is no doubt true, the other side of the question is that "you cannot stop the cheap gambling speculator from going to cheap bogus brokers any more than you can prevent people from buying gold bricks or from buying cigars from the peddler who said he smuggled them in from Cuba without paying the duty."

There is a certain type of speculator, he pointed out, who really seems to prefer bucket shops and other cheap places where he is made to feel at home and not asked too many embarrassing questions. Provided he has a hundred dollars or so he is accepted without question, and often feels at home much more than he would in a legitimate brokerage office, where his financial credentials are more carefully looked into.

"One of the facts that make difficult the suppression of some of the most objectionable practices is the readiness and willingness of the public to buy securities through irresponsible dealers in stocks and bonds. It seems to be only necessary to place a gold-lettered name on an office window to attract a certain class of investors ready to put their money into the hands of men who are without standing or conscientious scruple, and who are only masquerading as brokerage firms.

"This type of investor seldom or never inquires into the legitimacy of the firm with which he is risking his money, but goes to the dealer's office much as he would go to the first hardware store, had it been his purpose to buy nails instead of stocks or bonds. He appears willing to take the so-called broker's advice as to the character of what should be his investment or speculation as readily as he parts with his money, and in this way he makes himself an easy prey to stock-swindling transactions.

"He has no knowledge of whether the dealer is or pretends to be a member of a reputable Stock Exchange or has a connection with a reputable Stock-Exchange firm. It is enough for him that the dealer has an office—until he loses his money; and then he in his ignorance is only too ready to blame it all on the Stock Exchange."

Reprehensible Practices

It is said that as a result of a recent bucket-shop failure the fact came out that a man who is a prominent capitalist in his own town and who buys very large quantities of bonds and other conservative investments from some of the largest banking and brokerage houses in New York had an account for about $120,000 in the bucket shop. The truth was of course that he wished to speculate or, it might be more correct to say, gamble there, because he was in wholly different company from his ordinary business and financial associates. He was afraid that if he speculated in this way through a recognized stock-exchange firm of standing the fact might in some way become known to his friends and associates.

This sort of speculation is quite common, and the writer has known of numerous cases where people seek out questionable brokers in order to get as far away from their usual connections and associations as possible. Mr. Cromwell also referred to the evils of speculation upon the part of the poorer members of the working classes, of chambermaids, bootblacks and the like. He spoke of cases where such persons had been hired by bucket shops to induce their friends and fellow servants to speculate.

"I will say this: If we found a house of ours that had been responsible for a thing of that kind and had not looked carefully into the position and standing of these people, we would take most drastic action. But how to prevent them dealing in these other outside houses, I do not know."

Mr. Cromwell also declared that he would take a very strong attitude against members of the Stock Exchange calling up strangers on the telephone as contrary to proper standards of conduct. This has been one of the greatest evils and nuisances of the bucket shop and get-rich-quick swindles. It is of course perfectly legitimate to call up customers, but the fly-by-night brokers have made it a practice to telephone or telegraph to strangers urging them to buy ten shares of this or that.

Another subject touched upon was the criticism directed against the Stock Exchange for restricting the advertising and business-getting freedom of its members. All advertising of Stock Exchange brokers is scrutinized with the utmost care by the authorities of the Exchange, and it has been asserted that the rigidness of these requirements has driven business into the arms of the swindlers. But the difficulty is that stockbrokers, if allowed complete freedom of statement, will always be tempted to prophesy—in other words, to give tips on the market.

It is clear that the problems of the Stock Exchange are not simple or easy to solve. The facts as stated in this article are purposely those which are presented in behalf of the Stock Exchange. There may be other points of view to consider in protecting the investor. It is possible that the Stock Exchange has not been anything like vigilant enough in the past. It may not have been active enough in suppressing the evils of speculation or in putting itself in a position where it can be more clearly dissociated in the public mind from the swindling fraternity. But the problem cannot be understood unless the facts as seen and presented by those interested in the Stock Exchange are first understood.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Atwood. The next will appear in an early issue.

The PARKER
Duofold
The 25 Year Pen
$7
OVER SIZE

Duofold Jr. - $5
Same except for size

Lady Duofold - $5
Chatelaine or handbag size

Do you know another pen you can pass from hand to hand, have it suit all and hold its original point?



Rivals the beauty of the black-tipped Tanager

Press the button and Duofold drinks its fill. No pump or lever to catch on the clothing and spill ink

62
Men in 100
picked this
Over-size Pen

Resembles Chinese-red lacquer
Point guaranteed 25 years

FROM a tray of assorted pens 62 men in 100 selected the new Parker Duofold first of all when we asked them to pick out the most appealing pen.

"Handsomer than gold!" was the verdict of many who saw this large, graceful barrel in Chinese-red with smart black-tipped ends, and neat gold pocket-clip.

This classic Pen was created by Geo. S. Parker, inventor of the leak-proof "Lucky Curve." It took him 30 years to perfect it, but it took America only six months to make the Duofold the leading seller at hundreds of prominent counters.

Its native Iridium point is as smooth and life-enduring as a hard jewel bearing, and is guaranteed 25 years for wear and mechanical perfection.

Its over-size barrel holds nearly twice the ink of the ordinary pen—step up to the first pen counter and give your hand the pleasant sensation of the Duofold's business-like feel. Take one away for 30 Days' Free Trial.

If your dealer's supply is not in, give him your order, subject to your approval after trial. Or write us, giving your dealer's name.

30 Days' Free Trial

THE PARKER PEN CO., JANESVILLE, WIS.
Chicago New York San Francisco Spokane

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THAT is what Mr. John Griffith of Pennsylvania wrote us when we sent him our check for $30.00 as his bonus for spare time work in a single month. We had already paid him $53.05 in commissions, making his total profit for one month's spare time $83.05! He finds his work easy, pleasant, and, as these figures indicate, gratifyingly profitable.

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ONE CROWDED HOUR

(Continued from Page 7)

"She's worth more," he told himself softly. "If she was mine I'd give a hundred times that much to get her back again." And he thought of this husband of hers, whom she wished to torture, and wondered what he had done to her, and hated this man he had never seen because the woman hated him. "He's not going to get her back," Jeff swore in his thoughts. "If I can help her keep away from him he'll not get her again." There was nothing possessive in the feeling which was awakening in him. His devotion to her was a completely unselfish force.

It was also the most powerful emotion Jeff had felt in all his fifty-seven years.

III

WILL BELTER stopped at the farm next morning, and lingered, talking with Jeff, watching furtively for a glimpse of the woman; asked at last, point-blank, if it was true that Jeff's niece had come to visit him. He and Jeff were on the porch, outside the kitchen door; and Jeff nodded and, raising his voice, called to the woman, who was inside. He called her by his niece's name.

"Mary!"

She came slowly to the door, dreading this contact with a stranger.

"This here's Will Belter, one of our neighbors," Jeff said by way of introduction. "He lives up on the ridge beyond the village."

Will, greedy eyes upon her, said, "Howdo, ma'am?"

The woman watched him through the screen door, and answered, "How do you do?"

He said no more, and after a moment she turned back into the obscurity of the kitchen.

Will told Jeff, "She's older than I figured she'd be."

"She looks older," Jeff agreed. "That long train trip was pretty hard; and she was kind of sick."

"Ain't but twenty two or three, is she? I'd think she was thirty, anyway."

"Twenty-four," Jeff told him.

When Will presently went on his way Jeff watched his disappearing figure with stern eyes, and there was trouble in his countenance when he turned and saw the woman standing inside the screen door and also watching.

"Who was that?"

"I'd as soon he hadn't come here," Jeff confessed. "He's a mean hound. A natural-born talebearer. Maybe we fooled him though."

She made no comment, but both understood that her desire to remain hidden was imperiled by this man's appearance. The shadow hung over them all that day. In the evening they read the paper together, found in it little that was new.

Afterwards the woman sat for a long time, thoughtfully silent, and at last said abruptly, "I think I'd better tell you why I ran away."

Jeff looked across at her in surprise, hesitated. Then: "You needn't, 'less you're a mind to," he assured her. "It don't matter to me."

"It is your right to know," she decided. "And—I'd like to be able to talk about it with you. It would be a relief, I believe."

Jeff nodded. "I expect that's so," he assented.

She took the paper from him, opened it to an inner page and pointed to a paragraph under a separate headline, beneath the story of her own disappearance.

"You saw this about Mr. Viles' secretary being arrested?" she asked.

Jeff looked at the paper. The paragraph recited the fact that after a preliminary hearing Franklin Gardner, secretary to Leander Viles, had been held for the grand jury on a charge of stealing gems belonging to the missing woman.

Ranney nodded. "I heard about his being arrested, in town that day," he told her.

"That was why I had to run away!" she cried, a sudden passion in her tones. "That was why I had to get away. Because it was I who saw him take them, and if they made me tell he would have to go to jail."

She was leaning across the table, resting on her elbows, her fingers twisting together; and she watched Jeff anxiously, hungrily, as though to be sure he understood.

Jeff considered what she had s moment, and at length asked slowl him steal them?"

"It's a necklace," she explai perately. "Pearls, and a pendant diamonds, very beautifully. Mr. V to boast how much he paid for it. ever so proud of it, you see. He w show it to a man who is on the ya him, and that's why he asked m down to the cabin and get it from t

Jeff was trying to fill out the gr story. "That's when you found necklace was gone, eh?" he inquir

She nodded. Her words came i

"I saw Mr. Gardner come ou cabin door, with the leather ca hand. He dodged away; and I su thought I had not seen him. And opened the little safe in my cabin t lace was gone."

Jeff grinned a little at that. husband didn't get to show it off, a about it, after all?"

His antipathy toward this hus hers was increasing.

The woman shook her head. "I go back and tell him it was go assented. "And he went into on terrible rages. I was frightened. T tors have warned him. So I trie assure him, told him that Mr. Gard the necklace." Her hands were clasped, the knuckles white. "Oh, I sh have let him know!" she cried "But I thought he must have ask Gardner to get it, must have given combination of the safe. Only I had it."

Memories silenced her; and Jeff prompt her with a question: " hadn't done that?"

"He hadn't! He hadn't!" she a in a voice like a wail. "And when to find Mr. Gardner he was gone. G the yacht. Had run away. So th Viles went ashore himself, and by he came back, very well pleased, a they had caught Mr. Gardner on t and had the necklace back again."

"Did you run away right then asked, when he saw she had forgo go on.

She hesitated, as though choosi words.

"No," she told him. "That was t before. I was very unhappy even But until the next day I did not Mr. Viles made me see. It was just dinner, and I met him in the main He was very expansive and very humored and triumphant. He spoke Gardner. And he said this to me."

She repeated the words in a curiou rotlike tone, as though they were em upon her memory. "He said: 'It's you saw him, Lucia. If you hadn't a seen him come out of your cabin wi necklace in his hands we probably co send him to jail, even now!'"

Jeff was watching her attentively, ing.

"I hadn't really understood, before they would send him to jail," the w cried. "I asked Mr. Viles if he meant that, and begged him not to; and h laughed at me. He said: 'He'll d years for this little piece of work. I And you'll be the one whose testimon send him up. That ought to be a sat tion to you.'"

She added, with a movement o hands as though everything were expla "So I ran away. There was a sailor helped me and gave me his coat, and away, and got in your car because i raining so hard and that was the place I saw where I could hide and be tered from the rain."

She broke off abruptly; and neith them spoke for a period, while Jeff sidered that which she had told him.

At length he asked gently, "You d want to see this here Gardner in jail?"

The woman cried passionately, " No! Oh, he was wrong to steal. If I not seen him I would never have lieved —— But I didn't want to put in jail!"

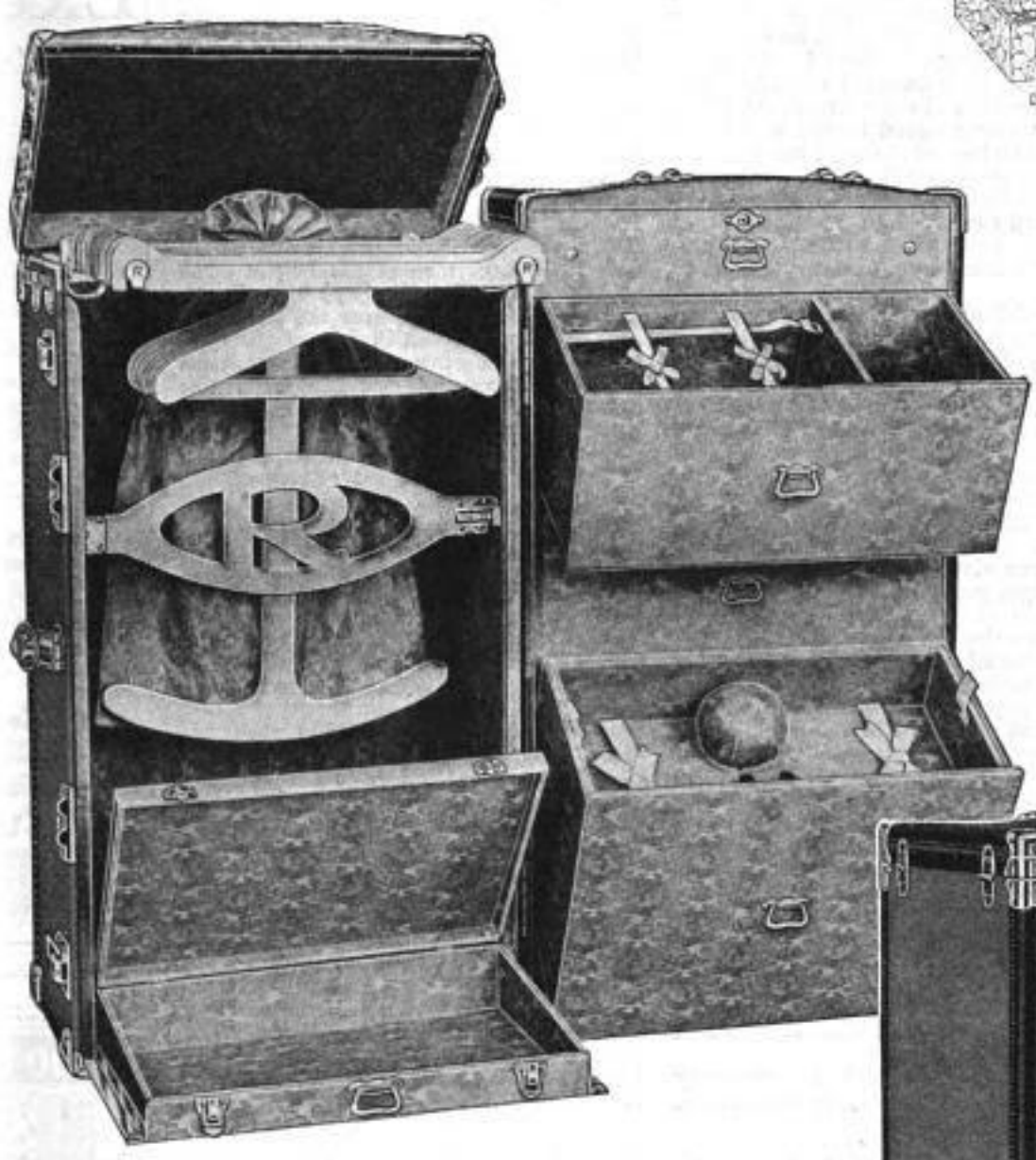
"I guess you liked him pretty w Jeff said. His tone was sympathetic, inquisitive.

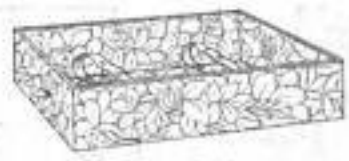
"Yes," she nodded sadly, as though spoke of one who were dead. "Yes, I di With a sudden confidence she added, "I

(Continued on Page 136)

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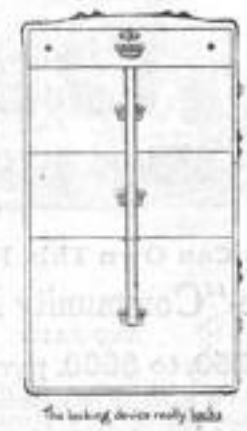




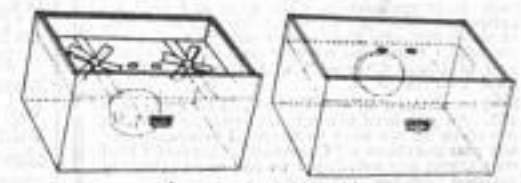
Drawers lined with crotonne



Strong Lock

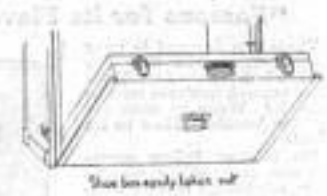


The locking device really locks

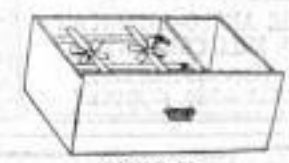


Women's adjustable hat box

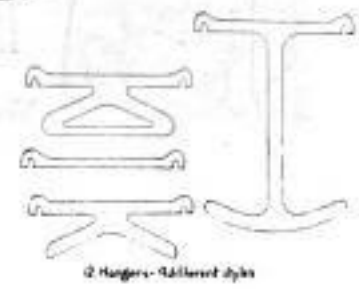




Shoe box easily taken out



Men's hat box



2 Hangers—Additional styles

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your dealer's—May 8 to 13 $40.
built like a $75. Trunk—but it costs only—
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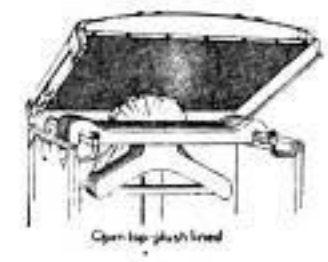
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it—and marvel that a wardrobe trunk ld be made like this to sell for such a sonable price.

size—the sturdiness—the convenience and beauty of it are apparent at first glance. t when you realize that the little details of construction that mark the higher-priced nks are included in this "ROGERS" master-ce, you will realize that here indeed is a ue that is without equal.

Wise purchases in material made this great value possible. It is finished in two shades of Berkshire Brown.

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Open top plush lined

ROGERS TRUNK CORPORATION

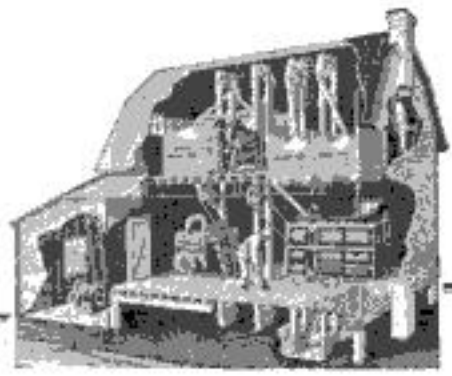
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Gauge complete packed in attractive carton with instruction sheet, retail price $3.00 inc. war tax. Guaranteed satisfactory or money refunded. If your dealer cannot supply, use this coupon and order. Mention name of your supply dealer.

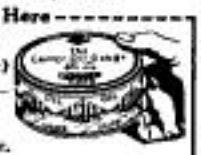
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Write name and address of your dealer in margin.
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Prices from $75.00 to $3600. Four cycle 2 H.P. $98.00 suitable for Row Boats and Yacht Tenders. Catalogue free.

PALMER BROS., Box A, Cos Cob, Conn.

(Continued from Page 134)

he was my best friend. We knew each other so well. It was through him I met Mr. Viles. And then Frank had to go to Europe on business for Mr. Viles, and he was away so long, and I did not hear from him. I used to work, you know. I was a buyer in one of the New York stores. And Mr. Viles was ever so good to me, and I was tired, and he begged me so. That was how I came to marry him."

"I don't figure you ever loved him very much," Jeff suggested after an interval.

"He was good to me at first," she protested. "I think he meant to be good to me."

Silence fell upon them both once more, and this time it persisted. By and by Jeff rose from his chair, passed behind hers and touched her shoulder roughly with his heavy hand.

"I wouldn't worry too much," he said cheerfully. "I wouldn't worry too much if I was you."

She looked up at him and smiled through sudden tears. "You're good to me," she told him.

"You run along to bed," Jeff bade her. "Just forget your bothers and run along to bed."

But when she had gone upstairs the man remained for a long time in his chair beside the warm lamp, thinking over what she had told him, supplying for himself the things she had not told. Jeff had a shrewd common sense; he was able to fill in many of the gaps, to see the truths to which even Lucia was blind. And as he thought, his eyes clouded with slow anger and his brows drew somewhat together; and when he got up at last to turn toward his bedroom there was a ferocity in his expression that no one had ever seen on Jeff Ranney's face in all his fifty-seven years. He spoke slowly, half aloud, addressing no one at all.

"Damn the man," he muttered. "I'd like to bust him a good one. It'd do him good."

Upon this wish, which had a solemnity about it almost like a prayer, Jeff went to bed.

IV

NEXT morning, when Andy Wattles drove by the farm with Will Bissell's truck on his way to East Harbor, Jeff saw that Andy had a passenger. Will Belter was riding to town with Andy. They hailed him as they passed the barn, and Andy waved a hand in greeting as they disappeared. Jeff's perceptions were quick; it was no more than half a dozen seconds before he understood that there was menace in this move on Belter's part. His first thought was to stop the man and bring him back, but the truck was already far away along the townward road. He shook his head; there was nothing he could do. If Belter meant harm the harm was done.

But the incident put Jeff on his guard, so that he made it his business to stay about the house that day; and when, in the early afternoon, an automobile stopped in the road before the farm he saw it and was ready. He had given the woman no warning, but she heard the machine, and came to his side in the dining room and looked out through the window. Themselves hidden, they could see the car. Three men were in it—the chauffeur, Will Belter and another. Jeff knew this other man; it needed not the woman's exclamation to inform him. Her husband had found her hiding place.

When Lucia saw him she sank weakly in a chair beside the table, said in a voice like a moan, "He's found me! He's found me!"

But for this crisis of his adventure Jeff was ready; he rose to meet the moment, gripped her shoulder.

"Just mind this," he told her swiftly. "Keep your head, ma'am, and mind what I say. You don't have to go back with him unless you want. He can't make you, ha'n't no legal way to make you; and if you don't want to go you don't have to go. I'll see't he don't take you unless you say the word."

She looked up at him in swift gratitude; and he smiled at her and asked, "Now can't you take a little heart from that, ma'am?"

"He's coming," she whispered.

And Jeff looked through the window again and saw that Viles had left Belter and the chauffeur in the car he had hired in East Harbor. He himself came steadily toward the kitchen door, while the two other men watched him from the road. Jeff and the woman heard his loud knock upon the door.

At this summons Jeff left her where she sat, her strength returning. He opened the kitchen door and faced the man he had learned to hate so blindingly that the passion intoxicated him. Yet his countenance was calm, his features all composed.

Viles was a large man without being fat; one of those men who have about them the apparent solidity of flesh which is the attribute of such dogs as Boston terriers. He may have been six feet tall, but he was inches broader across the shoulders than most men of his height. His countenance was peculiarly pink, as though rich blood coursed too near the surface of his skin. Jeff marked that he was subject to a certain shortness of breath, that his eyes were too small, and that even now a little pulse was beating in the man's throat.

Yet Viles spoke in a smooth and pleasant voice, said a jovial good afternoon and asked if this was Jeff Ranney's farm. Jeff said it was.

Viles asked "Are you Ranney?"

"I'm Ranney," Jeff assented. He had not asked the other to come in; the screen door still separated them.

"Ah," said Viles. "I am told your niece from California is visiting you. I have a rather important bit of business to transact with her."

Jeff shook his head. "She ain't my niece," he answered frankly. "She's your wife, that had to run away from you."

His voice was stony; but at his words Viles moved backward a step, as though under the impact of a blow, and Jeff saw the swift rage mount his cheeks in a purple flood. Then the rich man laid his hand upon the screen door, opened it.

Jeff did not move to one side, and Viles said hoarsely, "Get out of my way, you impudent fool!"

Jeff shook his head. "Listen, mister," he said softly. "This is my house. You can't come in here on your own say-so. I'm not fooling with you either. If you want to come in, you ask."

Viles lifted one clenched hand as though to sweep the other aside; and Jeff added, "I've heard enough about you so I'd like right well to mix it up with you a little bit—if you want to try anything like that. Do you?"

"I want to come in," said Viles hoarsely.

Jeff considered this for a moment, then he spoke to the woman, over his shoulder. "Do you want to see him?" he asked her.

"I suppose so," she told him wearily.

Jeff nodded. "All right, mister," he said to Viles. "Come in and take a chair."

Viles had somewhat recovered himself. He followed Jeff's indifferent back into the dining room. The woman did not rise. Jeff set a chair across the table from her, and Viles sat down in it while Jeff himself crossed to shut the door that led into the parlor, then came back and leaned against the kitchen door, watching this husband and wife, waiting for what they would say.

Viles had drawn a velvet glove over the iron hand. He asked the woman gently, "Are you all right, my dear?" She nodded. "You are well?"

"Yes," she said slowly. "Yes, I am well."

He looked toward Jeff. "Mrs. Viles is unfortunately subject to moments of great depression," he explained courteously. "In these moments ——" He stopped, arched his eyebrows meaningly, as though Jeff must understand.

"You mean she has crazy spells?" Jeff asked bluntly. Viles protested wordlessly. "She don't act crazy to me," Jeff commented. "But you may be right. She married you."

He was seeking quite deliberately to goad the other man into violence, but Viles controlled himself, said across the table to his wife, "We have been greatly concerned, my dear."

"I'm sorry," she said unconvincingly.

"It is a relief to know that you have not suffered. That scratch across your temple ——"

Lucia touched with her fingers the slight wound. "It is nothing."

"You must have a good rest in bed when we get back to the yacht," he told her. There was an elephantine sportiveness in the man's demeanor. "I'm going to enjoy taking care of you."

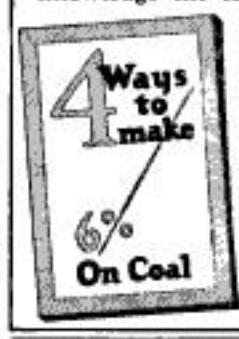
She was silent for a moment, then slowly shook her head. "I don't think I'll go back," she told him. "I don't think I'll go back at all."



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He tried to laugh easily. "You're fancying things, Lucia. It is your home. You belong there."

She faced him with a moment of decision. "If you withdraw the charge against Frank I'll go back with you, Leander."

"Withdraw it?" he asked in pretended astonishment.

"I can't bear to have him go to jail," she cried softly.

"But, my dear, the man's a thief; has betrayed the trust I reposed in him."

"I can't help it. I can't help it. I don't want him to go to jail."

Viles dropped his eyes to the oilcloth that covered the table and drummed upon it with his fingers for a moment, then turned to Jeff.

"I'd be obliged for a few moments' talk with my wife alone," he said, a sardonic note in his tone.

Jeff held his eyes for a minute, then looked toward the woman. "What shall I do, ma'am?" he asked, as though it were a matter of course that he should defer to her.

She made a weary gesture. "He has a right to that," she said.

Jeff nodded. "I'll come back in fifteen minutes, mister," he told Viles menacingly.

But Viles smiled in affable assent. "That will do finely," he agreed.

Jeff went out through the kitchen into the shed. When he was gone Viles rose and crossed to listen at the door, and heard Jeff go on into the barn. He returned to the dining room and stood above his wife, and when she did not move he gripped her chin harshly and turned her face up to his. No velvet glove upon the iron hand now. She winced a little with the pain, but made no sound. There was triumph and malice in his grin.

"Thought you could get away with it, did you, Lucia?" he asked. She said nothing. "Thought I wouldn't find you?" Still she made no sound. "Where'd you pick up this rural squire of yours?"

His tone was insult, and her continued silence seemed to anger him; he loosed her chin with a gesture as though he flung her aside; rounded the table again and sat down facing her and lighted a cigar, watching his wife through the smoke. For a long minute neither of them moved or spoke; then she lifted her head, very slowly, and met his eyes.

After an instant he laughed at her mockingly and leaned forward, gesturing with the cigar, dropping flecks of ash upon the oilcloth.

"Lucia, my dear," he said, "you haven't played fair with me. You and that tame cat of yours. And now I'm going to even the score. If you loved him you shouldn't have married me. Or having married me you should have ceased to love him. Isn't that a fair statement of the ethics of the case?"

"I didn't know, Leander," she said pitifully. "He had been so long away."

"I sent him away," the man admitted harshly. "I wanted a clear field, and got it and got you. Thought I was getting the whole of you. But when he came back I saw within six months' time that it was only the husk of you I had won."

"You're unfair!" she cried. "Frank never spoke to me—there was never anything ——"

"What do I care?" Viles demanded. "Don't you suppose I know that? Don't you suppose I've seen to it that you were both pretty closely looked after? But you loved him, and he loved you. A blind man could see that whenever you were together."

"I played fair with you," his wife pleaded. "And he did too."

"That's because you were afraid to do anything else," he assured her scornfully. "That's because you're weaklings. I'm not a weakling, my dear. In his place I'd have you. In my place I've evened the score—against both of you."

She began to sense that there was something more, something she did not know. "What?" she asked faintly. "What have you done to him?"

He puffed at his cigar, relishing it, relishing the situation. "You two blind fools! Did you think I was also blind?"

She shook her head helplessly. "What are you trying to say?"

The man swung around for a moment to look toward the road and make sure the two men who had come with him were still in the car, then leaned across the table toward her, speaking softly.

"I gave Frank the combination of your safe," he told her, grinning with delight in this moment of his triumph. "I told him to get the necklace, and take it to Boston. To have it restrung; a surprise for you. Told him not to let you see him, not to let you know. The poor fool believed me."

She was staring at him, half understanding. "He didn't steal it? He didn't steal it, then?"

"And the pretty part of it was the way I rang you in," her husband assured her mockingly. "Sending you down to the cabin at a moment when I knew he would be there. So that you might catch him in the very doing of it. So that your own testimony, my dear, might send this sweetheart of yours to jail." Her eyes widened, she was white as snow; and he threw back his head and laughed aloud. "Ah, you see it now?"

Lucia came swiftly to her feet. "He didn't steal it? He didn't steal it?" she cried. "Oh, he won't have to go to jail!"

Her husband chuckled, watching her narrowly. "Not so quick on the trigger, Lucia. Not so fast. He'll go to jail, right enough. Don't worry about that. And you'll send him there."

"But he didn't do it, Leander?" she urged pleadingly. "He's not a thief at all!"

"Of course he isn't," Viles assented. "That's the beauty of the little trap I laid."

Flames were burning in her cheeks now; her head was high. "I won't testify against him," she said swiftly. "You can't do it without me, and I won't ——"

"That was why you ran away?" he asked casually. "To avoid testifying? I thought as much."

"I won't go back!" she cried. "I'll go away again!"

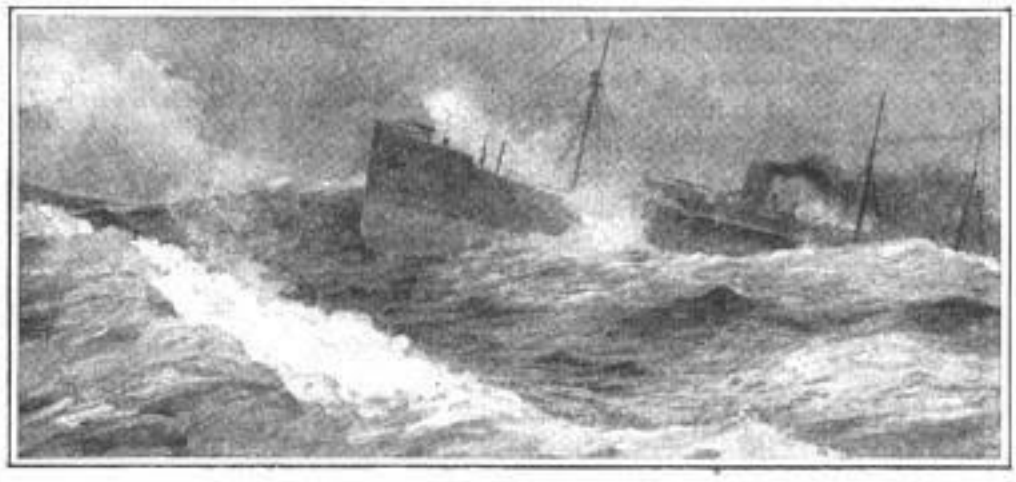
He smiled. "There were others who saw," he told her mildly. "Do you suppose I would be content with so loose a plan? They saw him, as well as you. Saw you also." He leaned toward her ferociously. "You'll testify, and you'll tell the truth, or I'll convict you of perjury on your own lie, my dear. He'll go to jail certainly; and you also if you choose."

The woman was very intent, her thoughts racing. And suddenly she laughed in his face. "And I'll tell what you've just told me," she reminded him. "How long will your scheme stand then?"

He shook his head. "Oh, no, you won't, my dear."

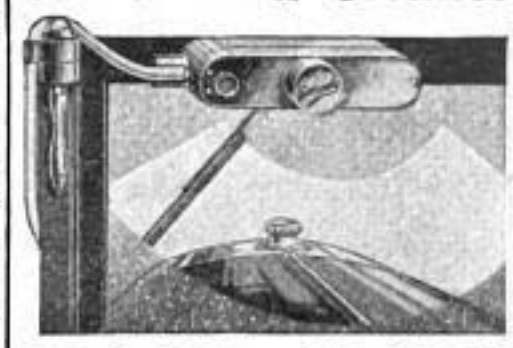
"I will."

"There is," he said equably, "a little provision in the law of evidence which will prevent you. A wife cannot testify to any private conversation between herself and her husband. Did you suppose I would be so mad as to let you slip out of this trap so easily? The judge himself will forbid your saying one word as to what I have told you here."



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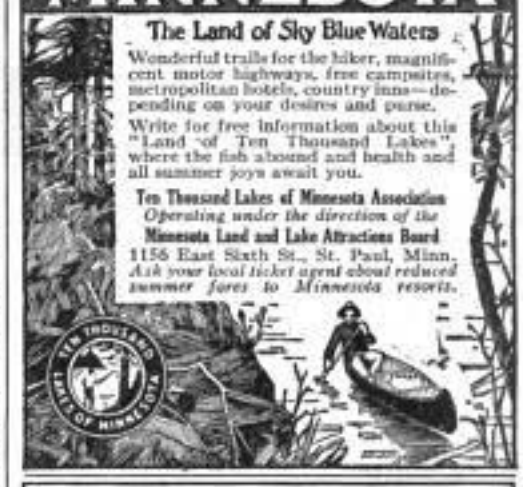
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She was trembling with despair. "I won't obey him!" she cried. "I'll tell anyway. The jurymen will believe me."

"If you blurt out such a thing against the order of the court you will be jailed for contempt, and the jury will be forbidden to believe you, will be told to forget what you have said." He shook his head mockingly. "No, Lucia, my dear, there's no way out. I have told you this simply in order that you might appreciate the pains I have taken." He laughed a little. "What a thoughtful husband you have!"

He was still sitting, watching her with a cruel satisfaction; but she was trembling, broken, her knees yielding beneath her. By littles she sank into her chair, and put her head down upon her arms and wept bitterly.

Her husband watched her from across the table and puffed at his cigar.

Then Jeff Ranney opened the parlor door and came into the room. Viles, at the sound of the opening door, looked up in surprise, looked toward the kitchen through which Jeff had disappeared, looked at Jeff again.

"What were you doing there?" he demanded, coming to his feet in sudden anger.

"Listening to you talk," said Jeff equably.

"Listening? How long?"

"Oh, I came right around the house and in the front door, soon as I went out the back. Heard all you said, I guess."

Lucia had stopped crying; she lifted her head and dried her eyes and looked at Jeff. He looked down at her and smiled, a reassuring smile that gave her somehow comfort.

Viles swung toward him, cried aloud, "You dog! I'll teach you manners!"

"Yes, sir," said Jeff slowly. "I'd like right well to mix it up with you."

Viles stopped in his tracks; the man was convulsed and shaking with his own ferocious rage. "But it ain't fair to pick on you," Jeff decided; "you're such a fool."

Lucia came to her feet, turned to Jeff appealingly. "You heard what he said?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Is it true? Can he do this? Is the law that way?"

Viles reached toward his wife, s have taken her arm. "Lucia!" he "Come away from here. Come away here with me."

But Jeff put an arm between them, the big man back against the table. I instant no one of them moved. The said slowly, "I had a lawsuit once happen to know. What he says is all On private conversations. But yo this wa'n't private. I heard."

"You heard?" she whispered, not s standing.

Jeff nodded. "Sure. And I can tel thing I heard; and I guess—not sur it don't matter much, anyhow—I you can tell it, too, if I heard what he

He was looking down at her, ha the moment forgotten her husband. Lucia had not forgotten, and it was L cry that warned Jeff. Viles was tug pistol from his pocket.

Jeff swung his right leg upward, k cunningly at the big man's hand. pistol flew across the room; and roaring with pain, swung in at J grapple him. They came breast to b stood thus for an instant, each str terribly, exerting utmost strength.

Then Viles' big head drooped w little snapping jerk as all his body l and he slid limply through Jeff's ar the floor. Jeff's one great hour was do

An hour later Jeff drove Lucia ba town. He would send a man who such matters his profession, to car what was left of Leander Viles.

A day or two later Mrs. Ranney home from Augusta. By that time Jef settled into the old routine once more life had become again as uneventful a life can be. Save for one or two echo his great adventure—when Lucia w that she and Gardner were to wed, when their first baby was born—his e ence continued in its old accustomed He lived some dozen years or so or farm eight miles out of East Harbor. winter, while working in his woodlot became overheated and then chilled the coming of night; and a few days l he died.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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ay," yelled the Production anager, bursting in, "the valve on the Blooming ill line has cracked."



Father's economy lesson explodes in his hand

at, son, is the kind of economy that keeps this steel mill paying lends," said the father, tapping the paper before him. "That Mill pipe line you had done under contract cost $1,800 more the Blooming Mill line Henry put in with our own men. And les he utilized most of that old material you wanted to junk."

It's no use, Father," replied the young man, "we'll never agree t. I'd better resign. Any consulting engineer will tell you the way to figure costs on a line like that is on the horsepower de-ed over a period of years and not on initial expense."

ut right here they were interrupted. The door to the office imed open.

Say," yelled the Production Manager, bursting in, "the big valve he Blooming Mill line has cracked. It won't last the day out. 'll have to work all night with a crew to get a new valve hooked up."

And that's the old valve from the saturated steam line," gasped engineer, sinking into a chair. "We'll have to comb the country nd a special dimension valve like that in stock."

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He's kidding," snapped the engineer.

"No, I'm not kidding. I requisitioned a *real* valve long ago. The people who installed my job advised it when they saw Henry putting that cast iron valve from the old saturated steam line into the new 'super-heated' Blooming Mill line."

"You mean the Grinnell Company advised it?" asked the President.

"Yes, and more than that, I had them test the gaskets you're using in the 1100-foot line. Their micro-photographs show them up—about as worthless as chewing gum in those joints. Take their word for it, Dad, and save another $7,000. Pull out every gasket on that line and use the kind they furnished me on the Bar Mill line. If you don't, some day you'll have a long shut-down while you are digging up a trench, stripping off steel lagging and insulation to get at a bunch of leaky joints."

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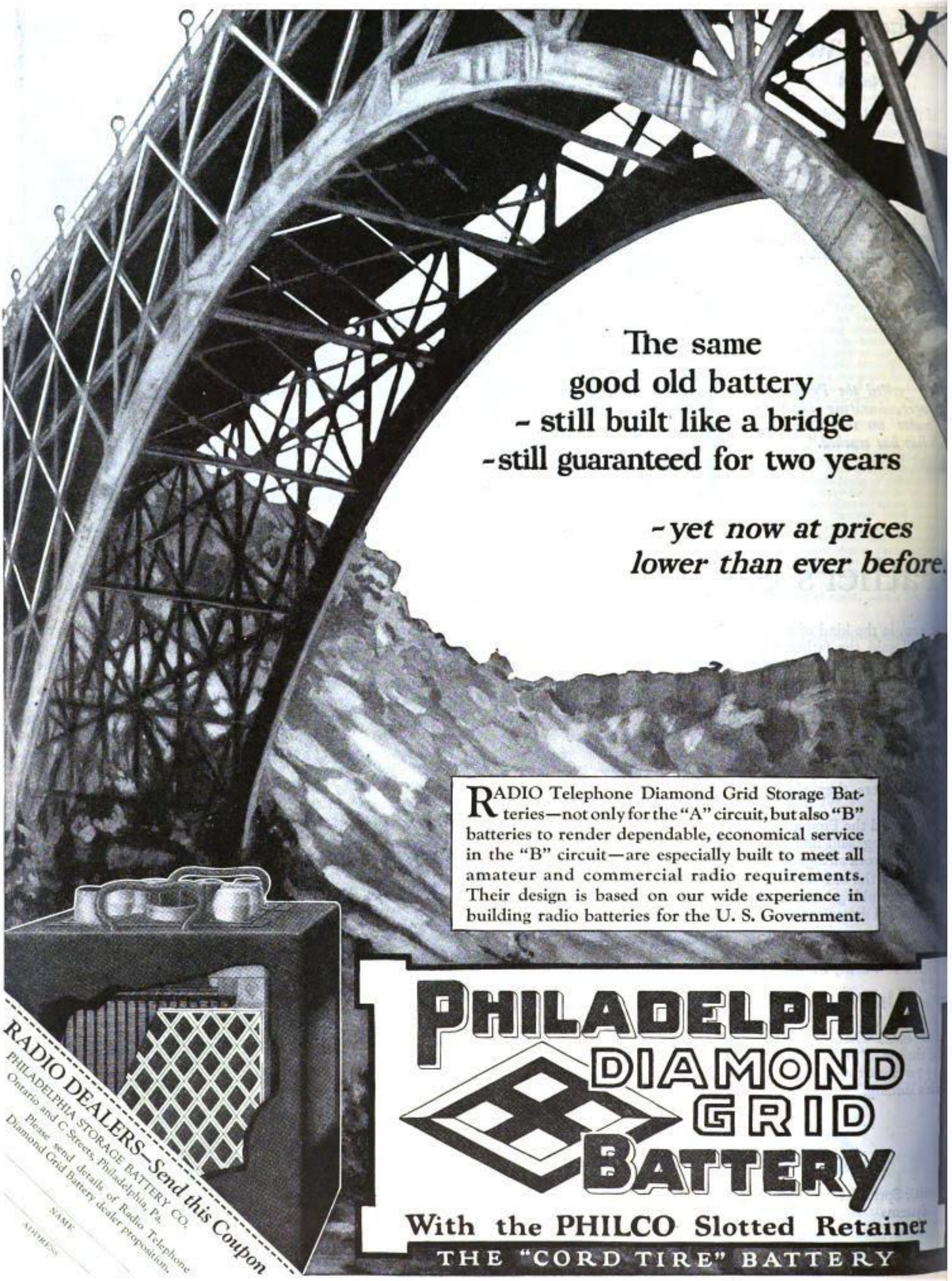
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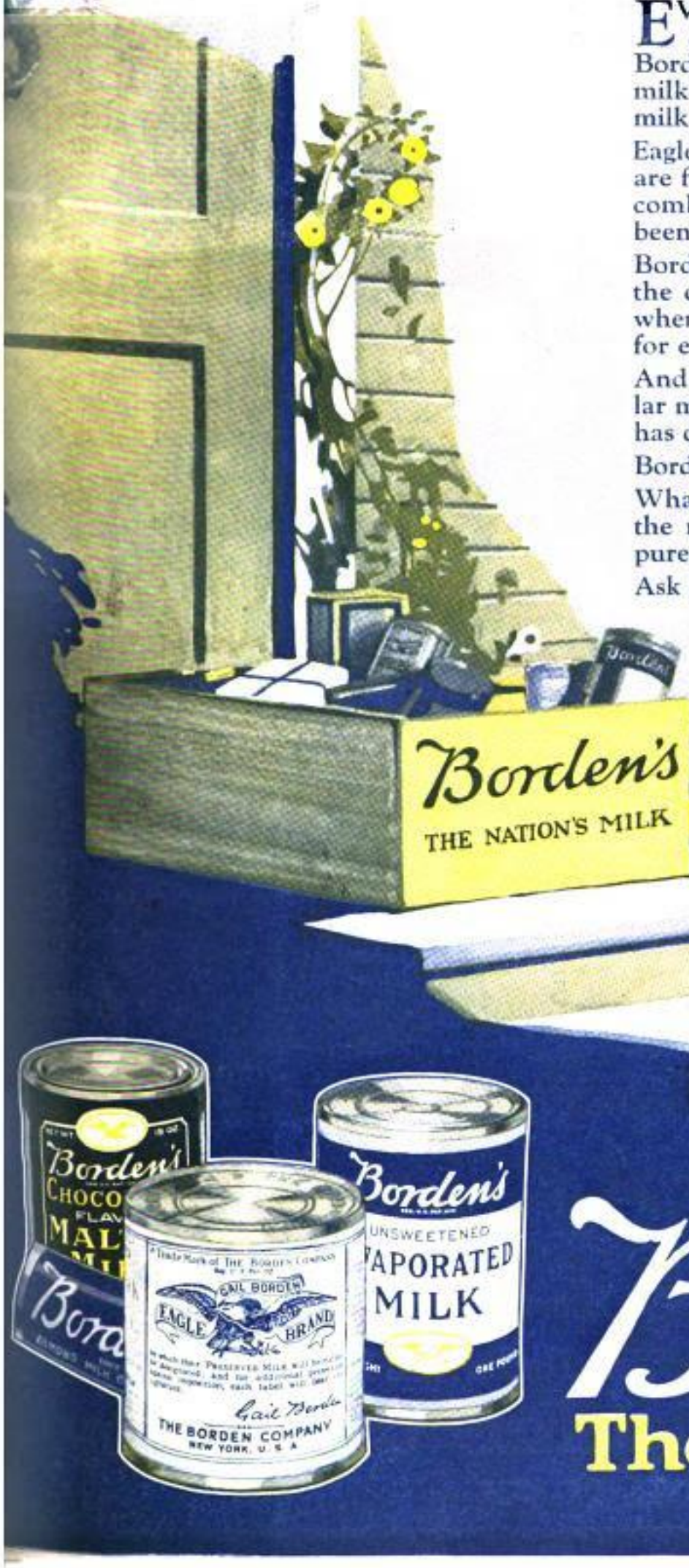
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The milk on the Nation's doorstep



EVERYWHERE in the U. S. A.—to door-steps the country over, grocers are every day delivering Borden's Milk. American housewives now buy their milk from the grocer, for Borden products supply their milk needs.

Eagle Brand is the accepted baby food. More children are fed on Eagle Brand than on all other infant foods combined. Three generations of healthy babies have been raised on it.

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THE BORDEN COMPANY
Borden Building New York

Borden's
The Nation's Milk

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Farrar as
Madame Butterfly

ALL that the most famous artists are to the opera and concert stage, the Victrola and Victor Records are in the homes of music-lovers everywhere. Just as the public recognizes the genius of an artist, so too does it recognize the value of the one instrument for which those artists have made records.

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Camden, New Jersey

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THE SATURD. EVENING POS

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Ao Dr 1728 by Benj. Franklin

AY 13, 1922

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I. H. KOHLSAAT—ROLAND PERTWEE—THOMAS BEER—AUGUSTUS THOMAS
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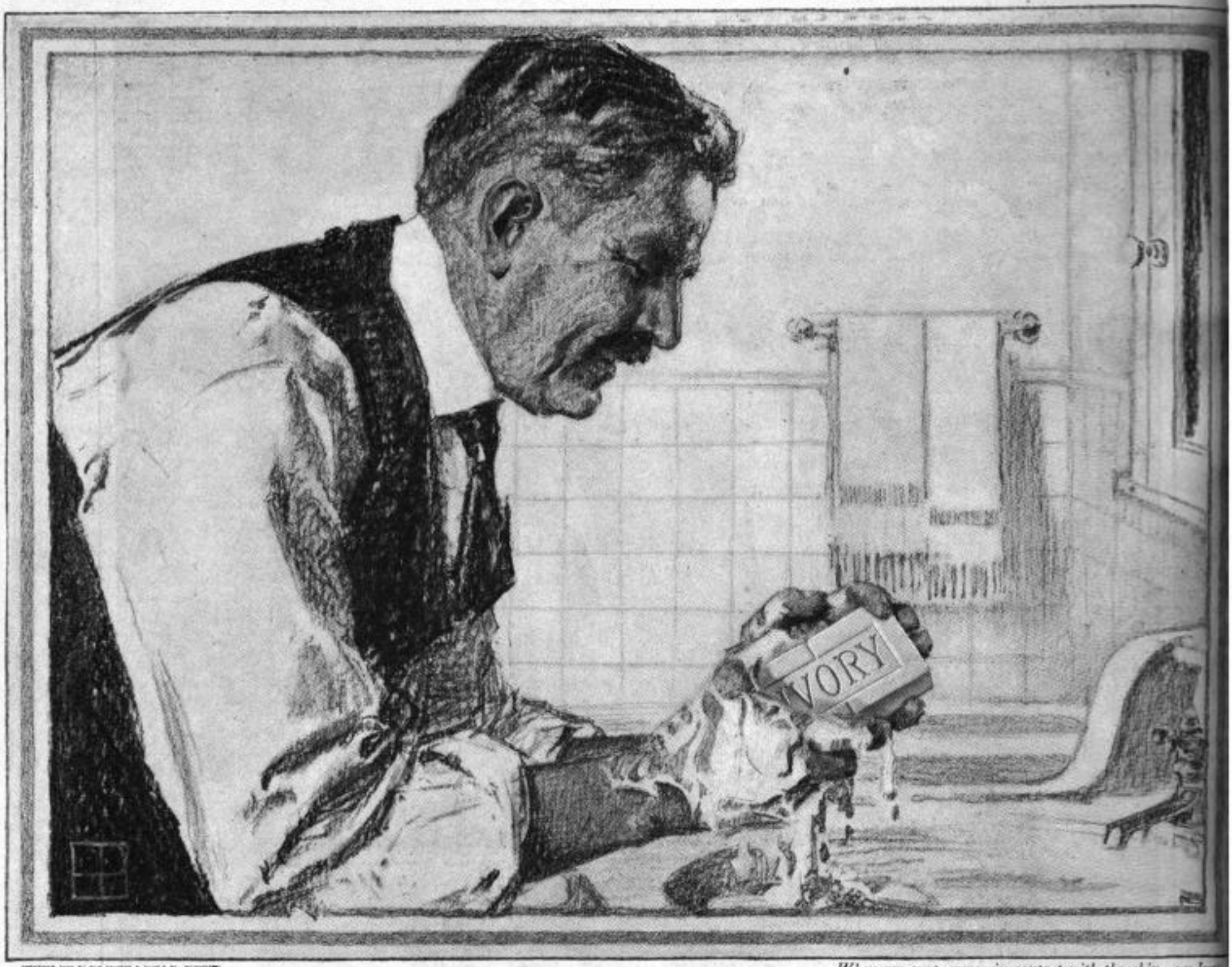
For YOUNG MEN
and
MEN WHO
STAY YOUNG

There's a certain style in clothes in which you look particularly well, and that looks particularly well on you. That's what style means.

In Society Brand Clothes for Spring you'll find *your* style—there's variety to match the difference in men.

ALFRED DECKER & COHN, MAKERS, CHICAGO, NEW YORK · IN CANADA: SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES, LIMITED, MONTREAL

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Whenever soap comes in contact with the skin—use Ivory

HOW can you decide whether the soap you are using is the best to be had? Though its virtues be suggested in the pictures of pretty faces and extolled in claims almost impossible of fulfillment, the practical man—or woman—determines the *real* worth of a soap by asking these simple questions:

1—Does it lather abundantly?
2—Does it rinse easily?
3—Does it feel mild?
4—Has it the purity to insure perfect safety?
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If you must answer "No" to any of these questions, you are not enjoying the greatest possible satisfaction that soap can give.

If your answer is an unqualified "Yes", you undoubtedly are a user of Ivory Soap. All seven of the fundamental qualities that soap should have are developed to so high a degree in Ivory that its superiorities are an open book to its millions of users. They *know* that Ivory is as nearly perfect as soap can be, and they are given fresh proof of it every time they use it for toilet, bath, shampoo, nursery and fine laundry.

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...ROM McKINLEY TO HARDING

Personal Recollections of Our Presidents

By H. H. KOHLSAAT

...IE first time I met ...laj. William McKinley was in Canton ...he day after the ...tial election of 1876. ...s Dannemiller intro...ne to him with the ..."Let me introduce ...our next congress...This is Major Mc...s first term; he will ...d from."

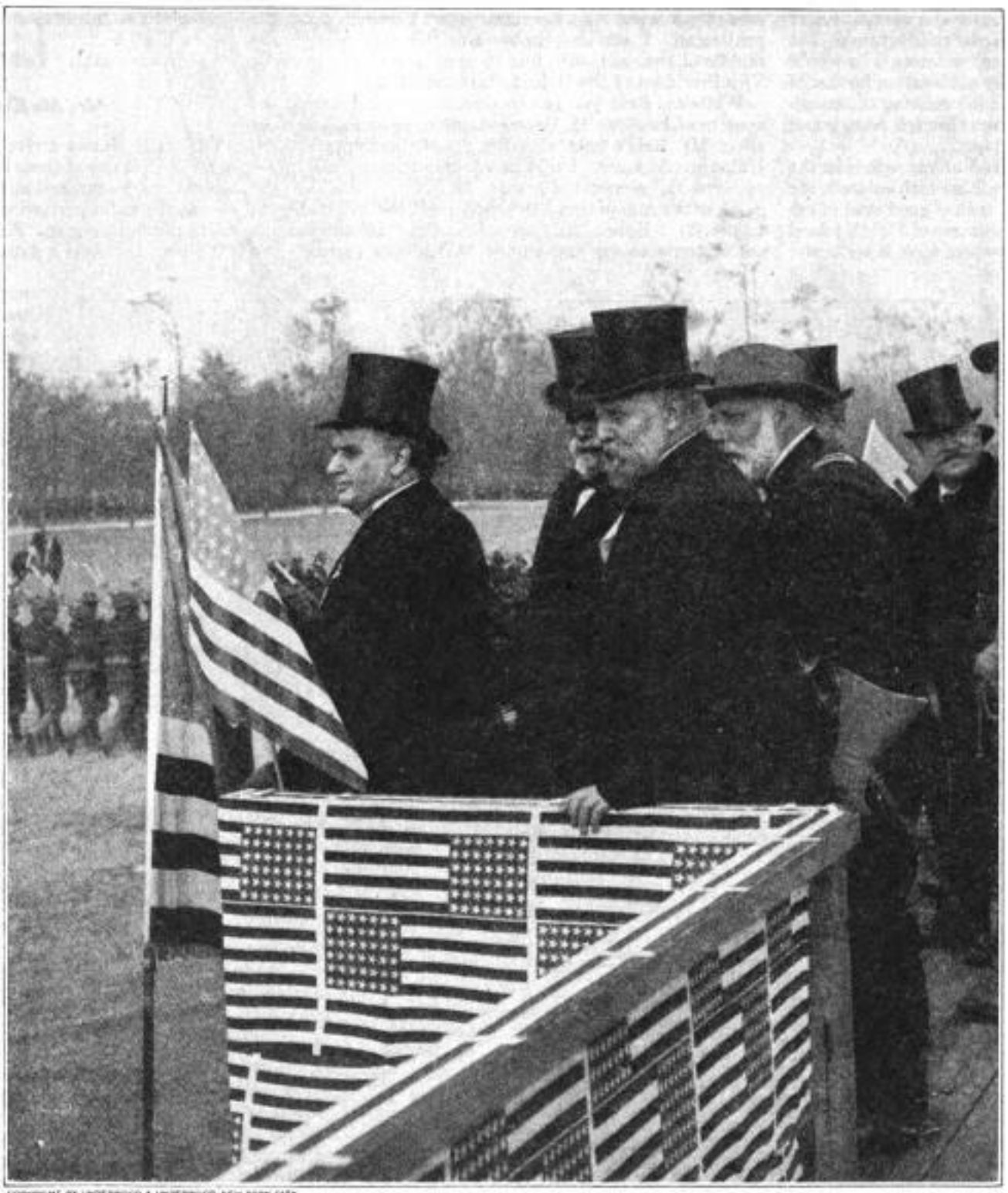
...Kinley was an ex... handsome young ...f thirty-three, with ... of distinction that ...e to him at once. I ... years his junior, and ...d Mr. Dannemiller ...ht when he said "He ...heard from."

...seldom met until I ...alternate in the Re...n National Convention 1888, in Chicago. ...ght before the con... met, speakers of na... reputation addressed ...udience in the Audi..., among them Col. ... G. Ingersoll. He ...ceived with great ap...and as he praised the ...ates to be voted for ...s loudly cheered by ...artisans.

Loyalty

...DENLY he switched ...m politics to religion ...ade one of his characteristic attacks upon Christianity. For a few moments the men and women present were silent; then suddenly someone hissed, and all over the house came a sympathetic response. It sounded like the escaping ...of a locomotive. Ingersoll stood like a man in a ...a by the sudden transition from cheers to hisses. ...aised his hand for si... The audience refused to allow him to proceed and one impulse left the hall. ...he convention met next ...

McKinley was chairman of the Ohio delegation. ...n the nominations for ...ident were made McKinley in an eloquent speech nominated John Sherman, of Ohio. ...ng the balloting someone cast a vote for McKinley. It received great applause ...the spectators. When the cheering subsided McKinley mounted a chair. His face ...white and tense. In a voice full of emotion he said, "No true friend of mine will ...me in a position of being a traitor to John Sherman." The effect on the convention ...dramatic. For a moment there was dead silence; then they broke into cheers, and ...Kinley was more than ever the popular favorite. The Illinois delegation was ...ructed for Judge Walter Q. Gresham. He was nominated by Colonel Ingersoll. What ...ce he ever had was killed by Ingersoll in his speech the night before.



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President McKinley at His Inauguration, March 4, 1897, Washington, D.C.

As the fight developed against John Sherman, Indiana put Senator Benjamin Harrison in nomination. Mr. Harrison, who was in Chicago when his name was proposed, left for Indianapolis, his home. He was finally nominated, and was elected in November.

In the years from 1889 to 1891 I saw McKinley frequently, and when I purchased the control of the Inter Ocean, in 1891, we came in contact very often. I never lost my youthful ambition to see him President.

In 1892 the Republican organization offered me a place on the Illinois delegation to the National Convention in Minneapolis. I accepted with the understanding that after the first ballot, for the renomination of President Harrison, I was free to vote for whom I pleased. Only one vote was taken, however, and Mr. Harrison was renominated.

The Limit

MY VOTE was for Harrison. My choice was McKinley. I did not like President Harrison. Although I recognized his ability and honesty, his manner chilled me. Many people admired him, but he had very few warm friends. It was said of him by Tom Reed that Senator Harrison carried his lunch in his coat-tail pocket during the Senate session, and then ate a cold lunch.

I came in personal touch with him two or three times, but there was no contact of enthusiasm. Perhaps I was somewhat prejudiced by our Illinois senator, Charles B. Farwell, who hated Harrison with all his nature. There was little in common between the two men—both Presbyterians, but of different schools. Senator Farwell was famed as a poker player and sat in many a game with Marshall Field, George M. Pullman and John W. Doane. It is told of Mr. Farwell that his wife, a devoutly Christian woman, remonstrated with him at one time, saying, "Charlie, I wish you would stop playing poker. It has a bad effect on the children." He answered, "Why, mother, don't you worry; we only play for a five-cent limit!" "I know," she answered, "but why have any limit?"

President Harrison and Senator Farwell fell out over patronage. It was said of Mr. Harrison that when he gave a man an office he did it in such a churlish way the recipient went away angry. In contrast in manner was McKinley. Senator Billy Mason used to say that when McKinley could not give a man an office he looked so unhappy about

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it the seeker would go away filled with sympathy for the President.

I was present once when a labor leader asked McKinley for some favor he could not grant. The man was hurt and rather truculent. McKinley told him how pained he was to refuse his request, and as he shook hands with him asked him if he was married. Taking a carnation from his coat he gave it to him, saying, "Give this to your wife with my compliments and best wishes." The astonished man smiled and said, "I would rather have this flower from you for my wife than the thing I came to get."

McKinley made lifelong friends of that man and of his wife.

During the preconvention days of 1892 Eugene Field, in his Sharps and Flats column of the Chicago Daily News, printed an item to the effect that I was going to Minneapolis to work for the nomination of a colored man on the ticket for Vice President, and that I would pay the expenses of any colored man who would go to Minneapolis to help secure the nomination for one of his race. Field knew of my interest in bettering the condition of the colored people in Chicago through library and reading rooms, and played on that fact.

The next morning when I arrived at my office in the Inter Ocean Building the halls were filled with colored men and women eager for the trip. It took a good deal of explaining to convince them that it was one of Field's jokes! Some of the small Southern newspapers took it seriously, and I was subjected to a lot of comment more forcible than elegant.

William E. Curtis, of whom Field had borrowed $150 some years before, came to Chicago from Washington en route to the Minneapolis convention. He called on Field and reminded him of his debt. Next day Field printed this paragraph in his column:

> William E. Curtis, the well-known correspondent of the Chicago Record, is in the city for a few days looking after some of his permanent investments.

Not Too Big

THERE are few places in the country hotter than Minneapolis after the middle of June, and the June of 1892 was no exception. The convention was held in a newly erected building, finished on the inside with fresh unseasoned pine, from which the rosin dripped continually under the awful heat from the sun and the 15,000 or so human beings crowded under its roof. My seat in the Illinois delegation was directly in front, close to the platform. McKinley was chairman of the convention. When the balloting began he was fanning himself gently with a large palm leaf. Without any warning somebody started voting for him for President. He looked down at me and shook his head and began to move his fan faster and faster. As the voting proceeded he became very much agitated, and when Ohio cast her vote for him he challenged it, as his proxy had voted for him. But President Harrison won, although it is doubtful if he could have done so on a second ballot. Blaine and McKinley polled within one-half of a vote of each other.

During the nomination for Vice President a delegate from Tennessee, with a delicious Southern accent, got up and said, "I nominate for Vice President that grand old man from Maine, Thomas B. Reed."

One of the Maine delegates asked him by what right he proposed Mr. Reed, as he was not a candidate. The Tennessee man came back with, "By no right, suh. I do not know the gentleman. I wouldn't know him if I met him in the middle of the road, suh; but no man is too big, suh, to be Vice President of the United States, suh!"

Whitelaw Reid was put in nomination, and during the speeches Chauncey M. Depew came to me and asked what effect Mr. Reid's fight with Big Six of the Typographical Union would have. I told him I didn't know. Mr. Reid received the nomination.

After the convention adjourned I left the hall and went to the West Hotel. As I arrived at the hotel entrance an enthusiastic crowd surrounded McKinley's carriage and



Confederate Veterans, the G. A. R. and Loyal Legion Welcoming President McKinley, Huntsville, Alabama



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Presidential Tallyho Party in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, California

took him on their s
ders and carried
into the hotel. McK
looked very distress
unhappy, and mo
when he saw that t
of his trousers wa
nearly to his knee, s
ing his bare skin ab
garter. He vainly tr
pull it down, but f
losing his balance.

They finally dro
him at the elevator, a
asked me to take h
my room, as he
he would find his
crowded. He wa
hausted with the ben
excitement. On en
my room he at on
moved his outer cl
and, clad only in his u
wear, lay down o
bed, from which I
thrown back all the
ering. I did the
Nothing was said by
of us until a knock
at the door and son
from Mark Hanna asked if McKinley was in the
I said, "Yes, but Major McKinley does not want it kn
as he is all in."

McKinley said, "Tell Mark to come up here."

Mr. McKinley's Bad Luck

WHEN Hanna arrived I took the top sheet and t
it over one of those awful plush sofas. Hanna stri
to his underwear, and all three of us lay panting for br
Some ice water revived us. Hardly a word was spoke
fifteen minutes or so. Finally Mr. Hanna said, "My
William, that was a damned close squeak!"

There was no real intentio
nominating McKinley in 1892,
was felt no Republican coul
elected—it was not a Republ
year—but I am sure that Mr. H
thought if McKinley made a
showing in the convention of
it might help him to win in 1896.
first work for McKinley's nom
tion was done in that room by t
men in their underclothes.

Mr. Hanna's fear that 1892
not a Republican year was real
President Harrison was defe
and Grover Cleveland elected
the second time.

But the organization to nomi
McKinley in 1896 was actively
work. The most minute detail
not neglected. Each man who
clared himself favorable to McK
ley's nomination was ente
alphabetically under Mr. Han
supervision.

McKinley was governor of O
and in constant touch with the si
tion through visits to Mr. Ha
and Myron T. Herrick in Clevel
and through the visits of both
them to Columbus.

February, 1893, Governor
Kinley promised to deliver the Wa
ington Birthday address before
Ohio Society of New York.

I was in New York at the ti
stopping at the Holland Hou
Eugene Field had come with me
my guest for a few days' rest.
were eating breakfast on t
twenty-second, when Field
claimed, "Good Lord! McKinley
busted!" and read me a dispat
from New Castle, Pennsylvania, st
ing McKinley had received w
that a friend of his, Robert L. Walk
of Youngstown, had failed, and th
he had turned back to Youngsto
and wired New York, canceling h
engagement with the Ohio Societ

The dispatch stated that Gove
nor McKinley was on Walker's note
to the extent of $17,000.

I knew something of McKinley
finances and did not believe he cou

(Continued on Page 14

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VASPS

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

S just like that, Glenn Thenamy told himself; the was a wasps' nest. He was sitting alone, through vening, in the narrow drawing-room of Morris narrow house on a narrow street. Glenn never id stayed in a dwelling so crowded in upon, and sed him. He had been in the city now, at Caner's, ys, and the time, reaching forward and back, had seem interminable. Thenamy was there, so far nings County, in Kentucky, with a most splendid e Morris Caner, who had connections in Louis- d incidentally for himself. Glenn Thenamy knew e tract of oil-bearing land on which he could, he ain, force a foreclosure, and then secure for the small sum of twelve thousand dollars. It was in est of that he was North. Caner, he had thought— nterested in the by-products of oil —might well furnish the money for erty.

ct was that Morris Caner had prac- ecided to do this for the purpose of g gasoline; but he had to be sure e depth of the oil, and an analysis g made. In the meanwhile Caner voidably gone to New York, leav- amy the hospitality of his roof and . Those servants, together with a l else, bothered Glenn. They didn't east embarrass him im ill at ease; noth- e sort; they simply him. They were, for , in the way princi- his eating. Glenn d on the table, where d be weighed, con- balanced against its and this thing of a pearing and disap- through a soundless ith an effect of stage was a source of irrita- But what above all turbed him was the cked around him on de, in brick and stone etal. Glenn had an n that he couldn't e properly; that he t stretch out his long He was actually very ong and humorously seriously hard and

mouth closed tightly without a mark of its ; his black hair strag- the rim of his coat

n's face was dark, a s of ridges and hol- but the darkest, the st thing about him s eyes. They were like of coal, with a rapid g like the flicker of n coal.

truth about his eyes at they inspired neither ence nor calm in those ere subjected to their ing scrutiny. No opti- could describe them as ; they were open in no of the word. But if his was restless, his hands, and thin, were abso- composed: the fingers twitched; they rested, ever they happened to ith an inexorable quiet. hand moved now in a smooth precision to dumsy old gold-cased watch in his waist- pocket. It was not yet nine, and he re- d the watch with a sigh. He would have to bed at eight, but there was a chance of r's return after dinner—Morris Caner d it dinner—with, it might be, a decision rtant for Glenn. He spoke aloud, wonder- what in the name of a bitterly qualified ipotence kept the other. Why didn't he luce the designated sum of specified money let Thenamy get back to Lexington and Bennings County, where, the further elaborated Creator knew, he had an overwhelming amount to attend to.

Glenn Thenamy had at first gone out with Caner, and alone, to stores and public buildings and parks, restaurants and theaters; but, unaccountably, it had tired him physically. Then he was a little past all that in years, fifty-four in a little while; and in addition he was anxious to get back South to his wife and to the oil lands situated in a country where nothing could be predicted from day to day. The weather as well was bad, a November of icy rain. Thenamy had never noticed the weather in Bennings County, but here in the city it was like an uneasy knife at his back. No, while he was obliged to stay here he preferred sleep, the slow chewing of tobacco and an easy-chair to excursions for any improvement of mind or amusement.

It was reasonable to suppose that, here on a relatively quiet street, he would feel comparatively free; but this was not the case. Quite on the contrary, the houses crushed against Caner's on each side, with partition walls that blurred but didn't deaden the voices and sounds on either hand, particularly bothered him. There was, every little while, an audible sharp buzzing, often angry and threatening; and that was what made him think of a wasps' nest.



"You Know James Heming Pretty Well, and You Realize He's Uncertain and Vicious. You Can Gather He's Desperate Now as Well"

He was, shortly and comprehensively, uneasy. These weren't his conditions and people and dangers. Danger, in swift red spurts of explosions, was an integral part of his existence. In the faces of the varieties he understood he was almost serene; but, conscious of a pervading inimical influence here, he couldn't recognize it, he didn't know how it was to be met. Caner's servant had, with an expression Glenn Thenamy had wanted to pound into his skull, brought him a spittoon; and Glenn, with a foot, moved it to a more convenient situation. It was by no means close, but not a stain fell short to disfigure the gray velvet carpet. Glenn bit a fresh semicircle from an oily wedge of tobacco, and, comfortably uncomfortable, determined to stay up until ten o'clock.

An automobile passed, swift and silent but for the sudden stuttering blare of its horn, and an assault of rain-heavy wind beat upon the two front windows. There was a light under a ruffled green silk shade at the back of the room—if they wanted light, why, in an exact characterization, did they cover it up?—and a floor lamp with a bell of bronze-colored glass beside him. Between them the gilded eagle on the mantel clock seemed to flutter its lifted wings. Glenn's eyes, no matter where in that interior they rested, always glanced back at the eagle. There was something familiar, satisfactory, about that effigy of a bird, anyhow.

The rest of the furnishings—the scrubbed marble and soft velvet, the chairs and hangings and pictures specially—only added to his vague discomfort. They weren't easy; that was it! The pictures, Glenn severely thought, belonged in the saloons of the past; they ought to have no place in a home; and with the corners of his lips relaxing he imagined his wife with such scenes to hang. That one with the girl in a swing, her skirts flying! Yes, the wickedness here he was ignorant of; it had a misleading air of being something else; there was a pretense that all was right. Glenn Thenamy, though, knew better. What, he supposed, made him nervous was that it was a wickedness not controlled, frankly, with the leveling of a gun.

There, exceptionally equipped, wholly adequate, Glenn was at ease. This menace, like the wind, played at his back in an ambush that was itself invisible. No, it couldn't be shot at, stopped with the shock of a steeled bullet. No stones were handily to be picked up, and there was nothing really to throw them at. He diverted his mind by the thought of the actual dangers that waited for him in the Bennings oil tract. It was difficult to exaggerate these, yet they didn't disturb him. His hands, along the arm of the chair, were as still as the hands of a sleeper, of a dead man; but there was a tenseness in their immobility far from death.

The sound of voices behind him, in the other house, grew louder, clearer and angry, and he could almost distinguish the words. They were, as usual, the tones of a man and a woman; the woman cold, biting—and young—the man speaking, but it was nearly shouting, in rushes of uncontrolled anger. Glenn speculated about them. He had seen them both, in passage, on the adjoining exterior steps. The woman, muffled in a blue cape, a blue cloth hat low over her eyes and with a concealing brown veil, was slender enough to be described as a girl; the man, too, was young, with a flushed face and bright, hard blue eyes.

Glenn Thenamy had asked Caner about them; but he, knowing them both well, had been indifferent in his reply. They were the Hemings, James and Ava. She had been someone or other—Glenn couldn't see the importance of this—and she rode horses very well—a fact Glenn seized on at once. James—no one, it seemed, called him Jim—had a bad temper, made worse by the whisky he continuously drank. That was about all there was, Caner pronounced, to James. Oh, yes, he was

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a good live-pigeon shot; and, younger, his taste for fighting had been celebrated.

Glenn was interested; and now, with the contention beyond penetrating to him, he wondered what in a named locality the trouble was. He could, he thought, detect whisky in the masculine voice. The clamor rose and then sank, stopped, abruptly; there was a loud closing of the door; and then after a short space a second shutting of an outer door.

This was followed by the sound of steps at Morris Caner's entrance. The servant went noiselessly through the hall, and the woman, infinitely more like a girl in a simple white dress with a low neck and no sleeves, came into the drawing-room.

She was surprised but not disturbed as Glenn Thenamy rose, and continued to advance with a light security. She had thought Morris was at home, she explained. He frequently sat here in the evening and she often informally ran in. She was Ava Heming.

"I knew that," Glenn replied. "I asked him about you."

When, naturally, she demanded why, he was embarrassed, and in answer shifted his tobacco from one flexible cheek to the other.

"Don't bother to think out a lie," she continued, dropping into a low chair and crossing slim knees. "You see, I really don't want to know. I was just talking. Your name is Glenn Thenamy, isn't it?"

"Yes, ma'am," he said.

"You are here about oil in Kentucky, and you met Morris in Lexington."

"All correct," he indorsed this. "I'm right flattered to have you know so much."

The servant, undemanded, entered, and on a low table between them arranged a filled decanter, tall glasses, small blocks of ice and a pitcher.

"No water," Glenn directed sharply.

"I thought only women took it straight," his companion observed.

"No, ma'am!" he replied with emphasis. "In my country we like it small and quick. And not so small, either," he added with a gleam of humor.

"I was going to stop you there," she admitted. "It's always pleasant in here," she went on; "I suppose because it's usually quiet. James and I have so many rows our house is like ——"

She paused.

"A county circus," he suggested. "That's why I asked about you," he admitted; "you can hear them in here."

"The deuce you can!" she exclaimed. "I never thought of that. Well"—she made a gesture of indifference—"Morris understands it, and the Jaynes, on the other side, are in Egypt." She clouded her straight features, her straight gray gaze, with cigarette smoke.

Glenn Thenamy was shocked. He was displeased at the legs free of covering, at the cigarette, and particularly at the fact that she swore. His uneasiness at the city grew. Before him obviously was what he must describe as a fine lady, a thoroughbred; and she had the manner of—of a mere creature. At the same time he liked her. Against so much that he couldn't penetrate, account for, in her there was a great deal that he could. If Caner hadn't told him that she rode well he would have guessed it. There was no mistaking her lithe, poised body, the weather-hardened skin of her face, the sinuous strong fingers. Amazingly, at that exact moment, she said:

"Do you know, I like you, and I am specially glad you are chewing tobacco. Somehow it is a tonic for me. The spittoon, in Morris' drawing-room, on this street, is a scream. I'd like to lead a hundred people, all within a hundred yards of us now, around it."

"That," Glenn told her in an impulse of confidence—"that is what I don't rest against up here. There are too many people too close; you can't tell what they are about."

She studied him coolly.

"You don't seem to be a coward."

"I am," he assured her cheerfully, "in an assortment of ways. I've been scared clean out of my boots any number of times. It—well, it goes with my life."

She leaned forward.

"What is your life?" she demanded.

"Oil, I guess, as much as anything; though it didn't used to be that. When it was opened up in Bennings County I sort of opened up with it. For a while, back there, I had a good piece of money. Then it ran dry. But if Caner'll listen to me now we'll both be right. I've stepped plumb on a fat rattler this time."

She asked, "Won't it bite you?"

He smiled.

"Not me; I've been handling snakes too long; I'm expert."

"I believe you are," she said slowly, gazing thoughtfully at him. "Do you know, I believe you are the worst-looking man I ever saw. Yes, the very worst. That, I suppose, is why I am attracted to you."

"Not to boast," he assured her, "I have just that reputation. You ain't a lamb yourself."

"I am not," she answered crisply. "Though my opportunities for anything decided are not very good—they're no good at all."

"Mine," he put in, "have been nonpareil."



They Had Killed—and Been Killed

"You fill me with envy. The truth is I hate all the slush I'm caught in." Her gaze, he thought, was the coldest he had ever seen in a woman. "I want to kill somebody, but it would cost so much—more than it's worth. I'd lose what liberty I had, the only thing that keeps me on my feet."

"There you are wise," he agreed with her. "It's a mistake to kill anyone if you haven't got things kind of fixed in your direction. Most of the men I knew who had right bad luck set out to kill in a place—a town, maybe—where they were strange. You can't get it done safe to yourself."

She plainly showed that she was fascinated, and to his enormous relief she didn't ask if he had killed anyone. She seemed to realize that, emphatically, he had. Settling back silently into her chair, her expression was gloomy. Glenn nervously changed his position and set his gaze upon the ceiling, the gilded eagle whose wings seemed to be gathering for flight. He, Glenn, wished intensely that he might fly too; back to Bennings County and the life, the perils, he knew. A grinding of brakes sounded outside. It was one of those taxicabs, with Morris Caner back from New York, decided, probably, about the oil tract.

"Never," Morris Caner declared, "have I seen two worse characters in consultation!"

A large man, vigorously made, he wore clothes which misleadingly appeared to be carelessly chosen and worn. His features were heavy, but his eyes held a perpetual light of humor, so that it was difficult to know when he was serious. Glenn Thenamy could never quite decide this, and in consequence he was always at a slight disadvantage when talking to Caner. A curious thing, in connection with that individual, had happened to Thenamy.

"Your Kentuckian," Ava Heming observed, "I like very much; we have exchanged everything but his tobacco. I know him, I fancy, as well as he does me; and that is more than a dash. At the same time, Morris, he enrages me; he makes me perfectly furious—he is so satisfied with himself."

"Why—that—that's not so!" Glenn protested. "How could it be—a man like myself? Whatever put that in your head to say?" he demanded, turning to her.

"It's quite true." She rose. "Thanks, Morris; I must see you again, and I want James to meet you—you'd appreciate each other. He really is fit to associate with us."

When she had gone Glenn directed a silent question, a series of questions, at Caner.

"You see it all," he replied. "There is nothing mysterious; no sleeve to hide it in. Good stuff—I like Ava immensely—but wasted. She'd be better off without any of her spirit. Discontent! All the good ones have it here. James is sullen; I can't find more in him than that."

Glenn Thenamy speculated over what he had been told. Caner, he decided, hadn't been satisfactory. Sleeve or no sleeve, there were qualities in the Hemings that absorbed him, qualities hidden. She was, she had said, lost in slush. It was too bad. Not like his wife or any other woman he had encountered, Mrs. Heming was superior in her coolness. His thoughts were interrupted by Morris Caner's voice. Was it light or serious? Glenn wished desperately that he could make out.

"Look here, Glenn, I have had a very bad report o I don't mind telling you they couldn't well have m worse. It included murder; but, of course, arson, pretenses, accessory in any number of crimes, an cially treachery. I don't know what to say to you; I and that's a fact. It's the treachery that disturbs m rest we could talk over, but there is something in he I can't touch."

Glenn Thenamy rose, straightening out his b stoop.

"Mr. Caner," he began—to his own surprise he tears rolling over the rough inequalities of his ch "I've been all of that," he went on again, "and som forgot to mention. I've been a bad man, and in Be I'm supposed to be, right now.

"But where you are concerned, where anythin belongs to you comes up, I'll take care of it for yo the last motion miserable hide. I friend and you a friend, and nothi ever change threaten me a that." He rais right palm. "You my oil, Mr. Caner.

"You will ha swear to that, G Caner retorted. report from the tra good; so promisin at the price it looks suspicious. The man who went for us doesn't think you can get it done."

Glenn Thenamy's expression relaxed; he chew curely.

"Leave that to me," was all, however, that he sa

"You see," Caner went on, "the conditions, in sp the price, are not entirely favorable. Twelve tho is only a half of the purchase, and in order to get th have to put up a thirty-thousand-dollar bond that bore four wells within six months. I don't know these holders. They might be more interested in the t thousand than in developing the oil."

"Leave that to me," Glenn repeated calmly.

Caner's voice developed a note of impatience.

"That's a curious way to do business."

"This business is right smart curious all thro Glenn was undisturbed, patient, almost ruminative.

"But it's a queer way to invest money," Caner insisted. "Even with what I've done, I can't see how are going to run it."

"Now, lookahere, don't bother me!" Glenn exclai "If you think you'd like to hear all the little details y wrong; your system couldn't stand them. I said—d I?—that we'd go in with a half of this and come out it all. Ain't that enough?"

"No murder," Morris Caner directed sharply.

"Murder!" Glenn was plainly disgusted. "Who a word about that? I warned you not to run me corner. You're not fitted, as you stand, to do busine Bennings. By yourself your money would be pl wasted. The—hark to this! I used to use her when I those elegant offices—personal equation is what co there. Yes, sir, just that! At the same time, underst I don't want you to give me a hard look if there' accident. That's mighty apt to happen with the raw they're drinking now. Oil's a chancy thing too; don' and forget it."

Morris Caner sighed and laughed.

"You ought to be hung, Glenn," he asserted: "I pect we all ought to be. Well, it was left to me; h won't make a decision to-night. To-morrow's Saturd you can go back to Kentucky, Sunday."

"I don't believe I can stand it that long even with y Glenn Thenamy admitted. "I reckon I'll get on, and can send me a telegram to Lexington. This city has worried. Why, a simple shooting, that seems to stir all up, is nothing to what's going on here all the time can't see it for the walls, but she's there just the same. badder'n I ever dared to be."

"Nonsense! Either you're small or romantic."

"I expect they're bad names, but they don't upset I tell you, this is a wasps' nest!"

"Why, you old fool," Caner cried, "there's not a wasp it that can touch you!"

"They've got me a lot of ways," Glenn insisted d gedly. "I'm not just green. Take that in with the He ings, that wicked buzzing, and her in here with her fro eyes, and bold legs, her drinks and cigarettes. You t about me, but have another look at Heming's face—h a killer. That ain't the worst—I hate the house on y other side, with that man crying at night."

"I told you Foreham had temporarily broken down Caner said impatiently. "It's not to be wondered at wh you remember that he is in the foreign-exchange departme of a great banking firm."

"That's it, and again it isn't." Glenn rose. "I'll g along down to-morrow."

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d Been Carried for Dead, Shot ough a Lung

will not!" Caner "It's not quite as that. There e questions I must swered. No, you'll put up with it here day. I don't mind admitting that I think—I think n. And there's your friend Ava Heming; don't bout her. I could see she was interested in you." ery much embarrassed, Glenn loudly disclaimed. 't right, he insisted, and with them all married. e would comb him if she caught any such loose lowever, Morris was a bachelor, and they were the es; everybody knowed that.

s flowing, coarse, white nightshirt, with the minute in red Jenny had worked about the neck, Glenn ny's appearance had a grotesqueness contradicted—aps caused—by the grimness of his face. When he ne, or thinking, he seemed older than his actual then he showed the effect of the strain in which a eal of his life had been passed. The room in he slept lay across the house, at the back, with ctuating anger of the Hemings on one side, the nes like steel and the hammering voice like a on the other was the man who sobbed spas-ally. He was still now, but at any moment, knew, he would begin again a hopeless, dead-rying with a catch in the breath.

s, somehow, brought back to Glenn Thenamy e stormy course of his life; it lay before him ed and, as it were, visible at a glance. He was—minded himself he had always been—sort of us; that is, if anyone decried religion or the h he permitted himself a sarcastic difference of n; it hardly went further than that. He was, dition, a good husband; he recognized that y. The girls, to speak generally, had no power cination over him. He was true to his Jenny. this brought him to his feeling, his loyalty to or Morris Caner.

that he was steadfast, beyond assault. He had as Caner had proclaimed, false to associates in ust. Mark Sonders he had killed—but it was able that Mark had intended to kill him; he had led oil and falsely testified about it later; politically—there was no use in going into that. The politics of ings County, like its business, was peculiar. What the feeling he had for Caner? It was respect, but that 't enough to account for his attachment. It was—as dogged if he knew what.

That actually occupied his mind was the unusual ulation of exactly how bad he was. The city, which he ed—yes, and feared—had put that question in his d. Suddenly he didn't want to be a part of the city. crying was resumed, long and hopeless. To Glenn many it seemed not sorrowful, but evil, the suffering mented out of a man by —— That was what he did not understand. He wanted to take the victim to the peace—he thought of it here as that—of Bennings County. How bad was he? Pretty supernally damn bad! But this mysterious thing around him was worse. He opened his windows, feeling choked; but at the subdued menace flowing in, the sound that was no sound, and which yet filled his hearing with its threatening, he slammed the sashes shut.

The room was furnished in gray, with touches of pink; a soft luxurious bed with fleecy blankets, deeply comfortable chairs, small intricate lights, and a bathroom inconceivably filled with means of cleaning. He had forgot to fetch up the spittoon, and he spat gingerly into a porcelain basin. Glenn wished for Jenny. She would have appreciated all these traps and fixings. This, he told himself, was no way for a man to live; it was for women.

The bed was so soft that he found it uncomfortable; anyhow, sleep evaded him. He wished that he had his life all to live over again; he'd be different. He would have made a regular thing of saying his prayers—no use to begin now. It would look like he was cowardly. The stinging accents of the Hemings started up. As it was, he reflected, there was little could be done there. They were too much alike, fighters; a woman for Glenn's taste must be—well, like a woman. Jenny had as sharp a tongue as any; but it was only sound, the evidence that she had been worried about him. This Mrs. Heming was more like a man; no, that wasn't right, he didn't know what she resembled. He thanked a designated grace that he was not tied to her. But she was different from the city—the riding had done that for her.

He had seen women a little like her in the horse-show rings of the South, and on the great Kentucky racing estates; but he had never, as he phrased it, met up with one before. Mrs. Heming was like that, only more so, a great deal more so; and at the same time she had a hardy look. He could see her in worn calico, dusted with dried clay, in the doorway of a mountain cabin; he could see her with a pipe clenched in her teeth and a baby at her bared breast. The Hemings had no children, Glenn had discovered.

It was lucky, he thought, that his absurd vision was his own, unrevealed. How he would be jeered for it by Caner, by Mrs. Heming herself, by everyone! She was a lady, and he had been picturing her as a mountain woman! That vision, though, persisted. He even saw at her back the single room of the cabin, or perhaps an interior cut in two. He saw the small wood-burning stove, the pipe led through an informally cut hole in the wall; the walls themselves, chinked with mud and partly covered with the faded and flapping colored sheets from past newspapers; the beds, bagged straw, in the corners.

God, how often he had stayed in such cabins, slept in them beside a husband and wife, male and female relatives and uneasy children! They had got up before dawn, with the room filled with the odorous sputtering of bacon; and, the women subdued in voice, the men silent, hurried through breakfast and gone out with rifles into the flush of morning. They had slipped through the underbrush like shadows, like wasps on foot; or ridden along the rocky courses of dried streams, winding about the bases of the mountains. They had killed—and been killed. He had been carried back for dead, shot through a lung; but he had recovered, except for a pain that sometimes now burned within him. He had been slashed with a knife, in Lexington, at noon, in the midst of the day's throng, and he—he had stood on his feet again. He reckoned that he, Glenn Thenamy, was a very tough man.

That was all to be expected; it was regular. It was his present situation, in a room of gray and pink, with a bathroom like a conundrum, that was strange. What had brought him here? His badness, he supposed; but he hoped that it was something else. He wanted it to be his feeling for Morris Caner, whom he was going to treat squarely; for whom, if it were strictly necessary, he would sacrifice so much. He fastened on that, for it alone seemed to give him some security, something to hold to in the rottenness around him. Strangely enough, although it wasn't real, like, for example, the little lamp he could put his hand out and touch, Glenn felt that it was more solid than the lamp, than the floor or the walls of the house. Stronger, he added, by far than walls through which came such dirty sounds.

The crying had stopped, but the Hemings hadn't; that, Glenn realized, couldn't go on. Something—with those two—ugly was bound to happen. They were like that; two dangerous individuals tied together. Any self-control was leaving them fast. It wasn't his concern. Whatever happened would happen after he had gone, when he was free from the city. He would naturally forget the Hemings. It wouldn't do for him to stroll about Bennings with his mind away from the concerns surrounding him, but now he was sorry. He liked her in spite of her brazen manner.

At noon on the day following, still without committing himself to the purchase of the oil tract, Morris Caner told Glenn that Ava Heming had asked him to dinner at eight o'clock that night.

"I reckon we'll go," Thenamy replied.

"I wasn't invited," the other explained. "You see, I am not a—a novelty to them." He paused obviously to alter his phrasing.

Glenn said instantly, "That's not right. Why, I'm with you! So far as they're concerned, I am you."

"In Bennings County, yes," Caner informed him; "that is your form of

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"I've Stepped Plumb on a Fat Rattler This Time"

She Asked, "Won't It Bite You?"

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How Do They Get That Weigh

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ONE'S personal point of view certainly has a big effect upon what one can accomplish. You can go just as far as you can see in this world, and by that I don't mean the horizon which is discernible to the naked eye or with cheaters doctored to your proper prescription either, but as far beyond as you are capable of perceiving with a healthy imagination.

Let me illustrate: One day I was driving my tin Lizzy along over what purported to be a country road, when I came upon what was pretending to be a town. Not that it was making any very obvious effort about it, however. I should say that sometime in the past a couple of tramps had been thrown off the train thereabouts and, feeling too discouraged to go any farther, they established Presto. At any rate, whoever got the idea of making this town had so far accomplished a post office and general store on the Siamese-twin style of architecture, a cow barn, a hen coop which had lately been promoted to the rank of gasoline station, besides two half-portion bungalows. The railroad company had thrown in a second-hand depot, and there was also the usual real-estate signboard to the effect that this was

PRESTO-ON-THE-RAILROAD. BEAUTIFUL HOME SITES. LOTS FOR SALE. ONE DOLLAR DOWN AND A DOLLAR WHEN WE CATCH YOU. WHY NOT BUILD HERE?

Stopping Lizzy beside the only citizen in sight, I aroused him from his Rip Van Winkle long enough to answer a question.

"Why Presto?" I asked.

The old boy untangled his whiskers from about his feet and stood up. "Young lady," says he, pointing, "it's called that because we are very centrally located here. Do you see that railroad station yonder? Well, you can go any place in the world from that!"

This remark of Father Time's registered heavily with me, and I at once read into it one of those personal interpretations which can be suggested by anything if we are ripe for a particular bit of knowledge. I took him to mean that one can accomplish wonders, provided one really desires to. Of course he may not have intended any such wise crack, but acting upon my understanding of it I have since made many a long journey, and of these none has been more astonishing to me than the road from slimness to fatness and from fatness to a perfectly normal weight.

A few months ago I wrote an article for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST in which I told half the truth concerning this experience. That is to say, I described the alchemy by which one might grow thin. Having by certain methods got rid of a lot of weight, I thought it would be a kindly act to pass along the how. The fact that I had lost fifty pounds in seven months, after having jumped from ninety-eight pounds to one hundred and eighty-seven, would, I believed, bring forth a large, interested response. It did. From thin folks who wanted to know how I had grown fat. I will now oblige with the story of that earlier experience.

Three Causes of Light Weight

AT THE age of nineteen, and the weight of ninety-eight, I was not extra-specially worried about my slimness except as it affected my collar bone. Of course in those quaint, old-fashioned days us society buds wore, with our evening gowns, waists which were recognizable as such. But unfortunately even these naïve bodices did not go all the way up, if you get me. They left the collar bone entirely exposed except for the conventional dangling fresh-water pearl on its thread of woven gold chain.

In those days I was so thin I could have worked as a model in a spaghetti factory. You might have parked a pint of water in the hollows of my neck, and when I got out of my bath I had to lean over and let the water run out before I could get dry. As I look back upon those lean years I recall with gratitude that legs were as yet officially unknown. Even my bathing costume, purchased in England, had full and mercifully concealing bloomers, and at that time all ladies also wore a corset into the briny deep—a stalwart corset, capable of holding a substantial amount of padding.



Once She Wanted to be Fat

Of course in an age when hips were an asset and it was considered chic to reveal, upon lifting the ruffled skirt at a street crossing, a fat leg coyly overlapping the top of a tightly laced boot, it was a nuisance to be so slender. But except in the matter of one's décolletage skinniness could be camouflaged very effectively if not in complete comfort. The bustle manufacturers were still in business, and it was a comparatively simple matter to ruffle up a little muslin at home and pin the result across the front of one's corset cover, so that one's Gibson shirt waist stuck out satisfactorily.

And so, taking things by and large, I was struggling along with my slimness without undue discomfort, when quite unexpectedly a serious reason for discontent overtook me. I threatened to pull a Camille.

I put it lightly, but it was no light matter for me, except when I stepped on the scales. Ninety-eight pounds and a spot on one lung is a pretty poor combination, particularly if one is also a wage earner whose money is needed by the rest of the family. The doctor said it nicely, but it was hard to stand up under, just the same. Two years, if I obeyed him implicitly, was what he gave me. He was a leading authority on tuberculosis, but he was wrong about me. For he counted on perhaps a 50 per cent adherence to his rules on my part, whereas I made it 100 per cent faithful, and fooled him. At the end of that two years I weighed one hundred and eighty-seven pounds and he pronounced me cured. I have had no return of the trouble, although I have, since my period of probation, lived a perfectly normal life, have a healthy child, and have done my work with joy and regularity.

Now just for luck I am going to give the regimen which cured me. It may not suit your case. Indeed, I hope sincerely that you have no such case to suit. But at least it certainly cannot hurt you to try my methods if you are desirous of putting on weight. However, the cruel fact is that if you persistently remain thin in spite of a normal diet, and are only moderately active, the chances are that there is something wrong with you. For heaven's sake see a doctor. See him anyway before you try my prescription; let him read it through, and that me out. Passengers will take th at their own risk.

Roughly speaking there are thr causes for a twelve-and-a-half coll neck which ought to demand a sev First, disease; second, an easily cor chemical deficiency in the orga your body; and third and most misspent lunch money. I want to separately on these three subjec am going to grab off the most imp one first and get rid of it, partly T. B. is the instinctive fear of ever thin individual, and also because thickening-up process occurred connection. And again because so obviously curable, provided, fir you catch it in time; second, that low the rules absolutely; third, th keep on doing so until the doc sa you can have one smoke a day.

High Life in New York

IT WAS the belief of the physici effected my cure that tubercular p should and could get well in the where they are obliged by their h to live. He considered it a mistake a man from Long Island out to C unless the Long Islander was going for the other trunk and ice box and thing, and make Colorado his hea ters for the rest of his life. In other the theory was that though C would probably cure, a return to Island would occasion a relapse. by reason of my circumstances, to New York City, and so the roof apartment house was the change mate prescribed. For a period of months I spent twelve hours a day in a steamer chair on that roof, and there that I wrote my first novel. winter was severe that year, as it way of being in Manhattan, and th of 501 Fifth Avenue was often co with snow. I wore gloves, and m over the gloves, and wrote eighty sand words with a lead pencil up o snow-clad city peak. The novel, in tally, found a publisher. By which I mean no brag b pointing out that I could and did keep on with my Two hours a day were spent indoors, receiving friend so on. I even gave, during that winter, a costume to which I went in the character of Madame Récami a part of the treatment was that on days when I ra temperature I was to lie down and not get up unt temperature departed. So life, you see, for such a p need not be all hardship. At the end of the eight m I weighed one hundred and thirty pounds and wa sidered well enough to move about occasionally.

Now here are the rules I followed:

I. Never under any circumstances or in any we remain in a room or a conveyance where all the win are closed. Never.

II. Never walk an unnecessary step if you have half a degree of rectal temperature. Lie down. The will pass, and next day, most likely, you can about in moderation. Take the temperature twice

III. Eat no sweets. That seems a curious rule, bu a vastly important one. Eggs and milk, green vegeta simple meats cooked plainly, and fruit in moderation the best diet, supplemented by thoroughly cooked ce

IV. Take no medicines. Especially no cough medi I implore you. During the two years of my illness the medicine I took was an occasional dose of old-fashi sirup of rhubarb, as required.

V. Don't cough. I know that sounds like nonsense it can be done. Fully 50 per cent of any cough is h and coughing, once you permit yourself to start, spr worse than poison ivy when you scratch it. Concent on not coughing. When you feel the cough coming tent yourself with a mild "Ahem!" You can positi control it if you will use your will power. The rac uncontrolled coughing soon becomes uncontrollable, the resultant exhaustion will be your worst hardsh Don't sneer at this last recommendation. It is feasi and of incalculable help.

VI. Keep occupied and happy. You can't get avoirdup without poise.

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s absolutely all I did. In two and a half years I
›letely cured, and so fat that I had to reduce.
ıe second cause of chronic thinness to which I have
I know less about. Come to think of it, I have
red a lot of troubles, thank heaven! But I do
ıt there are a lot of fancy acids which you ought
n your stomach, and that somehow or other there
versight concerning them when some people were
d at the plant.
nedy this condition you can take powders and
nd in time the trouble with your carburetor will
ted.
er, I have, though a woman, long endeavored to
nyself to talking only of things which I know
hat is, except when asking questions. Your
better equipped to tell you all about it, and he
ably write a little chemical shorthand on a slip of
ıe way they do, and say five dollars please, as is
ıral.
ıen you will be free to go and give the drugstore
prescription and the rest of your money, and
t you will in all probability begin to get fat on
food.
ıot kidding about the doctors, God bless 'em! I
ly pointing out that essential acids are something
ıave known to be acquired by the overly thin, and
r lack of development, or disappearance, generally
›out through the use of improper foods and care-
ts of life.
ne and really sensible people now go to their
wice a year for an examination. They go in fear
ıbling that the doc will find a little work for him-
if they go regularly they soon discover that a little
all he ever does find, for an ounce of prevention
ıighty long way in a profession where fillings are
by the gram. And why shouldn't this go for the
too?
urse we all hate to do it in either case unless we
have a pain or a complaint of some sort. But
› and consider what a grand thing it would be to
ıu are in good health. The improvement in one's
›gy would repay the office fees, for a lot of worry
d over ills which are purely imaginary. Why not
et the doc reassure you so that you will be free to
bout something else? The human race would soon
physically perfect if we would
re our bodies looked over, to be
y were in good running order,
much regularity as we put our
›iles into the shop for the same
. No reasonable owner would
ven a flivver to run more than
ths without watchful care, and
t same flivver owner will let his
› without proper greasing, ad-
ıt, taking up, or even burning
carbon, until he absolutely has
for knocks and squeaks, the
n practice is to let 'em go as long
ıld body will run at all.

The Proper Diet

U are, however, perfectly healthy
pt for the fact of being under-
it may be that you are one of
ny who believe the way to grow
is to eat certain foods which are
ısly although popularly sup-
› be fattening.
›w a girl in that class who wanted
ap up a bit and so she went on a
ng diet. In the morning she ate
le of bananas and some sweet
with sugar frosting and butter.
ıch she went around to Murphy's
ain and had a couple of Murphy's
ı pastries and an ice-cream soda.
for dinner she got mommer to
e candied sweet potatoes, plum
ıgs, pies, cakes and waffles. Be-
times she stoked up with candy.
end of a couple of months she was
ston.
v the truth of the matter is that a
ısisting exclusively of sweets and
es is one of the worst things a thin
ı can indulge in. The case in point
ısistently creating an acid in her
ch which precluded proper diges-
This would have happened with
t any one type of food if that food
ven eaten to the exclusion of all
. Milk contains a larger assort-
of the various elements requisite
ılanced diet than any other single
but milk alone will not make a
ıl person fat. There are certain things which I would advise cutting out if you are serious about not liking your slimness, and here is a list of them:

FORBIDDEN

All pastry.
Candies, excepting chocolate or milk chocolate in moderation, and that only in place of dessert, after meals.
Ice-cream sodas and fountain drinks containing charged water.
Synthetic fruit drinks.
Bananas.
Cake.
Rich sauces on ice cream.
Rich sauces on meat.
Highly spiced sauces.
Relishes, such as pickles, green olives, chili sauce, catchup and other meat sauces.
Russian and Roquefort salad dressing.
Fresh pork, dried beef, canned meat and canned fish.
Pickled tripe, pigs' feet, calves' head.
Liver, kidneys, brains, sweetbreads and other innards.
Raw meats.
Pickled fish, lobster and crab.
Cole slaw.
All but a very little raw or canned fruit.
Fritters, waffles, griddlecakes, hot breads.
Fried foods.

Above all, avoid richness in cooking. Thickened gravies, sweets, starches in excess are fatal. And lay off of candy. Folks have heard a lot about fat being undigested food. And a great deal of surplus fat comes from just exactly that cause. But no wholesome meat can be put on your bones unless you first of all digest what you eat, and cake, candy and many of the starches are not digestible under certain conditions. I'm not saying they are not pleasant. I don't myself like a big box of homemade fudge much more than I do my right eye, but I also have a pretty good notion of what it does to my tummy if it is given the opportunity. Rich eating may bloat you if you keep it up long enough, but it will never give you your normal weight.

There are still a few enjoyable things left on the menu, however. You may have all you need of anything on this next list, but don't stuff yourself. Just remember that you are not preparing yourself for the market—that is, not unless you are the skinny daughter of an impatient Oriental parent. And even if you were attempting to land a job as fat lady in a circus, stuffing wouldn't speed things along.

Eat until you are satisfied, and then stop. Don't overeat. "Let," as the poet says, "good digestion wait on appetite." And don't ever forget that you must assimilate what you take aboard.

PERMITTED

Milk.
Eggs.
Bacon, much bacon; this may be fried.
All cereals with cream and sugar.
Baked potatoes.
Macaroni with cheese, not with tomato.
Baked beans.
Rice.
Butter, of course.
Chicken, chops, steaks, lamb, beef.
Ripe olives.
Fish.
Grapes.
Oysters and clams, not fried.
Green corn, peas, beans, squash, spinach, okra, carrots, beets or any fresh vegetables, creamed or plain.
Bread of any kind, except newly baked hot breads. Gluten, whole-wheat or Graham breads are preferable.
Mayonnaise dressing.
Peanuts or peanut butter.
Rice pudding, baked custards, tapioca, rennet, plain ice cream.

What and When to Drink

CONFINE yourself to these desserts, supplemented by an occasional bite of sweet chocolate. And don't you dast to go and jazz those puddings up with a lot of spice and sugar and fancy sauces! Make 'em in boiled custard or rich milk only. A few currants or raisins may be added if desired. As a matter of fact, nuts, raisins and dried figs are about as good a dessert as one could wish for, and are extremely desirable for the would-be fat. Stewed prunes are good too, or any other home-cooked stewed fruit. I said stewed, not preserved.

When you lean up against the soda fountain you are to remain on the wagon. Three drinks are to constitute your entire repertoire, and the first of these is milk. The second is malted milk, and the third is fresh orangeade made with plain water.

Which leads naturally to drinking with your meals. And drinking at any time leads, even nowadays, to the subject of alcohol. Now the first thing I want to say about alcohol is that where you are concerned it is out. Very likely you have heard that it is fattening. It is not. It will merely bloat you. In acid cases alcohol is most injurious, and in tubercular patients the use of it is a fatal mistake. It increases temperature, gives a false stimulation, inducing unwarranted exertion, and is in every way objectionable. To the skinny dieter it is of no help, for it merely creates an abnormal appetite for food and induces the eating of more than the system can properly take care of. Lay off of all alcohol, even if you are able to get it.

Drinking water is another matter, but water must be taken in moderation at mealtimes. Don't swill your food around in it, for if you do the gastric juices won't get a chance to do their duty by their country. Take one glass of water with your meal and try to remember to drink a quart between meals.

And by the way, don't eat between meals unless you do it at stated hours. What I mean to say is, don't go around nibbling at things. No candy or crackers in the pockets. This habit annoys your friends and it won't make you fat. All it will do is to spoil your appetite for your three squares a day. But if you comfortably can, take a glass of milk and a cracker in midmorning and a moderate tea in midafternoon. Don't eat cheap bakery foods at these times; take a malted milk or a bit of standard sweet chocolate and a ripe orange or apple, if you prefer them. But shun the intricacies and the elaborations

(Continued on Page 151)



And Then She Decided to be Thin

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THE CHAP UPSTAIRS

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

JOHN HARVEY was preternaturally old, but really quite young. He did not belong to the type that sits on the front seat of an omnibus. His nature was too retiring. He sat behind and did not complain when the flying sparks from the pipes and cigarettes of the gallant and debonair passengers in front took refuge in his eyes. He was too forbearing. His wardrobe spoke his character in simple phrase. It intoned the word "sobriety." Within were fifteen suits, but only two suitings. His ties were numerous, but in pattern identical. They had no pattern. On a shelf in his dressing room were seventeen pairs of shoes as closely resembling one another as the members of a temperance society.

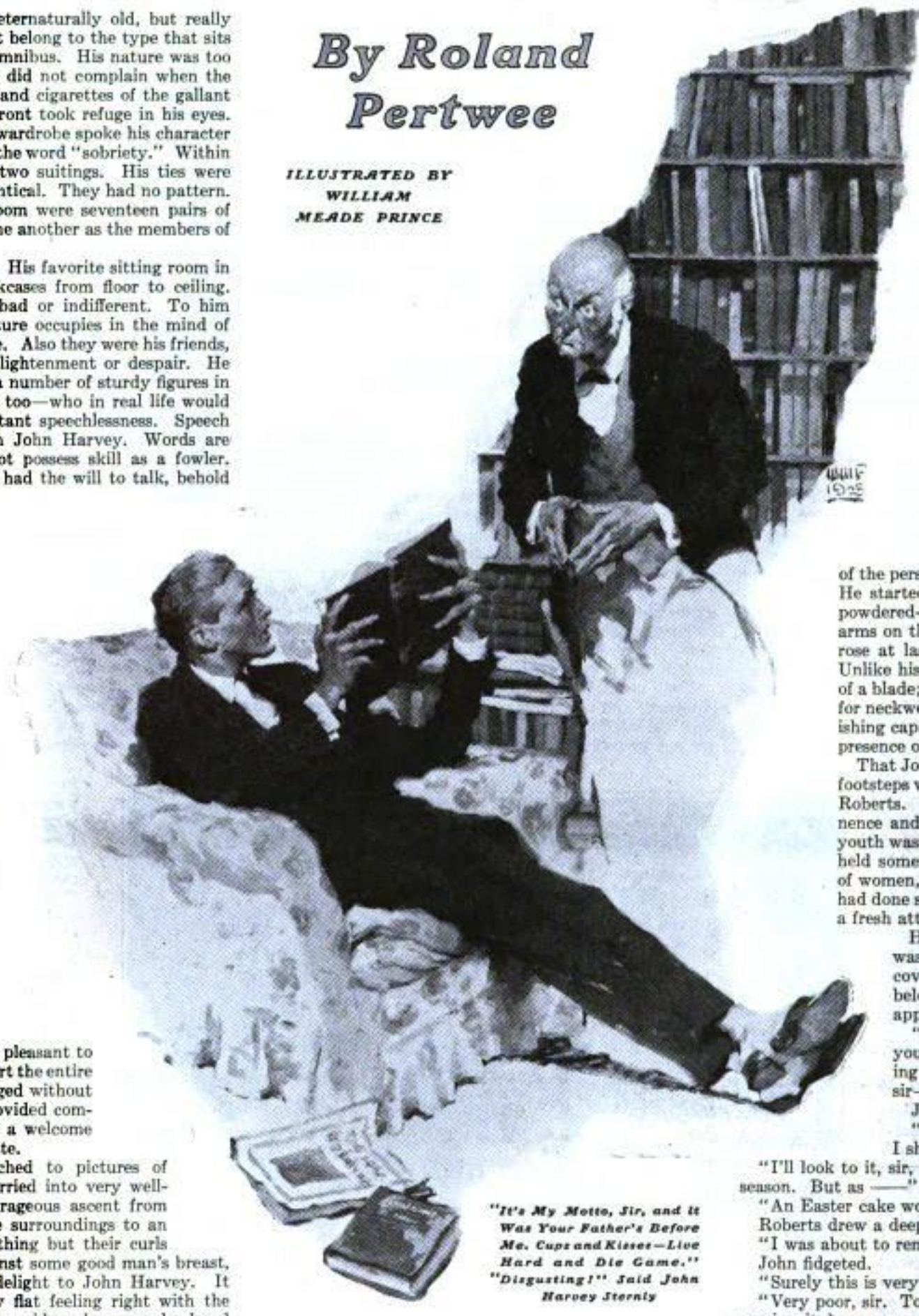
He had got into a groove. His favorite sitting room in the flat was lined with bookcases from floor to ceiling. He read everything—good, bad or indifferent. To him books filled the place adventure occupies in the mind of the average man of thirty-five. Also they were his friends, his enemies, his source of enlightenment or despair. He was on excellent terms with a number of sturdy figures in literature—men and women, too—who in real life would have paralyzed him into instant speechlessness. Speech was always a difficulty with John Harvey. Words are winged, and, alas, he did not possess skill as a fowler. When occasion arose and he had the will to talk, behold his sentences died stillborn. But he could talk uncommonly pleasant stuff to persons who had no interest in listening. Men who laid carpets or cleaned windows, women whose mouths were full of pins while they fitted loose covers to chairs and sofas—to such as these he was eloquent. But of what avail?

Silence makes for loneliness, and he was desperately lonely, although he would never admit it even to himself. To allay the poignancy of loneliness he indulged in a secret vice, and like all other vices it grew upon him and was his master. He became a devotee of the movies—secretly at first, but later with growing brazenness. The movies became part of his life far more readily than the theater could have. The lowered lights gave rise to private thoughts, and it was pleasant to him to see in this mysterious art the entire gamut of emotions being ranged without a single spoken word. It provided comforting reflections, it offered a welcome and a refuge to the inarticulate.

Particularly was he attached to pictures of unhappy foundlings who married into very well-furnished rooms. Their courageous ascent from melancholy and uncharitable surroundings to an approved finale in which nothing but their curls could be seen, storming against some good man's breast, was an unfailing source of delight to John Harvey. It sent him home to his lonely flat feeling right with the world. It was only the screen maiden whose eyes he dared to meet. In their company his courage was immense. He could look them squarely in the face, even when, to express the immensity of their emotions, the projector had need to multiply their normal proportions by eight diameters. In real life a close-up would have filled him with terror, but at the cinema he accepted it unflinchingly and his sympathies were aroused in direct ratio to the grief or gladness reproduced. He found the spectacle of eyes that measured three feet across and shed half-pint tears was particularly moving.

But these intimacies taught him no lesson of valor which he might apply to everyday life. In female company he remained as self-conscious and retiring as heretofore. In a crowded railway carriage he would offer his seat only to women of advanced middle age, for he did not dare to meet the grateful or reproachful glances of the fair. Here was a failure of courage, not of chivalry, since the agony he suffered while remaining seated drove needles of remorse into his very foundations.

The flat in which he lived was comfortable and expensive, but not so stoutly built as to exclude all neighborly sounds. Thus, when the youngest daughter of the tenant below, inspired by hopes of a musical career, embarked upon five-finger exercises, her occasional failures to strike the right note were as audible in John Harvey's study as in her mother's drawing-room. If both windows chanced to be open at the same time he could hear the words passing between pupil and teacher, the slaps provoked and the shrill protests.



"It's My Motto, Sir, and It Was Your Father's Before Me. Cups and Kisses—Live Hard and Die Game." "Disgusting!" Said John Harvey Sternly

"*Mon Dieu!* 'Ow must I often tell you to keep up the wrists?" Whack!

"Woaow! You're a horrid beastly beast! I hate you. I hate all mam'zelles! I wish I was dead!"

Tears.

Then John Harvey would close the window, because he did not like tears.

But the sounds that came from above were very different. Quiet footfalls, bath water, chair springs that squeaked luxuriously, softly closed doors—and never any voices.

John Harvey decided that the tenant above must be a man after his own heart. Their hours of rising and of retirement synchronized, and in all sorts of silent ways their lives seemed cut from a single pattern. He had never seen the man, never tried to see him, but he devoted an extraordinary amount of time to thinking and making up stories about him. The attractive stories, too, invested the mysteri known with honor a virtue.

Often John Harvey suddenly cease reading, ear at the ceiling and lis smiling content, to th sounds which per through from above. his solitude to reflect th low creature was occupy such a room as his, fel perhaps, the same pu killing, perhaps, the sa unproductive hours; perhaps, the same qu wistful loneliness.

"I've half a mind to on the fellow one of thes mused John. "Still, I I never shall."

Half-a-mind is a retro state. It seldom has been to mount a flight of ste

John Harvey was the of Roberts, his mana Roberts was an heirloo of the personal estate of John Harvey's He started his career as a small silk- powdered-haired youth, who rode with arms on the box of the Harvey barou rose at last to the post of confidenti Unlike his son, the late Mr. Harvey w of a blade; he had a roving eye, a pret for neckwear in Spitalfields silk, and an ishing capacity for remaining unmoved presence of mixed drinks.

That John had failed to follow in his f footsteps was matter for lasting repro Roberts. He did not understand sur nence and could not tolerate the spec youth wasted without excesses. As a ma held somewhat Oriental views on the s of women, he felt called upon to prote had done so before, but this did not dis a fresh attempt.

He chose an afternoon when was peeping over the edge of his coverlet and the sparrows in the below were celebrating the occasi appropriate song.

"Begging your pardon, sir, but you sitting here day after day ing older, sir, and nothing has sir—breaks my heart, sir."

John was nothing if not obl

"Roberts," he replied, "I've I should like a crumpet for tea."

"I'll look to it, sir, though I believe them to be season. But as ——"

"An Easter cake would do," said John.

Roberts drew a deep breath.

"I was about to remark, sir ——"

John fidgeted.

"Surely this is very poor coal they are sending u

"Very poor, sir. To claim the privilege of many service, it does seem a pity to me, sir, you spend so of your time alone."

John raised his head sharply and listened.

"Yes, sir?"

John shook his head.

"No, no; I thought I heard the chap who lives flat above; but it wasn't ——"

He picked up a poker and stirred the embers i grate. Roberts stuck to his guns.

"I had the offer to-day of a puppy, sir. Very com ionable beasts, puppies. I thought, sir, you might fa puppy?"

"No, just a crumpet, thanks," said John. "Not more."

It was hopeless to argue with such a man, but the lant Roberts made a final effort.

"Properly speaking, sir, woman is man's true panion. I am speaking again on privilege, and as a who has been married himself on sundry occasions."

John Harvey shivered protestingly; the Mornay characteristics of his servant had always provided with uneasy sensations.

"I dare say all that is very modern and true," he plied, "but I find the subject disturbing."

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es a gentleman good to be disturbed, sir."
hecked the interruption with a raised forefinger.
world as I see it is divided into two classes—men
for themselves, and men who share themselves
other sex. They might be classified under the
Bibliophiles and Polygamists. As to which is
ideal state I would be reluctant to decide, since
wn part I know nothing about women and have
d the temerity to investigate my loss."
ts wound up the argument with an eighteenth-
ring.
, sir, it's my opinion that a man can't, properly
call himself a man till he's drunk three bottles
ing and had his arm round the waists of a dozen
."
ng interruption and banishment he proceeded
"It's my motto, sir, and it was your father's
e. Cups and kisses—live hard and die game."
usting!" said John Harvey sternly. "Go away
r come back in that frame of mind again."
ging your pardon, sir," said Roberts, and retired,

reached the door an electric bell sounded, followed
id knock.
out," said John, and disappeared behind the
f a gigantic volume of Burton's Arabian Nights.
ircumstances it was an unhappy choice of litera-
particularly lurid paragraph catching his eye
im hastily to restore the book to its place in the

ft of late-afternoon sunlight pricked a pattern of
pon the maroon walls, caught the facets of a cut-
wl and blew a spray of rainbows across the ceiling.
bell rang again and presently Roberts returned.
. "Sir, there's ——"
ld you I was out," replied John.
oung lady."
n still out, Roberts."
wishes to see you, sir; seems to expect to see you."
ect? Roberts, I am more than ever out."
y good, sir, but I'm afraid she'll be disappointed."
hesitated.
o is this young lady?" he asked.
rts said he had no idea. Thought she was from the
; had that wistful look of a country girl.

"H'm!" said John. "I don't like to send her away. Roberts, do you think I should be safe in seeing this young person?"

Roberts' smile was paternal.

"I think it would do you good, sir."

John Harvey looked up for guidance, and there were such a lot of rainbows on the ceiling.

"Show her in," said he.

He was quite unprepared for what was to follow. He had risen with the vague intention of securing a large book behind which he might retire in case of need. He never did look where he was going; not a week in the year went by but that he ran into a lamp-post, the back of a cart or some other obstruction; it was the penalty of watching his feet rather than their direction.

Roberts' announcement, "Miss Mary Merrow," must have synchronized with the girl's entrance. She came in with a sort of run, and John, who was not fitted with efficient brakes, walked straight into her.

It was a most unfortunate introduction.

Stammering awkwardly he stumbled back a few paces, bumped into a bookcase and stood aghast. Roberts had gone out and closed the door. In the center of the room stood Mary Merrow, rather breathless and blinking her eyes very fast indeed.

She presented an astonishing picture. It would be difficult to describe what.

She had a great deal of hair—wayward and curly—which was enjoying a riot beneath an absurd little Mercury cap. Her skirt was very short; she wore very large black boots and white stockings, which rucked and stood in urgent need of suspendering. Round her neck was a ridiculous fur boa, with the ends hanging down behind. It looked more like a compress. She had a white blouse with a blue rosette pinned to the left breast and a pair of carefully mended white cotton gloves. In her left hand she carried, by a ring that protruded from the top, a large square parcel, done up in oil cloth. The conformation of this parcel and the ring by which it was held suggested the accommodation of a wild beast in captivity.

The girl's expression was baffling—at the same time familiar. It contained a happy mixture of expectation and awe. She did not appear to be in any way embarrassed by the oddness of her attire; on the contrary, she seemed quite satisfied about that.

John Harvey was thunderstruck; he could not believe his senses. He touched the bookcase to reassure himself that he was in his own study and not at the cinema. For the first time in his life he realized the meaning of a "film descending on the eyes." It was the only explanation. He had seen Mary Pickford in Daddy Longlegs, Pollyanna, Soapsuds and a score of other screen plays. Secretly, too, he had loved her. As we know, the spectacle of beauty arrayed in rags and her father's boots had never failed to touch him with romance. But as a prosaic and practical young man, of sane convictions, he had never believed such characters had real existence—that lovely orphans with a passion for tamed rabbits, and with stockings that refused to keep up, had any being outside the range of the cinema. The discovery of his mistake was staggering.

She stood in the middle of the room blinking and breathing very fast.

Something would have to be done. John took a grip on himself and spoke.

"I—er—Miss Merrow—that is to say—how do you do?"

"Thank you very much," said Mary, as artless as you please.

It was difficult.

"Oh!" said John. "I see. Um! Please forgive me—I—er—wasn't for the moment expecting—that is—er—you wish to see me?"

"Yes, please." She nodded.

Her simplicity gave him a measure of self-confidence.

"Well, here I am—at least, I think so." The sentence ended there. He started a fresh one. "Do you sit down—I mean will—won't you sit down?"

And again Mary said, "Thank you very much."

Dash it! The girl talked like a subtitle.

He put a chair for her and took another himself, announcing as he sat down, "My name is John Harvey."

"Yes, isn't it?" said she.

Assuming she had regarded his name as an observation on the weather, he politely subscribed, "Very for the time of year."

"I know," said Mary.

She had pulled off her gloves and was rolling them into a ball. Her hands were surprisingly smooth and white. John marveled at that. He found himself watching them.

(Continued on Page 176)



She Raised Her Chin, Their Faces Were Only a Few Inches Apart. It Was John Harvey's First Experience of a Close-Up, and it Shook Him

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BALLIOL

By THOMAS BE

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK

BALLIOL was pretending to be a savage beast. For a small and rather plump West Highland terrier, born in Surrey and largely bred in London, the little dog did it quite well, his master thought. Balliol lay on the baking turf below the veranda and horribly growled at the village of Rawling's Hope; at the vast and placid valley beyond the trickle of white wooden houses; at the Rawling sawmill, which wailed on the edge of a shimmering basin in whose waters great logs were rolling with an animal laziness. In his growl he defied this valley of the Pennsylvania hills, with all its lumberjacks, their dogs, their offspring and their rattlesnakes. He was magnificent.

It seemed to Noel Bretherton that his pet was trying to wave his tail. The young Englishman stood on the steps admiring Balliol, whose growl swelled as an engine slid to view on the narrow track by the dammed basin, towing three flat cars covered with logs. Men swarmed from the waterside and the huge trunks began to splash into the basin as chains were loosed. Fluffs of spray were tossed into the fierce sunlight and Balliol barked.

"Yes, dear heart," said Noel; "that's quite all right when you're half a mile from the trenches. If one of those logs happened to light on you, though ——"

Balliol stopped his noise. A large black tomcat came sauntering easily about the house of gray flint, from the stables, and approached in a composed but ambiguous gait. The terrier paddled up and nosed Noel's boots.

"Just so," Noel told him; "you're a respectable English household dog, old thing, and you don't know anything of that fellow's antecedents. He has a bad eye. Come along. We'll write letters."

But the logs splashing into the basin kept Noel's stare for a moment. He looked with a sort of pity at this process. Men hauled the turning bulks to the margin, using long poles. A spiked chain caught the cedar and pine lengths and dragged them up a runway into the droning mill, to a swift assassination under saws. The spinal stream of this valley flowed into the basin under a bridge of whitewashed timber, and more logs came sailing on its brightness. The pool was dense with floating wood. On the farther shore boys were visible as pink dots, diving from the bank, and some ran carelessly on the logs, chasing each other. A smell of massacred cedar hung in the heat, and mist darkened the valley's depth.

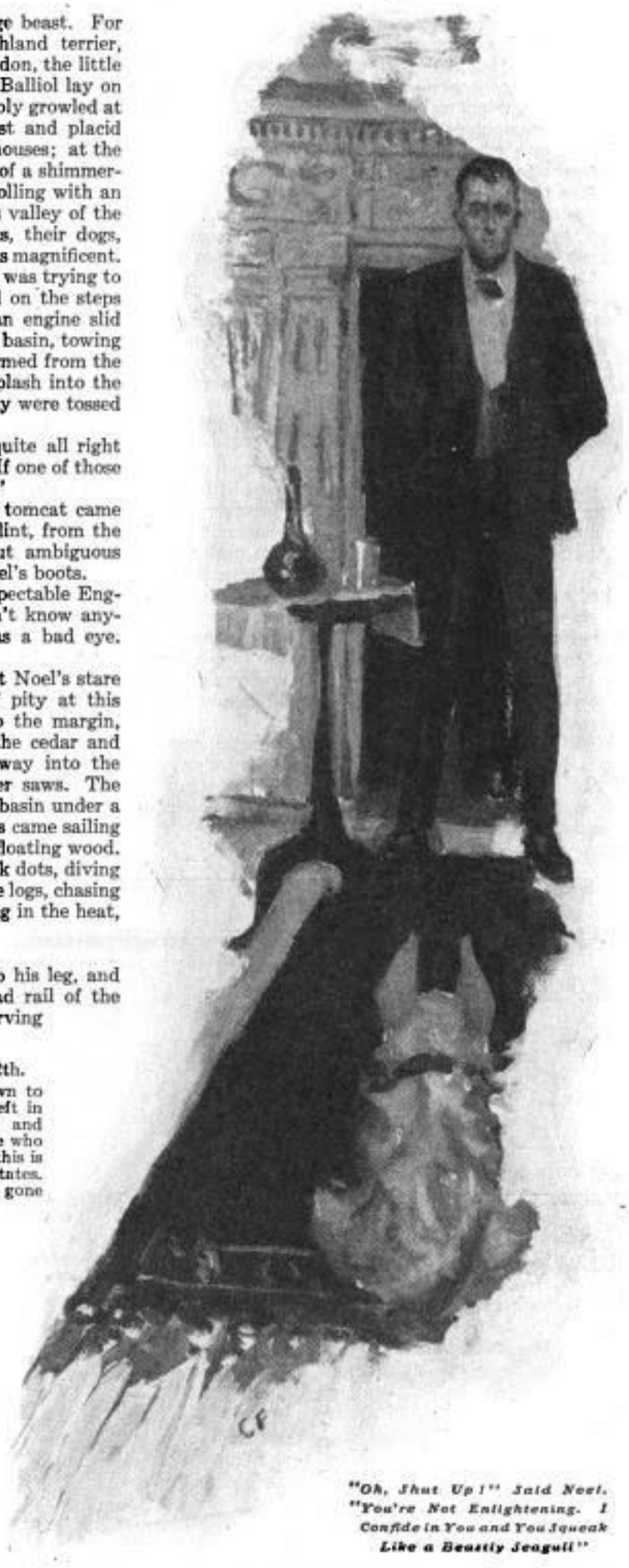
"Stunning," said Noel.

He lounged into a chair, let Balliol climb his leg, and began a note to his father, using the broad rail of the veranda as a desk, aware of the cat observing him from the slope of lawn. He wrote:

RAWLING'S HOPE, PENNSYLVANIA, July 12th.

Dear Parent: Sanford Rawling motored down to Oil City very early this morning and I am left in possession of the Rawling territories, powers and dominions. It is a ghastly responsibility for one who has been here only three days. I perceive that this is a feudal state which has got lost in the United States. I feel rather like a medieval clerk whose lord has gone to the Crusades on short notice. A deputation of savage old women arrived while I was shaving, to complain that the village butcher is profiteering in pork. While I was at breakfast came an old patriarch who is supreme boss of the sawmill, swearing terribly that someone has been raiding the dynamite which they use to blast out rocks for logging paths. Then a Swede lumberjack at least nine furlongs tall came pounding in with some woeful yarn about his foreman. Sanford's father is in New England somewhere and Sanford is in complete charge of the place. These people treat him as God, absolutely, although they call him San.

I am a fearful failure as a deputy deity, and am growing nervous. The Rawling cat obviously suspects me of intentions to run away with four hundred square miles of valuable timber and the house, which has six bathrooms and is lit electrically although it is fifteen miles from the railroad. Three giants are approaching from the village. They probably want me to decide which one of them is to marry Gertie Jones. Women are rather scarce hereabouts.



"Oh, Shut Up!" Said Noel. "You're Not Enlightening. I Confide in You and You Squeak Like a Beastly Seagull"

He halted his pen. Balliol scrambled down the steps and went to meet the three tall men, whose overalls were peculiarly foul below shirts of black muslin. Noel braced himself. He had been taking messages for Sanford Rawling all day. The men stooped over Balliol's pale fur and two of them stayed so.

The tallest came swinging his naked dirty arms up the steps and said cordially, beaming at Noel, "Hey, they say San's went to Oil City?"

"Right," said Noel; "he'll be back late to-night."

"Well, dog-gone," the caller drawled, "and I wanted a gun."

He squatted on the planks and wiped his face with a filthy wrist. A mixed smell of oil, sweat and acids swelled in the veranda. He took a peaked black cap from his head and released a mass of curly black hair. Under his mottlings of coal and grease he was extravagantly handsome, young, white skinned. He gazed at Noel with bright blue eyes and announced, "I ain't had time to come up and meet you yet. I'm Nate Sears. Those are my brothers. They're twins. Hey, kids, you'll get his dog all dirty. . . . We run the train."

The twins tramped up the steps with Balliol trotting between their shoes of soiled canvas, and looked at Noel placidly. They were not so long or so handsome as Nate Sears, and their twinship was startling. It was obvious that they ran the logging train. They must take turns in shoveling coal for the engine. They might be eighteen. Noel murmured "How d'you do?" and the twins nodded politely. Then they sat down to play with Balliol. Balliol's vanity bloomed under their caresses. He sent haughty little barks to the calm cat on the lawn.

"It's a good pup," Nate Sears said, loading a pipe from Noel's tobacco pouch on the arm of the chair. "Well, say. You give me one of San's guns, will you? Tell hi it 'cause old Conor's actin' nasty. He's been whis damn tune all week. Last night the kids was slee side 'cause it was so hot in the house and they h whistlin' by the bridge. So I need a gun." He lit

Noel lit a cigarette and tossed two more to t Here was a young and healthy male, sensible e be trusted with the logging train and allowed inviting him to hand over a revolver—gun meant re by reason of the acts of Conor. Who was Conor?

"You mean that this Conor—er—is dangerou

"Sure!" said Nate Sears. "Damn dangerou San asked him if he was goin' to make a fight o came back from Oil City he said he wouldn't lay a us. And he ain't tried to. We've been back a we he ain't spoke to none of us, and he's whistlin' t And the kids say he was whistlin' round our p night. Conor's a good shot for a left-handed ma

The less-soiled twin said shyly, "Hey, Nate; what you're talkin' about." And the murkier twin

Nate Sears drawled, "Oh, mebbe he don't! way. Conor raised her. She's an orphan. He to marry her, see? Only she run off with me. W Oil City all June boardin' with an aunt I have do But she and the twins got awful homesick, se hadn't never lived nowheres but here, see? So I San to see how Conor'd act if we come back. An said he wouldn't lay hands on us—which don't me ain't revolvers—so we come back. She didn't com with this aunt I've got in Oil City. She wrote say she was sorry, and like that, and he ain't w nothin'. I don't want her back here unless I Conor ain't goin' to be nasty. Only, she's homes killed his second wife, see?"

"Oh," said Noel, "he did?"

"Sure! He caught her holdin' hands with a feller, and killed her. He's kind of jealous in his tion," Nate Sears explained. He rubbed some s the rosy bloom of his left cheek and pondered. Mamma took me to the funeral. That Dane was sight in his coffin. I seen remains in France that in mind of him. Of course I'm some bigger'n Con dunno exactly could I lick him or not."

The twins said comfortably in twin voices, "S could, Nate," as if this had been much discussed a Balliol barked.

"But this fellow has given San his word to—to hands off you?"

"Yeh. Only he keeps on whistlin', see?"

A twin murmured, "He don't understand abou whistlin', Nate."

"Oh! Well, when he takes to whistlin' it's wha call a bad sign. I ain't got a thing against Con He's a nice feller but when he's mad. And he's awf And just as mad at the kids as me, see? 'Cause the brothers."

The twins seemed highly gratified. Twin grins a under their dirty noses. They sat patting Ball looked at Noel in a pleased way.

One of them observed, "We was sleepin' out las On a blanket. Down by the water. We coul Conor whistlin'. If he'd got a gun with him he plugged us."

"'Cause it was bright starlight," said the other

"Where do you lads live?"

Nate Sears stood up and pointed. "Across th Over where them kids are swimmin'. That's our where the big tree sticks up. See?"

Noel saw a tree that soared far above the genera across the basin, but verdurous shadow hid any hou said "Oh!" and watched the pink points which wer on the margin of the water. What in law and order one do? What would Sanford Rawling do?

"You think this is liable to end in a shooting?"

"Conor keeps on whistlin'," said Nate Sears; "a means he's boilin' mad. I'll take one of San's guns be sure to tell him I took it." He went tramping t the wide doors of the house and sang out to the butler inside, "Hey, Cooper, expect you're feelin' sassy now you got an English feller to wait on! laughed against the servant's horrified mumble.

Noel blushed. The twins finished their cigarett threw them away with uniform jerks of grimy hand said, "Nate got a medal in the Army for shootin', the other added, "He could thrash Conor. He a heavy, but he can hit awful hard."

"Just who is Conor?"

They said responsively, "Bosses the gang down runway. He's a old Irishman."

"And he's been married before?"

"Oh, sure. Three times. Two of 'em died. He lucky with women. He was goin' to marry her, but

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older. 'N then she wanted to get married with
we run off to Oil City. Second of June."
shook the trumpet vines of the veranda. Noel
om his chair. A boom spread across the valley
ger of smoke wagged from remote crests of the

ins peered off at the display and one said tran-
Blastin' rocks out for the new piece of the rail-
y, someone's been stealin' dynamite out of the
to the tool house. Hey, how much'd a pup like
"
k I gave ten guineas—fifty dollars—for him."
ins looked sadly at Balliol. Nate Sears came out
se with a hunk of chocolate cake in one hand and
atic revolver in the other. Guns were kept in a
side the butler's pantry. The engine driver
upon Noel and said, "Hey, Cooper says your
lord! How did he get that way?"
runs in the family," said Noel, groping for an
phrase.
damn if it ain't interestin'," Nate Sears re-
He slipped the revolver inside his black shirt.
a smudge of coal from his white chest. "Well,
San I've took this. Come on, kids. We got to
ngine to bed."
minute," said Noel. "I—I'm quite strange here,
w. Would Mr. Rawling let you have that re-

sure! Yeh! San told me if Conor got to actin'
e'd give me a gun. He knows I won't use it unless
. Y'see," he finished, having swallowed the last
ke, "I ain't sore on Conor. He's a nice old feller.
all upset about her marryin' me. He ain't any
, see? I expect that's what's the matter. And
ibly loved her. Come along, kids."
of shadow floated on the turf alongside the
legs of the Sears family. They marched down the
y to the road and into the shady village. Balliol
his wolfhood and growled at the cat, which had
sleep under a Rose of Sharon bush. Noel said,
ible!"
ent to the butler's pantry and found Cooper, a
tle cockney, reading a volume lettered, Manners
les of Good Society. Noel wanted to laugh. He
'Do you know this chap Sears, Cooper?"

"Quite a pet of Mr. Sanford's, sir. Very decent lad, I believe. Quite a commotion in the village when he absconded with Conor's intended, sir. She 'asn't come back, I notice."

"And who's this Conor?"

The butler said less readily, "A very rough old fellow. A prize fighter formerly, sir. If I might suggest ——" He spread his fingers on the Rules of Good Society and gave a butler's meek cough.

"Yes?"

"Mr. Sanford has what you might call a most hextraordinary method of 'andling these people. I shouldn't—if I were in your—predicament—sir ——"

"You'd let it alone?"

"If I might suggest, sir."

Noel thanked this burst of tact with a smile. The exiled apostle of good society bridled. Noel said, "Tell them to saddle a horse, please."

"Thank you, sir," said the butler with passion.

Noel rode down the slope, thinking. Sanford would be back by midnight, and nothing would come of this before that hour. Should one do anything? He worried. It was comic. He imagined the flight of Nate Sears and the nameless bride, attended by the twins. And yet the girl was so frightened of Conor that she stayed in hot Oil City. She must be frightened! No girl would want to leave Nate Sears footloose where other women could sympathize with him. Another blast echoed. Noel could not see its source above the trees of the village. He let the horse walk past the smithy, where old men sat in the sunshine on a bench; past the closed schoolhouse; past the red-brick office of the Rawling Lumber Company. Children spotted the dust and chirped over Balliol, who had forgotten his wolfishness and paced with dignity beside Noel's horse. Outside this patch of dwelling was the forest, intricate, hot, solemn.

The horse stopped, unbidden, in an open space by the basin. The engine was moving into a small roundhouse of mossy brick. It vanished, carrying Nate Sears. The twins beckoned to Noel from one of the emptied flat cars. He reined his mount and asked, "Which is Conor?"

"Him in the blue shirt. With the black hat. Lookin' at us," said the twins.

Ten men were pulling logs toward the wooden rim of the basin. The hooked poles splashed. The mounting chain of the runway caught and dragged, rattling. A man at the foot of the wooden trough seemed to watch the chain and its load of wood. His chest was prodigious in a blue shirt. He stood with pink fists on lean hips, and his cavernous hat brim hid his face.

"Lookin' at us," a twin whispered.

"Certainly," said Noel. "If you lads look at him he'll look at you. Don't stare so."

The twins were abashed and swung their long legs feverishly. They muttered, "He keeps lookin'. He come right up to the engine, now, when Nate was cleaning her, an' looked at Nate. Nate didn't pay any attention. He's whistlin'."

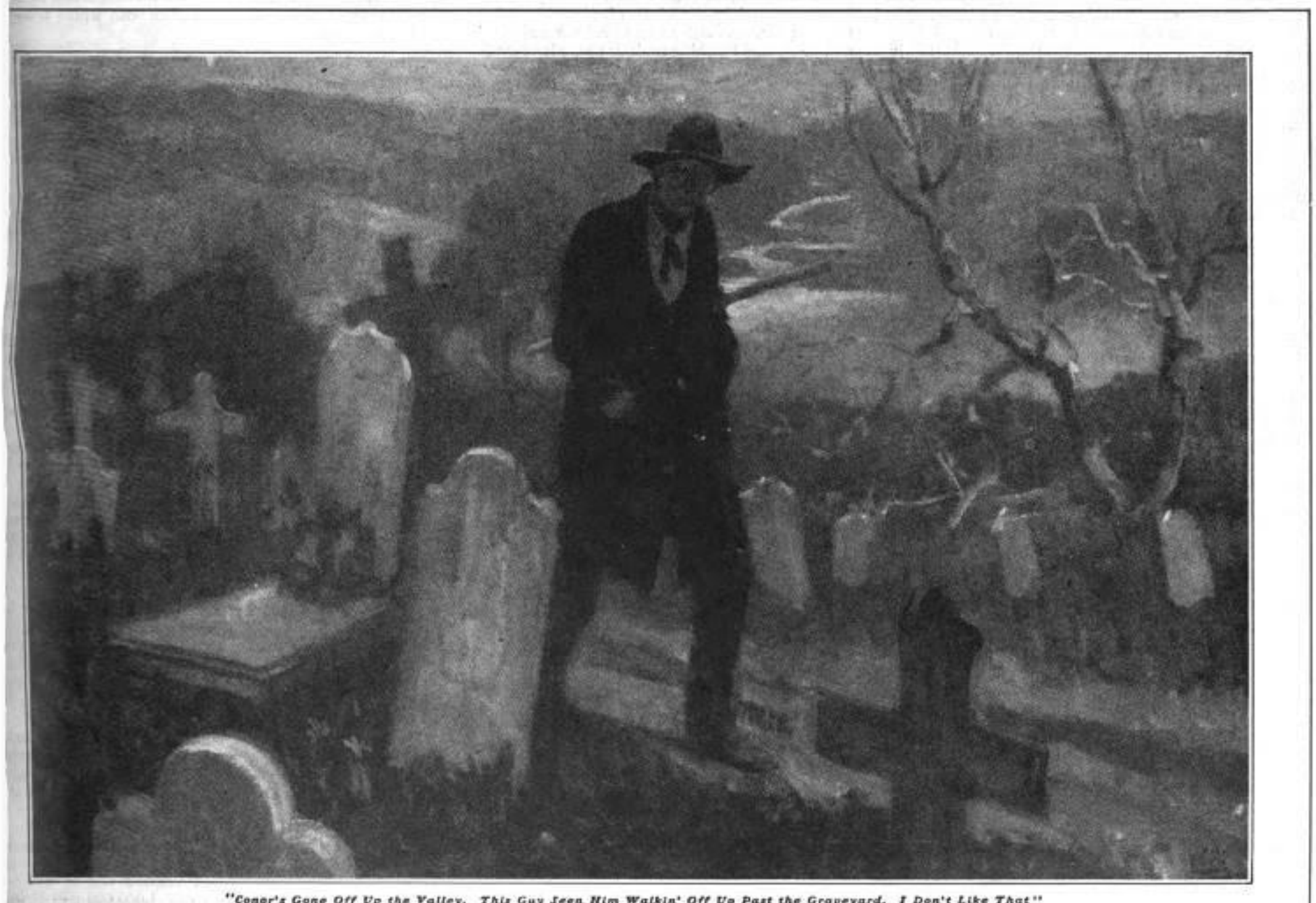
The hat brim rose a trifle and showed a shaved jaw, a pursed mouth. Conor might be whistling. The shrillness of blades chewing logs inside the mill drowned any noise less than a shout from the workers. Then the saws stopped. An inhuman lazy whistle came from the pipes of the shingled roof. The chain of the runway fell idle. The men's voices gabbled as they straightened, and a sound of logs gently bumping came from the water. In this peace trembled an air, the sound of a jig whistled merrily. Balliol dropped a cedar chip and jumped over the grass to examine Conor's shoes. A twin murmured, "Ain't it funny? A dog'll always run and talk at him. Look at that, now."

Balliol was hopping up and down before the whistler in exhibition of liking. The little dog's white tail wagged. He was happy. He hopped, absurd and delightful. The twins giggled. A sense of utter inconsequence gripped Noel. This man might kill them. They gurgled because a dog liked him. He had probably doted on their brother's wife and this jolly whistle was a note of defiance, rage, a growl at the world. Odd, frightfully odd. And yet two Danes had stabbed each other to death over a stolen shirt on the day before Noel's coming into this upland. A smell of cedar drifted from the pool. Conor sat down on the moist planks and patted Balliol. Noel dismounted and gave his horse to the nearest twin.

Balliol was in ecstasy, wriggling all over. This man knew how to pat him and did it amiably with his square fingers. Noel approached and deliberately clicked a spur on the wood.

Conor looked up and easily said, "It's a fine pup, sir," in the most melodious way.

(Continued on Page 172)



"Conor's Gone Off Up the Valley. This Guy Seen Him Walkin' Off Up Past the Graveyard. I Don't Like That"

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The Inside Story of the A. E. F

By GEORGE PATTULLO



Some of the Men of the 314th Infantry, Composed of Pennsylvania Troops, After They Had Pushed the Germans Back More Than Four Miles in Less Than Twenty-four Hours

THE American troops already engaged in the battle are the unanimous admiration of the whole French Army," wrote Petain to Pershing on June 6, 1918, referring to the fine performance of the Second American Division at Bois de Belleau and the Third Division's prompt action in defense of the river crossings near Château-Thierry.

"I therefore willingly accept the offer of all the units which you place at my disposal. The five United States divisions which are to come down from the British zone will be placed on calm sectors in the east, and as soon as possible each will hold a divisional sector."

This was all very fine; but still no move to indicate any intention of building up an American sector! Instead, every step seemed directed toward postponement of this project. For a long while this policy was partly inspired by doubt of what the Americans could do, and fear of intrusting a sector to them, but after the offensives of July there could linger no doubt in the French mind of the value of the Americans for fighting purposes, because they were from then on the shock troops of the toughest operations. Yet even after July no effort was spared to delay operation by the American forces as an American Army under American command.

At a meeting with Foch and General Weygand at the American General Headquarters in Chaumont on June seventeenth, Pershing reported that the War Department in Washington planned to call out enough men to place 3,000,000 troops in France by the end of March, 1919. To this the Allied generalissimo replied by dwelling on the improved morale of his troops through the arrival of the Americans. All the French troops which had contacted them rapidly renewed their fighting spirit, he said.

General Pershing seized the opportunity to urge once more the importance of uniting the Americans into one army. Such a step would not only help morale but add to the usefulness of the Americans very materially.

Postponement

THE Allied commander in chief agreed with the idea in principle, but when Pershing outlined a proposal for grouping a few American divisions—the Second, Twenty-sixth and Forty-second—as a starter for an American field army, Foch requested him to consider turning over from some of the divisions going into the American training sectors a few of the best regiments of infantry to serve in the most fatigued French divisions—again that persistent idea of utilizing the Americans in small units as replacements!

Foch dwelt at considerable length on this proposition, his pet argument being the necessity of stimulating French morale, and he contended that it would be a matter of a few weeks only. Later these regiments could be returned to American command for incorporation into American divisions—he felt sure this could be done the latter part of July or early in August—and he wanted Pershing to draw up a plan for the scheme.

"We have two tasks facing us," said Foch—"to build up the British Army in man power, and second, to build up the morale of the French Army and in August assemble the American Army."

General Pershing's answer was that he would study the proposal carefully with regard to the needs of the situation.

About this time M. André Tardieu, French High Commissioner to the United States, had one of his inspirations. Of all the Allied spokesmen M. Tardieu was ever the boldest in presenting demands and the most tireless in



FRENCH OFFICIAL PHOTOS, FROM INTERNATIONAL

Americans Advancing on the Picardy Front

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Pershing
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these cond
the additio

colored regiments to our forces would be a consi
help, while . . . there are no difficulties in us
ored troops in close coöperation with white troop
French Army."

Still No American Army

THE American commander in chief replied a wee
"I regret that I am unable to accede to your req
this matter. As you know, the colored regime
composed of American citizens and I do not feel wa
in employing them on any basis other than follo
the case of white regiments."

During these anxious months the people at home
sustained by the proud conviction that the United S
had an army of its own.
unfortunate announcements
the War Department at Wa
ton contributed to this del
these announcements had s
of the "American front" and "A
ican sector," and certainly con
the implication which the ge
public took. As a matter o
we had no army operating in Fr
then; our troops were serving
the French and British armi
divisions or smaller units.

Although the United State
1,000,000 troops in France
move made by the Allied comm
for the disposition of Amer
forces reflected an intention to
vent, or at least indefinitely
pone, the formation of an Amer
corps. The orders issued by
French for the employment o
Forty-second American Divi
was an instance, and General
shing had an interview with
at Bombon on July tenth to di
the formation of an American se

As Pershing pointed out to Pe
three days later at a meetin
Provins, the American divisio
this time were scattered clear f
the English Channel to Belfor
the Swiss frontier, and nowhere
there a sector known as an Am
ican sector. The American pe
had been given to understa
we had 1,000,000 men in Fra
therefore they would soon be

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y there was not an American Army fighting as
ey would want to know if the American soldiers
good enough to hold a front of their own, and
meet this inquiry might have a serious effect
rale of the American people.
the conversation with Foch at Bombon, the
mmander in chief admitted: "America has the
ave her Army organized as such; the American
t be an accomplished fact. Moreover, the cause
ies will be better served by an American Army
own chief than by an American Army with its
ersed. Therefore it is necessary at the earliest
ate to constitute side by side with the British
h armies the American Army; and it is necessary
his American Army as large as possible."

Official Interchanges

VER, there was a "but" in this declaration of
y. In order to bring victory to the cause of the
incontestable numerical superiority was required,
g as the battle lasted, or threatened to reopen—
e superiority of divisions had been realized—the
he Allies demanded that the French and British
should be supported, and reënforced when
by American infantry, said Foch.
nted the infantry of American divisions which
tillery—and at Allied behest, hardly anything but
had been shipped for months—to be assigned to
nch and English losses for a certain time, prob-
months. As for General Pershing's sugges-
ssemble the American forces into an army
mporary sector in the vicinity of Château-
this accorded with his general plans, but
le he would need certain of these di-
n attacks he proposed to launch on
ts of the front. In short, by the time
mander in chief had finished outlin-
plans for the employment of the
n divisions it was very plain that
o idea of establishing an American
fore October.
e French went right ahead making
on of American divisions without
g the American commander in
rders for the movement of the
irty-fifth and Thirty-second di-
ere issued by Petain's headquar-
hout proper notification to the
a G. H. Q.
"It appears that orders to the First
to move to the region of Toul have
ed direct to that division without these
rters having been previously informed,"
shing in a note to the chief of the French
Mission. "This matter has been brought
attention
nd the un-
bility of
ethods has
plained. It
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lers are is-
our troops
se head-
s, all con-
ver our
ceases. I
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as possible, of the movement of United States units."

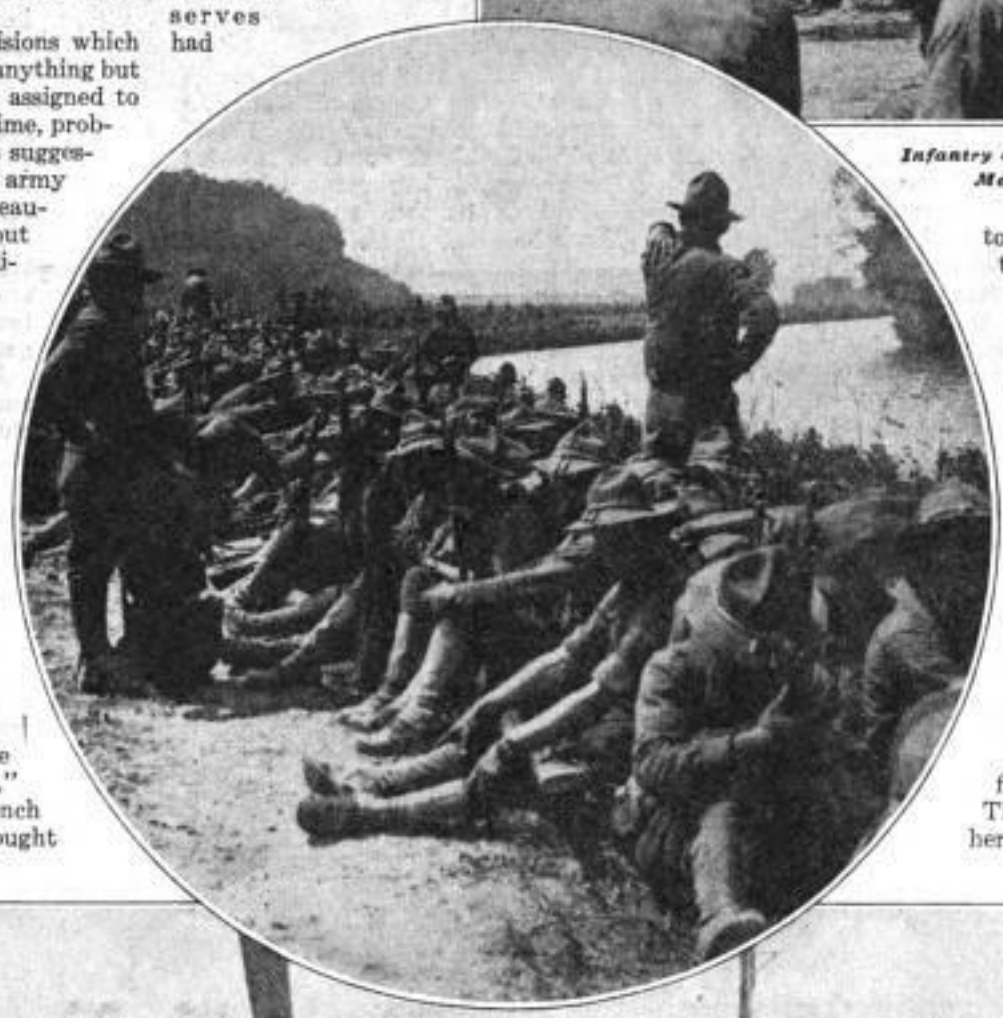
We arrive now at what has come to be regarded by most military authorities as the turning point in the war. The first half of 1918 had been disastrous to Allied arms.

The German offensive in March had carried all before it until the depth of its own penetration stopped its impetus; their second grand assault on April ninth menaced the coal supply of France and the Channel ports. French reserves had to be diverted as far north as Ypres to help stem the tide. On May twenty-seventh the enemy again smashed through the Allied front and swept over the Chemin des Dames, crossed the Aisne, and thence marched almost unopposed as far as Château-Thierry on the Marne. Allied losses were so heavy their reserves sank to the vanishing point. The German armies were now close to Paris; they were flushed with victory; Allied morale was correspondingly low. The capital had never seemed in such peril; people fled from it in hundreds of thousands.



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Infantry of the First Division Lined Up for Their First Meal After Twenty Days in the Trenches



Mangin's Counter Attack

ANOTHER German attack, but on a smaller scale, was launched on June ninth. It gained the enemy nine kilometers and was then brought to a standstill by a counter attack of five French divisions under General Mangin. This counter attack stands out as one of the heroic feats of the war; the French losses were appalling, but they stopped the enemy.

Up to the middle of July all the Allied fighting was on the defensive. If they could check the onrushing Germans they were well satisfied. The power of the German offense loomed as irresistible; it became an obsession. The Allied infantry, discouraged by disastrous failures or ruinous partial successes in 1917, worn out by the Germans' savage onslaughts in overwhelming numbers in 1918, had no longer the heart for attack. Some units of them had; there were troops among the French and British which would have kept on fighting until doomsday; but the bulk of the armies had spirit only for defensive warfare.



PHOTOGRAPH FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

American Troops in Flanders on One of the Innumerable Non-Sunny Days. Above—American Reserves, Just Before Being Rushed Into the Counter Attack at the Marne

(Continued on Page 116)

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The Test of Lochinvar Bobby

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

IT BEGAN simply enough, with a late winter walk. The walkers were little Jamie Mackellar and his big collie, Champion Lochinvar Bobby. Jamie was kennel manager for the great Rufus G. Belden, financial giant of Midwestburg. Bobby was Mackellar's chum—the dog that had spent nearly a year of his youth running wild in the forests and had been reclaimed and humanized by his diminutive Scotch master.

This morning's walk was uneventful enough for both dog and man, until Bobby chanced to pursue a cat down an alleyway. He took a short cut through a mud puddle during this blissful chase. His flying feet slipped on a film of ice and he fell sprawling in the puddle's muddiest depths.

Rolling over, Bobby regained his feet in something like a tenth of a second, but not before his magnificent tawny coat was one thick smear of mud. The cat vanished over a fence; and Bobby, at Jamie's first call, galloped merrily back to his master. Mackellar, frowning ruefully, surveyed his disreputable chum.

"Eh, Bobby, you miserable tatterdemalion!" he sighed. "Not three days ago you had your bath—a grand bath, Bobby, lad!—and not an hour ago I brushed you till you shone. And look at you now! Look at you now, I'm asking you, Bobby. Did you ever see the like of you, for fair filthiness and muck? 'No,' says you, being at heart a truthful tike, 'I never did.' What'll Mistress say when I lug you home looking like one of the children's mud pies on four legs? And what'll I be thinking when all the folk hereabout set eyes on you and get the idea that Jamie Mackellar knows no better than keep a collie in such shape? Home we go, Bobby, lad; home to a bath. Come along!"

Now, naturally, Lochinvar Bobby understood the meaning of only a tithe of Mackellar's words, despite the fact that Jamie had always talked to him as to a fellow human. But from long experience he read the voice and the face of the man with perfect ease. From these he gathered that he was being scolded, but that Mackellar was not really angry at him and that he himself had not committed any sin.

Yet Bobby listened, downcast; and he fell into step behind Jamie with drooping head and brush. Not alone because he was dirty and because he loathed dirt, but chiefly because he had three times heard his master utter that detested word "bath." And Bobby's heart sank dejectedly at thought of the scrubbing and the abhorrent reek of soap in store for him. A few collies really enjoy swimming, but almost none of them like a tub bath.

For some distance through the outskirts of Midwestburg on their return journey to Beldencroft, at the summit of Crescent Hill, the two hurried along. The mud was drying on Bobby's glorious coat. This and his morose anticipation of a bath gave him a furtively tramplike air at utter variance with his wonted proud beauty.

Once only did he rouse himself from his lethargy of gloom. That was when he and Jamie chanced to pass the white-fenced front yard of a house about a mile from Beldencroft. From the steps of this house sprang up a dozing collie—pale gold and white of hue, dainty of line, classic of head. At sight of Bobby this dog cleared the steps in a bound and came charging down toward the pickets, barking in strident challenge. As a rule Bobby paid no heed to swaggering advances from dogs he met on his walks with Jamie. At worst, an impatient growl or a momentary glint of teeth was his answer to such defiances. But to-day he neither showed his teeth nor growled. Instead he cast aside his air of misery and trotted up to the palings with tail awag. For a well-bred collie does not resent the barking insults of the female of his species.

He and the gold-and-white little beauty touched noses through the picket spaces. The new dog wagged her tail hospitably and did a series of dance steps, then galloped madly off for some ten or twelve feet and wheeled to see why Bobby did not accept the invitation for a romp.



Bobby Drove These Off Fifty Times Between Sunrise and Dusk, But as Often They Clamored Back Greedily

The picket fence was Bobby's sole reason for not accepting. Now, as she glanced back at him over her shoulder, he cleared the fence top with ridiculous ease and trotted over the scrap of lawn toward his new friend.

Jamie, missing him, turned about just in time to see an obese and overdressed woman emerge from the house, squalling shrilly, "Lass! Lassie! Come here at once! Get away, you nasty brute! Scat!"

The last half of her speech was addressed to the mud-coated Bobby. He stopped short as she advanced shooingly upon him. He surveyed the woman with no fear at all; but also with no favor. Instinct told him this was not an understander of dogs. His sensitive eardrums, too, were irritated by her shrilly raucous voice. The other collie crouched, terror-stricken, at approach of her mistress, and began to slink away. Plainly experience as well as instinct warned her of danger.

Jamie Mackellar's brows creased in disapproval at sight of Lass' fear. It could spring from but one cause. Knowing collies as he did, he had scant patience with any man or woman who by needless brutality produces that look of terror in their eyes and that cringingly panic way of slinking off.

Tersely he called Bobby back to him. The dog, with one wistful glance toward his frightened new playmate, cleared the palings again and stood at his master's side. The woman, in mid-lawn, scowled after him.

Then turning on the timid-looking little Mackellar she snapped, "I'll thank you to keep your dirty cur off my premises! He ——"

"Asking pardon, ma'am, in Jamie, "he's no cur. Champion Lochinvar ma'am. There's not his America. He's a wee muddy, but that's by a little accident with a mud puddle. That's young collie you have finished conciliatingly. compliment you on her."

"She was given to week," said the woman "And she's a pest. I'll either teach her or I'll thrash the life out of her. She ——"

"H'm!" commented Jamie, eying the ened dog. "You've made a grand start way or the other. Come on, Bobby, lad!

It was as they rounded the next corner ice truck skidded on the slippery pavement knocked Jamie Mackellar under its wheels. When the policeman came puffing found an overturned truck with a senseless crushed driver wedged under it. Some farther back he saw Jamie Mackellar lying unconscious, with a scalp abrasion and compound fracture of the left leg.

A momentarily increasing crowd surrounded the two victims, but they pressed less around Mackellar than around the driver, because a huge and mud-streaked collie guard over Jamie's oddly crumpled body.

Lochinvar Bobby by turns bent whining and quivering above his master, licking muddy face in an agony of grief; then ing erect again to snarl murderous defiance the spectators. One Good Samaritan had to lay hands on Jamie to carry him to the walk. Bobby had flown at the man with centrated fury that not only had frustrated kindly attempt but had kept everyone at arm's length. There stood the great dog—broken, bereft, savage—above the unconscious little man who was his god. And none break in on his vigil.

The policeman turned in an ambulance. Then, being prudent, he decided to call attention on the mishap's other victim. While he was still examining the the ambulance came up.

At the same instant Jamie Mackellar awoke, dull-headed but sentient enough to know himself to be in the of anguish. Stupidly he blinked ward into Lochinvar Bobby's wise dark eyes.

"Bobby, lad," he whispered dazedly "whatever on earth's happened Are we ——"

The ambulance surgeon bustled up. Bobby growled stood between him and Mackellar.

"Let him be, Bobby, boy!" panted Jamie. "He right. Leave him alone! He ——"

Pain and the effort to speak were a combination strong for Mackellar's tortured nerves. He fainted.

But his order had been given and had been understood. This white-coated human, who stank of pungent fectants, was to be let alone. So much Bobby knew. had said the man was all right and must not be molested and Lochinvar Bobby had never in all his life disobeyed questioned a command of his adored master.

Unwillingly, and still growling a little under his the dog drew back. Quivering with misery and craving to interfere, he none the less stood quiescent the white-coated man and another put Jamie in the bulance. Jamie had said: "He's all right. Leave alone!" And Jamie's order must be obeyed.

Presently the ambulance drove off. Bobby followed galloping close behind it through the straggling outskirts of Midwestburg and later through the choked traffic of city's streets. At last the vehicle stopped in front large building, a building which, even from the outside gave forth to Bobby's acute senses the same dislikeful as had the clothes of the white-coated man.

Jamie was borne carefully indoors. Bobby followed close behind the stretcher. A man at the side reached out to bar the dog's way. Bobby paused only enough to slash at the outthrust hand. The man stepped back and aimed a kick. The dog wheeled upon him with such an aspect of silent rage that the man hopped nimbly up on a table. Bobby paid him no further heed, but followed the stretcher-bearers.

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oom they carried Mackellar. The door swung
nd them in Bobby's face. Imperiously he
for admittance. Then he flung himself in a fury
ss against the strong panels. The panels did not
no one came to let him in.
stretched himself out across the threshold with a
pressing his nostrils to the crack under the door,
red to wait.
he room he could hear voices and moving feet.
above the sickening disinfectant reek he could
oved scent of his master. And he was content to
e or twice an orderly or a nurse came past from
r part of the corridor. At Bobby's savage show
ese intruders gave the collie a wide berth. No-
e out through the doorway he guarded.
me, inside the white room Jamie had come to his
l had told who he was. Someone telephoned to
Belden. In another five minutes, at that
it personage's mandate, Jamie was sent home in
ambulance, with a doctor and a nurse as escort.
tried out through a door other than that whereby
tered. Thus only by loss of his master's scent did
ow Mackellar was no longer on the other side of
inately closed portal.
was no longer there, and it behooved Bobby to
He jumped up and scratched again at the panel.
someone heard the sound and opened the door
gate. Into the long many-doored room dashed
niffing the hateful air, peering in all directions,
n circles to pick up the scent of Jamie's steps.
Mackellar had been carried in and then out again
ther there was no clew. Out of the room sprang
galloping from corridor to corridor in growing
on. No, Jamie was not anywhere within sight or
sound. He was gone! And there was no way of
whither he had been spirited.
inivar Bobby had been a human he would doubt-
gone straight home. But he was merely a dog;
at a dog of a breed that is prone to think things
saw no need of going home. To him home and
ackellar meant one and the same thing. He had
Mackellar cottage, back of the Beldencroft
that morning in company with Jamie. Wherefore
anine logic Jamie was not at the cottage. The
pot whither he had traced Mackellar was this ill-
hospital, and search and scent showed him Jamie
nger here. Distracted, the collie trotted out of the
and made his aimless way up the street.

Bobby was the chum and the devoted adorer of Jamie Mackellar, but to no one but Jamie had he ever given allegiance. True, he was moderately fond of Jamie's big Yorkshire wife—who, by the way, felt only the mildest interest in dogs. But he was not devoted to her. Also, he was fond of Jamie's two children. But both of those children were away at school just now. In a patronizing and tepid fashion he was on friendly terms with the august Rufus G. Belden, and with the kennel men. But none of them counted for much in his life.

No, there was no reason for hurrying home, or indeed for going home at all, now that Jamie was no longer there. Nor could he pursue any logical quest for his lost master without a single clew. He must needs accept heartache and bewildered loneliness unless fate should in some way bring him and Mackellar together again.

Yet, collie fashion, before giving up all hope he cast back upon his trail. He retraced the long journey from midcity to outskirts; to the place where Mackellar had been struck down. There he sniffed about the spot on the greasy street where Jamie's body had lain.

As he was giving up this unprofitable task another recognized scent assailed his keen nostrils. Around the corner, from her home in the next block, was walking the large and raucous-voiced woman who had called him a dirty cur and had shooed him out of her yard. By a flimsy leash she was leading the gold-and-white young collie, Lass. In the woman's other hand swung a plaited dog whip—an object unfamiliar to Bobby.

Wagging his tail in friendly welcome Bobby advanced toward his new collie acquaintance. Lass at sight of him sprang forward in playful eagerness. The spring caused the loose-hung leash to dig into the woman's fat wrist and gave her arm a sudden wrench. Angry at the hurt and the jar she yanked vexedly on the leash, jerking Lass back on her haunches.

Lass, foreseeing punishment, dodged behind her mistress' skirt. She did this just as the woman turned to strike her. As a result the leash looped itself around the beefy ankles. Without waiting to extricate herself the woman brought down the dog whip swishingly across Lass' dainty back. Then several things happened.

At sound of the blow and of Lass' pitiful cry Bobby sprang forward, every line of his powerful body abristle with hostility. But there was no need for him to interfere. For as she cried out Lass bounded as far as possible to one side to escape further punishment. The woman, leaning far to that side, aimed another blow. As a result the looped leash not only tightened about her fatted calves but was pulled sharply to the left by Lass' jump.

The woman sat down; very hard indeed. Lass, running backward to get out of the way of the swooping avalanche of flesh, strained against her collar. The collar being loose slipped off over her back-pulled head. The woman scrambling up, purple with rage, flourished the whip and made a wild rush at her dog. As she rushed she bellowed ferocious threats. Lass did not wait to be caught. Incontinently she turned and fled. And shoulder to shoulder with her galloped Lochinvar Bobby.

Life was taking a new turn for Bobby. His mind, dazed by the bitter grief of his loss, yearned toward this new friend of his own species. Having no desired home to return to he followed the runaway steps of gold-and-white Lass.

Aimlessly Lass fled, her one idea at first being to escape from the swishing dog whip and from its bad-tempered wielder. Her brief stay with this mistress of hers had been a period of terror and of pain. In the far-off kennels of her birth she had always been treated kindly, but the woman had made life a horror to her and she was eager to put as much distance as possible between them.

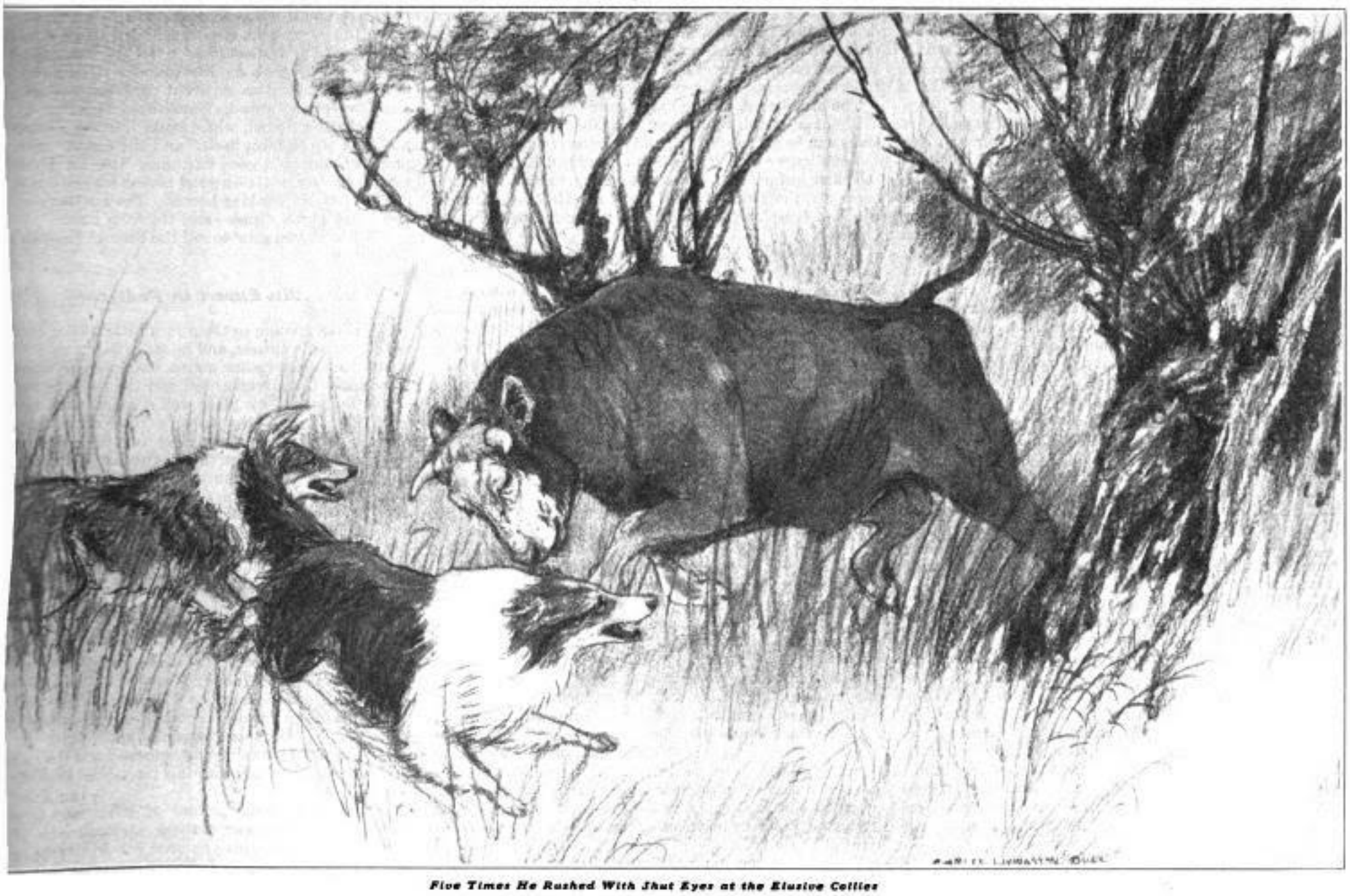
Presently, as she ran, she was aware of Bobby's comforting presence at her side. She slackened pace and touched noses with him. Then she glanced back for her pursuer. The woman was not in sight. The two dogs relaxed their gallop into a leisurely trot. In another minute Bobby came to a stop.

They were at the summit of a hill. Below, in front, was a straggling suburb of the city they had left behind. Beyond the suburb was a plain. Beyond the plain towered a ridge, which separated Midwestburg and its outskirts from the miles of rolling forest and farmland that stretched away almost to Canada.

The sight of the ridge and a whiff of the odors blown thence by the March wind awoke strange memories and stranger impulses in the masterless Bobby. Over that ridge, as a gangling scared puppy, he had scrambled his tired way on a winter night years agone; and he had traveled on to Blake's Woods, beyond it, where under the rotting dance pavilion of other days he had made a lair. Thence for nearly a year he had sallied at nights to ravage hen roost and fold and rabbit warren and partridge copse.

He had loved that wild life and he had thriven mightily on it. He had left it because Jamie Mackellar had found

(Continued on Page 153)



Five Times He Rushed With Shut Eyes at the Elusive Collies

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Selling to a Crowd—The Auctioneer

By JAMES H. COLLINS

IF YOU have something to sell and want to get the best possible price sell it at auction. But if you want to buy something at a bargain price go to auction sales where that something is sold; people are picking up bargains at auction every day.

Eat your cake and have it too? How is it done?

Partly by the fellow who does the selling, the auctioneer; and partly by the peculiar mechanism of auction selling itself.

The auction sale multiplies the number of possible purchasers, and pits them against one another. Each bidder has his own idea of values—very often wrong. Or he has his own idea of the price he is willing to pay—and will probably pay more if some other bidder tries to get the article away from him.

Some years ago there was an empty factory in a New Jersey town to be sold in receivership. A near-by manufacturer wanted it and was willing to pay fifty thousand dollars for the building. The receiver advertised for offers and got only one—a forty-eight-thousand-dollar offer from this manufacturer. He decided to put the property up at auction. On the day of the sale several bidders appeared. The first bid was fifty thousand dollars, which was quickly raised to fifty-five thousand, then to sixty thousand. At this point one of the bidders went out to telephone, and coming back, bid more, eventually getting the property for seventy-two thousand dollars. Then all the bidders went to lunch together, and it was disclosed that the purchaser had acted as agent for a New York real-estate operator who had bought the property for a client. Ultimately it proved that the factory was not worth what had been paid for it, and the manufacturer who wanted it in the first place was glad that it had gone to somebody else.

People get bargains, too, because some things are sold below value at every auction. There are bound to be certain articles that few bidders want, and they are knocked down cheap. It is important in auction salesmanship that there be such bargains, for the auctioneer uses them to stimulate buying.

The word "auction" usually brings up a picture of the establishment found in every sizable town where brass watches and glass jewelry are sold to the unsophisticated, with the aid of cappers. This kind of auction room, called a grind shop, is often as crooked as crooked can be—an interesting place we will investigate later. Or people think of auction selling as a sort of last resort to get rid of property that cannot be sold otherwise.

An Old-Fashioned Country Sale

ACTUALLY auction salesmanship is used to market a very large share of the world's products and merchandise, and most of the selling is honest. Moreover, this is one of the quickest and least expensive methods of selling. Rare books, valuable manuscripts, famous paintings and works of art, with other articles sought for collections, are sold largely at auction. So are secondhand household effects, particularly fine furniture, rugs, plate, China, napery and the like. Auction selling moves great quantities of staple raw materials cheaply, such as furs and wool; also the output of some industries, like carpet making. Much of the fresh fruit marketed in big cities is sold at auction, and a great deal of city real estate. It is estimated that thirty thousand country auctioneers throughout the United States are busy most of the time disposing of farms, livestock, implements and household effects for farmers who are moving, retiring, liquidating estates or undergoing the shifts involved in the changes and chances of farming as a business.

In pretty much every other kind of selling the salesman's objective is the individual customer, one prospective buyer whom he wants to talk to alone, leading him through the four standard steps of a sale: First, he gets his attention; second, arouses his interest; third, secures his confidence; and finally, gets his action in the shape of an order. If other people are present they often distract attention and delay or block the sale. Sometimes the salesman sells to a group—a board of directors or a conference gathering. But generally, wherever it is a matter of choice, he prefers to have the single customer alone.



The "Going-Going-Gone" Chant on a Small New England Farm

The auctioneer, on the other hand, sells to the crowd. Without a crowd, or at least a sizable group of people, there can be no auction. The bigger the crowd the better the auctioneer likes it. Selling to a crowd is based upon the same principles followed in selling to an individual: there are the four standard steps of attention, interest, confidence and action. But the methods are decidedly different.

Getting and holding the attention of a crowd is often easier than getting and holding the attention of an individual customer. But in the crowd there may be potential trouble of kinds seldom encountered by salesmen in other fields. The auctioneer has the advantage of working with customers who already want to buy. That is why they have come to the sale. But they are looking for bargains. They are there to match their wits and their wills against his and buy things for less money than he wants to get for them, if they can. He matches his wits against theirs and also pits one bidder against another. He gives them bargains, and at the same time generally realizes higher average prices for all the property sold than it would bring at private sale.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we are now about to start the sale," announces the auctioneer, climbing into his rostrum.

It is a country dooryard, and a farm is to be sold with standing crops, livestock, machinery and household effects. There are more than a hundred people present—neighbors who have been walking about inspecting the property to be sold. Their interest has already been secured, but it is concentrated on one point: What do I want to buy and how cheap can I get it?

If the auctioneer were a book agent or an implement salesman, talking individually to any of these folks, they would expect him to magnify the value of his goods. Rather strangely, they seldom expect this at an auction. Their chief thought is that Neighbor Stubblefield has been forced to sell out, and that the auctioneer is going to get as good a price for everything as he can, but that they are going to buy as cheaply as they can. If the auctioneer knows his business he takes advantage of this viewpoint right at the start.

"I will state the terms of the sale," he continues, when the crowd has drawn together, and briefly enumerates them: Goods becom highest bidder's pr the moment they knocked down; are paid for in cash, or deposit made; to be away under such-and conditions; and so Then he begins to the value of his good like a book agent—t them in the show w as it is called. He interested crowd, b interested only in things.

There are plows, p pickle dishes to be so horses happen to be what scarce in that borhood just then, an of the crowd have c the auction hoping t up one of Stubblefiel work teams.

"Come, let's be says the auctioneer assistant impati "Hand up something thing—that bundle o and hoes. Why aren ready?"

He cracks a joke this lot, and the laughs. As he calls fo it is discovered that the forks is broke scolds the assistant f calling attention to defect.

"We don't want to sell such stuff without letting know it's damaged—this lot goes 'as is.'" It is k down cheap. The crowd has been drawn together, in good humor, it has seen a neighbor get a bargain begun to think that the auctioneer is an honest fe Other things are sold, sometimes big things first, eve farm itself, and sometimes a lot of bargains in things—dishes, tools and like plunder. The auctione a definite plan in this apparent carelessness, based character of the crowd. Sometimes bidding is slo has to be stimulated, while again interest centers purchase of the farm itself; and the bidder who g property may be a good customer later for livestock machinery to work it—a good reason for selling it fir

The crowd is thinking horses. The auctioneer is plows and pickle dishes—and thinking pigs.

"When are you goin' to sell the horses?" asks a pro tive buyer.

An Expert in Pedigrees

"WE'RE coming to them in a little while," is the tioneer's answer, and he takes half a minute to about Stubblefield's fine mares, his ability as a farme standing in the neighborhood and the pride he has al shown in keeping his place well stocked with the be everything. Thus the crowd's interest in horses Farmer Stubblefield's standing in the community cleverly utilized to get their attention for the nex brought under the hammer. It is a penful of pure pigs. He sells them not as pigs but as possibilities, dwe upon the advantages of having good pigs of this parti breed, talking about their pedigree, ancestry, record

The capable country auctioneer knows more about different breeds of horses, cattle, hogs and other live than the average breeder, for the breeder is likely t well informed about one kind of animal, and one bree that, and honestly prejudiced against other breeds, w the auctioneer must know all breeds and carefully a having a favorite breed. He follows pedigrees as closel the racing fan follows dope. Many of his sales are of stock alone, and he must be able not only to talk a expert upon any breed of animal brought under the h mer but about individual animals, and to give the cr fresh, convincing facts about the breed and the indivi and the successes made with this particular breed by ot people.

He paints a mental picture of what may be acc plished by the purchaser of these particular pigs. Wh man who owns them may become a leader in the comm nity, and a real benefactor! Bidders mentally fit themsel

(Continued on Page 166)

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LOW-SOUND HORN

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

loctor in my little Rocky Moun-
town asked me to write this
—as a favor to him and to other
ho live in the hills and who, in
of Nature, dislike to see the landscape muddled
the wrecks of humans and automobiles, to say
f what it may do for those humans themselves
out on a vacation with a glorious prospect—and
hospital.

ot that I object to the work," he told me, "even
is a bit trying to hurry thirty miles or so up into
r hills and try to load someone with a broken hip
utomobile and bring him to town, only to find
fracture is such that it requires an X ray before
hus necessitating a further trip of forty miles to a
its well-equipped hospitals. It's just that there's
in it—and any doctor who's really a true member
rofession believes far more in prevention than

this little effusion on how to avoid being killed
your vacation! And in spite of the jocularity of
appen to live in a country where persons seem to
needlessly killing themselves during their annual
od; which, after all, is hardly the way to spend
on. It ruins not only their outing but that of
else; therefore these few scattered facts about a
which is a foreign land to the majority of the
on of the United States, but a desired land, never-
especially at vacation time—the mountains.

ountains, I mean mountains—not hills. There
erence. The Catskills, the Alleghanies, the Blue
nd the Cumberlands are hills. The Rockies are
ns in the professional
the word; and it is of
ountains that the motor
ner often dreams, cou-
at dream with a mental
t his old cart can take
g they've got on high.
s that assurance purely
of motor-car pride or of
. Most of us live in cities,
he streets have been care-
raded to admit of the
t amount of resistance to
k of a vehicle. The mu-
ty that possesses a hill of
an 6 per cent is unusual,
s in rare cases that such
is greater in extent than
or two. Somewhere out-
town there exists, per-
n acclivity that may run
as 10 per cent, and that
or three hundred feet in
to which the motor-car
an takes the prospective
for a test of the machine.
s the car on second or low,
case may be, without an
ce of strain, and certainly
it any unfavorable results
he cooling system. To a
accustomed to flat coun-
hill appears to be straight
lmost an impossibility for
ing to climb—with the re-
at when the car goes up it
and as though longing for
the inevitable pride of a
rner causes the announce-
"Well! If the old boat can
that it can make anything
rven looks like a road!"

Ups and Downs

IS with the armament of
is information that he goes
e mountains—encounters
ulties, trials, troubles, trib-
ns, broken-down motors
ften serious accidents, and
s out of it all no wiser than
as before.

Must have been something
g with the old bus," is his
. "It never acted like that
re."

ll for the reason that it never
before been in mountains!
there's a difference. The hill that seems straight up in a flat country is only a medium grade or fairly level country when one bucks up against the professional grades of the various roads the vacationer must travel in the Rocky Mountains. Any car in the world can make a 10 per cent pull for a distance of a few hundred feet. But what happens when that grade extends for miles? A mountain range is not merely a ragged ridge starting out of level country, and smoothing off again on the other side. It is a succession of ridges, each piled upon the other in four or five waves or projections, which gradually mount until the backbone of the continent has been reached, receding on the other side in the same fashion. Fifteen miles out of Denver one can climb a mountain range, and then, at the top, really be at only the beginning of the mountains. There are two more ranges piled on top of this before ever the crest of the continent is reached!

Consequently, once a person really gets into the mountains all sense of perspective seems to be lost. Grades appear to be only flat stretches, while the heavier pulls farther on seem to be only slight things of 1 or 2 per cent, which should be taken easily with the motor breezing along on high. But for some strange reason the machine coughs and gasps and slows down. The inexperienced driver begins to fight his engine, releasing the clutch, allowing the engine to race, then throwing in the clutch hard again, for a spurt. But still the gasping comes, accompanied by cuss words directed toward the carburetor.

At last, disgruntled, peevish, into second go the gears, while the engine is raced again, and thrown once more into high. Ding that carburetor! Again and again is it tried—and then something goes wrong with the cooling system. The darned thing's boiling! First time it ever did such a thing in its life. Ever see it to fail, something always goes wrong with a car when you're a long way from a garage? Of course the driving hasn't had a thing to do with it!

Nothing at all—only this much: I have driven many, many thousand miles of mountain roads in Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, New Mexico and Arizona. I have an ordinarily good car, neither cheap no. high priced. With that automobile I can climb one grade of six miles in which the lift starts at 8 per cent and finishes with a grand finale of 32 per cent, experiencing neither an appreciable strain on my motor nor any trouble with the cooling system. The nearest my car ever came to boiling was when I towed a disabled machine up a part of the terrific grade!

A Matter of Practice

THERE is another grade, which extends for fourteen miles, on which the "level" stretches run a minimum of 5 per cent, and the heaviest grade is 18, meaning a steady pull of more than ten miles in second and low. I have never had radiator, oil or engine trouble on that hill. Yet one day I lent my car to a man unaccustomed to mountain driving, and that car of mine, which had sailed over the hump with hardly a realization of the difficulty, boiled eight times in those fourteen miles! The hand at the wheel has a great deal to do with the work of the engine.

More, because the hand at the wheel isn't a practiced one, and because the brain behind that hand at the wheel has either refused to understand the difficulties of mountain driving or has been kept in ignorance of them, there are at least ten accidents a week during the summer months in the driving regions of the Rocky Mountains, and on the various passes leading over the Continental Divide. What may seem strange to the uninitiated, and not at all strange to those who know the hills and who see the occupants of every fourth or fifth car literally shaking dice with death, is the fact that most of these accidents happen when the car is either stopped or going downhill!

Naturally there is a logical explanation. The usual man, when he stops on a hill in town or in the country, sets his emergency brake; and then, if this does not hold tightly enough, reënforces this by throwing the car into low gear or reverse, thus making the engine accomplish what the brake bands do not. On the ordinary grade, when the time comes to start again, the pull of the hill is so slight that if the emergency allows movement at all it is so slow as to be almost imperceptible. But on a mountain grade conditions are different. One can't throw the car out of gear and then step on the starter, trusting the brakes to hold until the engine starts. The pull of gravity is so strong that the minute that extra bindage is released the car starts downhill, and with speed! The result is that the driver, frightened by the strange actions of his car, loses his head for an instant—and that instant is enough. Mountain roads are narrow. They also are crooked. Upon the usual pass road a fifty-foot progress or regress in a straight line inevitably brings a car either to the edge of a precipice or into the stone wall of the mountain itself. There's a crash either way.

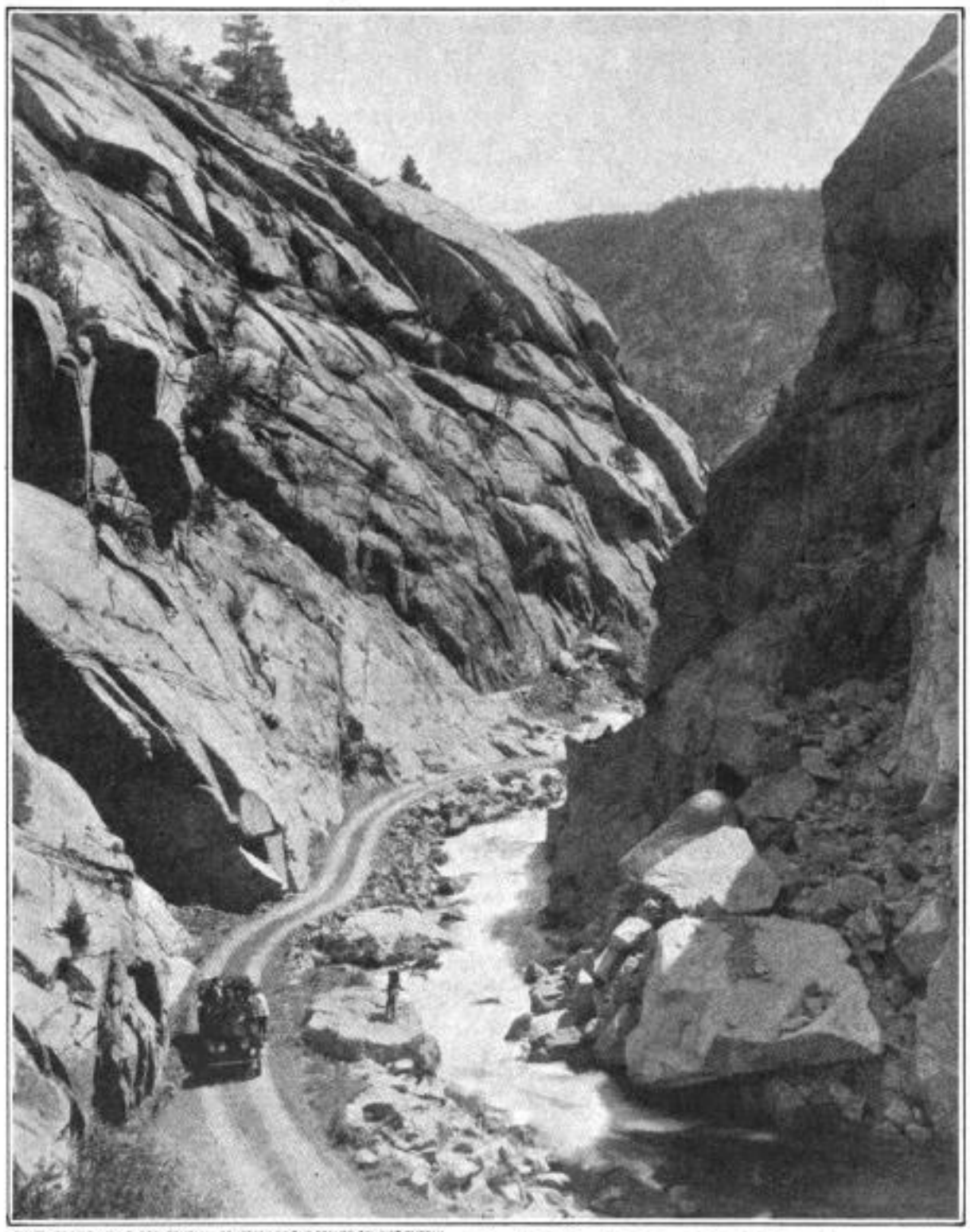


PHOTO. BY MILE HIGH PHOTO. COMPANY, COURTESY OF THE DENVER TOURIST BUREAU

A Party of Tourists Motoring Through the South St. Vrain Cañon, Altitude 8200 Feet, in the Rocky Mountains

(Continued on Page 104)

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THE COVERED WAGON

XXXV

By Emerson Hough

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

MIDSUMMER in the desert. The road now, but for the shifting of the sands, would have been marked by the bodies of dead cattle, in death scarcely more bone and parchment than for days they had been while alive. The horned toad, the cactus, the rattlesnake long since had replaced the prairie dogs of the grassy floor of the eastern plains. A scourge of great black crickets appeared, crackling loathsomely under the wheels. Sagebrush and sand took the place of trees and grass as they left the river valley and crossed a succession of ridges or plateaus. At last they reached vast black basaltic masses and lava fields, proof of former subterranean fires which seemingly had forever dried out the life of the earth's surface. The very vastness of the views might have had charm but for the tempering feeling of awe, of doubt, of fear.

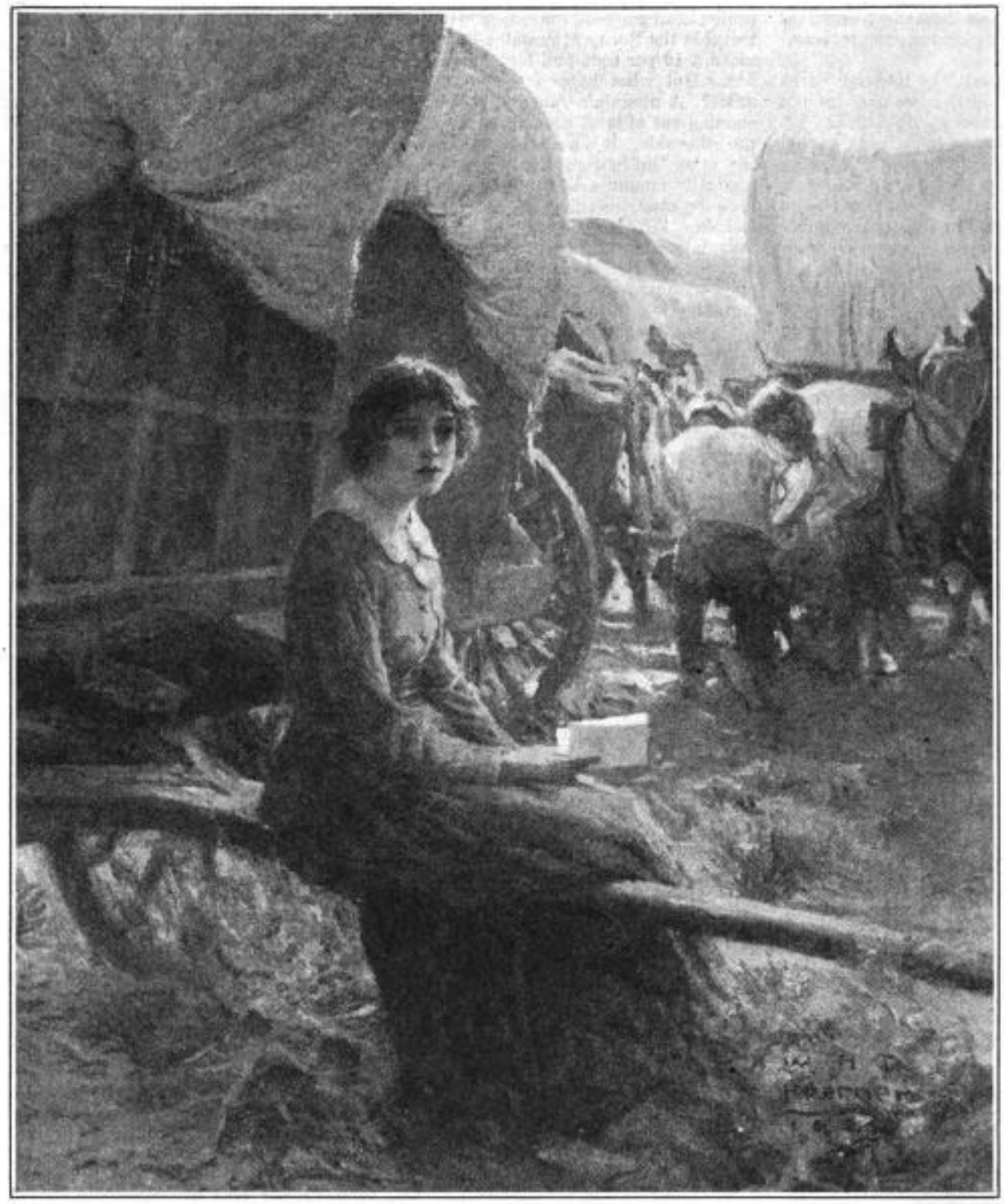
They had followed the trail over the immemorial tribal crossings over heights of land lying between the heads of streams. From the Green River, which finds the great cañons of the Colorado, they came into the vast horseshoe valley of the Bear, almost circumventing the Great Salt Lake, but unable to forsake it at last. West and south now rose bald mountains around whose northern extremity the river had felt its way, and back of these lay fold on fold of lofty ridges, now softened by the distances. Of all the splendid landscapes of the Oregon Trail, this one had few rivals. But they must leave this and cross to yet another, though less inviting, vast river valley of the series which led them across the continent.

Out of the many wagons which Jesse Wingate originally had captained, now not one hundred remained in his detachment when it took the sagebrush plateaus below the great Snake River. They still were back of the Missouri train, no doubt several days, but no message left on a cleft stick at camp cheered them or enlightened them. And now still another defection had cut down the train.

Woodhull, moody and irascible, feverish and excited by turns, ever since leaving Bridger had held secret conclaves with a few of his adherents, the nature of which he did not disclose. There was no great surprise and no extreme regret when, within safe reach of Fort Hall, he had announced his intention of going on ahead with a dozen wagons. He went without obtaining any private interview with Molly Wingate.

These matters none the less had their depressing effect. Few illusions remained to any of them now, and no romance. Yet they went on—ten miles, fifteen sometimes, though rarely twenty miles a day. Women fell asleep, babes in arms, jostling on the wagon seats; men almost slept as they walked, ox whip in hand; the cattle slept as they stumbled on, tongues dry and lolling. All the earth seemed strange, unreal. They advanced as though in a dream through some inferno of a crazed imagination.

About them now often rose the wavering images of the mirage, offering water, trees, wide landscapes; beckoning in such desert deceits as they often now had seen. One day as the brazen sun mocked them from its zenith they saw that they were not alone on the trail.



For an Hour Molly Sat, and the Sun Sank. The Light of the Whole World Died

"Look, mother!" exclaimed Molly Wingate—she now rode with her mother on the seat of the family wagon, Jed driving her cart when not on the cow column. "See! There's a caravan!"

Her cry was echoed or anticipated by scores of voices of others. They pointed west and south.

Surely there was a caravan—a phantom caravan! Far off, gigantic, looming and lowering again, it paralleled the advance of their own train, which in numbers it seemed to equal. Slowly, steadily, irresistibly, awesomely, it kept pace with them, sending no sign to them, mockingly indifferent to them—mockingly so, indeed; for when the leaders of the Wingate wagons paused the riders of the ghostly train paused also, biding their time with no action to indicate their intent. When the advance was resumed the uncanny *pari passu* again went on, the rival caravan going forward as fast, no faster than those who regarded it in a fascinated interest that began to become fear. Yonder caravan could bode no good. Without doubt it planned an ambush farther on, and this sinister indifference meant only its certainty of success.

Or were there, then, other races of men out here in this unknown world of heat and sand? Was this a treasure train of old Spanish *cargadores?* Did ghosts live and move as men? If not, what caravan was this, moving alone, far from the beaten trail? What g had it here?

"Look, mother!" The girl's voice rose again, but this time with a laugh in it. A assurance passed de line, others laughin lief at the solution.

"It's ourselves! Molly. "It's th Morgana—but ho velous! Who could it?"

Indeed, the mira taken that rare and o dinary form. The of their own caravan was reflected, mirro some freak of the de and air, upon the fi blown in the air at tance from the tra was, indeed, then they saw, not known a vast primordial m the desert gods. N the discovery of th lessen the feeling of fort, of apprehensio laughter was at best until at last a turn trail, a shift in the wi of the heat waves, br the ghostly caravan sent it, figure by figu hicle by vehicle, in unknown whence i come.

"This country! claimed Molly Wi mother. "It scares Oregon's like this —

"It isn't, mother. rich and green, with There are great trees, mountains, beautiful where we are going, there are fields of There are—why, the homes!"

The sudden pathos voice drew her mo frowning gaze.

"There, there, c said she. "Don't mind. We'll always a home for you, your and me."

The girl shook her

"I sometimes think better teach school an alone."

"And leave your ents?"

"How can I look father in the face ever knowing what he feels about me? Just now he ac me of ruining Sam Woodhull's life—driving him away of the train. But what could I do? Marry him, after I can't—I can't! I'm glad he's gone, but I don't k why he went."

"In my belief you haven't heard or seen the last of Woodhull yet," mused her mother. "Sometimes a gets sort of peeved—wants to marry a girl that jilts more'n if she hadn't. And you certainly jilted him a church door, if there'd been any church there. It wa awful thing, Molly. I don't know as I see how Sam s it long as he did."

"Haven't I paid for it, mother?"

"Why, yes, one way of speaking. But that ain't way men are going to call theirselves paid. Until married, a man's powerful set on having a woman. I don't, he thinks he ain't paid, it don't scarcely make difference what the woman does. No, I don't reckon forget. About Will Banion ——"

"Don't let's mention him, mother. I'm trying to fo him."

"Yes? Where do you reckon he is by this time—h far ahead?"

"I don't know. I can't guess."

The color on her cheek caught her mother's gaze.

"Gee-whoa-haw! Git along Buck and Star!" re manded the buxom dame to the swaying ox team that w

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ıe road with no real need
e. They took up the
ırden of the desert.

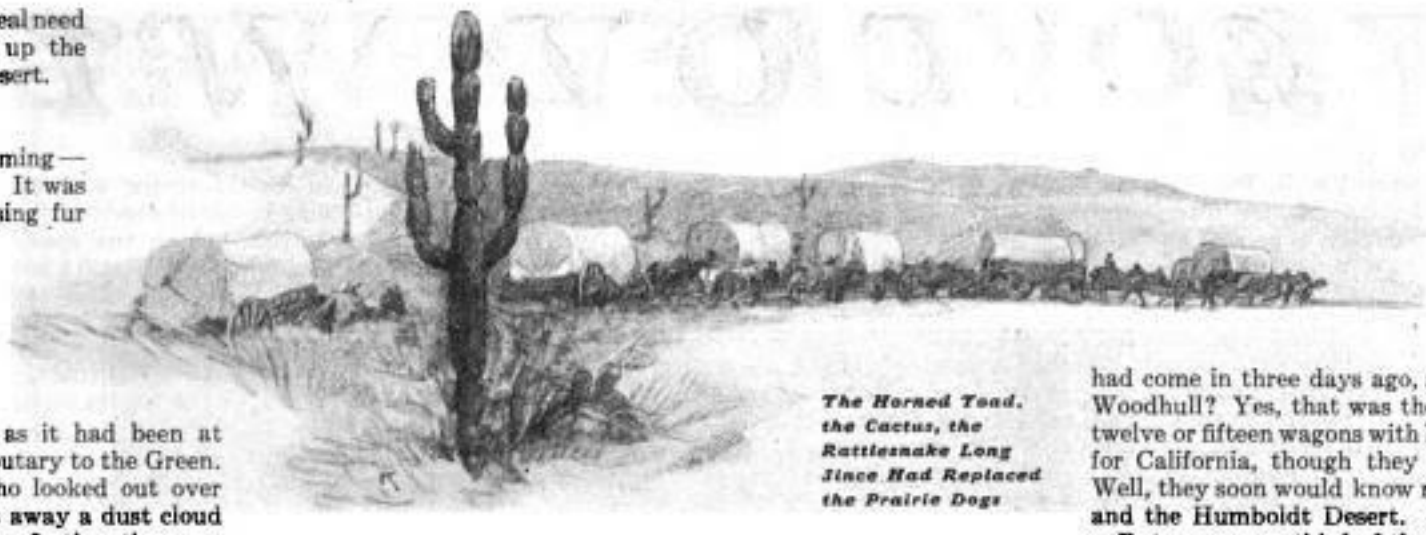
XXXVI

amilies are coming—
the families!" It was
cry of the passing fur
ng eastward
avan of the
nd plows;
same here
rt Hall, on
River, as it
at Laramie
orth Platte, or as it had been at
ı the waters tributary to the Green.
npany clerks who looked out over
plain saw miles away a dust cloud
ınt but one thing. In time they saw
ıte train come on, slowly, steadily, and deploy
pment a mile away. The dusty wagons, their
vers stained, mildewed, torn, were scattered
h found the grass good. Then they saw scores
grants, women as well as men, hastening into the

now past midsummer, around the middle of the
August, and the Wingate wagons had covered
lve hundred and eighty miles since the start at
of the last spring—more than three months of
ıs travel; a trek before which the passage over
lachians, two generations earlier, wholly pales.
lid they need, here at Fort Hall, on the Snake,
last settlement of the two thousand miles of toil
ver and exhaustion? They needed everything.
question first was asked by these travel-sick,
ing people: What was the news?

How could there be news when almost a year
ıpse before Fort Hall would know that on that
—in that very month of August, 1848—Oregon
ıred a territory of the Union?

How could there be news, when these men could
for much more than a year that, as they out-
here in the sage, Abraham Lincoln had just de-
e governorship of the new territory of Oregon?
le did not know. Why had these men come here?
not know.



The Horned Toad, the Cactus, the Rattlesnake Long Since Had Replaced the Prairie Dogs

But news—the news! The families must have the news. And here—always there was news! Just beyond branched off the trail to California. Here the supply trains from the Columbia brought news from the Oregon settlements. News? How slow it was, when it took a letter more than two years to go one way from edge to edge of the American continent!

They told what news they knew—the news of the Mormons of 1847 and 1848; the latest mutterings over fugitive negro slaves; the growing feeling that the South would one day follow the teachings of secession. They heard in payment the full news of the Whitman massacre in Oregon that winter; they gave back in turn their own news of the battles with the Sioux and the Crows; the news of the new army posts then moving west into the Plains to clear them for the whites. News? Why, yes, large news enough, and on either hand, so the trade was fair.

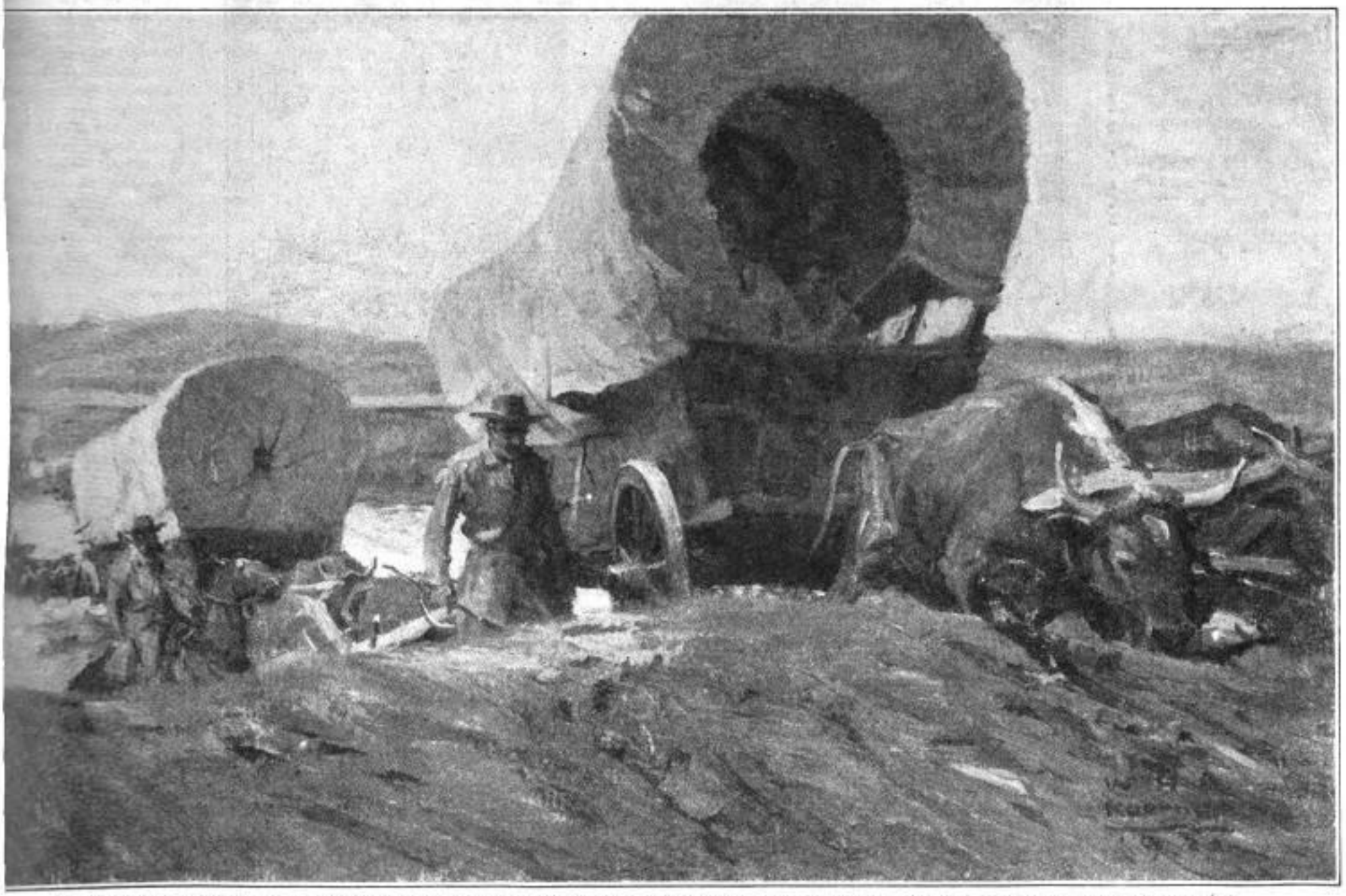
But these matters of the outside world were not the only ones of interest, whether to the post traders or the newly arrived emigrants. Had others preceded them? How many? When? Why, yes, a week earlier fifty wagons of one train, Missouri men, led by a man on a great black horse and an old man, a hunter. Banion? Yes, that was the name, and the scout was Jackson—Bill Jackson, an old-time free trapper. Well, these two had split off for California, with six good pack mules, loaded light. The rest of the wagons had gone on to the Snake. But why these two had bought the last shovels and the only pick in all the supplies at old Fort Hall no man could tell. Crazy, of course; for who could pause to work on the trail with pick or shovel, with winter coming on at the Sierra crossing?

But not crazier than the other band who had come in three days ago, also ahead of the main train. Woodhull? Yes, that was the name—Woodhull. He had twelve or fifteen wagons with him, and had bought supplies for California, though they all had started for Oregon. Well, they soon would know more about the Mary's River and the Humboldt Desert. Plenty of bones, there, sure!

But even so, a third of the trains, these past five years, had split off at the Raft River and given up hope of Oregon. California was much better—easier to reach and better when you got there. The road to Oregon was horrible. The crossings of the Snake, especially the first crossing, to the north bank was a gamble with death for the whole train. And beyond that, to the Blue Mountains, the trail was no trail at all. Few ever would get through, no one knew how many had perished. Three years ago Joe Meek had tried to find a better trail west of the Blues. All lost, so the story said. Why go to Oregon? Nothing there when you got there. California, now, had been settled and proved a hundred years and more. Every year men came this far east to wait at Fort Hall for the emigrant trains and to persuade them to go to California, not to Oregon.

But what seemed strange to the men at the trading post was the fact that Banion had not stopped or asked a question. He appeared to have made up his mind long earlier, and beyond asking for shovels he had wanted nothing. The same way with Woodhull. He had come in fast and gone out fast, headed for the Raft River trail to California, the very next morning. Why? Usually men stopped here at Fort Hall, rested, traded, got new stock, wanted to know about the trail ahead. Both Banion and Woodhull struck Fort Hall with their minds already made up. They did not talk. Was there any new word about the California

(Continued on Page 129)



They Plunged, Wallowed, Staggered; But the Lead Yokes Saw Where the Ford Climbed the Bank, Made for It, Caught Footing, Dragged the Others Through!

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RITA COVENTR

XXVII

By Julian Street

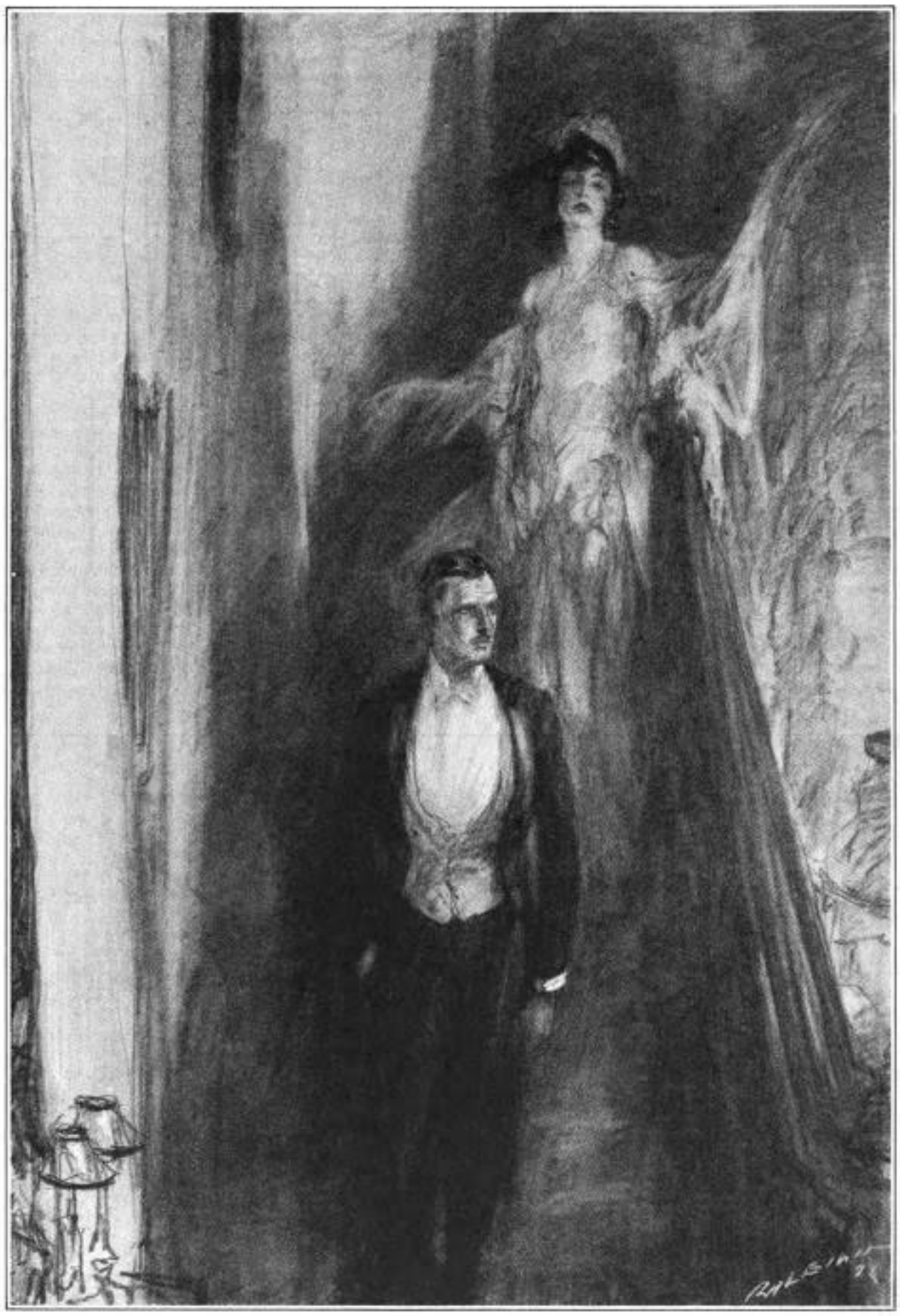
ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

THE Bement baby had arrived while Parrish was in Chicago, and now Bement, craving diversion after his sufferings in paternity, suggested to his partner that they make a night of it in town, going to a show and later to the Midnight Frolic. Of course it would have been nice if Mrs. Bement had been well enough to join them, but she and the baby were getting on all right, and he really needed to get away for an evening from that house and those tiresome trained nurses.

The proposal, finding Parrish in the bitter mood in which he had been left by Rita's abrupt exodus from his apartment, appealed to him. He, too, had suffered. Two nights of white horror. His fatigue instead of inducing sleep expressed itself in a gnawing restlessness. Moreover, his apartment had become hateful to him—for the ghosts which haunt us most persistently are not those of the dead. The perfume of Rita was gone, but something of her lingered; he was continually aware of her gold-mesh bag in his safe, and of her photograph upon his mantelpiece. That photograph picked itself out for him in the room as if a spotlight shone upon it; he had a thought of removing it, but felt a curious embarrassment about doing so; to remove it would be to admit that he had reversed himself, and he was not ready to admit that.

In his need for comfort his thoughts turned to Alice, as those of one in trouble turn to a neglected deity; he gazed for a long time at her photograph upon his desk, but that photograph disturbed him, too, though in a different way. Strange, there seemed to be a look of sadness in the eyes. Why had she not answered his letter? He was beginning to feel just a little hurt by her neglect.

He wrote and told her so.



She Kept Coming. He Heard Her Behind Him on the Stairs

On Thursday afternoon the partners came uptown together to Parrish's apartment, where Bement and his suitcase were duly installed. As men will when their nerves need soothing, they dined at a Broadway restaurant where there was continuous dancing and jazz music. In the play which they subsequently attended a fat comedian, the victim of unjust suspicion, was obliged to hide under the bed of a pretty but virtuous lady whose husband was jealous of her. The comedian's chief humorous effect was achieved when he crawled from under the bed like a turtle and wistfully eyed the audience. This he did three times, and the play was over, leaving Parrish and Bement free to continue on their round of gayeties.

Through the after-theater crowds they slowly worked their way to Forty-second Street, and passing into the wide corridor of the New Amsterdam Theater, entered the elevator. Within, a little group was already waiting for the car to ascend, and among them Parrish recognized Sam Burke, who bowed to him; then as those within the elevator stirred to admit newcomers he saw behind Burke the latter's wife and Clara Proctor. He advanced toward Clara and was about to ask if she had heard from Alice when her stiff little nod stopped him; and as if further to repel him she turned to converse with Mrs. Burke.

He was surprised. Though he did not like Clara and was aware of her dislike for him, hitherto as if by tacit understanding they had been carefully polite. Well, if she did not wish to continue the effort he was satisfied, though he thought it stupid of her to reveal so plainly what he considered to be a jealousy of his hold on Alice.

All evening Parrish remained in a sardonic mood, and when after returning to the apartment the partners sat up for a time talking, Bement found himself amazed at the acidity of the other's observations upon women, life and love. Though he had known Parrish since their college days he had not before realized him to be a misogynist. It must have been coming over him gradually. Bement had never been able to understand why Parrish did not marry, but this, he thought, explained it. A protracted bachelorhood was to him incomprehensible—the world was so full of lovely girls, and married life, in his experience, so happy. He and his long harbored a secret hope of finding the rig Parrish, but he now concluded that the fulfi such a hope was, if still a possibility, exceedingl

Next morning at however, after Par drunk his coffee a was infinitely more in had Bement but kn read his mail, he wa ably more cheerful.

The junior partn mented upon this.

"It worried me," "to hear you so cy night."

"What did I say cynical?"

"About women."

"Oh, no," returne brightly, "you're w man. I'm not that w All I meant was—y to keep them in th There's nothing e cynical about that. tainly there's noth about it." He w "Everybody knows when a man's in love times hasn't sense e put it into practic woman does somet doesn't like he shou her for a while. It d good."

It was the note fr lying beside his co which had made co his mind the truth o dictum. For two da ignored her, and wi result: she had used bag as an excuse to apologetic note, re him to bring it when to her house on Shrewdly he surmise the truth were know a little bit afraid he come at all. Well, l afraid! It wouldn't to worry for a while!

That day he took bag with him to th wrapped and sealed sent it to her by a co clerk. She would lo note in the package to hers. When she di it, that would give h thing to think Throughout the day with malicious pleasu thought of her lookin for that letter, but by day he had begun to if, considering the stances, he had not little too severe w After all, she had ap he didn't want to be manly.

As for her having le denly the other night it was frightfully annoying, he had to admit upo tion that anyone might forget an engagement. done it himself. He remembered the time, lon Bar Harbor, when he had forgotten to go to a t given in his honor. And Alice when he first knew forgotten an engagement she had with someone gone out with him; certainly Alice was never inter careless about other people's feelings; he remembe upset she had been.

For another day he thought the matter over. wrote briefly to Rita, accepting her apology. wasn't going to make it too easy for her—he di definitely that he was coming to her party on T "I am very busy," he wrote, "but will come if I possible."

When Tuesday night arrived he made up his mi he would go. He was purposely late, however. S

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ıd happy when he came in; he could have seen if she had not spoken of it.

ome people and came halfway across the room ı, saying, "Oh—I wasn't certain I was going to night."

n't be sure," said he.

e been awfully sorry if you hadn't come," she necourt is just going to sing some of those negro

ım about, introducing him to those of her guests met. The room was filled; fully half the people e famous in the world of music: Cassoli, the cel- gen and his young rival of the violin, Heimann; the great Polish pianist, with his air of amiable nd his soft aureole of gray hair, talking with ı Elena Cordoba, the musical sensation of the denstein, the symphony conductor; Liebmann, publisher; the Krausses, Bickfords, Stickels, and others whose bank accounts vouchsafed privilege of association with the artists; and of ry Merrick and the inevitable Mrs. Fernis.

licrous endeavors of the vast Frémecourt to te an American negro, handicapped as he was nch accent, delighted the assembly, and seemed y to appeal to the melancholy Paldowski, who sat at the piano and played the basso's accom-

ıile there were mysterious departures to the din- where a gay conspiracy was evidently being and when Frémecourt stopped singing there reat tumult, followed by the appearance of a German band made up impartially of musi- millionaires wearing paper caps and playing instruments of papier-mâché, from which they ounds by singing into them. When the band, e famous baton of Wildenstein, had frightfully veral numbers it marched gravely out again, ng something dimly recognizable as the most of Chopin's compositions. Like the music, the applause which followed was burlesque.

ernis bustled toward Rita.

e," she demanded, calling half across the room, the young genius you promised us?"

oked at the clock and shrugged.

"That's what I've been wondering," she answered. "I do hope he is not going to disappoint me. But he is an uncertain quantity—*un vrai type*, I assure you."

Parrish standing near was looking at her, wondering if he knew of whom she was speaking, when she, catching his eye, seemed to catch as well the question in his mind, for she added, "Mr. Parrish can tell you what a gifted young man he is." There was a mischevious gleam in her glance. "Mr. Parrish discovered him." And to him she explained parenthetically: "I am speaking of Delaney."

With that she turned quickly away and engaged in conversation elsewhere, leaving him at the mercy of the inquisitorial lady, to extricate himself as best he could.

"How very interesting!" she exclaimed. "And where did you find him, Mr. Parrish?"

"I didn't find him at all," he answered shortly. Then fearing she would think him rude he continued, "Rita's just being playful. It was she who found him. I had nothing to do with it."

"But who is he?"

"That I really don't know," he returned dismissively.

"I heard dear Rita when she sang his songs in concert a week or so ago," the lady went on.

"Then," returned Parrish, "you know more about him than I do. I was out of town."

"He accompanied her, you know."

He nodded.

"There's something interesting about him—so young—and so good-looking, don't you think so?"

Parrish, wondering how Rita could put up with such a woman, said he did think so.

A moment later, as he was speculating on a means of escape from Mrs. Fernis, he saw Delaney enter the room. He was in evening dress and looked very well in it, though obviously the suit was not made by a good tailor. With some surprise he noticed that Delaney appeared perfectly at ease. He paused inside the door and looked about the room; then, seeing Rita, strolled over and with that detached air of his, greeted her. "Excuse me, I must go and speak to him," Parrish said, thinking he saw his opportunity.

But: "I'll go with you," said the lady. "His looks fascinate me. So Hellenic! I want to meet him."

Silently he escorted her across the room to where a little group was gathering around Rita and the young man.

"Of course you remember Mr. Parrish," Rita reminded Delaney.

"Oh, yes," he answered vaguely. "How do you do?"

"How do you do?" responded Parrish. He held out his hand, and when the other had shaken it presented him to Mrs. Fernis, identifying her by saying: "Mrs. Grace Etheridge Fernis, you know." Then as no light of recognition showed in Delaney's face he made a further effort to assist him, adding: "Of course you've read Sifting Sands?"

"Shifting Sands," corrected Mrs. Fernis quickly.

"Well, anyway, I haven't read it," announced Delaney.

"He reads nothing but the Russians," Rita hastened to explain; and to Delaney: "When you get through with those eight volumes of Tolstoy's War and Peace you really must read Mrs. Fernis. One can't be au courant without reading her."

While she was speaking the young man looked at her with a curious intentness that was characteristic of him. It was as if he were listening with his eyes.

"I see," he answered indefinitely. Then after a glance about the room he asked, "Isn't that Wildenstein—that man over there?"

"Yes," Rita answered. "Come over and meet him."

But Delaney did not move.

"I was just wondering," he said ruminatively, "why he took the third movement of the Tschaikowsky Fifth so slowly the other day."

Rita gave a little shuddering laugh.

"Well, don't you go and ask him that!"

"Certainly not. But just the same he ought to stick to Beethoven and Brahms. He hasn't the temperament to do Tschaikowsky."

Again she laughed.

"Since Wildenstein doesn't measure up," she said, "let us see if we can't find someone here who will. Would you care to know Paldowski?"

"Yes, I'd be glad to meet him."

"That," said she, her eyes brimming with amusement, "is probably as great a tribute as he ever received—though perhaps he wouldn't know it."

Some late guests entered and she crossed the room to welcome them.

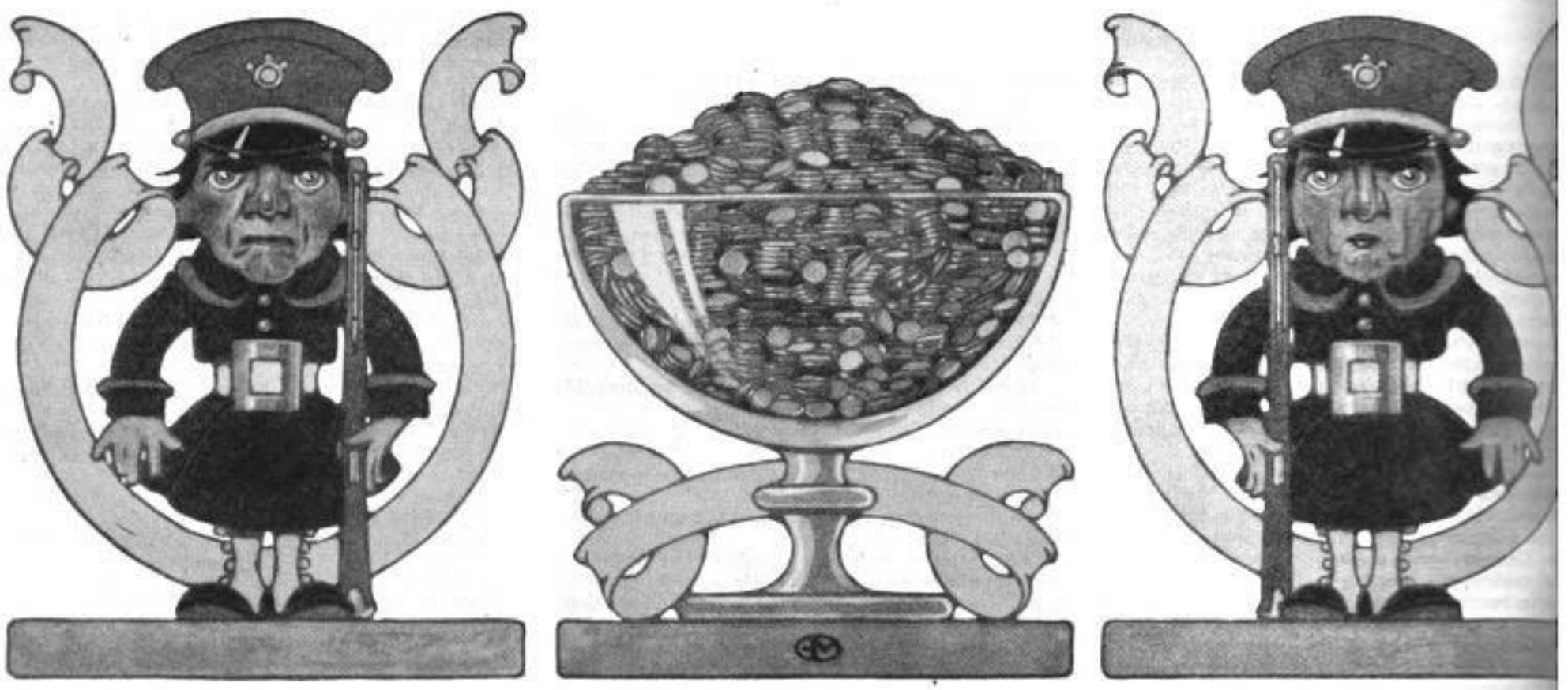
(Continued on Page 161)



"Of Course You Remember Mr. Parrish," Rita Reminded Delaney. "Oh, Yes," He Answered Vaguely. "How Do You Do?"

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INSIDE THE BOOTLE



By an Anonymous Bootlegger

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

ON THE first of next month I'll be winding up my business in New York and moving on to a proposition that has just opened for me in the Middle West. I've closed a deal to take $1000 for the goodwill—just my list of customers and an introduction to them. Then I'll kiss booze peddling good-by and go while the going is good. I have been one of the small fry—I got into the business a little late—but, at that, I have enough saved up, besides that $1000, to give me a start in something else.

The fellow who is helping me to put this down asked me the other day why I am cutting it out just now, when the business sits so pretty. Well, in the first place I've been watching something going on in bootlegging circles. Last fall, when prices ran rather low, I found that one of the big fellows was storing 10,000 cases for a rise. In the bootlegging business the general rule is to get the stuff off your hands as soon as possible. It's dangerous to have. Well, the Christmas rise in prices came along. You'd have thought he'd let go then. But he didn't. The bottom fell out of prices just after Christmas, and then rose again in February. But still he held on. I figured, and I still figure, that something is going to happen. He needn't worry for fear he'll lose. He is too well protected. But the little fellows like me—we'll be ruined. There are other signs. I don't like this dilution business that's going on now. More and more you find that the stuff you get and are obliged to handle is cut with water or worse.

Fortunes Made by Insiders

THERE'S another reason too. When I was eleven years old five of us were playing bandit down on Avenue A. We found the back door of a cigar stand unlatched, and filled our pockets with cigarettes. We were going over the fence, when the cop on the beat spotted us. He got three of us, including me. My folks were away that day, and I had to spend the night in jail. The turnkey looked me over before he locked me up, and I can remember just what he said: "Young fellow, you've got a fine start. I guess it's the electric chair for yours." Well, I was just enough of a kid to think he meant it—that I was going to be sentenced to death in the morning. They got in touch with my father next day, and he fixed it with the district leader; but ever since I've had a horror of jails. That's probably the reason why I've always stayed small fry.

The biggest money in bootlegging is made by fellows on the inside of politics who control the game and collect the graft. Outside of them, the best line is running it in from Canada. But sometime on that Canadian route you may bump something—a free-lance agent from Washington who's been sneaked on to a beat unbeknownst to the fellow you've fixed, or an honest country cop who believes in prohibition. I've always told people that I didn't go into rum running because I didn't have the capital. That's not so. I could have raised it at any time. It was the fear of going to jail. And now I know that if there is a smash-up a lot of us small people may bump against something right here in New York. So I'm pulling out before that happens to me and I have to spend my savings for a lawyer's fees. I'm trading an easy graft for security. The graft won't be so easy from now on, at that.

Before the war I was bartender for Jim Malloy. He had an old-established café in a good location down by the Brooklyn Bridge. That was the time when the breweries were running wild, setting up new saloons. All you needed for a start was a license. Some brewery would put in your plant, furnish you the liquors and cigars, and take in return a lead-pipe mortgage. Then they'd set up two or three more in the same block; or if they didn't some other brewery would. You remember how New York used to look in those days—block after block, you'd find a saloon on all four corners, with a big brewery sign over the door and a little sign giving the name of the proprietor down in one corner of the window. Which was how it should be, for the brewery owned you—lock, stock and barrel. There were so many of these places that the saloonkeeper had to do some kind of dirty work in order to keep going—anything from selling dope up to colonizing floaters. But Malloy had been in business a long time. He'd gone to school and grown up with a lot of the politicians, always worked with them, and could deliver a big bunch of votes at election time, legitimate. He had pull enough to keep these fly-by-night brewery saloons away from his location. Everybody liked him, and people came to the place just to see Malloy. He had been making money ever since he started. Most of it he had tucked away in tenement-house properties, but he kept a floating fund to invest on tips he got from his influential friends.

Jim Malloy's Advice

WHEN the war came I enlisted. My outfit was a long time in France. I was discharged just before prohibition came in, and saw Malloy to get back my old job. And Jim advised me to cut out the business complete.

"You're a young fellow yet," he said, "and you can start in something new. I'm old and I've made my pile. I'd been thinking of retiring anyway." In those days almost nobody in New York really thought it could possibly happen. But Malloy knew the big fellows, and politically he was a wise guy. Though he never bet on an election, he could have made a fortune if he had. I never but once knew him to call the turn wrong. "It's coming and it will be forced," he said. "And it's a Federal proposition. Did you ever see the militia foolin' round with a strike in the old days, and did you ever see what happened when Uncle Sam's regulars showed up? Well then!"

Jim Malloy was a wise guy, but not quite wise enough. Nobody was. A fellow was telling me the other day that in the beginning of the p picture game rank outsiders big money. Not one of the cal managers had the sens what was coming. The ori saloonkeepers like Malloy and the wholesale liquor made the same mistake. They thought it was goi enforced—soon, if not right away. They cashed in a

The big money the first year was made by a lot eigners. They didn't know a state law from a law, and they didn't much care anyway. Going meant nothing in their lives. In those days the drawal permit was the cream of the game. The big held by the Government for medicinal purposes were withdrawn blind. You got a wholesale-drug license, permitted you to sign withdrawal orders. That requ political pull, and you needed about $22,000 in money. If you could prove your ability to get a you could generally borrow that—at pawnbroker terest—and pay it back in a few weeks from your ear First you fixed the grafters. That cost from $15,0 $22,000 at various times; it averaged about $1 Then you got an office somewhere with a bookkeepe stenographer, bought for a blind about $1500 of ea drugs like peroxide, calomel and Epsom salts, and as a wholesale-drug broker.

You sold some of your drugs at cut rates to ret That was to have something on your books. You ready now to do business in withdrawals.

How the Profits Figure Out

YOU never handled the stuff yourself. That wa beauty of the game. Acting as broker, you signe permits for your clients—wholesaler bootleggers—wh the rest. You charged eighteen dollars a case for signing these permits. When the money was passed men were present—you, the roundsman for the gra and your client. You kept half of the money, or nine lars a case. The rest went to the grafters, who sp between the big boys. You were allowed to with 1500 cases a week. The demand was so great that never failed to take the full quantity.

There was fast rotation in office among the prohi forces. It was figured that any crew was good fo average of thirteen weeks—a quarter of a year. In time you could figure about like this: Every week withdrew 1500 cases, on which you made nine dol case, or $13,500 a week. So your gross business for teen weeks was $175,500. You had paid on an ave $17,500 for your original permit. You had invested $ in drugs, which you just about had to give away and c call a dead loss. Your office wasn't very expensive you needed about two clerks. You kept a chauffeur was also a gunman and personal guard, at $100 a week your transactions were in cash and sometimes you $5000 or $10,000 in bills on you. Another gunman to watch over the place stood you about seventy-five dol a week. Occasionally you tipped a cop. Say, $100 a w

[AUTHOR'S NOTE—All names in this article are fictitious.]

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rrent expenses, or $9000 for thirteen weeks, and obably stretching it.
gures like this:

ft payment	$ 17,500
	1,500
ses and guards	9,000
enses	$ 28,000
ks, 13 weeks	$175,500
3 weeks	28,000
ts, 13 weeks	$147,500

things changed you had to pay for your permit you could get it. Often you'd find you couldn't. go to someone who had worked up a longer pull. so, the business was a partnership, and profits t between two or three men. If a fellow played a l and stuck it out for a year it is easy to see that nearly $600,000 to the good. But for most of guess, it lasted only about six months—from the s of this good graft began getting round, to the h-off. On the other hand, some firms fixed it so y could withdraw a great deal more than the es a week allowed by law—sometimes as high as en a week. When that happened you made less ut of the excess. You were allowed to keep only ven dollars a case of your graft money. Further, these birds doubled their money financing the ning business. There is one foreigner who landed Island a little before the big blow-out in Europe a dollar in his pocket or a word of English in his But he knew how to handle the East Side gangsters made himself so useful politically by national- ion time that he got into permits early. Now he ole strings of tenement houses.
rse not everyone who had a wholesale-drug license after. No more, by any means, was everyone in hibition-enforcement offices. But if you held a e permit for legitimate purposes and refused any to men higher up you were likely to have a hard he grafters managed to sidetrack you and pigeon- all along the line. The old-established wholesale ns, working on a profit of 5 per cent on their capi- ed the game straight as a string. And some of t into trouble on account of it too—the grafters discipline them.

The Details of the System

E was one firm so afraid of doing something illegal when the inspectors came to look over the stock nager wouldn't even give the boys a drink. In the of a shake-up some of his staff called the attention rfectly honest prohibition chief to an irregularity permit of this firm. It was just a technicality—mount to a dern. But this firm woke up one morn- nd nearly $500,000 of liquor—practically its whole held up. They tell me that before noon the presi- f the company was called up by two men whose would surprise you. They applied to take the attorneys, and they wanted $15,000 apiece in fees. graft couldn't last forever. One day the big boss p from Washington and broke the whole thing wide He slashed the force right and left, he reduced the awal permits from sixty or seventy to about twenty. t time withdrawals amounted to 15,000 gallons a Afterward they were about 11,000 a month. The wholesale-drug permits blew up with a bang.
l, bootleggers have to live, and the big boys who this game see further than day after to-morrow. y there was a good deal of business done in running ff over from Canada. Withdrawals hadn't furnished h booze, anyway, to supply New York and New . And men who couldn't get permits but who d in just the same were trucking it down, taking r chances then they do t present; for the graft t yet really organized. the state enforcement had come in by now. fore that happened I e in. I'd been working along in the West, going from one job to another. The hard times came and I was out of work entirely. I wrote to Jim Malloy, asking if he could find me anything in New York. He wrote back suggesting that I peddle booze for a while. He's sitting on the sidelines ever since he retired, just watching the game. He may be doubling a bit of money financing a rum runner now and then, but that's the most he does. Jim wrote that the business was pretty nearly a cinch for safety, now that everything was organized under the new state law, and that I couldn't lose if I kept my eyes open.

I took his advice. I spent a couple of days round New York finding just how it was done, and then struck a bit of luck. Down near our old joint by Brooklyn Bridge is a big establishment—call it a printing shop—employing 300 or 400 men. In the old days pretty nearly all the drinkers among them used to patronize our saloon; and they knew me. They had a regular bootlegger who called at the shop every day for orders. Well, just before I showed up in New York this bird distributed round the place, in one or two bottle lots, a case of bad booze. I don't know what was in it, but it made several of the force sick for two or three days. Everybody said wood alcohol—that's always the tag put on bad booze. He didn't do it purposely; he'd been stung himself by a crook on the docks; but it all came to the same thing. When he returned for orders the men in the basement kicked him halfway round the block.

Setting Up in Business

I WENT to see the head guy. I'd done him a favor or two in the old days. I got Jim Malloy to call him up and guarantee me as knowing how to get the safe stuff. Before I was through the boss had issued orders that I was the only bootlegger allowed round the place. They weren't buying much for a week or so. They were too scared. But I did pick up, that day, orders for three cases—one in bulk and the rest in single bottles.

I was living in a lodging house then and had no place to keep any small lots. I had to hire storage with a produce dealer on the East Side. Later I took a small flat in a good safe district where the cops are right. The broker gave me prompt delivery. By the end of the second day I had distributed it all. After paying ten dollars for storage I found I had cleared nearly fifty dollars for two days' work. The shop began to buy more freely after they got over the scare. Though other bootleggers raid my custom a little now and then, I manage to keep this place pretty well to myself, and I've branched out too. Since I really got started I've never made less than $200 in any one week—clear profit.

Before I open up the details of the business I'd better tell how the system works. It's like a flight of steps, with the profits getting smaller as you go down the line. At the top are the big boys who protect the whole game and sometimes help finance it. They're politicians, leaders in the underworld, and bankers. They never show their hands, but they get the biggest slice of the pie. Next below them are the importers, who run it either by truck from Canada or by ship from the Bahamas, Canada or Europe. Next are the brokers who sit in their offices in New York and keep touch between the importer and the retailer. Finally come the peddlers, like me. In the business small fry are never called bootleggers. We give that name to the importers or the big boys.

The importer starts the whisky on its way to New York. He takes a truck or a fleet of trucks to Canada. Each truck has a driver and a guard. He goes along in a touring car and he has a guard too. In Canada he buys standard Scotch whisky at—present prices—thirty-five to forty-five dollars a case. For that sum it is also repacked—taken out of its original boxes, which are too dangerous, and made up into packages of various sizes and shapes. Early in the game they used to load 200 cases on a truck. A case, of course, is twelve bottles. But that was too risky. You lost too much if you were caught. An experienced importer seldom carries more than fifty cases nowadays. When they start back to the U. S. A. the boss in his touring car rides before or behind with a wad of ready money in his pocket, always keeping in touch with the truck and fixing things as he goes. At night he travels very close, so as to be ready with his gun or his wad in case they're held up by high-jackers or cops. At about the time they cross the border he makes his first graft payment—five dollars a case. Farther down the line he pays five dollars more a case, making ten dollars in all. This explains why the big boys are rolling in easy money.

The ten dollars takes him to the vicinity of New York City. After that he has to make his own way into the city, which sometimes takes a little planning. The danger is from flying squadrons of prohibition agents or from such city cops as haven't been fixed and can't be. Those flying-squadron agents are likely to be pretty hard-boiled and to refuse to take money. Still there are a hundred ways to get into the city without looking suspicious.

Somewhere along the line the boss in the touring car flashes to the broker, by long-distance telephone or code telegram, just what he has and when he expects to arrive. They have already arranged a meeting place in New York. There the broker's agent picks him up and tells him where to take it. All the importer wants from this time on is quick delivery. A lot of booze is always a dangerous thing to keep in your possession unless you have a long pull. Usually it's off his hands and turned into ready money within a few hours.

The Bootlegger's Overhead

HIS earnings figure about like this: Let's say he's carrying a fifty-case lot. He will pay for it in Canada from thirty-five to forty-five dollars a case—an average of about forty dollars. He pays as regular graft on the way ten dollars a case. His chauffeur on the truck draws $100 a week, and his two guards from seventy-five to $100. It takes four days to go up and back, and it costs about $7.50 a day to the man for living expenses—say, $120 for the crew of four. Gas, oil, and incidental automobile expenses will average $100 a trip. Sometimes you have to come across to country constables or New York cops. You distribute those charges as overhead over a number of trips. By the time you sell it in New York, averaging trip with trip, the stuff has cost you about sixty dollars a case. You get for it about ninety dollars a case if it is bulk delivery or about ninety-five dollars if you drop it in small lots. Last Christmas bulk wholesale prices to the importers went up to ninety-five dollars; in the March slump, after people had just paid their income taxes and felt poor, it fell to eighty-eight dollars. But ninety dollars is a fair average. That's thirty dollars a case clear profit, or $1500 for a fifty-case lot, provided everything has gone well.

Of course your staff can't turn straight round and do it again. It is hard work, and both the chauffeur and the guards have been on edge every minute of the run. You must rest them a day or two in New York and a day or two in Canada. Then there are other delays, like weather and uncertain help. Guards and chauffeurs are always getting drunk or quitting on you, and you have to rustle round for new men. Month in and month out, a truck will make less than one round trip a week. But even at that, if the importer has the luck not to bump anything he ought to average $1000 a week, even allowing for deterioration of

(Continued on Page 46)



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THE NINTH WAY

By Carl Clausen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. ALLEN



"We'll Give You One Hour to Pull Out—or be Starved Out"

MR. HORACE BLASS, president of the Blass Investment Company, took the letter from Frisbie, his partner's, hand and laid it upon the plate-glass top of his ornate mahogany desk. A wolfish smile rode upon Mr. Blass' salmon-pink face.

"What did I tell you, Frisbie?" he chuckled. "There ain't no criterion about suckers not biting the second time. A sucker's a poor fish once, always and forever."

Frisbie, tall, thin and with a funereal droop of his mouth, leaned back in his chair and fumbled his tie nervously with his long, bony fingers.

"I wasn't thinking about suckers or any other kind of fish," he stated very clearly, as if his partner had misunderstood. "But we're better fixed now than we've been for years. Our cash balance is over sixty thousand, and the results from the Platinum Ridge prospectus will begin coming in in a week or two. There's no reason why we should take any risks. Drilling an oil well is no sucker-list proposition. It takes real money, Mr. Blass." Frisbie always addressed his partner with the prefix of Mr.—perhaps from force of habit, certainly not as a mark of respect.

"Sure it takes money, Frisbie. But don't forget that there's nine ways to skin a cat," he quoted erroneously, "and that I know eight of 'em."

Frisbie heaved a sigh.

"Of course if you insist on risking our hard-earned money on a wildcat oil proposition ——"

"Wildcat nothing!" Mr. Blass interrupted with heat. "You don't suppose a hundred-million-dollar concern like the Buena Vista Oil people would waste time on wildcatting?"

"They haven't begun drilling, have they?" Frisbie objected.

Mr. Blass favored his partner with a pitying glance.

"Your pessimism, Frisbie, makes me sick. No, they haven't begun drilling yet; but ain't you wise to the fact that oil companies never"—here he paused and tapped the edge of the desk with his stubby forefinger—"never begin drilling until they've grabbed all the land they want? Besides, I got Blair's word for it, ain't I?"

"Blair is a crook," Frisbie stated without malice. Being a crook was to Frisbie merely a species of business man.

"Sure Blair is a crook," Mr. Blass agreed heartily. "If he wasn't we wouldn't 've got the tip. But also he's a fine geologist, Frisbie. And Blair ain't gonna give us a bum steer. He's getting too much easy money out of this concern."

"Geologists sometimes make mistakes," Frisbie objected. "The Martinez field, f'r instance. On the reports of Cooper, the Texas oil cruiser, the Consolidated sunk half a million in three holes, and didn't get enough oil to lubricate a sewing machine."

Mr. Blass' pink face clouded a slightly darker shade.

"The Consolidated made the mistake of employing a Texas man to look for oil in California," he replied impressively. "Might as well have sent a Hottentot to Greenland to hunt for ivory, Frisbie. Blair is a Californian. What he doesn't know about California strata and—things, ain't worth knowing."

Frisbie spread out his flat, bony palms with a gesture of resignation.

"Of course, as I said before, if you insist on throwing our hard-earned money into a hole in the ground ——"

"I insist on—nothing," Mr. Blass interrupted coldly. His small gimlet eyes glittered angrily. "I thought we agreed once that personal opinions should not interfere with our business." He picked up the letter from the table and tossed it into Frisbie's lap. "File it away and forget about it."

Frisbie picked up the letter and glanced at it uneasily. For the third time he read the following:

INCA, CALIF.,
June 11-'21.

Dear Mr. Blass: Your kind offer came to us in this morning's mail. I will be in Los Angeles June the fifteenth, and will call at your office at two P.M. to talk the matter over with you. Sincerely yours,
NORA MARSH.

Frisbie fingered the letter with his long, bony digits. His glance traveled from the calendar on the wall opposite to the marble clock on Mr. Blass' desk. The calendar said June 15. The hands of the clock pointed to 12:30.



"Thirty-one Thousand Dollars! For That Thing!"

"She'll be here in an hour and a half," he said frown that made his long, horselike profile seem t longer and more horselike. "You handle her y I'm going to keep my hands off."

He paused and passed the letter back to Mr. Then he continued: "All I ask is, go easy. Sixty sand dollars is a lotta money, and we ain't as young used to be."

"Leave it to me, Frisbie," Mr. Blass chortled. never saw me come a cropper yet, did you?"

"Not—yet," Frisbie admitted grudgingly.

Mr. Blass leaned forward and pressed the buzzer edge of his desk.

"Miss Kuhn," he said to the stenographer wi swered the ring, "please take a dictation. Carbon legal size."

"Yes, sir," the girl replied, then laid a card up desk before him. "Mr. Callister is outside, waiting you."

Mr. Blass picked up the card and fingered the edg with his fat thumb as if to test it for cutting qualities glanced at the name, Ben Callister, then with a wink at Frisbie: "Show him in, Kuhn."

The stranger who entered a moment later personable-looking young man in the late tw or thereabout.

He wore a Stetson hat, high-laced boot gray tweeds, Norfolk cut. His face was tanned, and his hair a crisp light brown eyes were brown also, and direct of gaze looked like a man who liked to have his way—and was used to getting it.

"The Consolidated phoned your message an hour ago, came right up," he said briefly

Mr. Blass nodded. He tri affect pompousness, but som he failed. He had intende elaborate quizzing, his usual m of procedure in hiring people stead he found himself asking tually asking the man before h he would take the job of dr a well for him. Followed ten utes of haggling over terms, d which time Frisbie's face grew l and longer. An agreement ha finally been made—at Mr. C ter's terms—the man arose.

"I'll have my crew and the ber for the derrick on the grou a week from to-day."

"Very well," Mr. Blass Wetting his lips he gave Callis sidelong glance. "Mum's the w understand? I don't want thing go off half cock."

"I know how to keep my mouth shut," the driller plied easily. "I haven't been in the oil business for years for nothing."

When Callister passed out of the building a min later he almost collided with a girl entering the eleva As he apologized he noted briefly the tired look in girl's eyes and the threadbare suit she wore. Her face tanned like his own, and her gloveless hands showed unmistakable marks of hard work.

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girl," he thought as he turned the corner of the
id walked down the street.

II

Mr. Blass returned from lunch at 1:45, and
d his private office by the side door, Miss Kuhn
im that Miss Nora Marsh was waiting in the
to see him.
r I'm busy, Miss Kuhn, and that I'll see her in
utes. When I press the buzzer you can show
r. Blass told her. The girl nodded and turned
Mr. Blass put forth a detaining hand. "When I
ou later, Miss Kuhn, you'll understand what
of you—I mean in regard to the contract I
you before I went to lunch."
Ir. Blass," the stenographer replied without a
otion.
s smiled. Miss Kuhn was a bright youngster.
ained her himself. "That's all, Miss Kuhn,"

e door closed upon the stenographer Mr. Blass
wn in his heavy swivel office chair and, opening
f the desk, selected a fat black perfecto from a
favorite brand and lit the cigar.
s an excellent, almost jocular mood. A pleasant
ticipation played about the corners of his moist
nhaled the fragrant Havana smoke and blew it
l in long, deliberate puffs. His small gimlet eyes
h a sort of breathless expectancy as he con-
case of Nora Marsh.
ften wondered how it would feel to be a million-
glanced about the luxuriously furnished office
dt rose-colored window hangings and its over-
y-chairs. He decided that he would be able to
ave that fireplace which he had set his heart
alled soon. He had seen the mantel in an
op on West Seventh Street a week earlier, and
aptivated at once by its costly massiveness and
orkmanship of its hand-carved Italian-marble
The dealer had confided its price—two thousand
Mr. Blass with just the right shade of desire-
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s had decided upon the exact spot, to the inch,
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on, you would never have suspected the true character of Rowans Valley.

It was never quite clear why this region had been dubbed a valley. Topographically it might be classed as a valley, but to most people the word "valley" is synonymous with pleasant meadows, lowing kine, orchards and corner meeting houses. The only kine one is apt to meet with in Rowans Valley, with the exception of the gentle burro, navigates like Napoleon's army—on its belly—and carries castanets in the tip of its tail. Of meadows there are none, and the orchards consist of here and there a square mile of cactus-bearing sand, fenced about with barbed wire for apparently no good reason whatever, unless perhaps to guard careless strangers from walking into a bunch of spine-bristling cactus in the dark.

Mr. Blass put his stubby index finger upon a small square marked in red ink on the map, two inches removed from a flyspeck marked Inca. The red-inked square was not the work of the map artist. Mr. Blass had made it himself a week earlier, upon the advice of Mr. William Blair, chief geologist for the Buena Vista Oil Company, that all of Townships 14, 16, 18 and part of Sections 4, 5 and 9 of Township 22 contained oil.

Only the upper ten acres of Section 9, Township 22, came within the report, but Blair had been emphatic about this ten acres being directly in the line of oil; so Mr. Blass had thoughtfully marked the ten acres in red ink and dispatched a letter to Miss Marsh, the owner of the ten acres, the answer to which now reposed in the tray on his desk.

Mr. Blass adjusted his gold-rimmed glasses, which hung suspended from the button on his cerise waistcoat by a white silk band, and regarded the square of red ink with contemplative rapture. His thoughts moved back two years to a certain day when a young girl and her aged, muscle-bound father had called at his office and had brought to him a certified check for sixteen hundred dollars in answer to an advertisement of his. The check was drawn on an Eastern—Iowa—bank, and passed into Mr. Blass' bank and to the credit of his account in exchange for a section of sand and cactus, two inches by map, two miles by crowflight from the flyspeck marked Inca.

During the two years that followed this transaction Mr. Blass had considerable correspondence with Miss Nora Marsh, the drawee of the check, a correspondence that had annoyed Mr. Blass and ruffled his usual serenity to the point of exasperation.

The correspondence came to an abrupt end when Mr. Blass replied one day to a supplicatory and discouraged letter of Miss Marsh's, anent dry farming, that if she did not think her farm was dry enough, to try some other and lower location, the dryness of which he could guarantee absolutely.

Mr. Blass permitted himself a slight frown as he remembered this letter of his. It was regrettable that he should have let his annoyance get the better of him to such an extent, but when he considered that at the time of writing he had not had the faintest suspicion that the land might carry oil he excused himself at once. Still, for the first time in his life he was sorry that he had been rude.

Mr. Blass had acquired the land himself in a somewhat roundabout way. He had grubstaked the former owner of it, an aged prospector, named Tomlinson, to thirty-five dollars and sixty cents' worth of flapjack flour and bacon, in exchange for which Tomlinson had given Mr. Blass a deed to the section, and had congratulated himself upon having driven a shrewd bargain.

Mr. Blass ran the map up and drew the rose-colored draperies together. Returning to his desk he flecked an imaginary dust speck from the knee of his carefully creased pearl-gray trousers and regarded the burning end of his cigar critically. The last inch of the cigar had turned to ash, a perfect section of dark, firm ash, varying not the fraction of a millimeter in circumference—the ultimate test of a first-class smoke.

With a sigh of renunciation Mr. Blass laid the cigar on the ash tray, pulled one of the overstuffed chairs close to the desk, facing his swivel chair, and surveyed it, lips pursed slightly. Then he stepped to the window and drew the draperies apart a little, noted the result, and returned to the desk and moved the chair another six inches, so that the light from the window would fall directly in the face of anyone occupying it. Satisfied with the result he seated himself in the swivel chair, with his own back to the light, and placed his fat forefinger on the ivory button of the desk buzzer.

He answered the knock upon the door a moment later with a pleasant "Come in," and when Miss Marsh entered timidly and closed the door behind her he arose with just the correct amount of deferential alacrity and led his caller to the chair beside the desk, and glanced at the marble clock.

"Promptness is a sterling virtue, Miss Marsh," he purred.

Miss Nora Marsh smiled faintly and gave him a look that might have been distrust—might have been just timidity—then dropped her eyes.

"Yes," she murmured.

Mr. Blass cleared his throat in the weighty silence that followed. He shot her a quick glance and noted several things: that her hat was faded and of a vintage two seasons past; that her shoes though polished bravely had the unmistakable roughness that desert sand imparts to leather and that no amount of polish can hide; and that her dark blue broadcloth suit was cleaned and pressed to the quick of the nap. Her gray eyes had lost some of their eager faith of two years ago, but they

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Clutching the Canteen in the Crook of His Wounded Arm He Whirled About, Raised His Pistol and Emptied it at the Hammock

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 13, 1922

Melting-Pot Literature

EVERY thoughtful novel reader and playgoer in middle life must be uncomfortably aware of the striking changes wrought during recent years in the prevailing standards by which younger people judge current books and plays. Victorian standards of propriety were by no means faultless; but they were infinitely better than those that are replacing them. The flaw in the Victorian code was a certain humorless prudery; and yet, for the most part, it was sane and wholesome. Its weakness we have perpetuated; its strength we have allowed to die.

Like the Victorians, we wince at forthright Saxon nouns, the ugly names that designate ugly things. As long as a writer's smooth synonyms hold out he may go as far as he likes, for in the minds of many of his readers he will be judged not by the thoughts he seeks to convey but by the diction he uses as his medium. Let his words be suave and he may be as salacious as he chooses. Young people with insufficient literary background to know the worst writing from the best will read him for his "wonderful style," as they call it, and critics will not be lacking to defend his books on the ground of art. We are accepting at their own valuation certain of these critics with the lackey type of mind who can find nothing good in literature unless it is a colorable imitation of a decadent European model.

In Shakspere's day and for more than two hundred years that followed, there were standards of decency far more sound than our own. Words that are never seen in modern writing were employed with a thoughtlessness that we find it hard to imagine. Broad jests and racy stories that no one took the trouble to "parlorize" were the order of the day. And yet there were limits, and the prevalence of the dueling code and a certain fundamental decency kept speech within the bounds, such as they were. For plays there were censors; and authors had to take their chances with the law. Standards were broad and elastic, but still, they operated.

Somewhere between the rollicking bawdiness of old times and the finical nasty-niceness of to-day there must be paths that can be trod with clean feet. Grossness of speech is never admirable, but right-minded men and women find it infinitely less offensive than the more subtle language of smirking innuendo. The gradual shift of style from one extreme to the other is an infallible sign of degeneracy in a certain group of authors and in the growing audiences whose morbid tastes they address. The old smut brought grins, laughter and guffaws. The new is not intended to provoke either mirth or merriment. In other centuries strength and virility went along with vulgarity. To-day our salacity is overcast with the taint of degeneracy and viciousness. Old landmarks of morality are removed. Virtue and vice are painted the same color. Basic standards of decency are ignored or sneered into the background. Far too commonly is our body of current fiction and drama defiled and brought into disrepute by those who find lewdness delightful, once it has been dusted over with sachet powder and tricked out with the cosmetics of catchpenny literary art.

In vain shall we search English literature for the fountain-head of this polluted stream. Its true source lies between the Baltic and the Ægean. If we explore the capitals of burnt-out European civilizations we need not go so far east as Suez to find places "where there ain't no ten commandments" and where sex morals are an outworn tradition. There, too, shall we find the diseased and degenerate life that half-caste authors and their native imitators are portraying in plays and novels.

This contamination, this fouling of our own nest is part and parcel of the punishment that is visited upon us in consequence of a generation of unrestricted immigration. The policies that have permitted our clean old stock to be steadily and mercilessly mongrelized now make possible the intellectual subjection of American young manhood and young womanhood. The moral standards of youth are plastic. They may be shaped awry quite as easily as they may be modeled in lines of strength and beauty.

He who has eyes to see may perceive all these things without being a puritan, an ethnologist or an uplifter; and yet Congress with plenty of support behind it for the accomplishment of the task of framing and passing a permanent protective immigration code continues to temporize. Senators, congressmen and government officials are moved almost to tears by the stories of young immigrants who would be kept out of the country by the enforcement of our very temperate three per cent law; but they still view with cool judicial mien the national tragedy that is being enacted under their very eyes with their own kith and kin as the unprotected victims.

Melting-pot literature and melting-pot plays are the inevitable scum of our melting pot.

More on the Costs of War

THE provisional budget of the German Government for the year 1922 has been placed before the Reichstag. It is provisional in two senses: With fluctuations of the mark, no one knows how much revenue will be needed, and no one knows how much will be secured by the new tax levies. The present-day Germans are past grand masters in tax evasion. The total figure stated is 265,000,000,000 marks. Of this, 188,000,000,000 marks is set aside to cover reparations, the cost of defeat. Then 50,000,000,000 marks is to be devoted to domestic costs of the late war, being pensions, and so forth. That leaves for all other expenditures 27,000,000,000 marks, and of this 27,000,000,000 marks, 5,000,000,000 is to be used to support the present army and navy.

Germany is supposed to be disarmed. Her army is supposed to be only large enough to guarantee order and security. The disarmament commission of the Allied Governments has worked in Germany continuously since the adoption of the treaty enforcing disarmament. The German Government boasts that it has the smallest military budget of any nation of her size. And yet the military budget is one-sixth the total budget devoted to ordinary governmental expenditures, and exceeds the sum to be devoted to education. This budget illustrates how far the world has yet to go in the eradication of war waste of money.

Relocation of Business by War

BEFORE the war the average annual world production of the nonferrous metals—aluminum, copper, lead, tin and zinc—was 3,300,000 tons, of which the United States produced 1,282,000 tons—39 per cent—and consumed 1,089,000 tons—33 per cent. In 1919–20 the average production of these same metals in the was 2,800,000 tons, of which the United States pro 1,555,000 tons—55 per cent—and consumed 1,3 tons—48 per cent. The output of the world fell output rose. The consumption of the world declined consumption increased. This amounts to a transfe of the business in nonferrous metals from other parts world to the United States. Europe, of course, ha the loser. And of Europe, Central and Eastern Europ lost more than Western Europe.

These figures are drawn from a mournful recital circumstances that has appeared in a publication iss the German Metal Company of Frankfort on the the successor to the company that before the wa employed by the German Government to control t nonferrous metals. Germany has lost more tha other country. The increase in use of these me 1919–20 was part of the boom. Part of the good used at home, but a considerable fraction went a When trade revives this will be one of the parcels fought for, we striving to retain our preëminence, l struggling to recover hers.

Three Poor Arguments

THE proponents of immigration belong to three or at least three arguments are advanced in fa removal of restrictions. A certain type of employer the market of unskilled labor kept glutted. A rem historical idealists still clings to the notion that this try is the haven of the oppressed of all countries. A large group, finally, favors the admission of foreigne type needed in this country. They read in digests recent census that the population of cities has inc that of country declined. They are impressed wi statement that the number of agricultural wor actually smaller than in 1910. Could we not admit ants who would enter agriculture, and make sure of g farmer material by selecting them at the source?

The meaning of decline in country population is misunderstood and exaggerated. Farming has be more efficient, and the farmer population has not nee maintain its earlier percentage in order to keep us su with products of the soil. The census of farm worke made before the return to the country of the men to arms and drawn to the cities for war work. A census to-day would give a different result. Judg acreage or yields, the work of farming has been fully tained. If we need farm workers we should endea secure them from our cities, not from Europe.

The idea that we could prepare a card catalogue o workers needed in this country and then pick them European countries is insular indeed. We have no authority in foreign countries. The countries of E want to get rid of undesirable elements; they wa keep the industrious elements. If we should ou attempt to pick out the best for immigration we be promptly and properly told to go to. Europeans suffer under no despotism, unless it be the despot democracy—and they would be exposed to that here peasants of Europe enjoy the best conditions in countries. Land reforms are in progress everywhere country is in much better condition than the city buying power of farm produce is higher than the b power of city goods. The peasant enjoys a sellers' m If European farmers were to read in our press the accounts of the depression in agriculture here they regard their conditions as greatly preferable for the ent. No occupation is so profitable in Europe as a ture. Can we offer homesteads, land at low price market prices, fortune as well as security? And could Europe needs her farmers as she never did, sh would regard as avarice our attempt to secure the elements and exclude all others.

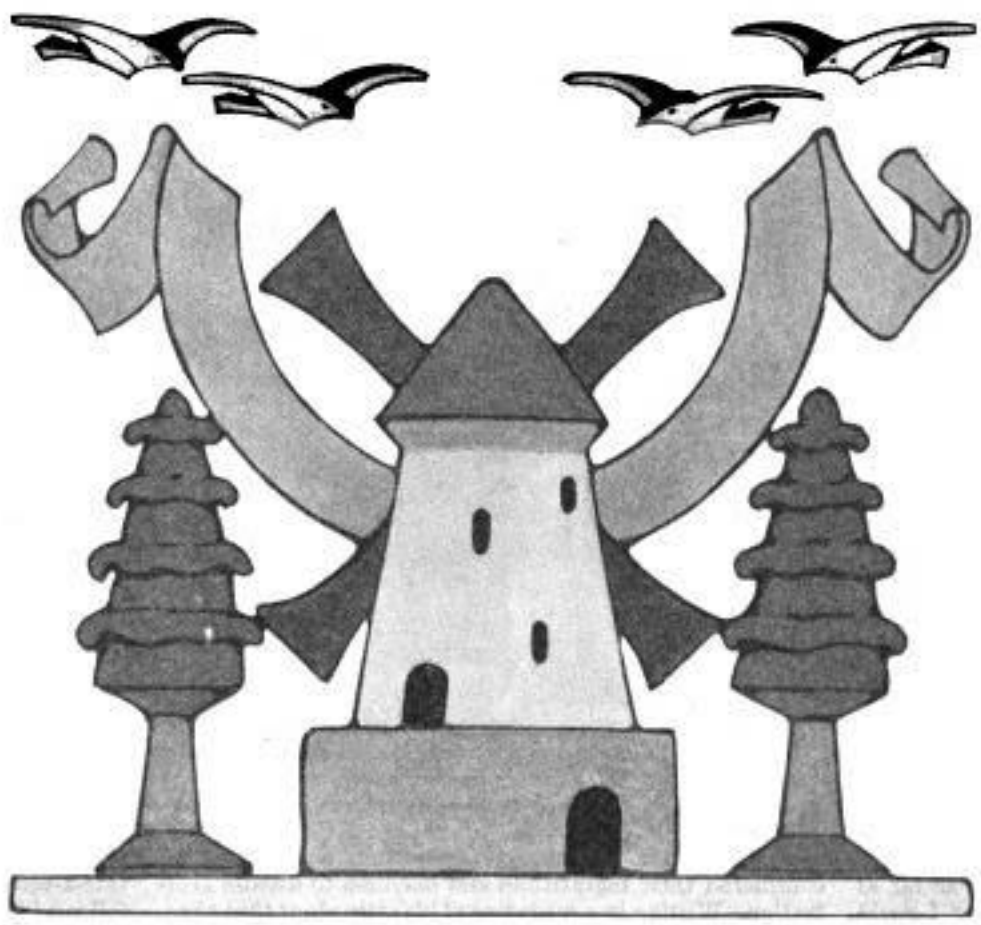
The present restriction of immigration should b placed by a more stringent rule. The city is wasting v sympathy on the farmer. If the city will pay the fa a living price for his produce the farmer will do his without immigrants. We can face an ultimate policy when we are further on.

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usiness as the Farmer Sees It

By E. DAVENPORT

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE



E interest of general welfare the is fully here for some straight ing and plain speaking about the basis on which manufacture, nd transportation are being con- nd nobody is in better position to the farmer, who is no party to the sy between capital and labor ex- help to pay the bills; who is both st and a laborer himself, and who ng under an entirely different f production and a much lower alues than is being set up for nal labor and highly capitalized

arp separation between capital and it has come to characterize much n business has led or driven both extremely uneconomic positions already sacrificed uncounted mil- th of capital and labor, retarded lopment of the country, and, un- ked and rationalized, bid fair by nd lockouts to run most forms of , if not indeed modern civilization to the ditch. We have followed in steps of Babylon long enough; it o look about and take stock of the

ve reached a time when labor and instead of pulling together as yoke- at a burden that needs their com- ergies, have wriggled out of the d stand facing in opposite directions, glaring at er as they mill about, getting nowhere, but wasting rgies like two hungry dogs quarreling over a bone. public pays heavy bills for nominal service while vo agencies of industry mark time under what s to a condition of armed neutrality, and progress o a standstill, everybody blaming somebody else little gets done at so high a cost, while he himself all the ducats obtainable while the getting is good.

High Wages, High Prices

extreme position of labor is well expressed by the ase "A living wage," and that of capital by the y proposition "Pass it on to the consumer"—twin s born not of enterprise but of industrial warfare; th need some critical study before we proceed much along the road that leads to nowhere. Let us con- ese two propositions for a moment, if we can, as a pher from Mars might regard the situation.

contention that an American laborer with no capital time and his talents should be able to earn enough to support himself and his family in comfort is so obviously fair that it has won universal sympathy and has thereby become a kind of slogan without any very careful consideration of the inherent elasticity of the phrase or what unthinking adherence to its demands is likely to involve.

Under this slogan all sorts of increases in pay have been asked and granted in the attempt to keep up with ascending prices, but, strangely enough, without much relief. For no sooner are increases granted than prices rise to meet them, and the laborer finds himself no better off than before. Why? Wherein lies the mystery of it? Why will not prices stay level when wages go up? There must be some sinister influence at work to rob the laborer of every chance to make a good living when with every increase he finds his dollar less valuable than before, and in a blind unthinking way he lays it on the speculator and the profiteer; nor does he have to go far to find instances that seem to justify his contention.

As a matter of fact there is no mystery about this element of wages and prices when we remember that most buyers are laborers of some kind, working for a wage. For example, a man or a group of men succeeds in securing a notable advance in pay, say 20 per cent. This means to them as individuals either of two possibilities: First, that with the additional pay they can advance their scale of living; second, if they prefer ease to comforts, that they can maintain the old scale of living and lie still a good part of the time.

Now if only a few individuals were involved here and there, with all the rest of the world going on as before, then either of these Utopian dreams could be realized; but when any considerable numbers try it the scheme breaks down, for this is the way it works in actual practice:

First of all, when men in large numbers attempt to advance their scale of living by reason of increased wages they at once increase the demand for consumptive goods in the open markets and inevitably raise prices on themselves by competing against one another as never before, by which it is clear that prices will advance with every increase in pay and possibly at even a greater rate than the increased size of the pay check.

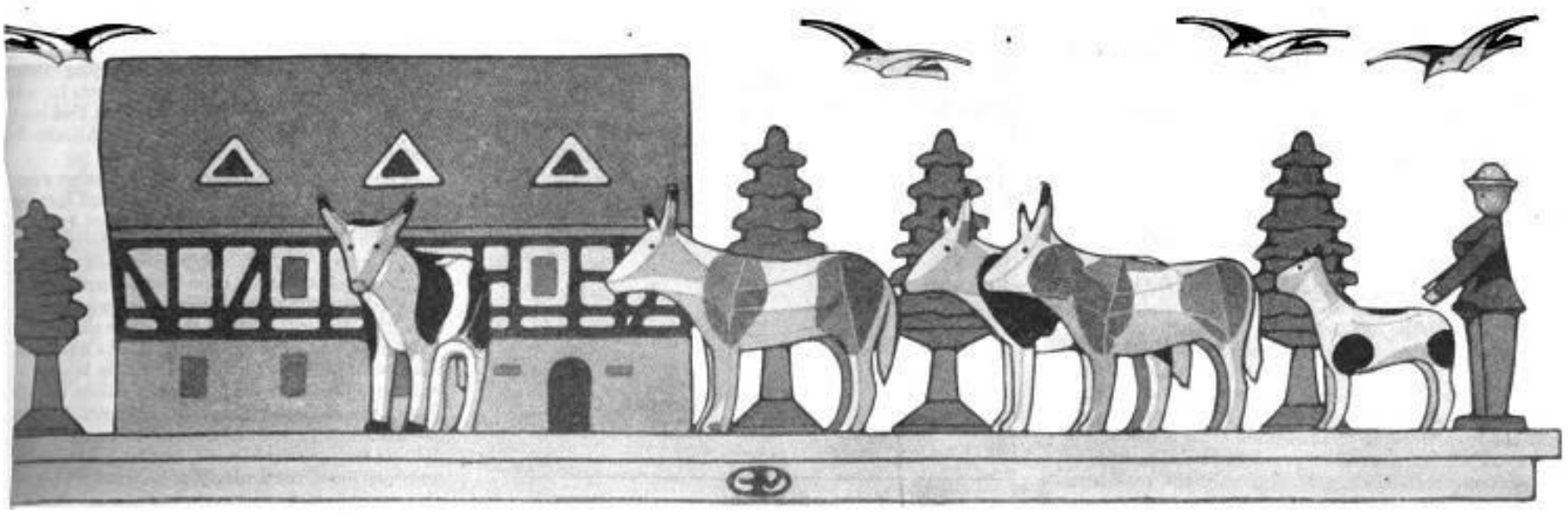
Underproduction

SECONDLY, when men in large numbers reduce their working days or hours because of a higher rate of pay, expecting to maintain the old scale of living with greater ease and more leisure than before, then production is lessened, and even the old demand is met by a decreased supply. Now, as before, competition between buyers will raise prices, and again the increased pay has failed of its supposed benefits because so promptly followed by the inevitable rise in prices.

No little surprise has been expressed that a dollar is worth in buying power so little now as compared with its value a few years ago, and yet even a casual study of what naturally happens and what has been happening all about us cannot but show how inevitable will be the results of the false economy that has taken possession of so many of us.

The whole matter seems to be treated as a mystery, whereas it is no mystery at all. We live upon goods, not upon money, and the moment we fail to maintain production in proportion to our demands prices will rise quite independently of speculation or of profiteering. Indeed it is increased demand in the absence of increased production that lays the very foundation for speculation to the extent of profiteering, which would be impossible were we producing in proportion to our demands.

(Continued on Page 125)



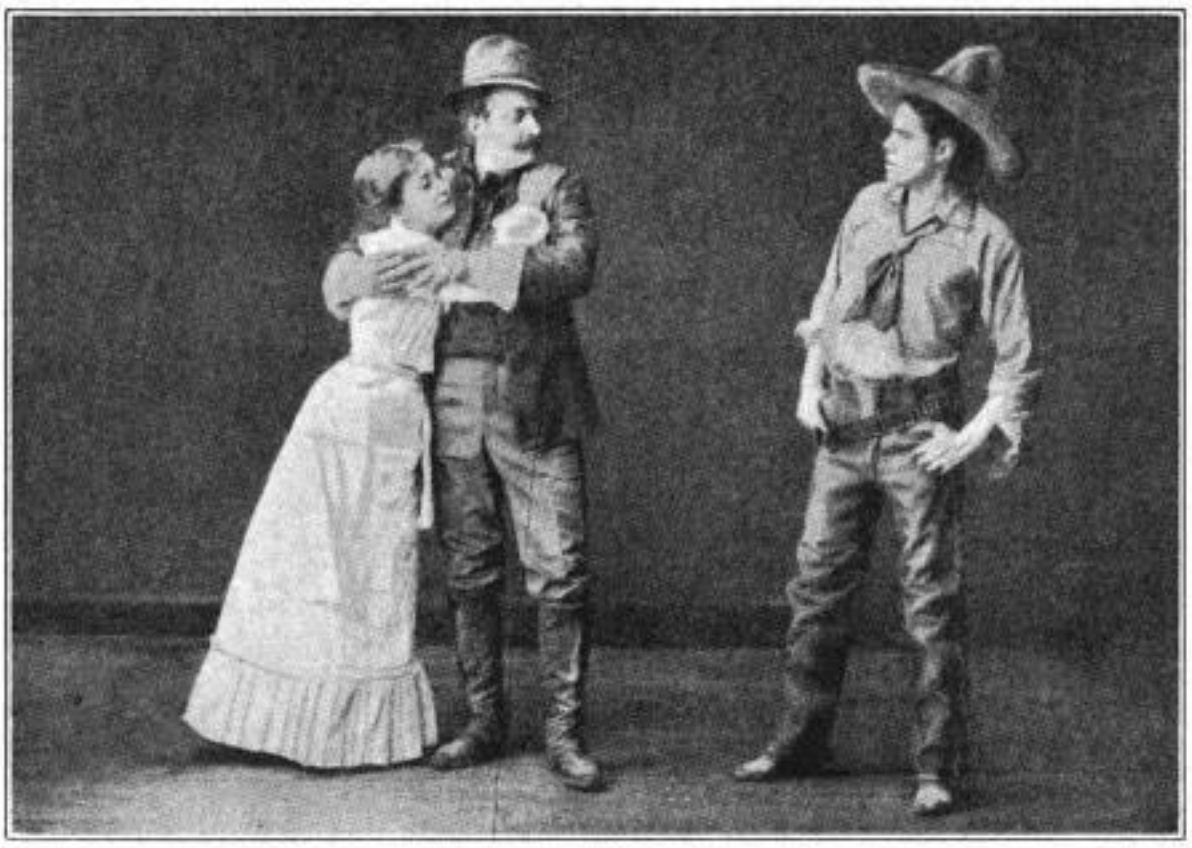
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The Print of My Remembrance

By AUGUSTUS THOMAS

IN PRECEDING chapters, in trying to tell how I came to go at the business of writing plays, to tell how my attention was led in that direction and how information, experience and material for the work were gathered, I have tried to use discrimination. This is probably not apparent, but as I mentally review what I have considered the high lights of this irregular report I am conscious of much that has been omitted.

After getting the paper that preceded this, the editor, sensing my difficulties, suggested that I extend the intended series of ten installments by adding two more. That permission makes it almost imperative that I refer to some of the facts and happenings connected with making a play which was called New Blood and was produced by Mr. Joseph Brooks late in the summer of 1894. If this publication were political in its character I might slam ahead and call a lot of people a lot of names, because, fair-minded and unprejudiced as I have tried to be, I fear that I am a good deal partisan. I have frankly told that as a young man I was a Master Workman in the Knights of Labor. I deeply sympathized with the working classes of the country, to which I thought I belonged, and their problems became my own as far as study and investigation went, and also as far as I could express myself and be tolerated as a member of one of the principal political parties. I made speeches in all the presidential campaigns after I became of age, and occasionally talked in local campaigns in the congressional years.



Adora Andrews, Walter Hale and Vincent Serrano in the Play "Arizona"

Issues of the Early Nineties

IT WILL be remembered that in the early '90's two absorbing considerations in the country were the trusts and the money question. The Populists and—strongly influenced by them—the Democrats were urging the free and unlimited coinage of silver; the Republicans were also urging the coinage of silver, but after an international agreement. The most outspoken of their party at that time, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, was for the unlimited coinage of silver and a discriminating tariff that should force England from her gold standard into bimetallism. Senator William V. Allen, of Nebraska, a man who had much of the physical appearance, the habit of thought and the oratorical power of our present Senator Borah, characterized this advice by Senator Lodge as "simply a piece of Yankee ingenuity." Mr. Allen's party, the Populist, was at one with the Democratic Party in its fight against the trusts, and the Republican Party was not far behind in a wish to regulate those combinations.

With the trusts as a sustaining theme, I had written a play in which a manufacturing company was divided against itself. A son, impersonated by Mr. Wilton Lackaye, in sympathy with the new spirit of regulation, was at war in the board of directors with his father, played by Mr. E. M. Holland, who adhered to the older ideas of a man managing his own business in his own way. When the play was ready Mr. Brooks engaged one of the best companies that could be got together at that time. Besides the two excellent actors named, the cast included also Maurice Barrymore, C. W. Couldock, J. H. Stoddart, George Nash, Jack Barnes, Ffolliet Paget and Anne O'Neill, a prominent ingénue of that time who soon afterwards married and left the stage.

Shortly before we got ready for our production some of the forces that I had been endeavoring to estimate and depict came into collision. The most outstanding figure on the labor side was Mr. Eugene Debs, now, in 1922, in the public eye because of his attitude during the World War and his consequent incarceration at Atlanta and his subsequent pardon from that place by President Harding. In 1894 Mr. Debs had asked that a difference of opinion between the Pullman Company and the men working in the Pullman car shops at the town of Pullman, near Chicago, should be submitted to arbitration. Mr. George M. Pullman, the president, who had been a great benefactor, in that he had built a model city for his employes, was deeply hurt at what he considered their ingratitude and declined to discuss arbitration. Writing in a magazine of his attitude at that time, and the various patents the Government had granted him, Dr. Albert Shaw said:

> Mr. Pullman should certainly feel very good natured, indeed, toward a nation that has afforded him such unparalleled opportunities and has rewarded his talent and energy with such colossal tributes of wealth. . . . To very many people it seemed clear that he ought not to have allowed his local quarrel to go on unsettled and unappeased until it had assumed continental proportions.

The same impartial writer condemned Mr. Debs for extending the strike to the American railroad unions and through them obstructing trains that carried Mr. Pullman's cars. When Mr. Debs did this he also stopped trains



Olive May and Robert Edeson in "Arizona"

on which there were the States mails, with the res President Cleveland step the situation, and when Blood company approach cago toward the end of train on which it was ran a district with miles of freight cars on either s arrived in Chicago to fi city under martial rule, w artillery strung along t front and commanding proaching streets. The who came at night to Chicago performance obliged to show tickets diers at intersecting corn establish the peaceable c of their errands.

Of course, in that wild that subject and that e company, the manag thought we had the American play that co written. Mr. Palmer can see it and immediately Mr. Brooks time at his Br theater. He even su strengthening the already cast by substituting Elita Otis and Katherine Grey ladies already named Charles Richman was eng the place of Mr. Barnes desire for betterment through every department of the production. At tête-à-tête between Barrymore and Lackaye in the followed by a love scene between Barrymore an Grey, the men in Chicago had lighted their cigarett a match, but for New York we had a fine double-copper outfit that stood on the table and burned a

First-Night Contretemps

ON THE first night in New York, at the most c moment, this alcohol became superheated, over its lamp, made a flare on the copper tray. People audience began to gather up their wraps; Reube who was playing a butler, came on and backed o this flaming exhibition, but too late to recover att and a most essential part of the exposition of the sto lost. Miss Otis had procured a new silk dress f new engagement, very snugly fitting a week bef play. That interval of hope and maybe entertai however, contributed enough added outline to bu new dress in a hurried adjustment, and a scen was held several minutes while the modiste pu gore. The whole night took on a tone of unreali a dispute between Mr. Palmer and Mr. Brook stage hands, extra ones, though needed, were n gaged, and altogether it was one o'clock before ou performance ended. Our New York press was a as Chicago's had been favorable. Charley Fr saw the play in the middle of the week and li But in his characteristic way he touched at once what he thought made it fail.

A strike leader who has been shown into hi ployer's breakfast room, after stating his claim a condition of his people points to the table and "What you have left there on your plate," and so

Charley said, "That workman saying 'Those are as much as one of our families gets for a day speaking to a parquet full of people that leave i You can't say those things on the Atlantic Seab although you may in Chicago."

My own belief is that the play came when p and magazines were so full of the stuff that the p looking for entertainment didn't want any more But it had been written under conditions less hea

As a playwright I was depressed and needed en agement. I thought I had been writing from knowledge of the Middle West and from my experi as a young man, and that those were all I had that valuable to tell. I was forgetting that a man's educa may constantly go forward, and if he is a writer painter or sculptor people would still be interested seeing things through his temperament. An older at that time, L. J. B. Lincoln, said encouraging th He was not a writer himself, but he had been a lect and was more particularly a handler of literary m

(Continued on Page 32)

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THE GOLDEN RULE OF HEALTH—EAT SOUP DAILY

Here is a game the kids acclaim
With vigor, vim and zest.
Their pep and force derived, of course,
From "Ox Tail" at its best.





—and thereby hangs a tale

Campbell's is Ox Tail Soup at its best. Not merely a deliciously satisfying food, but a recognized health-builder as well. It brings you, in a tasty dish, the native vigor of meaty, marrowy ox joints; the beneficial properties of fresh vegetables and herbs; the strength-building qualities of barley.

Campbell's Ox Tail Soup

A rich, nourishing stock made from medium-sized ox tails, combined with diced Chantenay carrots and golden turnips, tomato puree, sliced ox-tail joints, celery, parsley, barley, a little leek, and a touch of flavoring to bring out the natural savor of this delicious combination. Order Ox Tail today.

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

A dainty garnish

Many housewives are fond of giving "a personal touch" to their dishes, especially when they are entertaining and wish everything to be even more attractive than usual. At such times you will find this a most pleasing garnish to Campbell's Ox Tail Soup: a thin slice of lemon in each plate, a thin slice or two of hard-boiled egg and a sprinkling of finely chopped parsley. The lemon may be cut in fancy shapes.

Campbells' SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

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Jules Levy

(Continued from Page 30)

He had a paper organization of audiences in Boston, New York and Chicago to which he gave what he called uncut leaves, papers yet unpublished, that their respective authors read aloud.

Lincoln was walking with me up Fifth Avenue to the Grand Central Station, on his way to spend the night at our home in New Rochelle, and I said, "Linc, I think I'm written out."

He laughed the jolliest, most reassuring laugh that a man making that speech could ask to hear, and then told me of the number of men he had heard say the same thing at about the same period in experience. His observation was that this fear came to them in a fallow time, and frequently preceded the best of their work. Supporting his belief, he said much more in the same direction. The first play I wrote after this encouragement of Lincoln's was Arizona. Among other plays written after that time, also, were The Earl of Pawtucket, The Other Girl, Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots, The Witching Hour, As a Man Thinks and The Copperhead.

Luther Lincoln's Glassy Stare

THAT night at New Rochelle, as Lincoln sat reading, I endeavored to make in the guest book a caricature of him; but as I look at it now it is less caricature than portrait. I have said Lincoln was not a writer, by which I mean writing was not a source of income to him; but he was skillful and entertaining when he tried it. A year or two later he had to furnish an introduction to some Annals of The Lambs, at that time the most powerful and most interesting theatrical club in America. Because the opening paragraph of his paper leads attractively to its subject, and because it is a fairly condensed expression upon masculine club life in general, and because it is a good indication of Lincoln's style as well as a good example of impromptu performances, I wish to quote it. He said:

> The evolution of Bohemia as a factor in civilization may be written from the annals of clubdom. From the day when neolithic man emerged from his cave and discovered that the grape juice which he had squeezed into a coconut shell the day before had become a beverage whose ruddy glow tingled his heartstrings and made him forget his troubles, he became convivial. Becoming convivial, he called his friends about him and established a club. Since, an unbroken line of care-dispelling, self-forgetting, pelf-despising good fellows; Arcadians, Corinthians, Bohemians. So the Anglo-Saxon, in his gradual absorption of the best things in civilization, has developed to its greatest value the essence of club life—the dining club. Literature in English rings with that especial institution. From the imagination of Chaucer in his Canterbury Pilgrimage to the realities of Ben Jonson's Apollo and the Mermaid Inn; from the Kit-Kat Club, Will's Coffee-House, and the still extant Cheshire Cheese—with its hallowed chair of Doctor Johnson—to the countless groups which now meet in and out of Alsatia to engender the flow of wisdom which a hospitable round table can alone induce, there is one long and brilliant procession of Bohemians of every rank and class, without whom language becomes tame, art pedantic and life, as Mr. Mantalini so succinctly put it, "one demnition grind."

Having been thus respectful to Luther Lincoln's memory, and after stating further that he was one of the most vital influences of an artistic and literary kind that ever came into The Lambs, I hope I shall be forgiven for talking of him in lighter vein. With all his ability to encourage other men, there was a touch of fatalistic despondency in him concerning himself. Not any of his male forbears of whom he had information had lived beyond fifty years. Lincoln had a premonition that fifty would be his limit, and it was. This death-sentence feeling made him take the pleasures of life as they came. Like the preceding members of his family, he lost some ten years before his death the sight of one eye. To save the other it became necessary to remove this useless member, and it was replaced by an artificial eye. Both eyes were overhung with fairly heavy brows and were behind spectacles. Lincoln during the last hours of some all-night sessions sometimes closed the good eye and slept, while the artificial eye remained on duty and looked steadily at the detaining monologist. In one of these slumbering moments he was leaning on the little bar of the old Thirty-sixth Street clubhouse, seemingly listening to a club bore considerably intoxicated. It was a warm night, and this talker was gradually fascinated by the unwinking attention of Lincoln's glass eye. When he saw this steady gaze still maintained, although a fly alighted upon the pupil of the eye and twiddled its hind legs, he felt that he was the victim of alcoholic hallucinations. The few to whom he confided his experience said nothing of the eye's being artificial. Lincoln died soon afterward and the man never drank alcohol again.

When I started West to get Arizona, Frederic Remington superintended the organization of my kit just as he would have arranged his own. It was very much on the camping-out order, with a shift to something that would be presentable on formal occasions. I carried, as I have said before, a letter from General Miles to the officers commanding the Western posts. I started at Lincoln's encouragement and counsel, with Frederic Remington's good wishes and the color that I had absorbed from his talk and stories in the preceding eight or nine years, and added to this equipment a most useful admonition from Capt. Jack Summerhayes, whom I met in St. Louis, where I stopped a day or two to see my people. Summerhayes was attending to some war preparations at Jefferson Barracks and happened in the city for that day only. Our meeting was accidental. His contribution was this:

"That department letter you carry will command anything those men can give you; but they'll feel happier if their contributions seem voluntary and come only under the head of General Miles' permission. Also you will find that they are marooned out there, and that they will be mighty glad to see you; that about the only thing they have worthwhile to them is their rank, and at all times, especially in the presence of their junior officers, the more respect you pay to that, the more you do to preserve its traditions, the happier you will make those old fellows feel."

When, after several weeks in the territory, I came to say goodby to Col. Winfield Scott Sumner, who had given up to me the best room and private bath in his quarters, he said:

> Thomas, although you've been a member of my family here, I never came into a room or went onto the porch where you were or left a group of which you were a member but that you stood up at my going and coming just as one of these lieutenants would, and I want to say to you it made me feel damned fine.



William Hoey

I don't think I would have done anything to ha brave officer, but I am sure I would not have b punctiliously attentive to that little ceremony if it been for the friendly counsel of Jack Summerhaye

On the way to Fort Grant one leaves the rail Willcox, at that time a little one-street row of co shops and barrooms. The hotel proprietor told I came off the train for my first night in Arizona t ambulance with four mules was there to carry over fort a captain who was expected on the train arri five in the morning. I saw the driver of this outf night. He promised to tell the captain of my presen in the morning I was standing around ready to be i But again, under the remembered advice of Su hayes, I didn't spring my headquarters paper on th tain or try to address anybody except the comma to whom the letter was directed; and as it meet little to this captain to learn that a stranger wanted to the fort, his four mules and his ambulance and without me. I went some hours later on a little two depot wagon that made a daily trip, and was again nate in that fact, as the driver on that twenty-mi told me many useful things. I was directed fro colonel's quarters to the officers' There was no attendant. The room contained four or five o playing cards around the table. a pause one of them casually l up. I asked for Colonel Sumne nodded toward that officer. Su with his cards, paid no attenti

The Courteous Colone

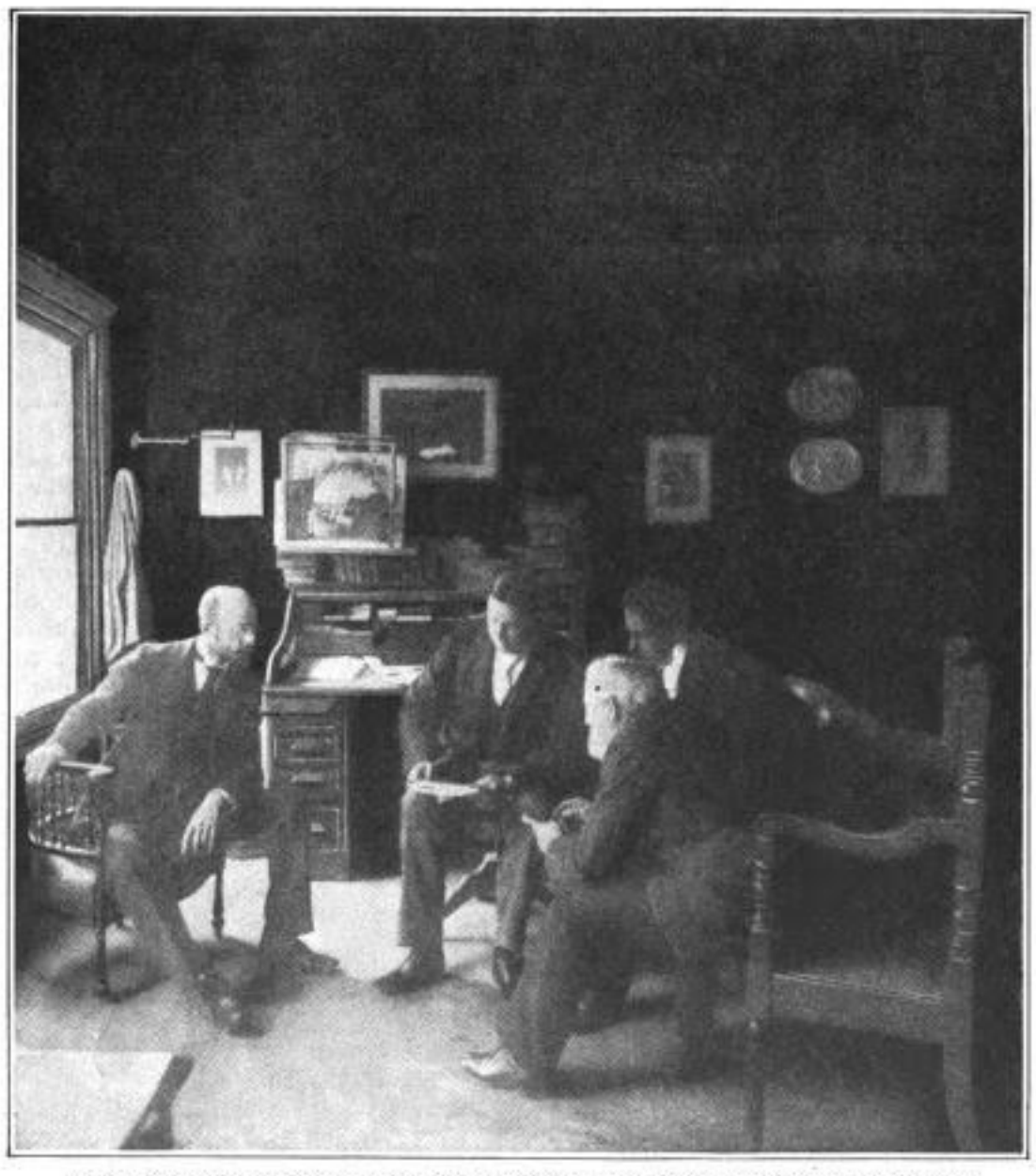
I SAID, "Letter from Washing and handed it to him; and exactly as I had seen messenge hearsed in Held by the Enem Shenandoah, I stepped back and still. The colonel opened his l glanced at it quickly, struck the a blow.

"Gentlemen!"

All the poker players r promptly. I was welcomed and d duced to the group, with wh spent the great part of one o most enjoyable sojourns of my The poker game was immedi broken up and adjourned, and a hour afterwards I came from a freshing bath and in my store cl to a fine midday dinner in the onel's home with his amiable wife wholesome and attractive daug

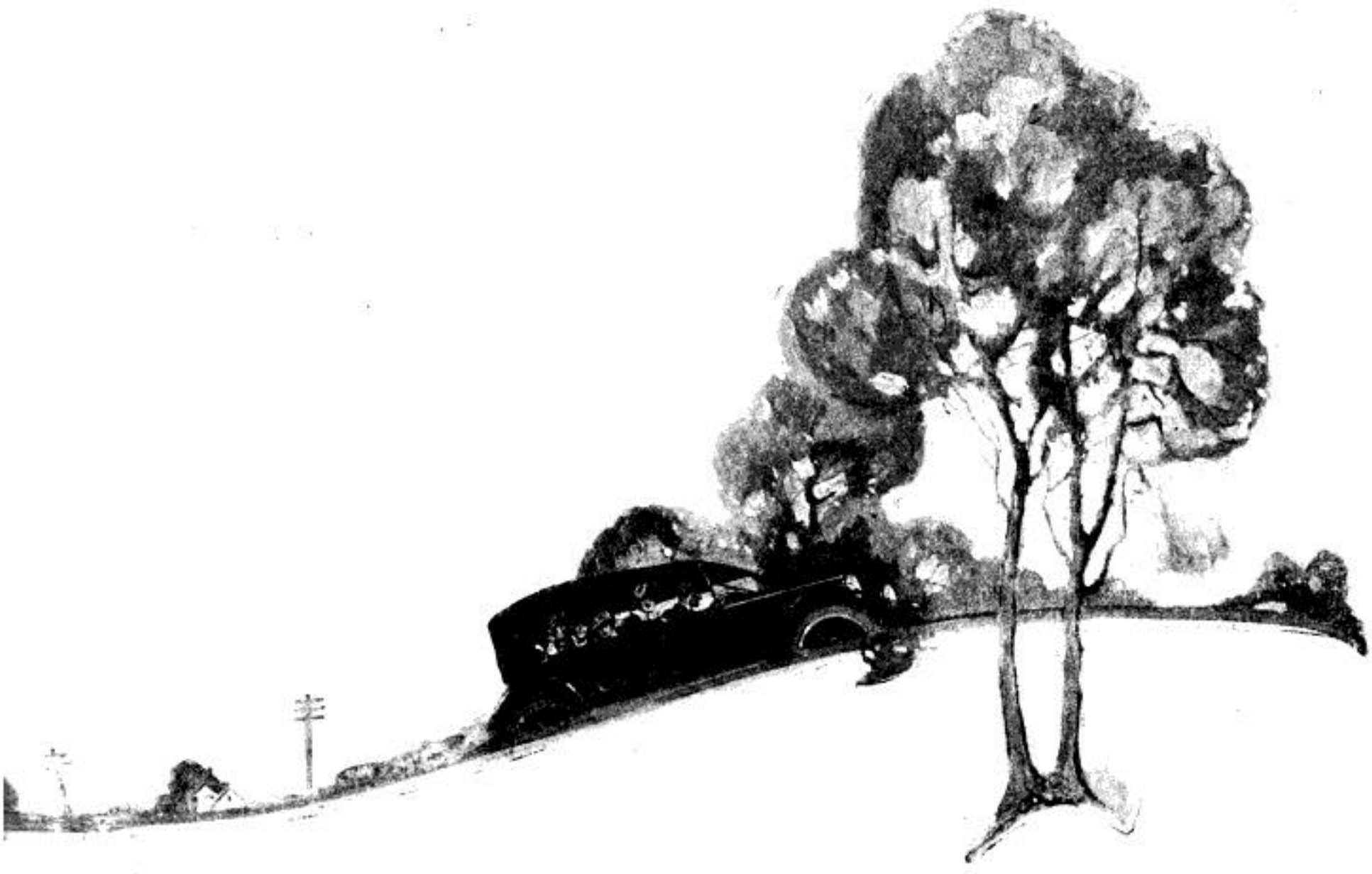
That was on March 17, 189 don't have to refer to any record recover the date, because from lunch we went to the parade grou where a big tent had been set up a telegraph wire leading into it, the men of three troops of cava and I think two infantry compan gathered to hear the report by rou of the championship prize fight tween Jim Corbett and Bob Fitz mons, then beginning in Carson C Nevada. Among the officers I saw or two faces that struck me as famil and then one of the few civilians the limping a bit on a cane, I recogn

(Continued on Page 34)



Daniel Frohman, Augustus Thomas, Fred Williams and Edward Unitt at a Reading of One of Mr. Thomas' Plays in 1895

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Sales Mounting Higher and Higher In Greatest Hupmobile Year

The first quarter's Hupmobile business for this year is closed just as this is being written.

The completed sales figures positively clinch the conclusion indicated by the first two months—that this is the greatest year in Hupmobile history.

Sales and production volume in March was higher than the company ever before experienced for any one month. The quarter far exceeded any previous first-quarter record.

New Thousands Are Coming to Hupmobile

Two significant things are happening.

First, the Hupmobile is being bought by those who now see how futile it is to try to get enough more in a car to make a higher price worth while.

Second, it is being bought, also, by those who are finding out that a lesser price can prove to be anything but economy.

All these, of course, in addition to those who have learned by their own Hupmobile experience, how much it means to satisfactory ownership to have the extraordinary soundness and reliability, the notable economy, and service, and long life always associated with the Hupmobile.

For 14 years the Hupmobile has been best known for these qualities. Known for them not only in its own immediate circle, but by all owners of all cars.

How Hupmobile Sales Are Sweeping Upward

Without a single exception, Hupmobile distributors have increased their requirements for this year, one hundred per cent over last year. The total increase in the Hupmobile business for the first quarter of 1922 was 172 per cent over the first quarter of 1921. The following typical examples among Hupmobile distributors cover the quarter ended March 31st:

Atlanta . . . 271%	Detroit . . . 143%	Minneapolis . 120%
Boston . . . 257%	Fort Worth 230%	New York . . 145%
Charlotte . . 70%	Harrisburg 200%	Pittsburgh . . . 50%
Chicago . . . 195%	Huntington . 33%	San Francisco 275%
Cincinnati. . 158%	Jacksonville 50%	St. Louis . . . 275%
Cleveland . . 90%	Kansas City 233%	Sioux City . . . 100%
Dallas 126%	Los Angeles 201%	Syracuse . . . 100%
Des Moines 50%	Milwaukee . 100%	Toronto 75%

Reaping the Harvest Of Faithful Service

What more natural than that these additional thousands should be coming to the Hupmobile now?

People are buying carefully and critically. They are choosing proven goodness and value and life-long service.

The Hupmobile today is reaping the harvest of its years of faithful service in this country and all over the world.

Touring Car, $1250; Roadster, $1250; Roadster Coupé, $1485; Coupé, $1835; Sedan, $1935. Cord Tires on all models
Prices F. O. B. Detroit—Revenue Tax Extra

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

Hupmobile

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(Continued from Page 32)

as my Leavenworth attorney, ex-Senator Thomas P. Fenlon. He introduced me to his son-in-law, Captain Nicholson, also at the post and in whose quarters he was staying. Nicholson had been one of the officers in Plowman's court room that busy afternoon eleven years before, when they had ridden over from Fort Leavenworth in full dress to protest the foolish slander of the talented Helen M. Gouger.

I am working now between the need to economize space and a wish to talk freely enough about my experience to fix whatever significance it may have to other men trying to make plays. And when I say significance I mean only that. I don't mean a rule or a way of doing. Each man writing plays makes his own rules, and one man at different times will have different ways. If I seem occasionally minute it will not be because I regard any act of mine in epic fashion, but only because I remember it as an articulating part of what subsequently became machinery in a play. I had been writing plays too long to be entirely free from habit. I suppose that a man sent out to write a comic opera would at least begin by thinking in terms of a quartet. All those fine soldiers, every sturdy private, the smart officers, the forceful old colonel, each of them began to be in my mind a possible factor if not center of romance.

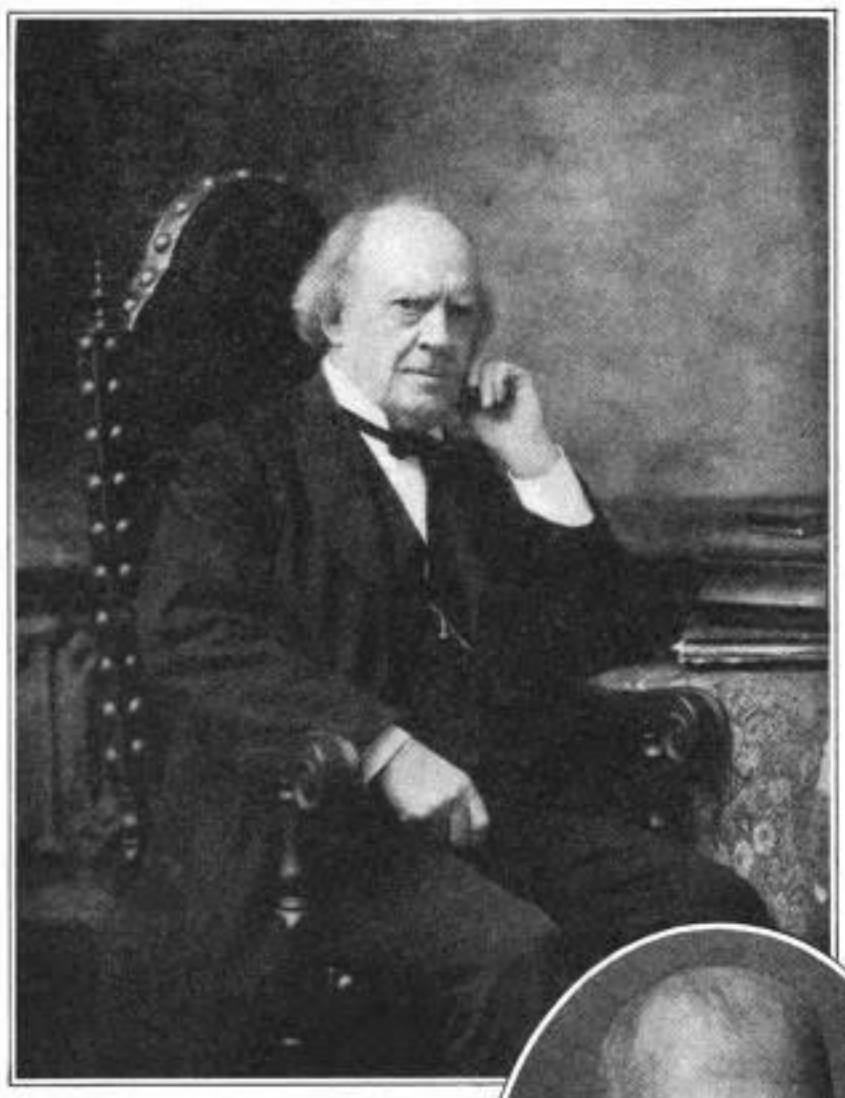
The officers' quarters there in Fort Grant are doby, and face the parade ground. To the western end of the row the first two or three are two-story buildings, substantial as any brick or brownstone residences of the city. They then tail off into bungalows, with fine shady porches, and all, because of their doby walls, with cool window and door recesses from eighteen inches to two feet deep. I don't remember how many ladies were in the fort; I should say half a dozen. The majority of these, of course, were married; and when we have checked off their husbands it left a fine circle of unattached officers, attentive, complimentary, respectful. I heard no breath of scandal or even of gossip that in any way involved this compact little community, but it was impossible to view them with an imagination bent by the theater without beginning to play chess with their reputations. Nothing could be further from fact than any hint of discordance in the household of Col. Win Sumner and his wife, almost his own age; but as I wanted to use him as a principal character, I had no compunction in mentally hooking him up with a much younger woman, somewhat regretful of the disparity in their years. Of course this discontent of the wife would be evident to more than one of the young officers, if not actually shared in or promoted by one or another. Besides domestic life at the quarters, there were a few wives down at the barracks, and one or two daughters of enlisted men. My difficulty on the first day or two was to keep an open mind and not have these characters form associations in my fancy that would by repetition of the concept begin to take on the authority of fact.

As I listened to Colonel Sumner talk at his dinner table of cattlemen, Indians and soldiers; as I heard Mrs. Sumner tell of Tony, the doby messenger that came down the valley with social notes, I felt that the field was too rich to make immediate commitments of selection.

At Hooker's Cattle Ranch

SOME dispenser of mental tonic has said that thoughts are things. I offer no opinion on that, but if they are they're curious things, and it is hard for one who trades in them to keep clear of superstition. I have seldom begun to work earnestly upon any line of reflection but what that line has been frequently twanged by cross currents that the overcredulous would misread. I wrote earlier in these chapters of coincidences, naming two that were noteworthy in my own experience. Personally, I am willing to accept the explanation of somebody whose words, but not whose name, I remember, to the effect that a line of thought is like a magnetized wire, and that particles from all the waves and currents that cross it adhere when there is sufficient affinity. If that is true, a man thinking along certain lines would mistake the selection made by his attention for fateful response.

I wonder if this is an approach too clumsy to another one of these points. I was slowly dictating the stuff above about the military post and was thinking as I had been thinking for a day or two about Hooker's ranch, some ten or twelve miles away from it, and how I could be accurate about certain items, when Robert Bruce, of Clinton, Oneida County, New York, came to the door. Mr. Bruce has written historically of incidents in the Civil and Revolutionary wars. He and I had an exchange of letters about the first two or three installments of these reminiscences which at this writing have appeared in this publication, and he had promised to stop in and see me sometime when he was in the city. His call just now interrupting my



C. W. Couldock

dictation about the army post was prompted by that invitation and was determined by the fact that he had two leaves of the Erie Railroad Magazine of December with an article in it about Mrs. Forrestine Hooker, author of The Long Dim Trail and other stories.

He brought it to me because near the finish of the article the writer said of Mrs. Hooker: "She married E. R. Hooker, son of Henry C. Hooker, the cattle king of Arizona, and lived at the Sierra Bonita ranch near Fort Grant and Willcox, where the famous play, Arizona, was written around her as Bonita by Augustus Thomas."



Stuart Robson, 1903

Thanks to Mr. Bruce's call, I don't have to cudgel my brain to remember Mr. Hooker's first name, or the name of his beautiful daughter-in-law, who away out in the wilds played the piano with such delightful skill.

To distinguish him from his brother Col. Sam Sumner, of Fort Myer fame, my Colonel Sumner was called by his army friends Bull. This was an appellation affectionate and descriptive but not critical. He told me of the several elements in the life of that section of Arizona, particularly of the wild station of San Carlos on the Gila River, where so many times a year a troop of cavalry on guard was relieved by one from the post in its monotonous duty of guarding that end of the Apache reservation and dealing out beef and flour to the poor Indians who came periodically to get their supplies from the Government. He told me also of the ranchers who were his neighbors at intervals of ten and fifteen miles.

After a few days at the post I was taken over to Hooker's ranch. The administrative center of this was also the residence of Mr. Hooker, his daughter-in-law and grandson. This doby hacienda was a quadrangle about one hundred feet square, with blank walls some eighteen feet high outside. Three sides of the inner court were made up of little rooms one story high, with roofs sloping to the center and rising to somewhat less than the height of the outer walls, whose superior margin served as parapet in case of attack. A fourth side of the quadrangle, besides having a room or two and a shed for vehicles, had a large reënforced double gate that could be thrown to and fastened with heavy bars and staples. In the center of the court thus formed there was a well, so that the colony might have water to withstand a siege.

Henry C. Hooker was a quiet little man who had been some twenty-five or thirty years in that locality selling beef to "Government and Apaches"; at times on the defensive and at other times on friendly terms with his savage neighbors. He had known the old Apache chief, Cochise, the predecessor of Geronimo, a hundred interesting tales of his ex with Indians and cowboys and soldiers under the average height of the Amer slight and quiet, and while adopting h the liberty of replacing him in my mi more robust and typical frontiersman; dreds of the lines I finally gave to Hen the rancher in the play of Arizona, were own words, which I remembered and a was alone set down because of their pi quality and their great simplicity and

Picking a Heroine

ONE speech that all the Canbys—se fourteen that finally played it—us and which Douglas Fairbanks, an aspiri ster of the theater long before he wen movies, learned to recite, although never the remotest chance of his pla part, was Hooker's description of his selecting a cowboy. Before I had any to justify it or any theme to which it nent, I had this speech from that m man. Think what a helpful nugget th picked up by a writer looking for mat

"We take a man on here and ask no We know when he throws his saddle on whether he understands his business o may be a minister backslidin', or a ban his last lung, or a train robber on his w we don't care. A good many of our m men have made their mistakes. All we now is, will they stand the gaff? Wil sixty hours in the saddle, holdin' a h tryin' to stampede all the time?"

At Hooker's ranch I decided his in-law should be the heroi story. It would take me out closely knitted life of the a and while giving a heroine w appeal to a young cavalryma girls on the ranch rode as w men did, it would be a tru breezy touch of character, as this self-reliant and ath was associated with the most characteristics and accompli Colonel Sumner thought I sh life at San Carlos. That had wish when planning the play, pected to get the element of bustle for it in an Indian uprisi had the disadvantage of harking several other American plays, and thing of the color of Jessie Brown relief of Lucknow. But there was nothi sight. To reach San Carlos from Fort G a day's cavalry march up the valley to I and another day's ride over the mounta first half of this journey was made in an ambula mules drawing it, while a small detachment of c telegraph construction outfit, two Indian guides or six pack mules with supplies were in the escor lop's was another doby house, with ornamental s ings on the ground floor, and an upright piano.

We had an early start the second morning, wit body in the saddle. Captain Myer, in charge of tachment, lent me a handsome pacing stallion, ge a weight carrier. The features of our second da none of which I used in the play and which therefo little place in this recital except as they contrib sense of hardship and the stamina needed to meet narrow trails on the hogback of the mountains, w aneroid barometer showed five thousand feet, an the path was so narrow that everything was intr the animals, which carefully picked their way one absolute line before the other, sometimes all four f short slide and often each stone gingerly tested f sure of footing; climbing grades on which no hon have carried any rider, and where no tenderfoot, ter how stout of lung, could have climbed in that unaided.

The procedure was to take with one hand a ti on the long tail of your horse and let him pull you walked behind him and led the horse for the m followed. When the height was reached where a m tion of the grade made it possible to get again i saddle, all the company, troopers and Indians alik glad to pause and recover breath before attemp mount.

Across these ridges the wind, which is always blo that season, came at a pace of forty miles. Should on our left was a wall that occasionally graned a s nearer, on the other side, a declivity dropping at a of eighty degrees for three thousand feet.

(Continued on Page 107)

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HENRY GETS AN ASSIS

By Jonathan Brooks

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

A PITCHER is as old as his arm, an outfielder is as old as his legs and a hitter is as old as his eye; but a ketcher is as young as his head. That is why old Henry Hammond can still go behind the bat and turn out a good job of work. He does it by brain strength and awkwardness, for his arm, legs and eye are gone these many years.

Henry has outlived three baseball generations of outfielders and hitters, and a whole human generation of pitchers. He has caught in more leagues than Old Man Farrell ever heard of, and from nearly every league he has sent up at least one pitcher that was a whish. You know, one of those speed boys, like Walter Johnson, Grover Alexander or old Charley McCormick in his prime. He was a regular traveling school for pitchers.

Every year he was in a different league. Most of the winters he spent in a little town up New York State, figuring out which league he would tackle for the summer. It got to be a tough problem a few years back when he found he had been in almost all of them. But he usually managed to locate one in the Ozarks or Carolinas or the copper country or somewhere. Then he'd sit down and write a snappy letter to a manager in that league, setting forth his batting averages of a decade back, along with some fielding averages. He always included a twelve-year-old photograph. His first letter generally brought him a contract. Sometimes the manager that hired him knew him as the old-time battery mate of Charley McCormick, but more often did not.

A fresh haircut, a new plug of tobacco and an old mitt formed his equipment when he descended on the new club and the new league. Every ketcher hangs onto his mitt until there is nothing left but the back of it. The fresh haircut destroyed heavy streaks of gray over Henry's ears and around the back of his neck. And Henry knew that the only way to keep the skin of the face from wrinkling is to have it perpetually stretched to its utmost by a large healthy chew. On reporting, Henry looked almost young.

"Lemme have a month's pay to kinda get along on," were his first words to the manager. "I'm buyin' a little farm back home and the payments kept me broke all winter."

That was true about the farm, and he generally got an advance, which lasted until his job was safe for the summer. But he lied about being broke, because he had more dollars stored away than Ty Cobb has base hits. It was a poor season when Henry did not lay by enough to start buying another farm.

"G'wan, I'll beat yuh to a whisper!" were his first words during the first workout of the season. He addressed them to the nearest man who happened to have a ball in his hand. "Gimme 'at ball, will yuh?"

Glaring fiercely, he grabbed the leather and threw it as hard and as far as he could into center field. Regularly the manager would rush out on the diamond and beg him to be careful of his arm.

"Bloo-a-ah, now I feel better! I'm all right. Arm's like iron. What time's 'is first game called?"

Henry's career as a rolling stone began the year after the celebrated firm of McCormick and Hammond dissolved partnership. Never heard of McCormick and Hammond? Oh, yes, you have, under the real firm name. Like Mathewson and Bresnahan, they were known throughout the land as a pair to strike terror into the hearts of strong hitters. Back in the days when people read Mr. Dooley and bragged of shaking hands with John L. Sullivan, McCormick and Hammond were as well and favorably known as pepper and salt, McKinley and Hanna, ham and eggs, Damon and Pythias, Barnum and Bailey, or any other celebrated battery partners in the public eye.

McCormick's speed and Hammond's cunning were vaunted in barber shops from Eastport to Vancouver. But



"Son, I'm Proud of You," She Answered. "And You, Too, Bless Your Old Bones"

McCormick dropped out of sight like a meteor, and then Henry gradually faded from view. As in the dissolution of the celebrated firm of Me and Gott, which found Me hitting less than .0017 when left alone, Hammond ceased to flourish.

The head was still there, but the arm, the legs and the eye were going. Moreover, the baseball public in the big-league cities seemed to resent his presence without his great battery mate.

Thus much, introducing old Henry Hammond, ketcher. Known him always? Perhaps you have. There were two tastes to which, in common with his kind, Henry held firmly. The first was a liking for hulking big right-handers with a world of speed. The second was an aversion, equal to horror, for undersized southpaws with none. That is where this story comes in.

"I like these pitchers you've got," said Henry to Mike Barnes, manager of the Terre Haute club in the old Central League, one night in April as the league schedule was being broken open. "Nice big husky boys, all of 'em. Plenty o' smoke."

"Yeah," grunted Barnes. "Lots of speed. Nothin' but speed. Too much of it."

"How d'yuh get that way?" demanded Henry. "Speed's like beer and money. Never was too much."

"H'mph!"

"What else d'yuh want?" Henry pursued.

"Well, we need a left-hander," vouchsafed the manager.

"Not just because he's left-handed," declared Henry. "I can't see this stuff o' carrying a wrong-hander simply because all the other boys slings with the hand. For me, gimme these big guys that enough heft into the ball to burn the old l I like to feel my fingers sting."

"We're not payin' pitcher your old bones, but to win a pennant," rejoined Barne

"Well, you take it from more my hand burns the mo we'll win, 's all I gotta say."

That ended the discussio time, but the subject was Barnes constantly longed f hander, but Henry concent expert abuse on the cubright that crowded the Tots' be ready he was looking for his prospect for the big time. coaching, cajolery and cu general level of pitching beg and the Tots rose with it in centage column. Henry's was red twenty-four hour now, and his blood was wa forgot all about left-hander

"Henry, I've got him," Barnes one afternoon in the second week in June.

"Who?" Henry had lost cion of the manager by this

"Why, that left-hander huntin'. Who did you s'pos

"Oh," said Henry. The w out of his sails. "Oh, yeah."

"Mebbe he's the goods!" declared.

"Mebbe," said Henry "What's he like? Big?"

"Well, not so big."

"H'mph, little guy!"

"Not so little, either."

This confirmed Henry's fears.

"I think," Barnes hastened "that he may be another Dick

"As to size and left-hand mebbe," Henry grunted. "B have to show more than that like this Kerr. Where is he? have a look at him."

"Well, I told him we'd g a try," said Barnes. "But he feelin' well. Hadn't ate much so I bought him a good meal him along home to Terre Haut him to get a uniform and w at the park, and we'd give chance when we got home."

Henry grew a grouch befo left Wheeling. It developed and by the time the club reached home he was ready a bat in two. It looked as if the waiting southpaw for mangling when the team pulled in. The boys hurry from the train to the park and rush into the forms, so Henry had no opportunity to look over the But the respite ended next day.

"Hey, look out there!" Henry yelled during m practice. "I'll beat yuh to a whisper! Whassa big steppin' on 'at mitt?"

He scowled heavily at the offender, who proved to new pitcher, busy playing hi-lo with half a dozen me of the team.

"I'm sorry," said the boy. "I didn't see it."

"You'll be worse'n sorry in a minute," Henry g back at him.

"Kid didn't mean anything," interposed Barnes. you'd give him the once-over to-day, Henry. Mebb not ready yet, but you can get a line on him."

"Give him a life line," Henry replied. "He's ov head in this league. I can see that right now."

Barnes sent the youngster out to pitch in b practice, which is no test of pitching ability. Eve Henry whaled out a few nice line drives, but wa appeased thereby.

"Not there, Mike," he declared positively. "H got a thing."

"Give him a chance," the manager answered. "W got to get a good left-hander some time. Might as keep tryin'."

That afternoon Henry, warming up the pitchers, ca a few from the new candidate. Instead of working him

(Continued on Page 39)

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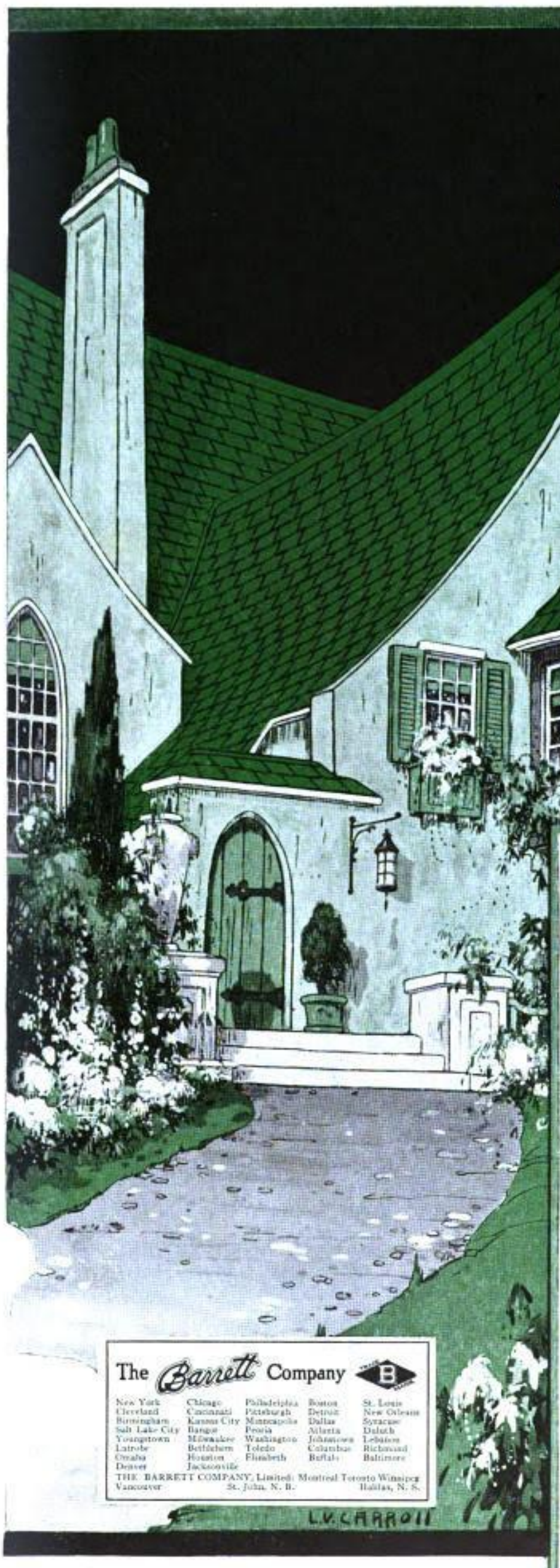
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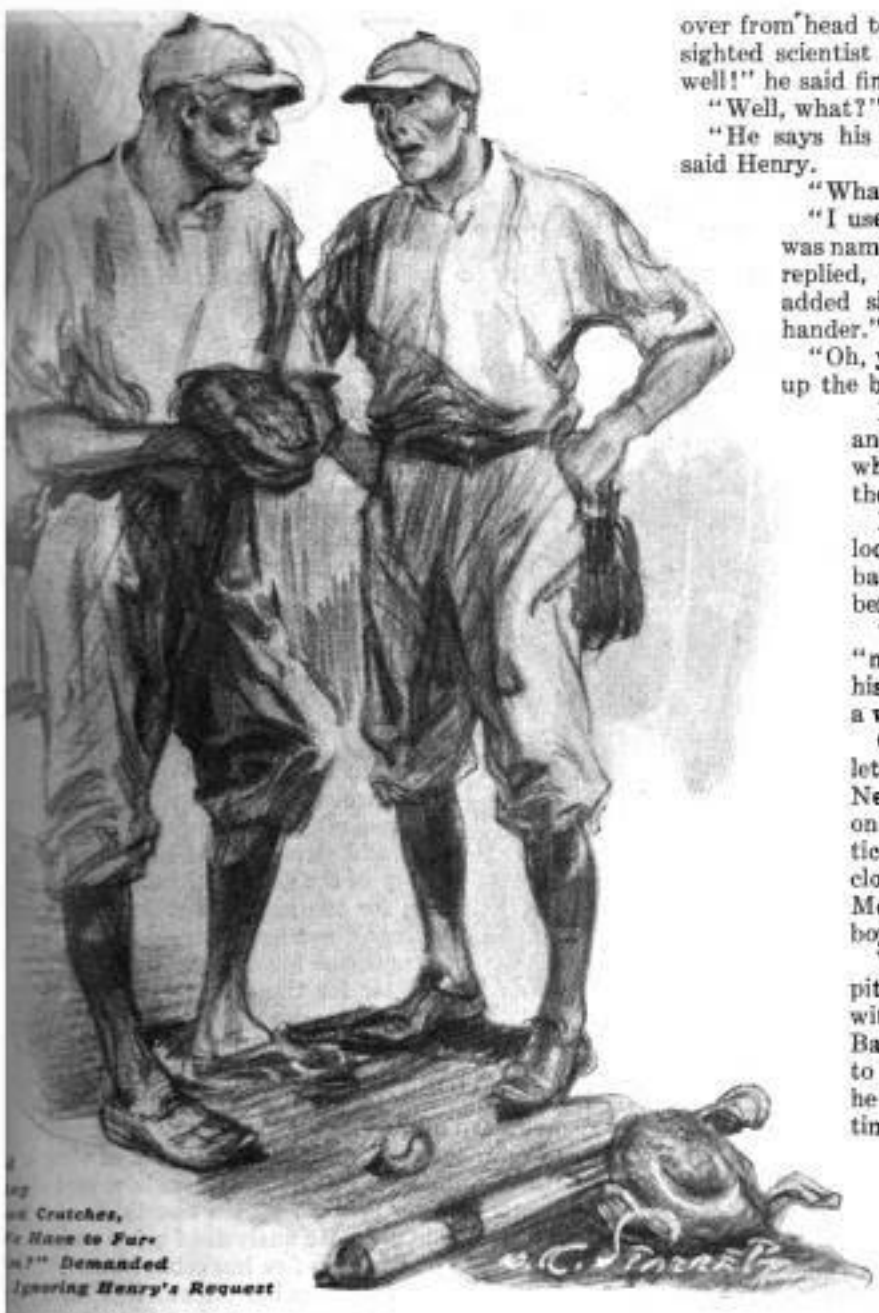
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...Crutches,
...Have to Furn...
...?" Demanded
...gnoring Henry's Request

(Continued from Page 36)

...vented his accumulated spite and grouch of ten ... gave the boy a veritable third degree and a col... rolled in one. He yelled for speed, and then ... asked for a curve. He demanded to see the boy's ...en declared he'd called for an inshoot. He called ... ball three times in a row, and swore up and down ...d thrown him nothing but straight balls. All the ...s shooting the ball back at the boy with all the ... old right arm. He fired high and low, according ...y was bending over or reaching up. He shot to ...r the other, always almost out of reach. When ...d exhausted his fiendish ingenuity he threw down ...nd waved the boy to the bench.

...went to the water bucket for a drink and was ...y silent. Barnes knew Henry's game, but saw no ... of ability in the boy. He realized that as far as ...s concerned he might as well turn the little fellow ...ut he decided to postpone breaking the sad news ...e and try him again.

...hance came early. Evansville's Little Evas, a ...crowd, drove two of the Tots' speed boys to the ... the first three innings with an avalanche of hits ... Starting the fourth, with the game hopelessly ...mes told the new southpaw to go in. Henry shook ..., then acquiesced.

...ailure of the Evas to score was certainly through ...t of the little left-hander. And it was no fault of ...either, for the old fellow continued his hazing until ...inning ended, doing his worst to make the boy look ...arnes sympathized with the kid at the same time ...laughing over Henry Hammond's vicious prejudice ...left-handers generally and this one particularly.

...at's he got, Henry?" Barnes asked after the game, ...dressing shed.

...thing but his glove, and he borrowed it," the old ... answered.

...ess you're right, at that," Barnes agreed. "Might as ...ll him now. Hey, boy," he called, motioning the ...er to the corner where he and Hammond were ..., towels in hand. "I've just been talkin' to the ..., here, and we—uh—that is, I—what did you say ...ame was?"

...y showed nothing but contempt for the proceedings ...this point. When Barnes asked the question the ...cher was rising from rubbing his feet, and looked ... boy.

...Cormick," said the boy. "Charles McCormick."

...Cormick—Charley McCormick?" repeated Henry. ...nked and shook his head. Then he looked the boy over from head to foot, staring at him as a near-sighted scientist stares at an ugly bug. "Well, well!" he said finally.

"Well, what?" asked Barnes.

"He says his name's Charley McCormick," said Henry.

"What of it?"

"I used to know a pitcher once that was named Charley McCormick," Henry replied, speaking slowly. "But," he added significantly, "he was a right-hander."

"Oh, you go to, yuh big stiff!" spoke up the boy deliberately.

He turned away from the pair and stalked back to the bench where he had been dressing when they called him.

Barnes, holding back a grin, looked at Henry, and Henry looked back at Barnes. It was a minute before Henry broke the silence.

"You know, Mike," he said, "mebbe the kid will do. I like his looks. Lemme work with him a while before you decide."

Old Henry Hammond wrote a letter that night to a friend in the New England League. From then on a close observer might have noticed that the ketcher was keeping close scrutiny on young Charley McCormick. He quit razzing the boy.

When he was warming up pitchers he took McCormick along with the rest. Twice he asked Barnes to send in the left-hander to finish games and treated him as he would any pitcher. All the time he seemed to be studying the youngster. One morning ten days later he called at the post office and received a letter from the friend in the New England League. He read it in a daze, and reread it so many times he was late for forenoon practice. At the park he asked Barnes to let him work with the boy a while.

"Say, did you bring your own crutches, or do we have to furnish 'em?" demanded Barnes, ignoring Henry's request.

"What's eatin' yuh?" Henry countered. He had no idea what was on the manager's mind.

"I've tumbled, 'at's all."

"If I fell for all you do," Henry retorted, "I wouldn't brag about it. What's eatin' yuh?"

"Your name's Hammond, and you knew a pitcher named McCormick," said Barnes significantly, eying Henry closely.

"Oh, that's it!" Henry laughed in relief.

"That's plenty, ain't it?" Barnes demanded. "Listen! I'm glad t' know yuh. I've heard my dad talk about you. Many's the time he's traveled from here to Chicago, from here to St. Louis, from here to Cincinnati even, to see you and McCormick work, and he put in the rest of the time talkin' about yuh. Never occurred to me you'd still be alive."

"Where'd yuh get that stuff? Your dad? It was my gran'dad he saw," Henry interrupted, concealing a blush under his leathery hide.

"I know what I'm talkin' about. I'm glad to know yuh, for old time's sake. But, say, I'm runnin' a ball club, not an old men's home." He glared at Henry in resentment.

"Well, I can't say much for the rest of your ball club, but there's nothin' wrong with your ketchin' department." Henry glared right back at the boss, feeling he was on solid ground here. "If you'll say you're not satisfied with the ketchin' you can have my job right now. See?"

Barnes refused to say anything, partly because Henry was holding up his end on the field, and partly for the reason he was more than holding up his end in a business way. At that moment Henry had six weeks' pay drawn in advance, and he'd kept one green kid ketcher to warm up the pitchers. This boy could not begin to ketch a game.

"Forget 'at stuff about my age," Henry continued. "You should worry about how old I am—when I fall down on the job. But say, lemme work with this kid, will yuh?"

"Did yuh tell him who yuh are or who he is?"

"Ain't told him anything, and won't," Henry declared positively. "None of that sloppy sentimental stuff in mine!"

"I'll tell him—I'll tell the papers too. Look at the publicity we'd get!" Barnes exclaimed. "Big crowds all over the league!"

"You do," said Henry firmly, a gleam in his eye, "and I'll beat yuh to a whisper! This is my party and I'll do all the talkin'."

Barnes held mental reservations about being beaten to a whisper. Next day he told the sports editors all he knew and had ever heard about Henry Hammond, of the famous old battery, McCormick and Hammond. Attendance at the Tots' games grew overnight, old fans flocking out to see a friend of their youth perform behind the bat. It did not occur to Barnes to mention young Charley, for he did not connect the two McCormicks. However, that is getting ahead of the story.

"Hey, kid," Henry called to the boy as they were throwing the ball back and forth, "how old are yuh?"

"Twenty-two," McCormick grunted, putting his weight into what he intended to be a fast ball.

"You're lyin'," said Henry, taking the shot in his gloved hand and tossing the ball back leisurely.

"Yes, I am!" growled the boy, shooting another one after a short windup. "How d'yuh know?"

"Because you're not throwin' any harder'n a nineteen-year-old kid," said Henry. "But don't get smart with me! I'll beat yuh to a whisper!"

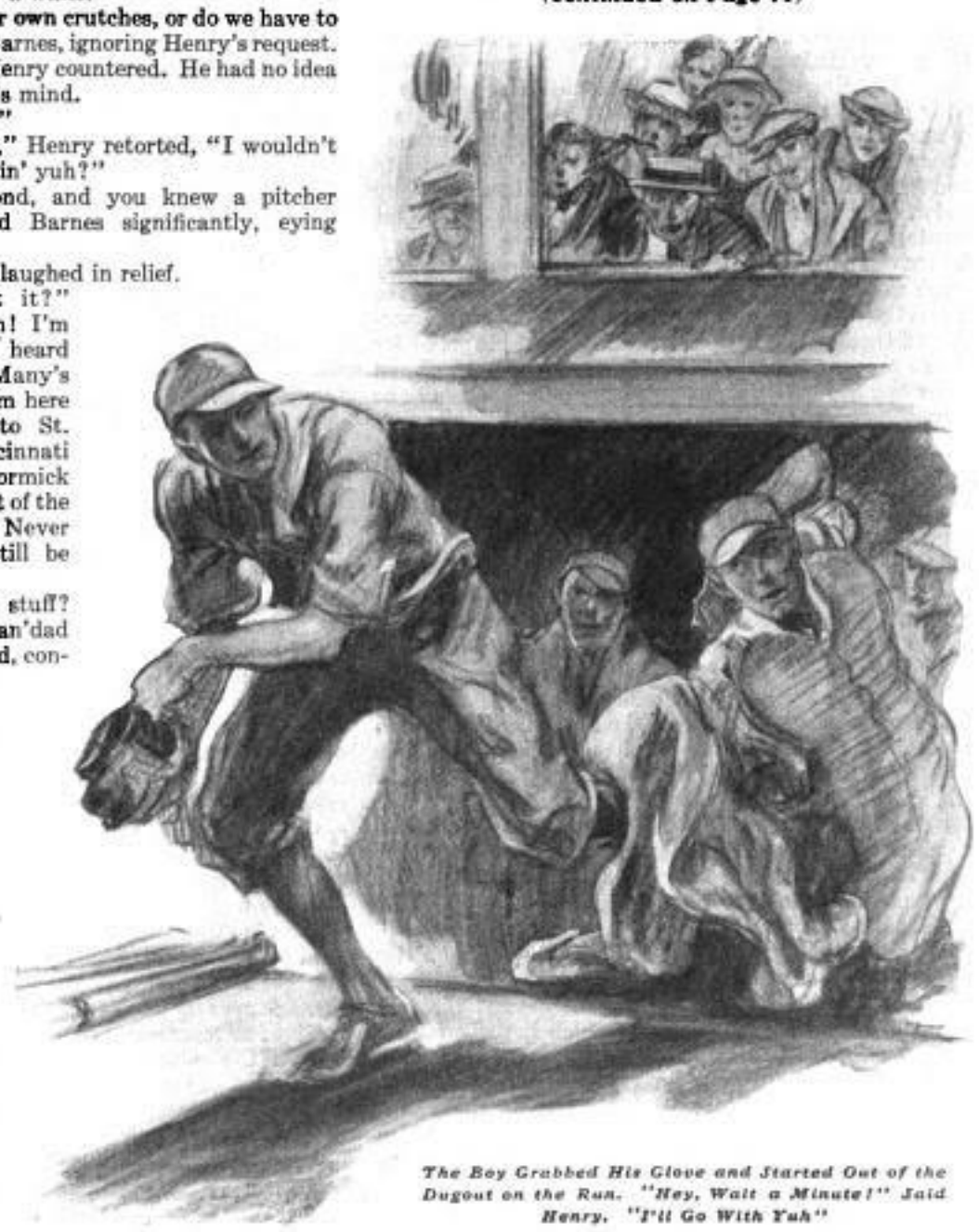
At this McCormick put on the last ounce of strength he had and whirled through a fast ball that would have done credit to a high-school youth. Henry took it in his glove as easily as if it had been tossed.

After five minutes he said, "Not even makin' 'em tunk in the mitt."

"Old stuff," rejoined McCormick. "You can make a slow ball tunk if you wanta, and keep a fast one from it."

By way of answer Henry dropped his mitt and took the next one with his bare hands. McCormick, resenting this

(Continued on Page 71)



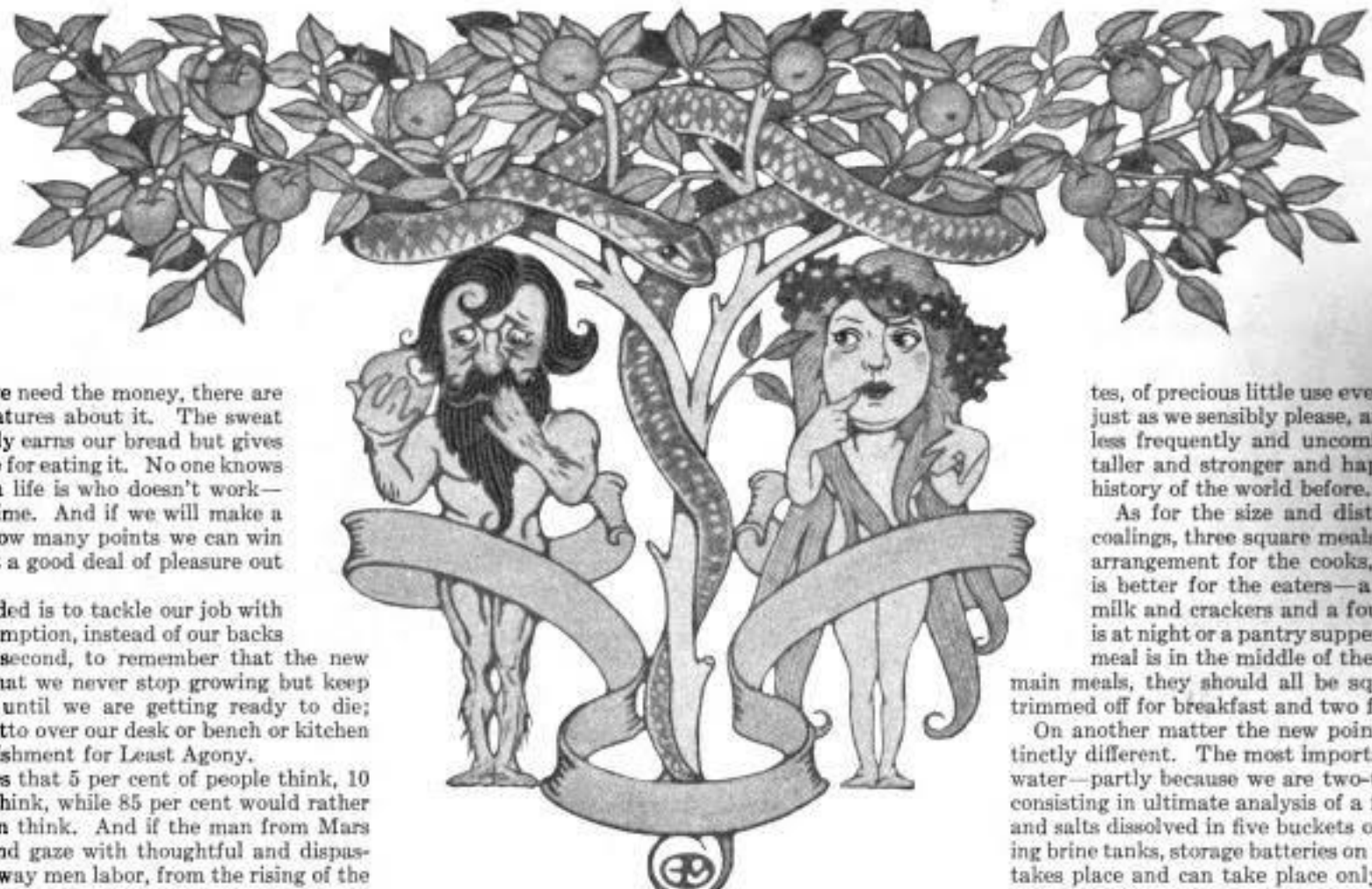
The Boy Grabbed His Glove and Started Out of the Dugout on the Run. "Hey, Wait a Minute!" Said Henry. "I'll Go With Yuh"

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BALANCED WORK

By Woods Hutchinson, M. D.

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE



WE ARE informed that work is a punishment for sin. For two bites out of a wormy apple was the sentence pronounced upon our first parents, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." A terrible and far-reaching penalty for so tiny a crime, think most of their descendants around the hour of seven A. M.

But though the burden of work is laid upon our reluctant shoulders by the sternest of necessities, because we need the money, there are certain redeeming features about it. The sweat of our brow not merely earns our bread but gives us a splendid appetite for eating it. No one knows what real pleasure in life is who doesn't work—at least part of the time. And if we will make a game out of it, see how many points we can win each day, we can get a good deal of pleasure out of work itself.

The first thing needed is to tackle our job with our brains and our gumption, instead of our backs and our hind feet; second, to remember that the new physiology tells us that we never stop growing but keep right on improving until we are getting ready to die; third, to hang the motto over our desk or bench or kitchen table, Most Accomplishment for Least Agony.

Some cynic declares that 5 per cent of people think, 10 per cent think they think, while 85 per cent would rather lie down and die than think. And if the man from Mars should come down and gaze with thoughtful and dispassionate eye upon the way men labor, from the rising of the sun until the going down of the same, he would be strongly inclined to agree with the cynic. There are few things we do so stupidly and brainlessly as work. The average worker is given no choice in the matter, no chance to exercise his intelligence. He is not hired to think, but to obey orders, as some captains of industry delight to inform us. He is simply offered a job at so much per, for so many hours a day and week, often the highest number that the sense of decency of the particular community can be made to stand for. So he has no chance to consider how his really wonderful powers can be harnessed to the very best advantage.

There was a day when the average employer used simply to grab as many hours a day of the worker's time as the law and the labor unions and public sentiment would permit, and then try to drive him at the top of his speed for as large a proportion of his time as was possible. Small wonder the worker sometimes stalled and soldiered! The employer was hardly to blame personally. He didn't mean to be so stupid and greedy; it was just a custom of the trade.

Common Sense in Eating

BUT the senselessness of it! Just think what would happen to a horse trainer if he trotted or galloped his promising colts just as far and as fast as he could every day before the race. Yet we are supposed to be training our young men for the sixty-year race of life, instead of a dash of a few short furlongs. But now, thank heaven, a change is coming over the spirit of the working world.

The new point of view is that the human machine is so far the finest and most wonderful machine in the whole wide world, turns so much more of its fuel energy into work, is so infinitely more resourceful and elastic than any other make yet invented, not only making its own repairs but building itself bigger and increasing its horse power and capacity indefinitely, that it is a shame not to give it every possible favoring condition and facility for doing its best that the wit of man can devise.

And this recognition is made just as frankly and fully by employers and their combinations as by workers and their organizations. Nearly a third of our great industrial plants are already on the eight-hour day, which is the first and high outward and visible sign of this inward and spiritual grace, or attitude. Business is no longer merely business, but humanity and good sense and scientific intelligence as well. For the whole movement is based on and driven irresistibly forward by modern science.

Suppose then that a man has a reasonable degree of control over the times and tensions and hours of his work, and over the conditions which enable him to develop the very best that is in him, either by being on his own or under a sensible, broad-minded employer with the modern point of view, what can he do to make the most of himself and his powers? How can he make himself of greatest use to his day and generation?

How can we fuel and lubricate and run and rest and avoid breakages in that magnificent human machine of ours, half dynamo, half gas engine, so that it can run at full speed with least friction, without hot boxes, or burning of its bearings, breaking its cogs or short circuiting?

First and most fundamental is the matter of fuel. It can be summed up in one sentence: The best of everything is none too good to work on. There have been wide and windy differences of opinion on the problem in the last thirty years. But the wind has been pretty well squeezed out of the different theories, particularly in the fierce red wine press of war, and the almost invisible remnants—remainders of the no-meat and low-meat fads, the anti-sugar, anti-white-bread, anti-canned-food and anti-cooked-food crazes and the chew-chew insanity—have been shot into the ash barrel.

The air is cleared of dust and the situation greatly simplified: Starches—that is to say, bread, biscuits, potatoes, cereals, cakes and puddings—for mere horse power; meat or protein in the form of beef, pork, mutton, fish, eggs, game and milk for repair material and growth, and for drive, pep and resisting power against disease; fat for brain work; the marvelously important but still mysterious vitamines of present popular fame, as contained in fruit, green vegetables, salads, tomatoes, butter and cream, for lubricants and growth regulators.

Cut down on any of these Big Four and the machine loses efficiency and begins to grind itself up at once. Cut out starch, and horse power falls; cut out or cut down too heavily on meat, and tuberculosis, pellagra, as now threatened in our Southern States from cotton reverses, and one kind of beriberi develop; go short on the vitamines, and you get scurvy, anæmia, chalky teeth, stunted growth, myxœdema and other forms of disordered metabolism.

Give fair representation on the table at every meal to all four of the classes, not forgetting minority representation—most of the starches, next of the meats or proteins, then of the reds-and-greens, last of the fats and oils. Mix according to taste, and engulf according to common-sense, healthy appetite, which abundant experiments not only upon man but upon animals have shown to be a better and safer guide to health and efficiency than the most elaborate and machine-made diet lists of the so-called hog cafeteria which permits pigs to choose their own from six or seven self-feeding ders of corn cotton chopped and so for and cha gives b growth in time than skilled measure weighed Exclusive diets are only in sickness; tween ou outside tes, of precious little use even then. We a just as we sensibly please, and living longe less frequently and uncomfortably, and taller and stronger and happier than eve history of the world before.

As for the size and distributions of t coalings, three square meals a day is the arrangement for the cooks, but four or is better for the eaters—a midmorning milk and crackers and a four-o'clock tea is at night or a pantry supper at nine if the meal is in the middle of the day. As to t main meals, they should all be square, with one trimmed off for breakfast and two for lunch.

On another matter the new point of view is ag tinctly different. The most important part of our water—partly because we are two-thirds water ou consisting in ultimate analysis of a few pounds of and salts dissolved in five buckets of water. We ar ing brine tanks, storage batteries on legs; every life takes place and can take place only under water, our tissues need plenty of elbowroom and sea room ever they want to do any real work. The more acti the more vitally important they are the more wate have in them. Our bones and our skins contain onl 25 to 50 per cent water, while our liver, our di glands and our brains are from 80 to 90 per cent while the most highly explosive living tissue on ear electrical organ of the torpedo ray, is 92 per cent "Sap-head" should no longer be a term of reproa

Sickness From Infections

WHEN we go too long between drinks we dry die. It's always healthy to drink pure water ever you feel like it—on rising in the morning and o to bed at night, at meals and between meals, wint summer, particularly the latter, engulfing not merely but gallons a day in hot weather.

Now that the machine has been properly filled and cated, with provision for repairs, comes the ques keeping dirt and grit out of the machinery. By commonest and most serious grit that wriggles in bearings of our human machine is an extremely fi penetrating powder made up of tiny living particles germs.

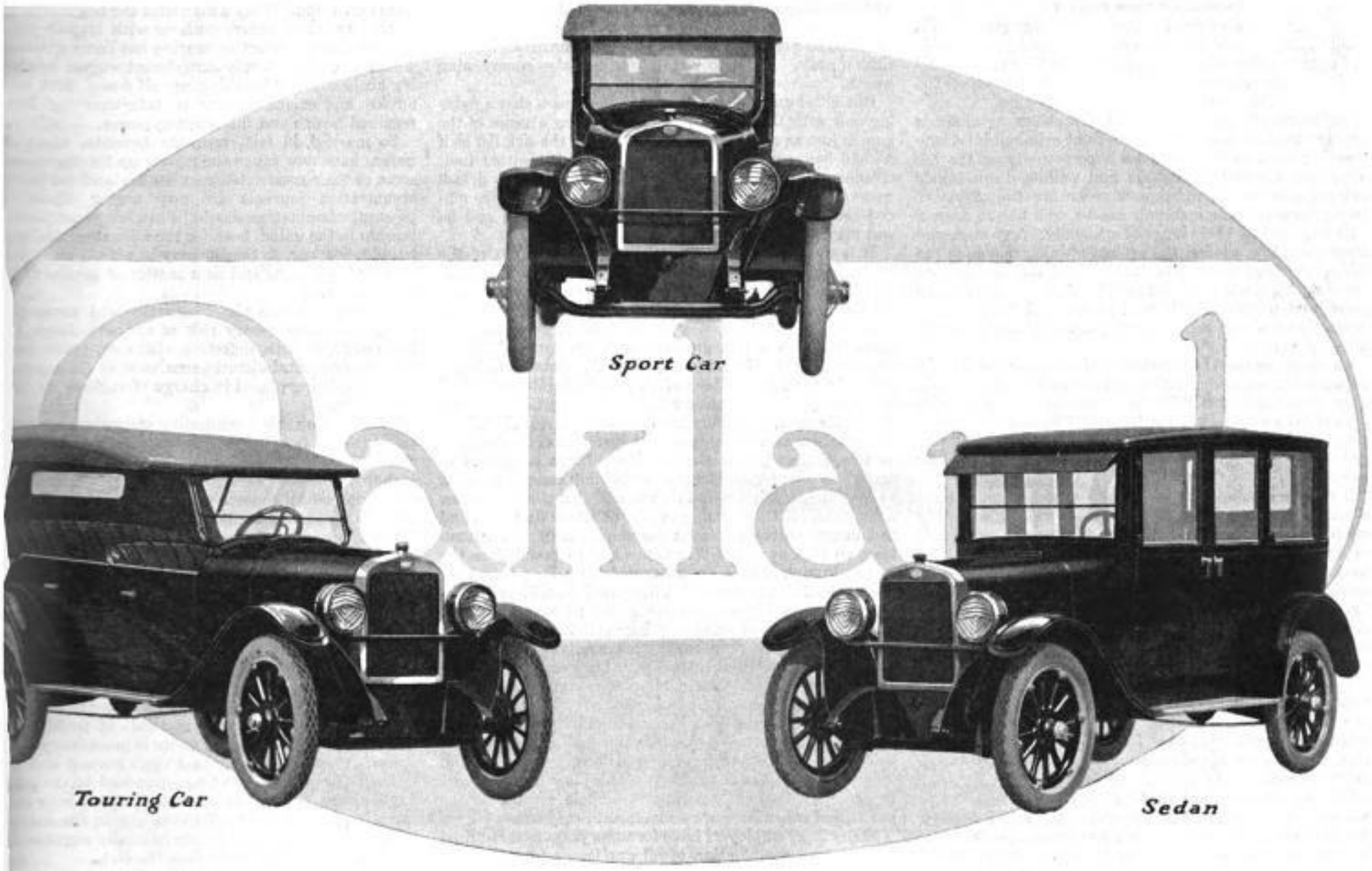
They are so infinitesimally small that it take men and a microscope to see one, but they are of damnable gumminess and grittiness when they lodge human bearings. Tiny and apparently trivial as th they smash up and send to the scrap heap nearly 2 pe of all workers the world over every year, and keep 5 to 10 per cent continually laid off through sickne

That this serious drain on productiveness is due not merely to infections in general but to infection spread only indoors is shown by a recent report Public Health Service, covering about 50,000 wo scattered all over the United States. The number per thousand who are laid off for a week or mo account of sickness of all kinds, each month ranges 56 in September to 109 in December, 275 in Januar 326 in February! After which it falls steadily and r through March, April and May, reaching the summe of a little over 60 in June.

The significant point is that nearly 85 per cent o tremendous sickness loss, affecting one-third of the force during January and February, is due to infec while in July, August and September barely one-half vastly lower rate is caused by catching diseases. In words, the sickness disability rate from infectio

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The New and Guaranteed Oakland Is Proving its Unusual Worth

One of the most significant recent developments in the automotive industry is the New Oakland Six with its special written guarantee.

The New 6-44 is not merely a new model but a new and advanced motor car in construction, performance, appearance and value.

In the severest experimental tests the New Oakland Six overhead-valve engine has shown new power, new smoothness, new reliability, and unusual economy in operation.

The new style bodies mounted on the oversized chassis reveal a beauty, a comfort, a completeness and refinement of appointment that are positively a revelation.

Increased Oakland sales prove that Oakland performance reveals new merit, new and permanent dependability.

One example of the permanent dependability Oakland gives is its 15,000 mile written performance guarantee which goes with every New Oakland Six.

This is the trustworthy New Oakland. At a price amazingly low—a price never before equalled for a six-cylinder car of such sterling quality and performance.

See the New Oakland—the quality six of the year. It will raise your standard of what you can get in a motor car this year at this price.

Oakland's 15,000 Mile Performance Guarantee

"Should the engine in this car fail to perform properly due to the presence of excess oil in the combustion chamber (commonly known as 'oil pumping' and evidenced by oil on the spark plugs) the Oakland dealer who delivered this car to you will remedy the cause of the trouble *without cost to you for either material or labor.*"

PRICES AT FACTORY

Chassis	$ 895	*Sport Car*	$1265
Roadster	1120	*Coupe*	1685
Touring	1145	*Sedan*	1785

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR CO.
Division of General Motors Corporation
PONTIAC MICHIGAN

The New Oakland Six-44

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January and February is about eight times as great as it is in July, August and September. The months of open-air and open-window life are more than five times as healthy as the months when we live and work indoors with all the windows and doors shut.

Unfortunately in the ventilation problem no chain is stronger than its weakest link, and one criminal idiot who doesn't believe in fresh air and is perpetually on the job going round shutting windows and pulling down blinds will trample on the rights and neutralize the efforts of twenty sane sensible men and women who like to draw a little oxygen into their lungs occasionally. Any man who shuts a window, against the protest of other people in the hall or building, ought to be, at the third attempt, thrown out of it. No single step that could be taken would save so many human lives, especially of women and children, as a dozen or two of such righteous vengeances at the beginning of every winter.

As one of our most famous tuberculosis experts and highest authorities on ventilation once complained to me in utter discouragement: "Doctor, I can't even keep the windows in my own hospital wards open! There are forty perfectly good and sufficient reasons why a window should be shut, and not a single self-acting one why it should be open!"

If you want to keep your machine off the scrap heap for as many decades as possible and running swiftly, smoothly and tirelessly, have your windows open day and night, and for heaven's sake keep at least ten or, better, twenty feet away from every human being who is showing visible or audible signs of engine trouble, coughing, sneezing, grouching. Many up-to-date great offices and industrial plants have their entire force given the once-over by the official nurse or the company doctor every morning, and everyone who looks out of sorts is set aside for the third degree, and if he has a temperature is sent home at once to stay there until it comes back to normal. They find that within six months they have cut down their absentee rate on account of sickness 50 to 75 per cent, and at the same time greatly diminished their percentage of snarls and mix-ups and mistakes and lost orders.

For the blackest and fuzziest fly in the apothecary's ointment, the sharpest-cornered and the scratchiest cinder in the eye of a great industrial organization is the mechanic or clerk or boss who is just coming down with a cold or other more serious infection, and dropping monkey wrenches into the machinery or adding up the wrong totals or giving contradictory orders and bawling out everybody for the mistakes he has made himself.

Dentistry That Pays

EVEN such an apparently trivial and at first sight chiefly ornamental defect as blackened and decayed teeth is now recognized by intelligent managers as an important factor in business efficiency. Many of the large department stores and great office forces now have a company dentist with offices in the building, and require all their employes to have their teeth put and kept in first-class condition on the company's time, charging them just the expense of the materials actually used in the work. Not only so, but they refuse to accept applicants for employment until these repairs have been made if the defects are in a visible and conspicuous position in the mouth, or at least put well under way, for the cold commercial reason that the increased attractiveness of the selling force raises the total of sales, while the prevention of toothaches and gum boils distinctly diminishes the number of days' absence per month on account of sickness.

The same fact was proved up to the hilt by the experience of the Army upon a scale of millions. At first sight it seemed little short of ludicrous to reject a sturdy, upstanding would-be fighting man simply because he had two or more hollow or ulcerated teeth. We felt strongly inclined to sympathize with the disgust of the square-shouldered six-foot Highlander who, when rejected for this trivial cause, glared and rumbled at the army surgeon: "Mon, yer makkin a turrible mistak. Ahm no wantin' to bite the enemy, ahm wantin' to shoot um!"

But bitter experience in the field has shown that a fighting unit with the toothache or a throbbing abscess of the gum is just as effectively disabled and on the sick list as if he had had a bullet through his left hand or either foot. Of course later in the war they no longer rejected for dental reasons, but simply placed the recruit in charge of the official camp dentist until his defects were repaired and he was made as good as new.

It is an interesting illustration of the workings of the professional military mind that when a crack Canadian division arrived in England in the first months of the war with a complete and fully equipped modern staff of dental surgeons, the English War Office ordered them back to Canada at once, on the ground that it was not advisable to bear the expense of transportation and maintenance in the zone of war of individuals of no practical military value! It was only upon the most urgent representation of Canadian statesmen, and offers from private individuals to bear all the expenses of the support and operation of the despised unit in England, that the dental staff was permitted to accompany its regiment into the training camps, where it so overwhelmingly proved its value that a perfect clamor arose from all the training camps at home and base and rest camps in the war zone for similar help and advantage, so that even the War Office had to bow before the storm, though it even then haggled for a long time over giving the dental surgeons military rank as officers.

Speaking of physical examinations as a condition of employment suggests another important aid for keeping one's working powers in healthy balance. Go to your family physician at regular intervals, at least once a year, and let him give you and your habits a thorough going over to discover beginning or threatening hot boxes or other engine troubles, and advise you how to avoid them. In other words, pay him to keep you well, instead of for trying to tinker you up after you have broken down. So obvious and innumerable are the advantages of this plan that I venture to prophesy that in a decade the whole method of the practice of medicine will be reversed to conform to it.

Many large employers have for some years past required full physical examination of all applicants for work and reëxamination whenever the employe is changed to another department or promoted. In the beginning these examinations were usually opposed and looked upon with suspicion by labor unions, on the ground that they would be made an excuse for shutting out union members or dismissing employes who for other reasons the boss didn't like, or dropping men from the pay roll when they began to show signs of breaking down and thus avoiding liability in the way of pensions or workmen's compensation.

But fortunately their practical result has been just the reverse of this. Very few applicants have been refused on account of physical defects discovered, still fewer employes dropped on account of approaching breakdown. But the findings of these examinations have been utilized in a broad-minded and kindly spirit to fit or change over men into the particular jobs or kinds of work for which they were best fitted. Many a man with the beginnings of disease or latent tuberculosis or with impaired vi one eye or with defective hearing has been given a p which he could not only earn decent wages without ing his health and breaking himself down, but with advice and encouragement to take care of himse regained health and full working power.

So marked, in fact, were the benefits, that the unions have now taken the matter up for themselv some of their most intelligent leaders and editors o organization journals are now urging that the physical examination should be made a condition of bership in the union, both for the advantage of the found below par, so that he may be placed in a posi recover his health, and as a matter of protection fellow worker.

The workers in a plant naturally and properly to running unnecessary risk of life and limb fro low employes with defective vision or poor hear nervous or mental disturbances, such as epilepsy or ing spells, being placed in charge of engines or dan machinery.

In the admirable community campaign against culosis which is being conducted at Framingham, M chusetts, under the leadership of Dr. Donald Arms a shop committee consisting entirely of workers largest industrial concern of the town of their own came to the management and requested that cases o tuberculosis in their fellow workers should be placed i toria, both to enable them to regain their health protect their families and their fellow workmen fro risk of contagion, the expenses of the patients to b out of sick-benefit funds to which both employe workers contributed.

Machinery and Brain Power

WE HEAR on every hand loud laments over the ening effect of machine methods of production intellect, of the dwarfing influence of machinery upon power. There can hardly be a more absurd and utt lusion. The machine worker is supposed to do nothi day long but drop a sort of glorified nickel into one extract it from another. Wind him up in the mornin he will press the button at mechanically regular int all day, while the machine does the rest.

I frankly confess that my own enlightenment was matter of yesterday, some eight or ten years ago. inspecting a number of Southern cotton mills, with a for hookworm among their employes, and the machi was so wonderful and lifelike that I became interested in spite of myself.

Glancing down the long line of spinning jennies their thousands of whirring bobbins and their hu tenders, I noticed gaps every here and there, and sionally quite a stretch of machines without any appa tender.

"Is it safe for those machines to run themselves wit watching?" I said to the foreman who was showing through. "Where is the man who is supposed to be ing that machine?" pointing to a vacant one jus front of us.

"There he is," said he, pointing to an agile little fe two or three machines up the line. "He'll soon be this way, and if anything was to go wrong he'd be on like a hawk."

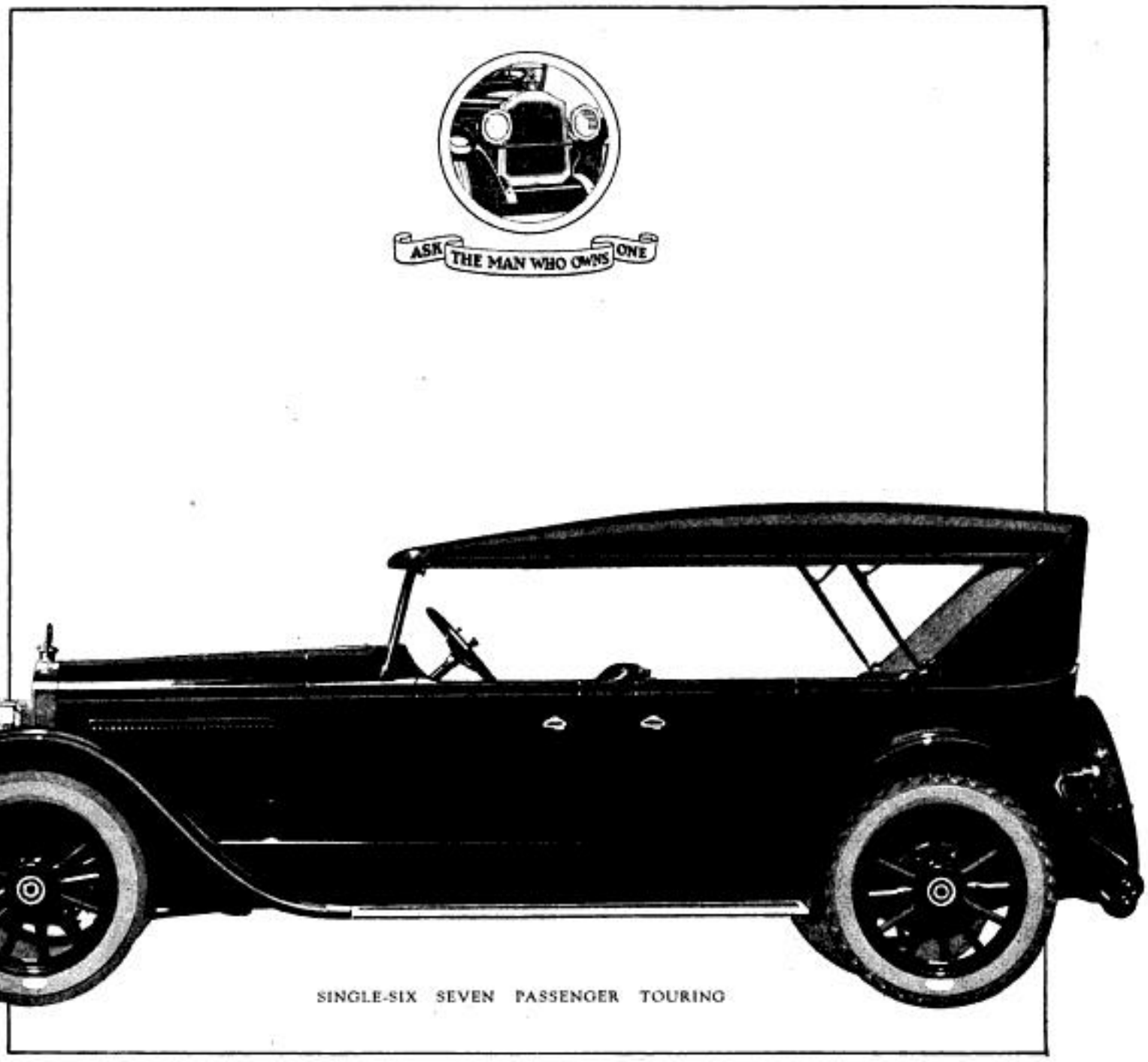
"Why, can one man run more than one of these bobbin machines, which almost makes you seasick t to follow the whirl of its of spiders' threads?"

"Sure he can! Any nary chump after t months' training can run machine well enough, b good intelligent worker run two or three, and a cra jack like that man there, or six or even seven, an better work with fewer th

(Continued on Page



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SINGLE-SIX SEVEN PASSENGER TOURING

EVERY hour of Packard history has been dedicated to the production of motor cars which should be beyond cavil or comparison.

It is Packard's high privilege, now, in this new Single-Six, to culminate these years of unique preparation by rendering a public service greater still.

Out of the wealth of Packard engineering and manufacturing experience has come a mastery of production which has resulted in value little short of revolutionary.

Packard has learned how to surpass itself—and still widen immeasurably the circle of Packard ownership.

For those who seek cars of the highest calibre, the value plainly expressed in these exquisite cars leaves literally no choice but Packard.

Packard dealers are demonstrating these new cars. Single-Six five passenger touring, $2485 at Detroit. New price of the Twin-Six touring, $3850 at Detroit

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY · DETROIT · MOTOR CARS AND MOTOR TRUCKS

PACKARD

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Jim Henry's Column

A Digression

I have a one-product mind. I shall always consider that the purpose for which I was produced was to show men how to enjoy shaving by doing it right—with Mennen Shaving Cream.

So it is with reluctance that I occasionally capitalize on the confidence which millions of converts must feel regarding anything I tell them, by discussing other products.

It is a peculiar fact that only recently has science concerned itself with bodily comfort. Our internal mechanism has always appealed to science as an attractive field for experimentation and research but things like itching, raw skin, prickly heat and baby rashes have not ranked as laboratory headliners.

Now my company has always specialized on comfort. It gave Talcum to the world. It freed men from old-fashioned shaving soap. But I am inclined to believe that history will record as Mennen's greatest contribution to the comfort of living, our miraculous Kora-Konia.

Kora-Konia is one of those things you have to find out about for yourself. I can tell you that it's great for sunburn, but you will never appreciate what I mean until you see the angry redness change to healthy pink, and the pain subsides.

I can assure you that it saves you from the torture of skin rubbed raw by damp clothing or chafing muscles, but you must shoot eighteen holes without a suggestion of irritation before you will understand.

But Kora-Konia reaches its pinnacle of beneficence on babies. A baby with plenty of food inside and plenty of Kora-Konia outside is at peace.

I feel some diffidence in discussing the matter, but through no fault of its own, a baby's skin is exposed to conditions which can only be described as deplorable. Kora-Konia places on inflamed little legs and other areas, a velvety film of cooling, soothing powder which clings for hours, protecting while it heals.

Kora-Konia is amazingly efficient for prickly heat and baby rashes.

A big tin costs 35 cents at druggists'. Send 10 cents for a generous sample.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.



(Continued from Page 42)

breakages than the one-machine man. We can't get enough of these three to five loom hands."

And anyone who watched for ten or fifteen minutes that lithe and agile little blue-shirted figure dancing and swaying up and down the line of his five machines, darting his fingers into the tangle of yarns and mending a broken thread with a single twist of his thumb and finger as swiftly and surely as a humming bird darting its beak into a flower would need no assurance that whatever else he might suffer from at the end of the day it wouldn't be thick-wittedness or brain stagnation.

It takes a great deal more brains and intelligence to run a machine, to keep it purring musically, to prevent and repair breakdowns, to steer it from chewing up and tearing into shreds the raw material fed to it, than it does to handle simply ordinary tools, such as 95 per cent of all workers had to use in that mythical Golden Age of craftsmanship of William Morris' dreams before the blight of machinery fell upon industry.

When the product of their toil reached such a level as to be possessed of beauty and capable of giving pleasure, then the joy of craftsmanship and the instinct of creation awoke. But such fortunate craftsmen, before the age of steam, were only a few in the hundreds—indeed, a handful in the thousands—and the overwhelming majority of the toilers during the ages of barbarism—which for 90 per cent of us ended only in 1830—delved in the mud and wallowed in manure, and heaved huge beams and heavy building stones into place with wooden levers and wet ropes, lived in filth and died in misery, and were worse fed and housed than the cattle alongside of which they worked and with which they were practically yoked neck to neck.

This is a plain, unvarnished picture of the real life of the Happy Villagers and the contented craftsmen of eighty years ago. If anyone doubts it I should be pleased to show him surviving samples of the same, in every country in Europe and in most states of our Union. The loss by the worker of his pride in craftsmanship and pleasure in his work since the coming in of machinery, so loudly and eloquently bewailed by long-haired and short-brained sentimentalists, particularly arts-and-crafts ladies of both sexes and a certain class of paid welfare workers, is one of the most imaginary of his troubles.

Twenty minutes cut off his working day and spent at the movies would recompense him for the whole of it and give him a chance to see and enjoy more beautiful things than he would all day long in the average factory. Besides, even supposing the things he manufactures are pretty, what good is that in his life if he can't afford to buy them himself?

How the Head Saves the Heels

Nor is the increased intelligence required in the worker limited to those palatial beehives of glass and steel which pour forth such marvelous and varied torrents of everything that the wit of man could devise or his heart desire, of whose toiling Vulcans one usually thinks first when work or labor questions are mentioned. It is equally necessary and indispensable in business life of every sort—in great executive offices, in insurance companies, in banks and department stores, in publishing concerns, in government offices, in the schools, in the professions—everywhere except in the courts, where the same brainless old formulas are still being droned over as two hundred years ago and all the chief authorities and rules of procedure are four to six centuries old.

Just consider what a tremendous part machinery plays, not merely in factories and mills but in every department of human toil and activity. The office errand boy no longer runs—figuratively speaking, of course—four or five errands in a morning; he telephones thirty or forty; the clerk or secretary no longer laboriously transcribes letters and bills and notices in longhand; she clicks them off at forty miles an hour on the typewriter and multiplies them into thousands by mimeographs or multigraphs, besides taking her dictation from a talking machine. The grocer's clerk would be utterly lost without his cash register, and the bank clerk without his adding machine and check-writing machine. Go into the executive offices or the cashier's department of any big business concern and you will find yourself surrounded by scores of the most mysterious, complicated-looking machines, of which you can hardly even guess the uses.

Practically every member of our city working forces and office forces the land over has become a machinist. It may not call for the very highest degree of intelligence to run these business machines and avoid snarls and stoppages and breakdowns, but it certainly does require a great deal more than the old brainless, routine handwork with pen or pencil or gelatin pad. Even telephoning is a matter of ears and tongue—and temper—and our supposedly highest human accomplishment, speech, instead of being merely a strain upon our hind feet, as running errands was. In a physiological sense we have raised the general average of human intelligence at least 50 per cent since the coming of steam. Or to put it in another way, we have become three-fourths brain workers—that is to say, the parts of us which we chiefly use in our work are our brains, our nervous systems, our eyes and ears and the smaller and more delicately balanced groups of our muscles, particularly those of our fingers and hands.

Nervous Strain

I have dwelt upon this point at some length because it is of such tremendously vital importance in any scientific view of this problem to realize clearly that two-thirds to three-fourths of all those of us who work draw chiefly upon our brains and our nerves. And these sensitive and exquisitely balanced mechanisms in the first place simply will not stand the strain of the old twelve and fourteen hour muscle-working day. In other words, our brains and nerves to-day are fatigued and utterly worn out in little more than half the time that our muscles used to be fifty years ago.

Secondly, and equally vital from a practical point of view, it is precisely our brains and our nerves which are the most highly educable and capable of the highest improvement of all the tissues in our bodies. These two facts alone explain the apparent paradox that we workers in modern industry of every sort and class can train ourselves or be trained to do far more work in less time, provided we work short enough hours to leave us abundant time for rest, healthful recreation and education and development along broad and happy lines, as well as those of our work.

That workers at modern machines whose strain falls most heavily upon the brain, the nerves and the senses simply cannot stand the length of medieval working day is almost obvious, but a few illustrations may be of interest. One of my colleagues who was keenly interested in industrial hygiene told me that some years ago he had just been back for a visit to his old home town. The town had changed from a largely agricultural and small trading community into an industrial one by the coming of a big manufacturing plant. On talking with his former friends, running over the list of their boyhood acquaintances and school fellows and inquiring what had become of them, he learned that first one and then another, and then two or three more had gone to work in the factory and gone crazy. He was naturally deeply shocked and made careful inquiries after these unfortunates among their families and friends. He found that what had really happened was that these youngsters had flocked eagerly into the factory, attracted by the novelty and good wages, and shorter hours as compared with work in the fields and in the country stores. They had caught on quickly to the trick of running machinery, and then been speeded up by injudicious foremen until their eyes had been dazzled into hopeless confusion by the incessant strain and glitter, their ears deafened by the clatter and clang, their hands and fingers cramped and aching so that their nerves were frazzled to the breaking point.

Then the inevitable explosion came; they lost all control over themselves, became hysterical and weepy or quarrelsome and abusive, and ended by either throwing up their jobs in a tantrum or being fired by the puzzled and indignant foreman. This was particularly troublesome in certain departments of the factory, which actually had an industrial mortality of several hundred per cent per annum! That is to say, their whole working force was fired, or quit, every three months. This of course was ruinous, not merely to the health of the employes but to the efficiency of the plant.

An efficiency expert with scientific t ing was called in, the hours in t man-eating departments were cut d the heating and ventilating of the p improved, the lighting of the mac altered, and the workers shifted abo three or four different quieter departm alternate months. The mental breakd stopped at once and most of the fo victims were coaxed back into the fa again, and with a little intelligent and pathetic assistance learned to adjust t selves quite comfortably to the work. quite a number flatly refused to tak risk again and a few remained nerv unbalanced for a considerable period.

Not all individuals and races, of c react in the same way, and a curio stance of another sort of response to i trial nerve strain is found among negroes in the Southern cotton mills going through these huge establishm was struck at once by the total absen negroes from their working force, exc the boiler and engine rooms and the l porter work of the receiving and tru departments.

I was the more surprised at this be I happened to know that one of the p pal reasons why the mill men had m their factories down from New En and the North to the Southern State to utilize the large supply of cheap co labor, as well as to get nearer the sou the raw material. And on asking the man why this plan had failed to devel told me that the earliest mills had st themselves almost completely with workers, but that their nerves s would not stand the dazzle and glitt the looms, the incessant clatter of the chinery, and the all-day, monotonous tition of little insignificant hand-and-f movements. But instead of going they took another tack and went p fully to sleep on their feet and fell int machinery—with disastrous results to machinery and field hands! So the were at that time run largely by the dren of the poor whites of the mou districts and of the sand barrens.

Cured by a Cat

In recent years, under intelligent sc tific management, negroes have been ex sively employed in both cotton mills munition works, and they make excel and reliable workmen; but the change farm work and construction work in open air to factory conditions, with t glitter and clatter and foul air, was sudden.

Just to show what apparent trifles wreck or restore the efficiency of the p when dealing with these brainstorm n frictions, one of our most ingenious sc tific trouble fixers told me that he had c a breakdown and tie-up of a largeroom-deed, a whole department—in a big Ma Western factory with a cat. The emplo in the disorganized department were s sixty or seventy girls, the job was turn out huge numbers of little stamped, wh metal disks, the method was piecewo There was keen competition for the hig records and wages, and in spite of the ploring appeals of the forewoman and n agement, who wanted only just enou disks turned out to keep pace with other parts produced in the other dep ments, the girls would speed up against another, particularly in the late afternoo Then when human nature could no lon stand the strain the lid would blow off. room would split up into cliques, furi quarrels would break out, and when distracted forewoman interfered to prev actual hair pulling, all hands turned on h

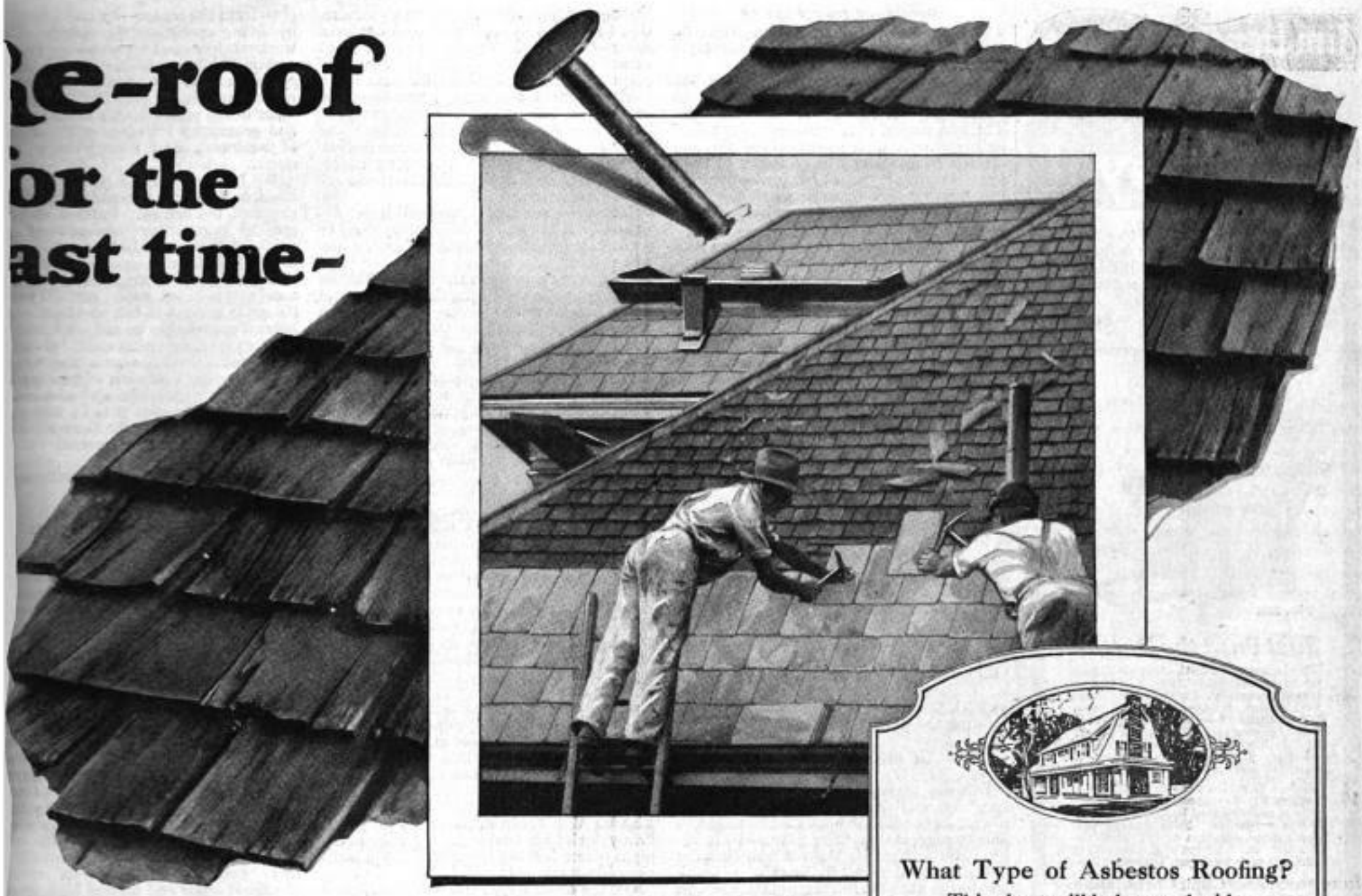
After a careful study of the situation the expert the lighting was changed from a to overhead and slightly muffled, to les the glitter from the shining disks, the ro was cooled down five or six degrees, and ternoon tea at four o'clock was introduc These improved the situation somewh but the girls still scrapped viciously amo themselves, and the champions and would-champions spurned the allurements of and bread and butter and sat tense at th silent machines, like a cat at a mouse ho waiting to renew the fight at the first pos ble moment.

One day the puzzled expert, skirmishi through the factory to see what new lig he might discover, saw a couple of the gi playing with and fondling a cat. It was large handsome Maltese, of most luxurio and alluring fluffiness and softness; and th

(Continued on Page 46)

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Re-roof for the last time-



Nail 'em over the old shingles!

THERE are thousands of acres of old, worn shingles, like these, on the house-tops of America. No doubt they have given service, but their period of service is over. Perhaps there are some right over your head at this moment and you are even now considering re-roofing.

But don't tear them off. They are still valuable.

Re-roof the Johns-Manville way. Lay Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles, artistic and everlasting, right over your old roof.

Count the advantages

1. The old roof underneath the new and permanent one will always be an additional protection and insulation.

2. You save the cost, labor and time of tearing off the old roof.

3. No muss or dirt around the house of littered, broken shingles.

4. Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles are unconditionally fire-proof. They are given highest ratings by Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

5. They make a roof of artistic beauty, in soft tones of gray, brown or red, whichever you prefer.

6. You need *never re-roof again*, because Asbestos Shingles are practically indestructible. They should last as long as the structure they cover and protect.

See your dealer or send to us for further information. The coupon in the corner may help you.

JOHNS-MANVILLE, Inc.
Madison Avenue at 41st Street, New York City
Branches in 57 Large Cities
For Canada: CANADIAN JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., Ltd., Toronto

What Type of Asbestos Roofing?

This chart will help you decide

Kind of Building	Type of Asbestos Roofing	Brand or Trade Name
Small buildings	Slate surfaced roll roofing or shingles	Flexstone—red or green
Dwellings $3,000–$7,000	Slate surfaced roll roofing or shingles or rigid asbestos shingles	Flexstone—red or green; rigid—red, brown or gray
Dwellings $7,000–$25,000	Rigid asbestos shingles	Standard or extra thick—red, brown, gray or blended
Dwellings $25,000 upwards	Rigid asbestos shingles	Colorblende—five-tone, brown with or without red or gray accidentals
Factories, shops and mills—Monitor and Sawtooth roofs*	3 or 4 ply ready roofing	Johns-Manville Asbestos Ready Roofing or Built-up Roofing
Flat roofs—all buildings*	Built-up roofing	Johns-Manville Built-up Roofing
Skeleton frame buildings—standard conditions*	Corrugated asbestos roofing with steel reinforcement	Johns-Manville CorrugatedAsbestos Roofing
Skeleton frame buildings—excessive temperature or condensation conditions*	Corrugated asbestos roofing without steel reinforcement	Johns-Manville TransiteCorrugated Asbestos Wood Roofing

Note—Industrial buildings call for expert advice. A roofing expert is available at all Johns-Manville Branches.

JOHNS-MANVILLE Asbestos Shingles

Through—
Asbestos
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INSULATION
BRAKE LININGS
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FIRE PREVENTION PRODUCTS

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Kindly send me your booklet "Re-roofing for the Last Time."

*Name*_____

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Relax in a Royal

The inestimable health value of periodic relaxation is today fully recognized by medical authorities. Just 15 minutes a day of this perfect rest brings most amazing results. What is needed most is the will to relax and the necessary equipment.



No. 830

Just Push the Button

This famous "Push-the-Button" chair encourages restful relaxation. You sink into it gracefully. Pull out the Disappearing Leg Rest—push the famous "Push Button"—and recline to a position of perfect rest. Release the button and the back locks. No strain—to any position. Just "Push the Button"—a patented and exclusive Royal feature.

Modern or period designs—oak or mahogany finish—tapestry, fine leather, velour or fabricated leather coverings. Prices moderate. Fully guaranteed. See a demonstration at your dealer's. Booklet on "World's Easiest Easy Chairs" sent free upon request.

Royal Easy Chair Corporation
Sturgis, Michigan, U. S. A.

Royal
EASY CHAIRS
"Push the Button—Back Reclines"

No. 1009
One of the finest over-stuffed leather chairs made. Mahogany or walnut finish. Spanish leather, tan, blue or black. Equipped with loose cushion seat over Spring-Edge sub-construction. Disappearing Leg Rest.



No. 801-0
Mahogany or walnut finish. Tapestry, Velour, "Buckskin" Imitation Spanish Leather in blue, black or brown. *De luxe* Spring-Edge Seat.



Special No. 6
Oak, mahogany or walnut finish. "Rand" or "Buckskin" imitation leather, tan, blue or black. *De luxe* Spring-Edge Seat. Showing Leg Rest extended.



(26)

(Continued from Page 44)

a flash an idea came to the expert which he put into execution with Napoleonic promptness.

About three o'clock in the afternoon the door of the workroom flew open and in walked pussy, waving her tail alluringly. The first pair of girls she came to pounced on her at once with squeals of delight, and after petting her and hugging her to their hearts' content, passed her on to the next group in response to an eager clamor from all over the room, and she made the circuit of the entire line of tables.

Afternoon tea that day was a real social function, with all grudges buried and rivalries forgotten. Pussy was immediately adopted as a mascot, and in response to the unanimous petition of the entire room, as a special favor, placed by the management upon the pay roll. She was provided with a silk-lined basket in the sunniest window seat, and whenever a girl began to feel tired or too much strung up she would run over and rub her cheek against the soft fur and be purred back into comfort and good humor. In fact, the cat acted as a shock absorber and tension reliever—not to say "catalyzer"—for the entire room and no further riots occurred.

But these apparently trifling frictions have their tragic side as well. In one corner of a great industrial plant stood a massive stamping machine which riveted together sharp-angled bars and spikes of shining steel in a way that required the most careful and closest attention in feeding. It had stood idle for many months, for it was known as the mankiller because it had killed two workmen and disabled three others, and the men flatly refused to tend it. So the management had been obliged to go back to the slow and toilsome method of riveting the parts together by hand.

A Matter of Light

One day an expert was visiting the factory and was shown this grim white elephant, on the chance hope that he might be able to suggest something to tame its ferocity. His first glance showed him that the monster stood right in front of a south window so that the full blaze of the sunlight poured down upon it and glared up into the eyes of the tender from every angle of the glittering steel that it riveted. Derricks were attached and the great machine was swung over to the other side of the room, where the light came from above and over the shoulder of the workman. Then the expert ran it himself for half a day, and a foreman for another day and a half, to give confidence to the boldest of the workmen; and the great brute stamped and gnashed its teeth in smooth and harmless rhythm and never after displayed a single sign of relapse into its man-eating tendencies.

The extent to which working hours can be profitably reduced varies considerably with the individual and with the nature of the occupation. But all that has been said and so abundantly proved on both sides of the Atlantic about the increase of output, from shortening hours in industrial plants is even more strikingly true of higher grades of work. The moment that quality and executive ability and arriving at sound decisions upon great masses of data or the planning of new ventures and the use of constructive imagination come into play, the necessity of short, decisive concentration to brief working limits becomes even more absolute. The majority of our great executive heads of business and financial and engineering enterprises have cut down their conference hours and actual executive working day, not merely to eight hours, but sometimes to even less. Your chances of finding anybody of any importance in New York City, for instance, working in his office after four o'clock in the afternoon are exceedingly slim.

Not a few successful men will boast delightedly of the way in which they used to work sixteen and even eighteen hours a day when they were getting their start and fighting their way up in the ranks. But the simple explanation is, first, that all facts and figures seem much larger and longer in memory's rosy light than they really were; and second, that these great men in their raw-salad days didn't really know how to work to the best advantage. Executive ability consists precisely in turning everything possible over to your subordinates, or, in the language of one of my successful friends, "Never do anything that you can hire done." The worst and most unsuccessful boss is the one who tries to do all the work of his entire staff himself.

Last, but not least, comes the question, What shall we do with that portion of our freedom which we have won back from the clutch of the demon of overwork?

Here we strike another paradox, and that is that though what we need most to develop is our brain power and our nerve coördination, the only practical way in which we can do this is by exercising and training our muscles. But this is perfectly logical and rational, for two reasons. It is obvious that we are not going to rest or improve our poor tired brains by purely mental exercise and discipline, such as solving problems in higher mathematics or playing chess or wrestling with the Einstein problem. The awful and abysmal infantility and banality of the relaxations chosen by the famous tired business man, who, as Will Irwin declares, "gently but firmly locks his brains in the safe every night before leaving the office," are a sufficient illustration of this.

On the other hand, the way to a man's brain is through his muscles, just as surely as that to his heart is through his stomach. From a modern physiologic point of view all that we know about and can do toward training our brains is training certain muscular centers and certain centers for sight, hearing and touch, which together form the basis and foundation for the entire cerebrum, to work smoothly and swiftly and with good judgment in teamwork with one another. Whatever mental development we get comes as a by-product. In other words, intelligent mental education and intelligent physical education are one and the same thing.

Thoughtful modern physical educators, who are now being trained in thousands all over the country, under the stimulus of our wartime legislation by the different states, will tell you without hesitation that the real field of physical education and athletics is, first, the heart and its marvelous resources under trying circumstances; and second, the nervous system.

On the other hand, thoughtful and progressive experts in pedagogy are equally agreed that the best way to train the mind is to train the senses—by moving pic by living specimens, by bird and work outdoors and by actually maki creating things with tool and brus pencil, combined with training the m by free and happy play in the open hikes in the open country for farm g and geography training, with a min of bookwork and schoolroom imp ment.

We have no way of reaching the itself, or the mind, except through th cles and the senses. Indeed that guished organ, our intellectual joy pride, though incredibly and enorm complexed, is from another point o steadily becoming simpler. Not onl nearly 90 per cent water, but 80 per its solids consist of fat, so that one nearest approaches we can make to i position is an ice-cream soda. Even t is present in both, because the near proach to and imitation of protopla can make is a mass of soap bubbles. seems probable that it is in the po making soap-bubble-like films with a and fatty acids that the special value in our brainstuff consists.

The pictures of memory are photogr upon soap-suds films.

Restful Amusements

Therefore play hard and happily open air for at least two or three every day if you want to put your and body into the best possible con for the greatest quantity and highest ity of work during office hours. Walk the best single and far most available door exercise. Get the habit by allen but it has the great disadvanta allowing you to continue the same tr thought which has been fatiguing yo day. Hence the advantage of various which compel or allure you to concen your attention upon them and forget troubles, especially golf, which thoug tle more than a joke as physical exerci a mental occupation is superbly absor and entrancing. Likewise the aut bile is of priceless value, especially if drive yourself, both for its relax change of scene and air and high driv from-worries power. And in addition plenty of that most valuable form of which can be enjoyed with pictures, beautiful buildings and charming l scapes, with exhibitions of all that is b tiful and graceful and vivid, such as do shows, dog shows and horse shows, in letic meets, in theaters, and last, but b means least, in the cinemas, the grea boon to human intelligence and educa and amusement that the century has s You will find literally scores of things go ing out of your work and your business will be of greatest pleasure and interest growth value to you in your leisure ho

But after all, in spite of its laborious and its everlasting and incessant demar our work is and ought to be our chief and pride in life. It is a poor and worth business or occupation or profession wh does not open up a dozen avenues of velopment and self-culture in history music, in science, in the drama and in ev field of human interest. When you yourself properly trained and conditio for success in your work, your work it will become your favorite play.

INSIDE THE BOOTLEG

(Continued from Page 25)

his cars. His investment is just a truck, a touring car and his current load.

Of course there are risks. If you get pinched and they make it stick, you lose your cars, probably forty or fifty cases of stuff, a fine and a lawyer's fee, besides your time. That will cost you up to $10,000, which knocks all the profit out of two or three months of hard work. Even if you get the case thrown out of court it is expensive. Still, trouble with the law happens only once in a while. What the bootlegger fears more than the officials is highjackers—booze highwaymen who hold you up along the line. They are mostly guards or chauffeurs from whisky convoys who have learned the game and then gone still more crooked. They know of course that in a booze robbery you have no recourse with the law. In case they get away with it they go scot-free. If they can sneak your truck from you they'll do it. A good many times a set of bootleggers have left the convoy for a few minutes, and missed it when they got back. The importer, in such a case, can't take any chances making inquiries. He knows that likely as not some country cop or prohibition agent has it. If he's caught trying to get it back he'll not only lose it but probably be put through besides. He usually hoofs it away.

Sometimes the importer manages to double-cross the crooks. There was a case last month where a crew of four men stopped in a town north of New York, very hungry, and went together into a restaurant. When they came out the touring car was still there, but the truck was gone. There was a light fall of snow on the ground, and the truck had one tire with a peculiar tread. They tracked it easy, until it turned into the main road to New York. Then they knew that the thieves were highjackers, not local cops. They figured out a cut-in on the main New York road about twenty miles down the line, took chances with the speed laws over bad country roa held up the truck just at nightfall, got drop on the thieves and recovered whole thing.

Every night something that would l great in the papers happens up on th Canadian road. Early in the spring Iz Wasserman, who runs a one-truck outf had to get a new chauffeur before he start out of New York. He grabbed the first m he could find. It turned out that he w really a high-jacker and was taking th job in order to deliver the truck to his pal The last night out they were coming dow through a long patch of woods with a hea load. Izzy noticed that the chauffeur the truck was making flashes with his hea light. Izzy stepped on it and came u alongside. Just then the truck made dead stop, and firing broke out from th woods. Izzy and his outfit had to throw up their hands, because it was so dark they

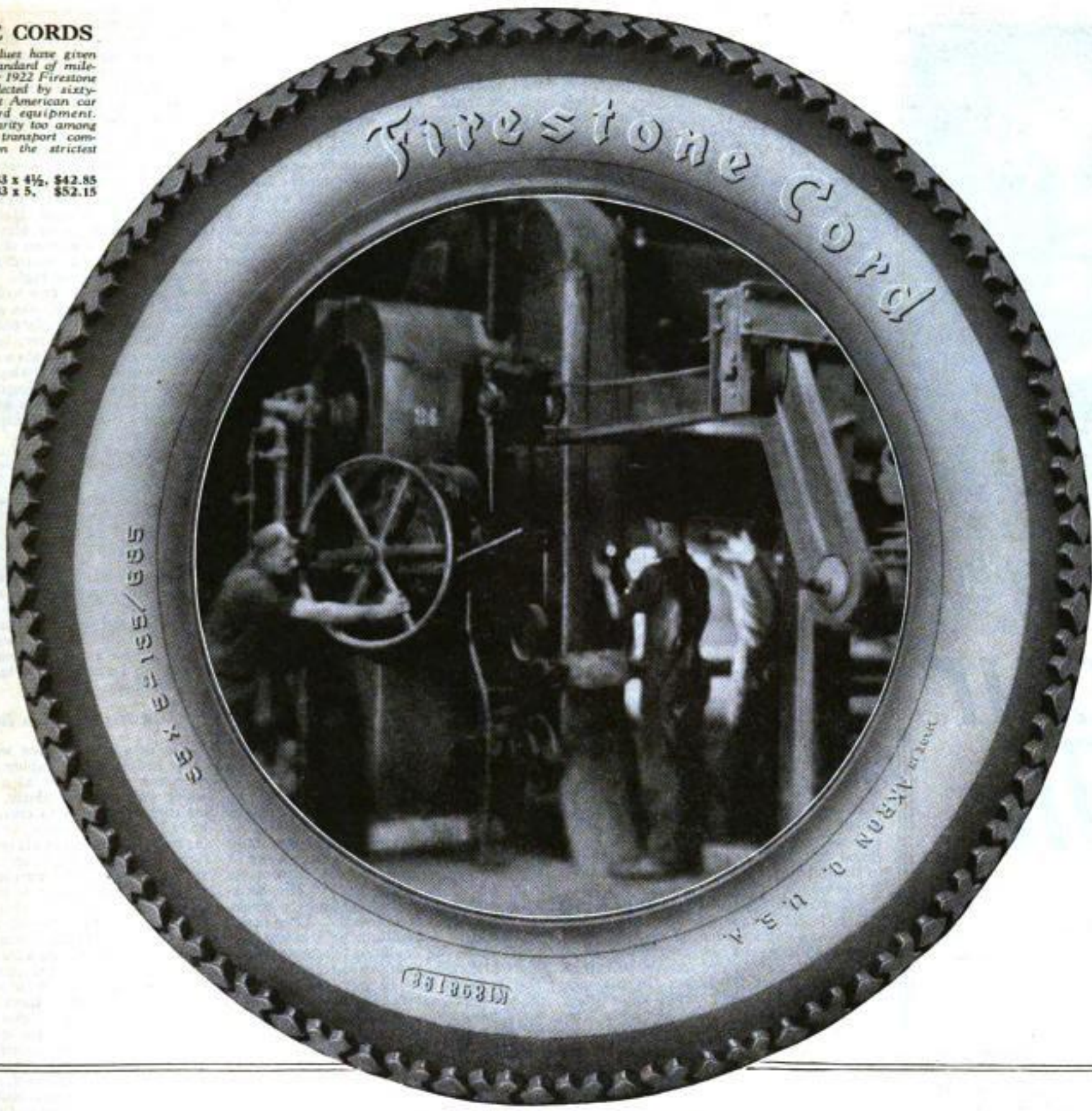
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TONE CORDS

Cord values have given high standard of mile-For 1922 Firestone been selected by sixty-foremost American car standard equipment. in popularity too among motor transport com-buy on the strictest

17.50 33 x 4½, $42.85
32.40 33 x 5, $52.15



A Practical Ideal

AN institution whose active principal stamps his name on the product, and where every worker is a stockholder, operates on the right basis to build a quality product.

It is such an organization that is carrying out the practical ideal of "Most Miles per Dollar."

Practical because it represents the highest standard today—ideal because it is a standard that constantly advances.

Firestone genius and energy is never satisfied. It works ceaselessly to give you greater mileage in Firestone Cords while lowering the cost.

You are pledged the most now and always—so long as your tires bear the name Firestone.



$11.65

30x3½ extra size non-skid, the best known tire in the light car class. Higher in quality than ever and now being produced on a scale that permits its being sold at the lowest price on record. The same unusual value in 30x3 size at $9.85.

Most Miles per Dollar

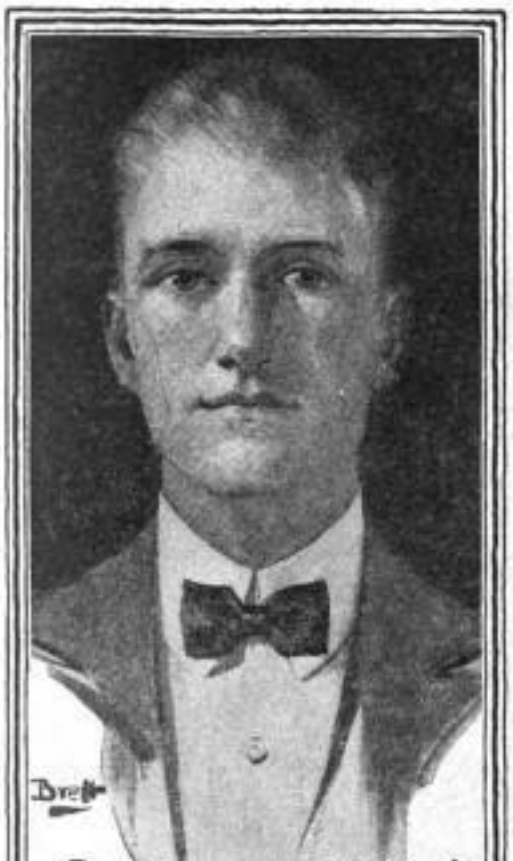
Firestone



$9.99

Oldfield "999"—guaranteed—a full size 30x3½ anti-skid tire. Built with four-ply long staple fabric. In 30x3 size at $8.99. Prices that cannot be equalled for a reputable, well-known tire of trustworthy quality. Sold by Firestone dealers.

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On in a Jiffy!

Spur Tie 50c

Patented—Trade Mark reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

WHAT a combination of style and utility! No wonder fashion's latest neckwear edict is making such a hit with the men folks.

A half minute in the morning—and your Spur Tie is in place—jaunty, neat, stylish. You see, it's all tied up for you—ready to slip on.

It stays looking well, too—all day long. A concealed, exclusively new **patented** feature keeps it so. No more fuming and fretting over the bow that won't tie right.

Your dealer will show you the Spur Tie in two attractive sizes, large and small—two styles—elastic neckband or slip-on-grip, guaranteed not to rust or soil the collar. Numerous patterns;—black, polka, fancy and many others. Get your Spur Tie today.

If your dealer won't supply you, send $1.00 for two, 50c for one, specifying size, color preference and whether elastic band or slip-on-grip.

LOOK FOR THE NAME SPUR ON THE TIE

Hewes & Potter, Boston

Makers of

BULL DOG SUSPENDERS (double wear), BELTS, GARTERS (wide and narrow web), and VESTOFF SUSPENDERS (worn out of sight, under the shirt), 75c.

On the Pacific Coast, PAUL B. HAY, Inc. 120 Battery Street, San Francisco

MR. DEALER:—Write for 3 dozen Sample Assortment of Spur Ties on approval.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR

75c BULL-DOG 75c SUSPENDERS



(Continued from Page 46)

couldn't see where to shoot. There were three high-jackers in the gang, besides the crooked chauffeur. They rolled Izzy and the two guards—didn't leave them a cigarette—blindfolded them, marched them round in the woods and tied them to a tree. There's where the chauffeur made a mistake. Instead of letting himself be rolled and tied up with the rest he went off with the load.

Along towards morning Izzy worked himself loose and untied the guards. The rest of the night they stumbled round in the woods trying to find the road. When dawn broke they hoofed it to the next town and Izzy got the proper people in New York, reverse charges, on the phone. When the thieves were running into Yonkers they were met on the road by a reception committee and forced to come down and have a little talk. Inside of ten minutes they had given up their loot, their diamond pins, their watches and their rolls, and the crooked chauffeur was down on his knees—honest—begging them not to kill him that night. You see, Izzy has a direct pull with people high in the underworld. These were New York crooks. They recognized the reception committee and knew who was behind them.

Old-Fashioned Smugglers

There's another case where the high-jackers lost out. You know in fashionable country places just now they're installing burglarproof wine vaults with combination locks. The owner of such a place—it's up the Hudson from New York and not far from the regular Canadian route—went to Florida this winter, leaving a caretaker and his wife in charge. About two or three o'clock one morning a gang of high-jackers backed a truck up on the lawn by the cellar door, held up the caretaker and his wife, stood them against a wall under guard, blew the lock on the wine vault and loaded up the truck to the top with fancy vintage stuff—the kind that brings almost any price these days.

It was about daylight before they'd finished. They climbed aboard to start her, and she wouldn't go. They got down and found that the wheels had sunk to the hubs in the soft turf. They tried to dig out, but it was no use; the grass was too slippery. By the time they'd given that up it was broad daylight and cars were beginning to appear along the road. They started to unload a little and see how that would work. Then a car turned into the driveway and came toward the house. It was only the butcher, but they didn't know that. They lost their nerve and skipped. The caretaker telephoned to a lot of the boss' friends, who drove straight over, to be on hand in case the thieves showed signs of coming back. They didn't. When the boss returned from Florida he found that he had all his booze, besides a fine truck that nobody has claimed yet.

A good many importers operate not one truck but whole fleets. At $1000 a week a truck, you can figure how much they make. Besides, it gives better security. Each load insures the others. You don't lose a whole two months' profits in case one convoy gets caught. But the robbery business makes the Canadian route a little insecure, and the tendency now is more and more to bring it in by sea. Booze piracy hasn't started up yet, and I doubt if it ever will. It's hard to find a ship at sea. Besides, beyond the three-mile limit alcohol is property, and you have the British Government to deal with, because many of the ships are under British charter.

Rum running into New York by sea is only for the big fellows. On an average truckload from Canada your initial investment is $2000 or $3000. By sea it hardly pays at all in cargoes worth less than $100,000 or $200,000. This generally involves bankers. There are some firms in New York doing very little but bootleg financing right now.

The owner or his agent is ashore in New York when he gets the flash saying what day she's coming and how much she has aboard; he goes round to the proper place and inserts the stiffening. He doesn't pay just then quite the ten dollars a case that it costs to bring liquor down from Canada. For some of the cops usually have to be seen, and a reasonable allowance must be made for that. In the end, it probably figures about the same as it does on the Canadian run—ten dollars a case. In addition to your charges for carrying, for graft and for unloading, you have to pay for the trucking in New York. I don't know exactly how the total cost to the importer compares with that for Canadian work. But it must be favorable, because, as I've said, the stuff is coming more and more by the sea route. The cargoes are consigned from Nova Scotia to the Bahamas or the other way about. The skipper knows how to load under his camouflage cargo so as not to sink her too low at the water line. If he's stopped on the way up the harbor he always has a good alibi, even when the prohibition people find booze aboard. He's allowed by sea law to put into a foreign port in case something's wrong, like a sick seaman or damaged machinery. He takes good care to have a sailor groaning in the forecastle, or a broken part. The worst he risks, before he actually begins to unload, is putting back to sea and waiting for further instructions by wireless.

The trouble in this lay is mostly with drunken help. The kind of skipper they get is no prohibitionist. One big consignment was lost last year because the captain and the officers entered the harbor, docked, and gave orders to unload in broad daylight. When they were arrested they were too well shellacked even to put up a fight.

They used to run it into the Bronx River in barges, covered over with a fake cargo of some heavy material like brick or coal. A jag stopped that too. One of the crew, while they were waiting for darkness, burrowed under the bricks and got properly corned. That would have been all right if they hadn't gone to fighting and to throwing the cargo at one another. It turned into such a riot that the patrolman called out the reserves. While they were hammering the fight out of the crew they looked down under the bricks and saw bottles. That spoiled operations by barge—in the Bronx River, at least.

Though you don't have the steady risks by sea importation that you do on land, they tell me that the unexpected is more likely to happen. One of the big seizures last winter was just a throw of the cards. She was unloading at night at a quiet open wharf away up toward the northern end of the city. Everybody who was likely to interfere had been sweetened. The land lies so that no one can see what is doing at that wharf except from the roof or from one little place out in the river. The bootleggers were unloading fast and the trucks were waiting to take it away. They had a lookout with a flashlight on the top of a shed, where he could watch approaches. Some little thing happened to scare them. The lookout saw it was nothing, and flashed the signal meaning "All clear." It would have been all right, maybe, if he had done this only once; but he was so anxious to reassure them that he kept it up.

Methods of Distribution

Just then a free-lance police patrol was coming along the river in the shadow of the wharfs, looking for harbor pirates. They saw these mysterious flashes, sneaked up on the wharf—and made the pinch. That little slip may cost somebody $200,000 or $300,000 besides part of the graft money put up in advance.

When the booze is fairly landed in New York it passes into the control of the brokers. They have the soft end of the business—very little risk and big, quick profits. But they have to work for their money and keep their eyes open every minute. The broker has his list of importers on the one hand and of peddlers on the other. It is his job to keep them in touch with each other, but not too close touch, or they'll form a combination and double-cross him out of his fees. He must see to storage if necessary, and insure delivery. When he gets the flash that a consignment is coming on to New York he works fast to get it all ordered before it arrives, so as to clear it in the shortest possible time. Probably he has a lot of orders already. Either by messenger or telephone he interviews the peddlers who have given these orders, and arranges for the place and hour of delivery. If this doesn't eat up the whole consignment he keeps the wires hot until it is all sold.

Usually everything is arranged before the convoy or the ship reaches New York. But not always. Even the brokers have no way of regulating the flow of liquor into town. There are bound to be some days when goods are not arriving and you can't fill your orders right away. Then again there will be a jam which the retail market simply won't absorb. The latest to come have to store it. Where it is stored is a thing I'm not telling. But the ch are expensive—usually fifty cents a night, and often a dollar. A few nigh that will eat up a lot of profit. A br standing with his importers depends a deal on how fast he clears the stuff those days of heavy importations th pulling every wire to beat each oth the immediate market.

The importer gets ninety dollars a in bulk. We retailers have to pay $ case just now. The difference does belong to the brokers. Half a dozen ants, including those who take graf a slice of that eighteen dollars. A has to employ a considerable staff bootleg help comes high. Transport and transfer from one vehicle to an cost a lot of money. On an easy tra tion, where they simply put an impor touch with a customer, brokers cha fee of two to four dollars a case. It's what they figure to make, too, whe transaction gets a little more compli I should say that a firm with a good ness ought to clear 500 cases a day. I that for yourself. Most of the broke just hung with kale. I can almost them on the streets by their clothes. order $200 suits six at a time, and w tree silk shirts by the dozen, and flash carat diamonds. They've never ha before, and they spend it quickly.

Next, it gets down to the retailer—m example.

I'm moving all the time, keeping tra my old custom, looking for new. I in my mind—I keep as few books as p ble—a record of my steady patron know that Smith, say, uses a case a once in three weeks. When time is pr nearly up I visit him or talk to him the telephone.

A Strictly Cash Business

I'm in a combination with five or other peddlers who employ a boy at th dollars a week to sit at a telephone, which we're paying jointly. When a re lar customer wants to order unexpect he calls up that number. Of course I'm in, but the boy takes his name. Thre four times a day I call up the boy, col the names that have been left, and see customers or telephone to them as soon possible. My share of this service is biggest overhead expense. The others just a little tip to the cop on the beat a and then, and an occasional taxicab a rush order. Married bootleggers of don't need this telephone service. Th wives answer calls for them at the flat.

Most retailers of my class work by f case lots. When I have orders for th whole cases I tap the broker for five ca Three of those go in bulk to my custom For them I pay just now $108, and rece $120—a profit of twelve dollars a case, thirty-six dollars for the lot. The re have sent to my flat. As I've said, I swee the policeman on the beat not to get quisitive about deliveries.

That small lot of two cases is my reta I distribute it by one, two and three bott at an average of eleven dollars a bottle, $132 a case. This is harder work, of cour than selling it in big lots, but the margi twenty-four dollars a case. From the fi case lot I've taken on an average a gr profit of eighty-four dollars. Sometime fellow who has had a stroke of luck a wants to lay in a supply will give me a fr case order. That is sixty dollars for no m trouble than seeing the broker and bei present to make the collection when t goods are delivered.

I always try to do that. I've told t broker to set down a case at the basem door of Number Umpty-five, West Umpt sixth Street. The broker notifies me ju when it may be expected. I'm there abo of the hour. I collect on the spot just soon as the customer sees his goods. Th is strictly cash business—no checks—n even certified checks. You don't want an record in the banks. I take my $120, pe off my twelve, and hand the rest to th driver of the truck. He turns this over t the broker, who pays the importer. If b any reason I fail to show up the driver co lects the whole sum, and next day I find m bit waiting for me at the broker's. My reason for being present is to prevent double-crossing. The stuff is still, usually, the hands of the importer. Often it's in th truck that brought it from Canada or th docks. It stands him ninety-five dollars

(Continued on Page 50)

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A Knight-Motored Car for All

Never before has the amazing Knight sleeve-valve motor, used for years in some of Europe's most famous cars, been available in so *fine* a car at so *low* a price.

The Willys-Knight motor, highest development of the Knight sleeve-valve principle, delivers a smooth, ceaseless, silent flow of power, greater than the power of any other engine of its size and weight.

Free from the troubles common to poppet valves, it turns carbon, that deadly enemy of most motors, into a friend and ally which builds up its power, so that it improves with use and is still in the full vigor of its prime after many years.

The car is especially designed to match the motor in long life and distinction. Its sturdy steel chassis beats off jolts and jars and holds the body permanently free from rattles and squeaks.

The Willys-Knight is fleet, comfortable, responsible—and a sound investment.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., Toledo, Ohio . Canadian Factory: Willys-Overland, Ltd., Toronto

WILLYS-KNIGHT

The Willys-Knight Motor Improves With Use



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As everybody knows, good hickory is growing scarcer. The Bristol Steel Golf Shaft is equal to the finest hickory shaft in every detail. In actual practice it has met every test. Many of the best professionals have given it their endorsement.

Because it is lighter than hickory the weight of the club is lower, thus making a more perfectly balanced club. Climatic conditions will not affect it. Unquestionably it is stronger and more durable.

NOTICE—Basic and Supplementary Patents covering Steel Golf Shafts are controlled exclusively by us.



"Bristol" Steel Golf Shaft

Patented Nov. 12, 1910. Oct. 3, 1911 May 12 1914. May 2, 1916

Buy a new club equipped with the Bristol Steel Golf Shaft from your "Pro" or have him attach a Bristol Steel Golf Shaft to one of your old club heads; then try it and see if it doesn't appeal to you. Talk it over with your "Pro."

Golf Shops and Sporting Goods Dealers: The Bristol Steel Golf Shaft is meeting with enthusiasm everywhere. Write us for information relative to this interesting development.

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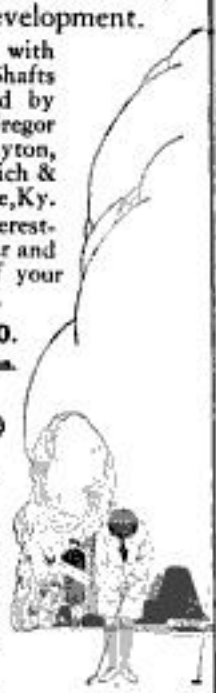
Write for our interesting descriptive circular and give us the name of your club and professional.

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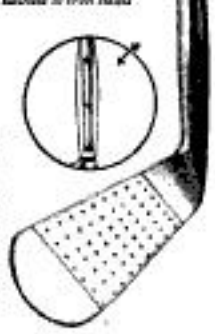
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The same can be said of our other products, Meek and Blue Grass Reels, and Kingfisher Silk Fishing Lines. They are the leaders in their respective lines.



How Bristol Steel Golf Shaft is attached to iron head



No. 11 Cork Handle "Bristol" all-around Fishing Rod, 8 feet 6 inches long, retails for $6.50. No. 27 Full Jeweled Bait Casting Rod retails for $12.00. These can be purchased from your dealer or they will be sent you direct by us postpaid upon receipt of price.

Bristol, Meek and Kingfisher Fishing Catalogs will be sent you *free* upon request.

(Continued from Page 48)

he sells it straight by five-case lots, and the price to the customer is $120.

The chauffeur, if he and his boss are inclined to be double-crossers, will say to the customer, "That's good stuff. I've got some more just like it coming down next week. You can have it for $105 a case. That fellow you ordered from is cheating you."

Right there, you lose a customer. This end of the business got so bad once last winter that a combination of retailers went to the expense of hiring a storage place and making deliveries themselves. Finally the brokers used their pull with the big boys and put down the screws.

So far I have been telling only about whisky. When Americans can't get beer they are first of all whisky drinkers. That is the staple of the trade. Next in demand is gin, next red wine, and after that the fancy stuff such as champagne, brandy, sweet wines and liqueurs. All these come to me through different routes.

Very little gin is imported. Even before the prohibition law most of our domestic supply was synthetic. Pure alcohol and distilled water were blended with juniper extract and other flavoring and allowed to age. The aging was important. New synthetic liquor of this kind, even when all the ingredients are as pure as you can get them, is bad for the lining of the stomach. It needs two or three years' aging in bottle or wood. But it's being turned out and sold raw by thousands of gallons a day in most of the big Eastern towns. In winter gin costs from thirty to thirty-five dollars a case, and sells for from forty-two to forty-five dollars. In summer, owing to gin rickeys, the price goes up about ten to fifteen dollars a case. The profits are small. But people want gin mostly in case lots for cocktails at home, and there's little peddling by the bottle, which takes time.

Poison in the Cup

I don't much like to handle gin. You never can tell where they get their alcohol. Don't think I'm talking about wood alcohol either. The worst trouble at present is this denatured stuff. Pure grain alcohol is easy and cheap enough to get. I sell it regularly to customers who want to make their own, at sixteen to eighteen dollars a gallon. It has cost the druggists from whom I get it $5.75, and they sell to me at about eleven dollars. But the supply has its limits, and the denatured stuff is even cheaper. This denatured alcohol is doped in two different ways to make it unfit for drinking. Either a drug that can be precipitated—quinine, for example—is put into it, or it is distilled with a poison like formaldehyde. Precipitating quinine is easy, and the manufacturer has to get it all out or the taste spoils his stuff. But when formaldehyde has been used the alcohol must be redistilled. Some of the big manufacturers employ chemists to do this work. The little ones try to do it themselves, and don't always succeed. Gin with a trace of formaldehyde won't knock you out the first time or the second, but keep it up, a cocktail or two every day—and good night!

Some of the whisky coming up here from the Bahamas is diluted with cane alcohol and coloring matter. It isn't poisonous, but it has an awful kick and gives you a headache next day. When the Canadian whisky I handle is diluted it's cut with only distilled water.

That cut stuff is generally most common in periods of high prices, and there's a special reason. About half of the retail peddlers and bootleggers don't want the cost to the consumer to get too high. They say it's killing the goose that lays the golden eggs. This is all a matter of psychology. Somehow the average customer has ten dollars fixed in his mind as about the price he's willing to pay for a bottle of whisky. He'll go half a dollar or a dollar above that, just as a man at an auction will go a dollar above his price for something he really wants.

After that a certain proportion of customers will say "Too expensive," and begin to drop out. When wholesale prices rise too high the bottleggers or peddlers will make twelve bottles of Scotch out of ten in order to hold their profits at eleven dollars. But it tends to lose your customers. A guy who knows whisky tastes the water or finds he doesn't get enough kick. Then, likely, he goes to somebody else. When I have to handle the cut stuff I try to work it off on transient custom or amateur drinkers.

Our trouble with prices comes mostly from pikers—people who don't follow bootlegging as a steady game but do it on the side. That is happening more and more all the time. Sometimes I wonder if there will be any really professional peddlers after a while. That's one of my reasons for pulling out. The piker competition is making itself felt. There are thousands of them. Certain manicure or hair-dressing parlors do regular business with lady customers. Many clerks working in offices on small salaries make money on the side bootlegging among their pals in the shop. Then there are the outsiders like news-stand men, proprietors of small cigar stores and head waiters. They have a location and a steady income out of another regular business and the customers come to them; they don't have to go out rustling for trade. So they can afford to undersell. When we are charging $120 a case for Canadian whisky they often let it go for $115. Their trade is mostly case goods in large lots. They have no time to deliver small orders. But some of them will land ten cases a day at a profit of seven dollars a case and no expenses except perhaps fifty dollars a week or so to the cops. All classes of retail trade are doing it more or less. I know one foreigner who has just left for the old country to be a magnate. He made it in two years because he had a location in the basement of a big office building and an inside acquaintance with most of the bosses and clerks. I don't know how this price cutting is going to be stopped unless the big boys at the top get together and let the pikers know that if they sell below the market price they'll be pinched for bootlegging.

The two elements that sell regularly in excess of the market price are the female bootleggers and the hotel bell boys. The women in the game are usually pretty girls with good clothes who know how to flirt. They stick around dances and lay to get men a little goofed on them. When the sucker is hooked the girl breaks the news. She's already sized him up as good for one or two or three cases. Generally he says, right away, "Put me down," and names a time and place for delivery. When it comes to a question of price she says "A hundred and fifty dollars." Well, even if he knows the regular price he hates to appear a piker; so he falls.

It's all lovely until next morning when she's delivered and got her money. Then she becomes strictly business. She's bought through the same broker as I have, and for the same amount—$108 to $110, say. If he's stung himself for three cases she's made $120 to $125 for her evening's work. And sometimes by playing it fine she'll land two or three suckers in one evening.

The Bell Boy Trade

The bell boys have a regular trade price—eighteen dollars a bottle in one, two or three bottle lots—the only way they ever sell. If a boy is found underselling he loses his job quick. Not through the management—they aren't in on it—but because the other boys ride him until he has to get out. They charge more if they can. Hotel clerks and bell boys are great judges of human nature. They give you a once-over and have you sized up. Well, a man registers who looks prosperous and a little like a sport, and the bell boy sees there's a good sucker in him. He says as he's taking his tip, "Is there anything more I can do?" About half the time the sport asks where he can get some whisky.

The bell boy says maybe it can be fixed, but it's rather hard to get now and will cost twenty-two dollars. Usually he starts with some such sum as that and comes down if he must to eighteen, where he sticks. He is afraid to keep the stuff in the hotel. The management won't stand for that. There's nothing in it for them. Either he has a bottle buried with some friend near by or he rings up a peddler and makes a date to slip the goods at some quiet entrance to the hotel. He pays the peddler $10.50 or eleven dollars like anybody else, and makes from seven up, minus a split with the head bell boy, maybe.

After you cut your eyeteeth you don't deliver to a customer in a hotel more than once. When the bell boy sees you coming with a suitcase or a bundle he rushes at you to take it. If you refuse he looks you over as if you were a piker trying to get out of your tip. Really he suspects you are peddling booze and is sizing you up to remember you. If you do it a second time he tips off the hotel detective, who follows you up and puts his ear to the keyh the room where you're selling. Wh hears you just about to pass the goo breaks in and pinches you.

We get back at the bell boys on Sat nights, when booze is sometimes a hard to get right away. A guest wil three or four bottles for a party or to tain buyers. When the bell boy calls you know he wants it quick and count on getting it. So you say, "All but to-night it will be five dollars ext delivery."

He kicks, but he falls for it. I he gets the five dollars out of the cust at that.

You can't buy liquor in every New hotel. Some of them employ speci tectives just to watch the boys and s the place is bone-dry. These hotels have some trouble keeping their though.

It's a game where you have to keep eyes open every minute, because if y yourself be stung there's no comp through the law.

In Christmas week I cleared more $1000. I could have sold three tim much if I had been three men. I s couldn't fill the orders. Now in any business I could have hired extra la make the deliveries and collections. I worked the telephone. But in boom dling! Half your assistants would ru with the money and the other half knock you to your customers and get away from you. Early in my business rience I handled five cases of Cana Scotch. I'd sampled the stuff, and it l all right. But two bottles in every were filled with cheap claret, the kind costs fifty cents a gallon in Canada. to replace those ten phony bottles with stuff in order to keep my customers, lost on the transaction both in time money. The wholesaler in Canada fixed a whole truckload that way befo delivered to the importer.

Waterfront Transactions

The worst place for trickery and cheat is the docks. You have to depend on purchases now and then, because mos the fancy stuff comes that way—liqu port, sherry and champagne. Stoker petty officers buy it in small lots at sma prices in Europe, stow it in a dark p about the ship, and split profits with s one employed ashore, who distributes But these people will generally do yo they can. And between the docks First Avenue on one side or Seventh A nue on the other the law doesn't run n at night.

They've got you alone down there they can pretty nearly chuck you into water and no questions asked.

A friend of mine who broke into business recently lost all his second we profits on a dock transaction. One of customers was giving a party. He wan a case of champagne right away. friend had a tip that a dock guard was ing off several cases of good stuff arrived. He went over in a taxi and the goods. What the guard really sho him was a lot of strictly temperance S aërated apple juice, which comes in cha pagne bottles, is labeled in French and a trade name a little like the word "cha pagne." It sells for fifty cents at the d catessen stores. "All right," says friend, "let's taste a sample." The gu pops a cork and pours out a glassful. the real thing.

It was the customer who discovered mistake, not the bootlegger. His pa was a complete failure. He had a polic pull long enough to make my friend back the money. The guard had steam the label from a bottle of the apple ju pasted it on a bottle of real champa and opened that for a sample.

"Serves me right for trying to do bu ness in a foreign language," says my fri to me. "I don't read Swiss."

Well, *ishkabibble*. If they don't get this week they never will. It's their l chance. I'm through. I saw Jim Mallo day or two ago, and told him so. He w just up from Palm Beach on his way Ireland. Jim's living easy now, and enjo ing himself. He listens to me, and then says, "I don't know but you're a w young man."

That's as far as Jim ever commits hi self. But he's on the inside, and I've s dom seen him miss the turn. Something going to happen.

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A Super Six that is
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More mileage from your tires, greater operating efficiency, fewer mechanical and electrical repair bills, less depreciation on your car as a whole—these are the objects of DUTCH BRAND specialties for the motorist. This name invariably assures highest quality and most satisfactory results.

Look for the package with the orange label, checkered border and Dutch Girl's head.



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DUTCH BRAND SURE-SEAL COMBINATION OUTFIT contains everything needed for a quick, permanent inner-tube patch; self-curing, non-splitting, and elastic. It includes a supply of 2-in-1 Cut-Filler which seals casing cuts and prevents sand blisters and rotting of fabric and wears as well as the casing itself. Medium size outfit, 50c; large, 75c; extra large, $1.00.



To Make Gasket Joints Leak-Proof

DUTCH BRAND GASKET SHELLAC SOLUTION is highly concentrated, forming a thick plastic layer that fills the finest crevices. The gasket is hermetically sealed against the passage of all gases or fluids—air, steam, water, oils, etc. It is so highly adhesive that it will not loosen. 2-oz. bottle, 20c. Also put up in larger sizes for shop use.



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DUTCH BRAND FRICTION TAPE is the standard of quality. It is a mistake to imagine that "tape is tape"—no article the motorist buys shows greater variation of quality. Dutch Brand has an unusually strong and dense foundation fabric, heavily impregnated with a rich rubber compound. It has high adhesiveness, tensile strength and electrical resistance and it does not dry out. 2-oz. carton, 10c; 4-oz. 20c; 8-oz. 35c.

If your dealer is not supplied with Dutch Brand specialties, a trial assortment including all above products will be sent you postpaid on receipt of $1 and your dealer's name.

Dealers: Send for complete catalog, and order from your jobber.

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Manufacturers of Dutch Brand Products, including Auto and Cycle Specialties, Bicycle Tire Fluid, "Snow-White" Millinery Cement, Moving Picture Film Cement, "Triple-Tite" Shoe Cement, Shoe Heel Enamel.

The Hotel Remembe

By G. Appleby Terrill

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

THE town clerk of Weyport West was dining at the house of old friends, Ronald Morrit and his wife. The Morrits and he and Spenliss, who was the only other guest, had gone to the Weyport High School kindergarten together thirty-odd years before, so naturally there was no formality about this dinner. Dessert was past, but Mrs. Morrit stayed on in her chair.

The big white cloth had been taken from the table, leaving a beautiful surface of dark oak, across which two very narrow white cloths now stretched, arrayed with decanters and wineglasses, coffee cups and silver ash trays.

Mrs. Morrit was slim, fair, still pretty. On her right was the town clerk, slim also, clean shaven and looking the astute lawyer that he was. Spenliss, on her left, and her husband, opposite her, were both strong-framed, stoutish men, who were contrasts in temperament. The dark-mustached Spenliss was noted for irascibility; Morrit, of the cropped, sandy mustache, was practically always in a good humor.

These two, Spenliss and Morrit, were coupled as the richest men in Weyport. Spenliss had inherited a large fortune; Morrit, shipowner, grain merchant and much else, was making a particularly large one. Compared with them the town clerk was poor; his income was merely two thousand pounds a year.

Conversation for the moment was running on foreign coins and postage stamps. Mrs. Morrit and Spenliss, insatiable collectors, were urging Morrit to board the Ulansa—from the China Seas—when she approached port early next morning, and to clean her out of Asiatic money and stamps before their great rival collector, the Missions to Seamen chaplain, could get alongside. Morrit was remarking genially and untruthfully that he could just foresee himself emerging from bed at four A. M. to have a boat race with the chaplain.

The town clerk was silent. He intended to give a surprising turn to the conversation presently, but there was not the least hurry. By his side was an empty chair. His hand happened to be resting on the arm of it. Perhaps once in every minute his eyes stole down the long room to the open window which looked over Weyport and the sea. The light of the room was oppressively yellow, for the electric bulbs were draped in orange silk and the dark old pictures were in heavy, gleaming, gilt frames; and outside the window was an expanse of cool gray sea under a dim gray-green sky, athwart which was thrust a jagged shaft of mauve-gray cloud, the sharp promontory of a cloud mass. But it was not to rest his eyes with this scene that the town clerk looked towards the window.

Sitting in the window recess, with a movable electric lamp by her side, was the girl who had occupied the chair next to his—the big girl with the sun-tanned neck and sun-peeled back and the long, thick plait of dark hair. She was a member of the household rather than a guest. She was Mrs. Morrit's niece, and had come down from Northumberland a month previously to make a long stay with her aunt. This was her first visit to Weyport West.

The town clerk was forty-one; the girl was just eighteen. From the day of her arrival the town clerk had felt tired of being a bachelor. The girl—unfortunately for him—had felt utterly tired of the dinner table. Not liking to leave the room without her aunt, she had compromised by settling in the recess. She was reading a magazine, with one eye; the other was temporarily unusable owing to the recent impact of a cricket ball. Now and again her eye roved to the sea, to the jagged, mauve-gray cloud cape. It certainly did not rove in the town clerk's direction yet. The town clerk fresh cigar, expelled with something of a and took a letter from pocket.

"If you people have quite done ing," he said, "listen to this. I think interest you. I got it to-day." He u the letter. "It's headed 'Rue de Pa Paris,' and, as you see, typewritte money order for five shillings was in Now listen —— Oh, shut up arguing. Get aboard the ship yourself. Buy a l ing canoe and paddle out to her. Li

TO THE TOWN CLERK,
WEYPORT WEST, ESSEX, ENGLAND.

Dear Sir: I believe it is not unusual t to the town clerk of a place for local in tion.

Can you tell me whether Mr. Charle ert Lydekker is still living at his hous White Gate, Weyport West? As my a after to-night is uncertain, perhaps you kind enough to insert your reply in the p column of the (London) Morning Sta Saturday's issue.

With apologies for troubling you t extent, Yours faithfully,
GILBERT BANTH

The town clerk laid down the letter "Well?" There was a little note citement in his voice. "Well, who something to say?"

Mrs. Morrit surveyed him with a pu frown.

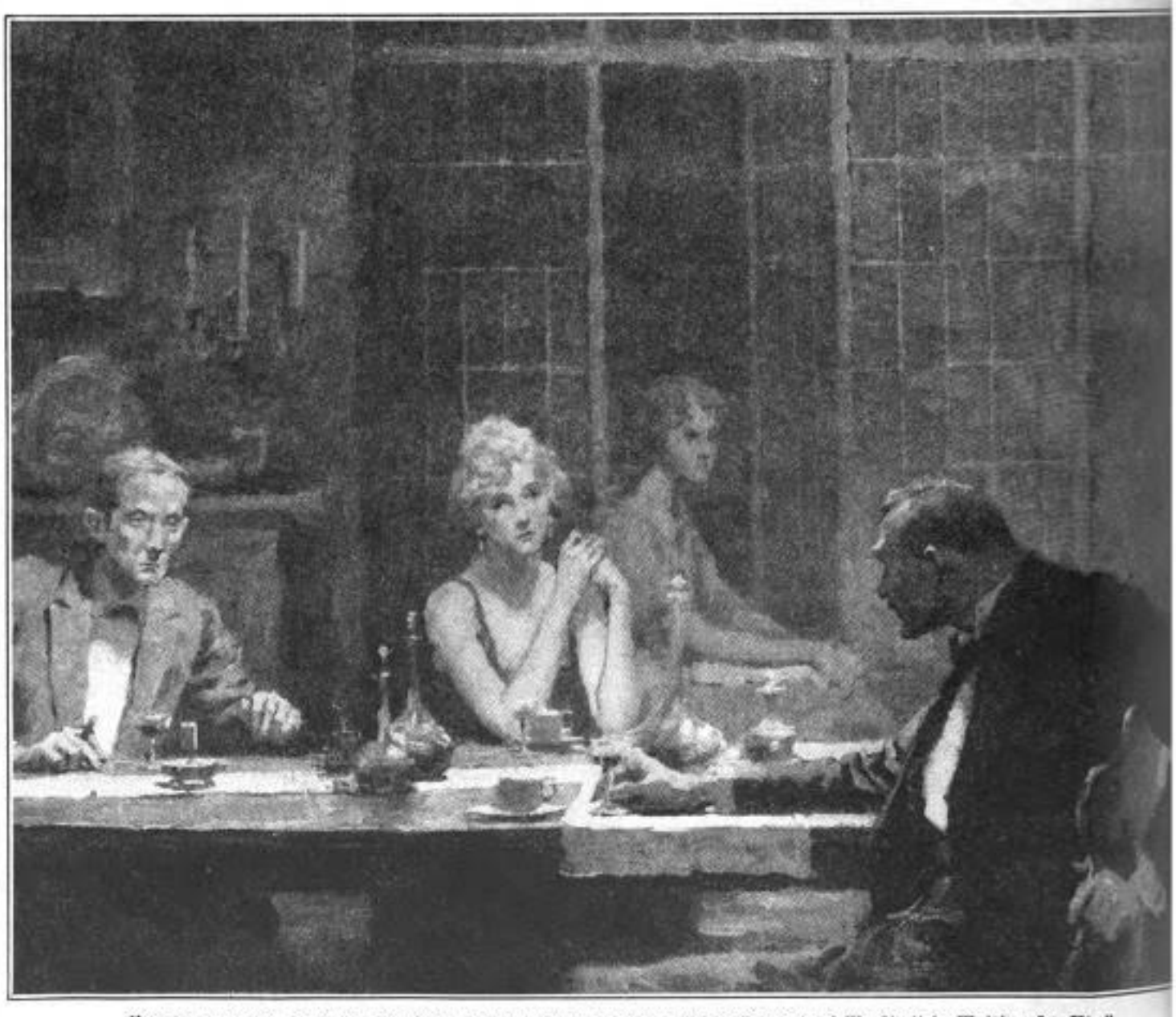
"What is there to say?" asked Spe "Quite a reasonable sort of letter."

Morrit, after rumination, observe know a Fred Banthrop, farmer in S set."

The town clerk smiled with a tou self-pride.

"The name Banthrop has nothing with it—in my opinion. Nell"—to Morrit—"I'll prompt you a bit. W does old Charley Lydekker make one of? Here's somebody wants to see hi doesn't like to write him ——"

(Continued on Page 54)



"And One Night, Probably Saturday, Derek'll Come Sneaking Along There, and We Shall be Waiting for Him"

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When you need a new Battery Know the *Reason Why*

ou never buy a new bat- as long as the plates in old are right. Live plates n your battery is alive; rn-out plates, that you d a new battery. For the of your battery is in its tes.

here's the net of buying attery. And the simple, ect way to get the *best* bat- y is to get the *best plates* he liveliest, longest-lived tes.

PREST-O-PLATES for Long Life

est-O-Plates, the backbone of Prest-O-Lite Batteries, we have every right to believe, are the best plates made.

Always a maker of a *better* plate, always specializing in plates, Prest-O-Lite centered its laboratory knowledge and skill in improving them, and produced Prest-O-Plates.

They are superior to ordinary plates. They possess *hardness* combined with *porosity* to a marked degree.

The result: Prest-O-Lite is a battery with ready delivery of power, and great tenacity of life.

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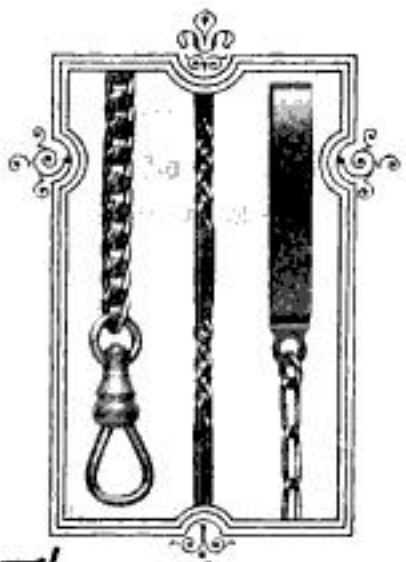
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for
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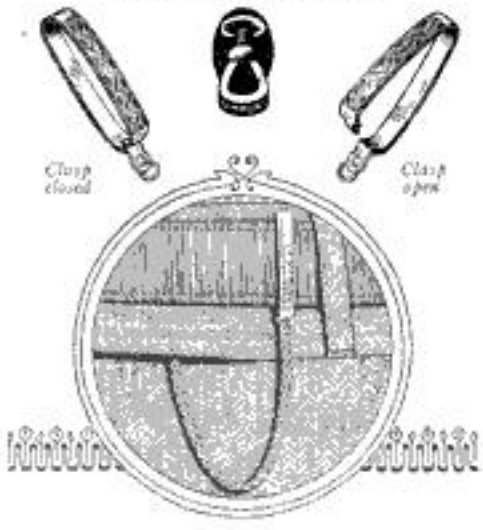
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Attleboro, Massachusetts

R. F. Simmons Co. of Canada, Ltd.
95-97 King St. E. Toronto

The Swivel Says It's a Simmons



(Continued from Page 52)

"Oh-h!" cried Mrs. Morrit very softly.

"Somebody who doesn't know who's town clerk here—I'm pretty sure of that—but who won't send his address to Weyport, because by a remote chance some person might guess that Gilbert Banthrop's real name ——"

"Derek!" Mrs. Morrit breathed—"Derek Smith!"

"Derek Smith," said the town clerk with conviction.

Away in the window recess an eye abandoned a magazine page with a jerk, and, very wide and blue and interested, dwelt steadily on the town clerk. Engrossed with his subject, he missed the pleasure of noting this.

"Derek Smith," he said again. "That's who Gilbert Banthrop is. I'd bet a thousand pounds on it. How do I shape as a detective, Ron?"

"Absolute first-rate," said Morrit slowly, scanning the letter, which he had reached for. "Derek didn't do this signature—if I recollect his writing. But I agree with you. This is from Derek."

"I wonder if he's altered much—in nine years," said Mrs. Morrit. "Far and away the best-looking man I ever saw, was Derek."

"Here, I say!" protested the homely featured Morrit. "Phew! There's spite—over a few confounded Chinese stamps!"

The town clerk took a sip of wine.

"Care to see him, Nell—on Saturday night?"

Mrs. Morrit looked puzzled again. But Spenliss, whose expression had become particularly unamiable in the last half minute, lifted his cigar quickly from his mouth.

"I would." His mustache twitched slightly once or twice—a sure sign that his temper was thoroughly stirred. "I would," he repeated after a pause; "I'd very much like to see him, the blackguard; very much like the chance of punching at him for a couple of minutes before I handed him over to the police—helping to swindle me, a pal, an old schoolfellow! If I could get within reach of Master Derek ——" He stopped, actually phlegmy with anger, coughed, and leaned towards the town clerk. "Jimmy, I know what you're half thinking of doing. You won't tell him that Lydekker's house is empty; that the old boy's living in Colchester. You'll reply that he's still at The White Gate. And one night, probably Saturday, Derek'll come sneaking along there, and we shall be waiting for him. Do it, Jimmy! You must!"

Morrit whistled.

"Poor Derek!" said Mrs. Morrit. "Still it would serve him right—and how exciting for us all! He never could stand against you in boxing, could he, Spen? Jimmy"—her eyes lit eagerly—"are you going to do it?"

The town clerk twisted his wineglass.

"I'm rather inclined to make the capture. . . . For this reason especially," he added: "Derek's nerve and will, you may be sure, haven't lost their trick of weakening on occasions; and I think that Spen with his fists or the hope of escaping with a light sentence at his trial would persuade Derek to say where the real scoundrel of the piece, Lionel Gandry, is at present. . . . What d'you say about this, Ron?"

Morrit, with unwonted seriousness, hesitated.

"Should be pleased to see Gandry caught," he said at length. "But as to Derek—well, he was one of us, Jimmy. Can't forget that when his people moved up north he lived on here with his Uncle Lydekker just to be near us."

"Just to flatter his uncle," corrected Spenliss swiftly; "just to cajole the old chap into buying him a partnership in Gandry's Estate Agency business; just to keep Lydekker in the humor to leave all his money to Mr. Derek Smith."

Morrit poured out a liqueur, his mouth pursed.

"Don't agree with any of that. And I often doubt that Derek knew anything about Gandry's swindles: anything at all, before the night when—all right, Nell and Spen, you can say he did. I say ——"

"Look here!" interposed the town clerk. "I've been trying for hours to decide whether to trap Derek or not. As I couldn't decide I thought that the four of us should settle the question this evening in a businesslike way. We don't want irrelevancies and disputes cropping up every few seconds." He paused. "Tell you what—and this should give us the proper atmosphere—although you all know as much as I know about Derek, I'll lay the case before you: facts, doubts, surmises. If you disagree with a point we'll discuss it at the end. That done, we'll have a vote—*trap* or *not trap*."

"Yes, yes! This is really thrilling!" Mrs. Morrit's other arm came onto the table; she clasped her hands expectantly.

Spenliss jabbed at an ash tray with his cigar.

"My vote's *trap*. Facts and surmises be hanged! Now, Nell, vote *trap*."

"Won't count if she does," said Morrit, "any more than yours. Jimmy's going to speak on the case before there's any voting. I want time to think. Go on, Jimmy."

The town clerk drew at his cigar.

"Till midway through this month, nine years ago," he said, "we considered Derek, whom we'd known all our lives, absolutely straight and honest. We considered his partner, Lionel Gandry, honest, for that matter; but for eighteen months past, unknown or known to Derek, Gandry had been swindling wholesale.

"Something was discovered, and late one night Uncle Lydekker told Derek that probably Gandry would be arrested in the morning. It was foolish of Lydekker, for only a fortnight previously Gandry, at the risk of his own life, had saved Derek from drowning—you can keep your charitable regrets to yourself, Spen. Don't interrupt. Of course what did Derek do? He slipped off at once to warn Gandry, to help him to escape. Presumably Derek acted from sheer gratitude. For, whether in the swindles or not, he was in no discernible danger himself. Gandry alone had appeared in the various transactions, and no document incriminating Derek was ever found. But Derek's move to help Gandry was disastrous.

"Gandry and he went to their office. Gandry wanted the ready money in the safe. Two policemen saw their light and, suspecting burglars, invaded the office. It promptly occurred to Derek and Gandry that these chaps had come to arrest Gandry. They simply leaped at the bobbies and chucked them clean down a flight of stone stairs—laid 'em both very much out. And then Derek, in an understandable panic, went off with Gandry and a bag of other people's cash. A warrant was straightway issued for his arrest, but Gandry and he had vanished, and have remained vanished all these years."

The town clerk drew at his cigar again.

"The warrant charged Derek with assault and—not unnaturally—with being a co-swindler with Gandry. Like Ron, I doubt that he was, until he became something like it on this night. Anyhow, Derek nearly killed a policeman; he achieved the escape of Lionel Gandry, among whose dupes were myself to the tune of three hundred and eighty pounds, Spen to that of seven hundred, and Ron—nineteen hundred, was it, Ron?"

Morrit nodded.

"And," continued the town clerk, "Derek undoubtedly shared that bag of loot, for he had to leave his money behind in the bank. What he's been doing these nine years—honest work, or picking pockets—we can't say. But whichever it is, he hasn't prospered. The significance of his letter is obvious. He's hard up; he wants to get money out of Lydekker. He probably communicates with his parents and sisters in the north, and knows exactly how furiously his uncle disowned him and disowned them for speaking up on his behalf. But he believes that if he walked suddenly into the old man's room and held out his hands in entreaty he'd be forgiven. So he means to risk coming to Weyport if he's told Lydekker's here." The town clerk leaned back in his chair. "Any point objected to? No? Well, what's the voting?"

Spenliss struck a match viciously.

"Don't look at me! You know my vote."

"Ron?"

Morrit shook his head.

"I say *don't trap*."

Spenliss smacked the match down in disgust. "Nell, say *trap!*"

The town clerk looked at Mrs. Morrit and was met with arched eyebrows and a shrug.

"I s'pose I ought to follow Ron's lead, but it would be tremendously interesting, wouldn't it? And Spen's so keen and you're the real leader in this, and I almost know how you'd like me to vote—I vote *trap*."

"Here! Nell hasn't a franchise!" exclaimed Morrit. "She didn't lose anything."

"Excuse me. Derek had a pound of mine to put on a horse."

"Pah!" said Morrit. "Jimmy, you side with me. Let's deadlock the proceedings, two against two. Come, what's three-eighty pounds?"

"Um-m—it's something I'm still sore about." The town clerk stared at his cigar. "There'd be a satisfaction in landing the pair in jail—Derek and Gandry."

"But no police on the scene till I've had a couple of rounds with Derek, mind that!" said Spenliss. A smile, very unpleasant, touched his face. "Derek won't feel like throwing police about when I've finished with him. Jimmy, it's just struck me that you'll have to vote *trap*. You, as town clerk—and Ron, of course, as a magistrate—'ll be neglecting your duties if you don't catch Derek."

Mrs. Morrit gave a sigh of exultation, and the town clerk was unmistakably pleased by the introduction of this viewpoint.

"Very well, Spen," he said, "I'll ——"

"Duties—rubbish!" intervened Morrit. "Don't vote that way, Jimmy. Vote with me. Stop shaking your head! Listen! Make it two against two and we'll toss up to decide. Be sporting, Jimmy."

"Don't you be anything of the sort," ordered Spenliss.

The town clerk hesitated, then, "To please you, Ron—*no trap*."

With a certain amount of relief in his face, Morrit took out a half crown.

"Heads, Derek isn't interfered with; tails, trap him."

"Oh, mind my dear table!" cried Mrs. Morrit.

The coin spun up and fell on the carpet.

"Tails—*trap*," said the town clerk; and Mrs. Morrit softly clapped her hands, while Spenliss nodded in gratification.

"Of course, you needn't be one of the house party, Ron," he remarked, "if you'd prefer ——"

"Oh, I'll go—to see you're not too rough with Derek."

"May I?" whispered Mrs. Morrit ecstatically.

For once Morrit snapped, "Certainly not!"

Mrs. Morrit shrugged.

"I shall laugh if it isn't Derek, or if he loses his nerve when he finds himself in Weyport—turns back before reaching The White Gate. What a sell for you three, holding your breaths in ambush there!"

"I've thought of that turning back," said the town clerk. "I shall bring a few more people into this—people who knew Derek well—to watch for him on the edge of the town and at the railway station. Unless he comes cleverly disguised or hidden in a motor car, he won't have much chance of retreat, once he's entered Weyport. Yet"—there was keen regret in his voice—"yet I wish he'd let slip his address in London. We'd be so sure of him then. I suppose he's in London—some hotel, if he can afford that. Pity he hadn't a favorite hotel, back in the past. He might have gone there. The staff would scarcely recollect him in connection with the Weyport affair."

"Derek with a favorite hotel!" said Spenliss. "Dissatisfied prig! Did he ever stay at the same hotel twice? Did he ever discover that 'quiet, comfortable little place' he was always saying he meant to discover?"

The others shook their heads.

Away in the window recess, very wide and blue and shining, an eye that had not rested from its long gaze gazed on at the table.

Amid the black and varicolored patch which formed the environment of the other eye there was now a blue, bright slit, slowly becoming wider. Of those at the table it was Mrs. Morrit who first glanced towards the window recess—swiftly, after giving an exclamation.

"Veronica," she said, "you recollect Derek Smith, don't you?"

"Derek Smith?"

From the magazine in which she had been absorbed the girl looked up uncomprehendingly.

"Yes. Why, he used to play with you in Northumberland when you were a kid—your mother often told me. Surely you remember!"

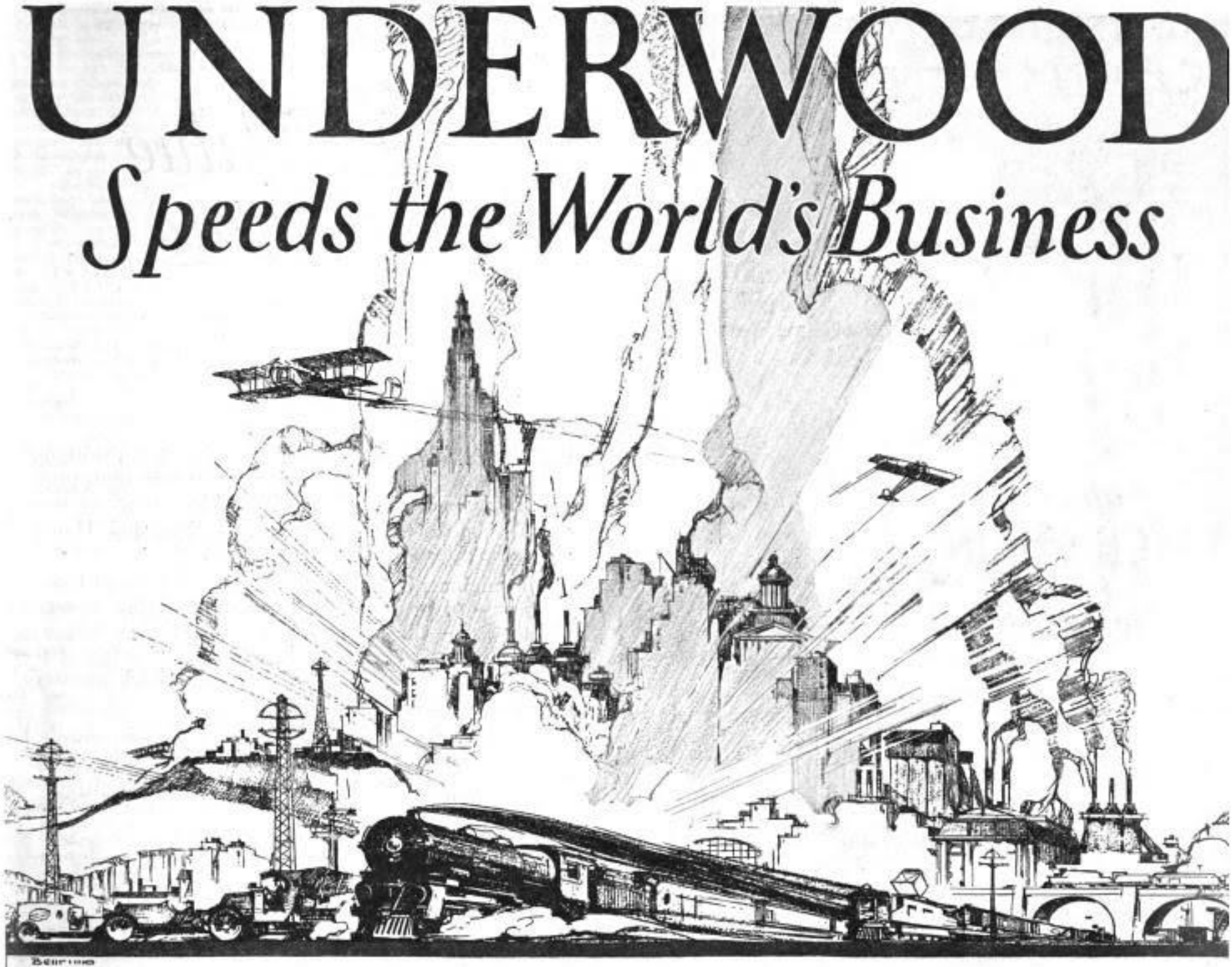
The girl pondered—vainly, it was obvious—and lapsed back to the magazine.

(Continued on Page 57)

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UNDERWOOD

Speeds the World's Business



WORDS are the voice, and figures the memory of Business. Without these two, modern Industry could not go on.

The world-famous Underwood Standard Typewriter is but one of *seventeen* Underwood Machines that give speed, accuracy and dependability to writing and recording.

UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER CO., INC., Underwood Bldg., N. Y., *Branches in all principal cities*

UNDERWOOD PRODUCTS

Underwood Standard Typewriter
Underwood Standard Portable
Underwood Bookkeeping Machine
Underwood Continuous Fanfold Biller
Underwood Check Writer
Underwood Card Writer
Underwood Bill and Order Machine
Underwood Loose Leaf Record Writer
Underwood Waybiller and Manifest Machine



UNDERWOOD PRODUCTS

Underwood Insurance Policy Writer
Underwood Retail Bill and Charge Machine
Underwood Condensed Biller
Underwood Revolving Duplicator
Underwood Label Roll
Underwood Railroad Expense-Freight Biller
Underwood Statistical Report Writer
Underwood Envelope and Card Inserter

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The Value of Time

By Krónos

Paintings by
HAROLD DELAY

TIME! Before every train that thunders through the night flies Father Time—the same watchful, protecting personality that guided Alexander across the ocean's floor to the defiant walls of Tyre, and Hannibal across the Alps to the gates of Rome!

The engineer in his rocking cab, staring ahead into the darkness—the conductor going methodically about his nightly task—the passengers lying in their comfortable berths, listening to the storm shriek past—all put their trust implicitly in that hovering, watchful, protecting figure of old Father Time.

For Father Time, on America's Railroads, stands for that amazing development of Time Service, train despatching and block signals which alone make modern train safety possible, and enable travelers to save the most costly thing in the world—*Time*.

For half a century, moreover, Father Time has stood for the finest Railroad timepieces that money, brains and skill could produce—*Elgins!* Broadly speaking, Father Time *is* Elgin. He has been Elgin's official trade-mark for half a century. One of America's favorite Railroad models, indeed, bears his name. Among Elgin owners, in Railroad circles as elsewhere in the busy world, pride of possession unites with perfection of performance.

* * *

*"Father Time"—one of Elgin's popular Railroad movements, here shown cased up with Winding Indicator Dial. * * * Twenty-one jewels; adjusted to temperature, isochronism and five positions. Material, construction, adjustments and service fully covered by Elgin Guarantee. * * Made in Elgin, U. S. A.*



Elgin Watches

THE RAILROAD STANDARD FOR HALF A CENTURY

© 1922 ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO.

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(Continued from Page 54)

"Great luck!" breathed Mrs. Morrit across the table. "Else she'd have listened to all we've said. Forgot she was there. Don't want her to tell her people. Talk of something different now."

It was not from her sister, Veronica's mother, that Mrs. Morrit particularly wished their conversation kept. It was from the "conceited, aristocratic" father, the distinguished athlete with "absurd notions" as to honor. His criticism of a stamp deal effected by Mrs. Morrit as being "absolutely not 'cricket,'" by which he meant "absolutely not sporting—not honorable," had led to a protracted quarrel, in celebration of the end of which Veronica had come on this visit.

Veronica had inherited from her father all his love for outdoor games, and something of his predilection for honor, though not enough to render her talkative when reticence was diplomatic.

She put down the magazine, leaned back in the recess and rested her eyes—closed them. One word, directed at the table, was shaped soundlessly by her lips:

"Swine!"

She folded her arms.

Dear old Derek! She smiled. What cheek she had in those days, always calling him Derek! She a short-frocked, bare-kneed, often grubby-faced urchin, with the ribbon bow on her sea-water-soaked, rat-tailed hair reaching little higher than his elbow even in the last days of their friendship. . . . Couldn't she recall things vividly! Her delight whenever Derek was in Northumberland visiting his people and, as an old friend of her mother, visiting her people; her wanderings along the beach with him, when they collected driftwood, searched the rocks for crabs and wondered whether they would find a stranded mermaid or something equally exciting beyond the big black point.

The cuttlefish! Her smile increased. How persistently she tried to get Derek to sample the tooth powder which she manufactured by grinding up those chalk-like bits of cuttlefish that were to be found on the shingle, and how vehemently he refused—the matter culminating in that hilarious afternoon when her father and mother held him in a chair and she thrust at his teeth with a cuttle-powder-charged brush every time he couldn't help laughing!

And his nickname for her! That was really humorous when one recalled that thenadays she secretly very much fancied herself as a pretty and graceful young person.

She had cut her knee. While she sat on her mother's lap Derek plastered it for her.

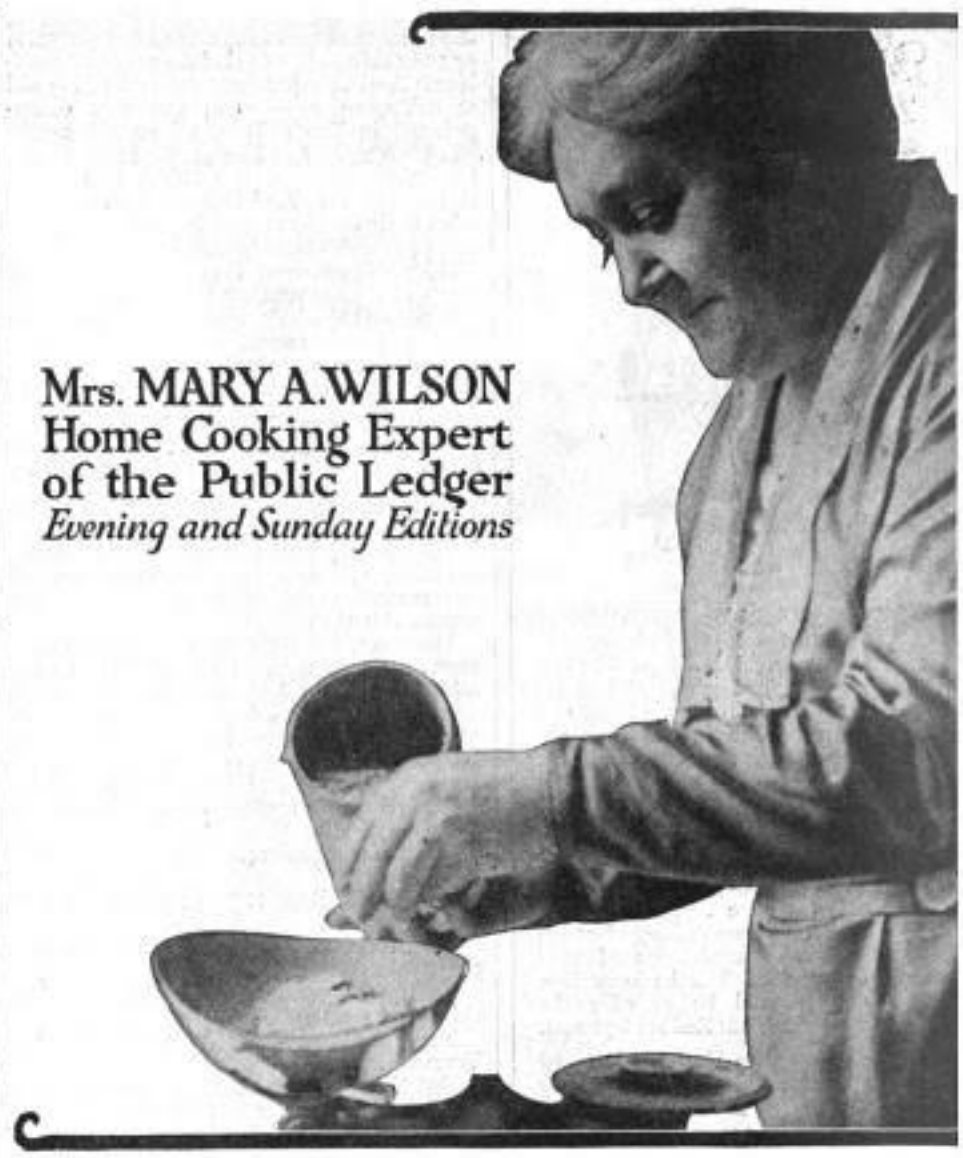
"Is it very deep?" asked her mother.

"Deep!" said Derek scornfully. "How could anything go deep into these leathery, weather-beaten old knees? They're just like the knees of a rhinoceros I know at the Zoo. There you are, Little Rhinoceros Knees."

And after that she was always Little Rhinoceros Knees to him, except when she was Rhinos. It was jolly difficult to feel ethereal when you were addressed as Little Rhinoceros Knees. Dear old Derek! So here was news of him at last! He had managed to struggle through the nine



"It is Rough on the Child. So Derek Had the Keys?"



Queen Victoria's cook

Although Mrs. Wilson cooked for royalty, she is also a practical cooking adviser for the most modest purse.

For years she prepared and passed upon every dish set before Queen Victoria of England at Buckingham Palace, and there devised some of the favorite dishes of that Prince of Epicures, afterward King Edward VII.

She has been a chef for Italian nobles, stewardess of the American Hotel at Lake Como and a cook in the famous Cafe Royale, of Paris.

During the war she was cooking instructor of the United States Navy. Thus she is a food economist in the strictest sense.

For five years she has been in charge of the cookery department of the Public Ledger, (Evening and Sunday Editions). In her own kitchen she tries out every recipe before she publishes it. Every day she answers questions on cooking and diet, sent in by her readers.

Mrs. Wilson's daily service has proved so valuable that many other newspapers print it regularly by arrangement with the Ledger Syndicate.

PHILADELPHIA

Public Ledger

Evening and Sunday Editions

At your club *At hotel newsstand*

Find out whether there is a newspaper in your city which publishes Mrs. Wilson's "Home Cooking" service by arrangement with the Ledger Syndicate.

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The Red Elephant, The Blue Dealer and The Red Tag



A MAHARAJA OF MUMBI wanted a Red Elephant. No other brand would do. The last one he had possessed had far surpassed all others in Speed and Power. But he had broken thru the Garage door and left for Parts Unknown.

So the Maharaja dispatched a Runner to the Local Elephant Dealer with a Rush Order for One Red Elephant—F. O. B. Factory. Upon receipt of the Order the Dealer heaved a Heavy Sigh. His stock of "Reds" was gone and he had not reordered. Profits weren't Large Enough on the Red brand. They lasted too long—Renewals were few. But he knew how Impossible it would be to offer the Maharaja any shade but Red in Elephants.

Now it occurred to him that he knew of a Firm that could paint an ordinary Black Elephant so natural a Red that Nobody would ever notice the Difference.

So it came to pass that the Maharaja received an Imitation Red Elephant. All was well until the Maharaja, who was a wise bird when it came to Elephants, made a trial trip and noticed a lack of Pick-up in his new pet. Upon close examination he found a black patch on the elephant's back where the Red Paint was wearing off.

The next morning a certain Elephant Dealer was requested to devote his Energies to breaking up Stones for new Movie Palaces. That's enough to make any Elephant Dealer blue.

* * * *

The Maharaja had learned the importance of demanding the Genuine.

Mr. Motorist, when you discover that a dealer has sold you a non-genuine part, your anger is no less than was the Maharaja's. But when buying Stewart Replacement Parts, you can protect yourself by looking for the Red Tag.

The Maharaja was unable to tell his product was counterfeit until after he had used it. With Stewart Replacement Parts, you can assure yourself of their genuineness before you even purchase them.

Genuine Stewart Parts are tagged for *your* protection. Be sure to

Look for the RED TAG
on all Stewart Replacement Parts.



Stewart
PRODUCTS

years, and now he couldn't resist seeking the hand that could lift him out of poverty, or something akin to it, into a decent position. And this precious quartet of his old schoolfellows —— Oh, she was disappointed in Uncle Ron, whom she really liked! Why hadn't he squashed that heartless Nell—stopped the thing, instead of sliding into it? And this precious quartet, with their comforts and their money, were out to smash the helpless chap!

Thank goodness, there were heaps of ways of circumventing them, even if they did turn the whole town into a trap for Derek. For instance, the insertion—with special arrangements for big type—in Saturday's Morning Standard of the following:

DEREK—'GILBERT BANTHROP': That snipe of a town clerk is lying. Trap set. Keep right away. RHINOS;

would scarcely fail to warn Derek—or to make things interesting for Veronica in Weyport. Veronica opened the easily openable eye and very smilingly studied the mauve cloud mass, now spread far across the sky.

However, the advertisement plan was a reserve one. Again she visualized a certain afternoon which had come into her mind as soon as Derek's name was spoken—an afternoon only a week before his flight from Weyport. Her mother and she were in London; Derek had lunched with them.

"Derek," her mother said, "I've got to call on two or three people. Do take Veronica somewhere. Take her to the Zoo."

"Zoo! I daren't!" ejaculated Derek, looking scared.

"Daren't?" Perplexity on her mother's part.

"They'd keep her there with the other rhi —— Ow!"

The "Ow!" marked a frenzied attack by Veronica.

But they went to the Zoo. As they were returning on top of a bus Derek pointed to the portico of a building, an attractive portico of white pillars and glass, with pots of flowers and clipped shrubs that were like little trees—these were in low, polished barrels—at the sides of its flight of steps.

"That's my hotel," he said; "not so big as yours, but a fine place to stop at. I discovered it yesterday—mean to stay there always when I'm in London."

Veronica peered.

"There're people having tea in the hall. Such a fascinating [!] hall. Derek, let's have another tea—there."

Derek pretended to consider.

"They're awfully particular about knees at my ho —— Keep off! You mustn't hit persons in public! Of course we'll have another tea. Bang the bell, Rhinos. Steady, they'll think the bus is on fire!"

Veronica couldn't eat much, but the hall was even more fascinating than it had appeared from the bus. There were a black cat and a kitten who came and made friends, and every minute or so the kitten would take it into its head to climb like lightning up the trunk of a miniature tree which stood by their table. There were little children at the next table actually talking French; there was nice soft violin music; and there was a sort of counter laden with the hugest boxes of chocolates—white boxes with orange ribbons. Derek bought her one, and, on a hint, endeavored to purchase the kitten.

Presently mummy, helping eat the chocolates and expressing satisfaction that the kitten had not been for sale, remarked: "I think I shall give you my daughter, Derek. She'd much prefer that. Mummy and dad are nothing to her. It's only Derek that matters, eh, Veronica?"

That was an exaggeration, yet Veronica's anguish a short time afterwards, when she heard that Derek had run away, that no one would ever see him again unless he were being led to prison, was terrible. The Veronica of to-night thought pityingly of the child who lay for hours moaning, almost stunned, in her mummy's arms, and who for weeks thereafter would break suddenly into fits of desolate sobbing.

Veronica, as a schoolgirl of thirteen, had forgotten that a person called Derek once existed. But there came a summer afternoon when from the top of a London bus she saw a portico—white pillars and glass, shrubs in polished barrels. The breath she was drawing quickened, making her chest heave.

"I remember!" she whispered.

The kitten, the French children, the chocolate boxes! "I remember!" she whispered again, and her sunlit afternoon turned dim with unhappiness. She twisted round in her seat to keep her eyes on the portico. "What's its name? Did I ever know?" She could not discern a name. "I'm sorry I forgot all about you, Derek. I won't any more, now I've seen the—the Hotel *Remember*."

With eyelashes flickering, she scanned the house fronts for the name of the street.

When she went back to Northumberland a fortnight later she searched her home for a photograph of Derek and, finding one in a bedroom drawer, installed it on the drawing-room mantelpiece; and no one took it down.

Several times in ensuing years she passed the Hotel Remember; certainly not by design, for the sight of it meant the clouding of her day. She read its name, but she preferred to know it by the name she had given it. She had seen it last a month ago when she spent a few hours in London on her journey to Weyport.

Veronica shifted in the window recess . . . Derek's careless words, nine years old—"Mean to stay there always." What were they worth?

The magazine, which had been gliding, fell. Mrs. Morrit looked round.

"Veronica, to-morrow's Friday. You won't be able to play cricket for Miss Andrews' team, with that eye—surely?"

"No," said Veronica, "and it feels a bit funny. I think I shall run up to London to-morrow morning and let old Muirhead Simms, dad's town doctor, take a stare at it."

II

VERONICA passed among the miniature trees in the hall of the Hotel Remember, wondering whether in a moment she would be retracing her steps, horribly disappointed and drafting in her mind the precise form of advertisement which she would deliver in person at the Morning Standard office. Yes, now for the shock of disappointment. Of course Derek wouldn't be here. There wasn't a chance.

"A Mr. Smith, madam?" said the hotel clerk. "From Paris—quite so." He turned a page of his register. "Oh, yes, madam; Mr. D. R. Smith, arrived last evening." And then, having been instantaneously wrought upon by bruised beauty, he hurried aside from his register and moved forward a chair. "If you will please be seated I will send up word. What name, madam?"

"Thurloe. Please tell him Miss—Veronica—Thurloe—no one with her."

A page boy—also wrought upon—saluted.

"There is the gentleman, madam, just going into the smoking room. Pardon me one instant."

"No," said Veronica quickly. "I see—I'll go."

Lightly she went across the hall and caught the door of the smoking room as it was swinging to. The room was empty save for the man with his back to her—the tallish man with the neat head of brown-gray hair. Noiselessly she came round the door and noiselessly let it close.

"Busy, Derek?" she asked.

He turned and surveyed her. He was clean shaven as formerly, but there was an unexpected, slender furrow at either corner of his mouth. With his mouth shut rigidly, yet with a stupefaction that he could not hide, he examined Veronica's features. Suddenly there was wonder in his eyes—wonder with exuberant delight.

"Little Rhinoceros Knees!" Then in apologetic embarrassment he actually became red.

"Veronica," he corrected, holding her hands tightly.

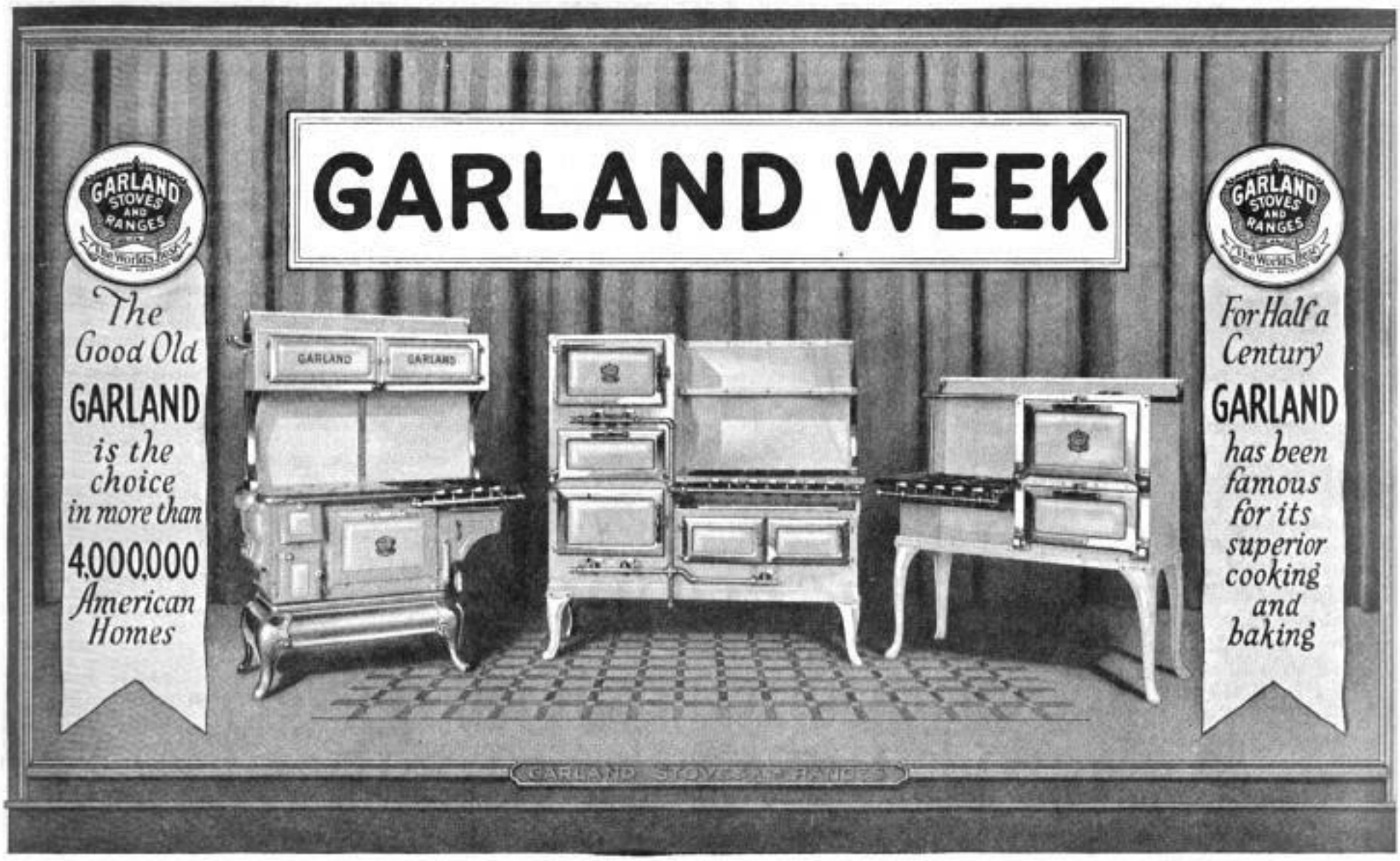
Veronica squeezed his hard. Her query, "Busy, Derek?" had been a magnificent effort at calmness. Now she felt hot dribbles from her eyes going right down her cheeks, curling under to her throat. She snuffled. Seeing that Derek used to kiss

(Continued on Page 61)



Then for Quite a Time They Stood as They Were—Hands Locked, Smiling

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Garland Week All Over America

Thousands of Dealers Everywhere Are Demonstrating the Beautiful New 1922 Garland Stoves and Ranges

Beginning today, and continuing all next week, thousands of department stores, gas companies, furniture stores, hardware stores and general merchants, all over America, are giving special exhibitions and demonstrations of the new 1922 models of Garland Stoves and Ranges.

For over fifty years, Garland has been famous for its superior cooking, baking and heating. Today more than four million American homes, and 80 per cent of the up-to-date hotels, restaurants, institutions and clubs, are using Garland Stoves and Ranges.

Never, in its half century of continuous leadership, has the Garland been so beautiful, so varied and so good as it is today.

The new low prices make this year's Garland still more attractive in view of the quality, long life and fuel economy for which it is so well known.

The Garland store in your locality is showing Garland Stoves and Ranges in its window. Look for a window like the one illustrated above. See the beautiful new Garland models. See them demonstrated, and you will understand why they are the cooking mainstay of hundreds of thousands of good housekeepers in America.

The new 1922 Garland models include full enamel and plain gas ranges of every size and type, with or without the Garland oven heat regulator, a complete assortment of the famous three-fuel Garland Combination Range, in sizes for every kitchen, large or small, and a great variety of coal and wood stoves and ranges. If you do not know the name of the nearest Garland dealer, or if you have any heating or cooking problem, write direct to us because there is a Garland heating and cooking device for every purpose.

The Michigan Stove Company, Detroit, Michigan

GARLAND

COOKING AND HEATING

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The Cornerstone

The confidence that men everywhere have in the quality of wearing apparel that bears our signature is a confidence that has been handed down from father to son since the Civil War — a confidence that we prize above all else, for it is the very cornerstone of this institution

Wilson Bro's

The signature, Wilson Bro's, is not only a guaranty of quality but it is also an unfailing index of fashion and correct dress. Look for this signature on hose, shirts, pajamas, belts, underwear, cravats, garters, handkerchiefs, nightshirts, mufflers, suspenders, knit gloves

WILSON BRO'S, CHICAGO

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(Continued from Page 58)

her good-night, surely —— Gripping his hands harder she leaned forward and kissed him.

"You dear child!" said Derek, his lips decidedly aquiver. He cleared his throat. "At least, not child. Veronica, what a great, dazzling beauty you've grown into! What a beauty!"

"Good!" choked Veronica. "I—I must be, since you can't help thinking so. But—no Veronica-ing. Stick to Rhinos."

"That I won't!" said Derek emphatically.

And then for quite a time they stood as they were—hands locked, smiling; their smiles ranging, without a word spoken, from sparkling to almost wistful, from contemplative to almost riotous.

"I say, how much longer am I going to keep you standing!" exclaimed Derek. "Come, let's sit down."

"Is the female gender allowed in this room? Shall I be turned out? Oh, I don't care! Over in the window seat, Derek. Excuse me." Veronica produced a handkerchief and mopped at her cheeks.

"Isn't this fine!" said Derek, sitting so that he could face her squarely. "My dear, don't think I'm reverting to criticism, but the wonderful color scheme of your eye ——"

"Cricket—silly stroke of mine. The ball came up off the bat."

Veronica put down her handkerchief and parted her lips widely.

Derek looked, and ejaculated: "What a downright shame! Three of those lovely 'cuttlefish' teeth—bottoms snapped off!"

"Hockey, last March. But I'm going to have them crowned. I suppose I *am* rather clumsy and reckless, for I've also a patched-up collar bone, and if you feel this wrist ——"

"What a shame!" Derek repeated vehemently, running his fingers tenderly along the wrist.

"It's tremendously strong, really. Last night"—Veronica took a breath—"I nearly jumped up and hauled that little snipe of a town clerk —— I've a dangerous temper, you know ——"

"Town clerk! That sounds like Weyport West." His fingers on her wrist paused. The furrows by his mouth straightened. With eyes something the blue color of Veronica's, but faded, he questioned hers. "Weyport West," he said again. "Veronica, I'm all at sea as to how you found me. Did you pick up a clew in Weyport—yesterday?"

"I did, Mr. Derek 'Gilbert Banthrop.'"

He nodded with a whimsical grimace.

"Hue and cry on its way here?"

"Certainly not! Your address wasn't ascertainable. But a deputation of old and venomous friends will meet you at The White Gate to-morrow, if you care to go. I was a bit anxious to tell you this."

His fingers slid from her wrist to her palm.

"Veronica!" he said by way of thanks.

Veronica swallowed. The manner in which he spoke that word was pretty affecting.

"Spenliss was going to maul you," she remarked after a moment—"if he could, and then—the police."

"I laid out a poor beggar of a bobby, you know—seriously, according to the newspapers."

"He's quite got over it," said Veronica cheerfully. "He's to be specially invited to The White Gate. Sweet-natured Spen's idea." And then she withdrew her hand swiftly.

A white-haired, very amiable-looking old gentleman, with a newspaper and a novel under his arm, had come into the room. He was an old gentleman of delightful tact; for promptly he felt in his pocket for a forgotten pipe, and, looking more amiable than ever, went away to find it. Veronica blushed hard and willfully misinterpreted his retreat.

"He's going to have me booted out," she observed. "Anyhow, before that happens I'll tell you about last night."

She leaned sideways to recover her handkerchief from the floor, and straightened with the end of her great plait looped over her forearm. Getting the plait in her fingers and flicking at one of her palms with the final inch or two, she gave details—clearly, indignantly.

"Not altogether cricket, was it?" she ended bitterly, with a vicious flick.

"My own fault, I suppose." Derek, with his hands in his jacket pockets, shrugged. "Jimmy was right about that bag. I had to use twenty-five pounds." He stared at the floor. "I didn't think Ron and Nell—still, what do they matter, when Veronica ——! Veronica, I never once suspected that Gandry was swindling. And since that night, except for the twenty-five pounds, I've been straight, really straight."

"As though I doubted it!" said Veronica. "Dear old Derek! Now listen! I haven't yet explained how I found you."

She moved a shade nearer, and, leaning forward and twisting the tail of her hair, told him.

"So jolly glad we had tea that afternoon—at the Hotel Remember," she breathed eventually—"you and the object with knees. I wonder if the kitten's still alive. We'll ask presently. Derek, keep your head as it is a second. That's how you are in a photograph I have. Now have you really changed much? No; bit older, thinner, lines—don't know whether I like them or not—but, as some return for a compliment, very nice looking. Front hair's getting a trifle scanty, though." Veronica's finger lightly brushed it. "I'll give you some ripping stuff for that."

"Anything to do with cuttlefish?"

Veronica's smile well-nigh menaced him with physical violence.

"If you don't appreciate my solicitude ——"

"Appreciate!" His eyes, it seemed to Veronica, were scanning her more than fondly—yearningly. "Appreciate! My dear, if you knew how I appreciate! . . . Veronica, I separated from Gandry a week after we bolted from Weyport, and ever since I've been living among strangers in France or Spain, without making any friends somehow. It's been a terrible lonesome life, except for little spells that I've managed to put in with my people during the last few years; divine little spells of—of being with those who care about me. It's one of those spells, yet with something—I can't quite tell what—with something strangely different in it, that you're giving me now, Veronica, sitting there in your pretty flower-print dress, with your white filmy scarf—grown up, remembering, caring."

His voice had gone somewhat queer. He glanced away. Veronica saw his eyelids tremble. Her own immediately followed suit.

"If the sun had taken all the skin off your shoulders you'd want to wear a filmy scarf," she said gaspingly, and that set him laughing.

"So your people didn't know Mr. Lydekker had left Weyport?" she asked presently. He shook his head.

"And they didn't want me to risk going to him. But I *am* comparatively hard up, with no prospects. Also, I was very fond of him. I'd like to see him."

"I'll get his address. Yet—you mustn't go to Colchester. The precious conspirators are quite capable of having his house watched when you don't turn up at The White Gate." Veronica pensively stubbed her chin with the plait end. "Look here, Derek, I'll go and see him. I don't mind if the conspirators do find out; they shan't follow me here. I'll fix up an interview for you, even if Mr. Lydekker isn't—well, altogether in favor of it." She pressed her lips into the plait end, spreading it like a silky shaving brush, and smiled. "I *can* be persuasive when I wish."

Derek's furrow-cornered mouth had been getting very firm, but at that he chuckled. Then his mouth stiffened again; but the firmness in his face was less than the tenderness in it.

"Veronica, dear, I won't let you go. I won't have you mixed up in that way with—with a fellow like me; a sort of criminal. Why, it hardly seems right to keep you here with me for—for ——" But there wasn't any firmness in his face now. Rather weakly, in fact, he held his hand towards Veronica. "You won't go for an hour or two, Veronica?"

"Hour or two!" She gave his fingers a big squeeze. "I'm going to stay with you till the six-something train to-night, if I may. We'll discuss Mr. Lydekker some other day. But—I want to know this: How much money have you altogether?"

"Fifty pounds. Not a great lot, after nine years of language teaching, but something."

Veronica gave a sigh of part relief.

"I was just a scrap afraid you were down to your last five-pound note." She opened the vanity bag beside her. "I brought up a couple, in case."

Derek nodded his head slowly several times.

"You dear!" he said, repeating the term whisperingly.

"You might take care of them till to-night." Veronica leaned across and dropped a small mauve purse into his side pocket. "And of these." A pink manicure brick, a spare handkerchief, and three or four half-crowns followed the purse. "I'm always losing things out of this wretched bag. I've a trick of giving it an absent-minded whirl round—nearly welted a man on the nose this morning; but he was awfully nice about it. And now what shall we do? Lunch, inquire about kitten—what then? I say, let's go to ——" With extraordinary abruptness she stopped, her face scared. "Derek! You don't walk about in the streets as you are—without some disguise? Suppose anyone from Weyport met you!"

"Not a chance in a million," he answered, taking her possessions from his pocket and studying them before putting them carefully in an inside pocket. "I've a sixpenny beard for Weyport—at night. In daylight it'd cause a crowd to collect."

Veronica came close and linked her arm with his.

"If you were arrested when I was with you, I—I should die," she said tremulously, very earnestly. "I don't look like it, but I should."

He pressed her arm.

"Not you! You'd load up that little bag and welt—and I expect the police would be 'awfully nice' about it."

Veronica looked doubtful.

"I was going to say," she observed, "let's go to Lords and see the cricket. That would be splendid! And I should feel that you were safe from Weyport conspirators there. We should be among cricketers only." A touch of conscience—or mischief or sheer blitheness impelled her to add softly, "That old gentleman who forgot his pipe just now was a bit of a cricketer himself."

"Because he didn't have you booted out? Was it likely he would?" asked the obtuse Derek.

III

IN ONE of those narrow stone-walled lanes which run between two rows of back gardens of old Hampstead houses were Veronica and Derek, three weeks afterwards. They had been on the heath. Really, they were hurrying now to find a taxicab to take them across London to Veronica's train; but under the spell of the lane they were motionless—very completely in each other's arms. Possibly the train would have been missed, as on two previous occasions, had it not been for a sudden but somewhat stealthy grating open of a garden door within a yard of them. There was a lightning parting of their lips, a desperate readjustment of arms, and they were walking coolly and self-consciously from the neighborhood of the gate.

"I know we're being stared after," breathed Veronica. "Beastly unsporting! Do look back, Derek."

He obeyed, and then his arm slipped round her, and, turning, he turned her with him. The lane was empty save for a rough-haired white-and-black terrier whose obvious sentiments were pride in his skill as a door opener and benevolent interest in them.

"My dear, we mustn't wait!" protested Veronica as Derek brought her laughing face to his. "Well, *there*, and *there*! Now come."

She pressed her hands against him, and since the forefinger of the left was in a splinted bandage, having been fractured in a recent cricket match against men—for whose blood Derek thirsted—he yielded before it instantly, for fear of hurting it.

"I simply mustn't get late again," she said, her other hand in his as they walked on. "I believe Aunt Nell'd fairly lose her temper this time—invite me to clear off to Northumberland. Things are pretty tense—I told you—because of my twice-a-week trips to London. Still no suspicion of you, of course; no thought"—Veronica grinned—"no thought that the noble conspirators owe me thanks for six disappointing evenings at The White Gate and tons of perplexity. Dear Jimmy—I've been proposed to—dear Jimmy, the snipe, is still rheumaticky from exposure to an empty house, you'll be desolated to hear. However"—Veronica looked contentedly at their hands—"there's now a distinct suspicion of something else—this sort of thing; perhaps I'd better tell you. I don't think Nell would have let me come to-day if Uncle Ron hadn't wanted me to go to the safe



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deposit for those papers of his. You've got them all right, Derek?"

He showed her a large envelope in his pocket.

In Fitzjohn's Avenue they hailed a taxi. Derek's tone, as he told the driver to close it, was somewhat biting—to discourage a smile. It could not be explained to these men that the sole reason for seclusion was Veronica's terror that while they drove through the streets someone from Weyport might catch sight of him. Veronica, settling within Derek's arm, was silent during the rush downhill. Then:

"I'm having a little look at some of our difficulties, dear. Here's Mr. Lydekker abroad—we don't know where. You've only fifteen pounds left." Reprovingly she lifted her hand that he might see a ring—which would be slipped off as she approached Weyport, and slipped on again in her bedroom. To discredit the reproof she put the ring to her lips. "Only fifteen—though I've twelve to add to that. And I can't endure you to go back to France without me, or to have a cheaper room than at the Hotel Remember—which has meant so much to us. I've a jolly good mind to ask dad to help us." Then she drew a deep breath and laughed gently. "It is strange to remember that when I was a kid you were a grown-up friend of his, a sort of extra father to me, whilst now"—she looked round at him and her blue eyes shone—"whilst now, to me, you're just my own age, my dear—my dear!"

Their lips came together.

"Don't ask dad." Derek's arm tightened about her. "His first concern would be to take you from me." He raised his head rather unhappily. "Poor old Tom, what a thundering cad I've been to him, snaring his daughter into loving me—*me!*"

"For ever—and she didn't require any snaring, thank you," said Veronica blithely. "As for cad"—her voice went low—"dear, haven't you utterly refused to let me do what dad and mum might—might have some excuse for feeling hurt about? Wouldn't I run away with you this evening, to be married in France, to be poor, to work every minute of the day? Wouldn't I?" She laughed suddenly, a hint quaveringly. "There! I'm really begging you again to take me. I can't help it. I want to go. Of course"—teasingly—"I may not seem worth taking, all mended up——"

He lifted her to him.

"If only I could say 'Come along'!" he whispered. "But there're not only dad and mum to consider, and—far above them—you, the present you, involved in such a—a proceeding. There's you of the future, my wife. I won't keep you in exile! I want you to live in England with me—openly, free of any fear that I shall be arrested." He hesitated. "Veronica, if I were arrested now and found not guilty of having a hand in Gandry's frauds—and most probably that would happen—I shouldn't get a long imprisonment on that bobby's account, after nine years. That imprisonment would sweep away a lot of our difficulties. We could face people so boldly! Dear, there's a possibility that I may get several years, but I think that when we've had a few more days together I'll surrender to the police."

Almost frantically Veronica grabbed at him—with her left hand, hurting her finger and whipping it back with a gasp and moan.

"No! no! no!" she entreated. "Oh-h, promise!"

With the hand between his palms, striving to comfort it, muttering reproaches at himself, he promised fervently.

The taxi brought them to Liverpool Street station two and a half minutes before Veronica's train, at a remote platform, was to leave. Derek was never allowed to emerge from the taxi in this neighborhood. Veronica swung out—and faced the interior of the cab before both her feet were on the ground.

"Nearly forgot!" she ejaculated. "Quick, all my possessions in your pockets—Ron's papers"—she tucked the envelope under her arm—"purse, bunch of keys. What? Didn't I give them to you? Oh, they're in the bag with all these moldy pennies then. What a weight! My finger brick, please. Moremoney? Can'twait. Good-by, dear! You shall see me sprint."

She darted, swinging back her vanity bag in a gesture of farewell as she swerved into an entrance.

"Hang!" She'd welted someone; but neither to apologize nor to pick up the couple of pennies, undoubtedly her own, which dropped in front of her, could she pause. She was lifted into an empty first-class carriage of the moving train by a gallant—and muscular—inspector; and, smiling happily, she relaxed in her deep comfortable seat and reviewed the latest day with Derek. Though presently their difficulties arrayed themselves formidably in her mind, her smile did not change. Difficulties—tsh! Didn't Derek compensate ten thousand times over for difficulties—for all the difficulties in the world! The great, beautiful, tired girl—excitement, rush, and a throbbing finger had told on her—sank lower in her corner, with her eyes on the ceiling of the compartment. Her lids drooped. She half dozed. Then her eyes flew open and she laughed gayly.

That nice ticket examiner at the barrier just now—how fortunate that instead of asking to see her ticket as she whirled by he had devoted his voice to a desperate endeavor to prevent the train from starting! Her return half ticket was in Derek's waistcoat pocket. And then her face became a little anxious. Fancy if Uncle Ron's keys were in Derek's pocket! She wasn't at all sure they weren't. She took up her bag. Ron had given her his bunch of duplicate keys that morning; for the key of his safe at the deposit was on it, and he was finding trouble in detaching it, and Veronica was in a hurry to be off.

She emptied her bag on to the seat, swept her hand scatteringly across the pile of odds and ends, and said "Botheration!"

There! She had known positively that Derek had the keys. This was a trifle awkward. Still, what did it matter? It was only one more difficulty—a tiny, temporary one.

She lay back again and thought. . . . Uncle Ron was dining out—wouldn't be home till she had gone to bed. Ripping luck! But she had told Derek to go to a theater—to have a bright evening. He wouldn't be back at the hotel till midnight. Bally luck! It would be a risky business long-distance phoning him from uncle's library at that hour. Ah, she wouldn't phone Derek. She would ring up the hotel presently from Weyport station—give a message to be repeated to him as soon as he returned. He must send her the keys by messenger, first train in the morning.

That was settled! With something better than keys to think about, Veronica drew off her ring, kept it against her lips for a while, and then, slipping it on to the threadlike gold chain around her neck, dropped it inside her blouse.

IV

VERONICA'S first realization, on waking next morning, was that it was raining. What a driving against her window—open top and bottom! Dressing table was sure to be soaked. Couldn't be helped. And then she heard a knocking at her door, and called "Hullo!"

"May I open it?"

"Why, come in, Uncle Ron. It's all right."

"What a sleepy-looking person!" Her uncle's smile was genial, but there was something unusual in his face. He was untidy too. He had not shaved, or brushed his hair, and his collar and tie were in a wonderful muddle. "Had a good ten-hour snooze?"

He sank his hands into his pockets. "I say, Veronica, did you lose those duplicate keys of mine by any chance?"

Silence.

"I left them in London. They'll be here directly."

Morrit made a somewhat rueful grimace.

"They've been here already—to Harbour Street, at least. They've unlocked the side door of the office, unlocked the strong boxes and one of the safes, and departed with about five hundred pounds in notes and eighteen hundred pounds' worth of securities—probably did the job in five minutes." He moved towards the window. "It's a particular nuisance about those securities. They belong to a friend of mine."

Veronica, with no recollection of having turned over, discovered that she was lying with her forehead on the pillow, with her mouth strained open and the fingers of one hand hooked hard over her lower teeth. She bit deliberately on the fingers. The pain made her writhe. She took away her hand.

"If you'll—go down to the library," she muttered—"give me a minute—to collect thoughts—and garments, I'll come."

As the door closed she huddled her hands, splint bandage and all, beneath her chin, stretched to her utmost, and lay rigid, teeth clenched, eyes shut.

After a space she remarked huskily, "If you'd known how jolly bad I should feel, Derek, I don't believe you could have done it."

With a vicious twist she got out of bed. She fastened on a white skirt, slid into a blue kimono, and, bare-footed, hair in sundry plaits, went to the library, quiet, cold rage in her eyes, and, as it proved, not a falter in her voice—for a time.

"I was with Derek Smith yesterday," she said, sitting down. "I've gone up to see him—always."

Uncle Ron's face expanded. For an instant his lips were folded, and then he blew prolongedly.

"No need to tell your aunt," he said. "She'd only make an upset."

"I was in love with Derek—till five minutes ago." Veronica fingered her ring. "I'm sorry if it's a wicked thing to say, but I do wish I had died just before you knocked on my door this morning." Her breath came in a violent heave.

Uncle Ron looked at the ring. He moved over to her. She felt his hand on her shoulder.

"It is rough on the child. So Derek had the keys?"

She nodded.

"We'll let the matter drop," said Uncle Ron.

Staring vindictively at the carpet, Veronica turned and turned the ring. Her face began to flush.

"We won't. You've always been kind to me—incredibly kind in this minute, and I've been siding with him against you. I kept him out of The White Gate trap."

"You—you ——" Uncle Ron stuck, swayed her gently with his powerful hand, and then proceeded to chuckle. "I'll be ——" He laughed outright. "Thinking of Spen," he explained.

She was still speaking, her voice oddly monotonous.

"I'm siding with you now. Derek shan't have your money and things if I can prevent it. Derek's weak"—she rambled a little—"weak, you know. Oh, of course you knew that. I saw it the first day. He thought I oughtn't to be with him, but—but he let me stay . . . Weak—but only when it suits him. He wouldn't take me to France ——"

Uncle Ron's hand jumped.

"My dear, I haven't looked after you!" There was tremendous consternation in his tone.

"He wouldn't take me, because—of course—he didn't want me, didn't love me. He was just lying to me, just weakly making pretense to love, because, I suppose, he liked it. He might have remem—recollected I was such heaps younger than himself. . . . Then his money was going; there were difficulties. So when the keys gave him an idea he weakly yielded—preferred thieving to me. That's how things went, Uncle Ron." Her right hand moved to the chair arm; her nails began to work into the wood. "There's no reason to let Derek off; he's treated me pretty ——" Her breath came in another great heave; she nodded at the telephone. "Ring up the police or whatever're the right people. I'll tell you the name of his hotel—in a second. He'll have left there now, but it may help them to get on his track. Go on, Uncle Ron. I mean it."

"Oughtn't to let him have those securities." Her uncle walked to the telephone.

"Weyport fourteen," she heard him say.

That was the town clerk's private number, wasn't it? So the arrest would be organized by that little sn —— Her face sank between her hands; she began to cry silently, dazedly. She heard nothing with distinctness save presently her uncle's request for the hotel name, which she gave him, and, ages afterwards, the telephone bell as he rang off.

Then she stood up very suddenly, and made a step.

"Upstairs," she panted. "Feel awfully queer—can't breathe properly."

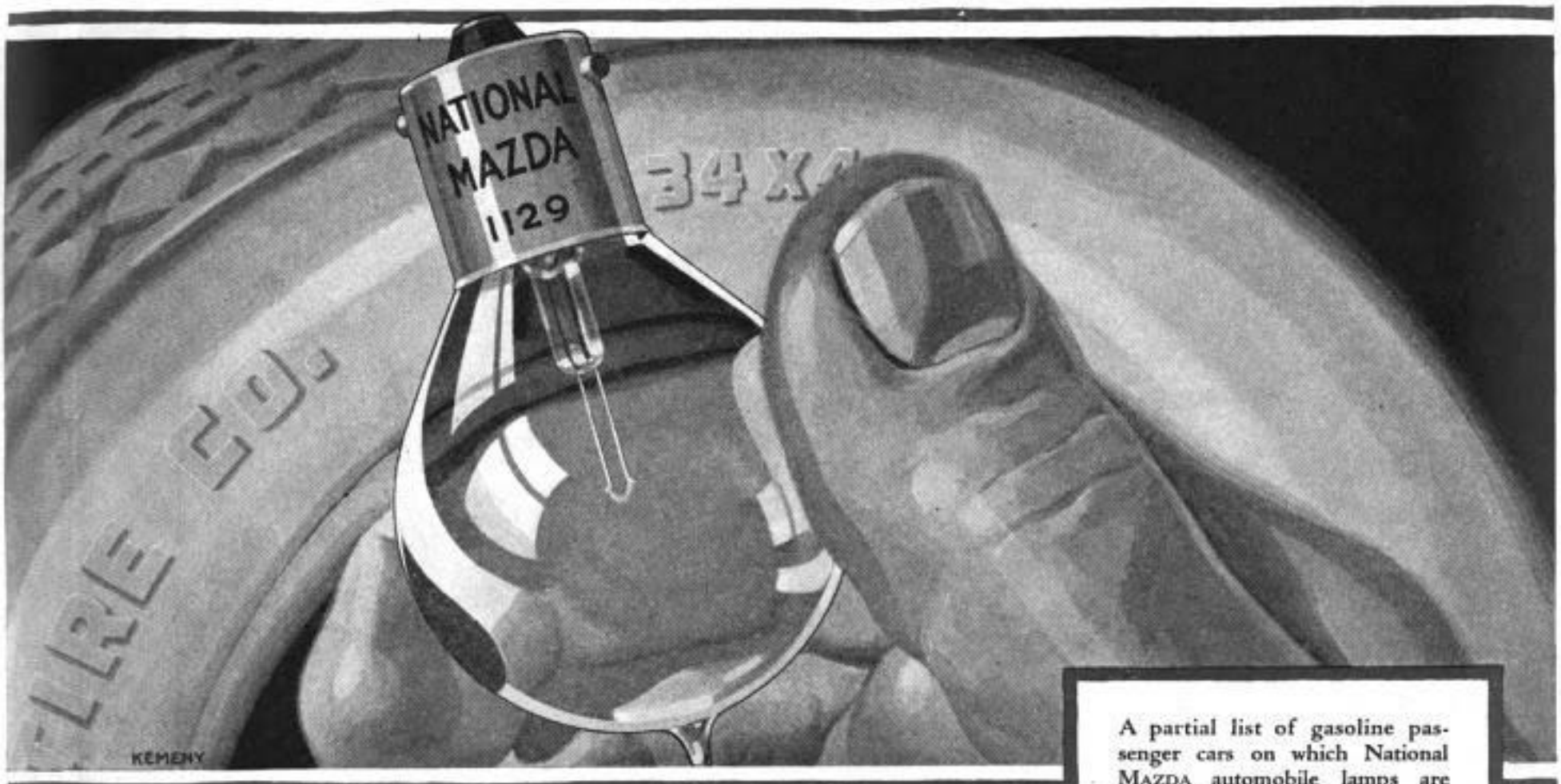
"Here!" vociferated Morrit, springing from his chair. "A great prize-fighter like you couldn't faint if —— Deuce! what a smash she's gone!"

"Feel pretty seasick," admitted Veronica, an hour and a half later. White, ringed about the eyes, still in her kimono, she sat with Uncle Ron by the telephone. "But," she added, "I won't lie down again till we have some news."

(Continued on Page 65)

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(Continued from Page 62)

She stared at a telegram in her lap:

"Haven't keys. So sorry. Will search on heath. Shall I advertise loss? D."

"Needn't have ended up on a big lie, need he?" she asked wearily. "For he can't intend to brazen it out." She looked at the telephone. "What a time they are letting us know! I expect he's got away."

"More than likely," said her uncle.

"Aunt Nell was very decent over it, don't you think?"

The telephone bell raced. Uncle Ron reached for the receiver.

"Jimmy? Well?" He listened for a while. "Right! See you directly." He put back the receiver. "They got him, Veronica—at the hotel."

She nodded, bending her head. Uncle Ron turned impatiently to the telephone. The bell, starting when he hung up the receiver, had not ceased to ring. He jerked the receiver hook.

The bell raced on.

"Can't they understand I've rung off!" He picked up the receiver. "You—Exchange! Why in blazes—eh? Oh, sorry.... Who? Colchester?"

Veronica, with no further interest in the telephone, stooped and pulled at one of the woolen slippers on her stockingless feet, and got up.

"Half a minute," Uncle Ron said to her, the receiver at his ear. Soon after he spoke into the telephone. "Very smart of your police. Many thanks. I'll motor right over."

He rang off, looking at Veronica. He had lost color considerably.

"The Colchester police ——" he said.

But she moved her head in appeal.

"Tell me later. I couldn't understand now." One of her feet turned over sideways, and back, over and back, nervily. Her blue eyes had a heavy stare. "I feel as if"—she passed her fingers across her eyes—"as if I shan't ever understand anything again. He's numbed me, being so shameful to me."

She breathed hard through her nostrils. "Oh, Derek!"

Uncle Ron stepped over and took her arm.

"You'll understand—and feel lots better. No silly self-reproaches, mind, though we have made a rare hash of things. The Colchester police rang up to say that they've just collared a man who has my five hundred pounds, the securities and the bunch of keys. He confessed everything at once. He found the keys on the ground in Liverpool Street station, read the office address on the tab, and took the eight o'clock train to Weyport."

"When the pennies fell out—I gave someone no end of a welt!"

Veronica laughed gayly, and then screamed, rocking in her uncle's hands, which had gripped her above the elbows.

"Whoa!" Uncle Ron shook her. "Attend to me! Derek'll be free in a day or two! Free! Understand that? He shall come before the Weyport magistrates—before me! I'll take care the swindling charge isn't proceeded with. There'll only be that policeman business. What'll he get for that? A paltry few days! Understand?"

But Veronica had quite ceased to understand.

Uncle Ron laid her on the floor and shouted, "Nell!"

▼

VERONICA stood amid the miniature trees in the hall of the Hotel Remember, with her eyes on the entrance doorway. The kitten of yore, stout in these days, purred somnolently yet anticipatingly at her feet. The arrival of Veronica meant that a plate of really choice viands would presently be placed before him. The plate appeared. Veronica spared one glance to note the commencement of the meal; then her eyes went back to the doorway.

Derek was coming here to meet her, straight from the fourteen days' imprisonment which had been his sentence. She had not seen him since that evening when she left him outside Liverpool Street station, that evening before his arrest. She was now facing, in her own phrase, a decidedly strenuous sort of moment. In fact, from head to foot she was in a quiet tremble. She had engaged a private sitting room on the ground floor. She was within easy retreating distance of it as she waited, wishing she could retreat to it forthwith but believing that Derek would be frightfully disappointed if he didn't catch sight of her as soon as he reached the threshold of the hall. Now and again her quivery fingers touched her hair. It was "up" for the first time in honor of the occasion.

Two taxis stopped outside. Wouldn't be Derek—just yet. There was a little influx of people—of luggage—and there *was* Derek, trying to edge past, smiling at her, with his eyes simply dancing.

She made a sign and slipped into the sitting room. Derek, following her, shut the door quickly; for Veronica, her forearms across her eyes, was crying—in great gasps. He took the forearms, kissed each, kissed the bandaged left-hand finger, and then parting the arms let them fold together again behind his head while his cheek pressed against a hot, already soaked cheek. Whispering, coaxing, saying that she would make him cry as well, he strove to calm Veronica, strove to brace her body—a big body, maybe, but seeming pitifully soft and defenseless in this stress—against the shock of her sobs. Fairly soon the sobs grew less rapid, grew gentler; but minutes passed before a coherent word came from Veronica.

"Swine—I am! Treacherous swine! Derek! Oh-h, Derek, why don't you fling me off—detest me?"

He whispered many reasons, and after a little she moved her head and with a sound that would have been a groan but for happiness in it rested her lips on his.

"But to think—of what I did!" She had put back her head. Tears were welling in her eyes again. "To think ——"

"Think of the great, black difficulty that's gone!" retorted Derek enthusiastically, joyously. "Think of that, you dear love!"

A smile wavered into her face at last.

"There's another great difficulty—nearly gone." She held him still more tightly, with her cheek to his. "Very nearly gone. Dad—he's coming here directly. Dad says—what I did—was so—so appallingly not cricket that perhaps, if you'd care to accept me—as a sort of apology from him and mum—from all three of us, he'll—let you have me."

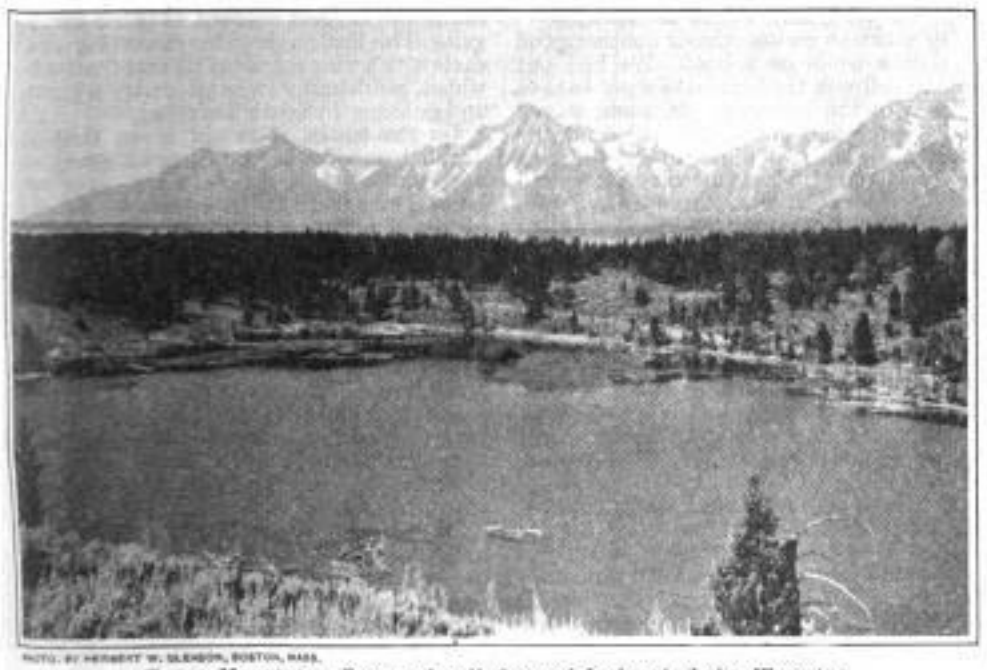
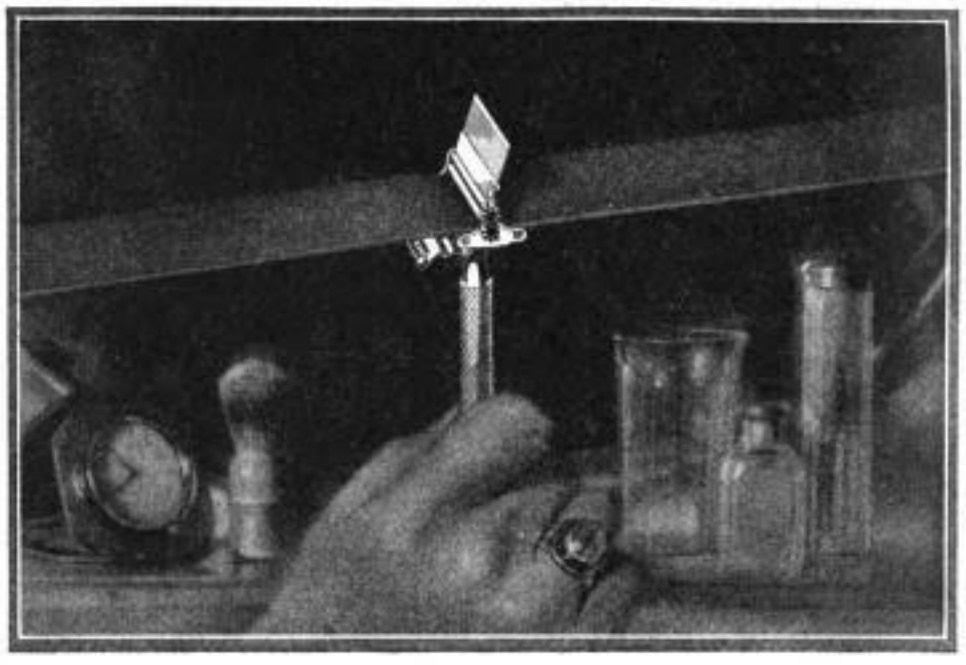


PHOTO. BY HERBERT W. GLEASON, BOSTON, MASS.

Teton Mountains, From a Small Area of Jackson's Lake, Wyoming

THE RAZOR THAT SHARPENS ITS OWN BLADES



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Valet AutoStrop Razor

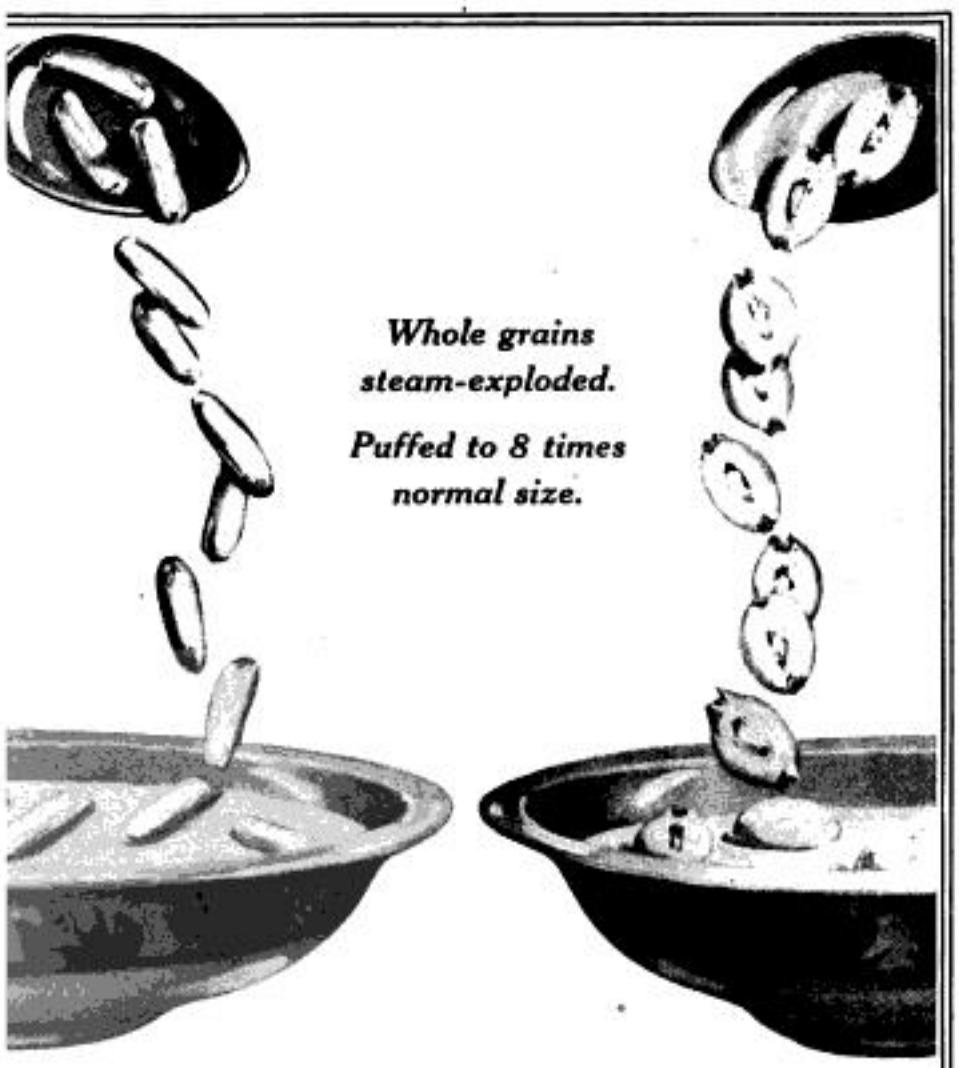
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Puffed Grains are the supreme breakfast dainties. Never was cereal food made half so enticing.

But that isn't all. Puffed Wheat in milk is a matchless dish for luncheon or for supper.

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Think what puffing does

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Every food cell is blasted. Over 100 million steam explosions are caused in every kernel.

Digestion is made easy and complete. Every element in the whole grain is fitted to feed.

Thus one gets whole-grain nutrition—16 needed elements. All can be assimilated.

Puffed Grains are tidbits, flimsy and flavory. The texture is like snowflakes, the taste like toasted nuts.

But, above all that, they are scientific foods—the best-cooked cereals in existence.

Let children eat all they will.

Puffed Wheat



In Your Soups

Airy, toasted wafers, ever ready

Puffed Rice



Mix With Fruits

These toasted bubbles add a nut-like blend

The Quaker Oats Company Sole Makers

OUT-OF-DOORS

The Camper's Coffee

TO ME the most important item of food on a camping expedition is coffee. There is nothing quite so stimulating or warming as a good cup of coffee in the morning or when you are tired. There is nothing in the world so unsatisfying as a bad cup of coffee. Badly made coffee always makes me sick. In the woods there is a long-standing argument as to whether coffee or tea is better for a man after physical exertion. Personally I prefer coffee. I believe that a majority of woodsmen, except in the far north, will agree with me. Up there they insist on tea. If you ever tasted the watery stuff they brew as coffee you would also insist on tea.

On one trip in Nova Scotia the Indian guides tried to please us with coffee one morning. Just one taste and we drank tea for the rest of the trip. Every guide up there carries a teakettle on his back. Instinctively he seems to know just when you are getting tired and suggests building a fire and "bilin' kittle." We grew to like this, but my, how we did enjoy a cup of real coffee on the train when we started south!

I have found that about one man in fifty knows how to make good coffee. I will take a chance on saying that about the same percentage of families have good coffee at their homes. I don't know if this is due to carelessness or to the fact that they do not know what good coffee is.

It requires very little more trouble to make good coffee than to make bad coffee. In a camp, of course, it is not practicable to have drip coffee or to use a percolator. But there are other ways. The main idea is to buy a very good blend of coffee to start with, and then use plenty of it. That old idea of using one tablespoonful of ground coffee to each cup won't always work. I've often wanted to know who started that tradition anyway. It may do for some people, but it doesn't suit me. I've found that it didn't suit the fellows with me either.

A better plan is to keep on using ground coffee until you have enough to make it as strong as you like. When you think you have enough I would even suggest that you use a little more. If you think it too strong for your health, why, drink less of it. But don't spoil the coffee. Others may not be so particular about their health. A small cup of coffee is much better for you than two or three large cups of sweetened, muddy water.

One of the best ways of making coffee over an ordinary fire is to fill the pot about three-quarters full of cold water. Pour in a cupful or two of ground coffee, covering the water until you can no longer see it. Let this come to a boil. The moment it starts to boil over pour in a few spoonfuls of cold water with just a bare pinch of salt. Then set the pot to one side and let it simmer. It will settle as clear as wine. The longer it stands the stronger it will be. If you see traces of the oil of coffee on top of your cup you may know you have good coffee.

Never heat coffee over or use the grounds a second time. Always make it fresh and have the pot clean. That's the trick.

By accident we discovered another good way once while on a boat. We had put ground coffee in the bottom of a pot to save trouble in the morning. In some way a little water had got in the pot, and the coffee had soaked all night, until the grains were swollen. The next morning we poured in cold water and boiled it in the usual way. The soaking had drawn the substance from the coffee and it was delicious.

There is still another method, commonly employed around fishing shacks. I do not think it is so good as the others, but it has the advantage of speed. Place a cup and a half of ground coffee in the bottom of a pot and pour in enough boiling water to cover it—just at the moment it begins to boil. Let this set, and then pour in more hot water. Sometimes it works well and sometimes it doesn't. You'll have to gamble.

The tiny bit of salt helps any coffee—gives it a tang or snap. But don't use too much. If in doubt don't use it at all.

I certainly would like to see all the campers have a good time this summer. They'll do it, too—if they use plain common sense and don't try to be Daniel Boone in two weeks.

Mange in Dogs

HAS your bird dog or your house dog picked up a case of mange? If so go to a good veterinary. If you have none get one of the standard remedies. You can perhaps profit by a little knowledge of home treatment. An English veterinarian's book recommends sulphur, two ounces, lard, two ounces, carefully rubbed in. A stubborn case would perhaps do better on one ounce oil of tar and twenty ounces of whale oil. Red mange, the skin disease which gives a red tint to the hair, is best treated, in the belief of that veterinary, by an application of one ounce of oil of juniper and four ounces of glycerin. The standard American remedies are good.

It is no use to treat a dog for mange unless you treat its bed also. Scald out the kennel thoroughly. When dry, swab it with a solution of an ounce of corrosive sublimate in a gallon of hot water. Move the dog to new quarters if possible.

Silver Trout

SURELY we do not lack in improvements on Nature. A sporting journal points out that a considerable amount of the so-called silver-trout eggs were in process of shipment to Eastern states by government authorities in exchange for the eggs of the brook trout of the East. The writer of the article is an angler of the state of Washington, and cautions Eastern stockers against having anything to do with the silver trout of the tributaries of the Columbia River. I do not know this fish, but it is said that it is a pygmy salmon, whose length when mature is only six or eight inches, and that the fish is utterly devoid of any game qualities.

"As a game fish for a sportsman," he says, "I should call him a flat failure, and as a food fish for real game fish worse than a failure. For such purposes a fish should be noncompetitive with the fish that he is intended to feed."

Indians point out that these silver trout "eat all the bugs up; by and by no trout in lake." They have protested against the planting of this fish in some of the waters in the Northwestern country, where they fish for the larger native trout. The Western writer is of the belief that Eastern sportsmen ought to beware of experiments of this nature, because the introduction of a strange species might be quite hurtful rather than helpful. The name of the silver trout is alluring, and it seems too bad that the creature cannot live up to its cognomen. Look before you leap in stocking a stream. Be sure you know what you want.

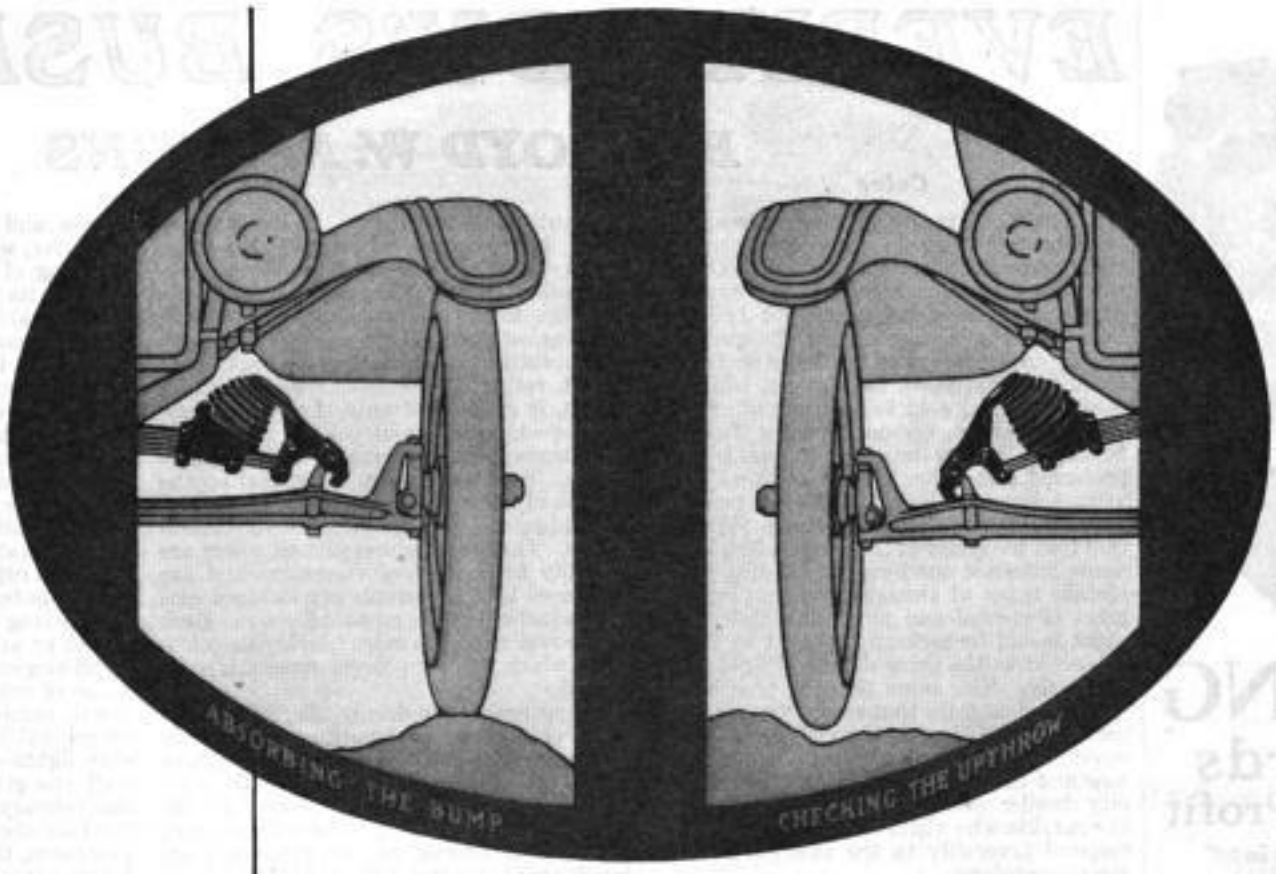
The Trophy Supply

ONE taxidermist firm in an Eastern city—not one of the largest of Eastern cities either—reports the past year as the banner year in the entire life of the firm. It received for mounting, tanning or other treatment a total of 5567 pieces. The owner thinks that this year will run fifty per cent higher in totals. There were 768 deer heads, 500 deer hides, 81 bear hides, 150 fox skins, and a great amount of other smaller game. This firm received for mounting a bald eagle with a wing spread of six feet five inches which, incidentally, was taken by a hunter and poisoner in South Dakota.

On the whole, it would seem that the demand on wild life for furs of every description is greater now than ever was known, and there are more wholesale campaigns of poison, side hunts, vermin campaigns, and the like, being waged now than ever were known against all our wild game animals. We would have all the game we really would need if the game had any sort of a chance. Of course, these tremendous figures on the part of taxidermists indicate an abnormal amount of killing, rather than a normal amount of game supply. The last year of the buffalo on the Western plains turned out more hides than any other year in all the skin-hunting days. The next year there were none.

In one trade paper I notice in one column eight advertisements of poisons for use by trappers. This poison idea seems to have sprung up within the last three or four years. It is spreading very fast, under national government encouragement. Ain't civilization wonderful?

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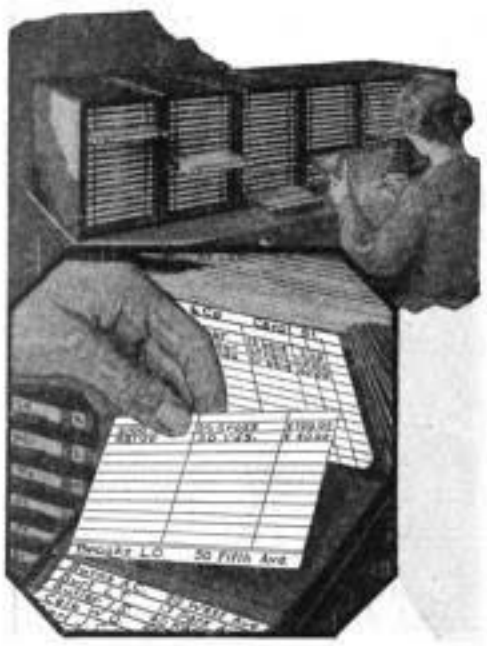
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EVERYBODY'S BUSINE

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

Color

WHAT is it in the nature and temperament of certain races that makes them prefer certain colors? Why do Orientals select clear rich colors, and savages display a marked preference for brilliant hues? Centuries ago among the ancients there were schools of color. Green was dedicated to piety, black to intellect, white to inspiration and gold to understanding.

The average person remains faithful throughout life to the color or colors he first preferred. In other words, certain colors attract certain individuals. People respond to color as plants do to the sun. We are told that the colors of the surrounding landscape influence our lives by creating in us certain types of thought and varying degrees of mental and physical activity. A plant would be seriously injured by being subjected to the same degree of light continuously. The same thing is true of an individual, and for that reason the average person benefits largely through a change of environment which surrounds him with a new and different set of color waves. The city dweller who goes to the country and the ruralite who visits the city are likely to respond favorably to the changes in surrounding colors.

The progress of civilization represents a slow advance from an understanding of simple truths and elementary principles to an attempt to master such mysterious forces as light and electricity. We have now come to the science of color, which subject presents a field of interesting possibilities. In addition to its use in the art of illumination color is being applied to the treatment of human disease. It is likely that before many years intelligent people will seriously consider the hygienic value of colored lights the same as they do the health factor in proper ventilation at the present time. In the past we demanded that light should be given us in sufficient quantity; in the future we shall insist that it be of proper quality. Some day we shall look back with amazement on our present lighting practice, which condemns most human beings to live and work in a dead level of color which not only impairs personal efficiency but which injures human eyes and nerves. One reason for the health resulting from an outdoor life is that the individual is subjected to the ever-changing vibrations of Nature's color rays.

One of the pioneers in the rapidly expanding group of color scientists is Beatrice Irwin, whose research has been carried on in many parts of the world and whose work in this new art, or industry, has been recognized by various scientific and technical organizations. A talk with Miss Irwin developed a number of points that will be likely to interest many people.

There are three fundamental scales of color, reacting respectively on our physical, mental and nervous systems. Each one of these is divided, in turn, in accordance with its affective values, into sedative, recuperative and stimulant colors. Respiration is affected by color. The sedative colors induce deeper respiration; they soothe and calm us. The recuperative colors induce a more superficial or more even respiration; they equalize and refresh us. The stimulant colors excite a more rapid respiration; they quicken our activities. The sedative, recuperative and stimulant colors of the three systems are classified as follows:

The Physical	The Mental	The Nervous
SEDATIVE Lead Gray Prune Terra Cotta Moss Green	SEDATIVE Olive Green	SEDATIVE Moonlight Blue
RECUPERATIVE Golden Brown Turquoise	RECUPERATIVE Rose Madder Fawn Royal Blue Emerald Green	RECUPERATIVE Orange Flame Rose
STIMULANT Vermilion	STIMULANT Violet Chrome	STIMULANT Eau de Nil Mauve Citron Azure Blue

The theory is that people lean toward those colors which represent qualities or aspirations in which they are deficient. The people of primitive races prefer the hard, brilliant, mental colors. Individuals or races handicapped physically show an affinity for the colors which represent physical power, while as a general rule people who are highly materialistic turn to the nervous, or spiritual colors, which furnish the vibrations in which they are lacking.

The retina of the eye, color scientists affirm, is capable of only three color sensations—blue, red and yellow. All other sensations result in combinations of these colors. Each eye has an individual appreciation of color; the left eye generally prefers physical and the right eye mental colors. The nervous or spiritual colors are actually intensities of vibration, and are discerned by most people in a diffused sensation rather than as an actual vision. Each individual responds more quickly to colors with which his own development is concerned.

Many people are deeply affected by displays of color without noting or analyzing the reaction on the human system. Certain colors make one draw a deep breath, as if one were drinking in those colors. Sometimes we observe a color scheme that makes us hold our breath, or perhaps causes an involuntary exclamation. Frequently a vision of color unfolds before us, and the sensation causes us for an instant to remain speechless, and our eyes involuntarily close. Such is the effect on many urban dwellers when they view the pool of color which opens before them at the seashore after many months spent in the city.

Red has been called a stimulant, blue a sedative and green an exhilarating color. The modern belief is that red can be recuperative, blue a stimulant and green a sedative, according to the composition of these three colors or their combination with other colors. It should be remembered that the terms "red," "blue" and "green" are only symbols for long ranges of vibratory phenomena.

The use of color in the preservation and restoration of health is gaining recognition in many quarters. Screens and color filters which absorb certain color rays and allow other rays to pass through are being employed in the treatment of diseases of the eyes and the nerves. There are good reasons for the statement that a change of color is often of as much benefit to an invalid or convalescent as a change of air. The green of the ocean or of the woods is a physical sedative, soothing nerves and giving fresh life to people who are mentally tired. In medicine, reds, greens and yellows are the most powerful in healing properties. The records show that insomnia and dipsomania have been materially relieved by color treatments. Practically all the color cures are based on the therapeutic effect of light when filtered through color mediums. Since respiration is affected in different ways by different colors, it follows that color science may be used in the treatment of various nervous conditions, such as shell shock and other inflammatory nervous ailments.

The most immediate use of color rays, however, is in the illumination of our homes, offices and public buildings. One authority says, "The lighting of the future which does not take into account the value of color effects may be likened to a scheme of decoration in black and white—a scheme that is sufficient and satisfactory only to those who are color-blind." Since the absolute necessities of lighting, especially in the matter of quantity, have now been supplied, the time is opportune for the development of a decorative art in illumination. We have reached the day when we must have lighting artists as well as illuminating engineers. Lighting schemes in our homes and offices will be carried out in accordance with plans which take into account the effects of the light rays on health and efficiency. Most everyone is aware that opaque colors such as those on walls and ceilings exert an influence on the temperament of people; luminous colors have far more decided affective powers than those which are nonluminous. A discriminating alliance of color with illumination is becoming a constructive necessity.

Because of the large item of cost many people cannot afford to redecorate their homes and offices at fre
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color of each pool whenever he desi

The whole subject of the color qu
of light is intensely interesting, an
prove a fruitful field of study for in
gating minds. Let those who deny
color rays have an effect on people
the strength of their opinion by ex
menting first with animals. One si
test is to climb the fence of a pasture
wave a red flag at an observing bull.

There is much we have yet to le
concerning light and its effect on life. Co
pared with the lower animals man is p
sessed of limited powers of vision. Abo
the absolute zero of temperature all bod
continuously radiate rays of light, invisib
to humans, except when reënforced b
daylight, but doubtless perceptible to many
animals and birds. The phosphorescent
qualities of the eyes of a cat, so apparent
at night, doubtless enable the animal to
see the invisible rays that all objects emit.
The cat can clearly see the outlines of the
bodies of other animals in the black of
night, whereas human eyes would not be
able to discern the long wave radiations
from these same objects at all.

Some day there will be rooms dedicated
to certain color schemes, so that regardless
of season or location the dweller in the city
will be able to surround himself with the
green of the forest or the blue of the sea.

Eventually, when women understand
the full value of color as a force of attraction,
men will be more helpless than ever
in resisting the artifices of the fair sex. In
that day many people will surround themselves,
physically and mentally, with colors
whose potencies they desire. Also, in the
future, we shall profit greatly through our
better understanding of how colorful Nature,
coöperating with climate, has molded
the temperaments of peoples and largely
shaped the destinies of the races of the
earth.

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Allen A
Hosiery
for men, women and children

What Movie Stars Discover



About Shapeliness of Ankle and Leg by wearing a certain type of hosiery

PATSY RUTH MILLER

*has found in this chic style a hose that combines very smart looks with exceptionally long wear**

It is now a well-known fact among movie stars and directors, that hosiery can make an almost unbelievable difference in the appearance of ankle and leg. Countless camera tests have proved this.

That is why you will find a certain type of hosiery worn almost exclusively by such celebrities of the screen as Patsy Ruth Miller, Billie Dove, Joan Crawford and Dolores del Rio. A type of hosiery which accentuates the natural shapeliness of their ankles and legs.

Miss Miller has found in this chic Allen-A style a hose that is both beautifying and very long wearing. It is a crystal-clear weave of selected Service Sheer silk. Full-fashioned to caress the ankle and knee for a charming effect.*

The foot is made of very fine mercerized lisle. Reinforced at the heel, sole and toe. It seems to wear "forever."

You will find this lovely Allen-A creation at your dealer's in all of the newest shades. Ask for it by style number—3760. If you prefer a Chiffon Weight, ask for style number—3780. If your dealer does not carry either of these styles, simply send us his name —a post card will do—and we will see that you are promptly supplied.

THE ALLEN-A COMPANY, *Kenosha, Wisconsin*

Allen-A
Hosiery

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Each Barrel and Lug forged in one. Barrels proof tested.

...ncing

KARDex Your I... Will Inc... JOHNSON

60,000 ... Over 3... *Double Barrel*

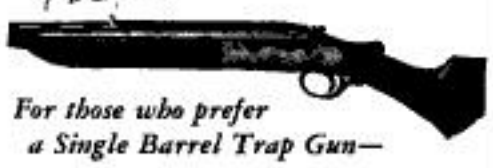
With records ... clerks' and e... Kardex your pe... advertising, pro... and credit record... boxes and loose... fool-proof. You... record card or use... When Kardexed... own transparent... always. Each s... 3,000 of any si... sheets. By usi... this capacity is... records are co... units stack toge... of cards—hund...

pertrap

...R winner by Iver Johnson! ...e-proof, air-cooled Hammer-Barrel Trap Gun at a moder- with features found only in expensive guns. The im- ...ightline ventilated rib breaks ...ves, and makes for clear vision ...te shooting. The Beaver Tail ...kets both barrels and protects ...n heat. D & E fastener. Selec- automatic ejector throws out ...hells when you open the gun—have fired one barrel, both if fired both barrels.

...ed with two Lyman Ivory ...nti-Flinch Recoil Pad, and Full ...rip Rubber Capped, to insure ...urate shooting. Has Automatic 12-gauge, 32-inch barrels, full Stock and forend of handsome walnut, finely hand checkered ...ished. Perfect for shooting ducks, ...d other wild game as well as for ...ooting.

Write for KAR... ples of cards y... Kardex card fo... write a letter,



For those who prefer a Single Barrel Trap Gun—

The **IVER JOHNSON SPECIAL TRAP** Single Barrel Shot Gun is the best buy in the single barrel class. Has Matted Raised Ventilated Rib which breaks heat waves and prevents glare. Large Trap Style Forend gives firm hand-hold, and protects fingers from hot barrel. Barrel and lug forged in one.

Write for FREE Catalogs

Catalog "A" gives complete details of all Iver Johnson Single and Double Barrel Shot Guns as well as the famous "Hammer the Hammer" Safety Revolvers.

Color Catalog "B" shows the complete line of Iver Johnson Bicycles for men, women, boys and girls—also Velocipedes ...d Juniorcycles for little children.

...R JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS
...7 RIVER STREET, FITCHBURG, MASS.
New York, 151 Chambers Street
Chicago, 108 W. Lake Street
San Francisco, 717 Market Street

IVER JOHNSON

(Continued from Page 44)

"I was at the meeting when Roe said that," put in Bert Mills. "He asked for estimates of the cost of producing a six-column, eight-page paper, 2000 copies. Would you fellows believe that those estimates ran all the way from $75 to $300? The men who were publishing the papers didn't know, most of them, what it cost them. How are you going to sell advertising space at a fair price if you can't prove to the advertiser that it is a fair price? And you can't prove that unless you know what it costs you.

"I think I've got the costs pretty well worked out in the Gazette plant, but it took my older boy, fresh from college, to show me where I had omitted a lot of items in my old way of figuring. Now we charge up to costs not only the wages paid and material used but a rental by the week for each machine, high enough to cover depreciation and interest on the investment, a fair rent for the building and everything else we can think of in the way of expense, including my own salary, and then we add a profit at an arbitrary figure on top of all that, to be safe.

"I run a sixteen-page, six-column paper, and print a little more than 3000 copies every week. I average about 1000 inches of advertising each issue. Figured the way I've just described, it costs about $446 an issue to produce. I get 40 cents an inch for advertising space, or about $400 an issue. That may look as if the Gazette were headed for bankruptcy, but that apparent loss of $46 a week is offset, first, by the 25 per cent profit which has been figured into the costs all along the line, so that on advertising alone there is a profit in getting out the paper of $65.50 a week. I draw a salary of $60 a week, which is included in the costs. Those two items come to $6500 a year, and the subscription revenue runs another $7500. The interest on the investment, charged also into costs, brings my profits above $15,000 a year, without counting legal advertising, sale of extra copies and such items."

I was pretty well convinced by this time on every point but one.

"I'd hate to try to borrow money at the bank on the strength of that subscription revenue," I suggested.

A Local Necessity

There was a chorus of laughter from the entire group around the luncheon table.

"Try to subscribe to an up-to-date country weekly without paying cash in advance and see what you get," said one of them. "The Cash-in-Advance Club is one of our strongest and most popular organizations. It has taken a good deal of educational effort, both with subscribers and with publishers, to establish the principle of paid-in-advance subscriptions, and there are a good many papers still which do not enforce it very strictly. But I should say that a clear majority of the country weeklies now get their money from subscribers promptly, both for original subscriptions and for renewals. The modern farmer has not the aversion to paying out cash that his granddad had. He has the cash to pay, for one thing, and he buys machinery and other things for cash, so that it seems natural to him to pay for his paper in cash. And while we think of the old-time editor as taking apples or cordwood for subscriptions, we've found some papers, in the course of our association investigations, which have always enforced the cash-in-advance rule. There's the Southern Standard, for example, which has been published at McMinnville, Tennessee, since 1879 without a break, and which has never sent a copy to a subscriber who wasn't paid up for a year ahead. They get somewhat less than the prevailing rate of $2.50 a year, or five cents a copy, which is now almost the standard rate all over the country and which gives the publisher a run for his money."

"The whole trick is to make the paper so useful and interesting to the local readers that they can't get along without it," said Bert Mills.

"Like the Star Clipper," agreed the man from Iowa. "That's the prize-winning country weekly for 1927–28. One of the things which the National Editorial Association does every summer is to award a prize to the best country weekly. Bert, here, got it one year. Until the 1928 convention, next summer, it's held by a paper out in my state, in a town you probably never heard of, called Traer, in Tama County, Iowa. And what makes it the best weekly paper in the United States, as it has a right to call itself, is the fact that it is so full of local news about local people and events that everybody in its territory just has to read it. Traer has a population of 1329, but the Star Clipper has a circulation of 3575—and all paid in advance at two dollars a year. When the N. E. A. committee checked up its circulation it was found that in thirteen townships in the county nine out of every ten farmers were subscribers. Three townships showed 100 per cent subscriptions."

Spurs to Better Papers

"That's a real record," said Bert Mills. "They give another award every year, too, for the paper with the best editorial page. It is an upstate New York paper that holds that this year—Jacob Strong's Rhinebeck Gazette. Most of us don't go in very strongly for editorial comment, but the Gazette speaks right out in meeting about matters of local interest, and has a great influence in Dutchess County."

"I think there's a decided tendency toward stronger editorial expression, as well as toward constructive community service, among country weeklies generally," added the editor from Oklahoma. "That last is another matter which the National Editorial Association is encouraging. At its last convention the association gave a prize to the Clinton County Republican-News, published at St. Johns, Michigan, for the greatest community service, in recognition of its campaigns to raise money for a county hospital, for fireproof vaults for the courthouse and for tuberculosis tests of cattle in the county.

Awards like those, and the others which the association gives annually, are doing a great deal to stimulate country editors to produce better papers. The Brookings Register, in South Dakota, for example, holds the current award for the best front page. That puts the Eastern publishers on their mettle; but it was an Eastern paper, the Graphic, of Newton, Massachusetts, which won first prize in the association's advertising contest, while the News, of Montevideo, Minnesota, took first place as an example of good newspaper production."

These awards are powerful influences for the betterment of the country press, the others agreed, but two or three spoke simultaneously of the schools of journalism as perhaps the most potent factor of all in the progress of the small-town weeklies.

"You didn't think that all this flock of boys and girls who are being graduated every year from the schools of journalism were getting city jobs, did you?" asked Bert Mills as I expressed surprise. "I don't know just how many there are—somewhere between thirty-five and fifty universities, I believe—which have full-fledged journalism schools. I noticed that Prof. Willard Bleyer, dean of the Wisconsin University school, said the other day that there were more jobs than there are graduates to fill them, and I believe he's right. And many of these schools are concentrating on the problem of the small-town weekly rather than on the daily press. Indiana State, for example, pays almost no attention to daily journalism, but when a boy or girl is graduated there he or she can always find a job on a country weekly. It won't be long now, perhaps in our own time, wh... the country editor who is not a universi... graduate will be as rare a bird as the o... time tramp printer is today."

That turned the talk to the modern co... terpart of the tramp printer, the real jo... neyman who drifted from town to town a... was the main reliance of the old-fashio... country editor. The machine operato... usually a machinist as well as an opera... and often an all-round printer as wel... has taken his place, they told me. ... "he" is often as not a "she." Gone are... whisky bottle and the corncob pipe, the... bald jest and the odoriferous spittoon wh... made the old-time country newspaper o... so picturesque and glamorous. It is a la... like boudoir nowadays by comparison. ... was a Nebraska linotype operator, on... Cook Courier, who was crowned Quee... the Johnson County Fair last fall! ... tramp printer ever achieved anything ... that.

"Gentlemen," I said when we had ... that far, "you have been breaking ... heart by degrees ever since we forgathe... You have knocked my lifelong illusions ... a cocked hat. You have thrown rom... into the hellbox, as it were. You h... turned what was once a glorious, irres... sible adventure into a sordid, comm... cial, efficient, prosperous, money-mak... business. I can survive those revelati... as I have survived the discovery that S... Claus and the type louse alike are my... But do not shatter my last remaining ... with the romantic memories of rural ... nalism as I knew it in my youth. Do... I beg of you, do not tell me that the p... inside is dead!"

The Patent Insides

My appeal moved them, though ... cisely to tears. They hastened to ass... that the patent inside still liv... patent inside and its younger bro... boiler plate of beloved memory. Fo... stand-bys in country newspap... Four or five thousand small-tow... still buy their paper stock print... side with a variety of news—fe... tures, fiction and the like, co... appeal to the rural reader—big... main difference from the old ... the editor has the privilege of ... what shall be furnished in hi... service instead of taking ... haughty magnates, who us... their money C. O. D. at the ... choose to send him, advertis... Or he can buy the same sort ... boiler plate, column-wide st... of type metal, pictures and ... which he can put on his own ... from. And 20 per cent or ... weeklies now have their ... outfits, purchased or le... they can cast their own ... matrices furnished by ... tained from syndicates ... only editorial features ... fashion and sport ser... but also well-designed ... and borders to enab... paper to give its loc... tive advertising dis... the city papers.

Such cooperativ... than ever for the ... establish a cred... small capital. G... tremely liberal; ... longer a financi... are still started ... printing plant ... printed in the ... the editor-pub... job and is ... news and ... chance tha... prosperou... rest assu... try wee... profitab... turn ov...



...ation, ...t the ...such ...ulant ...ed ...rooms. ...ve eye- ...t is re- ...s in the ...inge the ...sires. ...qualities ...and will ...investi- ...eny that ...le prove ...y experi- ...be simple ...ture and ...bull. ...life. Com- ...nan is pos- ...ion. Above ...are all bodies ...ght, invisible ...enforced by ...tible to many ...hosphorescent ...at, so apparent ...the animal to ...all objects emit. ...e outlines of the ...in the black of ...yes would not be ...g wave radiations ...at all. ...be rooms dedicated ..., so that regardless ...e dweller in the city ...nd himself with the ...he blue of the sea. ...women understand ...r as a force of attrac- ...wore helpless than ever ...aces of the fair sex. In ...ple will surround them- ...and mentally, with colors ...they desire. Also, in the ...profit greatly through our ...nding of how colorful Na- ...g with climate, has molded ...nts of peoples and largely ...things ...tinies of the races of the

I gue...

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SEIBERLING CORDS

From Bead to Bead—the Same Tough Tread

When your wheel drops into a rut or grazes a curb, your tire is all tread.

If the side-wall of your casing has less resistant qualities than good *tread* qualities, it is right there and then that you pay for any real or assumed saving by the use of somewhat less expensive side-wall material.

Seiberling Cords have the same kind of rubber—"tread-stock", we call it—from bead to bead. It is thicker, of course, at the center, where most of the wear comes, but is one and the same tough piece throughout—built to take the hard rubs and the hard knocks and the sharp stones and bits of glass with least injury.

There is no joining of two pieces of surfacing material, so that there can not be any separation of the tread from the side-wall such as you often notice in looking at a car standing by the curb.

This one Seiberling Cord feature is a good illustration of the principles you'll find in all other points of construction, which will be fully explained in subsequent advertisements.

SEIBERLING RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

"A Tire that Will be Known Everywhere"

TO TIRE DEALERS: Seiberling Cords and Tubes are distributed through regular retail channels. We desire to establish connections with good business men who agree with us that high-grade products, a policy of selected and not closely competitive distribution, and service to the user form the right basis for a lasting and mutually profitable relationship. Write or wire Seiberling Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

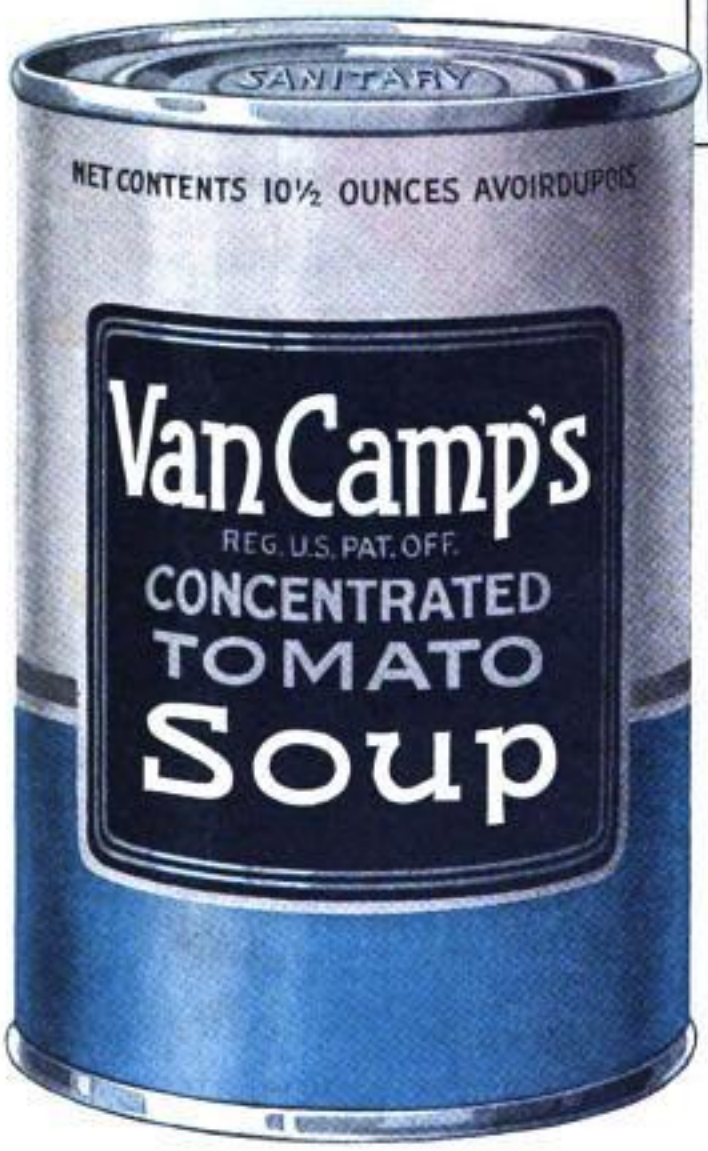
"CORDS ONLY": Seiberling Tires are Cords only. All Tires, Tubes and other products carrying the Seiberling name and trade-mark are of one grade only—as good as we can make it.

SEIBERLING TUBES: Seiberling Tubes, like Seiberling Cords, are of "one grade only, as good as we can make it". They are heavy, large tubes, of long-lived "pure gum, floating stock", and should last as long as the casing itself.



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Tomato Soup
10c per can
at your grocers



Other Van Camp Products Include

Pork and Beans
Spaghetti
Evaporated Milk
Peanut Butter
Chili Con Carne
Salad Dressing
Mustard Dressing
Catsup, Etc., Etc.



Prize French Recipes

From Hotel Ritz, with American perfections

YEARS ago, a famous chef from Hotel Ritz in Paris came to the Van Camp kitchens. He had won prizes in French culinary contests. And he brought his finest recipes for Soups.

But here we employ scientific cooks—men with college training. We use exacting methods. Materials are selected by analysis. Countless blends are tested to get the ideal flavor.

Then every detail is fixed in the formula. So every soup is always like the model soup adopted.

And here, to get the home flavor—to make the soups as you would—we employ a Domestic Science expert of nation-wide repute.

Combined skill

So the chef made up his recipes. Our culinary experts studied months to perfect them. The final result was soups much finer than one ever makes by guess.

Those Van Camp Soups are now delighting millions. They bring to homes the finest soups produced—a new conception in exquisite flavors.

Try them, in fairness to yourself and us. One serving will induce you to adopt Van Camp's. And it will induce you, we think, to try some other examples of our matchless cookery.

They will come to you from the finest kitchen in the world, from master cooks; and you'll enjoy them.

As a test ask your grocer to send you Van Camp's Tomato Soup today.

Van Camp's

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HENRY GETS AN ASSIST

(Continued from Page 39)

worst of all insults, burned the ball through with everything he had.

"No use," said Henry finally. "The fast ball ain't there. I can throw harder'n that with my left hand, and I never used it for slingin', either."

At this the boy caved in, covering up his discomfiture with a sickly attempt at a smile.

"How old d'you say you was?" Henry asked, putting his mitt on again.

"Nineteen—uh—that is, almost," McCormick answered.

"Atta boy!" yelled Henry loudly. "Le's see what yuh got! C'mon, boy, shoot!"

That evening McCormick approached Manager Barnes in front of the hotel. He was a very much discouraged youngster.

"Say," he said, "can't you make that old bum lay offa me? He thinks his job consists of ridin' me all the time. If he don't cut it out I'm through. I'll quit the job."

"Suit yourself, son," Barnes replied, blowing smoke rings. "But remember, you asked for work. I never sent out any searching parties to find you, did I?"

"Aw, say ——" the kid began.

"Now, wait a minute," Barnes continued. "What you need is to keep still and learn something from the old bum."

"Why, he wouldn't tell me anything if his life ——"

"Yes, he would," Barnes cut in. "He told me a while ago he thought you had the stuff. And listen! If anybody in the world can make a pitcher outa you, old Henry Hammond's the guy to do it. Now you run along to bed and do what you're told."

Began, then, a thorough course of schooling for pitchers. Young Charley McCormick did not get into another game for three weeks, even to finish a loser. The reason was that after his forenoon workout and another session in the afternoon before game time he was so utterly weary he had nothing left. An hour every morning he worked at fielding bunts and hard grounders, playing every ball as if a pennant depended on it. Barnes swung the bat and old Henry Hammond egged him on. A half hour every morning he worked on a snap shot to first base, the only variation being a shot to third, also for the purpose of picking a runner off the bag.

Another half hour he spent pitching to Hammond, learning to put his weight into every ball. This was the only phase of the task over which old Henry was not enthusiastic.

"The kid will be a world-beater fieldin' his position," he confided to Barnes. "And he can take a runner offa first or third now with anybody. But he can't throw as hard as Bryan tried to keep from bein' President of the U. S. A."

"He's gotta throw, though, to be a pitcher," and Barnes grinned.

"So I'm gonna make a slow-baller outa the kid."

"Yeah, but even a slow-baller has got to have something else," said Barnes.

"This kid will have a slow ball," Henry replied, "and for a change of pace he'll have a slower one. You watch him!"

Barnes watched him. He saw Henry show the boy how to hold his fingers to throw a slow ball. He saw him demonstrate the body action, the shoulder motion and the position of the feet. He saw Henry show the kid a fast motion for a slow ball, and a slow motion for the same delivery. When all these were mastered he watched the old ketcher show the boy how to throw a slow curve, as well as a slow straight ball that floated on the air like a cork on a canal.

The longer they worked the more enthusiastic old Henry became. The boy went into his task with a dogged perseverance; but Henry, laboring just as hard, was strangely jubilant for one of his years and gnarled experience. What Barnes did not notice was a growing affection on the part of Henry Hammond for young McCormick. The kid had dropped his resentment, but held aloof from the old-timer as if while tolerating the discipline and schooling he did not intend to let anybody think he liked it or his teacher. He had taken the chip off his shoulder, but he seemed to carry it handy in his pocket. Old Henry went about his work in a benign manner that took no notice of the boy's feelings.

Presently Barnes began to be impatient. He was carrying McCormick as an extra, and one salary more in the minors makes a difference.

"Say, Henry," said the manager, "isn't that kid about ready with his slow ball?"

"Just about," Henry replied. "I was goin' to ask you to use him in the morning game on the Fourth."

"Good enough! We'll give him a chance. If he can come through—fine! If he can't it's curtains for him," said Barnes. "He's costin' us money."

"He'll deliver," Henry declared confidently. "And say, Mike," he added after a moment, "I didn't tell yuh about this boy. But since the papers told about me some time back ——"

"Yes, and I told them, and it helped boost the crowds," Manager Barnes interrupted.

"Well, you can tell 'em that this kid is old Charley McCormick's boy," said Henry quietly.

"What?" Barnes almost yelled. Henry nodded. "Gangway, gangway! Lemme get to a telephone! I'll tell the papers that, and we won't be able to hold the crowds!"

Barnes hustled off toward the ball-park office. Managers in the minors have to think of many things other than hits and errors.

The youngster did deliver, thanks to some hard hitting and good fielding behind him, brainy support by old Henry Hammond, and his own sharp fielding. A great crowd was out rooting for him and Henry, before the other Tots. He was a happy kid that evening.

"Not so bad, not so bad," conceded Henry when McCormick asked him how he had done. "You were not as good as you will be with another game or two under your arm."

The boy swore at the ketcher under his breath, denouncing him for an old crab. But he changed his tune soon afterward when Manager Barnes told him that Hammond had asked to have him as his roommate for the coming road trip. He hunted up the old ketcher.

"Say, I'm much obliged," he said awkwardly. "The boss just said you wanted me to bunk with yuh on the trip, and I'll be glad to. Mighty nice of yuh."

"Forget it!" Henry replied.

"But, Henry," said the boy, "is this stuff in the paper here I've just read, about you and my dad, right? Did you used to ketch him?"

"Don't know what the paper says," Henry replied. "But many's the game I've been in there with old Charley McCormick."

"Why didn't you tell me about it long ago?"

"Never just got around to it, I guess. Why? What difference does it make? This is a different league."

"Nothing, except I've sworn I'd never be friends with any friends of my old man," the boy said bitterly.

Henry thought a long time before he replied.

"There's more'n one kind of friend, boy."

Henry learned by judicious questioning why the boy was trying to become a baseball player. McCormick told, a little at a time, how his father had left his mother when he was a baby, and had later died somewhere in the Northwest. His mother, he said, had kept him in school because she did fairly well with a little millinery shop she owned in Woonsocket. She even sent him to college for one year. But then business got bad and he had to drop out. Now she was barely able to get by herself. In fact he wanted to make as much money as he could, to repay her and take care of her. It was a rough job though. Henry betrayed no knowledge of his own.

"But why did you wanta play ball?" he asked.

"High wages. Anyway, everybody said a good ball player could make a lot of money."

"Good ones, yeah," Henry grunted. "But most of 'em don't keep it."

"Well, I'm gonna get into the big leagues, or quit and go into something where I can get over," the boy declared. "I've got to make good and make money both, that's all. My mother's not gonna be thrown down by two men of the same name, not if I know it."

His blue eyes flashed and his jaws set as he spoke, but Henry did not notice. He was blowing his nose, and when he finished that he had to clear his throat.

"Fine!" he said finally, in a voice that may have been a little husky. "That's the stuff, boy! I'm for yuh. But don't be too rough on your old man, son. He was one good guy."

He slapped McCormick on the shoulder and walked away.

Young Charley McCormick won four games in a row on the road for the Tots, and fans and newspapers all over the Middle West talked of the new edition of McCormick and Hammond. It was a bigger sensation than that caused by the effort of Peeka-boo Veach's boy to break into baseball at Indianapolis, where the old-time slugging second baseman got his start. On the way back to Terre Haute Henry Hammond asked Manager Barnes for permission to take two days off. Barnes was reluctant, but agreed when Henry suggested he might be able to sell a pitcher to one of the big-league managers.

"Ross?" asked Barnes..

"Nope."

"Not Smith?"

"Well, mebbe," Henry said.

"Who, then?"

"Why, prob'ly McCormick."

"Who're you kiddin', Henry? That swell-headed kid can't pitch for marbles."

"But you'd sell him, wouldn't yuh, Mike?"

"Sure, but if he ever gets to the big time he'll blow like a toy balloon in a baby's hands."

Henry did not pause to argue the point, but took his two-day vacation. He journeyed to St. Louis, and forgathered with Bill Higgins, manager these many years of the Royals. Traditionally strong and traditionally winners, the Royals were fighting their way to another pennant and another world series. Bill Higgins, a rough character of the days when baseball was played on the diamond instead of in the sport pages and the movies, was an old friend of Henry. He had played third base for years on the club for which McCormick and Hammond had worked. Higgins was a quick-spoken, cocksure fellow.

"Don't need any," was his answer to Henry's query about pitchers.

"Also you don't need to breathe," Henry countered.

"Air's free," said Higgins, and laughed. "But listen, Henry, why don't you see Charley Earle? He needs pitchers terrible, and would buy if you tipped him off to something good."

Henry Hammond unbosomed himself then at great length. He included several facts, among them the fact that he had never delivered Higgins a lemon; also the fact that he knew a pitcher when he saw one; also the fact that every cussed one of the pitchers he had tipped off to Higgins, four in all, had made good.

"I ain't arguin' any o' them things, Henry," Higgins said. "All I'm sayin' is I don't need a pitcher. Go see Charley Earle."

"But you do need this one," Henry insisted patiently. He proceeded then to sell his goods. "Why don't yuh ask me what I've got?" he demanded. "Tell me yuh don't want it when you don't know what it is! Listen! Suppose I told yuh I got the pitcher yuh may need to win this here series this fall. What then, hey?"

"I'd have to laugh, Henry. I got eleven pitchers now."

"You wouldn't laugh near as loud as people laugh when they think about yuh gettin' into the series again," declared Henry, warming to his task. "Lemme tell yuh something, Bill. If you'd think about this series before the darn games was starin' yuh right in the face mebbe your club would win once in a while."

"I never noticed you leadin' any ball clubs into the series," said Higgins, hotly resentful.

"No, but that ain't no sign I can't lead one little idea up to a series and make it work."

"Oh, well, what yuh got on your chest? Shoot! But I'm not gonna buy, and you can make up your mind to that."

"Listen, Bill! I'm gonna sell you a pitcher. Le's look at this thing a minute. You got eleven pitchers," Henry began slowly.

(Continued on Page 73)



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The detachable sweep suction brush can be instantly snapped into position when required

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(Continued from Page 71)

"Every durn one of 'em's a fast-ball pitcher, right or left hander. Is any one of the lot a slow-ball pitcher?"

"Why, I wouldn't have a man on my club that couldn't throw a slow ball!" Higgins exclaimed.

"Throwin' a slow one don't make a man a slow-ball pitcher," said Henry with conviction. "I'm talkin' about a slow-ball pitcher. Now listen! Have you figured on the teams yuh may have to play in this series? I'll answer that myself. They tell me the Whales are done, leavin' the Terriers and the Red Men to fight it out. Well, look at them two teams."

"Sumpin to look at, I'll say!" muttered Higgins.

"Oh, I don't know! Wouldn't yuh say they're both free-swingin' clubs? Neither one's got a real smart hitter on it. Every durn one of 'em likes to lay back and take his swing from his heels to hell an' gone. Ain't that right?"

"Yeah," Higgins admitted grudgingly.

"Well, that's why I'm sellin' yuh a slow-ball pitcher."

"Who said you was sellin' me a slow-ball pitcher?" Higgins demanded warily.

"I did. And I've got two more things to say before we make a deal. You're gonna sign me up so's to have me eligible for the series. Go ahead now and laugh, before I finish what I'm sayin'!" He paused while Higgins let out a yell. Then he continued. "This boy I'm gonna sell yuh is a little, undersized, left-handed slow-baller. His name"—and here he paused again, while Higgins held up both hands in horror—"his name," Henry continued, "is McCormick—Charley McCormick."

He eyed Higgins closely and Higgins stared at him in disbelief.

"Why, Charley's gone long ago—passed out!" Higgins began.

"That's right," Henry agreed. "His boy."

They were silent for some little time, Higgins thinking back into the past, Henry into the future.

"McCormick and Hammond," said Higgins soberly. "McCormick and Hammond, Waddell and Schreck, Brown and Kling, Young and Criger, and—McCormick and Hammond. Henry, that's been a long while."

When Henry Hammond took the night train back to Terre Haute the next evening he had sold Bill Higgins one pitcher and one ketcher, to be kept up the sleeve as an ace for the series in which they were sure to take part. Higgins agreed to say nothing of the deal publicly, and Henry resolved to mention it to no one but Mike Barnes, the Tots' manager.

At home with the club, he obtained Barnes' agreement to keep the news from young McCormick, with the thought that the boy would develop better and be more likely to escape swelled head if he knew nothing of the sale.

Then began the second phase of Charley McCormick's education. If he had thought he had been hazed, the boy must have decided that the next three weeks was one continuous tornado. The work he had done on joining the club seemed play compared to what he went through now. Never was a more relentless taskmaster than old Henry Hammond. At home and abroad, morning and afternoon, the boy toiled to meet the exacting demands of the old ketcher. Besides laboring manfully to develop his stuff, as Henry called it, McCormick started three games of his own, and slow-balled his way to victory in two of them.

More than that, he finished two games in which a pair of the Tots' speed boys had been knocked out of the box.

McCormick could not help boiling over under the strain. Once during the late innings of a game he decided to use his own judgment in pitching to a batter instead of relying on Henry. He shot a fast ball, or what was intended to be a fast ball, when Henry had asked him for a slow curve. The hitter looked it over without offering to swing, but Henry turned to the bench and wigwagged Barnes to call in another pitcher from the bull pen.

"What's the big idea?" demanded McCormick sullenly, on the bench when the inning ended.

"Wanted yuh to take time out where yuh could remember who gives the signals," replied Henry laconically.

"Where do you get off, yuh big stiff? Only guy on this club can tell how to pitch to a hitter?"

Henry ignored him then, but that night he reminded the boy very pointedly, but without heat, that the way to get ahead in baseball is to play the game according to orders. Next morning Charley was still rebellious.

"Field 'em yourself, old-timer," he called airily when, in fielding practice, Henry was driving him harder than ever, handling bunts for throws to first and third. "If you wasn't so old and stiff you could pick 'em up yourself, right there by the plate."

"Come on, get this one!" yelled Henry, ignoring the remark. Charley came up fast, scooped the ball on the jump and made a snap shot to third. Then, standing near the plate, he said:

"I'm wise to you, yuh big stiff. If you wasn't dead from the neck down yuh could move around fast enough to field 'em yourself. I don't see yuh makin' Ross and Smith and the big fellows field your bunts for yuh."

"No, and I don't see him tryin' to chase them into any big leagues either, you little tramp!" barked Barnes, who was hitting to the infielders. "Go on back out there, now, and do what you're told!"

Henry said nothing. McCormick cooled off before the day was over, but, like a spoiled child, did not take the trouble to apologize. Shortly after that Barnes broke the news to the youngster that he had been sold to the Royals, to report the first week in August. Henry was not around at the time, and did not see Barnes until late in the evening.

"Told the kid this afternoon," said Barnes.

"Yeah? How'd he take it?"

"Wanted to laugh or cry or something. Finally started to kiss me, but I walloped him one."

"Where is he?" asked Henry.

"Don't know."

Henry started a search for McCormick, going first to a rooming house where the boy had been living, and then to the hotel pool room downtown where the younger ball players loafed. Charley was not there, and neither was any other of the Tots' line-up. It was an hour before Henry found him with some of the younger and wilder Tots in a bootlegging drug store on the outskirts of Terre Haute. He had almost to carry the boy out and drag him home.

There was one other occasion of the same sort. It came a month later when the pair had been sitting on the Royals' bench day after day until they were in danger of wearing out the seats of their uniforms. They were rooming together, and Charley had been behaving himself, realizing that old Henry had been responsible for his opportunity in the majors. One night the boy went out alone. Henry found him at midnight in a soft-drink saloon, drinking harder drinks than were sold when all drinks were hard.

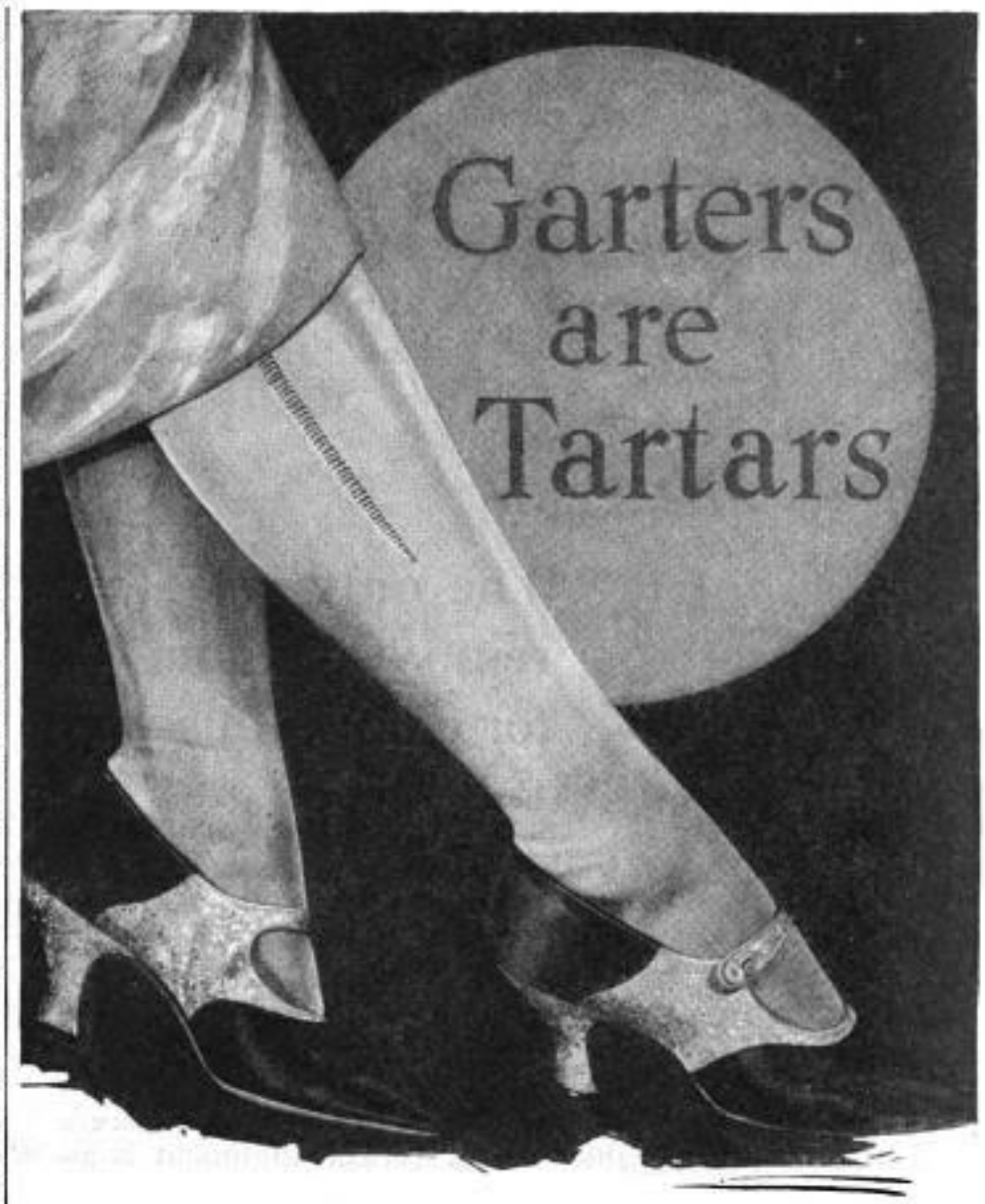
"Won' lemme have a chansh," Charley was complaining to a small group of new friends. "Get me up here 'ith a splend' record in Shentr'l League, but won' lemme pish. Make me sit roun' all day. Never throw a ball."

Once more Henry dragged him home. This time he gave him a sharp lecture, for McCormick was rebellious.

"And last of all, I'll say this," Henry concluded: "You're a little runt. You've got no build, no weight, no constitution. Now, listen! I knew your dad, and he was a pal of mine. Never told yuh that before, but he was. Your dad was a strappin' big, powerful fellow. Throw a ball through a brick wall. That's why I can ketch your fast one barehanded. But he was a big man. He tried this same stuff you're tryin', and it licked him—licked him cold. See? If you was the man he was you'd still get licked by the booze. See? You've got to cut it out.

"And while we're at it, kid, lemme tell yuh this: If you was the man he was you c'd throw a fast one like his. But you're not. That's why I had you work on 'at slow ball. It's all you've got, and it ain't enough to keep you up here in the big time. You wanted to come up, and I've brung yuh. You can stay a while if you're good. See? If you're not you're through, that's all."

It was the longest single speech Henry ever made, and probably the most effective, for young Charley McCormick walked the chalk from that time on. He and Henry journeyed out to the Royals' park every day for morning practice and went through workouts faithfully. Afternoons, they sat



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The "Yankee" Vise means more speed—greater accuracy. Lock the work in the vise just once. You don't have to remove the work from the vise until the entire job is completed.

When you carry the work from bench to drill press, to milling machine, and so on, simply lift the vise, work and all, off the swivel base.

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Vise is quickly released from base by turning a set screw. Can be locked in any desired position on base simply by moving the cam-throw lever at side. Hardened steel block, with V-shaped grooves, holds round or irregular work.

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No. 1994—Body, 10½ in. long; 4 in. wide. Jaws open 4 in.; depth 2⅛ in.
No. 1993—Body, 7¼ x 2¾ (wide) x 3 in. Jaws open to 3⅛ in.
No. 1992—Body, 4⅞ x 2 (wide) x 2⅛ in. Jaws open to 1 15/16 in.
No. 1991—Body, 3⅝ x 1½ (wide) x 1¾ in. Jaws open to 1½ in.

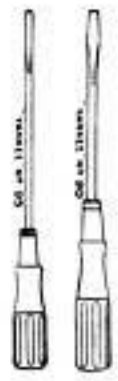
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Even if you clamp a "Yankee" Plain Screw-driver in a vise, set a wrench on the handle and pull with all your might, yet the blade won't turn in the handle.

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Tool Book Mailed Free

Illustrates and describes all the ingenious "Yankee" tools for saving time and labor.

"YANKEE" TOOLS

Make Better Mechanics

on the bench. The first of September rolled around, and Bill Higgins sent Henry on a trip scouting the Terriers, now apparently certain winners in the rival league and therefore opponents for the Royals in the big series.

"You won't stick the kid in there while I'm gone, will yuh?" asked Henry. "Better keep him covered up or the idea won't work."

Higgins promised, and Henry went forth to dog the trail of the Terriers until the end of the season and they should be ready to start play for the world title. He was a canny scout, and a faithful one, although it must be recorded that on one occasion when the Terriers were in Boston he deserted them to spend a day in Woonsocket, and repeated the offense on a day when they were in New York. Furthermore, when it rained one Saturday in Philadelphia he left them again and did not get back from Woonsocket until Monday afternoon when the game was almost over. His friends, if he had bumped into any of them, would have remarked that the old ketcher was sprucing up, looking younger than he had in years.

The series came on, and the United States of America left a nation-wide coal strike, an international situation and the high cost of living flat on their backs to give attention to the great event. Newspapers mortgaged their accounts receivable to employ great experts to write many columns of baseball. Poor fans stayed up all night to acquire tickets to the games, and rich fans dug up money at the banks to buy reserved seats at fabulous prices. It was a wonderful series, probably the best in the history of world's title play, but that makes little difference in the telling of this tale.

McCormick and Hammond had their full share, and more, of the publicity preceding the series. When Manager Higgins submitted his list of eligible players, and the newspapers printed the names of all his Royals, Royal followers could not believe their eyes. McCormick and Hammond? Why, hadn't McCormick shot himself, or something, years ago? And Hammond—he wasn't in the game any more, surely! Must be other players by the same name; but, boy, so the head-wagging comment ran, that was some battery! A pair to draw to, or rather to stand pat on—McCormick and Hammond!

Charley and Henry played big rôles in the publicity, but took no part in the first half dozen games on the diamond.

The world knows how the Royals, with a dashing, slashing attack and fast, furious pitching, won the first three games. It knows, too, how the Royals collapsed in the next three games, falling flatter than a flivver tire on a muddy road. It saw through its own eyes, or more vividly through the eyes of the great experts aforementioned, how this collapse took place. It saw the nervy Terriers, with their teeth set in the series, hanging on like grim death while they added a second game and then a third to their string, tying up the title contest. It saw them smash and pound their way to three victories in a row against cannon-ball pitching.

Then came that seventh and deciding game, with the Royals on their home grounds and a massive crowd of sullen fans waiting to be shown whether the Higgins men could come back for one lone game. The park was packed as tight as a sausage. Everywhere bets were offered that the Terriers would walk away with the game, but the Royal rooters would not bet.

"Pitchers all shot," was the universal comment when Royal chances were discussed.

Higgins had used eleven of his twelve pitchers in the first six games, eight of them in the three straight defeats. His staff was on the run, routed and in a sorry plight. Every speed merchant on the list had been smashed hard and often by the free-swinging Terriers. Only little Charley McCormick, sliding nervously back and forth on the bench, had not been used against the enemy. Old Henry Hammond sat placidly beside Higgins at the other end of the bench. Higgins had given his men a terrific tongue-lashing in the clubhouse before the game, calling them everything he could think of from mere quitters to filthy yellow dogs. The line-up was full of fight, but the spirit was tinged with uncertainty, for the men did not know what sort of pitching they would have as their bulwark.

Higgins sent in Whaley, a great, hulking six-footer with a fast ball that was reputed to dent armor plate whenever it met a battleship. Whaley had all his steam, and got by for two innings without wavering. Then the Royals, reassured, tore into the Terriers for six runs in the next two rounds, sending the crowd into the clouds.

"There goes the old game!" said the fans exulting.

But they repeated the remark shortly afterward with a different inflection, for the Terriers adjusted their sights to Whaley's fast ball and waded into him for two runs in the sixth. He got the side out, but the fans wavered. Starting the seventh, the Terriers slammed a pair of doubles for another run, and Whaley retired to let Smithson, another giant with a faster ball, finish the round. Back came the Terriers in the eighth to peel another run, getting to Smithson for a single and a long triple. A double play staved off further disaster, leaving the score stand 6 to 4, with one inning to go.

The crowd breathed easier and got ready to go home, waiting only to see the Royals take their turn at bat. The Royals went down in a row, and then began the test. Dobbins, a lanky Terrier, leading his league in hitting, landed on Smithson for a three-base drive to open the last half of the ninth. Royal rooters gasped in dismay. Some of them filed out at the gates, and others sat back in disgust to see the brutal finish. They swore aloud as Swope, another fine hitter, but better known for his speed on the bases, came up to face Smithson.

"Nobody out, and they only need two to tie," groaned the fans. "Watch him kill it!"

But Swope was too smart to take a chance on a double play with two runs required. He played to get on base. Instead of swinging, therefore, he dumped a pretty bunt down the third-base line. Smithson fielded the ball, but watched Dobbins, on third, so long that he had no chance to throw out Swope. He stood and held the ball and saw his own undoing, as the fans execrated him and his kind for a race of dumb-bells. The Royal infield surrounded Smithson to calm him down, but they were just as far in the air as he was.

Bill Higgins, smart manager though he was, appeared at a loss. He did not know what to do, for he had nothing but more of the same stuff that Smithson was made of warming up in the bull pen. He looked them over and studied Smithson, standing sullenly in a group of his mates on the diamond.

"Say, Bill"—Higgins felt an elbow in his ribs and looked around—"lemme take the kid and go in there now."

It was old Henry Hammond talking, as nearly excited as he had ever seen the ancient ketcher. Higgins looked at him in amazement.

"That kid?" he jeered. "You're crazy!"

"He'll slow-ball 'em outa this," declared Henry patiently. "They'll murder all the speed yuh got left."

Higgins pondered the suggestion an instant, incredulous, and then wavered.

"But he's stone cold," he said.

"Don't need to be warm to throw a slow ball," whispered Henry.

Instantly Higgins was on his feet. He wigwagged to Smithson, who professed not to see him, and then piling out of the dugout rushed toward the base lines and called him in. Motioning the catcher to hold the fort a moment, Higgins went back to the bench, followed by the disconsolate Smithson, kicking his glove in the dirt.

"You, kid," he said, jerking a thumb at young Charley McCormick.

The boy's heart beat wildly as he heard Higgins address him, but he calmed down when he looked from the manager to Henry and saw the old-timer buckling on his breast protector. Henry winked at him. Reassured, the boy tore off his sweater, grabbed his glove and started out of the dugout on the run.

"Hey, wait a minute!" said Henry. "I'll go with yuh."

An announcer, following a hurried consultation with Higgins, ran out to the diamond with his megaphone.

"Ladies and gen'l'mun, for th' Royals, McCawmick pitchin'. For th' Royals, Hammon' ketchin'. McCawmick and Hammond!"

The effect, as he repeated the announcement to all corners of the grounds, with fans studying their score cards and old sport writers scrutinizing the strange pair taking the battery positions, was electrical. All eyes were on the boy after the first instant, for older fans remembered Henry and passed around the word it was the old fellow himself.

(Continued on Page 77)

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Ginger Ale
Sarsaparilla
Birch Beer
Root Beer



"Well," said the little Eskimo, "I'll tell you all about it

"LONG, long ago there was a King whose boast it was that he had the best feasts that men could devise or cooks could cook.

"He had a beautiful daughter, as all Kings of olden time had. When she was old enough, the King announced that he would give his daughter's hand to him who would bring a new beverage that would be as beautiful as golden sunlight, would be icy-cold and hot at the same time, would sparkle and live through a whole feast, and which, while it quenched the thirst of the moment, would awaken desire for it in young and old, rich and poor, male and female.

"And in due time it came to pass that a handsome young Prince, aided by an old wizard, brought some roots from one island, some canes from another, and some fruits from a third. From below the ground he drew the living waters of a magic spring. Then the old wizard blended the essences of the roots and the fruits, sweetened them to a nicety, and infused the whole with the bubbles that gave it life. And at the next feast the Prince won the King's daughter with the wonderful new beverage, which fulfilled all the King's conditions.

"'And what is the name of this beautiful golden liquid?' asked the King when the feast was over.

"But the Prince had walked into the garden with the King's daughter, and there was no answer.

"So, my dears, we must assume that then and there was discovered the universal beverage, Ginger Ale—the one of which we say *'They all like it'*."

Under the ground at Millis, Massachusetts, are bed-rock springs of pure, cold water. The ginger used in Clicquot Club Ginger Ale comes from Jamaica. The sugar is from the cane. Lemon and lime juice are combined in the Ginger Ale that is cold and hot, is alive and golden, and which pleases everybody.

For your feasts, for meals and between meals, drink Clicquot Club Ginger Ale.

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32 x 4½—Non-Skid Cord	39.00
34 x 4½—Non-Skid Cord	41.00
35 x 5 —Non-Skid Cord	51.50

There's a Fisk Tire of extra value in every size for car, truck or speed wagon

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(Continued from Page 74)

"But 'at kid, now?" was the question.

"Naw, naw, he's dead long ago," wiser fans replied. "'Nother McCormick, 'at's all."

Then the word went round that this was the son of old Charley McCormick, discovered by Henry in the minors and hand-raised by him for the Royals. As the throngs grasped the situation they broke into a cheer out of pure friendly sentiment. Any son of old Charley McCormick deserved a hand. But as the audacity of Bill Higgins in trotting out an untried youngster and a broken-down backstop in a last desperate effort to stall off the onrushing Terriers became apparent to the fans they went wild. Here was a situation to warm the heart of even a Philadelphia fan. Trust Bill Higgins to pull something good! McCormick and Hammond—wow!

Old Henry Hammond, shoving on his mitt, shuffled along beside the boy as far as the third-base line. Then, an arm over his shoulder, he whispered to the boy and belted him on the back reassuringly. Whispered? Rather, he shouted to make himself heard above the clamorous greeting accorded to the new version of the old battery—McCormick and Hammond. Followed some stage management. While the Terriers' manager rushed out to the head umpire and wrangled over the eligibility of this unfamiliar battery, although he vaguely remembered their names from the certified list of eligibles, young Charley McCormick warmed up. He shot through the fastest ball he had, and old Henry took it in his mitt with a thud like that of a Darktown bass drum. The Terrier manager dragged his feet back to his bench and sat down.

"More speed, eh? We'll eat it up!" he said to himself.

Then, with Dobbins on third, Swope on first, nobody out and Wayburn, a heavy-hitting first baseman, up, Henry ambled out toward the box to hand the ball to McCormick instead of throwing it to him. Again he put his arm around the boy's shoulders, and again, with an eye on the base runners, spoke to him. Then he went back behind the plate and crouched.

"All right, boy!" he called.

Charley responded with a fast one through the heart of the pan for a strike. He followed that, upon signal, with another fast one, this time a ball. Old Henry walked out with the ball.

"You field the ball and play it to me," he ordered.

Calling for a high slow ball, Henry looked quickly at Dobbins on third and Swope leading far off first to satisfy himself he had guessed the enemy campaign. McCormick came through with a floater, and Wayburn dumped a slow roller down the first-base line. Dobbins and Swope were on the run.

"Play it here, kid!" yelled Henry at the top of his voice as Dobbins came whirling home from third. Charley was on the ball in a flash, and flipped it to the pan, where old Henry was waiting. Dobbins flung himself at the plate, sliding in a cloud of dust. Henry bluffed at tagging him, and then straightening up whipped the ball like a bullet to third base. Swope, springing like a Paddock, was caught standing up in his desperate try for two bases on the play, and Wayburn stopped at first base.

The crowd, sensing old Henry's strategy in trading one run for the chance to cut off Swope with the tying marker, roared its approval. The applause heartened Charley and was music in the ears of the old ketcher.

"If you big stiffs 'at try to pitch on this club would learn to field a ball like 'at kid, and you ketchers had the guts and brains to pull a play like that, we'd never lose a game to anybody," pronounced Bill Higgins, Royal manager. The Terrier leader, in the enemy dugout, was alert to keep his men on the jump. With only one out and an old man behind the bat, the Terrier boss ordered Wayburn to steal.

"We get the tyin' run on second, and either George or Mason can drive it home," he said to himself.

Henry, watching Wayburn narrowly, sensed the play, knowing full well the opposition would hold him and his old arm cheaply. He called for a fast straight ball over the plate, and George looked it over—for a strike. Henry then resolved to put up a bluff at playing into the Terriers' hands. He bluffed by taking a position wide of the plate for a pitchout, and George bluffed a desperate desire to knock the ball over the fence. Young Charley McCormick, carefully watching Henry's signal, bluffed a windup.

Wayburn edged away from first, down the line for second base. He dug in his spikes and swung into his stride as Charley's arm lifted. Even as he did so, however, he heard the ball slapping into the first baseman's mitt and knew he had been tricked. Wayburn ran it out as best he could, but was trapped halfway to second.

Forty thousand fans went crazy. Bill Higgins drew a long breath. Old Henry Hammond and young Charley McCormick settled down to the task of disposing of the third and last man. George, facing a forlorn hope now, was desperate. He clutched his bat and crowded the plate, determined to swing the Terriers back into the running if it were humanly possible. Henry called for a slow curve ball over the plate. With one strike, George took a chance that the second one would be wasted, but swore bitterly as the ball curved through the heart of the pan.

It was two strikes. The hitter smashed the plate with his bat, jerked his cap down and defiantly faced the pitcher as the crowds, appreciating not merely the Royal comeback but a beautiful example of battery art, yelled their approval. Henry called for another slow curve in the same groove. This time George, overanxious and smarting under the taunts of the throng, waded into the ball. He was off balance in his anxiety to hit, and had started his swing before he realized that the little southpaw, though using a snap delivery, was floating another slow one up to him. The best he could do was a high looping pop-up to the second baseman, and the game and the series were over.

Triumphant Royals, jubilant over the decisive turn in their favor, started to carry Henry and Charley off the field on their shoulders, but gave it up when wild fans insisted on parading to the clubhouse bearing the pair aloft.

"Henry," called Higgins in the dressing room, "the boys are gonna do the right thing by you and the kid."

"Aw, f'rget it!" Henry replied.

"F'rget nothin'! We're gonna vote you one full share between yuh. Of course, you only worked one inning; but, man, what an inning!"

"Aw, f'rget it!"

"Modest as well as brainy, hey?" yelled Higgins. "How about the kid? Say, boy, that was a nice game yuh pitched."

Henry, watching the boy, saw McCormick flush. He blushed himself an instant later as Charley replied, "You're talkin' to Henry, not me. He's the guy that pitched that game."

When they had finished dressing, Henry took the boy's arm.

"Come and go with me," he said. "I'd like for yuh to meet my girl."

McCormick stared at the old-timer in disbelief. This was too much, old Henry Hammond having a girl!

"Yeah," Henry continued. "Gotta date with her for after the game up by the press box."

Three minutes later they crossed the diamond and approached the stand. Charley's heart missed on three cylinders. He stopped a moment and stared in surprise, then ran forward to take old Henry's girl in his young arms. "Mother!" he cried.

"Son, I'm proud of you," she answered. "And you, too, Henry, bless your old bones," she added, holding out a hand to the old ketcher over Charley's shoulder.

Henry grinned happily.

"But you didn't say anything to me," Charley began in reproach.

"We intended to all along," his mother said.

Charley looked around for a place to sit down. "When did all this begin?" he asked, the surprise too much for him.

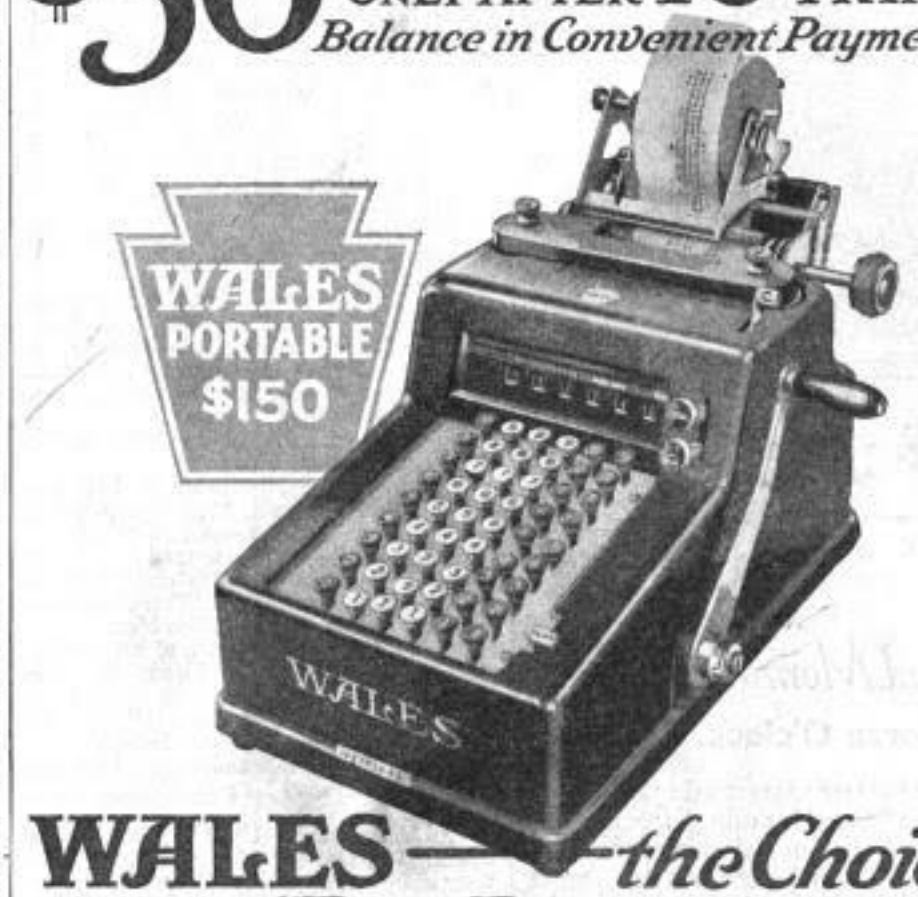
"When *the* Charley McCormick was pitchin' and yours truly was ketchin'—McCormick and Hammond," said Henry. "Your mother had her choice between us. I won't say anything about her first guess, but the second makes a hit with me."

"All I've got to say is, three cheers," exclaimed the youngster. "But what'll you do? Quit and settle down? Who'll do the ketchin' for me?"

"You wanted to hit the big time, and you've done it," said Henry. "Now you go back to pitchin' to one of these college faculties, son. McCormick and Hammond it used to be, and I'm proud it was McCormick and Hammond again to-day." He looked at the boy in an almost paternal pride. "But to-morrow"—and he shifted his gaze—"I'm prouder to say, it will be Hammond and Hammond."

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THE NINTH WAY

(Continued from Page 27)

had acquired the greater brilliance of suffering. Her face was sun-tanned but youthful as ever. Mr. Blass was forced to admit to himself that even in her threadbare raiment Miss Marsh would give most city girls—Miss Kuhn, f'r instance, whom Mr. Blass had selected because her dark hair and pallid complexion went well with the rose-colored draperies—cards and spades, and beat them at their own game.

"You are looking well, Miss Marsh," he remarked. "And Mr. Marsh? How is his rheumatism?"

"My father is well," the girl replied. "The dry desert air has nearly cured him. If it wasn't for that I don't know what we would have done," she murmured faintly. "He worked for the railroad nearly three months this spring."

Mr. Blass nodded. This was the entering wedge he had hoped for.

"Quite so!" He beamed happily. "Would you believe it, Miss Marsh, when you and your father came into this office two years ago"—here he tapped the arm of his chair impressively with one fat forefinger—"I said to myself 'There's a man that the desert will cure,' Miss Marsh?"

"Oh!" There was a note of surprise in the girl's voice. She shot him a swift, appraising glance. "The desert came near killing us both—of starvation," she informed him as impassively as before.

Mr. Blass' eyebrows shot upward in well-simulated distress. He pursed his lips and frowned.

"As bad as that? Upon my word, Miss Marsh, I assure you I had no idea —— Why didn't you—tell me?" he demanded, turning upon her with reproachful vehemence.

"We had—quite a lot of correspondence, Mr. Blass. I ——"

"Oh, yes," Mr. Blass interrupted. He glanced at the face of the marble clock as if to refresh his memory. "I remember now. I was—up north at the time.' Mr. Frisbie, my partner, handled the correspondence. He spoke to me about the matter when I returned, but when I did not hear any more from you I thought everything was all right."

Miss Marsh opened the frayed hand bag in her lap.

"The letters were signed by you," she said. "I have some of them here."

Mr. Blass waved the letters away.

"Not by me, personally, Miss Marsh," he corrected. "Miss Kuhn, my secretary, signed my name to them of course, but Mr. Frisbie dictated them. I came across this old correspondence quite by accident the other day—your letters to us and the carbon copies of the letters mailed to you over my signature. I was thunderstruck, Miss Marsh—posi-tively thunderstruck!" he repeated. "I hastened at once to write to you. You wouldn't believe me guilty of such fla-grant discourtesy to a lady, Miss Marsh?" he implored. He paused. "A serious—er—rupture has taken place between Mr. Frisbie and myself over the matter. I'm genuinely distressed, I assure you." He paused once more, imploring her with his eyes. "To set myself aright in your estimation I wrote you at once making the offer of drilling for water to help you out. I had no idea that you did not have the funds for drilling, yourself. If I had known this in the first place I would never have permitted you for a moment to go on the land."

The girl studied him in silence for a moment. Then running her hand across her eyes, as if to brush away from her mind the unpleasant suspicion that had dwelt there, she said, "A well, I understand, will cost about two thousand dollars, Mr. Blass. I have nothing to offer you as security."

Mr. Blass waved his pudgy hand magnanimously.

"My dear lady, I'm afraid you do not understand land values in California. With plenty of water developed your land will be worth at least two hundred dollars an acre." He smiled apologetically. "Naturally I shall expect something in return. Enough to reimburse me for the expense of drilling."

Pausing he brought down his pudgy fist on the glass-top desk, as if a bright idea had suddenly occurred to him.

"Tell you what, Miss Marsh! You can deed me ten acres somewhere—say, the upper ten. We will draw up a contract to the effect that all the water we strike will belong to you with the exception of enough to irrigate the ten acres you deed me, free of charge, indefinitely. I will give you a right of way to the well—twelve feet wide, we'll say—through my ten acres, for your irrigating ditch."

Mr. Blass leaned back in his chair, fairly carried away with the brightness of his idea.

"How does that strike you?" he demanded grandly, both his stubby thumbs hooked into the armholes of his cerise waistcoat.

"You are very generous, Mr. Blass," the girl replied so promptly that Mr. Blass wondered momentarily if the tone of her voice was sarcasm or just plain relief.

"With plenty of water your land will be worth two hundred dollars an acre," he hastened to explain. "Think of it, Miss Marsh! Six hundred and forty acres at two hundred per acre. One hundred and twenty-eight thousand dollars."

The girl stared at him in amazement.

"But—Mr. Blass, why didn't you keep this land and drill for water yourself if it is worth such an amount?" she asked incredulously.

Mr. Blass nodded delighted approval.

"A perfectly natural question—to the un-initiated, Miss Marsh," he beamed. "It's like this: We promoters have so many irons in the fire all the time we are forced to let some of 'em get cold to keep the others hot." The contemplation of this apt simile pleased him hugely. "When I sold you the land," he went on beamingly, "I was badly in need of ready cash for developing a mine project in Southern New Mexico. Your sixteen hundred dollars, small as the amount was, just about saved the day for me. Naturally I feel that I owe you something."

"Oh!" The girl studied him again in silence for a moment. Then she asked, "Why do you want to drill the well on the upper ten acres? The ground is higher there. I should think you'd have to drill that much deeper."

Mr. Blass slapped his fat knee in delight.

"An apt question, Miss Marsh. Shows you've got the makings of a fine business woman." He arose and led her around the desk. Pulling down the map he pointed to the square in red ink. "From this point," he explained, "your land slopes away in all directions. You can irrigate every inch of the whole section by natural gravity. Fifty feet more or less of drilling makes little difference, Miss Marsh."

"I see," said Miss Marsh thoughtfully. "Very well, then; I'll accept your offer—gladly."

III

THE town of Inca, Rowans Valley, lay blazing in the hot midday sun—a peculiar habit of desert towns—as it had lain every noon of its twelve summers since the day the city of Los Angeles gave birth to it by planting two portable cottages and a water tank beside a narrow-gauge railroad and calling it Inca.

The railroad continued its way up the alkaline floor of the Rowans Valley to Rowans River, but Inca remained to grow and prosper or to wither and die.

Inca grew but did not prosper. Neither did it wither, and it refused flatly to die. Its first census, taken ten years after its birth, showed a population of eighty-seven souls, eighty-four of whom were engaged in wringing a living from the moistureless soil, a discouraging task.

Of the three remaining, one ran the Sierra Café, the only restaurant within a radius of thirty miles. Another had committed suicide a year earlier by misappropriating his neighbor's horse. He was buried at the foot of one of the Nevada-Los Angeles Light and Power Company's conduit poles, after having been suspended briefly from said pole by the neck. And the third, a drinking man, had walked himself to death with a prescription blank in his pocket, looking for a rattlesnake. His body was never found, and quite a heated discussion arose at the census taking about his status. Municipal pride was strong for admitting the wanderer to the final count, but Duffy, the census taker, who made his living between censuses by running the Sierra Café, and for this reason was a dictator of sorts, decided against it.

Duffy was a large clean-shaven man. He looked like the average fat man, which he was not; but he had one trait in common with all fat men—cheerfulness. His small gray eyes twinkled. A network of fine mirth wrinkles crisscrossed his bland moon-like face. He seemed unnecessarily cheerful, considering his environment.

He was seated on his high stool behind the cash register of the restaurant with his two hundred and forty pounds of obesity spilling, wheat-sack fashion, over the edge of the high stool. The narrow-gauge train from Cardinal had just pulled in. The train crew—both of them—were uncoupling a flat car loaded with heavy timbers, and in the shade of the station awning, sprawled on bundles of blankets and suitcases, were seated sixteen men who had alighted from the train. All sixteen were mopping their foreheads listlessly with their handkerchiefs. If the expression upon their faces could have been translated into words it would have read something like this:

"What a place to be dumped off at!"

One of the strangers, a tall young man in a Palm Beach suit, arose and detached himself from the group, and sauntered down the platform toward the Sierra Café. Pausing before it he surveyed it dubiously for a moment, then put one sun-tanned, efficient hand upon the handle of the screen door and entered, accompanied by a cloud of flies.

"Dinner ready?" he inquired of Duffy.

Duffy glanced at the clock behind him.

"'Twill be in ten minutes," he informed his questioner. "Mac's twenty minutes early to-day." Mac was the engineer of the iron steed champing on the track outside.

Mealtime at the Sierra restaurant was regulated by Mac's schedules, he and his conductor being the star boarders.

The young man flashed a row of strong white teeth at this information.

"There are sixteen of us; I and my drilling crew. I'll call the boys," he said, stepping to the door and beckoning to his gang. The fifteen men arose, picked up their various bundles and filed into the restaurant.

"Dinner for sixteen, Miss Marsh," Duffy's voice boomed.

At the word "Marsh," the young man wheeled about and found himself looking into the gray eyes of a quiet-looking girl in the apron of a waitress, behind the counter. He recognized her at once as the girl he had collided with at the elevator the day he went to see Mr. Blass.

"Yes, Mr. Duffy," the girl replied.

She gave the young man in the Palm Beach suit a glance of swift scrutiny as the fifteen others ranged themselves in a row upon the stools at the counter, then dropped her eyes.

"Marsh," said the young man, addressing her with a smile; "that's the place I'm looking for—the Marsh place."

The girl raised her eyes to the speaker, then let them travel down the row of faces lined up before her. She smiled faintly.

"You must be the men who are going to dig my well," she said. "I'm Nora Marsh."

The young man held out his hand with an answering smile.

"My name is Ben Callister. I'm the driller in charge." He looked at her in silence for a moment as if he was trying to make up his mind about something. Then releasing her hand he said, looking about him, "You own this place?"

The girl flushed.

"I work here," she informed him.

Ben Callister's eyes twinkled.

"Well, you won't have to very long," he said in a low voice.

"I hope not," she replied.

"We've met before, I think," Callister said, reminding her of the episode a week earlier.

"Oh, yes, I remember now," the girl returned. "I thought your face was familiar."

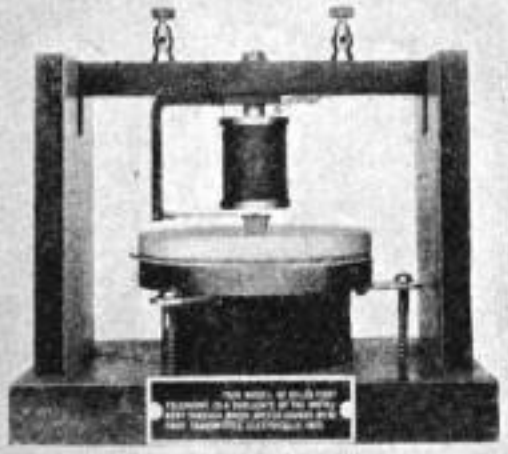
When they had given their orders Callister questioned her about the distance to her place, and asked her if she knew where he could rent a truck.

"I've got a flat car loaded with lumber for the derrick, out there," he told her. "Mr. Blass will be out in the morning. I want to get the stuff hauled out right away. My employer is anxious to begin drilling at once." He paused. "I guess you are too," he added.

"Yes," she told him. "I've had all I want of dry farming. There's a man by the name of Stanley down the track half a mile who has a big truck. I think you can get him to haul your lumber. He hauled ours—for the house."

(Continued on Page 81)

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(Continued from Page 78)

"You live on the place then?" Callister asked.

"Yes—I and my father," the girl replied.

IV

THE derrick was finished and Callister was watching his men removing the planking from the newly constructed concrete starter hole one afternoon two weeks later, when the girl and her father came up the trail.

Mr. Blass, moist and perspiring, was sitting on a timber in the shade of the tool shack, fanning himself with his Panama hat. He arose as the two rounded the corner of the tent, and held out his hand with a word of greeting. Something in old Marsh's eyes made him pause. He glanced sharply at the girl, who ignored his proffered hand, then shot Callister a quick, suspicious glance. Evidently someone had been blabbing.

"Well?" he demanded, on his defense.

Old man Marsh took a step forward, his slight wasted figure bent threateningly.

"I met Warren, of the Buena Vista Oil Company, down at Duffy's to-day," he said. "When I told him you were drilling for water he laughed in my face."

Mr. Blass drew his breath in sharply. Then running his hand into his inside vest pocket he pulled out his pin-seal cigar case, selected a cigar and removed its end carefully with his pearl-handled penknife. Lighting the cigar he blew a cloud of fragrant smoke skyward.

"What are you going to do about it?" he asked, flecking an imaginary speck of dust from his carefully creased trousers.

"I'm—I'm going to make you and your gang get off my land, derrick and all, you swindler!" the old man retorted in a blaze of fury at the other's insolent attitude.

"Zat so? Where d'you get that stuff—your land?" Mr. Blass scoffed. Pulling a document from his pocket he held it up before the old man's eyes. "Your daughter's deed, Mr. Marsh, to this ten acres, recorded two weeks ago. Run along home and don't bother me. I'm a busy man."

"You're a—crook, that's what you are!" Marsh shouted. "I'll have the law on you! I'll ——"

"Go as far as you like," Mr. Blass retorted placidly. "I signed an agreement to deliver to your daughter all the water I strike here in drilling, in consideration for which she deeded me this ten acres. If there's anything illegal about that you gotter show me."

"Water! Phaugh! You knew there was oil here," Marsh stormed.

"Nobody knows where you might strike oil. Oil is a gamble, Mr. Marsh—a big gamble. Besides, you didn't say nothing about oil. Water was what you wanted. If we get it it's yours, I assure you."

"And if you strike oil it's yours, eh?"

"Well, of course," Mr. Blass agreed. "Drilling a well is an expensive proposition. I stand a good chance of sinking fifty thousand dollars here without getting one cent in return."

"You mean to tell me that you'd have taken the chance of losing that amount if you hadn't thought there was oil here? I'll have you arrested for false pretenses."

Mr. Blass laughed heartily. He was vastly amused.

"It ain't what a man thinks that puts him in jail, Mr. Marsh. It's what he signs his name to." The promoter wagged his fat forefinger in Marsh's face to emphasize his remarks. "I might think this whole section was full of, f'r instance, diamonds, and go digging for them. If I found that it was so I suppose you'd have me arrested for guessing right. But suppose I didn't find no diamonds, could I have you arrested, Mr. Marsh, for letting me think wrong and go ahead losing my money, digging?"

Marsh made a movement of impatience.

"Your twisted arguments don't stand with me!" he retorted, his thin face white with anger. "You swindled me once before. The laws of this state must be pretty rotten when such as you are walking around loose instead of being in jail."

"Tut, tut," said Mr. Blass reproachfully. Veneration for the law that had always served him so well was his long suit.

Callister stepped off the derrick platform just then and joined them, attracted by the argument. He glanced at the girl questioningly, then at his employer.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Matter enough, Mr. Callister," Blass replied. "These people sign an agreement and then try to welsh on me."

The girl threw her head back haughtily. She gave Callister a curious level glance which included the gang on the derrick, as well as himself and his employer.

"You people have taken advantage of my ignorance of—of the law to swindle me and my father." She turned upon the promoter with blazing eyes. "No; we may be fools, but we're not—welshers—even to cheaters."

Taking her father's arm she turned her back upon Callister and Blass, and the two, man and girl, walked down the trail.

Mr. Blass winked at Callister.

"Lots of spunk that girl has," he chortled. "A good looker too." He rubbed his double chin reflectively. "If I was twenty years younger I'd go after her and have her eating out of my hand in a week."

Callister glanced at Mr. Blass' perfectly manicured right hand. "She'd have to be hungry," was on his lips, but what he said was, "I'll be ready to start drilling in the morning. If I judge right we ought to strike oil sand in less than a month. We're drilling in decomposed granite, and it's soft as cheese."

"Fine," said Mr. Blass. "Don't forget that I'm paying you to hold down expenses. So don't waste any money."

"I never do," Callister replied quietly.

V

DUFFY looked up from his stool by the cash register when the driller and his crew filed in to supper that evening. A scowl rode, slack saddle, across the restaurant man's usually cheerful countenance.

"You're a fine flock of crooks," he said, including them all, but addressing Callister. "I ought to refuse to feed you. If Nora drops a spider into your coffee I wouldn't be surprised, but delighted. You're sixteen fine excuses for a coroner's inquest."

McFee, the tool dresser, an old wizened-looking desert rat, spoke up.

"What's eatin' you, grandpa? Stow the gab and trot out your mulligan. We're hungry, and when this crew's hungry we eat 'em alive."

Nora took their orders without a word. Callister watched her out of the corner of his eye, but not once did she glance his way.

When the rest had finished he stayed behind on purpose. Nora was clearing away the dishes from the end of the counter farthest removed from him.

"Another piece of apple pie, Miss Marsh, please," he said.

When she placed the pie before him a moment later and wrote out the amount of his check his hand closed about hers holding the pencil.

"I want to know if I was included in that remark of yours this afternoon," he said.

She tried to withdraw her hand, but Callister held it fast. Her first impulse was to strike him with her free hand, but something in the young driller's eyes deterred her.

"Certainly!" she blazed out.

Callister let go her hand. Nora got the impression that the look in his eyes was more of contempt than of anger.

"I don't know what your agreement with my employer is," he said quietly. "It's none of my business. I've taken the job to drill this well, and I'm going to drill it." As he picked up his check a cold, steely look came into his eyes. "You're the first human being that called me a cheat and got away with it. This fact may interest you."

Without glancing at the amount of his check he tossed a twenty-dollar bill on the counter, picked up his hat and strode out of the restaurant.

When Nora gave Duffy the check and the money the restaurant keeper rang up the amount, fourteen dollars and seventy-five cents, and handed the girl the remainder.

"Well," he said, "they're good spenders at any rate. A tip of five and a quarter is not to be sneezed at."

The girl laid the money down on the rubber mat beside the cash register.

"Please give Mr. Callister back his change to-morrow," she said with a toss of her head, and went back to her work of clearing the dishes.

Duffy chuckled softly to himself as he pictured Callister's discomfiture on the morrow. An hour later when he was closing up for the night he was still smiling, and he lay awake half the night, mentally staging his little personally conducted drama of



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revenge. So when Callister and his men came in for breakfast the following morning he waited until they were all seated, then beckoned to the driller.

Callister, thinking that he had made a mistake in paying his check the night before, arose. Duffy handed him the five silver dollars and the quarter, and said in a voice that could be heard a block away, "Miss Marsh asked me to give you back your tip, with her regards."

The driller glanced at the money in his hand, then back over his shoulder at the girl behind the counter, who never so much as raised her eyes.

Without a word of comment Callister walked to the door, opened it and threw the six coins out into the street. Then he returned to his seat and picked up the bill of fare.

"A bowl of oatmeal mush with plenty of cream, and a double stack of buckwheats, Miss Marsh, please," he said in a steady voice.

The girl gave him a brief nod and passed on to the next.

Duffy drew a long breath and scratched his head. He looked worried.

When the men had gone and Nora was busy in the kitchen the restaurant keeper left his seat and sauntered outside. Looking up and down the street to satisfy himself that he was not being observed, he poked the inch-deep dust of Inca's main thoroughfare with the toe of his slipper. For a full minute he stood, thumbs hooked into the armholes of his ample vest, whistling. Then stooping quickly he picked up the six coins, stuck them in his pocket and sauntered back to his high stool.

When Nora returned from the kitchen he was still whistling energetically.

VI

EARLY one morning the following week Fred Warren, field manager for the Buena Vista Oil Company, called on Callister. Warren was an easy-going, mild-mannered little man, with a stubby gray beard, bushy eyebrows and very little hair on top of his head. Callister had drilled several wells for his company and, young as he was, had won for himself the reputation of being one of the best rotary drillers in Southern California.

The two men were friends. Warren had no desire to antagonize a man whom he might need at any moment, so he held out his hand with a smile and said in his mildest tone, "Reckon you're going to strike oil here, Ben?"

"Search me," Callister grinned. "I'm hired to drill a two-thousand-foot hole. What might be at the other end of it don't worry me."

Warren gave the driller a quick, searching glance, then dropped his eyes.

"My people have been wondering how you fellows got the hunch to go looking for oil around here," he said.

"Search me again," Callister replied. "All I know is that Blass left word for me at the Consolidated, where I had just finished a well, to come and see him. When he told me where he was going to drill I thought he was crazy, but my business is to drill and not to give geological advice. Besides, I've struck oil in some pretty unlikely places the past three years, so I hustled my crew together, and here we are."

Warren smiled softly.

"Not so crazy—this man Blass," he said. "We've been scouting this territory for three months. Bang-up report. What we'd like to know is, How in blazes did it leak out? We've been wearing muzzles and rubber heels all summer. Funny about him knowing to drill on this spot. Of the whole section, only this upper ten acres comes under Blair's report as possible oil-bearing."

"That is funny," Callister agreed.

"Another thing," Warren went on. "Old man Marsh showed me the paper his daughter signed with your employer. It's a rank swindle, Ben—the rankest I've seen in my life, and I've seen a few. Gets the girl to deed him this ten acres under pretext to drill for water for her." He pulled a document from his pocket and handed it to Callister. "I had my stenographer make a copy of it when Marsh came to see me last week. Read it."

Callister ran his eyes down the typed page, then beckoned Warren to a seat beside him in the tool shack, while he perused it more carefully.

"Suffering cats!" he exclaimed when he had finished reading it. "That man Blass is an artist and no mistake. Robs them of their eyeteeth and makes them sign him clean."

"Pretty rank, eh, Ben?" Warren said with a nod.

"Rank is right," said Callister. "No wonder they raised the roof. They were up here a week ago—the old man and his daughter. Nice girl, Miss Marsh."

Warren nodded.

"A hard worker. She's supported herself and the old man by working at Duffy's. Duffy feeds Marsh. That's part of the bargain. The two of them came out here from Iowa a couple of years back—to keep the old man from passing out. The girl was a school-teacher back there. Your employer sold them this dry section for a farm. When they got tired of starving the girl went to work." Warren paused and frowned mildly. "It seems as if the people that can least afford it are always the ones who get swindled."

"Yes," said Callister. He was thinking of the somber-eyed girl slaving her youth away in the stuffy heat of Duffy's restaurant.

"How far you down?" Warren asked after a pause.

"A little over four hundred feet. We'll hit sand in less than a month—unless we strike hardpan. I don't think we will."

"You won't," Warren agreed. "It's easy going all the way down, Blair reported." He arose. "I thought maybe you'd like to know what sort of a man you're working for."

"I sure do."

"Well, so long, Ben."

"So long, Fred."

Instead of going straight home after supper that evening, Callister sauntered across the street to the depot and tried, unsuccessfully, to engage Jean Bullpit, the station agent, in conversation at his open window. Bullpit talked, but in monologue, a monologue directed against those who use the law to aid them in swindling helpless womenfolks and old men.

Callister listened until Bullpit ran out of breath, then said, "I know you mean well, Bullpit, so I won't punch your face for you."

"Try it and see what'll happen to you," the station agent invited him.

Callister shook his head.

"Nothing would happen—to me. The S. P. would be a man short for a week or so, that's all."

Bullpit scowled at the driller.

"You hate yourself, don't you?" he growled.

"Not particularly," Callister replied cheerfully.

"Well, there's a lot of us in this town that do," the station agent informed him, "and don't you forget it. If I had my way about it you and your outfit would be hitting the ties south by daylight to-morrow morning."

Callister laughed.

"It'd take a lot of you to make us."

"Oh, I don't know. There's a sight of us here who know how to nurse a pair of shooting irons."

"That's all right with us," Callister grinned. "I and my crew always travel heeled. Trouble is our middle name."

"That so? Well, maybe we'll teach you how to spell it backwards—yet," Bullpit retorted, pulling down the window with a bang.

Callister strolled about town until he saw Duffy lock up his place for the night. When Nora came out of the alley a moment later and walked down the road he followed.

Increasing his pace until he was abreast of her he said, "I owe you an apology for insulting you with that tip. My only excuse is that I was so mad that I forgot the change."

"You owe me nothing," the girl replied, increasing her own pace.

"All right. Consider it a present then."

The girl bit her lip and made no reply.

"There are one or two things I'd like to know about," Callister went on imperturbably. "You bought this section from my—employer?"

"I did."

"You put all the money you had into it—or nearly all?"

"I don't see that my affairs are any of your business," she retorted haughtily.

"They are—and they are not. I'm making them my business—if you don't mind."

The girl whirled upon him angrily.

"I do mind! I wish you'd leave me alone!"

Callister laughed.

"You've got the same kind of a temper that I have. We'd make a fine pair." Then seriously he added, "I'm butting into your affairs for the simple reason that they need butting into—unless you want to sling hash at Duffy's for the rest of your life. You need a man to take care of you."

"Indeed!" she remarked acidly.

"Yes, indeed," Callister reiterated; "and I'm going to elect myself a committee of one for the job."

The girl stopped short, fists clenched.

"Oh, if I were only a man!" she cried. "I'd—I'd—I don't know what I'd do to you!"

Callister caught her raised arm by the wrist.

"I'm glad you're not—a man," he said, "but not because of the walloping I might get," he added gently. Then as she left him and took the path across lots to the house he called out after her softly, "Good night, honey!"

Mr. Blass and Frisbie motored out from the city the following week. Mr. Blass was in the usual good humor preceding the successful consummation of a deal, as he termed his questionable transactions. Frisbie was morose and silent. The junior partner was suffering from an aggravated case of writer's cramp, from O.K.ing vouchers for the new enterprise. Half of the firm's bank balance had been depleted, and only half of the hole in the ground, as he gloomily referred to it, had been dug.

Chills of horror percolated down his spine when he had itemized the first weekly expense account.

"Listen to this!" he shouted. "Twelve dollars a day for a well digger. Ten more for a tool dresser. Does he maybe manicure 'em too? Is the man crazy? Two hundred dollars a day—wages alone. Forty dollars a day more for meals. Did he hire a bunch of ostriches, oder does he maybe board them at the Waldorf Astoria?"

Mr. Blass explained patiently the difference between a well driller and a well digger. Instead of answering, Frisbie waved a bill for three hundred and eighty dollars' worth of gasoline—a thousand gallons—in his face.

"Maybe you can explain this also. Is it that we have Barney Oldfield running races for us, und did you dilute the gasoline with perhaps champagne? Thirty-eight cents a gallon! For that price I could fill me, almost, a cellar with bootleg."

Mr. Blass explained here that the gasoline was used for the engine and that its price—thirty-eight cents a gallon—was due to the three-hundred-mile haul across the desert by tank car. When he suggested that Frisbie accompany him to the property, his partner demurred at first. But later, drawn as a criminal to the scene of his crime—to Frisbie, paying out money, his own, was synonymous with crime—he agreed to motor out with Mr. Blass.

For the best part of the three-hundred-mile drive he sat listening in agonized silence to the high-powered cylinders eating up a gallon of gas every fifth sand-strewn mile; and when they arrived at the well, tired and dusty, he took one amazed look at the derrick, then exclaimed, "Thirty-one thousand dollars! For that thing! For thirty-one thousand dollars I could build me on Wilshire Boulevard a house, with a Jap cook and seven bathrooms."

"Oh, shut up!" Mr. Blass exploded as the two men, hot and perspiring, climbed the derrick platform.

"Well, well, how's it going, Mr. Callister?" Mr. Blass ejaculated, pleased at his own little pun.

"All right," the driller replied, acknowledging his employer's introduction of Frisbie with a brief nod. "We're down twelve hundred feet."

Frisbie poked his long nose over the edge of the casing and looked down, as if expecting to glimpse there some of his vanished dollars.

"Such a business!" he muttered.

VII

A FIRST-CLASS well driller can do things with a well that would make a magician sick with envy. Callister was a first-class driller. He had the reputation of being able to use his head in an emergency. He had been using it for the past week—since his talk with Warren.

He was down now where his drills told him that he was nearing oil sand, and his nose confirmed the suspicion. Gas had been rising in the casing for the past two shifts.

(Continued on Page 85)

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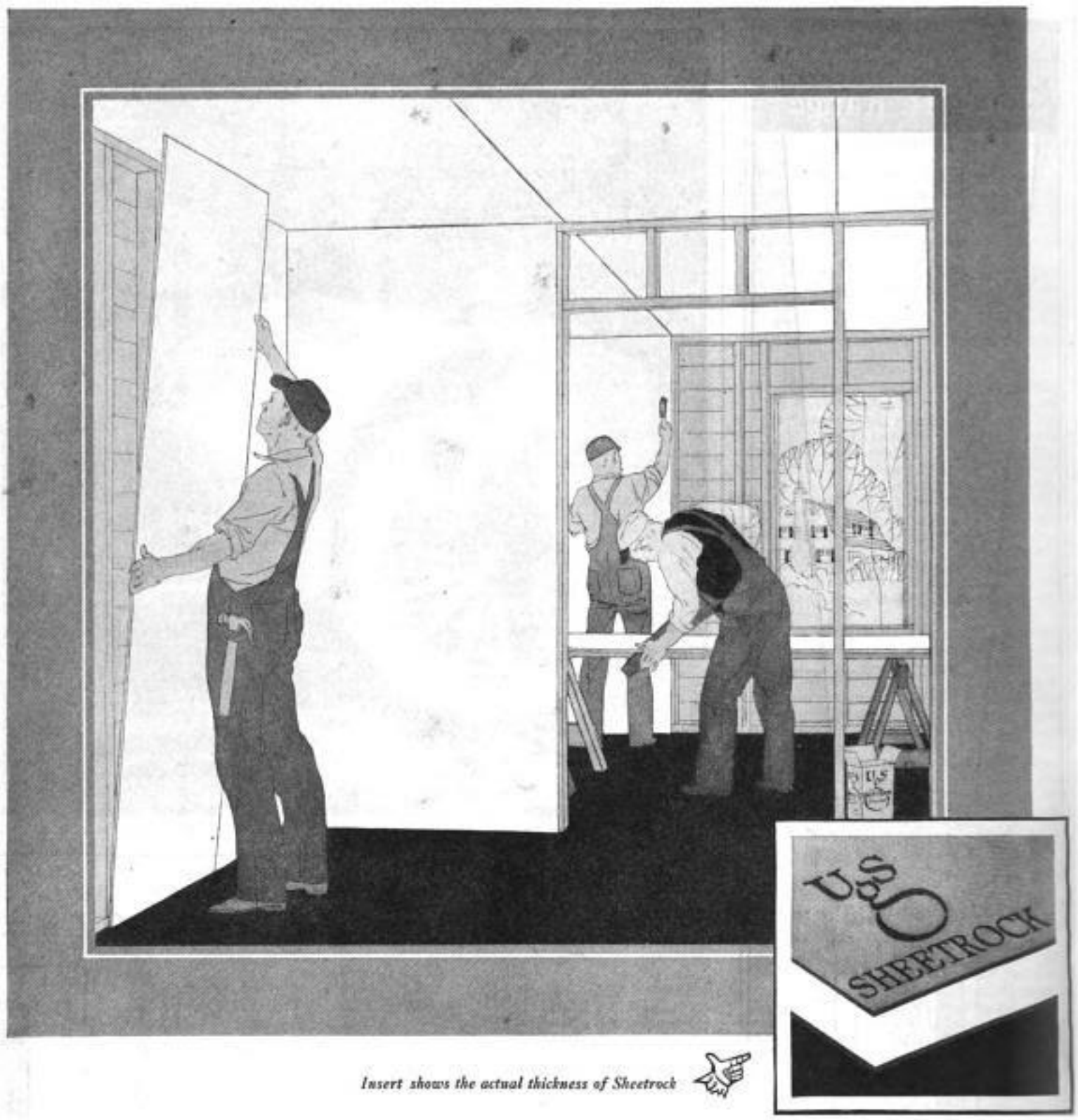


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USG

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(Continued from Page 82)

In his little cubby-hole of an office behind the tool shack he considered his position. For a full half hour he sat in his chair, thinking—about his own reputation as a driller, about the unscrupulous piracy of Blass, his employer, but mostly about the girl who had been bucking the wolf, lone-handed, with a sick father. His eyes grew hard, and when he finally arose they had narrowed to mere slits.

That night, under the cover of darkness, he sent a wagon team down to the creek which skirted the lower end of the adjoining quarter section, for a load of adobe clay.

Adobe clay is inseparably interwoven with the history of Southern California. Sun-dried bricks were made from it by the Indians and the early settlers for their dwellings. The ruined arches of the old missions are chapters in the history of adobe construction.

Adobe is the stickiest of sticky clay, a dark brown substance, soft as peat in winter, tenacious as India rubber in spring, and hard as concrete in summer. It has the adhesive qualities of a leech, and the impenetrableness of an elephant's hide. Mixed with straw and smoothed down with a trowel it makes an excellent plaster. When damp it sheds water like a gaberdine.

Callister found a new use for adobe clay. Mixing it with water to the consistency of tar he poured it down the drill casing by the bucketful. As the drill ate its way into the oil sand the wet mud formed a coating of adobe on the walls of the bore, which upon hardening prevented the oil from flowing through.

Watching his drills closely as they were pulled up for resharpening he noted that their points were sticky with oil. Blass had guessed right. There was oil there—lots of it. But he was not going to get any of it—not if Callister could help it.

After three shifts of drilling the formation changed. He had gone through eighty feet of oil sand to the harder stratum below. Pulling out his drill he lowered a six-inch casing into the bore, thus shutting off, for good, any flow of oil.

Then smiling softly to himself he wired Blass at Los Angeles, and went on drilling.

He had one trick more up his sleeve. If it failed he could still break Blass by drilling.

When Blass and Frisbie arrived from the city in Mr. Blass' eight-cylinder roadster Callister led them into the office behind the tool shack and shut the door.

"Well, gentlemen, she'll blow inside the next forty-eight hours," he said. "I figured that you'd like to be on hand for the fireworks, so I wired you."

Mr. Blass rubbed his fat hands.

"You think there's plenty of oil there then, Mr. Callister?" he asked anxiously.

"I don't think it—I know it," the driller replied.

Frisbie relaxed his gloom momentarily, and permitted himself one of his rare smiles.

"It's about time," he grumbled. "We've paid out already sixty thousand dollars. If something don't happen pretty quick we'll be looking for a meal ticket."

"Something will happen—pretty quick," Callister assured him.

McFee, the tool dresser, came into the office then. He nodded to Blass and Frisbie.

"There's a gang of men with rifles coming up the hill, Ben," he said to Callister.

Mr. Blass' pudgy hands clutched the arms of his chair. His smooth, pink face turned the color of chalk. Frisbie stared, mouth drooping, from McFee to Callister. The driller glanced out of the window and saw a crowd of perhaps fifty armed men coming up the trail. He turned to McFee.

"Pass out shooting irons all around, Mac," he said quietly. "The cartridge clips are in that box," he added, pointing to a box under the desk. "Better move them up on the derrick platform. Rouse the two off shifts and form a line around the derrick. I'll be with you in a minute."

He turned to Blass and Frisbie as McFee carried the box of cartridges outside.

"You gentlemen had better stay where you are," he said. "There might be some shooting going on around here in a little while. I reckon you'd look good to them for targets."

"We'll—stay," said Mr. Blass hoarsely, and Frisbie seconded the motion with a forward droop of his head.

Callister opened the drawer of his desk and took from it his automatic pistol. Slipping two extra clips of cartridges into his pocket he stepped outside.

When the advancing men were within a hundred yards of the derrick he called them to halt, and asked them what they wanted. The men paused. Jean Bullpit was the first to speak.

"We want you and your gang to get out," he said briefly.

"The sooner the quicker," Duffy, the restaurant man, supplied, stepping forward.

Both men were armed with rifles. Callister pulled out his pistol.

"I suppose you know what the law says about attacking a man, or his representatives, with deadly weapons on his own land," he said.

Bullpit laughed.

"We're not losing any sleep over what the law says," he jeered.

"Perhaps not," Callister came back, "but you'll have a nice long one if you don't observe it." He raised the pistol. "The first man that comes a step nearer will go back down the trail feet first. I took the job of drilling this well and I'm going to finish it if I have to bury Inca by mass funeral. Think it over."

The men conferred among themselves briefly; then Bullpit said, "We'll give you one hour to pull out—or be starved out."

Callister shook his head.

"Come again. We won't pull out, and we'll shoot our way to grub—if necessary."

"It'll be necessary, all right," Duffy chipped in. "You won't get nothing to eat from me—not for a hundred dollars a meal."

The men retreated a short distance, then split up in groups of twos and threes and proceeded to surround the derrick on all sides.

Callister joined his men on the platform.

"We're in for a fight, boys," he said. "Can I depend on all of you?"

"Sure you can, boss," they informed him in unison.

"All right, then." He turned to the tool dresser. "Gather up all the empty cement sacks, Mac, and fill them with sand, and pile them up around the derrick. The shift on duty, go back to your drilling."

Looking around he noted that the attacking party also were preparing for a siege. They were busy piling up brush and digging trenches in the sand. He smiled grimly. His last card still remained unplayed.

VIII

THE happenings of the next thirty-six hours are history in the annals of oil. For six shifts, without food or water, and under the blazing desert sun in midsummer, a handful of determined men defied a whole community.

When the water supply ran low on the third shift Callister called the men together.

"We need every drop of water in the tank to keep the drill going," he informed them. "That means nothing to drink from now on until we're through. We can shoot our way to water, but some of us are bound to get killed. Have you got the nerve to stick it out?"

"Boss, we'll go to the devil for you if you say the word," one of the men replied. The others nodded their agreement to this homely sentiment.

"Maybe some of you will be called on to do that," Callister replied grimly, glancing with pride about the circle of sweat-grimed faces.

At the end of that first hot day the beleaguering forces grew restless. Bullpit advised a rush during the night, but Duffy, the cautious, demurred.

"Another day of it, and they'll run out of water," he said, hardly knowing how great a truth he was uttering. "They'll be too weak to fight. We can dump 'em on a flat car and ship 'em south then."

For the next ten hours sixteen hungry and worn-out men awaited the desert dawn that would be the beginning of another day of suffering.

At five o'clock the red ball of the sun crept up over the rim of the wastes.

Callister called the men together for the last time.

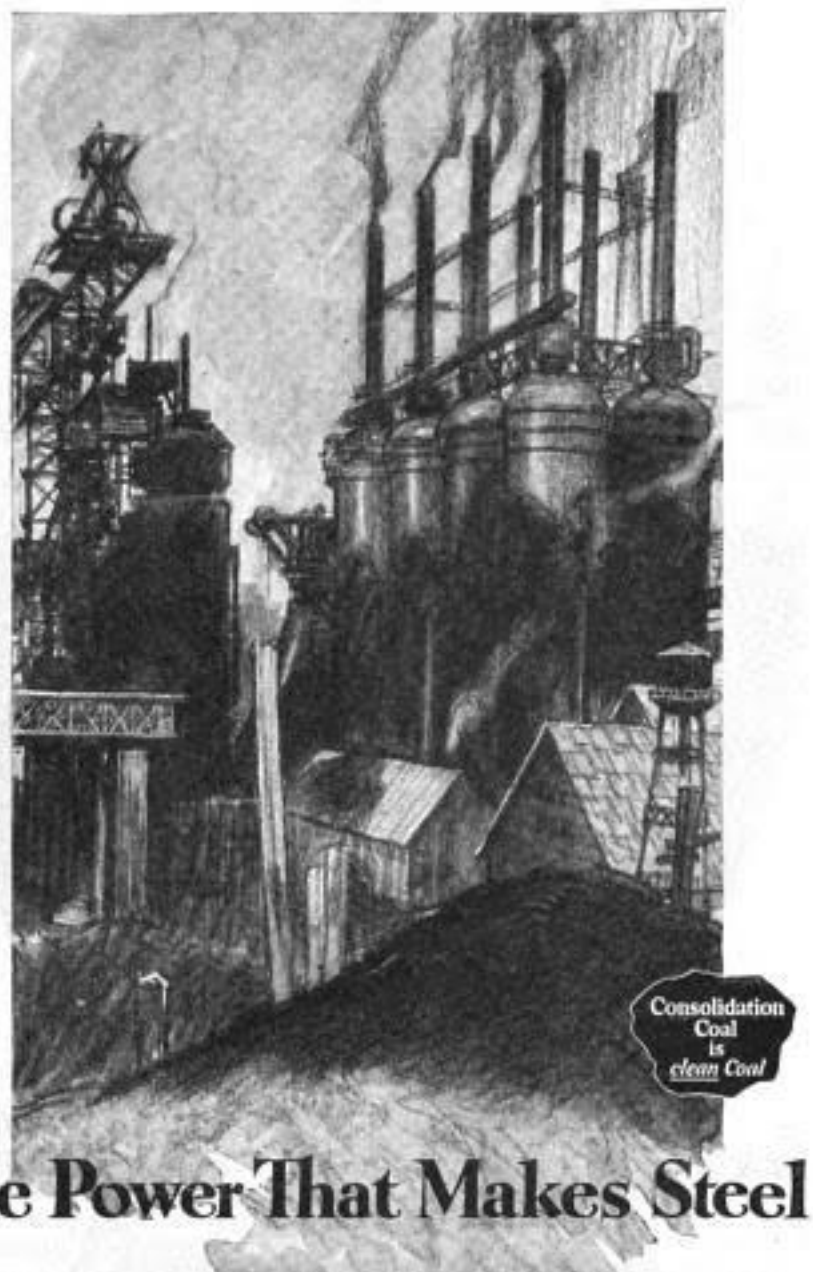
"I'm going to ask you to stick until dark—no longer," he said in a dry, parched voice.

The men nodded in silent agreement. None spoke. But Callister reading their faces felt assured.

Blass staggered out of the office just then, followed by Frisbie. All the promoter's bravado and complacency were gone. His face had turned a ghastly green. His clothing was disarranged and his collar was pushed askew. He walked with the



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gait of a drunken man, and when he climbed up the platform ladder his movements were those of a huge, ungainly turtle.

Behind him stalked Frisbie, hatless, with his long arms dangling at his sides and the palms of his hands turned outward, ape fashion.

"Where's the—drinking water?" Blass gasped.

"In there," Callister said, pointing to the tank.

The promoter reeled forward.

"We couldn't stand it—any longer. Came out—to get a drink."

"You came to the wrong place," Callister said coldly.

"What! Is the tank empty?"

"No, but we need every drop for the drill. You can't have any."

"But I want a drink!" Blass shrilled, clutching at his throat.

Callister laughed hoarsely.

"There are sixteen of us here in the same notion. You're no better than the rest. Get back where you belong and stay there."

"But we'll—die of thirst!" Blass screamed.

"You'll die of something else if you don't get off this platform or stop your blubbering," the driller informed him.

Mr. Blass looked down at the pistol in Callister's hand. With a gulp of terror he slid down the ladder into Frisbie's long arms and the two of them staggered back to the tool tent.

As the desert day advanced the men began showing signs of weakening. Callister moved among them, laughing and joking, shaming them into taking a grip upon themselves. He cajoled them, told them what he thought of them, bitterly, pointedly, praying the while for time.

At noon the engineer collapsed and Callister himself took charge of the engine. When he measured the water in the tank he found that less than six inches remained.

The heat was now almost unbearable. The sun rays poured upon them like sheets of molten metal that seemed to break and become shattered against the blinding whiteness of the desert sand into minute pinpoints of heat which pierced their skins and drained their bodies of the last vestige of moisture. Callister lifted his head. Above them a buzzard soared in long lazy circles. He returned to his seat at the engine with a savage shrug of his shoulders.

Two interminable hours dragged by. His throat was parched. His tongue had swollen to shocking proportions. It seemed as if there was no longer room for it in his mouth. Every bone and joint ached. He felt sick and faint. His body from the waist down was a cumbersome, leaden thing, that responded to his will only at his most determined effort.

The short staccato gasps of the engine fell upon his ears with maddening monotony. He had a sudden frenzied desire to leap upon it and shatter it to bits.

He sounded the tank again. A scant two inches remained. One hour more and he'd have to shut off the engine. He was drilling in hardpan, and without water to keep the drill cooled he'd have to shut down. In one hour it'd be all over. His judgment as a driller hung upon a scant sixty minutes.

He was bending over the engine, filling the lubricating cups, when looking up he saw Nora coming up the trail. Dropping the oil can he straightened up and shaded his sun-blinded eyes with his hand.

The girl paused at the nearest group of watchers and exchanged words with them briefly, then came toward the derrick.

McFee, the tool dresser, raised his pistol almost involuntarily. If the girl saw the motion she did not heed it, but kept coming. Fifty feet from the derrick she stopped.

"Don't you think this has gone far enough?" she demanded of Callister.

The driller tried to reply, but the words rose to his swollen lips unuttered.

Blass, hearing the girl's voice, staggered out of the tool shack.

"Water, water!" he gasped, dropping at her feet in the sand.

The girl shrank back. She stared at the prostrate man, then at the row of thirst-maddened faces that peered at her dully over their breastwork of sandbags. Turning swiftly she ran down the trail to the nearest group of watchers. Before the men could prevent it she had snatched a two-gallon canteen from them and started back to the derrick with it.

As Callister reached for the canteen and straightened up one of the sand hummocks behind him spat a puff of smoke. The report of the rifle was deadened in the noise of the engine, but he felt the sharp sting of the bullet in his left shoulder.

Clutching the canteen in the crook of his wounded arm he whirled about, raised his pistol and emptied it at the hummock. The would-be murderer rose to his knees, sawed the air with his arms briefly, then fell across the hummock and lay still.

Callister replaced his pistol in his pocket and unscrewed the cover of the canteen. Then to the girl's amazement he staggered across the platform and poured the two gallons of water into the casing.

"Fifteen minutes more time," he muttered thickly, as he threw the empty canteen back on the sand to her.

A groan went up from his men. Blass shrieked and beat his fists on the sand.

The girl climbed the ladder to the platform.

"Please, please, stop!" she implored Callister. "You'll all be killed."

Callister clutching his wounded arm smiled and shook his head.

"You're hurt!" she cried. "Oh, you stubborn, arrogant man!"

She forced him to sit on a beam and examined his wound. When she leaned forward he swept her into his right arm and laid his parched burning lips to her cool ones.

There was a rush and a roar behind them. A shiver seemed to pass through the platform; then a recoil. The derrick rocked and swayed. Out of the mouth of the sixteen-inch casing burst a column of cool sparkling artesian water! It rose ten feet in the air, then collapsed, fan-fashion, and struck the platform with the roar of a cataract, engulfing the man and the girl completely, and almost sweeping them from the beam where they were sitting.

Callister dropped to his knees and buried his face in the cool turbulence and drank—with every pore of his thirst-racked body. Again and again he plunged his face into it and drank; and the girl clung to him, sobbing.

"You wanted water a minute ago," he shouted to Blass. "Take a swim and drown, you crook!"

IX

"I WANT you to tell the truth, Ben," Fred Warren said one evening two days later when the two men were forgathered at Duffy's over a bottle of not very soft cider. "Did you or did you not strike oil?"

Callister stroked his bandaged arm solemnly.

"That would be admitting that I had bungled or—faked a well," he came back with a smile. "Either would queer me for life as a driller. But if you want my advice it's this: Get your crews together and drill for all you're worth."

Warren smiled back.

"You think you're pretty foxy," he growled good-naturedly. "But I've been on to you for a week. When I found that somebody had been swiping 'dobe, at the dark of the moon from the creek on our property I put two and two together." He offered Callister his cigar case. "You can move your rig over on the quarter section next to you and go to it. We've leased it from the S. P. on royalty. You get a bonus of a thousand dollars if you strike oil within sixty days. But for the love of Mike be careful. I don't want no second Niagara on my land. The floor of this whole valley is a lake, Blair says."

Callister blew a cloud of smoke ceilingward.

"I knew I couldn't miss it if I kept on going," he chuckled. "This gang of rubes came near spilling the beans on me though."

"When can you be ready to start drilling?" Warren asked.

"In two weeks," Ben replied. "There are two things I want to attend to first. I want to record a deed and take out a license."

"What!" Warren exclaimed. "You haven't been drilling in this county without a license?"

"Yes," said Ben with a wink. "I've been drilling all my life without that kind of a license. But I won't do it any more, Fred." He handed the other a legal-looking document. "Blass' deed, conveying back to my future wife ten acres of land." He smiled reminiscently. "He owed me and the crew for the last week's drilling, so I agreed to take the ten acres in payment. Cleaned out? Well, I guess yes! I had to stake him and his long-faced partner to their breakfasts, and thirty gallons of gas to get back home on."

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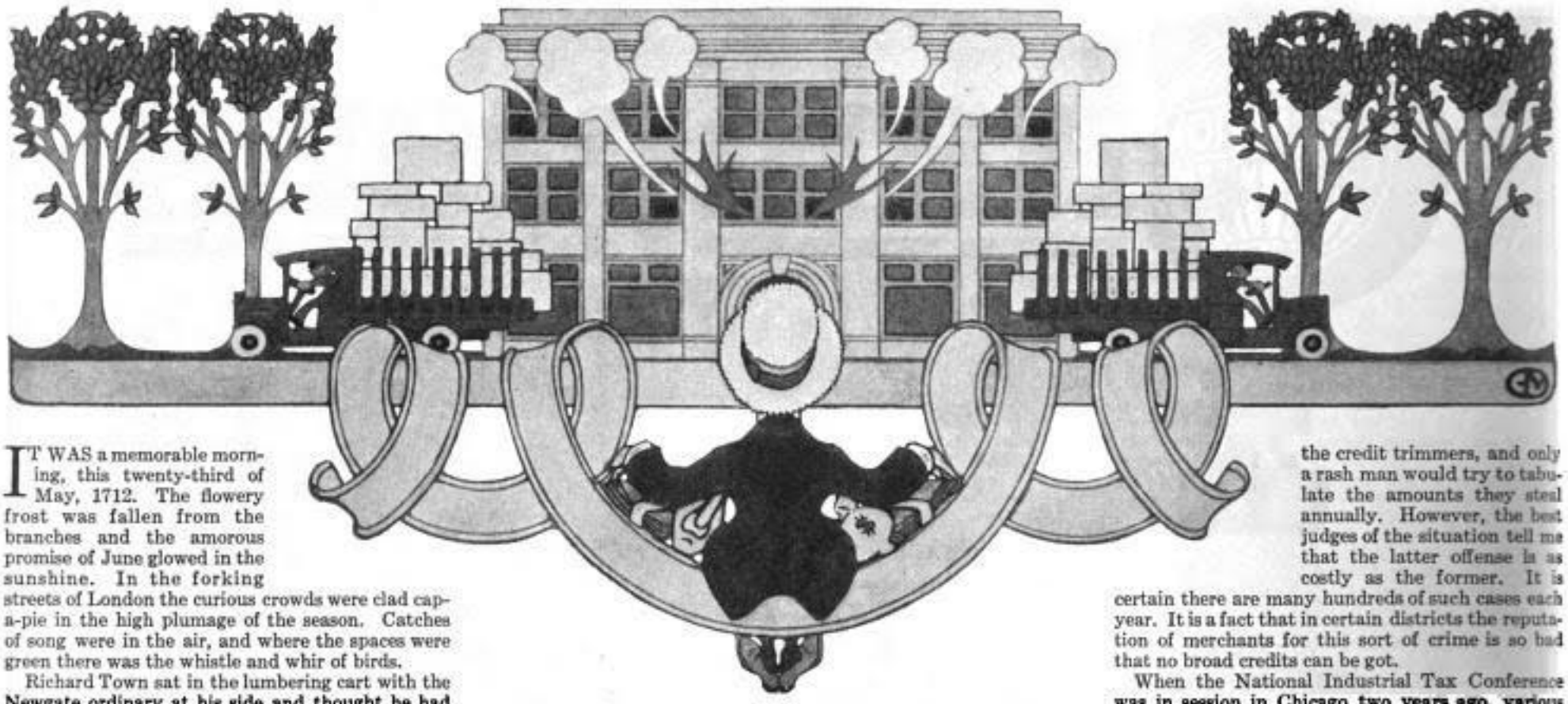
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THE CREDIT TRIMMERS



By Edward H. Smith

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

IT WAS a memorable morning, this twenty-third of May, 1712. The flowery frost was fallen from the branches and the amorous promise of June glowed in the sunshine. In the forking streets of London the curious crowds were clad cap-a-pie in the high plumage of the season. Catches of song were in the air, and where the spaces were green there was the whistle and whir of birds.

Richard Town sat in the lumbering cart with the Newgate ordinary at his side and thought he had never seen the old city so mellow, so magnificent. Never before had he remarked its ways and vistas. Never before had he felt the same kinship with its throngs. And never had the women, who stared at him as he passed, tugged at his male imagination with such exigence. He gazed back at them with calm, unflinching eyes. He felt a vibrancy, a sentience in his nerves and veins. He was glad to be alive on this tumultuous morning—and sorry.

"You do not know, sir," said he to the ordinary, "that this is my birthday."

The religious turned a sour eye upon him.

"I had thought you would not jest at ——"

Richard Town did not let him finish.

"You do not believe me; and yet it is so," he insisted. "If I live until noon I shall have completed my forty-first year."

Something in his melancholy smile and the visioning cast of his eye caught the ordinary's attention and wrought belief.

"Is this truth, Town?" he demanded.

"As God may have mercy on me, it is so. Forty-one years ago my sainted mother bore me in Spitalfields, and I came brawling into the world as the bells announced noon."

The preacher let his head slip from its prim erectness and stared before him at the back of the driver, wordless for once. Presently the racking, springless cart bruised its wheels on the last of the cobbles and eased upon the grateful dirt roads in the half-rural section approaching Tyburn.

Stern Measures of Old Times

"THERE are the Tyburn elms," said Town, "and there is the crowd, dressed for a fête. I like to think it is my birthday they have come to celebrate."

"You are a strange man, Town," said the preacher. "Why do your thoughts run on these things at such a time?"

"Because the world is very beautiful and life is very sweet," murmured the merchant—"and I always liked to indulge my fancies."

The cart turned into the open space and wedged its way forward through the crowd.

"And what of your immortal soul?" demanded the ordinary.

"That is in your hands," said Town.

"It should be in your mind."

"Perhaps. But I have another thought."

"What?"

"Men will say," said Richard Town, "that I celebrate to-day the strangest birthday any man has known."

The car stopped abruptly before the tall structure. The two sheriffs on the rear seat sprang down. The parson dropped his head into his hands and prayed aloud.

Richard Town stood up in the cart and stared again at the inviolate green of the Tyburn elms, at the flower and glow of the fields, at the fleckless blue of the vernal sky. He took into his lungs a great draft of the opulent sunlight and turned quiet, smiling eyes upon the multitude.

"My friends," he called resolutely, "this is my birthday. I see you have come to help me honor it."

He sprang down from the cart and walked briskly to the first sheriff, from whom he took the white cap of doom. In a moment he had mounted the scaffold, slipped the harness about his neck and placed himself to adjust the cap. A pretty woman in the front row caught his eye and he bowed to her.

"Madam, my compliments," said he. "And thank you for coming to my adventure."

He placed the cap over his head with easy assurance and gave the signal himself.

The drop fell. The rope lashed out like a serpent and jerked taut. The body plunged to the tether's end, and Richard Town had been hanged.

He had been executed under the law of 1705 for concealing assets of the value of twenty pounds and for fleeing from his creditors. His was the first hanging under this strange and significant statute. In reality, Town had caused fifteen tons of tallow, valued at four hundred pounds, to be shipped out of the country and had then attempted to follow his goods, taking his money with him and defrauding those he owed. The ship in which he had set sail was driven back by a gale, and Richard Town was captured and brought to trial and death.

You may find a record of all this in the Old Newgate Calendar, and you must not object if a later poet has somewhat embroidered and adorned the tale.

Early in the reign of Queen Anne in England there had been serious creditor trimmings, with the result that Parliament finally nominated this trick a felony in 1705, providing that whoever might conceal his assets and attempt to fleece his creditors after April, 1707, should be publicly hanged. But Queen Anne in her darkest day never witnessed such a volume of this type of crime as is seen in the United States on the brightest one.

This offense of trimming creditors, legally called commercial fraud, is related, to be sure, to fraudulent bankruptcy, yet it is a distinct offense, committed in its own peculiar manner. Its technic, too, bears certain analogies to bankruptcy scheming; but the two things are distinct, since one falls within the punitive powers of the national bankruptcy act, with its wide rights, whereas the other must be prosecuted under the ordinary criminal law, unless circumstances should permit the harmed creditors to throw the culprit into bankruptcy.

In a former article I gave some authorities for the estimate that fraudulent bankrupts mulct American business of sixty million dollars a year. It is possible to keep some sort of record in this matter and prove the probabilities at least. On the other hand, there is practically no check on the credit trimmers, and only a rash man would try to tabulate the amounts they steal annually. However, the best judges of the situation tell me that the latter offense is as costly as the former. It is certain there are many hundreds of such cases each year. It is a fact that in certain districts the reputation of merchants for this sort of crime is so bad that no broad credits can be got.

When the National Industrial Tax Conference was in session in Chicago two years ago, various witnesses estimated the yearly turnover at anywhere from two hundred to six hundred billions of dollars. The question arose as to what a one per cent tax on retail sales would yield, and the economists summoned said that in their opinion the Federal income from such an impost must be between two and six billion dollars. Let us take the mean and say that four hundred billions are spent yearly by the people of this country. Ninety per cent of the goods so retailed are sold to the dealers on credit. I mention these figures only to show how vast is the field in which the credit crook operates.

In no other type of crime save stock or market swindling and bank defalcations is the loss a crime so great as in this. Mr. C. D. West, the veteran authority of the National Association of Credit Men, who has put thirty-odd years of his life into the detection and prosecution of these offenders, assures me that the creditor trimmer who takes only twenty or thirty thousand dollars is called a piker. Fifty thousand dollars, says Mr. West, is probably the average loss. And there have been cases in which a single trimming conspiracy cost the creditors a million dollars and even a million and a half. These things we are to witness presently.

The Growth of Commercial Fraud

HISTORICALLY it is a little difficult to catch this matter. I find no record older than that of Richard Town, yet there must have been numbers of antecedent crimes and many punishments. As soon as Europe turned from its old organization and became a continent of commercial empires, credit organization grew up, and credit crimes must have appeared at about the same time. The more commerce and credit were extended and liberalized the greater became the opportunities of the crook. After England had weathered the peril of the Armada and begun to colonize the New World her commercial prosperity mounted rapidly, and energies long wasted on military aims came to be expended upon the handling of goods and the making of money. Trimming grew as did prosperity.

In our own country there seems to have been no time at which this type of skin game was unknown. But our attitude toward it used to be far different from what it is at the present. In the brave old days the manufacturer and jobber charged off such losses and put the cost of them on the shoulders of their honest customers. In his computations of a fair selling price he put in his own cost, his overhead, his handling cost—and stealage. The false bankrupts and trimmers were thus provided against. This may have been a convenient way of doing business, but it had its decided evils. Perhaps the greatest of these was the gradual education of a troupe of men in the arts of credit trimming. They were allowed to commit their crimes in high immunity, and they soon came to regard this fraud as their privilege.

To-day many organizations of makers and wholesalers of goods are carrying on a determined fight against this

(Continued on Page 92)

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INSTEAD of cream for coffee, fruits and cereals, use Carnation Milk. It is rich and delicious. Use Carnation in your home for every milk purpose and you will effect quite a saving in your monthly milk bills. It is pure, country milk, evaporated to creamy thickness and sterilized in air-tight containers. When you add an equal part of water to one part of Carnation you get milk of normal richness. To get thinner milk, add more water. Your grocer is the Carnation Milkman. Send today for our Cook Book.

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Chocolate Blanc Mange—¼ teaspoon salt, 2 cups Carnation Milk, 2 ounces unsweetened chocolate, ¼ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2½ cups water, ½ cup cornstarch. Combine 2 cups water and Carnation Milk. Put in double boiler and bring to boiling point. Mix cornstarch, sugar, salt and balance of water. Add to first mixture, stirring constantly. Add melted chocolate, stirring occasionally until mixture thickens. Cook fifteen minutes. Add flavoring; mould, chill and serve with whipped Carnation Milk.

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Why do women like pipe-smokers?

We asked many women. One said: "Because a man who thinks things out, does them and goes all the way through with anything he starts generally smokes a pipe if he smokes at all—and nearly always he does smoke."

Another replied: "A pipe smoker is more of a home man, it seems to me. There is no better picture of contentment than a man smoking a pipe in his home after the day's work is done."

"He is more honest, more reliable, more manly," said another—but she was rather young.

"Pipe-smokers are not so jumpy and fidgety, so nervous as non-smokers. They're more easily contented," was the opinion of one woman.

There were many reasons given by the fair ladies; some of them not very powerful from a logical viewpoint. The significant feature of the questionnaire was that the great majority of the women admitted that they do like pipe-smokers.

And just to show that woman is not the only illogical of the two sexes, we asked a number of men why they liked the tobacco they smoked. One said it was strong enough for him. Another said it was mild enough for him—and they were smoking the same brand. All of them had some more-or-less indefinite reason for liking a certain tobacco, but putting that feeling into words was difficult. Even our old Edgeworth smokers—our best friends—have difficulty in telling why they like Edgeworth. "It is a friendly, friend-making tobacco that just suits me," was the best answer we could get. *Just suits me!* There's the whole thing.



But Edgeworth doesn't suit everybody. Out of every hundred pipe-smokers there may be one or two who couldn't get supreme satisfaction out of Edgeworth.

Nevertheless, we would like to send any pipe-smoker free samples of Edgeworth, and we are sincere when we say that we would rather send samples to a man who thinks he will *not* like Edgeworth—for he may find he is mistaken and then he will be the best friend for Edgeworth that a smoker could be.

If you will send us your name and address on a postcard, we will forward samples of Edgeworth, Ready-Rubbed and Plug Slice, and there is no tag attached, "Send money if you like it." The samples are free and postpaid. Address your card to Larus & Brother Company, 1 South 21st St., Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

(Continued from Page 88)

kind of thing. Hundreds of the crooks have been caught and sent to prison. Hundreds of officers and investigators and guardians are in the field. But the crime is most difficult to suppress.

It is not possible to write clearly and justly of this subject without remarking that such crimes are contrary to the practice of Americans and of those elements in our population which made the older United States. When failures occur among peoples of these bloods they are due almost invariably to inexperience or incompetence. Too many young men plunge into business without equipment or knowledge, and they come rapidly to grief.

Recognizing this fact, many organizations have launched business schools. The American Bankers Association has its Commercial Bankers Institute. Along similar lines, the National Association of Credit Men has lately inaugurated the Institute of Credit, in which it hopes to train men to resist the schemes of the trimmer and his related criminals.

Though our own people are convinced of the wrongness and unprofitableness of this offense, there are among us several races with whom the trick is highly popular. These are largely Mediterranean or Levantine peoples. I intend no aspersion upon the quality or moral fiber of these races. The thing is rather a matter of being used to the law, of litigious habitude. These Southern and Eastern peoples have no such system of credits as prevails among us. They come here and see the, to them, loose methods. Naturally they conclude that the American business man is a fool, and the impulse to trim the fool is universal.

Bankruptcy as an Industry

What is moral in one part of the globe is extremely nauseous to the ethical palate of another part. New and strange customs and laws are not readily bowed to. The Kurds and Armenians are neighbors. The Kurds are a simple, hardy, warlike people, seminomadic, close to the soil, engaged in constant small wars and broils. Among them whatever is done by courageous action is honorable. The castles of their chieftains are bandit roosts and their heroes are great banditti. The adjacent Armenians are, on the other hand, the shrewdest traders in the East. Their sharpness in merchandising is historic, legendary, proverbial. They live in cities and subsist by buying and selling. They love peace and commerce and profits. They can no more understand why it is not right to trim the guileless Kurd and charge him a high price for grain in time of famine than the Kurd can grasp any reason for not holding up the Armenian merchant's caravan or committing murderous raids on Armenian towns when he feels he has been wronged.

We have here the explanation of some of the massacres and the continual bleeding of Armenia, which has come to be a byword.

The same contrast in laws and business morals exists between our understanding of these things and that entertained generally in the Near East.

For a number of years many Syrians have been crowding to our textile centers. They are experts in cotton and linen weaving and are more than welcome. But there are among them habitual traders with the Oriental slant. A creditor-trimming conspiracy of a group of these men has lately been investigated, and most of the participants are in jail.

A bright young Syrian arrived in one of our textile cities several years ago and went forthwith to a prominent man of his own country.

"I want to work in a factory," said he.

The leader, called a king in the vernacular, looked the young man up and down, plied him with questions, tested his intelligence.

"Why work in a factory?" he asked finally.

"I came to make money," responded the youth, wondering.

"Can't do that in a factory."

"But they pay well."

"Yes, in our money; not in their own. Listen. If you want to make money put yourself in my hands, let me teach you a little while, and then just do as I say. It will be a hundred times as good as the factory."

So the king and the young immigrant came to terms.

After a preliminary few months of coaching the young man was sent into the South to open a silk-and-white-goods shop in a small city. He had already been instructed in the manner of getting credit, and managed the affair well. Small orders, promptly paid for, were followed by constantly larger ones until the time for the explosion came. Then the young fellow went quietly and soberly into bankruptcy.

It was not a specially glaring case. Nothing was thought of it. But a few weeks later another young Syrian of a similar name came the same sort of cropper in a not distant town. And a few hundred miles away another man apparently of the same race had likewise gone bankrupt a few months before. Credit men began to scratch their heads and wonder. Then there was a fourth debacle. An investigator was sent to the region, and he shortly discovered amazing and diverting things.

Three of these kings had apparently planned and organized the whole affair. Each of them had a large store in a principal city. The fifteen or twenty other shops were all in the hands of their tools and were scattered through five states. The tools opened credits and bought goods, which they immediately transferred to the big shops of the kings, who then sold the stolen stuff at low prices. As soon as one of the pawns got to the bursting point he cleaned out his store absolutely, sent a final shipment to his master, and then either vanished or stood his ground and played bankrupt.

The Technic of Trimming

The final detail of the plot was even more sagacious. When one of the underlings failed and the creditors swooped down to get what might be left the kings showed up and suavely presented a mortgage on the store and entire stock of the defunct tool. But the thing was too good to be true. About thirty men are under arrest and may shortly inhabit the prisons.

The technic of creditor trimming is nowise a recondite matter. In elementals the jobs are always much alike. A man opens a shop and manages in one way or another to run up his credit. Then he conceals his assets, usually by shipping his goods to some distant city or turning them over to some local fence. And thereupon he vanishes into distance and doubt.

But this simple fundamental structure of fraud may be almost infinitely varied. Burglary crews are often employed, and arson experts are still more common.

The credit trimmer uses incendiarism for two purposes. His idea may be to conceal the removals he has been guilty of, but quite as often he is simply aiming at the insurance companies. This kind of criminal overlooks no opportunities.

In many of the great seaside summer resorts the boardwalk merchants do a thriving business for the spring and summer. But when October comes skulking along the sea, with its sharp winds and frigid waters, trade drops to nothing. The gay and purse-free crowds are gone and there is the long, hard winter to face. So it happens that a power of small merchants go to the wall in these places as soon as summer has sung and danced away.

In one resort, not so long ago, a man of alien race, whom I shall call Nichols, set up a fancy goods store and laid in a large stock, which he gradually increased by means of boosted credits. On the first day of the ensuing October he vanished into the fine clear air of the place, and his store was found to contain nothing worth mention. A search was instituted, but this wise Mr. Nichols had most thoroughly obliterated traces. Finally, in going over the meager records he had left, a detective found a bill from a dealer for one dozen animal satchels. The thing caught the investigator's eye. What was a man doing with animal satchels in a fancy goods shop? Why had he ordered them? For whom? The remaining papers in the abandoned shop were gone over thoroughly, and finally a railroad waybill was found, showing that the dozen animal satchels had been shipped to a town in Pennsylvania, and to a man of the storekeeper's own name. The detective hurried out into Pennsylvania.

Hot on the Trail

In an old house in a quiet street of this slumberous Pennsylvania town resided Mr. Simon Nichols, the elder. The detective sensed at once the respectability of the old gentleman and discovered after brief inquiry that it was the son who had been guilty of the vanishment at the seashore. Though a father is by no law answerable for the sins of his son, the investigator thought a little scrutinizing of Mr. Nichols might not be without profit. In what business was Mr. Nichols? The town gossip told him at once that old Simon was an animal trainer.

"Kinda funny, too," said the glib informant, puckering his nose. "The old guy trains cats."

"Cats?" echoed the detective thoughtfully.

"Yep. That's wot I said—cats."

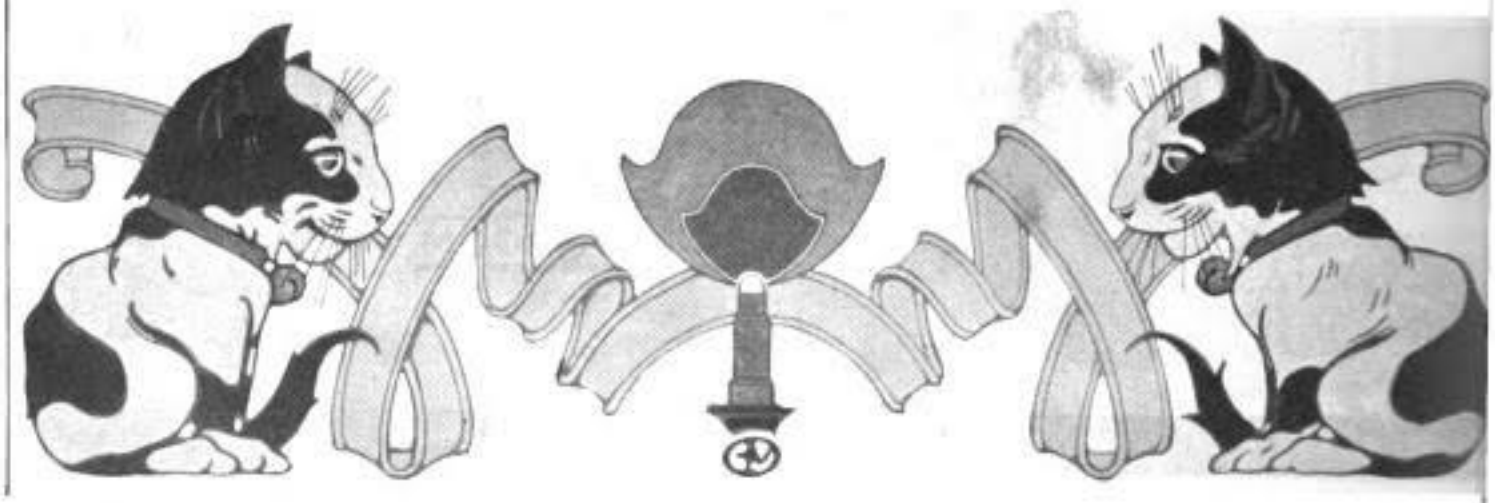
The crime hunter went away very absorbed. The next morning, after an agitated night, he presented himself to Simon Nichols, Sr., in the guise of a circus scout, searching for trained animals. Did Mr. Nichols, by any chance, have a couple of cultivated elephants or a troupe of docile wildcats?

Mr. Nichols was very curt and very suspicious. He would not have the intruder in his house. He did not train animals. He had a couple of cats which he worked with for his own amusement. Where had any circus man got hold of his name anyhow? And, besides that, get out!

The wariness of the old man convinced the investigator that all was not well. He began more careful inquiries into the past of Mr. Simon Nichols, and soon found that the cat man had formerly been a merchant. His reputation had never been spotless, and he had, moreover, suffered a fire which came very near wiping out the business section of a certain city. After the fire he had retired. Had he always trained cats? How many did he keep on hand? Did he ever sell any?

The details of such an investigation are undramatic and tedious. By watching for

(Continued on Page 95)



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J. Thonn, Rock Island, Ill.

Every Home is Worth Saving
L. H. C. Hart, St. Louis, Mo.

Be It Ever So Humble, Paint It
Barth Rossfeld, St. Louis, Mo.

A Judicious Landlord
Ralph W. Smith, Denver, Col.

As Ye Create, Also Must Ye Preserve
Alfred Haugner, Devils Lake, N.D.

Preserving His Estate
Birdie Bryan Miller, Oxford, Ga.

A Good Hint for Dad
Mrs. Ada Bean, Spokane, Wash.

Sold on Advertising
Grant W. Ernst, Syracuse, N. Y.

The Effect on Youth of Advertised Truth
Victor K. Crowningshield, Orleans Roads, W. Va.

Roof and Chimney, Door and Wall, the Wise House-Owner Paints 'Em All
W. H. Jones, Charlotte Court House, Va.

Save and Have
Marjorie Crampton Perkins, New Haven, Conn.

Paint's Cheaper 'en Houses
Manian Smishsan, Milford, Utah

Make 'er Last
Quinn Patten, Tiler, Idaho

Winners of 40 Prizes of $5 each

Mrs. Fred Lightfoot, San Antonio, Texas

Mrs. Christina Terry, Houston, Texas

Albert Stewart, Fayetteville, N. C.

Josephine Cunnington, Muncie, Indiana

J. F. Crandall, Everett, Wash.

Mrs. W. I. Howard, St. Paul, Minn.

Mrs. V. E. Stevens, Wellsville, N. Y.

Orrin S. Brooks, Morrisville, N. Y.

J. Albert Smith, Lincoln, Kansas

Thomas J. Chapman, Houston, Texas

M. May, Lincoln, Neb.

Mrs. James L. Jones, Fairfield, Ill.

W. A. Ferris, Belleflower, Ill.

Carl W. Koernig, Minneapolis, Minn.

Mrs. Chas. H. Cole, Heisson, Wash.

C. J. Hoch, Yuma, Colo.

Frank Hoffmann, Cincinnati, Ohio

Alma Adams, Elizabeth, La.

Wm. S. Higholt, Duluth, Minn.

John Ockerman, Paris, Ky.

J. G. Smith, Polk, Ohio

D. B. Hart, Stratford, Iowa

Arthur Smith, Monett, Mo.

Mrs. W. J. Bowdish, Kalispell, Mont.

William T. Miller, Lakewood, Oregon

M. Bolster, Lansing, Mich.

Mrs. J. B. Patterson, Stanley, N. Y.

Mrs. A. F. Bonham, Chilhowie, Va.

Evalyn Prentice, Waseca, Minn.

Mrs. L. A. Wood, Syracuse, N. Y.

Ruth G. Back, Terre Haute, Ind.

Mrs. George Lince, Suamico, Wis.

Mrs. J. B. Freeman, Ivanhoe, Texas

Mildred Leigh Gibson, Washington, D. C.

John L. Harvey, Chartley, Mass.

Mrs. Virginia R. Grundy, Meridian, Miss.

Edwin Schotz, Wheaton, Ill.

William King, La Salle, Ill.

Mrs. G. H. Bangs, Underwood, Wash.

Mrs. Joanna Sherburne, N. Topeka, Kans.



$1,000 in prizes was offered for the best titles to the painting by Norman Rockwell reproduced in the Save the Surface Prize Contest advertisement. This advertisement appeared in The Saturday Evening Post of December 31, 1921, in January American Magazine, in January Farm Journal, and elsewhere.

The contest closed on February 1, with 42,000 titles and 25,000 stories received. The judges of the contest were Edward Bok, Norman Rockwell and Ernest T. Trigg.

The titles submitted came from every section of this country and Canada and in fact from all parts of the world. We take this opportunity to congratulate the winners and to express our gratitude to all participants for their keen interest in this contest.

One condition of the contest read: "Your suggestion must be accompanied by a story of some particular surface which you have caused to be saved or know to have been saved with paint or varnish —or know to have been ruined by lack of paint or varnish."

These stories form a remarkable collection of first-hand personal experiences with paint and varnish; many of them will be used to further the great cause of surface protection of property. The personal observations reported, of needless rot, rust and ruin, provide overwhelming evidence that America is a land of waste. But through the great majority of these stories rings the conviction that paint and varnish, applied in time, is the answer to this waste.

If these Save the Surface stories could be told to every property owner in the United States, millions of dollars' worth of valuable property would be saved to its owners and to the nation. Every day more and more of the property-building, property-owning, property-using American people are grasping and acting on the economically sound idea—"Save the surface and you save all."

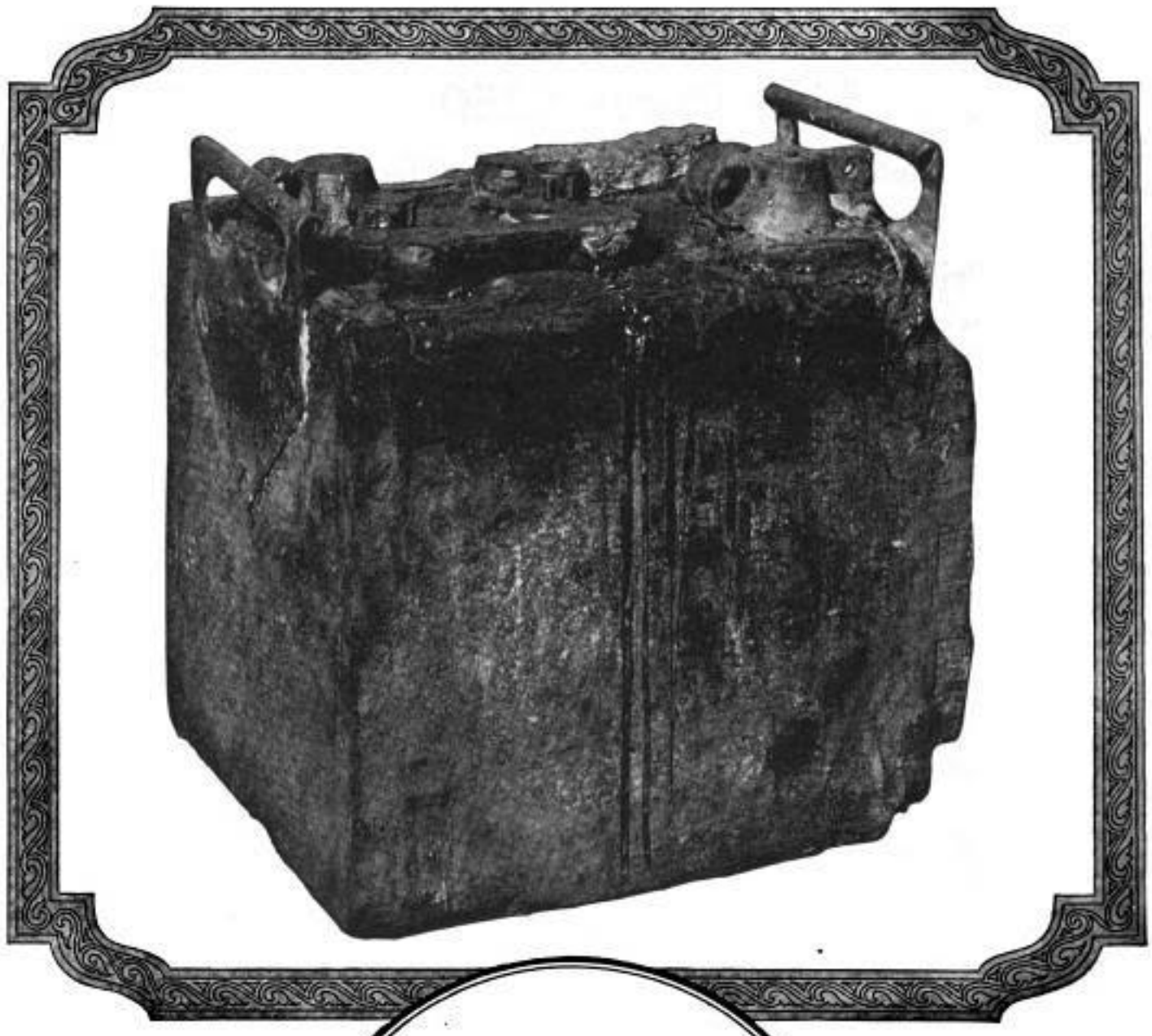
SAVE THE SURFACE CAMPAIGN
507 The Bourse Philadelphia, Pa.

A co-operative movement by Paint, Varnish and Allied interests whose products and services conserve, protect and beautify practically every kind of property.

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Husky! – after 5 Canadian Winters

Regarding his Gould Battery shown below, Mr. J. L. Carhart, of Toronto, Ont., states: "A battery that will live this long (March, 1916, to Nov. 18, 1921) in Canada, where the excessive cold drains it at least 25% more, is surely something to brag about." Affidavit and battery in Gould office.



How the Long Life Gould is Built

An outstanding difference between the Gould Starting Battery and others is this: it is built complete in one plant (with the single exception of rubber jars). Read these four fundamentals that make the Gould reliable in performance, long-lived and economical:

1—Dreadnaught Plates

The famous long-life Dreadnaught Plates, made from an exclusive formula, are the foundation of Gould Quality. Their rugged stamina made possible the Gould National Contest Average Record of 4 years, 1 month.

2—Gould-made Oxide

Long-life plates demand good oxide. To insure uniform high quality, all lead oxide used in Dreadnaught Plates is made in the Gould Oxide Plant. No other battery manufacturer makes his own oxide.

3—Armored Separators

Rubberized wood separators—combining the ideal porosity of wood and the acid resistance of rubber—are an exclusive patented Gould feature. *Long-life* separators side-by-side with *Long-life* Dreadnaught Plates.

4—One Quality Standard

Gould Batteries, whether for the Ford or the Rolls-Royce, are made to one standard only—Dreadnaught Quality. Every Gould for every car has the famous Dreadnaught Plates and Armored Separators, and bears the Dreadnaught trademark.

A Famous Battery Family

Gould Storage Batteries are specially designed and built for Farm Lighting Plants, Motor Boats, Electric Trucks and Vehicles, Home Radio Receiving Sets and Emergency Wireless, Railway Signal and Train Light Systems, Submarines, Mine Locomotives and Industrial Trucks.

GOULD STORAGE BATTERY CO.
30 East 42nd Street, New York
Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco *Plant: Depew, N. Y.*

Over 3000 Service Stations in principal cities and towns



Longest Life by Owners' Records

The Gould Endurance Contest

The slogan "Longest Life by Owners' Records" is based on the average long life record established in the recent nationally advertised Gould Endurance Contest by standard type Gould Batteries on various makes of cars—the average among all Gould owners entering the contest being 4 years and 1 month.

DREADNAUGHT
(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Gould Battery

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(Continued from Page 92)

months, by making constant guarded inquiries, and finally by insinuating a child into the house of the cat trainer, the truth was got. Nichols trained his cats to do just one thing.

Over a table in his kitchen was a gas bracket whose jet was fitted with a constantly burning pilot or tip of light. This was turned up into full flame by pulling a short chain. The cats were trained to pull this chain and turn up the light.

Here was a little trick apparently harmless, but the investigation showed that these cats were used for incendiary purposes. Any man who came to old Nichols peoperly introduced could buy one of these trained cats. The price was three hundred dollars. The cat was thereupon installed in the store of the purchaser, where a gas jet was similarly arranged. The cat turned up the gas every night and lay on the table to sleep. Then came the time for the fire. The bib, or tip, was taken from the gas jet so that the flame must leap up to a great height. Inflammable substances were arranged above it. The cat was taken away and put in charge of a confederate.

Then the arson-plotting merchant went with his family to the mountains or the seashore. When he had been gone several days the confederate took the trained cat to the vicinity of the store at some late hour of night and there released her, a cellar window or some other opening having been left for her entrance.

Puss walked in and turned up the gas as usual. The flame shot up and ignited the inflammables, and the creditors and insurers suffered. No doubt the hapless cat usually perished in the blaze.

This is not a piece of imagination. Father and son both went to prison, and the story of the trained cats was put upon the court records at their trial.

The motives of the trimmer never require elucidation. He wants to get goods without paying for them, to the end that he may undersell the market and flee with the spoils. He wants fast and easy money, to be spent fast and easily. To this end he will fabricate the most intricate designs, the most marvelous textures of chicane.

Fast Friends Hit Hardest

In a recent Eastern case a man of so great talent that there may be real regret at its perversion began as a small jobber in a railroad center of middle size. He ordered small lots and paid cash, often discounting his bills. From this he gradually worked his way to credits and ever-increasing lots of goods. He extended the number of his creditors constantly by referring new men to his old creditors, who cheerfully recommended him.

Here is a point for digression. These men always hit the original creditor hardest, probably because he has benefited them most. He gives them their first goods and their first trust. He writes the first recommending letter for them, and is frequently called upon thereafter to vouch for the responsibility of these sharpers. In the end, as the oldest man on the list, he is given the severest blow. The psychology of the thing is plain. There is not only the confidence which protracted dealing gives but there is the fact that a man who constantly writes commendations of another man soon or late comes under the spell of his own epistles. The flatterer grows to sup on his flatteries.

Just this happened in the case in question. This fraudulent jobber began with small purchases from a New York house and rapidly extended his dealings among New York manufacturers and wholesalers. Then he jumped to other cities for his goods, and when the debacle came it was found that the original befriender had been gouged far worse than any two others.

This schemer had, at first, only his single jobbing place. But as things grew in volume he opened branches in several cities and under assumed names, putting assistants in charge. He then employed a regular corps of buyers, who went from dealer to dealer and sent in goods. When they were not buying for the chief they were acting for his assistants in his branch houses.

This man knew the danger of railroad shipments in the concealing of assets. He provided himself with heavy motor trucks, also partly on credit, and used these to cart his stolen wares from one part of the country to the other. He employed both burglary and arson gangs, and it is of record that one of his branches was first burglarized to get insurance and later fired for the same purpose. This culprit was careful not to dump his stolen stuff on the American market. Instead he exported everything and underbid other American dealers in Mexican and West Indian centers. It has the ring of the incredible to say that when he attempted to flee he owed over a million dollars.

There is another notorious case which shows the manner in which trimming is taught and the field constantly extended. In a small Middle-Western city a few years ago Simon Gold, or one who might have borne that name, operated a small haberdashery. He was a lean little man, past fifty, worn out, not too intelligent. He had been successively an inaccurate clerk, an indifferent salesman, a low-salaried traveling man and finally an unsuccessful merchant. His business was always in trouble. His payments were always made, but they were always slow. Everyone knew him to be thoroughly honest and tolerably incompetent. There was a mortgage on his modest home, and his wife and four children were constantly howling for money he could not supply.

One night Gold came home more depressed than ever. For once his wife went to him anxiously and forbore to lament.

The Magnificent Renner

"We've got to get five hundred dollars somewhere," said Gold woefully in answer to her questions.

"You can't get another cent on the house," said she.

"And I wouldn't if I could."

"Then there's just one thing to do—go to the charity society. Just as good men as you have gone, and Renner has always helped them."

Late the next day Simon Gold arrived in the principal city of his district and sought out an organization, founded about ten years before, which made it a practice to lend sums of money to merchants in difficulties. Loans were made without interest or security. They were payable at a fixed date, but might be renewed under proper conditions. The prime mover in this benevolent organization was one Renner, a rather extraordinary person. When Gold appeared at the office of the charity society and asked to whom he might tell his woes, he was directed to Renner. Gold hesitated a little about going into the presence of this formidable personage, but there was no other way and he set out.

In the heart of the city's business district he found a big modern building with the name of Renner upon it. This housed the magnate's business. Gold stood across the street for some time and gathered courage. He knew a good deal of Renner. The man had come in by way of Castle Garden forty years before, with hardly a cent in his childish pockets. He had worked in the slums of New York, got his start after infinite and desperate labor and then gone West to make a place for himself. He had gradually built up this great wholesalery of his. He seemed to dominate the local field. He made annual trips abroad. He conducted his charity society because of the goodness of his heart and because he had never forgotten his own days of struggle and trouble. He was a millionaire. He was influential in politics. These details of the Renner tradition Simon Gold let trickle through his processes as he stood at the curb. Finally he went resolutely across the street and into the great house of business. A clerk stopped him.

"You wish to see Mr. Renner on business, or about the charity society?" he asked.

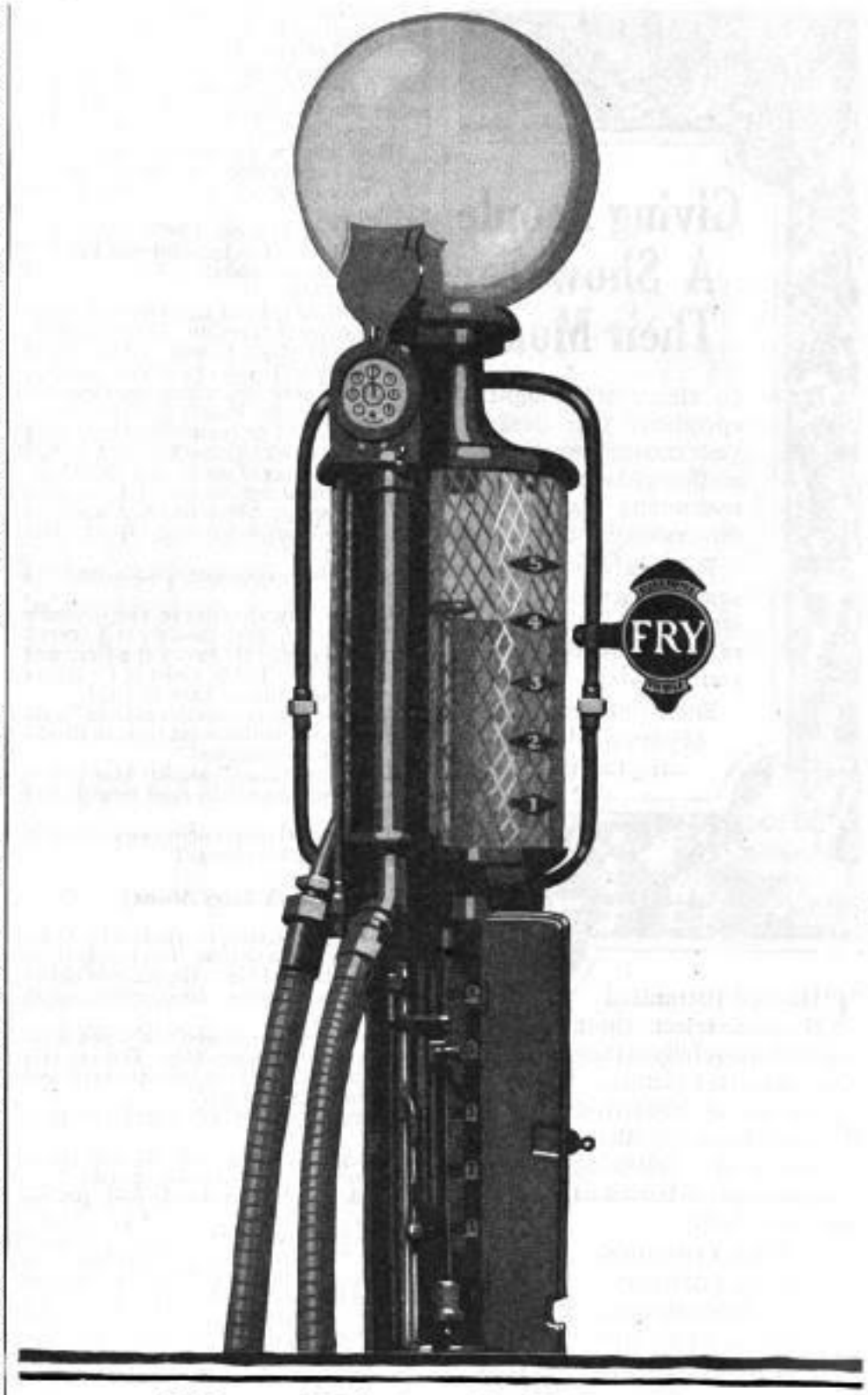
"The society," said Gold humbly.

"Have a seat," said the clerk, and went to the rear of the great room.

Gold sat down on the bench and wiped his neck with his handkerchief, for the day was warm and he was suffering from nervous distrust of his adventure. After interminable moments the clerk appeared at the end of an aisle and motioned to Gold, who rose and tottered into a rich private office, where a secretary received him and pushed him through another door into the sanctum of the chief.

A large, genial man, in white flannels and a silk shirt—for those were the days of silk shirts—turned a well-massaged face upon the tremulous merchant and motioned him into a chair.

"Business pretty bad, eh?" asked the big man.



Your Money's Worth—

That's exactly what you have a right to expect when you buy gasoline.

If you ask for five gallons you want just that—full measure.

Makers of gasoline were the first to appreciate this and always aim to give "full measure" service.

The Famous Fry Guarantee Visible Pump is one pump that makes it possible for them to carry out this service.

This well known pump automatically gives full measure at all times under all circumstances.

Learn to recognize this pump and buy from the man who owns one.

Fry Guarantee Visible Curb Pumps approved by Underwriters Laboratories.

Some good territory open to live dealers. Write at once. Address Dept. S. E. P.

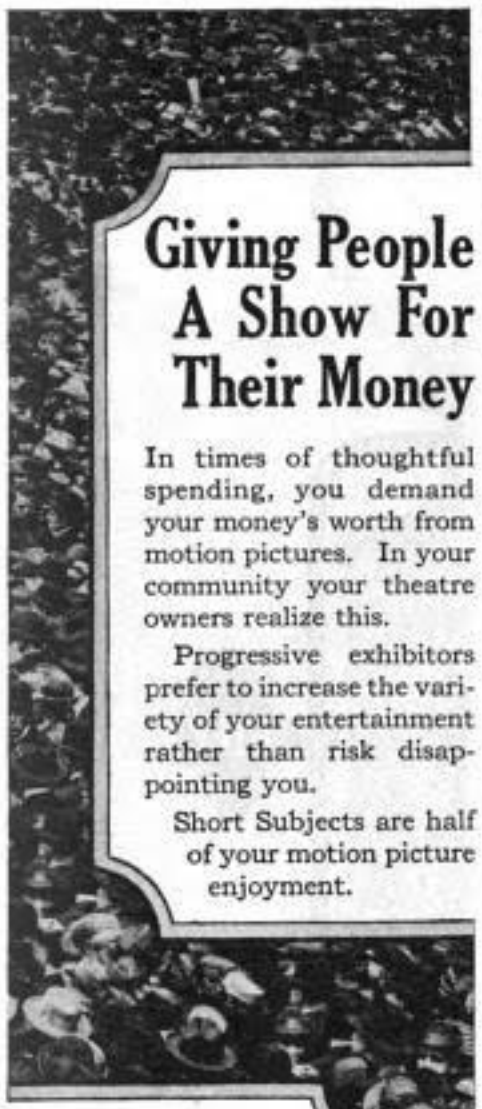
Guarantee Liquid Measure Co., Rochester, Pa.

Canadian Distributors: V. O. Phillips & Sons, Limited, Kitchener, Ontario



Fry Guarantee Visible Pump

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Giving People A Show For Their Money

In times of thoughtful spending, you demand your money's worth from motion pictures. In your community your theatre owners realize this.

Progressive exhibitors prefer to increase the variety of your entertainment rather than risk disappointing you.

Short Subjects are half of your motion picture enjoyment.

THE best patronized theatres select short subjects as carefully as they do their feature picture.

The most crowded theatre entrances are those in which the following Educational attractions are advertised:

CHRISTIE COMEDIES
TORCHY COMEDIES
MERMAID COMEDIES
CAMPBELL COMEDIES
SHORT-REEL FEATURES
By Selig-Rork
WILDERNESS TALES
By Robert C. Bruce
SCENICS BEAUTIFUL
By Robert C. Bruce
SKETCHOGRAFS - CARTOONS
By Julian Ollendorff
KINOGRAMS - NEWS WEEKLY
and specials like
THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND



Theatres which insure you a WHOLE evening's entertainment can be identified by this sign on posters and lobby cards

When you see it—Go in—
It's the sign of a well-balanced program!

Educational Pictures
"THE SPICE OF THE PROGRAM"

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc.
E. W. Hammons, President

Simon Gold hardly remembered to shake a confirmatory head. So this was the great Renner. The poor merchant stared at the diamonds in the rich man's rings and tie pin. He gaped at the fine office accouterments. So this was Renner. The thought kept pursuing itself.

"How much will you need, Mr. Gold?" came the suave voice of the other again.

"I don't know, exactly ——" began the merchant.

"But, then, how can I help you?"

"Well, I think five hundred might do it."

"Tell me all about it," commanded Renner briskly.

Simon Gold got out some notes and began to go over the condition of his business. He hesitated often, feeling that his petty affairs must be tedious to so great a man, but Renner gave him unflagging attention and urged him on. Finally he was through.

Renner nodded comprehendingly and made a few brisk calculations on a pad of paper. He swung about in his swivel chair, cocked a mathematical eye at the ceiling and said curtly: "Five hundred won't do it. You need seven hundred. Good. You can have it."

Simon Gold managed to murmur his thanks.

"I'll give you an order on the treasurer of the society," said Renner, and turned back to his desk. He took out a form and began to write. In the midst of his labors he paused and turned back to Gold.

"Let me ask you something, Gold," said he. "Has your business out there in Blankville ever been a success?"

"I can't say it has," admitted the haberdasher, trembling lest he meet refusal after all.

"Don't you think it might be a good thing for you to make a change?"

Gold's Easy Money

Gold began to object. He had his home and family in Blankville. The people there knew and trusted him. He was too old to pull up his deep roots. Renner interrupted him brusquely:

"The thing I mean won't take you away from the town permanently. You can still live there, but you may have to travel and take your family along."

"That costs money," noted the merchant.

"But you'll be making it—twenty times, fifty times what you've been getting."

"Well ——" said Gold, and got no further.

"See here, Gold," said Renner impressively. "You're one of those fellows who stands in his own light. You're not a good merchant. You're not a good boss. You don't know how to manage yourself. But you'd be a fine man to work under me. Now, understand, you can have the seven hundred and God bless you. But you're a fool to take it. Come in with me, learn the business for a few months under my roof at good pay, and then I'll send you out where you can really do something for your family."

The two men went into conference, and Gold went to work for the magnificent Renner.

Seven weeks later Simon Gold, who had been honest for all his fifty-three years, went out on the road to become a credit crook. He had orders to proceed to Noville, Illinois, and there to open a linen-and-white-goods store with capital provided by Renner. He had in his pocket a list of business men whom he might give as credit references. In his wallet he had several thousands in cash to deposit in the best bank of Noville. But most important of all, the wallet contained a list of goods he was to get hold of on credit—linens, silks, hosiery and certain special items.

The shop was opened and orders sent to a list of suckers also provided by Renner. Demands for references came back, and Gold, who was operating under an assumed name, to be sure, sent on the list given him at headquarters. The goods came tumbling in, and Gold paid for them with impressive promptitude. The orders grew in size. Payments continued to be made on time. Credit was now established, and it was time to fire in the agreed order. These goods were brought to Gold's shop, but never unpacked. They were transshipped to another point, where another agent received them and again sent them on their way. They made a devious journey, but in time they reposed safely in Renner's big shop.

Long before these goods had reached their destination Simon Gold had drawn his money from the bank, packed his valise and departed for parts well veiled in mist. Search was instituted, but without quarry. Months elapsed. From the track of the missing man never a sign came back.

Meantime Simon Gold had gone back to Renner with his invoices. Renner took them into white, gleeful hands and patted the corrupted merchant on the back. The invoices called for the payment of something more than seventy thousand dollars, and the check which Renner turned over to his tool was for forty per cent of this amount. Renner kept the goods and paid the freight both ways.

The benefits of this delicate arrangement may be glimpsed at once. Renner had, for about forty thousand dollars, goods invoiced at more than seventy thousand. Gold had, instead of a scanty living and a continual staving off of the bankruptcy wolf, more than thirty thousand dollars made in about seven months. His wife and family naturally ceased to complain.

Gold now rested for several months before embarking on a similar adventure. This time he was sent to a small city in Missouri with instructions to repeat. He had a changed list of suckers to trim; he had also a slightly altered plan of working up the game; but the result was to be the same.

One of those fortuitous trifles, those trivial misadventures which upset the destinies of nations and gods, intervened. A merchant in Gold's new town who was naturally jealous of the newcomer sensed something in the conduct of Gold that gave an excuse for reporting the new storekeeper to the credit men in the nearest metropolis. An investigation was made, and Gold was arrested under circumstances which pointed directly to prison. The man saw escape only in confession, and made it.

One morning a few weeks later three strangers walked into the big building occupied by Renner and his wholesale business. That suave gentleman had not yet arrived, but would be on hand at any moment. The strangers said they had come on business and would wait. Presently Renner came in, jauntily dressed, opulent, blazing with jewels, magnificently self-confident. His visitors followed him into his office. He took his seat and turned a smiling inquiry upon them, rubbing his hands with satisfaction as he spoke.

At that instant one of the three visitors, who had got a little behind the magnate, reached out and snapped a shiny pair of bracelets about the schemer's wrists.

The surprise of the man was unbounded. He knew of Gold's arrest, but reposed implicit trust in his lieutenant, who had been sent word that Renner's fortune would be behind him in his trial. Never before had a support failed this fraudulent colossus. It was something unbelievably atrocious. He nearly fainted.

Lucky Days for Crime

But he was dragged off to jail, and the contents of his safe were loaded into a van and followed into legal custody. Renner spent practically everything he had amassed in his defense, but in the end he went to the Federal prison, saying, "I haven't a cent or a friend left in the world."

Simon Gold, stripped of his briefly held spoils and his life's structure of good reputation, was let go without further punishment.

Out of the sense of evil, of wrong have come a thousand forms of that vast procession of superstitions which still oppresses nearly all mankind. Certain things harmed him, others benefited him; so the savage postulated twin forces of evil and good, each exerting itself through legions of spirits, gnomes, witches, kobolds, haunts, demons and gods. The right and the wrong came to have distinct empires and separate rulers. The right must be propitiated and the wrong appeased. These ideas are by no means foreign, even yet, to the most civilized races, and among the more backward peoples they hold their ancient regnancy.

Among many nations the idea has grown up that there are special beings which protect the evildoer. In pagan times there was the god of thieves, and his festival is still celebrated in parts of Europe. More modernly many superstitious people have believed that the rulers of the ghostland world were benign to the thief and evildoer at certain times.

These strange beliefs furnish the explanation of a peculiar fact connected with credit trimming, arson and pretentious burglary. For many years credit men wondered why there were so many crimes at Christmas-time and, again, why Saturday night was so often chosen as the proper hour for an absconding, burglary or fire. It was formerly believed that the unusually heavy stocks laid in at the holiday season wholly explained the great number of creditor trimmings at that time. Undoubtedly this is a factor, but the ancient superstitions of Mediterranean peoples, those fancies out of the fume of the dead past, have much more bearing here.

Were it possible to read completely the minds of the Levantines who close their shops on Christmas Eve and vanish into the waste of winter with hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of goods got on credit, it would no doubt be found that they believe themselves specially protected by heaven at the time of rejoicing. And it would also undoubtedly be discovered that the Sicilian who decamps and leaves behind an empty grocery store does so on Saturday evening for precisely the same reason, plus the fact that he has until Monday to effect his escape.

Here is, then, another interesting facet to be observed in studying our alien credit adventurers. I have already pointed out that it is probably their lack of habitude in our business morality which leads to the great number of credit crimes among these races.

An Ill-Learned Lesson

Some rather diverting incidents have arisen in connection with the misdeeds of Mediterraneans.

In Denver a short time ago an Italian had set up a grocery-and-olive-oil shop and was apparently forwarding goods to mining camps in Utah. The man saw that credit methods were open to attack and decided on a rather original assault. Having first carefully removed and concealed his stock and sold off for cash as much as he could, concealing the money as well, he made off for Utah. It was said he had gone to collect accounts and would not be back until a week following the first of the month. But this guileful information evidently failed to reach one of the creditors, for he sent a man to the merchant's place on the fourth to find out why the bill had not been paid.

"Oh, mister, mister! It is terrible," wailed the trader's daughter when the collector appeared with his demand. "My father has just been held up in the desert and robbed of everything—thirty thousand dollars."

The poor young woman seemed distracted, and the investigator took her at her word; but not so his superiors. They decided to watch. They had not long for waiting.

On the morning of the sixth a disheveled, bleeding, terribly frightened Italian appeared at the police station of a small Utah town and reported that he had just been held up and robbed of thirty thousand dollars. He collapsed and had to be revived before he could give descriptions of his assailants, which he did in voluble detail. He kept the police resources of that particular county in violent motion for several days. Then the discrepancy between the fourth and the sixth was discovered by the single exigent creditor, and the dumfounded merchant was made to disgorge. What beauties of patois he must have bestowed on his blundering daughter may be left unsaid.

Surely no one will read of these rascalities without wondering how it is possible to conceal successfully huge stocks of merchandise. How does a man manage to hide two or three hundred thousand dollars' worth of goods? After all, groceries and clothing and furniture and silks and linens are not rubies and pearls, to be hidden in the folds of a turban.

Concealment of goods is a subject to which a volume might be given. It has a history. It possesses a romantic tradition. We can concern ourselves with it only as it applies to the present matters, and then only briefly.

The most successful creditor trimmers, like the topmost criminals in other lines, operate with thorough organization. They ship goods back and forth among themselves, transship and intership. What is stolen here is sent hence and disposed of yonder. Merchandise obtained on brummagem credit is shunted about in every direction and often sent out of the country before it comes at last into the hands of the ultimate disposer. The railroads and

(Continued on Page 99)

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What kind of a motor vehicle would *YOU* build?

In visualizing the kind of vehicle that you would choose to build for your own use, instinctively your mind focuses upon absolute essentials. For instance, no matter whether your ideal car is light or heavy, no matter whether your truck needs are for a one-ton or a five-ton capacity, you see at once that your *real* building objective would be consistent daily performance.

How would you achieve it? You would make certain that every major unit in the vehicle was a proven unit, a guaranteed unit, a unit backed by parts-distributing stations that dotted the world.

Such units exist. They are built by great organizations that have SPECIALIZED on the production of individual units such as the motor, the axles, the transmission, the clutch and kindred products. Only through this SPECIALIZATION have masterpiece units for the various classes of motor vehicles been developed.

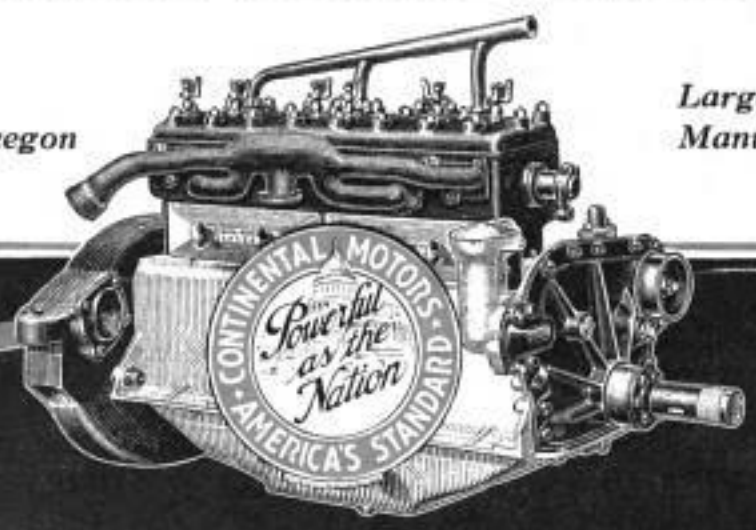
And these SPECIALIZED units, these units that you recognize as vital to performance, are embodied today in genuine SPECIALIZED vehicles.

Therefore, purchase a high-grade SPECIALIZED vehicle—the very type of vehicle that you, yourself, would build. And in so doing, identify the car or truck you select by the motor of sovereign excellence, the motor that bears on its crankcase that foremost symbol of SPECIALIZATION—the Continental Red Seal.

CONTINENTAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Offices: Detroit, U. S. A.
Factories: Detroit and Muskegon

Largest Exclusive Motor Manufacturers in the World



Continental Motors

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OVER 126 YEARS — BIRD'S NEPONSET PRODUCTS — ON THE JOB

Bird's Rugs



Rug Pattern No. 630
Colors: dark brown, blue and cream with black outline on light brown ground



Save You Many a Dollar

NEVER in all your days have you seen such an outstanding combination of the practical and the beautiful in floor coverings, *at such amazingly low prices!*

Yes, and more than that, Bird's Neponset Rugs on the floors — where the most wear comes — save you many a precious hour and most of the back-breaking energy that now goes to keeping your floors clean.

Dining room, bedroom, kitchen, pantry, bathroom — the downright hard work and muscle it takes to keep these rooms presentable is done away with altogether with Bird's Neponset Rugs on the floors. No heavy sweeping, no taking up off the floor for beating and brushing. No down-on-your-knees removing spots. The smooth-printed surface of a Bird's Neponset Rug comes brand-new-clean with a once-lightly-over with a damp mop.

For every room in many homes
For many rooms in every home

They wear, too. They're astonishingly durable, these modern, sanitary rugs. They're waterproofed, both sides and all the way through, which means they do not rot. And they lie smooth and flat all around. You don't have to tack them down. They don't squirm out of shape. They never kick up at the corners.

There's no longer any need to put up with a faded, shabby rug or carpet while you wait for a "bargain sale." The price of a nice, new, first-quality Bird's Neponset Rug is always a "sale price." It's a bargain whenever you buy it.

The makers of these rugs are the originators of felt-base, printed floor coverings. And Bird's Neponset Rugs are made of exactly the same materials and by exactly the same process as the original and time tested Bird's Neponset floor covering. Go see them in all their different patterns and colors, at your department store or house furnishing dealer's.

BIRD & SON, INC.

Established 1795 — East Walpole, Mass.

New York: 200 Fifth Avenue — Chicago: 1429 Lytton Building

Canadian Office and Plant: Hamilton, Ontario



Living Room

When Alexander Hamilton Was Twenty-Eight

and, even at that early age, engaged in forming the economic structure of our present-day America, the first product bearing the name of Bird was made.

The standard of quality then established by the founder is more than a tradition with Bird & Son. It is the measure of value of Bird's Neponset Products throughout more than twelve decades.

BIRD'S
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Bird's Neponset Paroid Roofing
Bird's Artcraft Roofing
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Bird's Granitized Roofing
Bird's Neponset Black
Bird's Coated and American Building Papers
Bird's Neponset and American Wall Board
Bird's Neponset Fiber Shipping Cases and Shoe Cartons
Bird's Neponset Felt-base Printed Rugs and Floor Coverings
Bird's Press Board and Special Papers

BIRD'S NEPONSET PRODUCTS

Look for this mark when buying Floor Coverings, Roofings and other Bird products, which is the Bird & Son quality guarantee.

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(Continued from Page 96)

steamship lines have always been used in this great game of shuttlecock. But these transportation systems, moving on their fixed ways, with their fixed systems, present certain difficulties to the criminal. There is always the bill of lading or the waybill. There is always, for the investigator who is persistent and clever enough, a method of tracing the stolen articles, and through them the thief.

Invention, which has raised mankind from the brutes and furnished the skeletal frame for society, has always been commandeered by the antisocial. In this instance the automobile has been taken over by the trimmers. Their trucks are on the highways, and they now move their plundered wares freely in any direction and without track or trace. In some instances professional truckmen who have learned to keep a close tongue are employed. In the greater conspiracies the trimmers own their own lorries and keep their secrets at home. This is, indeed, one of the great problems of the day in combating the specialist in commercial fraud—how to put a check on the trucking of goods; how to thwart the criminal here.

The fraudulent merchant who operates alone has a different kind of problem. If he ships his goods from place to place, he must follow or precede them in person. More frequently than otherwise he resorts to nothing of the sort. He finds among his own countrymen a fellow who has a warehouse, a loft, an old stable or a store. To some such haven he has his goods transported, generally by a truckman also of his own people and one who is used to the intricacies of crooked minds. This method is risky naturally. But the trimmer here relies on the notorious fact that creditors have an easy way of refusing to put up money for investigation and prosecution—sending good money after bad, as they phrase it.

Hiding the stolen stuffs in some warehouse is perhaps the commonest of all practices in this connection. Much more remarkable are the concealments on the premises used in fake bankruptcy cases. In one instance a merchant had deep shelves built. When he was ready to go broke he put the goods into rows of boxes in the back of the shelves and ranged before them a similar structure of strictly empty cartons. Thus, when he went to his creditors and offered a settlement, he was able to show to the examiners that his great show of stock was a display of empty boxes. They did not look beyond or behind, and he was successful in deceiving them.

The Four Clews Found

In another such case there was a broad staircase of some thirty-five steps leading from the showroom into the basement. The crook had the staircase boarded up beneath and hid about forty thousand dollars' worth of fine silks in the triangular spaces thus left under the steps. On another occasion the same man finished off the beams in his cellar, supporting the floor above. By boarding the beams up underneath he again created spaces about ten inches deep between the upper floor and the basement ceiling. Here he concealed what there was to be hid, but this time he tripped himself. The cellar ceiling looked too new.

In the nature of things such methods are of no use to the trimmer, who must always flee. The place will thereafter be notably unhealthy for him, and he must take his goods along or send them into some alien situation. There is one method of accomplishing this aside from those I have already related, and this brings us to the celebrated affair of Gashie and his wife's seven cats.

It was October in Michigan. The distances purpled with haze. Every copse and grove was dripping with the year's red blood. There was that mighty fire of migration in the air that draws the winged flocks across half the world and sends the wild herds restlessly toward the southering sun. Mr. Henry Gerard decided to take a vacation.

Mr. Gerard was the proprietor of two prosperous shops for general assortments of women's wear in a Western town of general celebrity. He put a saleswoman in charge of each of his stores and said he would go to his ranch for a week or two. And he was gone.

The weeks came and went in their ancient procession, but Henry Gerard came no more. The saleswomen wondered and worried and then proceeded to make the most of their employer's recreancy. The cat was away. Only the creditors of Gerard, to whom he owed thirty or forty thousand dollars, could not believe that they had seen the last of him. But finally they, too, were forced to credit the bitter intelligence. They began bankruptcy proceedings, and there entered upon the scene that amiable and persistent person, Mr. C. D. West, of whom something heretofore.

It is perhaps superfluous to say that Mr. Gerard's shops were stripped to the bone. In his evacuation he had included most of his stocks. And lo! where were they?

Mr. West found four clews in the man's room—a railroad guide, two envelopes, a few sheets of hotel paper and a medicine bottle. The paper and envelopes led into culs-de-sac. The railroad book, on the other hand, yielded something tangible. With its back to the table, Mr. West let it fall gently open. The page with the westbound schedules of the Santa Fe Railroad lay before him. He tried it again and again and yet again. Always the book fell open at the same page. So! Mr. Gerard had been thinking of taking the Santa Fe for the Southwest. Well, at least the trail was long enough to be interesting.

Gashie's Seven Cats

The medicine bottle, too, gave a faint glitter of light upon the trail, for it was traced back through the druggist to the prescribing physician, who told what he knew of Mr. Gerard and his wife. The chief fact was that Mrs. Gerard was the owner and abject devotee of seven cats.

"Seven cats!" exclaimed the startled detective.

He took his hat, thanked the physician and went out in a hurry, lest his astonishment should further betray him.

So then it was Gashie. The old scoundrel; his trail again. Witless, after all, this wonder crook. He could do everything but make his wife give up this hobby. She would have her cats—and perhaps the cats would betray them.

West knew Gashie and his record well, and he had reason to be privy to the matter of the cats. On several former occasions when Gashie, always under another alias, had turned up absentee and left his shops stripped the wife's felinomania had obtruded and had once been hard upon leading the astounding owners into jail.

Gashie was no common order of rascal. He had been in prison and out; a straight and honorable merchant for many years and then again a crook. He was known to retailers and credit men from one end of the country to the other under thirty or forty names. He turned up here as Immerling Brothers, there as J. Gordon Fowler, yonder as W. C. Gordon, H. Evans, George Stutz. The most remarkable thing about him, aside from his uncanny gift of getting credit from usually careful men, was his method of concealing and transporting his goods. Some years earlier Gashie had married the lady with the seven cats. This woman was a model wife to him, cleaving to him in woe and weal and aiding him stoutly in his complicated business. She was by his side sometimes, in the months when he built up his credit in a new locality, dividing her affections between him and her pets. Again, she ranged far and operated the other end of his vanishing line of communication.

At such times mysterious telegrams would be exchanged between the lady and her lord. He might wire her from St. Paul, "Where is Margery?"

And she might answer from Louisville, "Margery is in Memphis."

Whereupon he might reply directing that Margery be sent to him in Billings.

There were fifty-one such feminine names upon Mr. Gashie's list, and it was thus inconceivable that they represented members of his family. It was also unlikely that a gentleman so extraordinarily mobile and so obviously faithful to his wife should have this metropolitan chorus of ladies in his entourage. The solution is more telling. These were the names of large Saratoga trunks in which Gashie and his wife hid their bought-and-not-paid-for goods.

The trunks were laden with furs, silks, linens, robes, kimonos, what not. And always in each there were a few articles of personal apparel, in case any question might arise. The trunks were shipped back and forth, up and down. They were stored in the baggage rooms of railroads, in hotels, in warehouses, wherever it was convenient, and the lady of the seven cats went and got them out when the master called for them.

All this was well known to Investigator West, and it had its bearing upon the present strategic problem. The tactics of the moment, however, rested rather upon the railroad guide and the cats. Obviously it is a labor fit for Heracles to trace a man or a couple with no denser clew than the fact that they may have traveled by the Santa Fe Railroad, a long and intricate system. But when there is the sore thumb of the seven cats, sticking up like a spire from a valley village, there is some limitation to the field. So West set out along the Santa Fe. He traveled a short distance at a time and questioned every porter, brakeman, baggageman and conductor he encountered.

Had they seen Gashie and his wife? Nay, but they had seen cats!

So the trail took the dogged investigator westward, through Chicago, out through Illinois, across the corner of Iowa into Missouri and on to Kansas City. Here there was a stop. Gashie and the cats and some of the contents of the trunks must be somewhere in the neighborhood. Mr. West made a tour circling this vicinity. The hunted man was not in St. Joseph, Atchison or Topeka. He must be in Leavenworth. Were there any newly sprung merchants in the town? Mr. West did not go there. He looked up the lists and found that Leavenworth had lately been blessed with The Outlet Merchandising Company, Mr. C. K. Noble, manager. A letter was written this firm, and a typewritten answer came back, signed by Mr. Noble.

Now typewriters have their individualities, like men. And those who use these excellent machines have also their peculiarities. Mr. West had picked up some samples of Gashie's typing in the years the credit man had been on the trail of this marvelous depredator, and he knew both the stigmata of Gashie and his trusty machine. He cheered silently when The Outlet Merchandising Company's letter came to his hand. Outlet indeed—for the contents of those fifty-one great trunks with their soft, woman-sweet names. West caught the first train for Leavenworth, arriving the day before Christmas. He had some arrangements to make, some little investigating to do before he might risk the arrest. Before he was ready the lamps of Christmas Eve were touched to flame, and the celebration had begun.

A Surprise Party

Mr. C. K. Noble was among the Leavenworth people who believed they had reason to be thankful and joyous. He was celebrating the season with a dinner to his employes at the principal hotel. He and his wife occupied the ends of a long table at which sat eight or ten of the salespeople. The coffee had been served, and Mr. Noble was getting up to say a few words to his people on the art of selling. He did not observe the quaint, ministerial little man who came in and shed a good fair look upon him.

"There is a principle in everything," began Mr. Noble.

A bell boy touched him at the elbow and whispered.

"Tell them to wait!" commanded Noble irritably out of the corner of his mouth. "Don't they know better than to interrupt now?"

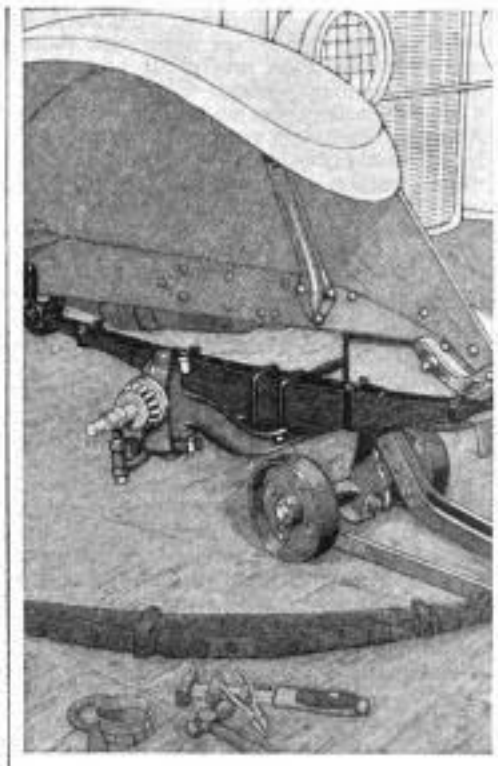
"They're kinda insisting," said the boy.

Mr. Noble ceased talking to his table and took a look at the door. What he saw did not reassure him. Three men were coming in. One was in possession of his coat and hat. Another bore his wife's furs and wraps. The third looked a bit too triumphant for much good. He motioned to Noble, and the latter thought he had better respond. He excused himself and went toward the advancing leader. The other made no formalities.

"Too bad, Gashie," said the officer, "but the game is up. Come on."

At least the employes had got their Christmas Eve dinner. Gashie and his wife enjoyed, let us say, their next in that great grim house which stands northwest of the little city of Leavenworth and scowls down upon it with bright, menacing night eyes—the Federal prison.

Take the case of a firm of textile jobbers in an Eastern city. Both men were prosperous; to the common eye they shone as millionaires. Their establishment was impressive. They did a rich business. Yet they



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"I drive a Dodge car, testing tires, and average about 175 miles a day over the roughest roads in the country and I find Ride Rites can't be beat; they not only make riding a comfort but are a great saver on gas and tires. If some of these other Dodge owners want to ride 100% easier they should use Ride Rite Springs."

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There is a set designed for your car. Get ready for summer touring now. Equip your car with Ride Rite Springs.

Six simple tests in the "Joy of Easy Riding," a meaty little book, tell you how to judge riding comfort. Your copy is ready.

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Make Rough Roads Smooth

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went to prison as thieves and trimmers, and eight of their underlings went with them, while fourteen took precipitate advantage of the Canadian border. When the petard went off under them at last it was found that they had been guilty of twenty-seven fraudulent failures and had stolen more than a million and a half from their creditors. It is by no means certain that these figures are complete.

The *modus operandi* was delicacy and simplicity embodied. When the great chiefs at headquarters were ready for a coup, they sent out one of their underlings or agents to open a textile store in a chosen town.

Let us assume that the man's name was Blass and the town Someville.

On some favored morning Mr. Nicholas P. Blass arrived with imposing baggage at the best hotel in Someville and scrawled his name emphatically upon the register, that daybook of the transitory. Having settled himself at the hotel, Mr. Blass went to the First National Bank and there opened an account with five thousand dollars in cash, saying to the cashier that he might and probably would open a jobbing house in the city.

The Operations of Mr. Blass

Mr. Blass now ventured upon the streets of the town and selected a storeroom. For his purposes a big, deep chamber was desirable. As soon as he had found it he set men to painting the windows, in order to screen the operations within. Shelves were then built down both sides and across the rear. Big rough tables ranged down the center of the room and a counter cut across near the front, so that customers could not get back. Then, when a small private office had been built in one front corner, the structural arrangements had been made.

Finally an assortment of goods out of the last failure was scattered about on the tables.

A code telegram now went forward to the principals, and in response came a number of cases of goods, to be followed immediately by a crew of experts. These cases contained only empty boxes and cartons in the flat. The crew immediately went to work, put the boxes together, labeled them and filled the shelves. Shirts, socks, underwear, linens, blouses, all manner of manufactured textile articles appeared on Mr. Blass' shelves by the mere touch of the paste brush. The gang went back at once to headquarters. Mr. Blass summoned some sign painters to do the honors on his windows, and then he opened his doors.

Before ever he had let in the air and the public, his principals had moved on their wing. Being subscribers to the commercial rating houses, they asked for a report on Mr. Nicholas Blass, of Someville, and a reporter was sent to get it. Mr. Blass received his caller in his little private office and seemed to be peevish and morose.

"Wot can I do for you?" he inquired, scowling.

"We want a financial statement," said the reporter.

"W'y?"

"It's customary."

"Wot fer? I don't need none. I pay cash. I got all the credit I want."

There followed ten minutes of delicate and definite persuasion before Mr. Blass consented to give any facts about himself.

"Well," he began, "I got forty thousand dollars in stock."

The reporter looked at the imposing array of empty boxes and noted the amount.

"How about accounts receivable?" he inquired.

"Wot's dat?" asked Mr. Blass, feigning ignorance.

The reporter explained in laborious detail.

"Oh, dat's it," said the merchant. "Well, I got some notes."

He drew forth his portfolio and displayed unquestionable notes in amount of eighteen or twenty thousand dollars.

"Good," said the reporter. "Now how about cash?"

Mr. Blass backed away dangerously.

"Lookahere, young man," he growled, "you're going a little too far. Whose business is it how much cash I got?"

"It's ours if you want a rating."

"I ain't gonna tell you dat."

More persuasion followed before the astonishingly stubborn Blass consented to say that he had an account in the First National with about five thousand dollars on hand.

Finally the reporter succeeded even in selling Blass the rating service for seventy-five dollars. He left the new jobber's place and went directly to the bank, where he received verification of the man's statement. Naturally his report was colored a bit in Blass' favor, and so it finally reached his principals through the commercial rating house.

Thereupon they immediately wired the waiting Blass, "Nelly is much better; don't worry."

There are many ways, you may be sure, of interpreting such a telegram, but only one correct one, as usual. Precisely translated, this affectionate little message reads, "We have received the report; go ahead."

And the bold Mr. Blass went. In that night's mail he sent out orders for a selected bill of goods to a prepared list of sucker jobbers and manufacturers. When they wrote back asking who Mr. Blass was and why he ought to be trusted, he referred them lightly to the credit rating house. And so, within measurable time, the bills of goods came tumbling into Blass' storeroom. He put the invoices in his pocket, scratched the addresses off the shipping cases and immediately had the goods sent elsewhere. He paid for this first order and immediately asked for a larger stock. The old, old game was played. Credit was run up to the bursting point, and every case of goods that came to Blass went out again unopened. Finally he evaporated like a puff of ether. By devious ways he got back to headquarters, and here the arch conspirators paid him fifty cents on the dollar, according to his invoices.

One of the humorous details of this case rests on an order of thirty-five hundred dollars' worth of silk hosiery. The firm wanted these goods, of a special manufacture. The plant in which they were made was just a few blocks from that of the rascals. Instead of going and buying it, they bought a few hundred dollars' worth of the same goods from the manufacturers and held the receipted bill and canceled checks. Then they sent Blass out to Someville, in Indiana, with instructions to get the thirty-five-hundred-dollar order of the same goods from the factory a few blocks from home and trim the makers out of their money. And so, in truth, it was done.

I have said these rascals came to grief and to prison. Let us see how.

Slender Clews

There had been a number of unexplained failures in Pennsylvania, Ohio, New York, Virginia and Kentucky. Finally came two synchronous vanishments in St. Louis, Missouri, and East St. Louis, Illinois, both stores belonging to the same firm. An investigator for the National Association of Credit Men was sent to look the matter up, and most unhappy visions smote his eye.

Two partners had operated these shops, and they were gone. They were lost in the fog and river miasma, leaving not hail nor hallo. The investigator, finding nothing better to do, sent to all the creditors for the letters they had received from the two partners. Let us call them Black and White.

In going over the letters from Messrs. Black and White the investigator noted no special peculiarities save that the stenographic initials in the lower left-hand corner displayed great variety. As a speculation he put the letters into various piles, according to the stenographers' initials, and was not greatly surprised to find that each pile represented a week's correspondence, beginning on Monday and ending on Saturday. So, then, Messrs. Black and White had employed a different typist every week. Clever fellows these. No gum-chewing miss was going to get any insight into their operations.

However, the very number of girls gave this sharp detective a clew. He resorted at once to the nearest commercial employment bureau and found that a girl had been sent to Black and White. The address of the girl was got and she was interviewed. What could she remember about the men? Nothing except that Black had one bad eye and that White had a protruding lower lip, which twitched when he talked. Oh, yes! One thing more. On Friday they had sent off a large registered letter to an address in Dover, Delaware. The girl could think of nothing more.

Another of the Black and White stenographers had married and moved down into Arkansas with her husband. The detective went to see her, and she confirmed the first girl's description of the men and the Friday dispatch of the registered letter to Dover.

With so slight information at his command, the officer traced the registered letters to Dover, and the trail led him to the door of a woman, evidently the wife of the wanted man. From her he managed to extract the fact that her husband had a store in Baltimore.

The truckmen of Dover were canvassed, and it was discovered that goods as well as registered letters had come to the town, whence they were transshipped to the jobbing firm. A great light glowed in the brain of the investigator. He jumped to Baltimore at once and went to the suspected shop in the guise of buyer. He talked to the proprietor, who had not a bad eye. The man gave him little enough information. But the lip twitched, the lip twitched!

There was no more for this clever man to do. He summoned the government agents and put the case into their hands. They worked quietly in conjunction with him until they had their case built up. Then they descended upon the house of the chief pirates. The result has already been stated—ten to prison and fourteen in flight out of the country.

A New Method

In creditor trimming as in all things there are the old-established manners, the customary ways of working and succeeding. The crook is almost superstitious about departing from the steps of his fallacious fathers, but now and again some genius crowds up above the others—some man with the courage of the pioneer and the eyes for looking east. He originates something; he steps out of the old trammels and the dead conventions.

Charles W. Eckman is not the name of a distinguished-looking, mellow, soft-mannered man of nearly sixty. He is an American of the first native generation. He has five or six children, grown up and married. He was accounted a rich man, and his family certainly is not without large means, judging from the way in which its members give and spend.

But Eckman had got old. He was retired from his regular business. He had seen his sons and daughters safely launched. It was no longer necessary to strive and struggle. Eckman stood the idleness for a few years. He got more and more nervous. He could not stay in the house. As soon as breakfast was over he burst out into the sunshine and spent hours strolling up and down Riverside Drive, watching the maids with their baby carriages, sitting on the benches with his eyes on the mighty river, gazing abstractedly at the huge, cruel battleships lying sleepily at anchor.

Often he did not return to the house until hunger drove him in. Then he ate hastily, in silence, and went out again. He marched up and down for miles, ogling the girls, talking to the men and women lounging on the seats, seeking some excitement. But he was too old. It would not pass his way.

One afternoon as Eckman sat blinking in the sun an idea for action came to him and he sprang up and went downtown. It was so simple it needed no elaboration. All he wanted was a certain book. Then he would be off—adventure, excitement, money!

Eckman went to the office of his friend, Rose, an attorney.

"Have you got the commercial-rating books?" asked Eckman.

"Sure. There they are," said the lawyer. "Going back in business?"

"Maybe; maybe," answered the retired merchant busily, and fell to studying the books.

At the end of fifteen minutes he got up, with several names and addresses written on a bit of paper, thanked the lawyer and went hurriedly away.

Old Charley Eckman spent three days sauntering up and down lower Broadway looking for a suitable loft. Finally he found it—a little farther north than he would have liked, but still quite desirable. He paid a month's rent, signed a lease and moved in. His equipment consisted of one desk and two chairs.

He next went to a printer and had some stationery prepared, for which he paid cash. Eckman's sign and stationery read:

EDWARD BLANK & CO., Wholesalers.

Let us say, for the mere purpose of this relation, though the facts be otherwise, that Eckman's number on Broadway was five-twenty-blank. An investigator would have discovered at once that there was another and older firm of Edward Blank & Co. on Broadway, but at three-fifty-blank. Once your attention is called to it, the disparity between a firm at five-twenty-blank Broadway and another at three-fifty-blank is obvious and painful.

But such discrepancies do not always obtrude, and on this fact Mr. Eckman was counting.

He had been through the rating books carefully in preparing his little scheme, and he had found only one Edward Blank, a firm rated A1. He had accordingly chosen this house to screen his operations.

Eckman immediately sent out to manufacturers in all parts of the country orders for large bills of goods. The credit men of these various organizations looked at the orders, saw that they were from Edward Blank & Co., looked up that firm in the rating books and saw that it was considered most responsible. If they noticed the discrepancy in the street number at all, they probably concluded that the house had moved.

Moreover, the rating books rarely give street numbers.

The thing worked out exactly as Eckman had planned. The goods came rumbling and tumbling in. He turned them over to illicit buyers at low prices, put the money in his pockets and sent further orders to other manufacturers. The thing got so big on him that he immediately went to other large cities and repeated the performance, picking the name of some well-known and responsible house and setting himself up in the same street under the same name. And in each case the factories once more bled precious merchandise.

It was a great and exciting game, full of the thrill and movement he wanted. It kept him skipping from city to city, planning, maneuvering, defrauding. He was alight with the passion of it. He had what he wanted.

Eckman Trapped

One night when he was about to close his office a well-known commercial investigator received a long telegram from a firm in the Middle West, asking about Edward Blank & Co., of five-twenty-blank Broadway, reciting the nature of the transaction and requesting an investigation. The officer took his way to the number indicated and found the loft with Eckman's sign on it. He got no answer. He went away and came again, with the same result. He waited. Still no result.

That night he put an assistant in his place to watch. No one came. Finally he got the janitor of the building, took this individual partly into his confidence and got the door to the loft opened.

On the floor lay a mass of unopened mail, put through the door slot by the postman. The detective copied the names of the addressers from the envelopes, stepped out into the hall, closed the door after him and put the mail back through the slot.

One day, two, three, five passed, and still no stir in the loft of the false Edward Blank concern. It had about been decided that the man had taken alarm and skipped when the distinguished and genial Mr. Eckman appeared, thrust his key into the lock and his head into the trap. He had been taking a swing round his circuit of cities. That explained his long absence.

There are times when the duty of the stern priest of the law is none too pleasurable a thing. The man who caught old Charley Eckman felt a thousand qualms. The man was able to make restitution, and willing, for that matter. His family was widely known and terribly abased at the father's secret crime. His sons and daughters moved heaven and earth in his behalf. Friends from the loftiest legal and business circles came to his rescue. Everywhere there was the feeling that Eckman's crime was the work of a half-demented man or, at best, a neurotic. All these things the officer and his employers considered.

On the other side was the dour fact that Eckman had not only committed a great series of depredations but also that he had evolved an entirely new form of creditor trimming, and one likely to be widely copied unless its originator were severely punished. For this reason the prosecution was forced, and the man was eventually convicted and sent to Atlanta.

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Roll Call
of White Truck Fleets In Active Service

THIS year's Roll Call of White Truck fleets covers twelve years of transportation experience by the foremost truck owners in the country. Nothing like it in *extent and quality* of ownership has ever been published by any other maker.

It shows a steady, yearly growth of individual fleets in every line of trucking service, among a class of owners who *know* motor trucks. The list includes only fleets of ten White Trucks or more, totaling 18,419. There are also 33,392 Whites in fleets of less than ten, and a host of single trucks.

The Roll Call is Industry's endorsement of White Truck performance,—a performance resulting from the maker's "Twenty-one Years of Knowing How."

	1910	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915	1916	1917	1918	1919	1920	To-day
Abbotts Alderney Dairies, Inc.	0	0	0	1	4	6	7	8	8	14	17	30
Abraham & Straus	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	10	17	45	45
Acme Cash Stores	0	0	0	1	1	3	3	4	5	10	10	12
J. N. Adam & Co.	0	0	6	8	8	8	8	8	10	17	19	28
City of Akron, Ohio	0	0	0	1	1	1	4	5	8	11	17	15
Akron Pure Milk Co.	0	0	0	2	3	6	6	6	6	13	13	13
Akron Storage & Contracting Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	5	5	10	10	10
B. Altman & Co.	0	0	8	8	33	67	92	92	93	93	94	94
American Agricultural Chem. Co.	0	0	1	1	1	1	5	8	9	17	38	38
American Ambulance Field Service	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	22	22	22	22	22
American Bakery Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	10
American Can Co.	0	0	4	7	8	8	33	56	66	70	88	88
American Fruit Growers, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11	11
American Ice Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	7	7	8	15
American News Co.	0	0	0	0	1	2	2	2	2	6	10	15
American Petroleum Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	12	26	26	26	29
American Relief Admin. (Russia)	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
American Railway Express	0	0	3	14	22	27	88	98	111	121	128	186
American Red Cross Society	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	86	122	123	123	123
American Steel & Wire Co.	0	0	1	5	5	6	10	16	20	23	29	30
American Stores Co.	0	1	2	9	14	14	15	29	37	81	97	80
American Tobacco Co.	0	0	0	1	2	3	4	9	14	14	17	19
American War Relief Clear. House	0	0	0	0	0	2	18	32	32	32	32	32
Ammen Transportation Co.	0	0	2	7	8	9	11	11	32	32	32	32
Anchor Cartage Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	5	8	12	13	15
Anheuser-Busch Brewing Assoc.	0	0	0	0	0	1	17	19	19	20	20	28
Arctic Ice & Coal Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	5	10	13
Arlington Mills	0	1	1	1	1	2	2	11	12	13	15	19
Armour & Co.	0	4	30	51	63	84	165	226	259	309	370	395
Associated Bell Telephone Cos.	0	1	6	30	46	84	311	447	477	517	702	806
*Associated Dry Goods Corp.	0	0	8	13	23	29	37	40	88	126	126	128
City of Atlanta	0	3	6	8	10	10	11	11	15	15	21	29
Atlanta Baggage & Cab Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	10	10	15	18
Atlanta Chero-Cola Bottling Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	10	10
Atlantic Ice & Coal Corp.	0	0	0	15	15	15	20	27	34	38	42	52
Atlantic Refining Co.	1	4	9	31	67	86	184	275	324	345	435	440
Atlas Powder Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	6	12	16	16
Austin Nichols & Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	18	23
Auto Livery Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	15	15	15	15	15	15
The Bailey Co.	0	1	3	6	6	13	16	17	20	25	35	34
Oliver H. Bair Co.	0	0	0	0	5	6	6	9	9	11	11	11
City of Baltimore	0	3	4	7	14	14	29	30	31	34	36	35
Baltimore Transit Co.	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	20	20	20	20	20
L. Bamberger & Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	4	13
Barker Bros., Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	13	18	13
The Barrett Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	11	17	19	21	21	22
Bellevue and Allied Hospitals	0	0	0	1	3	9	15	19	19	24	24	24
Bernheimer Brothers	0	0	2	3	3	3	3	3	3	10	10	10
Best & Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	18	25	24	27
William Bingham Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	16	17	20	23	22	22
Birmingham Chero-Cola Bottl. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	27	31	32
Bis-Mac Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	12	10
Biwabik Transportation Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	10	10
Blake Motor Trucking Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	13	18	20	20	19	19
Block & Kuhl Co.	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	5	9	14	15	16
Bloomingdale Brothers	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	27	27
Boggs & Buhl, Inc.	0	8	10	18	23	24	24	21	23	32	27	29
Bohlen-Huse Coal & Ice Co.	0	0	5	7	7	7	7	7	10	10	10	10

	1910	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915	1916	1917	1918	1919	1920	To-day
Boulevard Transportation Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	2	12
Henry Bosch Co.	2	8	8	9	10	10	11	12	12	12	13	13
City of Boston	0	2	9	12	17	18	18	19	22	22	30	32
Boston Coca-Cola Bottling Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	10	10
Boston Elevated Railway Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	28	36
Bourne-Fuller Co.	0	0	0	2	3	4	6	7	7	8	10	10
Bradford Baking Co.	0	0	0	9	20	25	26	26	26	29	31	31
The Brandt Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	10	25	25	34	41
Brewer & Co., Inc.	0	0	0	0	2	3	5	6	7	8	9	10
Brockton Transportation Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	16	20	21
Brooklyn Alcatraz Asphalt Co.	0	0	0	2	9	9	11	11	11	11	11	11
Brooklyn Daily Eagle	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	9	11	14	14
Bry-Block Mercantile Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	10	10	12
Buckeye Pipe Line Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	12
Budwine Bottling Co.	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	9	10	10
Bullock's	0	0	0	4	5	8	8	8	8	9	10	10
M. Burkhardt Brewing Co.	0	0	0	2	2	2	5	5	11	11	11	11
P. H. Butler Co.	0	0	0	1	1	4	6	11	12	12	17	17
Butler Bros., Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	8	23	23
Cable Draper Baking Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	10	10
Caddo Parish, Louisiana	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	13	13	13	13
State of California	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	4	4	7	21
California Baking Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	13	17	21	21	26
California Central Creameries, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	6	11	14	14
California Packing Corp.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	7	11	11	13
California Truck Co.	0	0	0	0	0	2	3	3	4	8	13	17
J. Calvert's Sons	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	10	11
The Campbell System	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	12	17
Canfield Oil Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	13	15
Canton Provision Co.	0	0	0	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	10	11
Canton Storage & Transfer Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	7	9	11	15	11
Carbon Coal Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	5	6	8	11	12
Carolina Public Service Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	11	11	11	11
J. B. Carr Biscuit Co.	0	0	0	1	1	1	3	3	4	7	12	12
Carstens Packing Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	10	10
Carter Oil Co.	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	4	10	15	18
W. A. Chambers Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	5	7	10	10
Chandler & Rudd Co.	0	2	4	5	6	6	6	6	6	7	10	10
Chapin-Sacks Corp.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	21	28	58	68
*Chero-Cola Bottling Cos.	0	0	0	0	4	6	30	57	66	74	99	105
The Chero-Cola Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	32	76	76
Cheek-Neal Coffee Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	5	12
Chicago American & Herald Exam.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	14	19	26
Chicago Fire Insurance Board	0	0	5	11	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13
Cia Abastecedora de Leche	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	6	8	8	10
Cincinnati Motor Terminals Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	16	16	16
City Baking Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	14	14
City of Chicago	0	0	0	1	4	10	27	33	47	47	52	73
City Ice & Fuel Co. (Cincinnati)	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	3	7	13	13
City Ice & Fuel Co. (Cleveland)	0	1	1	3	3	3	5	8	8	11	14	17
Clearing House Parcel Delivery Co.	0	0	0	0	0	3	10	10	14	15	16	16
City of Cleveland	0	2	7	14	15	19	23	32	36	43	68	77
*Cities Service Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	3	10	16	22
Cleveland-Akron Bag Co.	6	7	9	14	15	19	21	39	45	54	53	53
Cleveland-Akron Bus Line Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	14	15
Cleveland Bldrs. Supp. & Brick Co.	0	1	1	3	4	7	10	14	19	51	57	64
Cleveland Coca-Cola Bottling Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	21	22	28

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	1910	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915	1916	1917	1918	1919	1920	To-day
Cleveland Electric Illuminating Co.	0	0	0	0	0	6	17	23	23	40	48	49
The Cleveland Press	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	10	14
Cleveland Provision Co.	0	1	2	3	7	7	11	13	15	29	34	34
Cleveland Railway Co.	0	0	0	0	3	3	3	3	3	4	10	15
Cleveland Transfer Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	19	19	20	25	22
Cleveland Trucking & Carting Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	7	10
Cleveland & Sandusky Brewing Co.	0	0	1	1	2	3	10	15	17	24	29	30
*Coca Cola Bottling Cos.	0	3	6	11	24	34	67	78	91	103	198	220
The Coca Cola Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	5	15	23	56
The Coca Cola Co. (Canada)	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	13	30	34
J. C. Collins	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	8	8	8	12	12
Colonial Ice Cream Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	20	38
R. H. Comey Co.	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	9	9	12	14	14
Commercial Transfer Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	5	7	10	13	11
Connolly Contracting Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	16
Consolidated Cos.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	12	15
Consolidated Gas, El. Lt. & Pwr. Co.	2	3	6	8	11	12	12	12	12	11	12	12
Consolidated Rendering Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	7	17	17	30	32
Continental Oil Co.	0	1	2	2	3	4	19	25	34	38	81	82
Cosden Oil & Gas Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	10	16
Crescent Forwarding & Trans. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	12	12
Crew Levick Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	4	5	25	37	40
Cuban Government	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	10	14	14
Cudahy Packing Co.	0	0	2	6	8	10	21	24	27	42	58	61
John T. Cunningham	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	4	16
Dahl-Campbell Grocery Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	7	11
Dannemiller Grocery Co.	0	0	0	0	0	3	6	12	12	12	12	12
Darling & Co.	0	0	2	2	2	2	3	3	3	6	10	10
Dill & Collins	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	6	9	10	11
Dominion of Canada	0	0	0	0	43	43	43	43	43	43	43	43
Drake Brothers	0	0	1	2	2	2	2	4	4	9	13	15
E. I. DuPont de Nemours Powder Co.	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	8	20	20	21	21
East Ohio Gas Co.	0	0	0	1	3	5	5	10	11	11	13	16
East Side Mill & Lumber Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	6	10
Eastern Torpedo Co.	0	0	0	1	2	7	10	15	20	25	27	28
T. Eaton Co., Ltd.	0	5	13	14	15	15	20	20	20	25	31	31
Electric Bond & Share Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	7	8	17	26	32
Electric Package Agency	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	6	9	10	10
Emerick Motor Bus Co.	0	0	0	1	5	9	11	14	16	16	16	12
Empire Gas & Fuel Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	33	61	77	108	117
Empire State Dairy Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	6	6	12	13
Enumclaw Transportation Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	6	6	11
Erie Service Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11	15	15
A. J. Evans	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	14	21
The Fair	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	12	12
The Fairbanks Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	13	13
Fair Haven Coal Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	12
Fairmont Creamery Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	13	28	43
Fayette Baking Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	10
Fenway Garage Co.	0	0	19	19	29	29	39	39	30	37	30	30
Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.	0	0	0	1	1	2	6	12	16	18	16	16
Wm. Filene's Sons Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	10
The Fleischmann Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	3	4	11	19
Florida Motor Transport Co.	0	0	0	0	0	3	7	11	11	16	23	23
Flour State Baking Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11
County of Fulton, Ga.	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	3	3	3	5	11
Fly & Hobson Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	10	10	10	10
Foster & Kleiser, Inc.	0	2	4	4	8	10	10	10	10	10	10	18
Frank & Seder	0	0	0	1	1	1	2	2	2	19	21	21
Franklin Ice Cream Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	13	20
Harry V. Franks	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	16	16	16	19	19
Frederick & Nelson, Inc.	0	0	0	3	7	9	10	13	18	21	23	25
Freedom Oil Works Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	16	17	20	20
General Baking Co.	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	10	25	43	68	81
General Fire Extinguisher Co.	0	0	0	2	2	2	3	4	5	6	10	11
General Motor Truck Corp.	0	0	0	0	0	0	20	22	22	22	22	22
General Petroleum Co.	0	0	0	1	0	2	4	8	15	34	39	42
Georgia Railway & Power Co.	0	0	1	3	7	7	18	22	24	24	29	34
Gimbel Bros., Inc. (Milwaukee)	0	0	0	2	3	4	6	7	7	13	15	15
Gimbel Brothers (New York)	0	20	26	46	59	59	62	62	71	71	65	83
Gimbel Brothers (Philadelphia)	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	13	16	28
Glacier Park Transportation Co.	0	0	0	0	10	20	22	23	23	24	24	30
Stacy G. Glauser & Son	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	6	6	6	8	14
Globe Grain & Milling Co.	0	0	1	2	2	2	3	3	5	16	17	18
Gloucester Auto Bus Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	15	19
City of Gloucester	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	5	13	13
Adolf Gobel, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	30	35	41	43
J. Goldsmith & Sons Co.	0	0	3	4	5	5	7	12	12	12	13	13
B. F. Goodrich Co.	4	6	9	11	12	17	19	22	25	28	30	28
Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	10	15	22	54	24
Grasselli Chemical Co.	1	1	1	1	2	2	2	4	4	6	12	12
Gray Construction Co.	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	10	12	12	12	13
Great Northern Paper Co.	0	0	0	1	1	11	13	18	18	19	21	22
Greenfield Electric Lt. & Pr. Co.	0	3	6	9	10	11	13	13	14	14	14	16
Greenville Coca Cola Bottling Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	6	6	10	10	10
Greif Brothers Cooperage Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	14	14
Gulf Production Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	6	8	15	21
Gulf Refining Co.	0	1	9	29	81	172	463	563	663	755	917	1177
Gypsy Oil Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	5	11	15
Hadley Furniture & Carpet Co.	0	0	0	0	1	1	2	3	5	11	21	21
Hale Brothers	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	9	10
Halle Brothers Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	12	13	13	15	17	17
A. Hamburger & Sons, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11	18	20
James A. Hamilton	0	0	0	2	3	4	5	6	8	10	12	12
The Hardware & Supply Co.	0	0	0	0	1	2	3	4	5	10	10	10
A. D. Hartsell	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	3	5	8	11
Fred Harvey	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	15	16	17
Haverty Furniture Co.	0	0	0	0	2	6	7	12	18	18	18	20
Hawaii County, T. H.	0	0	2	9	9	9	10	11	16	17	16	16
The Hecht Co.	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	2	2	6	8	11
H. J. Heinz Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	16	19	26	35	52	52
Heissler & Junge Co.	0	0	0	0	0	4	4	4	5	9	26	26
Hercules Powder Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	7	9	10
Hershey Creamery Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	6	11
Hickey & Hawkins	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	11
The Higbee Co.	2	4	5	6	40	10	10	12	12	16	16	16
Hildebrandt Provision Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	10

Roll of White Truck Fleets

	1910	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915	1915	1917	1918	1919	1920	To-day
H. G. Hill Grocery Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	4	6	10
Hitchner Biscuit Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	5	7	9	10
Hochschild, Kohn & Co.	0	1	3	5	6	8	10	9	12	15	15	15
H. B. Hole	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	11
Holland Bread Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	6	15	26
Joseph Horne Co.	5	12	15	24	33	39	42	42	42	41	41	41
J. L. Hudson Co.	0	0	0	0	0	10	17	20	20	31	48	48
Hudson's Bay Co.	0	4	8	9	9	9	9	10	10	17	14	15
E. V. Hull	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	4	11	11	11	15
Humble Oil & Refining Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	13	52	84	86
State of Idaho	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	20
Imperial Ice Cream Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	17
Imperial Oil Co., Ltd.	0	1	1	1	1	1	12	42	43	58	75	82
Independent Brewing Co. of Pitts.	1	1	2	5	5	11	28	36	42	46	44	44
Independent Torpedo Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	16	24	24
Independent Towel Supply Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
Indian Automobile Co., Ltd.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	12	12
Indian Terr. Illuminating Oil Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	11	12
City of Indianapolis	0	0	0	1	1	2	2	2	6	8	10	10
Interstate Wholesale Grocers, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	20	23
Iron City Sand Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	19	20
James S. Ivins	0	0	2	2	3	4	6	6	6	8	8	10
Jackson Brewing Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	9	15	13
Jahncke Service Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	9	12	15
Johnson Oil Refining Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	11	18	18
Jones Store Co.	0	2	2	5	6	10	14	17	17	19	16	21
S. Kann Son's Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	14	14
Kaufmann Dept. Store, Inc.	0	0	10	16	24	44	80	80	66	59	53	53
Kaufmann & Baer Co.	0	0	0	1	40	45	51	59	60	60	50	50
Chas. T. Kavanaugh, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	2	11	10
Kennicott-Patterson Transfer Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	10	10	10
J. Kenny Transfer Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	9	16
C. D. Kenny Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	12	41	45	56	62	58
Kern County Transportation Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	13
Kingan & Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	6	6	13	34	31
The Kirk Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	7	10	11	11
B. B. & R. Knight, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	7	8	11	11
Theodor Kundtz Co.	3	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	17	17	20	20
Lansburg & Bro., Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	3	5	5	5	10
LaSalle & Koch Co.	0	0	0	0	3	3	4	4	4	10	10	10
Lawrence Ice Cream Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	4	6	8	19
A. Leath & Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	10	10
J. William Lee & Son	0	0	0	0	0	0	13	13	13	13	13	13
Fred T. Ley & Co.	0	0	0	0	1	1	4	10	13	13	17	17
Leyte Land Transportation Co.	0	0	3	6	10	12	14	14	14	14	30	30
Liberty Baking Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	15	15	19	23
Lit Brothers, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	17	26	27	28	36	46
Frederick Loeser & Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	14	14
Loft, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	5	7	9	10
J. P. Loomis Coal & Supply Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	15	17
Loose-Wiles Biscuit Co.	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	2	11	21	37	51
Los Angeles Brewing Co.	0	0	2	7	13	14	15	17	17	18	19	19
Los Angeles Creamery Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	6	10	12	19
Los Angeles Ice & Cold Storage Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	10	10	11	12	14
Los Angeles Gas & Electric Corp.	0	1	2	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	10	26
City of Los Angeles	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	3	13	17
County of Los Angeles	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	6	11
Long's Transfer Co.	0	0	0	1	1	1	2	2	2	3	3	12
Louisiana Coca Cola Bottling Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	7	10	12
Magnolia Petroleum Co.	0	0	4	4	4	4	4	4	5	8	15	19
May Stern & Co.	0	0	0	1	2	2	5	5	8	9	10	10
McCreery & Co.	6	6	8	8	8	11	15	15	15	19	20	20
Estate of Alexander McGarr	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	7	14
G. M. McKelvey Co.	0	0	1	1	6	8	18	18	18	17	19	20
McMahon Brothers	0	0	1	1	1	3	6	7	7	9	9	10
R. H. Macy & Co.,	0	0	0	0	0	0	15	15	15	15	26	26
Mandel Brothers	0	9	10	15	16	17	17	17	17	17	17	17
A. C. Marshall Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	15	15	18	14	14
Massachusetts Baking Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	7	12	41
State of Massachusetts	0	1	4	4	4	5	11	11	11	11	11	14
The May Co.	0	0	0	4	11	15	26	26	27	40	41	41
Mercantile Stores Co.	0	0	2	4	5	5	5	6	8	13	17	21
Merchants Lime-Cola Bottl. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	3	46	49	54
Merchants' Transfer Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	9	11
Mesaba Transportation Co.	0	0	0	0	0	2	15	18	20	23	22	30
Metropolitan Coal Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	15	16
Michelin Tire Co.	0	1	2	3	3	9	11	11	11	14	16	17
Mid Continent Gasoline Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	10	10
Mid-Kansas Oil & Gas Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	11	12
Midwest Refining Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	6	12	23	28
Miller Rubber Co.	0	0	1	2	2	2	5	5	5	11	11	11
Miner-Hillard Milling Co.	0	0	0	0	1	1	2	3	3	8	9	10
H. W. Mollenauer & Brother	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	8	10	10	10	10
State of Montana	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	4	16
Henry Morgan & Co., Ltd.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	4	6	10	11
K. E. & A. K. Morgan	0	0	0	0	1	1	6	7	8	13	25	32
John Morrell & Co.	0	0	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	4	9	13
Morris & Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	2	6	14	14
Motor Transit Co.	0	1	3	4	6	6	14	37	43	55	72	81

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Call
In Active Service

	1910	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915	1916	1917	1918	1919	1920	To-day
The Moxie Co.	0	2	4	5	5	5	5	5	7	9	11	11
A. I. Namm & Son	0	0	0	1	1	2	4	6	7	30	32	45
City of Nashville	1	2	2	4	4	4	4	6	8	9	14	16
National Casket Co.	0	0	2	10	14	15	19	21	24	26	26	28
National Ice & Cold Storage Co.	0	0	4	5	5	5	5	7	9	9	10	10
National Oil Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	8	19
National Refining Co.	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	2	25	66	68
City of Newark	1	2	2	3	3	3	3	4	7	11	11	13
City of New Orleans	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	7	28	51
New Orleans Gas Light Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	10	13
Province of New Brunswick	0	0	0	0	0	0	20	20	20	19	20	20
State of New Jersey	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	6	16	15	15	16
M. A. Newmark Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	8	8	10	11	12
City of New York	0	1	7	11	12	13	13	13	13	13	225	282
N. Y. Board of Fire Underwriters	0	0	2	6	8	16	20	20	20	20	21	21
New York State Railways	0	0	0	0	0	1	5	10	10	10	10	11
North Pole Ice Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	13
Northern Ohio Traction & Light Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	5	5	10	15	18
Northern Texas Traction Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	9	9	10	10	10
Province of Nova Scotia	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	11	26	26
Ohio Oil Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	16	22	23	23
Onondaga County, N. Y.	0	0	0	0	1	3	5	10	16	16	16	14
Oppenheim, Collins & Co.	0	0	0	0	20	21	27	27	30	38	38	40
State of Oregon	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	20
M. O'Neil Co.	0	0	0	0	1	1	3	3	3	14	14	14
Pacific Baking Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	5	5	15	15	20
Pacific Mills	0	0	3	4	4	7	12	14	17	19	21	22
Pacific Oil Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	8	14
Page & Shaw, Inc.	0	0	1	4	8	8	8	10	10	11	10	10
Palais Royal	0	0	0	1	3	3	3	3	3	3	13	13
Pan-American Petr. & Trans. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	9	11
Frank Parmelee Co.	0	0	0	9	9	18	28	28	28	28	18	18
Jim Peeler Transportation Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11
Peninsula Rapid Transit Co.	0	0	0	0	0	7	8	15	19	28	28	28
Penn Public Service Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	10
State of Pennsylvania	0	0	0	0	1	2	5	15	15	16	19	19
Perrett & Glenney	0	0	0	0	1	2	3	3	5	9	12	12
Petroleum Heat & Power Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11	11	11
Philadelphia Electric Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	13	15	18	20	22	22
City of Philadelphia	0	0	2	3	4	4	4	4	4	5	5	10
Philippine Government	0	0	7	13	13	23	29	35	35	44	48	53
Piedmont Chero-Cola Bottl. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	9	13	13
Pierce Oil Corp.	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	23	69	155	178
Pittsburgh Mercantile Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	2	9	10
Piggly Wiggly Stores	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	25	25
Pike's Peak Auto Highway Co.	0	0	0	0	0	12	14	14	14	14	14	14
Pilsener Brewing Co.	0	0	0	1	2	3	5	7	7	11	11	13
Pittsburgh Gage & Supply Co.	0	0	0	0	0	2	4	6	9	12	14	14
L. & S. Pogue Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	3	12	12	12	13
Portland Sebago Ice Co.	0	0	0	0	2	4	5	5	11	11	11	12
Powers Mercantile Co.	0	0	0	0	2	4	7	8	8	13	11	11
Prairie Oil & Gas Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	26	54	57	57
Prairie Pipe Line Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	44	68
City of Providence	0	0	0	0	0	1	6	6	6	6	10	10
Public Service Electric Co.	0	0	0	0	0	3	7	8	8	15	19	23
Puget Sound Power & Light Co.	0	1	1	1	2	2	4	5	9	9	13	13
Pure Oil Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	5	10	21	25
City of Quincy	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	3	3	6	11	11
Rainier National Park Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	13
Red Rock Co.	1	2	3	3	3	4	5	5	5	7	11	11
Remar Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11	13	13	14
Republic Structural Iron Wks. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	5	6	10	13
Rm. Richman	0	1	2	3	3	4	6	7	7	7	15	16
Rieck-McJunkin Dairy Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	16	23	24	36	53
Rochester Gas & Electric Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	12
Rochester Railway & Light Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	13	13	13
Rocky Mountain Parks Trans. Co.	0	0	2	2	3	3	21	23	33	56	63	95
W. Rogers Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	12	14	15
Rome Coca Cola Bottling Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	10	15	13
Rose Rosenbaum Co.	1	1	2	11	12	33	39	43	40	37	42	42
Rurry Rosenthal	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	3	4	10	10
Russana Petroleum Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	23	37
City of St. Louis	0	0	0	0	4	6	9	10	14	16	16	16
Sachs & Co.	0	0	0	0	10	10	10	10	10	10	16	18
Salt Lake Transportation Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	15	15	22	23
Samuels & Bro., Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	10	10
Sandersville Coca Cola Bottl. Co.	0	0	0	1	2	4	5	5	6	10	10	10
Sanger Brothers	0	4	6	7	7	7	7	8	8	13	13	13
City and County of San Francisco	0	0	1	1	3	3	3	4	4	4	14	25
San Francisco Municipal Railway	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	9	10	10
San Joaquin Light & Power Corp.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	14	18	18
San Joaquin Baking Co.	0	0	0	2	3	4	5	6	7	7	11	13
Savage-Schofield Co.	0	0	1	4	5	5	5	6	7	10	10	11
Schulze Baking Co.	1	1	9	15	17	22	23	26	31	35	55	61
City of Seattle	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	3	10
Seven Baker Brothers	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	17	26
Shaeffer-Black Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	4	11
Shaffer Oil & Refining Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	43	52	56
Shepard's Auto Bus Line	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	3	4	7	10
Shepard Stores	0	0	0	0	1	1	2	4	4	7	7	10
Shell Co. of California	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	10	19	47
The John Shillito Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	9	10
Franklin Simon & Co.	0	0	0	3	6	10	14	14	17	18	19	19
Skelley Oil Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	21	23
John A. Sloan	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
W. & J. Sloane	13	14	15	15	15	17	21	23	23	28	31	31
Sonoma County, Cal.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	10
Southeastern Express Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	109
Southern Oil Corp.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	15	16
Southern Pacific Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	7	10	10
Spear & Co.	0	0	1	9	13	14	15	22	23	27	22	34
J. H. & I.. Stadler Fertilizer Co.	0	0	1	1	3	3	4	4	4	11	13	13
Otto Stahl, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	13	16	17
Standard Brewing Co.	0	0	0	1	1	1	3	5	5	7	11	13
*Standard Gas & Electric Co.	0	1	2	2	2	3	5	11	17	14	21	30
Standard Oil Co. of California	1	3	4	6	7	26	67	97	111	188	214	243
Standard Oil Co. of Indiana	1	4	5	9	59	122	168	201	214	213	181	181
Standard Oil Co. of Kentucky	0	1	2	4	5	9	38	75	121	349	360	398
Standard Oil Co. of Louisiana	0	1	1	1	1	1	2	5	53	91	108	138
Standard Oil Co. of Nebraska	0	0	0	0	5	11	17	17	17	18	22	24
*Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey	0	0	1	1	1	1	3	30	65	65	57	68
Standard Oil Co. of New York	2	6	18	35	68	113	230	363	450	520	622	649
Standard Oil Co. of Ohio	0	1	1	1	10	17	28	36	42	78	139	147
Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.	0	0	2	3	3	4	4	6	10	15	23	29
Stark-Tuscarawas Brewing Co.	0	0	0	1	1	2	7	12	12	12	13	10
Sterling & Welch Co.	2	4	7	7	8	8	11	14	14	16	18	18
Sterling Products Co.	0	0	0	3	6	8	8	8	9	14	14	13
Stern Brothers	0	0	8	18	18	19	21	22	22	25	39	40
Stewart & Co.	1	1	2	4	6	7	8	8	8	12	12	13
Stewart Taxi Service Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	18	29	43	42	50	52
Stoll Oil Refining Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	9	10
*Stone & Webster Interests	0	1	1	1	2	2	8	15	22	31	29	33
Strawbridge & Clothier	0	0	0	2	4	4	9	15	15	15	20	23
Stroehmann's Vienna Bakery	0	0	0	2	2	2	10	10	11	14	27	25
Summerfield Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	5	5	5	5	10
Sun Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	10	15	29
*Swift & Co.	0	0	0	2	2	10	101	109	127	164	213	242
Swift Canadian Co.	0	0	0	1	2	2	2	6	7	11	17	17
Tacoma Bottling Works	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	10	15	17	17
Taft-Kern Co. Cal. School District	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	3	6	12
The Taxi Co.	0	0	0	0	2	4	13	13	14	14	14	14
Wm. Taylor Son & Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	4	4	24	34	35
Terre Haute Brewing Co.	0	0	0	0	2	5	6	6	6	7	9	10
Telling-Belle Vernon Co.	0	3	4	4	9	11	11	13	20	42	61	69
The Texas Co.	0	0	0	0	0	9	11	11	11	64	110	142
Texas Pacific Coal & Oil Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	25	26	26
Theurer Norton Provision Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	6	8	12	12
Tidal Oil Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11	12
Tide Water Oil Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	4	27	28	35
City of Tokyo, Japan	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	11
Transcontinental Oil Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11	25
Twin City Motor Bus Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	19	19	21	30
Union Electric Light & Power Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	8	8	8	12	16
Union Carbide & Carbon Co. Ints.	1	1	1	2	3	6	16	18	21	20	22	22
Union Oil Co. of California	0	0	0	1	10	22	43	156	216	251	389	534
Union Gas & Electric Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	19	21	27
Union Transfer Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	11	12	12	12	12
Union Wholesale Lumber Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	6	11	12	12
United Drug Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	20	20
*United Gas & Electric Corp.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	3	4	10
United Gas Improvement Co. Ints.	0	0	0	2	8	15	41	64	64	65	70	72
United Natural Gas Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	11
United Shoe Machinery Corp.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	10	10	10
United States Bakery	0	0	0	0	1	2	2	11	14	20	24	24
United States Rubber Co.	0	0	0	1	2	5	5	9	14	16	19	24
U. S. Post Office Department	0	0	0	21	28	104	132	298	445	463	485	665
U. S. Steel Corp. Interests	0	0	1	1	2	3	5	12	17	17	20	20
U. S. Trucking Corp.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	14	20	51	46	46
Updike Lumber & Coal Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	5	12	12	12
Van Dorn Iron Works Co.	0	0	1	1	2	2	2	5	6	7	13	13
F. G. Vogt & Sons, Inc.	0	0	0	1	2	3	5	12	14	14	14	15
John Wanamaker	0	0	0	0	0	6	27	37	37	63	84	89
Ward Baking Co.	0	0	0	0	0	12	53	76	76	78	84	86
State of Washington	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	16
Raphael Weill & Co.	0	0	0	0	0	10	10	12	12	20	20	20
Western Electric Co.	0	0	2	4	5	5	9	15	19	24	28	32
Western Meat Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	11	12	27	24	24
Western Motor Transfer Co.	0	0	0	0	1	1	3	6	6	8	10	15
West India Oil Co.	0	0	4	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	10
J. G. White & Co. Interests	0	1	1	1	2	4	6	7	7	7	8	10
White Bus Lines	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	8	8	8	13	15
White Transportation Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
Whitaker-Glessner Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	5	6	9	15	18
R. H. White Co.	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	13	13	13	11	11
White Taxi Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	24	24	25	43	37	37
White Transit Co., Inc.	0	1	1	2	6	9	19	29	31	36	44	49
E. H. Wiener & Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	10	11
Willard's Chocolates, Ltd.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	12	14
Wilson & Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	2	22	32	31
Winchester Laundry	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	4	10	12
Wm. Winkler (Steele-Wedeles)	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	12	13
State of Wisconsin	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	14	14	14	14
Wise Brothers	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	10
Wofford Oil Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	4	13	11
Woodward & Lothrop	0	1	1	3	3	4	7	13	14	13	15	17
Woolner Brewing Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11
Geo. Worthington Co.	0	0	1	2	2	2	4	8	10	15	15	16
Yellowstone Park Transp. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	106	112	112	135	158	161
Yosemite National Park Co.	0	0	0	1	7	7	25	27	24	25	27	32
Zettelmeyer Coal Co.	0	0	1	2	2	3	4	5	10	10	19	19
Zumstein Taxicab Co.	0	0	0	2	2	6	10	20	25	25	25	18
	60	208	526	1033	1734	2626	5074	7322	9097	12107	15767	18419

*Exclusive of subsidiary or affiliated companies individually listed.

THE WHITE COMPANY, *Cleveland*

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Lures they fight for!

ABOVE is pictured a tandem catch—the result of an eight and one-half and a three pound Bass frantically fighting over a *Bass-Oreno* bait.

With a three-pounder on, imagine the thrill of having a second furious, animated mass of bronze rush—yes, *smash*—three times at your bait. Three times he misses in an attempt to dispute the three-pounder's right to the *Bass-Oreno*. Then, with a fourth fighting grab, he tries again and is hooked. A few moments of lively play and you slip your net under two bronze beauties—eleven and a half pounds of obstinate bass.

That's the thrill of bait-casting for game-fish. Thousands and thousands of red-blooded men and women are experiencing like thrills, through the use of the *Bass-Oreno* and other famous *South Bend Oreno Baits*—all tried and proven fish-getters. Over 100,000 anglers are using *South Bend Reels* for perfect casting. Ask for them at any sporting goods dealer's.

Send for "*Fishing—What Baits and When*"—our new book.



Send for this Booklet

SOUTH BEND BAIT CO. *2512 High Street South Bend, Ind.*

SLOW—SOUND HORN

(Continued from Page 19)

Yet it all is easily avoided—second nature, in fact, to mountaineers. The man who drives mountain roads merely turns off the ignition, and allows his car to stop in gear, at the extreme edge of the road if he is alone, or at any place he cares to if he is accompanied. Then the first action upon leaving the car is to place a good-sized chuck rock under a hind wheel. After which he can even release the brakes if he cares to—the rock does the braking for him. When he starts, if alone, he has come from a far side of the road, where the chuck rock will not bother the next motorist, because it is out of the line of travel. If he is accompanied his companion stands at the rear of the car and throws the chuck from the highway, and then catches up with the slow-moving machine and hops in. Very simple to the mountain driver. A bit inconvenient, perhaps, to the man accustomed to the cities or to the smooth white roads of the East—but there's exactly the point: Mountain roads are neither boulevards nor pretty gleaming turnpikes. They're something to travel on to get somewhere, and the sooner the prospective driver realizes it, the better.

In fact, there's very little tourist propaganda in this article—none of the glint of dancing lights atop the pine trees, the sparkle of the brooks where lurk the aristocratic trout, or the log fire at evening. It's just a plain out-and-out collection of hard-headed facts, built to appeal to the common sense of persons who like to get to the place for which they start—and to come back. You can get all the scenery you want, all the descriptions possible, out of the railroad and tourist folders. But what is the use of it all if you are not going to be able to enjoy it simply because you haven't the necessary education which can take you there? Mountain driving is as different from city or turnpike driving as automobile driving is different from the progress of Old Dobbin and the one-hoss shay.

There are certain things to know—which must be known—just as you must know how to throw in the clutch and put your foot on the gas before you can expect a machine to move. Yet the strange part of it all is—once the few necessary things are learned about mountain driving—it's the easiest driving of all!

Keep Your Eyes on the Road

In the city you look for the signal of the traffic patrolman, watch the man ahead of you, and keep an eye open for what may come upon you from the intersecting streets. That makes three things for the eye to watch. In the mountains there is only one—and that's the road. But, it must be stated, that road is a jealous thing, and one which requires constant attention. You don't just give it a glance now and then; you watch it! It is a proposition where you are using both eyes all the time, and with both those eyes fastened upon the brown twisting ribbon before you. For a time it seems difficult. Also, for a time, it appears that you are doomed to miss the very scenery you have come to see. But as the miles go on, you find that in some instinctive way your vision has broadened; it becomes second nature to watch every foot of that road, yet see everything about you at the same time. In fact, the usual procedure of country driving is merely reversed. You see the scenery in swifter glances, and the road in longer stretches of watching. And, you know, there is no law against your stopping every now and then, getting out of the car, and really seeing what you've come to look at, instead of watching it as through a railroad-car window.

But to the rest of the directions.

In the city one travels at a certain rate of speed because of the laws which govern that speed, and because of the motorcycle cop who is ever ready to signal you down and give you a red or blue admission ticket to the speeder's court. In the mountains is a speed cop who travels unseen, but who is at your elbow, nevertheless, whenever the desire seizes you to forget caution or to step on 'er. He's very influential. His name is Death.

Again let it be explained that mountain roads are not boulevards. Of course it is perfectly true that there are certain stretches of road that deserve this name, such as that masterpiece of mountain-highway engineering which runs from Golden, Colorado, up the six-mile stretch of Lookout Mountain to Buffalo Bill's grave, thence on to Bergen Park, to Morrison and back to Denver, a park road under the management of the city of Denver, perfectly aligned, with every curve marked, every grade broadened, every drain in place, and every possible thing done to make it a highway fully deserving of the name. Likewise is the Big Thompson Cañon road leading into Estes Park, the road connecting Trinidad, Colorado, and Raton, New Mexico, the high-line drive to Cañon City, the new government project to Mount Evans, and several others. But after all, though these roads run through mountains, they are not, in the strict acceptance of the term, mountain roads.

The real mountain highway is a graduation from the wagon and stage road of a day that is gone into the automobile road of to-day. The big stones have been removed, that crank cases may not be broken by contact with them; the roadbed made a bit smoother, and the turns widened slightly. That is about all. In some places the grades have been lessened slightly—but it is not unusual to strike one 10 or 12 per cent hill after another. The curves, in spite of their widening, are sharp and frequent—often as many as a hundred to the mile. The man who attempts speed on this sort of road deserves to have Death at his elbow.

To Go Downhill Safely

So, the first two things to remember in the mountains are caution and slowness. Caution for the turns of the road, and a good push on the horn to warn the other fellow coming down or up hill; for the stops; and for a constant certainty that if your machine is to run off the road at all it is to scrape a fender on the rock side of the mountain, and not go careening over the other side, where the drop is sometimes two or three hundred feet. The man who drives the inside track, with his wheels well in close to the wall of the mountain, may scrape a fender slightly now and then, but he won't be picked up from somewhere down in the cañon.

As to the slowness of progress, a person rarely drives the mountains in a wild desire to get somewhere at a certain moment—except, of course, the case-hardened natives who really live in the hills and who know each crook and turn backwards. Therefore, a speed of fifteen miles an hour on the actual mountain roads is all you'll need. More, once you're traveling at that speed on the down grade of, say, an 18 per cent declivity, something will begin to tingle up and down your spine, the pine trees will seem to whiz by, and you'll find yourself wondering if the speedometer isn't a bit off.

For, as has been mentioned before, the majority of mountain accidents come with the machine traveling downhill—due entirely to the fact that the driver hasn't the slightest knowledge of how to descend a grade. For which I shall be censured, and to which I repeat that not one out of ten drivers whose habitat is the flat country or the city knows how to go down a grade! Yet it is the simplest rule in the world:

Go down the same way you came up!

In other words, in the hills if it is necessary to make a grade on low gear, that grade should be descended in the same manner and at the same speed, with the engine running. It isn't wise to save gas in the mountains by turning off the ignition. The constant revolutions of the engine cause unexploded gas to back up, with backfiring and a spurt which may come at the wrong time. So the wise mountaineer keeps his engine running—and takes his time.

It may consume three times as many minutes to go down a hill in low gear as it might to attempt it on high and trust to the brakes. But one's sure—and the other isn't. The pressure of brake bands sufficient to hold a car to a safe pace on mountain grades is so intense that the friction often causes the brake bands to start burning within the first half mile—and remember, you're dealing with professional hills, not the kind where a quarter of a mile raise is a long jog. Between Empire, Colorado, and the top of the Berthoud Pass road, the crossover to Salt Lake and San Francisco, is a distance of nine miles. The Government now is building a road to this Continental Divide Pass which will not have more than a 6 per cent grade, but until that road is finished the 10 and 12 and 18 per cent grades still stand. In those nine miles, the altitude changes from approximately eight thousand feet to one of eleven thousand three hundred feet, with the main climb in the last six miles. In other words, in six miles your car must climb a half mile, straight up. More, when it reaches the summit it must drop down a half mile on the other side! Brake bands, not reënforced by the compression of an engine, cannot stand the strain. The result is that they catch fire, become glazed, and then—all in an instant—give way! Once that break comes, it is too late to shift gears. The machine shoots forward with suddenly doubled speed. A push at the gear lever only brings a horrible burring and a snapping of teeth, nothing more. So you do one of two things—go into the bank and smash the front end of your machine, or waltz gayly over the edge of the road to another Great Divide, from which no one ever has been able to send back a report on the scenery. Therefore the wise driver doesn't shift when he reaches the top—he merely goes on over the hump in low, and keeps in low until he is sure he has reached grades that permit him to shift to a higher gear.

As for going up the hill—even here are certain little rules that are necessary. In the first place, the man who goes into the mountains must either know his car or have someone along who does. And the sensible person will stop at the beginning of a stiff climb, down his pride and open up his hood. He will test the oil system, to be sure first of all that the crank case is full of the fluid, and secondly that the oil system is working and distributing properly. He will stand a moment and watch the fan belt, to be sure that it is not slipping. He will test his spark plugs for sure ignition, and then, as a last precaution, stop his engine, let out part of the radiator contents and refill with cool water. Then, his tests made, he will begin to ease his machine up the grade.

"Ease" is the exact word. The man accustomed to driving the mountain road will tell you some paradoxical things—among which is the fact that it is far easier on a machine, and especially on the cooling system, to send the old bus along easily and without a strain on second than it is to force that engine up a hill on high. Second gear is supposed to heat an engine. So it does under certain circumstances. But it also keeps an engine cooler under other circumstances than forced work in high! The same also pertains to low. When that engine must cough out each explosion the heat is lingering—no longer is it a quick, snappy combustion which departs almost the moment it occurs. It stays—and it heats. That's why the mountaineer grins and shifts into second, while the plainsman swears and tries to force his machine onward in high. The machine that is traveling at the lower speed stands the chance of not boiling until far after the other one.

For Mountain Work

Again, when you meet the man who tells you that the cheap small car is the one for the mountains on account of its lightness, listen to him if you want to, agree with him if you care to preserve his friendship—but take it all with a grain of salt. Small, light, dinky-engined cars were made for light work, not for the sort of thing that one encounters in the Rockies. Why, I don't know, but there seems to be some sort of God-given faith in one or two makes of small car which gives their owners the belief that they can go up a brick wall. Of course, if you want to walk from five to ten miles, straight up, carrying half the luggage and provisions of a camping trip on one shoulder, and helping to drag a machine uphill with your free arm—go ahead. There's no one to stop you. But that isn't my idea of a vacation.

However, it appears to be popular. I have seen these small machines by the dozen, stuck on any one of the half dozen passes in Colorado, so loaded down with camping paraphernalia, bedding, food, wood, mementos of the trip and what not, that the springs were nearly flat. In addition to

(Continued on Page 106)

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How can one small dealer sell a carload of Sunbeams?



WHEN you see some hamlet of a few homes and you hear that the Sunbeam dealer there sells a complete carload every season, you wonder how he can do it.

Yet there are hundreds of such instances, for the Sunbeam is made by one of the largest furnace manufacturers in the United States and, therefore, *can be sold at a quantity-production price.* Thousands of home-owners have learned that a Sunbeam Pipeless Furnace will heat a given number of rooms more evenly, more healthfully and with one-third less fuel than stoves or fireplaces. Other thousands are learning every year.

During a bitter, cold winter the Sunbeam will maintain an even, comfortable temperature throughout the whole house, or in mild weather it will give just enough heat to remove the chill without waste of fuel.

With a Sunbeam in your home you will not have to carry fuel for several stoves. Just fill it morning and evening—the rest of the day control it from upstairs.

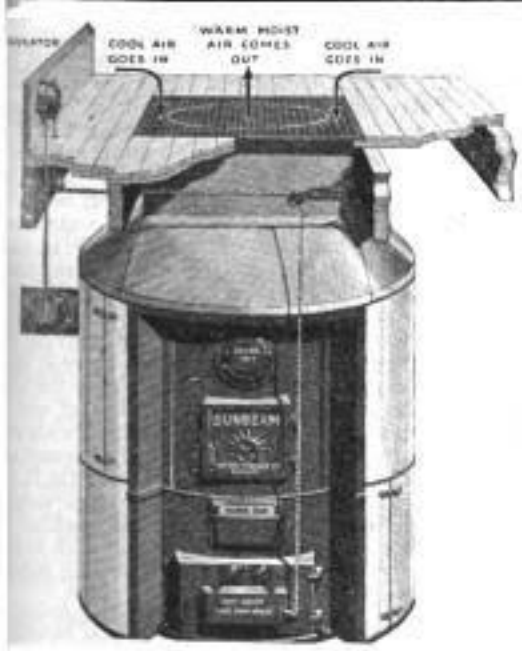
There is no dust from a Sunbeam, no ashes in the house, no smoke. It is just the kind of heater for a home where there are children.

Sunbeam Pipeless Furnaces last a lifetime. All parts are over-size and are so accurately fitted that leakage is impossible. All that we have learned in thirty years of manufacturing has been put into the Sunbeam to make it a QUALITY furnace.

Don't wait until fall to get your Sunbeam. There are lots of dismal, wet days when you need a small fire, long before cold weather comes. It takes only one day to install a Sunbeam, so why not start saving one-third of your fuel right away?

SUNBEAM

PIPE *and* PIPELESS FURNACES



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AS everyone knows, warm air rises and cold air falls; that is the simple principle upon which Sunbeam Pipeless Furnaces work. Heated air, mixed with vapor, rises through the central compartment of the large register placed in your hall or living room. A constant, gentle circulation of warm, moist air at an even temperature is maintained in every room, the cool air of the house being drawn down through the outer compartment of your register into the furnace, where it is heated and sent upward again.

The Sunbeam gives healthful heat; it requires little attention, as the draft is regulated from upstairs; owners all over the country tell us that their Sunbeams have paid for themselves the first year by saving one-third on the cost of fuel.

See your local Sunbeam dealer.



Just send for the "Sunbeam Book"

Fill out the coupon and mail it to us. There's not the slightest obligation involved. It may be the means of saving you a great deal of money.

Dealers can profitably write for details concerning these lowest priced furnaces

The FOX FURNACE CO.
Elyria, Ohio

P-4

THE FOX FURNACE CO., Elyria, Ohio

Gentlemen:

Without obligating me in any way, I would like to learn more about heating my home, and the Sunbeam Furnace. Also, please mail me a copy of your "SUNBEAM BOOK."

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Murphy Varnish—for over fifty years an invisible preserver of beautiful surfaces



Magic Newness for Home and Car

On your car or in your home—wherever the sheen of newness has faded and left a surface dull and drab from wear—Murphy Da-cote or Murphy Univernish will work a miracle in rejuvenation!

These popular products are the embodiment of the same high standards which have made three generations of master painters prefer Murphy Varnishes for their finest surfaces. They are Murphy professional quality in small cans for home use.

Da-cote is the Motor Car Enamel with a Pedigree—Murphy Varnish ground with finest pigments. Two million motorists say anyone can use it and do a good job at home. Da-cote flows on like cream and brush marks quickly disappear. It dries overnight and leaves a surface hard and brilliant as glass. Costs about two dollars. Also fine for baby carriages, porch furniture and wherever an opaque and lustrous enamel is required. It comes in black and white and ten popular colors.

Murphy Univernish

Clear and in Six wood Colors

Around the house, use Murphy Univernish. One coat brightens up floors and trim, snaps out color in linoleum and makes old furniture live again. Of course it won't turn white. Not affected by soap, boiling water, alkali or even ammonia. Wonderfully durable! Ask your dealer.

Murphy Varnish Company

NEWARK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.

The Dougall Varnish Company, Limited, Montreal, Canadian Associate

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this were from three to six persons who also had to be taken over the road. I also have seen the engines of these cars white-hot from the heat inflicted upon them by drivers who did not know enough to allow an engine to cool; and then every cylinder cracked wide open by those same drivers, who, realizing that the machine was about to catch fire, suddenly made a run for the nearest stream and literally soused the engine with ice-cold snow water! After having helped to tow, push, pull, crowbar and almost carry some hundred or so of these machines over the Continental Divide, owing to the fact that the road was either too narrow or too dangerous to effect a passage or because night was coming, and the poor, bewildered occupants were virtually lost in a strange land, I've come pretty well to the conclusion that I'll stay by the big or at least the middle-priced car.

Of course there is this advantage in the small car—the comparative ease with which parts can be obtained at the small-town garages and blacksmith shops. Parts for big cars in the mountains are few and far between. A breakage invariably means a wait of two to three days until a replacement can be received over uncertain railroads from the cities. Once upon a time, when I was new to the hills and didn't know enough to test my oil pressure and system before trying foolish things, I attempted a mountain pass. Halfway up I burned out a bearing. But there was nothing to do but to keep on going. I burned out another—and then a third. Finally I reached the top and clanked down the other side. There I met a man with a truck.

"Can you tow me to a garage, old man?" I asked.

"Sure. Regular price, though. Dollar a mile."

I agreed. Late that afternoon I paid my savior a bill of eighty-three dollars! It was that distance to the nearest garage!

Which brings another thing to mind—don't put your faith in garages. Put it in yourself. The closest garages in the mountains are ten to fifteen miles apart. The farthest distance I know is something like one hundred and twenty-eight miles! Which is a long distance to walk if you're out of gasoline, low on oil, your fan belt isn't working or there's a knock in the engine! However, if the proper conditions are observed the danger of parts' breaking on a large car as against that of a small car, where the strain is many times greater, is less than a ratio of one to a hundred. The efficacy of a small car in the mountains, especially if it is overloaded, as it must be to carry the equipment of a touring party, is largely a fable.

Mountain Peculiarities

For that matter, several things are fables when the mountains are concerned. One of them includes the supposition that all mountain roads are dry, sandy, gravelly affairs, that can stand any sort of deluge and five minutes later be their old, cheery, smiling selves again. It isn't true. Of course there are sections of the mountains where there is that sand and gravel and permanency to the roads. Then again there are sections where it is necessary to wallow through the blackest gumbo that ever stuck to an automobile wheel, while in still others there are grease clays and 'dobe muds which, once they become properly slicked up, can defy the efforts of almost any car that does not possess in its outfit a set of mud hooks. More, these sections are situated in cloudburst areas, where it seems a part of the climate for clouds to gather suddenly and to turn loose everything they have been picking up for the last six months. It happened that one day last summer I was driving in a section of mountain country where the roads for fifty miles were 'dobe. The weather was fine, the road as hard as flint and as smooth as polished steel. Then something began coming up out of the west. A half hour later my companions and I stood beside the machine and watched a wall of water, a hundred feet wide and fully four feet deep, rush down an arroyo and take the road with it. After the cloudburst was gone and the torrent had departed, we managed to cross; then, with chains attached to every tire, we managed to finish the rest of that fifty miles in an additional eight hours, an average of six miles an hour! Which should sew up the shroud of another fable.

Then, too, there is still something more to remember—winter doesn't finish its work in the mountains until months after it has removed itself from the lower countries. There is ice on nearly every high lake in early June, and snowdrifts that range from ten to fifty feet in depth.

Last summer, coming over a mountain pass, I saw a wabbling machine in front of me, which veered dangerously toward the edge of a cliff, shied off, spurted forward, slowed just in time to miss another machine moving upgrade around a curve, and finally came to a stop in a clearing on the mountain side where a sawmill had established a small sawdust pile. Into this sawdust the machine ran its nose, plowed there a moment and came to a coughing stop. I halted my car behind it.

"Better let one of us fellows take that machine down this hill for you," I urged. The man, his eyes staring, his lips moving nervously, attempted a laugh.

"I guess I can make it all right."

"Maybe you can—don't doubt it at all. But—how're your brakes working?"

"Fine."

"Been using compression any?"

"Huh?"

Whereupon I explained thoroughly the use of compression and felt the brake drums. They were almost red-hot. Again I explained the use of his gears, and he nodded in vague fashion. At last: "Are you absolutely sure you understand?"

"Oh, yes—I understand."

Mountain Fever

But there was something in the man's eyes that didn't look natural or sane. I begged him to let me take his family of a wife and several children in my car. No, he guessed he could get down all right. I offered to drive his car down for him, and let one of the other occupants of my machine handle the extra automobile. He didn't seem to understand me. At last I was forced to go on. Ten minutes later we heard a crash. The man's car had gone over the edge, somersaulted four times and crushed the whole family!

Perhaps in ordinary circumstances he was a sane, level-headed man. When I saw him he was suffering from mountain fever and as mentally irresponsible as it was possible for a man to be! The mountains, with their sheer ascents, their lowering cliffs, their steep grades and constant turns, had got him. He was a living exemplification of a combination of fear and desperation—so frightened that he hardly knew what to do, so desperate in his nonunderstanding condition that he would accept no aid! It is a condition that is rare, of course, but one that is plausible. The driver is in a strange country where nothing seems to go right. The slightest appearance of a hill causes his machine to cough and miss and heat. The grades are deceptive—10 per cent looks almost like a level stretch. On one side is the constant danger of a sheer drop of hundreds of feet and the mind is naturally attracted to it. There are curves, curves, curves, and constant meetings with machines that slink around them as though they had been lying in wait to force a victim off the road. There are meetings in which cars are forced to back, sometimes as much as a hundred feet or so, to a turnout, and backing on a grade is not an easy task. So withal it begins to eat in, deeper, deeper—until at last the driver loses his control and becomes panicky. The machine is constantly all but getting away from him, even if he runs on compression; in his nervousness he forgets that he is putting his foot on the gas lever and shoving up the speed. In a case like this there is only one remedy, but a sure one—stop the machine, get out, find the sturdiest of one of the innumerable dead trees that are always a part of the surroundings of a mountain pass. Drag it to the road and tie it on behind your machine. The extra weight of that drag will slow up the machine to such an extent that you move with snail-like progress and, during that lull, regain your composure.

But suppose you haven't a stout rope? Well—if you haven't, or if you don't know how to examine your engine, your brakes, your oil and cooling system; if you don't carry a container of oil and gas, a collapsible bucket for obtaining water from near-by brooks, a good set of tools, a few parts that may be substituted for those in most danger of breaking, a spade, a good extra tire, and a head that can assimilate simple rules and follow them——

Don't drive in the mountains!

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THE PRINT OF MY REMEMBRANCE

(Continued from Page 34)

Myer called back, "Look out for your hat! Can't go down there for a hat!"

I said, "I wouldn't go down there for a suit of clothes!"

If I had to write of a man under sentence of death I believe I could do it with something resembling insight. Dickens had Fagin, the night before his execution, counting the nail heads on his cell door. As our horses gingerly crept over that trail I dramatized the roll or two down the sidehill before a fellow's breath would be out of him, and found myself computing the protective value of a ten-thousand-dollar insurance policy in a Massachusetts company and another accident policy somewhere else, and just what provision a widow could make of that money and of a fairly new house after the mortgage was deducted.

There were long stretches through the little brooks between these mountains where the chaparral dragged at your bootlegs and the higher switches slapped you on the head so that you kept it tucked into the shoulders, with the campaign hat pulled down to fend them from drawing blood. From the perspiration gathered in one of these levels we went again to other heights so cold that last week in March that we turned up the collars of our leather jackets lined with sheepskin; yet we rode through bright air so clear that the sun burned our cheeks more swiftly than August in the Mississippi Valley.

At noon we stopped a half hour for dinner and to rest the horses. It was astonishing to see an Indian put a coffeepot on two or three little stones the size of a hen's egg, slip under it a bunch of burning grass not larger than a shaving brush, feed it with a few splinters and boil two quarts of coffee quicker than I have ever seen it heated upon a stove.

The Gila River is filled with quicksand. Here and there is a ford. As we approached the river a trooper rode from the fort a mile away, took his station on the opposite bank to guide our string, which made the ford in Indian fashion.

Captain Myer called back, "Lift your feet out of the water! Hold up your horse's head or he'll lie down and roll! Follow your leader closely!"

At that hour of sundown, after a day in the saddle, I could do everything commanded except hold up my feet; they dragged inertly alongside the stallion and the river flowed into them over the bootops. When we pulled up at the little bungalows which were our destination two troopers helped me get my right leg over the back of the saddle and kept me from falling when it reached the ground.

A kindly fat old doctor who was there looked me over and without the formality of an introduction said, "Put this man in a hot bath." As he did so I put him into my play.

While in the tub a striker brought me a telegram from Colonel Sumner:

"How's the patient?"

I dictated the answer, "Not so beautiful as he was, but knows more."

Couldn't Fool the Yankee

When I came down the four steps of the little shack to go to the mess room the next morning I took each degree slowly and hung onto the banisters like a man half paralyzed. There is nothing like a good case of horse rheumatism to put a tenderfoot out of commission.

A week at San Carlos was interesting. One had the Apache at first hand; but as all that color was revised from the play before production, space for it here would only emphasize the fact that there are a good many chips and much rejected material in every workshop. But such discarded stuff is still valuable to have in the lumber room. I shan't talk of deceptive distances or tell any stories of men starting to walk a seeming three miles and learning that their visible objective is fifteen miles away.

Besides, one isn't always credited. On the trip home, an hour or two out of El Paso, is the station Alamogordo.

A shrewd New Englander asked, "What are those mount'ins to the northeast there?"

"Those are the Sierra Blanca—White Mountains."

A real Pinkerton, penetrating, unwavering look; a self-possessed stroke of the chin whiskers and then cold rebuke:

"Young man, the White Mount'ins air in New Hampshire."

In the territories on the way back and at home I was busy on the play, with an Indian uprising as my principal machinery. And in its first draft the play was so finished.

Early in the morning of February 16, 1898, James Waterbury, the agent of the Western Union Company at New Rochelle, telephoned me that the Maine had been blown up and sunk in the harbor of Havana. Knowing the interest the report would have for my neighbor, Frederic Remington, I immediately called him on the telephone and repeated the information. His only thanks or comment was to shout "Ring off!" In the process of doing so I could hear him calling the private telephone number of his publishers in New York. In his mind, his own campaign was already actively under way.

Authors and Artists First

One incident of that campaign illustrates the primitive man in Remington. He and Richard Harding Davis were engaged to go into Cuba by the back way and send material to an evening newspaper. The two men were to cross in the night from Key West to Cuba on a mackerel-shaped speed boat of sheet iron and shallow draft. Three times the boat put out from Key West and three times turned back, unable to stand the weather. The last time even the crew lost hope of regaining port. Davis and Remington were lying in the scuppers and clinging to the shallow rail to keep from being washed overboard. The Chinaman cook, between lurches, was lashing together a door and some boxes to serve as a raft. Davis suggested to Remington the advisability of trying something of the kind for themselves.

"Lie still!" Remington commanded. "You and I don't know how to do that. Let him make his raft. If we capsize I'll throttle him and take it from him."

Some months later, on learning of the incident, I tried to discuss the moral phase of it with him.

But he brushed my hypocrisy aside with the remark, "Why, Davis alone was worth a dozen sea cooks! I don't have to talk of myself."

It wasn't a difficult task to take out all the Indian stuff in my manuscript and to make the motive the getting together of a troop of cowboys. My impulse was prophetic of the Rough Riders. I wrote Denton's cowboy troop and the khaki jacket into the play at once, and changed such few speeches of the script as this introduction made necessary. On July eighth President McKinley nominated Col. Leonard Wood to be brigadier general, and Lieutenant Col. Theodore Roosevelt to be colonel of the First Volunteer Cavalry.

A few years ago I wrote some prefaces to precede certain printed plays of mine. If it wasn't for fear that watchful editors would strike out the statement I would quote the Boston Transcript to the effect that when Thomas is dead these prefaces will be put together in limp leather and printed as little classics. Perhaps if I don't tell the names of the plays or their publisher this statement will get by. In one of them I said:

"This play was salvage; that is to say, it was a marketing of odds and ends and remnants utterly useless for any other purpose." And elsewhere in these remembrances I've said that all is fish that comes to a playwright's pond.

Late in the winter of 1896, when the other guests had gone home after dinner, Mr. Joseph D. Redding, of the Bohemian Club, San Francisco, was at the piano in our living room at New Rochelle; listening to him were Mr. Will Gillette, my wife and I. Redding was running over the keys and talking through the music in that entertaining way which as musician and talker he has in such eminent degree.

Over one haunting melody he said, "Here's something I heard a little girl singing alone, hidden from the rain in a doby doorway in Santa Barbara."

(Continued on Page 110)



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TRADE FARBERWARE MARK

(Continued from Page 107)

There was a moment's silence when he finished the melody, and my wife said, "A little girl that could sing like that wouldn't be alone."

Gillette in his metallic tenor added, "Besides, it never rains in Santa Barbara."

Each of these lines was worth a smile to our firelight party; and just as I am telling the story to you I told it at a banquet table at the Santa Barbara Club in 1901. I hoped only for good-natured reception and was at utter loss to understand why men slapped each other on the back and roared with glee and rocked on their unsteady chairs. The toastmaster felt I was entitled to an explanation. A real-estate man present explained the laugh by telling that Gillette some years before had bought a considerable country estate at Montecito, a suburb of Santa Barbara. He had bought it on blue prints and photographs shown by the agent. One of these photographs showed a bounding, purling brook, snapped immediately after one of the infrequent rainstorms of that section. On the other three hundred and sixty-four days in the year this water course was dry.

That kind of thing amuses real-estate men.

On that winter evening, however, Gillette told us nothing of this dusty brook, but asked Redding to repeat his rainy music.

Those were the firelight times before the introduction of auction bridge and when people of sensibility sometimes sat about and played or listened to little interpretations of that Redding kind. I have more than once solved some knotty problem in play building by a mood invited by such musical half hours. That night as Redding repeated his melody I slowly hammered out these verses:

Her smile is of pearl and of coral,
Her eyes hold the dusk and the dew,
Her sigh has the breath of the laurel,
Her heart but the poisonous rue.

The heavenly star far above her,
The breeze of the infinite sea,
Who know all her perfidy, love her,
Then why call it madness in me?

And so on.

As much as the character of the music, the fact that Redding's romantic waif was or was not standing in an adobe doorway made the subject doby to me. So that when Colonel Sumner's daughter, Nan, told me that Tony, the *vaquero*, who brought the letters from her friends and who had such white teeth, played the mandolin and sang, and I saw him, I began weaving him into my story, and I gave him that song of Redding's. Later Vincent Serrano's mother put the words into Spanish. I never thought of Tony without humming its melody, and when the play was done, it being a melodrama and having the powerful old-fashioned advantage of the right to use identifying musical themes, Adios Amor, as the song was called when published, accompanied Tony through the play. By having it accompany also Lena, the unhappy German girl with whom he was in love, it knitted these two together more firmly in the minds of the audience than any dialogue could do. Nan Sumner called my attention also to Tony's naïve indifference to English profanity. He had learned good-bad all together, and was unable to make and untroubled by any distinction, so that when I got him into the play I was able to have him finish his lover's declaration after the song with "and damn to hell my soul, I love you!"

The Lambs' First Gambol

In its revised shape I submitted my completed manuscript to Charles Frohman. Although his influence had procured the railroad transportation that I had used in getting to Arizona, and he had been looking forward to the completion of the play, something in the script or in my reading of it, because he listened to the four acts as I read them, decided him against this production. With the war on, managers were timid and my melodrama seemed unlikely of early production. I amused myself with the conduct of The Lambs' first all-star gambol.

There are few social clubs to whose functions one can with propriety ask attention. But The Lambs, because of its theatrical membership and prominence, is among that few. For many years an occasional night had been taken in the club when members free from professional calls got together in an entertainment the backbone of which was some burlesque by some skilled man upon some current success. Programs from several of these intimate performances had occasionally been given to the public of New York. In 1898 it was decided to make a much more pretentious appeal by players, all of whom should be stars. Contracts for the exclusive services at one dollar per week for the last week in May were drawn between the club on one side, and on the other Nat Goodwin, Will Hopper, Stuart Robson, William Crane, Willie Collier, Jefferson D'Angelis, Chauncey Olcott, Digby Bell, Francis Carlyle, Wilton Lackaye, Harry Woodruff, Charles Klein, Eugene Coles, Joseph Holland, Harry Connors, Fritz Williams, Burr McIntosh, Joseph Grismer, Jesse Williams, Victor Herbert, Ignatio Martinetti, Victor Harris and some forty other men of almost equal prominence; a half dozen playwrights and as many musicians; also Victor Herbert's band and orchestra of fifty pieces.

Playing on Shipboard

The company, all told, included over one hundred men. It was computed that their joint salaries, according to what they were then getting upon the road, would for that week have amounted to one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. Theaters were leased for one night only in New York, Brooklyn, Washington, Philadelphia, Boston, Springfield, Pittsburgh and Chicago. Advance work for publicity was done in all these cities. Contracts existed for a special train of four sleepers, three dining cars and two baggage cars. Rehearsals were well under way when war was declared. Matters of equal importance from the amusement point of view were crowded from the papers by the war news. It would have been possible to cancel the tour and contracts and pay all claims incurred for some fifteen thousand dollars, and such a course was advised by Joseph Brooks, the manager at the head of the business group. As general amusement director of this gambol, which was to lift the debt from a new clubhouse recently built, the necessity of additional indebtedness if we gave up the trip decided me to go on with it. When Brooks quit I put the business management up to Kirke La Shelle, then handling the Bostonians. The club gave the week of gambols in the cities named and took in sixty-two thousand dollars.

This businesslike résumé of that venture is impressive, but the sentimental side of it will appeal to those acquainted with the players. I shall tell only of the first feature of the program: an old-style-minstrel first part, pyramided on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, and in which, with Herbert's band, there were one hundred men. The interlocutor, end men and vocalists, all in the regulation evening dress, at the end of the opening chorus were on their feet. The great auditorium of the Metropolitan Opera House was crowded from parquet to dome with one of the most select audiences ever assembled within its walls. When we remember that we were only in the first month of our war with Spain we can form some conception of the enthusiasm as this audience rose when the medley finished with the Star-Spangled Banner, and then the burst as every nigger singer at cue drew from the inside of his white vest, instead of a pocket handkerchief, an American flag of silk.

We had been under pressure to start promptly in order to make train connections for the next town, and I am not sure that anybody has ever explained just why the curtain was held. The facts are, however, that it was difficult for my wife to get to the Metropolitan at 8:15 owing to certain attention that our baby had to have at that time before it got to bed. She had promised to make haste, and I had promised to stand in the prompt entrance and if possible to hold the curtain until I saw her take her seat in the front row of the dress circle. Men on the stage were fretting, and the audience—there was twenty-seven thousand dollars in the house—was getting impatient, but the baby delayed them only four minutes.

In June of that year, 1898, I made my first crossing of the Atlantic Ocean. With us on that boat were seven members of The Lambs Club—Chauncey Olcott, Walter Hale, Vincent Serrano, Rowland Buckstone, Joe Wheelock, Jr., Ruckstull and one other. First-class fare was fifty dollars; the lowest quotation now is two hundred and fifty. The old Victoria was a cattle boat with bilge keels—that is, an additional keel on each side, somewhat below the water line, to prevent her rolling. The cattle were where the steerage ordinarily is, and we never knew of them. The usual organizing person was among the passengers, bent upon getting up a concert for the benefit of disabled seamen. And the captain thought it would take the passengers' minds from the constant fear of Spanish gunboats—submarines were not yet in use. Our American actors couldn't recite, but they could play if they had a manuscript; so with their urging and advice and occasional assistance I wrote a comedy about twenty-five minutes long dealing entirely with the ship's company, which we called Three Days Out. In it Chauncey Olcott played an old Irish woman, Hale a romantic tenor, Buckstone an English financier, and young Wheelock, who looked like the bathroom steward, impersonated that official, borrowing and wearing his clothes for the performance; Serrano played a Spanish cattle raiser, Ruckstull was a walking gentleman, I was an American business man. We went aft near the steering gear to rehearse it in the open sunshine. Three days before we got into port we gave a performance which netted a handsome purse for the beneficiaries.

Charles Frohman was in London at that time laying his first plans for his extensive theatrical control that developed later. We had our card filled with all kinds of agreeable appointments, and I met then for the first time J. M. Barrie, Bernard Shaw, Alfred Sutro, Beerbohm Tree, George Alexander, Arthur Bourchier and Max Beerbohm.

Our first night in Paris was the evening of July fourteenth, the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille. Instead of the firecrackers and pin wheels of America, Paris expressed itself in street festivals and dances. In every *arrondissement*, or ward, there was a central gathering where music was furnished by a municipal band and where the neighborhood people danced on the clean asphalt of the street. It was into one of these circles only a few years before that Willie Collier and Bill (Old Hoss) Hoey walked, and catching the time of the music began an impromptu dance of the American model. To visualize this fully one must remember Hoey, with his full black beard and eccentric manner; and remember the natty, smooth-shaven Willie Collier of those days in his flat-brimmed straw hat; and then the pair of them surrounded by the gradually widening circle of astonished Paris tradesmen as those two American boys competed with each other in remembered and invented steps of vaudeville assortment. That would be a rare treat to-day for an American audience familiar with that character of dancing and gathered at Longacre Square. But at that time, for those simple pirouetting *bourgeoisie*, it was electrically eccentric.

Jean Jaurès' Theory

I shall offer no tourist's impression of Paris, but there is a notable remembrance of Jean Jaurès, the great socialist, pleading for evolution, not revolution. He was assassinated a few years later, but Ruck and I went to hear him then. He talked upon the theme I have furtively referred to in earlier chapters, and which in the past hard winter of unemployment more than one publicist advanced. Jaurès was sure that the trouble with capital and labor was not one of class warfare, but that both classes in some fashion were troubled by the machine in industry; by competition between owners of competing machinery, but principally by competition of the human creature against the insensate Frankenstein creation. His remedy was an ownership by the state of all the mechanical facilities of production.

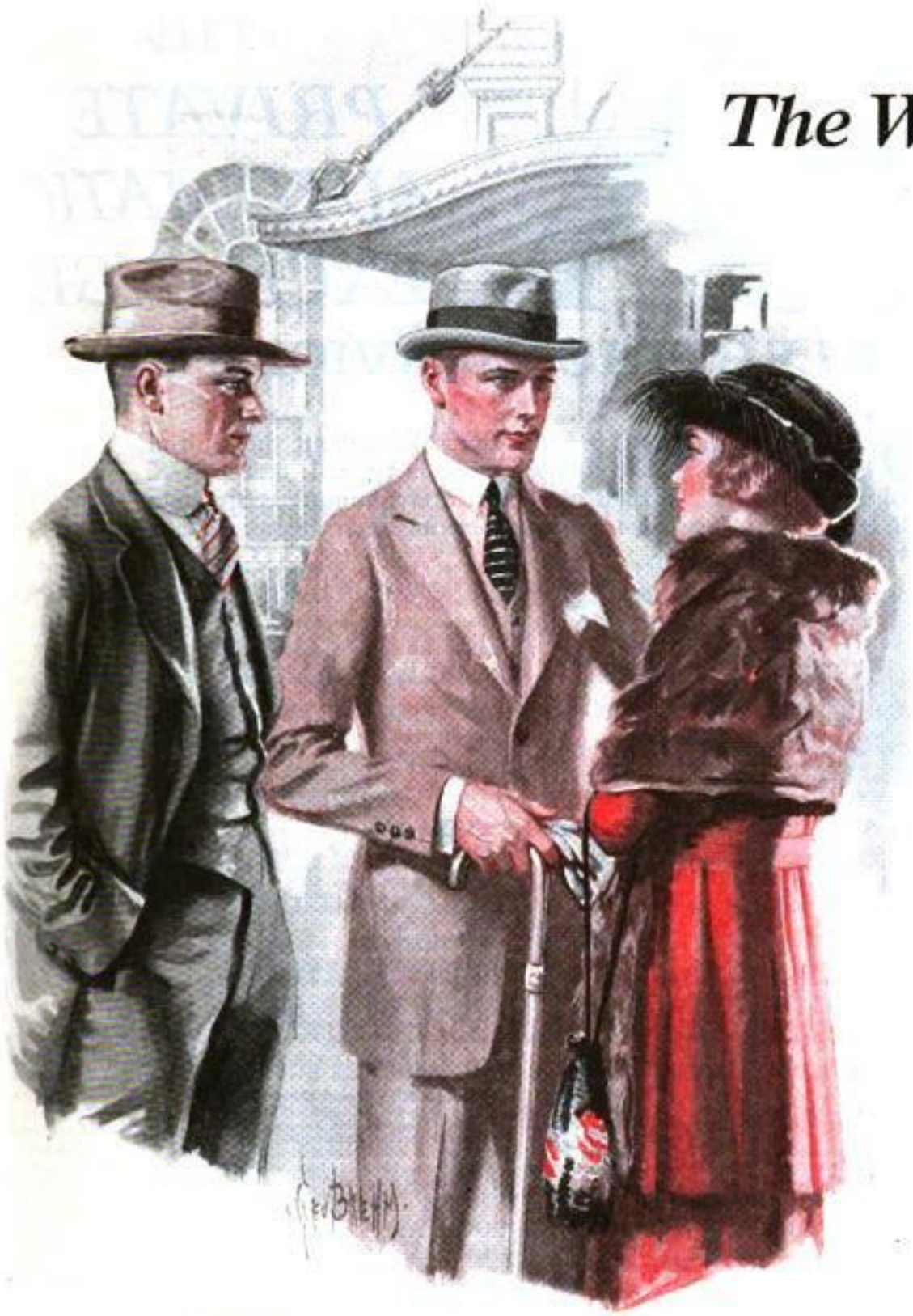
Some day we shall discriminately tax them according to wise conferences between all nations.

When we came to recross the Atlantic, in August, there was still some fear of the Spanish gunboats.

As our trouble with Spain subsided I carried the play, Arizona, to Kirke La Shelle. There was no theater available in New York; he arranged for the production of the play at Hamlin's Grand Opera House in Chicago the following summer, 1899. I have said earlier that Kirke La Shelle had the quality of the captain, and I am sure that had he lived he would have been one of

(Continued on Page 113)

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(Continued from Page 110)

the most dominant influences in the American theater. Only to the theatrical reader will the following be significant, but the original cast of Arizona included Theodore Roberts, Edwin Holt, Mattie Earle, Mabel Burt, Robert Edeson, Olive May, Sam Edwards, Arthur Byron, Vincent Serrano, Franklin Garland, Walter Hale, Lionel Barrymore and Menifee Johnstone, and the four or five other characters were by people of less repute but of equal earnestness and ability. Few authors doing a melodrama have had better coöperation than that.

There was an incident of the first night that seems to me worth telling. I had rehearsed the piece myself, and in that work been busy. Having need for a squad of soldiers to bring on two men under arrest, a few days before our opening, I spoke to a group of supers that had been called.

"Any of you had military experience?"

Two or three replied affirmatively. To the most likely of these I said, "Where?"

"In Cuba."

"Can you train four men in the manual and the drill?"

He said, "Yes, sir."

"Pick your four and report when you have done it."

In a little while he was ready. At our dress rehearsal La Shelle and I sat apart in the parquet. Things had gone well. We were on the last act. Two sympathetic characters were to come on in the custody of the noncom and the squad. They did so, the seven of them marching to their proper places on the stage, with a smart "halt" and "carry arms."

I stopped the rehearsal and said to the young man, "Go back and make that entrance again."

While they were going out to do this La Shelle came across the parquet in the greatest earnestness.

"I thought that was splendidly done."

"So did I."

"Why did you send them back?"

"I want to see them do it again."

In a curtain speech the next night I told this incident, then reverted to a rehearsal of In Mizzoura some five or six years before in Chicago, when from a similar group of supers I had asked for a man who could heat and weld and put a tire on a wheel, and found exactly the proper helper for Burr McIntosh, the blacksmith. I ventured the belief that if I were to write a play about the stars and called upon a bunch of Chicago supers I could find among them a volunteer astronomer. I told the audience that this young man who had responded so promptly as a soldier and had drilled his squad so effectively would be on in the next act; he didn't know I was speaking of him, but if the audience thought as much of his performance as La Shelle and I had thought they would understand why I emphasized it. When the two prisoners and the squad came on a few minutes later they got the biggest round of the play. That young super was a lad named Sydney Ainsworth, who the following year was playing a responsible part in the play, and the next year with one of the road companies was playing the hero. He became a favorite leading man.

Getting Odds on a Sure Thing

On August eighteenth in that summer of 99 Kid McCoy was to meet Jack McCormack. McCoy had many admirers in our company, and, as I remember, the general odds were some four to one on him. The dressing rooms, which were under the stage of the Grand Opera House at that time, were buzzing with interest in the approaching battle as our men were making bets for the night. Harry Hamlin and I had tickets for the fight, but declined to take any of the attractive odds that were offered at the theater.

The meeting was only three or four blocks away. As the two men faced each other in the first round Hamlin was searching his pockets for some matches. A sound from the ring and a startled response from the audience reclaimed his attention. While McCoy had been gayly guying with some of the press men at the ringside, McCormack had knocked him out with the first punch. Hamlin and I were soon back in the theater. We seemed to have been only wandering from one dressing room to another. Lionel Barrymore, Arthur Byron, Robert Edeson and Walter Hale had not gone on. Theodore Roberts, Edwin Holt and Vincent Serrano came off in a minute or two from the first act, and we were able quickly to take all the bets offered on McCoy at the excessive odds. We disappeared. Later news came duly to the theater and found a sad family. At Rector's, after the performance, Hamlin and I confessed to having seen the fight before the betting and disgorged our ill-gotten gains.

One notable engagement made that summer takes my mind back a few years further to a set of incidents that seem amusing. In writing these reminiscences I have hit only the high spots. To give even a paragraph to each of some sixty-four plays produced would be an itemized bill of grief, unpardonable in any recollections. A couple of years before my trip to Arizona I had done a play for Mr. Daniel Frohman which I read to his scenic artist and stage manager and him, and which at that time was acceptable. Something prevented the production and I revamped it from a serious four-act play to a three-act comedy called Don't Tell Her Husband. T. D. Frawley had a stock company at the Columbia Theater, San Francisco, under the management of Gottlob and Friedlander. They wanted to produce the play under my direction and sent me in advance money for railroad fares, sleeper and expenses across the continent.

At the railroad office I met Crane's manager, Joseph Brooks, who, learning my destination, linked his arm with mine and said, "Just starting for California with the Crane company. There's an empty section in our car and glad to have you." He declined to take my money, saying it would vitiate his railroad contract if he made any subsales, but he added, "The boys play poker and they will be glad to win that from you."

Eleanor Robson's Early Career

We were four days crossing the continent. The poker players in Mr. Crane's company were himself, Brooks and my good friends Walter Hale and Vincent Serrano. Under a moral obligation to lose those one hundred and twenty-five dollars to them, I came in on every little pair only to call up that protecting fate that is said to hover over the weak-minded and the infantile. I landed at the old Baldwin Hotel with the hundred and twenty-five intact and some more contributed by the four gentlemen named. In the delightful grill of that old hotel, long since destroyed by fire, I saw Gottlob and Friedlander having dinner. Gottlob came over to my table. I told him the arrangement under which I had traveled and that had I lost the money I should have considered it a legitimate although circuitous application of the expense fund. Not having lost it, I returned it to him. It was worth one hundred and twenty-five dollars to see that new sensation in his business experience. He carried the money back to Friedlander. They held an excited consultation, regarded me curiously; later both joined me, and after many tentatives as to the kind of entertainment I would find most agreeable carried me off to a private box at a prize fight that was occurring that evening.

In Mr. Frawley's company, which contained such excellent players as Frank Worthing, Frank Carlyle, Frawley himself and Maxine Elliott, there was also the more experienced actress, Madge Carr Cook. Her little daughter was just beginning her stage experience, and as I remember took the part of a maid to carry on a card in our play. The girl's stage name was Eleanor Robson. She did so well with Frawley that a short time thereafter she was playing leads in Denver, and when Olive May had to leave the Arizona company during our summer in Chicago Eleanor Robson came to take her place. Not since the early days with Marlowe had I seen a young woman who had come on the stage with so many fine natural qualities, and before she opened in the part of Bonita I told La Shelle that she would be a star in a short while, and it would be wise to make an immediate arrangement with her. He agreed with me; but, deferring his negotiations until after the New York opening of the company, found that Eleanor Robson was then under a starring contract with Mr. George Tyler. New York will remember its artistic disappointment when after a few brilliant characterizations Eleanor Robson became Mrs. August Belmont and society and charitable enterprises gained what the stage lost.

My little play, Don't Tell Her Husband, was taken by Stuart Robson, who changed



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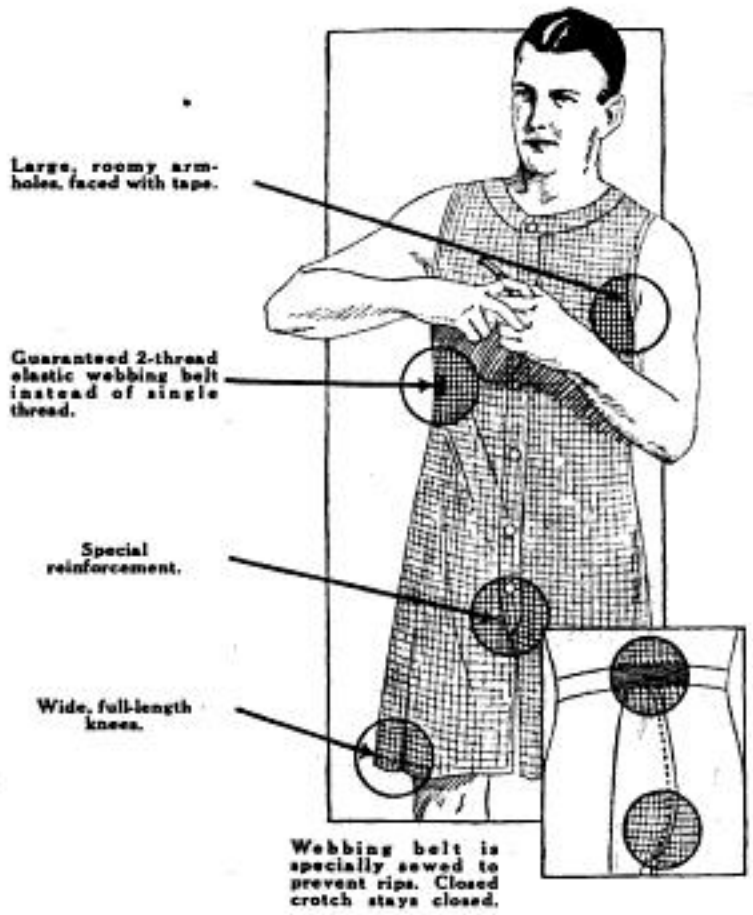


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the title to The Meddler, and played it for two years. The increased friendship between Hale, Serrano and myself at the poker table in the Crane car, together with our transatlantic trip, deepened my wish to have them in the Arizona company, where their grip upon the public was the result of their own merits.

There is a series of happenings in the relationship of those two friends that carries an interesting psychological study. After a time in the original company Hale quit the German-character part and played the heavy man opposite Serrano, now advanced to hero. Near the end of the third act it was Serrano's business to walk over to Hale, who stood well down left, and after looking him in the eye a minute slap him over the side of the face with a sombrero; a trick slap with the force of the blow falling more on Hale's shoulder than upon his face. In one of the early performances, however, a leather band around the sombrero had struck Hale's face and hurt him slightly, but enough to make him apprehensive thereafter. This fear wore on his health and one day on the street he fell unconscious. The doctor traced his difficulty to this fear of the blow. Hale left the engagement and returned to his earlier work as etcher and illustrator. He traveled with his talented wife, Louise Closser, for some time in Europe, came back to the theater and played several parts with distinction. After a total interval of some ten years he was playing in my piece, As a Man Thinks, in which John Mason was the star and Vincent Serrano was the hero.

On our opening night in Hartford, near the end of the third act, Hale forgot his lines and couldn't take them from the prompter. He was all right at the next day's rehearsal. But again at night the same lapse occurred. He was a conscientious artist, and in great depression came to me and wanted to surrender his part. I asked him to try another performance and let me look at it from the front. For the third time his lines escaped him. When the play was over Hale was positive in his decision to quit. I said:

"Walter, I think the trouble is that it is Serrano who comes down left and confronts you. Your position on the stage and your personal relations in the story are just what they were in that old cowboy play; but if you will remember that Serrano doesn't wear a sombrero and is not going to strike you with one, and that you are playing Mr. De Lota in a parlor story of New York, the difficulty will disappear."

He played perfectly that night and was never troubled in that manner again.

Since these papers have been running in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST many men have written me and more have spoken to me concerning the wonderful memory that I must have—"Or have you kept records of all that?"

I have not kept records and I have not more than the ordinary memory. But here are two sides of that interesting subject: Earlier in this chapter I have written of Mr. Robert Bruce bringing me some information that I needed about Henry C. Hooker, the Arizona ranchman. Until Mr. Bruce came in at that opportune moment I had never seen him.

Tracing a Cornetist

Now on the other side: I wished to write about a cornet player and his performance on a memorable night in 1901. It would be all right to refer to him impersonally, but my effort to get his name is a fair example of much of the work that has been incident to all that I have written. This cornetist was in a company supporting Mr. Peter Dailey in a musical play called Champagne Charlie, which I wrote for him and which was produced late in August in that year. Last October, 1921, I tried to get Dailey's manager, Mr. Frank McKee. He was out of the city, address unknown. After two later attempts to locate him, the question of the cornetist came up again just now as I reached the end of this chapter.

I stopped dictation and for thirty minutes my secretary and I pursued the following process: Walter Jordan, a play agent and sometime friend of McKee, is called; he gives McKee's residence; Information gives his telephone; we talk to McKee; he remembers the cornetist very well, but the enterprise was twenty years ago and he forgets his name. Peter Dailey is dead. The next important member of the company is that excellent comedian Eddie Garvey; Garvey would probably remember the musician. We try to locate Garvey. Miss Humbert, of the Packard Theatrical Agency, thinks Garvey is with Charlotte Greenwood's company on the road under the management of Oliver Morosco. Morosco's office is called in order to locate the company. They tell us that Garvey left the company two or three weeks ago; they haven't his address, but the engagement was made through an agent named Leslie Morosco.

Leslie Morosco, when called, knows Mr. Garvey's address and his telephone number, but is reluctant to give them to persons inquiring over the phone. Our identity is established, the nature of the business explained and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST referred to; then Garvey's number is given; fortunately Garvey is at home; he remembers the name of the cornetist and the man himself very well. He says that the cornetist was William Disston, of Philadelphia, where his father was a skilled maker of cornets. William Disston and Garvey were together in many of the Charles Hoyt productions, notably The Milk White Flag, and Disston's singular skill as a cornetist, almost equaling that of the famous Jules Levy, got him his engagement along with Garvey in the Peter Dailey company referred to in which he was featured on the program and gave a cornet solo. Garvey remembers the night in question, although he doesn't remember the exact date. He and Disston left the theater together. Disston was a convivial person, and the company being that week in Providence, Rhode Island, Disston and Garvey went to the rooms of the Musicians' Union, where there were some beer and songs and music until a late hour. They then started to their home, but in order to do so were obliged to pass the office of the Providence Journal. In front of this building about a thousand men were gathered, watching the bulletins in the windows. As the last one appeared Disston took his cornet from its case.

McKinley's Death

My own relation to that occasion was this: I was in bed in the stately old Narragansett Hotel. The night was warm. Two windows of the room were open. At about three o'clock in the morning I was wakened by the sound of the cornet. It came over the night air, carrying the strains of that impressive old hymn, Nearer, My God, to Thee. It took a moment to recognize this, and then the expertness of the playing convinced me that the player was Disston. I got out of bed and leaned on the window sill. As the cornet began a repetition of the hymn it was joined by a male chorus of some thousand voices, and there plainly came the words: "E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me." I knew then that President William McKinley, who had lain wounded for a week in Buffalo, was dead. I was surprised as I listened to the finish of the hymn to find that my cheeks were wet with tears. Nearer, My God, to Thee had been a favorite hymn with my grandmother. My mind went back to her and the death of President Lincoln—to the tears, the solemnity of that tragic time—and, in the middle distance, Garfield.

Walter Wellman, famous journalist, wrote of that night in Buffalo, where in the Milburn residence President McKinley died: "In his last period of consciousness . . . the surgeons bent down to hear his words. He chanted the first line of his favorite hymn, Nearer, My God, to Thee. A little later he spoke again; Doctor Mann wrote the words down at the bedside, and the last conscious utterance of William McKinley was:

"'Good-by, all; good-by. It is God's way. His will be done.'

"The President soon afterward lapsed into unconsciousness, and did not rally again. The end came at 2:15 A.M., Saturday, September 14th."

Three Presidents of the United States had been killed by madmen. All three shots I heard.

Editor's Note—This is the tenth of a series of twelve articles by Mr. Thomas. The next will appear in an early issue.

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BEING INCONSPICUOUSLY OUT OF STEP



To be with the crowd, yet not of it—is the unique faculty of a gentleman. Though he attire himself as becomes a gentleman, his garb is not a uniform that parades gentility. Nor is it raiment of a common mold. His selections elevate him above the populace, without isolating him from the public. His sense of refinement rebels at flamboyance while his inherent democracy shies at aloofness. So he affects in his habit, quiet dignity and sleek restraint.

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All the rest had seemed only casual, arousing never a single, serious emotion.

But he seemed so different! The moment their eyes met there seemed to be an understanding. They felt drawn to one another.

Through a mutual friend an introduction was arranged. Then they danced.

But only one dance!

He thanked his partner and went his way. She saw no more of him. Why he lost interest was a mystery to her.

How was she to know?

* * * *

That so often is the insidious thing about halitosis (the scientific term for unpleasant breath). Rarely indeed can you detect halitosis yourself. And your most intimate friends will not speak of your trouble to you. The subject is too delicate.

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For HALITOSIS use LISTERINE

THE INSIDE STORY OF THE A. E. F.

(Continued from Page 15)

"Up to this time," writes General Pershing in his Final Report, "our units had been put in here and there at critical points as emergency troops to stop the terrific German advance. In every trial, whether on the defensive or offensive, they had proved themselves equal to any troops in Europe."

A final great German offensive was expected, and the outlook appeared desperate for the Allies. The enemy soldiers had been assured by their leaders that this attack would conclude the war with a triumphant German peace, and they were proportionately eager. The German plans leaked out, however. Indeed, they were known to the French in such detail that they were able to check the advance after comparatively insignificant gains.

Among these gains was some ground east of Château-Thierry, where the French on the right of the American Third Division failed to hold and the Germans penetrated eight kilometers. But the commanding general of the Third reported: "Although the rush of the German troops overwhelmed some of the front-line positions, causing the infantry and machine-gun companies to suffer in some cases a 50 per cent loss, no German soldier crossed the road from Fossoy to Crezancy except as a prisoner of war, and by noon of the following day—July sixteenth—there were no Germans in the foreground of the Third Division sector except the dead."

General Pershing speaks highly of this exploit in his report: "On this occasion a single regiment of the Third Division wrote one of the most brilliant pages in our military annals. It prevented the crossing at certain points on its front, while on either flank the Germans who had gained a footing pressed forward. Our men, firing in three directions, met the German attacks with counter-attacks at critical points and succeeded in throwing two German divisions into complete confusion."

The Allies now determined to take the offensive. There were more than 1,200,000 American troops in France from which they could draw for reserves, and every American division with any sort of training at all was made ready for the battle.

The First Division had been in the Montdidier sector for a couple of months, enduring exceptionally heavy sustained artillery fire all the while. Their losses had been large; they had captured Cantigny; they had gone through several punishing gas attacks; they had had no rest. Yet, on the division being assembled near Beauvais after its relief, it was ordered toward the Soissons front and had to do the distance by forced marches.

On the Soissons Front

They marched day and night. Along forest roads choked with trucks and artillery and wagon trains and moving troops they toiled forward. Through the mud and the blackness of night—with bleeding feet, hungry, aching, so utterly exhausted that death would have been a joy, as bringing relief—they tramped toward the battle. Men groaned and whimpered with pain, but they kept on. When the column halted soldiers went to sleep standing up. Every now and then came the clash and clatter of a rifle on the ground—another doughboy had passed out. The column kept on. And when at long last they reached their destination those battered, wearied troops jumped off without a rest.

The Second Division went through similar experiences. They had been badly mauled in their memorable victory of Bois de Belleau; they had repelled a long series of German counter-attacks; they had just been relieved by the Twenty-sixth; but now they headed across many miles of country for more fighting. However, the Second would always go a long way to get a good fight.

To the Tenth French Army were allotted these critical operations. It had five corps in line, and General Mangin's attack orders made the Eighteenth Corps a pivot of maneuver on the Aisne west of Soissons. To the south was the First Corps, which was designated to seize and hold the plateau south of the Aisne commanding the approaches to Soissons. The Thirtieth Corps was to cross the Savières and attack in the direction of Fère-en-Tardenois. Next came the Eleventh Corps, to conform to the movements of the Thirtieth and connect with the Sixth French Army.

The Twentieth Corps drew the toughest job, and on its success hinged the whole attack. It was to drive a wedge in the German front, clearing the plateau northeast of Hartennes and holding the southern outlet of the Crise River valley. The Twentieth Corps was made up of three divisions—the crack First Moroccan, the First and Second American divisions. Owing to the greater size of our divisions, American troops thus made up four-fifths of the Twentieth Corps, which was the spearhead of the attack.

The troops were assembled under cover of the Foret de Retz. The country over which they had to fight their way was exceptionally difficult and hazardous—a bare, high plateau, sloping gradually up from the Foret de Retz and then abruptly dropping off into the Crise Valley; a country cut up by numerous deep ravines, each one protected by villages or farm buildings. On its eastern edge, where it fell off into the valley, were strong points like Villemontaire, the final defenses to the valley, and the Soissons-Château-Thierry road. As the houses of the villages and farms were mostly of stone, they afforded excellent cover to the enemy, and there were numerous quarries. All the open spaces were covered with standing grain.

The Turning of the Tide

Crowded into the salient to the south of the Twentieth Corps were more than twenty German divisions of the army of the Crown Prince—the German High Command had anticipated a deeper penetration than they achieved in their attack of July 15–16, and this congestion of divisions was to provide for a wide expansion of front, which never came.

Without the usual artillery preparation, but preceded by a barrage, the troops jumped off at 4:35 o'clock on the morning of July eighteenth. Tanks accompanied them and their onrush rapidly overcame the enemy's first resistance. His line soon stiffened, however, and although all objectives for the initial day were attained, the fighting became very severe.

The First American Division had barely got into position for the attack when it was time to go. They went at it hard—with such vigor that the One Hundred Fifty-third French Division, on their left, failed to keep abreast. The Moroccans, on their right, kept in close touch—there are no finer assault troops anywhere—but the absence of support on their left exposed the First American to a heavy flank fire. Nevertheless they captured their objectives.

The Second Division had a harassing experience—their last unit did not arrive until five minutes before the zero hour. Yet, utterly weary as they were, the Second attacked with such speed and power that they gained Vierzy before nightfall.

This deep penetration at their most sensitive point precipitated a general withdrawal of the Crown Prince's army from the salient.

On July nineteenth the German resistance proved much stronger as a result of their reserves coming into line, but by evening the line ran from just north of Ploisy, south through Chasalle and Tigny. In this day's fighting the First American Division repeated its experience of the previous morning, and the Second Division progressed beyond the troops both to left and right, including the Moroccan division. Consequently they went through a hell of fire to hold their advanced positions, and the Second's casualties totaled more than 4000 men; but they had captured 3000 prisoners and sixty-six pieces of artillery. This division was relieved after the second day.

A wedge was directed against Berzy-le-Sec on July twentieth, and the First American Division formed the apex of it. Berzy-le-Sec was a strong position dominating the surrounding country and had originally lain in the territory assigned to the One Hundred Fifty-third French Division, but that division couldn't make the grade, and its failure to advance resulted in this objective being allotted to the First.

Once again the First and the Moroccans went forward together to substantial gains, but the troops on the left of the First were repulsed, leaving that flank entirely open. In this situation the One Hundred Fifty-third French Division was relieved the night of the twentieth and a new attack was launched at 4:45 on the morning of July twenty-first, and by 9:15 the final positions were carried, the most advanced being the Château of Buzancy, captured by a regiment of the First. Heavy fighting took place the next day, but there was no advance, and that night a crack Scottish division relieved the First.

The First Division emerged from the Battle of Soissons torn and bleeding, but covered with glory. It had suffered 8000 casualties, including 60 per cent of its infantry officers; but it had advanced eleven kilometers, captured 3500 prisoners and sixty-eight pieces of artillery. Among the prisoners were representatives from seven German divisions.

Other American units also participated in this general action—the infantry of the Fourth Division, which entered the fighting on the left wing of the Sixth French Army, and the Twenty-sixth Division, which attacked in the Bois de Belleau sector. Aside from the Twentieth Corps, the Tenth French Army made practically no advance. The only real penetration was achieved by the Twentieth Corps, composed of the Moroccans, the First and Second Americans.

Seldom in history has one day's fighting had the effect which the offensive of July eighteenth produced. The minds of the French had been filled with fears for Paris; now the Germans were withdrawing; the threat to the capital was removed; instantly their thought leaped to pushing the advantage. The change in morale simply cannot be measured in words. In a few hours the Allies passed from dark forebodings to confident exultation. The finest shock troops of the German armies had been overrun and captured in thousands; the same enemy divisions which had been battering their way toward Paris with minds aflame with victory were now doggedly fighting rearguard actions as they withdrew across the Marne; and the tremendous reserves the Crown Prince had gathered in the salient to exploit a decisive success were being hurried toward Soissons to stave off a general collapse, a catastrophe which would have made the French disaster at Sedan half a century earlier a mere trifle by comparison. It was the story of the First Battle of the Marne over again, but this time American troops had participated.

On top of this victory: "I have the honor to confirm to you my entire adhesion to the project of uniting in an army under American command those of your divisions whose state of instruction permits them to engage in the battle," wrote Foch on July twenty-second. "As we have agreed, this First Army will be formed in the region north of the Marne, around the nucleus already in this locality. . . . The sector extending from Nomeny to north of St.-Mihiel will be placed progressively under American command in the measure in which the units which can be sent there are available."

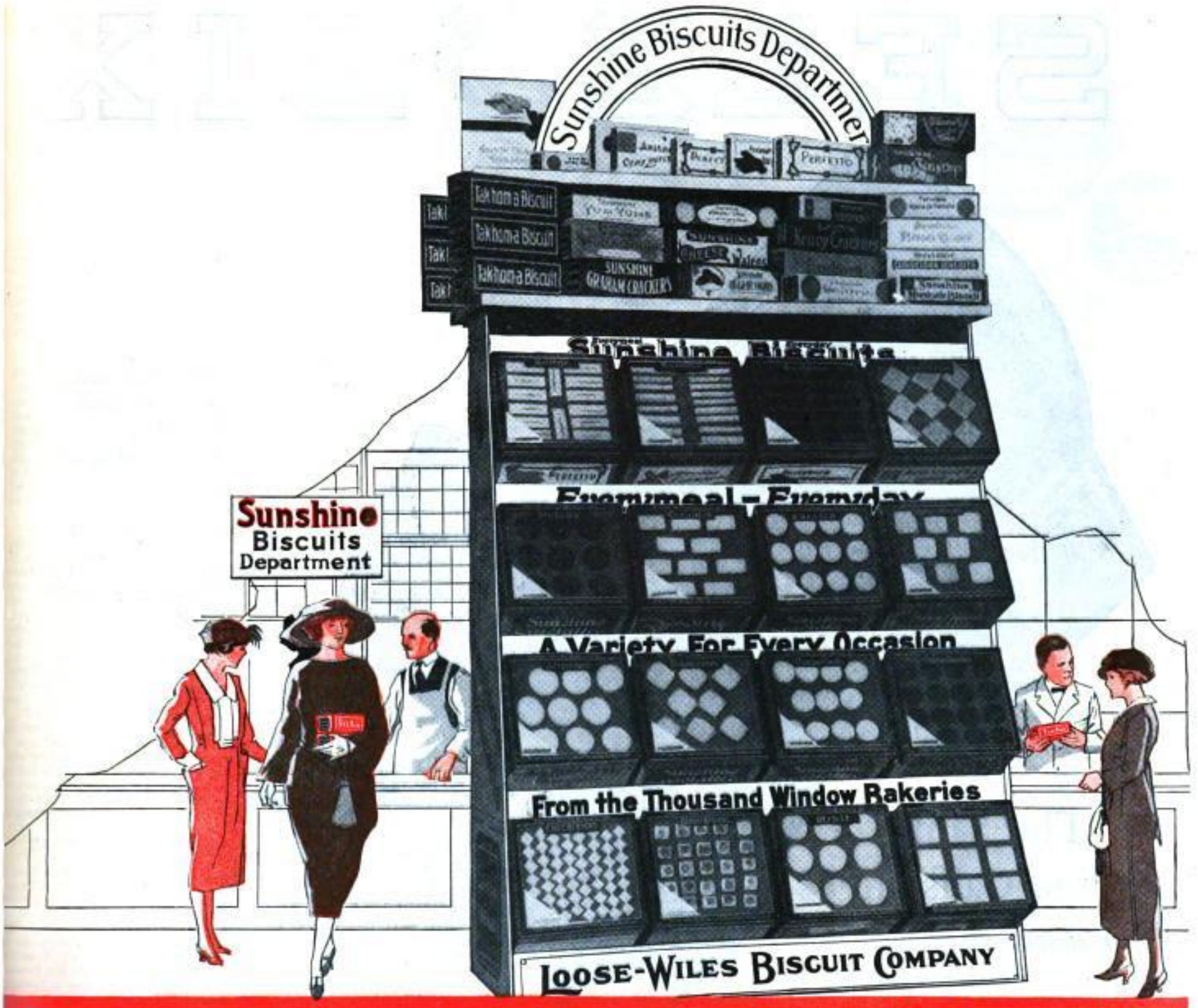
A Brightening Outlook

That these units would be available within a reasonable period looked very doubtful, however, for Foch went on to say that previous to this agreement General Petain had directed the Thirty-second American Division to the Tenth French Army, and he asked Pershing to accept this arrangement. When the American commander in chief grew urgent for more specific steps toward the formation of an army Foch replied: "I cannot fix a date on which the First American Army can be constituted."

The tide had turned at last. The Allies had seen defeat staring them in the face with all that defeat would entail from an implacable foe; and suddenly victory flashed into view as a reasonable certainty. From the depths of despair their morale soared to fine fighting pitch. On July twenty-fourth a memorandum was adopted at a meeting of the commanders in chief of the Allied Armies at Bombon: "We have reached an equality at least in the number of battalions, and in a more general way in the number of combatants. For the first time we have a superiority in

(Continued on Page 119)

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Six different high shoe models—three oxfords

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(Continued from Page 116)

reserves. Behind the Allied Armies the powerful reserve strength of America is pouring 250,000 men each month onto the soil of France.

"The Allied Armies are now arriving at the turn of the road; they have just taken the initiative in full combat; their strength permits them to keep it. The moment has come to abandon the general defensive attitude imposed up to this moment by numerical inferiority and to pass to the offensive."

"They have just taken the initiative in full combat." From this date until the end of the war no offensive where German resistance proved strong was undertaken by the French except when American troops were the head of the spear. Being incorporated in French armies, these divisions merged their identity in the Allied communiqués, but they were exceedingly prominent during the fight.

Telegram from Mr. Lloyd George to M. Clemenceau, dated August second: "I did not ask for the transfer of American divisions to the British front. The brilliant part taken by them in the second great Marne victory has more than justified the use General Foch made of them. What I asked was that a few American divisions at most, from among those recently arrived in France and who could not be put into the line without some training, should be sent to complete their training behind the British lines.

"My purpose was to form a reserve capable of being used in the critical situation of a break through in our front by the enemy. . . . I did not consider my demand excessive, for it must not be forgotten that the greater part of the American troops were brought to France by British shipping, and that because of the sacrifices made to furnish this shipping, our people has the right to expect that more than five divisions of the 28 American divisions now in France shall be put in training behind our lines.

"We are informed that a serious attack on the British front is still probable now. I do not wish to hamper you by asking for detailed explanations, but in the interests of that unity of command for which I made so great an effort, I urgently ask you to approve the very modest demand made by me from our commander-in-chief."

The First American Army

As Foch now had the means to undertake the offensive warfare he had always championed, a program of early operations was shaped: 1. Release of the Paris-Avricourt railroad in the Marne region. 2. Release of the Paris-Amiens road by a combined action of the British and French. 3. Release of the Paris-Avricourt railroad in the Commercy region by reducing the St.-Mihiel salient. This would bring the Allies within reach of the Briey region, enabling them to act on a large scale between the Meuse and Moselle. 4. Release of the mining regions in the north and to drive the enemy from the Dunkirk and Calais region.

"It was apparent that the emergency which justified the dispersion of our divisions had passed," General Pershing states in his Final Report. "The moment was propitious for assembling our divisions. Scattered as they were along the Allied front, their supply had become very difficult. From every point of view the immediate organization of an independent American force was indicated. The formation of the Army in the Château-Thierry region and its early transfer to the sector in the Woevre, which was to extend from Pagny, east of the Moselle, to north of St.-Mihiel, was therefore decided upon by Marshal Foch and myself on August 9." The First and Third Corps of the A. E. F. now held a continuous front of eleven kilometers along the Vesle, the first continuous front under American control—and this was in August of 1918! Until then all efforts by the American commander in chief to concentrate his forces had been frustrated. Even in July, when the Allied command sanctioned the formation of the First Corps in the Château-Thierry region, little was achieved in the way of practical results, because only one American division was operating under control of this corps, whereas eight American divisions were serving in the front line with French corps at the same time—about 40,000 men.

However, Pershing's persistence finally won, and the organization of the First American Army under his command was announced, with La Ferté-sous-Jouarre as headquarters. Though nominally assuming control of a portion of the Vesle front preparations were made for its secret concentration in the St.-Mihiel sector and plans were worked out for the reduction of this formidable German salient, a nut so tough that the French had abandoned all attempts to crack it.

At one stage of the preparations the St.-Mihiel operation had almost to be abandoned owing to Foch's request for American divisions destined for this attack for service with the French and British armies. The Allied commander in chief asked on August twenty-third for the Twenty-seventh and Thirtieth divisions to participate in an operation with the British, and for the Twenty-eighth, Thirty-second and Seventy-seventh divisions for the French armies.

Although this seemed to threaten the break-up of his newly formed Army, Pershing sanctioned the demand in part; but he suggested a substitution in the case of two of the divisions, and stipulated a fortnight's training for the Twenty-seventh and the Thirtieth.

Foch's disposition of American divisions led to another conference between him and Pershing at Ligny-en-Barrois on August thirtieth. General Weygand also was present.

Marshal Foch opened with the statement that the German Army was in complete disorder and no opportunity should be accorded them to reorganize. He announced the British proposed to attack in the direction of Cambrai and St. Quentin, while the French would continue their push in the vicinity of Mesnil.

As for the employment of the American forces he had plans which would have split them indefinitely. He proposed to fix American operations on the right of the Meuse to obtaining the line Vigneulles-Thiaucourt-Regnieville, which would disengage the Paris-Avricourt railroad; then he wanted four or six American divisions—180,000 men—to reënforce the Second French Army for an attack between the Meuse and the Argonne, and from eight to ten American divisions—300,000 men—for a French-American offensive from the Argonne to the Souain Road.

General Pershing remarked that this arrangement would cause a separation of the American forces. Some would be left in the Woevre; then there would be the Second French Army with some Americans on its left; then some more French; then some Americans on the Aisne, and once more the French. This dispersion, said Pershing emphatically, would destroy the project for which they had been working so long a time—an American Army.

Trying to Get a Sector

In reply, Marshal Foch said he had tried to see a way for bringing the American Army together, and he requested General Pershing to think the matter over; as for himself he had studied it very carefully and had sincerely sought for a means to avoid dividing the American Army, but he did not believe it could be found.

Pershing directed attention to the fact that Americans going to the Aisne would replace certain French divisions; why should not those French divisions take the place of the Americans who would be fighting in the French Second Army? Why should the Americans not take all the sector from the Meuse to the Argonne, thereby leaving troops of the French Second Army, which could then go to the aid of the French Fourth Army on the Aisne? The American commander in chief remarked that he did not want to appear difficult, but the American people and the American Government expected the American Army should act as such, and should not be dispersed here and there along the Western Front. Each time the Americans seemed on the point of accomplishing their organization some proposition was presented to break it up.

Marshal Foch asked: "Do you wish to go to the battle?"

Pershing replied, "Most assuredly! But as an American Army."

The Allied commander in chief said this arrangement would take a month, and they must act at once.

General Pershing replied that if Marshal Foch would give him a sector he would take it at once. Foch inquired where this sector would be.

"Wherever you designate," said Pershing.

The marshal observed that there were numberless details to be considered in this connection, and it was his opinion that the American Army would be in a bad plight if put all together without any assistance from the French.

Pershing answered that the French had always insisted the Americans should bring to France only infantry and machine-gun units, and that the French would equip them. This program had been followed at the repeated and most urgent insistence of the marshal himself, and the marshal had also promised to furnish these troops with what was necessary for their organization into American divisions. Now, said General Pershing, he demanded that the marshal fulfill his promise.

Foch declared the Allies must start the battle on September fifteenth; it was then August thirtieth; he was at General Pershing's disposition for consideration of any proposal—but they must act on September fifteenth.

Seizing this opportunity, Pershing stated he was ready to take all the divisions not needed in the Woevre and send them to the west of the Argonne as an American Army. He wanted all extra divisions put there. He did not approve of putting American divisions in the Second French Army.

"In that event," said Foch, "the French have not enough divisions to attack."

Pershing Stands Pat

Pershing said it was not difficult to send divisions from one army to another; this was what the marshal proposed for the American Army, and it would be just as simple to send part of the French Fourth Army to the aid of the French Second Army.

Foch objected. The Fourth Army could not furnish them.

General Pershing then proposed that the American Army be organized between the Meuse and the Argonne. Foch reminded him this was his first idea, but added that study of the project had convinced him it would be very difficult.

After some further discussion Pershing reiterated that the American people, the American Government, the Secretary of War and the President insisted the American Army should fight as such; that the Government, from the President down—and General Pershing himself—had been severely criticized for parceling out American troops among the Allies, and the President had sent a message to the embassies stating that the American forces must fight as an American Army.

General Pershing put these views into writing next day in a communication to the allied commander in chief in which he remarked that the American successes already obtained had far exceeded expectations when they made their arrangements in July; consequently—"There are a number of points which especially affect the American Army and which, I think, must be given the consideration which the American effort in this war warrants. The first of these relates to the method of employing the American forces.

"I can no longer agree to any plan which involves a dispersion of our units. . . . Briefly, American officers and soldiers alike are, after one experience, no longer willing to be incorporated in other armies even though such incorporation be by larger units. The older American divisions have encountered so much difficulty in their service with the French and British that it is inadvisable to consider the return of such divisions to French or British control. . . .

"It has been said that the American Army is a fiction and that it can not now be actually formed because it lacks artillery and services. Unfortunately this lack is evident. But our shortages in this respect are due to the fact that America brought over infantry and machine-gunners to the virtual exclusion of the services and auxiliaries. Permit me also to recall that when this decision was made, there was coupled with it a promise that the Allies would undertake to provide the necessary services and auxiliaries, and that you yourself have repeatedly guaranteed the formation of a real American Army.

"It seems to me that it is far more appropriate at the present moment for the Allies temporarily to furnish the American Army

(Continued on Page 122)



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PHONOGRAPHS

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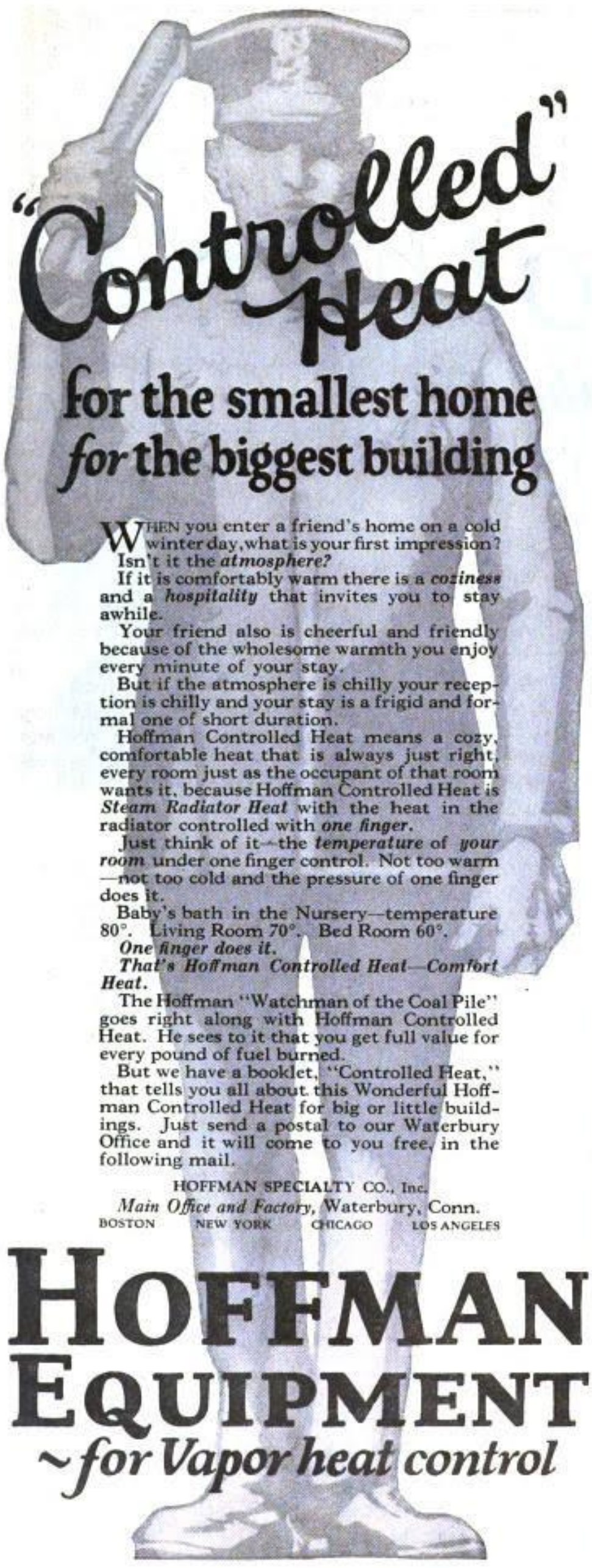


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If it is comfortably warm there is a *coziness* and a *hospitality* that invites you to stay awhile.

Your friend also is cheerful and friendly because of the wholesome warmth you enjoy every minute of your stay.

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The Hoffman "Watchman of the Coal Pile" goes right along with Hoffman Controlled Heat. He sees to it that you get full value for every pound of fuel burned.

But we have a booklet, "Controlled Heat," that tells you all about this Wonderful Hoffman Controlled Heat for big or little buildings. Just send a postal to our Waterbury Office and it will come to you free, in the following mail.

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HOFFMAN EQUIPMENT
~for Vapor heat control

(Continued from Page 119)

with the services and auxiliaries it needs than for the Allies to expect further delay in the formation of an American Army. I am writing faithfully my own ideas, which are those not only of every American officer and soldier, but also of my Government. . . . Since our arrival in France our plans, not only with the consent but at the initiative of the French authorities, have been based on the organization of the American Army on the front St.-Mihiel-Belfort.

"All our depots, hospitals, training areas and other installations are located with reference to this front, and a change of these plans cannot be easily made."

The American commander in chief then requested the return of the Twenty-seventh and Thirtieth divisions from the British front, and the Twenty-eighth, Seventy-seventh and Thirty-second divisions from the French; also the Sixth, Twenty-ninth, Ninety-second and Thirty-seventh from the French line for an operation toward Mezières suggested by Foch—a total of more than 270,000 men our Allies had borrowed—and suggested immediate concentration of all the American forces, with a sector from St.-Mihiel to the frontier of Switzerland.

"However, in your capacity as Allied commander in chief, it is your province to decide as to the strategy of operations, and I abide by your decisions."

The Belfort Ruse

"Finally, however, there is one thing that must not be done, and that is to disperse the American forces among the Allied armies; the danger of destroying by such dispersion the fine morale of the American soldier is too great, to say nothing of the results to be obtained by using the American Army as a whole. If you decide to utilize American forces in attacking in the direction of Mezières, I accept that decision, even though it complicates my supply system and the care of my sick and wounded; but I do insist that the American Army must be employed as a whole, either east of the Argonne or west of the Argonne, and not four or five divisions here and six or seven there."

This business was threshed out again at Bombon on September second, during a conference in which Foch, Pershing, Petain, Weygand, McAndrew and Connor participated, and it was then practically decided what disposition should be made for the St.-Mihiel operation and later for the one to the west of the Meuse. Foch wanted the St.-Mihiel attack carried out with reduced forces—it was to be an all-American attack—so that divisions would be available in requisite strength for the French-American offensive west of the Meuse. General Pershing opposed the proposal to undertake the reduction of the strong St.-Mihiel salient with an inadequate force, and this led to some warm discussion of what American forces were available in France. The marshal said there were twenty-two trained American divisions, out of a total of thirty American divisions already in France, and he suggested the use of eight or ten for St.-Mihiel about September tenth, leaving twelve or fourteen divisions for the Meuse operation. His expectation was, however, that fully twenty United States divisions would be available for the latter offensive.

Observing the French and English striving to gain the use of American troops, the Italians decided to try their luck too. Representations were made to Washington and all the political pressure they could bring to bear was exercised.

General Diaz supplemented this by a personal request to the American commander in chief.

General Pershing was in Paris, where he had had an interview with Lord Reading on September third, during which he explained to the British Ambassador to Washington his policy in regard to an American Army.

Then came General Diaz, who asked for twenty American divisions for employment with the Italian armies—about 800,000 men. A few minutes later General Diaz raised his figures—he asked for twenty-five divisions, or about 1,000,000 men. The American commander in chief evaded all discussion and remained strictly noncommittal.

All these matters were finally composed and preparations for the St.-Mihiel offensive went actively forward. Among these preparations was the famous Belfort ruse, whose utility has been so often a subject of debate.

General Petain wrote to the American commander in chief under date of August nineteenth: "I hear from everywhere, and especially from the armies and civil authorities of the east, that in their generous enthusiasm on account of the prospect of a great success over the enemy, numerous American officers and soldiers have talked in a public way of the projects of the High Command in the Woevre. . . . Under these conditions it is impossible that the enemy should not be forewarned, but we can attempt to deceive him. To this end, if you are in accord with me on this point, you could send American officers to make reconnaissances in the different sectors of Lorraine, of the Vosges, and of Upper Alsace, which are occupied by French troops. I would give to the Seventh and Eighth French Armies instructions which would lead them to believe that an offensive action by American forces is under consideration in these sectors. Thus the enemy's attention would be to a certain extent taken away from the Woevre."

Everybody had been talking, for that matter—the French engineers and trainmen who hauled American troops to the St.-Mihiel sector, the civil population of the towns this concentration embraced. Troops cannot be moved by the hundreds of thousands without exciting a lot of comment.

Thoroughly aware of this situation, General Pershing had already planned a subterfuge to be carried out in the vicinity of Belfort to neutralize the effect of these innocent indiscretions.

The American commander in chief replied to Petain: "The importance of the considerations which you have set forth relative to the necessity for secrecy in all operations had not escaped me. I keenly regret that indiscretions may have been committed, and I consider, with you, that we must attempt to deceive the enemy from the actual directions of the attack. I have given instructions with this in view to my General Staff."

Followed an elaborate preparation for operations in Upper Alsace. The commanding general of the American Sixth Corps received orders to proceed with as many members of his staff as he considered necessary to Belfort to prepare detailed plans for an offensive in that region. Mulhouse was named as the objective of the attack, and the front was to extend from Altkirch to Thann. "It is intended by the occupation of this line to insure the destruction of the Rhine bridges," said the orders, "and eventually to establish our line along the river itself."

The Indiscreet Officer

Seven divisions were designated for the first line, and three officers from each of these divisions were ordered to Belfort for the reconnaissance. "The work must be expedited, as it is desired that the attack be launched not later than September eighth." The last sentence of this order read: "You will, of course, appreciate the necessity for secrecy."

The officer courier to whom it was intrusted for transmission to its destination was told on leaving General Headquarters: "If you lose this, don't bother to return to these headquarters. Just keep on going." Yet an American officer did lose a copy of these instructions, and committed the indiscretion of talking about the projected attack. Court-martial proceedings were instituted against him, but he was never tried. Every attempt to convene a court was mysteriously frustrated and after the armistice the charge was dropped. It then became evident that his indiscretion formed part of the fake, but the other on the ground did not know it at the time and would certainly have given him a court had not General Headquarters thrown obstacles in the way.

The reconnaissance party went at their job conscientiously and made exhaustive reports of the enemy's positions, strength and so forth, and the probable requirements for a successful attack. Their orders were to examine all problems appertaining to exploitation of a successful attack, and they did it—did it thoroughly.

On the very day the St.-Mihiel attack was launched a report was submitted on the Belfort operation that went into details to the extent of submitting a bill

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materials needed for the repair of a viaduct which could not be used by the American forces until the Germans were pushed back. The bill of material specified not only the lumber and iron needed, but also the number and size of bolts, nuts, and so forth, and called for "a liberal amount of track and trestle material to repair tracks behind the enemy's lines" after the Germans should have been forced to retreat. That reconnaissance party never contemplated failure, and planned their operations for a breakthrough to the last wheel and shovel. In view of their instructions, it was a highly creditable performance.

As to the results of this reconnaissance on the enemy, a staff officer reported on September first: "I believe, from all sources, that he is now fully acquainted with all that has been done here. The enemy's sources and channels of information from here via Switzerland are very numerous and take about two days for transmission. Various indiscretions have been committed, as was to be expected, which have made this information easy for him to secure. I do not believe, however, that the enemy takes this reconnaissance very seriously; he has too good a check on every carload and truckload of ammunition and supplies brought into Belfort, to be deceived by any mere 'paper-work' demonstration or reconnaissances of officers, unaccompanied by actual preparations of guns, munitions, material and subsistence. I might add that our own officers, both corps and division, have taken the work very seriously and have worked hard and in dead earnest. The French staffs have been very polite and helpful, but have given me the impression by their attitude of feeling: 'You Americans are very simple-minded indeed if you think you can fool either us or the Germans by any such game as this.'"

Howsoever this may have been, it seems reasonable to assume that the ruse gained some practical result, because on August twenty-eighth General von Gundell's German Army detachment numbered only eight divisions, on September eighth it had been increased to ten divisions, and a little later he had eleven divisions in this sector. So even though the Germans saw through the ruse they must have entertained sufficient doubts to prompt them to divert three divisions in order to play safe.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Pattullo. The next will appear in an early issue.

The Price of Coal

NATIONAL COAL ASSOCIATION
Commercial Bank Building
Washington, D. C.

J. D. A. Morrow
Vice-President

APRIL 3, 1922.

Editor, SATURDAY EVENING POST,
Independence Square,
Philadelphia, Pa.

DEAR SIR: In your issue of April 1, 1922, appears an article by Mr. Ellis Searles, editor of the United Mine Workers' Journal, entitled, The Coal Miners' Case. The third column of page 36 of that article contains the following statement:

The fact is the miner is the least to blame of all the factors of price. J. D. A. Morrow, vice president of the National Coal Association, of which organization two-thirds of the bituminous operators of the country are members, testified before the Interstate Commerce Commission a few weeks ago that the average retail selling price of bituminous coal throughout the United States in October, 1921, was $10.41 a ton. He testified, further, that the labor cost in the production of coal was $1.972 a ton. The total production cost, he said, including the labor cost, was $2.91. In other words, the mine workers received $1.972 as their pay for producing a ton of coal that sold at retail for $10.41.

I wish to engage in no controversy, but the foregoing is so grossly misleading and unfair to the producers and distributors of bituminous coal that I feel constrained to ask you to publish this letter as a correction.

On March eleventh in a letter to John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers of America, I called his attention to this misstatement of Mr. Searles, which had already been made public. My letter to Mr. Lewis read as follows:

I know you wish to quote sworn testimony accurately, and therefore wish to advise you that I made no statement that the average selling price of bituminous coal in the United States in October, 1921, was $10.41 per ton. The exhibit filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission, which represents the only information on this subject in our possession or known to the commission or anyone else, showed that the average price of bituminous coal f.o.b. mines, run of mine basis, for the seven months April to October, 1921, was $2.89, and that the miners received 67.8 per cent or $1.97 per ton out of the total cost of $2.91 for producing that coal. For the month of October, 1921, the average amount received per ton was $1.973 and the average cost per ton was $2.59. The same exhibit shows that in the month of November the average amount received was $1.967 and the average cost of producing that coal was $2.72. Similar figures for December show: Average price at which the coal was shipped $2.56. The average cost of producing was $2.91.

In view of the misleading and erroneous impression created by the statement of your organization, if the figures used therein are as I understand them to be, will you kindly see that a correction is published, which will accurately quote the testimony submitted to the Interstate Commerce Commission?

Mr. Lewis, under date of March sixteenth, replied as follows:

This will acknowledge receipt of your letter of March eleventh, requesting the correction of an alleged error appearing in a statement issued by the United Mine Workers of America quoting you as authority for certain figures.

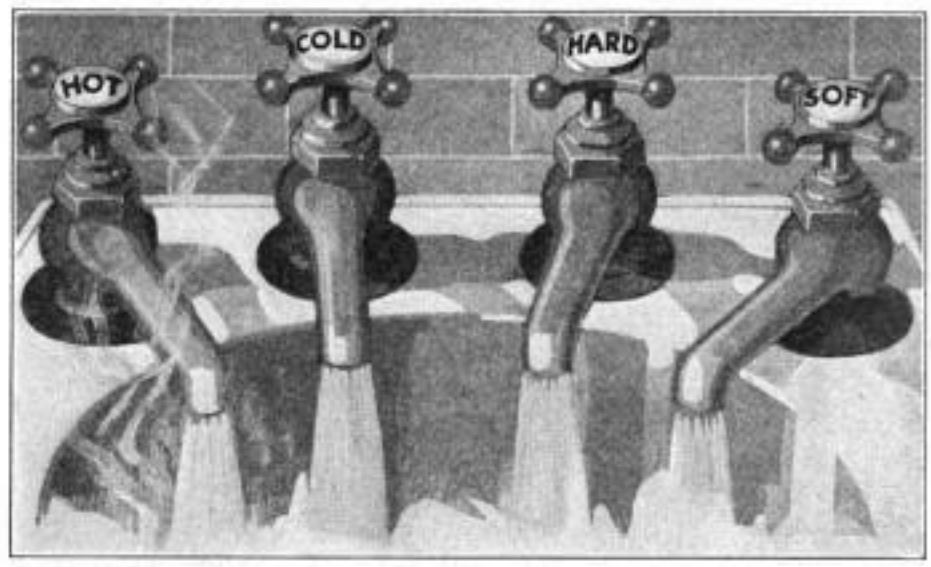
I am requesting Mr. Ellis Searles, editor of the United Mine Workers' Journal, now in Washington, to give consideration to your request.

The National Coal Association, with which I am officially connected, is composed exclusively of coal mine operators. It has nothing to do with the retailing of coal and has no information about the retail prices of bituminous coal. It should be understood, however, that about 88 per cent of the total production of bituminous coal is bought in carload lots by the user and never passes through the hands of retail dealers. The cost to the consumer of nearly 90 per cent of the bituminous coal output therefore is simply the mine price plus the freight rate, which is paid by the consumer. While freight rates on bituminous coal range from a minimum of about 90 cents per ton to more than $7.00 per ton, George M. Shriver, vice president of the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. Co., testified before the Interstate Commerce Commission that the average freight charge from the mines to the point of consumption is $2.27 per ton. The average f.o.b. mine spot price for the last week of March was reported to be $2.05 per net ton. Thus, the total delivered cost to the consumer would average $4.32 per ton. The 12 per cent of the output which is used for domestic purposes necessarily is distributed at a higher cost to consumers because of the expense of retail handling.

Mr. Searles states in his article that the miner is the least to blame of all the factors of price, yet the present wage scale is the highest known to the history of coal mining in the United States. As a whole the bituminous coal industry to-day has no margin of profit which can be reduced to lower coal prices at the mines. The cost of supplies is decreasing. The Interstate Commerce Commission is now considering reductions in the freight rates on coal. The labor cost in the union fields is the single remaining item in the mine cost of bituminous coal which has not been deflated.

Yours very truly,
J. D. A. MORROW.





Use any kind of water with Williams' Shaving Stick

Some men have to use cold water for shaving, especially in Summer. Others prefer it. In some sections the water is hard. These conditions and many others were allowed for in determining the Williams' formula.

Use any kind of water with Williams' Stick. Use it your own way. Rub it in or not—just as you like. You are rule-free if the stick is Williams'.

See how quickly the Williams' lather forms and how it piles up on the face—how immediately it begins the work of softening the beard—how it softens the skin and prepares it for the razor. See how supple, smooth and refreshed the skin feels afterward. See how glove-like it remains all day.

A perfect soap in a perfect holder. Williams' Holder Top is the holder that *holds*—metal to metal. It cannot wobble loose. It cannot fall out.

When you're ready for a Re-Load, a push of the finger releases the wafer of soap from the patented ring. No jambing—no mushing of soap in the Williams' Holder Top. Williams' Re-Loads are instantly ready to insert and always cost you less than the complete package.



Send 10 Cents
for a trial length stick in a large, re-loadable box. For convenience use coupon below.

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Holder Top
Shaving Stick

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Dept. 65, Glastonbury, Conn.

Send me a trial length Holder Top Stick in a large re-loadable box. 10 cents enclosed.

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SETH THOMAS











Does your home run like clockwork?

OR is your schedule constantly spoiled by clocks that lose and must be set forward, or gain and must be set back?

Life is too short for such a needless annoyance. For a very little investment you can have your home run like clockwork—like Seth Thomas clockwork, which has meant accuracy for more than a century.

Ask your jeweler to-day to show you Seth Thomas Clocks. Their beauty speaks for itself; for their accuracy *he* can speak. He can direct you to friends in your neighborhood who have depended upon them a lifetime and find them still dependable after many years.

The perfect gift for Graduation, Wedding or Anniversary



One of many inexpensive, reliable Seth Thomas Tambour models, in cases that are an ornament to any room. 8-day movement; hour and half-hour strike; prices $20 to $30.



Above is one of fifteen Seth Thomas chime clocks, unexcelled anywhere. They chime quarter-hours and strike hour. $60 to $110.



An accurate, handsome clock on a mahogany bracket for any wall, $28 to $43. The candlesticks solid mahogany, colonial design, $11 to $13.

SETH THOMAS

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BUSINESS AS THE FARMER SEES IT

(Continued from Page 29)

Wherefore we arrive at the general principle that when wages are raised, then production must in some way or other be made to keep even pace with wage increases, else the additional earnings will be at once swallowed up by increased prices, and our scale of living may even be actually reduced under an era of advancing wages.

Russia played this game to the finish. As wages were forced up hours of labor were reduced, production declined and was gradually overtaken by increased demands on the part of those possessed of unaccustomed buying power, until money became worthless for the very good reason that nothing remained to be bought with it.

Nothing is clearer to the thinking man than the fact that we live by work and not by wages, and the corollary of this general proposition is that the way out for the laborer—and the only relief from high prices without a general lapse into a period of depression—lies not in higher wages and greater ease but in more work and in increased production—increased to the point at which, as he ought, the seller seeks the buyer. Then may the laborer hope to be able to buy his own product and pay for it, but not before.

Here also lies the economic consequence of standardizing to an eight-hour day, to a forty-four or a thirty-hour week, or even to a uniform rate of pay for all members of a given craft.

There is no such thing as a standard day. Eight hours is far too much for a day's work at certain kinds of employment, but in general it is not enough. The world was not brought to its present stage of development by any such fallacy as the notion that there is only so much to be done and therefore we must organize to make the work go around.

Our fathers worked as the farmer works. They, like him, followed the old-fashioned slogan "Make hay while the sun shines." The farmer learned long ago that if he ignored this law of Nature he would go without fodder, and he harbors no delusions about what constitutes a day's work when planting is to be done at critical and brief periods and harvests are to be gathered between showers.

Our fathers followed this same principle in developing this country, whether on the farm, in the shop or on the railroad grade, where with plow, teams and dump scrapers they laid most of the roadbeds of the United States after harvest and at other odd times and seasons, working as they did upon the farms from sun to sun. And they were vastly happier then in getting things done than are we, their descendants, who are more interested in wages than in results, and who came into the fruits of their labor as inheritance, yet are failing to reap the full benefits by reason of our foolish modern standards about work, based on the notion that labor is a curse to be avoided, not a privilege to be utilized.

Unnecessary Labor

Go anywhere over the country with the question, What are we doing with our inheritance? and the answer is that with all our modern improvements, the result of scientific knowledge and inventive genius, installed at enormous outlay of capital, yet in many points, as in railroading, we are barely keeping up repairs and making good the depreciation on improvements installed by our fathers in the days when labor meant work and men worked for what labor could achieve in tangible results, like clearings, ditches, railroad grades and private or public buildings.

The half day off has become a supposed necessity for everybody, young and old quite regardless of what is to be done at the time. Yet a half day off each week is a loss of over 8 per cent of the year, or a good round profit upon any enterprise, and this is of some consequence to the young fellow getting a start. Not only can, but the great mass of people would accomplish more and be better off physically as well as financially if they would work continuously for most of the year and only take time enough off to mean something, rather than to fritter away good hours week by week in ways that produce nothing notable and, as often as not, amount to little else than mild dissipation of time, which is the stuff that life is made of. Not only that, but men work easiest and most effectively when they keep themselves physically and mentally fit by working not half the time but every day. In this the writer speaks from long personal experience in physical labor, and as one who knows the workman's pace as compared with the injunction to keep moving.

Quite unmindful of the inevitable results, but with a perfectly laudable desire to help the under dog to make a living, industry everywhere has been burdened with a killing overload of unnecessary labor, those who made and enforced the rules not seeming to realize that the consequences, like everybody's chickens, will always come home to roost.

For example, when labor adopts rules requiring three men to do the work that could perfectly well be performed by two, the purpose is to provide the third man with a job by forcing the public to employ him. But the effect is to increase the cost of production 50 per cent at that point, or the equivalent of six or eight good profits. For this overload does not come out of the profits of the company, but is added to the production costs, and, being added at the very point of origin, it becomes at once a base for additional outlay and therefore profit on the part of every man who handles the product from factory on to consumer. In this way the initial overload in production becomes multiplied many times before it reaches the consumer. Therefore when the laborer goes into the retail market he often finds himself unable to buy his own product; nor will the remedy be found in higher wages. The remedy must be found in putting that third man at really useful and productive labor—that is, in making something else that the world wants, and enough of it to sell at a price that the world can afford to pay. It would be cheaper to support this third man by charity than as an idle wheel in industry, and not much more demoralizing to him.

A Blinded Policy

But this is not the full result of overloading with useless and nonproductive labor. The company probably has all it can do, especially in slack times, to get contracts in competition with the cheap labor of the world to keep the factory continuously busy and everybody employed. Clearly the business will fail to get contracts if it carries many of these useless overloads, and in proportion as it fails to sell its goods in the competitive markets of the world, in that proportion will all those men run the risk of being thrown out of employment by the necessary closing down of the factory.

And finally one of the results of pushing the campaign for increased wages to the upper limit of what can be forced from the industry is to secure such a real advantage over other forms of employment as to attract greater numbers to that particular job than can possibly be employed. The result is disastrous by producing an overload that of necessity throws a good part of the people out of employment.

The conspicuous example of this blinded policy at the present is the mining industry, in which the rates of pay have been forced to a figure so out of all proportion to the income enjoyed in neighboring enterprise—farming, for example, in the soft-coal region—that men have been drawn from the farms until crops have rotted for want of laborers to harvest them at the very moment when the mines were double manned and miners on half-time employment under conditions that made the consumer support two miners to do the work of one, and each at double wages, while both claimed to be on the verge of distress.

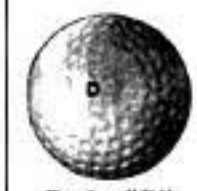
So again does the fallacy of overloading a productive industry defeat its own purpose, and miners went out on a nation-wide strike upon an issue that is economically impossible, especially when it is remembered that farmers in the same region are obliged to go without necessary labor in order to farm the land economically, and these same men, originally drawn from the land in many cases, refuse to work at anything like what the farmer can hope to get



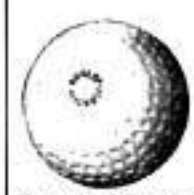
A machine, capable of adjustment to any human stroke, governed by a falling weight (not a spring), with perfect "follow-thru" and exactly-measured force expended in each stroke.



Dunlop *162*
The *best* ball to play with. Smaller size.
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The *cheapest* of *good* balls to play with. Medium size.
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The Serious Business of Making *Good* Golf Balls

Bedded in concrete on the grounds of Fort Dunlop, Birmingham, England, is a patented driving machine—one of the many devices used in maintaining and improving the qualities of Dunlop golf balls.

The ground in front of the driving machine is measured off in a manner similar to the field of a long-range gun. Accurate experiments, many times repeated, have given Dunlop engineers invaluable data on all the important things that affect the flight of golf balls—depth of markings, resiliencies of core and winding, arc-of-flight tendencies, distance factors and shape-retaining qualities.

Improved processes and long experience in the manufacture of golf balls have put into the Dunlop many extra items of *value* that benefit the player during all stages of the game. In price, the best grade of Dunlops is only slightly in excess of domestic brands and is less than most imported balls. The Dunlop *Warwick* (really much superior to the average ball) sells for 70c.

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Actual trajectories are compared from time to time, in physical laboratory, determining the height of the ball at 5 positions during its flight. The carry and deviation of the ball (in feet) as well as its "run" after striking the ground are also measured.

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CONN RADIO CONCERTS

from Ocean to Ocean



Brass Choir
San Francisco Symphony Orchestra

Pictured here are some of the artists appearing in Conn Radio Concerts. Above—Frank Westphal's Rainbow Garden Orchestra, Chicago



Ernest Pechin
Cornet Soloist



Mathew Amaturo
Saxophone Soloist



John Dolan
Cornet Soloist



Simone Mantia
Euphonium Soloist



Eugene LaBarre
Cornet Soloist

THIRD OF NATIONAL SERIES

Friday Evening, May 19

CONN radio concerts have taken the nation by storm! Our programs of March 17 and April 14 by America's leading dance orchestras and nationally famed soloists have occasioned universal admiration for Conn enterprise.

Isham Jones, Joseph Smith, Frank Westphal, Hal Nichols, D. C. Rosebrook and their orchestras have already played; Benne Henton, Charles Randall, John Leick, Mabel Keith Leick and Fred Tait have given solos. More of their calibre are to appear.

Travelers on shipboard 1500 miles from the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, people in Northern Canada and in Central America will enjoy the same music which will be heard throughout the United States May 19.

Think of it—Conn Ltd. is entertaining people by wireless a quarter of the way around the globe

May 19 programs will be broadcasted from:

New York, Station WJZ; Pittsburgh, Station KDKA;
San Francisco, Station KDN; New Orleans, Station WAAB;
Detroit, Station WWJ; Denver, Station ZAF;
Chicago, Station KYW; Kansas City, Sweeney Station;
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Conn dealers are entertaining at radiophone concerts. Watch for local announcements.

Write to Conn Ltd. now for new saxophone book; FREE. Tells why the Conn is the world's finest, choice of the famous artists on the radio programs.

536 Conn Building C. G. CONN, LTD. Elkhart, Indiana
Agencies in All Large Cities

Conn New York Co., 233-5-7 W. 42th St. Conn Chicago Co., 62 E. Van Buren St.
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CONN
WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF HIGH GRADE BAND AND ORCHESTRA INSTRUMENTS

for his labor. Under these conditions it is economic suicide to declare industrial war under the slogan of "A living wage" from the standpoint of a double-manned industry loaded with idle ballast.

So insistent has organized labor been in getting a living wage, so sympathetic has the public been, so powerless the employer, and, until now, so insistent has the purchaser been to spend his money that the managers of our manufacturing, mining and transportation enterprises, rather than wrangle interminably over all these obstructions to business, have adopted quite generally the gentle art of passing it on to the consumer.

It has amounted to a kind of quasi conspiracy between labor and capital, and as long as prices were constantly rising the system was bound to work. As one contractor frankly expressed to his neighbor: "We don't care; we simply pass it on to you, the consumer, cost-plus fashion. You are the one that gets it in the neck. We are following the lines of peace and least resistance, and if anybody raises a rough-house you are the one that will have to do it."

And that is what the consumer is going to do, now that the period of deflation has set in and every value is shrinking upon the hands of every man that holds it even overnight or attempts to handle it in the ordinary way of trade. A third of our consumers are farmers, whose products enjoy no possibility of the overload that capital and organized labor have between them put upon almost every other form of enterprise, and this third is pretty well out of the markets until business, which is capital and labor combined, gets reasonable and unloads some of its unnecessary burdens.

Twin Follies at Work

This is one angle of the situation, and the other is that, outside of farmers, the great mass of the buying public is made up of the very same people whom we denominate as labor in all discussions concerning production. That is to say, to a very large extent the laborer is his own consumer, and when the employer seems to agree with him to pass it on to the consumer he is in reality tossing it back to the laborer, like two boys playing catch; only in this case the ball is a boomerang, for oftener than not the laborer meets his own product in the market and must needs turn his back upon it, which is but another way of saying that to this extent he is forced to destroy the market for the products of his own industry.

And that is the way in which these twin follies, "A living wage" and "Pass it on to the consumer," have operated to destroy some of our most important industries, and to cripple others, to the great distress of everybody in both cases.

For example, the building trades are practically extinct because capital will not invest at prohibitive costs, while rents are burdensome because of shortage of housing, and carpenters and masons and lathers and plasterers and plumbers walk the streets for odd jobs at common labor—skilled workmen who ought to be building homes at reasonable rates, as would be the case if everyone would work exactly as he would were he building a house for himself and needed to get it done before winter sets in, as was the case with our pioneer forefathers.

Transportation is absurdly overloaded, as any traveler can see who observes a maintenance-of-way gang as it keeps moving but accomplishes little else that is visible. It stirs a farmer all up on the inside to see such work and to know that he has to pay for it every time he markets a bushel of wheat or a pound of meat. It will stir everybody up when he comes fully to realize the way in which these matters turn the cheap wheat and cheap meat of the farm into expensive food for the laborer's table when all the chickens have come home to roost.

The burden of dead India is its caste system. How many know that it had its roots in craftsmen's guilds, and that, quite in addition to overload, we are sowing the seeds of it in this country every time a craftsman refuses to work without a helper, refuses to perform certain portions of his own trade because that belongs to the helper, or bends to rules that require him not to touch a saw, for example, if his union card reads "plumber"?

The Three Stonecutters

We talk about equality now, but these things cannot go on for many generations before they will pass from a financial and economic to a social and even religious demarcation between the various trades—castes—into which society will speedily become hopelessly stratified by the very influences now militantly operative.

It is a time to talk less about our rights and our liberties, and more about our responsibilities and our opportunities. It is a time for internal peace and for vision if our kind of civilization is to build a worthy structure on the foundation that has been so worthily laid, and we must stop talking so much about Washington and Lincoln until we set our industrial house so well in order that we can prove to ourselves at least that we are capable of governing ourselves and meeting our ordinary necessities. Then perhaps we shall be able really to take care of an advancing civilization.

A good deal is said by the agitator about industrial slavery. But is a man a slave simply because he is busy? Is the hunter after a good supper to be counted a slave? Are the birds building nests and the man building himself a home to be counted as slaves because they are working early and late? Is a farmer a slave to his job or to anybody when he is up early to plant while the season is on or wears out the daylight to harvest what his industry has produced? Is the wife a slave to her husband as she labors by his side, or to her children as she meets their multitudinous needs or watches all night by the bedside when the fever is on? Is anybody a slave when he works at a job he loves? No, there is the test. Do we love the job or hate it? Freedom and slavery lie not in the job, but in the attitude toward the job.

The story goes that three stonecutters were at work in the yards. The philosopher passed along and asked each the same question: What are you doing? "I'm gettin' seven dollars a day," replied the first. "I'm cutting this stone, as you see," replied the second. "We are building a cathedral," the third answered.

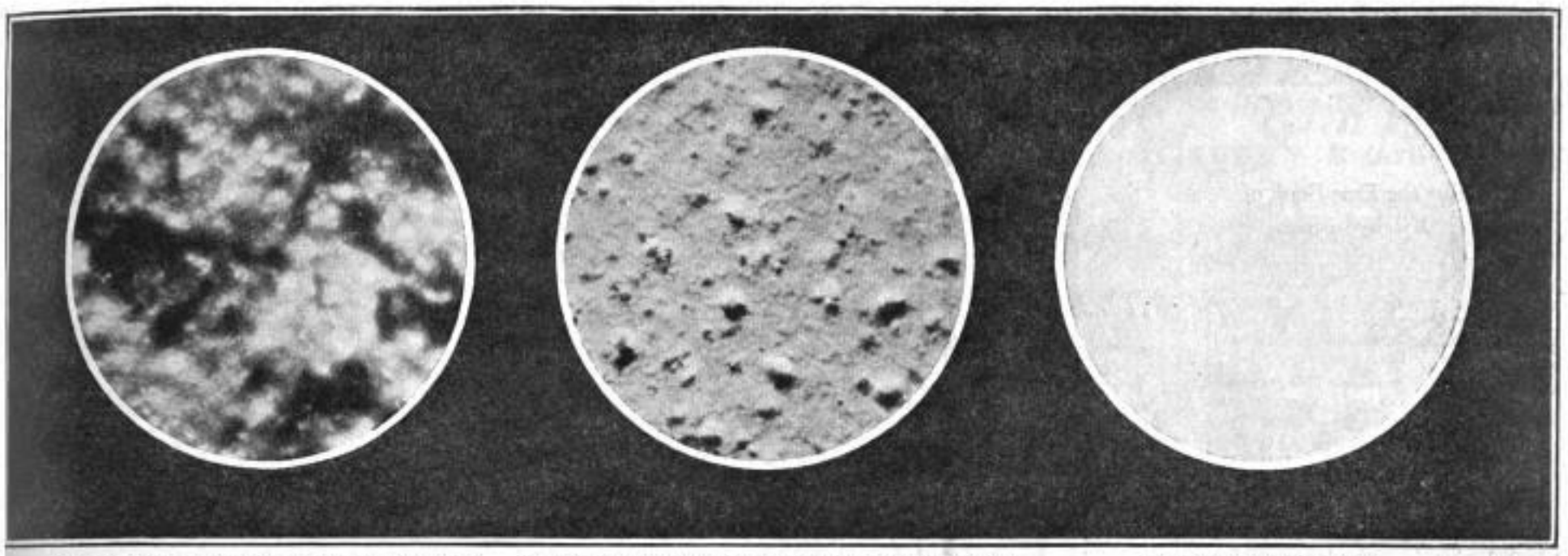
Which one of these three men will be most nearly typical of the American citizen one hundred years from now?



PHOTO, BY HERBERT W. GLEASON, BOSTON, MASS.

Wreckage of Forest on Shores of Jackson's Lake, Wyoming

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ORDINARY FLAT FINISH WHITE PAINT ORDINARY EGG-SHELL FINISH WHITE PAINT BARRELED SUNLIGHT

Paint surfaces photographed under a powerful microscope—each magnified to the same high degree.

Hidden from human eyes– revealed by the microscope



In the home of "Life Savers"
One of the many food product plants in which Barreled Sunlight keeps walls white and washable as tile





Hotel McAllister
Miami, Fla.
Where the lustrous washable surface of Barreled Sunlight has been found the most satisfactory coating for bathroom walls

A store interior that can be kept light and clean—painted with Barreled Sunlight

Save the surface and you save all

The real reason why paint collects dirt

The unusual photographs reproduced above reveal facts of vital importance to everyone who buys white paint for interior use.

They show clearly why ordinary flat or egg-shell finish white paints collect dust and dirt.

To the naked eye these paints present a smooth, even appearance. Under the high-power microscope they are shown to be rough to a startling degree. In every square inch of their surface are innumerable tiny pores.

That is why such paints catch and hold dust and dirt. That is why frequent repainting becomes necessary if a clean white appearance is to be maintained.

Notice in the third circle the photograph of Barreled Sunlight. Even when magnified to this high degree the surface of this paint is smooth and even.

This unbroken surface resists dirt—it offers no lodging place for dust particles. It can be washed clean like tile—even after years of service.

That is why Barreled Sunlight is being used today in buildings of every description—apartment houses, office buildings, stores, hotels, schools, industrial plants, etc. Ideal also for woodwork throughout the home and for the walls of bathroom, kitchen, laundry and closets.

Made by the exclusive Rice Process, Barreled Sunlight is guaranteed to remain white longer than any gloss paint or enamel applied under the same conditions. It is easy to apply. Flows readily and leaves no brush marks. Comes ready mixed in cans from half-pint to five-gallon size—barrels and half-barrels.

When painting over an unpainted surface use Barreled Sunlight Undercoat. If your dealer does not carry Barreled Sunlight, communicate with us for name of nearest distributor.

U. S. GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO.

Factory and main offices
8 DUDLEY ST. PROVIDENCE, R. I.

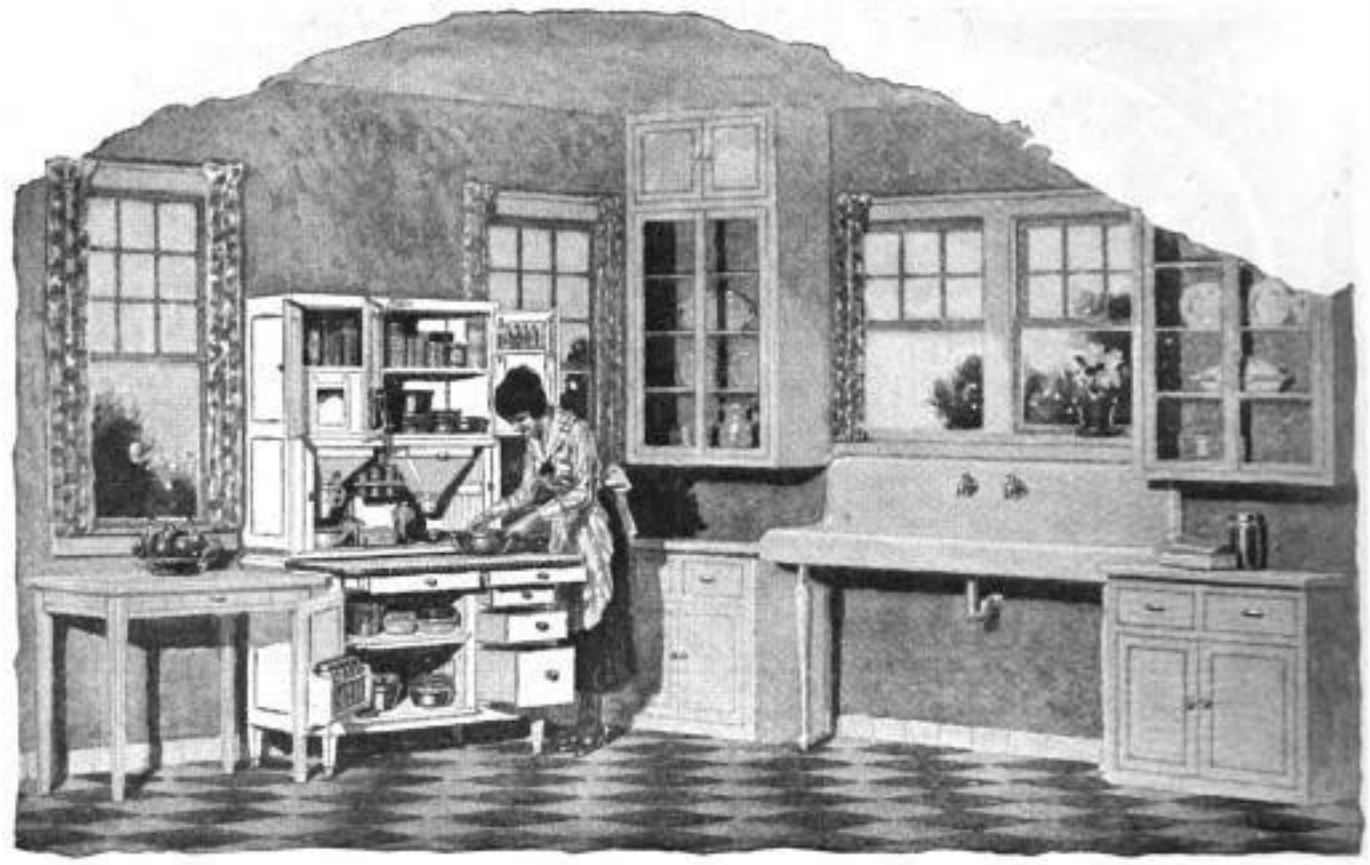
New York—350 Madison Ave.
Chicago—417 South Dearborn St.
San Francisco—38 O'Farrell St.
And 50 other distributing points in the United States

Barreled Sunlight



THE RICE PROCESS WHITE

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Is Your Kitchen Work Wearing You Out?

Actual tests prove that even in the so-called "modern" kitchen you take miles of useless steps each day.

You are forced to stand on your feet for hours—when you ought to be sitting down. Your nerves are kept on edge by a host of petty worries—when you ought to be enjoying yourself—relaxed—in an easy chair.

Hoosier Will Make Your Work Easier

Many HOOSIER owners tell us that while they thought they had "easy" kitchens before they bought the HOOSIER—they now see that they were actually wasting hours of time each day.

No woman can possibly realize the amount of useless standing, walking and lifting she is forced to do, until she actually uses the HOOSIER in her own home.

This statement is proved true by the two million women who formerly worked as hard as you do—but who have won freedom from their most trying kitchen drudgery by means of the HOOSIER.

There is No Substitute for the Hoosier

Do not make the mistake of thinking that built-in cases and cupboards can take the place of the HOOSIER. It is true that extra storage space is necessary in every kitchen—but built-in equipment is never so effective as when used in connection with the HOOSIER.

HOOSIER owners know that the HOOSIER will save more work and worry than any other kitchen equipment you could buy or build.

They know that the HOOSIER is equipped with *exclusive*, patented labor-saving conveniences—which can not be duplicated at any price. And that these conveniences enable you to do your work more quickly—and with less effort.

A Hoosier Model for Every Kitchen

No matter what kind of a kitchen you now have—there is a HOOSIER to fit it. Special HOOSIERS have been designed for the smallest kitchen of the coziest apartment. Some even fit in under the kitchen window. All will save work and worry—time and energy. Go to your HOOSIER dealer and select the HOOSIER which best fits your needs.

Buy the Hoosier on Liberal Terms —You'll Never Miss the Money

Why not join the ranks of the women who do their work the easy way? Quit being a kitchen drudge. You can afford the HOOSIER now. Every day you do without it, you pay an unnecessary toll in needless work and worry.

By our liberal payment plan HOOSIER pays for itself by making your work easier—long before you pay for it. Write for illustrated folder. Let us tell you how to get the HOOSIER on such liberal terms that you will never miss the money.

THE HOOSIER MANUFACTURING COMPANY

MAIN OFFICE: 522 Maple Street, Newcastle, Indiana

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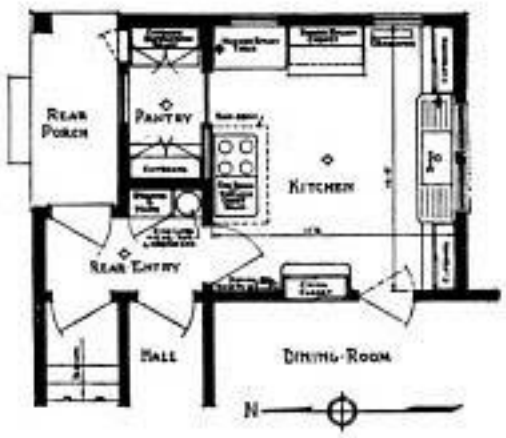
HOOSIER

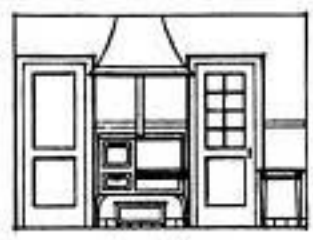
Get the Free Book of Kitchen Plans

Before you build or remodel, get "The Kitchen Plan Book"—showing model step-saving kitchen plans selected from 343 drawings submitted in competition by leading architects and architectural draughtsmen.

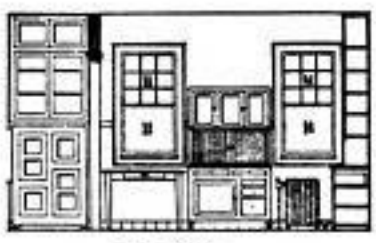
The drawings shown here are reproduced from this book. They illustrate the thoroughness with which each plan is presented, showing not only the floor plan, but a perspective view and detailed elevation of each wall.

A postal to Hoosier Manufacturing Company, 522 Maple Street, Newcastle, Indiana—saying "Send me the Kitchen Plan Book," brings it FREE.

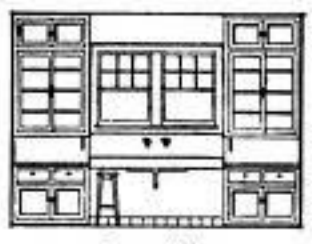




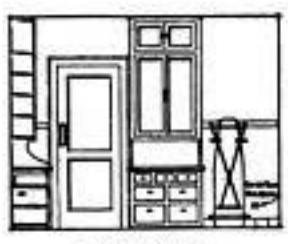
North-Wall



East-Wall



South-Wall



West-Wall

Saves Steps

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THE COVERED WAGON

(Continued from Page 21)

trail, down at Bridger? Had a new route over the Humboldt Basin been found, or something of that sort? How could that be? If so, it must be rough and needing work in places, else why the need for so many shovels?

But maybe the emigrants themselves knew about these singular matters, or would when they had read their letters. Yes, of course, the Missouri movers had left a lot of letters, some for their folks back East next year maybe, but some for people in the train. Banion, Woodhull—had they left any word? Why, yes, both of them. The trader smiled. One each. To the same person, yes. Well, lucky girl! But that black horse, now—the Nez Perces would give a hundred ponies for him. But he wouldn't trade. A sour young man. But Woodhull, now, the one with the wagons, talked more. And they each had left a letter for the same girl! And this was Miss Molly Wingate? Well, the trader did not blame them!

These American girls! They were like roses to the old traders, cast away this lifetime out here in the desert.

News? Why, yes, no train ever came through that did not bring news and get news at old Fort Hall—and so on.

The inclosure of the old adobe fur-trading post was thronged by the men and women of the Wingate train. Molly Wingate at first was not among them. She sat, chin on her hand, on a wagon tongue in the encampment, looking out over the blue-gray desert to the red-and-gold glory of the sinking sun. Her mother came to her and placed in her lap the two letters, stood watching her.

"One from each," said she sententiously, and turned away.

The girl's face paled as she opened the one she had felt sure would find her again, somewhere, somehow. It said:

Dearest: I write to Molly Wingate, because nd only because I know she still is Molly Wingate. It might be kinder to us both if I did ot write at all but went my way and left it all o time and silence. I found I could not.

There will be no other woman, in all my life, or me. I cannot lay any vow on you. If I ould, if I dared, I would say "Wait for a year, hile I pray for a year—and God help us oth."

As you know, I now have taken your advice. Bridger and I are joined for the California adventure. If the gold is there, as Carson thinks, may find more fortune than I have earned, fore than I could earn you gave me—when I as young. That was two months ago. Now am old.

Keep the news of the gold, if it can be kept, long as you can. No doubt it will spread om other sources, but so far as I know—and anks only to you—I am well ahead of any her adventurer from the East this season, d, as you know, winter soon will seal the trails gainst the followers. Next year, 1849, will the big rush, if it all does not flatten.

I can think of no one who can have shared r secret. Carson will be East by now, but he a government man, and close of mouth with angers. Bridger, I am sure—for the odd son that he worships you—will tell no one e, especially since he shares profits with me, I survive and succeed. One doubt only rests my mind. At his post I talked with Bridger, d he told me he had a few other bits of gold it Carson had given him at Laramie. He ked for them but had lost them. He sus- cted his Indian women, but he knew nothing. course, it would be one chance in a thousand d anyone would know the women had these ngs, and even so no one could tell where the d came from, because not even the women uld know that; not even Bridger does, ex- ly; not even I myself.

n general I am headed for the valley of the ramento. I shall work north. Why? Be- se that will be toward Oregon!

write as though I expected to see you again, hough I had a right to expect or hope for t. It is only the dead young man, Will ion, who unjustly and wrongly craves and out for the greatest of all fortune for a —who unfairly and wrongly writes you , when he ought to remember your word, to a land far from you, to forget you and e down his past. Ah, if I could! Ah, if I did love you!

ut being perhaps about to die, away from the truth only must be between you and And the truth is I never shall forget you. truth is I love you more than anything else everything else in all the world.

I were in other ways what the man of your se should be, would this truth have any ht with you? I do not know and I dare not Reason does tell me how selfish it would ask you to hold in your heart a memory ot a man. That is for me to do—to have mory, and not you. But my memory never ontent me.

It seems as though time had been invented so that, through all its aeons, our feet might run in search, one for the other—to meet, where? Well, we did meet—for one instant in the uncounted ages, there on the prairie. Well, if ever you do see me again you shall say whether I have been, indeed, tried by fire, and whether it has left me clean—whether I am a man and not a memory.

That I perhaps have been a thief, stealing what never could be mine, is my great agony now. But I love you. Good-by.

WILLIAM HAYS BANION.

TO MARGARET WINGATE,
Fort Hall, in Oregon.

For an hour Molly sat, and the sun sank. The light of the whole world died.

The other letter rested unopened until later, when she broke the seal and read by the light of a sagebrush fire. She frowned. Could it be that in the providence of God she once had been within one deliberate step of marrying Samuel Payson Woodhull?



Robert Kelsey

My Darling Molly: This I hope finds you well after the hard journey from Bridger to Hall.

They call it Cruel to keep a Secret from a Woman. If so, I have been Cruel, though only in Poor pay for your Cruelty to me. I have had a Secret—and this is it: I have left for California from this Point and shall not go to Oregon. I have learned of Gold in the State of California, and have departed to that State in the hope of early Success in Achieving a Fortune. So far as I know, I am the First to have this news of Gold, unless a certain man whose name and thought I execrate has by his Usual dishonesty fallen on the same information. If so, we two may meet where none can Interfear.

I do not know how long I may be in California, but be Sure I go for but the one purpose of amassing a Fortune for the Woman I love. I never have given you Up and never shall. Your Promise is mine and our Engagement never has been Broken, and the Mere fact that accident for the time Prevented our Nuptials by no means shall ever mean that we shall not find Happy Consumation of our most Cherished Desire at some later Time.

I confidently Hope to arrive in Oregon a rich man not later than one or two years from Now. Wait for me. I am mad with out you and shall count the Minutes until then when I can take you in my Arms and Kiss you a thousand Times. Forgive me; I have not Heretofore told you of these Plans, but it was best not and it was for You. Indeed you are so much in my Thought, my Darling, that each and Everything I do is for You and You only.

No more at present then, but should Opportuenity offer I shall get word to you addressed to Oregon City which your father said was his general Desstination, it being my own present purpose Ulltimately to engage in the Practice of law either at that Point or the settlement of Portland which I understand is not far Below. With my Means, we should soon be Handsomely Settled.

May God guard you on the Way Thither and believe me, Darling, with more Love than I shall be ever able to Tell and a Thousand Kisses. Your Affianced and Impatient Lover,

SAML PAYSON WOODHULL.

The little sagebrush fire flared up brightly for an instant as Molly Wingate dropped one of her letters on the embers.

XXXVII

"WHAT'S wrong with the people, Cale?" demanded Jesse Wingate of his stout-hearted associate, Caleb Price. The sun was two hours high, but not all the breakfast fires were going. Men were moody, truculent, taciturn, as they went about their duties.

Caleb Price bit into his yellow beard as he gazed down the irregular lines of the encampment.

"Do you want me to tell you the truth, Jesse?"

"Why, yes!"

"Well, then, it seems to me the truth is that this train has lost focus."

"I don't know what you mean."

"I don't know that I'm right—don't know I can make my guess plain. Of course, every day we lay up, the whole train goes to pieces. The thing to do is to go a little way each day—get into the habit. You can't wear out a road as long as this one by spurts—it's steady does it.

"But I don't think that's all. The main trouble is one that I don't like to hint to you, especially since none of us can help it."

"Out with it, Cale!"

"The trouble is, the people don't think they've got a leader."

Jesse Wingate colored above his beard.

"That's pretty hard," said he.

"I know it's hard, but I guess it's the truth. You and I and Hall and Kelsey—we're accepted as the chief council. But there are four of us, and all this country is new to all of us. The men now are like a bunch of cattle ready to stampede. They're nervous, ready to jump at anything. Wrong way, Jesse. They ought to be as steady as any of the trains that have gone across; 1843, when the Applegates crossed; 1846, when the Donners went—every year since. Our folks—well, if you ask me, I think they're scared."

"That's hard, Cale!"

"Yes, hard for me to say to you, with your wife sad and your girl just now able to sit up—yes, it's hard. Harder still since we both know it's your own personal matter—this quarrel of those two young men, which I don't need explain. That's at the bottom of the train's uneasiness."

"Well, they've both gone now."

"Yes, both. If half of the both were here now you'd see the people quiet. Oh, you can't explain leadership, Jesse! Some have it, most don't. He had. We know he had. I don't suppose many of those folks ever figured it out, or do now. But they'd fall in, not knowing why.

"As it is, I'll admit, there seems to be something in the air. They say birds know when an earthquake is coming. I feel uneasy myself, and don't know why. I started for Oregon. I don't know why. Do you suppose ——"

The speculations of either man ceased as both caught sight of a little dust cloud far off across the sage, steadily advancing down the slope.

"Hum! And who's that, Jesse?" commented the Ohio leader. "Get your big glass, Jesse."

Wingate went to his wagon and returned with the great telescope he sometimes used, emblem of his authority.

"One man, two packs," said he presently. "All alone so far as I can see. He's Western enough—some post trapper, I suppose. Rides like an Indian and dressed like one, but he's white, because he has a beard."

"Let me see." Price took the glass. "He looks familiar! See if you don't think it's Jim Bridger. What's he coming for—two hundred miles away from his own post?"

It was Jim Bridger, as the next hour proved, and why he came he himself was willing to explain after he had eaten and smoked.

"I camped twelve mile back," said he, "an' pushed in this mornin'. I jest had a idee I'd sornter over in here, see how ye was gittin' along. Is your hull train made here?"

"No," Wingate answered. "The Missouri wagons are ahead."

"Is Woodhull with ye?"

"No."

"Whar's he at?"

"We don't know. Major Banion and Jackson, with a half dozen packs, no wagons, have given up the trip. They've split off for California—left their wagons."

"And so has Sam Woodhull, huh?"

"We suppose so. That's the word. He took about fifteen wagons with him. That's why we look cut down."

"Rest of ye goin' on through, huh?"

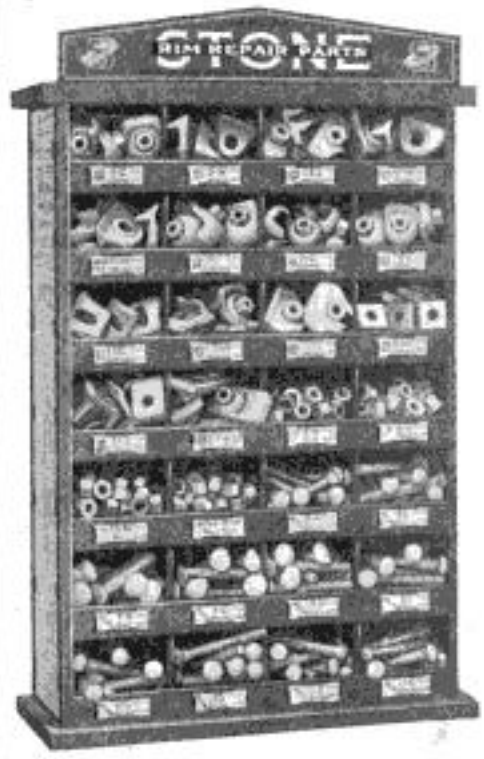
"I am. I hope the others will."

"Hit's three days on to whar the road leaves for Californy—on the Raft River. Mebbe more'll leave ye thar, huh?"

"We don't know. We hope not. I hear the fords are bad, especially the crossing of the Snake. This is a big river. My people are uneasy about it."

"Yes, hit's bad enough, right often. Thar's falls in them cañons hundreds o'

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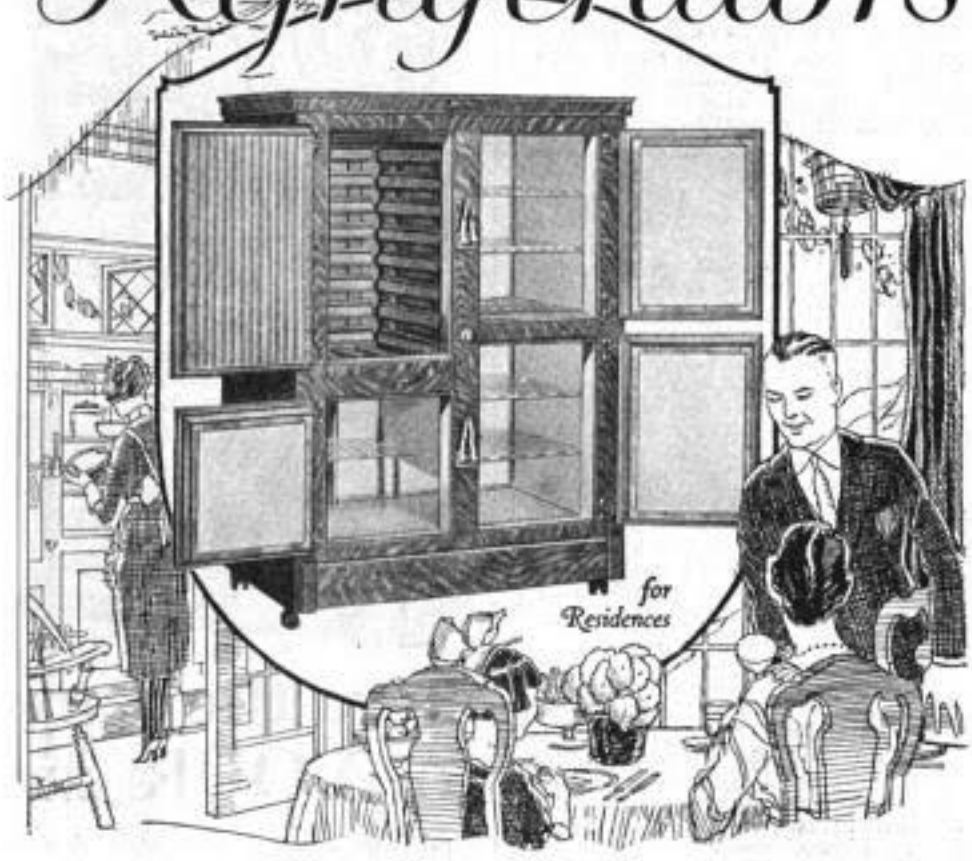
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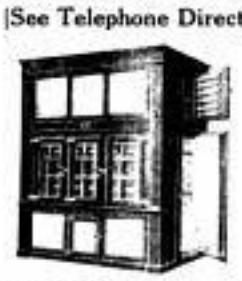
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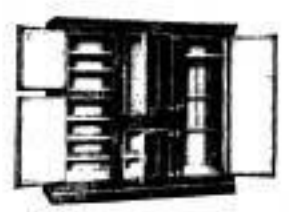
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feet high, makin' a roarin' ye kin hear forty mile, mebbe. The big ford's erroun' two hunderd mile ahead. That'd make me four hunderd mile away from home, an' four hunderd to ride back agin, huh? Is that fur enough fer a ol' man, with snow comin' on soon?"

"You don't mean you'd guide us on that far? What charge?"

"I come fer that, mainly. Charge ye? I won't charge ye nothin'. What do ye s'pose Jim Bridger'd care ef ye all was drownded in the Snake? Ain't thar plenty more pilgrims whar ye all come from? Won't they be out here next year, with money to spend with my pardner Vasquez an' me?"

"Then how could we pay you?"

"Ye kain't. Whar's Miss Molly?"

"You want to see her?"

"Yes, else why'd I ask?"

"Come," said Wingate, and led the way to Molly's little cart. The girl was startled when she saw the old scout, her wide eyes asking her question.

"Mornin', Miss Molly!" he began, his leathery face wrinkling in a smile. "Ye didn't expect me, an' I didn't neither. I'm glad ye're about well o' that arrer wound. I kerried a arrerhead under my shoulder blade sever'l years oncet, ontel Preacher Whitman cut hit out. It felt right crawly all the time till then.

"Yes, I jest sorntered up couple hunderd mile this mornin', Miss Molly, to see how ye all was gettin' along—one thing er another."

Without much regard to others, he now led Molly a little apart and seated her on the sage beside him.

"Will Banion and Bill Jackson has went on to Californy, Miss Molly," said he. "You know why."

Mollie nodded.

"You'd orto! You told him."

"Yes, I did."

"I know. Him an' me had a talk. Owin' you an' me all he'll ever make, he allowed to pay nothin'! Which is, admittin' he loves you, he don't take no advice, to finish that weddin' with another man substertuted. 'No,' says he, 'I kain't marry her, because I love her!' says he. Now, that's crazy. Somethin' deep under that, Miss Molly."

"Let's not talk about it, please."

"All right. Let's talk erbout Sam Woodhull, huh?"

"No!"

"Then mebbe I'd better be goin'. I know you don't want to talk erbout me!" His wrinkling smile said he had more to tell.

"Miss Molly," said he at last, "I mout as well tell ye. Sam Woodhull is on the way after Will Banion. He's like enough picked out a fine bunch o' horse thiefs to go erlong with him. He knows somethin' erbout the gold—I jest found out how.

"Ye see, some men ain't above shinin' up to a Injun womern even, such bein' mebbe lonesome. Sam Woodhull wasn't. He seed one o' my fam'ly wearin' a shiny thing on her neck. Hit were a piece o' gold Kit give me atter I give you mine. He trades the womern out o' her necklace—fer all o' two pesos, Mexican. But she not talkin' Missoury, an' him not talkin' Shoshone, they don't git fur on whar the gold come from.

"She done told him she got hit from me, but he don't say a word to me erbout that; he's too wise. But she did tell him how Will Banion gits some mules an' packs o' me. From then, plain guessin', he allows to watch Banion.

"My womern keeps sayin'—not meanin' no harm—thet thar's plenty more necklaces in Cal'for, because she's heard me an' Banion say that word, 'Californy.'

"Slim guessin' hit were, Miss Molly, but enough fer a man keen as Sam, that's not pertickler, neither. His plan was to watch whar the packs went. He knowed ef Banion went to Oregon he'd not use packs.

"Huh! Fine time he'll have, follerin' that boy an' them mules with wagons! I'm easier when I think o' that. Because, Miss Molly, ef them two does meet away from friends o' both thar's goin' to be trouble, an' trouble only o' one kind."

Again Molly Wingate nodded, pale and silent.

"Well, a man has to take keer o' his own self," went on Bridger. "But that ain't all ner most what brung me here."

"What was it then?" demanded Molly. "A long ride?"

"Yeh. Eight hunderd mile out an' back, ef I see ye across the Snake, like I allow I'd better do. I'm doin' hit fer you, Miss Molly. I'm ol' an' ye're young; I'm a wild man an' ye're one o' God's wimmin. But I had sisters oncet—white they was, like you. So the eight hunderd mile is light. But thet ain't why I come, neither, or all why, yit."

"What is it then you want to tell me? Is it about—him?"

Bridger nodded. "Yes. The only trouble is, I don't know what hit is."

"Now you're foolish!"

"Shore I am! Ef I had a few drinks o' good likker mebbe I'd be foolisher—er wiser. Leastways, I'd be more like I was when I plumb forgot what 'twas Kit Carson said to me when we was spreein' at Laramie. He had somethin' to do, somethin' he was goin' to do, somethin' I was to do fer him, er mebbe so, next season, atter he got East an' got things done he was goin' to do. Ye see, Kit's in the Army."

"Was it about—him?"

"That's what I kain't tell. I jest sorntered over here few hunderd mile to ask ye what ye s'pose it is that I've plumb fergot, me not havin' the same kind o' likker right now.

"When me an' Bill was havin' a few afore he left I was right on the p'int o' rememberin' what it was I was fergittin'. I don't make no doubt, ef Kit an' me er Bill an' me could only meet an' drink along day er so hit'd all come plain to me. But all by myself, an' sober, an' not sociable with Dang Yore Eyes jest now, I sw'ar, I kain't think o' nothin'. What's a girl's mind fer ef hit hain't to think o' things?"

"It was about—him? It was about Kit Carson, something he had—was it about the gold news?"

"Mebbe. I don't know."

"Did he—Mr. Banion—say anything?"

"Mostly erbout you, an' not much. He only said ef I ever got any mail to send it to the judge in the Willamette settlements."

"He does expect to come back to Oregon!"

"How can I tell? My belief, he'd better jump in the Percific Ocean. He's a damn fool, Miss Molly. Ef a man loves a womern, that's somethin' that never orto wait. Yit he goes teeterin' erroun' like he had from now to doomsday to marry the girl which he loves too much fer to marry her. That makes me sick. Yit he has resemblances to a man, too, some ways—faint resemblances, yes. Fer instance, I'll bet a gun flint these here people that's been hearin' erbout the ford o' the Snake'd be a hull lot gladder ef they knew Will Banion was erlong. Huh?"

Molly Wingate was looking far away, pondering many things.

"Well, anyways, hit's even Stephen fer them both two now," went on Bridger, "an' may God perteck the right an' the devil take the hin'mostest. They'll like enough both marry Injun wimmin an' settle down in Californy. Out o' sight, out o' mind. Love me little, love me long. Lord Lovell, he's mounted his milk-white steed. Farewell, sweet sir, partin' is such sweet sorrer, like ol' Cap'n Bonneville uster say. But o' all the messes any fool bunch o' pilgrims ever got inter, this is the worstest, an' hit couldn't be no worser.

"Now, Miss Molly, ye're a plumb disserpintment to me. I jest drapped in to see ef ye couldn't tell me what hit was Kit done told me. But ye kain't. Whar is yer boasted superiorness as a womern?

"But now, me, havin' did forty mile a day over that country yan, I need sustenance, an' I'm goin' to see ef ol' Cap' Grant, the post trader, has ary bit o' Hudson Bay rum left. Ef he has hit's mine, an' ef not, Jim Bridger's a liar, an' that I say deliberate. I'm goin' to try to git inter normal condition enough fer to remember a few plain, simple truths, seein' as you all kain't. Way hit is, this train's in a hell of a fix, an' hit couldn't be no worser."

XXXVIII

THE news of Jim Bridger's arrival, and the swift rumor that he would serve as pilot for the train over the dangerous portion of the route ahead, spread an instantaneous feeling of relief throughout the hesitant encampment at this, the last touch with civilization east of the destination. He paused briefly at one or another wagon after he had made his own animals comfortable, laughing and jesting in his own independent way, en route to fulfill his promise to himself regarding the trader's rum.

In most ways the old scout's wide experience gave his dicta value. In one assertion,

(Continued on Page 133)

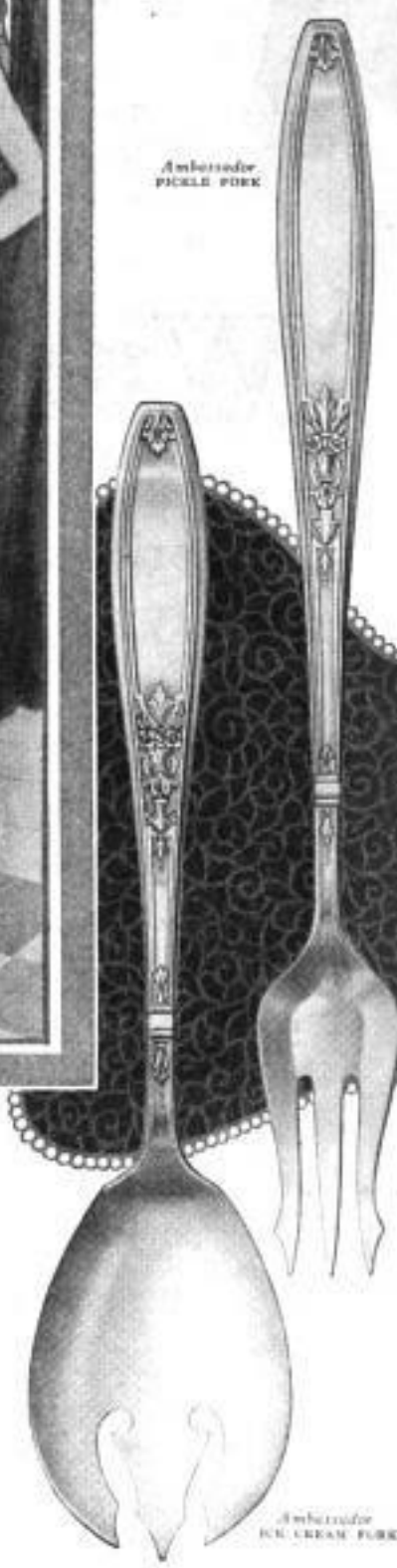
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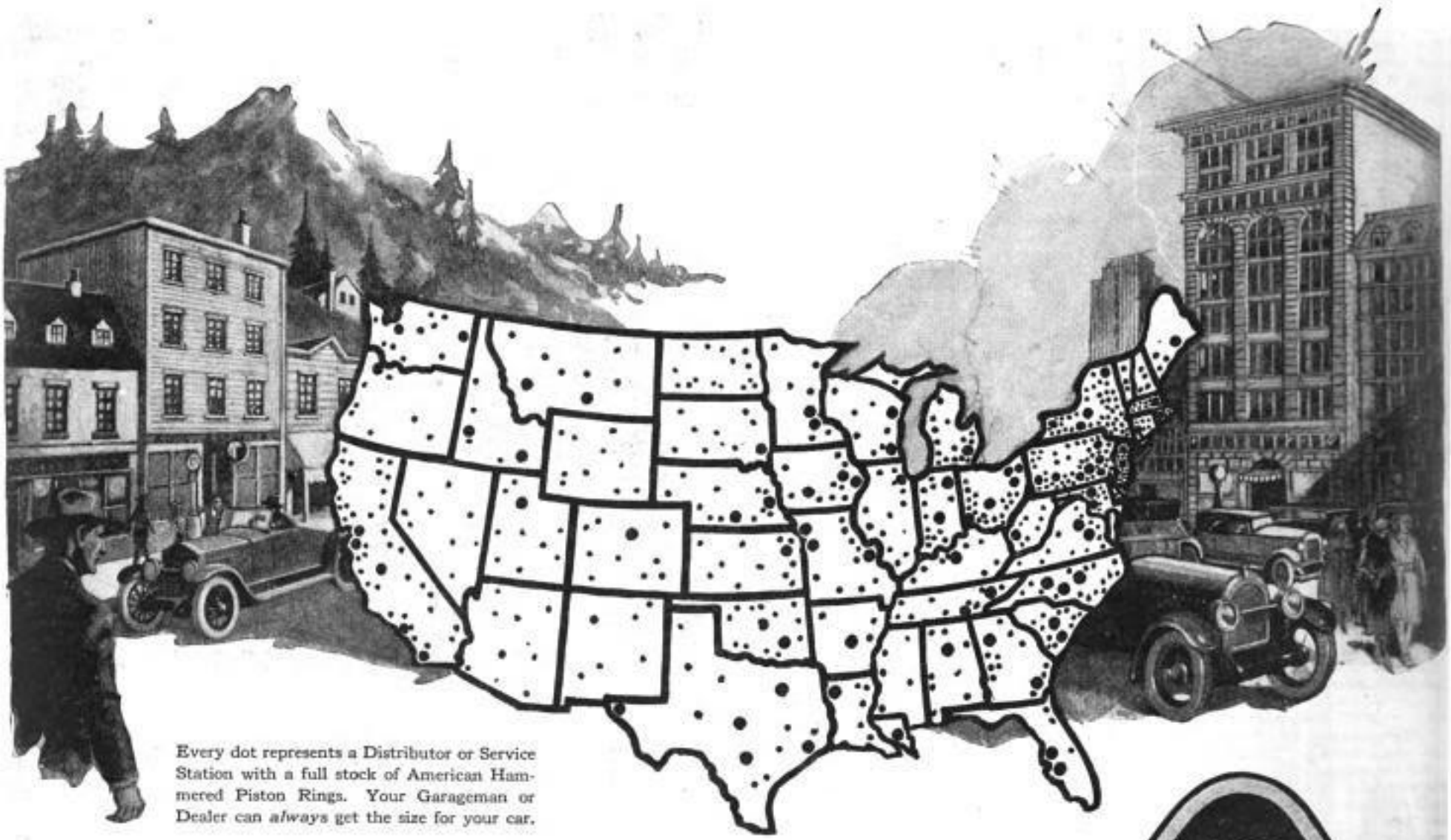
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(Continued from Page 130)

however, he was wide of the truth, or short of it. So far from things being as bad as they could be, the rapid events of that same morning proved that still more confusion was to ensue, and that speedily.

There came riding into the post from the westward a little party of old-time mountain men, driving their near-spent mounts and packs at a speed unusual even in that land of vast distances. They were headed by a man well known in that vicinity who, though he had removed to California since the fur days, made annual pilgrimage to meet the emigrant trains at Fort Hall in order to do proselyting for California, extolling the virtues of that land and picturing in direct fashion the horrors of the road thence to Oregon and the worthlessness of Oregon if ever attained. Old Greenwood was the only name by which he was known. He was an old, old man, past eighty then, some said, with a deep blue eye, long white hair, a long and unkempt beard and a tongue of unparalleled profanity. He came in now, shouting and singing, as did the men of the mountains making the rendezvous in the old days.

"How, Greenwood? What brings ye here so late?" demanded his erstwhile crony, Jim Bridger, advancing, tin cup in hand, to meet him. "Light. Eat. Special, drink. How—to the old times!"

"Old times be damned!" exclaimed Old Greenwood. "These is new times."

He lifted from above the chafed hips of his trembling horse two sacks of something very heavy.

"How much is this worth to ye?" he demanded of Bridger and the trader. "Have ye any shovels? Have ye any picks? Have ye flour, meal, sugar—anything?"

"Gold!" exclaimed Jim Bridger. "Kit Carson did not lie! He never did!"

And they did not know how much this was worth. They had no scales for raw gold, nor any system of valuation for it. And they had no shovels and no pickaxes; and since the families had come they now had very little flour at Fort Hall.

But now they had the news! This was the greatest news that ever came to old Fort Hall—the greatest news America knew for many a year, or the world—the news of the great gold strikes in California.

Old Greenwood suddenly broke out, "Have we left the mines an' come this far fer nothin'? I tell ye, we must have supplies! A hundred dollars fer a pick! A hundred dollars fer a shovel! A hundred dollars fer a pair o' blankets! An ounce fer a box of sardines, damn ye! An ounce fer half a pound o' butter! A half ounce fer a aig! Anything ye like fer anything that's green! Three hundred fer a gallon o' likker! A ounce fer a box o' pills! Eight hundred fer a barrel o' flour! Same fer pork, same fer sugar, same fer coffee! Damn yer picayune hides, we'll show ye what prices is! What's money to us? We can git the pure gold that money's made out of, an' git it all we want! Hooray fer Californy!"

He broke into song. His comrades roared in Homeric chorus with him, passing from one to another of the current ditties of the mines. They declared in unison, "Old Grimes is dead, that good old man!" Then they swung off to yet another classic ballad:

There was an old woman who had three sons—
Joshua, James and John!
Josh got shot, and Jim got drowned,
And John got lost and never was found,
And that was the end of the woman's three sons,
Joshua, James and John.

Having finished the obsequies of the three sons, not once but many times, they went forward with yet another adaptation, allowing Old Greenwood, who stood with head thrown back and sang with tones of Hannibal:

Oh, then Susannah, don't you cry fer me!
I'm goin' to Californuah, with my wash pan on my knee.

The news of the gold was out! Bridger forgot his cups, forgot his friends, hurried to Molly Wingate's cart again.

"Hit's true, Miss Molly!" he cried—truer'n true hitself! Yan's men just in from Californy, an' they've got two horse-sacks o' gold, an' they say hit's nothin'—they come out fer supplies. They tried to git Will Banion—they did trade some with Woodhull. They're nigh to Humboldt by now an' goin' hard. Miss Molly, gal, he's in ahead o' the hull country, an' got six months by hisself! Lord give him luck! Hit'll be winter afore the men back East kin know. He's one year ahead—thanks to yer lie to me an' mine to Kit and Kit's to his general.

"Gold! Ye kain't hide hit an' ye kain't find hit an' ye kain't dig hit up an' ye kain't keep hit down. Miss Molly, gal, I like ye, but how I do wisht ye was a man, so's you an' me could celebrate this here, fitten!"

"Listen!" said the girl. "Our bugle! That's assembly!"

"Yes, they'll all be there. Come when ye kin. Hell's a poppin' now!"

The emigrants, indeed, deserted their wagons, gathering in front of the stockade group after group. There was a strange scene on the far-flung, unknown, fateful borderlands of the country Senator McDuffie but now had not valued at five dollars for the whole. All these now, halfway across, and with the ice and snow of winter cutting off pursuit for a year, had the great news which did not reach publication in the press of New York and Baltimore until September of 1848. It did not attain notice on the floor of Congress until December fifth of that year, although this was news that went to the very foundation of this republic, which, indeed, was to prove the means of the perpetuity of this republic.

The drunken hunters in their ragged wools, their stained skins, the emigrants in their motley garb—come this far they knew not why, since men will not admit of destiny in nations—also knew not that they were joying over the death of slavery and the life of the Union. They did not know that now, in a flash, all the old arguments and citations over slavery and secession were ancient and of no avail. The wagoners of the Sangamon, in Illinois, gathered here, roistering, did not know that they were dancing on the martyr's grave of Lincoln, or weaving him his crown, or buying shot and shell for him to win his grievous ordeal, brother against brother. Yet all those things were settled then, beyond that range of the Rockies which senators had said they would not spend a dollar to remove, "were they no more than ten feet high."

Even then the Rockies fell. Even then the great trains of the covered wagons, driven by men who never heard of destiny, achieved their places on the unwritten scroll of Time.

The newcomers from beyond the Sierras, crazed with their easy fortune, and now inflamed yet further by the fumes of alcohol, even magnified the truth, as it then seemed. They spent their dust by the handful. They asked for skillets, cooking pans, that they could wash more gold. They wanted saws, nails, axes, hammers, picks. They said they would use the wagon boxes for Long Toms. They said if men would unite in companies to dam and divert the California rivers they would lay bare ledges of broken gold which would need only scooping up. The miners would pay anything for labor in iron and wood. They would buy any food and all there was of it at a dollar a pound. They wanted pack horses to cross the Humboldt Desert loaded. They would pay any price for men to handle horses for a fast and steady flight.

Because, they said, there was no longer any use in measuring life by the old standards of value. Wages at four bits a day, a dollar a day, two dollars, the old prices—why, no man would work for a half hour for such return when any minute he might lift twenty dollars in the hollow of an iron spoon. Old Greenwood had panned his five hundred in a day. Men had taken two thousand—three—in a week; in a week, men, not in a year! There could be no wage scale at all. Labor was a thing gone by. Wealth, success, ease, luxury was at hand for the taking. What a man had dreamed for himself he now could have. He could overleap all the confining limits of his life, and, even if weak, witless, ignorant or in despair, throw all that aside in one vast bound into attainment and enjoyment.

Rich? Why should any man remain poor? Work? Why should work be known, save the labor of picking up pure gold—done, finished, delivered at hand to waiting and weary humanity? Human cravings could no longer exist. Human disappointment was a thing no more to be known. In California, just yonder, was gold, gold, gold! Do you mind—can you think of it, men? Gold, gold, gold! The sun had



Here, You're at Your Best

no matter what you wish to do

By a Traveler

A "Southern California Summer" is an experience that you, perhaps, have yet to enjoy. I have enjoyed many since I first heard of their almost unbelievable attractions. Ninety nights in June, July and August *under blankets* is the rule.

A friend once amazed me with that statement. I had never been to California. But I travel widely, and once went there—to see for myself.

I've spent seven summers there since then.

In no other land are there so many different diversions and strange sights. And nowhere else, it seems, do you *feel* as you do here.

You're at your best in golf and every other sport. It's in the air. And there's interesting change wherever you may turn.

Lunch on a great desert like Sahara. Dinner that evening in a famous restaurant in one of the world's large cities. The same evening, a visit to the seashore.

4,000 miles of paved highways, smooth as city streets, to take you to these places.

You fish in mountain lakes or streams, rest at mountain camps, ride horseback over wild trails, bathe at a seashore resort at the foot of a mountain range.

Such is this great summer playground from end to end.

Stupendous hundred-mile views are everywhere on clear days from many points.

And all these diversions within a radius of a hundred-mile drive over perfect roads.

Add these attractions to an ideal summer climate—warm days and nights that are *really cool* and you have not an imaginary summer wonderland, as this may seem, but one *in fact.*

Southern California is America's ideal summer as well as winter resort. Average mean temperature: June, 66 degrees; July, 70 degrees; August, 71 degrees; September, 69 degrees.—The 44-year record of the U. S. Weather Bureau.

Summer? An amazing summerland—you'll never spend a more delightful, restful, interesting summer anywhere. Best of all, you'll have this *complete change!* And in that feature is the *real value* of vacations.

Ask any railroad ticket office for further information, or mail coupon below.

Special, low-rate, round trip fares beginning May 15th—*No more War Tax.*

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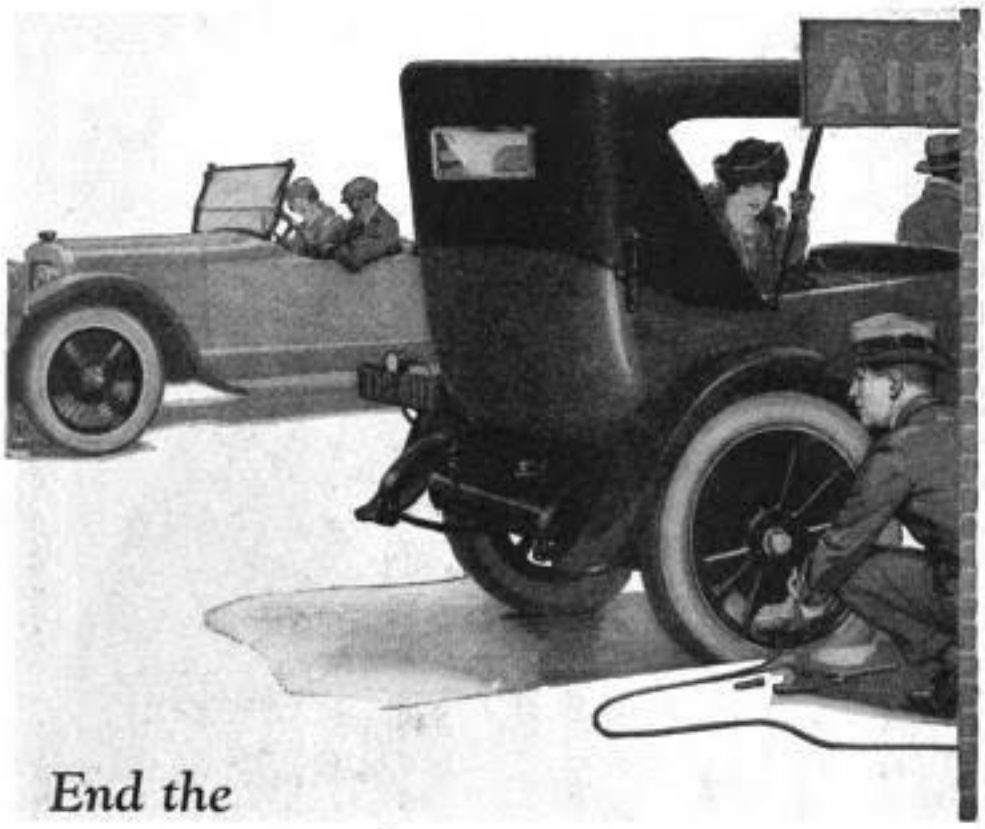
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Dept. M-205, Chamber of Commerce Bldg.,
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Please send me full information about the summer vacation possibilities in Southern California.

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Re-pumping Nuisance!

Put on the new Trex Lock and pump your tires Only Once

All you need are your fingers, a small wrench and three minutes to attach a Trex Lock to your tire, and end the tire-pumping nuisance once for all.



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2. Eliminates trouble of re-pumping, and premature blow-outs due to rim cuts.
3. Fits any tire; any motorist can attach in three minutes.

Price $1 for each tire

You simply take out the ordinary valve insides and throw away. Then attach the Trex Lock onto the regular valve stem.

Many motorists think the old fashioned tire valve is "good enough"—until they figure up how much valuable time they waste week-in-and-week-out keeping the tires pumped—waiting in line for air—washing off the dirt and grease—and all the rest.

The Trex Lock means *full mileage* from every tire, with nothing to take care of. Fits any tire and is interchangeable; outlasts the car itself. All metal, double-locking the air passage; no rubber parts to rot or deteriorate. Needs no dust cap.

Displayed in our attractive orange and black boxes, each containing five locks, suitable for the four tires and spare tire on one motor car. Sold singly if you desire—only $1 for each tire. Backed by a guarantee.

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AIR VALVE LOCK

arisen at last on the millennial day! Now might man be happy and grieve no more forever!

Arguments such as these did not lack and were not needed with the emigrants. It took but a leap to the last conclusion. Go to California? Why should they not go? Had it not been foreordained that they should get the news here, before it was too late? Fifty miles more and they had lost it. A week earlier and they would not have known it for a year. Go to Oregon and plow? Why not go to California and dig in a day what a plow would earn in a year?

Call it stubbornness or steadfastness, at last Jesse Wingate's strength of resolution now became manifest. At first almost alone, he stayed the stampede by holding out for Oregon in the council with his captains.

They stood near the Wingate wagon, the same which had carried him into Indiana, thence into Illinois, now this far on the long way to Oregon. Old and gray was Mary Ann, as he called his wagon, by now, the paint ground from felly, spoke and hub, the sides dust covered, the tilt disfigured and discolored. He gazed at the time-worn, sturdy frame with something akin to affection. The spokes were wedged to hold them tight, the rims were bound with hide, worn away at the edges where the tire gave no covering, the tires had been reset again and again. He shook the nearest wheel to test it.

"Yes," said he, "we all show wear. But I see little use in changing a plan once made in a man's best sober judgment. For me, I don't think all the world has been changed overnight."

"Oh, well, now," demanded Kelsey, his nomad Kentucky blood dominant, "no use holding to any plan just for sake of doing it. If something better comes, why not take it? That stands to reason. We all came out here to better ourselves. These men have done in six months what you and I might not do in ten years in Oregon.

"They'd guide us through to California, too," he went on. "We've no guide to Oregon."

Even Caleb Price nodded.

"They all say that the part from here on is the worst—drier and drier, and in places very rough. And the two fords of the Snake—well, I for one wish we were across them. That's a big river, and a bad one. And if we crossed the Blue Mountains all right, there's the Cascades, worse than the Blues, and no known trail for wagons."

"I may have to leave my wagons," said Jesse Wingate, "but if I do I aim to leave them as close to the Willamette Valley as I can. I came out to farm. I don't know California. How about you, Hall? What do your neighbors say?"

"Much as Price says. They're worn out and scared. They've been talking about the Snake crossings ever since we left the Soda Springs. Half want to switch for California. A good many others would like to go back home—if they thought they'd ever get there!"

"But we've got to decide," urged Wingate. "Can we count on thirty wagons to go through? Others have got through in a season, and so can we if we stick. Price?"

His hesitant glance at his staunch trail friend's face decided the latter.

"I'll stick for Oregon!" said Caleb Price. "I've got my wife and children along. I want my donation lands."

"You, Hall?"

"I'll go with you," said Hall, the third column leader, slowly. "Like to try a whirl in California, but if there's so much gold there, next year'll do. I want my lands."

"Why, there's almost ten thousand people in Oregon by now, or will be next year," argued Wingate. "It may get to be a territory—maybe not a state, but anyways a territory, some time. And it's free! Not like Texas and all this new Mexican land just coming in by the treaty. What do you say, finally, Kelsey?"

The latter chewed tobacco for some time.

"You put it to me hard to answer," said he. "Any one of us'd like to try California. It will open faster than Oregon if all this gold news is true. Maybe ten thousand people will come out next year, for all we know."

"Yes, with picks and shovels," said Jesse Wingate. "Did ever you see pick or shovel build a country? Did ever you see steel traps make or hold one? Oregon's ours because we went out five years ago with wagons and plows—we all know that. No, friends, waterways never held a country. No path ever held on a river—that's for exploring, not for farming. To hold a country you need wheels, you need a plow. I'm for Oregon!"

"You put it strong," admitted Kelsey. "But the only thing that holds me back from California is the promise we four made to each other when we started. Our train's fallen apart little by little. I'm ole Kaintucky. We don't rue back, and we keep our word. We four said we'd go through. I'll stand by that. I'm a man of my word."

Imperiously as though he were Pizarro's self, he drew a line in the dust of the trail.

"Who's for Oregon?" he shouted; again demanded, as silence fell, "This side for Oregon!"

And Kelsey of Kentucky, man of his word, turned the stampede definitely.

Wingate, his three friends; a little group, augmenting, crossed for Oregon. The women and the children stood aloof—sunbonneted women, brown, some with new-born trail babes in arms, silent as they always stood. Across from the Oregon band stood almost as many men, for the most part unmarried, who had not given hostages to fortune, and were resolved for California. A cheer arose from these.

"Who wants my plow?" demanded a stalwart farmer from Indiana, more than fifteen hundred miles from his last home. "I brung her this fur into this damned desert. I'll trade her for a shovel and make one more try for my folks back home."

He loosed the wires which had bound the implement to the tail of his wagon all these weary miles. It fell to the ground and he left it there.

"Do some thinking, men, before you count your gold and drop your plow. Gold don't last, but the soil does. Ahead of you is the Humboldt Desert. There's no good wagon road over the mountains if you get that far. The road down Mary's River is a real gamble with death. Men can go through and make roads—yes; but where are the women and the children to stay? Think twice, men, and more than twice!" Wingate spoke solemnly.

"Roll out! Roll out!" mocked the man who had abandoned his plow. "This way for Californy!"

The council ended in turmoil, where hitherto had been no more than a sedate daily system. Routine, become custom, gave way to restless movement, excited argument. Of all these hundreds now encamped on the sandy sagebrush plain in the high desert there was not an individual who was not affected in one way or another by the news from California, and in most cases it required some sort of personal decision, made practically upon the moment. Men argued with their wives heatedly; women gathered in groups, talking, weeping. The stoic calm of the trail was swept away in a sort of hysteria which seemed to upset all their world and all its old values.

Whether for Oregon or California, a revolution in prices was worked overnight for every purchase of supplies. Flour, horses, tools, everything merchantable, doubled and more than doubled. Some fifty wagons in all now formed train for California which, in addition to the long line of pack animals, left the Sangamon caravan, so called, at best little more than half what it had been the day before. The men without families made up most of the California train.

The agents for California, by force of habit, still went among the wagons and urged the old arguments against Oregon—the savage tribes on ahead, the forbidding desolation of the land, the vast and dangerous rivers, the certainty of starvation on the way, the risk of arriving after winter had set in on the Cascade Range—all matters of which they themselves spoke by hearsay. All the great West was then unknown. Moreover, Fort Hall was a natural division point, as quite often a third of the wagons of a train might be bound for California even before the discovery of gold. But Wingate and his associates felt that the Oregon immigration for that year, even handicapped as now, ultimately would run into thousands.

It was mid-morning of the next blazing day when he beckoned his men to him.

"Let's pull out," he said. "Why wait for the Californians to move? Bridger will go with us across the Snake. 'Twill only be the worse the longer we lie here, and our wagons are two weeks late now."

(Continued on Page 137)

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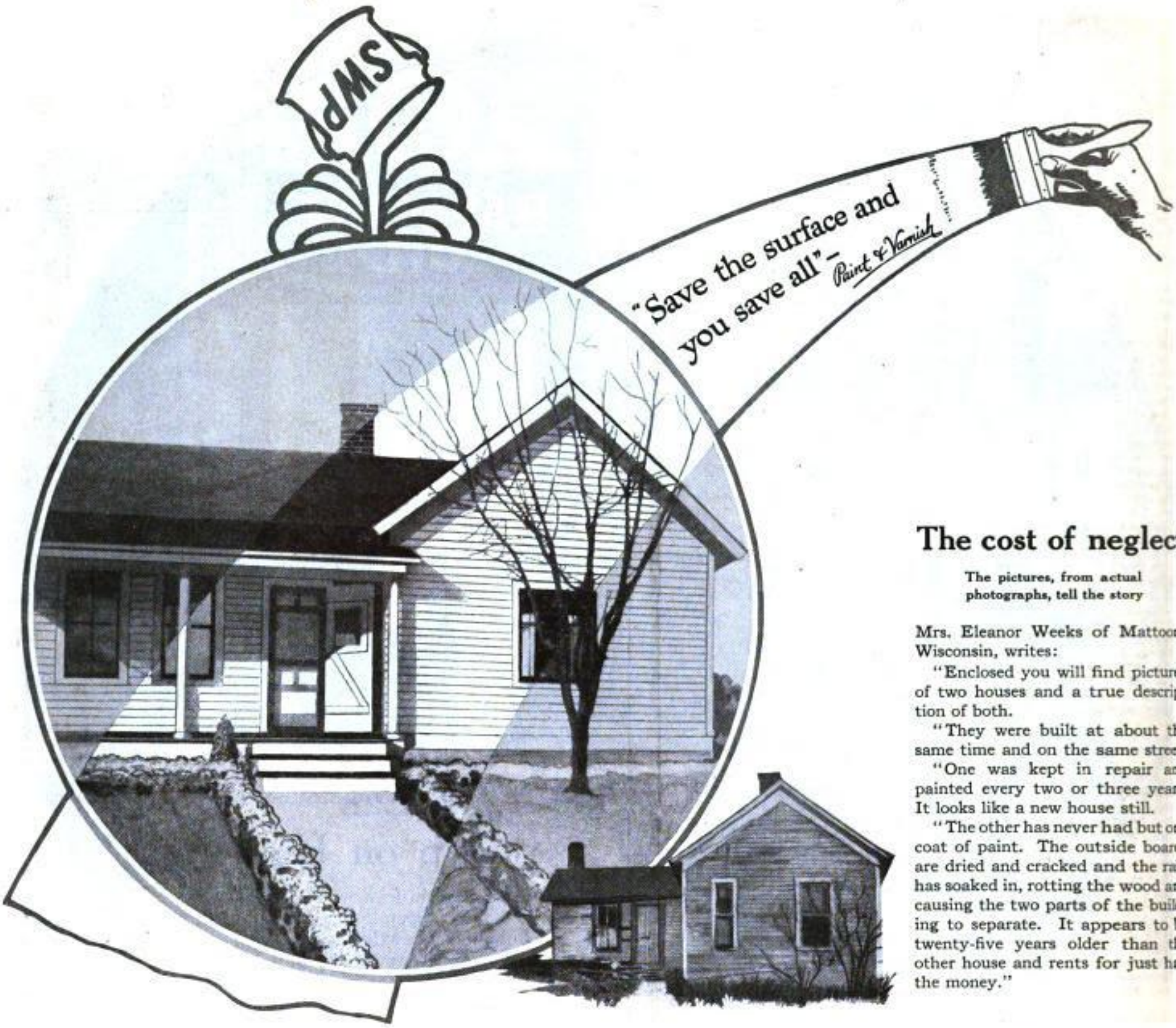
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(Continued from Page 134)

The others agreed. But there was now little train organization. The old cheery call, "Catch up! Catch up!" was not heard. The group, the family, the individual now began to show again. But after their leaders came, one after another, rattling, faded wagons, until the dusty trail that led out across the sage flats had a tenancy stretched out for over a half mile, with yet other vehicles falling in behind. Silent and grim were young and old now over this last defection.

"About that old man Greenwood," said Molly Wingate to her daughter as they sat on the same jolting seat, "I don't know about him. I've saw elders in the church with whiskers as long and white as his'n, but you'd better watch your hog pen. For me, I believe he's a liar. It like enough is true he used to live back in the Rockies in Injun times, and he may be eighty-five years old, as he says, and California may have a wonderful climate, the way he says; but some things I can't believe.

"He says, now, he knows a man out in California, a Spanish man, who was two hundred and fifty years old, and he had quite a lot of money, gold and silver, he'd dug out of the mountains. Greenwood says he's known of gold and silver for years, himself. Well, this Spanish man had relatives that wanted his property, and he'd made a will and left it to them; but he wouldn't die, the climate was so good. So his folks allowed maybe if they sent him to Spain on a journey he'd die and then they'd get the property legal. So he went, and he did die; but he left orders for his body to be sent back to California to be buried. So when his body came they buried him in California, the way he asked—so Greenwood says.

"But did they get his property? Not at all! The old Spanish man, almost as soon as he was buried in California dirt, he came to life again! He's alive to-day out there, and this man Greenwood says he's a neighbor of his and he knows him well! Of course, if that's true you can believe almost anything about what a wonderful country California is. But for one, I ain't right sure. Maybe not everybody who goes to California is going to find a mountain of gold or live to be three hundred years old!

"But to think, Molly! Here you knew all this away back to Laramie! Well, if the scorah had started there 'stead of here there'd be dead people now back of us more'n there is now. That old man Bridger told you—why? And how could you keep the secret?"

"It was for Will," said Molly simply. "I had given him up. I told him to go to California and forget me, and to live things down. Don't chide me any more. I tried to marry the man you wanted me to marry. I'm tired. I'm going to Oregon—to forget. I'll teach school. I'll never, never marry—that's settled at last."

"You got a letter from Sam Woodhull to-day."

"Yes, I did."

"Huh! Does he call that settled? Is he going to California to forget you and live things down?"

"He says not. I don't care what he says."

"He'll be back."

"Spare his journey! It will do him no good. The Indian did me a kindness, I tell you!"

"Well, anyways, they're both off on the same journey now, and who knows what or which? They both may be three hundred years old before they find a mountain of gold. But to think—I had your chunk of gold right in my own hands, but didn't know it! The same gold my mother's wedding ring was made of, that was mine. It's right thin now, child. You could of made a dozen out of that lump, like enough."

"I'll never need one, mother," said Molly Wingate.

The girl, weeping, threw her arms about her mother's neck. "You ask why I kept a secret, even then. He kissed me, mother—and he was a thief!"

"Yes, I know. A man he just steals a girl's heart out through her lips. Yore paw done me that way with me once. Git up, there! You, Daisy!

"And from that time on," she added, laughing, "I been trying to forget him and live him down!"

XXXIX

THREE days out from Fort Hall the vanguard of the remnant of the train, less than a fourth of the original number, saw leaning against a gnarled sagebrush a box lid which had scrawled upon it in straggling letters one word—"California." Here now were to part the pick and the plow.

Jim Bridger, sitting his gaunt horse, rifle across saddle horn, halted for the head of the train to pull even with him.

"This here's Cassia Creek," said he. "Yan's the trail down Raft River to the Humboldt and acrost the Sierrys to California. A long, dry jump hit is, by all accounts. The Oregon road goes on down the Snake. Hit's longer, if not so dry."

Small invitation offered in the physical aspect of either path. The journey had become interminable. The unspeakable monotony, whose only variant was peril, had smothered the spark of hope and interest. The allurement of mystery had wholly lost its charm.

The train halted for some hours. Once more discussion rose.

"Last chance for California, men," said old Jim Bridger calmly. "Do-ee see the tracks? Here's Greenwood come in. Yan's where Woodhull's wagons left the road. Below that, one side, is the tracks o' Banion's mules.

"I wonder," he added, "why thar hain't ary letter left fer none o' us here at the forks o' the road."

He did not know that, left in a tin at the foot of the board sign certain days earlier, there had rested a letter addressed to Miss Molly Wingate. It never was to reach her. Sam Woodhull knew the reason why. Having opened it and read it, he had possessed himself of exacter knowledge than ever before of the relations of Banion and Molly Wingate. Bitter as had been his hatred before, it now was venomous. He lived thenceforth no more in hope of gold than of revenge.

The decision for or against California was something for serious weighing now at the last hour, and it affected the fortune and the future of every man, woman and child in all the train. Never a furrow was plowed in early Oregon but ran in bones and blood; and never a dollar was dug in gold in California—or ever gained in gold by any man—which did not cost two in something else but gold.

Twelve wagons pulled out of the trail silently, one after another, and took the winding trail that led to the left, to the west and south. Others watched them, tears in their eyes, for some were friends.

Alone on her cart seat, here at the fateful parting of the ways, Molly Wingate sat with a letter clasped in her hand, frank tears standing in her eyes. It was no new letter, but an old one. She pressed the pages to her heart, to her lips, held them out at arm's length before her in the direction of the far land which somewhere held its secrets.

"Oh, God keep you, Will!" she said in her heart, and almost audibly. "Oh, God give you fortune, Will, and bring you back to me!"

But the Oregon wagons closed up once more and held their way, the stop not being beyond one camp, for Bridger urged haste.

The caravan course now lay along the great valley of the Snake. The giant deeds of the river in its cañons they could only guess. They heard of tremendous falls, of gorges through which no boat could pass, vague rumors of days of earlier exploration; but they kept to the high plateaus, dipping down to the crossings of many sharp streams which in the first month of their journey they would have called impassable. It all took time. They were averaging now not twenty miles daily, but no more than half that, and the season was advancing. It was fall. Back home the wheat would be in stack, the edges of the corn would be seared with frost.

The vast abundance of game they had found all along now lacked. Some rabbits, a few sage grouse, nightly coyotes—that made all. The savages who now hung on their flanks lacked the stature and the brave trappings of the buffalo plainsmen. They lived on horse meat and salmon, so the rumor came. Now their environment took hold of the Pacific. They had left the East wholly behind.

On the salmon run they could count on food, not so good as the buffalo, but better than bacon grown soft and rusty. Changing, accepting, adjusting, prevailing, the wagons went on, day after day, fifty miles, a hundred, two hundred. But always a vague uneasiness pervaded. The crossing of the Snake lay on ahead. The moody river had cast upon them a feeling of awe.

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Around the sage fires at night the families talked of little else but the ford of the Snake, two days beyond the Salmon Falls.

It was morning when the wagons, well drawn together now, at last turned down the precipitous decline which took them from the high plateau to the water level. Here a halt was called. Bridger took full charge. The formidable enterprise confronting them was one of the real dangers of the road.

The strong green waters of the great river were divided at this ancient ford by two midstream islands, which accounted for the selection of the spot for the daring essay of a bridgeless and boatless crossing. There was something mockingly relentless in the strong rippling current, which cut off more than a guess at the actual depth. There was no ferry, no boat nor means of making one. It was not even possible to shore up the wagon beds so they might be dry. One thing sure was that if ever a wagon was swept below the crossing there could be no hope for it.

But others had crossed here, and even now a certain rough chart existed, handed down from these. Time now for a leader, and men now were thankful for the presence of a man who had seen this crossing made.

The old scout held back the company leaders and rode into the stream alone, step by step, scanning the bottom. He found it firm. He saw wheel marks on the first island. His horse, ears ahead, saw them also, and staggeringly felt out the way. Belly-deep and passable—yes.

Bridger turned and moved a wide arm. The foremost wagons came on to the edge.

The men now mounted the wagon seats, two to each wagon. Flankers drove up the loose cattle, ready for their turn later. Men rode on each side the lead yoke of oxen to hold them steady on their footing, Wingate, Price, Kelsey and Hall, bold men and well mounted, taking this work on themselves.

The plunge once made, they got to the first island, all of them, without trouble. But a dizzying flood lay on ahead to the second wheel-marked island in the river. To look at the rapid surface was to lose all sense of direction. But again the gaunt horse of the scout led out, and again the riders waded in, their devoted animals trembling beneath them. Bridger, student of fast fords, followed the bar upstream, angling with it, till a deep channel offered between him and the island. Unable to evade this, he drove into it, and his gallant mount breasted up and held its feet all the way across.

The thing could be done! Jim Bridger calmly turned and waved to the wagons to come on from the first island.

"Keep them jest whar we was!" he called back to Hall and Kelsey, who had not passed the last stiff water. "Put the heavy cattle in first! Hit maybe won't swim them. If the stuff gets wet we can't help that. Tell the womern hit's all right."

He saw his friends turn back, their horses, deep in the flood, plunging through water broken by their knees; saw the first wagons lead off and crawl out upstream, slowly and safely, till within reach of his voice. Molly now was in the main wagon, and her brother Jed was driving.

Between the lines of wading horsemen the draft oxen advanced, following the wagons, strung out, but all holding their footing in the green water that broke white on the upper side of the wagons. A vast murmuring roar came up from the water thus retarded.

They made their way to the edge of the deep channel, where the cattle stood, breasts submerged.

Bridger rose in his stirrups and shouted, "Git in thar! Come on through!"

They plunged, wallowed, staggered; but the lead yokes saw where the ford climbed the bank, made for it, caught footing, dragged the others through!

Wagon after wagon made it safe. It was desperate, but, being done, these matter-of-fact folk wasted no time in imaginings of what might have happened. They were safe, and the ford thus far was established so that the others need not fear.

But on ahead lay what they all knew was the real danger—the last channel, three hundred yards of racing, heavy water which apparently no sane man ever would have faced. But there were wheel marks on the farther shore. Here ran the road to Oregon.

The dauntless old scout rode in again, alone, bending to study the water and the footing. A gravel bar led off for a couple of rods, flanked by deep potholes. Ten rods out the bar turned. He followed it up, foot by foot, for twenty rods, quartering. Then he struck out for the shore.

The bottom was hard, yes; but the bar was very crooked, with swimming water on either hand, with potholes ten feet deep and more all alongside. And worst of all, there was a vast sweep of heavy water below the ford, which meant destruction and death for any wagon carried down. Well had the crossing of the Snake earned its sinister reputation. Courage and care alone could give any man safe-conduct here.

The women and children, crying, sat in the wagons, watching Bridger retrace the ford. Once his stumbling horse swam, but caught footing. He joined them, very serious.

"It's fording, men," said he, "but she's mean, she shore is mean. Double up all the teams, yoke in every loose ox and put six yoke on each wagon, or they'll get swep' down, shore's hell. Some of them will hold the others if we have enough. I'll go ahead, and I want riders all along the teams, above and below, to hold them to the line. Hit can be did—hit's wicked water, but hit can be did. Don't wait—always keep things movin'."

By this time the island was packed with the loose cattle, which had followed the wagons, much of the time swimming. They were lowing moaningly, in terror—a gruesome thing to hear.

The leader called to Price's oldest boy, driving Molly's cart, "Tie on behind the big wagon with a long rope, an' don't drive in tell you see the fust two yoke ahead holdin'. Then they'll drag you through anyhow. Hang onto the cart whatever happens, but if you do get in, keep upstream of any animile that's swimmin'.

"All set, men? Come ahead!"

He led off again at last, after the teams were doubled and the loads had been piled high as possible to keep them dry. Ten wagons were left behind, it being needful to drive back, over the roaring channel, some of the doubled heavy teams for them.

They made it well, foot by foot, the cattle sometimes swimming gently, confidently, as the line curved down under the heavy current, but always enough holding to keep the team safe. The horsemen rode alongside, exhorting, assuring. It was a vast relief when at the last gravel stretch they saw the wet backs of the oxen rise high once more.

"I'll go back, Jesse," said Kelsey, the man who had wanted to go to California. "I know her now."

"I'll go with you," added young Jed Wingate, climbing down from his wagon seat and demanding his saddle horse, which he mounted bare-backed.

It was they two who drove and led the spare yokes back to repeat the crossing with the remaining wagons. Those on the bank watched them anxiously, for they drove straighter across to save time, and were carried below the trail on the island. But they came out laughing, and the oxen were rounded up once more and doubled in, so that the last of the train was ready.

"That's a fine mare of Kelsey's," said Wingate to Caleb Price, who with him was watching the daring Kentuckian at his work on the downstream and more dangerous side of the linked teams. "She'll go anywhere."

Price nodded, anxiously regarding the laboring advance of the last wagons.

"Too light," said he. "I started with a ton and a half on the National Pike across Ohio and Indiana. I doubt if we average five hundred now. They ford light."

"Look!" he cried suddenly, and pointed.

They all ran to the brink. The horsemen were trying to stay the drift of the line of cattle. They had worked low and missed footing. Many were swimming—the wagons were afloat!

The tired lead cattle had not been able to withstand the pressure of the heavy water a second time. They were off the ford!

But the riders from the shore, led by Jim Bridger, got to them, caught a rope around a horn, dragged them into line, dragged the whole gaunt team to the edge and saved the day for the lead wagon. The others caught and held their footing, labored through.

But a shout arose. Persons ran down the bank, pointing. A hundred yards below the ford, in the full current of the Snake, the lean head of Kelsey's mare was

(Continued on Page 141)

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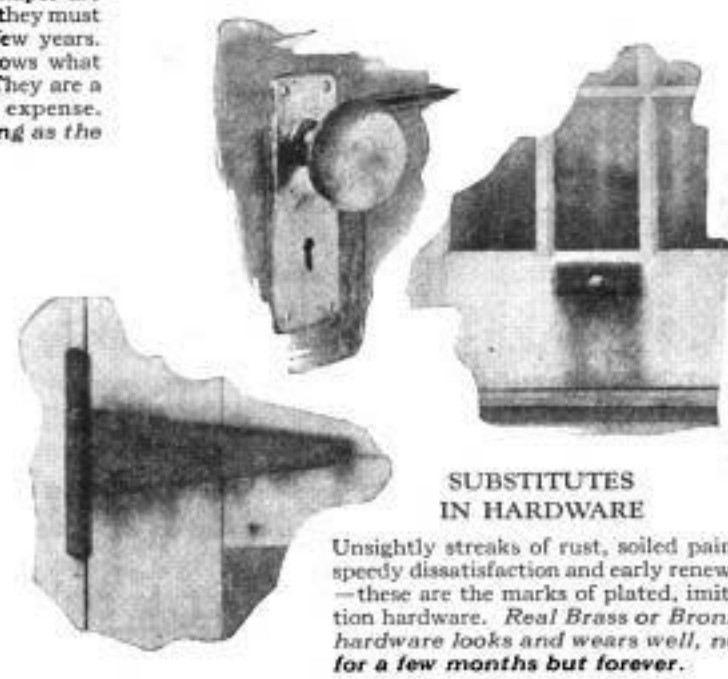


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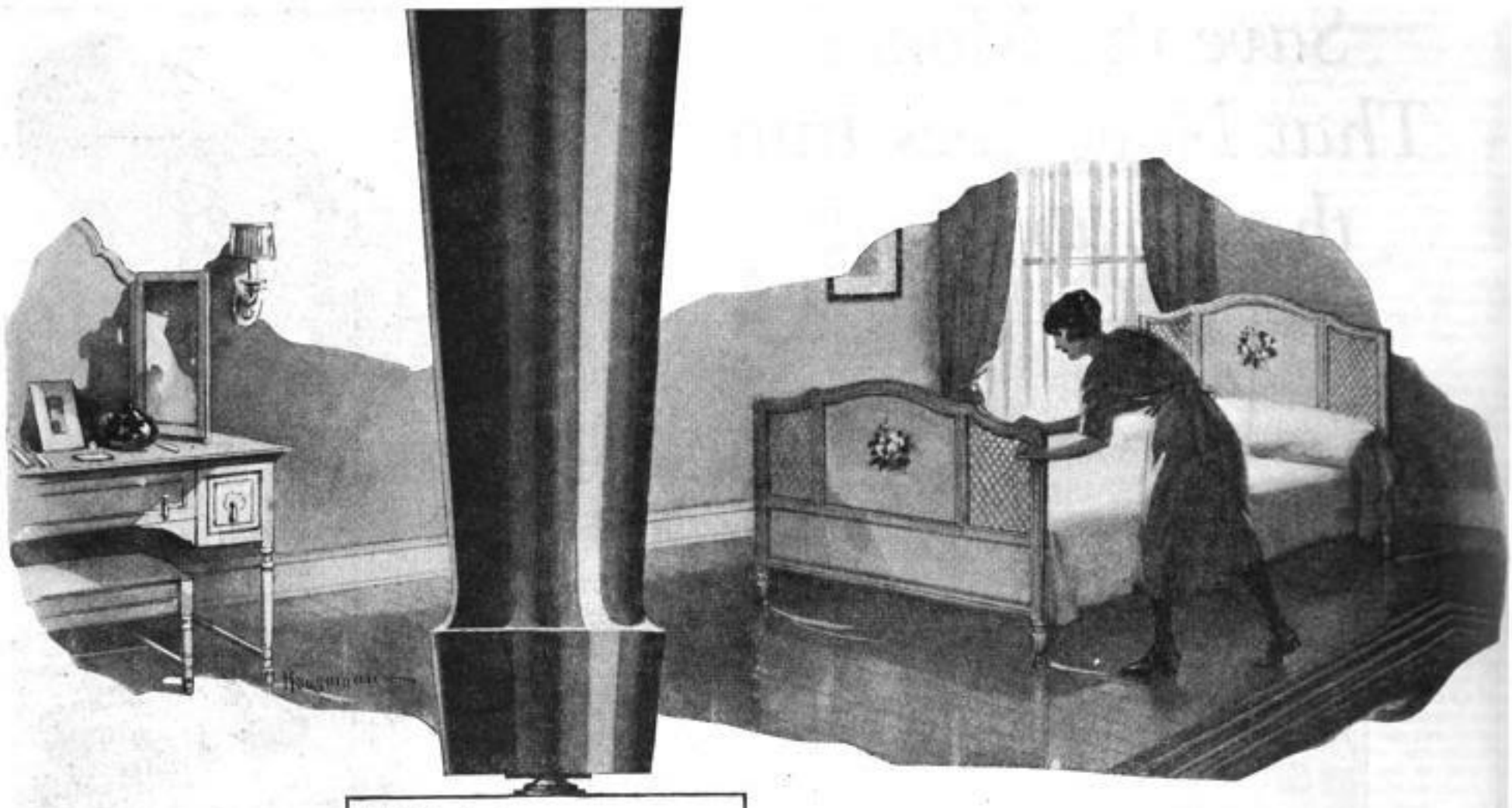
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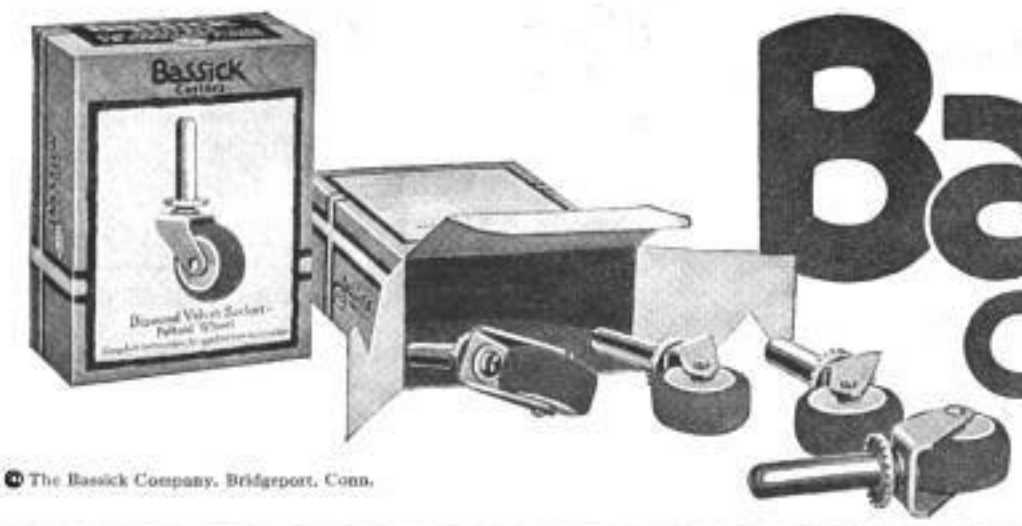
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(Continued from Page 138)

flat, swimming hard, and steadily being swept downstream in a current which swung off shore below the ford.

"He's all right!" called Jed, wet to the neck, sitting his own wet mount, safe ashore at last. "He's swimming too. They'll make it, sure! Come on!"

He started off at a gallop downstream along the shore, his eyes fixed on the two black objects, now steadily losing distance out beyond. But old Jim Bridger put his hands across his eyes and turned away his face. He knew!

It was now plain to all that yonder a gallant man and a gallant horse were making a fight for life. The grim river had them in its grip at last.

In a moment the tremendous power of the heavy water had swept Kelsey and his horse far below the ford. The current there was swifter, noisier, as though exultant in the success of the scheme the river all along had proposed.

As to the victims, the tragic struggle went on in silence. If the man called no one could hear him above the rush and roar of the waters. None long had any hope as they saw the white rollers bury the two heads of the horse and the man, while the set of the current steadily carried them away from the shore. It was only miracle that the two bobbing black dots again and again came into view.

They could see the mare's muzzle flat, extended toward the shore; back of it, upstream, the head of the man. Whichever brain had decided, it was evident that the animal was staking life to reach the shore from which it had been swept away.

Far out in midstream some conformation of the bottom turned the current once more in a long slant shoreward. A murmur, a sob of hundreds of observers packed along the shore broke out as the two dots came closer, far below. More than a quarter of a mile downstream a sand point made out, offering a sort of beach where for some space a landing might be made. Could the gallant mare make this point? Men clenched their hands. Women began to sob, to moan gently.

When with a shout Jed Wingate turned his horse and set off at top speed down the shore some followed him. The horses and men, left alone, fell into confusion, the wagons tangled. One or two teams made off at a run into the desert. But these things were nothing.

Those behind hoped Jed would not try any rescue in that flood. Molly stood wringing her hands. The boy's mother began praying audibly. The voice of Jim Bridger rose in an Indian chant. It was for the dead!

They saw the gallant mare plunge up, neck and shoulders and body rising as her feet found bottom a few yards out from shore. She stood free of the water, safe on the bar; stood still, looking back of her and down. But no man rose to his height beside her. There was only one figure on the bar.

They saw Jed fling off; saw him run and stop, lifting something long and heavy from the water. Then the mare stumbled away. At length she lay down quietly. She never rose.

"She was standing right here," said Jed when the others came. "He had hold of the reins so tight I couldn't hardly open his hand. He must have been dead before the mare hit bottom. He was laying all under water, hanging to the reins, and that was all that kept him from washing on down."

They made some rude and unskilled attempt at resuscitation, but had neither knowledge nor confidence. Perhaps somewhere out yonder the strain had been too great; perhaps the sheer terror had broken the heart of both man and horse. The mare suddenly began to tremble as she lay, her nostrils shivering as though in fright. And she died, after bringing in the dead man whose hand still gripped her rein.

They buried Kelsey of Kentucky—few knew him otherwise—on a hillock by the road at the first fording place of the Snake. They broke out the top board of another tail gate, and with a hot iron burned in one more record of the road:

"Rob't. Kelsey, Ky. Drowned Sept. 7, 1848. A brave man."

The sand long ago cut out the lettering, and long ago the ford passed to a ferry. But there lay, for a long time known, Kelsey of Kentucky, a brave man, who kept his promise and did not rue back, but who never saw either California or Oregon.

"Catch up the stock, men," said Jesse Wingate dully, after a time. "Let's leave this place."

Loads were repacked, broken gear adjusted. Inside the hour the silent gray wagon train held on, leaving the waters to give shriving. The voice of the river rose and fell mournfully behind them in the changing airs.

"I knowed hit!" said old Jim Bridger, now falling back from the lead and breaking off his Indian dirge. "I knowed all along the Snake'd take somebody—she does every time. This mornin' I seed two ravens that flew acrost the trail ahead. Yesterday I seed a rabbit settin' squar' in the trail. I thought hit was me the river wanted, but she's done took a younger an' a better man."

"Man, man," exclaimed stout-hearted Molly Wingate, "what for kind of a country have you brought us women to? One more thing like that and my nerve's gone. Tell me, is this the last bad river? And when will we get to Oregon?"

"Don't be a-skeered, ma'am," rejoined Bridger. "A accident kin happen anywheres. Hit's a month on to Oregon, whar ye're headed. Some fords on ahead, yes; we got to cross back to the south side the Snake again."

"But you'll go on with us, won't you?" demanded young Molly Wingate.

They had halted to breathe the cattle at the foot of lava dust slope. Bridger looked at the young girl for a time in silence.

"I'm off my country, Miss Molly," said he. "Beyant the second ford, at Fort Boise, I ain't never been. I done aimed to turn back here an' git back home afore the winter come. Ain't I did enough fer ye?"

But he hesitated. There was a kindly light on the worn old face, in the sunken blue eye.

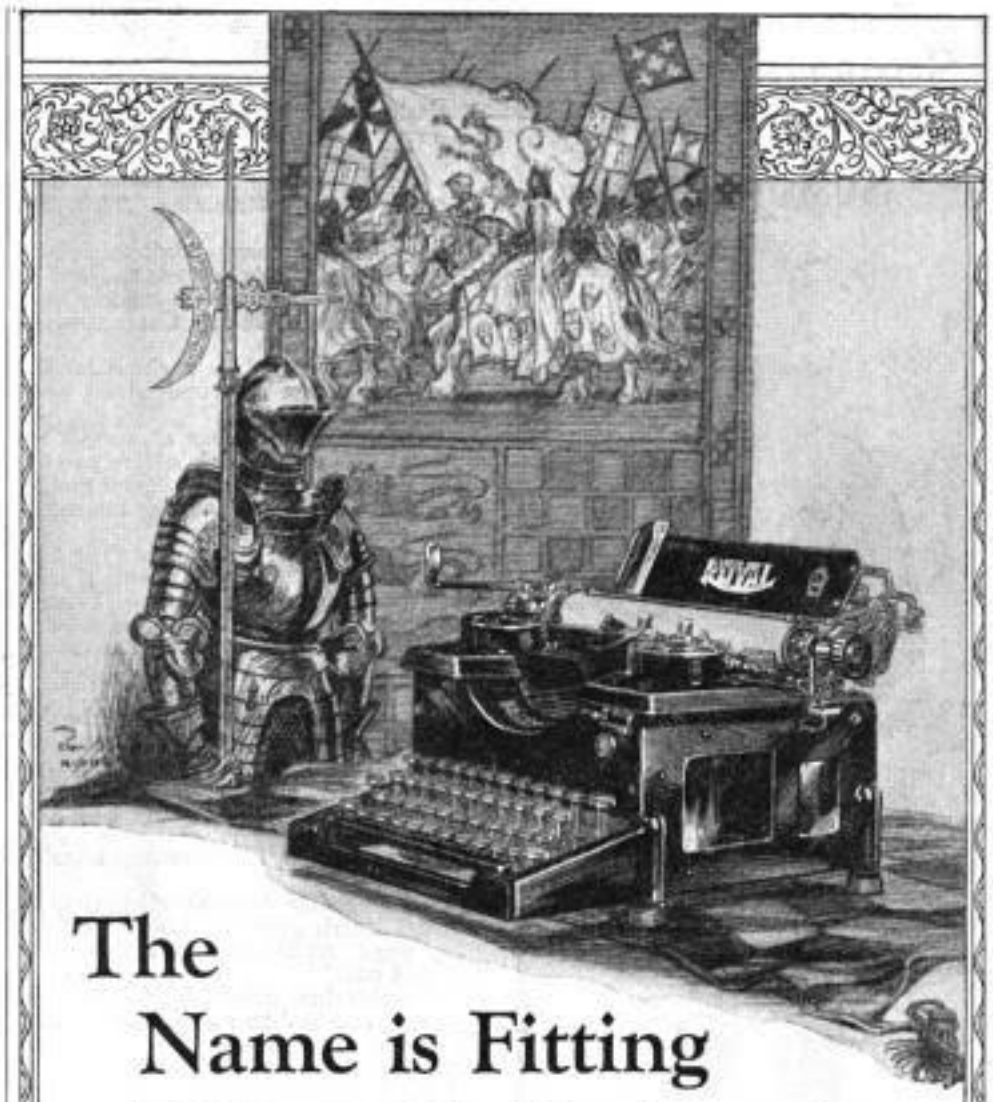
"Ye want me to go on, Miss Molly?"

"If you could it would be a comfort to me, a protection to us all."

"Is hit so! Miss Molly, ye kin talk a ol'-time man out'n his last pelt! But sence ye do want me, I'll sornter along a leetle ways furtherer with ye. Many a good fight is spoiled by wonderin' how hit's goin' to come out. An' many a long trail's lost by wonderin' whar hit runs. I hain't never yit been plumb to Californy er Oregon. But ef ye say I must, Miss Molly, why I must; an' ef I must, why here goes! I reckon my womern kin keep my fire goin' ontel I git back next year."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)





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WASPS

(Continued from Page 7)

hospitality. Here it is different. It is hardly too much to say that hospitality doesn't exist. If you are asked to dinner it is either in payment of a like obligation or because you are entertaining. There are no other reasons."

Still, Glenn Thenamy didn't think he'd go. Besides, eight o'clock was too long to wait for supper—he couldn't call any meal after dark dinner. Morris Caner thought he was wise.

"Either you would be a circus for the others or you wouldn't understand what they were talking about."

Thenamy was conscious of a swift resentment. He objected instinctively to the suggestion that he could be found merely ridiculous, and to Caner's disparagement of Mrs. Heming's invitation.

"If you speak of it like that," he said formally, "you change my mind. A lady has wanted me in her house—I can't bother with how things are up here—and there is no reason why I should stay away. I'll go!"

"Good!" Caner spoke cheerfully. "It may interest you; certainly it will be different from anything you are apt to have seen. The truth is, you are so proper that I wanted to spare your blushes. The talk, to put it lightly, will be free—the talk and the lace stockings."

"I'm not a baby!" Thenamy sounded indignant.

"It's laughable to contradict you, of course," Morris asserted; "but in a great many ways you are exactly that, as you may find out."

When the time arrived for Glenn to go in to the Hemings' he was suddenly aware that clothes different from those he had with him would be expected. He was genuinely distressed, and explained his difficulty to Morris Caner with rueful curses.

"That doesn't matter with the Hemings," Morris reassured him. "You are doing them an injustice. Whatever may be said of them, they are not superficial in the sense of breeding."

As it was, Glenn was conspicuously too early. The drawing-room was empty but for himself. It was twenty minutes before Ava Heming appeared. He greeted her warmly, and then once more conducted his gaze elsewhere. Positively, he thought, it was like a meeting with one of those comic-opera girls right off the stage. James, he was told, would be down in a minute.

"I don't know if you'll like the people I've asked to meet you," she proceeded.

"I just will," he retorted vigorously, "since they are your friends."

"Good heaven," she cried, "what could make you suppose that? They are nothing of the sort! It would be too dull. Why, I hate them all, all but you! John Saylor I detest, and Vida—you'll have to tell me what you think of her—and the Ronalds. They are terrible people. Leva Ronald can't be trusted with—with a bread twist. Yet, don't you see, they amuse me. The whole situation has what you might call a kick."

"Don't pay too much attention to Ava," James Heming advised in the doorway. "She's got a shifty little spike hidden in her hand too."

He was, he said, glad to see Glenn Thenamy. The truth was, Glenn penetrated, that he was totally indifferent. All that he said, all his impatient movements, were perfunctory; they covered a totally other preoccupation. He was, and in the same spare hard way, as personable as his wife.

Glenn could plainly see what Morris Caner had meant by "sullen." Heming was more than that—he was sultry; and yet his evident hot temper was at the same time cold; a combination that had made his fighting skillful and dangerous.

The Ronalds came next—an emaciated man with a face and hair almost equally gray, and fingers that seemed as fragile as the dried stems of grasses. When he spoke there were no signs of animation, of recognition, in his voice or on his face. Mrs. Ronald, who was small and as pale as her husband, was, on the contrary, filled with a kind of rasping vitality. She talked a great deal, in a loud unassuring voice, clearly regarding Glenn Thenamy as an acquisition to her experience of people. She asked at once how long he would be with Morris, explaining that she wanted Glenn for dinner. He told her, however, with a polite sentence of regret, that he was returning to Kentucky immediately.

Privately Mrs. Ronald almost terrified him; her insistent voice seemed to come up from the dark emptiness of some cellar. She stood so close to him and gazed so directly into his eyes that he grew uneasy, embarrassed, and then annoyed. She asked him suddenly how he liked her perfume; and, aware of its sharp fragrance, he said that it was elegant.

"Mrs. Ronald has a theory about scent," Ava Heming told him. "She thinks that it makes you perceptible to the right people."

"There's nothing restrained in Ava's explanation," Mrs. Ronald added. She studied Glenn Thenamy. "You smell of apples," she announced.

"That's funny," he replied, "for the tobacco I use is called Green Pippin."

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Heming put in, "I had one got for you. It's much nicer than Morris'. You might accept it as a present."

An elaborate brass spittoon was produced with formality; and, simply, he acknowledged her thought. Mr. Ronald, it developed, took snuff. He had a snuffbox of gray Chinese stone, and Glenn, with practiced fingers, accepted its offered pungency. His mother, he said, had been very partial to snuff; but Mr. Ronald's was finer than any he had sampled before.

"Mine," Mrs. Ronald proclaimed, "had a taste for cocaine." Glenn looked at her, puzzled. "My mother!" she particularized. "The old bird flew high, in very fancy clouds."

His distaste for this, his disapproval, must have been marked, for she laughed delightedly. It was her little joke, he told her, with the unpleasant conviction that she had spoken seriously.

"Hers," she corrected him; "I haven't needed it yet."

There was a stir of arrival in the hall—the Saylors; and at the first glimpse of the woman entering through the hangings of the doorway Glenn Thenamy felt that at last here was someone he did understand. Mrs. Saylor, too, was small; but her smallness, in a wisp of dress, was as luxurious as possible. She had a great pile of naturally bright hair and the face of an expensive, an irreproachably flawless doll. On the surface she was unquestionably lovely; she was so lovely that, to meet her closely, brought almost a gasp at her visible perfection. But Glenn didn't stop there; with Mrs. Saylor he was thoroughly at home.

In fact, he hardly more than acknowledged her greeting, and turned, interested, to see her husband. That individual had a broad, disproportionately large face with a deep cleft in the chin, eyes maliciously green in tone and soft, blanched hands. His shirt held but one stud, a magnificent ruby set in a circle of diamonds, and on the little fingers of both hands were long intaglio rings.

James Heming promptly advised Glenn: "Don't ask Saylor to show the engravings on his rings. He'd like nothing better—even he could hardly volunteer—but you wouldn't enjoy them."

In the arrangement of the table Glenn Thenamy sat between Ava Heming and Mrs. Saylor. Heming was opposite his wife, with Ronald on the left. If Glenn gave Mrs. Saylor but little heed she had less for him. Except for a quick nod as he had been introduced, she was, it seemed, unaware of his presence. However, she spoke hardly at all, but addressed herself with a solid attention to dinner. Even at her shoulder, Thenamy thought, she appeared not to be made from living tissue. Her skin, the beautiful mold of her shoulders, had a look of wax. The powder was no drier than the delightful nose it adorned. It was plain she knew that her voice alone, of all her perceptible qualities, was ugly. It was thin, weak, the voice of a mechanical doll, without ring or underlying color.

Her husband Glenn had, as well, dismissed—part of the slush Mrs. Heming had spoken of. But this opinion, as the courses progressed, he was obliged to discard. Saylor was not so featureless as he had seemed. He looked, it was true, like one of the balls of dough Jenny put in soup; but out of that unpleasant exterior a caustic wit flashed and glittered. A great deal, as Caner had predicted, Glenn did not comprehend; and when a meaning was plain to him he half gazed about, incredulous that it could be meant. The faces of the women were masklike.

Glenn was slowly, steadily enveloped in the feeling that the menacing stale spirit he had found in the city was being concentrated into the room in which he sat. The smoke of the cigarettes against the glow of the candles assumed fantastic and sly shapes. He was intensely uncomfortable, wishing that he had, following Caner's advice, stayed away. In this, perhaps, he was no more than a baby.

Glenn didn't like champagne. It was no better, he told himself, than weak cider; but the food was supremely good. Again he wished for Jenny—she'd like those things in crumpled pie crust. But why wouldn't the servants just put the dishes on the table and get out of sight? He decided that, as a class, he hated servants; the smug girls and the tallow-faced men.

He withdrew from the conversation—the Hemings comfortably didn't pester him—and watched the expressions, studied the voices around him. Ronald, whose head might have been dipped in a dust box, was abstracted, contemptuous of the others. Not a man, Glenn decided, to whom he'd like to try to sell oil. After a minute's direct talk with Ronald he would want to knock his face in. Mrs. Ronald continued to bring her loud, empty tones out of an inner void. She drank continuously; the bottles in their white napkins were always at her glass. But it didn't affect her—pouring it into that cellar! Glenn Thenamy realized now that what Mrs. Heming said about the people there was true; she disliked them strongly. But then, everyone, including his wife, disliked Saylor. He knew this, Glenn gathered, and got a form of pleasure from it. James Heming listened to him with a vertical frown between his abrupt eyebrows. It seemed to Glenn that Heming was waiting for Saylor to pass what boundary of the permissible did exist. If the latter made a mistake, Glenn continued his thought, he would come up against an implacable barrier to his peculiar humor.

This, it became evident, he would not do; and Glenn turned from him to James Heming. He saw the mark of a special and personal enmity to Saylor in Heming's frowning attention. He wondered over that; and, wondering, his gaze rested on Mrs. Saylor. She practically never spoke to Heming, nor glanced toward him. The man, though, glanced swiftly but comprehensively at her when the dinner was otherwise occupied. He didn't, specially, speak to her; yet what he said had the effect of echoing her few remarks.

Glenn Thenamy speculated upon that. Mrs. Saylor, he considered, was so easily understood that he couldn't quite believe Heming was stupid enough to be interested—caught, really—by her. Why, his wife, Ava Heming, was worth a thousand bundles of such thin tinder! At least she was a thoroughbred. So was James Heming; Glenn was obliged to admit that of both of them. Here, he went on, they were out of place. That was it! So was he. Glenn had a strange ability—a consciousness of danger close, but hidden from him. On more than one occasion, whirling sharply, he had met, conquered, a threatening occasion swiftly and silently overtaking him from the back. He knew, as he put it to himself, when things were wrong. And that sensation was very strong upon him now. In some way, too, it threatened the Hemings. His valuable premonition of calamities extended to all three of them.

There wasn't anything that he could do, no evident steps for safety could be taken. The servant at his back had no intention, for instance, of shooting him. This wasn't the oil tracts of Kentucky. The oppression, however, persisted. He had an absurd impulse to warn James Heming, to make him a signal that would put him alertly on his guard. He wanted to send Mrs. Heming into cover. Glenn's attention swung back to Saylor, and he had a conviction with regard to him. If Saylor came into Bennings County he wouldn't last long—he would meet up with an accident. There would, to put it abruptly, be a coroner's inquest, or what locally had the appearance of one; there would be an inquest at which he, Glenn Thenamy, might be called on to make a few remarks—an explanation, in

(Continued on Page 145)

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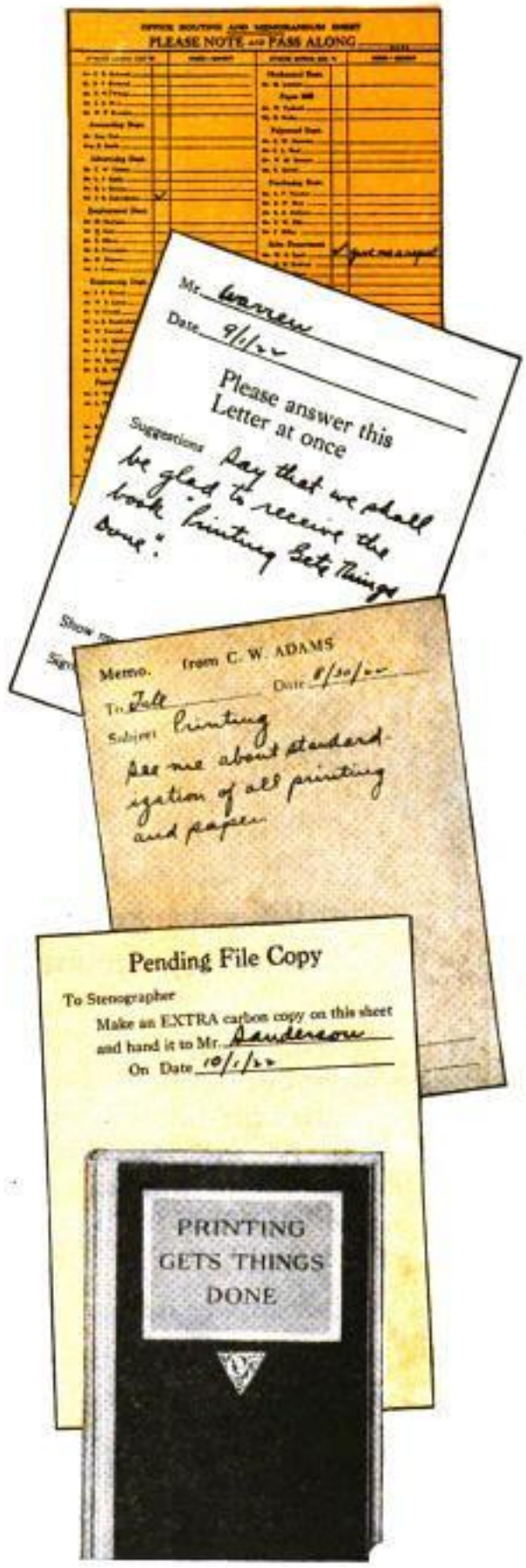
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(Continued from Page 142)

fact. James Heming was wasting valuable time waiting for Saylor to make an error; there were occasions when it was wise to take an error for granted, to consider it done. This Saylor was an error in himself. But if Heming was infatuated with Saylor's wife, then the sullen James was making a mistake of heroic size. The trouble was that Glenn couldn't say anything, not even to Ava Heming—least of all to Ava. Heming would have to fall into the pit and scramble out if it was possible. It was too bad; and Glenn would speak about it to Morris Caner, his friend. Saylor turned to him.

"Kentucky?"

"Yes, sir, Kentucky."

"A state with only a leaden argument."

"They are covering them in steel."

"A hole."

"No, sir—a grave."

"The women used to be beautiful; they are no longer, if I can judge from Louisville; but ——"

"Still very noble."

Glenn thought he had better interrupt him. The continuation of Saylor's sentence, he was afraid, would be embarrassing to social occasion.

Saylor said, generally, "I didn't know that word 'noble' was still pronounced."

"It isn't needed a great deal," Mrs. Heming returned; "but perhaps it is still useful in Kentucky."

"Yes, ma'am," Glenn assented. "It is, right smart."

"He is about to recall the Alamo." This was Saylor.

"Not here; not with you around."

Glenn wondered if he might, with even approximate safety, kill him. Then he remembered that such a light blasphemy was common here. He had no wish to make himself absurd. The best thing for him to do was to shut up, and he drew effectively on a superlative cigar. Why didn't Morris stop his nonsense about the contract and buy her? If the ribbon on that sleeve broke he would dive under the table; he'd never reach the door, Glenn was certain of this. He caught an angle of Mrs. Heming's gaze, a compression of her mouth, which further enlightened him.

What—Glenn demanded heatedly of Morris Caner—kind of a way was that to do? He had left the Hemings' soon after dinner, and finding Caner in the drawing-room he had swept into a picturesque denunciation of the whole situation in the house next door.

"You can put all the oil in Kentucky on the fact that she knows it," he continued; "I saw that just before they got up. Mrs. Heming sees right through them to the wall behind. And she won't say anything, she won't do anything, not to the stir of a finger. That's where she's wrong, but she can't help it, being what she is."

"You take them too seriously," Caner told him. "You don't understand these affairs. Remember, everything here is different from Bennings. What there would matter a great deal, the most possible, is in the long run unimportant with us. Such affairs—you are right about that between Mrs. Saylor and Heming—go on all the time. It's the current relaxation. Reasonable people like Ava Heming pay no attention to them, and they die out when the fuel is consumed; they soon grow cold."

"You know more about it than I do." Glenn was unconvinced. "With most of them, perhaps; but not with the Hemings. I think I know them; they might have come right from my country. If they are careful this business will break them

He paused, then explained in a totally different and forceful language his precise opinion of Mrs. Saylor. This didn't, apparently, quite satisfy him, for he began again; but Morris interrupted him.

"It is a display of words that is remarkable. It seems to me you haven't formed any; but you are apparently able to go on. Yet what's the good? The things and their troubles are far out of the district. I am a little surprised at you, Glenn; for your entire philosophy of life has consented in avoiding whatever lay outside your own purpose."

"I'm surprised at myself," Glenn admitted moodily. "I'd like to have a snatch at Saylor—put some berries in his eye. I don't know which I mislike the more—him or his wife. They're a pair!"

"Well, get them out of your head. I see you have guessed, you old gimlet, that I have agreed to your criminal proceedings. No, you can't go home tomorrow; you'll leave Monday, and I shall be with you. I want to have one look at this place before my money sinks in it."

Glenn Thenamy rose, and his gravity brought Caner to his feet. Their hands met; but that was all; nothing was said.

As Glenn prepared for bed he listened subconsciously for the usual contentious sounds from the Hemings; but the silence there was unbroken. It was still in the opposite direction too—until Glenn was waked past the middle of night by a paroxysm of the dragging sobs. He sat up in bed, sharply disturbed; and the muffled crying was broken by a shrill high scream. There were others, incredibly prolonged; a volume of fear which, it seemed, must be beyond the capacity of a human throat. There was a crash of falling furniture and broken china, glass, the sound of running feet and terrified voices.

It was, to Glenn Thenamy, not wholly awake, utterly horrible, inhuman. He thought that he could hear a struggle—that was a chair thrown against the wall—then there was quiet again. It was interrupted soon after by the grinding of automobile brakes on the street and the closing of a door. He could not visualize the happening beyond in a rational manner. It seemed to him that the evil about him had attacked a man already spent, wasted, by its opposition.

The following morning he learned that the invalid had been taken, tied, to a hospital. Glenn was still shaken by it, but a fear of Caner's sense of humor, of being cheerfully derided, kept him silent about his inner feeling. He had an impulse, in spite of all Morris desired, to run, take a train, any train, headed for the South.

He sat by the spittoon, in a nervous constraint, until lunch and after, consoling himself with tobacco and the realization that his chair was squarely planted against a wall—no one much could come up from behind him. His mind shifted finally to Ava and James Heming. Morris was wrong, and it was a shame. A desire touched him to see Mrs. Heming before he left. He fought it off, but it grew; and when he finally recalled the fact that he owed her the courtesy of an acknowledgment of her hospitality he moved reluctantly.

The servant at the Hemings' door, obviously hesitating, at first thought and then was certain she wasn't in. He gave the effect of shutting the door on Thenamy, a possibility that Glenn resented with a contrary shove.

"Go find out," he directed curtly.

The other began to object, when Ava Heming appeared in the hall.

"Come in, please," she said, at once. "I have an idea that you want to tell me you are going away. I hope you were successful."

"Those are both right," he replied, inside. Standing and facing her he fell silent. Glenn wanted to say a great deal to her. He had a conviction that she would understand it and allow him, now, to proceed; in some intangible way he recognized that they were friends; but he was unable to think of an appropriate, a permissible beginning.

"Both James and I would have liked to see something of you," she told him.

"I like you too," he answered. "I have been thinking about you a right smart lot, but I don't just see how to put it in words. It's familiar."

"Aren't you nice! And, do you know, I have an idea of what you want to say. Thank you, but it's no good."

She drew in a deep breath, and suddenly he noticed that she was unnaturally pale. Her hand had been cold.

"James and I are too much alike, and he's been finding someone different."

"He is a fool!" Glenn declared concisely.

"We'll agree to that, but it doesn't help anything." She stopped. Then, with her gaze directly on Glenn's, she added, "Cort Saylor is upstairs with him now."

"The hell you say!" he replied conversationally, his mind reaching far beyond the fact.

"I don't understand it completely, but generally—yes. I suppose they are fixing this impossible situation."

"That is, Heming must be," he corrected her. "I wouldn't trust that Saylor to fix a corpse. But I wonder"—he spoke with a thoughtful drawl—"I wonder if that James of yours ——"



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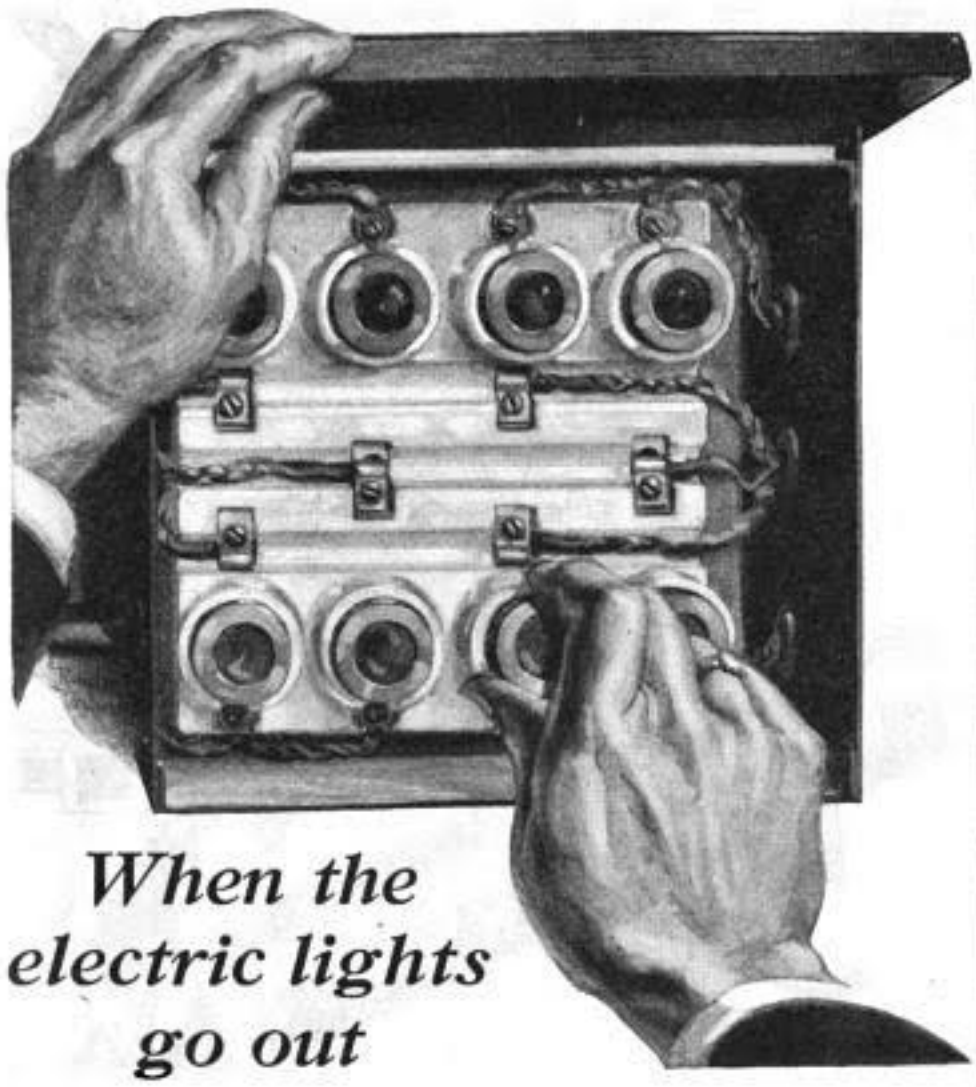
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"He isn't mine," she interrupted him.

"—— of yours," he repeated, "can get it done right. I don't know how the land lays here, what his facilities are."

There was a sound of movement through the hall, and Saylor, no different in color and expression from last night, entered, followed by James Heming. The difference in him was tragic. He seemed noticeably older, his mouth was tight and the customary bad-tempered sparkle of his eyes lost.

The two men were surprised to see Glenn Thenamy; there was a momentary and awkward pause.

"Well," Ava Heming asked in a level, emotionless voice, "what have you decided? Can you both love one woman in peace, or has James, or you, Cort, been magnanimous? You'll be surprised to hear that I'm anxious to find out."

"Ava," her husband cried in tones at once brittle and outraged, "how can you?—before a stranger!"

"How can it matter?" she asked. "Everyone soon ——"

In the flood of suffering that inundated him it was apparent that James Heming, as well, forgot Thenamy's presence. He walked sharply up to her.

"Ava," he said, "Cort came here to tell me that—that Vida loves me."

"I care nothing for that," she replied. "I don't understand why you put it like that. Unless—James, how about you?"

He hesitated a long while, and then with tremendous difficulty—in a voice, Glenn thought, that sounded as though it were heard through a wall—he replied, "I—do not—love her!"

There wasn't a flicker of expression on Saylor's countenance; his hands were easily thrust into his pockets.

"Still," Ava Heming insisted, "I am in the dark. If you don't love her why don't you say so, simply that, and let's get over with it?"

"You see," Heming labored on, "I didn't realize my feeling until to-day. I—I thought I loved her. It's a terrible position, Ava. I won't insult you by saying now, when it's too late, what I find I have always, at bottom, thought of you. I'm caught—there are letters; no one could get around them."

"At last," she replied, "it's clear to me. Neither you nor Cort wants her, but Cort thinks he can persuade you to have the honor."

"It's a filthy fix," Heming acknowledged.

"I've always admired your mind, Ava," Saylor told her; "there isn't a grain of sugar, of sentimentality in it. With a sentence you have disposed of a situation which took James and me two hours to reach. You're right; I am happy to surrender my—my honor."

"What he threatens to do," Heming proceeded, "is based on a lie. You know that I am truthful, Ava. But I can't prove it. The whole thing—with her to help him; yes, it's like that—has me, as I said, caught. I can either take her, or—but I can't even speak of it to you."

"This Saylor, he's just an ordinary blackmailer," Glenn Thenamy said unexpectedly.

"Extraordinary," Saylor corrected him.

Glenn ignored this; he was addressing James Heming.

"I've been studying on him in here. At first he had me puzzled; but not now—I've got into him. I had a partner ten years ago, in those splendid offices in Lexington, just like him. Imagination," said Glenn Thenamy—"that's his principal trouble, and it's a bad one. This Saylor has too much brains for his carcass. Listen to what happened to Deacon. He did Wentley Pye out of a piece of money, and Pye stopped in to see us.

"I was in Deacon's office and heard all of it. Pye, a little somebody with a half-twisted face, did the talking for us. He told Deacon that he knowed how the money was got, and apologized for wasting our time any. But his father, a very religious man, was old and ailing, and trouble in the family might affect him serious. However, Deacon, he said, when father died, he, Wentley, was going to kill him prompt. Went asked Deacon as a favor not to harm himself in an accident, because he didn't want to be cheated.

"When Pye went out, and with his back to us, I said to Deacon—who had this imagination—that the only thing for him was to shoot Pye before lunch: shoot Pye, I advised him, and Pye's father will have to look out for himself. He kind of agreed with me; but when I met him again, early in the evening, I saw he hadn't done it. He was turning it over in his mind—maybe Pye didn't mean what he said. Pye did. I understood that, and so did Deacon ——"

"Yes," Heming broke in irritably, "but this can't go on here now."

"Wait!" Glenn insisted calmly. "From that minute it was all over with Deacon. He stopped talking and grew shadowy-like. He was always struggling between wanting to talk about Pye's threat and not wanting even to mention it. I told him again to do some killing, but then it was too late.

"After another month or so I was afraid Deacon would shoot himself—in the mouth, with the barrel tilted up, is surest—but instead he plumb disappeared. He left a good business that was getting better every day; Deacon left a nice house and a nice wife; he left a son coming twenty and a daughter going to be married the next week, and he disappeared—he fell off the earth."

"Well?" Saylor demanded. "Well?"

Glenn turned and faced him.

"Imagination," he repeated hardly. "You got it—you're rotten with it. I thought at first that if Heming didn't tend to you would, and take a wild chance. You were on the edge of death for more than six seconds. It isn't necessary, and I'm going to tell you why, clear and simple—imagination!

"You know James Heming pretty well and you realize he's uncertain in his emotions—uncertain and vicious. You can gather he's desperate now as well. I am going to speak for him, and explain why murder, as that, ain't necessary. There are a good many ways of getting killed in a city. For that it beats the country to nothing. A city is stuck full of accidents and you can take my personal word as will meet along with you. Him and me see to it. Sometime, not far off—it might be in the evening, and then again at noon—you'll stop. You may get ground up, you may have your head knocked into a splinter; perhaps you will drink—eat something downright unhealthy, fall out of a window. I don't know just what, but I will be with you, sneaking on your heels. If you like, have me bound over; that won't hurt anything with us; I can be bonded and loose. Heming hasn't mentioned a threat. He won't. There is a trick with a thin waxed string—huh! The only slip open to you is to make a mistake about me. Things like this have been a part of my life. I wouldn't give no more thought to you than I would to gutting a rabbit."

He stopped, leaning implacably forward and Saylor's hands, now out of his pockets, twitched at his sides. He studied Glenn but it was evident he found no reassurance there.

Glenn Thenamy's glittering eyes, lipless mouth, stained with tobacco juice were set in a bitter cruelty. He slowly advanced a steady hand until a flesh finger very lightly rested over Saylor's heart.

"So help me, my mother!" Glenn said softly.

He swung immediately back to James Heming.

"You fix your mind on coming South with me in the morning. Ava, she will come with you. I'll tell you honest, I like to see so much useful badness going to waste. I don't recommend Benn County, but for you it would be a sky sail this.

"It ain't safe, remember; more likely you'd be shot in a month. This Morris Caner is in will need managing. I haven't told him much. He's a nice and it would hurt him; but the truth James, that we're going to put fire to oil rigs. Anyone watching them will unlucky. Morris talked about titles to tract. Titles! The Bennings Courth was burned down twice just to get the titles.

"Mind, I don't uphold it; but there Ava here could cook and have a baby, a baby, who'd grow up a man and shoot man who shot you."

He glanced around contemptuously.

"Saylor, he left right quiet, didn't I"

"What do you think?" Ava Heming asked her husband. "There is nothing for me. I'll—I'll try it, with you."

Heming studied her with a hard determination on his aggressive face; with a swift and surprising humbleness thanked her.

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Name_____

Present Position_____

Address_____

Gone!



Mister Rat soon disappears when his menu includes—

RAT BIS-KIT
OR
RAT BIS-KIT PASTE

All druggists or general stores have it. 25c.

The Rat Biscuit Co., Springfield, Ohio

FROM McKINLEY TO HARDING

(Continued from Page 4)

raise $17,000 cash. So I left Field at the breakfast table and wired the governor at Youngstown: "Have just read of your misfortune. My purse is open to you. Am going to Chicago to-night. Will meet you anywhere you say in Ohio." Later in the day I received a telegram from him saying, "Take the six-o'clock train. Will meet you at the depot in Cleveland Sunday."

I learned later that Mr. Walker had advanced McKinley $2000 every two years in a number of his campaigns to pay his assessments. McKinley repaid him $1000 a year out of his salary as congressman, which at that time was $5000 a year. He lived at the old Ebbitt House in Washington with his wife, in a couple of small rooms.

In 1892 Mr. Walker asked McKinley if he could help him to tide over a short time. He was a manufacturer and was suffering from the general depression which led up to the panic of 1893.

McKinley said, "I will give you everything I have, you have been my friend through so many campaigns. I own about $17,000 worth of stock in different industrial enterprises in my district." Walker answered, "Am afraid the banks will not loan on your collateral, but if you will indorse my notes for that amount I can get the money." McKinley agreed to indorse to the amount of $17,000, believing he could make good if necessary.

To return to February, 1893. The Buffalo Sunday morning papers announced that instead of being on Walker's notes for $17,000 the amount at midnight had arisen to $98,000.

On arriving in Cleveland about nine o'clock Sunday morning, McKinley and Myron T. Herrick met me as I stepped out of the car. McKinley was pale and wan, with black rings under his eyes. He put his hand on my shoulder but could not speak for his emotion. Tears rolled down his cheeks. We went directly to the Herrick home. On our way the governor was much depressed. I asked him how much he was in debt. He said, "I don't know. It may be $100,000, $200,000 or $500,000."

It seems that when the notes came due Walker would write McKinley at Columbus that a note for $2000 or so in such and such a bank would come due on a certain date, and he did not know whether the bank would renew in full or demand a reduction; that if McKinley would sign it in blank he would fill in the amount. With his sublime faith in his friend McKinley did so. Then Walker filled in the amounts until the governor was on $130,000 of notes instead of $17,000 as he supposed.

Friends to the Rescue

Sunday afternoon a number of friends including James H. Hoyt and John Tod, son of Ohio's war governor, met in the Herrick home and discussed the situation. McKinley could be heard pacing the floor in his bedroom. After a long discussion I suggested that Governor McKinley and his wife make an assignment to trustees of everything they owned. Mr. Tod, who had lost an eye and possessed a sepulchral voice, said, "Because McKinley has made a damn fool of himself why should Mrs. McKinley be a pauper?" Mrs. McKinley had some farm property left her by her father, Mr. Saxton, a former banker of Canton. I answered, "Because if McKinley is to stay in politics he must show clean hands and not be open to the charge he has put his property in his wife's name."

We made little progress. Finally McKinley came downstairs and said, "I wish Mark was here." I asked, "Where is he?" He said, "In Milwaukee to-day, but will be in Chicago to-morrow. I will have him meet you; any hour you say is convenient for him." McKinley wired Mr. Hanna to meet me in the Inter Ocean office at ten o'clock the next day.

On my way to the depot I stopped in the Cleveland Leader office and saw Mr. Covert, the editor. He helped me write a statement which was accepted by the Associated Press and United Press, to this effect: "Governor McKinley and his wife will give up everything they have in the world except the clothes on their backs. If that is not enough to pay his debts in full he will return from office at the end of his term in December and practice law in New York or Chicago until every cent is paid."

The first McKinley knew of the statement was when he read it in the Cleveland morning papers. My thought was to head off newspaper criticism, as I did not believe that the people of the country would nominate a man for President who indorsed notes in blank and then tried to shirk his responsibility! Such was the case, as I never saw an article criticizing the governor. The facts were never made public until now.

Mr. McKinley's Gratitude

Diverting for a moment from the thread of the story, an incident occurred three years and a half later, in November, 1896. Mr. Hanna gave what he called a jubilee party in his home to celebrate McKinley's election to the Presidency. Among the guests were Myron T. Herrick and wife, Mr. and Mrs. James H. Hoyt, Colonel and Mrs. John Hay, my wife and myself. After dinner I started out for a walk in the garden. McKinley said, "Wait a minute. I will go with you." As we walked the gravel paths the governor put his arm around my shoulder and said, "I have wanted to say something to you for over three years. When you put that item in the papers in February, '93, that I would pay my debts in full and closed the mouths of my critics, you did me a great service. I owe more to you than anyone in the world, except my mother, for I should probably have gone to the penitentiary instead of the White House!"

I told him he was wrong, as he never did a dishonest thing in his life.

To return to the meeting with Mr. Hanna in my office Monday morning. I told him of my suggestion that trustees be appointed to receive the McKinley properties. He fully agreed with me that it was the course to pursue. We drew up an agreement and signed our names to pay a certain sum to liquidate McKinley's debts. I have the paper now. It shows over $40,000 raised in Chicago. Mr. Hanna and Mr. Herrick secured a generous sum in Cleveland. Mr. Hanna wired me to meet him in Pittsburgh. We went to the Duquesne Club and met Philander C. Knox and some of his and Mr. Hanna's friends. When we left the club we had, as I remember now, $120,000 total subscriptions. Mr. Hanna went on to Philadelphia and completed the $130,000 needed. New York was not asked for a cent. There were over 5000 subscribers to the fund.

Mr. Herrick called upon the banks in Ohio holding the Walker-McKinley paper and asked them to contribute 10 per cent of the amount of notes which they held, which they agreed to do, and he paid them in full. With the $13,000 left over Mr. Herrick paid a mortgage of $10,000 due on the McKinley Opera House in Canton, and deposited $3000 in bank to meet current and future bills.

Previous to the subscriptions three trustees—Judge William R. Day, Myron T. Herrick and H. H. Kohlsaat—were appointed. To them Governor and Mrs. McKinley turned over all their property.

Judge Day, now Justice of the Supreme Court, told me that not one single claim was filed against the estate.

Governor McKinley never knew who contributed the money. The list of subscribers was refused him later when he asked for it, declaring he would pay them back with the money he saved out of his salary as President, and turned over as he received it to Mr. Herrick, who made some fortunate investments, which gave McKinley's estate some $200,000.

STATE OF OHIO
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT
OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR

COLUMBUS, Feb. 26, 1893.

Dear Mr. Kohlsaat: The pen will not—can not speak what is in my heart this morning. your letter is so full of personal sweetness—expressions of Chicago friends whom you quote are so tender and generous that my heart overflows with thanksgiving.

Did ever man and wife have such friends and how can we ever repay them?

My mail is larger than ever before in my life and so abounding with kindness and sympathy and offers of material aid. I am standing up with courage. Yet, the support of my friends and their confidence in my integrity moves me deeply. I wish you might see my letters and telegrams.

Your thoughtful suggestion about my immediate wants is gratefully noted, but with my salary, which in a few days will be paid to me, I will be able to get along comfortably.

Give to my Chicago friends the warm and lasting gratitude of Mrs. McKinley and myself. God bless you, my unselfish friend, and give to your home and household His tender care.

Your sincere friend,
WILLIAM MCKINLEY, JR.

MR. H. H. KOHLSAAT,
Chicago, Ill.

During the winter of 1894 the work of securing McKinley delegates in the Middle West became too heavy for the small group of men Mr. Hanna had chosen to work with him. During one of his visits to Chicago he stopped at the Wellington Hotel. We dined together and he told me a young fellow whose father, Gen. Rufus Dawes, was Major McKinley's old commander, had been to see him and had offered his services. Mr. Hanna had asked the young man to come to the hotel that evening. While we were in Mr. Hanna's room he was announced, a rather pale slight figure, and somewhat diffident. We discussed plans with him as he displayed great interest in McKinley's success and offered his services free of all expense.

Looked Good, Was Good

After he left the room Mr. Hanna remarked, "He doesn't look much, does he?"

I said, "Any man who will work for nothing and pay his own expenses looks good to me!"

One would hardly recognize the pale slight figure of 1894 in the brilliant officer Brig. Gen. Charles G. Dawes, whose splendid record during the war won him the confidence of our Allies and justified General Pershing's faith in him. He displayed no diffidence when he appeared before a Congressional committee last spring and made "Hell and Maria" famous, and later in his lecture to cabinet officers and department chiefs whose coöperation he asked when he drew up the first national budget.

Charley Dawes, as his friends call him, devoted himself to the McKinley cause. He initiated a card-index system extending from the Alleghanies to the Pacific, and probably, next to Mr. Hanna, did more to win the nomination for McKinley at St. Louis than any other man.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Kohlsaat. The next will appear in an early issue.



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HOW DO THEY GET THAT WEIGH?

(Continued from Page 9)

isplayed in cheap bakeshop and restaurant indows as you would shun the tax collecor if you could. They may look like anta Claus' dream of Merry Christmas, ut they are a snare and a delusion and here is no nourishment or virtue in them e you. Many a good digestion has gone hell on a cream puff.

Delicatessen shops are not for the fatten- few, any more than are the palatably d optically pleasing *pâtisseries*. The cold ues, so pleasingly pink and prickly with gared cloves, the languid pickled fish, e cranaring chains of smoked sausage d cute curls of dried beef are forbidden your longing eyes. However tempt- gly the pretzel and the Limburger linger your aching nostrils, no matter how lden red the herring salad gleams, you must have them. They may clutch at the nds of your throat with the old familiar ntasy, half pleasure and half pain, but u must pass them by without a sign.

The delicatessen store is at once one of greatest blessings and curses of our ne life to-day. To resist its convenience all occasions would be, in the increas- ly perfunctory housewife, abnormally tuous. But to use it constantly as a rce of food supply is little short of minal. And those who seek to grow fat healthy, lasting fashion must ostracize native haunt of the Bismarck herring the home of the *gefüllte* fish. I'm not good on percentages, but my guess is the number of people who are under- rished and consequently underweight he result of a habitual delicatessen diet onsiderable, and this not primarily use of the quality of the food procur- in such places, but because of its char- r.

Well, anyway, food alone won't put on ght for you. One difficulty which most s experience in their attempt to gain ht is that whatever they eat on they t off. And if, after a moderate trial of foregoing diet, you don't put on weight chances are that this is because you are getting sufficient rest.

ow it's a hard job to rest if you don't r how, but even if you have to work ght-hour day you may rest sufficiently low your weight to creep up on you. down whenever you can, even if it's in an elevator. Lie down after meals, though you have to get up again in minutes. If you are rich enough have breakfasts served to you in bed and your exercise in your car. Once you ver that silly idea that it's easier to the two blocks over to Aunt Mary's, ide it as a matter of course, you will to put on weight to rather more than heart's content, and tip the scales to st where you will come pretty near g them over if you don't watch out!

Too Much Hustle

, the evidence on any main street to ontrary notwithstanding, everybody t as yet possess a car; no, not even stall-and-installment plan. And a these people who walk are also en- in occupations which keep them ir personal feet for a good part of the Standing on one's feet, or anybody for that matter, is one of the first or getting thin. You seldom see a fat clerk in a store, or an enormous s or an overweight book agent. It hose who must exercise for a living want to point out how consistently ithfully the chance to rest must be upon.

in this connection let me call atten- the danger of overeating when you ertired. Don't do it. Always try a little before eating and after When you are exhausted, too much ill simply poison you. And don't rriedly. Food snatched in haste ut on flesh. Indeed, I can't lay too stress on eliminating the habit of ste from everything you do. Noth- help keep you thin more effectively he nervous tension which comes of bit of hurrying when hurrying is un- ry. I don't mean that one must zy in order to grow plump. But I enly aware of the fact that most ans take a false pride in hustling hustling is not accomplishing any- except the fraying out of their entire a system. There is a vast difference between sloth and poise, between self-regulation and sloppiness. I don't intend to suggest that you lie down on the job or on the family in order to put on weight; but I do insist that you quit worrying, quit hurrying; find out in a frank self-examination whether or not you are working under a high nervous tension, and if you are, deliberately overcome it. Get the habit of rest. Relax completely every time you get a chance, and if you don't get a chance make one.

Relaxing isn't so easy either, but it, too, can be learned. For example, when you come in from your day's work go at once to your room, loosen your clothing and lie down on your bed. Be sure to lie flat, with the head only very slightly elevated and the feet in a normal position. Don't stick them on the comforter, which will raise them. Be a sport and put the comforter out of the way. Allow your hands to rest on the bed on either side of you. Then relax. Relax completely. Let yourself go. First get rid of conscious interest in whatever you have just been doing. Then concentrate on letting the tension in your muscles go. You can do it. Think yourself out flat until you are so limp that if someone were to come in and pick you up you would hang on their hands as oozily as a jellyfish or an underdone poached egg. Remain in this half-baked condition for ten minutes and you will get up at the end of them feeling like a million dollars. Well, like a raise in salary, anyway. It is not how long one lies down that rests one, but how completely down one lies, if you get the notion. It is perfectly possible to cheat a lot of rest out of the busiest sort of life, and the sooner the fatter, take it from me.

A Perfect Shape for Fifty Cents

Even though you be rich and idle, don't get away with the notion that lying in bed for a week or two will start the good work any faster. It won't. Lying in bed protractedly will take off weight in most cases. And a moderate amount of exercise is, of course, essential to anyone's well being. But naps are a fine tonic which you will soon get used to taking. After a little while it won't be any harder for you to gather up a book or magazine and the nicest sofa cushions, and hog the box hammock or the best sofa for an hour or two daily, than it would be for you to stoop over and pick up a hundred-dollar bill on a deserted street. It will come kind of easy and natural, and the rest of the family can't crab, because it all comes under the head of health.

And now just a word about what not to take. Of course, genteel reader, the advice which immediately follows is not intended for you personally, yet I am sure an intelligent individual like yourself will understand that I have to put it in. For there are a lot of boobs around, and some of them might get hold of this copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Naturally I am aware that you would never dream of taking any of the patent medicines with which the market is flooded and for which many otherwise quite respectable papers carry advertising. But unfortunately there is a patent-medicine taker born every minute, and I want to warn these dumb-bells in time.

Of course, with licker so scarce and high, it is kind of a mean trick to demand that patent appetizers be cut out as well. But practically all so-called fat-making tonics are cocktails in disguise, excepting only cod-liver-oil preparations, and if you care to take a cod-liver-oil cocktail three times daily before meals you are welcome to for all of me. But lay off of the self-foolers. I have already said that you are to have no alcohol, and I mean it, even when it comes in an extract bottle and is labeled Whoosis Compound or something. A jag by any other name is just as bad for you.

When it comes to using glands that some monkey or sheep has got through with—well, there is no accounting for tastes. Personally, the idea makes no appeal to me, but there are folks who will try anything once. For my part I say let's give all such glands a decent burial and try to pick up our own lives as though nothing had happened.

Now the average skinny person who is anxious to be less so is, as a rule, equally desirous of putting it on in some particular spot. "I'm all right in the hips, but my neck and face are something fierce," are the words of the national anthem of the thin, varied on holidays by that good old hymn commencing, "I'd like to put on just a little bit around the chest, but my stomach and my hips are fat enough." At first glance this desire seems reasonable, for surely there is a method of growing flesh quickly where desired and nowhere else. There must be a way to make a million dollars by wishing for it, by that same token. If you have time and patience and money a first-class physical-culture instructor can come pretty close to doing the job just the way you want it. But that is not what you mean, or what I mean either. What we are both looking for is something that will give us a perfect shape for about fifty cents.

For Local Plumpness

Needless to say, there is no such thing. However, if your face and neck need building up there are certain substances which will actually help along the good work. Coco butter is the safest of these, and can be bought at any good drug store. A small quantity will go a long way. One melts it and rubs it on night and morning. Faithfully. Rub in as much as you can absorb. Common olive oil applied in the same manner is almost as good. You are literally feeding fat into your flesh by doing this, and neither coco butter nor olive oil can possibly hurt your body; but they may grow hair if used on the face.

For plumping purposes a reliable cold cream is far better and is also beneficial, although slower in its fattening effect. Don't get a greaseless cream; get a skin food, and allow it to remain on overnight. Use it under your make-up, girls, in small quantities, and plaster it on under your chin. It will help do away with a stringy throat. Pat it in good and hard, until your skin can absorb no more, and only wipe off what won't pat in. Don't rub—pat. This is important, as rubbing may make wrinkles. But the patting will stimulate the circulation, and that in itself will help your face to fill out.

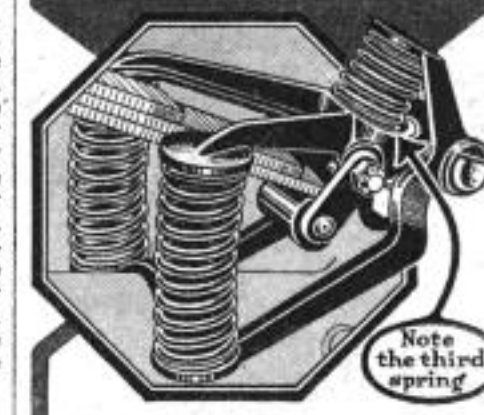
In an age when so much that we used to do for ourselves is done for us mechanically it is not unnatural to think that our physical welfare ought to be taken care of automatically; we are apt to feel that we should be able to grow thin or fat by dropping a nickel in the slot—a plugged nickel preferably. But science has, fortunately for our moral welfare, not yet advanced that far. It is all right enough to have out pianos played for us, our songs sung and our funny stories told for us by phonographs. I am not unwilling that our clothes should be washed by an electrical charwoman, our errands run by a telephone, or even that our breakfast food be predigested. But I thank God that there are still a few things we have to do for ourselves or go without.

And getting fat is one of them. I can tell you how, but I can't force you to persevere in the effort. Just how quickly you may expect results depends of course upon your individual physique. Some people take to fat far more readily than do others. But if at the end of four weeks' faithful following of the program you have not gained, either there is something lacking in your system which only a physician can discover or else you have not really been faithful after all.

I do not believe that there is any such thing as being naturally thin or naturally fat. Those cries are the cowardly admission of people who won't make a sincere effort to alter their condition and who enjoy blaming their ancestry for their own laziness. It has been an easy fashion to inherit one extreme or the other. This, when given the smallest scientific scrutiny, is the most fallacious of alibis. An unconsciously acquired habit of mind regarding one's physical condition is the most we can grant such a case.

Semper fidelis must, however, be your motto, which, very roughly translated, means "simps must be faithful." It would take a super man or woman to break the rules I have laid down and break them so discreetly that no harm would be done thereby. But keep to the rules and you will see what you will see. And, in the language of the Orient, where fat is fashionable, I wish you luck. May your shadow never grow less!

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REO SPEED WAGON

Why This Amazing Dominance?

When you consider the degree to which the Speed Wagon today dominates every class of carrying, it is no less than amazing.

In every phase of hauling and delivering the Speed Wagon is supreme.

Ask twenty owners or drivers, and each will give you a different reason for his own preference for Reos over all others.

One will emphasize the wonderful power and stability of the Reo motor.

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The next will dilate on the simple, certain, Reo control system and dual clutch-brake feature, as of paramount importance.

And so it will go, through each feature in turn. The rigid yet flexible chassis—the rugged axles—the superior starting device—the powerful steering gear—the extra stout wheels.

Drivers are invariably enthusiastic over the roadability and other qualities that appeal to the man who actually lives with his truck, six days a week.

Superintendents of service shops will tell you of accessibility; reasonable cost of replacement of parts; of Reo Service; and general freedom from trouble.

Sum it all up, and you have the real reason—a carrying unit that is as strong and dependable in one part as in another.

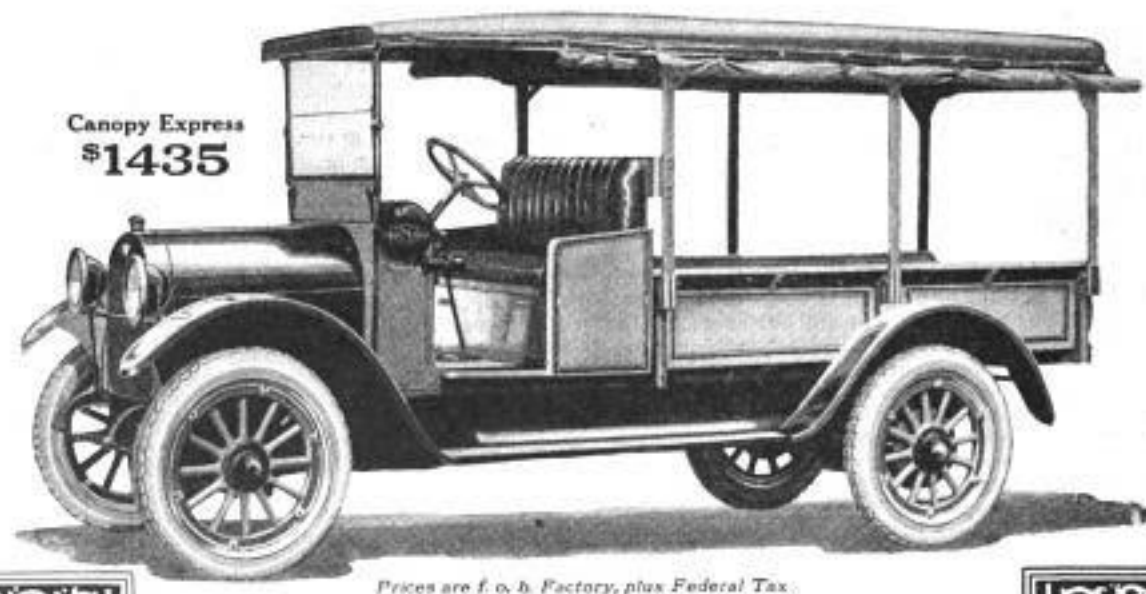
In a word, a machine that is perfectly balanced in design and construction, and that excels, not in one or two, but in all features—minor as well as major.

Is it any wonder that speed wagons perform every class of carrying—from 500 to 2500 pounds—a quarter-ton to a ton-and-a-quarter—and do the work quicker and cheaper?

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Canopy Express
$1435



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Prices are f. o. b. Factory, plus Federal Tax

Chassis—$1245

"The Gold Standard of Values"

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THE TEST OF LOCHINVAR BOBBY

(Continued from Page 17)

im and brought him home. After that
e dog had longed for nothing better in
fe than to follow and serve Jamie. The
ve for a master had overcome the love of
e wild. But now Jamie had disappeared.
d ahead of Bobby lay the forest. The
d urge swept through him.

He turned excitedly toward the waiting
ss. Again their noses touched. No one
n prove whether or not dogs have a
nguage of their own. But no one who
s studied them can doubt that in the
uching of noses they somehow communi-
te their primal thoughts or wishes to
ch other.

Bobby after that instant of contact
irled about and cantered down the slope
ward the distant ridge. Lass hesitated
t at all in following. Side by side at a
d gallop they reached the plain. They
ssed it with an odd new furtiveness,
ring houses a wide berth, and at last
ining the ridge. Up this they toiled and
wn its farther side into the borders of
ake's Woods.

These woods marked the boundary of the
meval forest. Once they had been a
orite picnic ground for Midwestburgers.
t long ago they had been abandoned in
or of a resort on the lake, since when
y had been trodden only by occasional
ters or by boys seeking nuts. In the
ter of the grove stood the weed-hidden
l decaying structure that had once been
ancing floor. Toward this, now, Bobby
s heading at top speed. Yet by some
er mental twist he no longer plunged
nly through the undergrowth, as does
normal forest-running collie. Into his
t and into his expression had come some-
ng stealthy. His feet made no sound.
ran close to earth and took advantage
very bit of cover to mask his progress
n chance humans.

fe himself did not realize why he did
, nor what change had come over him
ght of this old lair of his. His loyal
rt still ached unspeakably for his lost
ter. Had Jamie appeared in the offing
dog would have rushed to him in an
asy of joy and would have followed him
fully away from this fascinating wilder-
, and even from the still more fascinat-
Lassie. But Jamie did not appear.
, next to Jamie, the dog loved this wild
he was returning to.

ass by instinct began to copy his
ive gait and his caution. No longer did
frisk along as heedlessly as a child on a
iland holiday. She, too, sped through
ndergrowth with hushed stealthiness,
e heels of her huge guide.

esently they came to the platform.
by skirted it, sniffing and peering, till
ound what he sought. And he halted
ont of a ragged aperture in the rotted
that formed the sides of the platform.
was the hole he had discovered in
yhood, the hole leading into the low
leaf-strewn lair beneath the flooring.

ouching with stomach to earth and
ing after each careful forward thrust he
his way under the platform. The
was as he had left it—dark, moldy,
s. The flooring above was a crumbling
. Yet it still served as roof, even as the
of many years' leaves served as warm
ing.

ass began a strange life, and one that
times almost made Bobby forget his
at loss of Mackellar. Lass, under the
ance of her worshiped new mate, took
e wilderness with as much eagerness
she had been born in it. And there the
dwelt as, aforetime, mated wolves had
t in these same forests.

the first evening of their woodland
angs of hunger began to rack them
as suppertime arrived with no supper
company it. Harking back to early
Bobby sallied forth to forage. Lass
iently trotted along beside him. At
nd of a hundred yards he struck a
rabbit scent. Instantly the hunting
of his youth returned to him. Noise-
, with couchant body, he flitted along
track. In another fifty yards he
ued his speed with a suddenness that
it made the close-following Lass col-
with him.

e stood, puzzled and hesitant, and
bed him creep forward like a cat for
little distance, then dart ahead with
whizzing speed of a bullet. As she
ht up with him she saw he was pinning
arth a plump and kicking rabbit.
Politely he shifted his grip on the prize, to allow her a chance to rend it with him.

That was their first meal in the wild, and for days thereafter they fared sumptuously. The hunting season was long past. From lack of molestation the rabbits had grown incautious. Bobby was a born tracker and with marvelous quickness Lass picked up the art of tracking and of stalking. The two waxed fatter from their feasting.

But in another month the rabbits for a mile or so around the lair seemed to have learned that the vicinity was not healthful for them, nor conducive to long life. And even as a rabbit-infested neighborhood becomes deserted soon after the opening of the hunting season, the once-populous stretch of Blake's Woods lost its long-eared population.

It became needful to range farther and farther afield in order to catch a single unwary rabbit. Bobby took this change philosophically and strove to add to the rations an occasional tracked partridge or a mouthful of baby quail. Lass hit on a less sportsmanly device.

The two did the bulk of their hunting by night, keeping close to the lair for the most part by day. In this respect as well as in a score of others they were throwing back to their wolf ancestors. The careless sauntering of some farmer or idler through the grove was enough to make them crouch to the ground, under the platform or under the nearest bit of cover, and lie there, moveless and tense, until the intruder had passed. Probably neither of them realized why they did this or why they returned in other ways to wolf traits.

This is the unsportsmanly device hit upon by Lass to gain food when rabbits waxed scarce: One night they had quartered the region for several miles in every direction without putting up a single rabbit or a catchable bird or squirrel. As Bobby stood irresolute Lass took the leadership into her own hands.

She cantered off with an air of definiteness in a direction whence a scent had caught her nostrils. Bobby, not understanding, nevertheless loped along at her side. In half a mile she slowed down at the edge of a farm clearing and with noiseless tread crept toward the half open door of a hen house. From within issued the odor that had drawn her thither—the smell of warm flesh and feathers.

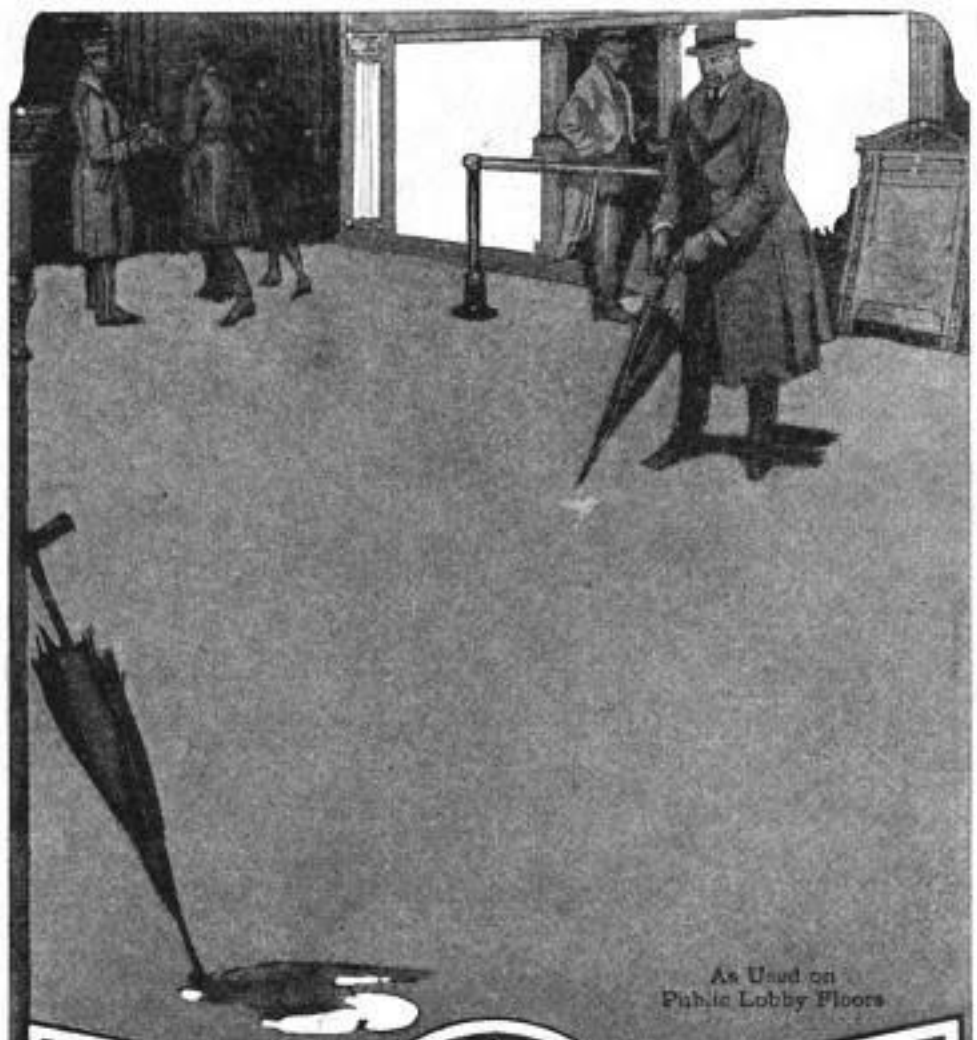
Now Bobby's own first exploit in the wilds, as a puppy, had been the theft of a chicken. That had been while he was still his own god and before he had learned the laws of man and adoration for one man. Since then, again and again, he had seen puppies at Beldencroft scolded for chasing chickens.

On his own first return to civilization he had casually and skillfully bitten off the head of one of Mackellar's hens. And Jamie had told him sorrowfully, yet with much vehemence, how wicked and unworthy a deed it was. Jamie had instilled into Bobby's wise brain in that one lesson the fact that chickens belong to mankind and are not to be molested by dogs. On another day he had called Bobby back as the collie had started gleesomely after a lamb in a field, and had made him understand that lambs come under the same hands-off category as do fowls.

To-night as Lass wormed her way forward to the invitingly open hencoop door Bobby sprang in front of her. Urged by some impulse he was not able to comprehend or to resist he interposed his shaggy seventy-pound bulk between his hungry mate and the tempting prey. To Lass' vast annoyance and amaze he shouldered her gently back from the doorway and toward the fringe of forest. Thus it was that the two went supperless that night; because Bobby's mind, once having grasped the law, could not forget it or let him break it.

As if by way of reward, the very next evening came an astoundingly fine bit of luck to the pair. As they were issuing, famished, from the lair, at dusk, something came blundering and crashing through the bushes straight toward them. The wind was also blowing toward the dogs, and it told them this oncomer was no human. Wherefore instead of slinking back into their hiding place they stood inquiringly waiting its approach.

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he had strayed, after trampling and goring nearly to death the man who had tended him since birth—the man who deemed him still a harmless calf. His temper and his nerves stirred up by this attempt at slaughter, and goaded on by fear of the other farmhands who had swarmed forth with pitchforks and staves to beat him away from his prey, the young bull had taken to the woods.

Now in teaching Bobby the law Jamie Mackellar had said nothing about cattle, and at sight of this ton of food Bobby became all wolf. He crawled forward in an oblique course toward the enemy, Lass as ever close behind him. The bull either saw their moving bodies through the dusk or else got a whiff of their scent, for he halted, lowered his head and pawed the forest mold. The dogs halted, too, and crouched alertly, watching.

Then with no further warning the angry bullock charged. Through the impeding underbrush he tore down upon the two moveless dark forms. The dogs had never been in a fight of this sort. There was no chance for rehearsal or for any sort of prearranged plan of campaign. Therefore cruel old Mother Nature taught them what to do, even as she taught the first starving wolf a million years ago.

By common consent they drew apart from each other to avoid the rush. The bull—as ever is the way of bulls—charged with his eyes tight shut. As he hurtled past the spot he was aiming for, Bobby had him by the hind leg just above the hock and was grinding with all the strength and skill of his mighty jaws through tough hide and tender flesh, in quest of the tendon.

Lass, less wise, had sprung for the throat. Her white fangs cleft through loose-flapping folds of skin, to no lethal purpose. A single jerk of the bull's neck flung her aside with a handful of skin and hair between her teeth. At the same time an agonized fling of the bitten hind leg sent Bobby rolling over and over in the bushes, the breath knocked out of him. But at once he was up again.

The bull, maddened by his hurts, glared from one crouching tormentor to the other. Then shutting his eyes again, he charged Bobby. And now—Lass having learned something from her first failure—both dogs were at the leg tendons.

For a moment the three combatants thrashed madly about in the twilight. Then the bull was free for another charge. Five times he rushed with shut eyes at the elusive collies. Five times his legs were slashed and nipped in that industrious quest for the all-important tendon. Then heaving and staggering he ceased his charges and stared doubtfully at the two. He had had enough, more than enough. He was through. He took a step backward.

Instantly Lass was slashing at his sensitive nose, and keeping just out of reach of the terrible short horns and butting forehead. While she held him thus in momentary confused pause Bobby found the way to the tendon he sought. The task was much easier now that the foe was standing stock-still and braced.

The bull spun about to crush him, but he made only half of the desired turn. From some dismaying cause his right hind leg gave way most agonizingly under him and he plunged to earth with an impact that shook the bushes. Fiercely the two dogs drove for the swaying throat. The rest was slaughter.

Hungry as she was, Lassie lay down and panted heavily for a few minutes before beginning the feast. Bobby, his beautiful head on one side and his deep-set dark eyes alight with sympathy, stood near her, waiting.

Of late she tired much more easily than at first. Nor, except for short exertions, was she so swift and so wirily vigorous. Soon Lass got back her breath and the mates feasted long and ravenously.

If search was made for the strayed bullock that search did not extend so far as an undergrowth-choked section of Blake's Woods. And for long thereafter the larder of the runaway collies was replete with tender food. The supply would have lasted still longer had not the crows flocked to it by day. Bobby drove these off fifty times between sunrise and dusk, but as often they clamored back greedily to the banquet.

Then, on a morning, there was nothing left of the bullock but a skeleton on whose few remaining shreds of flesh the crows alighted unchallenged. They were unchallenged because Lochinvar Bobby was risking exposure by foraging far from the lair, and by broad daylight; and because Lass lay drowsily in a far corner of that lair with seven sleek mouse-colored puppies, no larger than squirrels, nestling close to her furry body.

It was for this new family that Bobby had deserted his regular nocturnal habits to scour the forests by sunlight. Monstrous proud and self-important was the big dog this day, and he hunted in rare good luck.

Rabbits are almost as silly as they are timid. Because, for so many days past, their collie foes had not pursued them, they seemed to imagine the dogs had departed from Blake's Woods or else that they had lost their taste for bunnies. Back to their old feeding grounds trooped numbers of the cottontails.

Bobby found one of them—a good big fellow at that—before he had quested for an hour. Back to the platform he bore it in triumph. Ignoring the noisy crows, as being far beneath his notice on so great a day, he crawled through the hole into the dark lair and laid his prize in front of Lass.

Then he sniffed in interested curiosity at the seven wriggling and squeaking babies. Their presence bewildered him through all his vague pride. Dimly he felt he must care for them and feed and guard them. The responsibility which is ever present with wolf fathers and practically never with dog sires was heavy upon him.

Thanks to the ill-founded confidence of the rabbit folk, foraging was easier; this for a week or so. Then once more the bunnies vanished, and to find one of them Bobby was forced to range several miles afield.

He hunted alone nowadays—or nowanights—for Lass stayed at home, seldom wandering farther from the lair than the furlong-distant spring puddle that served the pair for a water hole.

There was no longer any fun for Lochinvar Bobby in these nights of hunting, for they carried him far, and more than once they carried him into real or fancied peril by delaying his return to the lair until well after sunrise. But it did not occur to him to shirk his new duties. Apart from his utter devotion to his mate—a devotion more common among highbred collies than most people realize—he had that odd sense of responsibility toward the pups. And this sense, as I have said, was all wolf.

It was sweet to crawl wearily into the den, on his return from a thirty-mile run and to drop at Lass' feet the rabbit or partridge he had brought home. It was sweet to hear her tail beating glad welcome among the dried leaves of the nest when he drew near, and her little whimper of greeting as they touched noses. It was amusing as the weeks passed on, to watch the clumsy antics of the puppies—as large as rabbits—as they tumbled over him or over their mother or strove to play with one another after the manner of stiff-jointed patent toys.

Yes, if life meant new work it also meant strange new interests. And if again and again Bobby's heart was racked by longing for his lost master, yet his present ties held him back from returning to the haunts of men, now that Jamie had disappeared.

In the early springtime dusk the furry family would come out from the lair and chance an hour of fading daylight in the open, the sire and dam lying comfortably at ease amid the undergrowth while the babies gamboled awkwardly around them or essayed staggery little excursions for a few yards into the woods on either side.

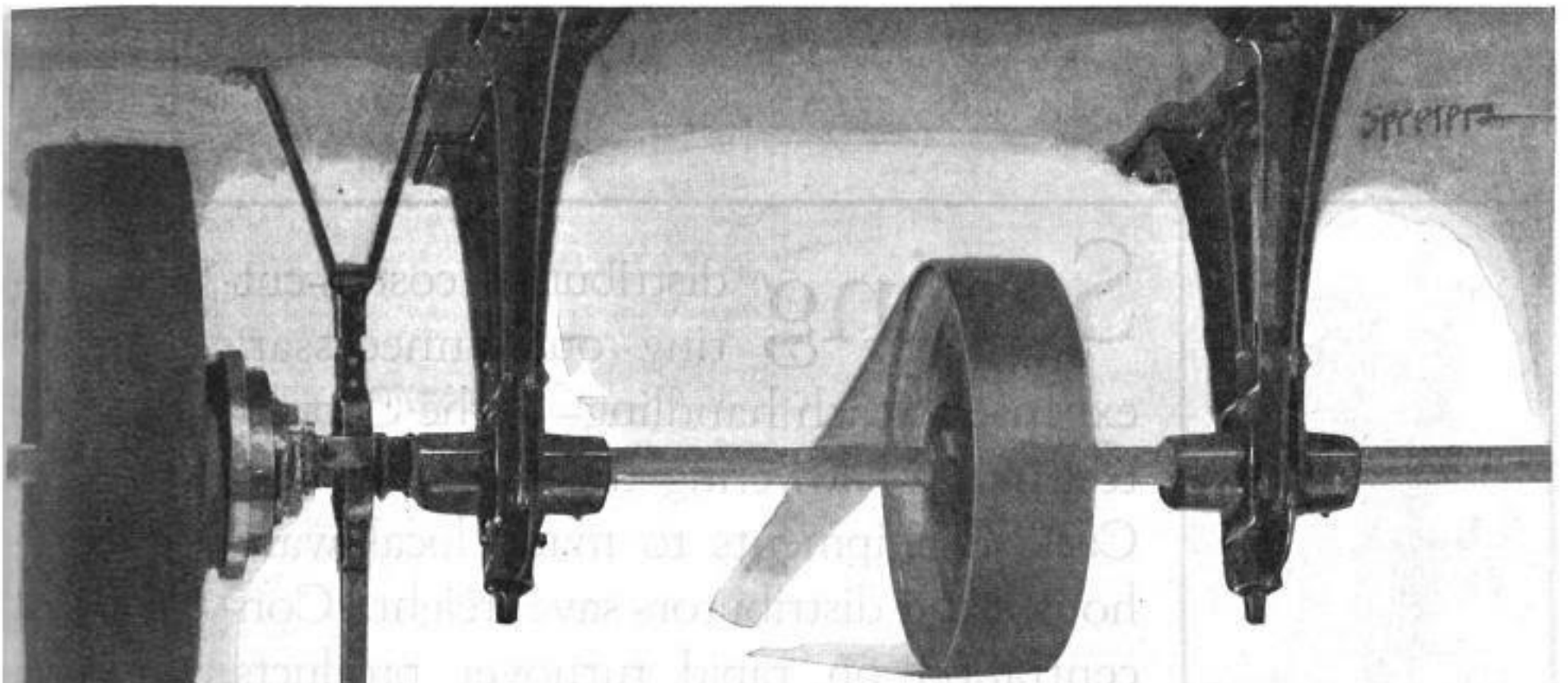
Lass watched these exploring trips with real worry. Seldom did she allow them to continue for any distance before jumping to her feet and heading off the creeping wanderer and nosing it back into the family group. All her time and all her devotion were taken up nowadays by the fluffy babies of hers. She had scarce a thought for her once-idolized mate except when he brought food home. Nor would she follow him for a single mile from the precious pups.

Presently Bobby seemed to note the change of heart, and it saddened him. He was too big of soul to visit any resentment on the youngsters that had stolen Lass' devotion from him. Yet pathetically he strove to coax her to romps as of yore, and to the long forest rambles they had both enjoyed so keenly. And, failing, he betook to brood. He lost the gay dash that had been his; he took to moping, which is as bad for a collie as for a human.

One night he set forth as usual on his quest for food. He coursed the forest

(Continued on Page 157)

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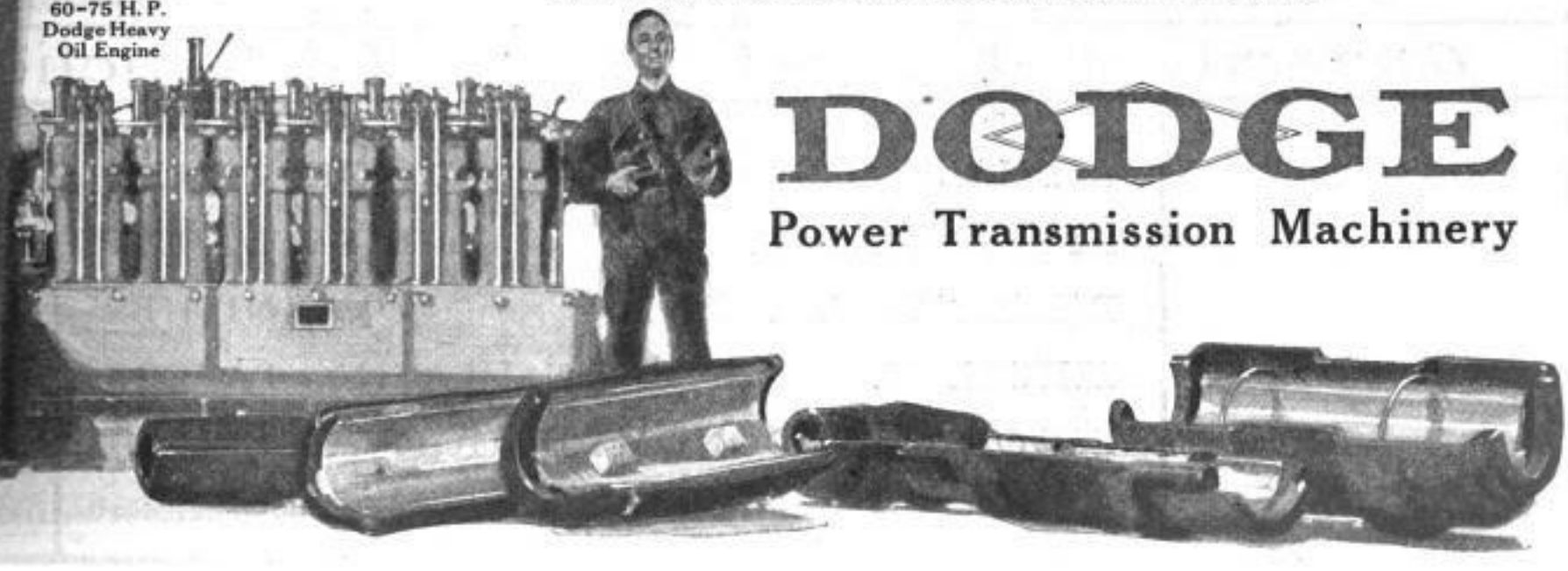
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(Continued from Page 154)

the hills beyond for twenty miles, drawing blank at every covert except one, and missing his prey there by a hair's breadth when the bunny dived into a bowlder crack whither the dog could not follow. Tired and hungry, at gray dawn Bobby turned back toward the ten-mile-distant lair.

He had not loped a half mile when he was thrown violently on his side. This by reason of planting one careless hind foot on the fange of a well-hidden fox trap.

Of old Bobby would have caught the scent of this trap and would have detoured it. But long dwelling with humans had blunted in a measure the wolf instinct that had been his as a masterless puppy, and he had stepped straight into the masked snare. The steel jaws caught his foot slantingly. They drove through the skin and they held fast, but they did not break the bone or so much as cut a tendon.

Nevertheless, the spring would not release its hold in spite of all Bobby's plunges. Nor did the slender steel chain. Nor did the deep-driven stake to which it was fixed. The dog was a prisoner.

Daylight came up before he ceased his mad thrashing about. Then rose the sun and slipped high and higher in the skies. The morning was half spent before the farmhand who had set the trap remembered to visit it. To his incredulous dismay the yokel found a gigantic tawny-and-white collie stretched at full length at the chain's farthest span, panting for breath.

The man chirped to him. Bobby did not reward the salute by so much as a glance. He seemed too worn out to move. The man took an appraising look at him, figuring mentally on the possible reward for so magnificent a dog, if the brute were not already too far gone to revive. Then he went to open the trap. Later it would be time to try to resuscitate its helpless victim.

As the steel jaws were pried free from the bleeding foot the inert Bobby came to life. Scarce had the edges cleared his paw when he was up. He sprang from the ground with lightning swiftness, and in practically the same motion he whirled across the short distance between the trap and the nearest line of bushes.

Into this shelter he slid as noiselessly as a ghost as the astonished farmhand made a belated rush at him. Still on pads of silence, oblivious of the pain and swelling of his torn foot, the collie sped at top speed across the miles of woodland that lay between himself and the lair.

A queer worry, a mystic instinct—urged him on. Twice he sprang across brooks, but though he was parched for thirst he did not pause to drink. And ever, as he ran, that same mysterious terror waxed stronger and more and more agonizingly compelling.

At last he was in Blake's Woods. Then he was at the mouth of the lair. At sound of his approach seven falsetto voices raised a hunger chorus. But Lass' welcoming whimper was not among them. Lass was not there. Even before he stooped to peer in at the opening Bobby's scenting powers told him she was gone. The hungry puppies had crawled out of their nest and were prowling about in the open.

For a moment Bobby stood there, his dark eyes clouded with misery. Then as over his collie brain and resourcefulness came to his aid. Nostrils to ground he began to course. Instantly he picked up Lass' trail. It was fresh. A mongrel puppy could have followed it.

There, not an hour ago, Lass had trotted. Her mate had not come home, her babies were hungry, and there was no one but herself to forage for them. Before she had gone a quarter mile she had caught the scent of food. True, it was food from which Bobby had once driven her, but he was not there now to push her aside from it. And in any case, mother instinct was a billionfold stronger than obedience.

Out of the woods and straight to the nearest farm she went. The first outbuilding she came to was the chicken coop. It was the work of a moment for her to butt in the crazy door of it, and of another moment to drive her teeth into the fattest fowl.

But as usual it proved easier to get into trouble than to get out of it. The chickens set up a most godless racket. A man came running from the adjacent barn just as the doomed fowl succumbed to Lass' pounce. Despite her futile efforts he grabbed the fighting collie by the nape of the neck and hauled her out of the coop.

The county law indemnifies a poultry owner for birds killed by stray dogs. Instead of braining Lass, as was his first impulse, the man shut her into an empty corncrib six feet aboveground and left her there until he could drive to the village and bring back with him the local constable as witness to the damage and to its perpetrator.

There in the dusty recesses of the crib, high on wooden posts with a tin pan at the top of each to keep out rats, the luckless collie ran from side to side, biting and scratching at the slats in furious attempts to get out. And there Lochinvar Bobby found her.

Bobby circled the crib, leaping high and seeking vainly to get a foothold on its sides. Lass whined plaintively, scratching at the thick slats and throwing herself at them in a frenzy of dread.

Then all at once Bobby ceased his frantically useless efforts. Again he stood moveless, seemingly deaf to his mate's whimpering cries. And at the climax of despair came his idea.

Man in dire extremity runs to his God for aid. To the dog all men are gods. That does not mean he worships them all or has any use for the majority of them. Still, they are gods and he knows it—infinitely wiser and stronger and more resourceful than himself. Thus it was that Lochinvar Bobby in his agony of fear for his brood turned to the only gods he knew of.

His personal god, Jamie Mackellar, was gone. But there were other gods, not strangers to him—gods for whom he had a mild liking, gods who had made much of him. These Beldencroft folk, rather than any strangers, would be likely to help him in his moment of stark need.

Without another backward look at the mate he was apparently deserting to her doom, Bobby went into action. Head down, feet flying, he flashed across the clearing, heading in a bee line for Midwestburg.

Jamie Mackellar at the end of eight weeks had been able to hobble about on a cane. As soon as he had come to complete consciousness, at Beldencroft, his first query had been for Bobby; and kennelmen were sent forth to hunt the city for the dog.

A policeman disbanded the hunt by telling one of the searchers that a big brown collie that morning had become confused in quest of a lost master in the thick of traffic at the Main and State Street crossing, and had been run over and killed by a motor car. The description seemed to fit Bobby, even to the mud-covered coat. Forgetting that scores of dogs, hunting their lost masters, are killed in that way, the kennelman went no further into the matter, but returned home and sent Jamie's fever soaring three degrees by telling him Bobby was run over and dead.

On a stiflingly hot noon in late June Jamie Mackellar was making his hobbling round of the kennels when a furry catapult hurled itself past the corner of the driveway and flung itself bodily upon him.

"Bobby!" blithered the dumfounded Jamie, in an ecstasy of incredulous rapture. "Bobby, lad!"

For an instant the deliriously happy man and the screamingly enraptured collie were all over each other. Kennelmen came running up. One of them telephoned the main house and Rufus G. Belden came hurrying down in person to verify the miracle.

"Bobby!" Mackellar was yelling as he squeezed the breath out of the squirming vibrant maniac that galloped hysterically about him, flinging itself again and again on his chest. "Bobby, boy, is it the wraith of you or did you lie when you said you were killed? Oh, but it's new life to see your worthless old self again! It —— What ails your poor foot, there, Bobby? It's all cut! I ——"

It was then that Bobby recovered from the mad delight of finding his supposedly vanished master, and remembered why he had come to Beldencroft. In an instant his wild exuberance was gone, gone so suddenly that Jamie broke off, astonished, in his own incoherent words of welcome.

Seizing Mackellar by the coat hem the dog braced himself and tugged. Then he let go and ran a short distance toward the highroad, looking back appealingly and making the air echo with his frantic barks.

As all dog men know, this behavior means but one thing. Jamie Mackellar not only knew dogs in general but he knew Bobby in particular. He knew that in the

THE Gracile DRAPE AND BURSON GRACE

BY Natalie Norris



THE penchant for gracile drapery raps for the attention of Madame and Mademoiselle this season and, whether the occasion speak for the evening gown or the fringed sport skirt, more attention than ever must be paid to the selection of stockings.

From behind the swirling Grecian drapery trim ankles constantly play peep and hide, and what is more annoying to their owner than to know that their slim grace is marred by unsightly, crooked stocking seams?

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Next came the "tubular" hosiery, a pipe of knitted fabric which practically ignored the ankle. Now, some of these ordinary, seamless stockings, with just as many needles to the ankle as the leg—are made with a mock seam up the back, attempting to imitate real fashioned hosiery. Often the latter is difficult to detect until the hosiery returns from the laundry shy of its "pressed-in" shape.

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What It Costs the Ice Dealer to be READY



READINESS to serve is a very big item in the cost of ice delivery. It involves filling ice houses to take care of maximum need in event of a hot summer or providing capacity to *make* enough ice. If the summer turns out cool the preparation is wasted.

Then the ice dealer must be prepared to deliver ice the year 'round. More and more of his customers take *some* ice in winter. He keeps his wagons going to deliver it *as needed*. That is a heavy expense. The tonnage is too light to pay for his overhead; so in winter the ice dealer always loses money.



In the heat of summer it takes a lot of wagons and drivers to take care of rush demand. When people need ice, they need it immediately. Prompt service is expensive.

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DEPEND ON ICE IN ALL WEATHER

very minute of their reunion Lochinvar Bobby would never have sought thus to make his master follow him away except for some tremendously vital reason. And every line of the collie's body, every intonation of his frenziedly pleading bark spoke of fearful need. Jamie limped after him. The dog at his master's first step galloped up the drive to the gates and turned again to bark entreaty.

"What's the matter?" asked Rufus G., blinking perplexedly at the eager dog and at the limpingly following Mackellar.

"He wants me to go somewhere with him, sir," called back Jamie over his shoulder. "And he wants it mighty bad. See, he's starting off down the turnpike. With a poor cut foot, at that!"

"And you're going to strain that bum leg of yours by chasing after a dog just because he wants you to take him for a walk?" scoffed Belden.

"If you'd get a look at those eyes of his, sir, or if you'd try to read his bark you'd know it was something bigger'n that," called back Jamie. "Bobby's never yet played the fool or made a fool of me. He needs me. I don't know why. But I'm going."

Belden grunted. Then, as Mackellar started down the road after the hastening Bobby, the great Rufus G. gave an order to one of the men. Two minutes later a touring car came to a halt behind the plodding Jamie.

"Here!" ordered Rufus G. from the tonneau. "Hop in. If you're going to be idiot enough to follow that beast across the continent you may as well do it without putting your leg out of business."

Jamie obeyed. Bobby had paused worriedly. Then he had run on for a few more tentative steps. As the car followed he understood. And no longer troubling to slacken his pace or to look back appealingly he set forth at a sweeping run.

Half an hour later the car stopped in a farm dooryard. The place was deserted, the farmer having taken his wife along on his drive to the village.

Bobby did not wait for his excited master or for the openly guying Rufus G. to get out of the car. Along the dooryard he sped, coming to a halt at the foot of a corncrib. Around this he galloped, whining. He tried to climb the six-foot ladder to its door, but he fell back. From the crib's interior came an answering whimper.

At sound of his mate's call Bobby flashed back to the car, whence Mackellar was descending, and caught Jamie again by the coat.

"He's got something in that corncrib he wants to show us," ventured Belden, seeking to mask his aroused interest. "A cat he's treed there, most likely. Or a skunk. He ——"

"No, sir," denied Jamie, mounting the ladder and peeping through the slat openings. "A collie."

He lifted the crib's door latch to get a better view of the captive. Lass saved him the trouble of opening the door, for she flung herself against it and catapulted out into space, almost knocking Mackellar from the ladder.

Striking ground as lightly as a panther Lass scarce waited to gather herself up before starting off across the landscape like a golden streak. She did not give Bobby so much as a glance as she whizzed past him. Only once in her flight did she slacken speed. That was when her flying feet bore her past the hencoop. The three slain fowls had been laid in a row on the ground outside the coop, for the constable to see. Barely checking her stride Lass lowered her head and snatched up one of these hens as she ran. Then she was off with the speed of wind for Blake's Woods.

Bobby had started after her as she began her race, but after a hundred yards he hesitated and came to an irresolute stop. He looked back at his master, his deep-set eyes abrim with appeal. Then he looked after his worshiped mate and took a step or two to follow her. But of a sudden he paused again, with a low cry whose pain went even to the heart of the wondering Belden.

With something ridiculously akin to a sob in his furry throat the great dog turned and walked slowly back to where Mackellar stood. There, shaking as if with a chill, Lochinvar Bobby laid himself down, his classic head across Jamie's boot.

He had made his choice, the choice that threatened to tear the heartstrings out of him. Man had conquered. Bobby was turning his back on his loved mate and on his brood and forsaking everything his wolf nature craved, for the sake of the man who was his god.

There he lay, quivering, and with that strange sobbing sound in his throat, his head athwart Jamie's muddy boot, his tear-filled dark eyes lifted to Mackellar's face in sorrowful adoration.

There was a pause. Even the voluble Rufus G. could not think of anything funny to say.

Then Jamie cleared his throat and said, "I—I think I understand, sir. I think I get it all. I—I know Bobby, you see. And I know a bit about collies at large. Likewise I remember the platform where Bobby used to live. And I'm going there. Bobby, boy, 'tis a fearsome thing to see a creature turn from its mate to its god! A fearsome thing, Bobby, lad; be the creature nothing but a dog! How many humans would have the religion to do it, d'ye spier? How many? But ye'll not have to make the choice, I'm thinking, Bobby. Not if I'm right in guessing what we'll find under yon platform. Ye're luckier, that way, Bobby, than a lot of humans. Or—or, aiblins, ye're not. Who but God knows? Come along!"

He laid a five-dollar bill beside the two remaining dead chickens. Then he set forth on his quest.

"Where are you going?" demanded Rufus G. as Jamie stumped off with Bobby beside him.

"Up yonder into the woods a piece, sir," said Jamie. "Don't bother to follow if it's too hard sledding for the car. I'll ——"

"Shut up!" ordered Belden with the exquisite courtesy of his kind. "I'm playing this hand out. Though it makes no manner of sense to me, any of it. Wait till Peters brings up the car. I'm with you."

Striking the rutted and overgrown old picnic road the car bumped its way into Blake's Woods. Bobby was cuddled close against Jamie's side in the tonneau. The dog kept staring up at his master with growing excitement as Mackellar gave directions to the disgruntled chauffeur.

At a turn in the underbrush Jamie jumped up, pointing eagerly and shouting, "I was right, Bobby, lad! I was right! See! And your mate goes with your bairns to Beldencroft too. I'll buy her if her owner ever shows up. See, sir!"

He was gesturing toward a gap in the bushes where showed a bit of the decaying platform, with a ragged hole in its side. At the mouth of this hole lay Lassie, her seven babies crowding around her furry sides, as very daintily she tore apart a large and obese hen.

Bobby awoke the echoes with a thunder of ecstatic barks.

"H'm!" mused Rufus G. in another ten minutes as he and Jamie loaded the pups into the tonneau, along with their effusively happy parents. "Talk about Scotch thrift! Here you lose Bobby for four months, and you get him back with 700 per cent interest—800 per cent, counting his mate. Lord, but I wish I could lose a block of railroad bonds that way for four months!"



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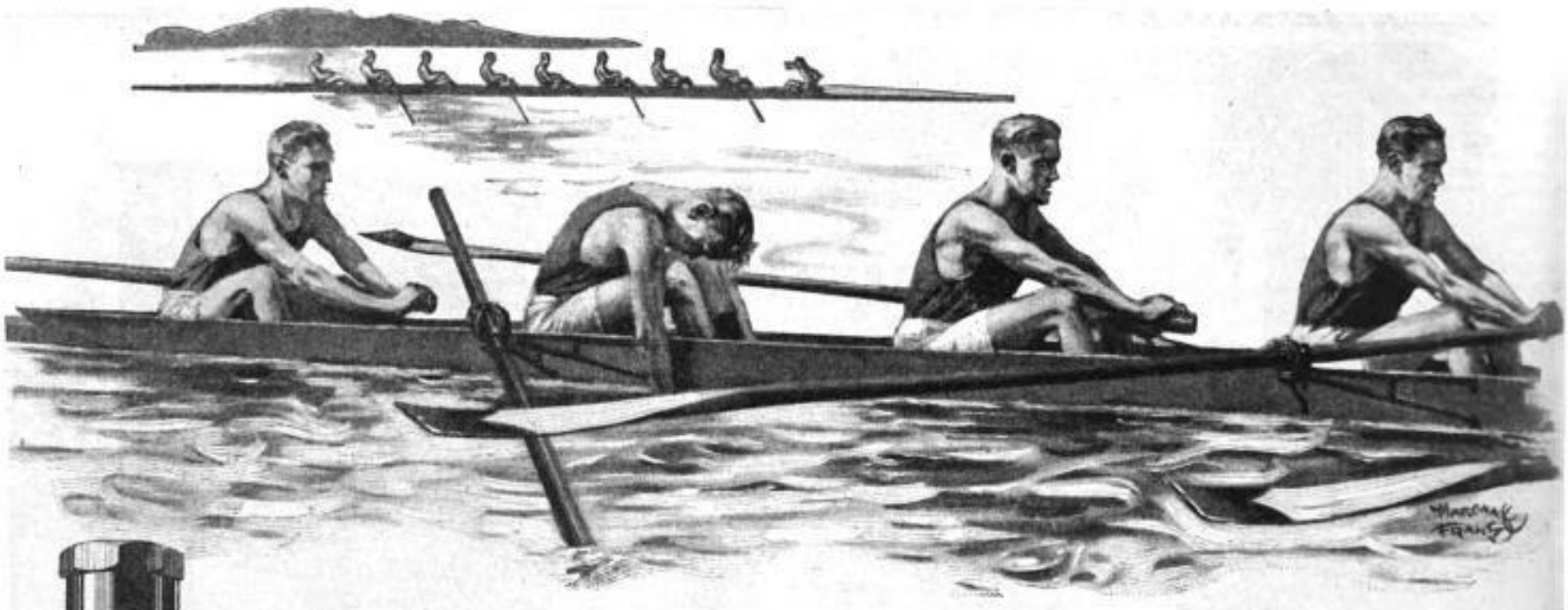
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RITA COVENTRY

(Continued from Page 23)

"Isn't she beautiful to-night!" frothed
Irs. Fernis, looking after her. "I never
w her in that type of frock before, did
u? It makes her look so girlish—so de-
ure."

Perhaps because of the failure of her
fort to converse with Delaney she looked
: Parrish.

He had remarked the gown. It was the
sympathetic" shell-pink gown she had
ered on the day he met her at the dress-
aker's. He did not mention that, how-
er.

Delaney, too, was gazing after Rita.
ow he spoke.

"Yes," said he, almost as if speaking to
mself, "it's beautiful."

Mrs. Fernis had evidently gathered that
aise from Delaney was praise indeed, for
en Rita returned she said to her, "Mr.
elaney has been admiring your dress."

"Really?" She looked at him. "Have
u?"

"Yes."

"Then," she said half jestingly, "this is
red-letter day for me. I had about
andoned hope of ever extorting a com-
ment from you."

Delaney flushed and looked confused.
ter a moment's hesitation he said gravely:
Why, surely you know I admire you very
ich."

Though he had spoken before all three
them, and though apparently he had
de only a conventional remark, Parrish
d a curious feeling as of having over-
ard something he was not meant to hear.
felt a little bit embarrassed; and so,
dently, did Mrs. Fernis, for with the
nner of one who has by accident in-
ded she turned hastily to Parrish, say-
: "I'm simply famished, aren't you?
's go and get some supper."

As they moved together toward the din-
room she asked:

'Doesn't he strike you as being a very
ular young man?"

For once he found himself in full accord
h her.

He strikes me as being all of that,"
l be.

XXVIII

FTER supper, when all were in the
drawing-room again, Delaney played a
e of three compositions called In a Pic-
Gallery, which Rita announced he had
completed. In it he attempted a musi-
expression of the emotions created by
e paintings. The first represented one
donet's canvases—water lilies in the
ter's garden at Giverny; the second,
rtrait by Whistler; the third, a Spanish
set piece by Lawson. The music, like
paintings portrayed, was impression-
: Parrish did not think much of it, and
was astonished when the musicians
ered around Delaney and congratu-
him with an enthusiasm apparently
genuine.

He seemed much pleased.

Now let me sing you one of his new
," she said, and immediately the room
ne quiet.

rrish liked the song better than the
composition; it had a melody, and
ords—an old poem by Samuel Lover—
humorous:

'Tis time I should talk to your mother,
Sweet Mary," says I;
Don't talk to my mother," says Mary,
Beginning to cry ——

fter a rejection by Mary of a like
tion in regard to her father:

How shall I get you, my jewel,
Sweet Mary?" says I;
Your father and mother's so cruel,
That surely I'll die!"
Never say die, dear," says Mary;
Pray now to save you I see;
If my parents are both so contrary—
You'd better ask me!"

n encore Rita sang Delaney's ar-
ment of Bonnie Doon, but Parrish
are of the song only as a background
thoughts.

hat Sweet Mary song was new, eh?
noticed music manuscript on the
yet neither of them had used it.
new the words and music by heart.
w was the song? How long had it
en to learn it? Of course she was
study, but just when had she
it? He wished he knew just when,
how long it had taken. Delaney had come late; that showed they hadn't rehearsed this evening, anyway. When, then? Somehow he didn't like the idea of their rehearsing there together, alone. The first thing Rita knew, Delaney would begin to misunderstand her interest in his music. After all, he was just a piano tuner; he had no advantages, no breeding. And he read the Russians—the rotten Russians!

He wondered if Delaney had been in town ever since that night he had seen him outside the opera house; it looked that way. He had said in Atlantic City that he couldn't afford to come to New York at all; but he had come; and now apparently he was hanging around. Had the music publishers and the Discaphone people advanced him money? Were they in the habit of advancing money to unknown composers? He didn't believe so; young composers were traditionally poor; if funds had been advanced it must have been because of Rita's influence. It was not proper for a woman to use her influence in that way for a man. Not that sort of man, anyway. He would have to speak to her about it to-night, when the guests had gone.

After singing, Rita summoned Schoen to exhibit to Paldowski, Frémecourt and some of the others his tricks at the piano with an orange and a hairbrush, and he in turn was followed by Wildenstein, who played his own elaboration of a Strauss waltz.

"He is very vain of playing the piano so well in addition to conducting," Mrs. Fernis whispered to Parrish. She seemed to set great store by these little titbits of gossip about the musical celebrities.

Already some of the guests had left, and now as it was nearly one o'clock a more general exodus began. Soon only Parrish, Mrs. Fernis, Frémecourt and Delaney remained. Frémecourt was a notorious night owl and Mrs. Fernis was almost as notorious a hanger-on.

Leaving the others gathered around the piano, where Frémecourt was humming Bonnie Doon, Rita drew Parrish aside.

"I haven't seen you in days," she said, "and to-night I'd counted on a little visit with you, but"—she gave her shrug—"you see how it has been?" She ran on: "Aside from that, I do think the party has been a success, don't you? I mean, it's done Delaney good—they liked him—don't you think so?"

"They seemed to," he replied magnanimously. "Does he expect to be in New York long?"

"Yes, he's really getting launched. Liebmann is publishing Bonnie Doon, you know, and he said to-night that he would bring out Sweet Mary and In a Picture Gallery."

"That's all right," Parrish returned, "but what I'm wondering is: How can Delaney afford to stick around New York all this time? You know in Atlantic City he told us ——"

"Oh, it's dear of you to be worrying about that!" she put in, laying her hand with what seemed to be an impulsive gesture upon his arm, and raising her eyes, warm with gratitude to his. "Thanks, just the same, though—it's all been fixed."

"So I judged," said he.

"It isn't as if it were only sheet music," Rita continued. "There's the Discaphone. There'll be lots of money for him in that when he gets started. I'm going to sing Sweet Mary for them to-morrow, and next week I'm ——"

"Of course," he interrupted, "you've done wonders for him. That goes without saying. If it weren't for you he'd still be going around Atlantic City in his old checked cap—tuning pianos. No question about that. Probably all the rest of his life. But, Rita, there's another side of this thing, and you ——"

She looked quickly at the others.

"Sh-h!" she warned. "Come over here." Again laying her hand upon his sleeve she drew him farther from the group at the piano. Then lowering her voice to a confidential tone: "There's something I want you to do for me, dear. You can help me a lot if you will."

Her gaze was earnest and appealing. He nodded.

"Frémecourt will simply never go home," she whispered, "nor Grace Fernis. I'm always having to send those two away. I must get them out pretty soon. I have to practice those songs, and ——"



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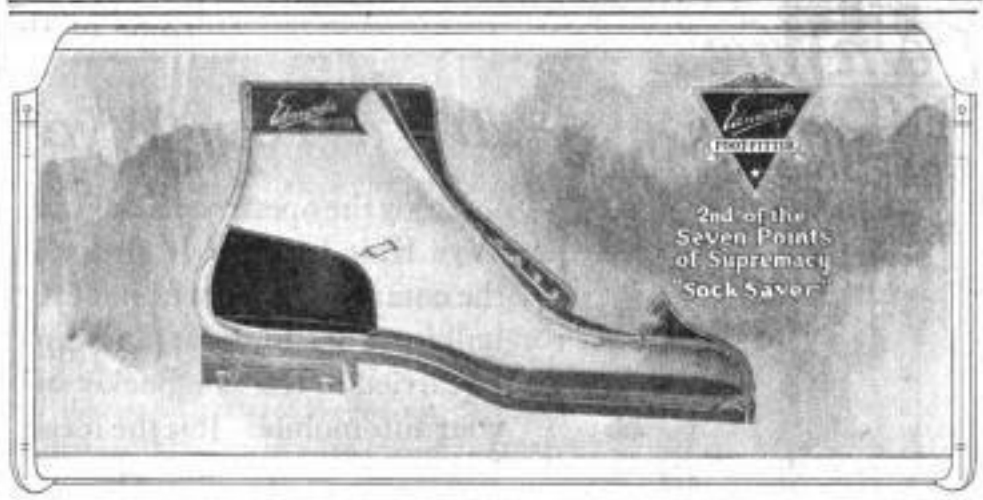
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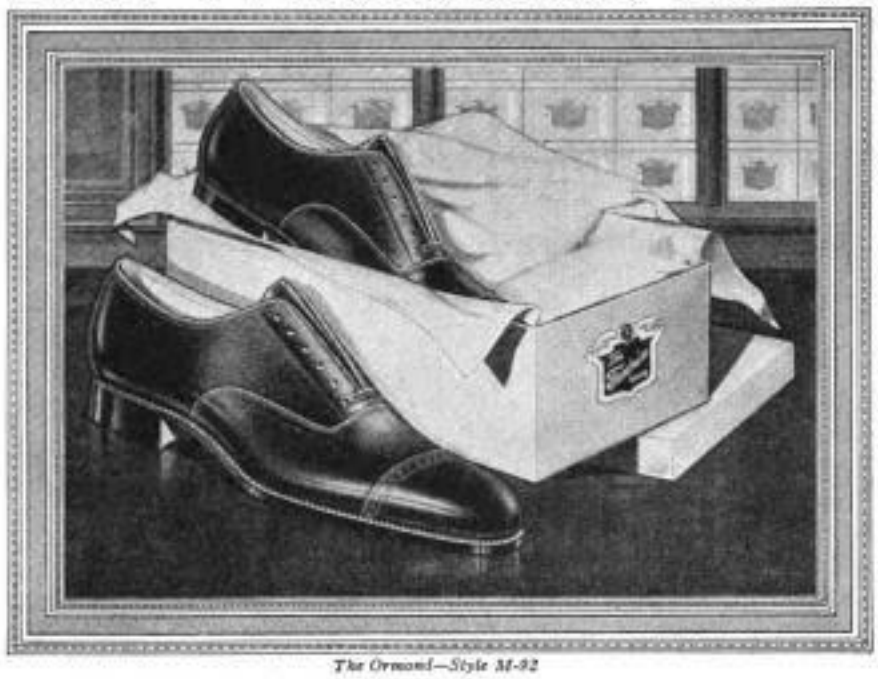
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He broke in with "You mean alone?"

"No, of course not. With Delaney."

He stared at her.

"Let me get this right. You mean—what you want me to do—you want me to go—is that it—and take them, and leave you with Delaney?"

She assented.

"Oh, you do!" he said roughly, his rage mounting. "You do, do you? Well, you guess again!" She looked at him fixedly without speaking while he continued in a tone poisonously sarcastic: "No, my dear, you've got it wrong this time! I'm not the one who's going. It's your little friend Delaney. Do you see? And what's more ——" His voice was rising.

"Don't make a row!" she broke in sharply. "Don't you see they're listening!"

He glanced toward the piano, catching Mrs. Fernis' eyes fixed upon them. Hastily she looked away.

"What do I care!" he exclaimed. "If you don't want them to listen get them out! There are some things you and I are going to settle right here, to-night. I'm going to have a talk with you now if it's my last!"

"All right!" she flashed, "on *that* basis ——" And leaving him abruptly she moved toward the others.

Mrs. Fernis, however, met her halfway.

"Rita, dear," she announced, "Frémecourt and I have just been saying we must go. It's getting scandalously late."

Quickly Rita walked across the room and spoke to Delaney.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but we'll have to put off practicing the songs. Come to-morrow morning about ten o'clock, will you?"

Standing at some distance from the door Parrish exchanged bows and good nights with the three. As he watched Delaney go he thrust his hands into his trousers pockets and planted his feet more firmly on the rug, trying half consciously to assume the posture of a host. It gave him a sense of triumph.

Ushering them out Rita pressed a push button near the door. Simultaneously a bell sounded faintly from a distant part of the house. Parrish heard her clear voice bidding them good night. From where he stood he could see her leaning over the balustrade looking after them. Presently he heard the soft metallic sound of the front door closing.

Rita called down to the butler, "Pierre!"

"Mademoiselle?" He came running up.

"*Laissez la lumière là-bas.*" And in English she added: "Monsieur will be going presently. I'll ring."

"*Bien, mademoiselle. Merci.*" He descended toward the lower hall.

"If it was as a precaution that you told Pierre to sit up," Parrish said with a contemptuous little laugh, "it was quite unnecessary. I wish I were the kind of man who can take a woman and drag her around by the hair. It's what you need! Evidently you know it too. But you can set your mind at rest—you won't have to ring for help."

She, too, laughed.

"Oh, you're Anglo-Saxon," she retorted lightly. "I wasn't worrying. It's a little courtesy, that's all. Doesn't it seem fitting that I should have you shown out with due ceremony when probably you'll be leaving for the last time?"

The flippancy hurt him as no display of anger could have.

"So," he said, "that's all this whole thing has meant to you, is it?" She was at the other end of the room; he took a few steps toward her. "If my going doesn't mean any more than that to you I might as well go now."

"I was only striking back," she said quickly. "Don't let's go on like this. Let's sit down and talk things over." She crossed, rang the bell again, and returning took a chair, indicating to him a place upon a near-by couch.

He sat in silence until Pierre reappeared.

"You were up late last night," Rita said to him. "I will see monsieur to the door."

"I thank mademoiselle." He bowed and retired. Parrish listened to the sound of his footfalls on the staircase.

"Well?" she invited.

"Do you think there's no end to what I can stand," he asked her, "or is it that you just don't care?"

"Certainly I care. Do you think if I weren't fond of you I'd be here now?"

"Oh, I suppose you are 'fond of me,'" he returned dryly. "I think one may fairly assume that much. It seems strange now that I didn't see all along that with you it was nothing more than fondness. Looking back, everything has pointed that way. But I just couldn't see it—or wouldn't. Naturally, I didn't want to see it, caring for you as I do. Oh, what a fatuous idiot I've been!"

"Caring for me as you do?" she echoed. "And just how much do you think you do care?"

The implication of doubt as to the depth of his feeling for a moment stupefied him.

"If I haven't shown you," he answered, "I guess there's no way for me to tell you now."

"But," she demanded quickly, "if a man loves a woman very deeply doesn't he ask her to marry him?"

Marriage! Was that it, then? Was that what she had been thinking of all this time?

Here was a situation! He had never explained to Rita, as he had to Alice, that he was not a marrying man. The topic had never suggested itself and he had never thought of bringing it up. It had not seemed necessary. Rita was such a different type. But women! You never could tell about a woman!

Her eyes were fixed upon his face.

"You mean," he said slowly, "you mean that—you—want—me—to marry—you?"

"No," she answered, speaking quite as slowly as he, and looking at him with a comical solemnity which he recognized for a burlesque of his own expression, "I don't mean—anything—of—the—kind."

He felt the hot blood in his face.

"Oh," he said, "then this is just a debating society!"

At once she became earnest.

"No, it's not," she answered, "and I shouldn't have done that. I can see how my question about marriage misled you. I asked it because I wanted to show you that you aren't so deeply in love with me as you may have thought yourself."

"Well, it doesn't show me anything of the kind," said he. "The reason I've not asked you to marry me is the same reason I've not asked anybody else. I intend to remain a bachelor. I've never intended to marry."

At that she smiled a little.

"There, at all events," she told him, "we are perfectly in accord. I don't blame you for wanting to remain a bachelor. I wouldn't marry the most fascinating man alive. In my case of course it is more than just an inclination. Opera singers ought not to marry—the women anyway. You can't serve God and mammon, and you can't serve your art and hot rolls for breakfast."

"A lot of them *are* married, though," said he.

"Yes, and I know just two who are really happy. They're the exceptions that prove the rule. But look at Prenslauer—her career is ruined; she lost her voice when she had her last baby. And some of the others have either got divorces or accepted their husbands' love affairs."

There had been growing upon him a disturbing sense of having been led, against his will, into an abstract discussion. He had not stayed here to talk of Prenslauer's baby or the troubles of singers with their husbands.

"This is all very interesting," he said, rising and taking a few restless steps, "but it's not getting us anywhere."

"Well, then," she replied amiably enough, "what is it you want?"

He stopped walking and looked down at her.

"I want to know exactly where I stand with you," said he.

Her eyes met his.

"That's just what I've been wondering," she said.

"You don't know?"

"I thought I knew, but ——"

"Evidently!" he put in.

"—— but there's such a difference between loving and being in love."

"Yes," he retorted, "and there's a difference between loving and hating. I ought to know! But that isn't getting us anywhere either."

"Being in love gets *me* somewhere," he insisted. "If one is not in love life is empty as an unfurnished house. I do believe anybody who is not in love is really happy. The day I met you I was lonely; you attracted me. I was longing to be in love again. The day was like spring, if you remember."

(Continued on Page 164)

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Vibration is completely eliminated in the Marmon—no car is so perfectly balanced throughout. No car is built with greater precision.



Get the facts about Standardized Service

The low cost of only $265* for rebuilding a Marmon motor is offered in contract form by distributors to purchasers of new Marmons. It includes labor and replacement of all worn parts (except crankshaft bearings, which up to now have shown no wear; many have run over 60,000 miles).

Motor rebuilding is but one of the 16 average service operations, constituting 85% of all maintenance.

We describe Standardized Service in a book, "Modern Transportation Costs," and present it gratis to all who mail the coupon. Thousands have sent for it. Every car owner should read it.

Learn how Marmon distributors have reduced service to a fixed cost basis. They offer new low prices. They end all guess-work on upkeep costs.

MARMON
The Foremost Fine Car

**Prices on Pacific Coast, 10% additional*

Mail Now To NORDYKE & MARMON COMPANY, Indianapolis

this coupon for the most interesting booklet you have ever read on the subject of automobile maintenance economies. It shows why we are able to make this revolutionary announcement and why the Marmon is first to adopt Standardized Service. The booklet is sent free to all who ask. Simply fill out the coupon and mail it.

GENTLEMEN: Kindly send me a copy of "Modern Transportation Costs," describing in detail your new system of Standardized Service.

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Guaranteed

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A 20-minute walk
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What a convenience is an Iver Johnson bicycle! Sleep a few more minutes in the morning—take a little more time at breakfast—then hop on your bicycle for a bracing ride to the station. No more missing the train.

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Keep an Iver Johnson revolver in the home for self-protection. It's accident-proof—you can "Hammer the Hammer." Quick, accurate, safe.



(Continued from Page 162)

"Do I!" he murmured with reminiscent fervor, and after a deep sigh resumed: "Then what you mean is—you were longing to fall in love with me—or with somebody—and now you're wondering whether you really did or not."

"That's a crude way of putting it," said she; "but love means more to me than it does to some people."

He seated himself near her, leaning forward, and was about to speak when in a reflective tone she supplemented: "When I'm in love I sing better."

The words struck him like a blow.

"My God!" he exclaimed indignantly. "Talking of love as if it were a gargle!"

Rita burst out laughing.

"Well, anyway," she declared, "I love you for that!"

"But that isn't what I want to be loved for," he protested. "And I don't want intermittent love—one day on a pinnacle, next day in the ditch. I'm worn out with your eternal changeableness. It's nearly killing me! This thing is going to be definitely settled to-night! I'd rather ——"

"There you are!" she broke in. "That's just it! That's going to help me to explain to you. Do you remember on the way to Atlantic City you were talking about wanting to understand me, wanting to know all about me, wanting to make a portrait of me, as you put it? You kept talking about getting the portrait finished. Well, what happens when a portrait is finished? The painter has learned all he can about his subject. His job is done. The portrait is framed and hung upon a wall"—she waved her hand toward her own portrait above the mantelpiece—"to gather dust. With a love affair it is the same. It is the development that is interesting—the gradual finding out. When that is over most love affairs are done. Not great ones, of course—but there aren't many great ones.

"You'd think," she continued, "that almost anyone would understand a thing like that, but men seldom do. In love they go by instinct, and their instinct is wrong. They hunt love as naturalists hunt butterflies. They don't see the beauty of freedom and movement. They want to catch the butterfly, run a needle through it and mount it on a cork where they can investigate it microscopically. But by that time the butterfly is dead."

"If you mean that a man wants to be sure of the woman he loves," said Parrish, "of course he does! That's the point: I've never been sure of you. I guess there must be a hole in my butterfly net!"

"Or perhaps the mesh isn't fine enough," said she, smiling.

At that he became angry again.

"Oh, this butterfly talk!" he exclaimed. "Generalities! What I want to know is—is there any use in my trying to go on, or am I through?"

"And that's what I've been endeavoring to tell you," she gave him back. "I know you want to pin me down, and I won't be pinned down. Love isn't an exact science; it's a fine art." And before he could break in she added: "And to be entirely frank—if you want me to be frank ——"

"Yes, yes," he urged.

"Well, I am afraid you are not an artist. In love, at least, you lack the light touch."

Again he felt an impact as of a heavy fist. Of all conceivable charges, that was the last he had ever expected to hear made against him. And by a woman! She had the effrontery to say he lacked the light touch in love!—he to whom men friends had so often come for advice in these matters; who had always handled situations of this kind so deftly; who, without being merciless, managed women; who, in his love affairs, had with invariable skill charted his course between the Scylla of loneliness and the Charybdis of responsibility! Preposterous! She was deliberately trying to confuse him. But she couldn't do it! He knew what had caused all the trouble. He had been feeling it all along, and now somehow he knew it. And he would tell her too!

"It hasn't anything to do with a light touch," he said; "it hasn't anything to do with me. It's Delaney! Ever since you first saw that whelp you've been different."

"Well," she returned, unperturbed, "what have you got against Delaney?"

"I hadn't planned to stay long enough to tell you," he answered bitterly, "but I'll tell you one thing I've got against him: He's not a gentleman."

"Perhaps not—as you mean it," she conceded without rancor. "I guess at that rate I'm not a lady either. But Delaney is a good deal more than a gentleman. He's an artist."

"Am I to infer that an artist cannot be a gentleman?" His tone was triumphant.

"It has been known to happen," said she laconically.

"Anyway, his being an artist can hardly make him a novelty to you," he said. "Certainly you know plenty of them. And as an artist he's not in your class."

"There you're wrong," she answered. "He is more truly an artist than I am. In the first place he creates instead of reproducing; and in the second he loves music purely for itself. I love it partly for what it can do for me."

"All right," he said; "granted you admire him. But you don't have to get sentimental about him, do you?"

"No, I don't have to, and I don't say I am sentimental about him; but if one must analyze, it might be interesting to have a man like that care for one even more than for his music."

"Yes, and you've been trying to make him care!" he charged.

"If I have, the effort has not been highly successful."

"You just fall in love with him," he prophesied vindictively, "and you'll get yours! He's a lot younger than you are. You can't hold him."

"I'm a good gambler."

"Maybe you are," he retorted; "but if you can hold him it will be the first case of that kind I've run across. I've seen dozens of them—where the woman was older—and I've never known it to fail. In the end he'll fall in love with some little girl young enough to be your daughter, and where will you be then?"

"Playing tragic rôles as I never did before. I shouldn't wonder if that sort of bump would be good for me."

He sank back on the couch, his eyes staring unseeing across the room, his mind filled with a whirling misery. Presently she stirred a little in her chair, and he became aware of her again. She did look younger in that dress—almost girlish—grotesquely girlish for one capable of such shocking stream of bizarre sophistication.

Slowly he rose and stood before her.

"Just like surgery—this—for me," he said, and smiled.

And as he smiled the dryness of his lips against his teeth was painful. His whole mouth was dry. When he opened it again to speak his tongue made a little clicking sound against the roof of his mouth, which vaguely irritated him.

"Diagnosis—that's what I wanted. Now I know. It's better to know. Well, I'm ready to be wheeled out."

With that he swung around and made his way toward the door on legs that felt weak and numb. He heard her make a little sound of pity—he didn't want her pity! Then her swift steps coming after him—he didn't want her following him!

"Don't come," he said without turning. "I'll let myself out."

But she kept coming. He heard her behind him on the stairs. In the lower hall he almost ran to get his coat from the chest where it was lying. He did not pause to put it on, but threw it over his arm and, seizing his hat and cane, made for the door.

She was back of him; he felt her pulling at his coat. "Let me help you on with it," he heard her say. Why didn't she stay upstairs as he told her to? She ought to know he wouldn't want her looking at him when he was like this!

As he reached for the doorknob she laid a detaining hand upon his outstretched arm. He dropped his arm abruptly and turned upon her.

"You leave me alone!" he heard himself say, and as she stepped back, looking startled, he realized that he had made a threatening gesture with his cane.

She was saying something as he shut the door behind him.

XXIX

FOR the next few days Parrish was a man drugged. He felt light-headed and as he went about was continually on his guard against revealing it. But he made the office every day. Several times he was aware of Bement's surreptitious scrutiny and it annoyed him. What if he was looking very well? Was that anybody else's business as long as he attended to his?

He was a little bit surprised that there was not greater. Though incessant, it was dull. Perhaps it would be worse when the drugged feeling wore off. His chief sensation was that of being crippled and not

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accustomed to it; of greatly missing some important portion of his body which had been removed. His heart still was inside him; he could feel it pounding heavily; but he could not eat, and there were times when he feared to breathe deeply lest it bring on the sharp pain.

But presently there came a day when he began to understand a little and, as recuperation advanced, to gather comfort from a wan philosophy.

Well, at all events, it was over. This surgery had from the first been inevitable. Ultimately, no doubt, he would be better for it; in one way, even, he was better now—the uncertainty was gone. At last he could sleep.

As his mind cleared he found himself thinking of Alice. Not once during what now seemed to him to have been a period of illness through which he had passed had he heard from her; and now instead of attributing her silence to the condition of her sister's health or to annoyance with him because he had so long delayed writing to her, he began to be honest with himself and to search for deeper causes.

Could she have heard some rumor of what had been going on? At first that seemed to him hardly probable. She was far away, out of touch with New York and unacquainted with the people with whom he had lately been associating. And even those people, he liked to think, had for the most part been unaware of his affair with Rita. Busini had evidently suspected something, and perhaps the ubiquitous Mrs. Dennis had also, but he hardly thought there had been general gossip. Of course there was Atlantic City, but on that trip he had seen no one he knew. The people he knew could not be likely to go to that hotel.

The only friend of Alice's he had met since she left was Clara Proctor—at the Midnight Frolic—and then he had been with Bement. Clara, to be sure, had all but cut him.

That still puzzled him a little. But he had Clara never had liked each other. She was always trying to come between him and Alice; trying to inoculate Alice with her own cynicism concerning men, advising her to drop him because he didn't mean to marry.

As he thought of that there came to him a first glimmer of mirth—grim mirth—that he had known since Rita's door closed behind him. He had disliked Clara for interfering, but she was right: Alice should have dropped him; from a strategic standpoint it would have been the thing to do. Alice hadn't any strategy.

Strategy was not very well distributed among women; some had none; others too much. Real fineness didn't count as it ought in relations between men and women. Fine women, like Alice, lacking strategy or learning to use it, so often lost out, while men who were cold-hearted and unscrupulous got everything their own way. Perhaps the fine ones could get some satisfaction out of knowing they were square and honest, but that seemed cold comfort. Women! Why were people always generalizing about women? Such a stupid thing to do! Generalizations were stupid anyway. How true the epigram of the witty Frenchman who declared: "All generalizations are false—including this one!" When people generalized about women they were invariably describing not women, but their own relations to some certain woman. If a man proclaimed women selfish, heartless, cruel, it was a safe conclusion that the woman he loved for had ill-used him; and if upon the other hand according to him they were sweet, loving and forgiving, the woman he adored for was generous and kind.

Everything these days he reflected a great deal about women.

How helpless the average man against woman pretty and unscrupulous! To a lover it was well-nigh inconceivable that a woman's soul might not be so lovely as her face—that is, until she proved it to him. Given a beautiful face, his romantic fancy would endow her with every admirable and alluring quality of character. Strange, too, how beauty and charm—or lure—qualities having not the slightest bearing upon character—should be the two great magnets of love attraction. That meant that the qualities to attract were not the qualities to hold love. Something wrong there. If women were right with love, men would from the beginning be drawn to women for their sweetness, their fair-mindedness, their capability, their loyalty, in short, their goodness, instead of learning later to appreciate those qualities if lucky enough to find them. Yet under the distorted laws governing the love attraction all those qualities—the qualities of a good wife—might often be found in women who, for lack of attributes superficially attractive, were almost certainly predestined to a state of spinsterhood.

The whole thing was a mess!

Take his own case: How horrible to realize that he had so easily been drawn away from what was beautiful and fine by what was beautiful but not fine; how horrible that he could cast aside Alice's unselfish, unchanging love, for something spasmodic, spurious; and how horrible that the loss of that brief meretricious love could plunge him into a wretched state in which, though lonely, he avoided people, returning each evening to his apartment like a sick dog crawling into its kennel.

Sitting by the fire in his living room one night, unable to interest himself in books or magazines, he tried to analyze his situation. Rita's photograph still stood upon the mantelpiece; for several days its presence there had been disturbing him, but as if for want of energy to move it he had allowed it to remain. There, at all events, was something he was able to correct. He rose, took down the picture, and removed it from the silver frame.

His wretchedness was not a wretchedness of longing for Rita. He treasured no dream, however shadowy, of a renewal. He had put her—or she had put herself—definitely out of his life. Her destruction of his illusions, her blows upon his self-respect, made him detest her. If in the loss of her he missed anything it was a Rita he had imagined, a Rita who did not exist.

He looked at the photograph in his hands. She was beautiful with the beauty of a blue-ribbon cob exhibiting its gaits at a horse show, proud, sleek and sure. Self-confident, self-centered, self-satisfied, the expression of her face in the picture irritated him.

Suddenly, violently, almost as if slashing at her, he tore the photograph. He had aimed at the face, but by a narrow margin missed it. He tore again. This time the paper broke in a ragged line passing through one eye, across the nose and down the cheek. He threw the bits of the torn picture at the fire, but they hit the screen and fell back upon the hearth; he found it not unpleasant to scuff them into the hot ashes with the sole of his shoe. The silver frame he put away. He could give it to the cleaning woman.

But now in this morass of misery he did long for Alice. His longing for her was like his longing for his mother when as a boy he became ill away from home. There had always been that mother quality in Alice, that eternal watchfulness for his well-being; she was always thinking of him, worrying about him, afraid he would get tired or take cold. He thought with a strong nostalgia of the big comfortable chair in her apartment and the smoker's stand beside it: his chair, his stand, she called them.

And their tastes were so congenial—she always wanted to do what he wanted to; in restaurants she was delighted with what he ordered, and after dinner it was for him to decide what they should do—whether they should go to the theater or back to her apartment, where he could be comfortable and smoke while they talked.

How he wished she were at her apartment now! It would be so comforting to go to her; she was so understanding when one was downhearted. When the market was at its worst, after the war, and brokerage houses were failing, he could always get encouragement from her. And that time he had the grippe—she came to see him every day. How well he remembered the way she used to fix his pillows; she did it better than the nurse.

Trifling things always pleased her so. When he gave her some little present she did not thank him only once; with her a present seemed to renew itself over and over, and she would speak of it again and again. She remembered everything: not only birthdays but the most trifling anniversaries.

That reminded him—he had been meaning to get a present for her birthday. Her birthday would be coming pretty soon. Let's see, when was it? It came in the middle of March—March fourteenth. And to-day was—March fourteenth! Her birthday was to-day—and to-day was nearly over!

He hastened to the telephone and put in a call for Alice. It was only a little after ten o'clock. That meant nine in Cleveland.



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NIGHT—miles from town—a fellow motorist with a "dead" battery—you with brightly glowing lights, snappy ignition and the complacency that comes from the assurance that all's well. In the distance a speeding train, controlled by Westinghouse-built air brakes and automatic signals, to remind you of the responsibility placed upon the name and organization of Westinghouse. That's when you fully appreciate the thorough dependability of your Westinghouse Battery! That's when you can better understand why Westinghouse Batteries must be of one quality—the best Westinghouse can build; and why Westinghouse Batteries can and do carry a guarantee new in features and unexceeded in liberality.

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BOYS, this is a great gun. A big, red flash jumps from the barrel every time you pull the trigger. You see the smoke. Yet these flashes are absolutely harmless. Shoot the Ronson Repeater anywhere in perfect safety.

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How fortunate, how very fortunate, that he had thought of it in time!

While waiting in the library for the call to be put through he paced the rug, following the pattern with his feet. There was a place in the corner where he had to take a short step or else go over into the border. In the back of his mind was an incoherent wish that the rug had been a little shorter or a little longer, to match the length of his stride.

The knowledge that he was so soon to hear her voice made him happy in spite of his apprehension as to what her attitude would be. Again he speculated on the cause of her silence. Suppose she had in some way found out about Rita—what would she say, and what could he say? However, he did not believe that was it. It seemed far more likely that she was hurt by his neglect. But he wished he knew. It would be so much easier to commence talking with her if he knew. Why didn't the operator get her? Long-distance service ought to be prompt at this time of night. He was moving toward the telephone with the intention of asking for a report on his call, when the bell began to ring.

"All ready with Cleveland," said the operator.

"Hello—hello—hello," he called.

"Just a minute, please."

He waited. There came a little click and a soft electric hum upon the wire.

"Hello," he said again.

Then he heard Alice's voice, faint and far away.

"Hello—Alice. This is Dick." He paused; then as she did not answer he asked, "Can you hear me?"

"Yes."

"I called up to wish you a happy birthday. I couldn't get your present off to you in time. I was wondering whether I'd better send it or hold it here until you get back. I suppose you will be coming back pretty soon, won't you?"

"I don't know."

"Why not? Is your sister no better?"

"She's much better, thank you."

"Is she back from Lake Placid yet?"

"We expect her next week."

"That's fine! And after that you'll be coming home?"

"I don't know," she said again, and there was something ominous to him about the repetition.

"But I want to know," he persisted. "You must have some idea when you'll be coming."

"I haven't made up my mind."

"Alice," he said, "I miss you awfully. You haven't even written to me. I know it's my fault—I ought to have written to you—but I was horribly busy just after you went away; I kept putting off writing from day to day, and after a while I felt so guilty about it I didn't know how to begin. And I haven't been feeling well. And last week I was called on the jury—I had a devil of a time getting off. I've been sitting here alone all evening, thinking about you. Came home tired out. Last night I was home, too—and the night before—thinking about you. I'd give anything to see you. I do wish you were home."

He was not satisfied with what he had been saying; he felt that it did not sound genuine; he was throwing in words desperately, as if they had been bags of sand intended to stop leaks in a dike. Strangely the flood he feared was not a flood of reproaches but of silence; and now as he waited, giving her a chance to answer, the silence began seeping through again, forcing him to throw in more words.

"Hello! Alice!"

"Yes?"

He hastened on: "I'm wretched about the way I've treated you! I know I've made you unhappy, and that makes me unhappy. Can't you say something to comfort me?"

Again that awful silence.

"Alice! Are you there?"

"Yes."

Some quality in her voice—he did not know just what—told him now that she was weeping.

"Can't you just say something to me?"

The electric singing of the wire suddenly stopped.

"Alice!"

No answer.

He worked the hook up and down and when the operator responded made nervous inquiries of her.

"Hold the wire, please." A curious little sound came through the receiver, telling him that the operator, like a disembodied spirit, was flying through the night to Cleveland to find out what was wrong; a moment later he heard her disembodied voice.

"The party disconnected," she informed him.

His first impulse was to call Alice again, but he abandoned the thought; there was no reason to suppose that further communication with her by telephone would be more satisfactory than the one-sided conversation just ended.

She had been crying. He was almost certain of it. Was it because she did not wish him to detect it that she had hung up the receiver—or was it a dismissal? Her silences, her short replies, lent color to the latter theory. She had never treated him like that before. If only she had reproached him instead of being silent; that would have shown him where he stood; as things were, he knew no more than if he had not called her up at all.

What if he had lost her! Now for the first time he fully envisaged that possibility. He had relied upon her gentleness, her devotion, her forgiveness. Had he relied too much? Ruthlessly he had traded on her finest qualities, treating her as he would not have dared to treat a woman of coarser fiber. His ethics had been the ethics of the jungle. He had been inconsiderate of Rita because he was afraid of her, and inconsiderate of Alice because of her he was not afraid. Why—the thought struck him like a thunderbolt—he had treated Alice as Rita had treated him!

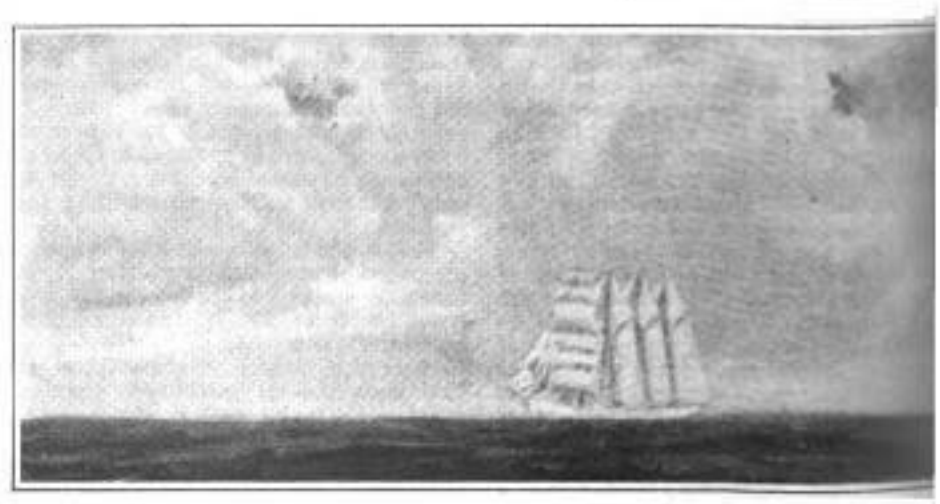
Would he forgive Rita? Never! Would Alice forgive him? She must forgive him. He must find some way to make her forgive him. He deserved to lose her, but he could not bear to.

In the past he had been more aware of his need of him than of his need of her, but now their positions were reversed. He could not go on without her. He must win her back. He must see her. He would go at once to Cleveland.

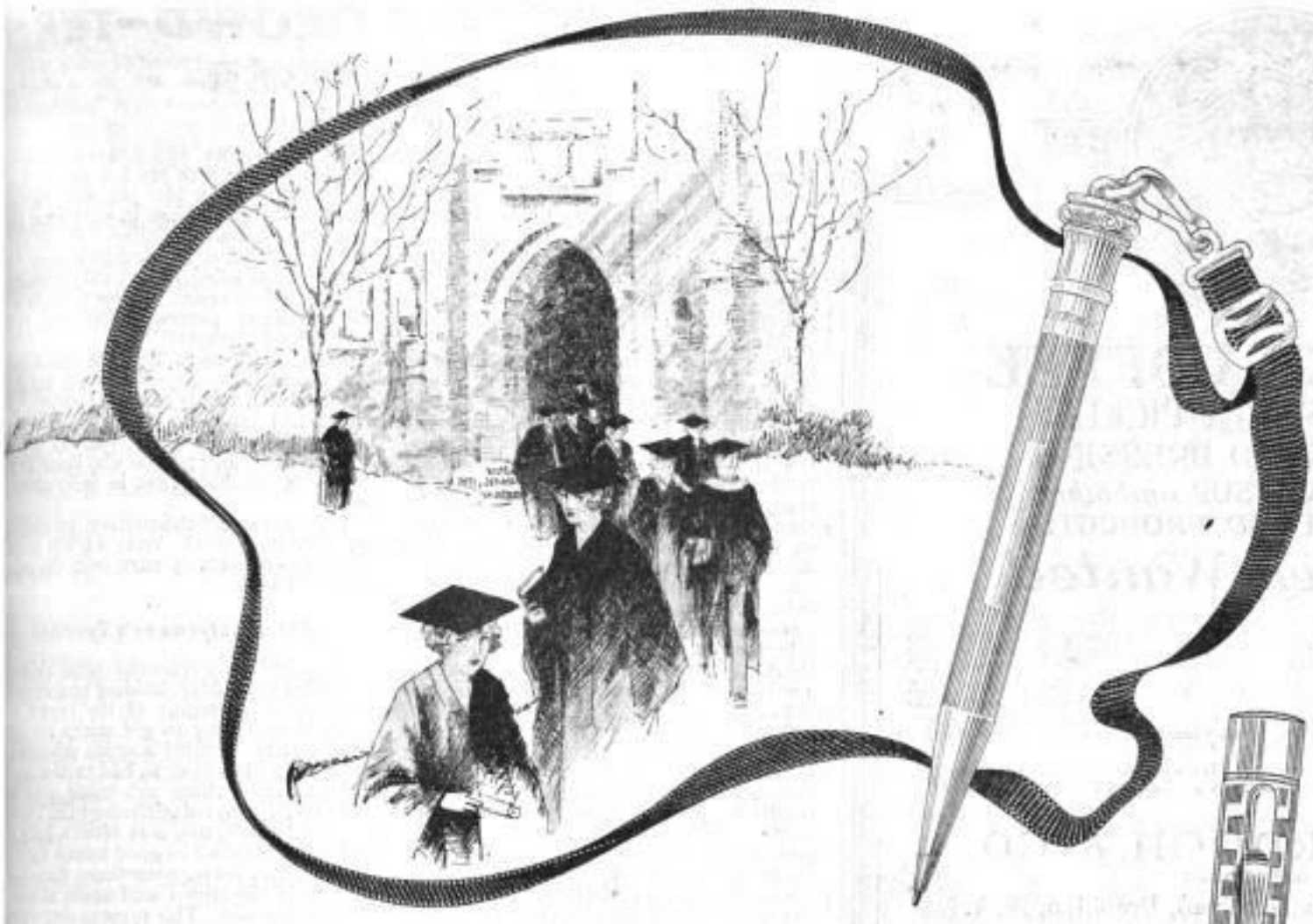
Consulting a time-table he found that a train left for Buffalo at 11:10. He could just make it. By changing cars at Buffalo to-morrow morning he could reach Cleveland in the early afternoon.

Through the pantry door he shouted to Ito, then ran to his own room and began collecting the things he wanted packed. When the servant came he left the filling of the bag to him and telephoned for a taxi. In fifteen minutes he was on his way to the station, in half an hour he was on the train, and when a little later he retired for the night the train was roaring along beside the Hudson River. But he could not see the river. There are no windows in an upper berth.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



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Gifts to go with the Diploma

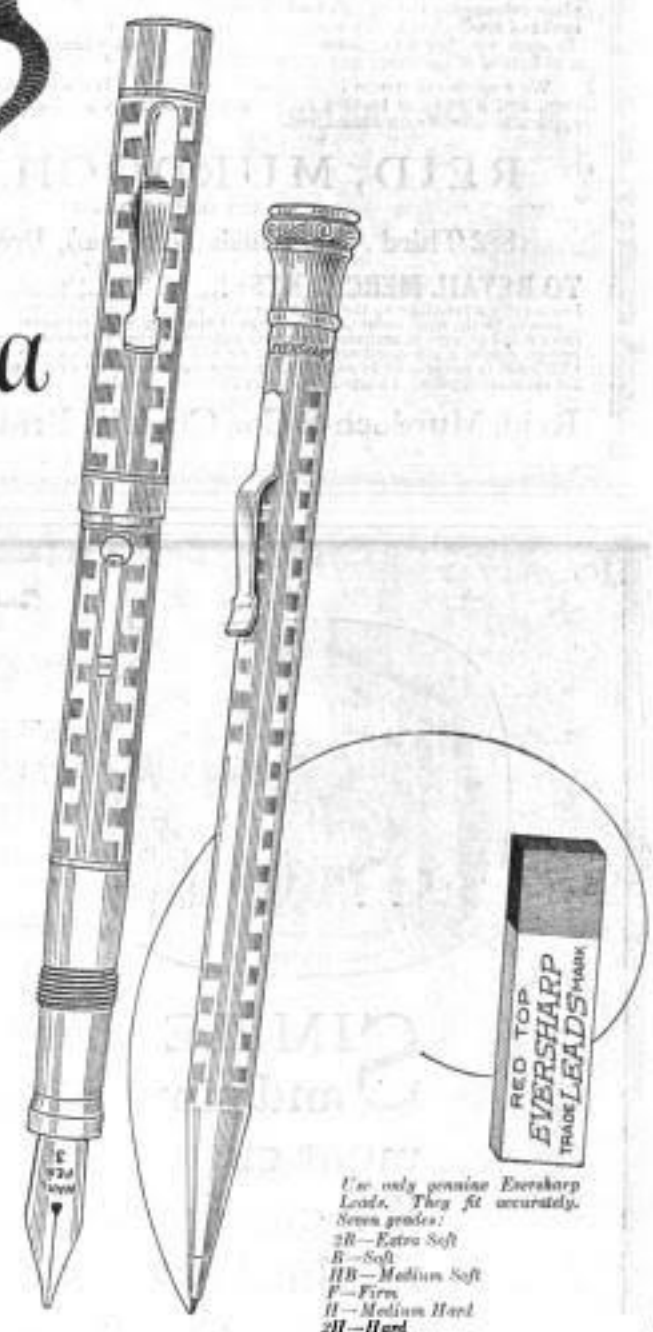
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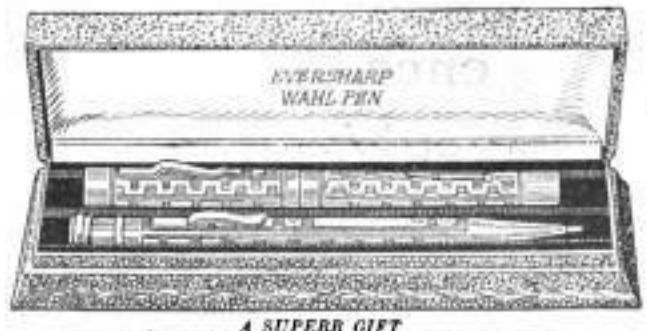
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TO RETAIL MERCHANTS: Because of our organization, the cutting of overhead expenses, and the style of packing, MONARCH COFFEE has a price advantage to the retailer readily recognized by alert merchants. We believe the retail grocer to be the most economical and logical distributor of food products. Correspondence is invited from retail grocers in territories not now covered by our salesmen. Particular care is given to mail orders, assuring you good service, and we will be pleased to quote you prices. Our MONARCH COFFEE is never sold in bulk. We have only one price to all retail merchants, and that is the lowest market price. In territory east of Pittsburgh, address as above; west of Pittsburgh, address:

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SELLING TO A CROWD—THE AUCTIONEER

(Continued from Page 16)

into this picture, the desire to own the pigs is created, and by skillful handling of competing bidders price is lost sight of in the returns to be gained from the investment.

As he knows his goods, so the auctioneer must know his customers. He appears to be standing in his pulpit and urging the crowd to bid. Actually he is selling to individuals.

"Any schoolboy can stand up and call for bids and get two-thirds the value of an article," says one veteran, "but it takes a salesman to get that other third. To be a good auctioneer you must study and read human nature. No two bidders are alike. One is suspicious or has set a mental limit to the price he will pay for something he really wants; humor him. Another fancies that he is a shrewd buyer; compliment him on his judgment. Another will not take a dare; wave a red flag at him by pointing out his competitor. Others like the limelight and want to be pointed out as heroes when they make a purchase. Still others are timid and bid best when they think they are lost in the crowd—that the auctioneer is not personally soliciting their bids."

Another skillful auction salesman works on the assumption that most bidders like to remain hidden in the crowd, though he admits that other men get just as good results by playing upon individuals. His method seems to work best for him. A good many folks come to an auction thoroughly persuaded beforehand that the auctioneer is tricky, that the stuff to be sold has some hidden defect, and that bidding is stimulated by cappers. This belief that auctioneers use confederates to make fictitious bids is still common, but men who sell at auction day by day, year in and year out, say that crooked bidding is almost wholly confined to crooked grind-shop auctions.

Just as merchandise purchased by the individual customer in a man-to-man sale must be satisfactory if the sale is to hold and the purchaser turned into a regular customer, so the square auctioneer is genuinely anxious that successful bidders be satisfied. Then they will attend future sales and buy again. Very often, though traveling from town to town, he works in the same territory, and must create and maintain a reputation in fair dealing with people who buy at his sales as well as with those who hire him to sell property.

"I like the suspicious fellow; he makes the best buyer when properly handled," says one auctioneer. "Ignore his presence, talk away from him, let him see that you really do not care whether he bids or not, that he doesn't matter, because stuff is selling so cheaply or briskly. Presently he will bid in something cheap himself, decide you are square, and be a good customer thereafter."

A Contest of Wits

"It is not necessary to use cappers or trickery in honest auction selling. But what is honest auction selling? Is there such a thing as an honest crowd? The sale is a contest of wits between the crowd and the auctioneer. Of the two, in most cases, the auctioneer is more honest than the bidder. At every sale two or three persons conspire to buy a certain article at an absurdly low price, which they agree upon in advance. They reason that the auctioneer has to sell on the second bid, wait until the crowd is small, and then one bids a dollar for a twenty-five-dollar article, and another raises him a quarter, and gets it. Is that honest? Bidders think so—if it works. But the auctioneer is responsible to the man for whom he is selling. If enough such trickery by bidders were permitted average prices on the whole sale would not be satisfactory. So auctioneers have ways of protecting themselves. Sometimes cappers have been used to bid in articles that do not bring adequate bids, but the trained auctioneer can pick an imaginary bid out of the air just as easily, drop his hammer and say 'Sold to A. B.,' which is equivalent to bidding in the article for the owner. Imaginary bids are often picked out of the air in starting the sale, to give an appearance of briskness or to speed up the sale when it lags."

The auctioneer who makes a fuss conspicuously over a chipped pickle dish that somebody bids in for ten cents can be blind to the moth holes in an Oriental rug sold for a hundred dollars. If the purchaser complains he promptly says, "If you are dissatisfied, sir, we will put the rug up and sell it again." Nine times in ten the purchaser protests, "No, no! I'm satisfied. I'll keep it!"

Some auctioneers like the dissatisfied purchaser. They say that every knocker at an auction sale is really a booster. The dissatisfied customer buys again to get even or he growls about the way he has been treated, and people who listen to his grievance conclude that he lacks shrewdness.

They are smart themselves; no auctioneer could fool them! And confident in their own shrewdness they turn from the grumbler to the sale.

The Auctioneer's Technic

The old-time auctioneer often ridiculed or bullied the bidder, holding him up to the laughter or contempt of the crowd as a cheap skate trying to get things for nothing. But the skillful auction salesman of to-day considers that as bad tactics as it is bad manners—there are more courteous and effective ways of stiffening bids. The old-time auctioneer, too, was often a jolly soul and kept his crowd in good humor by witty remarks and jokes, sometimes directed at persons in the crowd and again at the articles being sold. The present-day auctioneer salesman uses wit and laughter to only a limited degree, and in its proper place for a definite purpose. If the crowd is small he may joke until it grows larger. If it is a solemn timid crowd he will cheer it up with a few jokes. Or in putting up a new article after heated bidding he may relieve tension by cracking a joke. A crowd may grow stale during an auction lasting several hours, and then the joke helps too. But laughter sells nothing. The moment good humor has been restored and bidding begins again the salesman must be serious. With a keen buying crowd jokes are a distraction.

Cheap wit or sarcasm at the expense of persons in the crowd is too expensive to be indulged in. The skillful auctioneer gets his laugh by making fun of the merchandise. Putting up a well-known piece of farm machinery he says, "You all know the Blank reaper—made out of old barbed wire and fence rails, liable to fall to pieces the first time you move it. This is the poorest Blank reaper ever made, and I am going to give it away for somebody to break up for kindling and old wire. The owner doesn't want it; he thinks it's good. I don't want it, and I know you don't want it. I want to give it away; don't bid too fast or too much!"

The experienced salesman selling to an individual customer knows when the time has come for action, and directs all his energy to quickly closing the deal. Many salesmen say that they know this by instinct.

The auctioneer, too, develops a sort of sixth sense, by which he knows when the last offer has been made by a bidder. The tones of bidders' voices carry a world of information to the auctioneer. Something tells him when they have reached the highest amount that can be secured for the article under the hammer. Sometimes two bidders carry the price above reason, in competition or because there is personal feeling between them. A good auctioneer is quick to see that, and set one against another, saying, "Don't let him bluff you; you can pay as much as he can; make him pay for it!"

One well-known real-estate auctioneer says that bidding is like stretching a rubber band. If stretched too far it snaps, but if relaxed before the breaking point it can be stretched again and again. Bids create a sort of tension as they increase, and the wise auctioneer knows when the breaking point is being approached and eases the strain upon his audience by some amusing remark: "That gentleman in the [illegible] tie—what do I hear from you!" The audience giggles, relaxes and rests a moment—but only for a moment, because

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the diversion is too great, bidding interest is destroyed.

"The closing point in most auction sales is really a very fine balance of opinion about values," says a country auctioneer who has sold many breeding animals for good prices. "You will hear men say that no bull is worth twenty thousand dollars. There are four kinds of people who buy fine bulls. The farmer who raises meat animals can afford to pay one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars for a bull. The common breeder from whom he buys such an animal can pay four hundred to eight hundred dollars. The medium breeder who raises bulls good enough to improve the common breeder's herd can afford to pay three thousand to five thousand dollars. Finally, the top breeder with a reputation for the best, selling to the medium breeder, can afford to pay twenty thousand dollars for a bull or as much more as a particular bull is worth to him in results. Now suppose ten farmers or breeders attend an auction sale. Each brings his own ideas of the value to him of the bulls to be sold. The auctioneer knows the bulls, and has his idea of their value to those prospective bidders. It is his business, naturally, to see more value—real value, mind—than they do, and point it out to them. Well, the bidding begins. One man's idea of value is pitted against another man's, corrected by the auctioneer's idea of value, and the price goes up, up, up, until it reaches the value to the man who can get the most value out of his purchase. If it goes above that there will be dissatisfaction, and if it stops short the auctioneer hasn't secured the best results for the seller."

A Town Under the Hammer

How an auction sale settles values was shown some months ago in "the world's largest real-estate auction," when more than fifteen hundred houses in a war-built shipyard town were sold for the Government. The property was first offered at private sale, but the highest price obtained was about two million dollars. So the auction sale was decided upon. Immediately there was propaganda against the auction—rumors that the houses were poorly built, had wet cellars, and so forth. The auctioneer who got the job came from another locality. There was propaganda against him as imported. When the auctioneer opened the sale he faced a crowd made up of people who thought the houses they were living in would be sold over their heads at prices greater than they could pay; also, of people who wanted to buy houses below their real value. They fought along enough sympathizers to wreck the auditorium and smash windows and doors. When the auctioneer began he was jeered every time he offered a house for sale.

But he persisted, telling the crowd how foolish it was to think that it could get the better of the United States Government by any such tactics, and after an hour of turbulence there was a queer change.

Houses were sold under the hammer, sold at reasonable prices. The crowd saw people getting bargains. Hostility changed to acquisitiveness. People bid, bought, and cheered the auctioneer every time the hammer fell. In one final outburst those who were most hostile tried to rush the auctioneer, whereupon he asked them if they had the interests of poor people so much at heart, they didn't raise the money and help some of them buy in the homes. Later, when a widow with seven children lacked money to keep her home, the auctioneer raised a fund himself. Sales steadily grew better but were reasonable to the end. The Government got almost twice as much for the whole property as had been offered privately—and when the sale ended the auctioneer was given a great demonstration.

Sales of farm property are the greatest source of auction activity. Therefore the auctioneer's suggestions to country people who are selling out should be interesting:

Spring is a good season to auction off livestock—from February to April. Livestock has wintered far enough to show condition, and farmers who sold livestock the fall for lack of feed to carry it through winter are looking for animals. New buyers from other sections usually come into the neighborhood and start farming in spring, and need implements and livestock. October and November are also considered good months in some parts of the country, as livestock is in good condition, where later, in winter, it will look rough. Mondays, Saturdays and public holidays should be avoided.

Farm property put in the show window will bring more money than if sold without method. Tools and implements should be cleaned, broken parts replaced, and be touched up with paint, harness oiled and mended. Property of the same kind, like implements and furniture, should be brought together and arranged for easy inspection, and livestock tied or penned near it; if property is scattered the crowd will straggle, and the auctioneer have difficulty in keeping it interested. Finally, it is important to have a good lunch. After several hours of selling people grow hungry and lose interest. Good nature and bidding are restored by lunch. It need not be elaborate—plenty of hot coffee with sandwiches will do. In other days liquor was often served at country auctions, but auctioneers are all prohibitionists in this respect. Liquor will make a man bid, they say, but he cannot be held to his bargain. Liquor often made him troublesome, interrupting the sale and diverting the crowd's attention.

Auction selling for one kind of goods might not do for another. Farm property is sold one way, city real estate another, raw furs or art goods in still other ways. Generally the auction methods are shaped by the buyers' knowledge of values. The crowd that comes to see the furnishings of an exclusive city mansion sold off in liquidating an estate will be made up of a dozen dealers who closely gauge the value of whatever they bid upon, with a hundred or more persons, often drawn by curiosity, who have very sketchy ideas of value. Drawn into the bidding they often pay much more than things are worth, though some bargains are always picked up. This is also true of sales where books, paintings and other fine things are sold. The dealer is there with his canny appraisals, but people with vague ideas of value outnumber him, and as they are often collectors in rivalry for some exclusive article, bidding may run high.

Some years ago a state librarian sent an agent to an auction sale of rare books, with instructions to bid on thirty-odd items up to certain prices. Not a single item was secured, for other bidders paid more than the librarian could afford, the aggregate being nearly six hundred dollars. Thereupon the librarian sought the same books at private sale, and within a few weeks got them all for less than two hundred dollars.

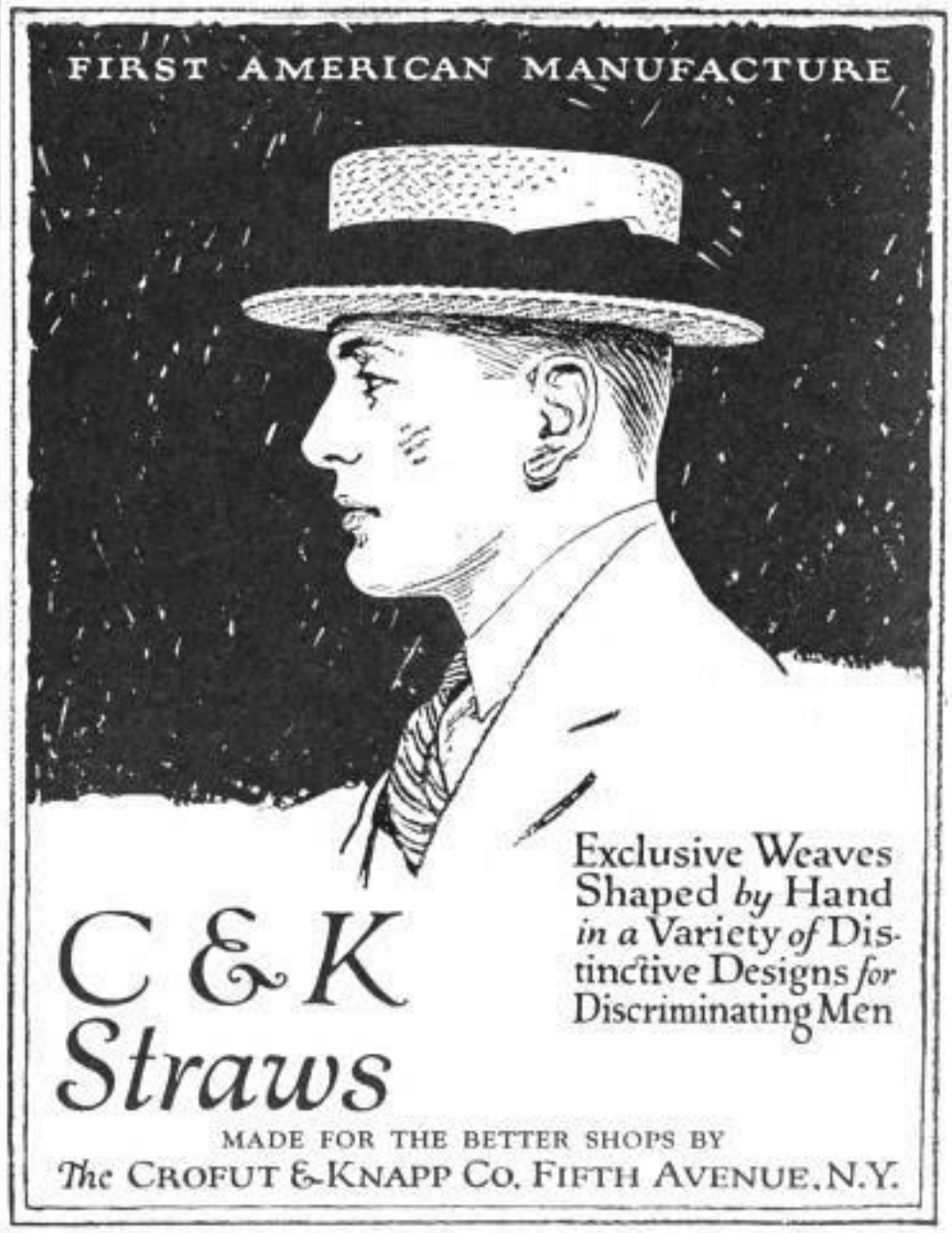
The Electrical Bidding Device

When it comes to selling furs, carpets, tobacco, fruit, wool, Dutch bulbs and other commodities to professional bidders—men who think, dream and eat values—the auction becomes less exciting as a sporting event, perhaps, yet full of interest and speed nevertheless. Very often the bidding is in code, so that competitors will not know who is bidding or what particular lot he is bidding on. Such auctions are held in rooms fitted up for the convenience of the buyers, who sit at desks, like a lot of schoolboys, catalogues in hand, and excitedly wigwag code bids at teacher, the auctioneer on his rostrum. In this class falls the Dutch auction, common in the sale of Holland's bulbs, cheese, eggs and other products. The auctioneer starts each lot at a high figure, and begins lowering the price bit by bit until some bidder agrees to take it at a price, when the lot is knocked down to him. The up-to-date auction in Holland is conducted electrically, with a clock face around which a pointer travels from high to low. Buyers watch it, each sitting at a desk with a numbered push button. When the pointer reaches a price some bidder is willing to pay he presses his button and his number appears over the dial, and the eggs or tulips are his.

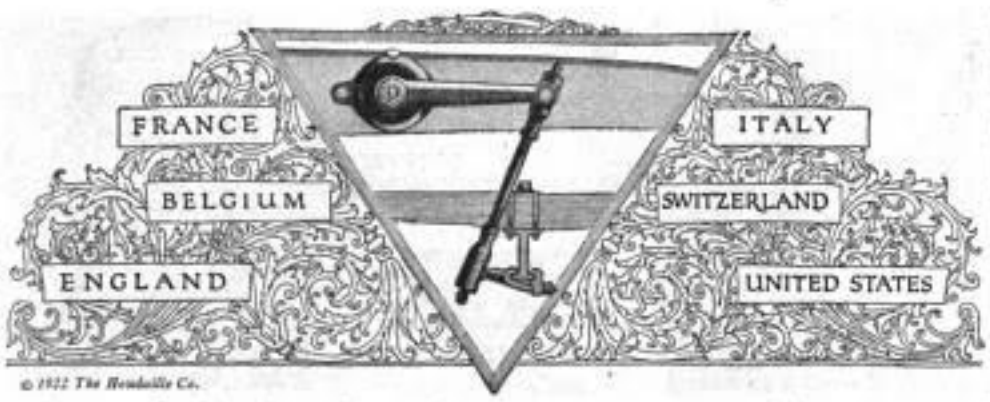
Endurance counts in auction selling, for very often the auctioneer is on his feet, talking continuously, for five or six hours a day and several days in succession, or ten or twelve hours in a big one-day sale. He must therefore have the health and good temper of the man selling to individual customers, plus the ability to keep a crowd interested and buying. Long before he feels fatigue his crowd will probably get tired and become indifferent. Then he has to liven it up with his own vitality.

Most of all, he must be able to talk continuously during these long selling periods; so voice training is part of the course where





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auctioneering is taught. To talk steadily through a sale the voice must be strong and pleasant; also, the auctioneer must have something to say. In taking on a student or an apprentice the auctioneer who teaches his kind of salesmanship puts the candidate through a physical examination for health, strength and sound lungs. Then his body is built up by exercise, and his voice trained for clear enunciation, carrying power, agreeable tone and endurance. The novice talks, speaking as plainly as possible and increasing carrying power. When everybody in a large room can hear him distinctly he practices talking a little faster, and faster yet, until he can hold the attention of a crowd not merely by steady speaking but by what he has to say. For the latter purpose he must be well informed about the goods he sells, and therefore the successful auctioneer is a leader and investigator in his line, whether it be livestock, city lots, secondhand furniture or Chinese porcelains.

The real test in this line, says one auctioneer, is ability to grind, which brings in that interesting institution, the grind shop, the more or less crooked establishment where flashy jewelry, bric-a-brac and other merchandise known as slum are sold for as much above their real value as the auctioneer can get. The grind shop is found in most cities, but in only a few well-chosen locations. It succeeds in well-traveled streets, where people are mostly strangers or working folk; or near depots and markets, where country people come—for these are its chief customers. Working people seldom complain when cheated, for fear that they will be held up to ridicule as suckers, while the farmer and stranger in town keep a bad bargain quiet for fear their names will get into the newspapers and be read back home. Good grind-shop locations are not numerous and bring good rents. If such an establishment began business among middle-class or professional people, accustomed to insisting upon their rights, it would soon be closed by the police.

Grind-Shop Methods

The grind shop originated in pawnshop sales of unredeemed jewelry, about the same time jewelry merchants discovered that legitimate auction selling solved certain problems in their trade.

The jeweler's merchandise tied up a great deal of money, and was often slow selling: so much so, sometimes, that he was driven into bankruptcy. Auctioneers were called in to sell bankrupt jewelry stocks, and jewelers learned that the auction could be used to forestall bankruptcy. It is widely used to-day to liquidate surplus stocks, the jeweler getting his capital back quickly, and purchasers getting honest goods at reasonable prices.

Pawnshop proprietors found that anticipation of bargains made people bid freely at sales of unredeemed jewelry; so the grind shop with its secondhand watches, brass jewelry and thin-plated silverware was quickly established to meet the demand. It is altogether unlike the legitimate jewelry auction—indeed, very harmful to the latter. The grind-shop auctioneer takes pride in trimming customers. He would rather sell a brass watch for three dollars, making a dollar and a half profit, than sell a good watch for twelve to twenty-five dollars and make double the profit. Curiously, this sort of establishment does not make great profits, nor do its auctioneers earn anything like the commissions that might come to them in honest selling. They are often gifted salesmen, but have fallen into the grind-shop habit and find it hard to break away. The grind-shop proprietor is usually a small merchant with no regular customers. He employs two or three auctioneers who relieve one another through the long business day, often lasting until midnight. The term "grind" grew out of the fact that the auctioneer talks continuously, even though there be nobody in the place. To be able to talk to bare walls in a good tone of voice without growing tired and all the time keeping up an appearance of selling and be ready to sell if a single rummy, a victim, drifts into the place, is considered great salesmanship and recommended as practice to auctioneers in other lines.

"Gather right inside!" chants the grind shop auctioneer, with nobody around except two or three shillabers, or confederates who upon the appearance of a single prospective customer will begin making fictitious bids. "Gather on the inside right on the inside! The sale is just starting, we are just starting the sale, come right in, be right in time, the big sale is just starting. And I am bid five dollars, I'm bid five dollars, I'm bid five, I'm bid five, five, five! Come right in, right on the inside, just starting the big sale. Come right in and look over the beautiful stock of diamonds, watches, jewelry, cut glass and silverware. Gather in, gather in, gather in! The first article I am going to offer is this big vase. It is worth fifteen dollars of anybody's money. It was made on the far-away shores of Japan, ten thousand miles away, and is all hand painted and beautifully ornamented in bright Japanese gold. Pure gold! Gold, ladies and gentlemen, gold! And it's worth twenty-five dollars! And I'm bid twenty-five cents, I'm bid a quarter, I'm bid twenty-five cents, five, five, twenty-five ——"

An Hereditary Title

Ten or fifteen people are a fine crowd in a grind shop if there are one or two real bidders among them. The shillabers, or by-bidders, as they are also called, are rarely even paid, in many cases, but simply use the auction room as a loafing place or are friends of the proprietor or auctioneer. The paid confederate is employed usually where buyers are hard to attract. There are fake auctions that make sales if only a single rummy drops in. The stranger is drawn by the small crowd and the grind, and thinks it must be an honest auction sale because there are so few people. The auctioneer obligingly offers to put up anything he wants to bid on. The shillaber runs bid, and make comments upon the value of goods. Articles are knocked down to them, and they step briskly up to the counter to pay for their purchases, throwing down a silver dollar and getting back two fifty-cent pieces in change. If a single customer can be interested he is kept buying as long as possible, probably paying three to five times the actual worth of everything purchased.

Yet the outstanding fact about the grind shop is its small turnover. Fifteen or twenty dollars an hour is considered satisfactory selling, and fifty dollars an hour fine business. Cheap auctions of this type are often conducted with twenty-five or fifty dollars' worth of merchandise, and some providential rummy drops in and buys the one brass watch unexpectedly. It is necessary to hurry a shillaber around to the nearest pawnshop to get another.

A final word about the country auctioneer, the word he is invariably known by—"Colonel." People have wondered why, and asked him, but he seldom knows himself. Recent investigation by a well-known auctioneer in the Middle West shows that the title was first applied to the late Col. James W. Judy, a famous auctioneer of the last generation. Colonel Judy was the pioneer in pure-bred livestock auctioneering, and his title of colonel was won in military service during the Civil War. Many another auctioneer was anxious to become known as a second Colonel Judy, and thus the title "Colonel" was given those who succeeded.



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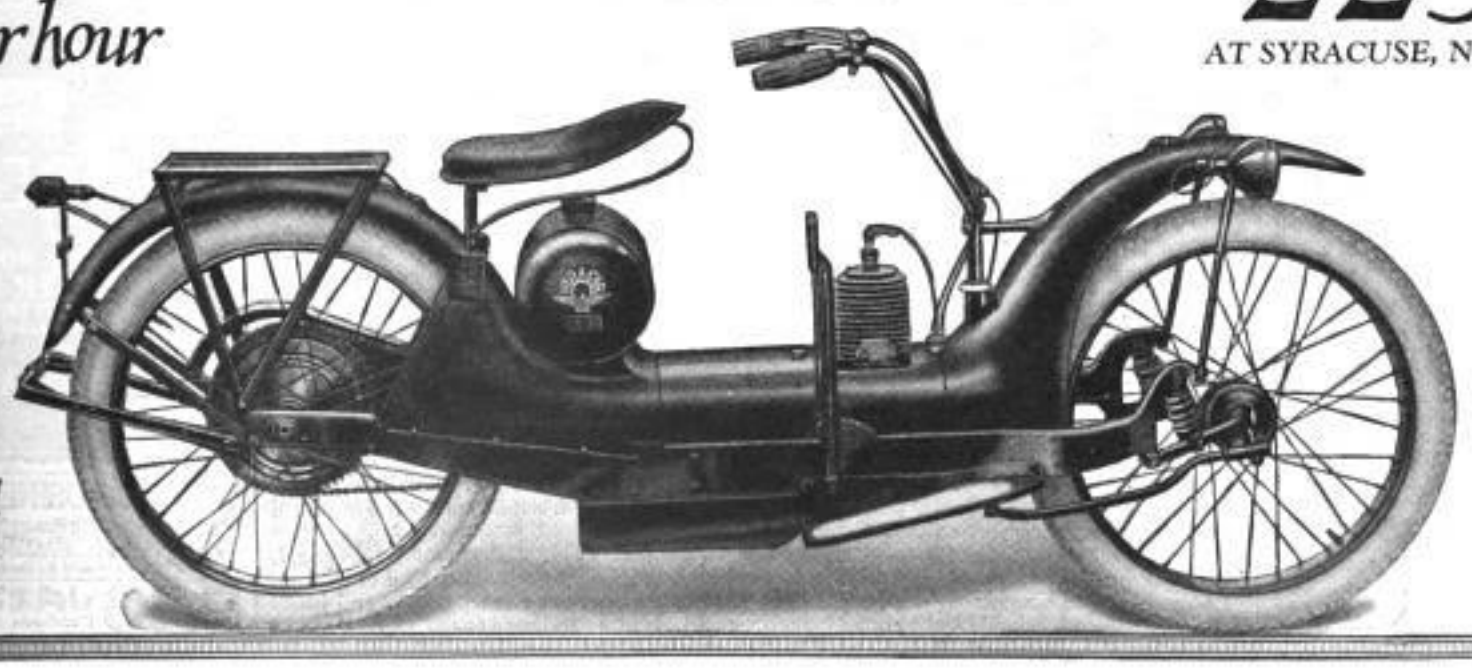


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BALLIOL

(Continued from Page 13)

"Right. But he's not quite a pup. He's almost two."

"I'd the like of him in '78, when I was a lad. Bought him of Phil Mendoza, that had a shop in Seven Dials." Conor whistled two bars of the jig and tickled Balliol's nose with a cruel thumb. Then he said, "You'll be a son of Lord Bretherton of Sholes, sir. I mind His Lordship. They was spongin' the blood off me after I fought Billy Jevons in '79. His Lordship came up and said, 'Damn you, Conor, you've cost me thirty guineas!' A fine big man then. He'll be older now."

"I fancy you're thinking of my grandfather. My father was never at a prize fight in his life, and he'd have been at school in 1879."

The man tilted back his unwrinkled face and grinned. He said, in the same melody of sliding vowels, "God be above us all! But that's true. It'd be your grandfather, then. Eh! Doesn't time pass over us and we grow old easy? And childer put black shame on us and a laugh will be in every fool's mouth."

"You don't look an old man," said Noel.

"I can do my day's work still, and ask no man's help in it."

He stood up. It was a boy's motion. He took his hat from a round head and became old, so that Noel started. His curly hair was white to the roots. His eyes were of dull smoke, congealed and held between black lashes. The blue shirt rose on slabs of muscle as he breathed.

He said, "I'm sixty-three. But you'll see I'm still a strong man, sir."

He looked over Noel's head at the cars. Noel had to turn. The twins were staring. Nate Sears was rubbing his arms with cotton waste. At this group of young bodies the old man looked and began to whistle the gay little jig, treating its few notes kindly. He had been very still. Now his flat, handsome face wrinkled gently about the mouth. He whistled, and the sound hurt Noel's reason. Balliol pawed the Irishman's shoe.

"The pup likes me fine, sir," said Conor.

"I'm sure he does," Noel murmured.

"Eh," said Conor; "a pup's diff'rent from a woman, now. It's women that grow up to be clever and look out of windows at young fellows pitchin' snowballs under the trees." He sat down again and took Balliol against the amazing chest. The dog licked his chin. The old man spoke over the dancing red tongue. "Like in the tale. The girl looked out of the window and saw a young lad with black hair and red cheeks tramping the snow. Well, a dog's better. I've never been lucky with women. Is it a thing to be sad for? I don't know. Little dogs like me, and tall women run off from me. I'd best buy a dog, sir." He smiled.

Noel cleared his throat. The old man whistled, rubbing his chin on Balliol's head. From the big door at the top of the runway men were staring down. The fellows on the basin's edge were idling, their poles in their hands. These many eyes centered on Conor and the hot air was burdened. Everyone watched as if the whistle held them silent.

"What is that tune?"

"The name of it is Deirdre in Scotland, sir," Conor said.

He looked up. His eyes changed. The dull smoke dissolved and something glowed terribly, then was gone. Balliol barked, nuzzling his friend's neck. Conor let his head drop on the white fur and said, "Eh! I've no sons, sir. I like dogs. I had the like of this one in 1878. I bought him of Phil Mendoza, that had a shop in Seven Dials. I was known for a good fighter in them days, sir, and gentlemen would speak with me quite public in Piccadilly. But I'm not lucky with women."

Noel gently lied, "I've heard of you often."

"It's likely. I'll be gettin' home now. Good day to you, sir. You've the look of your grandfather, but you're not so tall a man."

He covered his white head and went strolling past the flat cars. The whistle rose and was shrill as a tortured violin. The boys sat immovable. Nate's hand was pressed on the side of his black shirt. Conor passed slowly into the village and turned through the gate of a tiny house in whose yard flowers bloomed.

A man rapped his pole on the planks and cried, "It'll end in a killin', Nate!" and men murmured all about.

Noel walked through the beginning of a discussion and mounted his horse. The twins smiled happily, enjoying this tense battle of attitudes. Nate Sears stared at Noel with another look.

"It's too bad."

"Yeh," said the engine driver; "it's too bad. He's a nice old feller and always treated her fine. But what can I do? I ain't sore on him. I like him. Did you see his pants?"

"No."

"Gun in his left pocket. Hear him whistle when he walked by us?"

"It's incredible," said Noel. "I say, you lads, do keep out of the old chap's way! It'd be such a pity if ——"

"He acts like we was laughin' at him," Nate Sears complained.

The twins said, "We ain't. Not much! A person that had any sense wouldn't laugh any place near him," and got down from the car to play with Balliol.

Noel let Balliol follow them along a rocky path that led to the whitewashed bridge over the mouth of the basin. The engine driver stalked by Noel's horse and drearily whistled this ominous jolly tune.

He confided, "It's awful hard on her, stayin' with this aunt I've got in Oil City. She's homesick. And misses the kids. 'Cause they was in school with her, and used to fetch notes from her to me, see? But she's scared of Conor. It ain't like he'd said a word either. We've been home a week and he ain't said a thing to nobody. It's awful unsatisfactory! You see why I wanted a gun?"

"Perfectly," said Noel, and pulled in on the bridge.

He saw, too, a house of red boards in the thin woods near the water. It seemed to cower against the base of a tree that floated its branches on the paling sky.

"That's our place," Nate Sears told him. "Dad built it. He used to run the engine, back before I did. Died of ptomaine poison from eatin' somethin'."

"How tall is that tree?"

"'Bout two hundred feet. Awful old, San Rawling says. Five feet thick at the roots. Yeh, it's a big one. Well, you tell San about this. So long."

He walked away and overtook the twins. Balliol sat on the bridge and looked up at Noel. Seeing his lord moody he whined and stood on his hind legs. Noel watched the Sears tribe pass under some petty trees and walk up an open patch of rough grass to their door. The colossal cedar shaded the roof of red tin. Its branches must swell twenty or thirty feet in all directions. It was superb. The house crouched below the tower of bark and dull-green boughs like a discolored pup at heel. The three brothers sat on the doorstep and were trivial.

Trivial people lost in a scented valley! Noel worried. This matter distressed him. It ought to be settled, healed up. The girl must be pretty. It seemed to be nobody's fault. He turned his horse. Conor was too old for reason, probably vain. People had chaffed him. He had an old man's sterile passion for this girl. That was all. Noel found his mouth pursed. He was whistling the jig.

Balliol sat on a bathroom stool and watched his master bathe. Noel slapped water over the edge of the tub and said, full of gloom, "Distinctly none of my business, dear heart, and I should muck it all up if I tried to interfere. And, after all, San Rawling will buzz in by midnight. Damn that tune!"

Balliol was alarmed when Noel began to walk about the library after dinner, whistling and neglecting his pipe. The dog sat in the center of the rug and watched his lord stalk to and fro. Occasionally Noel paused to toss out some sentence. "Ridiculous! Watched them bury two thousand men in Flanders. Getting into a sweat over this! Sentiment, you know!"

Balliol flapped his tail on the rug. His master's stiff shirt front creaked. Noel ran his hands over his dark hair and sighed. Balliol sighed, suffocating with sympathy. Why didn't the deity go to bed if he wasn't going to read a book or smoke? He found the jig doleful.

The god said, "Preposterous! And, really, there's no such thing as civilization. One sits under an electric lamp and looks out. Idiots killing each other about flappers. It's absurd!"

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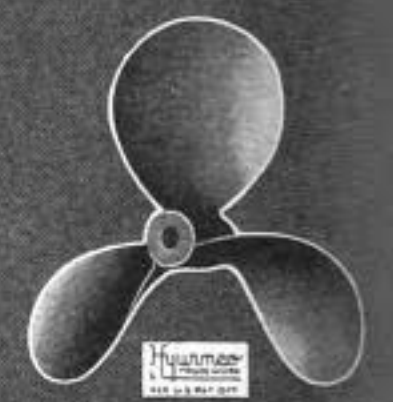
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He kicked the rug with his shiny, black eet. Balliol was wary of those shoes. He loubted the quality of American blacking. They'd been much better licking at home. The god whistled and then flung himself own at the piano. He made the same ane come from the shimmering box. Balliol climbed a soft chair and peeped in the vibrating silvery wires.

"Deirdre in Scotland," said Noel, ghting his pipe. "Who the devil was this eirdre? Used to know. Where's the en-yclopedia?"

Balliol was pleased. His god settled into chair and pulled books from a shelf. The g came to sit at Noel's feet and sniff the ok.

Noel read out: "'In Keltic mythology. eirdre was the daughter of an Ultonian ief. At her birth it was prophesied that e would bring ruin on Ulster. King nchubor'—what a name!—'King Con-ubor had her secreted in a lonely fortress, nning to marry her. However, having en at a distance the beautiful Naisi, old-t of the sons of Usna, she fell in love with n. Naisi married her and, with his others, carried her off into Scotland. ter some time, King Conchubor lured fugitives back into Ireland. Naisi and brothers were treacherously slain at nchubor's orders, and Deirdre became old king's bride but presently destroyed rself.'

"Oh!" said Noel and sat staring at Bal-l over the book.

His pipe turned slowly in his teeth and ash sifted to the page. He started and mmed the volume back into its slot on shelf. Then he said "Oh!" again, and oked through the windows to the rail of veranda.

A new moon had set already. The valley s obscure under stars, but bulbs speckled village and a wind went with delicate rds among the nearer trees. The coach-n was playing a concertina behind the se. He debauched some melody on wheezy instrument. After a time some n tramped along the road and one of m sang in a high and whining tenor that t words to the veranda with a dreary stence:

Give me some covers, honey,
I'm feelin'—
I said I'm feelin',
Feelin' cold.
Oh, the cold ain't touched ye!
You're just a good man gettin' old.

he silly rhythm crawled like an aching cle. Noel shivered, went back into lit room and kicked the rug. He told iol, "My conduct is unworthy of the e of Briton! I shall be seeing ghosts tly. Did you ever know that there's st at home? In that room with the wall paper and regency furniture. s Ursula saw it distinctly one night she'd lost twelve rubbers of bridge. best go to bed. And absolutely no men in the whole bloody valley! ed her and, with his brothers, carried d to Scotland. Became the old king's but presently —— I dislike this ly, Balliol."

liol barked. "Oh, shut up!" said "You're not enlightening. I confide and you squeak like a beastly sea-But I don't like this. They're all so and simple. Now what would hap-t home?"

thing would happen at Sholes. It t conceivable that anything of this uld happen at Sholes. The owner of st public house in the little market was a retired prize fighter, of course, w tame! The man grew fuchias and nineteen grandchildren, with two ters yet unmarried.

udal," said Noel. "Ab-so-lutely ! Grandfather lost thirty guineas nor in 1879. And Conor's got a re-in his left hip pocket."

twins should have revolvers. What y good would Nate's revolver do the d they came on Conor suddenly in these glades among this pestiferous brush? The butler came in with a r of Scotch whisky and an icy bottle a on a tray.

d said, "Thanks. I was rather want-at."

butler beamed. He uncapped the and filled Noel's glass slowly. Cer-entered the room with his glazed front and bald head.

d asked, "You've been here some Cooper?"

n years, sir."

"Conor," Noel heard himself asking, "how long has he been here?"

"Quite a long time, sir. About thirty years, I think. This business between Conor and young Sears, sir," the sleek little man pronounced, "has disturbed the people considerably. Mr. Rawling's quite annoyed. The young fellows have bets on it, you see. I believe Sears is the favorite. He's a very fine shot."

"Do they kill each other very much hereabouts?" Noel demanded.

"Oh, dear, no, sir! Not often. Mr. Sanford Rawling has a way of—what one might call heading them off. But—of course—there's a woman in this business. Very disturbing. Thank you, sir."

Noel gave Balliol the empty soda bottle and watched the dog worry it. A wind breathed into the room and ruffled white hair between Balliol's ears. The whole business was silly, disturbing. And how very American to make bets on the slaughter! A thousand people sitting about and waiting for a charming old fool to kill a handsome young fool or be killed by him! And the twins were so pleased by their importance.

"Come along," said Noel; "we'll go to bed."

The clock struck half past ten. Noel walked up the shallow oaken treads of the staircase and Balliol climbed after him diligently, much enchanted. Then he saw his master turn and start down the stairs again.

Noel said, "They should have guns! That old ass is quite as likely to pot them as he is the big chap! It's preposterous!" in a loud jarring voice; and went striding to the closet beside the butler's pantry. From this armory of shotguns and revolvers the young man picked out two weapons and jammed them into the pockets of his dinner jacket. Then he said, "Come along, old thing! They deserve some protection. I do hate the way that old maniac whistles."

It was stifling under the trees in the village. Noel saw men lounging inside the stone smithy, whence blew a chilly air, flavored with horse. A baby cried in one of the cottages. A lad whose bleached hair shone ran across the road and bawled at a lit doorway, "Hey, mamma, it's a girl!"

Noel walked slowly. Before one of the last houses a girl was saying, "Well, I'll see you at the picshers t'-morrow night, Jimmy. I got to go in now," and her drawl threatened Jimmy with all the displeasures if he didn't protest. He did. She said, "Well—I can stay a minute." And the night put a question on the following giggle. If Jimmy hadn't kissed her, Noel thought, he was an ass.

Birth and love went on in this tunnel of trees. The basin was a fog of brilliance under the stars. Points of glitter appeared between floating logs. Noel paused to look. The little lake seemed to palpitate as though the burden of wood made its bosom pant.

He stumbled on the ties of the narrow track and came to the whitewashed bridge, where dew was dripping from the handrails. The smell of pine was burdensome in the tepid air. Noel halted on the middle of the bridge.

The door of the cottage below the giant tree was ruddy. Nate Sears and the twins would be awake. Perhaps it was too hot for sleep. The twins had been sleeping out last night, on a blanket, by the water, from which rose a cooler influence in the panting darkness. Noel lit a cigarette and leaned on the rail.

Directly Nate Sears said underneath him, "Hey! What you doin'?"

"Where the devil are you?"

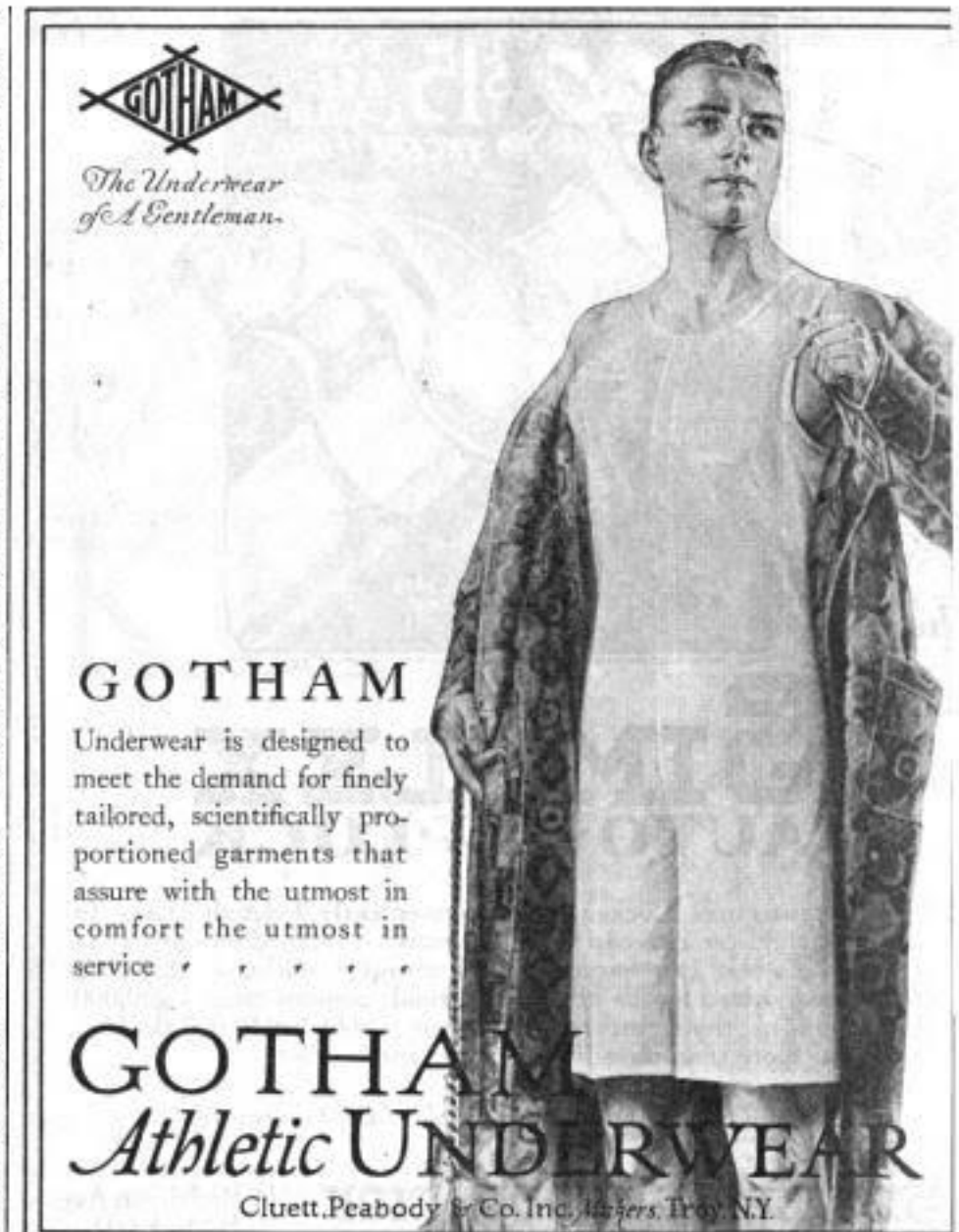
The twins chuckled. Noel stared down and made out a blot of blackness. He lit another match and beheld the Sears family sitting on a raft of four logs, dangling their legs in the water. Six blue eyes took his match flame and sparkled.

"We're keepin' cool," said Nate. "Got any more cig'rettes on you?" He stood up on the raft and stretched his white arms under the rail. Noel shoveled cigarettes into his palms. The big man drawled, "Thanks a lot. Hey, there's the pup! 'Lo, pup! Gimme a light, will you?"

Noel gave him a match and said, whispering, "I say. I've got two guns for the twins. I'll leave them in your cottage, eh?"

"You're a good guy. Yeh. Do that. He's fetched you guns, kids."

The twins said, "'S fine. Thanks a lot," and splashed their legs in the water. Noel thought how unsafe it was to sit with one's



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trousers soaked and smoke cigarettes on a raft in a pool at night. But was anything safer for the Sears family? Nate pulled himself up on the bridge and touched Noel's arm.

He seemed to be barefoot. His soles made no sound as he followed Noel a few yards up the planks.

"Look here. A feller came over and told me, right after supper, that Conor's gone off up the valley. This guy seen him walkin' off up past the graveyard. I don't like that. Looks like he was sneakin' over to our side of the creek off where nobody'd see him. Gimme them guns and don't go near our place. 'S why I've got the kids out of the way. They don't know it."

Something in Noel rose against this disorder. He said: "This is simply preposterous! The fellow won't shoot me. Here, take these guns. I shall go talk to him if he's hanging about your place. This is utter rot. Simply abysmal."

"Look here," said the engine driver: "Gimme them guns and go home to bed. Sure this is all rot, like you say. Only I and the kids can't go and sit in the blacksmith's and let folks say we're scared of Conor. But I don't want the kids shot up; or me neither. I ain't tired of life, and she likes me better without any holes in my stummick or an eye plugged out. Conor's dippy about her and this is tough on him. He ain't reasonable. Gimme them guns and go home."

Noel handed over the revolvers. Then he said, "I shall certainly see if this ass is hanging about your house, and if he is I shall send him about his business. This sort of thing simply doesn't do. It's the twentieth century. Keep the twins quiet."

He stalked off, aware that Nate Sears called something after him softly, but not caring to hear. He walked from the planks of the bridge to the soft earth of the road, fuming. Conor must certainly be spoken to sharply!

Trees made the lit door of the cottage blink and twinkle. The monstrous cedar behind it was a blur. Noel strode into the shadow of some smaller growths, which he fancied birches, and looked up a stretch of meadow at the glowing door. Balliol whined uncomfortably in this gloom and Noel found the door depressing. With the cottage empty behind its genial doorway this lamp was a mockery of welcome. He stood listening for any sound of a man among the trees, any sight of a shape on the meadow. There was nothing. Balliol worried a branch of low brushwood and sniffled. What a silly business! But Conor might be lurking behind the house or in the shadow of the great tree. It towered upon the stars and assumed, somehow, a male shape.

It was a misty giant threatening the little house. Noel said "Stuff!" loud, and walked from the brush into the meadow. Balliol pattered ahead of him.

Then Balliol turned and barked, and a hand shut on Noel's shoulder.

Conor said, "Come back, sir! Come back! Come out of this! You shan't go near them, sir!"

His voice rolled and sobbed. He dragged Noel back toward the shadowy brush. Noel shook his hand off and cried, "Ridiculous! Look here! I'm frightfully sorry for you! It's a beastly shame. But you're ever so much older than this girl and she's married this lad and he's quite all right. You should stop to think ——"

"I'm destroyed with thinkin' of it! It's a sorrow in me till I can't eat nor drink nor sleep. Come away, sir, and let them be. Mebbe she'll think kinder of me, that's an elderly man and not bad in any way but unlucky with women, when she can't see their black heads nor the red in their cheeks—like blood on snow, as it is in the tale that old women tell. I'm an old man and a decent man and she never had an unkindness from me. What does it matter to you, sir? Oh, come away!"

Noel found his eyes hot. He said, "I'm frightfully sorry for you. Look here: Do go home to bed. I—it's —— But Sears is a decent lad and he's sorry for you, and I ——"

"God be above us all, day and night! Is it any better that he'll be sorry for me? With her ——" The music of the tearing voice stopped in a jerk. Conor dashed his hat from his head, which gleamed in this shadow. He screamed, "Whistle him back to you! Call the dog back to you, sir! Don't let him go near them!"

Balliol's white fur was wandering up the meadow. Noel stared. What madness! Even a dog mustn't go near the empty house which Conor thought held his enemies who weren't enemies.

He said, "Oh, that's all right, Conor! But ——"

"Call him back to you, sir! It's a fine pup! Call him!" Conor howled. Then he whistled terribly and ran up the meadow. His white hair raced. He was running desperately and calling, "Puppy! Here, here!"

"Mad," said Noel. "Mad as a ——"

Balliol barked. Then the earth rose. The lit door became a fan of spraying flame in a shivering world. Noel was shaken by a sea of motions. Through this vapor he saw the great tree bending slowly forward. A rippling shrill sound bit Noel's ears. He thought, "Shells! Shells!" Something lashed his face cruelly. He put up a hand and found that he hadn't a helmet. He flung himself down on the turf. Bits of stone seemed to be rattling about him. He smelled uptorn soil.

There was a mighty but soft noise with cracklings in its softness. Then there was nothing to be heard.

Noel sat up and found blood running from his temple, blinding his eyes. But he had something to do, not certain about it terms. There was certainly something He got up, found a slim trunk, a sapling near his hand, and clung to it. His ear ached with the noises. He leaned on the tree and called, blinking. He shouted "Balliol! Here! Come here, sir. Balliol Here!"

A horrible aching came into his knees He licked his lips and pursed them for whistle. Then Balliol jumped against his leg and whimpered. Noel sat down and felt the dog's fur with shivering hands He mumbled, "You're all right? Nothing hit you? You're all right?"

Balliol wriggled and twisted and began to bark. He danced on Noel's shirt with his happy paws and sniffed between his barks.

Ovals of light shone suddenly into the branches of the fallen tree and made the green boughs unreal, like strips of torn paper. Men shouted. He could hear Sanford Rawling giving orders.

"Find Mr. Bretherton! Look! Get into the tree and look for him!"

A motor had driven almost to the crushed branches. Noel saw his host standing by the machine, with lanterns dancing about. He got up and lurched along, with Balliol twisting in his arms. Then he collided with two bodies running close together, very wet.

"Here!" said Noel crossly. "Mind what you're about! I'm afraid Balliol's hurt."

The twins screamed, "Hey! Hey, Sandy Hey, Nate! Here he is! He's all right!"

"Oh, bring a light here!" Noel yelled "I want to see whether Balliol's ——"

Everything stopped.

He woke up in the library and saw Balliol lapping a bowl of milk on the pleasant green rug. Noel admired his dog's composure in trying circumstances. Balliol looked like a sensible fellow doing the reasonable and orderly thing. The Sears twins were eating bread and butter on a couch side by side and looking sympathetic while Sanford Rawling tied a medicated bandage about Noel's head.

The butler was holding a tray with a glass of sherry on its silver. Noel reached for the glass.

"Dynamited the tree. Made a mach with an alarm clock," said Rawling. "I was clever about things like that. Made toys for me when I was a kid. Feel right inside, Noel?"

Noel coughed. "Quite, thanks. He was quite mad. The tree fell on the cottage of course? I couldn't very well see."

He rose and strolled across the room to the mantelpiece for a cigarette. Someone was crying miserably near at hand. He saw Nate Sears sprawled on a chair in the bright hall with his head in his arms.

"Nasty business," said Noel. A horror trembled in him. He looked at Sanford Rawling and murmured, "About Conor I dare say ——"

"He can't have felt anything. The branch hit his back. Better go to bed Noel. You look all shaken up."

Balliol had finished his milk. He came trotting to nose his master's feet. No one didn't dare look at him. He lit a cigarette The first smoke rolled about the spark of the match and dulled it as if a mad eye glowed for a second and then was quenched in mercy.

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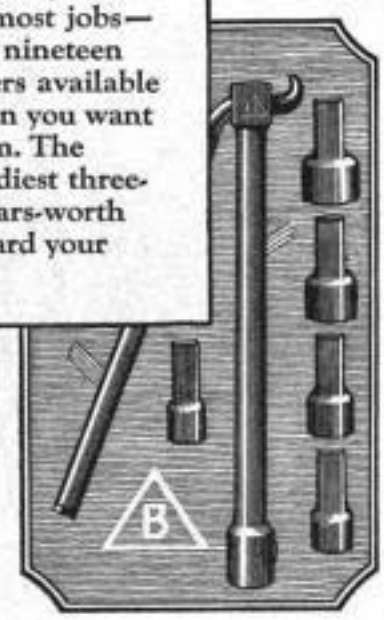
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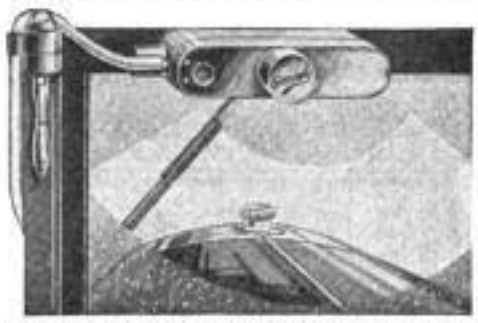
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THE CHAP UPSTAIRS

(Continued from Page 11)

She it was who made the next remark.

"Have you seen lots?"

"Seen lots?" he repeated dully.

"Wives," she answered.

He presumed it was one of those modern jokes or catches. He knew the one about "Isobel necessary on a bicycle," but "Lot's wife" was new to him. It was only civil to reply in kind.

"No," he said; "she was turned into a pillar of salt before I was born."

His humor was wasted, however, for Mary was occupied staring at the decorations of the room. She did not seem to hear. She had a pleased smile about her lips. To cure himself of noticing these details John assumed a businesslike air.

"You wished to see about—er ——"

"About the situation, please."

He screwed up his forehead.

"The situation?"

"Yes, please."

"Whose situation?"

"Yours."

"But I haven't one," he replied. "I have a position of sorts, but no situation."

"The one you offered," she explained.

"I didn't, did I?"

"Advertised for."

"My dear young lady, I've never written an advertisement in my life."

"But you have," said Mary. "I brought it with me." She started rummaging in the pocket of her skirt.

"I saw it on a piece of paper that Mrs. Carter—she's the old lady who keeps the all-sorts shop at Ponder's End—it's a post office, too, and you can buy string there, and buttons, and there are bottled sweets in the window—Greengage Bounders—Bulls' Eyes—Clove Balls and Pevensey Humbugs—Ponder's End is in the country—it's where I live and very pretty."

John Harvey was beginning to feel dizzy.

"I may be unusually dense," he said, "but were all these details printed on this piece of paper to which you refer?"

"Oh, no," said Mary, shaking her curly head so hard that the little Mercury cap fell off and lay unnoticed on the floor; "it was a piece of newspaper and was wrapped round some Demerara sugar I bought, because the blue bag had a hole in the corner and was leaking. It's in my pocket somewhere. I cut out the advertisement with my scissors—at least they aren't really my scissors—but then, no scissors are anybody's really own scissors—are scissors?"

A man's nerves need to be in good order if they are to remain under control after such an utterance. John Harvey stumbled to his feet and made pretense of looking for his glasses, mumbling as he did so, "Perhaps you would be good enough to convey to me the substance of this mysterious advertisement."

And as though it were the simplest thing in the world she answered, "You advertised for a wife, and I thought perhaps I would do."

John Harvey knocked over a pyramid of books and upset a vase of tulips. The spilled water trickled into his shoe and calmed him.

Mary had come to her feet to make her announcement and was picking out the creases in her blouse, smoothing her skirt and generally presenting herself to the best advantage. The ingenuousness of her actions was inconceivable.

"Good heavens!" gasped John. "Show me this advertisement at once!"

A mere glance at the cutting was enough to allay his fears. He turned to Mary with a gasp of relief.

"This is a mistake!" he exclaimed. "You've made a serious mistake. The advertiser's address is Number 9, Melbourne Court. Mine is Number 7. You can see for yourself I don't want a wife. Certainly not a newspaper wife."

But Mary did not move. The glad expectancy died out of her face, her mouth went down and her chin dropped.

"Will you please tell me what I ought to do?" she pleaded.

He shook his head.

"I really don't know. I—I have very little experience in these matters."

"Should I go up to the flat and ask there?"

Strange that the bare thought of such a thing should have put him out of temper.

"Certainly not," he replied, "unless you know the man who lives there."

"But I don't. Do you?"

"Not personally. I've heard him moving about, but I've never seen him."

"But he wants a wife," said Mary, "and as I've come all this way ——"

John Harvey put out a restraining hand.

"My dear young lady, I forbid you to go about from door to door being a wife at every one of them. It—it isn't decent."

He was surprised at his own valor; so, apparently, was Mary. She raised her eyes with a look of submissive admiration.

"What must I do then?"

He pointed at the chair and bade her sit down again. She was oddly willing to obey. As she marched toward it the absurd feather boa fell off and revealed the gentle lines of her throat and shoulders. The absence of the boa and the little Mercury hat made a remarkable difference to her appearance. She was beginning to look less like a picture and more like a human. But for the shortness of her skirt, the domino effect of boots and stockings, and a totally ridiculous piece of ribbon that imprisoned her hair in a knot at the top of her head, she might have passed muster in any company. It was as though a latent homogeneous sense was superimposing upon the characteristics of Los Angeles the simpler seeming of South Kensington. Already she had ceased to appear out of place in John Harvey's flat, a fact which he recognized with uneasiness and alarm.

He cleared his throat.

"Sit down," he said, "and let us consider what is best to be done."

"Yes, but it isn't fair to take up your time," Mary persisted. "You don't want a wife."

He hastened to assure her that this was so.

"No, you don't," she repeated pathetically. "Do you?"

"I have already told you I do not," he replied.

"But he does," said Mary with a nod at the ceiling.

"Then he must go without," said John Harvey. "A man who has the effrontery to insert such an advertisement has no right to expect applicants. It's a shameful proceeding."

"But if he was lonely ——" Mary suggested.

"That has nothing to do with it," he answered with heat. "I am very disappointed in the man who lives upstairs; and I had formed such an agreeable opinion of the fellow too."

"Had you? Why?"

He turned to answer. The knot of ribbon had disappeared from the top of her head. Her hair, with its crooked side parting, had fallen serenely over her ears. The change it wrought in her was magical and so surprised John that he lost track of what he was about to say.

"Won't you have some tea?" he said. "You're sure to be tired after traveling. It makes people tired. Do have some tea. There's a crumpet—I know there's a crumpet. We could share the crumpet if you care for crumpets."

Mary looked so pleased.

"I like crumpets," she nodded. "They ring bells for crumpets the same as for weddings."

All conversational roads between the sexes lead to or away from the altar. To cover his embarrassment John Harvey rang a bell—for tea. Roberts' satisfaction on receiving the order was too obvious to be tolerated. He inquired whether he should secure the services of a second crumpet.

"Do," said John severely. And then with an effort to relax he remarked, "Are you aware, Roberts, that they ring bells for crumpets the same as for muffins?"

"Weddings," said Mary correctively, and Roberts retired with a smile.

A silence followed Roberts' departure, broken at last by Mary.

"If I'm to stop, may I please change my shoes? I brought another pair in case there was a party."

John murmured an inaudible assent and went and looked out of the window. Night was falling and the window glass had the impertinence to reflect the room and its occupants. He could not avoid seeing what happened. Mary opened the parcel she had brought, and it was a bird cage with a pair of slippers inside it. She sat on the floor with her back toward him, and presently he saw her take out the slippers and put the deplorable boots and the pair of



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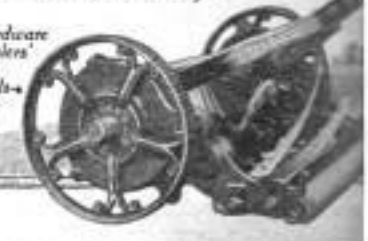
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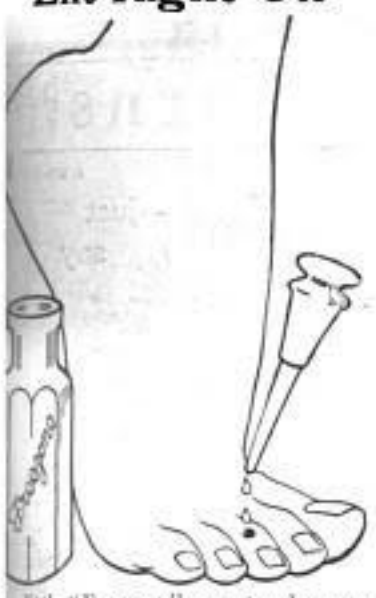
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white stockings into the bird cage. This done, she again wrapped it in the piece of oil cloth, stood up and shook out the folds of her skirt. By some astonishing process it seemed to have increased its length by four inches.

The reflection in the glass revealed a perfectly normal and very attractive young lady—simply clad in a white blouse, a black skirt, black silk stockings and black satin shoes. The rosette had disappeared altogether.

"I've finished," she announced, and turned for his inspection. "It was kind of you to ask me to tea."

He was too confused to talk sense.

"Tea is not a kindness," he stammered. "I gravely doubt if it is even a courtesy."

Mary shook her head at him.

"Do you always talk round the corner in that funny way?" she demanded.

"Really, I don't know. I have never been round the corner to see."

"And do you live here all alone?"

He admitted to the charge of solitude, but added that he had his books for company.

"No friends?" she queried.

"Very few."

She sighed.

"I haven't any friends either. I'm very lonely too."

At which he hastened to reply, "I never said a word about being lonely."

"But it is lonely to live all by oneself with nothing but books."

He refused to be drawn, and she proceeded:

"Still, I suppose in a great big place like London one can't really be lonely—and in a great big place like these flats one can't be lonely either. There must be something very sociable about living in flats."

The denial came from him in spite of himself:

"You're entirely wrong. There is probably no more lonely existence in the world than living in a flat." And in answer to the surprise she revealed: "You wouldn't understand that because you come from the country, where everyone knows everyone else, and everyone is part of everyone else. But here in London one is only part of oneself; often quite a small part too."

Tea appeared, which was tiresome, until Roberts disappeared.

"Would you like me to pour out?" asked Mary.

"If you would," said John. "Thanks."

Strange how pleasant it was to watch a woman performing this simple feat. He was quite captivated and followed the movements of her wrist and fingers with a curious sense of basking. The experience was so novel. As she passed his cup their eyes met.

"Do go on talking," she said.

"Ah, we were discussing loneliness."

"Yes."

"You wouldn't understand how it feels to live with people to right and left, people above you and below—about whom you know nothing. You meet them, perhaps, in a lift, on the stairs, hear their voices in laughter or raised in argument, and yet they're strangers. It's queer, isn't it?"

She nodded sympathetically.

"And you don't even know the chap—the man who lives upstairs?"

"No; he's a mystery to me."

"Ah, well," said Mary practically, "I don't expect you want to know him."

"It's curious you should say that. You're wrong. I do. I want to know him very much. Until—until to-day his life has interested me extraordinarily."

He seemed reluctant to proceed, but the kindliness in Mary's eyes persuaded him.

"In some curious way I feel there is a bond of union between us. Every morning he gets up at the same time as I do, and he has his bath at the same time as I have mine. I actually enjoy hearing the water splash when he turns on his tap; enjoy it. It gives me a solid sense of companionship."

He caught a smile flickering at the corners of her mouth and stopped abruptly.

"You are laughing at me. I can hardly blame you."

"But I wasn't; I wasn't, really," said Mary. "Do go on."

So he went on, and he told of the delight he had to hear the waste water go plonking down the pipe outside his bathroom window.

"It gurgles away so merrily as I rub myself down with a towel. In a way I think it hyphenates his mysterious existence with mine."

Mary nodded appreciatively.

"Yes; and then?" she said.

"And then he walks back to his bedroom. I imagine he must have linoleum in the hall."

"Why?"

"Because you can hear his footfalls so distinctly. Light footfalls they are, and absurdly enough I try to keep step. Left, right—left, right. But I never succeed; I never can step short enough. Then, click! The bedroom door shuts and a heavy-pile carpet muffles all the rest. We shut our bedroom doors at the same instant every morning; only he shuts his gently and I bang mine."

"Why?" she asked again.

"Because I think if I bang mine he'll bang his, and so we shall contrive some kind of early morning greeting. Bang—bang. 'Top of the morning to you, sir, whoever you may be.' Did you ever hear a stupider idea than that?"

"I think it's rather pathetic—very pathetic." And although there was obviously no reason for them a hint of tears glistened in her eyes.

"Pathetic?" repeated John. "I fail to see where the pathos comes in."

"So far as I can see," she returned, "it never goes out. Oh, it's very pathetic that anyone could have so little interest in life that they listen to a few poor footsteps overhead, some soapy water splashing down a pipe, and try to get someone they don't know to bang a door. It's very pathetic indeed."

"I wonder," said John. "Perhaps it is."

For the first time he looked at her without conscious uneasiness.

"Do you know, it has been extraordinarily pleasant to me to have met you in this rather unconventional way. I—er—I've never spoken to a woman with any comfort before."

"Haven't you?" said Mary.

He shook his head.

"Oh, well," she said, jumping to her feet, "I think I'd better be going."

He stretched out a hand to delay her.

"But not upstairs," he pleaded.

She hesitated—half hurt, half doubtful. Then, "Well—if—if you say I mustn't."

"Ah, that's good-natured of you," he warmly applauded. "I'm sure these rash marriages are a great mistake. Would you, I wonder, let me drive you as far as the station in my car? It would be a real pleasure."

"I suppose it would," she acknowledged ruefully. Then a sudden twinkle showed in her eyes. She beckoned him to approach.

"I say, do you think, from what you've heard of him—the chap upstairs could have been pleased with me?"

She raised her chin, their faces were only a few inches apart. It was John Harvey's first experience of a close-up, and it shook him to the bone.

"I think it's exceedingly probable," he replied huskily.

Mary Merrow backed a pace with a ripple of pleased laughter. The sound of it—the sex of it—awoke something elemental in John Harvey's nature that had never proved its being before. A sudden fury possessed him, and he stamped across the room to the door.

"And I think I'll go upstairs," he cried, "and tell that fellow precisely what I think of a man who acts as he has acted!"

"Oh! Please don't!" she implored.

"I feel it a public duty. A man has no right to take short cuts to the state of holy matrimony."

"Yes; but I was just as bad."

"Nothing of the kind. With you it's entirely different."

"Oh, is it?" said Mary, with the strangest smile. "Is it? Oh!" The last "Oh" sounded peculiarly satisfied.

He turned, came back and took her hand in his. "Are you really so keen on this marrying business?"

"I think everybody ought to be married," she said. "I think it's rather silly not to be married when you can be, and it's certainly very sad not to be when you can't be."

He sighed and her hand dropped from his.

"I suppose women look at things in a different way."

"Sometimes they have to," she answered with her smile again. "You see, I haven't any bath water running down a pipe outside my window."

The words were spoken innocently enough, but they had the strangest effect on John Harvey. He swiveled round and looked at her, his hands came up from his sides and floated about in the air as though they were trying to find something, he seemed to be

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drawn towards her. It was only by a miracle he saved himself—and dived for the door.

"Roberts!" he cried. "I want a taxi."

But Mary did not move. Her brows had come down a trifle in something resembling a frown. "Not for me," she said. "I'm going upstairs."

The sentence rang with a note of desperate resolve.

John Harvey turned and faced her with clenched hands. Then with unexpected rapidity he whipped off his coat.

"Whatever are you doing?" the girl demanded.

"About this time," he answered, "the chap who lives upstairs generally comes in and sits on a chair that has a squeaky spring. I, too, am going upstairs."

The meaning was unmistakable.

"I shouldn't," said Mary. "He's sure to be late to-night."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because"—she hesitated, approached and put a hand on his arm—"because, you poor lonely and very old young man, I am the chap who lives upstairs."

"What nonsense! You ——"

"I am the chap who lives upstairs, and I hear your bath water splashing into the bath, and I hear your slippers flapping down the passage, and I hear your door bang out its greeting. And all these things have become part of my life in some awfully silly way, that only people who live the awfully silly lives you and I seem to live would understand."

He had sunk into a chair and was staring at her blankly.

"But the advertisement in the paper?"

"I put in that advertisement." She sounded very ashamed of herself.

"Those extraordinary clothes."

"I've often sat beside you at the cinema and seen how your eyes lighted up when the orphans came in."

He nodded, and she went on: "At first I was only mildly interested in you, then I got more interested, and at last dreadfully interested; and when a woman gets dreadfully interested it can't stop there. I didn't know how I could get into this flat and see it—and you—so I thought of this very elaborate and rather deceitful and a little bit disreputable plan."

She was staring at the carpet when the confession came to an end.

He rose and took a turn up and down the room. He stopped before her.

"Well," said he, "and now you've seen the flat and its owner are you sorry you came down from upstairs?"

"No—I'm glad," she answered.

"And are you an orphan?"

She nodded.

"Yes, please. But I had to buy those dreadful boots. Mine were too smart. I'm afraid I'm rather a rich orphan."

But he would not allow that.

"As yet we're both poor orphans," said he. "Our fortunes await us."

With a sudden inspiration he raised his head to look at the ceiling.

"You're listening," said Mary.

"No."

"Surely you believe I am the chap who lives upstairs?"

"I believe it."

"But you're still listening."

"No, I'm wondering," he replied. "I'm wondering if two flats could be converted into one. I'm wondering if a landlord would approve the idea of a spiral staircase that ——" He turned and looked at her fearlessly, possessively. "Shall we sit down and talk this thing out?"

And she answered, "Yes, if you please, Daddy Longlegs."

When Roberts came in to clear away the tea things a few minutes later they were sitting side by side on the sofa and he was calling her Pollyanna.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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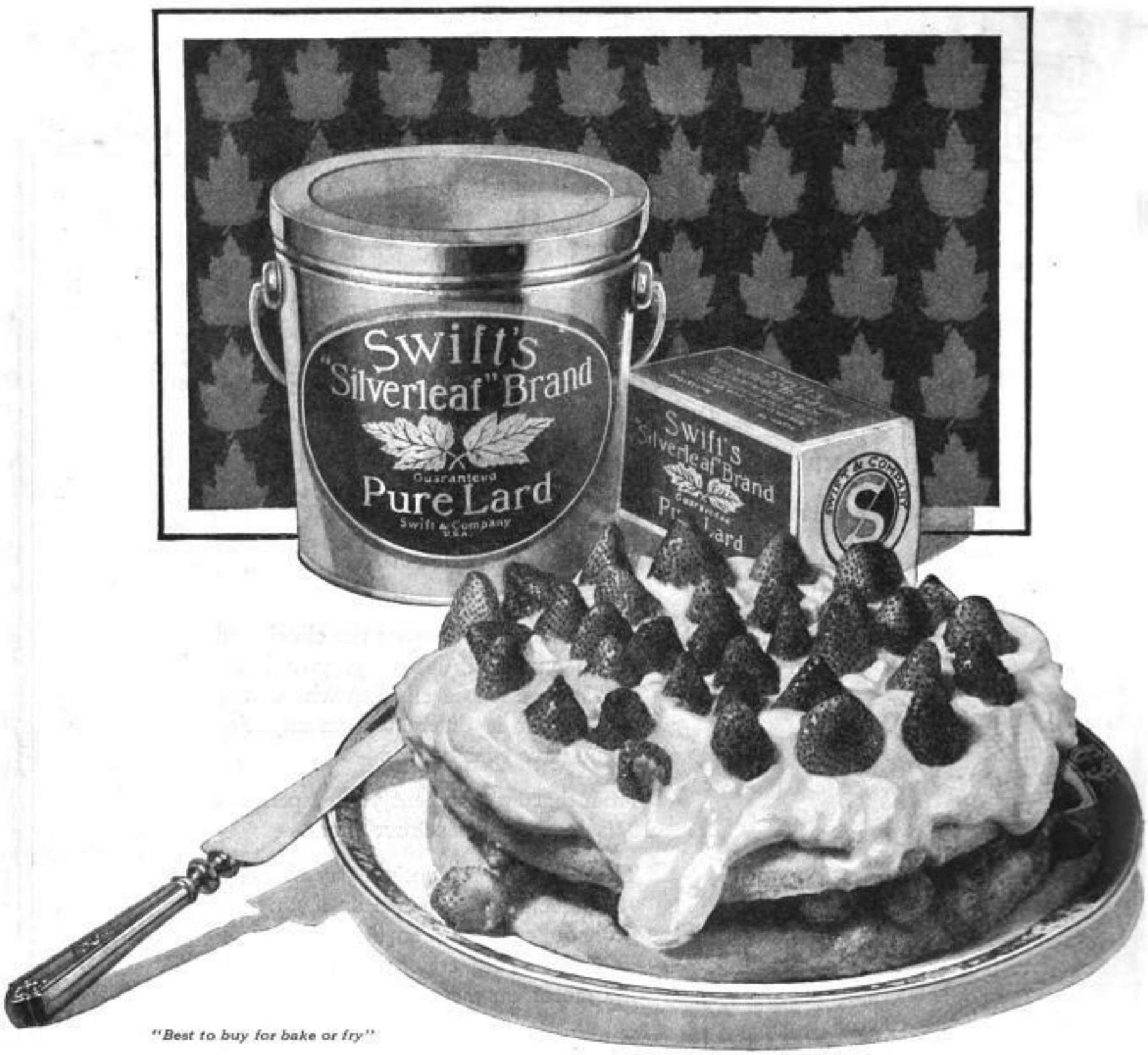
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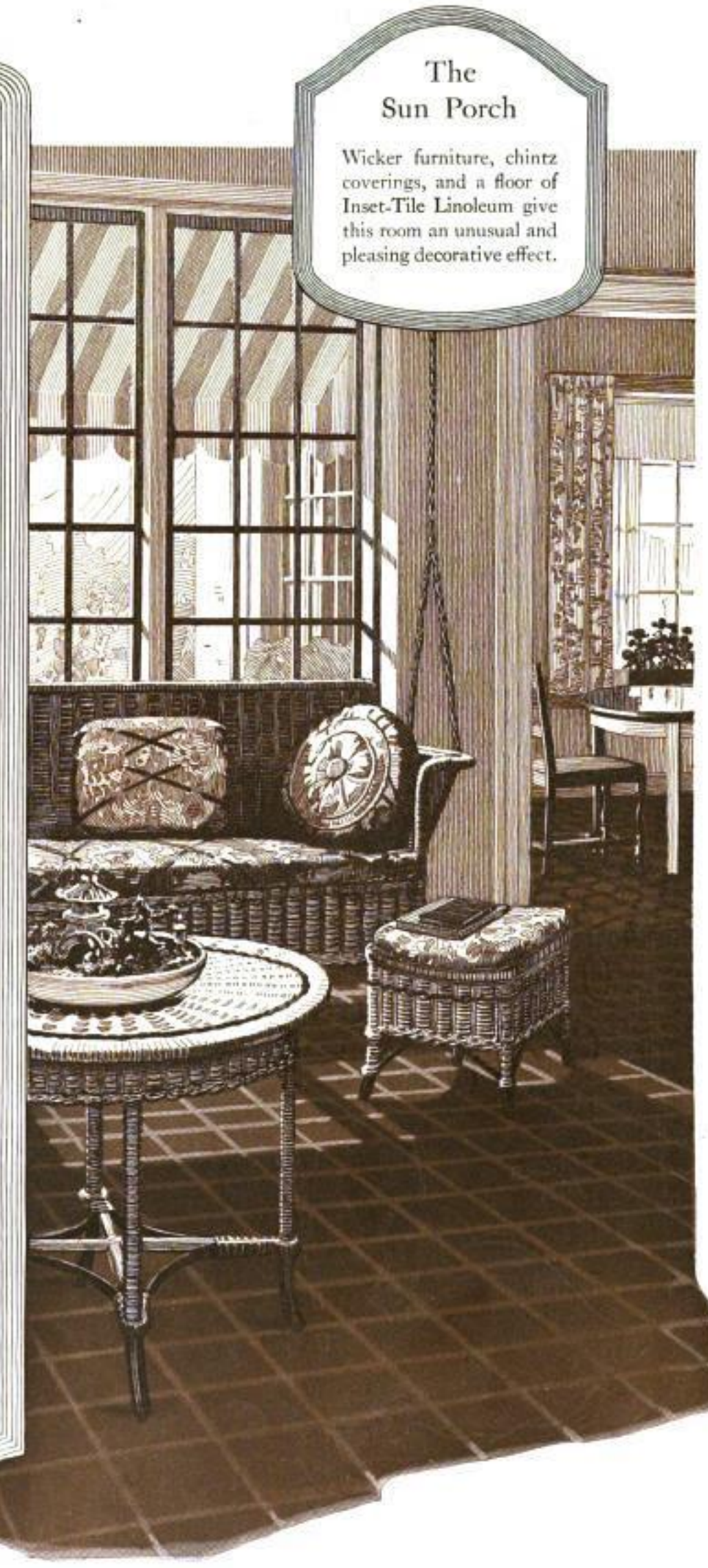
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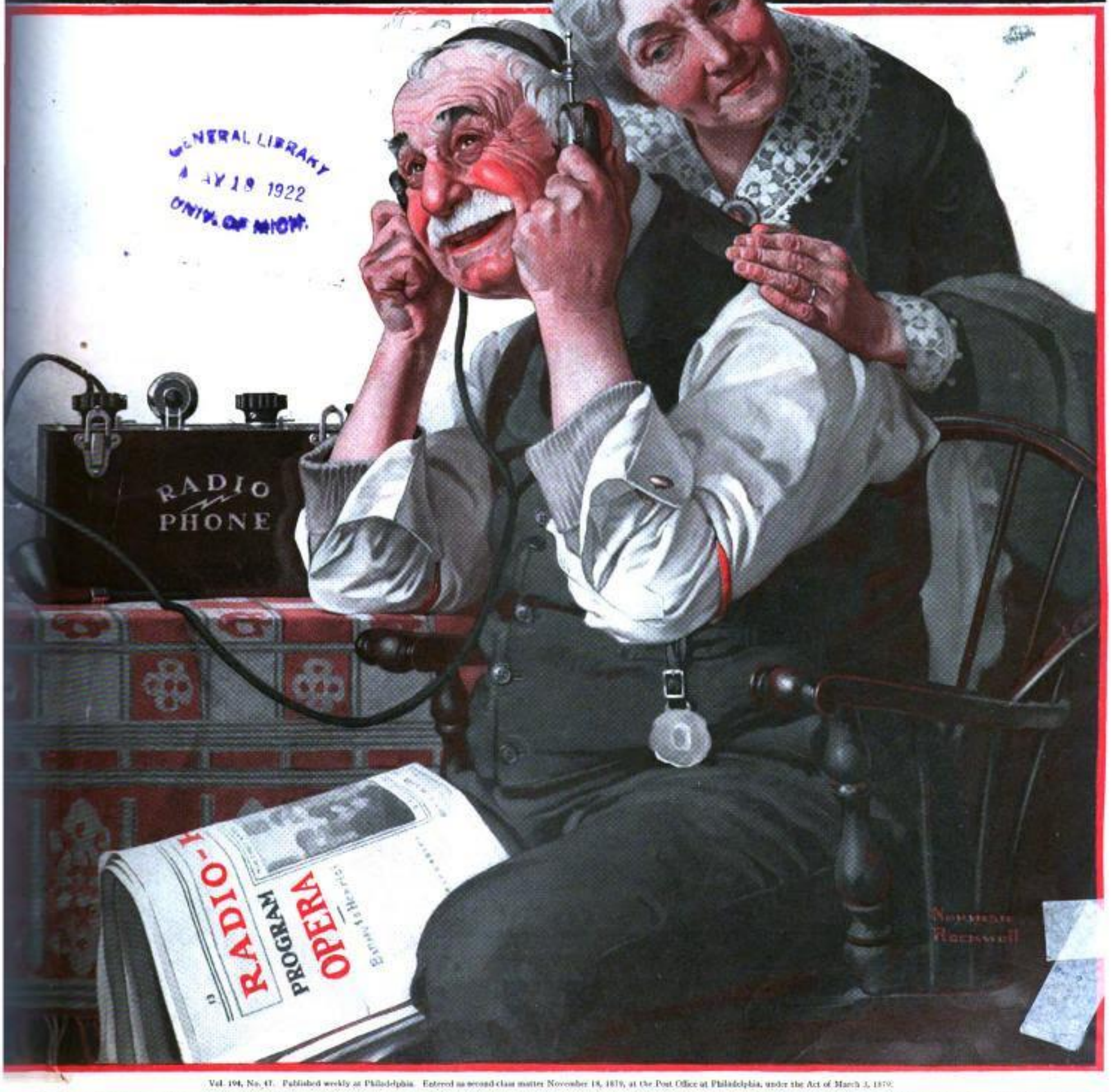
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Do you wear a smile at breakfast?

THE way you start your day has a lot to do with the kind of work you do that morning. Also with the kind of day your wife puts in after you leave the house. To say nothing of how your youngsters get off to school —if your home is blessed with little folks.

And the clock that runs your household has a lot to do with all of these things.

A good clock that you respect—one that rings you up when you want it to—on time —will help you face your grapefruit good-naturedly.

It gets you off on schedule with a leisurely, cheerful outlook that is pretty sure to last through even a trying day.

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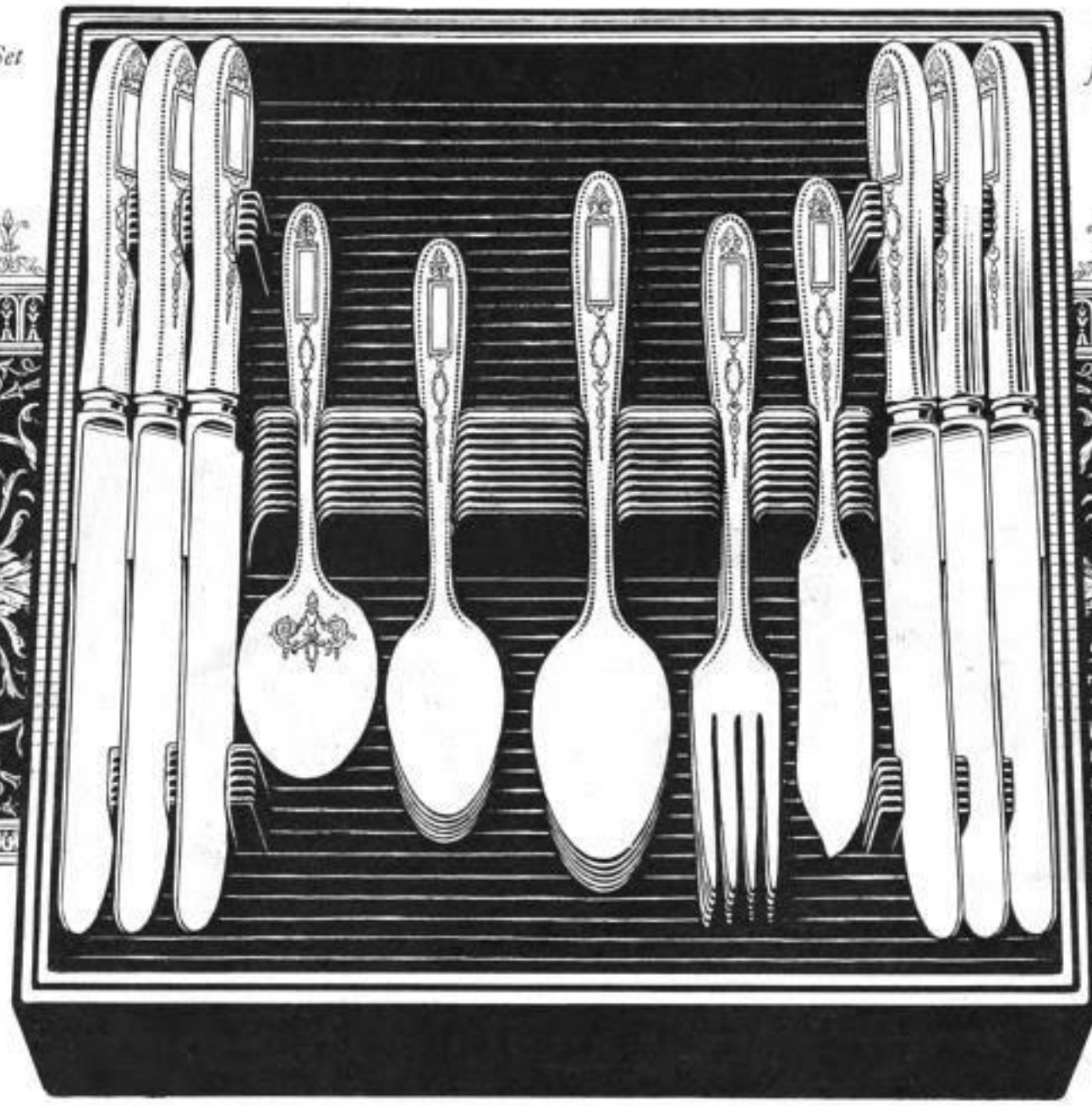
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THE NUMBER ONE BOY

By John Taintor Foote

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

HANG FOO LOW is dead; at what age no man knows. Millions of Chinese will not credit this assertion, it being a fixed belief in the Celestial Republic—I all but wrote it Empire—that The Master of Souls is and ever more will be untouched by the shadow of the wings of death.

Against the abiding faith of millions I place urteen lines with a modest two-deck head hich appeared in a recent issue of the New ork Times. Fourteen lines! How fast the orld moves on! The squib, in the form of a Associated Press dispatch, dated Hankow, hina, is as follows:

It is authentically reported that the Chinese ophet, Chang Foo Low, died here to-day. It was ossible to verify the report because the body, resumably spirited away by some of his followers, as disappeared.

In 1908 Chang Foo Low, the then leader of hinese Buddhism, voluntarily gave up his high osition as lama of the Peking temple to become wandering mendicant. Since then he has traved barefooted throughout China, relying on the arity of the humble for food and lodging. His ath occurred in the home of Kai Pee, a dealer in h, where the aged prophet had stopped for the ght.

This, then, is the obituary, so far as New ork is concerned, of the curious figure which ome across the Pacific twenty-five years o. All America, all Europe, saw that figure. was sketched vaguely at first and later with re or less faithfulness in the daily press. ter still, various scientific journals devoted ges to a discussion of the mysterious forces ich had turned a withered Chinaman into a ity—so far as Asiatic races were concerned—f a celebrity, at least in the eyes of what we ose to call civilization.

Having a tale to tell in which the above-ntioned forces were placed at the disposal two—shall I say three?—members of this sted civilization, I have been dipping into icles published in New York, London, Paris, nna and Berlin, over a period of ten years inning with 1890, which touch upon Chang Low.

hese articles can be divided roughly into classes, reportorial and scientific. The ter I find are quite similar in character. h a proper eye for news value the gentle- of the press consistently describe the lama prophet. He is always referred to as The at Prophet of China, and cases of his tri-hant functioning in that rôle are cited in ring his right to the title. The American s is more particularly concerned with his nostication of the Spanish-American War, Battle of Manila Bay and the assassina- of William McKinley. There is a story to effect that Chang warned the Chinese ign Office of this last deplorable event time before it occurred, with a request the information be conveyed to Washing- This was never done, perhaps through of civilization's mockery; perhaps, as the insinuates, because of a further prophecy he lama concerning the allied invasion of a, in which he named the United States ne of the powers which would engage in narch to Peking.

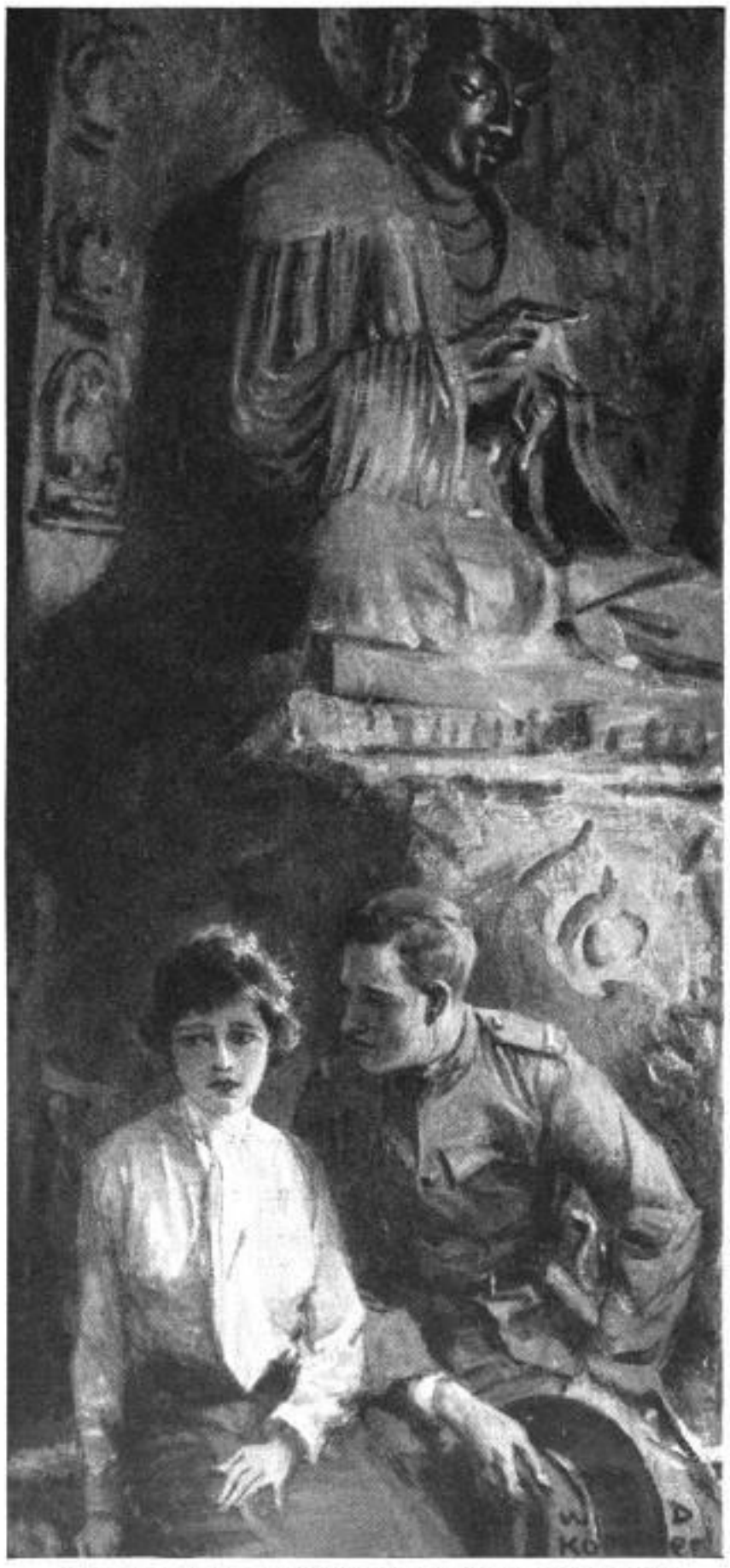
much for the press. Now for the scien- Not one of them more than mentions prophetic vision of Chang Foo Low. Obsly it is not considered worthy of discus- by scientific minds. The English and American societies for psychical research seem to have concluded that he was an authentic spirit medium possessed of tremendous psychic powers. Hypnosis is not referred to in the reports of either society, perhaps because only the mediumship of Chang Foo Low came exactly within the range of the societies' investigations.

On the other hand, nine out of ten scientists at large pronounce him the greatest master of hypnosis of which there is any record. I say nine out of ten because here and there is a doubting Thomas. Pachman, for example, is positively virulent as he hurls the Chinaman into the limbo of charlatanism and damns with long scientific German curses the "so great imbeciles who would dignify the tricks of a mountebank with serious consideration."

Drenioczkii, of Vienna, Harden and McTavish, of London and Glasgow respectively, attribute to Chang telepathic powers developed to a degree heretofore unknown. A similar opinion is held by several American investigators.

All this is quite confusing. I have no intention, however, of attempting to make it clear. It is certain that a mere teller of tales would fail in discovering the true source from which the extraordinary powers of Chang were derived when the best scientific minds of the world were unable to agree on the subject. This much, which is common knowledge, I know: Prophet, medium, hypnotist, fakir, or whatever we may choose to call him, Chang Foo Low for half a century was the direct and unquestioned voice of the Supreme Being to three hundred million souls.

And now it seems best to let my story proceed, its facts leading to whatever conclusion they may seem to warrant.



"It Will be Hard to Make You Believe. It Begins With a Dream"

In the year 1884, on a dismal afternoon of early spring, a carriage drew under the high white-pillared porte-cochère of a substantial home in the outskirts of Atlanta, Georgia. From the carriage there descended a lady dressed in black, and a boy, a little boy, whom she took by the hand as she prepared to go up the steps to the front door.

The boy was more than ill at ease. He was on the verge of panic. He cast a look of wild appeal at the negro coachman, who had turned to regard him with a not unsympathetic eye.

"Luke, Uncle Luke," cried the child, "I don't want to. I don't want to."

The appeal was in vain. Uncle Luke wiped the sympathy from his countenance, and waving his whip in the direction of the front door he issued the stern command, "March on in!"

With the sustaining aid of the lady's hand the boy attempted to obey. He mounted the steps and proceeded with a fair show of resolution to the frowning mahogany door with its silver name plate, bell handle and door knob. Suddenly he halted, his eyes filled with dread. They were observing a wreath of leaves and ferns with streamers of purple ribbon, attached to the frame of the door.

"Oh, mummy," he gasped, "take me home, please, please!"

His mother knelt on one knee, put her arms about him and looked into his face.

"Now, son," she said, "you don't have to go in if you don't want to, but you're going to be a soldier some day, aren't you?"

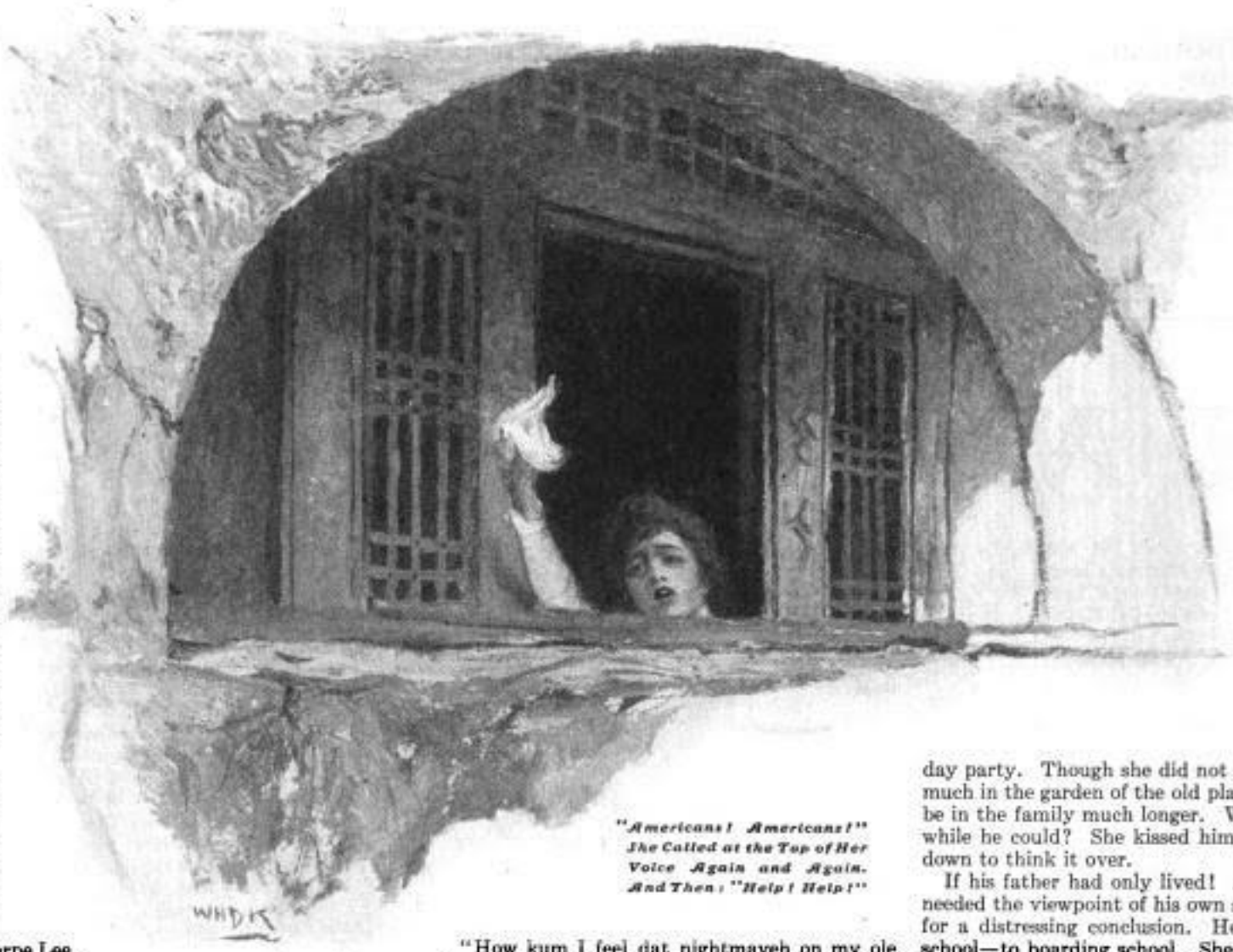
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The boy nodded.

"Not for a long, long time, though, mummy; not till I'm growed up."

"Darling, darling, there's nothing to be afraid of. See, I'm not afraid. It's your own dear grandpa lying in there asleep. Just the earth part of him. Al the rest and the best part—his kind eyes, and smile and voice—are in heaven. He sees you this minute. He sees his grandson afraid to go in and look at the earth part of him for the last time. He doesn't care, of course—he's too kind—but you'll care some day. Now if I were you I'd walk in with mother and look at him for a moment and say good-by, and then Luke will take you home."

So spoke this young mother, constrained by the conventions of her day and race. These decreed that a final look at the dead by members of the family was obligatory.



"Americans! Americans!" She Called at the Top of Her Voice Again and Again. And Then: "Help! Help!"

At last James Calthorpe Lee, aged seven, managed to enter the ominous-looking mahogany door, clutching his mother spasmodically by the hand. He came of fighting stock, this youngster; but the redoubtable Light Horse Harry, or that austere yet flaming son of Virginia who all but won a hopeless cause, would have taken little pride in the bearing of their small descendant during the next few moments. Shuddering, terror-stricken, the boy was turned over to Luke when his ordeal was past, and so was driven home to the safe black arms of Aunt Selina, who, neglecting his infant sister for a time, crooned over him as in days gone by.

Also when night came Aunt Selina understood. Without a suggestion from him she saw him into bed and turned the lamp almost out, but not quite. How grateful he was for that! And then—a reassuring creak of a rocking-chair, a heavenly voice grumbling from the shadows.

"Ain' nothin' gwine make me move fum right hyar."

An hour or more went by. Aunt Selina, who had been dozing at her post, became suddenly wide awake. She was conscious of a peculiar feeling in the palms of her hands and the soles of her feet. It was a sort of prickling sensation, which presently affected her limbs and the skin of her neck and body.

"Got all crampy settin' hyar," she reflected. "Folks home mighty soon now. Reckon I'll get down to the do'."

The rocking-chair creaked again as she made a preliminary movement toward relieving it of some two hundred-odd pounds. It creaked no more, for Aunt Selina was sitting bolt upright, utterly moveless, the whites of her eyes shining in the faint light from the all but extinguished lamp. She was staring into the shadows beyond the foot of the bed. As she sat rigid a small white-gowned figure suddenly rose to a sitting position and also stared over the footboard into the shadows.

"Why, grandpa," said a relieved young voice, "I thought you were dead." For a moment the boy seemed to listen. At last he nodded. "Yes, grandpa," he said. He dropped his eyes to a lower level, stared, smiled shyly, and again nodded. For a moment longer he sat erect, then closed his eyes and fell back to his pillow.

"Lawd Gawd, Lawd Gawd!" moaned Aunt Selina, and though her teeth were chattering and her face ashy gray, she lumbered to the bed. Bending down she listened. The untroubled breathing of a sleeping child rewarded her. "Praise' be His name." Picking up the lamp she crept from the room, trembling, awe-stricken, dazed.

She was still shaking when her mistress with some out-of-town members of the family returned for the night.

"Chile, chile," she said when the boy's mother had been drawn out of earshot of the visitors, "his gran'pap done drap in on him while you is gone."

But the mother, having listened impatiently to Aunt Selina's account of what had occurred, said, "Nonsense! He had a nightmare."

"How kum I feel dat nightmayeh on my ole black hide? How kum I see ——"

"I don't want to talk about it any more, and I won't have that nervous child hearing such things. Now listen, Selina, and understand me. Much as I love you, if you ever repeat to anyone what you've just told me I'll discharge you that very day."

So Aunt Selina's lips were sealed. As for the little boy, if he had any recollection of a strange visitor he did not mention it next day. Always a quiet little boy, his added thoughtfulness for some time thereafter was not particularly noticeable. On the day following his grandfather's funeral he asked to be taken to his grandfather's home. Once there he went into the garden, looked eagerly about for a time, and then began to search the arbors, shrubbery and rose bushes. Next he pattered up to the great, still attic. He returned downstairs after a time, grimy with dust and strangely wistful.

From then on he was given to long silences and to playing by himself. Games with other children did not seem to amuse him. He seemed to prefer his own world of make-believe or thoughts, or whatever it was that kept him alone for hours at a time. And always until the place was sold he liked to play in his grandfather's garden.

His favorite diversion was to give a party in a small arbor in the garden which he called his house. For this purpose he had accumulated the proper utensils for dining in state with a single guest. Broken and cracked dishes and teacups, battered and rusted kitchen forks, knives and spoons—he had a complete service for two, which he kept under the steps of the back porch. Offered more treasures of the sort, he declined.

"But you could give a bigger party with more things," suggested his mother.

"I don't want a bigger party," he told her firmly. "Just us."

"Who is us?" asked his mother. "Whom do you have beside yourself?"

"Nobody," he admitted. "But, mummy," he added, brightening, "any day I might."

"You can to-day," said his mother quickly. "I'll ask Mrs. Harcourt to let Mabel go with you this morning, and you can have real things to eat."

He shook his head. "I don't want Mabel."

His mother looked at him thoughtfully. Mabel, a year younger than he, was the blond beauty of the neighborhood, as spoiled as she was lovely. Accustomed to instant adoration from all with whom she came in contact, his strange aloofness had proved surprisingly effective in winning her regard. Desiring passionately all things that she could not have, Mabel had begun by demanding his attentions. She had next made somewhat haughty advances. From these she descended to humble requests followed by violent and tearful pleadings.

"But Mabel is so sweet," urged his mother, who had become worried of late over what seemed like a touch of morbidity in her son. She had hoped he might be jolted out of it by other children. Who better for the purpose than the imperious Mabel? No time for mooning when she was about. Her court was kept busy ministering to her wants and obeying her commands. "All the other boys adore her," she reminded him, "and she seems to like you best."

"I don't want her," he repeated firmly. "Please don't ask her, mummy."

His mother did not insist. She had tried the forcing method, to have it fail. She had seen him miserable and distinctly out of it at his own birthday party. Though she did not like his playing alone so much in the garden of the old place, the garden would not be in the family much longer. Why not let him enjoy it while he could? She kissed him and let him go, and sat down to think it over.

If his father had only lived! A boy needed a man; he needed the viewpoint of his own sex. This paved the way for a distressing conclusion. Her son must go away to school—to boarding school. She clutched her heart. He was so little and shy and—yes, queer. The admission led to firmness. The queerness must not become settled; masters and boys would rub it off. She nodded with compressed lips. A month later Jimmy was sent off to boarding school, leaving behind him a moaning Aunt Selina with her apron over her head and a Spartan mother smiling through unshed tears.

In the ten years which followed, that mother's sacrifice was rewarded. Her son came home one spring, a lumbering St. Bernard with huge paws, calloused from baseball, which some day—incredible thought—might fit him. His voice, which he made no effort to constrain, caused a nervous tinkle in the glass chandeliers of the parlor. Little doubt that this clumsy, bellowing creature ran true to form—a normal, zestful young male.

During the next month Mabel came into her own. Once he had scorned her charms! They had been children, of course, but even so ——

"Poor kid," thought his mother as she saw her young St. Bernard anxiously learning to fetch and carry. "I'd like to shake her."

He was supposed to be cramming that summer toward examinations for the Point, but a vassal to Mabel Harcourt had little time and less thought for mere books. His mother, observing the lady in blue dimity with a hair ribbon to match, quite understood that.

And then something totally unexpected occurred—something that fretted Mabel's soul during many years thereafter. For the one and only time in a long career this resistless female of the species, who was destined to become the toast of Georgia, knew defeat.

It came about in the most unaccountable way, after what appeared to be her certain triumph. At an evening affair which included Mabel, lesser damsels, and the timid-bold, old-young specimens of male adolescence who squired them, dancing was found to be impossible because of the modest size of the home at which they had gathered. Forfeits, twenty guesses, and amusements of a similar character had aroused little or no enthusiasm, when the company was electrified. Post office! No one knew who had first suggested it, but post office! post office! With giggles and guffaws it became an accepted fact that the innocent game of childhood, now a daring venture, would be attempted.

Mail was awkwardly delivered and received in the dimness of a small reception room, the postmistress, a timid soul who positively refused to indulge in correspondence, announcing the addresses from the door. At last a particularly forward youth dared greatly and summoned the haughty and beauteous Mabel from her retreat in a porch hammock, to receive a post card.

It was a great moment. Would she come? She did, with a bored expression, and languidly entered the post office. The bold and envied swain presently emerged therefrom, and then, "A letter for Jimmy Lee," shrilled the postmistress.

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Once before in this narrative we have blushed at the descendant of Light Horse Harry; and now again ——

All present turned to stare at Jimmy in his great good fortune. Deplorable to relate, he stood immovable, with glazed eyes and crimson ears.

Meanwhile the incomparable one waited alone, the dim seclusion of the post office hiding the chagrin she must have felt at the thought that her priceless favor seemed about to be scorned. At last by means of jeers and some shoving a reluctant cavalier appeared in the post-office doorway. A final push between his shoulder blades, and he had entered. The door closed behind him.

It is possible that the uncertainty of a moment before had roused the lady's ardor. It was characteristic of her that this should be so. At any rate as he stood there in a sort of agony soft arms stole about him and clasped him in something of an ecstasy; then warm lips found his own, not once but many times.

For a moment he trembled under her kisses, struck to helplessness by their shock. Next there rushed over him a blinding force totally unlooked for. Her kisses were returned—were overwhelmed. She bent beneath a frightening storm.

"Let me g-go!"

"No, no; one more—please!"

She surrendered again for an instant, then freed herself and opening the door walked out into an eager circle of inquiring eyes, airy and quite calm.

No other sign of life came from the post office. Investigation proved it to be empty. An open window leading to the lawn explained this phenomenon. Knowing the utter impossibility of facing anyone at the moment, Jimmy had fled through the window into the starlit night.

A great and deathless love had come to him. In the delirium caused by the knowledge of this fact he wandered, tireless and wild-eyed, for an hour or more before bending his steps towards home.

He undressed by instinct and flung himself on his bed. For a time he lay moveless in a bliss of recollection. This changed to a stupor in which he still was conscious of the drone of summer insects, the barking of a dog and the ticking of the clock on his mantel, even while he floated through soundless space with his arms about his Mabel. At last real slumber came, deep as the caverns of the sea, and now he began to toss and moan, struggling in a dream more poignant than any waking moment he had ever known.

"I must, I must!" he cried in a choking voice, and sat up in bed with his arms outstretched. Whatever his arms were seeking was no longer there.

It had been there, it had been there, right in his room not a moment ago. Wide awake now, he still knew that. But was he awake, or was he dead, or what? He got out of bed and went to the window. Roosters were beginning to crow at a gray mist not yet as tangible as light. Of course things looked unearthly in that mist; the two pines on the lawn were black velvet plumes and the box hedge seemed like a yawning crevice. But it was the same lawn on Peach Tree Street, Atlanta, Georgia. He stood at the window thinking, thinking—or, rather, trying to understand.

By ten o'clock that morning he had taken to his books. He told his mother that for the rest of the summer he meant to study until three o'clock each day and then play tennis.

His faithfulness to this régime was a delightful surprise to his mother. It was more than a surprise to another lady.

At their next meeting, which she was forced to contrive by happening along his route as he returned from the tennis club, Mabel made it clear that she was not offended by the enthusiasm with which he had entered into the spirit of the game of post office.

But Jimmy, avoiding all reference to that tender episode, confined himself to uneasy mumblings while looking up and down Peach Tree Street. He actually seemed to be on the qui vive for something more diverting than a luscious budding figure in white organdie below luminous purple eyes and spun-gold hair.

"Who are you looking for?" demanded the puzzled and angry Mabel.

Jimmy started.

"Why—why—nobody," he stammered.

This was the first reference ever made to his habit of anxious peering which dated from this time. The habit had grown to such an extent by the time he entered West Point that his plebe room-mate—one Robert Prescott—straightway nicknamed him "Old Look 'em Over." His class took it up, and later the entire corps. "Look 'em Over" he became, and "Look 'em Over" he remained during his four years at the Point. They called him this affectionately, for Jimmy was a good man on the gridiron and elsewhere, and popular with his tribe. Not so popular, however, with their womenfolk. Prescott's sister put it into words after Jimmy had been her escort at one of the dances during their final year.

"Of course he must be splendid, Bobby, or you wouldn't adore him so, but I must say he's the queerest thing I ever saw."

"Queer? You're crazy. What do you mean?" shouted the loyal Robert.

"He looked at me once," she explained, "when you introduced him, but never again after that. He'd talk to me and keep watching other girls. I could feel him doing it even when we were dancing."

"Oh, that," said her relieved brother. "That's just his way. We call him—well, it's just his way," he finished lamely.

"It's a way I can get along without," decided his sister promptly.

Many so decided, for Jimmy's activities with the sex were fully described by his nickname. Having looked them over he ventured no further.

Mabel belonged to a dim and distant past. She had made a final attempt to wipe out the one stain on a flawless record when he had returned home at the end of his first year. She was the breath-taking belle of Atlanta by then, and she stooped amazingly to a mere West Pointer. But Jimmy, after squeezing her hand in the moonlight one evening, became weird again, as she put it after meeting him the following day, and proceeded to peer himself out of danger.

Close after graduation came amazing good fortune, for which, as Prescott wrote him, they must thank God and Congress. Here they were, just commissioned, and war with Spain declared. Later they found that young officers,

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Jimmy's Service Revolver Came Out of Its Holster. "Put 'em Back Quick," He Said

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Protecting the Small Investor

THE POSSIBLE AND THE IMPOSSIBLE



By Albert W. Atwood

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

All authorities in the closest touch with savings and investment institutions warned the writer against expecting 100 per cent elimination of the gambling instinct, no matter what reforms may be effected. It can never be eliminated as long as promoters, reputable and otherwise, are able to point to the few great and striking successes in business. In almost every industry there are a few examples of enormous profits made on the basis of a small original investment. As long as there are any such cases to point to, the public will continue to take its chances in the stocks of new, unproved and undeveloped enterprises.

What the promoter of get-rich-quick investments always refers to is concerns like the Bell Telephone, Ford Motor and Standard Oil. Calling attention to the profits of some other company and by implication holding out the promise or hope of similar riches has been the characteristic mark or trait of tens of thousands of stock swindles or failures. Nearly thirty years ago a member of the Chicago Board of Trade, who was chairman of its clean-up committee at the time, wrote a book in which he called attention to this sign of the worthless promotions.

Like the sands of the sea have been the subsequent warnings in books, magazine and newspaper articles and in "education" on the part of government departments, blue-sky commissions, state security commissions, banks, insurance companies, chambers of commerce, better business bureaus, and the like. The public still goes on investing scores, probably hundreds of millions of dollars annually, largely on the theory that one lucky strike is worth a lifetime of savings.



THERE is, of course, only one perfect way to protect the investor from making fraudulent, bogus, worthless, get-rich-quick and unsuccessful investments, and it is utterly impractical. It would be in the form of a law, enforced universally, prohibiting any person in this country from investing in anything except government bonds, municipal bonds, savings-banks deposits, life-insurance policies and similar classes of property.

Such a law could not be enforced, and the results would be terrifying if it were. But until the investor is wrapped up in cotton batting and locked away in a steel vault, the losses in ill-advised investments will continue to be of prodigious extent. Protection is an impossibility, and no amount of organized or enacted protective measures will more than slightly affect the final result.

The reason is simple. The fundamental cause for the great losses in unwise investments is contained in the very phrase itself, "get-rich-quick." The basic trouble is the desire of people to make a quick fortune or killing, to take a business risk, to speculate, to gamble, rather than to invest. What must be fought is cupidity, greed and avarice, and that fight will last as long as the human race itself, for these qualities are latent to a greater or less extent in the hearts of the vast majority of men and women.

The Irrepressible Gambling Instinct

IN A PREVIOUS article, President Cromwell, of the New York Stock Exchange, explained the attitude of that organization toward various proposals for the protection of investors. It will be remembered that toward the end of his statement he said that a certain proportion of the public always seemed bound to go to the worst type of so-called brokerage houses in spite of every warning and every law. In gathering material for the present article the writer sought the opinion of officials of a number of the leading savings banks, investment-bond dealers, commercial banks, life-insurance companies, the United States Treasury, and other agencies through which legitimate investments reach the public.

Without an exception the view was expressed that there is a very large gambling element or instinct in people which cannot be suppressed and which finds an outlet not only through bucket shops and margined accounts in legitimate stocks but to a far greater degree, among a wider range of people and in more different sections of the country, through the outright purchase of what are so commonly known as get-rich-quick stocks.

The explanation seems to be that with people of small means it is only after the hardest kind of work that even a few hundred dollars are saved. Upon these few hundred dollars the rate of interest that goes with conservative investment amounts to little. The principal grows with painful slowness. The universal craving and almost universal struggle for independence do not appear to be furthered much. If only the few hundred would suddenly grow into a few hundred thousand! If only there were more action!

The Telephone Romance

THE unquestioned fact that the overwhelming majority of attempted lucky strikes turn out badly seems to make no difference at all. Even the fact that a large proportion of professional operators put not only all their money but their skill, education, training, physical strength, time and experience into the game they are playing, and yet fail, makes but slight impression. Professional oil producers who have spent their entire lives right on the ground in drilling, and who put everything they have into the work, are perfectly hardened to the fact that they are more likely to lose than to win.

Yet the investor who contributes nothing but a few hundred dollars, and whose pioneering and adventuring are solely of the indoor variety, goes on hoping against hope that he will strike it rich. He still intrusts his hard-earned savings to total strangers in the expectation of winning a fortune. When the slick salesman says, "If you get in on the ground floor you may make a fortune, for this proposition is absolutely sound, with the finest of prospects," the investor itching for a gamble almost always falls.

Nor is the investor deterred by the fact that the great fortunes have usually been made by those who gave everything they had of time and labor, and only in the rarest of cases by those who invested merely a little money. Almost every stock swindler in the country has urged the sale of his wares on the ground that early owners of Bell Telephone did exceptionally well. But the largest fortune made by any one man was less than $1,500,000, and these pioneers of the telephone took stock not so much because they wanted it as because it was the only payment they could get for their time, labor and other services.

If the holders of the $400,000 stock paid for the inventions and development to 1878 and the $317,000 stock sold by the treasury at par or less in the early days had sold at the top of the market the $717,000 stock would have realized less than $12,000,000.

"These are the facts of the great telephone romance," says an authoritative account put out in behalf of the company. "They have been multiplied, distorted and made the basis of misleading statements by promoters, reputable and otherwise, who were after the credulous investor. One of Professor Bell's original associates called the attention of the maker to one of these misleading prospectuses put out by a brokerage firm and the only satisfaction he got was the statement: 'We are brokers, not historians.'"

In the case of the Ford Motor and Standard Oil it woul be conservative to say that the large fortunes have com to those who took stock in return for their services. I many cases where large profits are pointed to, they coul have been obtained only by selling the stocks at the to of the market, which even the insiders rarely are able t do. And whether the promoter has in mind income or th accretion of principal or both, his argument is misleadin in nine cases out of ten, because many of the most succes ful companies have become so only after two or three fai starts in which the original investors lost all they ha put in.

But in spite of all the exaggeration and distortion historical facts, there is no doubt that a very few me hardly more than one in the million, have made fortun on the basis of small cash investments, and this is whe the great appeal comes in. How to combat the effect this argument, how to protect people from their ow desire to gamble and prevent them from losing the savings, this is the heart of the problem. Among others whom the question was put was the officer of an institutio which handles several billions of dollars of investments trust for several million people. This was his answer:

"If you put this argument on the ground of winnin the one successful lottery ticket, then I have nothing say, there is no answer. No doubt there are a few peop walking the streets of Paris who live in luxury becau they won the big lottery prize of their year. But wou any sane man argue for that reason that money should invested on any such plan?"

Inherent Merit Not Enough

"THE great fallacy in the minds of the inexperienced that there is some magic in the investment of mone Of course there is no magic about it, but the idea constantly fostered by the one-in-a-million venture th makes a phenomenal success. A man once told me th he could have bought vaseline in the early days for $50 But he didn't see what he could do with it; he thoug over all the possible uses, and none of them appeared be practical.

"But Chesebrough came along and made a fortune o of it. The point is that it is not enough to have a potenti good thing. The capacity to merchandise and put acro the product often plays just as large a part in success the product itself."

What the public nearly always forgets is that even th existence of a valuable product or of a mineral depos means nothing unless the owners can put it across or g it out economically, as the case may be. Such words "fraudulent," "swindling" and "bogus" are used a goo many times in this article, but they are substantiall inaccurate. The literal, accurate facts are well put by successful financier whose business brings him into contac with great numbers of investors:

"The absolutely fraudulent investments are but a pa of the total. Where there is one person who knows h

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proposition to be a fraud, there are a number of others who are wildly hopeful and whose idea of realizing on the investment is merely visionary. If a man thinks he can find oil or gas or gold by digging in his back yard, you cannot accuse him of swindling, because he naturally believes that there is some there, and there might be a remote possibility that there may be.

"For example, a few years ago about $5,000,000 worth of stocks in McKeesport, Pennsylvania, gas fields was marketed around Pittsburgh. It is not fair to say that all of these were frauds—there was about $4,000,000 worth of gas in McKeesport in small pockets, but boring holes by the hundreds to reach the same pockets did not get anybody anywhere."

The securities commissioner of a state in the Northwest said that although the Geological Survey had reported again and again that oil could not be drilled in that state in commercial quantities, some men who saw oil oozing out of the ground formed a half-million-dollar company and rushed out to sell the stock. Yet who could say that this was actually fraudulent? It was simply a case of people being fools. As the Minnesota Securities Commission said in a report:

"Just as much money is lost through the failure of honest but misguided business ventures as through out-and-out frauds."

In discussing the subject of this article with a number of dealers in sound investment securities the question was raised by one of them as to why the word "small" should appear in the title. "It is not only the small or ignorant investor who gets stung," said this banker. "It is not a question of being a rube or a hick. Even bankers bite on impossible oil-stock schemes, and successful professional men are always doing it. Often the estates of even the very rich are filled with cats and dogs, and people bite on gold bricks in the most highly developed metropolitan centers of finance and investment. Indeed, the poor, ignorant Polack farmer in a remote rural district often has sense enough to put his money in the postal-savings bank and is thus saved from loss."

The Opinions of Experts

IT IS well recognized among investment dealers that campaigns to get small buyers, and aimed at their supposed inexperience, usually turn up a surprising number of medium and large investors, people who seem to be really ignorant of the subject, although having from $1000 to even $50,000 a year to invest. Further evidence of this fact is found in the sale not long ago to a man in a western state of a total of $85,000 of Treasury Savings Certificates, although these are issued by the Government primarily to meet the needs of the small investor.

All of which raises interesting questions, but not essential to this article. The small investor is written about here because he cannot afford to lose. He is the one who needs protection, not the supposedly hard-headed banker or merchant or surgeon whose income is large enough to warrant him making a fool of himself if he so desires.

In seeking how best to combat the get-rich-quick idea the writer interviewed among others John J. Pulleyn, President of the Emigrant Industrial Savings Bank, of New York City, one of the two or three largest savings banks in the country, with close to 200,000 depositors, and Frederick H. Ecker, vice president of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, in charge of the investments of a company which has more than 25,000,000





policies and $7,000,000,000 of insurance in force, the largest in the world. These two authorities made substantially the same statement, that in the last analysis the only effective argument to use with people against making a get-rich-quick investment is that it takes a long time to make up the loss of principal by a high rate of interest. To quote Mr. Pulleyn:

"The minds of many individuals seem to absorb only the higher dividend rates in the advertising and literature which they see. Many of them come to us with from $1000 to $10,000 to invest and ask for our help and advice, which we are very glad to give, because we have tried to make investors out of Liberty Loan buyers as well as savings-bank depositors. They thank us for our willingness to help them and then almost the next remark is a statement that they would like about 10 per cent return on their money.

"We can only say that safety of principal is the first consideration, coming before any question of the rate of return or profit, and unless they are willing to accept our dictum in that respect they are wasting their time in talking to us. Do we persuade any of them to our way of thinking? Indeed we do, and this is the way we go about it."

Bargains in Liberty Bonds

"WE APPROACH the subject through the general law of averages, which is the savings-bank approach. We have been in business seventy-two years, and we discuss the value of money over that period of time. We try to show how from our experience 4 per cent has not been such a bad average. When the Liberty Bonds were put out we told our people that they were worth par, and when they went down almost to 80 we started a campaign among our people, who sought advice on investments, to buy Liberties.

"It was an uphill fight at first, and we sold only $3000 or $4000 a day over the counter. But we managed to focus the attention of our people on government bonds, and after a while we were selling $50,000 a day. That, too, was during the period when get-rich-quick stocks were having such a vogue. One of the best arguments we were able to use was to tell investors that with all our opportunities to invest, with the $200,000,000 invested by us, the safest and best we could find were Liberty Bonds."

Charles E. Mitchell, president of the National City Bank of New York, which has perhaps the largest bond-selling organization in the country, expressed much the same idea by saying that "Over a period of decades the man who invests gets ahead of the speculator, with isolated exceptions." Frederick R. Fenton, secretary of the Investment Bankers Association of America, put the idea this way:

"Urge people to build an estate. Pound away on that story. What does a man really count upon to support his family in case he dies? Does he count upon the oil stock which may pay 20 per cent for one year, but more likely nothing; or does he expect his family to live upon the steady, conservative investments?"

Years ago when Ida M. Tarbell was preparing her articles on Standard Oil she inquired as to the value of certain get-rich-quick oil stocks of Henry H. Rogers, one of the greatest capitalists that Wall Street ever knew, and a power in Standard Oil. He told her the stock was worthless, and added:

"There is no man in the world that can honestly say that he can invest money and be certain of permanent large returns. The big dividends come from speculative ventures, and nobody should make them unless they are willing and able to lose all they put in. I had a thousand dollars sent me to-day from a woman who wants 20 per cent. I cannot place it so that I can be sure she will permanently get 6 per cent. I have no right to lose it, and I shall not do it; I shall return the money.

"Nobody believes me; they all think that if I would I could make a fortune for them. When I send this thousand dollars back the last thing this woman will do will be to thank me."

A famous speculator once said, "There is no such thing as an investment; either you get stuck or you don't." It was a witty, a smart thing to say, but it does not happen to be true. The savings banks and insurance companies alone prove that it is not true. There is no mystery about the safe, conservative investment of money. He who runs may read. Anyone may do it. But it takes extraordinary luck or genius to make a killing; there is mystery in that, and mighty few are those who do it.

It is a peculiar fact that a man who buys a risky and speculative stock which pays no dividends for five or ten years and then distributes 2 or 3 per cent, and never any more, somehow feels as if he had made more than if he had been getting 4 or 5 per cent interest on a bond every year.

It is a strange commentary on human nature that at the very time that men were attracting thousands of suckers in Boston, New York and Chicago, by offering impossibly large returns on their money, Liberty Bonds could be bought at bargain prices, and Treasury Savings Certificates were being put on sale with a guaranty from the United States Government to return the investor his principal and 25 per cent additional at the end of five years.

It is not that all people should be kept from taking chances. If they were the country could not grow, and its supply of oil, copper, lead, gold and silver would soon give out. It all boils down to whether investors really understand the chances they are taking and, more important still, can afford to take them. The final question is whether the investor can afford to lose the money if the project fails. If not, then he has no business departing from government securities, savings banks, and the like.

Investment in Life Insurance

A FAVORITE method of combating the get-rich-quick and visionary-investment evil has been to call attention to the great sums lost in that manner. Estimates of the amount lost or wasted each year have ranged from $100,000,000 to $750,000,000, and have been credited to many different authorities. But though figures on a subject like this are amusing, or perhaps tragic, they are obviously unreliable. No one in the country knows or has even the basis for a sound estimate concerning the extent of these losses. The line cannot be drawn between strictly legitimate losses in the regular course of business and those sustained by the stockholders of ventures tainted with fraud and get-rich-quick methods.

Then, too, though the stock swindles conducted on a large interstate scale might be estimated, there is no way of bringing together the losses in small local enterprises. Nor can anyone say whether such estimates should include the money thrown away in speculation and gambling on perfectly legitimate stocks in legitimate brokerage offices and bucket shops, or how much that amounts to. Nor can the line be drawn strictly between investors who lose in

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EFFICIENCY AND BILL

By Josephine Daskam Bacon

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

SOMETIMES I think, looking back, that maybe we never did take Bill seriously enough. Rissa always laughs very bitterly when I say this, and reminds me of the times she has tried to do so, and what happened. Of course I see what she means, but we are both his sisters, you see, and much older than he is. This rather leads us to pick out the things he is to take seriously, and try to take *him* seriously, and I admit that it doesn't always work out well. It isn't that Bill isn't willing. He will try anything once, he always says; not that everybody is willing to have him.

I remember when Rissa thought that he might be Sarles' secretary, one summer. Bill always spent his summers with us, and of course, when your brother-in-law is a busy throat specialist, and has extra hospital practice in town in the summer, you would be glad to help him out, as Bill agreed immediately. But that was the only time that I can remember Sarles not even being willing to argue with Rissa.

He just said, "My dear girl, really!" and that was all he would say.

Of course Bill might have kept all the accounts, and he began it once. Bill is always very obliging, and he likes new things. He got those large check books, with three checks at a time, you know, and he planned out what I still think was a very interesting way of keeping the house accounts on pink checks and Rissa's expenses on green checks and the children's on white checks. But though it sounded simple, I think you would really need more business experience than Bill had, to do it, because after he had thrown away all our old books, it all got mixed, somehow, and there were so many things, like Jenny Andrews, for instance, that came in two places, that Bill himself couldn't get them straight in the end. Jenny, you see, was the children's nurse, and Bill counted her in under "servants" and then again under "children," and we couldn't find out whether she had been added in twice, or not at all!

Bill asked Rissa if she wouldn't be interested to know just what the children cost, and she said she would, very much. Of course their clothes were easy, but Bill was very angry when I used some of their castor oil for Pêche Melba, the poodle, and the bottle broke. He charged it to "stable," and Joseph heard of it and said it was utterly unfair, as he had his own castor oil for Commodore and the pony. Bill offered to say "stable, etc.," but Joseph said that was no better. And you couldn't make a page for "kennel," exactly, with only Pêche Melba, who lives in the house, anyway.

But this was nothing—though Joseph does cherish grievances terribly—compared to the horrid time about the doctor. Little Clarry had a temperature and looked rather yellow, and we sent for a very nice young doctor, who came two or three times—really, to talk to Rissa, I always thought, because the child was only bilious. Bill was anxious to get this all down in his book, and he wrote on Sarles' typewriter, using his office paper, to ask the doctor why he didn't send his bill, as he needed it for his accounts. It seems that doctors never charge each other anything, and this one was quite vexed, and simply told Bill there was no charge and he needn't complicate his accounts unnecessarily. Bill didn't understand, and thought the doctor was making fun of his system, and wrote him what he admitted was rather a firm note. It made quite a little trouble for Sarles, and he told us he'd rather pay whatever it cost to run the family, hereafter, and let it go at that.



"'I Know a Woman Who Does That Sort of Thing Beautifully,' Says Peaches. 'Shall I Give You Her Address?'"

Bill got rather exasperating, and kept pointing out to Sarles that he would never know what his overhead expenses were. That was almost the only row they ever had. But when Sarles finally said that he'd rather have them overhead than underfoot all the time, Bill laughed and they were friends again.

This proved to Rissa that Bill had no business sense whatever, and she has always persisted in this belief, though Bill did well enough in insurance for more than a year. But she said that his heart was never in it, which was true enough—as Bill said, the insurance business isn't exactly the thing you would put your heart into—and also that going out and getting policies was one thing, but simply copying figures was another. But there, again, Bill didn't pick out that business; Rissa put him into it.

I must say that I felt worried when Bill left it suddenly and took a little apartment with George Hawkesworth, and then sublet it after a few weeks for nearly twice what they paid for it. It seemed like gambling, somehow. But when they went poking about in queer shops and picked up enough to furnish another, and then did the same thing with that, I couldn't help feeling that this wasn't just luck; it looked as if those boys really had a great deal of cleverness and taste. And George admitted to me that Bill did most of the picking out. George kept the accounts.

It was just then, unfortunately, that Bill did the absurd thing that Rissa couldn't seem to get over, quite. Although she has such a wonderful sense of humor—all her books are full of it—that I always wondered why she couldn't see the terribly funny side of it.

He had made a schedule of our butler, Houghton's, time, and decided that he was the best-paid man for the least work of anyone he knew. So he watched Houghton carefully, and borrowed his best English reference and actually engaged as a butler with a rich Western family who had just come to New York! And right at the telephone in our own library, with Rissa sitting calmly there, writing a novel, he answered his new employer and verified his own reference.

We might never have known of it, but Rissa and I called there one afternoon to tell Mrs. Plympton about the Help a Home Society, which is Rissa's great charity, and Bill nearly brought us in the tea! Her daughter, Marjory Blair, a lovely dark girl with big eyes, who wasn't a bit like her mother, and must have taken after her own father, Mr. Blair, was dreadfully upset when Bill refused to come in—he had seen us, you see—and it all came out, of course, and then we found out that Bill and Marjory had fallen in love with each other, and they were engaged as soon as Mrs. Plympton realized that Bill wasn't a butler, but a clever college boy playing a joke.

After the first shock had worn off we were all really very much pleased. Marjory was thoroughly nice; Bill seemed likely to be settled; Mr. Plympton was very rich and really good-hearted, though rather a common sort of man, and immensely proud of being connected with Mrs. Clarissa Etheridge Elton, the well known novelist. He had a great deal to do with insurance in his business—he manufactured electric elevators—and offered Bill a very good job in one of his offices.

He had a very big head and face, and I shall never forget how wide his mouth stretched when he laughed and said that the Plympton Electric Elevator Company, Inc., ever failed, Bill could easily support Marjory by buttling.

He had no vacancy in New York at the time, but he sent Bill out to Chicago; and those six months, with Bill working hard at Marjory writing her old friends in the West and going to concerts with him in the evening, were really about the most peaceful six months of Bill we ever had.

Then he came back. I remember that night so well. I was all alone in the house and I was a little startled when I heard someone knocking on the door and not ringing. But when I noticed that whoever it was was playing a tune on the door—it was the March from Aïda—I stopped feeling frightened, because that isn't what burglars are likely to do.

"Why, Bill!" I said. "How do you happen to be back? Where's Marjory?"

"I haven't any idea, Flops," he answered; "but I suppose she's in Chicago—she was when I saw her last."

"Oh!" I said. "Is—is anything the matter?"

"That depends on how you look at it," he said. "Do you suppose I could scare up a cheese sandwich or something? I haven't been hungry all day."

While he was eating I got it out of him, as far as I could though it didn't seem very reasonable or very much like Bill, even, which is quite a different thing. Marjory and he weren't engaged any more, to begin with.

"Why, Bill," I said, "what have you done? Why won't she marry you?"

He gave me one of his queer looks.

"It's me that won't marry her, Flops," he said.

"Why, Bill Etheridge, what do you mean?" I cried. "How can you say such a thing?"

"I can say it very easily," he answered, and he had that old, obstinate, laughing look in his eyes that I knew well.

"I won't marry any woman that I can't support."

"But—but you can support her!" I said, surprised and angry. "Aren't the Plymptons going to give you an apartment—buy it for you? Mrs. Plympton is getting the linen now; I saw her yesterday in Baltman's. And Rissa ordered the silver last week. And George Hawkesworth and Joe Madden and—well, there's no use telling you what they were going to get. But it was wonderful. As Aunt Ella and I the china!"

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"You're all very kind," he said in a tired sort of voice and looked at me queerly.

"Why, Bill, what can you mean?" I begged despairingly. "Didn't you know—I suppose you didn't—that Mrs. Plympton is going to give Marjory a baby grand piano and Mr. Plympton is going to give you, for yourself, one of those new Buell runabouts you wanted? That's entirely aside from ordinary house furnishing—what more could they do? Why, rich people—with both of them rich—don't get any more!"

He smiled the strangest smile.

"You're perfectly right there, Flops," he said. "That's true—they don't. But I'm not rich, you see."

"You certainly aren't poor, Bill," I answered sharply, for I couldn't understand him at all. "Anybody that makes four thousand dollars a year now and will have five thousand when he's married, and the future that you have to look forward to, isn't—can't be poor!"

"I'm glad to see you come down to what I'm earning, Flops, and not my wedding presents," he said, with a rough little laugh that didn't sound like him.

I couldn't help but smile, bad as I felt.

"Of course I took that for granted, Bill," I assured him. "We all know about that. Won't five thousand support Marjory? Her mother had much less to live on when Madge was born—she's often told me."

"I don't know whether it would or not. Never shall know, probably," he answered calmly. "You see, Flops, I'm not making five thousand, or even four, as it happens."

"You're not? Why, Bill, has Mr. Plympton—he hasn't fired you?"

"He certainly has not," he said. "I've fired him!"

I stared at him.

"You mean you've left?"

"I mean I've left. And there's no use asking me about it, Flops, for I shan't tell you."

"Does Marjory know why?"

"No."

"You won't tell her?"

"Why should I? If she won't trust my judgment she'd better not marry me."

"Won't she marry you, then?"

"Not under present conditions, and I suppose she'd be a fool if she did. You see, I haven't any job. And Mrs. Plympton won't hear of it."

"Of course she won't," I said, pretty coldly, I'm afraid. "What sensible mother would?"

"Oh, I dare say," he answered in a kind of absent-minded way.

"I think I'll go up to bed, now, Flops. Is my room all right? You might tell Rissa about it."

"You can tell her yourself," I said shortly. "I'll see about your room."

But when I'd got the bed made—the maids were at the moving pictures—he stopped me as I was going out and put his arms around me and dropped his head on my shoulder.

"Don't you go back on me, Flops, altogether," he said. "I couldn't bear that. I—I just have to do it this way, my dear!"

I couldn't help but pat his arm.

"I'll never go back on you—really, Bill dear," I told him.

Of course Rissa was furious.

"We might have known it wouldn't last," she said bitterly. "After the life Bill's led, the idea of his taking up this idiotic, idealistic attitude! He acts like a schoolboy. Testing Marjory, I suppose, is what he thinks he's doing. Like somebody in Dickens! He's never bothered much about accepting things from rich people before!"

This sounds dreadfully, but, of course, Rissa wouldn't say it to anyone but me, and, of course, I saw what she meant. Bill's always been very easy-going. He was always so handsome and clever and amusing, and he always did have rather expensive tastes. So that many of his college friends were richer than he was. But Bill never chose them because they were rich; it was because he liked to do the same sort of things that they did, and did them very well—games of all kinds and what he calls stunts and jokes. And Rissa, though she has always grumbled at him, has never really refused him anything.

I might as well admit, I suppose, that Bill was what some people call spoiled. But, you see, mother died when he was ten; and maybe Aunt Ella and I didn't always manage right; she was too old and I was too young. Strangely enough, it was Sarles who wasn't so hard on him.

"Maybe he had his reasons, Rissie," he said. "Better now than afterward, you know."

Mrs. Plympton asked me to come and see her—she was always afraid of Rissa—and the poor thing was terribly upset.

"But what does Bill mean, Miss Flossie—what does he mean?" she kept asking me, her kind, nearsighted eyes full of tears. "What could Madgie do but give him back his ring? To leave Mr. Plympton like that, and not only quarrel with his bread and butter but Madgie's too? It's all very well to say he'll get another job, but why not our job? You know, Miss Flossie, Madgie has a great deal of spirit, and she feels hurt, and I feel hurt, and of course Mr. Plympton is very, very angry."

I couldn't blame him. Could you? And all the silver had to be countermanded.

He went back to the apartment with George Hawkesworth, and though Sarles got a very good job for him through a patient of his, in another insurance company, Bill wouldn't take it. He said that this time he was going to get a job for himself. Of course we were all worried, because, as you know, jobs haven't been so easy to get since the war. Even when they actually managed to sublet that apartment, and move on to another, it didn't seem like anything real or sensible. Bill asked me to go with him to pick out some things for a nursery one day, and when he told me that he was going to furnish this one for a young married couple with a baby, I simply gasped.

"But, Bill dear, what a waste of money!" I said. "Suppose you don't find one, then what will be the use of that darling little crib?"

"I read a poem once, Flops," he answered very solemnly, "that said, 'Every moment dies a man, and one and a sixteenth is born.' This is what keeps up the birth rate. If one and a sixteenth babies are born every minute, they must live somewhere, you know—and why not in my apartment?"

And as a matter of fact, they rented it at a hundred and seventy dollars a month more than they paid for it within five weeks. *(Continued on Page 126)*



"To See Her in Front of Poor Old Miss Leffingwell's Tea Tray, Feeding Those Sickening Pekingese Pups, Was Simply Ghastly"

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The Inside Story of the A. E. F.

By GEORGE PATTULLO



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Companies K and M, 336th Infantry, 83d Division, Advancing on an Enemy Position. Engineers of the 307th Regiment are Clearing the Way by Blowing Up Wire Entanglements

A PRIVATE in the Sixteenth Infantry saw a heavy shell hit a chow line one day in the Montdidier sector and kill and rend seventeen of his comrades. It had been hot work up there for a month—an inferno of light and heavy stuff and gas. Open fighting had just given place to stabilized warfare, and the trenches were a joke. He saw more of his comrades go west right beside him during the afternoon and, whilst moving, bent double, along a shallow runnel they called a trench on his way to the front lines that night, a German machine gunner dusted him for a painful hundred yards. In the blackest hours of early morning he and others of a patrol encountered a patrol of the enemy, who flung some potato-masher grenades, and everybody began to shoot.

This sort of thing went on day and night, taking heavy toll in dead and wounded. So when they were relieved and the chance came the doughboy sat him down to write home about the hell he had been through. Afterwards he came across an official communiqué of happenings about that date and his bulging eyes read this: "All quiet on our front."

Somehow or other he lost faith in official communications. He said, "They don't tell nothin'."

I am inclined to agree with him. A study of General Pershing's Final Report reveals some carefully worded references to negotiations with our Allies, but nobody could get an inkling, from these brief, guarded statements of conferences, of the hidden struggle constantly waged to gain the use of the American forces for the French and British armies.

The St.-Mihiel Offensive

FOR instance, the only comment the American commander in chief has to make on the various moves and conferences I described in the third article of this series is: "The plan suggested for the American participation in these operations was not acceptable to me because it would require the immediate separation of the recently formed First American Army into several groups, mainly to assist French armies. This was directly contrary to the principle of forming a distinct American Army, for which my contention had been insistent. . . . My position was stated quite clearly that the strategical employment of the First Army as a unit would be undertaken where desired, but its disruption to carry out these proposals would not be entertained.

"A further conference at Marshal Foch's headquarters was held on September 2, at which Gen. Petain was present. After discussion the question of employing the American Army as a unit was conceded."

So Pershing won out again. And preparations went rapidly forward for the assault on St.-Mihiel.

The St.-Mihiel salient was of immense value to the Germans. Its possession interrupted French communications in an east or west direction on the main Paris-Nancy railroad, and at the same time threatened the entire region between Nancy and Bar-le-Duc, and Bar-le-Duc and Verdun. From the defensive standpoint it covered Metz and the Briey iron basin, both of them vital to the enemy. Moreover, extensive operations between the Meuse and the Argonne were rendered very hazardous so long as St.-Mihiel remained in German hands.

The Germans captured the salient from the French in September, 1914, and held it successfully until the American assault four years later. Two attempts were made by the French to regain the position, but both met with failure. These took place in February and April of 1915—one against the west face and one against the south face of the salient—and their net results were limited to some slight local successes. The Germans held on to St.-Mihiel.

The position was very strong in natural defenses, its rugged heights making attack difficult and at the same time affording excellent observation stations. Often, when the First Division was in the Toul sector, I used to gaze up at the heights of Montsec and wonder whether the Germans would still be there in 1950. However, despite its natural defenses, St.-Mihiel would seem to possess some weaknesses in the eyes of strategists, "in that it might be attacked on both flanks and pinched out. Consequently the Germans had, throughout four years, strengthened it by a great mass and variety of artificial works, the main feature of which was an elaborate system of wiring. This wiring was found not only in the front lines, but was encountered to a depth of ten to twelve kilometers."

Pinching Out the Big Salient

PERSHING'S plan was to pinch out the salient. In his orders for attack occurs this sentence: "The general conception of the operation is thus the converging of enveloping forces in such a way as to cause the fall of the entire salient." And that is precisely what happened.

The depth of the St.-Mihiel operation having been limited by Marshal Foch to the line Vigneulles-Thiaucourt-Regnieville, the number of divisions to be used was reduced from the original estimates. General Pershing commanded the First American Army in this battle. Its strength totaled 500,000 men, of whom 70,000 were French.

The usual artillery preparation began at one o'clock on the morning of September twelfth, with more than 2900 guns. This great assembly of artillery completely dominated the German batteries and there was hardly any hostile fire when the infantry waves jumped off toward the south face of the salient at five A.M. Owing to lack of tanks and other weapons of destruction the barbed wire entanglements remained intact over large areas. There was only one way of getting there—the doughboys walked on top of the densely woven masses.

On the western face of the salient the artillery "fire of destruction" continued until eight A.M., at which hour the infantry assault was launched.

The whole operation moved with clocklike precision. Just after daylight next day—September thirteenth—elements of



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American Artillerymen Proceeding to Their Battery Position Through a Devastated French City

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the First and Twenty-sixth divisions made a junction near Hattonchatel and Vigneulles, and that point is eighteen kilometers northeast of St.-Mihiel. The salient had been pinched out, and by afternoon all objectives had been gained and the positions were being consolidated. The First American Army captured 16,000 prisoners and 443 guns, with comparatively light losses. The casualties during the actual period of advance were only 7000.

Though the French were complimentary, what chiefly impressed them was the fashion in which the American doughboys crossed the barbed wire. They marveled that soldiers could get over dense masses of wire that had not been cut by artillery or tanks. The French High Command sent an order to the commanding generals of three of their armies, in which the following appears: "It is desirable for a certain number of French officers, noncommissioned officers and soldiers to visit the terrain so that they can fully understand the manner in which the American infantry has been able . . . to overcome the obstacles encountered during the advance and not destroyed by artillery or tanks. The American units have themselves cut a passage with wire-cutters through the thick bands of wire, or they have walked over these wire entanglements with much address, rapidity and decision. It is interesting that our infantry soldiers should see for themselves the nature of the difficulties thus overcome, and that they should persuade themselves that they are also capable of doing as much on occasion." Then instructions were issued for organizing visits of selected officers and men to study the obstacles encountered and how they were overcome.

"Our divisions concluded the attack with such small losses and in such high spirits," says Pershing in his report, "that without the total rest they were immediately available for employment in heavy fighting in a new theater of operations."

Had any United States representatives in Paris presented to the French Premier and the French President a criticism of the manner in which the French commanders were handling the French troops it is very likely that the French would have taken such action as an affront. But on October 20th, a report on the operations of the American troops in France from May to August was submitted to the War Department in Washington by the French Military Advisory Mission.

French Criticism

SOME of the comments in that report are of interest:

"Morale of the troops—The morale of the troops is excellent. Its spirit of sacrifice and its offensive ardor are indisputable. The enemy reports testify to this fact.

"Officers—Their carriage is perfect. They seek danger, and are desirous of leading their men with enthusiasm. Unfortunately the losses among officers have been very high, and it often happens that at the end of a battle a battalion is under the command of a young officer, who perhaps faces fire for the first time.

"The zeal of the Americans is such that they often throw themselves into a hurried attack without sufficient planning. They hurl themselves on the places of resistance, instead of maneuvering. The result is that they suffer severe losses, and the objective is not always reached."

The report then went on to criticize the fashion in which Americans massed on the front lines and the insufficient use they made of automatic arms. These criticisms are based on the Battle of Soissons.

"As soon as there is a halt in the advance, how few units there are who think of entrenching themselves, even if only for a few moments, thereby curtailing useless losses! The infantryman must not count on the engineer." In this connection several instances were cited of American losses due to failure to entrench properly.

Next, the report criticized liaison and went on to point out weaknesses in the American system of supplies, not only as to munitions but as to food and water.

"Several times it has happened that the men have remained without supplies for a number of days. In spite of the endurance which the American troops always show on these occasions, the wear and tear on them in this case was such that they had to be relieved after two or three days.

"Cantonments—In spite of the manner in which American soldiers are willing to sacrifice their comforts, it would be well to see that there is sufficient room in the cantonments to avoid losses through sickness, once the bad season starts. It seems to have been forgotten that the strength of a U. S. infantry division is superior to that of a French infantry division.



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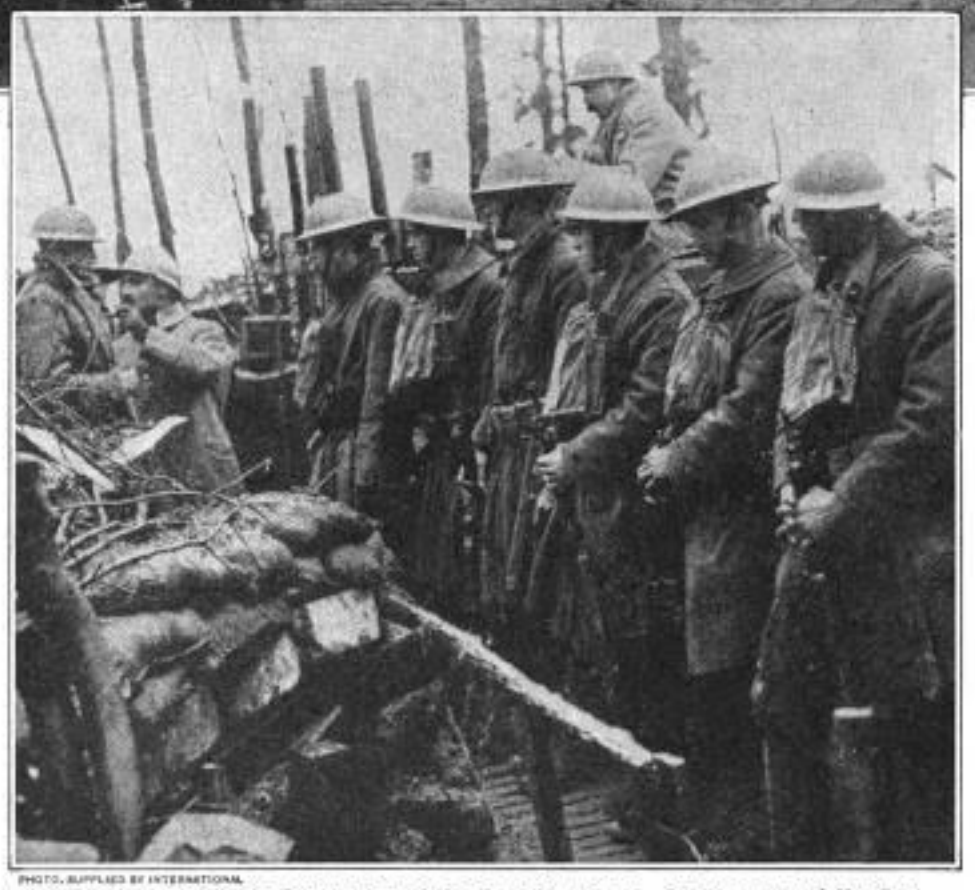


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Doughboys Under the Instruction of the French. Above—A Sergeant and His Gun Crew of the 26th Division Taking a Few Minutes' Rest

"Conclusion—The operations in which the American units have taken part in France show in every stage of the game admirable daring and spirit of sacrifice, and an earnest desire to do the right thing. There only remains for the American forces to more deeply absorb the principles which they have been taught, and to carry on the fight according to those principles, which are the result of four years of experience in war."

The criticisms of the French Military Advisory Mission dealt partly with the handling of the First and Second divisions in the Battle of Soissons, in which they constituted, with the dashing Moroccan division, the spearhead of the general attack. These two divisions covered themselves with glory that day, but certain delays and failures of liaison were pointed out by the military mission in Washington. In this connection the comments of the French general on the spot, who commanded all the troops in the attack, are worthy of note.

Addressing a colonel of an American regiment after the First and Second divisions had been relieved from his command, General Mangin said: "Good-by, colonel. You are now returning to the American General Headquarters and will probably see General Pershing. I want you to tell him for me that I and all of my staff officers have watched the First and Second American divisions very closely while they have been with me, and if there were anything in their conduct or the way they have been handled which needed correction I should tell General Pershing as a professional service. But there was nothing which I or my staff could find to criticize."

There was too much fighting on his hands for Pershing to bother with criticism during the fall of 1918, but after the armistice the American commander in chief dealt with this report.

"Without discussing what appears to me to be the impropriety on the part of the French High Commission in submitting such a paper to the War Department," Pershing wrote on December twenty-fourth, "I desire to invite attention to the inaccuracies and to the character of the comment contained in the paper in question."

Riposte

THEN he quoted some criticisms. They were of a minor character—a civilian would regard them as mere pinpricking.

"The manifest intention in the above quotations," he wrote, "is the discrediting of the work of the American staff.

"For the operations south of Soissons, the 1st. and 2nd. Divisions were at the disposition of the French. The 2nd. Division was moved by motor busses from the region west of Château-Thierry to the region south of Soissons. This movement was exclusively controlled by the French staff. It is true that the delay which occurred in orders reaching the lower units was inexcusable. This delay must, however, be attributed first to the orders and counter orders received from the French, and second, to the inefficient work of the French staff officers who were charged with every detail of the movement of the 2nd. Division by motor bus. In this movement the French were overanxious that they should not overlook any American in the account to be rendered for transportation. To this end the busses were held up while French staff officers made an accurate check of the number of American troops.

"5. Since the French High Commission has mentioned the action of our troops south of Soissons, it may be well to record here the fact that through the action of the French staff, certain American ambulances ordered to join our troops were stopped by the French and were not allowed to execute their orders. The excuse offered by the French staff was that all necessary ambulances were available from French sources and would be at the disposition of our troops. As a consequence of this action on the part of the French staff we were inexcusably hampered in caring for our wounded.

"6. Many of the individual officers of the various French missions attached to our forces have been of the greatest possible value, and their criticism and assistance have, in fact, been indispensable. On the other hand, instances have occurred in which criticisms have been based upon such a distortion of facts as to cause the belief that some French authorities have been willing to go to any extreme in support of their ulterior motive of bringing

(Continued on Page 83)

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A SONG IN THE NIGHT

By C. E. Scoggins

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

I WAS a caliph once. Yes, once in the very manner of the good Harun himself I befriended a homeless vagabond, fed him and clothed him and dazzled him with my wealth and kindness; but there must be some difference between ancient Bagdad and Milo, Indiana. It didn't work out just right.

It was June, I remember, because I was at the station to meet Martha, who was coming home from Vassar. It was June; out along Madison Avenue the elms were green, and people were beginning to sit on their porches in the evenings, and honeysuckle was in bloom. June, 1912, it must have been, because that year I was president of the Live Wire Club and we put up that big electric sign at the station—Milo Offers More.

No doubt you've seen it, passing through? It was new then, and that evening the station agent forgot to turn it on.

I remember Martha kissed me, before the whole crowd, as calmly as if we were already married. It made me feel a little blank; I don't know why. Maybe I'd thought she'd be excited about it, or shy, or something; but she kissed her mother, and then me, and then Andy her demon brother, and three or four of the girls, and got into her mother's car and drove off talking a mile a minute; and I stood there wishing something were different; I don't know what. Business was good, and Martha was lovely, and I was one of Milo's rising young men; but it didn't seem so very much to cheer about, after all. I suppose caliphs often feel that way.

So I noticed that the sign wasn't lighted, and you may believe I spoke about it.

In those days people moved when Howard Pressley spoke. Far down the train the conductor was already wailing "Bo-o-o-oard!" when it blazed out, every bulb doing full duty. Having seen to this I was turning away, when I became aware of an entirely illegal passenger who sat on the blind platform of the baggage car, blinking and shrinking in the sudden glare of that splendid slogan.

"Well, greetings, Weary!" I said with my unfailing wit.

The train moved. He relaxed and grinned.

"Does it?" he murmured.

"Does what what?" I inquired intelligently.

"Offer more," he said, waving a bland farewell.

Yet not, alas, farewell. Jerry the station cop knew the unlawful uses of the blind-baggage platform; Jerry the lynx-eyed knew I was not given to conversing with empty space. Violently the hand of the law fell on the ankle of the transgressor. Violently they rolled across the concrete into the parking space, and for a minute you couldn't see the taxicabs for the dust.

The vagabond came out of it. Unfortunately I was in his way. "Oof!" said I, and "Whoa!" said Jerry; and the train departed.

"Ho, hum," sighed the vagabond. "Welcome to Milo, Gus!"

I felt a little to blame. No, I will tell the truth: I had never seen a hobo in high laced boots and wide gray hat; he looked like a character out of a Wild West movie; he was grimy, but he was lean and broad-shouldered, and he had a jaw.

Have I said that life seemed orderly and dull? I was diverted.

"Gus," I said, "you take the words out of my mouth! If we'd known you were coming we'd have furnished a softer cop for you to fall on."

Jerry was not amused; a hobo by the railroad's brim a simple vagrant was to him. Said he vengefully, "Come along. Git goin', Gus!"

Selling real estate teaches you to think fast. I walked with them round the corner into the shadow; I spoke confidentially to Jerry and offered a certain soothing argument, and Jerry kept on walking.

Yes, ten dollars was all I thought I was going to pay for one Arabian Night's entertainment, Indiana edition!

"Here's my car," I said. "Hop in."

Now that I had my vagabond I didn't know just what to do with him. Feed him, I supposed, and learn the sad story of his life.

"Hungry?" I asked him.



Her Clear Eyes Widened and Her Dainty Brows Went Up. She Had Thought, of Course, That I Came Alone

His voice, a leisurely barytone with a sort of Western nasal quality, fitted his picturesque appearance, but his words were somewhat hackneyed.

"Old-timer," he said, "I take this mighty kind of you, but don't get me wrong. I ain't exactly a hobo."

"Of course not," I sighed. "I take it, though, you wouldn't refuse a meal?"

"I could eat a wolf," he admitted, "raw. But if it's all the same to you, let's go somewhere and shell out a few cinders first. Mamma! That engine burns lots of coal."

He seemed to find a certain humor in his grimy discomfort; maybe he was some special kind of hobo, after all. I drove round to the side entrance of the Park Hotel, prudently avoiding the lobby, and smuggled him up to my rooms.

"Gosh!" he murmured, gazing.

Right there, I can see it now, was where I got the caliph feeling—princely, you know, all generous and noble. Through his eyes I saw the true magnificence of my own bachelor quarters; by pleasing contrast I felt my own importance in the world. "There's the bathroom," I told him. "Go as far as you like."

What is there about bathrooms that makes people sing? He hummed, this vagabond, disjointedly at first, sputtering and splashing; then you could follow an odd, foreign-sounding melody. It took hold of you; it made you somehow wistful; but I got to thinking about Martha. I don't know why, and forgot to listen. Martha, and long summer evenings at the country club, where she and I would slip away alone. Down the fifth fairway where it drifts into the woods, our feet falling silent and our voices hushed, through a vale drowned in shadow to a velvet knoll under the moon. Martha, and the lights and laughter sweetly remote across the stillness. A new hot longing thrilled me. I had not meant to go to her this evening; she would prefer to rest after her trip. And yet ——

I looked at my watch. The bathroom door opened.

"Say," cried my vagabond, refreshed, "can I use a slug of this alcohol rub here on the shelf? This is the first time I been clean for a week, and I feel reckless."

He was naked, and, by Jove, he was a powerful specimen! No wonder the burly Jerry had found him hard to hold. His shoulders were thick and round, with little bulging veins that showed not an ounce of fat; his flanks were spare and hard, and his skin as white as a baby's. I had thought he was dark, but that was only soot and sunburn. He was indeed a special kind of hobo. From a sooty bundle he fished clean if rumpled underclothes, and he had a razor too.

"Old-timer," he cried zestfully, "now this is some way for a white man to live! What do these diggings set you back—or do you own this dump?"

That was his manner of speaking—crude; forceful, but crude. I was moved to maintain my status as a caliph. I mentioned, not too conservatively, the sum I surrendered monthly to the management, and he whistled so respectfully that I was almost consoled for not owning the Park Hotel.

I had a sudden pleasing fancy. I almost laughed. "Wait a minute!" I said, getting up. "You're about my size. Wonder if you could wear my shoes?"

"Huh?" said he.

"Hobnailed boots," I explained tactfully, "while admirable for—er—general touring purposes, aren't exactly appropriate for dining."

He grinned. Even in his rumpled underclothes I tell you, the fellow was picturesque, his white teeth showing boyishly in his lean brown face.

"For a fact," he observed, "I been missin' meals right regular lately. Maybe it's my boots."

Even as I opened my wardrobe door the idea grew on me. But I didn't laugh. Casually, in the true manner of a caliph, I tossed him my dinner jacket and its accessories; reserving for myself, as was fitting, the superior formality of tailed coat and white tie. Now that was all in order, wasn't it? Purple and fine linen, as I understand it, are part of a caliph's stock in trade. Very properly, too, the stuff baffled him and the cut of the vest dazzled him.

"Oh, mamma!" he murmured. "Jerry, Jerry, pinch me quick!"

But I didn't laugh. I was kindly, tactful. I skillfully adjusted his tie and turned to put the finishing touches to my own.

Then quite suddenly it came to me that there was nothing much to laugh about. My face seemed more than usual—well, not fat, but roundish; and my brisk dignified carriage did make my—you know—my front stick out a little. I looked like what I was in those days, a prosperous young business man. But he! In my very own clothes which fitted him badly enough, this fellow Hardy was distinguished. Yes, Hardy he said his name was; Gus Hardy. He had gone moody, pacing restlessly about the room; he carried his hands in his pockets and his wide shoulders loose; and his brown face, lighter across the forehead, gave him the look of one of those big-game hunters or explorers you see at banquets. I made mental note to wear a hat that summer, playing golf, so my forehead would stay white that way.

Yes, I perceived a difference between Bagdad and Milo, Indiana. In Bagdad everybody knows which is the caliph.

"Where did you get that sunburn?" I asked him.

He answered absently, gazing out the window, "Guatemala, I reckon."

I give you my word I didn't know where Guatemala was; only had a vague notion that it was one of those South countries. And he laid no emphasis on it; rather he seemed lost in some somber train of thought; yet when he spoke that word he wrapped it in glamour. He didn't. If you know what I mean, speak it in English at all. The syllables came clipped and liquid off his tongue, like the murmur of deep quiet water, and for a moment you saw a land far and strange.

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That, of course, was my cue to command him, "Now tell me the sad story of your life. Begin!"

I led him to the dining room and planted him at a secluded table, and even then I couldn't think of a graceful way to get at it—looking across rose-lighted linen at that brown face and gentlemanly shirt front. The New York-like elegance of the Park Hotel did not lend an atmosphere; all the modern caliphs I could recall seemed to have operated in quaint greasy chop houses and saloons.

"Sorry I can't offer you a drink," I said. "Local option, you know."

He nodded absently, gazing about the room. It was a little late for diners; there were only the Andersons, and the Naylors with an out-of-town guest, and a few traveling men.

I tried again. "Pretty hot in Guatemala, eh?"

"Hot enough on the coast. In the mountains, no."

"You were in the mountains?"

"Quezaltenango. Railroading."

There it was again, the crisp liquid murmur of syllables that conjured up visions. "It doesn't sound like a place where there'd be a railroad," I said.

"There ain't, yet. Never will be, maybe. We're trying to find a way through."

And he seemed to think he had said it all.

"Jungle?" I prompted.

"Mountains. One of those places God forgot to finish—ten thousand feet up and no way to get down. The Indians say He had a lot of land left over and just dumped it there."

"Oh!" I said. "Indians. Hostile?"

He grinned absently, making a negative gesture with one forefinger—he was always doing something with his hands. "Mayas," he said, curling the word so quaintly that I had to ask him how it was spelled.

"Oh," I said, "Mayas!"

"Yeah. Ever see any of the Maya ruins? Quiriguá, for instance?"

He asked it simply, as if you might walk down the street any day and see Maya ruins.

I repeated after him, "Keereegwáh?" as if searching my memory; but the flatness of my own syllables humbled me.

"Old," said Gus Hardy. "Old when the Spaniards came; old when Christ was born; nobody knows how old. All courts, two hundred feet between walls, where they played a game like basket ball. Platforms for sacrifice, where they cut men's hearts out so their crops would grow. Palaces and temples—empty these two thousand years and more."

His eyes came back to mine, and I remember that they were intensely blue.

"Makes you feel queer," he said. "Makes you feel like a man lived about a minute—like a fly. Here's Quiriguá, a station on the white man's railroad. A United Fruit farm, with switch engines shunting around, loading bananas for the States; and over here this place that was a city when Pilate washed his hands. Big sandstone pillars sticking up, carved all over—some kind of writing, they claim—and a Maya king at the top. With whiskers," he said, and stopped, looking at me.

"Flat faces and slant eyes. And whiskers; but no Maya, no Indian has a hair on his face to-day. Where did they come from, those fellows? Where did they go?"

I could see the Naylors and the Andersons watching us, wondering, no doubt, why we wore evening clothes—while Gus Hardy wondered what had happened when the world was young.

"Stone temples around a court—standing there, still solid after twenty centuries of jungle rot. They didn't know how to build an arch; they had to make the rooms little and the walls thicker at the top so a slab of stone would reach; but they had mortar that's better than any we know.

"And some of those slabs are granite—granite, half a ton to a slab, and no granite formation in a hundred miles! No trucks, no wheel roads; nothing but man power. How did they do it—and why?"



He Looked Like a Character Out of a Wild West Movie

I doubt if I knew, even then, what we ate. With short crude strokes he wiped out for me the Central America of O. Henry and Richard Harding Davis, its funny little republics and palms and revolutions; building instead a grim old empire, fixing me with the flame of imagination on his brown face.

"Makes you feel queer," he said. "You go out through these banana groves, the light seeping sort of wet through those big flimsy leaves. Quiet, only a switch engine clanking somewhere, and the lazy whack of some nigger's machete. Quieter and quieter, the jungle choking you, and no sound but your horse's hoofs squashing along the trail. And you come out on this place—this place where kings walked alive. Hot, you know, and still; so still you can hear the jungle growing to swallow it again, creeping up under your feet, crowding in, smothering you. Like something alive and wicked, waiting, eternally waiting to swallow the things men do. And you run into a big idol squatting in the brush, half frog, half tiger—grinning; and you hear a switch engine whistle and you jump. I promise you, you jump."

His talk drifted. Chucho, Huehuetenango, Retalhuleu, I can remember yet the flavor of those names! Black beaches and the endless thunder of giant combers on the sand; steaming lowland, and plateaus in the sky where cloud seas flowed below you and the sun burned you through icy air. Distance and space and color, through which rode white men, laughing, conquering. The Mayas, survivors of an ancient race—you saw them trotting in from the hills on market day; the women with slant-eyed,

(Continued on Page 117)



The Stars Come Very Close About That Hacienda in the Hills; in the Courtyard are Flowers and a Fountain That Lulls You, and the Girl Sings

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WHEN AMERICA GOES EAST

By PERCEVAL GIBBON

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. SOULEN

THE morning sun was slanting into the courtyard of the house where the hanum, the one wife of Ferid Bey, sat yet at breakfast, when the bey himself came striding forth from his quarters with a musical tinkle of spurs.

The hanum, lolling in her chair beside the little table that bore her coffee and rolls under an awning of vines, lifted large heavy-lidded eyes and smiled at him languorously.

"Good morning, my dear," she said in French.

The bey smiled back and came across the courtyard towards her to take her long limp hand and bend above it. From doorways here and there faces peeped forth, swarthy, fez-crowned, viewing as with awe this strange and incomprehensible ritual of morning greeting.

"You are well, I hope," said the bey, and took a seat close to her. "I will ask you for a cup of coffee before I go on my business—on our business. Ah, there is no cup!"

He, too, spoke in French, but when he summoned a servant he neither rang nor called. He clapped his hands sharply. There came shuffling forth from the *ev*, the body of the house, an individual in a long dull-blue gown who bowed stiffly, averting his eyes from the hanum's unveiled face. To him the bey, without turning, threw an order as curt as a curse, in Turkish.

"There will be no difficulty, you think, about that business?" queried the hanum in her slow and creamy—there is no other word for that throaty contralto of the speaking voice—tones. "It would be terrible if this year we could not get to Bukharest. I am withering away in this place. Sometimes I wish we could emigrate altogether, like the peasants."



The Bey Came Across the Courtyard to Take Her Long Limp Hand and Bend Above It

The bey smiled, for truly she had no look of one who withers away. The daughter of the pasha of Adrianople and a purchased Georgian beauty, she showed in face and figure the best of both strains—the intemperate-blooded Turk and the specially bred sex-specialized Caucasian. She was tall and large in the frame, with a face of a perfect oval and the hue of marble that has ripened in the centuries; her every expression and attitude were mere different phases of graceful and languorous repose. She was dressed now in a white muslin frock with blue ribbons; her arms, long and smooth, and her neck, were bare. Her night-black hair was coiled low on her brow; and no veil hid her beauty.

"You cannot be allowed to wither, my dear," answered the bey. "And it is not only that; we need money for other things, besides our visit to Bukharest. We need it in every direction. But I do not think there will be a great difficulty. I shall go to the Jew."

"Ah! Not to—the bank?"

The blue-gowned servitor, still careful not to rest his eyes upon the countenance of the hanum, returned with the cup and presented it. He arrived at the precise instant necessary to save the bey from an outward and visible wince at his wife's mention of the bank. He filled his cup and sat back to sip it.

"My dear," he said, "the bank! If it were not for your honored father, the pasha, and, perhaps, for my own official standing, the bank would have swallowed us whole long ago. These Germans—you know what they are!"

He made a little grimace of disgust and contempt, such as a millionaire might use towards a man of letters. His wife watched him with great, lustrous, unwinking eyes. He was not more than thirty, a tall, beautifully built young man, with a hard gay face of faultless regularity. A smear of black mustache was brilliantined to perfection under the slight hook of his nose; his wide mouth, with its full underlip, was sensuous, sophisticated and cruel. He was recognizable at a glance as an item in that social scum which breaks in poison bubbles to the surface of that cesspool swirl of races which is Constantinople; gratifying Orient appetites with vices of the Occident; wearing a fez for social convenience and drinking wine for his stomach's sake.

He wore the fez now; for the rest he was cap-a-pie in riding clothes that would have passed muster on Rotten Row or in the Bois de Boulogne—cord breeches, black boots, silver spurs, and everything handsome about him. It was the pose of himself and his wife, to themselves as to the world at large, that they had put the customs and prejudices of their own people and religion behind them.

Fathma, the hanum, dressed from a Viennese fashion magazine; Ferid Bey modeled himself on the foreign officers and attachés he saw in Constantinople. Paris being out of their reach, they went once a year for a month of dissipation at Bukharest, where one may make a beast of oneself in good company. And they spent money; they strewed it abroad like water; and when money came to an end they borrowed. The hanum was thoughtful. "But the Jew?" she objected. "We owe him already much. Will he ——?"

The bey laid down his coffee cup and rose. He gave her his wide, light-lipped smile, the same smile he had carried with him through Armenia to Trebizond and back, what time his nickname was The Friend of the Vultures.

"I think he will," he said very deliberately. "And now I must go."

"I will see you off," she replied, and stood up.

They went together through the deep-arched gateway in the wall and passed through it to the road without, where against a clump of tangled fig trees a ragged groom squatted, holding the bridle of the bey's stallion. He sprang upright at their appearance and made a reverence.

The bey did not notice him by so much as a glance. With his wife's hand on his arm he stopped and looked around him, a frown that was not all of thought gathering on his brow. Beside him his wife stopped, too, unquestioning and passive, trying to follow his eyes and see whatever it was that he saw. To her all was as usual. Before them across the shining water of the Maritza and the farther stream of the Tundja, rose the walls and roofs of Edirne, which Westerners call Adrianople, swelling with domes and spiked like a porcupine with a bristle of slender minarets. Behind them was the great Turkish house, flat roofed, its walls crowned with high arched red tiles. The Rhodope Mountains showed in the sunlight like bulks of dull sapphire; the waters trickled, the leaves rustled; no more.

"I hate it!" said the bey suddenly. "But it is the only home we have. If we lost it ——" He stopped, biting his lip.

"Lost it?" echoed Fathma.

He looked down at her. She raised her great eyes to him, and for a space of seconds they remained staring into one another. His was the gaze of an avid animal; hers the willing prey. In full sight of the wondering and dismayed horse boy he caught her to him and kissed her on the full lips. He let her go with a little self-conscious laugh and beckoned the boy to lead the stallion over to him.

"And now, really, I must go to my Jew," he said.

The boy held the stirrup and he swung himself into the saddle handsomely. The stallion pawed and fidgeted coquettishly, long black mane and sweeping Arab tail aswish. Ferid Bey looked down upon the wife of his bosom.

"I ride against our enemies," he said. "I go as a knight!"

She smiled, not in mirth, but because he was smiling, and stood yet a while to watch him as he cantered toward the bridge that leads over the river and into the maze of the old city. Then she turned and lounged back to her chair in the courtyard for her usual morning's occupation—manicuring her nails and studying fortnightly copies of Paris and Vienna fashion plates.

Ferid Bey pulled the black stallion to a walk as he passed through the cemeteries which stand about the entrance to the city, and headed him towards that stench-tangle of alleys and densely inhabited plague holes which

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is known as the Kalé Quarter. About him, as he rode, life seethed like water in a caldron, like a broken ant hill, like maggots in carrion. In the alley by which he went, moving over the heads of the throng which jostled and pressed aside to give his magnificence free passage, like an indifferent angel passing over a ruined world, every house was a shop. At the roots of it were caverns, within which squatted merchants—a Jew, a Greek, an Armenian, rarely a Turk; their dark faces looked out from their holes impassively at this fair specimen of the common enemy. It was like riding between the cages of a menagerie of daunted but untamable beasts.

It was at one of these shops that he pulled the stallion to a halt and bent forward above the animal's neck to peer under the low brow of the place. The alley was itself a place of day-long shadow; the shop at first glance was dark as the pit. But at the bey's brusque call someone stirred within it; a piece of the general blackness moved forward, and there came forward to Ferid's eyes the tall bent figure of Izak ben Ibrahim, the rich man.

There was a black skullcap on his head; his black gown enveloped him from his neck to his feet. Upon the bosom of it his great gray beard, matted with dirt, made him, as it were, a breastplate. His forehead rose in a noble arch from his heavy white brows, under which the eyes were still as sheltered pools; a splendid curve of nose swept down to bisect the drooping mustache that hid the mouth one knew to be strong and humorous. Altogether a splendid, formidable and tragic figure; the bey leaned aside and spat as it came into his view. The old Jew spread out long thin hands and bowed his reverend head between them in humble salutation.

"Come nearer!" ordered Ferid Bey, in Turkish. "I have something to say to you."

Izak ben Ibrahim moved near to the stallion's shoulder. Ferid Bey looked at the old face contemplatively for some moments from under gathered brows.

"I shall need some more money," he said suddenly. "At once," he added.

The old man made no answer for an instant, and then not in words. Not even by gesture; it was conveyed by a subtle but unmistakable alteration in the whole poise and manner of the man. What had been a proud and stately humility in him, a surrender to the accepted forms of deference and servility, became suddenly a slack and non-resistant helplessness, like the attitude of a scolded dog that rolls over and submits. A thousand spoken no's could not have made his refusal clearer.

Ferid Bey's face darkened. "What do you mean?" he demanded. "Are you playing with me? You will bring it to-night, within two hours of sunset, to my house. You hear? The same sum as last time!"

This time Izak ben Ibrahim spoke. "Excellency, I can lend nothing; I have nothing to lend."

"Oh?"

"It is truth, Excellency. I have nothing." The old man's words rang sincere. "My daughter's *chozan*, her betrothed, has come back from America. He was the son of a jeweler in this city; and now that my daughter is to be married I have given them my business for a dowry."

He shrugged the Jewish shrug of deprecation, shoulders humped to his ears, palms outspread. "I am an old man, Excellency; so I gave them the business. And"—he looked up; if he smiled his beard hid it—"and the debts," he added.

"You dog!" said Ferid Bey, almost mechanically. But he was thinking—thinking hard. "I must have a talk with the pasha about you, Izak. We have left you alone too long. But in the meantime, where is this Jew from America?"

A voice in the darkness of the shop answered briskly, "He is here!"

There was a sound of movement, and a second figure came forth to the light of the alley. Ferid Bey stared at it. It showed as the remains of a young man, a face miserably thin, an empty sleeve, a leg that dragged uselessly. It was dressed in worn khaki breeches and leggings and a thin alpaca jacket. On its head was a dreadful old bowler hat.

The newcomer paused in the doorway and took calm stock of Ferid Bey, sitting aloft upon his black stallion. He neither saluted nor bowed. The bey, according to custom, leaned aside and spat at sight of him; the broken youth in the doorway bent forward and spat likewise.

"What is your name?" demanded Ferid Bey.

"Jacobs," was the answer. "What's yours?"

He spoke, of course, Turkish; but somehow by his tone and manner and by his choice of words he managed to make that prolix tongue serve the uses of crispness, even of slang.

Ferid Bey restrained himself. His need for money was vital.

"It will pay you to learn quickly who I am," he said, through his teeth. "Tell him!" he spat at Izak ben Ibrahim.

The old Jew spoke to the other in a low tone. The younger man nodded.

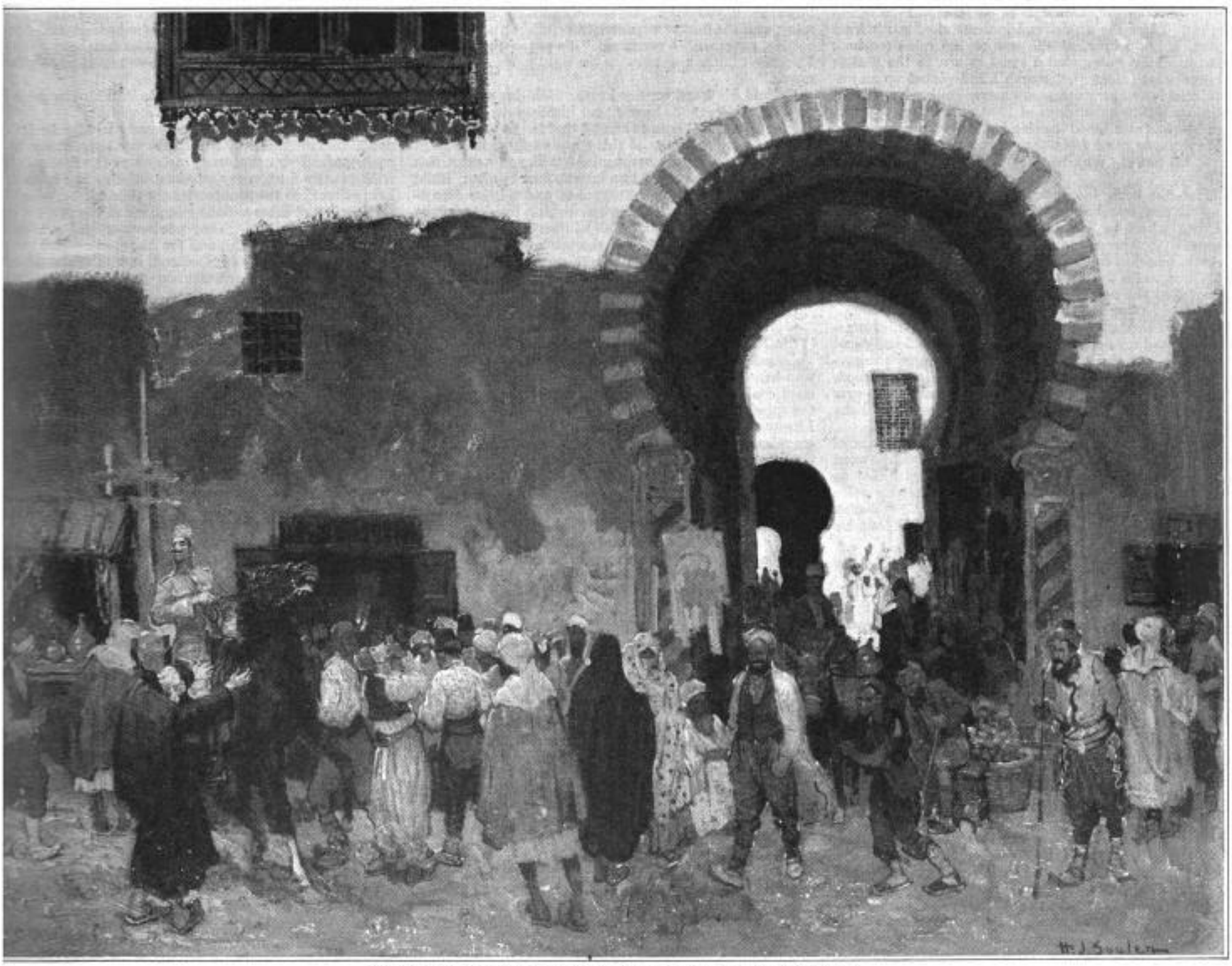
"Yes," he said aloud. "You are right. It will pay me to know you and where to find you."

He hobbled forth as he spoke, and seated himself on the low edge of the open shop front. With his one arm he lifted his crippled leg to cross the other.

"I'm starting in to collect the outstanding loans," he said calmly. "I'm beginning with you. You've had over two hundred and fifty thousand piasters of our money, and you've paid nothing—not even a single para. And now you want more!"

The pasha on his divan could not have been more at his ease, more assured and self-secure. A cold shiver ran up Ferid Bey's back. And this was a Jew—a Jew! He sat still in a mere trance of amaze.

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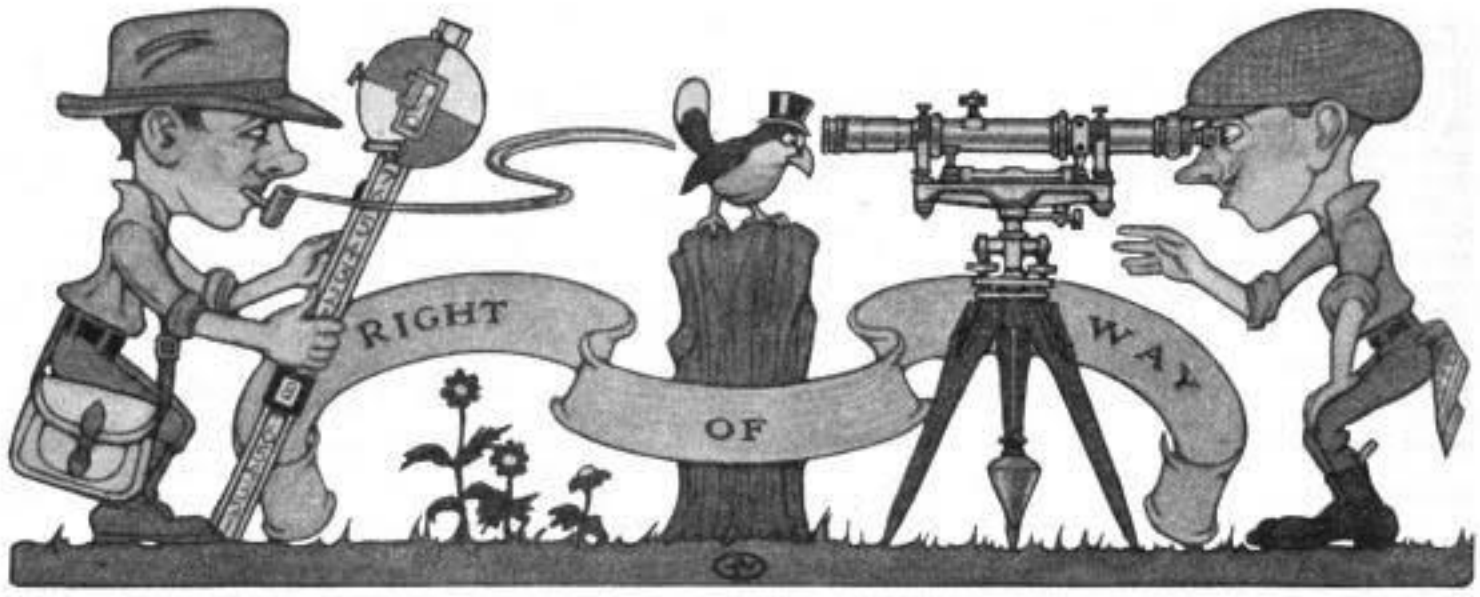
"Come Nearer!" Ordered Ferid Bey. "I Have Something to Say to You"

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Highways and Highwaymen

By a Former State Commissioner

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE



FOREWORD: Every state in the Union now has or is organizing a department of highways; never before has road building been undertaken on so large a scale. Owing to the enormous sums being spent by the states and the Federal Government for highways the honest building of roads affects directly every taxpayer in the country.

What follows is not intended as an arraignment of any one political party. This article is written to show the political evils affecting highways that prevail in my own state, in the hope that should similar conditions exist in other states what is here said may prove of some public benefit.

I HAD been for two months in the hospital of a military camp, slowly pulling myself together, when word came from a man whom I barely knew that the governor of my state wished to see me.

One year before, I had been an engineer officer in France. After the armistice I had marched south from Sedan, only to hear, at the end of 126 rain-drenched, heart-breaking miles, that I must return to the States; for somewhere along that march I had picked up an uncomfortable temperature and a never-ending cough. In those tense November days of 1918, just before the end, someone had mentioned the election in my state, but when this summons came from the governor I could not even recall his name. Why he should wish to see me was a mystery.

Mysteries being interesting, I secured leave from the hospital and searched out the governor's rooms in the building where he gave audience to the people of our largest city. The anteroom was crowded; there was the smooth, bleached-faced politician; the impatient business man, anxious for the passage of some bill, was there; there also waited the poor sad-eyed women, eager to learn the chances of having husband or son released from prison.

I moved through the crowd to an inner door. Immediately I had my first surprise. I was expected and could go at once into the private office. As I entered the governor was bidding a group of men good-by. He turned, gave my hand a firm grip, and without smiling his eyes traveled from the top of my head to the soles of my hob-nailed boots.

"Sit down. You are Major Gray?" From years of campaign speaking in the open his voice had become worn to harshness, but beneath the rasp is a note hard to describe. If any two words can cover all that his voice conveys, they are "positive" and "sincere." "You've been recommended to me as an engineer who knows his business. I've got a job for you."

What the Governor Wanted Me For

I ASKED myself what political job a governor could give to one as far from being a politician as is possible, and made a snap decision to reject his offer.

"I'm looking for a highway commissioner," he continued.

I gasped. In our state one of the most sought-for positions within the gift of the governor is that of highway commissioner.

When I had caught my breath I answered: "You've made a mistake, governor; you're looking for some other Gray. I'm not your man."

"Why?" He shot the word at me.

"Because I'm no politician."

"Who said I wanted a politician?" he said sharply. Then his face was lighted by a smile. "Don't you know that if I wanted a politician I could get a thousand by just holding up one finger? I've been dodging politicians for weeks; I'm looking for a road builder."

"But, governor, I know and care so little about politics that I don't even know whether your term of office is for two years or four."

This deplorable ignorance surprised him. "You belong to the Poverty Party, don't you?" he asked.

"Yes, but I have sometimes voted for Property men when I thought them the better candidates."

"Well, that's only a little crime; and I know you can build roads; you'll do." He said this, his clear eyes fixing mine, as if the matter were settled.

"No, governor," I persisted; "it's out of the question. I wouldn't know how to make the right political appointments."

He laid his hand on my knee. "Politics again! It's politics, major, that's keeping our highway department in the mud. I would hate to believe that in the party which has made me governor of this state we haven't enough talent to supply your assistants, but if you accept this appointment I have just two instructions to give: Build for the state the best possible roads, and rid the department of peanut politics. I promise you a free hand; you can appoint any man you think will best serve the state."

His eyes so plainly showed the truth behind his words that I was astonished. To appreciate my surprise an explanation is necessary.

A Blow to the Politicians

THERE is in our state a political machine of which I had heard only hard words. There are thousands of people who believe it in closer league with the devil than is his chief coal heaver. The mere mention of the name chills the spines of thousands of honest citizens. The one thing I knew about our governor was that he stood high in this organization, and to my shame I record that this knowledge made me suspicious of one whom I now know to be the most directly honest man with whom I have ever been associated.

We discussed the appointment a few minutes longer.

"Think it over, major, and give me your answer Monday." Suddenly all harshness left the governor's voice, his face grew sad. "There's a poor woman outside whose son is condemned to death. I must talk to her now."

I left the governor, profoundly impressed by his vivid personality, but as to accepting the appointment I held grave doubts. I sought out a friend whom I knew to be politically wise.

"Commissioner of highways!" he cried. "Why, man, you didn't listen right."

I assured him that I had. He sounded a long-drawn whistle and drummed on his desk.

"Well," I demanded, "is this thing on the level?"

He turned on me quickly. "You can bank on anything the governor says. But in offering you this job, undoubtedly against the wishes of the party leaders, he's done a bigger thing than you can realize."

"Well, shall I take it?"

"It's a tough job to handle."

"Yes," I answered; "he told me frankly that it was the hardest one in the state."

"And that you could fill jobs without political interference? Well, the governor will try to keep that promise, but, strong as he is, it can't be done. As for your accepting, I just can't advise you one way or the other. I'm too surprised."

Upon returning to the hospital I spoke of the matter to the officer in charge.

"For your own sake," he told me, "I ought to keep you here. You're running into more trouble than you ever saw in the Argonne. Boche gas maims a fellow physically, political gas eats away his good name."

That night a friend of the governor called me on the phone and asked if I had made my decision.

"I have," I answered, "and please thank the governor for the honor he has done me."

It is pleasant to record that the press praised the governor for giving the place to a practical road builder. Even many of the Property papers commended his action. He had created, or rather broken, a precedent. Heretofore this highly technical department had been intrusted usually to a lawyer, always to a politician. Since the law was enacted making it a single-headed commission I am the first and only engineer who has been commissioner. I was told later of the astonishment my appointment caused at the capitol.

"Gray!" the lawmakers gasped. "Who the deuce is Gray?"

My name was given the Senate early in March; it was not until the middle of April that my appointment was confirmed. This unnecessary delay was the first political trick practiced upon my administration. My name had been referred to the Senate Finance Committee, where, in the keeping of those zealous guardians of the state, it was securely held. Although my predecessor had overserved his term by two months, and for five months had known that he would not be reappointed, it was explained that he needed time to clear out his desk. The truth is, that confirmation was delayed in order to give a Property commissioner time to advertise and get under way certain roads much desired by deserving men of his party.

One of these lay in a county near the capital city. Disregarding the fact that in another part of the county there was a road sorely needed by a large community of farmers, my predecessor advertised a highway to cost $43,000 a mile, that began at the city line, ran through an uninhabited section, between and paralleling two already improved roads. But this favored road—in no way connected with the state system—led to some property in which a senator was said to be interested, and who, strangely, was a member of that finance committee.

Political Methods in Practice

THE second road was an equally vicious example of political favor. Built in a sparsely inhabited rural county, it passes two, possibly three cottages, and serves a ridiculously small amount of traffic. But it aided an important assemblyman to reach more comfortably his hunting lodge in the mountains. You can readily grasp the neatness of this arrangement. Useful men—to the Property Party—in both Senate and Assembly were taken care of; the farmer and the farmer's crops could afford to wait; and it cost the state to please two deserving Property politicians the insignificant sum of $121,217.

This kind of thing has been practiced so long and so openly in our state—and perhaps in yours—that by now it is considered legitimate. The senator for whom this road was built would be surprised—yes, shocked—if it were said that his use here of political influence had been dishonest. He is looked upon by his neighbors as a monument, standing for all that is wise and righteous. As for the assemblyman—well, he, too, would be shocked. "Yes," he would tell you, "the state needed that road badly." In his home town he talks loudly of red-blooded Americans, and on Sundays he goes to church.

I saw the governor for the second time on April fifth. He asked me to be in the capital city by the eighth, as he expected the Senate's confirmation on that date. He spoke of the importance of securing an efficient secretary.

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"As I told you," he said, "you are to make your own appointments, but I know one man for that job who could help you with the political end."

I am striving to write a true account of the experiences of a nonpolitical holder of a political office; I must then tell not half but all the truth. With a prayer for forgiveness, therefore, I write that in spite of the impression this man had made on me I still held some lingering doubts. Remember, please, that I had seen him but once.

"What kind of a ward-heeler is he going to name?" I asked myself.

"He's a young man from upstate," the governor continued. "I believe you'll like him; anyway, look him over. His name is Roy Field."

Looking backward it now seems absurd that I should have felt such relief at hearing that name. Here was no ward-heeler. Field was known to be as square as a die.

When I left the governor I was conscious of a feeling of security, of absolute trust in every word he had spoken. And here let me say that never have I left him after any one of our many interviews that I did not experience the same reaction. It was always as if I had been given something that I did not have before—added trust, a new enthusiasm to strive harder to do my work efficiently. I am not a young man; I am no hero worshiper, but I thank the fates that I can still be glad on the rare occasions when I meet a really big man.

An Ax-Grinding Reception Committee

MY SIGNATURE was not dry on the hotel register in the capital city when things began to happen. They must have been camped in the lobby awaiting my arrival. Agents for bonding companies, white-faced, stout gentlemen with friends—good party men, all—who needed jobs; truck salesmen; steam-roller men; road-scraper men; all these and more eagerly grasped my hand, smiled delightedly at the mere sight of me, and pulled me from this side to that to whisper in my amazed ears.

Confused, dazed, I fled to my room, where, behind locked doors, I stayed until morning. But they were a patient crew; I found them, their ranks swelled, awaiting my appearance at breakfast, and one persistent, sticky, asphalt salesman walked with me clear to the door of the governor's private office.

Behind that barrier I found peace. The governor's secretary and his assistant greeted me cordially, but neither could hide his interest in the strange innocent their chief had named for the big job. The governor was working at the mansion and would be a few minutes late. While waiting I read the announcement of my arrival in the local papers. It was given half-column, front-page space, but what depressed me more than I can tell was the gist of these notices. It can all be summed up in the single useful word, "patronage." Literally, in those sheets there was not one word of my ability or lack of it as an engineer, no question of what kind of roads would be built, no hope expressed that I might build good roads; instead, each paper had used some five hundred words to tell what juicy plums lay hidden in my Christmas box. Gleefully they recorded how many fat jobs I had to fill, ending with the grand patronage total I could distribute. Patronage! I hated the word then, I loathe it to-day! Then, when my spirits had struck bottom, the door opened with a bang and a brisk young man came into the room on springs. He was well built, well dressed, and every inch of his rather short figure was alive; his eyes twinkled. To each of the secretaries he spoke some quick word that brought a laugh. Humor, action, ability showed in every curve of this young man's stocky frame.

"Now, why the devil," I growled, "can't that fellow have been like this one? I'll bet he'll grow up soft, fat, timid, and all the rest of it."

The governor's secretary spoke in his usual tones to the newcomer. I was standing behind my newspaper, too busy to read.

"No, you don't know," answered the stranger cheerfully. "Well, it's too bad, from what I can see. Excuse me, George; excuse me gently." The secretary turned toward me, the stranger, smiling broadly, at his

"Commissioner"—I quailed at the new title—"this is an old friend of mine. He comes from my home town." He paused and I held my breath. "Let me introduce Mr. Field."

I grasped the outstretched hand. "Not Mr. Roy Field."

"Guilty, and entirely without an alibi!" Field nodded his round head rapidly before saying as if proclaiming a miracle: "So you're the new commissioner!"

"And you're the new secretary! There's no discussion about that, Mr. Field, you're simply it."

We were still talking when the governor came in. After telling me that my appointment had at last been ratified he bade Field steer me through the formidable task of taking over the department. Then he turned to the huge pile of letters on his desk with "Now go to it."

That one short sentence was all he considered necessary to his commissioner of highways. Not a word did he say, then or later, in favor of this road or that; no lengthy instructions to give as to what I should or should not do, and no mention was made of those appointments, seemingly so vital to the newspapers.

Surely a good beginning!

No sooner had I taken the oath of office than I found before me one of the most distasteful duties it was ever my bad luck to face.

"Come on, commissioner," Field said lightly, "now we'll go to the department and fire that bunch of earnest Property workers."

"Fire them! Don't you suppose they have vacated already?"

A smile spread across Field's cheerful face. "Vacated? Each one of those deserving Propertists is sitting glued to his little chair; they'll get their name on to-day's pay roll if it costs them the seats of their trousers."

I had of course expected that my predecessor would remain to turn over the office, but I had thought that his personal appointees would have left before my arrival. When, embarrassed by the prospect of the wholesale dismissals before me, I entered the department, I learned that all were present and accounted for; there wasn't a single A. W. O. L. in the building.

Rewards and Punishments

AFTER an hour's talk with my predecessor, during which he was generous with advice, I was finally left in charge. Field at once stuck his grinning head through the door.

"Well, commissioner, I hope you haven't forgotten any of the wisdom he passed on. Each word, you know, was a pearl."

I swore roundly. "My right ear's gone lame!"

Our highway department is a huge machine, but not too large for the great work it is doing. To accomplish its work the department has a personnel of engineers, inspectors, clerks, in all about a thousand employes. In addition there were the patrolmen. During the twenty months I held office the department spent and obligated for contracts the tidy sum of $41,000,000 of the taxpayers' money. Do you gasp at the patronage possibilities? Huge as is this sum it does not cover all the patronage.

One frank member of the Property Party, when I had been asked by a new governor to resign, explained it to me in this wise: "You see, we've got to get control of your department. The salaries you pay strengthen us, of course, for they will all now go to our party men; but, after all, salaries satisfy only individuals; it's building roads that counts. By building a road here or refusing to build one there we can please or discipline whole communities at one shot."

To manage efficiently an intricate business of this size, one hedged about by every conceivable political complication, is no job for an infant.

From the moment my appointment appeared in the papers, requests for jobs began to pour in. There were but two classes of applicants—the young engineer just out of college and the old engineer out of a job. I soon realized that the successful engineer of from thirty-five to forty-five years, especially those belonging to the Poverty Party, could not be persuaded to consider a political job.

It is a popular sport to criticize public appointments; if other department heads have one-half the trouble I experienced in securing first-class men they do not deserve your criticism. There is no sound reason why the man successful in private enterprises, assured of steady employment, should give up such a position for a temporary public office, where the only thing he may definitely count upon is vicious abuse from the opposite party and the partisan press.

The first employe I saw, after taking office, was the auditor. I had thought it necessary to appoint some friend of long standing to this position, but one look into Stephen Gillett's face determined me to make no change. Gillett is a $25,000 a year man, who from sheer love of his work filled the position for the inadequate $5000 that the state then paid.

Bucking the Political System

MY NEXT appointments caused surprise throughout the department and a good part of the state. I found the private secretary of my predecessor to be a young man who, during the four years he had served that loquacious gentleman, had acquired experience valuable to the department. I reappointed not only this man but the young woman who had acted as the former commissioner's confidential stenographer. Before the day had passed a politician, locally prominent, galloped into my office.

"What are you doing?" he exclaimed. "Do you want to disrupt our entire party?"

With difficulty I retained my patience. "These people have knowledge it would take a year for new employes to gain," I said.

"I don't care about that. Why, commissioner, the Property Party wouldn't keep a scrubwoman who was a Povertist! For the good of the party you've got to fire those people and appoint Povertists."

"For the good of the state they shall stay. I'm running this department for all the taxpayers, not for any party," I answered.

He left, boiling, and marched straight to the governor.

After listening to his complaint the governor asked him to return the next day. When he did so he found other Poverty leaders assembled.

The governor, as quoted to me, said to them: "Gentlemen, I have requested you to meet here to-day in order that I might ask you to keep your hands off the highway department and let that man Gray alone. During my administration I want the highways managed for the best interests of all the people."

It is quite impossible to convey to the average citizen, unacquainted with politics, what amazement this caused. After that interview a Poverty leader in one of the largest cities did not speak to our governor for three months.

When, after three days in office, I had found no suitable man to fill one of the most important positions I had to offer I appealed to the governor.

"Bob," he called to a clerk, "bring in that highway file."

Bob returned with a file two inches thick, holding not less than a hundred letters.

"Are all those recommendations?" I asked, amazed.

"They are the selected ones; we've thrown out as many more," the governor answered smilingly.

As he ran through the letters my amazement grew. Some had been written by the biggest men in the state, yet the governor had never before mentioned the letters, the writers or the candidates so ardently recommended. We went through that great stack of letters carefully, but none, we thought, named a man fitted for the work. During the reading the governor vetoed several candidates from personal knowledge; not one did

(Continued on Page 57)



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RITA COVENTRY

XXX

By Julian Street

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

ARRIVING at Cleveland in midafternoon, Parrish went to a hotel, and after a brief pause there took a taxicab and, giving the driver Alice's address, set forth into the unknown. After passing through a busy district of large retail shops and theaters, in which it seemed to Parrish people dashed across the streets with little regard for regular crossings, they came to an "auto row" made up of two and three story buildings of brick and tile, with here and there a mansion of an earlier day rearing its smoke-begrimed bulk in futile defiance of the outward march of trade; then more old houses, ugly and massive, some of them well kept, telling of wealthy families still holding on, others turned into dressmakers' establishments, art shops and rooming houses. A few minutes farther out, at a trolley crossing, was a thriving center—a small city within a large one—with banks, stores, and yellow taxis clustered around a railroad station; and after perhaps ten minutes more, during which the cab traversed a section where apartment houses and business buildings waged about equal warfare with old homes, another secondary business center, with its cross-town trolley line, banks, motion-picture theaters and shops. Then a parked circle with a bronze statue and a little lake behind it, a boulevard winding amid trees and shrubbery, and presently, after a long and rather steep ascent, fine heights, on which stood large residences in spacious grounds, with here and there an apartment building sharply breaking the skyline. More winding along a parked way: this one double, with street cars running down the middle and new houses built or building at either side; and at last, after what was beginning to seem to Parrish a very long drive although his watch told him they had been little more than half an hour en route, a right-angle turn into an intersecting highway which a street corner sign told him was Willowbrook Avenue.



Bound Up With His Almost Religious Adoration for Her as a Beautiful Spirit Was a Passion for Her as a Beautiful Woman

It was the kind of street he had, from Alice's descriptions, expected it would be: flanked by lots, not very large, and modest modern homes. One or two of the largest houses might, he thought, have cost as much as eighteen or twenty thousand dollars, while the least of them must have cost twelve thousand. The shrubs and trees in the yards were young, and on such residences as were embellished with vines the loftiest shoots did not reach more than half way to the eaves, though there could be no doubt that, like the owners of the houses, they were year by year progressing upward in the world. Inexpensive cars stood in front of several of the houses, and between many of them were little drives made of twin strips of cement, leading back to small garages.

Here and there children were at play with their sleds, laughing and shouting as they made the most of the thin coat of snow that lay upon the ground, and from the sizes of the children Parrish gathered an impression that the fathers and mothers of this neighborhood were young.

The house before which the taxi stopped was of stucco and brown-stained timber, low and substantial, somewhat in the style of a California bungalow, although there were upper windows, indicating a second story tucked away beneath the long slope of the roof.

A little boy and girl near the house stopped playing and advanced a few steps to inspect Parrish as he alighted from the taxi.

Passing up the walk he smiled at them, but their big blue eyes remained solemn.

"How do you do, Georgie? How do you do, Alice?" he said, with a mischievous desire to astonish them.

They did not reply, but continued to follow him with their eyes. The only sign of their having heard him was given by little Alice, who quickly reached up and placed her small red-mittened hand in her brother's.

Parrish ascended the steps, crossed the wide porch and rang the bell. Then, turning, he looked back at the little pair. They were still staring at him, but now Georgie, taking courage from the safe distance intervening between him and the strange gentleman, became vocal.

Nodding his head emphatically, as if in affirmation of a fact almost unbelievable, he declared: "I got a puppy. Name's Don. He can lick my face."

And before Parrish could make a suitable comment the high baby voice of the little girl chimed a corroborative echo: "He can lick his face." Like her brother she nodded as she spoke, widening her eyes, gravely bright.

"Is his tongue rough?" Parrish asked.

"Yes, it's rough," said Georgie. And "It's wuff," immediately echoed Alice.

The conversation was interrupted at this juncture when a maid opened the front door.

Parrish asked for Alice and gave the maid his card, which, having no card tray, she took in her hand.

"Come in," she invited civilly, opening the door wider after having looked at the card as if to see that he was not a canvasser. As he hung his coat and hat on the dark oak rack in the hall he saw her on the way upstairs inspecting the card again.

In the parlor he sat down in a morris chair by a wide front window. Out in the yard he could see the children at play. They were sweet-looking children, as Alice had said. He felt grateful to them; somehow—he did not quite know how—they had made easier his approach to the house.

The room was quite large with dark woodwork and patternless gray-green wall paper. The furniture was in the mission style, of oak—fumed oak, he believed it was called—and the cushions in the chairs were of brown leather. The best thing in the room was the spacious Khiva rug, and the only other rug was a black bearskin, with a mounted head, lying before the fireplace. Between the front window near the chair in which he sat, was a massive table with a cover of soft leather dyed to a maroon color and on this stood a lamp having a verdigris metal base and a translucent shade of glass, streaked green and white. Neatly arranged upon the table within reach of the morris chair were many popular magazines and several current novels. Against the wall was an ebonized

right piano with a book of songs for little children on the music rack, and beside the piano stood a tall wrought-iron lamp with a shade of wine-color silk. Aside from two hard-less landscapes in watercolor there hung upon the walls an etching of Rheims Cathedral, a sepia print of one of Rossetti's slender women, and at either side of the hall door a figure reproduced in black and white from Abbey's mural decorations in the Boston Public Library.

He had ample time in which to observe these details since the maid was gone for a long time. Outside, the daylight was beginning to fade, and the parlor, its windows shaded by the porch, was becoming shadowy. Overhead he could hear someone moving about. He wondered if it was Alice getting ready to come down.

Presently he heard a step on the stairs. But it was not Alice; it was the maid again.

"Miss Meldrum asks to be excused," she announced.

"She—she does?" He stood nonplused.

"She's not very well to-day."

"Oh, I'm sorry," he said, relieved. "Please tell her I'll come back this evening to find out how she is." He mentioned the name of his hotel.

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Putting on his overcoat he wondered who it was he had heard moving about the room overhead. Of course it might have been the maid.

His spirits were at zero as he took his hat from the rack. He did not wish to leave the house; it was the one place in Cleveland where he wished to be, but he could think of no excuse for staying. Could it be possible that she would refuse to see him after he had come all the way out to Cleveland, sleeping in an upper berth and changing cars at Buffalo to get here in a hurry? Surely she could not be so hard on him as that! She was so sweet and gentle. On the other hand, though, he had known down in Virginia many an unreconstructed old lady, and some young ones too, who were the embodiment of gentleness until Yankees were mentioned, when they became more bitter than the most fiery of Confederate veterans. That under Alice's tenderness there might be an unrelenting strain was a possibility he had not until now faced. Oh, she must see him! She must!

As with great reluctance he opened the front door to leave the house, he found himself face to face with a stranger who was ascending the steps—a powerfully built man of about his own age, with ruddy cheeks and good-humored blue eyes. Reaching the top step the man brought a key ring jingling from his pocket; then, as the door was already open, he put back his keys and, looking closely at Parrish, nodded pleasantly.

"If I'm not mistaken," he said in a strong voice, "you're Mr. Parrish, from New York."

"Yes—Mr. Brooks?"

"The same." His smile was engaging. "I had to reach around in my mind for a minute to think what your last name was. You're known as Dick in this house."

Parrish smiled back.

"I was having precisely the same difficulty with you," he said. "Of course Alice always speaks of you as George."

The master of the house came in and shut the door behind him.

"Take off your coat," he said.

"Thanks. I was just going."

"Where to?"

"Back to the hotel. I came to see Alice, but the maid tells me she isn't very well. Thought I'd try again this evening." George had hung up his ulster.

"Yes," he said; "she's had a lot of headaches lately. That's why I came home early." Then, as Parrish had not moved to take off his overcoat, the other hospitably stripped the garment from his back, saying: "Here, you don't want to go yet. Come into my den—we'll have a smoke."

He led the way down the hall to a small room even more masculine in its equipment than the parlor.

Already Parrish was beginning to like this cordial Middle Westerner with his big voice, his close-cropped, wiry, wavy hair and his understanding eyes. Moreover, he was grateful to him for making it easy to remain.

"Hold on!" said George, stopping just inside the door. "That must be your taxi outside." When Parrish assented his host turned back, declaring: "I'll send him away. When you have to go I'll drive you down."

"You're very kind," Parrish said, following him; "but let me send him away."

"Put your money back in your pocket!" ordered George as they raced together down the walk.

"No, I can't let you pay for my taxi."

"Yes, you can too! Forget it! This is *my* town." He thrust money into the driver's hand and dismissed him, whereafter they returned to the house and settled themselves with cigars in the lamplight of the den.

"When did you get in?" George asked.

"This afternoon. I was due about 2:30, but my train was late."

"Ever been to Cleveland before?"

"Once or twice, on business, years ago."

"It's a good town," George assured him.

"I really don't know anything about it," Parrish answered. "I just went to a hotel and an office and a club."

"Been to the Athletic Club?"

"No, it was an old-fashioned club, very nice, right across the street from the hotel."

"Oh, the Union—I don't belong there. I'll be glad to give you a card to the Athletic if you'd care for it."

"That's very good of you."

After discussing the Athletic Club for a time George drifted to general talk about Cleveland; about how Cleveland grew, and why; the city's industries; the late Tom Johnson, and the cult of the three-cent fare; then, drifting to comparisons, he went on:

"I don't see how anybody can stand living in New York. Every time I go there it seems to me the place is worse. More people—more congestion, under the ground, and on it, and above it. And so many foreigners. Whew! That town makes me depressed about the future of the country. I have to keep reminding myself of Ohio and these other states out here."

"No doubt you're right," returned Parrish; "but you must remember that New York has a lot of attractions."

"Too many apartment houses," the other went on. "To live in a flat seems to me only a shade better than living in a hotel. I like to feel that I'm anchored to the soil. But I know what you mean, about attractions, and of course it's true. New York does offer a lot in the way of things that are improving—and entertaining—museums, the theater, concerts and opera—if you care for opera and that sort of thing."

"Yes, yes," said Parrish hurriedly.

"It seems to me," George continued, "that New York is essentially a battle ground where men try their strength. Business competition must be terrible, and there are more temptations, more ——"

"I'm delighted to hear that Mrs. Brooks is so much better," Parrish put in.

George beamed.

"She certainly gave us a scare," he answered; "but she'll be home pretty soon now—probably better than ever. It's a darn shame, her being sick. She didn't need to be, but she's one of those women who hates to leave her family, and she wouldn't go until she had to. That's the way with the Meldrums—they don't care about a whole lot of people, but, Lord, how they do tie up to the ones they're fond of!"

He seemed for a moment to reflect on this quality in the Meldrums; then, in a new tone, leisurely and expansive, he went on: "Well, I'm mighty glad to see you here, Parrish." He cocked his eye humorously. "I doped out that you'd be coming."

"I've been meaning to come for some time."

"I hope you'll stay till Margaret gets back. She and I are interested in you, you know—hearing so much about you. First thing Alice takes out of her bag when she gets here is your picture, and it's the last thing she packs before she leaves." And he added, with his infectious chuckle, which sounded as if a bag of marbles were being rattled in his chest: "If you're as much of a man as she claims you are you're quite some person."

"I'm afraid I'm not, though," Parrish answered gravely.

George chuckled again.

"Of course you're not! If you were as good as Alice claims you are, then you'd be as good as Margaret claims I am, and there isn't anybody that good." He shook his head ruminatively. "They're a great pair, those girls! Alice—she's a sketch! I don't know what I'd have done without her while Margaret was away. I don't mean only running this plant for me and taking care of the children—I mean the way she's worked to cheer me up—and the way she's amused me unconsciously too." He laughed reminiscently. "Friend of mine—perhaps you've heard of

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"But We Aren't Going the Same Way They Are. I'm Glad. I Don't Think That Sky Out There Looks Any Too Pleasant"

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THE COVERED WAGON

By Emerson Hough

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

XL

THE freakish resolves of the old-time trapper at least remained unchanged for many days, but at last one evening he came to Molly's wagon, his face grim and sad. "Miss Molly," he said, "I'm come to say good-by now. Hit's for keeps."

"No? Then why? You are like an old friend to me. What don't I owe to you?"

"Ye don't owe nothin' to me yit, Miss Molly. But I want ye to think kindly o' old Jim Bridger when he's gone. I allow the kindest thing I kin do fer ye is to bring Will Banion to ye."

"You are a good man, James Bridger," said Molly Wingate. "But then?"

"Ye see, Miss Molly, I had six quarts o' rum I got at Boise. Some folks says rum is wrong. Hit ain't. I'll tell ye why. Last night I drinked up my lastest bottle o' that Hundson's Bay rum. Hit war right good rum, an' ez I lay lookin' up at the stars, all to onceт hit come to me that I was jest exactly, no more an' no less, jest to the ha'r, ez drunk ez I was on the leetle spree with Kit at Laramie. Warn't that fine? An' warn't hit useful? Nach'erl, bein' jest even up, I done thought o' everything I been fergettin'. Hit all come to me ez plain ez a streak o' lightnin'. What it was Kit Carson told me I know now, but no one else shall know. No, not even you, Miss Molly. I kain't tell ye, so don't ask.

"Now I'm goin' on a long journey, an' a resky one; I kain't tell ye no more. I reckon I'll never see ye again. So good-by."

With a swift grasp of his hand he caught the dusty edge of the white woman's skirt to his bearded lips.

"But, James ——"

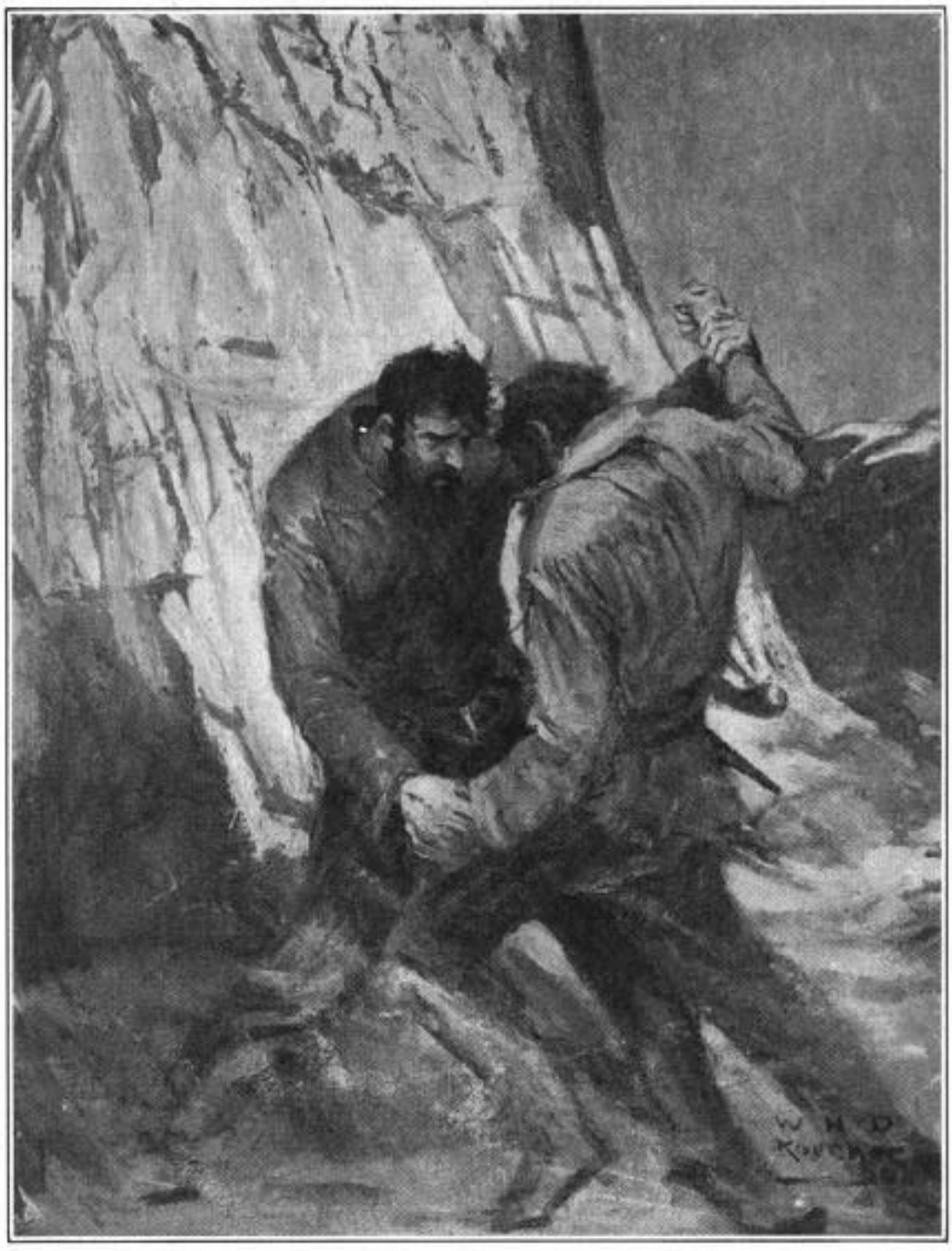
Suddenly she reached out a hand. He was gone.

One winter day, rattling over the icy fords of the road winding down the Sandy from the white Cascades, crossing the Clackamas, threading the intervening fringe of forest, there broke into the clearing at Oregon City the head of the wagon train of 1848. A fourth of the wagons abandoned and broken, a half of the horses and cattle gone since they had left the banks of the Columbia east of the mountains, the cattle leaning one against the other when they halted, the oxen stumbling and limping, the calluses of their necks torn, raw and bleeding from the swaying of the yokes on the rocky trail, their tongues out, their eyes glassy with the unspeakable toil they so long had undergone; the loose wheels wabbling, the thin hounds rattling, the canvas sagged and stained, the bucket under each wagon empty, the plow at each tail gate thumping in its lashings of rope and hide—the train of the covered wagons now had, indeed, won through.

On the front seat of the lead wagon sat stout Molly Wingate and her husband. Little Molly's cart came next. Alongside the Caleb Price wagon, wherein now sat on the seat—hugging a sore-footed dog whose rawhide boots had worn through—a long-legged, barefoot girl who had walked twelve hundred miles since spring, trudged Jed Wingate, now grown from a tousled boy into a lean, self-reliant young man. His long whip was used in baseless threatenings now, for any driver must spare cattle such as these, gaunt and hollow-eyed. Tobacco protuberant in cheek, his feet half bare, his trousers ragged and fringed to the knee, his sleeves rolled up over brown and brawny arms, Jed Wingate now was enrolled on the list of men.

"Gee-whoa-haw! You Buck an' Star, git along there!" So rose his voice, automatically but affectionately.

Certain French Canadians, old-time *engagés* of the fur posts, now become habitants, landowners, on their way home from Sunday chapel, hastened to summon others.



He Fought Fast and Furiously, Striving to Throw the Body of a Man Almost as Strong as Himself, and Now a Maniac in Rage

"The families have come!" they called at the Falls, as they had at Portland town.

But now, though safely enlarged at last of the confinement and the penalties of the wagon train, the emigrants, many of them almost destitute, none of them of great means, needed to cast about them at once for their locations and to determine what their occupations were to be. They scattered, each seeking his place, like new trout in a stream.

XLI

SAM WOODHULL carried in his pocket the letter which Will Banion had left for Molly Wingate at Cassia Creek in the Snake Valley, where the Oregon road forked for California. There was no post office there, yet Banion felt sure that his letter would find its way, and it had done so, save for the treachery of this one man. Naught had been sacred to him. He had read the letter without an instant's hesitation, feeling that anything was fair in his love for this woman, in his war with this man. Woodhull resolved that they should not both live.

He was by nature not so much a coward as a man without principle or scruple. He did not expect to be killed by Banion. He intended to use such means as would give Banion no chance. In this he thought himself fully justified, as a criminal always does.

But hurry as he might, his overdriven teams were no match for the tireless desert horse, the wiry mountain mount and the hardy mules of the tidy little pack train of Banion and his companion Jackson. These could go on steadily where wagons must wait. Their trail grew fainter as they gained.

At last, at the edge of a waterless march of whose duration they could not guess, Woodhull and his party were obliged to halt. Here by great good fortune they were overtaken by the swift pack train of Greenwood and his men, hurrying back with fresh animals on their return march to California. The two companies joined forces. Woodhull now had a guide. Accordingly when, after such dangers and hardships as then must be inevitable to men covering the gruesome trail between the Snake and the Sacramento, he found himself late that fall arrived west of the Sierras and in the gentler climate of the central valley, he looked about him with a feeling of exultation. Now, surely, fate would give his enemy into his hand.

Men were spilling south into the valley of the San Joaquin, coming north with proofs of the Stanislaus, the Tuolumne, the Merced. Greenwood insisted on working north into the country where he had found gold, along all the tributaries of the Sacramento. Even then, too, before the great year of '49 had dawned prospectors were pushing to the head of the creeks making into the American Fork, the Feather River, all the larger and lesser streams heading on the west slope of the Sierras; and Greenwood even heard of a band of men who had stolen away from the lower diggings and broken off to the north and east—some said, heading far up for the Trinity, though that was all unproved country as far as most knew.

And now the hatred in Woodhull's sullen heart grew hotter still, for he heard that not fifty miles ahead there had passed a quiet dark young man, riding a black Spanish horse; with him a bearded man who drove a little band of loaded mules! Thus, progress, so came the story, was up a valley whose head was impassable. The trail could not be obliterated back of them. They were in a trap of their own choosing. All that was needed was patience and caution.

Ships and wagon trains came in on the Willamette from the East. They met the coast news of gold.

Men of Oregon also left in a mad stampede for California. News came that all the world now was in the mines of California. All over the East, as the later ships also brought in reiterated news, the mad craze of '49 ever then was spreading.

But the men of '48 were in ahead. From them, scattering like driven game among the broken country over hundreds of miles of forest, plain, beneh land and valley land no word could come out to the waiting world. None might know the countless triumphs, the unnumbered tragedies—none ever did know.

There, beyond the law, one man might trail another with murder stronger than avarice in his heart, and never be the wiser. To hide secrets such as these the unfathomed mountains reached out their shadowy arms.

Now the winter wore on with such calendar as altitude, latitude, longitude gave it, and the spring of '49 came East and West, in Washington and New York; at Independence on the Missouri; at Deseret by the Great Salt Lake; in California; in Oregon.

Above the land of the early Willamette settlements forty or fifty miles up the Yamhill Valley, so a letter from

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Mrs. Caleb Price to her relatives in Ohio said, the Wingates, leaders of the train, had a beautiful farm, near by the Caleb Price mill, as it was known. They had up a good house of five rooms, and their cattle were increasing now. They had forty acres in wheat, with what help the neighbors had given in housing and planting; and wheat would run fifty bushels to the acre there. They had bought young trees for an orchard. Mrs. Wingate had planted roses; they now were fine. She believed they were as good as those she planted in Portland, when first she went through there—cuttings she had carried with her seed wheat in the bureau drawer, all the way across from the Sangamon. Yes, Jesse Wingate and his wife had done well. Molly, their daughter, was still living with them and still unmarried, she believed.

There were many things which Mrs. Caleb Price believed; also many things she did not mention.

She said nothing, for she knew nothing, of a little scene between these two as they sat on their little sawn-board porch before their door one evening, looking out over the beautiful and varied landscape that lay spread before them. Their wheat was in the green now. Their hogs reveled in their little clover field.

"We've done well, Jesse," at length said portly Molly Wingate. "Look at our place! A mile square, for nothing! We've done well, Jesse, I'll admit it."

"For what?" answered Jesse Wingate. "What's it for? What has it come to? What's it all about?"

He did not have any reply. When he turned he saw his wife wiping tears from her hard, lined face.

"It's Molly," said she.



He Put His Hands on Her Shoulders, Held Her Away at Arm's Length

XLII

FOLLOWING the recession of the snow, men began to push westward up the Platte in the great spring gold rush of 1849. In the forefront of these, outpacing them in his tireless fashion, now passed westward the greatest traveler of his day, the hunter and scout, Kit Carson. The new post of Fort Kearny on the Platte; the old one, Fort Laramie in the foothills of the Rockies—he touched them soon as the grass was green; and as the sun warmed the lunch grass slopes so that his horses could paw out a living, he crowded on westward. He was a month ahead of the date for the wagon trains at Fort Bridger.

"How, Chardon?" said he as he drove in his two light packs, riding alone as was his usual way, evading Indian eyes as he of all men best knew how.

"How, Kit? You're early. Why?" The trader's chief clerk turned to send a boy for Vasquez, Bridger's partner. "Light, Kit, and eat."

"Where's Bridger? I've come out of my country to see him. I have government mail—for Oregon."

"For Oregon? *Mon Dieu!* But Jeem"—he spread out his hands—"Jeem, he's dead, we'll think. We do not know. Now we know the gold news. Maybe so we know why Jeem he's gone!"

"Gone? When?"

"Las' H'august-Settemb'. H'all of an at once he took the trail after the h'emigrant train las' year. He'll caught him on Fort Hall, we'll heard. But then he go h'on with those h'emigrant beyon' Hall, beyon' the fork for Californ'. He'll not come back. No one know what has become of Jeem. He'll been dead, maybe so."

"Yes? Maybe so not! That old rat knows his way through the mountains, and he'll take his own time. You think he did not go on to California?"

"We'll know he'll didn't."

Carson stood in thought for a time.

"Well, it's bad for you, Chardon!"

"How you mean, M'sieu Kit?"

"Eat your last square meal. Saddle your best horse. Drive four packs and two saddle mounts along."

"*Oui?* And where?"

"To Oregon!"

"To Oregon? *Sacré 'Fan'!* What you mean?"

"By authority of the Government, I command you to carry this packet on to Oregon this season, as fast as safety may allow. Take a man with you—two; pick up any help you need. But go through.

"I cannot go further west myself, for I must get back to Laramie. I had counted on Jim, and Jim's post must see me through. Make your own plans to start to-morrow morning. I'll arrange all that with Vasquez."

"But, M'sieu Kit, I cannot!"

"But you shall, you must, you will! If I had a better man I'd send him, but you are to do what Jim wants done."

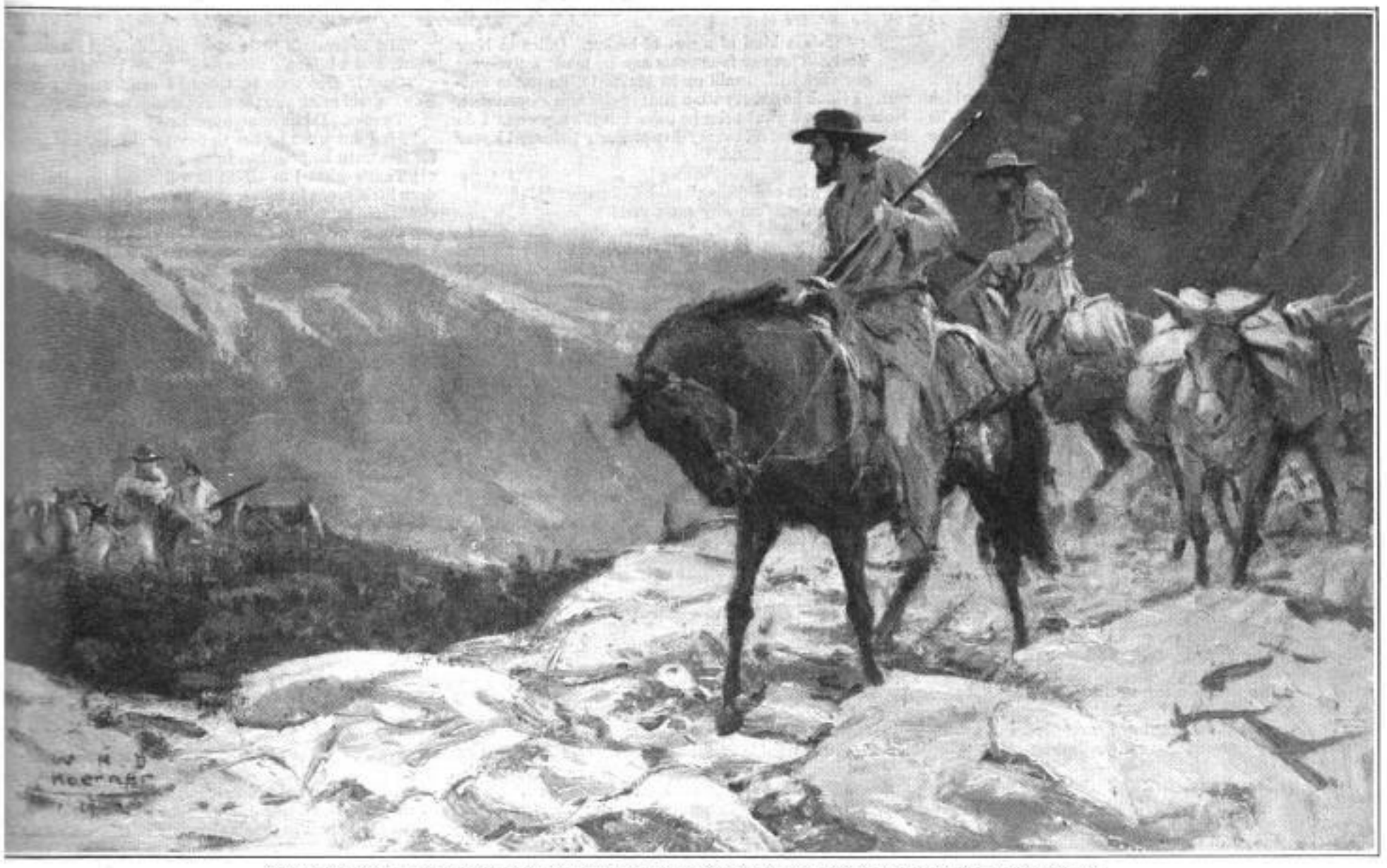
"*Mais oui*, of course."

"Yes. And you'll do what the President of the United States commands."

"*Bon Dieu*, Kit!"

"That packet is over the seal of the United States of America, Chardon. It carries the signature of the President. It was given to the Army to deliver. The Army has given it to me. I give it to you, and you must go. It is for Jim. He would know. It must be placed in the hands of the circuit judge acting under the laws of Oregon, whoever he may be, and wherever. Find him in the Willamette country. Your pay will be more than you think, Chardon. Jim would know. Dead or alive, you do this for him.

(Continued on Page 40)



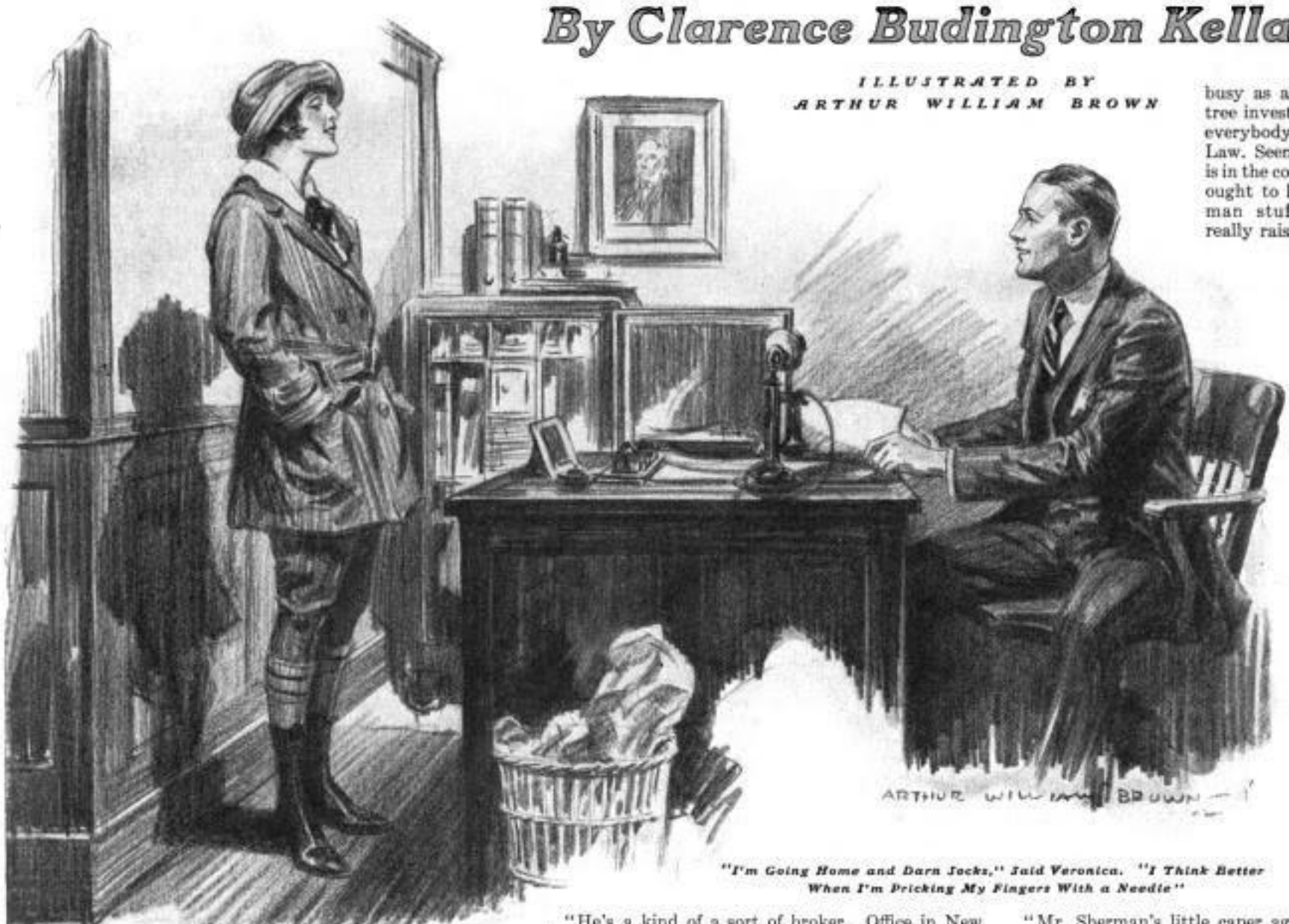
Each Man Now Drew His Rifle From the Swing Loop. But They Advanced With the Appearance of Confidence

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TILL THE JOINT CRACKED

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN



"I'm Going Home and Darn Socks," Said Veronica. "I Think Better When I'm Pricking My Fingers With a Needle"

TED PETERS was examining the stock sheets which showed the contents of the huge warehouse, and he derived little if any pleasure from the perusal. The mill had been in operation now for some months. Difficulties and accidents attendant upon the starting of a new mill had proved to be fewer than expected, and were readily overcome. The mill was efficient and economical. Timber costs were as low as those of any competitor, and as for labor, there was a slight advantage over most. Ted knew he was doing as good a job of manufacturing as any woodenware concern in the country, but when it came to sales—well, if it weren't for hardwood lumber he'd have been seriously worried.

"Shipped three cars last week when we should have shipped ten," he said to Veronica, who waggled her bobbed head and looked serious.

"Why?" she demanded.

"We've got seventy thousand boxes of clothespins stacked in the warehouse, and about fifty millions of wire-end dishes," he said, continuing his own line of thought. "Nothing's moving, and when we do ship a car we get nothing for it."

"Why?"

"On the present market—our list less two fives—after we pay commission and freight, we're getting just about a dollar for five gross of clothespins. Believe me, we have to hustle to manufacture them for that. Don't believe there's a cent profit."

"Why?"

"And wire-ends! You expect clothespins to go to the devil. They're usually there. My experience is the mills run along for ten years and barely get by, and then comes a good year when there's a clean-up. One year out of ten. But dishes! No reason why we shouldn't always get a decent price. We'd be making a decent profit at the market now—if we could move any. But we can't."

"Why?"

"Pazzy Hickson," said Ted.

"And who, if it's a question a wife may ask without blushing, is Pazzy?"

"Pazzy," said Ted, "holds at this minute the world's championship belt for price cutting."

"That's what he is, not who."

"He's a kind of a sort of broker. Office in New York. Three or four years ago he made a five-year contract with a mill up in Maine for its entire output. I think he did it with a gun; or else he's a hypnotist. Nobody knows what price he pays, but it's a peach. I do know he's picking off twenty-five or thirty thousand a year without lifting his hand."

"How?"

"Selling wire-end dishes," said Ted patiently.

"If he can sell 'em why can't you?"

"Because," said Ted, "his confounded mill manufactures just enough to upset the market. The general price—and it's been maintained pretty well in spite of everything—is two fives off list. Well, Pazzy doesn't have to worry about market price. He don't care how much money his mill loses. So what does he do?"

"Yes, yes. What does he do?"

"Goes around selling for a price that equals about four fives off our list. Just laziness. If he'd cut one five it wouldn't be bad. He could sell all his stuff with that advantage, but he'd rather wear his pants shiny and have jobbers come to him—which they will for two fives. See? And when the market knows dishes are being sold at his price it's natural they shouldn't buy at ours. They're all laying back, taking less than they can get along on, and waiting for a bust."

"Which," said Veronica, "it looks as if they would get."

"It does," said Ted, "unless something can be done with Pazzy."

"Such as?"

"Pushing him off a mountain," said Ted.

"He'd never agree to it."

"Probably not, but it's the only thing I can see."

"Has anybody talked to him?"

"Talked! They've shouted!"

"What does he say?"

"Just grins—and rakes in his twenty-five thousand."

"Why not make it easy for him?" Veronica asked. "It must be some trouble to sell a lot of folks. If you went to him and bought his whole output at, say, four fives off, or maybe a shade under, you could have them packed under our imprint and sell 'em again—at our price."

"I've thought of it, but I'm afraid of the cars."

"Why?"

"Restraint of trade. Just now, when every industry needs to be let alone, or helped out, the Government gets as busy as a squirrel in a hickory tree investigating everything and everybody under the Sherman Law. Seems to me, when business is in the condition it's in now, they ought to kind of store the Sherman stuff—except where it's really raising the devil."

"You mean it would be illegal?"

"I'm afraid it would. You never can tell until they land on you."

"Isn't the Government silly!" said Veronica.

"It has frequently been considered so by our best minds," said Ted. "But we're prejudiced. We have to make a living."

"There must be some legal way," said Veronica. "There always is."

"If you can find it," Ted said, "I'll buy you a large stick of candy."

"Why don't all the manufacturers get together and agree on a price—a price that will give them a reasonable profit? Then everybody would be on the same footing?"

"Mr. Sherman's little caper again. Jail for a million years, and a billion dollars fine."

"Ouch! Don't do it, then. I can't spare you—yet. But I would bring you the nicest things to eat in your cell."

"Thanks. I'd have no appetite."

"Find out what he has to pay for dishes, and then sell for less until he promises to be good."

"That's what I'm afraid it will come to. But there's darn little profit in selling goods at a loss. Though a lot of clothespin mills seem to have done it for fifty years."

"I'm going home and darn socks," said Veronica. "I think better when I'm pricking my fingers with a needle."

"Ain't she domestic!" said Ted admiringly. "Though I must say she don't look it."

"What do I look?" she demanded with a frown of terrible ferocity.

"Lovely," he said.

"Just for that I'll abolish Pazzy Hickson for you," she said.

"Please do it to-day. You see we have twelve clothespin machines, and each of them is grinding out seventy five-gross boxes a day. That makes six hundred and four thousand, eight hundred pins every eight hours. Also we are making about twenty wire-ends every second—and they pile up. Stab your fingers hard, honey."

"To the bone," she said.

A young assistant bookkeeper came in with the afternoon mail and laid it on Ted's desk. The top letter bore the return address of his salesman in Boston, and Ted opened it with hopes of an order. It was a long letter, but it was not an order.

"At last," said the letter, "we've got a look in on the New World Chain Stores. Their trade is all cash and carry. As nearly as I can get the figures they will use upwards of twenty carloads a year. If we can land this I think I can grab off their clothespin line, special packages with their imprint. They buy pins f. o. b. the mill, drop shipments. There'd be no commissions to pay, and it seems to me, on this volume of dish business, you could see your way clear to making some concession on price. The fly in the amber is Pazzy Hickson. Saw him in town. He's fluttering around, and Pazzy always has his ear to the ground. If he's got wind of this we're ditched. Wire instructions."

Now a contract for twenty carloads a year was a matter not to be sneezed at. Besides the money involved was the

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aspect of enlarging the wood-dish field by that much. It would benefit everybody dealing in woodenware. An absorption of twenty carloads by a previous nonconsumer would be an unmixed benefit to the industry. Ted made up his mind to have that business if it could be gotten. He wired, but not instructions.

"Will arrive morning train," his telegram read.

Immediately he called Veronica on the telephone.

"Sheath your needle," he said, "and hide the socks behind the dresser. We leave for Boston to-night. Pack what I'll need."

"Goody!" Veronica said. "I've been just dying to see a street car and eat French pastry!"

As they sat in their section that evening Veronica asked questions.

"What's our price on one-pound dishes, delivered in Boston?" she asked.

"Two eighty-seven, less two fives. Why?"

"And we ship about six hundred thousand to a car?"

"Correct, but ——"

"That makes up a minimum weight of twenty-four thousand pounds?"

"My dear, you're learning the business. But what's the weighty idea?"

"Um." Veronica pursued her own line of thought, chasing it up through her bobbed hair with slender fingers. Veronica always rumpled her hair when she was thinking. "And a car with the usual assortment of dishes from quarter-pounds to fives would run about ——"

"Say eighteen hundred dollars."

"And a hundred cars like that would cost a hundred and eighty thousand, wouldn't they?"

"Also a thousand would cost ——"

"Shush! What sort of man is this Pazzy Hickson?"

"He's the kind," said Ted, "who could sell corned beef and cabbage to a man with chronic dyspepsia. He's a salesman, lady."

"Is that all?"

"What do you want him to be—a piccolo player?"

"A business man. Is he that?"

"He's a reacher."

"Which means?"

"He would stretch his arm out of the socket reaching for something that looked good—without stopping to figure who was going to set the joint for him."

"And you said he was lazy?"

"All of him but his lower, or working, jaw."

"I think I sort of, kind of, after a fashion, like his specifications."

She peered out of the window for fifteen minutes and gaily waggled her head at her husband when he tried to become conversational.

"Play with your watch charm a little while, honey," she said, "or do mental arithmetic. I'm buzzing, and think I'm going to find a place to light."

He waited with what patience he could muster until she spoke again.

"Suppose," she said, "I went to the millinery shop, and there was a hat in the window and I wanted it so badly I ordered four—and when the milliner found out she couldn't get the two—after she'd agreed to sell me the four I wanted. What would happen?"

"The jury would pronounce you insane without leaving their seats."

"But if I did—and she did?"

"Why, you could go out on the open market and buy two more hats and make your milliner pay you the difference between what you were compelled to pay, and what she promised to sell you for."

"How lovely! Call the porter. I want to sleep on the idea."

In the morning they were driven to their hotel, and shortly afterward to the sales office of the Peters company. Billy Pett, the sales manager, was waiting for them.

"I've had a talk with the chain-store folks," he said with satisfaction. "The buyer's a buddy of mine, and he says I can have the contract—if we'll meet the price. On an equal basis we can have the business."

"What price has been quoted?" Ted asked.

"I saw a letter from Pazzy offering dishes at four fives off our list."

"Just a minute," said Veronica. "You and Ted are going to have a row."

"Eh?" said Billy, startled out of his complacence. "Why? What for?"

"Because I need a row to make me enjoy my lunch. It's going to be a public row. A noisy row. You're going to argue, and then, Mr. Pett, you're going to quit us cold. Throw up your job and go home with all your playthings."

"I am, eh? What's it all about, Mr. Peters?"

"Don't know. But if she says it's so—why, it's so."

"The row comes," she said, "just after you make sure of the chain-store contract."

"At four fives?"

"Yes, in your own name—as broker. You agree to deliver personally. Will they accept that?"

"Yes."

"Get it quick, and meet here. Ted says Mr. Hickson stops at the Parker House."

In an hour Pett returned with his bit of work accomplished.

"Now for the rumpus," said Veronica. "Listen, while I make it all clear."

She did so for fifteen minutes; then they took a taxi to the Parker House and strolled into the lobby.

"Is he here?" Veronica asked.

"He's over at that writing desk," Pett said, and pointed.

"Edge over where he can't miss a word, and start your wrangle," she directed.

It was a splendid, realistic, convincing wrangle. They began mildly arguing a difference in sales policy. The argument continued. It became acrimonious.

Finally Pett, at the top of his lungs, shouted, "I'm through! I can't sell goods with such backing. I quit. I'm out. Run your show any way you like, but you can't crack that kind of whip over me! I'm done!"

He turned on his heel and rushed away with a rage that was both pleasing and convincing to Mr. Pazzy Hickson, who had missed no word of the debate. He arose leisurely and followed Mr. Pett, overtaking him before he reached Tremont Street.

"Mornin', Pett," he said.

"Arr-rrh!" Pett responded savagely.

"How's business?"

"To blazes with business!"

"What's eatin' you? Climb out over the foot of the bed?"

"I've quit Peters."

"Shucks!"

"I've quit him, and when I quit, I quit. With business in my pocket too. I'm carting a twenty-car contract, and he wouldn't take it. Wouldn't cut a couple of fives. And I can land the Stump Brothers for another forty or fifty cars too."

Stump Brothers were a colossal woodenware house with branches all over the country, notorious for close buying and price cutting. They bought in enormous quantities, and then distributed just enough under the market to upset matters.

"I can land forty cars for delivery within twelve months. And he won't take that. I'm through."

"What you figger to do?"

"Buy a shoe-shining parlor," said Pett.

"Um. Mebby you and me can squeeze somethin' out of this. You've got the inside track with Peters' customers. You got sixty cars to start with. How if you and me tie up, eh? Come on where we can talk."

"I'm through working for anybody," said Pett. "I'm going to be my own boss. I can sell woodenware too. By gosh, I know what I'll do! I'll open a brokerage office. That's what I'll do! And I'll make Peters wish his neck wasn't so darned stiff. Before I get through with him he'll be glad to sell for a lot more'n four fives off."

"Say, Pett, you know I ain't interested in dishes except as a side line. Other fish to fry. Got this here contract and I'm ridin' it high and handsome. No trouble to sell—at two fives under you fellows. Jest sit and let her roll in—kind of."

"With about twenty trips to see the trade every year," said Pett.

"Oh, the's nuisance connected with it, I admit. Say, how many dishes d'you calc'late you can move?"

"Give me a price and I can move all there are."

"How does four fives off hit you?"

"Where'd I get mine?" Pett asked.

"Five per cent commission comin' to you."

"No more commission for me. From now on Billy Pett is Billy Pett's boss. But, say ——" He paused as if an attractive idea had presented itself.

"Go ahead."

(Continued on Page 36)



"I Cannot Tell a Lie. I Did it With My Little Bobbed Head"

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 20, 1922

The Vanishing Wilderness

BY THE simple process of pausing and looking backward a few thousand years every once in a while we may rather safely arrive at the general conclusion that times do change.

We are moved to these general reflections upon the mutability of human affairs by our growing conviction that the out-of-doors people are not keeping up with the times. We ought to take a look once in a while at our sporting methods, so far as they have to do with our fields of sport in America—the methods, manners and means which we employ to exhaust our own resources.

We go on improving the deadly appliances for killing off our fish and game, and that man is most beloved of his fellows who tells us where a new field of sport may be found, whether in the United States, in Canada, Africa or Alaska. Once found, we exhaust it as fast as we can.

Improved transportation is the greatest enemy out-of-doors ever had. The cheap car has helped kill more fish and game than the cheap shotgun or the cheap fishing rod or the improved rifle. We cannot go back to the flintlock or the bow and arrow, or the horse and side-bar buggy. If we intend to stick we have got to change. If we intend to have any out-of-door America left we have got to change mighty soon.

The immediate reason for these animadversions upon our wholly human fatuousness lies in a few casual columns of the sporting page of a daily newspaper. A paragraph mentions the safe arrival at Nome of a couple of airships which started somewhere in one of our Eastern states—to-day they are back safe. Elsewhere one reads the further casual mention that two or three of our airships safely arrived at Hazelton, British Columbia. Yet another dispatch says two Canadians have just left Halifax, Nova Scotia, for Vancouver, British Columbia, by air. Still another mentions ten-hour airship service between Seattle and Skagway, Alaska.

We might all of us just as well rub our eyes and wake up to the fact that the populations of the world are fluid to-day; that the interintelligences of the world are almost instantaneous; that the new transportation of to-day has altered the wilderness absolutely and irrevocably.

What are we going to do about it? Some day we shall rub our eyes, wake up and do something which will show our latent conviction that the out-of-doors life of a man is not meant to be wiped out absolutely; that it has its place in the economy of things as much as life under a roof; is as needful, as helpful, as vital.

If we hold anything we have got to fight for it—fight intelligently and with the methods of to-day, not of yesterday. These changes are coming. The mere forces of commercialism and self-interest cannot stop them. If you don't believe that, read the daily papers and see how short a distance it is from Washington to Nome to-day.

The wilderness must have defenses built for it, supported by the united intelligence of men in tune with to-day.

A Warning to Widows

THE ease with which the average widow without business training and with no banker to advise her can be wheedled into putting her husband's life-insurance money into wildcat stocks by the first slick salesman who approaches her is proverbial. Any lawyer or banker can cite a dozen cases in which the entire savings of a thrifty man's lifetime, amassed by years of sacrifice and self-denial, were swept away simply because a widow or orphan trusted one of the slick crooks who rob women for a livelihood.

Now comes Mr. Byron W. Moser, president of a St. Louis banking institution, with a simple and practical suggestion for minimizing this peculiarly contemptible form of swindling. Mr. Moser's plan is to attach to every life-insurance policy a warning against yielding to the blandishments of these crooks; and in order to make the warning as impressive as possible he would have it issued over the facsimile signature of the President of the United States and reënforced by confirmation of the policyholder. The originator of this idea is free to concede that the wording of the following tentative form drawn up by him may be improved; but he is convinced that it is well considered in scope and substance:

A GOVERNMENT WARNING TO BENEFICIARIES OF LIFE-INSURANCE POLICIES

United States Government statistics, as well as figures and facts obtained from insurance companies, banks, trust companies and other reliable sources throughout the United States, show that millions of dollars are lost annually by those who make unwise and unsafe investments. The sad part is that most of the money is lost by those who cannot afford to lose it. This is especially true of widows and others who receive insurance money after the death of the policyholder.

In many cases friends of the family, whose intentions are the very best, advise widows to invest their insurance money in securities that they think are safe, but often as a result every dollar of the money is lost. In other instances unscrupulous salesmen induce the beneficiaries to invest in worthless securities, and all the money is lost. As a result the widow is compelled to go to work or to ask support of her family or of her husband's family.

This warning is issued in the hope that all insurance companies will attach a copy to every policy issued hereafter and inclose a copy with every check sent out in settlement of a death claim.

(Signed)_____
President of the United States.

To_____
(Fill in name of beneficiary.)

I have read the above warning and it is my wish that you be extremely careful with the insurance money. I have taken this insurance to protect you—not to help someone else to get rich.

(Signed)_____
(To be signed by policyholder.)

Mr. Moser's plan is so simple and has such obvious merit that the life-insurance companies might very well ask presidential coöperation in carrying it out.

Protection to the Farmer

CONGRESS has been in the throes of tariff legislation. In the past, tariff legislation has always included a considerable amount of politics. A British historian of legislation once stated that no tariff had ever been framed in any country on a foundation of trade data. We have a tariff commission. It has issued a number of reports. But the first draft of the projected legislation gives evidence that the proposed duties deviate from the injunctions of experience. In other directions we observe divergence between what is presumably designed and what is actually undertaken.

An illuminating illustration is to be observed in the duties to be levied on raw agricultural materials and their manufactured products. Accepting the position that import duties are to be erected to give the home market to the American producer, it follows that the rate of duty to be placed on the principal product must correspond to that on the raw material. It would be absurd to set a high duty on sheep and a low duty on mutton and wool if the sheep raiser is to be given the home market. But precisely that has been done with some commodities. The situation may be illustrated with four materials—wheat, flaxseed, wool and vegetable oils.

In the emergency tariff bill the duty on wheat was fixed at 35 cents a bushel, and on flour 20 per cent ad valorem. In January of this year the price of standard patent flour in Canada was seven dollars a barrel. Six bushels of wheat were required to make such a barrel of flour. If the six bushels of wheat had been imported the duty would have been 210 cents. At the ad valorem rate on flour the duty was 140 cents. Early in April the price of the same flour in Canada had risen to eight dollars a barrel. This made the flour duty 160 cents as against 210 cents for the wheat. If the tariff were compensatory the duty on the flour should be at least 210 cents a barrel, the same as the duty on the wheat required to make the barrel of flour.

In the emergency tariff bill the duty on flaxseed was fixed at 30 cents a bushel, and on linseed oil at 10 cents a gallon. A bushel of flaxseed is equivalent to two gallons of linseed oil. This makes the duty on the seed 50 per cent higher than on the oil.

In the emergency tariff bill the duty on clothing wools was set at 30 cents a pound, equal to 60 cents a pound scoured. This is equivalent to nearly 90 cents a pound wool in the cloth. The duty on wool in the fabric was set at 45 cents a pound, half the figure on wool in the raw state.

The results in the cases have been, naturally, to repress the importations of wheat, flaxseed and wool, and stimulate the importation of wheat flour, linseed oil and woolen cloth. Each unit of finished goods imported seizes as much of the home market of the farmer as though the corresponding volume of raw material had been imported and passed through manufacture here. The lower duty on the finished manufactured goods therefore defeats in part the object of the duty on the raw material, the protection of the farmer. Indirect protection afforded by duty on finished goods has the same meaning for the farmer as duty directly on raw material. The duties should be the same for corresponding quantities of raw materials and finished goods—that is, compensating.

In the case of vegetable oils a different procedure was followed in the emergency tariff bill. Duties were levied on cottonseed, peanuts and soy beans, also on the expressed oils. No duties were placed on copra and palm kernels, but were levied on the expressed oils. The duties on the expressed oils are fairly compensatory to those on the seeds and nuts. Why the correct procedure was followed with the common vegetable oils and not with linseed oil is not stated.

It is to the interest of the farmer to export his products in the manufactured state whenever possible. Whenever agricultural products are imported they should be in the raw state if possible. Manufacturing operations give employment to labor and capital. The larger the volume of manufacture the greater the efficiency. Each million barrels of flour imported makes the grinding of domestic wheat more expensive. Wheat ground in this country leaves the mill feed here. We require in this country a large volume of linseed oil in excess of our production of flaxseed; we must import seed or oil. If we import seed and grind here the meal is a contribution to the country; it equals an importation of fertilizer. In no way is the farmer preferentially benefited by the importation of competing agricultural products in the finished state rather than raw; quite the contrary.

Whatever may be the merit of protection to the farmer, this is to be attained only by direct duties on raw materials and equitably compensating duties on goods manufactured from those raw materials. Tariff legislation must be consistent if established trade and manufacture are not to be disrupted.

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The Young Man in Journalism

A Consideration of Newspaper Composition and the Use of Words

By CHESTER S. LORD

THE young man just starting in journalism is asked to write in the simplest words and the shortest sentences at his command. He is told that the reader wants facts rather than elegance of expression and that the plainest language is the best newspaper style.

By plain language is not meant the language of the child's primer, but rather the use of good Saxon concrete nouns and active verbs in sentences not embellished with verbose phrases. Nevertheless, when editors tell the young reporter to use the plainest language they mean, usually, that they will be satisfied with it in his routine reporting. But they encourage also the study of how to produce rich effects by the use of familiar words, how to write not only with steadiness and strength but also with those little embellishments of incidental word and phrase that lift the work out of the commonplace. And they unceasingly urge the necessity of good writing—for not anywhere is good writing appreciated more than in a newspaper office.

To write the simple language requires much study and practice—more, indeed, than to write the other kind. It is natural for people, children especially, to use simple words, but the schools and colleges have taught, until within a few years, the writing of rather high-sounding prose. Textbooks have reflected Doctor Johnson's ornate paragraphs, Macaulay's massive profundities, Washington Irving's beautifully rounded florid sentences, and Sir Walter Scott's superlatives. For years and years they were commended to students of literature for imitation. The effect of this teaching remains. We find it difficult to write with the same simplicity with which we talk.

Old-School Standards

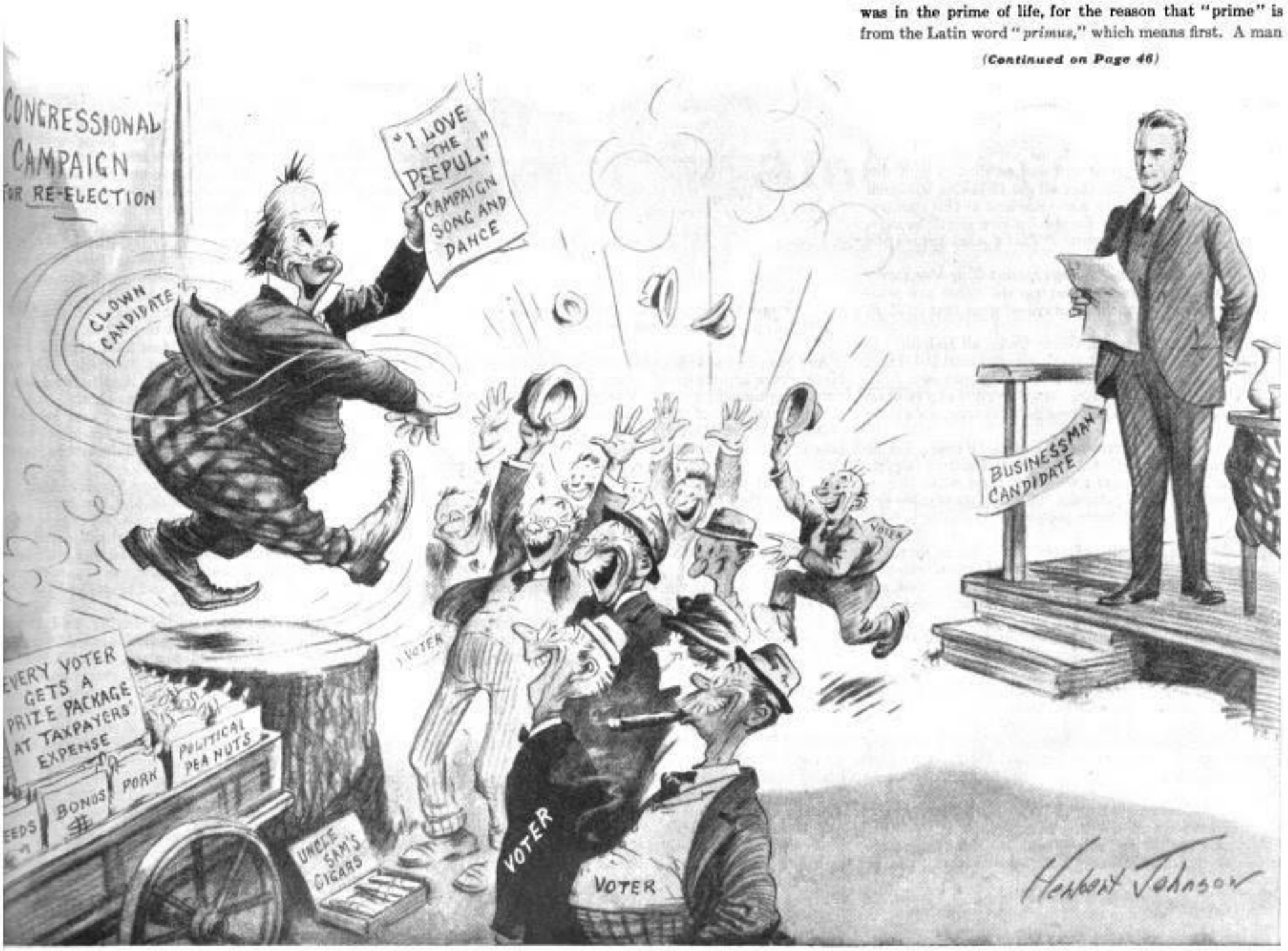
THE editor gave fine advice to the cartoonist from whom he wanted an article. Said the cartoonist: "He just offered me one suggestion inasmuch as I was not a regular writer—that I refrain from trying to write and simply tell in my own words as though I were telling it to my wife." That's it—refrain from trying to write if you wish to write in simple language and simple style.

Write as you talk if you are a good talker; hundreds of articles of advice have urged to that kind of composition. But almost all talk is without study, is commonplace, is not the expression of consecutive thought, is disjointed construction. It is notorious that dictated articles have less finish than those penned, although they may have more kick. Emerson says, "The speech of the street is incomparably more forceful than the speech of the academy."

The newspaper editors of fifty years ago urged their staffs to a nicety of literary expression. Writers were yet under the influence of the Victorian Age of literature and the study of literature was popular. The proper use of words had much attention, and so did the construction of sentences. William Cullen Bryant had inspired the staff of the Evening Post of New York to excellence in the creation of English prose. Manton Marble, a fine writer himself, insisted on good writing in the World. The New York Tribune took pride in its correct use of language. Almost all publications had a printed index expurgatorius or a catalogue of "don'ts." Richard Grant White's book, Words and Their Uses, was on nearly every editor's desk and was the subject of much criticism as well as praise.

Mr. Dana had no patience with slovenly writing. He knew his Greek and Latin and half a score of other languages so well that the derivation of an English word came to him almost instantly, and he objected to its misuse. The plea that a word was in common use did not appeal to him. He did not heed the dictionary definition. He knew the origin of the word as well as did the maker of the dictionary. I have mentioned in a previous article that he objected to saying of a middle-aged man that he was in the prime of life, for the reason that "prime" is from the Latin word "*primus*," which means first. A man

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BUSINESS VERSUS BALLYHOO

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BUMPED

By GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

THEY'RE bumping—said the fat foreman—since this war come on, more than ever they were. For it's all over now—with the station agents and the clerks and all in under the seniority rules. But the worst I ever saw began when them engineers started in on that Englishman.

'Tis in the fall they bump them mostly—when they take off them temporary summer-vacation runs; and all the crews on them have to place themselves regular again—some always bumping somebody else out of their job because of seniority. And it was so this time. And the time of year naturally made it worse.

All that hot seething weather they had that summer helped start the thing along, of course—as you'd know yourself if you sat much in the cab, feeling your hide peel off your back and roll up with the heat like burning shavings in a bonfire. It gets on your nerves, that's all, as the lobster said, when they asked about boiling him—and always does. And toward the end of summertime they get so—them engineers—that if you pick a hair off their coat collar they'll reach over and smash you. But mostly, each knowing how the other one feels, they sit still and simmer and boil softly inside—until something suddenly starts up the boiling—and they blow! And this time it was this Englishman I was telling you of, this Halpin, his name was—Oliver Cromwell Halpin—that done it.

It seems they none of them liked him overmuch, he taking everything up and down—in the English perpendicular style, as a feller says to me once—whatever that means! Always a kind of stiff and sorehead. And this particular summer finally they all got to jawing with him about who it was won the war—England or this country.

"Bulldog grit—the old English bulldog grit!" he says, starting taking all the credit. "That's what turned the trick."

"You heard what our fellows were telling them over there," says Tom Nugent—who was the josher and practical joker around the lobby always—"what that A. E. F. meant?"

"What's that?" says old Oliver Cromwell Halpin.

"After England failed," he says, giving him that old one.

But it made him as mad as if it was brand new.

"We'd show you," he says, "if we ever got at you once. Let the English and the Yankees get at it once, we'd show you!"

And that made him friends, of course, all over. For he was like all the English—not so much to start the talking, but never seeing a signal set against them when they're once under way. And naturally, with this line of conversation, he got more and more popular in the lobby—especially that weather.

And then this Nugent—who started it, you might say—run across another engineer, an old boy that had been on a summer run up in the mountains for his health, and was coming back to place himself in the regular runs again, according to his seniority.

"Will you do something for me?" says Nugent to him, the idea striking him all of a sudden.

"What?"

"If it was fixed right, would you bump Old Ironsides," he says—"the Duke of London—up to the other end of the line? You're longer in the service than he is," he says.

"I dunno," says the old feller—half smiling and half serious—for this Englishman was held in the same high estimation now by one and all. But finally he done it; and the idea was popular.

"It'll get him and his English bulldog grit out from our conversation for a while," they says.

And sure enough the run he had to choose to get the next-best choice had its end at the other end of the division.

But somebody must have told him just how it come, for he didn't blame the one that done it—he went right back of him and held Nugent responsible for putting him up to it.

"Bumped!" he says. "I've been bumped! I've been pushed out of my 'ouse and 'ome. They wouldn't be allowed to do this in England. An Englishman's 'ouse is his carstle."

And they all laughed—one starting, and the rest following—for they couldn't help it.

"Larf," he says. "Larf. I'll larf you. I'll show you something about bumping, maybe, you don't know! I'll show you," he says, walking up and standing in front of Nugent, "how an Englishman bumps! You wait," he says. "I travel light. Only me and my daughter." For his wife was dead. "I can go. But wait till there's some of you who pull up with your five and six children, and go marching."



"I Seen the Grandest and Most Ravishing Girl at the Dance Last Night"

And then he went off to the other end of the line; took his furniture and his daughter and everything. And most everybody thought no more about it—except they saw he never noticed any of them, passing them on the road.

But after that there was a kind of a funny thing happened; the old devil went and bid in a new run that everybody knew was just temporary, and paying way under what he was pulling down already.

"What's the idea?" they was asking one another.

"I'll tell you what's the idea—if you want to know," says little Jockey Kernochen, who always had the news on him. "He's getting ready to come back."

"Where?"

"On the return bump, when this summer run is over; and he has the right to."

And sure enough the minute that temporary run was done—and he was out of one—back he come and bumped Nugent out of his. He said nothing—just bumped him.

It was a great surprise to Nugent, for being so much younger in the service and so much farther down the line—nobody'd ever have dreamt he'd bump him. And if it was a jolt to Nugent, that was nothing to what it was to his wife, for they had been fixed comfortable where they was, and now they had the choice either of moving out of town to the other end of the line, like the Englishman had done, or staying there and taking up with a poor and discommoding run with less money.

But finally they chose to stay, for one reason because where they were, at that end of the line, their boy Tommy—who they was trying to put through medical school and make a doctor—could be boarding with them. But Nugent's wife was near crazy. It ain't the easiest thing, nor the best for your temper, being the wife of a josher and practical joker for twenty-five years, and this thing of having Nugent bumped into a night run with less money didn't make her temper any smoother.

It didn't improve it much neither when her boy, Tommy, come in and told her one morning what he did.

"Gee, ma," he says, "I seen the grandest and most ravishing girl at the dance last night. A wonder—you never seen such a dream!"

"What was her name?" she says to him.

"Halpin."

"Halpin!" she says. "What Halpin? What's her first name?"

"Maude," he says.

"Don't you never see her again!" she says to him, blazing. "Let alone speaking to her!"

"Why not?"

"She's the daughter of that man that bumped your father," she says to him.

"Oh, ma," he says in a sad, disappointed voice, "she can't be. He's up at the other end of the division, living now."

"They've moved back now, haven't they," she says, "naturally? Now that he's took your father's run?"

And after a while he saw she must be right. She convinced him.

"I wouldn't have believed it," he says. "She was so young and quiet and innocent looking."

"There's something wrong with her, you can count on that," she says, "with a father that deliberately done what he done to us—bump us, for no reason at all!" For Nugent, her husband, hadn't never told her how he'd started it all with his advice, fooling. "He's the worst enemy your father's got," she says. "We know that. He's thinking and considering all the time how to damage him."

But just that minute, when she was saying this, old Oliver Cromwell's mind was starting getting off her husband and onto bigger things—bigger game, you might say. For bumping naturally don't affect just one man or one family on a railroad—each one bumped out of his job having the right to bump somebody lower'n him in time of service; and before this little first move of the Englishman for his rights was done, eleven engineers and eleven families had been bumped out of their runs, and some of them had had to leave town entirely. And so their bumper was no more popular than he ever was—much less so! And they were making all kinds of cracks at him.

He said nothing back much, but it gave him something to think about on his runs—a new zest in life, as the advertising feller says about the breakfast food. And any man could see there was something on his mind. He went muttering and speaking to no one. And just as soon as them temporary summer-vacation runs started up in the mountains at the other end of the line, and he started loose again and bid in one of them, there was quite a lot of suspicion—though naturally they couldn't foresee just how much was coming.

"What! Move again, pop?" says his daughter. She was quite a girl now, well grown up and handsome.

"Do what your old pop says," he told her. "He knows."

So off they moves to the other end of the division, in the summer-resort country; and nobody thought much about them any more till in the fall when the summer season ended—all at once the blow fell, and he pushed back into the regular line again.

Then all together they started raving and roaring: "Bumped! Bumped! He's come back again!"

You'd think he'd sat and planned all summer with terrible and diabolical cunning to get every man in the service that had ever laughed at him. Though of course it wasn't so—they got it as it come to them, each bumping the other down; for now, being one of the oldest men on the line, Old Ironsides had jumped back up almost to the top of the list when the end of the summer left him free to choose—and they all went bumping down under him. There was some twenty-seven men and families he got this time; and thirteen had either to pull up and change the end of the line they lived on or split their family life all to smithereens with their new runs.

"What'll we do?" they was all saying to one another. "What'll we do to him?"

And the local chairman of the brotherhood went in and talked to him.

"We'll try reasoning with him first," he says, "and see what that'll do."

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Campbells' BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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But it didn't do nothing.

"Did you stand there larfing," he says to the local chairman, "with the rest of them—when that pig-nosed Nugent kicked me out of my good home—or didn't you?"

"I don't think I did, no," says the local chairman, knowing full well he had. "I didn't mean to, anyhow."

"The bulldog breed," he says, staring at him. "The bulldog breed. An Englishman's 'ome is his carstle," he says, "and they don't push and bump him out of it for nothing," he says, "nor larf when they're seeing it done."

"Well," says the local chairman, "you've had your turn and bumped," he says. "Now let bygones be bygones."

"Not till one and all apologoyze to me," says the Englishman. "Nugent first, in person, and then the remainder—in writing—for what they done to me—like ruffians."

And the local chairman seen at once how likely that would be. "If you won't do it for nothing else," he says, still going on reasoning with him—trying to—"do it for the union. You know how sore the other side—the management—is on this seniority rule always, and this will only make more trouble—for all of us."

"It's my right under the rules," says the Englishman, "when a new run is put on, to go and bid it in, ain't it, if I've got the seniority?"

"It is," he says.

"And if it's a temporary run," he says, "and I find myself out of a job when it's over, then I've got a right to bump back into the line, where my seniority entitles me to, ain't I?"

"You have," says he.

"Then what're you hollering about?" he says. "Them's my rights and I know them. And I'll keep using them, round and round, till I see fit to stop."

"Suppose the union took action against you?" says the local chairman, getting warmed up.

"Let them," he says, "if they can! I know my rights. And I stand on them when it comes time. For an Englishman knows his rights and holds to them—the bulldog breed. And I'm of the bulldog breed, I am," he says. "I know my rights. But I always keep inside them too. You never yet found anything against me as a member of the union, and you won't," he says.

And the local chairman could not deny it, for he knew 'twas so.

"Then you'll not stop?" he says.

"You heard my terms," he answers. "They can take them or lump them. But I'll say this to you open: If they don't take them and apologoyze I'll keep right on my rights, bumping. And the next time it will be terrible."

They got in a bad row then, and the local chairman left him, seeing now just how much good reasoning done. He'd got to try something else than reasoning with him, he saw that plain.

"There's one thing, anyway," says the boys to him when he come back, "he can't turn himself loose again probably—not till next fall."

"You can't never tell," says the chairman. "There might be some temporary run come up again, and he'd go off and grab it, and then come back and pounce down on us. In my opinion," he says, "he's thinking nothing else but ways of bumping—day and night. We've got to get some way to get at him as soon as we can—before this goes much further—and some of the boys may do harm!" For they were crazy now, of course, all along the line.

But if the men were hot the women were sizzling—and none worse than the wife of Nugent, who started the thing, you might say. For this time, being toward the bottom of the list, anyhow, and all the best runs spoken for, when Nugent was bumped he was bumped to the other end of the division—to get anything good whatever. And they left their boy boarding in town so as to keep near the city and his medical school.

"But whatever you do," says his mother, leaving him, "don't you never pay no attention to that daughter of that old bulldog Englishman." For she had a sneaking underground suspicion that he was still seeing her some. "If you do," she says, "and your father hears it, 'twill be all day with you."

"What could he do?" he says, for he had a mind of his own.

"He'd murder you first," she says, "and then he'd take you out from your medical studies. If you cross him this way you'll be no doctor, for he'll draw off the money altogether, and you know what that'll mean to you—and to me!" she says. For she'd set her heart on having him a doctor—with his gold sign on his own door and the thin-soled shoes on his feet in place of the brogans.

So she warned him and went away to the other end of the run—sore and scared and suspicious of her own son. For let alone her own feelings, and the chance of his losing his doctoring, she saw—even if he got it—what it would mean to a young doctor, coming up and getting mixed up with the daughter of a man like that—a social outcast, a leper, you might say, with every man's hand against him, threatening him; and him going along with his head down, threatening back, what he'd do to them the next time!

And about now the superintendent of the division sent for the local chairman of the brotherhood again on the thing, for they'd talked it over between them more than once before.

"What have you done," he says, "about this matter of the Englishman?"

"Nothing," says the local chairman. "I tried reasoning with him, and I tried threatening him—with what they'd do to him in the union. But it made no more impression on him than a horsefly on the skin of a locomotive."

"I done the same," says the superintendent. "I can see reasoning won't do no good."

"No," says the other man, sad and ugly. "No."

"What does he say to you?" says the superintendent.

"Nothing. He just stands on his rights—like the bulldog breed."

"With his head down below his knees, waiting."

"For another blind charge against us," says the local chairman. "He has no care for the union nor public opinion. He enjoys fighting them," he says, "like the bulldog breed always does. And the worst of it is, you'll never get him. He always fulfills the rules of the brotherhood exactly."

"The same with me," says the superintendent. "He's the best engineer we've got on the line so far as obeying the rules goes—to the letter T. Everything is right," he says, "down to the way he combs his hair on Sunday. You might know that. For he's an Englishman—one of these fussy ones—on every little thing. The kind that won the Battle of Waterloo with their shoes all shined by rule and stiff new white collars on every dead man."

"What'll we do?" says the union chairman.

"We've got to do something," says the superintendent, "that's plain and sure. It's bad enough to run a railroad with this seniority plan at best—especially now it's got in

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"Do You Love Me Greatly, Tommy?" "Ain't I Just Been Offering to Give Up My Life for You?" He Says

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all departments. It's like trying to play a quiet, sensible game of chess," he says, "with live jack rabbits for chessmen," he says, "at best—running a railroad the way we have it now—with all your chessmen self-movers. But in all my experience yet, I never had the thing go all loose and crazy on me before."

"What I fear," says the local chairman, "if this goes on, and he starts out again—what I fear is murder—or some big accident. It's all over the service—half the engineers and brakemen and conductors on the division are planning now to get him in wrong and get him fired under the rules. By and by," he says, "what I'm afraid of—they'll give him some phony signal or something, and one of his trains will hang its end out back of a switch or he'll run over a signal that's been turned wrong for him or something, and we'll have murder and sudden death of large numbers, in some great catastrophe," he says. "For you've no idea how hot the feeling runs to-day against him. And if he started blowing it higher by one more bump," he says, "God help us!"

"You're right. You're right," says the superintendent, nodding. "I have the same fear always in the rear of my head. It's terrible."

"It is," says the local chairman.

"But look," says the superintendent. "Let's go over it again. You've had him in," he says, "and I've had him in, and tried reasoning with him. And that was no good."

"No."

"And threatening him."

"And that was worse."

"Yes," says the superintendent. "So far as I can see, we've got to try something else; and that's what I called you in for to-day."

"What else?"

"Kindness," says the superintendent. "We've got to try kindness."

"What—on him?" says the local chairman. "I'd rather kill him!"

"I would myself, personally; especially nights," he says, "when I get to thinking how he's tore up this division. But as long as we can't do that we'll have to do the next best thing, and try kindness."

"Kindness!" says the chairman. "How—what way?"

"I'm going to boost him."

"Boost him?" he says.

"Yes—kick him up the stairs—out of the engineers for good. I'm going to raise him to be an official so he'll be out of the engineers for good and all."

"That seems kind of funny, when you look at it," says the local chairman. "You'd think it was a reward of violence and villainy."

"That's railroading to-day, all over," says the superintendent. "They look to you for results, and you've got to get them—no matter how. And if a man gets cantankerous and blocks you, you've got to move him somehow out of your way under the rules—down if you can, but then if not, up. And this ain't the only time this thing has had to be done in order to get a railroad running again neither. You know that."

"How'll the other boys take it?" says the local chairman.

"They'll like it better than having him around with them all the time in the lobby—threatening them with another bump. They'll all like it better if he's once settled and satisfied."

"But what about having him over them?"

"He won't be over them in any way, shape or form," he says. "I'll see to that."

So the superintendent sent out for the Englishman and brought him in.

"What do you say to being an official of the road? What do you say to going on up?" he says, and named the place. "You'd get 10 per cent more than you get now, with 10 per cent easier work."

And then he waited, watching him to see what he'd say. And for a while the old bulldog look still stayed in his face, and his jaw muscles were set, and he could almost see the word "no" in his mouth. Then all at once something seemed to come over him—a sudden change—and he answered back he'd take it.

"Good," says the superintendent. "Good. I'm glad you see it that way," and shook hands and let him go.

And yet he didn't like that sudden look that came on his face either; he had a fear of it—for, of course, under the rules anyone being promoted to be an official has the right left any time to come back again, when he wants to, to the job he has gone from.

But the Englishman says nothing, and goes tramping home to his daughter.

"Up we get again!"

"What's this?" she says with her lips parted, for she was a big, soft, nice-spoken girl, that spent her time waiting on him and looking scared to death of him, the way those Englishmen's wives and daughters mostly do.

"We're going to move again," he says.

"Move again?" she says, a sharp tone, like he'd never heard before, coming in her voice. "What, another bump!" she says, her bright-colored cheeks getting brighter and her big blue eyes bluer and wider yet.

"Not yet," he says. "Not yet."

"But, father ——" she says, seeing there was more trouble coming probably.

"'But, father'—what?" he says, loud.

"You ain't going to get into another how-de-do—bumping everybody again," she says, near crying.

"Why not?" he says. "We'll show them. Bulldog grit—old English bulldog grit," he says. "We'll show them English bumping. For their bumping ain't over yet—by no means. I can tell you that."

"But, father ——" she says.

"Don't but-father me," he says. "Go and do as you're bid."

So she did finally, crying; and they started once more moving out of town.

"We've got to do it," she says to young Nugent, for she was meeting him now, just as his mother had suspicioned, nights in the park.

For it was there if anywhere—and in the dark too—they both fearing it would get back to their folks. For the wars of the families of that Romeo and Juliet you hear about in the theater was nothing beside the feeling of these two main families in this bumping now. And every hand was out against the girl with her father—though she was a grand, fine, handsome girl, soft and most appealing looking, with those big, round blue eyes—and especially to young Nugent—and even more so now she was down and out, and hated.

"Let's end it all," he says to her. "Let's elope. I'll get me a job somewhere on some Western railroad."

"What—and end all your doctoring, for all time?" she says. "On account of me!"

"And well pleased to," he says.

But she wouldn't have it. "Something will come," she says. "Something will come for us. I know it. Maybe now, with his new position, I can get people to forgive him his previous bumping."

And then she broke down, for the feeling against them was terrible, and she knew it. And so she went and left the boy, and he stayed there with his studying—and couldn't even run up and see her for fear of her father learning of it probably. And the end of the world came close at hand for the time being to both of them.

But only for two months or so, after all. For bang, in the spring, down the old man came again and bumped the line once more. He went to the superintendent and says he'd have to have his old run back again. And, of course, under the rules he must have it when he asked for it. And if the previous bumps up to this time had been terrible, this one was past believing. Either thirty-seven or thirty-eight—I disremember which—were bumped now; and many of them were pushed once more out of the town; and feeling ran high and harsh and terrible.

The men threatened violence and sudden death to the father in the lobby, and the children spit toward him on the sidewalks, and the young girls elevated up their noses and their best new hats when they met the daughter on the street. If they were on the edge of mankind before, they were pushed over it into the depths of social ostrichism—as the Sunday paper says. And the hate between the two families of the girl and boy grew more terrible than the pestilence. For once again the Nugent family had pulled up and come back to town on this bump. And now the mother of the boy—watching those things as women do—more than suspicioned now what was going on underneath between her son and that girl.

"You know what your father'll say when he hears it," she says, going finally to him in secret.

"Let him say."

"He'll stop the money for the doctoring," she says.

"Then no doctor will I be," he says. "For I'll never lose her. I'll marry her at last, in spite of all—doctor or no doctor!"

And that struck her terrible, for she had set her heart on seeing him a doctor, with his little black bag in his hand and his black shiny shoes on his feet—all genteel.

And she went and thought it over and talked it with this local chairman of the brotherhood, to learn what was going to happen, for she knew him well, of course, and she'd heard he was still all the time trying to stop that thing—for it was terrible all over, the feeling and all.

She come to him, so it seems, just after he'd been talking again to the superintendent of the division—and both were in despair.

"We can't fire him from the railroad," says the superintendent, "for we have no case at all against him. He keeps strict within the rules and in his rights, for he knows them."

"Like a lawyer," says the local chairman.

"And if we framed him up and fired him," says the superintendent, "he'd go way up over our heads, to the top, under the rules—and get us overruled."

"'Tis the same in the union," the local chairman says.

"By heaven," says the superintendent, "what'll we do? If something don't happen soon to pacify him he'll bump the railroad off the map."

"Home and family life is all destroyed," says the local chairman, still sadder than him. "All up and down the division. There ain't any. 'Tis all you can do to prevent the women raging up and disfiguring him with their teeth."

"We'll have to do something soon," says the superintendent.

"We will," says the local chairman.

It was just after that that the brotherhood chairman ran across this Mrs. Nugent and she was asking about it, and he was telling her.

"We're in despair," he says. "We don't know where to turn. And I wish to God your husband had never started him out upon this thing."

"I wish that more than anyone," she says, for by this time she had learned of how it was—her son and others having told her.

"He ought never to done it," he says. "He should never have roused him—and the bulldog breed. 'Tis the worst of all when it's started," he says, "for it runs straight ahead, in a line, to the end of the world," he says. "And neither it nor anybody else knows where it's headed for until it hops off in some terrible and destructive catastrophe."

"You're right," says she. "I know it."

"We've tried threatening," he says, "and it's no good. And we've tried reasoning, and that's useless. And we've tried kindness—and that's worst and most contemptible of all. So what'll we try next—we dunno."

And suddenly he thought he saw something strike her.

"Have you tried love?" she says then.

"Love?" he says, shouting.

"Yes."

"What—with him?" he says. "That bestial three-cornered crocodile!"

"No—with someone else," she says, speaking softly to herself. "Run off," she says to him then—"run off and let me see what I can do. But don't ask no questions—nor say nothing till you hear from me."

And he done so, wondering.

"Tommy," she says, again calling her boy to her, secret, "you've acted terrible to your mother—and you're breaking her heart hour by hour," she says. "Let alone your deceiving of her and your poor father. But let that go," she says. "That's done. And I'm here to tell you something that might help you in your folly—with this big pink English girl—the daughter of that four-pronged devil."

"Have it out, mother," he says. "What is it?"

"It's all around," she says, "that he's just lying back again, getting ready to bump us yet again when the summer comes and the fall comes, with the change of runs at the end of the vacation time."

"I heard it," he says.

"Yes," she says. "And if it comes there will be murder no doubt. But if it should not come—why, then the one who was known to have stopped it would be a hero—just like the victor over a mad, crazy bull."

"I get the idea," he says, "I think."

"Now, then," she says, "the way you're going on," she says, "contrary to all the best ideas of your parents, there'll be no doctoring for you the minute your father hears of it."

"Never mind him," he says ugly. "He started it all in the first place."

"So," she says, going on, disregarding him, "there's only one way you can square it and have the girl and be a doctor and keep your mother's heart from breaking and spilling all her lifeblood all these years for you for nothing."

"What is it?" he says, short and anxious. "Have it out—for God's sake!"

"If she can fix her father some way," she says, "so he'll stop this terrible thing—this bumping," she says, "all might yet be well after all, for all of us."

"How could she?" he says to her.

"That I don't know," she says. "Only this—if she loves you truly she'll find a way somehow," she says, "if she's no woman worth the name."

"I don't see," he says, "how anybody could fix him—let alone a delicate, timid, refined girl. Four of them great Mallet engines couldn't budge him when he's once stopped still."

But, nevertheless, he went out and told the girl what his mother said the next time he met her in the park.

"It's useless," he says, "I know. But I had to tell you. So let's run off together and elope—let's end it. I'll give up the doctoring, and we'll go West, and I'll get a job firing."

"Give it up—just when you're right in sight of getting it?" she says. "No! Never!"

"We've got to," he says.

"And you no doctor! Never!" she says. "No. I will not."

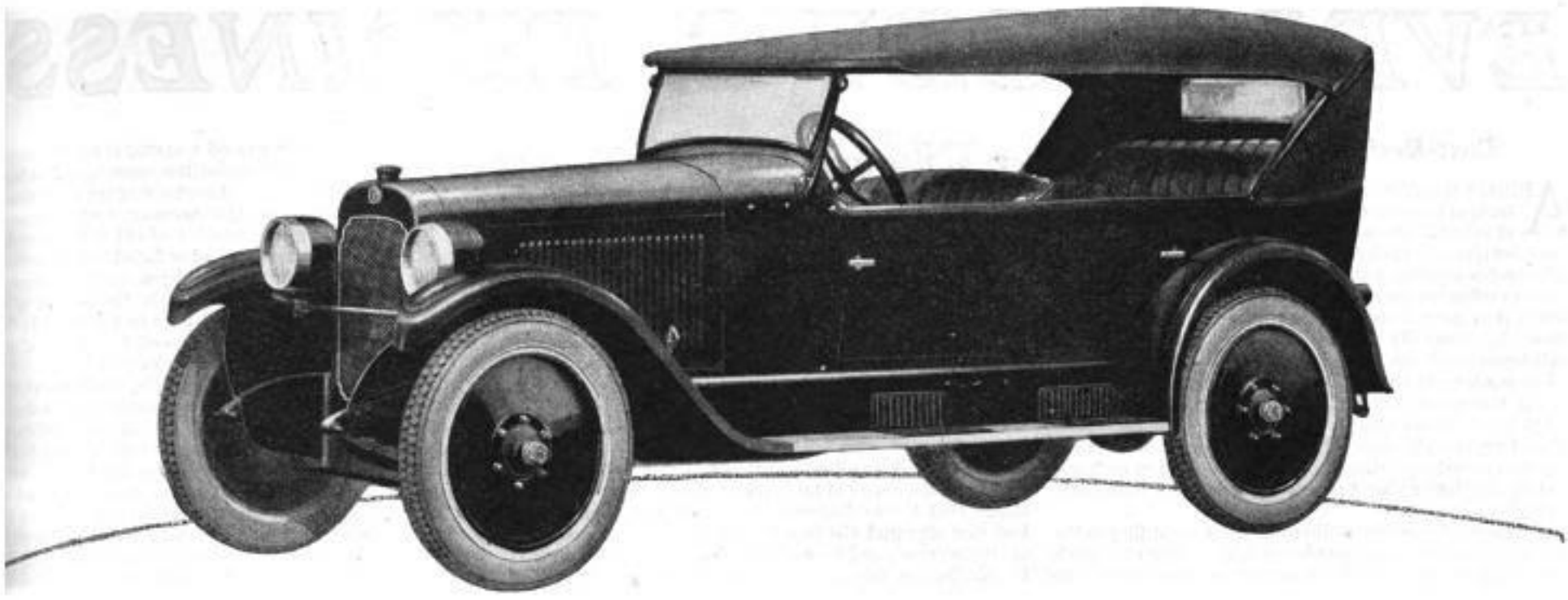
"What, then?" he says, and waited a minute, while she stood silent.

"Do you love me greatly," she says, "Tommy?"

"Don't you know I do?" he says, flushing up. "Ain't I just been offering to give up my life for you?"

(Continued on Page 124)

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Chalmers Fine Performance Proves Its Higher Value

In performance, the New Series Chalmers Six is simply wonderful.

That is made perfectly plain in the reports coming in every day, from owners and from dealers all over the country.

We knew that Chalmers engineers—working on the basic six-cylinder soundness which the Chalmers has always embodied—had made the six mean more than ever before.

Now we are receiving from many points enthusiastic confirmation of all we felt had been achieved by a solid year's refinement.

"On high gear I have climbed hills where I have always had to shift with other cars I've driven," says one man.

Another writes, "I couldn't help but notice the extreme quietness of the motor, timing gears, valves and differential"—thus putting his finger right on real evidence of fine construction.

"To pull down to two miles an hour in high, and then pick up to 30 miles an hour within a city block, without bucking or spitting—that's what I call flexibility," says a third.

"One of the most satisfactory tests is the way she will lug a hill at eight miles an hour on high," another says. "No matter how hard I make it pull, the motor will not overheat."

Size and beauty, equipment and finish, are always indications of value. It is conservative to say that the Chalmers Six leaves nothing to be wished for in those features.

But the way a car performs tells how it is engineered and how it is built.

On that—which is the final proof of value—the warmth of the letters we are receiving is conclusive.

All Models Equipped with Disc Steel Wheels and Cord Tires

Chalmers Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan
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The
CHALMERS SIX

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EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

Cost-Reducing Ideas

By Floyd W. Parsons

A PROPER system of cost accounting is the basis of business success. Though no system of calculating costs can of itself make profits, it can show definite ways to effect savings, and savings really are only profits wearing a different cloak. No survey in any plant or office can be more than a haphazard examination unless it is carried on in accordance with the indications shown in a carefully prepared cost-accounting report. A well-formulated cost system not only calls attention to obsolete equipment that is being used at an excessive cost, but it points out individuals and departments that are below the required standard of efficiency. The right kind of cost report will show what is happening now, while a slipshod report only shows what has happened in the past, and in this latter case there is no chance for immediate correction.

Hundreds of companies distribute rent according to the direct wages of the men employed in one office or department of a company, while in correct cost accounting the rent should be distributed according to the space actually occupied by each worker. One employe may receive five dollars a day, and still take up twice as much space as an executive who gets five times as much. Each and every charge should be made against the product benefited, and where more than one item or product is benefited the charge must be divided and distributed in proportion to the betterment conferred.

The methods employed in the main offices of a company are invariably a reliable reflection of the kind of management in charge. In the concern here referred to many of the practices were unique, to say the least, and it seemed that very few bets had been overlooked. One day the manager walked into the stenographic department, and after looking the ground over decided to install a new system. A week or two later all the typewriting machines were equipped with a measuring and recording device which gives the linage record of each operator. For a couple of weeks these records were studied and an average figure was found to represent the daily work of each typist. With these data in hand, the management was able to plan a new system of payment for the typists. In the scheme proposed and now in operation the typists are paid on what is known as a point system. Five average lines are considered as the equivalent of two hundred and forty spaces, or one point. The wage basis of this system is 100 points at $1.70. Each operator is guaranteed her former wages, but if her linage record per week exceeds the standard the girl is paid a bonus for her increased production, the additional payment being based on the prescribed rate of $1.70 for each 100 points turned out. For example, if a typist produces 1000 lines of forty-eight spaces each per day she would earn a daily wage of $3.40. A number of the speedy operators regularly exceed this performance. More than 90 per cent of the typists employed now receive a weekly bonus, and the production of each girl has shown a material increase since the new scheme went into operation.

Long ago the company found that much dissatisfaction was caused through permitting dictators to see letters that had just been typed and had not been checked for errors. Instances were found where bad feeling had grown up between dictators and typists because of the return of letters that contained seemingly inexcusable typographical errors. At first an effort was made to try to solve this problem through educating dictators to talk distinctly when using the dictating machines. In some cases the trouble resulted from not having the speed of the machine for transcribing exactly the same as that of the machine which received the dictation. In other cases the cylinders had not been properly shaved, while in still other instances the correspondents talking into the machines held the mouthpieces too far from them. As a final remedy the company employed a correspondence supervisor, whose duty it is to proofread all copy turned out by the typists and see that no letters get back to the dictators until they are perfect.

In actual operation this scheme has proved wholly satisfactory. The first carbon of each letter typed is made on a yellowish tissue paper which is marked "Correspondence supervisor." All corrections are inserted on this sheet, which, with the original letter and all the other carbons, is returned to the operator for correction. The unique plan followed in this scheme is the use of numbers as substitutes for corrections. About thirty common errors are printed at the head of the yellow tissue, and each one is numbered. After using this method for a short time the typist becomes thoroughly familiar with the meaning of each number, and the errors are corrected with a minimum of delay.

Not only does the company take care to prevent misunderstandings brought about by letter writing within the limits of its own personnel, but it exercises even greater caution in seeing that letters written by employes do not create wrong impressions or foster ill will among those with whom the company does business. All the concern's employes understand that each letter sent out is actually a sales letter and that business can be destroyed more rapidly through the improper wording of communications than it can be built up through extensive and expensive advertising. It was for this reason that the management adopted the policy of turning over the correspondence of dissatisfied customers to one of several letter writers whose business it is to patch up differences through the exercise of tact and courtesy. Experience had shown that it was dangerous to permit the employe who had first dictated the letters that caused the trouble to continue corresponding with the disgruntled customer. It is only human for a person to make excuses and try to cloak mistakes. Nothing is more effective in handling trouble of this kind than to admit the company's fault, unless the customer's complaint is wholly without any basis in fact.

Once a week the general manager presides at a meeting of department heads that is far from lacking in animation. Suggestions that are both practical and interesting are here discussed freely and openly by any and all of the employes present. The company's present methods are criticized wherever possible, and new ways are proposed for doing things. The majority of the concern's new practices originate in these weekly forums. The records of recent meetings showed many valuable discussions. Some of the points brought out are worth repeating.

Try to imitate a correspondent's letter-writing style. This is a form of flattery that nets results. The average person's letter-reading tastes are generally the same as his writing tastes. Study each letter before you reply, and try to note the writer's eccentricities. Make your reply fit the man's individuality. If he writes a brief letter stating only the fewest possible facts, answer tersely. If the correspondent goes into lengthy details, give him a reply in kind, for he will appreciate a letter that discusses all the minute phases of the matter in hand. Try not to use multisyllabled words to a fellow who writes in monosyllables. If the correspondent throws in a little slang he won't mind your doing the same. If he is epigrammatic pick out one of his clever sayings and repeat it in your reply, acknowledging his authorship. He will be tickled by your noticing his cleverness.

Many companies suffer losses of time and money in sending telegrams. Nearly everyone includes in such messages many words that might be left out. Dozens of simple rules for writing telegraphic messages are commonly overlooked. The wire companies allow one signature free. For instance, if a telegram is signed "The Smith Company, Johnson," the one word "Johnson" is counted and charged for. On the other hand, if the signature is reversed, "Johnson, The Smith Company," the telegraph company charges for the last three words. Many senders of telegrams overlook the saving that results from spelling out figures. For example, 1670 counts as four words, while sixteen seventy counts as two words and is more likely to be transmitted correctly. If one writes the "C., B. & Q. Railroad" the name of the line so written counts for four words, whereas one can write "Burlington," which, of course, counts as only one word.

The management is rather opposed to a policy of issuing frequent general orders, believing that such a plan is inferior to a method that places a large responsibility on each worker. Such general orders as are issued are printed on a special form of yellow paper. Departmental orders are printed on blue forms, while announcements and notices which are not considered to be orders are typed on pink forms. In every department of the company colors are used actually to signify something. For instance, red slips attached to letters mean "Give this immediate attention." Not long ago the general manager organized what is known as a flying squadron, which consists of ten of the company's most capable stenographers and clerks. These workers report directly to the office manager and are not permanently connected with any particular department. Each day they are assigned to some special work, according to the needs of the moment.

One interesting department of the company is that which is devoted to research. The expert in charge of this bureau not only himself initiates subjects for investigation, but conducts an analysis covering any promising problem that other employes suggest for examination. One report covered the waste of pins, clips, pencils and rubber bands. As a result of this report a general order was issued that caused a saving of approximately 35 per cent in the quantities consumed of the four articles mentioned. About a year ago a legal situation arose that made it necessary for the company to order the copying of a number of old written records. The ink on these old records had so faded that the writing was barely legible. The research department immediately started an examination that ended in the drawing up of specifications for all ink thereafter to be purchased by the company. The investigation showed that many of the inks at present on the market are likely to fade.

The research department has even been called in to help decide the question as to how long certain papers should be retained in the files before they are taken out and stored away as dead matter. As a result of such a study freight receipts are kept in the active file for ten months, while similar specified lengths of time have been established for various other classes of matter. It was the research department that worked out a plan for rest periods for workers in certain departments, with the result that there has been a decided increase in the productiveness of the employes affected. In addition to a 10 per cent increase in output, the rest periods have proved a decided benefit to the health of the workers.

Other innovations for which the research department is chiefly responsible were a system to prevent the raising of amounts on bank checks; a scientific placing of desks to increase efficiency through eliminating distraction; a bonus system for the rank and file of office workers; a sick-leave-with-pay scheme for the lowliest workers; and dental and medical dispensaries to serve every employe. To prevent the raising of checks the company now uses a code word of ten letters, the consecutive letters representing the figures from 1 to 0. If a check is made out for twenty-five dollars the second and fifth letters of the word are placed on the back of the check. If the check is changed the fraud is easily detected when it comes back from the bank by glancing at the letters on the reverse side.

The bonus system is based not only on individual production but on the employes' accuracy. A certain sum is credited to a worker if no error is made during the first week of a month, while a larger bonus is credited for each consecutive week during the same month if the employe's record continues clear. This plan has reduced mistakes to less than half of the average number that formerly occurred.

In the scheme providing payment of wages to mine employes, the worker is allowed one day sick leave with full pay after he has been with the company one month. After two months' service he is allowed two days, and so on up until he has been in the company's employ for eight months, when, of course, he is allowed eight days' sick leave. After eight months, and up until the end of the first year, the sick-leave allowance is one and a half weeks. After the first year one week is added to the allowance for each completed six months of service. After an employe has been ill and again returns to work he is credited with whatever balance of leave remains due him. The system has materially reduced labor turnover and absenteeism and because of its absolute fairness and impartiality has increased the spirit of good will in the company's employe.

The dental dispensary has proved to be one of the best moves the company has ever made. The service has more than paid for itself in time saved through the prevention of toothache alone. More than 90 per cent of all the employes examined have needed dental attention.

The company has refused to follow the example of many concerns which employ a young and inexperienced physician to provide medical attention for employes. The management accepts the view that a cheap doctor would be the most expensive kind in the long run. The aim is not only to eliminate unhealthful surroundings that menace the health of workers, but to correct the evils in all processes that retard production through causing fatigue and lack of concentration.

The management makes every possible effort to encourage thrift on the part of its workers. As a part of such a plan it has prepared a family budget book which it has distributed to all employes who have shown any interest in the matter. A large percentage of the workers own stock in the company. Such stock is sold to employes on a liberal part-payment plan. Interest at the rate of 5 per cent is charged on deferred payments for stock, but in no case may the interest charged be greater than the dividend credited. Even in the face of slackened business, the company has not yet reduced wages. The president says: "Wages went up last and they must come down last." In reducing working forces the company follows the policy of always dropping the newest men first. It believes that soft handling of employes is unwise, and tends to injure morale; but it holds unswervingly to the idea that success depends on confidence, and that confidence can exist only where there are straight dealing and fair play.

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The Peerless almost immediately exhibits its superiorities to those who have never driven it before.

It reveals at once those fine shades of behavior which can only issue out of sound manufacturing principles and scrupulous manufacturing practice.

You *know* that the Peerless is a great car because it reveals its greatness as positively as a man of character reveals magnetic personality.

It does with dash and spirit, with effortless ease and certainty, all of the things you value most in a motor car.

Supreme motoring comfort, after all, has its chief source in the obedient ebb and flow of a wealth of power.

The Peerless conveys that sense of power-abundance and power-control in every phase of its performance.

Smoothness is a much abused word in motoring parlance—but Peerless smoothness is a real and a permanent thing which manifests itself at every speed and under every conceivable circumstance.

Disparaging no other good car, it would be difficult for you indeed, to find a better investment, or more solidly satisfying performance, than you secure in the Peerless.

THEODORE F. MacMANUS

Seven Passenger Touring Car, $2790; Four Passenger Roadster, $2790; Four Passenger Coupé, $3500; Five Passenger Sedan, $3650; Seven Passenger Sedan, $3790; Seven Passenger Sedan-Limousine, $4060; F. O. B. Cleveland

The Peerless Motor Car Company has been acquired and is being operated by R. H. Collins and his associates

PEERLESS

"All that the name implies"

MAY 1922

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Always Look for the Gold Seal

It is pasted on the face of every genuine *Gold-Seal* Rug and on every two yards of *Gold-Seal* Congoleum By-the-Yard. Note the liberal money-back guarantee and don't forget that this seal (printed in green on a gold background) identifies the genuine *Gold-Seal* Congoleum. Refuse imitations. Be sure to look for the Gold Seal.

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
INCORPORATED

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Dallas Minneapolis Atlanta Kansas City Pittsburgh Montreal

It's so easy to make a kitchen attractive—

"That's a fine new rug you've got there," said the iceman.

"Yes, John, and you have no idea how pleasant and attractive it makes my kitchen."

No wonder she is enthusiastic. For the darkest kitchen is at once made bright and cheerful when the floor is covered with a colorful, easy-to-clean *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug.

A few moments with a damp mop whisks away every speck of grime from the firm, waterproof surface. Your rug will lie perfectly flat without fastening.

And with all their artistic charm and labor-saving qualities, *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs are decidedly inexpensive.

Note the Low Prices

6	x 9	feet $ 8.10		1½ x 3	feet $ .50
7½	x 9	feet 10.10		3 x 3	feet 1.00
9	x 10½	feet 14.15		3 x 4½	feet 1.50
9	x 12	feet 16.20		3 x 6	feet 2.00

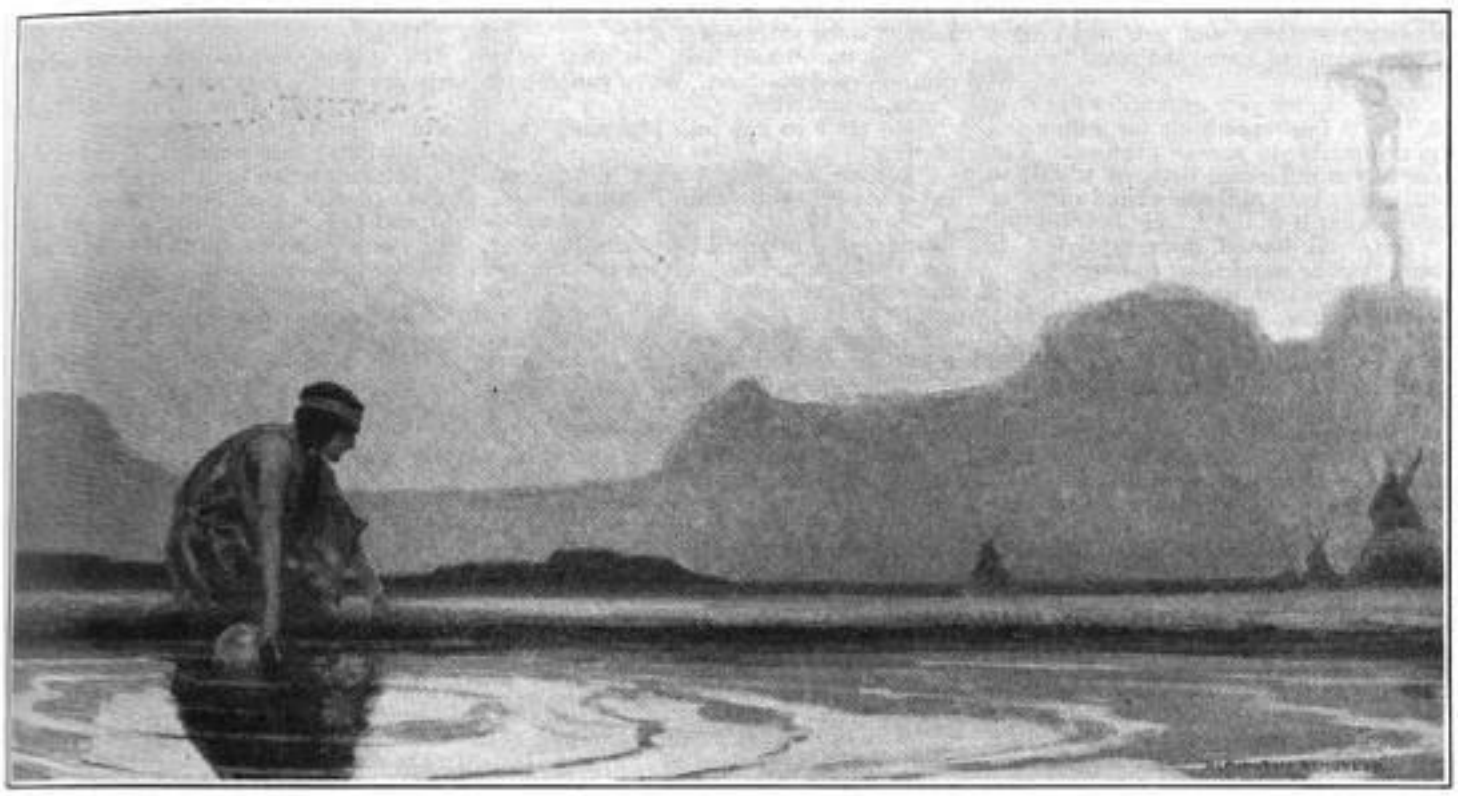
The pattern illustrated is made only in the four large sizes. The small rugs are made in designs to harmonize with it.

Owing to freight rates, prices west of the Mississippi and in Canada are higher.

Gold Seal CONGOLEUM RUGS

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SENSE AND NONSENSE



— And Repeat

"Nihil dictum quod non dictum prius"—as the feller says.

TOUGH on us guys, to be heirs of the ages—
Meaning us novelists, poets and sages;
We who now strive on our typewritten pages
Somewhere or other to score!
Not to be wondered at much if our attitude
Touching the past isn't one of great gratitude!
Each phrase we write is a chestnut or platitude;
Somebody said it before.
Moses, it may be, who, vide Leviticus,
Showed as a wise, if he wasn't a wilty cuss,
Juvenal, Plautus or Terence or Cato,
Lucan or Horace or Martial or Plato,
Balzac or Byron or Fielding or Pope
May have put out the original dope;
Dante, Boccaccio or Lytton or Lamb,
Oliver Goldsmith or Omar Khayyam,
Not to be wondered at if we feel sore;
Somebody said it before!

Couth a moment of rare inspiration;
Swiftly we write in a glow of creation,
Ending, at last, with a sense of elation;
Then—and it cuts to the core—
Some clever critic devoid of civility
Cites book and verse with a fiendish ability,
Showing, to teach us a proper humility,
Somebody's said it before.
Habakkuk, Daniel, Hosea, Elijah,
David, Ezekiel, Micah, Abijah,
Vergil, perhaps, or Agrippa, Cornelius,
Cyrus or Ovid or Marcus Aurelius,
Benjamin Franklin or Bunyan or Brooke,
Dibdin or Dickens or Cowper or Cook;
Here we've been sucking La Rochefoucauld's brain,
This is Voltaire or Rousseau or Tom Paine:
Some of those previous persons of yore—
Somebody said it before.

Well, we can't help it! To them be the glory—
Those who forestalled us in song and in story.
Still, we can make their stuff seem not so hoary
If we can do nothing more.
There is the trick! If a fellow can learn it he
Should, with the jazz and the pep of modernity,
Write for his time if he can't for eternity.
Who was it said that before?
Solomon, likely, perhaps Jeremiah,
Balaam or Bildad or Job or Josiah,
Seneca, Sallust, Tibullus, Ausonius,
Statius, Gallus, Catullus, Petronius,
Thomas à Kempis or Chaucer or Clough,
Shakspere—who really wrote mighty good stuff—
Burns, Scott or Wordsworth or Shelley or Poe,
Thousands of others and ages ago.
Well may we grieve in the light of this lore;
Somebody's said it before!

—*Kennett Harris.*

Deduction

IT HAD been raining hard in Aberdeenshire. The roads were flooded when Jeems McTosh drove in his dogcart to the village where he traded. A friend, Davie McNutt, hailed him from the sidewalk:

"Hi, Jeems! Are ye weel the day?"

"No bad, Davie. Hoo's yoursel'?"

"Oh, middlin'. Hoo's the goodwife, Jeems?"

Jeems jerked a thumb over his shoulder at the back seat. He replied, "She's ahint there."

"She's no there, Jeems," said Davie.

"Aye, she's ahint there," Jeems insisted. But his friend was stubborn.

"I'm tellin' ye she's no there."

This time Jeems looked around to make sure, and the back seat was empty. The man reflected, scratched his head. Then he said, "Dod! She maun ha' been the graund splash!"

The Summer Woods

THERE is no sound of people here; the trees stand calm and tall,
And sunlight, like a magic dust, lies filmlike over all;
And small, pale breezes hurry by, and turn to nothing where
Blue flowers grow beside a spring, with sprays of maidenhair.

All life seems dormant; Nature sleeps a dim, enchanted sleep,
And in the thickets, densely screened, wee forest creatures creep
So quietly that not a stir can mark their passing by.
There is no ring of laughter here—no semblance of a sigh.

The fairy folk are weaving spells not very far away,
For all at once lost dreams seem real; a broken yesterday
Is new again, and youth steals back on shining, sandaled feet—
And hopes are born to life again, and love seems madly sweet!

Can cities be, can sorrows dwell, when there is keen content
In watching as vague bits of light and shade are swiftly blent?
Can there be toil, and vain regret, and striving for a goal,
When just a peeping bit of sky brings solace to the soul?

Do dryads live in slim birch trees, do pipes of Pan still sound—
And can that be the print of hoofs upon the mossy ground?
There is no sound, and yet one hears a silver elfin call,
And sunlight, like a magic dust, lies filmlike over all.

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

Scrapping the Similes

MY LOVE ain't like the red, red rose;
My love ain't like the sea;
My love ain't like the mountain top;
My love ain't like a tree.

Unlike the sable night my love;
Dissimilar from the day;
My love ain't like the jocund June,
Nor eke the merry May.

My love ain't like the fragrant morn
With dewy freshness pearled;
My love ain't like another thing
In all the gol-darned world.

—*Franklin P. Adams.*

Ideal and Real

ROMANTIC dames that yearn for caveman love,
For cruel ardor and for fierce caresses
Of supermale who conquers and oppresses,
And does by brutal strength his mastery prove,
Oft wed, at last, some tepid lovey-dove
Who prates of bridge and golf and ladies' dresses,
And never makes a gesture that distresses,
Nor steps one moment from convention's groove.

While Mr. Goodman makes a model mate,
Fetching or carrying gladly at her choice,
She dreams about a lover fierce and bold,
Until the visions of a happier fate
Are shattered by her spouse whose timid voice
Cries, "Hurry, dear, the toast is gettin' cold!"

—*Thomas Lomax Hunter.*

An Enlarged Copy

A CERTAIN judge, who is not over five feet in height and weighs under a hundred pounds, happens to have a son who tips the scales at two hundred pounds. The judge is very proud of his offspring, and one day took him to call upon an old friend who had never seen him.

"Ah," said the friend, looking from son to father and smiling, "I see—a block off the old chip, eh?"

Cramping Their Style

JOHN GOLDEN tells a story of two young vaudeville actors from New York who went over to London to set the English capital on fire. They gave a dress rehearsal of their clever act before one of the big booking agents, who listened to it solemnly from the pit one foggy afternoon.

When they had finished he said, "Very good, boys, but"—glancing at his wrist watch—"it runs twenty-five minutes, and that's pretty long. However, if you'll cut it down to eight minutes we may bill you."

"Eight minutes!" cried one of the team, glaring down at him. "Why, good Lord, we bow eight minutes!"



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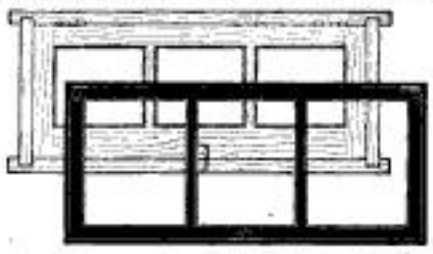
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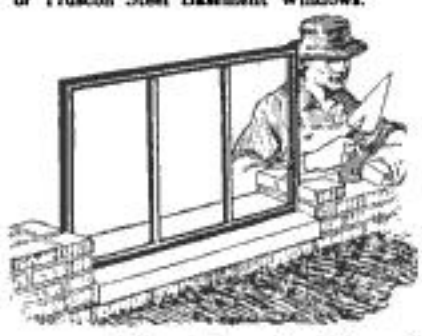
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TILL THE JOINT CRACKED

(Continued from Page 23)

"Why not let me handle your stuff—all of it? Take all the trouble and annoyance off your shoulders, and you won't have to do a thing but spend the cash?"

"As how?"

"Why, sell me your output for five fives off. See? I'm responsible for selling and I'm responsible to you for payments. You rake in the difference between what you have to pay your mill and what I pay you. Dunno what it is, but I'll bet it's plenty."

"Um." It looked more attractive to Pazzy than he was willing to admit.

"What's your output?"

"Consid'able. Suthin like a car a day."

This, as Pett well knew, was not fact. He knew exactly what Hickson's mill had produced the year before, and it was little over half of this.

"Three hundred cars, eh? Didn't know it was so much. Makes it worthwhile. About five hundred thousand gross business. My five would make me better than twenty thousand."

"So 'twould. So 'twould. Can you move that many?"

"Like rolling off a log. I can grab a bunch of Peters' customers with that price, and with the sixty cars I've got—oh, mister!"

Pazzy considered. He thought he knew the market. He was certain what the market would do as soon as Pett began a general onslaught on other folks' customers with three hundred cars to sell. The bottom would drop out. He would then be able to buy all the dishes he wanted at the figure he wanted to pay—and leave Pett holding the bag. Pett was responsible, he knew. Pett would contract to buy three hundred cars at five fives. Suppose there was a market bust—Pett would have to pay more for his dishes than he could sell them at. It made Pazzy safe—out of the fifty thousand dollars or so that he knew Pett had saved. Therefore Mr. Billy Pett was duly elected to hold the bag.

"I'll go you if I lose," he said. "Dig up a lawyer to draw the contract, and we'll start to-day."

"Suits me. Only wish you could deliver more than three hundred cars."

"Call it three hundred, and we'll be safe," said Pazzy.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon when Pett rejoined Ted and Veronica with the signed contract in his pocket. He was pleased with his success but dubious of consequences.

"Now," he said, "we've got to sell dishes for Pazzy—when we can't sell them for ourselves. We've got to keep his stuff moving. I can see how we can push along a car a week for him—by taking on Stump Brothers. But for the life of me I can't see how we're going to unload three hundred cars. We're going to get stung."

"How about it, Veronica?" Ted asked.

"How many dish factories are there?"

"Seven."

"Including ourselves and Hickson's?"

"Yes."

"That leaves five. You and I are going to take a little trip around the country—visiting dish factories. Don't worry, Mr. Pett. It ruins the appetite. We start for Michigan to-night, Ted."

Which they did, stopping over in Albany next day to see a customer, and taking the Wolverine on to Detroit in the evening. There they took the Pere Marquette north, and the following morning called upon old man Steffens, of the M. W. P. Company, who received them cordially.

"How's your dad, Ted? Him and me have fit and chawed each other these thutty year. Hope he's enjoyin' the fruits of his wicked life."

"He is—in California."

"And you're running the business. Um."

"With my wife's help," said Ted.

Old man Steffens peered at Veronica over his spectacles and grunted. Veronica smiled.

"You don't set much store by my help, do you?" she asked.

"Wa-al, I've seen wimmin that wasn't so perty," he said.

"You never can tell," said Veronica, "by the pattern of the wall paper how many lath are under the plaster."

"Huh."

"How's business, Mr. Steffens?" Ted asked.

"Rotten. If it keeps up—and dog-gone Pazzy Hickson—I'm a-goin' to spend a lot of money knockin' the bottom out of the market. That dicky-bird's got to be learned some jedgment."

"And that," said Ted, "is what we've come to see you about. We're gunning for Pazzy ourselves."

"He can't be got with bird shot," said Steffens.

"We've just bought an elephant gun, but we need help to load it," said Veronica.

"As how?"

"Suppose you could buy some dishes at, say, four fives off the current list and sell them at your regular price—would it look good?"

"It would. More profit than I kin make manufacturin' jest now."

"Will your customers accept Pazzy Hickson's dishes?"

"Dishes is dishes," said Steffens.

"Fine! Now here's the idea: I'm raising my price to list," said Ted. "As soon as we get back I'm notifying our trade, and giving them forty-eight hours to buy at the present price of two fives off. That's sure to stir up some business. If you and the rest of the crowd were to do the same, it would pull in quite a bunch of car orders."

"Mebby."

"But I don't care whether it does or not," said Ted.

"Why?"

"Because I can deliver a hundred and fifty cars at four fives off. Pazzy Hickson's. Listen, I've got him contracted to deliver three hundred cars this year and next, at four fives off and a five per cent commission."

"Eh? How many?"

"Three hundred."

"But ——"

"Surest thing you know. Some of 'em 'll have to go cheap to the chain stores and Stump Brothers. That'll take maybe a hundred cars. It won't disturb the business. If you'll turn over orders to us at your price, and the rest of the manufacturers will do the same, we can move the whole three hundred. Get the idea?"

"It'll clean Pazzy up. Take him off the market as a disturber."

"A heap more than that," said Veronica. "It'll —— Now, Mr. Steffens, suppose Pazzy comes to you in a month and tries to buy some dishes, will you sell him?"

Mr. Steffens considered briefly, then slapped his knee.

"I get you!" he said. "Who thought this up? Say! Did you do it, young woman?"

"I cannot tell a lie. I did it with my little bobbed head."

"By gosh!" said Steffens. "When I git home I'm a-goin' to shear the hair off'n all three of my daughters. My price goes to list to-day. You go and handle Jim Warren and Toot McBean. I'll take care of the other two factories."

A week later Ted and Veronica arrived once more at home. They had sent out a notice of rise in price, and found awaiting them, as they anticipated, orders for some twenty cars of dishes. These they sent to Pett, with the specifications, who forwarded them to Pazzy's mill. Old man Steffens sent along orders for twenty-six cars, and the other mills, they having fallen readily into line, contributed orders for a hundred cars more. Thus Pett had on hand orders for a total of a hundred and forty-six cars without taking into consideration the chain stores and Stump Brothers, which made up eighty more. For a period of three weeks he sent these through in driblets to Pazzy's mill.

As the total began to mount Pazzy experienced first delight, then bewilderment, and finally apprehension. Moved by the latter emotion he dropped in at the little office Pett had taken in Boston.

"Say," he demanded, "what's up? Where's all this business comin' from?"

"Comes easy," said Pett. "Didn't I tell you I was a salesman?"

"You be. Young feller, you've stole customers from every factory in the country! Why, you've even pried Giner's away from old man Steffens! It can't be done. Be them orders bony fide?"

"All you've got to do is ship," said Pett.

"Right now you've turned in orders fer two hundred and twenty-six cars, young feller."

"And I'll have the other seventy-four to clean up my contract in thirty days," Pett said. "I guess we made a lucky deal."

"What's this about prices goin' up?"

"Everybody's announced a rise."

"Um."

"Not going to have any trouble delivering, are you?" Pett asked.

"Who? Me? I should say not," Pazzy said. "Don't you worry, sonny."

But Pazzy was worried. It looked as if he had contracted to deliver a hundred and fifty cars more than he manufactured, and he was busy figuring out where he could get them. Also he didn't like the looks of the rise in the market.

"What you sellin' for?" he asked.

"Different prices. Mostly two fives off," said Pett.

"The devil you be!" Pazzy took time to consider this, but he was not a man to show his uneasiness. "I'll say you kin sell dishes," he added, but in his compliment was a note of something that was not pleasure.

He had to have dishes. He knew he had to have dishes, and with an energy he had not displayed for years he started out to get them. He wired old man Steffens.

"How many cars dishes can you let me have at four fives?"

In three hours came the reply: "None."

In turn he wired each of the other factories to the same effect and received the same reply.

He next wired: "What price can you make me twenty cars?"

"List," came the answer from each.

The thing was serious. Pazzy's keen nostrils scented a rat. He spent railroad fare to visit Steffens and argued for half a day, but not a car could he buy for less than straight list with no discount. He did some figuring. He was contracted to deliver at list less four fives, with a five per cent commission. Taking an average of seventeen hundred dollars for a car—if he should be compelled to buy at the market—he would have to deliver to Pett at $1315.44. He figured this several times to be sure he had made no mistake. That meant a loss of $384.56 on each car. Multiply this by a hundred and fifty—he hated to look at the figures! It made a frightful total of fifty-seven thousand six hundred and eighty-four dollars.

He had to have dishes!

He had to have dishes for two years, because he had contracted to deliver for two years, twice fifty-seven thousand six hundred and eighty-four dollars!

By this time Pazzy Hickson was frantic. He wired and wrote and visited, but not a car of dishes could he buy anywhere at less than a straight two dollars and eighty-seven cents for one-pounds delivered in Boston. For a month he struggled, and while he struggled the market remained stable. He was eliminated as a disturber. Business did not pick up notably, because 1921 was not a buying year, but jobbers who had been sitting back waiting for a drop became convinced of the market's stability, and bought according to their necessities. Things were looking up.

As a last resort he called on Pett.

"Pett," he said, "it begins to look like I can't quite fill your contract."

"Eh? What's that?"

"I may run a few cars short."

"You can't run a car short. I've sold every blamed one, and we've got to deliver. What's the matter?"

"I—er—I figured I could pick up enough from the other manufacturers to make good," said Pazzy.

"Which," said Pett, "is exactly what you've got to do."

"But they won't sell me," said Pazzy; "not at any kind of a price."

"Then," said Pett, "you're stung. It's up to you, and you're good for it. I'm going to have those cars, and you can bet your bottom dollar on that."

"Hain't there no way to fix it?"

"Not with me," said Pett with a tone so final that Pazzy recognized the hopelessness of trying to do anything with the young man.

"But somethin's got to be done. As it is I stand to lose fifty thousand and better a year."

"You built the coffin for yourself."

"But can't you think of anythin'?"

Pett thought. The hour was striking, he believed. The moment had arrived.

"Did you try Ted Peters?" he asked.

"A dozen times."

(Continued on Page 38)

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(Continued from Page 36)

"Um. Might try him again. I tell you what—I'll run up there with you. I'm interested, because I've got to have those cars. I'll go along and see if we can't talk him into something. We used to be pretty friendly."

"'Twon't do no good," said Pazzy disconsolately.

"Worth trying anyhow."

Consequently Billy Pett and Pazzy packed their bags and journeyed northward that night, arriving in Checkerberry early the next morning. Checkerberry is not a cheering place to reach in the early hours. Its station is remote from the town, surrounded as far as the eye can reach by low scrub and cut-over lands. It is a singularly inhospitable prospect, and Pazzy felt to the marrow of his bones the chill of it.

They drove to the hotel, breakfasted, and were in Ted Peters' office waiting for him when he arrived. He surveyed them coldly.

"Didn't expect to see you here, Pett," he said. "How are you, Pazzy?"

"Mr. Peters, we've come to talk business."

"So I judged. Excuse me a moment. I see my wife passing." He stepped to the door and called Veronica, who entered and was presented to Pazzy. "I like to have my wife handy when I talk business," Ted explained. "Go ahead."

"We want to buy some dishes," said Pett.

"I'm here to sell them. Got a warehouse full."

"How many can you let us have?"

"Anything up to seventy million."

"Er—what concession will you make on a big order—say, fifty cars?"

"To you?" Ted asked directly of Pazzy.

"Yes."

"Not—a—cent," said Ted.

"I—say, listen, Peters—I——"

"You've let yourself in," said Ted, "and you're getting what's coming to you. For years you've mussed up this industry. You've sat back and raked in a nice profit, and gummed the works for everybody else. Now you've got to have dishes to make good, and you're not going to get them from me. That's final."

"You—don't want to bust me, do you?"

"I'd be sorry to see any man bust, Pazzy."

"Then—can't you do somethin'—to help out?"

"I know the box you're in pretty well, Pazzy. You've oversold about a hundred and fifty cars, haven't you? You stand to drop better than fifty thousand a year for two years?"

"That's the truth," Pazzy said hopelessly.

Veronica leaned forward. "I feel sorry for Mr. Pett. I always liked Mr. Pett, Ted. I've wanted you to patch things up with him."

"Pett and I didn't see things just alike. It was nothing but a business disagreement. Sorry it happened, dear, but it did happen."

"But, honey, if it was Mr. Pett who was going to lose all that money—you—you'd help him out for old time's sake?"

"I might."

"Pett stands to lose a lot of profit," said Pazzy.

"Look here, Hickson, I don't want to stamp on you, but you've been a thorn in the side of the dish business too blamed long. The sooner you're out of it the better."

"Mr. Hickson has some kind of a contract with a mill, hasn't he?" Veronica asked innocently.

"He has."

"If—suppose he didn't have that contract—he couldn't disturb things any more, could he?"

"No."

"How much is his contract worth to him?"

"About thirty thousand a year, isn't it, Pazzy?"

Hickson nodded.

"Well," said Veronica, "suppose he gave up that contract—er—assigned it, if that's what you call it, to Mr. Pett. Would that change matters any?"

"Mr. Hickson wouldn't consider that," Ted said in a patronizing way, as if speaking to a child.

"It would be better for him to lose thirty thousand in profits he's never had than to lose fifty thousand in money he's actually got," said Veronica. "Wouldn't it, Mr. Hickson?"

"Do—— You don't mean you'd deliver dishes to Pett if I got out?" said Pazzy.

"I'd think it over."

"Will you?"

Ted sat back and reflected. "Yes," he said finally, "I would."

"How about it, Pett? Will you take that dog-gone contract off my hands and let me out?"

Pett shook his head. "Not unless I can see my way to come through clean. Will you help me out, Mr. Peters?"

"If you'll leave the market alone."

"You can bet I will," said Pett.

"Then, so far as I'm concerned," said Ted, "it's a go. You transfer your contract to Pett and clear out of the dish business for good, Pazzy, and I'll give things a boost up."

"I'll do it—and be plumb tickled to death," said the harassed Hickson. "Dictate an assignment and let me out of here."

They made short work of Pazzy Hickson's exodus from the woodenware industry, and he left the office with a feeling he had gotten off easy. Pett remained to discuss details.

"I'm afraid," Ted said after the door closed behind Pazzy, "that I've lost a good salesman permanently, and I hope I've gained a competitor."

"Eh? What d'you mean?"

"That mill of Pazzy's will always be a threat until it gets out of the hands of those old wampuses who've been running it. It's a good mill, and could make a bundle of money—run on the same basis the rest of us do."

"I never could get their idea," said Pett.

"Well, here's my idea—or rather Veronica's. She thought it up. Bow for the gentleman, my dear. Doesn't she look modest? I've been dickering with the old birds, Pett. They want to get out of business. Couldn't do anything so long as Pazzy held that contract, but I did get an option on their plant. Ninety-five thousand dollars. It's worth more. I took the option in your name."

"My name!"

"Exactly. If you've got the ginger I think you have, you'll make good. You've fifty thousand planted—so you told me. They'll take fifty thousand down. You can borrow working capital, and I'll back you for twenty-five thousand if you need it. In two years you ought to clean it up and own a fine business. And the threat of that mill would be removed forever."

"Mr. Peters ——" Pett's voice faltered. "Say, by gosh, you're a prince! It's a go. When do we start?"

"Now," said Veronica, who was always for promptness.

That night in their room Ted and Veronica took stock of this, their latest enterprise.

"We've got rid of Pazzy," said Ted. "That comes first."

"We've moved a bunch of dishes at a profit," Veronica added.

"We've put Pett in that mill."

"And," Veronica said in conclusion, "we've had the dickens of a lot of fun. If you can't have fun you might as well quit playing tag. And I love tag."



PHOTO. BY HAROLD E. FISHER, PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

Grand Cañon, Colorado

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HONEST ALL THROUGH

ROCKLAND, MASS.

THE COVERED WAGON

(Continued from Page 21)

"You can do thirty miles a day. I know you as a mountain man. Ride! To-morrow I start east to Laramie—and you start west for Oregon!"

And in the morning following two riders left Bridger's for the trail. They parted, each waving a hand to the other.

XLIII

A ROUGH low cabin of logs, hastily thrown together, housed through the winter months of the Sierra foothills the two men who now, in the warm days of early June, sat by the primitive fireplace cooking a midday meal. The older man, thin, bearded, who now spun a side of venison ribs on a cord in front of the open fire, was the mountain man, Bill Jackson, as anyone might tell who ever had seen him, for he had changed but little.

That his companion, younger, bearded, dressed also in buckskins, was Will Banion it would have taken closer scrutiny even of a friend to determine, so much had the passing of these few months altered him in appearance and in manner. Once light of mien, now he smiled never at all. For hours he would seem to go about his duties as an automaton. He spoke at last to his ancient and faithful friend, kindly as ever, and with his own alertness and decision.

"Let's make it our last meal on the Trinity, Bill. What do you say?"

"Why? What's eatin' ye, boy? Gittin' restless ag'in?"

"Yes, I want to move."

"Most does."

"We've got enough, Bill. The last month has been a crime. The spring snows uncovered a fortune, and you know it!"

"Oh, yes, eight hundred in one day ain't bad for two men that never had saw a gold pan a year ago. But she ain't petered yit. With what we've learned, an' what we know, we kin stay in here an' git so rich that hit shore makes me cry to think o' trappin' beaver, even before 1836 when the beaver market busted. Why, rich? Will, hit's like you say, plumb wrong—we done hit so damned easy! I lay awake nights plannin' how to spend my share o' this pile. We must have fifty-sixty thousand dollars o' dust burried under the floor, don't ye think?"

"Yes, more. But if you'll agree I'll sell this claim to the company below us and let them have the rest. They offer fifty thousand flat, and it's enough—more than enough. I want two things—to get Jim Bridger his share, safe and sound, and I want to go to Oregon."

The old man paused in the act of splitting off a deer rib from his roast.

"Ye're one awful damn fool, ain't ye, Will? I did hope to finish up here, a-br'ilin' my meat in a yaller-gold fireplace; but no matter how plain an' simple a man's tastes is, allus somethin' comes along to bust 'em."

"Well, go on and finish your meal in this plain fireplace of ours, Bill. It has done us very well. I think I'll go down to the sluice a while."

Banion rose and left the cabin, stooping at the low door. Moodily he walked along the side of the steep ravine to which the little structure clung. Below him lay the ripped-open slope where the little stream had been diverted. Below again lay the bared bed of the exploited water course, floored with bowlders set in deep gravel, at times with seamy dams of flat rock lying under and across the gravel stretches, the bed rock, ages old, holding in its hidden fingers the rich secrets of immemorial time.

Here he and his partner had in a few months of strenuous labor taken from the narrow and unimportant rivulet more wealth than most could save in a lifetime of patient and thrifty toil. Yes, fortune had been kind. And it all had been so easy, so simple, so unagitating, so matter-of-fact! The hillside now looked like any other hillside, innocent as a woman's eyes, yet covering how much! Banion could not realize that now, young though he was, he was a rich man.

He climbed down the side of the ravine, the little stones rattling under his feet, until he stood on the bared floor of the bed rock which had proved so unbelievably prolific in coarse gold.

There was a sharp bend in the ravine, and here the unpaid toil of the little waterway had, ages long, carried and left especially deep strata of gold-shot gravel. As he stood, half musing, Will Banion heard, on the ravine side around the bend, the tinkle of a falling stone, lazily rolling from one impediment to another. It might be some deer or other animal, he thought. He hastened to get view of the cause, whatever it might be.

And then fate, chance, the goddess of fortune which some men say does not exist, but which all wilderness-goers know does exist, for one instant paused, with Will Banion's life and wealth and happiness lightly abalance in cold, disdainful fingers.

He turned the corner. Almost level with his own, he looked into the eyes of a crawling man who, stooped, one hand steadying himself against the slant of the ravine, the other below, carrying a rifle, was peering frowningly ahead.



Jed Wingate

It was an evil face, bearded, aquiline, not unhandsome; but evil in its plain meaning now. The eyes were narrowed, the full lips drawn close, as though some tense emotion now approached its climax. The appearance was that of nerves stretched in some purpose long sustained.

And why not? When a man would do murder, when that has been his steady and premeditated purpose for a year, waiting only for opportunity to serve his purpose, that purpose itself changes his very lineaments, alters his whole cast of countenance. Other men avoid him, knowing unconsciously what is in his soul, because of what is written on his face.

For months most men had avoided Woodhull. It was known that he was on a man hunt. His questions, his movements, his changes of locality showed that; and Woodhull was one of those who cannot avoid asseverance, needing it for their courage's sake. Now morose and brooding, now loudly profane, now laughing or now aloof, his errand in these little hills was plain. Well, he was not alone among men whose depths were loosed. Some time his hour might come.

It had come! He stared now full into the face of his enemy! He at last had found him. Here stood his enemy, unarmed, delivered into his hands.

For one instant the two stood, staring into one another's eyes. Banion's advance had been silent. Woodhull was taken as much unawares as he.

It had been Woodhull's purpose to get a stand above the sluices, hidden by the angle, where he could command the reach of the stream bed where Banion and Jackson last had been working. He had studied the place before, and meant to take no chances. His shot must be sure.

But now, in his climbing on the steep hillside, his rifle was in his left hand, downhill, and his footing, caught as he was with one foot half raised, was insecure. At no time these last four hours had his opportunity been so close—or so poor—as precisely now!

He saw Will Banion's eyes suddenly startled, quickly estimating, looking into his own. He knew that behind his own eyes his whole foul soul lay bared—the soul of a murderer.

Woodhull made a swift spring down the hill, scrambling, half erect, and caught some sort of stance for the work which now was his to do.

He snarled, for he saw Banion stoop, unarmed. It would do his victim no good to run. There was time even to exult, and that was much better in a long-deferred matter such as this.

"Now, damn you, I've got you!"

He gave Banion that much chance to see that he was now to die.

Half leaning, he raised the long rifle to its line and touched the trigger.

The report came and Banion fell. But even as he wheeled and fell, stumbling down the hillside, his flung arm apparently had gained a weapon. It was not more than the piece of rotten quartz he had picked up and planned to examine later. He flung it straight at Woodhull's face—an act of chance, of instinct. By a hair it saved him.

Firing and missing at a distance of fifty feet, Woodhull remained not yet a murderer in deed. In a flash Banion gathered and sprang toward him as he stood in a half second of consternation at seeing his victim fall and rise again. The rifle carried but the one shot. He flung it down, reached for his heavy knife, raising an arm against the second piece of rock which Banion flung as he closed. He felt his wrist caught in an iron grip, felt the blood gush where his temple was cut by the last missile. And then once more, on the narrow bared floor that but now was patterned in parquetry traced in yellow, and soon must turn to red, it came to man and man between them—and it was free!

They fell and stumbled so that neither could much damage the other at first. Banion knew he must keep the impounded hand back from the knife sheath or he was done. Thus close, he could make no escape. He fought fast and furiously, striving to throw, to bend, to beat back the body of a man almost as strong as himself, and now a maniac in rage and fear.

The sound of the rifle shot rang through the little defile. To Jackson, shaving off bits of sweet meat between thumb and knife blade, it meant the presence of a stranger, friend or foe, for he knew Banion had carried no weapon with him. His own long rifle he snatched from its pegs. At a long, easy lope he ran along the path which carried across the face of the ravine. His moccasined feet made no sound. He saw no one in the creek bed or at the long turn. But now there came a loud, wordless cry which he knew was meant for him. It was Will Banion's voice.

The two struggling men grappled below him had no notion of how long they had fought. It seemed an age, and the denouement yet another age deferred. But to them came the sound of a voice:

"Git away, Will! Stand back!"

It was Jackson.

They both, still gripped, looked up the bank. The long barrel of a rifle, foreshortened to a black point, above it a cold eye fronted and followed them as they swayed. The crooked arm of the rifleman was motionless, save as it just moved that deadly circle an inch this way, an inch back again.

Banion knew that this was murder, too, but he knew that naught on earth could stay it now. To guard as much as he could against a last desperate knife thrust even of a dying man, he broke free and sprang back as far as he could, falling prostrate on his back as he did so, tripped by an unseen stone. But Sam Woodhull was not upon him now, was not willing to lose his own life in order to kill. For just one instant he looked up at the death staring down on him, then turned to run.

There was no place where he could run. The voice of the man above him called out sharp and hard:

"Halt! Sam Woodhull, look at me!"

He did turn, in horror, in fascination at sight of the bright angel. The rifle barrel to his last gaze became a small, round circle, large as a bottle top, and around it shone a fringed aura of red and purple light. That might have been the eye.

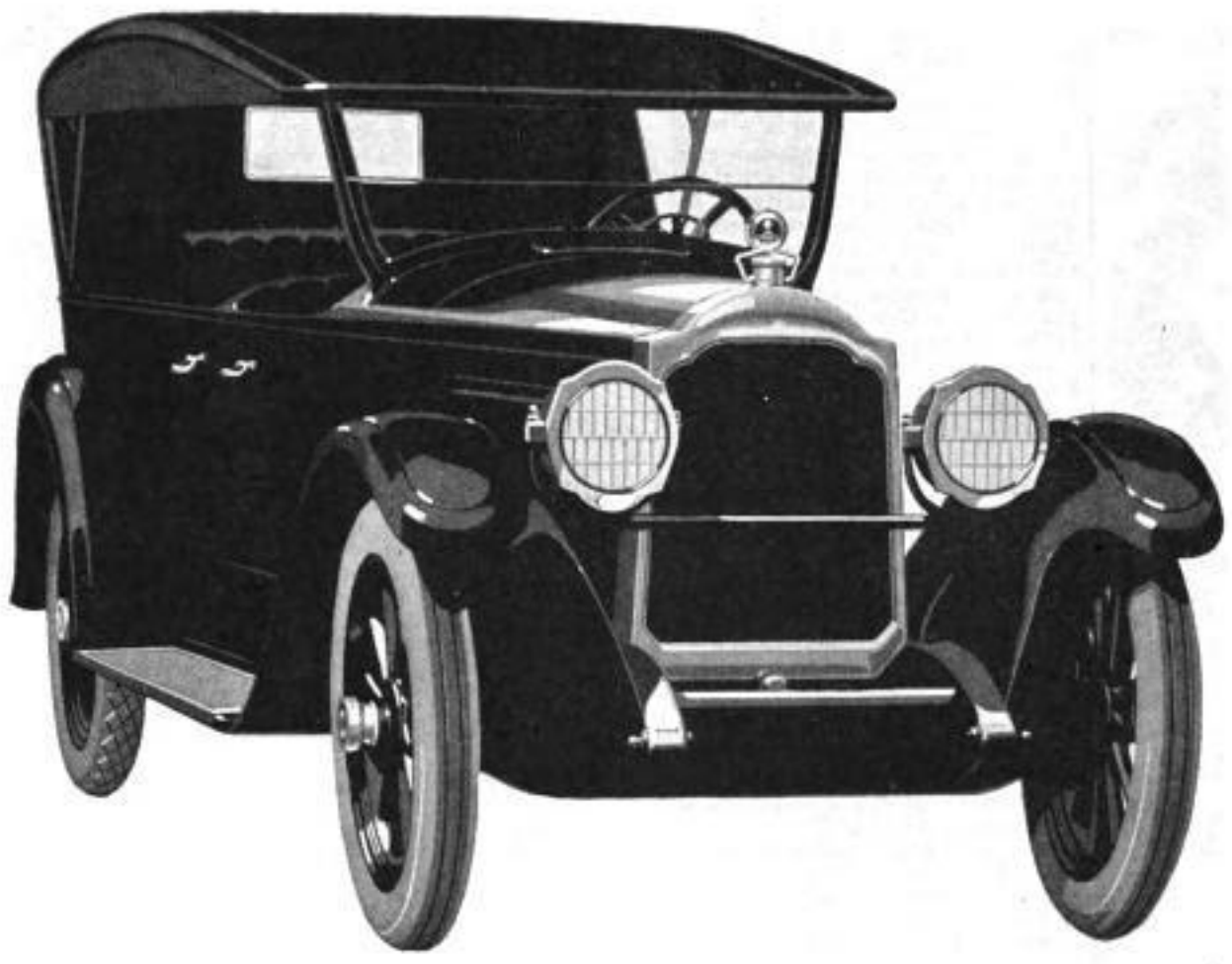
Steadily as when he had held his friend's life in his hand, sighting five inches above his eyes, the old hunter drew now above the eyes of his enemy. When the dry report cut flat and hard in the confined air of the valley and the body of Sam Woodhull started forward the small blue hole an inch above the eyes showed that the murderer's man hunt was done.

XLIV

WINDING down out of the hills into the grassy valley of the Upper Sacramento, the little pack train of Banion and Jackson, six hardy mules beside the black horse and Jackson's mountain pony, picked its way along a gashed and trampled creek bed. The kyacks which swung heavy on the strongest two mules might hold salt

(Continued on Page 42)

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PASSENGER
SINGLE-SIX

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

Nothing more deeply significant has ever happened in Packard history than the production of this exquisite group of cars.

They bear the unmistakable stamp of that beauty of embellishment, and manufacturing precision, which has always been proverbial in Packard.

Packard has improved upon Packard—but, more deeply significant still, by a more complete mastery of its own superb resources, Packard has produced value without precedent.

The incomparable charm of these new Single-Six cars will make you eager for ownership—and the value they express will leave literally no choice but Packard.

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FOR motor trips, camping parties, picnics of every kind. Nothing "*catches on*" as quickly as the Underwood Deviled Ham Sandwiches in the luncheon kit.

Popular at lunch time. Popular too with the hostess who prepares them. For all you have to do is open a can of Underwood's Deviled Ham and spread it like butter on thin crustless slices of fresh white bread. Then you *have* "*the greatest sandwich in the world.*"

Made from salted, sugared, hickory-smoked hams, boiled en casserole, then chopped fine and mixed with the famous Underwood Deviled Dressing.

Keep one or two cans in the pantry ready for that party you plan on the spur of the moment. Get them from your grocer today. Or if he cannot supply you send 25c in stamps for trial can—enough to make a dozen sandwiches.

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"In business over 100 years."

Underwood
Deviled HAM

(Continued from Page 40)

or lead or gold. It all was one to any who might have seen, and the two silent men, the younger ahead, the older behind, obviously were men able to hold their counsel or to defend their property.

The smoke of a distant encampment caught the keen eye of Jackson as he rode, humming, care-free, the burden of a song.

"Oh, then, Susannah!" admonished the old mountain man, and bade the said Susannah to be as free of care as he himself then and there was.

"More men comin' in," said he presently. "Wonder who them people is, an' ef hit's peace or war."

"Three men. A horse band. Two Indians. Go in easy, Bill."

Banion slowed down his own gait. His companion had tied the six mules together, nose and tail, with the halter of the lead mule wrapped on his own saddle horn. Each man now drew his rifle from the swing loop. But they advanced with the appearance of confidence, for it was evident that they had been discovered by the men of the encampment.

Apparently they were identified as well as discovered. A tall man in leggings and moccasins, a flat felt hat over his long gray hair, stood gazing at them, his rifle butt resting on the ground. Suddenly he emitted an unearthly yell, whether of defiance or of greeting, and springing to his own horse's picket pin gathered in the lariat and, mounting bareback, came on, his rifle high above his head, and repeating again and again his war cry or salutation.

Jackson rose in his stirrups, dropped his lead line and forsook more than a hundred and fifty thousand dollars—some two-mule pack loads of gold. His own yell rose high in answer.

"I told ye all the world'd be here!" he shouted back over his shoulder. "Do-ee see that old thief Jim Bridger? Him I left drunk an' happy last summer? Now what in hell brung him here?"

The two old mountain men flung off and stood hand in hand before Banion had rescued the precious lead line and brought on the little train.

Bridger threw his hat on the ground, flung down his rifle and cast his stoic calm aside. Both his hands caught Banion's and his face beamed, breaking into a thousand lines.

"Boy, hit's you, then! I knowed yer horse—he has no like in these parts. I've traced ye by him this hundred miles below an' up agin, but I've had no word this two weeks. Mostly I've seed that when ye ain't lookin' for a b'ar, thar he is. Well, here we air, fine an' fitten, an' me with two bottles left o' somethin' they call coggnac down in Yerba Buena. Come on in an' we'll make medicine."

They dismounted. The two Indians went to the packs. They grunted as they unloaded the two larger mules.

The kyacks were lined up and the mantas spread over them, the animals led away for feed and water. Bridger produced a ham of venison, some beans, a bannock and some coffee—not to mention his two bottles of fiery fluid—before any word was passed regarding future plans or past events.

"Come here, Jim," said Jackson after a time, tin cup in hand. The other followed him, likewise equipped.

"Heft this pannier, Jim."

"Uh-huh? Well, what of hit? What's inter hit?"

"Not much, Jim. Jest three-four hunderd pounds o' gold settin' there in them four packs. Hit hain't much, but hit'll help some."

Bridger stooped and uncovered the kyacks, unbuckled the cover straps.

"Hit's a true pack!" he exclaimed. "Gold! Ef hit hain't, I'm a putrefied liar, an' that's all I got to say!"

Now, little by little, they told, each to other, the story of the months since they had met, Bridger first explaining his own movements.

"I left the Malheur at Boise, an' brung along yan two boys. Ye needn't be a-skeered they'll touch the cargo. The gold means nothin' to 'em, but horses does. We've got a good band to drive north now. Some we bought an' most they stole, but no rancher cares fer horses here an' now.

"We come through the Klamaths, ye see, an' on south—the old horse trail up from the Spanish country, which only the Injuns knows. My boys say they kin take us to the head o' the Willamette.

"So ye did get the gold! Eh, sir?" said Bridger, his eyes narrowing. "The tip the girl give ye was a good one?"

"Yes," rejoined Banion. "But we came near losing it and more. It was Woodhull, Jim. He followed us in."

"Yes, I know. His wagons was not fur behind ye on the Humboldt. He left right atter ye did. He made trouble, huh? He'll make no more? Is that hit, huh?"

Bill Jackson slapped the stock of his rifle in silence. Bridger nodded. He had been close to tragedies all his life. They told him now of this one. He nodded again, close lipped.

"An' ye want courts an' the settlements, boys?" said he. "Fer me, when I kill a rattler, that's enough. Ef ye're touchy an' want yer ree-cord clean, why, we kin go below an' fix hit. Only thing is, I don't want to waste no more time'n I kin help, fer some of them horses has a ree-cord that ain't maybe so plumb clean their own selves. Ye ain't goin' out east—ye're goin' north. Hit's easier, an' a month or two closter, with plenty o' feed an' water—the old Cayuse trail, huh?

"So Sam Woodhull got what he's been lookin' fer so long!" he added presently. "Well, that simples up things some."

"He'd o' got hit long ago, on the Platte, ef my partner hadn't been a damned fool," confirmed Jackson. "He was where we could 'a' buried him nach'erl, in the sands. I told Will then that Woodhull'd murder him the fust chancet he got. Well, he did—er ef he didn't hit wasn't no credit to either one o' them two."

"What differ does hit make, Bill?" remarked Bridger indifferently. "Let bygones be bygones, huh? That's the pleasantest way, sence he's dead.

"Now here we air, with all the gold there ever was molded, an' a hull two bottles o' coggnac left, which takes holt e'enamost better'n Hundson's Bay rum. Ain't it a perty leetle ol' world to play with, all with nice pink stripes erround hit?"

He filled his tin and broke into a roaring song:

"There was a ol' widder which had three sons—
Joshuway, James an' John.
An' one got shot, an' one got drowned,
An' th' last un got losted an' never was found ——

"Ain't hit funny, son," said he, turning to Banion with cup uplifted, "how stiff likker allus makes me remember what I done fergot? Now Kit told me, thar at Laramie ——"

"Fer I'm goin' out to Oregon, with my wash pan on my knee!" chanted Bill Jackson, now solemnly oblivious of most of his surroundings and hence not consciously discourteous to his friends. "Susannah, don't ye cry!"

They sat, the central figures of a scene wild enough, in a world still primitive and young. Only one of the three remained sober and silent, wondering, if one thing lacked, why the world was made.

XLV

AT THE new farm of Jesse Wingate on the Yamhill the wheat was in stack and ready for the flail, his deerskin sacks made ready to carry it to market after the threshing. His grim and weather-beaten wagon stood, now unused, at the barnyard fence of rails.

It was evening. Wingate and his wife again sat on their little stoop, gazing down the path that led to the valley road. A mounted man was opening the gate, someone they did not recognize.

"Maybe from below," said Molly Wingate. "Jed's maybe sent up another letter. Leave it to him, he's going to marry the most wonderful girl! Well, I'll call it true, she's a wonderful walker. All the Prices was.

"Or maybe it's for Molly," she added. "Ef she's ever heard a word from either Sam Woodhull or ——"

"Hush! I do not want to hear that name!" broke in her husband. "Trouble enough he has made for us!"

His wife made no comment for a moment, still watching the stranger, who was now riding up the long approach, little noted by Wingate as he sat moody and distrait.

"Jess," said she, "let's be fair and shame the devil. Maybe we don't know all the truth about Will Banion. You go on in the house. I'll tend to this man, whoever he may be."

But she did not. With one more look at the advancing figure, she herself rose and followed her husband. As she passed she cast a swift glance at her daughter, who had not joined them for the twilight hour. Hers was the look of the mother—maternal, solicitous, yet wise and resolved withal, woman understanding woman.

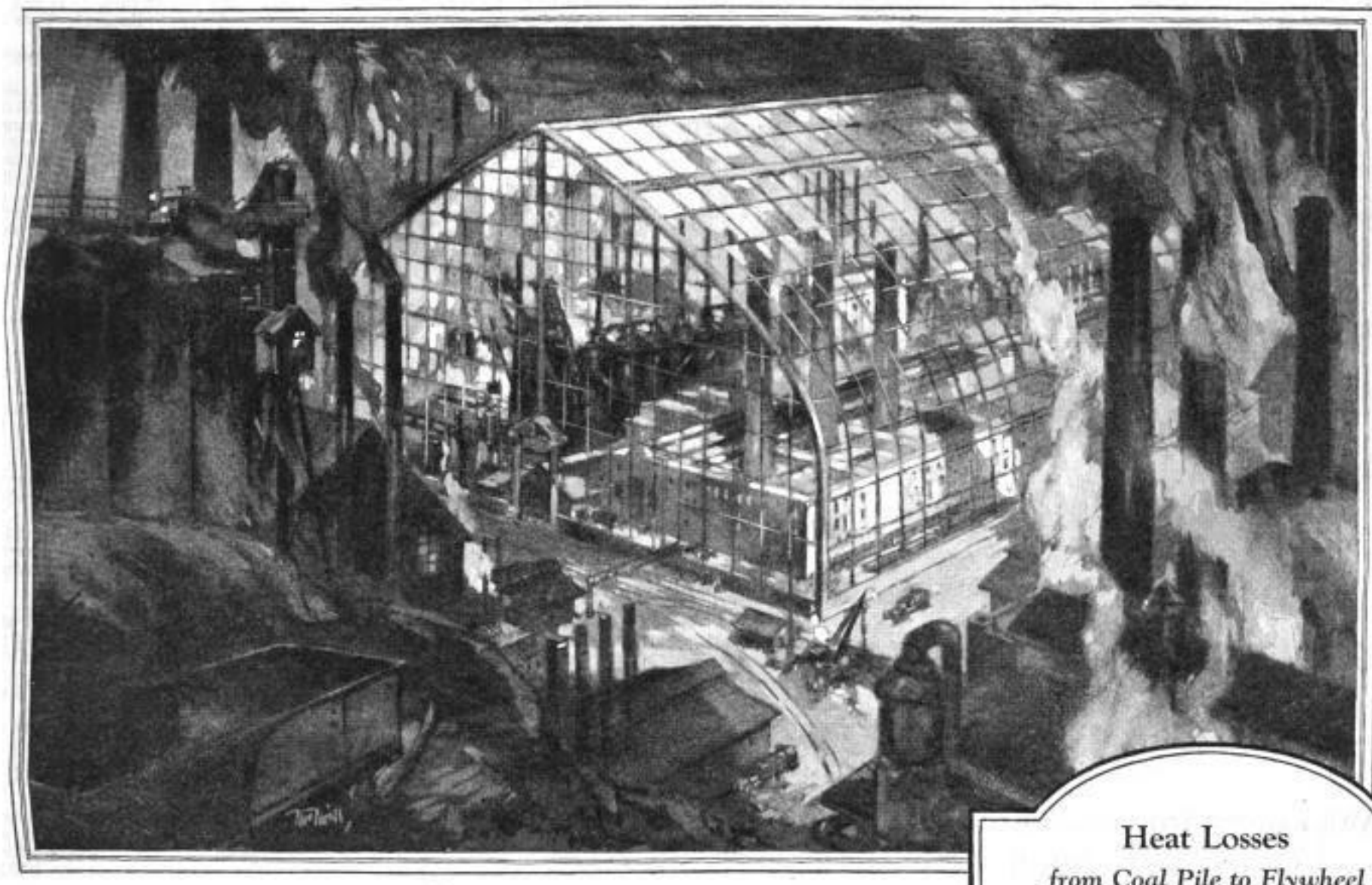
And now was the hour for her ewe lamb to be alone.

Molly Wingate sat in her own little room, looking through her window at the far forest and the mountain peaks in their evening dress of many colors. She was no longer the tattered emigrant girl in fringed frock and mended moccasins. Ships from the world's great ports served the new market of the Columbia Valley. It was a trim and trig young woman in the habiliments of sophisticated lands who sat here now, her heavy hair, piled high, lighted warmly in the illumination of the window. Her skin, clear white, had lost its sunburn in the moister climate between the two ranges

(Continued on Page 44)



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Your plant—is it hothouse or hardy?

A SHORT time ago abnormal demand was the industrial hothouse in which most any plant could thrive.

Margins were so broad and demand so active that factory and plant wastes became incidental to the more important urge for production.

But today—there is no hothouse of easy markets. To survive, every plant must be hardy, and every hardy plant can survive.

How to cut costs now in 1922

First of all, wastes must be eliminated.

This is no time to have bare or poorly covered hot surfaces and pipes wasting fuel, when each square foot of such surface wastes from 500 to 1,000 lbs. of coal per year.

Again—even a small plant, through leaky furnace and baffles, wastes tons of fuel that could be saved by a few dollars spent on corrective heat treatment.

Even such a detail as packing can by intelligent selection be made to serve as a saver of power, of wear and tear, and to materially reduce maintenance costs on engines, compressors, and pumps.

Read the notes in the panel at the right. Think of them as a basis for a meeting with a Johns-Manville man, along with your engineer. You owe it to yourself to know what you can save and where. Let us help you find out.

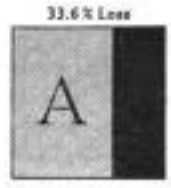
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Heat Losses
from Coal Pile to Flywheel

The area of each of these squares represents what is left of the energy in a ton of coal at each step in power production after the unavoidable heat losses have been deducted at each stage.

The shaded portion of each square represents losses that are preventable at each step, and hence is clear saving when salvaged.

33.6 % Loss



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Johns-Manville Refractory Cements, which resist high temperatures and expansion and contraction, provide for tight and durable fire brick settings.

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27.1 % Loss



Heat available for conversion into steam.

B Moulded or poured Monolithic Baffle Walls prevent short circuiting of gases, and curtail heat losses up the stack.

10.2 % Loss



Available heat for delivery to prime mover.

C Johns-Manville gaskets and rod packings that pack without leakage between flanges or around rods eliminate all steam and water leakage.

The proper discharge of condensation conserves an enormous quantity of live steam. This is the job of the Johns-Manville Steam Trap.

Johns-Manville Sectional Pipe Insulation and other insulating materials of proper efficiency minimize radiation from conveying lines.



D Insulating lagging reduces radiation from cylinders, etc.

Sea Ring Packing—automatic in action—saves a large percentage of power usually expended in overcoming friction between rod packing and rod or plunger.

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PIPE COVERINGS — PACKINGS — CEMENTS — POWER SPECIALTIES — TRAPS

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"At Conneaut, Ohio, the oil still ran out of the upper petcock"

Surprised on Saturday —sold on Sunday

Why one Ford owner ordered a drum of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" when he drove back from Cleveland

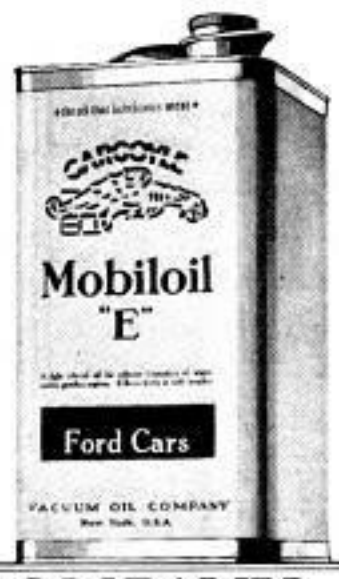
THE OWNER of a gasoline service station in western Pennsylvania relates this experience: A neighbor drives his Ford to Cleveland every Saturday. When Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" was suggested he said, "It's too high priced." The service station man, Mr. H., replied, "I would like to take a run with you some time and furnish the gas and oil as my share of the trip."

On Friday night the Ford owner came around. Mr. H. drained the crank-case, put in Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" and filled up the gasoline tank. The next day they started.

At Conneaut, Ohio, about eighty miles out, the owner said, "You'd better look at the oil, as I always add a quart here." But the oil still ran out of the upper petcock. *Surprise No. 1.* They drove on to Cleveland. Still no additional oil was needed. *Surprise No. 2.* Sunday evening they started home. At Conneaut they looked at the oil. Only a quart of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" was added. *Surprise No. 3.*

The Ford owner insisted that this trip had always required three quarts of ordinary oil. He said to Mr. H., "You'd better get me a drum of this Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" so I will always have it."

A week's fair trial of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" may surprise you as much as it did the gentleman who drove to Cleveland.



IN BUYING *Gargoyle Mobiloil from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container.*

The Vacuum Oil Company's Chart specifies the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for every make and model of car. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is the correct grade for Fords. If you drive another make of car, send for our booklet, "Correct Lubrication."

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Indianapolis	Minneapolis	Kansas City, Kan.
Buffalo	Des Moines	Dallas

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

(Continued from Page 42)

of mountains. Quiet, reticent, reserved—cold, some said; but all said Molly Wingate, teacher at the mission school, was beautiful, the most beautiful young woman in all the great Willamette settlements. Her hands were in her lap now, and her face as usual was grave. A sad young woman, her Oregon lovers all said of her.

She heard now a knock at the front door, to which, from her position, she could not have seen anyone approach. She called out "Come!" but did not turn her head.

A horse stamped, neighed near her door. Her face changed expression. Her eyes grew wide in some strange association of memories suddenly revived.

She heard a footfall on the gallery floor, then on the floor of the hall. It stopped. Her heart almost stopped with it. Some undiscovered sense warned her, cried aloud to her. She faced the door, wide-eyed, as it was flung open.

"Molly!"

Will Banion's deep-toned voice told her all the rest. In terror, her hands to her face, she stood an instant, then sprang toward him, her voice almost a wail in its incredulous joy:

"Will! Will! Oh, Will! Oh! Oh!"

"Molly!"

They both paused.

"It can't be! Oh, you frightened me, Will! It can't be you!"

But he had her in his arms now. At first he could only push back her hair, stroke her cheek, until at last the rush of life and youth came back to them both, and their lips met in the sealing kiss of years. Then both were young again. She put up a hand to caress his brown cheek. Tenderly he pushed back her hair.

"Will! Oh, Will! It can't be!" she whispered again and again.

"But it is! It had to be! Now I'm paid! Now I've found my fortune!"

"And I've had my year to think it over, Will. As though the fortune mattered!"

"Not so much as that one other thing that kept you and me apart. Now I must tell you——"

"No, no, let be! Tell me nothing!"

"But I must! You must hear me! I've waited two years for this!"

"Long, Will! You've let me get old!"

"You old?" He kissed her in contempt of time. "But now wait, dear, for I must tell you.

"You see, coming up the valley I met the clerk of the court of Oregon City, and he knew I was headed up for the Yamhill. He asked me to serve as his messenger. 'I've been sending up through all the valley settlements in search of one William Banion,' he said to me. Then I told him who I was. He gave me this."

"What is it?" And she turned to her lover. He held in his hands a long package, infolded in an otter skin. "Is it a court summons for Will Banion? They can't have you, Will!"

He smiled, her head held between his two hands.

"'I have a very important document for Col. William Banion,' the clerk said to me. 'It has been for some time in our charge, for delivery to him at once should he come into the Oregon settlements. It is from His Excellency the President of the United States. Such messages do not wait. Seeing it of such importance, and knowing it to be military, Judge Lane opened it, since we could not trace the addressee. If you like—if you are, indeed, Col. William Banion'—that was what he said."

He broke off, choking.

"Ah, Molly, at last and indeed I am again William Banion!"

He took from the otter skin—which Chardon once had placed over the oilskin used by Carson to protect it—the long and formal envelope of heavy linen. His finger pointed—"On the Service of the United States."

"Why, Will!"

He caught the envelope swiftly to his lips, holding it there an instant before he could speak.

"My pardon! From the President! Not guilty—oh, not guilty! And I never was!"

"Oh, Will, Will! That makes you happy?"

"Doesn't it you?"

"Why, yes! But I knew that always! And I know now I'd have followed you to the gallows if that had had to be."

"Though I were a thief?"

"Yes! But I'd not believe it! I didn't! I never did! I could not!"

"You'd take my word against all the world—just my word, if I told you it wasn't true? You'd want no proof at all? Will you always believe in me in that way? No proof?"

"I want none now. You do tell me that? No, no! I'm afraid you'd give me proofs! I want none! I want to love you for what you are, for what we both are, Will! I'm afraid!"

He put his hands on her shoulders, held her away at arms' length, looked straight into her eyes.

"Dear girl," said he, "you need never be afraid any more."

She put her head down contentedly against his shoulder, her face nestling sidewise, her eyes closed, her arms again quite around his neck.

"I don't care, Will," said she. "No, no, don't talk of things!" He did not talk. In the sweetness of the silence he kissed her tenderly again and again.

And now the sun might sink. The light of the whole world by no means died with it.

(THE END)

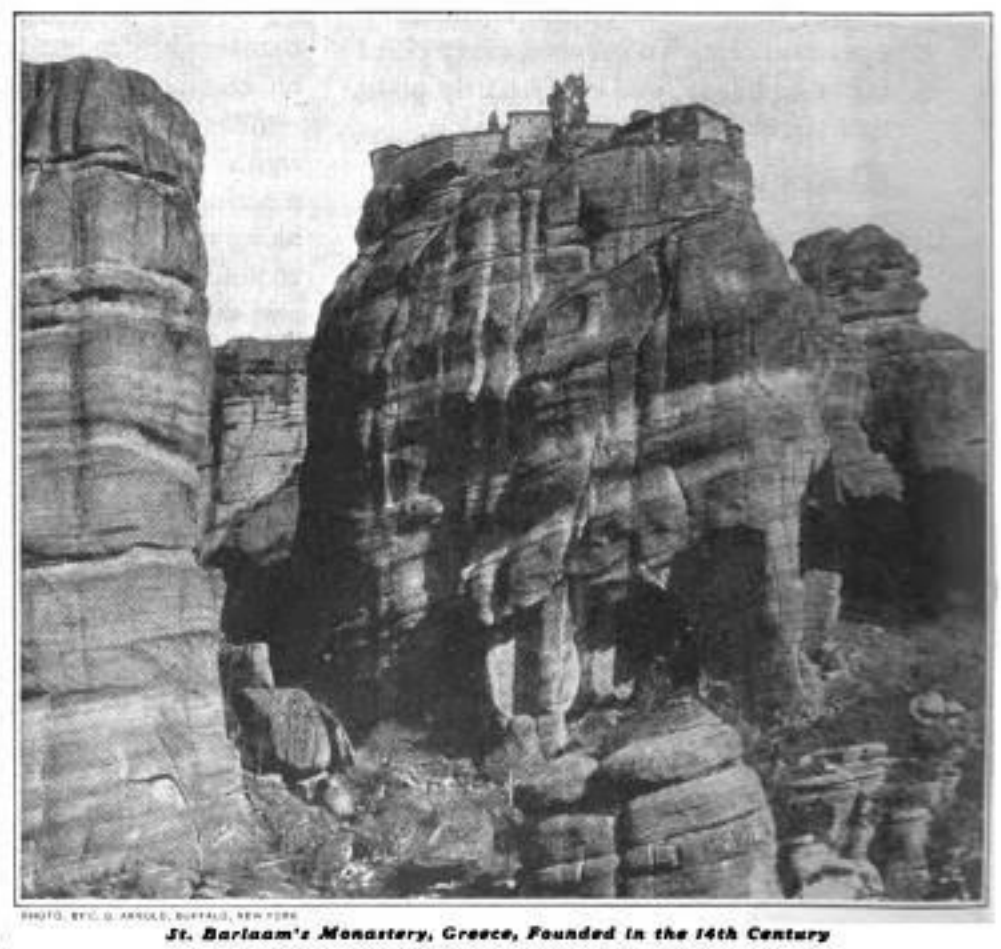
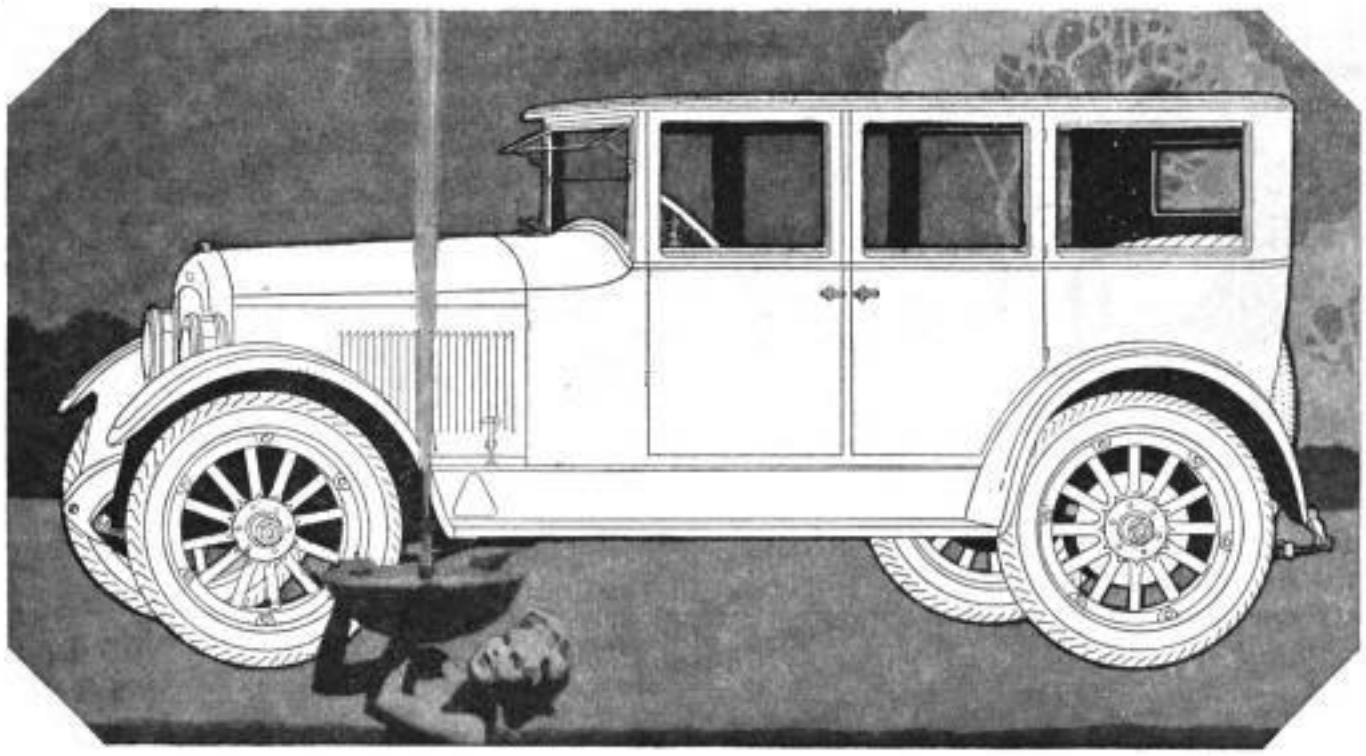


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St. Barlaam's Monastery, Greece, Founded in the 14th Century

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The New Jewett Sedan is of all steel construction with four tightly fitting doors that close with snap and precision. The entire back is one solid stamping without joints or gaps in the metal. That means there can be no rattles, squeaks or annoying vibration.

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JEWETT

A Thrifty Six JEWETT *Built by Paige*

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So smoothes her charming tones that
God's own ear
Listens delighted"

Milton—Paradise Lost

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THE YOUNG MAN IN JOURNALISM

(Continued from Page 25)

in the prime of life must be a very young man, he said, a man in the first part of his life.

Likewise, he stirred us up one day by criticizing the use a writer had made of the word "manufactured" in describing something made by machinery. "'Manufacture,'" he said, "comes from the Latin '*manus*,' the hand, and '*facio*,' I make; 'manufacture' means to make by hand, not by machinery or in any other way."

He objected to the use of "dexterity" in the sense of skill, adroitness, aptitude, either physical or mental. "*Dexter*" is the Latin word meaning the right, and correctly speaking, "dexterous movements" means right-hand movements, was the plea.

"Where is your Latin?" he asked a writer who had said that a political convention had indorsed a candidate. "You cannot indorse a man; you indorse a note or a document by writing on its back. 'Indorse' is from the Latin '*in*,' on, and '*dorsum*,' the back. It is incorrect to use it in the sense of general approval." Someone spoke up to say that under that strict meaning you might indorse a man by hitting him on the back with a club, and the critical lesson ended in laughter.

These criticisms of Mr. Dana's were made and heeded forty or fifty years ago. But like many other words of Latin origin they have come into general use in the ways to which he objected. Usage is amplifying the service of many Latin roots, is giving them wider and more general meaning. "Dexterous" and "dexterity" have come by common consent to mean alert, nimble physical or mental service of various kinds. We use the word "manufacture" for the making of anything, by machinery or chemical processes or almost any way. We indorse men's sentiments or conduct, the action of conventions or anything to which we wish to give the stamp of approval. "Prime" is in constant use to express vigor, beauty, power, fullness of perfection, maturity. These uses attest the constant change, the expansion of our language. There is less inclination to hold the language to rigidity of root meaning.

Standards of Good Usage

There were other busy minds in the old Sun office when it came to considering the use of words. Thomas Hitchcock, who wrote so entertainingly on finance, signing his articles "Matthew Marshall," was one of them. Never did the word "leniency" get into the news columns but he spotted it and went after the unfortunate offender. "'Lenity' is the word. Why do you persist in saying 'leniency' when you mean 'lenity'?" he demanded. In vain the victims trotted out the dictionary, which didn't make any great distinction between the words, but Hitchcock was never convinced that "leniency" had any place in the language. Another word that disturbed him was "agreeable" when used in the sense of causing a pleasant sensation of mind or body. Agreement, he urged, was concurrence between persons, not things. A man could not agree with the warmth of his grate fire, hence it was wrong to say that this warmth was agreeable.

And there was dear old Doctor Wood, who because of his skill in abbreviation came to be known as the Great American Condensor. We wonder how many hundred times in his editing he changed the word "audience" to "spectators" or something else. "An audience," he wearily repeated, "is a gathering of hearers—'*audio*' is the Latin verb meaning to hear. People who see pantomimes, prize fights or circuses"—there were no movies in those days or he would have included them—"are not audiences." And how many times did he change "on" the street to "in" the street, "last" to "latest," "observe" to "notice," a "divine" to a "clergyman," "per cent" to "proportion"—"per cent means by the hundred," he snapped. Wood accepted Richard Grant White's book, Words and Their Uses, without question.

Fifty years ago, and goodness knows how many years before, nearly every office had long printed lists of prohibited words. They have been repeated constantly ever since in many articles on newspaper English and the use of words. There seems to be a fascination in writing about them. You might think that by this time they were ground into the very souls of newspaper writers. But they seem to be unheeded. We were told we must say a man accepts a post, not a position; that it was wrong to speak of a part of the country as a section; region was the proper word; that folks did not locate in a region, they went to live there; that you lend money, do not loan it; that a residue of anything is a remainder, not a balance; that nine times out of ten you give a thing, do not donate it; that you shouldn't say "party" when you mean "person"—and so on to great length. Yet all these words that were so unwelcome to the critics of fifty years ago continue in common newspaper use to-day. They are misused, many of them, but why?

Writing for newspapers differs from other literary work in this: The newspaper writer has little opportunity for revision. Almost all articles for daily sheets are written at a single sitting. The writers of editorial matter have several hours in which to compose, and usually they have a proof sheet for revision. The writers of short news articles may read and correct their manuscript. But in the big offices as soon as the reporter who is writing an article of any considerable length has finished two or three pages they are grabbed by an office boy, hurried to a copy reader, who revises them as best he may and rushes them to the composing room to be set up. The writer does not see his pages again, does not read them over, even, after writing them. All big news reports—stories of great disasters, football matches, public meetings or demonstrations—are prepared with this haste.

Will Irwin's Classic

The playhouse and opera critics write under these same trying circumstances, with no time for leisurely thought or revision. It is difficult, indeed, to write of a great performance in a whirlwind of hurry, with less than two hours for deliberate consecutive thought. The French critic's way of presenting a news paragraph in the edition following the performance, and reserving a carefully prepared review for a later-date publication, commends itself; but the American newspapers continue to print long comments on first-night performances two or three hours after the fall of the curtain. The opera critics have the advantage of attending rehearsals of new operas and may prepare parts of the article in advance, but rehearsals are spiritless, for performers have not the inspiration and response of the audience.

Intensity of thought and concentration must engross the writer. He must prepare himself by study and practice to throw every atom of his mental vitality into the work, to write immediately, and without expectation of revision, exactly what should appear in the newspaper. Mind discipline is a great help in newspaper work. The man must school himself to work under all conditions of mental anguish, physical distress, heart sorrow or unhappiness of any kind. He cannot surrender to moods or to whims or to physical sensations. He must continue hour after hour, day after day, with the same hurry-up speed. As in crowded Broadway if you cannot keep up with the procession you must be trodden on or take to a side street, so must the active newspaper man everlastingly keep going. It is largely a matter of mind discipline, of study and practice, of intense mental concentration and swiftness of thought.

In illustration of how men write under great anguish of mind may be mentioned the experience of Will Irwin and the San Francisco earthquake and fire. Irwin was a San Franciscan and he wrote in the big news room of the Sun office the greater part of the running story of the disaster as the fragments of news came along over the congested wires. He believed that his wife and his son were in the destroyed zone, visiting an aunt. Every effort was made to get word from them, but not any came. He not only wrote the story of the destruction of San Francisco but also that classic of journalism The City That Was while

(Continued on Page 49)

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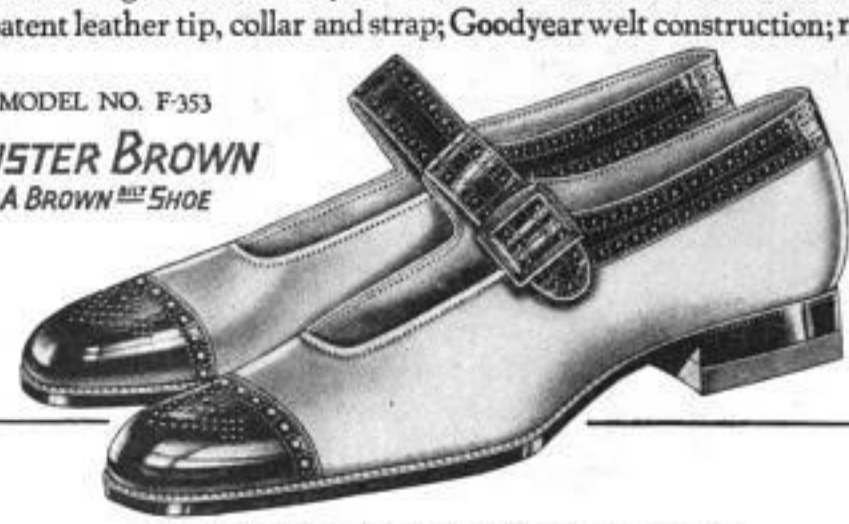
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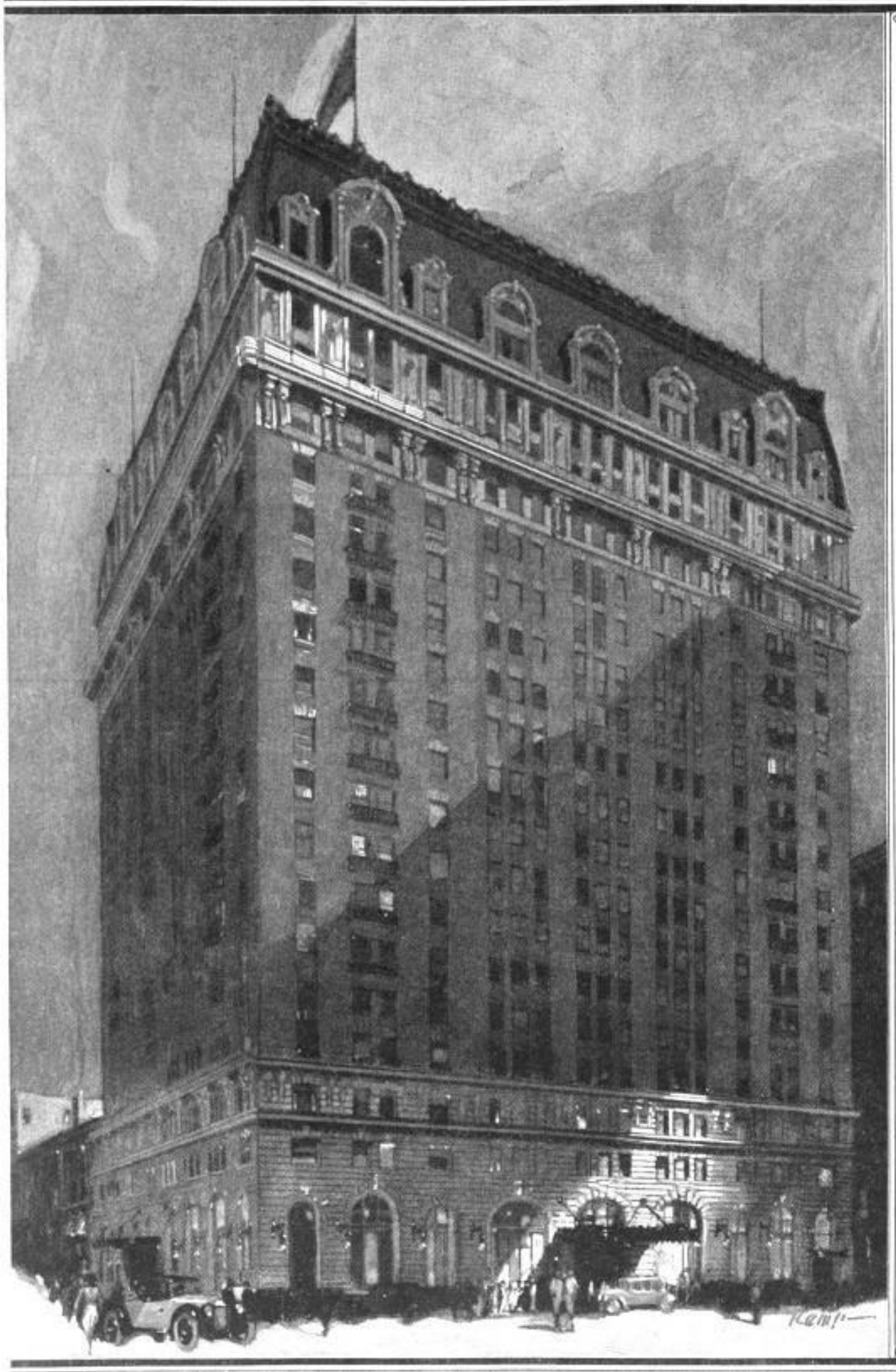
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CHICAGO'S FINEST HOTEL

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(Continued from Page 46)

under the mental strain of belief that his wife and son were lost. Every little while he stopped, ran his hands through his hair and muttered to himself something that sounded like "My God, if I knew only where they are!" And then he resumed the grinding out of the narrative. Three days after the disaster word came that they were in San José.

Please do not undervalue the priceless benefits of practice—of practice that will give skill in saying exactly what you want to say the first time you say it. In leisurely writing you may rewrite and change and make perfect, but in newspaper writing you have one dash only at it, without much opportunity for revision. Your reputation as a newspaper writer hangs on that one effort. You can cultivate the gift of ready speech just as many a finished orator has done.

It has been said of President Wilson that early in his youth he appreciated the advantages of ready speech and set about to improve himself in its use. He practiced speaking long and constantly. In the seclusion of his room he conducted imaginary debates, talking to himself first on one side and then on the other of some public question. On his student walks he addressed the crags and peaks, the winding rivers, the silent meadows—all for practice in the quick use of language, the shading of sentences and the putting of emphasis on climaxes of thought and conclusion. And he became one of the most interesting and convincing speakers this country—or any other country for that matter—ever has known.

Now the newspaper writer is virtually producing language in the same manner as does the extemporaneous speaker. If he dictates his articles, as many of our best writers do, there is little difference, for he does little revision. The value of practice is known to every speaker. It follows that practice is equally helpful toward perfection in newspaper writing. But the young newspaper writer must practice writing at top speed. Let him practice in the line of work that he happens to be doing. If a reporter, for example, let him absorb the facts narrated in a fifty-line report in any newspaper, and then by a mighty effort of mental concentration reproduce the facts of that article with all possible speed, in different language and construction, and with full purpose not to imitate it. An hour a day of this practice will help to facility of expression, to quick construction and, best of all, to the inestimable benefits of mental concentration.

Vigorous Writing

The young writer should seek to rise above the commonplace. It was said of Machiavelli that "having adopted some of the maxims then generally received, he arranged them more luminously and expressed them more forcibly than any other writer."

The young writer should study the art of making his words exude the very spirit of the occasion—the art of describing joyous events with joyous words and shadowing melancholy happenings with the language of gloom. He should seek the faculty of making obscure truth pleasing: of making repulsive truth attractive."

Let him follow the counsel of a distinguished critic who says: "Choose concrete nouns rather than vague, abstract, woolly ones. Use straightforward speech rather than circumlocution. . . . Remember that the first virtue, the touchstone of masculine style is the use of the active verb and concrete noun. When you write in the active voice 'They gave him a silver teapot,' you write as a man. When you write 'He was made the recipient of a silver teapot,' you write jargon."

Avoid overworked words is common advice to young journalists. An article in the Writer has much to say of ways by which the constant use of the word "said" may be prevented. "Said" sometimes becomes monotonous, especially in the dialogue of fiction, but almost always another verb may be found to express the author's meaning. The Writer printed a list of three hundred and eighty-two verbs found in about fifty magazine stories which had been used instead of "said." Frequently the use of a verb helps to make more concise as well as to avoid the use of the word "said." "'It hurts,' said John in a complaining tone," is not so good as "'It hurts,' John complained." Again, "'Please help me,' said the beggar in pitiful beseeching appeal," is better expressed by "'Please help me,' the beggar pleaded." The language is rich in verbs.

Another overworked word, and a slow word too, is the word "show." It does seem as though the average newspaper writer cannot think of any other word when he writes that this action or this event or this conclusion or this computation shows that, and so forth, when he might say attests, evinces, betokens, bespeaks, implies, indicates, proves, or any other suitable verb of the twenty-five or more he may find in a thesaurus.

Overworked Phrases

Looseness of speech is found in the use of explanatory phrases that might be expressed by a single verb. The verb is the heart of language life, the soul of expression. Why, for example, do we write "He reflected on the situation" when "He cogitated" would be better?

He spoke reprovingly to the boy. He chided the boy.

He spoke in a mocking, deriding manner. He jeered.

His breath came convulsively and brokenly. He gasped.

They exchanged idle words and gossip. They babbled.

He gave utterance to the thought. He echoed the thought.

He was filled with wonder. He marveled.

He busied himself with the affairs of his neighbors. He meddled.

He uttered a suppressed groan. He moaned.

She spoke in low, indistinct words. She mumbled.

His was an exhibition of empty talk. He palavered.

I am aware that these things are elementary—exceedingly elementary; but they are of import to young newspaper writers. Slovenly, disjointed, confused diction must retard progress. Some of the schools of journalism are giving practical instruction in the editing of copy, are giving useful drill in copy reading. But the common lecture in the college English course—the little essay on some distinguished author that tells of his life, his habits, his intellectual yearnings and his midnight inspirations, with a few comments on his style and diction—is of little use in teaching a young man to write.

We were told in the days of fifty years ago that overworked phrases are quite as dispiriting to the reader as overworked words. The style books have told us so ever since. As after repeated use a drug ceases to have effect on the human system, so words and phrases wear out after constant repetition and have but feeble effect on the mind. It is easy to compile scores of these commonplaces, excellent indeed when first uttered but inexpressive because so familiar. The mind does not reflect their true value. How much better to say that a thing is beautiful than that "it is a thing of beauty and a joy forever"; or that a thundercloud was black rather than that it "was black as the ace of spades." Yet in recent comment on disarmament a New York morning newspaper editorial writer weakened an article of less than fifty lines by including the expressions: "Too ready to lay his cards on the table"; "Mr. Hughes has boldly taken the bull by the horns"; "striking ruthlessly to the very heart of the problem"; "America's signal contribution to the success of the conference"; "leaves nothing to be desired in the way of." Every one of these expressions is at least fifty years old.

Familiarity with a topic usually results in diminished interest in that topic. It is our nature to seek things new. We tire of the commonplace and the obvious. If you wish to make your words effective lift them out of the commonplace. Many a fine thought has been weakened or lost by feeble diction.

Study—persistent, laborious, intelligent study—is the key to success in writing. Occasionally a genius startles with a spontaneous facility for the use of words and sentences, but the nine hundred and ninety-nine others of us newspaper plodders must achieve our purpose by the hardest kind of hard work. We must study the derivation of words, the various uses of words. If we are to keep up with these snappy times we must hunt for strong, masculine nouns and rapid-fire verbs and staccato adjectives and sudden adverbs. Almost always we can find a better word

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Barreled Sunlight

The Rice Process White

than the one that first suggests itself. Almost always we may shorten and simplify a sentence if we study it.

The word spoken may be forgotten. The word written stands for all time. The orator may move his hearers by eloquence, by gesture, by facial expression, by the tricks of public speaking, even though his words be feeble or not well chosen or his conclusions be not convincing. His words may be forgotten—certainly will not be remembered unless recorded—but they have been reënforced by his arts of eloquence, maybe by audacity of speech, by his personality, and the net result is favorable. The orator's bluff may serve him well at times, but the words of the writer must stand on their merits in lasting type. Type furnishes little emotion. There are few typographical tricks that cause heart flutter or mental spasm.

Just plain words alone—words, words nearly every one of which is already familiar to the reader—must make the writer's reputation. How important that every word be studied!

The young journalist cannot be urged too strongly to study the use of words. Every word has its correct use; many words are used incorrectly. You will find it an interesting study. If you doubt its interest, be so good as to open your dictionary to any haphazard page and read intently for fifteen minutes. You will find words the existence of which you had not known, the uses of which you had not understood. Observe the derivation and thus the primary meaning of the word and you cannot miss its proper place. You cannot put time to better purpose if you seek excellence in English composition than by studying the English dictionary a few minutes every day.

When a writer is sure of his information, is sincere in his attitude, and is eager for its presentation, words and sentences usually come to him with ease. It is when he is shaky over his facts or insincere or dishonest that his words become feeble, lack convincing quality, do not ring true. It is interesting to observe how often dishonest journalism convicts itself through timidity of diction.

Some of our modern English is practical and easy to understand. The words "scrapped" and "junked" seem to have been put permanently into the language by the Washington disarmament conference. A well-known journal says, "The newspapers were kidding him," and likely enough we must accept "kid" as a verb. The Navy now says of a man when he departs that he "shoves off." It is proper to say of a dissatisfied person, according to the dictionaries, that he is "peeved," but the use of the word is rather new. Food is known as "eats" and the pleasures of the pipe and of cigars are called "smokes." A recent headline said, "Flivvers furnish booze to soldiers." Another newspaper transforms "hocus" into a verb: "Complained that she hocused him." Another journal says of some occupation of youngsters that "it gives them no time to go on the loose."

Editorial Writing

A new invention brings out a new crop of words. We have "automobile," "garage," "speedometer," "limousine," "taxi," "taximeter," "motor boat," "motorcycle," "chauffeur"—all useful and necessary additions to our elastic language. The airplane has brought as many more, and so has wireless transmission.

Editorial writing requires a different literary touch than is used in news narration. It is harder to catch the knack of it. The special article or news report gives information only; the editorial article seeks to persuade, explain, amuse. It must attract the reader's attention and it is the writer's art of combining chat, information and opinion that wins this result. Its opportunities for literary perfection are boundless. Every trick of language, argument, invective, ridicule, sarcasm, humor, frolic, pathos, every element that enters literature may be indulged in, and the more striking the more successful.

The editorial page is the most important part of the newspaper. It gives the sheet its greatest distinction, its widest influence, its chief reputation—gives the editor his proudest satisfaction. It is here that the editor reveals to the public the true measure of his ability and inspires the confidence and the respect of his community, if at all. The editorial article is a little essay on a current topic. You may glorify the topic by giving it conspicuous importance in the strongest language at command; or you may minimize it by inane, flabby comments on its weakest features and by ignoring its essentials. You may give it fine literary flavor or you may drool over it. The tricks of the trade come with practice.

Editorial writing is fascinating. To wield influence always gives satisfaction. For centuries it has been the ambition of orators and writers to influence men's thoughts, to direct men's actions. Creative work is perhaps the most enjoyable of all work. In the newspaper it has come to be the most important. An original editorial article summons all the creative ability of the writer. It is the product of his years of study and experience. The news department may be conducted without an excess of book learning, for news getting has become so systematized it is difficult to invent a new way of treating the news. But before you have been an editorial writer many months you will have called into precious use all your reasoning powers, all your philosophy, all the principles of life and of conduct you may have observed.

News events may be so presented as to have quick influence. Many readers glance at headlines and scan news columns and are influenced without giving them a scrap of intellectual reflection. But the editorial writer must have real merit to influence other men.

He must possess the art of composition, of ready speech, of carrying conviction. He not only thinks for his readers but also he seeks to persuade to his way of thinking.

Lafcadio Hearn's Advice

In large cities, where the newspapers are opulent and large staffs are employed, the editorial writer is expected to produce one article only each day. But the number of opulent journals is small, and in almost all American newspaper offices the editorial writer furnishes several articles. Always he is hurried. He has little time for the study of his subject or for proper thought. This hurry tempts to a condition of routine thought, to the utterance of the obvious, to imitation. Hurried writing usually is slovenly writing, and that is a reason why so much of our editorial writing is mediocre. This everlasting hurry is a serious drawback to good newspaper making; but it is also an incentive to quick thinking. What has been said of the politician, that he must act often before he has read or thought, is singularly true of the editor. He must understand the political, commercial, social questions of the hour, must be prepared to hop right into instant discussion of them. He must train himself to use quick judgment and to reach quick conclusions.

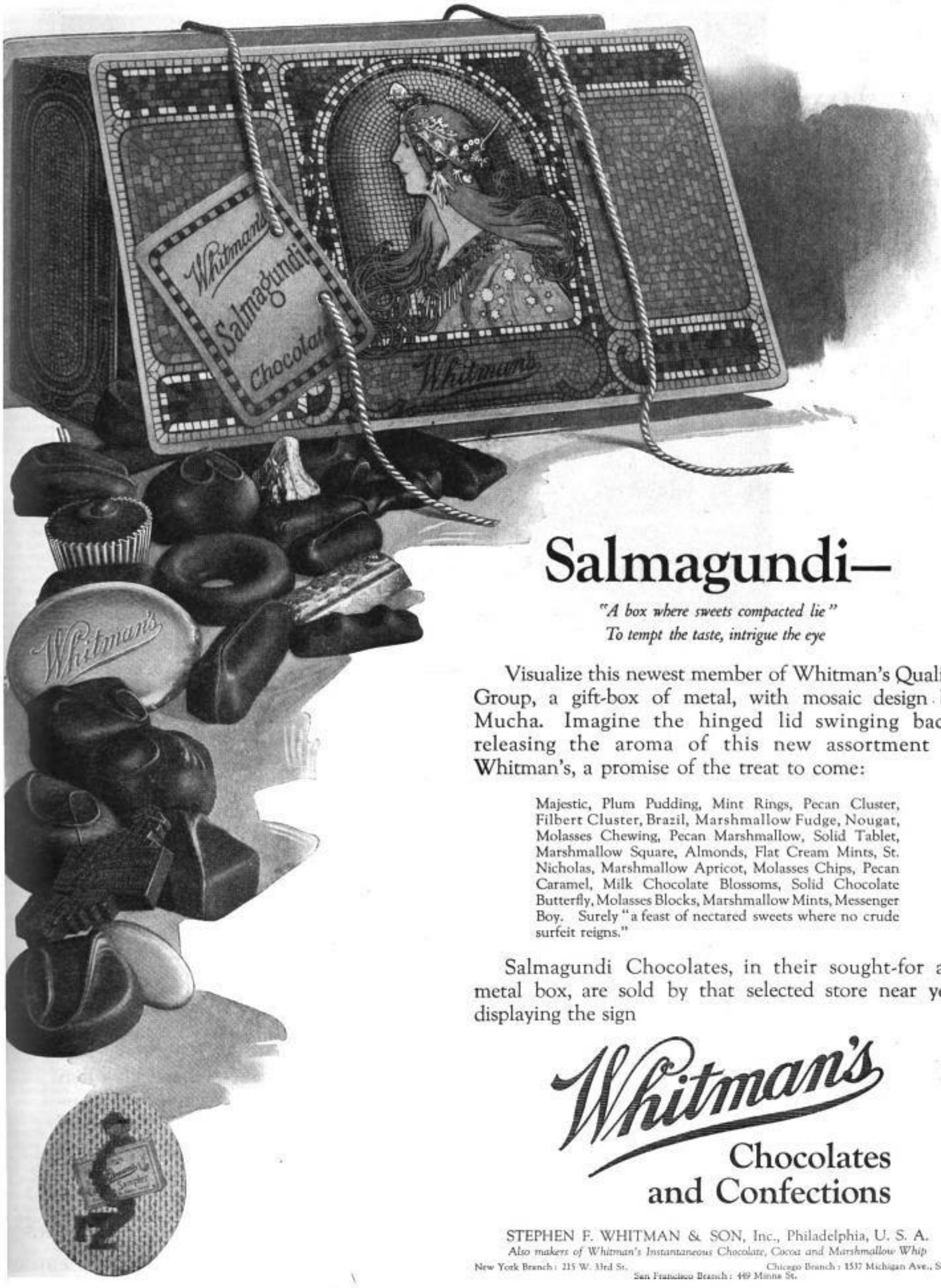
Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch in a lecture to the Cambridge students urged them to study writing and to practice it—to write and rewrite with intent to gain facility in diction and in the fashioning of sentences and especially to seek to make their prose "accurate, perspicuous, persuasive, and appropriate." He would insure greater accuracy by the study and practice of the use of words. Thought and speech being inseparable it follows that we cannot use the humblest process of thought—cannot resolve to take our bath hot or cold or decide what to order for breakfast—without forecasting it in some form of words. Words, in fine, he urges, are the only currency in which we can exchange thought, even with ourselves.

Does it not follow, then, that the more accurately we use words the closer definition we shall give to our thoughts? "The first aim of speech is to be understood, and the more clearly we write the more easily and surely we will be understood. Not to be understood is to be a sloven in speech."

Lafcadio Hearn urged the students of the University of Tokio to study the construction of sentences—to write them over and over again until they were nearly perfect, saying: "A thing once written is not literature. . . . No man can produce real literature at one writing. . . . To produce even a single sentence of good literature requires that the text be written at least three times. . . . For literature more than any other art the all-necessary thing is patience." He advised the students to write a practice piece and put it away for a week; then to revise it and put

(Continued on Page 53)

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Salmagundi—

"A box where sweets compacted lie"
To tempt the taste, intrigue the eye

Visualize this newest member of Whitman's Quality Group, a gift-box of metal, with mosaic design by Mucha. Imagine the hinged lid swinging back, releasing the aroma of this new assortment of Whitman's, a promise of the treat to come:

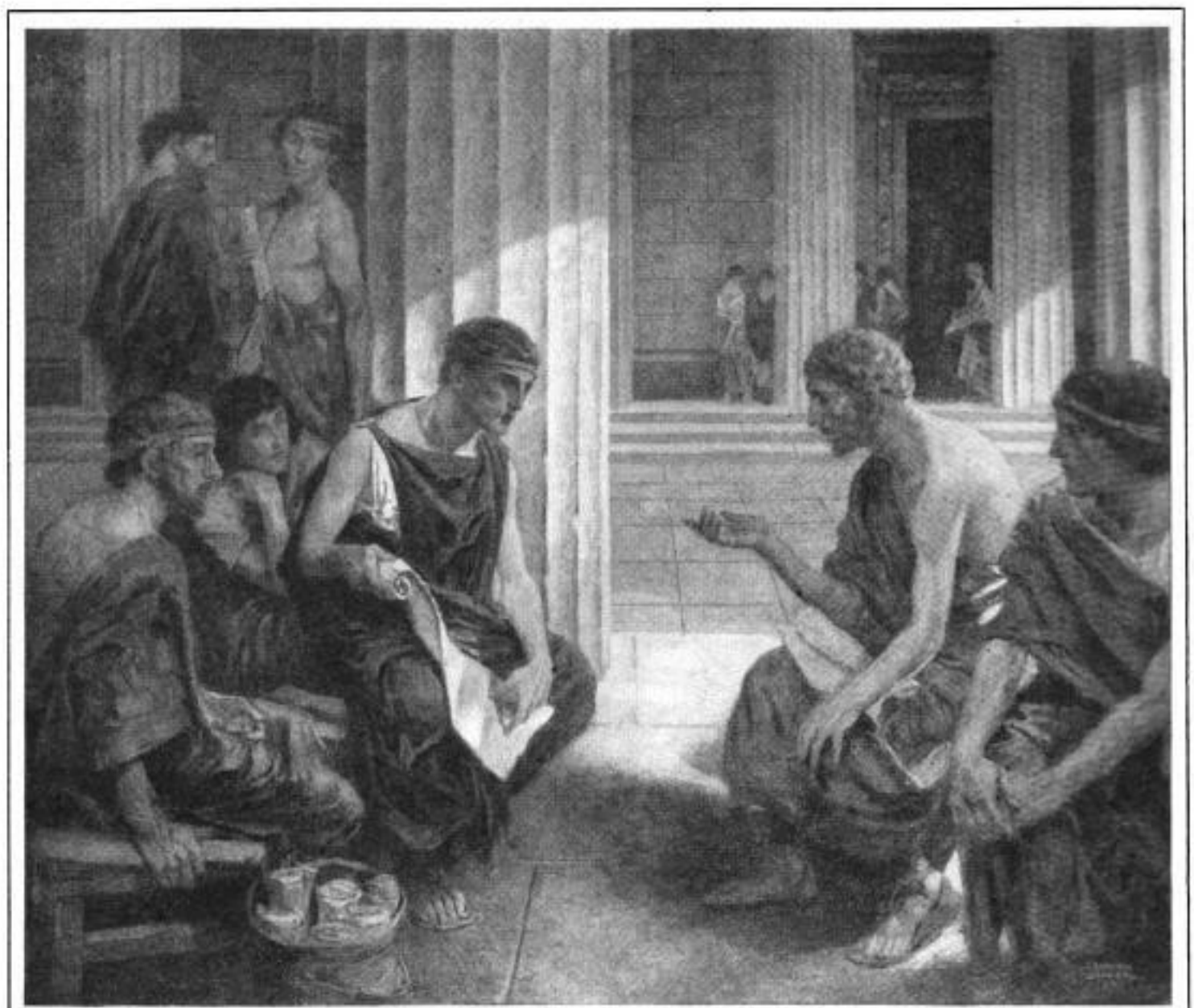
Majestic, Plum Pudding, Mint Rings, Pecan Cluster, Filbert Cluster, Brazil, Marshmallow Fudge, Nougat, Molasses Chewing, Pecan Marshmallow, Solid Tablet, Marshmallow Square, Almonds, Flat Cream Mints, St. Nicholas, Marshmallow Apricot, Molasses Chips, Pecan Caramel, Milk Chocolate Blossoms, Solid Chocolate Butterfly, Molasses Blocks, Marshmallow Mints, Messenger Boy. Surely "a feast of nectared sweets where no crude surfeit reigns."

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"IPSE DIXIT"

SOMETHING like twenty-five hundred years ago lived Pythagoras, the wisest and most learned man of his time. He was the first to reason that the earth was a globe and with the other planets revolved around a central body. He made discoveries which elevated mathematics to a science. He was a leader in medicine, music, ethics and government.

News of his wisdom and his learning spread far and wide. The size of the town in which he lived was doubled by the people who came to study his doctrines. Such was the faith in his word that when his followers made an assertion upon any subject, if they were asked how they knew it to be true, they would reply simply: "*Ipse Dixit*"—"He himself has said it!"

The world accepts its ideas—and its commercial products—largely on such faith. The unknown product, though it have a guarantee written in the strongest terms, fails to inspire the confidence that the known product commands, though it have no guarantee at all. A name of recognized worth is its own promise and its own pledge. Reputation is the best of all salesmen.

It is the business of advertising to make character known, and by so doing to create reputation. It is the power of advertising to make people feel, when they see the name of a recognized manufacturer upon a product: "He himself has made it—it must be good."



N. W. AYER & SON *ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS*

NEW YORK BOSTON PHILADELPHIA CLEVELAND CHICAGO

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(Continued from Page 50)

it away again, and to continue the process of revision until they could improve it no more.

Tolstoy rewrote his important work three or four times. Rossetti revised The Blessed Damozel in repeated editions until the last was quite unlike the first. Tennyson changed his productions over and again. Gray was fourteen years in perfecting the Elegy. It has been suggested that Sir Walter Scott's later novels, written at great speed, are inferior to his earlier and more leisurely work. Samuel Butler's masterpiece, The Way of All Flesh, was under construction for twelve years.

All literary history furnishes examples of great authors who toiled long over their manuscripts. Macaulay gave more time to the revision of his essays than to their writing. Their superiority over his history, as literary products, is revealed by study of both. The history was written more hurriedly. The essays are the product of nearly one hundred years ago, but they yet serve to illustrate the beauties of thoughtful language and intense thinking. We look elsewhere in vain for more adroit phrasing or impressive thunderclaps of climax. Some present-day writers criticize Macaulay for his long-drawn sentences, his reiteration, and his wandering from the narrative. Yet he was imitated by writers for fifty years. His style was the vogue. And Macaulay, as well, had both praised and criticized his great predecessor, Dr. Samuel Johnson, who had been the vogue for a hundred years.

The men of greatest reputations as critics, Sainte-Beuve, Edmund Gosse, Macaulay, Saintsbury and others, put intensive study into what they wrote. If they were to review a book they made a study of the subject of the book and of the life and mentality of the author, and sometimes their productions were of more use to the world than was the book itself. Their works are not so much read in this busy money-making age, but they are among the greatest contributions to thoughtful literature, and the student of journalism will read them with great profit. For your own work is to be thoughtful work—work intended to persuade readers to your own way of thinking.

The Style of Other Days

The English language is reaching afar. There are those who predict that eventually it will be spoken everywhere. Already it is the language of more than two hundred million people. It will carry the tourist over the globe by established routes of travel—through the streets of Japan and the bazaars of India and the South Sea Islands of the Pacific. Tennyson said to Sir Edwin Arnold: "It is bad for us that English will always be a spoken speech, since that means that it will always be changing, and so the time will come when you and I will be as hard to read as Chaucer to-day."

Indeed, the language is changing constantly. We are eliding letters, lopping off terminations, cutting out phrases and polishing circumlocution. It is not so old a language as many others, and opportunity for its improvement exists. Compare, if you please, a modern narrative with the beginning of Chaucer's The Tale of Melibeus:

A young man called Melibeus, mighty and riche, begat upon his wif, that called was Prudence, a doughter which that called was Sophie. Upon a day bifel, that for his disport he is went into the fields him for to play. His wif and his doughter eek hath he laft in-with his hous, of which the dores were fast shut. Three of his olde foes have it espyed, and setten watch and laien in await the dores to the walles of his hous, and by the windowes be entred, and beetyn his wyf, and wounded his doughter with fyve mortal woundes in fyve sondry places, that is to sayn, in her feet, in her hondes, in her eares, in her nose, and in her mouth; and lafte her for deed, and went away.

And imagine, if you may, how a modern newspaper copy reader would condense the following bit of Washington Irving prose that was printed in school readers sixty years ago as an example of graceful writing and felicity of expression:

It was one of those somber and rather melancholy days in the latter part of autumn when the shadows of morning and evening almost mingle together and throw a gloom over the face of the year I passed several hours of a day rambling around Westminster Abbey. There is something congenial to the season in the mournful magnificence of the old pile; and, as I passed its threshold, it seemed like stepping back into the regions of antiquity and losing myself among the shades of former ages.

More than ever is there present-day need for the use of plain, easily understood English. We live in a money-making age—an age of industrial development, in which machines are doing the work that brains used to do, in which vocational and technical education is demanded of schools and colleges, and in which the cry for technical literature is insistent. Only experts understand the technical words and language of their specialty, hence the cry for writers who can translate technical language into plain English that any reader may understand. Dean West, of Princeton, has deplored the inability of many professors to teach orally or in writing in any other than the dialect of their specialties. Lacking in literary training they are unable clearly to say what they think.

Someone asked William T. Stead, the English journalist, whether he would have an astronomer or a newspaper writer prepare an article on sun spots, and Stead's instant reply was that the astronomer would write it for astronomers in language that no one else would understand, but the reporter would tap the brain of the specialist and so serve out his knowledge that the ordinary reader would understand. The tendency of present-day writing is to translate technical language, scientific terms, professional formulæ and medical expressions into plain, common-sense English.

Newspaper English

And let not the young man contemplating a journalistic career be persuaded that newspaper English is not good English. The men who wrote for the daily press of the Spanish-American War, for instance, of the great political movements of Europe of later years, of our great industrial developments and of the world-wide war in particular are the very men who are rewriting these things into history. When they wrote this information for the newspapers distinguished college professors and critics called it journalese; when it appears in the reviews and in books they speak of it as literature.

In praise of newspaper writing as good training for writers, Anatole France has this to say:

It is inveterate prejudice to believe that one spoils his pen in writing for the newspapers. On the contrary, one gains in that way suppleness, as also ease and that readiness without which the phrase does not move gracefully and never smiles. It is a good school, say what one will.

In his illuminating book of essays called Unicorns, the late James G. Huneker says of the excellent writing to be found in the modern newspaper:

If style cannot be imparted, what then is the next best thing to do, after a close study of the masters? We should say, go in a chastened mood to the nearest newspaper office and apply for a humble place on the staff. Then one will come to grips with life, the pacemaker of style. . . . It is in the daily press, whether New York, Paris, Vienna or London, that one may find the soundest, most succinct prose, prose stripped of superfluous ornament, prose bare to the bone in fighting trim.

But why speak of newspaper style when there isn't any such thing? Almost every kind of writing is used by newspapers. All kinds of literature are printed in them—the scholarly essay, the article of argument, the expository editorial paragraph, the story of fiction, the language of verse, the consideration of art, music, the play, all sorts of description of all kinds of happenings in every part of this jolly old earth—and all are written without uniformity of diction or construction. There is no style the newspaper discards. The experienced editor seeks diversity of writing and of topic in every column. He studies to that end.

Some writing is so plain that you do not notice it. It is like the well-dressed man whose clothing is so simple and appropriate that it is not attracting attention wherever he goes. Mérimée said of Stendhal that he despised mere style and insisted that a writer had attained perfection when we remember his ideas without recalling his phrases; and of Saintsbury, the English critic, it was remarked that "he always thought it of more importance to utter the thought than to care about the form of utterance. . . . If he had given more attention to style we should have been deprived of some of the benefits of his knowledge."

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You've never tasted anything so good and refreshing as the rootbeer you make from Hires Household Extract. And no other drink is so easy to make.

Simple directions for mixing are enclosed in the package. Bottle with tight corks or get Hires Patent Bottle Stoppers from your grocer. Forty-eight hours after mixing, your rootbeer is sparkling and ready to drink. If you like it tell your friends how delicious it is, how easy and economical to make. Be sure to

Ask for HIRES HOUSEHOLD EXTRACT

If your dealer cannot supply you, send 25c and we will send, postpaid, package direct. Or send $2.80 for carton of one dozen.

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The Dayton Steel Racquet has a steel frame and is strung with resilient steel strings. It is made in standard weights with standard wooden handles, and is perfectly balanced.

The steel frame, smaller in cross section than a wooden frame, offers much less resistance to the air, and is much easier to control than the ordinary racquet.

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Indeed, some great newspaper narratives are of so absorbing interest in themselves—great disasters like the sinking of the Lusitania or the Titanic—that the reader's attention is entirely concentrated on the facts and he does not notice the diction or the construction. No matter how disjointed or horribly written the narrative may be, he finishes it with the impression that he has read a great article. Nevertheless, every article is the better for good telling. Perhaps no greater newspaper accomplishment exists than the ability to write well. It is of increasing value as the young man goes on to higher work.

A little discreet exuberance of expression is tolerated by many editors. Sensational newspapers do little harm as long as they stick to the truth. You may print your editions in red ink and job type with headlines a foot high, if you like, without other offense than to exaggerate the importance of your announcement. Typographical eccentricity merely attracts attention. It serves the same purpose as does the orator's violent gesture or the messenger's breathless announcement: excites curiosity, arouses interest.

Now there is such a thing as harmless exaggeration. It enters largely into our private life. Our dreams of wealth, of success, of happiness are usually far beyond the fulfillment. We exaggerate our prospects, our ambitions, our promises to ourselves. But this form of exaggeration is beneficial, for it is a spur to ambition and a prod to effort.

The editor is tempted to exaggeration because a little exaggeration makes it a little more interesting. He sees that the exaggerated novel sells while the novel true to life languishes; that the actor who gesticulates and shouts has the loudest applause; that the painter who outdoes Nature makes more money than the artist who is true to Nature. Indeed, some philosopher has said that an easy road to success lies through exaggeration. The man who exploits his own importance attracts more attention than the modest man. The merchant who exalts his wares sells more than the man who does not. Sensational clergymen fill churches while prosy ones preach to empty benches. It was Sydney Smith who remarked: "It is not the first man to say a thing who deserves the credit for it, but he who says it so long and so loud that at last he persuades the world that it is true." Macaulay wrote: "The best portraits are perhaps those in which there is a slight mixture of caricature, and we are not certain that the best histories are not those in which a little of exaggeration, of fictitious narrative, is judiciously employed." But the editor must use exaggeration with great discretion, must not pervert the truth. Gross exaggeration becomes downright lying.

The Cleveland-Blaine Campaign

In my article in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST of February fourth was mentioned the exciting election-night scenes of the Cleveland-Blaine campaign, the mobs around the newspaper offices and the tumult incident to a very close contest. Returns up to midnight indicated Blaine's election. It was mentioned also that while Blaine was being congratulated in his Augusta home news of his possible defeat was flashed and that he was overcome by the disastrous turn of affairs; also that he sent a telegram to his New York campaign managers.

Thomas H. Sherman has written for the Portland Press-Herald an exceedingly interesting narrative of the events of that evening in the Blaine home. He was Blaine's secretary, and was with him throughout the campaign. "Mr. Blaine sat by my side," he says, "while the returns were coming in. In my youth I was a telegraph operator, and we had a private wire leading into Mr. Blaine's library. At about midnight, when the returns apparently showed Cleveland's election, Mr. Blaine said to me, 'Even if I should carry New York by about a thousand votes, I would be counted out.' At midnight he said: 'I am going to bed and going to sleep. I do not want to be disturbed, no matter what comes.' Mr. Blaine had been through a very hard campaign. He had been traveling all day, having reached Augusta just before the polls closed in time to vote. He said good night to a few of his intimate friends who were in the parlor and went upstairs to bed. He slept soundly until about nine o'clock next morning when I went up to his bedroom with a handful of dispatches and the latest returns. By that time it was certain he had been defeated. When I went into the room Mr. Blaine was in bed. He said, 'Well, Tom, how do you feel this morning?' I replied: 'I can't say how I feel until I know how you feel.' It seemed impossible that a man could pass through such a racking campaign without being visibly affected."

Mr. Blaine's Coolness

"'Bless you,' Mr. Blaine said, 'it doesn't affect me a pulse beat. I am sorry for the party and for my friends, but personally I am not disturbed.' No one who was close to Mr. Blaine could have said to Mr. Lord that this announcement 'was like a bucket of cold water down his back' and that 'he nearly went into a collapse.' It was not true. Mr. Lord must have confused this incident with something else. To Mr. Lord this Blaine-Cleveland election was one of many; on me it made such an impression and all the incidents connected with it are so clear in mind that I could not be mistaken about this matter. Furthermore, Mr. Blaine did not telegraph the Republican managers to postpone the announcement of his defeat. Whatever these managers may have done was on their own initiative. To my knowledge Mr. Blaine neither advised it nor knew about it, and as I handled all of his correspondence and telegrams I would be likely to know had he done anything of the kind."

Mr. Sherman's narration rings true. My information came from persons in whom I had every confidence, but Mr. Sherman was with Mr. Blaine, and he should know. It would not have been to Mr. Blaine's discredit had he been overcome. For several hours he had supposed he was the President-elect—had been awarded the highest honor the nation can give. Then came sudden news of defeat. A strong man, indeed, must he have been to remain unmoved. Of more importance is the definite information that Mr. Blaine sent no message to his New York managers, for it removes any suspicion or assumption that he had to do with the attempts to influence press announcements of the result or that he suggested any manipulation of the returns.



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HIGHWAYS AND HIGHWAYMEN

(Continued from Page 17)

he urge or even request me to appoint. I eventually filled the place by a man of my own choosing, one not named in that mass of political appeals.

Among the personal appointees of my predecessor was a man whom we will call Mr. Shift. He came into my office during the first afternoon and asked if he might have time to complete his report of last year's work.

"Why haven't you completed it during the three months and more of this year?" I asked.

Shift assured me his report contained such invaluable data that it required great thought and time.

"How much time?"

"Not more than two weeks, commissioner."

"Any report that takes two weeks to write I'll not have time to read. The state will worry along without your information."

He left, of course my enemy.

The commissioner is allowed three confidential inspectors. I had decided to appoint young lieutenants who had served in my battalion overseas. To my surprise I learned that my predecessor, two days before leaving office, had filled one of these positions, and that this man was a Povertist. For a member of the Property Party to do anything for a Povertist is not considered good form. I sent for this inspector. The man was past sixty and entirely unfitted for the work. I asked for his resignation. Not until months later did I learn why my predecessor had made the appointment. This man was a particular friend of the Povertist leader mentioned as not speaking to the governor for three months. My predecessor knew that I would have to discharge this inefficient man, and hoped thereby to create a break between the governor and an important leader. This shabby trick was styled, by a member of the Property Party, "a clever piece of work."

Weeding Out the Payroll

As it happened, my discharge of this man came as a climax. The leader had hoped to name the highway commissioner; failing in this he had confidently expected to have a personal friend made second deputy. I knew nothing of this, the governor mercifully shielding me from all political intrigue. Without consulting anyone I had appointed as second deputy a young man I had known at Plattsburg and who had won distinction overseas with the engineers.

How much personal annoyance and trouble it caused our governor to have a nonpolitical highway commissioner I shall never know, for, true gentleman that he is, he has kept silent; nothing that I have found out about it has come from him.

Some pruning, I found, was necessary. During the war years highway activities had been far below normal, and, like an overworked garden, the department had become weedy. On my second day in office I entered, unannounced, a room not previously visited. The three occupants, after hastily slipping the newspapers that they had been reading under cover, became unnaturally diligent.

"This is the historical department," one of them said. "We collect and tabulate data of new road construction."

"Does it require three of you to do that?"

"Oh, yes, commissioner; there is a lot of detail to our work."

"Enough to require an assistant engineer, a junior engineer and a stenographer?"

"Indeed yes. We really should have another stenographer in here."

I looked at my watch. "It is now eleven o'clock; at noon to-day this department is out of business."

I filled the places of those three employes by one bright girl, who carried on the work better, and of course at less cost.

A few days after taking charge, my second deputy came to me, fighting mad. He is usually as cool as ice. I waited with interest to learn the cause.

"I won't sign this pay roll," he said, showing me the maintenance pay roll. "There's a fellow carried here at $4000 a year, and I've never even seen him!"

"Nor have I. We'll investigate."

Then Field and Gillett joined us they added an interesting tale. The man had come to the capital city years before in the interest of a newspaper then agitating an investigation of the department. Through his activities, they managed to raise quite a smoke, but so far as I could learn nobody went to jail. After the dust of this investigation had settled this man secured a place in the department, apparently as a permanent fixture.

"Why," I asked, "has not this man reported to the maintenance deputy?"

"He has nothing to do with maintenance. He's supposed to collect evidence to defend suits brought against the department in the Court of Claims."

"Where is this man now?" I asked Gillett.

"Probably in the lobby of some hotel downtown."

"How long has this thing been going on?"

"Six years."

Getting Up Steam

I turned to the second deputy. "Sign that pay roll under protest, major; it's the last one you'll have to sign with that man's name on it. He's fired."

Field and Gillett left without further words, but with a look that I did not understand until I read the papers some days later. Surprise, satisfaction, anxiety were mingled in their faces.

By the end of two months the department was going at top speed, many broken-down war contracts had been put again in work, and other contracts for both new construction and reconstruction were in force. We were doing as much or more actual work in a month than had been possible during a year under wartime conditions, and this larger activity was being carried on at an actual saving in salaries at the headquarters office alone of more than $9000 a year.

I confess that I did not do all the pruning possible; there are employes in the department who have been there for so many years that to turn them out would mean for them certain starvation. I found one man, hopelessly paralyzed, whose only employment for six years past had been to trim the edges from blue prints, requiring perhaps one hour of work a week. I took this case to the governor.

"We're not running a charitable institution," I told him.

"Has he any dependents?"

"Yes, governor; a sister, nearly seventy."

"Well, what are you going to do?"

"It's tough," I said, "but I'm going to fire him."

The look that I had seen when he spoke of the mother whose son was condemned to death came again to the governor's face. He laid his hand on my shoulder.

"Oh, don't do that. Have a heart, commissioner."

He turned to his always pressing work. That man is, I believe, still on the pay roll.

During the summer months there were formerly almost a thousand patrolmen employed upon the lighter repairs. They worked, or were supposed to work, scattered over 7200 miles of roads and, in consequence, proper supervision was impossible. This bad condition was made worse by a vicious system. When I took office the department was sending out printed slips to county committeemen of the party then in power, asking these political gentlemen whom they wished employed on roads in their localities. This was the favorite garden of the peanut politician for raising patronage; they gleefully filled the places with the ancient and honorable has-beens of their party. Could you conceive of a more inefficient method of maintenance than the employment of these scattered Methuselahs, who get their jobs not from the engineers under whom they work but from someone having no official connection with the department?

Shortly after the war the Federal Government gave to all the states a number of army trucks; with these I solved the problem. I abolished the patrol system, but continued repair work with men supervised by a foreman, using the free-given trucks to transport both men and materials. I also abolished the printed slips, the foremen and men on the gangs being appointed by the department engineers strictly upon ability to do good road work.

A few days before I took office, and a full three weeks before there was any necessity



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for them, my predecessor gave orders that all patrolmen for the coming year should be immediately appointed. They were! I found dyed-in-the-wool Property patrolmen grinning at me upon my arrival in the capital city. These patrolmen cost an average of $3.50 a day. They were employed for three weeks at a useless expense to the state of more than $50,000. Remember this, Mister Taxpayer, the next time you pay your tax bill.

Though at the time of my resignation I was roundly criticized on the floor of the Senate for inaugurating the gang system, my successor has continued it, slightly modified. But they have returned to the vicious custom of the printed slip. Recently a Property paper printed the choice information that a list of men recommended for state highway work had been sent to the highway commissioner by the local county Property committee. Whether or not these men will do efficient work or willingly obey the orders of department engineers is a matter that the taxpayers may worry about; certainly it is of no concern to the Property Party.

During my first months in office hardly a day passed that I was not visited by at least one delegation. These meetings, with all classes of people from every part of the state, were interesting, but they used up time and in nine cases out of ten were a useless expense to the delegates. They came not always to plead for a road, but often to ask only what chance and in what distant year they might hope to see work started on some badly needed highway.

Mischievous Politics

My first delegation came from the far end of a rural county; one behind the other they filed solemnly in. As each man entered he glanced shyly at me, then, plainly embarrassed—why, I could never understand—he turned his head away, and not one of those husky farmers gave my hand a firm grip. After all had entered they stood silently about the room.

"Well, gentlemen," I said, "all this is new to me. How do I begin?"

A raw-boned, leather-cheeked man moved awkwardly forward and, without speaking, without looking into my face, handed me a letter.

"What's this?" I asked.

"That's a letter from Jim Smith."

"Who's Jim Smith?"

"Why, commissioner, don't you know Jim? Jim's our county chairman!" The raw-boned man actually looked for an instant into my eyes.

"He's the biggest feller in our county," someone in the crowd said. "We thought we hadn't oughter come unless we had a letter from Jim."

Without opening the envelope I tore the letter to pieces. "You don't have to bring letters from any politician to talk to me," I told them. "Now let's get down to business."

Their spokesman, with work-hardened finger, pointed out their town on the county map, and showed me that they needed a short stretch of road to connect them with the state system and the outer world. Their request, though given so diffidently, was entirely reasonable; they had evidently been neglected in the past. I told them so, and said that if possible I would put their road under construction that season. Their gratitude took me by surprise.

"Why, gentlemen, you don't have to thank me. To hear you and to build roads for you are the things you pay me to do."

As they filed out I heard from the outer office: "Gosh! Say, he ain't no politician!"

The modesty of farmer delegations was a constant source of wonder to me. After the third or fourth group of countrymen had overwhelmed me with thanks I detained a bright-eyed old fellow who did not seem so painfully shy.

"Why is it that you gentlemen are so grateful for these interviews?" I asked. "You pay for them, you know, through your taxes. I am not doing one thing for you that you haven't a right to demand."

"Wal now, I'll tell ye. It's because you ain't givin' us no political slush, no high-falutin promises. You tell us fellers yes or no; an' that ain't usual in this town." He pulled thoughtfully at his cigar. "Besides, you don't keep a feller waitin'. I've been here before, but I've allus had to set outside there, sometimes a hull hour, before I could see the commish."

The next day I had door stops put on my office door, and thereafter it was kept wide open so that anyone waiting could see that I was engaged and not needlessly wasting his time.

Before the end of the first year I practically put a stop to these expensive visits by publishing in the fall a list of the roads the department could build during the coming season. This had never been done before, and my bulletin created comment; one paper stated in plain language that the reason for withholding such information in the past had been to give the party in control opportunity to deal out new roads as a reward for votes, and not as a benefit to which the community had a right.

In what ways do politics most injure the taxpayer, who must pay for the roads?

To get the full weight of the answer you should know that in our state, as in many other states, the cities pay the greater part of the taxes. Our largest city—the same conditions exist in Illinois, Rhode Island, New York, Louisiana and several other states—pays more than fifty cents out of every dollar spent by the state; also it is not centrally located, and never sees, much less uses, the miles of roads built in other parts of the state.

At the first conference with my division engineers I learned that we had $5,500,000 to spend solely for maintenance and reconstruction during the coming season.

"Fine," I said. "With but 7200 miles it gives us over $760 for each mile, and many roads of course are new. We ought to put the entire system in tiptop shape with all that money."

I saw the engineers smile, all nine of them.

"Well, what's wrong about that?" I demanded.

After some hesitation one answered, "If we had twice that much we still couldn't touch miles of roads that need rebuilding this year."

I could not credit this statement until I had gone deeply into our record, and there at the bottom of the barrel I found injustice, waste, and hidden beneath these crouched our old friend, Politics.

These records show that the average life of certain types of road pavements is but seven and a half years; that the state has built mile after mile of highways that were costing $1000 a mile every year to keep in usable condition, and that the total cost for maintenance and reconstruction on many roads has run over $4000 a mile a year.

Years after it was definitely known that certain types of pavements would go to pieces under motor traffic the state had continued to build such types. Why? Politics.

More Miles, More Votes

Under our laws certain roads are paid for jointly by the counties and state, but once constructed the state thereafter shoulders the entire expense of upkeep. I found—especially in rural districts—that it was politically expedient to build roads that would not and could not stand up. The man with a political pull from such districts would come to the commissioner and ask for a road—say ten miles long. He would be, or should have been, told that there were not sufficient county funds on hand to build a durable road more than five miles long.

"That won't be no good for my constituents, commissioner. Build us a cheap, narrow road; anything'll do so long as you stretch her out."

"But it won't last."

"No more will you, without votes. Give us ten miles and I'll deliver the votes."

Many of these gentlemen, I regret to say, have been accommodated. There are highways scattered all over our state, built on this more-miles-more-votes design. Our division engineers recently certified that we have over 1200 miles that will require rebuilding during the next three years, which to do properly will cost the staggering sum of $25,000,000.

At the very start the cities—especially our largest city—are hit below the belt by cheap roads. The department, until the day I took office, was building a large mileage of waterbound roads, a type that cannot withstand the action of pneumatic tires. These roads have been officially accepted as completed one day and given a bituminous treatment the next day or the next week, this treatment being paid for from maintenance funds; which means that one city paid seventy cents out of every dollar this new surface cost, while the county in which the road lies paid in some cases less than one cent of that dollar.

The second blow comes in the third year, when this cheap road requires oiling. It is oiled, and again the cities pay the piper. The knock-out is landed at the end of five to seven years, when our political acquaintance again steps into the ring.

"Commissioner," he growls, "that road what was built some time back is a disgrace to the state; it's gone all to pieces, and my constituents ain't goin' to stand for it no longer. We want that road rebuilt, and done right. It ain't got no foundation, and it's too narrow."

The road is rebuilt and widened, and is now given a deeper foundation. But once more the state pays all the cost, and there isn't a referee sufficiently interested even to count ten over the unconscious city.

To put an end to this very real evil would, I thought, bring down blessings upon my head. I announced through speeches and the press that so long as I was commissioner I would build only durable roads that I intended to build the maintenance into the road, that though this would give a shorter mileage the state would have a longer yearage, which would mean an enormous saving to the taxpayers.

The howl of criticism that followed was amazing. I was loudly attacked as a man having extravagant city ideas, all because I refused to build roads—paid for from fifty-year bonds—that would go to pieces in less than ten years.

I held to my policy—which, by the way, is the chief reason I now have time to tell you these things.

Why has a prosperous state allowed its highway system to become so run down?

Two reasons: No governor, before the one I served under, has had the courage to allow his commissioner to ask for an adequate maintenance appropriation, fearing the criticism resulting from a large budget. But to keep these roads in service the state must buy carload after carload of crude patch, hot patch, patching emulsions and other materials. The cost of buying and placing these materials on a worn-out road amounts to pouring the taxpayer's money down the well-known rat hole.

The Highway Map

The highway map of our state is a joke, an expensive political joke. Aside from having, in every one of our counties, roads as permanent as pickles, there are isolated stretches of half a mile to five miles of improved highways in no way connected with finished parts of the state system. The extra expense of caring for such fragments when to reach them foreman and men are forced to travel over miles of dirt roads runs into the tens of thousands each year. Of course these roads, beginning nowhere and ending nowhere, serve but a few people; they were built in favored localities at the request of some man or group of men having a strong political pull. In many counties there are improved roads closely paralleling each other, while some sections of the state, not politically strong, have been defiantly neglected.

To stop this evil I let no contracts for any new road unless it connected with some already completed one. But this did not go deep enough. These scattered roads could never have been built for favored politicians if we had had a definite and fixed highway system. Under our laws county roads previously designated can be changed at the will of the county supervisors. Federal aid roads can be designated or changed by the commissioner with Federal approval. You can see the easy chance for juggling. To put a permanent stop to isolated road building I set about making a map that would show a definite and connected system of roads, hoping to have the routes shown adopted and fixed by law. To select the best routes possible, our division engineer, aided by his county assistants, drew a map for his division; later I connected and coördinated these maps into one for the entire state. These engineers, having an intimate knowledge of their own counties, were well qualified to make a good map. They did make a good map, but our work and the taxpayer's money were wasted. This composite study of our highway needs was promptly thrown into the scrap heap by a partisan horde in legislature.

When it became certain that a Power commissioner was to manage the highway

(Continued on Page 61)

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George W. Wells' Dream of Better Vision

ONE night, thirty years ago, George W. Wells told a group of friends the great dream of his later years. He spoke of the priceless value of fine vision and the evil effects upon the mind and general health of eyes imperfect and overtaxed. He realized how poorly the optical knowledge of that day met the needs of humanity.

He explained that a quarter of all people over six years of age are handicapped by visual defects, that millions at that time did not realize their needs and that most glasses were not correctly made and fitted.

Speaking as the greatest manufacturer of glasses in the world, he told how little help he was able to get from scientists here and abroad in solving the problems of lens making.

"From now on," said he, "we shall spare no expense on scientific research and experiment until those who most need glasses—a quarter of the whole public—shall have glasses of true scientific merit."

The great task so inspiringly conceived has been aggressively pushed by his three sons. It remains an inspiration to the Wellsworth Scientific Staff to the present day. Discoveries have followed one after another, some of them being profoundly revolutionary. Instruments for testing eyes and apparatus for grinding and polishing lenses have been perfected.

No European country enjoys the blessings which are at hand in almost any American community for those who need glasses.

The remarkable facts to be brought out in this series of advertisements will barely indicate the facilities, skill and scientific knowledge which are being applied by Optical Specialists today throughout America.

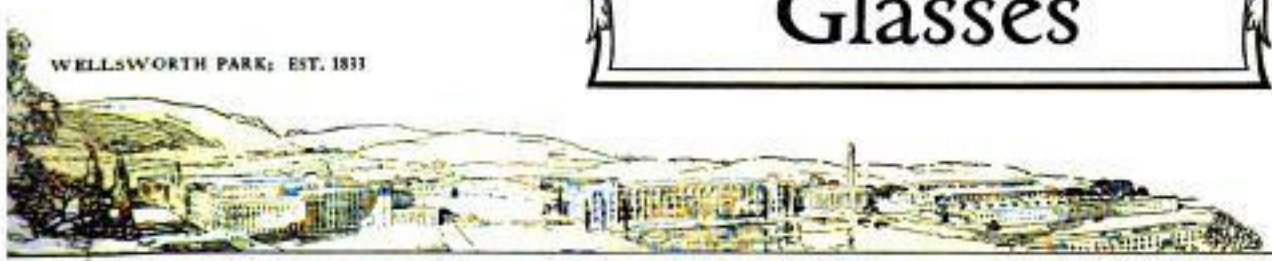
And this wonderful progress is largely due to the foresight, energy and courage of the late George W. Wells—America's pioneer in the science and art of eye correction.

The benefits of this policy for the correction and comfort of your eyes are available to you, no matter where you live, through the services of Eyesight Specialists in your community.

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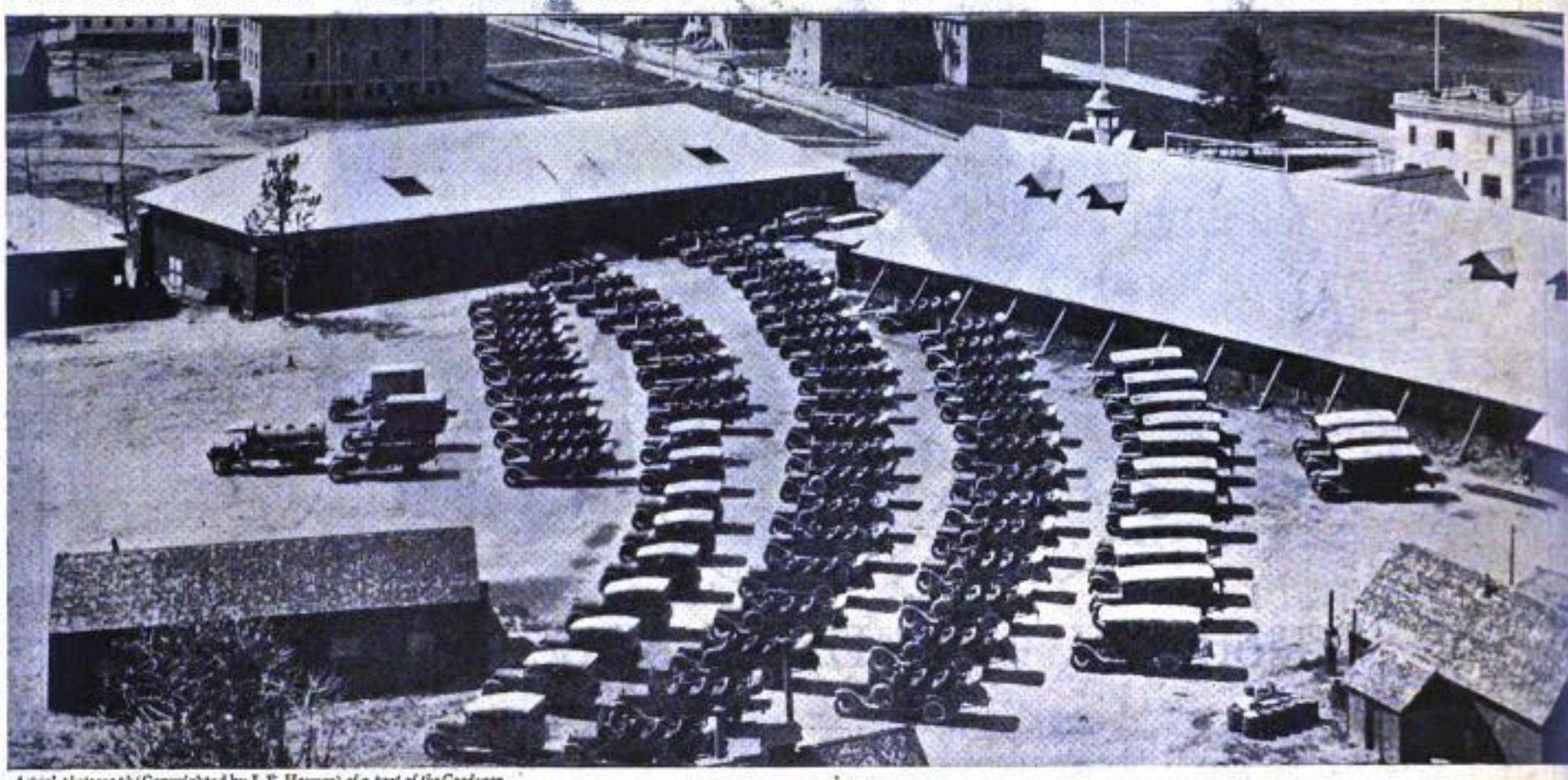
All that Science can give: all that Artistry can add



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THROUGH YELLOWSTONE PARK ON GOODYEARS



Actual photograph (Copyrighted by J. E. Haynes) of a part of the Goodyear Cord-equipped fleet of the Yellowstone Park Transportation Company

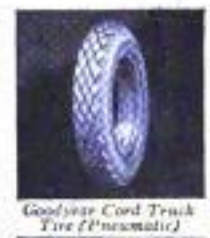
***"More than 160,000 tourists visited Yellowstone National Park in the seasons of 1920 and 1921. More than 50,000 of them were transported over the regular park tour by the Yellowstone Park Transportation Co. Our fleet of 124 eleven-passenger busses and 24 seven-passenger touring cars in these two seasons traveled 1,164,213 car miles, every foot of the way on Goodyear Cord Tires. In a total of 4,856,855 tire miles, only six blowouts occurred. This record of dependable performance is due to the quality of Goodyear Tires and to the Goodyear Conservation Service behind them."*—W. M. NICHOLS, Asst. to the President, Yellowstone Park Transportation Co.**

WHEN you visit Yellowstone Park this summer, you will have the opportunity to experience personally those qualities of Goodyear Cord Tire performance that make possible such a record as Mr. Nichols has here related.

You will note for yourself that powerful dependability of service which these tires have demonstrated in 4,800,000 Goodyear tire miles along the scenic route of the Yellowstone Park Transportation Company.

You will enjoy the inbuilt, deep, resilient buoyancy with which the great pneumatics smooth the mountain grades and cushion the car and its passengers against the inequalities of the road.

You will travel the levels and the heights, as more than 50,000 have ridden before you, secure in the tractive action of these big, strong Goodyear Cords, with their wide, thick, gripping tread. They hold the road and carry the car forward full distance at every turn of the wheel.



Goodyear Cord Truck Tire (Pneumatic)



Goodyear All-Weather Tread Solid



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And if your personal or business interest prompts to a little study of transportation as you ride along, you may associate the delight of this easy, swift, safe travel with the lasting economy of these tires that deliver so much mileage at so little cost.

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GOODYEAR

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(Continued from Page 58)

department consternation spread among the Property legislators. A joint Legislative Highway Committee was immediately created. Just what this committee was supposed to do that first year no one knew for certain; but our highway map gave those gentlemen an excuse to carry on during the second year—important, as a gubernatorial election was approaching. They conceived a wonderful idea: They would themselves make a map! The public might think that they had been elected to make laws, that they were not so well qualified to make maps as were the engineers, trained in that work and living in every county of the state.

What did it cost the taxpayers, this political map? I am told that it cost not less than $25,000. But no definite sum can be given; the true amount is hidden in the item "General Legislative Expense."

Is it any wonder the business man helplessly cries, "Oh, what's the use?"

Though all these ways of wasting the state's funds are bad, the practice of spending money for political surveys was by long odds the most inexcusable. Before I had been commissioner a week several requests were made for surveys of roads that, owing to lack of funds, could not be built.

Upon inquiry I found that to make useless road surveys was a long-established custom. A senator, an assemblyman or a supervisor is running in a certain county; he goes to the commissioner and asks for a survey of a road to construct which, he both he and the commissioner know, there is not enough money. In a few days, nevertheless, the people of the candidate's district will see a corps of engineers on that road, sighting through instruments and waving flags.

The politician now lends the light of his presence to the surveyors and says to his delighted constituents: "Yes, neighbors, I'm having this road surveyed. Elect me and I will see that it is built."

A Million-Dollar Joke

You might think this is a good joke on these simple folk were it not a serious matter for all the people. The records show that in our state there has been spent for surveys never used and on roads which have not been built more than $1,000,000. It was because I could not see the joke in these surveys that I placed a sign on my desk, reading:

"Do not ask for a survey unless money to build the road is in hand and conditions permit prompt construction."

Shortly before the last election, in spite of this sign, a supervisor tried to bluff me into making a useless survey. A few days after election, when a Property governor had won, he came swaggering into the office. "Well, commissioner," he said, "I guess that survey of mine will be made now."

I found that nineteen-twentieths of the politician's boasted power is in reality only the cheapest sort of bluff. I don't believe that I ever visited any road we were building that someone did not tell me how hard the senator or assemblyman had worked for its construction, while as a matter of fact no one had ever been consulted. I chose roads from the one and only standpoint of serving the greatest number of taxpayers.

Occasionally, however, I found an example of genuine political power. I told one of our engineers to design a certain state road. The line of the old road in one mile of its length had two dangerous railroad crossings; I ordered the new road located along one side of the railroad. The property owners along this mile, with one exception, were pleased at the change and agreed, free of all costs, the necessary new rights of way. Shortly before the plans were completed an influential politician called upon the division engineer.

"This is all wrong," he declared; "you must build that road along the line of the old road."

"But I'm acting on orders from the commissioner; he has told me to eliminate those two grade crossings."

"I don't care what the commissioner says; he won't be there forever; if you want to hold your job you do as I say."

The engineer and the politician came to high words and the latter left the office in a rage.

When the affair was reported to me I thought the politician's presumption rather amusing, but shortly after, when the property owners rescinded their gifts of rights of way, I saw that the man's influence had been great. This did not cause a change in the plans, but it did spur us to investigate. That politician had a brother-in-law living on the old road.

Did he win out? He did not.

I confess that I rather enjoyed the continuous battle I waged against politicians seeking their own ends at the state's expense, but I could never steel myself to a calm endurance of the unfair, untruthful attacks to which all men in public office are apparently subjected.

Nine out of every ten newspapers in our state are controlled by the Property Party, being kept alive through the hundreds of thousands of dollars paid them every year for publishing session laws that nobody ever reads. When a Poverty man is appointed to any office these sheets are ordered to begin immediate efforts to discredit the new appointee; to make sure that the job is thoroughly done the Property Party maintains a publicity bureau in our capital city from which boiler-plate is sent broadcast each week. It is all very well to say that the public does not believe this vicious stuff. If that is true why is it done? I think that fully half the people believe everything they see printed and that there is no other one thing that creates so much mistrust and unrest as this malicious partisan propaganda.

The Saving Remnant

Literally the Property sheets in our state stop at nothing! After I had dismissed the man carried on our pay rolls as superintendent of maintenance, I learned for the first time that he was a Povertist. You would suppose that to get rid of a useless jobholder of my own party would not cause any criticism. But the Property papers shrieked condemnation. As has been said, this man was supposed to assist the attorney-general in legal actions brought by contractors against the state. The papers seized upon this supposition and twisted my efforts to save the state an unnecessary salary into a purpose to make it easy for contractors to win their suits.

The false statements made in campaign speeches, often by prominent men, in addition to the unbridled abuse from the press, are the irritating features of public office to which the business man is unaccustomed and to which he is unwilling to subject himself. When I spoke of this to another official, who was being treated even more abusively than I, he shrugged his shoulders:

"If Washington, Lincoln and Wilson had to stand it, why should you and I complain?"

Although the term is fixed by law for five years the present commissioner is one of a long succession to serve during the past ten years. Though on account of these constant changes and other political interferences our highway department can never be managed with great efficiency it is, in spite of all, a good organization. That it holds together at all is due to just one thing—the conscientious service given to the state by its loyal though underpaid engineers, who from the division engineers down to the youngest junior assistant are honestly devoted to their work.

The idea, so prevalent, that there is a vast amount of graft in the building of the roads is happily a wrong one. Not only are the department employes earnest in their efforts but the contractors are an honest lot of men who take a real pride in their work and who strive to give the state a good job. I have had contractors come to me and plead to have a road built stronger that, through legal restrictions, I was forced to construct as originally designed. When I showed them that my hands were tied I have known contractors to do extra work upon their roads at their own expense.

During my twenty months in office I awarded a total of 326 contracts and, as said before, spent and obligated $41,000,000, but I can truthfully record that on no contract did I, my inspectors or any of my assistants discover any attempt at dishonesty.

The greatest trouble—and it is a serious one—that our, and probably your, highway department has to contend with is the conscienceless politician who would willingly cripple, even wreck this great activity of a state in order to strengthen the power of his party's political machine.

Wake up, Mister Taxpayer, and put an end to these evils!

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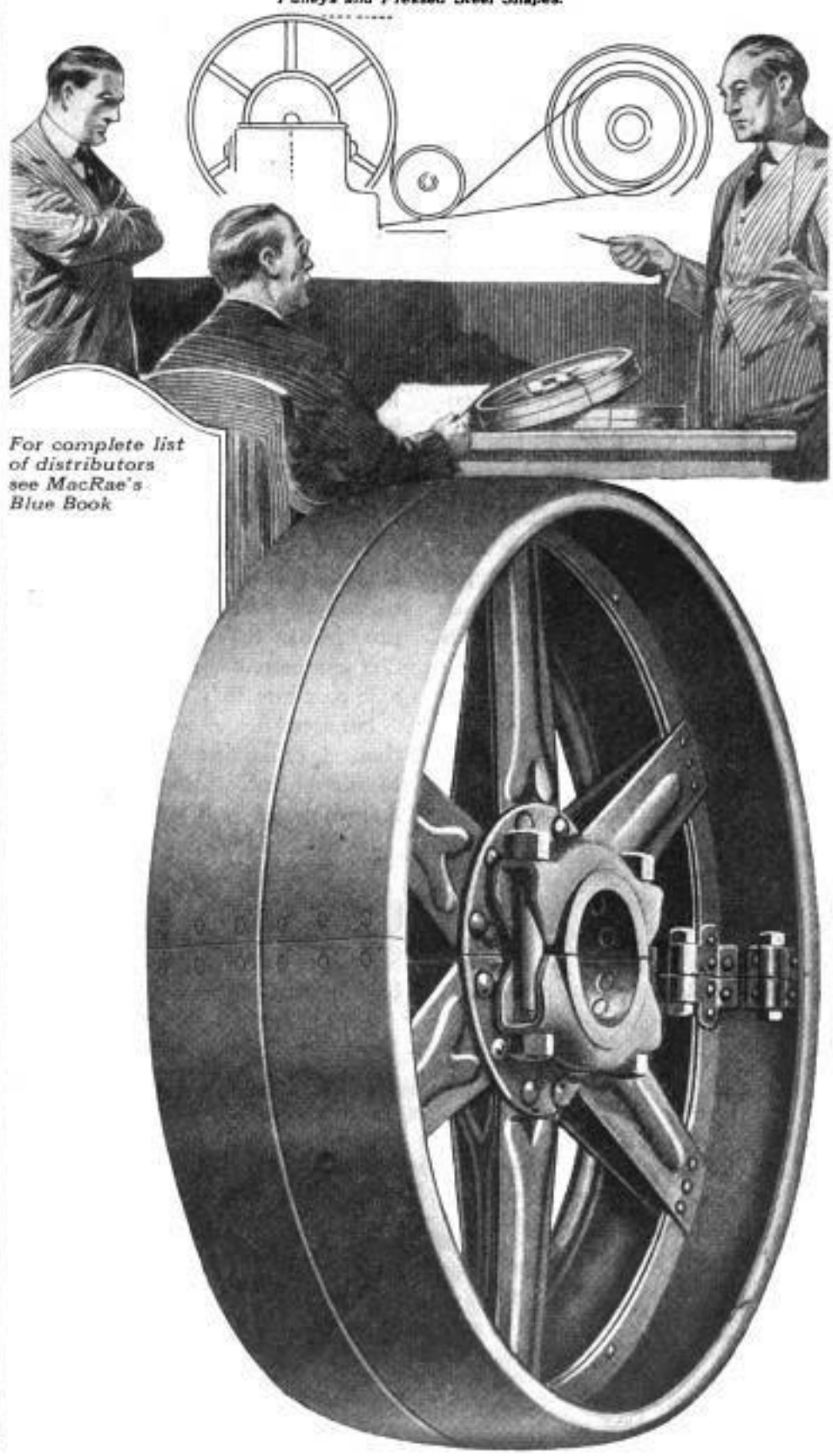
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LOTS of fellows exercise regularly and then take all the good out of it by dressing improperly—especially their underwear.

"Don't forget your skin has to breathe. It's no use to open your pores once a day by exercise, if you smother them afterward.

"That's why I wear the Topkis Athletic Union Suit. Look how loose and easy it hangs. Hardly touches my body. My skin gets fresh air, even when I'm fully dressed.

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Topkis Athletic Underwear is made of best nainsook and other high-grade fabrics. Thoroughly pre-shrunk; full size guaranteed. Get *your* correct size. If you wear a 38 coat buy 38 Topkis.

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Men's Union Suits, $1.00.

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Athletic Underwear

Successful Management

A YOUNG man who has reorganized and started on the upgrade a number of sickly companies told me one afternoon that only a few hours before he had attended his first meeting of a board of directors of a well-known corporation, to which he had just been elected, and as he entered the room he had been advised by one of the officers to throw away all his preconceived ideas, because "this business is different."

By way of comment on this incident he went on to say: "I have been in all kinds of industries, all the way from groceries to automobiles, and in every place they say 'This business is different.' But they are all pretty much the same. Any of these jobs goes back to picking the right individual, a fellow who can do the trick, who can apply the ordinary rules of business conduct to something he knows nothing about.

"I say that every job goes back to the individual. Would you not rather have a good mayor and a poor charter than a good charter and a poor mayor right here in New York? It takes common sense to run a large business, primarily, although tact is a great help. I think the ablest man I ever worked under had no tact. He rubbed everyone the wrong way, but in spite of this his sheer ability was so great that he went far. He was a gentleman, but he was inherently disagreeable. If he had only been agreeable you would have heard of him from one end of the country to the other. The man who has both common sense and tact goes very far.

"Now take the labor problem. I am a frightful reactionary as regards all these industrial-democracy schemes. I don't believe in them at all and I come right out and say so. Some years ago I went out West to take charge of the X works as chairman of the board of directors. They were employing eight thousand men, and the spirit among them was very bad indeed. The first thing I discovered was that the employment manager was a clerk picked at random for the job, and was getting twenty-five hundred dollars a year. I immediately got a man who knew something about that kind of work and paid him six thousand dollars a year."

The Open Door

"The first day I was there I got a wooden wedge and drove it under my office door so that the door would stay open and everyone in the outside corridor could see me at my desk. Then I put up big signs all over the works saying that I would hear grievances. Gradually workmen would come into the corridor and timidly peer into my office. If the door had been shut they never would have come in, but as I continued working at my desk while they looked in, and did not get up to shut the door, they finally screwed up courage to come in.

"Usually their complaints were without justification and there was nothing I could do. But they went away satisfied, because their grievances had been heard. One other immediate effect this practice of mine had was the opening of other closed doors. Some of the vice presidents and subordinate officers became less exclusive and more willing to hear complaints.

"A great deal has been said recently about the importance of foremen in the labor problem. Of course I study the foreman situation as soon as I go to a company; but there is another point of contact between the worker and the company about which less has been said. The worker knows the company only through the foreman and the cashier or paymaster. A workman finds what he thinks a mistake in his pay envelope and turns back to the cashier's window to have it corrected. If he gets bawled out it makes bad feeling. Perhaps the paymaster is overworked, perhaps he has to deal with unreasonable people, but a manager who wants smooth industrial relations needs to watch that point very closely.

"All this sort of thing is humdrum and wholly unromantic. There is no panacea about it. But these are some of the points which need attention on the labor side if the company is to succeed.

"I can't cover everything in a brief conversation, but you will make no mistake if you say that accounting is really the most important end of any business, the vital end from the investors' standpoint at least. When I go into a big corporation I at once ask about the accounting end. They tell me with pride, 'Yes, we have a fine accountant; we pay him ten or twelve thousand dollars,' or perhaps it is more. But it soon develops that they don't really know what they are talking about. The man may be all right, he may know his business, but the management's attitude toward him is all wrong. He is usually looked upon as a mere bookkeeper. Whenever the controller of a company is referred to in that way by the rest of the officers the investor should be suspicious."

Stale Figures

"Personally I believe our system is all wrong, and that something more like the English method is needed. We should have a system in which the controller is not an employe of the management or directors at all, but a direct representative of the shareholders, reporting to them independently of the management at annual meetings. What is needed in this country is a set-up in our corporations—that is, by-laws which will give the controller almost complete independence of the management and a great amount of real authority.

"But that is not enough, nor is that the worst of it. Accounting is just as important from the managerial standpoint as from that of the shareholders. The vital defect in most corporations is that their accounts are what I call 'historical.' Here is what happens constantly: Figures come to the management or to the board of directors which are about six weeks old. Expenses show a big jump and inquiry traces it directly to a certain foreman. He is called up before the superintendent or manager and asked to explain why his costs are so high. But by that time the foreman has forgotten all about it and he can't give a satisfactory explanation.

"Figures have no use except to prevent the same mistake from happening twice. Most corporation accountants are just recording history, which has no value to speak of in running a plant. They get out perfectly wonderful analyses of what has happened, after the trouble is all over with. Such men aren't worth a dollar a year.

"When I went with one big company the accounts were five or six weeks behind, but as the result of much persistence I got able to get them only a week old. What did I care whether the business was groceries or automobiles? Successful management, as I saw it, consisted in catching trouble before it became too serious, in preventing mistakes from happening a second time."

It is true, no doubt, that the number of men capable of handling large affairs without conspicuous flaws of policy is small. It has been said that the work of most men consists in constructing out of ideas a sort of go-cart for wheeling along what intellects more rapidly than they would otherwise go; and that is not easy.



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How Can the Home Compete with Jazz Halls and Shallow Plays

in point of attractiveness to growing boys and girls?

The Plan Urged by Foremost Educators

OUTSIDE attractions, from the jazz craze to the shallow play, are enticing our boys and girls away from home. The effects are dangerous and far reaching.

It is a problem exercising the thought of serious minded people the country over.

Now a new solution has been offered. A world-famed musical institution fosters it. Foremost educators and publicists urge all parents to adopt it.

Its object is to put music in every home, and thus to provide an effective counter-attraction to the perilous outside influences of today.

Something to think about, mothers

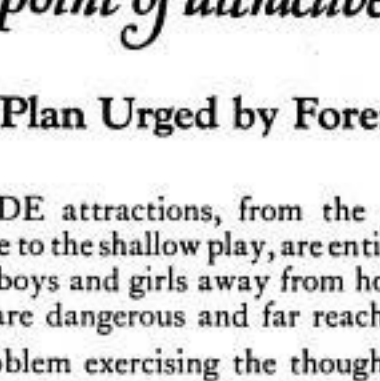
A recent investigation among one hundred girls, between 14 and 18, of good homes, revealed that more than sixty spent their evenings at places unknown to their parents—places that they could not have obtained parental consent to attend; dances and theatres, not *questionable* in the strict sense of the word, but none the less dangerous.

It revealed that of these sixty, only a few enjoyed a musical home-atmosphere. But that of the remaining forty, music was the center of attraction, which led these girls to entertain their friends *at home*.

Virtually the same condition applied to boys of equal age and number. And educators say a nation-wide investigation would present an almost exact parallel.

Hence world's authorities are urging parents to turn to music as a safeguard of the home.

And for that purpose, the self-playing piano the instrument most strongly advocated. For it provides self-expression and automatically brings to the home all music, from the hits the moment the world's latest compositions.





*Recent investigations showed that of the 40 per cent of boys and girls who spend their evenings and entertain their friends, AT HOME, **music is the center of attraction which so prompts them.***

The Virtuolo may be obtained in various instruments, as follows:

Home Companion Virtuolo	$495
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Remarkable new terms of payment. *You play as you pay*

But price, unfortunately, has heretofore restricted the enjoyment of these instruments to children of the financially prominent.

Now amazing new plan to place one in every home

Now a new plan of manufacturing and financing has been developed. A plan which places the new Virtuolo Player Piano made by the makers of the Hallet & Davis Pianos—supreme in musical centers throughout the world—within the means of everyone.

Only the world-spread manufacturing capacity and powerful financial position of the Hallet & Davis factories make it even remotely possible.

The plan is *new*. It is propounded from a new idea. It is unique both in point of price and the amazing terms of payment offered.

It puts a new light entirely on the matter of providing the proper musical environment in every home. It has been carefully evolved to meet every family status and condition.

For confidential information, detailing the entire plan, simply mail the coupon. But you are urged to do so without delay, so as to participate in this new method of ownership.

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On account of the new plan detailed on this page, hundreds of additional retail outlets for Hallet & Davis lines will be required to effect quick distribution of the Virtuolo. Your district may be open; write or wire immediately.

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The TIRE in *Perfect Balance*

Here is the tire in *perfect balance* with the spirit of the times, the spirit which demands a full measure of service at a minimum first cost;

The new Diamond Fabric with the Double-Diamond tread. The tire built especially for Fords and other popular sized cars.

in Balance with the driver's ideas of a tire in its fine appearance, easy riding qualities and reliability;

in Balance with cars as they are built today, their weight and their speed;

in Balance with itself, each part equal in strength with every other part—the tread thick enough for the body—the double diamonds firmly fortifying the sidewalls;

in Balance with your idea of price, giving quality and value to the last cent.

THE DIAMOND RUBBER COMPANY, INC.
Akron, Ohio

[Owners of Fords and other *popular sized* cars, this is your tire. See it at the nearest Diamond distributor's or dealer's.]

Diamond DOUBLE DIAMOND TREAD Tire

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THE NUMBER ONE BOY

(Continued from Page 5)

fresh from the Point, were most valuable when teaching the rudiments, and Prescott and he after an endless round of drilling rookie companies, found themselves at Tampa, Florida, just short of the fighting, when peace was declared.

This bitter blow was forgotten when Providence finally saw fit to send them both to the Philippines, attached to a seasoned, supple, hard-bitten gang—the Seventeenth Infantry Regulars. Thank God again for Aguinaldo, good old Aguinaldo—"Agg," as they affectionately called him. They were disappointed, however, when—although they grew accustomed to the distant plop of Mausers, followed by droning whines like the passing of giant bees—both remained unscathed. This was tough. Heaven only knew when there would be another chance to get a decent wound. Next came a long period of garrison duty in Manila, as dull as ditch water, and then another magnificent stroke of fortune. The allies decided to go to the relief of the besieged legations at Peking. The Seventeenth marched joyfully to transports, which straightway steamed under forced draft for the coast of China.

"Think what it means, Yank," said Jimmy to Prescott, who hailed from Massachusetts. "English, French, Germans, Japs, and us. Us. You and me, and the good old Seventeenth, waltzing around among the pagodas with the pigtails. I ask you, honeybunch, ain't it, in the words of Aunt Selina, pow'ful grand?"

Prescott stared back along the transport's wake—a white lane in the flat blue pasture of the China Sea.

"It sure is," he agreed soberly.

Jimmy snorted at such moderation.

"Let me explain. This is a boat. You're on it. Round about is an ocean. Straight ahead is the big doings. The boat with you in it is moving slowly but perceptibly over the ocean to the big doings. Now do you get it?"

"Thanks, awfully," acknowledged Prescott. "But look here, I've got a darn queer feeling. I've got a feeling that something's going to happen."

Jimmy looked at him quickly, then wrote him with mock ferocity in the middle.

"You're right, old codfish ball; as right as rain. A whole lot's going to happen."

II

PEKING emerged from the shadows of night in dread of the coming dawn. Soldiers with rumbling guns that shook the earth had arrived on the plains before the city at the end of the previous day. There were many, many soldiers. This had been seen from a hundred roofs before the dusk had blotted them out.

The soldiers had landed on the coast from great ships at the time of lotus budding. The Boxers had said that all would vanish before they reached Peking. Now the lotus was in bloom; many Boxers had joined their ancestors; the soldiers were still outside the gates of the city.

It was not so bad to kill a foreign devil gladly now and then. Such things were pursued with polite regret and then forgotten. But to kill hundreds, to drive the remainder into the legations, and then to attack those so sacred legations furiously day after day! How distressing! How very distressing!

The Boxers had promised to rid China forever of foreign devils. Many had believed them for a time. Now it was certain that foreign devils were like the sands of the Hoang-ho-Kiang in dry seasons. The Boxers—Children of Folly, asses in the skins of men—Witness the soldiers and devil guns that were out in the morning mist beyond the wall.

The Master of Souls had warned them—months ago. Why had he not been heeded? With the lips of Gautama Buddha he had spoken. Even as he had spoken, so each thing transpired. There remained to be accomplished his last foretelling: that the streets of the capital would be red with Chinese blood; that the Forbidden City, even the Forbidden City, would know the shuffling feet of foreign soldiers. Fools in their folly were the Boxers, wise beyond all was The Master of Souls, who followed Gautama Buddha. To his temple! To the temple of Gautama Buddha! There to touch the forehead in the dust one could learn what was to be. To the temple then, before the sun had lifted, while there was time, while the soldiers—the devil soldiers—out on the plains in the blind white mist remained so still.

From street to street in the half light of early dawn the whispers ran. Whispers and the pattering of feet. The Room of Celestial Bliss in the Peking temple, where the huge figure of Gautama Buddha with its face of unutterable calm broods changeless through the centuries, was the goal of the pattering feet. In the Presence itself tranquillity might be found. On then, son of a pig with the soul of a worm! On, on with speed, for many follow.

It became a race, a race of thousands toward a fancied haven. Hundreds only were rewarded. The Room of Celestial Bliss was carpeted with prostrate figures, so that no more might enter, by the first scant waves of the sea of yellow faces which presently filled the entrances, corridors and courtyard of the Peking temple. The vast untroubled silence of The Room of Celestial Bliss remained unbroken. The prone and moveless figures seemed like rows of dead; but round about the temple a murmur grew, a giant murmur. No voice was raised in a place so sacred. Only lips moved, yet the murmur grew in volume and at last took form:

"Master of Souls! Master of Souls! Master of Souls!"

A flicker of relief played for an instant over the countenance of the head priest of the temple. It had been difficult to maintain the outward calm of a high servant of Buddha in the face of such overwhelming and unaccountable piety. Here was an excuse to place the burden of leadership in firmer hands.

"They name the Holy One," he said to an anxious circle of priests and acolytes. "Who then will enter The Room of Silence and respectfully inquire?"

His only answer was unwinking stares and a slight drawing back of the circle about him. For centuries uncounted The Room of Silence had been the private study of the lama of the temple. It was not recorded that any priest had ever entered there without a summons. Lamas of the past had been pale stars in the firmament of heaven. The present occupant of The Room of Silence was the blinding sun at mid-day, Voice of Buddha, Finger of Poon Koo Wong—the immortal Chang Foo Low. Let half the city press upon the temple and call his name; why should sons of worms intrude upon his awful meditations? It must not be forgotten that, being displeased, he could, with a look of his eye and a wave of his hand, rob the presumptuous of both speech and movement.

The head priest waited a vain moment for a volunteer, then cleared a path for himself through the crowd of lesser lights with a contemptuous gesture.

"Wait here, my brothers. I myself will seek the Holy One."

A relieved chorus greeted this statement:

"Hopefully we wait, O Servant of Buddha."

The head priest glided into a dim corridor, paneled in scented wood. Down this he strode with unhurried calm. Turning at right angles he followed another corridor, darker than the first. Having arrived at a carved and gilded doorway, with hangings of heavy yellow silk, he paused for a moment to summon his utmost composure. Behind those curtains was The Room of Silence. Within the room was the calmest soul, the most tranquil mind, in all China.

The Room of Silence had known furnishings of extreme splendor in the past. Each century had contributed to it a quota of treasures. The immediate predecessor of the present lama had meditated amidst an overpowering exhibition of *objets d'art*. Of this great collection only the following articles now remained: One red lacquer table, one carved ebony chair, one blue-and-yellow rug woven of camels' hair. But the cabinets, carvings, vases, tapestries, fans, screens, rugs, and so on, which had vanished, still served in The Room of Silence by proxy. They had been sent years before, with the proper felicitations of the new leader of Buddhism, to the then young Empress of China. Her Majesty had been pleased to accept the gift graciously. She had been further pleased to have conveyed from the royal strong room to the Peking temple a plain iron-bound box, the lifting of which required the strength of two strong men. A slight, a very slight gleam from the gold contained therein was reflected in the countenance of Chang Foo Low when the box was opened in his presence. The dream of a lifetime had come true. The treasure would purchase books. Books, books, books—from the ends of the earth, in every tongue—more than could be read in the longest of lifetimes—books, books, books!

He had begun their accumulation at once through notes of exquisite politeness addressed to agents in Bombay, Constantinople, Budapest, St. Petersburg, Valparaiso, Rome, Madrid, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Vienna, Berlin, London, New York. In return had come, each day for many years, precious packages, which the lama with fond deliberation always opened himself. The contents of these packages were here in The Room of Silence now, rising from the floor halfway to the lofty ceiling, north, east, south, west—books, books, books.

Their discriminating collector sat in the midst of them in the center of his blue-and-yellow rug, in his carved ebony chair, at his red lacquer table. The long lemon-colored fingers of his left hand were dipping into a jade bowl of cold rice in a purely mechanical fashion, for the fingers of his right hand held open and caressed the pages of—a book. He did not look up from his reading when the head priest pushed aside the yellow curtains and entered.

"Holy One," the head priest ventured. The eyes of Chang Foo Low slowly lifted. "Mountain of Infinite Wisdom ——"

The lama spoke:

"I am a servant of Buddha, like thyself. Small grains of wisdom may be acquired by much reflection."

The head priest bowed humbly at the reproof and came at once to his excuse for the intrusion.

"The people fill the temple and crowd upon it like locusts at the time of visitation."

"When the belly is full of fear the heart remembers God," said Chang dryly.

"Only those before the Presence worship in humility. Those without boldly call thy name."

"So does man seize the shadow for the substance." The lama's fingers rose from the jade bowl to his mouth with some kernels of rice. "I will speak to the people," he decided after a moment's thought. "They must return to their homes." He closed his book and rose from the table.

"They mean us harm?" asked the head priest quickly.

The lama picked up the rice bowl and went to a window opening on an inner court. He flung the contents of the bowl on the pink stones of the courtyard and smiled faintly at a sudden rush of wings.

"No more than these," he answered, nodding at the pigeons which had dropped from the roof to peck and coo among the bright white grains. "If they remain they will themselves be harmed. Come, my brother." He led the way from The Room of Silence to the eastern entrance of the temple and moved out upon the temple steps, washed by the sea of yellow faces—clearer now in the growing light.

A curious spectacle followed. Portions of the sea of yellow faces began to sink, patches here and there. The patches grew until only small islands of those still standing remained. At last these, too, saw the tall figure in its flowing yellow robe and crownlike headdress, and sank to the level of the rest.

The lama moved forward to the very edge of the steps and lifted his hands, palms down, above the kneeling people. His voice rang out, the clear, liquid Chinese syllables falling on the silence like bells:

"The blessing of Buddha on thy heads, the peace of his spirit in thy hearts. Return now to the homes which honorable industry and the will of Poon Koo Wong have provided, and there remain. Let no man, woman or child venture into the streets, for peril will be found therein. Go then, swiftly, like homing pigeons, for to gather in numbers, here or elsewhere, is to kiss the sword of death."

Instantly they attempted to obey him; but such vast numbers could not disperse in a moment, and while they milled and pushed and jostled the light was growing stronger. Chang Foo Low turned somber eyes, first to a noticeable radiance in the east, and then toward the watchtowers which marked the sluggish windings of the city wall.

Brighter and brighter grew the sky, but the flat plain beyond the wall still wore a smoking blanket of mist into which yellow zealots, crouching along the ancient ramparts, strained slanting eyes in vain. Why were the foreign soldiers so still? The stillness was disconcerting. A sound—any sound—would be better. Li Fung, craftiest of Boxer leaders, seized a rifle from one of his men and fired into the mist. All along the wall a stuttering fire broke out, nervous, scattered, unaimed. It died away, to leave a more impressive silence than before.

Ching Lo, the orator, took advantage of the silence. For a hundred yards from where he stood the guardians of the wall heard him recount their splendid deeds and splendid aims. The Land of the Dragon had been cleared of foreign devils. The men had honorably kissed the sword. The women having first sung a love song to the heroic sons of China had felt their white necks snap like lily stems. Some, to be sure, were left in the legations. But how thin was the line of bayonets about them! A few days more and then —— It was well to remember that the wealth of the foreign devils was colossal. All, all that wealth was in the legations. Out there in the mist were soldier devils, to be sure; but observe the wall—how strong, how unassailable. Reflecting upon this and recalling the numbers and courage of the wall's defenders, one should spit thus—at the foolish sons of pigs who had come to save the legations but would presently join their ancestors.

"Hai, hai, hai!" ran approval along the wall. Laughter followed as Nang Poo, the humorous, shouted a pun about a great grunting in hell as the pig soldiers joined their ancestors.

Slowly the light grew stronger. The higher roofs of Peking changed to rose and gold and swam clear of the mist against a band of emerald sky that swept the western horizon. Far out on the plain a tongue of orange flame leaped out and up, ripping a fiery gash in the gray curtain of mist. The bark of the field gun from whose throat it sprang crashed hammerlike against the silence. A shell wailed high above the wall and exploded in the square before the temple of Gautama Buddha. Another shell followed, and another. The ancient temple shook at each explosion. The younger of the acolytes fell on their knees, whimpering like puppies. The older priests drew timidly nearer the figure in the yellow robe standing motionless before the ever-brooding Buddha.

But Chang Foo Low heeded them not. His lips were moving in a silent prayer of thankfulness, for the temple and the court and the streets in all directions were clear of worshipers by now. The shells were scattering earth and clouds of dust, not mangled human flesh.

His prayer finished, the lama turned from the altar and approached the group of moaning acolytes. With chattering teeth they eyed him dumbly, awe of his presence swept away by an ecstasy of fear.

"It is not well," said Chang sternly, "to show fear for a miserable body in the presence of The Blessed and All-wise. Get to your cells, young brothers. There meditate upon the weakness of the flesh and the power of the spirit."

The acolytes pattered in all directions like a bevy of frightened quail. Many of the older priests followed them more slowly, feeling the need of self-communion perhaps, while three-inch shells shrieked above the temple roof. A scattered few remained. These withdrew respectfully to the entrance leading to their quarters as the lama turned again to the Buddha.

"Great Buddha, Voice of Heaven," he implored, "let the peace of thy spirit fill the hearts of those within this holy temple. Bring its walls out of peril. Save its altar from dishonor. I, Chang Foo Low, least of thy servants, ask now for aid from those who dwell in serene tranquillity within The Seventh Sphere. Bring to them knowledge of my need; open their ears to my message; throw the might of their protection about these walls to the glory of Him who, loving good, yet in His unfathomable wisdom created also evil. Buddha,

(Continued on Page 68)

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Mrs. Jones



① I had to do some shopping in a hurry. I rushed for a car and went to the store. My time was very short.



② I rushed up to a salesman and asked him to wait on me. He started to show me what I wanted.



③ He ha change I had



⑥ I was only one victim of these exasperating delays. I saw many others waiting.



⑦ I next went to a drug store to get a toothbrush. The salesgirl quickly showed me what I wanted.



⑧ The and purch Regi

Mrs.

I like to trade in stores that give quick service.

It saves my time. I don't have to wait.

There is no congestion around counters. The clerks are able to wait on more customers and give better atten

The printed receipt I get shows how much I expended.

It shows where I bought the g and the date I bought them.

It shows which clerk waited on

The National Cash Re

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two stores.



to give
customer.
me back.



④ I gave the salesman my money. He wrote in his sales book the date, amount, and some other things. This took a lot of time.



⑤ After a long delay I got my parcel and change. It was getting late.



money
up my
Cash



⑨ In three seconds she handed me my change, parcel, and a printed receipt.



⑩ My husband is a merchant. I asked him why his store doesn't have a quick system. He didn't answer.

ays:

eceipt saves me from being both-
y mistakes and disputes.

e no trouble when I exchange

this receipt because it thanks
r my patronage.

It enables me to keep a record of my expenses. It encourages saving.

I keep the receipts in an envelope for future reference.

I wish every merchant would give me a printed receipt when I am shopping.

mpany, Dayton, Ohio.

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The Invisible Bed Room



Short Daven-O No. 827

94A

(Continued from Page 65)

Buddha, Buddha, to The Seventh Sphere I call!"

While the voice of the lama, drowned at intervals by the crash of bursting shells, filled The Room of Celestial Bliss, the morning breeze had sprung up and gone silently to work. Jagged holes began to appear in the curtain of mist that had hidden the wall from the searching guns. Field glasses leveled through these rents found the wall at last. As the final words of prayer echoed and died among the gilded rafters a bugle spoke far out on the plain. The whine of shells above the temple ceased.

It was only an interlude in the chorus of the guns while battery commanders found new ranges, but the group of listening priests fell upon their faces. Who could remain standing in the presence of a miracle? With their own ears they had heard the instant answer of high heaven to the winged words of Chang.

For a short moment the silence held. Then it was violently broken. A sound even more terrifying than the whine and crash of shells ripped it to tatters. Nothing is more heart shaking than a woman's sudden scream. The priests scrambled hastily to their feet as a mad-eyed, chalk-faced creature sped into The Room of Celestial Bliss, shrieking as she came. Three Boxers leaped through the entrance behind her like hounds at the heels of a doe.

Almost in the center of the room they pulled her down or, rather, she collapsed, for the reaching fingers of the leader of the pack had scarcely touched her when she sank to the floor. A yellow hand twisted into the masses of her hair and jerked back her head. A thin knife gleamed above a cream-colored throat.

"Stop!"

The knife remained poised.

"Do not strike."

The knife wielder became aware of the advancing Chang Foo Low. His companions visibly quailed at that awesome figure, but their leader, a pock-marked coolie with an evil twisted mouth, met the glance of The Master of Souls without a tremor.

"Release the woman."

The knife wielder did not obey.

"She is a foreign devil," he said boldly. "It is well to take her life."

The high serenity of the lama remained unbroken. His eyes explored the pock-marked face before him for an instant.

"Who are you to talk of taking life? Within the hour you will be with your ancestors."

Softly, almost gently the words were spoken, but the head of the Boxer's victim fell forward as his hand was snatched from her hair. Down on the floor beside her he groveled, his terror-stricken eyes lifted to the immutable face of Chang.

"No, no, great prophet, I have done no wrong. Spare me."

"I cannot spare you. It is written." A long arm in folds of yellow silk swept up and became rigid. "Go!"

Three eager hounds of hell had burst into the Peking temple a moment before. Three cringing dogs, the boldest of them now the most subdued, skulked to the entrance through which they had come, and disappeared, leaving their quarry behind at the feet of Chang Foo Low.

She was half kneeling, half sitting, shaken by gasping sobs; her head bowed, her face covered by her hands. Chang looked down at her and waited. As he waited the guns out on the plain began to speak again but the exploding shells no longer shook the temple. They were dropping near the wall, a mile or more away.

Minutes passed while the lama stood silently observing the huddled female figure on the orange-colored marble of the temple floor. Gradually her sobs became less violent. She no longer shook and quivered with each intaken breath. Presently her hands dropped, palms upward, to her lap. Slowly her eyes rose—great burning eyes. They traveled up the yellow robe of the lama and so came at last to the minutely wrinkled yellow countenance above. Some of the horror, a little of the fear left her eyes as they explored the calmest face in China, the calmest face in all the world. Her lips moved.

"If I—could speak—your language—I would thank you." It was a broken whisper utterly lost in the chorus of distant guns, but in clear unhurried English came the reply:

"Do not thank me. Thank Buddha. I am only his unworthy servant."

She had just passed through a fearful ordeal. She was still in desperate trouble, but youth is astonishingly buoyant. At the reassuring sound of her own language her face lost its deadly whiteness. It warmed until it became the pale ivory complement of her dark hair and eyebrows.

"You speak English?"

"I speak such tongues as I may need."

Puzzling over this she made an uncertain effort to rise. Then at a sudden recollection she relaxed into helplessness.

"That man! That man! That creature with the knife!" She again covered her face with her hands.

"Fear him not; you are safe."

She wept silently for a moment, fought for self-control and had almost won it when it abruptly fled. She clutched at the lama's robe.

"He may come back."

"Not to harm you, my child." The certainty of his tone seemed to reassure her. Chang put his hands under her elbows and helped her to her feet. "That poor whirling soul fears for his own miserable life. I told him that within the hour he would be with his ancestors."

"You are going to have him—killed?"

"No, my child. Within the hour some hand will strike him down. I, Chang Foo Low, saw the shadow of the wings of death upon his brow."

She had been staring at him half fearfully. The serenity of his face was wonderful and he had just saved her life. But his eyes were like no eyes she had ever looked into before. Far beyond her gaze, somewhere in their fathomless depths, terrible things might lie. Now as she heard his name her face cleared.

"Are you Chang Foo Low? I read about you in America. You are the great prophet. They call you The Master of Souls."

"The mouth of folly has so named me," said Chang. "How did you get here, my child? Where do you belong?"

"I have been with the other Americans, besieged in the legation," she answered. "I walked past the guard by mistake last night. Those Boxers cut me off. I hid under a cart until morning. When I tried to get back they saw me and chased me. When they were almost on me I ran in here."

She looked vaguely about her and discovered the group of motionless, silent priests. Her troubled eyes roamed over the altar with its silk tapestries, small jade Buddhas and heavy golden ornaments. Far above the altar the huge face of the great Buddha swam in ageless, shadow-filled tranquillity. Its supreme aloofness was terrifying. Her eyes dropped quickly to Chang's.

"Oh, what shall I do? How can I get back?"

He regarded her thoughtfully for a moment—her clasping and unclasping fingers, her lifted, appealing face.

"Whom do you know in the American Legation guard?"

"Colonel Bradley."

"Would Colonel Bradley send for you? Would he risk his soldiers to bring you back if he knew you were here?"

"Oh, yes!" she cried. "He'd risk anything. He'd come himself. You see I'm ——" She broke off, her sudden eagerness gone. "But there's no way to tell him."

He turned from her abruptly and crossed the temple to the western entrance. She saw his yellow robe gleam in the sunlight beyond and disappear. Was he going to attempt to deliver a message to the legation? Any Chinaman would be shot in his tracks the moment a guard laid eyes on him. She turned and ran toward the entrance to overtake him and explain. Before she reached it she saw the yellow robe returning.

"The streets are clearing," he said when he had joined her. "The Boxers are at the walls. I will let Colonel Bradley know where you are."

"Oh, thank you," she said, "but how? No one could get near the legations."

As she waited for a reply she saw his eyes close, one hand rose to his forehead. The other stretched out and up. His face slowly changed. It became a mask—a death mask—made of pale, wrinkled parchment.

"Wh-what is the matter?" she stammered.

She received no reply. At last his lips began to move, but the muffled Chinese words she heard did not seem to

(Continued on Page 71)

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To Marmon Owners:

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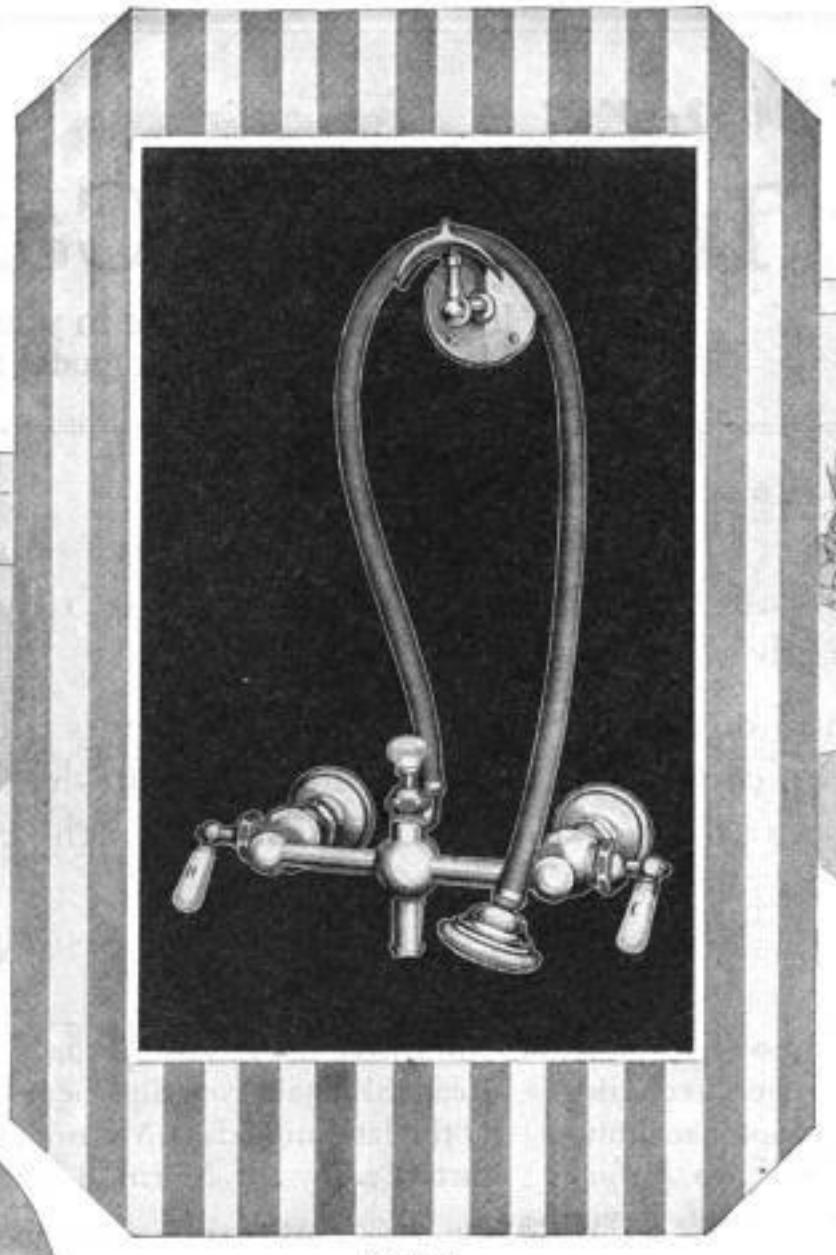
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from them. She backed away from the eerie swaying figure with its closed, bloodless eyelids. Slowly they opened.

"I have sent for Colonel Bradley," he said.

She continued to back away from him. His face had become lifelike again, but in his eyes for an instant after he had opened them had been something nameless, terrifying. And why did he say he had sent for Colonel Bradley? He was tricking her. She turned and made for an entrance. Out into the light of day she would go, whatever happened.

"Stop," she heard.

She was close to the entrance now. A few steps more would take her from this place of terror. It seemed safe to halt and turn.

"The streets to which you go are filled with the spirit of madness, murder, rape. Here is the spirit of wisdom, gentle and pure.

"I am the servant of that spirit. Poor foolish child, keep your lily body safe in this temple of the Lord Buddha until your future husband comes to claim it."

His last sentence was so astounding that for a moment her astonishment was greater than her fear.

"Future husband! How did you know that? I didn't tell you."

"How I know is not important, but you must believe that I have sent for him."

"When did you send for him?" she found the courage to ask.

"Approach," said Chang, "and I will tell you."

She had recovered somewhat from her unaccountable fright of a moment before. What he had said about the streets was true, and he had saved her life. But she glanced uneasily at the priests still standing before the door to their quarters. A few rapid steps by one of them would cut her off from the entrance if she returned to Chang. As the thought entered her mind the lama spoke abruptly in Chinese. The priests turned and departed like shadows from The Room of Celestial Bliss.

"I am alone," said Chang. "I am an old man. Come."

She came slowly from the entrance and halted some little distance from where he stood.

"Closer."

She obeyed reluctantly.

"Look in my face—in my eyes."

She raised her eyes to his. Nothing terrifying was in them now. They were luminous, compassionate and unaccountably soothing.

"You are the daughter of a young and untaught people," she heard. "Your eyes see nothing but material things. Your ears hear nothing but audible sounds. I am an ancient priest of an ancient people—knowing a little of the wisdom of the ages, but much you cannot understand. Now I, Chang Foo Low, lama of the Peking temple, servant of the high spirit of Buddha, tell you that I have sent for Col. William S. Bradley, of the United States Legation guard." A hand rose out of a yellow sleeve and passed before her face. "Shut your ears and hear. Close your eyes and see. . Do you believe?"

Her eyelids quivered and closed. For an instant she was in a dark and soundless chamber somewhere within her own brain. In that soundless chamber she heard an urgent though silent voice: "You believe. You believe."

She opened her eyes and spoke aloud. "I believe."

"That is well," said the lama softly. Now tell me, why did you leave the legation and go into the streets?"

As he asked the question she became aware that an unaccountable faith in this old Chinaman was growing within her. To this faith was added an eager, trusting friendliness. She had led a life so far of extraordinary repression. However deeply he might require a confidant no one heretofore had been able to break down her reserve. Now in a dim unearthly temple in a heathen land she confronted a withered Oriental on whom she had never laid eyes before, and felt her abiding reticence fall from her like a discarded shell. She took an impulsive step toward him as she answered his question.

"I did it unknowingly. It was quiet around the legation last night. The Boxers had gone to the walls to fight the allies. I couldn't think in the legation. It was so crowded, and I wanted to think."

"Women do not think; they feel."

"In my country they must think too." A little of her impulse to confide in him had its way. "You see, I've been worried about—something. I wanted to go out under the stars and think it all out for myself."

"When a maiden's mother has gone to her ancestors," said Chang softly, "she has only the stars to guide her."

Quick tears sprang to her eyes.

"How did you know my mother was dead?" she asked brokenly. "How did you know I wanted her so these last few days? You are a good man—a great man—I know it now. Tell me, please, father, or whatever they call you—how did you know?"

"Gossip has the wings of the swallow," Chang evaded.

"Gossip?" She thought for a moment. "No," she decided, "I understand how you could have known I am to marry Colonel Bradley—many could have told you that. Only—my pillows know that I need my mother. I've told them softly—late at night. No one heard."

"Someone heard."

"No one," she assured him.

"The spirit of motherhood within you heard and answered. What did it say?"

She gave him a bewildered look.

"I don't understand."

"You heard the message"—his hand curved to his chest—"here. Shall I repeat it?"

She nodded dumbly.

"Oh, woman's heart of you, my daughter you will sicken, you will die if you beat on the breast of an old man."

She flinched, paled, then cried out at him, "You don't understand! You don't understand!"

"I understand this: Colonel Bradley should be your father, not your bridegroom."

"Listen, please listen!" she implored, wringing her hands.

"I listen," said Chang.

Gone, entirely gone, was her habitual reticence. Words poured from her, broken, impulsive. A strange confidant in strange surroundings! For some reason she did not find him strange.

"I was born in Australia," she began. "My parents were Canadians. We lived in Sydney until my mother died. My father was a poet. He taught school for a living. When my mother died it broke his heart and touched his mind a little. He became a wanderer, looking, always looking, for my mother. He died in the Hawaiian Islands. I was with him. He said 'Julia'—that was my mother's name—and smiled a radiant smile and closed his eyes. I was left alone, a child in a strange land, without money, without friends."

"Bitter with salt tears is the cup of the orphan," said Chang.

"They put me in an institute for homeless children in Hawaii—a place with dirty walls, filled with the odors of cooking. At nights rats ran about, squeaking and fighting. I wore a blue denim dress, a pair of sandals, and that was all—no underclothes, no stockings, not even a ribbon for my hair." She paused as her voice began to shake.

"The hand of charity feeds the body and starves the soul," was Chang's comment.

"One day an American officer came to inspect the orphanage," she went on more steadily. "He stood in the courtyard, clean and straight, and asked questions. His boots were polished like mirrors. He wore a shining sword." She was staring unseeingly into the impenetrable shadows which wrapped the Buddha. Now her eyes returned to the lama's face. "To me he seemed like God."

"Poor child, poor child. So turns the wheel."

"That officer was Colonel Bradley. I looked at him first through a window as he stood outside in the sunshine. Then I ran out to him and fell at his feet and clasped his shiny boots and asked him to save me."

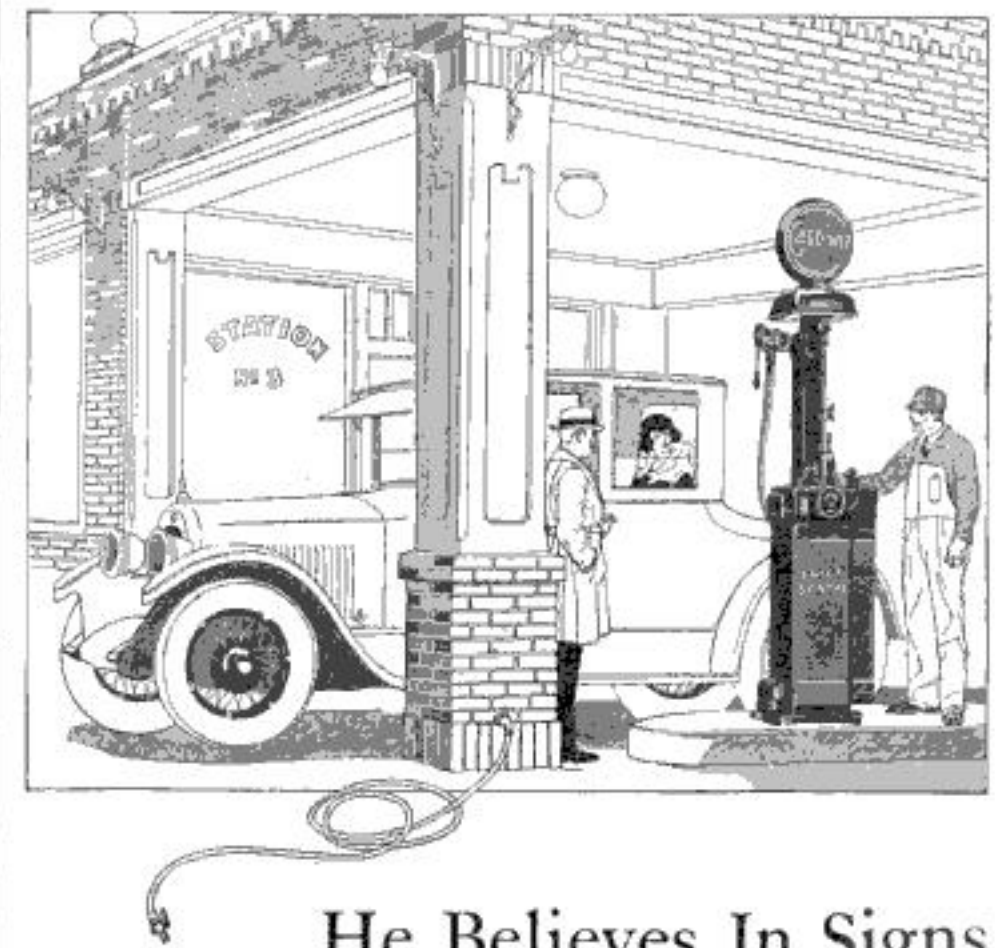
At no time while she had talked had she detected the slightest alteration in the lama's face. Now there came a change. Quick interest disturbed the serenity of his expression. He leaned slightly toward her as he asked a question.

"What did he do?"

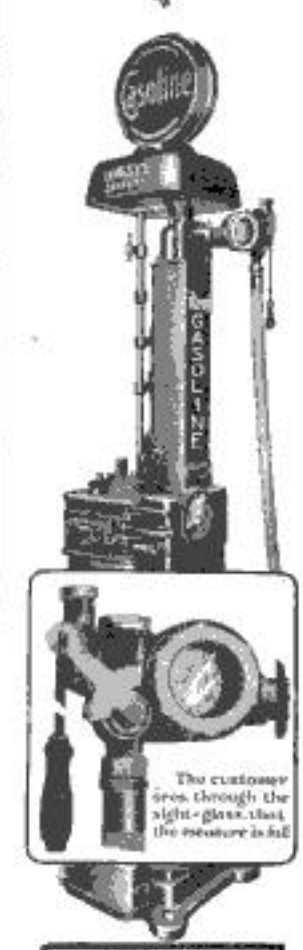
"He said, 'Take her away,'" she answered. "And the matron loosened my arms from around his boots and lifted me up and would have dragged me inside, but suddenly—he had not looked at me before—I saw that he was staring at me."

(Continued on Page 73)





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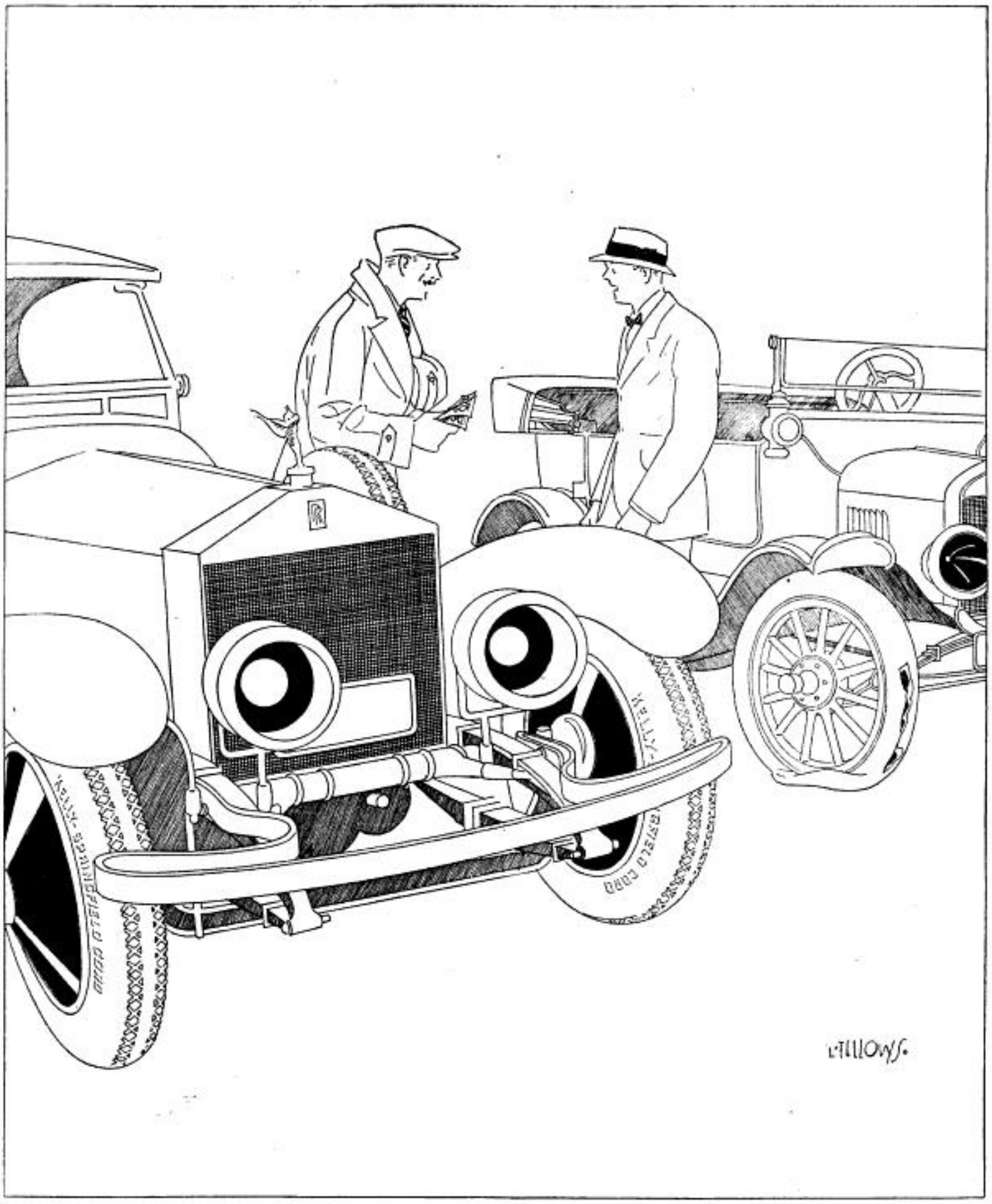
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(Continued from Page 71)

"You were beautiful then as now?" Chang interrupted with the same unaccountable interest.

"Beautiful! I was a thin, dirty, wild-eyed child."

"Ah!" sighed the lama. His face became so deeply meditative that she stood in silence before him for a time, not daring to disturb his thoughts. "Just is the wheel," she heard him mutter. And then at last, "Go on, my daughter."

"That was five years ago. Everything I have had since then has come from Colonel Bradley—food, clothes, education. He took me from that place in Hawaii; he took me back with him to the United States; he sent me to school—a convent school in America. I spent my vacations with him. Last year he was ordered to China. He asked me to come with him as his wife. I asked to be allowed to graduate before we married. He consented. I graduated in June and arrived in China just as the Boxer troubles began. We will be married when the allies relieve Peking."

The somber eyes regarded her for a long moment.

"Fate has spread a cunning net for you, poor fluttering dove."

His tone matched his eyes. Her hand went to her throat.

"Don't frighten me, please. Colonel Bradley is an honorable, generous man. He has denied me nothing."

"Nothing? Think."

"Well, yes," she faltered. "One thing. He never let me meet young men. He never let me go to parties if boys were to be there. They weren't allowed to come to the house. It didn't seem fair. I"—her lips quivered—"that's why I wanted mother so lately," she confessed. "I wanted to ask her about that before I married."

She was silent for a moment. The far thunder of the guns on the plain and the nearer though still distant explosion of shells along the walls had continued without interruption while they had talked. Now there came a lull in the gunfire, and then an explosion at which the temple, the ground on which it stood, all China, in fact, seemed to tremble.

"What was that?" she cried, seizing him by the arm.

He lifted a hand and laid it for a moment on her head.

"The first stroke of your wedding bells," he said. At her bewildered look he added, "They have blown up the Chin Mien gates. The allies are in the city."

Her eyes widened and darkened. From outside came a faint murmur which grew into the sound of many running feet. At last as she listened the sound of them was supplanted by a spiteful crackle like an endless string of ignited firecrackers. Interspersed with the crackling sounds came sudden muffled screams, to which were presently added hoarse unintelligible shouts.

A narrow, sunken window caught her eye. Its inlaid teakwood sill was six feet or more from the floor, but a huge seat of carved black marble was just below it. She went slowly to the window, listening to the growing clamor outside. She hesitated a moment, then stepped upon the seat. Stretching to her full height her chin was just above the window sill.

"I see the soldiers!" she cried. "Gray soldiers with spiked helmets." For a moment she continued to stare from the window into the streets of Peking—Peking, which now was paying the price of ignorant fanaticism. "Oh, the bayonets! How horrible!"

She shut her eyes and turned from the window. When she opened them she gave a sudden gasp, but managed to smother a scream. One of the Boxers, trying to escape a fate which had turned her sick with horror, had stolen into the eastern entrance of the temple and was fleeing across The Room of Celestial Bliss toward an entrance on the farther side. He was a tall coolie with an evil, twisted mouth. His pock-marked face was the color of a toad's belly. Even in his terror he still clung to the long thin knife which had been at her throat earlier that morning.

He was almost to the entrance. He had not seen her! He was gone! A thin stream of fire spurted from the shadows in the eastern entrance. A sound that reminded her of a heavy trunk crashing against pavement whipped at the walls and ceiling. The running Boxer faltered in his stride, his long knife tinkled as it struck the floor. Round he spun and round again, then toppled forward on his face. One of his legs drew up vaguely and as vaguely straightened. A pool which looked like ink crept sluggishly from beneath his body and began to spread over one of the squares of orange marble on which he lay.

The girl stared at the prone, still figure and the torpidly spreading pool. "The shadow of the wings of death upon his brow." The words reverberated through her brain like the tolling of a bell. She looked fearfully toward the lama, still motionless before the altar. Once more she felt afraid of him. Had he in some way caused the shot to be fired? An instant later she learned that he had not. Gray-clad figures with spiked helmets appeared in the eastern entrance. It was a German corporal with a squad of men. A thin wisp of smoke was still drifting from the muzzle of the unterofficier's rifle.

Into The Room of Celestial Bliss they strode without a glance at the dead Boxer. As the corporal saw Chang Foo Low he halted. He was in the act of raising his rifle when his round blue eyes caught the gleam of the golden vessels on the altar. He grunted, lowered his weapon and swung toward the treasure. One foot was on the first of the three broad steps that led up to the altar, one huge hand was already stretched toward the largest of the gold vessels when the lama, pouring forth a stream of rapid German, advanced upon him and with a gesture ordered him back.

The avaricious gleam in the round eyes of the corporal changed to a look of surprise. He lowered his hand to bring the rifle with its long bayonet level at his hip, then drew the weapon back in preparation for its forward lunge.

The girl at the window sprang from the seat and rushed toward the German.

"Stop!" she cried. "Stop!" An instant later she had seized the rifle. "He is a good man. Don't touch him."

The corporal looked doubtfully at her for an instant. Who this wild-eyed young woman might be was totally beyond him, but she was white and of the upper class apparently. His eyes swung to the unmoved countenance of the lama. They took in his impressive robe and headdress. Perhaps there was some reason why it would be better not to stick this old swine whose eyes remained like placid amber lakes as he stood without a tremor before a poised bayonet.

The corporal barked an order. One of his men moved forward and placing a rifle across the breast of Chang forced him backwards a dozen steps from the altar. The corporal again reached for the massive vessel. Again the lama protested in German and attempted to get past his guard.

"Don't move! Don't move!" pleaded the girl. "They'll kill you."

For a moment he obeyed her. Then, as the men followed the corporal in a frantic grabbing of ornaments and rich altar cloths, his lean arms rose above his head.

"Better I were dead!" he cried. "They take the holy things of the Lord Buddha. Woe to China! Woe to China!"

The rifle fire had died to a splutter outside. A shouted command came faintly to the girl's ear. The words were indistinguishable, but they were no longer strange and guttural. She ran to the marble seat and climbed upon it once more.

A column of troops was pouring from a side street into the temple square and pressing on toward the Forbidden City. They were not in gray; they were in khaki, with broad-brimmed hats and a roll of yellow blankets behind their shoulders. On their biscuit-shaped khaki-colored canteens she could just make out the letters U.S.A. She stood on her tiptoes so that her face showed clear in the window. Clinging with one hand to the window sill she waved with the other.

"Americans! Americans!" she called at the top of her voice again and again. And then: "Help! Help!"

There were nine hundred men left in that regiment. Just one of the nine hundred saw that waving arm and caught a glimpse of a white face below it. Not a syllable of what she said reached his ears above the tramp of feet, the creaking of arms and equipment, and the desultory rifle fire. But Acting-Captain James Lee darted from the left flank of a line of men marching in open order and ran toward the nearest entrance of the Peking temple. He had entered Peking numb with the pain of the first great loss he had ever known. He had marched along its streets in a sort of bitter dream. Now, still in a dream, he was running toward the temple alone. He had said no word as he sprang away from the column, and no officer or man had happened to see him go.

Plunging into an entrance he ran down a passageway filled with faint, strange odors. When he came to a huge dim cavern of a room in which vague figures moved he halted suddenly.

"Who called in here?"

"I called," cried a voice—a girl's voice from somewhere in the darkness. "Those men are looting the temple."

Jimmy peered in the direction of the voice, but could see nothing. With narrowed lids he advanced cautiously. At last his eyes grew accustomed to the gloom. The vague figures revealed themselves as German soldiers busy at what looked like an altar which stood before a tremendous idol towering thirty feet or more from the floor. As the nature of the Germans' activities became clear to him he walked over and confronted them.

"What's going on here, Heinie?"

He addressed the man whose insignia showed him to be a corporal. The unterofficier was swathed in embroidered tapestries, his rifle with bayonet fixed was slung by a strap back of his shoulders. Both his arms were devoted to a load of gold vessels and jade ornaments. He regarded the American officer with round, unwinking eyes and made no reply.

"Do you speak English?" snapped Jimmy.

"Ya, I shpeak id."

"What are you doing in here?"

The German nodded at the figure of the dead Boxer.

"We shood dot shvine. Now ve tage dese drinkets."

"Nothing doing," said Jimmy. "Put 'em back."

A dull amazement claimed the heavy features of the corporal.

"Vor vy?" he asked at last.

"Never mind why. Put down that plunder."

The rest of the squad had now gathered about them. The altar was stripped bare.

"Nein," said the corporal positively. "De Cherman Army vill burn und lood und shlay in China. Der order vos gifen py der Kaiser himselluf."

"Huh," said Jimmy. "So I've heard. Well, the Kaiser's a long way from here. Put those things where you got them."

A deep flush appeared on the Teutonic face of the corporal. He said something to his men, who turned angry eyes on the American officer.

"You are nod my officier; I vill nod obey."

His squad, like the corporal, had slung their rifles and loaded themselves with plunder. One only, Jimmy noticed, standing guard over a tall old Chinaman in a long robe and queer headdress, had his weapon in his hands.

As Jimmy's service revolver came out of its holster the sweep of its muzzle carefully included this guard.

"Put 'em back quick," he said.

There followed a slow and sullen piling of treasures and tapestries upon the altar of Gautama Buddha. When all was restored there came another crisp order:

"Assemble your men, corporal."

The order was obeyed.

"March 'em out of here."

"*Vorwarts!*" There was a rhythmic shuffle of reluctant feet.

"Halt your squad," said Jimmy.

The shuffle ceased promptly at the corporal's command. Perhaps the American officier would spare at least one of the golden trinkets in appreciation of the fact that the discovery of the so rich altar had been theirs.

"Take that dead Chink out of here."

To the muttering of German oaths the body of the Boxer, its long queue trailing along the floor, was half carried, half dragged from the temple. Before departing from the spot where it was finally flung the corporal kicked it heavily twice. Mentally he was applying his boot to the person of a never-to-be-sufficiently-damned officier of the United States.

And now, thought Jimmy, holstering his gun, who had called, and what was she doing in a place like this? Before he could attempt to find out, the old Chinaman in the long robe and strange headdress moved forward and spoke.

"Young and honorable soldier, you have saved the altar of the Lord Buddha. In his name I thank you."

Jimmy stared. Rarely had he heard more perfect English. Never had he heard such a voice. And the face! Was there ever such tranquillity in a face before? Once while hunting he had been lost in a Louisiana canebrake. Unutterably weary and forlorn he had stumbled upon a cypress-girdled bayou lying like a fairy mirror in the magic light of the high untroubled moon. It was only a stretch of stagnant water. He had known that. Yet its calm radiance that night had slowly filled him until at last he had lifted moist eyes to the everlasting stars, then settled down purged of the egoism of discontent to wait for morning. He had something of the same feeling now in the presence of this Chinaman. He felt inexpressibly young and callow. It showed in his nonchalant, almost flippant acknowledgment of the thanks he had received.

"Don't mention it." Abashed as he heard the tone in which the words had been uttered, he floundered into worse. "You know"—he nodded toward the altar—"I believe I'd hide those things for a while if I were you. You see ——"

He stopped suddenly. What an ass he was making of himself!

But the serene recipient of his advice bowed courteously.

"You are wise as well as brave. I go to see that it is done."

Chang moved across the great room to a pillar on which a bronze gong was hanging. This he struck twice. Almost instantly a group of priests appeared in a doorway behind the altar. At the lama's direction they gathered up the ornaments and tapestries and followed him from The Room of Celestial Bliss.

But Jimmy gave the proceedings only a glance. He was peering at the figure of a girl standing on a marble bench just below the window in which he had seen a blurred white face and a waving arm.

"You called just now?" he ventured.

"Yes, lieutenant."

"What are you doing here at a time like this?" Jimmy was peering, peering.

She stepped down from the bench and advanced toward him.

"I have been cut off from the American Legation by Boxers. I ran in here. I am expecting ——"

She never finished her explanation. Jimmy, for the last time in his life, was still peering as she came to him.

"Who are you?"

She halted abruptly and regarded him with startled eyes.

"My name is Elizabeth Darrow. Why do you ask in such a way?"

He continued to stare at her, to drink in every smallest detail of her with his eyes—her straight slight figure with its suggestion of boyishness, the creamy look of her throat and face, the peculiar swirl of her dark hair as it curved low across her temples and rippled just above the lobes of her ears. And then her eyes—her wistful gray eyes—that seemed to ask a perpetual question.

By now she was more than confused—she was growing angry.

"Why do you stare at me like that?"

"Don't you know?"

"Know what?"

"You don't know," breathed Jimmy. "I've always thought you would."

"Always thought I would?" she repeated in bewilderment. "What are you talking about?"

Jimmy advanced a step and leaned toward her.

"Don't you know me?"

She looked at him intently.

"I'm afraid I don't," she said hesitatingly—"that is, I don't remember meeting you. I don't know your name."

"My name is James Lee," said Jimmy slowly. "I'm a poverty-stricken second lieutenant; twenty-two years old—all that doesn't matter. I never heard your name till now. I don't know who your people are or where you came from, but I know this—I've looked for you all my life. I've loved you ever since I was old enough to think about such things."

She shrank back, the ivory of her face becoming a faint rose. At first she had thought him peculiar, then his insistence and what was possibly a stirring of a long-buried memory as she studied his face, had half persuaded her that she had met him before—perhaps in childhood. But she never forgot faces—and what he had just said settled it. She knew him now for exactly what he was.

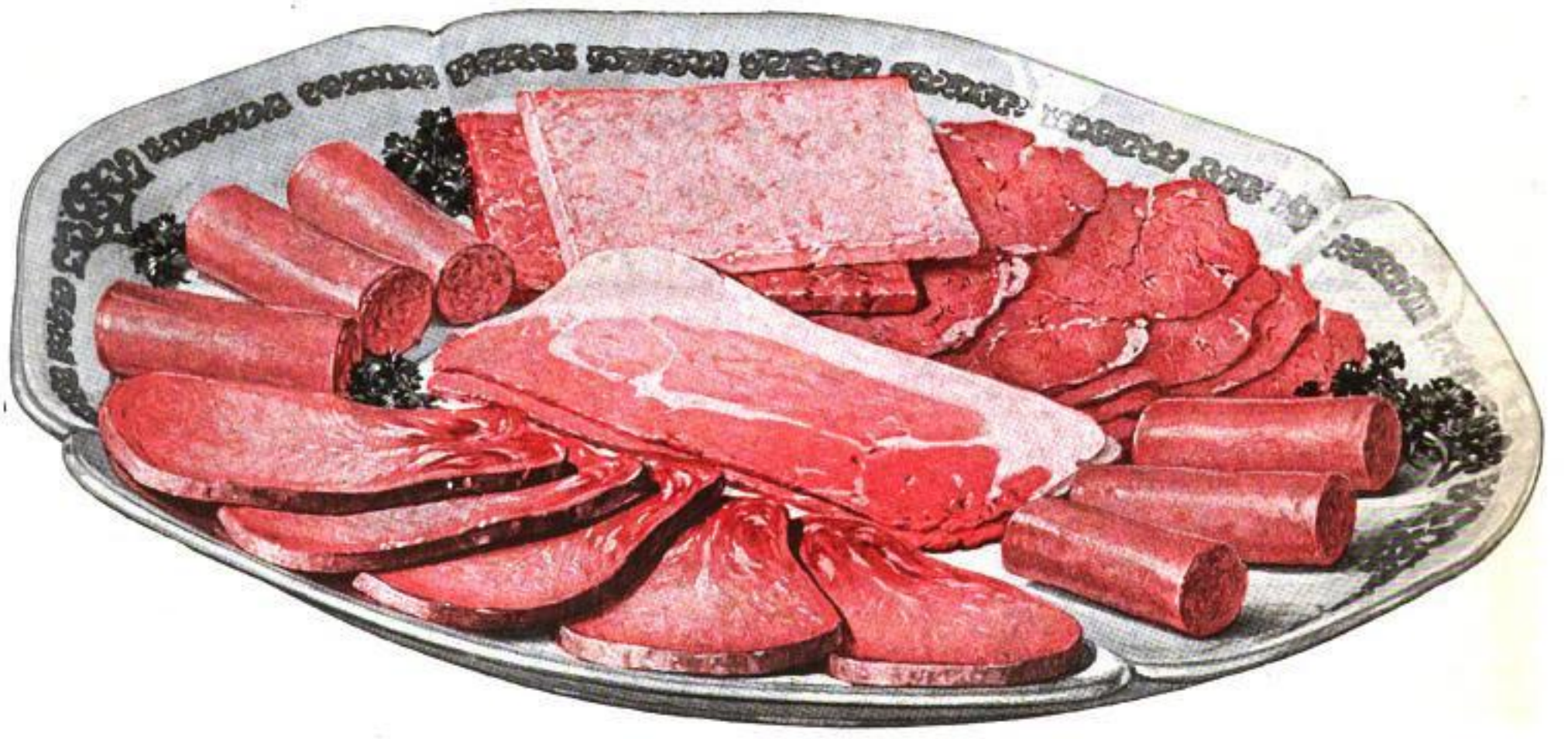
"The lama of this temple," she said, "who just thanked you for what you did, is Chang Foo Low, the great prophet of

(Continued on Page 76)

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China. He is a very wise and wonderful old man, but he seems to have been mistaken about you."

"Mistaken?"

"He called you an honorable soldier."

"Why do you say that?" asked Jimmy.

"I suppose there are girls," she explained, "who accept advances from strange men. You must have known a good many. But I'm not one of them, lieutenant." Her humiliation drove her to add recklessly, "Thank you for coming when I called. I won't keep you any longer."

"You want me to go?"

The rifle fire and shouts and groans outside had ceased. She looked hurriedly for the lama. He had not yet returned. She heard the reassuring sound of regimental bagpipes somewhere in the distance, but in this ancient gloomy chamber over which the terrifying aloofness of the great Buddha seemed to hang like a pall it took all her pride to say, "We're safe now—I think."

There had been in Jimmy's face something bitter, reckless, hard, when he had first appeared in The Room of Celestial Bliss. It had remained as he dealt with the looters. It had been lessened by astonishment as he had confronted her. Now it left him altogether. He smiled, and Jimmy had a warm and friendly smile.

"Let's put it in the form of a resolution," he said. "Resolved: That James Lee, having found in an old temple in China the girl of all the world, shall now walk out and leave her. All those in favor say aye. Contrary, no. No! The noes have it." He pointed to the broad lower step of the altar. "Won't you sit down?"

She did not return the smile. She did not, although she was almost exhausted, resort to the inviting altar step. Her voice, however, was no longer scornful as she addressed him:

"You persist in taking me for a silly, flirtatious girl. Well, I'm not that. But if I were, do you think I could be interested in a flirtation just now? In the last hour I've run for my life and nearly lost it. I've seen human beings die horribly by the bayonet. I've seen them shot—one fell almost at my feet." She glanced involuntarily at the dark pool by the entrance, shuddered with sudden horror and began to weep. "Oh, I'm frightened. They haven't sent for me. I must get back to the legation. I must."

Jimmy with an effort kept his arms stiffly at his sides and mentally cursed himself.

"You poor little thing," he said huskily. "I was a fool. I thought—well, never mind what I thought—I'll tell you about it later. I'll take you straight to the legation. Now don't cry any more. It's all right. Please don't cry any more."

"Thank you. I'll try not to." And now she did smile. "I—I haven't a handkerchief."

"Here's one." Jimmy's hand started for a pocket, then returned to his side. "I'm sorry," he said shortly; "I haven't either."

"It doesn't matter; they can just drip. Shall we start?"

"If it's safe," said Jimmy. "Wait till I look." He turned and went to the western entrance. "Just how do you get to the legation?" he called.

She followed him to the entrance.

"Let me think," she said, looking over his shoulder. "Five blocks down the street you are looking—four to the right."

Jimmy took his binoculars from his case and leveled them.

"Clear all the way," he told her. "There's an English company in the square by that pagoda thing, Scotch, rather—they've got on kilts." He swung the glasses south. "Japs down this way." The glasses moved a full half circle. "French over there. It looks all right. Hold on." The glasses steadied on a line straight ahead. "Not a chance. They're sniping from the roofs—one—two—three—four—five blocks down. There go some of our crowd into a building below. They'll enfilade them from the roof. That'll make 'em sick." He lowered the glasses and turned to her. "You can't go yet."

"But I must get back," she insisted. "The colonel will be frantic."

"What colonel?"

"Colonel Bradley."

"Oh, yes. I've heard about him. They call him the chicken hawk in the Army. Don't worry about that bird. One woman more or less won't bother the colonel."

She had been looking anxiously down the street toward the sniping he had discovered. She turned quickly and faced him.

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, I don't know," Jimmy evaded. "He's a bachelor, isn't he? Old bachelors haven't much use for women as a rule. Now suppose you come on back in here and sit down. You're all played out. They'll fix those snipers in ten minutes and then we'll start."

"I am tired," she admitted. "I'm just beginning to feel it. I think I will go and sit down." As they retraced their steps into the temple she suddenly staggered. "Oh, I am tired. My knees are giving way."

Jimmy threw an arm about her shoulders and got a supporting hand under her elbow.

"Come on," he said. "We'll make it all right. It isn't because you're tired," he explained as they returned slowly to the altar steps. "It's just the reaction after excitement. I've seen fellows get it when they come out of action. There you are!" he exclaimed when she was seated at last. "You'll be all right in a minute."

She rested quietly on the altar steps, wondering about him. She liked him now—tremendously. Why had he said such impossible things at first? He was gazing curiously at the big idol towering above them. His chin was lifted and the straight line of his jaw was clear-cut against a background of purple shadows. She suddenly stiffened where she sat. Somewhere she had known someone who lifted his head just that way. She made an effort to remember who this someone might have been. It was useless. He looked down as he became conscious of her intent gaze, and smiled.

"Feeling better?"

She nodded. What fine eyes he had, and what a kind smile! How comforting and friendly and nice he seemed. An explanation of his earlier wildness came to her. Her legs had given way unexpectedly a moment ago. Perhaps his mind had been affected in the same way in the excitement of fighting. If so, she had misjudged him frightfully. She decided to wipe out the memory of her haughty dismissal.

"You are a rapid young man," she smiled. "You burst upon a girl you've never seen before and say: 'How do you do? I love you.' And five minutes later you—lead her to the altar."

He did not return her smile.

"No," he contradicted gravely, "I didn't say it to a girl I'd never seen before. A wonderful thing has happened. I stopped telling you because you misunderstood. But I can't joke about it. When you understand you won't joke about it either."

Good heavens! There he went again. He had seemed so normal a moment before.

"Yes, I know," she said quickly. "I don't remember seeing you before, but we'll talk it over—sometime. Perhaps they've stopped firing. Won't you look, please?"

"But you have seen me." He said it with such quiet assurance that she wavered.

"Well, I've certainly forgotten if I have. When do you think I've seen you?"

He seated himself on the step beside her.

"You said a while ago that even if you were the flirty kind—God knows I never thought you were—you couldn't do that sort of thing after seeing men die."

She nodded.

"Then you wanted a handkerchief. I told you I didn't have one. I did have one. Here it is." He produced something from the breast pocket of his tunic and spread it out before her.

"Why!" she gasped. "It's soaked with blood. Are you hurt?"

"No," he said. "That's the blood of Bobby Prescott—my pal. We were roommates at the Point. He was shot through the lungs at the wall this morning. He died in my arms."

"Oh, oh!" She touched his sleeve in a sudden gesture of pity. "I'm so sorry."

He stared at the handkerchief spread across his hands.

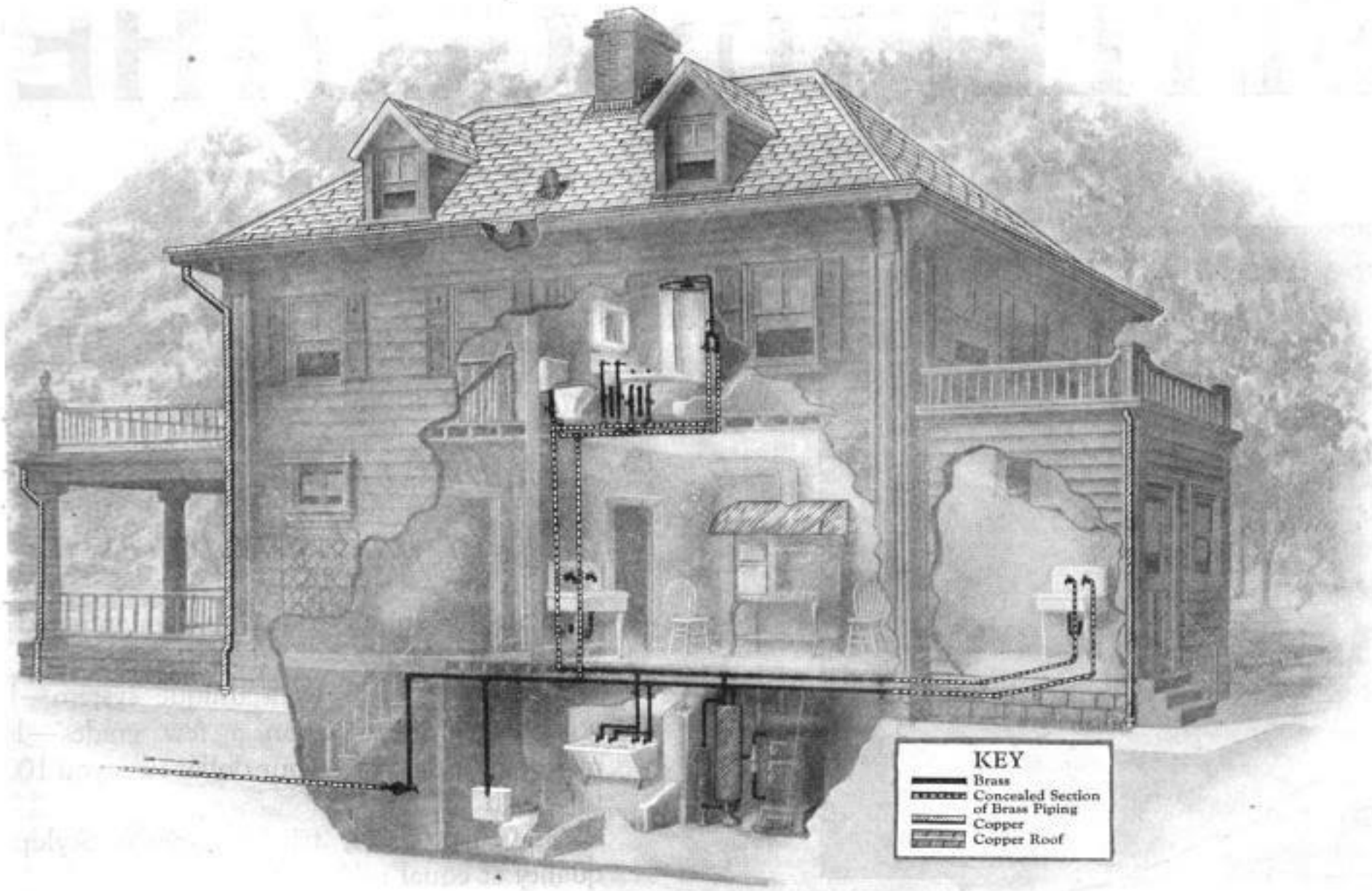
"He went the best way a fellow can go, I guess; but do you think I want to flirt?"

"No," she said; "I think I made a mistake, but—well, of course, I don't understand."

He folded the handkerchief and replaced it in his pocket. "I don't understand, myself," he confessed. "But I'm going to tell you about it. Bobby's dead—good old Bobby. I'm going to send this handkerchief to his dad. I didn't give a damn this morning whether they got me or not, but now I'm glad I'm alive. I never was so glad to be alive in my life. I'll tell you why."

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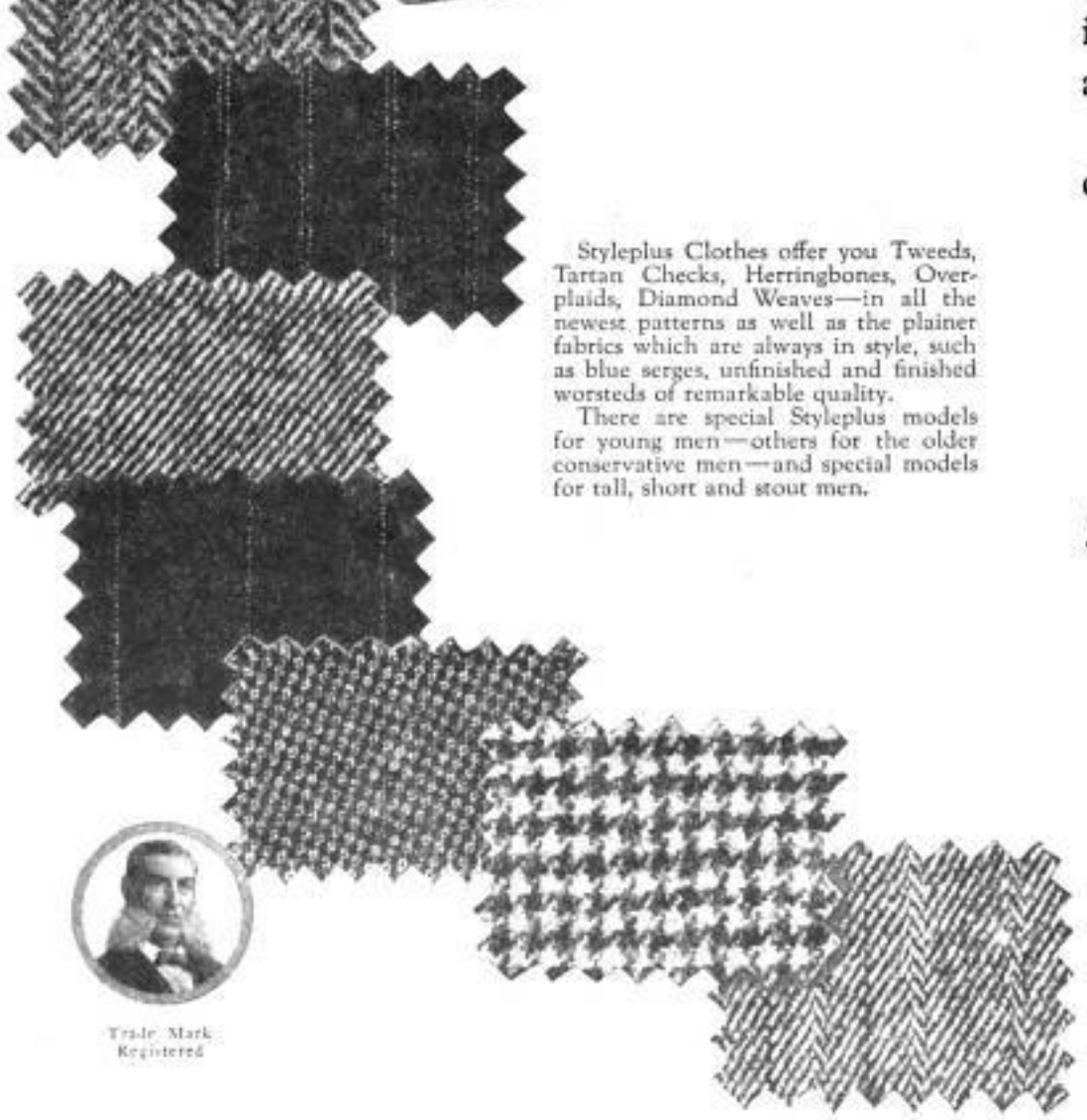
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(Continued from Page 76)

She became aware that he was as sane as she, and that he was in deadly earnest. But her tremendous curiosity as to what he was about to say was conquered by the knowledge that she had no right to let him say it.

"No, no; you mustn't!" She made an effort to rise from the step.

A firm hand fell on her arm and kept her where she was.

"But I must. It's the strangest thing that ever happened. It will be hard to make you believe. It begins with a dream."

"A dream!" She repeated the fascinating word, hesitated, and was lost. "If it's just a dream I'll listen."

"I had this dream when I was a little shaver," he began abruptly. "Seven years old, I think I was. My grandfather had died suddenly and I was taken to his house on the day of the funeral. His death meant nothing to me. I was too young. But my mother took me in to see him lying in his coffin, and that impressed me and frightened me tremendously. I didn't want to stay alone in my room that night, and my old black nurse sat beside me until I went to sleep. The next thing I knew someone was calling my name. I opened my eyes and saw—well, I saw my grandfather standing at the foot of the bed." He paused for an instant.

"Poor little tad!" she exclaimed. "They shouldn't let children see dead people. Were you terribly frightened?"

"Not in the least. I sat up and looked at him. He didn't look as he had in his coffin. He didn't look as he had when he was alive, for that matter. He looked younger, less careworn, and there was a sort of vapor, a sort of pale green light around him seemed coming from him, I couldn't tell which. 'Why, grandpa,' I said, 'I thought you were dead.' 'No, James,' he said, 'I've just begun to live.'"

She had been listening to him intently, eyes wide, lips parted. Now she broke in softly: "What a wonderful dream!"

"Yes," he said, "it was a wonderful—dream."

She caught up the implication of his pause before the last word.

"You think it was more than a dream?"

He postponed discussion with "Wait!" and went on: "Suddenly my grandfather stepped from behind the foot of the bed and I saw a little girl with her hand in his. 'I've found her, James,' he said. 'You must find her too. Look at her well.' I stared at the little girl. She stared at me."

"What did she look like?"

He took his eyes from her face and rested a marble square of the temple floor meditatively.

"Well, she seemed very pretty to me. In fact the nicest little girl I had ever seen. She had a droop at the corners of her mouth and big, gray, wistful eyes. Her hair was dark and brushed straight back. On the left side of her neck was a long white scar."

Her lips were still half parted. They moved suddenly. The pupils of her eyes contracted until they seemed like the heads of two black pins sunk in gray-green agate.

"What did you say?"

"I said a long white scar," he repeated dully.

Her hand went to the high white linen neck which concealed her throat.

"But it doesn't show," she said automatically.

"No," he agreed. "That collar hides it. You wear high things to hide it now, don't you?"

"Someone told you."

"No one told me; how could they?"

"I don't know, but ——" She again attempted to get to her feet.

"Please." Once more his hand fell on her arm.

"But it's all so—so absurd."

"Is it?"

"Of course; and you know I must get back."

"I know. I'll take you when it's safe. I might as well hear it all now. There isn't much more."

"Well, if there isn't much more." She mused where she was, but her attitude had changed. All restfulness had left her. She suggested a bird about to take wing.

Jimmy hurried on:

"My grandfather and the little girl grew fainter then and disappeared. I found myself sitting up in bed staring into the dark with my heart pounding like mad. I remembered the dream for several years. I kept looking for the little girl. But I never found her, and when I went away to school the dream faded out of my mind. I didn't forget it altogether, but I was busy with studies and games and things. I had no use for girls, I remember. They dawned on me when I was seventeen. It was at a party. They played post office. Have you ever played post office?"

"No."

"Do you know how it's played?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Well, I was called out by a girl to get a letter."

Her interruption was entirely feminine: "Was she pretty?"

"A peach. She was a blonde, pink and white, with sort of purple eyes."

"Oh," said the ivory-tinted brunette who listened.

"I nearly died of fright when they closed the door and left me alone with her. I was wishing I'd never come to the party. Then she put her arms around me to give me the—letter, and ——"

"A letter is a kiss?"

"One letter—one kiss. I guess she thought she was the postman. All of a sudden I wasn't embarrassed any more. I started in to deliver a little mail myself. I went crazy—sort of. I walked home that night on air. I could still feel her arms about me and her lips against mine. I was terribly in love."

He heard something like a sniff.

"In love—you were nothing but a boy!"

"No," he contradicted. "I became a man with my first kiss. But here's something I've never told anyone else—I've never kissed a woman since—except my mother. Do you believe that?"

She evaded the question with another:

"Why haven't you?"

"Because that very night I went to sleep thinking wild thoughts about Mabel—that was the girl's name—and then I dreamed about her. I seemed to be ——"

"You dream a great deal, don't you?"

"Why—yes," he admitted, puzzled by her interruption. "Well, in this dream I seemed to be in a woods looking for her among trees. Suddenly I saw a garden filled with wonderful flowers, peculiar flowers that were warm, like people. Among the flowers were hundreds and hundreds of little naked babies that laughed and held out their arms to me. In the center of the garden was a fountain. In the fountain was Mabel. She was"—he shifted his glance to a point straight before him—"bathing. She—well, she held out her arms to me too. I started toward her, running. As I came to the gates of the garden someone barred my way. It was another girl and I tried to get past her, and then I recognized her. It was the little girl with the scar my grandfather brought to me. She was older, but I knew her at once."

His eyes returned to her face. He found her lips again slightly parted. Her breast rose and fell at her more hurried breathing. Once more the rose tint was warming the ivory of her face.

"What—what did she look like?"

"Well, she wasn't as pretty as she had been before," he confessed, "but the minute I saw her I forgot about Mabel and my heart began to beat like fury. I tried to put my arms around her but she avoided me. I said, 'Yes, yes, I must.' She said, 'Not now—you must find me.' Then she faded away, and so did the garden and Mabel. I was wide awake sitting up in bed just as before. But I'll swear I heard a voice say, 'Find me.'"

His last sentence had been spoken with slow impressiveness, but she for some reason flew back to his first words and darted upon them. "You say she wasn't as pretty as before?"

"Not that time," he said. "You see she was pale and thin. She looked as if she'd been crying a lot. Her hair was all frowzy and she was dressed queerly."

She had relaxed somewhat as he had talked. Now she became rigid again. Once more the pupils of her eyes swiftly contracted.

"Queerly? What do you mean?"

"She had on a dark blue dress—sort of like a uniform," he explained. "Her legs were bare and she wore sandals."

"Sandals!" It was a whisper. "Sandals!" It was a scream. And now she was on her feet.

"Yes," said Jimmy, "sandals." He got up unhurriedly from the step and faced her. "You seemed about fifteen then. How old were you?"

Her dry lips moved. "Fourteen—in Hawaii. What does it mean?"

"This," said Jimmy, advancing a step.

She shrank away.

"No, no, you mustn't!"

His hands dropped to his sides and clenched.

"Don't say that," he said harshly. "You haven't heard it all yet. Do you know that all my life you have kept me from every other girl? If I looked at one admiringly when I was awake, if I so much as touched her hand, that night you came to me and reproached me."

"I didn't. I didn't," she cried, wringing her hands. "It must have been someone else."

"Someone else?" Overmastering scorn was in the repetition of her words. "I've looked for you for fifteen years. First, in my grandfather's garden and house and attic; then, later, at dances, on the streets, in theaters, street cars, everywhere I went. When you waved from the window I was thinking about Bobby. Something made me look your way. Something made me forget Bobby and everything, and run in here. I'll have a fine time explaining that I didn't dog it in the face of the enemy to look for a girl. That's what I did, as a matter of fact, but I couldn't have helped it to save my life. All the time I was telling the Heinies where to head in I was wondering about you. Then I saw you standing on the bench and you walked over to me and—oh, no one can ever know what it was like. I knew you instantly. I knew every line of your face. I could describe the dress you wore each time you came to me except the nightgowns—they were just—well, nightgowns."

"N-nightgowns?" she stammered.

"Yes," he told her grimly. "You've often come in a nightgown. They've been cut low lately," he added. "You have a mole on your back between your shoulder blades shaped like a three-leaf clover."

He had grown white with emotion. The lines in his face had deepened. He suggested for a moment what he would look like many years later. And she, staring at him, gasped as though struck by a bullet.

"Oh, oh!" she cried. "Am I awake? I can't be! I can't be!"

"I wondered, too, when I recognized you, but you're awake. Oh, you're awake, my dear."

She pressed her fingers to her temples, still staring at him.

"Then I'm insane."

"Why?" he asked.

"Because—because"—a sort of terror was in her voice—"I'm sure I've known you before."

"Of course," he said impatiently; "I've told you."

"I don't mean that," she whispered. "I mean long, long ago—ages ago."

He sprang toward her with a half cry and seized both her hands.

"Girl, girl, I didn't tell you that; but I knew it from the very first. I knew it when my grandfather brought you to me in my dream."

"It came to me just now," she told him, still in a whisper. "It was when you turned so white and looked so much older."

"When was it we knew each other?" he demanded with an imploring tug at her hands. "I can't remember; perhaps you can. Think!"

Her brows contracted in a mental effort while he waited, scarcely breathing. She shook her head at last.

"I don't know. It won't come back. It was—so—long—ago."

"Never mind," he said. "It doesn't matter. Nothing matters now but—this."

He drew her to him unresisting, disembodied. It seemed to her that her naked soul was joining his somewhere in infinite space. His lips on hers reclothed her spirit in singing flesh. The Room of Celestial Bliss for a timeless moment was adequately named.

And then the world—a hideous world—beat at the doors of her mind. She struggled to free herself.

"Let me go! Let me go!"

"Darling girl, what's the matter?"

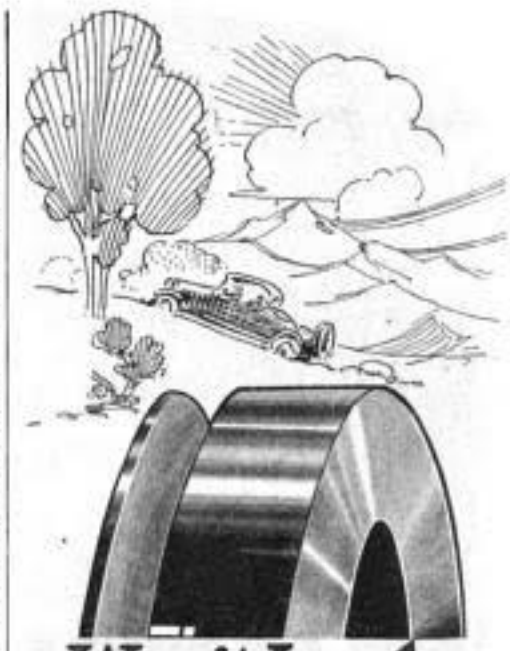
Clear of his arms she was altogether panic-stricken. "Oh, what have I done? I should have told you."

"Told me what, sweetheart?"

There was a sudden clatter in the western entrance as it filled with a squad of marines. At their head was an officer—an old officer.

"Betty!" he cried; and rushed upon them, repeating, "Betty! Betty!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Won't Leak

Because They're Sealed With Oil

HERE'S a fact—No-Leak-O Piston Rings won't leak. Their "oilSEALing" groove—a specially cut groove, found only in No-Leak-O Piston Rings, "packs" an impassable film of oil between piston and cylinder walls and seals the combustion chamber tight.

Results: More miles per gallon and no power-killing carbon choking your motor.

For your pocket-book's sake, get NO-LEAK-O PISTON RINGS.

NO-LEAK-O
Piston Ring Company
Baltimore, Maryland

Seven years of continued success



This Sign *marks a Live Garage or Supply Store. Look for it.* **Write for Free Book—** *The Piston Ring Problem and Its Solution.*

NO-LEAK-O
PISTON RINGS

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It's here

A Revolutionizing invention—the SUPERFEX Burner that cooks as fast as gas and is absolutely reliable.



Pictured above is the new double-walled, double-draft, rapid cooking Giant SUPERFEX Burner found only on the latest model New Perfection Oil Cook Stove.

At the right is shown the 4-burner model (No. 304 with New Perfection Oven) of this new speedy oil stove equipped with ONE Giant SUPERFEX Burner and three Standard SUPERFEX Burners having the same double-walled, double-draft construction as the Giant.

Other models are—the 3-burner, No. 303; and the 2-burner, No. 302. Each model of the new 300 Series has one Giant SUPERFEX Burner.

NEW PERFECTION

HOUSEHOLD CMP PRODUCTS

Canadian inquiries regarding these new ranges should be addressed to The Perfection Stove Company, Limited, Sarnia, Ontario, *manufacturers in Canada of the famous Blue Chimney New Perfection Oil Cook Stoves.*

with

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at Last!

The Kind of Range You've Always Wanted

THE world's largest makers of oil stoves and ranges have crowned their achievements with the production of an oil stove that cooks as fast as gas and is absolutely reliable.

Its speed and success are all in the New SUPERFEX Burner which grills a minute steak, roasts a leg of mutton, bakes a chicken pie or preserves a kettle of fruit in proper time—fast or slow—for each operation, be it an intense searing flame or a gentle simmering heat.

Over four million housewives already appreciate the reliability, safety, economy and comfort of the New Perfection Oil Cook Stove. This new burner adds quickness and absolute heat control to the sturdy virtues of these New Perfection Models.

To accommodate the SUPERFEX Burners and the Giant SUPERFEX, we have constructed a stove that for beauty, strength, smartness, convenience, completeness and all-around satisfaction sets a new standard. Now on exhibition for the first time—America over. Visit your dealer.

These new (Series 300) models of the New Perfection Line, equipped with the revolutionizing SUPERFEX Burners, are additional to the long established, regular New Perfection Line. The Series 30 New Perfection Models, famous and favored the world over, continue to be the most popular oil stoves made at their price.

THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS COMPANY
Also Makers of ALADDIN Utensils and PERFECTION Oil Heaters
7635 PLATT AVENUE CLEVELAND, OHIO

What you get in this new stove-See it NOW at your dealers.

1. Cooking speed of the giant gas burner—in the Giant SUPERFEX Burner.
   Cooking speed of the standard gas burner—in the standard size SUPERFEX Burner.
2. Abundant heat that is absolutely clean and odorless.
3. Greater economy and reliability of cooking with kerosene oil.
4. Operating convenience and new time-saving features.
5. Handsome, sturdy, long-lived stove with higher and bigger Aladdin Quality Porcelain Enameled Cooking Top, and new base shelf for utensils.
6. The New Perfection quality—standard the world over.
7. Two sizes of SUPERFEX Burners—one Giant and three Standard SUPERFEX Burners.
8. A new (more beautiful) Gray Enamel finish on all chimneys.

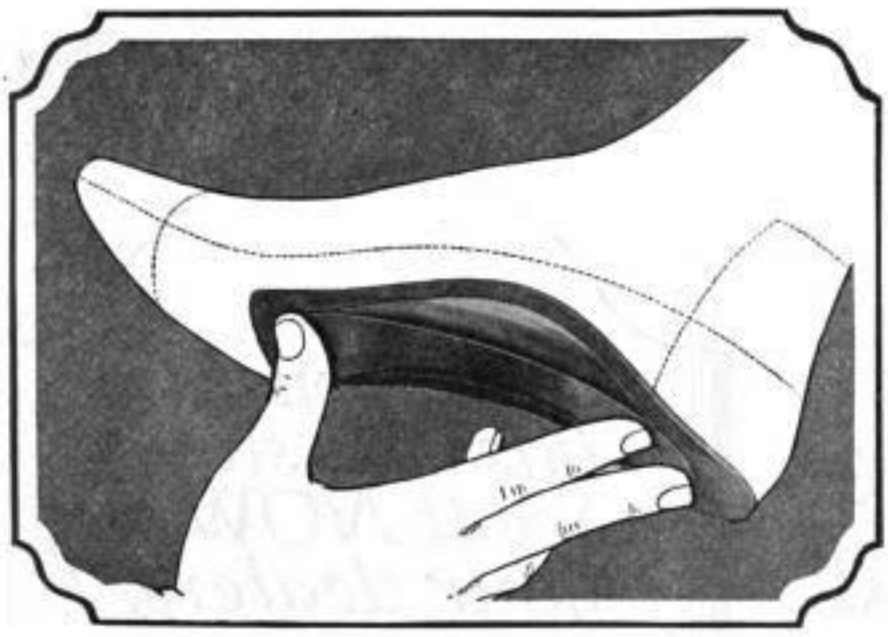


The Giant SUPERFEX Burner is 7 inches in diameter, the largest oil cook stove burner and the most powerful ever marketed.

Look for the name SUPERFEX on the Gray Burners.

Oil Cook Stoves & Ranges
SUPERFEX Burners

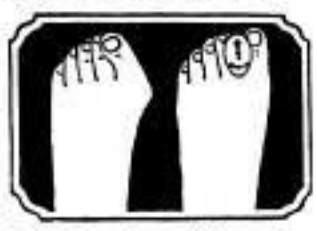
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Relief for aching feet tired bodies— *this way*



Dr. Scholl's Anterior Metatarsal Arch Supports correct callouses, tenderness or cramps caused by weakening of the arch ***across the ball of the foot***



Distorted toes (cause of bunions) are restored to normal action by the use of Dr. Scholl's Toe-Flex. Price, 75c each



Dr. Scholl's Bunion Reducer removes pressure from bunions, preserves the shape of the shoe and gradually reduces the growth. Price, 75c each



Dr. Scholl's Walk-Strate Heel Pads prevent crooked and overrun heels by equalizing the body's weight. Price, 40c pair



Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads protect and relieve corns, callouses, bunions and blisters. Price, 35c a box. Sample free

Why, two or three hours after you arrive at office or store, do you feel yourself "slowing up"? Why does an afternoon's shopping completely exhaust your strength? Are you "losing your grip"—slipping into the old age class prematurely?

The probability is that you are suffering from a condition known as "weak foot." The muscles and ligaments which support the bones have begun to weaken—this condition causes tired, aching feet, bodily fatigue, rheumatic-like pains, weak ankles, and results in run-over heels, corns, callouses, tender soles, cramped toes, excessive perspiration and other discomforts.

How to obtain relief

Foot suffering of this kind is wholly needless. *There is a way*—Dr. Scholl's Foot-Eazer way—to obtain quick and lasting relief.

Dr. Scholl's Foot-Eazer is a scientific foot arch cushion, which supports the arch gently and firmly and relieves the strain and pressure on the muscles and ligaments of the feet caused by standing or walking or inherent weakness.

It assures positive and permanent relief. It is comfortably adjusted and worn inside the shoe.

Where to obtain relief

In thousands of shoe and department stores the country over are men—trained Practipedists—who have been carefully trained in Dr. Scholl's methods and who will assist you in selecting the Dr. Scholl appliance which you require.

Go to the store in your town which carries Dr. Scholl's Foot-Eazer for an examination of your stockinged feet. Seek out this service today—and have immediate relief and comfort and freedom from foot suffering.

NOTE: If you cannot locate the Dr. Scholl store in your city, write us. We will send you the name of the nearest store and an interesting new booklet, "The Feet and Their Care." Address the Scholl Mfg. Co., 213 W. Schiller St., Chicago, Ill. Branch Office: 62 W. 14th St., New York City. For Canada, address the Scholl Mfg. Co., Ltd., 112 Adelaide St., E., Toronto.

FREE OFFER

Scholl Mfg. Co., Dept. 1005
213 W. Schiller St., Chicago

Please send me a sample of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads and a copy of Dr. Scholl's booklet, "The Feet and Their Care."

Name_____

Address_____

Dr Scholl's
Foot Comfort Appliances

Small-Town Stuff

By ROBERT QUILLEN

Lessons

IT IS seldom that a boy has good fortune to learn three excellent lessons in one day, and when the three lessons are taught by a person of questionable standing before the law the circumstance is truly remarkable.

While yet in my teens I walked one day along a country road, light of heart and foot, having quit one job that had become a bore to search for another that would afford variety. As the morning wore on I was overtaken by a cheerful, talkative adventurer who drove a sweet bay mare to a buggy. He asked my destination, and having learned that I was merely on my way, offered the hospitality of his buggy and the instructive chatter of his whimsical self.

As we drove on I learned that he was for the time being contriving to get his bread by peddling maps.

"This," said he, "I confess to you in strictest confidence. When you see me go into action you will observe that I am a person of considerable consequence, and not the lowly peddler I now pretend."

We topped a hill and saw in the valley below a nondescript farmhouse flanked by great barns and entirely surrounded by fields of ripening wheat.

"A land of milk and honey," said my companion. "It is my task to milk it. In order that you may fully appreciate the skill required in the process, I shall now give you your first lesson in the art of salesmanship. Always know your customer's name. At the last farmhouse I visited I inquired the name of the fortunate individual who owns this one. I learned that he is Alexander Williams, has money in the bank and is proud of his pure-bred Berkshires. When I call him by name he will feel flattered. When I lead the conversation to the subject of hogs and express regret that so few farmers seem to appreciate the good qualities of the Berkshire he will be my friend. And then I shall take the profit justified by my superior acumen. Meanwhile you will have opportunity to learn another lesson that may serve you well in future."

When Williams had been duly complimented by mention of his name and flattered by reference to his Berkshires the map peddler became grave.

"Mr. Williams," said he, "I have been appointed to show a new government survey of this territory."

Here was no reference to commonplace maps, no hint of peddling, but only words of dignity, suggesting great matters—government, survey, appointment. The engagement launched with so brave a show was developed adroitly until the business was accomplished. The peddler sold a map, inquired the name of the man living in the next house on the road, and swung back into the highway.

"Tell me," I demanded, "what lesson I learned there save the value of a smooth tongue."

"You learned," he replied, "that all men respect the authority of government, and respect does not endure without a reason. I did not claim to be an appointee of the President or of any other official. I told Williams that I had been appointed to show a new government survey. Just between us, I appointed myself, and the appointment was confirmed by me without opposition. This map is in fact the product of surveys made by Federal authority. So much for a New England conscience. The point is that mention of government gains me a hearing.

"As you grow older and travel about you will observe that freedom of speech means license to scold officeholders and all their works. Men curse an administration and ridicule an official, but they have an abiding and wholesome respect for the vague something that is Government with a capital G. They fear it and honor it, and when occasion requires they will fight for it. 'On the King's business' gains the right of way now as it did when the cry was first heard. You may, in future years, see promise of a profit in foolish undertakings, but I adjure you most solemnly, don't you ever monkey with your Uncle Samuel."

The third lesson had to do with ham and eggs. Noon approached. The peddler turned to me with his whimsical smile and asked concerning the state of my finances. I showed him a few coins.

"Keep them," said he. "Useless spending is always foolish spending. This next house is owned by a widow, and we shall be her guests. With her we shall fare sumptuously, and though she doesn't realize it, yet she has a hearty welcome for us. There will be another lesson in this for you."

He drove up to the house, introduced himself and me, and asked if it would be possible to get a bite to eat. I thought the widow's face rather grim, and half expected to be turned away, but the peddler chatted merrily and began to pull the harness off the mare as though entirely at his ease.

"Don't go to any trouble for us," said he; "just ham and eggs and coffee, or any little thing. I'll water the mare and rustle some oats, and then we'll wash up."

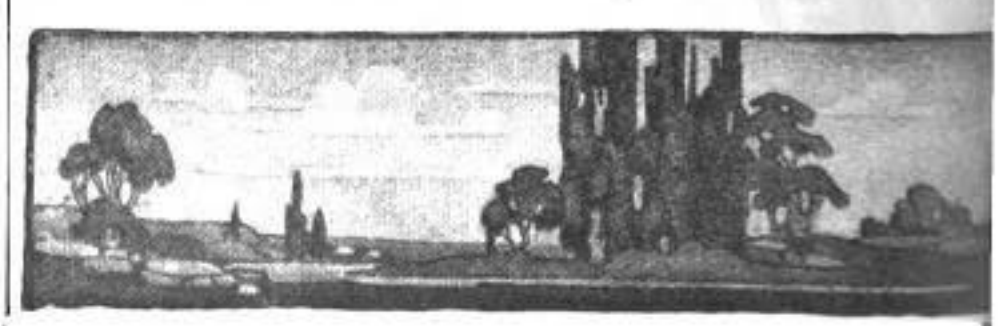
The dinner was not a social success. I felt ill at ease, and the widow refused to unbend. The peddler was undismayed, however. He talked of crops and of business conditions in the county seat. He spoke of his home on North Street, and of the boy he had in school. And when we had cleaned our plates and pushed back our chairs he offered his hand to the widow and said: "That was a delightful lunch, and we enjoyed it hugely. I hope you will repay me by giving me the privilege of being your host when again you visit the county seat. My wife will be delighted to see you. We are old-fashioned folk, and cling to the belief that God sends the guest."

The widow was dazed, but game. She accepted his hand and ventured her first smile. We were no longer nuisances, but guests, and she insisted that we should sit on her front porch and smoke while digesting our dinners.

Soon after we got on our way the peddler gave me directions to reach the next town and pulled up to take a crossroad. We shook hands and expressed a mutual liking.

"Son," said he as he took up the reins, "don't ever forget this last lesson. It is most important of all. There are many many people in the world, some good and some bad, and all with axes to grind. They will be interested in you only when they see promise of a profit for their purse or their vanity. But mark this: Each of them has great respect for good manners, each wishes to feel that his own manners are good; and few of them will permit you to outdo them in the matter of courtesy. Never dare a man to do a thing. Before he announces his intention of doing it, remark casually that you know he will not because he is a gentleman and no well-bred person would stoop to a thing so unworthy. When you get them on edge to show their good manners you have them on the hip."

He was full of guile and blarney, and, I have no doubt, came to some bad end; but I owe him for three well-taught lessons, and a fourth he was not conscious of teaching. The fourth is that the good have no monopoly of wisdom, and there is profit in the serious speech of the humblest wayfarer.



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THE INSIDE STORY OF THE A.E.F.

(Continued from Page 11)

our forces wholly and unreservedly under French tutelage.

"7. I request that a copy of this letter be furnished the French Military Advisory Mission in the United States."

Not the least remarkable feature of the American effort was the suddenness with which it became effective after weary months of delays. In April, 1918, the A. E. F. was still an insignificant factor in the fighting, its value potential. At the end of July the A. E. F. was furnishing the punch for the Allied blows. And from then on the mighty military machine we had built up in France gathered impetus; it drove ahead with resistless power. Once the American forces were concentrated as an American Army, employing American methods, the results surpassed all expectations. Pershing's faith was justified; his tenacity of purpose, his stern patience under every form of pressure and aggravation and political maneuver, were rewarded. In my opinion there was no military leader in the war who upheld the dignity and interests of his country with braver devotion.

He surely needed patience. Watching the slow growth of the A. E. F., our Allies and not a few American observers began to despair of American aid becoming effective in time. There were such endless and saddening delays. The available shipping all pitiably short of needs; we could not bring men fast enough, let alone supplies for them and equipment for divisions and ports and camps and railroads and lines of communication. The first ten months in France would have brought despair to ninety-nine men out of a hundred.

Here is an instance of our shortages: The first time our troops went into the line I saw a trail of dead horses for miles and miles. These animals had not been killed by shells; they had simply dropped by the road from exhaustion and died there because they were worn out when we got them. Originally these horses had been bought by the French at exorbitant prices from American dealers; they had been used in the war until condemned; then had come our pressing need of animals, and we had been compelled to buy them back at tariff prices because lack of shipping prevented enough being obtainable from home. And we were clothing our soldiers partly in British uniforms. The doughboys did one of their most punishing hikes in English-made shoes, which may be all right for that kind of feet, but never seemed to fit.

In fact, our purchasing department had its men combing every corner of Allied Europe for supplies of all kinds, and animals. Back in the United States was plenty of everything we needed overseas, except we hadn't the ships to send it. Whoever commands the ocean highways dominates the world.

The Handicap of Humility

Yet another factor hampered speedy development of our overseas forces as a fighting machine: it is undeniable that French and British tutelage slowed American endeavors. Each of these armies had worked out through hard experience methods of warfare adapted to their needs and to the habits and temperament of their soldiers. They got admirable results with them, and it was very natural they should recommend their use and seek to impose them on us. But methods foreign to men's temperament and ways of doing things—methods repugnant to their mental attitude—cannot be successfully imposed on officers in any line of effort. When a horse wants to run he will not do his best when you try to make him trot.

Many of us approached the war altogether too humble in heart. That statement about Americans may stir the risibilities of our friends, who are loath to credit us with humility in any direction; nevertheless it is true. Both the people at home and the younger officers and men composing the first expeditionary units had acquired an almost reverential attitude toward our Allies. During three years of war we had read every morning and evening in our newspapers of the achievements of the French and British; they were heroes to the average American, every one of them. They had passed through the war and we had not; we felt toward them a great humility of spirit; so when it came his turn to join those paladins in the fight the average citizen of the United States entertained misgivings, doubtful of his capacity to measure up to all he had heard of these soldiers; he went to France meekly deferential to the others' knowledge and experience.

It was in that spirit the first few hundred thousands of our expeditionary forces went at the work of training. I was there and saw it operating—saw, too, what the effect would be. For though humility may be an admirable quality from an ethical standpoint, and the Bible teaches it persistently, it's a sad handicap when the rough stuff starts. Confidence is nearly half the game in war. One has only to reflect where an attitude of humility or deference would land him in a rough-and-tumble fist fight—provided it permitted him to stay in it—to realize the drag this virtue can become in war.

Fortunately a short contact restored the Americans to a sense of proportion. They soon realized that here were men like themselves, except only for their experience. And they speedily decided that experience had taught their associates lessons which hurt their effectiveness. Our troops got fed up with defensive tactics; but meanwhile precious months were consumed in overzealous training in forms of warfare calculated to prolong the struggle as a defensive war until A. D. 9000. And this too careful preparation in stuff he had grown to despise began to take the fine edge off the doughboy's natural spirit of aggressiveness. "Let's go!" was his constant plea. And when at last the leash was taken off him and he could fight in American fashion he showed a superb dash and disregard of punishment. He got results.

Our Numerical Strength

On January 1, 1918, there were 176,665 American troops in France, and none in the line. One division had appeared on the front, but only for a short period of training. A month later we held ten kilometers of front in a very quiet sector—and the Allied front extended from the Channel to the Swiss frontier! A puny, puny effort for a great nation which had been in the war since April 6, 1917, and had had three years' menace of embroilment staring it in the face!

However, I mention these early discouragements simply to show the amazing speed with which our military machine moved once it was organized. Perhaps it was inevitable that progress should be hardly perceptible in the early stages of building.

At the end of January the French held 520 kilometers of front, the British armies held 187, the Americans only ten. By June twentieth the Americans held 105 kilometers, against 579 for the French on that date, and 133 for the British—the front had become extended through the German offensives. We had then 800,000 men in France.

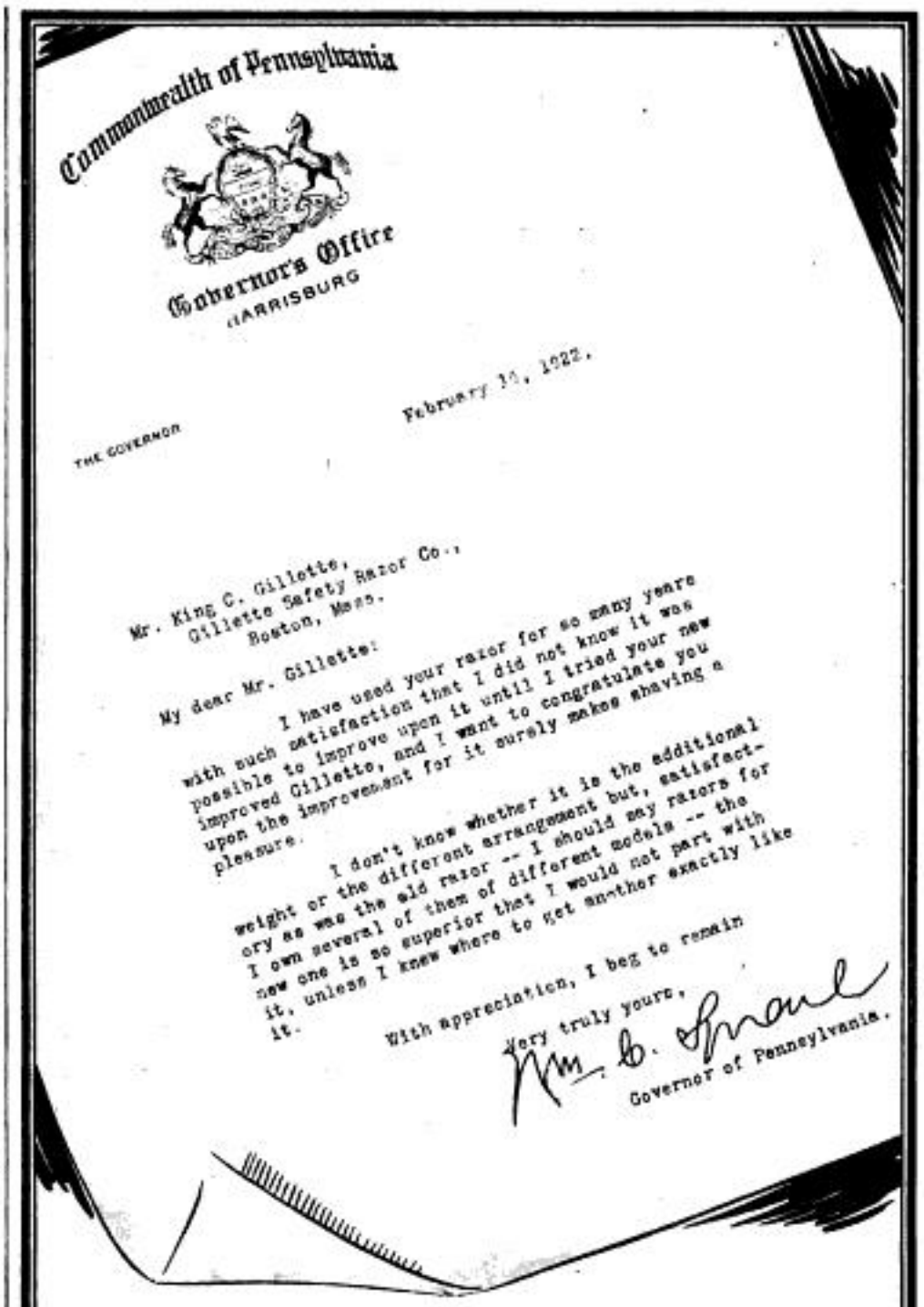
The fighting grew very severe in September and October; the decisive blows of the war were being struck. On October tenth the Americans held 162 kilometers of front, the French held 392, and the British 133. When the armistice came the Americans held 134 kilometers of front and had more than 2,000,000 men in France, being second to the French armies in numbers; the French held 343 kilometers of front, and the British 113.

These immense American forces, with equipment and supplies to sustain them, had been transported across three thousand miles of submarine-infested seas; ports and towns and camps and railroads had been built in France for their handling and upkeep; and all in about fourteen months' time. It is one of the colossal achievements of history.

To get back to the fighting: For difficulties to be overcome, numbers of men engaged and importance of results, the Meuse-Argonne offensive easily takes rank as the greatest battle in American history.

The front on which this series of operations took place had remained practically unchanged since it became stabilized in September, 1914. There had been a few minor fluctuations during the enemy attacks on Verdun in '16 and the French counter-offensives the following year, but the only real result of these activities was

(Continued on Page 86)


Commonwealth of Pennsylvania
Governor's Office
HARRISBURG

THE GOVERNOR

February 14, 1922.

Mr. King C. Gillette,
Gillette Safety Razor Co.,
Boston, Mass.

My dear Mr. Gillette:

I have used your razor for so many years with such satisfaction that I did not know it was possible to improve upon it until I tried your new improved Gillette, and I want to congratulate you upon the improvement for it surely makes shaving a pleasure.

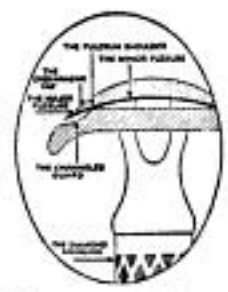
I don't know whether it is the additional weight or the different arrangement but, satisfactory as was the old razor -- I should say razors for I own several of them of different models -- the new one is so superior that I would not part with it, unless I knew where to get another exactly like it.

With appreciation, I beg to remain

Very truly yours,

Governor of Pennsylvania.

What Governor Sproul of Pennsylvania says is endorsed by busy executives and active responsible men everywhere—They have found in the New Improved Gillette *the* solution of their shaving problem.



Be sure to have your dealer show you the

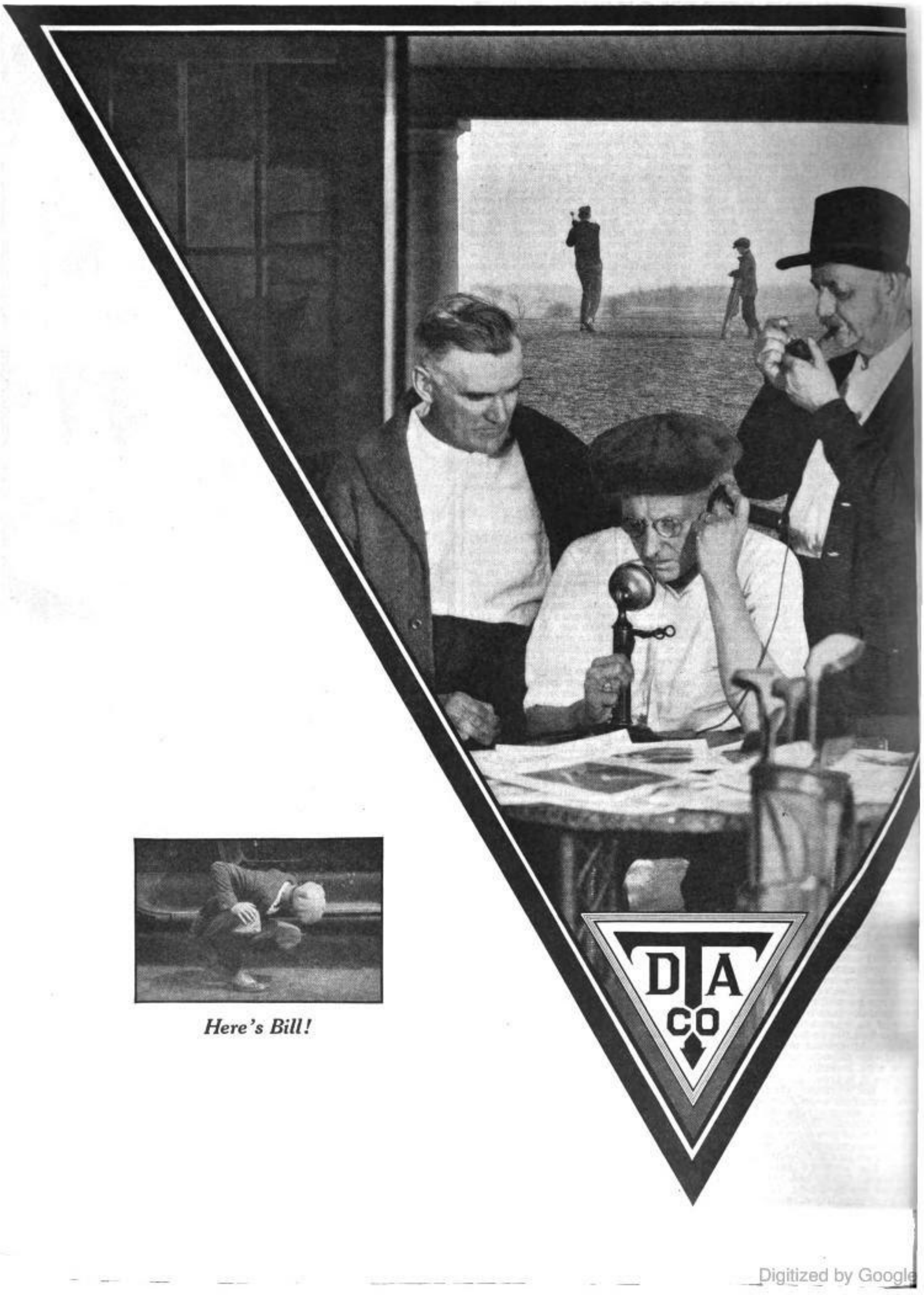
Fulcrum Shoulder
Overhanging Cap
Channeled Guard
Micrometric Precision
Automatic Adjustment

$5.00 and up

The New Improved Gillette SAFETY RAZOR

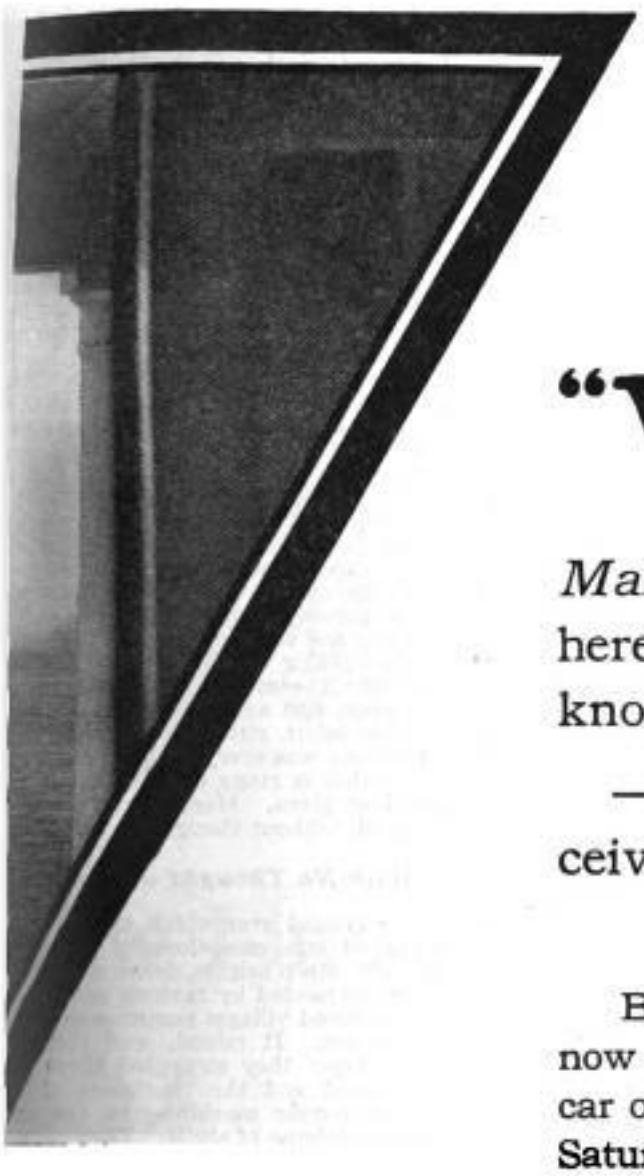
Patented January 13th 1920

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Here's Bill!

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"Where's Bill?"

Man at 'Phone—Has Bill left yet? We're all here and there's a big crowd at the first tee. Lord knows when we can get off now!

—What's that?—left an hour ago! (jamming receiver on hook). Well, I'll be—!

* * * *

Bill's in for it when he arrives—that's certain. But right now he's wondering whether he ever *will* arrive. Just took the car out of the repair shop and here he's stuck again, on the finest Saturday afternoon of the season.

There's a way to avoid many such predicaments as the one Bill is in—ask all the questions before you buy, instead of afterwards.

One of the most important is "Who made the axles?" It may save you from a "dubbed drive" sometime, when you're specially anxious to get a good long one that doesn't land you in the rough.

Axles are not only more important, but more costly than other parts. When a car builder uses Timken you can be pretty sure he doesn't spoil quality by sparing expense in other parts either.

So remember to ask that question: "Who made the axles?"

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY - DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Sole Representatives in the British Isles: AUTOMOTIVE PRODUCTS CO., 3, Berners Street, London, W. 1.

TIMKEN AXLES

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Down on the Farm you need a Stillson

A STILLSON on a farm has nothing to do till tomorrow. Like the hired man's, its job is never done—he has to do anything, anywhere, any time. When it hasn't something to fix on the tractor or the windmill, and all its jobs around the house are done, then somebody'll be wanting it out in the barn right away to handle a greasy wheel with.

You'd laugh if we told you some of the emergency uses for a WALWORTH Stillson that common-sense, hard-headed farmers have reported to us. Dan Stillson invented this wrench to start or stop anything that's round, square or hexagonal, but he didn't figure on its being used to open sardine cans and shake down the kitchen stove.

Still, what a tool has been used for once it can always be used for again, and so long as nobody succeeds in making a better wrench than the genuine WALWORTH Stillson, we don't much care how its reputation increases as a tool of all work.

If you have one of these handy tools already, you'd better get an extra one for that hard-working hired man of yours. It doesn't pay to lend a real Stillson.

Be sure that the wrench you buy has the diamond on it.

Ask your hardware dealer for a genuine *Walworth* Stillson Wrench (look for the trademark). Also write our nearest office for descriptive booklet.

Walworth Manufacturing Co. Boston, Mass. & Kewanee, Ill.

New York - Boston - Chicago
Philadelphia - Seattle - Portland

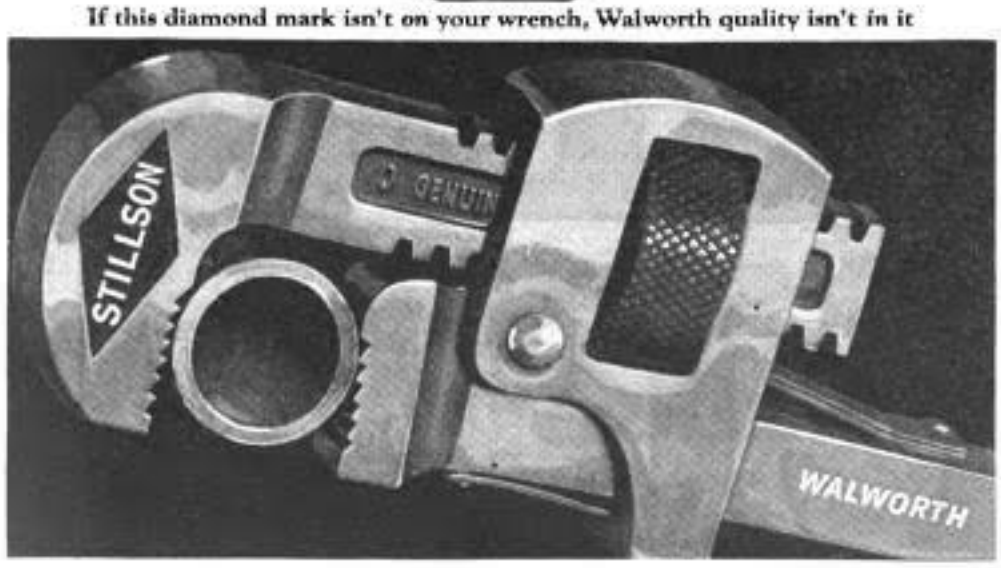
WALWORTH INTERNATIONAL CO.
NEW YORK
FOREIGN REPRESENTATIVE

Valves, Fittings, Tools for Steam, Water, Gas, Oil and Air

WALWORTH

STILLSON

If this diamond mark isn't on your wrench, Walworth quality isn't in it



(Continued from Page 83)

the development of a remarkable defense system by the Germans. For a depth of twenty kilometers they had continuous defenses, and to help out this elaborate system there was a zone of devastation an attacking army would have to cross in any move against them.

The job intrusted to the Americans was to break through the successive fortified zones, the Kriemhilde-Stellung, or Hindenburg Line, on the front Brieulles-Romagne sous Montfaucon-Grandpre; having done that they were to press toward Mézières and bring about the fall of the Hindenburg Line along the Aisne River in front of the French Fourth Army. This French army was to attack to the west of the Argonne Forest.

It was a tremendous undertaking, the most difficult on the Western Front, but success would precipitate the crumpling of all the German armies in France and Belgium. This region was vital to the enemy; hence the convergence of successive defensive positions which rendered all that country he held a dense mass of fortified points; hence the steady flow of his divisions to this front from other sectors.

The reasons for this desperate defense are plain enough. The German armies in Northern France depended upon two great railway systems, one passing through Liège and the other having as its vital section the line Carignan-Sedan-Mézières, with lines coming from Luxemburg, Thionville and Metz. No other important railroads were available, and the Germans had to rely on the Carignan-Sedan-Mézières line for the strategical movement of troops. If the enemy could not withdraw his forces through the narrow neck between Mézières and the frontier of Holland before this line was cut his ruin would be absolute.

A moderate penetration on this front meant much more than a deep one on any other. If the American Army could smash through for a gain of eighteen kilometers it would be equivalent to a penetration of sixty-five kilometers farther west; and as for the effect on the Germans, such an advance would be infinitely more menacing. That the enemy realized his vulnerability here had been evidenced by his herculean efforts in 1916 to improve his position through the reduction of Verdun, and by the tremendous labors he had put forth since then in building up defensive positions. If he were driven back here the jig was up, and he knew it.

The terrain also aided the Germans, as there were great natural barriers to an army's advance. The heights east of the Meuse afforded the enemy excellent artillery positions for oblique fire on the western bank, and his right flank was covered by batteries located in the almost impassable Argonne Forest. Midway between this forest and the Meuse were the frowning heights of Montfaucon, which had been strongly fortified. Densely wooded fastnesses and other naturally difficult places offered ideal positions for machine-gun nests. And the Germans certainly utilized them.

So complete had been the success of the St.-Mihiel operation that on the second day of that attack reserve divisions and army artillery units were withdrawn and directed toward the Argonne Front. Things were speeding up everywhere.

An Immense Traffic Problem

"The movement of the immense number of troops and the amount of supplies involved in the Meuse-Argonne battle," says General Pershing in his report, "over the few roads available, and confined entirely to the hours of darkness, was one of the most delicate and difficult problems of the war."

The congestion was terrific. How they ever evolved order out of the maelstrom of marching troops and trucks and wagons and artillery that choked those roads, all moving in the blackness of night, in rain and mud, is a marvel. But they got the tangles straightened out somehow; the artillery reached their positions, the infantry arrived at their jumping-off places and supplies came along for them.

To meet the American attack the Germans had ten divisions in line and the same number in reserve. All signs pointed to an expectation on their part that we would enlarge the St.-Mihiel operation into an advance on Metz, and successful ruses were carried out to encourage the enemy in this belief.

A violent artillery fire of preparation opened at 2:30 on the morning of September twenty-sixth, and three hours later the infantry jumped off, accompanied by tanks. The nine divisions which led the attack were the Thirty-third, Eightieth, Fourth, Seventy-ninth, Thirty-seventh, Ninety-first, Thirty-fifth, Twenty-eighth and Seventy-seventh. There were six divisions in reserve, and the First Army had 2700 guns, 189 small tanks and 821 airplanes. Americans manned 142 of these tanks and 604 of the airplanes—in our previous actions these arms had been largely manned by the French and British.

The Americans encountered a critical problem at the very outset of this battle—the restoration of communications across No Man's Land. Only four roads were available and during the bitter fighting earlier in the war the artillery fire had virtually destroyed them. The soil was spongy; we lacked materials. But engineers are a hard breed to stump; they fixed up communications somehow and made possible the movement of troops, artillery and supplies.

The fighting was fierce and dogged. On each side it seemed to be felt that the end was near, and each army put all it had into the effort, straining for a knock-out. So bitterly was every foot of ground contested that in many cases no quarter was asked or given. Men fought until they dropped, without thought of surrender.

With No Thought of Quitting

The ground over which the Americans advanced was exceptionally rugged and difficult—steep heights, dense woods, farmlands intersected by ravines and streams, with fortified villages commanding all the approaches. It rained, and there were heavy fogs; they struggled through the thick mud and the blackness of night against terrific machine-gun fire and a crashing inferno of shells. They moved in waves up the slopes of plateaus whose ridges were a living flame of enemy fire and stormed the positions. They charged machine-gun nests and bayoneted the gunners. With rifle fire and hand grenades and the cold steel they cleared the Germans out of farm buildings and villages. And all the while the world rocked and quivered under the thunderous clamor of thousands of guns, red-hot from the furious speed.

Sleep was something to be snatched when a man could get it. Men grew sick, utterly weary and sick at heart, from cold and hunger and lack of rest, that death held no terrors for them. They would ignore bursting shells to take a nap. Yet aching, worn out, hungry, and desperate as they were, they fought their way forward and never dreamed of quitting. Human fortitude can rise to wondrous heights.

"Continuous fighting was maintained along our entire battle front, with especial success on the extreme left, where the capture of the greater part of the Argonne Forest was completed."—Pershing's report. "The enemy contested every foot of ground on our front in order to make more rapid retirements farther west and withdraw his forces from northern France before the interruption of his railway communications through Sedan."

At this critical time the First Army was confronted by an insufficiency of replacements to build up the worn divisions. The combat units required about 90,000 replacements early in October, but not more than 45,000 would be available by November first. Pershing had kept the cable humming with appeals to Washington, but results were meager.

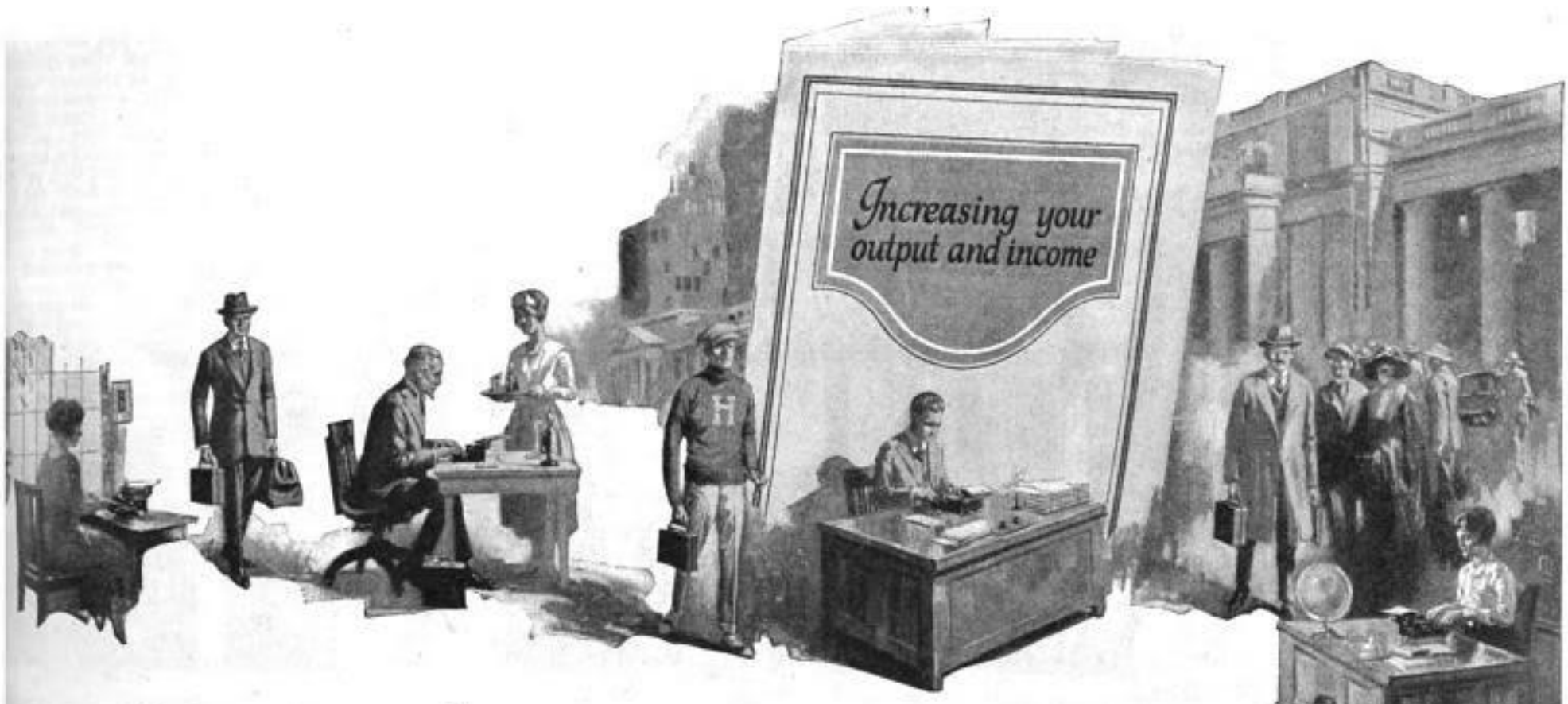
With the British were two American divisions, and there were two more with the French. In this predicament Pershing decided that the American troops with the French armies must be recalled.

He held a conference with Marshal Foch and General Petain about this matter on October tenth. Both were of opinion that the American divisions were essential to the French effort, and that this was so became speedily evident, for before Pershing could effect the release of the two divisions in question he had to send the Thirty-seventh and Ninety-first divisions from his own hard-pressed army to the assistance of the Sixth French Army, which was in Flanders.

The American First Army was now fighting along a front of 120 kilometers and its strength exceeded 1,000,000 men.

(Continued on Page 89)

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You should give it serious consideration.

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Reading Pipe lasts two to three times longer than cheaper pipe—it often outlasts the building itself.

Architects prefer to specify Reading because its long life reflects favorably on their good judgment. Plumbers prefer to use Reading because it expedites the work and assures them a clean-cut job.

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(Continued from Page 86)

and away the greatest combat force ever assembled under the American flag. It became necessary to relieve some of the exhausted divisions preliminary to another general assault.

In an attack along the whole front, launched on October fourteenth, the stronghold on Cote Dame Marie was captured and the Hindenburg Line was broken. Cunel and Romagne-sous-Montfaucon were taken; an advance was made north of Dommerance. The maximum gain since the offensive opened on September twenty-fifth was seventeen kilometers, and the enemy had been compelled to throw into the fight fifteen of his reserve divisions. Thus ended one phase of the battle.

In local operations during the remainder of the month the First Corps, under Dickman, advanced through Grandpre; the Fifth Corps, under Summerall, captured the bois de Bantheville; the Third Corps, under John L. Hines, completed the extremely difficult occupation of Cunel Heights; and the Seventeenth French Corps drove the Germans from the main ridge south of La Grande Montagne. By the end of October the enemy's elaborately prepared positions, including the Hindenburg Line, had been broken; the Argonne Forest was in American hands; an advance of twenty-five kilometers had been made; 18,600 prisoners, 370 cannon, 1000 machine guns and a great mass of material had been captured; and the Germans had increased the number of their divisions on this front from twenty to thirty-one. The vital railway artery through Carignan to Sedan was now imperiled.

"The demands of incessant battle which had been maintained day by day for more than a month had compelled our divisions to fight to the limit of their capacity. Commanding troops were held in line and pushed to the attack until deemed incapable of further effort because of casualties or exhaustion; artillery once engaged was seldom withdrawn and many batteries fought until practically all the animals were casualties and the guns were towed out of line by hand or trucks," reports Pershing. "The American soldier had shown unrivaled fortitude in this continuous fighting during inclement weather and under many disadvantages of position. Through experience, the Army had developed into a powerful and smooth-running machine, and there was a supreme confidence in our ability to carry through the task successfully.

"While the high pressure of these dogged attacks was a great strain on our troops, it was calamitous to the enemy. His divisions had been thrown into confusion by our vigorous assaults, and his morale had been shaken until his will to resist had well-nigh reached the breaking point. Once a German division was engaged in the fight, it became practically impossible to effect relief."

While the First Army was battling in the Meuse-Argonne, American troops were participating in attacks on other portions of the front. The Twenty-seventh and Thirty-first divisions under Major General Read fought with the British, and cooperated with the Australian Corps in breaking the Hindenburg Line at Le Cateau, the two American divisions capturing 6000 prisoners and advancing twenty-four kilometers.

A Purely American Effort

The Second and Thirty-sixth American divisions aided the French in their advance between Rheims and the Argonne. The famous Second Division took by assault the wooded heights of Mont Blanc, the key to the German position, and then by forging ahead into the village of St. Etienne, forced the enemy to fall back before its guns and yield positions he had held since September, 1914.

In response to Marshal Foch's urgent request General Pershing sent the Thirty-second and Ninety-first divisions in the middle of October to help the Sixth French Army in Belgium, although at that time he could not know which way to turn for reinforcements for his own battered divisions. The Fifth French Army was having a hard time of it, being unable to advance as de-

By November third the American division had driven the enemy across the Estinnes river and had firmly established themselves on the east bank; they also had taken Spitaals Bosschen, reached the Sambre and entered Audenarde.

Marshal Foch made many changes in the detailed plans for the operations of the Allied Armies as new conditions arose, but the mission of the American First Army remained unaltered. Accordingly General Pershing issued orders for a general attack on October twenty-eighth which would be decisive.

This attack was to be made simultaneously with one by the French Fourth Army, and its execution was delayed until November first. Buzancy and the heights of Barricourt were the immediate objectives; then the gain was to be exploited into a drive for Sedan.

"By strenuous efforts all available artillery had been moved well forward to the heights previously occupied by the enemy, from which it could fully cover and support the initial advance of the Infantry."—Pershing's report. "On this occasion and for the first time the Army prepared for its attack under normal conditions. We held the front of attack and were not under the necessity of taking over a new front, with its manifold installations and services. Our own personnel handled the communications, dumps, telegraph lines, and water service; our divisions were either on the line or close in rear; the French artillery, aviation, and technical troops which had previously made up our deficiencies had been largely replaced by our own organizations; and our army, corps and divisional staffs were by actual experience second to none."

In other words, our forces had really found themselves.

The battle opened on the morning of November first with two hours of violent artillery fire. "The Artillery acquitted itself magnificently, the barrages being so well coördinated and so dense that the enemy was overwhelmed and quickly submerged by the rapid onslaught of the Infantry"—Pershing. Maj. Gen. E. F. McGlachlin, Jr., commanded the American artillery in this offensive. "Our heavy artillery"—this was later—"was skillfully brought into position to fire upon the Carignan-Sedan Railroad and the junctions at Longuyon and Conflans."

The Race for Sedan

The Americans had taken the heights of Barricourt by nightfall of November first, had advanced to the Bois de la Folie, had captured Aincreville and Andevanne. They had broken through the Germans' last defense, overwhelmed their artillery positions and precipitated a retreat of the enemy forces about to be isolated in the forest north of Grandpre.

By the evening of the fourth the American forces held La Neuville, opposite Stenay, and had swept through the Foret de Dieulet to the outskirts of Beaumont; to the left they were eight kilometers north of Boult-aux-Bois; and on the following morning the advance toward Sedan continued at top speed.

Pershing wanted Sedan. At a conference with General Maistre, who commanded the French group of armies on the American left, the French general conceded that the military importance of the capture of Sedan was so great the Americans ought to occupy it if they could, regardless of the political and patriotic considerations which made a French occupation so desirable. Accordingly, memorandum for commanding generals First and Fifth Corps reads as follows: "General Pershing desires that the honor of entering Sedan should fall to the First American Army. He has every confidence that the troops of the First Corps, assisted on their right by the Fifth Corps, will enable him to realize this desire."

In transmitting this message Gen. Hunter Liggett drew attention to the favorable opportunity for pressing the advance. Mr. Junius B. Wood, of the Chicago News, wrote of this memorable event: "All roads leading into Sedan were registered by the German artillery. That means that from the new positions which their batteries took in the successive stages of the retreat they knew the exact range for every turn in the few roads possible to use in the American advance.

"The enemy had lived in that country for four years. It was all mapped, with the distance figured down to inches. In addition to this, though the German artillery had retired across the Meuse to the heights east of Sedan, German machine gunners remained on all points of vantage, contesting every foot of the advance. The race for Sedan was not only a race, but a running battle as well.

"Against this opposition men fought their way forward with endurance which was almost superhuman. The march, alone, which some of the regiments made was such as men are rarely called on to endure, even without constant death stalking every footstep. It was raining. Packs were soaked until they weighed nearer 100 pounds than the regulation 72.

"Shoes went to pieces on the rough road. Bloody tracks from bleeding feet marked each passing company. All the food they had was what they carried on their backs, and that was soon gone. The roads, jammed with troops, could not handle even the artillery and ammunition, which was given first place, while supply trains never reached them. At the hourly halts, oblivious to the shelling, men fell asleep in their tracks, only to be awakened to start plodding onward."

The French were also straining every muscle to reach the goal. "At the same time," says Mr. Wood, "the Twenty-sixth regiment, commanded by Lieut. Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., which had been eating up the kilometers throughout the night, had left the main road at Chehery, moved to the left across the Ardennes canal, and advanced up the west side of the canal and La Bar River, attacking the machine-gun nests and batteries. Eventually the Twenty-sixth captured those on the heights beyond St.-Aignan sur Bar.

"The Twenty-sixth, after it crossed the canal, was in the sector of the French Fortieth Division under General Laignelot. The sudden appearance of the columns of dripping Americans in the darkness caused a hurrying of French officers from dugouts, and much questioning and many exclamations.

"In a few minutes came an order to halt. It was not much longer before a French commanding officer and Lieut. Colonel Roosevelt were together. . . . The French officer explained that the Americans were in his sector. The American officer explained that he was on the route given him to reach Sedan.

"'But my orders come from the Marshal of France.'

"'And mine come from my commanding officer, sir,' said the American lieutenant colonel.

"'If you try to pass my men they have orders to fire on you,' was the ultimatum of the officer.

"'My orders are to advance, sir, and the only way your men can keep ahead is to march faster than mine,' was the reply, and the advance continued."

No shots were fired. Probably the French officer's reference to his orders was inspired by the following from General Laignelot to Lieutenant Maudet for transmission to the American infantry and artillery brigades: "The limit given by the high command between the Fortieth infantry division and the American brigade is not the national highway, but the road Chehery-Bulson-Thelonue, after leaving Chehery. I am compelled to make my artillery intervene there. I pray you, my brave neighbors, to call this to the attention of your artillery commander, who is making a mistake."

The Appeal for an Armistice

No Americans entered Sedan. They could easily have done so, but orders from the Allied High Command prevented. Nobody captured the famous stronghold. Under French and American artillery fire, the Germans evacuated it, and after the armistice French forces made a peaceful entry, with fine effect. But the First and the Forty-second will argue together until kingdom come as to which won nearest to the goal.

Colonel Reilly, commanding Eighty-third Brigade: "I went over the hill, and the dead of the Forty-second were three hundred yards beyond any dead of the First."

Private James L. Strow, Twenty-eighth Infantry, First Division: "I went up that hill more than once that day, and could not find any other soldiers than those of our own battalion on it. None could be found ahead of our men."

So there you are.

By November fifth the Americans forced a general withdrawal of the Germans from the strong positions they had held so long on the hills north of Verdun. Two days later the enemy was being driven out into the swampy plain of the Woevre; our troops held the heights dominating Sedan; we had advanced forty-one kilometers in five days and had cut the Germans' main line of communications. In this desperate extremity the German High Command appealed on November sixth for an immediate armistice.

Foch's orders were explicit: "The enemy, disorganized by our repeated attacks, retreats along the entire front. It is important to coördinate and expedite our movements. I appeal to the energy and initiative of the Commanders-in-Chief and of their armies to make decisive the results obtained."

Accordingly the Second American Army pressed the enemy along its entire front. Foch had requested the use of six American divisions for an attack which the French were preparing in the direction of Château-Salins. Pershing agreed to furnish them, but stipulated that they should operate as an American army with General Bullard as commanding officer.

"In the face of the stiff resistance offered by the enemy," reports Pershing, "and with the limited number of troops at the disposal of the Second Army, the gains realized reflected great credit on the divisions concerned."

Weakened French Morale

The armistice went into effect at eleven o'clock on the morning of November eleventh. The guns hushed. A sudden eerie quiet fell over that far-flung front. The stillness was so intense after the quivering thunder of months that veterans gazed at one another uneasily, tingling with apprehension.

East of Beaumont some desultory fighting occurred after that hour, owing to the fact that the Americans had advanced so rapidly at that point they got out of touch. The Germans complained bitterly about this.

"Between September twenty-sixth and November eleventh," says Pershing in his report, "twenty-two American and four French divisions, on the front extending from southeast of Verdun to the Argonne forest, had engaged and decisively beaten forty-seven different German divisions, representing 25 per cent of the enemy's entire divisional strength on the western front. Of these enemy divisions twenty had been drawn from the French front and one from the British front. Of the twenty-two American divisions twelve had, at different times during this period, been engaged on fronts other than our own. The First Army suffered a loss of about 117,000 in killed and wounded. It captured 26,000 prisoners, 847 cannon, 3000 machine guns, and large quantities of material."

That the French armies would have found difficult any real offensive without the support of our troops was proved throughout all the operations of the summer and fall of 1918. Even with victory crowning the Allied arms, French troops did not seem equal to a great attack without American help. On November fifth, with the Germans eager for an armistice, Foch wrote to Pershing: "In order to avoid any let-up in the constant pressure upon the enemy and to surprise him by a new attack on an unguarded portion of his front, I have had General Petain prepare a surprise offensive in Lorraine to be made with fifteen or twenty divisions, which is all that French resources now make available. This is not going to be enough to give sufficient amplitude to the enterprise. Under these conditions, I request you to place six American divisions"—about 180,000 men—"in readiness to be added. You would take these from your reserves. They would have to make their movement by marching."

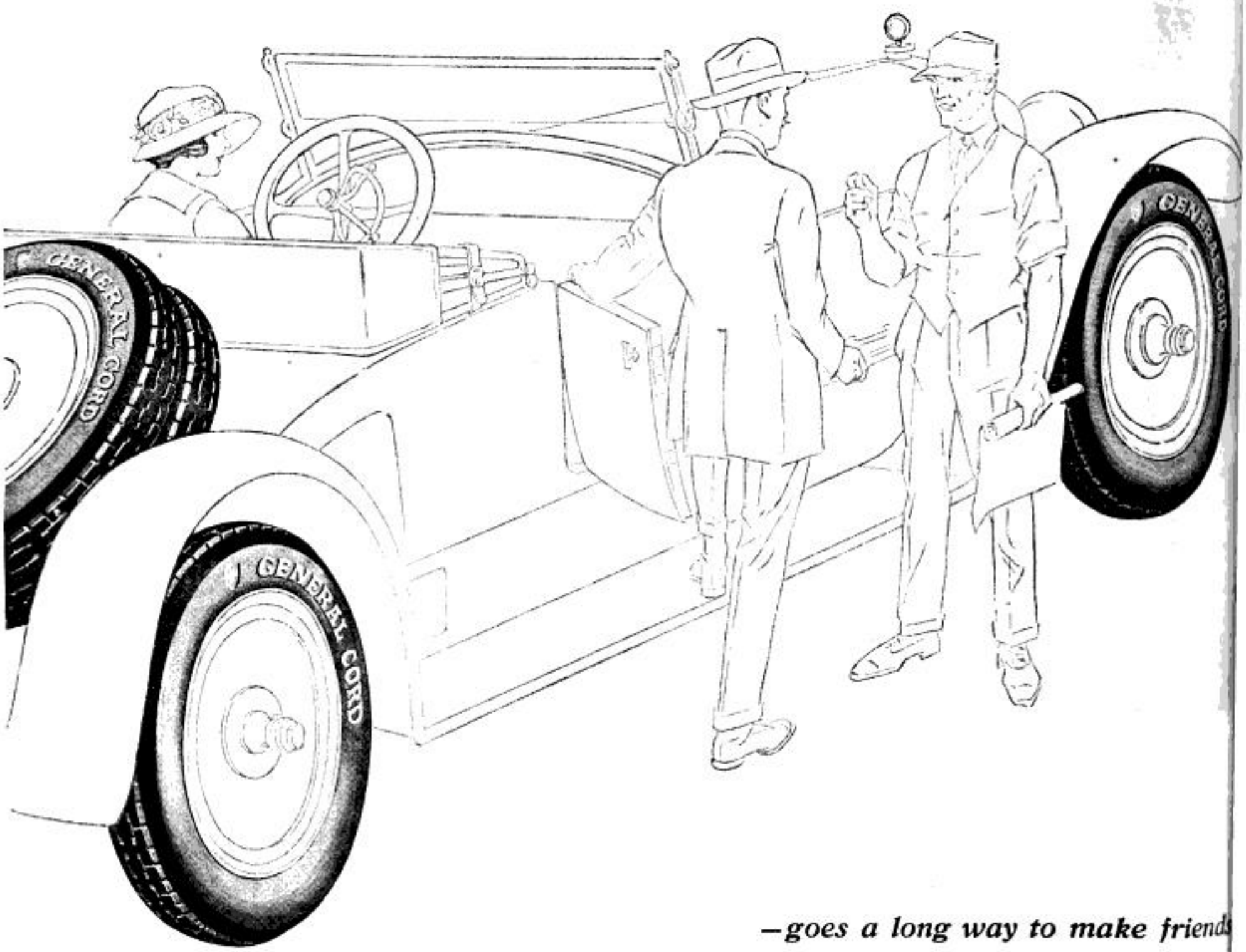
And that the French had not even now abandoned their plan to break up the American forces and thereby get the benefit of their incorporation in the French armies is proved by Marshal Foch's reply to General Pershing's request that the six American divisions he asked for the Lorraine operation should be employed as an American army under General Bullard, who would act, however, under orders of the French.

"It is at the present time impossible to consider the grouping of these six divisions in an American army," Foch replied on November eighth. "In the first instance, such a disposition would delay the operation as a consequence of the obligation of

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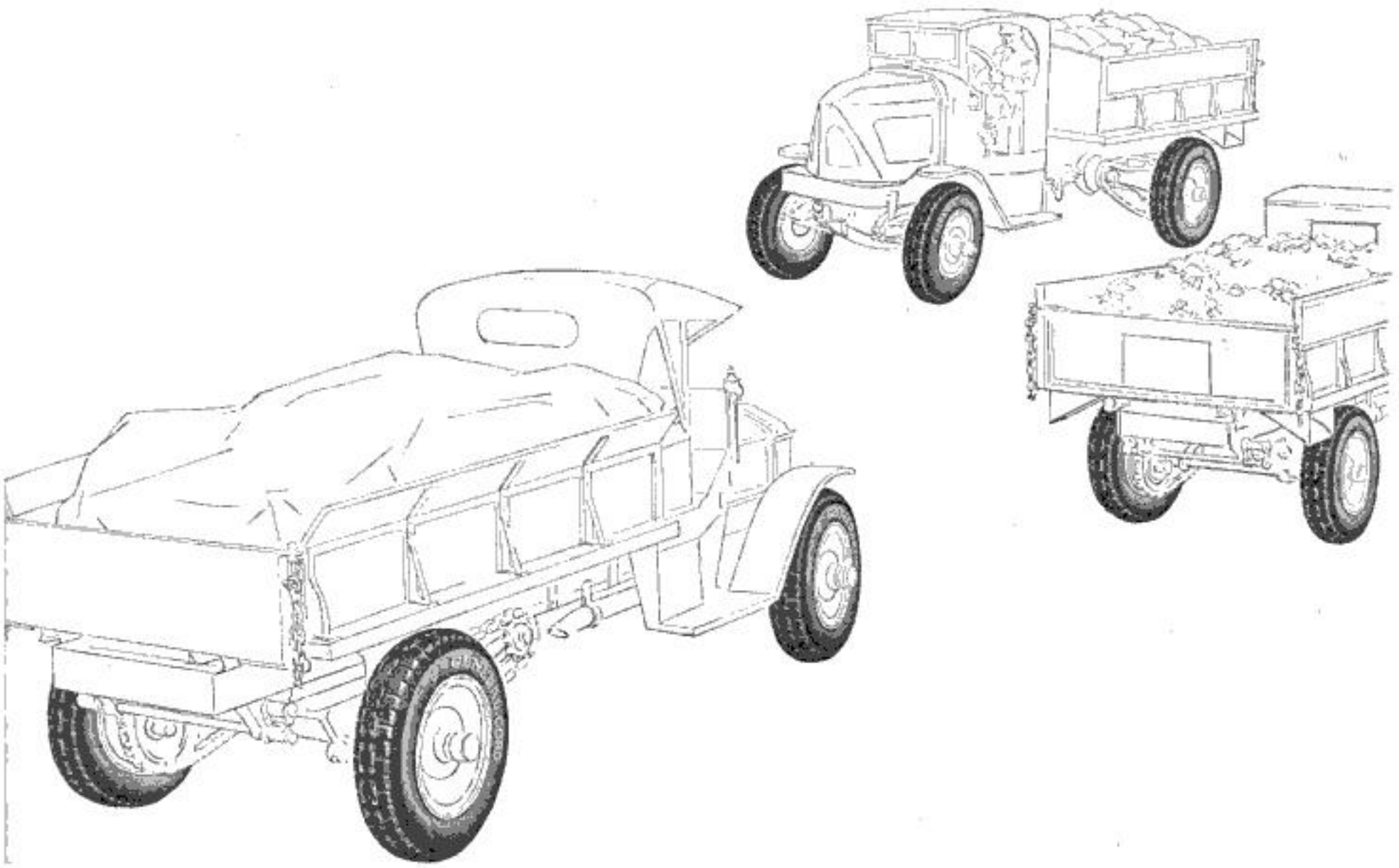
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General achieves new leadership in sales of cord tires

Is not the success of a tire maker—the manner in which the sale of his tire increases—a good indication of the character of the tire? May it not be a reliable guide for shrewd tire buyers—those who seek the utmost in service and tire mileage?

In 1921 General's dealers sold one-third as many Cord Tires as the dealers of each of the two largest tire-making concerns and one-half as many as the dealers of the next largest; thus gaining new place among the leaders.

In forty-three of the hundred largest cities, the most successful tire dealer—the one with the largest and most successful business—is the General dealer.

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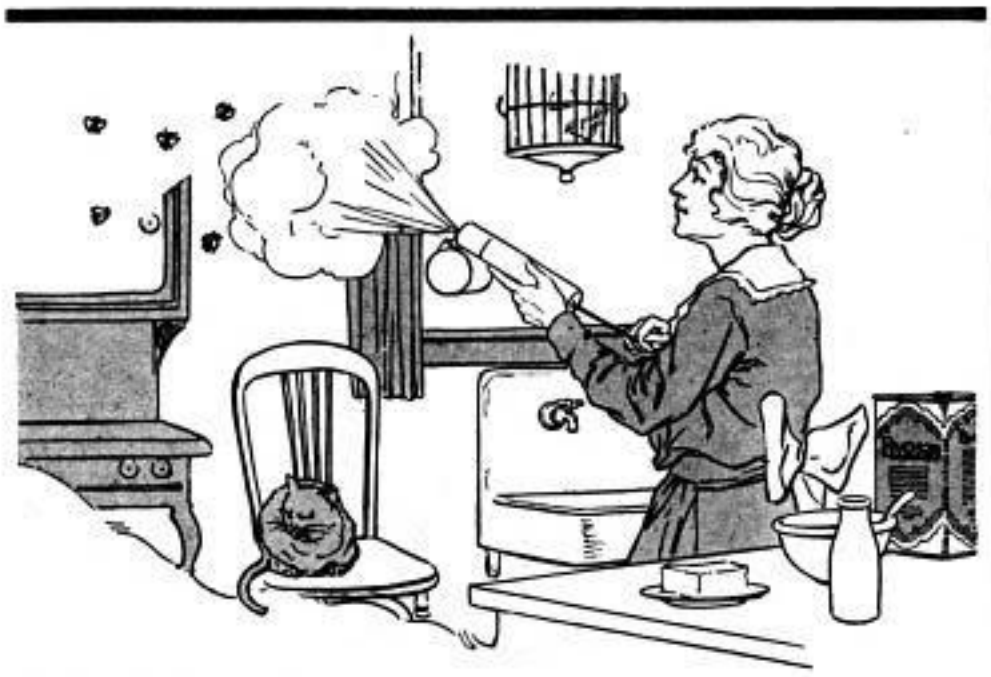
While in the seventy cities next in size (from 25,000 to 65,000 population) the General dealer leads in twenty-six.

The most astonishing fact, to some, is that all General Tires are bought for cars in use. Generals are not sold to automobile manufacturers for "original equipment." Generals are sold only through dealers. Thus, each purchase of a General represents the mature judgment of an experienced tire user. And the General factory is today operating 100% capacity.

To profit by the experience of seasoned tire users, put a General on your car—*and watch it*. The General dealer nearest you has a tire exactly suited to your needs.

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Kills flies by the roomful

SUPPOSE there were 106 flies around your kitchen—lighting on the meat platter, buzzing near the milk pitcher and getting mired on a freshly frosted cake.

Suppose, inside of five minutes every one of the 106 flies were dead and you merely had to sweep them up in a dust pan.

Wouldn't you say "Well, this *is* a miracle!"

Yet this is exactly what happens when you use harmless Flyosan.

Flyosan is a non-poisonous liquid which you apply with an ordinary garden sprayer.

A can of Flyosan and an ordinary inexpensive sprayer are all you need. Getting rid of flies is as easy as using a feather duster.

Most remarkable of all, Flyosan is harmless to everything except insects.

Flyosan is equally effective against flies, mosquitoes, cockroaches, bed bugs, ants, lice, moths, fleas and all other insect pests.

If your drug, grocery or hardware store does not have Flyosan send us a dollar and we will mail you an introductory package containing a pint of Flyosan and a sprayer.

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to dealers!

Last summer in Hazleton, Pa., J. M. Fey with a little local advertising sold $3000.00 worth of Flyosan in three months.

Flyosan repeats! Send us your jobber's name and we will send you a dealer's price list.

PRICES:	
Pint	$ .75
Quart	1.25
½-Gallon	2.25
Gallon	4.00
Introductory Package (pint and sprayer)	1.00

Flyosan
INSECT EXTERMINATOR

KILLS FLIES BY THE ROOMFUL

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(Continued from Page 89)

requesting plans and orders from a new commander, but the Commanding General, Tenth French Army, who would have those divisions under his command, will make his disposition to have those divisions operate as far as possible on his left, and I will for my part issue orders for those divisions to be speedily replaced under the American High Command. The accomplishments of American divisions under your orders are too fine for me not to look forward for every means of leaving them under your command. The question to-day is above all to act very speedily in the organization of the Lorraine operation."

Others than the military leaders continued anxious for the employment of the American forces in the French armies. The French political chiefs also bestirred themselves to that end. As late as November fourth they still clung to the hope that their plan might be adopted, for on that date M. Albert Thomas, member of the War Committee and ex-Minister of Munitions and Armaments, submitted to a member of the American General Staff a letter which he, M. Thomas, had written to Premier Clemenceau as far back as August 22, 1918. M. Thomas wished the information contained in it to find its way to the proper quarters.

"If we wish to maintain these 100 divisions," said the letter to Clemenceau, "which I beg leave to say are incomparable among the Allied troops, we naturally fall back on the expedient of completing their effectives by American troops. One American regiment of 3000 men per division would make 300,000 men—that is the number that arrives from America in one month.

"And then, I wonder if the idea of amalgamation, on which we have insisted so strongly, is definitely abandoned. I wonder whether it is possible that President Wilson and the American authorities will persist in not understanding the advantage there is in maintaining the 100 French divisions, whether they will not finally understand the advantage there would be for the American troops to receive their training in such divisions as ours. As soon as it is understood that the American Army is constituted as the United States desires to have it, the utilization of the 300,000 men of this army in French divisions might easily be accepted by them."

On the margin of the letter is this notation: "The idea dies very hard."

French expectations of what the United States ought to do for France did not abate; victory seemed only to fan them. Early in November, M. André Tardieu, French High Commissioner to the United States, made certain statements publicly which virtually assumed that the restoration of France, both by American money and by the labor of American troops, was incumbent upon the United States. The French press eagerly seized upon these statements and played them up to stimulate hope and keep the French people from realizing their true situation.

A fortnight after the armistice a report was made to the American General Headquarters that the French had served notice they would move no more large American troop units by rail until further notice. This report stated that several efforts had been made to obligate the Americans to the restoration and maintenance of certain roads. "I have been struck by the fact," reported Colonel Connor, "that the French appear to be acquiring the conviction that, in expecting American labor and money to bear a large part of the burden of restoring France, they are but demanding their just dues."

On November 23, 1918, Marshal Foch wrote to General Pershing:

My dear General: The reconstitution of the soil and the means of habitation of the devastated regions will necessitate considerable labor and effort. It will be impossible for France to furnish, within the time limit set for restoring the country to the economic condition which is indispensable to it, this labor and effort after she has been reduced to her own resources.

The French Army in the zone which it occupies will, from the present moment, cooperate in the work of reconstitution by furnishing to the civil authorities who are charged with it, the assistance of units at rest, and the available material resources.

The American Army has, like the French Army, a great part of its units at rest. Those units which are stationed near the devastated regions, or near those which are encumbered by trench systems, and so forth, could render precious service to our population.

I do not doubt that your sentiments will lead you to continue to give France, during the period of the Armistice, the aid which you have so generously given her during the war. I am equally convinced that your troops will put all their soul into repairing, so far as they are able to do before leaving France, what has necessarily been destroyed during the course of operations.

The work which would be asked of these troops would be of the same nature as that to which they have become accustomed during the campaign. The nature of the various classes of work and the methods of execution are set forth in the note herewith.

I would be very much obliged if you will be kind enough to inform me as to what extent and in what manner it appears to you possible to assist in this work by the coöperation of the troops and of the services under your orders.

Very sincerely yours, F. Foch.

The note on method which he inclosed provided for the work of reconstitution under direction of the French civil authorities. This work would consist of filling in trenches, removing barbed wire, cleaning up cities and villages, sorting and storing material of all kinds, placing roads and other means of transportation in proper condition, removal of a lot of barracks, the construction of some they needed; working of quarries, sawmills, and so on, and repair of buildings.

I have not been able to find that Pershing ever replied directly to this letter, but he said in a cable to the War Department in Washington: "It would be unjust to them to use our soldiers as laborers." He also stated at the same time that the temper of the American soldiers precluded the possibility of such employment, not to mention sentiment at home. Pershing recommended that the Government should announce a clear, definite policy in respect to the return of our troops which would admit of no misunderstanding by the French.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Pattullo. The next will appear in an early issue.



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Dechler Basin From Madison Plateau in Yellowstone National Park

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Enclosed find 60c (in stamps or coin) for which send me prepaid a 2-quart **"Wear-Ever"** aluminum pudding pan. (Enclose 80c for pudding pan and cover.) Money refunded if you are not satisfied. Offer expires August 31, 1922. Good only in U. S. and Canada.

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PROTECTING THE SMALL INVESTOR

(Continued from Page 7)

promotions fostered by others and men who, like oil operators, use their own capital in enterprises which they themselves conduct and which nevertheless are often conceived in ignorance and foolishness.

The losses are large and serious enough without exaggerating them, and nothing is to be gained by falsely minimizing the extent to which the American people save and invest their savings securely. Certainly the millionaires are not the only men and women who own the $20,000,000,000 of Liberty Bonds, the billions of dollars of state and municipal bonds, the $56,000,000,000 of life-insurance policies, and the billions of dollars of savings-banks deposits, sound mortgages, bonds and stocks.

The statement that we are not a nation of savers and investors should be made with care and discrimination. If it is made for the purpose of inducing people to save more it may be laudable enough. But the fact is quite commonly overlooked that Americans provide for their families and to no little extent for themselves by means of life insurance. Many a man feels that if only he buys enough life insurance and provides for his family in this way it is all right for him to gamble with the rest of his money or with a part of it. What may be called the thrift and investment side of his nature goes into life insurance.

But this is not the whole story. Having bought life insurance the man has made a secure investment. But something fatal seems to happen when he dies and a lump sum of $5000 or $10,000 is paid over to his wife or children or nephews and nieces, or in case he has purchased an endowment policy, when it is paid, to himself. There is no doubt that a large part of all the unwise investments follow upon the receipt of life-insurance money. Americans do not distinguish between principal and interest after the fashion of Europeans. A young American who receives $50,000 life insurance money from an uncle or as any part of the latter's estate would say that he was worth $50,000, whereas the young European would consider himself worth only the annual income or annuity upon the same.

Insurance companies attempt to sell as far as possible policies the proceeds of which shall not be paid in a lump sum but in the form of an income. But though such insurance has no doubt increased in popularity it has not been adopted widely enough to make more than a dent in the unwise investments which follow upon the receipt of the proceeds from the ordinary form of insurance. Most people want the money all at once, and if the insurance company attempts to advise them to the contrary there is likely to be resentment and suspicion. The recipient knows that the money is left with the company it will be safe enough, but will not pay more than 5 per cent at the outside. The beneficiary is confident of placing it to better advantage than that, and the general reaction is something like this: "What are you trying to hold my money back for, anyway? What ax have you to grind in trying to keep my money?"

Treasury Savings Certificates

Most of the recipients are women, the majority of whom have relatively little business experience, and who are often vicious of advice from legitimate sources although ready enough to listen to the lure of the stock salesman who promises an income large enough to maintain them in comfort.

Possibly in time a system will be worked out by which insurance will be bought only in connection with a trust deed in a bank or trust company. In other words, the money will not be turned over unconditionally to the beneficiary but will be administered in her or his behalf by a sound banking institution. But anything as sensible as this exists at present only in a tentative and fragmentary form. Meanwhile, one life-insurance company alone out of many hundreds pays out during each minute of each business day of eight hours more than $630.16 in cash to people, more than half of whom are almost totally ignorant of all financial and investment matters.

It cannot be stated with too much emphasis that anyone who really wants a safe investment with a good interest return can secure the same without the slightest difficulty. On December fifteenth last the wife of the President of the United States purchased from Mr. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury, the first Treasury Savings Certificate sold by the United States Government. These are now on sale at all post offices and many banks and can be had by mail direct from the Treasury Department. They pay 25 per cent on the money invested for a five-year period. They are guaranteed by the Government to pay this figure, and guaranteed against any decline in price. They are beyond question the safest and surest investment available to any American citizen, and if they are not good, then nothing in the world is.

There has been a lot of talk and cheap platitudes about the necessity and advantages of thrift and savings, but a man cannot dig a garden without tools and he cannot save without a secure place to put his money. A splendid work is done by the savings banks, but they do not cover the entire country by any means. There are millions of people whom they do not reach. Life insurance covers an even wider field, but it is only partially a savings and investment proposition. The Government is the one agency that can appeal to everybody, and at last, after much experimenting during and following the war, it has devised a permanent form of small investment which is simple, convenient and which meets the needs of all except the wealthiest classes.

An Ideal Investment

These certificates are always sold at the same price, $20, $80 and $800. In five years they are paid off at $25, $100 and $1000 respectively. This is 4½ per cent interest compounded or 5 per cent simple interest. It is 25 per cent in five years. There is no state or local tax on these certificates and no normal Federal income tax. Any individual can buy as much as $5000 each year, and the same amount is available to any member of his family. They can be redeemed at any time before the five years are up, at the full amount paid, plus 3½ per cent interest, by sending them to the Treasury Department. Since the name of the owner is registered at Washington the loss of the certificate does not mean the loss of the investment. There is no risk, depreciation in value or promoter's or broker's commission to pay, there is liberal interest and an immediate cash withdrawal value.

People were asked to buy Liberty Bonds during the war on patriotic grounds. Although the bonds have now recovered in value they declined severely for a time and many people lost heavily. Though the Government is selling Treasury Savings Certificates partly because it still needs money, another reason is to give people something in the way of an investment that cannot decline in price to make up for the losses sustained during the war.

If the attention of the public can be drawn widely enough to these certificates the stock swindler should fall upon lean times. He fattens of course from the recipients of the various state soldier bonuses and will take advantage of any Federal bonus which may be paid. Even without considering the proposed Federal bonus something like $42,000,000 is now being paid out each month in the form of 600,000 checks to veterans. All veterans who have any form of government allowance are sought out, not only by stock swindlers but by every salesman who has goods to sell on the installment plan. To the extent that they can be reached first by the Treasury Savings Certificates a lot of money will be saved in this country.

Many people are not in a position to study or analyze investments. Many have no time for such study. There is the country doctor who works day and night and does not have time even to keep up with the most important developments in his own science. Most town and city doctors are little if any better off. Quite often their incomes are relatively large, and too often they fall victims to the get-rich-quick lure. But the doctor can put his money into this form of government security without any worry for the future.

When it comes to the direct purchase of the general run of securities offered to the investment public it must be recognized that one almost insuperable obstacle to the public's greater success is the high cost of bringing to their attention the legitimate offerings. The American people have bought life insurance on a vast scale because the insurance companies found a way of selling through solicitors to even the smallest buyers, and yet making it pay.

With sound securities unable to pay the cost of small-lot distribution the attention of the small investor is rarely called to the legitimate agencies for their distribution, and he hesitates to approach them on his own initiative. It is right here that the get-rich-quick dealer comes in, the chap who talks all profit. Not only is the field wide open to him but he has a great natural advantage in that his commission or margin of profit is from the very nature of the case far larger than is earned by those who handle high-grade securities.

For there is no more generally recognized rule in all the financial markets of the world than that the more solid, conservative and staple the character of the security, the smaller the commission. On government and municipal bonds it is reduced to the smallest fraction of 1 per cent, whereas on a semifraudulent oil-stock promotion it may run up to 60 or 70 per cent.

No wonder the reputable investment banker cannot send salesmen out to sell ten-dollar New York City bonds. A large firm that makes a specialty of dealing in municipal bonds once figured that it cost $7.50 every time it handled one of these ten-dollar pieces, and decided that it could not charge less than two dollars for the service, but customers complained after this charge was put on that they were being stung.

Competition between the reputable investment banker and the fake stock promoter is so impossible that the former is obliged to leave the field almost entirely to the latter, except where the sale is large enough to make it worth his while. This is the literal fact, but what the fake stock promoter usually says is that the big financial interests have made all their money from stocks, and consequently he has now organized this particular company for the benefit of the man of small or medium means, so that he, too, may clip coupons or draw dividend checks and make more money in a day than he has been accustomed to make in a week.

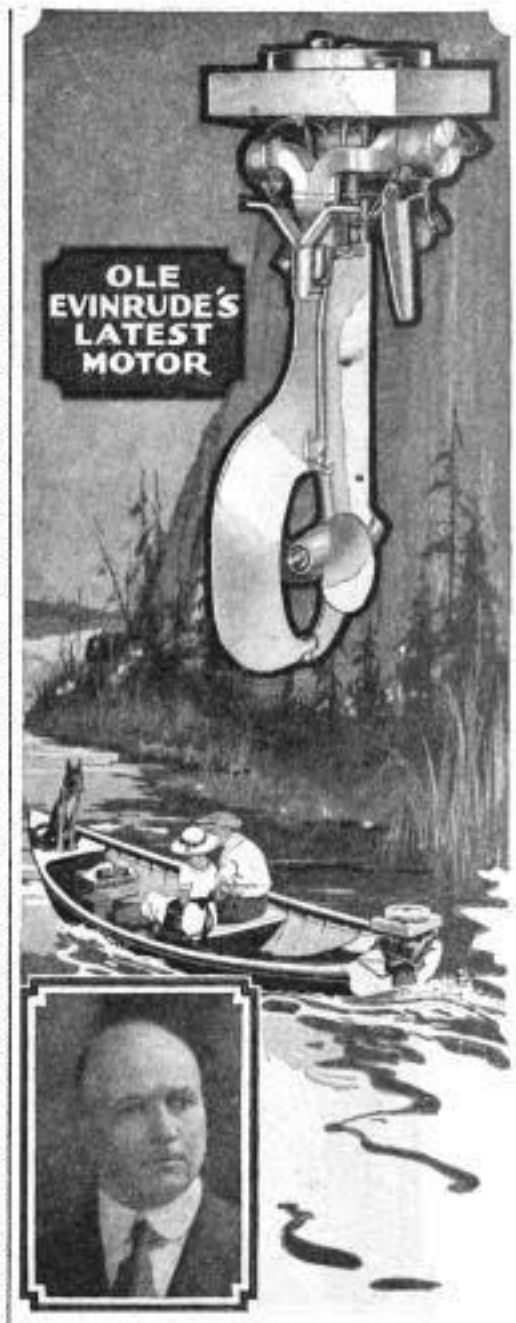
Small Business Accepted

But though the reputable dealer in legitimate securities cannot search out the man with $100 or $500 it is indeed rare that such business is refused when it comes of its own accord. It will be recalled that in a previous article President Cromwell, of the New York Stock Exchange, said in his opinion an investor should keep his money in the bank until he had $500. President Howard F. Beebe, of the Investment Bankers Association, said that he would place the minimum at $1000, and had advised hundreds if not thousands of persons who had less than this amount to put their money in a savings bank instead of trying to buy securities, although he is in the business of selling securities himself.

Although many of the most experienced authorities agree with this view, there is plenty of difference of opinion on the subject. But whatever the views of experts may be there will always remain great numbers of individuals who wish to invest less than $1000 directly in bonds or stocks. And here another difficulty appears. It is almost impossible for the inexperienced small investor to choose among the tens of thousands of available securities offered for sale or among the complicated agencies which offer them.

There are ordinary commercial banks and trust companies with investment, bond or security departments; there are dealers in investment securities technically and as a rule incorrectly known as investment bankers; and there are brokers who belong to recognized stock exchanges. All three classes overlap and duplicate to a considerable extent, and from all three bonds and stocks of every variety of excellence, or the lack of it, may be had. Then, too, there are concerns which are entirely reputable that combine the work of security distribution with promotion and even

(Continued on Page 98)



The Big Surprise of the Industry

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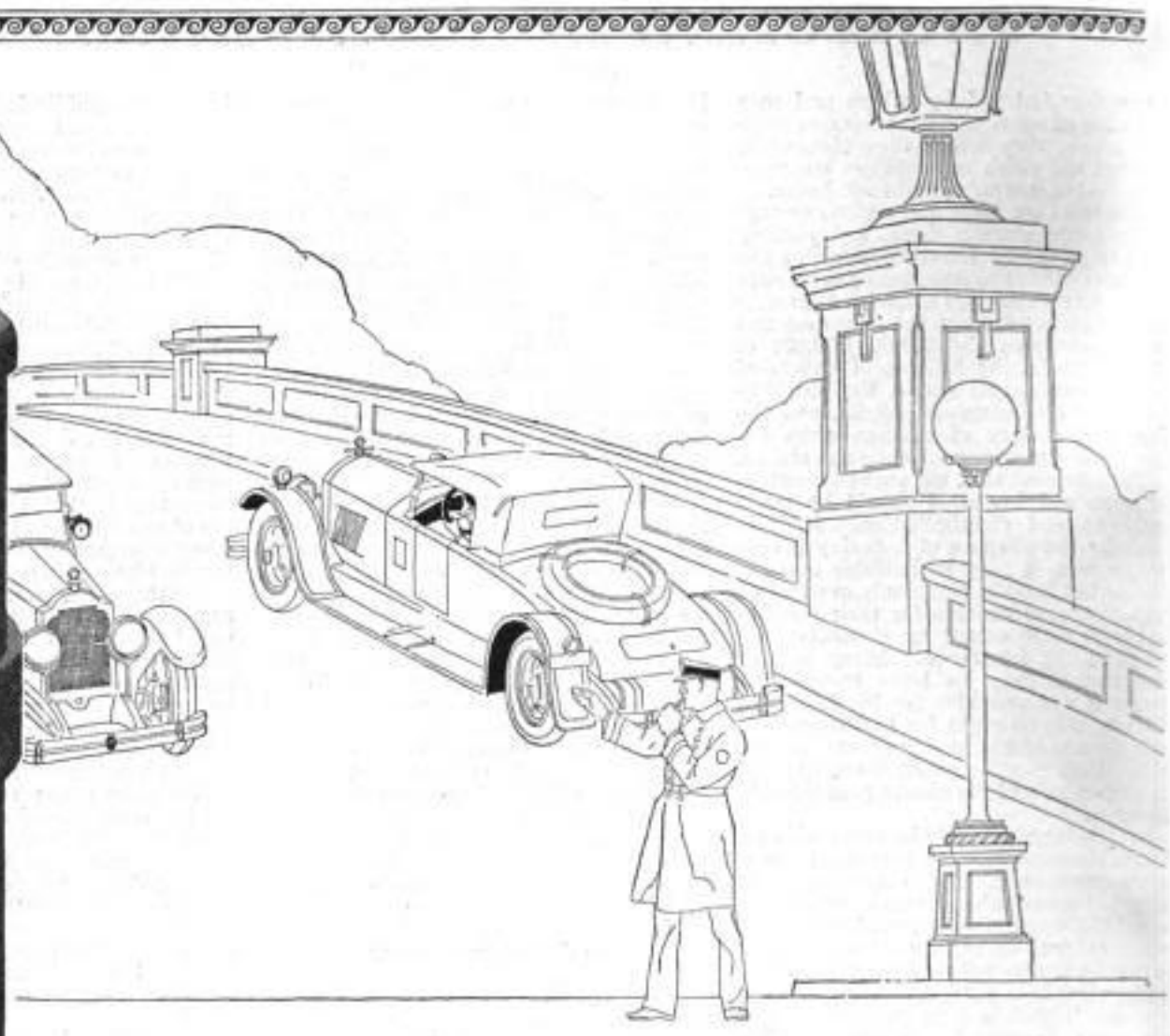
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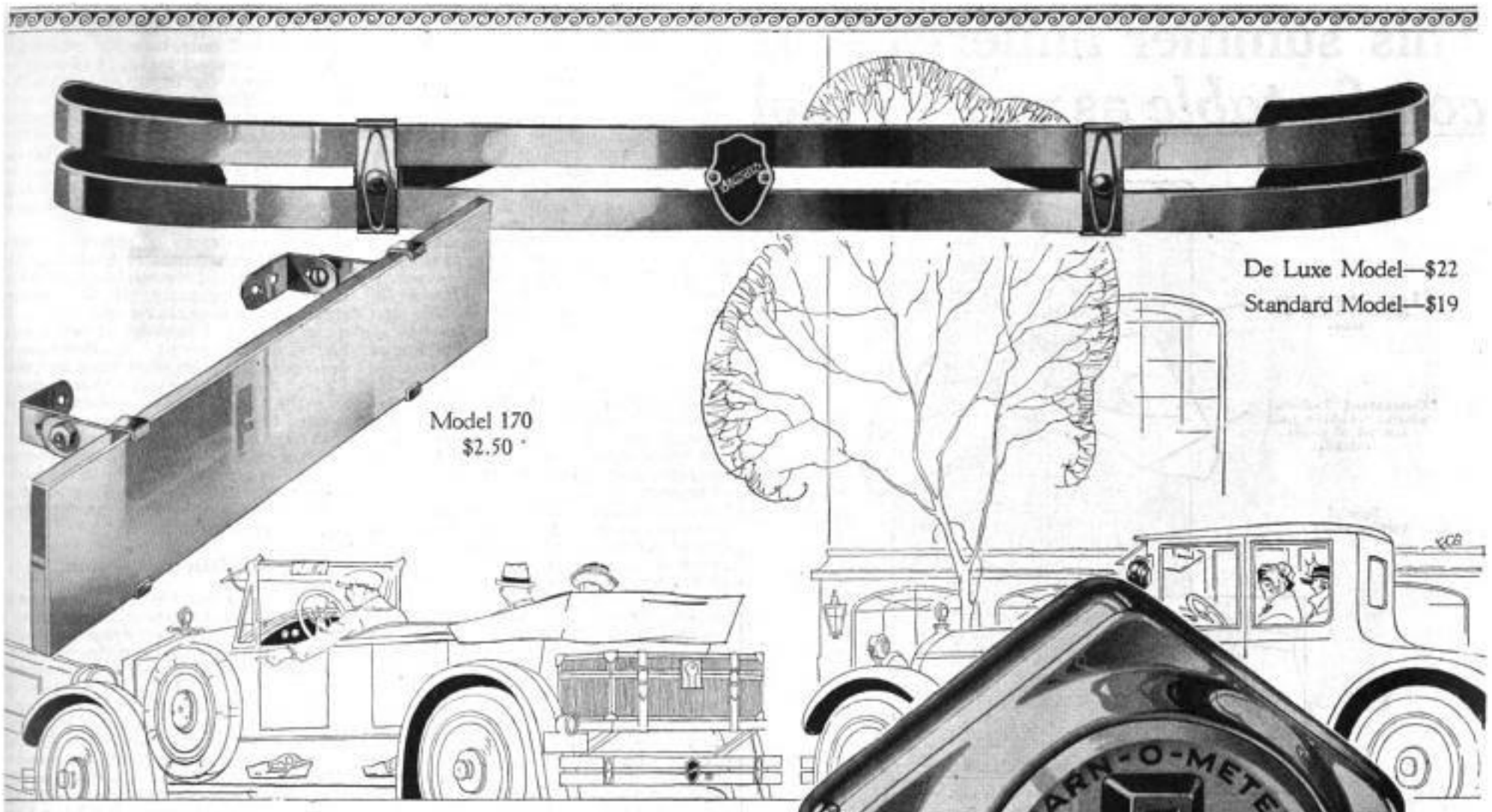
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or absolute protection, your car needs full width, double-bar Auto-ards. No danger of another bumper slipping above or under-ath them. Collisions in which a careless driver crashes into the ck of a car are very common. You need Autoguard protection ont *and* rear. The Stewart design is distinctly beautiful. It adds elegance to your car that gives it manifest individuality. The stest selling bumper on the market today.

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The Warning Light Seen Day and Night

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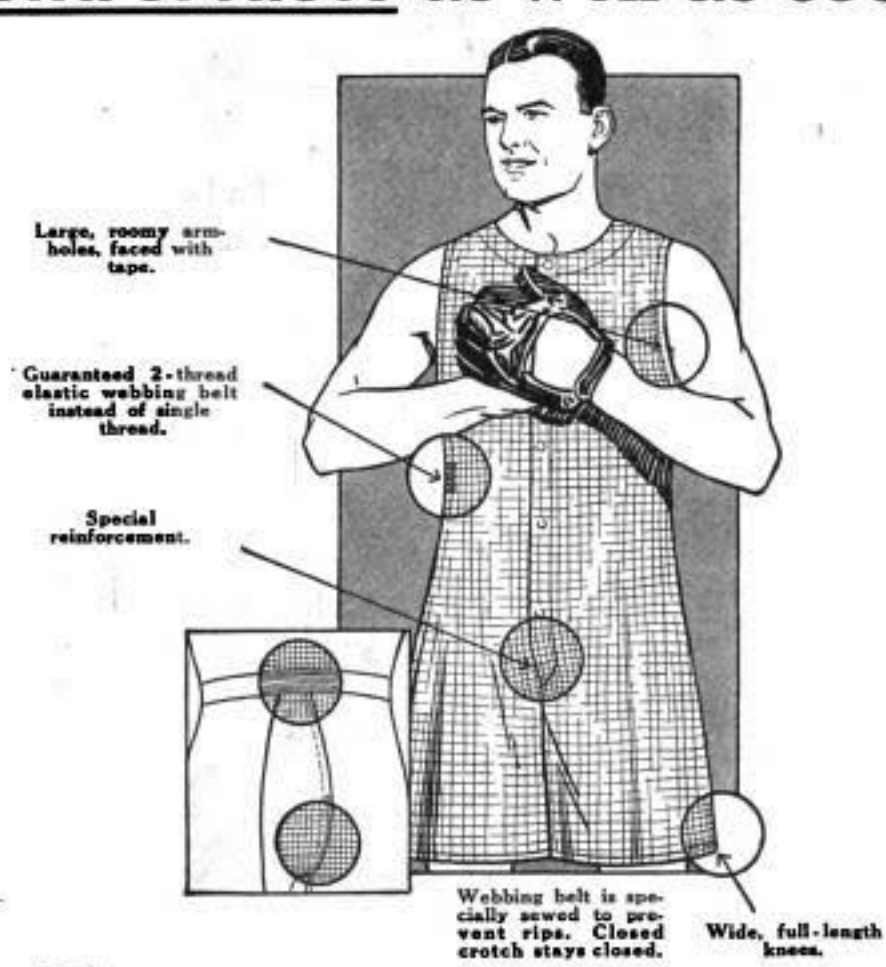
De Luxe Model $12.50
Standard Model $10.00
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NECK "V" or circular style, strongly reinforced with nainsook. Stays up on the shoulders without a hint of chokiness.

CLOSED CROTCH stays closed. (See illustration above.) Crotch lap buttons sewed on the seam—**4** thicknesses of material instead of **2.** No patch used.

WEBBING BELT guaranteed two-thread elastic webbing instead of single thread, gives more elasticity and greater strength. Specially sewed to prevent tearing or ripping.

PEARL BUTTONS specially selected, sewed on to stay put.

REINFORCEMENTS at every point of strain safeguard against all chance of seam-rips.

Register a summer comfort pledge today—your dealer is authorized to accept your initiation fee of $1.00 and enroll you for a season membership.

The youngsters can also have Hanes comfort and wear. Hanes Athletic Union Suits for Boys—sizes 20 to 34; ages 2 to 16

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We guarantee Hanes Underwear absolutely—every thread, stitch and button. We guarantee to return your money or give you a new garment if any seam breaks.

TRADE MARK
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ATHLETIC UNION SUITS

(Continued from Page 95)

management; and there are great corporations, especially the public utilities engaged in the electrical and telephone business, which sell their own stock direct to employes and customers.

The movement toward customer ownership of public-utility corporations has progressed very rapidly in the last few years. For the most part, the sales are of preferred stock, rarely paying less than 6 per cent and generally 7 per cent. The great advantage to the investor is not only that he gets a fairly high rate of return in a company whose operations are familiar to him and in regard to which he can secure ample information, but that the whole proposition is simple and direct. The man who uses a telephone a dozen times a day or turns his electric light on and off knows that the company supplying these services is something real and fairly substantial, never a mere paper, get-rich-quick or fly-by-night enterprise, even though in some cases, of course, it may be mismanaged.

As such stock is usually sold by local employes already on the pay roll the item of expense, although by no means negligible, is not at least wholly prohibitive when it comes to reaching the small purchaser. One of the subsidiaries of the Bell Telephone system in the Northwest sold $5,000,000 of 7 per cent preferred stock in ten days' time to 11,000 persons. A gas-and-electric company on the Pacific Coast has more than 15,000 owners of its preferred stock, many of them made investors through the efforts of the employes.

Of course a company of this kind cannot induce its subscribers to buy stock unless it is reasonably popular with them and has a fairly clean record. It is said that at least one powerful but very unpopular gas-and-electric company utterly failed to sell any large amount of its stock to customers even though the greatest pressure was brought to bear upon the local employes to act as canvassers. However, people who have money to invest and no great knowledge of the subject would generally make no mistake in asking the local manager of their gas and electric or telephone company if the company's bonds or stocks are on sale and at what terms.

The great obstacle in the way of small investors getting into touch with reliable investment dealers is that few of them, relatively speaking, will take the initiative. Anyone who writes to the New York Stock Exchange or to the Investment Bankers Association, in Chicago, can get a list of members. Membership in such an organization does not guarantee the wisdom of the advice offered by the members or the unfailing excellence of their securities. Indeed, it does not always guarantee their honesty. But there is constant vigilance to weed out dishonest and unreliable members. The proportion of outright fakers and swindlers is exceedingly small, and as the years go by should become even smaller.

Advice of Local Bankers

But the investor in far too many cases buys from the salesman who gets to him; he does not himself hunt out a reputable dealer. A large bank which sells immense numbers of bonds advertises extensively in all parts of the country on a similar scale. A country merchant in California wrote to the financial editor of a newspaper in New York City for the name of a reliable bond dealer in California. The editor replied that the investment department of this particular bank had a branch there and advised the merchant to call upon them. As a result he purchased $25,000 of bonds, although he had never seen any of the advertisements.

This concern, with scores of branches, reaches thousands of investors every day, and it is only one of many engaged in similar work. But such efforts are only a drop in the bucket, which fact often leads to the opinion that our whole scheme of distributing investment securities in this country is entirely inadequate to meet the needs of the people. Probably it is done much better in such countries as England, Holland and France, where banks, investment trusts and similar institutions play a great part. As a banker who has studied the subject closely said to the writer:

"When we are able to reach more people with sound investments it may reasonably be expected that there will be less tendency to purchase the unsound, and I have no doubt that that will be one of the developments of the future, although it presents many problems in the way of expense, organization, and so on."

But it will only bore the reader and afford him no practical help to discuss the many schemes for improved security distribution. This is a large country, with a great variety of people and forty-eight different states. Taking conditions as they exist the most practical statement that can be made to the great majority of small investors is to consult their own local bank before believing what the stock salesman or stock circular has to say.

There are dozens of objections which may be raised against such advice. The local banker is not always the most popular man in his community. He is sometimes regarded as a note shaver or skinflint. In many cases his knowledge of securities is limited in the extreme. In other cases he dislikes to tell even what little he knows for fear the depositor will withdraw money from the bank and invest it elsewhere. He is often too narrow and ignorant to realize that any investment in sound securities which a customer makes tends to increase business in general and reacts to the bank's advantage. Even if he is willing to advise and assist, it is often in the most perfunctory and guarded manner.

Mr. Sisson's Opinion

There are a few cases where the stock swindler has paid a banker a commission to stimulate sales. A fairly common practice in Middle Western rural districts is for a stock salesman to approach a director in a local bank, who holds his position not because of any knowledge of banking or finance but simply on account of his having a little money, with a proposition like this:

"Mr. Smith, we want to do the people of this state a good turn. We want to keep Iowa money in Iowa and we are forming a new insurance company. We have heard that you are a leading citizen and capitalist of this town and we want you to become one of our stockholders and possibly a director, if you think this proposition is all right. All we ask of you is that you give us letters of introduction to some of the people around here, and you will get a commission on every sale of stock. But you of course get in on the ground floor."

With letters from the local bank director the stock salesman goes to other people in the neighborhood and says that Mr. Smith has invested in the proposition and knows all about it. "If you want to know anything about it go and ask him." Most of them never even take that much trouble. The mere fact that the bank director has looked into the matter is enough for them. They do not investigate any further.

But after the local banker has been damned in every way that can be thought of, the fact remains that most careful students of investment subjects concur in the opinion that more loss would be avoided if investors universally consulted their local banks than in any other way. The case is well put by **Francis H. Sisson**, vice president of the **Guaranty Trust** Company of New York:

"While no advice to this effect will be 100 per cent good, nor will the experience of those who follow it be 100 per cent satisfactory, it is the best advice that can be given, and the local banks are the best agencies to suggest for the guidance of prospective investors. The situation, in my mind, is analogous to that of advising a man when he is ill to consult a doctor. In following that advice many men would suffer from an inaccurate diagnosis, unscientific treatment and, perhaps, even malpractice; but on the whole it is the proper advice for us to give for our physical demands, and the average of service returns will much more than justify it.

"So I think we can honestly claim that, on the average, prospective investors who seek the advice of their bankers will profit, and, inadequate as the system may be, it is the only one broadly available and must be relied upon for such service as it can render. While bankers at large are not 100 per cent competent or even 100 per cent honest, there is enough competency and honesty among them as a class to justify the general reference of investors to them.

"Bankers are in the nature of things, as a rule, cautious on credit matters and skeptical about new ventures. These are exactly the elements which are needed in advising investors. If the banker does no more than to make them stop and question, he may have rendered a great service.

(Continued on Page 100)

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Westinghouse

RESIDENCE AND COMMERCIAL FANS



More Convenience Outlets Make More Convenient Homes

Don't waste a hot day hoping for a cool night

— *Phone for a Fan!*

There is a simple way to make every evening cool, and every day comfortable: Phone for a Fan.

An easy way to avoid wilted collars, wrinkles, and ruined dispositions: Phone for a Fan.

Thus will you escape lowered vitality; sleepless, enervating nights; restless, inefficient days. Your nights will be full of rest, and your days of pleasant living.

So, for comfort and health and enjoyment, Phone for a Fan.

If you would like attractiveness, economy, quietness, and many years of service, ***Phone for a Westinghouse Fan!***

Reliable electrical dealers everywhere sell Westinghouse Fans. Watch for the window displaying a large reproduction of the above drawing. Go into this store and ask about Westinghouse Fans. Learn how really inexpensive summer comfort is.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Offices in all Principal Cities · *Representatives Everywhere*

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$1000.00 in prizes



What is she saying

YOU can win a prize! Use your imagination! What do you think this woman is saying to the clerk? She is evidently buying underwear—probably for her husband—and she is evidently saying something about Sealpax Athletic Underwear.

What is she saying?

Figure it out. There is no set answer to guess. Yours may be the winner! Study the facts about Sealpax given below—then decide, in not more than twenty words, what this woman is saying.

Send your answer to the Prize Department, The Sealpax Company, Baltimore, Md. Competent, neutral judges will award prizes. The contest closes July 29th, and the winners will be announced in The Saturday Evening Post, October 28th, 1922. Think about it—and win a prize!

Best answer .	**$500**
Second Prize . . .	$200
Third Prize	$100
Fourth Prize . . .	$50
Next Best Five . .	$15
Next Best Five . .	$10
Next Best Five . .	$5
Next Fifty (each) — one suit of Sealpax	

(In the event of a tie for any prize offered, the full amount of such prize will be awarded to each tying contestant.)

Sealpax
Athletic Underwear



Men's Sealpax $1.25 (Union Suit)



"Lady Sealpax" $1.00 up



Children's Sealpax $1.00

IT ought to be easy to frame a prize-winning answer to the Sealpax "What Is She Saying?" Contest. Suppose *you* were buying underwear. What would *you* say to the salesman—

—if you knew there is no other underwear quite so cool for hot sultry days, quite so comfortable for active people, as Sealpax.

—if you knew that the athletic cut, the light-and-breezy fabric, the double crotch, the wide, roomy armholes and other comfort features make Sealpax the finest underwear a person can slip into.

—if you knew that Sealpax comes to you packed in individual sanitary envelopes, fresh and crisp and clean!

Think it over—write it down—and win a prize!

Women and children may also enjoy the cool comfort of Sealpax. Lady Sealpax is "Just as Comfortable as Brother's" athletic underwear, daintily made in a wide variety of feminine fabrics. "Little Brother" and "Little Sister" Sealpax bring "Dad's Comfort to Dad's Kids"—an athletic underwear for children as long-wearing as it is cool and comfortable.

Sealpax for all the family! Sold everywhere!

Send your contest answer to
PRIZE DEPARTMENT
THE SEALPAX COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MD.

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"I appreciate the limitations of this suggestion fully, but to my mind it is a good deal like discussing democracy as a scheme of government; in spite of its shortcomings and miscarriages, it is the best scheme so far devised, and we have to fall back upon it to meet our political needs, and always live in the hope that the processes of education will constantly raise its standards and produce better results."

If the farmer or school-teacher does not trust the local banker there is always the near-by town or city of greater size whose banks are perhaps better informed. Then there are the chambers of commerce which can be appealed to, and the newspapers in the large cities. Workmen who have no time to visit bankers in their office hours can usually find someone connected with the management of their own company who will help them get information and advice.

There is always some reliable, experienced and disinterested business man who may be consulted if the investor really wants to take the trouble. Besides, there are about forty states which have blue-sky or security commissions which at least will warn the investor if the offering is actually a fraudulent one.

The fact is that the majority of investors who lose do not even attempt to secure information in advance. Actual surveys covering thousands of individuals in selected areas of the country show that close to one-half of the people who invest consult no one. What they really do is to buy blindfolded, with a laxity and carelessness they would not dream of showing in the purchase of a house, an automobile or even a suit of clothes or a pair of shoes. Until the psychology of hurrying up, buying from strangers and failing to investigate beforehand can be broken down, losses will continue at about their present rate.

A practical suggestion made to the writer by the vice president of a large securities concern was that investors should get three different people to suggest a list of securities and three others to criticize the list and scratch them. "People often take brokers' suggestions as final," said this man. "That is foolish. What the investor should do is to submit suggestions to brokers and get them to make their criticisms, which are often useful."

Edward A. Woods, of Pittsburgh, who, as the head of what is said to be the largest life-insurance agency in the country, has dealt in a practical way with many thousands of beneficiaries of life-insurance policies, makes this statement: "I have often advised widows who have asked me about investments to take this up with three competent, careful advisers and make no investment that all three did not concur in advising her to buy."

Blue-Sky Laws

Finally we come to what, in the opinion of the writer, is the least important and effective method of preventing investment losses, namely, the operation of laws specifically designed for that purpose. It is physically impossible for any government department or bureau, Federal or state, to pass upon the soundness or merit of all securities offered to the investing public. Obviously the Government should prevent, as far as possible, actual fraud and misrepresentation, and the best type of law and administrative machinery for this work should be under continual discussion and experimentation. But the Government cannot be held responsible for errors of judgment or for unforeseen developments which result in loss. The idea that it should guarantee securities is at once an absurd and a pernicious fallacy.

Yet it is remarkable how widespread a dependence the investing public places upon the approval of a security issue by a Federal or state commission. The same thing is true of a listing on the stock exchange. All these forms of recognition have their value, but they do not and cannot guarantee perpetual success, and the most foolish thing an investor can do is to be lulled into a false sense of security by these stamps of approval. In the end, no one but the investor himself can determine what is a good and what is a bad security.

About forty states have blue-sky laws in one form or other. These laws differ widely; they are of every degree of severity; and relatively speaking none of them have been in operation very long. That the blue-sky commissions have driven out many frauds and saved great sums of money to ignorant or credulous investors is generally agreed. But on the other hand frauds have flourished as never before. For one thing, the fakers have learned to operate in or from states where there is no such commission or where it is not especially efficient. By being very quick in their clean-up and get-away the swindlers have pretty largely escaped through the meshes of fifty different jurisdictions. Even more important is the fact that the state authorities cannot reach interstate commerce and the use of the mails.

In course of time the post office usually gets the swindler who for a long period misuses the mails. But this department of the Government is overloaded with such work and cannot keep up with the thousands of petty stock swindlers who operate for only a brief period. As H. N. Duff, president of the National Association of Securities Commissioners, has said:

"In my own state of Michigan our commission has frequently turned down securities as fraudulent, only to find within a very short time that the state was being flooded with them. It was an easy matter for the promoter to rent an office in Toledo, Ohio, or Chicago, Illinois, and, armed with a few city directories and general mailing lists, unload upon the people of the state securities which the state officials had barred."

Boycotted States

Much of the swindling or loss is due in the first instance to the laxity of state incorporation laws. There are a few states that will allow anyone to form a corporation for almost any purpose and at a cost so nominal that absolutely no check is placed upon the promotional tendencies of crooks or crazy visionaries. Corporations are formed almost as easily as bacteria, and it is easy money for the states that permit it. It is believed that a strict Federal incorporation law to take the place of the state laws would prevent thousands of worthless promotions. But under our dual form of government it would seem practically impossible from a political standpoint to bring about this reform.

Then there are students of the subject who urge the adoption by the Federal Government or all the states of a law like the British Companies Act, which requires all promoters or distributors of new securities to file with the Government complete information regarding commissions paid to promoters, and other pertinent facts. It is argued that "Just as the Pure Food Act does not attempt to tell people what is good for them to eat, just so must we avoid in security regulation trying to guide the public as to what they should buy and what they should leave alone." The idea is to give complete publicity and let the investor judge for himself.

This sounds very well in theory, but it probably would not work out in practice in a country as big as this. "It would be little more than a joke," says G. S. Canright, of the Wisconsin Railroad Commission. "Imagine what protection it would be to persons in California to have filed in Washington information in reference to all these enterprises." The slick salesman would sell the farmer on a ranch in California before the farmer could write to Washington and get an answer back.

There is the further difficulty with all legislation for the protection of investors that if it is made strong enough really to work there is always danger of injuring legitimate business. It is a well-known fact in financial circles that many of the most reputable investment houses will not offer their securities in numbers of the states which have severe blue-sky laws.

"We not only won't comply with all the diversified, complicated, contradictory and often confusing requirements of many of these states," said the manager of a house of international standing, "but we won't ask the corporations of high standing whose bonds we sell to subject themselves to such indignities. Whenever we put out an offering we simply ask our lawyers which states we can advertise in and which we had better stay out of."

Now there may be parts of the country where a certain satisfaction is felt in keeping out the great banking houses and corporations whose headquarters are in Wall Street. But many a financial swindle has been floated in the last few years on the basis of appealing to local pride, and many an investor in states far removed from Wall Street would have his money now with

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accumulated interest in the place of vain regrets if he had bought stocks and bonds in corporations of national standing instead of listening to the wily promoter who pretended to hate Wall Street.

A couple of years ago the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey sold through a banking syndicate $200,000,000 of 7 per cent preferred stock—stock which has proved profitable to its purchasers because of an increase in price. But there were a number of states where the banking syndicate refused even to advertise the stock because of the blue-sky requirements. These great offerings of standard securities must be sold quickly to meet market conditions, or the losses which fall upon the bankers are often very heavy.

Advertisements must be telegraphed to newspapers at distant points and the whole affair carried through in a few days or hours. This does not mean that the investor must buy immediately; the change of price in a few weeks' time is rarely enough to make much difference to him on his small holdings. But it means much to a banking firm which is responsible for perhaps $100,000,000. State commissions, however, may want weeks to investigate the proposition.

One of the best-known banking firms in the world refused to offer in a certain state whose laws are most stringent. Probably the newspapers, which of course lost the advertising, brought pressure to bear upon the politicians. In any case, the attorney-general telegraphed the banking firm that he was willing to overrule the law in this particular instance. The bankers replied after consulting their lawyers that they were taking no chances. It might be all right with this particular official, but if a new administration came in, a new attorney-general might subpœna every member of the firm and require them to go thousands of miles and spend weeks at some hearing.

A minor but curious complication is that though advertisements of securities cannot be offered in many states without first getting permission from the authorities the newspapers, of course, are at liberty to run news articles concerning them. Thus a clever publicity man may in this disguised form announce the offerings and often secure many purchasers in states where his firm is not legally entitled to offer the securities for sale.

It is not to be supposed that blue-sky commissioners are unaware of these defects, complications and inconsistencies. To an increasing extent the state laws are exempting many recognized and legitimate groups of securities. But as these exemptions become broader and broader there will always be a number that turn out badly, and the citizens of the state will blame the blue-sky commission as bitterly as if they had lost their money in concerns which were frauds from the beginning.

Mr. Callbreath's Testimony

Blue-sky commissioners have admitted freely enough that if legitimate business is entirely free, then the door is open too wide to fraudulent securities; and if the law is stringent enough to prevent these, then it is sure to interfere with legitimate business.

James F. Callbreath, secretary of the American Mining Congress, recently told a committee of the House of Representatives that D. C. Jackling, the mining engineer, could not have gotten a permit under any blue-sky law in the country to raise the money necessary for the development of the porphyry copper mines without which the prosecution of the war would have been impossible. "I say to you, gentlemen, that two-thirds, I think all, of the developments of the wonderful Cripple Creek district also would have been pronounced frauds by any blue-sky commissioner in this country."

On the other hand, it may be that blue-sky laws have saved capital which otherwise might have been entirely wasted, and that it has been released for legitimate new promotions. No one really knows where to draw the line, or to what extent restrictive laws do more good on the one hand by preventing losses or harm on the other by preventing legitimate promotions.

There is no doubt that blue-sky laws have been passed partly because frauds were not prevented by the laws already in existence. But it is a question whether the good could not be accomplished by the arousing of public opinion to the enforcement of existing laws than by the constant piling up of complications involved in the creation of new statutes. A lawyer who has successfully prosecuted and put out of business several of the worst stock swindles, made this statement to the writer:

"In my work I have found in every state I have ever visited sufficient laws to convict anybody of anything that any well-wishing legislator might possibly label as a crime. The trouble is they are not enforced. To speak plainly, prosecutors generally pick out for enforcement those laws which reflect the greatest political advantage, and you will find it difficult to interest them in the others unless you first interest some publication in publicity which will assure the prosecutor that the public will know he has done something when he acts.

"Every state in the Union has laws covering embezzlement, grand larceny, petty larceny, and the act of obtaining money by false pretenses, and it is difficult for me to think of a case which these statutes do not cover at this time.

"What the country needs is an awakening to the possibilities of enforcing laws already on the statute books. A few years ago we looked upon automobile thieves as joy riders, and at the same time the man who stole a horse was apt to be hung if he was not lynched before the court got to him. That was entirely due to the viewpoint of the prosecutors, who were convinced that horse stealing was a crime. We are going through the same thing with the prohibition act, and until its enforcement becomes more popular we shall continue to be troubled along that line."

Slow-Footed Justice

"Right at this time the United States courts throughout the country are jammed with untried cases brought under Section 215. The reason for this is that there are not enough judges nor enough prosecutors to try them. Of course that is not saying that the judges we have, and the prosecutors available, could not have done more. But we found grand juries to indict, post-office inspectors to prepare cases, and I think it is the duty of the Department of Justice to find judges and district attorneys to clear the dockets. Incidentally I believe that such a move would do more to put a stop to the wave of crime going over the country, and to instill respect for the law, than anything else they could do. And I am equally certain that the delays encountered in the trial of cases do more to encourage criminals in the belief that they can commit the crime and take a chance on ever being convicted. It gives politicians an opportunity to pretend, at least, that they have influence with the court.

"Personally, I would advocate that the American Bar Association make a strong showing to the Attorney-General for action along this line, and that they encourage local bar associations to do the same thing in local communities, and that there be an insistence that criminal dockets everywhere be cleared, and that thereafter punishment of crime be made swift and certain. That is what we need, and that will do the job.

"I am perfectly willing to take the credit which you pass on to me for my work, but, frankly, my work was never permanent in any particular; it was aimed to educate the public to an insistence for the things I advocate above, and to convince public authorities that their handling of matters on this basis would be wise, politically and otherwise."

It is only fair to say that the present tendency appears to be toward a standardization of the blue-sky laws, and the investment bankers and blue-sky commissioners show an increasing tendency to work together instead of pulling apart as in the past. Many bills providing for one or another form of Federal control are now before Congress. One bill, which has rather wide support, contemplates a Federal law which would tie together the state blue-sky laws to the extent, at least, that securities illegal in one state could not be sent in from outside. Many minds are working on the problem of closing up the meshes.

But the question remains whether each new proposal if enacted would not merely add more laws and machinery to remain idle; or if enforced strictly, whether it would not still further disturb the delicate mechanism of credit and capital accumulation. The problem if not insoluble is extraordinarily difficult and delicate. Progress must necessarily be made slowly.

"*This* will protect you against ignition trouble!"



YOU would not think of starting off on a motor trip without a spare tire or a full gasoline tank. Neither would you drive in the rain without chains or with the top down.

Then why start off without protection against trouble in the most vital part of the power plant—its very nerve center, the ignition system?

At any time a plug may become fouled, a porcelain cracked, an oil-soaked wire shorted—or some one of the many elusive minor defects may crop up—all meaning trouble and delay.

In the mountains, or on a lonely road, far from a garage—no matter where you drive—you will be protected against ignition trouble if you have an

Airco IGNITION GAUGE

The Watchdog of the Ignition System

For All Internal Combustion Engines

Instantly spots the plug that's missing

—Enables anyone to locate the slightest defect anywhere in the ignition system.

—Unerringly detects short-circuits, breaks and leaks in the high-tension wires.

—Handy size—not cumbersome—fits the vest pocket. Small enough to reach the most inaccessible part of the ignition system.

—Blunt contact cap cannot slip off plug or wire while testing.

—Cannot get out of order—no wires to connect—no shocks—no danger.

—Directions printed indelibly on the shell.

The Airco Ignition Gauge has a hard rubber shell enclosing a tube of Neon—a gas which flashes orange-red when electrified. These flashes are visible through a window in the shell. The nature of the flashes tells what and where the trouble is.

Be sure you get the Airco—the original ignition gauge—you can buy it at your dealer's, or fill in and mail the coupon.

AIR REDUCTION SALES CO.

The name Airco on this ignition gauge signifies that it embodies all the high standards characteristic of the twenty-one other products of the Air Reduction Sales Company, pioneers in commercializing the elements of the air and large manufacturers of oxygen, acetylene, apparatus, etc., for the oxyacetylene welding and cutting industry. It is most logical that an instrument relying solely for its functioning on Neon—a rare gas of the air—should be built by an organization of such specialized experience.



Edward A. Cassidy Co., Inc. (Ignition Gauge Sales Division of Air Reduction Sales Co.)
24 West 44th St., New York, N. Y.
Please find enclosed $____ for which send me Airco Ignition Gauges.
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____
1-20

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This is the World's *Safest* Motor Car

WE ARE prepared to show that this new Cole *Eight Ninety* is the safest car on slippery paving—the safest car on sharp turns at high speed—the safest car on the precipitous climb or on the even more dangerous descent—the safest car in traffic where life is a matter of inches and where you graze fenders with fools—safest wherever brakes, acceleration and perfect balance count.



Eight million automobiles fighting for position on the streets and roads of America to-day—mill-racing to eight million urgent destinations—twenty-four hours out of every day, missing each other by the thickness of the paint on their fenders—

To keep this tidal wave of humanity and steel from grinding itself to pieces is the problem of the automobile engineer.

That it does not grind itself to pieces is the greatest of all modern miracles, and at the same time the greatest possible tribute to the manufacturer of motor cars and to the skill of the people who drive them.

In view of this situation it is only natural that some forward looking automobile manufacturer should have set about deliberately to engineer a motor car, from stem to stern, on *the one basic principle of SAFETY.*

That is exactly what has been done in this new Cole *Eight Ninety.*

Most Accidents from Skidding are Caused by Brakes that Grab —Cole Eight Ninety's Brakes do Not Grab

Anti-skid chains were created primarily to provide safety against brakes that grab—non-skid tires were developed for the same purpose. We have striven to produce a car that does not require chains and one that is safe even after non-skid tires are worn smooth.

In official brake tests Cole *Eight Ninety* has established new, unequalled short-stop records; and on slippery paving its non-skid quality is nothing short of marvelous.

The owner of a Cole *Eight Ninety* does not get nervous when his wife and children are out in the car.

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Five minutes in this Cole *Eight Ninety* through any traffic or on any road will convince you that the Cole Motor Car Company's effort to engineer a car on the one basic principle of safety has completely succeeded.

This Car Eats Nobody's Dust

Make no mistake about this car's performing ability. No car on wheels is more capable of giving a real account of itself. It has the POWER, the SPEED, the ACCELERATION and the BRAKES to get more miles in less time over give and take roads. If this does not check up with your impression of Cole—you simply do not know the car, and you should permit the nearest Cole dealer to complete your education. Don't be prejudiced—be FAIR—get at the FACTS. If this car, after a complete demonstration, out-performs any car you ever drove, be a good sport and admit it.

Twenty Thousand Miles on a Set of Tires

the Cole average. If you don't want this statement proved to you, don't challenge it—we are loaded for you. We have so many letters from owners who have actually got that much mileage out of Cole tires that there can no longer be any doubt whatever about this great Cole economy factor. It's hard for a man who is learned to congratulate himself on 10,000 miles out of a set of tires to grasp such unusual tire mileage.

Twelve to Fifteen Miles on a Gallon of Gas

Considering that this is a powerful, eight-cylinder engine, such economy can not be brushed aside without comment. Many Cole owners *claim* far more mileage, but 12 to 15 miles is what average drivers get out of this car under average conditions. We know of no other car in the quality class that can equal Cole's economy.

You Never Bounce Out of Your Seat in a Cole Eight Ninety

The only way to learn what we mean by Cole "road action" is to give the car the third degree over a rough stretch of road, and compare what *doesn't* happen to its passengers with your past experience under similar conditions. Don't be afraid to go into the bumps head on—you don't have to be cautious—nobody ever yet cracked his head or broke his nose against the top bows of a Cole *Eight Ninety*.

This car is the first to equip regularly, and at no extra charge, with that superb motoring luxury—Lovejoy Hydraulic Shock Absorbers.

Notice How Their Eyes Follow the Cole

These "different looking" Cole *Eight Nineties* are putting a new aristocratic atmosphere into American boulevard traffic. Wherever they appear, people crane their necks after them. Notice, too, the class of people who are riding in Coles—and if you get an opportunity, ask a few of them how they like their Coles. You will find one thing—that these people, many of whom can afford any kind of car regardless of price, are delighted with their Coles and are proud of the fact that they have "cut down" on their automobile operating expense "without sacrificing anything."

Bear in mind that this strictly high-grade EIGHT cylinder car is only $2485.

Your Cole Can Never be an Orphan

Behind your Cole to the last mile there will remain one of the strongest factories in the entire automobile industry—your Cole can never be an orphan. You know where to go for service, if you own a Cole. There is somebody always responsible for every Cole car in existence, and the Cole Motor Car Company's interest in its cars on the road never slackens or abates. This dependable Cole service can not be ignored by any man. No factory serves its owners more faithfully or cheerfully.

NOTICE TO DEALERS

This company and its product are entitled to cream representation everywhere. Our new contract is liberal and fair.

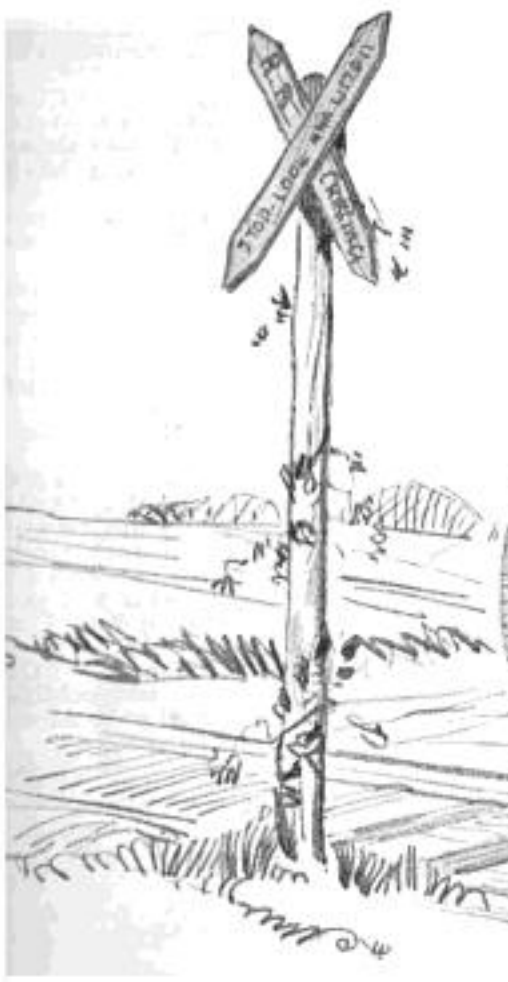
RIGHT NOW is the time to get "all set" on the right basis with the right people.

It is easier to sell this car than to compete with it. *Wire today.*

COLE MOTOR CAR COMPANY
INDIANAPOLIS, U.S.A.

Write for "Ground Flying in a Cole Eight Ninety"

—a delightful, unsolicited letter to us from an oldtimer who has "driven 'em all."



Cole Eight Ninety

$2485 at Indianapolis

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There's Personality in a Gilbert Clock



THIS beautiful Gilbert Normandy Chime Clock is *more* than a timepiece. Its soft, melodious, two-tone chime, joyfully proclaiming each passing hour and half-hour, adds the finishing touch of harmony to the happy home circle.

The rich mahogany case, exquisitely made and hand-rubbed to a softly glowing, satin polish, reveals the handiwork of a master designer and conceals the fine Gilbert movement, which tells the tale of fleeting time with unfailing accuracy.

Every Gilbert Clock is a triumph of beauty and precision. Generations of faithful, honest workers have built into these masterpieces of refinement and dependability their own sterling qualities of character and service.

Gilbert Normandy Chime models now cost little more than an ordinary gong clock. The prices range from $18.00 upward.

If not sold by your dealer, write us

William L. Gilbert Clock Co.
Winsted, Conn.

"Makers of good clocks since 1807"

No. 2046—illustrated—Solid Mahogany case; 20 in. wide; 10 in. high; 3½ in. dial with convex glass; Normandy Chimes. Choice of silver or porcelain dial. Price, U.S.A. $30.00 (War tax extra).

No. 1166—Same design, with Cathedral Gong. Choice of silver or porcelain dial. Price, U.S.A. $25.00 (War tax extra).

Gilbert Clocks

WHEN AMERICA GOES EAST

(Continued from Page 15)

"Well," said the other, "it's time we had a talk, and this will save me going out to your house to see you. Have you got any offer to make me?"

His very voice had an inflection that chilled. It was no more than the accent of New York, but Ferid Bey was hearing it for the first time.

"Listen!" he said. "You are not in America now. Be careful, then! I tell you, I must have more money—ten thousand piasters at least. Do you understand?"

The young man smiled, and it was apparent that many of his teeth were stopped with gold. He made a movement with his hand as though he brushed something away from before him.

"Too well," he answered. "Tell me now—what is that house and garden of yours worth? I reckon it would go a long way towards clearing you."

"Eh?"

The stallion bounded at Ferid Bey's unconscious touch of the spur and nearly unseated his rider. The brutal Turkish curb fetched him up, trembling and sweating. When he was still again there was also a slime of sweat on the face which Ferid Bey turned on his tormentor.

"My house!" he gasped. "You mean ——"

The young man nodded. "Seems to be all you've got," he answered calmly. "I'm going to write it off at a hundred and fifty thousand piasters. You'll still owe me about a hundred thousand."

"My house!" repeated Ferid Bey.

His face was white. The words had evoked in him a vivid picture of all that he had looked upon that morning—the city in the sunlight, the waters at his feet, the whole frame that encompassed and contained his languorous and lovely wife. They would be homeless; it meant parting. The blood surged back into his face and drummed in his temples.

"My house!" he roared.

The stallion wheeled at the urge of knee and rein. Old Izak ben Ibrahim cried aloud; he had seen the Turk in his mood of massacre before; but the young man on the shop board moved only when the long cutting whip thrashed down across his face, rose and fell again in a devilish slash across his neck and shoulders. He was cut twice again ere, with his one arm and his crippled leg, he was able to drag himself into the shelter of the shop. Along the alley from both directions the crowd came running.

Ferid Bey wheeled his horse again and hesitated. He had thoughts of dismounting and following the young Jew into the shop, but abandoned them.

Instead, he put the stallion to a canter and went smashing through the shouting, screaming crowd till he was clear of the Kalé Quarter.

He returned to his home late that afternoon on foot. He came limping through the gateway with that in his face which made the scared servants dodge before him. His wife was, as usual, in her long chair in the courtyard, her face lustrous in its unchanging pallor under the jet of her hair. He walked across and stood looking down at her. She smiled half sleepily.

"Well?" she asked, and stretched forth her hand for him to take. "Is it victory, my knight? And why do you return on foot?"

He took her hand and pressed it. "No," he answered, "it is not victory—yet! And I found a buyer for the stallion. That is all! Let us go in; I am thirsty and I should like some brandy."

But that night, of course, he told her all, and they debated the situation till daylight. Only one ray of hope was discernible to either of them: The pasha, Fathma's father, must come to the rescue; if not with money down, then with power. Few things could be easier to the pasha than to silence a Jew; in his time he had profitably silenced a good many forever. To organize a little local riot, with a harvest of just two corpses; it was a small thing to ask of one's father-in-law.

They decided in the end to wait for a week before acting—it comes as naturally to a Turk as to a Spaniard to postpone action. They have not grasped the fact that a thing left undone will sometimes do itself. Upon the sixth day of the week they had granted themselves before going to the pasha, the pasha came to them.

He came without ceremony too. They were together in the courtyard when his carriage clattered to a standstill outside the arch and he himself came foaming through upon them. Ilderim Pasha was an old man; he was great in girth and plethoric in the face; at his mildest he gave an impression that he might at any moment explode. Now he seemed positively to emit fumes.

"Ah, you!" he roared at the moment when he laid eyes on Ferid Bey and his daughter. "Is it not enough that I should father a daughter who bares her face like a harlot? Must she also be married to a piece of defilement like you? May Allah ——" But here the pasha lapsed into a perfect hysteria of Oriental imagery that is barely translatable and not at all printable. Ferid and Fathma had come to their feet in disorder.

"But what—what is it?"

"What is it, nameless thing!" howled the pasha. "Who was it that flogged a crippled American soldier with a whip in the presence of his family? Was it not you, shame of Islam? And this when there is an American commission at Stamboul, to whose whip cracking and money jingling the Sultan himself dances like a performing ape! It was not you who have brought upon me alarming letters from the government, and an American officer to see strict justice done? No, it was not you; it was a devil in your shape. Abomination! Stain upon the face of creation! Infidel! Now, to-morrow at the opening of the divan, you come before me. And these Americans and these Jews and the rest—they shall see how swift goes justice in a Turkish court!"

Ferid Bey preserves to this day only a vague general recollection of the proceedings that made him homeless. The evidence, the formality, the production of his notes of hand, the crisp voice of the young Jew as he made his claims good—these are only mistily in his memory. The words "American citizen" occurred more than once; he recalls that. But what endures pungently is the picture which his mind guards of the American officer, trim as a new doll in his uniform, and his face, pleasant enough to look upon, which was granite to all appeals, to all considerations other than his clear duty, his eye, lively as a bird's, and something contemptuous in it as it ran over the fine figure and stature of Ferid Bey.

And at last it was over. All that he possessed was stripped from him, and the others left the room. He was alone with the pasha, who sat, regarding him balefully.

"But," broke out Ferid Bey, seeming to awake from a dream, "this is impossible! The fellow is a Jew!"

"Oh, fool!" cried the pasha. "Have you not yet understood? He is an American. They are all heathen together over there. There is neither sultan nor slave; they walk together on the one level—may Shaitan claim them for his own!"

Ferid Bey shook his head. "But that officer ——" he began.

The pasha interrupted. "He is just one of them," he said impatiently. "And now. My daughter, of course, will return here and we will endeavor to teach her better and seemlier ways of living—with a stick if need be. But you—what will you do? You have nowhere to go; and I cannot have you here. You had better ——"

Ferid Bey cut him short. "Do not trouble about me," he said coldly. "I know what to do. I shall go to America!"

And in due course he went!



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69 USES—HEAD TO FOOT—CELLAR TO ATTIC

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RITA COVENTRY

(Continued from Page 19)

him—J. N. Burlingham, president of the Cuyahoga Car and Foundry Company?"

"I know that company," said Parrish.

"Well," George went on, chuckling, "Burlingham has taken a great fancy to me just lately, since Alice came. He doesn't come around my office very much, but he can't keep away from me evenings. For about a week Alice thought he really did come here to see me. Almost any other girl would have caught on sooner, but that's one of the dandy things about her—she doesn't seem to realize that anybody could be interested in her. When she did get wise to it I had a deuce of a time getting her downstairs at all. And, Lord, how she did hang icicles on the poor cuss! She doesn't want to be mean to him—in fact she likes him—but he's not going to get a chance to propose to her if she can help it."

And he went on: "I don't think it pays a woman to be too honest and straightforward. She does herself out of a lot of fun. That kind of woman treats men too well because she thinks they're as sensitive as she is. But you and I know that's not so. If a woman won't have us it may be a hard bump, but we get over it. We have our business to keep our minds occupied. But if a man should trifle with a woman like her I don't believe she'd ever get over it, do you?"

As he talked he had been watching the smoke of his cigar, but now, with the question, he turned.

Parrish reached slowly out and knocked the ashes from his own cigar into a bowl.

"Perhaps not," he said.

There was silence between them for a time.

"Of course it has often struck you, as it has me," George said presently, "that in any relation between two people one of them always has the upper hand." And as Parrish nodded he continued: "Even in so-called equal partnerships one of the partners is always the stronger. In business one partner will dominate because he is more of a person than the other, but in domestic partnerships the man will generally dominate even when the woman is more of a person. It isn't only that he controls the purse strings but that his position is stronger because he is freer, has more outside interests and is less sensitive. That has always seemed to me a rank injustice. What I mean is that men, instead of getting the upper hand of women because they deserve it, seem lots of times to get it for exactly the opposite reason—because they're so much more selfish than their wives. Or if the wife happens to be the more selfish one—of course that sometimes happens too—then she gets the upper hand. It puts a premium on selfishness.

"I suppose," he pursued reflectively, "there is no better gauge of a man's quality than whether or not he imposes on a woman because of his advantage over her. It's pretty hard not to do it sometimes. Take the case of a man with a wife like mine. I try to be on my guard against imposing on Margaret, but I guess I do impose on her most all the time. There's our parlor out here, for instance." He gave his little laugh. "When we moved in here she bought that furniture because she knew it was the kind of stuff I liked. Alice says it's not in good taste, but Margaret sticks up for it because it's my style. It isn't what she'd have for herself at all though. I didn't realize that in the beginning, but I've got wise to it since, and I'm going to remedy the matter when business picks up a little more. That's one of the things I've thought about while she's been away." And after a little pause: "Their going away does give us men a chance to think things, doesn't it?"

"I imagine so," Parrish answered, feeling, as he spoke, the inadequacy of the reply. He liked George. George was being extraordinarily friendly. He had a feeling that George was trying to make him understand that he wished to help him, and he knew that he needed help, yet here he had been as uncommunicative as a Buddha.

"Look here, Brooks," he said, leaning forward, "you've been bully to me and I appreciate it. The fact is, I'm afraid Alice is thinking of refusing to see me at all."

"I gathered that there had been a misunderstanding of some kind," returned George, "though she hasn't said a word. She's been awfully downhearted—she didn't want me to know, but I could tell—and last night, when you telephoned, I got out of the room in a hurry, but of course I couldn't help knowing she was crying. I don't mind telling you I was pretty sore on you last night."

"And I don't mind telling you," Parrish answered, "that I'm pretty sore on myself. Do you think perhaps you could get her to come down and see me just for a minute?"

"Well, I got her down to see Burlingham," said George quizzically.

"I'm afraid that was easy compared with what this is going to be. The plain truth is, I don't deserve to see her."

George dropped the end of his cigar in the ash bowl and rose.

"I suppose not," he said.

"Of course," said Parrish, "if she's really sick I don't want to bother her. I'll come back."

"Oh, she can see you all right—if she wants to." He moved toward the door. "I'll go up and ——"

"Wait!" cried Parrish; and as George turned: "Tell her I've *got* to see her!"

"I'll do the best I can, old man." He moved on again.

But as he was starting up the stairs Parrish, following, caught him by the arm.

"Tell her," he said in an eager voice, "that it isn't going to do her a bit of good to say she won't see me—because I'm going to stick around here until she does!"

XXXI

THE den was not a room suited to the needs of one nervously waiting. Small, with bulky furniture, it afforded but scant space for promenading; the only straightaway was the passage between fireplace and desk, and even that was abridged at one end by an armchair, so that four long steps covered the entire distance.

For a time Parrish paced back and forth over the cramped course, smoking a cigarette which he had lighted after discarding his cigar; then, annoyed by the restrictive walls and furniture, he dropped again into a chair, and finding his cigarette burning to a stub lighted a fresh one.

When his second cigarette was consumed he flung it in the bowl, and opening his case to get another found it empty.

He looked about the room for cigarettes or cigars, but could discover only pipes and pipe tobacco.

Strange she did not come. He had hoped that George would be able to persuade her to come down at once. He wished he had noticed what time it was when George left him, and that the latter would return, if only for a minute, and give him some idea how things were going on up there.

For lack of other occupation he wandered about inspecting the contents of the room. In three group photographs of football teams of the Ohio State University he had no difficulty in recognizing George, and he gathered from inscriptions on several silver cups standing on top of the bookcase that his host had also shone at shot putting and trap shooting. The books upon the shelves below dealt with hunting, fishing and natural history, and the magazines upon the desk were sporting periodicals.

What could be the matter up there? He went to the door and listened, but the house was as silent as if it had been uninhabited. Perhaps Alice had been lying down; perhaps she was dressing. In that case, though, George could easily have come and told him what was causing the delay. Surely he would have done that. A nice fellow like George would not leave him down here in this horrible suspense if he could help it. He must be staying because he had to stay. He must be having a hard time with her. Suppose she wouldn't come? Or if she did, what chance had he of obtaining her forgiveness when so persuasive a person as her brother-in-law had such difficulty in inducing her merely to come and listen to his plea? He took out his handkerchief and wiped the palms of his hands.

Oh, for a cigarette! George must have cigarettes. Again he looked for them, this time going so far as to search desk drawers, but to no purpose.

He had resumed his animal-like pacing and was trying to concentrate his thoughts upon the formulation of an effective appeal to Alice, when through the slightly opened door he heard from above the squeak of a hinge and the faint sound of steps. The tread was not George's. It was a woman's. She was coming down the stairs. Coming slowly. He could hear each muffled footfall on the carpet.

Now that the moment when he would see her, the moment he had waited for so anxiously, was imminent, a wave of fear swept over him. Had it been George coming to tell him that Alice would not see him his suffering would have been acute, but hardly more acute than was this panic at the thought of facing her. He dreaded to look into her eyes.

By the difference in sound he knew when she stepped from the last stair to the floor. Now she was in the hall, coming directly toward him. He stood a little back from the door, waiting, gazing at the place where she would appear.

The door swung slowly. As their eyes met he saw in hers the look that he had feared. It was a look that he had never seen before—how, then, had he known what it would be? There was no question now of what she knew. She knew! He understood it instantly and as definitely as if she had spoken out and told him.

With her hand on the knob she paused. He was struck by the fact that she looked taller, and for an instant that thought stood forward in his harassed mind. How curious that she should look so much taller!

He waited for a moment, hoping she would say something that would help him to begin. Perhaps if he could once get started it would not be so hard. The things he wanted to say to her seemed to be revolving in his mind at terrible speed, like a huge flywheel in a power house. He must seize hold of that dizzying wheel. When he spoke it was as if he had leaped blindly at it.

"Why, you look taller!" he said, and wondered why he had begun with such a fatuity.

She stood motionless, silent, her hand upon the door knob as if at any moment she might turn and go. Was it perhaps the lines of her soft dark dress that made her look so tall?

"Please come in and sit down," he pleaded; and as still she did not move he repeated, "Please—come in and sit down."

She closed the door and, advancing, seated herself in the nearest chair; and there was something in the way she sat that gave him a feeling of her impermanence there.

"Alice, won't you forgive me?"

"You broke your word," she answered without inflection.

"My word?" He was not sure to what she was referring.

"You promised you'd tell me if you ever—Clara said you wouldn't, but I believed you."

Now he caught her meaning. The promise had meant so little to him that it had slipped his mind. Another black mark against him.

"If that were only all I had to ask you to forgive!" he brought out in a low voice. "How am I ever going to explain? I can't explain it to myself. I feel as if I had been out of my mind. That's the only shred of defense I have to offer—and it isn't a defense. There's no justification for any of it, from beginning to end. You couldn't hate me more than I hate myself. I loathe myself! I'm wretched. I'm sick. I never deserved you, and now I deserve you less—but I never wanted you so much. I used to imagine I appreciated you, but—why, I didn't at all! Not at all. If I had you and I would have been married long ago. But I had selfish delusions about the advantages of being free—just as now I have a selfish desire not to be free. Oh, Alice, if ——"

"I used to wish you wanted to marry me," she said, still in that uninflected tone. "Now I thank God you didn't want to. If we had been married this would have happened just the same."

"Oh—no!" he cried.

"Yes, it would. If I had been your wife you would have been sly about it—you wouldn't have told me—you'd have got me out of the way just exactly as you did. But I didn't come down to discuss this with you. I came because George said you wouldn't go away until you saw me. Well, you've seen me—so now you can go."

"Go?" he repeated. "With you hating me like this? I can't! I've got to try to make you understand something. I've had

(Continued on Page 109)



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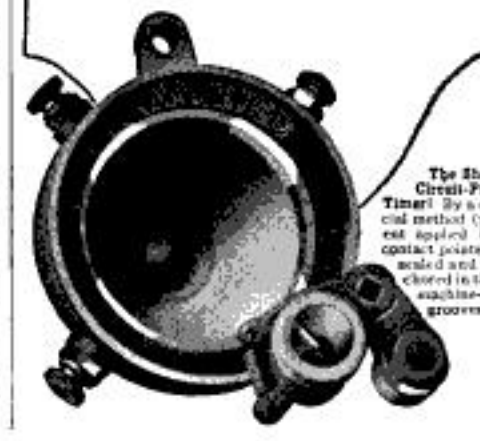
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(Continued from Page 107)

an aberration—but it's over with. The thought of it is sickening to me. Even if I never win you back I'm going to try to live it down because I must win back my own self-respect."

"Yes," she said.

He clutched at the small encouragement afforded by that single word.

"When I've won back my self-respect," he went on, "is there no chance of my winning back your respect too?" And before she could speak he continued: "Don't answer now. Don't take that hope away from me—I couldn't stand it! I'm not asking you to promise anything; I'm only begging you not to efface me. I'm not asking you to marry me—because I don't dare. But won't you put me on probation? Won't you let me try all the rest of my life to make myself worthy of you? Don't answer that either. I know how you feel now. Right now it doesn't seem possible that either of us can ever get over this; but if we can be patient, some day the wound will heal, leaving perhaps only a slight scar. That's the way the world is; if it weren't so life would be unendurable.

"Probably you will resent the idea—but I must tell you: I am actually a better man to-day because this thing has happened to me. It has humbled me, and I needed that. And it's given me a new sense of values. It has marked me away down and you away up. It has shown me the absolute falseness of the standards I used to believe in. Sophistication! Lord, what rot most sophistication is! It took something like this to make me see straight. But I do see straight now. I'm really changed. Changed inside. Oh, I wish you could see how it has changed me!" He beat upon his breast with one clenched hand.

"Don't I seem different to you? Don't you sense it? Don't you get something—I mean something like—well, like a man who used to come into our office—he was a hard drinker, and every now and then he would say 'I've gone on the water wagon,' and Bement and I would laugh because we knew it didn't signify anything at all—just temporary. Then one day we heard that his wife had left him. The next time we saw him he didn't say he was on the wagon—didn't even speak about drink until somebody offered him one; then he said 'I don't drink any more,' and there was something about the way he said it that made us know that this time it was final."

He had been talking rapidly, but now he paused. Since entering the room Alice had looked at him steadily. Though she gave no sign of relenting, it seemed to him that the expression of her eyes was less forbidding. It heartened him.

"And don't overlook this," he went on: When his wife left him she thought she was through with him forever. But after a while she saw that he was really different and came back. They're happy now."

For the first time Alice lowered her eyes. Her hands had been clasped in her lap; now he saw that they were clenched, the knuckles showing white in the lamplight.

"I wish you'd go," she said, but her tone lacked the cold resolution it had held.

He longed to touch her but was afraid. He felt that if he could take her hand the something he was powerless to express in words must flow into her, charging her with an understanding of this profound revolution in his soul. And because he feared to touch her physically he was impelled by instinct to recall to her the days when they were happy.

"I've been having a ghastly time lately, alone," he said. "Night after night I've been sitting in my apartment longing for you, wishing I could go to you for comfort as I used to. Last evening when I was in the depths of despair, just before I telephoned, I got to thinking of the time when I had the grippe and how you came in every afternoon. You used to fix my pillows for me so much better than the nurse did. All day long I had you to look forward to, and I used to ——"

"I wish you'd go!" she broke in, wringing her hands.

"But I don't want to leave you, dear! There is there for me to go?"

She stiffened in her chair and raising her head looked at him savagely. It was as if the memory all but dismissed had returned stealthily and stabbed her.

"Don't ask me where to go!" she cried with cold fury. "So far as I'm concerned you can go anywhere!" And as he stood astounded at such an outburst from her, she continued: "Why don't you go back to Atlantic City! Back to Rita Coventry! Back to—to where ——"

She stopped, gasping as if suffocated, and there was a moment in which he felt himself quailing before her. Then quickly she turned away from him, sank her face in her arm on the back of the chair and wept.

Her weeping frightened him. He had never heard such tearing sobs. He dropped to his knees beside her, flung an arm about her, and drawing her to him, pressed his cheek against hers.

"Oh, don't! Alice! Don't cry like that! I can't bear it! Oh, please don't!" He was pleading passionately without knowing what he was saying.

But the awful tearing sobs continued. With his arm about her he felt the impact of each shock. Never had he so desired to comfort anyone, and never had he been so powerless. He snatched out his handkerchief and with a trembling hand tried to dry her cheek, as if the stopping of her tears could stop her sorrow. He felt desperate about it, like one endeavoring to stanch a wound. Her sleeve was wet. He pressed the handkerchief into her hand.

"Oh, Alice! Dearest! Dearest! I feel like a murderer! Don't cry like that! Oh, please don't! There's nobody else that matters to me at all! Alice! I'll go—I'll do anything—if you'll only stop! Please, sweetheart! Oh, please!"

Again he put his cheek to hers, tightening his arm around her to fortify her body against the successive, racking impulses; and when at last she became quieter he knelt there, thankful, almost happy, holding her, pressing her face to his, stroking her hair, her shoulder, her arm, as if to smooth away the pain.

She relaxed against him with a sigh.

"Dearest!" he whispered.

She gave up.

"It's no use," she breathed despairingly. "I love you. I can't help myself."

"Thank God!" he murmured. "You love me. That means I've only got to make you glad you love me."

As he knelt there with his arm around her and his face pressed to hers there came to him a memory at first seemingly unrelated—the memory of the time when he had almost drowned.

It was in Maine in the early fall. He had arrived from New York just before twilight and had hastened to the deserted bathing beach. Off shore a sloop was anchored and he made it his objective, swimming rapidly through icy water. While he had some distance yet to go he became conscious of fatigue, but the space between him and the boat was now shorter than between him and the beach, so he kept on. The last few strokes brought him to the verge of exhaustion. He clutched at the boat's side, missed it, went down. Coming up he had to swim a stroke or two to reach it again. He put all his remaining strength into the effort, feeling that should his grasp fail this time he was lost. But now he managed to get his finger tips over the low wooden rail at the edge of the flush deck. For a long time he hung there in the frigid water without strength to lift himself aboard, facing the fear that he could never do so. But at last, a little rested, he mustered the remnants of his energy and managed to clamber up the side to safety. Never would he forget the feeling of relief that came to him at the moment when he lifted himself gasping to the deck. Until now he had known no emotion like it.

In the moments following that jeopardy, when he lay in the lee of the little deckhouse recovering his strength, life had seemed sweeter to him than ever before; he experienced a sort of vision of the coming years spread out like a lovely landscape for him to wander in. And now, confident that Alice was to be restored to him, love seemed sweeter than ever before, and his landscape vision of the coming years was made beautiful by the thought of Alice with him.

In the past he had experienced many pleasures, vivid but short-lived—selfish pleasures, glittering little pleasures, ornaments pinned onto life; but about this new-found happiness there was a reaching out, a sweep which seemed to make it integral with life; and the thought struck him that this quality of largeness was in some way connected with the fact that now he was not thinking of himself but of Alice—of making Alice happy.

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Plates and Rods
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Illustrated is the 50 E. 42nd St. Building, New York City (Jardin, Hill & Murdock, Architects)—one of many prominent buildings in which Toncan is used.

Toncan Enameling Stock assures unblemished surfaces of lasting brilliancy when used as a base for porcelain enamel.

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Ethics of Credit

By means of hard work, courageous enterprise and economy, society accumulates capital, a considerable portion of which is entrusted to banks.

This surplus capital, as a basis of credit, becomes a great public utility. It should be employed in such ways as will be of the greatest benefit to the community. That is the moral responsibility of those who deal in credit.

It serves most fully the common good in stimulating productive enterprise—in balancing production with consumption—in moving goods from the producer to the consumer with the least cost and waste of effort.

The National Bank of Commerce in New York believes that the beginning of a new business cycle is near at hand. It is impressed with the necessity of economic business practices if the foundation of enduring prosperity is to be created. It believes that the soundest individual credit is that into which enters the recognition of these broad general principles.

National Bank of Commerce
in New York

Capital and Surplus Fifty Million Dollars

"Dinner," said she. "I ought to have put the children to bed long ago." She sat up, turning her face from him.

"It won't hurt them to stay up a little bit later this once, will it?" he asked as he rose.

"Anyway, I must go see. You'll keep George company at supper? It won't be much—the maid goes out to-night—but he'll be glad to have you."

"And you?"

"I can't come down—the way I look."

"But you must eat. I'll carry a tray to you."

He followed her to the foot of the stairs. He wished to stand there looking after her as she ascended, but knowing that she preferred not to be looked at, turned to the parlor, where presently George joined him.

He tried to express his gratitude.

"Oh, that's all right," said George, checking his stumbling speech of thanks. "Come on in and have something to eat." He led the way to the dining room. "I guess by the looks of you a drink wouldn't hurt you either."

"Thanks," said Parrish; "but first I want to carry some supper up to Alice."

"Oh, I'll do that," the other said.

"Not if I can help it, you won't!" Parrish answered, mustering a smile. "It's the only thing I can think of to do for her right now."

Together they prepared the tray.

"No, we've got this wrong," said Parrish when the tray was set. "We ought to have put a napkin on first. We must make it look dainty."

"All right," said George tolerantly. "Here's a napkin. You go ahead and make it look dainty while I get you that drink."

The tray having been made ready before George returned, Parrish carried it upstairs, but at the top of the flight, not knowing which was Alice's room, he hesitated. He called her and was guided by her answering voice to the door.

"Come in," she said, and as he entered the dimly lighted chamber she warned, "Look out for that chair."

He looked for a place to set the tray, and finding a small table appropriated it for his purpose, carrying it over to the couch where she was lying.

As she sat up to inspect her supper he suggested: "Wouldn't you like a little more light?"

"I suppose I'll need it. That one over by the dresser, please."

Turning on the light he saw his photograph, and hoped that it had remained there ever since she came to Cleveland.

"Pictures like this are too big to lug about," he commented. "I must have a miniature of you to carry with me when I travel."

Then returning to her side, eager for approbation of his handiwork, he asked: "Well, how do you think the tray looks?"

"Very nice."

"You might just make sure you've got everything you want," he suggested. "George and I tried to think of everything, but—oh, I forgot the salt, didn't I!"

"I won't need it," she protested.

But already he was leaving the room.

Returning with the salt he placed it on the tray, and maneuvering to the foot of the couch sat down.

"I hope you feel a little better?" he asked anxiously.

She nodded.

"That's good!"

After a little silence, during which she drank some tea, she said, "Now you'd better go down to George—and have your own supper."

Reluctantly he rose.

"You're sure there isn't anything more I can bring you?"

"No, thanks; I have everything I want."

He longed to embrace her.

"Oh, my dear," he began, "how I wish ——"

But he was interrupted by George's voice booming from below: "Hey, you, Dick! How long does it take you to carry a saltcellar up stairs? Come on to supper!"

"Right down!" he called back, but he did not move from her side.

"May I come up and see you afterwards?"

"I'm sorry—I'm afraid I'm too tired."

"Yes, of course," he said quickly, his voice full of solicitude. "May I see you to-morrow?"

She nodded, asking:

"But when are you going back to New York?"

"Oh, I haven't thought about that. I'l have to go pretty soon—in a day or so but I must wait until you're better. You'l be a lot better to-morrow, won't you?"

"No doubt," she answered. "Now yo really must run along."

"Yes." He looked at her hungrily.

Passing by the back of the couch on hi way to the door, he ventured to bend an kiss her hair.

As he reached the hall she stopped him "Dick."

"Yes, dear?"

"This lake climate is so changeable—di you bring plenty of warm clothing?"

XXXII

BEFORE Parrish left for New York h had a long talk with Alice. He begge her to marry him as soon as possible, an although she would give him no assuranc he took with him on his journey thre thoughts to comfort him: She had assente to his coming back to Cleveland a wee hence. George, a matrimonial enthusia because of his own happy experience, wa his supporter, and this, he felt, meant tha he would have the support of Margare also. And most encouraging of all, Alic was worrying about his health again, Go bless her!

That she would finally marry him h could not doubt. His fear now was tha she would make him wait. What if sh kept him waiting six months—or a yea The mere thought of such delay appalle him. A terrible waste of precious time And he wasn't growing any younger—tha ought to be considered too.

Among other arguments presented t Alice in his letter to her from the train, h made a point of his increasing years.

"In a couple of years," he wrote, "I'll h forty—practically middle-aged. Youth going. I can feel myself aging. I can stand this waiting. It's going to make a old man of me if you don't look out."

However, he overlooked the fact that i this argument he was exhibiting a qualit anything but old: His impatience was tha of a young lover.

In the evening after his return to Ne York he telephoned to Alice, and findin conversation with her highly satisfactor called her up again next night, and th night after. Telephoning to her became daily habit with him; the contact thus es tablished made him less lonely; he knew what was going on out there day by day For example, when little Georgie, lookin out of the window at a storm, remarke that the rain was combing its hair, the re reached Parrish on the evening of it utterance. Again, on the night of Marga ret's return, he was introduced to her ove the wire; her voice was sweet, like Alice's And again on one occasion when, Alic being out, he talked with George, he was i position to gather such satisfaction as lover might from an exact knowledge o her whereabouts: She had gone with th president of the Cuyahoga Car and Foun dry Company to see John Barrymore.

Parrish went to Cleveland the next week end. Upon the occasion of this visit he di not neglect to point out to Alice that, how ever she might have passed her evening during the preceding week, he had in variably remained alone at home for th purpose of telephoning to her. And he ha almost finished reading Carlyle's Frenc Revolution. Later in the same evening h managed to give her his estimate of John Barrymore as an actor. In his opinion Barrymore was overrated.

To Margaret he was drawn at once. Sh was like Alice, though not so beautiful Her face, however, held that same sweet ness, and there was a poignant loveliness i her eyes when she looked at George and th children.

Among Margaret, George and Parrish there was no concealment as to his aspira tions; when Alice was absent they would discuss the topic frankly.

"She ought to marry," Margaret said "She is a born wife and mother. I suppose being a bachelor you haven't noticed her tact and judgment with the children. Marriage will do a lot for her. It will give her more poise."

George, sitting on the arm of her chair, looked down at her affectionately.

"Yes, dear," he said.

And she glanced up at him and smiled and nodded.

This aspect of the matter had not hitherto struck Parrish, but he realized instantly

(Continued on Page 113)

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Sweeping Slavery Ended by the Wonderful Vacuette

No Electricity



Science and mechanical ingenuity have scored another triumph.

No longer need the housewife wear out her strength and waste time with old fashioned methods.

The invention of the wonderful Vacuette has made sweeping merely an incidental part of housework, to be done so quickly and so easily that it ceases to be work.

Already nearly 200,000 women have found in the Vacuette freedom from sweeping slavery. And every woman who has not yet found this easiest of all ways to keep rugs and carpets bright and clean and new looking should ask our local representative for a free demonstration of the Vacuette in her own home or write direct to us.

No Cost of Operation—No Attachments—No Electricity

No wires, no cords, no plugs, no attachments at all with the Vacuette—and *no cost of operation*.

The Vacuette is a purely mechanical sweeper in which you have the combined advantage of a swiftly revolving gear driven bristle brush and a powerful air suction. These are put in action simply by your push on the handle—and the effort is no more than you give to an ordinary carpet sweeper.

In the Vacuette you have no complicated mechanism—it is the last word in simplicity. Its body is polished cast aluminum. It has "Parkerized" rust proof parts. It runs on noiseless rubber wheels. It is rubber cushioned—it will not scratch the furniture. The mechanism requires practically no oiling. It weighs only 7½ pounds. It is so light that a child can use it—so strong that it will last for years—practically for a lifetime.

Priced at Half what You would Expect to Pay

From what you have been told about the Vacuette and the amazing work it does you may imagine—very naturally—that its price is high.

But—the simplicity of its mechanism means low manufacturing cost and the buyer gets the benefit of this saving.

That is why you pay only about half what you would logically expect to pay for a really efficient and practical vacuum sweeper. Not only does it give you clean rugs with practically no effort and no cost to operate, but it saves you money in the first cost.

And if you wish, you can arrange to pay on easy terms—a little every month.

Backed by the Makers' Guarantee

You do not have to be a mechanical expert to know that the Vacuette is the final triumph in devices of this kind. And you are guaranteed that the one you get will be perfect in every detail when it goes to you.

The makers guarantee that every Vacuette has been thoroughly inspected by experts at the factory and that if any part shows a defect due to fault of material or manufacture they will replace it free of cost to the user.

Proved Free—In Your Own Home

We have local representatives everywhere.

These representatives are employed for the purpose of giving every housewife a free demonstration right in the home without cost or any obligation whatever.

Simply write to us asking for the demonstration and we will arrange for you. We want you to see the Vacuette at work—we want you to try it yourself—whether you buy or not.

You can't realize how wonderfully it takes up the dust and dirt and how it saves you from an aching back and tired muscles until you actually see it in operation. You will be amazed at the amount of wonderful work the Vacuette does in just a few minutes—with practically no effort on your part—and without cent to pay for power.

The Demonstration is free. Just Ask For It.

Vacuette
Non-Electric Suction Sweeper

As Efficient as an Electric—as Easy to Operate as a Carpet Sweeper

★ Endorsed by Good Housekeeping and Modern Priscilla.

IMPROVED Vacuette MODEL "C"

The Vacuette is Putting Men into a Paying Business

So widespread is the demand for the Vacuette that we have openings for a few more men in various sections of the country to work with our district managers, demonstrating the Vacuette in homes and taking orders for it. If you have ambition and "go-getter" qualities, this is your chance to place yourself where you can obtain every dollar to which your ability entitles you—for you can set your own pace in money making.

You are offered the opportunity to join the sales organization of one of America's soundest, most progressive manufacturers. As our representative, you offer a device which is needed in every home—not only where there is no electricity, but where there is.

You need not be an experienced salesman to succeed with the Vacuette. We will give you the necessary training which will enable you to show the housewife that with this device she actually takes the work out of sweeping and always has her rugs and carpets wonderfully clean—and this without any cost for operation.

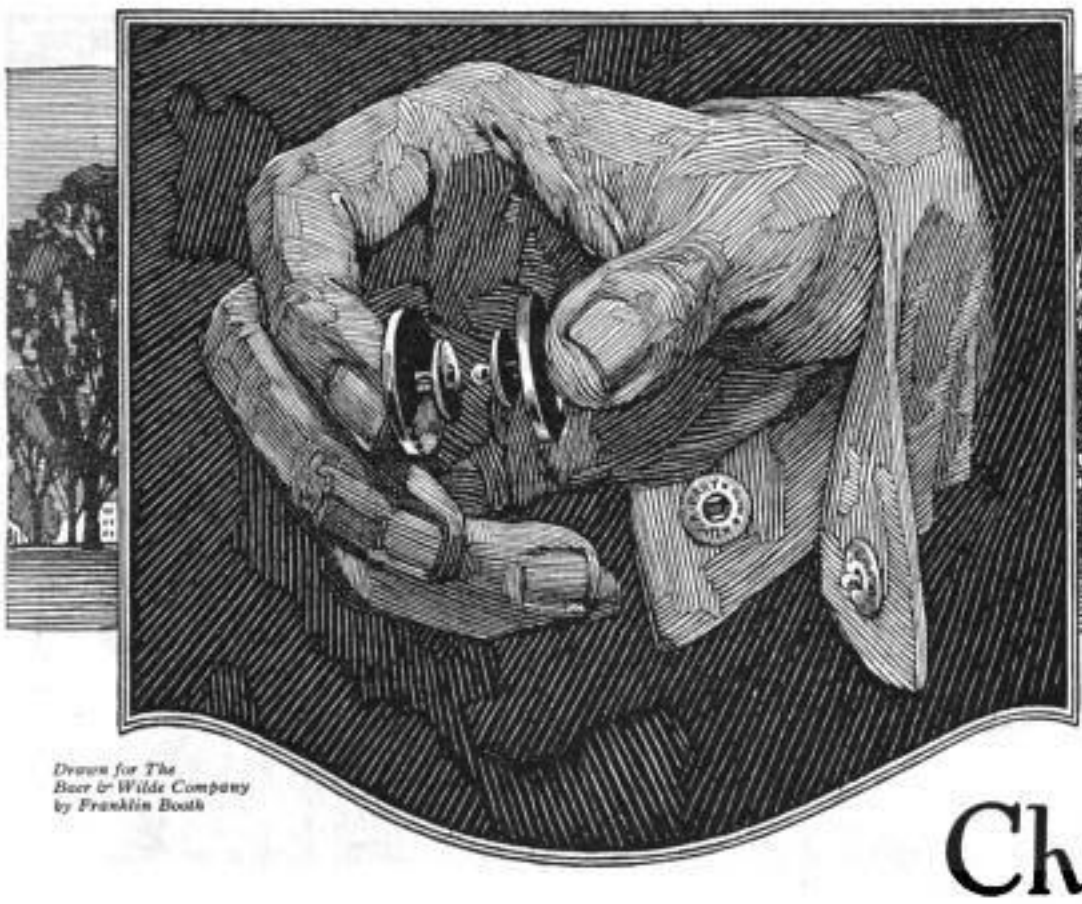
You don't need to be a salesman. The Vacuette actually sells itself. Every housewife will tell you that it is just what she has been looking for. You also have back of you all the power of our great national and local advertising campaigns and constant co-operation from the company. This is the opportunity which offers all that the active, ambitious man can ask for—not only in splendid earnings as a salesman—but with the opportunity to become a district manager.

Write Today Action is the word. No matter what you are doing, find out what this proposition offers. Men now in the field are making big money—and the same chance is open to you. To delay may mean losing out on the territory in which you would like to work. Tell us what you have been doing the past three years, state the locality in which you are best acquainted, and we will give you complete detailed information about our proposition.

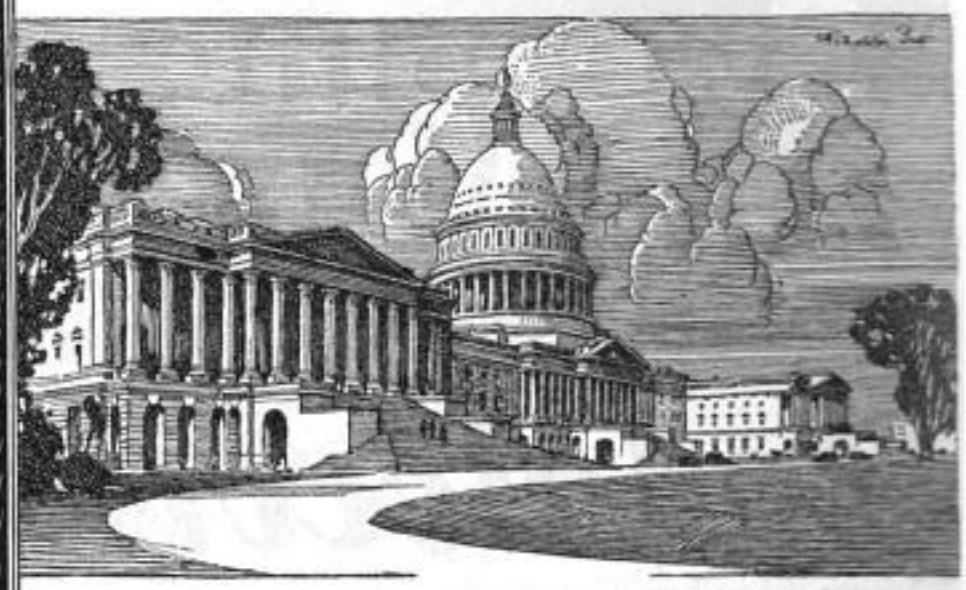
The Scott & Fetzer Co., Dept. 15, Cleveland, Ohio

Manufactured in Canada by VACUETTES, Ltd., 44 York Street, Toronto

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Drawn for The Baer & Wilde Company by Franklin Booth



Changing the Habits of a Nation - - -

—not by legislation or new laws, but by the revelation of a new cause for comfort.

—a cuff button built for soft cuffs; proving their stability, improving their utility.

—a belt buckle that replaces "slipping" by "gripping"—that stays put and *can't* slip.

Kum-a-part products, both; they click open, and snap shut. Kuff Button and Belt Buckle hold fast—yet a flip of the finger opens either.

And to the utility of the idea, skilled designers have given style personality and jewelry distinction. Value has become Vogue.

At Jewelers & Men's Shops

The Kuff Button
from 50c up to $25.00 the pair

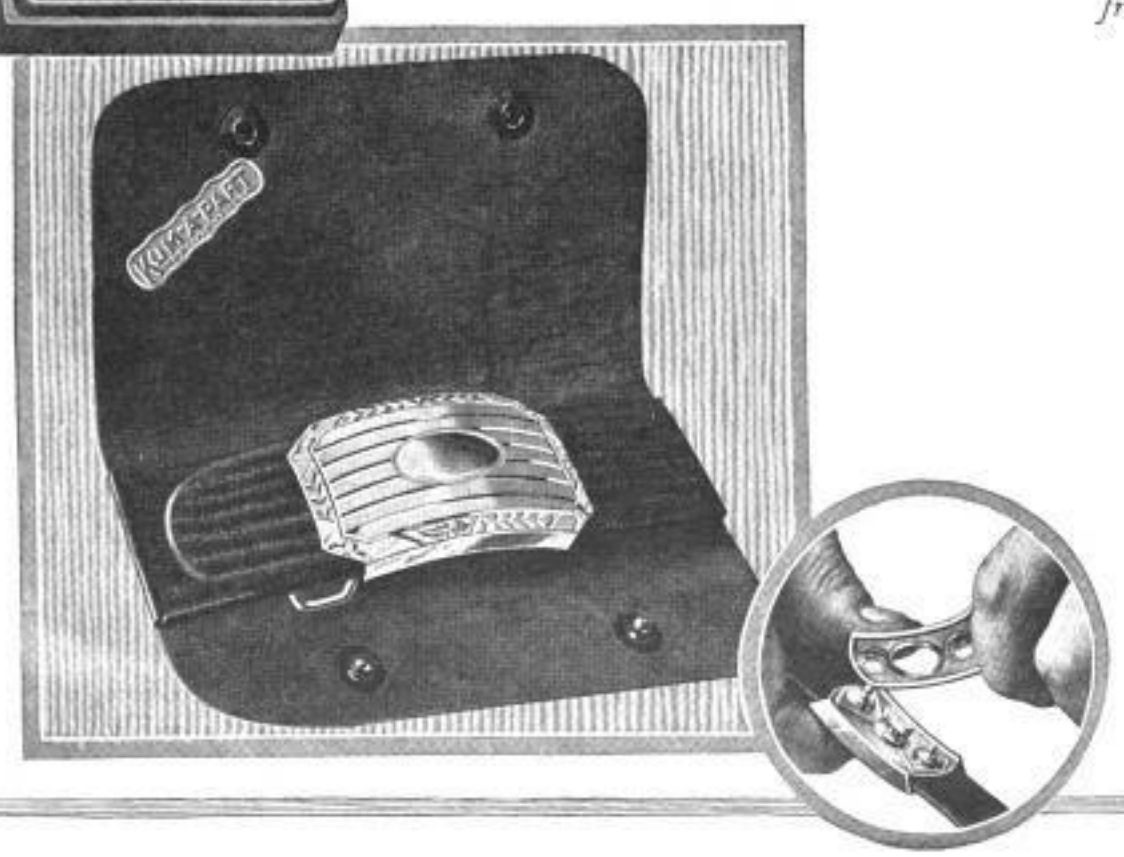
The Belt Buckle
from $1.00 up to $20.00

Write for the Kum-a-part Book "T" of Correct Dress.

The Baer & Wilde Co.
in the city of Attleboro, state of Massachusetts



Imitations ape the appearance but the registered name "Kum-a-part" is uncopyable. See it on the back of every Kum-a-part product; it protects.



KUM-A-PART PRODUCTS

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

The Kuff Button
The Belt Buckle

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(Continued from Page 110)

that what they said was true. The essential difference between Alice and her sister, aside from Alice's greater beauty, was that she had less poise. Margaret had the serenity which comes only to those who are conscious of fulfilling their destiny. One knew that she felt secure, established. Her husband, her children, her house, even the furniture in the house, seemed to collaborate to that end. It was as if the very chairs contributed their quota toward making her feel sure. Thinking of this, Parrish was struck by the fancy that the furniture in this house, although it had been selected to suit George, and although it was presumably his legal property, seemed to belong more to Margaret than Alice's own furniture to her. Why was it that an unmarried woman, however independent, never seemed so completely the proprietor of her home and possessions as a married woman?

Now he perceived clearly what hitherto he had but dimly sensed—that as a wife, secure in home and husband, Alice would have her proper background. In marriage she would bloom.

Suddenly it came to him what her background should be.

Blenkinswood! For her wedding present! Blenkinswood restored, with the old portraits, mahogany and silver back in their places. And a surprise! He would keep it secret from her until he should take her there.

The project put him in high spirits. He felt enterprising, confident. And when that evening after supper George and Margaret considerately went out to a movie, leaving him alone with Alice, he had a new sureness with her. To-night she must definitely promise to become his wife.

She did. She was quite reasonable about it. He was able to make her see that the week of his probationary period, being in reality an æon, was long enough.

And ah, the beauty of her yielding!

It was the essence of her nature to yield to those she loved. He must be on his guard always against that. He must spoil her—because to spoil her was impossible. He must teach her to be selfish—because it was a lesson she could never learn. With all the spoiling he could give and all the selfishness he could instill, she would ever be contriving to give him his own way.

When at some future time it would seem to him that he had done his utmost he must keep on searching out new contributions to her happiness, heaping them up before her in atonement for the past. Owing her a debt that he could never liquidate, he must pay and pay against it, so long as his life should last.

A trinity existed in her. She was mother—sweetheart—daughter to him. How he wished that he had known her when she was the age of little Alice!

With her cheek resting peacefully upon his shoulder he was for a long time motionless and silent. The lamplight, sifting through the outer softness of her hair, crowned her with a golden aureole, and this wonder and pure luminousness about her head added to his awe.

Yet he was aware, in his feeling for her, of a duality. Bound up with his almost religious adoration for her as a beautiful spirit was a passion for her as a beautiful woman. The two emotions were interwined like two vines of equal strength, so twisted around each other, so inextricably entangled from trunk to tendril, as to form a leafy cable, on which white blooms and green grew one against the other. Instead of strangling, these vines upheld and made each other doubly strong. And Parrish knew that this duality, this blending of adoration and passion, was essential to a great and lasting love.

He craved to tell her of these things, but could only whisper over and over, "I love you! Oh, I love you so!"

And as he murmured to her he felt a terrible, sweet suffering because instead of offering for her a palace of his thoughts he was able to build her only a structure of old worn words.

How they were lovers again! Yet not again, for this was a balanced relationship such as had not before existed. This love was new. There was a fullness, a translucence, an unthinkable glory in it which carried to his spirit a rapturous sense of sun and color, arborescent, radiant. He was exalted. A pilgrim, footsore and weary, he had stumbled through the world and reached at last the holy place. With mind and body bathed he had entered the temple and knelt before the sacred shrine. In her love he was reborn.

It seemed to him that George and Margaret had hardly gone when they were back again, speaking of having seen the entire evening's show. The speed of it all dazed him. He found it hard to speak with them coherently as they paused on their way upstairs.

"And when we are married," he said as he sat down again by Alice, "there's one thing I want you to let me do. I want you to let me plan the wedding trip. I want you to start out with me without knowing where you're going. Will you trust me to plan something that will please you?"

Though she assented readily enough he was particular to make the understanding very definite.

"Then it's agreed? You will abide by my plans?"

"Of course."

"All right," he said triumphantly. "I'll tell you the first part of the plan now. We are to be married about the middle of May. That gives us nearly two months to get ready."

She smiled, saying, "Oh, I didn't agree that you should settle the time."

"But I've got to settle the time if I'm to settle the trip," he insisted. "I've got to make it seasonable, haven't I?"

Before he went back to New York that night he made her see the soundness of his argument. Again she was reasonable—so reasonable that he almost wished he had said April. But two months would give him none too much time in which to get Blenkinswood in order.

One evening a few weeks later, when Alice was in New York buying a trousseau and arranging to give up her apartment, she spoke to him of Blenkinswood.

"I've never been able to understand," she said, "why you don't take better care of it. That is one thing I am going to try to make you do."

It gave him great amusement to assume, in answering, the tone he had so often taken in the old days when he used to put her off.

"Oh, let's not bother about Blenkinswood now," he said as if the topic bored him.

And it was difficult for him not to laugh as he spoke, for they were in her apartment, and her words had interrupted his surreptitious scrutiny of her chintz curtains, which he intended to have duplicated for her room in the old house. Moreover, he knew that the transformation of Blenkinswood was now well under way. Not only had the shiftless farmer been dismissed, and a young couple, the husband a graduate of an agricultural school, been established in a cottage on the place, but a large force of carpenters, plumbers and painters were at work in the house, installing a heating plant and bathrooms, laying hardwood floors and restoring the ancient paneling. Outside, a landscape gardener with a gang of men was engaged in renewing the lawns, gardens and slave-built terraces sloping down to the river front; that very day Parrish had received from the gardener a report informing him that, despite neglect, the hedges and arbor of box, planted on the terraces by the Signer, could be reclaimed.

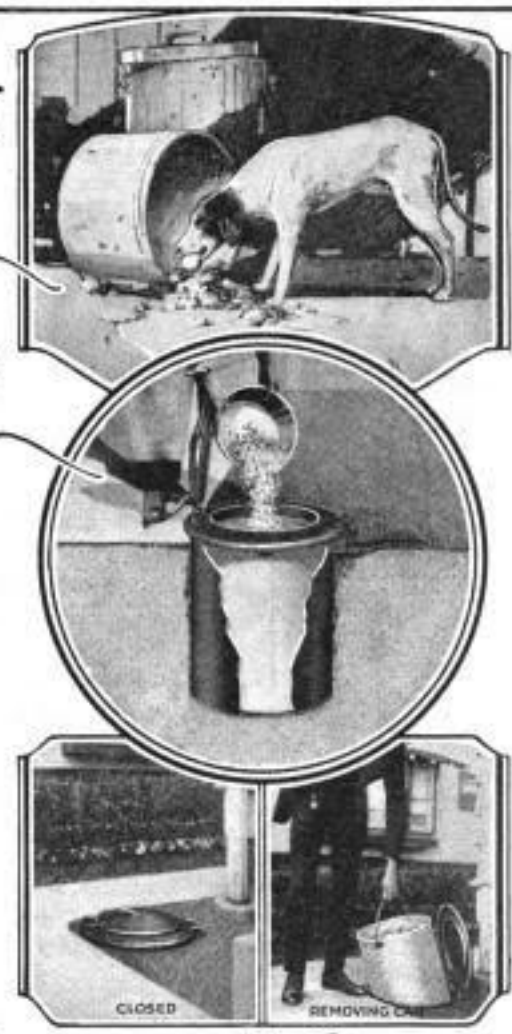
The boat landing at the foot of the garden was being rebuilt, for a hurried trip to Blenkinswood had reminded Parrish that Virginia was still backward as to roads, and he not only wished to avoid the rough eleven-mile drive from the railway but desired that Alice's first vision of her home should be from the river. He could imagine the expression of her face when, as their launch would come around the bend, she should first see the venerable mansion crowning the bluff, the sunlight glowing on its rosy bricks. Landing, they would mount the terrace steps, passing the giant azaleas, the wistaria, strolling under the arch of box, and so up and up until, ascending the last terrace, they reached the crest of the hill, where the house, with its two long wings extending like outstretched arms, would seem to welcome them.

There came a Sunday, the first day of May, two weeks before the date set for the wedding, when Parrish planned to pack the last of the smaller treasures to be shipped to Blenkinswood. Coming out to breakfast in his dressing gown he found the Sunday papers piled on the table in the dining room. After pouring his coffee he slipped a news section from the sheaf, and leaning it against the coffeepot before him



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GET rid of your unsightly, unsanitary garbage can. Put your garbage in a Majestic Underground Garbage Receiver—where flies and vermin can't get at it—where dogs can't upset it. Odorless, fly-proof, dog-proof, sanitary. And in addition to all its advantages, the Majestic will save you money. Comes to you complete with can. Made in sizes from 5 to 20 gallons capacity. Write for literature and your dealer's name.

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FOR hot summer days Florsheim low shoes will give you *cool comfort.* They are skeleton lined and non-slip —they fit the ankle and hug the heel. Their service is as satisfying as their fine style and quality.

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Booklet *"Styles of the Times"* on request

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE CO.

Manufacturers Chicago

for the man who cares

The Florsheim Shoe

found himself facing a picture of Rita and Delaney, beneath which, in large headlines, he read:

DIVA WEDS COMPOSER SHE MADE FAMOUS

RITA COVENTRY MARRIES PATRICK DELANEY, SEVERAL YEARS HER JUNIOR

SINGER'S ASSERTION SHE WOULD NEVER WED RECALLED

Stated at Time of Reported Engagement to Italian Noble, Domesticity Impossible for Artists and Marriage Certain to be Failure, "A Woman's Right to Change Her Mind," She Says

With an interest keen but quite impersonal he read the florid story. For him it had no more significance than if it had been the tale of some happening in a city he had visited long ago. Rita seemed strangely remote. A reporter had interviewed her and she had spoken with a brazenness which Parrish found repellent.

"Yes," she was quoted as saying, "it is true that when, several years ago, I refused the Duca del Valentino, I did so on the ground that an opera singer should not marry. But though a singer, I am also a woman, and a woman has a right to change her mind.

"Paddy"—here the reporter described her arch look at her young husband—"is enormously gifted and I intend to see that he gets the fullest opportunity for self-expression. He has never been abroad, and you may imagine with what pleasure I anticipate acting as his guide in my beloved France, for which we sail May twentieth.

"Some of my friends tell me I am a fool to marry, and especially to marry a man so much younger. That may be true. I can only say that now we are blissfully happy. What if later we tire of each other? Shall we not have had our hour of joy? After a motor trip through France we shall settle quietly for the summer at Deauville, where I have taken a villa. I intend to show him how domestic I can be. I shall cook for him, sew on his buttons and mend his socks, like any good wife."

Sitting there alone Parrish burst out laughing. He could fancy Rita cooking for Delaney—once—carefully costumed for the part. And the simple life at Deauville, that Mecca of jaded Parisians, with its casino and its one-piece bathing suits! Poor Delaney, how out of the picture he would be!

He was so boyish, so ingenuous. There was something really fine about him too. Would that fineness be burned out? He felt genuinely sorry for Delaney.

Breakfast over he took the Sunday papers to the living room. The floor and walls were bare and packing boxes stood where the furniture had been. Some of the things were going to Blenkinswood, some to the larger apartment he had taken.

He would not have time to read the papers. He used them to wrap up the silver, Ito helping him.

Then he turned to the bookcase, where were the portfolios containing the old documents and the engravings of the house. The papers must be neatly arranged for shipment. Opening the first portfolio he made himself look at the engraving showing Blenkinswood with its new wing—added in 1791. In the center of the picture was the ruinous imprint of a sharp little French heel. Once he had thought the damage irreparable, but now he remembered a man down on Fourth Avenue, very skillful, who could repair such things. He would send him the engraving and the torn letter of the Signer. When they had been mended the damage would be almost imperceptible.

XXXIII

"AND you honestly have no idea where this boat is going to take us?" he asked Alice.

"Not the least in the world," said she. "I don't even know the boat's name."

"Would you like to know it?" he asked, delighted at her ignorance.

"No, I don't care."

"Do you think you're going to Florida—or Panama—or South America—or Bermuda—or Europe? Where do you think you're going?"

"I don't know at all." She laughed. "Wouldn't it be absurd if someone came and asked me where I was going—and I couldn't tell them!"

"Tell them," he said, pouring over her an adoring look, "to ask your husband!"

"I know who he is, anyway!" she said, and after a quick look about reached out and pressed his hand.

"And," he said proudly, "you know what your name is, don't you, Mrs. Parrish?"

She nodded.

"Perhaps that's why I'm not interested in the name of the boat."

A steward carrying a long cardboard box knocked at their cabin door near by. Parrish crossed the deck, took the box, and entering the cabin, opened it. It contained Ophelia roses—her favorites—with petals shading from cream to a delicate pink. He took them out, assembled them and placed them in her arms.

She buried her face in the blooms, and as she raised it there came a little flush of pleasure in her cheeks; it was as if the color of the roses had been transferred to them.

Little things always pleased her so!

She rang for a stewardess, who brought a vase; but the stewardess was not allowed to arrange the flowers; Alice must do that herself, although the vessel was now backing out into the stream, and Parrish, in the doorway, was urging her to join him on deck.

But before the steamer was fairly headed down the river she was out there with him, watching the cross currents of shipping and gazing at the massed, competing towers of lower Manhattan, etherealized in a haze of smoke, and bathed in the soft light of a late afternoon sun, which shone upon them like a rose-colored calcium in the theater.

As they gathered way, passing down the harbor, the fresh salt smell became more vigorous and the breeze more boisterous. But though the breeze was lively, snapping the sheltering canvas at the fore part of the deck, there was a mildness in it. It was a breeze of spring—not the false spring of a few months since, but the season of resurrection and rebirth.

When the vessel entered the Narrows they ascended to the deserted boat deck, and standing by the towering stacks watched the black smoke whirl back across the water. It was twilight. In the sky behind them orange streaks still showed, while with the gray of the distant shores was blended a subtle note of mauve. To the north and to the south the evening sky was clear, but the horizon to the east was black and menacing.

A great liner which must have started some time after they did had followed down the bay and all but overtaken them. As they emerged from the Narrows she was entering behind them; through the Lower Bay and the Swash Channel she pursued them closely; and no sooner had their bows made contact with the open ocean beyond Sandy Hook, giving the other sea room, than she came up and passed them arrogantly, close inboard, her sleek black body dotted with long rows of portholes lights. The stream of sable smoke hurled by her four red stacks, soot banded at the top, was like a stream of curses poured at the humble coastwise vessel which had retarded her, and the picture of impatience was heightened by the nervous, syncopated flashing of a signal light above the bridge. She was telegraphing with it, talking furiously. Furiously, too, her four propellers lashed the waves behind.

Parrish recognized that proud sea challenger. He had crossed on her. Moreover he knew from his morning paper that she was sailing to-day. And he knew more than that, for the list of prominent passengers that he had read was headed by the name of Rita Coventry.

"What a beauty!" exclaimed Alice, gazing across the water at the other vessel.

He assented, mentioning the liner's name.

"But we aren't going the same way they are," she commented, observing that their own course had been swinging toward the south. And she added, "I'm glad. I don't think that sky out there looks any too pleasant."

He glanced at the dark line of horizon to the eastward. Then with a feeling of complete finality he turned his back upon the other ship, and facing the bows of their own vessel, now straightened on a southern course, envisaged the calm sea and the peaceful heavens.

"Well, dear," he said, "we needn't worry about what's out there, where they are going." And he added, "We couldn't ask a sweeter sky than is ahead of us."

Then, as the wash from the fleeing liner reached them, causing the deck to lurch a little, he encircled Alice with his arm, steadying her.

(THE END)

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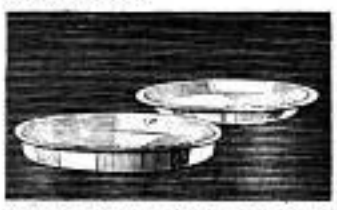
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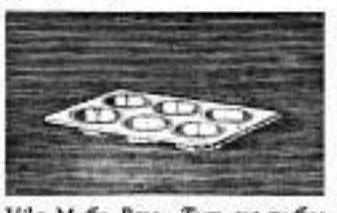


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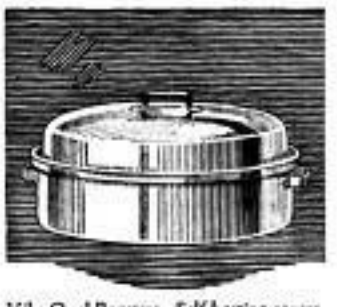


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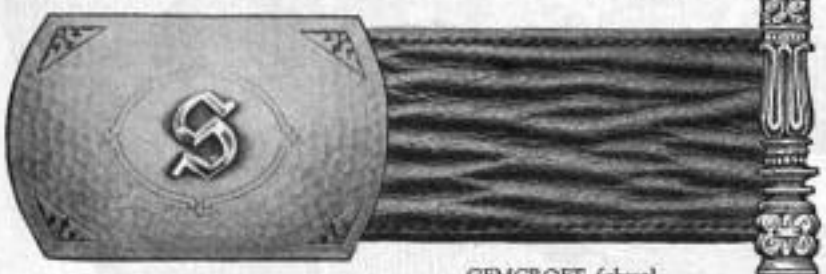
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SONG IN THE NIGHT

(Continued from Page 13)

's on their backs and burdens
the men loping along under
d try the strength of a mule.
d! The life crushed out of
g nothing, knowing nothing
s who set monuments to

ell silent, and I looked with
the deserted dining room
tel. With strangeness I saw
yet ten o'clock. It seemed
ht have passed.
g back?"
vet the vicious little hiss of
frowning in his coffee cup,
ure of his lean brown hand.
can travel," he said. "Let's
l—oh, I don't know. I get
still."
, to think that I might have
llar or so and directed him
g house. It's odd. I give
had forgotten that he was
e very shirt that lent him
e. I saw a man like Kip-
n, C. E., a heroic figure
ts of civilization—his blue
pressed by the small-town
Park Hotel. And ——
this? Once on a Saturday
ing up to the eighteenth
b, there was a sunset that
the game. A flat purple
p and up, its ragged edges
vast and pale and stained
; the dark woods and the
e light were lonely somber
you like a wild and mag-
ng. And Martha came
eranda to wave to us, one
te in that sinister gorgeous
mber how I hurried my
reen, hurrying to be with
ith her; and we lost the
rtner was very sarcastic
artha didn't care for the
said it made her shiver.
little bird swinging on a
ine, a moment in a book
written better than he
tress weeping—there is
about it, but you must
someone who sees. Here
dy, full of strange talk—
own-faced painter of vi-

atch. With an engaging
I said, "What say we

forgot to point out the
business section, our
s, our well-kept lawns.
geness persisted; oddly
eturning from far jour-
niliar place; returning,
labor, to the soft wel-
eyes and hands. Have
une? Out along Mad-
ms were green. The
ooked very homelike
ow and then someone
ghbor fashion, from a
f honeysuckle trailed
d the sound of Rita
ed out to us as we

Hardy that the Nel-
est family. Oddly, in
president of the Live
aking that we should
like this, and less of
y factories. What is
man wants? A home.
Gus Hardy, and he

that's so. But what
you get restless, and
like it does up here,
sitting on your own

s," I admitted, "for

w!" he said. "You
ugh room outdoors,
ky. It's all so tight
ple all the same, and
you don't fit. And
nd something hap-
——" He gestured
little thing. You
This time it was a

this romantic note
McAllister's house;
oped for, a light in
ed the car.

With a masterly imitation of sudden impulse I said, "Want to drop in here a minute?"

"Huh?" said Gus Hardy, staring; and after a moment, "Here?"

The McAllister house did me credit. It was not so large as to be formidable, but it was wide and comfortable looking, with a veranda that seemed to invite and welcome you. Gus Hardy made no objection; he said nothing at all.

Wherefore I shouted cheerily, "Hello! Anybody home?"

Martha's bright head bobbed up at the open window and her bright voice answered me. I think I forgot to notice whether Gus Hardy followed. She met me at the door, laughing, scolding me.

"This is a nice time of day! I thought you weren't coming. I didn't care if you never came," she said, and wrinkled her small nose in the most entrancing impudence. "Sitting here in my very newest, nicest dress. Like it?"

That was Martha—quick, dancing you lightly out of your own mood into hers. I wondered why I had thought it was a rather solemn moment—following her into laughter, feeling a little slow and heavy and masculine. I did indeed like her dress; it looked like the stuff of misty moonbeams, caressing her. What should I say about it?

I became aware of Gus Hardy's brown impassive face. I said, "Martha, let me present ——"

Her clear eyes widened and her dainty brows went up. She had thought, of course, that I came alone; instantly I knew that I ought to have come alone. All at once I knew how a married man feels who cheerily produces an unexpected guest at dinner. It came to me that the business of being a lover was not so simple as selling real estate; I should have to put my mind to it.

Have I said that Martha was lovely? Dainty, the fine and fragrant product of tender care. And Gus Hardy, hobo! Instantly I knew that she could never understand the caliph feeling; that for her he must be not less than he seemed, with his grave brown face and the dignity of his borrowed clothes. Presto! Vanished the vagabond; appeared the distinguished naturalist and explorer.

"—— my old friend Hardy—Hardy Logan, you know, the great Hardy Logan you've heard me talk so much about. Just back from his expedition up the Amazon, bug hunting, you know. I didn't tell you, did I, old man, that Miss McAllister came in on the same train with you? Or maybe you saw each other," I said hysterically, thinking of Martha in her Pullman and Gus Hardy crouching in a swirl of cinders on the blind-baggage platform. "That's how I happened to be at the station. Lucky, eh?"

Then I had to stop for breath—ready to break out again if Gus Hardy should fail me. Without a flicker his grave eyes accepted the nomination; he bowed, a stiff, foreign sort of bow; he looked at me and grinned, a slow easy grin.

"Lucky," he said, "is the very word I was trying to think of!"

"The Hardy Logan? How nice! I'm dreadfully thrilled!" Not even Vassar could ever give Martha a vocabulary.

I remember I laughed a good deal. I made mental note to try grinning slow that way myself, after the golf season was advanced and I was properly sunburned.

Following Martha into the room I whispered in his ear, "Great! Keep it up. I'll explain later."

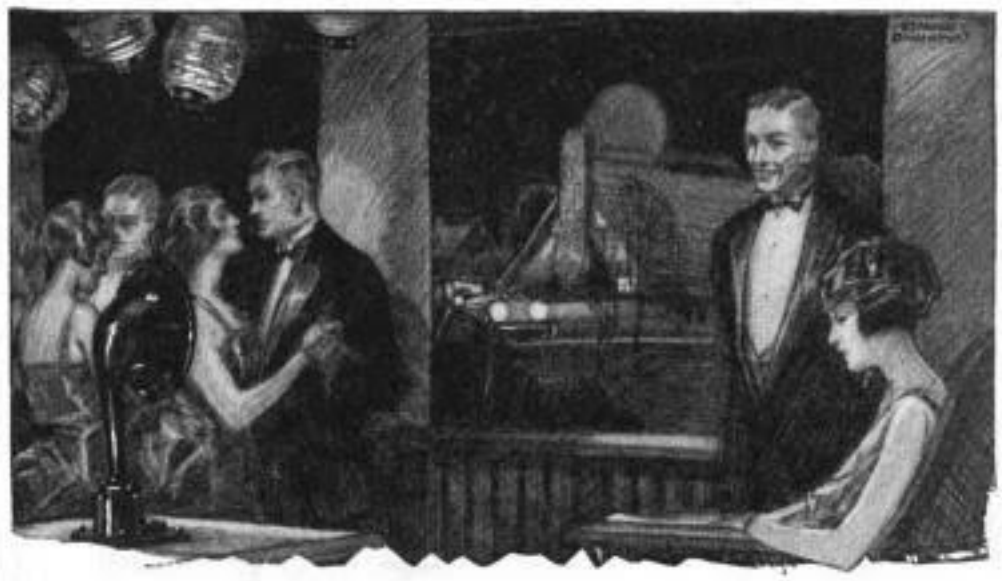
He murmured, "You don't hunt bugs up the Amazon, old-timer. They hunt you."

And I laughed again: "You've been there? Fine!"

I mean, I felt as if I had deftly mastered a delicate situation. Before Mrs. McAllister my vagabond clicked his heels and bowed again; even Andy, the demon brother, was so impressed that he forgot to be funny about the unusual splendor of our attire. In Milo, you understand, evening clothes are distinctly the mark of an occasion.

Well, I can see it now; distinctly that was one!

Mrs. McAllister was placidly sewing or embroidering or something; I said, "Andy, Mr. Logan knows all about Indians. Indians that cut men's hearts out!" and let nature take its course, which left me free to enjoy a little attention from Martha.



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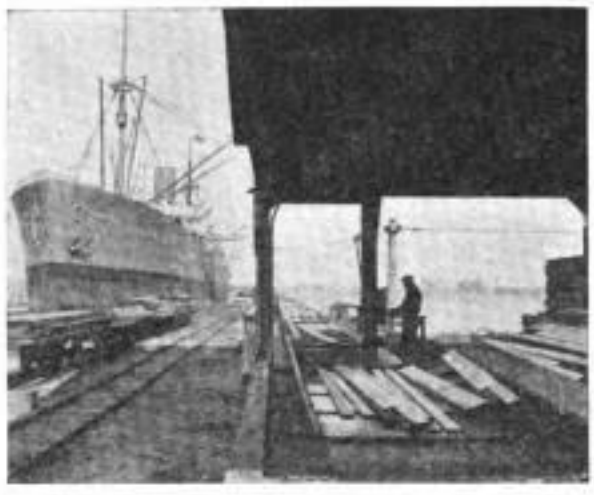
STYLE 520: *Silk, clocked*

STYLE 518: *Silk, Lisle-lined and clocked*

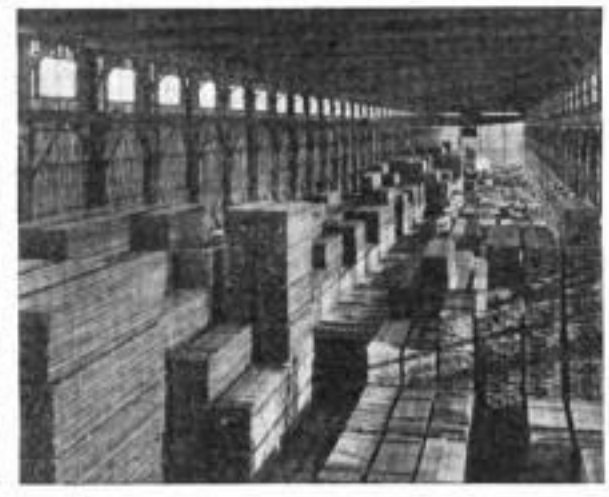
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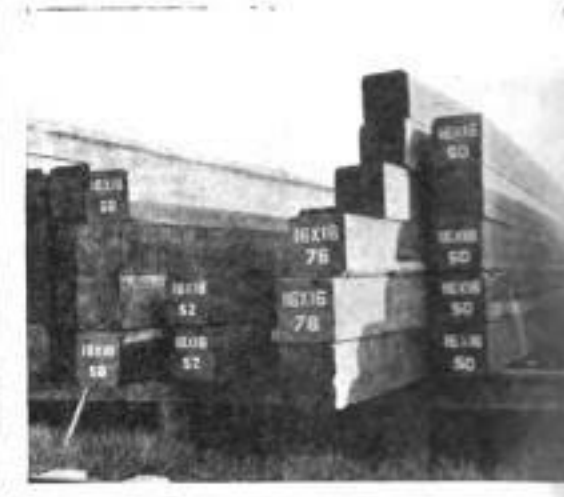
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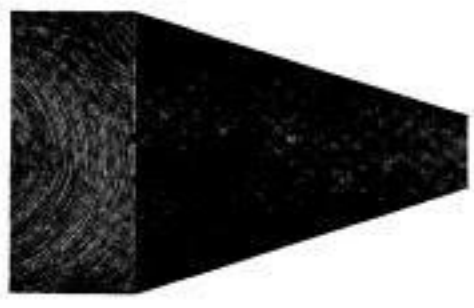
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(Continued from Page 118)

the names of all the cards. I could
ay. I —"
ew!" exclaimed his mother.
out!" laughed Gus Hardy, and
Andy's hair. "A young squirt like
in' about poker! When you're
e I'll teach you."
goin' to live here?" cried Andy

" said Gus Hardy, "how old are
! Eleven? I'll be back in about
. You remind me, will you?"
w, bedtime!"
s properly firm. Andy went out,
his feet, kicking a rug before him.
l he turned.
he appealed, "now that's a

promise," affirmed Gus Hardy,
d, and quaintly crossed himself
his thumb and blew the kiss
d: and suddenly was grave
moody, far-away look dropping
ow on his brown face.
he said, "reckon we better

n my word that it seemed nat-
n to call me Buck, natural for
here, like a wanderer returned,
McAllister's house. Yes, my
ong-lost chum was too lifelike

we'd better," I agreed, rising
r.
Allister and Martha spoke in
ath and were still talking when
gh. "But, my dear man,
just come!" and "Don't be
e heard Hardy Logan, and
, and Hardy Logan for ages,
've got him you're not going to
ay so soon!"
oist Gus Hardy with my eyes,
ndrel had taken up Martha's
absently fingering the strings.
" I protested. "We only
t a minute."
e a great impression on An-
rs. McAllister, "Mr. Hogan."
corrected feebly.
e kid," said Gus Hardy.
I do? I sat down again. "I
ay the guitar, Gus," I said.
ought," he said, "some day
like that. A regular young
ed and pug-nosed and pop-
er with questions."
thing, Gus," I urged.
se like this, on a street like

said Martha, too courteous.
ve told her why not; I saw
d in the thoughtful tighten-
r of his mouth.
heartiness I broke in, "Sell
me, old man. Got several
t how long could you stand
house?"
g his hand from the strings
down again, so that they
ously from chord to chord

aid, nodding, "that's so."
our blood—the tropics," I
is was just saying awhile
I never stay put any more.
ets homesick sitting on his
. Too dull, too tight and
after a country where you
and nobody cares. Eh,

id Gus Hardy, that faint
ening one corner of his

oom outdoors, nor enough
And the sun goes down
omething happens, some
them about the woman
remembering. "Beautiful,

s Hardy. "She was fat
he could sing. They all

ached a light bass note,
r one; snapped a finger
rring it, and plucked the
odd provocative rhythm.
rs. McAllister he said
a circus for me. I'll
y's the time."
will," said our hostess,

d mechanically. "Play

ng," prompted Martha.
! I can explain it," said
was the cook in a Mexi-
ay out Broadway, you
ging around there after

my money gave out, because it was cheap. No, that ain't the truth. I was hungry for Spanish—everybody talking English all the time, and always in a hurry. Hungry for something that reminded me of the hot country."

"You said you hated it," said Martha.

"No, ma'am. I said I knew I hated it. But you can't always remember what you know," he said, and was silent, his eyes appealing to her for understanding. You'd have thought I was hardly among those present.

"You were telling us about the song of the cook," I said.

"Well, I had a big time for a while. Lots of friends while I was spending, but after that I—got lonesome. Walking around trying to find a place that felt like outdoors, and I saw this Mexican joint. Got to hanging around there, spinning yarns with the owner—from Durango he was, and homesick too. A fat guy named Murgia. And this woman used to sing.

"One song she liked—I've heard it many a time out in the hills. At night, the stars burning four times as close as they do here, and the mountains big and dark, and off yonder the native women singing. Like this."

He hummed, his brown fingers touching that staccato measure with the blurred bass. He hummed; and you felt the loneliness, and heard, far off, the native women singing.

"Made me remember," he said, looking at Martha. "The old gang's out there now, plugging away, taming the country God forgot to finish. Mountains as far as you can see, the sun hot and the air thin and cold." He stopped, groping for words; with irony he grinned and gave over the effort and set down the guitar. "So I hit out," he said. "Reasonable, ain't it?"

"Sing it!" said Martha.

Still I didn't see what the fellow was doing. I only had an uncertain, childish wish to be disagreeable.

"Yes," I said, "sing it! It must be wonderful."

Simply, without reluctance or apology, he took up the guitar again. He sang almost under his breath—looking at Martha.

Odd, how that melody took hold of you. It was pitched in a plaintive unfinished key—a minor I believe they call it—and it sounded wistful and hopeless. Somehow it told us things Gus Hardy had no words to say. Age-old, ineffable sadness; mountains heaped under a great star-sprinkled sky, and a strange, wild, simple people that lived on, bewildered, after their ancient world was dead. I wanted to be near to Martha, to take her hand; but she was looking at Gus Hardy. Her lips were parted and her eyes absorbed, listening.

Then, then I knew what he had done. I had brought him here that he might show them visions; and he had shown them instead, shamelessly and without reserve, himself—brown and hard and wistful and appealing, a vagabond with the glamour of far countries on him. I knew how sleek and dull I looked beside him. I, Howard Pressley, dealt in my little city lots; his were the jungles and the mountains and wide plateaus in the sky. His voice deepened and softened and died away on that strange unfinished note.

"Very nice!" I said, and myself was shocked at the harshness of the sound.

"Sh!" said Martha, for his fingers were still plucking at the strings, running up a little golden interlude.

Yes, now I knew that sharp hot thing that twisted in me. It was rage. What right had she to look at him like that? And he sang to her. As if I were a stuffed figure, sitting there—as if he were alone with her in some star-shining stillness, he looked into her eyes and sang. It wasn't decent. Americans don't make love that way.

You saw a high-walled garden and a lover at his lady's window. A garden very far from Milo, Indiana; a lover who sang though he knew the night might well have eyes of death; sang as a bird sings, softly, but with a throb that was like tears in your throat. The red coal of rage melted within me. I wanted something, something great and sweet and wild and forever unattainable; and I had a crazy impulse to laugh—feeling the absurdity of great longings in that comfortable, well-furnished room.

I tell you, a fellow that can sing like that ought to be restrained by law. I was glad when he stopped. "Bravo!" I said.

You know the startled feeling you have when you speak aloud in an empty room?

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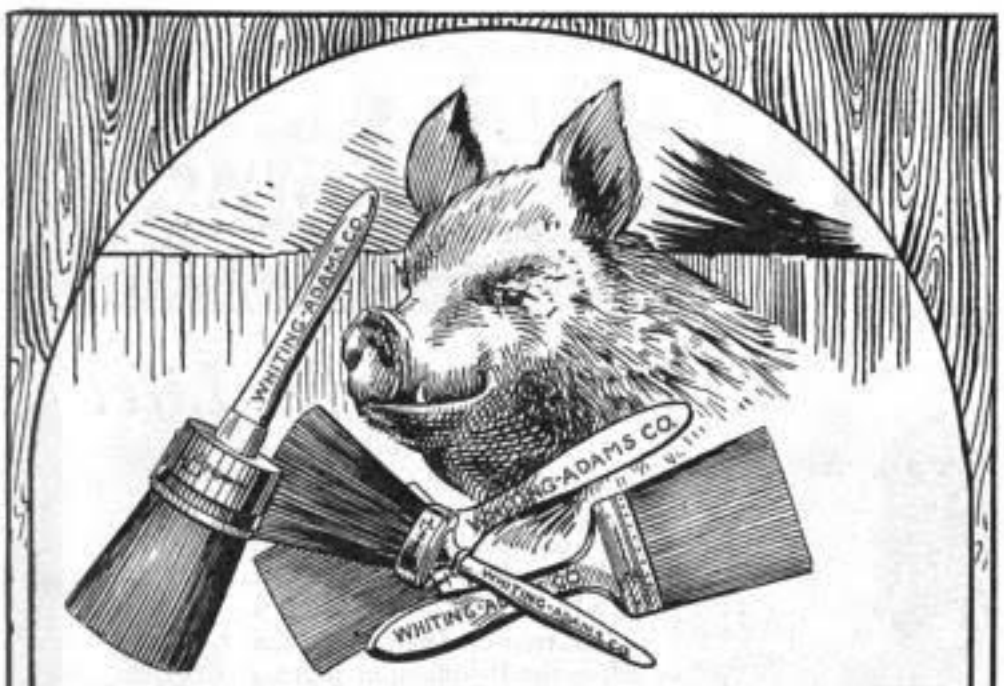
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It was like that. Martha looked at me, a queer, vague, misty look; Gus Hardy sat with his brown hands listless on the guitar; Mrs. McAllister sighed and took up her sewing or knitting or embroidery or whatever it was, and nobody said a word.

Briskly, trying to break that inertia, I looked at my watch and rose, saying, "By Jove! I'd no idea it was so late," though I knew perfectly well.

Gus Hardy got up and stood looking about him, for his hat, I supposed, forgetting that we had come bareheaded. I reminded him; he only shook his head, smiling that faint one-sided smile.

"You'll come often while you're here," Martha commanded him.

Gus Hardy looked at me.

"He insists he has to hit the trail tomorrow," I said.

Gus Hardy bowed, murmured "Good night, ma'am. Good night, Miss Martha. Much pleasure," and marched out.

"Ha, ha," I said lightly, to cover the crude abruptness of his exit, "quaint fellow, old Gus. This sort of thing's a little out of his line."

But the atmosphere absorbed that effort like a sponge, leaving me futile and fat and dull, my actual presence less vivid than the knowledge that Gus Hardy had been there. Under the hall lamp I saw Martha's eyes still full of the mist of dreams.

"Martha ——"

"Yes?" she whispered, gazing into the darkness that had swallowed him.

"I think I'd better tell you."

Her eyes cleared and cooled and came to me.

"He's just a hobo. A vagabond. I picked him up when they kicked him off the train. Out of the gutter," I said, savagely glad to have it out and smash the glamour that incased him. "He seemed an amusing sort of fellow, so I dressed him up and fed him. I don't know why I brought him here. That's all."

I stood, you might say, with my head bared to the lightning, but nothing struck.

"I don't know the man from Adam," I said, sinking my teeth in the words. I had little practice being savage in those days and there was intoxication in it. "He's told us what he is. A waster. A gambler. A ne'er-do-well. But he's seen things and done things and the world's a big place to him. Big," I said, and borrowed a gesture from Gus Hardy, "do you understand? Big!"

"I don't care," said Martha; "I think he's nice. You can tell it by his eyes. He looks at you just like a sweet little boy, lost and homesick and so grateful."

"Eyes!" I raged. "My goodness, woman, didn't you hear a word I said?"

"Oh, yes. Ed Willis told me you—picked him up."

Imagine that! Knowing all the time, and pretending to remember all about a nonexistent Hardy Logan. I don't know which enraged me more, the officiousness of Ed Willis or the duplicity of the woman.

"Oh!" I said; which hardly covered the case.

"It seemed a funny thing for you to do," she said with gentle, unflattering emphasis. "I thought at first he really was an old friend of yours. I couldn't imagine your doing it for a perfect stranger—and it didn't help to boom Milo a bit, did it?"

And while I struggled with that she spoke again, gazing into the darkness.

"Howard, imagine," she murmured, "living like that! Always alone and lonely, nothing to look forward to, nobody that cares. Homesick for a home that isn't anywhere, just drifting on and on—I never thought how it would be. It meant so much to him, being here in a nice American home. Did you see him, just looking and looking, storing up every little thing to remember?"

"He was looking for his hat," I muttered.

"Howard," she said, "must he really go away to-morrow? Can't you find something for him to do?"

Well, I mean, imagine that if you can.

The soft air of June came through the open door, a breath from wide starry spaces and the good smell of growing things, and showed me the feeble uselessness of rage. It had always been like this. It would always be like this. She was a woman; she was like a lovely child, c tent to live between four walls. I brought her visions and she had seen a lean brown face and wistful eyes. Lon I laughed, not mirthfully. Even now odor of honeysuckle can make me s how sad.

"Lonely," I said, "lonely! The v loneliness of all is to bring you my thou and feelings and see them flatten out wither into nothing. Time after time never seem to learn."

"But you get excited about such t things," said Martha. "Howard, I've thinking ——"

Gus Hardy spoke only once on th back to the hotel, to ask if we had no laws in Milo; and I saw then that ripping along Madison Avenue at miles an hour—I, president of the Wire Club, that stood for law and if it stood for anything.

Again, while he was divesting him his borrowed splendor, he rose brie the depths of moody silence:

"Sorry I had to run out on you hunter yarn. Thought I'd better safe. Oh, I could have talked lik hunter for a little while, but sooner I'd be sure to slip."

"It doesn't matter," I told him li "It didn't get over anyway. I ha them who you were."

After a time I became aware tha sitting with his shirt half off, starin spot on the rug.

"Well," I inquired, "got any g man?"

"Buck," he demanded, "is t girl?"

Emptying my pockets, I droppe drawer a neat but expensive ring I said.

Silence, and yet more silence. a cigarette and yawned. Gus looked up, and then I saw how eyes were shining with the light o

"Buck," he said softly, "old like this town."

Yes, it's a good little town, M not Bagdad. No man is born a thrust his hand untouched into of another's destiny. But it's a town. It grows. Already its beyond the use of slogans. You the electric sign at the station to proclaim to the public that "M More"? It just says "Milo" a

I saw it the other day, and laugh, remembering. I laug when I saw Gus Hardy. He's as he was, and his sunburn is runs clear up to his hair; he bareheaded, he tells me. It see think that I myself used to chances with the sun.

I asked him if he remembered and he said "What song?"

I hummed a few notes of it, membered. While he was th piano and trying to sing it M into the room. She is still pr like that placid, young-matron she introduced me to a pug-no young Hardy who swarmed all buried me under an avalanche calling me Uncle Buck, while complacently over his shoul "h'm, h'm" for the words he k

I got restless listening. M little town, but too—you kno and settled. The people are t same and there isn't enough ro There's an old Spaniard on slope of the Andes, now, wh use of quiet days. I met him running down the title to a l A man's country, that. Th leagues instead of city block bors are not so many but stranger is a friend. Come man's door and his house is

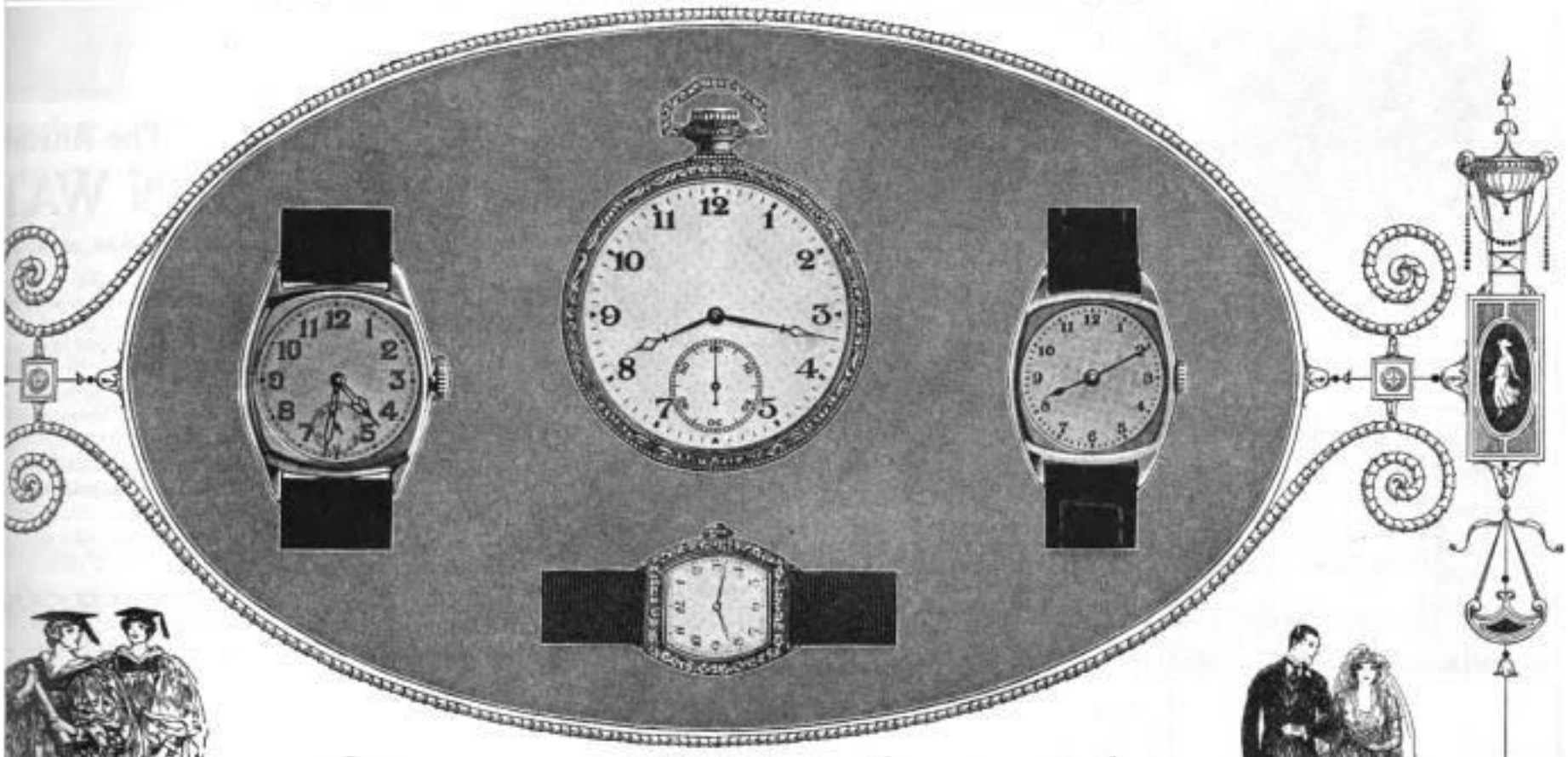
A rare old fellow is this D Valle; and he has a daughter, The stars come very close hacienda in the hills; in the flowers and a fountain that soft monotony, and the girl eyes are age-old mystery and flame of youth; and her voice with longing, great and sweet forever unattainable. Fancy trying to sing that song!



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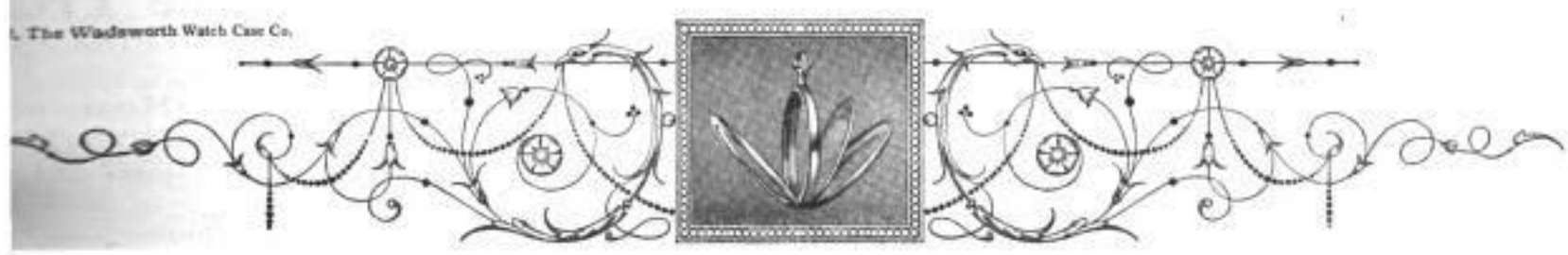
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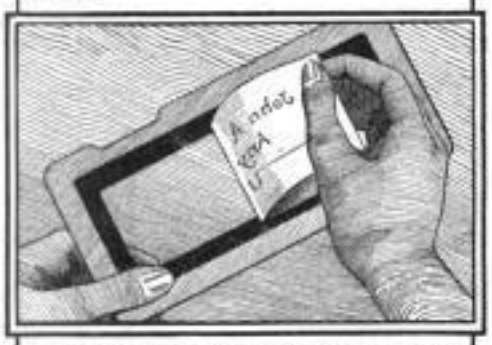
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BUMPED

(Continued from Page 30)

"Could you do something more too?" she says.

"What would that be?" he asks, staring, surprised and kind of uneasy.

"Would you be willing to have my father stop with us after we were married?"

"I would," he says after a short hesitation, for he loved her well. "I would," he says, repeating it to bolster up his courage. "But why? What makes you ask it?"

"Then I'll bump him!" she says in a quick, sharp, kind of grateful voice. "Right away!"

"Bump him?" he says, confused. "How?"

"In the stomach," she says, flushing with a sudden anger and vexation.

"In the stomach?" he says, loud. For she was a soft, well-spoken girl, who never used any rough or untidy talk at any time; and that was one thing why he liked her.

"I mean it," she says to him when he stood staring. "I mean just that. I'll strike, myself!" she says, rosier and more flushed up than ever.

"What—your father?" he says, stepping back. "In the stomach?"

"In the stomach!" she says. "The one place where he never could stand striking. I'll do to him what he's been doing himself. I'll bump him—I'll bump him out of house and home the way he's done to so many others," she says.

She started crying with vexation. And he let her cry it out, patting and comforting her.

"You've no idea," she says then after a while, explaining her idea, "how it is living with him—everything so particular and special. It's all the English cooking he must have, unlike American entirely. The bacon, fat and soft and English," she says. "And all kinds of crumpets and muffins," she says, "such as you never see in this country. And if he don't get them he'd get down sick—partly sick and partly mad," she says. "But it all comes to the same thing in the end."

"Ah," he says.

"Yes," she says. "And you have no idea what a baby he is—what a fuss he makes about himself around the house. If he cuts himself shaving you'd think there was murder. And if he bumps his finger with a hammer the world must be drowned and deluged with arnica. And as for his stomach," she says, "you can have no suspicion even how delicate he's made it, just talking about it all the time, and how an Englishman must have sound, healthy, nourishing food always to keep his health."

"Oh," says Tommy.

"And I'm the only one that can cook all those different things he wants, and that he thinks he's got to have to keep on living."

"I see," he says.

"Good-by," she says, breaking away. "I'm going home right now to start on him. I'm going to start my muffins."

And she run along home.

"What's this?" says her father, taking up one in the morning and throwing it down like a ton weight on the table.

"And what's this?" he says, taking up a piece of bacon, fried to a crisp, while she stood, white first and then flushed all over, breathing hard, but saying nothing.

"It's your warning," she says, speaking finally. "Your notice."

"My warning?" he says, dropping his knife and fork at once, from where he had them standing up in each hand, English fashion. "My warning? Of what?"

"Of what you'll get to eat from now on," she says, "when somebody else cooks for you. When I leave you!"

"Leave me!" he says, swearing dreadful.

"Yes," she says, her voice coming stronger now, and a color like the last rose of summer upon her cheeks. "The first of this coming week."

"Leave me!" he says. "How can you—if I say not to?"

"I'm of age," she says, her eye meeting his and holding it for the first time in her life. "And more. So I'm leaving."

"Leaving," he says, turning away from her eye and what he saw there, and taking a different direction. "Leaving, you say. Then who'll take care of me? Who'll fix your old pop's bacon for him, and get his muffins good for him?" he says, getting kind of sentimental, like he always did when he got talking about himself to her.

"I can't tell you that," she says, hard. "I suppose you'll have to eat like all of the Americans do—out of the bakeries," she says, calm and self-controlled outside, though fluttering wild inside. "After I'm leaving."

"Leaving!" He started roaring worse than ever now. "Leaving! I forbid it! Leaving! What got that idea into your head all at once?"

"Bumping!" she says, and turned loose on him. "I'm all sick and tired out with bumping. I'll be bumped no more for you. I've been bumped here and I've been bumped there and I've been bumped all over. And I've had the hand of man and the tongue of woman out against me for this for the last time! I've plead with you and begged with you and wept with you—to no avail! So now I'm done. From now on," she says, "when you bump you bump alone!"

"And what'll you do?" he says.

"That'll be all right. That's fixed already," she says. "I've got my job all ready for me."

He didn't answer her. His mind was too full. And she went out into the kitchen.

"I never thought it would come to this," he says, snatching his coat and hat. "My own daughter!" he says, and put them on and banged out of the house.

But he couldn't forget it. It set heavy on him all day long—the excitement and the wrong breakfast and the luncheon she had put up for him—all American cooking—baker's bread and all that. And by night, with his anger and that new food he always had been set against, his stomach got terrible. And then he came in and tried to eat the roast beef—and that was worse. He never tasted stuff like it in all his life—all cooked up solid—no blood gravy to it—just brown grease.

He went to bed without a word to her all that evening. But if he looked to have her come around he soon seen he was mistaken. And along toward three o'clock in the morning he awoke with a terrible pain and grinding in the center of the stomach.

"I hope you're satisfied," he says when he'd yelled for her to come in. "You've killed me. You've taken your poor father's life with your bloody cooking," he says. "I'm gone—done for!"

"Nonsense!" she says. "Father. Nonsense. Buck up," she says, more and more surprised every minute at the way she found herself talking to him. "I'm just taking the best way out—and showing you how you'll get on after I'm leaving you."

And then she left him there, lying still and careful on his back, with the hot water bottle on him—and went away. And the next morning he had the same thing over again on the breakfast table—only worse—all American cooking now—baker's bread and all that. And he just shoved it all on the floor, and walked out without speaking. It was as bad that night—worse. Ham out of a delicatessen store now, that would kill a dog—and just German mustard. And in the middle of the night he had another hard attack.

"I'm gone," he says, "this time. You've done what you were arfter!" And he cursed then something awful.

And a minute after, he saw her coming in with her hat and coat on.

"What's this?" he says, straightening up out of a cramp.

"I'm going now," she says, "a little earlier than I expected. I can't stand this!" she says, alluding to his swearing.

"Go, that's right!" he says. "Go—and leave me dying!" But he hollered her back before she got to the door.

"Do something," he says. "Do something—quick! I never felt so near death's door. I'm stiffening fast," he says.

"Oh, nonsense, father!" she says, going on now, browbeating him as if she'd always done so. "Why are you men always such big babies—the minute you get a pain on you? You've got to learn to eat like other folks sometime."

But he only groaned and coughed. And at breakfast he was so bad he could just hold himself together. And the bacon was burned, and there was only that thin baker's bread; and the tea was just boiled copper cents; there was no taste of the vegetable to it. It was all poison to his



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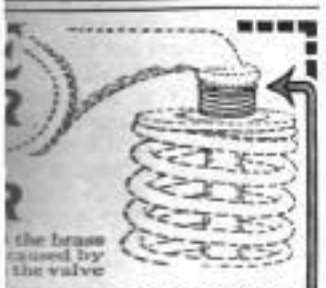
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stomach; he could feel it poisoning him as it went down and settled on the bottom—all waste, poison stuff with no nourishment to it.

He was so weak he couldn't but just hardly pull out the door; and by night, when he come back, he was gone; not in no pain any longer, but just listless—all gone!

"So you're leaving me," he says to her finally, speaking first that night. "You're leaving me—like this!"

And she said yes, she was—next week.

"Your old father!" he says. "Your poor old pop!"

And she said nothing.

"Did he ever deny you anything?" he says, leading on his talk to her. "Anything in your life? If you just asked him—asked him pretty for it?"

And she said nothing, waiting, though it was hard work—against all nature and the previous training of an English girl—for her to do so.

"Suppose," he says, "suppose I told you that I'd do just what you want me to? That I'd stop bumping them?"

"Forever?" she says, quick—and then held herself back.

"Yes, I will!" he come back, eager. "I will—if you say so—and you'll stay home with me!"

And she looked back at him with tears in her big blue eyes, hearing how pitiful he talked.

"I wish I could, pop," she says. "I only wish I could. But it's too late now."

"Too late! You wish you could!" he says, roaring, his strength all coming back to him again. "Why can't you?"

"I'm promised," she says. "That's the truth of it."

"Promised how?" he come back, roaring harder yet.

"To be married."

"To be married!" he yelled after her.

"This coming week."

"Married!" he says. "To who?"

And she told him, edging toward the door as she done so—to be on the safe side. And it was well she did, for he come after her. And she grabbed her hat and coat and come running out in the street, and him after her, stopping, standing, shouting deadly curses from the doorway.

Then she run out and stayed with a girl friend that night, and telephoned over to Tommy Nugent all the particulars when she got there. "I had him," she says, "kind of weakening. I thought I had him all our way once. But now I'm afraid I've lost him—when he found out it was you!"

And he went from the telephone and told it fast and anxious to his mother.

"Don't worry," she says, with the wisdom of woman beaming in her eyes. "Let him work on. He'll be getting his own breakfast in the morning. Let her telephone to-night and tell him where she is. That's all—so he can reach her."

And along that next night, when she had done so—not in the morning, but about the meal time in the evening—the girl went to the telephone—called up to talk to him.

"Come 'ome!" he says. "Come 'ome! For God's sake! All is forgiven. Come 'ome—and make me one more decent cup of English tea—or a muffin or a crumpet. I'm dying," he says, "right now to-night," he says, "for decent, strengthening English food—that won't all churn and turn to poison in my stomach."

"Will you promise?" she says, for she could tell by his voice how bad he was broken.

"Yes."

"Not to bump again—at all?"

"I promise," he says, like one repeating a lesson.

"And let me marry Tommy Nugent?" she says.

"I promise," he says. "You can marry who and all you please. But for God's sake come 'ome and make me one more decent cup of tea before I die. For I'm terrible ill," he says.

"I'm coming right over, pop," she says, and went over right away.

And when she had put on a square English meal for him and it was over, he sat down and began questioning her—and begging her.

"You ain't going now," he says, "and get married," he says, "and leave me out in the cold entirely? Your poor old British dad?" he says. "Out of 'ouse and 'ome and food! I'd pay my shot if I come with you," he says, talking piteous. "You can count on that."

"I know you would, dad," she says, smoothing down his hair—and waited, holding back.

"I'd pay it good," he says, and named a figure.

"That's just fine," she says to him. "That's lovely," she says. For she thought it was almost enough for them to live on. "And I know Tommy will be tickled to death to have you come. He told me so," she says, going on far and wide, now she was started. "He always liked and admired you greatly. Only he said he was afraid you might not like him."

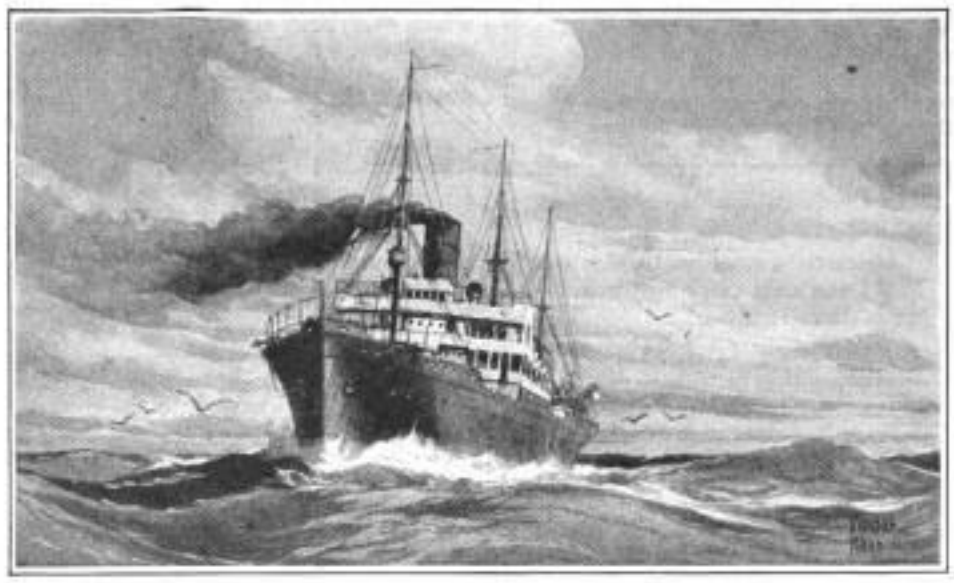
"He's wrong!" says the Englishman. "I always liked the lad," he says. "He looks like a young Englishman—in many ways. And I'll take him right up, and show him—how the English take hold of things. The bulldog breed," he says, feeling better already. "The bulldog breed. They'll be more of them no doubt—before so long," he says, squeezing her arm.

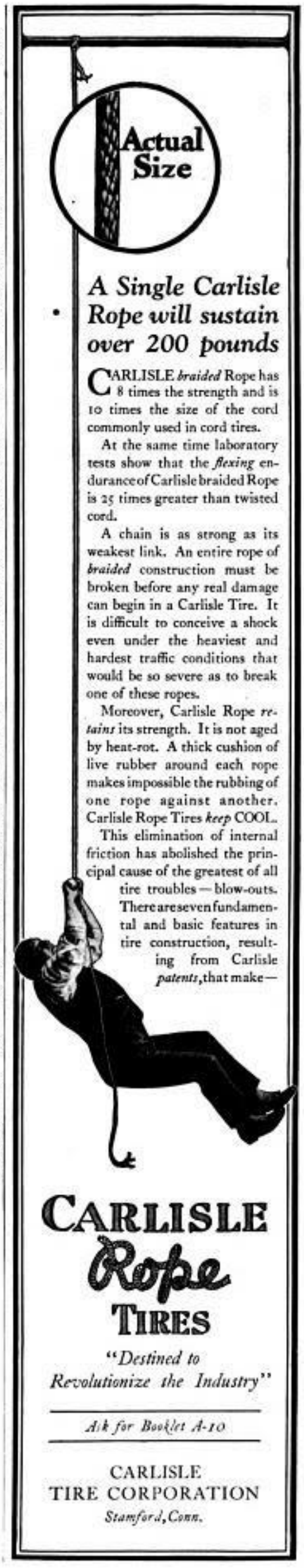
"Don't, father, please!" she says, blushing and drawing away from him.

And then she went and telephoned the news to Tommy Nugent, who was waiting; and he gave it to his mother. And they brought their old man—Nugent—around, working together with the local chairman of the union, who they brought in for the purpose.

"You started it," he says to Nugent, "with your cheap practical jokes. And now you've got to come in and help end it. As for you," he says to the boy, "go ahead and get your education done—and come right here and settle down—at once. For I can promise you now you'll be prospering from the start. I'll get you the local business of the railroad," he says. "The division superintendent will see to that. He told me to say so.

"And you know yourself what the folks around, up and down the line, will do when they find out what it was—and who it was—that stopped the bumping when all else had failed. They'll all come to you, when they know how it was finally done. For we tried reasoning," he says, "and we tried threatening, and we tried kindness," he says—"all, everything we could think of. And they were all no good. And in the end it was just what your mother said," says the local chairman, looking over at her now and winking. "'Twas love that done it—'twas love that stopped this war and bumping, when all else failed. As it always does and will," he says, "*in secula seculorum*—world without end, Amen!"





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EFFICIENCY AND BILL

(Continued from Page 9)

This made three apartments to collect the rents from and oversee generally, and Bill did it, because George stuck to the advertising business and gave Bill all he could make to put into furnishing. He wrote some very clever advertisements about the apartments, too, and put them in rather odd papers and magazines, you might think; but people seemed to see them. Their next apartment they furnished to suit people who were fond of books and liked a larger library than small apartments usually have. There wasn't any formal drawing-room, but there were bookshelves everywhere, and Bill took a lot of extra books that Rissa had put in storage in the old carriage house, and brought in more than two hundred from our old library that was stored in the cellar of St. Mark's Church at home, and had them all catalogued and put on the shelves. He brought in two or three of our old-fashioned pictures too—steel-engravings of the Forum and things by Michelangelo, and hung them between the books, and he had father's old walnut secretary with the pigeonholes that he used to play post office in brought in by a motor truck. It seemed awfully wasteful, though I had to admit that the two rooms, treated like one large one, looked amazingly comfortable in an old-fashioned way.

"But everyone is having Italian things now," Rissa told him, "or crazy orange-colored interiors, with parrots in the window and purple glass jars. If you must run such a risk, why not run as little risk as possible? Study what the decorators are doing, why don't you?"

"Aha!" Bill answered triumphantly. "That's just the point, sis! All decorators' apartments look alike. This is for the people who don't like parrots."

And they rented it inside of a month to an elderly gentleman from Philadelphia who was writing his grandfather's life. He signed a lease for three years one afternoon when I was there helping Bill arrange some books he had bought at a rummage sale.

After that they moved away uptown on the West Side and rented three apartments in succession to Columbia professors, and Rissa had to admit that Bill really was in business. Certainly he had never been so busy. He went out of town Sundays with George Hawkesworth and looked up secondhand furniture and books and pictures and china, and they did get the most extraordinary bargains; comfortable sorts of things, half worn, that really looked homelike, you see, and not like those sample rooms that professional decorators make. Bill said that only women liked those, and that he and George were advertising apartments that men would like to live in.

Sarles was much interested, and got him two apartments at once for doctors who were friends of his and wanted to move.

It was while he was down South buying up a lot of old furniture he had heard of in a little town in Georgia that the news of Mr. Plympton's company's failure and his death came out in the papers. Of course we shouldn't have noticed it much, except that we had come so near to being relatives-in-law of the Plymptons, and Mr. Plympton had practically promised to make Bill general manager some day. Although we never spoke of them nowadays, we naturally read about the failure, and we were rather unpleasantly surprised to find it was clearly intimated that Mr. Plympton, whom everybody considered so responsible and clever, was the principal cause of it.

Sarles tried to explain it to me, but I am not very good at business, and all I could really understand was that Mr. Plympton's board of directors were what is called dummies, and he attended to everything. In doing this he made some very unwise investments and dismissed a good many old employes who might have been helpful to the business, taking on in their places a lot of new men who didn't understand very well about things, so that what he was doing wasn't made clear till the failure actually happened, and then it was too late. It was while he was making these changes that Bill went into the company.

"And do you know, Florrie, it almost looks to me as if Bill had got wind of all this, somehow, and got out," Sarles told me.

"You mean he wasn't willing," said I.

"Just so. He wasn't willing," said Sarles. "Not that I know this, of course, but it looks that way to me. Do remember how reserved he was ab all? I said to him once that Marjory be a thorough Blair, because she a bit like Mrs. Plympton, and re didn't seem to have much in comm her stepfather, and Bill stiffened said 'No, thank God!' I thought seemed rather unnecessarily bitt I'll bet you now he knew!"

"Why, Sarles," I said, "how co You know Bill is such a child abo ness! How could he guess what experienced men out there didn't

"I know," Sarles said. "That's so funny about it. For, of course know that Bill's all up in the air."

I was always very fond of Marjo was the only one of all the girls been in love with that I had real Of course she was impractical, a sponsible and flyaway, like Bill, a wouldn't have been much of a wi way for a boy of Bill's temperam how could you blame her for th child? She'd never had to lift a herself, and Mr. Plympton and he spoiled her to death. Mr. Bla literary man—a sort of poet, Mr ton told us—and Marjory had a great deal of his disposition, s charming; but you couldn't co on it, Mrs. Plympton said wit you wanted to get anything done This was what made Mr. Plym such a relief, she said.

Of course I wanted to see th if there was anything we could persuaded Rissa to help me find even with Sarles to advise us w seem to accomplish much. Mr. had died of pneumonia very sud Mrs. Plympton and Marjory away, leaving no address, or th left one, there seemed to be getting hold of it. We couldn't advertise or employ a detect reminded us, and so there didn't anything more to do.

We judged that Bill wouldn't anything about it, 'way off country town he'd gone to, and suaded me not to mention it to

"What good would it be?" "He's just crazy and romantic think that he ought to find M marry her now. As he didn't w when he might have, he presum want to now. He seems inter furnishing game just at pres keeps him busy and contente leave him alone while the fit

Of course Rissa can always anything her way. So I pret that she was right, though I mean about it somehow. But that Sarles surprised us. M odd; they are always telling interfere, and to let things alo work out, and numberless o of that sort. And yet they w interfere in the strangest way

When Rissa mentioned th we had decided not to tell M Plympton failure he was muc

"Do you think that's qui Riss?" he said at once.

"I can't see why not," sh all over now, their affair, an all up again? I do hope you the judge of this, Sarles. I'l all out very carefully, and best."

"I don't doubt it, my d "but I shall use my own jud

And as soon as Bill got ba Bill went straight out to found out in a few hours w been able to learn in seve hunted up an old bookkeeper for years and years with M and this old man told him urging, that Marjory and he living quietly by themselves at liberty to say where. E been sold, and the creditor cally satisfied, he said. She life insurance, which Mr. never allowed her to use. T of course, but perfectly co independent, and had dec a complete break with all th tions and begin again. Mrs been dreadfully shocked by the publicity and all, and

(Continued on Pag

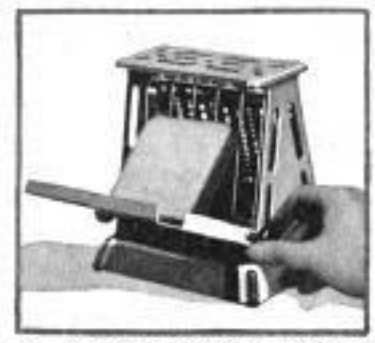
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1 The bread placed in the toaster ready to start.



2 The toaster closed. One side of the bread is being toasted.



3 One side done, a touch on the knob turns the toast.



4 Both sides toasted crisp, delicious, done just right.





The Newest Turnover Toaster —a Hotpoint Servant

YOU probably know the woman who seems to pay more attention to her electric toaster than to the folks at the table.

Imagine her relief with the new *Hotpoint Turnover Toaster.*

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* * *

Now the Hotpoint Housekeeping Engineers have added a *practical* turnover feature to the *perfect toasting qualities* of the older Hotpoint Toaster.

Bread sliced thick or thin, as you prefer, is turned *every time* at a touch on the cool knobs. Making the Hotpoint Toaster even more practical than ever before.

Typical of Hotpoint Servants, the new Toaster is announced only after it has been perfected as a *real* improvement. Thoroughly satisfying those who think more of a tradition of service than of catching the market with "clever" electrical novelties.

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Vacuum Cleaner
and the
Hotpoint-Hughes
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Hotpoint SERVANTS

EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., Inc.

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"travelo"



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You are your own best judge as to why you need a "travelo" knit jacket. But whether you want one for business, knockabout or sports wear, the usable, wearable, likable, durable "travelo" is a wonderful jacket to own. The model illustrated is but one of several which you will find at your dealer's, in a fine selection of handsome heathers. But please remember, only when a jacket bears the "travelo" label are you certain to obtain a garment made by the original "travelo" elastic knit process, which assures perfect fit and shape.

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This odd looking ring excites great interest when observed on your finger. *Go to your local jewelry store at once* and ask to see this odd CHINESE GOOD LUCK RING and obtain a copy of its *history*.

None genuine without the ☆ stamped inside the ring

Ladies' Size. Solid Sterling Silver One Dollar



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Ask Also to See it in Gold

If your jeweler will not supply you, write Desk 17, 1321 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., and we will give you the name of a jeweler near you who will.

Anatomik FOOTWEAR
GR. COLE'S PATENTS FEB. 20 '06

A Man's Feet Carry 815 Tons a Day

"Anatomik" shoes support the feet in their normal position, enabling one to carry this weight in comfort; preventing and curing "fallen" arches, and other foot ailments. "Anatomik" shoes have been carrying men in comfort for 15 years. *Arrow shows where body weight falls in the wrong kind of shoe (left) and in "Anatomik" shoe (right).* Send for free illustrated booklet and name of nearest agency.

FIELD & FLINT CO., BROCKTON, MASS.

(Continued from Page 126)

had just picked her up and carried her off. That was all.

"And there was nothing more for me to do," said Bill, "so I came back. I was much obliged to Sarles. And really, Flops, I was a little surprised at you. Not that you wouldn't have told me, of course, Rissa or no Rissa."

"I did feel rather queer about it, Bill," I admitted. "But Rissa was so afraid that you would get excited about it and insist on finding Marjory ——"

"Why should I insist on finding her?" he said. "She doesn't want to be found. I wish Rissa didn't think everything was a novel that she was writing."

Rissa laughed very good-naturedly when I told her about this.

"Thank goodness, he's growing up at last!" she said. "Perhaps he'll fall in love with one of his clients next—a sensible one—and actually settle down."

For that was what Bill insisted we must call them—clients.

He had bought more furniture in the South than he had expected to, and a good deal of it was bureaus and wardrobes and beds. It was this that gave him his next idea. He took an old-fashioned apartment next door to a good restaurant and made the library and dining room into bedrooms. Then he advertised it as a home for four men, who could get a housekeeper and either have their meals cooked at home and served in the drawing-room, as in lodgings, or have them sent in from the restaurant, or they could go and eat there, just as they pleased. Three men from George Hawkesworth's office rented it immediately, with an outside friend, and this friend got them an order for another apartment just like it for four friends of his. They had no housekeeper and didn't dare engage one, so Bill asked me to do it for him, and I got them old Katy, who cooked for us when we lived with Aunt Ella.

That gave him an idea, and with his next apartment, which he furnished for an elderly couple who would like carpets and a double bed and a sort of little conservatory arrangement in the dining-room window, and a parrot cage, he offered to provide the service if the clients would agree to his rules. He and I made up the rules, which Rissa said were idiotic, but the maids and the elderly couple—who appeared the second day after the advertisement—both agreed to them, and Bill dropped in once a month to see if there were any complaints. There never were, and the old lady, who took a great fancy to Bill, always kept him to supper and had soft molasses cake and stewed pears and fried ham in milk sauce, which Bill adores.

We saw very little of him by this time, because he was terribly busy, of course, all day, with renting and collecting and furnishing, and at night he and George had to do the advertising and the accounts and the planning generally. But he used to drop in on us Sunday afternoons, and Sarles always stopped reading and asked him all sorts of questions and laughed and laughed, the way he used to laugh at Rissa. He said Bill was very much like her, and I began to see what he meant. You see, neither Rissa nor Bill ever minds a bit what anybody else thinks of them or their ideas. Other people may laugh, but they go right on.

One Sunday afternoon Bill was telling us about his last apartment. A queer old spinster, whose house he had seen when he was in the South, had just decided to give it up and go abroad. She had offered the furniture, which was simply wonderful, to Bill, and he and George had borrowed some money and bought it. They had advertised it in two expensive magazines as a complete Southern interior, with a photograph of the dining room and the old darky butler who went with it, and rented it immediately to a famous moving-picture actress. The price was very large, and we were congratulating Bill most warmly, for she had taken a long lease; but we all noticed that he didn't seem very enthusiastic himself. In fact, he was very grumpy about the actress, and called her the movie maniac and the film freak whenever he spoke of her.

"I don't believe the lady liked you, Bill," Rissa said at last, but he only sniffed.

"I hope not. I certainly didn't like her," he answered.

"What was the matter, old man?" Sarles asked.

"Oh, she was all right," Bill explained. "There wasn't anything the matter with her, I suppose. But she looked so darn silly among all those lovely things! She's a vamp, you know, professionally, and she's about the size and shape of a lamp-post, with bright pink hair and all covered with green jade earrings and things. She's crazy about the place, and I must say she seems to appreciate the stuff. She raved about the lusters and the rosewood piano and the curtains especially. She's no fool. But to see her in front of poor old Miss Leffingwell's tea tray, slapping on that lip stick and feeding those sickening Pekingese pups, was simply ghastly. She ought to live in a poster, not that apartment."

Rissa began to laugh.

"Of course, Bill," she said, "you'll always be bothered very much in your business if this is the way you're going to take it. You can't always expect old gentlemen from Philadelphia who'll fit into the picture, you know. You ought to look them over very carefully when they answer your advertisements, and turn them down if they don't fit in with your plans. 'I'm sorry, madam, but you are too Early Victorian, really, for this Italian interior. I'm afraid you won't do!' That's what you'll come to!"

We all laughed, for Rissa imitates Bill almost as well as he imitates her. But Bill didn't laugh. He just stared dreamily at her and made little rings in the air with his finger, to follow her smoke rings.

"Not a bad idea, sis," he said, and soon after that he went home.

In less than a week he mailed me a new advertisement. It was a neat little pamphlet, with a picture of a stout, hook-nosed woman in a tiara and a short-skirted evening gown, cut very low, sitting in a prim colonial drawing-room, with a footman in knee breeches offering her a big bunch of orchids. Beneath the picture it said:

If you have a charming period home, why spoil the effect with your own appearance? Do you know what sort of background your type requires? Have you ever studied this? Your surroundings should express you—do yours? Messrs. Etheridge & Wisner have made a lifelong study of this and are prepared to consult with clients before taking the first important steps in home planning. Remember, it is not what you happen to like, but what actually suits you best that brings out your good points. Your dressmaker fits your clothes to you; who fits your apartment to you?

When I read this I thought that Bill was crazy, but Rissa felt differently about it.

"I shouldn't wonder if the lunatic pulled the thing off," she said, and nodded her head several times.

Well, he did pull it off!

A very rich woman from Texas—her heart was as big as her bank account, Bill told us—came to him about an Italian Renaissance duplex apartment she wanted on Park Avenue. She was very blond, with a great deal of color, and she weighed two hundred pounds, because she ate a great deal and never walked farther than across the room. She had two quite handsome daughters who had got themselves up to look like young French widows, Bill said.

He told us he was very high and mighty with her, and refused to do her unless she would be Early Victorian. So she agreed to this, and her portrait in a big flowered silk, on a rosewood sofa, with the girls leaning over it, in white, and some wax flowers, and a wool-worked hassock, was exhibited with wild success on Fifth Avenue. Bill persuaded the girls to embroider fire screens, and one married the artist who painted them, and the other has just announced her engagement to Sir Wilfred Crytchley, who is master of hounds somewhere in Surrey. Bill says it is all owing to him.

I was there myself when he persuaded the little pink lady with the pointy nose that she ought to have what she always called a "Louis" drawing-room, all pink and gold, with little statuettes of Venuses and things. She wanted Jacobean and a great deal of white plaster, but Bill persuaded her. And really she looked like a clever little marquise in it when it was done. The only trouble was, she wasn't clever at all; but Bill said that everybody had to expect to find some hopeless flaw in his method—and this was his!

They got so much remodeling to do that they decided to take in a young architect, who could help out in the office when he wasn't busy. But after a while he had less time, himself, and I used to go in to the office and help out afternoons. It was quite interesting to watch Bill handle the people. They would listen to him with the greatest respect—which always seemed funny to me—and even the ones who

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argued with him and held out for what they wanted always gave way when he looked at them quietly and said:

"Of course, madam, you will do exactly as you choose. I, myself, couldn't see you in any but the interior I have sketched out for you, and I shouldn't feel justified in going on with it otherwise. But there are dozens of other men, no doubt, who will be delighted to oblige you."

Other men! Bill! It was too absurd.

But after they got that big apartment house on Madison Avenue it was quite clear that a secretary would be needed. George managed the books evenings, and had just about decided to give up his own job in a few months and take up the real-estate end of things, with the advertising. Mr. Fleete took on a great deal of buying and decorating, besides the remodeling, and Bill kept himself free for the clients, because he was the only one who could manage them. George Hawkesworth said frankly that he would sink into the floor with shame if he should even try it, and Mr. Fleete, though he agreed that he might be able to do it if necessary, warned Bill that he was more than likely to get giggling. Bill was quite severe with him.

"Giggling?" he asked him. "What do you mean, giggling? When a pug-nosed, bow-legged heavyweight with frizzy gray hair tells me she has always loved Ompeer things, because they're so sort of classic, don't you think I feel more like bursting into tears myself? Giggling!"

George wrote a careful advertisement for the secretary, which Rissa said would require a postgraduate angel with a past, if the requirements were to be met, and then they asked me to interview the applicants with them. It seemed to me they were very hard to suit.

Bill said that "pretty" was not the word exactly; she must be a distinct rest to the eye. George said that she must have studied modern filing systems thoroughly, but not be in the least hidebound about them, and stand ready to adapt herself to his, which was rather original. Mr. Fleete felt that in her odd moments she ought to be able to do a lot of shopping, and pretty darned intelligently too. Rissa said that all her moments in that office were quite likely to be odd, poor girl.

I began to think they'd never find one. At least, as Rissa said, not on this poor planet.

But one afternoon when I dropped in, Mr. Fleete was much elated.

"She's just gone, Miss Florrie, but she's to call in again to-morrow, and you must be here to see her. She's a peach. She saw my point about the filing directly; she loves shopping, and she's so good-looking that I've practically proposed to her and got it over. She's awfully interested in the idea, and by George, she's made for the business! I wish Bill could have been in here half an hour ago. His eyes would have popped out of his head. She landed a client for us."

"Why, how could she?" I asked.

"Just as I'd finished giving her the idea of the thing, and showed her our ads," he went on, "a tall, thin, cross-looking spinster marched in leading a Russian wolfhound as big as a small horse.

"'I've called about a letter from Mr. Wisner,' says she, 'and I've brought my dog, because I wish nothing in the apartment that is likely to annoy him or get in his way.'

"Well, I got the giggles, just as I told Bill I should. You see, all I could think of was to tell her that the furniture would have to be attached to the ceiling in that case, and of course I couldn't keep a straight face. And besides that, Miss Florrie, there isn't any style under heaven that would have suited that woman and that dog. She was the kind that wears tweeds and flat square shoes and awful oblong felt hats—you know—and thin! Thin as a chimney-pot extension!

"Well, I began to choke and cough and flap my hands in the air, and the beast of a dog began to growl at me and I was scared to death. And just as I thought the game was up, and she was beginning to gulp as if she'd swallowed a pint of vinegar, that angel of a girl steps out and smiles and says, 'Mr. Wisner isn't in, madam, but can't I get a rough idea of what you require, before he comes? What a magnificent dog! Of course anyone could see that you want a strong, simple effect, without any clutter—large pieces.'

"'That is just it,' says Old Vinegar, and before I'd finished blowing my nose the girl has her all settled in a kind of Gotnic outfit, and actually shows her pictures out of a Boutet de Monvel book of crusaders. She ate it up. Mullioned windows and carved chests and coats of arms—gosh, she ought to have worn armor herself, Miss Florrie!

"'But I should hardly do in this beautiful picture,' says she, with a gleam of human intelligence, looking at her terrible brown spats. 'Poor Falco would be ashamed of me!'

"'But you could have a sort of tea gown like this,' says the peach, dragging out a pad and sketching a kind of medieval, nightgowny thing, 'in smoke-colored velvet, for instance!'

"'So I could,' says Old Vinegar, very coy, 'but I'm afraid my tailor ——'

"'I know a woman who does that sort of thing beautifully,' says Peaches. 'Shall I give you her address?'

"It was all over. Just like that. You wait till you see Peaches!"

And when she came into the office the next day, it was Marjory Blair!

"Why, Miss Florrie!" she cried, and ran over and gave me a hug.

She'd taken a business course and done very well in two positions already. She loved business, she said, though Mrs. Plympton simply couldn't understand it.

"And how did you happen to come in, Miss Florrie?" she asked.

"Why—why—because of—of Bill!" I stammered out.

"Bill?" she said, very surprised. "Is Bill—— Oh, is he the Etheridge?"

"Why, of course," I said; "he and George."

"But who is Mr. Wisner, then?"

You see, George's name would have told her. But he had never used it, in case his firm mightn't like it, and put his middle name, Wisner, in the advertisements. And of course she never knew Mr. Fleete. I was a little embarrassed, but the young people to-day don't seem to feel this sort of thing at all.

"Why, isn't it funny!" she said. "What will Bill say?"

I took care to get hold of Bill and break it to him, but he was as calm about it as she had been.

"Well, well, well!" he said. "Good for her! So Marjory was Peaches! She's got her first commission from Etheridge & Wisner, Flops, that's one sure thing!"

I came in with him when he met her.

"Hello, Madge!" he said; and "Hello, Bill!" she answered, and they shook hands as friendly as possible.

We all went up to supper with her and her mother. They had a comfortable little flat uptown on the West Side, and Mrs. Plympton managed everything but the washing and enjoyed it immensely. We all thought she was much nicer than when she was rich. She had cooked a wonderful supper, and Bill insisted on being the butler, as he was when he first went to them, and kept us all screaming with laughter.

Marjory was just what they needed. She was born for the business, Bill said. She got her old dressmaker interested, and they worked out sketches together, and before long Madame Rose had "recommended by Etheridge & Wisner" on her cards. Bill gave Marjory the commission on every dress she got them, too.

She looked so nice in her little white collar and cuffs, with her smooth thick hair and her clear red cheeks. Even the clients liked her, because she made no pretense at any period herself, and really showed them off. She was supposed to work from nine till five, but she was quite as much interested as the boys, and often and often she'd sketch and plan and write till eight and nine o'clock.

Rissa wasn't so pleased at first, but after a while she told me that she'd decided that it was undoubtedly quite all right.

"The best cure for Bill, if he needs any more cure," she said, "will be to have her in the office like this. A romantic young idiot like Bill needs a little more illusion to keep him in love. When you pay a girl a salary to work a typewriter for you, you can hardly make a moon princess of her."

And I saw that, and felt a little sorry for it, I admit, for I had always liked Marjory, and I used to think them well suited, in the old days.

Mrs. Plympton would never come to call on us, which was silly in a way, but we got used to it and went to see her instead. We never spoke of Mr. Plympton, and Bill told me that she had gradually come to believe that his business troubles had preyed on his mind till he wasn't really responsible for



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his mistakes. She talked more now of Mr. Blair, Marjory's father, and often said that Marjory was like him! She was quite busy and contented, and even when Marjory insisted on getting a maid her mother superintended everything and went to market every day.

By the end of a year the boys had to move to a larger place, for they needed more room for all the sketches and samples. We had grown used to Bill's success by this time; everybody knew of Etheridge, Fleete & Wisner, and once a woman asked Rissa if she was the sister of the famous decorator!

Many of the other firms tried to imitate him, of course, but Bill had got the name, you see, and George Hawkesworth thought up such clever advertising schemes that they kept their lead, as Sarles put it. And then, as they all admitted, no one could handle clients like Bill.

George Hawkesworth never got used to it. He would get fits of choking and run out when Bill, after a long argument, would pull a curtain dramatically away from a long mirror and say with a kind of disgusted sigh, "Look, Mrs. Jones! Look at what you see there, and tell me honestly, can you see that profile in an Italian frame?"

They always gave way then.

The day before they left the old office they asked me in to tea, and when I got there I was surprised to see Mrs. Plympton, looking rather grand in black satin, and some lovely spring flowers scattered about. They were going out, first, they said, and wanted me to come with them and meet an old Chicago school friend of Marjory's. I should have thought the friend would have come to tea in the office, but as Mrs. Plympton seemed very excited and anxious to go, I followed on, of course. Bill and Marjory were joking and laughing, but George Hawkesworth hardly said a word.

"Is your friend in here, Marjory?" I asked as she and Bill ran up the steps of a little brown church tucked away in the middle of the block.

"Y-yes, Miss Florrie," said Marjory, and I thought she looked rather pale, for her.

"Don't stare at us so, Flops. We're going to be married!" said Bill. "To wedding and you are the guests!"

"Why, Bill!" I said.

"You see, Flops," he told me, his arm around me and smiling as but Bill can smile, "it seemed to lucky before, with all the fish knives desk sets and all, and if you ask they have to send you things. And couldn't stand the clothes and ever She really can't be spared from the for fittings. But this part only takes twenty minutes. It's really much est way."

"But—but what will Rissa I gasped.

"Rissa ran it the last time; it's now," he said.

I never realized that you can be perfectly well in a blue jersey dr white collar and cuffs, but you c Marjory would have made a love

The friend from Chicago, far fr shocked, said that this was the she would ever be married; a people are changing.

It was over so quickly. Bill say bridesmaids and the ushers gett selves arranged that makes we long.

And then we came back to tea Plympton had a wonderful cake, and sandwiches. The salad wa thing that made it seem like George said.

"Now, Bill, I know you're m cause I've slopped mayonnaise clothes!" he said. And Bill laug cried.

They were going off to Virgin days, and George and Mr. Fle attend to the moving.

"I shall think of you pick blossoms," the Chicago friend Bill answered, "You'd better stalking old furniture, Betty."

"Bill, you certainly are cuss!" George Hawkesworth at him admiringly, and then the thought struck me for the

Bill was efficient, and none had ever guessed it!

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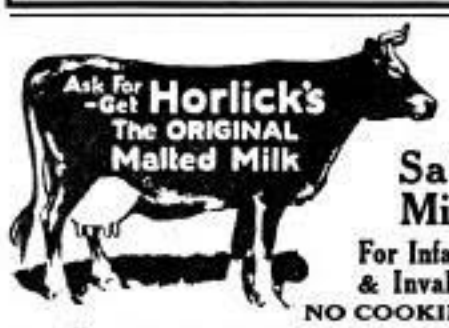
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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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The Saturday Evening Post *The Ladies' Home Journal* *The Country Gentleman*

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Look for the R&M symbol—the sign of a breeze—on the guard of the fan you buy. For sale by good dealers everywhere, in a complete line of types and sizes.

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Fans *and Motors*

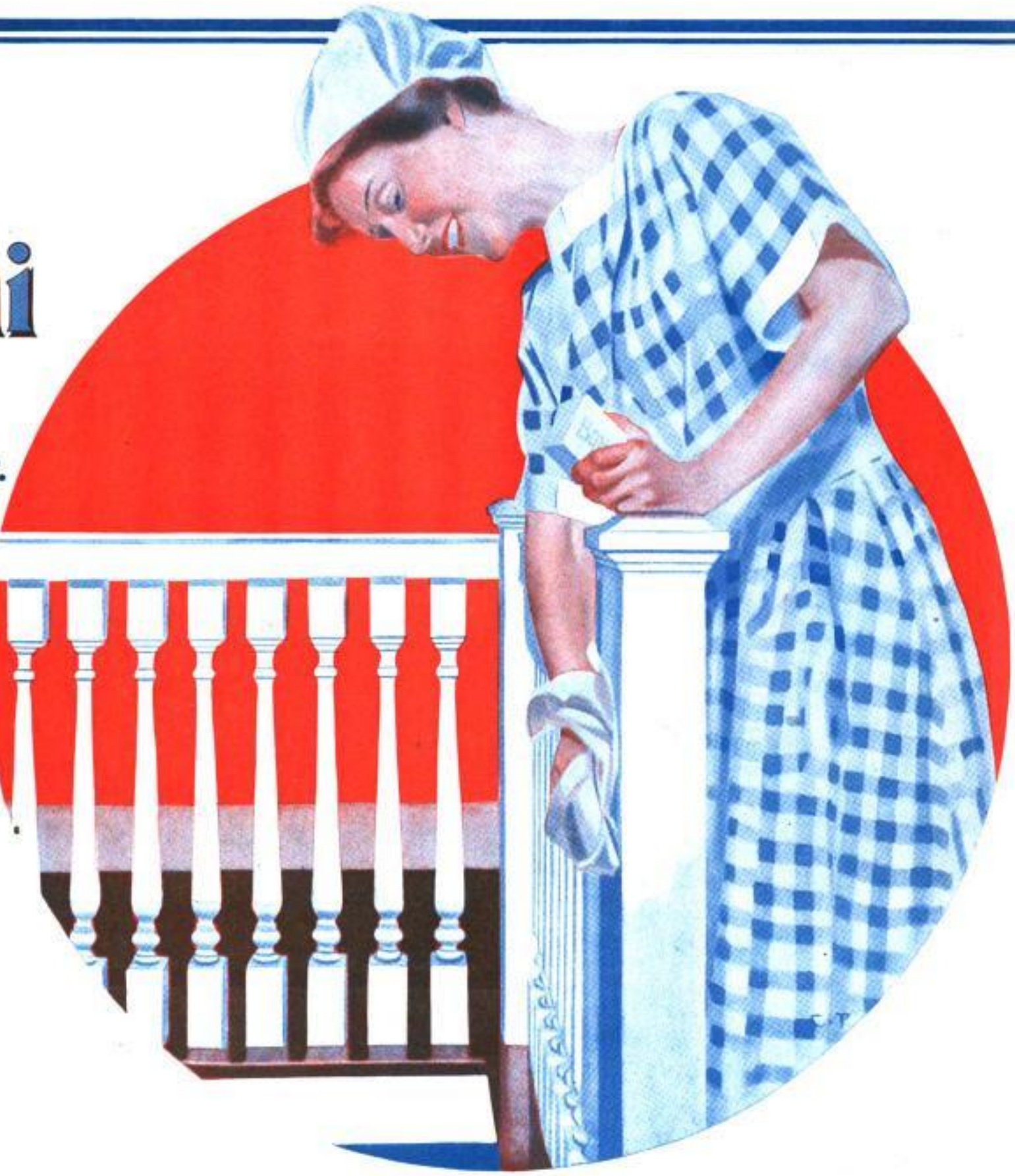
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Bon Ami keeps white woodwork glistening white!

Cleaning white woodwork is just another of Bon Ami's many uses throughout the house.

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new car or Brother Bill back from college for the week-end or—
There's always another story waiting for your Kodak.

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Messrs. California Packing Corporation,
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San Francisco, California.

Dear Sirs:

I have been carefully investigating what kind of Canned Fruits and Vegetables and Dried Fruits I should choose for my forthcoming Polar expedition and have decided to use exclusively your "DEL MONTE" brand.

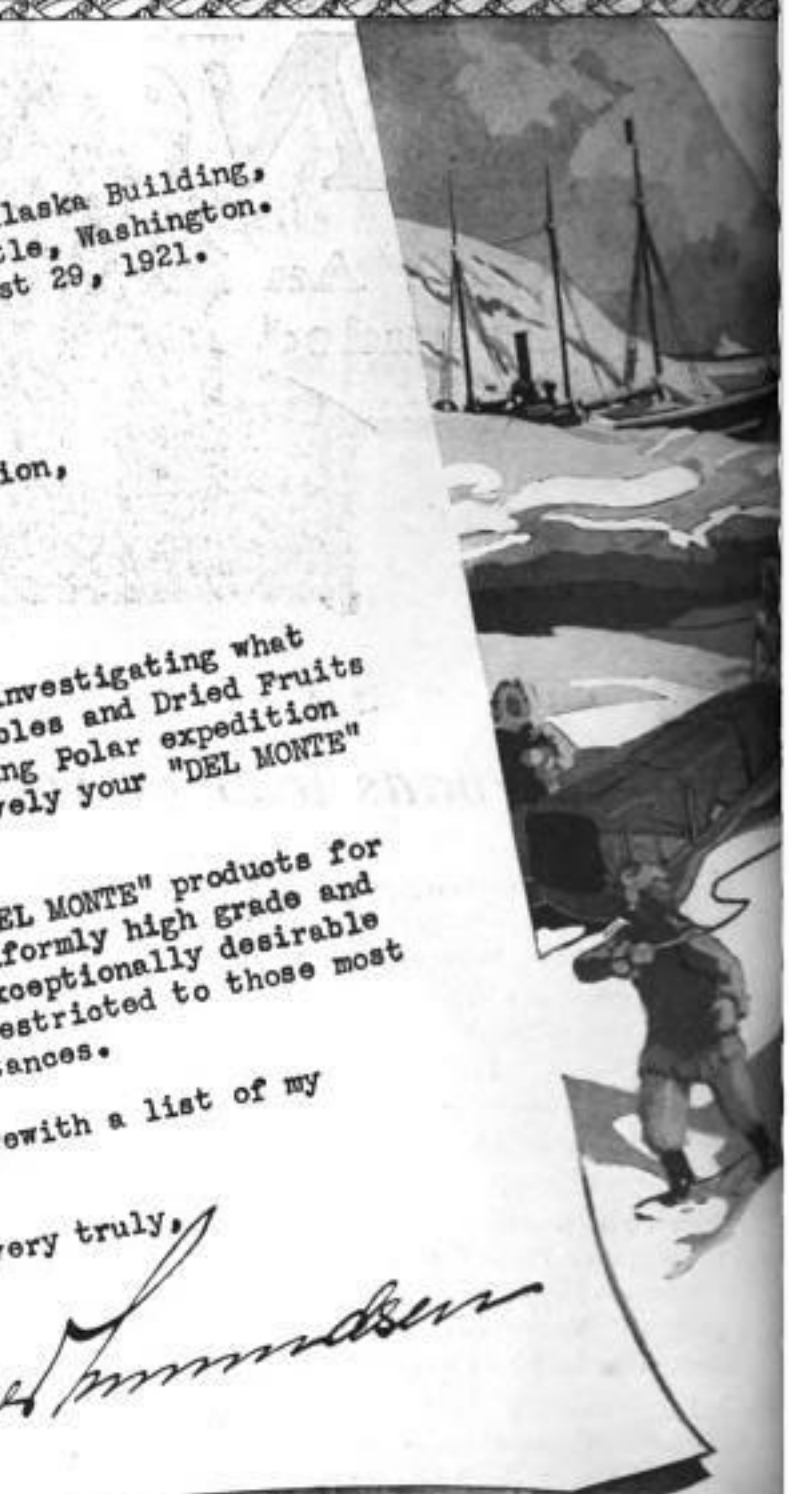
I have chosen the "DEL MONTE" products for the reason that with their uniformly high grade and keeping qualities, they are exceptionally desirable where food supplies must be restricted to those most dependable under all circumstances.

I am enclosing herewith a list of my requirements.

Yours very truly,

Roald Amundsen

RA:EN





"Where foods must be restricted to those most dependable under all circumstances"

—the reason assigned by Amundsen for taking DEL MONTE Products with him to the North Pole.

And doesn't it apply just as strongly to your own every-day menu? Isn't it just as important that you may always be *sure* of highest food quality, "dependable under all circumstances?"

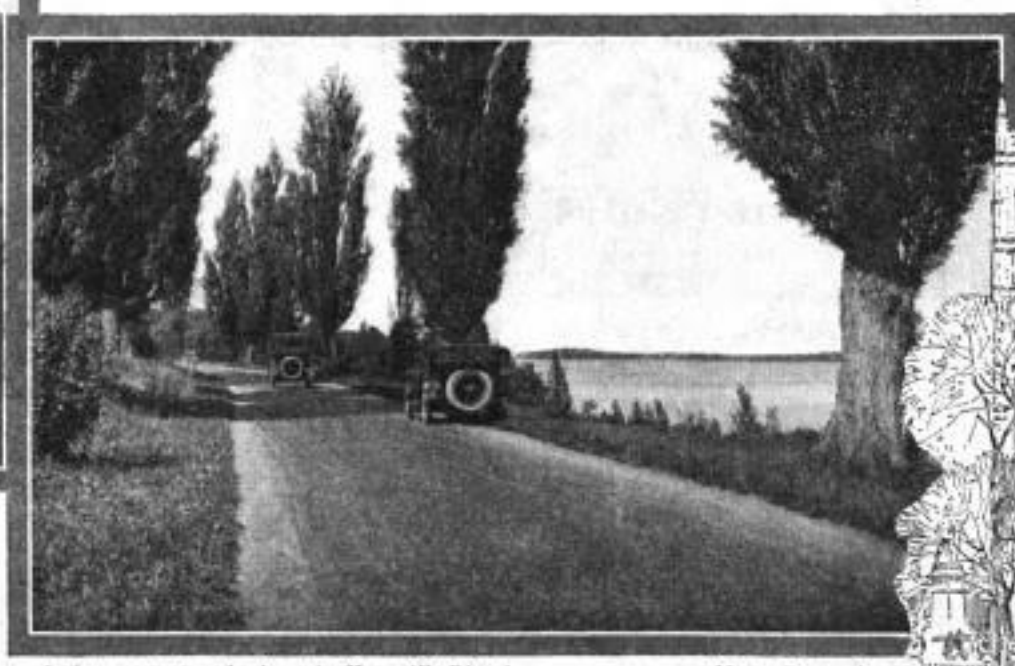
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CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION
San Francisco, California

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Below is shown a bird's-eye view of the city of Montreal, the metropolis of Canada. In the background stands stately Mount Royal, rising to an elevation of 769 feet above sea level.

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N AUDIENCE WITH THE IPANESE PRINCE REGENT

heart of Tokio stands a vast d, surrounded by moats which rn fringed by embankments i gray with age. Through the rees that top these hoary walls en-tiled roof of the Imperial roofs afford the only glimpse le of the capital ever get of nent. No other royal resi- e is so zealously guarded or m curious intruder, for it is y of holies—the abode of the er royal establishments are le to the public. This one ated shrine—a thing apart. nperial area itself lies in the life, so is the palace—or where the Emperor hap- he very fountainhead of al existence. In no other overeign venerated to the ains in Japan. Tradition- Heaven, symbol of many —the present Emperor is and twenty-second—god- of a religion of patriotism, red. He is the one ruler rong.



The Prince Regent in Uniform. Prince Tokugawa Precedes Him

By Isaac F. Marcosson

ent's Isolation

me miracle went Bolshe- crowd that might burn Japan or the homes of a ould assemble in the plaza e to the palace and yell imperial master. Here phase of Japan that is

at Tokio palace I talked h with the inheritor of e prestige, the young Prince Regent, Hirohito. I have had other alty, but none was so difficult of approach, none so hedged in by did any represent such strange blending of feudal suggestion and he more practical things that make for modernity.

got in the way, these daimio—as they were called—could lop off their heads and proceed calmly on their journey.

But there were other reasons why this meeting with the Prince Regent was invested with special interest. To begin with, it was the first time, either as Crown Prince or in his present capacity, that he had received a writer in private audience in Japan. On his European trip last year he was greeted by delegations of newspaper men. He even talked to some of them in London and Paris. That, however, resulted from his being on foreign soil and when he had cut himself loose from the rigid limitations that restrict him at home. Once he returned to Japan the lid was clamped down again. Though he has displayed a surprising sense of democracy he has been obliged to yield in the main to the immemorial traditions of his rank and heritage.

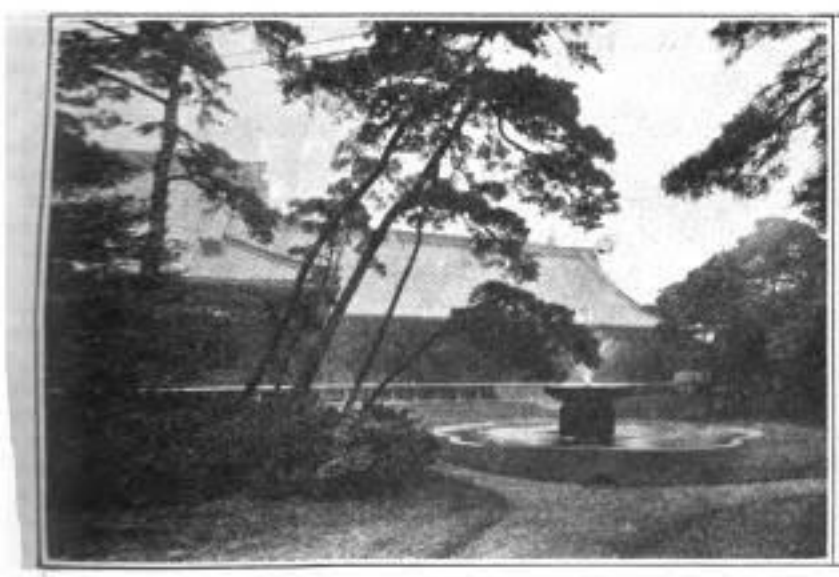
Divine Right Incarnate

YOU get some idea of the extraordinary aloofness of the Japanese family when I say that even after the Restoration of 1868, when the shogunate yielded to the actual rule of the royal line, court physicians could feel the pulse of the Emperor only through a piece of silk. Tailors had to guess at measurements for the European clothes of the monarch. In a word, no lay finger could be placed upon the body of the Mikado.

Some years ago the private car of the Emperor Meiji, grandfather of the Prince Regent, was delayed twenty minutes in the railroad yards at Kioto. The stationmaster immediately committed suicide, because he felt that he was responsible for this slight to his sovereign.

On the very day that I write this article in Tokio a young fanatic was killed by a bomb explosion at the entrance to the palace. From papers found on his person it was disclosed that he desired to present a petition to the throne protesting against the present Diet, but that he had also planned suicide because of his temerity in approaching the imperial preserve. The Minister for Home Affairs and the Tokio chief of police at once tendered their resignations, because, like the stationmaster at Kioto, they felt responsible for what was considered a desecration of the royal compound.

It is an unwritten law in Japan, strictly observed to-day, that no one can look down on the Emperor. If he passes in the street—and this



Garden in Front of Homei Hall, Imperial Palace



Garden of Imperial Detached Palace at Kazumagaseki

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rule applies to the Prince Regent—mounted police ride ahead to warn all persons to descend from the upper stories of houses or draw the blinds. This applies to everyone, and there is usually a scampering of steel workers on the steel framework of new buildings to the ground. Passengers in tram cars must either get out or sit behind closed windows until the regal procession has gone by.

There is still the feeling in Japan outside of Tokio and Kioto that the Emperor is not a concrete personality but an incarnation of divine right. All success is attributed to him. When Admiral Togo, for example, cabled the news of his famous victory over the Russian fleet at Tsushima he gave all the credit to the virtue of the head of the nation. Every soldier and sailor feels the same way.

So, too, with the heroic General Count Nogi. His dramatic suicide was attributed to continued grief over the loss of thirty thousand Japanese soldiers at Port Arthur; in reality it was devotion to his Emperor and his expressed desire to follow him into the hereafter.

Now you can understand some of the significance and responsibility that attach to the heirship of all this legend and loyalty. As I watched the slight, spectacled, young Prince Regent and listened to his carefully enunciated words, I could not help realizing that he is destined to occupy a distinct and perhaps lonely place in world affairs. Possibly my recent years of contact with the wreckage of old orders in Europe fostered the thought. It is summed up in a single sentence. The imperial circle, as it might be called, is narrowing.

Russia, Germany, Austria, Turkey have all passed into the twilight. Ordinarily you do not associate the emperor business with King George, because he is the essence of the democratic spirit, and England is to all intents and purposes a crowned republic. Besides, it is not among the impossibilities that self-determination will some day pluck the jewel that Beaconsfield placed upon the diadem of Queen Victoria when he made her Empress of India. Japan may be the last of the empires.



Main Gate to the Imperial Palace, Tokio

The Fabric of Government

SO FAR as it is humanly possible to predict anything in these cataclysmic times, Japan will remain an empire. The zeal for the royal family—it is almost fanaticism—leaves no doubt as to this eventuality. Thus, unlike some of his European colleagues, Prince Hirohito is sure of his succession if he lives. He need never worry about radical intrigue. He is Emperor in everything but name now.

Yet amid this adoration for royalty, the guaranteed perpetuity of its rule and the traditional rights vested with the All-Highest, the Emperor of Japan has little more real authority than King George. Although Meiji, who has been called the Lincoln of his country, was a strong and forceful personality, he was swayed and his long and eventful reign was shaped by the Elder Statesmen. But the leaders among these Genro, as they were named, have all passed away. The last of the lions was Prince Yamagata, who died on February first of this year. Although there are still two surviving Genro—Marquis Matsukata and Prince Saionji—they were never dominant factors in the rule of the country as was Yamagata. Marquis Matsukata is now 88 years old and lives in retirement at Kamakura, a summer resort not far from Tokio. Prince Saionji is younger, but is no longer a strong figure in the councils of the nation.

With the regency of Prince Hirohito—it began last November—Japan began to face a crisis that is more momentous than the acute situation precipitated by the friction with the United States over the Californian alien law. This crisis is internal and affects the welfare of all the people. It is therefore impossible to comprehend the personality and the possibilities of the Prince Regent without knowing just how it began, what it means and where it may lead. Whatever happens, as head of the nation he must be a conspicuous figure in a drama that will affect the whole Orient.

It all goes back to the Constitution, which was largely the work of the late Prince Ito, the Bismarck of Japan, and fit mate of Yamagata in the councils of the Genro. This document, which was promulgated in 1889, strongly resembles the German Constitution of that period. German influence, I might add, has always been potent in shaping Japanese policy, especially on the military side.

Although the Constitution theoretically provided for the establishment of a constitutional monarchy, and was supposed to mark the change from an absolute to a limited monarchy, it did not bring about the equivalent of parliamentary government under a limited monarchy as we have come to know these institutions in Europe.

Though the traditions of divine right and absolutism have been maintained for centuries the Emperor, as I have intimated, has always been more or less a figurehead, his actual influence being a function of his own force and personality.

Up to the present time there has been no parliamentary government in which the power of public opinion eventually determines the policy of the state. The immemorial right of the British House of Commons or the American Congress to exercise control over ministers by refusing appropriations, for example, which has had such an important influence on political development in the United States and England, has no counterpart in Japan. If a budget introduced by the [illegible] ment fails to pass, the budget preceding year is continued [illegible] The Diet is something of [illegible] What it lacks in power it [illegible] in noise. Its principal [illegible] criticism, in which it [illegible] other similar body.

Another drawback to [illegible] mentary government—and [illegible] on the Japanese crisis of to-[illegible] in a provision of the Co[illegible] that the Ministers of War a[illegible] must be active or retired [illegible] the army and navy re[illegible] This has enabled the so-[illegible] tary party to bring pressure [illegible] government, for any cabi[illegible] fall if either the Minister [illegible] the Minister of Navy re[illegible] War Department and not th[illegible] Office has dictated the fo[illegible] and behind the War Offi[illegible] the Genro.

Now we come to the [illegible] present business. Up to t[illegible] the Hirohito Regency the Genro influence was all[illegible] The Elder Statesmen not only named Premi[illegible] Ministers of War and Navy but they formed [illegible] constitutional body responsible only to the Em[illegible] self. Originally they came into being because [illegible] Restoration, the Emperor needed wise co[illegible] there is no doubt that their authority grew [illegible] exceeded any other power in the land, not ex[illegible] Constitution. In a word, the Genro were the [illegible] Japan.

The Yamagata domination gave Japan her [illegible] sun because it built up an army and navy that [illegible] to be reckoned with as a great power. But [illegible] Yamagata died some of his influence began to [illegible] Wellington, his military genius outweighed [illegible] sagacity, and the old war horse—he was eight[illegible] he died—or rather the system for which he sto[illegible] lightning of popular wrath.

The Dawn of Liberalism

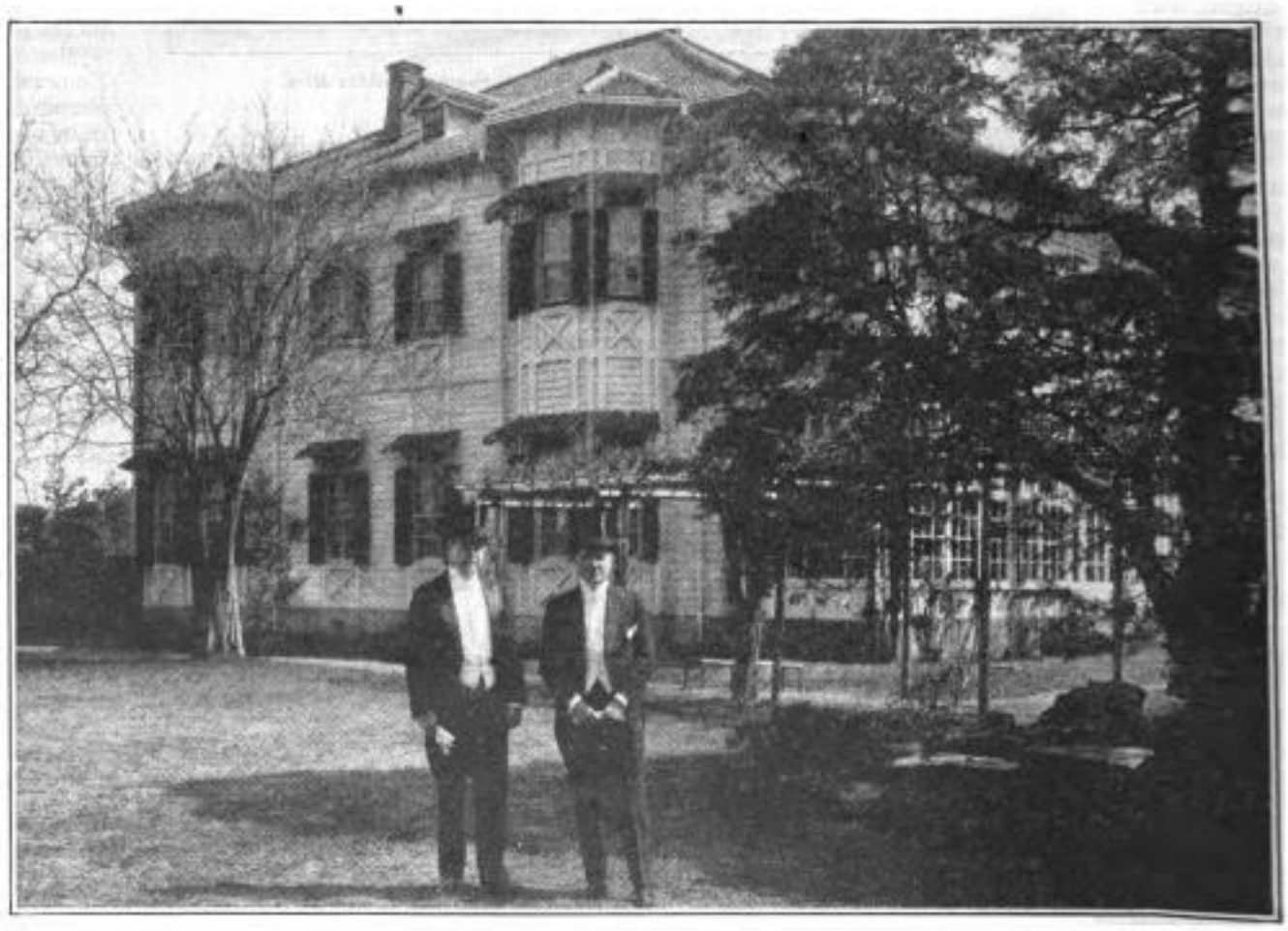
FOR months prior to the Washington confe[illegible] als like Yukio Ozaki had thundered again[illegible] armaments, an expanding army, forceful co[illegible] tration—all that militarism implies. There [illegible] particularly altruistic about this protest [illegible] called for relief from an excessive burden of [illegible] from a policy that farseeing men knew was [illegible] seeds of future international trouble.

Slowly liberalism waked in Japan. It beg[illegible] itself, for one thing, in the demand for univ[illegible] and free speech. I have seen nearly a hund[illegible] people packed around the Diet buildings [illegible] to influence a favorable vote on the suffra[illegible] birth control[illegible] on, to get [illegible] hearing. If [illegible] many babies [illegible] Japan, and [illegible] life has be[illegible] just one ch[illegible] army and na[illegible] realize wha[illegible] in the birth[illegible] Everywher[illegible] signs of ev[illegible]

In the ni[illegible] more or le[illegible] stirring Prin[illegible] came Regen[illegible] incident wh[illegible] tion of the [illegible] tragic blow[illegible] what might[illegible] popular wil[illegible] assassinatio[illegible] Hara. Esse[illegible] the people, [illegible] sheer chara[illegible] ciency. Al[illegible] anese call[illegible] Commoner[illegible]

Mr. Har[illegible] traditions [illegible] by taking[illegible] folio of the[illegible] Navy whe[illegible] Kato went[illegible] ton confer[illegible] first time [illegible] ever filled[illegible]

(Continued)



Ambassador Warren and Mr. Marcosson at the American Embassy in Tokio Immediately After the Audience

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RUST EMILY—A Farce Comedy

By MAY EDGINTON

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

ting hall of that small house of chaste de-
alled by Lady Hunter her country cot-
as empty as Steers sidled into it from
side about 9:30 P.M. Steers carried over
William Hunter's dress over-
pendent from that hand Sir
nter's silk hat. With the other
first fondled his necktie, then
n his waistcoat, then reflec-
s few chins. It made no dif-
Steers' being a chaser—and
that he was also a very busy
ture years.
d in the lounge hall, affecting

s looked down at Steers from
of the gallery above, where
he dusk. It was a short gal-
ith bedroom doors, and little
the moment the only living
er her arm she carried a won-
f lace and ostrich feathers
Hunter's evening wrap.
id Parks, hanging like a little
Steers' bald dome.
, Miss Parks?" said Steers,
self a good deal.
aid Emily. "Oh, no! It's

ed the staircase, caressing
evening wrap; and the
she looked in her black
a thought too short for a
-parlormaid in a respect-
ttage; and her black stock-
hought too long; and her
apron and cap, and all.
his few chins.
little Parks, passionately
k. "Isn't it a shame some
clothes they do; and other
e the clothes they don't?"
of voices penetrated the
of the hall.
Steers.
a stand almost beside
ir of being ready, but a
with an air of being re-
ition as butler, and Lady
chirping, followed reluct-
m; and patiently by the
Wakefield, the secretary;
by Arthur, the Hunters'
ewly and richly returned

have started long ago,
unter was saying. "Di-
we ought to have started. We have
think of if you're ever to be a Member
this division. Besides, vicarages hate
There's my cloak?"
oak a little lingeringly from the hands of
with it towards the stouter form of

oy," Lady Hunter murmured, turning
Cyril should fasten the cloak under her
had fewer than Steers, but still, several.
Sir William.
perfect tactician, stepped forward and
sy being dressed.
bout.
go at all," said Sir William.
," said Lady Hunter, chirping. "It's
se to go to the vicarage for an hour's
e just bought your first little country
very neighborly. In town do as you
do as your neighbors like. That's
't it, Cyril dear?" said she, giving him
ver her shoulder.
d it with a sickly one of his own, and
join Arthur, who had already made a
veryone very sturdily and defensively

William.
ached him, and brushed him lightly.
Cyril, adjusting his monocle as some
ou're so wise."
lliam. Little Parks approached him
ee if he had an extra handkerchief in

f, Emily; I got my hankshif, thank
a, beginning to smile to himself.



"Isn't it a shame some people have the clothes they do: and other people don't have the clothes they don't?"

"I don't require anything more, Parks," said Lady Hunter, looking at her rather piercingly.

"Thank you, My Lady," murmured Parks.

She withdrew, Steers, Sir William and Cyril each following her privily from the tail of his eye. Arthur remained his own sturdy self.

"Now," said Lady Hunter as she flicked all the ostrich feathers into their places and tried to achieve a sinuous effect with the rest of the garment—"now, Arthur, you will rilly try to enjoy yourself, won't you? The girls are in the garden, expecting you to go out and amuse them, and it's so warm and nice, and presently there will be a moon; altogether just the right sort of evening, I should have thought. Why you sat so long with your uncle and Cyril in the dining room I can't think. Your uncle has an engagement, and Cyril has work, poor boy; but why you waited for me to come and fetch you out! Tch! Tch!"

"Well ——" said Arthur protestingly.

"Pull yourself together, Netherby," said Cyril.

"It's all very well ——" said Arthur protestingly.

Lady Hunter waved her lorgnette. "No, my dear boy," she chirped, "it's not all very well, unless you go out and talk to them. This little week-end party has been given for you just to meet some nice girls."

"And you're not playing up, Netherby," murmured Cyril languidly.

"Well," said Arthur—"well, y' see ——"

"Are we going or are we not?" said Sir William, so courteously—in his anger—that Lady Hunter at once proceeded to the open doors, flung wide to a long, deep, dark starlit garden. Outside on the graveled drive the engine of their princely car purred softly like a sleepy cat.

"We are going," said she. "Don't come out, Cyril. Stay and persuade Arthur."

Cyril, who had followed Lady Hunter, returned laconically into the room, and seated himself on the arm of a settle warranted genuine antique. Arthur leaned up against the wall, hands in pockets. Steers tucked Lady Hunter into the car and vanished into the darkness towards the kitchen quarters.

Cyril opened a beautiful cigarette case very languorously.

"It's all very well," said Arthur at last, "but I funk it. I always funk it. It's very good of Aunt Jane to welcome the wanderer home 'n' all that, and give me shelter while my own little place is being set in order—but what does she do as soon as she's got me? Tries to marry me off! Asks twin girls and a widow to stay in this overpopulated cottage. I can't breathe! Give me air!"

"You're used to wide spaces," said Cyril languidly.

Arthur rejoined, "And no women!"

"A man like you must miss half the best things in life," said Cyril thoughtfully.

He made the effort, extracted a cigarette, and returned the beautiful case to his pocket.

Then a sound rose out of the long, deep, dark starlit garden. It was human, musical, appealing.

"Coo-ee!"

Arthur started away from the support of the wall, and listened.

"That's for you, old man," said Cyril with the deepest sympathy.

He lighted the cigarette.

"Why not for you?" Arthur replied fiercely.

"Well," said Cyril, attempting further efforts in the way of explanation, wearisome as it was, "they know I'm busy, you see. Being secretary to a distinguished knight with aspirations to Parliament involves a few duties, old dear; and I've got to prepare Sir William's speech for the Flower Show to-morrow. Come on! I'll see you to the door."

Arthur prowled about and kicked furniture. He kept a wary eye and ear turned upon the dark romantic garden.

"Coo-ee! Coo-ee!"

"Hark at 'em!" said Cyril persuasively. "I'll see you to the door."

"My holy aunt!" said Arthur, gritting his teeth. "I know I seem all kinds of a fool to everybody here, but, Wakefield, I tell you, of all the toughs a fellow meets, in the case of a rich man, the biggest tough is woman. And I've tried more or less to steer clear of her."

"You can't," cried Cyril, screwing on his monocle earnestly. "No man can. Only a darned fool wants to."

"In a way, I know that," said Arthur, administering a hearty kick to the settle, "and yet, in a way ——"

"I tell you what," said Cyril—"you're in a very marrying frame of mind."

Arthur looked around him. He looked at Cyril, and out into the dark garden, and back again.

He put out a large hard hand and touched Cyril impressively on the shoulder.

"You're right, in a way," he whispered; "I did come home hoping to—well, meet the real right girl, you know."

"That's you savages all over," moaned Cyril. "Tough as leather outside; soft as putty inside."

"Dare say," said Arthur, giving him a surly look of embarrassment.

"You seem to feel that woman's a bit of a humbug," said Cyril sympathetically.

"Ah," said Arthur, nodding.

"But no really nice woman ever tells the truth," said Cyril. "How can she?"

"Listen again," Arthur murmured.

"Oh, hark at 'em!" said Cyril; and "Coo-ee! Coo-ee! Coo-ee!" came the call outside.

Little Parks entered respectfully from a door on the right which led into the servants' quarters and addressed Arthur:

"The ladies keep calling for you, please, Mr. Arthur."

Arthur grunted and gave Parks a look of surly embarrassment, and having done her duty by him she proceeded to the open doors, wide-flung to the night outside.

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"I'm going to collect the rugs and cushions from the hammocks, Mr. Wakefield," said she to Cyril. "There's a heavy dew."

She passed meekly out, with Cyril's gaze riveted on her black stockings; but Arthur remained his sturdy self.

"I'm not a Prince Charming exactly," said Arthur with very admirable modesty. "I'm a pretty plain-minded and plain-living man. And when women have made up to me—awf'ly fatuous, that sounds, I know—well, when they've made up to me I've had a fairly good suspicion that it was for my money."

"Women must live," replied Cyril reasonably.

"Why?" said Arthur, kicking the wretched settle.

"Coo-ee!" the voice was calling.

"Those girls out there," said Arthur, gritting his teeth, "Mrs. Drelincourt the widow, and the Harmony twins. Angela Harmony seems already engaged to be married, but says she's not going to announce yet who the man is; says it so happens that it might injure his immediate prospects; and it doesn't seem to trouble her anyway. Now I don't approve of that."

"Really," said Cyril a little coldly, "people have all sorts of private reasons for their public actions, don't you know."

"Coo-ee!" the voice was calling.

"Damnation!" said Arthur, gritting his teeth, and following the voice as far as the open door, where he paused, and hung awhile. "Where girls are concerned I—well, I'm no mixer," said he.

But at last he went doggedly out into the garden.

Cyril dropped into his chair before a busy-looking writing table and chose a pen with the greatest reluctance.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he murmured.

He began to write regretfully. But there he stopped, put his hands in his pockets and surveyed the otherwise blank page. He sighed. He lighted another cigarette and pressed the bell which he had caused to be installed for his convenience beside the desk. In fact, he had caused a bell to be installed close to any writing desk at which it was in any way likely that he would sit.

Steers entered sympathetically.

"Yes, sir?" he inquired.

"Life is a dull affair, Steers," said Cyril.

"Oh, no, sir!" said Steers after a pause for ripe consideration. "Never dull."

"But the things one has to do," argued Cyril.

"It is the way one does them, sir, that counts," said Steers confidentially. "In my experience—more than yours, sir, if I may say so—matters can always be arranged."

Cyril attempted to think this over.

"But what can I do for you at the moment, sir?" said Steers.

"Well, Steers," said Cyril, rising and leaning against the desk, glad to get even this far away from his work, "it's about this Flower Show to-morrow. You see, I'm preparing the rotten old speech. Now it would help me an awful lot if you could tell me here and now who will get the first vegetable prize; the first—er—er—flower prize; er—the—er—first wild-flower prize for school children; er—er—the first fruit prize; and the prize for ladies' table decorations."

"It don't seem quite fair to settle it before the goods has been exhibited to-morrow, sir," said Steers.

"What's justice?" said Cyril. "Who ever gets it?"

Steers spread his hands, toyed with his chins and shrugged. He was a very eloquent man.

"Well," said Cyril, "I could leave blanks for names to-night, if I must, though I do like to make a job of a thing when I undertake it. Tell us something definite. Is it going to be fine?"

"Yes, sir," said Steers.

Cyril dropped into his chair and took up his pen. "Good," he murmured. "Now listen. How does this go? Ladies and gentlemen: We have been favored with perfect weather for what I may justly call our splendid show, in which all exhibits in all classes are, I think we may rightly say, unsurpassable. The first prize in the vegetable class goes to—er—So-and-So So-and-So, for—er—her wonderful um-tums, than which no finer specimens have ever graced a show ring."

"Show tent, sir," breathed Steers.

"Show tent," said Cyril, writing. "Listen. Lady Hunter wishes me—that's Sir William—to say that she has been amazed at the research and industry shown by the school children in selecting and classifying so many brands —— Brands? Brands, Steers?"

"Species, sir, if you will excuse me," breathed Steers.

"How they do educate you fellers!" said Cyril, working away like a horse. "Thanks. Species of wild flowers; and their botanical lore is a fine tribute to the painstaking instruction received in our village schools. The first prize goes to little Thingummybob, for her beautiful arrangement of wibbly-wobs. You are a very nice clean little girl, my dear, and your good parents must be proud of you."

Steers coughed. "Pardon me, sir," said he, "but it is more likely that a lad will show the best wild flowers, sir. 'E has more strength to collect them, sir. Long distances are often covered ——"

"I have a certain amount of influence, Steers," said Cyril, bending to the task again. "And the prize will go to the best looker among the little girls."

"Very good, sir," Steers murmured. "Would you like a whisky and soda?"

"In a moment," said Cyril. "I will take the table decorations next; then the fruit; then the gardens; lastly I shall pass on to the ennobling influence of competitive enterprise, at the same time touching upon the sportsmanlike spirit in which a Britisher loses, and the modesty with which he wins. And I think that gets 'em all."

"Very tac'ful indeed," said Steers warmly. A little reserve fell upon him. "Miss Parks, sir," he added, coughing—"Miss Parks is thinking of entering for the table decorations, I believe."

"What!" said Cyril, laying down his pen with a smile. Then, still with a smile, he took it up again readily. "Little Parks," said he. "Is she really?" He wrote. "What a dear little thing that is, Steers."

"And a girl as will go far if she isn't stopped, sir," Steers replied.

"Well," said Cyril, writing faster than he had written yet, "she's won the first prize for table decorations anyway. The first prize—um—um—goes to Miss Emily Parks, for her lovely and tasteful arrangement ——"

"I will bring you a whisky and soda, sir," Steers murmured, creeping out.

"Oh, Lord!" sighed Cyril, writing.

For a short while after he had finished his eulogy—leaving blanks for the names of the flowers for which Parks would win her trophy, and then absent-mindedly writing in "lip," "ear," and "curls" as the words formed in his mind, and then scratching them out again and inking them over well—Cyril sat and pondered pleas little Parks and her ways.

Then Steers entered again. He helped Cyril to a and soda.

"Can I assist you further with the compositio said he when all was arranged to his somewhat f liking.

"No," said Cyril. He drank. "There's no e duties of a secretary," he added, sighing.

Steers toyed with his slightly spread his hands delicate and deprecating

"We're all obliged to days," said Cyril.

"More or less, sir," Ste sympathetically.

Steers was making slow the door, and Cyril was the writing desk, drinking soda, but still looking an apparition appeared doorway leading to the gar little Parks, flushed, thrill cited. She was smiling. few stripy cushions slung hand, and a light rug slung shoulders because she h means of transportation

She stood sharp-cut night, and she looked of mischief, like a fairy or a devil; or a naughty has tempted a good little haps she looked just like woman. Anyhow, the vi thus arrested Steers' p door.

Steers smiled before h pull himself together.

Little Parks looked at looked at Cyril, who ha wards them. She entered She was alight with bubbled with some whose source she alone cret. She caught Steers threw the cushions at the rug over it, and the door that he had open for himself.

The wind of her g and he turned, to standing calf-deep in stripy rug swirled a was a nice sight.

"Hello!" said Cyril. "Hello! Hello! What

Steers pulled the rug from his head, a He stared around him.

"I wonder if she meant anything?" said

"Eh, what?" said Cyril.

"Begging your pardon, sir," said Steers, dignity, and picking up the cushions slow for thought between each, "but I 'ave ja and cushions collected from the 'ammicks

"So I see," said Cyril, pressing h "But ——"

"It is Miss Parks, sir," Steers explai your pardon. Seeing it was only you here it, she—she"—here he tried to smother fatuous giggle—"she —— Do you think thing, sir?"

"Well, I know if it was me I'd jolly so Cyril languorously.

Steers moved with alacrity towards t sir," he agreed. "Yes, sir." He paused will excuse this having occurred in your Wakefield, but she has ab-so-lutely no te men are concerned. No fear at all. I knows her power."

"Oh, it's all right," said Cyril. "Eve were I."

"Thanking you, sir," said Steers, reach opening it at last.

Steers was destined, however, to pass pursuit, for just as his hand closed round second apparition broke in from the It, too, hesitated on the threshold of the It, too, blinked at the light, and looked up. It was Arthur.

Steers lingered, hand on doorknob. C desk, glass in hand, and made some a monocle, the better to see Arthur.

"Wakefield! Wakefield!" said Arthu "I've done it!" He walked in, dazed.

"Done what?" replied Cyril languidly

"I've asked a woman to marry me," sa

"Eh?" said Cyril after a pause to th suitable. "Nev-ar!"



"I Wonder," Said Lady Hunter Rather Coyly After a Pause, "How It Is That Secretaries Always Fall in Love With Their Employers' Wives?"

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' said Arthur. He gulped audibly twice.
went out, closing the door with incredible soft-

II

better sit down and take this restfully," said
ll, seating himself again. "There's no use mak-
f it."
sit down," said Arthur, walking the room, but
econd by the writing table to kick it. He pur-
you know, Wakefield, you can call me a damn
n sentimental, say anything you like—but this
e biggest moment of my life."
licity of Arthur's utterance impressed Cyril.
!" he said.
en spoke impetuously and joyfully, looking
face: "I've been a suspicious, wrong-headed
e sort of beast. It's wonderful how suddenly
find that out. When the woman appears,
n condemning the sex wholesale, and avoiding
plague—Wakefield, it—it's like coming into a

!" said Cyril. He turned helplessly to his
inished it.
lked abstractedly up and down, smiling.
' said he, "I went out there meaning to think.
Think? G'Lord!"
l Cyril, brushing the mere idea aside. "I
specially at times like that."
not even hear what Cyril was saying. He
rapturously. He passed by the settle, and
as if trying to remember what he meant to
e did not kick it.
t to that arbor at the bottom of the rose
nt on. "You know—the moonlight doesn't
e trees over that path. It's dark. I got
ed. I was walking very quietly—hadn't
rette alight in case the glim should be seen.
o do you suppose was there?"
aid Cyril, hazarding the guess with no air
with it.
d. "Yes," he said. Arthur gulped. "It's
he arbor at night, you know," said he.
d Cyril rather dreamily.
reat chestnut tree hanging over it."
dded Cyril dreamily.

"So at first I didn't see her," said Arthur. "And then I did, and something sort of—sort of—came over me."

"I know," said Cyril, sighing rather happily.

"She was as surprised as I was," said Arthur with simple faith, "when after a—a pause, y' know, I stepped in and sat down beside her."

Cyril made a sound of complete comprehension.

"I could feel her trembling," said Arthur, becoming solemn. "She was—was awf'ly startled. She said 'Oh!' and then, as I said before, something came over me that here was the—the—you know how I mean, old man—the one woman in the world. And I says 'What!' I says 'You!' She didn't say anything to that. It was, as I told you, damn dusky, and she was huddled up in one of those hammock rugs like a—a ——"

"Mantilla?" suggested Cyril.

Arthur accepted this. "I expect so. Like a mantilla."

After a pause, during which Arthur prowled about, Cyril made further inquiring sounds, and Arthur went on: "I said, 'I've been thinking about you.' She said in a whisper, 'Have you?' I think she was frightened." Arthur laughed tenderly. "I wasn't," said he, looking sturdier than before. "I just said, 'And now here you are. Don't let's waste time,' I said; 'there's been enough time wasted already. Tell me here and now, will you marry me?' And she promised. She promised to marry me."

In spite of his sturdy character the recollection awed Arthur once more into silence.

"Of course," said Cyril musingly, "to every man his method, and to every man a damsel or two. There's some quotation like that, I think—unless it's my own. It might be. But you made quick work of it. You might have disappointed her. Most women don't mind wasting time that way. They like it. They'll waste days and weeks and months and years that way. However ——"

Arthur walked about, smiling, not listening to Cyril.

"It's fearfully strong-minded of you, too, to leave her so soon," Cyril added.

Arthur looked up.

"Oh," said he, "she left me. The little devil! Suddenly she jumped up and ran."

"What," said Cyril, "directly ——"

"Well," said Arthur evasively, "not—not quite directly of course." He gazed reminiscently past Cyril into the starlit garden.

"Aren't you going to look for her?" Cyril asked.

"Eh?" said Arthur, dreaming.

"Look for her!" bawled Cyril, roused to energy from sheer wonder. "Aren't you going after her? In your shoes I should. I don't want to get rid of you—I've finished the worst of that confounded speech—but aren't you going after her?"

Arthur roused himself.

"Why," said he, struck by the idea and staring at Cyril, "of course I am!"

"Don't let me keep you a single moment," said Cyril.

"I wonder where she went?" mused Arthur.

"Well, if I know anything of women," said Cyril, "wherever she went she'll be pretty well fed up by now."

"Fed up?" repeated Arthur, staring.

"With you, you poor nut!" said Cyril. "Get out with you!"

Arthur realized this. "By Jove," said he, "what a fool I am! But I was so darned happy. I'd sort of lost myself."

Then Cyril shot the barbed bolt. "But you'd no business to lose Miss Gwennie," said he humorously.

These words of Cyril's arrested Arthur on the very threshold, which he was even then recrossing. He came back promptly into the room.

"Gwennie?" said he. "Gwennie Harmony?"

Cyril protested. "Well, my dear old man, you haven't yet told me who is the lady, you know. I surmised Miss Gwennie, somehow, but"—his eyebrow delicately lifted in inquiry was the most tactful thing in the world—"but Mrs. Drelincourt's most awfully charming. In fact, one of the most charming women I've ever met; and you're lucky. A woman of the world, of tact, and discretion and perfect *savoir faire*, is what a man like you wants."

Arthur interrupted him.

"Eh?" said he, with a scared face. "Mrs. Drelincourt?"

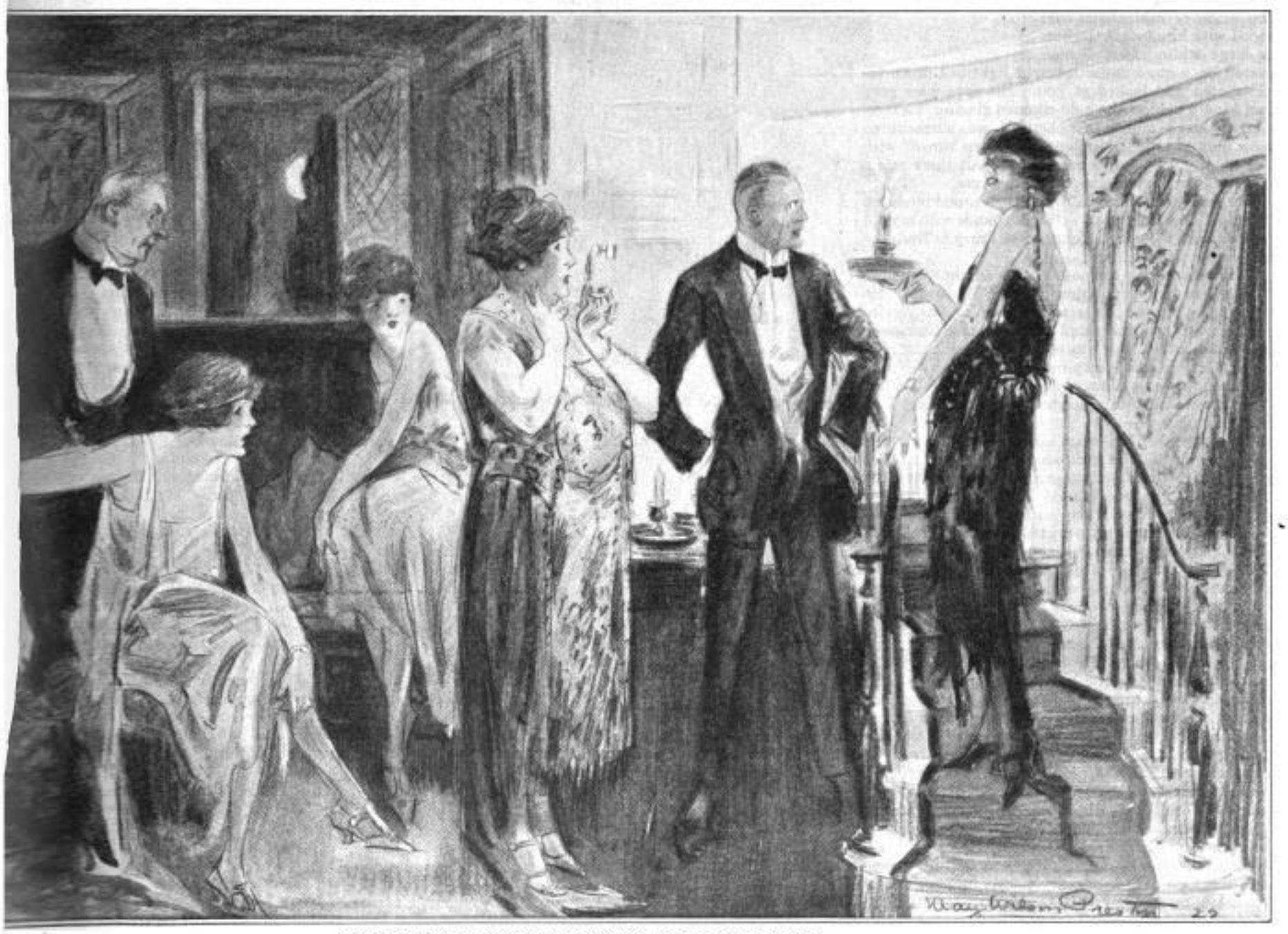
Cyril became a little cold. Hostile suspicion crept for the first time into his naïve face. He coughed.

"Well," said he, "there's only Angela Harmony left; and she's engaged. You are perfectly aware, Netherby, that Angela Harmony is already engaged to someone else."

Arthur put his hand to his head.

"Why, yes," he stuttered. "You don't think I'm trying to play a dirty trick on any man, do you?"

(Continued on Page 75)



"Tell Him it Was the Woman He Thought it Was. Good Night"

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MEET THE WIF

By EARL DERR BIGGERS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL



"Larry, I Got That for Staying Married Ten Years. Do You Like It?"

IT MAY be that you were one of those who visited the city of Reuton in the old days before prohibition. Your first act was to sign the register at the Wilsey House, for more than a quarter of a century Reuton's leading hotel. Perhaps as you turned away from the desk a business acquaintance hurried toward you, in his eye a convivial light. He grasped you by the hand.

"Well, well—you old rascal. Glad to see you! What say to a little drink?"

Having signed no pledge you followed where he led. He pushed open a swinging door at the right of the lobby, and you stood in the Wilsey's famous grill. Screened windows and two more swinging doors hid it from the glare of the street. In the dim religious light within stood many small tables, deserted now, but every noon surrounded by leading citizens enjoying the Wilsey's excellent business man's lunch —sixty cents. Along one side of the room ran a mahogany bar. Behind it was a huge mirror, spotlessly clean, reflecting the gorgeous colors of a hundred interesting bottles, and before it, nine inches from the floor, a brass rail, dented a bit by frequent contact with many a homing instep.

Your guide led on through the maze of tables, and you stood with him before the bar. A large white-jacketed man seated on a stool under a bright light put down his newspaper and looked at you. His eyes were gray and kindly behind the gold-rimmed glasses; his face, chubby and beaming as a cherub's, was surmounted by a mop of snow-white hair. He bore himself with the dignity of a judge or a bishop, but there was a contradictory twinkle in those keen eyes.

For your guide this was evidently a proud moment. "Hello, Larry," he cried. "Shake hands with my old friend, John Whoozis. John, meet Larry O'Neil, the best on earth."

"Go on with yer blarney," Larry admonished him. "Sure, I'm happy to know ye, Mr. Whoozis." He offered you a great paw across the bar, and as you intrusted your own frail hand to that tremendous grasp you realized that here was no stranger, but a man you had always known. Inside twenty minutes you felt sure you would be reminding him of the story of your life, how you had always been misunderstood, how, if things had only been different ——

"Well, gentlemen—what's it goin' to be?" asked Larry.

When you left the grillroom and returned to the lobby you heard a few details regarding Larry O'Neil. Thirty years before, he had landed from Kilkenny, green but smiling, and made his way to Reuton. Old Sam Wilsey, who knew a charming personality when he met it, had taken him on at once and installed him back of the bar. This was in the days of the original Wilsey House, a ramshackle wooden fire trap standing on the same site.

Twenty years passed, and Reuton grew to be one of the liveliest manufacturing cities in the Middle West, with more than a hundred thousand people. Larry's popularity grew with the town. He remained enthroned behind his bar and before him the best minds of Reuton—the best male minds of course—lined up. With him they discussed politics, finance, religion, weather and the wars. Not a man among them but was proud to call Larry his friend. The little women at home listened scornfully to tales of this paragon they had never even seen, this fount of all wisdom, this dearly beloved pal.

Just before the death of old Sam Wilsey the tottering Wilsey House was condemned, and it was young Sam who built the handsome modern building that is still the pride of Reuton. On the day of the grand opening young Sam escorted Larry O'Neil ceremoniously into the presence of the gleaming new bar. "Get behind there with that smile of yours," he said, "and let me see how you look. Fine, Larry—fine!"

From that moment Larry's circle widened. Men who never touched the stuff dropped into the grill for lunch, and shortly fell into the habit of pausing at the bar to elicit a word of cheer from its presiding elder. Young and old, rich and struggling, drinkers and men on the wagon, they sought his opinions and advice. He talked to them of love and marriage, the care of the young, the handling of investments, how to get along harmoniously with the wife or the boss. When they were depressed he cheered them, and when they walked the heights he traveled at their side.

And always, it seemed, there hovered about Larry and his bar an air of respectability. No rough stuff—so your informant assured you—was ever pulled there. No man left Larry's presence with more than he could carry.

You listened to all this with the deepest interest. You had met a personage, a leading citizen. The best bartender in the diocese, as O. Henry said of another. You had clasped his hand. A new and uplifting influence had come into your life.

But this adventure, if it happened to you at all, happened some years ago. To-day that mahogany bar reposes in sections in the basement of the Wilsey House. The brass rail slumbers by its side. We have essayed the great experiment.

Bill Terriss, returning to Reuton after an interval of five years, was made acutely conscious of the changing times. His train brought him in about six o'clock one warm July evening, and a few minutes later he was signing the Wilsey House register. As he [illegible] away from the desk [illegible] carried him of their own [illegible] toward the rear right [illegible] the lobby. His mind [illegible] picture of a green-[illegible] ing door. He took a [illegible] then paused. The [illegible] no longer there.

In its place was a [illegible] most entirely of glass [illegible] through this Bill Terriss [illegible] cerned no dim religious [illegible] phere, but a room [illegible] the late afternoon [illegible] Half a hundred [illegible] stood about on the [illegible] floor, on each a [illegible] clasped in a metal [illegible] white-marble [illegible] stretched along one [illegible] room, and back of [illegible] enough—was a [illegible] Bill Terriss was [illegible] the first time the [illegible] Room and Soda [illegible]

He stepped [illegible] door. About the [illegible] ered a group of [illegible] plumaged birds [illegible] unaware that [illegible] over sacred ground [illegible] man with patent [illegible] was busily engaged [illegible] drinks. On the [illegible] saw, were a dozen [illegible] offering suggestions [illegible] patrons. Evidently [illegible] drinkers lacked [illegible] of the old. Bill Terriss [illegible] sadly away.

At nine o'clock [illegible] returning from [illegible] at the movies, [illegible] self approaching [illegible] Tea Room from [illegible] The side of the [illegible] fronted on the [illegible] made over; [illegible] two big display [illegible] liantly illuminated [illegible] high with bottles [illegible] soft drinks and [illegible] pastry or candy. "Sweet," [illegible] he murmured. The evening [illegible] he was thirsty, so he pushed [illegible] and went inside.

The place was at the [illegible] of custom. As he approached [illegible] fountain he was struck by [illegible] in the huge white-coated figure [illegible] paper back of the silver spigots. [illegible] footsteps on the tile floor the [illegible] its newspaper and gazed at him [illegible] rimmed eyeglasses. "Larry O'Neil!" [illegible] "Well, I'm a Chinaman!"

Larry's grin widened. He extended a hand [illegible] spotless counter. "Mr. Terriss, sir! Ye [illegible] eyes, an' that's no lie."

"And you, Larry. Back of a soda fountain [illegible] the mighty fallen!"

"Yes," Larry nodded, "they's been [illegible] Prohibition, some call it. Maybe ye've heard [illegible]

"Well, there's been a rumor of course [illegible] down on a stool. "Larry, I can't quite [illegible] last time we met in this room ——"

"Ye've not been here f'r some time?"

"Five years and more." Larry took [illegible] cloth and with a familiar sweep of his arm [illegible] inary spots from the counter. The gesture [illegible] tomer back. "Don't do that, Larry," [illegible] breaking my heart!"

"Excuse me, Mr. Terriss." Larry stood [illegible] sir—an' what's it goin' to be?"

"Darned if I know." Terriss sat [illegible] ards.

"Will ye try wan of Larry's specials [illegible] banana royal, sweetened up a bit. I [illegible] an' a trace of whipped cream, an' a [illegible] apple ——"

"Good Lord, no!" Terriss cried. "[illegible] late malted milk, Larry—not very sweet

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t you," smiled Larry. "Well, th' old order changes, ellow said." He took up a gleaming glass and a little chocolate sirup into it. "An' where have all these years, Mr. Terriss?"

promoted, Larry. They made me sales manager, urse I stuck round the plant. For a while all I was sit in my office and accept what orders we Those were the happy days, Larry."

y they was."

ite so happy now," Terriss sighed. "I decided on the road for a few trips and see if I couldn't mething. You know, the minute the business came along some of our star salesmen col- punctured balloons."

t they did," said Larry. The chocolate malted ow passing with unerring precision from a glass n his right hand to one held low in his left. A t gift, this. Often Larry's young assistant to impress the flappers with an imitation of it, ult was a sloppy floor. "They's been cases of t right here in town, Mr. Terriss. Big business usiness was big; an' where are they to-day? of thim." He set the completed drink down on , and Terriss cautiously sampled it. Larry anxiously. "Is it too sweet now, d'ye think?"

t," said Terriss. "But tell me about yourself, switch for you, all this. Did you accomplish it es or were you shot into it? And how do you that you're here?"

dinnaw," Larry answered. "It ain't so bad." his old creaking stool and sat down. "'Tis wasn't with us thim last few nights at th' old ights they was, grand an' big an' a little sad. ll me rules, an' every lad wint away at closin' two packages, wan of thim under his arm. night they'd gather round again, an' weep on ll me I was a ruined man an' their hearts was e. F'r a time I believed thim too, an' was d bear round th' home, till Bridget an' th' e come to hate th' sight of me. Ye're sure th' sweet, Mr. Terriss? Will ye have a dash of

s," Terriss smiled. "It's fine. You were

was wan last big night, an' we closed. F'r a lived on me savings an' hated th' wurruld. r a job, but I didn't know what. They was do. Thin wan day Sam Wilsey sint f'r me. man's lunch is a flivver, Larry,' he says. siness men ain't eatin' anny more. I'm om in th' old grill,' he says, 'an' I'd like to th' bar.' 'What bar?' I says. 'Th' soda ys, not havin' th' nerve to look me in th' f'r a minute. 'Well,' says I, 'it's bottles *thirst. I'll take a chance*,' I says. Mind something or go mad. th' old white coat an' rk. I had a sour look mornin'. Oh, yes, I *n't hang onto it.* Ye h' old room was. F'r hardly seen daylight. in' yer life in a cellar. ere. All day we get *t of th' cellar* an' into ve it or not, I cudn't

Terriss assured him. lin' ye. Me new job *n' cheerful* that be- was happenin' I was etty quick I began h' real point—of the what I mean? F'r ars *I'd* been makin' men. I knew every *r' in th' town.* But vomen, outside me n't sure they was

me over me in a meet what some aker sex."

Terriss.

ay that. It was fe' from the min- e. *I've met thim* wives that was, l ye believe, now, h' ladies?"

ery of me at first. about me f'r years mell of cloves on n't wonder. But s now, an' they en servin' 'em. I ir. I notice they never confide in that young helper of mine—Wally Reid, I call him—what th' divvle is his name? But Larry O'Neil! Mr. Terriss, sir, it's th' facts I'm givin' ye—I'm th' friend of every woman in town!"

Terriss threw back his head and laughed loudly. "So that's what you've come to, Larry?"

"It is, indeed. Is there anny little household hint I cud give ye now? D'ye know that oxalic acid will remove an ink spot from a stenographer's blouse? D'ye want th' name of th' Reuton doctor that has th' kindest bedside manner with children?

"Have ye heard that thim French dresses th' Bon Ton store put over last spring was fakes? Th' servant problem is not so bad as it was, they tell me. F'r fresh vegetables ye can't beat th' Reliance Market. That young fellow that come on to teach Latin at th' high school has th' loveliest brown eyes. Bobbed hair's goin' out—'tis too common ——"

"Oh, Larry, Larry!" cried Bill Terriss, setting down his empty glass.

"'Tis true, I don't see so much of th' men anny more," admitted Larry. "An' I miss thim. But I have th' ladies an'—I dinnaw. Things ain't so bad. Sure, I'm younger to-day thin I ever was."

The street door opened, admitting two customers, and Larry moved forward to greet them. Bill Terriss retired to the far end of the counter. He noted that the man who had come in was not much over thirty, good-looking and well-dressed, with a rather nervous and aggressive manner. The woman was young and handsome and intelligent seeming, with a particularly appealing face under a smart little turban.

"Good evening to ye, Mrs. Frear," Larry was saying. "An' have ye brought C. H. in f'r a drink?"

"Against his will," said the woman with a somewhat worried look at her husband. "I'll have one of your specials, Larry."

"Fine! An' you, C. H. ——"

"Nothing for me," growled the man. Larry O'Neil's smile was contagious, but this patron was evidently immune.

Larry busied himself with the special and placed it before the woman. The man gave it one glance. It was, indeed, rather an appalling sight.

"Good Lord, Anne!" he said.

"You're not going to eat that?"

"Of course. Why not?"

"It makes me ill just to look at it. Larry, I'll have a glass of water, please." Larry placed it before him. The man's eyes traveled about the room. "Great Scott, what a change!" he said. "We used to have some good times here, eh, Larry? Before this prohibition farce was put over on us. By Gad, I never thought they'd do it."

"So you always said, C. H.," Larry reminded him.

"But they did. After a fashion. Not that there isn't more of the stuff in circulation to-day than there ever was. Prohibition!" He set down his glass and appeared about to deliver an oration. "No little group can dictate to me what I shall or shall not do. I ask you, Larry, is this a free country or ——"

"There's a good film over at the Strand," cut in his wife hastily. "You really ought to see it, Larry. Such a cunning baby in it!"

"Ah, yes, Mrs. Frear. An' how are th' two little darlin's up at yer house, ma'am?"

"They're fine, thanks. Betty has a new bonnet—the cutest thing. I'm going to bring her in some of these days and show you—she was talking about you only to-night, Larry. You and ice cream are all tangled up in her little mind—and she loves you both."

"Is that so? Sure, I'm flattered."

The woman took a ring from her finger and handed it over the counter—a guard ring of emeralds and diamonds, costly and beautiful. "See, Larry. I got that for staying married ten years. Do you like it?"

"It's a beauty, an' no mistake." He handed it back and indicated another ring on one of the fingers of her left hand, a diamond solitaire, a bit old fashioned. "Sure, it seems only yesterday C. H. bought that wan f'r ye," he smiled. "He stopped in here an' showed it to me in its little velvet case.

"In thim days I see all th' engagement rings in town before th' girls they was meant for. 'Will she like it?' says Charlie—I mean C. H.—to me. He was worried, ma'am, he was that. 'Go on with ye,' I says; 'from you she'd take brass, an' be happy.' Was I right?"

"It seems so long ago," the woman said softly. "Do you remember, Charlie?"

"I remember it near broke me," replied the man, standing. "Have you finished that awful thing? How much?" He threw a few coins on the counter. "Good night."

"Good night, Larry," said the woman, and flashed him a tired little smile over her shoulder as she followed her husband to the door.

Bill Terriss came forward from his semiretirement. "Say, I used to know that fellow. That was Charlie Frear, wasn't it?"

Larry plunged two soiled glasses into a steaming bath, and smiled rather sourly. "Well," he said, "that was C. H.—yes. That was the chief."

"The chief? Chief of what?"

"That's what he likes to have thim call him. Let me see—five years ago—Charlie must have been manager out at th' Burkhardt plant whin ye was here last."

"Yes, he was."

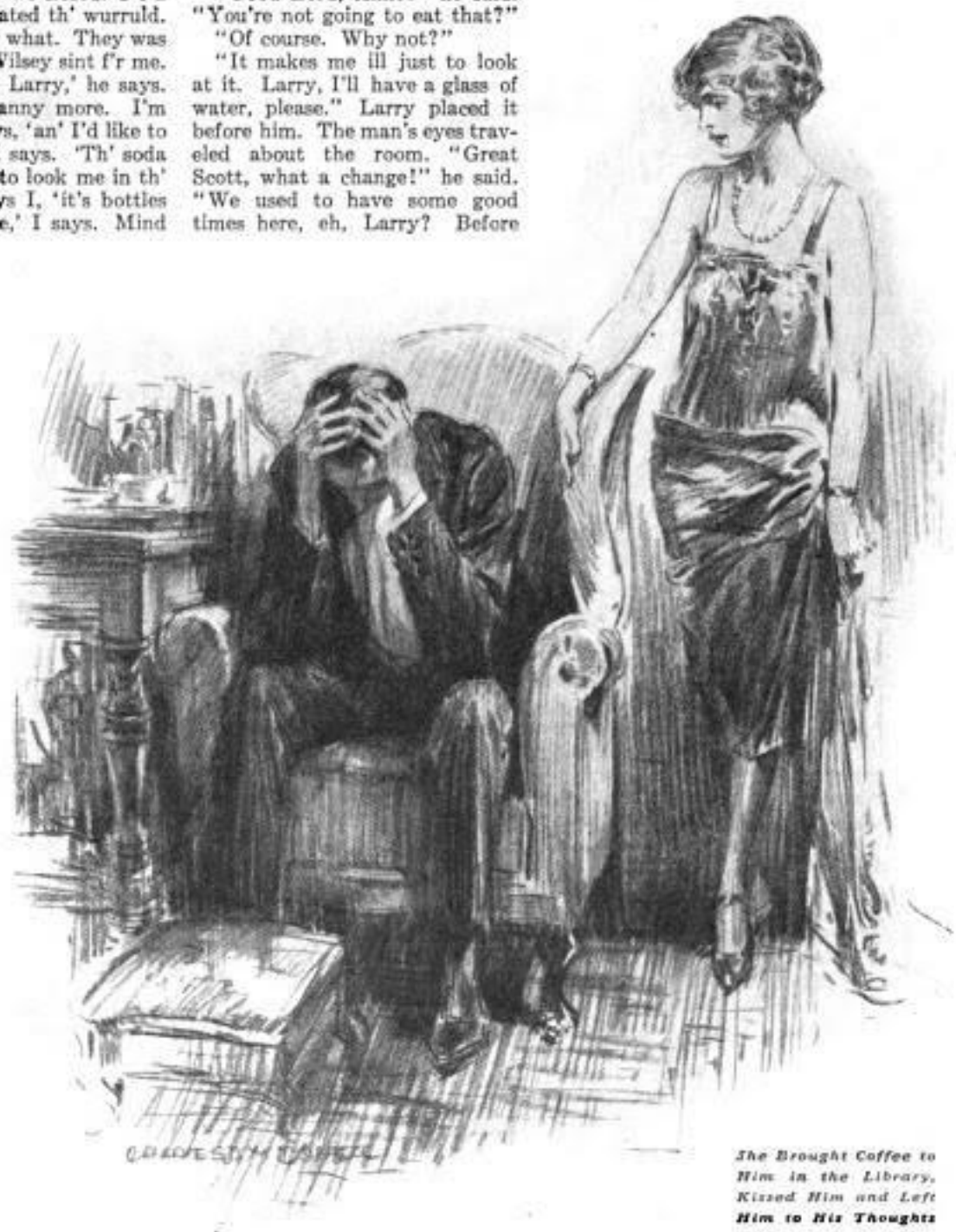
"Thin ye don't know. Old Jim Burkhardt passed out an' th' company incorporated. They was lookin' round f'r a president an' their eye lit on Charlie Frear. A fine, modest boy in thim days, an' a hustler. I was fond of Charlie—like me own son. Well, they made him president. He wasn't quite thirty. Th' youngest corporation president in th' state, I heard some say."

"What happened to him?"

Larry smiled sadly. "Delusions of grandeur, as the fellow said. We was talkin' a minute ago about thim that was big business men as long as th' business was big. That was Charlie. Th' boy wonder—while th' boom lasted. Orders come in faster thin they could be filled, an' Charlie give himself all th' credit. He persuaded th' company to insure his life f'r a hundred thousand dollars, f'r fear he'd be removed untimely an' th' business would smash. He took a suite be th' year in a big New York hotel, an' another wan in Chicago, so rooms would always be ready f'r th' president. Every few minutes he dashed off on a long trip to talk things up—an' he always took his golf sticks along."

"And the directors fell for all that?" smiled Terriss.

"Directors will fall f'r annything so long as th' dividends keep comin'—ye know that, Mr. Terriss. Here in town Charlie set up f'r th' society kid. He put through th' new golf club. Whin prohibition come along he took



She Brought Coffee to Him in the Library, Kissed Him and Left Him to His Thoughts

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it as a personal insult. His vanity was touched. No wan cud tell th' chief what he should do. They's manny like that. He never used to be much of a drinker—mind th' time a small beer was his limit. But now he set out to drink in earnest. They say he has a cupboard in his office that puts me old bar to shame. Out to th' club his locker is th' headquarters f'r all th' rum hounds. His cellar's overflowin' with th' stuff."

"I wonder if he remembers me," mused Terriss.

Larry laughed. "Well, as ye know yerself, th' slump come. Thim that had sense took off their coats an' wint to work. Not C. H. He ordered a new imported car, an' his trips was more frequent. So was his drinks. Talk of retrenchment come up, an' Charlie cut everybody's salary—but his own. To-day, as a business man he's th' joke of th' town. An' everybody knows it but him."

"He's still got his job," Terriss suggested.

"He has—yes. But old Henry Frost, of th' Reuton Trust, has lent Burkhardt's a barrel of money, an' Henry ain't careless with cash. I look f'r a change, an' I'm sorry. Not so sorry f'r Charlie, fond as I was of him once. But th' little woman—th' wife—there's a thoroughbred, Mr. Terriss, sir; an' the blow will fall hard on her. Charlie Frear is a fool. They's times I cud wring his neck."

"Too bad," commented Terriss. "I always liked Charlie in the old days."

"Ah, yes," Larry sighed. "Well, he's like manny another. He was a good fellow—whin he didn't have it." The front door opened, admitting a gay crowd. "Th' trade from th' movies," Larry explained. "Drop in often while ye're here, Mr. Terriss."

And as Terriss passed through the door leading to the lobby he heard Larry's booming inquiry: "Well, young ladies, an' what will it be to-night?"

II

CHARLIE FREAR was driving his high-powered car up Central Avenue, the main residential street of Reuton. He had not spoken since his good night to Larry at the soda fountain. At his side Anne sat, nervously twisting a ring on one of the fingers of her left hand. It was not the new guard ring, but the old-fashioned solitaire that, ten years ago, had won Larry O'Neil's admiration from its bed in the velvet case.

Ten years ago! She glanced at her husband across the gulf that had come unaccountably between them. His hat was pulled low over his eyes, his profile was sullen. She thought of the Charlie Frear who first put that ring on her finger, of his clear eyes, his gentle ways, his laugh that had altered so sadly these last few years. She sighed, and the lights of the avenue began to blur as they flashed by.

Charlie turned into the drive of a big handsome house on the edge of town and halted the car at a side entrance. She waited a moment, but he made no move to help her; so she unfastened the car door herself and stepped out.

One of the maids admitted her to the house. She hurried upstairs, her first thought for her children. She found them sleeping peacefully on top of the covers, in protest against the July night. She drew a sheet over each, while the nurse whose duty this should have been calmly went on with her novel in an adjoining room. For a few minutes longer Anne hovered over the two cribs, then she went to the big room at the front of the house. She threw off her hat, sat down and stared into the mirror. Had she altered so greatly in ten years, she wondered. Was Charlie as uninterested in her as he seemed?

She heard him now downstairs, busy in the dining room, then in the pantry. Presently he came to the foot of the stairs and called loudly, "Anne! Have a little drink?"

She hurried into the hall. "Hush, Charlie—hush! You'll wake the children. Nothing for me, thanks."

He mumbled something and returned to his precious sideboard. A few minutes later he passed through the bedroom to his dressing room. Anne saw that he carried a well-filled bottle in his hand.

Sadly she busied herself with her preparations for bed. Her heart was heavy; she was hungry for a word of sentiment, of affection, for a glimpse of the old Charlie she had married ten years before. In the dressing room Charlie was banging about, making a great fuss. She slipped on a negligee and crossed the threshold that divided the two rooms.

"Charlie, dear ——" she began, and stopped. He had his big battered leather bag open on a chair, and was surrounded by piles of clothing. At the moment he was wrapping the big bottle tenderly in underwear. "Another trip?" asked Anne.

"It looks like it, doesn't it?" he growled. He placed his beloved bundle carefully in the bag. "I forgot to tell you—I'm running up to Chicago in the morning."

"Shall you be gone long?"

"How should I know? I'll send you a wire."

"You're away most of the time," she ventured.

"Well, you're married to a successful man. That's the penalty you pay. Rather have a clerk chained to a stool?"

"No, of course not," she answered—but she wondered. She picked up a coat and began to fold it for him. "If I'd known you were going I'd have had your bag packed."

"Here, give me that. I didn't know it myself until this afternoon."

She dropped back and made no further effort to help. How long had it been, she asked herself, since she had had a gentle, kindly word from him? Had Larry's talk about the ring roused no memories in Charlie?

"Is it true, dear?" she began. "What you said—that my engagement ring nearly broke you?"



"You're Away Most of the Time," She Ventured. "Well, You're Married to a Successful Man. That's the Penalty You Pay"

He laughed. "It seemed like a lot of money Now of course it wouldn't be chicken feed."

"But you didn't mind, did you?" Her tone was

"I guess not. Here—let me look at it." He to hand. "It's a cheap-looking thing, isn't it? I afford to have my wife wear that sort of trash. Why you put it away, Anne?"

"I've put away—so many things," she answered and left him.

When she was in her bed he appeared in the "Say, Anne—are my golf clubs downstairs?"

"No—I don't believe they are."

"They're out at the club. I'll have to drive before I go to the office in the morning."

He went back and completed the preparations business trip. After a time he turned out the sought his bed. In a few minutes he was snoring For more than an hour Anne lay awake, thinking things. Among them, Larry O'Neil.

Three days later Larry had occasion to think was two o'clock, the noon rush at his counter and only two patrons lingered there. One long, lean, cold proposition with prominent citizens all over him, was Henry Frost, president Reuton Trust Company. Mr. Frost ing with his usual frugal repast, a lettuce wich and a glass of milk. His coming evidently been dragged in against his he was a big hearty man who loved had never found a soda fountain a place in which to exercise his talents. His Walter Sutcliffe, and he was a director companies, among them the Burkhardt poration.

Larry O'Neil had never been an per, but he was not deaf, and it would impossible for him to his post and not overhear of a most interesting tion.

"He's up in Chicago derstand," Sutcliffe

"Yes." The banker sandwich suspiciously he had his doubts frail thing. "He's g hotel suite of his up Well, it will mean a pense account, if

"Mason called m day," Sutcliffe went that before he went our friend left orders insurance policy. one I mean."

Frost nodded and ried. "I hope you t

"I told him to w the annual meeting

"That was right approved. He laughed, mirthless ling, hundred-thousand on the most mus town. It's one of jokes. Speaking ing ——"

"Everything is cliffe assured him. votes. I understand renew our notes

"Absolutely wi tle eyes snapped.

"Well, of cou contract, but we won't want to st

I don't believe he has an inkling ——"

"He's a blamed fool," said the banker, last drops of milk in his glass. "I've see these last few years. A victim of the time been somersaulting too fast for 'em. Larry pretty good."

"'Tis delicious, Mr. Frost."

"Well, I—no, no, I mustn't. I would week." He stood up. "Anything more

"No, I guess not."

"Here—give me your check."

Sutcliffe gasped in surprise, and Larry Mr. Frost obtained both checks and last the counter. He waited patiently for h When Larry handed it to him he stored it leather coin purse with the air of a man w draw six per cent while it was out of his

As the two men walked out Larry h saying: "Of course I don't presume to man for the job ——" His voice trailed

(Continued on Page 121

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HE PRICE OF PEARLS

By Sophie Kerr

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

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a you, Alicia, or to Jean." Mrs. Perrimain's
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"ILD have been so simple, so easy for her to leave Alicia, or to Jean." Mrs. Perrimain's thought like the inevitable white tulle in the neck of the—delicate, frail and distinct.

Billy had talked of nothing all during dinner but the Third Cousin Lucretia Perrimain had by her will to be sold, the proceeds to be applied to her charities. "I rather imagine," went on Mrs. Perrimain, "that she was not quite herself during those last months. She was so enthusiastic about things to be done for Jean. It was out of proportion somehow."

Billy Dancy, Jean's husband, kept very still and ate his dinner. These family dinners were to him part of the price he paid for marrying his adored wife.

"I wish she had left them to me!" he said, regretfully: "I wish she had left them to me! Jean, she'll—she!"

"You can have some in a year or so, honey," said Billy Dancy's raw voice. Alicia, his sister-in-law, glanced at him with the expression he loathed.

Alicia was thirty, dark, thin, high strung, rapidly turning acid. She looked at Billy, plainly, "Oh, you poor, crude Dancy person! Any man would marry and adore sacred, sacrosanct Jean. But he doesn't belong. He doesn't belong, poor worm!"

Alicia only said, "Pearls become you, dear. You really should have some. These of Lucretia's are marvelous."

"They are!" corroborated Jean, almost animated. "Billy Dancy decided. I know his mother-in-law if she ever did let him get at it, Lord, he should think was such a bundle of rags and looked at her fondly.

Alicia, who up to this moment had been engrossed with her claret, took a sip of it the head of his family a fine old blood, red, ruddy. But his mouth out his in-wed for his palate, and was the ac-thority of the Phil-on vintage wines

"Those pearls," he ad-handsome. Marty about most of 'em. 'em at her dinner Millie, what's look of hers who cider jelly to go

"I ever saw ignoring the

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the feller who potatoes and for luncheon. ad!" said Mr. le fervor.



"What Right Have You to Keep Me in the Dark About Things—or Try To?"

"Well, I don't know who in the family can afford to buy them," offered Mrs. Perrimain thoughtfully. "Of course there's Uncle Rupert. But he wouldn't."

"He's got no one to buy them for," said Jean. "Besides," she laughed, "he hasn't any money when he's paid his income tax."

"There's no one else. Martin Halstead isn't interested in anything but unique single gems for his collection. It isn't as if the pearls were a cheap little ornament—they'll cost frightfully."

"It's a pity," said Alicia softly, "that Billy can't buy them for you, Jean. You ought to have at least one piece of jewelry with real distinction."

Billy had given Jean a diamond-and-sapphire wrist watch, a diamond bracelet, a sapphire bracelet, a diamond-and-sapphire engagement ring, a diamond half hoop, a pearl-and-diamond tassel, besides various trinkets of jade and coral and amber and lapis. To hear these items negligently dismissed as lacking distinction was not pleasant. But now he perceived Alicia's purpose. It was she who had brought up the subject of Lucretia's pearls in the first place, and she had artfully worked it around so that she could stick a little snickersnee of spite into Billy. It made him hot and mad and helpless.

"Oh, Alicia!" cried Jean. "After all the wonderful things Billy's given me!"

"They're charming of course," conceded Alicia, her tone driving in her dart and envenoming it. "Quite charming, but a little too much like everyone's else; just a little banal, perhaps. But a string of pearls like this"—she seemed to muse—"oh, one would need nothing else, ever!"

Billy Dancy's temperature increased.

"How much do they want for these pearls?" he asked defiantly.

The thin smile came back to Alicia's lips. "I really haven't an idea," she told him, as if the very thought of price and cost and such sordid things were distasteful to her. "I felt sure that none of us would be interested, and so I made no inquiry."

Her precise and even intonation, like her mother's, save that it carried with it a subtle edge of mockery, always roused his wrath. Of all the Perrimains, Alicia had fought the hardest and given in with least grace when this outer barbarian from north of Market Street had stormed the fastnesses of Rittenhouse Square and demanded the hand and heart of Jean Perrimain. She never lost a chance to belittle and to hurt him. Why couldn't she mind her own business? Why did she have to insinuate, first that he couldn't afford to buy Jean this rotten old string of pearls, and second that Jean didn't have any jewelry fit to wear? Billy longed to tell Alicia that Jean hadn't got any jewelry from the Perrimains—a measly cameo or two and some other old stuff that looked as though it had come out of a junk shop. He wanted to thump on the table and make the ancestral silver dance with his rage.

"Yes, Alicia," he wanted to fling at her, "I know why Jean hadn't anything. You spend too much trying to keep up this run-down old house here in Rittenhouse Square. And then your father eats up another big slice of your diminishing income. He's a walking stomach, that's what he is. As for your mother, she's a shadow, a poor apologetic ghost who lives on such words as 'tradition,' 'aristocracy,' 'good blood,' and spends her time catering to your father and being awfully genteel. As for you, Alicia, you're a sour old maid. You were a sharp-tongued, spiteful girl, and you scared away the few men who might have liked you, and now you've got no beaux and no prospects of marrying, and your whole life's dry rot. You hate to see Jean and me happy, and so you try to spoil it. You're a smart subterranean trouble maker. Lord, what wouldn't I give to get you married off to some strong husky brute who'd beat you up now and then! I know your people made earnest efforts when you were younger. That's another reason why you're all so poor now—they invested a good bit of capital in hunting

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a chance at marriage for you—which was entirely useless. By golly, I wish you'd leave me alone! I hate to feel this way toward a woman, and toward Jean's sister in particular. There hasn't been one minute of the time since you first saw me that you haven't made it apparent to me that I'm a rough, low person, a disgraceful shadow on the Perrimain escutcheon, that Jean is everlastingly to be pitied, that everything I do is wrong, that I've no taste nor manners nor anything but a little incomprehensible success in making money. That's you, Alicia."

He had thought so vehemently, so coherently that, as he rounded out his invective, he was surprised that they didn't all hear him. But no. Even Alicia was still intent on the pearls.

"If you're really interested I could arrange for you to see them," she was saying. "Of course I don't imagine they'd like to be bothered to show them just to gratify our curiosity."

There she was again, insinuating that he couldn't buy them, and that he'd have the crust to go and bother folks to show things when he had no idea of really getting them. He thought with satisfaction of the books of the factory and the tidy little surplus they showed, a surplus that he didn't actually need for anything in the world. To be sure, old Beazley, his manager, had urged him to be in readiness if a slump in the silk market came along, but that was a fixed idea of Beazley's, and the silk market showed no more signs of a slump than Alicia showed signs of amiability. No, that surplus was velvet, and if he wanted to buy pearls or peanuts or anything else absolutely valueless to the business he had a right to. And wouldn't he like to show Alicia—just once! And then Jean ——

"Oh, Billy," she cried, "do let's go and look at them! I'm crazy to see them. I wouldn't let you buy them for me, dear, unless they were an enormous bargain, really—but do let's go look at them. I don't care if it does make the people peevish to show them; they'll have to be peevish! How can they expect to sell them unless they show them, I'd like to know?"

"Of course they must show them," conceded Alicia. "I only meant—it seems—you know—such a—well—rather common thing to do—like those dreadful people in the cheap department stores who are always 'just looking,' and spend the day pawing over merchandise and trying on things."

"I didn't know you ever shopped in cheap department stores, Alicia," said Billy dryly. He could not help it.

"My dear Billy, you must remember that we're not awfully wealthy—with factories and things to keep us going." This as they drifted into the library.

Oh, it sounded so harmless, so gentle, Alicia's protest, but it had an undercurrent of clear intimation that factories were terribly vulgar commercial affairs, and that making money was a filthy occupation.

Billy Dancy winced, looked surreptitiously at his watch and began to wonder whether they couldn't get the 9:40. He and Jean lived in a charming little house of gray stone with blue shutters, out on the Main Line, as far removed from Rittenhouse Square as Billy could find and still commute comfortably to business. When they were married the elder Perrimains had suggested that they take the upper floor of the ancestral mansion, but Billy had refused, in a panic at the prospect of such an uncomfortable existence.

Out on the Main Line he could be human and comfortable with chintz and oak and wicker, big fireplaces, a sun room, a garden, an appealing West Highland terrier to stick an affectionate nose under his hand—all new and bright and cheerful, and no ancestral reek on anything. Ancestors—he hated the word!

"Well, when can we see the pearls?" he asked wearily.

"Why not to-morrow?" said Alicia. "I'll telephone to the man who has them—Mr. Godfrey; he's quite the best for disposing of jewels privately, from estates and things like that, Mr. McLean said—and we could meet at his office about teatime, don't you think?"

"That'll be lovely!" cried Jean. "I was coming in town to-morrow anyway. And we'll go out together then, Billy, after we've seen the pearls."

Billy wanted to snatch her up and cuddle her, she looked so dear and adorable, a sprite of a thing in her blue frock, tucked down into the deeps of a big leather—ancestral—chair. But he observed that Alicia fully intended to be one of the party of inspection.

"If you'll give me this fellow Godfrey's address," he suggested, "I'll telephone and save you the bother."

"It's no bother," said Alicia. "If he can't see us I'll telephone you in the morning." She saw Billy's feeble ruse and checkmated him easily. Then, turning to Mr. Perrimain, who was indulging in his usual post-prandial quarter of an hour of satisfied silent repletion, she added brightly, "It will be wonderful, won't it, father, for Jean to have Cousin Lucretia's pearls?" She spoke, Billy reflected, as though the pearls were round Jean's neck and he was signing the check.

"Oh, look here," said Jean, "don't think it's settled. I'm quite sure we oughtn't to afford anything so luxurious as pearls, yet."

Billy regarded her with doting indulgence.

"Honey, if I can possibly buy them for you, any old how, I'm going to. You know it."

After all, there was that surplus. What is the use of having money unless you spend it for something you want? He wanted Jean to have everything she wanted. Jean wanted pearls. And there you are.



With Jean Opposite Him in a Golden Slip of a Dress—the Bomb Was Thrown. "Did You Leave My Pearls at Baltwell's To-Day?" Asked Jean

Alicia looked disappointed. She hadn't got him in a corner this time. Not quite. It made him feel triumphant and virile. It nerved him to look openly at his watch.

"Don't you think we might make the 9:40, dear?" he asked.

Mrs. Perrimain had been as silent as her husband ever since dinner, because he preferred that she should be. It helped his digestion if she didn't say anything. The younger generation's chatter he could disregard, but when his wife spoke, as a gentleman he must attend and answer. He was always too full, to put it bluntly, to do this for a short space after meals. So Mrs. Perrimain kept his silence with him. But now she spoke, with real feeling but incomplete understanding.

"I'm so glad it's been settled this way," she said. "I so disliked to see Cousin Lucretia's pearls go out of the family, and yet I'd hardly hoped —— I shall go over to Uncle Rupert's to-morrow and tell him. And the Spruce Street Perrimains. And Lucy Carmichael. And I'll write to Cousin Martin Halstead."

"Do wait until Billy actually buys them, mother dear," said Alicia. It was her final stab at him.

"Don't worry about that," he said rashly, determinedly. "I guess the old bank roll can stand the jolt."

"What an odd idiom!" murmured Alicia. "Where do you get such quaint expressions?"

"I pick them up among the shoppers in cheap department stores," replied Billy agreeably.

This retort buoyed him up through the leave-takings, and the inevitable acceptance of the inevitable invitation to dine with the family on the coming Thursday week. On two Thursdays a month the Perrimains dedicated themselves to these intimate hospitalities, and to Billy they were the utterly black days of his happy existence.

To-night as they came out he squeezed Jean's a[rm] said no word of the mighty cheers he would have [l]et utter at getting away so early. And once in the cab [h]er an unrestrained hug.

"I wish you could see how pretty you look [t]o[n]ight," he said. "I don't know how you do it. You get [l]ovelier and prettier all the time. About time you stopped [g]rowing, settled down into being a plain old married woman [a]nd—we've been married over a year and—look at [t]he time—not fair."

"Oh, Billy—you're such a darling!" said Jean, [s]tarting to kiss him. "You're the nicest man in the [w]orld."

"I fully agree with you, and that makes it [u]nanimous. But, Mrs. Dancy, you forget that there is another [t]hing before the house—viz., to wit, namely—that [y]ou're getting prettier before I get pinched or go crazy [o]r something. How about it?"

"If I am getting prettier," said Jean solemnly, "since there is no corroborative evidence of this [s]tatement yours, it must be because I am so happy. And [y]ou're so good to me. But, Billy—listen. About [t]he pearls. According to all accounts they're awfully [e]xpensive and—and—well—I would like a string of [p]earls as any woman would. But I'd be perfectly satisfied with [s]omething that cost a fourth or a fifth of what Cousin Lucretia's [c]ost."

"For Pete's sake, how much are Cousin [L]ucretia's crown jewels supposed to be worth, honey? [Y]ou're giving me scared in a minute."

"Oh—at least sixty or seventy thousand."

Billy Dancy's hair stood on end. "Dollars?" [h]e said, making a pretense of a joke.

"Yes, of course, funny. And that's why I [s]ay it's silly for us to think of them. If you were going [t]o get pearls—why, a little string—about eight or ten [t]housand would be quite good enough. And then you [c]ould add it from time to time, taking out the [s]mall ones and putting in bigger ones, you [k]now, at Christmas and birthdays and anniversaries."

"That's the way they do it, is it?"

He was talking against time. [T]hink of it—seventy thousand dollars had taken his breath; a devastating depression [s]et in. No wonder Alicia had been sniffy [a]bout him—she had let him in for this! She [h]ad seen him tumble from a dizzy height [o]n purpose. Drawn him on—[h]ad trapped him tight. He could see her [n]ow gloating over him. And she'd [n]ever get over of it to taunt him with in her [s]ubtle way for months and months and [m]onths.

"Yes—that's the way most [w]omen do about pearls. Billy, did you tell Gratton to [h]ave the car meet this train?"

"I told him to meet every [t]rain from 9:18, until we came."

"Why, we never get out as [e]arly as that."

"No, but I'm always hoping [t]o."

The very station looked good to him. [T]he respectful Gratton appeared, correct in [h]is manner as only a perfectly correct chauffeur can [b]e, and rose boyishly, as they always did at the [s]ight of solid prosperity, his coming up in the world [a]t what was only thirty-one. And he had a solid, [s]ubstantial a smart house on the Main Line, [t]hree cars, Gratton the magnificent, a car which [e]nhanced Gratton's perfection; and added to all this he had [t]he sweetest, the dearest wife in the world. [H]e'd done it all himself, with his own brains and [s]ome hard work. Pretty nice—all this! He'd [s]cored mockery and Cousin Lucretia's pearls [t]o their proper insignificance against such well-[b]eing.

The next morning, however, they returned [t]o him that they must be dealt with. Jean, [a]n angel in silky blue and lace with rosebuds [i]n it.

"Don't you think I'd better telephone [t]hat I won't bother to see those pearls, Billy? I [d]on't care so much about seeing them."

It brought it all back. How Alicia would [l]ove that ate the canary. By the jumping Jupiter, a [y]ellow-feathered bird to be devoured!

"Now see here, babe, there's no harm [i]n it, even if we don't buy. Let it ride. I'll [m]eet you as Alicia says and we'll go to tea afterward. [R]ight?"

Jean looked at him with an appraising [g]lance. She knew perfectly well that though [h]e knew he hadn't the least idea of what stuff she was [m]ade.

"Billy," she said at last, "you won't [u]nderstand. I don't want things we can't afford—I [m]ean 'afford' in the fullest sense of the word."

He did not have time to do more than [s]mile. "A little thing, I know you don't. There's [n]o time, dear. Listen! You get into town a little [e]arly, run down to the factory in a taxi for me, and [t]hen wherever Alicia says. That'll give me a [c]hance with you. 'By."

He kissed her and was gone. Jean stood [i]n the hall where he had left her. She knew [w]ell

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control Billy's swift impetuousness, nor combat
s generous decisions. Hitherto she had been
go along with them, unquestioning. But now she
. After a moment or two her face cleared. "But
olish," she told herself, "ever."

hile Billy, in the train, was hastily running over
ork; but the pearls were in the back of his head.
t aware of how far Alicia's sneers and goading
d him. The feud between them was so long-
so deep-seated, that it had come to dominate
nsciously, in everything in which she played a
like all self-made men Billy Dancy had a good
nk of conceit. He didn't take Alicia's snubbing
easily. He resented them. They made him
ed ultra-suspicious, and kept him constantly
hance to show Alicia. Even though he kept the
ulously buried his fingers sometimes itched, in
self, for a good grip on its handle.

ht back over the long years when he, a lathy
een, in his last year in the graded schools, had
e burden of caring for his mother. His first
and-office-and-general-odd-job boy for the
ckery Company, four dollars a week, long
things too heavy, not enough to eat, growing
e to play. But that didn't last. Old man
knew every one of his sixty-odd employes by
d and liked him. At seventeen he was head
g room.

an Gertner had said, "You petter go to night
"

d gone to night school. Presently, in spite of
was superintendent, with as much authority
rtner had ever permitted anyone.

died when he was twenty, and old man
had no near relatives, took Billy into his
r, badly run bachelor's quarters, but not
. The two worked and lived together in a
that was only emphasized by their fre-
n matters of policy. Billy wanted to drop
cotton and lisle hose altogether and go in
an Gertner shouted in derision.
k the vimmins have all gone crazy vith
ret?" he demanded. "There vill never be a
e in America for silk stockings."
ly laughed and urged old man Gertner to
woods because moss was growing on him.
enty-eight when Gertner died, and when
ill was read it was found that he had left
t to Billy outright, but so that he could
fair price to some unknown Gertners, of
l man's never-quite-forgotten kin of his

ized his big chance. He had taken on the
rtgage, and heaped further debts on him-
inery and more of it, another story on the factory, better and more modern arrangements throughout. He had doubled the number of machines and more than doubled the employes. His pay roll was over a thousand a day. He employed salesmen, stopped selling to jobbers, and sought the big retailers. He had paid the bill for his improvements, and begun to amortize his mortgage.

He was not oppressed by his debts. Business was good—he was making nothing but silk hose now, of course—he could meet the interest on his mortgage and his notes in bank easily. And there was that lovely little surplus. He experienced the pleasure we all feel when we have a good little hunk of money that won't be needed the first of next month. This wasn't so much, perhaps, viewed against the bulk of what he owed, but it was forty thousand good round iron men, and as such was not without glamour. If that poor old dodo of a Perrimain had that much ready money, reflected Billy cynically, he'd probably eat himself to death within a fortnight.

He went into the factory at his usual quickstep. It was early, a quarter of nine. He used to get there at quarter of eight, but Jean had changed that. At any rate he was in plenty of time to catch Miss Koons, his stenographer, hustling off the cover of her machine.

He ran through the mail and then made his regular trip through the factory. That had been old man Gertner's practice, and Billy found it a good one; and just as Gertner had known all his employes by name, so also did Billy. He liked the people on his pay roll. It pleased him to feel that he had done far more for their comfort than the law required, and that they held no secret grudges against him for small, petty dealing or for gouging. He was fair with them, and conscientious, and he was rewarded by the work they turned out. There was precious little wastage in the Gertner-Dancy concern.

At the semi-inclosed space where Beazley had his desk Billy paused.

"Any signs of that slump in silk yet?" he asked.

Beazley was a thick, astute old man, active and powerful despite his sixty-five years. He grinned at the question.

"There's nothing that you might call anything to hang a real opinion on, I'll admit," he said. "But yet—I kind of feel she's coming, and coming before so very long."

It was his usual answer, and usually Billy dismissed it with a joke. But to-day he lingered and answered seriously:

"You've been saying that a good while, Beazley."

"I suppose I have," the old man admitted, and looked a little confused. "Maybe I'm wrong. I—I've got nothing but my suspicions. You can't get a word out of anybody who's in a position to know, though I've nosed around quite considerable. But—it's in the air somehow."

Returning to his office Billy sat down at his desk and thought the thing out. Heretofore old Beazley had spoken with assurance. Possibly there had been something, some vague hint, some underlying uneasiness that had justified that conviction. If such a slump should come the manufacturer who had a bunch of ready money to buy largely of thread cones would be well heeled for the coming season, would turn a profit sufficiently handsome to tempt the most cautious. But the silk people might have secretly strengthened themselves, got hold of money to tide them over and keep them going. And now Beazley was uncertain—and there wasn't anybody in the business smarter than Beazley. That was strong evidence that there would be no slump. We believe what we want to believe, and so Billy interpreted what Beazley had said. Ergo, following this through, that nice little hunk of surplus was waiting to be spent on something. He was no miser, to let money accumulate unused. Better translate it into some of the many things which his growing imagination told him were desirable. And, if in addition to this, he could put something over on Alicia and the whole Perrimain connection—zip—the money was as good as gone!

He had just reached this point when Alicia's cool clipped voice tinkled toward him from the telephone. Mr. Godfrey was at 1162 Walnut, ninth floor. Very well, he and Jean would be there at quarter of five. Oh, but Alicia had asked Jean particularly to drop in and see her mother before they started. Mother wasn't feeling very well to-day. So Alicia and Jean would meet Billy at Mr. Godfrey's office. Yes, at quarter of five. Very well. Good-by.

Billy gritted his teeth in a gust of youthful anger as he hung up the receiver. Just exactly like Alicia to butt in and break up his plans, his and Jean's! Nobody but a brute—as Alicia well knew—would have insisted that Jean shouldn't go and see her sick mother. He'd be willing to bet a million against a plugged nickel that Mrs. Perrimain wasn't sick at all; just one of Alicia's hateful little schemes to thwart and annoy him.

But presently Jean herself telephoned. "I'm sorry not to come for you, dear," she said, "but Alicia thinks mother's rather miserable, and I don't believe I'll have time to go from there all the way down for you. But I am sorry. You know, Billy"—the words became hesitant—"you know, I like to be with you as much as you like to be with me."

His good little fellow! She restored his morale.

He could work quite happily now. When the afternoon began to wane he became a clock watcher without shame. At half past four he signed his last letter, swept a handful of memoranda into Miss Koons' basket and disappeared.

But it was disconcerting to find that the pearl-inspection party had been increased by Mr. and Mrs. Perrimain.

"Father thought he'd like to look at the pearls," explained Jean. "And mother felt so much better that she wanted to come too."

Alicia had arranged it, Billy felt sure. She wanted the whole family there to see him made a fool of. Sixty or seventy thousand! He wondered fleetingly if Godfrey would take the forty thousand cash and his personal note for the rest. Godfrey was a good egg; one glance told that. No cold clammy fish he, but a real fellow. Billy warmed to him, and he, after a comprehensive twinkle at the Perrimains, warmed to Billy, possibly through sympathy.

(Continued on Page 110)



The Perrimain Family in the Background Were Registering Well-Bred Displeasure at This Outburst of Emotion Before a Stranger. Alicia Could Not Resist Comment. She Saw a Chance to Redeem Her Spite From Failure

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WILD GAME—By Forrest Crisse

THAT the men of America still retain a keen and primitive interest in hunting wild game needs no better proof than the facts that more than three and a half million hunters' licenses were issued in 1919 and that the sale of these hunting privileges brought in a total of about four and a half million dollars.

If the figures for last year were available they would undoubtedly show that very nearly five million licenses had been issued in the United States.

A visit to the world's largest wild-game farm is certain to leave with every visitor two outstanding impressions: The enormous demand for wild game birds, particularly pheasants, which has developed in this country, and the immense expenditures of money and effort to protect the game birds from the wild creatures that prey upon them.





A Swan Over Her Nest Guarded by a Gander. Above—Fancy Water Fowl Inclosed by the Woven-Wire Fencing

This year fully fifteen thousand ringneck pheasants have been raised on this farm, and nearly two thousand of the fancy variety of pheasants. More than a hundred and twenty thousand ringneck pheasant eggs were shipped in the past season from this farm to the various states and to sportsmen's clubs and associations as well as to private estates and small breeders. This season more than five thousand ducks—most of them mallards and pure-blood English calls for decoys—have been raised on this farm.

When it is remembered that for several seasons ringneck pheasant eggs from dependable sources have sold for more than thirty cents each and that ringneck pheasants readily bring four dollars each in lots of several thousand, while call ducks bring five to eight dollars a pair; mallards, five dollars; American wood ducks, twenty dollars; Canadian geese, twenty dollars; mandarin ducks, twenty dollars; Australian ruddy sheldrakes, fifty dollars; and swans, one hundred dollars, it is not surprising that hundreds of callers come to this farm fully determined to go into the business and as fully convinced that there is a fortune in it. But as a rule they depart with the conviction that there is another side to the story. This change of attitude invariably takes place after a survey of the expense side of the ledger has been made.

Elaborate Protective Devices

FOR example, this farm, which contains about five hundred acres, has more than twelve miles of woven-wire fencing seven feet high. This fence requires cedar posts ten feet high, creosoted four feet from the bottom. Attached to a creosoted board or stringer, which is buried about six inches in the ground, is a two-foot width of woven wire of a mesh so small that a weasel cannot go through it. This is sewed with copper wire to the bottom edge of the main expanse of coarser woven wire, which is five feet in width. At the top of the fence is a strand of barbed wire to keep out two-footed climbers. At frequent intervals along the outside of the fences are drop traps very strongly made of heavy woven wire of small square mesh. These will hold any kind of animal, from a weasel to a badger. The cost of manufacturing these traps in wholesale quantities is about ten dollars each, and fully two hundred of them are required to protect the birds on this farm. But this is only a beginning in the expensive equipment required to keep up the incessant warfare against vermin.

The most interesting and expensive traps used on the game farm are known as tunnel traps. As they are sunk below the surface of the ground they are made entirely of structural and sheet iron carefully treated to prevent corrosion. Tunnel traps are mainly used for protection at openings of the walls or dams where a stream enters or leaves the farm. The cost of one of these traps is about seventy-five dollars.

Because this peculiar trap is automatic in its action and of large capacity, big enough to hold quite a menagerie, it often makes some startling revelations.

"After a stormy night," declares the gamekeeper, who devotes most of his time to trapping and shooting vermin, "I have found a mink, a rabbit and a pheasant huddled together. Why didn't the mink follow his natural instinct and kill the rabbit and the pheasant? Because he knew that he was trapped. He was only interested in getting out. Again I've found a cat and rats together, a weasel and pheasants, and a coon and pheasants. In the animal world a common peril will—for the moment, at least—subdue the savage instincts of predatory animals."

A large number of steel traps, about three hundred altogether, are set along fences and on hawk posts, with which the fields of this farm are liberally supplied. Each hawk post must be set with railroad spikes in order to permit the gamekeepers to climb them.

The central prison in which all captive prowlers are confined against the day of their final disposal is a commodious, expensive and highly secure structure of iron and concrete. The woven wire with which this house is walled is so heavy and at the same time of so fine a mesh that a weasel cannot escape through it or a powerful badger break it. All fur animals trapped in the open season are comparatively worthless; held until the coming of cold weather they bring very attractive prices. In this prison are to be seen mink, coons, skunks, muskrats, weasels and occasionally badgers, foxes and 'possums. Though the sale of furs from these captives amounts to several hundred dollars a year, it is only a drop in the bucket compared with the cost of protecting the birds against them.

"No layman can
understand," declar
owner of this famo
farm, "how intense a
sant is the fight to pr
birds from their wi
furred enemies. The
person has no idea of
of prowlers who pa
our fences, night aft
for a chance to get at
It costs thousands
a year to keep the
underworld even pa
pressed and reduce it
to a reasonable min

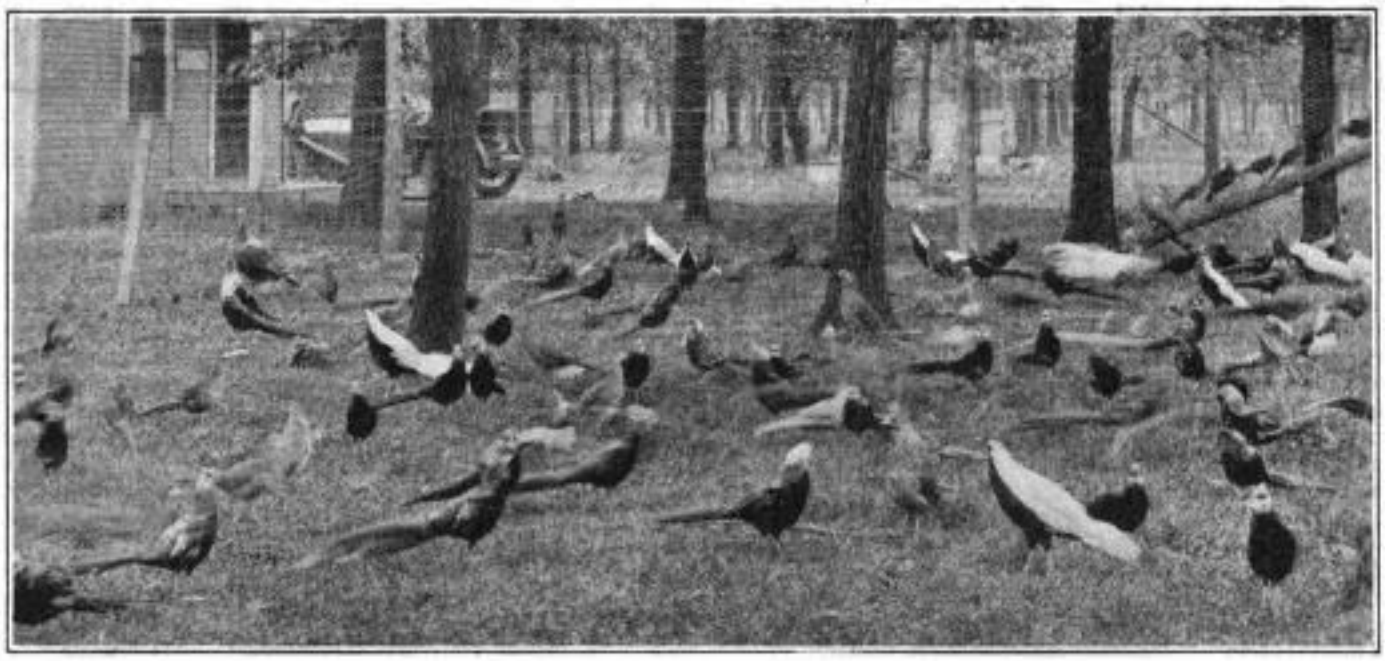
Marauder

"REPEATEDLY
had hundreds
worth of birds kill
mink in a single ni
tiny, slender weas
the blood of scor
pheasants in a few
band or shoal of w
took about twel
young pheasants i
We started with
sand young birds
in three weeks only twelve hundr
This was all done by weasels,
catch about seventy-five a ye
"Hundreds of visitors come
without noticing that this
fenced as to have an outer
of about fifty rods in wid
son for going to this ha
to give us a second cha
animal which has been en
to pass the outer line of
to do this before he has
where the birds are.
"Success in protecting
merely a matter of spe
It requires a careful study
of these creatures of prey.
it has taken me years of ex
develop the two types of trap
proved to give the greatest pro
birds because they will actually
wily of all animals—weasels and mi
thing to trap a playful and inquisitive
skunk, and quite another to land a mink
by his wits until he is full of wisdom and ex
escaped more perils than the Apostle Pa
the ammunition and guns used on this far
close to five hundred dollars.
"One reason why there are so many pred
animals is that they do not, excepting in
upon each other. A skunk, for example,
hawk until in the last stages of starvation
not eat a hawk, or a hawk an owl. In
eating birds and animals do not prey up
eaters but upon game birds and animals
upon grains, grasses and insects. This giv
creatures a peculiar immunity; man is
enemy which they have to reduce their n
they die of accident or old age.
"On the other hand, the game bird's li
hazard from enemies in the air and on th
pheasant, the partridge, prairie chicken an
a score of mortal enemies against which t
where the hawk, the owl or the mink ha
marvel to me that so many pheasants surv
tion, considering the fact that they have be
cally deprived of their natural defense
rather high cover of underbrush is to a
partridges what a system of trenches
dugouts was to men on the fighting line
Our natural coverts for prairie chicken
disappeared, excepting in the Northwest.
however, appears to be better able to tak
than any other game bird. Add to this
fact that the pheasant can be raised in ca
have the reason why this splendid bird is b
a substitute for some of the game birds
already is the premier game bird of Engl
"In fact, the pheasant is the only game
raised in large numbers in captivity. Oth
grouse, for example, have been raised

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ory scale and at
ifive expense.
ortsmen who
out doing this
etical scale are
y their desires
advisers. It
done. But the
can be bred
ity on a scale
virtually un-

glance at the
e equipment
ammoth bird
as about one
breeding or
pens, each
sixteen feet
high. These
built in units
for moving
to place in
ecure fresh
cock pheas-
e or six fe-
py each of



Fancy Pheasants in a Variety of Beautifully Colored Plumage

ments, which cost about sixteen dollars. The
ense of moving the entire battery of breeding
ground is nearly one thousand dollars.
ng pans and fountains this farm must maintain
at least three thousand, about equally divided
field brooders, the breeding and hatching
open fields.

over the fields of this remarkable game farm
ne thousand brooders, each occupied, in the
domestic hen and a family of pheasant chicks.
ers are of durable construction, are painted
st about five dollars in large quantities.
ng pens are still more elaborate and consist of
small floorless house and a yard into which
go to dust herself. On the roof of each little
se is a rack or indicator, like a miniature of
cators in railway train sheds, which gives the
tory of the family or prospective family
is to guard against any confusion as a result
ttendant quit his post in the hatching season.
are made in units of four, and cost about
ach.
vill add about two dollars to this cost.

Fine Points in Feeding

hing season the services of five thousand to
domestic hens are in demand to hatch the
me birds and to furnish eggs with which to
d required by the chicks. Into this custard
eds also goes the milk of about twenty-five

This farm has its own switch track, over
enty carloads of
ed a year, and
of pheasants and
from this siding.
ir strains of the
easant and only
ll them apart at
se are the Eng-
Black Neck, the
the Prince of
average sports-
classed as ring-

ng ringneck hen
rty-five eggs in
rity. Hens two
f age will fall
ow this quota,
as low as forty-
old hen having
which provides
and insect feed
iminishing lia-
arising from
s likely to fur-
a season than
ed in a meager
ly possible to
ress upon the
ple and fresh
pheasant hens
ned in a range
ndred square
rhaps, for a
should never
same ground
cession. To
s to invite al-
. More than

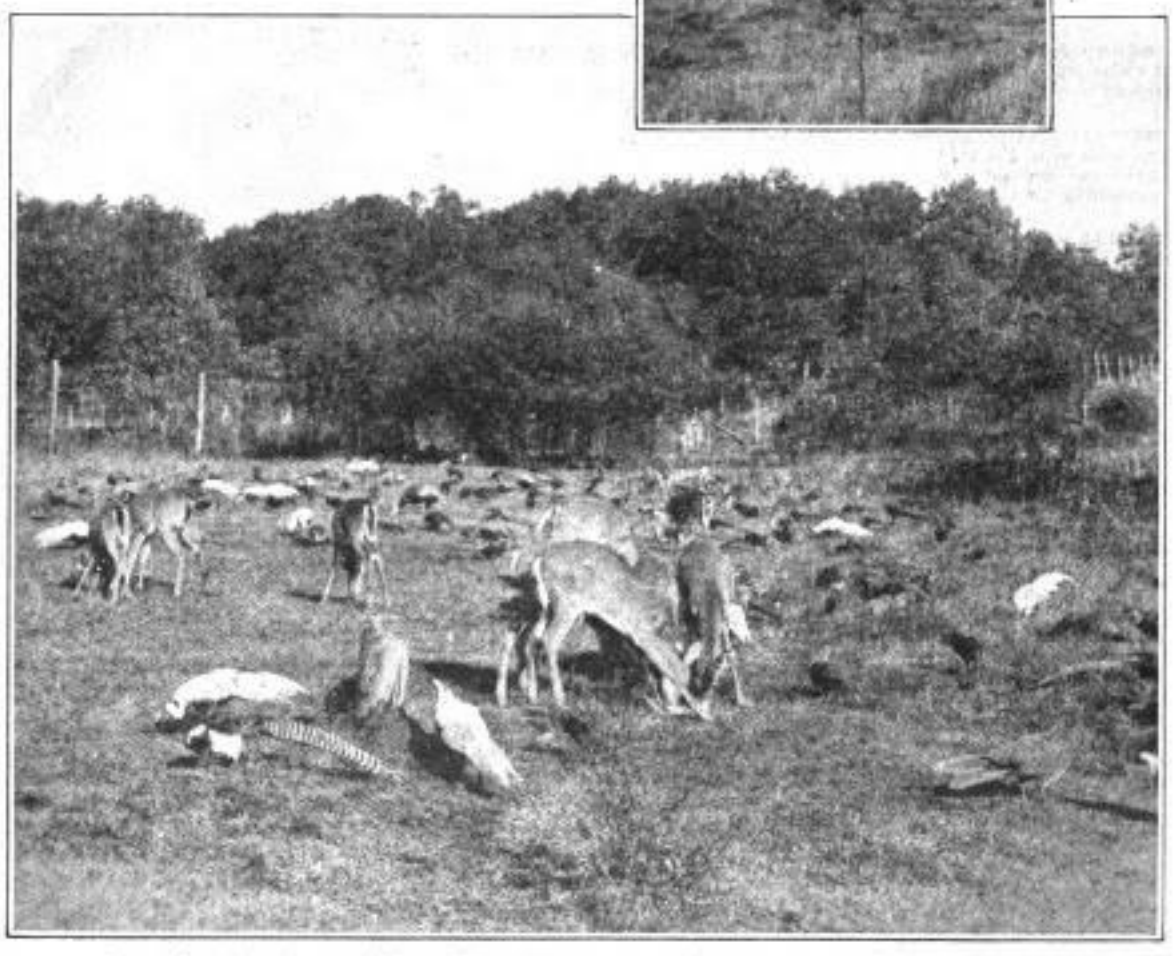
one breeder has lost his entire flock and scored a complete failure for no other reason than this.

The period of incubation for true pheasant eggs is twenty-one to twenty-three days. The eggs must receive the moisture of the earth. For this reason the hatching coops in all pheasantries which are conducted upon sound scientific principles have no floors and the eggs are placed in a slight hollow or basin of earth, padded with a scant layer of chaff or chopped hay. The earthwork is built up high enough so that it cannot be flooded by an ordinary rain. If the setting season is extremely dry the little hatching house is flooded with water before the earth nest is built up. This gives the proper amount of moisture.

Before the pheasant chicks are dry from the shell their impulse is to escape. This is because they are hatched under a domestic hen instead of a pheasant, and because their introduction to the light of day is under artificial or captive conditions. The precocity of these tiny striped fledglings is suggested by the fact that it seldom takes them more than twenty-four hours to master a strange language. When they break their shells they are all set to hear and understand the peculiar calls and warnings of the pheasant mother. At the outset of their careers the cluck of a domestic hen means nothing in their young lives. They are being called in a foreign tongue, and their first impulse is to flee from the fussy old stranger who is apparently trying to boss them about. But in less than a day's time they have learned the new tongue and obey their foster parent as if she were their natural mother. There are few if any wild creatures more precocious than a baby pheasant.

No pheasant should be fed until it is at least twelve hours old and it is better to allow them to wait a full day before giving them their first meal—a simple custard made of eggs and milk. On the third day their diet may be altered by introducing pheasant meal, a prepared food somewhat similar to puppy biscuit, into the custard. It is technically known as a drying-out meal. More and more of it should be introduced into the custard each day; the custard should not disappear as an element of the ration until the birds are at least ten days old. At that age they can do nicely without eggs in their feed, but the pheasant meal should still be moistened with scalded milk.





Fawns Lack Any Sense of Honor When Pheasants' Food is Lying Around. Above—Taking Down a Hawk From a Pole Trap

Causes of Failure

IN COMMENTING on the feeding of young pheasants the foremost expert in this peculiar calling in this country and probably in the world said:

"A fertile cause of failure in raising pheasants is feeding mixtures which are too moist. There is just one safe rule to follow: Add enough drying-out meal to make the combination of a consistency described by the term crumbly moist. This means that a handful of this feed leaving the keeper's hand as a ball will break and scatter before it hits the ground. But to go back to the baby chick's ration of custard.

"All chicken eggs used for feeding young pheasants may look alike to you excepting as to size. Anyhow, they do to most persons. But the fact is they're not. You cannot go far in raising pheasants—provided you are reasonably observant—without making the discovery that there is a vast difference between eggs in the matter of their feed value. That difference lies in an element of which few would think. Eggs which are laid by hens having a free and open range have far higher nutritive powers than eggs from hens confined in pens. Why? Because the range hens get more phosphorus-producing feed and consequently put more of that element into their eggs. And phosphorus-bearing feed is what the young pheasants must have to make a quick and healthy growth. Good milk comes next to eggs in supplying phosphorus—or I should say next to eggs from hens having a free range.

"The successful raiser of pheasants must be many kinds of a specialist, but if he is not a practical nutrition expert he is bound to run a great risk of failure. For more than thirty years I have

(Continued on Page 106)

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FROM McKINLEY TO HARDING

Personal Recollections of Our Presidents

By H. H. KOHLSAAT

VI

EARLY in 1895 Governor and Mrs. McKinley visited Mr. and Mrs. Hanna in Thomasville, Georgia. Mrs. McKinley was always delicate and the cold weather aggravated her illness, so the governor gladly accepted the Hanna invitation, and Mr. and Mrs. Myron T. Herrick, my family and myself, joined them in the hospitable Hanna home. Mr. Hanna sent for a number of the Republican leaders in the Southern States and had them meet McKinley, one or two at a time, in the beautiful sun parlor of the house.

I think, without exception, they were delighted with the governor, and pledged him their support in 1896, and most of them kept their pledge.

The Atlanta Constitution, edited by my good friend Clark Howell, got wind of the visits of the politicians, and Howell had his correspondents sending daily accounts of the meetings. Some of the comments were unfavorable, which was natural in an opposition paper. I wrote Mr. Howell and invited him to come to Thomasville and meet McKinley and Hanna. He did so, and from that day his paper and he personally were extremely kind to the governor without in any way changing the political policy of the paper. The friendship lasted until McKinley's death.

I will depart from the thread of my story to tell of President McKinley's visit to Atlanta in 1898, but let Mr. Howell tell his own story as he wrote it:

ATLANTA, GEORGIA, December 22, 1921.

My dear Kohlsaat: The McKinley incident, as I recall it, is as follows:

President McKinley came to Atlanta as the chief guest of honor at a Peace Jubilee banquet given under the auspices of Atlanta business men in the fall following the close of the Spanish-American War in 1898, at which banquet I presided. During the morning of his arrival here his secretary, Mr. Cortelyou, made a call on me at my office, stating that the President wished to see me at the Kimball House.

I went there and was ushered into the private parlor with the statement that "the President is shaving, but he will be glad to see you."

Only President and Mrs. McKinley were in the room when I went in. She was sitting before an open fire with a shawl thrown lightly around her shoulders. The President sat before a glass at a table in the center of the room. A towel was around his neck, his face was lathered, and he was shaving himself.

He welcomed me, stating that he had sent for me to read the address he had prepared to deliver to the General Assembly then in session in Atlanta, before which he had been invited to speak that day at noon.

He handed me the address, which I proceeded to read.

Every once in a while he left his table and walked to the side of his frail wife, solicitously fastening the shawl around her shoulders, patting her on the cheek and returning to his conversation with me.

"The feature of the address that I want you to see," said he, "is the reference to the government care of the Confederate graves," in which he stated, in referring to the complete reconciliation between the sections, that the time had come when the Federal Government should take over the care of the graves of Confederate veterans.

My father, a Confederate veteran, was then a member of the committee that had been appointed by the President to investigate charges growing out of government purchases during the Spanish-American War.

About a month before this, in a letter to my father I had suggested that if President McKinley, who had just accepted the invitation to speak in Atlanta, would make an expression in favor of the Government's caring for Confederate graves, he would strike a very responsive keynote. My father had written me that he had shown my letter to the President, who seemed pleased with the suggestion.

I thought no more of it until the President submitted his address to me.

I went with the President to the joint session of the General Assembly that day. The galleries were crowded and every member of both houses arose as the President was escorted to the speaker's stand. He was given a very cordial ovation, for while differing with him politically the South held McKinley in high personal esteem.

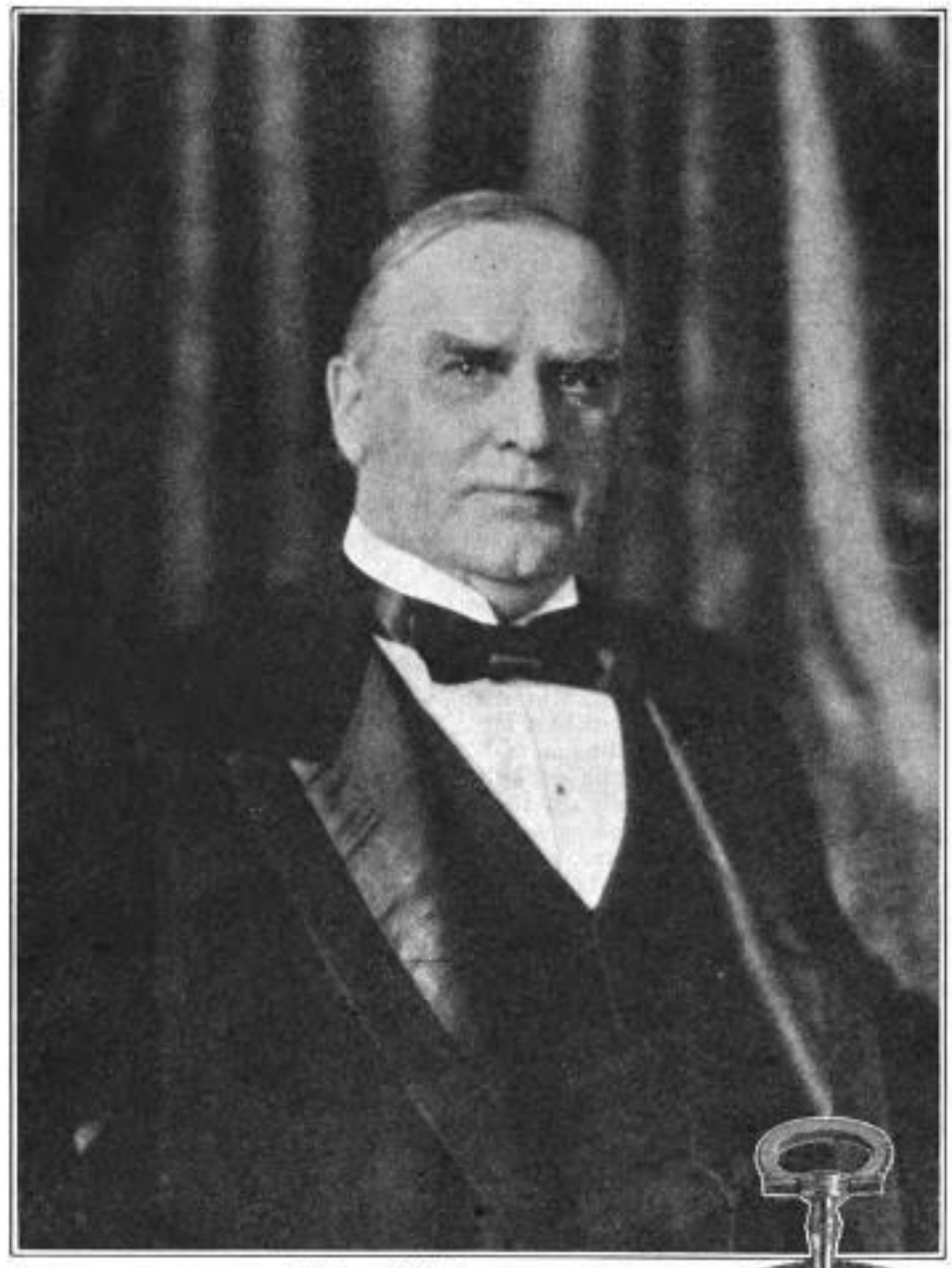
There was nothing unusual about the first few minutes of his address. He was mildly applauded from time to time as he said something that caught his audience.

After a while he reached that part of his address referring to the care of Confederate graves by the Government. He had purposely held it as a climax.

In a minute the audience was in a storm of applause.

I never before witnessed such a scene in our General Assembly. Both the galleries and the floor joined in an uproar of enthusiasm.

Every person in the hall stood and every handkerchief went up into the air.



William McKinley

Tears flowed down the cheeks of Confederate veterans, and when the President concluded they particularly made a rush to shake his hand.

He saw instantly that he had caught the heart of his audience and he seemed to be immensely pleased at the result.

As we left he said, "They liked it, didn't they?"

The speech caught the whole South and the next day was the talk of the town.

This covers the incident as I recall it. It was a long time ago, but it is still fresh in my memory.

And the one thing about that day that I will never forget and that has always endeared McKinley's memory to me was the beautiful, sweet solicitude of this strong, manly man to his sweet, frail wife as she sat by the fireside that day.

With cordial personal regards and best wishes, I am Sincerely yours,
(Signed) CLARK HOWELL.



Mrs. William McKinley

Joseph Medill, of the Chicago Tribune, was also in Thomasville in 1895, and joined in some of the conferences. His grandson, Medill McCormick, spent a few weeks with him and sent in some of his first efforts as a cub reporter to the Tribune. I think he met his future wife, Miss Ruth Hanna, the idol of Mark Hanna's eye, during this visit. I met them riding in the pine woods many times—the slim dark-eyed Ruth in a trim riding habit, riding astride a high-mettled horse. It was said she could control any of the spirited horses of Thomasville, for which the city was famous.

When McKinley left for Columbus I rode as far as Atlanta with him and visited my friends, Clark Howell, Joel Chandler Harris and Frank L. Stan for a few days.

"Uncle Remus" invited me to a meal at his house in Peachtree S When we arrived at the front gate h in that wonderful musical voice of his, Kohlsaat, would you mind our going w to the kitchen gate? A little wren ha her nest in this gatepost, so we beg up until the little birds are hatched.

VII

AFTER selling the Inter Ocean, in 1894, with my family I spent months in Europe. On our return w in Washington for a few weeks in th 1894, going to Thomasville in the w 1895.

While in Washington, in March, secured a provisional option on a of shares of the New York Times fr Charles R. Flint. A block of stoc sary to obtain complete control obtainable for some weeks—so the was never completed. During the tions for the purchase of the N Times my boyhood friend, James purchased the Chicago Herald from Walsh, and the Chicago Times fr parties, and merged them into the Times-Herald. He also bought the Post from Mr. Walsh.

On April 22, 1895, sixty days aft acquired the papers, Mr. Scott denly in the Holland House, N Thirty days later I purchased his in both papers and changed th Herald from a Democratic to a R newspaper. The Evening Post pendent, and remained so.

During the year 1895 there quent meetings, held generally land, of McKinley, Hanna, H myself. At one of the gather was asked to go to New York interest Thomas C. Platt, and of Pennsylvania, in McKinley's One Sunday some weeks later, a home, we were sitting in what called his den. After dinner whe asked Hanna what report he h of his visit to Platt and Q said, "You can get both and Pennsylvania, g there are certain con McKinley asked. they?"

Hanna replied, a promise that point Tom Pla of the Treasu want it in w says he has b ence with one Harrison—"be and he wants a promises."

McKinley wa cigar. He threw and let the smo a moment or so and paced the lit few minutes.

Finally facing Hanna me, he said:

"There are some thing that come too high. If President without promising Platt Secretary of the Treasu be President."

Hanna remarked, "New York and Pen clinch the nomination—with the votes alr

McKinley said, "I can't do it, Mark."

"Well," sighed Hanna, "we have got to make up that big block of votes, but we w

At a later meeting, held in the Herrick pect Street, while we and our wives were maid notified Mr. Herrick that two gentle see him in the parlor. Herrick excused

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…knew we heard some loud talk and then a slam of …door. Herrick, flushed and mad, returned to the …om. Mark Hanna asked who they were.
…e said, "A couple of blackmailers!"
…as they have a law in Ohio giving half to an …of securities not listed for taxation. These two …Herrick he had some loans in his bank, The …r Savings, on securities that had not been listed. …to see the paper containing the names and …which he quietly put in his pocket. They raised …Herrick put them out. They could see McKin…anna from the hall, and probably thought dis…s the better part of valor.
…ater, when Herrick was not in the room, McKin…You would not think Myron had the nerve to …sold you?"
…he notified the German Government in August, …ut consulting the State Department at Wash…f every American and his property would be …Paris, and stayed at his post and took over …Russian and Belgian embassies, as their min…isterially, anything can be expected of what …alled Myron's nerve.

VIII

…1896, a mutual friend informed me that the …the Times-Herald greatly embarrassed Mr. …paper continually insisted on a clear declara…at St. Louis.
…jority of the McKinley delegates were from …West and West, Mr. Hanna was bombarded …tion, "Who repre…Kinley, you or the …, on the money …was told that Mr. …, "Kohlsaat is a …es not represent …himself."
…y previous under…Hanna and I had …nication for some …fore the conven…n called for June …

…seventh, I went …hio, and spent …with McKinley, …eclare definitely …old me that 90 …correspondence …ed him it would …do so. He said …, editor of the …une, had been …days before on …Arizona to New …ongly advised …said, "If a gold …d we will not …st of the Mis…

…return to New …e printed the …ally:

…ion to maintain …old standard" …e used, because …rd is that, and …and so on, and …

…legram from …ll, of Chicago, …une 11, 1896: …see the word …t you should …So I left that …al, about ten …e twelfth, I …Kinley head…the door I …erson, Wash…ent of the …He said, …oes into that …es out for …

…ere Mark …. Herrick, …Melville E. … Merriam, …nator Red…mont.
…me a copy …een agreed …oved by …

…nton the …n inserted

between "existing" and "standard" and then crossed out again, making it read, "the existing standard must be maintained."

Mr. Hanna explained the plank had been changed because there was strong protest against the word "gold" from Indiana, Michigan, Iowa, Nebraska and other states west of the Mississippi, where the majority of the McKinley delegates were to come from.

I argued it was cowardice not to say "gold" and make the declaration definite; that the plank they had adopted meant gold to the gold man and silver to the silver man. Mr. Hanna insisted it might defeat McKinley's nomination if the word "gold" was put in. We made little headway for an hour or so. Finally Hanna said, "Damn you, Herman, haven't you any compromise in your make-up?"

I replied, "Not on this issue, Mark."

"Well," he said, "I have no more time to waste on a crank," and then he left the room.

About three o'clock, after five hours of argument, the hated word was put between "existing" and "standard." Hanna was sent for and told what had been agreed upon.



Mark Hanna

He turned to me and said, "Are you satisfied now, you damned crank?"

I said, "Yes; I don't like the promise to send a commission to Europe to work for bimetallism, but will stand for it."

We then pledged ourselves not to give publicity to the plank, as it would upset the McKinley delegates who were for silver.

After the meeting Mr. Hanna asked me to come to his room, and holding both my hands he said: "You probably have noticed I have dropped you entirely for a couple of months. Well, I want to tell you I am just as strong a gold man as you are, but if I had been as outspoken as you we would not have gotten the votes for McKinley, but I want you to know I love you just as much as ever."

He then told me they had over 530 votes pledged for McKinley, and it took only 463 to nominate him. McKinley actually received 564 in a total of 924 in the convention. The gold plank received 812½ votes, and the silver 110½.

There has been much discussion as to who wrote the gold plank. It was sent out after its adoption by the convention by the Associated Press and others as "the Kohlsaat plank," but I had nothing whatever to do with writing the plank, except to put the word "gold" between the words "existing" and "standard." Every one of the seven men present was a strong gold advocate, but some feared it would defeat McKinley if the offensive word was put into the platform. With the exception of Senator Proctor, they were all from the Middle West. They had complete control of the convention and could have passed any plank agreed upon. With a few changes in wording and the addition of the word "gold" it was the plank agreed upon by Governor McKinley in Canton ten days before the convention, and was taken to St. Louis by Mark Hanna.

Saturday, the thirteenth, I mailed a copy of the plank to Horace White, editor of the New York Evening Post, and asked him not to publish it, but to wire me if he approved it. Tuesday morning his reply came: "The financial plank is satisfactory to me."

Monday, June fifteenth, I was in Mr. Hanna's room in the Southern Hotel when Senator Lodge, who had arrived in St. Louis Sunday afternoon, came in and walked to the table where Mr. Hanna was reading the speech of the temporary chairman of the convention, Charles W. Fairbanks.

Without any preliminary greeting Mr. Lodge said, "Mr. Hanna, I insist on a positive declaration for a gold-standard plank in the platform."

Hanna looked up and said, "Who in hell are you?"

Lodge answered, "Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts."

"Well, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts, you can go plumb to hell. You have nothing to say about it," replied Mr. Hanna.

Lodge said, "All right, sir; I will make my fight on the floor of the convention."

"I don't care a damn where you make your fight," replied Hanna.

After Lodge left the room I said, "Mark, you made a mistake. We don't want a fight

(Continued on Page 120)

STATE OF OHIO

Executive Department

OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR.

Columbus Feb 26/93

Dear Mr Kohlsaat:

The pen will not - can not speak what is in my heart this morning. You letter is so full of personal sweetness - the expressions of Chicago friends, when you wrote, are so tender and generous, that my heart overflows with thanksgiving. Did ever man and wife have such friends and how can we ever repay them?

My mail is larger than ever before in my life and so brimming with kindness and sympathy and offers of material aid! I am standing up with courage. Yet the support of my friends & their confidence in my integrity moves me deeply. I wish I might see my letters and telegrams.

Your thoughtful suggestion about my immediate needs is gratefully noted, but with my salary which in a few days will be paid to me, I will be able to get along comfortably.

Give to my Chicago friends the warm and lasting gratitude of Mrs McKinley & myself. God bless you my unselfish friend and give to you home & household his tender care.

Your sincere friend

W. McKinley Jr

Mr H H Kohlsaat Chicago Ill

One of McKinley's Letters of Thanks Following the Payment by Friends of Notes He Indorsed for an Acquaintance

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THE NUMBER ONE BO

By John Taintor Foote

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

III

THE officer who had appeared in The Room of Celestial Bliss was a colonel, Jimmy noticed. He was tall, slender and very erect for his years. He had a hawklike face with deep-set piercing eyes sunk beneath overhanging, almost white eyebrows. He took no notice of Jimmy. His eyes were fastened on the girl of Jimmy's dreams. When he reached her side he seized her by the arm.

"How did you get here?"

Pale and dumb, she only stared at him.

He shook her arm anxiously.

"Betty, are you all right?"

She nodded, still speechless.

"How did you get here?"

She made a visible effort.

"I passed the guard by mistake. Boxers chased me here. I couldn't get back."

"Passed the guard! How could you? What for? Never mind—I'll ask you about it later. You're safe—that's the main thing." The hawklike face turned toward Jimmy. Steel-gray gimlets bored into him. "Who is this?"

"Lieutenant Lee—Colonel Bradley."

Jimmy heard the faltered introduction as though the words had been spoken from a great distance. He managed to salute, however.

The salute was returned.

"What are you doing here?" The words were snapped from between thin lips.

"I'm with the relief expedition, sir," Jimmy began to explain. "L Company, Seventeenth Infantry. I ——"

"I called for help from the window as the troops were passing," the girl broke in. "Lieutenant Lee saw me and ——"

"I'm addressing the lieutenant, my dear."

She flushed and subsided. Jimmy had been relieved of the boring eyes for an instant. Now they returned to him.

"Yes?"

"As Miss er—Darrow says, she called from the window. I saw her and came in. I found some German troops looting. I ordered them out. Miss Darrow was alone and unprotected. I remained with her."

"Why didn't you get her back to the legation, lieutenant?"

"There was sniping from the roofs. I was afraid to risk it."

"You left your regiment without orders to do so?"

"Yes, sir."

"But, colonel," she began, and was smitten to silence by a look.

"Who's in command of the American forces?"

"General Andrews, sir."

"Who's in command of the Seventeenth?"

"Colonel Blair, sir."

"Report to Colonel Blair. Say that you've seen me."

A sudden shade of warmth appeared in the grim face. The eyes ceased to bore; they suggested approval. "Tell him I think your conduct has been entirely justifiable."

"Thank you, sir." Jimmy saluted.

"Give Colonel Blair my compliments and tell him that you have been protecting Miss Elizabeth Darrow—my fiancée."

"Fiancée?" Jimmy's lips repeated the word soundlessly. His eyes groped for the face of his dreams—the ivory face with the dark swirl of hair above, for which he had peered all those years. Yes, there it was, pale, quite pale, but there it was. The lips with the little droop at the corners—the warm, moist lips which had clung to his five minutes ago—moved in speech:

"I came to China to marry Colonel Bradley. We expect to be married when ——"

"Not 'when,' my dear." The hawklike face became almost tender. "We'll be married to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" she repeated blankly in a whisper.

"Thank you, lieutenant," said the bridegroom-to-be. "Come, my dear." He put his arm about the girl of Jimmy's dreams and led her toward the squad of marines at the entrance. "Do you know my coming to this temple was remarkable? I had no idea where you were. I simply knew you were gone, and yet I came straight here and found you. I don't understand it. It's the most extraordinary ——"

The rest of the sentence was lost in the rattle of arms as the marines came to attention and swung briskly into guard formation about their commanding officer and his lady.



The Somber Eyes of This Unbelievable Servant Flashed Upon Him With the Force of a Blow

Jimmy found himself presently in the Room of Celestial Bliss in the [illegible] Gautama Buddha—alone.

Yes, that was it—alone! He had known what it was to be alone [illegible] one can be really alone, he now discovered, who [illegible] little hope. Jimmy was without the smallest hope.

He moved to the altar steps where they had sat [illegible] had told her everything. He had forced her [illegible] Now he knew why she had seemed like a bird [illegible] take wing. He sank down on the altar steps and [illegible] his face with his hands, pressing his fingers hard [illegible] his eyelids. It did not prevent him seeing words, written on an oval of black velvet: "The H[illegible] The Chicken Hawk!"—"Fiancée!"—"To-morrow" [illegible] shut his jaws on a groan that tried to burst from [illegible]

"You are in trouble?"

Jimmy looked up to see the old Chinaman's wonderful face and eyes and voice standing be[illegible]

"I have been sent to comfort you."

"Comfort me?" Jimmy's laugh was not [illegible] "Go away, old man. Let me alone."

The somber eyes looked at him musingly for [illegible]

"So speaks blind youth in its folly." The [illegible] became suddenly metallic. It had the quality [illegible] "Rise, young soldier. The brave meet sorrow [illegible]

Jimmy got to his feet automatically. He saw [illegible] of day glimmering in a far entrance across The Celestial Bliss. The light of day! He must re[illegible] He hunched his shoulders and set his jaws as tho[illegible] to face a withering gunfire as he moved toward th[illegible] of sunlight.

"Where are you going?"

Jimmy laughed his uncanny laugh.

"To hell—if you must know."

"You are already there."

Jimmy halted and wheeled.

"So you've been listening?"

"Remain a moment longer. Perhaps I can [illegible] hope."

"Hope!" said Jimmy. "That's just a word [illegible] only one word that has any meaning for me."

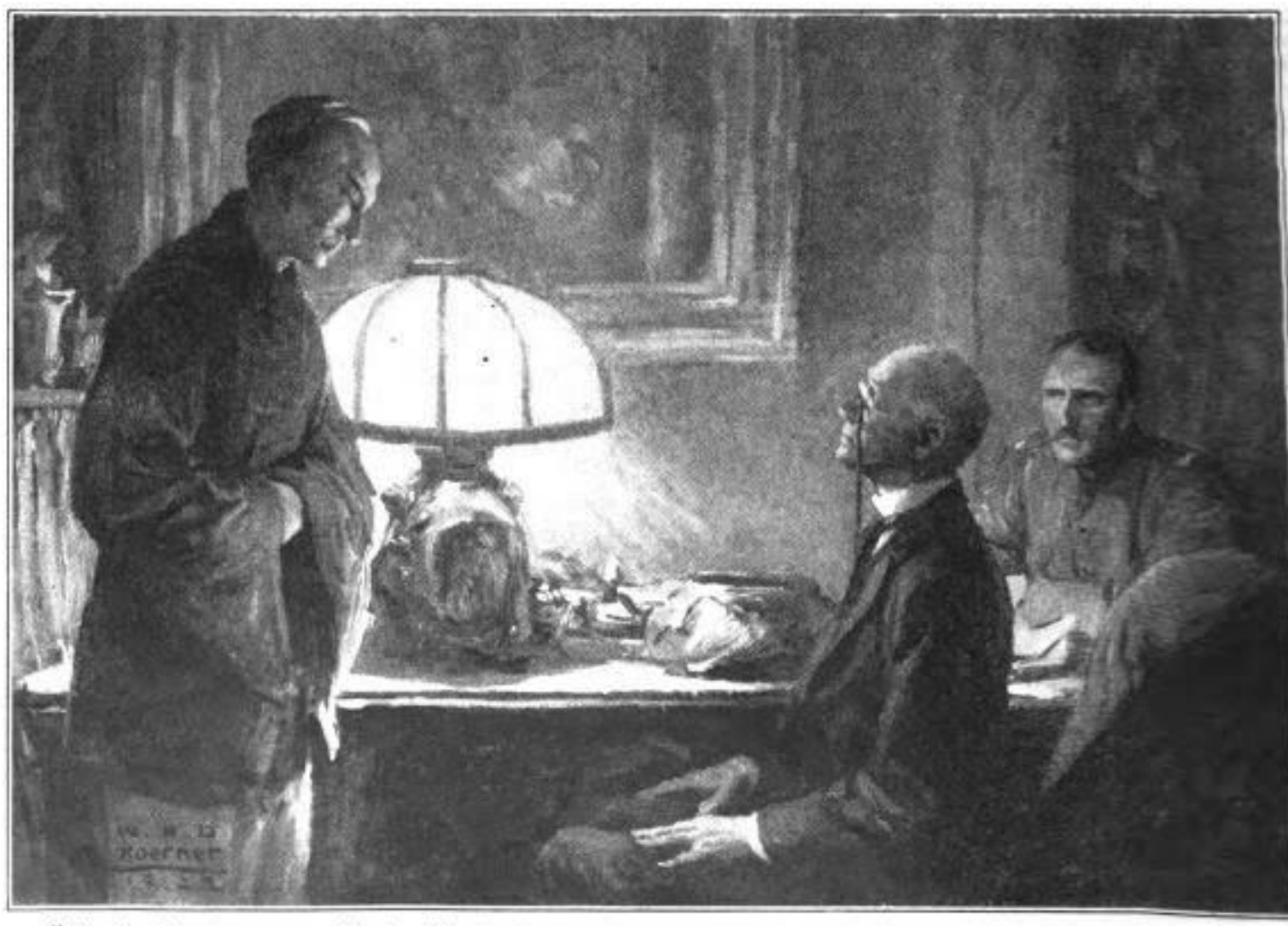
"And that word is?"

"To-morrow."

"There are many to-morrows," said Chang [illegible] softly. "They run through all eternity."

"Yes," admitted Jimmy, "but I'll not live [illegible]

"All!" The golden voice tolled the word [illegible] "That is why I have come to you now. To-[illegible] the [illegible] Lord [illegible] Now [illegible] Low, [illegible] high [illegible] spirit [illegible] you [illegible] watch [illegible] that [illegible] m[illegible] to-m[illegible] morr[illegible]



"Why Should the Great Doctor Mossir, of New York, Waste His Valuable Thoughts on the Ignorant Heathen, Chang Foo Low?"

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…should his heart start pounding, Jimmy wondered. …, why not! Even a preposterous hope was better …ne. Already he did not feel so horribly alone. …s no ordinary Chinaman, that was certain. Chang …g! He had heard the name before. It had seemed …when she had mentioned it first. What else had …? Prophet! Of course. Now he remembered. …d prophet of China. Prophecy! Again, why not? …, how well he knew, that forces scoffed at by so …d for some hidden reason first controlled and then …d him. He stretched out his hand to a reed, an …eed, but all there was at which to grasp.

…lets are a joke where …ers. But if you tell …me day, somewhere, …I will be together— …chance on you."

…know," said Chang …"that this is written …el: In the blackest …lives will ever know, …together."

…," said Jimmy. He …ded rapidly to the …rance and out into …t.

…oo Low raised his …high dim ceiling of …of Celestial Bliss …d to his own be…se.

…bove me, I see but …ugh the curtain. …the innocent suffer …ty may atone?"

IV

…of Colonel Brad…e American Le…, was situated to …d in the shadow …proper. A small, …imposing struc…ill like no other …observed in any …masons and car…*llowed the plans* …architect in its …result was as …d of a California …been planted in …*Its walls had* …true bungalow …lifted higher, …ooked with as…their surround…*de a growing* …m to the ac…their strange …a the roof flow…luted tiles and …*cupola were* …odox covering …da.

…the house had …the American …*long strictly* …with the item…required for …kitchen to be …colonel and …*r post. That* …ears before. …s China, in…d crept into …un the slow …cess of over…bols of a new …*ivilization.* …ot yet com…a chaotic middle stage. The result …was appalling. …, for example, which was the heart of …ors, real doors, that shut and locked, …open or as firmly closed at the turning …the door knobs no longer stared boldly …ir unwinking gaze was thwarted by tall …eens set for the most part directly …ulged from one side of the room like …windows in residential districts of the …ntinent. The true lines of the room …ored in this case by long curtains of …ped with light-blue plum trees. A …rted by uncompromisingly square legs, …mantel designed and manufactured …iana. The couch was hidden, forgot…ming crimson silk cover on which a silk-threaded needle, held by patient Chinese fingers, had wrought a symphony in storks and flowers. As for the mantel, though it bore in the place of honor at the center a photograph in a gold frame, this was flanked on either side by a row of vases made decorative by the indifferent drawing and marvelous composition and color of the land that fashioned them.

And so it went. Grand Rapids chairs of cherry and imitation walnut; a carved teakwood seat in the bay window. A cold green carpet from the machine looms of Brussels, dotted with mellow, hand-woven prayer rugs from the province of Szechuen. A desk in the exact center of the room was boldly plain and serviceable. On its side, however, hung a small brass gong rimmed by inevitable dragons; and the lamp standing on the desk was an urn-like affair of bronze upheld by three solemn mandarins.



"Don't Come Near Me! Don't Come Near Me!"

If the living room showed the East and West engaged in silent combat, its immediate outlook suggested anything but strife. A wide doorway at the side of the room broken by the bay window led abruptly into a garden inclosed by a rambling, inconsequential wall which separated it from the grounds of the legation.

It was a small garden, which artfully contrived to suggest larger things. A garden in which one became delightfully aware that the tiny pool of water in the center was a huge calm lake; that the infinitesimal streamlet dribbling therefrom was a serenely flowing river; that the ridiculous bridge crossing the streamlet had the pompous arch of a mighty span. Having noted these things it became easy to see that the winding narrow paths, flanked on both sides by shrubbery, were broad fair roads which ran through frowning forests to far places of mystery and charm. It was, in a word, a Chinese garden, untroubled by a troubled world, as chaste, as lovely as the great round moon climbing the sky above the garden's wall.

Colonel William S. Bradley was not looking at the garden. His back was toward the open door leading into its soothing calm. He was writing at the desk in the center of the room. His face suggested the clashing of his immediate surroundings. Always that face had been hard; now it was also haggard. It had lost a little of its hawklike appearance. Hawks, aware of their ability to strike, are assured. This dazed and bewildered old hawk had lost some of his assurance.

He signed the last of a number of communications to various commanders of the allied forces, checked over a requisition on the American baggage trains for supplies, changed the item "as much condensed milk as can be spared" to "condensed milk, tins, 5000," addressed the requisition and struck the gong on the desk.

A Chinese servant appeared.

"Talkee orderly. Come this side," said Colonel Bradley, in the customary pidgin which serves as a slender bridge across which a little understanding may pass between those of English speech and the menials of China.

A moment later a sergeant of marines entered the room, crossed to the desk, halted and removed his hat. The sergeant's face was deeply seamed. He was grizzled at the temples and his close-cropped mustache was the color of an ancient badger. But his blue eyes held the twinkling youthfulness of his race—which was Celtic—and he stood, like his commanding officer, as straight as a sapling.

He had served that officer for twenty-five years, first as striker and later as respectful confidant and friend.

"Yis, sorr," he said.

"For Colonel Chabrillane, French Headquarters; for General Modida, Japanese Headquarters; for General Andrews—deliver this first."

"Yis, sorr." The sergeant looked meditatively at the letters in his hand. "And how's Miss Betty, sorr? You'll excuse me for callin' her that. I can't twist me tongue to the new name yit, sorr."

"She's still—indisposed, Tim."

"Bad luck to the yella bellies that give her such a fright. Will ye give her a bit of a message from me, sorr? Tell her the old orderly that's waited twinty years for a missus takes joy in paying his respects to her."

The eyes of the two men met and held for an instant.

The opinion of others had rarely interested the hawk. He had ignored them and the subtleties of life as well. He could ignore the latter no longer. His marriage four days before had plunged him into a growing cloud of doubts and fears.

He had married a child—the one member of her sex who had reason to be grateful to him. Until the day before their marriage she had seemed grateful. She had been dutiful, friendly, affectionate even. Since then —— Of course she had had a frightful experience with those Boxers; nervous shock might account for her desire to remain alone in her room for a time. But four days had passed. And why did she suggest a rat in a trap if he so much as opened her door? He had a sudden desire for an outside opinion of his marriage. The best, perhaps the only friend he had on earth was this Irish noncom standing before him.

"Then you approve of my marriage, eh, Tim? It doesn't—surprise you?"

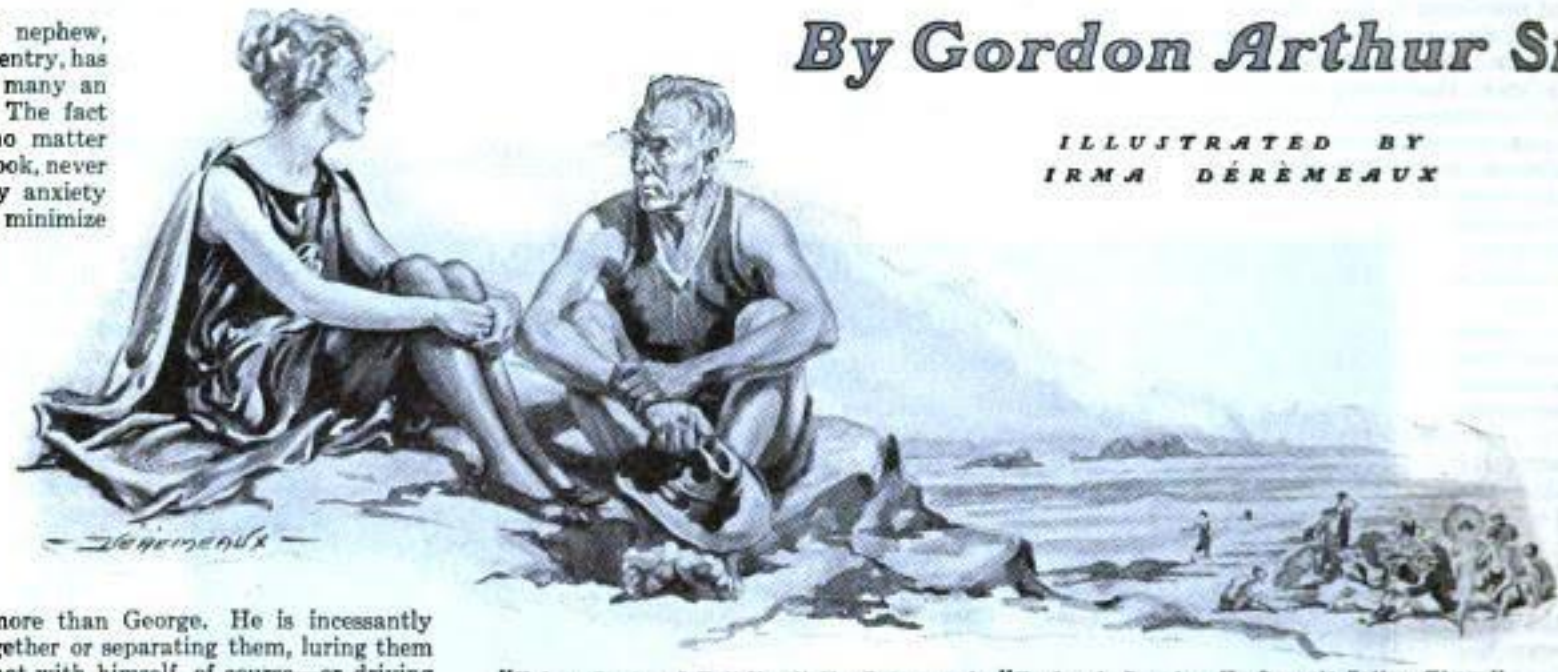
(Continued on Page 89)

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THE MERRY WIVES

By Gordon Arthur Smith

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DÉRÈMEAUX



"He's a Genius, I Tell You," She Reiterated. "He Leads People; He Doesn't Follow Them"

MY YOUNG nephew, George Coventry, has caused me many an anxious moment. The fact that he himself, no matter how grave the outlook, never seems to share my anxiety serves in no way to minimize it. He is wont to sail gayly and serenely ahead up to the very edge of the rocks, and then, by some inspiration or luck, shift his helm and bring his ship about, quivering but safe.

I know of no youth who enjoys meddling in the affairs of others more than George. He is incessantly bringing people together or separating them, luring them into matrimony—not with himself, of course—or driving them away from it. He fancies himself immensely, I am forced to believe, in the rôle of *deus ex machina*.

A good-looking, clean-looking, innocent-looking boy, George is; cheerful, insouciant, casual, with a sense of the ludicrous which I, belonging to an older generation, am often at a loss to comprehend. He is rich and an orphan and a bachelor. I am his guardian. Hence, as Horace—or was it Terence?—says, these tears.

The episode which I am about to relate occurred during the summer—the summer that my stepsister, Mary McKnight, took a house for herself and her daughter, Annabel, at Fool Harbor. My stepsister is a voluminous woman with the intellect of a moron. I say this at once and shamelessly, but I shall have occasion later to refer again to the magnitude of her body and the parvitude of her brain. Annabel, however, is radiantly different. She is slim and blond and calm, and her mentality seems to be superior to that enjoyed by most women who have beauty. For Annabel is very beautiful in a decent, decorous way. Her beauty, I suppose, was in a great measure responsible for what came to pass that summer.

Primarily it was George's fault, for George had introduced the splendid Robert Gregory to Annabel, a thing that he might not have done had he been able to foresee the consequences. That George knew Gregory was in no way surprising, for George knew a great many people, and people, too, of all classes of society—pugilists, bookmakers, ex-bartenders, professors, actors, rich men, poor men, beggarmen and thieves.

"That actor fellow, Gregory," George had said to Annabel. "Like me to bring him around some day? He seems all right except that his nails are too pink. However, I don't suppose women object to that as much as men. How about it?"

"Robert Gregory!" Annabel exclaimed, with as much of a flutter in her voice as I have ever heard in it. "Robert Gregory!"

"Dear me, yes!" George assured her with a wink in my direction. "Gregory the Magnificent. Young girls cry for him."

"How do you happen to know him?"

"Oh," said George carelessly, "he's not so hard to know. In fact, he's quite eager to associate with what he calls smart people. He's even gone so far as to invent ancestors for himself, and I've heard him say that he wished more well-born people would take up the stage as a career."

"Well," observed Annabel, "you must admit that he's one of the few American actors that can play the part of a gentleman."

"That's just what I do admit," agreed George promptly. "He plays the part of a gentleman very well. He's always playing it."

"Bring him in to tea," said Annabel, "and let me know in advance."

So that was the beginning of it; and, as you see, it was really George's fault.

Gregory came to tea in a top hat and a cutaway, with a white slip edging the opening of his waistcoat and a gardenia in his lapel. He had an imposing chest which he expanded gorgeously; he was almost six feet tall; his hair was curly and shiny and gray at the temples; and he had a cleft in his chin. In short, he was well-nigh irresistible.

If he had come but once I don't think that any of us would have worried; but he came often during that winter and spring. Annabel liked him—she said so frankly; and Mary, my stepsister, fairly worshiped him. He had the women at his patent-leather feet.

It was not surprising then that he was invited to visit them at Fool Harbor that next summer. It was not surprising; but it was distressing to both George and myself, for I need not explain that we had soon found his charms rather cloying—a little too sugared for the male palate.

"Ointment on his hair and cologne all over him," George pointed out.

"He has his initials on everything that he owns," I added.

"You're correcter than you think, Uncle Foster. He has R. G. neatly embroidered even on his underwear. I know, for I was once in his dressing room."

"That is contemptible," I said severely. "He shouldn't be allowed in a respectable house."

But he was. He went to visit Mary and Annabel at Fool Harbor, and George and I went too.



Gregory Came Stamping Out to the Veranda, Looking Irritated But Majestic

II

FOOL HARBOR is on the coast of Maine not far from the New Hampshire line. It possesses all the necessary equipment of an American summer resort—a country club with tennis courts and golf links; a reading room with private lockers and plenty of fruit and cracked ice; a large, ugly hotel; a wayside inn that caters to tourists; a few soiled boarding houses; a quantity of cottages for rent—and usually all rented; a post office; a town hall; a store or two, ably managed by the descendants of the pirates and buccaneers of the Maine coast; a bathing beach and an adequate supply of indefatigable, industrious young girls.

My stepsister chose Fool Harbor to economize. She never chose it again for that reason. And yet it is a harmless, innocent-appearing village, with none of the deliberate magnificence of Newport. It is frequented mainly by nice, well-mannered people—many of them educated—who are neither ashamed if either mental or physical, revolved. The after the topic of conversation, the hour for lunch determined by him; and even Annabel, I wa note, seemed pliable and passive to his influ fluttered about him like an elderly excited dow

"I am indeed delighted, Mr. Langley," he in his resonant, unctuous voice. "And Georg fares it with our George?"

"I'm all right," answered my nephew brief I could see, the patronage conveyed in "our

"Annabel and I are whacking the elus about this afternoon," Gregory resumed. you two have a round? It's an admirable li admirable."

"Don't worry about us," I said. "We'll fi some sort."

"The devil finds work for idle hands to d Gregory with his rich, deep laugh. The ma quoting, I found, and generally inaccurately.

"I am motoring," announced Mary, w thought it was her turn to say something. welcome to come with me—or not, just as This is Liberty Hall, you know. There, that isn't it?"

"It is," said Annabel decisively.

"Dear lady," Gregory interposed, "what dom new. The great truths have all be remains, even for the most brilliant of us, on them as gracefully as we may—to add the here and the hint of silver there. But the p the same through the ages—the eternal i tern that is truth."

George, at this magniloquence, left the remarking that he would unpack.

"It is nearly time for the morning bath," consulting his magnificent initialed wat promptly at noon."

"Must we?" I ventured.

"Oh, positively!" said Gregory. "I bath. If I did I should have no appetite I I ate no lunch I should faint away on indeed, we all bathe promptly at noon."

"Yes, indeed," said Mary, and I thou nothing further. I inferred that if Gregor the whole household was expected to do

On the way to the beach I had an op braid George severely for having stood such as Robert Gregory.

"What do you know about him?" I de matinée idol—granted. But what else d were mad, I think, to have introduced h your Aunt Mary. You know what wo if you don't, it's time you began to le completely incapable of judging a ma probable that certain traits which we sh temptible in a man would be considered attractions. The affected *poseur*, for ex inate, chinless, spineless ballroom expe stood criminal. Who is it that sends th of murderers? Women, I tell you! Q mist's wife, and she'll say that her a against the bigamist but against his woman admires the man who dupes h the man who dupes other women."

"Heavens, Uncle Foster," exclaime have you been doing all your life to kno

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ave kept my eyes open," I said severely. "Now
nabel. It is apparent that she is greatly attracted
Gregory person, whereas you and I are repelled by
t best, he is a bounder; at worst, he may be—well,
ything. In any case he is not the kind of person
like to see Annabel marry."
Lord forbid!" said George. "You don't really
s gone that far, do you?"
't know, but I'm afraid. And I'm extremely fond
el."
nodded. "Of course," he said. "I'll think
ovenight—get the old brain working again."
at," I said, "and for once I shall be glad to see
le in an affair which I suppose is, after all, not
ur business."
ake it my business," observed my nephew

III

no doubt that George racked his brain assidu-
an endeavor to hit upon a plan to thwart the
Robert Gregory; but for two days at least there
lower even from George's brain—a brain which
s found fertile enough—and Gregory made even
ess in his advance toward Annabel's favor.
, or on any occasion for that matter, he monop-
conversation with the ease and the perfect
hat mark those accustomed to public speaking—
ps, congressmen and others. He had a peculi-
ng way of annexing anybody else's remarks to
and of contradicting them; or, at the mildest,
g them into what became a monologue by
ory. And always he talked of himself. I have
heard a man employ the pronoun of the first
quently in my life. Himself and his art.
t evening of our visit he read aloud extracts
by William Shakspere, with critical com-
bert Gregory. He sat, I remember, in the
able chair in the house, and we formed what
een—and in the case of Mary and Annabel
d, adoring audience about him. His dinner
as George observed, elegant—a shirt so
ed that it gave the effect of ruffles; a broad
ith an edging of white above it; a single
ire stud about the diameter of a dime; and
ams of his trousers. I have often wondered
n't as a rule dress like gentlemen.

ot to be: that is the question:
's nobler in the mind to suffer
and arrows of outrageous fortune,
rms against a sea of troubles,
osing end them? To die: to sleep:
—"

Here he paused so long that I hoped that in truth there might be no more vouchsafed us. He fixed his lustrous large eyes on the chandelier and, his lips slightly apart, shook his head slowly as if in sorrow. Then almost in a whisper he repeated, "'To die: to sleep: no more.'" And presently he added: "It is too beautiful! Mark the simplicity of it, the simple grandeur, the working up to the terrific climax! 'No more!' It is everything, and yet it is nothing. Ah, dear lady"—here he turned to Mary—"the import of those two simple words is overpowering, transcendent.

"I recollect well the day I was presented to Irving. I was a mere lad, a youth just testing my wings for the great flight, and he was even then an old man; a wonderful old man, a glorious old man," he added generously. "But I had the confidence that goes with youth; the confidence which, alas, ebbs from me with every year of my career on the stage, and I recited to Sir Henry this soliloquy of Hamlet.

"I shall never forget his expression when I had finished. Never! It is one of my proudest memories. And the words of encouragement that he gave me—he, the gray-haired veteran who had run his race, and I, the stripling toeing the mark! He said, I remember—and you will pardon my seeming lack of modesty in quoting it, for I do so only to exemplify the amazing penetration of the magnificent old man—he said, with a fatherly hand on my shoulder, 'Young man, yours is the most astounding interpretation of Hamlet I have ever heard.' Then he smiled and turned away without another word; but it was apparent that he was greatly moved."

I confess that I myself was greatly moved at this ambiguous tribute, and George was restraining his facial muscles with difficulty. But, as George put it, Mary and Annabel ate it alive. That Mary should have evinced such *naïveté* did not surprise me, for my stepsister had never been endowed with a trace of humor; but Annabel—that was a different matter.

"When a woman's in love," George explained later from the depths of his infinite wisdom—"when a woman's in love she'll fall for anything; and Annabel's in love with that ham actor or I miss my guess."

That she was in love with Gregory, or in a fair way to so being, she proved to me even more conclusively when I first had an opportunity of talking to her privately. Annabel was—and heaven knows is—habitually a serene, cheerful and frank young woman, not given to hysteria or even to overmuch introspection. She was accustomed to accept life as it was dealt out to her, rejoicing in the good days and making the best of the bad ones. I have seldom seen her cry and less seldom seen her lose her temper. But she came near to doing both when I ventured to remonstrate with her in regard to this Robert Gregory person.

It was on the bathing beach, the second day after our arrival; a brilliantly clear day such as Fool Harbor can produce so often in August. Somehow or other I had managed to extricate Annabel from the company of Gregory and had led her up the white sand to a secluded spot where the beach narrows to nothing and the rocks drop abruptly into the sea. In the distance we could observe my stepsister bounding up and down in the mild little breakers that ambled up leisurely to the shore; and some distance out I fancied I discerned the black-rubber skullcap of Gregory as he plowed about with a great waving of arms and splashing of water. George was passing the time pleasantly and not unprofitably, perhaps, conversing with five—I counted them carefully—five young members of the less timid sex; but even as I looked he unchivalrously abandoned them for an informal game of baseball that was being held on the hard damp sand. George likes pretty girls, but he seems to have other interests as well, and this unfortunate lack of concentration leads me to believe he will never marry. At his age neither baseball nor wild horses would have dragged me away from those five silk-clad daughters of Nereus.

Satisfied that I was secure, then, from immediate interruption, I seated myself beside Annabel.

"Well?" she inquired, clasping her white arms about her black-silk knees. "I infer you are about to tell me that you disapprove of Bob Gregory."

Annabel is intuitive and abrupt. Taken by surprise, I fiddled about with my toes in the sand and sought for adequate words.

"What have you against him?" she inquired.

"Nothing definite," said I. "But what do you know about him? Is he a gentleman?"

"Isn't he?" She was assuming the offensive.

"I don't like his clothes," I said firmly.

She turned to survey me long and leisurely, and I was immediately conscious that I was wearing a rented bathing suit—a gray affair two sizes too large for my rather lean figure. She laughed, but did not press her advantage.

"Uncle Foster," she said, "you're ridiculous. He's a genius, and geniuses can dress any way they please."

"He's selfish; he's an egoist," I observed.

"He's a genius, I tell you," she reiterated. "He leads people; he doesn't follow them. All great men are egoists or they wouldn't be great. Napoleon was an egoist—and Robespierre, and Cromwell, and Byron ——"

"Yes," I interrupted, "but I shouldn't care to have you marry Napoleon or Robespierre or Cromwell or Byron. That's one thing about geniuses—the less intimately you know them the more you can admire them."

"The right woman," she replied sagely, "can do anything she wants with any man. It's simply a question of management. You know as well as I that if you put the right man at the head of a business he'll make a success of it, where the wrong man, with equal opportunity, would land it on the rocks. Well, if you put the right woman at the head of a man she'll make a success of the job, otherwise not. It's only a question of management, I tell you."

"And you're convinced that you're the right woman to manage Gregory?"

She hesitated a space, leaned over and picked up a stone and hurled it deftly into the sea.

Then she said, "When I'm convinced I'll marry him."

"I don't doubt it," I said, "and I warn you that if you do you'll spend most of your life listening to him talk about himself, and the rest of it embroidering monograms on his underwear."

(Continued on Page 53)



Gregory Sat Down Very Slowly, Staring at Amelia With Wide, Bewildered Eyes

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 27, 1922

Cutting the Canyon Forests

WE HAVE just received the following resolution, which we are glad to publish:

FLAGSTAFF CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA

The following resolution is respectfully submitted by the Flagstaff Chamber of Commerce:

Whereas, Agitation has been raised in an attempt to prevent the sale of a large tract of timber in the Tusayan National Forest, on the basis that the cutting of this timber will detract from the scenic beauty of the Grand Canyon; and

Whereas, No timber will be cut close to the highways leading to the Park, and, furthermore, since the timber along Desert View road is not included in the sale area and only mature timber will be removed, allowing the thrifty young trees to remain as a basis for a second crop of timber; and

Whereas, The sale of this timber will mean a direct return in receipts to Coconino County of some $80,000.00 in addition to other returns resulting from the manufacture of at least $4,000,000.00 worth of lumber;

Therefore, Be it resolved that the Chamber of Commerce of Flagstaff go on record as opposing all efforts made to prevent the sale of this tract of timber and heartily endorsing the sale thereof.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA
By T. A. STAHL, *President*.

The forest referred to in this resolution is the first of those adjacent to the Grand Canyon to be marked for the ax. But the others will follow in the natural course of events, including the magnificent woodland on the north rim, which Emerson Hough has advocated setting aside in perpetuity as the President's Forest. So strong has been the pressure of local interests with eyes on this timber that the bill providing for setting aside the President's Forest covers only one-third of the desired area, and even this has small chance of passing.

Apparently eighty thousand dollars looks big at this time, but we believe the sum to be an insignificant fraction of what the timber lying adjacent to the Grand Canyon is worth, standing, to Coconino County. We sympathize with the desire of our Western States properly to develop their resources for the benefit of their residents, but anything affecting the Grand Canyon is bigger than Flagstaff, bigger than Coconino County and bigger than Arizona. It is a national, not a local matter.

One of the great charms of the Grand Canyon is its setting of beautiful green forests interspersed with lovely little open parks. To put the ax to these trees at this time, when the real possibilities of the Grand Canyon as a great national playground are just beginning to be realized, is, in our opinion and with due respect to the Flagstaff Chamber of Commerce, the height of shortsighted folly.

Open Season for Americans

EUROPE was never more eager than now for the American tourist trade, but her people are making a very foolish bid for our business. Hotel men, restaurant managers, government officials, taxicab drivers, retail shopkeepers and indeed almost every purveyor with whom the traveling American is likely to come into contact has grossly overestimated what the traffic will bear; and when knowledge of this becomes common it will keep thousands of vacation tourists on their own side of the Atlantic until present conditions undergo a decided change for the better.

Complaints of extortionate charges, minor graft and barefaced impudence are well-nigh universal among returning tourists. They are not confined to professional penny pinchers or to frugal students of art and music and school-teachers of modest means. Those who speak with most bitterness of the way in which Americans are treated in Europe are well-to-do men of affairs, travelers for business or pleasure, who spend their money freely when at work and lavishly when at play, but who nevertheless resent being trimmed and gouged and stung at every turn.

From one end of his journey to the other the tourist who goes to Continental Europe under present conditions is in the clutches of a money-extracting machine that works with merciless efficiency. He must disgorge passport or visa fees not only at home but in every country he visits. Often these charges are only ten dollars, but Germany has lately been talking of raising visa fees for Americans to one hundred dollars. The tourist's steamship tickets will cost him rather more than double what he would have paid before the war, though as a rule the service is not so good as it was in 1914 and the tips range higher. Railway travel on the Continent is everywhere costly, usually uncomfortable and often insanitary. There are a few trains de luxe that are clean, fast and comfortable; but such transportation is the exception and not the rule.

Outside of Italy hotel rates are likely to be found high and going higher. A self-respecting Parisian would sleep on a park bench rather than pay the prices that are charged at some of the big hotels on the boulevards that are frequented by Americans. Short-change workers, baggage thieves and sellers of fake antiques abound, and they have acquired a skill and technic that are marvelous. Art objects of every sort that our people are likely to buy are counterfeited and multiplied to meet the demands of American tourist trade.

At every frontier the American traveler is likely to be subjected to inconvenience, to personal indignity or to both. In many parts of Europe Americans are treated with open contempt and must put up with insolence that they are powerless to resent.

Europe has no scenery, no architecture, no examples of art or craft that can wholly counterbalance or atone for the unnecessary vexations by which the American tourist is beset.

Experienced travelers who speak the language of the countries they visit, who know the ropes and who patronize the smaller hotels and restaurants, will avoid many of these inconveniences; but even they will not travel under prewar conditions.

Nothing will improve conditions in Europe more quickly than cutting off for a time the summer stream of American gold that every year floods her capitals.

"Our Colonies in America"

THERE are occasional newspaper references to the widespread Teutonic societies—said to trace back to the gifted Herr Stinnes—one of whose functions is the systematic gathering of American trade information for transmission to Germany. Greek, Balkan, Japanese and Middle European propaganda have long since been recognized as permanent institutions. The more [illegible] cant fact that we have not yet come to realize is the [illegible] tude of some of the governments of Continental [illegible] toward their nationals in this country. We may [illegible] them as tolerated racial groups that we shall [illegible] assimilate if they do not, in the meantime, reverse process and assimilate us; but Old World nations [illegible] them in different terms.

With rare skill and foresight Europe, as far as [illegible] stances will permit, ships overseas her least [illegible] citizens. Once on American soil they become the [illegible] of a systematic campaign to make them useful to the country. She profits by the savings they send [illegible] water. She encourages their frequent return in order they may be freshly imbued with a sense of [illegible] nationality and that they may be impressed with [illegible] of loyalty to the land of their birth.

Obviously we have nothing to fear from the [illegible] alien blocs in the immediate future; but if this is pursued for twenty or thirty years, a mere [illegible] lives of nations are reckoned, it will inevitably [illegible] that the American palate will find about as [illegible] an unripe persimmon.

Racial blocs acting in concert for the furtherance local interests can make trouble enough. They [illegible] stitute a far graver menace if they labor in the [illegible] overseas masters. We have tasted similar medicine now, and we have not found it to our liking.

Useless Inventions

THE annual output of all the gold, silver and [illegible] mines in the world does not equal in value [illegible] profits derived from American inventions. The reason why the subject of patents holds a decided fascination for the average person. Almost everyone [illegible] with the life stories of Edison, Bell, and other [illegible] ican inventors whose experimental work has [illegible] world-famous. A lot of folks know that the [illegible] rubber button for garter fasteners earned [illegible] million dollars. The originator of a new insulating [illegible] also received more than a million dollars for the right to handle this material in only one country. [illegible] man designed a new style of suspender and [illegible] million dollars in profits. The designer of a [illegible] shoe laces received more than two million [illegible] reward for his ingenuity, while a college profes[illegible] several hundred thousand dollars for his improved telephone apparatus. Large fortunes were obtained by inventors of a collar button that turns down, a steel pen for shading drawings, a new method of making sugar, and hundreds of other new ideas and devices.

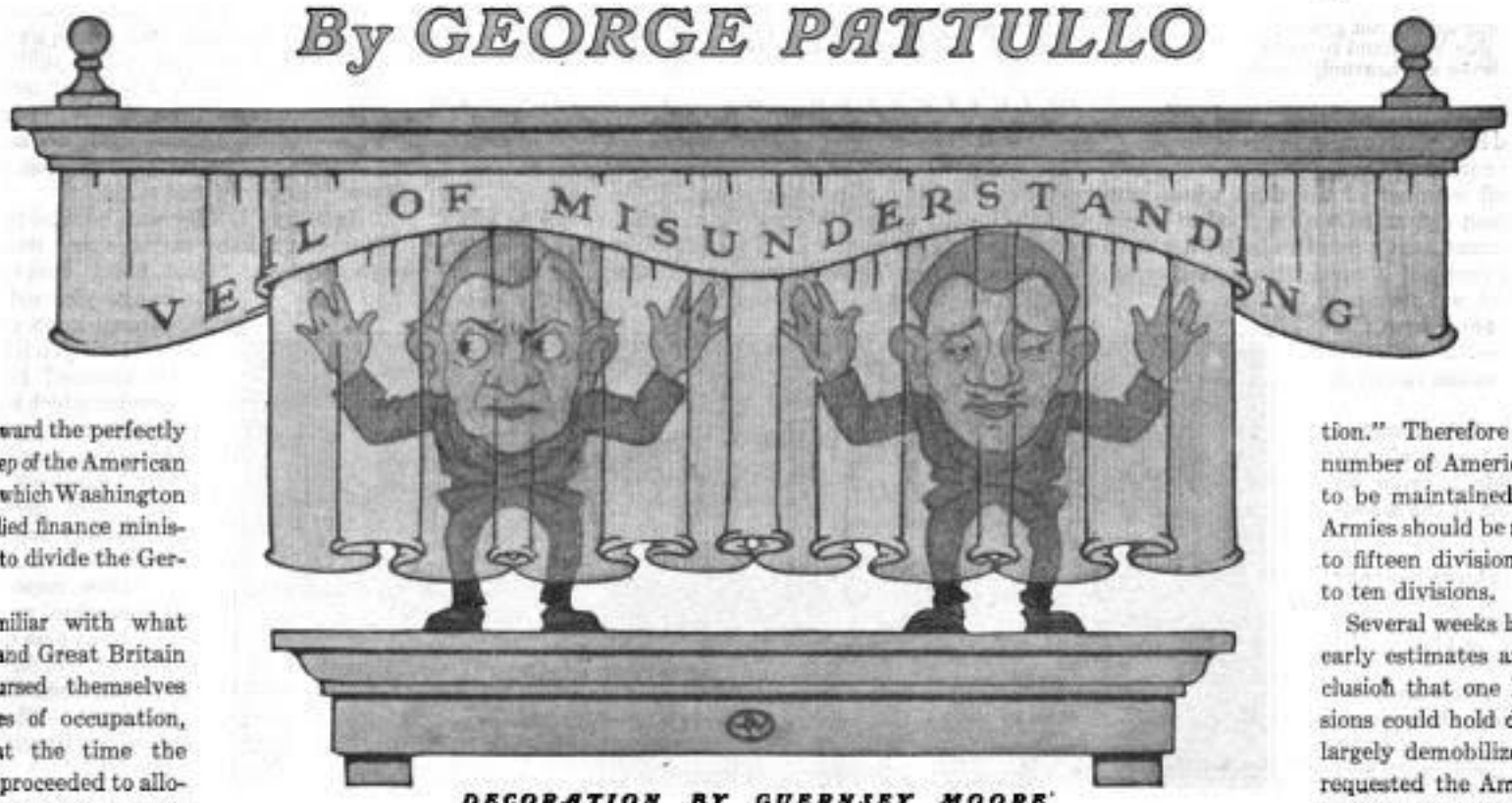
But alongside this satisfactory picture is a [illegible] of the subject with which the public should [illegible] This less favorable side of the question is aptly [illegible] by the saying, "The patent office is the [illegible] buried hopes." Though millions of dollars [illegible] earned by inventors and by investors in patents [illegible] are lost each year by people who have pinned [illegible] to impractical dreams or false beliefs. The [illegible] the failure of so many patents is the lack of co[illegible] eration most inventors give to the commercial [illegible] which is the essential factor in the promotion [illegible] idea.

Everyone should remember that the patent [illegible] compelled to issue a patent to an inventor for [illegible] novel device that is not inoperative on its face. [illegible] the patent-office seal of approval of any [illegible] sense a criterion of commercial value. As a [illegible] the more fantastic the device the easier to get [illegible] a patent on it. The field for improvement [illegible] profitable lines of endeavor, where the ma[illegible] chines used are widely known and well tried, [illegible] restricted than in comparatively new and [illegible] theoretical fields of enterprise. Too much [illegible] usually attached to a set of patent papers. [illegible] other line of activity is it so easy to use [illegible] entation of the truth for purposes of fraud [illegible] ploitation of a perfectly valid but wholly

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he Inside Story of the A. E. F.

By GEORGE PATTULLO



DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE

THOSE
gnizant
French
in 1919
Amer-
s in the
occupa-
are en-
of the
s, there
a grim
e 1922
French
press toward the perfectly
the upkeep of the American
upation which Washington
the Allied finance minis-
ey met to divide the Ger-
its.

y is familiar with what
France and Great Britain
reimbursed themselves
n armies of occupation,
noted at the time the
m, and proceeded to allo-
nce of the German pay-
selves as reparations.

de on the part of our late Allies proved a majority of Americans. They were sur-
he Paris press and prominent spokesmen
uch demanded to know what the American
ng on the Rhine anyhow, and when they
ght to collect payment for ourselves, in-
United States did not join in the peace
of the spokesmen who had been most in-
tention of large American forces in Europe
up in all peace settlements were now the
queries as to why the United States kept
any at all.

me Americans, the French viewpoint doubt-
matter of wonder, and it is hard for them to
so sane a people could entertain such ex-

That they should try to utilize our forces
mies was comprehensible, but that they
now to make them an outright gift of the
contracted, and should also have asked
soldiers to work as laborers in restoring
egions—to the average American mind,
se are inexplicable.

posing Viewpoints

ur views on the war and our reluctance to
doubtless just as puzzling to the French.
of what a people has been taught. One
o the information in his possession; and
is molded by propaganda. All national
k to propaganda, either printed or by

struggle clamored that they fought for
liberty, and consequently neither of
a neutral's aloofness as being based on
rdice. Now, the United States as a
f the war from that standpoint in 1914–
e finally went in our soldiers went over-
g that they were going to somebody's
United States was in danger from Ger-
rican in a thousand actually believed.
l, the French were persuaded we ought
war long ago, that we were late, that
had been fighting our battles. They
ward the British in '14 and '15 when
strength was slow in making itself felt.
had been fighting for us all along,
an that the French should look to us

consumed by the ocean voyage and travel in the United States, even with the maximum employment of our then available transportation, at least a year must elapse before we could complete our demobilization." Therefore he proposed that the number of American combat divisions to be maintained in the Zone of the Armies should be reduced on April first to fifteen divisions, and on May first to ten divisions.

Several weeks later Foch revised his early estimates and came to the conclusion that one hundred Allied divisions could hold down the broken and largely demobilized Germans, and he requested the American Army to furnish fifteen divisions—more than 450,000 men. As the rate at which we could return our troops home necessarily left more than that number of divisions in France, any promise along this line was superfluous.

"We were, therefore, able to keep our available ships filled," says Pershing in his report, "and by May 19 all combat divisions, except 5 still in the Army of Occupation, were under orders to proceed to ports of embarkation."

It is clear why we kept troops in the Army of Occupation at French solicitation, and that their numbers would have been greatly reduced had the French not objected.

to share their burdens? It would be only right that we should, if we admitted the premise that in fighting the Germans in 1914–15–16, they were also fighting the battles of the United States. Few Americans will admit that, however.

Victory seemed to have the effect on the Allies which sudden, unexpected success so often produces in the individual. It completely turned the French head. And in the scramble for the spoils of war they forgot how there happened to be any. Ensued a diplomatic struggle with Great Britain, a struggle involving military operations under various guises, and the threat of more.

Immediately after the armistice Marshal Foch began to assume a high tone. All the problems confronting the Allies he attacked from a purely French standpoint, whilst commanding Allied resources to make his settlements effective.

The armistice went into effect on November eleventh and Pershing immediately tackled the job of returning the American troops home with all possible speed. It became necessary to take up with the Allied commander in chief the question of how many American divisions would have to be retained in Europe until peace was signed. Pershing could see no real need for anything but a small force, a sort of nominal representation by the United States.

Marshal Foch thought differently; under date of November twenty-ninth he declared it was impossible to diminish the strength of the American effectives in France below thirty divisions—about 900,000 men—and if General Pershing wished for the departure of the Ninety-second Division—a colored division which had been ordered home by the War Department—he was at liberty to plan for it, provided he could maintain the total number of divisions agreed upon by replacing the Ninety-second with a white division.

On December twenty-fourth the Allied commander in chief set forth the minimum forces each of the Allies should furnish for the Zone of the Armies—in other words, armies held to apply the peace terms—and the American Army's quota was fixed at from twenty-two to twenty-five divisions of infantry. After the signing of the preliminaries of peace a total of thirty-two Allied divisions would be sufficient, Foch stated in this note, and the Americans would furnish six of these.

In reply Pershing pointed out that "our problem of repatriation of troops and their demobilization was quite different from that of France or Great Britain. On account of our long line of communications in France and the time

The Restored Provinces

OWING to their propinquity to the lost provinces and the part they had played in their liberation, the American forces entertained the hope of making formal entry into some of the cities they had helped to free from the German armies—Sedan, Metz, and so on. For sentimental and political reasons the French desired to make these entries with their own armies. As it would strengthen their prestige in the restored territory, and these provinces had not long since been French, this desire was only natural and everybody was agreeable to the arrangement. The American command readily met French wishes in this respect, but when the Allied commander in chief displayed a purpose to impress the Germans in the same fashion by mixing American forces with the French armies of occupation, Pershing flatly objected.

On November twenty-eighth he wrote to Marshal Foch: "After very careful study I feel that it is most advisable that during the occupation of German territory there be no mixture of units.

"Many perplexing problems concerning our relations with the civil authorities and with the inhabitants of the occupied countries are certain to arise. In dealing with these problems, the troops of each nation must act in accordance with the laws and customs of their own country. It is as inadmissible that a French commander should act under the laws and customs of America as that an American commander should have to carry out instructions relative to German citizens, emanating from any source not directly responsible to his own Government.

"My Government holds me responsible for the relations of American troops with the German inhabitants, and it also holds me responsible for all such relations within the American Zone. I must therefore request you to modify so much of your instructions concerning the occupation of

(Continued on Page 128)

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SINGLE, DOUBLE, TROUBL

By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

Dis world of sin I craves to leave;
De angels sing an' do not grieve;
I craves to jine 'em, hand to hand,
An' neveh leave dat heavenly band.

THE Wildcat, feeble with leg misery and ailing mightily, moaned his plaint to an indifferent world. Over in another corner of Captain Jack's woodshed, Demmy, the sawed-off member of the duet whose mutual friendship had been cemented with a flood of sticky molasses, pried the mascot goat's mouth ajar with a stick of kindling wood and propped it open with a clothespin.

"Reveal yo'self, fool, an' stay revealed. Go blattin' round here f'm eatin' pork'pine bushes! Stan' still. Mebbe dis learns you neveh to relish dese thistle bushes."

Demmy picked the stickers out of Lily's mouth to an accompaniment of song from the Wildcat, prone on his pallet in the corner of the woodshed.

Heah I is, Lawd, wid my breas'plate on;
Sweep me up on high.
Waitin', Lawd, wid my breas'plate on;
Honin' fo' my home on high.

"You gits on high afteh de front seats is filled. Wilecat, how come you is so soggy-minded? Lawd don't crave no sweepin's. Lawd sweep you up wid a club. Preacher say think befo' you jumps. 'Member dat nex' time when you starts flyin' an' finishes muscle-bound."

"Gwine to be no nex' time. Neveh gwine leap no mo'."

"Serve you right did yo' neck git busted 'stead of only strainin' yo' legs. Heah you 'dulges yo'self in a night prowl an' gits chased. Den whut happens? You climbs a fence—sudden. Thinks you knowed de lay of de lan'. Thinks you knows yo' own alley. All I sez, serves you right."

"Demmy, how I know dem neighbors was diggin' dat deep pit fo' dat 'cinerator thing? Las' hund'd yeahs dey hauls garbage. How come dis 'cinerator pit rage so sudden? How come dat pit right whah I aimed to land? Naw, suh! Ol' Lady Luck los' my name, else she wait wid a helpin' han' when I fell. Devil yell, 'Pick yo' podneh!' an' Ol' Man Trouble pick me."

"Serve you right. How come you night prowl anyhow? Some woman some place, seems like to me."

"Demmy, you wrongs me. Ain't no woman. Whut fo' I go prowlin' afteh some woman? Got me single troubles enough now widout hitchin' on any double extry."

"Dat's whut dey all say. I speck to see you hog-tied in madrimony any day now since de word went round you had money."

"Ain't got money. 'Vested it wid dat back-pay man whut is gittin' us army boys de boonus."

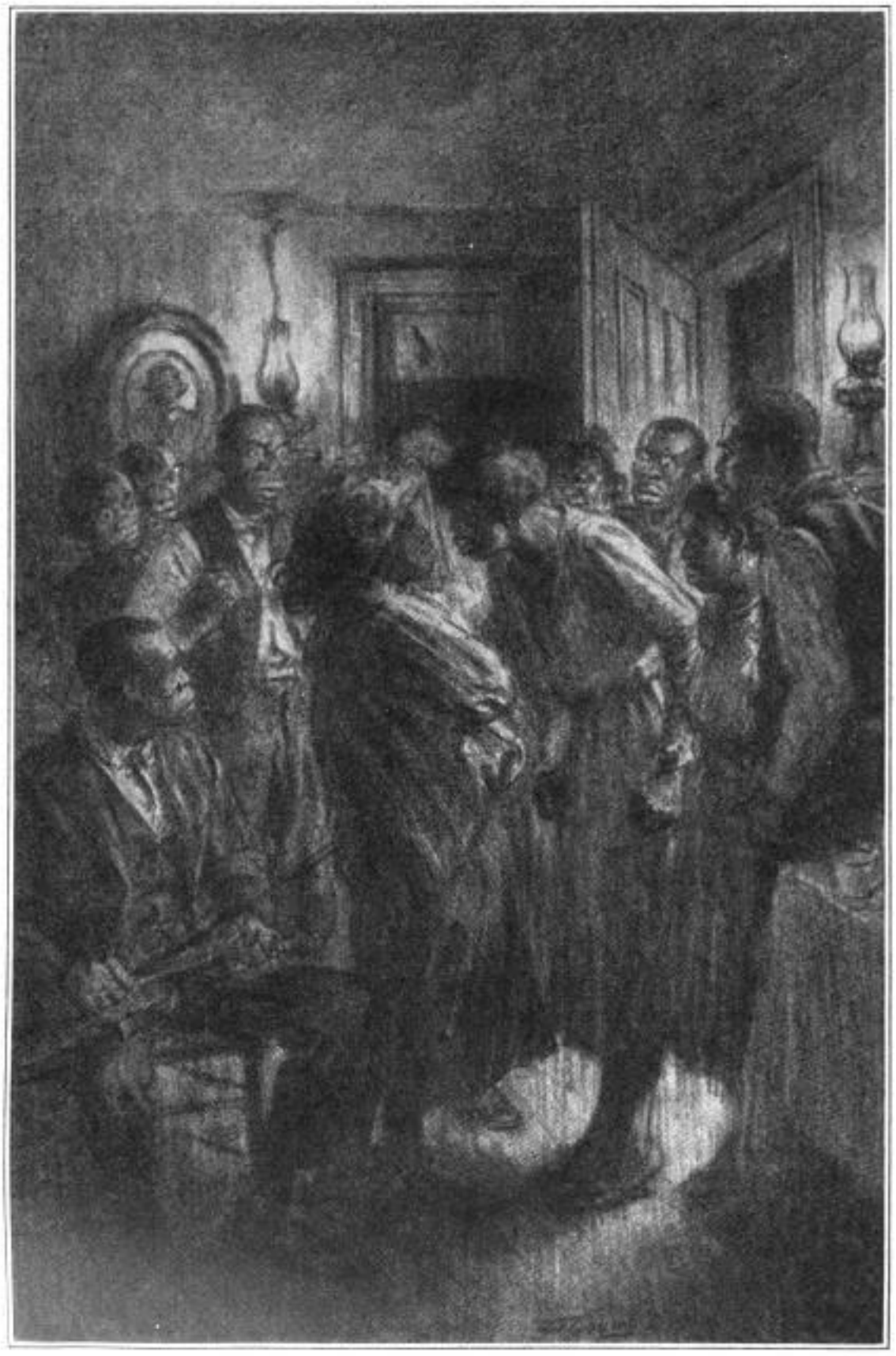
"You says. I strains to b'lieve you. Naw, suh, Wilecat. You is sho' backslid on de sin road. All I knows is, once you an' dis goat was upright. Den you gits de night prowls, loses yo' money, like to busts yo' legs gittin' loose f'm whut chased you, an' de goat takes to nibblin' thistles an' pork'pine vines. Yo' misery is richly deserved. Richly deserved an' not half plenty. Heah I stays by de house close, like de town marshal knowed my name, an' all I gits is a added burden to bend my back. You ain't done nothin' 'cept lay down. How dem legs? Ain't you able to wrassle dat jag of fancy washin' de cap'n's wife is sendin' to de French laundry?"

"Speck I kin, Demmy. See kin I."

Groaning plenty with every move, the Wildcat tried his legs and found them better than he wanted them to be. When work crowded down heavy a good pair of sprained legs were pretty handy to have. They had served as a shield between him and hard work for four days, and now it appeared that the time had come when Demmy would be relieved of some of the heavy running round.

"Whuf! Dat right leg feels kinda gentle. Lef' one is able to stan' up. Whah dem clo'es?"

"Time you was askin' whah de work is. You been askin' whah it ain't long enough. I gits de clo'es an' fetches 'em heah. You lugs 'em to de laun'ry. Rise up an' walk."



The Veiled Stranger Plowed Halfway Into the Mass of Perspiring Dancers to Meet the Enraged Magnezia

With this parting admonition the sawed-off Demmy left the woodshed and meandered up the path toward Captain Jack's house, where on the back veranda rested a bundle of feminine wearing apparel whose fabric had seemed too delicate to be intrusted to the rough-and-ready attentions of Captain Jack's Amazon laundress.

The Wildcat stepped gentle as if time had suddenly booned him with a premium of bone spavin. He hobbled to the corner of the woodshed where the mascot goat was trying her teeth on an old rubber boot.

"Lay off dat boot! How come you git yo' face full of thistle bristles? Ain't you learned whut is delicate an' whut ain't? Stan' roun' heah!"

With a length of clothesline in his hand, the Wildcat relayed the abusive and critical language which Demmy had showered down on him during the last four
"Goat—one mo' step on de sin road an' you
hot end of dis rope. Stan' still!"

Lily stood still. About her neck the Wildcat
the thin rope. He fixed it in position with a
loose knots, and presently the mascot was
a complicated net of harness from which trailed
line and a pair of free ends.

"Back up!" Lily was boosted to position
broken-down baby carriage that stood against
the woodshed. "Goat, halt! Quit eatin' dat rope
hangs you wid it!" A
clumsy knots and Lily was
"Dah you is! Dah you
de harness! Ponder on
ponder which is which. I'm
whilst mah legs is ailin' all
haulin' is done by a four-leg
whut ain't got betteh
eat briers. Serves you right
Demmy appeared in the
with the bag of laundry.
"How come de hitchebe
Dis washin' weighs light."
"Goat does de haulin'.
mascot wid light washin'
wid pig iron befo' Ise through
dat goat. Whah de cap'n
dem raiment? Which
laun'ry?"
"Speckle-face woman
yard. Same as las' time
was laid up wid chills
took it. Woman name
Bunny. Ain't neveh seed
say she light built an' spi
Demmy dropped the
clothes in the baby carria
"Git goin', an' come
De kindlin' hatchet need
Ise busy wid de coal bi
till suppeh. On yo' way!
The mantle of command
Wildcat had worn at Ca
home seemed suddenly
transferred to Demmy
shoulders, but in his soli
for his diminutive com
Wildcat found nothing of
at Demmy's assumption
ity. On the contrary, h
relish the new business of
around.
"Ise gwine, Demmy.
temp'rary wid me an'
ailin'."
"You be ailin' worse
in de high. Git goin' a
back. Don't delay wid
Magnezia woman whut
laun'ry. Neveh seed her
says she been hitched t
to repeat."
"Aim lots, does she
proof. Lots has aimed,
pulled de triggeh."
growled his marching
mascot. "Git goin',
collar!"
"Neveh mind how
is." Demmy called a
of advice. "When de
talk begins you grunt,
come back single 'stead
trouble. Don't say
to no yallah widdahs whut has French la
'em. See you at suppeh time."

The Wildcat and Lily, convoying their ca
limped their slow way down the length of the
the alley met the wide street they swung to
here, without knowing it, they parted
Lady Luck.

II

SIX feet high, young, skinny and cinnam
nezia Bunny had chased one forgotten
sanctuary of a penitentiary, killed a
process of renting him out as a field hand,
engaged in looking for a third victim. The
brought in a living without much work.
associates in Memphis were clearing
Magnezia paraded her technical

(Continued on Page 26)

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MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS



Slip this in your outing pack!

Time to eat and Campbell's Beans are mighty good when you're tired and hungry! Just get a whiff of these tempting, savory beans and their tomato sauce. Your appetite will go for them like a trout for the fly. They're easily carried, already cooked and the best kind of good, solid, substantial food.

erve hot **12 cents a can** Serve cold

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Campbells' BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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(Continued from Page 24)

competition. She left the parade in possession of a reputation for being the best laundress on fine work for miles around. "Exclusive," that was her motto. Folks had to be somebody before they attracted her professional attention. Being somebody in her mind meant a commercial rating first of all, no matter what the social register might have to say.

"Folks thinks if things cost twice as much dey's twice as fine. I learn dat when I seed my fust man relish a nickel cigar whut de saloon man put in de ten-cent box. Ise learned lots since den, but it stays de truth. Folks pays big money to be fooled. I fools 'em. Cost mo' to have me wash an' iron a pair of silk stockin's dan whut de stockin's deyselves used to cost. S'clusive—dat's me."

Toward this exclusive establishment, riding herd on the hitched-up mascot goat and leaning lightly on the handle of the baby carriage, limped the Wildcat.

"G'long, Lily, gittin' late. Don't crave to miss no rations, an' dese legs ain't 'quipped wid much speed dis aftehnoon. Git 'long dah!"

"Bla-a-a!" Lily receipted for the message, and then, her mouth still sore from an overindulgence in nettles, she held her lower jaw at a cross between ah and parade rest.

The Wildcat asked his way. "Whah at de Bunny woman live? I means de washlady woman."

"Nex' do' de grocery at de co'neh. De yaller-do' house."

"Lily, git in dat collah! Step wide!"

In front of the yellow-door house the parade halted long enough for the Wildcat to restrain Lily with a few turns of rope around one of the pickets of the fence. This accomplished, he mounted the narrow porch and rapped loudly on the panels of the yellow door. On the instant the lifted edge of an upstairs lace curtain fell to place and the Wildcat heard a patter of slippers on a stairway. Then his ears were seduced with two gentle syllables cooed in the sundown tone of a turtle dove.

"Enter."

"Huh?"

Again the soft voice from within the house, "Please come in."

"Who—me?"

A boy never could be too careful, responding to these trap voices. Maybe nobody had said nothing. Sounded some like spirits. Best thing to do was to step down off the porch where Lily and the laundry were real and tangible. The Wildcat retreated one step to the rear, stumbled and got a red-hot reaction out of his sprained knee.

"Hot dam! Oh, Lawdy an' vinegar wid de shootin' blaze in mah laig! Oof!"

The door opened to emit a blast of guinea-hen language in which the dove accents were completely lost.

"Hush yo' mouth, nigger! Hush yo' yellin' befo' dis lef' wing unkinks a transfer and knocks you f'm heah to whah yo' face is a dimple. Shut up!"

This was something that could be understood.

"Yassum! 'Scuse de ruckus talk. I brung de washin' f'm Cap'n Jack's lady."

"Bring it down de side path. Front do' ain't no laun'ry entrance."

"Yassum!"

Lily was cast loose from her moorings and hazed through the narrow gate and around the house. At the far end of the pathway a wide expanse of clothes-lines, half of them draped with silk and fine linen, met the Wildcat's eye. Laces too delicate to be warped by clothespins lay around in the sunlight, supported on a series of white wood frames a foot from the ground.

"Tie up dat goat an' fetch dat laun'ry inside!"

"Yassum!" Here was a regular industry. No wash lady's establishment had ever been like this. Here was a superior organization, and the boss of it was giving orders. The Wildcat tied Lily to a clothes pole and groaned a little for effect when he stooped over to lift the ten-pound bundle of clothes out of the baby carriage. "Whuf! Dem wounds sho' is ragin'."

"Bring it in dis do'."

"Yassum. Lawdy, but mah wounds pain me!"

"Whut wounds? White man wound you close to a hen house?"

"Mis' Bunny, you flails de mo'tal flesh wid dem words. Dese is wah wounds I 'cumulates back in France."

"In de back, you say? Long time ago, seems like—dat wah."

"Dese is long-time wounds. Bay'nits, pistil shots, cannon balls, shaprel—one an' all I met an' konkered. Lef' me feeble."

The veteran modulated his voice to a tremolo to fit his recital. Inside the kitchen his eyes fell on half a boiled ham, resting at ease on a platter. He resumed his wild recital of his A. E. F. ordeal, winding up with a burst of criticism directed at the mess sergeant of his outfit.

"Boy neveh fed us a-tall. Sold de rations an' drunk hisself to de fo'gettin' point wid de money ev'ey month. Ain't got mo' dan half caught up wid mah rations in goin' on two yeahs steady eatin'. Seems like mah wounds an' dem wah 'flictions lef' me wid de perm'nent craves in mah stummick. Ise a Wilecat fo' ham."

He looked directly and fixedly at the ham.

"Set down 'till I gits you a ham san'wich."

The day was won.

"Woman, whet de blade! Omit out de san'wich part. Don't aim to let no bread clutter up mah neck whilst de ham lasts. Plain ham. Bread I tolerates when dey ain't nuthin' else."

"Ham yo'self whilst I gits de coffee hot."

Half an hour later the ham had sunk without a trace in a dozen cups of coffee.

"Whuff! Magnezia, spec' heaven is a ham island in a coffee lake, wid you wettin' a whetstone whilst I swings de ham knife. Nobles' rations I eveh et!"

"G'long wid yo' plag'in' talk. You sez dat!"

"Ise a bullet fo' ham, whinin' soft an' bitin' heavy. Ain't no mo', is dey? Dat's whut sez! You sho' is de ham-cookin'ist woman Ise eveh knowed!"

"Wilecat, go 'long! You cuts yo' words to de ja
an' us all wimmin gits de same dress."

"Ain't so. Means it. Always thought how grea
was, wid a woman whut really knowed ham cookin'

"Wilecat!"

"Magnezia!"

The Wildcat was slipping and he knew it. He rem
and buzzed loudly in the web.

"Got to be goin' now befo' Cap'n Jack lets go de
houn's."

"How much yo' white folks boon you in wages?
like you is mighty anxious to git back."

"Depen's. Git none lately. Ain't spoke mu
since Cap'n Jack boon me wid de blue suit an' de
shoes. Gran' shoes."

"Wilecat, put on dat raiment an' tend de party
at Sis' 'Liza's house. Woman wid de husban' in he
o' elsewhah. Gran' time, with an' includin' all d
gin you kin drink. You an' me. Us goes double."

"Whah de place?"

"Fo' gates f'm de Black Beauty Livery—you
place."

"I knows. I comes an' meets you accidental.
bes' way."

"Whut makes you so hangin' back? You ain't
you, an' deceivin'?"

"'Clares not. Tol' you once. No tag on me
Lawd's breas'plate. Neveh doubled none. G
trouble widout doublin'."

"You sho' you comes—ain't deceivin'?"

"Ain't no deceiveh. Got de Lawd's breas'
Sees you dis night. Got to beat de bloodho
gittin' back."

Stoop-shouldered with his cargo of hope and
Wildcat staggered to his feet and hobbled to th
door. At the door he paused a moment for the
lables of a farewell in which were mingled thank
ham and prayers for the future. The tenor of his
inspired a reply from the widow, and in her w
sounded the cooing-dove notes which had first p
through the front door of the house.

"Aw, honey, hush."

Honey hushed, having nothing better to do, a
barrassed eyes, seeking escape from the widow's
glances, travel
silk-and-lace
feminine appar
tled the back p
moment there
sion failed t
Then he gulpe
batted his eyes
his eyes tight,
the scene fro
Then his lips
mascot's nam
times he tried t
goat, but no
until a length
tongue moist
of his dry lip
speech.

"Lily!"

His voice
low. Thereaft
he could ye
volley of com
goat, and in
battle.

Lily, nibbli
on what ha
collar worth
weight in g
sweetly, "Ba

The start
looking over
shoulder, saw
channel in th
and linen.
was three fee
began at the
Lily had chew
ing rope in h
dered along
where the m
turned the w
best she cou
ach gorged
grass and s

"Ba-a-a!"

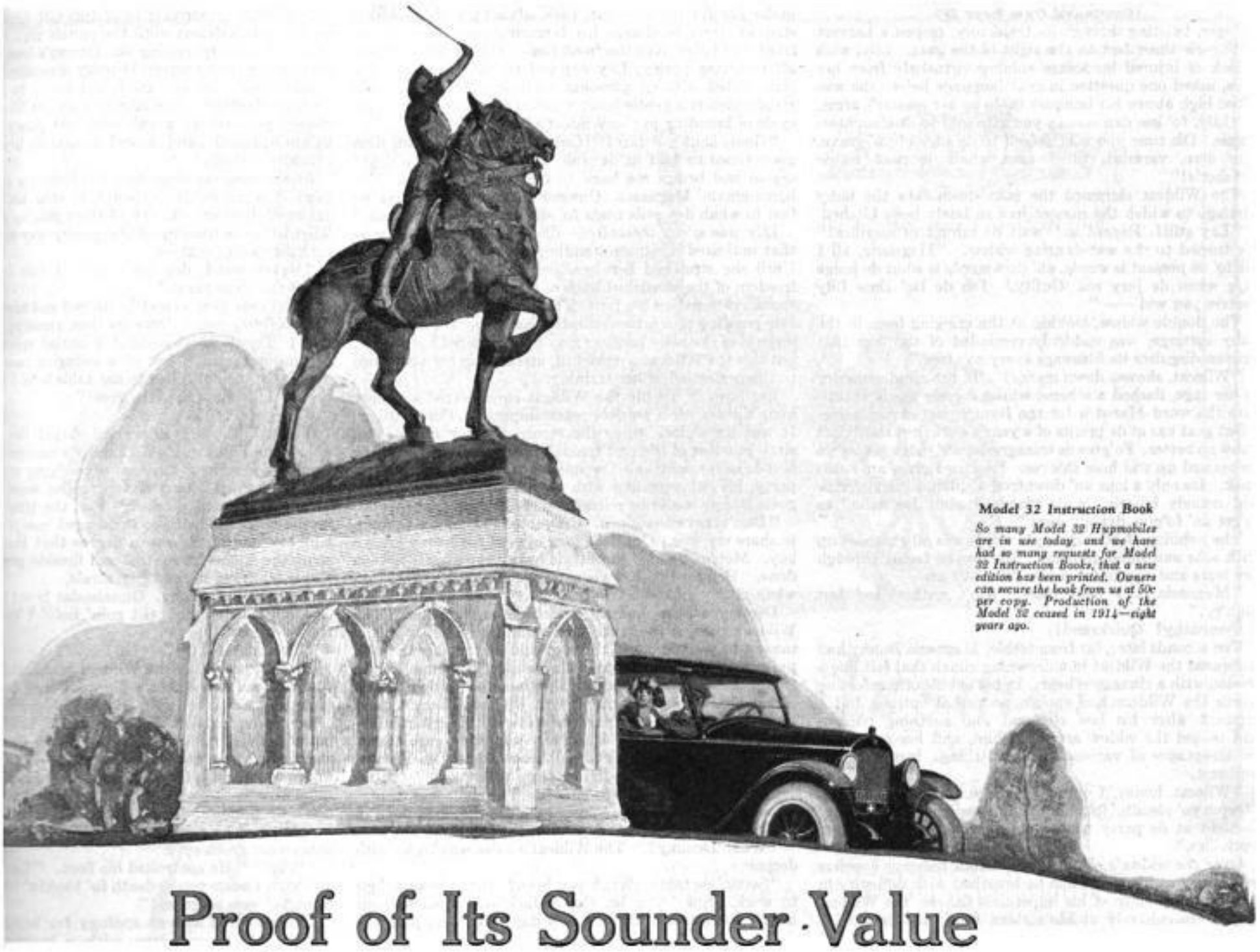
Action
Wildcat's ey
Magnezia
broom, lam
stripped a
of clothesli
The handle

(Continued



"Wilecat, Honey, I Does. I Takes You, Betteh or Worser. I 'Cepts Yo' Pleadin' fo' Mah [illegible] Hand in Wedlock"

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Model 32 Instruction Book

So many Model 32 Hupmobiles are in use today and we have had so many requests for Model 32 Instruction Books, that a new edition has been printed. Owners can secure the book from us at 50c per copy. Production of the Model 32 ceased in 1914—eight years ago.

Proof of Its Sounder Value
Found In the Years Behind It

is not strange that the Hupmobile this ır should be shattering all of its pre- us high sales records.

yers today are scrupulously seeking out ue, particularly among motor cars. ey are giving outspoken and positive ference to products whose worth is iliarly known to everyone.

nearly 14 years people everywhere e been saying good things about Hupmobile.

All Sales Records Are Being Shattered

ywhere it has long been spoken of unusually good car. It has made a ant name for economy and reliability long life.

le who have never owned it, regard host as highly as those who drive it day.

Our January sales this year far outstripped any previous January. February registered another smashing increase.

March not only surpassed February, but registered such vast strides that the record of our largest previous quarter went to pieces.

The quarter's increase over the same period in 1921 was 172 per cent; and April showed a still greater proportionate gain over the first three months of the year.

Hupmobile owners, as a rule, are not one-time buyers. They come back for another Hupmobile. A great proportion of our annual production is regularly taken by those who know how much it means—in savings, in continuous convenience, and in peace of mind—to drive a car like the Hupmobile.

So it was inevitable that in times like these, such a reputation and such a record should stand out sharp and clear, and attract new buyers by the hundreds and the thousands.

Hupmobile Owner-History Foretells Owner-Future

The years of owner-satisfaction back of the Hupmobile are founded on the good qualities which it is proving every day all over the world—real economy, in low upkeep and infrequent repairs; clock-like reliability; surpassing performance; length of life and high re-sale value that are decidedly unusual.

They foretell what the new owner can count upon when he buys a Hupmobile.

Touring Car, $1250; Roadster, $1250; Roadster Coupé, $1485; Coupé, $1635; Sedan, $1935. Cord Tires on all models Prices F. O. B. Detroit—Revenue Tax Extra

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

Hupmobile

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(Continued from Page 26)

wringer, twisting through its trajectory, reaped a harvest of lingerie three feet to the right of the goat. Lily, with a look of injured innocence shining virtuously from her eyes, asked one question in goat language before she was lifted high above her banquet table by her master's arms.

"Lily, fo' less dan money you gits sold to de slaughter-house. Dis time you is et yo'self to de edge of yo' grave. Lay dere, varmint, till I axes whah de road to de butcher's!"

The Wildcat slammed the goat down into the baby carriage to which the mascot had so lately been hitched.

"Lay still! Repent an' 'wait de minnit of sacrifice!" He turned to the war-dancing widow. "Magnezia, all I sez fo' de present is words, an' dem words is whut de judge says when de jury sez 'Guilty.' Dis de las' time Lily pesters you wid ——"

The double widow, looking at the cringing form in the baby carriage, was suddenly reminded of the fact that heaven disguises its blessings every so often.

"Wilecat, shower down mercy!" In her mind, superior to her rage, flashed a scheme whose success would substitute the word Marsden for the Bunny part of her name. "Dat goat has et de profits of a year's work, but she didn't know no better. Fo'give de transgressor an' judge not les' ye be penned up wid hoss'thieves. De Lawd gives an' hauls back. Ise only a lone an' downtrod widdah, a clingin' vine wid nobody laborin' in de vineyard; but Ise willin' to fo'get an' fo'give dat li'l' goat."

The nobility of Mis' Bunny's words was all gummed up with sobs and blind gestures. She groped feebly through her tears and encountered the Wildcat's arm.

"Magnezia, dry dem tears. Ain't nuthin' los' but laun'ry."

Sympathy! Quicksand!

Ten seconds later, far from feeble, Magnezia Bunny had embraced the Wildcat in a drowning clinch that felt like a session with a cinnamon bear. In his babble of comforting words the Wildcat had spoken no verbal options, but a moment after his last eloquent and soothing phrases had ceased the widow answered him, and her reply was an acceptance of various unoffered things, including one husband.

"Wilecat, honey, I does. I takes you, betteh or worser. I 'cepts yo' pleadin' fo' mah hand in wedlock. Sho' do, an' to-night at de party us 'nounces our impendin' weddin' festivilies."

Over the widow's shoulder, his hands hanging hopeless and heavy at his side while he breathed with difficulty in the bear-trap clasp of his impetuous fiancée, the Wildcat gulped convulsively at his sudden fate. He batted his eyes. The eye batting slowed down and the lids stayed put, a curtain between the fearful present and a future compared to which the present was a steam-heated paradise. Whichever way he looked he saw a barbed-wire trouble fence too high to be scaled.

"Honey, you is so cold. How come you so calm an' steady when Ise all flustered wid de beatin' of my heart? You deceives me. I bet you is a ol' hand wid de flame of love; bet you could build a June-love bonfire in de April rain. Why is you deceivin' so?"

"Ain't no deceiveh. Tol' you once. When is dese heah weddin' calamities happen you speaks about?"

"'Gagement is broadcasted to-night at Sis' Liza's party. De eleet folks gin'ally holds de weddin' f'm five to seven days afteh dey tells de worl' 'bout de 'gagement. Dis is Monday. 'Nounces to-night an' nex' Monday us gits de preacheh. High noon. Aftehnoon hack drive. Aw, Wilecat, honey! Lawd, how de time do drag!"

The Wildcat saw a temporary out.

"Ain't draggin' now. Release go dem twinin' arms an' I gits back an' 'dorns me wid de blue pants and dem yaller shoes so's folks sees me prancin' when dis 'gagement bizniss is told to-night."

The victim sought freedom that he might be alone in his misery. He squirmed loose, and a moment later, wheeling Lily along at a four-mile pace that indicated a sudden and complete cure of the leg feebles, he was on his way to Captain Jack's woodshed, where Demmy awaited him. He relied on Demmy. He bore down heavy on Demmy, trusting that diminutive genius in this hour of peril.

"Dat boy is little, but his head part is all whale meat, like I tol' him afteh dat prize fight wid dat Haiti boy. Huh! Demmy learn dis Magnezia woman whah to go wid dat hitchin'-bizness talk. Boy git me out of dis like in dat prize fight whah I starts wid one second an' winds up wid ten. Tells Demmy an' lays back whilst he 'ranges me loose f'm dis home-cravin' widdah. When dey is six gallopers in a crap game I gits double-hitched—mebbe. Only two dice now, an' dey is worked to death makin' a livin' fo' me, let alone some lazy manager you is doubled with. Dis heah Demmy 'ranges me free. Tell Demmy how come. Demmy fix it."

He tried to dismiss the subject from his mind and to dwell upon the happy single past instead of his doubtful double future.

The mascot goat, sogged down in the cramped interior of the baby carriage, knowing full well that her stock was under par for the moment, took advantage of a cobbled strip of street to change her bouncing position until her front feet lolled over the front rim of the vehicle. Thereafter, sitting pretty, Lily enjoyed the business of being transported without personal exertion. She voiced her satisfaction in a gentle bleat which served to start another cycle of brooding in the Wildcat's brain.

"Goat, shut yo' face! Heah I is, thinkin' of all dem good times us had in de wah, an' you blats in wid yo' say-so and brings me back to trompled laun'ry an' dat home-cravin' Magnezia. One mo' blaa f'm you an' us goes fust to whah dey sells goats fo' slaughterhouse purposes."

Lily was silent thereafter—silent with a fixed purpose that indicated her understanding of the Wildcat's words. Until she stretched her legs and trotted around in the freedom of the woodshed back of Captain Jack's house no sound cluttered up her face. That she spent the rest of the ride gnawing at a rattan spiral ornamenting the starboard quarter of the baby carriage may have inspired her silence, but this the Wildcat overlooked, attributing her obedience to the perfection of her training.

For once in his life the Wildcat encountered a supper hour filled with a subject more important than rations. It was six o'clock when the return journey ended, and sixty minutes of life and freedom intervened between the foot-loose present and the moment when, at Sis' Eliza's party, his entanglement with the tall and spindlin' Magnezia Bunny would be released to the listening local world.

"Don't crave no suppeh. Craves to tell Demmy—craves to share my woe. Got me a load of grief too heavy fo' one boy. Mebbe Demmy kin lift de heavy end like he always done. Demmy!" No voice answered him. "Demmy, whah at is you?"

Demmy, at the moment, was busy in the house. The Wildcat guessed the truth, and with a brief order to the mascot he walked out of the shed and up the narrow brick pathway to the back steps of Captain Jack's house. Light from the kitchen gleamed through the screened door. Half afraid that some malignant turn of Lady Luck's hand might whisk his helper from the scene at this critical eleventh hour, the Wildcat lifted his despairing gaze to the chair at the kitchen table where the sawed-off Demmy was wont to perform his prodigious feats with food.

Demmy was nowhere to be seen. The chair was empty. Except for the fat cook kneeling before the open oven of the long range there was no one in the kitchen.

"Whah Demmy?" The Wildcat's voice was husky with despair.

"Settin' de table. Whah you been? Git in heah an' git to work. Spec' you let Cap'n Jack eat alone without help. You gits mo' triflin' eve'y day! Git dem plates in de hot oven. Git yo' white coat befo' ——"

"Woman, git plassified! Lissen to whut I ——"

The Wildcat was interrupted by the entrance of Demmy. He broke off his oration to the cook and in three steps was at the side of the diminutive brunet.

"Demmy, Ise in trouble—bad. Ain't no worse kind." His whisper rose to a croak. "Ise got ketched—like you said. Come out heah wid me whilst I tells you."

Demmy sensed the emergency, and the pair retreated into the night, followed by the cook's loud statements of what she aimed to do to both of them.

"Stay calm, woman! Us comes back in no time."

"Less you does I scalds you red wid dis bilin' kittle an' ——"

"Demmy, don't lissen to dat woman. Don't neveh lissen to no woman. Just like you said, de you-an'-me talk begins at de washlady's, an' us gits 'gaged to git hitched. Party to-night, an' Magnezia tells de world. All come f'm dat goat. Lily et me into dis woe. Preacheh puffo'ms his duty nex' week—den Ise done!"

Demmy was silent for ten seconds, but his twisting face was an index of the intensity of his mental effort.

"Dis takes speed, Wilecat. Leave me think some mo'!"

Another forty seconds of brain work, with closed eyes. Consecutive steps of the tentative solution were ticked off on the fingers of Demmy's left hand. He opened his eyes.

"Might work. Ain't sayin'—sho' risky fo' me. Seems like eve'ything I does is risky. Git out of my way! You keep dat cook woman in de kitchen an' don't let her git neah her own room till after I gits back. Wait de table fo' Cap'n Jack. Meets you in de woodshed at eight o'clock wid de news. Keep dat cook in de kitchen—dat's all."

The Wildcat's imperfect service at Captain Jack's table that night and his various sudden attacks of dish trembles served to keep the cook in the kitchen. When the Wildcat dropped a platter on which was arranged a squad of candied sweet potatoes the cook's apprehensive mood gave way to one of undiluted abuse. From then on she was too busy showering down vitriolic language on the offender's bowed head to think about leaving the kitchen. On the part of the victim, he was too far away mentally to be affected by anything the cook might say, except that now and then at the apex of her eloquent flights he stored away a choice phrase for use on the mascot goat when the time for real language should be ripe. In his dazed mind the Wildcat sought to follow the course and actions of the absent Demmy, striving to picture each succeeding of the night's drama until the curtain might fall crown of victory resting on Demmy's brow. time, at the point where Demmy encountered Mi nezia Bunny, the picture faded and in its stead tableau of retreat. The retreater was the Wildcat closely pursued by a galloping and skinny whose upraised hand waved a meat ax labeled Marsden—Rush."

At the meat-ax stage he batted his eyes and head in a convulsive attempt to clear his brain vision of disaster. At one of these shaking points lided with the framing of the pantry door and candied sweet potatoes.

"Neveh mind, dey ain't lost. I eats dem sweeps up dem yams."

"You eats dem yams!" Hatred and scorn the accented you. "Sweeps dem yams up, Bam! The Wildcat dodged a hurled stove lid, encounter the mop end of a swinging mop. mud! Git dis hot bread to dat table befo' I per an' kills me a fumblin' fool!"

"Ise gwine! Yassum!"

Through the craven's mind flitted the unless the night marked Demmy's success would be one long business of dodging stove thought tamed him. Bitter replies were before they were uttered. For the time normally he might have exchanged lamblike and humble to a degree that stroy the masterful control and fireside had established in the home circle.

"Ise hustlin', honey. Gimme dat bread!"

"Don't honey me! Git goin' befo' I f'm yo' gizzard!"

"Yassum! I is!"

He was, and while the Wildcat was jumps ahead of the cook's slightest wish ning a personal race with Old Man Trouble.

Before he had left Captain Jack's cuted a quick piece of prowling and room which was normally occupied by under each arm a loose and obstinate raiment. In the sanctuary of the down his bundles. Then, startled by far corner of his retreat, he turned to phorescent green eyes.

"Whuf!" He controlled his feet. gits back I beats you to death fo' look come yo' eyes so green?"

Lily answered with an apology for ghost; but Demmy, busy with a deaf to the goat's explanations. business than listening to a goat dim light of the lantern he stooped yellow waist adorned with diagonal minous checked shirt, gaudy with orange, came next, followed by a hat from which exploded a pair of like of which no modest ostrich yellow veil netted in the open spaces sprawling purple spiders, and finally Demmy lashed the sash about his folds of the flowing skirt under the place with a square knot that as big as a dishpan.

"Sho' is awkward! Feels like a fish

Without fully realizing it at the under a suspicion which resembled a fish in a net as did not have fins and gills. draped a ponderous plush cloak. forward to the battlefield! the lantern, showered down was on his way.

III

A SOUND of revelry by seven o'clock house. A trombone acrobat on a give him arm room on the long demon drummer boy who had steak chopping block, a foot-patting drink his likker in action room sixteen by twenty, milling pan, dancing without visible ing freely, forty of the shaded

Head and shoulders above the fancy from the knees up, Mis' tained a strategic position she could observe the front comers. A knock at the door, Blues, and the announcer's music:

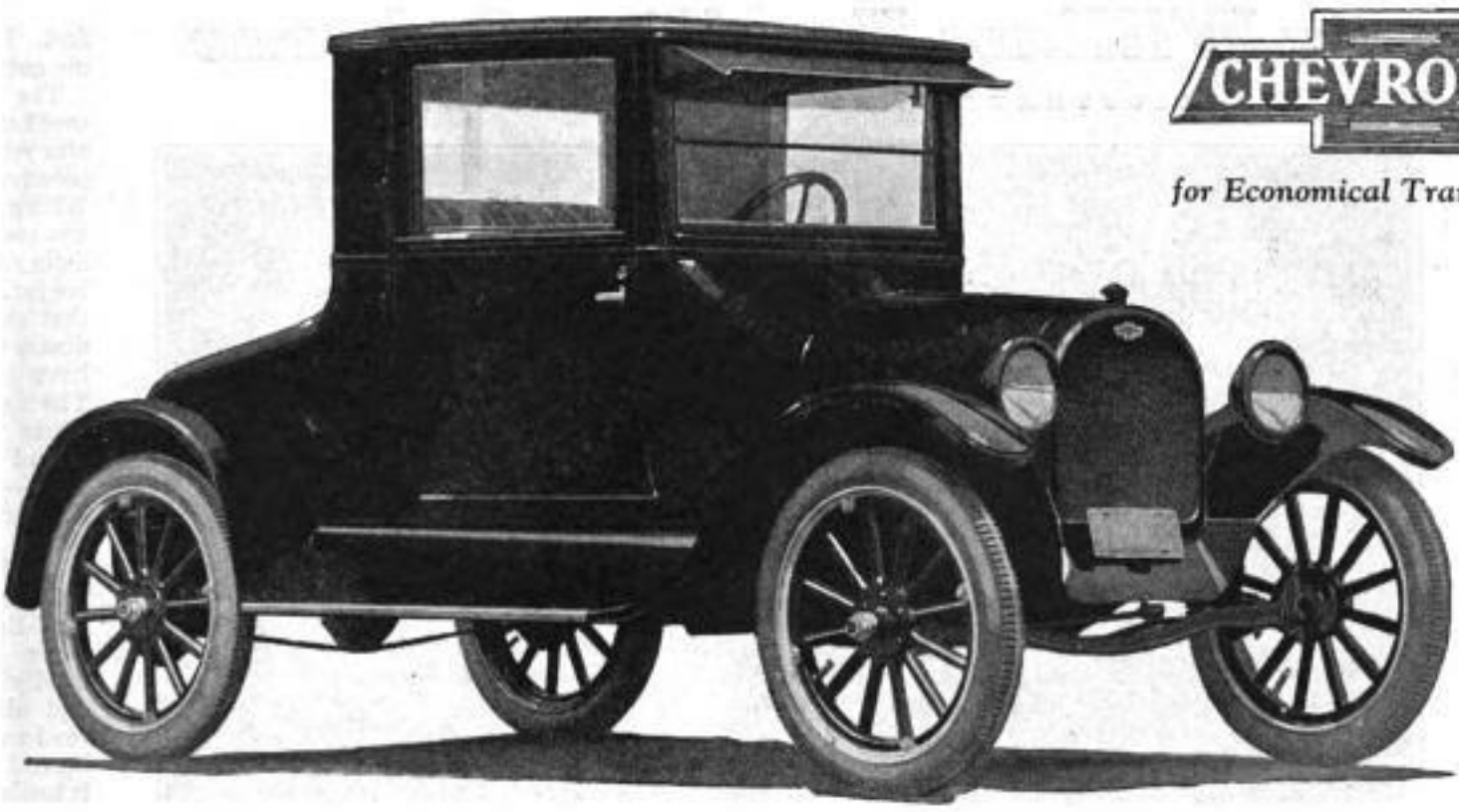
"Mist' Punic Brawley an' his

Mist' Brawley, followed through the press in the front of a wide tin dishpan

"Whuf yo'self an' git tromplin'!"

(Continued on Page 61)

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CHEVROLET

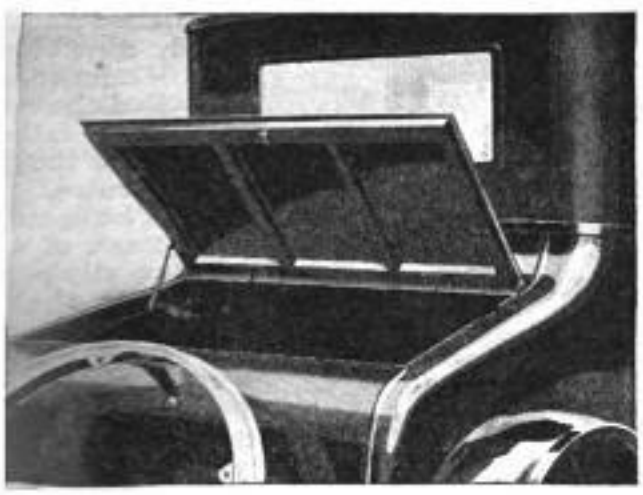
for Economical Transportation

Built for Better Salesmen

$720

f. o. b. Flint, Michigan

Price subject to change without advance notice



The Commodious Rear Compartment

Chevrolet Utility Coupé

Business houses are coming to realize that their salesmen should have automotive equipment on a par with the reputation of the house. The old idea of buying strictly on a price basis is being discarded and selling staff equipment is now bought with an eye to its own effect on sales.

CHEVROLET UTILITY COUPE is offered as the most efficient automobile for the purpose on the market.

It is also suitable for professional and business men.

It has a high-grade, single seat Fisher Body with black finish, gray whipcord upholstery, plate glass windows, ventilating windshields, and extra wide doors.

The chassis is the famous New Superior Model Chevrolet, strong, powerful, dependable, economical.

Full modern equipment, including cord tires and legal headlight lenses.

The rear compartment contains more than 14 cu. ft. It will hold a 36-inch steamer trunk and still have ample space for merchandise, advertising matter, etc.

We urge every salesman, purchasing agent, sales manager and professional man to call at any Chevrolet showroom and inspect this car, or phone dealer for a demonstration.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

World's largest manufacturer of Standard, *Fully Equipped* Automobiles

5000 Dealers and Service Stations throughout the world

Applications will be considered from high-grade dealers in territory not adequately covered

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A SENSATIONAL DISCLOSUR

By William Hamilton Osborne

ILLUSTRATED BY HUBERT MATHEWS



"I Want You to Think of Just One Thing, Cal," Said Lucy—"the Pockets of the People"

THE catastrophe was wholly unforeseen. Some three weeks before his scheduled departure for the national convention Maj. Mortimer G. Lane left River City, and with his daughter Lucy at his side, with his flashy red roadster clutched loosely in one hand, he corkscrewed up the side of Peveril Peak Mountain until he reached his summer home, Hawks Nest—claimed by the major's dearest enemies to be well named—an aerie clinging to the side of solid rock. Let into the wide wall of its living room was a plate-glass observation window commanding an unobstructed view of all the world that lay beneath. To Major Lane this observation window was as the telescopic eye of a bird that circles high in air.

The major badly needed rest. More, he had to have perspective. Seated in his observation window at Hawks Nest, he could think. There, toward the southeast, some fifty miles away, lay Wall Street. Toward the south, five times as far again, lay Washington, D. C. In his mind's eye Major Lane could see them; he could feel their subtle pull.

Seated there the major drew a deep, deep sigh of victorious relief. By gosh, one fight was over. His delegates were picked—hand picked by him—and every mother's son of 'em unpledged. Unpledged, that is, except to do what Major Lane would tell them, three weeks from now, to do.

The telephone bell rang. Lucy started violently; weeks after the tragedy she recalled its ominous tone. Its summons did not disturb the major in the least. There was but one wire at Hawks Nest—a private wire connecting this retreat with the major's private office at headquarters some forty miles away.

"It will be Cal Ingersoll," said the major, taking his time to light a mild cigar.

Lucy answered the telephone; she flung a young woman's badinage over the wire. At the other end was Cal. She told her father so.

"Cal's terribly worried," she whispered to the major; "I can tell it by his voice."

Her anxious note brought the major up all standing. He caught the receiver from her hand.

"Cal," he grunted into the transmitter, "I told you not—unless ——"

Cal's young voice, tremulous with the excitement of the moment, shouted the unwelcome message into the major's ear.

"Worse than unless!" cried Cal over the wire. "Your Mongol friend is going to run for President."

Major Lane stiffened with momentary shock. "Say that again—and say it slow," he yelled.

Cal said it again. "You see," said Cal, "he waited until your back was turned; that's the way he works."

Major Lane was silent. He was letting it soak in.

Cal's voice was insistent. "Instructions?" he demanded.

"None," roared the major. "Get this, Cal. I'll be in River City in an even hour from now."

He jerked the receiver violently into place. He turned to his daughter. She was standing quivering by his side.

"Lucy," he cried, gone tremulous with rage, "there's not an instant to be lost. That wall-eyed Chinaman is going to run for President of the United States."

Lucy indulged in no woman's protest. She stood ready, anxious, willing. She knew there was no time to lose. He was her father's archenemy, this wall-eyed Chinaman. He was something else. To her this wall-eyed Chinaman once had been an idol, an ideal. Once he had been to her as he now was to the people. But long ago she had discovered that her idol's feet were clay, that the rest of him was mud. Lucy didn't hate him as her father did—she detested him; all River County knew that she regarded him with undisguised contempt.

"Let's go," she echoed.

And they went. The red roadster took the narrow treacherous mountain path like a wildcat; she had a wildcat at her wheel. Maj. Mortimer G. Lane, in spite of a certain physical deficiency, was the speediest of speed maniacs. His red roadster and his wind-tossed shock of snow-white hair were infamous on three thousand miles of commonwealth highway. Nothing ever happened, it is true. The major was violating daily every traffic regulation known to God and man. This time he went the limit—there was no time to spare. The wall-eyed Chinaman was at the other end of a forty-mile run. The major threw discretion to the winds. His usual luck was with him. He reached the foot of the mountain safely. He swung very swiftly, on two wheels, into the Medway Turnpike. He was fairly on his way.

It was barely dusk when they rounded a sharp turn and caught sight of the khaki uniform of a state motor cop. The state motor cop, very much on the qui vive, saw them first. He leaped into [illegible] dle and started in pur[illegible]

The major chuckl[illegible] speed officer had ev[illegible] him yet; this time it [illegible] perative that he be st[illegible] With a wicked smile [illegible] lips the major cr[illegible] little clever car; he [illegible] her judiciously with [illegible] that she could stan[illegible] dinary circumstanc[illegible] have been safe re[illegible] The major knew thi[illegible] There was a str[illegible] ahead of him fo[illegible] miles—usually str[illegible] is. Straight now, [illegible] thing. That one [illegible] major had forgotte[illegible] tour just the other [illegible] Oak Bridge. Now [illegible] upon him sudde[illegible] deadly pile of cr[illegible] and sand ahead. [illegible] road was barred; a [illegible] barred it. He cra[illegible] it too late. For the [illegible] a second the major [illegible] he was lost. His swi[illegible] the right resulted i[illegible] plunge into the [illegible] red roadster turned [illegible] sault, was still.

Slowly and pain[illegible] gathered herself [illegible] Stunned for the m[illegible] girl found that she [illegible] been tossed to one [illegible] how miraculously u[illegible] next instant, whim[illegible] was frantically tug[illegible] battered car, trying [illegible] and main to drag [illegible] mangled thing that [illegible] underneath. She w[illegible] enough; she coul[illegible] the car an inch. H[illegible] wail of helplessn[illegible] the night air just [illegible] cop snorted into [illegible] dashed into immed[illegible] By dint of some [illegible] trick he succeeded [illegible] rolled the car upo[illegible]

"My father—M[illegible] gasped the girl, wi[illegible] her voice.

The speed cop [illegible] a flask of whisky, [illegible] a goodly portion [illegible] down the victi[illegible] There was a long[illegible] agonizing pati[illegible] warded. Sudden[illegible] eyelids fluttered, his face twitched. The stu[illegible] arm waved wildly, as though once more it [illegible]

"Lucy," he cried, "you tell 'em—Cal m[illegible] That—wall-eyed Chinaman. Cal must—cu[illegible]

And then the major died.

Years before that, on a certain memorable [illegible] to be marked by the blackest of black stones, [illegible] man was ushered into the private offices [illegible] Swift, editor in chief of the Dalton Daily Tim[illegible] den advent of this one-armed man occasioned [illegible] suppressed excitement. A cub reporter from [illegible] caught a passing glimpse of him, knew him [illegible] he was, and sneaked in to the sporting ed[illegible] bulging from his head. The sporting editor, [illegible] all times, was unusually moved.

"I'm on!" he whispered hoarsely to the [illegible] "Find out if he's got a horsewhip on him at[illegible]

The one-armed man didn't have a hor[illegible] anywhere. He was, however, not alone. Wi[illegible] winsome seventeen-year-old girl. Side by [illegible] armed man and this young girl moved into [illegible] of the personality that was foreordained [illegible] politics inside out and upside down and [illegible] a never-ending jig.

The one-armed man stepped briskly up [illegible] the editor in chief of the Dalton Daily Tim[illegible]

(Continued on Page 33)

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One way to save money

RHAPS you have never looked at your l bill in just this way:

rect oil is not an expense—it is a saving. the one motoring supply you buy that direct effect on the entire operating cost r car.

d tires wear longer; good gasoline gives mileage. But they are both straight ex- They have no direct effect on the other ng expenses of your car.

ication is conservation—the prevention r, the saving of undue expense, the ning of the life of your car.

How it saves

t oil *adds to* the operating expense of ; the correct oil *saves* operating expense. some of the ways in which it saves:

fuel consumption—because the correct ls the piston clearance and reduces of fuel into the crank-case.

il consumption—because the t oil does not "use up" as as incorrect or poor qual-

repair bills—because the correct oil protects the moving parts from wear. 50% of all engine troubles are due to faulty lubrication.

Add to these typical savings the satisfaction of driving a car that is delivering full power and for which the yearly maintenance costs are only nominal—and then you realize that correct oil is not an expense, but a real saving.

Not a gasoline by-product

Nine out of ten lubricating oils on the market are simply by-products in the manufacture of gasoline.

Gargoyle Mobiloil is *not* a by-product.

It is produced by lubrication specialists who are recognized the world over as leaders in lubricating practice. Gargoyle Mobiloil is manufactured from crude oil chosen for its *lubricating* quality—not for its gasoline content. Gargoyle Mobiloil is manufactured by processes designed to bring out the highest *lubricating* value—not the greatest gallonage of gasoline.

Warning:

Don't be misled by some similar sounding name. Look on the container for the correct name *Mobiloil* (not Mobile) and for the red Gargoyle.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

tic Branches:
ew York (Main Office)
ittsburgh
Boston
Indianapolis
Chicago
Minneapolis
Buffalo
Philadelphia
Des Moines
Detroit
Kansas City, Kan.
Dallas

Chart of Recommendations

(Abbreviated Edition)

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of both passenger and commercial cars are specified in the Chart below.

How to Read the Chart:
A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
BB means Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB"
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arc means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendation should be followed during the entire period when freezing temperatures may be experienced.

This Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers, and represents our professional advice on correct automobile lubrication.

NAMES OF AUTOMOBILES AND MOTOR TRUCKS	1922 Winter	1922 Summer	1921 Winter	1921 Summer	1920 Winter	1920 Summer	1919 Winter	1919 Summer	1918 Winter	1918 Summer
Abbott	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Anderson	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Apperson (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models									A	A
Briscoe					A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Buick	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cadillac	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chalmers	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chandler	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chevrolet (4 cyl.)									A	A
" (Mod. 490, C & Le Dollar)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" All Other Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cleveland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Cole	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Columbia	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Dodge Brothers	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Dort	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Durant Four	Arc	Arc								
Earl	A	Arc								
Elgin Six	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Federal (Model XII)	A	A								
" (Cont. Eng.)									Arc	Arc
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Grant (6 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (Cont.) (Mod. 17)							A	Arc		
" " All Other Models			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Haynes (6 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (12 cyl.)			A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
H. C. S.			A	A	A	A				
Holmes	A	A	A	A	B	A				
Hudson Super Six	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jordan	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Kelly-Springfield	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
King (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Kissel Kar (12 cyl.)									A	A
" " All Other Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
La Fayette (Indianapolis)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Lexington	A	A	A	A						
" (Cont. Eng.)			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Liberty	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Lincoln	A	A	A	A						
Locomobile	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Maxwell	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (Cont'l)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Mercer	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Mitchell	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Moon	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Nash	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (Model 671)									A	A
" (Cont'l) (Quad)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" " (1 & 2 ton)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
National (6 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (12 cyl.)							A	A	A	A
Oakland	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Oldsmobile (6 & 8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Overland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Packard	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Paige (Cont. Eng.)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (Cont'l)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" All Other Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Peerless (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models									Arc	Arc
Pierce-Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (Cont.) (5 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" " All Other Models	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Premier	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
R & V Knight	BB	A	B	A	B	A				
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Rolls Royce	E	A	E	A						
Saxon (Model 1150)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc						
" All Other Models			A	Arc	A	Arc	E	E	E	E
Scripps-Booth (4 cyl.)									Arc	Arc
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Selden (5 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Stearns-Knight	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Templar	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Velie (Model 58)	A	Arc								
" (Falls Eng.)			A	Arc	A	Arc				
" (Cont.) (¾ ton)							A	Arc	A	Arc
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Westcott	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
White (Models 15-45 & 20-45)	A	A								
" (16 valve)							A	A	A	A
" (3 and 5 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Wills Sainte Claire	A	A	A	A						
Willys-Knight	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Winton	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc

Makes of Engines

(recommendations shown separately for convenience)

Austin	A	A	A	A						
Buda (Mod. DU, QU, TU)							A	Arc	A	Arc
" (Mod. RU & WU)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Continental (Mod. B5)	A	A								
" (Model B2)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
" (Model T)							A	Arc	A	Arc
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Falls	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hercules	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Herschell-Spillman (Mod. JU, S, V, & VA)							A	A	A	A
" All Other Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Huxley	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Lycoming	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Midwest (Model 408)	A	Arc	A	A	A	A				
" (Model 409)	A	Arc								
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Northway	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Waukesha (Models CU, DU, EU, & FU)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
" All Other Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Weidely	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Wisconsin (Mod. Q & QU)							A	Arc	A	Arc
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A

Transmission and Differential:
For their correct lubrication, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C," "CC" or Mobilubricant as recommended by complete Chart available at all dealers.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

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Light cuts costs—

that means lower prices to you

THE PRICES you pay for merchandise include the merchant's costs of doing business, plus his legitimate profit. The lower he can keep his costs the better the values he can offer you.

"Progressive merchants today are cutting their costs with Light," says C. J. Potter, Store Service Manager of the *Dry Goods Economist.*

"1. A well lighted store window draws more customers inside. That means a quicker turnover of merchandise and permits a smaller margin of profit.

"2. Proper store lighting makes it easier for a customer to select satisfactory goods. That means a saving in returns and less sampling.

"3. Good light saves time in making a sale. Four salesmen can, with the aid of Light, do the work of five. That means a saving in salaries.

"4. Good light is the shoplifter's foe. That means smaller loss by theft.

"5. Good light increases good will and quality reputation."

* * * * *

"Here you will find good values, progressive methods, courteous service"—that's the message of a well lighted store; and in many of the best known stores of the country that message is carried by Edison MAZDA Lamps.

To Merchants:

Our Lighting Service Engineers have prepared three practical guides covering the lighting of the following:

Show Windows and Show Cases.

Large Dry Goods and Department Stores.

Small Stores.

Your request, mailed to the Edison Lamp Works, Harrison, N.J., will bring you the proper guide or guides.

Your Edison MAZDA Lamp Agent can supply you with the proper lamps.



EDISON

MAZDA LAMPS

EDISON LAMP WORKS OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMP

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(Continued from Page 30)

," he began, "I've got a bone to pick with you."
an Swift, of the Dalton Daily Times, possessed
face of a mandarin of very high degree. But he
hinly on this poker face of his that his caller's
/addressing him was distasteful in the extreme; it
than he could stomach. He held up the forefinger
or accustomed to punch holes in everything and
—the arbitrary, peremptory gesture of an opin-
an.
Swift," he corrected.
nt on the one-armed man, "I'm Lane, of River
This is my daughter Lucy. One of your great
wanted to look at you. Brought her along."
embarrassed by her father's speech, flushed
diately pulled herself together. She bowed
be was decidedly graceful in her manner.
wift, of the Dalton Daily Times, did her the
r to give her what is technically known as the
The girl was by no means a beauty, that was
he was attractive in a measure. She had her
color, and that toned up her face. She had her
, which counted more than all.
an sitting at the editor's desk would have risen
Not so Jonathan Swift, of the Dalton Daily
im this girl was an adjunct of Lane, of River
daughter of a man to whom he gave no quar-
s first brief glance at the girl he ignored her.
realize what manner of young woman was
before him. For she was still standing; the
ade no effort to accommodate her with a seat.
irl who wore her heart upon her sleeve. There
g in her eyes that her father wholly lacked—
idealism. She was a hero worshiper by
she showed it. Hers was no poker face.
g her this silent insult Jonathan Swift, of the
Times, was making a mistake. For as time
eemingly innocuous young lady was destined
erable part in the career of this poker-faced
ore than he bargained for. The thin edge of
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The major lighted a cigar and took a puff or two.

"I'm here to make you governor," said Major Lane.

Jonathan Swift's poker face became momentarily distorted with genuine surprise.

"To make—me—governor!" he gasped.

The shock was swift, severe; but plainly pleasurable. But the editor made a neat and quick recover. Then he smiled that now historic, damnably disconcerting smile of his.

"Major Lane," returned the editor frigidly, "it is very clear to me that you're here to buy me off."

Major Lane snorted in derision. "Mr. Swift," he said firmly, "make no mistake. You overestimate the importance of your opposition to me. I've been the target for vituperation all my political life. You can keep on smashing me for twenty years."

The editor's eyes glowed as they always glowed when he took in hand his pen. "Twenty years," echoed Jonathan Swift loftily. "I'll keep on for forty years, without fear, without reward or hope thereof, if I can crush the thing you stand for."

The girl's face shone, the girl's eyes danced. She was happy now. These were the phrases she had come so far to hear.

Without fear, without reward or hope thereof—these were the stalwart editorial sentences that thrilled her.

"Go as far as you like," retorted the major with a grin.

Jonathan Swift came off his high horse; he saw he wasn't getting anywhere at all.

"At any rate," he went on slowly, for he, too, was puzzled, "I can sense your underlying motive."

"It's more than a motive," retorted Major Lane. "I've got a hunch. I got it from my daughter Lucy here. She picks winners for me, Mr. Swift. She knows something about men that I don't know. Instinct—somehow she's always got her finger on the public pulse. She knows, somehow, when the styles are going to change. She eats up everything you write. She's listened to your speeches. She's dinned you into my ears morning, noon and night. She says the public as a mass has become intelligent. She says it will listen to argument, to theory, to reason. She's hypnotized me into believing that the time is ripe."

"Ripe—for what?" interposed the editor eagerly.

"For you," returned the major with enthusiasm. "Dinged if I don't believe she's right! If you tell it to 'em straight, dinged if I don't think the people will believe that you're an honest man."

"I am an honest man!" cried Jonathan Swift, the white light of holiness upon his face.

Major Lane, of River County, slapped his thigh. "Gosh, Swift," he cried, "that's what I'm looking for! I want to see a man like you tear this state wide open—on a party platform—telling the proletariat that you're an honest man. Telling 'em that you're the only honest man."

Jonathan Swift thought it over for a moment. A cynical smile played round his mouth. "Major Lane," he nodded easily, "from what you say I gather that the Republican Party in this state is driven to put forth a man like me."

"Shucks!" cried the major. "The Republican Party in this state can pick any man for governor and win. You know that. We can shove through any man we pick. This is a personal matter with me. I take pride in filling offices with crackajacks. I give the people a run for their money; I hand 'em the kind of officeholders that they ought to have. If I didn't I couldn't keep my job. But it isn't that. I want to pick this man myself. I want to discover him—for practical political purposes—for a practical political career. I want to make you governor—and more: I, personally, want to make a man."

Jonathan Swift was forced to believe the major. Here was no bluff, no chicanery. The major had laid his cards upon the table. His great ambition as a political manager was at the bottom of it all. The editor of the Dalton Daily Times had had a chip on his shoulder. He brushed it off. But he still retained his mask. One thing was to him absolutely clear: Here was his only opportunity. He might write himself black in the face with scathing editorials; he could die of writer's cramp. But never in this life would he have this golden chance again.

He cast the die. Without the flicker of an eyelid he got down to the merits of the matter.

"Major Lane," he said, "let me understand your proposition. In the event of your electing me governor of this state, just what—would you expect?"

"That's commonsense," returned the major, "and I'll meet you fair and square. In the first place, when you run you'll be expected to subscribe to the party platform in this state. In the second place, let me remind you that as River County votes, so votes the state. River County will elect you governor. I must remind you, too, that I am River County. When you are governor I should expect to have a voice in the matter of your appointments in the state."

"A—controlling voice?" queried the editor.

"Well—yes," returned the major, blinking.

Jonathan Swift rose—rose to his full height. His was an artistic, striking figure; he was patrician in appearance.

For ten full minutes he paced up and down the floor, as a tiger cat might pace. As suddenly as he had risen he returned to his desk. He faced the major and looked him squarely in the eye.

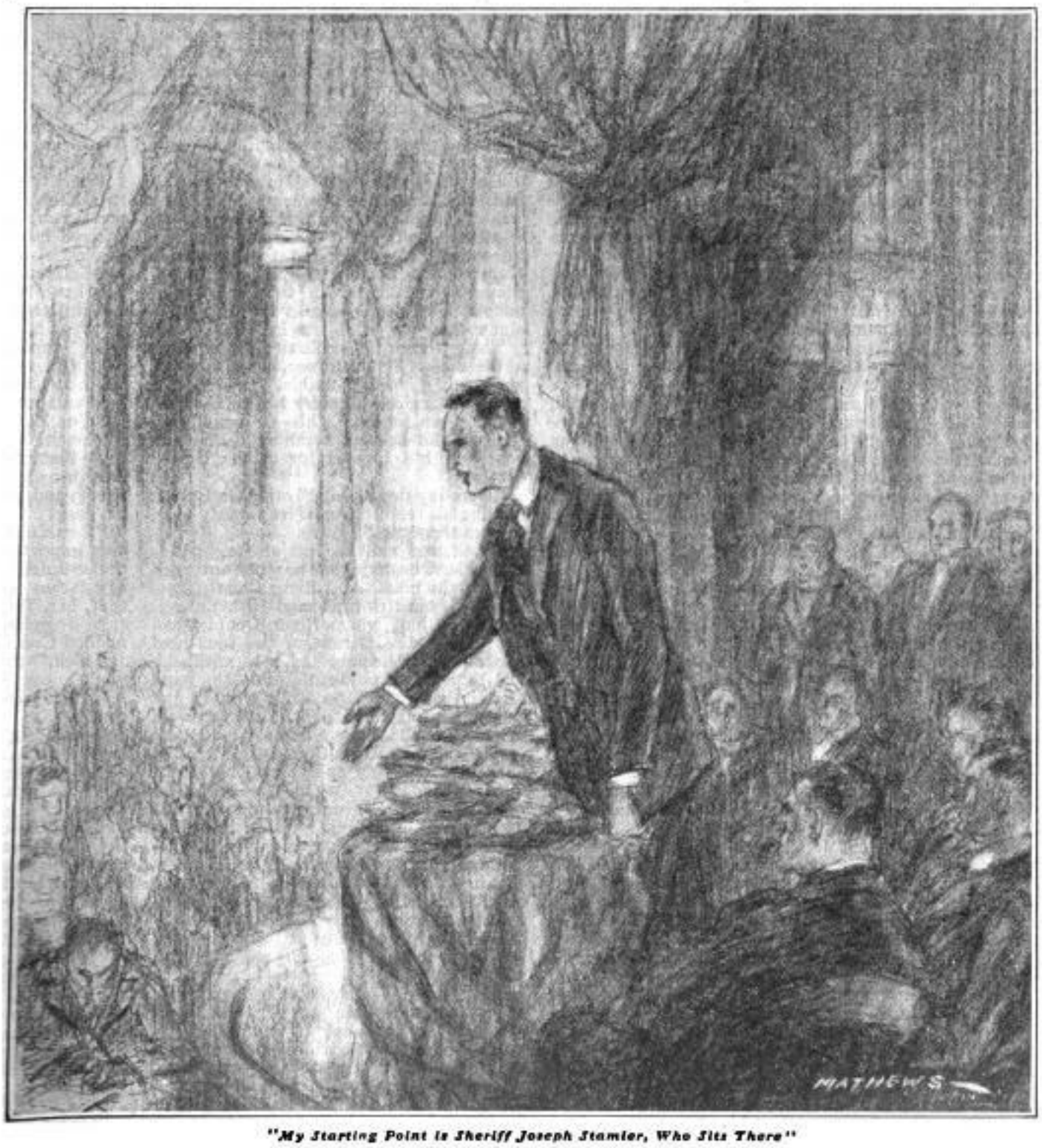
"I accept your terms," he said.

In these plain, brief, simple words the deal was closed. There could be no doubt about conditions—on Jonathan Swift's part this thing meant absolute surrender.

On the way back to River City the major chuckled to himself.

"They're all alike," he said to Lucy. "By gosh, I knew he'd come to heel."

Lucy's face was white with shock. "Father," she gasped forlornly, as though this disgrace were



"My Starting Point Is Sheriff Joseph Stamler, Who Sits There"

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all her own, "the man's a traitor! He's a renegade! A fraud!"

The major kept on chuckling. "He's a Chinaman," he responded cheerfully; "but you were right, Lucy. The man's a winner. He's a great man as he stands. But by gosh, I'll make him a greater man than he ever hoped to be."

The major knew his business. He started out to make Swift governor. The Old Guard protested, stormed. Here was a candidate with no following; a man who couldn't run for constable and get away with it. Major Lane, of River County, let them rave. Then he got down to cases; he got votes. Votes were Major Lane's ruling passion. The secret of his tremendous power lay in the fact that he knew how to get out the vote. He rounded up all his committeemen who particularly owed him favors—all who could be persuaded, bullied, hypnotized. And in the final showdown, in the face of all the bluster and the storm of protest, the Republican county committee of River County indorsed this candidate for governor—because the major had the votes.

This was only half the battle. There remained the tussle with the state committee. River County held the whip hand, it is true. Still, there was a horde of disappointed candidates to be considered. The major made no attempt to placate any of these men or any of their friends. He contented himself with buttonholing single members of committees, one at a time; letting them understand very clearly what would happen to them, one by one, if they failed to vote right. He broke up a powerful opposition into its component parts. One by one the major gobbled up the parts.

And then he put his man upon the stump. Jonathan Swift was an orator of parts. The major's candidate stormed up and down the state, appealing to the proletariat, flaunting his integrity, his own unblemished character in the face of the electorate in such a raw and flagrant manner that Lucy almost hid her head for very shame. With the steady, practiced hand of Major Lane, of River County, directing every move, with the tremendous power of the Republican organization behind him, this candidate for governor proclaimed the fact, day after day, that he was the people's champion, only the people's champion; that if elected he would be no party's man and no man's man. He kept Major Lane chuckling at his convincing chicanery. He was elected by an overwhelming majority; elected by an enthusiastic populace that regarded him as the great white hope.

As a matter of fact Jonathan Swift was elected governor because Major Lane, of River County, from the start to the finish of his fight, man by man, ballot by ballot, had gotten out the vote.

When Jonathan Swift went to bed at five-thirty on the morning succeeding the election with the big returns all in, he knew what ten thousand politicians knew—that he had been nominated and elected solely by a man and a machine. For years last past he had blackguarded that man and that machine for nefarious practices that smelled to heaven. During his campaign for governor Jonathan Swift had taken advantage of all the nefarious practices, of all the questionable operations of that man and that machine. They had done him yeoman's service. Without them Jonathan Swift would still have been merely the first-class editor of a second-class newspaper in a third-class city of the state. But for the grace of Major Lane, of River County, he would have been, forever and a day, politically a cipher.

What was the answer? Politically speaking, there was but one. It was for him now to carry out to the letter the terms of his agreement with that party and that man. He did it as no man had ever done the thing before. Once he had taken his oath of office, once he had installed himself in the gubernatorial chair, Governor Jonathan Swift paid them back in his own sweet way. He did it with three distinctive, comprehensive gestures. His first act was to sweep the Republican state platform into the discard. His next was to turn his back on River County. His third was to kick Major Lane, of River County—figuratively speaking—swiftly, squarely in the face.

In the light of subsequent events it became clear that there was but one reason for this action on the governor's part. He would have no further use for the ladder by means of which he had scaled the heights. He was the man of the hour. He had ordained himself to be the autocrat of the people's breakfast table. He had arrived.

Confronted with this outrage the major's white hair turned whiter yet; the major's heart stood still.

"The yellow—wall-eyed—Chinaman!" gasped the major in fine frenzy.

He was flabbergasted; he knew not what to do. In the history of state politics this thing had never happened; there was no precedent to go by. There was no formula to follow. Governor Jonathan Swift, with a turn of the wrist, with a flick of the forefinger, had committed the unspeakable, unpardonable crime; he was guilty of the basest of base political ingratitude.

Major Lane had been responsible for the catastrophe. By his own act in standing sponsor for this wall-eyed Chinaman he had robbed River County of the power and the glory that were hers. The Republican machine in River County was a wreck. For the first time in his career the major was a fizzle. His own committeemen, gnashing their teeth, at first denounced him. Then they derided him.

It was their derision that brought him to himself: that and his daughter Lucy Lane. Lucy's one-time idol was built of yellow mud. He had never been anything but yellow mud. She knew it now. Of the two, her father was by far the better man; of the two, this Jonathan Swift was by far the baser politician.

It was Lucy's ire that roused once more the major's fighting blood. Her anger and offense, the blazing wrath in Lucy's eyes, strengthened him, stiffened his backbone. With the laughter of his own people ringing in his ears he called his clans together. He hoped to face them down—to smother insubordination, to quell incipient mutiny. Mutiny was justified. The master of the ship had scuttled her; his crew felt it had the right to make him walk the plank.

The major called his special meeting of the county committee, called it while the fit was on him. From the start the meeting was a riot. The major's strident voice could not be heard.

Then something happened. The major's daughter Lucy entered the arena of events. She glided swiftly past the doorkeepers; she sped swiftly up a side aisle of the committee room, bent for one instant over the shoulder of Jack Dovell, the committee's secretary. She shouted something in his ear. Jack started up; with his expressive forefinger beckoned to one of the major's staunch supporters. That member sprang to Lucy's standard, led her to the rostrum and held up his hand.

His motion was unnecessary; the presence of the girl occasioned instant silence. The riot died. This irregularity interested the onlookers.

"I move," nodded the friendly member to the chairman, "that this young lady be accorded the privilege of the floor."

The motion was immediately seconded, wonderingly passed. Lucy seized the opportunity. And while Jack Dovell took down in stenographic notes her statement she told the story, word for word, of the base compact made between Major Lane and Jonathan Swift in Dalton some seven months before.

"I have never forgotten that conversation," exclaimed Lucy. "I shall take the witness stand and tell it at any time. I am telling you the truth."

She didn't have to assure them. Her face, her voice, her manner carried conviction. They had half doubted the major, but her corroboration clinched his account of the affair. When she had finished her story she stood, uncertain for a moment.

"Can I speak a moment more?" she asked.

"Go on," cried friendly voices.

Lucy went on falteringly, yet fearlessly. She had come there, not to help her father but to let them know what kind of man this man Jonathan Swift was. She had worshiped at his shrine; she had a schoolgirl's great ideals; she told them so. And his ideals had fitted in with hers. And now—this. And it was time to let the people know.

The people knew. This kind of thing was news—Jack Dovell scattered his flimsy carbon copies broadcast. The press ate it up. They did more than that—they clustered about the governor's desk in the governor's *sanctum sanctorum* in the state house, and exhibited to him Lucy Lane's statement. The governor declined to look. In fact he had taken a leaf out of Major Lane's book. He refused to read anything derogatory to himself; it crimped his form.

"Gentlemen," he told them, "my record as the people's governor of this state will speak for itself. Keep your eyes on me. For the people's sake I am about to drive Wall Street from our midst."

He did not deny the story that Lucy Lane had told the Republican county committee on that night. But every time it was brought to his attention a cynical smile played about the corners of his mouth. His face was as the face of a cat that had swallowed a canary. At any rate, he had done for the canary. Almost done for it, but not quite; for Lucy Lane's story had accomplished one glorious result on that committee-meeting night. The instant she had finished, a friendly member sprang to his feet and moved a vote of confidence in Major Lane. The motion was seconded by twenty friendly voices, was immediately put and carried. To clear the air and clarify the situation the vote of confidence was made unanimous. No man, however great his acumen, it was agreed, could have foreseen the treachery of the governor.

Major Lane, his feet hobbled, it is true, still retained his grip on River County. Almost he came once more into his own.

Three years of the governor's four-year term passed eventfully. During those three years Governor Jonathan Swift instituted popular reforms to his heart's content; he played to the galleries to the top of his bent. But the major wasn't worried, now that the end was in sight. He had seen reformers come; he had seen reformers go. And he made up his mind firmly that this man was to go. The major once more girded up his loins, once more prepared for a campaign for governor. Unfortunately for himself the major failed to give his enemy all the credit that was due. The governor had spent sleepless nights—not tossing in his bed. In his political laboratory he had spent his sleepless nights. With a scientific stickpin he had impaled the astral body of the major; had dissected him, had found him good. He had learned his tricks and manners, was making them his own. He did other things; he spent his time annihilating a machine, scrapping it. Then he built it up afresh. It was a new machine, but it was in no sense automatic. It needed a highly specialized engineer to run it. That engineer was Jonathan Swift; as a matter of fact, he was the machine itself.

During all this careful preparation he had learned one vital principle. This also was a leaf taken from the major's book. Jonathan Swift imbued himself with the importance of getting out the vote. He realized that a state majority of fifteen thousand meant fifteen thousand single ballots. The people must vote one by one and vote right; or all was lost.

The governor bided his time. Suddenly, at the close of his third year, he thrust forth his hand; lightning flashed from it. He raised his voice; thunder bellowed forth. A bolt from the blue, this—he announced that he had become a candidate, not for governor, but for senator of the United States.

"Over my dead body!" cried the major, gritting his teeth. "As River County goes, so goes the state."

Tooth and nail the major fought this renegade. The major left no stone unturned to beat the man. And River County, too, was with him; it was mad with hunger. For three long years River County had not been fed. Patronage, the food and drink of the machine, had been withheld, and by a single powerful hand—the hand of Jonathan Swift. So River County and the major fought; fought, alas, too well. When the battle smoke had cleared it was very plain that River County had smitten Jonathan Swift hip and thigh. No doubt about that. But when the vote was counted and all returns were in, it was discovered, unfortunately, that more Republican ballots had been cast in River County than there were men and women, cats and dogs in its confines. Major Lane and River County for once had overreached themselves.

And all to no purpose. The major's ready slogan was as a hissing and a byword now.

"As River County goes, so goes the state," had once been gospel. Now it was not even apochrypha. It was piffle. For in this instance the state went as River County didn't go. The state, by a small but very sure majority, wrapped the senatorial toga about the lean form of Jonathan Swift. Jonathan Swift thrust his right hand and his long, lean, gristly nose into Federal affairs. With both feet he [illegible] the arena of national events.

The River County vote was [illegible] a local scandal. It caused a [illegible] snigger, a nation-wide chuckle. [illegible] elect Swift shook his shoulders, [illegible] long teeth, indulged himself in a [illegible] laugh, silent, long drawn out. "[illegible] friend Major Lane is in a hole."

Major Lane was in a hole. He [illegible] hole of his own digging. The River [illegible] prosecutor was a Swift appointee. [illegible] prosecutor here was too flagrant a [illegible] of law to be ignored. A wiser man [illegible] tioning under a less venomous leader [illegible] have let the matter drop. Major [illegible] politically, was dying. It would be [illegible] well to let him die. Not so.

"Crush him," commanded the [illegible] elect.

With this ferocious end in [illegible] county prosecutor called into his [illegible] office his first assistant. Upon the [illegible] ders of this first assistant rested the [illegible] of the prosecutor's office. The [illegible] was a corporation lawyer, with [illegible] private practice of his own. He [illegible] ford to draw his salary, but he [illegible] afford to do the prosecutor's work. [illegible] tried the big, the flashy cases; [illegible] on the careful preparation of his [illegible] ant. This assistant was a young [illegible] County lawyer of some prominence [illegible] pute—with a record that was [illegible] name of this assistant was Calvin [illegible] soll. He was known to his intimates [illegible]

Cal was a thoroughgoing Jeffersonian [illegible] man. Imbued with the great [illegible] lished sentiments, Cal set his face [illegible] political organizations. He hated [illegible] publican machine in River County [illegible]

His chief, the county prosecutor, [illegible] the first step. He strode into the [illegible] chambers of a local judge, also [illegible] appointee. In his hand the prosecutor [illegible] a list of Jonathan Swift men. [illegible] scratch of the pen the court could [illegible] this list. The court called in his [illegible] handed him the list.

"Hand this to the sheriff," [illegible] manded. "Tell him those are [illegible] of the special grand jury to be [illegible]

On the first Monday of this [illegible] fairly chosen body met in solemn [illegible] and indicted Maj. Mortimer G. [illegible] Cal Ingersoll enthusiastically [illegible] case for trial.

When the scheduled date for [illegible] month away something happened. [illegible] prosecutor, winking the other [illegible] ushered into Cal's office a young [illegible] whom Cal had never seen.

"Cal," said the prosecutor, "[illegible] lady has a bone to pick with you."

Cal placed a chair for his [illegible]

"I'm Major Lane's daughter [illegible] Lane," explained the girl.

Cal, flustered, rose once more [illegible] His heart was in his throat. [illegible] didn't know which way to turn.

"You know, I'm sorry," she [illegible]

The girl held up her hand; [illegible] thus that no apology was [illegible] drew her chair closer, faced Cal [illegible] iously, and placed a well-rounded [illegible] his desk.

"I can't tell you," she [illegible] very important it is to me to [illegible] understand that I'm just [illegible] My father doesn't know. [illegible] that, Mr. Ingersoll."

"I'll believe anything you [illegible] nodded Cal. "Go on."

"Well," said Lucy Lane [illegible] don't know just how to go [illegible]

"Take your time, Miss Lane," [illegible] gently.

He swung about in his swivel [illegible] looked out of the window [illegible] composed herself. She felt instinctively [illegible] this man was one of her own [illegible] ing that, her fear slipped from [illegible] looking out of the window, [illegible] the hour that had made him [illegible] cutor; cursed all the circumstances [illegible] and small, that had compelled [illegible] a girl like this one instantly [illegible] was no help for it; he had [illegible] form—a duty toward society [illegible] chief, and, more than all, [illegible] leader, Jonathan Swift.

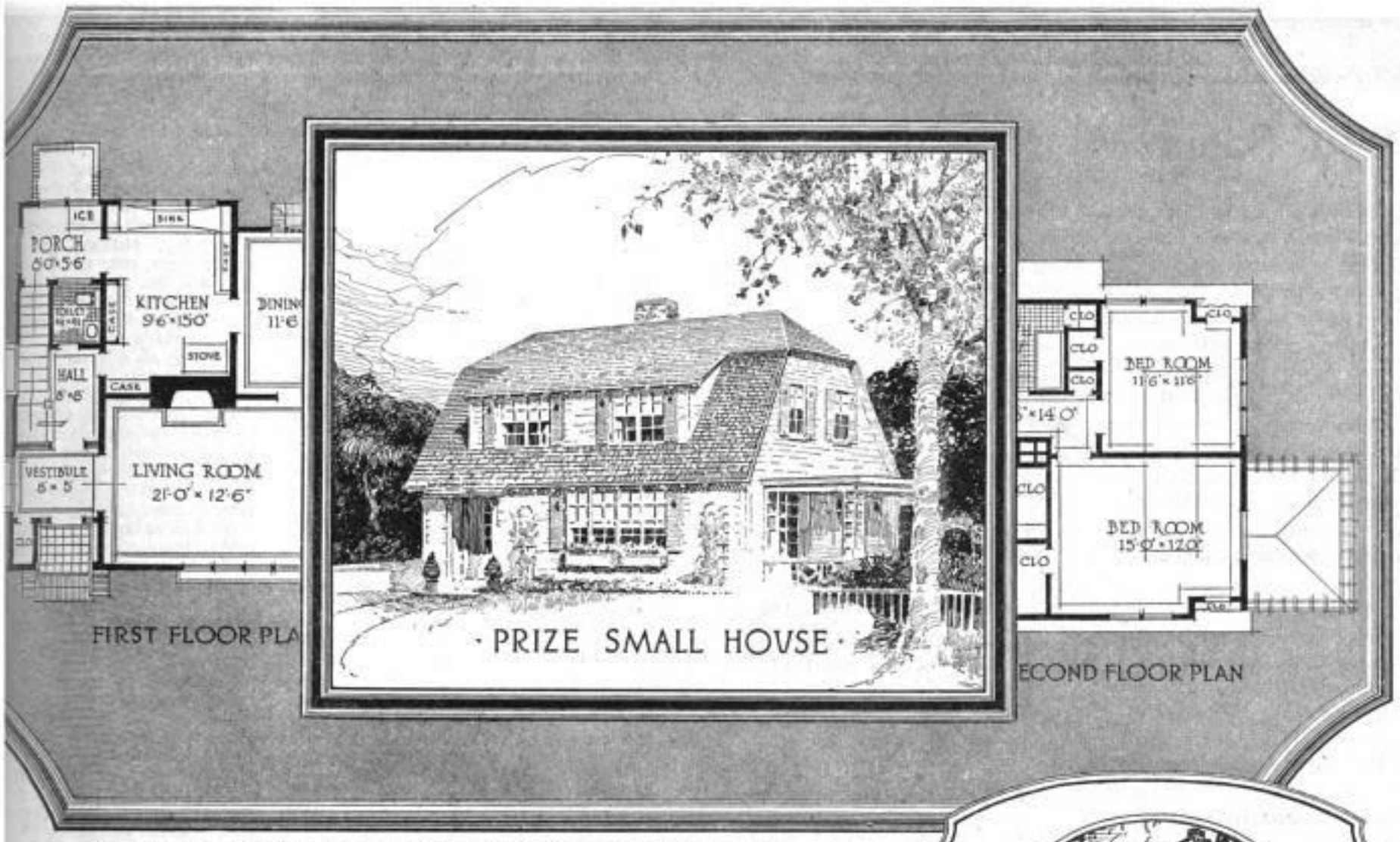
"I know," said the girl [illegible] speaking to herself; "I have [illegible] worshiper myself."

Cal started. She had read [illegible] thoughts. Somehow or other [illegible] lowed the train of his mental [illegible] step.

"Oh!" cried Cal, flustered [illegible]

(Continued on Page [illegible])

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And they are beautiful, too, surfaced with crushed slate in soft tones of green or red, whichever you prefer. But with Flexstone Shingles this crushed slate surfacing is not the protective element, as with other composition shingles. It is primarily embellishment. The *real protection* is the Asbestos rock fibre underneath.

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Jim Henry's Column

99% Sales

One of the first great truths I learned in selling was that a 99% sale was not productive of commissions.

Selling is like a bull fight, the preliminaries of which are spectacular and exciting but don't mean anything. The whole show is really concentrated in one quick thrust with a short sword.

Now, I am a pretty fast worker when it comes to closing a sale with a man I can talk to, but I am frank to admit that this job of giving absent treatment to a couple of million men every week presents difficulties which I don't understand.

Take your own case as an example. Haven't you, once or twice, felt yourself weakening after reading one of my obviously sincere statements regarding the amazing virtue of Mennen Shaving Cream? Hasn't it come to you in a flash that I really must have a great product to believe in it so fully? Haven't you firmly resolved to give Mennen's a trial?

That was a 99% sale. But have you bought?

The secret about selling is that the buyer supplies the 1% which brings the sale up to par. All I can do is to raise a doubt in your mind—to make you wonder whether you are missing a lot of great shaves by failing to learn about Mennen's.

My sales are all closed in a bathroom. I count you a customer only when you have actually built up a Mennen lather and have slipped your razor through the softest, tamest beard you ever mowed.

So, please send 10 cents for my demonstrator tube of Mennen Shaving Cream. I may show a generous streak and throw in a sample of Mennen Talcum for Men—a strictly male powder for after shaving and bathing. It doesn't show.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.



(Continued from Page 34)

The girl nodded. "I was thinking of him too," she said.

"Your father?" returned Cal.

She shook her head. "The other man," she said. "You told me you would believe anything I told you. I didn't come here to keep you from doing your plain duty; I'm not going to try to swerve you from it. But I did come here to let you understand something of my father's motives. Personally, Mr. Ingersoll, I believe him guilty."

"Your belief doesn't happen to be evidence," smiled Cal. "If it were I might have to use it against you. You are, perhaps, a bit too frank."

Despite the warning the girl kept right on. "Mr. Ingersoll," she went on, "my father has one rule of thumb: The end always justifies the means. It is not a safe rule, is it? But it sometimes is effective. It should have been effective in this case. Jonathan Swift should have been defeated, Mr. Ingersoll. By any means he should have been defeated. By any means his career should have been ended. But he wasn't defeated; and his career hasn't been ended. I'm afraid he's only just begun."

Cal was relieved. So long as he could keep her off the subject of her father he was satisfied. Besides that, he was young; so was the girl. She was opinionated; perhaps a bit conceited. He didn't mind. He was opinionated and conceited too. He smiled at her assurance.

"Why should Senator Swift have been defeated?" he demanded.

"Because," returned the girl evenly, "Senator Swift is a traitor."

"To his party, possibly," conceded Cal.

"To his people," said the girl.

Cal settled down into his chair. Here he was in his element. He read all the Jonathan Swift newspapers and he knew all about Jonathan Swift that there was to know. At least Cal thought he did. Unknown to himself a jolt was in store for this young man; immediately so. Before him, purposely facing him down, was a young woman who knew. No excuses are here made for Lucy Lane—except that she was young. She was too young; the world was on her shoulders. It is fair to say that her conversation would have bored ninety-nine women out of a hundred; it might have made old men very, very tired. As a matter of fact, Lucy was just a bit too insistent, a bit too raw.

But over against that were her youth and her youthful magnetism. A few years more and she would mellow into a bewildering young woman. Still, just as she was, she dazzled Cal.

"I think," said Cal, not unsympathetically, but still antagonistically, "that I'll hear you on the proposition that Jonathan Swift is a traitor to the people."

The girl squared herself. "I have always had an idea," she started in bravely, "that the nearest and the dearest thing to the people is the people's pocketbook."

"We'll start there," nodded Cal.

"We'll start," said Lucy, "with the pocketbook of the individual man—a man married and with a family, we'll say."

"Or without," interposed Cal. "Take me."

"You are a taxpayer?" she inquired.

"I am," said Cal.

"Equal taxation," smiled Lucy Lane, opening up her subject.

"A great reform," said Cal.

"A newspaper phrase," insisted the girl, "intending to indicate that the big corporations, who had paid low taxes, should have their taxes raised so that they bore their full share of the burden—and that the individual, whose burden had been, under a machine-made government, unusually heavy, should have it materially lightened, and his taxes materially lowered."

"Exactly," nodded Cal. "A great reform."

"You are a taxpayer," went on the girl, "an individual taxpayer. You are the man for whom this legislation was designed. How do you explain that the instant this radical law went into effect—how do you explain that your tax bills went sky-high?"

She stopped talking. She let that fact sink in. What she said was true. For three years now equal taxation had been in force; the fact was that it had increased the burden of the common people. Why? The people didn't know. They still clung to a fine phrase uttered by the lips of a fine man. A sure-fire vote getter, this fine phrase. Was the law a mere shell—had the executive ignored it after getting it put through? Was the law an abortive attempt to make good this fine phrase? Was it a blind, behind which the executive and the corporations were shaking hands? It made no difference. The thing hadn't worked out—that was all. And from the lips of this girl Cal Ingersoll got it first, and got it hard.

"How do you explain it?" asked the girl.

Cal gulped. "Go on," he commanded. "I like to hear you talk."

Lucy went on; she was there for that purpose. "Mr. Ingersoll," she persisted, "when Governor Jonathan Swift entered the campaign for the United States senatorship he went in with a slogan: 'I have driven Wall Street from your midst.' I'm going to ask you a question, Mr. Ingersoll: What did Governor Jonathan Swift mean?"

"What he said," returned Cal. "He did drive Wall Street from our midst."

The girl smiled. "Back in the 'nineties, Mr. Ingersoll," she said, "my father saw that there was an easy way for this state to make big money. Big money for the state, low tax bills for the people. He threw the state wide open to the big New York corporations, Mr. Ingersoll. He gave them easier terms than any other state offered. The big New York corporations organized in this state. They paid us millions in franchise taxes. We didn't pay them money, Mr. Ingersoll; they paid us money. Wall Street never got anything out of us; we got something out of Wall Street. And by the sum of the taxes they paid us, by that exact amount the pockets of the people were spared. Do you follow me, Mr. Ingersoll?"

"I'm listening," said Cal. He was not only listening; he was much perturbed.

"Drive Wall Street from our midst—that was Governor Swift's slogan. His promise to his people. A fine phrase to catch votes. What did it mean? It meant that Governor Swift procured the repeal of all my father's corporation legislation; in its place and stead he put a law upon the statute books, a law that makes this state no longer an attractive abiding place. He taxed Wall Street so excessively that Wall Street has gone to Maine and Delaware. The result is that our annual income is depleted by millions of easy dollars. The people have to pay just so much more. The people do not know it, Mr. Ingersoll. They mouth an editorial phrase: He drove Wall Street from our midst. It listens well to them. But their pocketbooks have been depleted; they have been robbed while they listened and looked on. Will you explain why he did this to his people?"

"Go on," said Cal.

She went on. "Mr. Ingersoll," she said, "my father has been a political boss for many years. I hate a boss; I like my father. I have found out why my father has held his leadership for so many years. Frankly I don't know how much of the people's money went into his pockets. I do know what was done with the bulk of the people's money. I know that good roads were built with it, that good schoolhouses were erected everywhere. My father gave the people a run for their money. He did things for their profit, even though he did things for his own. Graft, maybe. But in the end, a good schoolhouse, a good hospital, a good road. Listen, Mr. Ingersoll. How many good things have been done for the people in the past three years? What kind of a run have the people had for their money? I'll tell you, Mr. Ingersoll. During the first year of his term as governor Jonathan Swift created seventeen hundred new offices in this state and filled those offices with his friends. That meant three million dollars a year in salaries; three million dollars extra. With Wall Street out. Millions less each year in income—millions more in outgo. Why? Seventeen hundred officeholders mean seventeen hundred families—thousands of relatives—hundreds of thousands of friends. Hundreds of thousands of people all over the state polling for the Hon. Jonathan Swift—singing his praises, chanting his phrases. Why? I'll tell you, Mr. Ingersoll, why he has done all this. He has taken more than Wall Street out of state politics. He has taken the political machine out of state politics."

"Ah," said Cal, "now you're talking! Go ahead."

"He has taken the machine out of state politics," smiled Lucy Lane, "and in its place he has set up an emperor—a czar."

That was all she had to say. She was through. Without another word—but with a bewildering smile, a dazzling flash of eyes—she left the room.

She left Cal stunned. He knew intuitively, as in a flash, that all these things were true. Lucy Lane had accomplished well her purpose. In that brief hour she had done to Calvin Ingersoll what Jonathan Swift in one brief hour had done to her. She had shattered Cal's idol; she had shaken Cal's faith in the everlasting righteousness of his cause. Unknown to herself she was a canny politician. She had made no appeal to him to save her father.

Cal couldn't save her father. He knew he was guilty. No man can vote all the men and women, cats and dogs in the county and get away with it. The senator had been indicted; he had pleaded not guilty. He must stand trial. He must be convicted. He must be sentenced.

"Make no mistake," the county prosecutor said to Cal. "Swift says we're out to railroad Major Lane."

Cal left no stone unturned; he dug with his fingers to the bone. Day after day well into each night he sat at his desk interviewing witnesses. He kept the highways hot with his machine, saw people in their homes, held conclaves in his office.

Two days before the trial Senator Swift quite unannounced, glided gently into Cal's desk.

"I have come to see," he said, "the progress you have made."

Cal handed to the senator a large basketful of depositions.

"I have sweat blood over these," Cal assured him.

The senator's eyes narrowed. "Not enough to sweat blood," he returned, "but what kind of evidence have you?"

In a few brief words Cal set forth the total strength of his position; he touched high spots, making it clear how strong they were. When Cal was through the senator slowly shook his head.

"Counselor," he said, "you have come within a mile of making out a case. Any member, you are charging this man with crime. Not anybody else."

Cal shrugged his shoulders. His nerves were feverish, his bones were tired.

"Senator," he said wearily, "I have obtained all the evidence there is."

"Not near enough," said Jonathan Swift.

"It's all there is," said Cal.

The senator rose and crossed the room and closed the door. Then he turned to Cal.

"Ingersoll," he said, "this man must be crushed!"

Once more Cal shrugged his shoulders. "He can't be crushed without evidence," he answered; "evidence incriminating. I tell you positively, senator, that is the evidence we have."

"Ingersoll," nodded the senator, "one of this man's mottoes is that the end justifies the means. You and I agree that he must be crushed. The people demands it. I demand it. He must be crushed by fair means—or by foul. We haven't got the evidence—that's the way."

Cal stared at him. "You mean to manufacture it?" gasped Cal.

"I mean exactly that," returned Senator Swift.

"You want me," went on Cal, "to convict this man on perjured testimony? Not in ten thousand years!"

The senator went to the door. The prosecutor saw Cal in person.

"Cal," he whispered, "this is a special case. We've got to stretch a point for Swift."

"Not in ten thousand years!" repeated Cal.

It was the prosecutor's turn to shrug his shoulders. "Very well," he said, "but you won't stretch a point for Swift. I'm very much afraid that Swift will find some one who will."

Fortunately Cal resigned here and there. Had he failed so he would have been removed for incompetency. Senator Swift was a rapid man. He pressed into service a man in the county who would do Jonathan's bidding.

This man rushed in boldly where Cal declined to tread.

The case came on for trial. Manufactured evidence, damnable evidence was produced. A River [illegible] listened calmly to this evidence, chewed gum imperturbably throughout. Imperturbably the jury strolled out to the jury room to consider their verdict. Half an hour later it strolled into the courtroom nonchalantly, and

(Continued on Page

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Booth's Esther Chocolates: You are sure to like them. Each piece is a candy surprise. Covered with Dark Smooth Vanilla Chocolate.

(Continued from Page 36)

It found the major not guilty on every count charged in the indictment. It whitewashed the major until he was as white as his snow-white hair—whiter.

It was all over—just like that. Jonathan Swift should have foreseen it. A defendant brought to trial upon charges of political corruption is a hero. Major Lane was River County's martyr. He was beloved of every man and woman, cat and dog in River County. Long, long ago River County had convicted Major Lane, in its own mind, of many more heinous crimes than this charged in the indictment. It had forgiven him. It loved him as deeply as it hated Jonathan Swift.

The gum-chewing jury merely winked the other eye, and did the rest.

In other words, it was to laugh. It was a scream, and Senator Swift knew it for the thing it was. The senator gnashed his teeth; he gritted them. He cast about him for something upon which to vent his spleen. The major was beyond his reach. But Cal was not. He charged Cal publicly with having sold out to the major. He covered Cal with slime.

Cal, discredited, in the depths of despair, met Lucy Lane one day upon the street. She carried him home with her in her runabout.

"You're a life saver," said Cal. "I've got to talk things over."

He did, and at great length and to his own great relief. Lucy was a very feminine young person; she comforted him and petted him; she put new life into him. And before the talk was over the major intervened. Lucy introduced her father; it was the first time that Cal had ever met the major face to face. The major shook hands with Cal, donned his house jacket, produced some smokes, settled into the depths of his easy-chair, got Cal to stay to dinner. And at dinner the major looked across the table at his daughter and asked her a single question with his eyes.

"Is this—another hunch?" he queried silently.

"I don't know—but what he is," said Lucy, silently as well.

Cal was. When he left the major's house at midnight two things had happened. When Cal strode down the street he fairly reeled. He was drunk with the major's magnetism; he was permanently hypnotized by the major's powerful personality. So much for Cal. On his own part the major was no less excited. Cal was of the new school; he was young, he was resourceful. He was a man who concentrated on his job. More than all, Cal was an idealist, and the major was not. Cal saw visions, the major didn't even dream dreams. The major needed Cal; he had been looking for a man like Cal for years. Here was a man without a poker face; a man the major could know, could feel. At four o'clock in the morning the major drew a long sigh of relief and went to sleep. For at four o'clock in the morning Cal, all unknown to himself, had been irrevocably picked to be Major Lane's right-hand man.

Cal succumbed. He had to. He was no match for the major. Lucy helped, reluctantly enough—but helped nevertheless. She was sorry afterward she did. Her father's will was paramount. He never issued orders; he indulged in mesmerism. Against her better judgment she helped her father round up Cal. Why not? They had a common cause, these three. With widely varied motives they were out for blood—the blood of Senator Swift.

Cal succumbed. Inside of a twelvemonth the major had taught Cal all his tricks; inside of two years Cal had become something more than an understudy. He had all the makings of a new-fangled, up-to-the-minute political boss, next year's model. He had concentrated on his job until the time came when he saw nothing, thought nothing, dreamed of nothing but one-man power. Power—he was steeped in it. He was gloriously drunk with power.

In the midst of it all, another presidential year. And in the midst of this, with the major gone upon a brief vacation, Senator Jonathan Swift flung his hat into the ring. He made his bold, unlooked-for announcement that he was out to win the Presidency of the United States. Jonathan Swift's political successes had all been based upon a series of impudent claims. This was something more than impudence; it was a personal insult flung swiftly at Major Lane's neck while the major's back was turned. It stung the major to instant action; it was for him to strike the first fierce blow. He gathered himself together for the spring—and then he died.

Lucy wasted no time. She was still under the hypnotic influence of her father, and she knew it. She knew also that other folks must be. The day after the funeral she summoned to her home the seventeen ward leaders of the city, the big men in the committee. She told them of the manner of her father's death; told them how his words were ringing in her ears:

"You tell 'em Cal must carry on."

She was striking while the iron was hot. They caught her spirit, felt the urge. They called a special meeting. Cal was chosen in the major's place—to carry on.

Cal carried on. Senator Jonathan Swift, with his state delegates in his pocket, with the prestige of all his sensational political record to back him up, went to the convention with head in air. He was state leader; there was no Major Lane to say him nay. The news of his candidacy had been flung far and wide. He was, once more, the people's candidate; and once more he trod upon the people's platform: Drive Wall Street out of Washington. He was handsome, picturesque—he always got a hearing. In the convention hall, under the most auspicious circumstances, he was introduced to all the people of the nation.

Aside from that he had a secret ally. Wall Street backed him to the limit. Wall Street was perfectly willing to be driven out of Washington provided it could be left to its own devices in New York.

This was the condition that confronted Cal. He went to the convention to fight a losing battle. But he went there prepared; he had concentrated on this job. He was ready, fully ready, for the slaughter. He would give them a run for their money. He had much backing too. The major's sword was in his hand. A woman's kiss was on his lips. He went forth to do or die.

He didn't die. He dragged the state delegates out of Jonathan Swift's vest pocket. No matter how he did it, it was done. For six long days he hammered at them, traded with them, bartered to the top of his bent. He had an ax to grind; he ground it. He stole his way into the grace of other leaders. He learned the secret of the forces that, once put into play, would automatically nominate the successful candidate. With all the major's instincts and his own to guide him, he picked the dark horse destined to win. For that man and that man alone he polled; for that man he fought tooth and nail. And for that man he forced most of his state delegates to vote. That man was nominated. Cal's cleverness in picking that man in the first instance, in tying up to him, in fighting for him did one tremendous thing for Cal. In all the dispatches sent out from the convention hall to the press of the nation Cal was mentioned as one of the five great leaders who had accomplished the result.

That Jonathan Swift was defeated was a detail. On the final ballot the senator received a total of seven and a half votes. A slap in the face, these seven and a half votes. They roused him to the realization that he had a new antagonist worthy of his steel—worthy of his worst tricks and manners. Wrath-bitten and vengeful, Jonathan Swift went back to his desk in the Senate of the United States; went back to bide his time.

Cal went back to River County. A howling delegation met him at the station, almost carried him upon their shoulders. Cal could have anything he wanted now. He was the idol of the hour.

Flushed with success, Cal sought Lucy Lane. He did now what, for many reasons, he had never done before. He asked her, point-blank, to marry him.

But Lucy, a little weary with it all, merely shook her head.

"I can't do it, Cal," she said. "I'm through."

"Through," Cal cried, "with me?"

There was trouble, deep trouble, in her eyes.

"Cal," she said, "I can't help it. A girl who'd had a drunkard for her father—that girl won't marry another drunkard, no matter how much she loves him. She knows too well what it means. Cal, I'm sick to death of living with a boss. Sick of the bluffing, the wire pulling, the whispered conferences, the knives in the back. I can't help it, Cal. I won't go through the swindle of it, the disgrace of it; not again—not for any man."

"But I'm not a swindler," pleaded Cal, wondering; "I don't stick knives in people's backs."

"You will," she said, still wearily, "and you can't help it. You've got the ba... father taught you. And now it's g... didn't realize. I helped—helped ... to get you. I know the signs. Y... ting worse and worse. You're g... the point where, by hook or cro... determined that your will, and yo... shall be law. You are drunk, dr... with power. The dickens of it," Lucy Lane, "I love you, Cal—I..."

Cal caught her in his arms. ... great lover, was Cal Ingersoll. H... all his gentleness, his tenderness, ... ness to bear upon her. She felt ... his magnetism. But she only ... head and sighed. There was to ...

"But," pleaded Cal, "are we ... always—just like this?"

There was a little of the dev... Lane. Somehow she knew alway... she was about. She shook her ...

"Cal," she said, "I'm going t... kind of a life. I suppose most ... sider me a talkative little prig ... possibly, and vain. I know you ... And I've hopes that there are ... who don't. I've got my eye on ... I've got to marry somebody. C... children and live in a home ... star chamber. I've dreamed it ... must come true."

"Now, look here," cried Cal, ... "none of that kind of talk to ... you want me to knife the fat ... children in the back. If you ... marry anybody you're going to ...

"It takes two to make a ba..." she said.

He could see clearly that he ... tion merely strengthened as ... And at any cost he had to ha...

"All right!" he cried in abje... "Tell me what you want of ... anything you say."

His tone must have carried ... It was the tone of a man who ... thrown away his whisky flask ... about to make the nation dry ...

"You mean it, Cal?" she ...

"We'll strike the bargain ... Cal. "I'll do anything you s...

Lucy's eyes glowed. "C... claimed, "listen! Isn't there ... life but handing out jobs to ... and withholding them from ... Isn't there any other goal in ...

"Lucy," he defended, "I'... of them all. But go on—tell ... want."

"I want you to think of ... Cal," said Lucy; "just o... pockets of the people."

"The pockets of the pe... Cal.

"Cal," persisted Lucy, "... hero worshipers. Once we s... a pedestal. Why did we d... cause he said he could do ... people. Cal, I want you to d... what Jonathan Swift has al... do."

Cal drew a long, long bre... his head. "It's a large order ... and I don't know just wh... begin, nor where it all wi... I try and fail?"

"Suppose you try," said ... promise in her eyes.

"By gosh, I'll try!" said ...

The county courthouse ha... a dinner to Joe Stamler. Jo... tion at the courthouse for t... years. For a considerable ... time he had been undersher... Joe went to the dinner cl... evening clothes that he ha... years, got himself comfort... contraband and went ham... next day was Sunday. Jo... new Swiss repeater to the ... brief period all was merri...

Then, because they could ... longer, Joe's wife got out ... should have been paid thre...

"We've got to pay th... warned him.

Joe Stamler groaned. "... queried.

She didn't know any mo... But she brightened up.

"Did you talk to Mann... dinner?" she inquired.

Joe nodded listlessly. "... nie Forbes and I talked ... golies. And they promis... made a note of it. But ... They've promised many ...

(Continued on P...

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Evidence of their potency was recently presented to me by a repairman who wrote how a banker's better portion drove in her electric and was frankly disappointed when she discovered there really was no place where a set of Spencer-Smith Pistons could be installed in her chariot.

Of course, we might have draped one or two pistons near the flower beaker. But there are so many places that Spencer-Smith Pistons will do more good!

For instance, perhaps your motor has that tired feeling. Maybe it doesn't like to get started in the morning. Perhaps it's wheezy—quite asthmatic—with a cough that vaticinates a tour to the Southwest.

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Remove the afflicted pistons without hesitation—or mental reservation—and insist that the doctor make a Spencer-Smith substitution after regrinding the cylinders.

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We might go into detail telling you how Spencer-Smith Pistons are built so that every set is, though stronger, several pounds lighter than ordinary pistons; how we encircle them with an oil trapping and draining groove which really does stop oil pumping for good, or how we use super-precision methods of production and inspection. But you, perhaps, will prefer to have the boss give you the complete dope in his one lesson correspondence course, "Making Your Pistons Pay a Profit." Enroll now—writing me in care of the Spencer-Smith Machine Company, Howell, Michigan—and graduate with our incoming class. Matriculation costs absolutely nothing—not even return postage.



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SPENCER-SMITH PISTONS

Built by the largest manufacturers of pistons exclusively

(Continued from Page 38)

"Joe," said his wife suddenly, "why don't you brace up and go to headquarters? Why don't you go to Cal?"

"Cal doesn't like me," returned Joe Stamler; "and besides, I don't know him very well."

"Joe," said Joe's wife with conviction, "you go to Cal."

Joe went to Cal. He saw him.

"Mr. Ingersoll ——" he started in.

"You know better than that, Joe," returned the boss.

"Cal," nodded Joe.

"Much better, Joe. What's eating you?" said Cal.

"Cal," said Joe miserably, "the minute I got out of school I went into the sheriff's office. They paid me ten a week. I've been undersheriff now for ten full years. I've got six children, growing up. They're paying me twenty-eight hundred and fifty dollars, Cal. I can't quit; I'm fit for nothing else. And I can't go on. That's all."

"Did you see Lafe Smith?" asked Cal.

"I've seen 'em all until I'm tired," said Joe. "I can't make any headway with 'em—not a soul. I don't know why not; it's a turn of a wrist to get a bill through the legislature. And I'm a good man, Cal."

"I know you're good, Joe," nodded Cal.

"I run that office, Cal," went on Joe Stamler. "Without me there wouldn't be any sheriff's business done. I'm the sheriff in everything but name."

Cal started suddenly. He placed his hand upon the other's arm.

"Say that again, Joe," he commanded. "I wasn't listening that time."

Joe said it again. Cal drank in every word. There was a new light in his eyes when he spoke.

"I'm on," said Cal. "I used to be the whole show in the prosecutor's office in my time."

"You sure did, Cal," said Joe.

Cal was silent for a moment, an uncertain flickering smile playing about the corners of his mouth.

"Joe," he said at length, "how much does Sheriff Gorley make out of his job up there?"

Joe knew; knew too well. "Ten thousand a year straight," said Joe, "and seven thousand in extra fees, besides. He makes from fifteen to twenty thousand, sure, a year."

"And now," smiled Cal, "just what does Gorley do?"

"He runs a bottling business," returned Joe.

"I know that," said Cal; "but in the sheriff's office—what does he do up there?"

"Nothing," said Joe.

"He has responsibility," said Cal.

"Does he?" grinned Joe. "He's under bond to the state. But I handle all the funds, and I'm under bond to him. I draw all the checks; he signs any check I put before him. A seven-year-old boy could do as much."

"And that's all he does?" demanded Cal.

"So help me!" returned Joe.

Cal investigated. Then he sent for Joe again. This time he saw Joe behind closed doors.

"Stamler," said Cal, getting down to business, "I want to help you if I can. But there's always *quid pro quo*."

"I'll do anything in reason, Cal," said Joe hopefully.

"You want a raise," mused Cal. "How much of a raise are you looking for?"

"I can get along," said Joe, "on thirty-five hundred dollars a year, and not a dollar less."

"Net," nodded Cal.

"Yes," said Joe.

"And that doesn't leave anything—for me."

"To tell the truth, it doesn't," returned Joe.

Cal drummed on his desk with his fingers. "Joe," he said at length, "suppose I get you five thousand a year—what then?"

Joe Stamler gazed evenly into Cal's eyes. "I'm on," he said. "You want all over thirty-five hundred. Am I right?" And then he shook his head. "Barkis is willin', Cal," he went on, "but you'll never get the legislature to vote me two thousand more than I'm getting now."

"The legislature," said Cal, "will do anything I say."

"You're way off," said Joe. "If they double my salary they'll have to double the salary of every under man in River County."

Cal started to his feet. "By gosh," he cried in the tone of a man who has made a great discovery, "by gosh, you're right! I never thought of that. The thing is big—far bigger than I dreamed."

"There's bound to be a howl," said Joe, forlorn and hopeless.

"That's neither here nor there," said Cal. "The point is this: If I get you a salary of five thousand dollars a year will you be satisfied?"

"And I'll pay you fifteen hundred out of that," said Joe.

"I don't want fifteen hundred out of that," said Cal.

"You mean," cried Joe, "that I get five thousand net?"

"That's all you get," said Cal.

"Will you kindly wait until I throw a fit?" said Joe.

"Don't throw it yet," smiled Cal, "until I'm through. There are some things I can do, Joe. This is one of them. But it's got to be done right. You do your part—I'll do mine."

"What's my part?" queried Joe.

"Your part," said Cal, "is paying me all over five thousand dollars that you get."

"My land!" said Joe. "How much are you going to raise me, Cal?"

"More than five thousand," nodded Cal. "I want your word that I get all over that."

"So help me!" said Joe.

"I'm going to raise you, Joe," continued Cal, "from a paltry salary of twenty-eight hundred and fifty dollars a year to a sum ranging from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars."

"You—can't—do—it!" exclaimed Joe.

"I can do it," nodded Cal. "I'm going to elect you sheriff in the fall."

The fall was far enough away. Cal had plenty of time, but he needed plenty to accomplish what he had to do. He spent weeks investigating conditions existing in River County; then he tackled River City. Then he sent for Chris Goss, the deputy county clerk. Chris Goss' chief, the county clerk, was a patent-leather man. He had a plant that was always running overtime. Cal saw Chris Goss behind closed doors; he made a solemn compact with Chris Goss. Chris Goss left this conference with eyes popping from his head. Then Cal sent for another man; another and another.

When he had finished with these secret conclaves Cal made up his slate. It was a simple task to make it up. It was a gigantic undertaking to force it through. When he flashed this slate upon his confidential confreres in the county committee there was a howl that could be heard from here to there. There was good reason for this howl. Cal had a ticket made up of men who had no qualifications for their respective offices save that of complete fitness for their jobs. The thing was raw; it never had been pulled before.

Cal pulled it. He had put River County on the nation's map. River County owed him something; his state owed him more. He demanded recognition, obedience; it was time for him to draw his pay. There was bluster, there were grunts and growls. But Cal was firm. He slapped his men upon the primary ticket, got them nominated. As a matter of course they were elected in the fall.

Four years passed eventfully. Cal, by virtue of a superhuman struggle, maintained his leadership. But he took on another boss—he married Lucy Lane. During those four years Lucy began to play the game of politics in a new way—with twins. Lucy was just the kind of girl to have twins—and she had 'em. As those four years closed, terms of office neared expiration. The time had come to act.

Cal acted. In his own way, with a fanfare of trumpets, Cal for the first time in his life called a mass meeting of the common people, the people that are always featured in cartoons. He spent hundreds on advance publicity. He announced that he was prepared to make a sensational disclosure that would hit the people where they lived.

He gave not the slightest clew to this sensational disclosure, but he felt sure the people would respond. There had been ugly rumors about Cal for some time now; rumors that he had taken no pains to quell. He guessed shrewdly that thousands would turn out to see and hear what a crooked boss might have to say.

He guessed right. The crowd was out in force. Five hundred people were packed about the entrance of the huge auditorium before the doors were opened. These five hundred saw something that roused their interest to the highest pitch.

At seven-thirty sharp three huge motor cars drew up at the side entrance of the auditorium. Fifteen stalwart plain-clo men emerged, each with a cocked rev in his hand. They formed two wed across the sidewalk, from the bigger c big cars to the door of the hall. Then more men stepped from this big car, ran the gantlet of the lines of men guns, slipped through the side entrance disappeared. These two men hugg suitcases into the hall. The door was

At eight o'clock sharp, in full view crowded house, these two men ap They stepped upon the platform, in hand; they seated themselves fifteen plain-clothes men, still with revolvers, closed in in a half circle the two.

The band stopped playing. Cal st blithely to the fore.

He was nervous, jumpy. The could see that. They pressed t eagerly to hear what Cal might have He said it forthwith.

"Neighbors," began Cal—"I h promised, a sensational disclosure t to you to-night. Before I make it I say that I realize as much as you d am standing in the presence of a m of overburdened people. The cost o high before, has doubled in four yea cost of running governments has There is no relief in sight. The peo forgotten how to save; in fact, th save if they would. All of which tude—old stuff—not sensational th But it brings me to my starting po starting point is Sheriff Joseph who sits there. I'm going to mak sational disclosure about Friend J

The hall was overcrowded. T paper table was surrounded by a assignment men. Two of these strangers; the rest of the din h seen them. They paid no attention neighbors. They took down ev that Cal was uttering; took it dow takingly, in shorthand notes. T were Senator Swift's men—the wanted to have a finger in this pi

"Four years ago last spring," "Joe Stamler came to me. Four last spring Benjamin Gorley sheriff. He is in this hall to-nig had full warning of what I was During that year Benjamin Gorley was enriched by sheriff's salary the tune of twenty thousand dol people's money."

"What do you pick on me f Ben Gorley from the crowd. "I It was mine."

"Ben Gorley didn't earn it," Cal. "There was another man t it and that earned it all. That m Stamler—undersheriff at less thousand a year. Joe Stamler w the work. Ben Gorley was get thousand dollars of your mone did no work at all. During the of his term as sheriff Ben G in seventy-five thousand dollars those four years he gave no re for."

Cal paused. He hesitated, as was not quite sure of what he w And then he said it—the thing than Swift's men took down particularity, the thing that Swift fastened on.

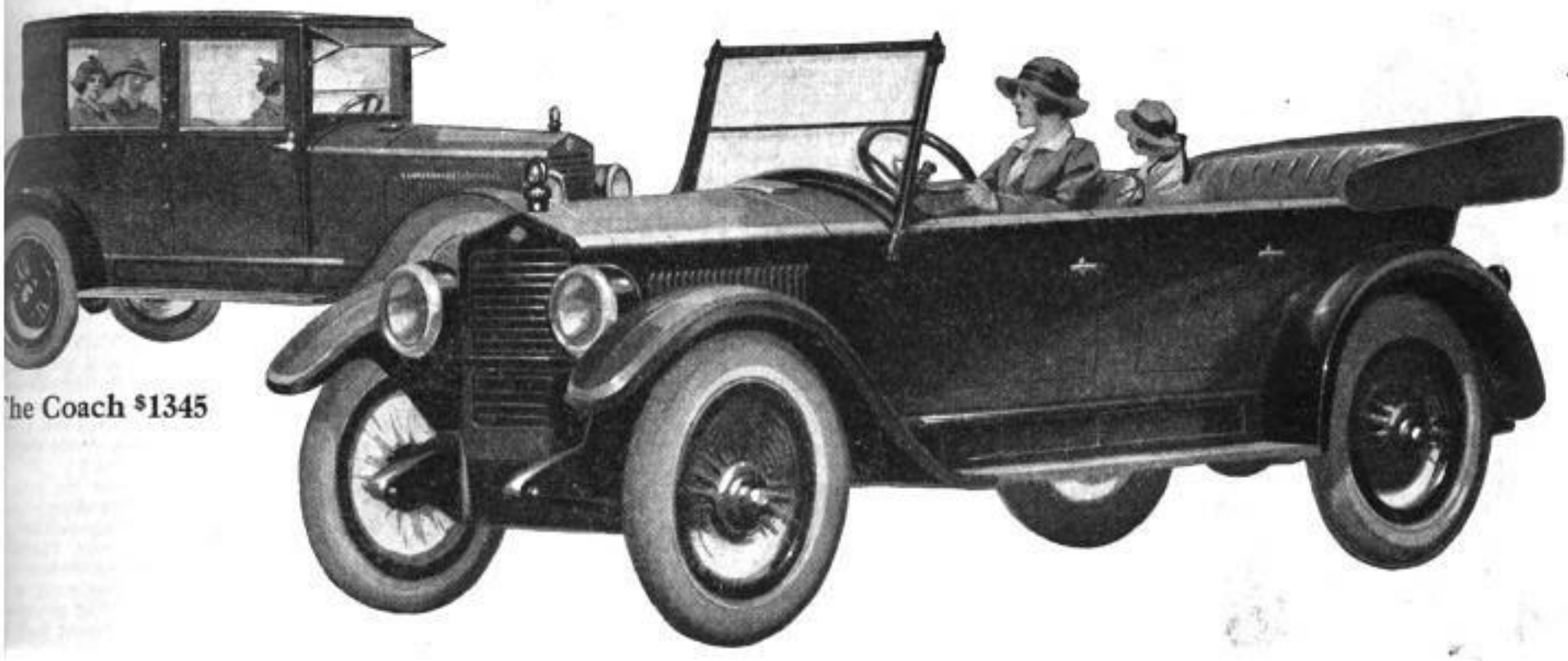
"Joe Stamler," went on Cal, five thousand dollars' worth of s He was getting twenty-eight hu fifty dollars for it. He came to him get his salary boosted to a f he could live. I investigated. you, at that time Joe Stamler ical nonentity; he could not h one vote out of this River City one, direct primaries and all. was the one man trained by years of experience for the job His friends could have worked to the bone for him. It was gone for naught. Joe came to made a bargain with him, a sec I agreed to elect Joe county sh condition only. That condition must account to me for all ha the five thousand dollars he

He paused. There was trem bub. Naturally so. The crowd with the intelligence of a crowd meaning of the words, but it g what Cal was driving at. The ever, mental arithmetician crowd.

"Cal's rake-off," grinned o puting in loud tones—"only year. Some rake-off, Cal."

(Continued on Page

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The Coach $1345

This

ESSEX $1095

A Roomier Open Car—A Finer Chassis

You can have no appreciation of what this price buys until you examine and drive it.

To all that made Essex such a wonderful value in the past are added refinements and comforts never before offered in a car of its price class. Roomier seating, wider doors and greater riding ease, contribute something new in personal comfort.

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Back of the new Essex is all we learned in building 70,000 earlier Essex cars. Finer precision standards have resulted and Essex smoothness is even more pronounced. You will instantly note its greater beauty. Its care and attention are easier, cleaner, more convenient.

It will reveal a charm you never suspected in any except the large costly cars. Note how free it seems of usual limitations—how subdued all mechanical consciousness—how perfect its union with the driver's will.

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And how rarely is an Essex offered for resale. Old owners tell you of a car so enduringly designed and built that its performance improves for thousands of miles. The fame of the Essex motor is not confined to its astonishing ability in speed, power, liveliness and endurance. More important is its freedom from annoyance and the exasperating little things that mar motoring pleasure.

Today's Essex combines advantages no earlier owner knows. Go see, and ride in it. It is the best Essex ever built, and at the lowest price.

Vider Seats.

Vider Doors.

ubricated with an oil can—no messy grease cups.

hief-proof Lock, reduces insurance cost 15% to 20%.

Touring - - - $1095 **Coach - - - $1345** **Sedan - - - $1895**

F. O. B. Detroit

632)

ESSEX MOTORS, DETROIT

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Swim!

For abounding health and joy

TO GO far out and dash in on the breakers, to dive again and again, to feel life and delight quicken every muscle! What joy swimming holds for one who wears a Jantzen!

Jantzen is the *original* elastic-stitch swimming suit. It fits perfectly—wet or dry—not accentuating any part of the body. *Never binds. Never sags.*

At Atlantic City, Palm Beach, Miami—on the lakes and rivers, at indoor and outdoor pools—from Maine to Waikiki—Jantzen is the popular suit.

Leading stores are showing new Jantzen models now in the fashionable Jantzen colors. For Men, Women and Children. All are pure wool. Ask your dealer to explain the non-rip crotch, the bow trunk pattern, and other exclusive Jantzen features. If you do not find Jantzen suits, write us for "Seven Reasons why world famous Swimmers wear Jantzens," and name of nearest dealer.

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS
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To Merchants: We sell direct to the retailer—can make immediate delivery by express. Write or wire.

Jantzen
The National Swimming Suit
NEVER BINDS~NEVER SAGS

© 1929, Jantzen Knitting Mills

(Continued from Page 40)

Cal nodded. "In dealing with Joe Stamler in this wise," he went on, "I did a very dangerous and questionable thing. But I did it, nevertheless; and Joe has kept it mum, and so have I. I did it in the way I did because I saw no other way to do it—and get it over to you. I could have come to you four years ago with a great altruistic idea—with a vision of material benefit to you. I considered doing it—considered going about it in the way that a reformer naturally would go about it. I rejected the idea. You were weary of reform. You would have swept my scheme into the discard, as impossible, visionary; rejected it as rot. I knew there was not one chance in a thousand of putting over what I wanted to put over—except in one way. I had but one object in view. I couldn't see any earthly use in paying Ben Gorley twenty thousand dollars a year of the people's money when I could get the same results with five. I might just as well throw the extra fifteen thousand in the gutter—or pocket it myself. I did the latter. I put it in the bank."

Deep silence now. It was what Cal wanted. He went on to repeat his dangerous admission—an admission that could not be recalled.

"I kept my bargain with Joe Stamler, gentlemen," said Cal. "I forced his nomination at the primaries. I elected him sheriff in November of that year. I concede that fact willingly. And Joe Stamler kept his pact with me. He paid the shot."

Silence still—silence that could be cut with a knife.

"Gentlemen," said Cal, "what I did in the case of Ben Gorley and Joe Stamler I did in the case of nearly every officeholder in River County and in River City. I made a secret compact in the case of every man. I put my men upon the ticket; I elected them. They kept their pact with me."

He nodded to the men with suitcases. They slung their suitcases on two chairs, opened them. The cordon of plain-clothes men drew near, and nearer still. The men with the suitcases bent to their task. Rapidly they tossed bundle after bundle of greenbacks on the long table beside Cal until they had built two mountain peaks of money. The multitude drew a long, long breath. Most of them had never even thought of that much money; most of them had never seen so much as one per cent of it. There was a picture. Two mounds of legal tender, a bank man standing grim behind each mound. Fifteen stalwart guardians, each with a finger on the trigger of his gun. And Cal.

"Gentlemen," went on Cal, "I come to you with no vision—no altruistic nonsense. I come to you with no promise. I am seeking no office. I am asking nothing of you, nothing for myself. But I come to you with a task performed, come to you with the assurance that the thing has been done. For four years, gentlemen, in River City and in River County, the head of every office has been paid all the money that he's worth. For four years he has earned the money that he's worth. What's left is what you used to pay for nothing. Here it is."

Cal waved his hand toward the two mounds of money. "Gentlemen," he went on, "this is only a sample of what can be done—of what you can do. What I have done once you can do many times, for many years. What I have done in one particular, you can do in all particulars for all time. I want you to do it if you will. I want you to compel the legislature of this state to pass an act—I've drawn it—that will provide against your paying out your good money and getting nothing to show for it. I want you to do something more. I want you to put Joe Stamler and all the other men who've served you so efficiently—I want you to put them back into office once again. I want you to reëlect them in the fall."

The multitude had just begun to catch his drift. There was an attempt at applause. Cal stifled it.

"Is the county treasurer of River County here?" he asked.

He was; he had been already planted on the platform. He stepped to the fore.

"I want the city treasurer of River City," went on Cal.

That gentleman rose to his feet.

Cal once more faced his audience. "Gentlemen," he said, pointing to the mounds of money, "remember—this is but a drop in the bucket compared with the money you can save if you'll only take the pains. Mr. Outcault," he went on, bowing to the county treasurer, "this smaller pile is yours. It runs up to something more than an even million dollars."

"My Lord!" gasped a man in the audience. "What about the bigger one?"

"The bigger one," smiled Cal, "is for Mr. Jacobs here. It totals to two millions and a half."

After that the deluge. The thing was drama of the most thrilling type. The crowd went wild. Even the ennui-stricken lads at the reporters' table leaped to their feet and howled. This thing was news—news of the first rank. That night husbands waked their wives and told about it; men and women called up their friends at midnight, shouting the strange tidings over the wire. The papers went to press.

Next day Cal's sensational disclosure—a fulfillment, not a promise—swept the nation from Maine to Texas, from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Cal set himself to work. He prepared his ticket for the primaries—with Joe Stamler's name at the head of all the rest. He drafted the referendum clause that he had outlined at the meeting. He girded up his loins.

The day for the primaries arrived. It was a damp day. The taxpayers didn't venture out to vote. They went to their offices of course. Some of them got soaked while going out to lunch. They left their homes in the morning, went about their business, came back in the evening, cheerful or otherwise, as the case might b night they went out in droves to the and the theaters. What equinoctial could interfere with activities like But it was too devilish wet to cra the corner to the polls.

Next day the votes were counte the taxpayers hadn't come out—b riffraff had. Cal's candidates, eve of them qualified to fill his offic defeated. The Swift nominees w Cal's referendum clause went by th entirely; nobody noticed it exce portion of the professional electo had voted against it under pos structions.

In River City Cal's ticket was by one hundred and thirty-two v one hundred and thirty-three m payers had opened up umbrellas an round the corner and cast that m lots—— But why should they, an such a night as that?

Two weeks after the primary another special grand jury was c indicted Calvin Ingersoll for a c tion of the Corrupt Practices specific crime being that he had to procure the election of a m men to office and had procured it

Once the indictment had be down Senator Jonathan Swift a visited the prosecutor's office.

"No fluke this time," he told cutor. "I want this upstart tram mud."

Cal showed the warrant to shrugged his shoulders.

"What's the use?" he said. they're after is my head. There my disgracing you, and little Mi Lucy, I'll go downtown to-day in my resignation as chair county committee. I'll get the to quash this indictment. I with politics. I'll slump back life and practice law."

"Not yet—not yet!" cried L

"Why not?" asked Cal, sur

Lucy placed her hand upo "Cal," she said, "stand trial. T ing else that will rub this th people as that will do. Stand t

Her eyes were glowing. He with hope. She gave Cal new h

"And after that?" he said.

"After that," she nodded. to gain an end. After that, Cal, boss than you've ever been be

"This—from you?" gasped

"From me," said Lucy. "B as cunning as you want."

"And to what end?" asked

"Any means to gain the end Cal," cried Lucy. "Any mea the people understand the val vote."

"By gosh," cried Cal, "I'll But I'm doing it for you."

"For me," said Lucy, clut her nervous grasp.

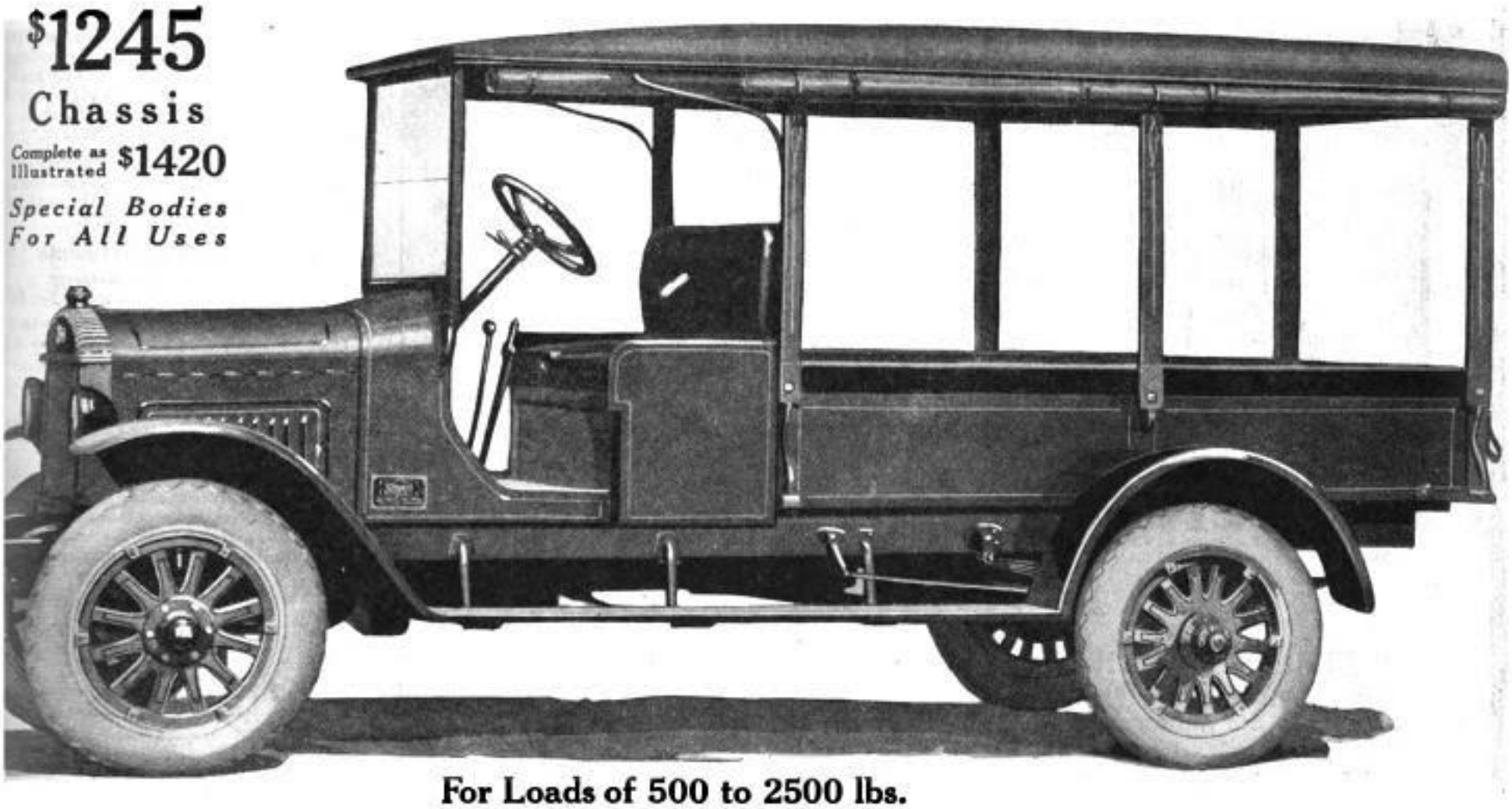
And so Cal carried on. For



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Something New in the Truck Field

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Chassis
Complete as Illustrated **$1420**
Special Bodies For All Uses



For Loads of 500 to 2500 lbs.

Stewart "Utility Wagon"

A Speed Truck Built Entirely of Truck Parts

Take particular note that it is truck-built throughout—the product of a company that builds nothing but trucks.

It is fast, powerful and everlastingly reliable. Built for rapid delivery service on big loads, every part is designed for that special duty.

So of Course It Stands Up Better

It does not utilize any parts meant for lighter duty. That saves lots of troubles.

It is all business. It works more hours, turns in faster trips and keeps down costs at every point. Because 10 years of truck-building experience was put in it, with those exact aims in view.

Speed equal to any. Ready to go at all times, which is more important. As regular as a good clock, and keeps to schedule like a train.

The motor is a truck-type of latest design, with three bearing crankshaft and force feed oiling system. It gives astonishing fuel and oil economy. See how sturdy is each part—axles, wheels, heavy, rigid frame.

Your driver will like it, too. It handles as easily as a light passenger car. The springing is the best in any truck built for this service. The seat is broad and comfortable.

This is a truck you can depend on for years. See if it won't meet your requirements better and at lower cost than any other in the market.

Send the Coupon

Learn in a few minutes "The Sure Way to Buy the Right Truck." It tells what to look out for and how to buy wisely. A few facts will guard you against costly mistakes.

Stewart MOTOR CORP.
Buffalo, New York

NOW
Get These Useful Facts

I am interested in a Stewart "Utility Wagon" for _____
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Send your book, "The Sure Way to Buy the Right Truck." Also full facts regarding profitable use of the Stewart "Utility Wagon" in my business.

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businesses have need for it.

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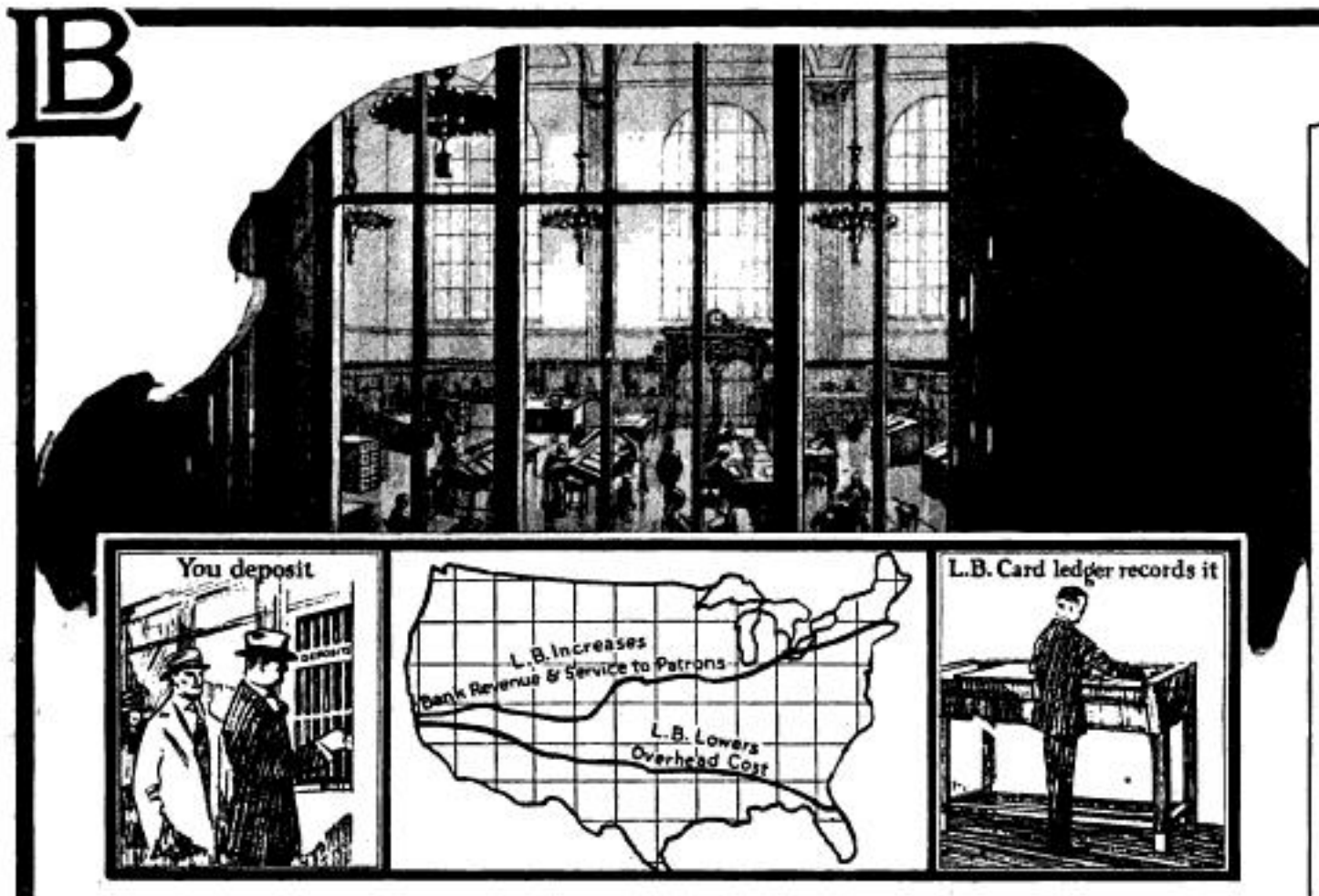
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t Builds a Full Line of Trucks from ¾ ton to 4 tons

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Systematizing the nation's wealth

OVER thirty-eight billion dollars ($38,000,000,000) are on deposit in the nation's banks.

Back of thousands of bank windows, from coast to coast, are the comprehensive methods that Library Bureau has developed for systematizing this wealth; to keep it commercially fluid and accessible; to help the banks record exactly the millions of transactions in connection with it.

Your bank account—commercial or savings—is probably kept on an L. B. Card ledger. Your cancelled checks are probably filed in an L. B. Check file. When you open a new bank account your signature is probably written on an L. B. Signature card. Today billions of dollars are handled with the aid of such Library Bureau systems as:

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Checks	Average balances
Correspondence	Commercial ledgers
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Foreign	New business
Statistics	Safe deposit
Transit	Savings ledgers
Withdrawal tickets	Signatures

Library Bureau's Bank Department consists of a staff of specialists who consult with architects when blueprints for a new building or addition are prepared; design new equipment; develop new systems; plan new records for the central information files that produce new business.

Other departments of Library Bureau are equally prepared to help *your* business.

Send for booklet, "The Newest Force in Business Building."

Library Bureau

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They are used by 125,000 businesses. L. B. quality is standard.

L. B. has originated many labor-saving devices:

Vertical units.
Card record desks.
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L. B. Cards—Over 2,500,000 a day. More than 1,000 stock forms. Known for their uniform quality, accurate size and smooth edges.

L. B. Folders include every kind; notably the famous L. B. Reinforced folder which saves valuable space in file drawers.

L. B. Guides include plain, printed, celluloided, removable label and metal tips.

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erybody's Business

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

lc Methods in Business

SS throughout the world is tend-
re and more toward the estab-
f a universal language which
ligible to the people of all coun-
t music can be read and under-
usically educated persons, no
her they live in America, Eng-
or Africa. In like manner it is
robable that one day standard-
charts representing all phases
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though they speak different
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of past performances, and yet
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period of months or years
he real story. The prospec-
a new house can grasp all the
concerning his contemplated
rely glancing at a blue print,
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ds was confined almost en-
f technical training. To-day
not only by business execu-
wyers, physicians and farm-
and hoping no longer have
conduct of industry. The
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cent, the Germans forty
Italians fifteen per cent.
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tly it is a fact that the
eing complicated and
erroneous conception

which seems to have taken root and grown in the minds of many people.

It will not be many years before the preparation and interpretation of simple charts and curves will be taught in the public schools as a part of the general course in arithmetic. This is already being practiced in the schools of Newark and Trenton, New Jersey, where grammar-school pupils are gaining a useful knowledge of present conditions and recent developments in their own cities by a course in preparing charts and plotting curves indicating the growth, population, industry, and so on, of those cities. Rather complete courses in graphic methods of presentation are now included in the curriculums of various colleges and universities, especially those which contain departments for the study of business administration and methods. All this strengthens the opinion that before long most people will acquire an appreciation of the value of charts for presenting vital facts, and that the result will be the general use of graphic methods as a routine practice in the offices of all modern business firms.

One expert in industrial organization declares that it should be as uncommon for an employe in any concern to be in doubt as to the person in authority over him as for a child to deny the parentage of his father. No corporation that is earnest in its desire for maximum operating efficiency can afford to conduct its affairs without the aid of an organization chart. Such an instrument eliminates irritation and conflict of authority, for where it is employed each worker knows perfectly well to whom he must report. In companies where there is no proper distribution of authority and responsibility, high-up executives frequently go over the heads of officers under them and issue orders to the rank and file of workers, thus weakening the authority of the foremen or department superintendents to whom the general run of employes are responsible and look for guidance.

Graphic charts are generally used to show component parts, make comparisons, set forth interdependent relationships and reveal the relation of variable elements and quantities. Among the devices adapted to such uses are circles of different sizes, parallel bars, rectangles, squares and pictured objects drawn to different scales. When pictured objects are used, much care must be taken with their construction or they may misrepresent the case. If it is desired to show the increase in the number of passengers carried by a certain railway system during a month or a year, it is considered best to indicate the improvement by drawing the required number of figures of the same size rather than to make the comparison by placing the figure of one large man by the side of a small one. In the first case each uniform figure of a man may represent any desired unit, such as one thousand, ten thousand or even one hundred thousand passengers.

A rectangle can be used to show three different elements: If one side represents price and another side quantity, the entire area will stand for the value or the quantity times the price. It must always be remembered that the relative sizes of spheres, circles and cubes are not identical with the relative lengths of straight lines, and as a consequence the areas of these figures must be carefully calculated in order to insure accuracy of relationship.

The plotting of curves on backgrounds laid off in blocks made by intersecting lines is the simplest and most efficient method of portraying the relation of variable quantities. In this method careful judgment is necessary in selecting the units on both the horizontal and the vertical lines. For instance, if the base line is made to represent time units, and too much space is allotted to each unit, the result will be a flattening out of the curve and a consequent minimizing of the changes which have occurred in the months or years that have passed. As a usual thing it is best to plot all curves on coördinate paper already ruled in squares or rectangles to suit the purpose in hand.

One retail shoe dealer who had discovered the effectiveness of graphic presentation became annoyed by the constant reiteration on the part of customers that shoe

(Continued on Page 47)

HEINZ

Vinegars



Every drop awakens flavor

© 1922 H. J. H. Co.

HEINZ Vinegar brings out the hidden flavors of the other foods it touches and adds a rich mellowness all its own. The blending is delicious. The aroma adds keen zest to the appetite.

Carefully selected materials prepared in the Heinz skillful way, and aging in wood for at least a year before bottling, assure quality and flavor. Use it on the dining room table and in the kitchen. Four kinds.



Malt Vinegar—made from barley malt
White Vinegar—made from selected grain
Cider Vinegar—made from choice cider apples
Tarragon Vinegar

In bottles filled and sealed in the Heinz establishment

HEINZ Imported Olive Oil

A companion in excellence to Heinz Vinegar is Heinz Olive Oil. Under Heinz supervision this rich, full flavored oil is pressed from selected olives in Seville, Spain. In bottles or tins.

Some of the 57

Spaghetti
Baked Beans
Apple Butter
Tomato Ketchup

ALL HEINZ GOODS SOLD IN CANADA ARE PACKED IN CANADA

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Keeping a Promise
to the Smokers of America

The following is an extract from an advertisement of General Cigar Co., Inc., published Sept. 20, 1920.

"There are no indications in sight at the present to warrant a decline in the price of Havana tobacco. When such time arrives, we promise that the smokers of Robt. Burns Cigars will receive the benefit at the earliest possible moment."

Robt. Burns Staples



Actual size

Robt. Burns Staples

10c

Box of 50, $4.75

FULL HAVANA FILLED

10¢ straight

HERE is the fulfillment of the promise of September, 1920—Robt. Burns Staples—a full Havana filled cigar—a cigar with all the individuality of character and taste—all the distinctive mildness of flavor that you've always looked for and found in Robt. Burns—offered at TEN CENTS.

Try one today.

General Cigar Co., INC.

NATIONAL BRANDS

NEW YORK CITY

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(Continued from Page 45)

e too high, so he decided to pre-
art of the facts as he knew them
at least prove that the large ad-
re not of his making. In carrying
ense he used a rectangular chart,
rices of leather appearing at the
the rectangle, reading from the
the bottom to the highest at
he base of the chart represented
most remote being at the left,
ost recent appearing at the ex-
t. It took but a brief glance to
hereas the price of leather had
for the first seven years, as indi-
e rise and fall of the curves, it
y increased for the past three
urve mounting without a drop.
ion was true of all four varieties
each of which was represented
These curves were distinguished
nother by dots and dashes, ex-
a legend placed in one corner of
This graphic argument of the
was far more convincing than
or written explanation could
e been.

hat employ a large number of
erience some difficulty in ar-
mer vacations for their per-
hat there shall always be a
or woman available to take
nportant work. One simple
olving this problem is to pre-
chart drawn on coördinate
in squares, on which the
weeks are indicated by divi-
base line. The names of all
ear at the extreme left of the

ion period of each worker is
rkening in the space repre-
eek or weeks assigned to him.
is not only easy for each em-
plainly when his holiday is
the company executives can
n which of their responsible
bsent. This same kind of
sed in many other ways. By
ibols or employing colored
ossible to make such a sheet
ds of data, as bonus earned
bsent, days worked, and so
izontal line should represent
d the days of the month are
e base line.

corporations employ a num-
en or maintain numerous
lices. It is a common prac-
ncerns to spur on the indi-
n or branch managers, as
e, by publishing a weekly
ing that lists each agent or
er of total sales made. The
panies finds it best, in the
h a plan, to keep secret the
person or unit. There is
to present this kind of in-
to use a chart made up of
l in columns equidistant
r at the top of the sheet.
k should be half an inch
of an inch wide, with ends
ked, leaving a blank space
each block.

sed to show the monthly
of the company's sales-
an is to assign each mem-
organization a confidential
known only to the general
d the chief officers of the
tanding of each member
ce is determined for the
Instead of arranging the
a column of names, this
a column of blocks, each
ritten in it corresponding
ne salesman. The blocks
n, which, as stated, gives
e past year, commence
1 at the top, and read
4, and so on, in regular
of lowest standing. At
y, the first month of the
r column of blocks is
his case the man who was
rating for the previous
celled all the other sales-
first place. In such case
the January column is
Number 7. The other
w column are likewise
to the most recent stand-
new columns are added,
connecting the ends of
same number. When a
ds have been completed
r to pick out any partic-
mber, and by following
g the columns it is readily
evident whether the man has bettered his position or fallen behind in his work.

Busy executives will find what is known as the cumulative curve a valuable aid in business, for the last point on the curve gives the total output since the beginning of the period for which the curve was plotted. The angle of the curve shows the rate of output for any period of time under consideration. A cumulative or mass curve never trends downward. Lack of output is indicated by a horizontal trend of the curve. Cumulative or mass curves are particularly useful in the study of quantities in earth work, especially in road building or railroad construction.

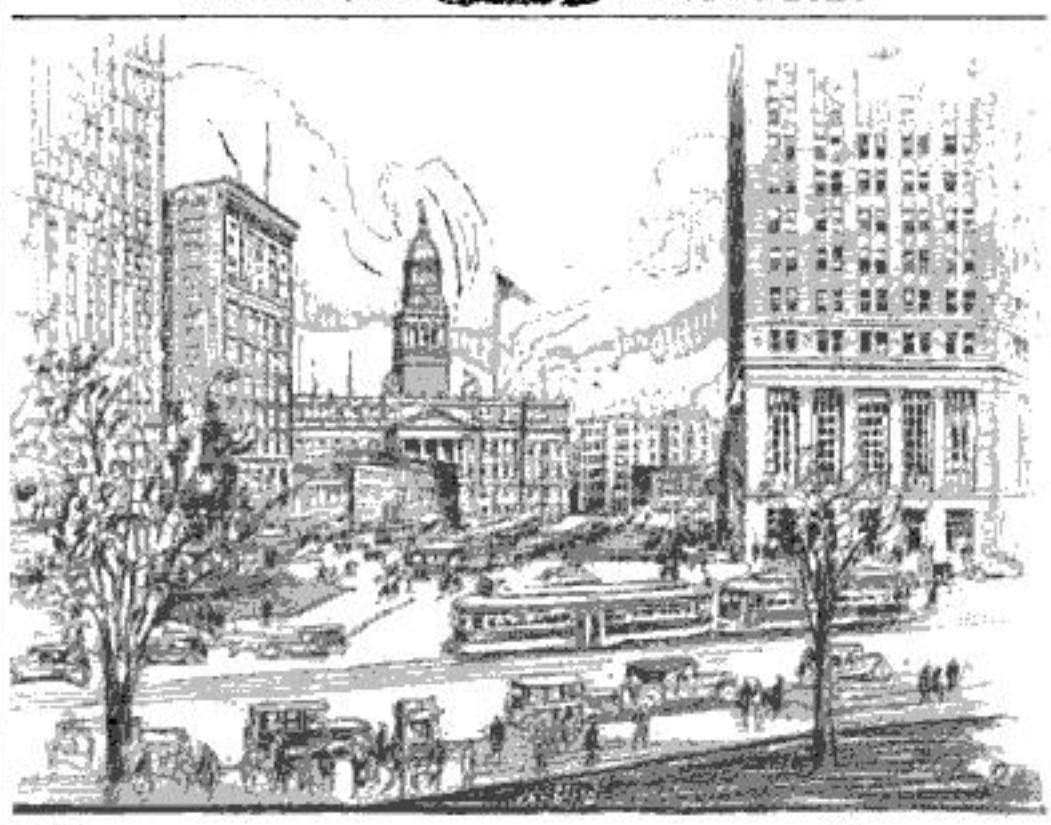
Graphic charts known as frequency curves enable executives to study many industrial problems with greater rapidity and convenience than is possible by any other method. Frequency charts which are based on "the number of times a certain characteristic is found repeated in a large number of observations," have been used for many years to represent data relating to physics and biology, but it is only in recent years that the value of these charts has been recognized in the study of engineering and business problems. Frequency curves can be used effectively in such documents as annual reports of railroads, where they constitute a satisfactory substitute for tabulated statements, giving such data as the number of miles of different weights of rails in use at the end of any fiscal year. Frequency curves may be used to present problems such as the time required to answer telephone calls in different cities, and the like. Comparisons of wages are also shown clearly by these curves.

By means of careful designing of cards and plotting of curves the fiscal year of a business can be shown on a single four-by-six-inch card. Willard C. Brinton, an authority on the use of graphic methods, says that one sewing-machine company uses a four-by-six-inch card, and on this small area is able to show actual sales figures by months and quarters, leaving sufficient space for dates, inscription and other lettering. On the left-hand side of the blocked area appears the vertical scale of earnings running from zero to three hundred thousand dollars, and progressing in multiples of thirty thousand dollars. The base line of the chart shows the months, and to insure absolute clearness thirteen vertical lines are used, so that at the beginning of each card the last month of the previous year can be repeated. It can readily be perceived that the record of several years can be examined in this concise form, and variations from year to year noted by arranging the cards in chronological order. A number of firms find it advantageous to plot their pay rolls on four-by-twelve-inch cards. Data for fifty-two weeks can be presented in this way.

The statisticians of some large corporations bind their charts. However, several of the leading students of graphic methods believe that loose cards possess an advantage over the book system. They say that it is difficult in the case of the latter method to devise a system for keeping hundreds of curves in such a way that quick comparisons between any of them can be made. On the other hand, loose cards permit of instant comparison between different series of charts for a period of years, if desired. It should be emphasized that no system of curve records should be installed which does not permit of the quick comparison of any curve with any other curve in the whole system. Often an executive wishes to plan for the future, and in such a case it is helpful if at one time he can have before him a curve showing the record of sales and another curve for the same period of time giving a record of the company's expenses. When sales increase, expenses per unit should decrease, and vice versa. When any other condition exists the business is not on a sound basis.

It is a good idea in preparing the graphic charts to leave sufficient space at the left-hand side of the card for brief notations covering unusual conditions which have caused a marked rise or fall in the curves. It is undoubtedly true that after a couple of years have passed, the average individual is unable to remember the exact reasons for extreme fluctuations, even though at the time of the plotting they seemed unforgetable. The manager of a large telephone company was unable for some time to remember the reason for a drop in the curve of earnings of his concern two years previous. After much pondering and some search he recalled a blizzard of ten days'

PUBLIC LEDGER



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publishes daily
PUBLIC LEDGER
Foreign News

"After a carefully watched trial of the Ledger Foreign News Service for several months I want to register for The Detroit Journal a very strong regard for what I am convinced is the most satisfactory cable service available for any American newspaper.

"Two facts stand out in the general excellence of the service: first, the authoritative character of the dispatches; second, the policy of the Ledger in concentrating correspondents where big news is breaking. Because of this policy the service rises above mere 'feature-quality' and becomes a great spot news service."

(Signed) Grove Patterson
Managing Editor
The Detroit Journal

The Detroit Journal is famous for the volume and general excellence of its foreign and domestic news. Though well served from various sources, its reputation for foreign news rests heavily on its exclusive rights to the full cable news service of the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Hundreds of notable newspapers testify to the authority of Public Ledger news and features by subscribing for them regularly through the Ledger Syndicate.

PHILADELPHIA
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In Berry Time

Remember Bubble Grains

Why shortcake?—why pie-crust?—why tarts?

Just because we all like fruits combined with flaky, flavory crust. Then add Puffed Rice to berries. Those are flaky, crusty tidbits, flavory and flimsy. They will make your berries doubly delightful. Try them.

Think what puffed grains add to summer

In the old days children lacked them.

Now breakfast brings these food confections—like snowflakes in their texture, nut-like in their taste.

Between meals children eat them like peanuts—crisped and lightly buttered.

At dinner they form wafers for your soups. Or nut-like garnish on ice cream.

At bedtime they form the ideal good-night dish.

And every serving means whole grains, wholly fitted to digest. Every food cell is blasted, so all the food elements can be assimilated.

Whole grains are made so fascinating that children revel in them. And that is what you want.



Puffed Wheat
8 times normal size

Puffed Rice
Steam-exploded grains

June Suppers

Puffed Wheat in milk.

This premier grain, when eaten whole, supplies 16 needed elements. Here those elements are all fitted to digest.

An ideal dish—a practically complete food—made so delightful that children never get enough.

Let no day omit it, for children need whole wheat.

duration, during which time the pay-station service was practically discontinued.

It is also a good practice to have each chart show on the left-hand edge of the sheet or card the initials of the executive authorizing it, with date of signing. It is always a good plan to fix responsibility for the authorization of a new curve, for some expense is involved in collecting data and plotting curves each week or every month.

Probably the most satisfactory scheme is to place one employe in charge of all curve plotting for the entire company. When this is done it is easy for this particular person to be ready for the new year with titles and scales properly placed upon the new cards that are to be used. At the proper time the new cards are handed to the various department heads, who have power to authorize the continuation of any curve for another year. The size of sheets, lettering of titles, and so on, should be standardized as far as possible. The ruling on the cards or sheets should be so designed as to leave a margin of three-quarters of an inch at the top and at the left, and one-quarter of an inch at the bottom and right of each chart.

Blue-printing is generally the most satisfactory and the cheapest method of obtaining copies of a chart. The ruled sheets should be translucent to permit of this. Some persons use onion-skin paper, either glazed or unglazed, but one well-known authority prefers a light-weight, high-grade bond paper, because it prints so well, stands erasure better and does not crack with age. This same expert recommends olive-green ruling, as it is easier upon the eyes, especially in artificial light. When no blue prints are necessary different-colored inks, or water-color paints used in a drawing pen, can be employed to distinguish one curve from another. In this latter method the chart should contain an explanatory note or legend, stating, for example, that red represents gross earnings; blue, expenses; and green, net revenue.

In the making of charts from which blue prints are to be produced it is advisable to use black drawing ink and to represent different elements or values by varying the lines in some such way as heavy solid, light solid, heavy broken, light broken and combinations of dots and dashes. Of course an explanatory key is necessary on each chart. Different scales may be used on the same chart. In using the typewriter to mark titles, tabulations, and so on, on charts, a much clearer blue print is made possible if a piece of carbon paper is placed with the inked side next to the back of the chart, so that a double printing is obtained.

When dealing with very large quantities it is not always practicable to use a scale which starts at zero and is carried up by even steps to a figure representing the highest peak on the curve. Such a chart would either be too large for convenient handling or else the scale would have to be condensed so that only very large fluctuations would be indicated on the curve. In such a case the best practice is to start the scale at zero and just above this point draw a wavy line across the sheet to indicate that the scale is broken. This line can be easily drawn with an ordinary serrated-edge ruler, as used by many accountants. The scale starts again on the upper side of the wavy line, at a figure a little lower than the lowest point on the curve, and is then carried up by even steps to a figure a little above the highest point to be shown on the curve. The efficient chart clerk will always endeavor to forestall questions regarding unusual points on curves by noting the reason for them on the chart before submitting it to his superior.

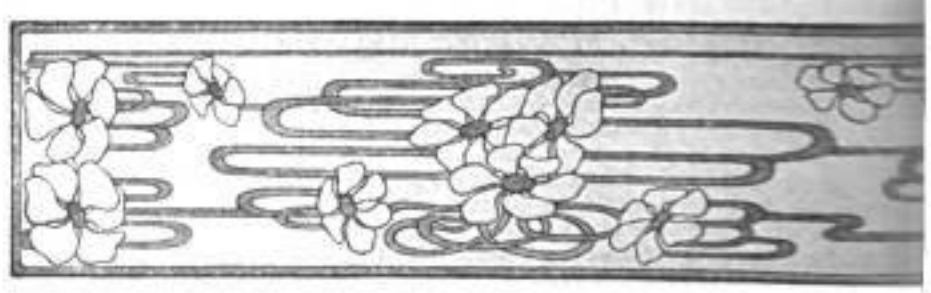
Not long ago some of our national engineering societies coöperated in establishing a joint committee on standards for graphic presentation. This committee has already made many valuable suggestions, which, though elementary, are fundamental in presenting business records in the form of charts. Here are a few rules worth noting: All charts should be arranged from left to right. Wherever it is possible represent quantities by linear magnitudes, as areas or ... umes are more likely to be misinterp... In making a curve the zero line ... appear on the diagram, even if it is ... sary to show a horizontal break ... chart. All zero or base lines sho... drawn heavy so that they may be eas... tinguished from other coördinate lin... is advisable not to show any more ... nate lines than necessary to guide ... in reading the diagram. The curve ... a chart or diagram should be drawn ... so as to be sharply distinguished fr... ordinary lines of ruling.

The horizontal scale for curves ... read from left to right, and the ... scale from bottom to top. It is ... place the figures for the scales of a ... at the left and at the bottom. It ... desirable to include in the diag... numerical data or formulas represe... numerical data are not included ... chart it is often desirable to give th... mation in tabular form alongside ... gram. All lettering and all figu... diagram should be placed so as to ... read from the base as the bottom, ... the right-hand edge of the diagra... bottom. The title of a diagram s... made as clear and complete as ... Subtitles or descriptions should be ... necessary to insure clearness.

Any executive who has not kept ... of the development of graphic met... keeping and presenting business fa... lose no time in investigating the ... convenience of such a system. A ... chart work can be established by ... diagrams covering the following ... business factors: Dividends, pro... material costs, manufacturing ex... nation of waste, labor turnover, ... and accident causes. Such a series ... permits a speedy analysis of any ... and gives more information to stu... or other interested parties than ... conveyed by a volume of words.

The inventory charts of a bu... instance, will show the manag... cent of certain kinds or grades ... on hand, as compared with simil... stock at the same season in prev... Such information will probably ... whether or not bargain sales or ... of special attention must be gi... tain lines of goods in order to cu... surplus on hand. Not long ag... executive of one large corporati... to visualize his business by a ... series of charts, and on looking ... was astonished by the facts in... chart covering labor turnover. ... showed that the company was s... ward of a hundred dollars bro... new man, and the chart show... turnover of the concern ea... nearly five hundred per cent, an... nual loss of more than fifty th... lars. An investigation followed, ... the discovery that the comp... intendent was working in coll... employment agency, which lat... tion gave the superintendent a ... commission on every man he ...

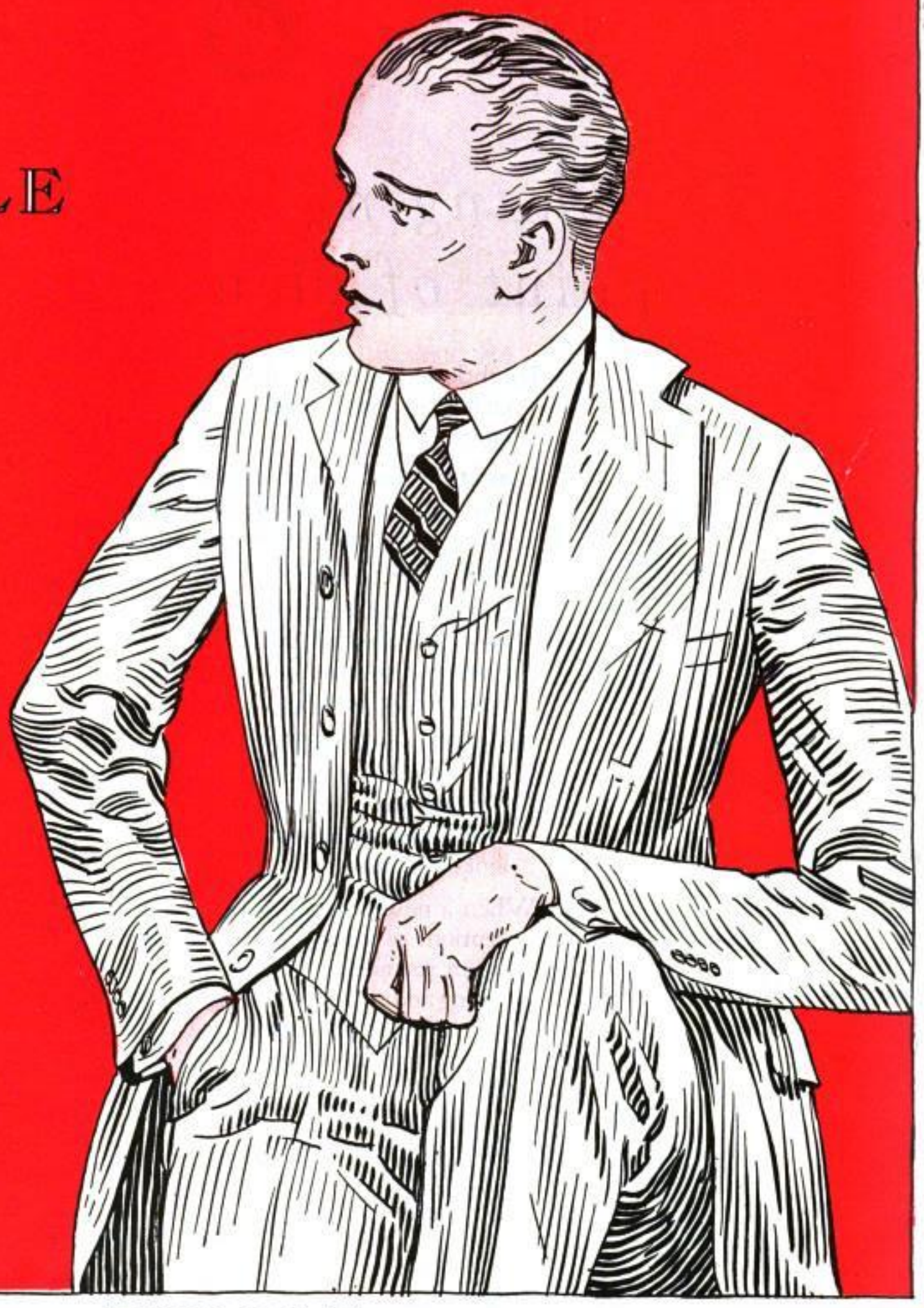
The possibilities of graphic ... tion are unbounded, and the a... its infancy. Our government ... nish us interesting and varied ... the useful application of di... charts in visualizing valuable ... Statistical Atlas of the United ... reau of the Census contains d... devices both interesting and ... Many of these devices are wel... use in the presentation of bu... The bibliography on the subj... tensive, but a number of bo... peared the study of which wou... those interested in the scien... mercial and industrial met... morrow will demand men who ... both in mental and physical ... those executives who aspire t... tions of responsibility will find ... seriously handicapped if the ... lacks a proper appreciation of ... graphic methods for presenting ...



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AILORED AT FASHION PARK

TUROLE



TUROLE

IS A COPYRIGHTED METHOD ORING WHICH GIVES SOFTNESS LAPELS AND FRONT OF A COAT.

THE TUROLE SKETCHED CAN BE BUTTONED OR WORN WITH LAPELS THROWN BACK. ACCREDITED AGENTS NOW HAVE IT.

CUSTOM SERVICE WITHOUT THE ANNOYANCE OF A TRY-ON READY-TO-PUT-ON

FASHION PARK

Rochester, New York

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The changing point of view

Doubtless you have observed it yourself—this changing point of view. Thousands of persons *have.*

Constantly, since the inception of the industry, first one car, then another, and then another have seemed by common consent to occupy the foremost place in public esteem.

That the evidence points to the LINCOLN as the car now meriting this distinction is, of course, deeply gratifying to ourselves and decidedly pleasing to LINCOLN owners.

But isn't it perfectly logical; simple as A B C when you remember that it was the LINCOLN which brought into actual being the very qualities to which motorists of mature discernment had long looked forward?

When a new creation sets at naught all past conceptions of what a motor car should be, and do; when its mode of action is so much more captivating and motor travel made vastly more delightful; when it shows a degree of stamina and consistency of performance never experienced before, then what is more natural than that prevailing judgment should single it out for the highest estimate that can be conferred upon a motor car?

LINCOLN MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

LINCOLN

LELAND LINCOLN BUILT

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he Coal Controversy

By C. E. LESHER

ANY points in the coal controversy subject to opinionated discussion the operators and by the miners' hat particular attention should be o misstatements of fact whether y made or made by intent.

statement of The Coal Miners' THE SATURDAY EVENING POST of st, Mr. Ellis Searles, editor of the dine Workers' Journal, is guilty of a number of incorrect statements. les charges that the operators are r bound" to meet the miners in a conference and that their refusal ect, flagrant violation" of their and that the operators thus de- forced the miners to strike.

ntract of March 31, 1920, to refers and which provided for a reliminary to a joint four-state , was broken when, in August, miners went out on a strike which d not under a joint agreement rict and state agreements. Since s not existed either in principle

The miners' union abandoned act when they abandoned the mpetitive Field plan of negotiat- and reverted to state settlements get their rate of day wage in- m $6 to $7.50 for eight hours. the miners and operators have g under the various state agree- icated on the joint agreement of 0. The United Mine Workers ntract, not the operators. The striking to force the operators a joint agreement, a national contrary to the necessities and e operators.

s no doubt on the part of at that time as to the actual the Central Competitive Field. eadline Cleveland Conference Disruption of Interstate Joint ment, Because of the Compli- Developed in District 12, the e Workers' Journal of Sep- 920, concludes its account of gs with this significant state- its finality:

gret was expressed because of n of the interstate joint move- . The interstate joint move- great stabilizing influence in stry."

s makes light of the miners' six-hour day and a five-day that "every person with a e sense knows that this de- nothing these days." The the miners may know that d is impossible, but his con- ot. He fails to state that, ary 1, 1922, Section 3 of e constitution of the United reads:

d, that not more than six nk to bank in each twenty- ll be worked by members of n."

article abounds in such ion busters among the coal "that element among the appears to be determined to miners' union." He makes nd determined effort to con- rs that the coal operators e destruction of the miners' absolutely at variance with ry important group of oper- g union coal-mine labor in year has made unsuccessful negotiations for a new wage mployes.

the joint interstate method ent, Mr. Searles says that way to negotiate a wage d that "this is the plan ollowed ever since 1898 by operators of the Central eld, with the exception of 1919." This is not correct. A notable exception was in 1906, when, following a strike of several months, state settlements were entered into without a Central Competitive Field joint agreement. It is significant that 1906 recorded the only wage reduction to which the miners' union has been subjected from 1898, when the first joint agreement was made. The other exception of course is that of 1920, to which reference already has been made.

Mr. Searles charges that the operator by "the same old trick" caused the strike, because they "had millions of tons of unsold coal on hand" which they could sell at "any old price." As regards anthracite it is true that the producers held large stocks on April first. But Mr. Searles throughout his article is dealing with bituminous coal, and he absolutely misstates the fact when he charges the soft-coal operators with having millions of tons of unsold coal on hand. An estimate of the United States Geological Survey shows the total quantity of coal unbilled in cars—that is, in the hands of producers on April first—was somewhat in excess of 1,400,000 tons of bituminous coal and 115,000 tons of anthracite. The 63,000,000 tons of stocks reported by the Government, as of that date, was in the hands of the consumers.

Excusing the high rate of $7.50 per day for common labor, which Mr. Searles says "may sound to some like a high price," he adds: "But $7.50 a day does not enable a man to earn a living for himself and his family unless he has reasonably steady employment. Soft-coal mine workers averaged only approximately 125 days' work in the entire year of 1921," which, he adds, would give an annual earning of $937.50.

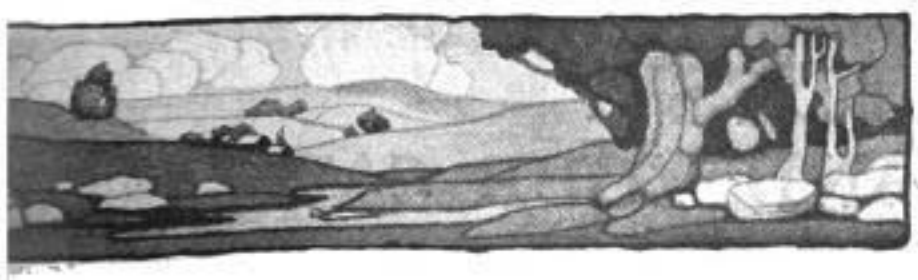
Data published by the Illinois coal operators show that at fifty-two mines where the average days the mines hoisted coal was 159 in 1921, all day men averaged 118 days and earned $898.45 in the year. But that does not tell the whole story. Such an average does not show the adequacy of the wage. It is further shown that 51 per cent of these men averaged 198 days and earned on the average of $1502.85, and that 52 per cent of the day men earned over 88 per cent of the earning of this class.

In other words, Mr. Searles neglected to mention that in his averages of earnings he has included with the steady worker the loafer and unfortunate as well. With his average of $700 per year for all mine workers in the union soft-coal fields I have no quarrel. It but proves how unfortunate the union mine worker would be were he to be granted all that he demands. His high wage rate is of little use to him when he has no work, because the nonunion worker at lower wages is producing the coal.

In the matter of prices Mr. Searles has made two outright misstatements of fact for which there is no excuse. He states that J. D. A. Morrow, vice president of the National Coal Association, "testified before the Interstate Commerce Commission a few weeks ago that the average retail selling price of bituminous coal throughout the United States in October, 1921, was $10.41 a ton." The official record of the commission does not show that Mr. Morrow made any such statement.

Mr. Searles also states that "every time an increase is given to the miners the price of coal is boosted to absorb the increase. It is interesting to recall that when the anthracite miners obtained an increase in 1920 the anthracite operators added a dollar a ton to their selling price in anticipation of the increase, and later added another dollar to the price to absorb the increase that was granted."

There was but one increase in the circular price of anthracite in 1920, and that was one dollar a ton to cover the wage increase. It was added on April first. No other increase was made.





She has received a letter. When will she answer it?

IF SHE has no personal stationery, the chances are she will not answer this letter for weeks or months.

It's easier to remember to write letters when you have writing paper in the house. It's easy to forget to write when you have no social stationery.

HAMMERMILL BOND

Social Stationery

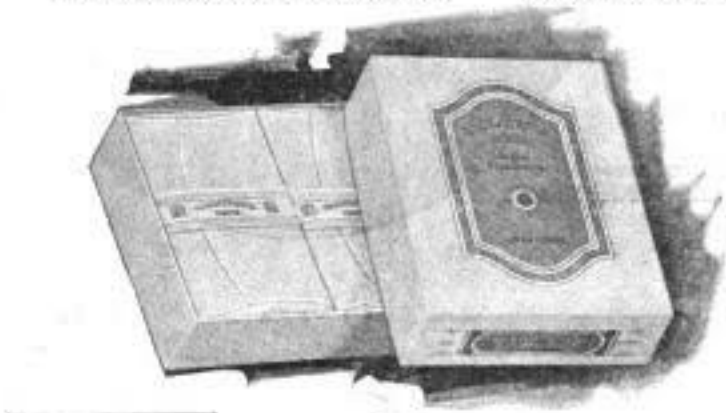
At drug stores, stationery stores, and department stores you can see Hammermill Bond Social Stationery in eight different envelope sizes, with sheets to fit. These sizes are for general family correspondence and for men's correspondence. The paper is made in three finishes—linen, bond, and ripple. The range of choice is interesting. The price is from 35c to 75c a box. The same papers are also supplied in writing tablets in all sizes, with serviceable blotter and sheet of guide lines.

To make it easier for you to choose the best personal stationery, we will send you samples of different styles and finishes for ten cents (stamps or coin).

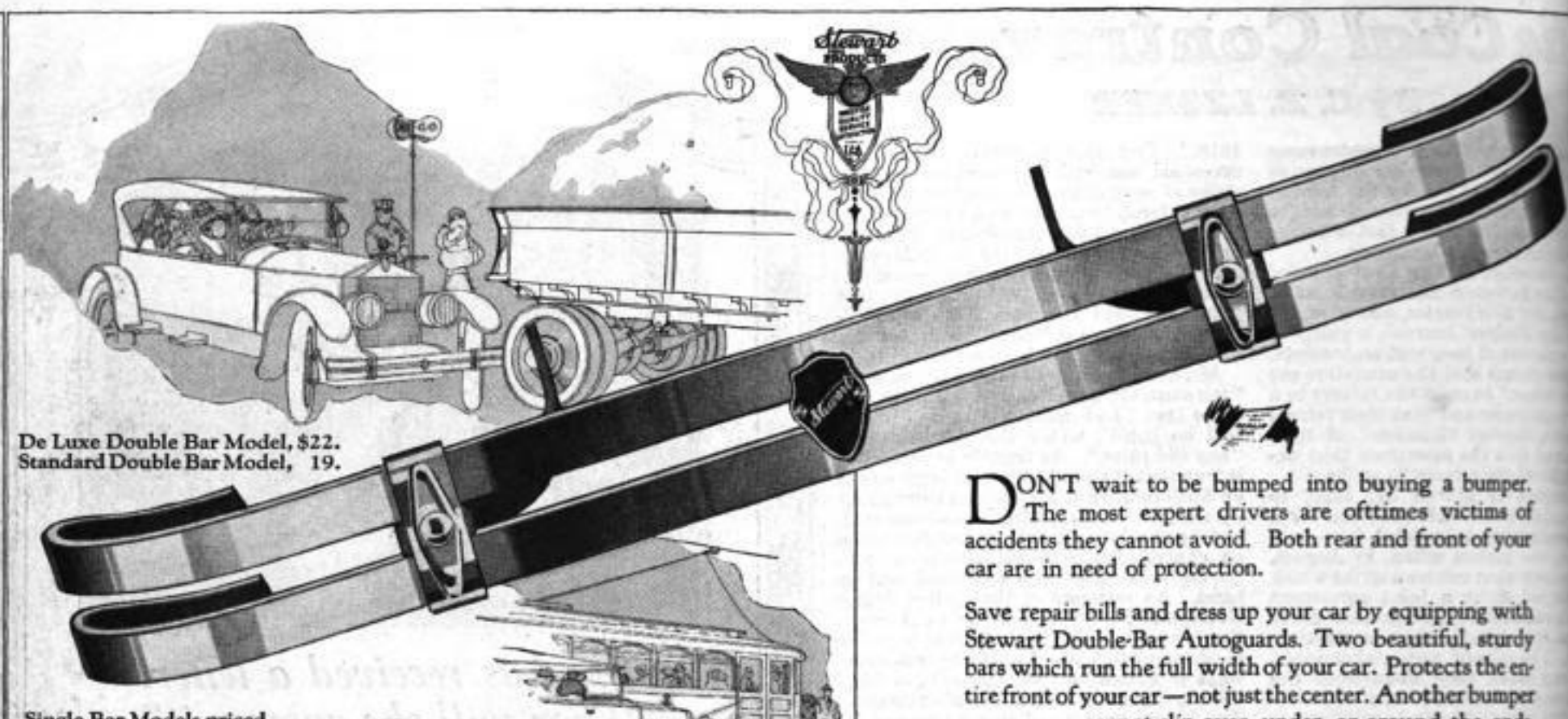
Hammermill Bond Social Stationery prepared by

WHITE & WYCKOFF MANUFACTURING CO.

Master Makers of Distinctive Social Stationery Holyoke, Massachusetts



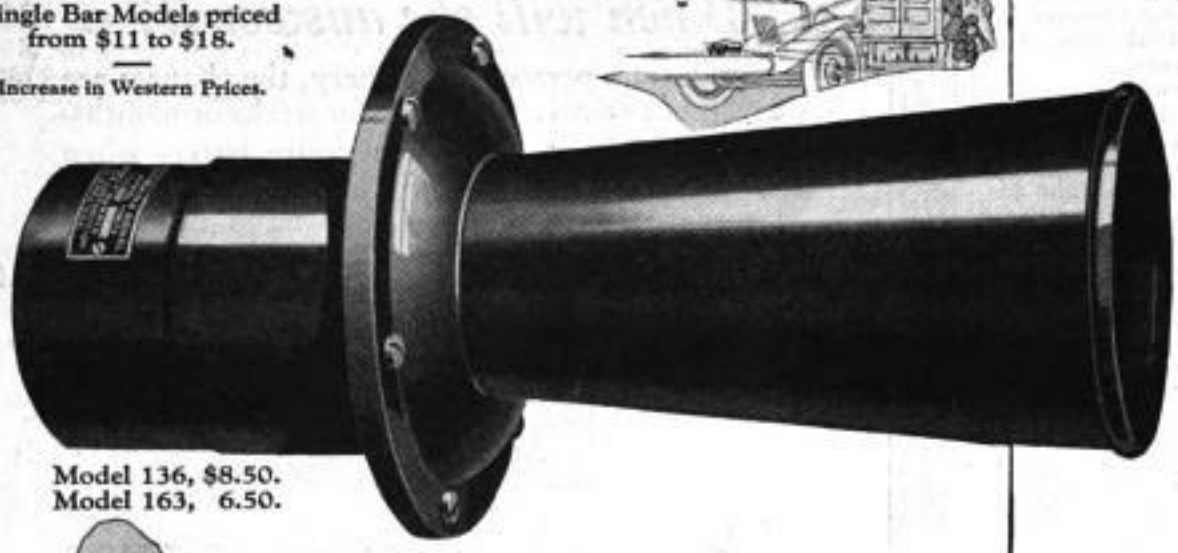
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De Luxe Double Bar Model, $22.
Standard Double Bar Model, 19.

Single Bar Models priced from $11 to $18.

Increase in Western Prices.



Model 136, $8.50.
Model 163, 6.50.



Stewart Speedometer for Fords, $15.

Western Price, $15.50.

Ask for the Speedometer with the colored dials. Model 160-K.

DON'T wait to be bumped into buying a bumper. The most expert drivers are ofttimes victims of accidents they cannot avoid. Both rear and front of your car are in need of protection.

Save repair bills and dress up your car by equipping with Stewart Double-Bar Autoguards. Two beautiful, sturdy bars which run the full width of your car. Protects the entire front of your car—not just the center. Another bumper cannot slip over, under, or around the ends. Built to stand up under severe blows.

DISCONNECT your horn if you would know how much you depend upon it. Its successful operation means safety for you and others.

Suppose it failed to work just once in a situation similar to that pictured on the left. You can't always depend upon brakes or a quick turn on a slippery street.

There's a real motor in the Stewart Warning Signal that produces a loud, commanding warning. And it never fails you in a pinch.

"PULL over to the side of the road" are not pleasant words to the driver of a Ford or any other car. It's almost sure to mean $15 and costs. In some localities jail sentences are being given for speeding.

When His Honor asks "How do you know you weren't going that fast if you haven't a speedometer?"—you can't tell him you guessed your speed and get away with it. Put a Stewart on and be sure you're right.

There's a new feature in this Stewart Speedometer. Colored dials which appear at certain mileages tell when to lubricate the various parts of your car. A chart furnished with each instrument gives you lubrication instructions. Save repair bills due to lack of oil and grease. Increase the life of your car. Can you afford to be without a Stewart?

Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Stewart
PRODUCTS
PROTECT YOU AND YOUR CAR

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THE MERRY WIVES

(Continued from Page 21)

...r a good listener already," she said ... "and I shall immediately learn to ...ider."

...as then that, fearing the unanswer-...ar, I wisely said no more.

IV

T evening I confided to George that ...as convinced our most gloomy sur-...were true; that Annabel had con-...a violent and unreasonable passion ...man Gregory, and that she was in-...marrying him.

...that case," said George with a ...ness that did him credit, "I leave ...York to-morrow."

...ommenced pacing the floor of my ... with a vigor that shook the frail ...tion of the cottage.

...t to do?" I asked.

...t to do? Why, to look up Gregory ...! To find out who he is, where he ...om and where he thinks he's going. ...be an ex-convict for all we know. ...have a wife already. He may ...e or been anything in the world, ...ur business, if Annabel won't do ...t out. I can ask a few questions ...at the Genial Club—he's well ...ere—and I can have a private de-... look up his record. Give me ten ...at's your job—keep Annabel un-...r ten days, and at the end of that ...now the worst. You might in the ... put a few questions to Gregory ...ound him out a bit, get him talk-... his youth."

...nly lie about it," I objected.

...ell, what if he does? You listen ...and I and my detective will con-... with the truth. That way we'll ...ove him a liar, which is always ... Now I'm for bed. You can ...ifary in the morning that I was ...alled to New York on business—... business connected with the ...l be gone before any of you are ...ood night."

...e in admiration of his ability to ... to act promptly on his decision. ...cellent statesman he would have ...e only been willing to display ...erest in public affairs as he did ...es! And he was so level-headed ...! Admirable George! ...his staunch support greatly at ...e next morning, for Mary, be-...is unheralded departure, asked ...fruitless questions and was so ... curiosity that she scarcely ... for her fruit, cereal, eggs, ...hocolate. Gregory was beauti-...ested, and Annabel appeared ...spicious.

...ad donned his sports suit that ... green homespun that fairly ...eather and of Scotland. The ...rs permitted one a view of ...l calves, and it was with ap-...lty that an orange waistcoat ... swelling chest. Everywhere ...tume were round leather but-...thing on him was new.

...," he said to Mary, "just a ... the delicious bacon, I think," ...wed his overwhelming smile ...lary received it as gratefully ...ave received an accolade.

...t Annabel, but she kept her ...y on her plate. I suppose ...e opinion that if her mother ... an elderly fool of herself it ...lse's business.

...ee people eat at breakfast," ...y. "Breakfast is the best ...y, according to my opinion." ...puting her opinion, she re-...ly, addressing herself to ...f this morning, Mr. Greg-

...lady, golf. Annabel and I ...ine holes before the swim. ...ring to teach Annabel my ...ing, which I acquired from ...on himself. Harry used to ...b, my boy, you must follow ... is the secret of putting.' ...ght him a little trick I have ...mashie pitch."

...gory talk one would have ... was a very fair golfer, but ... he actually never did the ...rse—and it is a short one—...ndred and ten. More and ...ecame convinced that he ...culiarly insufferable ass.

After breakfast Annabel took me by the elbow and led me unostentatiously to the veranda.

"Look here, Uncle Foster," she said firmly, "just why did George go to New York?"

"Business, my dear," I answered.

"Business—rot!" she exclaimed inelegantly. "Or if it was business I'll bet it was someone else's. Mine, for instance."

"Why, Annabel, what leads you to think that?"

"I'm not blind," said she. "You and George are planning something. You're going to pull off something very clever, you two. Well, listen to me! If I find that you're being clever at the expense of Bob Gregory, I'll marry him to-morrow."

"May God protect you!" I exclaimed fervently.

"That," said Annabel calmly, "is a very pious wish and does you great credit."

"Does your mother know of your infatuation?"

"She does not. I never tell mother anything until I have to. You should know that yourself. Just the same, mother is very fond of Bob."

"Yes," I agreed, "that's just it. That's why I think it's only fair that she should be told. I fancied she was flirting with him at breakfast, and—well, she's almost his age and at present unmarried."

Annabel started to lose her temper; but having, as I have pointed out, a naturally cheerful disposition, thought better of it and I detected a smile, nascent at the corners of her lips.

"You fool!" she said.

"She who saith to her brother 'thou fool' is in danger of hell fire," I reminded her.

"Besides," she continued somewhat irrelevantly, "Bob's only thirty-six."

I laughed.

"You innocent babe," I said, "he was thirty-six when you were living on milk! However, it makes no difference. His age, after all, is a mere detail; and as I myself am doubtless as old as he, I shan't condemn him. When do you intend to have the wedding?"

"That's my business," she said, and I sighed my relief.

There seemed no immediate danger at any rate. George had asked for ten days only; and George, as I well knew, was capable of moving mountains in ten days. I remember once—no, I shall tell that story another time.

Gregory came stamping out to the veranda, looking irritated but majestic, the way a king probably looks when someone he doesn't approve of is talking in a corner with the queen.

"The car is waiting," he announced briefly, and drew out his initialed watch. Then he put his arm possessively through that of Annabel—he was forever touching her, pawing her, stroking her, and all other women, too—and led her away.

His hat was of green plush with a small feather in the back of it. *Satis quod sufficit.* I will say no more.

When they were well away I started out toward the village, my destination being the telegraph office. I purposed sending George a telegram, for we had agreed before his departure to keep each other posted on any new developments. The message was brief, well within the prescribed ten words.

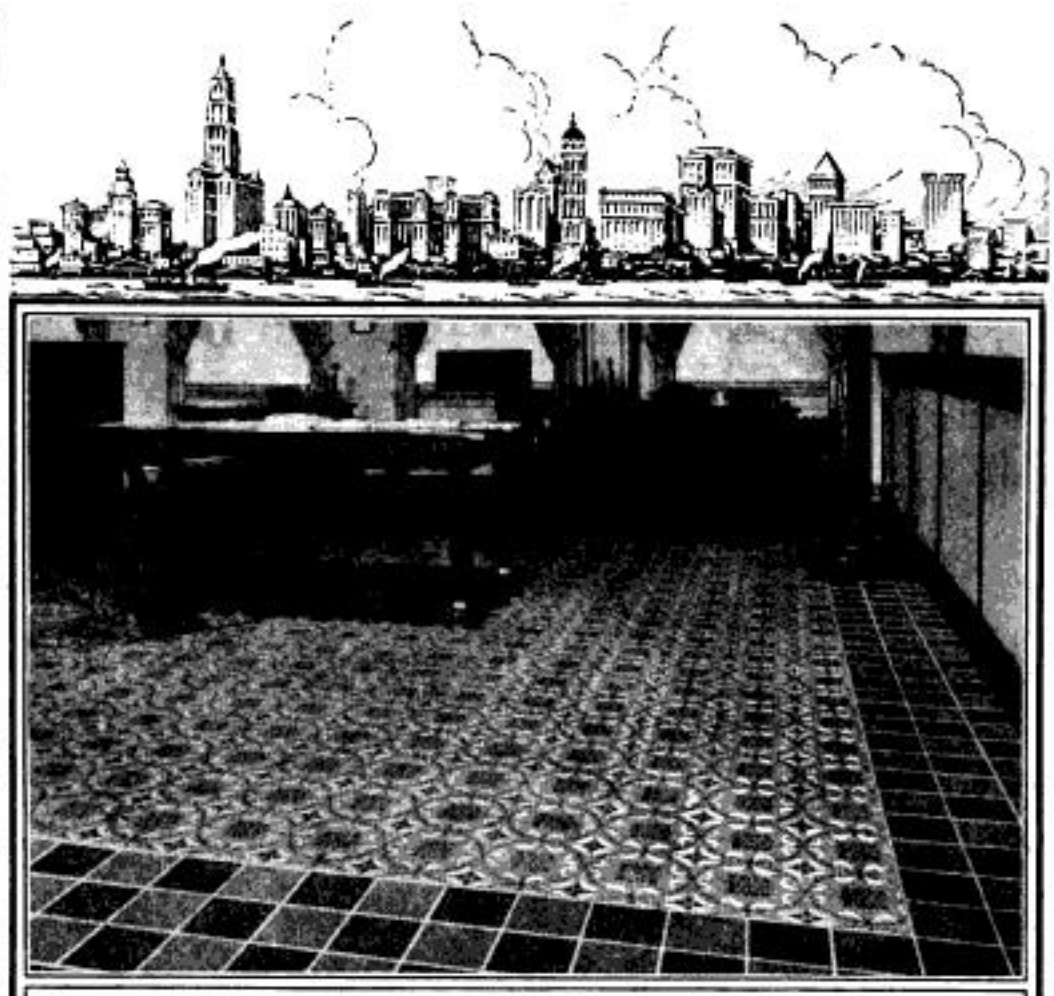
He claims age thirty-six. Marriage not imminent.

I conjectured that George would be able to refute the fellow's lie about his age without great difficulty. It was a triviality, to be sure—a lie excusable enough had he been a woman—but it would be a beginning, the first stroke of the pick that was eventually to undermine his complacency; the Pelion—if I may vary my metaphor—upon which we intended to heap Ossa.

Having dispatched my telegram, I took my way in an optimistic mood to the reading room. It was too early in the morning for most of the readers, and the club was empty except for a gentleman called Mather, who was glancing through La Vie Parisienne. Mather knew no French, but he enjoyed the pictures.

"Hello, Mr. Langley," said Mather politely. "How does it go up your way? How's your lion?"

"Gregory?" I inquired. "Oh, he's roaring according to specifications."



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Save the surface and you save all

"All the women in the harbor are neurotic about him," Mather volunteered. "They're all aglow. Would be, I suppose—actor and all that. Queer people, actors."

"Queer people, women," I said.

"Yes," agreed Mather, "absolutely inexplicable. But Gregory gets 'em every time. Like seeking like, I guess. All queer. I used to know Gregory's wife years ago. She was a nice little woman—quiet, you know; quiet and adoring. At least she was then. She probably's still quiet enough."

"His wife!" I exclaimed, endeavoring—but unsuccessfully, I fear—to conceal my surprise and my satisfaction. "Married, is he?"

"Oh, no; not now. Was, though. Doesn't boast much about it, I suppose, eh? Well, it was quite a while ago, and they've been divorced for about ten years. When I saw her last she was in Watch Your Step. Nice little woman—quiet, you know. Not much talent, but pretty and well made."

"What was her name?" I asked.

"Her name? Let me see. Hanged if I remember, it was so long ago. Lots of water gone under the bridge since, eh? It was an unusual sort of name, too; one of those tricky names, you know, that chorus girls invent for themselves and are frightfully proud of until somebody yanks them out of the chorus and puts up the money to star them in Camille. Oh, yes, I have it now! Danaë. That was her name—Danaë Delorme."

"Apt alliteration," I said, and to his evident surprise I thanked him effusively and rushed out of the club. A second telegram to George was clearly indicated.

v

I HAVE no doubt that there are certain days in the lives of all of us to which we look back with the feeling that they were merely part of a dream. Our actions seem to have been dream actions, our words dream words, our emotions dream emotions. The events themselves are often so illogical and nonsequacious that we can scarcely persuade ourselves they would have occurred during our waking moments. In dreams, of course, the most amazing things are accepted casually and as commonplaces. We are frightened but not surprised to find ourselves clinging with one hand to the cornice of the Woolworth tower; battling with assassins in a submerged submarine; cutting the throats of our nearest and dearest; appearing naked in a ballroom; or—I am no Freudian—making love to the cook.

All this is prefatory to the statement that I remember the week that followed George's departure from Fool Harbor as I might remember a dream. Unusual things happened with astounding rapidity—and continued so to happen—but I soon grew to accept the unusual with complete equanimity. Surprises ceased to surprise.

The opening gun was fired when George's answer to my two telegrams reached me at Fool Harbor. It read:

He is forty-four. Have copy of birth certificate as proof. Have traced his wife, but her name not Danaë Delorme. Doubtless that is stage name. She is Vera Carton and lives in Yonkers. His alimony to her six months in arrears. Everything splendid. GEORGE.

Inasmuch as this reached me on a Thursday, three days after George's departure, I concluded that my nephew had wasted no time in commencing his investigation. The results he had achieved during those three days were flattering evidence of his energy.

But the question that confronted me was, what use should I make of the information which I now possessed? Should I throw it bravely in Gregory's teeth and dare him to deny it? Or should I reveal it to Annabel and permit her to decide what was to be done? I determined finally on the latter course, since I foresaw that in any case Annabel would have to be told. Gregory, I knew, would be quite capable of refusing to leave the house until she should have ordered him to do so; or if he did leave it before Annabel knew the truth he might not improbably persuade her to go with him—a catastrophe to be averted at any price.

That evening before dinner I invited Annabel to assist me in mixing the cocktails.

"I wanted a word with you alone," I said to her, "and you are in such demand these days that I've had to resort to strategy to obtain it."

"Poor Uncle Foster!" she said commiseratingly. "Where's the vermuth?"

"Left-hand door of the sideboard. A bel, you told me the other day that Gre claims to be only thirty-six. Would it the slightest difference to you if I prove that he is actually forty-four?"

"Not the slightest," said Ann "Where's the ice pick?"

"In the top of the refrigerator, re on the ice. It makes no difference t then, that he has lied to you about his

"No, I can imagine nothing of les sequence."

"And," I went on ruthlessly, bringi my heaviest piece of artillery to shatt composure—"and I suppose that it is consequence, either, that Gregory wife—or rather had a wife who di him. I suppose he has told you that

"Yes, indeed," said Annabel, "h me that long ago. Isn't it a pity? W the cocktail shaker?"

There is no denying that I felt sh The shell I had fired from my big g proved to be a harmless dud. Ho ever started to tell what you fondly is a brand-new humorous story an informed by your audience that the heard it before? If you have you an of the distress and the annoyance experienced.

I seized the cocktail shaker an dished it furiously in the air, whereu cover promptly came off, and ice, g vermuth flew to the four corners pantry. Annabel, laughing sham stooped to clean up the mess; a then Gregory pushed open the s door.

"What is this—what is this?" manded. "Wasting nectar and a my good Langley?" It was not hi and, moreover, I was not his goo ley; but it was like him to ass ownership of both. "Mrs. McKni were wondering what had becom My dear Annabel, surely there is a why one of us men should not mop unfortunate mess."

"Thank you, Bob," said Annab malicious smile in my direction.

So that was the end of that inci I freely confess that I came out of best—perhaps only third.

But the following day—Friday—me reënforcements in the shape o telegram from George.

Vera Carton never known as Danaë There is a person of that name now Hello, Venus. Am hot on her trail. becomes interesting, my dear Watso

Bigamy! Well, perhaps not ex No doubt divorces had been obta each matrimonial venture. Even I fancied, would have been discr to see to that. The question w wife had the fellow admitted Carton or Danaë Delorme? Stu not to have asked Annabel when the opportunity; particularly s after last night's fiasco I should p be allowed another opportunity

But Gregory himself—unwitti certain—saved me a deal of approaching me before luncheo friendly manicured hand on m and saying: "Er—my good La give me a moment, please. A told me that you are taking a peculiar interest in myself and Now, my dear fellow, don't mis me, I beseech you; but I feel c suggest that if you desire to kno about me, why, I am the per you should naturally address yo follow me, I hope?"

"I not only follow you," sa will presently take advantage gestion. First, though, in justi I must point out that Ann father and no brother. I am male relative, but even I am her uncle. She is the daug stepsister. Nevertheless, I f responsibility in regard to her bility and a very deep affectio then, that interesting myself i I interest myself in the people is interested. You are one of

He bowed with the grace o "I rejoice," said he unctu so honored."

"Yes," I agreed, "it is an h pens, unfortunately, that now you very intimately. We kn capable actor"—I saw him moderation of my adjective—precisely all we do know abou

(Continued on Page

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(Continued from Page 54)

f what more, my dear Langley, do
ire to know?"
esire to know, for one thing, the
f your former wife."
," he said slowly; and again, "yes.
. A reasonable question, my dear
nd one which I do not hesitate to
It recalls a painful incident of the
be sure—an incident I had wished
from the slate of my memory."
made a gesture as of one passing a
across the face of a slate. "The
my former wife," he continued
impressive, pensive pause, "is
Nobel."
at?" I cried.
elia Nobel," he repeated.
had I been in anything but a
condition I should have been
by that statement. In sporting
I had staked my bank roll on
a Carton or Danaë Delorme; and
rank outsider, a certain hitherto
filly called Amelia Nobel, had
way with the purse! But, as I
lined, surprises surprised me no

you, Gregory," I said.
e anything more I can tell you,
angley?" he asked.
g—at present," said I, and,
are of the importance of my
t him and sought the telegraph

ctacled lady behind the desk
nquiringly at me on my arrival
f I was Mr. Langley. Upon my
hat I was she said, "Well, we
age for you that's just come in
to take it now."
m George. It said:

viewed Danaë. She also was his
mony eighteen months in arrears.
ation as you see fit. Will return
discover more wives. Danaë lives
r. GEORGE.

acled lady regarded me disap-
nd said, "That's for you,

ed," I answered, feeling that
d me akin to Bluebeard or
Then very cheerfully I com-
lowing message to George:

bout Vera and Danaë welcome,
to a certain Amelia Nobel. Bet-
ound-up complete while you are
LANGLEY.

t back to the house for lunch-

VI

melia must have been more
n either Vera or Danaë, for it
s before I heard again from
at interval I ventured to ap-
el once more, but this time
y, for I did not relish being
r so completely foolish and
I had been on the last occa-
s careful not to blurt out the
: I possessed; I did not say,
nnabel, your man Gregory's
ossibly a trigamist, or if he
divorced three times."
en a suitable opportunity
said gently, "My dear, do
hat Gregory has told you
ut himself that you should

me with pity and patience

idn't worry so about Greg-
e said. "We don't worry
selves. I know that actors
, let's say shielded lives;
dmired they are the more
ted, I suppose, by wild
what you mean—that he's

ered, "that is not at all
uppose, for example, that
that he had been married
ot once, mind you, but sev-
en that it would make you
s. What would you do?"
exasperation.
ldn't believe it," she said.
narried more than once he
me. That's all there is to
ter," she continued plain-
o suspicious of Bob, and
oking and hoping to find
t him. It isn't fair—it

y enough from this that
t to be gained by saying
should return with indis-
I telegraphed George to

that effect, warning him that in order to convince Annabel he would have to bring with him evidence conclusive enough to persuade a very partial and opinionated judge.

When, therefore, on the following Monday I received a telegram from my nephew, advising me that Amelia had been inspected and had been catalogued under the same heading as Vera and Danaë, and that he himself was arriving at half past five on the following day, I feared that he might be leaving his task only half done. Annabel, I well knew, would simply decline to believe any accusation against Gregory based only on George's word for it.

But, as it happened, I need have had no fears, for George brought with him the most conclusive evidence possible—he brought with him Vera and Danaë and Amelia!

I went in the car to meet the late afternoon train and George. Fortunately I went alone with the chauffeur; for, as I have said, I met not only the afternoon train and George but also three undeniably attractive young women. Had Mary been with me I am certain that she would have swooned.

George, outwardly cool and businesslike, but inwardly, as he later confessed, pleasantly apprehensive, marshaled Vera and Danaë and Amelia—and a quantity of hand luggage—on the platform and presented me to them.

"Mrs. Vera Carton Gregory, Mrs. Danaë Delorme Gregory, Mrs. Amelia Nobel Gregory—my uncle, Mr. Foster Langley."

I bowed, bereft of speech. I bowed three times, while they murmured the usual banalities.

"Pile in," said George unceremoniously. "We're all good friends and this is my party."

His party! It might be his party, but it was his Aunt Mary's house; and, moreover, these three guests had been Robert Gregory's wives. Something of this flashed across me, but I made no demur, for I was still living in the dream.

During the ride to the house I had opportunity to survey the three Mrs. Gregorys. They differed among themselves as markedly as the three parts of Gaul.

Vera, who was probably the oldest—and she could not have been much over thirty—was a brisk, efficient-looking, tailor-made sort of person, neatly clad, neatly hatted, neatly gloved, neatly shod. She had black hair and eyes and white collar and cuffs. She said little, but what she said was to the point.

For example, she said, "I suppose our arrival will mean the devil of a row."

A woman of sense and perspicacity.

Danaë was, I judged, an experienced chorus girl, risen, perhaps, to speaking parts. She made conversation in the voice and manner which stage directors of musical comedy believe to be appropriate to young society women; and she did this, I am sure, to cover up her very real nervousness. It was a new part which she was about to play, and one which she had not rehearsed. She was plump and blond and highly perfumed.

Amelia Nobel was the youngest and the most beautiful of the three. She, as I guessed correctly, was a motion-picture actress, and very probably a motion-picture actress out of a job. I confess that my sympathies went out to her, for she was a frail, appealing little thing in her rather shabby blue suit and her worn-out gloves. She did not seem at all frightened, and yet I could not help wondering what had induced her to start on this ridiculous expedition. Indeed, I wondered what had induced any of the three to start. Curiosity? A sense of the dramatic? Hatred of Gregory? Love of Gregory? Or more probably, I thought, simply love of excitement.

We drew up at the front entrance to the house.

"I fear," I said, "that we are not exactly—er—exactly expected. Shall I go in and announce you?"

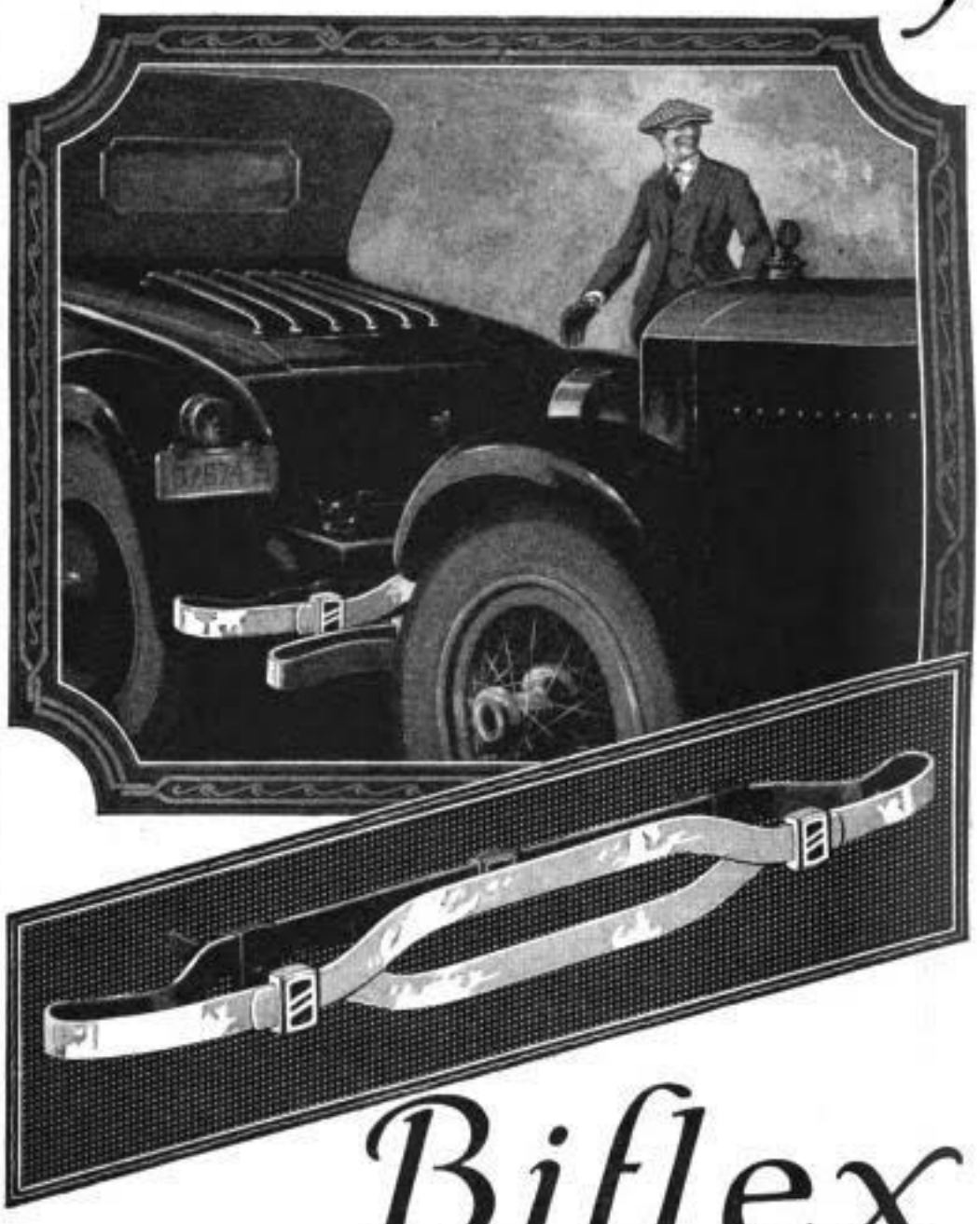
"Don't bother," said George airily. "We're not staying long, you see. Just an afternoon call—a purely informal afternoon call. I'm motoring them back to Portsmouth to-night in time for dinner. They think—and I'm inclined to agree with them—that they'll be more comfortable over there."

"Yes," I agreed—"yes, I see. Quite right, perhaps."

Flinging open the door, then, I called loudly for Mary.

"Visitors, Mary!" I cried. "George has brought some friends to tea."

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INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

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I heard my stepsister's voice coming cooingly from the living room.

"How nice!" she exclaimed in the bliss of ignorance.

I heard the suave, patronizing barytone of Gregory saying something in reference to the return of the prodigal George; I heard Annabel order more tea and teacups and muffins; and then we entered.

The doorway to the living room is wide, so we entered almost abreast—an imposing line, the three young women in the center and George and I each on an end.

Mary, as was her custom, was shaking hands before she had heard their names. Even after she had heard their names she continued shaking hands—mechanically, I suppose, as a flywheel continues to revolve long after the motive power is switched off.

"My aunt, Mrs. McKnight," said George, "may I present Mrs. Gregory—and Mrs. Gregory—and Mrs. Gregory?"

There were murmurs—diminuendo murmurs subsiding into terrific silence. Mary, completely incompetent in any crisis, stood gasping, her arms at last limp at her sides, her startled eyes traveling like those of a hunted animal from Gregory to his three ex-wives. Annabel stood, silent, motionless, a little pale, behind the tea table.

Gregory, I hasten to admit, behaved more decently than I should have expected. At least he did not lose his temper, or even his drawing-room manner. He advanced gracefully to the center of the room, bowed and said: "In my case, dear friends, no introductions are necessary. I have had the pleasure—I repeat, the pleasure—of knowing all three of our charming visitors in former days. Vera, how do you do? Danaë, I am delighted. And Amelia—why, it seems but yesterday that we said good-by. You are all looking splendid—all of my wives, I may say, are looking splendid."

"You've taken on a little weight, Robert," commented Vera appraisingly.

"You handsome old dear," said Danaë.

But Amelia merely said "Bob!" in a voice that trembled a little.

Then Gregory, addressing himself to George, said: "I don't think that it is necessary for me to ask what your purpose is in bringing these three ladies here. Their purpose in coming is entirely another matter, and I must confess that I have no idea as to that. Perhaps, if Mrs. McKnight and Annabel will excuse us, we might discuss that in another part of the house. For Annabel, at any rate, the discussion may well be unpleasant."

Annabel spoke at last.

"I should prefer to stay, if you don't mind," she said quietly.

"That," observed George, "is the idea. There will be no unpleasantness, I assure you—only an unusual situation, and I think that Annabel should enjoy the benefit of being present."

"Of course," said Annabel; and seating herself at the tea table she asked brightly, "Who will have tea? Won't you please all sit down?"

We all sat down. I have seldom so admired Annabel.

Danaë began to giggle.

"My dear Danaë," said Gregory, "you seem to have something amusing in your mind; suppose you begin. Why did you come here? What do you want?"

Danaë patted her yellow hair, lowered her dress over her knees, crossed her shapely legs, lowered her dress once more, and said: "Why, Robert, I came here, I guess, for the same reason all of us came! I'm lonely, and I've missed you, and after thinking it over and taking things all in all I'm sorry I divorced you. I'd be willing to start again if you would."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Gregory. "So that's the way the wind blows!"

"Well," said Danaë, "that's the way it blows with me, and I rather guess I'm not alone in the cyclone. But remember, I was your first wife."

"Yes," said Gregory grimly, "I remember. And you, Vera? You're my second wife. How about you? Are you here for the same reason?"

The efficient, businesslike Vera flushed a little, but maintained an admirable composure.

"I've tried to get in touch with you several times in the last few years," she said. "You never would see me. You never would answer my letters which I addressed to the theater. I tried to stop you once on Broadway when you were walking alone, but you pretended not to notice me. I divorced you, you remember, for n support. That was when you were o work and were too lazy to look for a That was before you were famous. the supporting on the thirty dollars I earned as a stenographer, and weren't too proud to share it. Well seems a good opportunity to tell you I'm not a bit too proud to share wha are earning now. I will say nothing the arrears of alimony that you alread me, and if you will remarry me I'm w to start again with a clean slate. fifty-fifty everything that each of us Is that fair?"

Gregory passed his fingers nerv through his hair. The strain, I fancied beginning to tell even on him.

"That is fair, I suppose," he said; I doubt if it's possible. I'm sorry abo alimony. That, of course, will be att to. My agent—my lawyer—very o of them. And now you, Amelia!"

She looked up at him slowly. Her were clasping and unclasping ther restlessly in her lap. She had man conceal her shabby gloves.

"I have nothing to say. I merel the first chance I could to see you You left me. I suppose you were t me. I wondered if you were still t me. I came to find out. That's all

"Poor little Amelia," said Gregor a tenderness which I believe w assumed.

She smiled, and when she smiled quite lovely.

"Poor old Bob," said she.

There was a brief silence. Anna pouring tea and George was pass and muffins.

"Well!" exclaimed Mary. "Thi upsetting! I was never so bewil my life. I'll have my tea quite s think, Annabel dear." And the perhaps for the first time how tr she was, she said, "Mr. Gregory, us an explanation."

"I owe you three, dear lady, a Annabel two. Annabel knew about you see. But unfortunately there be no further explanation pos young friend George has attended and everything that is claimed ladies is true. Everything. I rep fore leaving your house I can o my dear Mrs. McKnight, that I n ing concealed my marriages. possible excuse is that, having p self so frequently a failure as a h feared that I might be disqual future competitions."

"Lose your amateur standi suggested George.

Gregory bowed in acquiescen "Precisely, my dear boy," sai He drew his thin gold initia from the pocket of his black-silk consulted it and replaced it.

"I think," he said, "that I h time to pack up and catch the la Boston. It is a most unfortunat what would otherwise have bee ing visit."

"And what about me?" dem efficient Vera.

"And me?" echoed Danaë.

Amelia, I noted, said nothin

"You seem to be very po Gregory," said Annabel—"ver spite of the fact that you ex been a failure as a husband."

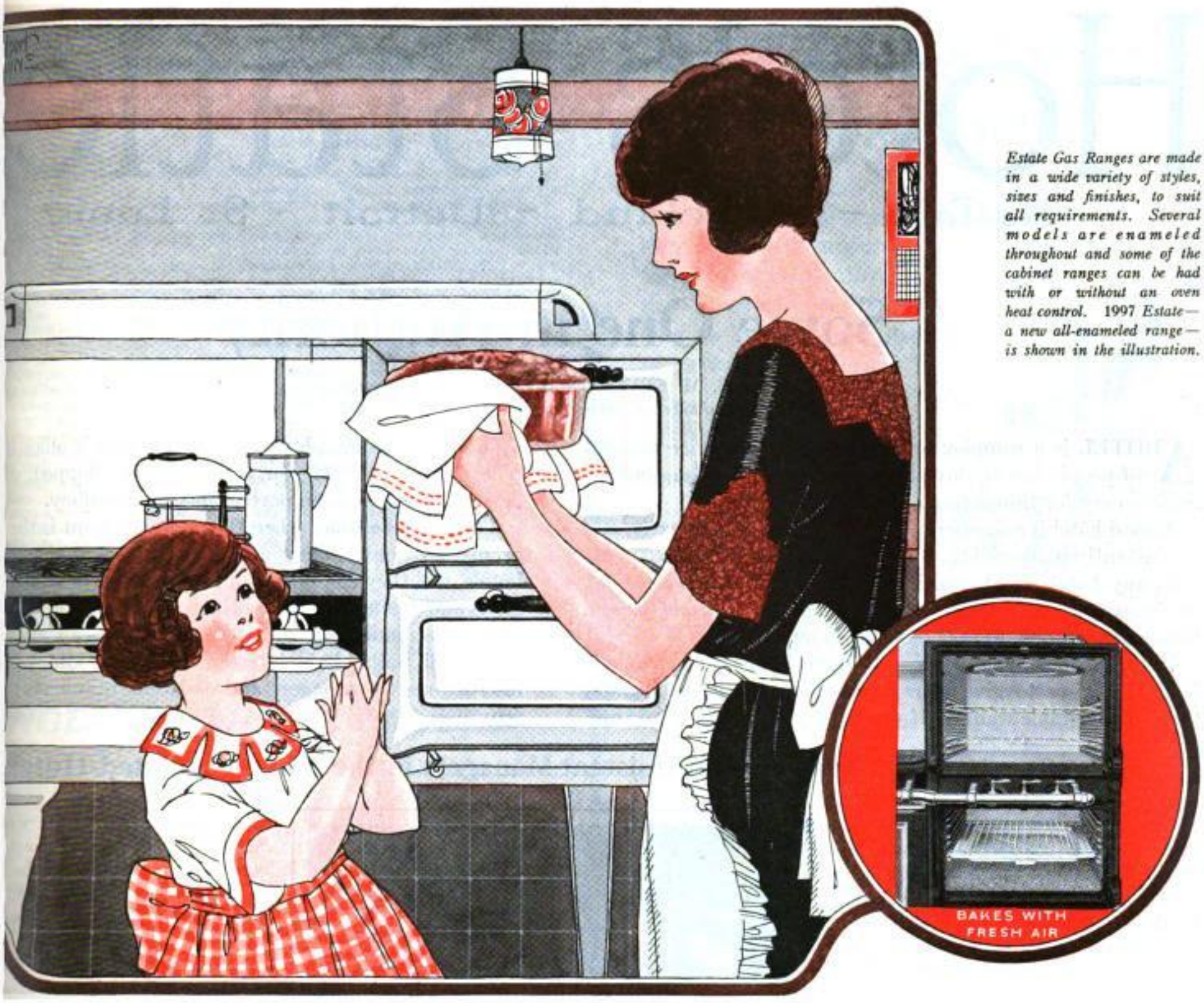
At this Mary reproved her, t that the remark was uncalled maidenly; but Gregory, all ti pose restored, smiled benign them both.

"Popular!" he exclaimed. Ah, dear ladies, what is popu mere fugitive waif of a breeze in our direction every once in a to veer about and turn against moment. In my day I have h tion—I say it frankly—and t day is not yet over. My mana that my name will fill a theate what the play. So much the that makes me popular with m But behold these three ladies! husband to all of them, and yet chose to divorce me. I do n they did not have reason, but I none of them hesitated to do i she did have reason. Is that Is that affection? Is that lov

"One moment, please," Amelia. "There's something I ought to tell you, Bob, before further. Since you don't seem

(Continued on Page

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Estate Gas Ranges are made in a wide variety of styles, sizes and finishes, to suit all requirements. Several models are enameled throughout and some of the cabinet ranges can be had with or without an oven heat control. 1997 *Estate—a new all-enameled range—is shown in the illustration.*

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k and 75% oven"—that's the way a culinary expert recently interpreted f good cookery.

s make good cooks. And poor ovens cooks. Every woman knows how true

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ng and roasting, sweeter and more wholesome, are thus achieved. And absolute heat uniformity *in every part* of the oven is assured.

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Note, too, that an 18-inch Estate oven has the capacity of an ordinary 20-inch oven!

That is because baking can be placed closely against the walls. In the ordinary range, with openings in the side linings, there is at least one inch of oven space, at *each* side, which cannot be utilized.

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"Some One in Authority"

By E. M. STATLER—being one of a series of ads embodying instructions to Statler employees.

A HOTEL is a complex organization. The service of a lot of people has to dove-tail in every transaction, and it's mighty easy for things to go wrong sometimes.

A good hotel is one where things go wrong infrequently, and are instantly made right.

In any hotel, you'll find it a good principle to *ask for any service you want and aren't getting—but ask the right person.* Generally, it's best to ask some one in authority.

If, for instance, you're very particular about some article of food, it's wiser to give your instructions to the headwaiter than to your table waiter. If you want your room "made up" by a certain hour, phone the housekeeper's office inst telling the maid. If you want a parcel shipped, or a delivered, tell the head porter, and not a bellboy.

There will be times when the man you want is the m or his assistant. They are *the source of authority* i hotels, and they can be useful to you when the thing y is beyond the authority of others, or when you're not satisfaction in dealing with a department head.

You will probably be interested in seeing some of ou instructions to managers and assistant managers; h are:

Instructions to Managers and Assistant Managers in the Statler-operated Hotels

"Your biggest responsibility is to see that our policies are carried out and our promises to the public are kept.

"Most of your contact with guests will be with those who want something of you. You must always do everything you can to make their way smooth and pleasant.

"If his trunk hasn't come, or his ice-water doesn't flow; if he doesn't like his room, or has trouble at the mail desk—

"Whatever the reason for his seeking you, you are to take hold *interestedly* and give him the quickest satisfaction possible.

"In all your contact with guests (and, don't forget, with your associates, too), remember that the unforgivable sin, from our standpoint, is discourtesy. A close second is lack of interest; whet comes to you with a complain quest, he *must always* be gr listened to and *helped* with th ness and courtesy that are th our policies.

"You are the men at the t houses, you managers and assi agers. But you have no speci privileges over any other empl company in the literal carry these instructions from The Sta Codes: 'No employee is allowe lege of arguing any point with must adjust the matter at o guest's satisfaction, or call hi do so'."

E. M. St



A new Hotel Statler (1100 rooms, 1100 baths) is now building at Buffalo, to open early in 1923; 500 more rooms will be added later.

Hotel Pennsylvani

Opp. Pennsylvania Terminal, New York. *The Largest Hotel in the U*

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(Continued from Page 58)

I ought to tell you that I haven't
d you."
ry sat down very slowly, staring at
with wide, bewildered eyes, even
agine, Balaam's ass might have
l the angel.
—have—not—divorced me?" he
l.
" said she bravely; "and I don't
you should all take it for granted
ave."
it for granted! Of course I took
nted! All my wives divorce me!"
this one didn't," she answered
viction.
his handsome face in his hand-
ds. He was obviously a greatly
actor, so distressed that he was
acting.
ld have been told!" he groaned.
yers ——"
you ever think to ask your
" she ventured.
k his head dismally.
't know. I don't remember. I
er with such things. I leave all
em—never contest a suit."
said she, "it was only ten
o that you left me, and I sup-
thought you were just taking a
tion. I'm sorry. If you want
start a suit right away."
ed up sharply.
that you say?"
eated her offer, but not so
little tremulously.
want to do that, Amelia?" he

k her head in silence. Her
e picking uneasily at the black
er skirt. Suddenly Gregory

"Ladies," he said, "if you will permit me I will go to my room and pack my things. My wife and I are taking the last train for Boston."

"And what about me?" demanded the efficient Vera.

"And me?" echoed Danaë.

"Ah," said Gregory, "to be sure! Well, in the circumstances I can't very well offer either of you remarriage. I fear that you will have to be content with the alimony due you. That, I assure you, shall be promptly paid, now and hereafter."

And the amazing man kissed his two ex-wives paternally on their foreheads, and bestowed on them that radiant, kindly smile which is so irresistible that to witness it thousands of maids and of matrons have paid two-fifty a seat—matinées two dollars.

VII

"WELL?" I inquired of Annabel when they had gone, George driving Vera and Danaë to Portsmouth according to his promise, and Gregory and his almost tearfully happy Amelia taking the train for Boston.

"Well, what?" retorted Annabel.

"Is your heart broken?" I asked. "Gregory isn't such a bad sort after all—for an actor."

"No, he isn't," she agreed with a sideways smile that reassured me. "But I think three wives are enough—even for an actor."

"Well," said Mary, "I'll say this for him: He never had more than one at a time."

"No," Annabel admitted, "and neither did Henry VIII. There's a Shaksperean rôle that Bob ought to play famously."

"Yes," I murmured—"that or The Merry Wives."

'NGLE, DOUBLE, TROUBLE

(Continued from Page 28)

us discharged her social obliga-
noment, Sis' Eliza resumed her
ations with her dancing part-
g meanwhile the words of the
ues:

le a dollah dat you didn't git
lled a seven 'cept I rolled it fo'
o grievin' when you wanted to
ne no laughin' when my honey
e.
elt blue when de big judge said:
n from sunstroke an' park him
hite raiment an' shave de boy's
farewell, you can reach him by

y mail wid a letter,
by mail wid de news;
in'; now I feels better,
id dem lone Mournin' Blues.

ck at the door, and over near
expectant Mis' Magnezia
o a following drag, trailing
had trembled the lead half
the drum.
him!"
pec'?"
l. I tells you. Quit dat
'Let me reach you by mail
'spec' it's my new financée."
e wid dem lone mournin'

n' now I feels better. Ise
lone mournin' blues."
music died an explosive
ter door opened. To the
s from the shadowed door-
-pitched falsetto voice:
dis de whereabouts of de
?"
il in an' leave me speak yo'

gure, veiled and cloaked,

Vitus Marsden. My hus-
is temp'rarily retained at
se."
In the sudden calm the
a Bunny snapped like the
cksnake whip. "Yo' who
n, whut dis talk?"
nger plowed halfway into
iring dancers to meet the
a.

"I sez my husban'—Vitus Marsden, whut folks calls Wilecat! Sez me! How come you so cravin' to know?"

"I shows you how come!"

Without preliminary the swing of Magnezia Bunny's heavy hand launched straight for the side of the veiled figure's head. Bam! The sawed-off one staggered a little and swelled up under the draperies in time to stop a swinging left.

"I learns you an' dat heart-breakin' houn'!"

The skinny panther was upon the cloaked figure, and in an impromptu circle of popeyed bystanders a battle was staged with all the flurry and madness of an overdue cyclone. For a long thirty seconds the little combatant endured the flailing punishment meted out by the spindling Magnezia, and then, with a quick burst of unexpected energy, the tall member of the team found herself lifted head first over the surging shoulders of Missus Vitus Marsden.

Five feet above the floor, helpless and writhing, Mis' Magnezia poised for three seconds before she began her descent. She came down, aided and abetted by two strong arms, and her course was the diving course of an arrow, aimed at the starboard end of the paralyzed orchestra. Bam! Head first into the tight parchment of the drumhead. A quick recovery and Magnezia stood erect, weaving a little, but with her head still crowned and concealed within the interior of the drum. "Git me out! Take dat off my haid! Unloose me!"

Fumbling hands unloosed the captive. In her sudden freedom she looked about for her opponent.

The veiled Missus Vitus Marsden, taking advantage of the moment when Mis' Magnezia Bunny's predicament had attracted all eyes toward that drum diver, had vanished into the night. Various nerveless whuffers clustered around the tin dishpan, absorbing quick slugs of Sis' Eliza's nerve tonic.

The drummer inverted his instrument and tightened the snares on the one uninjured drumhead.

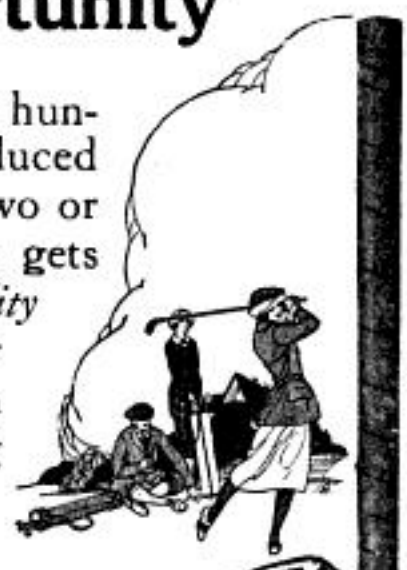
Kiss him farewell, you kin reach him by mail,
Jus' beginnin' dem lone Mournin' Blues.

IV

AT FOUR minutes to eight, through the shadows of the alley back of Captain Jack's house, stepping fast, came Missus Vitus Marsden, champion of the night's battle. In the obscurity of the high board

Gives Every Golfer Equal Opportunity

Experts say that out of each hundred hickory shafts now produced there are not more than two or three of *first quality*. Who gets these two or three *first quality* shafts? What about the other ninety-seven golfers? Then too, good hickory is growing scarcer every day.



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"Bristol"

Patented May 12, 1914 May 2, 1916

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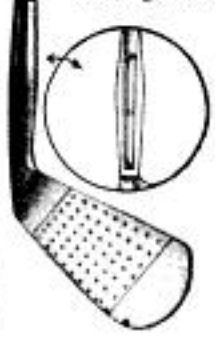
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Bristol, Meek and Kingfisher Catalogs mailed *free* on request.



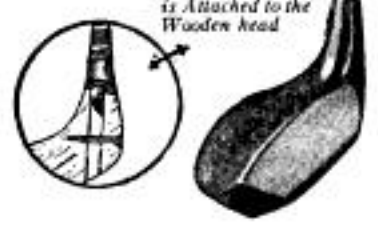
How the Bristol Steel Golf Shaft is Attached to the Iron head

Golf Shops and Sporting Goods Dealers: The Bristol Steel Golf Shaft is having a big demand throughout the country. Write today for information.

Golfers: Write for descriptive literature and give us the name of your club and professional.

Golf Clubs fitted with Bristol Steel Golf Shafts can be supplied by The Crawford, McGregor and Canby Co., Dayton, Ohio, and The Hillerich and Bradsby Co., Louisville, Ky.

The Horton Mfg. Co.
453 Horton St., Bristol, Conn.



How the Bristol Steel Golf Shaft is Attached to the Wooden head

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fence that lined the dark side of the alley the figure reefed a double handful of flowing draperies, and in this new freedom the marching pace was accelerated to a trot. Opposite the door of Captain Jack's woodshed the rambler's raiment again swung free and a fumbling hand reached for the latch of the door.

"Bla-a!"

Lily, enjoying the rubber-flavored canvas of an old but luscious tennis shoe, expressed her surprise at the sudden invasion of her sanctuary.

Out of the darkness came a reply to Lily's startled bleating:

"Shut up, goat, befo' I knots yo' neck!"

The invader spoke, and where Missus Marsden's voice had been a high falsetto at Sis' Eliza's dance, now it was the voice of Demmy. The diminutive masquerader struck a match and with it he lighted the lantern hanging against the wall. Two minutes of fast work sufficed to free him of his borrowed costume. He rolled his draperies this time into one large bundle, and carrying it before him he marched toward the rectangle of light that marked the kitchen door. Arrived at the door, he kicked gently against the lower panel of the screen. From within the Wildcat answered:

"Who dat?"

"Dis Demmy."

The Wildcat addressed the cook:

"Go on 'long into de dinin' room, honey, an' see is I swept things right. Craves to 'range eve'ythin' to please you an' ol' Cap'n Jack."

The cook obeyed, and while she was absent from the kitchen the Wildcat opened the door to his laden associate.

"Lawd, Demmy, how come yo' nose bleed?"

"Stummled again' Ol' Man Trouble. Don't stop me! Got to git dis clo'es back."

Straight for the cook's room with the borrowed costume walked Ol' Man Trouble's associate, to return three minutes later to where the Wildcat waited for the verdict.

"Come wid me to de woodshed. Us talks free f'm folks listenin'."

Trailing his guide, the Wildcat gained the woodshed and closed the door behind him.

"Is I free?" He held his breath.

"You is. 'Ceptin' f'm yo' 'maginary fust wife. Dat Magnezia woman don't aim to create no big'my. Single, double an' trouble—you went through dem [illegible] stages, an' now you begins sing'e ag[illegible]

With a haste not explained in his w[illegible] Demmy sketched the process by wh[illegible] had freed the Wildcat of his bonds.

"Dey thinks you is married—all you[illegible] is announce a divo'ce an' stagger [illegible] thankin' Lady Luck dat you missed [illegible] a weddin' o' else a break-yo'-[illegible] ruckus. Dat's all—Ise gwine now."

"Demmy, dog-gone! Ise saved ag[illegible]

The Wildcat breathed deep and sought to prolong the recital of the m[illegible] of salvation.

"Whah you gwine? Ain't you [illegible] fo' de kitchen? Dey's some ham [illegible] de gravy is on de stove."

"Too busy to eat—sees you later."

Demmy was launched away on his [illegible] project of the night.

Sis' Eliza's party disintegrated at [illegible] o'clock. Mis' Magnezia Bunny, not [illegible] companied, reached her own yell[illegible] domicile at twenty minutes after [illegible] Her escort lingered at the door un[illegible] clock inside the house struck thr[illegible] out.

At half past three in the morn[illegible] Wildcat was awakened by D[illegible] heavy hand.

"Rouse up! Ise got mo' news [illegible] you. I been back at de party—op[illegible] dis time. Meets up wid yo' late f[illegible] Fust time I seed dat woman m[illegible] flopped. Dis time, Wilecat, when [illegible] eye landed on dat tall Venus I fall[illegible] her so. Me an' her uses dat [illegible] preacheh nex' Monday. Come ta [illegible] din' an' bring dat Lily whut's de [illegible] it all. You is named de bes' man!"

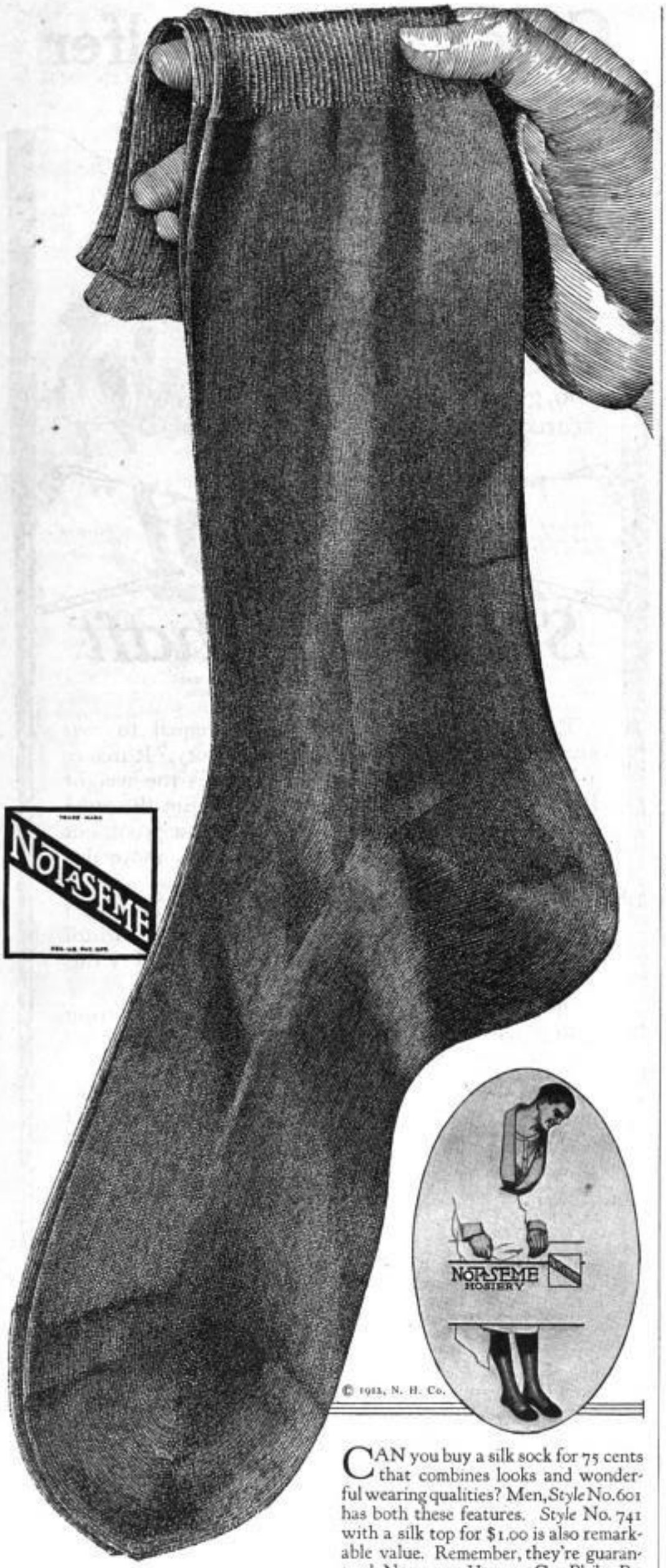
"Demmy, is I dreamin'? Does [illegible] member whut you said 'bout sin[illegible] double trouble?" The Wildcat ha[illegible] incredulous eyes. "You is crazy!"

"I is—wid de love itch. Git [illegible] Git dreamin' like I does—true[illegible] happy dreams."

"Huh!" The Wildcat grunted h[illegible] ment. "You ain't dreamin'. Yo[illegible] lirious above de ears and plain mu[illegible] Sunup you begin to bray."

The critic lay awake for ten [illegible] thereafter.

"Craves to have me be bes' m[illegible] de bes' man—shows dat mule w[illegible] bes' man befo' he gits hitched up[illegible] Luck, rally round! Us needs you h[illegible]



© 1912, N. H. Co.

CAN you buy a silk sock for 75 cents that combines looks and wonderful wearing qualities? Men, *Style* No. 601 has both these features. *Style* No. 741 with a silk top for $1.00 is also remarkable value. Remember, they're guaranteed. NOTASEME HOSIERY Co., Phila., Pa.

NOTASEME HOSIERY



PHOTO. BY AMERICAN PHOTO. COMPANY, HAVANA, CUBA

A Formal Tropical Garden and Patio in Cuba

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It wouldn't be the same . . ."

"If every woman on the street
Should make a loaf of bread,
They wouldn't be the same at all,"
The Master Baker said.
"Some loaves would burn and some would fall,
And some would not be good,
Though each one used the self-same flour
And did the best she could."

ND there's no secret about making Clicquot Club Ginger Ale. We tell t we put in it. Other manufacturers v all the ingredients we use. They buy most of them.

t they don't make Clicquot Club—more than a woman with good flour recipe can make bread which tastes her neighbor's bread made with the flour and recipe.

have one decided advantage in g our ginger ale. All the water we use is pure, cold spring water, drawn from the bed-rock. Nature has filtered and re-filtered it. The carbonation of this water and the flavoring with Jamaica ginger, fruit juices, and sugar make the happy blend that is never duplicated except by us. It is almost a universal taste.

Why, then, should you drink other ginger ales if you can get Clicquot Club?

Ask your grocer to send you a case. Keep a few bottles on ice or in a cold place. Serve it any time to any one. *They all like it.*

THE CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY, Millis, Mass., U. S. A.

Clicquot Club
Ginger Ale
Sarsaparilla
Birch Beer
Root Beer

Clicquot Club
Pronounced Klee-Ko

GINGER ALE

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THE FREIGHT THAT FAILE

By FORREST CRISSEY

THE movie drama of The Freight That Failed is no piker among modern productions. The cost of putting on this piece in America is more than $100,000,000 a year. Oh, it's a whale of a production, and makes the most lavish release of the moving pictures look cheap.

But the sad box-office secret of The Freight That Failed is the fact that its production money represents almost a total loss and every shipper and consumer in the country is directly or indirectly called upon to chip in and meet the deficit. There are no nonassessable shares in this venture. The public is generally inclined to think that the railroads pay the freight claims; the fact is the roads are merely the fiscal agents for collecting the required assessments from the consumers. It's everybody's show, for a freight claim is usually an outright economic loss.

Naturally you ask, "If The Freight That Failed is such a rotten show, why don't they take it off the road?" That's precisely the point of this story. An organization of the ablest railway men in America is now on the job of administering reduction treatment to the freight claim and stripping it down to a state of skinny attenuation calculated to make it unrecognizable by its old associates. It's a huge task and a hard one, but it is being accomplished at an astonishing rate—and without music, too!

For example, one road, the Chicago and North Western, instituted a freight claim prevention campaign; and Mr. H. C. Howe, freight claim agent, told W. C. Johnson, one of his assistants: "Take hold of this job and see what you can do toward cutting down our freight claims $1,000,000 a year." He tackled the task under a full head of steam and did nearly four times as much as was asked of him.



Dangerous Nails Pulled From Freight Cars

The Cost of Carelessness

ALTHOUGH he began his offensive in the summer of 1920 his forces were not really mobilized until the beginning of 1921, and the results of this campaign brought about a reduction in the number of claims presented of 79,946, which is just that many less complaints against the carrier, and the money involved in this reduction was $3,742,292.

Of course other causes operated to secure this claim reduction of nearly $4,000,000. There was a material shrinkage in both the volume and the value of the freight carried. Again, the road was not badgered by a switchmen's strike in 1921 as it was in 1920. But give these elements full consideration and there is still a large remainder to the credit of the claim prevention drive.

Before sketching this admirable piece of constructive economy it is well to glance at the freight claim as a national institution, as a nation-wide assessment upon the consumers of this country. The class-one roads of the United States paid freight claims for loss and damage in 1920 to the amount of more than $120,000,000; in 1919 this drain was more than $104,000,000. The fact that this huge loss is ultimately borne by the consumers will not be questioned by any person having the most elementary knowledge of business practice. Therefore the new war on this insidious freight claim is literally everybody's business.

This is not a fight to discourage the filing of freight claims—it is a war on the practices that produce loss and damage in freight carrying. There is no apparent inclination on the part of railroad officials to pass the buck of responsibility for freight loss and damage to the shippers. It is admitted by a high official of the American Railway Association that not more than 15 per cent of all freight claims are chargeable to the shippers. But 15 per cent of $120,000,000 is quite a snug sum. Its saving should give shippers a healthy incentive for hearty coöperation in the effort to reduce the massive bulk of the freight claim to skeleton proportions.

Experts declare that the average freight claim is in the amount of about twenty-five dollars and that the average cost of handling a claim is about $1.60. Recently a claim agent settled a freight claim for four cents—which indicates that the race of careful people is not yet entirely extinct. Perhaps the largest freight claim of recent record is that covering the loss and damage at Ardmore, Oklahoma, caused by the explosion of a car of casing-head gas. This claim was settled for $1,20
Another road recently paid $1
for the loss, by fire, of fifteen c
gasoline and oil. These huge
might suggest that in apport
freight claims according to
modities petroleum products
head the list. Not so! At th
of the class is fruits and vege
with 13.5 per cent of the total a
paid for all freight claims.
ing, dry goods and notions
with 8.7 per cent. Grain sc
per cent; coal and coke, 4.2 p
meats, 4 per cent; flour a
products, 3.7 per cent; toba
gars and cigarettes, 3.7 per c
livestock, 3.5 per cent.

Do not jump to the con
however, that the loss on arti
covered by this classificati
small moment. Take the lit
ter of glass, glassware and c
for example. Claims under $
call for the payment of $1
month on the part of A
class-one roads. Those wh
ping experiences have larg
confined to forwarding household goods by rail
likely to be surprised that this class of comm
not mentioned as a champion claim producer.
total paid out on this score amounts to the respect
of $1,600,000 a year. All of which indicates
commodity is obscure enough to escape carrying
toll in the account known as loss and damage.

Losses Distributed

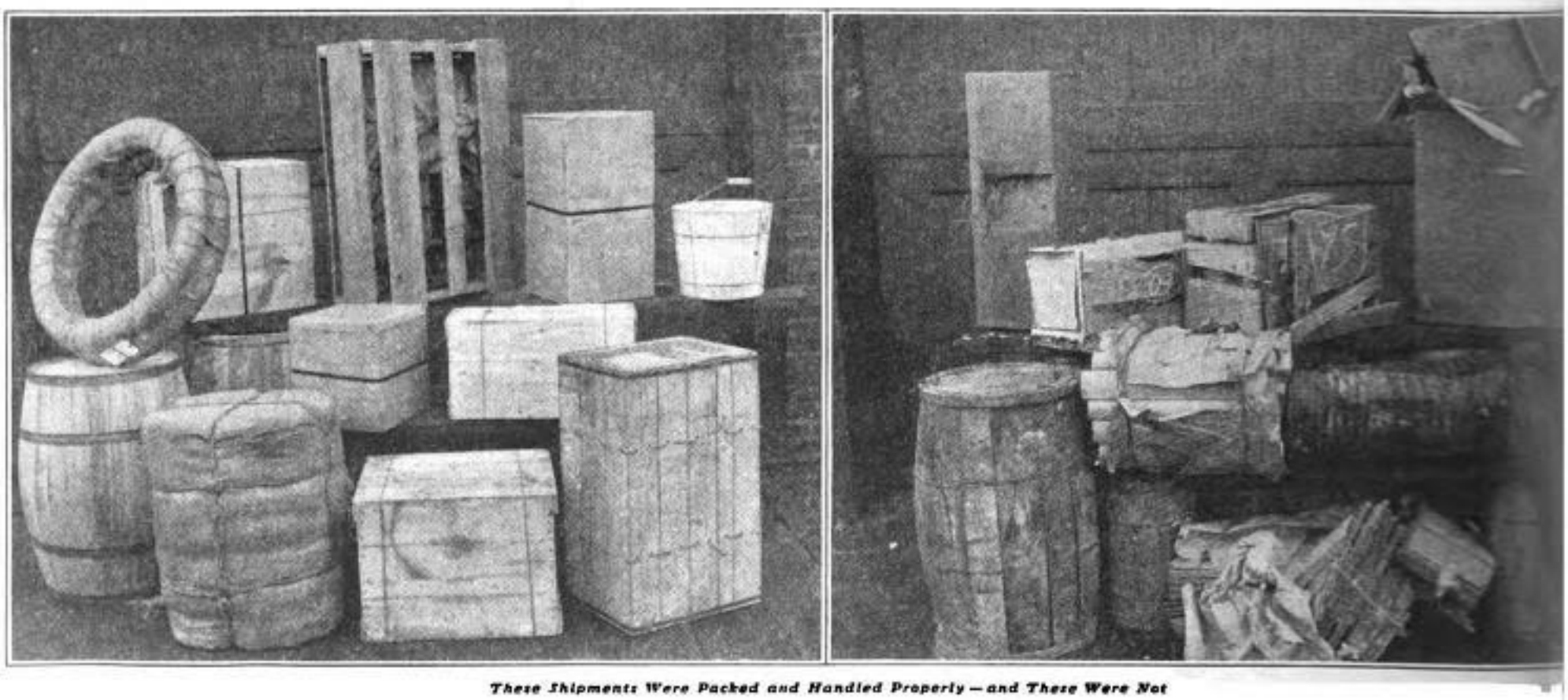
BUT the most vital and interesting analysis o
dead-horse fund paid by railroads on freig
from the viewpoint of claim prevention, is from
of causes. Of these, unlocated damage is rated
ing 14.5 per cent of the total losses, and rough
runs second with 14.2 per cent. Together these
cover almost 30 per cent of all losses.

The separation of claims into their three grea
of causes shows that damage is the leader of th
consumes 53.5 per cent of the total; loss lags bel
record of only 36.1 per cent; and delay brings
with only 10.4 per cent to its credit. Reduced
specific classification, loss of packages takes th
carries a record of 14.4 per cent of the total.

If the present drive for freight claim prevecti
save $50,000,000 of dead-horse money in 192
the head of the movement are going to be s
pointed. One of them says:

"All our researches lead to the conclusion th
paid on freight claims for a year should not e

(Continued on Page 69)



These Shipments Were Packed and Handled Properly—and These Were Not

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The Finer Your Home the more it demands this Unobtrusive Method of Heating~

ORE new homes are to be built this year than in any other year of our country's history. Not *only* are there to be more of them, but they will be better planned, better built and better furnished.

Thousands of these homes will be heated without heating apparatus scat- living rooms. There will be perfect freedom nd pipes, valves and radiators. Every room for the nicest arrangement of furnishings— vall and floor space will be accessible for easy

mes will be heated with Mueller Con-

e, unobtrusive system is suitable for the It never makes a noise; it can never freeze ver causes dust streaked walls or damaged t never brings the least suggestion of gas urning fuel, into the house. It healthfully y room while heating it. With all these ntages, the Convector is remarkably **low** t is easily installed in less than one day's

Convector Heats Homes Without ruding into Living Rooms

contained, easily operated, the Convector he basement, where a heating system be- every room, upstairs and down, through ipicuous register on the first floor.

or makes **air** take the place of pipes and a fire is started, the air in the rooms be- vn the outer section of the single registér, "gets a load of heat" from the Convector. s the air to expand and rise through the he register to the rooms above.

armed air, which is also healthfully mois- ing through the Convector, spreads itself over the house, throughout every room, wn. The heat from the fuel burned is y circulating air. **It goes every place**

nethod of heating your home be more more certain? . . . . less apt to give he Convector gives you **every known** t, something many far more costly and ems cannot do, and it gives you all the simplest, most economical manner

The Convector's circulation of warm, clean air is constant; it continues throughout the house, day and night. There can be no spotty, uneven heating, no cold corners. And you can

Have All the Fresh Air You Need

Complete air circulation makes this possible. Fresh air in any amount desired can be allowed to enter any room at any time. It is immediately warmed and moistened and sent all over the house. Think what this means to health.

Perhaps you have been in a great modern hospital heated with a warm air heating and ventilating system. Physicians insist upon such systems for the health of patients. These great systems operate on exactly the same principle as the Convector, except that they must have pipes and fans to circulate the air because of the size of the building. The Convector, a simple, self-contained heating system in your basement, without a single pipe or fan, will give you the same practical results.

The advantages of the Convector system of heating are so marked that it would be the logical system to buy even though the cost of installation were more—**instead of less**—than for any other system.

Quick Temperature Change for All-Year Comfort

The temperature of the air in the Convector heated home is governed directly by the amount of fuel burned. The temperature of the rooms can be raised, not in hours, **but in minutes.** There is never need to burn more fuel than the weather demands.

This easy regulation makes the Convector the universal heating system for every climate from Alaska to Mexico—for every season, the dead of the winter or a chilly summer night. It enables every Convector owner to be **quickly** comfortable **any time;** no need to dread chill days in fall or spring—and think what fuel saving this will mean on mild winter days.

Your Convector Will Be Guaranteed

The Convector is positively guaranteed to heat comfortably every room in your house, upstairs and down, in any weather.

Practical tests in thousands of homes and buildings prove that it saves ⅓ to ½ on fuel over other heating types.

Copyright 1922
L. J. Mueller Furnace Co.

***SALESMEN:** We have places for several proved men who want an excellent product to back their ability. Write us.*

***DEALERS:** Write now for details of exclusive sales plan. This is an unusual opportunity for good business.*

It can be installed in any home, new or old, usually in less than one day's time. No trouble or inconvenience.

It is very easily operated—two firings a day will keep all the house cozily warm. Nothing to get out of order. No expensive repairs.

Heats ample supply of water for kitchen and bath.

Burns any fuel—hard or soft coal, coke, wood, gas, oils, lignite, screenings.

Sizes for homes of four to eighteen rooms. Will heat store buildings, theaters, churches, etc. Takes small space in basement. Never heats basement. Not necessary to have full size basement for installation.

You can buy the Convector, on EASY TERMS IF DESIRED, from a dealer near you. Send coupon now for complete information for an installation for your home.

Send for Your Copy of "HEAT"

This book is an interesting discussion of SCIENTIFIC FACTS about heat and its use in homes and buildings. It is of especial value to architects, builders, home owners and those who are about to buy or build a home.

The information in this book will be of great value to you. It will enable you to save fuel and get greater comfort and efficiency from your present method of heating, no matter what system you use.

Send for it. No obligation, and it's worth having.

L. J. MUELLER FURNACE CO.
246 Reed St., Milwaukee, Wis.
Makers of Warm Air, Steam, Vapor and Hot Water Heating Systems
ESTABLISHED 1857



P. I.

L. J. Mueller Furnace Co.,
246 Reed St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Gentlemen:

☐ Please send me without cost a copy of your book on HEAT.

☐ Please send me complete information about the CONVECTOR.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

MUELLER CONVECTOR

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Better than jewels
—that schoolgirl complexion

THE girl with a clear, smooth skin, radiant with freshness and natural color, should leave jewels to those less fortunate, for she doesn't need them. The charm of a perfect, natural complexion attracts far more than elaborate dress and ornaments.

If your complexion lacks the beauty which women envy and men admire, don't depend on clothes and jewelry to draw attention from its defects.

Every woman can transform her bad complexion into a good one, for alluring freshness and clear color isn't a gift of Nature, but a matter of care.

How to have a perfect skin

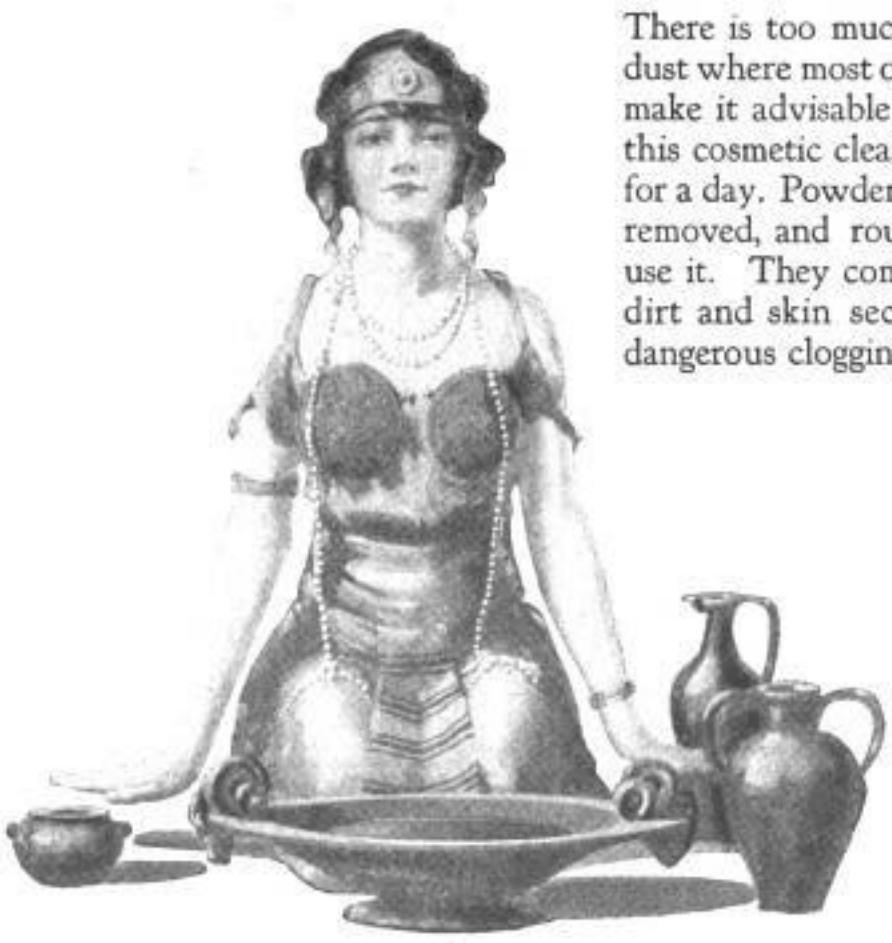
No girl need be afflicted with a bad complexion, for improvement is simple and easy. Daily cleansing, gentle but thorough, is the secret. You must use soap, for nothing else will remove the dirt, oil and perspiration which collect in the pores and cause most skin trouble. Choose Palmolive, because its action is soothing. Harsh soap should never be used for washing the face.

Massage the smooth, creamy lather gently into the skin until it removes all clogging deposits. Don't forget your neck and throat. They are as conspicuous as the face for any lack in beauty.

Do this every day

There is too much dirt and dust where most of us live to make it advisable to neglect this cosmetic cleansing even for a day. Powder should be removed, and rouge, if you use it. They combine with dirt and skin secretions in dangerous clogging.





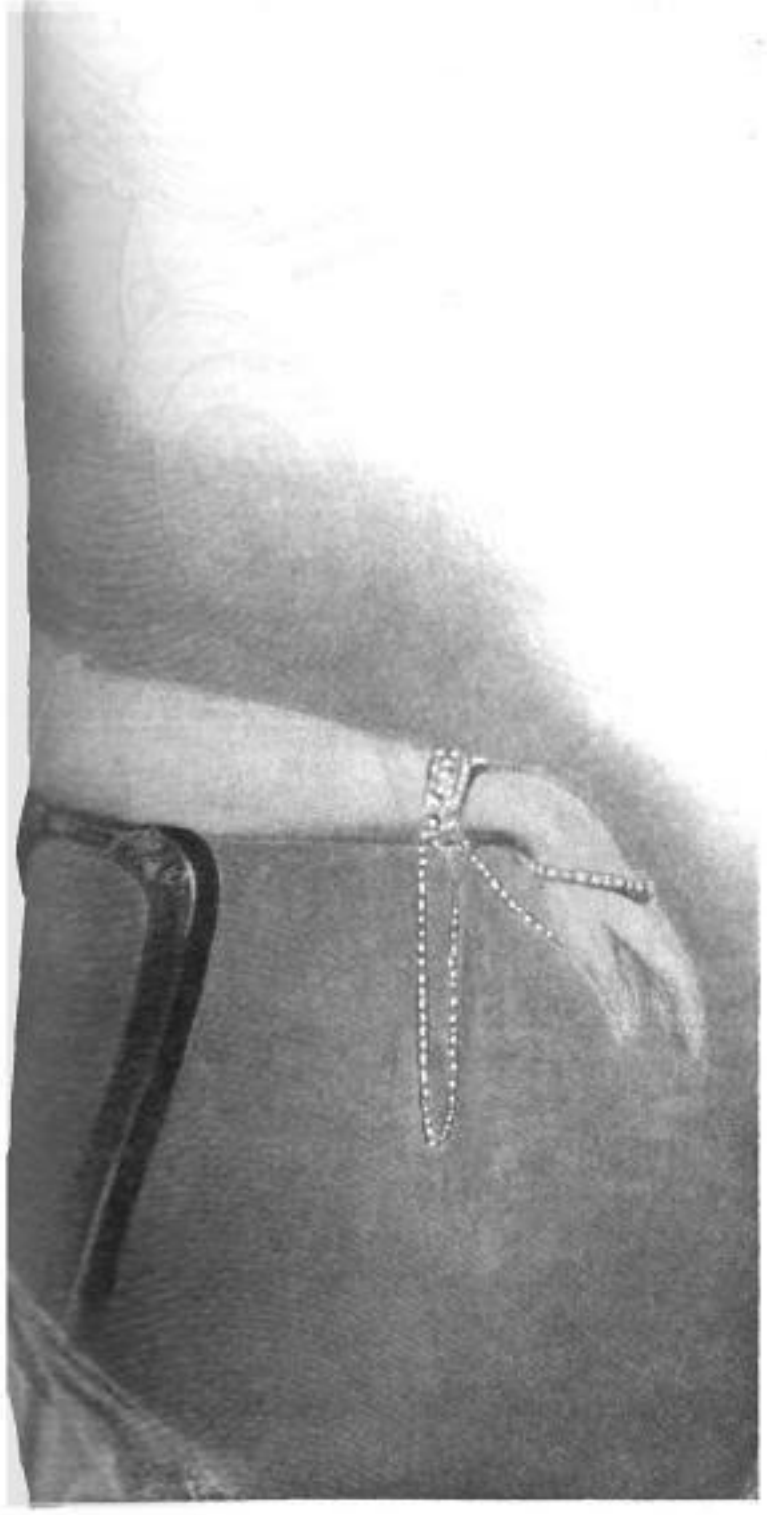
Made from the palm and olive oils Cleopatra used

The charm of a pe
than elab
m

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Take a lesson from Cleopatra



WITH a world of ancient beauty arts at her command, she depended on cleansing with palm and olive oils to protect, improve and preserve the freshness and smoothness of her skin. This beautifying was not confined to the face alone. The bath was a daily ceremonial with all ancient peoples, and palm and olive oils the cleansers used.

Use Palmolive for bathing and let it do for your body what it does for your face. Neck, arms and shoulders are as noticeable as the face for beauty or the lack of it. Keep them sweet and lovely with the palm and olive oil soap.

Blended from the same oils

Palmolive Soap is blended from the same bland soothing oils which adorned the sumptuous marble baths of Egyptians, Greeks and Romans.

Modern scientists, with all their research, have not been able to discover milder, more soothing or more efficient soap ingredients. But although very expensive, the gigantic volume in which Palmolive is produced keeps the price very low. Users profit by Palmolive popularity.

The Palmolive factories, working day and night, and the importation of the rare oils in vast quantities, allow you to enjoy this finest facial soap for the modest price of ten cents—no more than ordinary soap.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Milwaukee, U. S. A.
The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ont.
Also makers of a complete line of toilet articles

attracts far more

ts—it is

Volume and efficiency produce 25c quality for only

10c



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Engine Oil's Too Heavy 3-in-One's Just Right



Engine oil is all right in the engine and a few other places about your car, but it is too heavy to work into most places where squeaks originate.

3-in-One Oil is light enough to go right into the tightest places, seek out squeaks and squelch them. It's heavy enough to stay on the job and keep the squeaks away.

3-in-One is ideal for lubricating the light, fast moving mechanisms too—starter, generator, magneto, horn, Ford commutator. Won't burn out at high speeds. Never gums or dries out.

Tire changing is easier if rim lugs are oiled with 3-in-One. Use also on door hinges and latches, hood cover latches, joints of windshield and top supports, curtain buttons, steering wheel—and particularly the springs. 3-in-One is easier to apply than graphite and works wonders in stopping spring squeaks and preventing springs breaking.

3-in-One prevents rust and tarnish on all the nickeled parts. Cleans and preserves leather and imitation leather cushions and tops. Makes body and fenders shine.

A few drops in the wash water cleans glass easily, quickly. Produces a brilliant polish free from streaks.

Rain and snow won't stay on your windshield if the outside is rubbed with 3-in-One.

Tools that are oiled and rubbed with 3-in-One always look and act like new.

3-in-One does all these things for you because it's all pure oil of highest quality.

Keep a 3-in-One Handy Oil Can in your car and you'll find some use for it almost every day.

3-in-One is sold at all stores, in 1-oz., 3-oz. and 8-oz. bottles; also in 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans.

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Generous sample and Dictionary illustrating and explaining hundreds of daily uses for 3-in-One sent free. Write for both on a postal, or use the coupon at left.

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(Continued from Page 64)

the gross freight revenues for that Now the ratio runs about 2.5 per The management of every railroad is ing the fact that this is going to be ter year for hard figuring as well as work. This means that classes of which have been careless or indif- presenting and posting freight re going to be up on their toes for every nickel of small change. unpresented claims would amount cent of those presented. This year ers who do not present claims be- y do not wish to bother to do so e they do not know how to go re going to be mighty scarce.

ffect of this economic pressure is pparent. For example, one large road has a claim on a shipment of unting to fifty cents an animal. of the claim is that the cars were th cinders; that the hogs ate the ith the result that their intestines t and punctured that they could to their normal purpose of serv- sage-casings. There are many rs like this which indicate that g to be the premier high-pressure ight claims. But in spite of this is going to be a very large and nomy by reason of the intensive l campaign against the causes of ms—a wholesale destruction of which breed freight failures. rect economic service to the en- consumers. It is on a par with which prevents the destruction by fire."

t task of preventing freight losses is one of the most in- tensive and far-reaching edu- vements on foot in America not misleading to regard it as of nation-wide scope and to h railroad in America as an lege in this great educational The hub of this system for art of safe and efficient trans- commodities is the group of nd practical specialists in the American Railway Associa- go.

eedless Losses

H. C. Pribble, vice chairman Lewis Pilcher, F. E. Winburn, and Albert L. Green are the f the movement. To vary the these men as missionary have under them a corps of ionaries who are devotedly rcuits and instructing their gospel of preventing freight eral hundred of these mis- nen of rich experience and paid men who devote their d energies to this task. Of missionaries there are about Then there are thousands of volunteer workers who per- ular railroad work and give heir own time to this cause. members of the local com- tually all railroad division the country. Before the job is finished no town that ention in the Who's Who of will be without one of these l committees. It's a system s the entire country like a web.

which a big freight claim not generally appreciated. oughtlessness on the part ght conductor or brakeman ompany for thousands of ithout causing a wreck, n crew of a Southern road with cottonseed oil. All to these hustlers. It did m that cottonseed oil is a of fuel or lubricant; and was put into a tank car reviously filled with crude is little failure to think of the commodity they ost the railroad company 11,500.

classed as purely physical ailure in many cases to atch upon shipments in ile cause of freight claim d paid a claim of $16,000 et spout of a tank car an oil was accidentally The train crew did not it until the car had been ed upon the right of way.

A New York line paid a claim of $20,000 on one case of silk which mysteriously disappeared. The investigation showed that the case had been loaded out of the ship's hold to the lighter. Then the trail was lost for a time. But a little quiet under-cover work among the stevedores disclosed the fact that, in transferring the cargo from the vessel to the lighter, one box had slipped into the sea and was not recovered. The members of the crew on the unloading job generously agreed the best thing to do was to forget the incident.

Robbery and pilfering cost the railroads a huge sum every year—not far from $12,000,000. This loss amounts to about one-tenth of the total of all freight claims. This brand of loss has been especially popular since the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment. In the first half of 1921 liquor robberies from the roads amounted to almost $100,000. The total of this loss is decidedly small, considering the peculiar pressure of incentive involved, but these robberies made a mighty noise in the newspapers.

An Ingenious Agent

Here is a typical example of what the spirit of claim prevention will accomplish. A certain agent in the Southwest became sincerely enthusiastic on the subject of preventing freight claims. One day a carload of sugar was received at his station for a merchant. The sacks of the top layer were found to be heavily coated with fine coal dust. The car had evidently carried coal on its previous trip.

Carefully opening one of the sacks the agent found that the dust had permeated the sugar to the depth of about an inch. The agent saw that the road was going to be called upon to pay quite a substantial freight claim. Instantly the agent asked himself, "Is there any way by which the claim can be prevented or materially reduced?" The problem seemed rather hopeless at first, but he was ambitious to prove that he was a practical preventer, and so he tackled the problem with determination.

At last he had an inspiration. From a store he rented a vacuum cleaner, attached its plug to one of the station light sockets, and then carefully massaged one of the damaged sacks. On opening it he found that virtually every trace of dust had been removed. All the affected sacks were given similar treatment before being disturbed. But the merchant, who was called to witness the work, decided that he couldn't afford to take a chance on sugar that had been once mixed with coal dust.

"All right," responded the agent. "Put in your claim for 73 sacks, and it will be paid. But I'm going to prove to you that the public will recognize a good job of sugar cleaning and will not be afraid to buy and use the sugar you reject."

He advertised the sugar for sale, with a full statement of the circumstances. Each purchaser examined the sugar in the opened sack. The average price that he realized in the salvage sale was above the invoice price. His net saving to the road by his adventure in freight claim prevention was about $438. But it brought him in a personal way much more than this. Not only did his resourceful act force his name upon the attention of the management of his road but he was praised in the offices of the American Railway Association. Naturally he became marked for promotion.

Now for a close-up of the campaign by which one road has been able to cut its freight claims to the extent of more than $2,000,000 in a year—the methods by which all the class-one roads of this country confidently expect to reduce this loss by $50,000,000 this year.

There is nothing casual, indefinite or conversational about this movement. It has both feet firmly planted on solid ground and both eyes sharply fixed on substantial if unpleasant facts.

This movement is singularly unmechanical; it recognizes at the outset that the major element with which it must deal is human nature as is and that its success is mainly dependent upon securing the interest, good will and hearty coöperation of the human beings out on the line who create or prevent freight claims. Human nature among the men who put freight over the road runs about 100 per cent strong.

The North Western has about 40,000 employes, nearly all of them having something to do with forwarding freight. The task of so educating 40,000 men as actually to influence their actions every working hour of the day is quite some educational job. When this responsibility was placed on the shoulders of Will C. Johnson he was quick to recognize the fact that he would fall far short of this bogey unless he was able to make an active freight claim preventer of virtually every man on the road.

From this base it was an easy step to the deduction that every department of railroading at every freight-handling point must be represented in every unit of his educational organization. Consequently every local committee on the line is composed of men from all departments of railroad activities. Every problem of freight claim prevention on this road is considered from the angle of responsibilities of the departments of traffic, operation and construction and maintenance.

Mr. Johnson has placed meager dependence upon bombarding freight brakemen, conductors, engineers, stevedores and agents with technical literature. Instead, he has recognized the fact that personal human contact with the men who are doing the work of forwarding freight offers altogether the best and most effective means of getting the gospel of freight claim prevention into their systems and arousing their interest to such an extent as to stir them to put its principles and commandments into practical effect every hour when they are out on the job.

Of course it is very much cheaper for a railroad to send the missionaries of any movement to the men out on the line than to bring the men in to missionary headquarters at the terminal. But this shrewd apostle of the religion of higher economy and efficiency in freight forwarding has had the vision to realize that it is not enough to go to the station agent and the freight crew out at the west end of the line and tell its members how the different kinds of freight are handled after they reach Chicago; that if these men are taken to Chicago and shown the actual operation they will reach an understanding of many points that they could not visualize from the talk of the visiting missionary.

Object Lessons

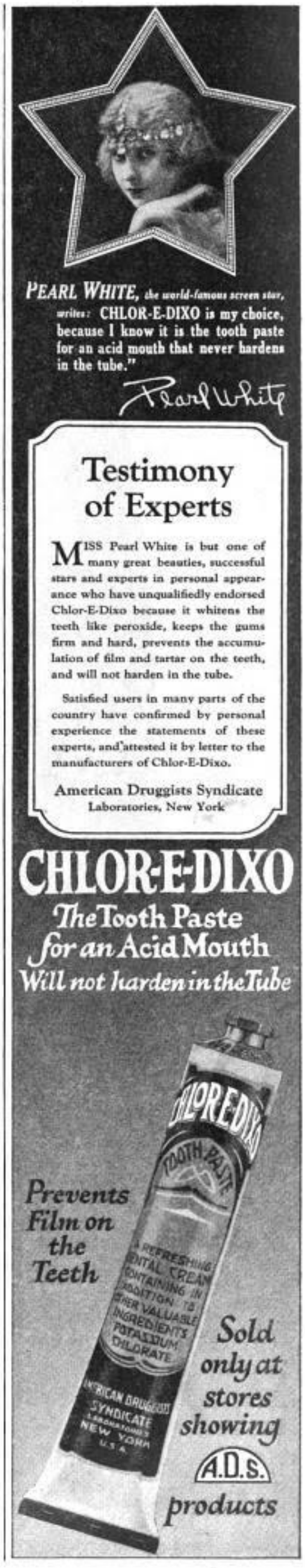
Consequently all the freight claim prevention literature, bulletins, cartoons and talks to division and local committees have been followed by bringing these committeemen from every walk of railroad life into Chicago for a short course on the ground, where they see the final handling and ultimate delivery to consignees of the freight originating in their own territory. These operations are explained at first hand by the men who carry on their shoulders the responsibility of these concluding processes in the complex task of delivering into the right hands and in proper condition freight originating hundreds and perhaps thousands of miles west of Chicago. There is no doubt that this trip to the great eastern terminal is an educational knockout for the men out on the line. It is one thing to be told and quite another to be shown. The records fail to show a single instance of bringing a man from out on the line into Chicago for the final short course which has failed to convert him into an active and enthusiastic freight claim preventer. Almost invariably the men regard these educational expeditions to the big terminal as outings and substantial proofs both of the good will of the company toward them personally and of its deep interest in the subject of freight claim prevention.

As one of these pilgrims of the great freight Mecca of the Middle West put it:

"The company sure has given us a good time. We've been taken care of right—given the best eats going and treated like guests of honor at a home-coming picnic. I'd hate to pay the taxicab bill that the company has run up for us to-day. This company is run by a lot of hard-headed guys who are not spending the stockholders' money for any foolishness. You bet they're not—anyhow, not in these days! This business of freight claim prevention must look mighty important to them or they wouldn't go to all this trouble and expense. You can gamble that preventing freight claims is going to be a big part of my job from now on. They've certainly shown me!"

Recently I made the rounds of the North Western's Chicago freight terminals with a local delegation of freight claim prevention students from an Iowa division. Although motor busses and taxicabs were used whenever possible it was one of the most strenuous and exacting parties I ever attended.

(Continued on Page 71)



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(Continued from Page 69)

gation was on its toes every in- there was not a dull moment in day. Among those present were an conductor, station agent, freight- man, trainmaster, switchman, spector and stenographer.

rty was personally conducted by nson, the missionary bishop of im prevention for the North West- n. At every halt the man in re- charge of the special work under explained to his visitors the ints of freight claim prevention them from the viewpoint of his

And the secretary of the dele- ght these remarks in shorthand rporated in the report made by committee to the local or home they represented.

stop was made at the Clinton tracks, where most commodi- potatoes are handled. From grims made a forced march to Avenue freight station, where less than carload lots—ship- oaded for points north of Chi-, also, perishable freight for connecting lines is handled. rs of the committee showed est in inspecting at this point ystem of Chicago, an under- ad, eighty-five miles in length, ailway freight terminals with and industrial establishments central portions of the city.

ing machine used in recooper- boxes and other containers , the center of interest to the ates. In connection with this ed that much package freight for shipment at the Grand on and that thousands of ing outgoing freight are not to go through to destination ge. To put steel straps around th this inexpensive machine only a few seconds.

an at this big freight station ry visitors:

ept a piece of package freight Chicago unless it bears the aber. To do otherwise is to claim. We have thousands to this one cause. Do all courage regular shippers to achine. This also will head of claims. Again, impress of every station and freight e line in your territory that the billing of freight is a big s. Every freight bill should nd accurate description of the shipment."

Worth Knowing

n inspection of the team Avenue, where 150 to 200 are on hand daily. The at the State Street fruit- hich is used only in warm about forty cars of fruit ily and sold at auction A crisp talk on the care of the proper protection of t during freezing weather the delegation at the out- tate Street, where freight f Chicago is loaded.

n charcoal heaters," the ned, "is not only deadly mell. Men who inspect ith these heaters should airs. Plenty of time for cape should be allowed or is opened."

ittee was given a graphic per preparation of the ways used in the loading t the edges of all these ned the speaker, "are hich will prevent them is will do away with the cleats in the doorways. ragged over cleats they be damaged, and freight hen a platform slips the s almost certain to suffer

nt stop of the visiting the B. & B. warehouse, refused and over freight this," remarked one of he greatest museum of d failures in existence." mains of an old buggy luseum explained: for every station agent s road hauled that old rattle trap 500 miles simply because a station agent did not have sense enough to write to Mr. Howe, the chief freight claim agent, describing the thing and asking instructions as to its disposal. Of course it was refused freight. You can sell ten buggies out in the country where this came from, to one in Chicago. The station agent who shipped this to the museum would have been instructed to destroy it if he could not sell it. A lot of fool tricks like this cost the road a heap of money. Money is mighty hard to get in these days, even for the best and the biggest railroad companies, and we all owe it to the company and the public to put a stop to this sort of waste."

The next place at which the little band of pilgrims paused was the Fortieth Street freight station, where the assistant agent gave a detailed account of the rather complex process of handling dead freight for connecting lines. When the speaker had finished his talk an agent from the west end exclaimed:

"Gosh! I didn't dream there was as much to it as all that. The checkers in charge of these gangs sure do have to use their heads. It's a man's job. A guy from headquarters once tried to tell us all about it back home—but seeing it is different. Now I'll never forget it. And I've learned a lot of things right here that I can do to make it easier for these men to get freight sent from my station into the right car and harder to get it into the wrong one. For instance, I've sent plenty of packages destined to Canada and foreign countries without a manifest. I'll never do that again."

Teaching by Cartoon

Two more stops were made by the itinerant students of better freight handling. On the way home one of these men, who had been in the service of the road for thirty years but had seen little of large cities, remarked to his seat mate:

"Good gosh, but I never knew before that the North Western owned about three-fourths of Chicago! It's some road—our road is!"

Hundreds of committeemen have been brought to Chicago and put through a short course such as I have very briefly described. Invariably these men go back to their homes out on the line and become enthusiastic lay missionaries of freight claim prevention. Not only is the stenographic report of their trip read at the local meeting but it is understood all along the line that the committeeman who has been given an instruction trip to Chicago is ready to answer questions regarding freight claim prevention.

There is scarcely any better indication of the fact that Mr. Johnson keenly appreciates the human element in his work than his use of the cartoon as a means of appeal to the men out on the line. These cartoons are the work of freight-department employes who understand how to hit the funny bone of the average railroad worker and at the same time get a lesson in freight claim prevention across to him. Some of the best of these cartoons are the work of a freight brakeman. This educational campaign is tight to the rails from start to finish, and is not over the heads of those whom it is intended to educate.

Though it is possible that not all the railroads in the country are doing this work quite so thoroughly as the North Western, all roads are certainly making a spirited drive in the same direction. In short, this intensive training in freight claim prevention is being pushed in much the same manner all over America.

The typical railroad operating executive is a hard-headed, hard-driving man, little given to theories. He thinks in terms of getting the load over the road. Remembering this, it occurred to me to learn the attitude of a North Western operating official toward the freight claim prevention movement. I was prepared to find a sense that any movement—except of freight and passengers—was a nuisance with which overworked operating executives ought not to be bothered. I picked on Mr. F. H. Hammill, assistant general manager of the North Western, and asked him: "How do you operating men look at this freight claim prevention movement?"

"I'm glad you have asked just that question," was his quick reply, "for I feel that I can give you an answer with which no real operating executive in this country will quarrel. The railroad's business is to sell and deliver transportation service; the business of the operating department is to deliver that service. Our department creates most of the freight claims. We owe it to the patrons of the road and the public at large to deliver good service. That responsibility rests squarely on our shoulders and no live operating executive will attempt to dodge it or to pass the buck.

"This responsibility to the public was never greater than to-day, when business of every kind is having to fight for its life. Now, 99 per cent of our employes want to do the right thing. True, some of them are a bit careless, but when they come to really understand the situation their inclination is to meet it like men. I never miss a chance to sit in on a freight claim prevention meeting or to go on one of their terminal-investigation trips. They see this thing as an operating man's job. More than that, they are ready and eager to put their shoulders to the task of cutting down the awful loss involved in freight claims.

"I've been on the road with division committees of the freight claim prevention organization and know the seriousness with which they take their responsibilities. For example, at every town at which we made a stop the members of such a committee visited the local merchants and business men to learn what complaints each one had to offer and how defective service could be changed to satisfactory service. In nearly every such interview the merchant, manufacturer or shipper turned the tables on his callers and asked for information as to how he could coöperate to keep down freight claims. One dry-goods merchant confessed that his own carelessness had been responsible for the creation of quite a substantial freight claim and that he had no doubt that his experience was typical of many other cases. He personally unpacked a box of fabrics and found that it was short a bolt of expensive silk goods. This resulted in the filing of a freight claim. The box was dumped into the basement along with others. Months later, when breaking up that same box for kindling wood with which to start the furnace fire, he discovered the bolt of silk hidden under the paper with which the shipping case had been lined.

"Another merchant told of finding an unopened case of fabrics among his empty boxes.

"A small manufacturer volunteered the information that he had created a very considerable number of freight claims by using a package that was not able to stand up properly under the strain of shipment. The number of freight claims he was forced to file finally moved him to make a careful investigation of his packages and containers, with the result that he changed them radically and found a corresponding drop in the number of freight claims he was obliged to file."

The Effect on Morale

"But to me the most interesting feature of these interviews was the effect of the committee's visit on the minds of the business men. Every last man of them was left with the conviction that the road was tremendously in earnest in its effort to deliver to them a transportation service that was 100 per cent good.

"One of the biggest influences of this nation-wide movement for freight claim prevention reaches entirely beyond the matter of freight claims. I refer to its effect upon the morale of railroad workers as a body. It is doing more than you would believe to stimulate the right kind of relation between the men and the management. Show me a freight brakeman, engineer, conductor, warehouse foreman or stevedore who is an enthusiastic and consistent freight claim preventer and I will show you a man who will stick by the road under severe test. The reason for this is obvious. Only a man of native intelligence and fundamental fairness has the vision and disposition to become an earnest freight claim preventer. In other words, he cannot get into that attitude of mind without giving careful consideration to the other fellow's interest—the interest of the road, the shipper, the consignee and the consuming public. By the same token this movement turns the spotlight on those who are too narrow, selfish, careless and shortsighted to help in the job of stopping a big economic waste."

Emphasizing the intensely practical nature of this peculiar educational movement, let us go a little further into this phase of the subject. Though highly technical dope is fed out to the men on the line in very sparing doses, the researches of the men at the head of the movement have developed volumes of scientific data of the most important and practical character.

Take the matter of freight claims for loss and damage in the shipment of fruit, for example. This commodity, as I have already indicated, heads the list on the score of creating freight claims. Melons and other fruits which are apparently in fine condition when loaded are frequently found, on arrival at destination, to be affected with a peculiar fungus rot. Claims amounting to millions of dollars have been filed and collected on losses of this nature.

The freight claim prevention committee and experts of the American Railway Association, working with the experts of the United States Department of Agriculture, entered upon a searching scientific investigation to determine the actual cause or causes of this staggering loss in fruit shipments. The railroad claim prevention men showed their practical shrewdness by loading melons in cars that had never carried a load of any kind before. Melons shipped in these cars developed the fungus rot quite as freely as those transported in cars that had seen previous service. This eliminated the contamination theory. Those who are conducting the investigation have arrived at the conclusion that the burden of these losses from fungus or stem-end rot is due to the forcing of the melons by the growers.

How Shippers Can Help

Another important investigation, which has involved much research and experimentation, relates to the impact of cars in coupling, starting and stopping freight trains, and the effect on the freight in the cars feeling the impact. Rough handling ranks high as a freight claim producer. An elaborate series of experiments with cars equipped with impact-measuring devices has conclusively established the fact that under average conditions injury both to package freight and to the railway equipment carrying it is likely to result from an impact delivered from cars or locomotives moving at a greater speed than two miles an hour.

"What can shippers and consignees do to cut down loss and damage?" I asked a freight claim prevention expert.

He replied: "Put the street number on all packages destined to cities.

"Where a shipment consists of several packages number them consecutively so that the contents of each may be listed in the billing.

"Do not abbreviate in marking addresses.

"Business houses should always use stencils in addressing—the larger the better.

"Large shippers should make records of all complaints, and study them.

"Advertising pasted on shipments often invites theft. The more valuable the contents of a package the greater the reason why it should be sent plain, without a tag or label indicating its nature.

"As to nailing boxes: For sixpenny nails or smaller, held in the side grain of the wood, there should be a spacing of one and three-quarter inches. For larger nails the spacing should increase a quarter inch for each penny.

"Fill all space in boxes solidly.

"When the record is lost the freight is lost. Regular shippers should:

"Maintain a separate file of all freight bills on which part of the goods checked short;

"Maintain a separate file of all freight bills covering freight delivered to them on proof of ownership;

"After invoices have been checked into stock, check them against the freight bills on which part of the goods checked short;

"Maintain a memorandum freight-bill file on all invoices checked into stock on which a regular freight bill has not been received, showing shipping point and name of shipper, with description of shipment;

"As an alternative, maintain a book record—in the event that it is desired not to maintain a separate file of freight bills. A book record should carry name of road, billing point and date, with waybill and pro-reference, similar to the received record maintained in the average freight office.

"Those who receive merchandise freight should follow these rules:

"Remove the entire lid from every case.

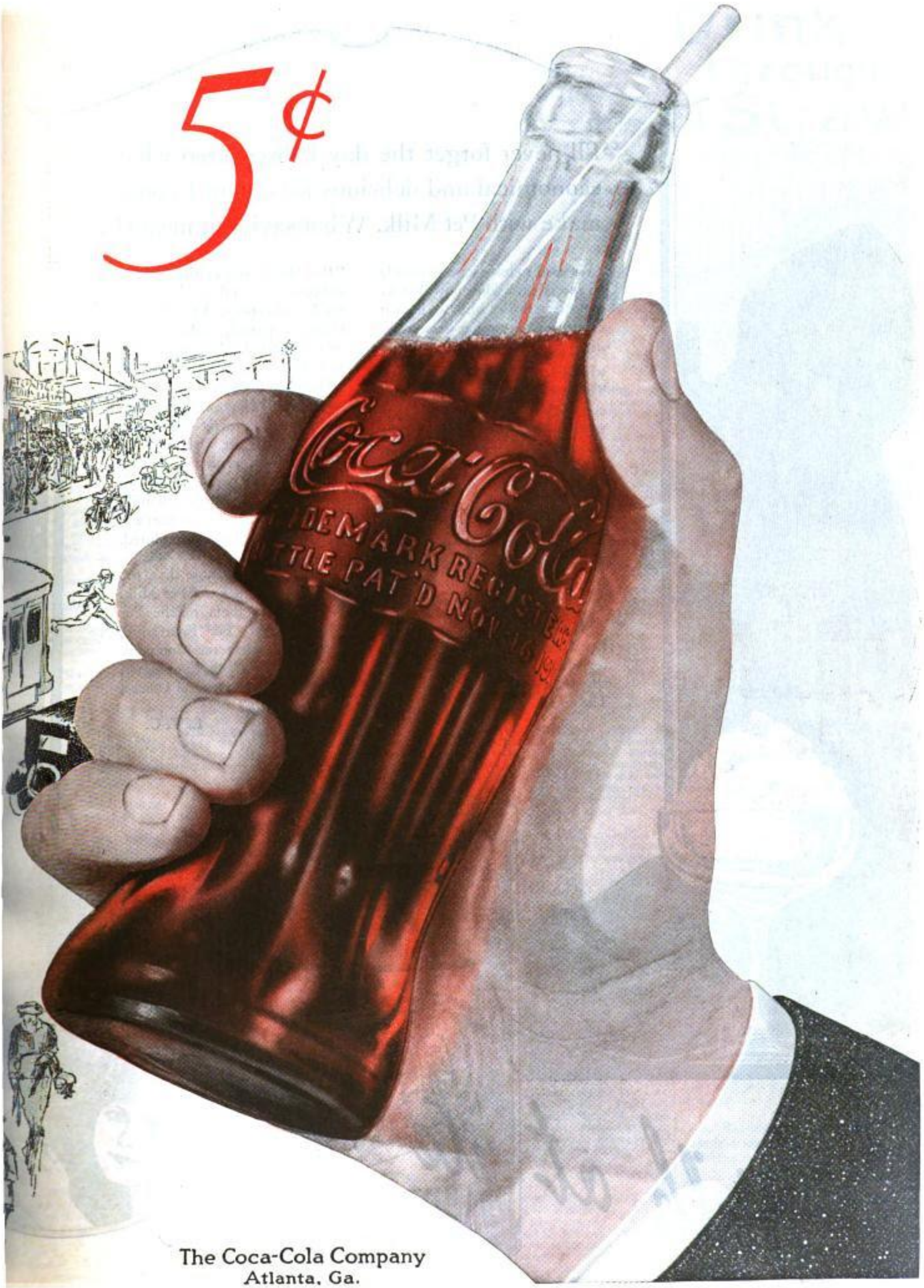
"Turn every box upside down before sending it to the yard or the basement."

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you may always have delicious refreshment
for the good old human thirst that ever
comes from work and from play—
Coca-Cola—Sold everywhere.

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"I'll never forget the day I discovered what economical and delicious ice cream I could make with Pet Milk. What saving it meant!

"We used to have ice cream only on special occasions; now that we make it with Pet Milk we have it as often as any other dessert.

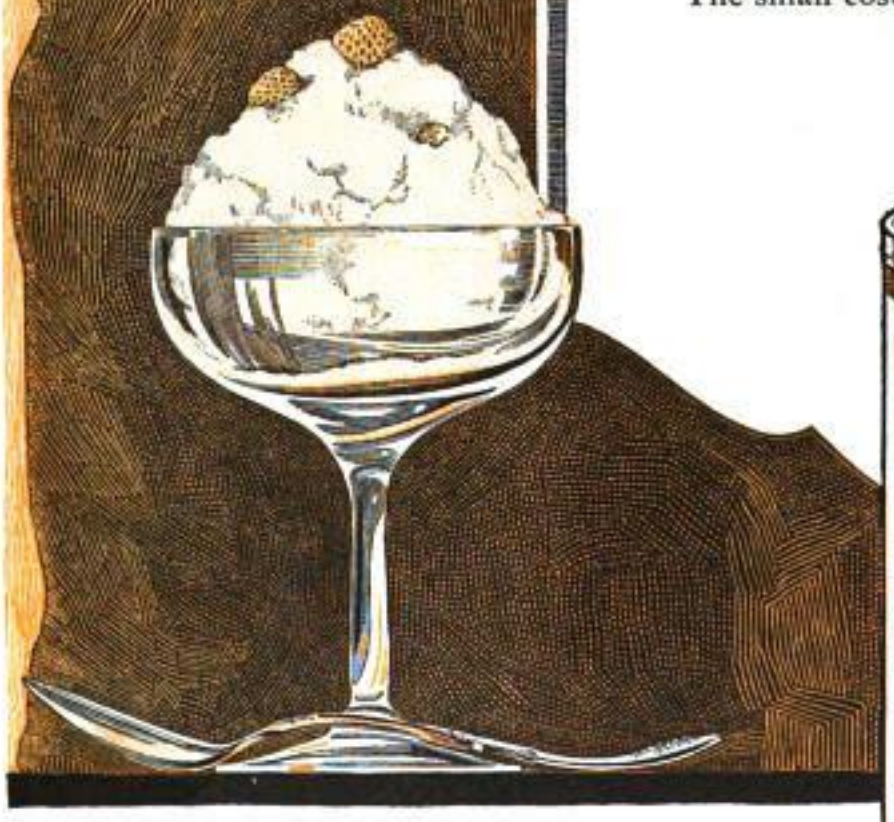
"Strawberry Ice Cream made with Pet Milk is especially fine. This is how I make it. Heat half cup of Pet Milk and half cup water in double boiler. Mix tablespoon flour and half cup sugar, and add to one well beaten egg. Pour on hot milk gradually and cook in double boiler until smooth, then strain. When cool, add two cups Pet Milk. Mash berries, sweeten with ¾ cup sugar, stir until sugar is dissolved, then add to other ingredients and freeze.

"Try it yourself. Be sure to use Pet Milk. The richness, smooth texture and delicious flavor of the ice cream will surely delight you. The small cost will surprise you.

"Pet Milk is one of the greatest conveniences and economies of my housekeeping. I find Pet the cleanest, purest, richest cow's milk, sterilized. Nothing is added to it. Only part of the natural water is taken from it. I use it in all my cooking. I have a supply in my pantry at all times ready for every use. I am never without milk. When I want ordinary cooking milk, I use one part Pet and two parts water. For extra rich milk, I use one part Pet and one part water. For coffee, I use it undiluted.

"I have prepared more than 100 recipes in which I use Pet Milk. You can get them in the Pet Recipe Book. For Free copy, write The Helvetia Company (Originators of the Evaporated Milk Industry), General Offices, St. Louis, Mo."

E. T. C.







Milk at its Best

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yourself together," said Cyril
and tell me what you are trying

stood perfectly still, with growing
l amazement depicted on his face.
ed. "Wakefield! I—I ——"
alted coldly.
ou know," whispered Arthur,
ually I—I—I ——"
fell again into an agonized and
silence, and Cyril's coldness
place to pure curiosity, when the
d and Steers entered with an air
able excitement and a tray con-
ottle of champagne and glasses.
have we there, Steers?" said
ing his monocle blankly upon

t the tray on a side table with a
mile.
taken it upon myself to open
tle of Pol Roger 1905," said he,
our best in which to drink to
's engagement."
wallowed twice; and held his

gement!" said he in a low voice.
ur pardon for overhearing the
, sir," said Steers, still smiling
'My best congratulations, sir.
ded it met-ic-u-lously myself;
pleases me better, sir, than to
man get married. A person
n himself that it is really the
o do."
the cork gloriously.
aid Arthur, turning frenziedly
top him, Wakefield! Stop all
ry. You see, I—I ——"
ed the Pol Roger hastily and
lly into two glasses.
lear fellow," said Cyril, eying
d amazement, "you are cer-
d—or as good as engaged

d Arthur ferociously. "To

ed inquiringly in the back-

fellow," murmured Cyril in
nt, "how should I know?"
d Arthur ferociously, "how
?"
absurd, Netherby," said
rse you know to whom you're

his necktie, and looked over
ril and Steers.
he, "I don't."
ispered Cyril slowly. "You

his upper lip with his lower
and then his lower lip with
and bit it.
now, Mr. Arthur?" said he.
d Arthur, turning to him,

r," replied Steers, moving,
ntly, toward the door.
Wakefield," said Arthur
you it was dark."
it very slowly.
ou," answered Cyril after
use, "that you were in a

ther pause. Cyril began
ent languorously to the
a glass and drank. Then
, and laughed till he saw
on with which Arthur was
er his ravaged necktie.
head all wrapped up,"

d Cyril, beginning again.
ttle, Arthur kicked it.
here laughing your silly
frenziedly. "Pull your-
tell me what the devil I
rd! Oh, Lord! What a
ing I've done!"
Cyril, holding his sides.
take his monocle off and

d Arthur. "I suppose
deuce of a mess."
—occurs to me," gasped
a!"
bout, filled with amaze-
ke many other men.
ere," said he, feebly at-
truct the scene, "full of

id Cyril.
Arthur—"I don't know
! It was just that—
ame over me."

TRUST EMILY

(Continued from Page 7)

"Y' know," said Cyril with great sympathy, "great husky, innocent cannibals like you aren't fit to be trusted out alone with any woman who knows her job. You aren't, really."

"As if a man wants any one of those three hard-mouthed, hard-eyed, hard-voiced little dolls!" said Arthur fiercely.

"Yes, but y' see," said Cyril, "it must be one of them. And leaving out Angela," he added distantly, "that leaves Gwen and Mrs. Drelincourt. What are you going to do?"

"Nothing," asseverated Arthur.

"You must," said Cyril.

"I won't," said Arthur.

"She may come in any minute," urged Cyril.

"Who may come in?" said Arthur.

"Miss Gwennie," said Cyril testily. "Or Mrs. Drelincourt."

After a pause Arthur had a brain wave. "I hope it's Angela," said he.

"What a damnable thing to say," said Cyril heatedly, "when you know the girl belongs to another man."

"That's it," Arthur replied. "I wouldn't rob him."

"But," said Cyril uneasily, "you say she accepted you. And if it's Angela I think it's the most damnable ——"

"Oh, make your mind easy," said Arthur. "I tell you I'm not robbing him. If it's Angela I'm safe."

Cyril bit his nail. "I'm not so sure," said he restlessly; "girls do—do—er ——"

"Like money," said Arthur. "And if I'm richer than the other blighter I mayn't be so safe, after all. Oh, what a dog-gone crazy thing I've done! I wish I was back in Australia on my farm, and not a woman in sight!"

The voice from the deep dark garden began again. "Coo-ee!" it cried in a littlish way; and then louder: "Coo-ee! Coo-ee!"

Arthur started violently.

Cyril bit his nail. "Look here," said he, eying Arthur. "Something's got to be done, and you're the man who'll have to do it. Now what's it to be? You're answerable. You go out in the most sentimental mood, a reg'lar marrying mood if ever a man was in one, and you find a girl in an arbor, and she's so soft and nice and kissable and all that, and it's dark and a warm evening, and you start making love to her and ask her to marry you and all that; and then you get away and are sorry for it, and try to get out of it by saying you don't know who it was and won't try to find out and all that. But life isn't so easy ——"

The horn of a car tootled very near at hand, and the soft drum of its engine came to Cyril's and Arthur's ears.

"The car!" said Cyril, listening. "They can't be back already." He hurried to the open doors and looked into the night. "By Jove, they are!"

"Here!" cried Arthur. "Don't go! The girls may be in any minute!"

"Coo-ee!" called the voice from the dark.

"I must go!" said Cyril. "Lady Hunter always expects me to meet her. She wouldn't like it. I must go!"

He darted into a beam of light that was creeping up to the door from the two great lamps.

Then the door on the right which led to the kitchen quarters opened, and little Parks came in demurely. She stood near the door, fidgeting a little, eying Arthur.

"If you please, sir," said little Parks artlessly, "I think I hear the car."

Arthur turned and saw her, and was pleased. She represented to him comfort, safety and common sense. He did not consider her a woman at all. She brought his shaving water and his boots and prepared his bath. One put on no frills with her.

He nodded.

"Have you lost anything, Mr. Arthur?" inquired Parks softly.

"No!" said Arthur, growling. "Why?"

"You rather look as though you had lost something, Mr. Arthur," replied Parks softly.

"I wish I were lost, Parks," said Arthur.

Parks made a little sympathetic cry.

"But I may be going to lose something, too, Parks," said Arthur, appearing a little pathetic in spite of his prevailing sturdiness. "I may be going to lose my liberty. I can see it sort of flying off towards the horizon. And I tell you one thing, Parks, and that is: Liberty never looks so good as it does way off!"

"Oh, liberty?" said little Parks, blinking softly. "I was thinking of something that mattered, like your money or your handkerchief. But just liberty—do you think men had ought to have so much liberty, Mr. Arthur?"

However, Arthur was not even listening to Parks. One put on no frills with her. He was listening to a noise of much chattering outside, which he indicated with a sideways nod of the head.

"In two minutes from now," said he very grimly indeed, "the whole household'll know that I've got myself into a beastly engagement to-night."

Parks moved slightly towards him.

"Mr. Steers," she murmured artlessly, "was saying something about it to cook and me just now."

"Oh, was he?" said Arthur surlily. "The old fool! I suppose he told you I proposed to a girl in the dark, and don't know who it is?"

"Yes, sir," murmured Parks. She fairly exuded sympathy.

"The old fool!" said Arthur wildly. "I dare say you think me a lunatic?"

"All men are, Mr. Arthur, at times," replied Parks sympathetically. "You no more than most."

Lady Hunter came in, chattering, with Cyril at her elbow. Sir William brought up the rear, and was approached by Parks. She ministered to him; received his coat and hat, and smiled. Sir William sat heavily on the settle, and watched Parks' ankles tripping out.

"Take my cloak, dear boy," said Lady Hunter, dropping her cloak languishingly from her shoulders into Cyril's hands. "It's unfortunate that we have to come back, but it's the wrong night," she added to Arthur. "The vicarage was cutting the bread and butter for to-morrow, and most surprised to see us. Isn't it unfortunate?"

"Such a waste of your energy, dear lady," murmured Cyril.

Little Parks came in again glidingly, and Sir William leaned forward to get round the curve of Lady Hunter and watch Parks' ankles. He had been about to say "B-r-r-r!" to Cyril, whose laconic nature he despised; but Parks' ankles soothed him. Parks had disposed of Sir William's coat and hat, and now she took the beautiful cloak so tenderly from Cyril, and so tenderly she carried it away upstairs.

The voice from the garden upraised itself again. "Coo-ee! Coo-ee! Coo-ee!"

"What!" said Lady Hunter, kicking her spirally train about voluptuously—she had developed voluptuous tendencies during Cyril's secretaryship—before she sat down. "What! Are those poor girls still out there? Alone?" she said reproachfully. "Alone? Arthur! Arthur! Ar-thur!"

Arthur had not spoken since their return, but now he spoke.

"Tell 'em," he said wildly to Cyril.

Cyril moved forward a little between Arthur and Lady Hunter, who was getting her lorgnette up.

"Certainly," he said with a cautionary look at Arthur; "but tell 'em what?"

Arthur was beyond caution.

"Tell 'em something!" he said. "Tell 'em anything! Tell 'em the truth!"

Lady Hunter surveyed Arthur through her lorgnette.

"Eh?" said Sir William. "What's all this?"

Arthur looked at them all, one after the other. He opened his mouth reluctantly, and closed it again decisively. So without a word he went to the door leading to the kitchen quarters and passed out.

"Why's he gone to the kitchen?" said Lady Hunter. "And what's that?" She had seen the champagne.

"That's not my last bottle of Pol Roger 1905?" said Sir William, pointing at it too.

"'Fraid it is," said Cyril. "'Fraid old Steers exceeded his authority a bit, but as a matter of fact he was so pleased at what was happening—please wait; please let me speak—that, that he fetched it up to drink Netherby's health in."

Lady Hunter sat forward, breathing rapturously.

"Has anything actually happened, Mr. Wakefield?" said Sir William.

"Yes," he replied; "and no."

"Rubbish!" said Sir William. "Nothing can be 'yes' and 'no' at the same time, Mr. Wakefield? Rubbish!"

Lady Hunter turned her lorgnette upon him. "You can't engage the younger son

Drink it through a Straw



from chocolate soda to iced tea—

Your favorite drink tastes better through a *straw*. Full *flavor* in every sip. Always use straws at the soda fountain.

They Safeguard Your Health
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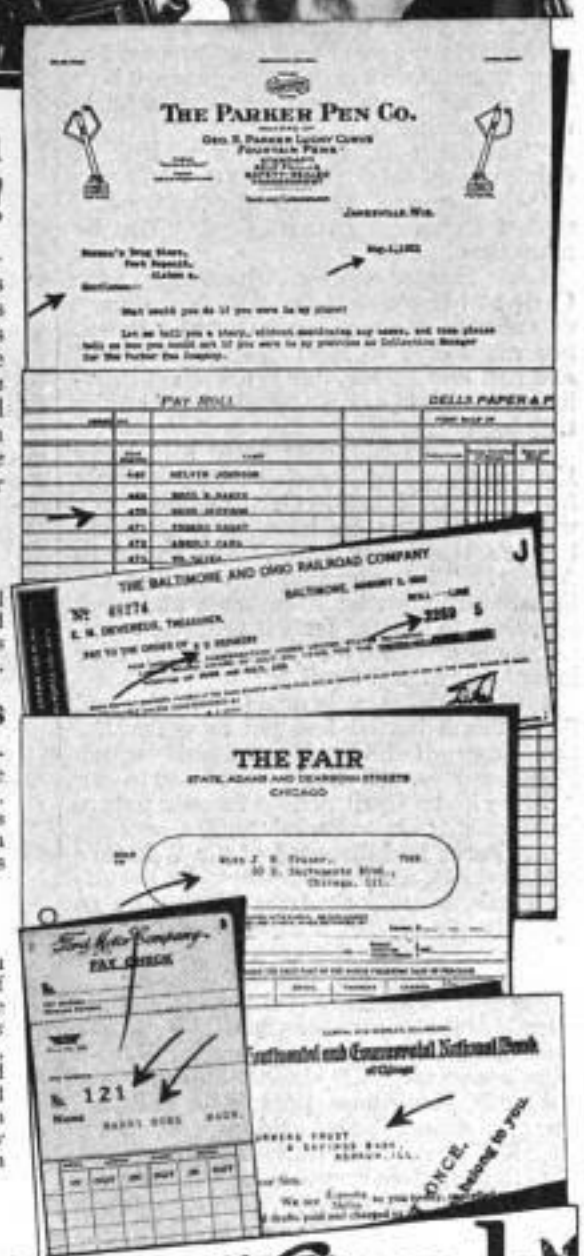
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If you can handle *more* business—if you want to *cut* expense, aren't YOU the *loser* if you don't at least *try* (at our expense) the $57.50 Addressograph? Free trial *proves* how it's *saving* in sales, payroll, auditing, cost-keeping, inventory, shipping, dividend work. Sales and savings you never realized possible will be found by the Addressograph Systems Man near you. The coupon below brings him. No obligation. (Branches in principal cities.)



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of a peer, William," said she, "and then talk to him as if he was a common person. Where's your savver faire? We're lucky to have Cyril."

"B-r-r-r!" said Sir William.

Cyril looked deprecatingly from one to the other. He played with his monocle. He smiled disarmingly.

"Oh, really!" he protested. "Really—ha, ha—I'm delighted to be at your service. But—er—what I was going to say was that Netherby really has left me in a bit of a dilemma in asking me to explain this to you. You see, rather a dreadful contretemps has occurred during the short time you were away."

"Oh, dear me!" said Lady Hunter. "And I did so hope he would engage himself to somebody before we came back."

"He has," said Cyril.

"Eh?" cried Sir William.

"Oh!" breathed Lady Hunter ecstatically. "Then never mind the contretemps. Oh, if only his poor mother could have lived to see this day!"

"'M," said Cyril feelingly. "'M. Well, I fancy the chap would willingly change places with his mother any time."

Cyril was interrupted by a sound from the garden. "Coo-ee!"—persuasive, soft and long-drawn-out. He indicated its direction.

"There you hear the girl, anyhow," he added; "fairly fed up!"

"Do you mean to tell me," said Sir William, rising from the settle and taking an attitude, holding by his coat lapels—"do you mean to tell Her Ladyship and me that he's left his fiancée coo-eeing for him out there? Bring her in!"

"Bring her in," said Lady Hunter.

Cyril looked desperately from one to the other.

"But, y' see," he said—"but, y' see——"

"Well," said Sir William testily, "which one is it?"

Cyril looked helplessly at them both.

"Y' see——" said he.

He paused. Women's voices sounded in the garden. They drew nearer. Laughter rose outside.

"The girls!" cried Lady Hunter.

"We shan't be long before we know now, I'll bet a fiver," said Sir William with fine irony.

Then Angela and Gwennie Harmony appeared out of the darkness on the threshold. They looked slim and nymphlike and up to anything; and one wore palest gold and the other wore palest silver. They looked reprehensibly extravagant. They were backed by Mrs. Drelincourt, extremely knowing in a perfectly wicked black frock. Their eyes roamed the room impatiently. They said "Tch! Tch!" and gritted their teeth. Then they came in.

III

THE girls entered an atmosphere of expectation, and they brought an atmosphere of expectation with them.

"Where is he?" said Mrs. Drelincourt, with an adorable wriggle of impatience that ran over her whole body.

"Everyone's here but Mr. Netherby," said Gwen—she was very little—pouting.

And Angela drawled, "What, dear Lady Hunter! Back already!"

Lady Hunter stood up and bashed her train about—for she had curled it sirenlike around her feet—and got her lorgnette busy. Her excitement made her chirp like half a dozen robins.

"Yes, dear! Back already! It was the wrong evening; they were cutting the bread and but—— But what does bread and butter matter? What does anything matter?" She gazed around her.

"Did you hear us coo-eeing?" said little Gwen, slinking across the hall in her gold frock, to Sir William.

"Oh, yes," said the old gentleman; "we heard you coo-eeing. Oh, yes! We heard you. Yes."

Lady Hunter stood, lorgnetting everyone brightly, very arch and cozy.

"And which of you dears," said she in a voice like a dove, "can tell me anything of Arthur while we've been away?"

She looked ready for any conspiracy, and most encouraging.

Mrs. Drelincourt yawned tinily. Unlike most people she had an attractive yawn. Her teeth were as lustrous as her pearls. She advanced and sank into the cushions of the settle beside Sir William.

"Why," she sighed, "we were looking for him, dear Lady Hunter. Not a man has been near us poor women all the evening."

She pouted.

Sir William leaned towards her, a sat on the settle together, and looked ingly into her face. Mrs. Drelincourt back from his inquisitorial gaze with of haughty surprise.

"Sir William!" she murmured.

The old gentleman shook a finger

"I wonder if you tell the truth."

He fixed an admiring look on Mrs incourt, for he thought her a v woman. He decided on her, and praised Arthur's taste. Then he Drelincourt still wearing the sur prise.

"Sir William!" she murmured.

Sir William looked more piercing ever into her face.

"We've been hunting for Mr. N everywhere," added Angela.

She slunk across to the mantel her silver frock, leaned her elbow manipulated a jade-colored fan. S a very pretty picture. Sir Willia at her, stroked his chin, and was about Arthur.

Lady Hunter turned smiling Angela.

"Ah, yes, dear," said she, "but you weren't hunting for together, now; were you?"

"Yes," said Angela, waving "We hunted for him all toget

"But——" said Lady Hunt from Angela to Sir William and back again.

Gwen settled herself on the settle close to Sir William's sh ran her fingers into the old hair.

"And then," said she, "we and went all through the orch solutely everywhere."

Lady Hunter nodded. "Ah!"

"These bushmen have the gi ing their tracks," said Mrs. playfully.

Cyril looked across the hall He approached her by a circu when Lady Hunter's eye was where.

Angela surveyed the youth wi coldness.

"Did you look in the arbor tensely.

"Of course I looked in the arb returned. She waved her fan.

"Oh, you did, did you?" tensely.

Mrs. Drelincourt looked rou

"I thought of the arbor, to fided. "I looked in."

Hope stole into Cyril's fa proached Mrs. Drelincourt.

"Oh, you looked into the said he eagerly.

"I must have looked into th the others," said Gwen, rum William's hair. "Somehow it place I thought of."

Cyril passed a hand over He stared at Gwen.

"You looked into the arbo "You!"

Gwen stared at Cyril.

"Me," she replied.

She separated Sir Willia strands, and commenced t spirally upward. The old g in a state of considerable pl

Lady Hunter turned her Gwen.

"You're no detective, Mr said Sir William crushingly.

"I—I'm so worried," said his nail and looking at Ang worried that I can't think."

"Worried, Cyril?" said moving towards him.

Angela gave a fine sneer, f telpiece.

"Yes, worried," said Cyr walking away from Lady E open door, where he took in

"Why has Mr. Netherby asked Gwen, finishing a sec hair very neatly.

"I think he's frightened Sir William, very dulcet und gers.

Mrs. Drelincourt laughed

"Oh!" said she. "Isn't I perfectly sweet about women

Sir William turned another upon her.

"So he is, dear; so he is, s Lady Hunter eagerly. "He I can't wait any longer! Yo on mystifying me, I see. Be bear—it!"

(Continued on Page

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This is the OIL Stove that Cooks Like Gas



New Features
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You will want to see this new Red Star Oil Stove at once. You will want to see the new features that add so much to its convenience, cleanliness and attractiveness. And you will want to learn how very substantially reduced Red Star prices now are.

The Red Star is both sanitary and beautiful. Its lustrous black metal, pure white porcelain and shining nickel trimmings will be a delight to you for years to come.

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One Gallon Capacity—Eight times as much as old-style pint thermal bottles! Enough hot coffee, iced tea, or lemonade **for the whole party.** 16 big cups!

Four-Inch Opening—You can pack hot fried chicken, potato salad, baked beans, ice cream and have your dinner when and where you please. Holds 8 lbs. of food.

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One jar for hot or cold drinks. One for food. Like having dinner at home.

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Think what a whole gallon of hot or cold drinks means on a fishing, hunting, camping or yachting trip.

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Hot baked beans or firm ice cream. Hot coffee or icy lemonade for all.

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A constant supply of cool drinking water at any hour. Ideal for the sickroom. On the farm carry hot or cold drinks to the field. Fetch ice cream from town.

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Enables the busy housewife to prepare the food in advance, set the table, and have everything **piping hot** at mealtime. Keeps the food **hot through the entire meal.**

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(Continued from Page 76)

Cyril returned from the open door to support Lady Hunter. He tucked a silk handkerchief languidly back into his cuff and looked terribly unnerved.

"Oh, my dears!" said Lady Hunter, excitedly addressing everyone. "Don't keep me any longer in this suspense! Which of you is it?"

Mrs. Drelincourt turned from Sir William's piercing look to Lady Hunter's, and on to Cyril's; and back again.

"Which of us is it?" she repeated, mystified.

Gwen completed a third spiral artistically to the topmost twiddle, and stopped, full of curiosity.

"I've just heard a piece of news," said Lady Hunter, looking at each girl in turn, "which has delighted me, but unfortunately ——" Lady Hunter paused to summon all her tact. She smiled delicately. "But unfortunately," said she, "I wasn't told quite enough."

"News!" cried Gwen.

Angela asked from the mantelpiece, on which she still leaned, fanning herself, "Is it exciting?"

"Very," said Lady Hunter, betraying emotion.

Cyril stood up behind the settle. He spoke clearly.

"Lady Hunter refers," said he, "to Netherby's engagement."

Angela took her arm from the mantelpiece, and Mrs. Drelincourt cast her eyes down, and Gwen stared swiftly at them both. There was a long pause.

Lady Hunter was busy with her lorgnette.

Sir William looked up at Gwen, and round at Mrs. Drelincourt, and across the hall at Angela. He appeared more startled than he really was, owing to the new arrangement of his hair.

Cyril took his handkerchief from his cuff again and wiped his forehead. He bit his finger nail.

Mrs. Drelincourt spoke first.

"Mr. Netherby's engagement?" said she in a very suave, quiet manner.

"Yes," said Lady Hunter, breaking forth again, "but I haven't been told which of you it is. Now!" said she winningly, looking around, "won't the dear girl tell me? After all, why this mystery with me?" Sentiment got the better of her. "Cyril will tell you, girls," she sighed, "that I'm psychic. The littlest hint, and I shall understand; and it shall be locked in my heart until you give me leave to tell everyone."

Then again there was a silence till Sir William, unable to bear it, coughed harshly.

Angela and Gwen were eying each other very hostilely indeed.

Again it was Mrs. Drelincourt who spoke.

"And what has Mr. Netherby said?" inquired she suavely and quietly, though perhaps with a hint of nervousness.

Angela and Gwen immediately transferred their hostile suspicion to Mrs. Drelincourt, but neither spoke.

"Cy-ril!" said Lady Hunter, waving her lorgnette at him.

Cyril understood that in spite of the turmoil of his mind—of which, of course, Lady Hunter was unaware—he was expected to clear everything up in a tactful manner. Tact was mostly what he was paid largely for, and was indeed his sole marketable attribute. He moved forward, tucking his handkerchief into his cuff, and tried to smile with his accustomed bonhomie.

"If it is left to me," said he, "to explain this rather difficult and—er—delicate—er—situation, why, I'll try."

"Difficult and delicate, dear boy?" said Lady Hunter.

Angela gave another fine unseen sneer at Cyril and Lady Hunter.

"You see," said Cyril, addressing everyone, "what actually happened to-night is—er—that Netherby went out to the arbor to think out a certain problem which he had spoken to me about earlier in the evening. What I mean to say is—Netherby's a marrying sort of man if ever there was one."

"B-r-r-r-r!" said Sir William.

"Though of course, poor chap, sadly hampered by his painful reticence," added Cyril.

"That's it!" said Lady Hunter, once more bubbling over with enthusiasm. "So reticent! So shy and reserved. So genuine. He'll make a splendid husband."

"And a splendid husband is just what the chap's longing to be," continued Cyril.

"B-r-r-r!" said Sir William.

"Let me see," said Cyril, dasg head. "Where was I?"

"The action of the story," said sarcastically, "is hung up in the a

"Oh, thanks, Miss Harmony Cyril, with not a bad effect of sarca self. "Well, there is no doubt Netherby was greatly attracted

He paused for inspiration, look Gwen to Mrs. Drelincourt.

"Oh! Terribly attracted!" cr Hunter in ecstasy.

"Terribly attracted," cried (ceiving inspiration, "to a—cert And he went out alone to think job of—er—proposing to her. Bu got to the arbor, there he saw her

Lady Hunter sighed with ecsta

Mrs. Delincourt was still look She spoke very, very softly: "T lady?"

Again Lady Hunter focused tion on Mrs. Drelincourt.

"Well," said Cyril, "his mind of her, naturally he could think else; and sitting down beside her h away asked her to marry him. er—straightaway consented. A got up and ran away, leaving h horrible doubt ——"

"Doubt?" echoed Gwen sudd

"Doubt," affirmed Cyril. he's asking himself, 'Was it thought it was?' You see, it the arbor."

There was a dead silence, w transfixed—though there is litt that three of them were thinki and Cyril again drew out his h chief, patted his brow, walked door, took in a gulp of fresh air a

"I don't believe it, Mr. Wal marked Sir William. "Rubbis

"Not believe Cyril?" said L agitatedly. "If you engage t son of a peer ——"

"B-r-r-r!" said Sir William.

"But, oh!" said Lady Hunt "If you really mean it, Cyril, a—terrible situation! Except looked around her with a glea "of course the dear girl knows

Mrs. Drelincourt sat perfe small smile playing round her calm smile in a moment of wonders. It indicates that the the cards. All beheld Mrs. smile. Then Gwen smiled too later Angela was smiling. T holders were again baffled.

"Won't the dear girl speak Hunter. "Or I shall scream."

Mrs. Drelincourt lifted her She glanced expressionlessly a Gwen, and they glanced expre her. They then looked at ea countenances totally devoid Mrs. Drelincourt gave one yawns, rose and walked slowl door, where she stood looki moment into the moonlit gar den. All eyes followed her. dently reminiscing, recalling recently happened.

Then Angela moved. She and, slinking forward in he threw herself into a chair. Sh enigmatic smile. But just a Hunter and Sir William were smile anew, Gwen spoke.

She spoke intrepidly and s dear old Arthur."

Everyone started as if elec had risen and was carelessly fingers on the oak back of t smiled also, most audaciously gazed round at her, petrified ing up in spirals; and he to looked such a puss that reall likely indeed that Arthur —

"Yes," said Angela. silly old boy! Fancy worry laughed.

"What do you mean, Angela

"I really don't propose t night, my dear," replied A I've seen Arthur again."

"Seen Arthur!" said Gwe

Lady Hunter began shak bewilderedly at everybody.

Very slowly, and with e Mrs. Drelincourt returned templation of the garden, and are you two little girls quarr

"'Little girls'?" said Gwe

Lady Hunter appealed s lorgnette, to Cyril. He s fray.

"Will Mrs. Drelincourt offer her my very best w

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aid Mrs. Drelincourt with an
ly mystic look, "please wait."
—" pleaded Lady Hunter, look-
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softly, "I would rather not ex-

ughed. Mrs. Drelincourt looked

nice," said Mrs. Drelincourt,
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She looked for permission
Lady Hunter. "And, oh, I'm
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ords sink in, and they sank—
al evening."
enal ——" cried Lady Hunter.
— Oh, my dear! If it's a
notions I'm sure nobody could
etter than I!"
ncourt made a gesture of ap-
pealed to everybody.
murmured, "please wait. I'll
efield if he'll be kind enough
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without a word to the side
ntique bedroom candlesticks
e antique cottage were set in
one and brought it. Mrs.
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ourt went slowly to the foot
, escorted by Cyril, and the
es. She mounted a step or
d. "Mr. Wakefield."
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," said Cyril.
-she laughed lazily, a laugh
d as Angela's—"tell him it
he thought it was. Good

gracefully upstairs into the
g which the bedroom doors
ere she paused to lean over
ak tolerantly.
rls!" said she to Gwen and

s, and disappeared into her
e hall below drew a long
en was clenching her little

d Lady Hunter, "she did

d," said Cyril weakly,
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" said Gwen, staring at
Wakefield asks—What do

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le and lighted her candle
looked on. "Mr. Wake-

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il repeated thinly.
Angela at the foot of
at him coldly. "You'll
at that woman said.
"
pstairs.
peated Cyril thinly.
. "So-o-o amused."
id Cyril, following her
irs.
said Angela coldly.
body."
they returned Angela's
while all eyes watched
he gallery.
aid Lady Hunter in a
t did she mean?"
same as Mrs. Drelin-
Sir William.
ered Lady Hunter—

Bitterness overcame Cyril for a moment.

"Oh," he said bitterly, "that's nothing to a girl if anything better turns up. Nothing. I assure you!"

"Tch! Tch! Tch!" said Lady Hunter. "But," she added, "there is something in it. When true love comes what is the mere fact of one's bond to another? I understand fully." She then gave the already unhappy Cyril a very dangerous look. "Nothing," she went on, "nothing would keep me from my lover."

Cyril pulled himself together.

"Oh—oh—really?" said he nervously.

"Really!" said Lady Hunter with fervor.

"B-r-r-r!" said Sir William.

Lady Hunter raised her lorgnette. "I have a very deep feeling for women who have made mistakes," she continued, looking at Sir William.

Then Gwen broke in upon these irrelevances.

"My candle, please," she stormed suddenly.

"Your candle?" said Cyril.

While no one was looking Gwen had struck an enigmatic pose by the bureau, and this she retained.

"Please," she replied.

Cyril went to the side table.

Lady Hunter considered Gwen. "Have you anything to confide, dear?" she asked faintly but still optimistically.

"Please wait!" Gwen replied.

Cyril brought the candle.

"Thank you, Mr. Wakefield," said Gwen, receiving it with an air of worldly composure wonderful in one so young, and small as well. "If you see Arthur again to-night please tell him that my beastly twin is evidently going to rag us unmercifully."

"Eh?" said Cyril.

"Eh!" cried Sir William, looking round.

Gwen began to go slowly upstairs. Her manner was every bit as good as Mrs. Drelincourt's or Angela's. Lady Hunter surveyed the progress through her lorgnette.

Gwen paused. "But tell him," said she with a confiding smile, "that I don't mind if he doesn't. Good night."

"Good night," said Cyril.

"Good night," gasped Lady Hunter.

"Good night," said Sir William feebly. "Little puss," he mumbled to himself.

The three remained for a moment or two after Gwen's departure in total silence. Then Lady Hunter gave her train a voluptuous kick and subsided on the settle beside her husband.

"Well, well!" said she faintly. "It's coming from Australia, you know."

"What is coming from Australia?" said Cyril.

"Nothing," said Lady Hunter. "It's come. Arthur. It's coming from Australia that does it."

Cyril looked at her exhaustedly.

"Girls love a man from Australia," added she.

"Life looks pretty good for Australians," said Cyril.

"They think he's savage, you know," said Lady Hunter; "rough. Untamable. All that." She gazed at Cyril, who had never appeared quieter. "It does not appeal to me," said she, "but perhaps I am exceptional. Some people tell me so."

"B-r-r-r!" said Sir William.

"Please give Sir William his candle, Cyril de-ar," said Lady Hunter very coldly.

Cyril went to the side table.

"What I want to know is," said Sir William, "which woman is it? Who's telling the truth?"

"No one's said anything yet," replied Lady Hunter with acerbity. "Oh, if only someone would give me the littlest hint!"

"You've 'ad three 'ints," roared Sir William, dropping the aitches to annoy her—the only form of revenge he thought it gentlemanly to take since his knighthood.

"What beats me," said Cyril very languorously in the background, "is the way they saw it. Saw that as long as Netherby doesn't know who it was, and there's no witnesses, anybody's word is as good as anybody else's."

"Tch! Tch!" said Lady Hunter. "So it is!"

Cyril brought the candle.

"Thank you, Mr. Wakefield," said Sir William, rising obediently to a look from Lady Hunter. He, too, paused on the staircase. "Mr. Wakefield, tell Arthur if there's any way his poor old uncle can help, it's done."

"I'm sure he'll be very glad, Sir William," murmured Cyril feelingly.

(Continued on Page 82)

"Mum" is the word
that frees you from Embarrassment



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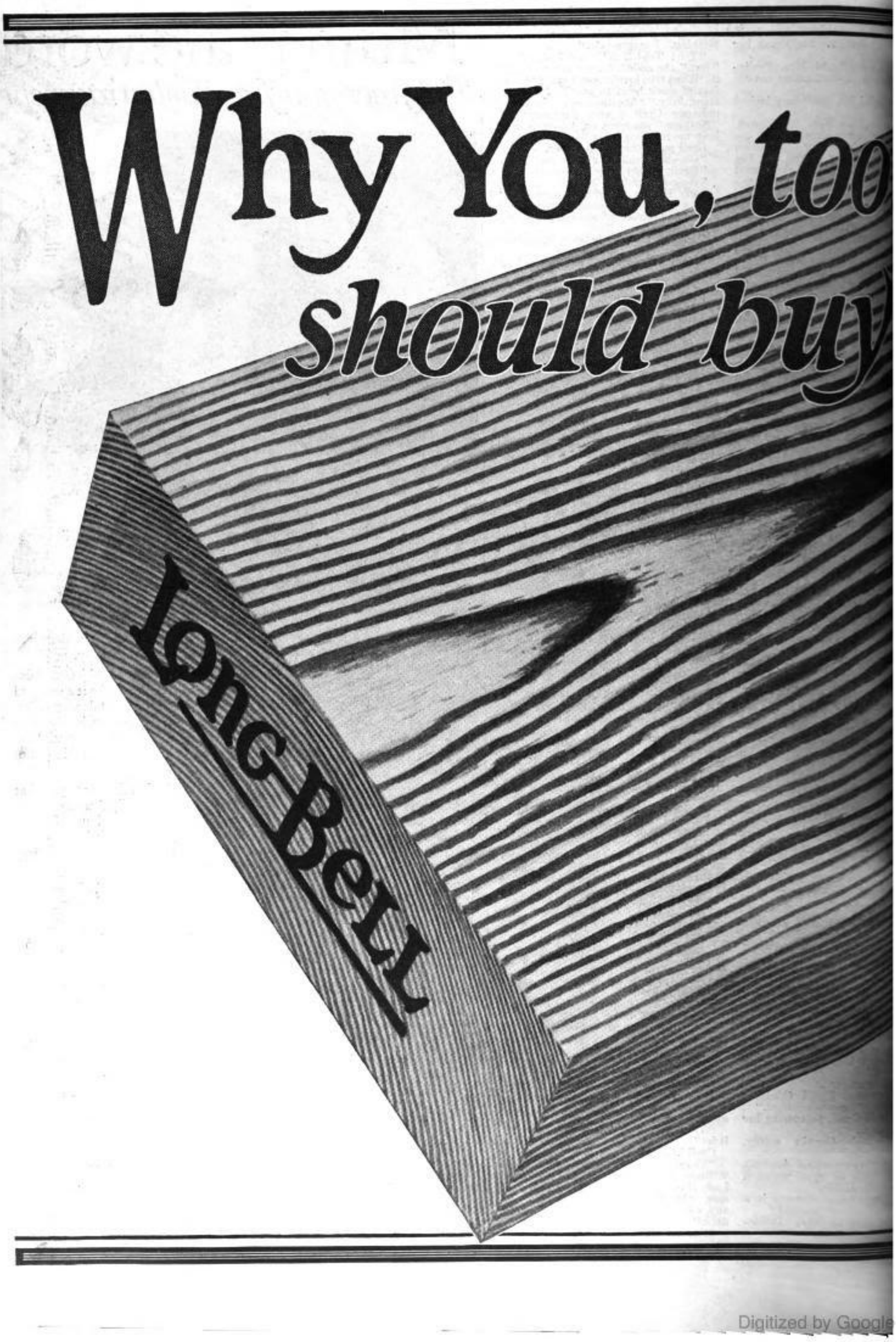
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Westinghouse

(Continued from Page 79)

Sir William also disappeared along the gallery, and slammed his bedroom door.

IV

CYRIL was now alone with Lady Hunter. Lady Hunter leaned back in the settle, in an attitude which in a thinner woman would have been sinuous, but which now, as it were, made the configuration of the near view rather hilly and tussocky.

"Ah!" sighed she. "Relief! Relief from the uncongenial companionship of a man with a common soul!"

Cyril had really no wish to reply.

"Come and sit beside me," said Lady Hunter; and she gestured invitingly to the cushions that billowed around her.

Cyril seated himself gingerly beside her.

There was a pause, during which Cyril reluctantly knew that Lady Hunter experienced thrills.

"I wonder," said Lady Hunter rather coyly after a pause, "how it is that secretaries always fall in love with their employers' wives?"

Cyril ran a finger worriedly round inside his collar. He fidgeted. "It's often a *sine qua non* of the position," he replied apathetically.

"What's that?" said Lady Hunter with a thrilled look.

"A prerequisite," said Cyril, after thinking hard for a suitable translation.

"You are naughty, dear boy," sighed Lady Hunter.

The voice from the garden began calling again, a thought more stridently than before. The dovelike quality was absent from the coo.

Cyril listened.

"Who's that?" gasped Lady Hunter, starting violently.

"Another woman for Netherby," replied Cyril, listening.

"B-but they're all in bed," said Lady Hunter. "It can't be. No. I feel we may be watched, dear boy."

"You'd enjoy that, wouldn't you?" replied Cyril.

"We are being spied upon," asseverated Lady Hunter, gathering agitation.

"They wouldn't coo about it, y'know," said Cyril.

"I always fear that some day we shall be found out," said Lady Hunter.

"Well, we haven't incriminated ourselves yet," said Cyril haplessly; "and shan't, either," he added.

He was somehow feeling reckless of the consequences of any kind of speech to-night.

"Who knows," sighed Lady Hunter very truly, "what anybody may come to?"

"Hush!" said Cyril. "I heard something."

He rose and leaned nonchalantly on the back of the settle, his monocle turned upon the garden. Lady Hunter huddled, much struck by the situation, into her corner. Then the cook, a stoutish person in her cotton dress, apron and cap, appeared somewhat coyly in the open doorway. She was aghast at beholding Cyril and Lady Hunter.

"Ow!" said cook. "Ow! I'm sure I beg pardon."

Lady Hunter rose and fixed her through her lorgnette.

"Have you been instructed to watch me, cook?" said she heroically.

The cook regarded them both with a wary eye, and hesitated.

"Please," said she, "I'm looking for—for—for my cat."

Relieved at being able to undertake any sort of action save that expected of him by Lady Hunter, Cyril went down on his knees and looked under the furniture.

"Why!" said he obligingly. "Poor puss! Puss! Puss!"

No cat appeared. Cook stood fingering her apron in the doorway.

"Cyril!" said Lady Hunter. "You cannot ask the son of a peer to hunt cats, cook."

Cyril was on his knees before the settle. "'Fraid the poor animal is not here," said he sympathetically.

"I'm sure I'm much obliged," replied cook in a curious stifled voice. And she turned to withdraw.

Lady Hunter looked steadily after her. "Stay!" said she. Cook paused. "Do you truthfully mean to tell me that you were coo-eeing to a cat?"

"Well, why not, M' Lady?" replied cook, on guard but betraying a simper.

Cyril rose. "It doesn't seem altogether natural," he remarked, supporting Lady Hunter.

"Not na-ice!" said Lady Hunter besides, a liberty to coo-ee so that hear you, in my garden."

The cook paused for a weighty mo Then she replied darkly: "Well, M' I may be a cook—now; but per'ap ain't the last time I shall coo-ee garden."

The cook disappeared, leaving Hunter and Cyril gazing for explana each other.

Cyril took a turn or two up and the room.

"'I may be only a cook—now,' peated pensively. "'I may be only now.'"

"'But per'aps this isn't the last shall coo-ee in your garden,'" adde Hunter in staccato accents.

She made a rapid movement in t of the vanished cook, but Cyril h protesting hand.

"No, no!" he urged. "Keep he her! Let her yodel like blazes all place. Think of her savories."

"Yes, they do suit you, dea de-ar?" said Lady Hunter, relent

Lady Hunter was walking rat ously again towards Cyril, who w delicately away, when the doo right was opened discreetly.

Lady Hunter started violently

"Who's that?" she gasped.

It was Steers. He entered dep but looking reassuringly confide

"Only me, M' Lady," said s pardon. I came to see if I could the night."

"Certainly!" said Lady Hu tering guilty confusion. "Light please."

Steers went softly to the side

"I believe we are watched." L breathed in a dramatic whisper

The youth made no reply. very tired indeed.

Steers approached, bearing stick in quite a priestly way. H presence.

"Thank you, Steers," mum Hunter. "Good night, Cyril."

She went agitatedly to the stairs, Cyril following politely

"It's no use trying to kee boy!" said Lady Hunter. "M on edge. Let me go!"

"I wouldn't think of detaini lady," replied Cyril languidly.

Reluctantly Lady Hunter stairs. In the gallery she paus down.

Steers was lost in butlerly folding up newspapers and t blew a kiss to Cyril, who re brow in reply. She vanished al

Steers paused in his task carefully.

Cyril took a cigarette and work of lighting it.

"'Ave they all gone, sir?" confidentially.

"Yes, Steers," said Cyril. the striking of a match.

Steers went softly to the he had entered, opened it, a tiously. Arthur came in, t wild animal in the forest.

"Oh, hello, Netherby!" s ing on the settle.

The new undovelike voice f rose before Arthur could re

"Coo-ee! Coo-ee! Coo-e

Arthur started back convu

"'Fraid someone wants y said Cyril with great sympa

Steers motioned Arthur cottage was full, and Art pushed into a little room hardly more than a dee under the stairs. Steers ope the little room, and Arthur

"Lock your door, Mr. Art Steers. "And don't show you'll sleep." He came fo seriously at Cyril. "It's said he, "as he 'as to sleep floor away from everybody had him in my pantry. It place."

Steers looked around the the bell.

"I've put whisky and sod Mr. Wakefield," he added.

"Thanks," said Cyril. re support of the settle. "Gre

Cyril went upstairs, alte his room, just as little Park hall in response to Steers's

"Did you ring, Mr. Stee

(Continued on Pa

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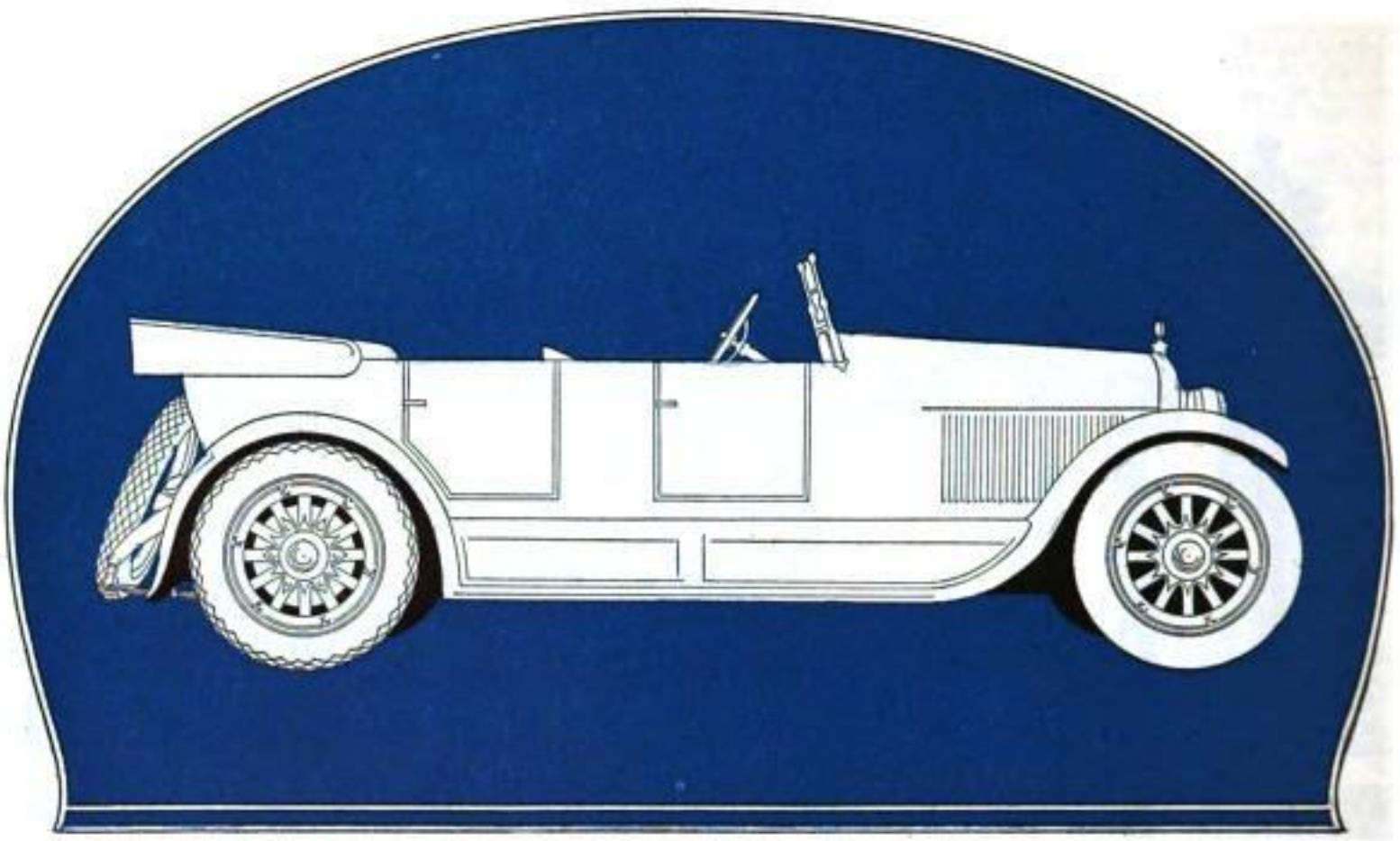
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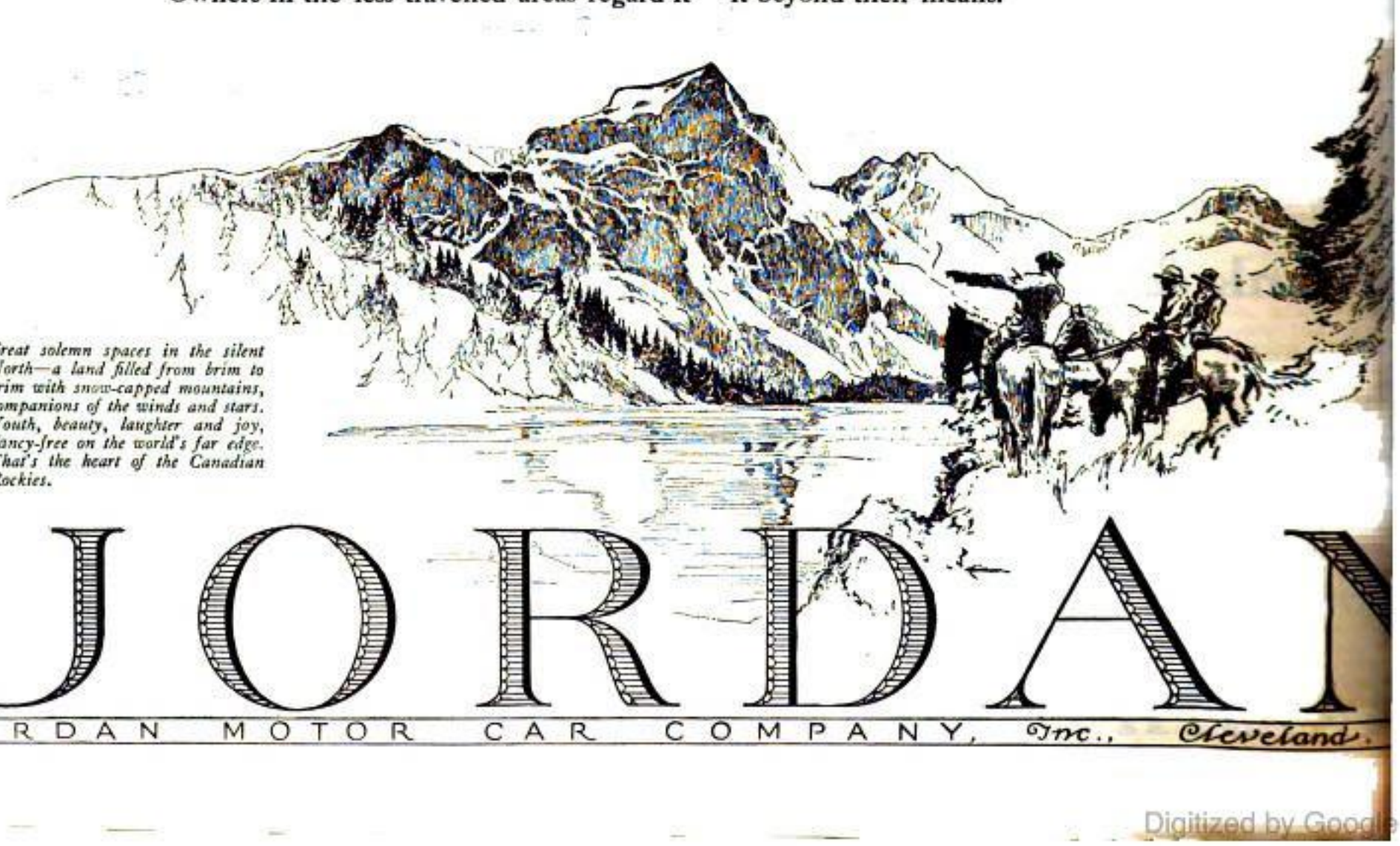
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JORDAN

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(Continued from Page 82)

," said Steers in a mellow voice,
earer to Parks. "I did, Emily.
for me here, there's a love. I've
ndered all the evening."
pleasure, Mr. Steers," said the
ured girl.
got nearer. "Emily," he said.
o, Mr. Steers!" said little Parks
, putting a yard or two of floor
ween them by what seemed to be
iggle.
rse," said Steers, "I'm a little
experienced side for you ——"
chortled little Parks, interrupt-
th a gurgle. "Ha, ha!"
ou've took my fancy," Steers

" said little Parks sympatheti-
pose I am rather nice, aren't I?"
mplished another wriggle half
hall.
!" said Steers with a frustrated

seem a shame, doesn't it?"
Parks.
me of the kindest hearts in the

" said Steers, "let's kiss you,
'ly. A girl never knows a man
d him."
. Steers," replied little Parks
nly. "I—I—have other plans."
s wounded in his sense of manly
"All the women in this 'ouse
ans!" he said.
to move with dignity toward
t paused again at the sound of
m the garden.
it there now?" said he.
murmured little Parks.
t out.
s remained passive for a few
ile she thought upon the posi-
a finger tip in her mouth and
sively. Alternately she smiled
grave. She looked around the
t the gallery, and at the fast-
Arthur's little room. At last
ick up books, which had been
rwhere, and to tidy up. But
or two she was interrupted
of a door opening furtively
above, followed by a furtive

d up and beheld Mrs. Drelin-
over the gallery rail to peep
and so there they stood
a other.
court was a little confused
k at seeing Parks.
she, hesitating. "Oh!"
nything for you, madam?"
sweetly.
court put her finger on her
along the gallery like a ma-

you," she breathed, *sotto*
e halfway down the stair-
ncarnate. "I just—I just
d someone moving about
ispered, "and I—I thought
"

me, madam," said Parks
leed.
very obliging girl, always
a difficult moment by her

was you," said Mrs. Drel-
herself of Parks' tact in a
parent manner. "And—
ow it is you, I was going
se all you people in the
en much amused over the
-night."
urt had now arrived, cat-
ottom stair, and there she
s on the banister, looking

quired Parks delicately.
se," said Mrs. Drelincourt
smile, "you have your
ust as we have ours."
adam," murmured Parks.
l be first to break the news
r and me," pursued Mrs.
dare say you all really
now, didn't you?"
," hesitated Parks art-
ell ——"
rt smiled graciously.
I know," said she. "You
a shrewd girl, Parks; and
ense of humor!" Parks
demure confusion at this
ure," added Mrs. Drelin-
l love stealing a march on
g the first with the news
h?" She became viva-
playful. "You must tell me what they say when you bring me my early tea."

"Oh, yes, madam," said Parks.

Mrs. Drelincourt retreated quietly upstairs. "Wait a moment," she breathed, finger on lip. Little Parks stood obediently below. Mrs. Drelincourt hurried into her room and reappeared with a hat; she came halfway down again and held it out, over the banister. "Have you any use for this hat, which I don't require any more? I'm sure you have!"

"Oh, madam!" said little Parks, receiving the hat.

"Take it! Take it!" said Mrs. Drelincourt playfully. "I dare say you walk out with Steers on Sunday, eh? I hope he'll admire you in it. Good night. And be sure you break the news for me after all this mystery."

Mrs. Drelincourt had nearly got unobserved into her room again when a second door opened, and Angela stepped into the gallery. She looked very nice and carefully disheveled in a cunning wrapper.

"Y-y-you!" said Angela, starting back on seeing Mrs. Drelincourt.

"Yes, dear, I," said Mrs. Drelincourt coolly. "And you?"

"I—I left a book downstairs," said Angela, recovering. "Who's that down there?"

Mrs. Drelincourt replied maliciously, "Oh, only the housemaid clearing up. Good night, dear."

She shut herself into her room. Angela looked down over the rail at Parks, and Parks looked up at Angela.

"Oh—oh—you, Parks?" remarked Angela rather feebly.

"Yes, miss, me," said Parks. She laid the hat very lovingly upon a chair. "Can I do anything for you, miss?"

Angela descended. "I think perhaps I left a book downstairs."

"What was it called, miss?" asked Parks, looking round.

"Oh, I don't know, Parks," said Angela distractedly. "I'm sure you'll understand that after the mental struggle I've been through I'm perfectly demented. But so happy, Parks! So-o-o happy!"

"Oh, miss!" said Parks with glad sympathy.

Angela came into the hall, and leaned dreamily against the settle.

"Yes, in spite of all, so happy! I must tell someone; and after all, you're a woman, too, aren't you?"

"Oh, yes, miss," replied Parks meekly.

"Give me your hand, Parks," said Angela in an emotional voice. Parks obeyed, and Angela squeezed the hand. "You're a perfect dear, Parks; so understanding; and you know what an awful thing it must be to fall in love with another man when one's engaged already."

"Oh, not awful, miss," said Parks. "Never awful to fall in love."

"You do understand so well," said Angela feverishly. "And how right you are! It's beautiful, only under the circumstances I—I hardly like to confess about it myself. I know you guess that it's I who am engaged to Mr. Netherby." She paused. "Parks! Will you spread the news? Take it right off my shoulders; tell people! Then—then my boats will be burnt."

"And Mr. Arthur's boats will be burned, too," added Parks thoughtfully.

"Exactly!" cried Angela. "That is—I mean—well, I had to tell someone! Good night." She squeezed Parks' hand once more, dropped it, sighed convulsively, and moved away. "Have you ever thought of bettering yourself?" she asked kindly.

"Yes, miss," replied Parks.

"You seem to me so superior," said Angela, more kindly than ever, as she crept upstairs.

But quietly as she crept, Gwen was opening her door.

"Ah!" said she spitefully. Angela was taken aback, but recovered herself swiftly.

"Good gracious!" said she. "Go back to bed, child!"

"What did you come down for?" asked Gwen spitefully.

"A book, darling," replied Angela.

"Well, I can't find my fountain pen," said Gwen. "Is that Parks?"

Little Parks was standing respectfully observing the scene from below.

"Yes, miss," she answered.

"Nonsense about your fountain pen!" said Angela. "It must be in your room."

"It isn't, you liar!" said Gwen with a ferocity appalling in one so young and at the same time small.

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North Abington, Massachusetts



Women's
Sport Oxford
No. P735

ARNOLD GLOVE GRIP SHOES

(Continued from Page 86)

She went out, catching painfully at her breath, by the door leading to the kitchen quarters.

So again little Parks was alone in the hall. She put a finger into her mouth and sucked it pensively. She looked around up at the gallery, and at Arthur's fast-closed door. Then suddenly she was across the hall, at that fast-closed door, knocking upon it softly, but with utter resolution.

"Mr. Arthur," said she urgently, *sotto voce*, and with utter resolution. "Mr. Arthur! Mr. Arthur!"

She knocked and knocked.

Arthur's door opened, and he appeared cautiously, in pajamas, holding the door. His relief at the harmless apparition of this kind girl was tremendous.

"Oh, you, Parks!" he kept muttering. "Just you! Only you! Thank God! I was afraid it was some woman."

"Oh, no, Mr. Arthur!" said Parks, smiling. "Only Parks. Dress yourself!"

"Eh?" whispered Arthur.

"Get dressed at once!" said Parks managingly. "I'll pack and send your things after you. Go home! Or there's three ladies and a woman who'll marry you out of hand."

"Eh, Parks?" whispered Arthur, agonized. "Eh? Eh?"

"Listen!" said little Parks managingly. "They all know it—that you don't know who you proposed to in the dark to-night; and they've seen the situation. And you're like baggage in a railway station—like a parcel in a lost-property office. Anyone can claim you who gives up the check. And they're all giving up checks—Mrs. Drelincourt, Miss Harmony, Miss Gwennie, and cook."

"C-c-cook?" faltered Arthur.

"Cook," said Parks, nodding. "And the young ladies have been down in this hall lookin' for you in negligys that would make a toad passionate."

"Help!" said Arthur in a lost voice.

"I'll help you, Mr. Arthur," promised Parks, very motherly. "Trust me."

"I do trust you," whispered Arthur.

"Never mind about your place not being ready for you," said Parks. "Home you go, quick!"

Arthur tottered back into his room, sank upon the bed and caught at a pair of socks. Parks followed him in to assist him. He did not mind her. She was all right. She had seen him unshaved, and prepared his bath. He began to put on his socks.

"I shan't wait to dress," he said.

"Better not," said Parks. She clasped her hands and looked at him. "Put on your warm coat. Take care of yourself."

"Get my boots, Parks," whispered Arthur with chattering teeth.

Parks placed his riding boots handy to his feet. "I'd call up the chauffeur," said she, "but I shouldn't rouse attention if I were you. What's a four-mile walk across country for a man in the hole you're in?"

"Nothing! Nothing!" chattered Arthur. "Only let me get away!"

He began to pull frenziedly at his boots.

Little Parks sank to her knees beside him, sat back on her heels and watched. A rucked-up pajama leg called for the attention of her neat fingers, and deftly she tucked it down into the boot top. Her eyes, turned away from Arthur, were dreamy. Her head felt full to bursting with many thoughts.

"Y' know, Mr. Arthur ——" said she softly and paused.

Arthur tugged feverishly at his second boot.

"Be quiet!" he said. "Don't talk to me!"

"No, Mr. Arthur," murmured Parks hurriedly. "Only I just want to say that—that—perhaps you'd like it if you could be persuaded to try it, Mr. Arthur."

Arthur stamped his foot down.

"What?" he asked grimly.

Parks swayed slowly a thought farther towards him.

"G-g-getting married, Mr. Arthur."

"Now," said Arthur grimly, "no more of that! I've had enough this evening to last me a lifetime. I've just had a glimpse of what might happen to a man if he let it. I've made a mistake to-night. Dunno what got me; but it hasn't got me now, that's sure. I'm not a marrying kind of man at all."

"Oh," said Parks, clasping her hands and rocking a little, half in a dream and the other half out of it, keeping a shrewd eye on Arthur. "Oh, if you were just managed properly, Mr. Arthur—if a girl was a good manager—why, she'd just twist you right round her little finger, and you'd surprised to find the kind of man you

Arthur's mouth dropped open wa looked at Parks. But she appeared w innocent, the complete altruist.

"No!" he said emphatically. "I you, no! It's all right talking to you used to you. You bring my shaving 'n' all that. But other women—I ca on with 'em at any price."

Little Parks sidled nearer. "S too, to get on with women if you Mr. Arthur," she remarked. "S easy."

Arthur rose, with alternate stam both feet. He was looking innocen sturdy again. He did not trus answer.

"A man didn't ought to be mad ened," murmured Parks, pursuing of thought.

She rose with a wriggle like an moved to the door.

"Here!" said Arthur. "Keep still look at you."

"Oh, Mr. Arthur," murmured "You look at me every day."

"No, I don't," said Arthur stur could, but I don't. Because I don't w

Parks pouted.

"You seem a darned capable sort said Arthur, ignoring the pout. "B you try to talk about managing m can't be done. The blinkers were bit; I'll allow that. But now th again, and they'll stay off. Giv coat."

Little Parks passed meekly ac hall to the recess behind, where and things were stored. Arthur her to and fro, with some dim feel the slenderness of her black stock returned, holding the coat out fo

"So you think you'll be able t for yourself, Mr. Arthur—to-mor

"To-morrow?" repeated Arth

"Well," said little Parks, qui tiptoe to hoist the coat on his "things are liable to happen t Mr. Arthur, aren't they?"

Arthur stood arrested. "You he said.

"Things," added Parks, "ca where they are. They won't st

Arthur stared forlornly at h realization of possibilities.

"Shall I come and look aft morrow, then, Mr. Arthur?" as smiling.

Arthur clutched at the straw

"Why, that's an idea!" he s used to you; you don't seem lik at all. If you can be spared —

"I'll manage that," she repli

"Promise," urged Arthur.

"Trust me, Mr. Arthur," sa

"I do trust you, Parks," rep with complete and devout simpl

He turned up his coat coll mechanical feeling of stealth, a creep towards the door.

Parks followed. "Got your c she whispered. "'N' matches? handkerchief?"

"Parks," Arthur whispered h obediently in his pockets, "the a king or a queen who said to woman, 'Here's a ring: if you thing send it to me, and I s I expect they teach you thes those schools, Parks? Well, I ring, but if I can do you a kind time, let me know. I will repa

Parks seized his elbow and to the door.

"Stop talking," said she "Go! Go while the going's go

Parks' adjuration was justifi as they had parted the curtai drawn the bolt, and were open into the garden, a sound of mov from the gallery above. Pa Arthur out, ran the bolt sli and the curtains fell again retai very moment that Gwen leani gallery rail and sent a searchin the hall.

"Who's there?" she whisp she saw Parks just gathering h the chair whereon it had lain over her arm, the slippers pende hand, the hat from the other. T tidy, and, save for Parks, emp

"I thought ——" whispered eyes roaming.

Parks looked up at Gwen "It's only me, miss," purre ishing. Can I get you anythi

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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THE NUMBER ONE BOY

(Continued from Page 19)

geant again dropped his eyes to
in his hand.
k got suddenly to his feet.
on. You're not a kotowing
. You're an Irish leatherneck,
man to man. What do you

hin, sorr," said Tim, "'tis a bit
hin all's said and done."
f The difference in our ages,
"
ogether, sorr," said Tim. "Ye
nt on to explain, "ye've been
' wid this wan and that wan
) in spring for many's the year,
gue in yer cheek whin the talk
riage. Ye've laughed wid me
han wan of thim, sorr, and to
, wid the name they name ye in
Thin I foind a slip of a colleen
face shlapin' under yer coat on
t Hawaii, an' ye sez, sez you,
, Tim, that I took from the
ow we'll make a lady av her.'
t naded, sorr. The makin' a
I mane. She was a lady born
knew that the first toime she
outh to me after her face was
ation you give her, sorr, that
a lady she was, and a lady she
atever, for it's in the bones

had blood," said the hawk.
love av a child he's cravin'
to myself, 'and a father he'll
he years to come.' An' so I
I ——" The sergeant hesi-

id the hawk. "Until what?"
, 'twas divil a lad near her
ould have spache wid. Not
much as git a squint at her.
way of a father,' sez I to my-
in' you an' all, an' seein' her
re me eyes, so to shpake ——
out the way av it, sorr."
d the hawk. "Then you
riage was a mistake?"
sayin' that, sorr. If a mis-
. 'tis me notion 'twas before

ein' kep' so close, is what I
iver havin' no thruck wid
to be overfull av curiosity
ye want me thoughts, sorr.
she's had to learn to kape
t the pershwadin' tongue.
n' all, but it's yerself that
ch that shtops a vinture-

ouldn't stop one," agreed
t a forty-four bullet would.
's start shooting too late,

d the sergeant, "but her
s, there'd be no cause for
r havin' the fling that a
fore settlin' down for good

into troubled thought.
g, Tim," he said at last.
he chance of some young
way from me. I couldn't
And now I'll tell you
ed to the desk and con-
nt. "I planned to make
ninute I laid eyes on her.
arriage all my life. I had
r some reason. Then a
runs out of an orphan
ming dirty child, and
my feet; and I knew
meant to be my wife—
What do you think of

hard-bitten sergeant of
ue to his race.
rr," he said as one states

e a fool."
lt in the sergeant seized
ushed him headlong into
ith.
w that blind I am and
's twistin' me hither an'
in a new counthry like
I was born in Lower
nan knows by the feel
st av dead are throopin'
night. 'Tis so in an ould
churchyards full an'
and is ould but nothin'
ounthry we're in this
, onything can happen
now at the praste av

theirs, right here in Pekin'—this Chang Foo Low. God kape him from iver crossin' me path!"

The hawk laughed a sudden harsh laugh and dropped into the desk chair.

"So you believe the tales the ignorant coolies tell about that fakir?"

"Ignorunt coolies, is ut? Let me ask ye wan question: Phwat sort av a doctor now is the wan from New York over in the legation this minute, a little man wid a head on him like an owl?"

Among the Americans in Peking who had sought refuge in the legation at the beginning of the siege was a New York specialist with an international reputation.

"You mean Doctor Mossir?" said the hawk, naming this physician.

"Yis, sorr. Phwat sort av a doctor is he?"

"He's supposed to be one of the great nerve specialists of the world, Tim. Why?"

"Ye admit it!" exclaimed the sergeant triumphantly. "Phwat do ye suppose brought him to China? Not a thing but the wish to talk wid Chang Foo Low."

"Well," said the hawk, "most doctors are idiots, and I suppose this one is; but I'd hardly believe that about him."

"It's thrue, sorr; I have it straight as a shtring."

"How?"

"The doctor tells Captain Hays, who tells his shtriker, who tells Corporal Dolan, who tells Sergeant Anderson, who tells me. Straight as a shtring, sorr."

The hawk showed his teeth in a faint smile. "All right, Tim. You can deliver those now."

"Yis, sorr; an' if you'll deliver the bit av a message?"

"Tell her yourself, Tim. She'll be all right in a day or so."

"Don't I know it? She'll live to see the two av us dead an' buried."

The hawk's thin lips twitched slightly.

"No doubt. That's all, sergeant."

And the sergeant thought as he turned away, "Ye're a blunderin' fool, Tim Regan."

Alone once more the hawk sank back in his chair with an unaccustomed weariness. Not weariness of body—he still enjoyed immunity from that sort of thing. He had proved it during the recent siege when younger men had crumpled with fatigue all about him. It was a mental weariness that touched him now, touched him so strongly that his shoulders sagged with the weight of it. He turned brooding eyes to one of the black-and-gold screens, behind which was the door leading to his wife's room. His wife! Yes, his wife. The sag went out of his shoulders. He straightened in his chair. He had always believed in action. To hell with hemming and hawing. Why should he sit glooming like a timid calf? His wife! He got to his feet, walked quickly to the door and knocked.

"Yes? Who is it?"

"It's I—William."

"I'm still feeling badly."

A sudden flush darkened the habitual pallor of the hawk's face. He had an instinct to smash out the panels of the door with his fist. He waited an instant to control the instinct and his voice.

"I understand. I won't disturb you long. May I come in?"

"No, please; I'll come out."

Once more a flush, and then a shrug of the shoulders.

"Very well." He returned to the center of the room and waited. The door was unlocked and opened. His wife stepped from behind the screen and regarded him with great, dark, timid eyes.

"Well?"

How young she was! A child, a child! The hawk's assurance left him. It was replaced by a returning swarm of doubts and fears.

"Come and sit down—Elizabeth."

She took a few uncertain steps away from the screen.

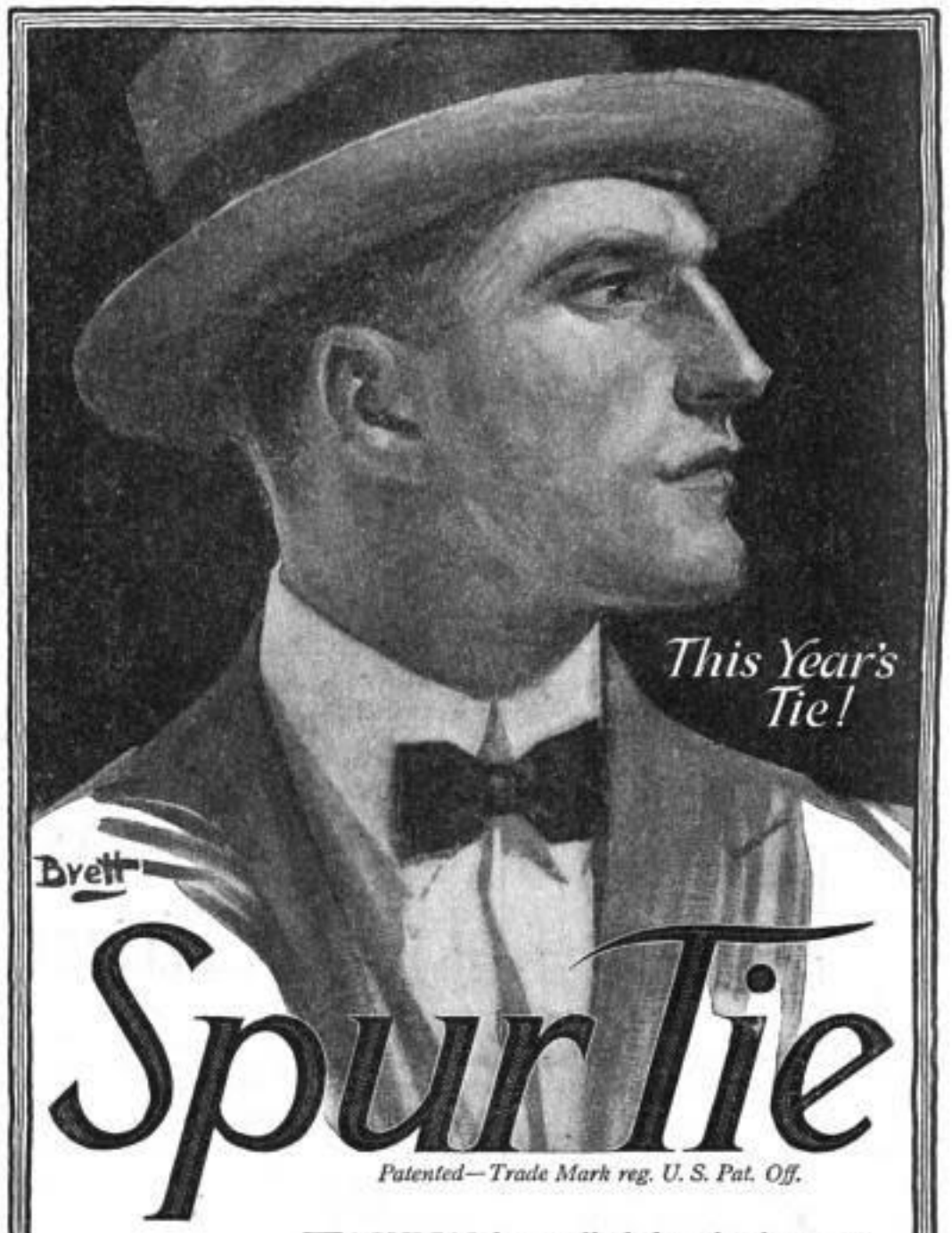
"I've been lying down. I think I'll stand if you don't mind."

He took a cigarette from a lacquer box on the desk and lighted it. He found that his hand was trembling. This enraged him, but no sign of it was in his voice when he spoke.

"Now, my dear, I simply want to help you—you understand that."

She nodded.

(Continued on Page 91)



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(Continued from Page 91)

m. Surely it must be. Surely
alize already what a hopeless
done. He understood now ex-
e had done it. There had been
alk about it among the senior
ered in Peking, to which he
with strained, heartsick atten-
ad even dared to ask a few
g questions. Yes, he under-
er undoing had been accom-

s own. There was no answer
rful riddle. Why had demons
-they could be no less—tam-
m, all helpless in sleep? Why
him across the world to her
e they gave her to another?
er—an impotent, shuddering
ize him whenever he thought
her.
errible room! The spirit of
old, at grips with a new and
ism. Heavens, what a room!
d rugs on that screaming
immering vases on the hope-

ght the picture in the gold
midst of the vases. In three
at the mantel. As he stood
forward to drink in the
e room behind him was re-
mirror. Someone stepped
oonlighted doorway leading
den, and entered. Jimmy
he. He found it impossible
simply stood frozen, looking
.
e saw him. She, too, was
bsolute stillness.
wonder into her face—into
then a surge of gladness, a
ing gladness, which went as
ame. She turned and was
toward the door into the
Jimmy, without moving,

way."
and turned.
ust going into the garden."
me from the garden," said
g from the mirror.
going back. I—I—left
w do you do, lieutenant?
a chance to thank you

silly speeches to me."
of his tone seemed to bring
She took off her cloak and
the back of a chair.
u here?" she demanded
y did you come?"
d you that I came because
way?"
ch things to me."

have no right. Where is
please?"

n."
now?"
" Jimmy assured her.
, and became crimson as
conclusion his words in-
you get in?"
Jimmy dryly.
imed again. "You must

n't."
n in helpless horror for a
rted to the desk and
arply several times.
o that?" asked Jimmy.
ly.
wer?"
d silent.
u that I have a right to
st be here?"
to strike the gong again
.

ber One boy," said she.
an astonishing thing.
es with a smothered
mn!"—Master of Souls.
nazement to follow the
alging eyes. Another
ing motionless in the
tered silently through
rden. He was tall; he
was unutterably calm.
h with her first startled
Chinese to the other

d got to his feet and
m. The old servant
spoke.
he Number One boy?

"You? You—the Number One boy? Why, you are ——"

His hand rose and passed before her eyes. Once more she was in the dark and soundless chamber within her own brain.

"I am the Number One boy of this house," said a calm voice within that silent chamber.

"You are the Number One boy of this house," her lips replied.

"You have never seen me before."

"I have never seen you before."

Jimmy was still standing by the mantel, so utterly dazed that movement or speech had not occurred to him. Now he wrenched himself free from a sort of waking stupor and sprang forward.

"Look here," he cried, "you can't do that!"

The somber eyes of this unbelievable servant flashed upon him with the force of a blow. A quiet voice that had the quality of thunder in it beat in his ears:

"If you love this maiden and your honor do not interfere."

Jimmy faced the commanding eyes a moment longer with the feeling that this was another dream. Such things could not happen to people awake—and he was awake. He was in China. That was it! Things were different in China. Before him, dressed like a servant, was a super-Chinaman—Jimmy had found out all about the immortal Chang Foo Low—who with a wave of the hand had just taken away the mind of his lady of dreams. Well, such things could happen in China, evidently, and if he did not trust this mysterious Chinaman who had given him his only hope, who was there to trust? Jimmy bowed his surrender and fell back to the mantel.

"That is well," said Chang. Once more his hand lifted and waved. "Madam wishes to give an order?"

The girl of Jimmy's dreams gave a puzzled look about the room. Her eyes encountered Jimmy's.

"Oh, yes," said she, her face clearing. "Lieutenant Lee is going now. If he should call again I am not at home."

The Number One boy bowed respectfully.

"I hear your order, madam. But Lieutenant Lee has likewise heard an order. The colonel, your husband, told him to remain until he returned."

Even in the vast wonder in which his mind was floundering Jimmy was stricken by her sudden vivid blush, caused by the false position he had led her into. He had done it in a fit of anger at her feminine pretense of lightness when she had first spoken to him. Now he was sorry and ashamed.

"I came here on military duty to see Colonel Bradley," he explained contritely.

She turned to the Number One boy, her flush subsiding.

"There has been a mistake. You may go."

The Number One boy bowed and left the room.

Jimmy, without knowing what he did, followed to the door and stared, wondering, awe-stricken, after the tall figure. Dark and mysterious powers were fighting on his side—he knew that now—but how far could they, would they go? Had a genie entirely beyond his control been summoned to his aid that would stop at nothing?

"Why didn't you tell me?" a mortified voice demanded.

Jimmy, pondering by the door, was too deep in speculation to hear.

"I've asked you a question."

The voice was sharper now. It brought Jimmy to a consciousness of the present and turned him toward her.

"I beg your pardon. What did you say?"

"Why didn't you explain that you hadn't come to see me?"

"Well, I was angry," Jimmy admitted, "and I acted like a fool. You see, you pretended at first, and it made me angry."

"Pretended?" Her eyebrows went up. "Pretended what?"

"Exactly what you're pretending now—that there's nothing between us."

"There is nothing between us."

"That," said Jimmy, "isn't true, and you know it."

She picked up her cloak as if about to leave the room, but changed her mind and replaced it on the chair.

"I never expected to see you again," she said slowly. "But since you are here I think I should tell you how sorry I am for what I did, and ask you to forgive me."

"Forgive you for what?"

"For letting you talk to me—like that, and for—what happened."

SETH THOMAS



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AIR VALVE LOCK

"You mean that you kissed me?"

"Oh, don't! It isn't fair. Please—just forget it."

"I wish I could."

"You must—you simply must!"

"Can you?" asked Jimmy.

She made a gesture of distress, half turned from him, and remained silent.

"You don't have to answer," said Jimmy softly; "I know already. I saw your face in the mirror when you came in and recognized me. Don't try to hide it any more—you owe me that much. I know why you married him. I found out about it all; and it's a crime—a wicked crime. He took advantage." His voice became a suppressed cry. "I found you just too late. That's what I don't understand about the whole hellish business. To find you at last—and then ——"

"Don't! Don't!" she returned his cry. "I'm so sorry—so terribly sorry for—you."

"For me?" said Jimmy savagely. "What about you? With your life smashed to pieces before it's begun. Don't be sorry for just me. We're both in this. What are we going to do?"

"I've told you," she said with some firmness. "We must forget it."

He gave her one look.

"I know," she went on quickly. "It seems impossible now, but time makes such a great difference. When my father died I thought I could never get over it, but I did—I did. It will be that way about this. Each day will make a difference. Soon—you'll be surprised how soon—it won't"—her hand went unconsciously to her breast—"hurt so much. You'll go back to your friends; and you'll meet another girl. I hope for your sake it will be soon. I hope—you'll be very happy. I—I ——" She suddenly turned her back to him.

Jimmy addressed an agonized whisper to his soul: "My sweetheart—my own sweetheart!"

When she turned to him again her lips no longer quivered. Her tight-closed fists had become hands, one of which she extended toward him.

"We must say good-by now."

"No," said Jimmy. "Just good night."

"But I shan't see you again before you leave."

"I'm not going to leave."

A sudden fear leaped to her eyes.

"You're not going with the troops in the morning?"

"A detachment from the Seventeenth was added to the guard here. I volunteered to stay with the detachment."

"Under Colonel Bradley?" It was a horror-stricken whisper.

"Yes."

"Why did you do that?"

"To be near you."

"Oh! Oh! Oh!"

"There's nothing for me anywhere else in the world; the other fellows wanted to get home."

"How can you think of them—when we—when you ——" She stared at him for a moment, then clutched his arm. "Go quickly now, before it's too late, and say you've changed your mind—that you want to go."

"Why should I do that?"

"You know; oh, you know!"

"But I don't. I can't bear to think what it would be like if I went. If I stay here I can see you now and then; perhaps hear your voice."

"No! No! No! You must go—you must!"

"But I can't," said Jimmy. "You see, I ——"

She cut him short with a feverish "You say you—love me."

This got a look from him that sent her plunging on.

"Well, love, if it's—the right sort—is—unselfish. I must tell you something. I couldn't have you stay. I couldn't bear it. Now will you go?"

This time Jimmy's whisper, as he seized her by the shoulders, could be heard.

"Sweetheart!"

She only shrank from him a little, but her face became so piteous that Jimmy came to himself. He, James Lee, was in the home of his commanding officer. This girl with the pleading eyes was that officer's wife. Those were the facts. To set against them were twenty years of dreams. Behind the dreams were—devils, judging by what he had been led into. Part of their devilishness was that the dreams seemed much more real than the facts. He could not explain about the dreams and devils to the world. He could not explain it to himself. The world of course would [illegible] him by the facts. His arms dropped [illegible] sides.

"I'd go if I could," he said dully. "[illegible] I can't. I volunteered for the [illegible] I can't withdraw."

"Isn't there some way?" she [illegible] Then in a sudden panic, "There [illegible] some way—there's got to be a way [illegible]

He shook his head.

"There's no way. I'm accept[illegible] Colonel Bradley. That settles it."

The smooth ivory of her brow [illegible] as she thought intently for a mom[illegible]

"What if you weren't accept[illegible] Colonel Bradley?"

"Why, if he didn't like me he'[illegible] I suppose, and ask for someone el[illegible]

"You must ask Colonel Bradle[illegible] for someone else."

"Ask him? What reason could [illegible]

"Make up a reason," she urge[illegible] can do it."

"He'd think I was shirkin[illegible] Jimmy.

This left her helpless so far as [illegible] went, but she fell back to a [illegible] appeal.

"Please, please, for my sake!"

Jimmy was moved by that ap[illegible] had a sudden youthful exultati[illegible] thought of sharing martyrdom [illegible] But it must be definitely brou[illegible] mutual renunciation. She owed [illegible]

"I'll try," he promised. "But [illegible] thing that will help me do it. Sa[illegible] you.' I want to hear you say [illegible] the truth."

The hawk had left the [illegible] sought his home by way of the p[illegible] was entirely unmoved by [illegible] beauty. He was still fuming at t[illegible] that he had been dragged into [illegible] argument over condensed milk [illegible] by a puttering old fool. As he [illegible] door into the living room all t[illegible] his recent unpleasant interview [illegible] general in command were swe[illegible] hurricane, from his mind.

Until that moment he had fo[illegible] young officer whom he had ord[illegible] He had even forgotten his wife, [illegible] have been in the garden. For [illegible] and at the same instant recalled [illegible] to him. He also had a curi[illegible] photographic recollection of t[illegible] figures standing alone and cl[illegible] in a great dim chamber with o[illegible] and eyeless Buddha to observe [illegible] he stepped into the living ro[illegible] figures drew apart.

A clear, young, untroubled [illegible] "I was just thanking Lieuten[illegible]

The hawk barely heard the [illegible] though in the same room [illegible] seemed faint, much fainter t[illegible] voice which kept repeating [illegible] chance she's had to learn to h[illegible] against the pershwadin' tong[illegible] plied to the fainter present v[illegible]

"So I see."

"He wants to ask a favor [illegible]

The hawk turned a face of[illegible] to Jimmy.

"He does, does he?"

Jimmy, marveling at her [illegible] aged to keep his glance [illegible] before that coldly blazing [illegible] incapable of speech. The gi[illegible] supplied it.

"We're indebted to him, [illegible]

"Are we?"

"You remember what he[illegible] day—in the temple?"

The hawk's face—he was [illegible] turned her way. Its fierce [illegible] like talons.

"And you wanted to for[illegible] pened in the temple."

"Yes." Her clear eyes w[illegible] unafraid. "But I must spe[illegible] the lieutenant was kind to [illegible] you can help him now, if yo[illegible]

"Help him, eh? Help h[illegible]

The words were as menac[illegible] that went with them, but [illegible] with pride at his lady of dr[illegible] her courage and sustained [illegible]

"Yes, sir," he said in a [illegible] tone. "If you'd ask for an[illegible] the detachment I'd appreci[illegible] I can say. I want to leave [illegible]

"You want to leave here[illegible]

Jimmy did the best he co[illegible]

"I have a reason, sir. [illegible] matter. I don't care to st[illegible]

The piercing eyes explor[illegible] reason you don't care to s[illegible]

(Continued on Pa[illegible]

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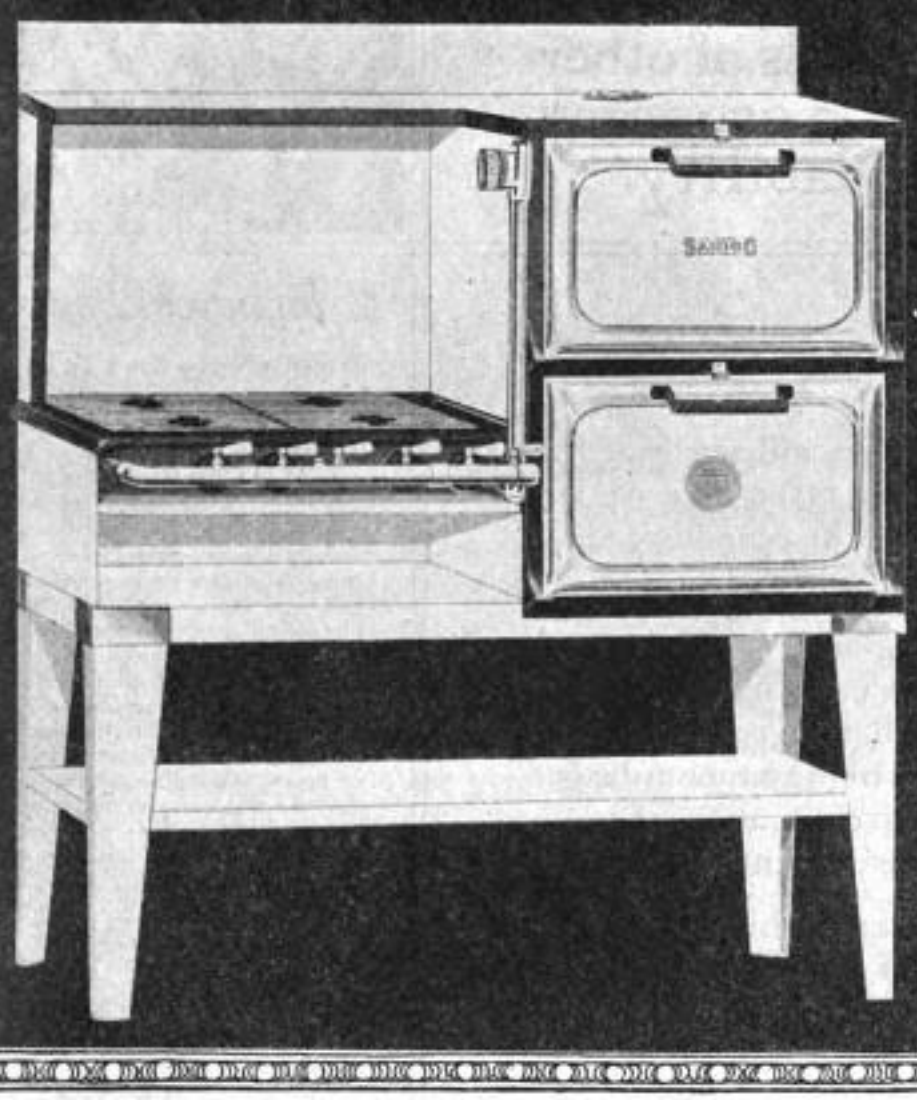
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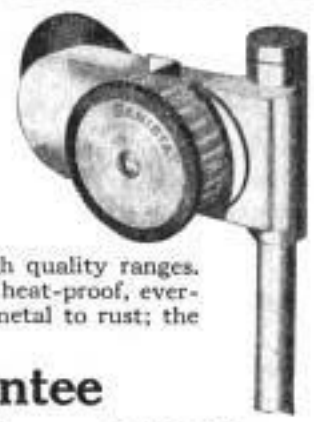
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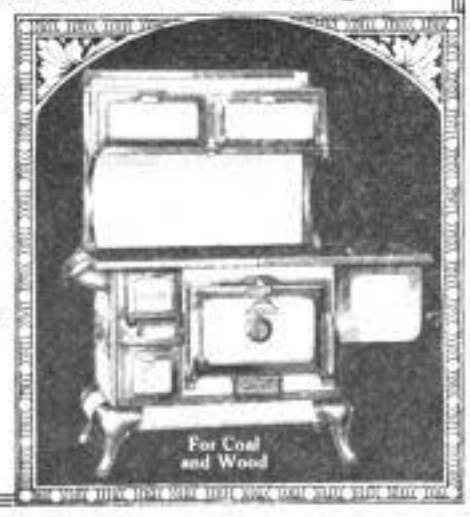
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(Continued from Page 94)

want to get away because you've done something here you're ashamed of?"

"No, sir," said Jimmy, with a ring in his voice not meant for the hawk. "I've done nothing I'm ashamed of."

"Then what is it?"

Jimmy's sudden exultation died.

"I don't care to say, sir," he affirmed doggedly.

"I'll tell you," said the girl of Jimmy's dreams.

Her sudden interjection froze the blood in Jimmy's veins.

"The lieutenant has confided in me," she went on calmly. "He's told me that he's in love. He wants to go back to the United States because he loves a girl."

If Jimmy had been proud of her before he was now lost in admiration.

The hawk expelled his breath with a slight hissing sound.

"Oh," said he, "is that it?"

It was as though a little of the quiet peace of the Oriental garden had stolen into the charged atmosphere of that room of Occidental happenings and cleared it.

"And you thought my wife might help you with me?"

"Well, I wanted very much to get back, sir," admitted Jimmy.

"Yes, that's apparent," said the hawk dryly. He moved to the desk and sat down rather heavily in the desk chair. "Of course you know that someone has to stay and take your place if you leave?"

"Yes, sir."

"Others have homes and families and perhaps—girls, they want to get back to. You realize that?"

"Yes, sir."

"And yet you asked my wife to help you get out of your duty?"

Jimmy stiffened.

"It looks that way. Yes, sir."

She tried to rescue him.

"It wasn't the lieutenant's idea at all," she said eagerly. "He never thought of such a thing. I suggested it on account of the girl."

"You had no right to suggest such a thing to an officer, my dear—no right whatever. Lieutenant Lee bears an illustrious name, the name of a great soldier." His commanding officer whirled suddenly on Jimmy. "Do you wish to be relieved?"

Jimmy went red to the ears.

"No, sir, I ——"

He broke off. It was not the appealing clutch of her hands that stopped him. It was a revulsion against further scenes and nerve tension. Devils of some sort had gotten him into all this, and he'd get out if he could. It was all too unreal, too weird. That Chinaman was in it now with his mesmerism business and heaven only knew what else. No telling what might happen. Best get out of China quickly before anything else did happen.

"Yes, sir; I do."

"They've been together twice—alone," was the hawk's rapid thought. "She rushed to defend him just now." Aloud he said, "I shall ask Colonel Blair for another officer. The adjutant will assign your men to quarters when they come. Remain in officers' quarters here until you are ordered back to the Seventeenth."

"Thank you, sir." Jimmy saluted.

"Good-by, lieutenant." She was holding out her hand.

At her words Jimmy's heart strings tightened. She was all that counted on earth. A fine, quixotic fool he had been, to arrange to put an ocean between them. Things looked impossible for them, but there was always the future. They should have discussed that. They must discuss that! It was too late now, though; too late. He took her hand.

Their eyes clung together for an agonized instant. He bowed and was gone.

In the room he had left, the things of China still clashed irrevocably with the objects of a newer, harsher civilization. But the girl, standing nerveless, utterly undone, still looking at the doorway through which Jimmy had disappeared, did not know it. She seemed to be in a hopeless void in which nothing mattered, nothing could ever happen again.

Something did happen, almost at once. Her husband crossed the room, took her in his arms and crushed her to him.

"You're mine—mine!" he said.

She was startled by a piercing shriek, then another, and another. She was astonished to find that her mouth was wide open. She realized that she was the one who was screaming. She knew it perfectly well, although she had nothing whatever to do with it. For some reason shr shriek was pouring from her throat. some reason she could not close her to silence them. It remained wide as she continued to scream.

The arms which held her fell away denly.

"Good God! What's the matter heard.

She staggered away from that voi screaming.

Between the shrieks she heard a voice, shrill as the screams with wh words were interspersed. "I want I want to die!" It was her own v

Blundering against the couch upon it, face down. Beat at it w fists, still screaming. Rolled off th to the floor and beat at the floor, ing, screaming.

Still another voice—Tim's voi old Sergeant Tim.

"What is it, sorr?"

"Ask that New York doctor in t tion to come here quick."

"Yis, sorr. Git back, you Chin not wanted in here."

"Betty! Elizabeth! What is it

"I want to die. I must die. I w

"Quiet. Quiet. I've sent for a

Hands tried to lift her from the rolled away from them and got to

A doctor! That was funny. She with laughter. "No doctor ca No one can help me."

"I'll help you, dearest, if you what's the matter."

Her mouth had closed at last. coming toward her. He might t If he did she knew it would open the screams would start.

"Don't come near me! Don't me!"

She backed into a screen. I screen before the door of her r flung herself at the door, just as th started again. She pushed th behind her, fell upon the bed a the screams with a pillow. Pre became wrenching sobs, but any better than those frightful scre

A baffled hawk, a floundering able to lift himself above a t doubts and fears, paced up and living room with the sound sobbing in his ears. At last T followed by a small black-eyed sensitive, almost effeminate f high bulging forehead.

"Here's the doctor, sorr."

The hawk had an abiding co many things which he mentally as folderol. Among such thing never had a sick moment in h the practice of medicine. He at the first physician whom h summoned, and saw no reason his opinion. So this was one nerve specialists of the world—t little pup of an M. D. if ever th Nerves, eh? Of course—wom H'm!

"What can I do for you, col

A surprisingly incisive voi eyes, too, were keen, now that look at them. H'm! A sli tone to that second mental ex

Aloud he said, "My wife h tack of some sort. I think it s She's"—he indicated the doo screen—"in there."

"Shall we go right in?"

"Go ahead. I'll stay here."

One quick look from the bl fore they disappeared behind

"Shall I knock?"

"If you like."

There was a brisk rap on th The screams began again.

"Go away! Let me alone! L

The door clicked as it was A voice cut through the scre whiplash.

"Stop this instantly, young Silence and the closing of a

"H'm!" Aloud this time, almost respectful inflection. reached for a cigarette, secur He seated himself at the d tempted to read the O. D.'s thereon. Failing in this he pu across his brow, then sudden the cigarette. He knew wha now. He struck the gong and patiently for an answer to th boom of its summons. After interval he struck the gong sa He was about to rise from storm kitchenward when he s of a servant appearing from th

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...two times," he broke out. "You
You deaf? Catchee me ——"
...ed a tray with bottles and glasses
...ne silently toward him. "Ah,
...t I want. Set it down here."
...y was placed on the desk. The
...ed some whisky in a glass and
...th soda.
...t struck him as he was about to
...s to his lips.
...ou savvee I want this?" He
...yes to the servant's face as he
...question. The glass sank un-
...e desk. In his sudden surprise
...is pidgin. "Who the devil are

...e Number One boy."
...rose slowly to his feet. At last
...on a level with the lofty Ori-
...at which he had been gazing.
...l you are! Ty Ming is Number

...faintest atom was subtracted
...mendous total of the servant's
...y calm.
...g has left. I have taken his

...d he leave?"
...he hour."
...you here?"
...no know where my service is

...eply, the hawk thought. An
...f it came to him.
...e you mean the mission
...e you a card?"
...mary mission employment
...uced from somewhere within
...e nankeen house jacket.
...r is highly recommended for
...f Number One boy," it read.
...e is not mentioned here,"

...y Ming. It will save Your
...small trouble of a change."
...you learn to speak English

...ughtfully studied the words
...r than myself."
...houghtfully studied the face
...while consuming the larger
...ss of whisky and soda. A
...k, he thought, an unusual
...f humbleness and dignity.
...that he assume the name of
...was an odd idea and not a

...u a trial do you think you

...e to bring peace to this

...the master of that house
...nly. He smiled a grim, an
...lless smile.
...y and try it. Leave these

...nber One boy bowed and
...hdrawing.

...eating figure halted and

...u know I wanted ——"
...ghtly raised.
...of the servant to antici-
...f the master."
...t how did you happen to
...were?"
...ery faint suggestion of
...was it irony?—appeared
...Number One boy.
...studied the honorable
...who speak in the English

...s my custom to ring for

...acy. But your manner of
...an urgent desire. Of
...h a servant may bring
...food and drink are suffi-
...to be so honored. Since
...dined ——"
...t. Go ahead."
...ng completed his silent,
...re, with his new em-
...him.
...ot Chinks were, thought
...n unimportant things—
...l for an intelligent man
...e women. The thought
...look at the door behind
...pinched grayness in his

...later the door opened
...ysician appeared.
...he hawk wearily.
...thing to worry about,

...a highly nervous con-

A typical physician, after all, thought the hawk.

"So I gathered. What's the cause of this condition?"

"I am not prepared to say. It is hidden"—the specialist tapped his prominent brow with a slender forefinger—"here."

"Do you mean her mind's affected?" The hawk asked the question with a feeling of relief, almost of satisfaction.

"Not in a pathological sense. All nervous breakdowns are primarily mental. In your wife's case I feel that a shock of some sort is responsible."

"Shock!" The hawk leaped at the word. He had been clinging to the idea for the last four days. "Sit down, doctor."

He was presently describing the affair with the Boxers and the subsequent rescue in the temple.

"Why, they had a knife at her throat. A Chinaman was shot a few feet from where she stood. There you have your shock."

The physician seemed unimpressed by the recital.

"Well, perhaps," he said doubtfully. He got up from his chair and gazed about the room for a moment; then he, too, walked over to the mantel and, stooping, looked at the photograph. "Lovely," he murmured, half to himself. Suddenly he turned to the hawk. "Colonel Bradley," he shot out, "you are many years your wife's senior. You have seen fit to risk the uncertainties of such a union. Let me say to you that your chance for happiness—for peace of mind—can be utterly destroyed at this time if you fail to understand the psychology of the situation."

"Understand? I've been trying to understand her ever since I married her. Psychology? Rat! It's just a fine mouth-filling word. I've got a woman to deal with."

"Yes, I see," said the specialist softly. "Well, I'll be getting along. I must tell you before I go that Mrs. Bradley must have quiet and complete rest for some time to come. Every allowance should be made for her until she is entirely normal."

"Thanks," said the hawk dryly. "I'll remember. Will you have a drink?"

"No, I believe not. Thank you."

"Well, is there anything I can do for you while you are in China?"

The physician hesitated, then admitted that he had a problem. He had been trying all day, he explained, to see the lama, Chang Foo Low.

"The priests," he said, "tell me he is not in the temple, and either can't or won't direct me to him."

The hawk smiled.

"I remember now. Someone told me you had come all the way from the United States just to meet that Chinaman. Is it true?"

Doctor Mossir admitted that it was.

"I believe him to be the greatest mystic, hypnotist and psychic the world has ever seen," he added.

Folderol. Folderol with a vengeance, thought the hawk.

"Can a rational man, a physician of standing, be interested in that sort of thing?" he asked.

The physician returned to his chair. "I think I am a rational man," he said, "and I've come to see Chang Foo Low because I am a physician. Many intelligent physicians of to-day have given up pills. We rely on hygienics and mental suggestion. A few of us go further than that. We are trying to reach and treat the soul."

"Why not try to catch moonbeams?" suggested the hawk.

"You deny the existence of the soul?"

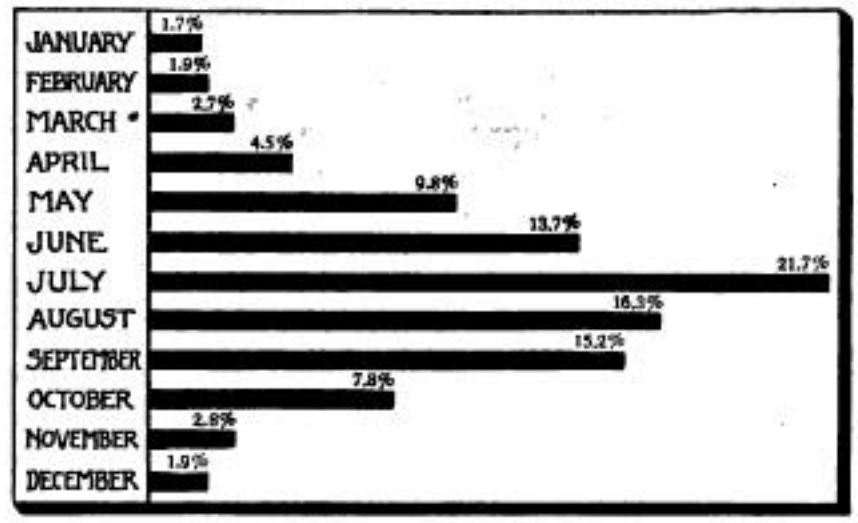
"Why shouldn't I? I am an animal. I have a sort of pudding in my skull called a brain. It is so arranged that I can reason with it better than the dog, but the dog's nose is a marvelous affair—much more effective than mine. I can think—he can smell. The worms get us both in the end."

The eyes of the physician grew thoughtful. He leaned forward in his chair and examined the bronze decoration on the desk lamp.

"The materialistic theory," he said, still observing the lamp's decoration, "works with the certainty of mathematics up to a certain point, but it belongs to the past. For a great many centuries man has been absorbed in establishing his material comfort. An age must come in which he must realize the futility of bodily security without security of mind. When that time comes he must tackle the riddle of the universe. He must find out his reason for being, and his ultimate destination."

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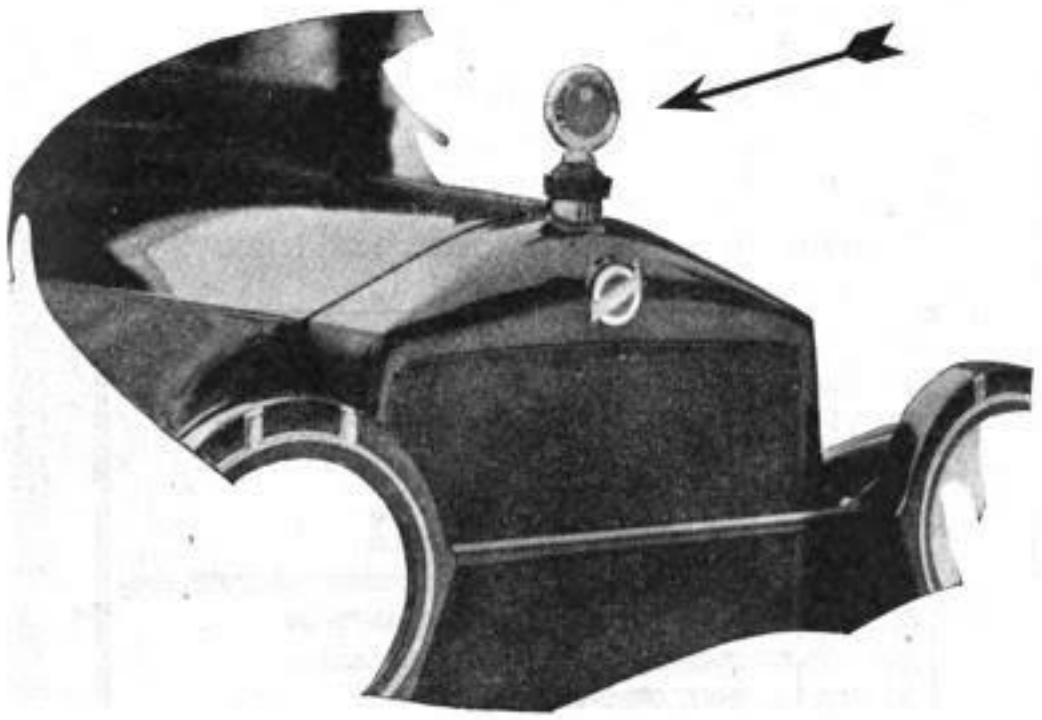
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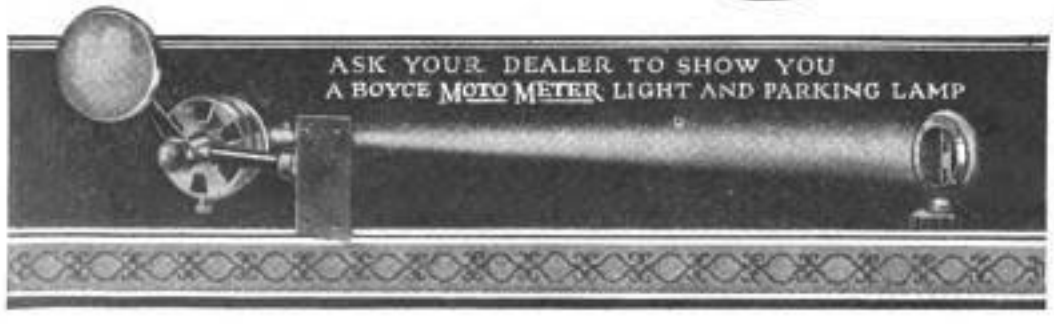
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He raised his eyes from the lamp, their keenness supplanted by a look of dreamy speculation.

"You think that riddle can be solved?" The smile that went with the question was openly contemptuous.

"I think so," said the physician, the dreaminess of his look unabated. "Spiritual discoveries are ahead that will match the discovery of fire, iron, steam and electricity of the materialistic age. I believe the spiritistic age has dawned. I believe this Chinaman is far in advance of his time. I believe he already knows much that is hidden from the rest of us. Can you tell me how to meet him?"

The hawk intimated that he had been too busy of late observing the effect of rifle fire on the Chinese to know much about their dignitaries or how to get in touch with them.

"However," he added, "one of the servants might give you some pointers." He reached across the desk and struck the gong. "We'll see."

"I hardly think so," said the physician doubtfully. "This man is a sort of superbeing among the Chinese. They grow dumb if you mention his name." He looked up as a servant, a tall servant, seemed to float forward and become motionless.

"This is Ty Ming, my Number One boy," said the hawk. "You might talk to him."

The servant turned respectfully to the visitor.

Doctor Mossir sat up suddenly in his chair and frankly stared. At last, still staring, he spoke:

"You savvee English?"

The Number One boy bowed slightly.

"I come long way United States China," the physician went on to explain. "I likee talk with Chang Foo Low. You savvee?"

There came a voice like soft bells chiming. It was indubitably the voice of the Number One boy:

"Why should the great Doctor Mossir, of New York, waste his valuable thoughts on the ignorant heathen, Chang Foo Low?"

Observing the face of the great Doctor Mossir the hawk for the first time in many hours laughed aloud—a harsh laugh that crashed jarringly into the after tones of his servant's musical syllables.

"He doesn't seem to grow dumb, doctor."

The physician threw off his bewilderment and regained his poise.

"Pardon me," he said. "I didn't know you were an educated man."

Again the soft chiming of bells:

"Education is a bright pebble on the shores of wisdom for children to play with."

The black eyes of the specialist lit with the sudden fires of the born investigator. He turned eagerly to his host:

"This man has a mind! He interests me tremendously. Could I—may I ask him to sit down?"

Again the harsh laugh. "Go ahead and amuse yourself."

The physician indicated a chair to the Number One boy, who remained erect and motionless.

"It is the honorable privilege of those who serve to remain standing."

The hawk did not laugh as he saw his guest get promptly to his feet and with something of the eagerness of a boy confront his Chinese servant.

He settled back in his chair with a mixture of amusement and irritation, and was presently listening to a most amazing exhibition of folderol.

"Why were you sarcastic about my wish to see Chang Foo Low?"

"Your country sends missionaries to show us the way to God. Since you know God, what more is there to learn?"

"There are many ways to God. Surely if our missionaries point out the path they take, it does you no harm."

"I spoke without reflection. The fault was mine."

"In the United States we are immensely busy with the things we can see, and hear, and touch."

"Your country ——" The Number One boy left the sentence unfinished and turned to the hawk. "Is it the wish of His Excellency that I who am his servant speak to his honorable guest as one seeker to another?"

"The doctor is a seeker, all right, Ty Ming. Speak to him any way you like."

The Number One boy bowed and turned again to the physician.

"Your country is young. With come meditation and the desire to what is behind the curtain."

"Some of us already have that I am one."

"To what purpose?"

"I am a nerve specialist. I learned to cure through the waking mind. I went deeper and found the subconscious mind—the mind of dreams. Now I go deeper still and find the soul."

"It will avail you nothing."

"Why not?"

"A soul in torment is bound to the wheel of life. It will remain so bound until atonement sets it free. Just is the wheel."

"You think, then, that anguish of soul is retribution for past misdeeds, and that it?"

"There are no misdeeds, only errors. Those which do not affect the destiny of others are slight. Those which affect the destiny of others are grave. The soul which commits grave error is bound to the wheel of life. It cannot go on until it atones."

"But death may interfere with atonement."

"Death will not interfere."

"I don't follow you. At death the soul emerges from the body as the butterfly from the chrysalis leaves the cocoon."

"A free spirit leaves the body to begin its journey through the seven worlds. The soul that has committed grave error must return to a new body, again and again and again. No other mind can help. Just is the wheel."

"Can such a soul be helped by itself?"

"I do not know."

"Do you know the lama, Chang Foo Low?"

"I know the servant of Buddha."

"Does he credit these theories just expressed to me?"

"As Chang Foo Low believes. I believe."

"Do you think Chang Foo Low believes whether or not an earth-bound soul can be helped to free itself?"

A strange faint gleam flashed for an instant in the eyes of the Number One boy.

"He hopes to learn. Ask him the question to-morrow."

"But how can I meet him?" asked the specialist.

"Go to the lama temple at eleven. Give your name to the priest. Chang Foo Low will be there."

"Perhaps. But will he see me?"

"He will see you."

The hawk had been listening with extraordinary patience to this dialogue. He now spoke and brought it to a close:

"There you are, doctor. That is what you wanted to know, Ty Ming. You have my permission to go."

The Number One boy bowed and withdrew.

Doctor Mossir returned the bow mechanically and sank into a chair. His brows were knitted, his eyes unseeing.

"Well, doctor?" said the hawk. "You seemed interested."

The physician spoke almost to himself, coming from his reverie, when he turned to the hawk:

"We have scientific indications of migration—the Paris and Java experiments almost prove it. Why not? A further earth experience for enlightenment? Why not?"

He got to his feet, still talking, and moved toward the door. "Marvelous personality—marvelous! I shall see him about to-morrow."

"Going, doctor?"

"Oh—er—yes."

"Through this door then, and across the garden."

"Er—yes, thanks."

The hawk watched a small white figure moving slowly in the distance, delegation through the moonlight.

"Why not?" he heard faintly, and again, "Why not?"

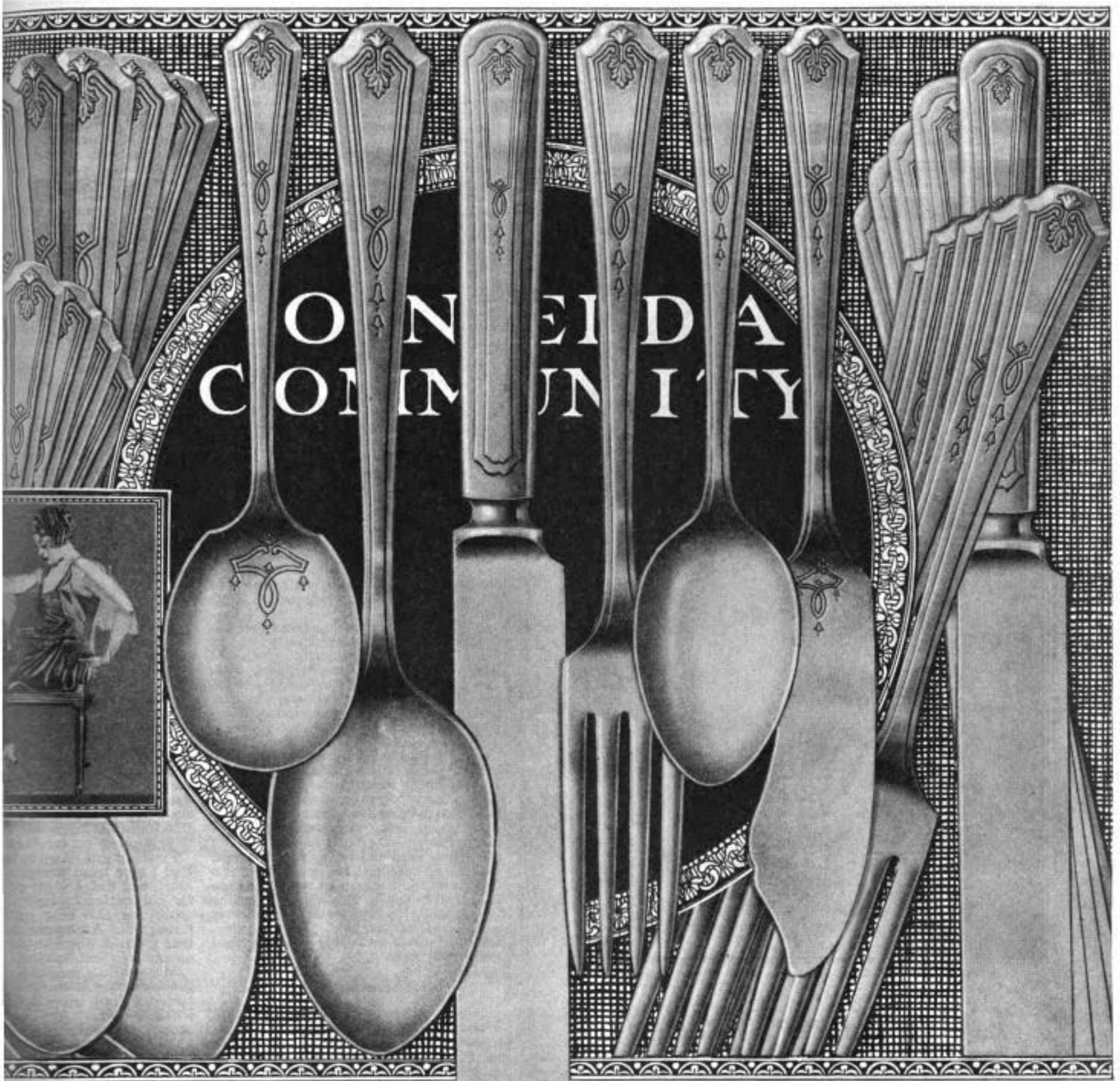
"Fool!" said the hawk. His mirthless laugh seemed to add to the stillness about him.

He frowned at the great moon now well above the garden wall, hardening to silver in its rays.

"Psychology! Humph! Plenty of time, though—he's right. I have made a mistake. Well, we shall see."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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AN AUDIENCE WITH THE JAPANESE PRINCE REGE

(Continued from Page 4)

Hara thought he was establishing a precedent that would break up the military clique. He did more than this, for he was opposed to the custom of individual ministerial responsibility to the Emperor and sought to substitute for it a joint responsibility of the entire cabinet, following the British example. The whole Hara idea was for wider exercise of party influence on national affairs.

Though Hara's death was a deplorable political loss the process of transition in Japan was too well under way to be stopped. It gained momentum from the Washington conference. Viewed at first with suspicion and alarm by the Japanese bureaucracy, it proved to be a godsend to a country whose military obsession was driving it toward bankruptcy.

The conference put the spotlight on the whole Japanese plan of expansion and sterilized some of its undesirable features. It was another step toward what many Liberals call the emancipation of Japan from machine rule.

The passing of Yamagata was a further breach in the wall of reaction. The big question in Japan to-day is: "Has the Genro type of rule, which made for might at the expense of economic welfare at home and political peace abroad, declined?" This and many other problems of Japan, however, will be dealt with in succeeding articles. The task here is to place the Prince Regent in the moving picture of his times.

It is evident that he has taken over his responsibilities at a critical period in the nation's history, and when the menace is from within and not from without. It is also a time when the personality and resource of the head of the empire, whatever they may be, have an unprecedented opportunity for assertion.

No sooner had he assumed his new rank than he began to justify the hope that he would develop into more than a figurehead. He displayed interest in large affairs and, thanks to his trip to Europe last year, has been able to bring a larger world viewpoint to local questions. He attended meetings of the Privy Council and he now presides at a few choice and exclusive gatherings. He took up horseback riding and thus set a fashion for the Tokio smart set. Even in so mild a diversion as this he was breaking new ground, for no ruler before had ever established a precedent for anything. Court etiquette invariably has prescribed every daily task.

Ambassador Warren

I went to Japan to try to make some appraisal of the consequences of the Washington conference. I expected to find those inevitable changes born of a reversal of international policy. I not only discovered these but many more. While Europe is slowly beginning to stabilize itself after the wrack and ravage of the World War, Japan, who knew only profit in that great struggle, is facing a whirlwind due to inflation, profiteering and extravagance. Thus the empire is undergoing drastic economic as well as political readjustment.

Since Prince Hirohito, now as Regent and later on as Emperor, must stand as the symbol of authority in this new Japan in the making—a Japan that will continue to be the compelling influence in the Orient—this account of my meeting with him may be regarded as the prelude to the larger narrative of a changing East.

I left America early in February, determined to get an audience and if possible an interview with the Prince Regent. At that time it looked like a forlorn hope. When I mentioned the matter to members of the Japanese delegation at the Washington conference before I started I was told that it could not be done, first because of the inaccessibility of the royal family, and second because there was no precedent. Some of them who were more kindly disposed said that if I waited until the imperial garden party, held during the cherry-blossom season in April, I stood some chance of being presented with a group. Even that was regarded as a gamble. The war, as I had discovered, shattered a good many precedents, and I hoped that this kind of history would be repeated in Japan.

Immediately upon my arrival in T confided my ambition to Ambas Charles B. Warren, and here I got m encouragement. He not only appro it but said he would do everything his power to help consummate it. T tude in this delicate matter disclo secret of his success with the J Government in one of the most periods in the relationships betwe two nations. From the time of his he has employed a frank and open of dealing with a government that past has exhibited remarkable pro in the art of sidestepping. He ha the short cut in every negotiation audience was a good example of t ambassadors would have become in an interminable correspondenc would get nowhere. In this case n gotiations were verbal.

Within twenty-four hours after Japan I had been with him to see Takahashi, the Premier, and Coun the Minister for Foreign Affair this to show what can be done by diplomat in a country where indi speech and sometimes of method standing national characteristic.

In Japan everything is slow d ment. After Mr. Warren sugg audience to Count Uchida the period of two weeks during whic transpired. I mentioned the de ting action to a prominent Japan reply was: "Would you think of heaven on the telephone?" It the Japanese attitude toward t the empire.

Japanese Court Dr

Innumerable difficulties beset ect. In England or Belgium kingly presence is not easy, but of roses when compared with a proach in Japan. I have alread the aloofness of the royal perso was only one obstacle. The stood in fear that once I got t His Imperial Highness might thing bearing on international

Finally it got down to two qu Had I ever been presented at court, and did I want an acto for publication? Happily I qualify on the first count, a through the Ambassador, I gu that I would not quote the P on any political subject.

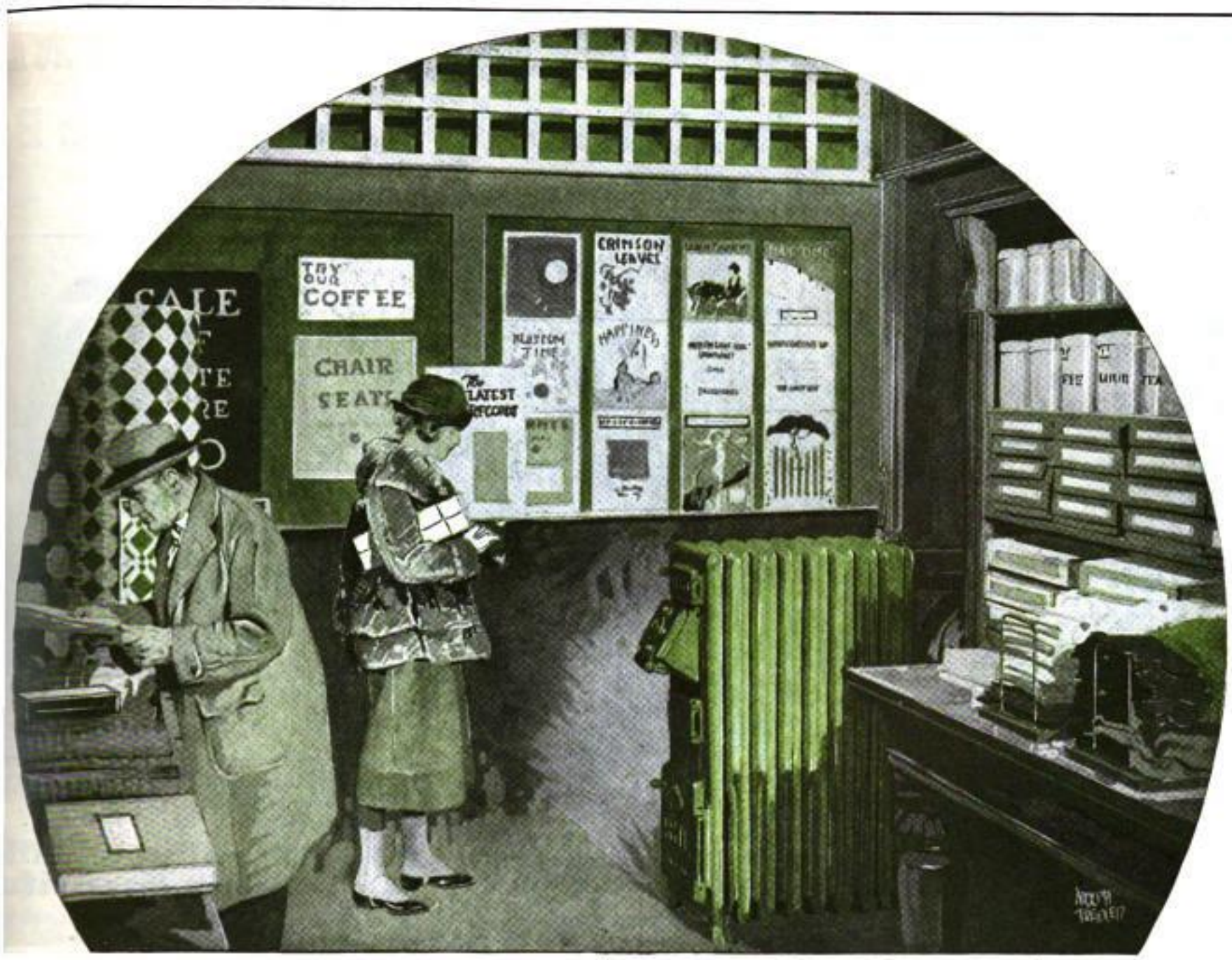
Meanwhile a month had pass gan to despair of success. The however, kept on plugging th he succeeded. One Monday, actly four weeks after I arr up the office of the Minister Affairs to find out about a re Count Uchida was preparing first thing his confidential s was, "I congratulate you o luck." When I asked him w pened to me he said, "You a audience with the Prince Reg nesday morning at 10:30 o'c

It appears that the Amb been officially apprised duri noon, but he was out maki I saw him that night at a dinn me that everything was arra a final stipulation had been m no questions that would invo in a discussion of politics.

The way was now clear a instructions for attire attendi a visit were given. In Engl gium it is customary nowada morning coat at a daytime af merly the frock coat was used war it has fallen more or less i although you can still call o attired in one. In Japan frock coat continues to ma tige, and it is the favorite cabinet officials and Diet me

In this connection, and by t sion, let me interpolate an ant that preceded the visit of t Wales to Japan. At the time in Tokio elaborate prepara made for his entertainment many garden parties and at these occasions etiquette de coat. (Continued on Page

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See what ARCOLA saved Mr. Fisher

WITH some misgivings Morris Fisher discarded his old-fashioned heaters and installed ARCOLA in his store at Union Hill, New Jersey.

At the end of the winter he wrote a letter:

"My fuel bill used to run $180 a season on the average," he wrote.

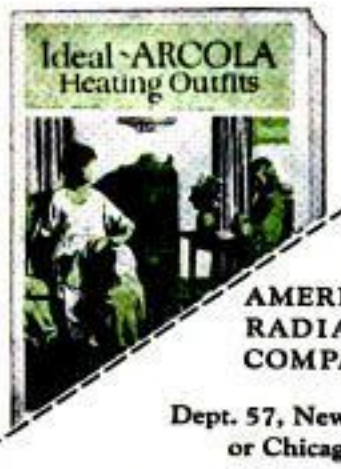
"Last winter with the store more satisfactorily heated, I burned only five tons of coal at a cost of $60.

"I know of no investment which pays such handsome returns as ARCOLA."

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HOW TO SHAMPOO—PROPERLY

A Simple, Easy Way To Make Your Hair Look Its Best



Use plenty of lather. Rub it in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips



You can have beautiful hair—soft and silky, bright, fresh looking and luxuriant—if you follow this simple, easy method



The final rinsing should leave the h soft and silky in the water

THE beauty of your hair depends upon the care you give it.

Shampooing it properly is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali, common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method:

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear, warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water.

Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair, but sometimes the third is necessary.

You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.



When thoroughly clean, wet hair fairly squeaks when you pull it through your fingers

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.



When the hair is dry, always give it a good thorough brushing

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or t counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-o should last for months.

Keeping a Child's Hair Beautiful

CHILDREN should be taught, early i proper care of the hair is essential.

The hair and scalp should be kept perf to insure a healthy, vigorous scalp and a heavy head of hair.

Get your children into the habit of shamp hair regularly once a week. Put two or thre fuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a water. Then wet the hair and scalp with water. Pour the Mulsified over the hair a vigorously with the tips of the fingers. Th ulate the scalp, make an abundance of r lather and cleanse the hair thoroughly. I a few seconds to rinse it all out when thro

You will be surprised how this regular s pooing with Mulsified will improve the ap the hair; and you will be teaching your c that will be appreciated in after-life, for head of hair is something every man and mighty proud of.



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(Continued from Page 100)

tentative program was cabled
e, then in India, the answer
hat neither he nor any member
had a frock coat. Great con-
followed, and the British Em-
kio was in a state of concern
sequences. At the time I write
serious effort is being made to
torium on frock coats declared
visit of the British heir.

to my enterprise, members of
tic corps are required to wear
dress when they call on mem-
Japanese royal household, re-
e hour. The same rule obtains
Palace, in Paris. This means
sary trimmings, including a
had the evening clothes, of
never carry a tile. I have a
objection to this particular
piece, although I keep one in
ther in Paris, and a third in
just the kind of state emer-
fered in Tokio. I might add
t Brussels has come to be a
-off visiting Americans who
up call for a function that de-
rmal gear.

buy a silk hat in Tokio, but
panese wear smaller sizes than
possible. In desperation I
Ambassador, who loaned me
er.

to my aid Mr. Warren was
second act of rescue of this
er beneficiary was John D.
r., who visited Japan last
rial garden party was about
d the Ambassador included
of guests whom he was to
told Mr. Rockefeller, how-
would have to wear a frock
the son of the richest man
id. "I have none with me."
r him, Mr. Warren had an
at, which Mr. Rockefeller
casion.

Way to the Palace

endless rain the morning of
oke brilliant with sunshine.
I went to the embassy and
Ambassador to the palace.
I have pointed out, in the
metropolis. The approach
imposing plaza, flanked by
outer, moat. Formerly
rounded the imperial pal-
unt of the growing need of
ce it became necessary to
rd one. It has been filled
ges into the Tokio streets.
d that hundreds of years
shogun, whose residence
of the present palace, was
rishly by one of the feudal
south that he said to him,
uch wealth, so I command
e moats around my pal-
g out this royal command
much to the picturesque-
t bankrupted himself.
cincts consist of two in-
ain the other. The inner
he palace proper and is
against the entrance of
bridges and two ponder-
gateways defend, as it
to the front wing of the

ld see the tall steel skele-
skyscrapers, the first in
by a New York construc-
e us was the secluded
ed the rulers of Japan
Ages. Here was one of
que contrasts to be en-

ugh the inner gateway,
moat and found our-
royal preserve. At the
brick building in which
siness offices of the im-
The officials who occupy
end to the fiscal needs
y but also manage the
ts of the imperial family.
erman Kaiser, the Em-
nancially interested in a
es. The imperial house-
owns a 60 per cent in-
rial Hotel, in which I
t also has large holdings
otton-spinning mills and
This operation was
Emperor Meiji.
s we drew up before the
alace proper. It was formerly the residential seat of the Tokugawa shoguns and originally was completed in 1456. For more than two hundred and seventy years it was occupied by the shoguns. In 1868, when the shogunate surrendered to the Imperial Court the sovereignty held in trust, the Emperor removed here from Kioto, where he had been living in retirement with his court. Up to that time Tokio was called Yedo. It then received the name it bears to-day, which means "eastern capital." The palace has been burned down repeatedly, the last time in 1873, when the Emperor and Empress removed to the detached palace at Akasaka and remained there until 1888, when the present structure was completed.

Like most typical Japanese buildings, it is low, rambling, built of wood, and has an overhanging tile roof. On the broad stairway was the traditional red carpet one always associates with royalty. Ranged in columns on the stairway and well into the reception hall were rows of flunkies wearing gorgeously brocaded coats and all the essentials of small clothes, with silver buckles on their patent-leather pumps. This costume, so familiar in European palaces and the homes of British nobility, looked rather strange in the somewhat medieval setting. The palace itself suggests a bygone era.

Once we divested ourselves of hats and overcoats we were led in solemn procession down a series of really noble corridors. The walls were a succession of those beautiful Japanese screens which provide the mural detail of so many Japanese houses. In front of us marched a chamberlain gorgeously attired, who was flanked by two subordinates in equally resplendent raiment, while four others brought up the rear.

Before long we were ushered into a magnificent hall. It was the famous Homeiden, which means Hall of the Phœnix. The phœnix has been regarded for many years as the imperial bird of good omen in Japan. It is always painted or embroidered upon the souvenirs of coronations, and figures prominently in most of the royal decorations. This hall is high of ceiling, and on one of the walls are immense paintings depicting scenes in medieval Japanese history. In the ceiling were what seemed to be enameled chrysanthemums, and on the massive lacquered doors the Japanese royal flower was impressed in brass. Through the windows we got glimpses of the imperial gardens, where the plum trees, then in the fullness of their rich blossom, provided a brilliant splash of color for the background of innumerable dwarf pines.

A moment later we received our first welcome. It was extended by Marquis Inouye, adopted son and heir of the great Genro of the same name, and Master of Ceremonies of the Imperial Household. After the greeting he said to the Ambassador, "His Imperial Highness will shake hands with you."

The Presentation Ceremony

I mention this because at ordinary presentations the ruler, or the acting ruler, merely bows. In Japan there is no handshaking among the natives. All greetings are in the form of low ceremonial bows. We were advised about the imperial handshake so as to be ready for it.

At this juncture one of the court chamberlains closed the door leading out to the corridor, whereupon the marquis said, "His Impesial Highness is about to pass on his way to the reception room."

There was also a definite reason for this. No one who calls at the palace is permitted to catch a glimpse of Emperor or Regent until the royal person is ready for the formal reception.

In a few moments the door was opened and we were told that all was ready. Preceded once more by the chief chamberlain, and again flanked by numerous attendants, we walked down another series of corridors and finally found ourselves at the entrance to the reception room. As we paused at the threshold to make our first bows—court ceremony in Japan as elsewhere dictates that you bow at the door, and again before reaching the royal presence—I got a swift bird's-eye view of a scene that might have come out of the pages of some romantic novel.

In the center of a chamber smaller than the Homeiden, but vying with it in beauty and dignity, stood the Prince Regent at almost rigid attention. He was attired in the buff-colored uniform and carried the sword of the Japanese infantry, in which he is a major. His cap was pressed tightly under his left arm, the hand of which rested on his sword hilt. The only decoration he wore was the star of the Grand Cordon of the Chrysanthemum, the highest of all Japanese orders. He is of average Japanese height, slight, almost spare of figure, with high cheek bones. There was an earnest and almost solemn look on his boyish face. He appeared much more matured than when I saw him in London a year ago. His speech is nervous.

Behind him stood General Uchiyama, his chief military aide. It was interesting to note that this grizzled old warrior, who looked almost patriarchal with his spectacles and gray hair, outranked as a soldier the royal person in front of him. The Regent will not become commander in chief of the Japanese armies until he is made Emperor. Forming a sort of hollow square into which we entered were frock-coated gentlemen in waiting. No one spoke.

After our second bow, in the center of the room, the Ambassador stepped forward, whereupon the Regent extended his hand. Mr. Warren then asked the conventional questions which must always be asked in Japan, whether you meet royalty or ordinary folk. They consist of inquiries about the health of mother, father and, when the occasion demands, wife and children.

These preliminaries disposed of, His Excellency asked if he might present me, continuing in English that I had been presented at the Belgian court, that I had had many interesting experiences with world personages, and desired to add to them by paying my respects to him. Let me say here that the Prince speaks only Japanese and that our whole interview was carried on through an interpreter. The Prince bowed assent and smiled. I stepped forward and was formally introduced, receiving a warm grasp of the hand.

Chatting With Royalty

Realizing the limitations set upon the conversation, I was curious to know what the Regent would say. Royalty, as most people know, always must lead in dialogue, and I have found, from experience with King Albert, for example, who is very slow of speech, that it involves a considerable nervous strain.

The first utterance of the Regent was: "I am glad that you have come to Japan to see things for yourself and I think it will be a good thing for both countries."

He then asked me how long I had been in Japan and when I expected to leave. When I told him that I was planning to depart within a fortnight he said, "I am so sorry that you will miss the cherry-blossom season. It is very beautiful."

I replied that though I was sorry to miss the cherry blossoms I had had the compensation of seeing the plum blossoms and the magnolias.

In expressing his regret that I would miss the cherry blossoms, the Prince Regent touched on a subject dear to every Japanese heart. During those few April weeks when those exquisite pinkish-white blooms flaunt their beauty everywhere, all Japan is filled with the carnival spirit. The cherry blossom seems to stir the national consciousness of beauty and sentiment. The country-folk flock to the towns; the most temperate celebrate with *sake*, and even old animosities are forgotten in the exuberance born of the season.

"How do you find Japan?" next queried the Regent.

I responded that I was pleased to find everyone apparently so busy and full of the spirit of endeavor. There were various other queries and replies, at the end of which I wished him good health and prosperity. He bowed, smiled again and extended his hand for a farewell shake. The Ambassador stepped forward, said his good-bys, we backed out of the room, bowing as we went, and the audience was at an end.

No one can meet the Prince Regent without carrying away the impression that he is sincere, earnest and eager to do his best. He has something of the quiet reserve of the Duke of Brabant, who will some day be King of the Belgians. In temperament and training he is the exact reverse of the blithe and buoyant Prince of Wales. This animated young hope of Britain was destined from the start to be a democrat among royalties, and he has lived up to the behest.

(Continued on Page 105)



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DUTCH BRAND FRICTION TAPE has more uses, in and out of motor cars, than can be covered in this space. It helps out in emergency repairs, stops rattles, insulates wires, binds joints, wraps steering wheels, golf club grips, tennis rackets, ball bats, etc. A heavy, real rubber-treated, non-drying tape that sticks and holds. 2-oz. carton, 10c; 4-oz., 20c; 8-oz., 35c.

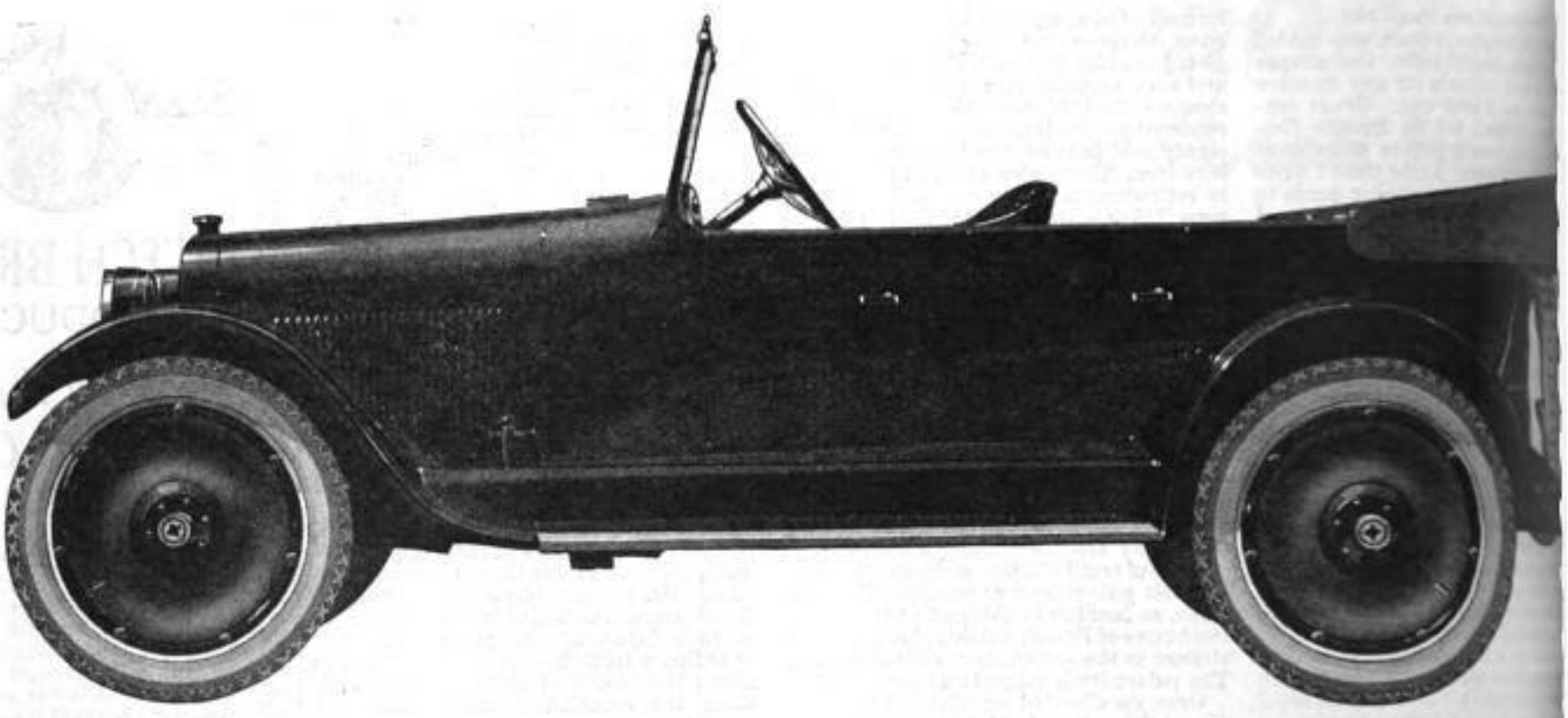
If your dealer is not supplied with Dutch Brand specialties, a trial assortment including all above products will be sent you postpaid on receipt of $2 and your dealer's name.

Dealers: Send for complete catalog, and order from your jobber.

VAN CLEEF BROS.
Established 1910
Woodlawn Ave. 77th to 78th St.
CHICAGO

Manufacturers of Dutch Brand Products, including Auto and Cycle Specialties, Bicycle Tire Fluid, "Snow-White" Millinery Cement, Moving Picture Film Cement, "Triple-Tite" Shoe Cement, White Shoe Heel Enamel.

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Without Question—the Leading Success of the Year

From all indications the Rickenbacker Six is attracting more favorable attention than most of the popular priced cars now on the American market!

Exhibited first at the New York Automobile Show and at all of the other leading Shows from coast to coast it has continually been a center of attraction and always held large crowds!

In the words of many of the industry's leading engineers—"The Rickenbacker organization has given to the world a new creation in a fine motor car based on new fundamental engineering principles that have never before been incorporated in an automobile."

Do you realize, for example, that the Rickenbacker has no period of vibration? Rather a surprising statement—isn't it? Well, it's a positive fact nevertheless. Take this car at any speed you wish—start it at 2 miles an hour and put it right up to better than 60 miles an hour and never once will you feel or find the slightest bit of vibration!

You will be interested in looking over the Rickenbacker creation to see the reason for this. A new engineering achievement is the reason. Go to the dealer in your town and see for yourself.

Smooth! You never rode in such a smooth riding car in your life. At high speed or at low speed it just purrs or flies along with perfect precision, and an almost uncanny silence.

The design of the Rickenbacker crankshaft is a new and complete story in itself. So is the unusually deep frame which combines a rare combination of rigidity and flexibility.

Mind you, we do not want to bore you with a lot of "mechanics" but it's the new features not found on any other car that make the Rickenbacker the outstanding success of the year. The Rickenbacker chassis is literally covered with new features.

The bodies are perfect beauties. Bu and hung low, their grace, digni smartness make them the most st models you have ever seen.

Another important point! Associat Capt. Rickenbacker are some of dustry's most prominent men—m for years have produced some of th ing values in America. That's the this great car can be produced at very modest figure.

Orders are piling in from all sect the country. Public approval ha ably never before shown itself wi marked significance. We are in f production now—shipping to all the world.

Before you order your new car Rickenbacker. From stem to many conspicuously new featur it in the foremost ranks of the most advanced motor car design

$1485
5-Passenger Phaeton

$1885
4-Passenger Coupé

$1985
5-Passenger Sedan

Prices F. O. B. factory plus war tax

Rickenbacker Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan

Rickenbacke

A CAR WORTHY OF ITS NAM

Organization Builds Success

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ntinued from Page 103)

irohito, on the other hand, was aloofness, schooled in restraint, is earliest boyhood was taught s the inspired medium of an ower. Only what seems to be nse of independence, enhanced his European experience, has he belief that he will establish ion for the empire.

now had a glimpse of the nt and gained some passing he transition of the nation he y rule. With the inevitable he Genro type of rule, and the of something like democracy, more and more a personal fac- l and, for that matter, inter- s. It may be well therefore, in enumerate briefly the princi- is life and more especially his the past twelve months. The ticular will serve to shed on a changing Japan.

ohito by our reckoning is ears old. According to the m, however, he is twenty-two. by is called a year old the day d this applies to everyone, rank or station. Moreover, e celebrates his birthday on ach year, without considera- y on which he was born.

world knew practically noth- re Hirohito—in fact, the law rohibited the publication of —until preparations began an trip. The day he de- 3, 1921, was a memorable tory of Japan, because it ch in modernity.

time no crown prince had ntry, with the exception of Emperor, who as Crown Korea in 1909. But Korea dy been benevolently as- apan, and in reality was Throughout the whole long mpire no Emperor has ever the confines of his country ji went aboard a Russian himonoseki in May, 1891, t had been made on the life zarevitch—the late Czar express the regret of the

ince in Europe

ome idea of the departure volved in the Prince Re- ad when I say that the en with controversy over fervid Japanese journeyed at the famous shrine of st against what they con- heresy of the Prince in ry. A group of one hun- gued themselves together mit suicide if he would ab- Here you get a twentieth- ation of the fanatically on in which members of nese family are held. The n themselves as children nd as such they did not father to expose himself, to the perils of the out-

ent, more intimate per- e of the changes crowd- st in Japan, preceded the . His betrothal to Prin- hter of Prince Kuni, was e Kuni is a member of Prince Yamagata, who ront of the Choshu clan, is union. He was strong hoshu.

as frustrated he threat- president of the Privy of this all-important sed for years the domi- ial affairs that I have The very fact that he ay was one conclusive ype of rule was on the

nination of the imperial Prince abroad at that tation that the physical mperor would soon ne- They wanted the com- something of the world hing eminence would lated journey impos-

t six months abroad, he visited England, d Italy, where he was received by the Pope. He stopped at various intermediate ports going and coming.

In Paris he had an adventure which shows that he really has a democratic spirit. He desired to have the thrill of a ride on the subway, so he made the trip incognito. Upon entering one of the stations off the Boulevard Champs Elysées he retained part of the ticket, following the custom of Japan. He had never ridden on a train as a commoner in Japan, but he had been told of the system. The Paris wicket guard, however, called him down sharply, whereupon the Prince handed over the rest of the ticket with a polite bow. It was the first and only time that a member of the royal family of Japan was ever rebuked.

The Prince's return home was marked by a demonstration that in form and expression was another manifestation of Japan in transition. Under ordinary circumstances royalty is never cheered in the empire. Whenever the Emperor drove by, the way was lined with troops and the people bowed low. Prior to Hirohito's return there were only two occasions when the populace departed from this custom of silence. One was in 1889, when Meiji passed through the streets after promulgating the Constitution. For the first time the crowds shouted. The second occasion was when he returned to the capital from Kioto after the victorious conclusion of the Russo-Japanese War.

The Spread of Democracy

The ovation accorded Hirohito last year was far more tumultuous. At Yokohama and Tokio the police orders regulating the movements of the crowds stated that cheering was not forbidden. The result was that there was incessant yelling of "Banzai!" wherever the Prince appeared. The people were even allowed to make snapshots of him, a performance heretofore strictly forbidden.

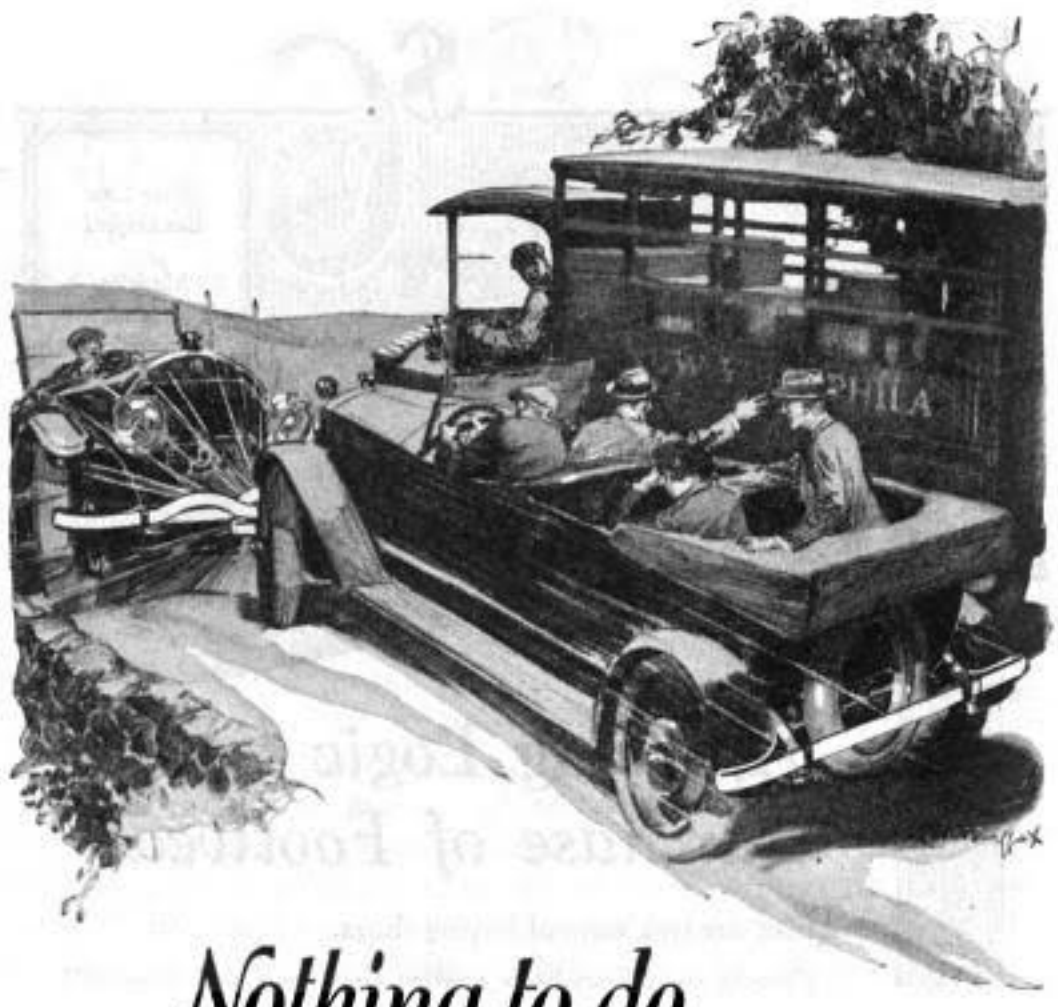
Prince Hirohito returned to Japan on September seventh. During his absence his imperial father had failed perceptibly in health. He will never again appear in public. So along towards the middle of November at a conference of the imperial family it was decided to make the Crown Prince, Regent. This significant procedure, you will observe, emanated from a family council. In this respect the royal procedure was merely following the procedure in every Japanese family. In no nation is the family spirit so strong or powerful as in the Island Empire. One reason why you rarely see a beggar on the streets in Japan is because family pride makes it almost obligatory to succor needy relatives.

Although the Emperor is hopelessly incapacitated, the Empress, Sadako, is a strong and active person and still in the prime of life. She moves about the country and makes numerous pilgrimages to shrines to pray for her husband's recovery. When in Tokio she resides in the inner inclosure of the imperial palace where I had the audience with the Prince Regent. The Prince uses the outer palace as a sort of office and place to hold audiences and receptions. He resides in the Kasumagaseki detached palace not far from the imperial palace.

The imperial rescript naming Hirohito as Prince Regent was promulgated on November twenty-fifth and he immediately assumed the virtual headship of the Imperial Government. I have already indicated various expressions of the Regent's growing sense of democracy. My audience with him was merely another. Five years ago, or even two, such an event would have been absolutely impossible.

More important than these personal details is the larger connection of Prince Hirohito and his country with the evolution of the Orient, where during the past few years the clash of nationalistic and commercial ambitions brought about a crisis that threatened the peace of the world. Thanks to the Washington conference, this dangerous situation has been clarified and the friction between the United States and Japan eliminated. The naval holiday is but a phase of a larger respite from irritation that, at the moment, seems to mean a stabilization of the whole East. The Prince Regent can, in the years to come, by the exercise of the principles laid down at Washington, achieve for himself an enduring fame.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with the economic and political situation in the Far East. The next will appear in an early issue.



Nothing to do but SMASH!

No room to pass! No chance to stop. Nothing to do but smash—but not a penny's worth of damage is done to Lyon-protected cars.

Lyon Spring Bumpers *do* protect and they do resist collision damage. With your car Lyon-equipped—front and rear—you can drive with a feeling of safety and the assurance of having maximum collision protection.

The Lyon-patented two-piece overlapping front bar and the open "looped-ends" yield to every blow, like a spring. They absorb the impact and keep it from being passed along to the chassis.

Every Lyon Spring Bumper is guaranteed to take the full force of a blow at 15 miles an hour without injury to the car or its occupants. Insurance companies grant reduced collision rates on cars equipped with Lyon Spring Bumpers that will more than pay for the cost of the bumpers. So why risk collision damage?

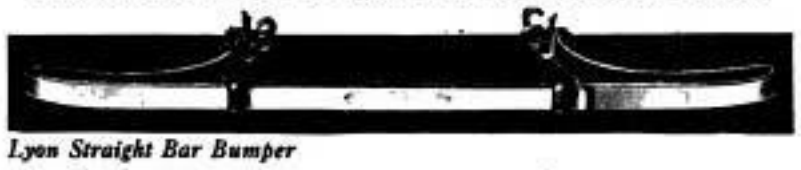
Lyon Spring Bumpers are beautifully designed, strong and perfectly balanced. A special Lyon-patented hook bolt makes it possible to fasten them securely without altering or drilling the frame.

The Lyon trade-mark is on every genuine Lyon Spring Bumper. Accept no substitute.

Over a million in use. $10 to $23.

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Lyon Straight Bar Bumper



Lyon Convex Bumper

LYON RESILIENT BUMPERS

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Applying Logic to the Purchase of Footwear

THERE are two ways of buying shoes.

One is to pay so high a price that your selection will be sure to possess a certain degree of merit.

The other is to go to a responsible merchant, pay a moderate price and look for some sort of plain, visible evidence that you are getting the value of your money. That is the logical way.

BEACON
THERE ARE NO BETTER
SHOES
FOR FIT • FOR STYLE • FOR WEAR

The Beacon oval trademark stamped on the soles of the shoes you buy is self-evident confirmation of their worth. For you know instinctively that when a maker identifies his product in so conspicuous a manner, he has good reason to be proud of that product.

With Beacon prices for Spring at $5 to $8, you have a logical basis to go upon.

Shoe buying should be a logical procedure. If it is done logically it will be done safely.

We are as Proud of the Prices as we are of the Shoes!

F. M. HOYT SHOE CO., *Makers*
MANCHESTER, NEW HAMPSHIRE



Knowing Beacon Shoes as we do and knowing what goes into them, we can unhesitatingly impress our trademark on every pair with the full knowledge that we have been logical.

WILD GAME

(Continued from Page 15)

given studious and intensive attention to matters of nutrition, and, while I'm not a scientist, I have been forced to pick up considerable knowledge along this line. This is precisely what anyone must do to make an assured success of raising pheasants and other wild game.

"This is a field of effort in which success lies in the observation and mastery of minute details. No matter how much business ability you may have, if you lack the capacity for taking pains, the patience to master an almost infinite range of details, you are always vulnerable to defeat. Personally I cannot see how any man who is not naturally fond of birds and wild game would attempt to go into this business, and I am sure that any such attempt would meet with failure. It is one of those callings in which the most important element of capital is an inherent fondness for the thing itself. Those who go into it without this essential element of equipment are certain to fail.

"Of course success in this peculiar line requires much more than a distinct liking for work with birds. It takes substantial financial capital and good business judgment. But one may have both of these in plenty, and still fail from lack of an instinctive fondness for the work itself. The fact is that thousands of pheasantries have been started, only to end in disaster because their owners lacked a natural liking for the work. They went into it because they wanted to make a little extra money on the side, because they thought pheasant raising was a light and agreeable vocation that could be followed at home, or because they had the notion that it could be made to yield large profits.

"Personally, I would prefer never to sell foundation stock to anyone who is not drawn into the work by a natural liking for it. I like the birds too well myself to get any satisfaction from a profitable sale which I know means the sacrifice of the birds as well as the failure of the enterprise. Of course I sell thousands of ringneck pheasants to states and gun clubs with the knowledge that they will be shot—but that is far different from knowing that the birds will die of disease or improper handling. In one case they serve their natural purpose; in the other they do not.

"There are really very few persons who are naturally adapted to the task of raising pheasants. I have already mentioned some of the major requirements for that work. Another is almost infinite patience. It would be difficult to name another calling which requires so much of this rare article. There is not an hour of the day that does not place heavy demands on this quality in the keeper of wild game birds."

Women as Pheasant-Raisers

"Patience in generous quantities and an unlimited capacity for taking pains are rather common feminine characteristics. In other words, the average woman is disciplined to dealing with small and fussy details and to the exercise of a degree of patience which the average man does not achieve. Therefore women have, as a rule, certain natural advantages over men in the difficult and detailed task of pheasant raising. The Belgian women proved this in the years preceding the World War. They were master hands at raising the fancy or aviary varieties of pheasants. What is more, they succeeded under severe handicaps in the way of a very limited range for their birds. Belgium is densely populated and ground there is in great demand. The average American living in a town or village has generous facilities for pheasant-raising compared with the Belgian.

"There is no reason why many American women should not be successful raisers of fancy pheasants. Thousands of them are naturally disposed towards it, have need of a home industry and have patience and a capacity for dealing with small details. But they should not expect quick results or immense profits. And they should realize that this is a business which must be learned. My own notion is that as a rule women are better qualified to raise pheasants than to sell them; that they will fail on the score of marketing and business management more frequently than on that of production. Therefore they should, if going into the venture, fortify themselves against this weakness and know where and how they are going to sell their [birds] they have raised them.

"Of course, the principal sale [of] pheasants is to parks, zoos and estates, where these birds are kept for beauty. In the Old World the [ornamental] value of these beautiful birds is [more] generally appreciated than in [America]. But the owners of many of the [large] especially on the Atlantic Seaboard beginning to realize how much [the] tures of brilliant plumage contribute the beauty and interest of a [park]. Therefore the demand for them is increasing and will, I think, increase ily for years to come.

"And this observation applies rarer and the more attractive waterfowl as well as to fancy [pheasants]. There is, for example, scarcely [anything] nature more beautiful than a mature ican wood duck in full plumage, Australian sheldrake, the mandarin and the Egyptian goose make a picture which is attractive beyond thing possible without them. Now the owners of private estates and homes coming to appreciate them increasing extent, but so also are the intendents of small parks in towns. Those responsible for the tiveness of these public rest and places are realizing that a very ing of birds may be made under which would make the maintenance a small zoo impracticable. And find that children and even adults ciate the beauty of a brilliant bird than they do the mere novelty captive wild animal which has pellent appearance. These are for feeling that there is bound increasing demand for birds of acter and that women who like may find it profitable to specialize one species of aviary birds."

A Game Warden's Tr[ick]

How great a task is the shipping than a hundred thousand eggs cannot be understood without tion that it is impossible to use egg cases or anything like that purpose. Each egg must be protective coating of soft dead covering this grass from the [fields] and roadsides in the fall is [done] for nearly two hundred sacks must be put away for the use next year's shipments of [eggs] from this interesting farm.

Ordinary bushel baskets [are] packing. The bottom, sides thickly padded with a coarse springy grass. Wrapping a [pheasant] a rather delicate and deft process of the soft grass is cupped [in] the left hand; then the egg [is] this, and with a twisting [motion] right hand the packer completes the egg in its soft resilient [nest] the basket is filled and covered of coarser grass a tight [cover] sewed into place. Packed [in] the number of eggs broken negligible. The most [expensive] pheasant eggs known to [the] disabled soldier who wrapped as high as three thousand [dollars]

To learn how much a state plish in giving its citizens a [knowledge] an appreciation of its value for game laws and the men who them it is not necessary to [go] Ohio.

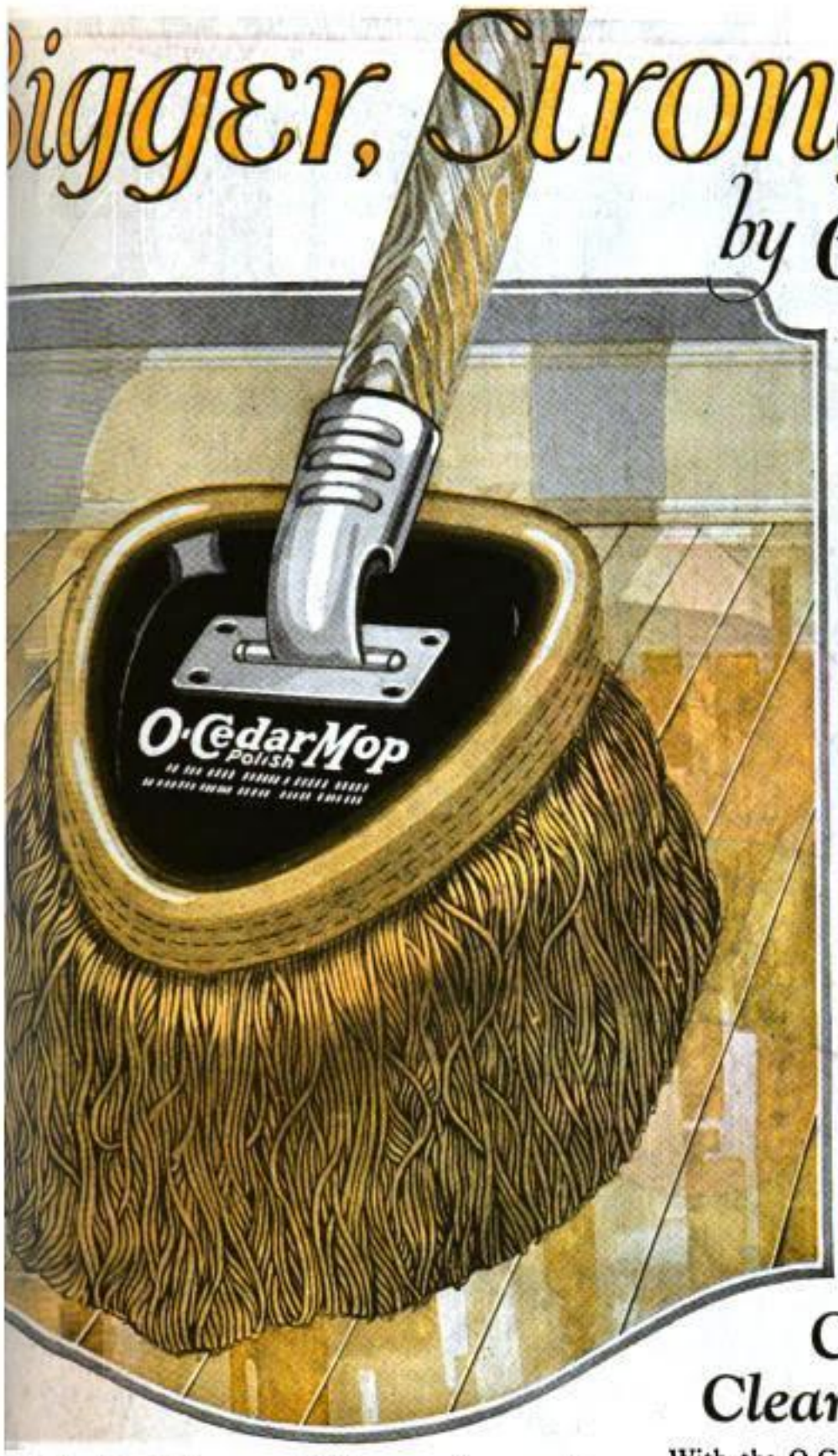
Early in the warden's [experience] ized that public sentiment was enforcement of the game laws warden was commonly regarded cious interloper.

"Just to illustrate the [change] public sentiment when we [started] job of making the game [department] asset to the state," declared warden, "let me give a typical I went down into the reserve some enforcement cases. Naturally to the hotel. But I didn't [stay] instant the proprietor discovered there for the enforcement of the he made it mighty clear that didn't want me about the [place] undertook to reason with him strated that it would be [useless]

(Continued on Page

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Bigger, Stronger, Better
by 6 Decided Improvements



Now come the perfected polish mops. Your favorite O-Cedar vastly improved. These improvements are for your convenience and perfect satisfaction. Please study them. The cotton yarn is longer and stronger and more of it. (Improvement No. 1.) The new handle socket is stronger and permits better adjustment of the handle. (Improvement No. 2.) The pad is riveted to the steel center—it can not come off or be taken off. (Improvement No. 3.) The longer yarn and the new head give the mop a bigger spread, cover more space. (Improvement No. 4.) A better handle than ever before. (Improvement No. 5.) The double padding and the manner of riveting the mop to the head prevent the scratching of floors or the marring of furniture. (Improvement No. 6.)

All of these improvements mean easier, quicker and better dusting, cleaning and polishing and a mop that will last longer and do better work. Make sure your next mop is the new and improved O-Cedar.

Now at Reduced Prices

In spite of these improvements and betterments O-Cedar Polish Mops are now back to before-the-war prices. A bigger and better mop at less money. A double economy. The new prices: Large Triangle, $1.50; Cottage size, $1.00; Battleship shape, $1.50. (Prices in Canada $1.25 and $2.00.)

$1.00 $1.50

Cuts Housework in Half
Cleaner, Brighter, Prettier Floors

With the O-Cedar Polish Mop you do these three things at one time: you dust, you clean and you polish. You save getting down on your hands and knees. You save back-breaking stooping and bending. You have cleaner, brighter and prettier floors. You banish the dust problem and danger. You save time, work and money.



Sold on Trial

Every O-Cedar Mop is sold with this distinct understanding: If you are not delighted with the results it gives and the time, work and money it saves, your money will be refunded without a question. Practically every grocery, hardware, housefurnishing and department store in the country sells and guarantees O-Cedar Polish Mops and O-Cedar Polish.

Note the Ease and Convenience of shing, Cleaning and Renewing

to learn. No taking apart, no tugging and putting together. When your O-Cedar Polish Mop becomes dirty and filled with dust, simply wash it in boiling water. Add soap or borax to cut the dirt. Several changes of water if the mop is very dirty. Or boil it if you prefer. Then let it become almost dry. Pour 3 or 4 ounces of O-Cedar Polish in a pan and let the mop stand in it over night. The next morning your O-Cedar Mop is practically as good as new.

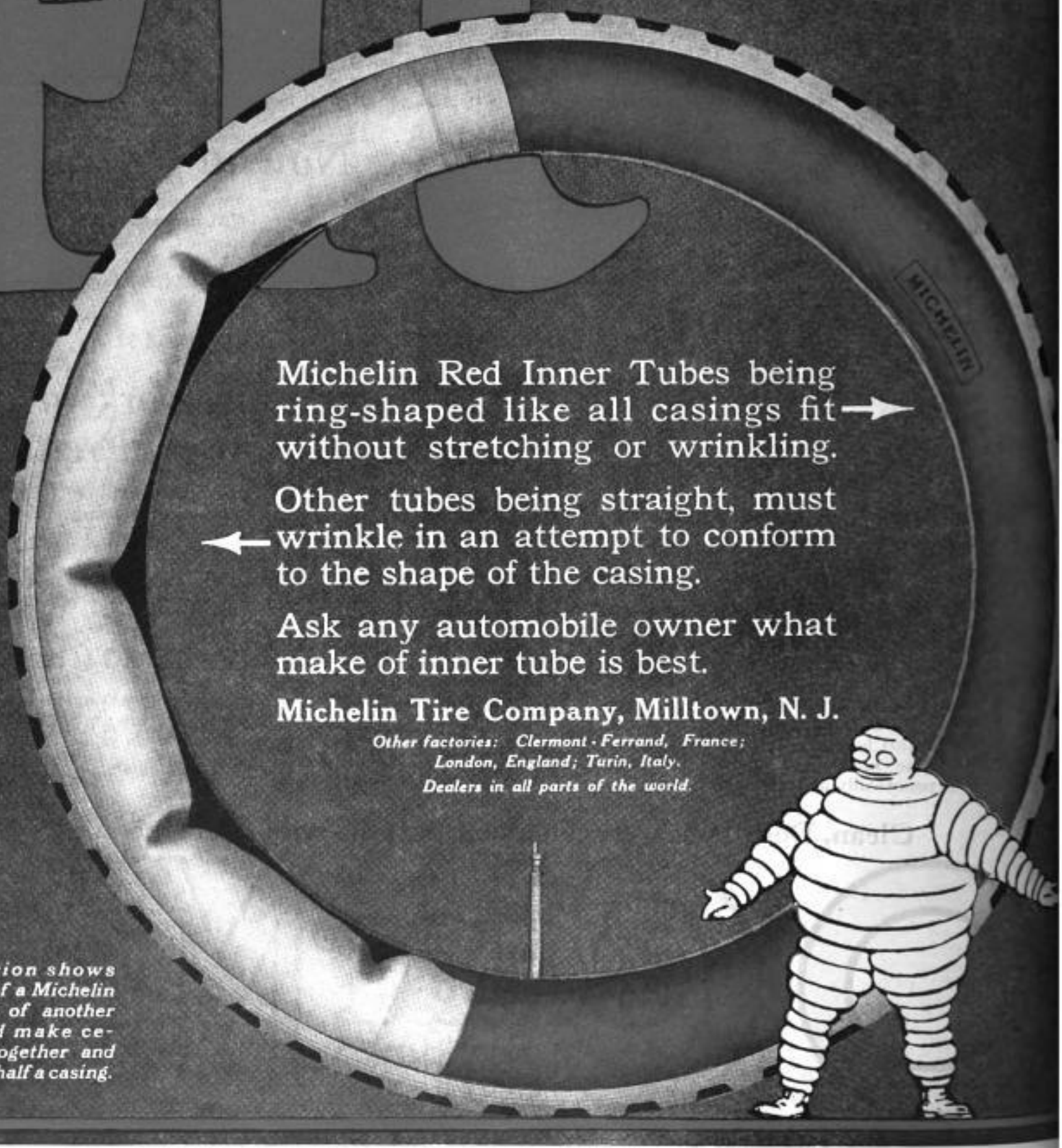
Clean, Dust, Polish, Brighten and Beautify with One Operation

O-Cedar Polish Mop

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MICHELIN
ring-shaped tubes
fit



Michelin Red Inner Tubes being ring-shaped like all casings fit → without stretching or wrinkling.

Other tubes being straight, must ← wrinkle in an attempt to conform to the shape of the casing.

Ask any automobile owner what make of inner tube is best.

Michelin Tire Company, Milltown, N. J.

Other factories: Clermont-Ferrand, France; London, England; Turin, Italy.
Dealers in all parts of the world.

Illustration shows sections of a Michelin tube and of another standard make cemented together and placed in half a casing.

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(Continued from Page 106)

with any comfort. He had noth-
t me personally—but officially I
ible as a patron or guest.
went out in search of temporary
d found it in the form of a little
ttage. It was decidedly tempo-
he instant the owner learned of
he warned me off the property
cing enthusiasm. Of course I
t a row and perhaps a physical
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mmunity would be a poor way
start a campaign of education
its objective the winning of the
ort of the whole public. There-
lowed my pride, restrained my
ercised my authority with all
n I could command. It was a
ng in those days for hotel keep-
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avoided trouble with hotel and
se keepers I went after those
ately defied the game laws.
to create respect. But still the
opular and I saw that no law
orced without the moral sup-
eople. How to secure this was
I was satisfied that ours was
deserved the unqualified sup-
man, and that every honest
ive that support just as soon
od the law and the inevitable
nforcement.
out my plans carefully and
n on the big task of changing
timent of almost the entire
subject. I say 'almost,' be-
d that in every county there
two or three real sportsmen
nd an intelligent understand-
nefits of impartial game-law
nd of the possibilities of a
ame administration. It was
t my hope was in these men
st use them as a nucleus for
potentially good sportsmen
s communities with respect
ws and for those responsible
nistration.
nt from one county to an-
each the two or three men
d in hunting and holding the
of clean sportsmanship, ex-
m that the administration
the serious and beneficial
king Ohio the best game
on, if possible, and that this
accomplished without the
istent support of the decent
very county of the state."

In Public Sentiment

have been better than I
the outset—far better!
eighty-eight counties in
uckeye State contains one
rty associations of sports-
to stimulate the protection
promote its increase. The
ncinnati, for example, has
embers; in Cleveland, six
lumbus, two thousand four
n Akron, three thousand.
ty and local associations
to the Ohio Sportsmen's
membership of more than
usand men who are keenly
ding Ohio an ideal state for
wild game.
of this organization work
Ohio's annual income from
is now two hundred and
dollars, and the law says
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areful to ask for only such
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epared. When a member
e opposes such a measure
f sportsmen in his county
m to explain his attitude.
then do some explaining
as a result there are few
eneral Assembly who are
d as to what the game
doing and what legisla-
make its work more suc-
neficial to the people of

"Now a word about the present-day enforcement of the game laws here in Ohio. The situation is absolutely reversed from that which I faced when the constructive program of game stocking was begun. There is not a protective association of sportsmen in the state outside of the large cities which is not mainly composed of farmers. At least there are few in which the farmers are not heavily represented. And they are the men who are in position to see that the game laws are enforced. And make no mistake about it, that is precisely what they do, everywhere. They are now the staunchest supporters of law enforcement, whereas they were once the most difficult element with which the game warden had to deal. And this change has come about because the farmer has been made to understand that an abundance of splendid game birds on his farm is a substantial asset—one on which he can realize cash money in the way of selling shooting privileges or, better yet, can turn to good account as a means of food supply for his own table.

"Infractions of the game laws have been reduced to so low a minimum in this state that it is no exaggeration to say that would-be offenders are no longer afraid of the local game wardens but rather of their own neighbors. So far as being a restraining influence felt by those who would like to do illicit shooting is concerned, every decent citizen is now in effect a game warden. His moral force counts about as much as if he carried a warden's star under his coat."

Distribution of Birds

"For several years we have been buying and distributing both English pheasants and their eggs in large numbers—with the result that several counties in the state have now—according to the most careful estimates which we are able to make—about thirty-five thousand English pheasants within their borders. I believe this is true of Miami, Clark and Montgomery counties, and several other counties would not fall far behind this figure if a pheasant census could be taken. The citizens of these counties, particularly the farmers, are proud of their birds. They realize that these beautiful and delicious wild birds are worth a whole lot—first, as exterminators of insects; second, as an attraction to hunters who are cheerful spenders for the privilege of enjoying such rich sport; and third, as a luxury which they and their sons and hired men can enjoy. There are few things which make farm life more attractive to boys and young men than an abundance of wild game within easy reach. Those who doubt this statement need only ask a few young men who take part in the pheasant shooting in Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York or any other well-stocked state. This attraction counts with them far more than they are willing to admit as a rule. It helps to hold them to country life.

"Please let me emphasize the fact that pheasants and pheasant eggs are not distributed in this state on a political basis. No one needs a political pull to get as many birds for liberation or as many eggs for setting as any other person is allowed to have. Birds and eggs distributed as petty political handouts seldom get into the right hands or really contribute to stocking the state. Distribution for production is the only kind that counts.

"In Ohio we have gone into the task of stocking the state with English pheasants on the basis that we do not intend to have an egg or a bird wasted. To this end I have twelve picked wardens, each having supervision of a district of several counties, who are carefully taught the handling of pheasants. They are the faculty of our state normal school in the science of pheasant breeding.

"These district wardens are the men who do the actual work of raising the birds on the game farm—and last season seven thousand ringnecks were raised on our two game farms. Very nearly 85 per cent of the pheasant eggs handled on the farm were hatched and the young raised to maturity—which I am told by experts is a record of which any pheasant farm might be proud. From the setting of the eggs to the liberating of a bunch of birds on a farm, these men are drilled in every art and device that promises to contribute to the success of the undertaking.

"Twice a year we hold what I would call a normal school or a short course for the benefit of the salaried wardens of the state. As there are more than fifty of these men, not all of them are able to attend the class sessions. But they get the benefit of the instruction indirectly through those who do attend. It is difficult to tell how intensely interested all the men are who take this instruction. If I were to find a man who is not interested I would know that he was not suited for the position which he holds. But I do not recall that a single warden on the staff has thus far failed to show a genuine and spontaneous interest in learning the trade of pheasant raising.

"Of course this is mighty important because the local game warden is naturally regarded by the farmers as an instructor in liberating birds and in setting allotments of pheasant eggs for hatching and in the difficult task of caring for the young until they are large enough to look out for themselves.

"The work of distributing pheasants and eggs is no small job in this state, for we have eighty-eight counties and last year about two hundred birds were liberated in each county and about eight hundred eggs to the county were allotted and distributed throughout the farming sections. Both the birds and the eggs are allotted in advance of the actual distribution and are given out on applications from farmers.

"Every county in Ohio has what is called a game refuge, which is a tract of land on which no shooting is allowed and which offers a natural and attractive cover for the birds. These areas of refuge are under lease, so far as shooting privileges are concerned, at an extremely small expense. The overflow of birds from these protected spots is much more than ample to furnish prime hunting for all who take out licenses.

"In this connection it should be explained that our open season on pheasants is eleven days and each hunter is allowed to kill three old cocks each day. Suppose a hunter bags his full quota—as many of them do—this gives him thirty-three pheasant cocks, weighing about three pounds each, for a license fee of one dollar. I have yet to find a sportsman who did not cheerfully admit that this is as liberal an allowance as any hunter could have the nerve to ask for!"

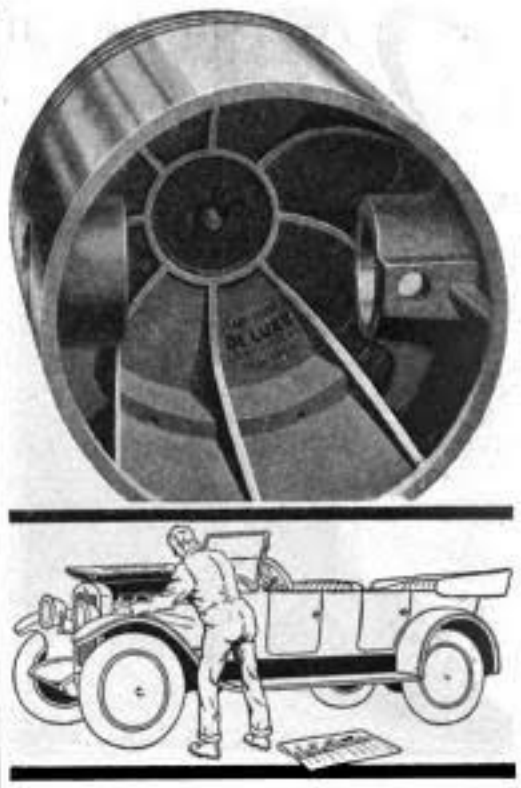
Public Shooting Grounds

"Already we have sixty thousand acres of game-refuge territory in the state. But this is only a starter. Last year the Legislature passed a law, which has been signed by the governor, authorizing the purchase of public shooting grounds. This is a most important step. It puts us in position to acquire about fifty thousand acres of the wildest land in Ohio, which is ideal for stocking with deer, wild turkeys, pheasants and any other wild game birds. The proper legislative committee has already inspected lands of this character in Scioto and Adams counties. The state of Pennsylvania has set the pace in the matter of public shooting grounds and has not only demonstrated what they will do to build up the game supply of a commonwealth in the shortest time possible but also the extent to which these grounds stimulate the interest of hunters.

"In the center of every public shooting ground is a game refuge, which is fenced and within which shooting is never allowed. For example, the ideal size of a public shooting ground is perhaps twenty-two thousand acres. The game refuge in the center of this would be about three thousand acres in extent. Pennsylvania has three big public shooting grounds, the largest of which contains about twenty thousand acres.

"Ohio has acquired a large acreage of marsh ground along the south shore of Lake Erie. Here we are going to sow quantities of wild rice. The effectiveness of this practice in providing wild ducks with an ample supply of their favorite food has been well proven by the big gun clubs and hunting clubs of the country.

"Many persons will be inclined to ask: 'Why do we need public shooting grounds?' The answer is because the farmers of the country, to a steadily increasing extent, are posting their lands and thereby putting up a legal barrier against all hunters excepting themselves and those to whom they may give or sell hunting privileges. The villages, towns and cities of every state are full of men who look forward each year to the coming of the hunting season. Without public shooting grounds only the well-to-do hunters of the towns and cities will be able to indulge their liking for this sport."



Have it repaired
now

Now is the time to have your car put in condition for the coming months. Your garage man is able to give careful attention to your car when his shop is not rushed—he can do better work—and your car will be all ready for the road, in A-1 condition, when you want it.

While your car is being gone over have the repair man

put in
DELUXE
lightweight cast iron
PISTONS

But insist on the genuine!
They'll rejuvenate your car.

DELUXE PISTONS eliminate vibration—make your motor run quiet; smooth—add power—save gas and oil. They are strong, yet they weigh about one half as much as ordinary factory cast iron pistons.

The PATENTED rib construction reinforces the piston and saves weight, also carries off heat from the piston head, making the motor run cool. Minimum expansion allows DELUXE pistons to be fitted close, ending oil pumping and piston slap.

Read what these owners say about DELUXE pistons

Dodge Owner—*getting 23¾ miles to the gallon.*

Ford Owner—*25 miles per gallon—engine runs as smooth as any good six.*

Hudson Owner—*finest piece of work I ever had done on my car.*

Studebaker Owner—*runs with less vibration, delivering greater power.*

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DELUXE pistons will do the same for your car. Made for over 1400 makes of automobiles, trucks, tractors, motorcycles, airplane and marine engines. Your repair man can get

DELUXE
LIGHT WEIGHT CAST IRON PISTON
The Successful Light Weight Piston

in 24 hours or less. Write us today, giving name and year of your car. We will tell you what DELUXE pistons will do for you.

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2714

This is the number of the plated, ball-tip loose-pin McKinney Butt.



A helpful book
if you are planning a garage

THIS book will help you settle the most important detail of your garage—the kind of doors you need. It illustrates swinging doors, sliding-folding doors and around-the-corner doors. From it you will be able to select just the type needed for the garage you are building.

With each type of door illustrated there are simple working drawings for its erection and hanging, and for each door there is shown the special box of McKinney Hardware—a box which contains every article of hardware necessary for the hanging and operation of the door.

Packed complete in a box, these McKinney Garage Sets save time in securing garage door hardware and do away with additional trips for forgotten articles. They insure well-hung, easily operated and weather-tight doors. And the hardware, being McKinney standard throughout, assures years of perfect door service.

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Garage hardware, door hangers and track, door bolts and latches, shelf brackets, window and screen hardware, steel door mats and wrought specialties.

THE PRICE OF PEARLS

(Continued from Page 13)

"You've got a little string of beads here we want to see," quoth Billy in response to Godfrey's look.

"Miss Lucretia Perrimain's pearls," added Alicia with biting dignity and aloofness.

"Yes, yes—a very nice little string of beads," said Mr. Godfrey, rather ignoring Alicia. "One of the prettiest that has been in my hands for some time. Largely collected by that great connoisseur, Mr. Halstead, I understand. If you will excuse me ——"

A worn leather box, faded vermilion, faintly tooled in gold, appeared. Mr. Godfrey opened it and lifted carefully with the tips of the fingers—Beauty, Magic, Romance!

Even Billy Dancy caught his breath at the sight; and Jean and Alicia exclaimed aloud. Frail loveliness, the shimmer of first dawn, the heart of white flowers, the iridescence of sea foam tossed in sunlight, memories of just-born rainbows—it was all in these small matched spheres, perfect spheres, perfectly matched and perfectly graduated.

"Some beads!" said Billy Dancy.

"Some beads!" repeated Mr. Godfrey with a reverent twinkle.

Alicia had been mistaken about the clasp. It was not a cluster of canary diamonds, but four of them, cut square and set in a square, charming, naïve in their golden luster. They gave a note of old-time sophistication to the pearls.

"Put them on, Jean," said Billy manfully.

Mr. Godfrey rose, and slowly, with measured, ritualistic step, approached Jean and clasped the pearls in place. If they had been beautiful before, now they became superb, matchless. No woman ever has in her lifetime more than one ornament that is supremely, individually her own, intrinsically a part of her beauty, and not a mere decoration for it. These pearls were Jean's, absolutely, without question. Her fair delicacy, her evanescent color, was theirs and theirs was hers. Looking at her Billy Dancy's heart melted in a painful, choking tenderness. To think that she, so rare, so lovely, was his own.

"They were made for you," said Mrs. Perrimain in maternal ecstasy.

Mr. Perrimain said nothing. Pearls are not edible. But he looked at Jean attentively and seemed to enjoy what he saw.

"They were made for you," offered Alicia, repeating her mother's words. But she did not look at Jean. She looked at Billy.

"I may say," twinkled Mr. Godfrey with honest admiration, "I have never before seen a wearer and a jewel so well suited."

There was a silence. Jean looked down at the pearls and touched them caressingly, her rosy finger tips living pearls against the gems. It was plain that she longed for them as only beauty itself can desire beauty that matches and complements and belongs. But she would not say so. The motion of her fingers revealed it.

"How much do they cost?" asked Billy abruptly. He couldn't bear much more of watching Jean, so utterly adorable, with the things against that lovely throat of hers—wanting them. Suppose they should be sixty or seventy thousand! Suppose they should be a hundred thousand! He realized as never before how ignorant he was of the relative values of luxuries like these.

"Those pearls," mused Mr. Godfrey, "are a most remarkable bargain. A perfectly matched and graduated string, in such wonderful condition, isn't to be come across in a blue moon. They're unfindable. They're not on the market at any price. Only when some collector is forced to sell or an estate is to be closed—and then rarely, very rarely—do we get anything like this. This string is as good as anything I've ever held in my hands." His tone implied that he had held many, and of the best. Billy's faint hopes grew fainter.

"But"—and now Mr. Godfrey twinkled magnificently and directly at Billy—"Miss Lucretia Perrimain requested her executors, in case the pearls were bought by any member of her family, however remote, to permit the sale at exactly the original cost. She had kept a detailed and accurate record of it, I am happy to say. The result is astounding. Astounding! Even if you could find another such string of pearls on the market to-day it would cost four, probably five times as much as the amount named by Miss Lucretia Perrimain's generous provision."

Billy licked his lips furtively. The dry, hot. Would this bird never come to the point and name a figure! It was torture to have him go prosing on while Jean, the angel, sat there loving the pearls with her touching fingers.

"What is that amount?" he asked, perceiving a slackening in the flow of Godfrey's eloquence.

"Thirty-eight thousand dollars."

Billy Dancy's heart turned a somersault of relief and hilarity. Oh, boy! Oh, boy! Where was Alicia now! Where—? With histrionic intent he allowed his shoulders to slump, his mouth to droop, as if completely floored, flattened with disappointment.

"Oh!" cried Jean impulsively. "That's far too much!"

"Of course it is," echoed Mrs. Perrimain with infinite longing and regret.

"Humph—yes," grunted Mr. Perrimain.

"I thought so," said Alicia with triumph. "I felt that we ought not to ask Mr. Godfrey to bother to show them to us." She indicated Billy as the culprit, the guilty wretch who had instigated the whole blunder.

"It seems a great deal," admitted Mr. Godfrey wickedly, leading her on.

"It is, of course," twinkled Mr. Godfrey with sympathy and understanding, "though they are really a superb investment. If you wished to dispose of them at any time I could easily get you for a hundred thousand—perhaps a hundred and twenty-five thousand. Or I would take them as security and advance you more than their present cost price."

"This fellow is good," thought Billy.

"If you are not satisfied with the solution," continued Mr. Godfrey, "I would take them to anyone you name here or in New York."

"It isn't a question of value or sale," remarked Alicia. "We are not in trade, Mr. Godfrey."

Mr. Godfrey's twinkle conveyed to Alicia perfectly. "Ah, but I am not Miss Perrimain," he answered.

Billy could have kissed his host for that gentle slam. But Mrs. Perrimain was gathering up her wraps, Mr. Perrimain was reaching for his stick, Alicia was making little premonitory movements of departure.

"It's been delightful to see you," said Mrs. Perrimain bravely.

Alicia grasped the opportunity for one more dig to Billy.

"Yes—it's been delightful to see you and they're quite wonderful. I realize that it was useless for us to come," her brother-in-law insisted. We thank you, Mr. Godfrey, for your kindness and patience."

Slowly, reluctantly, Jean's hands crept up to unclasp the pearls. Then Billy stepped into the center of the room.

"Don't take them off, Jean," he said. "Of course we're going to take them. I wouldn't think of trying Mr. Godfrey's kindness and patience for nothing."

It was delicious to see how Alicia's loss his plunge left Alicia. She had no word to say. Billy felt a low desire to wiggle his fingers at her and stick out his tongue and say "Yah!"

But another surprise for them came from Jean. "No, Billy, no," she cried. "I won't think of it. It's far more than I told you ——" It was evident that she was deeply in earnest, that her refusal was real.

"I know, dear," said Billy, "but I thought they'd cost a lot more."

"It's too much to spend for an ornament," said Jean clearly. "Perhaps, perhaps, when we're better established, but not now. Just because they belong to me and I want them—I won't accept it. It wouldn't be right—it wouldn't be fair to you."

The Perrimain family in the background were registering well-bred disapproval of this outburst of emotion before strangers. Alicia could not resist commenting. Here was a chance to redeem her spite to Billy.

"Of course, Jean darling, if you think that Billy can't afford them you ought to let him do it."

(Continued on Page 1

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On the Altar of Happiness





Commencement becomes one of life's rose-leaf memories. *Gifts that Last* keep these memories fresh.

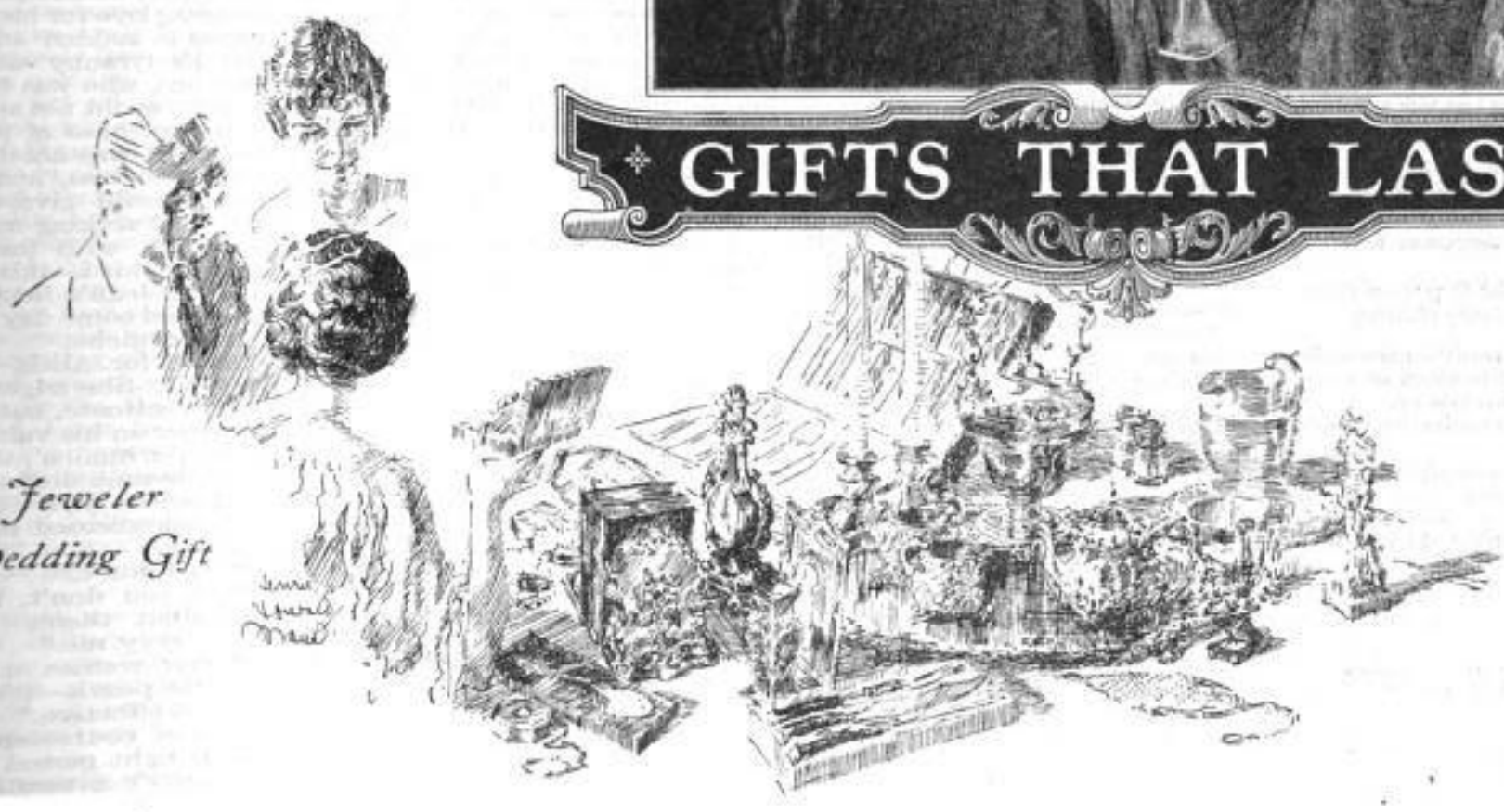
WEDDING gifts bind together into a fuller life, old joys and new happiness. They symbolize the hope promise of the future and recall the er associations of the past.

ift of Jewelry, because it is intrinsic- precious, preserves throughout life ndimmed beauty, all the poetry and ince that enshrine the wedding day.

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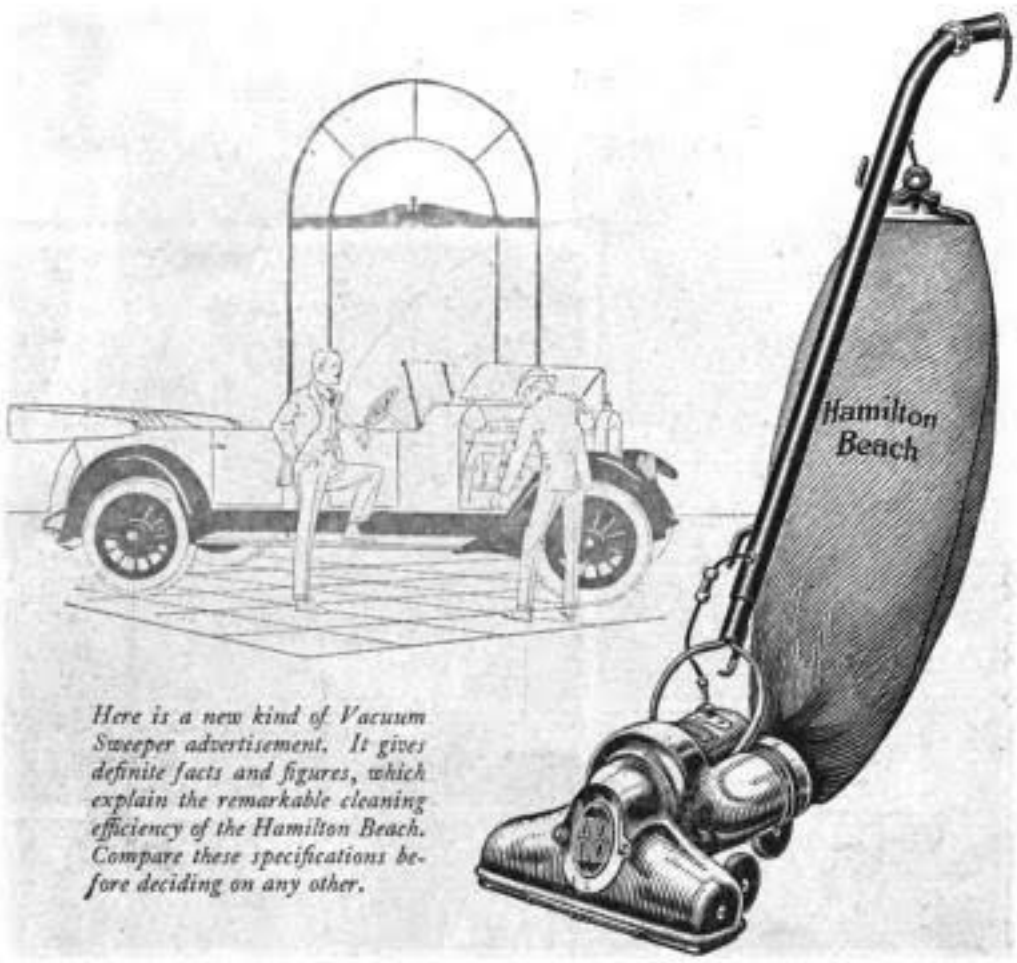
GIFTS THAT LAST



ur Jeweler Wedding Gift

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Here is a new kind of Vacuum Sweeper advertisement. It gives definite facts and figures, which explain the remarkable cleaning efficiency of the Hamilton Beach. Compare these specifications before deciding on any other.

Buy your cleaner as you do your car

On Specifications and Performance

At last, super-suction has been added to the beating brush; so that the advantages of both these good types of cleaners are now merged in one amazing machine with multiplied cleaning power. It easily gives most value for the money. Read these detailed laboratory specifications, then have your dealer demonstrate on your own fine rugs. On request, we send FREE folder, with name of nearest dealer. Ask any questions! Absolutely no obligation.

MOTOR The Motor is self-ventilated, operating perfectly on 100 to 120 Volt A. C. or D. C. current.

One-fifth H. P. Speed 7,900 to 8,100 R. P. M.

Maximum current consumption, 2.2 amperes.

Maximum wattage, 200 to 225.

Bearings are of Non-Gran bronze, one inch long, self-aligning type, grooved and wick-threaded along entire length to insure constant lubrication.

Armature shaft is oversize, providing extra large bearing surfaces to minimize wear.

Commutator is 36 bar, with pure mica, representing utmost fineness of manufacture and quality construction.

Carbon brushes are easily replaceable.

Cord is armored at motor case with a V shield and wire guard. No breakage is possible.

BRUSH Speed, 2,000 R. P. M.

Single row of bristles; only one-half as many contacts with carpet as brushes with two rows.

Four easy adjustments compensate for brush wear.

Hinged wire-guard absolutely prevents carpet from sealing nozzle and reducing efficiency.

NOZZLE Interior of nozzle is scientifically stream-lined to reduce eddy currents and provide for greatest velocity.

Four-wheel compensating carriage insures easy running.

Instantaneous finger-tip nozzle adjustment gives three positions of nozzle, one for every type and thickness of carpet and rug; no screw drivers or tools of any kind required. The little black lever does it!

All-over height is 7¾ inches, making it one of the lowest cleaners on the market, handy for operating under very low furniture.

Bumper cord is spring-secured and effectively prevents the marring of furniture.

FAN Extra strong and perfectly balanced, with blade curvature scientifically determined for maximum efficiency.

Air displacement, 219 cubic feet per minute.

Air velocity, 71.4 feet per second, or nearly a mile a minute.

Vacuum, 12.75 inches "U" tube water-lift at 110 volts.

Fan shaft shield absolutely prevents accumulation of hair or string on shaft.

Belt is direct-connected; no idlers or long cross-overs. We guarantee it.

BAG The bag is of heavy khaki and guaranteed. Throat-flap at intake point prevents dust from falling back into fan and dropping on carpet.

Jiffy bag connection—a turn of the wrist and it's off. Simple spring clip secures other end of bag through which dirt is emptied.

Tension pad of felt absolutely seals this end under clip against any leaking or sifting of even minutest particles.

HANDLE The handle has a convenient curve to eliminate awkward and tiresome position when used.

Switch in handle for starting and stopping is at finger tips.

Length of cord outside of handle, 18½ feet.

All dealers are glad to show you the famous three-point demonstration and to name convenient terms, on request



Note how the air sweeps the surface, besides cleaning through the rug

Hamilton Beach Vacuum Sweeper

HAMILTON BEACH MFG. CO., *Racine, Wis.*

(Continued from Page 110)

"Please don't interfere, Alicia. Billy can afford them or he wouldn't have said he'd buy them. It's not that. It's just that it seems too much—he's given me so many things."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Godfrey tactfully, "you and Mrs. Dancy would like to talk it over for a few minutes in my inner office."

Within and alone, Jean rushed into the instant shelter of her husband's arms.

"Don't—don't buy them, darling!" she begged. "It's such a lot of money. It isn't right. I don't care—really!"

She wanted to say to him, "Don't let Alicia goad you into this piece of extravagance." But she would not so belittle him.

"Now see here," answered Billy, holding her close, "you know—you know that I wouldn't buy you anything we couldn't afford. I was so relieved and glad when he said thirty-eight thousand ——"

"Billy," said Jean, "will you give me—your word of honor—that to pay for these pearls won't embarrass you? That it won't hurt the business—that you won't have to give up doing anything personally you want to do? It is such a lot of money."

For a mere flicker of an instant Billy Dancy thought of telling his wife everything, the exact situation. But that flicker vanished.

Why burden that little fluffy head with a lot of dry details that she wouldn't understand, and from which she might draw entirely the wrong conclusion?

"Jean, darling, I give you my word that I've got that much money—and more—not doing a thing—simply lying idle in the bank—and I don't need it in the business or for myself. It would give me the greatest joy and happiness to buy these pearls for you. If you could see how you look with them on! And there'll never be such another chance to get anything so good at such a price! Now—did I ever tell you a lie?"

"Oh, I should say not! How can you ask such a thing?"

They appeared before the waiting Perrimains and Mr. Godfrey, smiling and content.

"We're all set," announced Billy cheerfully. "Mr. Godfrey and I will now have a few words in private. And then Jean will have the pearls."

"Oh, I'm so glad, so gratified!" cried Mrs. Perrimain. "You have no idea, Billy, how thankful I am that they're to stay in the family."

Mr. Perrimain also made sounds of joy. Only Alicia remained aloof and silent, and by that Billy measured the keenness of her disappointment. But he did not pay very much attention to Alicia. Her spite, her malice seemed smaller, less important. It was Jean and her loveliness, Jean and her delight that were uppermost in his mind, and the warm happiness of giving her something precious and beautiful.

His few little words in private with Mr. Godfrey were exceedingly satisfactory.

"Don't forget," said the agent, "if at any time you should want to dispose of them I'll arrange it for you very greatly to your advantage. Or if you should need to raise money quickly—pearls are very negotiable."

"I hope I won't have to sell them or raise money on them," said Billy, laughing. "But I appreciate your information."

Five minutes later Jean held the faded vermilion case in her hands.

"Don't you want to wear them?" asked Billy.

But she shook her head and slipped the case into her velvet purse, tucked the purse under her elbow and held the top of it tight.

In the elevator she slipped the hand that was not engaged with the purse into Billy's. He squeezed it happily.

"Won't you come and have dinner with us?" urged Mrs. Perrimain.

"Got some fine wild duck from North Carolina," said Mr. Perrimain.

"Not to-night, thank you," said Billy, and swept Jean away.

Dine there when he didn't have to? Not much! His last view of the Perrimains showed him Alicia's rigid back, an exclamation point of thwarted fell intent.

"What price pearls, Alicia?" he wanted to call after her.

II

SUCCESS is a sweet and heady liquor. There had been many drafts of it in Billy Dancy's life—his promotions before old Gertner's death; his succession afterward; his enlargement of his factory; his consolidation and weeding out of [illegible] ployes; his increasing circle of [illegible] young men like himself, who put him clubs and urged him to sports; and [illegible] est of all, and most decisive, perh[illegible] invasion of the city's elect and his m[illegible] to Jean Perrimain.

Like most rising young men w[illegible] world to conquer and big plans [illegible] through, he had not wanted to ma[illegible] would have indignantly denied that [illegible] ment had you asked him now. But [illegible] theless it was true. He had had no [illegible] longings for domesticity, nor was [illegible] type of egoist who feels that the w[illegible] tion of himself is a duty to the r[illegible] enjoyed having his scant leisure fre[illegible] with no claim on it save those h[illegible] to admit. But—he saw Jean P[illegible] selling flowers at a charity bazaa[illegible] click-click went the little electric [illegible] first love, and all his aversion to [illegible] vanished on the instant.

He bought her flowers, he was lit[illegible] to her, and he laid siege to her wit[illegible] plete unawareness of the social [illegible] would have to bridge to win her. [illegible] it turned out to be such a gulf, th[illegible] Jean met him halfway across [illegible] questionably and as surely as he [illegible] to her.

And for men like Billy Dan[illegible] gulfs do not exist. Having seen [illegible] loved her he courted her ardo[illegible] nestly; and married her. He w[illegible] done so if she had been a be[illegible] found in his marriage a height of [illegible] that few men attain. Now, at [illegible] there a reason for his work a[illegible] ambition—Jean.

Though he had never thou[illegible] social place as an asset to himse[illegible] was seeking her—indeed it w[illegible] drawback, and he had to en[illegible] distasteful things on account o[illegible] he had won her it became i[illegible] mixed and mingled with the w[illegible] another attribute that proved [illegible] derful she was. Strangely wov[illegible] the warp and woof of his dear [illegible] her was pride—pride that she [illegible] creature a little above others [illegible] own. Pride that, coming fr[illegible] whom common acclaim placed [illegible] she should be his beneficiary [illegible] could, even so, give to her mu[illegible] had not. Her trust in him, h[illegible] tioning love subtly flattered [illegible] while he knew it was his inf[illegible] precious possession. And so he k[illegible] first treated her not like a com[illegible] equal but as an adored, shielde[illegible] did not know it, did Billy, but [illegible] complete pattern of the dom[illegible] whose autocratic superiority to [illegible] of his species is never questio[illegible] own mind. Had he loved her le[illegible] have been unbearable.

Yet with his pride and his [illegible] dominance was so much though[illegible] ness, so much touching humi[illegible] could never understand the w[illegible] answering love for him—and w[illegible] ishness so sudden and utter[illegible] that his tyranny was uncon[illegible] even Jean, who was beginning [illegible] it dimly, would not so have w[illegible]

This purchase of pearls wa[illegible] to him. It was another open[illegible] material success, and another [illegible] that he could give to her w[illegible] motive for seeking material s[illegible] here again, with this double [illegible] came the third—this gift wou[illegible] him with Jean's family as he [illegible] determined some day to be est[illegible] a superior niche.

And as for Alicia—he had [illegible] tened her. She might be as s[illegible] Ethel Monticute, but he could [illegible] put armor on his vulnerable sp[illegible] at the Perrimains', with Jean [illegible] pearls, became distinctly possi[illegible]

"I believe you like them t[illegible] do," Jean accused him after s[illegible] occasions.

"No, I don't."

"No, you don't, because I [illegible] mad about them. I gloat [illegible] women envy me."

"Other women might envy [illegible] than the pearls—it's you wh[illegible] pearls so effective."

"Oh, of course—pearls are [illegible] less the right person wears the[illegible]

"Vanity's a terrible thing," [illegible] trophized the world at large. [illegible] comfort to me to think that [illegible] surance ran out, and I were to [illegible] couldn't get a cent from an[illegible]

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a decent little fortune hanging
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don't say such things! It's bad

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-that we're too happy—that
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es for. If we do we can
natter what happens."
straight between the eyes.
ng at the door long after
ft. With conditions as they
ad no chance to recruit his
ey had said nothing for so
slump in silk that Billy had
limbo of impossibilities.
ell, maybe old Beazley was
gain. But this time Billy
. That mysterious sixth
he possession of all keen
arned him that Beazley's
at hand.
rush into a broken thread
largely he'd have the bulge
smaller competitors, who
in as tight coils financially
h purchase would cheapen
costs wonderfully—for a
f course the market would

uy—why, a lot of other
siery business would, and
he'd lose orders, they'd

ws with a snap. No, by
't going to get him! He'd
lot of money—somehow
dbag somebody to get it.
p a measly five thousand,
t was nothing.
wled out of lots worse
he told himself.
have thought about the
not Jean that very night
t take them in town and
ng. His answer had not
any other motive than
urface.
n in for you to-morrow
ke," he had said. "I'm
t the jeweler's anyway—
ay's coming along pretty
to find something for her.
little person, the one who
, so I have to start in
d look at everything in
sure of suiting her."
it a lady with very good
you and help you make
d Jean innocently. "I'm
d the perfect shopping
."
I trust my own very
rned Billy. "No lady
ons for me. What are
—have your birthday
e? If so, your wicked
hinations are an utter

the pearls were in his
on his way to town that
a quick, vivid memory
Godfrey had said when
arls are negotiable."

Negotiable! A fine suggestive word. Here in his pocket he had property on which a sufficient sum might be raised to lift him out of all his present difficulties.

Only, of course, it wasn't feasible. He couldn't ask Jean for the pearls for any length of time. He utterly revolted against letting her know that he'd been obliged to raise money on any of her ornaments, especially this, her most loved and cherished. Women didn't understand these things. She'd think they were next door to the poorhouse and be terribly distressed.

No, he'd have to think of a better plan than that. But—it would be so easy—so exceedingly, beautifully easy—if he could only do it. If—he—could—only—do—it! A bunch of ready money, and no one knowing about it. By golly—what a chance!

Instinct, which is at all times stronger than reason, led him, when he got off the train, not toward the jeweler's but toward the Walnut Street office of Mr. Godfrey. He'd just get some idea of what might be done, in case ——

Mr. Godfrey, as twinkling as ever, seemed glad to see Billy, and offered a suggestion that was illuminating.

"You think you'll only need this money for a few days?" he asked.

"I can't be sure," said Billy. "If the silk market doesn't slump, but is tided over, I won't need it at all. Then I could return it at once. If it does slump and I go in and buy cones—our thread silk comes to us ready for use in one-pound cones, you understand—then I'll need it longer, for I'd have to repay it out of my profits, accruing from month to month. That's what puzzles me. I can't keep the pearls that long on a pretext of having them restrung. My wife would know it wasn't necessary."

"Why don't you tell your wife, frankly, all about it, Mr. Dancy?" asked Mr. Godfrey. "As I recall her—and I recall her very distinctly—she was endowed not only with far more than the average degree of beauty, but oddly enough, with brains also."

Billy brushed that away. "Of course she's clever," he granted. "But she knows nothing about business—and takes no interest in it. It's been my happiness to shield her and keep her away from everything that is part of the sordid grind of running a factory and making money. My wife—she's, she's exquisite—untouched."

He groped for words and could find none to convey what he wanted to say. But Mr. Godfrey seemed to understand. He did not urge his idea.

"And besides," Billy went on practically, "I don't want her people to get hold of it. Jean's a child about such things, and she might inadvertently let them know. And you know how it is with in-laws."

Yes, Mr. Godfrey knew. He tapped with his pencil on the top of the vermilion box and spoke wisely: "Then let me have the real pearls duplicated for you, Mr. Dancy. No one will know the difference. At least, it would take a great expert. And they are rare."

"But can they be duplicated?" The merits of the idea ranged themselves quickly before him.

"Oh, yes. I'd take them over to New York. There's a man there whose chief business is doing just this thing. He keeps a marvelous stock on hand. The duplicates will cost you seven hundred dollars. My time and my services will cost you two hundred. I will personally choose the pearls for the duplicate string. You will use the original clasp; it is unique and couldn't be changed. And then I will lend you"—he paused and thought—"I will lend you forty-five thousand on these, for six months, at the usual interest."

Forty-five thousand for six months, obtained in secret, and at no more than legal interest! Manna in the wilderness!

"Oh, but I won't need it for anything like six months," protested Billy.

Mr. Godfrey permitted himself a smile. "They all say that," he observed. "Now I suppose the need is haste, isn't it? I will go over to New York to-day—and tomorrow afternoon you can stop in and take the duplicate pearls home with you."

More and more was Billy's opinion of Mr. Godfrey rising.

"That would be bully!" he answered heartily.

By all means, the sooner Jean had the duplicate pearls the safer he'd feel.

So it was arranged, and he went on to his factory—stopping at the bank to leave Mr. Godfrey's promptly tendered check,



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with the feeling of a man who thought he was stepping off a high cliff and found the drop was only a couple of inches. He'd gotten all excited and worried about nothing. The whole thing had been superlatively easy. Now he was heeled against trouble from any point.

It must be admitted that he had felt very distinct qualms about passing off the artificial pearls on Jean. But he counseled himself to be practical. The use to which he put their worth was legitimate, a good stroke of business, and the substitute was to be briefly temporary. He sent cheerfully for Beazley.

"Well, how's the slump coming?" he asked.

"Be here within the week," replied the old man. "I'm certain of it now. I'm buying just enough cones to keep us along from day to day, as you might say, and the thread salesmen are thicker'n a swarm of bees, fairly begging for orders, trying to stave the thing off. Oh, it's a landslide. Now, Mr. Dancy, I want to know just how much I can spend when it comes. I don't want to wait. Whoever gets there first will get the cream."

"You can have fifty thousand," said Billy. "That's all I can spare."

"We couldn't store any more'n what that'll buy. I don't want so many that the thread will deteriorate before we can use it, either. Just a whacking good lot to get right to work on, and clean up pretty."

"Shoot when you're ready," said Billy. "I've got the ammunition."

The day went on as usual. Nothing to distinguish it but an increased sense of a good deal consummated and smart strategy planned. No possible consequences of his devious ways loomed on Billy Dancy's soul until that night at dinner.

There in the peaceful fastness of his black-oak and hand-blocked-linen dining room—enjoying an excellent meal, with Jean opposite him in a golden slip of a dress that turned her into a fairy creature—the bomb was thrown.

"Did you leave my pearls at Baltwell's to-day?" asked Jean casually enough.

For a sickening second Billy was prone in a shell hole. He emerged slowly. And he told Jean the first lie he had ever told her.

"Yes," he said firmly and clearly, "and they'll have 'em ready for me to-morrow night, and I'll bring 'em out."

"Oh, you needn't bother," she answered. "I'm going in and I'll stop for them."

Food became suddenly nauseous, and the room turned upside down.

Why in the humph-humph, he kept asking himself, had he said that! Why didn't he tell her that he was too rushed this morning and would take 'em to-morrow? One question at Baltwell's and she'd know the pearls weren't there! He cursed himself and his lack of forethought in preparing a good alibi.

Presently his panic lessened. He would devise something to keep her out of town to-morrow or get hold of the pearls and telephone her by noon that he had them and she needn't bother to go down to Baltwell's. It mustn't be anything clumsy.

"That bird who said the descent into hell was easy remarked a pageful," he murmured to himself. "It's too darned easy so far as I'm concerned."

He thought of many things, but none of them would do. At last he decided to make no reference to the matter for that evening. He was greatly helped in this decision by the entrance of Kate and Louis Heathersley, who had jumped into their car after dinner and run down from Bryn Mawr because they were dying for a little quiet bridge.

And Kate wanted to tell Jean the newest recipe. It began: "Take a pound of apricots and a gallon of water."

In spite of the protective coloration provided by these guests Billy Dancy spent a thoroughly miserable evening. He was unused to subterfuge. He hated it. And he had walked into the bit of it so easily, so unwittingly!

In the morning just as he was leaving he gave a good personation of a man suddenly remembering something.

"By the way, dear—I just thought of it. You asked me last night if I'd taken the pearls to Baltwell's. I didn't go there after all. I took 'em to old Godfrey. I thought it wouldn't be a bad plan to have him look at them every once in a while. And he said he'd have them restrung."

"Oh, Billy—will they be done by this afternoon? I want to wear them to the Traills' reception." He could d slightest symptom of distrust ure.

"I think so. I'll have Miss K him up, and then telephone you right?"

It was apparently all right. on to his train with a little less than was usual. He resolved watch his step. And watch his then again, to watch his step.

But as it turned out, it seemed alarms had been groundless. Wh Jean met for dinner she was w pearls. He knew they were the and he did not dare look at closely. To the casual eye they w cal.

"You got 'em all right?" he "Oh, of course."

Oh, of course! What do wom the secret travail of their husba Dancy swore a mighty oath to toil that he would spare no labo tion, no effort till the real gems in his hands once more. And t pearls were his again—no te easy profits, no need for mone would ever cause him to repea man who had to raise funds t his wife's jewelry—he named and loathed the stigma. But s

Still, he was reasonably cheer assured by the happenings of t days. Almost to the minute, a exercised occult powers upon it in silk appeared, even as old predicted.

And into the fray went armed with Billy's fifty th bought, swiftly, sapiently. as he had said, the cream. W packing boxes of cones began the storage space, and as Billy bills, ridiculously small for they represented in materia flowed into him. Now—no thing to do was to work like swing the profits into a coup powerful figures.

With this in view he exhort men to supreme effort. "We we want them quick, and we gilt-edged," was the message. action—action!"

Out in the factory production A daily schedule of output of e was posted, with the name of th Rivalry sprang up. At the su stipulations for quality were n

"It looks rosy as hell," cou Beazley. "If nothing don't ha

"We'll see to it that nothin was Billy's grim response.

For the false pearls at Jean's a continual reproach to him. put them away so carefully, closing her little safe with i that it should be secure, he fel words, like a yellow pup. S wanted to ask her not to wear stantly, but caution warned he displayed any special interes might trip him into a damagi He did not trust his powers tion.

"You're working too hard him often, with a little frown.

And he was working! He w factory when the earliest e punching the clock, and he d until the place was empty. E ing for relief from the load of carrying. It weighed on him. Anything—anything, to get pearls!

Then suddenly, out of a cle trouble.

"If the woolen-cloth people they may call out the hosiery old Beazley suggested.

"For Pete's sake," said B "are those fool woolen emplo stand for a strike now? The outrageously during the wa when business is picking up. S and hit it on the head!"

"They should worry," sa "They'd like a strike. Wint dull. It'd pay them to close I think myself they've wor with wage cuts, and so on."

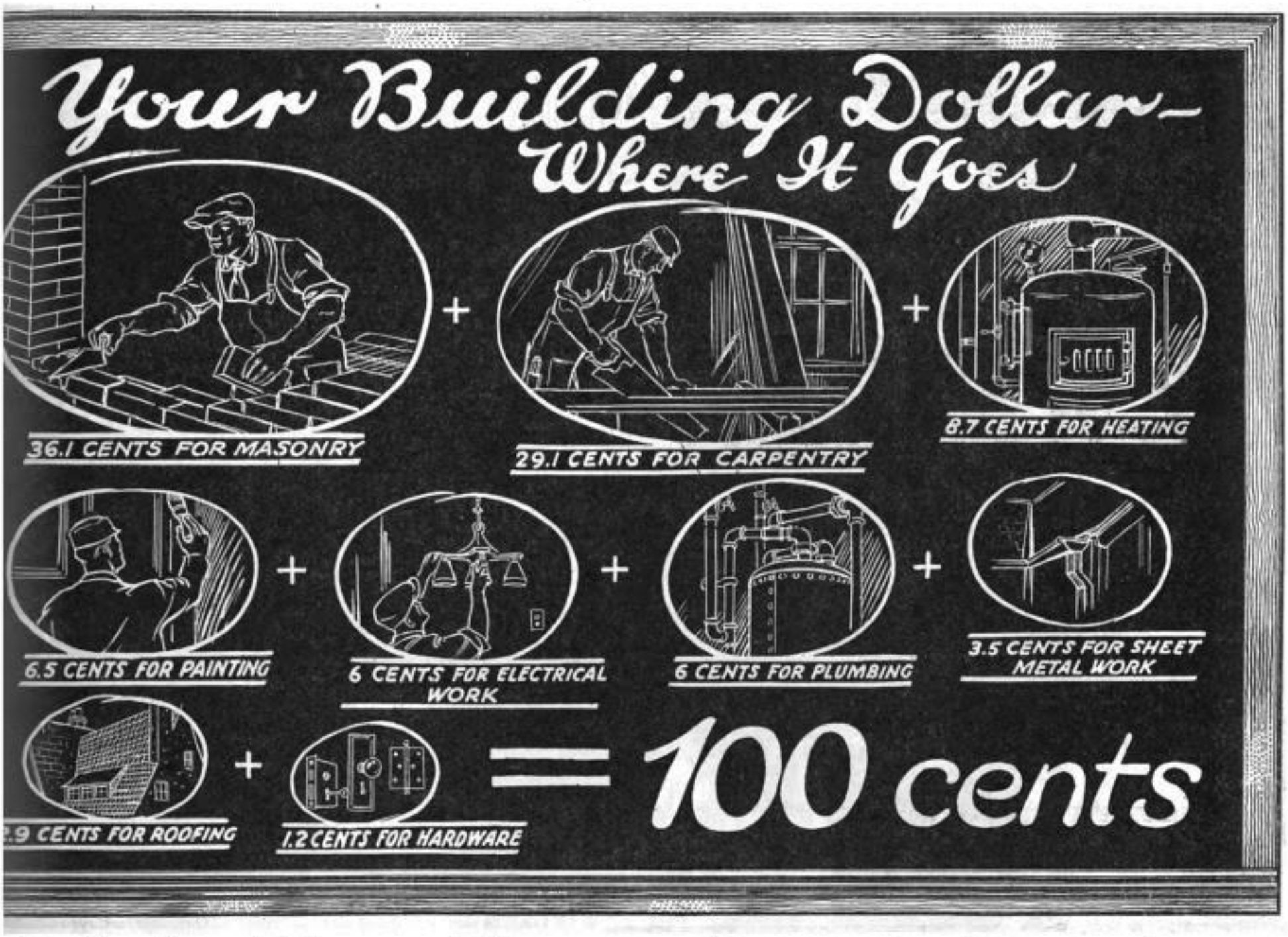
"I shouldn't wonder. My ley—d'you think our people v on me?"

"They got no choice if the c

"I've always stood by the Dancy. "I've always encou It's the best weapon labor h

(Continued on Page

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ntinued from Page 114)

rotten treatment. But—oh,
going to call up some of those
le and find out what's what."
vicious little satisfaction. Yes,
mills expected a strike. The
ad offered a new wage scale,
ess than the present one. The
demanded 10 per cent more
ent. There was not the slight-
either yielding to the other.
lon't know what the unions'll
employer. "They've a meet-
w night, and then they'll meet
rs' committee and say what
ded. Sure—if they vote to
ith a viva voce vote in open
dollars to doughnuts they will
e—they'll call as many sym-
es as they possibly can. Your
sure to go."
is the return to normalcy!"
nging up the phone receiver
disgust. "By golly, I'm up

d through the factory he was
the undercurrent of excite-
ays precedes a strike. There
than usual. A few opera-
doggedly, silent, eyes fixed
ines, but minds apparently
ppling with the problem of
their dependents would
eager strike benefits. Billy
pitying them in the midst
tress. Like him, they were
And like him, they were in
economic adjustment—that
Moloch who demands con-

to talk to 'em," he thought.
o go out if the union orders
am I going to do?"
ing for anyone to do in like
Billy Dancy waited, and
vo days the morning papers
the wool people had gone

n to his factory, dreading
see there. Would he find
y, the machines idle? It
ormous throb of thankful-
every operative in place,
s usual. The sympathetic
s yet, been ordered.
inventory of his resources.
w big orders that he must
ecting smaller ones. Then
e the money for the larger
e him along—for a while.
s prolonged he must offer
s he had bought at so fav-
to manufacturers out of
s would still be running.
it would be only a local
t money would help, pro-
orced to sell at too great a
ht get by, but the balance
would be a sorry sight, for
expense would stop there
bank, and the inexorable
ctory mortgage. And his

him round to Jean, and
pearls.
h. Jean would have to
pearls for quite a while.
o think of it.
sometimes worse than
ncy had braced himself
e strike that when, after
nervous tension, his peo-
was almost glad of it.
e in to see him..
to go," they told him.
k, his oldest operative,
as toothless and wrin-
ted, gnarled old hands
had been at twenty.
ly," said Maria impres-
in any strike breakers
touch my machine, or I
hen I get back!"
et in strike breakers as
id Billy. "You better
don't want someone
achine."
shaking her head drear-
r shawl and went out.
npty save for the office

get busy," said Billy.
r operatives here and
in two hundred miles
nitting mills. I won't
s to out-of-town com-
er lose the business.
ith an unfilled order
And we'll see what we

Miss Koons spoke up with unexpected spirit. "You get a new stenographer, Mr. Dancy. I'm going out in the factory and try my hand with a machine. I guess if I can pound a typewriter I can knit silk stockings, and I've often watched the women out there. So you got one strike breaker right here."

"Bully for you!" said Billy. "I won't forget this, Miss Koons."

And so the fight began.

For the first few days it was a wild rush to secure new operatives, to reassure customers, to discourage further orders but to keep a string to them in case the strike was called off. Everything was in a state of flux, uncertain, shifting from hour to hour. A few strike breakers trickled in, poor unskilled workers, who not only had to be taught but also had to be constantly watched. Old Beazley marched out into the factory and took a machine beside Miss Koons. Billy himself was there intermittently during the day, teaching, helping, acting as foreman, mechanic, anything to get the work through. But progress was discouragingly slow. No more than a third of the machines were running, and these at far below their normal output.

Still Billy struggled on. By superhuman efforts he managed to get out a few of the smaller orders on time, but he had the depressing consciousness of the impending demoralization of the business he had built up so proudly, so painstakingly. To a man of constructive temperament and sanguine turn of thought there is nothing so keenly hurtful as wanton destruction of a useful industry that he has himself developed. So with Billy Dancy. He made his fight doggedly, untiringly, but with the finger of despair laid on his heart.

His whole self was so centered on the factory and its problems that he was oblivious of all else. He had grown thin to gauntness, strung tight with nerves. Jean, watching him, yearned over him. But he brushed away her solicitude, hardly saw her. She had become in this crisis almost shadowlike to him, not quite real. He submitted to her affection, but he found no solace, no rest in it. At last she ceased to urge it on him, only saw to his smallest ease and comfort with infinite care and waited for him to come back to her.

He only half heard her when one day she reminded him that they hadn't dined with her family for two months, and that tonight they really must go. "Because," she added, watching him closely, "Cousin Martin Halstead is to be there."

In his frame of mind Cousin Martin Halstead was a wraith, a wisp of nothing. Billy did not even remember having heard of him.

"I wish I didn't have to make you go, poor dear," Jean said worriedly. "You are so tired and worn and bedeviled with this strike. But mother and father would think it so odd if we didn't make a point of seeing Cousin Martin. He's such a traveler, and here so seldom. And he wants specially to see—us."

Even then Cousin Martin Halstead did not register on Billy's consciousness. "I'll be there on time," he said wearily. To eat dinner with his relations-in-law was just one more rotten chore to be chored.

The day was long and harassing, the worst he had yet endured. One of the working machines had been put out of commission by a careless learner. The woolen people were still sitting tight, caring nothing for the devastation of the sympathetic strike. Two of his local competitors, also hit by the strike, had been able to open up on half time, having by sheer chance got hold of a bunch of newly arrived immigrants who were skilled operatives. Some of his customers who had been sympathetic at first were getting restive. And though he was still able to meet his obligations he was down to the slimmest sort of shoestring.

"And I've got to watch old Perrimain lap green-turtle soup, I suppose, and tell about the best way to make French dressing!" he thought, as he got into his dinner clothes at the club. There was no dining at the Perrimains' without the proper raiment. He broke one of his studs, and smudged his only clean collar. It was a black world, not worth living in. He was crushed by the injustice and cruelty of it. If there was only one person who understood, who really cared! And if he was not oppressed by this ever-present consciousness of his own deceit, of his own trickery! In some occult way the pearls were the last bitter gibe of fortune.



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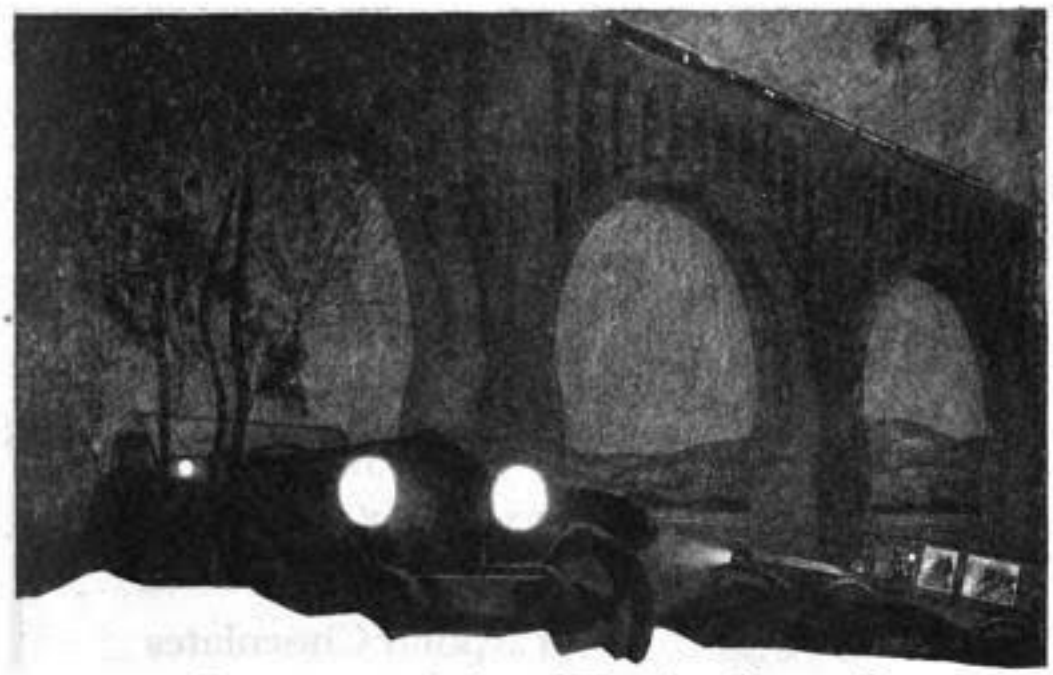


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ARCH BRACES

He got to the Perrimains' in the very nick of time, and not until they were at table did he become really aware of Cousin Martin Halstead, tall, with keen eyes, gray and lean and taciturn, with a drooping mustache, hair thin and high on his narrow forehead.

There was green turtle, even as Billy had anticipated, and Mr. Perrimain held forth in a long monologue as to whether or not it contained sufficient sherry. There were delicate little pâtés of shrimp and oyster and lobster for the fish course, a novelty urged on his guests by the epicurean autocrat at the head of the table. Then it was that Billy observed his newly met relative for the first time.

"You eat too much, Philip," said Cousin Martin calmly to his host, "and your food is too rich. You'll go off with uræmia if you're not careful."

Mr. Perrimain became apoplectic with indignation. "I have always maintained that eating is one of the fine arts," he snorted. "Too much neglected—too much neglected! You have your own hobby, Martin—why be sarcastic about other people's?"

"Yes, but my hobby isn't harmful to my health," said Halstead. "And I don't agree with you that eating is one of the fine arts. It's enjoyable, but somehow a little vulgar."

Mr. Perrimain swelled and puffed with anger.

Mrs. Perrimain looked agitated, and fluttered her hands distractedly. Billy felt dimly sorry for her, and stepped into the breach.

"What is your hobby?" he asked Cousin Martin without interest.

"Why, Billy, you know," put in Alicia with too, too sweet reproach. "Everyone knows."

"If I know I've forgotten," said Billy hardily.

"Why, Cousin Martin's a connoisseur in gems," offered Mrs. Perrimain. "He collects jewels—he has the most marvelous things! One of the reasons he's dining with us this evening is because he wanted so much to see Cousin Lucretia's pearls. Don't you remember I told you that he bought a good many of them for her? But he's never seen the completed strand."

"They're very fine, too, at this distance," said Cousin Martin, cocking his keen eye at Jean. "And they're highly becoming to Jean."

Billy Dancy's fork stopped halfway to his mouth, and then dropped to his plate. He could not lift it farther. What had he got into now? His imagination leaped ahead: Cousin Martin—what confoundedly sharp eyes the fellow had!—approaching Jean and saying, "And now let me look at the famous pearls." The Perrimain family sitting about in smiling complacency, waiting for eloquent compliments. Cousin Martin's start of surprise, his closer investigation—probably he had a microscope or something in his pocket—his puzzled "This is odd!" And his final verdict: "These pearls are false!"

Then cries, exclamations, Alicia's prompt suspicion of himself—Alicia would know what had happened, give her the least little hint—and at last, in his present state of weariness and disaster he'd be able to put up no defense, and the truth would come out.

Tableau of rage from Papa Perrimain, tears and reproaches from Mamma Perrimain, malicious gloating from Alicia, and—worst of all—distrust and grief from Jean. With himself in the star part as criminal in chief forever after. Humiliation on humiliation.

All this went through Billy Dancy's head like a swiftly run film. This was the last straw, the very, very last! He was caught. He looked around at them all with glazed, unseeing eyes.

Then as from a great distance he heard Jean speaking.

"But these aren't Cousin Lucretia's pearls," she said gayly, naturally. "I'll take Cousin Martin to see them to-morrow at Mr. Godfrey's, if he likes, but I'll have to confess these are nothing but imitation. There were so many burglaries out near us that I got frightened and had Mr. Godfrey find a duplicate for me. He has the real ones in his safe. But these are wonderful—they've fooled everyone so far." She looked across at Billy. "Haven't they, dear?" she asked.

What went on for the rest of the dinner, what he ate, what was said, Billy Dancy was never able afterward to remember.

It seemed to him that it was eterni of time before he and Jean were again.

They made the journey in silen when he asked her if she was cold, answered.

She kept her head turned awa him, her eyes lowered. He did n imagine what she was thinking.

But when they reached their miliar sitting room she faced him ately.

"I couldn't bear it!" she said, the words tears began to run cheeks, tears uncontrollable, "I couldn't bear it any longer! me out of everything—you won't thing! You act as if I was a painted creature who couldn't un who didn't want to help! It's It's not fair! I'm your wife—I so—I'm not a baby—or an idiot to be dressed up. You make me Nora."

Billy Dancy's reading had not the famous Ibsen drama. "No he asked stupidly. "Oh, Jea don't! If you knew how miser been!"

"What right have you to be all to yourself?" she demanded. be miserable with you. What you to keep me in the dark ab or try to? Of course you could you so I know almost every think—I can feel every little ch These wretched pearls—oh, I h a mistake to buy them! I kn Billy, Billy, you have me in y I know it. Put me in your mis confidence and your life too."

She was crying in his arms w sobs shaking her slim shoulde treat me like a toy to be playe piece of bric-a-brac to be ke taken care of. Don't—don't! to have you hold me so cheap You let your stenographer run machines; even she helps you We may be on the very verge you won't tell me—you wo You'd rather deceive me—w She struck her clenched hand pearls. "It was all vanity, them. Alicia worried you in know! And yet—I thought said so—that it was all rig night—oh—we had to go the But if you think that I'd let tin—or Alicia—or anyone—ha iate you when you're in such it would have served you trusting me enough to tell Billy, Billy—how could you you!"

"Jean—Jean!" He wante himself; his throat was tig darling—little fellow—I'm th I'm just an utter fool—but you'll only forgive me—yo everything—everything!"

When they were calmer ventured on a question: know they were false, Jean"

"Oh—you looked so gui felt, somehow, different. S Mr. Godfrey tell me. You you can stand up before a w

He held her more close glorious laughter—the first for months. The weight of load broke and slipped from free and strong. If Jean cared so much—why, he coul The strike—that would corn It would have to come out a make it.

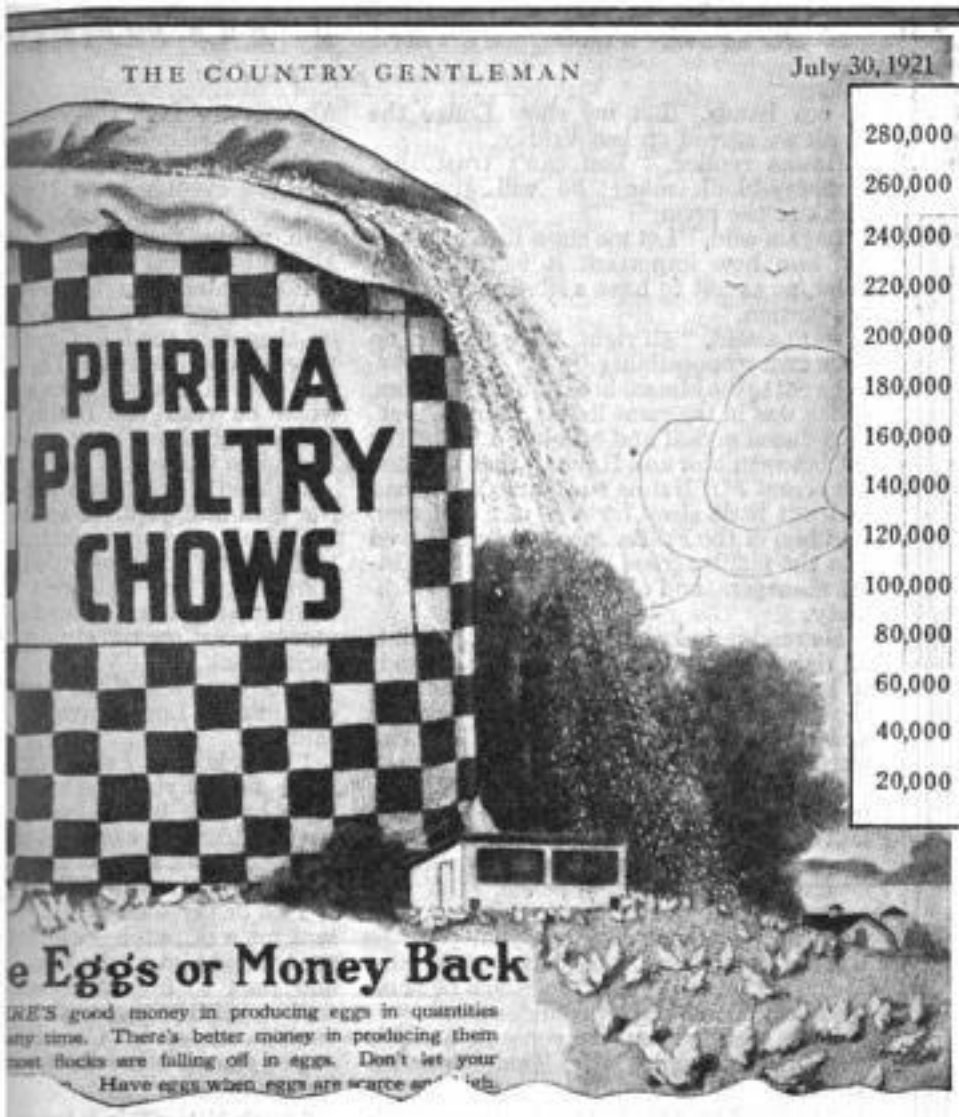
Money? He'd get it so where, enough to tide over. could—if he felt this way morrow—oh, what he'd do!

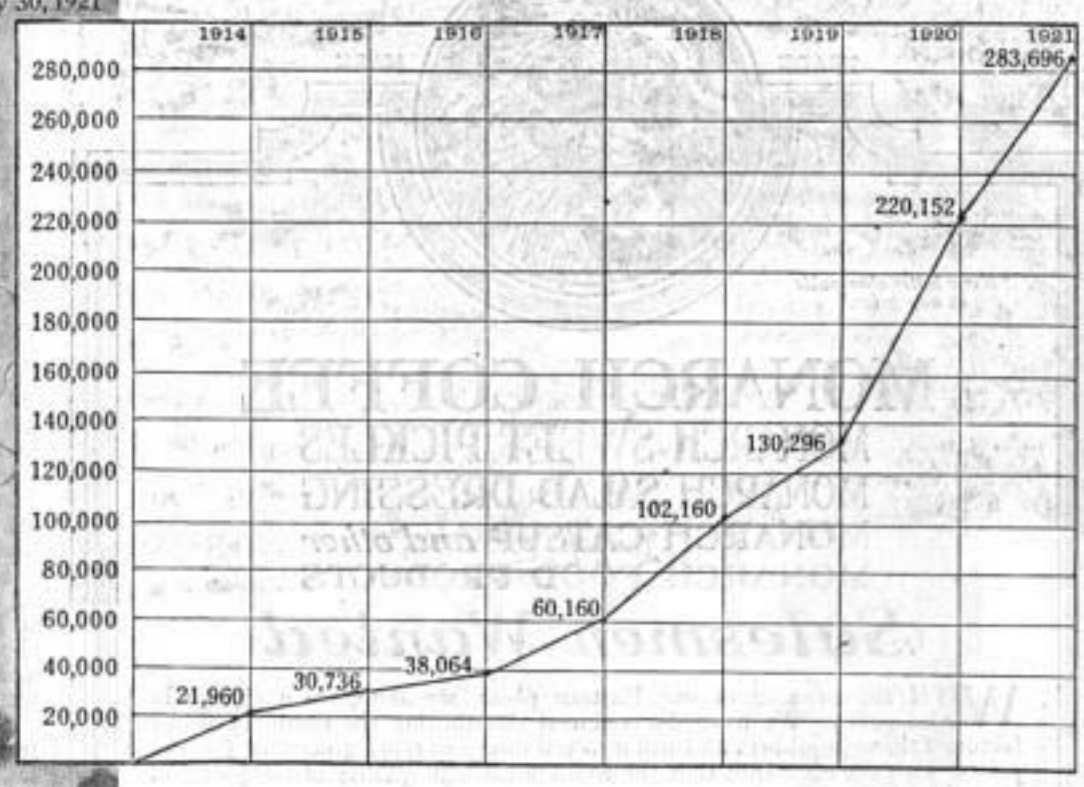
He had gotten great thi His egotism, his self-confid dealt a heavy blow. He ha that he was bearing his great and all the time Jean had be sharing it, and when the ne she who had been strong, m humbled, yet triumphant ing vision of what life with revealed Jean would be.

Against his coat lay soft beauty of the false gems tha bled him—yet had so serve them, wonderfully, he had the treasure of her loyalty, her understanding, the hum love.

"What price pearls now" ful thought.

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If I go date will be about.....

My Name.....

My Business or Profession.....

My Street No. or R. F. D.....

Town..... State.....

FROM McKINLEY TO HARDIN

(Continued from Page 17)

on our hands. Let me show Lodge the plank we agreed on last Friday."

Hanna replied, "You can't trust that blankety-blank man; he will give the plank to the press."

I again said, "Let me show it to him and tell him how important it is to keep it quiet, so as not to have a silver bolt in the convention."

Hanna said, "All right, but you do it on your own responsibility."

I went to the Massachusetts headquarters, which was in the same hotel; found Lodge, introduced myself and told him I heard the tilt between him and Hanna; that he must not resent Mr. Hanna's attitude, as he had had but little sleep for a week; and then told him of the Friday meeting and showed him the plank agreed upon by the McKinley managers, and of our pledge of no publicity.

He read it and said: "Why, that plank is all right; the only change I would make is to knock out the words 'and unlimited' in the sentence 'We are opposed to the free and unlimited coinage of silver.' The two words are unnecessary."

I made the change and have the paper framed. The only words that have not faded out of the mimeograph copy are the words "gold" and "out suggestion of Lodge"—both written in pencil.

Lodge asked me for a copy.

I said, "I cannot give it to you."

He replied, "I want to show it especially to one man who is going to make a fight on the floor. I will keep it confidential."

I was weak enough to consent, and his stenographer copied it. This happened Monday morning about eleven o'clock. The evening papers of Tuesday, in St. Louis, printed a dispatch from Boston giving the contents of the plank I had handed Lodge. About six o'clock that evening I m Hanna in the hall.

He was very angry and said, "H seen the evening papers? I told y you could not trust him, and if thi ture publication causes a break McKinley ranks you are responsi

Fortunately but few saw the d as the papers did not put a display it; they were too full of local happe play up outside news. The only w side Mr. Hanna to make a prote when he read the Boston dispa Mr. M. H. De Young, owner of Francisco Chronicle.

He said California would not s the gold standard. I reminded California was more interested tective tariff on citrus fruits than i standard. The California paper the campaign that followed soft-p money question and strongly supp tariff plank.

Afterward one of the Boston ev ents told me Lodge gave him the said:

"That is what I stand for!"

He did not claim he wrote it, b later he was introduced at the Commencement exercises as the the gold plank and, as the papers "received a great ovation!"

Two or three days later Senat sent me a dispatch—which I hav me to send him a wire which he and read to his audiences tell writing of the gold plank Fri twelfth. He said, "Give me as m as you can, as other Eastern men ing authorship."

Editor's Note—This is the second articles by Mr. Kohlsaat. The next an early issue.



Mr. and Mrs. Myron T. Herrick

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MEET THE WIFE

(Continued from Page 10)

tood staring after them. "So done for," he reflected. And ament: "'Tis th' little woman s' of."

ext day, which was Wednesday, oman came to Larry's counter n in the morning. She brought er five-year-old girl, Betty, a ut, old-fashioned little creature. at, Larry—the hat." Anne led smilingly toward the tiny the milliner's art perched on head. "Betty wanted you to

ed his hands in token of deep "It takes me breath away," l. "Are thim roses, or do me me?"

lisped the little girl. She sat ight on the stool and arranged ts about her. "Please pass the she ordered.

ched, and put a generous por- er. While he filled her moth- reflected that Anne Frear's ed and unhappy. After a few entured a remark:

n Chicago, I hear."

ne Frear said. "But I expect afternoon. This is his birth- always tries to be at home for

day." Larry frowned. "Is it me see. Charlie must be

r," Anne finished. Larry "I know what you're think- le's—he's pretty young."

ed Larry slowly, "Charlie's "

nt Anne's eyes were looking ll her troubles were written rds were needed.

hed his counter furiously. g to-day, I'm thinkin'," he everywhere but at Anne he'll come home to-day. birthday, as ye say—an' th' of his directors to-morrow

!" Anne Frear's expres- d. "Oh—I didn't know—

," persisted Larry uncom- have this to say: 'Tis ars I've stood behind this an' in all that time I've sip. What I picked up I Professional secrets like, ame, say, as if I was a w—I was always fond of d me th' first day I see , an' upstandin'. An' it a'am—look out, darlin'!" near to upsetting the ice , and Larry's strong hand started the spoon on the

said Anne Frear softly. ll me ——"

say, ma'am, because poor o hint, an' feelin' as I do you, too, f'r that mat- ould warn th' lad ——" —"

ve got th' wires all laid m. To-morrow this time e job thin a rabbit."

Anne Frear sat staring ppose I ought to be sur- "but I've seen it coming alked to him, Larry, but d now—all I can think of break his heart."

im a word of warnin', dvised, "it will soften help him through—to-

hed away her drink, un-

, honey?" she said to Larry for the nice ice the amount of her check arry—Larry ——" Her g, but she smiled. "I ow. We know so many got so few real friends. ow it is. All I can say is that—you're one of

iat," smiled Larry, "ye ompany. I'm a proud e stood watching her as by through the screen ing freely, he prepared l drink.

At four o'clock that afternoon Charlie Frear breezed in. He was now the go-getter, the apostle of pep, rejuvenated by his hard business trip to Chicago.

"Listen here, Larry," he said, "I want you to do something for me. This happens to be my birthday ——"

"Manny happy returns of ——"

"Yes—thanks. Been away—just in. Here's the big news—I'm giving a birthday party up at my house to-night."

"Is that so? Have ye seen th' wife?"

"No—not yet. I invited a big bunch of people by wire from Chicago, and coming home on the train I hit on my big play. Some party I'm giving, Larry. The last word in parties round here for quite a spell, I fancy. I'm going to make such a fool of prohibition that mummies will laugh. And about my big idea—your part of it ——"

"What d'ye mean, now?"

"Big secret—won't tell anybody, not even you. But here's what I want you to do. Sam Wilsey's attending to the catering, and there'll be a bunch of waiters from the hotel. I want you to come along with them—and bring your white coat."

"Me, d'ye say? Look here, C. H., I'm too old f'r that kind of thing. Ye'll have to excuse me."

"Can't do it, Larry. It would ruin my whole scheme. Come on—you're not going to throw me down."

"Well," Larry said. He was staring at Charlie Frear, but it was Anne's unhappy face that he saw. "I'll come, C. H.," he agreed.

"That's the ticket. Be at the house at eight. The white coat, remember. See you later!"

He banged through the door and disappeared. Larry stood looking after him with puzzled eyes.

III

AT EIGHT o'clock that evening, leaving the trolley at the end of the line, Larry O'Neil set out to walk the brief remaining distance to Charlie Frear's house. Under his arm he carried a small bundle, the white coat demanded by the impetuous Charlie. He was in the district of the prosperous; great trees towered above him, neat hedges lined his path; on lawns still green despite the summer heat, sprinklers were playing. Through the dusk sounded the notes of a phonograph, the slam of a big screen door, the genial voice of a confirmed bromide demanding, "Hot enough for you to-day?"

Larry was a stranger in this neighborhood, but he knew the Frear house by sight—it was one of Reuton's show places—and he was shortly ascending its broad steps. He rang the bell and stood looking through the copper screen into a big cool hall.

A maid admitted him and as he lingered, somewhat at a loss, just inside the door Anne Frear ran down the stairs. He had never seen her looking so beautiful. She wore a gorgeous evening gown; the light shone alluringly on her blond hair and her white shoulders; she made altogether a picture that an Irishman could appreciate. Her eyes were smiling, but her face was rather pale.

"Hello," she cried. She came closer and spoke in a lower tone. "Oh, Larry ——"

"How are ye? Have ye had that talk with C. H.?" Larry asked.

"Larry—I couldn't. It would have spoiled his party. Besides—oh, I know how he'll take it from me. He'll be furious. He'll act as though it were my fault. He's not the same any more."

"But he's got to know."

"Yes, of course. But afterwards—or if he's not fit to listen then—in the morning. Oh, Larry, if I could only have stopped this party! But it was too late; he'd invited them all—and he wouldn't have stopped for me anyhow. But he's going to make things worse than ever. There won't be a chance for him after to-night."

"Why, what's he up to ——" Larry began.

He was interrupted by the arrival of C. H. himself. He was resplendent in evening clothes, and already somewhat redolent of the cup that cheers.

"Hello, Larry," he cried. "Anne, when those colored musicians get here put 'em in the library. And tell the girls to roll up those rugs in the living room and clear the

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floor. Now, Larry, I'll show you where you come in. I've got one big surprise for you." He walked to a door at the right of the hall. "Come on, Larry—this is your room, right here."

Larry followed. He stood on the threshold of what was evidently the dining room. The table had been pushed back against one wall, and along the wall opposite the door Larry beheld that which caused him to blink and question his own eyes.

"Good Lord, C. H.!" he cried.

"Do you recognize it, Larry?" Charlie Frear cried triumphantly.

"It's me old bar!" gasped Larry.

"Part of it, Larry. The middle section. I persuaded Sam Wilsey to dig it up out of the cellar and rush it up here this afternoon. That was my big idea, Larry—the one I got on the train. What do you think of it? The Wilsey House bar doing business again. Who said prohibition? We'll show 'em, Larry—we'll show 'em!"

Silently Larry followed him into the room.

"I've had it all polished up for you," Frear went on. "Look—the brass rail's on! I worried about that rail—I always thought it was fastened to the floor, but I found out this afternoon it's part of the bar. Well, live and learn, what? Where's your coat, man? Put it on—put it on!"

Still without speaking Larry changed coats. If he was somewhat lacking in enthusiasm his host failed to notice it in his own bubbling excitement.

"Get back there, Larry old man!" he cried. "Look!" He pointed to a sideboard standing behind the bar just under a long mirror, and covered with a startling array of bottles. "There's your stock—and more here underneath. Everything you had at the Wilsey House, or I'm a liar. A point of pride with me—I'll break down and cry like a child if anybody gives us an order we can't fill. But I don't think it can be done. Hot water in those boilers—see? Glasses enough—don't you think?"

"I guess so," said Larry. He went behind the bar, grasped the edge of it with his two great hands, and stood staring at Charlie Frear. It was a solemn occasion, and Charlie felt it more deeply, perhaps, than the big fellow himself. For a moment the host paid the tribute of silence.

"Attaboy," he said presently, but in a quiet, gentle tone. "The old days, Larry—the good old days are here again. They took away your job, did they? Well, Charlie Frear is giving it back to you here and now. Mix 'em up, Larry. What'll you have? We'll take a little snifter together, just to celebrate."

"I don't touch it," Larry reminded him. "Ye know that."

"Oh, yes—I know you never used to. But now that it's prohibited—now that a lot of buttinskys tell you you can't have it—surely you won't refuse now?"

"I don't care f'r anything, C. H.," Larry said. "Thank ye just th' same. What's yours?"

"Oh, I'll wait—if you won't join me. Now, Larry—here's the plan ——"

Two small figures in pajamas came running into the room, shouting for Larry O'Neil. Anne followed.

"They wouldn't go to bed without seeing you," she explained. She looked at Larry across the bar—a long look.

Strange things happen as the world rolls on. Larry blushed.

Charlie Frear lifted Betty to a seat on the polished mahogany. Beside her he placed his little son, a handsome golden-haired child of seven.

"There you are!" he cried. "How's that? Some day you can tell your grandchildren that you once sat on Larry O'Neil's bar. Eh, Larry?"

"I dinnaw," said Larry uncomfortably. "Maybe by that time th' wurruld will have something else to talk of."

The children demanded ice cream, Larry and his white coat having suggested the idea. Their father was loud in his laughter. "No ice cream here," he announced. "This is no mollycoddle bar—it's the real thing."

Larry glanced back over his shoulder at the display of bottled goods. He looked at Anne, his eyes troubled.

"Ye'll be runnin' off to bed now, like good kids," he said, turning to the children. Loud protests rose to smite the air. "Do that, to please yer mother, an' to-morrow at th' tea room I'll give ye all th' ice cream ye can eat. I will so."

Anne lifted Betty down, then the boy. "Come now—you've seen Larry—you must go upstairs. Nurse is waiting." managed to get them out of the room

"Now here's the idea," Charlie said. "I'm going to knock this bunch with my layout. When everybody's I'll line 'em all up in the hall, give you signal, and throw the portals wide. their eyes won't pop, hey? You things ready and put on your best He went to the doorway, and "Just like the old days, Larry chortled. "Everything just as it was

He went out, closing the doors him.

Still dazed, almost unbelieving, stared about him. His old bar sadly out of place in this big, exquisitely furnished room. A breeze risen, and was stirring the lovely at the windows. On the quiet lawn crickets chirped. He glanced out through the dusk a shadowy scene, the calm environment of his eyes came slowly back to his bar many colored bottles that surround He sat down on a chair and put in his hands. The world was going

From time to time he heard the arriving guests, but it was more an hour before Charlie Frear's voice him, and the doors to the dining room thrown open. Larry stood behind with his best professional smile on He saw Charlie Frear poised in the doorway, and back of him group of the leading people of Ba of whom he knew well. They credulous at first, then burst into of delight and approval that ran glasses on the bar. The next man were crowding into the room, and once, flushed and thrilled and the

"Step up, everybody," Charlie shouting above the mêlée. "I have it—the old Wilsey House Larry on the job. Happy days are Are we downhearted?" "No roared. "Name your poison." "Whisper it to the bartender. If of you to ask for a drink we can Who said prohibition now?"

He did not have to repeat his another moment Larry's good was busy with an enormous shaker, and Charlie Frear's fame was under way. The old barten himself pouring drinks for men once been his constant patrons. an instant did he feel that Charlie was true and the old days were Wilsey bar had existed to delight but here, as at his soda fountain, wives. Gray-haired matrons years back grew bitter at the mi of Larry's name now stepped dered with the loudest. Nonchalant flappers tested the firewater nounced it the best they'd had

Larry gave himself no time to went smilingly on with his job come and he was resolved to see But he glanced now and then face of C. H. Frear, and there his own broad countenance a of acute distaste.

Shortly from a distant room first low moan of the jazz. Larry's patrons fled with loud light. For a time the barbaric jungle made hideous the sum then it ceased, and the bar with eager souls who brought beautiful new thirsts. Thus the the dance floor and the bar. went on, and Larry's arm began an old pain to shoot through

Charlie Frear was everywhere his guests. "Nonsense, you anything yet. Well, what Come on, it's time for another tried that gin of mine? It eyes after that synthetic poi on. This way to the bar, plea little service!"

At midnight the waiters from House sought to tempt the ca with mere food. The bar was ment deserted. Then came Charlie, dragging Walter S Henry Frost.

"What'll it be, gentlemen? anxious to serve you. Larry, Walter and me, and a glass mineral water for Mr. Frost."

"Have a good trip to Cl cliffe asked.

"You bet I did," Frear "You know, Parkinson up the buying much from us lately.

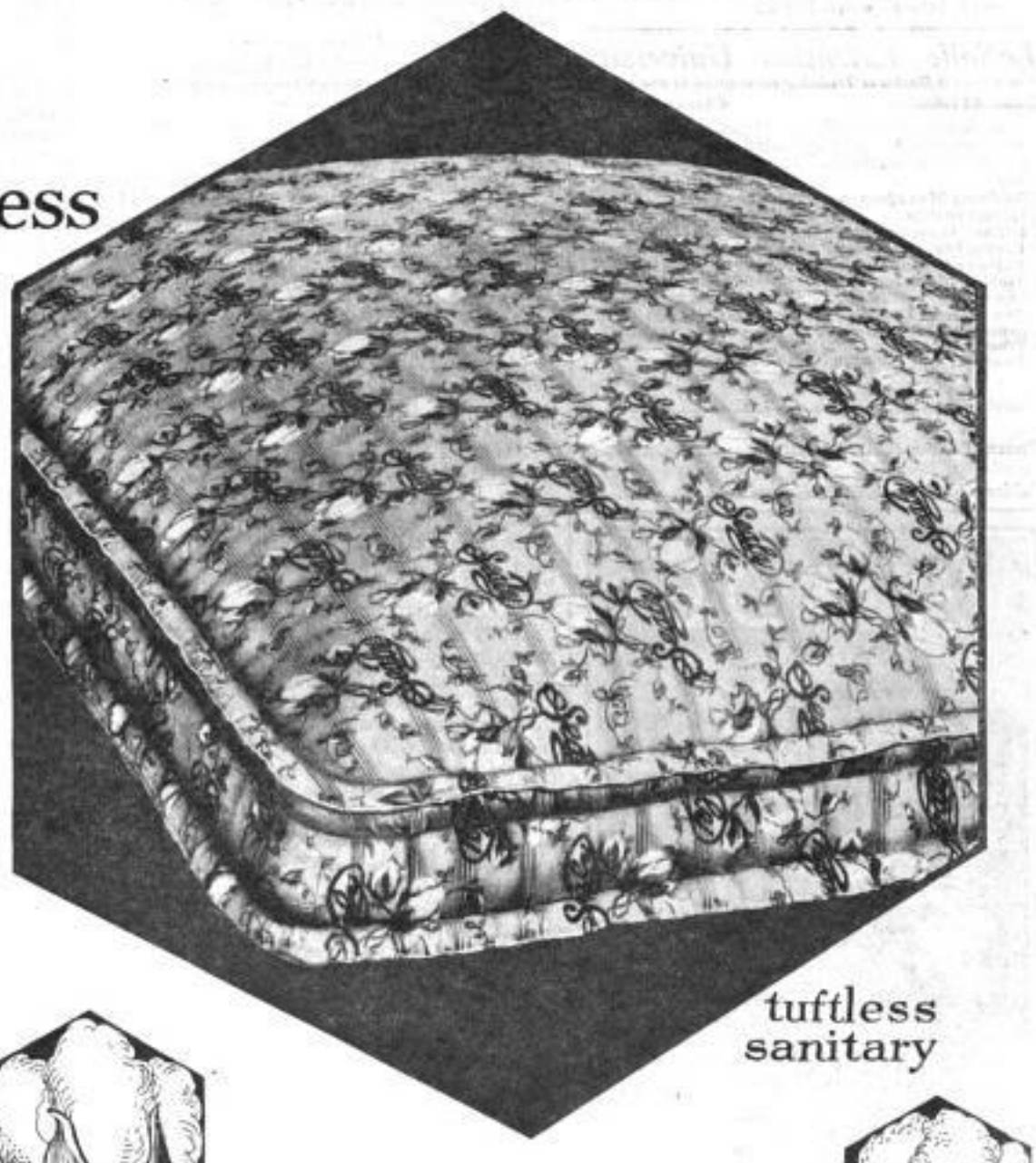
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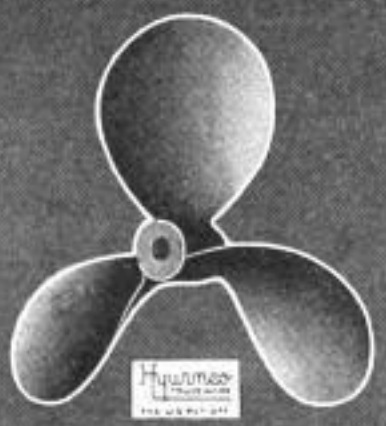
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(Continued from Page 122)

him—I got him six bottles of the finest rye whisky you ever tasted. I carried them into his office and lined them up on his desk, and I said: 'Well, how about it? Do we get your business now, or don't we?' He didn't give me a definite answer, but I guess I hooked him."

He finished off his highball with one gulp and went out. Frost and Sutcliffe looked at each other.

"Well," said Frost, "I guess Charlie can make good as a bootlegger if he should happen to lose his regular job."

Sutcliffe put down his glass and stared about the room. "I was rather sorry for him," he said. "But—I don't know. All this ——"

"Exactly," agreed old Henry Frost.

"I like a drink as well as the next man. And I suppose Charlie is just carrying all this home boozing to its logical conclusion. Still—I can't explain it—but his party won't seem so clever in the morning."

"He's a young fool," said Frost. "I've remarked on that before."

The jazz blared forth again, and the party took on new life. Larry's feet hurt more and more, the smile on his face faded and did not reappear. Mechanically he filled the orders of the revelers as they hurried in, flushed and wild eyed, from the dance floor. Now and again he reached inside his white coat and took out a huge gold watch. He was no longer young, and he thought longingly of bed.

At one o'clock Frear came in, at the head of a small group of men, among them Sutcliffe and one or two other directors of the Burkhardt Corporation. Charlie had drunk with everybody and he was pretty far gone. His eyes were glassy, his feet stumbled, and he grasped the bar to steady himself.

"'Lo, Larry. Here we are 'gin. What'll you have, boys? Tell the good ol' bartender what you'll have."

They murmured their orders, most of them; one or two slipped quietly from the room. Larry O'Neil did not move. For a long moment he stared into Charlie Frear's watery eyes.

He thought of Anne Frear and the children, and very slowly his head went up, a strange light came into his face, and he stood there like a judge or a bishop.

"Make mine the same, Larry," said Frear. "Little ol' highball."

Larry leaned across the bar and spoke slowly, impressively. "Listen here, C. H. Is it true now—d'ye want things just as they was in th' old days?"

"Why—why of course," said Frear. "Just like the old Wilsey bar."

"Ye want me to run things th' way I did there?"

"Certainly. What you talkin' 'bout?"

"All right, Charlie," Larry said. He caught and held Frear's wandering gaze. "Then I'm tellin' ye—ye've had enough!"

"What's that?"

"You heard me, I'm thinkin'. I say ye've had enough. Ye'll get no more from me!"

Charlie Frear had started back. His face became even redder than usual. "How dare you!" he cried. "You old fool! How dare you! In my own home!"

Larry's face clouded with anger. Not many men had called him names and got away with it. "Your home! That's good! If anny man had done to my home what you've done to yours this night I'd break him in two with me own hands. Your home! A home is a home, an' a bar is a bar, an' what it is ye're runnin' here I dinnaw. I do not."

"Get out!" shouted Frear.

"I'm gettin'," Larry answered, struggling with his street coat. "More thin thirty years I tended bar, a decent respectable man, an', by heaven, I'm ashamed of me work here to-night. Passin' th' stuff to young girls—what will me wife say to that? By th' Lord, I've shot a hole in me self-respect I doubt I can ever mend."

"Are you going?" Frear demanded.

"Hotfoot, me lad, hotfoot. An' I humbly beg yer pardon f'r tryin' to introduce into yer home wan of th' first rules of anny respectable bar. Good night."

In the hall he encountered Anne Frear. "Larry—what is it?" she cried. "I heard ——"

"I'm sorry, ma'am," said Larry gently. "F'r th' moment, me temper went. I'm terrible sorry—but I'm Irish an' I can't help it."

"What happened?"

"It was C. H. comin' to me f'r another drink. He's had plenty, an' I forgot meself an' told him so." He walked beside her to the door, past the living room where the jazz was screeching and mad couples danced. "Me nerves was a bit upset, ma'am. All this to-night—it don't seem right to me."

"Me either, Larry."

"I know that, ma'am."

Charlie Frear came suddenly behind them. "Say, what the devil you two talking 'bout? I want him to get out my house."

"Hush, Charlie!" Anne cried. But no one heard above the whine of the music.

"I'm goin', Charlie," Larry explained. "An' I'm sorry I lost me temper just now. I had no call to say what I did in front of yer friends, an' I admit it. But as f'r you, me lad, ye're dancin' on the brink of a volcano, an' ye'll know what I mean to-morrow at eleven o'clock."

"What's that?"

"Yer wife will tell ye. Good night."

He was pushing open the screen when he felt a hand on his arm. He looked down into Anne Frear's pale, tired face.

"Larry, will you do something for me?"

"Annything in th' wurruld, ma'am," he said.

"You tell Charlie—about the meeting to-morrow."

"But it's no business of mine," he protested.

"Look at him," said Anne Frear. "I can't tell him—he wouldn't listen. Not now. But if the news came from you ——"

"Wha's all this?" demanded the wabbly Charlie. "Want him to get out my house."

There was a small deserted reception room at the right of the big door. Larry suddenly seized Charlie Frear by the arm and propelled him inside. He slammed shut the door and faced the befuddled host of all the gayety.

"Open that door!" shouted Frear. "How dare you touch me! Open that door!"

He leaped forward, seeking to escape. Larry O'Neil seized him by the shoulders and shook him, hard.

"Listen to me!" he began. He considered briefly; any preliminaries, he knew, would be wasted, but a smashing statement of fact might surprise Frear into a moment of comprehension. "Listen to me, my lad. To-morrow mornin' at eleven o'clock they kick ye out of th' Burkhardt Corporation!"

Charlie Frear blinked. "What? What say?"

"I say ye're through out at th' plant. Everything's all set. They vote ye out in th' mornin'."

"That's a lie!" said Frear promptly.

"No, it's truth." Frear's attention was wandering; Larry shook him again. "You an' me used to be friends, Charlie, good friends, an' I'm tryin' to be yer friend now. Outside yer own family I'm th' best friend ye got in this house to-night. That bunch out there—they'll drink yer booze an' dance to yer music, but not wan is man enough to tell you what I'm tellin' you now—that they got th' cards all stacked again' ye, an' out ye go."

"But they can't do it," protested Frear.

"You watch thim. Think, man, think. Have ye had no signs of it? They carry insurance on yer life, don't they? A hundred-thousand-dollar policy. Before ye went on this last trip ye left orders f'r th' premium to be paid."

"Yes—yes—I did."

"Was it paid, then?"

"No—I found out this afternoon. It's held over for the board meeting."

"An' why? I'll tell ye. Because th' whole town is laughin' at that policy. Because they say ye ain't worth a nickel to annybody.

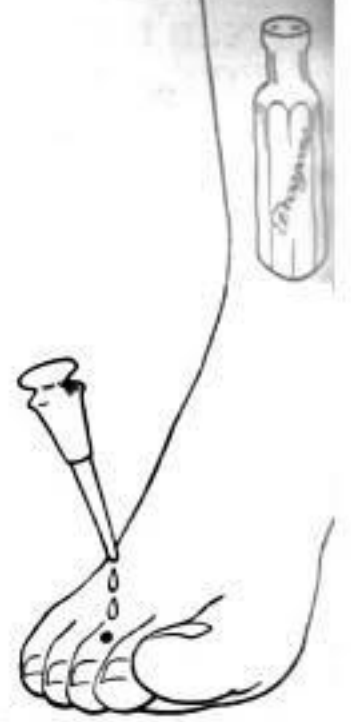
"I'm goin' to tell ye wan or two things, me boy. In yer own mind ye're a business giant, a big man. In th' minds of everybody else in Reuton ye're nothin' but a big joke."

"See here ——"

"Let me finish, Charlie. You was a bright boy once. President before ye was thirty. An' then good times come along, an' they was bad times f'r you. Ye got started on th' wrong foot. Th' big drop followed, as it always does, an' thim that had been through it before took off their coats an' got busy. Come back to earnin'—that was th' big idea. Some cud an' some cudn't. You was one that cudn't. It's like some fellow said about ye—I forget

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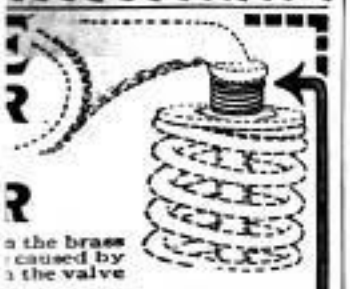


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who, sure they're all discussin' ye. 'Charlie Frear,' he says—'poor old Charlie,' he says, 'he's wint so far down Easy Street he can't get back.'"

Larry paused. Frear said nothing, but stood staring at him wonderingly.

"Is it all news to ye, boy?" Larry went on. "Sure, it hadn't ought to be. Prosperity derailed ye an' now prohibition is finishin' up th' wreck. 'A victim of th' times,' somebody called ye. I mind me who that was—old Henry Frost. Henry won't renew thim notes in th' mornin' unless they throw ye out."

Frear brushed his hand across his eyes. "Oh, so that's it, is it?" he said. "I'm finished, then. Done for." He looked at Larry helplessly. "And it'll kill me in this town. I'll have to start all over somewhere else."

"Well, I've warned ye," Larry said gently. "Ye won't go into that meetin' to-morrow unsuspectin', which is th' way they want ye to come into it. Keep yer own counsel to-night. I always thought ye was a smart boy, Charlie. Maybe there's a way."

Frear shook his head. "I'm afraid not. But I appreciate what you've done."

"Forget it." Larry opened the door; the rush of hot smoky air, the insult of the jazz, struck them full in the face.

"Good night, Larry," said Frear.

"Good night, Charlie. An' I'm sorry if I was a bit rough with ye—in there whin ye asked f'r that drink."

"Oh, that. Good Lord, Larry, that was always a rule of the bar."

An hour later the last of the guests departed, mumbling incoherent phrases that seemed intended as approval for the evening's diversion. Charlie Frear stood in the hallway, facing his wife.

"Well, that's that," he said wearily. "Our last party in this town, Anne."

"Larry told you?"

"Yes—he told me a lot of things. What hurts me, Anne, is that not one of these people was kind enough to tip me off. But then—they think I'm endangering their dividends. They pretend to be friends, but they have no use for me really. They'll show me no mercy."

"What are you going to do, Charlie?"

"I don't know. Take my medicine, I suppose. I'd like to stay up a while and think—if I can. Is there any coffee left?"

"I'll see."

"I just had three cups. I'd like a few more—black."

She brought it to him in the library, kissed him and left him to his thoughts. Long, long thoughts they proved to be. Dawn was creeping across his garden when he finally went upstairs. He lay down on the couch in his dressing room, only partially undressed, and slept for two hours. The sun was shining brightly when he rose, took a cold shower, donned a gray flannel suit, and went downstairs again.

Fortunately they possessed a small screened veranda for the first meal of the day; so it was not necessary to face the wreckage in the dining room. Charlie was silent at breakfast, but it was not the sullen silence of his usual mornings after. His manner was detached, but kindly.

"I believe I'll walk down to the office," he said when they rose from the table. Anne accompanied him into the hall. As they passed the dining room he nodded. "I'll send an express man for that right away."

Anne said nothing. On the porch he turned and looked at her.

"I've been an awful fool, Anne," he said. "You had a lot of faith in me once. Have you an atom of it left?"

She looked anxiously into his eyes. Suddenly her anxiety faded, replaced by a happy smile. "All the faith in the world," she said. "And, Charlie—whatever happens this morning—it won't matter to me."

He kissed her. "Anne, you're a wonder. It won't matter so much to me either—now."

IV

ABOUT the long table in the directors' room the air was tense and expectant. Walter Sutcliffe, as chairman, sat at the table's head, and the president sat at his right hand. Charlie Frear was alert and smiling, but at moments when no one was watching him he studied the faces gathered about the board. They were stern and uncompromising. He also studied another face, that of old Henry Frost, who sat apart from the rest in a chair by the wall. Mr. Frost was not a director, but had been invited to the meeting owing to the notes he held. Years of dyspepsia and of banking made it rather difficult to discover any pleasant omen in that cast-iron countenance.

The preliminaries of the meeting were over, and the financial statement for the fiscal year had been read and approved. The latter showed that business was gaining a bit, but it also revealed the fact that there were no funds to meet the notes held by the Reuton Trust Company. These must be renewed.

Mason, the treasurer, stood up. He was a lean nervous man in whom most human feeling had long ago evaporated. He held a document in his hand.

"Gentlemen, I have here an insurance policy on the life of our president. It was taken out, you may recall, several years ago. The policy will lapse in three days, unless the annual premium of sixteen hundred odd-dollars is paid. I have been asked to consult the directors on this point ——"

"Mister Chairman!" Charlie Frear was on his feet, smiling about him. "Pardon me, Mason, but I want to make a motion. I move that this policy be permitted to lapse, and in three days torn up and thrown into a wastebasket."

"Second the motion," said a voice from the other end of the table promptly.

A vote was taken, and the proposition carried unanimously. Charlie Frear remained standing, still smiling, apparently unconcerned.

"I'd like to say a few words, if I may." The chairman nodded. "Some of you may be a bit surprised at my action in this matter. I took that action for the good of the company. I understand that this policy has become one of the town's pet jokes. And I'm not surprised. A hundred thousand dollars! Perhaps the man insured was worth that to you once, but for the past year or two his value has been steadily declining."

They stared at him, amazed. He continued to smile.

"I happen to know," he went on, "that you have met here to-day to vote your president out of office. And I know, too—no man knows better—how justified you will be in such an action. I'm afraid I can't quite explain what happened to this fellow." He stopped smiling and stood for a moment looking seriously at the table. "When you put him on the job five years ago you had great faith in him. And for a time he made good. Then the big boom came, and it ruined him as it ruined others. When it was over he was a lost soul. He was on the primrose path, traveling fast. Going on down Easy Street—on and on—too far gone ever to get back.

"For the past two years he has been the biggest bluff in town. Buzzing round like an insect in a bottle, making a great noise, getting nowhere. Off on trips most of the time. Had a suite reserved by the year in a New York hotel, and another in Chicago. I may tell you that he canceled both these reservations by wire this morning. But that is neither here nor there; the point is that when most of your employes took cuts in salary and redoubled their efforts to earn their money your president stayed on at the old figure and failed to earn a third of it. He made a great fuss, kicked up a lot of dust, but between us here, the only really big deals he's put over in months have been with bootleggers."

He paused. No one made a move or sought to interrupt.

"Your president," Charlie Frear continued, "has a contract with you at the absurd figure of thirty thousand a year. That contract has still eighteen months to run. Some of you may be worried about it. You needn't be." He took a paper from his pocket and tearing it twice across, tossed it into a wastebasket. "There it goes, gentlemen. You have my resignation and I congratulate you. The company is now in better shape than it has been for two years or more."

"Charlie," said Sutcliffe, "just a moment ——"

"Please"—Charlie's smile returned, and it was always a winning one—"I've not quite finished. Last night, gentlemen, I had a talk with an old friend of yours—a man you used to be fond of—a man you had great faith in—the Charlie Frear you put on this job five years ago. We talked until morning. And he told me how he'd made a horrible fool of himself of late, and how he'd just waked up to it. He said he had no intention of begging or pleading or bowing himself in the dust, but that more than anything in the world he wanted a



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crack at his old job. He swore he could make good, and I believe he was right. He promised me faithfully that he was done with the bluffing and noise. And as for the booze —— 'Well, it's like this,' he said: 'A bartender just told me I've had enough, and when a bartender tells you that, it's time to stop. Because you've had expert advice.'"

Some of the faces about the table were smiling now in a friendly way, and Charlie Frear looked about him with a new confidence.

"You're in the market for a president," he finished. "I offer you the old Charlie Frear. I offer Charlie Frear stripped of his nonsense and pretensions. No other man could possibly have his incentive to make good on the job. I offer him at the reasonable salary of ten thousand a year. Will you give him a trial? It's up to you."

He sat down. For a moment no one spoke.

"Well, gentlemen, if you ask my opinion," said Sutcliffe finally, "that was a man's-size speech. I don't know how the rest of you feel about it, but for my part I'd be mighty glad to have the old Charlie Frear back at the head of this company." Several of them nodded vigorously. "But of course there is the matter of our notes, held by the Reuton Trust. We are forced to ask for a renewal. Mr. Frost ——"

They all turned and looked at the banker, sitting immobile against the wall, his poker face without expression of any sort.

"Perhaps I may point out to Mr. Frost," Charlie Frear said, "that it would be difficult to persuade anyone else to take the position at the figure I've named. If this man gets away with his job the company will have effected a rather important saving in overhead."

Old Henry Frost put his hand into his pocket and took out a small bottle. He removed therefrom a couple of soda mints and inserted them between his thin lips. "I'll renew for three months," he announced. "Of course what you do is no business of mine, but I suggest you give him a contract for the same term. We'll see if he really means it."

"I mean it," said Charlie Frear promptly.

"Yes, Charlie, I guess you do," answered the old man, and came as near to smiling as his tortured stomach would permit.

Half an hour later Charlie Frear had Anne on the telephone.

"Anne—I just wanted you to know—everything's all right. I've got another chance."

"What? What is it? Charlie, I can't hear a word."

"I say, the directors are good scouts, Anne. Just like you. They've given me another chance. It's all settled."

"Oh, Charlie—really? That's wonderful! I couldn't hear you at first—they were making such a noise. The expressmen, I mean. They've just taken that—that thing in the dining room."

"Oh," said Charlie Frear. "Oh, have they? Say, I'm mighty glad that's out!"

▼

LATE in November, Bill Terriss came back to Reuton on another business trip. It was 9:30 in the evening before he found time to drop into the W[illard] Room. Larry greeted him w[ith] thusiasm.

"Well, if it ain't Mr. Terriss. S[ir] a stranger in these parts. An' business, sir?"

"Oh, it seems to be picking at th[e] let. How's trade with you?"

"Booming, sir. Just get in?"

"Been here since morning, but t[his] first chance I've had to shake h[ands] Larry, it's pretty chilly to-night. I'll have one of your toddies."

"I'm afraid ye got another thin[g] sir. What say to a hot chocol[ate] delicious."

"Oh, all right. But in heaven[s] none of that sickish whipped c[ream] top."

Larry took a cup and filled it. "[As] ye are, sir. 'Twill make a new m[an]"

"Yes, it will," answered Terriss [im]pressively.

"By the way, I was out at the [Ch]plant this afternoon and they t[old] Charlie Frear has seen a great [de]Working his head off at a reduc[ed] and as for the booze ——"

"As f'r th' booze," Larry [in]smilingly, "he's wan of me regu[lars] last night he come in here with Mrs. Frear ordered wan of me you know ——"

"I know," shuddered Terriss. "[I] one once."

"An' Charlie says, 'Make [it] same,' he says. An' he got [it] Mr. Terriss, sir—down to th' l[ast] drop. Now I ask ye—cud a c[hild] do that?"

"He could not," said Terriss. "I'm glad to hear it. I always li[ked] Frear. But I wonder what h[as] him."

"I wonder," mused Larry. [He] the counter thoughtfully. "M[ay]me face gettin' long an' solemn. Is there a white ribbon sprig buttonhole? Is there a white ne[ck]me third chin?"

Terriss stared at him. "I [had] rumor," he admitted. "G[ood] Larry—you don't mean ——"

Larry laughed. "Well," he [will] take it up—f'r wan night only. quite a little talk on temperance or two that heard it thought it might have kept on in th' pro[per] Lord knows th' way things is plenty to do. However, I decid[ed] on me laurels."

Terriss threw back his head [and] "Well, I'm a Chinaman! L[arry] have certainly changed. The [old] side down."

"You've said it, sir," Larry [re]street door opened and a small neatly dressed woman entered. two tall, handsome young men cried Larry, "'tis Bridget an[d] th' kids. They been havin' a [day] th' movies."

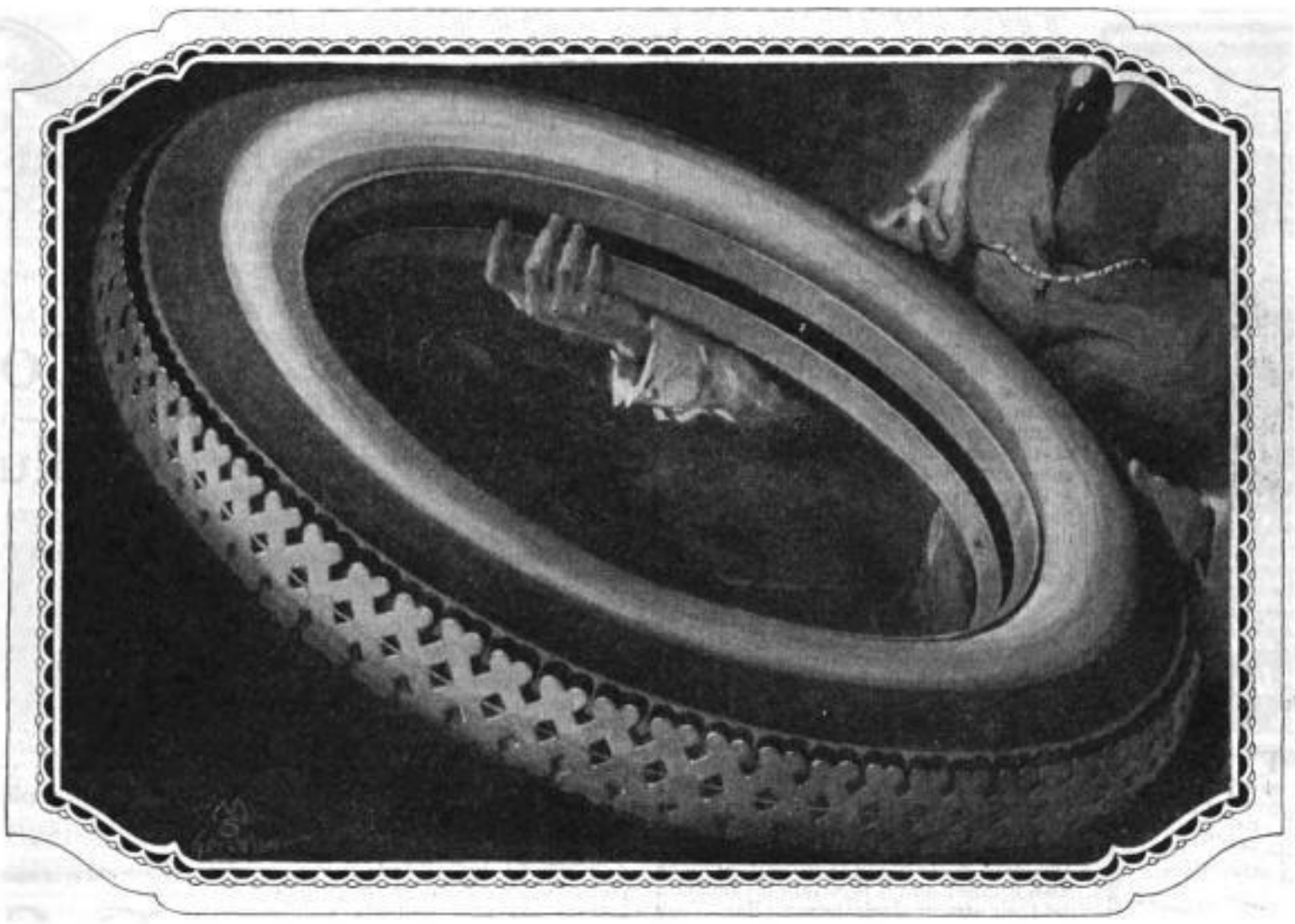
The woman advanced [to] counter. Larry stood erect and hand—a proud gesture. "Mr. [Terriss] he said, "meet th' wife!"



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Lake St. Mary and Sun Mountain, Glacier National Park

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THE INSIDE STORY OF THE A.E.F.

(Continued from Page 23)

German territory as would place an American division at Mayence and as assigns two French divisions to my Army of Occupation."

The Allied commander in chief acceded to this demand, and the American Army of Occupation preserved its entity. As a consequence we were deprived of half of our bridgehead, it being taken over by our friends despite strong protest against this particular action.

On its march to the German frontier the American Army occupied Luxemburg, and afterwards left two divisions there for the purpose of guarding the lines of communication of the army on the Rhine. This occupation proved a ticklish business, one of the most delicate problems that had come up for solution.

Intense rivalry existed between France and Belgium for possession of the little duchy. It had separated from Belgium in 1839, although Luxemburg deputies continued to sit in the Belgian Parliament for two years more; and in Northern Luxemburg popular sentiment undoubtedly favored annexation to Belgium. Opposed to this was a strong sentiment elsewhere for an alliance with France. Indeed this alliance appealed to the majority of the population, including the Liberals, the members of the economic-reform movement, and the Intellectuals.

As soon as the Allies had won the war Luxemburg became a hotbed of political intrigue. It was reported that the French sent five hundred officers into the Grand Duchy to create public sentiment for union with France; and it is certain the Belgians did their utmost along the same line. They planned a visit by King Albert to the duchy, he being immensely popular there. The annexationists encountered the opposition of the conservatives in Luxemburg, who wished to preserve the *status quo*, and also of the bourgeoisie, who were ambitious of overthrowing the ducal government and setting up a republic—but an independent republic, and not a dependency of a more powerful neighbor.

The Belgians wanted to send a regiment into Luxemburg. They wished for restoration of the duchy to them precisely as Alsace-Lorraine had been restored to France. They wanted Luxemburg, with or without a plebiscite. The Allied commander in chief deflected their move to place a regiment in the country.

The Army That Struck

France planned to get the duchy for herself. Luxemburg was in the zone of the American Army, where it was placed by Marshal Foch, but Foch selected the city of Luxemburg for his Great Headquarters, and sent a French regiment there as a guard for himself. He also designated a French officer as *commandant d'armes* and gave him authority over all postal traffic, circulation by rail and highways, and so on—all this in the American zone. Marshal Foch capped this with a proclamation to the people of Luxemburg.

On December twenty-third General Pershing informed the Allied commander in chief that he could not agree to the arrangements made for the occupation of Luxemburg. It was a neutral state, and the city of Luxemburg was in the American zone of occupation; yet a French *commandant d'armes* controlled postal traffic and circulation by rail and highways, and the French had called upon American troops to intervene in some local disturbances.

Pershing pointed out that the American Army had no business interfering in local political conflicts.

Speaking of local disturbances, the Luxemburg Army provided one that would have been a knockout in opera bouffe. They went on a strike. On the night of December nineteenth the whole gang paraded the streets, singing and shouting. This demonstration was in support of their demands for more pay, less German discipline, and one day off a week. Their leaders reported that the French commandant gave them permission to strike so long as they did not kill anyone.

It did seem unfortunate, coming on top of the entire absence of American troops in any part of Alsace-Lorraine, and at any of the celebrations in the regained provinces, that Marshal Foch should decide to send a French regiment to Luxemburg as his personal guard. General Pershing had given assurances that he would be happy to provide an American guard for Marshal Foch; and the fact that American troops were occupying the greater part of the duchy made very conspicuous the Allied commander in chief's action in introducing a French regiment as his guard in this region. The step in itself was not important, but as a move in French policy it carried much significance.

Pershing's Proclamation

On the entry of American troops into Luxemburg, General Pershing issued the following proclamation:

"To the people of Luxemburg—After four years of invasion Luxemburg is now happily liberated. Your freedom from German occupation was exacted of the invaders by the American and Allied armies as a condition of the present armistice. It now becomes necessary for American troops to pass through Luxemburg and to establish and maintain for a time their communications upon your territory.

"The American troops have come to Luxemburg as friends and will conduct themselves here strictly in accordance with international law. No hardship need be expected from their presence, which will not be extended beyond what is deemed strictly necessary. Your government and institutions will nowhere be interfered with. You will be undisturbed in the peaceful pursuit of your lives and occupations. Your persons and your property will be fully respected. It will be necessary for the American Army to utilize certain buildings, railroads, telegraph and telephone lines, and possibly other public works, for shelter, transportation or communication; but beyond that, whatever supplies may be required will be paid for at a just valuation.

"It is assumed that you will commit no aggressions upon the American Army and will not give any information, aid or comfort to its enemies. You are expected cheerfully to observe such rules as the American military commanders may find it necessary to make for the safety of their troops and your own protection."

The American Third Army continued its march toward the Rhine on December first, and two divisions of the Second Army were placed in Luxemburg to guard lines of communication. As I have said before, though lying in the American zone the city of Luxemburg was excluded by Marshal Foch from American control. And in a note dated December fourteenth the Allied commander in chief conferred upon General de Latour, the French *commandant d'armes* in the city of Luxemburg, control of all troops in the grand duchy so far as concerned a decree Foch had issued for the administration of the little country. This decree contained minute restrictions on the inhabitants; in view of their friendly attitude the Americans considered these restrictions wholly unnecessary and gratuitously provocative.

Moreover, this dual authority raised many complications, and threatened more. Foch's decree actually gave a French general control over American troops in administering affairs within a neutral state, a condition which could not be tolerated of course. Orders were issued to the American commanders to take no orders from General de Latour, and notification was sent to Marshal Foch that the American commander in chief did not recognize any necessity for his decree and could not accept it.

Pershing to Foch, on January 12, 1919:

"The President considers that it is both unnecessary and undesirable to publish any further decree to the people of Luxemburg. He agrees with me that the Army of the United States is threatened with no danger from Luxemburg. If, therefore, you should consider it indispensable to publish a further decree concerning Luxemburg, the President would deem it most advisable, in the interests of all concerned, that all American combat troops be withdrawn from the Grand Duchy.

"I trust that you will find it possible to postpone the publication of your proposed decree. But if you deem it indispensable to publish the proposed decree, I must request that you make such decisions as to



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the troops to replace American units as will enable me to withdraw all American combat troops from the territory of the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg at the earliest possible date. . . . I infer . . . that you are of opinion that the withdrawal of American troops is likely to be misinterpreted. I can see no reason why such a result should occur—any more than in the case of the change of boundary which excluded all of Lorraine from the American zone in order to avoid difficulties resulting from the difference in points of view."

The Allied commander in chief then sought to secure acceptance of the principle of French control by so modifying details as to make it almost unrecognizable. This trick of sugar-coating the pill has been developed into a science in Europe, but inasmuch as they employ such methods a good deal, one who has had any experience readily recognizes the dose. Pershing stood firm; refused to accept the French arrangement in any form or under any guise.

Considerable correspondence resulted and several conferences were held. During a conversation on January twentieth the American commander in chief told Marshal Foch that Luxemburg was regarded by the American Government as an independent neutral state, possessing the right to administer its own people, and consequently the American Government could not acquiesce in the restrictions Foch had laid down.

Foch was much exercised over the possibility of the withdrawal of American troops from the grand duchy. This would be, in his opinion, a very serious step, because it would tend to spread the belief that the French authorities were carrying out in the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg activities in which the Americans declined to have any part.

Sittin' Pretty

General Pershing replied that this belief was one which a great many people held already.

A long discussion ensued, at the end of which the marshal announced he had abandoned the idea of publishing a new decree concerning circulation, postal traffic, and so on. And a few days later—on January twenty-fifth—he agreed to include the whole of Luxemburg in the American zone.

Meanwhile our Army of Occupation was sittin' pretty, as the doughboys say. It held the bridgehead of Coblenz, and its elements were scattered throughout a fair fat land, from a few miles beyond the Rhine back through Treves to Luxemburg and France. When it marched into Germany this army numbered close to 450,000 men, and it would have been impossible to find a force of similar size with finer discipline or imbued with a keener fighting spirit. They followed close on the heels of the retreating Germans; once or twice, units of the enemy were seen on the other side of a river or canal, legging it homeward in gladsome relief, the soldiers sporting flowers in their helmets and singing as they marched. The boys eyed them curiously and grinned.

In order to impress the Germans with their triumph, the French made triumphal entries into cities not held by their troops, but lying within the zones of their Allies. Shortly after the Americans got established in Coblenz, where the Third Army headquarters was located, a French unit came steaming up the Rhine, with ruffle of drums and blaring of many bugles. It was an inspiring sight; the French stage such spectacles admirably.

The Word That Never Came

They landed close to the Coblenzer-Hof, near Dickman's headquarters, and paraded through the principal streets of the city with band playing and flags flung to the breeze. Some of the population lined the streets to watch—chiefly the young, drawn by curiosity. It is to be hoped the impression was commensurate with the effort put forth to obtain it, for this sortie into the American zone sat illy on the average doughboy's stomach. He is not especially keen on parade stuff and he sized this up as a political maneuver. The French had a perfect right to impress the Germans with their defeat—but why did they horn into American territory to do it? Both in occupied Germany and back in France, where our divisions were departing for home as fast as they could obtain the transportation, the nationalities grew farther apart. The instant the removal of a common danger lessened the need of united action, the interests of each country dominated its attitude and the viewpoint of its people. It has always been that way.

For a while during the peace conference in Paris it looked as though the Germans might balk at the terms and refuse to sign. Few among the Allies—or among the Germans themselves, for that matter—realized then the utter helplessness to which the once mighty empire had been reduced. Preparations were made for a further advance into Germany to compel acceptance of the treaty. It was generally understood that the French were eager for a German refusal in order that their armies might occupy additional territory. From the time of the armistice the French had pressed for

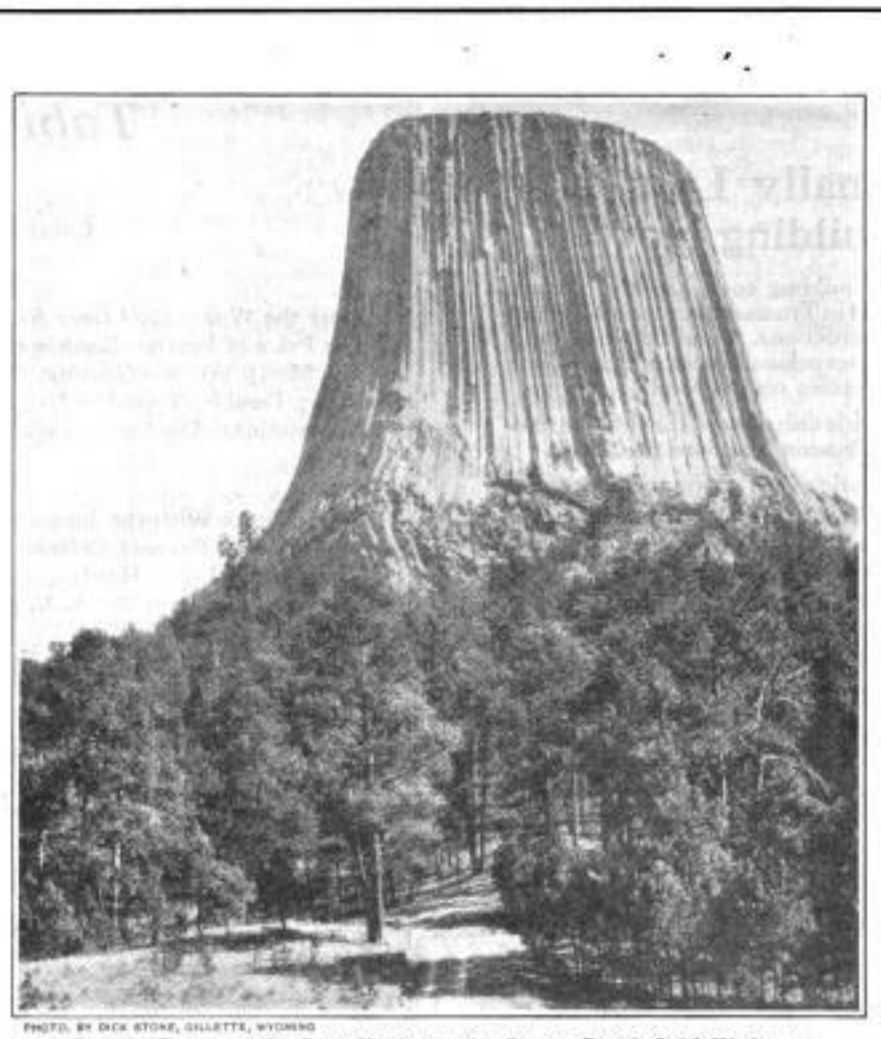


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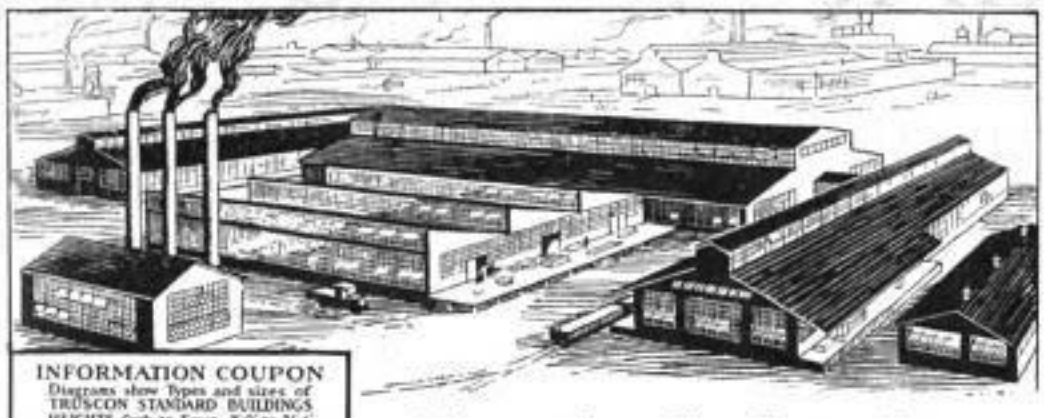
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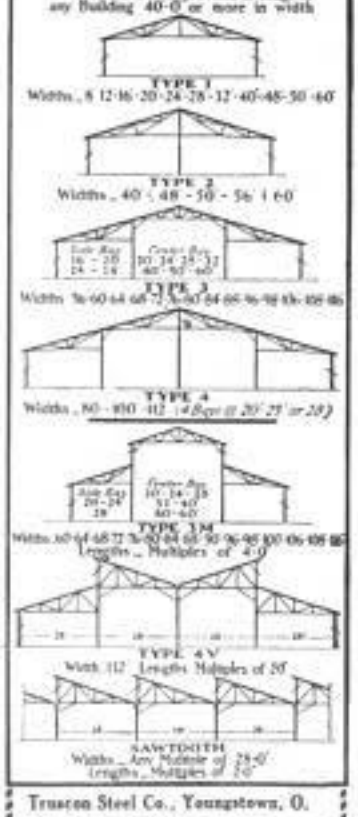
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more drastic conditions of peace than Great Britain, Italy and the United States were prepared to countenance, and if a deeper advance into the beaten country were made France might gain the precious Ruhr region and even establish the Rhine as her frontier.

All the armies were set to go—French, British, American and Belgian—and they momentarily expected the word. It never came, because the Germans knuckled under, but it is of interest to know that President Wilson was not prepared to let Marshal Foch decide this momentous question for American participation. On April twenty-fifth he told General Bliss that the American commander in chief should make no movement of any kind looking toward a further occupation of Germany unless instructions to that end were given him by the President in person, and not through Marshal Foch.

America's attitude toward French efforts to exploit its help was ably defined in a conversation between an American and a French officer. Speaking unofficially the American urged on the Frenchman that a mistake was being made in handling the Franco-American relations. In his opinion this mistake would bear heavily on France. The United States had nothing to ask of France; on the other hand, France had much to seek from America. If advantage were taken of American altruism and generosity the French might go far in winning help and sympathy from the United States. On the other hand, if the French did not take the Americans into their confidence, said the American—if they tried to fool the Americans, to use them and exploit them for political purposes—they would find people of another sort to deal with, people unsurpassed in shrewdness.

Our officer intimated that American resentment was bound to be stirred should Marshal Foch utilize his position as Allied commander in chief to play the game of French politicians.

The French officer answered that he would think this conversation over very carefully.

The return of the troops to the United States presented a difficult problem.

"The armistice suddenly and completely reversed the problem of the Services of Supply at the ports, and the [illegible] troops," reported General Pershing. "It became necessary immediately to [illegible] the machinery of the ports, to [illegible] large embarkation camps, and [illegible] an extensive service for embarking homeward-bound troops."

The principal ports of embarkation were Brest, St.-Nazaire and Bordeaux. To these were added Marseilles and Le Havre a little later in order to utilize the Italian and French liners. At Brest the camps had accommodation for 55,000 men, at St. Nazaire 44,000 and at Bordeaux 130,000. The winter of 1918–19 was very inclement and consequently the construction of the embarkation camps was rendered extremely difficult; and it happened that [illegible] ships had to be handled at Brest where the least shelter was available. In order to take care of the flow of arriving troops an embarkation center was established in the Mans area capable of accommodating 230,000 men. From there the troops could easily be fed to Brest and St.-Nazaire for shipping became available.

The divisions went home more rapidly than those familiar with the situation had thought possible. It seemed an interminable wait to impatient doughboys, but the return of 2,000,000 men within [illegible] stands as a remarkably creditable performance.

President Wilson had decided that at least one regiment with the Army of occupation in Germany; as fast as [illegible] could be moved the divisions of the [illegible] were transported home. The last [illegible] to reach France was the last [illegible] home—the First Division, which [illegible] leased August fifteenth.

General Pershing returned [illegible] lead these veterans of his [illegible] nobody who saw that parade [illegible] get the thrill of it. New York [illegible] thunderous welcome. We [illegible] mendous fuss over him and the [illegible] That is always our way—and [illegible] about our business.

Possibly this short history [illegible] in Europe will induce a [illegible] attitude toward war in all [illegible] hope so. That was my intent.

Editor's Note—This is the last of [illegible] cles by Mr. Pattullo.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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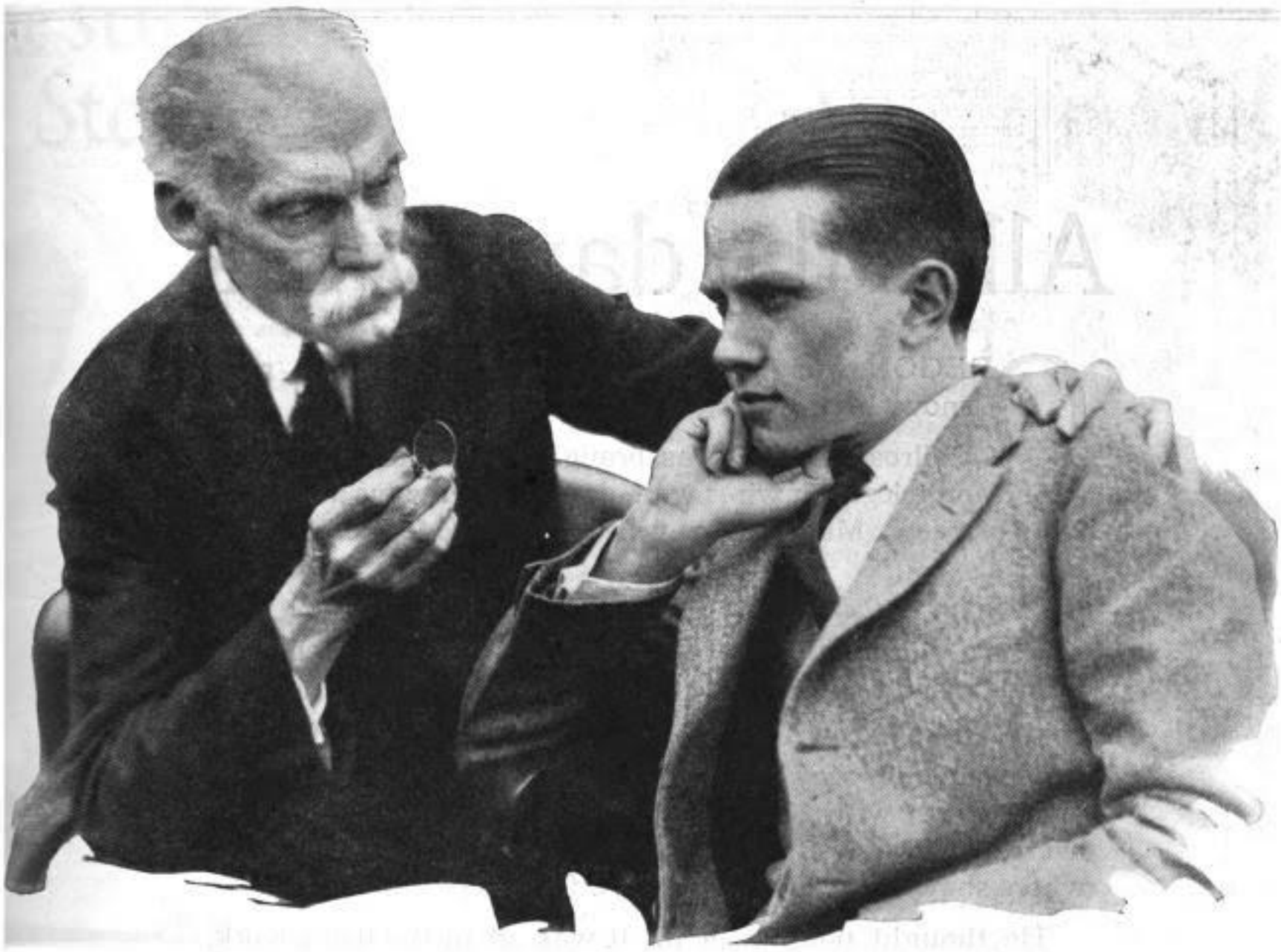
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"Don't wait until it's too late"

was your age, Tom, I was just where today. I had what was then considered ob in Black & Turner's Accounting De- friends predicted great things for me. mother and I were married and pretty to need more money. But when I salary question with the head of the told me frankly that the firm was ny work was worth.

on, it was a bad night when I brought to your mother.

the same way ever since. Man after advanced over my head while I have ng.

ir old friends have grown away from could not keep pace with them. I le to send you to college . . . And our mother has been patient and un-

it is that a single word would have le life!

hat was all I needed.

ch energy and ambition and as good f the men who went ahead of me, but jobs opened up I wasn't equipped to

ntil it's too late, Tom. My own life nt story if some one had only talked to oung as I am talking to you today."

of 40 or 50 what he would do if he go back and start over and he will would study his work.

n speak from experience. They know it becomes harder and harder for even moderate success without spe-

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All in the day's work

OREGON was having a bad spell of weather—rain, snow, high water, winds.

Railroad service was brought to a standstill. Telephone and telegraph wires were down. Highways and roads were blocked. Many towns were isolated. Meat foods were needed.

A Swift salesman, on his rounds, got caught in a slide on the Columbia River Highway. He was compelled to abandon his machine. But he did not sit down and wait for clear weather.

He made his way back to Portland in a small boat, loaded another boat with 20,000 pounds of Swift's products, and delivered them to his customers all along the Columbia River, where snow lay from three to five feet deep.

He thought nothing of it. It was all in the day's work. Any Swift man would have done the same. That is what Swift Service means to all of our salesmen. The duty of serving his customers was a serious responsibility that he had to meet.

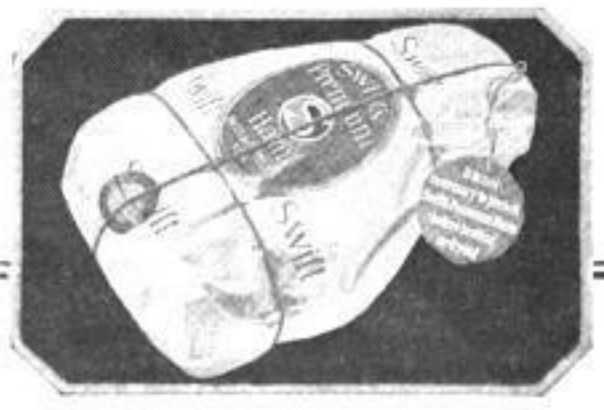
We feel that Swift's meats—"Premium" Ham, "Premium" Bacon, and also Brookfield Butter and Eggs—must be delivered, whether or no, to your dealers all over the country who depend on us to keep them supplied with meat.

In our packing plants, traffic departments, branch houses; in the office, among traveling salesmen; from one end of the organization to the other, there is this same responsibility of service, this same matter-of-fact, taken-for-granted faithfulness to a trust and a responsibility to find a way out of any difficulties which may seem to prevent the daily service to our customers.

Swift & Company, U.S.A.

Founded 1868

A nation-wide organization owned by more than 45,000 shareholders



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ıe sturdiest and fastest Stock Car I have ever driven to date"

Howdy Wilcox



On Thursday, March 9, 1922, I drove a strictly stock Haynes 75 Speedster over the Indianapolis Motor Speedway course, at Indianapolis, Indiana, for a distance of TWENTY-FIVE (25) MILES. *I attained speeds ranging from seventy-four (74) to eighty (80) miles an hour. The speeds were clocked officially by the Indianapolis Motor Speedway electric timing machine. In my opinion, the Haynes-built 75 six-cylinder engine is a remarkable stock motor. It has the necessary speed, stamina and get-away to meet the requirements of the most exacting motorist, and at topmost speed it showed a decided lack of motor vibration. It is the sturdiest and fastest stock sport car I have ever driven to date.*

(Signed) "HOWDY" WILCOX

car, world's speed
er of the Indian-
reedway 500-mile
ance.

75 *miles an hour if you want it with your* HAYNES 75 SPEEDSTER

TAKEN right out of stock, driven over country roads to Indianapolis, put through this rigid test under official methods on the famous Indianapolis Motor Speedway, the Haynes 75 Speedster, driven by Howard Wilcox, made this remarkable record.

This test proved not only the stamina of the powerful new Haynes-built 75 motor, but the unsurpassed value of Haynes engineering and construction principles. It showed beyond a doubt the worth of the twenty-eight years' automobile-building experience of the Haynes organization. It is convincing proof to every present and future owner of a new, improved Haynes 75 Speedster that he has a car which possesses all the reserve power, strength and dependability he can ask.

It shows to the owner of any model of Haynes car the underlying principles of its construction, for all Haynes cars are designed and built by the same men in the same big Haynes plant at Kokomo. Each Haynes is more than 95% Haynes-built.

The Haynes 75 Speedster is just the type of lithe-looking, low, rakish, speedy car that appeals to the sport lover. Individual steps, two extra wheels, snappy fittings, individual fenders—in every detail it is a thoroughbred. Your reservation should be made at once. Your nearest Haynes dealer will show you this car.

$2395 F. O. B. FACTORY



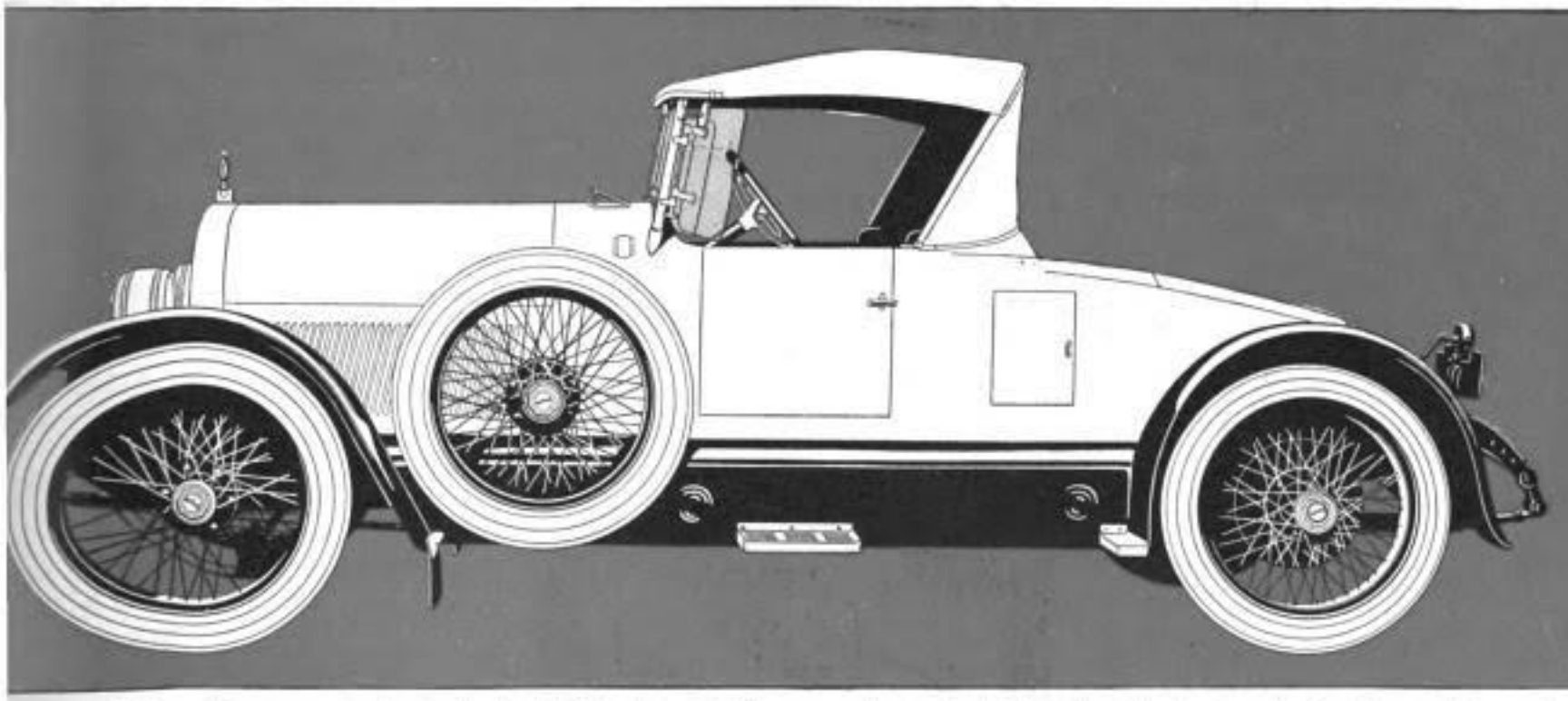
*ast speed of more than eighty
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Wilcox making a sharp curve
napolis Motor Speedway.*



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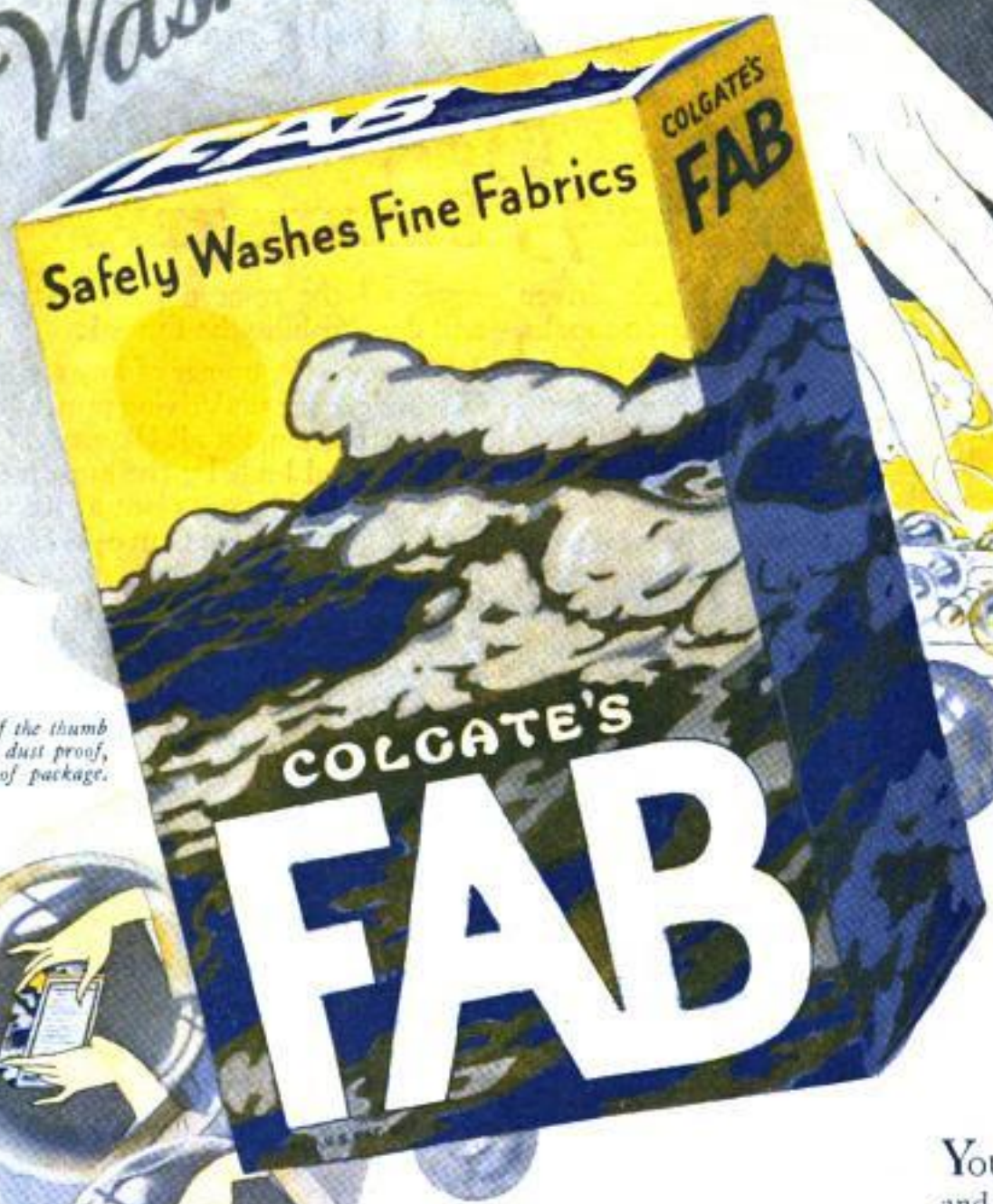
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r, improved Haynes 75 two-passenger Speedster is equipped with the Haynes-built six-cylinder the same as that used by Howard Wilcox during the official test at the Indianapolis Motor ay. Individual steps and individual fenders and the two extra wire wheels are standard equip- Wind deflectors, rear vision mirrors, windshield cleaners, exterior side cowl lights, and search- ne head lamps are also furnished at no additional cost. The official test by Howard Wilcox was made to prove that the Haynes 75 stock Speedster is capable of attaining a speed of seventy-five miles an hour. Motorists as a rule do not employ the maximum speed, but it is a great satisfaction to know that the car you drive has the necessary power in case it is needed. In ordinary driving the Haynes 75 Speedster uses only about forty per cent. of its maximum speed, which means longer life at ordinary driving ranges.

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FAB pours freely from perforated opening. (No torn unsightly top.)



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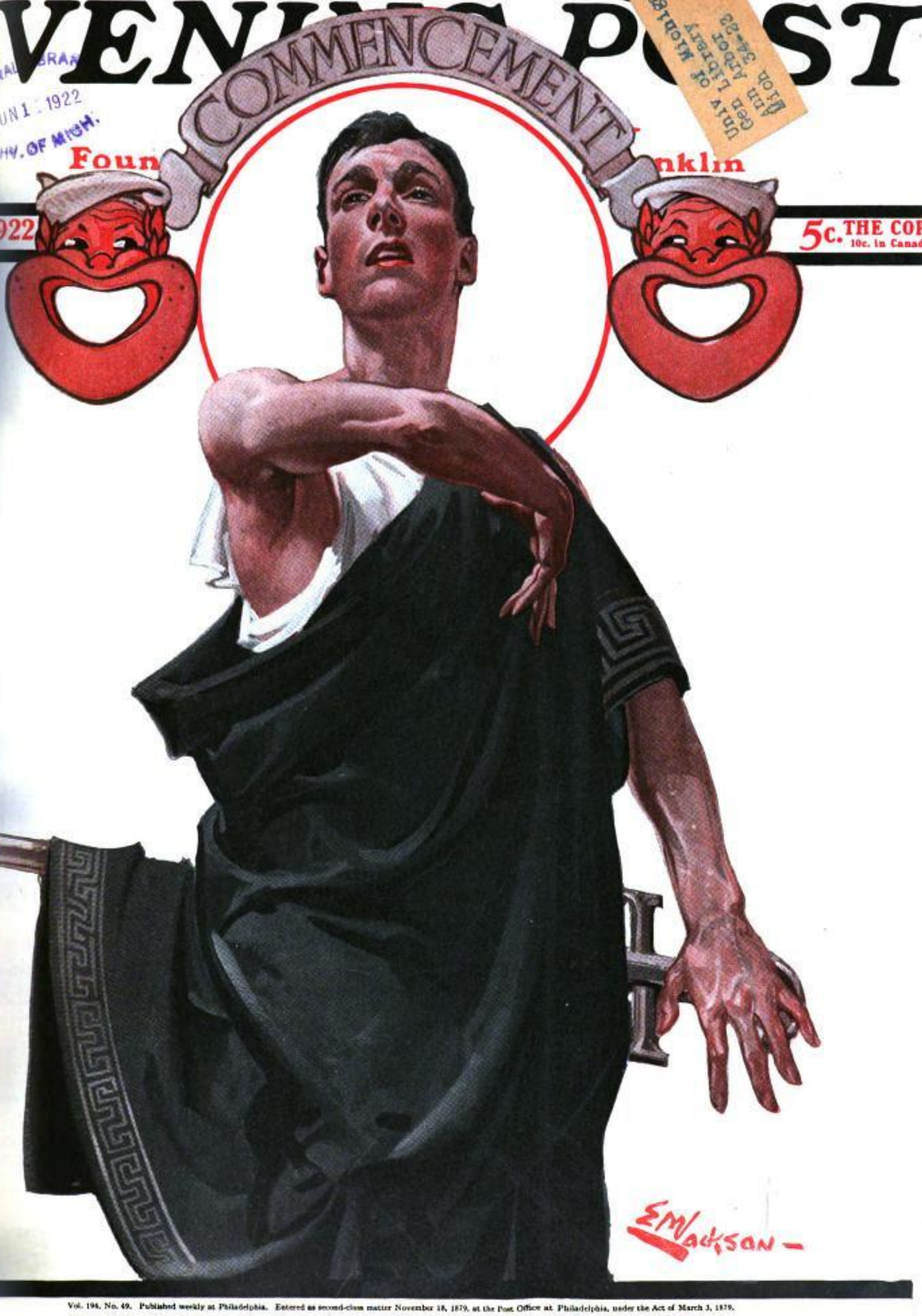
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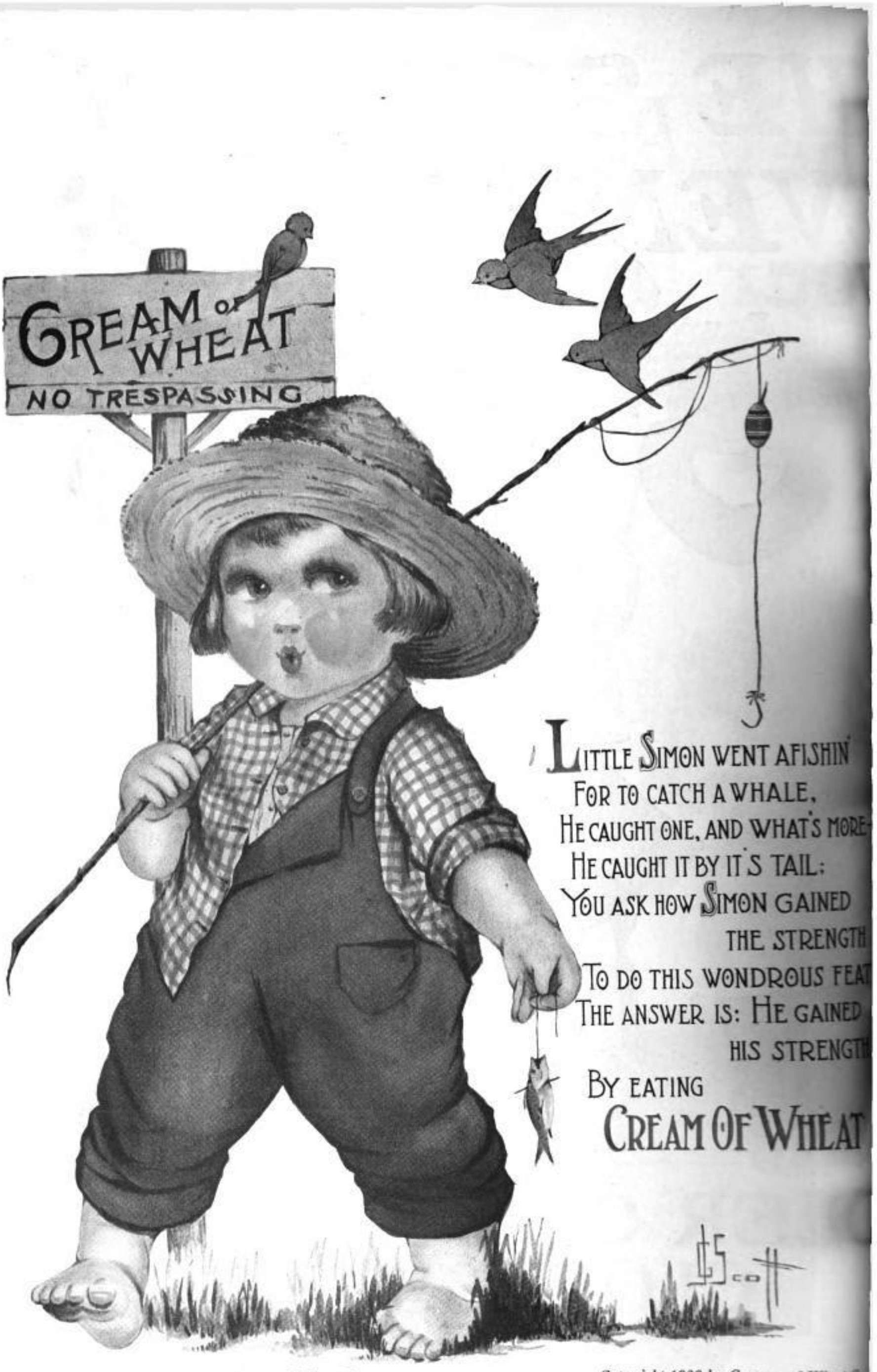
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hey *keep* you looking our best





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From Egypt—from Scotland—from the Argentine—from China and Japan—from everywhere, young men are writing to us, "How can I have that handsome McBedwin Finish that you advertise?" Willingly, in far-off lands, these men wait weeks while their Adler Collegian Clothes travel across miles of space, just so they may have McBedwin Finish.

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You'll like this perfected way of finishing the inside of a coat. (See above.) No lining to discolor or wear out. Different from the clothes your friends are wearing—newer—more dressy. More beautiful than full silk lined. Considered the handsomest finish ever put inside a gentleman's clothing. Yet it costs you nothing extra.

Adler Collegian Clothes are made of all wool to give long wear. Silk-sewn seams to hold the fine style. Double-shrunk to prevent puckers. Made for critical men. Priced to suit the average income. Tell the clerk you've come to see Adler Collegian Clothes. See what good clothes your money can buy these days.

Made by

DAVID ADLER & SONS COMPANY · *Milwaukee*

Makers of stylish GOOD clothes since 1849

LER COLLEGIAN CLOTHES

Smart styles for every man of 17 to 70

ADLER Collegian

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You'll be cool and stylish in Hart Schaffner & Marx summer clothes

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...e Language of the Angels

By TRISTRAM TUPPER

ILLUSTRATED BY
C. D. WILLIAMS



He Had Not Turned Around. He Continued to Droop Over His Desk Very Like a Vulture That Had Dropped Down Into a Swivel Chair

...s atop the foundling home—fourth floor, front. Not ...ure-of-speech heaven. No humbugging. The real ...ure-blue walls and ceiling; cloudlike substance to walk upon with ... golden trimmings—real eighteen-carat gold; angels; everything. ...udgett, who in the beginning was not a Godlike person. But ...ed. He the heaven atop the foundling home created—Thomas A. ...ou, with fine intuition and rare insight, are likely to guess. Yes, attempt to pry beyond terrestrial things into the unknown. Prying, ! There never lived a more secretive person. Yet he hated all lid not share, and determined to know the unknowable. Mudgett, iscovering the language of the angels.

...iment atop the foundling home—concealed and zealously guarded ... Bax and a favored few—took upon itself somewhat the character ...tic failure, the Tower of Babel—as thrilling, as dizzy, and no ... if this were not true there would be no story; or more deplorable ...no love story.

...ne, a dilapidated four-story brick building, was directly across the ...tant uncompleted edifice that some day, the Lord willing, will be ...ne. Mudgett was its head and shoulders. Also, to put it generously, ... Though he looked like a vulture he sang the song of the sparrows: ...." By those who knew him well enough to talk behind his back he ...gett. And this described him—even more exactly in view of a ... Mudgett was quite young. He was less than seven-and-thirty ...apped on the walls of his head, took possession of his brain, became

...urmured inaudibly to himself on that night. "Well now, I say,

...is taking form.

...nove, old Mudgett crouched over his secondhand desk like a huge ...adows of his office—first-floor front of the old brick building. His ...tween his bony fists. He was motionless. A single shaded desk ...own upon the King James version of the Bible, illumined the First Corinthians. But Mudgett was staring with unseeing eyes ...holes. Beads of sweat appeared on the thin bridge of his nose. ...mastered him. And no wonder!

... was no parallel to the thing he was contemplating, nothing even ...nless one went back to the seventh century before Christ, when, as Herodotus tells, Psammetichus decided the relative antiquity of the Egyptians and Phrygians by the babbling of newborn babies. Unique, wholly unique, and, he told himself, beyond conception in magnitude.

He, Thomas A. Mudgett, with all the tools at hand, would solve the enigma that had baffled the ages. Prodigious! He would discover the origin of language!

That wasn't all. But start there. Aristotle had bent his mighty brow to this problem, philologists and philosophers since time immemorial—Aristotle to Spencer. And what had they discovered? Nothing. Merely that the Aryan dialects are closely connected—Slavonic with German, German with Celtic, Celtic with Latin, Latin with Greek, Greek with Sanskrit. But what had been back of the four or five hundred roots of Sanskrit? Mudgett hadn't the slightest idea; knew nothing about any of them. But, he told himself, way back millions of years ago man had not just stepped forth from the ooze and slime of things, rid himself of his tadpole tail and said, "Good morning. Fine day. Wonderful view." Of course not. Well then, what had he said? How had language originated? The philologists and philosophers since time immemorial had been theorists. They had failed. But he, Thomas A. Mudgett, was an intensely practical man. Where they had failed he would succeed.

Old Mudgett put the thing to himself in the simplest possible way. Language was evolved from grunts, interjections and imitations of natural sounds. From these words were formed. Of course. Everyone knew that. But what were these original, fundamental grunts, interjections and words? Ah! That was the thing he, Thomas A. Mudgett, would discover.

And how? It was quite simple. Simple and prodigious. Mudgett was a practical man.

He reached into a pigeonhole and drew forth a used envelope—to save pad paper—and wrote deliberately: "Bar out the entire world."

That was the first thing he would do. Quite simple.

"Bar out the entire world. Isolate six or seven newborn babies in one room. Never let them hear a human voice. Await results."

Mudgett mopped the sweat from his eyes. "Well now, I say, what will happen? That's the question. Won't they eventually find some way of communicating with each other? Boys and girls. Say now, won't they? At first, mere grunts and interjections.

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Then words. A language. Their own language. The natural language. The original language! I say now. But farther than that ——"

Old Mudgett dared not go farther. Not aloud. Not on paper. The walls of this dingy old building, this shadowy office with its dark alcove and drab discolored paper might have ears. Secretive old Mudgett! Yet he could not stop that prying mind of his from reaching out into the unknowable and seeing a vaster significance in this, his master idea. He, Thomas A. Mudgett, would go farther, much farther than merely solving the problem that had baffled all the ages. Remember, Mudgett was a practical man.

So to have any conception of the prodigious thing that was taking shape in his long bony head one must first clearly understand certain fundamental truths. The first of these is: Babies come from heaven.

If you believe this you believe it; if you don't you don't. But it is undeniable that nowhere on earth is this particular truth so palpable as in a foundling home. Alas, in the outer world the fact is sometimes forgotten, overlooked or even doubted. In a foundling home, never.

And the reason is this: Babies that come to a foundling home never have fathers. Conceivable that this may happen in the outer world, but not often. In the home not a single baby had ever had a father. Not one. And even more significant: The babies that came to the foundling home never had mothers.

The conclusion is self-apparent.

Mudgett was a bachelor, miserly and mean. He fumed, fussed and gnashed his teeth; he paced his dingy office with its worn carpet and dark alcove where he hung his frayed Prince Albert coat; he pulled the lobe of his left ear with his right hand until his ear was curiously elongated; he haunted the secondhand stores and auction rooms for fixtures and furnishings—cribs; perambulators; little wicker chairs; he bought baby bottles with flaws in them, at wholesale; bought the cheapest cotton stuff instead of fine linen; hovered like a vulture over the public markets; bargained, bullied, beat down; overworked every employe of the home; got scullions from Ellis Island, paid them fairly nothing; brought pretty nurses from Jersey and Pennsylvania towns and rewarded them with a song for performing endless labor; he laughed and wept, smiled and sobbed, prayed and whimpered, cursed, sang hymns and jazz in the pursuit of donations. But Mudgett never denied an infant its birthright, never denied that babies come from heaven; and never refused to take one into the home.

"Why, I say now, that's what the home is for." It wasn't a state institution, nor was it maintained by the city or county. The dilapidated old four-story brick building belonged to Thomas A. Mudgett. Quasi public, or quasi private to a limited degree; but nevertheless it was Mudgett's—belonged to him and the foundlings. And—as Mudgett sometimes put it to himself without opening his tight-closed lips—the state, county and city be damned. "I say now, it belongs to me and the foundlings. Do what we please with it. Everybody else be damned, unless ——" And here he would rub his long bony hands together. "That is to say, unless one desires to make a donation." Then, in that case, old Mudgett would open his mouth devoutly and praise God from whom all blessings flow.

To-night—and this is the manner in which his master idea had come to him—Mudgett had been reading the Bible, a thing he did now and again, chiefly in public, but sometimes in private for the purpose of getting new arguments to use against prospective donors. As has been said, Mudgett was an intensely practical man. He was searching feverishly. Work had stopped across the street on the uncompleted new foundling home. To put it mildly—lack of funds. Again and again in his most tear-provoking voice he had depicted the inadequacies of the old brick building. His periods had been marked by prayers. Nevertheless all the arguments known to him—and that included all there were—had grown stale. They no longer moved the ossified consciences and petrified hearts of his listeners, who were few enough, the Lord knows!

Then it was he had turned the page and his shrewd eyes had fallen upon the first line of the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians:

> Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels ——

"I say now, I've spoken with the tongue of men, but what is the tongue of angels? What," inquired Mudgett of his intensely practical self, "is the language of the angels?"

Unfortunately, he read no farther. His cavernous mind was working. He passed through the first seizure of his master idea. He, Thomas A. Mudgett, would not stop there. The discovery of the origin of language would bring him renown, no doubt; but more important, if he could speak to prospective donors in the language of angels money would pour in. He rubbed his hands together, pulled the lobe of his elongated ear, cracked his knuckles. "Irresistible! Money will pour in!"



The Head Matron of the Foundling Home, She Was as Intensely Efficient as Old Mudgett Was Intensely Practical

He set himself to do some close reasoning, said to his innermost self:

> Babies come from heaven;
> Only the angels dwell in heaven;
> Therefore babies are angels.

Pretty shrewd. But it may be said that Mudgett's mind paused not for self-congratulation; merely took the conclusion of this syllogism and used it as the minor premise of a second and even more important syllogism. His mind worked as follows:

Babies are angels. This has been proved. Very well then, no one can gainsay that angels speak the language of angels. Axiomatical. And the conclusion is undeniable. He wrote it down on the used envelope—still saving pad paper. Like this:

> Angels speak the language of angels;
> Babies are angels;
> Therefore babies speak the language of angels.

"I say now ——"

Mudgett glanced cautiously over his shoulder to make certain that he was alone with his flaming idea. He stared into the gloom, then rose up like a shadowy vulture and crept to the door. Opening it a crack he craned his long neck and listened.

Down the narrow winding stairway from the second floor and along the ill-lighted corridor came curious noises, faint yet audible—a distant chorus of yaps and howls. He closed the door softly and hung there, pulling the lobe of his left ear. Hadn't he just proved that babies speak the language of angels? Something was wrong. Did heaven sound like that—those eternal howls? Did it? If he should speak to prospective donors in the language of babies! Say now ——

He tried to banish the thought. Yet it persisted. His mind visualized the thing—vividly it pictured him standing before an assemblage of prospective patrons speaking to them in the first syllables that come forth from an infant's lips: "Goo."

Old Mudgett made the noise aloud. After all, it wasn't an unpleasant sound. "Goo-goo," pronounced he solemnly. "I say now, not half bad."

"But," queried the intensely practical side of his mind, "what does it mean?"

Even Mudgett's imagination co... He hadn't the slightest idea what "... meant. Not the slightest. Yet throu... years women visitors had leaned ove... enthralled while the diminutive ... these cribs murmured "Goo."

"I say now, maybe it has some mean... would try it out on someone.

Mudgett pushed the button at the ... desk. As always he pushed it with ... force, as if tremendous will power and ... effort were necessary to move the ... the matron's room. Old Mudgett ... electricity quite its due. No mistakin...

Whenever he pushed the button ... appeared. Sometimes Mudgett pon... phenomenon. He would ring, then ... his shoulder, and Miss Bax would ... inside his office with the door closed, ... him with her level gray gaze. Baffli... Miss Bax. She never smiled. The ... of the foundling home, she was as ... cient as old Mudgett was intensely ... perhaps even more so. She had ... but efficiency was the greatest. ... her youth, her youngness. And all ... Mudgett concealed it from himself ... handsome little person; carved out ... substance as ivory by a sculptor ... very much to do except to concoct ... ments such as Egyptian dusk, wh... hair; and serene gray, which cove... thing back of it yet was transluc...

Mudgett had pushed the bell with ... force, but as yet he had not turned ... continued to droop over his desk ... ture that had dropped down into a swivel ch... hand was outstretched holding the stub of a ... rays that came down from the desk light. In ... the ill-lighted gloom of the office there had ... slightest sound. Yet he knew Miss Bax had ... closed the door. He could feel her gray eyes ... of his shabby alpaca coat. A tremendous d... came to him. To-night, this very minute wi... idea as a sledge, he would break through the ... baffling placidity.

For a full minute he did not move. He wa... until she spoke, but knew he could not hold ... His idea was burning him up, consuming him ... very soul of him was aflame. Also, he wante... first infant word, see its effect upon her, ... mightily to conceive of some intensely pra... saying "Goo" to Miss Bax. Alas, he had to...

And so, laying down his pencil, he turned ... revolving chair. Miss Bax was standing ... by the door.

Mudgett cleared his throat. "Miss Bax—... ing thought to the hardness of the heart ... said he ponderously. "Can you suggest any ... would have a meliorating effect upon prosp... Can you?" He shot her a glance, but did ... reply. "Has it ever occurred to you that if ... to them in the language of the angels ma... in? Has it?" He studied her. He could ... least movement or emotion. "You unders... mean by the language of the angels? You ... language of the angels is, Miss Bax?"

"I haven't an idea, Mr. Mudgett."

"What! Haven't you given the matter ...

"No; I haven't given it a thought."

He peered incredulously through the glas... Bax, surely you read the Bible?" He tap... stroked it with a familiar touch.

"I haven't time to read anything," re... matron quietly.

"You don't read the Bible?"

"No."

"Miss Bax!" He picked up the Bible ... then and there read it to her, cover to cover ... voice he read one line:

"Though I speak with the tongues o... angels ——"

There Mudgett stopped short, cleared his ... his ear. Although his shrewd eyes had caught ... line he read no farther. He closed the Bible ...

"I say now, how can you consider you... be associated with babies if you don't read ...

After a silence of a moment she replied ... with them as little as possible. As you s... is executive, seeing that others attend to it ...

"But you love babies?"

No answer.

"You love babies, don't you, Miss Bax?"

"No." There was a glint in the ... serene eye. "I dislike them tremendously ... Mudgett?"

Mudgett held up his huge hands with ... "Do you love anything?"

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of answer this. In a low even voice she asked,
ve babies, Mr. Mudgett?"
were tranquil, unsmiling. But there was some-
them, back of them. The curved line of her
to have softened a little. Old Mudgett noted
and despaired. He could not for the life of
it Miss Bax. Something was there wholly
e to himself. Yet, absurdly enough, there came
most unconquerable desire to say "Goo."
ips it did have some meaning! He moved
ition and, he hoped, dignity to the window,
ands behind his back, gazed out from the
is office into the shadows of the street. The
made a desolate sound. The unfinished wall
ty appeared in the city's slender moonlight
of some infinitely forlorn hope. Four years,
t wall and those black socketlike windows
ack at him. The new foundling home, all
, a ghost of a living dream. Standing there,
a of a moment past rekindled and flared up
is brain, obliterating the pallid moonlit wall.
floor—what's up there, Miss Bax?"
and broken things, the Christmas-tree or-
rubbish, Mr. Mudgett."
ave it cleared out—everything?" He con-
to gaze out the window. "Use the back
or, for storage." Swinging around he faced
ax, what happens to babies when—when
to earth?"
ad matron kept her poise. "First they are
e them catch their breath, Mr. Mudgett."
t mean that. What happens? I'll tell you.
ontaminated. That's what. They forget
bout where they came from. But suppose,"
"just suppose they were never contami-
his. I want you to see it. Suppose a number
f them, six or seven, did not see a human
emselves, did not hear a human voice
n for two or three years. Isolated, segre-
barred out. Just suppose ——"
bar out the world," said Miss Bax quietly.
inese wall."
. Well, now—you shall see. No contami-
an face, no voice save their own—two

; to feed them?" asked Miss Bax, her in-
nind at work. "How are they going to be
hanged?"
pulled his ear, frowned down upon the
little matron, and commanding all the
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prac-

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stial idea,
I be as well
Miss Bax.
simple yet
ent, Miss
n his most
manner.
of the greatest benefit to the babies
of major importance to all mankind.
e origin of language." He broke off
ided, "Have you read Aristotle or

"Well now, they failed. The great philologists and philosophers of all times have failed. I, Thomas A. Mudgett, will succeed."

"In what? Succeed in what, Mr. Mudgett?"

He glared at her. "But I've just explained; succeed in discovering the origin—the manner in which language started, the grunts, interjections, imitative sounds, the words from which language has been evolved. Don't you see? Don't you see, Miss Bax?" he implored.

"I—yes, I think I see."

"Well now, of course you see. Shall we decide upon the number seven? Seven babies. Do you suppose, do you think for a minute that seven babies alone together for two years would be mute? A mute baby! Think of it. Preposterous!"

Miss Bax almost sighed with the delightful thought of a mute baby.

Mudgett was pacing the floor now with long uneven strides. "Grunts, interjections, imitations, words. Words! They will speak to each other in the language"—he stopped abruptly and peered at the little matron through the dimness—"in the language of ——" Her gray eyes were upon him, level, serene, unemotional. He cleared his throat. "In the original language, whatever that is," he substituted for the thing in his mind.

"But, Mr. Mudgett ——"

"No misgivings," commanded Mudgett. "Do you, Miss Bax, or do you not wish to assist me in solving the greatest of all enigmas, the Sphinxian riddle that has eluded all mankind?"

"If you desire me to," replied the lovely little person by the door. "But have you thought of the cost?"

"Money ——"

Old Mudgett strode about his office, sank down at his desk, placed his gaunt shaggy head between clenched fists. When he raised his head to tell her that he thought he could arrange even the financing of heaven he felt a keen, unquieting disappointment. His office was vacant save for himself and his master idea. The efficient little matron had silently departed.

II

MUDGETT on the following morning donned his sanctimonious Prince Albert and disappeared into the Subway. At Wall Street he came to the surface, where the March breeze was blowing the spring lambs gently down the grade toward Broad Street. What a day! Full of wind. Mudgett, with coat tails flapping, entered a Broad Street office building and without consulting the register took an elevator to the tenth floor, where he made his way along labyrinthian halls and came to a standstill inside a double glass door. He asked for the head of the firm.

The wizened office boy looked at Mudgett. "He isn't in, but I'll see."

Mudgett sat with hands clasped. Job was a fidgety person compared with old Mudgett on a still hunt for donations.

Presently the wizened person returned. "He'll see you."

They proceeded slowly through a room where an animated young man was hanging up numerals on a large blackboard. Men lounged on a bench. Tickers ticked. They passed into a short silent hallway and the wizened person opened a ground-glass door, revealing a mauve carpet and mahogany office furniture—spacious, silent. At the far end, facing the door, sat a man whose face had the fullness and color of the sun behind a film of gray clouds. A stenographer, book in hand, vanished through another door. The man at the desk continued to scratch his signature to a pile of letters. The scratching of the pen was the only sound. Mudgett stood with hands still clasped, head slightly bowed, attempting to read the letters upside down. Presently the penman glanced up and scowled at the vulturelike figure hovering over his desk.

"Have a seat. Money?"

"Money," echoed Mudgett. He continued to stand.

"Haven't a cent." The penman continued to write. "Not—a—sou—marquee." With a flourish he completed the last signature and placed the pen across the tusks of a small ivory elephant. Leaning back in his chair he took one squint at old Mudgett. "Forget that pose, Tom. You give me the creeps. You look like an effigy of all the distress of the world. Sit down."

Mudgett did so. Each regarded the other in silence. Then both grinned. Concerning that silent gaze of the two men, ending in a grin, a volume might be written. Some of its meaning, however, can be conveyed in a sentence: Just thirty-seven years ago, at the age of one week, both had started life on an even footing—in the same foundling home. Later they had blacked boots together.

"Not a sou marquee," said the head of the brokerage firm.

Mudgett said nothing, but continued to gaze at the broker in an inescapable way.

The man with the face of a beclouded sun scowled and tapped the glass-topped desk with his finger tips. His fingers were stout and spatulate.

"Say," he suddenly barked, thrusting his head venomously forward, "do you know what month this is? Do you?"

"March," replied Mudgett quietly.

"March. Has that any particular significance to you?"

"None," said Mudgett.

"Income tax!" shouted the broker. "Not a cent!"

Mudgett regarded him with his sorrowful yet intensely practical eye. "How much income tax do you pay this year, Chic?"

"Nearly half. Forty-eight per cent. It's an outrage."

Mudgett gasped. "That means your income is ——"

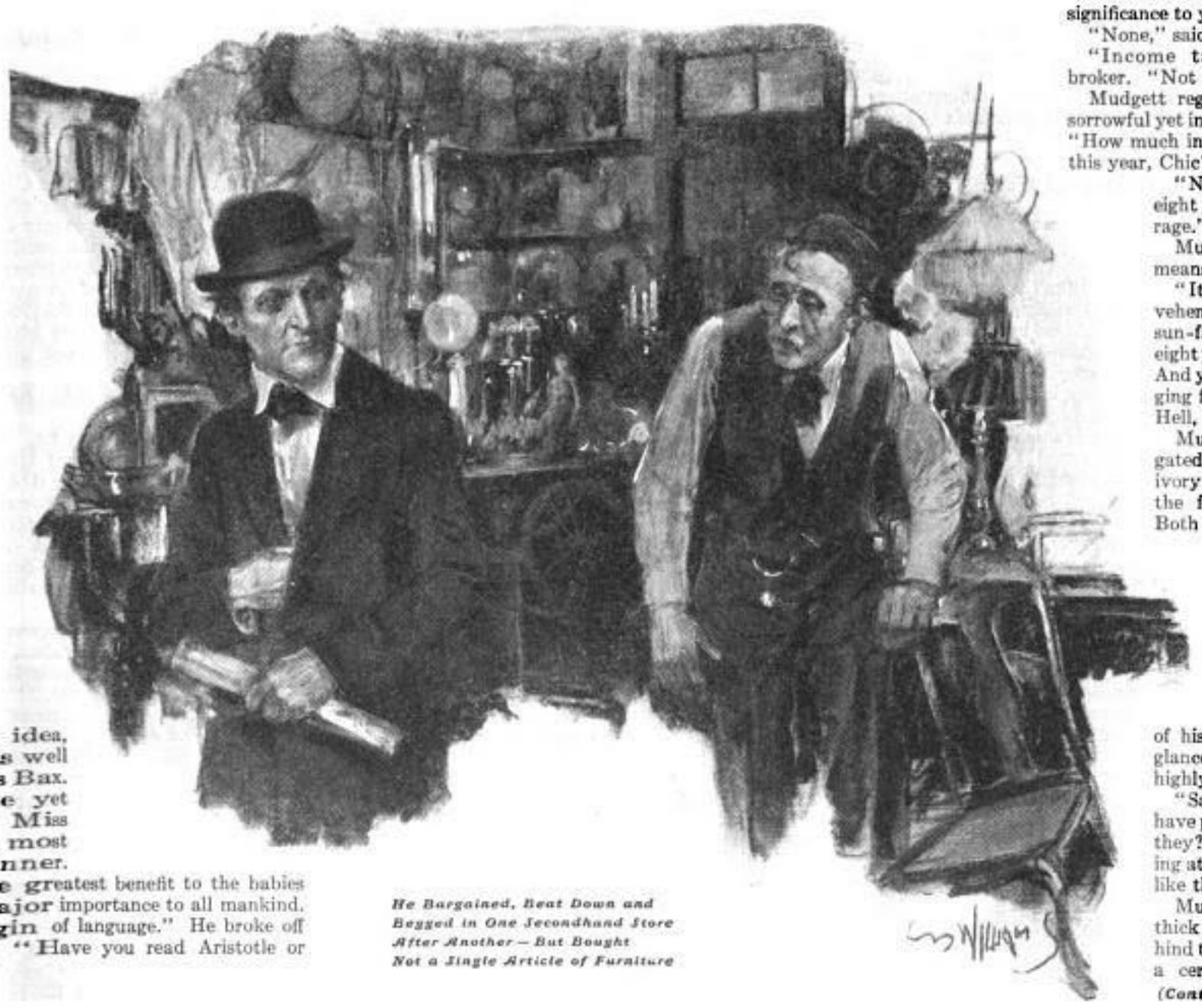
"It means I'm broke!" vehemently declared the sun-faced man. "Forty-eight per cent! Pauperized. And you come around begging for money! Charity? Hell, Tom."

Mudgett pulled his elongated ear, glanced at the ivory inkstand and up at the face of the broker. Both became silent. Evidently something was passing through both minds—something way back in the years—in the days of nickel shines. Chic absently thumbed the pages of his desk calendar, and glanced at his not too highly polished finger nails.

"Say, Tom, the kids have plenty to eat, haven't they? They're not starving at the home? Nothing like that?"

Mudgett glanced at the thick neck of the man behind the desk and revolved a certain matter in his

(Continued on Page 146)



He Bargained, Beat Down and Begged in One Secondhand Store After Another — But Bought Not a Single Article of Furniture

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THE TROUBLES OF THE HOUS



By Kenneth L. Roberts

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

AS ONE faces the various front doors of the Capitol at Washington, the House of Representatives occupies the left-hand end of the building, the Senate occupies the right-hand end of the building, and the Supreme Court holds down the center.

At first thought this would seem to be a poorly balanced arrangement, as there are four hundred and thirty-five members in the House of Representatives, ninety-six members in the Senate, and only nine members in the Supreme Court. On second thought, however, one realizes that the weight of the brains of the Supreme Court is equal to the square of the Capitol's hypotenuse plus the cubic contents of the dome, and that the Supreme Court is therefore properly located. The two ends, moreover, are balanced by the fact that what the Senate lacks in numbers it makes up in lung power and dead weight; while the large population of the House is partially nullified by the almost complete vacuums that exist in the heads of some of its members.

One reaches the House of Representatives by entering the left-hand end of the Capitol and squeezing into an elevator with a number of worthy people from Ispheming, Mich., Woodchuck Hills, Vt., or Walla Walla, Wash., who have come all the way to Washington for the special purpose of seeing the Government engaged in a little heavy governing. The sight of a real live congressman in the elevator with them causes their breath to come in short, quick pants of excitement. One gets the impression that if they were to see a Supreme Court justice or a cabinet member they would require the services of pulmotors to keep them from passing completely away.

Gray Congressmen at Work

THE elevator spills out its freight on the third floor, and the worthy people from Ispheming and Woodchuck Hills and Walla Walla find themselves confronting a number of swinging doors, something like the swinging doors which formerly closed the so-called family entrances of that celebrated American institution, the saloon. Each swinging door is guarded by a venerable gentleman who is plunged in gloomy meditation, probably over the thought that so many nice-looking people not only take the trouble to pass through these doors each day but even appear to find something interesting in the proceedings which they witness.

Inside the swinging doors are the galleries, partly filled with puzzled observers. The first impression that the House makes on one of these observers is one of grayness, of flatness, of colorlessness, of dreariness, of uninterestingness. The curving sweep of seats in the big hall is dark gray; the light that comes down from the large glass roof is a gray light; the congressmen, half submerged among the empty seats, seem to be clothed in gray—though occasionally a congressman wears a blue or a brown suit. But just as all cats look gray at night, so do all congressmen look gray on the floor of the House. Not only do they look gray but they act gray. Some of them sit with their feet on the backs of the chairs in front of them, some of them read newspapers, some of them allow toothpicks to dangle nonchalantly from their lips, some of them doze. When they talk they emit a gray line of talk for the most part.

The second impression that one receives is that of general bewilderment and unrest. Why aren't there more congressmen in sight? Why do they move around all the time? Why don't they sit still? What are they talking about? Do they know what they are talking about? Does anybody know what they are talking about?

There appear to be signs of intelligence on the floor of the House. Stenographers hasten busily from member to member as they come to life and rise to their feet to emit a few remarks. The life of a congressional stenographer can scarcely be a happy one, for a large proportion of the remarks that he is obliged to inscribe in his notebooks are about as important and intelligible as Chinese cubist poetry in the original. Let us listen for a moment.

One of the gray-looking gentlemen on the floor of the House is standing on his feet droning along drearily on some subject such as the relation of time and temperature to the killing of potatoes and potato mosaic virus. Up then gets another gray-looking gentleman and rudely interrupts the gentleman speaking.

"I demand the regular order," says he mysteriously.

He makes his demand of a gentleman who is sitting behind the high mahogany throne from which all the aisles of the House of Representatives radiate.

This gentleman moves uncomfortably on his throne and says wearily, "The regular order is demanded. Is there any objection?"

There is a pause, and then another gray-looking man staggers wearily to his feet and says, "Well, I object."

Two or three men then talk unintelligibly for a moment, after which another gray-looking man walks down the aisle with a determined frown on his face and says, "Mister Speaker, I move to strike out the last word."

At this an elderly gray man with a small tramplike gray beard gets briskly to his feet and declares firmly, "There is no last word."

He is ignored, however, by the man in the aisle, who elevates his chin defiantly and declares, "Mister Speaker, the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

This, however, gets nowhere with the man with the tramplike gray beard.

"Mister Speaker," says he, "I make the point of order that the gentleman is not discussing either the amendment or the paragraph under consideration."

The gentleman on the high mahogany throne clasps his brow wearily with his hand and gazes at the ceiling with a pained air. "If the gentleman from Illinois presses his point of order," says he, "of course the Chair must sustain it."

The gentleman from Illinois declares simply, "I make the point of order."

The gentleman on the throne stifles a yawn. "The Chair sustains the point of order," says he. "The gentleman from Arizona will proceed in order."

The gentleman from Arizona mumbles a few words which are unintelligible to everyone in the gallery because of the fact that the other members of the House shuffle their feet, rustle newspapers, whisper among themselves, walk in and out and around, and clear their throats industriously.

When he has finished he says plaintively to the man on the throne, "Mister Speaker, I ask unanimous consent to revise and extend my remarks."

Thereupon another man gets up and says, "Mister Speaker, I ask unanimous consent to extend my remarks on the subject of the fauna of Cranberry Creek."

The man on the throne cro and says, "Is-there-objection hears-none."

It is evident that everyone on the House wishes to go to sleep. This not to be. Up gets a cross-looking man and wakes the throne holder by hateful manner, "Mister Speaker, strike out the figures $1,100,000, and thereof $1,100,005."

Thereupon the man on the th that the clerk will read the amend gray-looking clerk who sits in the throne reads, in a flat voice, "P strike-out-$1,100,000-and-insert-$1,100,005."

Then the cross-looking gray man starts pointed remarks, but is interrupted by from Illinois with the tramplike gray beard.

"Mister Speaker," says he, "I make the that the gentleman is not discussing the am

Thereupon the cross-looking man comes him by remarking offensively, "I make th quorum."

The man on the throne uncrosses his legs says, "The gentleman from Iowa will proc

The Chair Counts the Hou

THIS does not impress the gentleman fr sneers hatefully and says briefly, "I ma no quorum."

At this the man on the throne straig sighs heavily and says, "The gentleman fro the point of no quorum. The Chair will co

His eyes take on the glassy stare of one trating violently, and he counts industriou utes while the congressmen scuffle and cou Then the hateful gentleman from Iowa wh noise about the point of no quorum sudd life and says, "I withdraw the point of no qu Speaker, I have made some study not on stitution of this country but also of the C England ——"

This brings the man with the trampli his feet once more.

"Mister Speaker," says he, "I make t the Constitution of England has nothing t creasing this amount by five dollars."

The gentleman on the throne comman for a few moments, and then announc "The Chair sustains the point of order."

This starts the hateful man on a rampage ter Speaker," says he venomously, "I ma no quorum."

At this point the single reporter who press gallery gets up and walks out of the

The man on the throne bats his eyes and then remarks hopelessly, "The gentle makes the point of no quorum. The Cha

So he begins counting again. The few gressmen on the floor of the House chatter wander in and out; and spectators in the g abandoning all hope of finding out the reason for any of these mystifying matte Statuary Hall or to the Senate Chamber.

The dark cloud of mystification and desp down on the average observer of the Hous tives is due to the erroneous and almost u sion that the House of Representatives is th the representatives do most of their repres

As a matter of fact the average re the floor of the House of Representatives

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le uses it as a place to get tangled up in the owth of befuddling rules that have been nurtured and fertilized by successive Con- March 4, 1789, when the first Congress of tates began to do business in a simple and manner. And he uses it as a garden in nt the little acorns which shall later grow election oaks. But he uses it for very



business of the House of Representatives mmittees, which are nothing more or less ongresses. In the beginning there were ommittees; but committees, like everyonnected with the House of Representaown with such vigor and enthusiasm that s too close to them they bulk so large else can be seen. There is a wide differn as to what ails the House of Represen- House itself says that it would be all en't for the Senate. It is true that the ently and unjustly blamed for the flounse Senate. Considering the handicaps e House labors, it does pretty well; but are sufficient to make a less hard-boiled rop dead from discouragement. There ings the matter with the House, and all so serious, that any one of them is enough r shake his head and decide to operate. The s sufficiently close to the committee system able to see any other faults, and is apt to the trouble lies in the committees. If anappens to have his attention particularly reat number of members in Congress he e fault lies there. Another blames weak er blames the shortness of a representaffice. Another blames the seniority system. ther things. So when eight or ten persons r ten reasons for the condition of Congress necessarily conclude that most of them are ll of them are probably right.

course, grow worse with each passing year. ple, the committees. In 1802 there were In a few years more there were eight. re were fifteen. When the European war were fifty-five. If an expert on Congress at there would ever be any more he would tears and asked to be led at once to the rd. At the present time, however, there ommittees.

Rule by Committee

ost popular recreations in the House of ves is introducing bills. Congressmen inless amusement all day long. Sometimes write their own bills, but more often their ir stenographers or their friends write bills are written the congressmen take floor of the House and drop them in a y are printed, so that they look far more icial than they really are. Only a few were more than thirty-three thousand the House of Representatives during . Such bills include almost everything making rum. They remove the charge he military record of Ozro Flittermouse, Clairvoya D. Ectoplasm, authorize the o grant two condemned brass cannon to ille, provide for the survey of Goober Creek and their tributaries in Georgia, ing on vessels using wharfage facilities Columbia, enable the Secretary of Agri- experiments and determine the prac- ng paper out of cornstalks, grant an to all persons who have lost the use of bootleg liquor in the interests of pront, provide for the broadcasting of ss by radio, pay Jonas McNutt for the clare the selling, exchanging or giving away of any pistol, bowie knife, dirk or dirk knife, blackjack, dagger, sword cane, slung shot, brass or other metal knuckle in the District of Columbia a misdemeanor, authorize an act extending an act entitled an act amending an act entitled an act to establish a navy yard somewhere in North Dakota, and what not.

Though the average bill is meaningless, worthless and practically dead before it starts, it must be acted on by the House in some way. As can readily be understood, even by those who view politics as some great detestable disease, the House as a whole couldn't pass judgment on thirty-three thousand bills. If it devoted only ten minutes to each bill it would have to sit continuously for almost four years in order to dispose of them. Consequently all bills are dealt out to different committees, which either throw them in the wastebasket and forget them or doctor them up and bring them out on the floor of the House, where they are disposed of with neatness and celerity.

The seven or twenty-one or thirty-five members of a committee know a good deal about the bills which they bring out on the floor of the House, and the four hundred other members don't know much of anything about them. So the four hundred ignorant ones usually and of necessity accept the recommendations of the few informed ones, which would be a fine thing if the informed ones were always right. Unfortunately they are frequently wrong, owing to the fact that they are sometimes made up of or headed by small-bore politicians with unerring instincts for doing the wrong thing. That is one of the unfortunate features of the committee system. But the House makes just as much speed when it is wrong as when it is right.

The House prides itself on its celerity. It has so much business to transact and so little time in which to transact it that it cannot afford to listen to animated windbags of the sort that are permitted to wheeze and blow without restraint on the floor of the Senate. There are plenty of animated windbags on the floor of the House; but when they wish to become windy they must hie them to the cloakrooms or to the pages of the Congressional Record or to their homes—or secure an election to the Senate. One of the most flannel-mouthed of orators in the Senate was once a representative. He may rant and rave for hours nowadays without let or hindrance; but when he used to try it in the House he was given the coarse and unmistakable congressional razz to such an extent that he was seldom able to struggle to the surface.

There is a mistaken idea that a young and earnest congressman can at almost any moment rise to his feet on the floor of the House, pass the fingers of his left hand dramatically through his flowing locks, thrust his right hand between the first and second buttons of his coat in a Daniel Websterish manner, and deliver an impassioned two-hour speech on Woman, Lovely Woman, or The Passing of the Little Red Schoolhouse, or something similar. Such, however, is not the case. A young and earnest congressman hasn't a chance in the world to get away with any such stuff. If he is a persistent cuss he might have a chance to offer an amendment to an appropriation bill or something equally thrilling, and to speak for five minutes in explanation of his amendment. He must, however, adhere rigidly to the subject under discussion; and if he doesn't the gray-appearing and blank-looking gentleman from Illinois, Mr. James R. Mann, or the dusty-appearing and apologetic-looking gentleman from Tennessee, Mr. Finis J. Garrett—depending on whether the young and earnest congressman is a Democrat or a Republican—will probably rise to his feet and unemotionally make the point of order that the gentleman isn't discussing the amendment. Thereupon the gentleman will either discuss the amendment or take a back seat. If limited to five minutes the silveriest-tongued boy orator in the world would find some difficulty in getting steamed up to a point where he could make any soul-stirring remarks on an amendment to an appropriation bill. That is why debate in the House of Representatives is usually about as exciting as casual business conversations between the waiter and the cook of an all-night lunch wagon.

Much has been said in the past few years concerning the general nit-wittedness of the House of Representatives. The truth of the matter seems to be that the House has as many able men as it has ever had within the memory of even the oldest and sourest members of the Them-Was-The-Happy-Days Club. It is pretty generally conceded that at least sixty congressmen out of the total House membership of four hundred and thirty-five are very able men—that, in short, the House of Representatives is a truly representative body. The three hundred and seventy-five other members are pleasant, good-natured, kind-hearted, likable, half-baked individuals with a panting, overwhelming, all-pervading longing to hang on to their jobs.

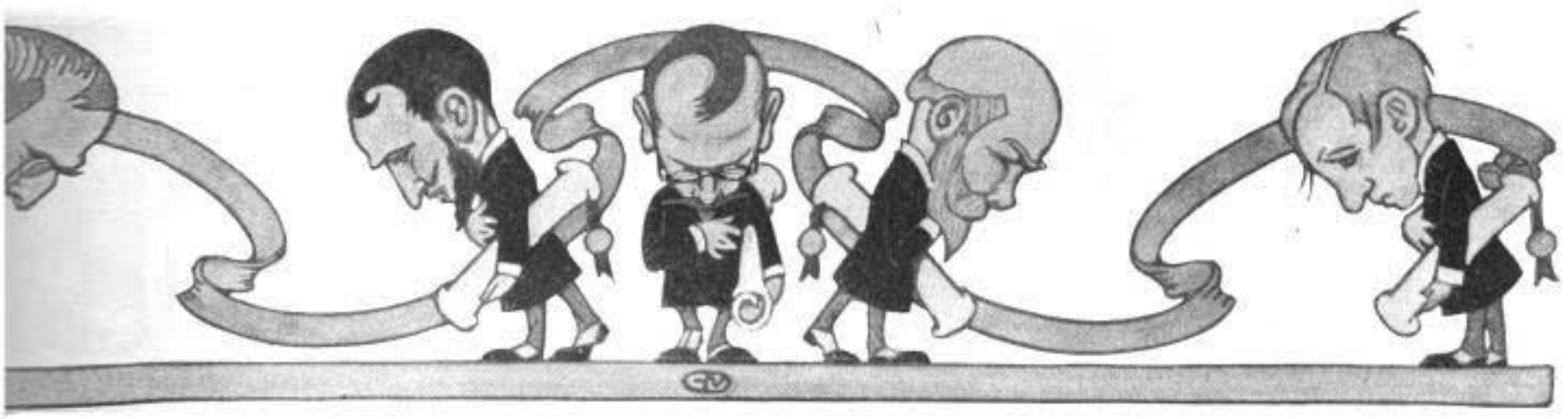
One of the odd features of the House of Representatives is that almost any one of the four hundred and thirty-five members will admit that there aren't more than sixty able representatives—though some think there are as many as one hundred—and that a distinct odor of Stilton clings around the rest. Each one, however, figures himself as one of the sixty; never as one of the three hundred and seventy-five.

The Wrong Fellow

ONE congressman in a contemplative mood recently remarked that Congress was largely made up of men with one-track and one-idea minds. Once they have absorbed an idea there is no way to rid them of it except by blasting it out of their heads. That, he remarked, was the reason that so many congressmen, if questioned, would unquestionably state that Rex Beach is a summer resort, that Yom Kippur is a sort of herring and that Easter Sunday is Billy Sunday's sister. He also added gloomily that a Massachusetts congressman asked a fellow congressman to attend and speak at a Longfellow celebration to be held near that poet's former home. The fellow congressman balked. "What do they want to hold a celebration over that guy for?" he asked. "Nobody ever heard of him until he married Alice Roosevelt." For the benefit of the boobs that sent this boob to Congress it should be explained that the only Longfellow he knew anything about was the able and distinguished gentleman from Ohio, Nick Longworth.

It is when one stands in front of the boobs in Congress and begins to cast a contemplative eye beyond them to the reasons that give them their power, that one bursts into a light perspiration over such distant matters as unrestricted immigration. The boobs are there, nobody questions that—least of all the congressmen. There are congressmen sitting on the floor of the House whose knowledge of the multitude of House rules is so small that

(Continued on Page 65)



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When Finn Meets Finniga

By VICTOR SHAWE

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG



Saarenpaa's Great Right Hand Closed Round the Wrestler's Back-Thrust Ankle

PAUL BUNYAN, to quote from a classic of the logging camps, was a lad who could drive more miles and pull more stunts in more new styles than any other peavey prince before or then or ever since. Paul it was, as all good loggers know, who dug the Columbia in order to drain an inland sea that lay between the Cascades and the Rockies so he could get out a drive of logs he had contracted to supply for Noah's ark. And Paul it was who scooped out the basins of the Great Lakes so there would be drinking holes handy for Babe, his big blue ox, while he was logging off the Mississippi Valley to get timbers for the building of the Spanish Armada.

Now the old-timers are saying Paul staged the deep-water contest that was the undoing of the big Finn, Toivo Saarenpaa. In this instance the old-timers aren't holding strictly to the truth, because Paul took his outfit over to Russia just before the revolution and hasn't been heard from since the last time Trotzky was assassinated. As a matter of fact, Uncle Andy McPherson did most of the plotting against the big Finn.

Uncle Andy is an independent lumberman whose mill is located on Yaquina Bay, out on the Oregon coast. Toivo Saarenpaa, huge, blond, blue-eyed, slow of speech but swift of action, bosses a company outfit that operates along the Yaquina River above the bay. Without doubt there are good woodsmen to be found in other camps. Equally without doubt the best loggers in the world are to be found on the Pacific Coast—this by their own admission. And Saarenpaa enjoyed the reputation of bossing the wildest gang of roughnecks west of the Cascades and of himself being the hardest boiled of them all.

Uncle Andy did not appreciate the big Finn's qualities of leadership. Many a time and oft, slouching in an easychair in the lobby of the trim little hotel he had built for his own convenience down on the bay, he had spent hours at a time trying to evolve a plan for humbling Saarenpaa. One day while thus engaged a little man in uniform drifted in and asked for a job. Uncle Andy shook his head regretfully. Out of respect for the uniform he would have liked to offer the fellow a place, but what could such a runt do in the woods? Then something familiar about the man's twinkling eyes and high arched, aggressive little nose drew closer attention.

"Well, for the love of Mike!" the lumberman exclaimed, extending a welcoming paw. "It's Finnigan! Sit down, my boy, and tell me what's what. By the uniform I know you helped chase the Kaiser into Holland."

"I did," the little man admitted, grinning. "With a spud. When I enlisted I told 'em what a helluva fighting logger I was ——"

Uncle Andy interrupted with a chuckle of amusement.

"Did they believe you—about that fighting business?"

Finnigan's habitual grin grew more pronounced than usual.

"I might have gotten by but for the intelligence test," he confided. "After I had monkeyed with that for an hour or two they put me to peeling spuds and washing dishes. Later I was transferred to the Spruce Division, and there I've been ever since, peeling spuds and washing dishes."

Uncle Andy chuckled again.

"Served you right for trying to call yourself a logger," he observed.

Before the war Finnigan had been rated as one of the best camp cooks on the coast, and to have been put to work as a kitchen mechanic—or flunky, as such men are called in the camps—was the greatest indignity he could have suffered. Uncle Andy continued to chuckle abstractedly. He had begun to wonder what sort of job he could find for the little man.

"And you didn't even get a chance to learn anything new," he commented conversationally.

"Sure I did," Finnigan replied. "I learned what a whole congressional investigating committee couldn't discover. A second loot who knew where I kept my bottle cached, told me. He said all of sixty-four board feet of spruce was required in the building of an average plane, and he said the Spruce Division had spent about one hundred and sixty-four million dollars getting ready to cut that sixty-four feet that was needed."

Later McPherson gave those figures the consideration they deserved. In fact, later he repeated them to Saarenpaa and told how much he could have saved the Government if he had been permitted to get out what spruce might have been needed. Saarenpaa's comment regarding his ability to do that little thing was, as it were, the final straw that choked Uncle Andy's goat, and resulted in the deep-water battle the old-time loggers are now attributing to Paul Bunyan's brain work.

At the time Finnigan so glibly recited the figures Uncle Andy was too busy trying to decide what sort of job to [illegible] little man [illegible] immediately port of the [illegible] tion.

"Finnigan," he said after due thought, "[illegible] good to waste in a kitchen. I'll tell you what I'll [illegible] rustle a partner and I'll put you to work in the [illegible] felling timber."

Finnigan appreciated the compliment of [illegible] offer, but time and experience had taught him [illegible] He was a cook, and a good one. A job in the [illegible] another matter. He knew even the poorest of the [illegible] would scorn him as a partner. Nevertheless, [illegible] would be reflecting on Uncle Andy's judgment [illegible]

"I've been cooking for so long I'm spoiled for [illegible] job," he said cheerfully. "But if I don't find [illegible] in my line up the river I'll be back in a day or [illegible] rustle a buddy to work with me."

Then he hiked up the river to Saarenpaa's [illegible]

The big Finn did not know Finnigan, as did [illegible] bosses along that coast, and he had but scant [illegible] the uniform Finnigan wore. With practiced [illegible] appraised the little man's narrow shoulders [illegible] hands, white from long immersion in dishwater [illegible] permitted himself a smile. He liked his job [illegible] paa did.

"The cook has two flunkies helping him," he [illegible] you can chase them out of camp you can have [illegible]

Finnigan did not hesitate. By instinct he found [illegible] to the kitchen. More times than one he had to [illegible] long enough to remove, by strictly legitimate [illegible] cook he happened to be helping. Inside the [illegible] glanced first, from force of habit, at the shelf [illegible] range, where he knew he would find a battered [illegible] clock. Beside the alarm clock stood an empty [illegible] He took a flask from his hip and placed it on the [illegible] of the clock.

"A cup half full," he said to the cook, [illegible] before each meal."

The cook reached thirstily for the flask, and [illegible] repressed a grin. This was going to be easier [illegible] hoped. Then he went to the meat block and [illegible] heaviest cleaver and the wickedest-looking [illegible]

"I'm just back from the trenches," he [illegible] astonished flunkies. "I crave more blood [illegible] beat it before I go into action."

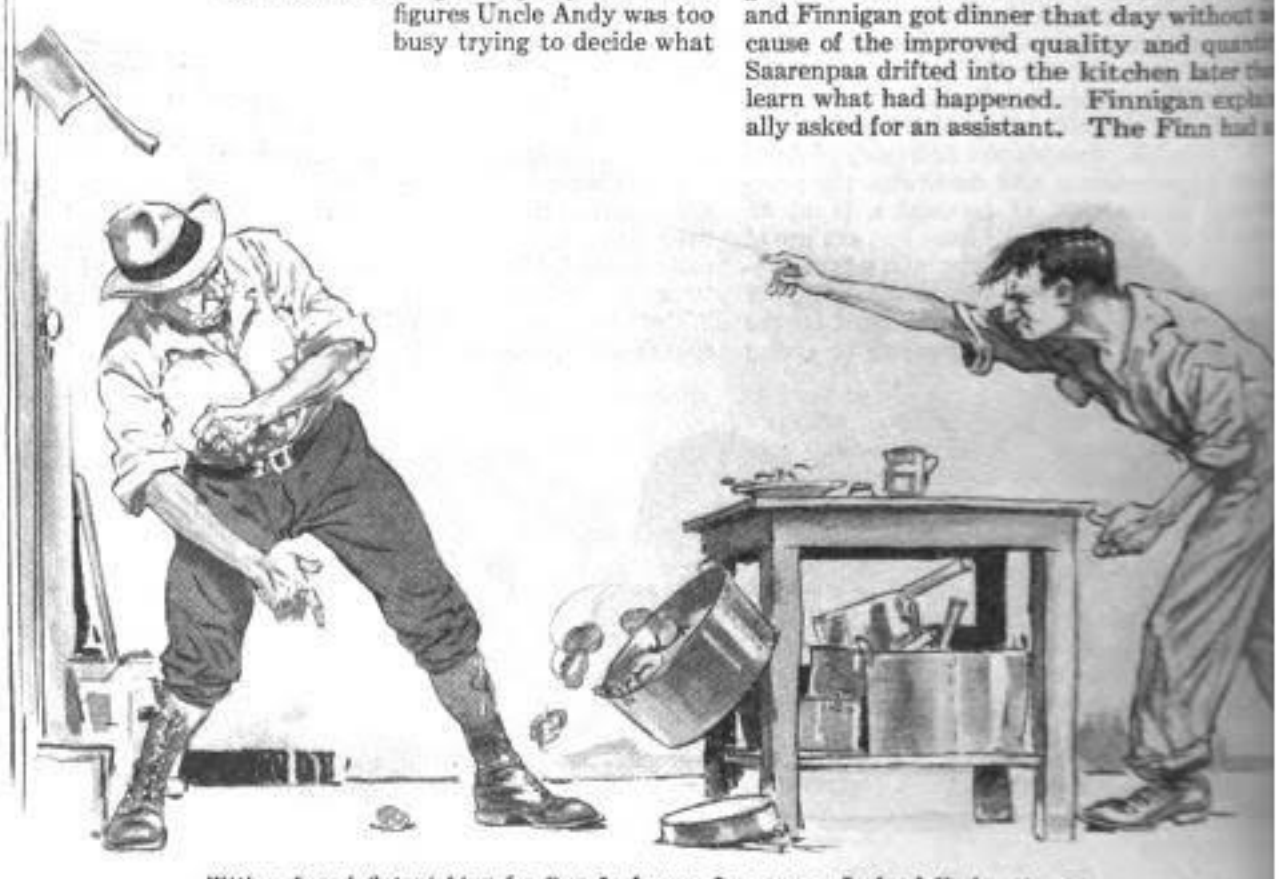
He moved softly toward them, flourishing [illegible] one familiar with his weapon, and hefting the [illegible] unconscious skill.

As the noise of the retreating flunkies [illegible] distance the cook reached for the flask again [illegible]

"You're back from which trenches?" he [illegible] languid interest.

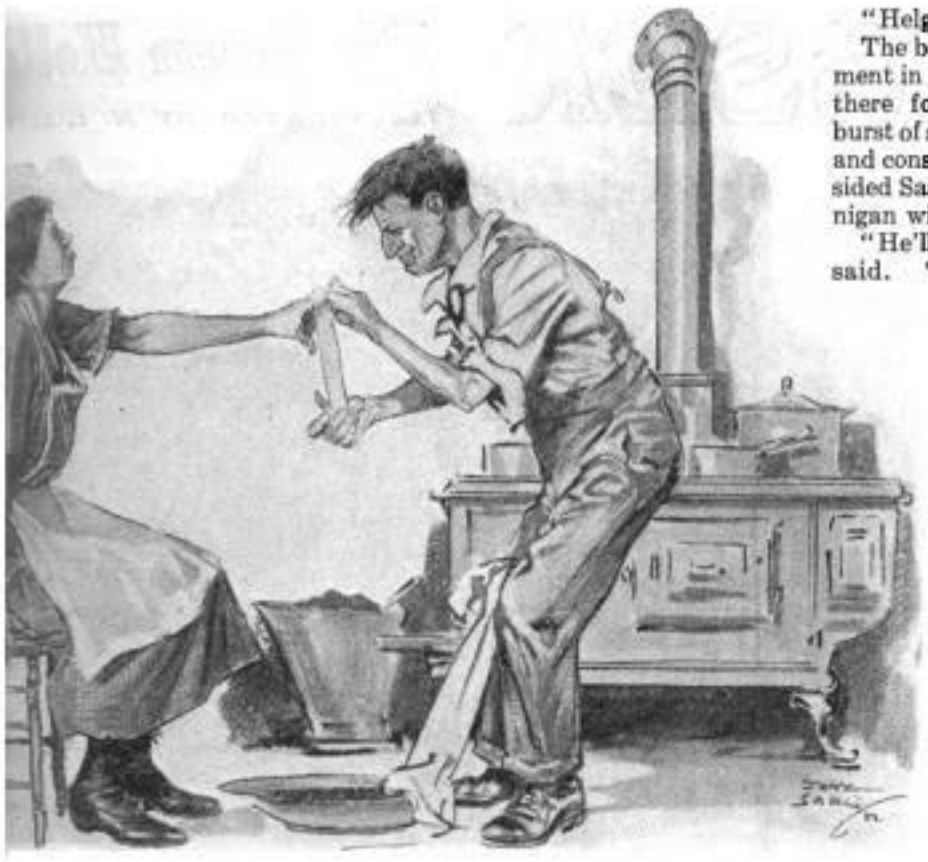
"The potato trenches," Finnigan answered [illegible] "How many bullies do I peel for in this camp [illegible]

The expected happened next pay day. The [illegible] due to the influence of Finnigan's flask and [illegible] persuasiveness of Finnigan's flattery, decided [illegible] good to waste his talent on a bunch of roughnecks [illegible] and Finnigan got dinner that day without [illegible] cause of the improved quality and quantity [illegible] Saarenpaa drifted into the kitchen later to [illegible] learn what had happened. Finnigan explained [illegible] ally asked for an assistant. The Finn had [illegible]



With a Speed Astonishing for One So Large, Saarenpaa Dodged Under the Hurtling Blade

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"a Shame That Such Pretty Little Hands Should Have to Do Such Work"

ng fine—for a flunky," he said. "Keep
ple of days and I'll have a cook down here
This time it will be a woman. I'm getting
; a new hooch hitter every pay day."
an to take off his apron. It was insult
ld he was doing fine—for a flunky. But
lunkying for a woman was more than even
endure.
i Finns get that way?" he inquired with

ew but one way to meet open rebellion.
ather sorry for the poor little runt, so he
nstead of delivering the wallop the case
t is, he slapped the place Finnigan had
Finnigan, his little eyes blazing wrath-
cleaver from the meat block and hurled
e Finn's head. With a speed astonishing
arenpaa dodged under the hurtling blade.
le devil!" he said with honest admiration
ed up. "So you would
"

ıg himself with a carving
egic stand on the far side
.
r see a Finnigan who
he demanded belliger-

ght this over a moment.
the Finns," he decided
ling, "but I never heard
ns before." He paused
clock on the shelf above
ıat late?" he said. "I'd
back to the mill. You
ıntil the woman comes.
e comes you got to help
Having thus settled the
satisfaction he left the

his head hopelessly.
with a guy like that,
ed how a college boy in
ıd worked one summer
e big Finn. "Mentally
vo speeds," the college
w and slower forward,

rtainly had been right.
rin again. He decided
nd for a few days and
nd a way to throw a
the big fellow's men-

arenpaa, carrying the
ne arm as if it were a
ed the new cook to the
Finnigan's blithe and
d him. Inch for inch
as Saarenpaa; pound
ed as much. These
l have forgiven her.
ıd blue-eyed and un-

t his time book and

"Helga Ehlo," she answered.

The big boss made some comment in their own language, and there followed a machine-gun burst of strange-sounding vowels and consonants. When this subsided Saarenpaa introduced Finnigan with a jerk of his thumb.

"He'll show you around," he said. "And if he gets fresh bust him right on the nose." Then he emitted a huge chuckle, recalling the incident of the cleaver. "And you," he continued, addressing Finnigan, "move over to the bunk house and let this lady have your room." There was a room adjoining the kitchen Finnigan and the preceding cook had occupied together. "I'll have a bed and springs and mattress sent over for you," Saarenpaa added for the lady's benefit.

The lady nodded, and looked at the clock.

"It's time to start supper," she said. "How many do I cook for?"

Saarenpaa didn't bother to answer. With his thumb he indicated Finnigan as a sufficient source of information, then left the room. Whereupon the lady removed her hat and coat, and from one of her suitcases took a capacious, well-starched bungalow apron. In a manner merely matter-of-fact she began to unfasten her skirt. Finnigan gazed at her for one horrified moment before he started to bolt.

"Here, you!" she yelled. "Don't you see the clock? Get busy with them spuds."

Finnigan returned to the sink and with nervous haste began paring potatoes. But he was eminently human—and weak. After a moment's suspense he peeked furtively over his shoulder. Relief mingled with regret when he found she had stopped with the skirt and waist, and was putting on the apron.

A few moments later Saarenpaa reappeared. Under one arm he lugged a bed and springs. Under the other he carried a mattress. When these were disposed of he stood for a moment in the kitchen door, appraising the lady's proportions with appreciative eyes.

"Miss Ehlo," he said, not flippantly but with honest approval, "you're some woman. How tall are you?"

"I'm six feet five," she told him coldly. "And I weigh two hundred and sixty pounds."

"Some woman," Saarenpaa repeated. "The best I've ever seen."

"And I suppose you think you are some man," she commented, resenting his very personal remarks.

"I am," he told her without meaning to boast. "The best in these parts."

He continued to gaze at her with respectful approval. Eugenics was a word not in his vocabulary, but he was thinking that when he married her their babies would be some babies. With the telepathic instinct possessed by so many women of her race her mind registered his thought. Her big round eyes flashed indignantly.

"You get t'hell out of here," she ordered.

Saarenpaa didn't understand why she felt like that, but he wasn't in the habit of arguing. Besides, he didn't want to get her sore at him right at the start.

"You are the boss in the kitchen," he told her. "I'm on my way."

For a time after he had gone she stood staring at the closed door.

"In about three weeks he'll be asking me to marry him," she said finally, speaking more to herself than to Finnigan. "The first one I married was like him, and the next one was something like him, and I won't marry another Finn if I never get another man."

Unexpectedly she sank into a chair and, putting her arms on a table, hid her face and began to weep. Finnigan edged over and by way of experiment began patting her ponderous, quivering shoulder.

"There, little girl, don't cry," he coaxed, not knowing he was quoting poetry. "If that big stiff begins bothering you I'll slap him over and put the boots to him. And he knows I'm the lad that can do it." The mirth wrinkles around Finnigan's eyes deepened as he talked, and he winked at the old clock on its shelf above the stove. "Do you see the crack in the door over there?" he continued. "That's where I tried to split him open with a cleaver when I had a run-in with him the other day. I missed his head"—this with infinite regret—"but the door shows where the cleaver landed."

"What did he do to you then?" The lady was human enough to want to hear the end of the story.

(Continued on Page 117)



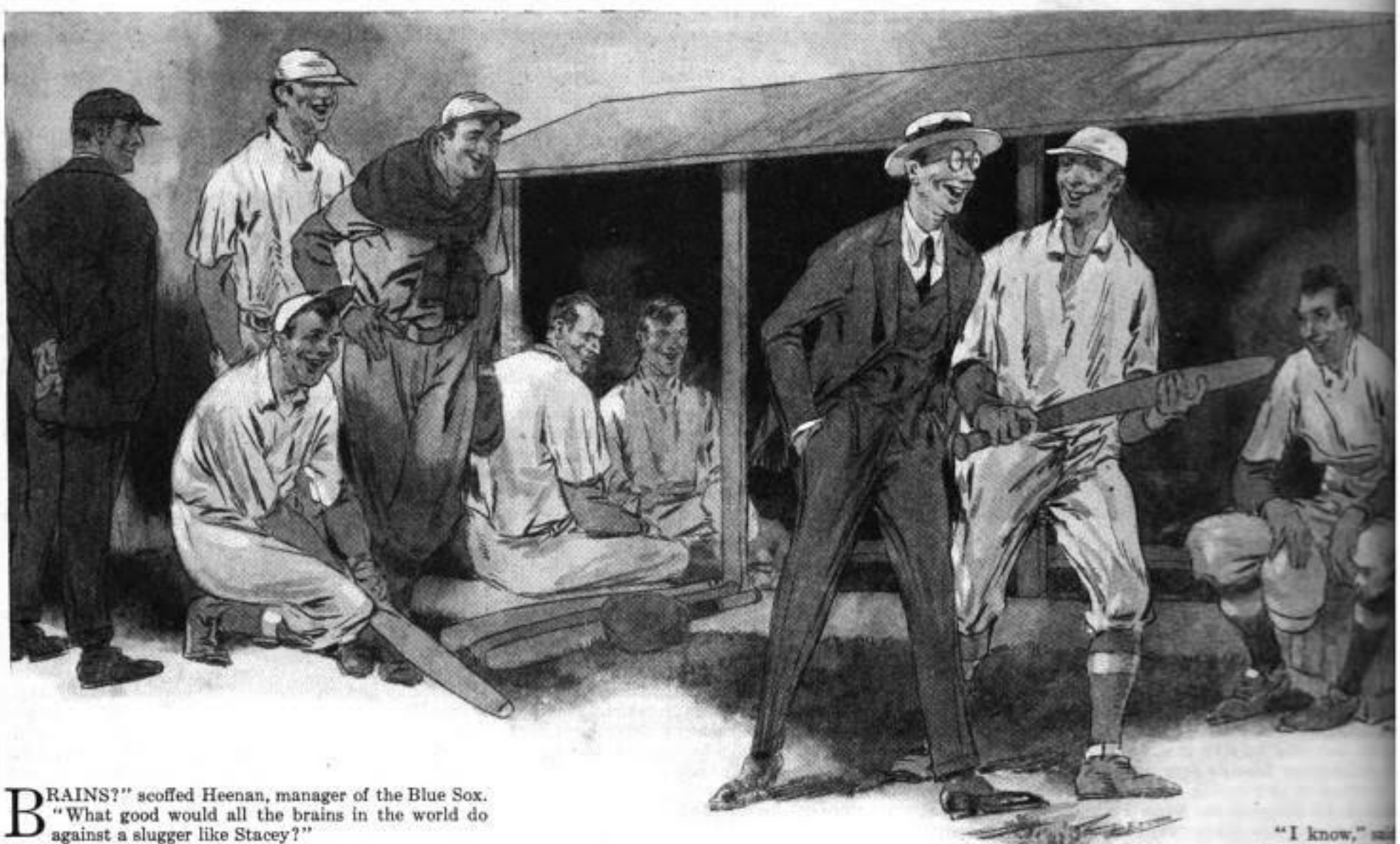
Saarenpaa, Carrying the Lady's Trunk Under One Arm as if it Were a Box of Flowers, Escorted the New Cook to the Kitchen

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THE OUTGUESSER

By Sam Hellm

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUME



Heenan Was Surprised by the Ease With Which Sattherwaite Established Himself on Friendly Terms With the Members of the Blue Sox

BRAINS?" scoffed Heenan, manager of the Blue Sox. "What good would all the brains in the world do against a slugger like Stacey?"

Randall, who had been graduated from Harvard into the ownership of the team, by way of a fortuitous marriage, laughed shortly.

"If he was pitched to properly he wouldn't make fifty hits a year."

"Where do you get that stuff?" Heenan tossed his half-chewed cigar over the railing with a movement of impatience.

"There isn't a pitcher in the league that he hasn't murdered, including Dan Mathews. Brains? He hasn't enough brains to pass up a pitch-out, but he can stick his bat out and bust one over the fence."

"That signifies nothing," shrugged the young owner. "In a kingdom of blind men a one-eyed man is king."

"What's that?"

"You know what I mean. Stacey's brains are at least as good as those of the men who pitch to him. If I had the time," pursued Randall, "I could get together a team of players—fellows who under present standards couldn't qualify in a Class D outfit—and in six months I could run away from the best layout in the country."

"Think so?"

"I know so."

"What would you suggest," asked Heenan satirically; "that I release the whole bunch and hire a lot of rah-rah boys who are at the head of the class?"

"You might do worse. Talking about Mathews—what's the matter with him? Is he going to fliv on you this year? That game of his yesterday was awful. He didn't have a thing on the ball except the cover, and they nearly ripped that off for him.

"We'll be in mighty bad shape this year if he blows. I've been figuring him for about thirty-five games this season."

"He's got me worried too," admitted Heenan. "He looked punk down South, but I thought he'd come to. Walks around in a kind of dope. Never saw such a change in a guy. You'd never suspect he was the same fellow that ran a 35-6 gait last year. Says his arm's all right, but ——"



The Pitcher, Dazed With Surprise, Did Not Move at First

"Well, never mind," interrupted Randall. "We can even survive his failure. By the way, Mike, I'm sending a young fellow to see you. Name's Sattherwaite. Should be here before you start the trip home."

"Pitcher?"

"No."

"Outfielder?"

"No," returned the owner with a puzzling smile. "He's an outguesser."

"H'm. Brainy lad, eh?"

"Look him over and judge for yourself. I'm going West to-night. Write me about him."

Three days later, at morning practice, Heenan observed a stoop-shouldered youth wearing thick glasses shambling toward him across the diamond of the Tigers' park.

"The outguesser," muttered the manager.

"I am Ephraim Sattherwaite," announced the newcomer in faint, hesitating tones. "You are Mr. Heenan? I have a ——"

"Let's see it," snapped Heenan, snatching an envelope from the shaking hand.

The letter read:

This will introduce the young man, Sattherwaite, about whom I spoke to you recently. He hasn't a thing in the world for you except a pennant. He's signed for the season. Watch his complexes.

"Pitcher?" asked the manager.

"I? No."

"What do you do?"

"I'm a psychoanalyst."

"I don't care what your religion is," rasped Heenan. "Where do you play?"

Sattherwaite coughed nervously.

"I'm afraid there is some misunderstanding. While I know something of baseball, I do not —— Hasn't Mr. Randall ——"

"No, he hasn't. I thought he was sending me a player. What does he want me to do with you?"

"I'm a psychoanalyst ——"

"I know," [illegible] signedly. "What what do you do [illegible]

"Mr. Randall," explained with desperate assurance, "[illegible] to isolate and analyze comp[lexes]. I have made studies at all camps and ——"

The manager grunted angrily and moved [away] thought better of it. The strange young [man] tials from the boss. He motioned Ephraim to the dugout.

"Sit down and tell me all about it. What I'll bite."

"It's quite simple." Sattherwaite spoke steadiness. "I spent a week or more at the [training] psychoanalyzing the men. The data are [complete] except for your players."

"I don't follow you," said Heenan simply over again for the kindergarten class."

"I have been studying the mentalities believe I have a good conception of the [reactions] them, the impulses that motivate them—[in] idea of what each of them will do under [given] stances. Their subconscious reflexes, their [habits]

"I believe," interrupted the manager, "[you're] ning to make you. As I get it you've been [collecting] of goat-getters. Eh?"

"I don't ——"

"What I mean is you have been giving [them a] once-over and getting a line on them. [Take] Jones—you know Buck Jones, of the Vanguards reminded that he was in the workhouse [for] beating. Spring it on him and he'll get [all] wild. Is that the idea?"

Ephraim smiled tolerantly.

"Hardly as crude as that, but you are [on the right track] of the psychic garment."

Heenan threw up his hands in surrender.

"Perhaps," went on Sattherwaite, "I could [make it] clearer to you through practical demonstration."

The manager's air of relief was impressive.

"You said a mouthful there, boy. How [shall I go] to do it?"

"All I ask is that you permit me to [study your] players without telling them my mission."

Heenan laughed.

"That's good. What is it? All right. What [shall I tell] me to tell them?"

"You might say that I am a writer getting [data for] timate sketches. That will make for freedom

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e plan very successful at the
mps. In order that my work
value I must mix with the
ms of friendship, even cam-

on't look like much of a
ntly suggested the manager.
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"you will find
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r as you like,"
n. "You can't
harm, that's a
ou might even
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of the play-
s with him.
as sought. The team being on the road for
ound the circuit, hotels and Pullmans caged
made the scientist's mixing a simple mat-
weeks had passed Ephraim's likableness
t invited confidences.
er a miserable game against the Bruins,
nd Mathews staring moodily at the tiles
ner of the hotel lobby. Despite a sullen
s own company that Ephraim had noted
he had had several friendly talks with the

natter, old fellow?" greeted the psycho-
the blues? You know how it is. It gets
l then suddenly it gets worse."
ed up with a sickly, absent smile. Satp a seat.
Dan? I have a few hundred that I could

oney." The pitcher relapsed into surly

was getting nowhere. Ephraim tried
got to his feet.
gone for good, isn't it?" he suggested

ose with a snarl.



"What's the Matter, Old Fellow?" Greeted the Psychoanalyst. "Why the Blues? You Know How it Is"

"What the ——"

Ephraim smiled. This was better.

"You've been doing some mighty rotten pitching lately. I could do better myself."

"Why the devil don't you?"

"I never have thought much of your work," resumed Sattherwaite. "I knew you would blow up in a pinch. You've been getting by largely on your momentum for a long time." Through the thick lenses the sharp eyes watched the other closely.

Mathews made a movement as if to strike. Ephraim backed out of reach.

"I'm sorry," he said in his most soothing tones. "I didn't mean what I said. You're a good pitcher, a wonderfully good pitcher, and I can't understand why you have fallen down so."

The anger in the southpaw's eyes died and he slumped back into the chair. The psychoanalyst knew the value of getting in on the rebound. The soil was all prepared for the planting.

"Now, Dan"—he placed an arm around the pitcher's sagged shoulders—"it's a girl, isn't it?"

"How do you know. What makes you think so?"

"That's simple enough. You're in good health, though your appetite is not what it should be; you are not troubled by finances. What else could be the matter with a handsome young man?"

"Yes," said Mathews slowly, "it's a girl, right enough. You're a smart fellow, Eph. Maybe you can help me. She's got me up in the air the worst way. One minute she seems crazy about me; the next time I call she acts as if she's getting ready to fire the servant girl for letting me in the house." He shook his head. "I don't know what to make of it."

"Merely the mental instability of young love, I should say."

"I don't know what it is, but she's got me jumping sideways. Sometimes I think I'd be better off if she'd just come right out and give me the air. It's this damn uncertainty that gets my goat. She's one swell kid, though. Here, take a look."

The snapshot he passed to Sattherwaite apparently had been taken on an outing of some sort. Ephraim's gaze fixed on laughing eyes and remained there.

"Some looker, eh?" broke in a voice some moments later that rasped into the occupied thought of the psychoanalyst.

"Eh? What?"

"Beauty, isn't she? Through with it?" Sattherwaite's hand with the picture had dropped absently to his side.

"Oh, yes; certainly. Very charming girl. Her eyes are blue, aren't they? I thought so. The face looked familiar for a time."

Ephraim returned to his test tubes. His job was to evolve a pennant for Randall, and straightening out Mathews was an important feature of the job.

"Listen, Dan," he said. "You can't go on like this. When we get back home you must force an issue: Yes or no. Don't you realize that you are ruining a wonderful career in baseball by useless worrying? How much do you think you are enhancing your chances with the young lady by being batted out of the box two or three times a week? No love is strong enough to condone failure for long. Do you follow me?"

"Yes, but ——"

"There are no buts. I believe I can help you, Dan. Right now I can't tell you how, but I think I can work out a plan that will solve your problem if you are willing to trust me in a delicate matter of this sort. Are you?"

"Yes, I am."

Mathews stretched out a hand.

"You were able to find out what was in my mind; maybe you can find out what's in hers. Is that your idea?"

"Something like that. Pitch good ball and leave the rest to me. I can already hear the wedding bells."

A half hour later Heenan overheard Eph and a rookie talking.

"That was a tragic experience," said Sattherwaite. "Do you dream of it? No? How about your waking hours? Does the subject obtrude, rather—that is to say, do your thoughts suddenly turn to it while you are thinking of something else?"

"Bunk!" muttered Heenan as he turned away without waiting to hear the answer. "What have dreams to do with that guy's glass arm?"

Strolling over to the cigar counter he encountered Roberts, the center fielder, nursing a grouch of sorts.

"Who is this bird Sattherwaite?"

"Him?" said Heenan. "He's a writer."

"I never heard of no writer by that name," growled the other, "and I know all the newspaper men on the circuit."

"What's eatin' you?" demanded the manager.

"Well, I don't think he's straight."

"No?"

"No, I don't. We played a little draw last night, and this guy takes a hand. He knows all the cards by their first names."

"Trimmed you, eh?"

"I'll say he did. Had us all down to the cloth in a couple of hours."

"What makes you think he's crooked? See anything?"

"No," was the hesitating response; "but when a fellow wins every pot he gets into, and drops every hand that is topped, without a call, there's something wrong."

"Not necessarily. He's an outguesser."

"A what?"

"Never mind."

(Continued on Page 127)

While Mathews Sat Silent and Nervous Esther Chatted Brightly With His Friend

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The Barons of the Nimble Pac

By EDGAR WALLACE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT



I Heard the Shot and Saw Jerry Double Up and Fall Over on His Face

IN THE old days—this is the steward talking—there were seven gangs working the North Atlantic. They favored the Red Funnels and the Blue Star mainly, but now and then they worked across in an American boat. But the Red Funnels and the Blue Star were the principal beats of the Barons of the Nimble Pack—that is what the old captain of the Mauronic used to call them. Of course there were, and still are, odd men who work between New York and Genoa, and there have been parties on the Canadian packets. But there is not much picking in dago ships, and Canada is dangerous. Why, an ordinary magistrate in Canada can send a man down for ten years and give him the whip! That makes the Canadian trip so unpopular.

When I first went to sea there were about five bunches: Harry Burke's gang, Dutch Frank's, Sandy Havers', Boy Swindon's and Jerry Macbean's—that's five, isn't it? And all the time there was Boston Smith. He was a gang by himself, and never had a partner. He laid for the rich and the silly; business men who thought they knew it all. You've met the kind. Know everything about their own business, but are not quite sure whether Tunis is the name of a German town or whether it is a new kind of chewing gum.

Boston worked into tables of five that needed another player to liven up the game.

"Six is a nice number for a poker game. Won't you play, Mr. Smith?"

"Why, surely; I was going to bed, but I don't mind playing for an hour."

Nobody ever caught him out. Once, when there was a little disagreement about his holding four aces against four pat kings, he insisted upon being searched and examined generally. They did it too; and apologized.

"Very well, gentlemen," says he, "now if you don't mind we will resume. I bear no malice, and I can imagine nothing more exasperating and liable to tear one's judgment to tatters than to be beaten on four kings. Steward, some new cards."

And the very first hand he dealt he gave fours to every player at the table, and a low straight flush to himself. It cost that crowd some money, and he certainly livened up the game. He may have been working with the barman—your hair would go up if I told you the number of ocean-going barmen who stand in with card sharpers. But if he was, the barman was certainly an artist.

The other crowds tried to get Boston into their game, but he allowed that they were too dishonest. It's a fact. Told them plain and straight one morning in the smoke room of the Mauronic.

It was Jerry Macbean's lot he was talking to—the toughest collection of wolves that ever traveled saloon. They would take a man's last cent, and then go back to his cabin and get the gold filling from his teeth. You never saw them playing in the smoke room. They always got their sucker down in some quiet place—in a cabin as likely as not.

Jerry looked ugly, but he said nothing. Boston Smith stood seventy-two inches in his stockings and was a pretty bad man when he was roused. I never saw him that way, but I've heard.

Two voyages after this row we shipped Boston Smith and the Macbean crowd in New York. We had a big passenger list, for it was early summer, and there were a lot of tony people on board. Colonel Vanbyn and Mrs. Cornebilt, and a regular regiment of moneyed folk. I was bedroom steward of 228 to 232 on C Deck, and it so happened that Boston Smith was, so to speak, in my charge.

I suppose you wonder why we didn't warn the passengers that there were card sharpers on board? Well, we did. We kept a notice posted permanently in the smoking room: "Passengers are cautioned," and so forth. You've seen it. A steward doesn't tell anything till the right—what's the word?—that's it—psychological moment; and somehow that never seems to come.

Boston was always very decent to stewards. He tipped well and he gave very little trouble, except that he was particular as to the way his clothes were brushed. I can say that I have handled every suit he wore, and I've never found a card or a false pocket or any of those contraptions that card men are supposed to have concealed about them. He was a gentleman to deal with, always polite and never asking questions or getting into familiar conversations. I must say that I like a gentleman to be a gentleman, and keep his place. It's there for him to keep, the same as it is for a servant.

The first three days of the voyage Boston Smith did nothing but loaf in his chair up on the boat deck and read novels that he'd borrowed from the ship's library. He used to read books by a writer called Meredith and by another called James. I could never make head or tail of them. I think that books which can't be understood by everybody are badly written. But that is neither here nor there.

On the fourth day I saw him go up the companionway in company with a fellow named Carter Moriaty. His father was Moriaty the New York banker—or it may have been Philadelphia. Anyway, he was dead. Carter M. they used to call him, a fat fellow of thirty who'd never done a day's work in his life, but knew it all.

"Carter M.," says I to myself, "your doom is sealed."

I had a chat with his steward next day, and the steward said that Carter had told his valet that he'd lost twenty thousand dollars.

"He's lucky," says I.

But he wasn't lucky. He lost over thirty thousand the next night. I didn't trouble to inquire after that—and I hadn't time, either, for that day Mrs. Frederick Colcott, who traveled in the royal suite, lost her diamond spray. It was a steal, there was no doubt about it. The jewel case had been broken open in the [illegible] by somebody who had [illegible] to get into the cabin [illegible] spray was gone.

It was my luck that [illegible] occurred in my section of [illegible] I was her steward, and I [illegible] duty late that night, [illegible] she went to bed—sick. [illegible] a bit of a cross sea running [illegible] the Mauronic would [illegible] was a ripple on the water.

So it was me for the [illegible] Where was I at twelve? [illegible] I doing at eleven? Did [illegible] strangers on C Deck? [illegible] the sort of questions [illegible] you. There was never [illegible] officer that ever went to [illegible] didn't believe he ought [illegible] been a lawyer, and the [illegible] all the cross-examinat[illegible]

Well, the ship was searched [illegible] end to end. There were [illegible] men who had a bad record [illegible] they were put under [illegible] cause the master at arms [illegible] lady's shawl and a pair [illegible] glasses that they had smuggled [illegible] they were cleaning decks. Stuff [illegible] by passengers, and overlooked by [illegible] steward. But there was no diamond [illegible] We didn't touch Cherbourg at all [illegible] but went straight into the Mersey. [illegible] that time Southampton wasn't [illegible] us. Only the South African and [illegible] Plate boats went there. As soon [illegible] got into the Mersey the police [illegible] aboard and the first thing they did [illegible] come down to Boston's cabin. [illegible] him now, sitting on a settee, a [illegible] ing fellow with brown, clean-shaven face [illegible] recall the look of astonishment he showed [illegible] bulls came in.

"Why, gentlemen!" he said as he took [illegible] out of his mouth and stood up. He was [illegible] for shore and there was a glove on [illegible] "This is a surprise. What can I do for [illegible]

"We want to search your baggage," [illegible] detective.

"Go right ahead," said Boston, sitting [illegible] again, watching them with a sort of [illegible] in his eye as he pulled at his cigar.

They took his trunk first, and right [illegible] the tray, under some handkerchiefs, [illegible] mond spray. Boston Smith just stared [illegible]

"Gee-whiz!" he said. "Now how [illegible] there?"

One of the splits laughed.

"You'll be able to explain," he said [illegible] at his pal.

"I certainly should like to," said [illegible] threw away his cigar. "You'll want [illegible] little walk, I guess," he said. "This thing [illegible] planted, and the man who planted it was the [illegible] sent you straight to this cabin."

The detective said nothing, but jerked his [illegible] Boston followed. I don't know what would have [illegible] if they had waited until the passengers were all [illegible] they landed him. They usually do this when [illegible] taking a prisoner off. But these police people [illegible] anxious to get him away from the ship, and [illegible] him down the gangway. I saw it all, because [illegible] them on deck to find out what was to be done [illegible] ton's luggage. It was an open gangway and [illegible] walking in front of the detective—the other [illegible] behind; I suppose, to see the captain and the [illegible] had lost the spray.

On the landing stage at the foot of the [illegible] Jerry Macbean. It was the first time I'd seen [illegible] came on board. I heard from his steward [illegible] voyage.

Boston didn't turn his head, but was walking [illegible]

"How's the trade in diamond sprays?" [illegible]

I didn't see Boston turn. I heard the shot [illegible] double up and fall over on his face, and then [illegible] ton say "Fine!"

That's all he said, and then the women began [illegible] and all kinds of policemen leaped at Boston [illegible] didn't make any struggle; he dropped his gun [illegible] fired and there was no need to act rough with [illegible] that they did—much.

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wo voyages after that they sentenced Boston unlawful wounding. Jerry was still walking crutches—and lucky to be alive. Ten years' tude was the sentence. I went down to the and saw the close of the trial, it being the day ailed.

st bowed to the judge and stepped down. He had a life sentence, only his lawyer got at acter and gave him a shocking time in the box. ars takes a lot of passing.

ed to think of Boston, and I've talked about e lot to other crowds. He was a gentleman. first things he did when he got control of his o send aboard to me a five-pound note, my tip. ontrast to some so-called respectable people! , and for about seven years, Jerry Macbean's eled with me three voyages. They were work- all right, but I just happened to miss them. nes they were with me was on the Caloric, the ew boat, when she was torpedoed. That was ar. The third time was last year, on the walked with a limp and he'd got a new lot of usually traveled four people. One of these cards at all. He used to sit on deck and make with people, tell them how dangerous it was with sharpers, and then he'd introduce them

ner only traveled three. He was a little thin- who got the confidence of his victims by bad state of health and the arrangements e cremated.

and Jerry were on board the Sindic when t of Southampton Dock. I heard that this oided, and that Willie's gang had arranged rry any makings that came his way.

e being a pretty lively voyage. Every berth had a lot of good people on board, though it at I was going to get much out of it. That's job. Some voyages you may have a couple to look after, the next voyage you may zen missionaries coming home from China, 've done you well when they show you their scars on their heads that the Chinese did e converted.

assengers rather reminded me of a mission- tallish man with black hair and a black d. You may have seen the kind I mean; ery hair from end to skin. He wore a single black tortoise-shell rim—the only Amer- n wearing one, and he told me that he had vitzerland during the war. He had made a hat news cheered me up—and was going to Cleveland, where he belonged. You know how these conversations start: A sort of "Good morning—here's your coffee, sir—it's a fine morning," and then you get on to what happened on the last voyage and the people who were aboard.

Anyway, that's what he told me. He didn't speak much. He used to play chess against himself, sometimes in his cabin, sometimes on deck. I mentioned once about Boston Smith. He happened to ask me what was the usual tip nowadays, and I thought it was a good opportunity to get in a little propaganda work.

"Boston Smith?" says he very thoughtful. "I know that name. What sort of a person was he in appearance?"

"Taller than you, sir, with a sort of golden-brownish hair."

"Clean-shaven?"

"Yes, sir," I said.

"Then I have met him," said he, "in Switzerland. How curious that he should be a card sharper!"

I didn't see how he could have met Boston, considering that Boston had only served about seven out of his ten years, and I said so.

"You forget, steward," he said, "that it is the practice in England to remit a certain period—three months in every year, I think—for good conduct. Strangely enough," said he, "I have just been reading a book on the subject. Tell me some more about this man; I am interested."

Well, I told him all that I knew, which wasn't much. I suppose I ought to have mentioned that Jerry Macbean and Willie Hoffner were on board, and would be round him like bees round treacle if they got to know that he was traveling in bulk. However, I didn't. But like a fool I told the stewardess in my section all about his having a lot of money. And of course she told the deck steward, and I know for certain that he is a nose for every gang that travels.

The next two cabins to Mr. Danton—that was my rich passenger's name, though we used to call him Whiskers between ourselves—were occupied by a brother and a sister. They had a fine name, Tester-Stanhope, but they hadn't much more. I gathered that they were going out to a fruit farm which an uncle had bought for them, their parents having just died. And the uncle had given the boy and the girl a thousand pounds to start there, and paid their passage out. That was why they were traveling in good-class cabins. The stewardess told me a bit, and the boy told me a bit more. He was one of these cocksure lads that get my goat. He always knew the position of the ship, and he could tell you what time we'd go alongside, and he knew where the icebergs would be seen, and where we should strike fog, and heaven knows what. It was no good telling him anything. It was like writing information on the fly-leaf of the encyclopedia.

"It's a nice morning, sir, but I think we'll have rain."

"Rain with the wind due east—rubbish!" says he.

What was the good of telling him it was sou'west.

Or else you'd say, by way of making conversation: "There'll be a dance to-night in the saloon."

"I know," he'd say; "the purser told me yesterday."

His sister was as different as you can imagine. A shy girl, very grateful for anything you did for her, and always anxious to hear anything interesting. I'm not cracking up myself, but there are few people who know more about the North Atlantic than myself—bearing in mind that I am only a steward and not a ship's officer.

And she was as pretty as a picture. Soft and sweet, with a timid, helpless way that made you want to be running round after her all the time. For some reason these two and Mr. Danton chummed up together. They used to sit together on deck. I don't know why young Stanhope and Danton hit it off so well, unless it was that Danton was a good listener. On the Sindic, C Deck is level with the promenade deck, so that I saw a whole lot of what was happening. For the first three or four days they hung together, Danton teaching the girl—whose name was Eileen—the game of chess, and young Ralph Tester-Stanhope giving him advice. And then the kid wandered off and these two used to be alone. Personally, if I was a young girl I shouldn't have taken a lot of interest in a middle-aged man with black whiskers, but I could see that she had begun to lean on him. Not actually; she wasn't that kind of leaner. I fancy she was scared stiff at the prospect of being dependent on young Ralph, and just had to lean on somebody. I heard her and her brother one morning, talking in her cabin.

"But, Ralph," she was saying, "we won't be able to afford a motor car for years."

"You can buy 'em cheap in America," says he, "and I expect to make at least a thousand the first year. I've taken a horticultural course, Eileen—don't forget that. Anyhow, we can afford to have a real good time in New York for a week or two."

"But, Ralph," I could hear her gasp, "uncle said we must go straight through to British Columbia. It is terribly expensive living in New York. Mr. Danton told me so. And we shall want every penny."

"Oh, rats!" says Ralph. I'd have gladly paid a pound for the privilege of giving him a clip across his ear. "Uncle is old-fashioned."

He came out just about then, and I couldn't go into her cabin because she was crying.

That same day Jerry Macbean sent along his Shepherd. He was the tout who never played cards, but gathered in the golden baa lambs. He was a man named Michell, a very quiet middle-aged man who wore glasses and was supposed to be a tobacco broker from Kentucky or somewhere South.

(Continued on Page 122)



I Never Saw Any Man Look as Jerry Looked. If the Ship Had Suddenly Straddled an Iceberg He Couldn't Have Been More Dazed

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WALL STREET TIPSTER



By Albert W. Atwood

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

WHEN the world has Russia and Germany on its mind as well as crime waves, coal strikes and baseball, the subject of stock-market tips and tipsters may seem at first glance to be rather tame. But stock-market speculation is almost as much of a national sport at irregular but frequent intervals as baseball regularly becomes with each passing spring. And though tips and tipping do not constitute by any means all there is to Wall Street and the stock market, they symbolize and symptomize, as it were, the whole great drama of the market, whether viewed from the coldly economic or the more colorful human aspect.

Whenever the stock hysteria breaks out to a greater or less degree, as it always does and has for two hundred years, there is the same old impulsive action upon the part of the multitude, the same wild, eager thirst for tips, for inside information, for advice and leading. It may be described as gambling or contemptuously dismissed as a disease. It may be merely the fatal quest of humanity for the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. But always and in but slightly varying disguise it takes the form of a search for tips on the winners.

A tip in itself is nothing but information or misinformation concerning a given stock. But back of it lies the whole elaborate and intricate machinery of Wall Street. It is a word that conjures up not only lambs, bulls and bears, but wolves as well. A tip is but a word or two, but behind it may be the romance of a continent's development, the wonder-working mentality of a constructive industrial genius or the most highly organized and finished chicanery and deception that unlimited resources and trained astuteness can command.

A small thing in itself, a tip may represent the frenzied state of mind of multitudes or the operation of silent, powerful pools and syndicates, of bankers and resourceful capitalists. It is a mongrel in origin, springing from the irrefutable argument of facts or the far from disinterested machinations of more or less professional market riggers and manipulators of every degree, ranging from haggard men with frayed trousers and dirty collars up to mysterious personalities who dominate or influence whole industries, great banks at the heart of the money power, and political parties.

The Thirst for Inside Information

NOW, there could be no greater mistake than to dismiss the subject of tips and tipsters as being either a cheap or a narrow one. Twenty years ago or even ten years ago the tipster was thought of as merely a lowdown pest who infested Wall Street. He was a man who sent out, for a few dollars a month, to gullible subscribers of low mentality or perhaps of the incorrigible gambling type, a hodgepodge of hectic guesses on the immediate future movement of stocks, atrociously printed or mimeographed, with many exclamation points, on a smeary sheet of very bad paper. This would be a fair sample of the contents:

"On every dip buy Steel at once for a five-point rise. I picked ten winners yesterday. Is this the service you need?"

The same or even more feverish and flamboyant advice was advertised in the Sunday editions of a few complaisant newspapers. The whole performance was so crude, exaggerated and fantastic that looking back upon the days when there were literally a hundred or more of these tipsters in New York City alone, it seems impossible that enough suckers were born every minute to support such a parasite industry. But, of course, the tipster guessed right sometimes—especially so since he often advised one-half of his clients to buy and the other half to sell.

Or if he had a little more capital and enterprise than the average, he owned more than one service or bureau, each apparently independent of the other, advising purchases through one and sales through the other.

In a few cases he combined tipping with an illicit brokerage business. As the result of a tremendous blast of advertising in the Sunday papers he would receive a bunch of buying orders Monday morning with which to open up the market, and would later raid it after the fashion of the bucketer.

Or more often he would work in with a market manipulator or pool, placing his clients in a particular stock for value received, not from them but from the pool manager. Indeed, a jury in a New York State court awarded a well-known tipster damages and costs for services rendered to an even better-known manipulator six years previously in efforts to boost a stock. The tipster testified before the jury that at least one thousand persons



relied implicitly upon his advice, and that twenty thousand were casual correspondents.

But for the most part the old style of tipster has gone. There are a few of them left with their market letters, but in the main they disappeared with the great war-bride boom of 1915 and 1916. So many new stocks with supposedly large assets were brought to the public attention at that time and ever since, that the old-style market prophet, who for a few dollars a month would predict an immediate bull movement in Steel or Union Pacific, found his occupation largely gone.

Like many other things, the business of supplying the speculative public with inside information has developed in recent years. It has extended and broadened; it has become vastly more subtle and less crude. To an ever-increasing extent the brokerage houses themselves supply their customer with information and advice—or with tips if one chooses to be cynical about it. Even the cheaper type of gamblers and speculators, the little fellows, the lambs, pay but slight attention nowadays to the smeary, screaming sheets of guttersnipe tipsters. The typical speculator of to-day goes to the brokerage house where he gets what he calls the best information, which in reality means the best tips. As long as this information makes good, as long as he wins, he stays by the house and thinks highly of its advice.

"You ought to get acquainted with Mr. Blank, the head of Blank & Co.," said a friend of mine who floats from office to office. "He has the real dope. Why"—in an awestruck whisper—"he is a director in two corporations. He isn't around the office very much, but I heard him say the other da... the earnings ... Corporat... very large. ... two hundred ... to go down ... to see him. I think he would see you, and you ... an article out of him."

A few months later when I asked my friend ... were going down in the office of Blank & Co. ... away from me in disgust and without a word of ... tion. I looked up the stock tables and found that ... hundred shares were worth about half their form...

Another man went to a highly conservative ... vestment dealers from whom he had been ... gilt-edged bonds, and asked them to recommend ... stock brokers. They asked him with whom he ... dealing, and when he replied they exclaimed in ... ment, "Why, that is one of the strongest and ... servative firms of stock brokers in the city."

"Yes," he said, "but they do not give me any ...

The bond dealers had nothing more to say ... customer promptly deserted his old brokers, only ... an account with a firm that failed during the great ... fall of bucket shops.

"When you call on me for help I like to be ... it," said the representative of another house ... only in bonds, in reply to my question as to what ... of his customers try to get tips. "But in this ... afraid I cannot be of much assistance. We pay ... attention as possible to the speculative markets. ... run any advertising as so many people do, warning ... of the dangers of speculation. In other words, ... if our customers want to speculate they have ... right to do so. In fact, a good many of them ...

Really Helpful Analyses

"BUT as we look at the matter, speculative ... investment money are two different kinds ... We would be just about as quick to think of advising ... against speculating as we would think of advising ... regard to any of his expenditures, such as for ...

"If a man wants to speculate, all the good ... world is wasted on him. So we leave the ... our general reply being, if questioned, that we ... anything to do with speculative stocks, confining ... selves entirely to first-mortgage bonds."

Now, it will not do to be too cynical about the ... ment of brokers' service. The last fifteen or ... have seen a marvelous increase in the volume ... literature and statistical effort. Many brokerage ... investment houses do put out interesting ... studies of individual stocks and market tendencies. ... lysts are employed at high salaries to make ... exhaustive and careful studies. In addition, ... of firms are often close to the managers of ... tions and keep well informed on corporate affairs.

In numerous cases the partners or higher ... certain houses have shown an amazing alertness ... ing out corporate conditions. Not long ago the ... tive of a New York brokerage house called ...



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ND THEIR METHODS

a manufacturing concern in a neighboring tually persuaded the executive to adopt a w process and turn out a new product in with a big advertising campaign. The broker ut all his customers into the stock and stirred been a sluggish market into furious activity. ne way years ago members of the Chicago de employed grain experts to travel through s and send in early information on the condi- and wheat. In one case such an expert was is thirty thousand dollars a year. The heads es, on the basis of the information received, n on the market which the customers fol- to their enrichment. Only the increasing ne Department of Agriculture did away with t.

ing ramifications of stock-brokerage firms, mfortable customers' rooms, wire service, artments—these have their good and their

reliable information is put out in increasing hat is not the only kind supplied. The cus- ge extent do not care what they buy, whether oil or steel; they want to be put into some- w somebody, to get a good tip; and as the his commissions and like other humans is pted to follow the line of least resistance, not always satisfactory.

ss reputable class of houses, those that are the bucket-shop variety, the information st as crude and fundamentally false in its nt broadcast by the old-fashioned tipster. ually say "I am telling you to buy Steel for ." What it does is to give an invariably on. Only the favorable facts are emphasized. s never advised to sell. He is furnished ingly well-printed and attractive-looking ning what purports to be disinterested e of well-known securities.

s only a few paragraphs in length, and at h is a caption reading something like this: ining fast," "New York Central expects Sinclair making progress," "Miami getting ion," "Midvale coming back," and so on twenty items.

When Doctors Disagree

rs have attempted to an increasing extent urs to play the market also by means of rometers, cycles, trends, tendencies and In other words, instead of seeking tips cks they have sought to follow the changes tions.

a vast improvement over the uncouth and et no one suppose that the secret has been the market. The most dignified bureau, te dealing in charts, barometers, trends t found the philosopher's stone or the pot rainbow. If it had, its proprietor would rice just as the old tipster would have s, and grow fabulously rich thereby.



Indeed the humor, or perhaps the tragedy, of almost every attempt to sell information on the market to speculators has been the fact that so many of the advisers sooner or later have taken their own advice and lost all they had made in the business of giving advice. Many a tipster or market forecaster, analyst, student or consultant would have grown rich had he not followed his own information. Men have built up a business of this sort running into the hundreds of thousands of dollars a year, only to go broke by trying to play the market themselves.

A speculator who made quite a little profit, but who felt that he did not have enough information to continue his operations, subscribed for four services, costing probably about a hundred dollars a year each. After reading their communications for several months he wrote to an acquaintance for advice:

"From time to time I have requested reports from Jones, Brown and Robinson on various stocks and bonds, and also from Smith, and to say that they are all at variance is putting it mildly. They differ as to the method of handling investment and speculative funds for profit, in their recommendations as to the desirability of purchases in certain classes of stocks, and of purchases of particular stocks within each class. And even as to prognosis based on likely happenings and historical precedent, it reminds one of a horse race.

"Jones is not enthusiastic about steels; Robinson favors the purchase of U. S. Steel. Brown disparages oils; while Jones has pointed out that in this depression oils, tobaccos and chain stores like Woolworth have done very well.



Brown wants to buy the nondividend-paying rails and industrials; Robinson favors the dividend payers at present. What to do? What to do? And Brown disparages margin purchases, even if the subscriber could dig up enough to pay in full should the bottom drop out. Jones thinks fairly well of the Philadelphia Company. Brown dislikes its oil holdings. None of the three like the Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation, because it saws wood and says nothing.

"Would you subscribe for either of these four services and drop Jones, Brown and Robinson, or would you follow Brown and Robinson to the letter, or would you continue to read Smith, and subscribe for the other three continuously as I have been doing and use individual judgment in margin purchases? If it were a question of bonds alone I would let Jones put me into his superservice. But this is a question of what stocks to buy and when to buy and when to sell them, all things considered—nondividend payers versus dividend payers, long pull versus the purchase of selected securities from time to time whether they are paying dividends or not, and when to get out from under, provided one knows whether the decline is a major or a minor one."

Now a moment's reflection, provided the one who does it has any common sense, will show that the stock market is not to be played successfully by any system or chart or mechanical feature. The stock market is the collective mind, and its fluctuations are dictated by the combined judgment of the country. An individual who attempts to harness it to a formula is precisely like a cork bobbing on the ocean. Indeed, the market is an ocean that no man



can control. Or to change the figure of speech, it is a barometer of the country's activities, and to find an instrument that will foretell the movements of a barometer is impossible.

It is all very well to study fundamental conditions and cycles and tendencies, but there is no exact repetition of business movements. There are many theories and hypotheses concerning the business cycle and its periodicity. But the fact remains that the depression of 1893 was very long and those of 1907 and 1914 very short. The secret of the business cycle is still to be discovered.

It is true, of course, that a very few persons do succeed in stock speculation. They are not only the exceedingly rare exceptions, but what is more important they have passed up through the science of speculation, if there is any, to the position of masters of the art. In other words, the qualities that make them successful are individualistic in the highest degree and in no sense mechanical.

Newspaper Counsel

NOW, it is a deeply significant fact that though nearly all speculators try to get tips or information from brokers and other acquaintances on the prospective movement of stocks, and though many thousands of them subscribe for all manner of services which in more or less disguised form indicate what market position to take, it is exceedingly rare for an individual speculator to subscribe for a service which gives mere statistical facts, and only facts, regarding individual stocks. Yet one cannot go into the office of any important banking, insurance, large investing or financial institution without finding the data furnished by such services in continuous use.

The speculator would do well to ponder the advice given by the reputable metropolitan newspapers to persons who seek information concerning stocks and bonds. The owners of these papers are always themselves great capitalists and usually in touch with the inner circles of finance. The financial editors and reporters have many varied sources of information and are familiar with the quickest methods of searching out facts. Yet these papers usually exercise the greatest care in confining their advice to strictly investment matters and frankly stating that they have no knowledge of market movements and can give no information on the subject. As the financial editor of one of these papers says:

"We confine our advice to investment matters, and from ten to fifteen thousand persons each year write in to us for guidance. We make no pretense of telling people how to get rich in the stock market. We do seek to analyze investments and to save our readers from some of the pitfalls of stock promotions."

The treasurer of an institution that holds in trust several hundred million dollars of bonds and stocks says that authorities who are asked for advice on such matters by individuals are put to a very unfair disadvantage. "The individual who asks for advice nearly always confuses and mixes investment and speculation. He ought to stick to one or the other in seeking advice. He ought to block out his position from the start and not force upon the adviser the necessity of pointing out the difference."

(Continued on Page 141)

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TRUST EMILY—A Farce Comedy

By MAY EDGINTON

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

V

ARTHUR NETHERBY reached cover about one o'clock in the morning. He crept into the old farmhouse which had been his father's—and was now undergoing extensive repair—through a scullery window that had been left open and made his way to a bedroom. He lay down amid damp and dust, and thought thankfully how good it was, and fell asleep. But when he awoke to a fair morning he quite missed the crackly cotton vision of Parks bringing to his bedside the morning tea.

He opened his door and roared, and a terrified person bundled out of the kitchen below and stampeded upstairs.

"Hey, master!" said the person, quite Orientally, when it saw Arthur.

It was the farm laborer whom, with a wife, Arthur had installed in the house as caretaker.

"I'm here, Stoker," said Arthur. "And I want breakfast, and plenty of it. And where is that old stuff of mine I left here that hasn't been unpacked yet? Because these pajamas and that raincoat are all I've brought. And there is something I am going to mention to you at once, Stoker," continued Arthur, when Stoker at last brought in a handful of ruins representing an old shooting coat, an old pair of riding breeches, and the battered body of a hat, "and that is—you got a wife here, eh?"

"Yes, sir," said Stoker.

"Well," said Arthur, "keep her out of my sight, that's all. If there's one thing I can't and won't stand, it's women."

Arthur passed a very pleasant morning mooching about the place in the old shooting coat and things, and his favorite pipe never left the right corner of his mouth. The world seemed quite calm; fields and hedges and ditches and woods separated him from danger; and he had no telephone. Furthermore, he recalled something about a flower show which presumably would occupy Lady Hunter's party most of the day. At noon even the workmen who were hammering at Arthur's house downed tools to go to this flower show; and all was purity and peace.

About four o'clock, also, a new gun arrived from London for Arthur, and with this entrancing acquisition he sat down in his late father's armchair—not only Arthur's father, but his grandfather, in his time, had sat in it—and with his pipe in the right corner of his mouth he prepared for an hour's really mellow enjoyment, for a new London gun represented to him the acme of most that was truly desirable upon earth. He had pushed the debacle of yesterday right into the back of his mind.

When Stoker came in from the kitchen with whisky and soda Arthur was sitting rapt in reverie, caressing this dream and this beauty. Stoker lumped the whisky decanter and siphon on the table, rousing him.

"What do you think of my new gun, Stoker?" said Arthur, gazing rapturously at the shining barrel, shinier to him than any siren, and glossier to him than any woman's hair.

Stoker's wife sidled in with the tumbler he had forgotten; she peered round her husband curiously, if timorously, at Arthur.

"'Er's a fine gun, master," said Stoker, "and costed a pretty penny, I dare say."

"Sixty quid," replied Arthur.

Stoker's wife gave such a gasp at the idea that Stoker became aware of her at his back, and putting his hands behind him he made fierce motions to shoo her off to the kitchen. She crept away cautiously with a parting look from the door at Arthur.

Arthur became faintly aware of her ere she disappeared. "Yes! Send her out!" he said stroking the gun. "Send her out! No women here!"

"Sixty quid," returned Stoker, "is enough for some folks to set up 'ouse on."

He continued to stand submissively by the table, not having enough brain power to move of his own volition.

"Don't talk about setting up house, Stoker!" said Arthur emphatically.

"No, sir," muttered Stoker. "I beg pardon, sir." He had been trying to assimilate Arthur's little idiosyncrasy all the morning, but so far had failed.

"Get!" said Arthur laconically. Then he called him back, for Mrs. Stoker had roused faint yet terrible memories. "Have you ever wondered why the devil women can't leave us alone?"

Stoker thought conscientiously. "No, sir," he replied.

"A good gun 'n' a good dog 'n' something in the stable," remarked Arthur—"that's life for me."

Stoker thought well over this. "Yes, sir," he replied.

"Get!" said Arthur laconically.

The front door of Arthur's farmhouse opened right on a dear little old red-paved courtyard, where, from within, rows of shining milk cans could be seen. The milk cans were winking and gleaming in the sunlight, and just as Stoker was turning towards this open door he saw an apparition that stopped him dead in his tracks. He saw a lady in a sophisticated little rag of a country frock walking through the sunlight and the red-paved courtyard towards the house.

Arthur, in his father's armchair, sat with his back to this open door, admiring his gun. He was all innocent of his doom. Stoker trod heavily on his hobnails into the breach, and met the enemy square in the courtyard.

"Is Mr. Netherby in?" said the apparition, smiling.

Stoker's vocabulary, though not large, was equal to replying in either the affirmative or the negative, and he was hesitating as to which to use, when, inside the parlor, they heard Arthur whistling to his gun. He whistled lovingly and light-heartedly a few bars of a popular melody. For the moment he was tragically free from care. Stoker saw the lady prick her ears.



"Don't You Think That Would be Rather Wonderful?" "More Than Wonderful," He Said. "Impossible"

"Yes'm," said he. "He's in. But he don't to see no ladies, 'm. There's my orders."

"Nonsense!" cried the lady. "I quite stand Mr. Netherby's reasons; but he'll

Arthur

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"Well? Well?" said she in varying keys.

Arthur's face twitched into a ghastly smile.

"Er—er—well?" he said. "Well."

Mrs. Drelincourt's figure undulated, wher takably. She was of the mermaid type.

"Look delighted!" she suggested softly.

"I—I— a-a-am looking delighted," Arthur

"Smile," said Mrs. Drelincourt roguishly.

Arthur twitched his poor face.

"Ask me in," coaxed Mrs. Drelincourt.

"Come in," said Arthur feverishly. "(course! What an ass I am. What must you t

Mrs. Drelincourt moved like a mer Arthur, and he beat a retreat round his fa

"Well, Arthur," she said, pausing tactfully down, "you know what I think of you."

Arthur stammered without actually com to speech.

"Why," she asked, reproachfully rais "didn't you come to the flower show?"

Arthur told the truth. "I wanted to be al "I prefer it."

"Oh, my dear, dear Arthur!" she said sy He winced, but she knew men got over first easily, and went on: "My dear, dear Ar I understand. The perfectly shameless wa mony girls have behaved has put you in barrassing position. But isn't it a little cru in it with you?"

Arthur was afraid to put it quite like t measure he certainly agreed.

"Yes," he said, "I like to think of others rassed besides myself."

He kept his father's armchair in front o

"All the same," said Mrs. Drelincourt sof been rather naughty, haven't you, Arthur?"

"Well," said Arthur, looking around the he repeated. "Sometimes a man may fin cumstances when, whatever sort of nobl born with, he's bound to show up as a quitt

Mrs. Drelincourt looked slowly and Arthur's poor father's chair.

"I do love these terse graphic expres brightly after a pause. "They're like yo to take off her gloves and to play with them

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rthur," she began, "this afternoon I do want a
g talk; and that is why I escaped from the flower
said I had one of my headaches, and was going
lie down. Then I jumped on my bicycle—and
woman rides a bicycle if she can help it, though
bring the horrid things down into the country—
e here in this heat all for you." She looked at
ith charming reproach. "To pour out your tea,
are you about—about"—she laughed a little
—"about that terrible contretemps last night!"
hat Arthur would never break cover unless she
ay she went and sat down by the table in the
he room. She was rewarded for her kind tact
him abandon the chair and emerge into the
re he walked about between her and the fire-
agony of indecisions.
t you a silly thing, Arthur?" asked she with a
chment.
repeated Arthur with conviction—"it was the
lunatic."
aid Mrs. Drelincourt, "but—it turned out all
t it?" She toyed with her gloves, smiling.
" said Arthur in a gruff voice.
so impulsive," murmured Mrs. Drelincourt.
dn't have rushed out in the dark like that to
ee—and jumped to conclusions that you'd
It was risky. Still, it was the right woman;
well."
s a pause. Arthur realized that she had
long way, and that the defenses were crum-
ie was fairly smitten with fear, while she
l, determined and smiling.
thur said grimly, "Well, if you've come to
ve tea. It passes the time; sort of keeps one's
ed, doesn't it?"
cruelly at his poor father's ancient bell rope.
quaint old bell rope!" Mrs. Drelincourt was
d what a sweet quaint place it is! All those
re they pure pewter? If so they should be
polished."
c no notice of her. Stoker, who had by now
l of his wife, shambled in from the kitchen
and stood gazing furtively from Arthur to Mrs. Drelincourt, who turned slowly from her proprietary survey of Arthur's demesne, and eyed him.

"Yes, sir?" muttered Stoker.

"Tea!" said Arthur.

"Yes, sir," muttered Stoker.

He went out as delicately as possible on his hobnails.

"Who is that funny person?" asked Mrs. Drelincourt.

"My odd-job man," Arthur replied.

"Oh," said Mrs. Drelincourt fastidiously, "of course that sort of thing's all right for a bachelor, but you'll have to alter things now, sha'n't you?"

"Dunno," said Arthur in a lost voice.

Mrs. Drelincourt put her head slowly on one side and smiled.

Had this attractive but mistaken woman only known it, it was that smile which settled Arthur; that significant, proprietary, mulish smile. It administered a kick—a mulish kick. "I would like to take this darn woman," said Arthur's brain, "and shut her up—and shut her up—and shut her up ——" Arthur's brain reeled. Then it went on. "—— and shut her up—and send—and send for someone to fetch her away."

Mrs. Drelincourt interrupted this pleasant course of thought. "What are you considering so deeply, Arthur?" cooed she.

"You," replied Arthur.

Mrs. Drelincourt rose from her seat like a mermaid from a wave; and Arthur laid his hand on the back of poor father's chair.

"Y-y-you spoke of altering things," said Arthur, and he found himself fascinated by the fell course towards which a reprehensible brain wave had hurled him. "Well, will you help me?"

"Oh, Arthur!" said Mrs. Drelincourt.

"Will you begin now?" Arthur pursued.

"Why, Arthur!" protested Mrs. Drelincourt radiantly.

"This very minute?" continued Arthur.

"Of course," said Mrs. Drelincourt radiantly, "I shall be delighted to help you. It is natural that I should help you. If there's anything in the world that I can do ——"

Arthur looked at her cautiously.

"Well," he said, the thoughts fairly leaping along his brain, "there are two rooms, opening into each other, upstairs, right along at the north end of the house. And I wonder if you would come and look at 'em right now, while we're waiting for tea, and tell me what sort of furniture I ought to have."

"Of course!" cried Mrs. Drelincourt. "I'm just delighted."

"The farther room," said Arthur steadily, "has a skylight only, and presents a difficult furnishing proposition."

As he so particularized a hazy understanding came to him of the artistic enjoyment of details which all really good murderers must feel when setting the scenes with unnecessary but commendable technic for their worst crimes.

"We'll look at that farther room first," said Mrs. Drelincourt very gladly and graciously. "I'm going to love this rambling old house; and especially that skylight room."

Arthur rejoined with that sardonic humor which is so featured by the best type of criminal, "If there's one place in this house you'll hate it will be that skylight room."

He ushered her towards the door that led to the stairs and kitchen part of the house.

She made eyes at him playfully. "I'll prove you wrong," said she.

Half a minute later Stoker entered with the cloth, and found the parlor empty. He tried the cloth cornerwise on the table and it wouldn't fit; and endways, and it wouldn't fit; and he stretched it, and it wouldn't fit; so he left it all anyhow, and turned towards the kitchen again.

"I dunno," he said, scratching his head—"I dunno how the durned thing goes."

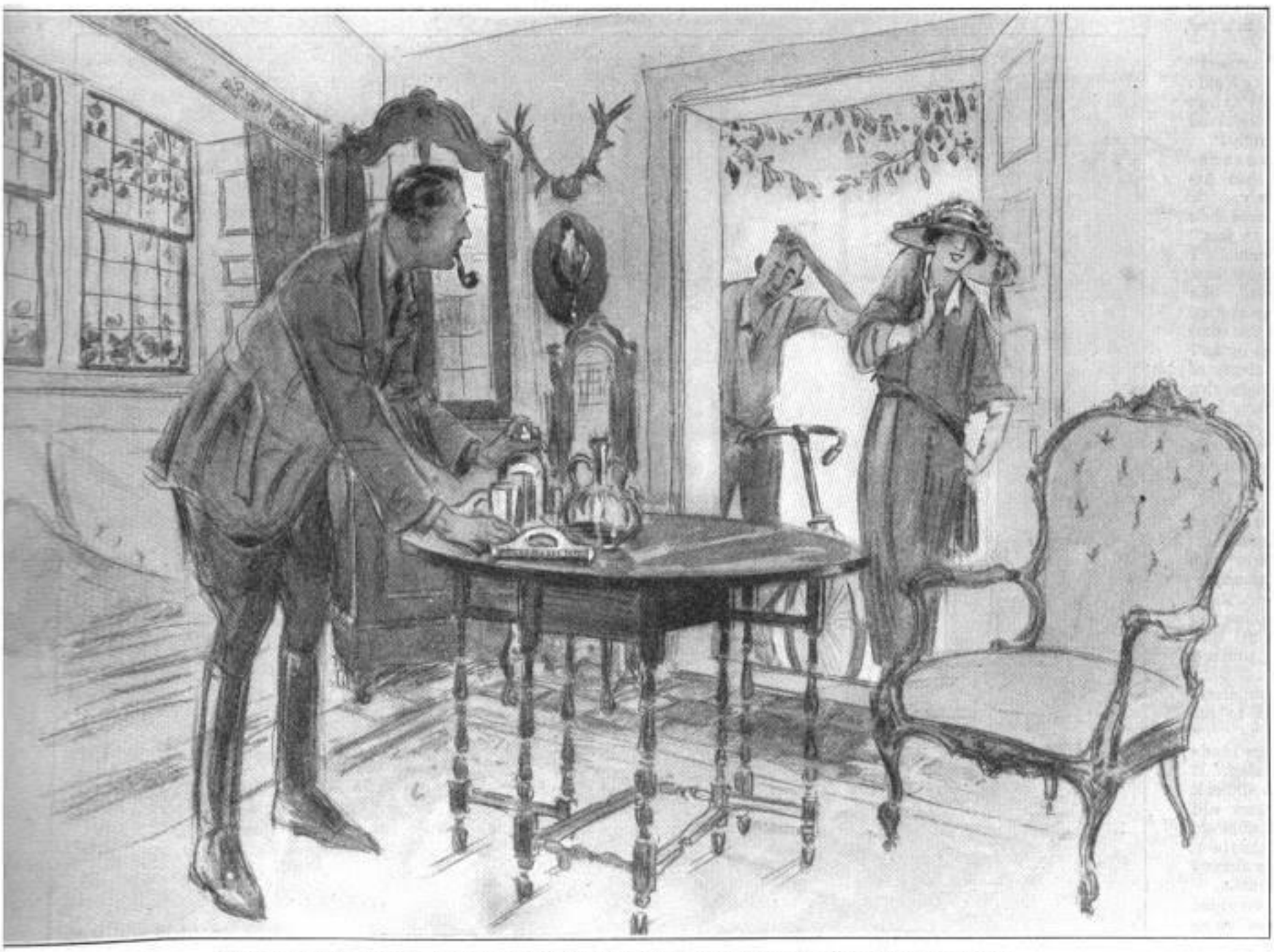
In the doorway Arthur in an awful hurry brushed against him. He must have come down the stairs at breakneck speed. He passed Stoker, slammed the door upon himself, stood and thought terrifyingly for a brief while, and then leaped at the antique bell rope.

In came Stoker.

"The tay won't be long, sir," he argued mildly.

"Hang the tea!" said Arthur, walking about in a great state. "Come here!"

"Look here, Stoker," said Arthur rapidly, "I want you to do something for me of a partic'larly private nature.



"Ask Me In," Coaxed Mrs. Drelincourt. "Come In," Said Arthur Feverishly. "Come In, of Course!"

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Er—outside you'll find a lady's bicycle. Can you ride a bicycle?" Stoker nodded. "Take it then and ride like blazes ——"

A sharp sound cut through Arthur's speech. It was the ring of a bicycle bell. Arthur started, sprang to the door and looked out.

"Good Lord!" he whispered.

"Hello!" called Gwennie girlishly. "Hel-lo. Coo-ee!" She appeared vividly on the threshold.

"Tea, Stoker!" said Arthur very loudly.

Stoker ran out on his hobnails to the kitchen, shaking his head desolately.

"Did I hear the word 'tea'?" insinuated Gwennie, very charmingly, from the door.

Arthur seemed to know his part automatically. It was wonderful how easily the lines already came to him.

"Well," said he, "I suppose you've come to tea."

Gwennie entered. She looked very fluffy.

"Of course I have," said she impertinently, coming up to Arthur. She put up her face. "Well, Arthur? Well?"

Arthur looked down at Gwennie's face.

"Well?" said he.

Gwennie seized his coat lapels. "Is that all?"

"What do you mean?" said Arthur rather feebly.

"Is Mrs. Drelincourt here?" said Gwennie.

"Certainly not!" replied Arthur firmly.

"Then whose is that bicycle out there?" said Gwennie.

It was wonderful how easily words came to Arthur.

"That bicycle," he answered without a qualm or a pause, "belongs to my odd-job man's wife."

"Really?" asked Gwennie, looking up at him with two eyes like little gimlets.

"Really," replied Arthur nonchalantly.

"Oh!" said Gwennie with a gusty sigh, still hanging to Arthur's coat lapels. "I was so angry when I saw it! I thought—you see, she said she had a headache and was going to lie down, but I didn't believe it; so I followed to offer her a powder, and she wasn't there. Steers said she'd gone out on her bicycle. So if she isn't here where can she be?"

"I wonder," said Arthur.

"A woman doesn't ride a bicycle for nothing," continued Gwennie.

"I wonder," repeated Arthur firmly.

It was awfully disappointing to hang on and on to Arthur's coat lapels; so Gwennie relinquished them and sank down fluffily on the sofa a few feet away.

"Oh, Arthur!" she sighed. "Hasn't that woman behaved disgracefully?"

"Disgracefully!" said Arthur firmly.

"She says she's engaged to you," said Gwennie. "I don't know how she dare!" She looked up at him. "Aren't you coming to sit by me? There's plenty of room—and such a lot to say, isn't there?" She gestured very prettily to the space beside her on the couch.

Arthur looked at the space.

"Is there?" he said cautiously.

"Oh, you needn't think you said it all last night," pouted Gwennie.

"Arthur, aren't you glad to see me?"

Arthur made up his mind. It was not difficult now—same old signpost, same old road. He had been there once already this afternoon.

"I am very glad to see you," he replied steadily. "As a matter of fact, you came in the nick of time"—he braced himself up a bit for the job—"to help me in a—a certain matter."

"Why, I'd love to!" purred Gwennie.

"Up in the attic on the south side," said Arthur, as brazen as brass, "I've found some old—er—tapestry, and whether to throw it away as moth-eaten rubbish I don't know, or whether to keep it I don't know. Now, just while we are waiting for tea, won't you come along with me ——"

"Up to the attic?" cried Gwennie, springing up. "Oh, I love the idea of—of solitude one gets in an attic!" She gave Arthur a mischievous look, very inviting.

"I'm not sure that you'll love this attic!" said Arthur, again impelled by sardonic humor.

Gwennie linked arms. "I will," she purred. "I'll love the attic—and you. Oh, you naughty boy to run away, Arthur! Oh, you naughty, naughty old thing!"

Arthur and Gwen sort of pushed and jostled each other out of the room.

VI

BARELY a moment or two after Arthur and Gwen had left the dear old sun-filled parlor Stoker swayed into it again, gripping a tray on which was piled the crockery for tea. He set the tray on the table and looked around in surprise, to find the room again empty. He crossed to the door at the back, looked into the courtyard, counted two bicycles on his fingers, shook his head and returned to his work, which was causing him some anxiety. He scratched his head.

"Well," he said, "I dunno. I dunno."

He disentangled the plates and the cups and saucers.

A moment later the clang of another bicycle bell disturbed him. He looked round resignedly. There was Angela on the threshold, gazing right through him haughtily.

"I beg pardon, mum," said Stoker, who had been well grounded in apologies to his betters.

"Is Mr. Netherby in?" asked Angela.

"Oh, yes'm," replied the simple Stoker.

"Has a—a lady called?" pursued Angela coldly.

"A lady, 'm?" said Stoker. He stopped and scratched his head, being very much helped thereby. "Well, 'm ——" he said, thinking painfully, for even he surmised some trouble about. He became quite cunning and cautious. "I dunno," he answered at last—"I dunno as I can say, 'm."

He shuffled his feet and scratched for help. It was a bad moment.

Angela entered. "Who are you?" said she disdainfully.

"Odd-job man, miss," said Stoker. "My wife and we does it all between us."

Angela was now standing on the hearthrug [illegible] the poor place. She looked all round, from the [illegible] prints and foxes' brushes and stuffed birds on the [illegible] the dear old carpet in the center of the [illegible]

"Oh, yes," said she. "Yes. Well, tell Mr. Ne[illegible] I am here, at once, please. I am Miss Harmon[illegible]

"Yes, miss," replied Stoker, happy to go.

Once more Stoker was nearly flung prostrate [illegible] leading to the stairs and kitchen by the sudden [illegible] of Arthur, who dashed in, carrying two keys.

"Stoker!" said he feverishly. "That job I want[illegible] now listen to me." Then he caught sight of Angela. Oh!" he moaned. "I mean—er—it's you!"

Angela stood in a pretty pose by the mantelpiece.

"Whom did you expect to see?" said she coquettishly rallying Arthur.

"Nobody—nobody," said Arthur feverishly. In response to her inviting smile he drew a little reluctantly.

"Was you going to give me an order, please?" said Stoker by the door.

Arthur turned round and gave him a curt nod. "Yes. Tea, Stoker. Tea! That's all!"

"Yes, sir!" faltered Stoker, going out in a bewilderment.

Angela advanced with both hands outstretched as they were really alone.

"Oh, Arthur!" she breathed.

"I suppose you're staying to tea?" said Arthur.

"Why, Arthur!" said Angela. "Of course it's a delight to pour out tea for you in your own house the first time."

"That's good of you," murmured Arthur, [illegible] against the couch so suddenly that he sat down. But he quickly rose again, armed to the teeth with [illegible]

"So Gwen's not here?" said Angela with a [illegible]

"Why should she be here?" responded Arthur.

"Well," said Angela, "she left the flower show [illegible] text of taking one of the vicarage children [illegible] when I followed to the vicarage just to see, [illegible] there. So I thought ——"

"That she'd come here?" said Arthur slowly.

"It would have been just like her!" cried Angela. "It would have been Gwen all over! You don't [illegible] deprecate will do. And [illegible] are two [illegible] in the [illegible] "Yes, that [illegible] "One [illegible] woman [illegible] other [illegible] married [illegible] "But Angela [illegible] look [illegible] course [illegible] those [illegible] the [illegible] that [illegible] tive! [illegible] you [illegible] have [illegible] to [illegible] We [illegible] to [illegible] have [illegible] First [illegible] didn't [illegible] like [illegible] ugly [illegible] good [illegible] said [illegible] "at [illegible] some [illegible] plan [illegible] that [illegible] devil [illegible] mar[illegible] good [illegible] Angela [illegible] at [illegible] fat [illegible] some [illegible] finish [illegible] er [illegible] the [illegible] that [illegible] tive! [illegible] Can [illegible] Pa[illegible]



"Aren't You Coming to Sit by Me? There's Plenty of Room—and Such a Lot to Say, Isn't There?"

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HE NUMBER ONE BOY

By John Taintor Foote

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER



"I am the Spirit of Gautama Buddha"

V

KEL BRADLEY turned to his desk eated himself. He had picked up the ished O. D.'s report when the orderly t the door into the hall.

boy is with a

hawk ithout

hat of e let- ing it

Miss t's for sorr. eliver hit is

the up—

for

to

ide, Tim lder his

with his ped me the

it, the lis-

saluted and retired.

it?"

ne chit Missy Bladley. All light?"

The hawk extended his hand. "Me take."

shook his head.

Missy sign chit."

ive chit?"

Have no got."

nissy master. Me sign chit?"

se to his feet and swooped upon the chit struck out like a beak and seized the chit . He returned to the desk, signed the ssed it to the chit boy.

t boy had fled the hawk tore open the its few lines at a glance and became as r from which he read. For a moment he

is eyes slowly rose from the letter to the screen. Well, at least he was no longer uld act now—that was sure. He had n action.

ked without haste toward the door on ere fastened. He did not trouble to go ; he simply brushed it aside with a sweep l with something of a clatter to the floor. halted until the violence within him had m. He put his hand gently to the door it. The door refused to open at this had not forgotten to lock it, with all her f-restraint departed abruptly. He raised against the panels, hesitated, and spoke th."

nt "Yes."

."

the morning."

or at once or I'll break it down."

throw his weight against the door when the lock. Flinging open the door he . Her face was tear stained, her hair

ie asked faintly.

to be kind to me, but you couldn't?"

tone and the white menace in his face. it?"

le seized her by the wrists and drew her ing room. "Gardy, eh?" He held the es. "Read that—read it aloud."

She obeyed. "'May I see you again for a moment before I go? I shall be in the legation for the rest of the evening.'"

Poor tormented Jimmy! Those few words had struck him as sufficiently innocent should his note by any chance go astray. He had found it impossible to write "Dear Mrs. Bradley." He had therefore omitted his signature as well, and so had damned his few lines past all explaining.

"Well," demanded the hawk, "who wrote it?"

She wet her dry lips.

"There is no signature."

"So I observe. Who wrote it?"

"I never saw the handwriting before."

"Possibly. But you know damned well who wrote it."

His harshness stung her into an attempt to face him.

"I don't know a thing about it. Where did it come from?"

"It came by a chit boy just now."

"And you opened it?"

"I did."

"A letter for me?"

"Certainly. I didn't want you disturbed."

The strange courage of the helpless came to her. "You seem to have changed your mind about disturbing me."

His fingers closed on the soft flesh of her arm.

"That's enough impertinence. I'll give you one more chance. Who wrote that letter?"

"Let go of my arm!" Her eyes were a stubborn blaze.

They did not melt the icy determination of the hawk. He was impervious to womanly scorn. It was her youth—her youth alone, before which his assurance faltered once more. It drove him to a more insidious method of attack.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't mean to be so harsh with you. But I'm terribly—worried." In face and voice he managed to suggest a kind anxiety. "You see, you're very young, and I'm afraid you'll do something—some perfectly innocent thing—that will get you talked about. Now, about this letter: Of course you know who wrote it. Of course you have an explanation. But I must know what it is. Perhaps, not realizing, you've been a little indiscreet. Such things happen. Well, just tell me all about it, so that I can advise you what to do. That's what I'm for, my dear, to guard you and help you in every way possible. I was angry—I admit it—through anxiety for you. It's over, and we'll forget it. Now tell me about this letter. To begin with—who wrote it? You know, don't you?"

She examined his face for a long moment.

"I think I do," she said at last.

"Well, who was it, dear?"

"I think it was Lieutenant Lee."

He turned away from her so that she might not see the spasm of rage that distorted his face in spite of himself. "Yes," he said when he could control his voice. "Now tell me—when did he start to make love to you?"

Again she looked at him closely. His face was cold and hard, but it was always like that, and underneath his sternness she had found him kind.

"He—became interested in me that day in the temple. It was before he knew I was going to marry you. He had no idea until you came in. That's all there is to it."

"I see. Where had you met him before?"

"I had never met him before."

"Then he started making advances to you—never having seen you before—when you were alone in that temple?"

"Yes," she admitted. "But it wasn't at all the way it sounds. I can't tell you everything—it wouldn't be fair to him when he talked to me in confidence that way. I can tell you this much—Lieutenant Lee is fine and honorable in every way. He's done nothing anyone who knew everything would blame him for. Now please give me my letter, and I'll send word to him that I can't see him again."

"You say he's honorable, do you?"

"Yes, Gardy."

A little of the passion seething within the hawk crept into his voice.

"A young snake who comes into my house and makes love to my wife?"

"He didn't make love to your wife. It was before I was your wife—before he knew."

"He hasn't tried to make love to you since?"

Her eyelids quivered in spite of her. "No."

"You're certain?"

"Yes."

She was lying, of course, thought the hawk. The letter proved it.

Again he was forced to turn away from her lest she suspect the whirlwind that was shaking him.

"Sit down, my dear," he said as casually as he was able. "I want to think what's best to do."

"But, Gardy, there's nothing to do. Nothing has happened. Just let me write that I can't see him. That's all—don't you see?"

He had begun to pace the floor. Suddenly he whirled on her.

"Then you don't care for Lieutenant Lee?"

"Why—why," she stammered. "I'm married to you."

But he had his answer from her eyes. Again he took to pacing the floor. When she made an attempt to speak he motioned her into silence.

Back and forth, back and forth paced the hawk. He turned to her at last, smiling a queer cold smile—a relieved smile it was.

"Very well, my dear," he said. "You may write to Lieutenant Lee. Come and sit here at the desk."

She obeyed.

"Now write what I tell you. Just say 'I have received your note. Come here at once.' Don't sign it."

She had picked up a pen; now she dropped it.

"You're not going to bring him here? Oh, Gardy, you're not going to do that?"

"Yes; write as I tell you."

"But why? Why?"

"Never mind why. I'll explain later."

"Oh, please don't, I beg of you."

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"Pick up that pen and write." A little of the hawk's inner deadliness came to the surface.

In spite of shaking fingers and tear-filled eyes she managed to obey him.

He struck the gong. "Address this envelope 'Lieutenant Lee, American Legation.'"

As she finished the address the Number One boy came through the doorway.

"I want the orderly, Ty Ming."

"Yes, Excellency."

The hawk picked up the note he had dictated, folded it and placed it in the addressed envelope. He returned the envelope to his wife before the orderly appeared.

"Mrs. Bradley has a note here for Lieutenant Lee. Will you deliver it, Tim?"

"Yis, sorr."

"You'll find the lieutenant in the legation somewhere. Deliver it to him personally and say it's a note from Mrs. Bradley. You understand?"

"Yis, sorr."

"Tim will take it for you, my dear. Just give it to him."

It was not until the orderly had gone that her confused thoughts took the form of questions.

"Lieutenant Lee would come here instantly if you ordered him to. Why did you have me write?"

The hawk sat down deliberately on the couch and gave her a look that chilled her to the heart.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said, smiling a sneering icy smile. "You've told me that this young snake who has you fascinated is perfectly honorable. Now of course I don't believe that. But I'm going to give him the benefit of the doubt. Before I—step on him I'm going to give him a chance to prove it."

"What do you mean?" she faltered. "Are you going to question him?"

"Well—hardly. I told you I was going to give him a chance to prove it."

"Prove it? How?"

"When your young friend comes I'll step in there in the window. You greet him in an ordinary way and ask him why he wrote you. I'll hear what he has to say."

The hawk had called Jimmy a snake, but at that moment his girl wife seemed like a small, defenseless, horror-stricken creature gazing into the closing jaws of a reptile.

"You mean—you mean—you'll eavesdrop?"

"I'll listen to a conversation between my wife and a perfectly honorable young man. If his conduct is above reproach it will do him no harm."

She gave a choking gasp and was lifted by wild emotion to her feet.

"You mustn't do that. You shan't! You shan't! Let me see him alone when he comes. I'll never see him again. He goes to-morrow morning. He asked to go—you remember?"

"You mean you asked for him. You said he had a girl in America. You deceived me—didn't you?"

She remained silent, clasping and unclasping her hands.

"Didn't you?"

She tried to choose some sort of words from the torrent of them raging through her mind. She found it impossible, and continued her silence and the wringing of her hands.

"You don't answer. By God! I believe you're as guilty as he."

"I am! I am!" she cried.

"You admit it."

"We're neither of us guilty of anything."

"We'll find out about that in a few moments, my child."

"Don't call me that. I'm not a child. You proved it by marrying me. I'm doing the best thing that can be done, and so is he. Please let me see him alone without interfering. Just let me manage. I can—I have—will you please, please?"

"No."

Suddenly she grew quieter.

"He's honorable," she said slowly. "What you want to do is dishonorable. The moment he comes I'll tell him you're hiding in the window."



She Came to a Stop, But Kept Her Gaze Steadfastly Before Her. "I am Going Back," She Said

"Suit yourself," said the hawk, "but if you don't obey me and greet him as though you were alone I'll have him tried by court-martial for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman."

As he finished speaking they heard the faint clamor of the front door bell. She stiffened at the sound.

"You wouldn't do that?" It was a whisper of horror. "You couldn't. It would be wicked—wicked!"

The hawk rose from the couch. "You heard what I said."

The Number One boy appeared in the doorway leading to the hall.

"Well, Ty Ming?"

"Lieutenant Lee is calling."

"Ah, yes," said the hawk. "You see him, my dear. I must inspect the post. Mrs. Bradley will see Lieutenant Lee."

Jimmy had been admitted to the house by the Number One boy without the faintest sign of recognition. He was wondering over this as he waited in the hall. He had forgotten about the Number One boy. He had hoped that his note would bring her across to the legation for the few words which he felt he must say to her or go mad. But they could be spoken only when they were alone together. He had hoped she would read between the lines and understand. In case she had failed to do so he had sent along a small jade Buddha which he would ask her accept." This would serve as an excuse for his note a call if he again found himself under those loathsome ing eyes so lately cleared of suspicion.

He felt to see if the ornament were safe in his just as the Number One boy reappeared.

"Mrs. Bradley Lieutenant Lee."

The same bew the same unc calm. The calm shared by Jimmy was Chang Foo L most powerf in the world. F reason he was s his present hum ity on Jimmy's ac so it seemed. H the Chinaman's in that house h partially respo his resolve to l king; and yet a regret of the hour, in the fe determination t again before he totally forgotte Here was a cha him off and send to his heathe where he belong

"I leave t morrow," he sa voice.

The Chinam and remained

"When do you give up yo place?" asked Jimmy sugges

"I leave this house tomorrow."

"Good," said Jimmy, relie forget that—prophecy of you

"That is to be doubted," Foo Low, and held aside the the living-room door.

Jimmy looked searchingly tranquil face as he passed. H ing, and entered the room.

She was standing by the Her expression and the way s self were queer, Jimmy th seemed shrinking, fearful. H enormous and very dark. Th on Jimmy's in a sort of wild

"It was wonderful of you come," he began uncertainly, explain in my note. I hope derstand."

"But I don't understand," she said in a matter-of-fact tone. "Why should you want Everything was settled about your going to-

So she was going to keep up the pretense th nothing between them! It had made him ang narrowly missed doing so now.

"Yes, it was settled, thanks to you," said a suggestion of bitterness. "But after I'd said sorry. I've been regretting it frightfully ever

"You mustn't say that. I think Colonel simply ask for another officer without explain requested him to. It's natural you should w Please don't worry any more about avoiding Please don't." Her haggard eyes were pleadi

What on earth had gotten into her, though

"My duty? What are you talking about suppose I care anything about that? I'm th the waiting—forever if necessary—for you. I'm going to do. That's what I had to tell you to wait until—but I'll tell you about that First, you must say what I asked you to say Put it in words so I'll know exactly what for. You owe me that much. You've shown face, but I want it in words. I'll love you all you love me?"

Her eyes had grown larger, darker if possi was speaking. Now she turned so white thought she was about to collapse and sprang

As he reached her side she threw back laughed. As he stared at her she spoke.

"Do I love you?" she repeated wildly. A sort of exultant challenge, so that it rang room, "Yes! Yes! Yes!" Again came her then a sob. "And that isn't all. Any sorrow, that comes to you—oh, my dear—I'll share

She was sobbing in his arms when the curtain window parted and revealed a face. For an

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ween the curtains, inexpressibly cruel, inexpressi-
s. But even the shock of seeing it was less
Jimmy than the sudden knowledge that some-
ad seen the same face with the same expression

arms sank slowly to his sides. He became
mething added to the clash and unrest of the
had vaguely disturbed him earlier that eve-
atmosphere was charged with it. He felt it in
of his being. It screamed through his brain.
hat was it. Murder! His right thumb brushed
leather of his holster and remained just there.
awk neglected Jimmy for a moment. He came
ffastly from the alcove, his eyes on the piteous
girl of Jimmy's dreams.
hans' home rat!" He spat the words in her
face.
all knowledge of time and surroundings and
s left Jimmy. An instinct much older than
ws, infinitely more powerful than the dis-
mies, replaced it. He stepped between the
had come from the alcove and the quivering
o which it was glaring.
ot," he said.
ou ——" The hawk sprang to the desk and
rawer. His hand had plunged into the drawer
's gun was out and his tongue in action.
king, or you're a dead man."
ontemplated the muzzle of the heavy service
inkingly, but his hand remained in the
tever else he was, he was no coward. He had
desk on an impulse. Jimmy's words, not his
cked the impulse. "Start thinking." The
ng so. There stood a lieutenant ready to
is superior officer in his own home. That
tenant. And the girl, the gutter snipe who
eart out and trampled on it—of the two he
e. If luck went against him in an unneces-
ullets she would escape scot-free.
hand out—empty," the hawk heard.

rawer."
was shut with a

from the desk.
there by the
y's eyes swung
his dreams.
d.
n, as she moved
onsciously, her
out to join his
finite space.
breathed.
out of this. I
Tientsin. I'll
n."
rtainly, gazing
earching eyes.
d quite alone.
cart," Jimmy
tly. "It's only
moved to the
the garden.

e ——" Her
ace to stare
way into the
th its winding
d like broad
ands of mys-
Peaceful was
he peaceful
new world.
l up the cloak
e back of the
ad come in
hat evening.
igure at the
had tried to
rden. There
at the man-
as terrifying
did not look
She threw
er shoulders
ide eyes and
hrough the
oon-lighted,

ntly in the
ty from the
lt her hand
w of his arm.

g."
ed."

"Don't be," Jimmy told her. "Everything's going to turn out all right."

He devoted a moment to wondering what would be done to him. They couldn't make it desertion; he'd return at once after seeing her safely in charge of the Belknaps at Tientsin. Threatening a superior officer? No, he'd hardly bring that up. Conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman? Probably. Dismissal from the Army? Perhaps. Well, it couldn't be helped. That was one astounding fact of which for some reason he was absolutely certain—it couldn't be helped.

"It had to turn out this way," he said aloud. "It simply had to."

She made no reply, but her arm crept further into his and tightened.

In a sudden ecstasy Jimmy ceased to speculate about his fate and became blissfully silent.

They walked a block or more before he spoke again.

"We go out the Chin Mien gates. We can get a cart there. But it's quite a ways from here. Shall I look for a jinricksha?"

"Can't we—just keep on this way?"

"Why, yes," said Jimmy, with another glow of ecstasy. "I'd rather, of course, if you would."

They walked on without noticing, hardly seeing the few Chinese that dared to be abroad after sundown with Peking still full of devil soldiers. The moon was just above the buildings on one side of the street. The front of those buildings was black velvet in which now and then the warm gold of lights would gleam. The buildings on the opposite side of the street, full in the rays of the moon, were gray and silver with geometrical purple shadows. Jimmy thought it best to keep to the darker side.

The spasmodic tightening of her arm in his had done a strange thing to him. He felt tremendously alive and entirely untroubled. It seemed to him that he could walk on with her through the moonlit streets of Peking, on past the Chin Mien gates, clear to Tientsin as buoyantly as he was walking now. Presently, however, he felt her begin to lag.

"Tired?" he asked quickly.

"N-no," she said; "not tired—exactly."

"It isn't so very far now," he urged.

She nodded and made an effort to press on. In a moment she slowed down again.

"You are tired," cried Jimmy.

"Perhaps," she said in a troubled voice, "but I don't feel tired. I feel—I feel ——" She came to a halt.

"Well, it's the queerest feeling," she confessed; "I feel as if there were two of me, and I had to pull the other one along."

"We'll fix that," said Jimmy, and looked about him.

He saw a jinricksha across the street. Telling her to wait he darted over to it.

The squat and sturdy drawer of the vehicle informed him that he was waiting for a high-born passenger who was passing the hours in honorable discourse with his venerated uncle on the maternal side in the august house before which this, his entirely and particularly private jinricksha, was now standing.

As Jimmy recrossed the street he saw that the girl of his dreams was looking back along the way they had come. Before he reached her side she began to move slowly in that direction. Jimmy overtook her.

"The other way," he said. "That's the wrong direction."

She came to a stop, but kept her gaze steadfastly before her.

"I am going back," she said.

A cold sweat broke out on Jimmy's forehead.

"Back? What do you mean?"

"I'm going back," she repeated. "I must."

Jimmy bent forward and looked into her face. Her eyes were wide and strange. They continued to stare fixedly in the direction from which they had come.

"What for?"

"I—I don't know."

"You're going back to him?" cried Jimmy.

"Never, never! But I must go back there now."

"Then you're not going to Tientsin with me?"

"Yes, I'll go anywhere with you—anywhere on earth."

"Then come!" implored Jimmy. "I'll carry you if you can't walk."

"Not now. I must go back. Will you come too?"

"You're mad," cried Jimmy. "We mustn't go back there."

"I must," she said, and moved away from him, slowly at first, and then with rapid, assured strides. In a moment she was almost running.

Jimmy caught up with her.

"What are you going to do back there? Do you want to get something? Won't you explain?"

"I can't," she said. "But please, please, come!"

Jimmy, too dazed for further speech, followed her mechanically.

"Just a minute," he said at last. He was forced to seize her arm before she halted. "You promise me you'll never go back to him?"

"Never," she said again.

"You promise you'll let me take you to Tientsin later?"

"Yes, anywhere you say—I promise."

"All right, then," said Jimmy. "Whatever this is I'll see it through."

Bewildered, uncertain, fearful, he strode beside her as she sped swiftly, feverishly back to what ten minutes before they had forever left behind.

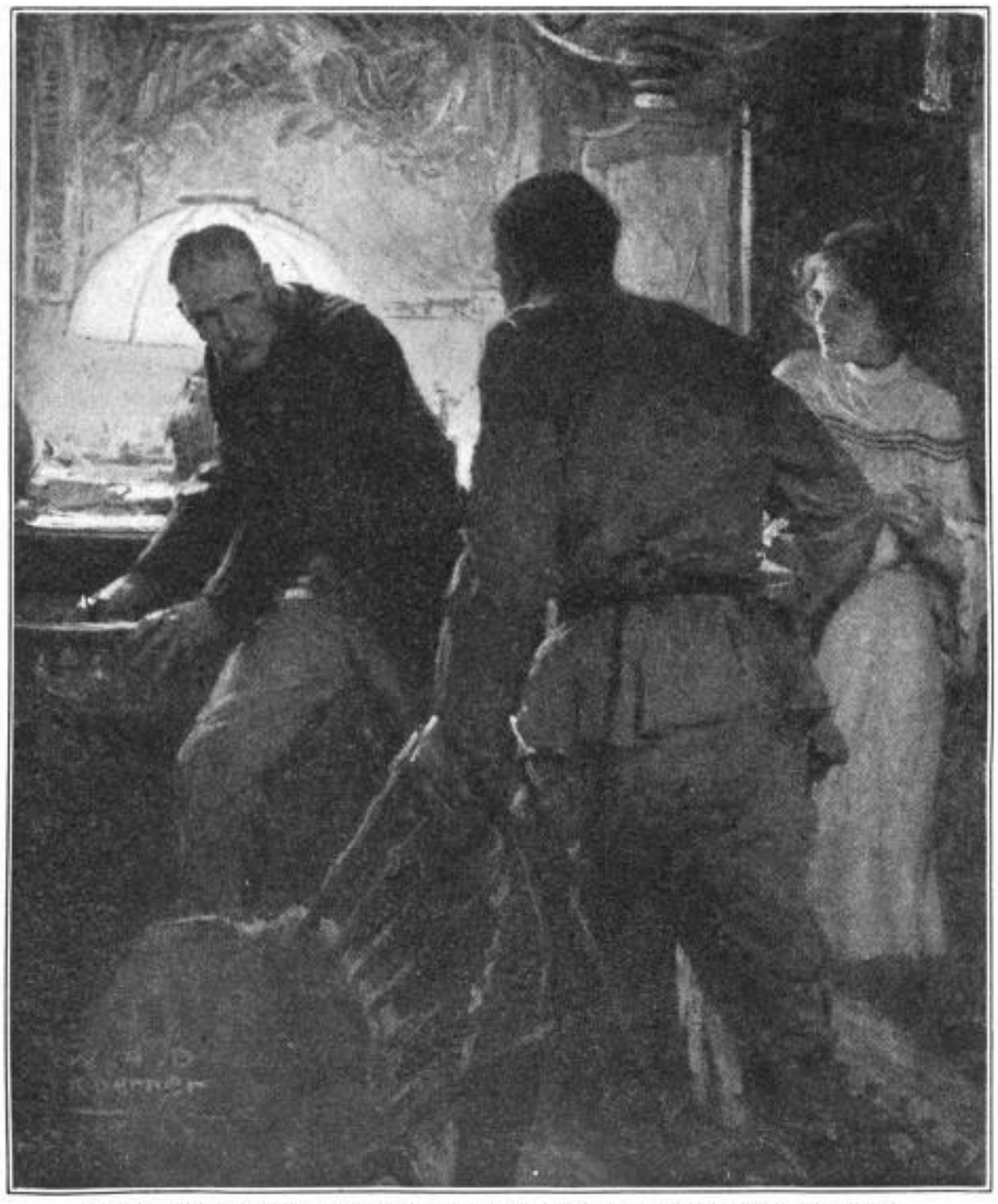
VI

THE hawk had stood at the mantel for a full minute. His eyes were fixed on a moonlighted doorway. The fierceness had gone out of those eyes for a moment.

Their flame had been extinguished by a dark film of pain. At last they began to roam in dull anguish about the room, to find it empty. They suddenly ceased their wandering. The hawk was listening.

"Post Number One, nine o'clock and a-all's well."

(Continued on Page 133)



The Hawk Sprang to the Desk and Tore Open a Drawer. His Hand Had Plunged Into the Drawer Before Jimmy's Gun Was Out

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THE ONE-MAN WORL

By Calvin Johnston

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

AS SPIED upon from an eyehole in the close-curtained window of bankrupt Morley's residence the young man ascending the leaf-strewn walk had nothing better to recommend him to admittance than had the three or four other visitors who had rung and knocked in vain during the past two weeks. His pace was deliberate enough for Claire Morley, kneeling on the window ledge, to inspect him closely, and the embittered little girl had already decided against him as she had against all comers, when he rang at the deadened bell. But, the bow window commanding the porch, she continued to spy on him, and discovering the badge of mourning on his sleeve her sullen curiosity gave place to a fraternal feeling toward the bereaved caller, this fifteen-year-old warden of the bankrupt's castle having clothed herself in deepest black since the demise of the Morley fortune; but she was startled with the unexpected answer to a cherished secret hope when she found the full dark eye of the caller fixed upon her own as if his gaze penetrated the pinhole in the curtain.

He did not ring a second time as the others had done, but, as if assured that his presence on the porch was not unobserved, he smiled slightly and walking to the bow window repeated his knock, upon the pane. Claire drew back, pressing her slim white hands together; but she remembered the sober not unhandsome face, which had lighted so remarkably with the little crinkling smile at the corners of the mouth and eyes; the bright glance that had so quickly detected her hiding place. And the hope, romantic and secret, which she had been nursing, of some messenger to their distress from the old, gay, prosperous world, seemed wondrously verified.



She Felt the Companion of Her Watch Standing Beside Her and Looked Up

She looked hurriedly back through the door to the library, where her father sat by the student lamp as he had sat all day every day for weeks, staring blindly on a book picked up at random, but reading only the chapters of his own life between his eyes and the paper pages—the chapters of industry, honor, failure and poverty. Sometimes during the day he would murmur to himself, stealthily so that Claire might not hear; but at night he would start up exclaiming in his sleep—brief, broken, dreadful apostrophes to God, to fortune, to life.

The single moment that Claire stood with her hands pressed together broadened into ages; beyond the curtain sounded a footfall; the messenger of destiny was departing?

Still she hesitated. Then an abrupt peremptory knocking shook the casement. He was not to be denied, and trembling she flung up the curtain.

But the man facing her with now only the glass between did not see a distressed and trembling little maid; rather, a diminutive grand dame with a mass of brown hair piled high above her slender neck, her slight figure taut as an Indian's war bow; her black habit made her face seem small and ghostly. She looked at him steadily, her bright lips compressed, and gray eyes unwelcoming; then, walking away into the hall, opened the door.

The young man came in, indifferent to the little girl's tragic importance.

"You are Mr. Morley's daughter," he said; "I am Mr. Wickford Sparks. I have come with the means of floating him again."

Claire thrilled to his voice, not a musical one, but clear and low, and grandly offered a chair; then she went to announce the visitor to her father, who, secluding himself since filing his petition for bankruptcy, now made signs of trepidation.

"A Mr. Sparks has come to float you," said Claire. The girl was not looking at her father or at the wall, but, with face lifted slightly and a dazzle in her eyes, studying at life which kept in call of the distressed such deliverers as the composed, dark-browed young man in the hall.

"Float me!" whispered Mr. Morley. "But that is correct; I am sinking; I have sunk!"

Then Claire looked compassionately on his gray hairs and round lugubrious face. "You must just brace up and shake hands and listen to him," she urged, adjusting his tie and wrinkled coat; then with a meaning look, "He is perfectly dressed and good form."

"But, Claire, I have no money, no security! He can't give us things. You will be disappointed."

"No," said she, shaking the small head with its great soft brown coils; "we will not."

She stepped to the hall and beckoned Mr. Sparks, and, after watching him shake hands with the still timorous older man, seated herself in the conference.

"You have been a depositor in the First National, where I am a clerk," said Sparks to Mr. Morley. "I have heard your affairs talked of and know that no one accuses you of fraud or deception. Yours is simply one of the thousand mercantile failures brought about by the panic three years ago, 1907."

"I have been losing money from that time," assented the other.

"In other words, you continued the same business on the chance that it would pick up."

"You might put it that way."

"And when it did not pick up," said Sparks, "you continued to fling good money after bad."

"But you are giving business the aspect of gambling," objected Morley feebly.

"If you please, we will return to that ... your case by and by," observed Sparks respectfully. He had not paid any attention to Claire's ... nor indeed looked at her; yet his concentration upon Morley was strained, obvious ... leaned back in his chair, went on thoughtfully: "I have clerked in the National for five years, supporting my father, ... but two days since I saved eleven hundred dollars. Eleven hundred dollars is the sole ... profit of five of the best years of my life ... hard work."

"But, my dear man," Morley, ... denly to forget his misfortunes, ... "you forget the ... promised for such ... service to a parent."

"You, too, have ... service, Mr. Morley," ... turned the young man ... a smile, "in a ... ways—to business ... ates, to the community ... to personal friends ... how are you regarded?"

"I do not expect ... quited in material ... replied Morley ... dignity than he ... assumed.

"But does the ... belief in a dictum ... console you for the ... of material things ... and comfort?" ... his dark brows ... man. "If it does ... have nothing to ... partnership."

"No; no! You ... not; I know it ... miserable ... claimed the ... brought to face ... dition with a ...

and rising he paced the room its length before his chair. "You say a partnership," he said ... "and you have eleven hundred dollars. That ... but I have nothing; this house has gone ... the sheriff will turn us out any day."

"I have heard at least three men say they ... help you; you can certainly find three men ... thousand dollars in my firm, you to furnish ... one."

"You mean borrow—but none of them ... console me since my failure."

"I never yet knew a lender to seek a borrower," Sparks dryly.

"If I approach them what shall I say? ... know what I intend doing with the money."

Wickford Sparks shook his head. "They ... know nothing. If they should ask, and appear ... posed investment, and then you should ... in a way be committed to back you with more ... bankrupt friend a thousand and let him ... way, and he will never come back for more. ... who lends buys himself free of responsibility ... contribution."

Morley stared. "You speak sagely for so ..."

"It is not age alone that matures one," ... indicating Claire, who leaned forward in ... her hands clasping her knees. The face ... year ago that of any gay careless child, was ... anxiety, and her eyes in a shadow answered ... defiant flashes.

Morley understood and trembled. "What ... posal, Mr. Sparks? The nature of the business ... ship?"

Sparks' answer was so prompt and vigorous ... no doubt of its finality. "That is secret—my ...

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ıe. It is a formula and process of manufacture
'll intrust to nobody."
ufacturer of what?" asked Morley, amazed.
ey." Wickford met the old man's look and then
he girl's squarely; in his countenance was down-
ugh sophisticated honesty. Claire, with a sighing
at seemed to free her heart from prison, answered
ok.
, it's come true; I told you somebody would

Claire," reasoned her father, "Mr. Sparks hasn't—
! be disappointed!" He turned to Wick. "You
elf I am an honest man; then I can be trusted
r secret. I must know, of course, what your
s."
siness man can be trusted in this enterprise," re-
positively, "because he would make a gamble
nd upon the other arguing that he had never
his life Wick pointed out: "You have admitted
s you took in business. Business is all chance,
. The enterprise is such that I am justified in
you that I manufacture money. I have a sure
ll not risk the thousand I worked five years to
chance, though offered odds of a thousand
His was not the frenzy or enthusiasm of the
promoter.
thousand is so small a capital."
ay four hundred per cent!"
-four thousand a year on six thousand! In-
leclared Morley.
slowly: "I offer my record and my references.
t my reputation and future for your five thou-
? You will receive twelve thousand a year
ıvestment."
t is as much as my business paid in good

not answer, and they were deadlocked, when
herself standing before them.
lieve him. I do."

urned to Wick and searched his countenance
r. Half whispering, "I can't tell why," she
e up and raised her face to her father in
d entreaty. "I mustn't be disappointed,"

Mr. Morley, beset by conditions that were indeed full of danger to Claire, found her pleading irresistible and yet could not do so unprecedented a thing as borrow from his friends to invest blindly with this young man, however shrewd he might be.

"You have a host of books in this library," said Wick. "Do you read and understand them all?" Mr. Morley nodded. "You ought to be able to read and understand just one man," said Wick. In another moment he retreated, bowing, really departing the house.

"Wait!" said Claire, and her little hand gripped her father's wrist.

"Child, child!" he exclaimed despairingly. "What do you understand of all this—of Mr. Sparks?"

"Yes! I understand," she breathed. "You mustn't let him go."

Suddenly the man, already broken, gave in to her. "God help us, Claire!" he said, patting her head. "I can do no worse than I have done."

"I will write the names of the three friends I heard talking of you," said Wick, and did so on a sheet of paper. "You will see them to-morrow. Ask a thousand apiece."

"Yes—yes; I'll ask them." Mr. Morley shook hands and, the question just occurring to him, asked, "Why didn't you go to a successful man, a wealthy man, instead of to me?"

"They would not admit themselves to be gamblers—nobody but a loser ever does—and would not take a chance on me," explained Wick. "You admit you gambled because you have lost, and are willing to take another fling on my honesty and sense."

"What would you do if a man came to you with such a proposition?"

"Turn him down. I never take a chance."

He moved to the door, Claire beside him.

"Don't you believe the Lord did send you?" she asked.

Wick shook his head, smiling. "He never sent anybody or anything to me," he answered good-humoredly; "I don't see why He should send me to anybody else. Little girl, He doesn't meddle in this world at all."

She closed the door on him slowly, and was drawn to the window to look after. Her father's question haunted her. Why should she believe in him? The answer came with a throb and hurt in the flat little breast, and a scared blush which caused her to hide her face in her arms.

Meantime Wick, reaching his boarding house, fell under the attention of a fellow worker in the bank, who with much curiosity possessed a natural gift of satisfying it. This man, August Framer, was about twenty-five—Wick's own age. There was an incongruity in his physical make-up, the thin inquisitive face with its narrowed green eyes and sandy lashes and high forehead being miscast above the short thick neck and stocky, muscular body.

This evening Framer quietly followed Wick from the dining room and upstairs, and with a single tap on the door of his room pushed it ajar and intruded his head. He saw Wick, bending over his reading table and studying a sheet covered with minute writing and figures, instinctively shelter it with his hand.

"Why, that's the sheet I saw you working up a year ago," observed Framer, whose body had followed his head inside. "Don't put it away if it holds secrets; I only looked in to offer my sympathy and move on." Wick thanked him, and Framer turned, but completely around. "Wick, now that the old gentleman has passed and you're free of responsibility, you ought to be at something better than the bank job. You have a longer head than the rest of us boys."

"I'm leaving the bank job next week," replied Wick, his hand still sprawled over the sheet of paper.

Framer casually seated himself in a chair by the table; his eyes though bright with curiosity did not stray from his companion's face.

"Leaving next week?" he repeated. "Then you have something on the stocks." He drummed on the table within an inch of the paper. "Or is it a hunch, worked out in this Treasure Island puzzle here?"

He smiled, touching the paper itself, and Wick almost imperceptibly winced.

"I never had a hunch," he replied, his anger rising against the meddler.

"But, Wick, I don't get you," urged Framer. "You're leaving the job, as I expected. On your first night free of the care of the old gentleman—God rest him—you have out the plan you've been working up a year or two. Is it your own game or a plan to beat somebody else's game?"

In a rage Wick did the last thing he should have done—seized the paper and tore it into bits.

"Now," he said, controlling himself, "we'll talk of something else." *(Continued on Page 68)*



At the End of the Fourth Race Wick Saw Morley Come Over From the Stand and Join Framer

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 3, 1922

Water, Water Everywhere

THE farmer too often thinks that he alone is right, while the railroads, the steel industry, the packers, the labor unions, Congress, the board of trade—everybody else is wrong. He knows how the other fellow ought to run his business. He seldom considers that some of his troubles might be lying on his own doorstep.

For example, take this idea of watered stock that the farmer is always talking about. A certain state officer of a farm organization was testifying before the Joint Commission of Agricultural Inquiry at Washington last summer and he made complaint that, as a result of the Cummins-Esch Bill, in the $18,000,000,000 value fixed for the railroads of the country there was $5,000,000,000 of water value. But he failed to mention that the farmer is a great little stock waterer too. Take the land boom of 1919, and from beginning to end it was nothing more nor less than an artificial boosting of the capitalization value of farm investments. It was speculation, too—much harangued about by farm orators.

In the fifty years from 1850 to 1900 the total value of farmland in the United States, exclusive of buildings, implements and livestock, increased something less than $10,000,000,000. But in the ten-year period from 1900 to 1910 it jumped from a little above $13,000,000,000 to nearly $28,500,000,000, or more than 100 per cent. From 1910 to 1920 the increase from this $28,500,000,000 was up to the enormous sum of $54,903,453,925—nearly another 100 per cent. The total value of all farm property increased from approximately $20,000,000,000 in 1900 to $40,000,000,000 in 1910, and to nearly $78,000,000,000 in 1920.

Now what caused such an enormous increase in value? Most of all, it was due to what our economist friends call unearned increment. This is the increase in the value of land which is added on by the growth of population. The past twenty years has seen a constant and rapid increase in farmland values over the country generally, due to this force.

Then came the land boom of 1919 and within the space of a month or two the farmer took matters into his own hands and proceeded to add on to the value of his farms the unearned increment that was due him for the next five or ten years; added on to his book value capitalization anywhere from 15 to 35 per cent for no basic reason under the sun. In 1918 the United States Department of Agriculture estimated the value of plowland to be sixty-eight dollars an acre, the country over. In 1920 it estimated that the value had risen to ninety dollars an acre, an increase of 32.9 per cent.

According to the 1920 census there are 506,982,301 acres of improved farmland in this country. If the term "plowland" is synonymous with "improved land"—and it is approximately—an increase of twenty-two dollars an acre in two years, applied to the whole country, would total to the enormous sum of $11,153,610,622.

The farmer wrote up his values right on the brink of a period of falling prices, and sold his farms by the tens of thousands at these inflated prices, laying vast sums in mortgages upon them. Came 1920 and 1921, and with prices cut in half he was unable to figure profits on the inflated land values of 1919, though there were, of course, other important factors in the situation.

Yet the prairie farm that was valueless when the buffalo roamed over it, worth two dollars an acre when the pioneer's cabin was built, was worth fifty dollars an acre when McKinley was President, and to-day may be worth $300 an acre. Provided it has been farmed judiciously it has been improved all this time and has constantly become more and more valuable. Most of this increase has accrued to the farmer by the economic forces attendant upon the growth of population—this 200 per cent increase that has come in the past twenty years to the land wealth of the farmer—and the rest is due to a writing up of the capitalization, to all intents and purposes a watering of the stock.

Against Everything

A FORMER chairman of the national committee of one of the two great political parties was asked a short time ago if the Democrats had any chance of winning the next presidential election.

"Nobody is for anything in this country," he replied. "Everybody is against something. On that basis alone and without regard to the merits of the case, I think the opposition has an excellent chance."

He went on to say that the attitude of complaint, criticism, opposition and negation seems to have very little to do fundamentally with political parties, but that it is merely a circumstance that might well work for the benefit or injury of particular parties.

Politics aside, there is no denying the injury wrought by the prevailing attitude of chiding and stricture. Specific criticism aimed at proved and actually remediable abuses is one thing; mere grousing against everything in general is what damages and destroys. Nothing is more common than a sort of composite attitude of dissatisfaction, discontent, spleen and suspicion, which is nearly always divorced from constructive and practical working suggestions for improvement.

Those who are rich or in other respects fortunate too often look upon labor unions and their leaders, together with most workmen, domestic servants and employes generally, as robbers and loafers. Those whose work is manual look upon the rich and otherwise fortunate in exactly the same way. Inventors and others in search of capital regard the banks as thieves, and bankers quite often look upon those in search of capital as unbalanced cranks. Landlords and retailers are generally supposed to be profiteers. To those outside of it Wall Street is a den of iniquity. To the city man the farmer seems to be asking for special privileges, the farmer often sees every one else turned against him. Everyone suspects everyone else of raiding the public treasury in the form of tariffs, bonuses, subsidies or other special privileges.

It would be possible to go on in this way indefinitely. Perhaps there will be more straight thinking as the war recedes into the distance and the hysterias that it set in motion are slowly calmed. Mental disturbances and economic fallacies were stimulated also by the business depression of 1920 and 1921. A more reasoning attitude may accompany a less disturbed business movement. But responsibility for the carping, grousing attitude of mind cannot be wholly laid at the door of the war or of the great economic movements over which the individual has no control. There is no such ready escape for any given man or woman. No one is exempt from the biting truth of this passage from A. S. M. Hutchinson's novel If Winter Comes: "She thought charity meant giving jelly and flannel to the poor: she thought generosity meant giving money to some one; she thought selfishness meant not giving money to some one. She had no idea that the only real charity is charity of mind, the only real generosity generosity of mind, and the only real selfishness selfishness of mind."

Education and Success

STATISTICIANS are credited with an estimate with an elementary education your chance of success is 1 in 41,250. With a high-school education in 1608. With a college education it is 1 in 172. are the many compilations which purport to show lation between high standing in school or college and success in one's life work.

Such figures may mean much or very little. In many cases the college or high-school graduate would succeed if he did not have any such education, because money and family position to start with. In many cases it is not the education which makes him a It is exactly the other way around. Having the inherited qualities and capacities which inevitably lead to success, he naturally seeks an education. To a considerable extent those who go through high school or college are a selected group to begin with.

Many are no doubt spoiled by education. It is an excuse for elegant leisure that unfits young men for hard work without which distinction and great achievement are impossible. Many seem to feel that education is a substitute for work. They look upon it as something more than a mere tool, forgetting that the possession of tools is not the only equipment needed by a carpenter. Education cannot take the place of brains, natural efficiency and dependability. The ideal system of education and the most perfect system cannot equalize the lot of those who are not cut out.

If any proof is needed that education is not a key to success it is afforded by the great numbers of men who arrive without any such assistance. But after every allowance and providing for every exception it is probably true that education is the greatest single factor that can be found for the limited inborn capacities which equip the great majority of the human race. The exceptional man of unusual talents is better off with or without formal and conventional education is perhaps a debatable question, but from any broad point of view a rather academic question. Such a man gets ahead anyway. What education does is to give those who have it, whether with or without unusual talents, a start in the race.

Nature is shockingly undemocratic. She goes to the other extreme, giving a few men marvelous gifts and the masses very little. Education is the essence of democracy. Only a few, it is true, can go to the colleges and universities, and still fewer to those which represent the progressive social standards and limitations. But the universities are only one link, and not the most important at that, in the whole scheme of adult education.

The great state universities have no limit to their numbers, they are easy to enter and expensive. To the greater numbers who because of their need of working from early youth must forgo residence at the state university, there are many courses given in the schools of the larger city universities and by such organizations as the Young Men's Christian Association. For those who live in smaller communities, correspondence courses are available in practically every subject as those given by the state and larger city universities. A variety of private correspondence schools. To a constantly increasing extent also the corporations are providing education to their workers, and if the workman is suspicious of a capitalistic taint he will find in many cases that his union itself is engaged in furnishing him with a training of its own.

Anyone who really wants the assistance of education can get it. There is no magic about it, but it is the stuff of life's struggle that only the boldest should be without. Unlike inherited capacities, Nature has put no [illegible]

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onsumption After the Boom

By Alonzo Englebert Taylor

last two decades of the past ury witnessed throughout world unusual developments , manufacture, agriculture, transportation, trad- anking. The resultant increase in goods and rmed the basis of enlargement and diversifica- standard of living. The facilities of production with the development of consumers' wants and he rise in the standard of living, from the begin- century until the outbreak of the war, was a nomenon of the first order. This enlargement ification of the standard of living extended in y to all classes. Though wages between 1910 d not display so high buying powers for staple 1895–1900, they purchased many desirables at and provided goods and services not previ- ible. As against cheaper staple foods in the od, one must set the added comforts and of the later period. The business depression wo years provides opportunity for scrutiny of t in consumption in a population to whom ration of the standard of living had not yet ilized into tradition. Consumption may be measured in three ways—by survey of family lysis of retail trade in consumers' goods, and sales of producers' goods.

The Family Budget

et of the family is divided naturally into el and light, tools of trade, clothing, house- gs, food, and a group of accessories, sundries including such diversified things as amuse- travel, ornaments, cosmetics, gum, tobacco, coholic beverages, medical services, church . Study of the standard of living from the amily expenditure would be definitive if we esentative budget surveys extending over time, applied to all classes and incomes in country, with sampling so selected as to asies.

we do not possess; we have only isolated f particular instances, some very good, but nt. Really, we are only learning how to mily budget. Index numbers of retail on predicated standards of living, cannot a specific investigation of relations of ndex numbers of wages, contrasted with retail prices, offer indications as to leeway between income and outgo, but give no indication of the directions in which adaptation, expansion or retrenchment may be practiced when the wage curve rises or falls disproportionately to the curve of cost of living. The index number of the standard of living and that of the food supply need not go parallel over a considerable period.

We may compute what a predetermined standard of living would cost a family of set size under varying price conditions. We may work out a series of standards of living that could be maintained on a predetermined income. But we are not comprehensively informed of what families actually do in the different classes of our heterogeneous population. We need selected and comprehensive data on standards of living, family budgets and incomes. We are surfeited with motivated research. In the direction of income the careful and unprejudiced investigations of the National Bureau of Economic Research provide us with a trustworthy basis. Collection of family budgets is more a matter of objective sampling of representative groups than of mass statistics. Standards of living must be studied in terms of scales. Before we can discuss what ought to be we must know more comprehensively what is.

Consumption is nowhere a unit. It is psychological as well as material. Demands for different goods display varying degrees of elasticity. In theory, the accessory outlays should be elastic; in fact, they sometimes incline to be particularly inflexible. The available investigations seem to indicate that when for a short period the income of a family in ordinary circumstances is increased, prices remaining constant, the percentage of income expended for food falls though the absolute amount may rise; outlays for shelter, light and fuel change little; the outlay for clothing is somewhat enlarged; the expenditures for house furnishings and sundries increase most of all. When a family income is reduced, prices remaining constant, the absolute outlay for food inclines to remain the same, but the percentage of income is increased; outlays for shelter, fuel and light remain constant; retrenchment occurs to varying extent in clothing, house furnishings and sundries. If income be sharply reduced the outlay for food may be lowered by substitution of cheaper foodstuffs; expenditures may be restricted to food, rent, fuel and light.

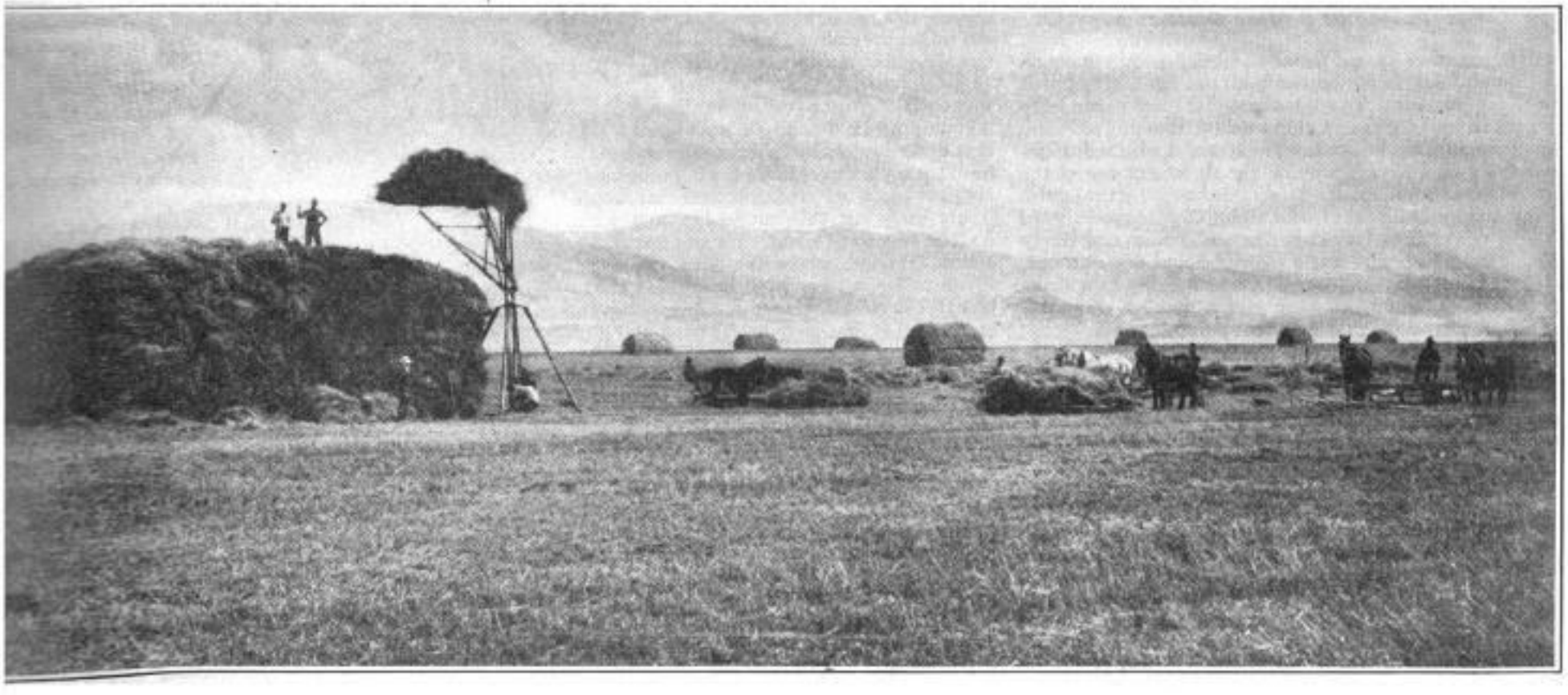
Around food, shelter, fuel and light rotate the other expenditures of the family. Food cost is here usually rated at about 40 per cent of the outlay of the family of a workman. In England it is 60 per cent; in other European countries as high as 70 per cent. But variations in different classes are marked. When prices rise with income all prices do not rise in relative proportions, and different families make different readjustments. When prices fall with income all prices do not decline in relative proportions, and different families make different adaptations. Rising prices and falling prices do not always point to opposite adaptations.

Other Methods of Study

CLASSIFICATION of essentials and nonessentials has shifted within recent years. House furnishings afford a good illustration. To-day the phonograph ranks as a piece of essential furniture; the radio-telephone receiver may be next. The service that families now require from tradesmen illustrates another recent factor. Under different circumstances and with different classes the reactions often depart from expectations, from theory. Trade gives many illustrations of disparities in this direction. The first imports into Rumania after the armistice were perfumes and cosmetics, not shoes. The first smugglers into Germany after the armistice carried tobacco, tobacco hunger exceeding fat hunger. There is much discrepancy in the catalogues of necessaries and desirables as grouped in projected standards of living. Studies from the standpoint of family expenditures, unless carried through with particular care and elaboration, need to be checked up by analyses of trade.

We distinguish between individual or family consumption and collective consumption. Illustrations of individual consumption are: Clothing of wool, cotton and silk; shoes of leather, cotton and rubber; kitchen utensils of iron, aluminum and zinc; hand tools of steel; coffins of lead; ornaments and kettles of copper. Illustrations of collective consumption are: Silk bolting cloths in flour mills; wool and cotton fabrics in railway cars; leather belting; structural and railway steel; lead conduit pipes; copper transmission wires; tinplating for containers. Collective consumption is largely productive consumption that reaches the family later as goods or services. Many instances of collective consumption the individual does not associate with the cost of living. The collective consumption of materials is more reduced in a period of depression than finished articles that appear in the family budget directly. Several forms of consumption are scarcely measurable from the side of the consumer. Railway services,

(Continued on Page 89)



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The Print of My Remembranc

By AUGUSTUS THOMAS

I HAVE written of a visit to and sojourn in Arizona in order to get material for the play of that name. I wrote earlier of going back to Missouri, where I was perfectly familiar with the country, in order to refresh my ideas of its local color. In my opinion it would be difficult to overstate the value of this plan of getting information at first hand. It was Fred Remington's way of keeping himself fresh on his own subjects both for writing and illustrating. Richard Harding Davis made it his practice, visiting nearly every country in the temperate zone in his search for his varied and attractive material. So when Charles Frohman, frankly regretting his failure to produce Arizona, wanted something with similar color I was glad to go to Colorado to look for it.

The result of that trip is not very heartening to write about. I got a play that was heavy and overcumbered with material and dramatic machinery. It opened with a string of burros bringing ore down a mountain trail as I had seen them do it in New Mexico. It seemed a fine touch on paper and very excellent at rehearsals, but when the burros got temperamental on our first night and drew attention from the dialogue they weren't so valuable. The greatest fault with the play was its scattered interest. I fancy that some time or other every playwright fails because of the very things that he has considered his strength; that is, fails from an excessive use of such things. About 1902 that facile and versatile dramatist, Mr. Clyde Fitch, produced a play called Her Own Way in which Maxine Elliott was the heroine, but in which a little hairdresser girl who talked East Side slang made the most pronounced impression.

Nothing had been easier for Fitch than to write this character bit, and when he found it was so acceptable he said, "Well, if you like that kind of thing I'll give you twenty such characters," and immediately wrote a play in which he did. This was a piece called Glad of It in which he multiplied his East Side hairdresser till she was a blemish.

I had been successful with Alabama, with In Mizzoura and with Arizona in carrying forward a simultaneous interest in two or three different couples, being careful, of course, to have them contribute to what was the climax of each story. In Colorado I had practically five such interests, and though the material in the main was good, it failed to focus.



PHOTO, BY COURTESY OF WHITE STUDIO, NEW YORK

Maxine Elliott in "Lord and Lady Algy." At the Right—Margaret Illington in "The Gay Lord Quex"

Posing as a Mine Owner

THE gathering of this material, however, may have an interest. My intention had been to write a play about the Colorado mines. To get the material I had meant to go to work in one of them. I didn't believe that any practical miner would mistake me for an expert. I planned to get something in a clerical way on the surface of one of the properties or in the sheds. To do this I went by the advice of my Rocky Mountain friend, John C. Montgomery, to the law offices of ex-Governor Charles Thomas and Harry Lee. Harry Lee, who was a man of about my own age, advised against my project. There had just been a strike in the mines, and there were still a number of secret-service men working under various guises.

"In the way you propose," Lee said, "you won't be in any danger, but the men will promptly put you down as a private detective, and though they wouldn't molest you, you would never get near them, and the intimate stuff you are trying for would elude you."

There was an experienced, practical miner, tough man and strike leader, on their books by the name of Phil Flynn. He was a good deal of a free lance, constantly moving about on new prospects. If they could locate Flynn and put me under his care I'd be in the way of getting the desired information. A long-distance telephone caught Flynn at Colorado City on his way to a copper district in Northern New Mexico. He waited over a train for my coming. I had had a rather romantic account given me of Flynn before joining him. According to the men in Lee's office he had been educated for the priesthood and had abandoned it. At any rate, he had a fashion of quoting Latin. To my mind, after a few minutes with him, he suggested neither the priest nor the scholar, but rather the railroad foreman. He already knew my business from his long-distance telephone talk, and as we went along on the railroad gathered my purpose in detail. It was decided that I was not to pose as a practical miner but as a mine owner investing in properties. He gave me a few stock phrases that would partly carry out this impression, and when in doubt I was to be silent. We stopped at a junction called Trinidad, where the yard foreman knew Flynn. Flynn told him I was from Leadville. The foreman asked how things were up there. I could answer only in the general way that they were pretty good, but a main difficulty was the lack of cars. He knew this, and was trying to forward empties.

"Where did you get that car stuff?" Flynn said as our own train moved on. I told him I had seen it in the morning paper.

"Well, you'll do, Tom."

In the evening we left our railroad at a town called Springer, from which we had a few miles' ride in a stage to the driver's home, where we passed the night. Next morning we started with a two-horse wagon for the foot of the Little Cameron—pronounced Simmaroon. A prospector was camped there with a tent and a few cattle. Flynn made his acquaintance and left our wagon in his care. We went up the trail on horseback. At the end of the afternoon we had got as far as the animals could comfortably go. They were [illegible] the trail again and started [illegible] Flynn explained that there [illegible] way that they could get [illegible] to follow the little stream by [illegible] our trail. No matter how [illegible] them, they would bring up at [illegible] er's outfit where the wagon [illegible]

The kit I started with we [illegible] the stage-driver's home in the [illegible] each carried only a blanket, [illegible] toilet articles as one could [illegible] pockets of his reefer. Leaving [illegible] City, Flynn had asked me if I [illegible] I showed him a .38 hammerless [illegible] thought would do. Before [illegible] mining camp he suggested [illegible] the right-hand pocket of my [illegible] of the hip, where I had it. [illegible] think there would be any [illegible] though my pose was buying [illegible] copper mines, he was really [illegible] recover these claims, which [illegible] had been jumped by the [illegible] big mining company operating [illegible] district. I learned this with a [illegible] ing in certain peripheral nerves, [illegible] reason to think it was not [illegible]

A Chilly Reception

THE camp which was our [illegible] consisted of a bunk house [illegible] house, some fifty feet apart, [illegible] cabins. The bunk house had [illegible] tions, such as they were, for [illegible] Its interior was divided by a [illegible] way, say three feet wide, into [illegible] each about nine by six. Each [illegible] tained two rough sapling [illegible] above the other, each bunk a [illegible] than the ordinary double [illegible] with bedding of pine boughs. [illegible] boughs the miners at night lay [illegible] in their army blankets, two to [illegible] In the cookhouse, besides a [illegible] for dishes and utensils, the [illegible] wooden table about ten [illegible] flanked on each side [illegible] wooden bench. In one [illegible] this room were two [illegible] one over the other, [illegible] and his helper. The [illegible] accommodation [illegible] Flynn and me, as [illegible] miners came in [illegible] work, which they [illegible] half an hour [illegible] rival, there was [illegible] One of the [illegible] romantic-looking [illegible] early twenties, [illegible] duroy suit and [illegible] boots, as pictured [illegible] as one now sees in [illegible] There was one [illegible] ican, a third miner [illegible] of Latin origin, and [illegible] men. The boy in charge [illegible] good-natured and genial. [illegible] to be operating for himself [illegible] men worked for the company [illegible] owned the buildings, the adjacent [illegible] and the few burros that carried the ore down [illegible] We were at a considerable elevation.

The place grew suddenly cold at nightfall [illegible] the days were warm. After supper the men [illegible] tobacco and played cards. The cook let his fire [illegible] order to get rid of them. When they got [illegible] went to bed in the bunk house. The cook [illegible] and I couldn't stay in the cookhouse. Flynn [illegible] was wrong about that; his friend Thomas [illegible] on the table; himself he was going to stretch [illegible] of the benches and some boxes that he put [illegible]

Without removing boots or any garments [illegible] gunny sack for a pillow, and covered by [illegible] slept four nights on the kitchen table. The [illegible] outfit would have had authority to put us [illegible] no attempt to exert it. The first morning [illegible] breakfast, during which nobody but the [illegible] spoke to us, Flynn and I went a mile down [illegible]

(Continued on Page 31)

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Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Campbells' BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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(Continued from Page 26)

borrow a couple of picks. The company had plenty in their blacksmith shop, but refused to lend them. The blacksmith, when alone, seemed a little more communicative and more willing to be friendly with Flynn.

When, after getting our picks and an hour's walk, we got to the ground where Flynn had located we found that his identifying stakes and signs had been replaced by newer claimants. These evidences Flynn promptly destroyed, and set up again stakes with his own name on them. This done, we put in the rest of our time digging what in mining parlance was called an assessment. This is the removal of enough cubic material to meet the requirement of the mining laws, and we were just within the expiration of the time limit to do it.

We were in a singular social atmosphere and set of circumstances. The cooks turned us out the same rough meals that they provided the company miners, without any discussion as to the propriety of doing so. The miners ignored us during the meals, although Phil swore roundly at the unidentified thieves who had tried to steal his claims. The cook and his helper were rather poor stuff, and even if they had been friendly, which they were not, Flynn and I and the boy in corduroys, who diplomatically affected an ignorance, all together would have been in the minority against the remaining members of the group.

Alias Jim Jeffries

ALONE each day on the claims, Flynn said he didn't think any of the men had nerve enough to begin shooting, and in his opinion the claim jumping had been inspired by the company, and the men were not to get much out of it, anyway; so that his fears, if he had any, were considerably less than my own, which were numerous. On the fourth morning after our arrival we started on foot down the trail, and to my eyes the landscape grew more beautiful with every rod we covered. We found our horses and wagon with the camping outfit in the little valley, where we arrived in the afternoon. Late that night we were again in the stage-driver's highly civilized quarters, which when quitting I had thought so rude.

On the way north for Cripple Creek we stopped off at the little town, at that time the central office of the Maxwell Land Grant, where Flynn had to make certification of his assessment work, and where much to my astonishment he filed one of his claims as the Little Luke, naming it after my boy and turning over to me the certificate of ownership. The adjoining property belonging to the big copper company was paying heavily, and Phil hoped there might be a fortune in this claim. To hold it required an occasional return to the property and some work with the pick in that unfriendly altitude of the foe and the stranger. So, though I still have the certificate, the claim of the Little Luke is like the grave of Sir John Moore.

At Cripple Creek I met interesting characters and learned much about Flynn. There had been a fire a couple of years before—while Flynn was absent—that swept the side hills and left men, women and children without shelter. Flynn returned when the conflagration was over, and to his astonishment his little cabin was the only one left in that district.

He looked over the surrounding misery a moment and quietly went over to his own cabin and set it on fire. When he rejoined the sufferers he said, "Now I'm with you."

As we went through the little mining city on that first night of our visit we gradually accumulated a crowd of admirers. I was in a fair way to make a mistake about Flynn's popularity until I discovered that the interest was in me. I got Flynn in a corner and made him confess. Someone had asked the name of his companion. As a great secret he had whispered, "Jim Jeffries." Some two years before Jeffries had won the championship from Bob Fitzsimmons, had later won from Sharkey and some months preceding the time of which I write had knocked out James J. Corbett. On the sidewalks and in the barrooms, much to Flynn's amusement, men jostled us a little unpleasantly. I feared that as enthusiasm mounted some local celebrity would take a wallop at me in the belief that he was measuring his capacity against the world champion. Under a pretense of important letters I got back to our hotel.

The stuff I got from Cripple Creek was principally character studies. By the time we reached Leadville, Flynn was thoroughly enjoying the fiction in which we were mutually interested. In that city I was introduced to a man anxious to get rid of a gold mine. It became necessary to inspect it, and I wanted the information that such an inspection would give. To reach its most significant level we had to make a descent of eight hundred feet in the shaft. Our vehicle was what was called a bucket. This was a vessel made of boiler iron, about four feet high, with a diameter of two feet at its rim, used for lifting ore. It was held by a strong iron bale suspended by a steel cable. The rim of this bucket stopped at the ground level. We three men, the mine foreman, Flynn and myself, took hold of the steel cable and stepped on the rim, distributing our weight so that the thing rode level. Upon a signal to the engineer the bucket began to descend. The shaft through which we were going was about four feet square. From one hundred feet down its opening, as one looked up, seemed about the size of a window pane. When we stopped at eight hundred feet it was a pinhole in a sheet of black paper. Our illumination was the three candles that we carried, each set in a miner's candlestick, which was somewhat like an ornamental skewer or steel dagger holding a candle at right angles, and devised to scrape dirt out of crevices or a candle holder to stick point first into a wall. The alley through which we traveled was about as wide as a private hallway in a cheap flat, and not high enough to permit of standing erect.

One trouble with this particular gold mine was that some two hundred feet along this drift the roof had caved in. The owners had dug through this heap a kind of rat hole big enough to permit the passage of a man's body, if he got flat on his stomach and pulled himself along like a lizard. The foreman went first; urged by Flynn, I followed, second. There was no retreat except confession, and the dark shaft from which we had just escaped. After a cold crawl of twelve or fifteen feet we emerged into the unobstructed gallery again. There was no guaranty that the material through which we crawled wouldn't shift once more and imprison us, or even catch us in transit. But it didn't, and after a terrifying hour we were again on the surface in God's free air. I didn't buy the gold mine; the best I could do was to take the matter under advisement. But I was so overloaded with sensations that when I came to write my play I had my villain and his guilty partner eight hundred feet under ground, in a cage on a cable controlled by the hero, who was on the surface with the damning evidence in his hands.

When we got back to Denver, Flynn refused to leave me until I had been given safely into the hands of our friend, Harry Lee. As he said good-by for the time being he turned to Lee:

"What I like about your friend Tom here is we took this two weeks' trip together, and we were in some tough places. But he never said once, 'When are we going to get out of here?' or 'How long does this last?' He's right."

I confessed to Lee that I'd often thought those questions, but had refrained from asking them because I would in nowise hasten our departure or terminate difficulties; and, furthermore, I didn't want Phil Flynn to think I was a quitter, which in my heart I was.

Flynn was much interested in stories of the theater, also the things about Fred Remington, and a year showed up unexpectedly, but not without welcome, New Rochelle.

Remington thought him a veritable nugget, and all the time with him he could in Flynn's two or days in the East.

The twenty years that have gone by have probably tired Phil from very active service, but there are in Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico who remember him and I hope still meet him.

Ex-Governor Charles Thomas' law partner, Harry now dead, was one of the most gifted men of the West. I will quote two examples of his wit if I can stage for them without too much delay: A dinner in the Denver Club at which were toastmaster and one orator, who, I had been led to believe, was most eloquent in the state. When this speaker had talk he made three separate starts at his subject friends regretted the indulgence that left him scattered, and as for the third time he said, "I came through here in '48," Harry Lee remarked record's been lowered since then." The orator the laugh, and under its cover gave way to the next

On one of Lee's visits to New York a club tête-a-tête Lackaye was interrupted by an English actor, the oratorical friend at Denver was not in full possession of his faculties. Each attempt to score off Lackaye more of a cue than a hit. His continued failure triumph of Lackaye growing a little monotonous interposed:

"I don't know what the game laws are in New Mr. Lackaye, but in Colorado it's considered sportsmanlike to shoot mackerel in a barrel."

"Mackerel in a barrel" is now a Lambs Club

The Craving for Variety

HUMAN nature is so constituted that the wish from boredom is one of its strongest motives. every playwright is driven into new kinds of his wish for change. Bronson Howard, after his of Saratoga and Green Room Fun, wrote The Daughter, Young Mrs. Winthrop, and after another edy, The Henrietta, returned to serious work doah and Aristocracy. Gillette wrote his comedy Professor, The Legal Wreck, then his serious play the Enemy, and, after a string of comedies which Mr. Wilkinson's Widows, Too Much Johnson and She Loved Him So, returned to serious work Service and Sherlock Holmes. Henry Arthur even a wider range through outright melodrama ranging from The Silver King to Whitewashing Clyde Fitch, after his lighter social portraiture, big play, The City. One will not be accused a professional kinship to these masters if I confesses the human side which craves variety attempts ranged all the way from melodrama comedies and broad fa the experience with the reaction was t the lighter mood Before Colorado duced, and w in rehearsa one night t pire The H. V. comedy, derness cellent of Ch man's such a stars, garet Willa nay, Richa Whiffe Dale, quite Lawran My wife watching the a box, and wa left the stage movement in th like a receding



PHOTO. BY SARONY, NEW YORK CITY



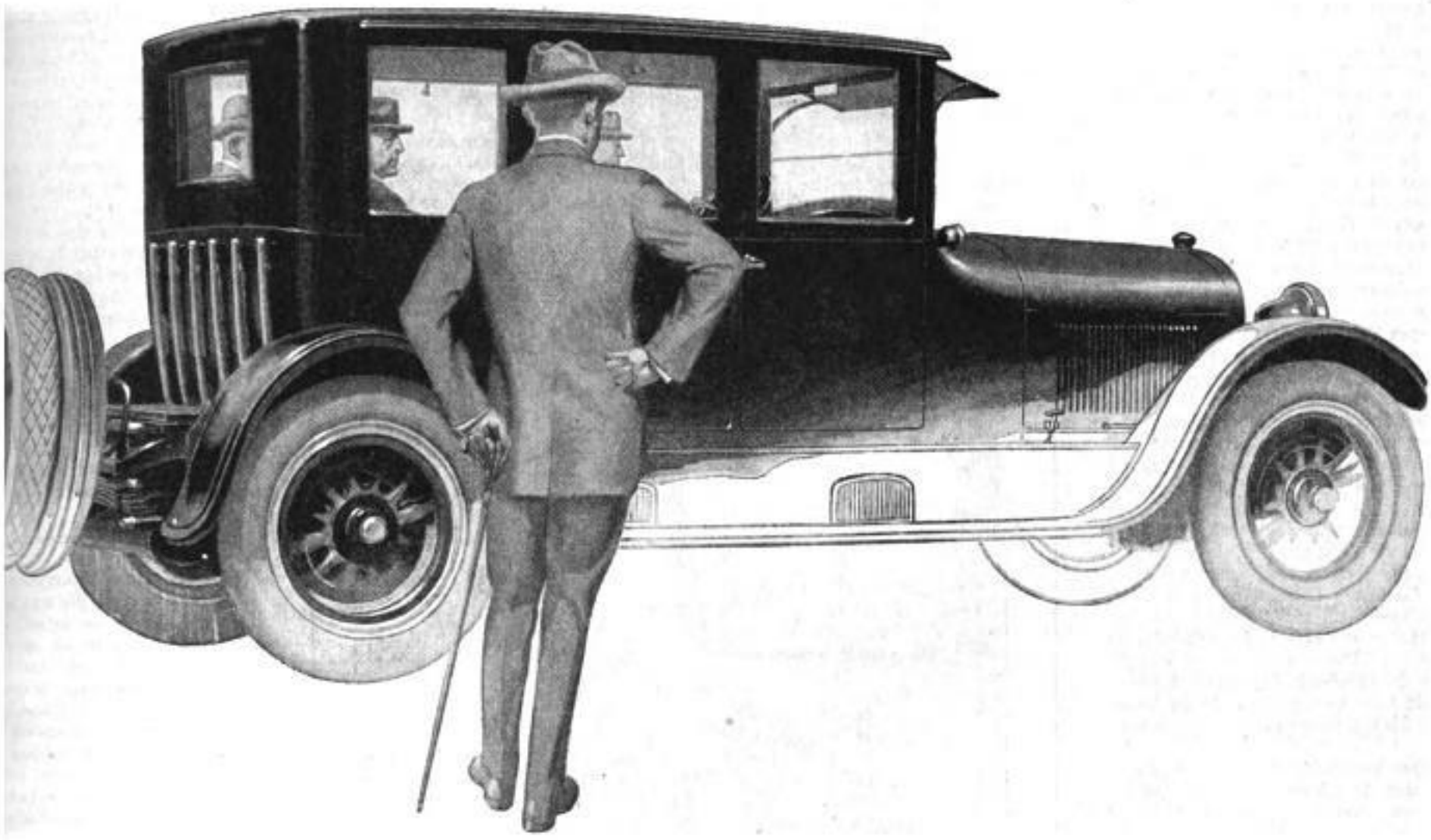


PHOTO. BY SARONY, NEW YORK CITY

Ethel Barrymore at the Time of "Captain Jinks," Lionel Barrymore and Jessie Busley in "Not With My Money"

(Continued on Page

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(Continued from Page 28)

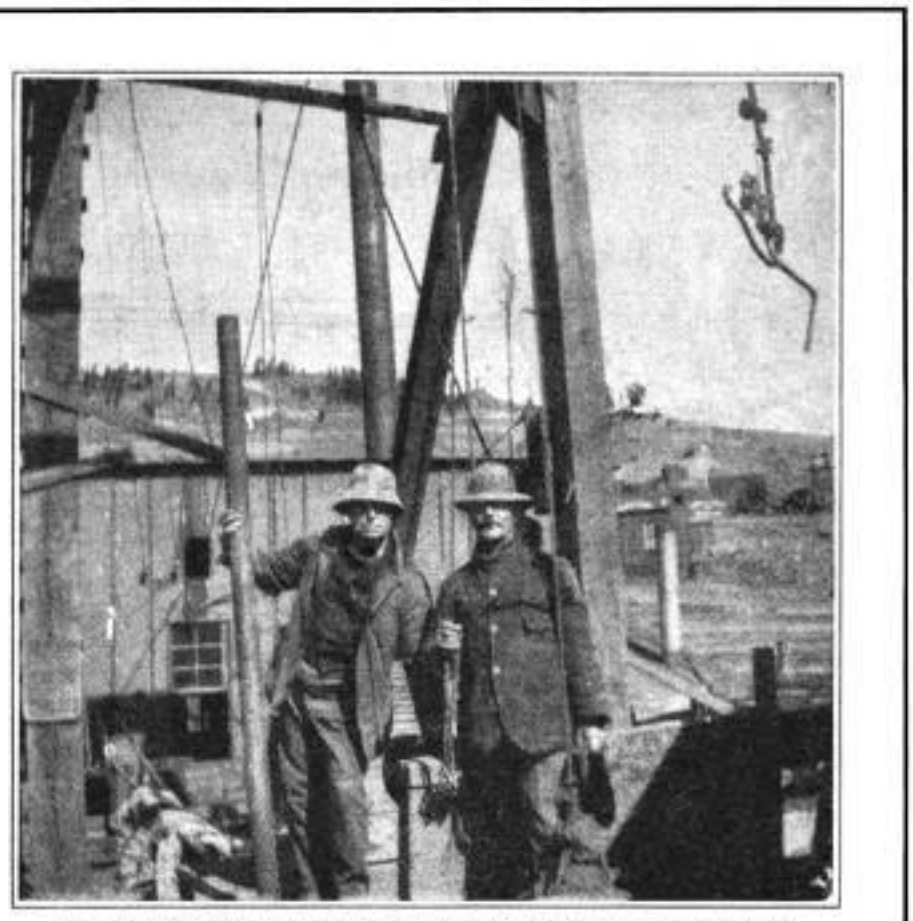
audience settled back in their seats. They had moved forward in their attention in less concerted action; but as they heard D'Orsay approaching for his second scene their interest was immediate and the forward inclination was in unison. I called my wife's attention to the fact, and when D'Orsay came on for the third time we both noticed the peculiar response. I felt that the player so welcome in such negligible material as his slight rôle offered was of stellar quality.

I knew D'Orsay as an actor who had attracted attention in Captain Marshall's play, The Royal Family, and as an interesting personal figure about the clubs. To describe him in a line, one would have to use the phrase so often applied to him by his critics: "The Ouida type of heavy guardsman." His expression is the dominant one of distinguished, opaque, English toleration, alternated with bland astonishment, not unmixed with good nature, but always self-confident, self-sufficient and aristocratic. I began thinking about him as the central figure for a comedy that I had agreed to write for Mr. Frohman.

On the American stage, to get the greatest value from such a man as a kind of comic-paper Englishman of breeding, it was imperative to surround him with Americans and give him an American background. In doing this I naturally saw the Americans amused with his speech and manner as I had seen them amused by him in private life; but as I thought more intimately of him I remembered that his funniest moments were his attempts to be ultra-American. This phase seemed only incidentally valuable until, through dwelling on it, the idea came to me to put him in a situation where he would be seriously obliged to assume it altogether, and with the inception of that idea I had the bent and the impelling factor of my story. The construction would be along the line of establishing an Englishman who would have to pretend to be an American, and his experiences after he began to do so.

If I were permitted to say to a dozen English and American playwrights of today—Pinero, Jones, Gillette, Pollock, Al Thomas, Forbes, Winchell Smith, Davis, Maugham, and so on, "What made an ultra-Englishman in America pretend to be an American? Answer promptly," they would reply in chorus, "A woman." That is the dramatist's formula, and it was mine. And the dramatists would be agreed on the next step: Find the woman.

I felt that it would be piquant for the woman to be a grass widow who had resumed her maiden name. Under the proverb this would make her twice shy, while at the same time it would remove her from the ingénue class, then being badly overworked. After considerable study, which must not be minimized by any ready relation of it, I hit upon the idea of having my Englishman masquerading as an American unwittingly take for sufficient reason the name of the girl's divorced husband. This was a great find, as any one interested in playmaking will readily agree. I decided that my Englishman should have seen and been attracted by this young woman while she was traveling on the Continent, and that instead of coming to America in search of an heiress his trip should be one definitely in search of the woman.



Augustus Thomas and Phil Flynn After Their Trip Into the Mine

Producing the Earl of Pawtucket

I HAVE more than once in these pages spoken of the value of material which seemed to have no significance at the time of its acquisition. Here's another example: I didn't go up in the Ferris wheel at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893 because I dramatized the wheel sticking when my car should reach the top of the turn. In 1899 I said so to Maurice Barrymore as we stood looking at the same wheel transported to and set up at Earl's Court, London.

"Well, since it's been here the thing has stuck twice," said Barry; "one time for twenty-four hours."

A policeman standing by took up the story and told us how a sailorman climbed to the cars with coffee and sandwiches for the imprisoned patrons.

"A lot of good stories," he added, smiling, "fellows with other fellows' wives, and all that sort of thing."

I expressed my yokel astonishment as to how the sailorman could have managed it up to the topmost cars. The bobby's tolerant answer set the story in my mind for all time:

"Well, you see, sir, 'is mother'd taught 'im to 'old on good and 'ard, and 'e did."

The idea of putting two romantic people together for twenty-four hours in the same car at the top of the Ferris wheel seemed to me excellent preparation for a comedy.

When my story was well in hand, newspaper training impelled me to familiarize myself with the proposed scenes of it, the three locations in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. I stated my project to the business manager of the hotel, and met a chilling and discouraging reception. The house could lend itself to no enterprise of that kind. So two days later I drove to the hotel in a cab with my wife, and with a trunk and valises. The room clerk had us shown several rooms and suites. I chose a suite I thought suited to the earl. The rate, without meals, was forty dollars a day. We stopped only one day, but the forty dollars put into my hands many valuable physical suggestions, as well as the truthful color which is so valuable in a well-known district. It also enabled me to make sketches for the scenic artist and get suggestions helpful in the general construction of the story.

After I had begun to write the play Mr. Frohman had gone to London. I cabled him, asking if I might have D'Orsay for the piece.

With characteristic brevity he answered "Yes."

My comedy, The Earl of Pawtucket, was done by the time Mr. Frohman came back, but the cable for D'Orsay had meant to him only the engagement of a minor character. He was warm in his approval of the play, but declined to risk D'Orsay as the star. I could see no other exponent. Frohman generously released D'Orsay. Two hours after he had done so I had completed an arrangement with Kirke La Shelle, who took the play solely upon my description of it, and because he had to move promptly in order to get time at the Madison Square Theater, where Elizabeth Tyree was starring under her own management in a play not very successful. Miss Tyree was exactly the type of girl that we wanted for the heroine, and she had the additional attraction of being the owner of this lease for the Madison Square Theater. While I was still in La Shelle's office, La Shelle arranged for Miss Tyree to hear the play, and before she went to the theater that night I had read it to her, she had accepted it, and after giving the following day to the selection of the company we started on the second morning to rehearse the piece, with only eleven days between us and the Monday on which we proposed to open. Among the company assembled on the stage of the Madison Square Theater for rehearsal was an actor of experience and ability, Mr. Ernest Elton, engaged for the part of the valet. He and D'Orsay had been together in an English company some fifteen years before in the provinces, and met now for the first time since.

"Oh," said Elton to D'Orsay, "are you in this piece?"

D'Orsay said, "I hope to be."

Elton gradually realized he had been speaking to the star. The reported episode amused C. F.

We had one of our best first nights, and next morning a fine press; but our performance had been with insufficient preparation. Being familiar with the script from both writing and rehearsing it, I had at the first performance undertaken the office of prompter, and in order that I might not be more audible than the players stood in the first entrance with a small megaphone through which I whispered when they seemed to hesitate.

In the second intermission a prominent critic said, "I like everything about the play except the wretch with the megaphone."

But feeling that much more depended upon ma of our tempo than absence of the occasional note megaphone I stuck to the method. Our stage m time card registered our last curtain at an hour tha improved upon during the long run of the piece. starred in the play under La Shelle's management years, and at the end of that time returned to M man to star in another play.

Altogether I read or proposed many plays t Frohman. Some were accepted, many were refu in script and in projected story. Charley one da me: "It's always a great pleasure to refuse a pla because it seems to get the thing off your mind, we have an interesting conversation."

For my own part, as I look back, I can add pleasure was not altogether one-sided, becaus never refused a play or a story without propo project for another one.

When he turned back the script of Paw released D'Orsay from his company in order th do the play elsewhere he said: "I this is off your mind start in an a comedy for John Drew, and if y like you to put a part in it for L

Drew had recently had great s play called The Mummy and the Bird, in which his nephew, Li more, had the part of an Italian w English words and ventured on phrases, but trusted to convey meaning by eloquent pantomim

Young Barrymore's Sta

I THINK Lionel Barrymore's tal ambition in life was not be player as to be artist. Ev black and white or on canvas interests him intensely, and for years he left the stage to devote the study of color in Paris. In his happiness is delineating cha he goes at each new subject wi nical interest of an artist intere faces and in the force behind made his first big impression in by playing an old Boer general drama done at the Academy of part was a prophecy of his gal men portraits made notable in T head and again in The Claw. Fo with John Drew he had taken l a master in order to be right phrases he had to ejaculate, gone into the Italian colony t manners of its people. It may F.'s commission to put in a p Lionel centered my attention m obvious commission to get a story for Drew. A to see Kid McCoy, champion middleweight f world, and Lionel Barrymore together no acq either would mistake one for the other. But could easily be made if either was seen alone away. I began to think of a prize fighter. In a thoroughly contrasting part I chose a mi gospel. I was indebted to the current newspa idea, as there was some young clergyman at the public eye through his advocacy of athlet

There was no haste for the play. My frien was settled in a little town called St.-Leu, miles out of Paris, working on his heroic equ of Wade Hampton. Letters from him carried post cards of the city beautiful. I was a litt with New York, and mentally a little wea vociferous self-approval of the National Ad My boy and baby girl were beginning to perhaps wrongly, from their uncertain hom wanted to pursue her musical studies. I thought fine to have an occasional half day in some Pa Arizona was doing well. D'Orsay was mai Letters of credit seemed possible! Paris!

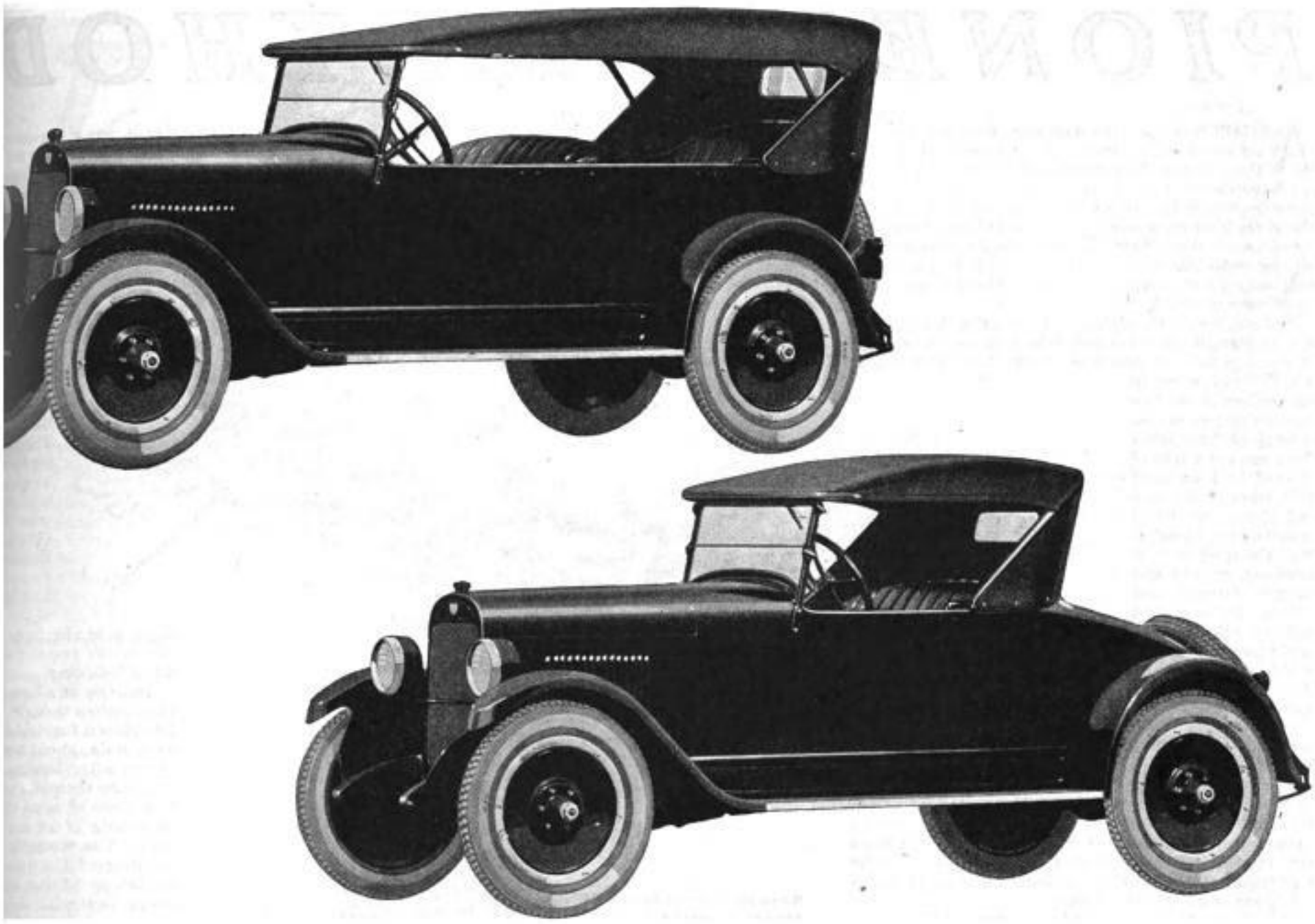
There are too many guidebooks of Paris accurate pictures of its beauties, too many ir romantic descriptions of it from Dumas to Da an American playwright fatuously to attemp encumber the field. But for a man moment from America, and especially from New Yo some attractions that have not been enumera

An editor of a Western paper, recently writi improvement society and of the conditions o premises, says of one citizen: "There is n about Brown. He is not one of those men w their front yards and leave the back yards fi cans, rusty tin and disorder. No hypocra front yard is just as dirty as the back one."

New York has that kind of candor. When barks from a steamship and comes through

(Continued on Page 95)

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PIONEER METHOD

By George F. Parker

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STICK

AS SIMPLE as the thing itself may seem, it is by no means an easy task to describe and analyze the industry of the pioneer life. Primarily, it is a large subject of itself, but it is made larger and more important by the rapidity and magnitude of the whole Western movement. It is so different from what is now seen in the collective occupations of a given community or state anywhere, that it is difficult to understand how, only a half century away, such primitive conditions could have persisted.

And yet, if even the alphabet of our earlier development is to be learned, some fair comprehension must be reached of the economic surroundings of that day. It is almost impossible to present to the modern student or reader a picture of how these people lived, when there was not a mile of railroad in Iowa until 1854, when nearly one-half of our period had passed away; to realize that the people were subduing, creative and happy; buying and selling, devising and making, taking their pay in money when they could get it, but living still largely in the age of barter, to which their forerunners had been almost bound during their tedious journey from the seaboard.



When the Pioneer Emerged From the Forest He Had Become the Most Expert Woodman Then Known to History

Large as the subject is, running, as it does, into so many unfamiliar grooves, making so many ruts which had to be filled before the present industrial road could be fairly completed—it represents the stage of development reached by its time. From the Alleghanies westward, and from Tennessee and Missouri northward, the same general methods were employed, the same tools or rude machines were in use, and men subjected themselves to the same hard training for rewards which, judged by modern standards, seem petty and unattractive.

In dealing with education it is often spoken of as something to be written on the blank piece of paper wrongly supposed to stand for the mind of the child. As applied to a sentient human figure the comparison is ridiculous; but it does seem fairly to describe an area like that of Iowa when, long held back from settlement, it was at last thrown open. Access to its 55,000 square miles of land, of unknown but, as was soon recognized, of unexampled fertility, was all at once opened along one side.

The Opening Up of the West

ONE settler after another timidly crossed the great river at widely separated points, generally as an individual, sometimes as a member of a small group. He only knew that he did not have to fight his way, so no colony was needed; he had not even the advantage that his predecessor had, as the Indian and the buffalo had not been before him to mark out along the most eligible lines the trail that he could safely follow as the natural path between two given points; there were not even enough Indians to do this unconscious service. There were no houses, only here and there a rude wigwam; no cultivation of the soil except an occasional small patch, planted to corn but imperfectly cultivated. There were no facilities for grinding the grain even when produced; nothing but rude sets of stones for crushing it by hand; no smith or carpenter had been seen; no vehicle, however crude or rough, had crossed the wide, easy-flowing river. No regular industry had found development anywhere within its borders. For the white man's purpose it was literally a blank.



No Man Was More Really Trusted Than the Blacksmith

The Government, which owned the land, so far as it had been acquired at all, had not yet passed or confirmed title to a single rood; and yet, with all this before them, with no enemy to check or arrest their progress, the settler and his fellows were as distinctly limited as if they had access to only a landing place on the river's bank. Each had to do everything for himself. There were no engineers to go ahead and blaze a trail for him; although he had gone to territory distinctly prairie, he was still in leash to the forest. He had no axman, as in war, to clear the spaces ahead of him. There were no soldiers to make roads; he could go only so far as the surveyor had marked his series of artificial metes and bounds. He could advance only as fast and as far as he and his fellows were able to carry with them those cognate industries which would enable him in due time to add another mile strip to its occupied predecessors. Even then he had to take with him a blacksmith shop, a gristmill and a sawmill; and he could not go far without a carpenter and a wheelwright. He had probably never even heard that there was, anywhere in all the world, a plumber or an architect; even if he had come from the most highly developed city he would have had no use for such helpers.

In short, the settler really had before him the equivalent of the fabled white sheet of paper, and he proceeded to write upon its surface. All his first signs and marks were material. He had to provide food, shelter and clothing. As he had passed the time when he could find the first of these by killing wild animals, he had perforce to carry with him supplies and the simple machinery and the skill required to furnish all things for himself.

He had his own hands, the raw land, and neighbors, more or less remote, united with him; with these he had to work until, in a few years, he, as one of a multitude, had built a state. He could neither have government help nor borrow money for development. In all the financial centers there was no banker who would have accepted him as a debtor, and no government which could do more than permit him, under the operation of general law, to provide himself with funds.

In the passage through the great wilderness there had been little change in the style of building—it had become almost an order of architecture—employed by the pioneer. It was invariably of wood; whether constructed of logs or of lumber it was of the square-pa pattern, which had given shelter and su taste of the earliest colonists in Virginia, M land, the middle and the new states. For a hundred ye along the Coast it was build a cru house of bri been custo bring them land, with tion that n and New Y were sough land; but th The people ing through wood from ancestors tries of E caped with then compa cent. Most inal house of logs; th ing born in a log house sta luck to the person nor al litical following.

This box of a house wa than is often thought. It logs chosen for straightne even grain, about ten in square after hewing. T could hew them straight— to a piece of sawn timbe something of an artist in having the strength req handling of the great ba ing ten or twelve pound was laid out with the str was not of necessity a c deed an artisan trained saved for making and s windows, and, after the primitive puncheon wa ing floors of the best and easiest worked able. The dovetailing of these logs so that the corners, with short and not unsightly would be perfectly squared, was a delicate finishing process always reserved, either in d sight, for that man in the neighborhood wi eye, the steadiest hand and the most experi could give the touch and finish necessary tightness which would exclude or temper c

Old-Time Cabin Building

THE four walls once up to the proper he were seldom more than eight and a half or wooden wall was completed by what was kno which were carefully fitted, irregular wedge of wood about four inches thick by five or There were two kinds, inside and outside c is, sufficient in size to leave between them vacant space between the logs. That used was not so carefully prepared. This done th space between the logs was daubed with as as the neighborhood afforded.

Such a house, with a proper foundation, cellar under half of it, once finished, presente as solid as stone or brick, and because of t was a protection against storm, heat or cold it was daubed with a good quality of cla necessary adhesive power, but this was an of house or for temporary use. If a single room, it would generally be about sixteen and from the same in length up to twenty fe it would have two rooms of these dimens six or eight feet between them, all under th though such a house was rare in the earliest erally came later, with the quick prosperi added population and the growth of a mark

The chimney was the most important fe built of brick, generally poor in quality, as were scarce. The fireplace ranged from abou feet in depth and from four to six feet in chimneys from the beginning of the world, mainly because, from the scarcity of materi sufficient height. Sometimes it was made of rived out from some hard wood and then ba

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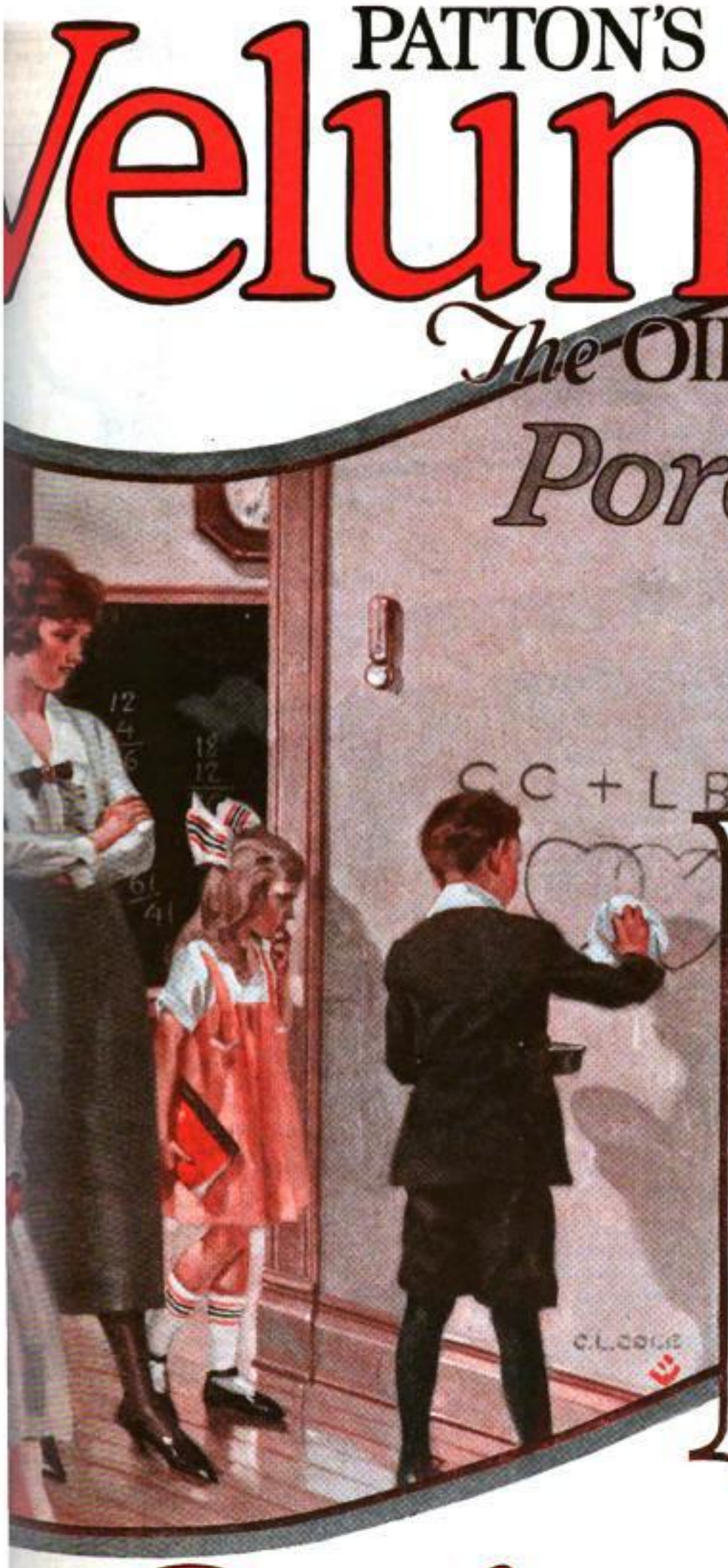
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7½ x 9 feet	10.10	9 x 10½ feet	14.15
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The rugs illustrated are made only in the five large sizes. The small rugs are made in other designs to harmonize with them.

1½ x 3 feet	$ .50	3 x 4½ feet	$1.50
3 x 3 feet	1.00	3 x 6 feet	2.00

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South, west of the Mississippi and in Canada are higher than those quoted.

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Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rug No. 396



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(Continued from Page 32)

logs of the house itself. It was necessary to daub ily inside and out, to protect it from fire. Of course ases the brick fireplace would serve as the founda- such a chimney probably to a height of from five feet, or up to the average mantel.

of was generally made of clapboards, about thirty ng, in effect large shingles, rived out with much white oak, black walnut or other straight hard ow and then from the linden or some soft wood, ese involved too much risk from fire to justify except as a necessity. Such houses were built, another, by the combined labor of the men in eighborhood. When a settler went six or eight y he had to draw help from this distance, though often that this was common anywhere in the t, because of the Indians, on earlier scenes, and habit and the necessity for association.

described thus briefly the best of the log houses ey were the earliest. They had their grades— , the finish and the comfort all depending upon ual; but for the later pioneer the sawmill often eded settlement or followed it so closely that house soon became the standard. It still had g-box shape, generally one story and an attic, l little from the American standard for frame pted when the material could be sawed instead When the shingle-saw attachment came into the abundant black walnut along the rivers on the bluffs made as fine a quality of shingle e desired. The lath saw was still longer development, so that laths were split out of r woods, with such skill that only slowness of interfered with satisfaction of the demand.

Tight, Bull Strong, Horse High

evitable that no distinctive architecture should ut of the pioneer times. Houses, which, like else, had to be utilitarian, were constructed mplest lines. They were rectangular, as both and nature's lines of least resistance dictated, thout a porch; so that log, frame, brick and ing one another, maintained the original form nce, with only small variations. Often these terials succeeded one another up to four in he same site.

liest days, after the settler had provided the ry of his buildings, and had added to them, lescribed, according to his needs, he began the his land. By this time, though not wholly the broad prairie, which had no tree in sight, then some of the advantages which the larger berland were to enlarge. While crossing the was limited to a plow little less primitive ed in the days of the Gracchi. There was, ough level smooth land to encourage the lopment of the large prairie plow for cutting the roots of the native grass. The river bottoms being sufficiently extensive to justify the use of this new implement, the farmer and the inventor used their opportunities. The native grasses, whether they grew on the bottoms or the uplands, rooted themselves very shallowly but with great firmness; experience, however, soon taught that the need was for an instrument which while breaking these roots would at the same time turn a furrow so wide as still to leave the operation profitable on an economic basis.

More than any other single agency, the plow enforced coöperation. Out of a group of neighbors each would have from one to three or four yoke of oxen, some of them large, powerful animals, from five to ten years old, well-broken and trained to the heaviest tasks. These would be combined as a single source of power, known as a team, and, managed by their owners, go from one piece of land to another until the season was over. The plow was an effective machine, rather heavy and crude, not much changed for many years in its form or weight. It was fitted with levers, had attached at the front two wheels of different sizes, which enabled the operator at the handles to keep it in the ground, to regulate the depth of the furrow, and to carry it through brush, briers or roots.

A proper plow cut twenty-four inches, and to operate it in land of average difficulty eight to ten yoke of oxen were required. These were chosen, as to leaders and wheelers, with almost as much care as a coachman would have taken with his team of horses with which he desired to make fancy movements upon the road or in a track competition. The team could then be completed in the center with animals less well trained, and even smaller. Three or four men were required for the management of such an outfit, and the task of driving the furrow in a fairly straight line across the field was one requiring much experience and a good measure of skill.

With his buildings up and his land broken to the plow the pioneer farmer must make inclosures. So long as he was in or near the timber he could do this only by a worm fence, another American institution. It grew out of the early customs of Virginia, where, after many difficulties and through many vicissitudes, it was enacted by law that livestock should be fenced out rather than either herded or fenced in. There was timber to the torture of all concerned, and so it was easy both to devise and to enforce such a law. From that time until the timber was exhausted or the railroad overtook the pioneer the worm fence was one of the necessary though costly and somewhat crude agencies of progress. Iowa, being the last of the pioneer states, was also the last that used or could use this form of fence to any extent. Perhaps a brief description of it as an actual force during this period may be justified.

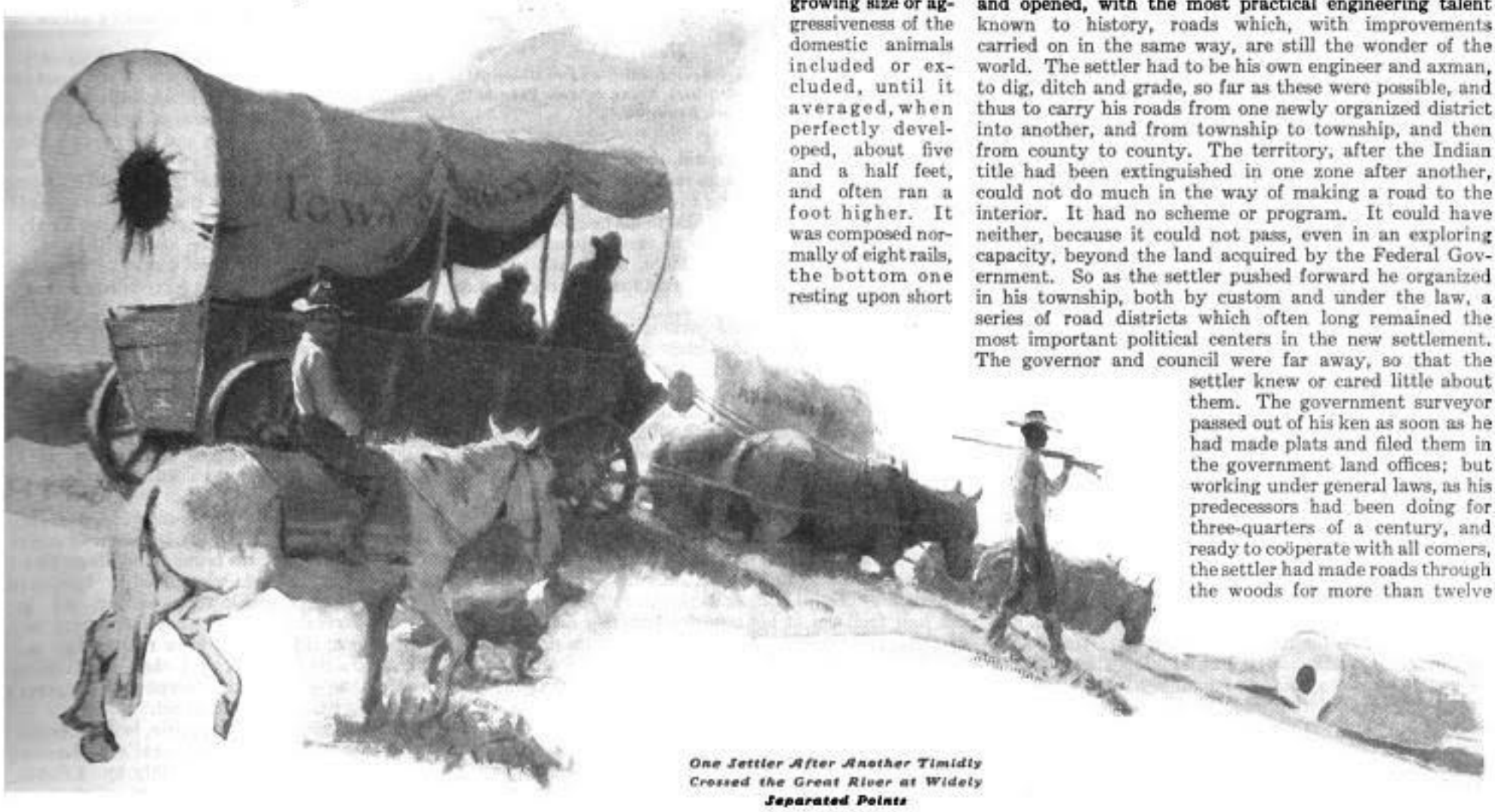
As the pioneer went on his westward journey this crooked structure, winding its way over wilderness, river bottoms and prairie, came to be known merely as a rail fence, often acquiring the nickname snake fence. It grew in elaborateness, and certainly the legal height of four and a half feet, as originally fixed in Virginia, was considerably increased, probably due to the use of larger rails or sleepers, or to the growing size or aggressiveness of the domestic animals included or excluded, until it averaged, when perfectly developed, about five and a half feet, and often ran a foot higher. It was composed normally of eight rails, the bottom one resting upon short sleepers under each corner, the latter so buried that swine could not dig under and yet raised enough to prevent decay.

It was essential to choose as straight a rail as could be found, fairly large, as it must serve for a foundation. A rail was ten feet long and the depth of a fence from its straight outer line was four feet. A panel of it—that is, the length of two rails—when carefully made, covered a space of one rod, sixteen and a half feet; the size of a field so inclosed could be accurately estimated by counting the number of corners, or locks, as they were sometimes called farther south. After the foundation had been laid ahead for some rods the building of the fence proper began. Each rail for the various tiers was chosen with care until six had been laid. Crooked rails were so turned and tried that no possible chance remained for the energetic outside marauder to get in or, when penned inside, to get out. The corners were so laid that they would satisfy the requirements of a plumb, although one was seldom used, so accurate was the builder's eye. There was one universal formula both for the making and the judging of a rail fence like that described: It must be hog tight, bull strong and horse high.

Pioneers as Road-Builders

ALL this care was the absolute necessity of the time. Those familiar only with the ordinary well-fed, lazy domestic animal have no conception of the cleverness as well as the strength of each of the species mentioned when running at large, idle and mischievous, often uncared for and hungry, outside a fence, with a rich growth of half-ripe corn on the other side, only a few feet away from a feast. If there was anywhere a hole that could be enlarged by digging, the hog's snout would find it, and it took many precautions to overcome his ingenuity, power of calculation, and that persistence which nothing could surpass. Oxen, especially powerful animals, from five to ten years old, when turned out to pasture, however rich it might be, seemed to have a genius, hardly to be suspected, for finding weak spots in the fence, which in like manner was the only object between them and a bovine banquet. The horse also ran at large with equal freedom. In his marauding hours he developed on his own account jumping abilities that would not have discredited the best trained high-bred hunter, come from where he might. As these horses and cattle were almost sure to gorge themselves, as well as to destroy, it was to the interest of their owners that the neighborhood fences should be kept in the most effective condition. Probably more lawsuits grew out of such cases than from all others together, so that the primary test of a good farmer came to be the efficiency of his fences. Twice a year—in spring, before planting, and in fall, after harvesting—they were inspected for repairs or renewals.

Even in the matter of roads the American pioneer was dependent upon his own efforts. Other settlements of civilians—especially those in Western Europe—were made after the soldier had blazed the way through the forests and opened, with the most practical engineering talent known to history, roads which, with improvements carried on in the same way, are still the wonder of the world. The settler had to be his own engineer and axman, to dig, ditch and grade, so far as these were possible, and thus to carry his roads from one newly organized district into another, and from township to township, and then from county to county. The territory, after the Indian title had been extinguished in one zone after another, could not do much in the way of making a road to the interior. It had no scheme or program. It could have neither, because it could not pass, even in an exploring capacity, beyond the land acquired by the Federal Government. So as the settler pushed forward he organized in his township, both by custom and under the law, a series of road districts which often long remained the most important political centers in the new settlement. The governor and council were far away, so that the settler knew or cared little about them. The government surveyor passed out of his ken as soon as he had made plats and filed them in the government land offices; but working under general laws, as his predecessors had been doing for three-quarters of a century, and ready to coöperate with all comers, the settler had made roads through the woods for more than twelve



One Settler After Another Timidly Crossed the Great River at Widely Separated Points

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hundred miles. In pursuance of this object he had felled the great trees which grew in a soil of surpassing richness—the gift of producing mud being one of the primary evidences of this quality. He threw the tree trunks into the chosen way, only to see them sink, in many cases, into the almost bottomless morass; he made corduroy roads, the wonder of those who saw, the torment of those who had to use them; and finally worked up to plank roads and, when he found stone and gravel, built company turnpikes and, very properly, charged toll upon them.

The early roads were of necessity crudely constructed; the only wonder was that they could be made at all. They were the product of the plow and the scraper, the latter then a rude instrument, with some help from a field roller made from a peeled log, generally of sycamore, because of its weight. Working in a loose black loam, without even clay as a binder, without stone or gravel, often over a surface so nearly level that drainage was difficult; forced by the absence of bridges to creep along the low, often marshy bottom lands until they came to an eligible site—which during low water would be a ford, and in floods a ferry—the task was one that would have taxed the resources and the ingenuity of an experienced road builder working with instruments, materials and men in an old and settled region.

It was here that the resource and adaptability of the pioneer served him well. With his quick eye both for the practical and for an emergency, without any trained or technical supervision, he worked away in patience, year after year, until he had so heaped up dirt over a long distance that, at its best estate, either when dry weather came to his aid or the ground was hard frozen, he had something that the king's highway could not excel. Over it the heaviest load could be drawn or the most famous driving speed reached and maintained; let the frost but heave up the ground in the spring or the early fall rains soak down to its uttermost depths, and there were not enough oxen in a neighborhood to draw a quarter-ton load to market or horses sufficiently swift to drive at more than a snail's pace. Perhaps, roughly speaking, under the law of averages, the road was perfect for about four months in the year; practically impassable for another four, divided into two almost equal parts in spring and fall; and for the remainder was again nearly perfect for use with runners.

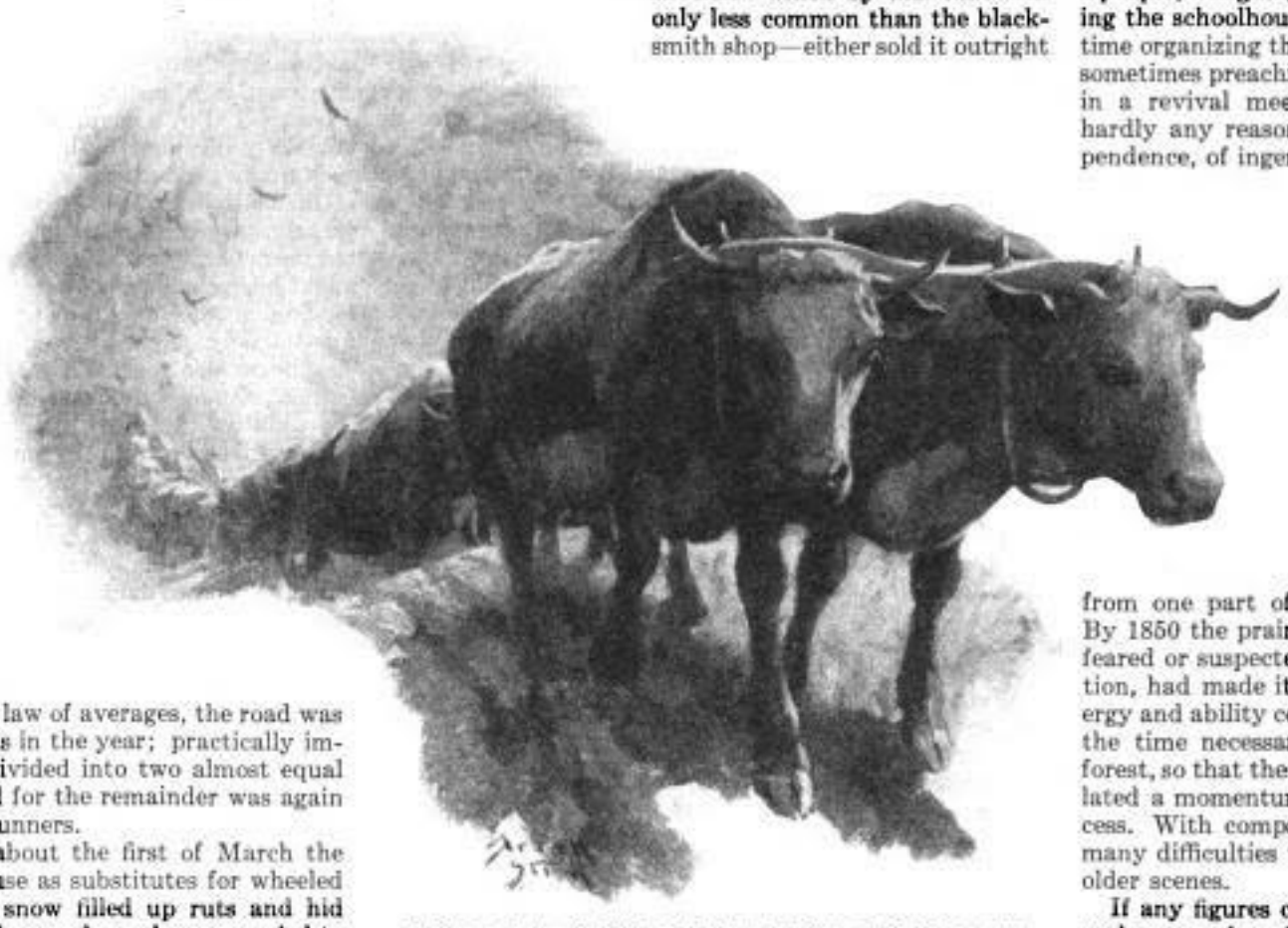
From mid-November to about the first of March the sled and the sleigh were in use as substitutes for wheeled vehicles. The early fall of snow filled up ruts and hid imperfections so that grain, hay and wood were carried to market, logging was done, rails distributed for making and repairing fences, fertilizers scattered over the fields—when indeed almost half the heavy miscellaneous work of the year was done. This both saved time in the summer and, fortunately perhaps, rendered it unnecessary to maintain the roads at the high state of improvement otherwise necessary. On the prairie at a later day, when board fences had become common, if the snow so drifted in the lanes as to make it impossible to break or clear them, a sleet, soon frozen into a heavy crust, enabled the heaviest loads to be drawn on sleds over the drifts. This often continued for weeks together; if the heaps in the lanes became too mountainlike or irregular it was easy enough to drive over the fences and make a trail in the adjoining field, returning to the road again at a favorable point.

Past Masters of the Ax

AT A VERY early period, when interior counties were still more than one hundred and fifty miles from a railroad or a Mississippi steamboat, it was common for the best farmers to haul to market the surplus products of the year's labor. Loads of small grain—wheat, oats, buckwheat, seeds, corn shelled by hand—or dressed hogs, now and then the skins of the simple wild animals left in the woods along the streams, averaging perhaps over a ton for two horses, and considerably more for four, or even, in rare emergency, with oxen for power, would be drawn for long distances and sold in these remote markets for money to pay taxes or purchase necessaries that could not be grown at home. These were, mainly, salt, sugar, coffee and other groceries, or leather for boots, shoes or harness.

Such wagons would be loaded both ways, bringing back supplies for their owners or neighbors or for the country store. These journeys often required four weeks and, as experiences, were about as lonely as any that men could have. Camping out or stopping with farmers of their own type, often delayed by bad weather, illness or loss of a horse, the wanderings of Ulysses could scarcely have been more trying; but, next to endurance, patience was the one great pioneer trait. Nor was it all hardship. Such a man had many interesting adventures. He saw larger, or at least more life than that immediately about him, he expanded his business training and experience, and formed with remote and congenial people many friendships that stood him in good stead. These business errands had much to do with drawing farther into the state men who, having already succeeded, carried their small but helpful resources inland, to cast in their fortunes with a still newer community.

When the pioneer emerged from the forest he had become the most expert woodman then known to history. He no longer thought of clearing a farm for himself by barking, cutting or burning trees; instead he began to employ all his skill in woodcraft and to utilize every machine, whether it was old or so new that it had been hurriedly designed to meet some particular emergency. Soon the bottom portion of his land became a source of revenue. He was then the farmer, pure and simple, and this occupied him during the season of planting, cultivating, harvesting and garnering. With the cold weather he became again the woodman. He felled his timber, drew it to the sawmill—which by this time was only less common than the blacksmith shop—either sold it outright



A Proper Plow Cut Twenty-Four Inches, and to Operate It in Land of Average Difficulty Eight to Ten Yoke of Oxen Were Required

or had it sawed, by his own aid, on shares, or for money payment, and had the product ready for an addition to his house or for a frame building to replace the outgrown log one, for his own fencing or for sale to his neighbors, near or remote. Often in the scarcity of ready money he could only exchange his product for labor, which had a double value because otherwise his progress toward independence would have been retarded.

These river bottoms were covered with a virgin forest, never before seen by the white man. The principal varieties were black walnut, the sycamore, the white hickory, the hackberry, the horse-chestnut, the oak and the white walnut. It was upon these that the American woodman exercised his strength and skill when he found himself in surroundings where handling timber was an industry and not merely a destructive orgy. An early Iowa farm, thus divided into meadow and woodland, became a factory of double capacity for food and for articles in wood. Its owner was both a worker and a merchant with a market for something that had formerly been without commercial or moral value, and he brought to bear a large degree of skill both as workman and trader. He had the best facilities of his time for handling his secondary product, and the help of men thoroughly trained in their art. The woodman's ingenuity could only be appreciated when by his skill in cutting great trees; in handling the logs with the oxen or horses which he had trained into a large intelligence; in eking out his chains or ropes when, in loading great logs, he would bring the wild grapevine into service to reach those remote from the wood roads; in the manipulation of skids, wagons or sleds; in the use of crowbars, cant hooks and all the devices of timber dling, he showed as much courage and almost as knowledge as if he had been in command of an army

The making of rails, generally supposed to be a process, was far otherwise. The felling of the tre most favorable spot for the use of the crosscut saw driving of wedges for starting the work of splitting making and the use of gluts and mauls; the knowle how to handle a given cut in order to get just the siz shape of rail wanted; the calculation, by eye rather by mathematics, of the number of rails that co expected—all these were operations in which the m mechanical workman would be lost. It was no w that the rail-splitting experiences of Lincoln appea the West—where every man and boy knew what meant—or that they excited mirth or ridicule in to or in Europe. He had no unusual gift; he merely part in the life which surrounded him. Even the of cordwood, though only into four-foot lengths, dem an art and an experience the absence of which woul impress itself upon both the spectator and the work the making of pickets, palings or fence posts—every indeed, the wonderful training of the American arm both apparent and necessary.

The Lure of the Prairie

AND yet this man was essentially a farmer, fi home in the wilderness; helping to make the w a people; designing, making and repairing the roads ing the schoolhouses and employing the teachers. time organizing the churches, leading the prayer m sometimes preaching the sermon, and very often ex in a revival meeting. With such foundations t hardly any reason to ask why this is a country pendence, of ingenuity and character, of mechani and of great industrial achiev every line of human endeavor

The average age of the families who went to Iowa, year 1840 onward until its for were completed, must have be thirty. Most of them had already started in life, with promising families, but had some measure of success. T demonstrated what could b simple surroundings through and steadiness. They went remote pioneer life for the m sons that then entered into a from one part of a new country to another st By 1850 the prairie had become a lure; it was feared or suspected; proximity and use, as well a tion, had made it familiar. It had become clear ergy and ability could command their reward in a the time necessary under the forgotten despotis forest, so that the majority of the newcomers soon lated a momentum that meant continuance of su cess. With comparative ease this would carry th many difficulties that had hampered their fathe older scenes.

If any figures could be compiled they would s such men, when destined to win a fair measure o started by the purchase, often with some defe ments, of about eighty acres of land, of which s like one-third was timber, and the remainder bot or on the ridge between two streams. It was th rule that forty acres of this land would be broke pared for cultivation by the farmer himself. T wait some years for help from his boys, relying ginning almost wholly upon his own labor. In t from fifteen to twenty acres would be fenced in f pasture. Of the cultivated forty acres about thi be planted in corn, leaving some ten acres for sm including a tiny plot, perhaps a quarter or half a a garden, in which the potato would occupy space. There was no allotment for fruit, becau not yet become acclimated or adapted to the s the further reason that crab apples, wild plums blackberries, strawberries and grapes grew in p fusion. For either pasture or hay there lay th government land or that owned by the speculat rank growths going to waste.

By the time the really enterprising man ne land his boys had come into adolescence and man these were convertible terms—and the farmer w to spread out. Those who failed or became di could sell on favorable terms so far as prices relation to real values; so that the man who ha fully managed his eighty grew naturally and eas quarter-section holder, and that without incu heavy debt which both precept and example ta the pioneer to dread and avoid.

While passing into the prairie, invention had p work that the farmer's personal efficiency was between 1840 and 1860, certainly by 1865. In

(Continued on Page 38)

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thing uncommon for Peerless owners to at they have driven their cars an almost number of miles without finding it to remove the carbon from the cylinders, valves, or indulge in any readjust- repair of any consequence whatsoever.

be difficult to overestimate the impor- uch experiences occurring as frequently with the Peerless.

course, spell one thing and only one ot merely correctness of design, but an of measurement and of manufacturing r above the ordinary.

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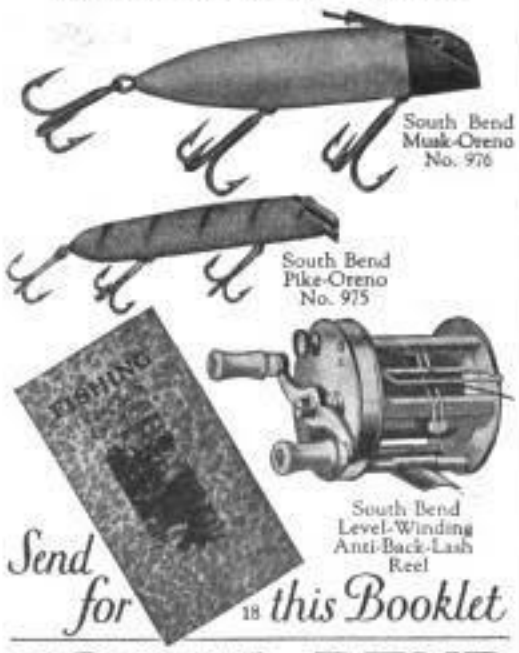
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(Continued from Page 36)

also, land and stock had acquired sufficient value to give the really efficient man a standing with the neighborhood banker, who, himself, had so improved his position that he was no longer dependent upon a discredited currency, and had become something other than a usurer or note shaver. The tendency to expand farms was not speculative, leading into the morass of debt, nor was the ownership a thing of boast or show. It was a real and wholesome progress for the fit with an accession of nature's tendency to eliminate the weak and unfit. This does not imply that all farming or any large proportion of it was high class, because this never became the case, but it afforded an opportunity to the best to improve their methods and made them exemplars for those prone to be careless or idle.

While this process was fairly under way the younger generation was making itself felt. As a rule it stayed at home later than had been the custom, and the labor of all began to count, so that the family position, which in the pioneer life inspired a real pride, became fixed. There was hard work for the first and second generations—neither yet in middle life, and all still able to do it—and when this was over, markets had come, railroads were on the way, the character of local industries had become fixed, the prairie had justified itself, and Iowa had taken another step in its making.

Scientific Farming

It was to the growing of corn that the pioneer farmer had mainly to devote himself, and he soon carried on this trade in all its branches with a proficiency that for the time was surprising. Working on a small scale, without help from the Government or anybody else, they learned the secrets of their trade, not in a laboratory but by themselves. It has become impossible fully to understand the many farm theories, propounded with a confusion of authority; but before the formal application of science to agriculture these early men not only knew the soils they worked in, what fertilizers were needed and how to treat and apply them, and how products must be grown in rotation, but they had a practical knowledge of the nutritive value of the corn which, fed to animals, would yield the best and quickest results. The experiments were unrecorded, but they were practical, and news of them was spread about and shared with all who might be interested in it. The few best farmers in a given county, seldom more than one to a township, soon became the exponents of these ideas and the improved methods based upon them. They early formed local agricultural societies, whose annual fairs became features in the social and economic life of the day. Such men were never content with what they themselves had tried to do. Drawn from many geographical sources they kept in touch with the progress made in their old homes. They were little given to writing or lecturing, but useful information was so passed on from one individual to another that the best that could be known was probably distributed almost as effectively as now—though less widely.

There was such a strong desire to cooperate with all honest effort, such a concentration of thought and intelligence, that the greatest pains were taken to be helpful. As I have already insisted, it was more than an economic system that was under development; it was free republican institutions, and as in the public mind these were so closely related to every individual, he was encouraged to make himself worthy of his great privilege.

It is almost impossible to understand how closely every industry, every development in education, every social improvement, was connected with the fundamental institutions and ideas of government, which, curiously enough, were thought to be still on trial. Everywhere talk was heard about the great experiment, the importance of making no mistakes, or of doing nothing that would betray to the watching monarchic peoples of Europe—from whose ideas of government it was supposed that we had emancipated ourselves—the slightest suggestion of failure. These could only be avoided by constant watchfulness, even more in government and political methods than in industry and social systems. Every man was constantly admonished that success depended upon him; if danger was finally to be averted he and his family might aspire to anything within the world's gift. Responsibility was not limited to what each might make of himself, but by a curious process of reasoning it was impressed upon him that he was an Atlas upon whose shoulders, potentially, the weight of the world might rest. Seen now, in time's long perspective, there is something of the grotesque in this idea; then it was serious, an ever-present reality which contributed in a high degree to make and keep life hopeful. It may have been a delusion, so far as individuals were concerned, but if so it was a dear and powerful one.

Coöperation was not a cant word, something to be talked about; people both meant what they said and did it. The newcomer was tested by the help afforded him. If he deserved it there was no withdrawal; no begrudging in offering or giving; he might have seed, tools and assistance until he could get on his feet. If he was inappreciative—or worse, if he was useless—he and his family were soon dropped, and there was the end of him, as he would probably soon become a mover-on or a mover-back.

This helpfulness to others, indeed to all, has gone deep down into American life, and it is only when its loss is threatened that its value to society is recognized. It was not an incident of big business, about which so much is now heard; but it was the one quality which made possible every kind of business, big or little. The old custom of the newcomer borrowing seed to plant his first crop, with the promise to pay back at a given rate after harvest, had come down without interruption from the earliest settlements. It saved the settler the trouble of carrying such supplies with him and he was able to procure those adjusted to his new environment. Under these conditions, dealing with a soil of such surpassing fertility, the increase in the production of grains outran the growth of population and the demand or market necessary to give them a value, judged by modern prices, fairly commensurate with the labor of producing them. This concurrence of conditions, then thought favorable, long confined the Western farmer to a standard of success that was much lower, from a money point of view, than that of the artisan, who was so distinctly the beneficiary of both the increase in population and the favoring legislation of the time. It gradually drew away from their historic industry a considerable proportion of the more active and intelligent of the young yeomanry and drove them prematurely into the cities. This production of grain beyond what could find a market at a price competitive with other forms of industry has had a permanent influence upon American life, one from which it is to be feared that small agriculture will never again so recover as to attract the type of men who for nearly three centuries made it what it was, and, with it, made their country and its institutions.

Coöperative Threshing

Perhaps nothing better illustrated the actual working of a coöperation that was almost unconscious than did the threshing machine. No farmer in any given township would have enough grain to warrant the individual ownership of a thresher; so two active and experienced men, generally handy mechanics, often blacksmiths, would purchase one, and then start out just after the small-grain harvest to canvass the neighborhood for threshing. This done, they would make their plans, so fixing their route that they would double on their tracks as little as possible. Each of these men would have a pair of good horses, well trained for their duty of furnishing their share of the power, which required for its proper generation either eight or ten horses, the rest being furnished by the customer. Everybody was expected to be on hand as nearly about sunup—"sunrise" was practically an unknown word—as possible. The owner with all his hands was there, and he had drawn the remainder of the necessary labor from his nearest or most efficient neighbor. The assignment of crew, probably numbering ten or twelve, was made with as close reference as possible to the known fitness or training for this particular work.

One of the owners of the machine drove the horses from the always-turning circular platform, this being perhaps the most difficult part of the work. The other owner was known as the feeder, a task requiring an almost equivalent amount of skill. Alongside of him was the band cutter, who was generally a nimble, well-trained, [illegible] grown boy. He had to have a steady [illegible] and study the feeder's moods and [illegible] in order to keep a regular supply of [illegible] properly spread upon the apron [illegible] pitchers from the stack—or from a [illegible] when grain came in from the small [illegible] who had not a sufficient product to [illegible] them in hiring the machine—were [illegible] portant links in the chain, while [illegible] stackers had the dirtiest job of all. [illegible] under way the machine would prob[illegible] stop for more than a few minutes [illegible] noon hour came.

The threshers' dinner made one [illegible] hard days of the year for the house[illegible] her help, which was drawn main[illegible] neighbor women, who thus did their [illegible] in the coöperation process. There [illegible] real rivalry between the housewives [illegible] neighborhood in the matter of [illegible] the best dinner for a dozen men [illegible] by their long turns at work and [illegible] looking forward, ready afterward [illegible] the palm of merit to the cook [illegible] thought to be the best. As a rule [illegible] was laid out for completion within [illegible] after which the threshers would [illegible] old-fashioned circus, pull up stakes [illegible] move on in the darkness to the [illegible]

A Race of Horse Trad[illegible]

This was a strenuous work [illegible] men in both strength and [illegible] Every workman had his stint; if [illegible] the whole crew was stopped [illegible] that seldom happened, because [illegible] was really working for himself. [illegible] set of farmers would thus work [illegible] for ten days or a fortnight, or [illegible] stack in the neighborhood [illegible] threshed, and the grain garnered [illegible] keted; so that the owners could [illegible] the next township, when another [illegible] workers would be taken on, and [illegible] continue until their season [illegible] With fairly good crops the thresher's [illegible] job was moderately lucrative and [illegible] always as agreeable as such [illegible] could be made.

No like animal, whether useful [illegible] mental, has ever been able to [illegible] greater devotion, even from [illegible] master, than did the horse that [illegible] conquer the West. The skill that [illegible] veloped in knowing horses grew [illegible] stinct, a sort of sixth sense. A [illegible] natural history might have learned [illegible] lessons from the American past [illegible] the structure of the horse as well [illegible] his character and his useful[illegible] mystery in judging him, the [illegible] seeing faults, the brutality in put[illegible] out when owned by another, and [illegible] ness in concealing them in his [illegible] knowledge used in the determination [illegible] a gift now almost lost; the instinctive [illegible] position; the suspicion of [illegible] viciousness; the quick recognition [illegible] difference in values when trading [illegible] another, and, in the latter case, [illegible] higher quality of reading his [illegible] united to make the born horse trader [illegible] apart, far above anything [illegible] David Harum and other books [illegible] with this subtle gift. Even [illegible] whose ownership was involved [illegible] were credited with the power [illegible] the slave, of watching with [illegible] the processes incident to exchanging [illegible] thus of showing off ill or well [illegible] with their desire to remain [illegible] owner or go to a new one.

The skilled horse trader acquired [illegible] an uncanny reputation in his own [illegible] hood, not of necessity from any [illegible] in his character, but because [illegible] recognized and feared. As each [illegible] township was nearly as well known [illegible] owner, an expert, with whom [illegible] almost a mania, had to seek [illegible] portunities farther afield. Many [illegible] would take advantage of a local [illegible] ride off on some animal not [illegible] factory, for the purpose of [illegible] match—this was a difficult problem [illegible] it put all the trader's powers [illegible] pick out a mate for an absent [illegible] would drive away with a pair [illegible] some other errand when, in fact, [illegible] was in his mind except to [illegible] or two new horses better suited [illegible] needs. The art of showing off [illegible] of the most recondite as well as [illegible] most interesting ever practiced. [illegible] many cases the exchange was [illegible] tageous to both parties, especially [illegible] were well-matched, so both [illegible]

(Continued on Page [illegible])

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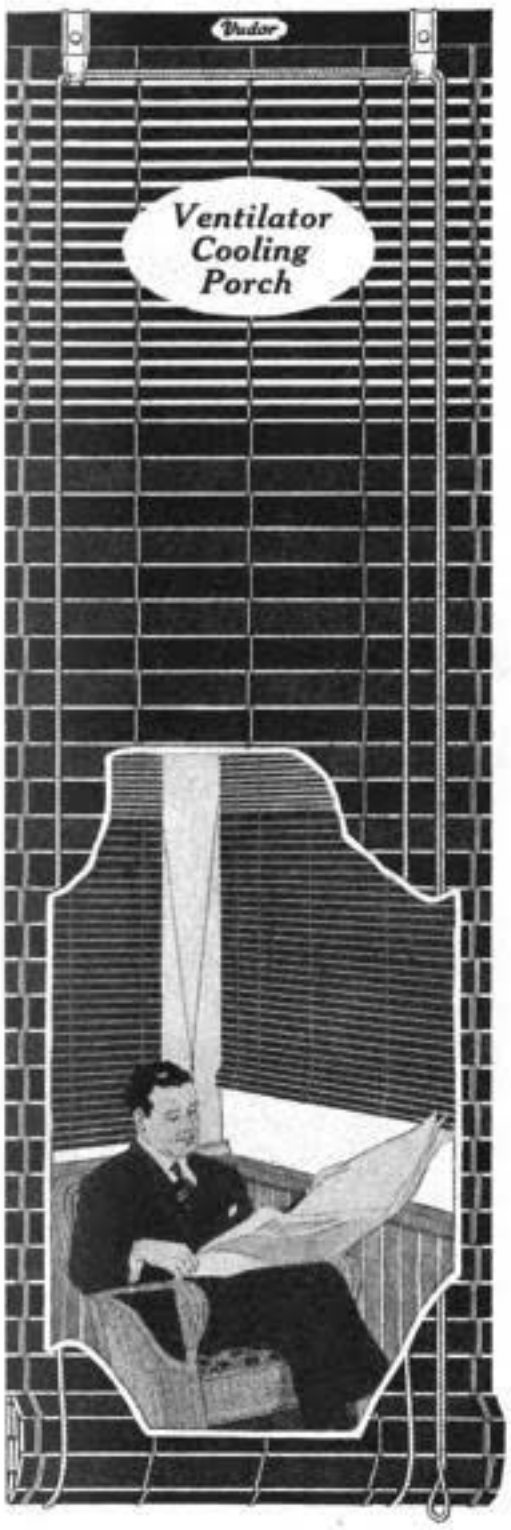
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(Continued from Page 38)

way get what they most wanted. Taken all in all, horse trading was one of the distinctive features to be found in the pioneer life, and often guided the expert to some other branch of work or business. It was a natural gift which often indicated to men that some kind of merchandising was their special forte.

The horsemanship of the pioneer was less theatrical or showy than that of the vaunted cowboy; it dealt with the animal not alone as a mount but for driving. Such a rider did not belong to a type that wanted to become part of a circus or to amuse a gaping crowd. He did not affect the single horse to harness, but give him the lines over two, four, six or even eight, with the right kind of wagon or sled, harness and whip, either with a company of merrymakers or a heavy load, and he could handle them with characteristic skill. When four horses were necessary to draw a reaper the old custom of putting a boy on one of the leaders to guide them was given up and the driver managed both his four-in-hand and his machine. It required a coolness and skill seldom brought into play in the handling of a coach, because in this case the driver had no help and was dependent wholly upon himself for managing both machine and its motive power.

The sure-footedness of the pioneer riding horse, acquired by long practice over difficult roads and through heavy timber, early attracted the attention of foreign travelers. Though the breeds did not develop special qualities until the Morgan horse was fairly perfected, these soon grew, out of necessity and use. Probably at no time or place in modern history has the horse been so distinctly a riding horse as he was in America from the middle of the eighteenth century until the close of the Civil War. This horse, with that variety of gaits which has made Kentucky famous, was no accident, nor was he so much the outcome of horse breeding as of the uses which made it necessary for the man and the horse to cultivate and perfect these gaits. The trotter, which came later, grew out of the continued devotion to the horse and the desire to find a new form of an old sport. It was an evolution slowly reached, and had its beginnings mainly within the period covered by my study, although it was not to reach its perfection until some years later than 1870, the period marked by its ending.

Horse Stealing

Along these simple lines the horse was the close associate of the man. His treatment, even in a period when there were much coarseness and some brutality, was better than might have been expected. Among some classes or types of the population this was the result of imitation of their real superiors and leaders, but mainly from the necessity which recognized the horse to be next in importance to the man. For the most part, he was well housed and amply though often somewhat coarsely fed. He worked no harder than his master, and in the hands of idle or lazy owners he was often better off, so far as mere hard work was concerned, than under the ownership of more energetic men. Where he was treated viciously he generally returned it in kind; he would kick or bite or balk, and often become almost unmanageable, but in general this conduct would change when he fell into the hands of a considerate owner. Wherever a hired man was kept this merciful treatment was enforced, often at the cost of severe suffering by some incorrigible reprobate. No facility or willingness could save such a man from punishment with a black-snake whip or the fists, or dismissal, or both.

With the pioneer the institution of lynching was built up round the horse. He was such a constituent part of life that to steal him incurred the fate decreed, as the clay tablets attest, in like cases, from the times of King Hammurabai. It came to mean the summary punishment of the offender, without the possibility of successful appeal either to law or to mercy. It stood next to the taking of human life, because it was considered that many lives were dependent upon the work of the horse. If the statue of a saint to represent the pioneer should ever be raised it would be difficult to find a subject more appropriate than the figure of a horse under the name of Saint Equus.

But the horse did not come into the ordinary definition of livestock, a term reserved for the meat-producing animals—cattle, swine and sheep, in the order named. Of these the milch cow stood next to the horse in importance and immediate value; but even her portion was far from ideal for an animal that must make so much of a return to man. Her yield of milk would have put her at the very rear of even the worst herd now to be found anywhere between the Missouri and Mississippi rivers and the far-off Atlantic Coast. She was generally small in size, and had her calf to nourish besides supplying her product to many hungry children. One relief came from the fact that because of the poor quality and small quantity of their milk every farmer had to keep two or three cows where now one would serve. With all the facilities for feeding and keeping cows, probably one-half the families did not own one; so though there was milk to give away to poor neighbors its sale was practically unknown. If the cow failed to breed within any given year, regardless of what she had done in the past, she never had another chance, but was fattened and the meat she produced was distributed in the neighborhood to be eaten fresh or it was packed in a barrel for summer use as corned beef. The same fate awaited the heifer when she had entered her third summer and still remained barren. It was seldom that a steer was butchered for family use; he was too valuable, either as an ox or for shipment—often, in succession, for both uses—to be sacrificed upon the altar of the family.

Crude Dairy Methods

The vicious cow was more than an incident, she was an element, in this early life. Added to the occasional case of bad temper in the animal was the awful exposure to cold, heat, floods, noisome insects, and the brave struggle for forage. Worst of all was the carelessness or brutality of boys or hired men, or more frequently of cross, tired women with peevish children waiting impatiently for the milk while it was still warm. Almost uniformly the milking was done in the open, without shelter for animal or human, and the cow, suffering perhaps from an overfull udder which demanded relief, with teats cracked from the cold or torn by briers or by struggles in the brush when seeking food, was expected to bear the roughness of treatment from a coarse, freezing man or an ignorant learner, and then to stand, thus exposed and treated, until the milking process was over.

In the main the methods of gathering and saving the milk were dirty and discreditable; in these days, when the product is offered for sale, they would not be countenanced; but when used at home, in perhaps half the cases it was collected in a way as primitive as in patriarchal days when men wandered with their flocks.

Though this describes a general tendency, it must not, however, be concluded that ill treatment of the milk-producing animal and slovenliness in the man or woman were universal. Here again it became a question of type; the really good, efficient farmer taking the best care of his cows in the matter of shelter and food as well as in methods of handling and milking, caring for the milk in cool cellars or wells or spring houses, and in making butter, which was the only form in which the cow yielded a money profit. In such cases the animals were afforded the same good housing provided for the horse, the money profit being multiplied many fold, and the example of efficiency spreading slowly down among that part of the population open to influence.

The American pioneer in his different stages of development has generally had some product that would yield ready money. Living through successive generations practically limited to barter, it was a necessity to have or find some article that would enable him to meet the demands of the taxgatherer and to buy the supplies that he could not produce, or exchange with an accessible neighbor. Taking things in the mass, in Virginia, tobacco; in New England, the fisheries, enabled him to provide the circulating medium, which, in the case of his predecessor, was the wampum of the Indian.

In the remainder of the country the swine furnished this ready money. Everywhere in the Southern colonies its flesh became a standard article of diet in spite of prejudices and attachment to the letter of Scripture, where in those days of literalness reference to it as an unclean animal was not easily explained or overcome. In Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania it was universal, and from there it spread to the Southern colonies and into the West settlement went slowly forward. In former colonies and their offshoots hog—the term "swine" was never in general use—ran at large, and in so doing caused an unusual amount of trouble. Always recognized as a born marauder, its victims were protected by a varied assortment of laws, ordinances, regulations, proclamations. It was probably responsible for more damage claims than all other causes combined.

And yet in a favorable climate and encouraging surroundings it grew not only in numbers but in importance. In addition to furnishing wholesome food in large quantities at a nominal cost for labor, its universal demand soon made it the one producer of ready money. This was increased as wild game declined and the settler plunged farther into the wilderness. Indeed, in the business, it was as easy to raise two hogs as one, or twenty as ten; and in spite of this facility, many families would not or did not grow their own supply, for there was an assured demand for the surplus at a price which, though low, was fairly remunerative. In the scarcity of money a married hired man could settle in part with a ham, a shoulder, a side of bacon or some lard, which he would take home to his family; or these articles could be traded for something else or taken at the store in payment for necessary products from the outside world.

The hog was the early and sure resource in paying a debt on the farm, taxes of all kinds, interest on the small credit necessary; and its proceeds were available for doctors' bills, the extension of boundaries, additional land as wanted. It was practically the only meat-producing animal that could be moved bodily as population shifted from one place to another.

Hog-Killing Time

The slaughter, dressing and curing of the hog were something that the farmer had to learn, just as he mastered the growing of corn and the various processes that were his main business. On the prosperous farm that day in early December that marked the butchering—after the corn crop had been gathered and preparations were made for the winter—was one of the busiest and most important of the whole year. Around the great kettles for heating the water, barrels or hogsheads into which the slaughtered animals were twice plunged, the careful dressing after they had been hung on long poles erected for the purpose, their gradual pushing together, as the flesh was cooled, for cutting into the various parts; the division into heads, feet, hams, shoulders, sides, backbones, fat, lard, and offal—all these processes were carried on with an efficiency or a carelessness that marked the character and training of the man in charge.

Often one or more farmers with a considerable number of animals would combine, while other neighbors with one or two would also bring theirs and assist in carrying on the work. By night the whole thing would be done, the animals slaughtered, was over, and the supply of meat for the demand of one or more families and their immediate neighbors. Meanwhile the livers, hearts, ribs and head would be eaten fresh—the first as a natural preservative—the meats would be cured with salt in barrels or smoked until spring opened, serving for the whole year so far as this variety of meat was concerned.

The smoking process was the maintenance of an old art handed down century to century, but always adapted to conditions. In the Middle West it was done in small log or frame smokehouses or sheds, not far from the house, with wood chips that had been carefully saved from all the chopping of the winter put into a little heap, supplemented with limbs from the same trees, and then, when it a smoldering fire was lighted, was never permitted to come to a blaze. It became both house and contents were lost, so that success literally depended upon having smoke without fire. This had to be maintained in this form night and night. When, at the end of the weeks of watchfulness, the meats came out they were ready to store in the assured sustenance of the during the next year. They were in their particular form that

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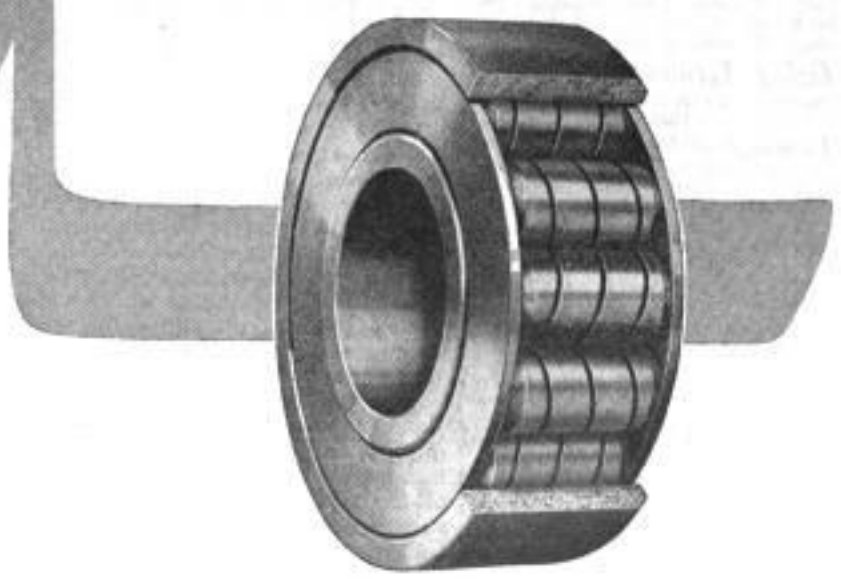
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First thing that surprised Blythe was the actual fun that he got out of home-study training under the LaSalle Problem Method. Mighty interesting, he said, to take those everyday problems which highly successful business men are compelled to solve and to work them out for himself.

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Present Position_____

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(Continued from Page 40)

of provisions required for home use, for exchange with neighbors and for hospitality. They worked into that general system of foresight which made independence the pride and the distinguishing characteristic of the pioneer.

Sheep growing developed slowly in the pioneer states west of Ohio, and never became a dependence. As early as 1840 the old-fashioned domestic processes of carding, spinning and weaving had begun to decline; the American woolen mill was fairly under way. While these processes survived it was almost a necessity for each neighborhood to grow its own wool, but even then mutton did not become a profitable venture. It did not fit the popular palate and it was long before its dressing became familiar knowledge. When the big Eastern woolen mill came to its own, local sheep growing naturally declined.

After the settler emerged from the woods the difficulties incident to this branch of industry were enhanced. The rank prairie grass was not adapted to sheep, and the lack of shelter was so serious as a drawback that even the Vermont-bred merino did not thrive; but the most serious trouble was the dog. Whatever the quality of animal carried into a new country, or whatever effort may have been made to improve breeds, no such process entered into the dog. Perhaps as many as ninety-five of every hundred were of the worst mongrel order. As the supply seemed to be legion—the proportion in both number and badness bearing a universal ratio to the uselessness of their owners—the dog, instead of being a credit to his masters, became and remained through most of the settlement period in the West a nuisance more destructive than his predecessor and relative, the wolf. It became the practice of industrious and enterprising men to shoot dogs on sight—not from cruelty, but for the protection of the community.

No present-day knowledge and even no effort of the imagination can measure the task of caring for animals on the wide-open prairies, where there was no natural shelter and no time or opportunity to provide it through barns, sheds, high fences, groves or other contrivances suggested by necessity or ingenuity. All this made the task of the settler a constant trial of work, patience and persistence. He knew that upon the care of his stock depended his home and any reward of his labors to which he might aspire. He must watch the approaching rain or snow storm, the tornado or blizzard, which might scatter his few cattle, hogs or horses to the four winds and often doom them to destruction in their effort to protect themselves. It was his business never to let them get out of reach, and no labor or exposure could be spared to insure this result. After a few years, by the planting of cottonwood or soft maple, he could have a fairly efficient windbreak. In his dire necessity he thus made himself a forester long before conservation and even Arbor Day were so much as heard of as public movements.

Early Trade in Livestock

It was well into the Civil War before hay and animal scales came into general use even in the older West; it would probably be safe to say that they did not become universal until after 1870, when the region had attained a large measure of prosperity and wealth. It was possible to weigh a pig or a sheep on the old-fashioned beam scales or steelyards, but there were few even of these. The weight of cattle and hogs when ready for sale was determined by guess, with the usual byplay between buyer and seller. Sometimes the dispute would be left to a supposed expert, but in most cases it was settled upon the well-known splitting-the-difference practice. After much negotiation over an animal or a drove the seller would make his maximum claim and the buyer his maximum concession, and the sum would be divided by two. As this guessing of the weights of animals was one of the things upon which men prided themselves, sufficient earnestness was generated to have settled grave questions in law, politics or religion.

The fattening of livestock was much slower than now, due in part to the inferior quality and the lack of knowing how to mix feeds; but the process continued even after the improvement in this respect had substituted Shorthorns for native breeds. Calves, pigs or lambs were seldom slaughtered, the youngest animal that was habitually sacrificed being a three-year-old heifer when barrenness was assured. There was a pride, inherited from English habits and traditions, in sending to market large animals; but perhaps the principal reason was found in the universal belief that meat produced slowly was more wholesome and nutritious than that which came from a stuffing process similar in character to the making of pâté de foie gras in Switzerland and Germany. It was the custom to send steers to market upon the completion of their fourth year, when, by 1870, with improved stocks and stall feeding, the best animals would have reached weights running from thirteen hundred to fifteen hundred pounds. Hogs were kept until they were eighteen months or two years old, and an average weight for many droves of eighty or a hundred was often three hundred pounds. Corn was cheap, perhaps averaging, from 1850 to 1870, round twenty cents a bushel, and seldom reaching twenty-five cents anywhere, except during the war period; woods along the river bottoms were available for summer pasturage for hogs; while the prairie afforded free range for cattle at costs which bear no comparison with modern standards.

Village Blacksmiths

Prices were correspondingly low. In the spring of 1860, hogs sold on foot within ten miles of Des Moines, the capital, at two cents a pound; cattle brought three or four cents; yearling wethers, two to three dollars a head; turkeys of ten to fifteen pounds brought at Christmas from seventy-five cents to a dollar apiece; geese, when eaten at all, about the same price; chickens were marketed, when purchasers could be found, for three dollars a dozen, and often for two dollars; eggs were considered high when paid for by the store at ten cents a dozen in trade, and even then the demand was narrow and uncertain; the best butter brought ten to fifteen cents a pound, and the average price through the year did not perhaps rise much above the sum first named.

The ability to draw from the outside tools and machinery to meet the ever-broadening demand gave the settler a decided advantage over his forerunner, the colonist, in that he carried with him in larger degree the essentials of manufacture, and had command in his work of the wider variety of articles that had become either necessary or desirable. He could exercise and develop his domestic industries either for himself or others, so that gradually he could produce food, tools, vehicles, houses, clothing and the necessary paraphernalia of his life without outside help, his own skill and the finding of the necessary raw materials being the prime essentials.

He carried with him, as part of himself, his own blacksmiths and machinists, wheelwrights, carpenters, spinners and weavers, millers, hatters, and others trained in mechanical trades. Even before the farmer could break his land and raise his trial crops these artisans were ready to set up their shops in every neighborhood large enough to require their services. They belonged to the same type from which the farmer himself was drawn—the sturdy yeoman. They were an essential part of the general scheme of life in which they found themselves. In many instances they bought land, although in few cases did they give personal labor to its cultivation.

The most indispensable mechanic was the blacksmith. In his special work the farmer, however ingenious, could not compete. In general he had reached what then passed for middle life, with experience in several tasks in various stages of development. Though the shoeing of horses and, later in the season, of oxen constituted perhaps the bulk of his work during the winter, the summer brought with it the making of plows or their sharpening, harrows, cultivators, hoes, scythes, rakes and tools used in field or garden.

He must not only have acquired a fixed skill—something that would always stand him in stead—but must be able to work rapidly. When something went wrong with a prairie plow, leaving men and oxen idle, or with a threshing machine, where ten to fifteen men and almost as many horses were left for the time with nothing to do, the blacksmith was expected to drop everything else and, without regard to meals, sleep or rest, to persevere until his task was done. This was the essence of his unconscious contract with his customers and he must keep it. If there was one thing that the industrial leader in a [illegible] community dreaded more than [illegible] was that men assembled for a [illegible] should be left idle while daylight and [illegible] weather were running.

The neighborhood that commanded [illegible] service of a really expert and artistic [illegible] smith could count itself fortunate. [illegible] trade was naturally the primary attraction, but it meant even more to have a [illegible] who was really interested in the people [illegible] were his constituents and had their [illegible] peculiar interests. His shop was the [illegible] nized meeting place, a social center [illegible] more important than the country store [illegible] was the resort of boys of all ages, two [illegible] of whom were often gratified in their [illegible] to blow the bellows or even to handle [illegible] mysterious tool, the great sledge, with [illegible] red-hot heavy bars of iron were to be [illegible] or welded or others were to be split [illegible] strips. The passing matron or [illegible] looked in through the open door [illegible] sort of awe; so that the blacksmith either had or might develop the [illegible] of the curmudgeon was destined to [illegible] career or absolute failure, and [illegible] as well make up his mind to move.

It was, however, as the meeting [illegible] an ever-ready debating society for [illegible] questions that the smithy was [illegible] tinguished. There the fate of [illegible] universal questions—baptism, [illegible] tism, free will, foreordination, [illegible] destination, the final perseverance [illegible] saints—whatever this common [illegible] cryptic phrase might mean—were [illegible] stantly under discussion. The [illegible] literally earned his living by the [illegible] his brow, but a day was never more [illegible] day even if prolonged far into the [illegible] No true smith could resist the challenge [illegible] talk on these subjects, then the [illegible] problems of surrounding humanity [illegible] was nearly always active, sometimes [illegible] unctuous, in the Wednesday-night [illegible] meeting or in the Sunday class-meeting [illegible] that in those historic days nobody [illegible] much as thought it among possibilities [illegible] there could be an undevout blacksmith.

Backwoods Carpenter

No man in any pioneer community [illegible] more really trusted than the blacksmith. His nature united with his trade to make him as nearly strictly honest as mortal [illegible] Other men—the carpenter, the shoemaker, the weaver or the tinker—might [illegible] pect, and the customer could go somewhere else; but the blacksmith was the [illegible] monopolist of a neighborhood, so that [illegible] he held his place there was little [illegible] question his position or his probity. He was seldom a leader in matters of [illegible] import he was knowing to everything that was going on. Take him all in all, a fine figure in the pioneer life, as he had been in his association with [illegible] during the preceding five hundred years. His character and its peculiar [illegible] been overlaid, though it is [illegible] even under the lavalike inclosure of the factory system entirely to hide from view.

The carpenter was a less [illegible] figure. In the first place, there [illegible] of mystery about his trade. It was [illegible] to follow every part of his material, the great tree as it stood in the [illegible] it took new shapes under the [illegible] the sawmill, the broadax or [illegible] when it finally found its way [illegible] for manipulation under the [illegible] handsaw, adz, plane, drawknife, [illegible] hatchet. It was, comparatively, an easy trade to learn and, because [illegible] versal demand, its votaries were [illegible] number. It was more often than [illegible] inherited trade, so that the boy could easier pick it up from his father. [illegible] pioneer life did not lend itself [illegible] spicuous success to the higher [illegible] of this trade. Everything was [illegible] there was, as already narrated, [illegible] sence of architectural form, [illegible] pretension, that little opportunity [illegible] forded for much effort outside the [illegible] ordinary slop-shop order. The [illegible] windows were rude, with little [illegible] earliest days had passed, to [illegible] them from one another, when [illegible] into the largest frame house, [illegible] tive in size and design, or into [illegible] log cabin. The carpenter [illegible] fore inclined to be migratory, [illegible] subject to fitful employment, [illegible] boisterous in habit, and not [illegible] the leaders of the average [illegible]

(Continued on Page

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e Hall of iscomforts

Containing following Collection of Quaint and Curious Antiques, namely and to wit:

rched Ruff

e its starched points wrought grievous both wearer and spectators and thereby eemly brawls and bloody encounters at this picturesque neckwear was forbidden od Queen Bess.

rd Boiled Shirt

ve attacked and conquered this fearsome one and unaided, but it was customary to neighbours to help. The Society for the n of Profanity abolished it when the soft red.

Dickey

storians contend that this quaint device cle of fashionable attire, while others was a means of defence in time of war.

ached Cuffs

iffly starched these primitive and cruel d great woe and misery to malefactors odly. Said to have been impossible to in sight when clean or to hide them

er Hat

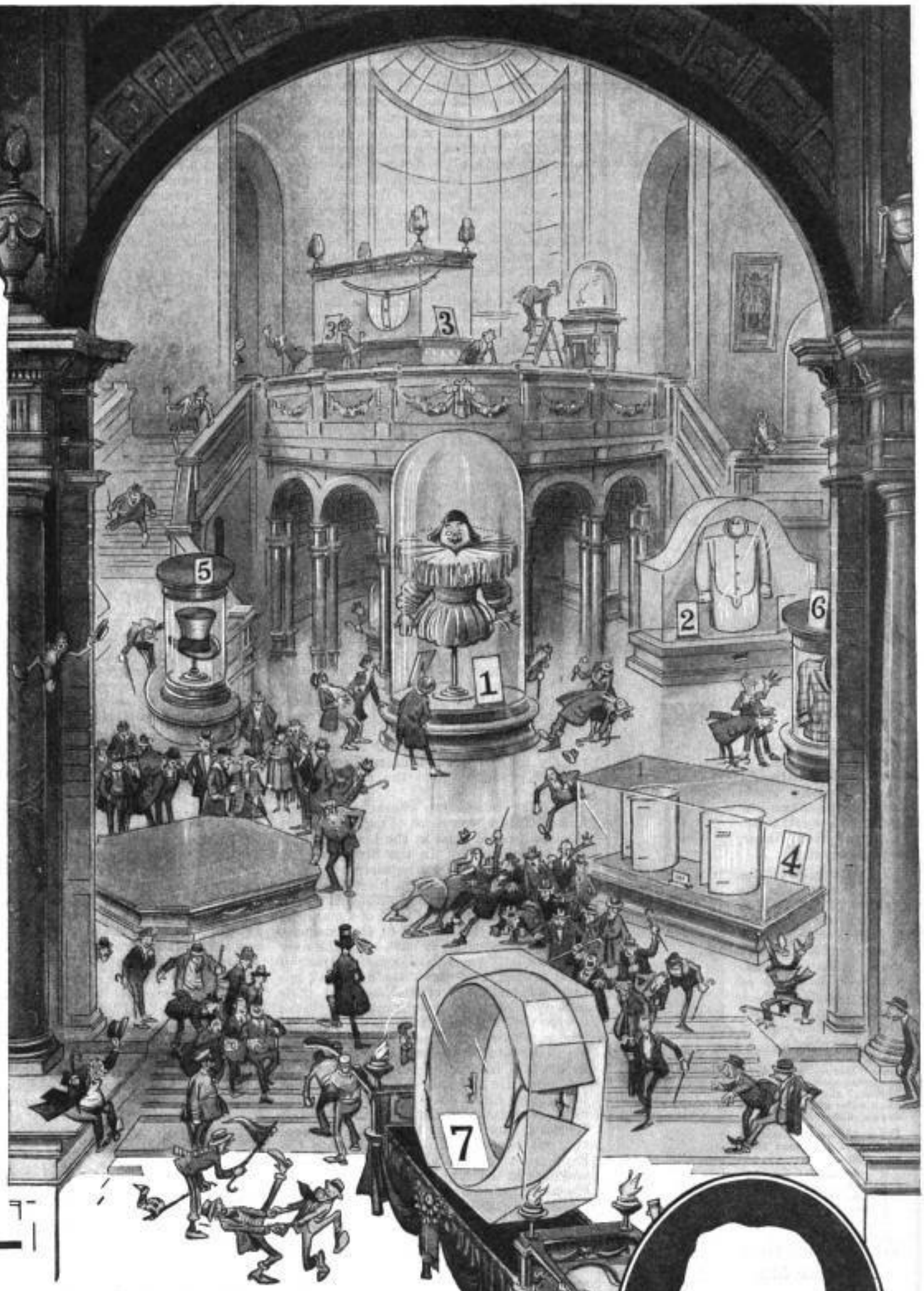
modelled on the lines of the Missis- oat funnels. Walked the plank when hat arrived.

with Padded Shoulders

ed shoulders of these coats [which bear resemblance to the New York Public en provided sufficient horse-hair to when the eldest daughter was married.

Incomfortable Collar

ary collar, stiff or soft, which does not t with *dressiness* may now be replaced With Character—not merely a more ollar—but a new collar with style and *woven* and *tailored* into it.



wear a *soft* shirt, with a bosom, and *soft* cuffs; *ft* hat; a coat with *soft* els. Why?

more comfortable, and ing.

one of these things is comfortable as is the SEN compared with a lar—nor nearly so good- s the VAN HEUSEN ith ordinary collars—

hed.

N HEUSEN is the artest Collar because— collar with style *woven* comfort *tailored* into it.

For immediate delivery—9 styles, ½ sizes 13½ to 20, boys' sizes 11 to 13. Price fifty cents. Will outwear half-a-dozen ordinary collars.

If your dealer cannot supply you with the VAN HEUSEN Collar and VAN CRAFT Shirt [a soft white shirt with the VAN HEUSEN Collar attached] write us for address of one that can.

It isn't a VAN HEUSEN unless it's stamped Phillips-Jones Corporation, Makers

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1225 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

VAN HEUSEN

PATENTED

the World's Smartest COLLAR

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It scores with Golfers



El Dallo is the golfer's smoke—the ideal cigar for active men. Activity whets smoke-appetite. The palate is keenest to appreciate fine flavor, rich bouquet.

El Dallo meets the *activity* test. On the course, or in the club house after the game, it "hits the spot." Every puff is *satisfaction*. That's because El Dallo is made of finely blended tobaccos, properly aged for flavor and bouquet.

You get El Dallo *factory-fresh* at all times. The tinfoil-tissue "humidor" wrapping protects against "killing" climate changes. Each cigar in the box is of even quality.

Prove the quality with 3 El Dallos the next time you play.

If your dealer hasn't El Dallo, send us $1.00 for the Handy Pocket Edition Package of 12 large Invincibles.

Wertheimer Bros.
Baltimore, Md.

EL DALLO

Actual Size

"EACH CIGAR IN ITS OWN HUMIDOR"

Famous for Quality

"Invincible" Size 3 for 25¢

"Straights" Size 2 for 15¢

(Continued from Page 42)

Another worker in wood, few in number but always having in him the potentialities of the artist, was the cabinetmaker. The number was small because the demand for furniture other than that of the plainest order was limited and grew slowly. This was one of those slow-working trades where quality was always more important than quantity—with too few men engaged to enable it to lend itself to distinct characterization; but whatever articles they made, its votaries worked only in fine woods and with delicate tools. As the ordinary products disappeared the fashions of the time required the use of mahogany and rosewood, and yet it may well be a question whether, within the area under study, there now remains any considerable number of the prized household articles of the time. Other than as an item in an exhibit the old four-poster is as dead as the Cæsars; the elaborate cupboards would fit only in museums, if any exist; the chests were as antiquated as the furniture of the ancients and have disappeared as kindling; while the walls and wainscoting, which in an older and more fortunate time the makers would have fashioned, were never thought of and so did not come into existence. Another historic trade was thus driven out of the world—this time by automatic planers and gigantic glue pots, often employed to turn out articles with little more character than an angleworm.

Coopers and Millers

The cooper was present, but his function was never important. He had awaiting him, in white oak for staves and heads, and hickory for hoops, the most perfect of materials; but as few products took a liquid form there was not much for him to do. It was before the days of cider, and vinegar was imported from great distances, as were all the intoxicants used. The occasional cooper who made his way into this unfriendly environment turned to his trade mostly for odd jobs, thus really merging himself gradually into the class of real farmers.

Another interesting character was the miller. There was more of mystery about him than could exist in the blacksmith or any other artisan. In the first place, as considerable capital was required, the working miller was generally a hired man, the agent or representative of an owner in the form of a company or at least of a man who seldom knew the technic of the business. Mills, whether grist or saw, were the only factories in the neighborhood or district; if both existed they were often under a common ownership or control, so that their managers never became individual to the degree that was inevitable in the personal trades, where no intermediary was possible. To the spectator, unfamiliar with the miller's work, his passed for a lazy sort of business. He had only to take in the grain brought to him by a large number or variety of customers, keep all the bags or barrels separate, after taking out his legal toll put one grist after another into the hopper, see to it that his power was ready and kept in order, pull the lever controlling the water from the race or stream, and then wait with patience until one batch after another was ground. The customer, perhaps waiting nervously to get flour for the family dinner, or the boy loitering about or fishing above or below the dam or in the mill race, or exploring the mysteries of machinery, so new to him, thought this a simple job; but those who knew how many things this one man had to do—the irregular but heavy weights he had to lift, the help he had to give in so many directions—realized that here was no easy task.

In the earliest days custom came to a gristmill from long distances, not seldom from sixty miles away. One man would carry to the mill as large a load as the roads would permit, made up of contributions from several neighbors, some other making the next trip for the same purpose. As they came from every direction and often met remote from a village, at the mill, it would be surrounded for days with campers, each awaiting his turn, all impatient to get back to a neighborhood often not too well supplied with bread. This was additional to the custom of the miller's own neighborhood, which could not be favored until all ahead were served. The miller was therefore often in a quandary how to meet the most emergent demands; so that, taken in connection with the uncertainty of water—often he had to wait for it to accumulate—the necessity for sharpening the burrs from time to time, the poor quality or bad condition of much of the grain offered, his lot was not one of unalloyed happiness.

Closely related to these trades, and inseparable from them, was the mechanical skill inherent in the great body of settlers. There were so many articles that could not be bought—for the double reason that they could not be found in the market and there was no money to pay for them—that versatility became a necessity.

If an ax handle was needed somebody in the neighborhood had to make it. To do this generally lay out of the way of the carpenter, the wheelwright or the cabinetmaker; so it remained for some man familiar with the ax to become an expert in fashioning this particular article. Generally speaking this man was a farmer who was also a woodman. He thus drew from his own woods the material, chosen with a care that was characteristic; and executed his task with a skill that could not be surpassed. It required the choicest of hickory, first split into a half square or square, containing material for two or four handles, then hewn into rough shape with the ax or the adz, and ripped by a handsaw into parts for the individual article. After it was still further roughly shaped with a hatchet and then with a plane on a workbench and by the drawshave until it neared completion, it was finished with a large, very sharp pocketknife, English made, remaining only to be smoothed with broken glass and polished with various grades of sand and emery paper from coarse to the finest, until it shone almost like ivory, oiled, and then so seasoned before the fire that it lost none of its straightness or flexibility. No pattern was used in these various stages of progress; the maker must know to a nicety every curve and line, and be sure that, when inserted in the ax, it would balance to perfection.

Craftsmanship in Wood

The making of a whipstock from the same fine variety of wood required skill and art. The long slim piece of wood, ranging from three to eight feet in length, balanced for carrying a whiplash ranging from six to twenty feet long, according to its uses, had to be so strong and flexible as to respond to every motion, whether it was used in the driving of a spirited four-horse team or eighty or ten yoke of oxen in front of a breaking plow on the virgin prairie, or by a drover, guiding from the back of a horse a herd of refractory cattle. The fashioning of a wooden ramrod for a squirrel rifle, whether from hickory or white oak, was another delicate process. The plaiting of a whip of the order that fitted the handles already described was scarcely less difficult. Beginning in a simple way with four strands of leather—generally buckskin, calfskin or sheepskin, though sometimes dogskin—the skilled whip maker would so practice his art that he ran up to as many as twelve strands, putting the bulge at just the place to balance it, both in itself and



uses. As much pride was taken in t could have been found in some achieve much more talked about, but probab useful or important. The skins of t fur-bearing animals were dressed for making mittens, rugs, lap robes, and articles for use or ornament.

These accomplishments and many of a mechanical sort carried out wi ple tools, though with the best ma executed with a patience that was mental and a skill that could be learn not taught, belonged to the best far every considerable neighborhood th out the whole of the pioneer area were passed on from father to son loss of skill or efficiency, and becam of the mental and industrial outfit community. This comprehensive knowledge of a variety of trades- few of the articles thus produced ha mentioned—gave the farm boy an into many forms of useful work out nominal occupation as farmer.

The Gospel of Work

Interest in work did not stop general knowledge of it; but all pated in it. Everybody—except corrigibly lazy and idle, doomed or uselessness—if strong and well pected to support himself and tha tribute to the general stock. The of a garden was universal, and neit women nor children thought th exempt from its making and ca Probably the majority of the child on high-class pioneer farms, whet or girls, had paid back to their pa the world every possible penny actual money cost before they we years old, and in many cases, during the Civil War, at least a years earlier.

The work was not considered d it was a part of the general sch sumed to be as necessary to the men and women as it was to com world at all, and the better the f more keenly its heads felt their bilities to society and to them their children, the more effectiv rigid training. If the growing routed out of bed early in the either by inclination or insistence it with the same relative earliness so that probably no class of chil where were better provided with ing their years of rapid growth, subject to interference by the l methods or the outside attractio incident of urban life. Food wa wholesome, though somewhat c well cooked, and in only a few there exaction. The pioneer f seldom a slave driver except of h very interest in the work of the in it sometimes leading to ov Owing to the extreme heat the early and late, but there were s ruptions for rest; much thought man and beast. There was som winter, less in hours than in int the work impulse was never sleep; that which the bounte had produced, the cold sterile w use, foster or preserve. It w season of lethargy, of bearing accumulated fat; but, as will be there was a constant study of and an effort to learn how bet or improve them.

In the pioneer theology not tention was paid to mortal sin by the church; instead, how was one of their own—lazine thing else could be expiated as but nothing could overcome tha Ill health might excuse the sick like other people, but only the invalid, the idiot, and the old wh a full share, were exempt. As a might accept in theory the idea was a curse, but every act sh they both felt and knew it to b exalted of blessings.

Author's Note—This article on "P ods," and a successor on "The Pion soon to follow it, have been extracted orate, and as yet unpublished, study author on "The American Pioneer comprehensively with the population West, with settlement, with politics, ization, with religion, with education conditions, between 1840 and 187[illegible] the Civil War. It is not, in any sense tory, but seeks to interpret the philo movement that made possible the gr velopment of that great region.

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After One Year the 6-66 Records Stand Unbeaten

Just one year ago—on May 18th, 1921—the Paige Daytona Model 6-66 astounded all Motordom by breaking every world's stock chassis speedway record from 5 to 100 miles.

These are the most highly prized records in the automobile world, for they are final and convincing proof, not only of power and speed, but the more heroic qualities, brute strength and endurance.

Today these records stand unbeaten, practically unchallenged. A full year has passed, but no car in the entire field of American manufacture has lowered a single mark in the group.

We make this statement in a spirit of pride and not mere boastfulness. We offer it as the most convincing evidence that Paige is, indeed, supreme and absolute Master of the Highway.

Let the nearest Paige Dealer prove this to your entire satisfaction. Telephone him for a demonstration

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It's made of STEEL

HERE is a tennis racquet that can be used *every* day in *any* kind of weather. It is unaffected by sun, rain, heat or cold. It can not warp or break and does not require a press.

DAYTON
Steel Racquet

It has a steel frame and is strung with resilient steel strings. It is perfectly balanced and is made with standard wooden handles and grips.

Invented by William A. Larned

The Dayton Steel Racquet is the invention of William A. Larned, *seven times national champion*. It is the result of more than twenty years' experience and has the enthusiastic approval of every player who has used it.

See It! Swing It!

This new racquet is distributed by A. G. Spalding & Bros., Wright & Ditson, Wright & Ditson-Victor Co., and Alex. Taylor & Co. You can see it in any store where their goods are sold.

Ask for it. See how freely it swings. The steel frame offers less than one-third the air-resistance of a wooden frame. Notice the balance, the larger playing surface, the ease with which it is controlled. Test the strings for resilience.

The Price is $10
($13.50 if Strung with Gut)

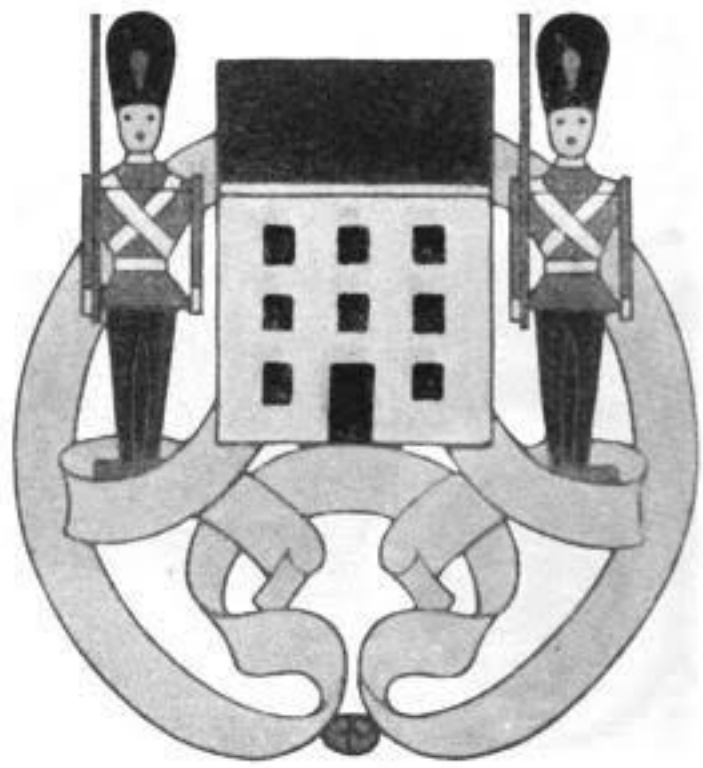
Then consider that the Dayton Steel Racquet keeps its shape, reduces restringing and costs only ten dollars. It is not only the best but the most economical racquet you can buy.

Booklet will be sent on request.

The Dayton Steel Racquet Co.
Dayton - - - Ohio

HARD TO PICK 'E

By a Village Movie Man



I WAS placing an easel in the lobby of my movie theater this spring, showing the photograph of a golden-haired young lady standing barefooted on the sands of a desert island. Her clothes seemed to be made up of a couple of shredded linen handkerchiefs tied around her waist. The sea breeze was making the golden hair and the tattered handkerchiefs flap.

In the background of the photograph came a hairy-looking Robinson Crusoe. He wore the conventional sheepskin. Quite a nifty poster, I should say. For better effect I was about to move the easel closer to a lobby palm. Someone touched me on the shoulder.

"Mr. Dowe," said a voice, "do you realize that such pictures as that are endangering the morals of our children?"

It was Doctor Alton, our leading village minister.

"What do you mean — our children?" I came back with a smile. "I've got no children, and neither have you."

"Unhappily, that's quite true," he agreed. "But it's my duty, you know, to guard the morals of the children of the whole community. I don't think you realize how these sex pictures are affecting them."

"I don't think you do, either, doctor."

I'm not lacking in respect for the cloth and didn't mean to be impudent, but I could see him stiffen a little.

"You mean ——"

"Listen, doctor. No reflection intended, but in ten years of the movie business I believe I've found out more about kids than you'll ever know in your life. I've still got a lot to learn, at that. You folks are doing all the good you can—I know that—but you've got the wrong angle."

I wasn't looking for an argument, but the attitude of my minister friend kind of got me going.

"And you think I have the wrong angle, as you call it, in protesting against movies like that?" He pointed at the bare-kneed lady in the photograph.

"Exactly," I said. "In the first place, you think that is suggestive or has something to do with a sex problem, don't you? Well, it's nothing of the kind. That's a nice clean picture—nice as you ever saw. Just go in and take a look at it."

"I'll do it," he decided, "but I still can't understand your putting out a poster like that."

"It's pretty, at that, isn't it?"

"Well, er—yes, artistically," he agreed, "but not for children."

Catering to the Kids

"Why not? That's exactly the point. They see worse than that every day down at the beach. Doctor, bare legs don't mean anything to a kid. Now I'll show you where you've got the wrong angle. You notice that I'm just putting this poster out, don't you?"

The picture inside had been running for nearly an hour. He had not thought of that.

"And?"

"Why, I'm putting out this advance poster now so as to catch the eye of the old folks for to-night. They may think it a sex picture—just like you did—but I'll have to take a chance. Believe me, though, I take no chances on kids. If I'd put that out before the matinée there wouldn't have been a kid in the house. Take it from me, doctor, if there's anything in the world a kid hates it is a vamp movie, a sex-problem triangle, or a long love scene. I know. The surest way to kill a picture house is to run suggestive pictures for kids. If you want to ruin your kid trade just give 'em sex problems. It's sure-fire. They are wise little owls. They catch the posters first, and if they see any signs of mush stuff they are through for the day. Didn't you ever hear them give one of those long kissing scenes the razz?"

He shook his head and smiled.

"After that," he said, "I guess I will step in and see a little of it."

And what I told him was the truth. All this stuff about kids being lured to suggestive pictures gives me a pain. It's the older folks who fall for the lure. It's been more than a year now since I ran a sex picture in my house. I stopped simply because it was killing my trade, and I got my first hint from the kids. They have healthy minds and they want healthy stuff. Everybody does, for that matter, but older people are not so frank in expressing their tastes. If you will remember, a few years ago the woman vampires of literature were considered terrible things—things folks weren't supposed to talk about. Everybody talks about 'em now, and it's always good for a laugh.

Putting vampires in the pictures didn't even splinter a moral in my town, simply because the kids turned 'em into a joke. Kids even invented the word "vamp." I don't believe anybody ever took the vamps seriously.

But what I can't get into my head is where people get all these queer notions about kids and their morals. If Doctor Alton had just remembered himself as a youngster he would have been on. At heart kids are no different now than when we were all kids. Just think back a moment. Did you ever sneak around somewhere to read a sickening love novel when you were a boy? You did not. If you were like me you got off in the barn and read the daring deeds of Diamond Dick and Calamity Jane. I don't know quite so much about girls, but I do remember that they always wanted to play our games and we had a tough time slipping off from them.

Did you ever spend your own quarter to slip into the gallery of a theater to see a show with a lot of kissing and love stuff in it? No. You saved up your money for real he-stuff, like the minstrels and plays like Old Glory Betrayed and In the Cowboy's Cave. Remember how the peanut galleries were packed to see the daring hero batter down the door and shoot up the villain? Remember the laughs in MacFadden's Row of Flats and Humpty-Dumpty? Remember how we all applauded with hands and feet and shrill whistles when Little Nell staggered into the police station with the telltale message, and the heroic coppers, led by Lieutenant Fearnot, started to the rescue? Oh, boy!

Yes, and I'm going to tell you something else. If you weren't afraid of being undignified you'd go to see the same things to-day—if they had 'em.

Your kid is no different. I've watched him, and those are the things he—and she, too—wants to see in the movies. Did it ever occur to you that nickel novels began to die with the birth of the movies?

Doctor Alton came [illegible] box office, laughing [illegible]

"You were right. My [illegible] he said. "It's a regular [illegible] Family Robinson story [illegible] mit I was fooled. You [illegible] took me back a few years [illegible] those adventure stories [illegible]

"Of course you [illegible] Now come around here [illegible] a minute. I'll give you [illegible] thing—provided you [illegible]

Though we are both [illegible] he read something [illegible] eye, and came in expe[illegible] reached over in the [illegible] handed him a rolled-up [illegible] It was an old-fashioned [illegible] novel entitled Dick [illegible] The Road Agents of De[illegible] The minister smiled [illegible] tucked it in his pocket

"I used to read th[illegible] sometimes," he said [illegible] I'll look this one over

Since I've got a [illegible] it's kind of easy to [illegible] figure things out. [illegible] always like that with [illegible] ning a movie house [illegible] town has taught me a [illegible]

I never was much [illegible] young fellow. My mo[illegible] say I'd never get a re[illegible] lar job, simply because [illegible] take commonplace [illegible] ously. From her I inherited two [illegible] of the ridiculous ever to strike [illegible]

They first picked out a newspa[illegible] for me, but I got fired out of t[illegible] newspaper office for making [illegible] up type—did it on purpose to [illegible] could not resist the temptation [illegible] ing up the old editor's masterp[illegible] he wrote a long-winded boost[illegible] gressman in which he said "He[illegible] to the home town radiant with [illegible] I used an *s* instead of an *e* on t[illegible] It got in the paper that way.

Pioneer Days

After that I worked as mas[illegible] ery stable, but it didn't last [illegible] father, who died when I was [illegible] was a prominent man and ev[illegible] to help me along on his account [illegible] no use. They tried me in the [illegible] then gave me a job as notary [illegible] so it went. We had a big fire [illegible] ing it out I managed to [illegible] many years. I spent my life [illegible] the village and on weekly [illegible] York, about thirty miles away

I read extensively and [illegible] up on what was going on. [illegible] upon as a sort of ne'er-do-[illegible] distinct disappointment to [illegible] whole thing. I know now, [illegible] struck anything that really [illegible]

I was past forty, unmar[illegible] paratively happy when the [illegible] craze set in. I saw possibil[illegible] start. At that time, thou[illegible] regarded it as a sort of cu[illegible] a glorified magic-lantern [illegible]

A plumber started a mo[illegible] town and I was a regular [illegible] thing fascinated me. He [illegible] old shack into a theater, [illegible] ing about two hundred pe[illegible] place wasn't very inviting [illegible] every day. The audience [illegible] entirely of men and boys. [illegible] usual to see a woman at [illegible]

To attract passers-by [illegible] phonograph outside and [illegible] house was covered with [illegible] posters. Inside there was [illegible] floor, and an old nickel-in[illegible] tonk piano rattled from [illegible] night. It was enough to [illegible] the timid. Even so, the cro[illegible] good. I studied the thing [illegible] up my mind that this was [illegible] ness. I talked to Ben ab[illegible] out. He admitted he was [illegible] money as people thought, [illegible] hear to selling. His rent [illegible] a month and his picture [illegible] twenty-one dollars a week [illegible] five and ten cents admissi[illegible]

(Continued on Page [illegible])

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hen the Verdict is "Dead Plates"

The Car Owner knows that it means a New Battery

e with a worn out bat-
ır owner appreciates
nportance of battery

old battery is lifeless,
that the *life* of the
the plates.
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when he is buying a

he should stop and
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old were still alive

ing a Battery
Buy Plates

with the old battery
ıe guide in buying

says that to get the
it is first necessary
e best plates—the
est lived plates.

And there is always *one best* of anything manufactured.

It is best—usually because the maker first realized the full importance of it, and next, specialized in manufacturing it.

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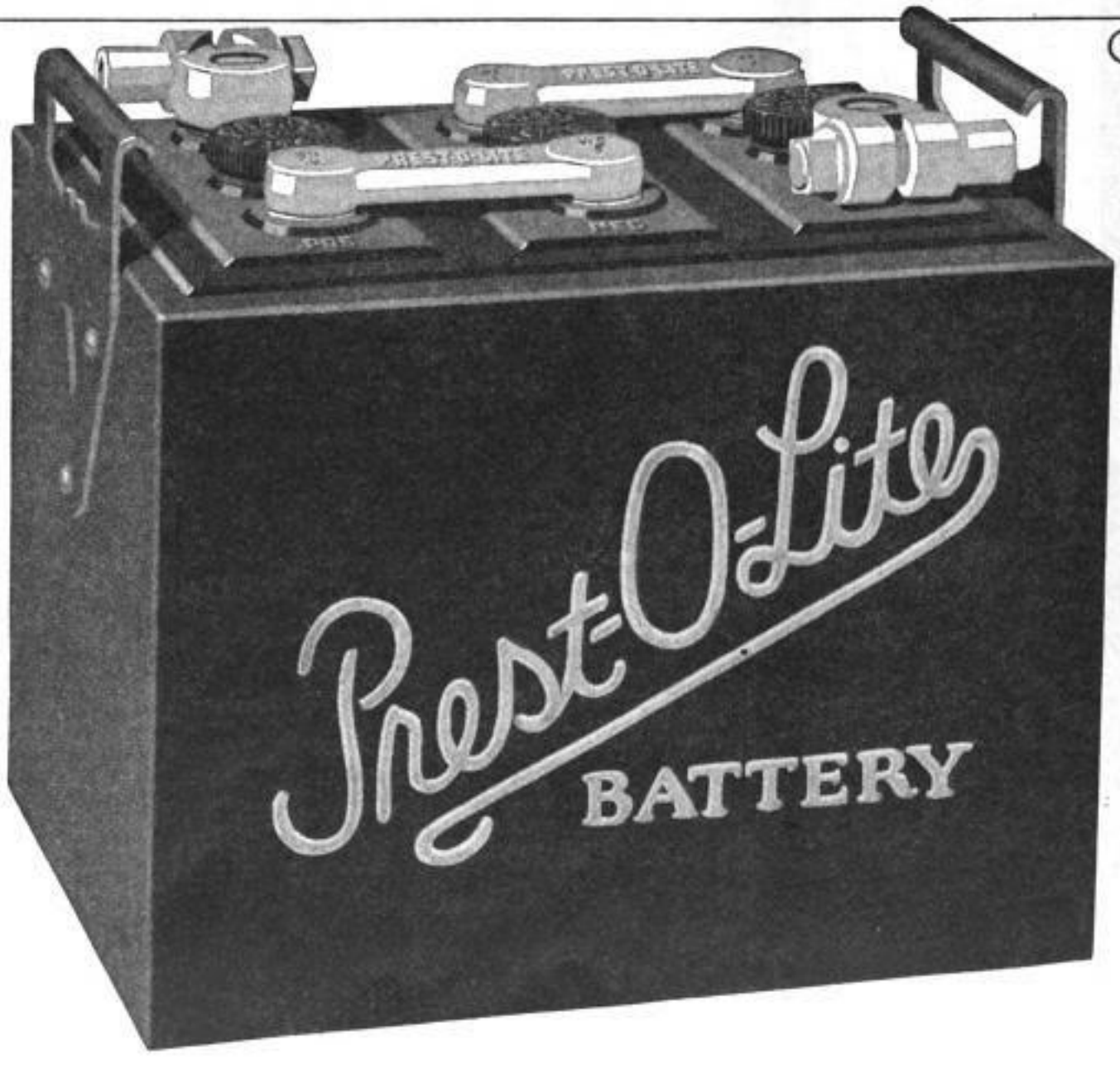
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Pretty—
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—such a long-wearing middy

The girl who wears a "SLIPOVA Middy" is wearing an attractive, well-made garment—she's wearing a blouse that costs so little it's almost beyond belief. Any purse can buy it—any girl can proudly wear it. It is full cut, roomy, with double seams and fast colors.

Ask your dealer to show you these inexpensive garments and other "SLIPOVA Clothes for Children"—Middies, Boys' Blouses and Suits, Rompers and Creepers. If your dealer hasn't them, write Dept. D.

McCawley & Co., Inc.
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Baltimore, Md.
Sales Office:
253 Church St., New York City

Look for the label

(Continued from Page 46)

I had about a thousand dollars that I could put my hands on, and I desired to do a little financing. I had some big ideas about what I'd do if I could get hold of a theater. I was determined to open up in opposition to Ben.

After many conferences I persuaded a friend in the real-estate business—he is rich now—to build a frame theater, seating about six hundred, and rent it to me for a term of three years at one hundred dollars a month. He owned a store on one side of the site and a vacant lot on the other, and figured that it would increase the value of his property. It did—about 400 per cent.

Ben heard about what I was doing, but didn't worry. He claimed there wasn't room for two movies and that he had the jump on me. Ninety per cent of the movies went broke in those days.

Anyway, I started. As Ben's pictures cost him only seven dollars each and he had a change three times a week, my idea was to get the real classy trade by putting on something expensive and using better judgment in selection. To begin with, I called my house the Elite. Ben's was the Nickelodeon.

While the building was going on I got in touch with the proper people for a picture service. There were two services, but, as I learned later, both were controlled by one head. There were a twenty-one-dollar service and a fifty-dollar one. Each would give me three changes a week and allow me to hold the Saturday pictures over for Sunday.

I was in for shocks and disappointments, and have been having them ever since. With everything ready for a start I engaged a boy to run the projecting machine for twelve and a half dollars a week. Then I engaged a young lady in town, who worked at the music store, to play the piano during the performances, for the same amount. I proposed to stay in the box office and take in the money myself. I had to be around, anyway, to see that everything was run right; besides I wanted to talk to the patrons. I wouldn't have a door tender at first, but would let the patrons walk right in after buying their tickets. My electric bill I figured would be about fifty dollars a month, which included lobby and entrance display. Later I would need heat, and that I figured to cost around fifty dollars a month. So, you see, with my pictures costing two hundred dollars, help one hundred dollars, heat and light one hundred dollars, and rent one hundred dollars, I had an overhead of five hundred dollars a month to start with. Later I had to get two ushers, who also worked as cleaners, and they cost me another hundred. No matter how I figured, it was bound to cost me about twenty dollars a day. Immediately I saw why Ben wasn't making so much money as people thought. It takes a lot of dimes and nickels to wipe out twenty dollars in a day. And I hadn't figured my salary at anything. To make money I'd have to pack the place.

Getting Started

I was in pretty deep but decided to go through with it. I've done many foolish things, but I was never accused of being a piker. With my staff engaged I went to New York—an hour's ride—to close the deal for my picture service.

"I'm going to run a high-class place," I said to a little squint-eyed man who came out to see me. He took me into his office.

"You want a fifty-dollar service, then," he said.

"That's the idea," I told him; "and I want to select my comedies very carefully."

"What do you mean—select?"

"Why, I think a theater manager ought to use a little more judgment about what to offer than my competitor does. Don't you?"

"Sure," he agreed; "but there ain't no such thing as selection for a hick house."

"No selection?"

"I should say not!" he explained. "Why, if every movie man could come in here and pick out his bill how do you think we'd ever get 'em all around?"

"Then you make up these bills to suit yourself, and we've got to take 'em—sight unseen?"

"That's the general idea. But we've got a coupla guys back here that's pretty good pickers. They'll give you somethin' to knock 'em dead."

"Somehow I don't like that," I said.

"Well, friend, that's what you'll have to take, whether you like it or not. You ain't runnin' the Metropolitan Opera House, you know."

"About what will I get for fifty dollars?" I asked. I didn't like this fellow at all. I think I must have shown it.

"Oh, a world's news feature, a coupla trick comedies, and maybe a prairie rescue—oh, the stuff'll get you by all right. Your fillums will all be first runners, and clear. The twenty-one-dollar-a-week fellows run seconds—fillums that's old and chipped. There's some snappy French-girl stuff coming over soon."

There being no competitive service I was helpless. It made me sick.

"Oh, all right," I surrendered. "Start me off for a week from next Saturday." I got up to leave.

"How about the dough?" he asked.

"Oh, that'll be all right."

"How do we know it'll be all right? Guess you'd better leave half payment in advance. That's the rule. We make some of 'em pay in full before turning a hand."

In those days there was no such thing as a picture that ran more than one reel. We had no regular plays, as we do nowadays. Stars had not been heard of. Regular actors scoffed at the movies.

The so-called comedies consisted mainly of Frenchmen jumping out of second-story windows and falling to pieces. Then the parts would run back together again by a camera trick. I never knew now they did that, but it was considered great stuff. After that the comedians would start running down the street, gathering a crowd as they went, and knocking over fruit stands, apple carts, ash cans, baby carriages, and so on. The American comedies had pie throwing from the start, and, strangely enough, it's good stuff to-day. I used to wonder why the French pictures didn't have pie throwing, but I learned that they don't have pies in France. As a result they missed a lot of comedy. The American slapstick boys then began to invent mechanical tricks with automobiles and other forms of machinery. They gradually dug up so many new forms of rough stuff that the old-fashioned French comedies—the pioneers—became *passé*.

Close Figuring

That is the kind of stuff that I had to offer in what I thought was going to be a movie of class.

The first night, the formal opening, I had four hundred dime customers. Forty dollars for a single performance made the prospects look a little rosy. In a few days, though, it began to die down. I caught Ben's man counting my house one afternoon, and I promptly sent a boy over to count his. I had thirty dime customers and fifty-one kids at a nickel. Ben had a total of eighteen, ten at a nickel a head. Somebody was going broke; I could see that.

At the end of three weeks I was able to get a pretty good line on my house. It was costing a little more than twenty dollars a day and I was running but one afternoon and one night performance. This meant of course that I would have to have a little more than two hundred dime patrons or four hundred nickel fellows to break even. And I wasn't getting anything like that!

We then inaugurated the system, used in nearly all movies to-day, of giving two afternoon and two night performances. It didn't work so well at first, due to the crowd refusing to leave after the first performance to make room for newcomers. In time, though, they got used to it.

To boost up the business I put on a bill of cheap vaudeville Saturday nights. That was the worst thing I ever did. People would rather see a poor picture than a poor vaudeville act. It cheapened the tone of my house—already dirt cheap—and I was farther than ever from the high-class trade. I simply couldn't get the women to come. I found that they couldn't stand the loud language and disorderly conduct of the boys. This was a dilemma. If I got rid of the boys I might not have any trade at all.

In the meantime Ben's house went flooey. His failure helped me some, but I was still on a losing basis.

A change for the better started when we began to get two-reel pictures. Each of these had a sort of story, worked out in a crude way. They began to interest the women. The brightest spot in [illegible] as a movie manager was when [illegible] stopped at the box office one [illegible] that they had enjoyed a picture [illegible] the story was so interesting. They [illegible] viously read it in a magazine, [illegible]

I urged the distributing [illegible] some more of that kind, but [illegible] was one of annoyance. I got [illegible] to them, and by degrees we [illegible] pictures.

By this time I had to hire a [illegible] go through the audience and [illegible] quiet. My great problem was [illegible] from eating peanuts. The [illegible] got on the ladies' nerves, and [illegible] noise as patrons walked on [illegible] nut shells was an added objection [illegible] to sweep out twice a day.

Keeping the Boys in [illegible]

The climax came, though, [illegible] mer, a boatman, stopped at the [illegible] suggest that I put in a few cusp[illegible] couldn't enjoy a picture, he said, [illegible] chewing tobacco. Others must [illegible] the same idea of enjoyment, [illegible] so particular about cuspidors. [illegible] a more serious problem than [illegible] imagine.

After thinking it over I [illegible] printed sign in the lobby:

TOBACCO CHEWING AND PEANUT
ANNOY LADIES
MAYBE YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN

It didn't bring about complete [illegible] but we could notice an improvement. [illegible] stop the rowdy conduct of boys [illegible] been a stickler. If I had been [illegible] this task would have been impossible.

In my theater I have seen the [illegible] lows grow up from babyhood. [illegible] know that I know all about them, [illegible] not want to appear badly in my [illegible] cause I know their families. Boys [illegible] to be watched constantly. I have [illegible] my ushers to pick the rowdy ones [illegible] reprimand them by name. Those [illegible] brought to me I give them a severe [illegible] Often I bar them from the theater [illegible] porarily, and that is considered a [illegible] disgrace. My office is frequently [illegible] juvenile court.

My favorite method of impressing [illegible] little fellows is to take them into [illegible] call up an imaginary judge on the [illegible] and lay the whole case before him, [illegible] ask for instructions. Whether [illegible] ment from the theater or a trip [illegible] parents, I repeat these imaginary [illegible] rulings to the little culprits. Their [illegible] and frightened faces always move [illegible] pity, but I have to force myself [illegible] deadly serious.

The main crimes committed [illegible] youthful theatergoers are yelling [illegible] ing their feet, booing the lovers, [illegible] peanuts, throwing candy and [illegible] at each other, and putting chewing [illegible] the seats. Another favorite sport [illegible] at the pianist, who occasionally [illegible] mistake of trying to correct the [illegible]

Not long ago a bright-eyed [illegible] boy was caught in the act of [illegible] ing gum where he knew some [illegible] ing to sit. A few minutes before [illegible] tacked one girl's hair to the back [illegible] in front of him. Children of [illegible] entage are more easily frightened [illegible] imaginary conversations with [illegible] are the American boys. This [illegible] was a handsome, happy-faced [illegible] His eyes fairly twinkled with [illegible] One couldn't help liking him. [illegible] ribly mischievous, though, that [illegible] had to be done or I should lose [illegible] patrons.

When the boy came into my [illegible] the usher, his big brown eyes [illegible] ened look. Someone was using [illegible] phone and I could not call up the [illegible] judge. In a very solemn voice [illegible] the little fellow, putting great [illegible] every word. Then I decided [illegible] scheme.

"Now, young man," I said, [illegible] the crime, "I want you to go [illegible] the judge's office"—the village [illegible] trate—"and tell him just what [illegible] done. Tell him the truth just [illegible] told me. Then ask him to put [illegible] tence on you."

The boy, I figured, would [illegible] just as soon as he got out of my [illegible] way, the scare would be beaten.

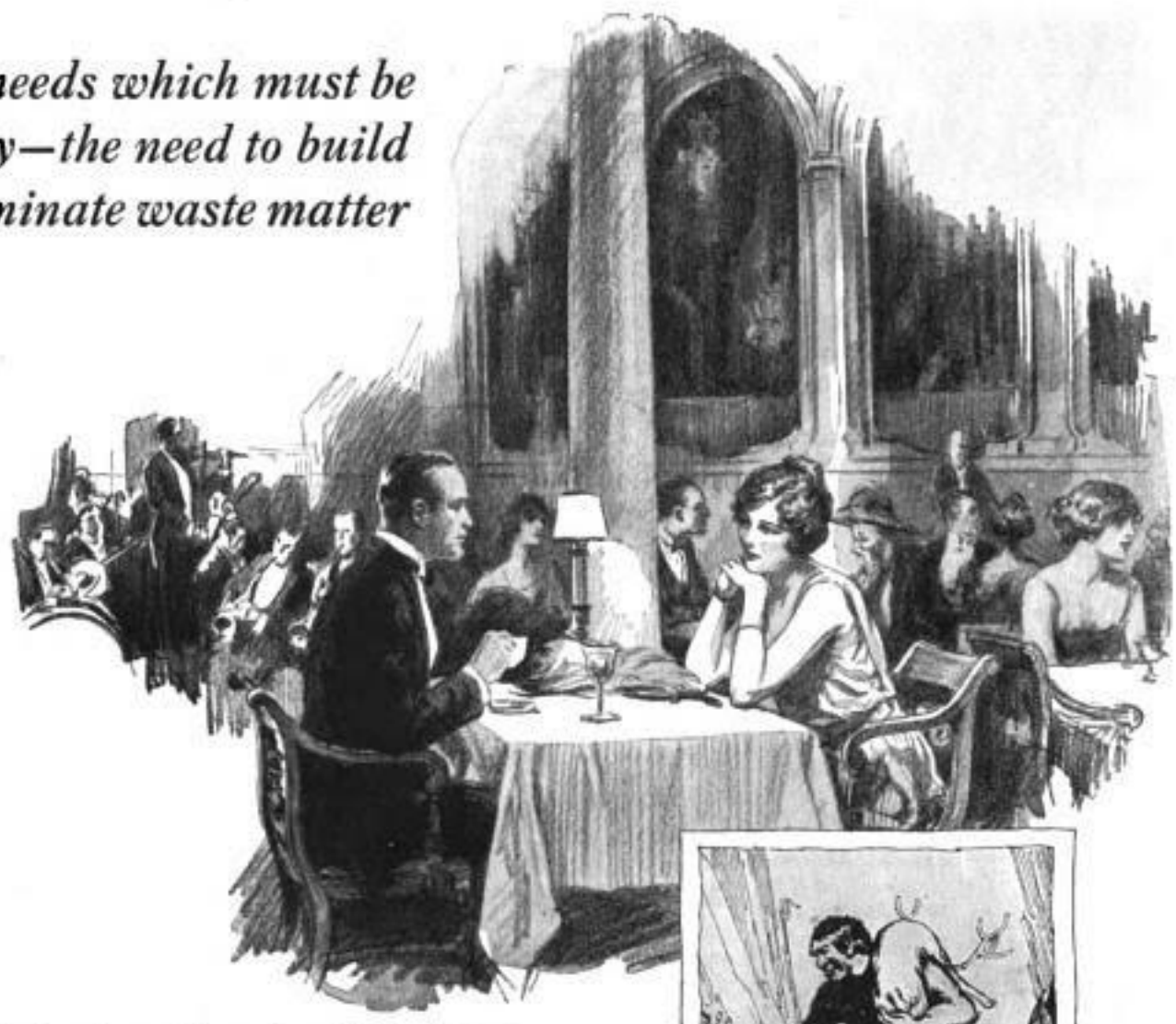
Three-quarters of an hour [illegible] terrupted by a little boy who [illegible]

(Continued on Page [illegible])

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The greatest danger in your meals today

The body has two constant needs which must be met by what we eat every day—the need to build up body tissues and help eliminate waste matter



.T nutrition expert says we are anger because we eat so many foods—use too many of the ch are convenient under modern but which have been robbed of roperties in manufacture. Or preparing foods for cooking at emove much that is healthful. n of our natural foods are in- nd do not give us the food fac- d.

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ann's Yeast helps you get full n the other foods you eat. It emarkable effect on the whole stem. It builds up body tis- ts against disease, and keeps nes healthy.

ger a need for laxatives

ve heard that laxatives never re- e of the trouble and yet never act edge? Begin now. Start eating Yeast today—keep on and you laxatives unnecessary. Laxatives uscles of the intestines, but right ens them. That is why many men ve already found relief from intes- —even chronic cases. Take ad- ir experiences and free yourself spread complaint.

professors of medicine recommend an intestinal antiseptic, an aid to egular elimination.

ept in sound working order

of people have discovered that Yeast is the natural corrective food for indigestion. It is so digestible itself that it places no strain upon the weakened system. It helps the flow of bile and pancreatic juice. The addition of Fleischmann's Yeast to the diet helps the whole process of digestion in the stomach and intestines. It makes it possible for you to get more nourishment from the other foods you eat. It keeps your appetite keen.

Fleischmann's Yeast is good to eat in many ways

Almost everybody grows to like the distinctive flavor just as they grew to like olives or oysters. Many prefer the taste of the plain cake, nibbling it a little at a time. Others like to dissolve it in boiling water, cold water, milk, fruit-juices, coffee or cocoa. Still others like it spread on bread or crackers. It is very popular in malted milk drinks.

Get your 2 or 3 cakes today. *Place a standing order with your grocer. 200,000 grocers carry Fleischmann's Yeast. If your grocer is not among them, write to the Fleischmann agency in your nearest city—they will see that you are supplied.*

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Fleischmann's Yeast—a natural corrective food

Because Fleischmann's Yeast is a fresh food it does for you naturally and permanently what drugs, with merely temporary effect, can never do. One cake of Fleischmann's Yeast gives you ten times the amount of yeast-vitamin found in most so-called yeast-vitamin preparations to which drugs have been added. Be sure you get Fleischmann's fresh yeast. Do not be misled by substitutes.

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EDUCATOR SHOE
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

For MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN

(Continued from Page 48)

into my office—an unusual occurrence. I had forgotten all about my instructions to the little Italian, and looked up, surprised. But, sure enough, here he was.

"Mister, I went and waited," he announced tearfully, "but de judge he don't come."

"You mean you have been at the judge's office all this time?"

"Yes, mister, but he won't come." He was about to cry. "Can I go home now?"

Of course I couldn't hug that little shaver, but I felt like it. I told him he could go on probation. The incident had a very salutary effect in his neighborhood of foreigners.

I didn't make any money for three years, but I held on. I knew the business would be standardized or systematized sooner or later, and I was patient. Visits to the film-distributing company had taught me that the trouble was with the type of men at the head. An enormous industry had grown up over their heads and it was of such proportions that they couldn't see it.

The tide turned very suddenly for me. It turned with one little incident. For some time I had been reading of the invention of a moving picture that talked. Articles in the trade papers told of a man's having succeeded in synchronizing a phonograph with a picture machine so that the voice and the action would be simultaneous. The thing was finally put on the market and an expert came out to see me about putting on a talking picture in my house.

I am a gambler at heart, and decided to take a chance. It would be expensive, though. The talking-picture man demanded half the gross receipts. A special man was sent out to rig up the attachment and instruct my boy in the projecting room how to use it. I advertised the novelty extensively and got everybody in the village talking about it a week in advance.

At the first performance the house was packed. Women of all classes had come in numbers, and I even noticed the presence of leading business men for the first time. At last, I gloated, I had turned the trick.

The voices on the phonograph were those of a man and a woman, each taking all the male or female voices. Of course these tinpanny voices didn't sound natural and true, but they worked—at first. I walked about the house, convinced that the future of pictures was the talking screen.

A Costly Experiment

The two machines were synchronized perfectly; so perfectly that in the first scene the effect was uncanny. Even if it didn't sound real it was interesting.

Suddenly a titter ran over the audience. Then another. I stepped in from the box office to see what was the matter. In a few minutes the crowd was rocking with laughter. The screen showed a love scene in a kitchen. The hero had just taken the heroine into his arms, but the talk didn't fit. The girl released herself and went over to the stove to take out a pan of biscuits. As she did so the voice of the man was saying "Look at me again, darling."

Instead of looking at him she was touching the hot biscuits with the tip of her fingers, and evidently had burned her hand.

"My hero," the phonograph said for her, "I could look into your eyes forever. Oh, let me run and look after the biscuits." But she already had looked at the biscuits and the hero was now tying his shoe.

The film had been damaged and in repairing it they had cut it and pasted the ends together, but something had slipped. The loss of inches was not compensated for in the phonograph and it went right on talking a full minute behind the action of the picture. Later on there had been another cut and the thing got worse. It looked like a good bet that the picture would beat the phonograph to the finish by two or three minutes.

The people never enjoyed a show so much in their lives. But they were giving the picture the razz. No business can stand ridicule. I writhed in mortification. On top of this fiasco I had to pay the man 50 per cent. My profits were no greater than if I had run my regular bill with an ordinary crowd.

The talking picture, as a new idea, died a quick death. The trouble I had was typical. Something always came up to spoil the synchronization. Besides, the monotonous voices grew extremely tiresome after the novelty had worn off.

The next day I had several complaints from ladies whose skirts had been ruined by wads of chewing gum stuck on the seats. By the way, I have had so many cases of this kind that I have learned to tell them that benzine will take chewing gum out of a garment instantly.

That might be a tip for some ladies who don't know it.

The big crowd also had brought in some new peanut and tobacco offenders. The wife of one of my neighbors told me she was so annoyed that she couldn't even enjoy the hilarious fun of my talking picture. This was pretty tough luck. At last I had got the women to my theater, only to lose them through the bad manners of my regular audience.

One of the habitual peanut eaters passed my place the next morning and was pointed out to me by an usher. I knew the young fellow very well and hailed him.

"Say," I said to him, "why do you persist in eating peanuts in my theater when you ought to know it annoys others?"

"Never thought of it," he said. "Forgot to read your sign."

"You may not know it," I informed him, "but you and the other peanut eaters are going to cost me a lot of money."

That seemed to surprise him.

"If folks can't stand a little thing like that they ought to stay out of the movies," he retorted. He was not at all apologetic.

"You don't eat peanuts and scatter the shells around when you visit people's houses, do you?"

"Of course not. I don't eat 'em in church, either. But I do in a circus."

"Well, my theater isn't a circus, you know."

"It was last night."

The First Five-Reeler

The young man was inclined to be a smart-Aleck. I gave up trying to appeal to his sense of politeness, but he had given me an idea.

Right then I recognized forcibly a truth that has been of much value to me in the last few years. To make a man or boy act like a gentleman, as a rule, treat him as if you thought him one. I was going to make these thoughtless peanut and tobacco eaters feel as though they were in somebody's parlor or in a church when they came to my movie. My plan at that moment was to install an organ instead of a piano, but a big thing happened unexpectedly, and I didn't carry out that part of my scheme for a long time.

For some time the producers had been talking of wonderful five-reel pictures. Two days after my interview with the peanut eater I was notified that a great feature picture had been completed with a famous grand-opera singer as star. It was the screening of one of the classic novels at enormous expense, a hundred thousand dollars; some of them cost a quarter of a million now.

Knowing my willingness to try out new ideas they had invited me to come to New York to see an advance showing of the film, with a view to leasing it for a run in my house.

Never before had a star of international fame appeared in a movie. I was eager to see it. Already I had made up my mind to show that five-reeler if the price was anywhere near within reason.

The time had come when movie men would be able to select their own attractions. This was a starter, and I flatter myself I saw it quickly.

I went to New York full of enthusiasm, and was not disappointed. The picture was a wonderful piece of work for those days. They quoted me a price of one hundred dollars for two days or one hundred and twenty for three days. I jumped at the three-day offer. The bigger movie theaters just beginning to operate on Broadway had to pay more. But of course they would get the first crack at it.

The big picture was to run on Broadway for a week before being sent out, just as they do new plays. I was promised it in three weeks.

Now was the chance to try out the scheme suggested to me by the attitude of the peanut eater—a way to make my rough customers act like gentlemen. I couldn't have hoped for a better combination of circumstances.

First, though, I took pains to see that my master picture was well advertised. After hanging out a big sign I went to the editor of the local weekly and got him to write a piece explaining that our town would be the first village outside of New York to exhibit this wonderful work of dramatic ar... took the attitude that it was a tri... showmanship on my part, but fully as ... an honor to the town as to the thea... helped him a little.

I then went to the president of the ... a lover of drama and a regular theate... I told him what I proposed to do in th... of refinement, and he agreed to loan ... five hundred dollars needed to ma... Elite a real shrine of art and letter... put it.

I never was a piker, so, to make ... I made no artistic slips, I went to a h... cern in New York and in addition ... purchases secured the assistance ... expert interior decorator.

We decided first to put folding d... the open entrance to the lobby. W... had the walls painted a light gra... floor was to be covered with a good ... of olive-green carpet. All the glaring ... were to come down forever. For fu... nouncements gold-and-white-frame... would be placed artistically in the ... We added a few palms and then m... box office less conspicuous.

All this, mind you, cost somethi... than five hundred dollars, but I ha... money of my own, and the loan wa... out.

We also bought thick carpet ru... the aisles inside, and installed ... shaded wall lamps. We select... palms to be placed along the fro... stage at the base of the screen.

"Now," said the decorator, ... peared to enjoy playing with my t... much as I did, "we've got to touc... with a spray of delicate perfume fr... izers, or maybe some incense."

That was going it a little stro... accepted the suggestion. I'd go ... hog or none.

We both lamented the fact that ... able to put in better opera chair... the old ones. Also we regretted ... ity to put in a pipe organ. But w... pretty good for a starter, and d... stand on that for a while.

The old Elite was going to be su...

I had the pianist go into New ... see the big picture so as to ... proper incidental music.

The Great Occasio...

Though the painting and ... went merrily on we took pains ... the carpet down until the last m... couldn't afford to lose the effect ... the daily customers seeing it ab...

You may be sure that while ... going on the town folks knew ab... was being whispered all over ... Several ladies called up on the ... inquire about the coming event... titude seemed to be that if a wo... operatic star was willing to go in... it was certainly good enough fo... sides, those who had never felt ... five dollars a seat to see this ... Metropolitan could now see her ... or twenty-five cents. Women ... like bargains even in movie hou...

It was late spring and I had ... tendants dress in white duck. ... me, the Elite was to be no pikin... ment! Everything I had was ... We had shot the works.

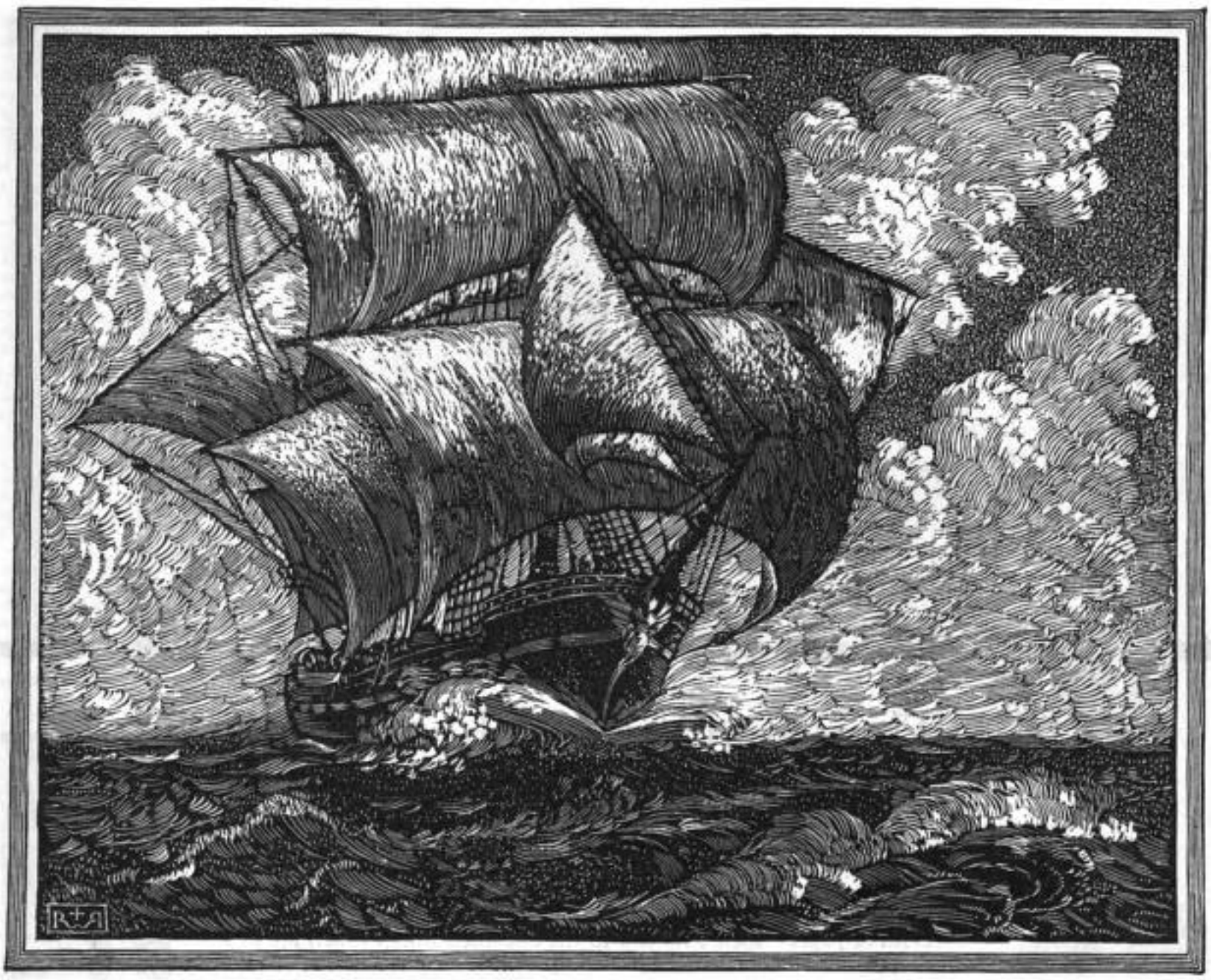
It gives a fellow a wonderf... have a shot like that win. I ... had won the moment the ... stepped in the doors for the af... formance. The first was a wom... two little girls. They were all ... if going to a party. The m... hit that thick carpet they began ... subdued voices. A whiff of ... sank the tone lower. There ... talking, I had 'em. Those at... knockout.

Some boys came in, and ... off their hats—an unheard-of ... They also dropped their tones ... act like company. The silence ... seemed to tame their voices.

A couple of steamfitters ca... working clothes, and I could ... awkward. They found seats, ... said nothing. The only comp... by the way, was from one of t... later. He declared that I had ... place too fancy; that a fellow ... able to enjoy himself without ... He predicted that a lot of w... accustomed to dropping in here ... would stay away because they w... easy. As a matter of fact, I did...

(Continued on Page ...

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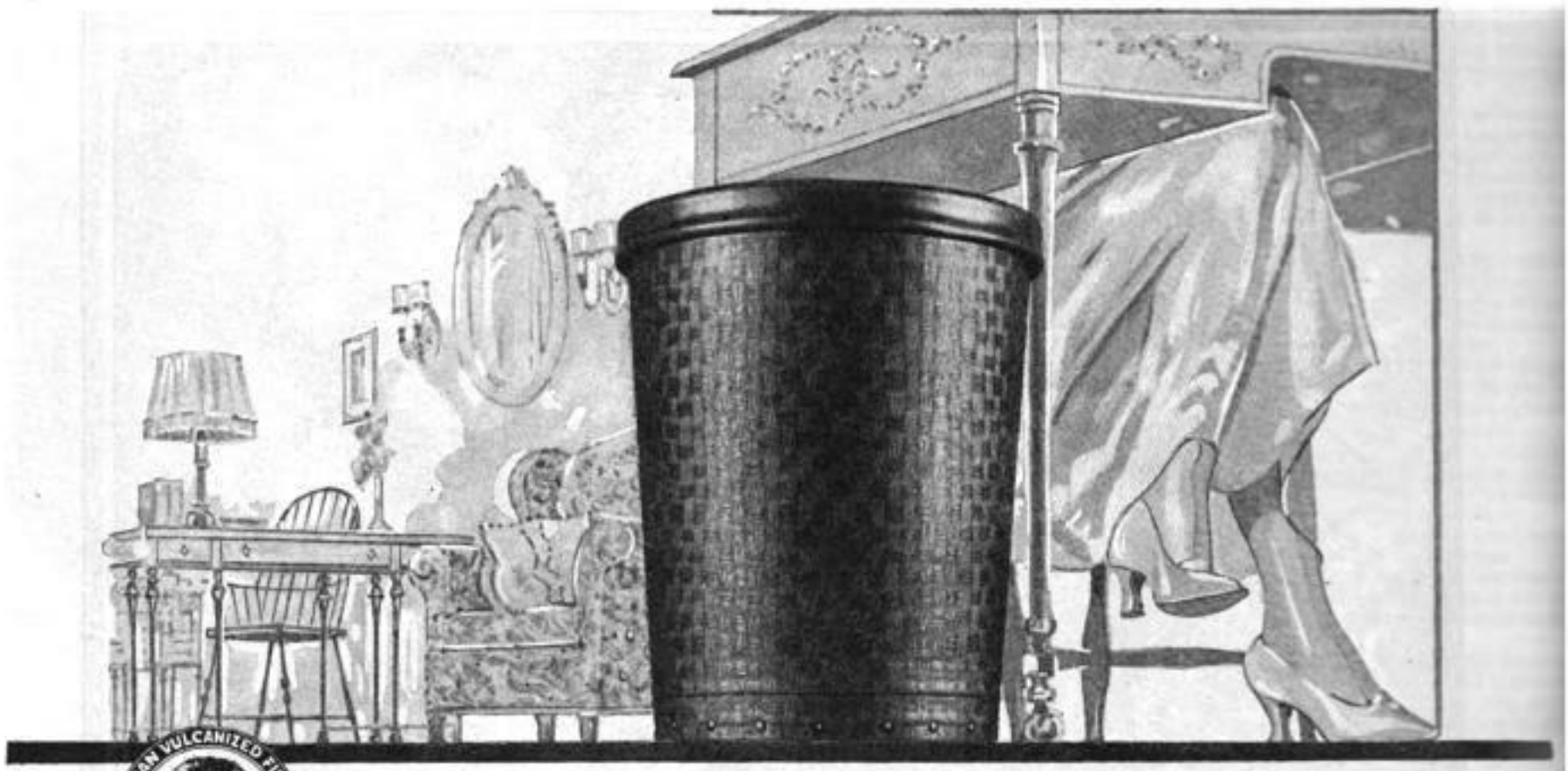
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They Tempt the Whole Family to be Neat with Trash

Nothing is more discouraging (as every woman knows) about keeping a home neat than the eternal "picking things up." Odd pieces of trash tossed carelessly on tables, chairs or floors; a crumpled newspaper, an empty package, scraps of lint or string, a cigar band, children's bits of cloth or paper—there's no end to the discarded things which are just dropped or laid about to be picked up and thrown away.

Sometimes it's just thoughtlessness, but more often it's simply the lack of a trash basket conveniently placed wherever trash accumulates. The whole family would welcome a handy Vul-Cot Basket in each room as the easiest place to "throw things."

And more housewives would have had these convenient places for trash long before, had they known just where to get the right kind of baskets. Now there is an absolutely new and different line of Vul-Cot receptacles to meet this need.

Office men, and business men in general, have long known Vul-Cot Baskets. Made of vulcanized fibre, they withstand the roughest possible usage—they can't dent or rust like a metal basket—they can't break like a wicker basket. They can't chip or crack like an enameled basket; nor can bits of paper and other trash sift through Vul-Cots, because sides and bottom are solid.

This new line of Vul-Cots for the home has all those advantages and in addition is now made with a very attractive basket-weave design stamped right into the fibre, and finished in three colors which perfectly harmonize with any of your furniture—a rich brown and deep green for general use, and light colors appropriate with white enamel of bath and kitchen. The new sizes also are most convenient:—a smaller basket for the living room and bed room, a large one for the kitchen, and a roomy clothes hamper.

Attached to every Vul-Cot is an absolute guarantee to replace any basket that fails in normal service in five years.

Your favorite department store or house-furnishings store should now have Vul-Cots in stock. If for some reason you can't get Vul-Cots in your neighborhood, write us at once, giving us the name of your dealer, and we will see that you are supplied.

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Guaranteed for 5 Yea

VUL-COT IS A MATERIAL OF A MILLION USES—AS HARD AS BONE, TOUGH AS LEATHER, DURABLE

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ntinued from Page 50)

that account. But the increase ore than made up for it.
st day I began to make money, s pretty well fixed.
ure picture, of course, was a big y house was packed to capacity rmance. It was the talk of the the second day of the operatic- noticed a group of prominent he lobby, laughing and talking. one of them ask about the next the Worth While Club. That idea. Why not make the Elite ial exchange?
up the president of the club. this notice, in typewritten let- uch enlarged, appeared on the en the advance advertisements:

While Club will meet next Wed- son at the home of Mrs. John J. gstead Avenue. The subject will erature.

ll ringer.
week social organizations and began sending me notices of I ran them all free of charge. the Elite was the place to find l news. To-day I run those hey have been one of my big- I don't know any better form than to have one woman tell she saw a notice about the he Elite."

Turn of the Tide

regular attendance of the oft carpets, the perfume and eating and tobacco chewing stopped. The rowdy boys occasionally, but a severe ebarment for a week or so rage that. I never hope to . For instance, I have never ntirely stopping the practice ls of chewing gum under the netimes on the seats. It is to make people understand chewing anything distracts of the person sitting near known lots of patrons to ter on account of that an-

ice of well-known stars and tures marked the big turn ide. Those who were wise ormerly people had gone to the mere novelty of seeing With the gradual improve- ing regular stories they be- ate. This brought with it r the movie managers. The nce receipts showed clearly a picture that was unintel- culty was, and is, in know- what to run. The mere f a certain star or a famil- en pack the house to over- r announcement will empty As a picture usually runs very difficult to find out er. I suppose that con- rs, publishers and other e to think of it, if a man to know in advance just wanted he could make a a year. The upshot of it ger has got to study the on his own judgment. the best guides, and that me so popular. The pa- by reputation and could od idea what to expect. no way of explaining the because as a rule we do ut famous stars explain t now, though, the story whole thing. The pass- s bound to come because st sight of the public's d is, a big advantage to ie to offer, but it becomes to the theater and to the ad, in other words, if the . The story is what one to tell another. Poor material blots out a star very quickly. When the eggs are no longer golden the goose is dead.

I have found that the screening of any well-known old book—a story that everybody has heard of—always draws well. For instance, stories of similar prominence to Oliver Twist, Les Miserables, Enoch Arden, Ivanhoe, Rip Van Winkle—books that school children are taught to know as classics—are sure-fire. A lot of people have talked about these classics but never have read them. It's less trouble to see them in the movies than to read them.

This drawing power of famous works is pretty good proof to me that the story counts more than the star in the long run. And the evident desire to see stories of recognized merit convinces me that people—in a small town, anyway—never did want to see the cheap triangular sex problems or suggestive pictures. They came to the movies because the star was advertised and because there was nothing else to see.

I listen very carefully to what people say going out of the theater, and I also ask them to send in written suggestions. Very seldom have I heard anybody speak a good word for one of those suggestive pictures, or express a desire to have them put on. For a long time the market was surfeited with vamp and sex stuff, and we simply couldn't get anything else. I had to use them. Understand me, I had no particular moral scruples against the sex-problem pictures. Perhaps, though, I should have had. I objected to them for business reasons, purely and simply. I also understand how pictures of that nature might go well in some Broadway houses, and still be offensive to our village.

After seeing a suggestive picture young ladies and their escorts are deprived of something to discuss after the show. Neither can they talk about the story around the dinner table at home. That hurts my business. Children quickly spot a picture of that kind and tell their mothers. As a result they don't go. They are the best censors in the world.

The vamp pictures, of course, were a joke. I don't believe anybody ever took them seriously. Little girls eight and ten years old joke each other about being vamps. The real, suggestive idea of the picture never reached them at all. With older people all that leopard-skin covering and eye-rolling stuff was so ridiculous as to be laughable. Often I have had to stop the running of one of the reels until I could quiet the little boys and persuade them not to give the picture the razz, as they call it.

Bad Taste Reflected

Give the same little girls, little boys and old people a simple, sweet, wholesome love story and they will eat it up. They all like rural stuff.

Naturally, one will ask: "Well, if nobody wanted to see the sex pictures why did they produce them?"

I may be wrong, but I think I know. At the beginning the picture business was in the hands of many ignorant, stupid men whose one idea was to make money quickly and who were carried away with success. They knew nothing of the wholesome life outside of Broadway places. The picture business gave them money to throw around in those places for the first time in their lives. Their ideas of enjoyment were coarse and vulgar. They knew nothing about the rest of the country, but had an idea that other people liked what they did. This kind of taste was quickly reflected in their products. The cure set in when the public began to discriminate. That type of movie man is passing out and some of the bigger producing companies are now directed by men with broader vision. There are still many who won't wake up until they are broke.

Though we have a free hand now in selection, the picking business is still no easy job. For instance, I change my bill every day. That means that I must have seven feature pictures and a like number of comedies and news or educational features every week. I could save a lot of money by running pictures two days, but it does not pay in the long run.

My bill at present costs me about four hundred dollars a week. Our admission fee ordinarily is twenty-two cents, including war tax. On special occasions we charge twenty-seven. Now consider the running expenses—they have doubled since I started—and you will see that we have to keep the house crowded to make any money. I am now building a larger one.

A great step toward better pictures and toward giving us little fellows a standard was the establishment in New York of a first-class theater for presenting the highest grade of new pictures. With the opening of this theater came the motion-picture critic. The newspaper criticisms of pictures, I believe, are of much more practical benefit to outside towns than are the criticisms of regular dramatic shows. Outside of the daily receipts and occasional suggestions from patrons, the criticisms are the only thing I have for guidance in selecting attractions to please my people. I keep a careful index of these newspaper notices, so as to be prepared when the salesman comes around.

If a picture makes an unusual hit I go to see it. I have made some ten-strikes this way, giving my people a sensational production within a week or so of its New York opening. Of course it would be impossible for me to see all my stuff in advance. That's where I rely on the criticisms.

An Old Lady's Criticism

A few months ago I saw where some concern was about to produce a screen version of a well-known, old-fashioned rural play. It is a sweet, wholesome story of old folks and young people in a small town—most all of you saw it when you were young. I went to the New York opening. There wasn't a low-necked gown or a leg showing throughout the picture. It was wonderful. Even the so-called wise crowd in New York ate it up.

To run this picture cost me two hundred dollars for two days. It was a pretty stiff price, but I took a chance. I figured it well worth while holding over for a second day. It was necessary to raise my prices to thirty cents, including war tax. Apparently nobody objected. I ran the picture eight times in the two days, and had to turn people away at each presentation. Mind you, this in a town of less than four thousand!

An old lady, an acquaintance since my boyhood, stopped on the way out to tell me how much she had enjoyed the picture.

"I guess that's the kind they like to see, isn't it?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," she said; "such a relief after all the vamps."

This old lady never missed a show—took in vamps, sex triangles and everything. She had occupied the same seat for two years.

"How do you explain that?" I asked, anxious to draw her out.

"I reckon you know," she said. "You stood right back of me, and"—she poked at me with her parasol—"I saw you wipe your eyes and blow your nose when the old farmer found his missing boy on the church steps."

"It did take us back some, didn't it?"

"Don't you know," she went on, "that all girls and boys who go to a theater want to imagine themselves as the girl and boy in the picture? Yes, and we old folks love to forget where we are and imagine ourselves like the old folks that's sitting there in the play taking part."

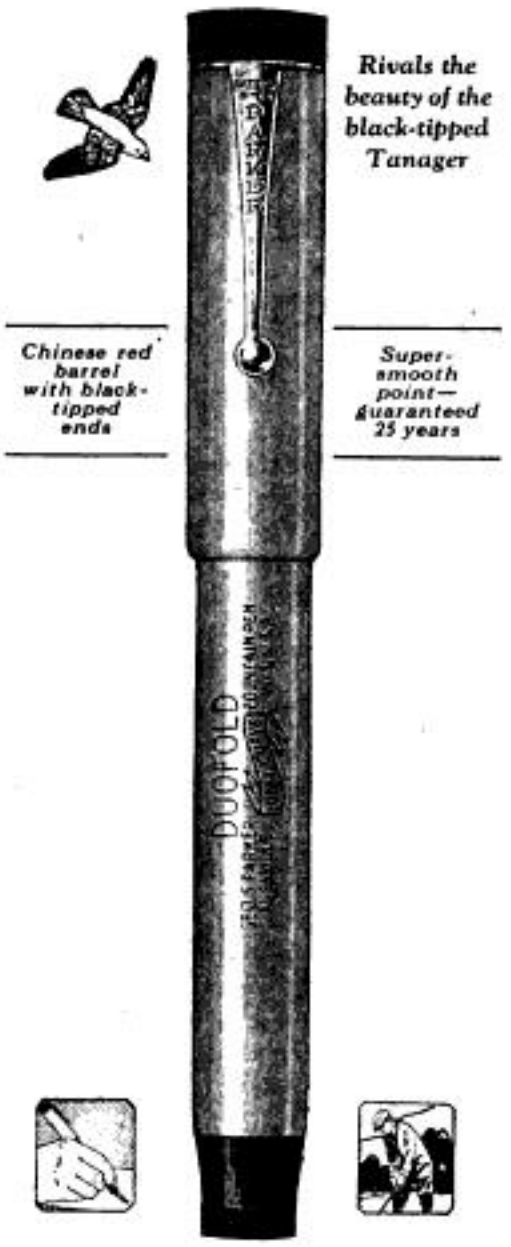
It looked as if she had the real answer.

"And," she asked, "how on earth is an old woman like me going to imagine herself the mother of a vamp, and enjoy it? How's a nice girl going to imagine herself sittin' there on a lounge in a leopard robe, looking wall-eyed at some fool man?"

I had to laugh.

"Young man, they simply can't do it, that's all. Because it ain't so!"





Hands Crave this Over-size Pen

as they crave a balanced golf stick

NO ONE more appreciates the new Parker Duofold than men and women who play golf. The moment you grasp its over-size barrel your hand responds to that unmistakable feel that means business. Its fit, weight and balance produce a thrill akin to the pleasure of gripping your favorite club. It holds nearly twice the ink of the ordinary pen. And its lacquer-like beauty captivates all eyes.

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Duofold Jr. $5 Same except for size

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Press the button and Duofold drinks its fill.



No projection to catch on clothing and spill ink.

M-6

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Have you a friend who is a printer?

If you haven't, you may sometimes feel that printers are a cantankerous lot, whose chief business is keeping you from having the kind of printing you think you want.

But if you know a printer *well*, you can testify to a keen, marrowy man; a man of agile intellect and sound instinct in matters of taste.

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We firmly believe that it is because printers *are* like this that Old Hampshire Bond is so well known. For longer than we can remember, printers and Old Hampshire Bond have had a strong affinity—it just seems as though they get on together naturally and with mutual respect.

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For printers and business men interested in fine paper, we have some interesting samples, which we shall gladly send to all who write on their business letterheads.

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BE A BOSS — Build your OWN business, wholesaling Chocolate-Bars, Chewing Gums, Candy-Mints, etc. Attractive packages. Exclusive proposition.
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Big Towns and Little One

By J. R. Sprague

ALL that morning in the Pullman smoking compartment the conversation had hinged on a series of very important questions, to wit: If you were going to start in business where would you go? Is it easier to make a living in one place than in another? Would you tackle a big town or a small one, and why?

All sorts of opinions were offered. A New England man said he believed it was much easier to get along in the West, where there is not so much competition in every line. An Idaho man discredited this by affirming that if a man wanted to make money he ought to go after it in the East, where there is so much more capital.

Everyone present had something to say on the comparative advantages of big towns and little ones. The merchant from Arkansas said he had done all right in a small town, but if he had to do it over again he believed he would tackle a big-league city. Another speaker held to the idea that a small town is best, because a man can get quicker action; in the big cities, he maintained, it takes too long to get a start. As we neared the station where I had to get off the determined-looking man who had held the seat next the window against all comers for four hours was giving his opinion.

"Before you go to any town, big or little," he said decidedly, "the main thing is to find out whether you fit the place. Lots of men are just grubbing along in big cities who would do better in small towns. And there are men in small towns who ought to be in big ones. It's a case of temperament."

The Young Merchant's Story

The determined man's words were still ringing in my ears when I got off the train and was whisked to the leading hotel by an enterprising jitneyman at cost of twenty-five cents. The town was a nice-looking place of perhaps six thousand people, the business district centering about a public square with the courthouse in the middle. Retail stores clustered about the four sides of the square, with a sprinkling of farm wagons and automobiles drawn up at their fronts. A low-swung machine, painted yellow, with two large extra tires on its rear, and operated by a boy who sat on the small of his back, kept popping into the square from side streets, only to race rapidly around the business district and to pop out again. I did not need to be told that he was the son of the town's richest man, home on a vacation.

Occupying a strategic location at one corner of the square, next to the moving-picture house, was a particularly nice-looking retail store. Its single big show window was attractive with merchandise displayed on a background of unfaded crêpe paper. Warm human interest was injected into the window display by a life-sized cardboard girl, very pretty, who bent over some salable articles in an attitude of admiration. Such an attractive store could hardly be passed up; I invented some trifling want and stepped inside.

The proprietor himself came forward to wait on me, as was indeed necessary, because the only other salesperson in the place was a somewhat ineffectual-looking boy of fifteen who was on a high stepladder cleaning the electric-light globes. The merchant was a good-looking man of perhaps thirty-two, with affable manners and the insignia of three different lodges pinned on his left coat lapel. After I had made my purchase I stuck around a little with the idea of getting into conversation, and began by remarking that it certainly was a nice store for the size of the town.

He appeared pleased at this praise coming from a total stranger, and replied that he always tried to keep what the public wanted. But he modestly disclaimed the notion that his store was any too good for the size of the town. It was merely up to date, he said. The conversation thus pleasantly opened finally led to the point about which I had been thinking.

"Wouldn't you do better," I suggested, "if you should locate in some big city? Running your business so efficiently, it seems to me that you ought to go where there are more people. If you were in a city of two or three hundred thousand population you would have fifty chances to make sales where you have one here."

If my remark was intended to stimulate him by visions of possible big-town prosperity it failed of its mission. He merely shook his head.

"I know when I'm well off," he remarked. "I'm not cut out for a big city. I belong right here."

Merely for the sake of argument I countered by saying that no one knows what he can do until he has tried it, but the young merchant blew up this argument with a single shot.

"I tried the big-league stuff once," he said briefly, "and it didn't work. It just about ruined me."

During the next two or three days I got the young merchant's story, partly from him and partly from other business men of the town. He had, it seems, been brought up in the community, clerking in the very store over which he now presided as owner. He saved up a little money, had a little more left him, and at twenty-four bought it from his boss, who wanted to retire.

Under his ownership the enterprise did very well indeed. He knew everyone in town and the farmers' families as well for ten miles around. He belonged to the chamber of commerce and several lodges, but in no way let these things interfere with business. He did his social work at night and attended strictly to his job during the day. When he was twenty-six he got married.

People began to remark what an efficient business man he was. Whenever a stranger would come to town with an idea of locating in the community the secretary of the chamber of commerce invariably brought him into the store to prove that the town's retail establishments were second to none. Traveling salesmen, too, showered many compliments on the young merchant, particularly when they wanted to get him to buy a good bunch of their stuff.

These things began to have an effect on him. He got to the point where he began to suspect that he was just a little too strong for his home town. A hundred miles away is a city of a quarter of a million population, and on his occasional trips there the young merchant looked critically at the stores along the busy streets, mentally making comparisons and being led to the inevitable conclusion that no merchant in the city had anything on him.

Pulling Up Stakes

After one of these trips he went home and talked matters over with his wife. Why should they stay in the poky home town, he argued, when by moving up to the city he would have a chance to do twenty times as much business? He was not in the least afraid to match his ability against any man he knew there.

His wife thoroughly agreed with him in everything he said. She had unbounded faith in his ability, and, besides, from a woman's standpoint the idea of city life had its attractions. The two picture shows of the home town compared feebly with the big-city palaces of amusement with their regular orchestras, electric signs and girl ushers in military-looking uniforms. The Sunday papers of the city, too, carried whole pages of news about receptions, parties and after-theater suppers. The upshot of the whole thing was that when a man came along and offered the young merchant a good price for his business he sold out, lock, stock and barrel. Then, foot loose and with money in bank, he went up to the city to tackle big-league conditions.

He confesses that he had a different feeling when he arrived in the city on this occasion from any he had ever had before. On his former trips he had looked upon it merely as a pleasant playground, and the livelier it looked the better he liked it. But now, as he and his wife took a taxicab and made their way through the busy streets toward their hotel, the bigness of the place rather appalled him. It was not a playground this time, but a citadel which had to be stormed. The big business [illegible] which lined the downtown district [illegible] strong and energetic contestants who [illegible] terests lay in crushing the efforts of [illegible] tious newcomers. The whole affair [illegible] more serious aspect than had occurred [illegible] him when he had optimistically [illegible] his mind to quit the home town [illegible] before.

Nevertheless, he had made his bow [illegible] could not back out. He had a [illegible] shock when he started out to find [illegible] quarters in which to open up his [illegible] In the home town he had paid fifty [illegible] a month rent; in the city the same [illegible] quarters brought five hundred [illegible] month. That was the regular [illegible] rental agent told him, and if he [illegible] want to pay it someone else would [illegible] shut his eyes and signed a lease [illegible] figure, securing a really good location [illegible] the main business section. He [illegible] place up in attractive fashion, got [illegible] merchandise and opened up for [illegible]

A Staggering Overhead

He got another little shock in connection with his formal opening. He felt [illegible] ought to buy some newspaper [illegible] in connection with the event, and [illegible] down to one of the newspaper offices [illegible] see about an advertising contract [illegible] was startled to learn that the price [illegible] licity was a dollar and a half an inch [illegible] space sufficiently large to make [illegible] of showing he would have to pay [illegible] fifty dollars for a single advertisement [illegible] There were three newspapers in the city [illegible] it meant a hundred and fifty dollars [illegible] to tell the people that a new store [illegible] was being launched in their midst. In the [illegible] old home town one could buy a full [illegible] page in the local newspaper for [illegible] dollars and have a news story thrown in [illegible] free!

Other expenses of operating a business, the young merchant found [illegible] heavy in proportion. Crêpe-paper [illegible] decorations would hardly do [illegible] around him other merchants were [illegible] velvet. People would not buy unless [illegible] carry the packages home themselves [illegible] they did in the small town; [illegible] lishments maintained delivery service [illegible] he had to do the same or lose [illegible] The store porter, even, had to [illegible] up in a cap and blue uniform to [illegible] appearances suitable to the establishment [illegible]

All these things disarranged the [illegible] merchant's plans. He had figured [illegible] ning his establishment very economically [illegible] until he should have built up a [illegible] trade; he had the idea of doing [illegible] the selling himself, keeping only [illegible] of cheap assistants to help with [illegible] But it became manifest that such [illegible] would not work. His overhead charges [illegible] were so great that he could [illegible] of his own efforts sell enough [illegible] to keep things going, even to [illegible] wait on customers steadily [illegible] time until closing. Cheap help [illegible] worse than none at all. He [illegible] must organize an efficient force [illegible] It was hopeless to think that [illegible] unaided efforts he could produce [illegible] pay the cost of running the [illegible]

Right here was where the [illegible] chant fell down. He had no [illegible] organization. It was easy enough [illegible] men, but another thing to have [illegible] they would pay a profit. In the [illegible] he had never been trained [illegible] of labor other than to direct [illegible] of the series of half-grown boys [illegible] been his casual assistants. In [illegible] enterprise he was on strange [illegible] he employed mature men [illegible] paid salaries of forty or fifty dollars [illegible] To be frank about it, he was afraid [illegible] of his high-priced help.

This matter of his being afraid [illegible] help was probably due to the fact [illegible] young merchant was naturally a [illegible] bashful person. Especially he [illegible] have anything disagreeable occur [illegible] relations with other people, and [illegible] long way to avoid a clash [illegible] This tinge of bashfulness probably [illegible] him a more agreeable companion [illegible] but it was disastrous from the [illegible] of handling employes.

(Continued on Page [illegible])

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Shall They Suffer

As you did from film on teeth?

'SODENT is largely for the coming :neration. It brings to adults whiter new protection. But to children it a new dental era.

· teeth, perhaps, have always been ated, save right after dental cleaning. iter has been dimmed by film. Film ised decay, no doubt, despite your rushing.

dental authorities urge you to fight bove all, have your children fight it this scientific way.

How troubles come

rn science traces most tooth troubles —to that viscous film you feel. It teeth, enters crevices and stays.

t removed it forms a constant Millions of teeth are made dingy l millions of teeth are ruined.

and day that clinging film threat- ige to the teeth. So able men have seeking a daily film remover.

Makes teeth dingy

)sorbs stains, making the teeth look ilm is the basis of tartar. It holds :tance which ferments and forms iolds the acid in contact with the ause decay.

breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of many troubles, local and internal.

Dental science has for years been seeking a way to daily combat that film. It is the teeth's great enemy.

Two ways now found

Two effective film combatants have been found. Able authorities have subjected them to many careful tests. Dental science now approves them, and leading dentists, here and abroad, urge their daily use.

A new-day tooth paste has been perfected, complying with modern requirements. It is called Pepsodent. And these two film-combating methods are embodied in it.

Also starch deposits

Starch deposits also attack teeth. In fermenting they form acids.

Nature puts a starch digestant in the saliva. It puts alkalis there to neutralize the acids.

Pepsodent multiplies that starch digestant, also the alkalinity. Thus Nature's teeth-protecting forces are multiplied.

Thus twice a day, in all these ways, Pepsodent combats the enemies of teeth.

Millions of people now use Pepsodent, largely by dental advice. Anyone who once employs it can see and feel its need.



Watch the added beauty

Send the coupon for a ten-day test. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

The lasting benefits appear more slowly. But all who love clean, glistening teeth will see effects at once. And the book we send explains the reasons for them.

The glistening teeth you see everywhere now are largely due to Pepsodent. Learn how you can attain them. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U. S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

The scientific film combatant, approved by modern authorities and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. Each use brings five desired effects. All druggists supply the large tubes.

TEN-DAY TUBE FREE 704

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And Now— The Barrett Specification Roof!

FROM corner-stone to cornice, the modern structures that house the nation's business are built to endure. The foundations rest on bed rock. Steel frame-work and steel girders support the weight of walls and floors. And when they are ready to be roofed the great majority of them are covered with Barrett Specification Roofs.

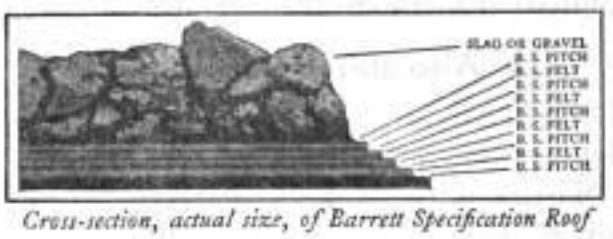
That Barrett Specification Roofs should be the virtually unanimous choice of the owners and architects of such buildings, is not surprising when you consider—

That we can name many roofs of this type that are in good condition after forty or more years of service. Their durability is *proved*, not estimated.

That they are *bonded* against maintenance expense. Barrett Inspection Service *during construction* insures strict compliance with the roofing specifications, and a 20- or 10-year Surety Company Bond absolutely protects the owner from all roof repair during the bonded period.

That moderate first cost and guaranteed freedom from maintenance make them the most economical roofs it is possible to build.

That they provide a degree of fire protection not exceeded by any other roof. Barrett Specification Roofs always take the base rate of fire insurance.



Cross-section, actual size, of Barrett Specification Roof

The Barrett Specification Type "AA" 20-Year Bonded Roof represents the most permanent roof covering it is possible to construct, and while we bond it for 20 years only, we can name many roofs of this type that have been in service over 40 years and are still in good condition.

Where the character of the building does not justify a roof of such extreme length of service, we recommend the Barrett Specification Type "A" Roof, bonded for 10 years. Both roofs are built of the same high grade materials, the only difference being in the quantity used.

Any roofing job of 50 squares or over in a town of 25,000 or more and *in smaller places where our Inspection Service is available*, can be protected by a Free Surety Bond issued by the U. S. Fidelity & Guaranty Company, of Baltimore.

Copies of The Barrett Specification sent free on request.

The Barrett Company

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Birmingham	Kansas City	Minneapolis	Dallas
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Washington	Johnstown	Lebanon	Youngstown
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Elizabeth	Buffalo	Baltimore	Omaha
Denver	Jacksonville		

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Barrett Specification Roofs Bonded 20 and Years

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(Continued from Page 54)

The main trouble was that he could
er being himself to nip any fault in an
ploye at the beginning, and do it in an
y, matter-of-fact manner. Hating dis-
l as he did, he would usually let the
't go on until it became unbearable.
n when his exasperation was strong
ugh to overcome his bashfulness he
ld cut loose and lambaste the offender
ler than necessary.

ne of the salesmen employed by the
g merchant in his attempt to build up
rganization was exceptionally efficient
had quite a following among the
ders of the city. When this salesman
ame into the young merchant's em-
he was a model of deportment and
esslike qualities. But after a while he
loped a fault. It was not a very
fault and if taken at its inception
ibly would not have gone far. It was
y that he got into the habit of slipping
d the establishment during business

trouble developed quite gradually.
st he invariably got the young mer-
's permission before leaving, and
ned each time just what personal
d called him out. Eventually, how-
he took to the habit of going out
it comment. The first time he did
e young merchant realized that he
to say something, but it was awk-
o call his fifty-dollar-a-week employe
o demand what he meant by leaving
t permission, and so he let it go,
g it might not occur again. Each
happened after that it was increas-
arder to assert his authority. The
e did was to act distant toward the
n when he returned, which had no
ial effect at all. As might be im-
this irregularity on the part of one
e did not tend to increase the effi-
of the others.

blow-up came one day when the
nt himself had to step out on some
and going around the corner hap-
o catch sight of his employe standing
igar counter of a drug store, enjoy-
oke and engaged in casual conver-
with the cigar salesman. Getting
his own establishment a little later
hant found all the clerks busy with
rs, the cigar smoker not yet re-
He had, perhaps, ten minutes in
o gather up all his exasperation
he salesman came in. Then the
t said in public what should have
d in private.

ou can't stay here and 'tend to
" he called loudly, "I guess you
er find another job. This is no
a bum!"

d not meant to make his language
strong, because he knew it was
is own fault; but the results were
e. The salesman resigned on the
o others quit at the end of the
d the remaining ones were openly
d because of the public humilia-
n their fellow worker. The mer-
credit for being a hard man to
when in reality he was too easy.

all-Town Competition

borne in on him that the qualities
d made for success in the home
e not enough to cope with the
of big business.
ed the ability to organize, to man-
so they would be a help instead
nse. A few months later he had
o unload his city establishment,
back to the home town, where
are more in keeping with his

stion of where to go comes up
to thousands of young men
from colleges into the profes-
o other thousands of young men
oking for likely places in which
mselves up in merchandising
. The general idea seems to be
hould go to some town where
t much competition in his par-
It is assumed that if one goes
newhere he will find some com-
t is just waiting for a man of his
talents—a new town out West
r one of the recently revived
laces.
s any community in the United
is not supporting its full quota
nal and business men I have
n across it. Usually, in fact,
h a surplus that a few are con-
ping over the edges.

Not long ago a chamber-of-commerce secretary in an Idaho town showed me a letter from an ambitious young dentist in an Eastern city. The letter stated that the writer was thinking of moving out West and locating in some growing community where his activities would not be hampered by competition. He wanted to know specifically whether any dentist had yet located in the Idaho town, and if not, how far it was to the nearest place that did maintain a dentist. It was evident that he wanted plenty of elbowroom.

The chamber-of-commerce secretary was obliged to tell the distressing truth in replying to the letter, even though it was his business to encourage new settlers. There were seven dentists in the town, he wrote, and three had recently left because there were not quite enough teeth in the community to be worked on.

A few years ago a friend of mine graduated in medicine from an Eastern university and decided he would go to a new town in Oklahoma, which someone told him was a coming place. With the assurance of youth he got married the day after graduation and took his wife to the new home for a wedding trip. He was a little dashed when he arrived there to find that eighteen other physicians had decided to seek their fortunes in the new town, which really made the community a little top-heavy in the medical profession, in as much as the total population was only two thousand people.

The Lawyer's Story

My friend stayed, both because he did not know where else to go and because he did not have enough money to travel much farther. In time the number of physicians gradually dwindled to half the original number and he got to earning a pretty fair income. He finally left, but it was for temperamental reasons and not because he did not do well. The one really wealthy citizen of the community had to have an operation for appendicitis, and instead of patronizing home industry he passed up the local talent and went to Kansas City to have himself operated on.

This happened several years ago and my friend can speak calmly about the incident now; but leaving that aside he says he would never again go to a new town with the idea of escaping competition. It is better, he claims, to go to a place that has already arrived, and to hit the ball as hard as possible, trusting that merit will tell in the long run.

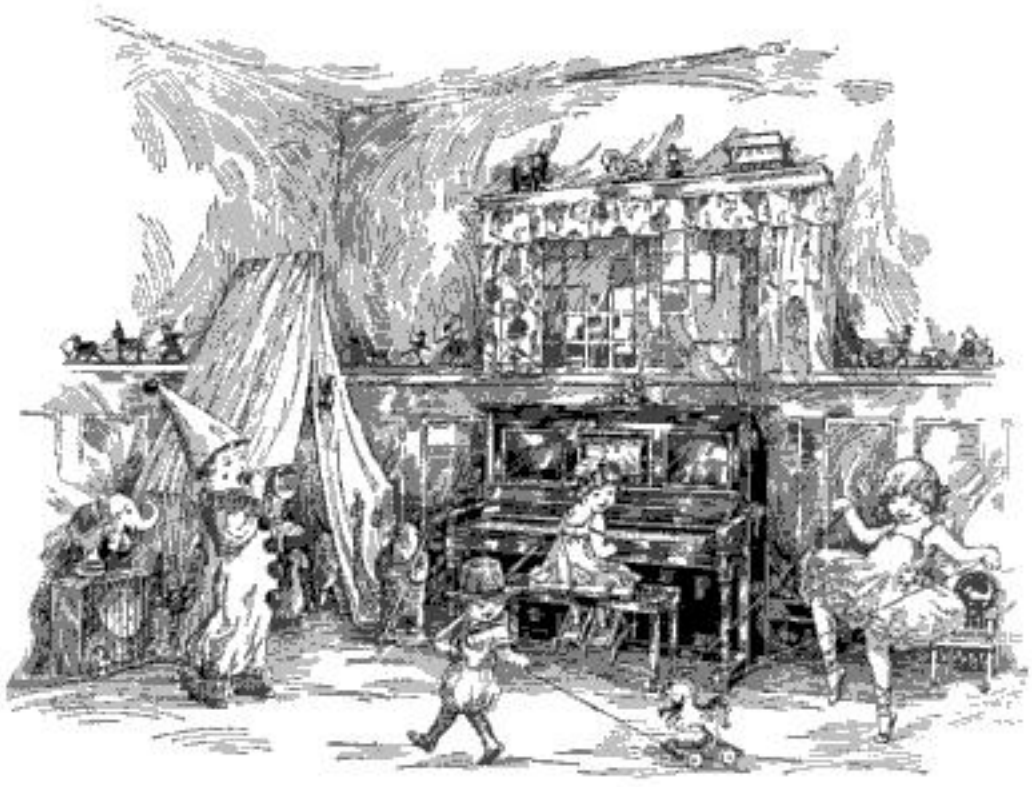
A good many big-city people are inclined to believe that it is easy to get along in a small town; that one can just drone along into prosperity without much effort. It would not be wise for anyone who believes that way to go to a small town and risk much of his money. The young merchant whom I described at the beginning of this article did, to be sure, go to the big town and make a fizzle, but that was because he lacked the particular quality of organization. In his home town he is just about as hard a competitor as one would want to find. It might be entirely possible that a man who had been successful in a large city could go to a small town and make just as bad a fizzle.

One of my own friends furnishes a case in point. He is a lawyer, connected with a financial institution in a Middle West metropolis, having charge of the legal end of the business and earning upwards of twenty thousand dollars a year. Before coming to the city he tried practicing in a small town and could not earn a living.

"I was just naturally a flivver in a small town," he told me. "For several years after I graduated from law school I worked with a legal firm in my native city, getting experience by doing the small jobs that came into the office. When I was about twenty-eight I decided I ought to strike out for myself.

"The home city seemed pretty well crowded with attorneys and I thought I would have a better chance in a newer and smaller place. The town I picked out for my operations had about eight thousand people and was in the center of a rich farming community. I went there, furnished a nice office in the main business building and sat down to wait for clients.

"I did not expect to have much of a rush the first year, and my expectations were quite realized. Somehow I could not get in touch with the life of the place. I am not a very good mixer. No matter how friendly I felt toward people I could not



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Into which are wrought the giver's loving thought"
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Get the facts
See Page 75



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show it in public. I could sit down alone with a man and be perfectly free and natural, but out on the street or around the courthouse I was about as natural as a boy in his first pair of long pants. I would have given anything to be able to walk down Main Street, waving my hand in a friendly way to acquaintances and calling them by their first names, but that was just the thing I could not do.

"I joined the chamber of commerce and two or three lodges, attending meetings regularly, with the thought that I would get an easier social manner by mixing more in the social life of the community. It didn't work. Whenever I tried especially hard to loosen up I felt I was making a spectacle of myself.

"Once I decided to make a particular effort. The occasion was the annual booster meeting of the chamber of commerce, and I went there resolved to be a hail fellow among my fellow citizens. During the business session I got on my feet two or three times to make sprightly speeches, and afterward at the social session I forced myself to go from group to group, heartily familiar with everyone. My efforts were not successful; it was not my rôle. I slapped an elderly banker on the back and he did not take it kindly. Two or three of the men whose hands I grasped warmly acted as though they suspected I was going to try to borrow money from them. Toward the end of the affair I overheard someone comment on my actions, observing that I must be lit up."

The Vanishing Rube

"Walking home alone that night I took stock of myself. Manifestly I was not fitted to make out in a small community, where success depended so largely on maintaining an easy social footing. I liked people, but I could not show it attractively. I told myself that if I were going to succeed I would have to get myself into some position where my work would count without any help from social graces which I did not possess. I figured that the best thing to do would be to get in with some corporation where I could do its legal work and come in contact with only a few men who would understand my limitations and appreciate the desire I really had for giving good service.

"I had to come to a big city to find such a niche. I managed to get a corporation position at a small salary, and have gradually worked up to a very good thing. I have got over a good deal of my self-consciousness, but even now I know I could not go to a small community and earn a living at my profession."

In spite of my lawyer friend's experience it must not be supposed that small-town success can be attained through easy geniality alone. Country people are no longer countrified. The rube passed away with the coming of the automobile and the picture show. The small-town business or professional man may get customers by his personality, but he can hold them only by delivering the goods.

It is a trite thing to say that automobiles have brought city and country closer together, but they have done more than that: they have made country people more sophisticated and less awed by the weight of great cities. No one who has seen the scurrying caravans of flivvers going westward across the waste places of Nevada or Arizona can think for a moment that their occupants will be in the least awed by the bigness of Los Angeles or San Francisco when they reach the Pacific rim. And when they get back home it is a foregone conclusion that they will hold their local business men to somewhat the same standards of efficiency that they have observed on their travels.

In big cities and little ones the job of achieving business success is becoming harder every day for those who are not willing to pay the price in hard work. It is increasingly important that a man shall find a place where he fits in best, so there will be as little lost motion as possible. Competition is too keen to be struggling against temperament all the time.

One of the phenomena of the last twenty years in the United States is the rise of the branch-manager profession. There have always, of course, been nation-wide concerns which maintained branches throughout the country, but their number has vastly increased during the last couple of decades. Nowadays one can walk along the streets of Atlanta or Seattle, Dallas or Minneapolis, and see the same names on the windows of tall office buildings that meet the eye on Broadway or State Street.

To the average business man the management of one of these branch offices seems a pretty soft snap. The branch manager, it appears, is a business man without the ordinary business man's worries. He is surrounded with all the elements of authority in the way of elaborately fitted offices and competent help. He never has to worry over the coming month's rent; to meet his pay roll he merely has to go down to the bank and draw on the home office for the money.

But the branch manager's life has its troubles, just the same. The home office fixes him up comfortably, but it demands results in return. He is expected to send in business, not excuses. Ordinarily the home office fixes a certain quota which it believes a territory should produce, and it is simply up to the branch manager to get the business or get out. If a man shows he is capable of handling a big-town office he will eventually get a chance at one. Otherwise it is the small town for him.

Out in one of the large cities of the Pacific Northwest there is a young man who is a manager for one of the great credit agencies of the country, more than making good on the job. Up to a year or so ago he had been in charge of a small office where he had done pretty well, and the big job was given him as a tryout. The business of the branch had become run down through a series of unfortunate circumstances, and it was intimated to him that if he could bring it back to normal within six months he could have the office permanently; otherwise it was back to the sticks.

Full of the bright prospects thus unfolded before him he tackled the job with enthusiasm. He had made good in the small town mainly through his ability as a salesman, and he saw no reason why the big town should not yield to the same methods. He made up his mind that he would be no swivel-chair manager; the day after he took charge of the office he put on his fighting clothes and started out to show what his personal salesmanship could do.

His efforts brought almost immediate results. The business to which a credit agency caters is naturally among bankers and the larger commercial houses, and the young manager's friendly, convincing manner usually got him a hearing from executives of those concerns. During the first three months he put over enough new contracts to satisfy himself that he would surely make good in the big-town job.

A Bright Man's Mistake

But complications began to develop. In the credit-agency business the selling of a contract is only the beginning of a year of service to the firm which buys it. The new branch manager had not only sold a lot of contracts but he had sold himself. Invariably he had told each new customer that he would give personal attention to all calls for service, and the customers took him at his word. He had a competent office force under him, but the business men to whom he had sold contracts were not satisfied to have dealings with anyone but himself. If he happened to be out of the office when a telephone call was made the business man would leave word for him to call back; no one else in the office would do.

It was borne in on the new manager that he had bitten off a rather larger slice than he could chew. He could still go out and get new business, but when he tried it his customers complained that they had trouble in getting hold of him when they needed service. It frequently happened that he would meet a customer on the street who would insist that he go along to the customer's own office for a consultation which one of the clerks could have attended just as well.

This state of affairs naturally affected his office organization. Having little chance to assume responsibility his clerks began to avoid it when they did have a chance. At first when telephone calls were made for the manager they would inquire if someone else would not do as well; but later on this dwindled down to saying that the manager was not in and if the customer would leave his number they would tell the manager about it when he did come in.

He took stock of affairs and placed the blame where it belonged, which was on himself. He was, he reflected, trying to do things in a big city in a small-town way. In the small town his methods had been successful because the volume of business was limited and he had plenty of time to sell contracts and give the service as well. But in the city, with a heavy office expense and a dozen people on the pay roll, no one man's efforts could possibly produce enough to keep things going.

He worked himself out of his troubles in a rather ingenious way. Going down to the office one morning he announced to the assembled help that he felt pretty bad and believed he was in for a spell of sickness. He made out a list of prospects and gave it to his two outside men, telling them to call on all the firms listed and try their best to sell new contracts. He instructed the office help to tell all telephone callers that the manager was unavoidably absent but that all information and service would be given as accurately as usual. Then he went home and pretended to be sick for a week.

The plan worked quite well. For the first time he had put responsibility squarely up to his assistants and left them to meet it. The customers who were in the habit of demanding his personal attention learned that they could get service even though he was not there to give it. For the first time he had accomplished something in the way of organization. At the end of the six months' probation he had satisfied the home office that he was capable of running a big-town business. What he said in the conclusion is, I think, pretty good philosophy for business men as well as for salesmen.

How a Banker Made Good

"The man who sells his own personality too strong," he commented, "will never very far in big company. I thought I was doing wonders when I made myself solid with customers that they felt they were doing business with me instead of with the concern. In reality I was limiting myself.

"Then there is the firm's standpoint as well. Almost every day in my relations with business men I hear of salesmen who apply for positions and advance the statement that they have a personal following which they can carry to any firm which employs them. In the first place, they can't usually deliver as many customers as they think they can. In the second place, if they decide to quit they can take only as many customers as they brought in.

It is manifest that if a man is ambitious to get into big business he ought first to take stock of himself to see if he has organizing capacity, because he will not go far without it.

The young merchant whose experience I related fell down in his city operation because he did not have the faculty of handling his clerks so they would produce a profit. But organization does not always consist in handling help. Primarily it is an ability to do the big things efficiently and getting other people to do the little things efficiently.

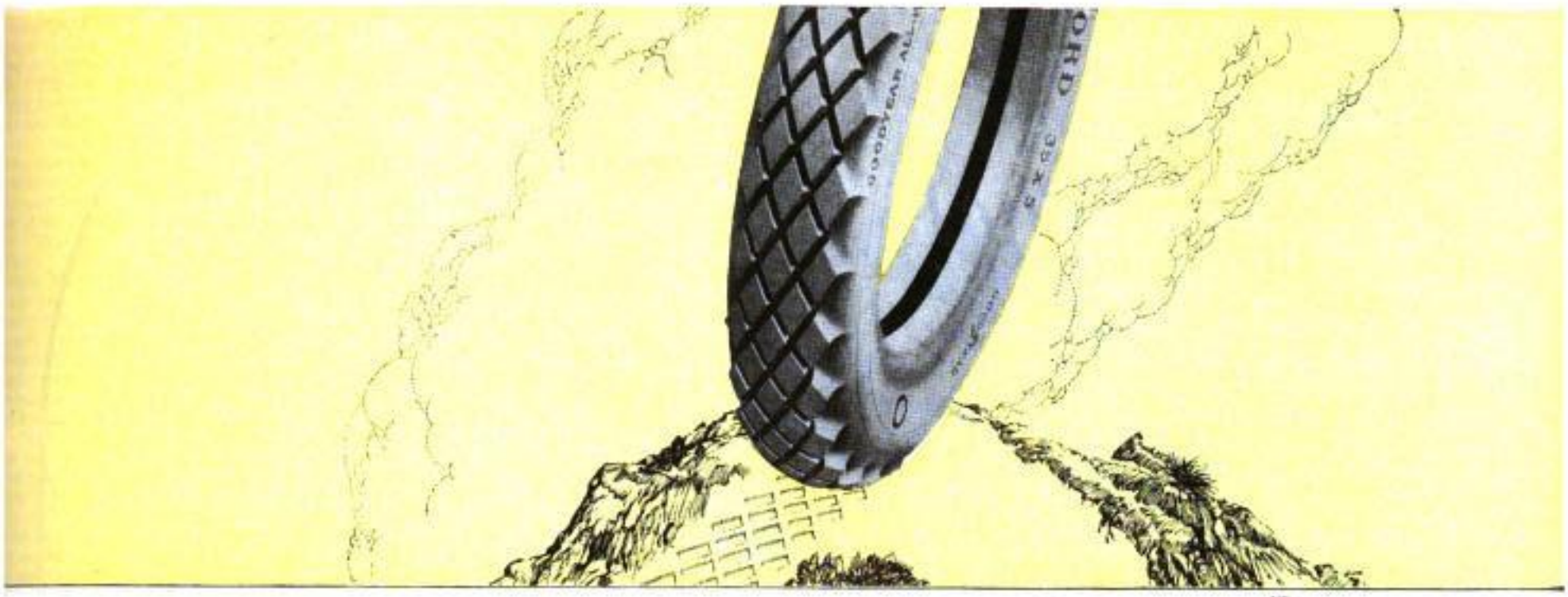
A couple of years ago a banker acquaintance of mine in a small town was offered one of the responsible positions in a large city institution at a salary that could hardly be resisted. He accepted, and has made good in a big way. I saw him recently and made bold to ask him how he had done it. I could not understand, I told him, how he could have learned enough about the big bank's customers in such a time to pass on loans intelligently. "The new proposition," I reminded him, "is so different from the situation in his old home town, where he had a first-name acquaintance with practically every depositor."

"First-name acquaintance isn't a thing," he responded energetically. "The only real bad bust I ever pulled off was in the old home town, when I made a loan to a fellow I used to go in swimming with when we were boys together. I didn't get any interest on the loan, to say nothing about the principal."

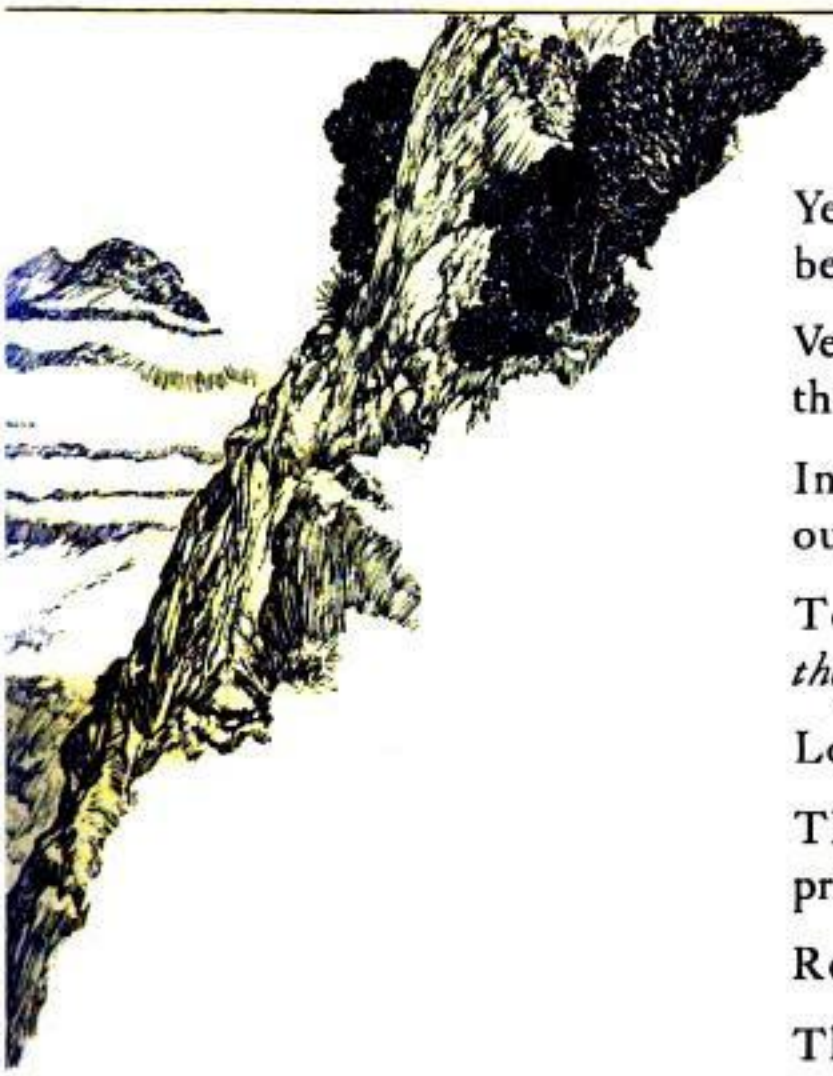
I was sorry to have brought up such a disagreeable a memory, and made haste to state that every man ought to have at least one bad bust in his past as a warning against future indiscretions. But what I wanted to get at was this: In the small-town bank his customers came into the private office and laid their wants before him, face to face. He knew all about them personally as well as financially. He could on the spot he could say yes or no. But coming as a stranger into a big-city institution he could not have this intimate knowledge. It would take years to acquire it. How could he pass on loans without it?

(Continued on Page 61)

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(Continued from Page 58)

big-city banker never does have first-hand knowledge of his cus- hat the country banker does," he d. "That is the main difference city and country banking."

mean, then," I persisted, "that anker has to rely on credit-agency lone when he puts out his money? personal note doesn't enter into ransactions?"

't mean that at all," the banker . "The big-city banker has to every phase of his loans just as does his country contemporary, the personality of the man who orrowing. The only difference is small-town banker gets his in- through personal contact. The nker cannot do that. He has got e his sources of information.

k I can explain it from my own . When I first got into the bank- ss in my home town we were a community. By the time I got der I knew every man, woman in the place. If a storekeeper the bank and asked for a line of uld tell him to bring in his books see them. I knew how much paying and how much business o do in proportion to his ex- could look in his charge book well as the merchant himself of the charges were good and would have to be crossed off the end of the year. With the e it was the same way. A man in from the country and say he borrow a hundred dollars and el mortgage on a span of mules

walk around to the wagon yard ok at the animals to see if they rth the money. I knew already s record; if he was the kind of uld not substitute a less desir- mules in case of a crisis, I took the bank with me and gave ey.

town grew, and with it the usiness we did in the bank. any longer spare the time to make these personal first-hand investigations. I had to form an organization that could do the work for me. I had a man who understood the mercantile business and trusted his judgment in reporting on the condition of merchants who wanted loans, and another man who knew farming problems to get me information about country borrowers. All I had to do then was to go over any information they brought me; I could come to an intelligent decision on any problem in ten minutes, where before it might have taken me half a day.

"My own earning capacity was of course increased in proportion. Somehow the board of directors of this city institution learned that I had a capacity for making a profit out of other people's work, and I suppose that is the reason they made me the offer to come here. My work is exactly the same as I had developed it in the home town, only it is carried on in wider compass. I don't have to know the people who borrow from us. I only have to know that the man I send to get information has sound judgment."

The banker turned to his desk and showed me a sheaf of papers.

"There is an example right here," he said. "A bank in the Texas cattle country wants a hundred thousand dollars from us and has sent us a bunch of its own customers' notes as security. I suppose these notes are all good; but it is my duty to make sure of it. Among the lot there is, for instance, a note signed by a cattleman who has given a chattel mortgage on a thousand steers as security. Right now I have a man looking over that bunch of steers. If he reports that they are not in good shape, or if there is any doubt about their being worth the loan, I shall write the Texas bank to send us another customer's note backed up by other security. I can't go to Texas to look after the safety of my loans, but I can pick out men who are capable of doing such things.

"I guess that is about all there is to it. If I didn't have the organizing faculty I should have no business running the affairs of a big-city institution. The place for me would be in a small town, where I could look after everything personally."

erybody's Business

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

ost of Letter Writing

t you prepare a story dealing high cost of writing a business subject that very few people out. Nine executives out of opinion that the average cost ordinary, everyday business n amounts to only a trifling y not more than two or three s the actual charges in- e majority of concerns in amount to a figure that is rge."

the remarks of one of my y, and as a result I started ns of others concerning the riting.

n of whom I inquired replied know exactly what it cost in te a letter of average length e, but he felt sure that the o more than four or five f that much. Several other stimated the cost of writing ywhere from four to twelve f them had made a careful o of course they were only r I met a government offi- iven close attention to the as even then working on a correspondence charges in nost recent analysis showed of writing a letter in his ington was slightly in ex- , and it was his opinion that ad obtained along this line than those in most other ces.

inary inquiries were suffi- e on a search for more de- ite information, and I am of the facts discovered will to business men in general s encourage many of them research of their own. are good or bad, there is one problem that is ever deserving of close attention, and that is ways and means to decrease the cost of doing business. Letter writing, as will be shown, is an item of no small consequence.

Fact Number One is: Most business houses do not consider the cost of producing their letters at all, the popular impression being that the two-cent stamp affixed to the envelope represents the greatest item of expense aside from the stenographer's salary.

Fact Number Two is: The firms which have gone into the matter of letter writing on a so-called scientific-cost-analysis basis differ materially in the items of overhead charged against the stenographic department. Many smaller companies employ only two or three stenographers, and these are partly engaged in other office routine, such as filing, ledger work, and the like.

Frequently in such cases the stenographic and transcribing work is considered as only an important part of the day's work, and therefore these companies do not feel that it is necessary to isolate costs incurred in the production of letters.

Where stenographers are kept steadily at work dictating and transcribing letters the element of cost assumes quite significant proportions. One large banking house in the financial district of New York City, on examining the problem, made the startling discovery that each letter represented an actual financial outlay of forty cents. This particular concern pays its stenographers comparatively high salaries, uses expensive stationery and occupies quarters for which it pays a large rental.

One of the large insurance companies does much better than this, its analyzed cost of producing letters being sixteen cents apiece for the stenographic method and eleven cents apiece for the dictating-machine method. These figures represent the averages for an entire year. The interesting point in this comparison is that the



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U. S. Pat. No. 1,135,727, April 13, 1915, U. S. Pat. No. 1,216,139, Feb. 13, 1917, Other Patents Pending

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great difference in the cost of producing letters by the banking house and the insurance company is probably due to the fact that the financial institution pays its stenographers straight salaries, while the insurance company pays its girls, who use dictating machines when transcribing, one-half cent a line based on sixty spaces to the line, the date, salutation and close of the letter counting as two lines.

It is rather unusual for typists to be paid on a line basis when employed regularly by some business house, and so far as I can discover there is but one other large corporation in New York City that pays its typists on this same basis or rate of one-half cent a line. Both of these corporations use dictating machines.

It appears to be an established fact that in the larger concerns, where considerable typing and correspondence are performed, dictating machines are fast supplanting the old-time stenographer with notebook and pencil. One large educational institution which employs thirty-seven operators, both stenographers and typists, has analyzed its production of letters and learned that the notebook operator produces but 300 lines a day as against 800 turned out daily by the typists working with dictating machines. It should not be inferred from this, however, that the machines excel in all cases. The notebook stenographer remains supreme in certain fields. Many executives use code or paragraph systems in handling their correspondence, and in such cases prefer the personal touch whereby they can hand over the letters from correspondents, at the same time commenting briefly and privately on the nature of the reply to be written. Thousands of executives do no more than indicate in a few words the kind of an answer each letter is to have, and the stenographer is expected to frame the reply accordingly. But for routine work in a large corporation the mechanical devices for receiving and repeating dictation undoubtedly possess advantages.

Interesting facts resulted from one examination of a large Eastern corporation, where it was found that four notebook stenographers had all they could do to take the dictation of twelve men, while five typists using the reproducing-machine method turned out with ease the dictation of sixty men. This same investigation disclosed that the average stenographer writes twenty-two letters a day, while the busy dictating-machine operator turns out sixty-five.

A large automobile-manufacturing concern in making an analysis of its correspondence costs found that the expense incurred in writing an average letter totaled nearly nineteen cents. This company sends out approximately 5000 letters a day, and employs both stenographers and dictating-machine operators. Sixty to eighty correspondents are employed, either whole or part time, and there is a transcribing force of twenty-five girls utilized to write letters from machine dictation. Assuming that a half-page letter was the average length of the company's written communications, the following costs were compiled for letters transcribed from dictating machines:

Mail room	$0.002
Dictation	.09
Cylinders, Letterheads, Envelopes, Carbon paper, Copy sheet	.0073
Typewriter—interest, depreciation, repairs	.0005
Dictating machine—interest, depreciation, repairs	.0015
Transcribing	.045
Supervision	.005
Space, heat, light, power	.016
Filing	.002
Postage	.02
Total	$0.1893

As before stated, the foregoing costs cover the charges resulting when dictating machines are used. The company in question found that in its stenographic work, where such machines are not used, most

items of cost are practically the same both methods, only the cylinders and cost, interest, depreciation and repairs the reproducing machines being The investigation showed that stenographic work the cost of transcri is doubled when machines are and of course the charge for floor is likewise doubled. These charges the stenographic costs about $0.24 letter written from shorthand compared with $0.1893 with reproducing machines.

In arriving at the results stated the vestigators included collections from deliveries to the post office in the main costs. These also included the labor in handling incoming mail, opening and distributing. Much difficulty experienced in getting an average figure cover dictation costs, because some respondents are very slow, while others tate rapidly. Furthermore, it was sary to arrive at a figure that approximate an average salary for who dictate letters. As to the phonograph cylinders, this was worked on the basis that each cylinder would tain 800 letters. In the matter of scribing it was assumed that a business letter contains fifteen square inches, includes the date, name, address and tation. It was further estimated that average typist costs thirty cents square inches of work done, and that out at about $0.045 for each letter cost of supervision includes clerical shaving records and the distribution collection of letters and cylinders charge for space, heat, light and power based on an assumed cost of forty square foot annually, and the space for dictation, transcription, filing and ing was estimated to be about square feet, or the equivalent of a room each side of which would be mately 155 feet. The filing cost based on the handling of 1000 pieces by each clerk.

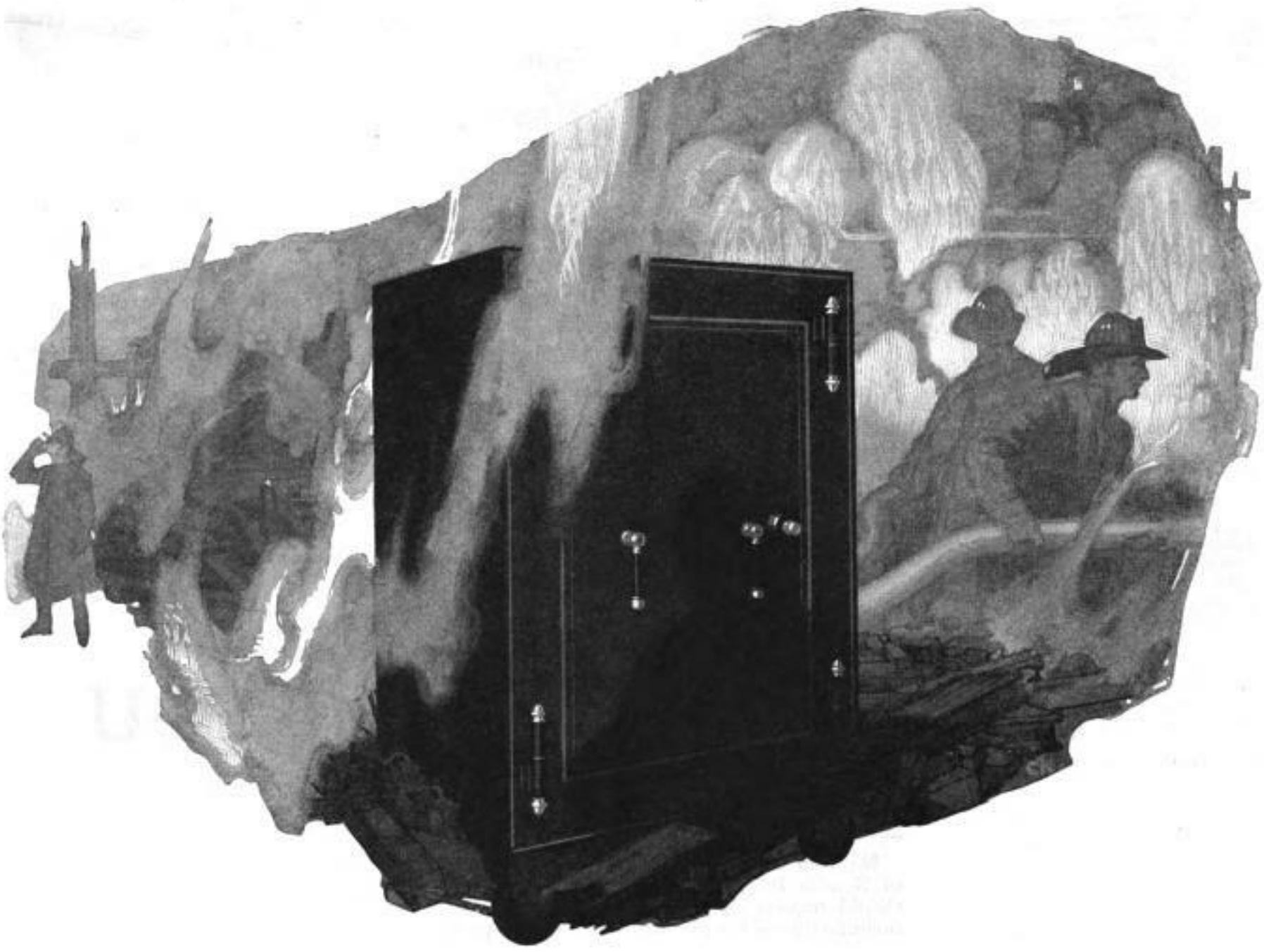
In every analysis of this sort essential that the company making investigation shall carefully consider program that will call for an investigation of each and every item that should charged under the head of correspondence. The insurance company earlier alluded which went exhaustively into the charges against each operator's desk chair, typewriter, floor space (costing so much a square foot, salary, locks, lockers. In departments where dictating machines are employed the cost the machine is added. This machine charges only $2.25 a year for this floor feet of floor space, which obviously usually low. It is able to write a low charge for floor space because company owns its own building.

One authority arrives at the conclusion that if we consider only the of a very large corporation which out several thousand letters each day that if we further assume that in instance the reproducing machine quickest method and has a value of 100 per cent, then analysis shows that book dictation is 80 per cent efficient soft pencil 70 per cent, fountain pen selected point 65 per cent, improperly pointed pens 55 per cent, while the fashioned steel pen for letter writing 40 per cent efficient, as compared results obtained when a mechanical tating device is employed.

Few business men know what it costs to write the routine letters turned out each day. This is especially true matter of sales letters, which are produced in such large volume. Many tives will contend that their letters only five or six cents each, where would carefully investigate the matter take into consideration the many expense which they have never charged the cost of letter writing, they would astonished by the results of their At any rate, here is a subject about and experiment with in the of slackened trade. If it costs two to write a letter, no wonder the lines are congested with business



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er—
mplete Fire
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igger busi-
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arvin Safe
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E TROUBLES OF THE HOUSE

(Continued from Page 7)

even know what is going on be-
yes when the House is in session.
nearly as ignorant of what it's
ind of what it means as are the
he galleries.
f them make no effort whatever
he merits of a question for them-
their efforts are devoted to cock-
ars to the demands of people
districts. That is why the or-
mands of small special interests
receive more attention in Con-
he unorganized and inarticulate
the majority. Many congress-
ot big enough to find out by
ental efforts what it is that their
it to have. The frantic efforts
hese men to force on his con-
e things that he thinks they
d of the things they ought to
it on a par with a mother who
-year-old child eat his fill of
nes, mince pie, chocolate creams
s. Such a mother, according
ing authorities on child life,
confined in some institution
ould do no more harm. The
oes for the boob congressman.
tely they are almost never
institutions; and the system
is such that if they succeed
here for a sufficient length of
e automatically placed at the
mittees. This is the celebrated
em, which isn't so bad a sys-
f people think it is. One of the
arguments against the senior-
that it can be compared to
iness concern, like the Steel
elevating a dub bookkeeper
n of plant manager because
vith the company six months
a much more capable man.
s argument is justified. More
for the oldest member of a
point of service is, in the
most valuable. The only
g, arduous and disagreeable
tuffy confines of committee
ncement as a result of faith-
he hope of advancement is
average committeeman be-
s enthusiastic over his work
ut would be.

at Public Opinion

ly, however, a perfect speci-
o family succeeds in staying
a sufficient length of time
ead of a committee that is
a matter that touches the
tbook or something equally
der his leadership the com-
ly does the wrong thing.
he wrong time. Or else it
thing when it ought to be
id things. It squirms and
des, and everybody hates
d searing intensity. Every-
t of the one boob who has
s a little longer than the
ight be twenty experts on
but none of them could
n or make him change his

two or three boob com-
and so-called leaders, the
ntatives frequently makes
elf. On a Wednesday it is
sure. On Thursday morn-
ttack it violently for its
inent citizens write vitri-
eir congressmen. On Fri-
it changes its mind and
st the measure. But it
e to come out firmly. It
ure in such a raw and
that in order to make it
he Senate must tinker it
s, and finally accept the
ak spots.
this lack of courage is as
ongressman wants to stay
casionally a man comes
s to run for reëlection.
however, are rare. Gen-
very congressman wants
ss. Sometimes he wants
t makes him feel impor-
he wants to stay because
oney, and sometimes he
ecause the only way in
r hope to become an in-
man is to stick in Con-
vay in which he can stay

beyond his first two-year term is to be reëlected for another two-year term. Consequently every congressman is trying to be reëlected. A few sometimes deliberately vote for measures that they believe their constituents ought to have but that their constituents do not want. But the majority of them will vote for almost anything under the sun that their constituents seem to demand.

That is the reason for the great success of the propagandists, better known as organized minorities, with Congress. If any group of people can so organize themselves and so bring pressure to bear on any congressman that he is persuaded they represent the sentiment of his district he will almost invariably vote for what they ask. If a society were to be formed in this country to force every girl between the ages of thirteen and seventeen to wear light coffee-colored stockings and shoes, and if this society were able to persuade five thousand persons in each congressional district to write to their congressman insisting that said stockings and shoes be worn by all girls, there would be at least three hundred and seventy-five members of the House to think that these messages represented a great popular demand. In trembling voices they would assure one another that if they didn't accede to the demand their names in the next election would be Mud or something worse.

Unless an organized opposition were made to the nuts who advocated coffee-colored stockings and shoes some wild-eyed flitterbrain would introduce a bill making these things compulsory for flappers and novitiate flappers, and the bill would pass.

The Power of Minorities

What bothers these congressmen is how a measure will affect them, not how it will affect their people or the nation. Yet for some peculiar reason a majority of the men in the House of Representatives are unable to distinguish between the true sentiment of their districts and the fake sentiment represented by a few hundred letters from the members of an interested organization. Consequently they are perpetually voting for what they think are popular measures in order to get votes in the next election, only to find that they could have voted the other way without damaging their chances for reëlection at all.

Viscount Bryce, one of the keenest and most dispassionate observers of American politics, wrote of Congress that "in the handling of national finance it is alternately narrow-minded in its parsimony and extravagant in its efforts to propitiate some class or locality. The monstrous waste of money on war pensions, a waste for which both parties are almost equally to blame, was prompted by mere vote-catching." A perfect sample of this same procedure may be seen in the recent attempt of the House to cut expenses by reducing the size of the Army and Navy to a point that imperiled the national defense, and its determination at the same time to pass a bonus bill that would leave the great American taxpayer as bruised as though he had passed over Niagara Falls in a butter firkin.

The efforts of congressmen to "propitiate some class or locality," as noted by Viscount Bryce, has resulted in the formation of legislative blocs—the proper definition of bloc, in this sense, being "the small offspring of large blockheads." Even foreign governments are waking up to the delightful opportunities opened up to them by the extreme and ever-present eagerness of American congressmen to propitiate some class or locality; and the logical outcome of this bloc and blockhead business in the not distant future is a House of Representatives made up of many separate blocs, all blocking vigorously in different directions, in the manner of corresponding legislative bodies in several European countries.

The proceedings of these European legislative bodies, in which no single bloc or party is large enough to control a majority, are very like large and successful dog fights. The sounds that come from them are dog-fight sounds; and the results obtained by them are about as valuable.

A recent Chicago Tribune dispatch stated: "The activities of foreign diplomats in the United States in lining up the nationals of their respective countries for organizing solid



TO write that two twenty-five dollar machines can save almost $4,000 a year may seem an exaggeration. Yet this was the experience of a large New Jersey plant which purchased two Clipper Belt Lacers. Following are figures supplied by the cost equipment engineer:

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votes in American political campaigns is being freely discussed in European circles. . . . The Italians, Greeks, Germans, Poles and Czecho-Slovaks all are engaged in consolidating their former nationals to vote solidly henceforth."

Thus, in time, unless the members of the House improve in character and backbone, the people of the country will be edified by an I.W.W. Bloc sitting at the extreme left of the House, a Parlor Bolshevik Bloc sitting next, a Daylight Saving Bloc next; and then, scattered indiscriminately in the auditorium, a Czecho-Slovak Bloc, an Anti-Bobbed-Hair Bloc, an Italian Bloc, a Hotel Owners Bloc, a Steamship Bloc, a Filipino Independence Bloc, a Polish Bloc, a Three Per Cent Beer Bloc, a German Bloc, a Bootleggers' Bloc, a Russian Refugee Bloc, an Unrestricted Immigration Bloc, a Flivver Owners' Bloc, a New York City Bloc, a Lithuanian Bloc, an Esthonian Bloc, a Theatrical Managers' Bloc, and what not. The only thing lacking will be a Native-American Bloc.

It is a generally accepted fact that the country gets about what it deserves in the line of representation. When a city, for example, elects a cheap, ignorant, blatant ass as its mayor the city deserves that sort of mayor. This is a country of majority rule; and if the majority insists on picking stupid, incompetent men, then the majority is uneducated, incompetent and stupid as well. And it might be remarked in passing that if the majority is not fit to determine its own policies popular government is a failure.

The same thing holds true in the matter of congressmen. If a congressional district has picked a lightweight or a fatheaded or a poorly balanced congressman, and has kept returning him to Congress for such a long time that he has become, through the seniority system, an important committee chairman whose ideas and decisions must be accepted by the whole House, then the majority of people in that congressional district that elected him are incompetent dubs and fatuous hoddydoddies.

Stay-at-Home Voters

There is a ward in Boston, a city once noted as a center of culture and refinement, whose blue-stockinged residents read the Transcript nightly with religious fervor, and rail bitterly against the low quality of the men who have been known to obtain a foothold in Boston's city government. Yet these people can be depended on for only one thing on election day: They can be depended on to stay away from the polls. They are even worse—men and women, too—than the gullible folk who vote for a man because he has pretty hair or a rich mellifluous voice and makes lots of pretty promises; or than the ignorant naturalized Americans who vote for a man because the boss told 'em to; or than the other dolts who vote for a congressman merely because he supplies vegetable seeds or is a pension getter. They know how to vote for good men, and then don't do it. They deserve exactly what they receive in the matter of bad government. Boston is not alone in this respect. Every American city has a similar ward.

As has been said, there are four hundred and thirty-five members of the House, and that's at least two hundred too
Once upon a time the House had a
able number of members. If a
wished to do so he had a fair
introduce legislation and debate it.
before the Civil War the House
hundred and forty-three members.
it had two hundred and ninety-three
bers. There were three hundred and
two in 1880, three hundred and fifty
in 1890, three hundred and ninety-
1900, and four hundred and thirty-
1910.

The increases come about
rapid increase in population of the
try. Following each census
that Maine, for example, hasn't
that New York has added a few
people with the assistance of
and other matters. So Congress,
that each congressman should
equal number of people, orders
shall keep her old number of
but that New York shall have
congressmen to take care of her
population.

There is another way out of it
she can order that New York
her old number of congressmen,
Maine shall drop one of her four
so that the proper ratio of
population shall be preserved.
men are very reluctant to vote
of their members, however, on the
of Drop not that ye be not

Bourke Cockran's Comp

The result of a legislative body
of four hundred and thirty-five
little short of ghastly. In order
business transacted it passes rules
vent its members from talking
delaying the proceedings. All
centrated in the hands of a few
are known as leaders, which
name for boss. These leaders
House. They say what legislation
considered and who shall be
speak on it. Sometimes vital
shoved through the House in
time, the result being that
House nor the nation has a chance
them the careful thought that
have.

The distinguished and eloquent
from New York, Mr. Bourke
emitted a wild howl of protest
"I know of nothing more
declared, "than the condition
to-day. It has virtually ceased
legislative body.

"It is allowed to do nothing
or no upon proposals formulated
Committee on Rules under
preclude the offering of an
any member, with the result
tion of momentous importance
through this body by methods
more of comic opera than of
mental procedure."

And now the House leaders,
having repeatedly admitted
wieldy size of the House increases
ism, discourages individual
concentrates the work and
House in a few hands—hands
quently incompetent—wish to
numbers again and give it a

(Continued on Page



PHOTO. BY HERBERT W. GLEASON, BOSTON, MASS.

Iris Falls on Bechler River in the Yellowstone National Park

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Clipper Ships and Copper Roofs



Their great day over, the fine old clipper ships are still doing service. Bowsprits gone, only the stumps of lower masts left, laden with coal, they obediently follow sea-going tugs up and down the coast.

"These old vessels, after fifty years' service, will stand four times as much as new barges. They were *built*," said the old sea captain recently.

"I'd rather go to sea today in a clipper ship made into a coal barge than in the finest, brand-new carrier afloat."

"This is a Copper spike from the old J. B. Walker. Exposed to salt water for fifty years and *it's as good as ever.*"

—From a newspaper interview

The same old metal, Copper the Everlasting, is serving mankind today as it has for ages.

Yesterday, the Copper spike—"Exposed to salt water for fifty years, it is as good as ever."

Today, Copper is giving the same expense-proof service in the Copper roof (in shingles, standing seam, or any style you prefer), in Copper spouting, in Copper flashing, in Copper wire screening, and—as the principal constituent of the alloys Brass and Bronze—in Brass plumbing and in Brass and Bronze hardware.

Use *Copper,* and fifty years from now you will say, as the old sea captain said, "It's as good as ever."

Copper, Brass and Bronze are cheaper because you pay for them only ONCE.

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An illustrated book of helpful suggestions entitled "How to Build a Better Home."

Fill out the accompanying blank and mail it now.



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Building Service Dept., 25 Broadway, N. Y.

Please send me without charge my copy of your book, "How to Build a Better Home."

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Scripps-Booth
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Studebaker
Saxon



Never Limp In On a "Flat"

The carcass chewed to pieces—the tube shredded—the car's life shortened by jarring—the trip spoiled . . a terrific expense that Locktite would have forestalled.

In two minutes (without tools) it permanently mends any cut, puncture, blowout or casing break, no matter how large.

It's far better to say "I'm glad I did" than "I wish I had." Order Locktite from your dealer today.

Reinforcing Makes It Strongest

Locktite's patented construction holds the cut tightly together—no stretching apart. The tube is strongest at repair. Complete Kit—enough patch for 25 ordinary repairs—Locktite Cement and Emery Buffer, 50c.

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TIRE PATCH
Sold by all Good Dealers
including all Ford dealers

AN IDEAL GIFT



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The trade-mark of "the Bee" represents the very highest attainment in the construction of

Opera Glasses
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Elegance, Beauty and Optical Accuracy
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153 West 23rd Street, New York City

It will take you a few minutes to read it, but it's well worth your time—for you owe it to yourself to have the right kind of pipe tobacco.

Get the facts
See Page 75

(Continued from Page 66)

of four hundred and sixty. At the present time a roll call takes twenty-five minutes; and when the Democrats are trying to keep the Republicans from getting to what they consider an offensive piece of legislation they raise points of order and points of no quorum that necessitate seven or eight roll calls in slow and stately succession. If the House increases its membership many more times the roll call will take all day and leave no time in which to do business.

The leaders' argument in favor of the increase is that twenty-five members more or less won't make any difference. The same old whiskered argument has been used ever since the membership of the House passed three hundred, and has always been true, because even a membership of three hundred is too large to permit intelligent deliberation. Their real reasons are that the twenty-five new members will strengthen the hold of the party in the House, and that some of the boys want to come back to Congress instead of staying back home and earning their living in the old, tiresome, humdrum way. Congressman Nelson, of Wisconsin, blew the lid neatly from the latter group of serious thinkers in the following cold and unenthusiastic manner:

"My first proposition is that to evade the Constitution is the chief purpose of this apportionment bill. Article 1, section 2, provides for an 'apportionment according to number' and a 'census every ten years.' It is to evade this section that the House membership is increased. The mischief behind this evasion consists first of self-interest. This self-interest arises because of the change of population. Thus at the present time the states of Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Maine, Mississippi, Missouri, Nebraska, Rhode Island and Vermont, having failed to keep pace in population, will each lose one member—Missouri, two—to other states that have moved ahead in population. The members from these states are keenly affected by anticipated loss of their seats. No one knows beforehand who will be the victim. These generally group themselves together, therefore, to evade the Constitution by increasing the membership. Self-interest appeals to fellow members for sympathy and aid. Usually this sympathy is successfully worked, and always self-interest seeks the aid of political expediency. The claim is put forward that by the increase of membership party success in various forms will be promoted; so that a most powerful group is thus organized with self-interest at the center, supported by the evils of partiality and of political expediency."

As the House has increased in membership its members have shrunk in stature. In the good old days the House used to be as important as the Senate—if not more so. Everybody recognizes that practically all congressmen, in the districts that they represent, are prominent and important and popular men. In Washington, as the House has increased in size the individual members have diminished in importance until even congressmen themselves frequently moan that a congressman ranks below almost every other form of human life in popular estimation.

The country at large knows only two or three representatives by reputation. Visitors to the House Gallery know about Joe Cannon because of his past exploits. They know about Nick Longworth, not because of the very high ability which he really possesses, but because he married President Roosevelt's daughter. They know about Volstead, because his name is attached to the well-known act that put the teeth in the Prohibition Amendment. They know about Bourke Cockran because of his golden tongue. But they stare in uncomprehending silence or ask blankly "Who's he?" when their guides point out to them such persons as Jim Mann, of Illinois; Martin Madden, of Illinois; Philip P. Campbell, of Kansas; Simeon D. Fess, of Ohio; Joe Walsh, of Massachusetts; Sydney Anderson, of Minnesota; Frank Greene, of Vermont; Joseph Fordney, of Michigan; Frank Mondell, of Wyoming; Frederick H. Gillett, of Massachusetts, the Speaker of the House; Finis J. Garrett, of Tennessee; Edward Pou, of North Carolina; James F. Byrnes, of South Carolina; Joseph Byrns, of Tennessee; Sam Rayburn, of Texas; Charles R. Crisp, of Georgia; or William A. Oldfield, of Arkansas. Yet the latter gentlemen, with the addition of Bourke Cockran, of New York, and Nick Longworth, of Ohio, are leaders of the House. Few in the galleries ever k... of Samuel E. Winslow, of Massach... or John Q. Tilson, of Connecticut; o... Wingo, of Arkansas; or Walter M... Virginia; yet these are men who are r... rising to leadership.

One of the reasons for this entire l... knowledge concerning the House ... part of the general public lies in t... that during the war and during th... on the League of Nations all the int... debates on the great issues of the d... place in the Senate. The W... newspaper correspondents have a p... habit of hanging around the place... the important news can be found; ... a result most of them persisted in ... around the Senate. The House w... and of little general interest; ... kept away from it. This state of ... went on for more than four ye... years during which senators got ... advertising and representatives g... tically none at all. At the pres... however, the House, poor as it is, ... ning to look better than the Senate. ... Washington correspondents are ... back to the House press gallery ... while; so there is hope that the H... be better advertised in the near f...

There are lots of things the ma... the House. Its members busy th... in the playing of little politic... good things because the other p... poses them, and supporting thi... good in order to further the in... their party. It is handicapped ... large Republican majority, say ... ones. A majority is never just r... it isn't too small it's too large. T... with a large majority seems to be ... too difficult of control by the par... so that blocs spring into existe... ance of party policies. Then th... are too weak. When leaders are ... ing everyone by being too weak ... distressing the country by being ... And so it goes; if it isn't one ... another. And chief of all its troub... to be those boneheaded Americ... who persist in sending so many ... to Congress.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a s... cles by Mr. Roberts. The next will ... early issue.

THE ONE-MAN WORLD

(Continued from Page 23)

Framer's eyes glittered, his face twitched with curiosity. "Some secret!" he said, not at all disconcerted. "But, of course, it's your business."

He left within a few minutes and Wick locked the door, glowering. Framer had indeed discovered him working out his formula a year or so ago, but that record once written out and memorized had been destroyed; the one Framer had glimpsed to-night had been drawn up to convince Morley, in case argument unsupported by evidence failed to draw him into the scheme.

Wick glowered as he locked the door, but after a few moments with his cigar in his favorite chair, admitted: "Serves me right for getting caught; even friends are spies. This is a one-man world." Yes, it was a one-man world.

Wick's father, endowed with good business capacity and during certain periods prosperous, had often been seized with a mania for taking chances. Sometimes it would be at downright gambling; again he would plunge on mercantile ventures regarded as legitimate by business men. Wick had a dreadful remembrance of his mother, who had no peace of mind or pleasure during a prosperous period, but was always a careworn, shivering creature, confidently awaiting the upset which always came. Three times during those years, clinging to her skirts as a little fellow or standing by her side when half grown, Wick had seen his father enter, throwing up his hands.

"All gone!" the latter would say with that gesture of defeat. Small wonder that Wick had his one fierce resolve to give his life stability. "Security" was his watchword; and his a one-man world.

He was assured that the business he was going into with Morley would pay its twenty-four thousand a year till the end of time. He never had any reason to doubt it, and that same business guarantees the same return on a six-thousand-dollar investment to this day. However, with characteristic caution Wick had mapped his life with two highways across it; while traveling one he would not neglect to keep the other open.

Being now on guard against Framer he contrived a means to appease him; curiosity was after all so profitless a pursuit that no man could or would indulge it at the expense of money and effort.

Profitless, idle? Yet as some are born to explore the farthest earth or heavens, so some are indefatigable explorers of other people's business.

II

THE sky line of Midwest City's business district floated in the grays of October dawn; the crests of the elms around the old Morley house lightened, too, and Claire, still sleeping, sighed heavily with presentiment of the approach of her enemy, day. Recently her father and herself had gone furtively at dusk in hunt of a cheap flat, where they had hoped to subsist on the two hundred dollars remaining in Morley's pocket, until he could obtain employment. A night-long dream still clung in her brain, of the mean streets, the dingy halls and the denizens with their abrupt, noisy manners and strange, unlighted faces.

The girl buried her face in the pillow, then slowly raised up, the gray eyes darkling in her ghostly little face. Surely a figure of strength had mounted guard here since yesterday. Claire read into such a type as Wick an invincibility against the misfortunes of ordinary people. His oval face with its round, firm chin; the steadfast dark eyes under their level black brows; his light deliberate step and habit of immovability in his tracks as he spoke; above all, his air of breeding proved him a man apart.

Slowly emerging from the tossed covers she peered into the mirror at her small face in its massy shining frame. She shook her hair over her shoulders, and then coiled it as worn by a grown-up woman, but confessed candidly in the end, "I am too ugly now for anybody to love me, and have no figure; all skin and bone." Moving slowly toward the window she gazed ... ward.

"He don't believe God sent ... thought, but she hoped it was ... in mute appeal to the Far ... Wick love her dearly. The ... reddened as Claire stood in her ... gown with hands upraised ... dow—a suppliant figure in ...

"But He can't do anything ... admitted suddenly, turning ... scrawny and cross looking."

She began hustling on her ... great rate, reflecting grimly ... loved her she would struggle ... at life, as lone women must. ... to be cooked and her father ... grand hurrah or he would never ... enough to borrow that five ... Mr. Sparks.

The old man was, in fact, ... ened, and even after she got ... his mission tried to bolt back ... Claire blocked the door, immov... tracks even as Mr. Sparks, and ... in tones of steel: "Do you ... and live in that place we ... evening? We'll starve and be ... what will become of me? I ... I'd care!"

Her hardihood staggered ... who plucked desperately at ... tache. "Claire, wouldn't you ... me?"

"I don't know what I'd do ... try your best to save us. Are ... come back home and disappoint ...

"No—I'll try." But after ... the door and turned the lock ... seechingly through the window.

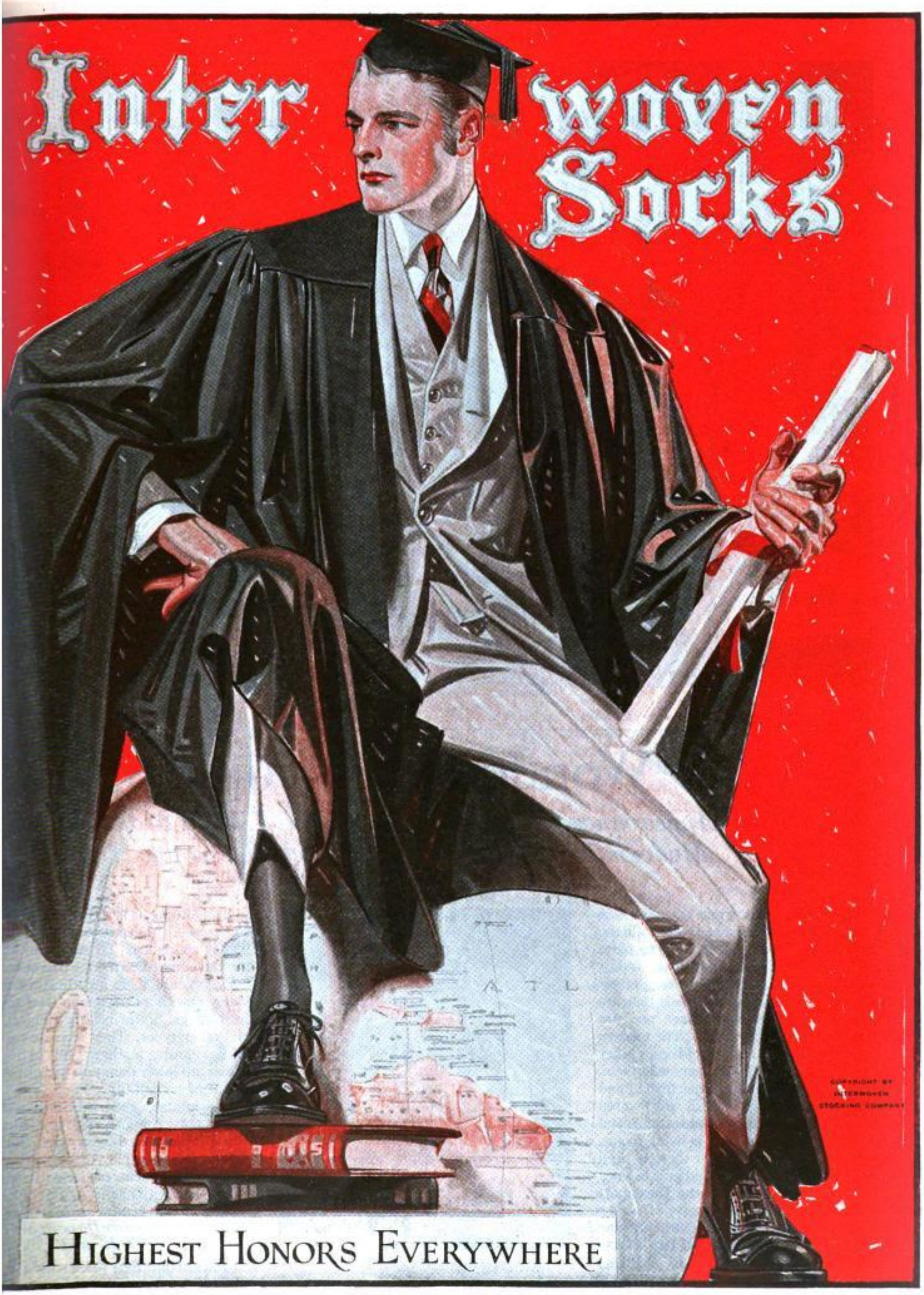
In the evening he returned ... thousand dollars, trembling ... triumph as he counted it out ... "Why, my friends didn't ask ... he said in astonishment.

Claire asked, "Did you tell Mr. ...

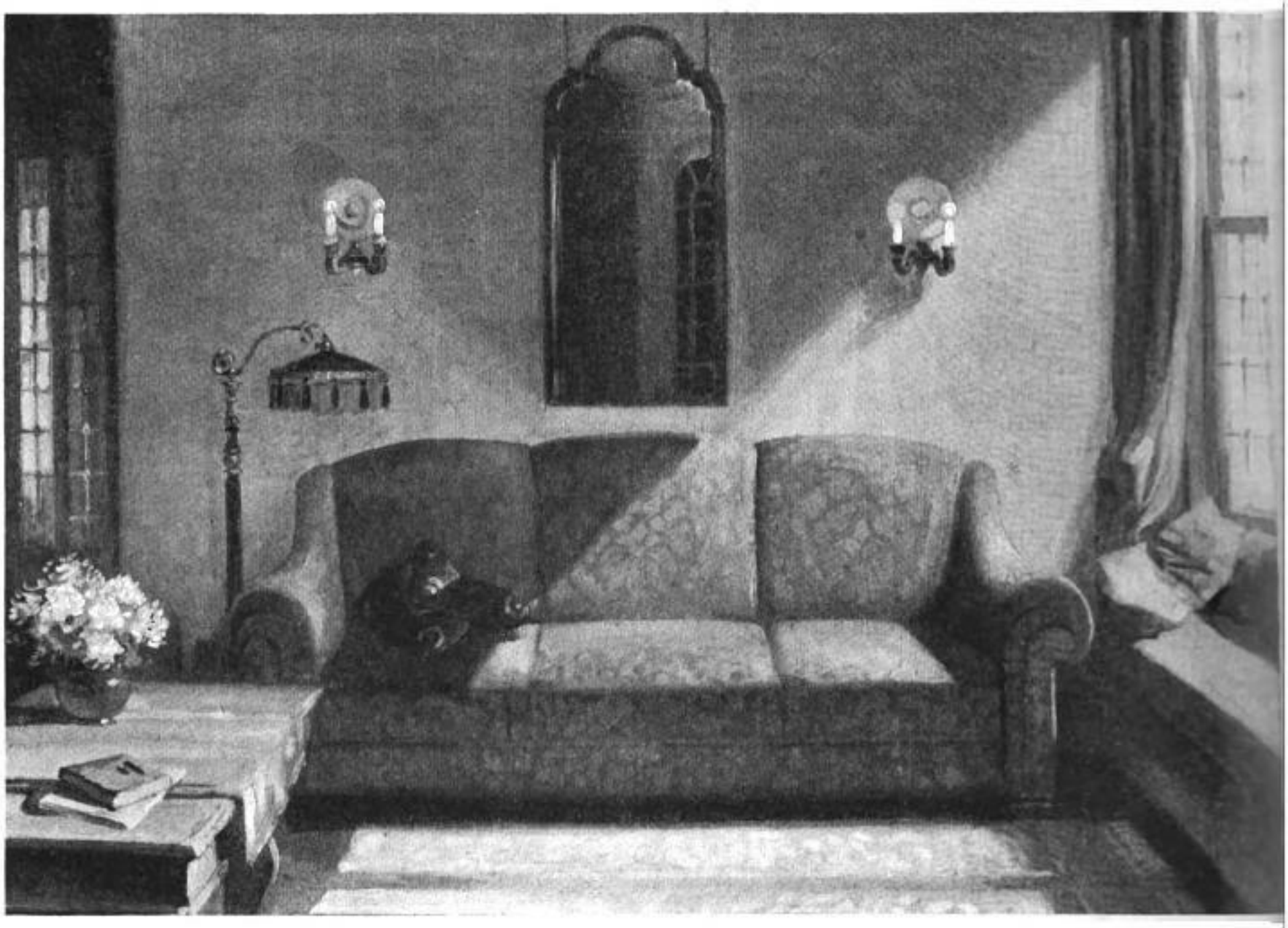
She had spent the day ... sweeping, and after cooking ...

(Continued on Page ...

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No Wonder It Is Popular!

Fine Appearance, Comfort, and Doubled Utility Make the Modern Davenport Bed Extremely Desirable

Serves By Day and By Night

ARE you aware of the great advances that have been accomplished recently in the design of Davenport Beds? The piece pictured above typifies this progress. Today, eighty-three manufacturers offer through their dealers inexpensive Davenport Beds that are of correct, distinctive appearance and are comfortable by day or by night. The modern Davenport Beds recall nothing of those earlier pieces that had only utility to commend them.

In thousands of houses, in apartments and summer homes, Davenport Beds are favored for their fine appearance, complete comfort and doubled utility. They are used in living rooms, libraries, sun rooms—wherever there is need for an ordinary davenport. Whether it be used nightly, or only occasionally, the Davenport Bed is extremely desirable.

By one easy motion this remarkably fine piece of furniture is transformed into a comfortable bed for one or two persons. Mattress and springs are of regulation size and type.



The Davenport Bed, shown above, arranged for night. There are other types—long and short models—of equally good appearance and utility

In the morning, it is returned to day du equal ease. Mattress and bedding ar pletely concealed. There is no sugges the Davenport Bed's dual purpose.

Everywhere there are dealers who c vide you with a Davenport Bed to mat furnishings. Styles include period, oven and other types. They are covered in tries, velours, leathers or other ma Prices are lower than you might expect article of such utility.

Step into any good furniture store a how beauty, comfort, and usefulness ar bined in the new Davenport Beds. Y find models on display, or obtainable, tha every requirement of fine furniture. can be had with chairs and rockers to

Send for our handsome brochure. It s great variety of modern Davenport Beds choice of styles, woods, and covering ma

DAVENPORT BED MAKERS OF AME
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(Continued from Page 68)

hurried into her pink taffeta and
her hair in an elaborate if rather
r coiffure. With the long kitchen
removed she would come forth like
ella dressed for a party.
alled on Mr. Sparks at the bank after
borrowed four thousand; but he
e to go after two more. I got one
ut was disappointed of the other."
u see, he knew what he was talking

, Claire, now that we have all this
our last resource on earth, hadn't
r start up my business again in a
ay? This strange young man with
nge proposition ——"
Claire without answering took the
y and made a neat package with a
rapper, which she marked "Mr.
d Sparks."
it's all ready when he comes," she
d proceeded to set out the dinner.
expected, Wick arrived soon after,
out awaiting his question she put
age in his hands. He counted the
refully and placed it in his pocket,
nan following his motions with an
l feeble gesture of protest. Only
t he spoke up with the first assur-
dignity he had shown throughout.
e let myself be persuaded into
Sparks, no less by your amazing
e and bearing than by the threats
ughter. They were nothing less!
sh my hands of the matter; with
ests the responsibility for my dis-
d death—if this scheme, what-
fails."
anced at his ally in this weird
n. In contrast to her father's
dubious attitude Claire sat
t, her hands in her lap, her head
e returned his look not merely
as another little girl would, but
assurance of a truly grown-up
s all about a business and all
partner who is to take over the
nt.
very well that you must not be
d," she said.
iled and held out his hand;
and clasped it.
I should know," Morley said,
ut to be turned from this house.
to hold out at least enough to
ment on the mortgage."
e flicked from the young man's
ave figured only what I must
rate successfully. There will be
Couldn't you have borrowed
, as I suggested, Mr. Morley?"
me to the end of my rope; the
asked refused me."
the girl saw that he could
rung up to another attempt.
rmer was unrelenting. "See
ve done, Claire, in giving him
d the old man. "Now you will
hat dingy hell you were storm-
maybe to-morrow; to-night

fraid now," said Claire.
y stared. "You've bewitched

hdrew her hand, but Wick
light shoulder, which had so
t touch with his own.
rstands business," he replied.
Morley, I am leaving to-
t; in a few days you will
lew York address; it will be
address, though I shan't be
the time. About the first of
xt three months I'll mail you
ing your dividends for the
nth. After that, as you will
g money so badly, I'll remit

—the first month?"
ess will be opened and run-
after I get there. You will
thousand the first year, as
owing years, though the size
ances will vary. Now, good
make it a point to see you
r—probably in midwinter."
e old man's listless hand and
laire to the hall. Her shoul-
s arm; it seemed incredible
halt only a step away here
Wick go on out into the
sands of miles. She wished
question that had come to
day.
t alone now, all by yourself
ce your father died?"
t myself in my world," re-
and never will be." He
'Good-by, Claire."

"When did you say you'd come again?"
"A year this midwinter."
She was looking up at him queerly. "Won't I ever see you in summertime?"
"Not ever." And he was gone.

Ten minutes later a man who had been standing back in the deep shadow of the elms came out to the walk and with a hurrying step ran up on the porch and knocked vigorously. To Claire, who answered quickly in the hope that Wick had returned, the newcomer said, "Is Mr. Sparks here?" He heard her reply that Wick had just gone, with a gesture of impatience. "And he's leaving town, too, isn't he?"

"To-morrow."

"Can I see your father a moment, miss?" Framer, plainly a friend of Wick's and one of the gentlemanly sort which Claire set such store by, was instantly admitted and conducted to the library. Mr. Morley rose, holding onto the book picked up at random.

"I'm leaving town over to-morrow," explained Framer, "and if I'm not able to reach Sparks in the meantime would you please tell him I'll take a thousand stock with him?"

"But I shan't see him again," replied Morley; and then: "Stock? Is he organizing a corporation?"

"I supposed you knew," August returned cautiously. Then his eyes began twinkling. "I saw you talking to him in the bank to-day, Mr. Morley, and later heard you had been raising money. When I missed Wick at his boarding place to-night I thought of looking him up here. As for the corporation, well—since it's in the way of secrecy for the present, perhaps we'd just as well not discuss it. Sorry to trouble you—I'll have to get in touch with Wick by wire."

He was an enticing fellow, with his twinkling eyes and hand raised as cautioning his companions not to say another word on Wick's secret. He hurried toward the door, then hurried back again, a maneuver which enabled him to surprise a strange look between father and daughter—the former's suspicious angry expression being answered by the calm high defiance of Claire's.

"He didn't leave his forwarding address? No? Well, I'll hear from him. August Framer, one of his pals at the First National. Good night." And having seized the strategic moment for intrusion into these people's business he hurried out.

Along the street he ruminated, rubbing his hands, "Now that I've opened the discussion Wick can say I'm a liar and meddler, but old Morley will still have his suspicions and will talk to me. What the devil," he said, stopping dead, "can Wick have up his sleeve to roll Morley for all that money?" He had stood without the library window and watched his friend count the five thousand currency, through a cranny in the curtain. August ceased rubbing his hands and ran them despairingly through his hair.

"What's his dope?" he said indignantly. "But he can't double-deal with me," and started at redoubled speed after Sparks. August had never before been put to such trouble to find out anything about anybody.

Wick Sparks had gone to bed when August knocked on his door, but he rose with hospitable alacrity and shook hands.

"Looking for you a while ago, Framer," he said. "You seemed to take a friendly interest in what I intend to do, and I made up my mind to tell you and let you in on a good thing. I've worked out a system for beating the races ——"

"Gambling ——"

"Do I look like a man who would gamble? What in my record would justify such a suspicion?"

August began to concede that Wick was a liar worthy of respect. "Old Morley a while ago said something about a stock company," he countered glibly.

"He might have gotten that idea," admitted Wick, heaping a thousand curses on his companion; but his demeanor told the latter nothing. "Now I will take five hundred dollars from you and double it every year." It was worth that much to keep Framer from meddling. "Want in?"

"Damned if I do!" snarled Framer. "It's some sort of a shady game."

"Framer, what brought you in here?" asked Wick.

"To learn what you were about, of course," replied the other with no idea of brazenness.

(Continued on Page 73)



So that you can read in the train

WHEN you open the curtains of your Pullman berth, you find a little electric light burning at the head of your bed.

To what one metal, do you suppose, are we indebted largely for the installation and operation of this convenient little light? Would you guess that lead is all-important for the electric lights of trains, steamships, automobiles, aëroplanes?

Lead in the bulb itself makes the glass more brilliant and gives greater heat-resistance. There's lead in the push-buttons of hard rubber that you use to switch the light on and off. The fuse may be a little piece of lead wire. In the storage batteries essential to all such lighting systems are three different products of lead—hard-lead, red-lead, and litharge.

But you do not need to travel to find how important lead is in daily life. The electric light system at home requires lead the same as that in the car. The dishes from which you eat have a smooth glaze in which lead is an essential factor. The rubber stoppers in your bathroom contain lead. Your cigarettes are wrapped in lead foil.

Almost countless are the ways in which civilized man makes use of lead and its products, and of them all, none is so important as the use of white-lead in the manufacture of good paint.

Buildings, unpainted, crumble into decay. Buildings protected with good paint withstand time and weather. "Save the surface and you save all" is a maxim that wise men have always heeded. The more white-lead any paint contains, the greater its protecting power and durability.

National Lead Company makes white-lead of the highest quality, and sells it, mixed with pure linseed oil, under the name and trade-mark of

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Write our nearest branch office, Department A, for a free copy of our "Wonder Book of Lead," which interestingly describes the hundred-and-one ways in which lead enters into the daily life of everyone.

"Save the surface and you save all"—Dutch Boy

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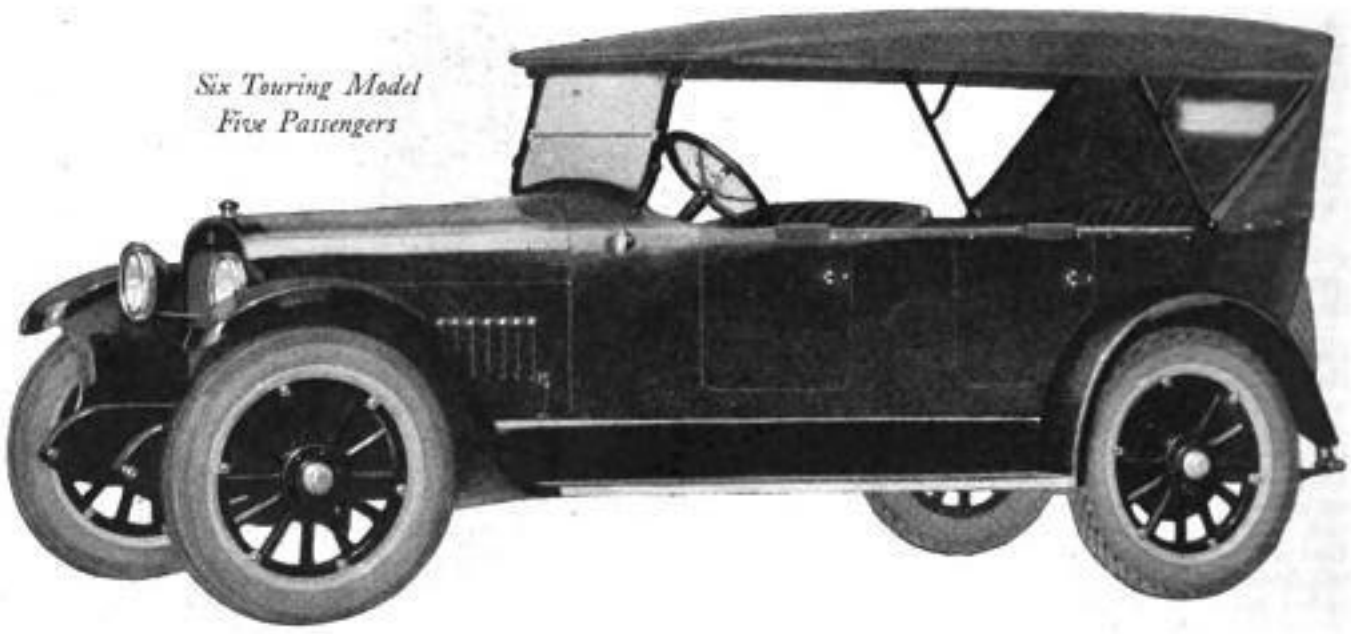
Some Products Made by National Lead Company

Dutch Boy White-Lead	Came Lead
Dutch Boy Red-Lead	Soldering Flux
Dutch Boy Linseed Oil	Litharge
Dutch Boy Flatting Oil	Lead Wire
Dutch Boy Babbitt Metals	Shot
Dutch Boy Solders	Lead Wool

Lead Plumbing Materials

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Nash Leads the World in Motor Car Value



Six Touring Model
Five Passengers

One thing stands out sharply and clearly.

And that is the pronounced rapidity with which purchasers are turning to the Nash as the soundest investment value.

In the five-year period since the first Nash was placed on the market the volume of Nash business has multiplied itself at a far faster rate than that of any other maker.

Remarkable as this sales record is, it is in truth no more worthy of comment than the condition of Nash finances.

There's not one dollar owing; an evenly balanced inventory; no bonded obligation; and between four-teen and fifteen millions of dollars on deposit and in government securities.

Fours and Sixes
Prices range from $965 to $2390, f. o. b. factory

NASH

THE NASH MOTORS COMPANY, KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

NASH

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ntinued from Page 71)

at you've found out will you
ss your last remark as intended
riendly concern that I'm being
d misled. At the same time, it
bad humor; I don't want to
further; you'll have to get out."
e you've just trapped me into a
eep from telling me what you're
claimed the outraged Framer,
of his burly body swelling as he
ep before Wick's admonishing

ou and offered to let you in;
talked enough for this time.
" Wick closed the door upon
who stood as if glaring through

awake late that night prepar-
amination for Wick, but when
me to the bank the following
id no more than nod to Framer
nce. And in the evening he

III

cond morning following Wick's
e from Midwest City the pres-
Cosmo National, in the Wall
, had among the callers in his
apper, dark-eyed young man
idly selected by the attendant
into the presence.
nt, dictating at the moment
ry, paused to frown at the
white-faced youngster of such
hionable cut as to move the
anyone with an eye to the
tistic.
at?" asked the president, a
avy-jowled man with a Na-
tweaked down in the center
head; and he poked a mon-
er into his secretary's notes.
who had been executing his
nonchalant flourish, peered
terest.
of my own," he answered
hite-toothed smile up at the
ou see, the silly shorthand
put out word signs and
ut paragraph signs are my

vil do you expect to remem-
ibe all the words in a para-
ther interrupted thunder-
interrupted, but suavely, in

nor, you keep certain para-
on ice, if you get me;
letter, press button for
paragraph off ice, dictate."
spoke with tremendous
hoping to get it all out
able interruption.
nally get your job down so
ram a whole letter in one

vernor?"
down here! Mr. Gower!
must I tell you this is a

was quite enough. But
a stock sentence, if you
he sign."
w back in his chair, eying
th a hopelessness blended
ight.
n slowly, addressing his
king at him, "have you,
unge scorpion in your
short, who repays your
an of him, with stings?"
ed, and his son waiting
terestedly at Wick, who
r than himself.
which I shall nurse has
answered Wick, not re-
and fixing a steady ap-
e son in question.
are rough on a fellow,"
wer, but his father star-
ht down his fist like a

get in here?" he de-
sident of the First Na-
City was announced."

"Did the usher say that?" asked Wick. "He should have announced Mr. Sparks with a letter of introduction from the president of the First National—who warned me, however, that I would not get to present it. Here it is, sir."

Mr. Gower glanced at the letter laid open before him. "Well, what do you want? I haven't time to talk to you. You got in by mistake. Here, take it to the cashier."

Wick stood in his tracks. "That letter is addressed to you, Mr. Gower; I will answer your question. I wish to open an account for three thousand dollars. I am going into business here, and trust you will help me to turn over my profits."

"When you make them! Well, well, well, I tell you—go to the cashier, go to anybody."

The young man proceeded unhurriedly: "I have a partner; our profits will run twenty-four thousand dollars a year on an investment of six thousand dollars; out of my share I shall wish you to advise me on the investing of eight thousand dollars a year."

"Four hundred per cent! Burglary. No—insanity." Struck by his own explanation Mr. Gower scrutinized his unwelcome caller warily.

"If I make the eight thousand dollars a year you will advise me how to invest it?" asked Wick imperturbably. The other nodded, humoring him. "Then, if you will permit, I have one more word, and will go out quietly. I am an enterprising young man—about the age of your son here—who has never been nursed in anybody's bosom, and therefore entitled to your personal respect. And I am one of the mass of small depositors who in the aggregate are the real resource and profit of the banks, and therefore entitled to your counsel and protection."

He held out his hand; Gower shook it. "I'll be hanged!" he said as, with the smile which had fascinated Claire wrinkling the corners of his mouth and eyes, Wick thanked him and retired.

Old Gower turned on his son. "Take note of that fellow, Algy; keep him in mind. 'Four hundred per cent,' he said, and makes me believe it's a conservative estimate."

"Front," said Algy nonchalantly.

"You say so because you couldn't go out with six thousand and come back with your shirt. That what's-his-name Sparks knows the ropes. He's so different from you that I have every confidence in him. 'Not nursed in anybody's bosom.' Well said! Ha; take a letter."

Mr. Gower's references to Wick did not cease with this conversation, and Algy, feeling aggrieved at the comparison, later took the trouble to find out whether Mr. Sparks had actually opened an account, and then to keep an eye on his balance. To his consternation he saw it mount at the rate of ten or twelve hundred dollars a month, and could only hope that the governor would never remember to look it up, or he would make comparisons more odious than ever.

"I should be ruined, rather," said Algy. "I say, I must get that fellow Sparks to tip me to a mount in this race of life." He got his tip, but not until fourteen months later.

With Wickford Sparks' passing from the Gower office that morning the unknown claimed him for over a year; then he reappeared to Mr. Morley for ten minutes, to Mr. Gower for fifteen. Both were the annual meetings which he had scheduled. In January, Algy met him in the betting ring at the Havana track, and the two had the experience which, as gamblers say, made a Christian of Algy, and sent him back to his father and business with a better ambition than the invention of a shorthand system of paragraph signs. Wick's share in the experience was a knife scratch on the left breast, received in warning a race-track crook away from Algy. It was



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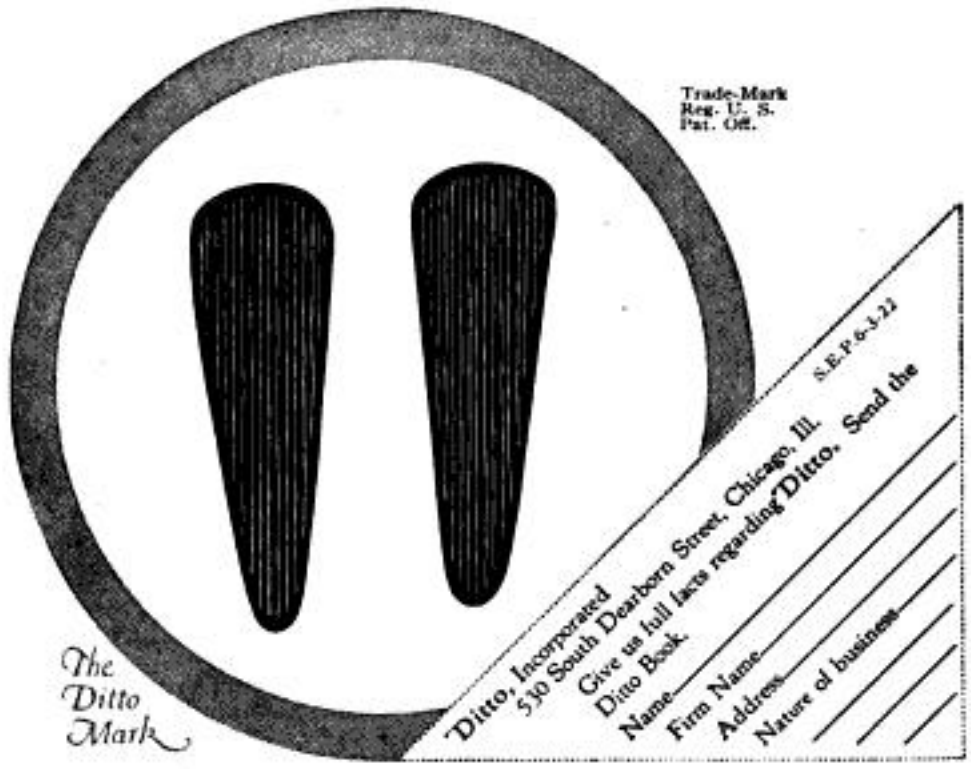
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merely a mean little scrape without a feature of interest to Wick; the lasting gratitude and admiration of the lanky fashion exquisite he always ignored, with characteristic indifference to opinion.

Algy, however, never overlooked a chance for Wick's company after that. He hunted up his rescuer the following summer at Belmont, and came upon him as he had at Havana, standing aloof in the rear of the betting ring, studying in a memorandum book.

"Banking," explained the student when Algy glanced at the notes inquiringly. Wick touched the textbook in his pocket, and added that he had put in a couple of months of study at a school of banking during the winter.

"But don't you expect your system to work indefinitely?" asked Algy, whereupon the other explained his plan of keeping two roads open through life.

"Which means," he said, "that if race horses all die or bookmakers quit laying odds, I shall have accumulated enough money and knowledge for a start in banking. I have placed myself in contact with Mr. Gower to assure this start."

Algy whistled admiringly. "But I say, Wickford, you'd better never let the governor be wised to your race-track activities."

"I will tell him," said Wick with his half smile.

"And you don't look on banking as a gamble, like other businesses?"

"Now that you've settled down to banking, in a responsible position, do you gamble?"

"Gamble? While handling other people's money, I say!" replied Algy with a frightened look.

"You have answered your own question," said Wick.

By this time Wickford Sparks was known to the betting ring from Windsor and New York to Bowie and Havana. But he was known as a man of means who followed the game for the sport of it; neither piker nor plunger, he won or lost easily. His bets rarely went above a thousand, even on a horse he liked, and frequently were only nominal, twenty or thirty dollars. He made his own choices and, though an affable listener, had been given up by the touts long ago.

As he kept himself unsuspected of system play no limit had ever been placed on his bets by the bookmakers to prevent his retrieving his losses.

At Belmont that summer day the band blared from the stand while the two young men were conversing; the shout, "They're off!" swept over them and the crowd in the ring began scampering to see the start. Algy quivered with excitement, but Wick studied at his notes again.

"Oh, yes," he replied smilingly to a question of his companion, "I watch the horses being led out or warmed up sometimes. I admire a handsome brute. There's one colt, Gold Dragon, well named—a breath of flame blown into the brazen cast of some old Greek sculptor—like the casts you see at the museums. Sorry he's not starting to-day so I can show him to you."

Wick dismissed Algy from his thoughts as soon as they separated that evening; nobody was admitted to the one-man world in which he was now well secured. His weak-kneed old partner and the prying Framer were consigned to limbo. He had called on Morley between trains last midwinter, while en route between New Orleans and New York, and listened good-humoredly to hints that he should increase the working capital of their business. These hints had, of course, been inspired by August, who, wild with chagrin on worming the truth about the dividends from the old man, wanted in. Morley had talked with hands clenching and pale blue eyes gleaming with cupidity. He was still writing letters urging that Framer be let in and the capital be increased; the business that paid four hundred per cent had become a game and Morley, a prey to the master passion, was himself bent on a killing. Wick laughed as he tore up the unanswered letters and forgot them.

Claire's friend, waited and watched for a long year, had come and gone without seeing her. She examined, blamed, cross-examined her father for a message from Wick, but he had left none. In this very room where she had given him the touch of shoulder valiantly in the Gettysburg of his fortunes, he had forgotten her.

"Has Wickford changed? How does he look?" Mr. Morley had repeated her questions, and replied to them: "Wickford has a dark smile and a lighted forehead, like the young noble in the painting we saw. He keeps even me, his partner, at a distance. Well, genius is solitary and peculiar, and who but a genius can turn over money as he can?"

Words which sketched Claire's hero as a being too grand to exact gratitude or friendship of. She would never hear him called proud and selfish by her father or the outraged August. When December came round again she would not go out of sight of the house lest his welcome be below his deserts and station. At last he rang at the door and Claire threw it open to him. Her father telephoned August from his study.



Wick Backed Him Into a Corner by the Throat, But Claire Grasped His Arm, Begging, "Don't, Don't, Wick! He's Surrendered"

Immediately after the greetings Wick stated: "You have been writing your dissatisfaction with our partnership, Mr. Morley. I am now ready to buy out your interest."

The latter pursed his lips and looked around guardedly; it was the forthright Claire who answered.

"We don't want to break up the partnership."

Wick looked at her. "You are growing up."

"I am nearly eighteen, Mr. Sparks."

"And pretty enough to have lots of beaux."

The girl blushed scarlet, but found composure enough to answer, "I have not; nor want them. My old boy friends don't count, do they?"

Wick pointed his hands judicially. "I'm not so sure."

"Oh, I'll send 'em away," declared the girl.

"Mr. Sparks and I are talking business," reproved her father.

"Then you've reached a decision, Mr. Morley?"

"Papa, you must not sell!" exclaimed Claire. She turned to Wick. "Please listen to what I want to say, Mr. Sparks."

"Speak up."

Wick raised his hand to Morley, a gesture for silence. The latter, however, asked time to consult his usual adviser in business matters.

"Framer?" asked Wick. "Show him in. Now, Claire, your objections."

It was a queer unlearned little Portia who stood arguing the law of partnership before this lordly young judge sitting with hands on the arms of his chair and black brows bent upon her.

"Remember, Mr. Sparks, when papa would have backed out of borrowing money from his friends to start you in business, that I persuaded him. Then, after you had gone with all the five thousand and the sheriff was coming to turn us out of home, I took my rings and pins and bracelets that mamma had left me, and sold them to the jeweler, and we paid the mortgage man some money and he let us stay on."

Claire's voice was silver-clear and she leaned a little toward the judge, impressing him with a gesture strange, indeed, to law-court oratory; but so eloquent was the gesture of the child pleading for what it knows to be right as to appeal irresistibly to heart justice.

But this was not a court of sentiment. "You showed good understanding of the necessities of your position for so young a person," said Wick.

Only a small endearing note in his voice, a friendly nod that would have cost him nothing, would have encouraged her so. As it was she strung herself for a struggle, her eyes darkled.

"Mr. Sparks, aren't I a partner, too, in papa's share? Didn't I buy a right with the jewels? And I don't want to sell out!"

Her father, who had returned to them, began fuming. "Preposterous! You are a child." He puffed out his cheeks so that his florid face was round as a plum, and waved her aside importantly.

"If Claire has a case, why shouldn't she state it?" said Wick without turning his head; his quick sternness compelled a silence.

"That's all, Mr. Sparks," said Claire.

The form of Portia was no longer that of the child who had stood in the rose window of dawn, mistily gowned in white, and looking out on a world enlightened more by the presence of her hero than the sun. Trim and straight and rounding, Wick saw it, and her face lovely with its pearl-like flush and clear gray eyes and shining hair. Her mouth drooped as she waited the word of the judge which was to pronounce her fate and his own, along with the partnership.

He saw her and yet did not; and his decision, already made, was withheld as an expression altogether strange to this secure and indifferent man, of frowning and fear, gathered on his face. For as Claire had talked and he had listened, the one-man world had witnessed this phenomenon: A scene of maddened men showering out money in the betting ring; a scampering to the blare of bands and thunder-roll of hoofs. A shout: "They're off! Gold Drag[on] the lead!" Wick saw the [scud]ding [fig]pass like lightning around the [fa]beaten track, and into the stre[tch] der a blanket with one nosing [at] on—Gold Dragon!" Wickford Spark[s] gambling in his thoughts!

Suddenly he focused his fro[wning] look on Claire. "I will not buy [a] day," he said.

He threw his coat over his arm as [C] hurried in. Wick nodded in [an]swer effusive cries of greeting, shook [hands] tily with the Morleys and moved [to] "But I came to consult with [you,] Morley," urged August; "to [ar]range difference; it is not necessary to [in]the business."

Wick was deaf to his expostulat[ions] they reached the hall. Here [he] Claire, trembling and blushing [and] phant, helped on his coat, her [hand] ing on his [arm]. resounding alarm [was] struck through [the] world still startled August perceived [a] bation; this mystery who had baffled [the] sional's investigat[ion] his neighbor's [affairs] cornered at last. burly body bustled twitched with [ex]

"It won't do, W[ick]" declared bluntly can't run away [from] tlement forever. [Let's] show-down."

It was not [an] people that dange[r] from any source [but] self. Wick tapped gently on the [floor] it to music." He went out, follow[ed] of protest.

Of course, A[lgy] have run after, [but] held his hat away laughingly, and started, anyhow, [for] he saw Wick [hail] cab and step[ped]

Instead of [going] York, Wick [was] on his tracks. [He] was racing at [New] and there his [luck] spite of Claire's [fear] was not her [game] had decided [him.] If the alarm had one, and the [fever] gamble had [risen] up in him, he [was] ner. For [no] madly the [passion] him, Wick [knew] would never [gain] man's money.

But he was none the less [ready] himself immediately to the [task] arriving at New Orleans [with] Dragon's stable; admired [him] with him, watched him [warm] With the result that he [turned] ferent as the great [brazen] into the back stretch. He [had] experience at Gold Drago[n] and packed up for New [York]

Long, however, he [pondered] nomenon which had [struck] one-man world. With Claire [look]ing before him and [arguing] whim, the mania of gaming [in]. "And I was as hopeless a [fool] played a sure thing for [that] acknowledged. "What [was] with me? And what the [devil] he would muse.

There was no solution [to] but he became more [guarded] of his security. His habits [of] were regulated so that [not a] citement could unsteady [his] observed particularly a [visit] his few friends, and occupied with study and casting up [his] multiplied under Mr. [Gower] On his third visit to the [house] but had little to say; the [old] ceived him indifferently, [but] as a matter of course. [The] missed from Wick's mind [like] bank; every being, human [or] dismissed. By summer [Wick] lowed out the Southern [circuit] again in New York, he [had]

(Continued on Page

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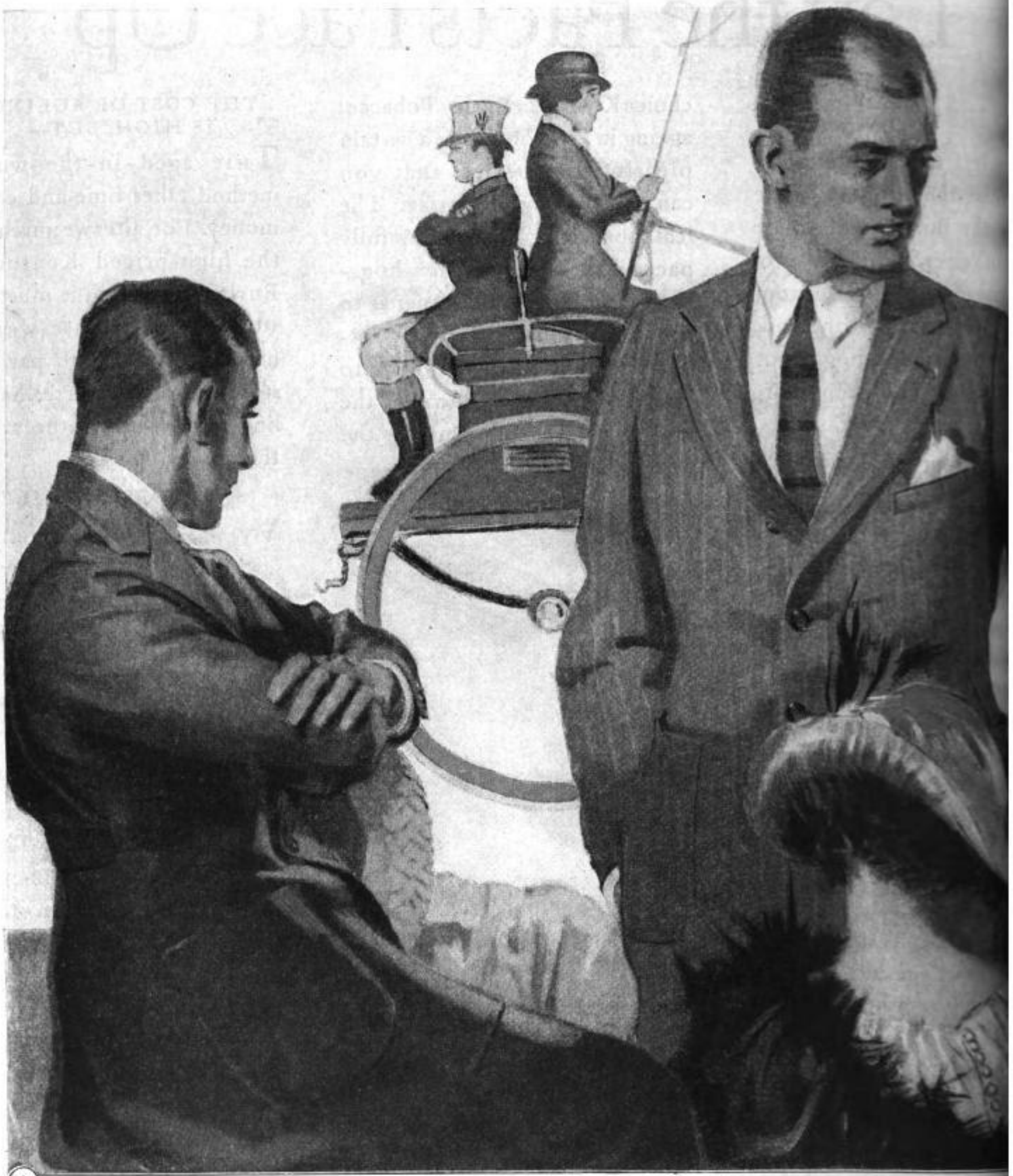
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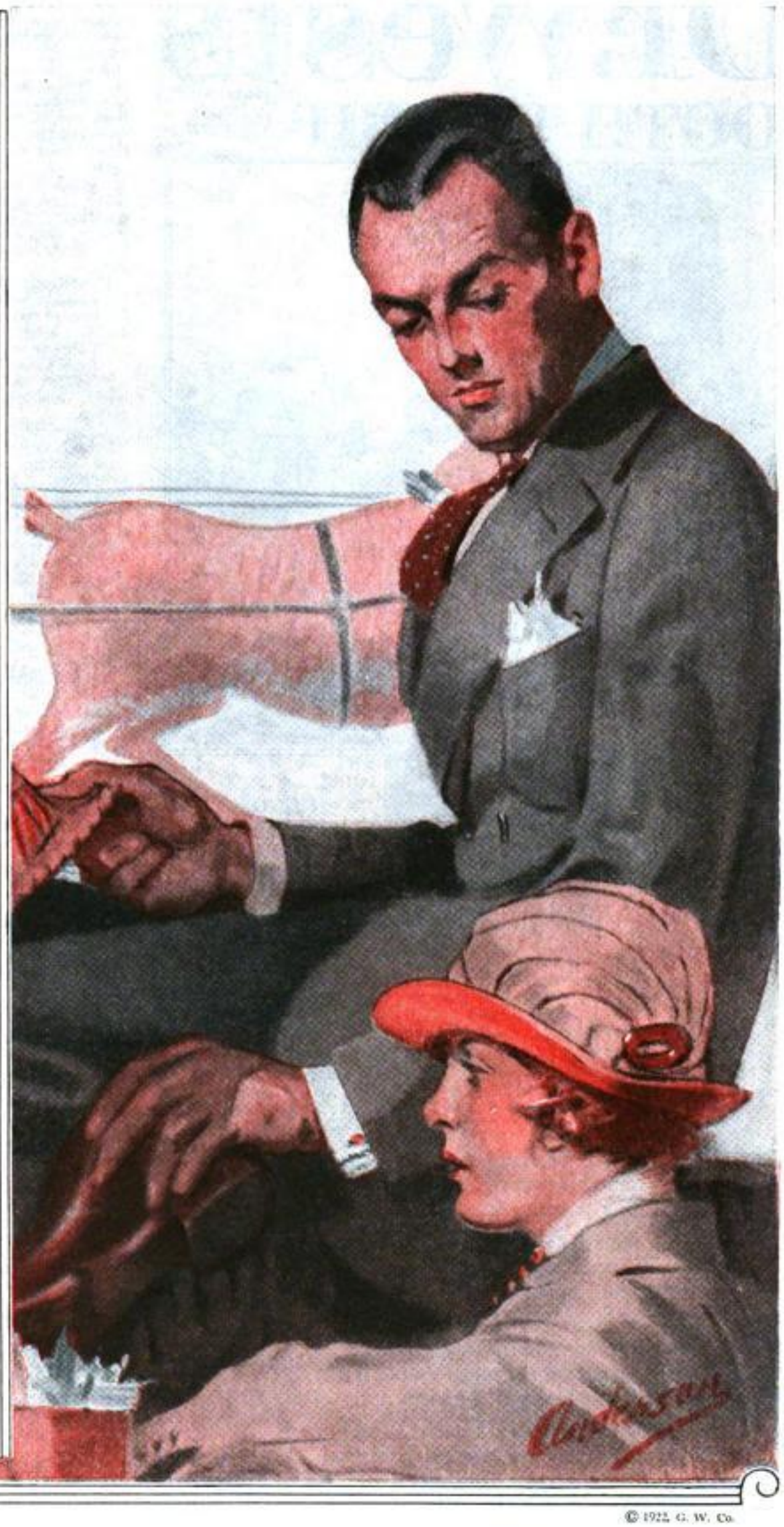
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(Continued from Page 74)

condition when he said "I, alone, am." Outside of Wickford Sparks his world was empty; it was an enduring world, a safe world of shelter and good living, and he was happy.

Along in midseason he became aware that he was being shadowed, and surmised that the person at his mailing address had been bribed to disclose his hotel. Wick observed this shadow at his elbow several times when making his bets, and led him aside.

"What is it you wish to know?" he asked; and when the man resented the question: "You can no more conceal what you are than a donkey can deny his ancestry. Private detective is branded all over you."

The detective was not pleased, but thought it his rôle to become friendly, and said that for several days he had been keeping tab on Wick's bets. Wick grinned satirically.

"Come to any conclusion?"

"I can't make head or tail out of it."

"Neither can I," Wick confided; "it's a gift," and left him with an admonishing glance.

He was not followed again, but ten days later in his room received a message in the most wailing voice ever heard over the telephone: "Mr. Sparks—it's me, Claire. Papa and I are here at the hotel."

"Pleasing news; we'll meet for dinner," replied Wick, and appointed place and minute on the mezzanine.

"You don't mind me coming? They have been telling such horrid things about you that I want you to face them down."

"I'll make up my face, all ready, Claire," laughed Wick.

"I'm so—so very glad to hear you talk like that."

He met them as appointed a little later; but Morley iterating and reiterating a dozen times in two or three minutes that he could neither dine nor amuse himself with Wick until a difference between them was adjusted, they drew up chairs where they were.

"I must know more about your operations. I must know how my money is being handled," continued Morley.

Wick looked from the agitated, half-threatening old man in evening clothes to Claire, who smiled back suddenly and was in the same instant as solemnly anxious as before.

"No doubt," observed Wick, "you employed the detective to investigate me at the suggestion of Mr. Framer."

"At the suggestion of my friend and adviser, Mr. Framer, yes, sir."

"But he could only learn what I informed August when I started out—that I had a system of betting at the tracks."

Claire's sobbing little cry interrupted: "How could you—disappoint us so?" Wick surveyed quizzically the girl, who in a very agony to keep control of her emotions gripped her hands together and bit her lips, her eyes glistening with tears. "But tell me, it isn't gambling," she exclaimed, taking such hope in Wick's smile that her lips quivered in a smile of her own.

"I am in good standing with you there," said Wick; "it is the bookmakers—the horsy sports you understand—who gamble against me. As long as they persist in it they lose. For, however the horses run, my system beats them."

Morley heard with increased excitement. "How do I know how much you win?" he demanded hoarsely, but under Wick's glance immediately repudiated his very palpable insinuation. "I do not hint that you would cheat me, Mr. Sparks—far from it. You would use our joint capital honestly. But on the side—ah, on the side, with your own money? That is another story. It is all right as far as it has gone—but ——"

Claire had been silent with eyes cast down, as if nothing else mattered now that the knightly and talented Wickford of her romance had discovered himself as a race-track gamester, for she scorned the fine distinction between the man who bet on a sure thing and the one who took chances.

But as her father talked she asked spiritedly, "Do you mean to say, father, that you will continue partnership in this—system?"

"I'll do as I please with my own money. Shut up!" commanded the old man, whose bloodshot face already reflected the passion of the ring.

Claire was amazed at his rough manner, and a little frightened. "But why not sell out? Mr. Sparks once offered to buy, and surely this is a business which no one of our class and name can touch without defilement!"

"You blow hot and then cold, Claire," said Wick good-humoredly.

"I did persuade you last winter to withdraw your offer to buy papa's share, but," she added proudly, "I believed then that the profits came from a clean and respectable business. It was a sorry day for me that I interfered."

"You need not lament; your persuasion at that meeting had nothing to do with the decision."

It was spoken so indifferently that the girl resented it. "Surely what I had done to help gave me a little right to speak."

"It did—if business transactions were based on sentiment. Mine never are." Wick, whose eyes had been following Morley's, interrupted himself: "Why is Framer waiting in the lobby? Give him the sign to come up."

Morley did so.

During that moment before August appeared in the mezzanine floor Wick turned again to Claire, who had learned much about her hero in the last few minutes that in the three years of their acquaintance. He valued not at all that blind worship, trustfulness of the child who had begged and threatened the weak-kneed old banker into giving the borrowed money, their last resource, to Wick. Herself, herself alone had given him his start in his chosen career. It seemed incredible that he should have ignored the little Parisian plea.

"Wickford," she exclaimed in a tense tone, leaning forward for confidence, "what kind of world do you live in?"

"The mortal man only really lives who lives for himself alone," replied Wick with some acerbity. "There are no such things as friends and enemies; it is everyone for himself. To escape the miseries which life, and incessant plunder by the miserable, one must build his own individual world and guard it fearlessly."

She pondered this an instant. "You mean you live in your world alone? That is awful!"

"It is secure."

"I should be afraid," said she slowly; "I should be more afraid that I live among folks, even if some hated me robbed me."

"You would make life a gamble," smiled Wick, amused; "I will not."

She was amazed that she could resort to this, but could only admit it. "Maybe; but it would be gambling for something more splendid than money or security for myself."

"What, for instance?"

"Oh, friends to love me, and have and just general goodness, I guess," she sighed.

Wick was still amused by her philosophy and let his mind drift after into her fanciful vein. Suppose a man could bet himself; suppose Wick Sparks and his strong box of a world could be wagered against all outside stakes; what a hazard! But if he won honors, friends, riches, pleasures, he had the chance of losing them again. And if he would only be a beggared gambler at life. Once a gambler, always gambler. Nothing was secure out of all-men's world; it could keep its honors and pleasures. There was something too; Wick knit his brows, not observing Framer's approach. That all-men's world had a curious promise wherein lay the supreme gamble. For of all the millions of losers who looked up patiently from their miseries and helped out in the misery of others because of that promise, not one knew that it would ever come true.

"Whew! One life at a time is enough for me," grinned Wick. "I'll live the other, if there is one, when I come to it."

Wick nodded to August but the latter persisted. All in this world for sec... the next; backing the promise to be... A stiffer gamble than any race could ever saw; give Claire credit. He started at the old alarm. "Something about this makes a gamester of me."

And from that moment he suspected queerly and disliked her.

Framer had seated himself and, at interrogatory nod from Wick, said: "Mr. Morley demands that the betting [illegible] of which he owns five-sixths be divided him."

"Certainly." Wick had no objection letting them have the secret, but on two conditions: First, that Morley close out his partnership interest to

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e thousand; second, that no one was old that himself, Wick, was engaged aying it. These conditions were dly agreed to by the others, who nuch astonished by his ready com-

ry well; here it is. Play second to win. Six races a day are run at a g. Mr. Morley. Before the start the akers post the odds against each the odds are too short to play the e under my system, so pick the aker's second choice to run first. wn enough money on him to win dollars, no more, no less, for you are to win just twenty dollars on each If your horse in the first race wins done with that race.

if your horse loses you play the e—always the second choice and to —to win back the money you lost on race, plus the twenty due you on e, plus the twenty which will be due the second race. If that horse loses, the third race you have to get back sses on the first two, and three venty, or sixty dollars, due you on ces under the system. It rarely that a second-choice horse doesn't ce during the day, though unless ns in the sixth race you will of ave a loss to carry over to the next will happen, however, that not a hoice will win a race for a week or your bets will be running into hun- d thousands. That's where even m player goes broke unless he has enough reserve and is content twenty-dollar profit on each race. sn't it?"

med so simple that after Framer ed out two days or twelve suppo- ces in his memorandum book, three second choices to win in that he went over it suspiciously with

it's a wonder a lot of race-track don't work out this system and bookmakers out of business," he

have doubtless worked out many 'agreed Wick; "but playing them r matter."

's more to this, then?"

the player," replied Wick dryly. ll he'll have to do is to lay his bets id."

s all! Now let's forget business dinner and go to the show."

had been a partner, Wick was e last of him, and with that s balancing he maintained of all ons, he would not have the receptions formerly accorded e Morley house remain charged m as a debt. He was entirely to the old man and Framer , and though they were in high th him and made conversation and jovially, he dismissed them d forever when the evening was

osed that Claire had gone with , and was annoyed when she ned to his memory; only as the hantom, it is true, but disquiet- urs, when he should have been r asleep, with her childish phi-

eral months of the year yet to uying out his partner, Wick was pay the purchase price and his usual fund of eight thou- invested in December under r's direction. He chose this the tactical one to close up his ith the banker.

sted the latter at once with the ent, "During the coming year I twenty thousand instead of vest, having bought out my

pothecated stocks bought by for the purchase price?" said pleased. Algy, now assistant partment, had asked his father when Wick made his annual he entered at this juncture aside, his lean face sparkling ciation; these interviews be- ferocious old Napoleon and sible recruit amused him im-

ok his head to Gower's ques- price was only five thousand, s original investment."

old an interest yielding twelve year for five thousand cash? e to the psychopathic ward

"An additional consideration on my part was my formula for the manufacture of money."

Gower studied him. "Such a secret exists," he said with astonishing acumen, "but it is dangerous, or even fatal to all but one man in a million."

"It will probably be so to my former partner," replied Wick. To the banker, for once candidly attentive, he explained his system, whose workings were altogether contradictory to the theories proved by the banker's experience.

"It can't be done!" he exploded. "You will gamble in the long run."

"I am the man in a million," reminded Wick. "Now I have another and entirely different business to take up with you."

But Algy interrupted.

"Governor, before Wick approaches you on his other proposition I want to state that I'd back him as the Rock of Gibraltar; I've seen him in action. Do you know what he does in the midst of the lunacy when a race is on? Studies a textbook on banking in a corner!"

"You are not backing Mr. Sparks because he is a Gibraltar."

"Dash it, I am not!" assented Algy emphatically. "Two years ago at the Havana track Wick risked his life to save me from a jolly bookmaker who had robbed me blind. He showed me I was an ass to be playing against a sure game, and bought my ticket home. That's what made a Christian of me."

He told the story with a warmth of gratitude which touched even Mr. Gower. But Wick, with that honesty almost as terrible to himself as to others, supplemented Algy's account.

"I feared Algy would tell the tout of my steady winnings as recorded in the bank's books, and the bookmakers put a limit on my bets. So I broke up the combination. There's nothing else to it."

"Wick!" exclaimed his young friend. "I'm sorry you said that." He shook his head mournfully, disappointed of a hero.

The elder Gower regarded him curiously. "You're keeping me waiting for your new proposition, Mr. Sparks."

"I have made a study of accounting and banking," resumed Wick, "and this winter complete a course in the best finance school in the United States. I now have about thirty thousand dollars which I will add to with twenty thousand dollars a year. Would you be willing to employ me in some executive position or assist me to start a bank of my own?"

"You foresee that you will be tempted at last and your system collapse."

"I foresee that I shall never gamble," replied Wick. "But horses may stop racing, or bookmakers laying odds. A man is trusting to luck who makes secure only one way out of life."

"And I am chosen to open the second?"

"If you are convinced I can travel it," replied Wick.

"As you are! I will take you and make you, but as you are," agreed Gower. "After you've made your first gamble I wouldn't trust you with my watch!"

Wick, who offered or accepted nothing conditionally, merely said, "This rounds out my scheme of things." Himself, as he was, he knew to be a certainty.

It was on the day of this meeting that he saw Claire Morley again, in a limousine at the curb of the Avenue. He took the costly new car and the chauffeur and Claire's rich furs as the natural spoil of the bookmakers by the new system-players, greedier than himself.

Claire stared at him haughtily when he crossed the pavement to speak. "What, are you already puffed up with pride and pomp? Remember, I knew you back in the old home town."

The girl's eyes darkled on him and he went on, finding amusement in the situation. "You watched me come up the walk, suspecting a sheriff, and had on, I remember, a kitchen apron with black smuts."

"Till just now I didn't believe we would meet again," replied Claire with a face of stone. "I thought you would be too ashamed to face us."

If the girl could have understood, Wick's reply was in deadly earnest. "Ashamed? I ought to be for letting you innocents in for a trimming at a master-player's game."

"I trusted you for a long time," said Claire, "and believed you good and generous till that night at the hotel. Even then I didn't suspect you of being any worse than selfish and ungrateful."

(Continued on Page 82)



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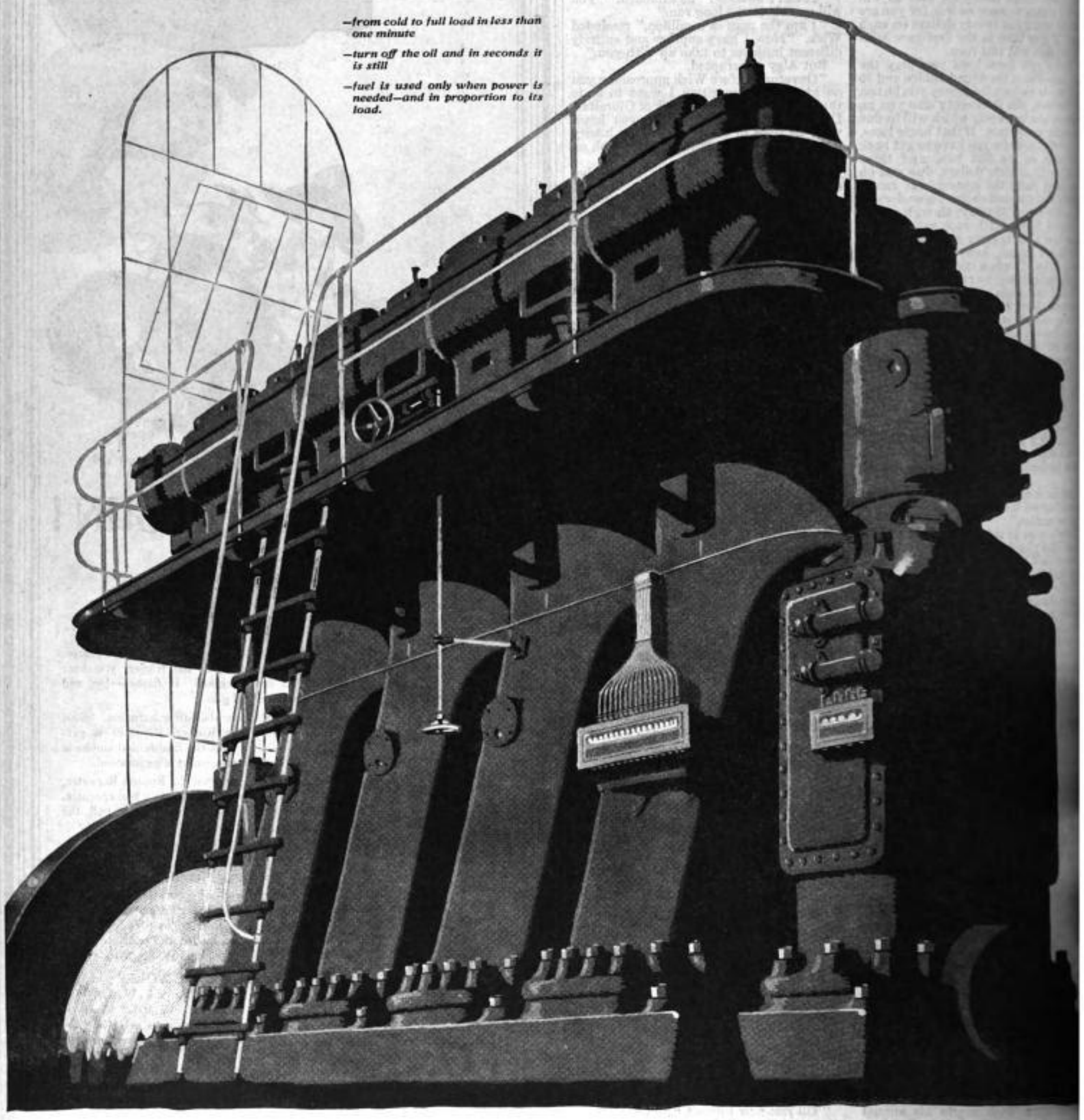
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Power

—from cold to full load in less than one minute

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—fuel is used only when power is needed—and in proportion to its load.



FULTON

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A 200 horse power Fulton Diesel was installed in a central power station in 1917. Its power savings soon paid for a second Fulton Diesel, installed in 1919. Savings by these two then paid for a third, purchased in 1921.

The Fulton Diesel—American built, perfected internal-combustion, stationary engine—running on low-grade fuel oil, may be likened to a huge, high-class automobile motor in a power plant. Instant in action, automatic in control, consuming fuel only when in use and maintaining continuous high efficiency with practically no upkeep cost. In addition, it operates on one-third of the fuel required to produce equivalent steam power. A self-contained power unit, it calls for no investment in boilers, stacks, condensers or any such steam plant auxiliaries. One engineer runs it. Fuel handling and waste removal, with all attendant labor costs, are abolished.

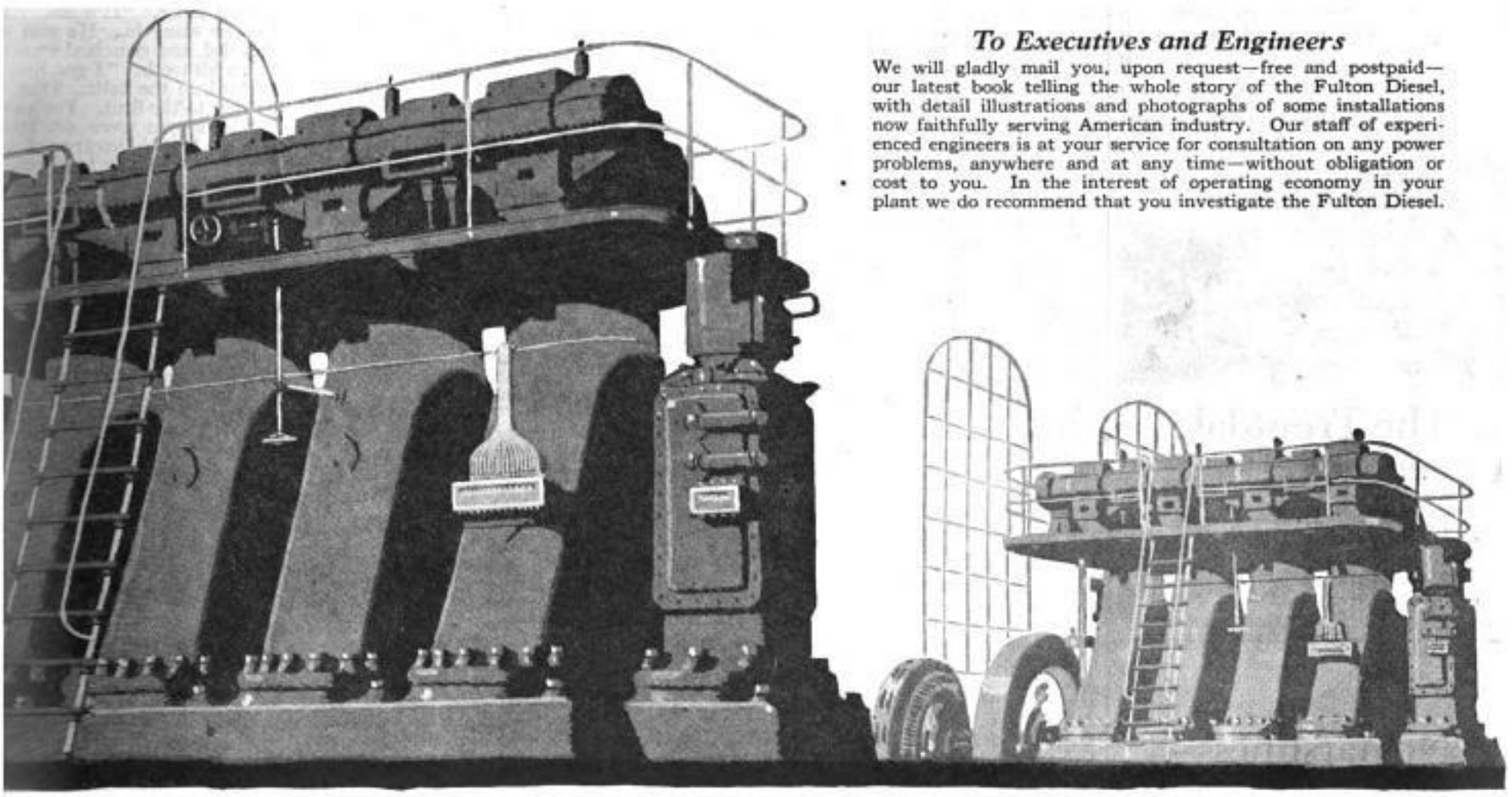
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No harshness—no bite. Why?

Get the facts
See Page 75



The Race-Way is the Wonder Body for the price. Big discounts to Driver Agents, wanted everywhere. **Race-Way Body Co., Indianapolis, Ind.** *Write today.*

(Continued from Page 79)

"So much innocence! Such a trimming," said Wick. "But why should I warn everybody else? Gamble they will!"

"I hate it!" she flamed, and went on with trembling lips. "But why is it, Mr. Sparks, that with a system paying a hundred thousand a year you gave papa only twelve thousand for his share?"

Wick found this funny enough to laugh at. "I will tell you why," he answered confidingly. "I couldn't spare it!" and bowed himself away, as August Framer, a sublimated August in beavered overcoat and Avenue haberdashery, crossed the pavement, a stick under his arm.

"By the great monocle of—of the Lord High Chancellor," said Wick. "My old friend!"

"How-do," said August and lifted his stick to the chauffeur; "Café Pompeian," he ordered.

Wick sighed, passed on, chuckled; he was not mistaken in vowing that he could feel the inquisitive green eyes squinting after him to see how he took it.

IV

THERE was a formidable turnout of talent and sporting fashionables on the second last day of the Metropolitan spring meeting. The track was lightning fast under a cool high sky, and the card announced included a number of famous runners with rivalries to settle. Among these Gold Dragon was eminent, and Wick, with his old interest in the horse, intended to visit him in the paddock.

The odds for the first race had been quoted by the bookies and Wick, his money down, was entertaining himself as usual with the memorandum book, hardly conscious of the distant music and rising excitement of the crowd as the entrants loped up to the starter. Then the first cheer, always a burst of joyous harmony, sent them off, and the sport of old kings and old gods, and barbarism ever young in all of us, was on for the day. Wick glanced up and saw August Framer running with the others for a view of the race; he had noticed him earlier, and repeated his old prophecy indifferently: "Such a trimming!"

To Wick's knowledge neither August nor Morley had ever transacted business at the tracks. The two had, in fact, been shy of sporting publicity, and Morley particularly, jealous of his business reputation and respectability, had decreed that they conduct their operations in the clubs or among the handbook men found everywhere. They had separated for this purpose for a time, Framer making his investments in New Orleans and his senior partner in New York.

Of course, Wick's twenty-dollar limit of winning on each race had seemed contemptible piking to them; in fact, they reviled his statement to that effect as a ridiculous lie, and asked each other and Claire mockingly why a man should limit himself to one hundred and twenty dollars a racing day when he could win six hundred dollars just as easily. They estimated that Wick had won a hundred thousand or so which he had not divided with his partner. So they had raised the limit fivefold and thriven tremendously. This was in part the luck of the amateur.

But the present season at New York opened dismally for second choices; very few of them had run in the money at all, and this dereliction had called for bets into the thousands which almost went begging among the clubs and handbook men. And this, the day before Getaway, was actually the seventh of second-choice failures, and a limit had been called everywhere on Morley. The alternative to letting the system go smash, admitting its incompetence, which would never do, was for August to take their bets to the track. A second choice, under the law of averages, had to win soon.

It did, that day, not only in the first race but in the second, third and fourth; it was a day of second choices, one even being declared a winner by the disqualification of the favorite for fouling. At the end of the fourth race, in which Gold Dragon had been scratched, Wick saw Morley come over from the stand and join Framer. The old man was jubilant, greeting his partner with outstretched hands and laughing incessantly as he stood gesticulating with his stick and talking to the latter and a companion just introduced. The latter was an ex-jockey who had been assigned here to duty by the bookmaker hardest hit during this run of heavily played second choices.

August, his panama pushed back, his white serges wrinkled, tie awry, began by turns to listen to the jockey and argue with increasing earnestness with his partner. The crowd's cheering had by this time a muttered, snarling undertone; the music vibrated with the hollow beating of spear on shield, and in a lull they heard the gust of hoof beats.

More intensely, fiercely, August argued, his green eyes glowing; blood suffused the face of the excited old man. Belated gamesters hustled them, frantic with the fear that they would not get their money down; and others, triumphant as if they had already won, elbowed past with their markers in their pockets. Another gust of hoofs, a howl from twenty thousand throats—the horses were at the barrier.

"Too late," said the jockey with an oath; he had picked a ringer for them, in this race!

"No!" shrieked Morley, beside himself with this supreme challenge. "Run, August, run!"

The bookmaker toying with his field glasses looked at August coldly.

"Cinders—to win!" yelled the latter, tearing through an eddying skirt of the crowd. "Twenty thousand."

Cinders was the second choice; it was the day of second choices; nothing could beat them.

The bookmaker's white fingers flashed through the currency; his assistant wrote on the slip of stiff paper 40,000/20,000. August, battered and torn, sauntered away proudly.

Cinders ran third.

Wick eying them humorously from a distance saw the thunderbolt of defeat strike. The old man, but now so jubilant, stood gaping, trembling, actually aging. August, who had been looking down at his empty hands and scarcely crediting that the bills they had so lately held were gone, staggered a step as if from the edge of an abyss, and laughed loudly.

His partner managed a questioning pathetic smile, but as August took out his bulging wallet and shook it Morley pleaded. "No—for God's sake—it's the last!" In fact, they had brought all their capital with them to meet their late crisis, and though the debacle of Cinders had taken a part of it and wiped out their winnings for the day, there was nearly twenty thousand remaining.

As the old man pleaded, August argued; then, learning the odds on the last race, began to bluster. At last Morley acquiesced, smiling frightenedly, and doddering along with the other as he bet the money.

Wick was tired of them by this time, and the second choice losing in the last race he hurried out of the gate and away without looking back. The spectacle of the ruined gambler was familiar to boredom. His thoughts did not touch on them again during the evening, which, as usual, was taken up with a leisurely dinner and reading. He had just put out the lights in his room and started to bed, when his phone rang. Claire Morley was on the wire.

"I'm downstairs," she said. "Will you meet me—as quickly as you can?"

Wick answered graciously and after a few minutes joined her in the lobby.

"Father sent for you," said Claire. "He's dying."

"I wouldn't take such a misfortune for granted," replied Wick, so calmly deliberate that the girl looked at him with horror.

"I'd forgotten," she said bitterly, "that you live in a world by yourself—with no thought or care for anybody. Though I don't see how I could forget it, even at such a time as this."

"Size me up your way," replied Wick; "I'm not what you'd call unfriendly to anyone who doesn't interfere with my affairs."

He followed Claire into the street and the two entered the cab which had brought her to the hotel; not a word passed between them until the ride was finished and they were in the Morley home, a Central Park apartment.

Morley was in bed, a physician holding solemn guard over him. The latter stepped into the hall to admonish the visitor that the sick man's moments were few, and gave his diagnosis.

Morley was at the last gasp, though at sound of Wick's voice he actually raised on his elbow, and his eyes were bright and he spoke with the ring of youth.

"Close the door. Now sit on the of the bed. Wickford, we overplayed system; you were right in your lau believe now that you were always ri with me."

"Pass that, Mr. Morley," said Wi The other smiled understandingly.

"Yes—I've got to make haste. W our joint money to-day; the partn went broke. But"—his mild blue shot a glance of triumph—"I ha private cache—five thousand dol for the wallet under the pillow—s Correct?"

"Correct, five thousand dollars," swered Wick. He put it in his vest p

"It's for Claire—it's all that s every penny. Wickford!" The eye were glittering, the sagging cheeks "I had a presentiment—a year ago day it came again. You will leave money for Claire! You will swear it as I tell you for your old partner's orphan. Swear."

"Yes."

"Remember, she was the one t suade me to give you your start, little girl! To trust you first; to gi jewels for you! Remember! It is to forget." The sick man's thoughts to wander.

"Wickford, to-night I saw—ra from this pillow—the horses sai walking out of the paddock; the ra race! The big bright colt breaking the bunch!"

"Tell of the investment," said peremptorily.

The old man, already at the p dissolution, struggled up farther, a coming down on Wick's with a gr ground the bones together.

"Investment? To-morrow on Dragon to win!"

Impotent to release himself, the man's violent start and wrest cold skeleton grip held fast. Sight in the wide menacing blue eyes deeper, till only a spark in an abys it was out; but the cruel surface gri the threatening grin and icy lip ished Wick Sparks of his only master passion, which had challe itself till the money was down.

"S-h-h-h!" The crack of t opened wider. "It's me, Wick!" Framer came in. He was sc sheveled, and clenched an extin tween his teeth. "I got here in ti I heard all the talk. That five belongs to the firm. Fork over."

Wick's eyes were on him, and seemed hardly aware of the p presence. "I mean business," said "I'm desperate."

"You'll get it off my dead body," Wick abstractedly.

Claire hearing the voices ente with her sobbing cry the interv for the moment.

Wick talked with the physici adjoining room, and then sat lo Claire's reappearance; August station like a guard near the there was no further conversation.

Claire presently came in; Wick told her in a few w Morley's bequest and instruc

"It's the firm's money. Cl minded August. "We'll take it it. Where does Wick Sparks

"I hate the thought of gain sound of the word! Look w brought us to. Give me my pa me go home and bury my fath

"You can't go back to Mi August, "where Mr. Morley o thousand dollars we borrowed investment company. We ha interest on it, but not a dol principal."

"I'll pay them what I have

"I am executor of Mr. Mor said Wick with his uncompro ner. "I promised to lay his m Dragon to win to-morrow. Th ing will prevent me."

"Claire, he's not honest; yo not honest! That he held out dred thousand on Mr. Morley

"I will remain here to-nig arranged with the physicia undertaker," said Wick. "To ning I will give you the wi horse comes in first."

The girl made a sign of resig even August was bound to silence ensued until the arriv sent by the physician.

(Continued on Page

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Our gift to June Brides

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…priate that the favorite candy of sweet- …should be among your wedding presents. … be glad to have you number us among

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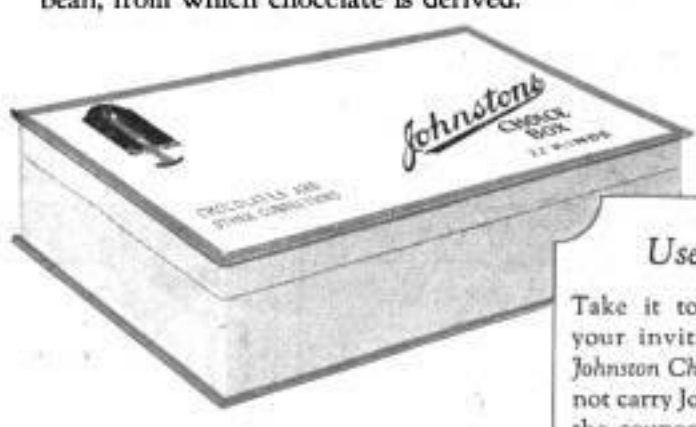
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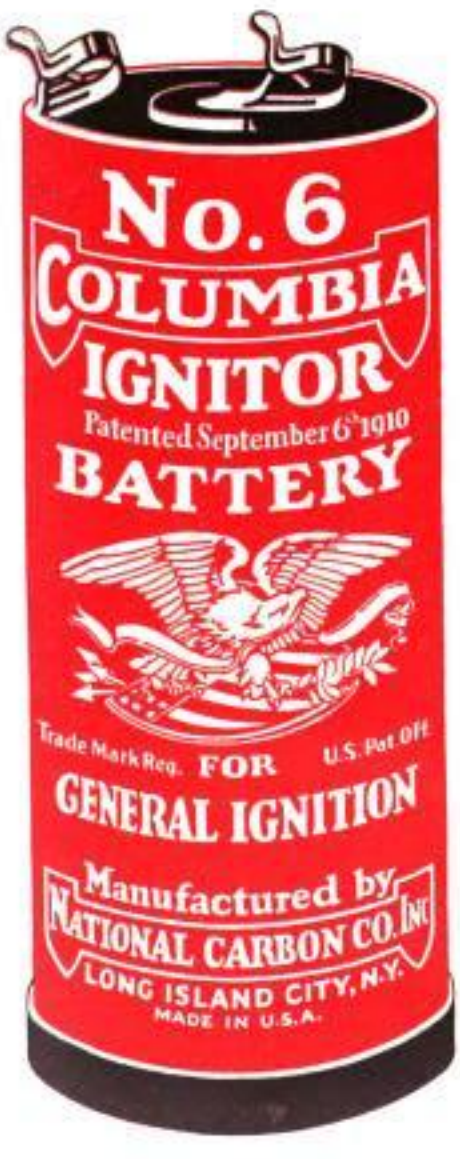
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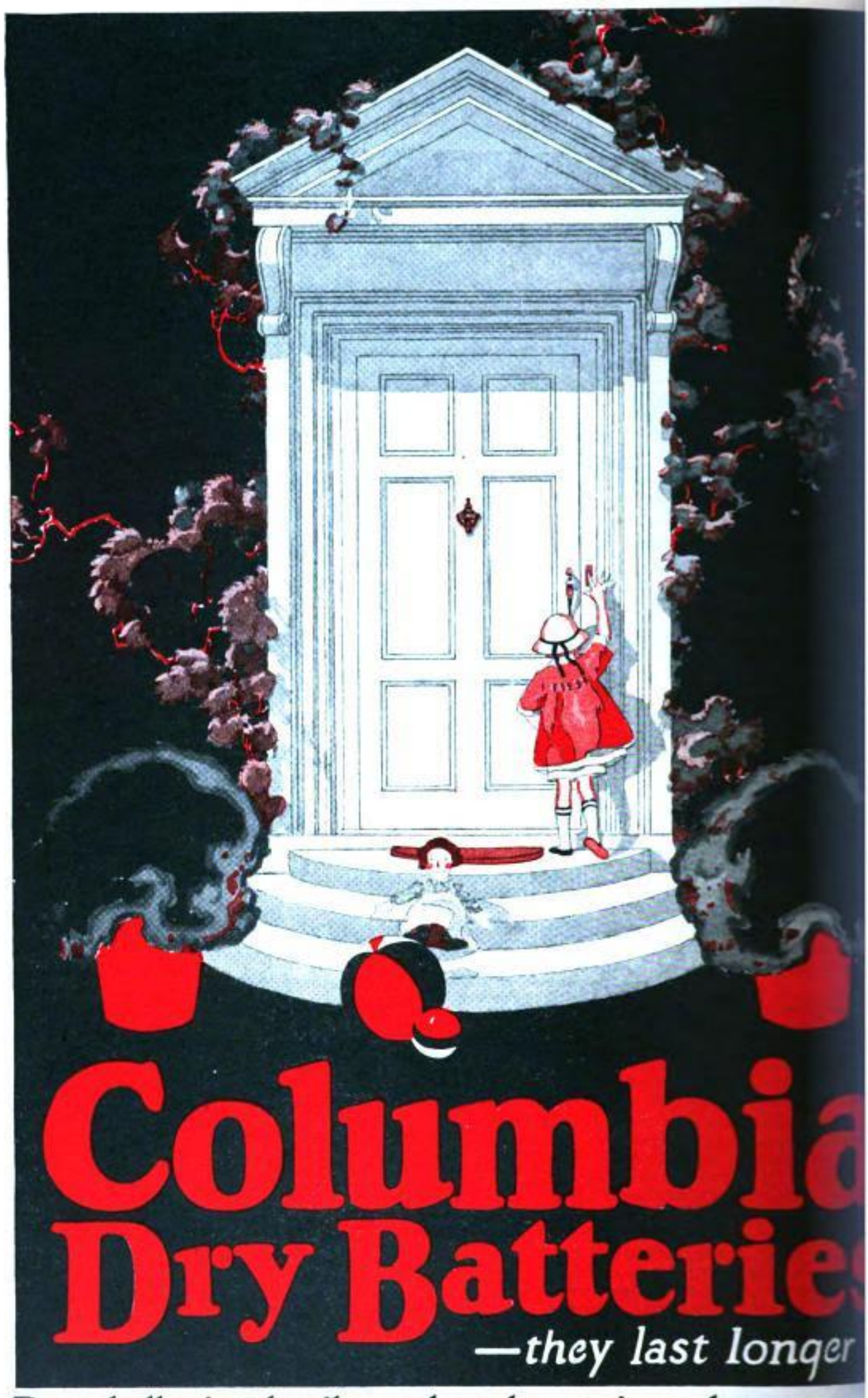
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(Continued from Page 82)

night Wick Sparks remained at
's bedside, musing; once when
who had not gone to bed or to
lided in to look at her father and
by him, he rose promptly and
The girl was altogether a forlorn
ith her wrinkled clothes and tum-
ir.
elt the companion of her watch
beside her and looked up. Her
back and the shining hair cascaded
shoulders.
ou, always so indifferent and cold,
in hereafter? That papa sees us

ly all men are convinced of im-
."
you do not make more ready
I'm afraid," she whispered, awe-
"when I think of papa passing
thout a prayer; without a hope,
he dreadful one—that to-morrow
l win."
did not reply.
you," she said, her eyes widening
"Haven't you any religion?"
child. I will live here my own
en I come to another life I'll take
d it, and look out for myself."
uld not reconcile his candid belief
tality with irreligion, and as he
way her gaze was bent upon the
countenance of the dead. Sud-
rose, puzzled by all this, and
but standing before Wick once
valiant little girl of memory.
t you again," she said in a voice
old and shrewd and hard; "and
as you do. It's papa's only
belief. And if you're wrong in
omebody else can do the praying
im and me." Claire had not only
m for this world—the sorry evi-
there on the bed—but for the
ome!
ft alone, looked curiously toward
it struck him that Morley was
ead when he spoke his will—
ut the master passion. "Was he
ad then?" asked Wick. "Over
? And could he see what we call
? That's nonsense—maybe! I
aw that race."
tingle of excitement; here was
n again. Only this time it came
omprehension that his old pen-
Gold Dragon and the last tre-
gambling reverie started by
aire, were merely forecastings of
on, when the great colt was to
ire herself. And a man, already
t for the master passion, had
Dragon winner and put down
—in Wick's hands! He shook
o man knew better the fatal
the gamester upon auguries.
der of the death watch was the
uspicion. "Morley, you were
cky!" he accused over and
dead man had pretty nearly
m. He cursed his own excite-
would not be controlled or die

ing," he told himself, "and I
enough to quit this shabby
go to banking."
ng, finding August sleeping
post in the big chair which he
s the front hall, Wick tapped
d at Claire's door, and quietly
ut by the fire escape at the
nt to his hotel for breakfast,
up and released his room, this
y Day.
his usual self, serenely indif-
rything but Wickford Sparks;
itement like that of revenge
his veins. It is what the total
s for drinking for a friend; a
er stacked a chip, for playing
d. It is what Wick got for
. Morley.
e the colt to-day," Wick told
st company and too much
n as a ringer."
wntown about noon, and not
balance at the bank but bor-
limit on his securities; he
rack with forty thousand of
y and the five thousand of

v

Mr. Morley was placed in a
ult that afternoon, Claire not
y her father among strangers
the day should return the
ke him home. The dead
ghter, waiting on his last
y him decently, stood before
Wick, heartsick, when he came to the apartment about seven o'clock.

And when he told her briefly that Gold Dragon had come in winner at odds of eight to one, she could only reply, "Why couldn't it have happened yesterday?"

"It is well for you that it happened to-day," Wick said. "You are forty-five thousand to the good."

"There are the friends who lent us money, to repay."

Wick began taking folds of bills out of every pocket, but she stopped him.

"I can't keep it here; I'm afraid of August. He wants to start the system again instead of paying our friends."

August on waking that morning had rushed off furiously in search of Wick and had not returned since. Claire was expecting him every minute. "Let's go to the office quickly," she said, "and find out from the books exactly what the debts are, and send the money to-night by telegraph."

The office, in a Forty-second Street building near Fifth Avenue, was a large one, showily furnished; the door was lettered: "Morley-Framer. Investments." There was a desk, a long table, and a cabinet from which Claire produced the one ledger of the firm. The two were bending over it, and Wick was copying names and amounts, when a prodigious shaking of the door and a shout admonished that Framer had overtaken them. Wick promptly admitted him and stepped clear as August rushed.

"The Dragon won!" exclaimed the latter, wild-eyed and coming on in a crouch. "I want my money. Twenty-two thousand five hundred ——"

"Just a moment," said Wick. "Take hold of the end of this table and help me push it against the wall." August complied involuntarily. "Now, Claire, jump up here. You can't reason or explain to this fellow. I know gamblers. The notion that he's won something has to be knocked out of him. Hold onto this coat."

August threw his own into a corner and the two met like wildcats. All over the room they fought, grappling, breaking, and the girl thought such blows must kill. Then all at once in the midst of a terrific milling August quit.

Wick backed him into a corner by the throat, but Claire grasped his arm, begging, "Don't, don't, Wick! He's surrendered."

The faces of both boys were bruised and bleeding, but Wick, his breath laboring and eyes dilated with fury, stalked to the ledger and was copying again, when Claire began dabbing his face with her handkerchief. He frowned but could not be ill-humored with her. Then over her shoulder he noticed August in a hang-dog attitude but eying them with inveterate curiosity.

"Claire, give Framer a thousand dollars; his subscription to the capital as entered in this book," said Wick. His command being complied with he added briefly, "Now you're a thousand better off than I am. I took the field to win against the Dragon."

August's eyes started from his head. "You! Plunge! How ——"

"For forty thousand," said Wick, advancing with a stony look; August retreated. His lips and nose twitched, his eyes were bright green. "Not a question," said Wick, "or I'll murder you." And in an agony which never quite subsided the explorer into other people's business was driven before the stony presence, from this half-discovered secret. The door and their lives closed upon him.

"We're ready to do our telegraphing, Claire," said Wick presently.

The business was done and they were leaving the telegraph office, Claire with nearly four thousand dollars in her possession.

"I'll take you safely home, and you can bank it to-morrow," said Wick.

"You really lost all your money? I'm not doubting." The girl looked at him with pride. "You wouldn't lie, even to August; you couldn't lie. But you must let me divide with you."

He shook his head. "I never borrow."

"But what will you do? Where will you go?"

"I will decide that sometime during the night."

Claire, searching in her bag, asserted she had left her purse, containing the apartment key, at the office, but once there the girl admitted a ruse, dragged a chair to the door and seated herself on guard, much as August had done the night before.

"What am I in for now?" asked Wick.

"You say you'll decide what you're going to do sometime during the night; I'm going to wait up with you."

The hour was already late; soon the building would be deserted; Wick did not know exactly how to put his negative on her suggestion. "You ought to, and must go home," he said.

"You mean it won't look proper for me to stay." With her elbow on the arm of the chair and chin in hand she studied him. "But who is there to care? What does it matter?"

"I can't permit it. What use would you be to me anyway?"

"I might not be useful; but I'd be in the way if you decided to do the wrong thing," she explained. "The loss hasn't got to you yet. Don't I know what black thoughts come the first night after you're bankrupt? I used to listen till papa would scream out in his sleep, sometimes with curses; or till he began walking, and then go in to him. I'd talk and quiet him."

Wick threw up his hands in exasperation. "But what business is it of yours?"

"Wickford, I'm so tired I can't think very well; I only know that I oughtn't to leave you. And I won't go home, and won't be scared or dragged away from watching with you to-night."

Wick threw himself into a chair and glared at the uncompromising jailer, who folded her arms and tried to hold her tired body very erect.

"Well, I'll promise you not to make any decision at all to-night, and do nothing whatever, and report to you in the morning," he said.

"You don't know what you'll do to-night if you're left alone. Why won't you lie down on the table there and try to sleep?"

Wick gave up and dismissing her from his mind concentrated abruptly on his own affairs. His world of security seemed wrecked to the rock it was built upon. Had his character been too unsteadied to found another? Could he regain his strength of will, maintain his integrity of purpose? Or would he plunge again when he had accumulated enough to make a killing?

He started up, but at his first steps the nodding jailer straightened and her heavy eyes cleared anxiously. "If you'll just be patient you'll find a way out," she said in a voice so firm that he was taken by surprise, and his thoughts broken up for the moment. But he repudiated her suggestion and in his chair again reflected bitterly, "A way out! I've worked three years to have one open if the system collapsed. Now that's closed." With his resolve to notify Gower in the morning it seemed that life, not as he had known it but as other people knew it, was about to engulf him; the young man who had not for a long time known an anxiety began wondering like the rest of us how to get by—to escape care, hardship—what course of action offers the best chance!

He cursed the word which is the opposite of security, and looked at Claire, who was huddled in the big chair, her head fallen aside, asleep.

Wick went over and roused her. "If you won't go home, let me make a pallet on the table for you," he said impatiently. "You're breaking your neck."

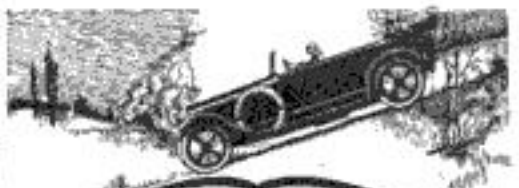
"Will you put the table across the door?"

He complied surlily, and with a sigh she laid herself down. "If you're having a bad time I'll be sure to wake up and talk to you."

"A bad time!" said Wick to himself. "What's every minute from now on, but a bad time!" After a while he must walk, and slipped off his shoes to pad up and down. "Gambling's got me," he said. His loss was irreparable and he threw up his hands even as his father had done. "All gone! I'd rather be dead a thousand times. I'm no good to myself here now. I'm a gambler." He cursed softly in utter frenzy, darting glances at the guarded door, trying a window furtively.

"Wick, has it come?" Claire raised herself on her elbow, fell back heavily and raised again. "Wick, I'm dizzy and played out. I'm afraid I'll fall down if I try to stand. You must come over here. Push up the chair."

He started, terribly frightened at being caught at the yawning window, and did as he was bidden. Claire took his hand in both her own and he sat pulled up close with his chest against the table. That was the best she could do to comfort him; she could hardly utter a word. After a time



Depending on GARCO

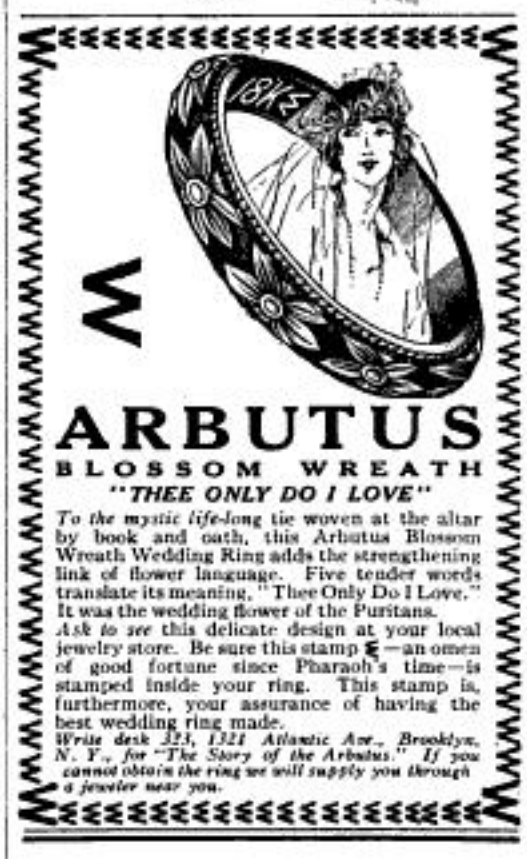
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See Page 75

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she turned in a dead sleep, but gripping his hands with the grip of rescue and drew them upon her breast. They touched the round white throat, rose and fell with her breathing. The angry despairing man remained very still, looking at the tired little face in its scattered hair. In wonderment he felt her heartbeats meet and mingle with his own. Presently his face fell upon his outstretched arms and he was asleep too.

When Wick came to a slow awakening soon after dawn, Claire, with her hat on, was standing at the open window, waiting.

"We'll feel more like business after our sleep," she said, and invited him to breakfast.

Wick brushed his hair, glanced in the glass at his bruised cheek and followed her out.

"I didn't decide on anything," he told her at breakfast. "I can't see my way back to where I was."

"You are the same Wickford Sparks."

"You know better, Claire. You know what gambling does to a man; I've lost all confidence in myself."

"But you've got to go on living!"

"I'll be too disgusted to play at a life where no security is to be won. Now come on; we'll get your ticket to Midwest and buy a draft with the rest of your money. I have one little matter left to attend to; then I'll join you again and put you on your train this afternoon."

She saw that nothing was to be done with him; his features were set as granite and his tone final. Still she stuck.

"Take me where you're going, Wick; I'll wait until your business is attended to, and then we can go to the apartment and I'll pack."

"Come on," he answered.

It was immediately after this breakfast that he made his visit to the bank, leaving Claire in the lobby while he went into Mr. Gower's office. He told the banker without preliminary that gambling had got him. "The other road out, which you promised to keep open for me, is closed up," he said.

Even old Gower, used to bankrupts with every conceivable tale, was a little aghast over the tragedy. "Bad," he said; "but maybe something else can be done for you."

"Nothing can be done."

Algy came in from his office and stared after Wick. "What's happened?" he asked.

"Your friend has plunged! Gone broke!"

Algy repeated the words with tremendous concern and, running, came up with Wick in the lobby, where Claire had rejoined him.

"I say, you can't leave me with plenty of money, flat like this," gasped Algy. "It isn't being done by a friend of mine who's gone broke."

Wick smiled grimly and introduced his companion.

"On my word, he's been in a fight," Algy told Claire. "You must explain to me and the governor, you really must. He's terribly cut up by your rushing him."

"It wasn't very courteous," admitted Wick. "Naturally I haven't much to say this morning, but if Mr. Gower believes I owe him an explanation I'll give it. You can come, too, Claire."

Algy, overjoyed, escorted them back and stood stiffly beside his friend as the latter explained to Mr. Gower.

Wick told of Mr. Morley and of the latter's giving him the five thousand to place on Gold Dragon. "The horse won at eight to one," he said, "and paid enough to satisfy Mr. Morley's investors and leave his daughter about four thousand. I lost my money on this race; forty thousand dollars."

"What horse did you take?"

"The field against the Dragon."

"You took to the track forty thousand dollars, and bet it with the bookmakers on the field?"

"Not with the bookmakers," replied Wick, frowning.

Gower leaned forward, his finger tips crawling over the desk, as if summoning spirits at a séance. "Who did you bet with?"

"Mr. Morley!"

Gower's huge body sprang back; he had established a contact he had not looked for. "You took his bet! You didn't put up his five thousand with the bookmakers either?"

"I had given Mr. Morley my promise and oath that I would place that five thousand on Gold Dragon to win; I took his bet myself."

Again Gower went after this witness, who was not reluctant, but who seemed to possess some sort of evidence which he did not know how to divulge.

"Did you do that for the sake of the young woman?"

Wick came up to the desk, Algy [illegible] in his friend's cause—whatever it was—keeping step, at his shoulder.

The clasped hands and appealing [illegible] of Claire did not escape Gower's eye; little Portia, no longer unlearned, was pleading her own cause, but that of Wickford Sparks, ungrateful hero, man of iron and self-sufficiency. Something [illegible] than her happiness and life hung on answer to this leading question.

"Did you cover Mr. Morley's five thousand yourself, for the sake of this young woman, Morley's daughter? So that if the horse lost the race you could tell her that you had believed the bet a bad one, and having failed to bet the money, could not offer it to her? Was love or sympathy [illegible] your motive? Answer that!"

His witness was cornered; the [illegible] autocrat of banking settled back in a tolerant air; already the growl of pardon was in his throat for this [illegible] of love. Then his jaws clashed, the [illegible] forgiveness became a muffled roar [illegible]

Wick had turned to Claire at this question, bent his brows, studied her. "It was not for Claire," he answered [illegible] "I had persuaded Mr. Morley to [illegible] partnership in the system; that led to his demanding the secret and starting on his own account with some of [illegible] I knew all along he couldn't resist the temptation to gamble. Yet I got him [illegible] plunged. Well, here was five thousand, very last of the money he and his [illegible] had invested. I figured: 'With the bookmakers it may be lost.' I could [illegible] that! But I really owed them a chance to win back their money by getting them into a game too strong for them. I couldn't resist it; I [illegible] that Gold Dragon would not win if it was not for Claire."

"Oh, Wick, I'm so glad!" The [illegible] in astonishment at the clasped hands, happy face. "He didn't do it for [illegible] didn't do it for anybody. He did it because it was good; it was right." Wick"—forgetting the others, as one else—"you can't help but [illegible] now! Don't you remember, [illegible] 'Blessed are the righteous'?"

"That," said Wick coldly to the [illegible] slider, "is just a promise. There is a chance that it is true."

Old Gower bulked among them, lifted hand forbade all further [illegible] "That, Wickford," he said, his [illegible] awed and still, "is the chance [illegible]

Wick followed with astonished [illegible] form of the old banker as he [illegible] his son before him out of the room. "Come here with me to-morrow," he said [illegible] door. "The way out is open."

Wick gazed back at Claire, [illegible] himself, not her: "Did I do that [illegible] he staked the one-man world [illegible] promise was true? Now he was [illegible] losers of the present; one of the [illegible] Could he look up uncomplainingly [illegible] accumulate, plunge again—how [illegible] righteously? He stood listening, [illegible] with a faint, delightful interest [illegible]

"Claire!" He groped abstractedly [illegible] her hand, and clasped it. "I have [illegible] fortune, yet I don't feel so very [illegible]

"See, you are blessed already [illegible]

"Last night while you were [illegible] with me for my hour of horror, [illegible] I thought, 'If I had back my fortune [illegible] had back my own secure world [illegible] I would not be happy without [illegible] Wick talked up to himself again: [illegible] have been fighting a losing fight [illegible] loving her, for a long while—it was [illegible] and beat me down so suddenly."

"I didn't know ——" she faltered [illegible]

"Why, you look as you did when [illegible] girl and I first saw you."

"I haven't changed," sighed [illegible] loved you then just the same as [illegible]

He held her closely to his side [illegible] walked away. At the very door [illegible] limped haltingly with a make-believe [illegible] of all-men's world, which was [illegible] make-believe; Claire observed [illegible] ing, watching, with so delightful [illegible] terest in his face that she blushed [illegible] not help putting her arm around [illegible]

The door opened a crack; the [illegible] System Player, unmoved by the [illegible] passion gusts of the betting room, [illegible] black brows and with an eager [illegible] pressed on, into the great [illegible] security; Claire's blessed [illegible]

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CONSUMPTION AFTER THE BOOM

(Continued from Page 25)

utilities and building materials are ions in point. These must be esti- y measurement of production. Con- n of tools of trade—by which are arness, farm implements, hand placement parts of machines, and so ually best measured from produc- ce manufacturing programs are elated to seasonal requirements.

econd method of studying con- is to survey retail trade. Retail s never been properly scrutinized ss. Some retail traders assemble at are of especial value in esti- onsumption. Many department hain stores, coöperative stores, r houses and jobbing concerns display careful records of monthly espite the fact that these cannot ntative of all classes of the popu- ey furnish valuable information g volume and direction of retail . Indirectly, retail trade can be in an approximate way by car express shipments, bank clear- specialized manufacture.

rd method of studying consump- measure production. One must each class of goods the time enes between raw material and ticle. This being known, if one is cure figures on visible and in- cks, the data on production surement of the volume of con- Accurate records of visible and ocks are kept for some materials odities; for others not. For the rpose, however, it is clear that ct estimates of stocks are not e are on safe ground in making tion with regard to them. We 19 with short stocks of most rilian commodities. We had a over of bread grains, a heavy mesticated animals, and abun- and fodder. Minerals, metals, other raw materials had been or purposes of war. Many of ials were available at once for sumption. Conditions of pro- e not favorable during the year, e directions stocks tended to in 1919, despite strong revival tion. There was further accu- stocks in 1920. During 1921 been declining, and we enter ost stocks upon a low plane.

ese circumstances, if we know ion in '21 and the carry-over of that year, we can measure during the year. And for of which accurate information not available, figures for con- sed on production will be a nce we know that stocks have under these circumstances a nsumption is normal we are is at least normal; if it seems ct less low than the estimate.

ercompensation

ble, in the purely commodity e production and consumption boom into the depression. ar we practiced repression of of living in a number of e to mobilization of materials for purposes of warfare. This certain degree of depletion— material sense, and dissatis- —in the psychological sense. mination of the war, in the comparably efficient methods , it was natural and inevitable ould be devoted to replacing obliterating dissatisfactions. sibly we passed from the war goods and services to an civilian goods and services. dated supply, since time was ring production back into nels. Our manufacture in v, due to militarization of r lethargy of labor. Prices istent demand and lagging ucers sought to bring supply demand by speeding up the he tools of production and by acts for raw materials over s of time and in amounts in t requirements. Manufac- twice what they needed in btaining as much as they large extent the emergency als was spurious. Retailers, unable to satisfy customers, placed orders in every conceivable direction, in excess of measurable requirements, and at high prices. Retailer, wholesaler, jobber and manufacturer bought and ordered more than they expected to receive or use.

After the holiday season of '19, production had gotten well under way and each week consumers found less difficulty in supplying their wants. Gradually the number of consumers whose demands were satisfied, or at least not insistent, increased. People of foresight began to restrict purchases. Gradually the volume of production approached that of consumption. In the spring of 1920 it became apparent that the curves of production and consumption would soon meet, that in many lines production would soon exceed consumption. The emergency of civilian goods and services was thereafter not only satisfied but in many directions overcompensated. Overcompensation occurred in two directions—in actual production of raw materials in excess of consumers' requirements of finished goods after the war depletion had been repaired, and in future contracts and commitments for raw materials in excess of reasonable consumption, and even in excess of plant capacity.

The Signal for Deflation

In the summer of 1920 the curve of demand flattened out, the curve of production rose above it. With this reversal of the relations of production and consumption what had been a seller's market became a buyer's market. So soon as this was apparent, possessors of excess materials attempted to dispose of them, holders of future contracts and commitments sought to evade them. Manufacturers who were not overextended were soon able profitably to purchase raw materials and offer finished goods at cut prices. Excess stocks began to appear on the market under liquidation. Contraction of credit to producer, manufacturer and dealer accentuated discrepancy between supply and demand on a purely commodity basis. When buyers found they could obtain the goods they did not really need they awaited further fall of prices; this was the so-called buyers' strike. From the fall of '20 all factors tended to operate in the direction of deflation of prices. The entire year '21 was characterized by deflation—precipitous and, indeed, forced with certain commodities, halting and restrained with others. The last half of '21 witnessed interactions towards rectification of disparities of prices produced by unequal deflations.

In the early months of '22 are observed further reactions in the removal of price disparities and the reëstablishment of natural price relations between different classes of commodities by advances in the price of farm products. When disparities in prices have been corrected it is believed that the general price level will be temporarily stabilized at about 150 compared with the prewar level of 100. With some materials, where deflation occurred early and fully, recovery appeared early, as in the case of wool and silk.

In stressing the commodity aspect of the picture of the business cycle I do not undertake to underestimate the influence of accumulation of gold and the monetary policy on prices. When the accentuated European demand for goods came in 1915, this had a double effect: It called forth extension along normal civilian lines, as in agriculture; it also called into being new plant expansion along abnormal non-civilian lines. The latter was fully developed in 1917, and became topheavy in 1918. During 1915–16 we competed with Europeans for the products of our industries. During 1917–18 we competed with our Allies for the civilian and military products of our factories. After the armistice the competition between Europe and ourselves for our products was turned into civilian channels, but remained intense. The scarcity of raw materials was largely spurious, except for transient lack of transportation. The scarcity of consumers' goods was actual but ephemeral. The buying power of Europe was low but desperate. The buying power of our people was lower than commonly rated, because the increased income of the war years had been largely neutralized by increased prices, as has been clearly shown by the National Bureau of Economic Research.

Decline in price of hogs in 1919 sounded the signal for deflation. There was some deflation in 1920, particularly in raw materials. With few exceptions the year '21 presented continuing deflation and decline of prices. There is still deflation to be accomplished in 1922, particularly in fuel, building materials and finished commodities. The year 1921 presented continuing decline in consumption, or at least in manufacturers' disposal of goods, in consumers' takings of goods. It is instructive to analyze this decline in consumption.

A study of consumption is illuminated by contrasting and comparing final consumption with productive consumption. By final consumption we mean, for example, the purchase of flour by the housewife; by productive consumption, the purchase of wheat by the miller. For each material there is a natural relation, in quantity and time, between producers' goods and consumers' goods. If imports, exports and stocks are known, figures for productive consumption can be used to measure takings of consumers' goods and check the results of direct measurements. On the other hand, direct measurement of purchase of consumers' goods may be used to check the figures of productive consumption, where these seem divergent or incongruous. It will be an advantage in the survey that follows to take up the study by commodities.

Contradictory Figures

Bread Grains. During 1919 and until June, 1920, wheat was under the liquidating control of the United States Grain Corporation. This corporation delivered grain to the mills, promulgated milling regulations, controlled prices of milling, jobbing and retailing, had charge of imports and exports, and was obligated to purchase all offerings at the price fixed by national enactment. Convinced that supplies of wheat and rye were adequate the grain corporation early in 1919 wisely released millers, jobbers, wholesalers, retailers and bakers from war restrictions and returned them to the operations of free trade, but retained control of imports and exports. Early in 1919 the United States Treasury suspended governmental credits to the ex-allied governments for purchase of American commodities. The wheat and rye crops of 1918 were large. We entered the year with a good carry-over of wheat and a small stock of flour. Some time was required for mills to return to normal operations and to reëstablish their brands in the retail market. From the official data for production, net export and supply, the per capita consumption of wheat flour over a period of years is seen to have been as follows:

YEAR	POUNDS PER CAPITA
1914	229.3
1915	215.6
1916	205.8
1917	201.8
1918	170.5
1919	197.9
1920	168.6
1921	192.1

The figures for flour production are obtained from trade sources with the same methods employed by the Food Administration. During the years '14, '15 and '16, while we were neutral, the average consumption was 216.9 lbs. During the war years '17 and '18, the average consumption was 186.1 lbs. During '19, '20 and '21, the average consumption was 186.2 lbs. Conservation of wheat flour was not gotten under way until late in '17. The low consumption of '18—170.5—may be regarded as the direct result of the efforts of the Food Administration. With the setting free of bread the figure for consumption rebounded in '19 to practically 198 pounds, declined in '20 to below the level of consumption in '18, and returned in '21 to 192 pounds.

The decline in consumption in 1920 is difficult to understand. It is well known that flour consumption falls during prosperity and rises during hard times. The figures for consumption in '20 and '21 would follow this rule, but the figures for '19 and '20 are in contradiction. Observation in homes and public eating places lends no support to the idea of decline in actual use of products of wheat flour. On the other hand, it is certain that the lesson of elimination of waste of wheat, inculcated during the war, has not been forgotten. In every direction in which the subject is to be investigated less waste is encountered than before the war.

It is possible that increased consumption of rye flour might help to explain the lowered figures for wheat consumption. Rye flour production is not known in the same way as is wheat flour production; but one does not see how we could hope to find in rye flour an explanation for the low figure for '20 compared with '19 and '21. Before the war the use of corn and rice was receding in the Southern States, being replaced by wheat. During the war corn and rice were pushed forward. In '19 the use of corn and rice again declined in favor of wheat. Corn and rice have been cheaper than wheat flour in the Southern States. With hard times it was to be expected that the use of wheat would decline, the people returning to the not-yet-forgotten use of cheaper corn and rice. Such surveys as have been made in the South confirm this inference. These explanations may suffice to cover the lower consumption of the three years after the war; but they give no explanation for the aberrant figure for 1920.

It is probable that the grindings of nonreporting mills have been increased since elevation of freight rates. Stocks of flour diminished from December, '19, to December, '20, and remained low during '21. The decline in stocks during '20 must be added to the figure for production during '20 to reach the figure for consumption during '20—that is, part of the 198 pounds credited to 1919 was not consumed until 1920. How much this would elevate the low figure for '20 is not computable. By the same reasoning, flour consumption credited to 1917 may not have taken place until 1918. Consumption of flour may have been reduced during these years, but it is strange to see retrenchment in a cheap staple foodstuff, with use of high-priced foods retained.

Coarse Grains. Production and consumption of cereal foods prepared from corn, oats, barley and rice cannot be measured, except in the case of rice, because of the lack of collection of data at the sources. Manufacturers in these lines report business as dull in 1921. The public seems not yet to have recovered from the wheatless days of 1918, except in the South, where the use of corn and rice appears to have risen during 1920.

Other Comparisons

Dairy Products. Consumption of dairy products seems to have been normal, no matter how surveyed. The count of dairy cattle has been maintained. Through selection in breeding, the annual milk output per cow increases every year. Since 1919 prices of feeds have declined, and since 1920 costs of farm labor also. During the war we developed an abnormal export trade in condensed milk. This has fallen precipitously, though not yet to the prewar level. Exports of butter and cheese have declined, and imports have increased. The results of these changes in foreign trade seem to have been wholly absorbed in the domestic utilization of the milk supply. To a remarkable extent the prices of dairy products have been sustained since the armistice, displaying little more than seasonal variations. Dairy products have been the most remunerative of agricultural produce to the producer, and have been absorbed in undiminished volume by the consuming public. The inflexibility of milk consumption has been given another demonstration during the past two years.

Sugar. The consumption of sugar has remained entirely normal. The United States and island possessions produce about one-half of our sugar supply, and the rest is imported from Cuba. Following the release of sugar from the control of the Sugar Equalization Board in 1919, the price of sugar sky-rocketed to unheard-of altitudes. The descent was equally spectacular and distressing. For months sugar has been

(Continued on Page 92)

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The Columbia Light Six

WHEN you visit the showroom of the Columbia dealer in your city and examine the new Columbia Light Six, your first question almost certainly will be: "How is it possible to offer this automobile at so low a price?"

The Columbia Light Six represents a departure from customary methods of developing an automobile; it is a new and unusual car made possible by a new and unusual type of co-operation among nationally known *specialized* producers of motor car units.

Designed for Dependability

Columbia engineers some time ago set out to develop a lightweight six-cylinder automobile which at the same time should be sturdy, powerful, economical in operation, and thoroughly *dependable*. They did not shop for low prices; each unit selected was the best—built by a long-established, universally recognized manufacturer.

Naturally they chose a Continental "Red Seal" Motor. They specified Timken Axles. They went to Durston for the transmission. They called on Auto-Lite for electrical equipment. Borg & Beck provided the clutch, Stromberg the carburetor, Gemmer the steering gear, Harrison the radiator, Spicer the universal joints.

A Car Made Possible By Co-operation

Then the principals of these great manufacturing organizations were invited to a private showing of the new Columbia model. Their attention was called to the possibilities of this Light Six if it could be marketed for less than $1000.

They were soon convinced that many thousands of small profits would in the end outweigh a few large ones. They adjusted their prices to a basis of quantity production, cutting profits to the narrowest possible margin *without sacrificing quality of materials or workmanship*, just as Columbia had already planned to do in building the completed car.

And in this way the Columbia Light Six at $985 was made possible.

The Columbia Light Six Built To Fine Car Standards

A 50-horsepower Continental "Red Seal" Motor of the most economical high-speed type. Removable head, full-pressure lubrication, "hot-spot" manifold, counterbalanced 4-bearing crankshaft, silent chain-driven timing gears.

Road tests show speed ranging well beyond 60 miles an hour, and exceptional acceleration at ordinary driving speed.

Timken Axles, front and rear; Durston transmission, with Timken bearings; Auto-Lite starting and lighting equipment; Borg & Beck clutch; Spicer Universal Joints; Gemmer Steering Gear; Stromberg Carburetor.

Car weight, 2400 pounds, 450 pounds less than the average car of equal wheelbase—115 inches.

Steel or wood wheels optional. Tires—6-ply Fisk Cords, 31 x 4, guaranteed for a car weighing 800 pounds more.

The longest body ever built on this length wheelbase, mounted directly on the frame—as in high-priced cars—to eliminate squeaks and rattles.

Genuine leather upholstery; wide, deep-cushioned seats. Deep-drawn crown fenders of 20-gauge cold-rolled steel. Barrel headlights.

A Six at the Price of the Average Popular Four

The Columbia Light Six is the first *specialized unit* Six that has ever sold for less than $1000. It is a strikingly handsome automobile—well-proportioned, roomy, powerful, sound in every part and built by the experienced Columbia manufacturing organization into a smooth-running, durable and dependable whole.

At every point throughout the entire car you will find advanced design, high quality materials and generous strength. There has been no skimping—no compromise in the interests of low price.

See and Judge for Yourself

Columbia dealers are now demonstrating the Columbia Light Six—both the Open Car at $985, f. o. b. Detroit, and the Sedan (a five-passenger four-door enclosed car, with metal back construction) at $1395, f. o. b. Detroit.

Let this be your invitation to visit our dealer in your city, to examine the Columbia Light Six, to ride in it, to drive it. Form your own judgment from the car's performance, plus the evident quality that extends to the smallest details.

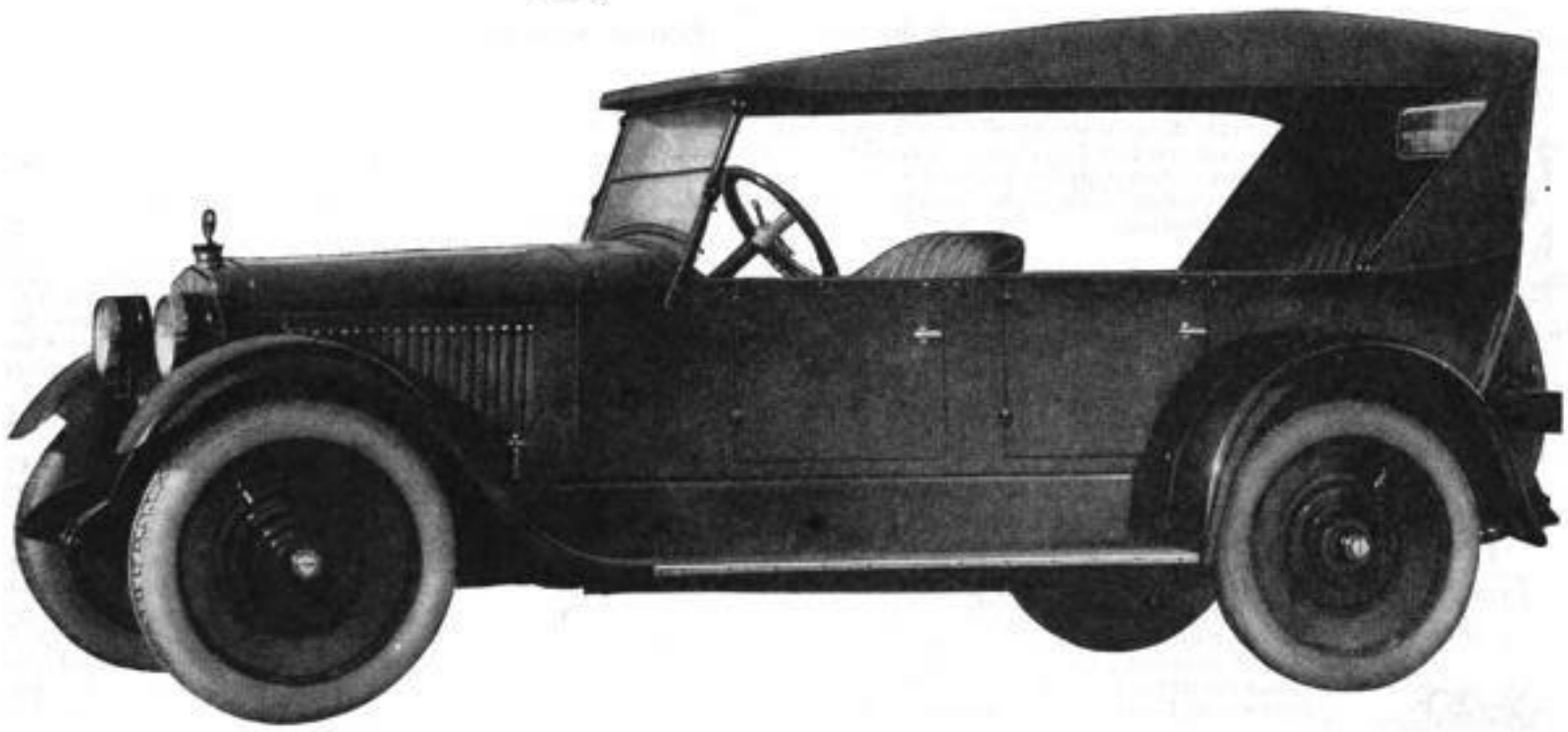
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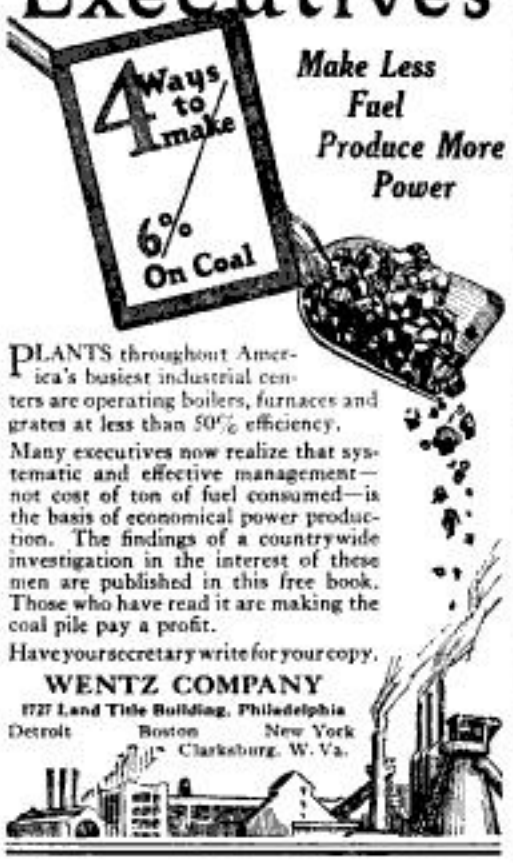
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one of our cheapest foodstuffs, nearly approaching the prewar level in retail price. During the years '19, '20 and '21 the consumption has been almost constant. The per capita consumption of refined sugar—Willett & Gray—for the last three years in order was 87.3, 86.5 and 86.8 pounds. Disregarding the war year '18, the average per capita consumption of refined sugar in the last ten years was 86.1 pounds. Apparently sugar is our least flexible foodstuff. Clearly, also, consumption remains the same, irrespective of price and prohibition.

A comparison of curve of consumption with curve of price during the last three years is convincing in this direction. There is, however, evidence that the form of consumption has changed to some extent; there was less use of manufactured sugar—confectionery—and greater use of sugar in the home.

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES. Consumption of fruits and vegetables is difficult to measure, because it is not possible to segregate from rural production the production that enters commercial trade. In prosperous times rural production of fruit and vegetables for home consumption tends to fall, in hard times to rise. Stocks of fruits and vegetables were very uneven in 1919, some long, some short. The pack of 1920 was put up at exorbitant prices, the packers everywhere restricting their output to some extent. In 1921 the acreage of the staple vegetables grown for commercial packing in the principal states was reduced one-third.

During '21 stocks declined and the new pack was restricted. The consumption has therefore been the sum of the pack and of volume of decline in stocks. We enter the crop year '22 with stocks of packed vegetables reduced to a low point. Apparently the consumption may be regarded as having been normal with slight reductions in certain directions.

Fruits and Meats

The situation is still more complex with fruits. The Central and Eastern states suffered a killing frost during the blossom season of 1921, and the fruit crop was small. The pack was proportionately reduced. The heated term during the summer of 1921 increased the consumption of all fruits and hastened reduction of stocks. The crop and consumption of citrus fruits in 1921 were heavy. The freeze in California in February has reduced greatly the present citrus crop. From now until the new fruit crops appear, consumption of several fruits must be somewhat low for lack of supplies. The importation of bananas has risen each year since 1919. In 1919 we had a balance of exports of dried fruits of 106,000 tons; this was reversed in the following year to a balance of imports of 4000 tons; and this last year again reversed to a balance of exports of 22,000 tons. In 1919 the balance of imports of nuts was 75,000 tons; in 1920 it was 136,000 tons, and last year 106,000 tons. The fact that the importation of dried fruits and nuts was not permitted during '18 prevents us from using these figures as indications of consumption following their resumed importation. Our own crops have been uneven. By and large, there seems little indication that the consumption of fruits and nuts has displayed during the last three years any other reduction than that naturally associated with partial crop failure.

In certain lines the fancy grades seem to have been neglected. Stocks of fruits and nuts, like stocks of packed vegetables, are low.

MEATS. Estimate of consumption of meat and meat production during the last two years depends largely upon the base line employed.

Meat consumption has been falling in the United States for twenty years before the war, from practically 190 to 166 pounds.

The following table, from the data of the Department of Agriculture, gives the figures for consumption of meats, per person, per year, in pounds. The production of inspected meat and lard was 100,000,000 pounds less in '21 than in '20, but the estimated production of uninspected meat and lard was 250,000,000 pounds more in '21 than in '20. In addition, stocks of inspected meats declined in '21 by more than the difference in production of inspected meat in the two years.

YEAR	BEEF AND VEAL	PORK AND LARD	MUTTON AND LAMB
1907	83.5	102.9	6.4
1908	76.4	99.9	6.2
1909	81.6	80.3	6.7
1910	84.5	71.0	6.5
1911	79.1	88.0	7.9
1912	73.8	82.7	8.3
1913	65.1	85.0	7.6
1914	62.9	82.8	7.5
1915	58.9	92.2	6.4
1916	62.7	91.4	6.2
1917	68.6	70.7	4.7
1918	71.4	83.7	4.8
1919	65.0	80.4	5.8
1920	68.2	82.1	6.0
1921	64.9	84.3	6.3

The data for inspected slaughterings and commercial stocks are accurate. The figures for rural slaughterings and total meat production are estimates. During the period of decline of prices of livestock rural slaughterings have increased relative to inspected slaughterings. The war brought with it a restriction in meat consumption; the consumption during the last three years has tended upwards. The average per capita consumption between '07 and '16 was 167.4 lbs. During '17 and '18 it was 151.9 lbs., and remained practically unchanged during '19. In '20 it rose five lbs., and remained at about the same level in '21. A slight fall in consumption of beef and veal has been balanced by increase in consumption of pork, mutton and lamb.

Classes Most Affected

A local survey of the meat consumption of Philadelphia, Boston and New York during 1921 yields the same result as that drawn from figures for the entire country—that meat consumption was fully sustained in 1921, beef consumption having slightly fallen, consumption of pork, mutton and lamb slightly increased. But meat consumption has shown no trend to the higher figures of the prewar years. It is clear, also, that during the period of industrial depression there has been no reduction in the consumption of meat by the urban population.

Since 1918 the count of animals has fallen. Though the count of milk cows has been maintained, that of other cattle, swine and sheep has declined materially. The supply of meat available to maintain the plane of consumption since 1919 has been the expression of selling off of animals, rather than sustained positive output through efficient feeding operations, though carcass weights in 1921 were good. It is doubtful if the present count of animals can long maintain a meat supply corresponding to the consumption of 1921. This is a problem of the future. Meat stocks are low, except in mutton and lamb.

VEGETABLE OILS. Consumption of vegetable oil is difficult of measurement, because of complexity in statistics. The supply of vegetable oils—production plus net import—was high in 1919, fell about 25 per cent in 1920, and another 10 per cent in 1921, the figure for that year approximating the supply in '14–'16. Stocks in '20 remained practically at the level of '19, but in '21 were considerably reduced. So far as it is possible to trace the oils, it seems probable that decline in consumption in 1921 was confined to industrial uses, the table and kitchen consumption of edible oils being apparently little changed.

MISCELLANEOUS FOODS. Coming finally to the consumption of accessories of the diet—spices, tea, coffee, and so on, it seems clear that consumption, once restored from the war level, has proceeded within normal boundaries. Importations of coffee, tea, cocoa and spices during the last three years afford no ground for assumption of reduced consumption. The coffee crop of last year was large. It is apparently up to the American people to drink this crop; Europe cannot afford to do so.

The classes most severely reduced by decline in income were farmers, civil servants and families living on small, fixed investments. Have these maintained their standards of living? Certainly not. They may have maintained their food supply, but the fact that the per capita food consumption of the country is normal does not prove that these groups have suffered no deprivation. There is evidence of a [illegible] nature that the members of the last [illegible] groups have had to practice retrenchment in subsistence. The average income civil servants had in 1918 only 70 per [illegible] of the buying power of 1913; in 1921 [illegible] still more reduced for many groups, [illegible] bonuses lapsed. Farmers rarely [illegible] from hunger except when crops fail. The man close to the soil protects his [illegible] first, and in this he cannot be circumvented by business cycles or governments, so long as he has not been dispossessed of his [illegible]. Farmers have had less of store foods in '21 than in previous years, but they [illegible] used more home supplies. This [illegible] more home-killed meat, home-raised vegetables, farm-rendered lard, more [illegible] products; but fewer bananas from Central America, oranges from Florida and [illegible] from Maine. Fewer eggs have been [illegible] on the farm, because eggs have been [illegible] in the country store. Before the war, 40 per cent of the calories in the diet of a farmer's family were supposed to come from the place. This may have [illegible] to 50 per cent in 1921. To judge the condition of the farmer one must see his [illegible] for implements, not for groceries. The problems of the farmer—and they are difficult and serious—lie in finance, cost of operations, not in subsistence.

IN SUMMARY. The food consumption during '19, '20 and '21 was entirely [illegible] normal limits and the fluctuations [illegible] than often observed in normal years [illegible] the war. Neither war, postwar, boom nor depression seems to have demoralized disturbed food consumption. Our [illegible] subsistence was generous, there was [illegible] of leeway for retrenchment where [illegible] to be necessary. But signs of retrenchment in subsistence are difficult to discern. The family income advanced from [illegible] 1920, the outlay for food a little more kept pace, apparently, though the [illegible] outlay did not rise above 50 per cent of income. What happened during [illegible] varied with the income. For families [illegible] incomes remained high the outlay [illegible] fell to 40 per cent, or less, of the [illegible] but where the income was early [illegible] the percentage of income expended [illegible] rose, possibly above 50 per cent. The [illegible] suggest retrenchment in everything [illegible] food, shelter, light and fuel.

TOOLS OF TRADE. Consumption [illegible] of trade was high in 1919, moderate [illegible] what in 1920 and declined in 1921. [illegible] not possible to give an approximate [illegible] a weighted average of decline. Much [illegible] ment of reduced purchases of agricultural [illegible] implements is obtained from other [illegible] sources, of those of hardware and [illegible] tools from another, and so on. It is clear that stocks declined materially [illegible] every direction, and that therefore [illegible] sales afford a closer approximation [illegible] manufacturers' output. An excellent [illegible] cation of the falling off in this direction [illegible] shown in the decline of sales of repair [illegible] parts and tires of automobiles.

Meaning of Decline

CLOTHING AND HOUSE FURNISHINGS. [illegible] is not possible to separate consumption [illegible] clothing from that of household furnishings. Wool, cotton, silk, leather and other materials enter into both, and cannot directly measure decline in final consumption by falling off in productive consumption. Nor are these two sets of [illegible] to be segregated in retail sales, since retailers deal in both. Measured [illegible] there seems little question that [illegible] in consumption during 1921 was [illegible] ranging from 20 to 40 per cent [illegible] ent articles.

CONSUMPTION OF WOOL, COTTON AND [illegible]

	1919	1920
Wool (pounds)	680,648,000	574,778,000
Cotton (bales)	5,930,000	5,840,000
Hides (sole leather sides)	22,515,000	18,433,000

These declines have not the [illegible] tive meanings, because wool is largely [illegible] in clothing, while cotton and leather [illegible] also widely used in producers' goods. It [illegible] to be observed that decline in consumption of cotton occurred later than in that [illegible] wool. As in the case of wool, decline [illegible]

(Continued on Page 84)

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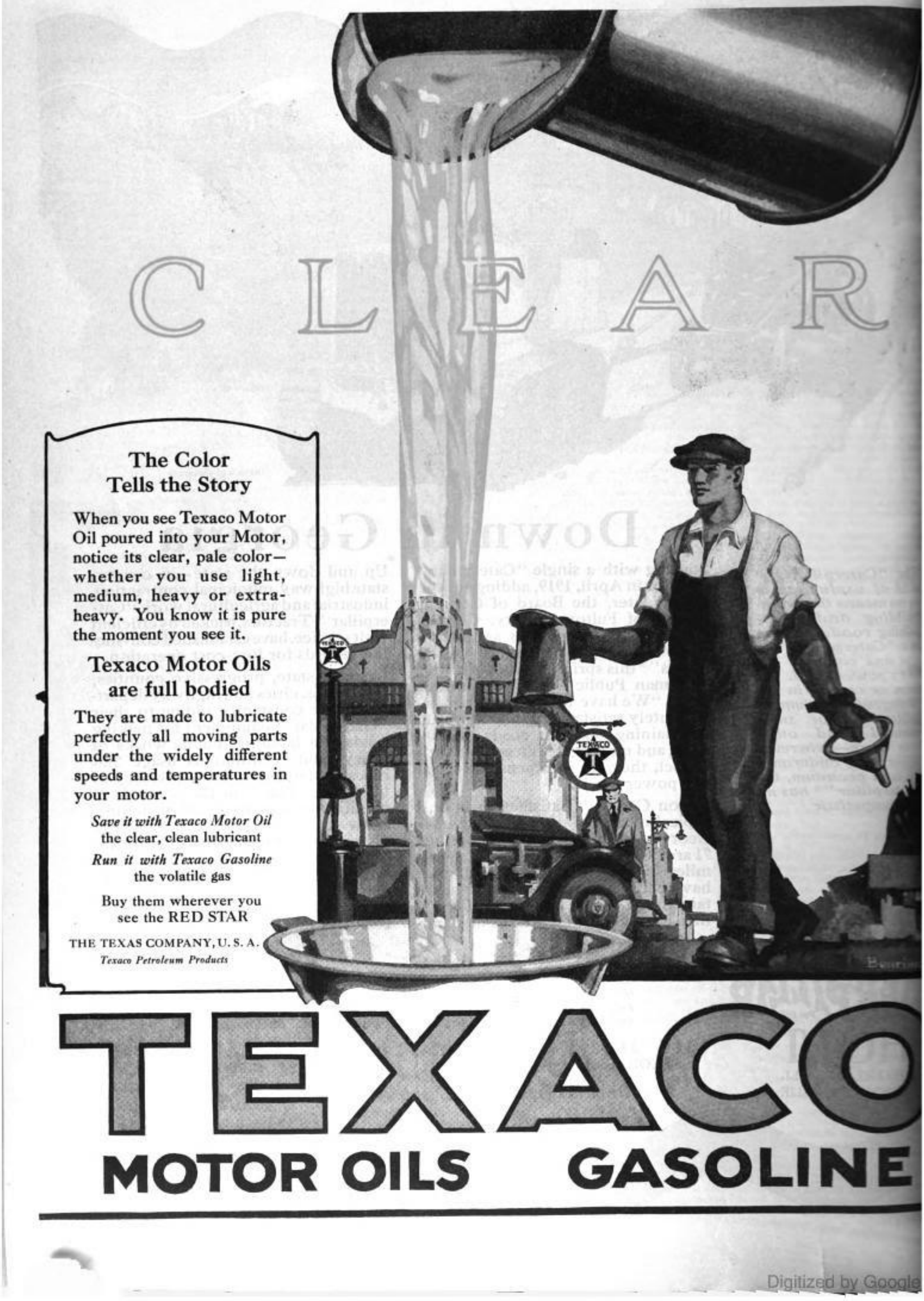
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gn occurred in 1920; 1921 wit-decrease. In the case of leather, tanning of sides and by net im-sumption of leather goods de-in 1920 and continued to decline 1921.

r importance is to be attached line in consumption of cotton, des, industrial fats and other s of animal husbandry. With declines must be contrasted ally normal consumption of products and vegetable oils as It is to the industrial uses of ther than to their ingestion as hat one must look in searching ion for fall in price of domesti-ls.

. Consumption of accessories s is difficult of measurement, is in evidence to make it clear ses have proved less elastic ated by earlier writers on the living. The year 1921 wit-rial decline in railway travel obile travel outside of com-Importations of chicle fell in quarter below the importa-and 1920. Consumption of not reduced during 1921, rm of consumption was some-—cigar and pipe tobacco de-rette increasing. The current acco expenditure follows the was not well confirmed dur-It is also worthy of observa-l prices of tobacco were well le wholesale prices fell con-acco manufacturers at no or '21 had to write down n general it seems as though for accessories and sundries termined less by considera-income than by particular

nt in expenditure for rent, was out of the question dur-ople could not move from owhere. In some sections of ight increases in rates oc-were counterbalanced by ther sections. The estab-n of 9 per cent in output urs in public-utility plants 'allen on power use and not .

on of Raw Materials

sumption of raw materials analyzed from the stand-ndividual, construction of ay equipment, and so on, duced during '20 and '21. ilding permits by volume struction declined steadily 20 to the beginning of 1921, ise, and early in 1922 had plane deserted two years nking during 1921 were production of structural nber, glass, wire and nails, , rails and cars. The year reduced output of coal, automobiles, commercial commercial explosives, leather belting, rubber mployed in manufacture. varied, from material to to 50 per cent, compared of the previous two years. most materials, stocks 921, so that actual con-mewhat higher than the in the index numbers e Survey of Current Busi-rtment of Commerce and yses of the trade.

in collective productive s letting the public plant wn—neglect of upkeep, with population, lowered the enlarging needs of all To a certain extent it lth; to a greater degree, ncy. Heavy collective e observed in construc-—private construction iled and public construc-—as an act of policy in oyment during the sum-f 1921.

ng it is clear that during in the standard of liv-expenditures judged by cally not observed with el and light. Retrench-with some accessories and sundries, not with others. Marked retrenchments were observed in outlays for clothing, house furnishings and tools of trade. From the fact that prices of house furnishings were maintained higher than those of clothing it may be inferred that retrenchment was most practiced on clothing. Data are not available to indicate to what extent retrenchment in volume represented savings in the family budget.

Though the nation apparently ingested as much food as was customary the family buying was not done in the usual fashion. Buying and selling of foodstuffs in '21 were literally from hand to mouth. For everyone in the food trades, from producer through manufacturer to retailer, it was a poor year, despite the normal final volume of sales. And for the consumer it was a poor year of food supplies, despite a normal consumption. Everyone was out of his stride. It was a year of haggle. It were almost better to have eaten less and had less bother over it.

Two Striking Facts

Noteworthy were two phenomena:

In numerous directions, and particularly in the use of foodstuffs, conservation and elimination of waste have been in evidence. Savings through elimination of waste represent the residue of war lessons. I have been unable to find data on subsistence that indicate positive retrenchment in terms of calories; such slight declines in consumption as have been shown with a few commodities are reasonably explained as the result of elimination of waste and seasonal fluctuations.

A second striking fact concerns the retention of buying power of the working classes. In the fall of 1920, when the American Relief Administration inaugurated its campaign for collection of funds for relief in Europe, state chairmen were repeatedly brought to face with local unemployment, then assuming large dimensions. Men of means were compelled to hesitate in their gifts to foreign relief, by the prospect of the necessity of heavy and prolonged relief for unemployed workers in our cities. In previous experiences—as in '14, '08 and '93—it was found that in most cities unemployment of a few weeks' duration brought families to destitution so severe as to demand relief. It was naturally anticipated that this would be the case during the winter of 1920–21. These expectations happily failed of fulfillment. When one considers the extent of unemployment in numbers and the periods of time over which unemployment and part employment have extended during the last eighteen months, the relief measures that have been found necessary have been extraordinarily limited. According to the National Bureau of Economic Research the average income of employes rose from $723 in 1913 to $1078 in 1918. From '18 to '20 wages in most lines rose further to a material extent. Since 1920 wages have declined in irregular progressions. Farm labor is now back almost to the prewar level. In other lines, as on railways, the wage scale of '20 is still in effect, while the pay of artisans has been lowered about 10 per cent.

Whether the wage curve of all employes has fallen as much as the cost index of the standard of living, is in controversy. Data are required, not polemics. In theory, it may appear sound and easy to fix a wage scale on the index number of a projected standard of living, but we are not yet sufficiently instructed in the subject. Urban workers and farmers constitute the large majority of those engaged in gainful occupations. The incomes of farmers increased up to '19 more than those of city workers, but the incomes of city workers, particularly in certain lines, were very substantially elevated. It has been frequently stated in the gazettes, on the basis of superficial observation, that the increased wages were spent as rapidly as acquired. It is now clear that this assertion was erroneous. Out of these wages substantial savings must have been retained, and these savings have constituted the partial support of unemployed urban workers. In part, unemployment of city workers has been relieved by return to the country of workers who had gone to the city in response to the wage appeal of war industries; but to a large extent the ability of unemployed or partly employed workers to carry on month after month is explained only by the possession of substantial savings from the period of higher earnings during the war.

Effect of Prohibition

There can be little doubt that prohibition has contributed materially to the savings of the working classes in cities. War prohibition, during the time of rising wages, restricted dissipation, and the money went into goods for house and family. The same effect of drink control was observed in England during the war. Prohibition during the last two years of lowered employment has restricted dissipation, and as a result the diminishing family income has procured a larger return in necessaries. The idea that the taste for alcohol seeks an outlet in confectionery or narcotics is nonsense. The impulse to waste, blocked in one direction, may seek other outlets, but, by and large, money that is not wasted is spent for necessaries or saved.

Two factors have determined the extent of retrenchment in expenditures for clothing, house furnishings and sundries as contrasted with sustained outlays for subsistence. The first is the natural inelasticity in subsistence, as contrasted with flexibility in requirements of clothing, house furnishings and sundries. In terms of calories the subsistence of a people is susceptible of retrenchment to an extent of possibly 10 per cent over a considerable period of time without observable effect on health and with merely nominal dissatisfaction. Certainly this is true of a generous diet such as ours. European experiences during the last six years have indicated that further retrenchment in subsistence is to be accomplished only with extreme difficulty and at the cost of class conflicts. Retrenchment in purchases of clothing, as demonstrated in Europe, can easily proceed to 50 per cent over a period of a year. Outlays for house furnishings can be practically eliminated for a year, except for renewals in public houses and equipment of new construction. When one contrasts the demonstrated retrenchment in clothing and house furnishings in this country during the past two years with that imposed by war on the European peoples during the past seven years, ours has been slight indeed.

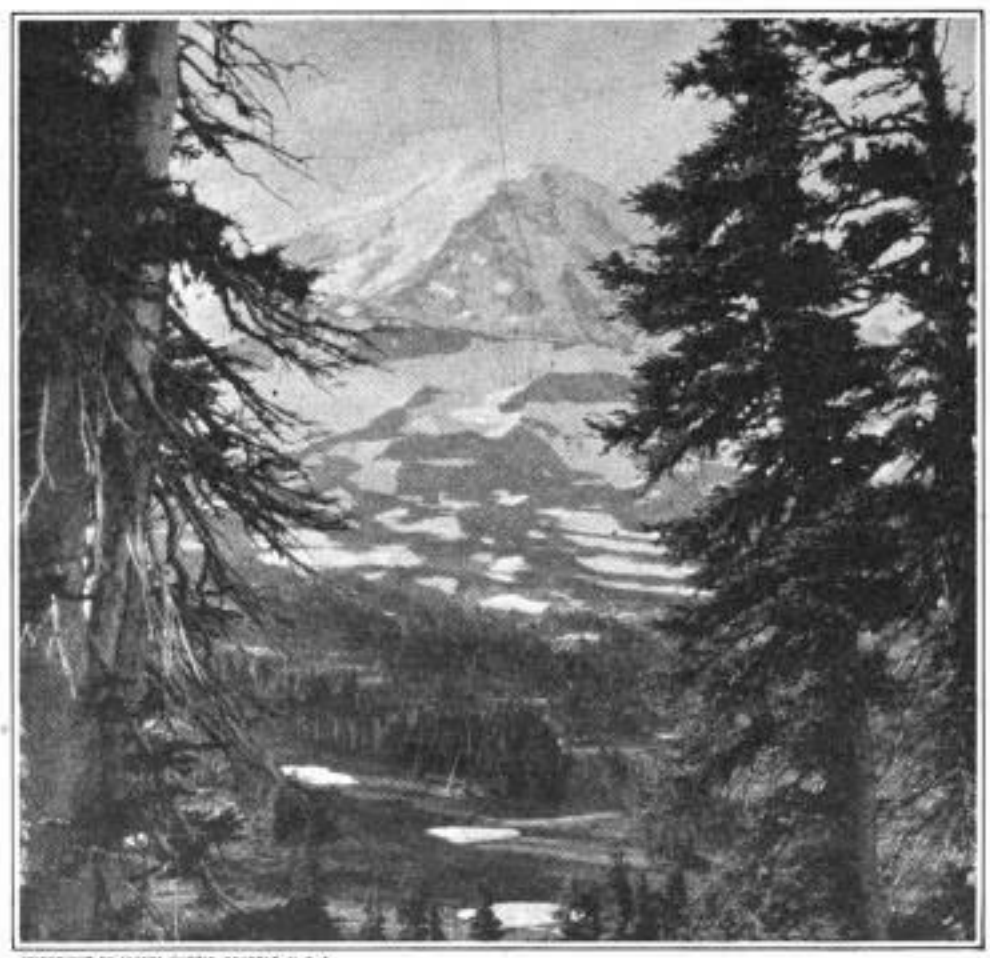
Conditions in Europe

The second factor lies in the relative price declines. If one will take the curve of retail prices of foodstuffs and contrast it with the curve of retail prices of clothing and house furnishings, from the peak of the boom to the present, one will realize that an added motive for retrenchment in outlays for clothing and house furnishings has lain in the obvious retardation of price decline. The relative prices of clothing and furnishings have remained far above those of foods—furnishings being the highest. Not only was the demand for clothing and house furnishings more flexible than for subsistence but retail prices, declining less rapidly, failed to meet the expectations of consumers and buyers retreated.

The depression was the sequel of prosperity; countries that had no such boom have had no such depression. Defeat-stricken Germany and Austria have not passed through the business cycle; the almost equally stricken France and Italy have also largely escaped The neutral countries of Europe, that enjoyed first a war trade and then a boom business with the combatant countries, have passed through a cycle like ours. In many respects the cycle in those countries has been more severe than here, and complicated naturally by local circumstances. In February of this year the official figure for unemployment in Denmark was nearly 10 per cent of the population. During 1921 food prices have declined in the United Kingdom, Belgium, Switzerland, Holland, Scandinavia and France. Prices in Italy have remained almost stationary, apart from seasonal fluctuation. Food prices in Germany have risen by two-thirds above the level of the close of 1920. Prices in Austria, Poland and Russia have soared. The recorded price increases rest largely on monetary developments.

Americans should realize that the demonstrated retrenchments imposed on us in the period of depression have been moderate compared to those being sustained in Europe. In no single country of Europe is the food supply normal, judged by figures of either prewar or war period. There is unlimited food for the dollar of the tourist; that is an economic situation, not a sample of the food consumption of the natives. The majority of Europeans are still on abnormal bread. Dairy products are scarce. The meat supply is much below normal. The coarse vegetables predominate in the diet of large classes. Importations of food in large amounts are required to insure a modicum of supply. Europeans suffer penury in nearly every direction. Our complaint is not that we are lacking, but against the prices we have had to pay for what we consumed. In Europe the protest is against price and lack.

But one must be careful in drawing comparisons between costs of living here and in Europe. Our prices give promise of resuming soon their normal relations with each other. This accomplishment is essentially the result of the gold standard of currency. With depreciated currencies and consequent state subsidies, price relations suffer grotesque distortions. The rents in Germany are now 2½ per cent of the income of the working classes; before the war, 20 per cent! But what the workman may save in paper money in the direction of rent he loses many times over in other directions.



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In Rear Wheels *and* on Differentials *and* on Pinions and Wor

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Acme
Ahrens-Fox
Ambassador
American-La France
Apex
Apperson
Armleder
Atterbury
Autocar
Available
Avery

Beggs
Bessemer
Brewster
Brinton
Brockway

Cadillac
Chicago
Cleveland
Clydesdale
Collier
Columbia
Commerce
Commercial
Concord
Crawford
Crow-Elkhart
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Defiance
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Diamond T
Dixie Flyer
Doane
Dodge Brothers
Dodge Bros Tr
Dorris
Dorris Tr
Driggs
Durant

Elcar
Essex
Eugol

Fageol
Federal
Fifth Avenue Bus
Fox

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G M C
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Handley-Knight
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Huffman

Internat'nal Harvester

Jackson
Jewett
Jordan

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McDonald
McFarlan
Menominee
Mitchell
Moon
Moreland

Napoleon
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National Steel Car
Nelson & Le Moon
Netco
New York
Niles
Noma

Ogden
Oldsmobile Tr
Old Reliable
Oneida

Packard
Packard Tr
Paige
Pan-American
Parker
Piedmont
Pierce-Arrow
Pierce-Arrow Tr
Premier
Premocar

Rainier
Ranger
Rauch & Lang
Reliance
Reo
Republic
Riddle Coach
R & V Knight

Sandow
Sayers
Sayers Tr
Schacht
Seagrave
Selden
Seneca
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Signal
Singer
Standard
Standard Tr
Star
Stephens
Sterling
Studebaker
Sullivan
Superior

Tarkington
Three Point Tower
Twin City

Velie
Victor

Walker-Johnson
Waltham
Ward
Ward-La France
Westcott
White Hickory
Wilson
Winther
Winton
Witt-Will
Wolverine

Yellow Cab
Young

— ON DIFFERENTIALS OF —

Acason
Ace
Acme
All-American
Ambassador
Armleder
Atterbury
Auburn
Autocar
Available

Beggs
Bessemer
Bethlehem
Bour-Davis
Brinton
Buick

Cadillac
Case Tr
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Dodge Bros Tr
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Driggs
Durant

Elcar
Essex
Eugol

Fageol
Federal
Fox

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Graham Brothers
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Hal-Fur
Hall
Hamilton
Handley-Knight
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Napoleon
Nash Tr
National Steel Car
Nelson & Le Moon
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Niles
Noma

Ogden
Oldsmobile
Oldsmobile Tr
Oneida
Overland

Packard
Paige
Pan-American
Parker
Peerless
Piedmont
Premier
Premocar

Rainier
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Riddle Coach
Roamer
R & V Knight

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Studebaker
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Willys-Knight
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Winton
Witt-Will

Yellow Cab
Young

— ON PINIONS AND WORMS OF —

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Acme
All-American
Ambassador
Apex
Apperson
Armleder
Atterbury
Autocar
Available
Avery

Beggs
Bessemer
Bethlehem
Bour-Davis
Brinton
Brockway

Cadillac
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Chandler
Chicago
Cleveland
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Hall
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Holmes
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Huffman
Internat'nal Harvester

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Michigan Hearse
Moon
Moreland

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Nelson & Le Moon
Netco
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Ogden
Oldsmobile Tr
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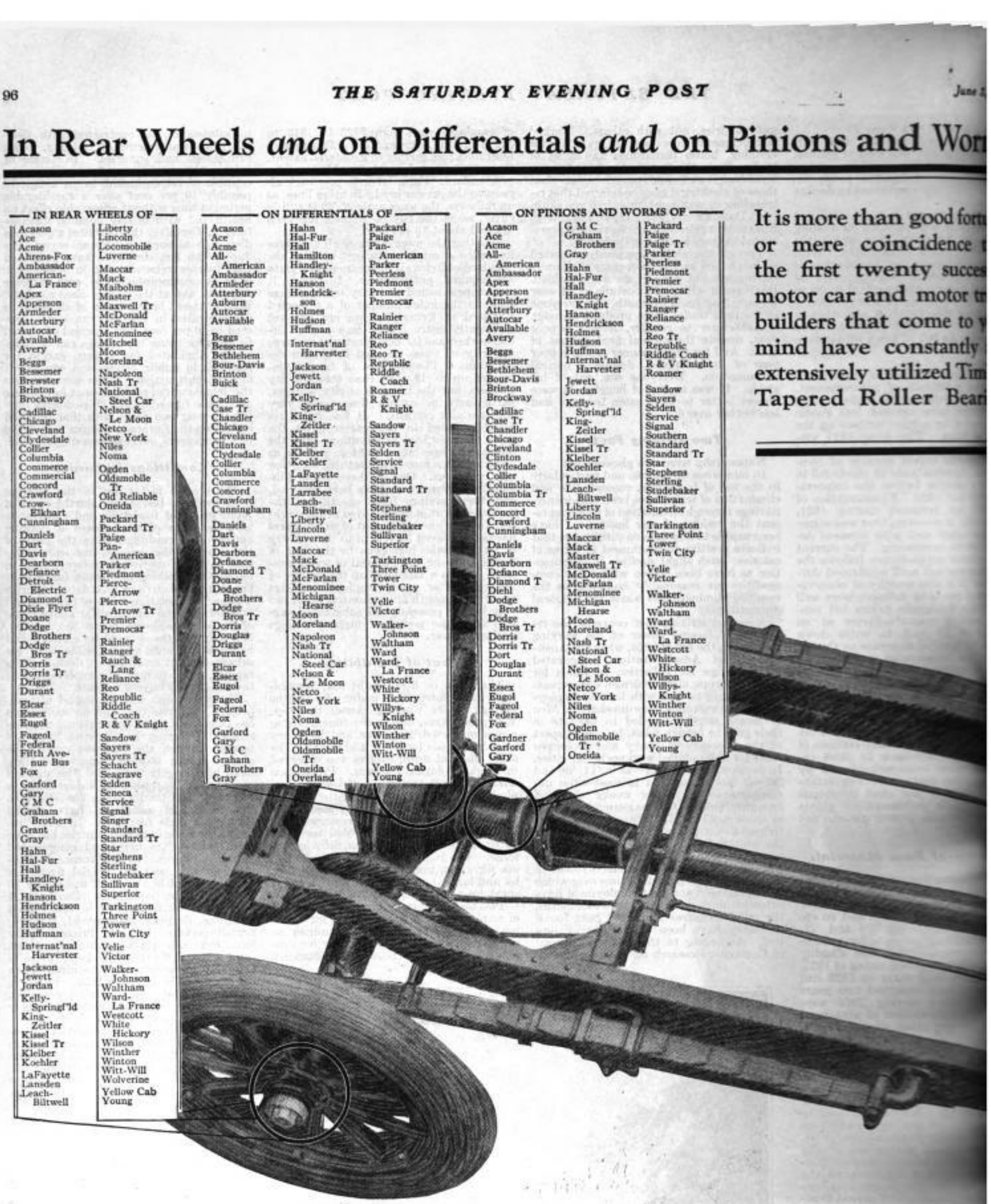
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Witt-Will

Yellow Cab
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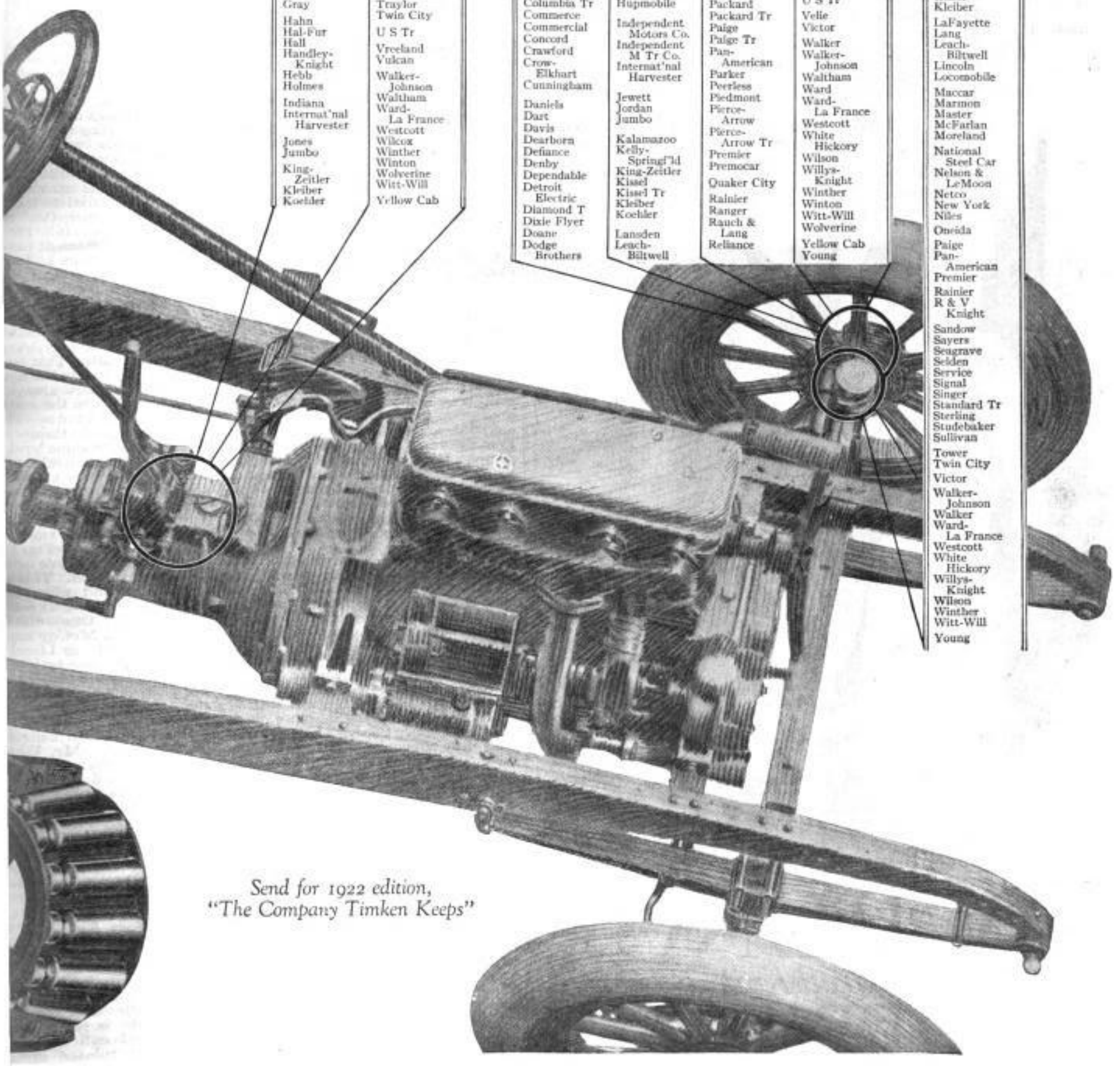
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Brockway

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Commerce
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Crawford
Cunningham

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De Martini
Doane
Duesenberg
Dupont

Eagol

Fageol
Fifth Avenue Bus

Garford
Gray

Hahn
Hal-Fur
Hall
Handley-Knight
Hebb
Holmes

Indiana
Internat'nal Harvester

Jones
Jumbo

King-Zeitler
Kleiber
Koehler

Larrabee
Liberty

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National Steel Car
Nelson & Le Moon
Netco

Ogden
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Parker

Revere
Rickenbacker
Riddle
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Rowe
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Sterling
Stoughton
Studebaker
Sullivan

Three Point
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Twin City

U S Tr

Vreeland
Vulcan

Walker-Johnson
Waltham
Ward-La France
Westcott
Wilcox
Winther
Winton
Wolverine
Witt-Will

Yellow Cab

— IN FRONT WHEELS OF —

Acason
Ace
Acme
Ahrens-Fox
Ambassador
American-La France
Apex
Apperson
Armleder
Atterbury
Atlas
Auburn
Autocar
Available

Beck
Beggs
Bessemer
Bethlehem
Bour-Davis
Brewster
Brinton
Brockway

Cadillac
Case Tr
Chandler
Chevrolet
Chevrolet Tr.
Chicago
Cleveland
Clydesdale
Collier
Columbia
Columbia Tr
Commerce
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Concord
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Crow-Elkhart
Cunningham

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Dart
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Dearborn
Defiance
Denby
Dependable
Detroit Electric
Diamond T
Dixie Flyer
Doane
Dodge Brothers

Dodge Bros Tr
Dort
Dorris
Driggs
Durant

Earl
Elcar
Essex
Eugol

Fageol
Federal
Fifth Avenue Bus
Ford
Ford Tr
Fox
Fulton

Gardner
Garford
Gary
G M C
Graham Brothers
Gray

Hahn
Hal-Fur
Hall
Handley-Knight
Hanson
Hendrickson
Holmes
Hudson
Hupmobile

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Independent M Tr Co.
Internat'nal Harvester

Jewett
Jordan
Jumbo

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King-Zeitler
Kissel
Kissel Tr
Kleiber
Koehler

Lansden
Leach-Biltwell
LaFayette
Liberty
Lincoln
L. M. C.
Locomobile
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Maccar
Mack
Malbohm
Marmon
Master
Maxwell
Maxwell Tr
McDonald
McFarlan
Menominee
Mitchell
Moon
Moreland

Napoleon
Nash Tr
National
Nelson & Le Moon
Netco
New York
Niles
Noma

Ogden
Oldsmobile Tr
Overland

Packard
Packard Tr
Paige
Paige Tr
Pan-American
Parker
Peerless
Piedmont
Pierce-Arrow
Pierce-Arrow Tr
Premier
Premocar

Quaker City

Rainier
Ranger
Rauch & Lang
Reliance

Reo
Reo Tr
Republic
Roamer
Ruggles
R & V Knight

Sandow
Saxon
Sayers
Schacht
Schwartz
Seagrave
Selden
Seneca
Service
Signal
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Standard Tr
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Stephens
Sterling
Studebaker
Sullivan
Superior

Tarkington
Three Point
Titan
Tower
Traffic
Transport
Twin City

U S Tr

Velie
Victor

Walker
Walker-Johnson
Waltham
Ward
Ward-La France
Westcott
White Hickory
Willys-Knight
Wilson
Winther
Winton
Witt-Will
Wolverine

Yellow Cab
Young

— IN STEERING PIVOTS OF —

Acason
Ahrens-Fox
Ambassador
Atterbury
Autocar
Available

Brinton
Brockway

Cadillac
Chicago
Clinton
Clydesdale
Collier
Concord
Cunningham

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Diamond T

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Hall
Hendrickson
Holmes

Kelly-Springf'ld
King-Zeitler
Kissel
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LaFayette
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Lincoln
Locomobile

Maccar
Marmon
Master
McFarlan
Moreland

National Steel Car
Nelson & LeMoon
Netco
New York
Niles

Oneida

Paige
Pan-American
Premier

Rainier
R & V Knight

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Studebaker
Sullivan

Tower
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Wilson
Winther
Witt-Will

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For Women
—lightweight, cool
—absorbent, elastic
—smooth-fitting
—no buttons



Shorts and Stouts in Union and Two-piece Suits.

Coolness Isn't *All* You Need in Summer Underwear

IF IT WERE, mosquito netting would make the ideal undergarment for hot weather.

Summer underwear should be absorbent. And to be really absorbent it must be *knit underwear.*

To make certain that it meets every requirement of *comfort, style* and *fit* it should be

Lawrence Tailored-Knit Underwear

Lawrence underwear is as thin and light and cool as any underwear can be, yet will absorb perspiration and protect your clothes—and protect *you* from the dangerous effects of a damp skin.

Soft as silk, porous and elastic. Made in the popular athletic union suits, sock-length suits and separate garments—and sold at *popular prices.* Every garment cut separately to pattern by hand, which means *correct size* and perfect fit.

Look for the Lawrence label. If your dealer hasn't the style you want, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

Lawrence garments come in two qualities:
1—Blue Label—combed yarn—finest quality.
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LAWRENCE MANUFACTURING CO.
Established 1831 Lowell, Mass.

America's largest manufacturers of men's and women's light and medium weight knit underwear, from the raw cotton to the finished garment.

E. M. Townsend & Co., *Selling Agents*
New York City



LAWRENCE
Tailored Knit
UNDERWEAR

THE PRINT OF MY REMEMBRANCE

(Continued from Page 30)

streets, whether from Hoboken or the North River side of Manhattan, he has a ride through a front yard that prepares him for all the dump heaps of the rear, broken pavements, dirty gutters, tumbled tenements, ragged hoardings; and then through our necessitated but oppressive cañons, where the skyscrapers shut out the sun for all but a few minutes of the day. And if he happens to be a home-coming American from Paris he groans inwardly with a despair that he knows no effort of his own lifetime can lift. Having made one such round trip, I looked on Paris for a second time with a knowledge of these American features and a wish to find the elements that made the great contrast.

One principal item is sky line. The building laws of Paris fix the limit of houses definitely at six stories and twenty meters, sixty-five feet. The Mansard roof is an intelligent effort to observe the letter of this law and yet steal a few additional vertical feet under the allowance of roof. As property is valuable, the legal limit is uniformly reached; but monotony is avoided because the race of architects turned out by the Beaux-Arts, where we send our Americans to learn the rudiments of their profession, has found a variety in the unity that makes for restful beauty. Again, the poverty of Paris in its water supply seems to result in another blessing. The water in some of the mains is not potable, as they say, *pas de la source,* and the Parisian is as lavish with it in the streets and fountains as he is economical of its use in his bathtubs.

Every morning, in every block, a street cleaner turns a little rivulet through the gutter, dams it into a little lake with a bunch of burlap and with his long and homely broom of osiers sweeps it over the wooden pavement levels, washing back the débris to the run and gradually extending rivulet and lake until he has accomplished his block. The morning gutter and the sky line call attention newly to each new day.

And then this third item: Intelligent Paris recognizes and admits the eye as an organ. It is not to be more lawlessly assailed than is the ear. No man for commercial purposes shall without restriction assail the passers' attention with his blatant demand.. The twenty-four-sheet stand, the barbaric three-sheet poster do not exist, because the municipality puts a tax upon every sheet of paper that solicits its attention. Advertising space is relatively as valuable on the walls as it is in the newspapers, and so posters are artistic, of more than ephemeral value, and are in the main confined to handsome little kiosks set up at intervals for their accommodation.

A Lesson From Paris

When will America learn this value of public right? When will all the unsightly boards that confine our railway journeys to hideous alleys of proclamatory and mandatory attacks be regulated by proper assessment under state domain to things of tolerable sightliness and sources of revenue to the poor public whom they afflict? When will unoffending citizens be permitted to travel and look from their car windows on refreshing landscapes without being commanded to use Startum's Alarm Clock or Sokum's Condensed Milk? Why must there always be interposed between the ruminative individual and the stenography of his Maker the commercial persuasion of his fellow man, money mad?

To one writing for the theater Paris is always rich in suggestion. Little plays that have not the importance to get into L'Illustration, or even into the printed brochure, dramatic bits that never make their way to America, are at the small theaters on the boulevards and the back streets and in the Quartier and in Montmartre, more than half of them containing each some little suggestive, facile scene that educates and urges. When I had my Drew-Barrymore play finished I sent it over to C. F. by mail under the title of The Pug and the Parson, and under that title it was announced. But before I could get over to rehearse it Mr. Frohman had received a couple of letters from Protestant ministers protesting against the association. He had a racial reluctance to risk their pleasure, and although I stoutly stood the title, feeling that the word "par was not so sacrosanct that one might use it, his wish of course prevailed, called the play The Other Girl.

C. F. felt that it wouldn't do to put into the part of the preacher, however cause the character, though no better in the play's value or in the writing, not from its very kind compete wi character of the pugilist. He believe Barrymore, again associated with Mr. Drew, would lead those who superficially to proclaim the younger the better actor, when the facts we that in this play, as in The Mumm the Humming Bird, he had only the showy part. It was therefore deci keep Lionel as the pugilist and pu available leading man in the part th been meant for Mr. Drew. Frank ing was engaged for this, and I hav seen a manager move with more siasm to get an adequate company

Imitating Kid McCoy

I am sorry to forget the name of t in which a very beautiful girl of th had made an impression. This g Drina De Wolfe, the wife of E Wolfe's brother. There was some domestic-in-law difference that ma ladies not agreeable to each other, wish to see them both in the ca piqued Frohman's sense of humor that he set about the seemingly im task of persuading the two ladies result that the valuable co both actresses was obtained. Selen who had been a favorite New York woman when she married Edwin Royle, was induced to take a pa what more mature than those previously shown in. For a po porter, Richard Bennett was eng such excellent actors as Joseph W Jr., Ralph Delmore and Joseph together with Jessie Busley and Fielding, then one of the greatest of the vaudeville theaters, we gaged. The Criterion Theater, in were ultimately to play, was given all our rehearsals. That one shou tion this may puzzle the layman, conditions are not always pre think the rule is to the contrary majority of plays are moved about rehearsals from one theater to an occasionally into some hired ha a great advantage in rehearsing in house in which you are to oper ting always the proper tonal value physical relations that are to turbed and unrevised.

As soon as Lionel knew he wa the pugilist he hunted up Kid M passed much of his time outside t with the champion. This admir reciprocated, and when the pug McCoy came often to see his p presentment. One difference Barrymore and McCoy was that hair was as curly as Lionel's was For a period in the early run of and for all I know during all the was in it, Lionel had his hair curled each evening in order to present this international favor

I have reason to believe that jag indicated by Mr. Wheelock personated a character just reli the table where he had undergone tion under the influence of ether first time that phenomenon was in the theater. The use of sulphu as an anæsthetic dates from w since the Civil War, and we are with most of the plays produced time. In the rehearsals of th Wheelock more than once offere render his part, believing that onstrations I was asking of h exaggerated and unreal; but he h taken ether, and I'd had two pa so with the help of Mr. Frohman finally persuaded.

In Paris, Alfred Sutro had brought delighted attention the news of Merrick, who is related to Sutro, these stories is called The Post-m Harper. It relates an auth

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of Miss Peggy, even to the saucy
her chin and other apparently
us personal tricks; the great hit
ng lady in London in the author's
then the unanimous comment of
upon those delightful character-
in tipping and the like, and the
great good fortune in finding an
who possessed them and thereby
piece from failure. I fancy this is
usual experience with playwrights
positive ideas and who direct
plays.

ve written in earlier pages, I was
go back to Paris a day or two
pened at the Criterion; but be-
Barrymore's success was so pro-
and his identification with the
ed so permanent that Frohman
what I thought of featuring him
. Of course, with my admiration
y and my older friendship with
, as well as a sense of justice, I
ted with it. The Other Girl was
ate in December, 1903. Ethel
was at that time playing at the
heater in Cousin Kate. I saw
llowing summer at her Uncle
's house at East Hampton. The
experience she had to report to
a night in midwinter when leav-
ison Theater to go home she had
d on Broadway a billboard on
a great stand starring Lionel
her brother. Ethel said she
ased that tears sprang to her
able to tell her then of her own
n Captain Jinks at the Garrick,
ther and I leaned on the bulk-
filled theater.

ry's eyes were full of tears as he
e and said, "My God, isn't she
nd she was.

t saunter through my recollec-
hrough the contemporary sug-
t were about me for the search
for the Drew play, my atten-
r the first time—went back to
institutional Point that I had
Mr. Palmer. It was unsuited
s, but its ultimate usefulness
be overlooked. After leaving
ient with Bishop, which had
piration for the little piece, I
ore and more intrigued with
The basis for my information
eries of books written by Dr.
dson, of which his Law of
nomena was the first. I was
a considerable interest in the
and findings of Doctor Baird,
an, and Carcot and Jannet,
en, and occasionally when a
ct was on the calendar during
aris I would go into the indi-
the Sorbonne and hear some
ychology.

teur Telepathists

a double purpose in this. To
French the philosophic and
abularies are much more
l than the vernacular of the
r or that of the street and
ame convinced of telepathy
as a force, but adopted only
he responsibility that it im-
er in anywise felt the slight-
experiment on what might
ggressive or therapeutic side

were rehearsing The Other
ent many evenings with me
ry quarters at the hotel and
often his brother Jack, not
launched upon his career,
There is in both the boys a
y for everything approach-
and the forceful side of
or them a profound attrac-

little incident in which we
aged, so isolated as to have
scientific aspect, but never-
g. In the old Café Boule-
Avenue near Tenth Street,
e rear a section of the floor,
vel of some acquired addi-
the ascent of three or four
e on that little mezzanine.
to somebody's statement
tion of the possibility of
a in front of one in an audi-
of the gaze of another at a
him. The boys proposed
To make it difficult they
an in the fore part of the
quet who sat with back
us. We agreed upon her

by hat and furs, and the like, and then—conforming to instructions—instead of merely mentally commanding the lady to look around, we in our minds definitely dramatized her doing so and focused thought and attention on the lady. In the time in which one can perhaps count ten, with a gesture of great annoyance the lady faced squarely about and glared at us.

I have referred in earlier chapters to a patron of the theater whose theories were so reassuring, Mr. Thomas B. Clarke, a connoisseur and art collector. Men who know Mr. Clarke, and know him intimately enough to call him Tom, will understand my taking any excuse, however risky, to have an hour in his company. For some reason during this winter, 1903, in New York he wanted me to meet his friend, Mr. Frederick Gebhard. As I remember, Mr. Gebhard had requested the meeting, which was to be at a very small dinner at his home, then on the eastern side of Park Avenue at about Thirty-ninth Street. I went with a fairly keen interest, wondering somewhat fatuously if Mr. Gebhard knew anything of my St. Louis newspaper reports of his visits there. As I recalled them, they were rather complimentary than otherwise, except for a hideous woodcut issued as a portrait. But a man about town would hardly invite a person to a small dinner party in order to assault him for that offense after so many years had intervened. It was a fine little dinner, arranged by an excellent chef and accompanied by good wine.

The Germ of a Play

I had last seen Mr. Gebhard in 1884, twenty years before, then wearing the title of the King of Dudes. He was now a middle-aged, reserved and serious gentleman, talking entertainingly and modestly on questions of art and literature. He was gray at the temples, decidedly modeled as to face, a little heavier as to figure, but athletic still. Over the mantel of his living room was the picture of a beautiful woman set in a large oval frame. The men of the small party regarded it with admiration.

"Where did you get it?" Clarke asked.

"You've seen that before. That's Lulu."

"Not the Eastman Johnson?"

"Yes," Gebhard answered. "I had Jones go over it for me, change the color of the hair and the eyes."

"But why?"

"Well, one doesn't go on living with a portrait of a divorced wife. I'm so damn poor I can't afford another picture for that space. I had the coloring changed, and it makes a decoration."

I knew nothing of the divorced wife, have learned nothing since, nor of the circumstances. But the attitude of the lonely man, the cynical philosophy that made that use of the canvas and gave that frank explanation impressed me. I was looking for the as-yet-undiscovered idea for a play for John Drew. I had kept the contract with Mr. Frohman when I had furnished him The Other Girl, but the Drew project to my delight was still before me. A *divorcé*, and such a definite *divorcé* as Mr. Gebhard, for a hero, with the intriguing idea of the repainted portrait, made good a starting point. The cause of the divorce must of course be a woman. The outcome of the play would be a return to the wife or a marriage with the other woman. Of those alternatives, I chose the woman. My problem was to have her the more desirable of the two; to have her innocent of any transgression and unconscious of any charge. The wife would have to be mistaken in her suspicions; the matter would have to be settled out of court. And then again my recollection of the lonely Gebhard suggested having obstacles to the second marriage. I found those obstacles in a disparity of years, in a perfunctory suitor for the girl, in an angered and belligerent father, who unlike the girl was not in ignorance of the charges, and so on. As one may surmise, with story both ways from the portrait, I had material enough.

When the play, which we called De Lancey, was finished I was in France again. John Drew had come over to visit Frohman in London, and together the two came to Paris to have lunch with me and listen to the manuscript. Our apartment at 108 Boulevard Montparnasse was over the Café du Dôme. John felt that he should have a cocktail before he climbed the four flights to the luncheon, and Frohman, who didn't take cocktails, stood with him in the little café against the bar of zinc, while

(Continued on Page 101)



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(Continued from Page 99)

in a long French dialogue got such
le substitutes for the right materials
small stock of French supplies af-
. The cocktail, made in a glass and
with a spoon, was warm and long
palatable, but after a hard day in
, a night crossing of the Channel
morning ride up from Boulogne, it
eded. When they reached our apart-
Frohman sat down on the wooden
y the hatrack and had a real char-
ic, abandoned laugh because I met
the hallway agitating a large cock-
ker in which was a first-class Mar-
d and proper, and the best materials
skeptical but not disqualified Drew.
I was in Pope's Theater, and later
was working on the Post-Dispatch,
as at the Washington University in
s a young man principally engaged
ing French, which was his native
He spoke English correctly, but
unmistakable accent of the French-
le was friend of many of the men
ost-Dispatch, some of whom took
essons from him. Occasionally he
r the paper. The name of this
an was Henri Dumay. He later
ille went into the service of Mr.
ulitzer, Sr., I think as private sec-
He added to his knowledge of
m, and later in his home city en-
the Parisian press. He held a
f authority on Le Journal. Dumay
e for the theater. I don't know
y of his pieces were done, but
Milliardaire was one of them. In
may and I renewed the friendship
begun in St. Louis years before
occasionally reënforced in New
think he was a few years my
le was an enthusiastic militarist
ficer of the reserves. I find my-
ing of him in the past tense be-
ve heard nothing of him since the
s of the war.

our three and a half years' resi-
Paris my wife and I found it
and agreeable to leave France
Salon and the spring artistic
were over, go to London for a few
r to Antwerp, and take a boat
a when the tide of travel was
together in the other direction.
ers at East Hampton, near the
g Island, where the water comes
n Brazil to break upon the sand
hat coast, have for me the most
ummer climate in America. On
e trips Dumay came with us.
of dinner parties one evening, I
nd some other listeners at East
f a dinner attempted some ten
e at our house in New Rochelle.
arlier dinner ten guests were
naking a total party of twelve.
were expected from New York
e was a blizzard on the day set,
ly guest to arrive was a lady
w Rochelle. She did not reach
until nearly nine o'clock in the
d was then in the arms of her
The coupé in which she had
ly an hour trying to cover a
mile was stalled in the snow-
lawn.

riting in a Box Stall

e lady was thawed out and
i as we faced the flowers and
lmonds, this solitary guest on
id to my wife on my left, "If
put this on the stage nobody
e it."

s a feature of our table that
ffective property in a first act.
hole some eighteen inches
h contrary to the expostula-
ocal carpenter I had cut in the
e table. In this opening was
er pan that caught the drift
fountain that could play over
erns when we had visitors or
tal ourselves. It was a perfect
n, regulated under the table by
no man ought to expect a
ach, and it worked satisfac-
mes out of ten, or until a bit of
aquatic insect got into its
le. Then it spurted eccentri-
a regular fool thing.

Francis Wilson had the atten-
mpany and was telling a good
he fountain took one of these
am struck fair and square on
n of his dress shirt and made a
on a roof. Company table-
, and before I could get under

and find the key a good deal of water went Mr. Wilson's way, but it didn't interrupt his story. He turned up his lapels like a sailorman on the bridge and held his place. We abandoned the fountain soon after that, but the Francis Wilson episode always impressed persons humorously when we told it, to explain the patch on the table where the copper pan had been, and one gentle visitor said, "Mr. Thomas, you ought to put that in a play."

When I presented this material to Dumay he said that no playwright could make more than one act of it, and it was upon his banter that I started out to show him that the material was sufficient, with its suggestion, to furnish forth a three-act comedy.

There was at East Hampton an empty box stall in the stable, with windows set so high that one couldn't look out of them. I put in only a kitchen chair and a small pine table from the village general store—not even a calendar to distract attention. My play material to start with was a suburban house, isolated by a storm on the evening of a prepared dinner. Persons once there couldn't easily leave, and only the sturdy and the heroic could arrive. Question: What is the best use to make of that set of conditions? Answer: The exploitation of a person or persons who would like to get away and can't do so. What person would be the most effective figure under such constraint? A girl!

A Frohman Dress Rehearsal

I took the proposed-and-interrupted dinner party indicated, made it in honor of the girl, a guest in the house; made the lady neighbor who was carried into the house by the coachman the girl's unidentified rival in the affection of a young man who had been temporarily cast off by the girl because of a scandal of which both he and the married lady were innocent, but which was sufficiently distorted in its first presentation. Then I drove the young man, an architect, into the house from a near-by job to telephone, unaware of the girl's presence or of the projected dinner until he arrives. With the people living in the house and the father and mother of the hostess and the jealous husband of the married lady I had people enough for a story. I cannot repeat a play, not even a plot, in these pages, but believe I have herewith given enough to indicate the sprightliness of the subject and the sufficiency of the material.

When the comedy was done, after some six weeks of rather intensive writing, we called it Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots. Frohman immediately accepted it and told me he would wire me to Paris when time and a place in the theaters were ripe for it. I came over the next midwinter, when I found the radiant C. F. with another one of his extraordinary casts. It was a way with Mr. Frohman to see unrecognized ability in a young woman and quickly give her opportunities to prove her worth to the public. Though these opportunities could be devised, it wasn't always possible to make the public accept the lady at his estimate of her. My recollection is that when the public had failed, however, C. F. was more nearly right than the general jury.

Such a girl had come under his attention at that time in the person of Fay Davis, a most intelligent actress, with a method perhaps a little too delicate if anything. It had more the quality of the miniature painter's attention to subtleties and to details than is effective in the playhouse, which responds more readily to the broader touches. Mr. Frohman had starred her in Lady Rose's Daughter, featured her in The Whitewashing of Julia and in The Rich Mrs. Repton. To my great profit and delight he found for her in the young girl I have referred to in this story of mine what he thought was a rôle worthy of her attention. And then, in order to give Miss Davis a perfect support and companionship, he assembled a cast that included these excellent players: Margaret Illington, then prominently in the public affection; Jessie Busley, one of the best of the comediennes; Dorothy Hammond, a very pretty leading woman; and that excellent actress, Annie Adams, mother of Maude. Among the men he had two leading men then as now of equal rank—William Courtenay and Vincent Serrano; also the popular Jack Barnes, English actor; Ernest Lawford, who had been featured in some Frohman productions; that excellent American comedian, Louis Payne; and that almost last of the fine old American gentleman type, the late John G. Saville. The remaining members of the company in the minor rôles were more than adequate. C. F. turned this cast over to me, with the Savoy Theater, where rehearsals would be uninterrupted. There was nobody to replace in the company, no revisions or corrections to be made in the text, and C. F. never came near us until the night of our dress rehearsal.

It will be interesting to record a typical Frohman dress rehearsal. He sometimes departed from his rule, but his custom was to have such a rehearsal with nobody in front but the author and himself. Even an assistant director or a man who had held a book and was supposed to have some interest in the setting was not allowed to come in front of the curtain. I remember such an intrusion by a perfectly justified stage manager who came into a box of the Criterion Theater when we were doing The Other Girl.

C. F. said to him, "What are you doing there?"

"I want to look at the scene, Mr. Frohman."

"We'll tell you about that," and the functionary disappeared.

Our dress rehearsal for Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots was at the Savoy. C. F. and I were alone. The presentation proceeded exactly as a first night, with every formality observed.

When the first act was over he said to me, "These people aren't acting."

"They're not?"

"No, they're living!"

It was a pretty compliment to the company, and I tried to steal some of it for the author; but that was entirely a mental process. When our last curtain fell, C. F. had it taken up again; the company was called on the stage and in a few heartening and sincere phrases he told them how highly he estimated their work. There was no need at our first performance to reverse his opinion. I like to recur in my thoughts to that engagement and to that happy family of players, and I like to write about it. Those ideal conditions are what every player dreams of when he comes into the theater and what every playwright has in mind when he sets down a line. Nothing is so health-giving and beneficial as this full, unimpeded expression and interpretation.

A Dignified Frost

In The Earl of Pawtucket, of which I have written above, D'Orsay's success was marked. When he played it well into the third year and there was only what was called the small time open to him he grew anxious for another vehicle, and felt that he could make better monetary arrangements elsewhere than he then had with La Shelle. Mr. Frohman had revised his measure of D'Orsay and now regarded him as of stellar magnitude. I was commissioned to write him a successor to Pawtucket. D'Orsay's ambition made him ask also for a more substantial purpose in the play. The first version of The Embassy Ball was, in consequence, a four-act play, mainly attempting comedy, but with a quite serious note at the end of its third act. Our first night was in New Haven. Mr. Frohman could not attend. He said he would base his opinion of the play entirely upon my telegraphic report of its reception, and not upon the notices or opinions he would get from others.

I wired him, "A dignified frost."

There is little value in going into the reasons for this result. One of them, however, has interest. The end of the third act was a well-defined conflict between a sinister interest in the play and D'Orsay, who had the heroic element. The climax of this conflict was dramatized by D'Orsay's tearing from some diplomatic record the leaf that was the vital issue. This he did under the rhetorical encouragement of the character played by that excellent comedian, Harry Harwood. D'Orsay complained that his support at the serious moment was not sufficient. There was some justice in his claim. Harwood contended that there wasn't material in his lines to evoke the applause that we expected. In my own opinion the fate of the piece was so well settled that whether Harwood was right or we were right could not affect the ultimate result. And Mr. Harwood's effectiveness along the lines of his own work as a comedian is too well known to require anybody's reënforcement.

At Hartford one night I tried on Harwood's wig, and he generously consented to my going on for his character in that performance. With the different treatment of the stump-speech material the act got the calls that it potentially held. The value of this was only my own assay of the stuff, because Harwood's association with the enterprise was worth much more than the material in question.

Frohman saw the piece in Philadelphia and was depressed. The lay reader should understand the interests at stake. To fail then was to throw an entire company out of employment in November; to give in a measure a black eye to the reputation of the star and to leave on the hands of the management an expensive production, including scenery and costumes and a fair stock of printing. Despite its feebleness as theatrical text the play had shown us that D'Orsay was more acceptable in his proper comedy work than he was as a pseudo leading man.

The Frost Thawed Out

As C. F. and I leaned over the bulkhead of the Chestnut Street Theater I recalled my experiences in rewriting the Crane plays For Money and The Governor of Kentucky and lesser work on the unsigned scripts that C. F. himself had called me in to patch or carpenter. I thought I saw my way to make a three-act comedy of what we had. I told him so. My family was in Paris. I was a bit uneasy about them. I said if he would lay off the company for four weeks that I would jump over to Paris and back, and I thought we could salvage all the investment enumerated, with the exception of the four weeks' time held in the theaters. C. F. was delighted with the proposal. D'Orsay and I took the same steamer for the other side, he going ostensibly to see some member of his family supposed to be ill. I wrote on the boat and worked rapidly in Paris.

In three weeks after leaving New York, D'Orsay and I again took a same steamer for America, where we were two in a total of five first-cabin passengers. On the boat I finished the revision. Two days after we landed we had script and parts typed and began rehearsals, with that delightful actor, Forrest Robinson, added to the cast and associated with Harwood. The three-act version of The Embassy Ball, a purely farcical attempt, was successful. We played it two years.

Paris lacks the ocean, but with this exception it has as many suburban enticements as New York, and the Parisian is as accustomed to running away from the city for a little one or two day vacation as any metropolitan that we know. To change the ideas—*changer les idées*, as they say—is with them a frequent act of mental sanitation. We made a party of some twelve or fifteen Americans, children included, who were at the pretty hamlet of Montigny sur Loing in the middle of April in 1906 on one of these adopted *vacances*. The terrace of the Hôtel Vanne Rouge has its retaining wall of stone, washed by the slow waters of the River Loing that meanders by, held almost in lakelike retardation by the *vanne*, or water gate, that accumulates them for the near-by mill. This little terrace, some fifty by fifty feet of graveled level, with its circular tables of sheet iron and weatherproof chairs, sets like a stage to the low and theatrical façade of the toy hotel, where by a fair jump from the ground one can almost catch the sill of the second story window.

On Wednesday the trippers had gone home and our American colony had the place to ourselves. A very obvious bridal couple came that evening; the young man with the French whiskers of the period, the bride in the attractive and now antiquated costume of the date, both oblivious to the strangers who were speaking English. After a little rowboat trip in the twilight the couple disappeared. We were at *café au lait* on the terrace on Thursday morning. The children at the balustrade were feeding the swans when the small diamond-paned comic-opera windows of the upper room opened and there appeared the bridegroom in a suit of lavender pajamas whose newly laundered and utterly unruffled condition invited attention.

Dr. Tom Robbins at our table said, "See those immaculate pajamas on the new groom!"

All looked and someone remarked, "Yes, a new groom sleeps clean"; an amusing line, but not so tenacious as alone to fix the Thursday morning of that nineteenth day

(Continued on Page 104)

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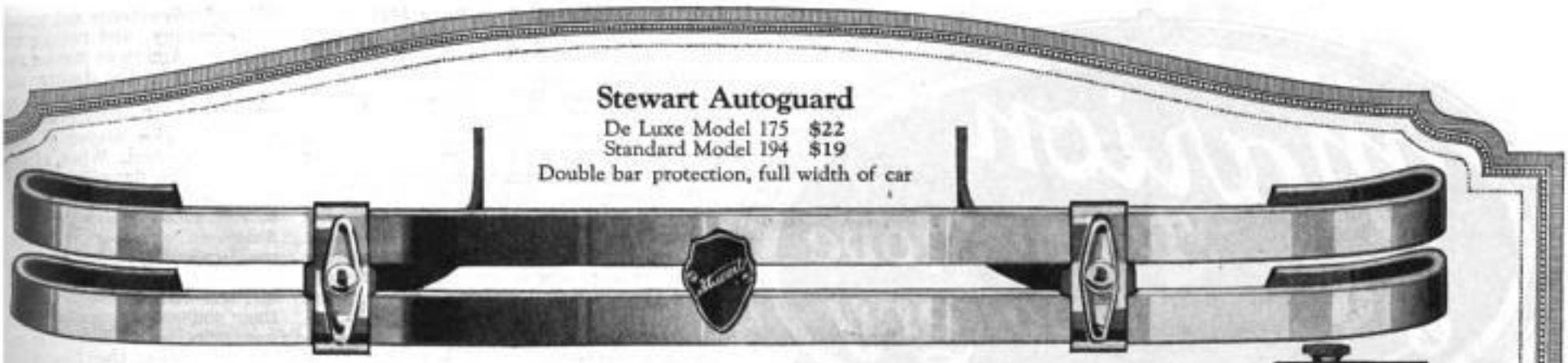
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PRODUCTS
USED ON 7 MILLION CARS

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Stewart Autoguard

De Luxe Model 175 $22
Standard Model 194 $19
Double bar protection, full width of car



New Stewart Speedometer for Ford Cars

Colored dials tell when to lubricate. Registers speed and mileage. $15



Stewart Stop Signal

Flashes automatically when foot brake is depressed. $5

Stewart Searchlight

For open or closed cars.
Turns in any direction.
Model 176 $7.50
Model 179 $5.00





Stewart Pentagon Cap

Hinged top flips up when filling radiator and snaps shut again. $6



Stewart Rear Vision Mirrors

Circular Model 183 for outside the car installation $4.00
Oblong Model 170 for inside the car installation $2.50

rt Warn-O-Meter

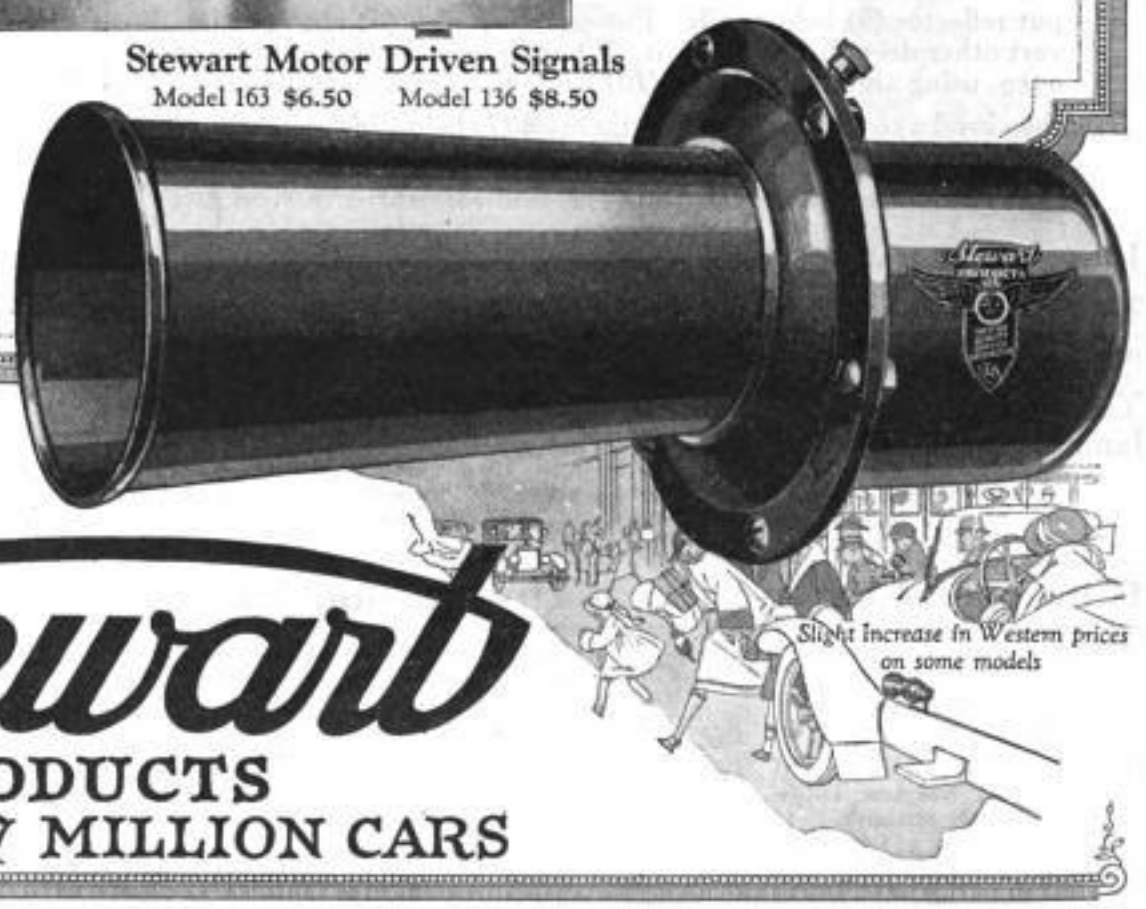
s from GREEN to RED
en motor overheats.
Model, 172-A $12.50
Model, 173-A $10.00
del, with special radiator $10.00



Stewart Motor Driven Signals

Model 163 $6.50 Model 136 $8.50





Stewart

PRODUCTS USED ON 7 MILLION CARS

Slight increase in Western prices on some models

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1. Heater coils are supported every 2 inches and cannot sag.
2. Makes 2 slices of toast above coils and 2 below at same time.
3. 3-heat switch gives you high, medium or low heat at will.
4. Stove frame is pressed steel coppered, nickel-plated and highly polished.
5. Generous fiber feet protect the table top from heat or scratching.
6. Deep dish of pressed polished aluminum, full 7x7 inches. Handle cannot come off.
7. Stove is nickel-plated and highly polished, with rounded corners.
8. This second deep dish inverted over No. 6 gives you a practical small oven.
9. Aluminum cake griddle when used above heater. Also cover for deep dishes.
10. Four aluminum custard or egg cups. Also for baking muffins. (See No. 8.)
11. Aluminum broiling grill for use in deep pan below heating element.

Summertime Comfort

You can serve a complete meal from this sturdy Table Stove—not a "snack," but a substantial dinner for 3 or 4 people. For example—

—Let's prepare hot muffins, broiled chops, browned potatoes and coffee!

—put reflector (*9*) below coils. Put one deep dish (*6*) above coils. Invert other deep dish (*8*) over it. When hot put muffins into this little oven, using aluminum dishes (*10*). Allow usual time for baking

—then broil a couple of chops (lay them on *11*) below in *6*, while potatoes simmer or brown in *8* above the heater. Use *9* inverted as a cover

—finally, make coffee on the grid (*2*). Control heat with switch (*3*).

Isn't that interesting? And practical? And worth trying?

The room is not heated, as practically every bit of the heat goes into the food when you use the Marion Table Stove.

You cook right on the dining table, enjoying the meal with your family, and serve direct from the Marion Table Stove.

Most dealers will be glad to demonstrate Marion Electric Servants. If your dealer cannot supply you, use the coupon.

Rutenber Electric Company, Marion, Indiana

Rutenber Electric Co.
Marion, Indiana

Enclosed is check for $13.50 for 3-heat Marion Table Stove, exactly as above.
Identical outfit $12.25 without switch.

My Dealer is_____
My Name_____
My Address_____
City_____ State_____

(Continued from Page 101)

of April. The event that did that was the arrival of the morning paper relating the catastrophe in San Francisco, then called an earthquake, but by common consent since referred to as the fire.

One of our laughing party was Mrs. Chase, who had been a Miss Mizner, sister of Wilson and Addison Mizner, Californians. Mr. Chase was still in the States, and the reports of the devastation included territory in which the family had important financial and sentimental interests. Other Californians were in our party, with parents, brothers and sisters in the stricken city. The blow made everything else forgotten; not only those directly and personally affected but all the Americans knew their vacation was over and their stations were at the lines of quickest communication.

It is rather fine to remember the promptness with which the Americans in Paris acted at that time. The American Chamber of Commerce assembled the next morning upon a call from its president printed in the Paris New York Herald. It was a crowded meeting, attended not only by the members but by many sojourners and transients. There was some little personal information, not much; the cables were blocked. Men of prominence and power ad the company, and running true after the American manner the fir nite action by the chamber was a priation and a volunteer subsc Thousands of dollars were imm pledged. The mayor of San Fra was telegraphed. When, after a pe two or three days, the rather pro fairly self-reliant reply was receiv outside subscriptions were not need American chamber met again a money was diverted to a loan fund a to such Californians as found the in Paris with their communications their sources of supply destroyed. were principally students in the art the Sorbonne, the Beaux Arts a musical institutions. But how s spirit, how admirable that highly ne ethical capacity to respond! How its demonstration! It was, of c comparatively small reaction, bu very like the stir that went over all that sixth day in April, 1917, w resolution of Congress decided were in the war.

Editor's Note—This is the eleventh of twelve articles by Mr. Thomas. The pear in an early issue.

TRUST EMILY

(Continued from Page 18)

born with, and however truthful he is naturally ——"

"Yes?" murmured Angela sympathetically.

Arthur was glad to be interrupted by the arrival of Stoker, who walked swayingly in, bearing a plate of bread and butter in one hand, and a plate containing a cake in the other. He approached the table nervously, and set them thereon, watched by Angela.

Angela moved to the table. "Let me show you," said she, "how I like a tea table set."

"Yes'm," said Stoker.

"You will easily learn," Angela continued. "Put the cups out in the saucers so. Then group them so. But you have brought too many cups."

"Yes'm," said Stoker, glancing hopelessly round, and counting on his fingers.

Arthur scowled at him.

"The bread and butter is too thick, you know," pursued Angela very kindly.

"Yes'm," said Stoker.

Just then sounds of muffled knockings arose and penetrated to the parlor. Stoker stared uneasily around.

"What's that noise?" inquired Angela.

"The workmen," replied Arthur calmly.

"After tea you shall show me what they are doing," said Angela.

The knockings continued.

Stoker scratched his head. "Please sir," he piped, "shall I go an' ——"

"No, Stoker!" said Arthur ferociously. "You'll stay in the kitchen and come when rung for. That's all just now."

"Yes, sir," said Stoker.

"Kettle boiling?" Arthur added ferociously.

"Kettle ain't quite b'ilin', sir," replied Stoker, and he went out quickly.

"Since tea is not quite ready," said Arthur, turning to Angela with a very subtle smile had the luckless girl but known it, "I'd like to show you part of the house, beginning with the cellar."

"Beginning with the cellar?" echoed Angela.

"Yes," said Arthur. "It's really an awfully interesting cellar. 'S a matter of fact there are three cellars. Two outer ones and an inner one."

Angela shuddered. "Oh-h-h!" shivered she. "They'll be dark."

"Er—yes," assented Arthur. "I'm afraid so. But it can't be helped," he added grimly.

"You'll hold my hand if it's very dark?" cried Angela charmingly. She moved impulsively to him.

"Er—yes," said Arthur, edging to the door. "Er—I mean, yes!"

Angela followed him, with beautiful up-and-down flickerings of eyelashes. "Funny Arthur!" said she, rallying him as she passed through the door he held open for her.

It was barely half a minute later that Stoker wandered in again with a dish of jam. He looked around him and his jaw dropped. A trembling ran over his frame. He shook his head, and the jam dish fell from his hand to the table. He s his head—but received no revela gazed round again.

"I'm sure I dunno!" he said a

He heard again the muffled k Knowing what he knew they had quality. He started violently and his head.

A revelation was made to hi silent caution he sped to the cour wheeled one bicycle after another laurel bush, till all three were He returned to the fatal room.

Arthur dashed in at one door a entered by the other. He appe tinctly distrait.

"Stoker!" he cried. "Stoker!

"I've 'id 'em!" said Stoker.

"What?" cried Arthur.

"The bicycles," said Stoker

"What for?" cried Arthur.

"It seems better like," repli earnestly.

"Why?" said Arthur.

"It just seems to me better lik Stoker earnestly. He eyed hi piciously, and kept well out of

"Come here!" said Arthur.

"No, sir! Not me, sir!" repli with the stout resistance of one

"Here!" said Arthur desper say, I got a job for you to do u know where Sir William Hunter you say you can ride a bicycle?"

"Yes, sir," breathed Stoker.

"Then take one of those bicy Arthur, "and ride as fast as yo William's, and ask ——"

Even yet Arthur was not d give the twice-postponed order sound simply struck the word lips. A car drew up outside. Stoker both listened, palsied.

"Who's that?" said Arthur in whisper.

They listened. Muffled knock to run like wildfire round the h them and below them.

Lady Hunter came determin the courtyard and filled the e

"Tea, Stoker!" cried Arthur

"Yes, sir!" said Stoker in a and he ran past Arthur into the

Lady Hunter entered, gushing excitement, reproach; and, on giveness. It was quite wonderf one woman could express all mere personality.

"My dear boy!" she exclaim

Both her hands were outstr

"Oh, Aunt Jane," said Arth low way, "this is really kind o

Lady Hunter went up to took possession of him. "I'v uncle still speechmaking, dear show. I ran away, for I was coming to you." She then cheek till Arthur kissed it, raised her lorgnette and look a comfortable seat.

"Take this chair, Aunt Jane," offering his poor father's e ter sat in it.

(Continued on Page

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A *Dead* Engine on a *Live* Street

A FEW sputtering knocks—a convulsive jerk—a sudden stop! Up with the hood—a frenzied, futile fussing with plugs and wires.

Meanwhile, streets jammed for blocks—drivers yelling—horns blowing—policeman raving!

Annoying—irritating—inconvenient—yet it all shrinks into insignificance beside the damage done to the engine by a single misfiring spark plug or a short-circuited wire.

Worn and loosened bearings, scored cylinders, piston slaps, chattering gears, loss of power and noisy, jerky operation are the inevitable results of neglecting even the smallest defects in the nerve center of the car—the ignition system.

You can protect your car and your comfort by testing the ignition system regularly. It's no longer a complicated task—it now can be done quickly, easily, cleanly by using the

Airco IGNITION GAUGE

The Watchdog of the Ignition System

Instantly spots the plug that's missing

Locates short-circuits and leaks in high-tension wires

This handy vest-pocket instrument is small enough to reach the most inaccessible part of the ignition system. Its blunt contact cap cannot slip off plug or wire while testing. Cannot get out of order—no wires to connect—no shocks—no danger.

Carry one with you in case something goes wrong on the road.

AIR REDUCTION SALES CO.

The name Airco on this ignition gauge signifies that it embodies all the high standards characteristic of the twenty-one other products of the Air Reduction Sales Company, pioneers in commercializing the elements of the air and large manufacturers of oxygen, acetylene, apparatus, etc., for the oxyacetylene welding and cutting industry. It is most logical that an instrument relying solely for its functioning on Neon—a rare gas of the air—should be built by an organization of such specialized experience.

For all internal combustion engines



Edward A. Cassidy Co., Inc. (Ignition Gauge Sales Division of Air Reduction Sales Co.)
24 West 44th St., New York, N. Y.

Please find enclosed $_____ for which send me _____ Airco Ignition Gauges.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ 6-3

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Cooking Utensils and Food Flavors

When odors cling to cooking utensils, it is evident that the same metal surface which draws into its depths enough food substance to give off an odor, also takes out of the food precious elements—particularly the valuable health-giving mineral properties.



The flint-hard, glassy surface of *Nesco Royal Granite Enameled Ware* is non-porous. It cannot absorb food flavors nor food values. It does not permit odors of food to cling to its surface. It does not discolor from deposits of mineral and other food values.

Better Cooking Assured

Good cooking—tastier, better flavored, more wholesome dishes are the products of the housewife who cooks in Nesco Royal Ware. Every bit of the flavor is retained. It is unimpaired by chemicalization. Mineral elements are saved in the food when cooked in Nesco Royal Ware.

Nesco Royal Ware is food-acid-proof. The porcelain-like surface of the granite enamel prevents contact of food with metal. In the handling, cooking and preserving of fruits, it is safest to use Nesco Royal Ware. Then the original flavor and the keeping qualities of canned fruits are assured.

Prevents Contamination; Protects Health



Nesco Royal Ware can so easily be kept scrupulously clean that it insures sanitation in the preparation of food for babies. Food for invalids whose appetite must be tempted with the most delicately flavored, wholesome foods, should always be prepared in glassy surfaced Nesco Royal Ware.

◇ ◇ ◇

Proper distribution and retention of heat thru the heavy steel base makes the cooking of meat especially satisfactory in the Nesco Royal Roaster or stewing kettles.



Because Nesco Royal Ware so well resists the effects of iron and alkali in the water, and its durability is absolutely unaffected, dippers and drinking cups in Nesco Royal Ware are used everywhere. Picnickers and campers use Nesco Royal plates, bowls, and cups and saucers. They are easily cleaned, and unbreakable.

Durable Ware Has Lasting Beauty

Whether the Nesco Royal Granite Enameled Ware utensil is old or new it always looks the same. Its porcelain-like surface is just as glossy and glistening, and the lovely, harmonious colors remain as vivid and bright as on the day when the housewife first washed from the granite surface the diamond label which identifies each utensil of Nesco Royal Granite Enameled Ware.

◇ ◇ ◇

The Nesco diamond label is assurance of the high quality of material and workmanship in Nesco Royal Ware.



The label indicates that the best grade of heavy pressed steel forms its base, and that high quality, rock-hard melted granite has been flowed over and baked into its pores.

Use Only Mild Soap and Water

Water and mild soap are all that is required to clean Nesco Royal Ware. Hard scouring and polishing, which roughen and redden the housewife's hands, are entirely unnecessary. With the elimination of the use of expensive and unpleasant cleaners, comes to the housewife a saving of many hours of dishwashing drudgery.

◇ ◇ ◇

The reasonable price of Nesco Royal Ware places it well within the means of every housewife. Its economy and great durability, its assurance of years of good cooking, and relief of dishwashing drudgery, make the purchase of Nesco Royal Ware a desirable investment.

An attractive descriptive folder and a handy recipe book will be sent upon request. Address: National Enameling & Stamping Co., Advertising Dept., Sec. D, Milwaukee, Wis.

NESCO PERFECT
OIL COOK STOVE



A Real Test for Any Stove

To obtain a crisp, evenly browned piece of toast a pu intense, blue flame is required—a flame which indica by its color, perfect combustion of air and gas. The Ne Perfect Oil Cook Stove produces this perfect blue flame noto suited for making toast but for all kinds of cooking as w

NESCO ROCKWEAVE WICK
(PATENTED)

The Nesco Rockweave Wick and the famous Nesco Perfect Burner work in such perfect accord that the high blue flame which shoots up through the grate is free from the slightest taint of smoke or odor.

Such a flame bakes light, fluffy bread and cakes most temptingly delicious; roasts to a turn; fries quickly and cleanly; and boils with equal success.

Go to your hardware, house fur ing or department store and wi a practical demonstration of Nesco Perfect Oil Cook Stove. Sa yourself that the claims we made for it are true. Also see other Nesco Products—

Nesco Perfect Oil Heater.
Nesco Royal Granite Enameled Ware.

Send postal for free booklet, "Thirty Picked Recipes," by Mrs. Simon Kander, author of The Settlement Cook Book. Address: National Enameling & Stamping Co., Inc., Advertising Department, Section D, Milwaukee, Wis.

NATIONAL ENAMELING & STAMPING CO., Inc.

St. Louis, Baltimore, Granite City, Ill., Chicago, New York, New Orleans, Milwaukee, Philadelphia

The Nesco Boy diamond-shaped label identifies all Nesco Products. Look for it. It is your guide in buying quality articles.

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(Continued from Page 104)

r held his head, which was begin-
che. He sighed. "Where's Parks?"
ht. "Where is Parks? Why doesn't
e and help me? Everyone comes
s," he thought resentfully.
came in with the teapot; and his
ged behind him, trying to avoid
eye, with the hot-water jug. Her
nts were watched interestedly by
nter. Suddenly Mrs. Stoker fell
thur's observation, when she turned
ded out like a rabbit. Stoker, too,
rrowed his way into the kitchen

gracious!" said Lady Hunter.
e always run like that?"
rally," replied Arthur severely.
let her see me."
?!" said Lady Hunter musingly.
fidgeted about. "I—I suppose
me to tell me I—I've been missed,"
ded.
d?" ejaculated Lady Hunter.
"

ply—er—simply had to go," said
mly.
unter sighed. "That feeling seems
hing in my household," said she.
it it like that too."
started guiltily.
rks?" he murmured.
st her," said Lady Hunter.
walked about. He gave the sofa
him a good kick, and felt better.
nockings came down regularly
, and as regularly came up from
ile from the attic on the south
what might be taken, without
a female voice faintly calling.
ked the table leg.
t Parks," repeated Lady Hunter.
r?" said Arthur nervously. "She
me the sort of girl you couldn't
day if you wanted to. Always
ays right on the spot."
btaining the whole day off for
show," continued Lady Hun-
ave me a month's wages in lieu
never saw anything so shame-
endent. I pressed for an ex-
you may be sure; and after a
id she felt a call to go into the
e clergyman who confirmed her
The clergy are very insidious."
ried to repress a groan, but

he said. "Parks off to Dur-

," nodded Lady Hunter.
continued after a pause, "there's

he echoed.
ter nodded again. "Cook. As
heard you'd gone she said to
dy,' she said, 'I must follow
him if it's ever so.'"
allowed rapidly.
coming here?" he asked un-

lear boy," said Lady Hunter.
sent for his lawyer, who was
se upon her, as lawyers do.
, with a cook that has to have
read to her to keep her, and
a clergyman, all in one day."
lked about. He could only
s and her defection.
ter of fact ——" he began

er interrupted him in a tart
matter of fact religion is evi-
e thing it was for the lower
l told me to insist on my
to church. 'When in the
id, 'that is the thing to do,
on't walk send them in the
Spread them out. Two don-
would look well.' And I'm
at Cyril doesn't know the
do; but still, what does it
gone and lost Parks to a

gs now beat with the regu-
, and Lady Hunter's atten-
rom clergymen. She listened
hen turning she fixed Arthur
ough her lorgnette.
nown, of course, throughout
n that sooner or later this
come, and he had his words

len," he said with an ex-
of the hand.
kindled.
se!" she cried. "But, my
brings me to the object of
visit. Now that you have
men, I must say that under
ons I hope you won't go on
with all those alterations and repairs without consulting a certain lady. Not a tin tack should be driven in without her consent. For after all a home is a place very sacred to a woman."

Her voice trembled emotionally.

"I wish I knew some place sacred to a man," said Arthur.

"Now listen to me, my dear," said Lady Hunter, looking at him very earnestly through her lorgnette, "listen to me, for we must discuss very carefully the whole awful situation.

"I lay awake all night thinking of it. To-day has been miserable. Lunch was tragic. None of those poor girls has spoken to the other all day. And all left the flower show on pitiful pretexts. I know something of women's hearts, Arthur, and I could guess where all those poor dears are at this very moment."

Arthur recoiled.

"What!" he exclaimed.

"Each," said Lady Hunter solemnly, "is lying on her bed, locked in her room, crying her little heart out." She sighed.

Arthur swallowed once or twice. "I darn well wish they were," he replied.

"Arthur!" said Lady Hunter, appalled. "Arthur! You brute! But," she added, "that is what all those poor girls love in you—the brute. We women ——"

Arthur kicked the sofa, interrupting her.

"I don't know what to do," he remarked.

"But that's so simple, my dear," breathed Lady Hunter.

"Simple?" repeated Arthur.

"Just do it over again," said Lady Hunter, with a proud look at her simple ingenuity.

"Just do it over again?" repeated Arthur faintly.

"And this time, dear," pursued Lady Hunter softly, "be sure to ask the one you love."

"I don't love anyone," said Arthur, at his sturdiest.

Lady Hunter fairly shrieked.

"You must!" she cried.

She began to get very angry, and tapped her toes incessantly on the floor.

"I won't!" said Arthur.

Lady Hunter grew violently agitated. "The situation," she panted, "is impossible."

"Improbable," said Arthur grimly, "but not impossible. Nothing of this kind is impossible to me. I don't love any ——"

"You shall love somebody before I leave here," said Lady Hunter breathlessly, "or I won't go!"

She recklessly delivered this ultimatum to Arthur; it was her own fault. Also the knockings went on distractingly all the time.

"What!" said Arthur. "Do you mean to tell me you won't leave here till I—I ——"

"I won't go till it's all settled," replied Lady Hunter flatly.

Arthur gave a very long musing look. After all, if one, why not two? If two, why not three? If three, why not four?"

"Ah!" said he in a quiet voice. "Then there'll be lots of time to spare, and I would like to show you the linen cupboard. Mother left a lot of linen."

"I do not care how I occupy the time, Arthur," said Lady Hunter wrathfully. "The linen cupboard by all means."

"Then come on!" said Arthur.

She rose without a qualm, save the qualms of her first anger. And when Arthur opened the door violently she walked past him at a great pace. So once more the parlor was left to the sun, and the gun, and the stuffed birds, and so on.

Stoker had been reconnoitering outside, listening in a condition of fear to the upraised voices. Now he stole across the courtyard and looked into the room. He saw only the sun, the gun, and so on. He stared round, trembling.

"'Ell and blazes!" he cried piously. Again he gazed round without hope. "I dunno," he said, quailing.

Arthur dashed in again and saw Stoker, who recoiled, and would have run away, but Arthur checked him.

"Here! Stop!" he commanded.

His unwilling accomplice drooped against the door lintel.

"You've left the chauffeur!" he whispered hoarsely. He pointed outside to where the car lolled in the sunshine.

"You go and get right in that car," said Arthur ferociously, "and tell that chauffeur to drive to Sir William Hunter's and fetch Mr. Wakefield. Mr. Wakefield! Do you hear?" (Continued on Page 109)

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Get True Judgment of Corners and Distance

The more an owner uses his car, the more he needs plate glass. The active car gets the close shaves of the road, and its users reckon most with turns and distances. Plate glass in windshield or windows makes safety more certain.

It is clear, smooth and free from ridges and ravines. It hasn't any curves nor depressions. It doesn't sag like common glass. It is slipped into place—not pushed. So it doesn't break being installed. It does serve the eye truly, because it never distorts the vision.

Busy men put maps under plate glass on their desks. If they used cheaply made glass, a sideway look would instantly make a confused mass of colored inks. For windshields or windows, for safety's sake, plate glass is essential in motor car replacements.

PLATE GLASS MANUFACTURERS *of* AMERICA

Genuine PLATE GLASS MADE IN U.S.A.

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Pusey & Jones Co.
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Willys-Overland Co.
and 31 other parts makers

Does 1922 look so rosy that you can afford to throw away that which these world leaders are so carefully saving?

Can you afford to use cumbersome riveting to join pieces of steel which they would weld at half the cost with a Lincoln Welder?

Can you afford to throw into the scrap heap worn or broken equipment which they would make good as new at a welding expense of a few dollars?

Can you afford to discard for minor defects castings, forgings, and stampings which could be made sound and perfect by arc welding?

Can you afford to go merrily along without *even knowing* what arc welding might do in your plant, when such firms are continually asking Lincoln Welding Engineers to advise on their problems?

A Lincoln Welding Engineer will gladly inspect your plant, study your processes and make you a complete, written report, showing whether you can use arc welding.

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Minneapolis
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Boston
Charlotte, N. C.
London, England

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tinued from Page 107)

" said Stoker abjectly. But he
nting imploringly towards the
into the kitchen: "Don't 'ee
ife!"
ide for him.
n't touch your wife for a mil-
outed. "Get!"
nished. He awoke the chauf-
ed into the lazy car and
ftly. Arthur was alone.
now resounded to dim knocks
hey made Arthur shiver. He
elf to the mantelpiece, leaned
opped his brow. He thought
His nerves were all anyhow.
a bird's twitter. Things were
It seemed to him awful that a
man should come from Aus-
e these things happen to him
tically no fault of his own.
ell into the fireplace when
meone knocked on the door

e seen the Hunters' cook. He
e or twice and shut his eyes
ned round and saw only a
senger.
erienced one of those mo-
f which are almost too great
tretched out his almost pow-
nd the telegram was thrust

," he said weakly.
he was alone in the parlor.
w blessed loneliness was, but
ow that it must be of short
put the telegram into his

till leaning against the man-
g after his trial, when again
ker sounded. This time he
ing a certain stout and pas-
ght of hand in the making of
probably heavy to suffoca-
of love. He wondered why
curred to him to shut and
However, he pulled himself
ntly and looked furtively

urks.

VII

d. So did Arthur. He just
and smiled. It was so nice
who didn't really count as a
nd was innocent of all fell

e hat looted from Mrs.
d adorable it looked, too;
shoes and stockings looted
ut she had an ulster over
. She carried tenderly a

Arthur happily, after a
"Not you!"
joyfully. "Oh, no, Mr.
me."
d to see how comfortable
hur felt with her. He ap-
hout fear.
said heartily.
hen he noticed that in her
arried a basket holdall,
l by the wall where it
e way.
ce didn't you come be-
ur.
ow, Mr. Arthur," Parks

e flower show!" said

"And from what Mr.
me this morning when I
—I rather thought I was
Mr. Arthur." She dis-
triumphantly.
for ladies' table decora-

hur, giving the thing a

ing ever prevents you
own plans?"
Arthur," she replied se-

pergne in the center of

rthur."
hur, giving the thing
y?"
se," said little Parks.
y, fidgeting with her
ound the parlor. Then
y those dim knockings,
smodic for the last five
were beginning again
m. She listened curi-

d to distract her atten-
after all, it could not be

long now before aid arrived in the person of Cyril, who, earning his good living simply by the exercise of tact, was absolutely the man to send for.

"I say!" said Arthur. "This isn't the way to Durham, y'know."

"N-no, Mr. Arthur," said Parks.

Then she began to laugh. They looked at each other, and Arthur began to laugh, too; rather morosely perhaps, but still he laughed.

"Durham!" said little Parks. "Dud-durham!" She gurgled and gurgled.

"Er—er—would you like to sit down?" said Arthur happily.

"Thank you, Mr. Arthur," murmured Parks.

She seated herself beside the table and ran a domesticated eye over its arrangement.

Arthur fidgeted about restlessly between the table and fireplace, an eye cocked at Parks.

"You—you're looking awfully well," he hazarded.

"Thank you, Mr. Arthur," she replied, smiling. "You've never seen me before in my mufti, have you?"

Arthur fidgeted about.

"No," he said. "That—that's a cute little hat, isn't it?"

"Cute's the word, Mr. Arthur," she replied triumphantly.

Arthur gazed at Mrs. Drelincourt's sacrifice. Then his eye wandered to Angela's.

"And I say!" said he. "Silk stockings! Eh?"

"All the way up, Mr. Arthur," said little Parks with girlish rapture.

"You swept the stairs in cashmere," added Arthur, musing upon her legs.

"Oh, Mr. Arthur!" said little Parks, softly smiling. "You noticed!"

"Well, I dunno," said Arthur, musing; "at the time I didn't know I noticed, but I suppose I did."

"I always say," remarked Parks, "that every man's the same at rock bottom."

Arthur recovered his sturdiness with a jerk.

"Well," he said, "don't let's talk about your stockings." Parks pouted a little. "What's happened?"

"Everybody's very upset," she replied.

"What do they say?" asked Arthur.

The muffled knockings continued in spasms.

"Nothing, Mr. Arthur," replied Parks, glancing around her a little curiously.

"Nothing?" repeated Arthur.

"Well, how can they?" said Parks. "If nobody helps 'em—and I'm not going to," she added cryptically, "though there are some who may think otherwise—if nobody helps 'em, Mr. Arthur, they don't know what's what, or which is which, or who's who."

"But neither do I," said Arthur. "They've got me there."

Parks smiled most shrewdly. "Oh, no, Mr. Arthur! Oh, no-o-o-o! Because, you see"—she turned in her chair and leaned over the table towards him—"if Mrs. Drelincourt says it's her and knows it wasn't, for all she guesses the one it was will bring up proof; 'n' if Miss Harmony says it's her and knows it wasn't—ditto; and if the twin does ditto, why—ditto!"

When Parks had brought this out with a delicate air of finesse she sat back and regarded Arthur.

He considered rapidly, on his part.

"Why—why—then if I say nothing and everybody else says nothing I'm saved!"

"Oh," said Parks dreamily, "I wouldn't say 'saved,' 'cause, after all, you know, somebody's going to have you in the end. Must."

She regarded Arthur very dreamily indeed.

"It's pretty awful, isn't it?" he groaned.

"Oh, 's awful, Mr. Arthur," she agreed sympathetically.

"You seem the only one out of it," said Arthur gloomily.

Little Parks spoke very gently, although she was at heart one of those sweet maternal girls literally without mercy where the male sex is concerned.

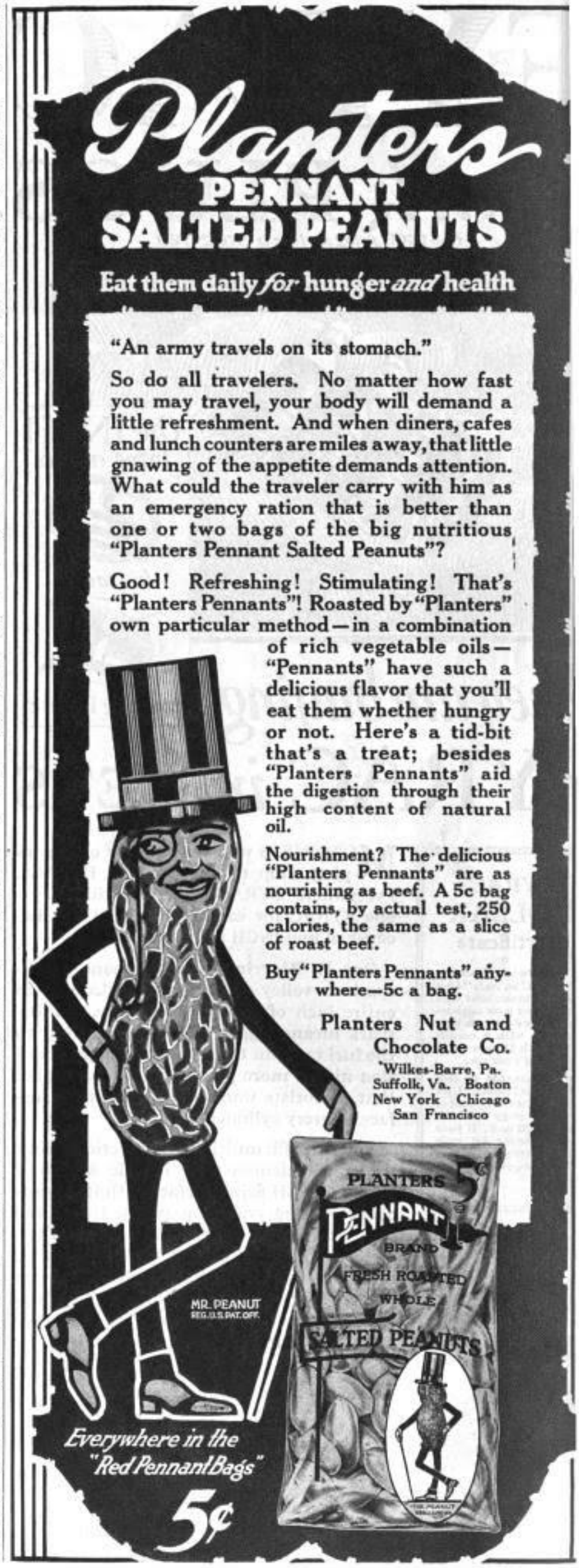
"I don't know that I'd put it quite like that, Mr. Arthur," temporized she.

"Help!" said Arthur.

"Yes, I'm here to help you, Mr. Arthur," said little Parks, "and to save you from the other women."

"How'll you do it?" asked Arthur desperately, for it seemed as if she had brought him hope only to snatch it away again.

"You engage me as lady housekeeper," she replied.



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Arthur was staggered. He began fruitlessly to object.

"But I don't want one," said he.

"No," said Parks, sweetly but firmly; "no. But you need one. You're the kind of man that wants guarding. And if you engage me you would have nothing to fear"—she paused—"from any other female. Yes, you're the kind of man that wants looking after. You want managing for."

"Well, I've managed my own life for myself pretty well, so far, thank you," said Arthur sturdily.

"Ah," she murmured, "but when it comes to women ——"

She paused significantly.

"You're right!" said Arthur. "When it comes to women ——"

"You want helping," she continued. "You're the sort of man that wants blindfolding and then pushing hard."

Arthur started violently.

"Eh?" he cried.

Little Parks caught herself back from the edge of disaster. She knew the dangers of being premature. Yes, she was one of those sweet maternal girls who make a bee line for a man and get there. But he never sees her coming.

"I was using a figure of speech, Mr. Arthur," she said blandly. She paused. "Do I consider myself engaged?"

"Well," said Arthur, listening to the rappings all about him, "since I last saw you, Parks, things have happened which you know nothing about, and the job will be of a temporary nature only; very temporary. But I shall certainly be glad of you at present. What terms?"

"A pound a week—at present," murmured Parks.

She looked down softly; not that she was sorry for him.

"I think you're darned cheap," said Arthur with enthusiasm. "And I'm sure I hope you'll be happy 'n' comfortable, Parks."

He paused for the suitable reply which he expected, but he did not receive it.

"Parks," he added repetitively.

Little Parks looked at him. Her look was demure, but there was something in it. It fairly pulled Arthur together and riveted him.

"The situation is lady housekeeper," she replied.

Arthur started violently again. There was no doubt but that she flustered him.

"Oh—er—certainly, Miss Parks," he said lamely.

"And secretary, Mr. Arthur," she added.

"Secretary!" repeated Arthur.

"Gentlemen often have young secretaries, but not often young housekeepers," she explained.

"What a lot you know of the world, Miss Parks," said Arthur lamely.

"I suppose I can have a room, Mr. Arthur?" she continued after a pause.

"A room?" Arthur repeated. "What for?"

"To sleep in, please," said Parks very demurely.

"Oh!" said Arthur. "Oh—ah—yes, of course. The kitchen's through there." He indicated the door. "And there's a woman—er—who cooks who'll show you the bedrooms."

Little Parks sat up.

"A woman?" she exclaimed.

"Yes. But married," Arthur replied peacefully. "Teeth drawn."

"Oh! Are they?" said little Parks. "A married woman has nothing but double molars. Will you kindly ask her to take my things to my room?"

She indicated the basket holdall, and Arthur's glance followed hers.

"I brought very little," she added, "depending on a lift in the baker's cart. My big box will follow."

Arthur continued looking at the holdall. He could not exactly have explained why; but there was a subtle menace about the thing. That epergne, too, kept staring at him from the table.

"Certainly—er—Miss Parks," he answered at last.

He seized the holdall and carried it to the kitchen, while Parks remained sitting by the tea table, exercising admirable self-control over her gurgles. He returned, looking very interestedly at her, on his way back to the hearthrug.

She was the first to break the ensuing silence.

"And now," said she, looking very settled and happy, "the question is: What are you going to do?"

Recalled to realities Arthur [illegible] heavily in his father's chair. He [illegible] favorite brier from the pocket of [illegible] mentable coat.

He spoke more laconically than [illegible] possibly have felt.

"Do? Me?"

"'M," said Parks; "you: do?"

"Nothing," returned Arthur.

He filled his pipe.

"Nothing?" breathed Parks.

"No," said Arthur.

He lighted his pipe. When he [illegible] it in the right corner of his mou[illegible] infinitely better, wiser and safer.

"You can't, Mr. Arthur," urged [illegible] earnestly.

"I can," said Arthur. "I can [illegible] just as well as anyone can do [illegible] through with women, Parks—I [illegible] Parks. I'm through with 'em for [illegible]

"You know, Mr. Arthur," [illegible] with a soft voice, "there's [illegible] women."

"And women and women and [illegible] added Arthur. "You don't [illegible] me." A knock sounded just under [illegible] "Place seems full of 'em. But I'm [illegible]

Little Parks crossed her [illegible] Arthur mused once more briefly [illegible] stockings, before he exerted [illegible] and turned his eyes away.

"Oh," she said softly, "I do [illegible] you know what you're missing!"

"Here!" said Arthur. "You [illegible] ing to marry me off to anyone, [illegible]

"Certainly not, Mr. Arthur," [illegible] hastily. She smiled. "Oh, no.

"No woman on earth would [illegible] me," he added warningly, "and [illegible] you."

Parks spoke from the heart, [illegible] sigh.

"Oh, don't you worry," [illegible] girl you marry will know her [illegible]

"H'm," muttered Arthur.

"She'll have to," added Parks.

There was a pause, filled by [illegible] to which again Parks listened [illegible]

"What are those noises, Mr. [illegible] she asked at last.

"Oh, nothing! Nothing!" [illegible] "I mean, the workmen. [illegible] about them. I've got something [illegible] you." He got up hastily, listening [illegible] sound of the car bearing Cyril [illegible] but the sound came not. "I [illegible] new gun. What do you think [illegible]

Then tenderly he fetched [illegible] the corner where she leaned, and [illegible] he got his hand upon her be[illegible] moment, his troubles. He [illegible] to Parks.

"Look at her!" said he. [illegible] first; six, seven, four and [illegible] Let me describe her to you. [illegible] darling, isn't she, if ever there [illegible] He stroked the barrel with a [illegible] "This is Whitworth steel; and [illegible] here he moved his loving finger [illegible] the breech, speaking with [illegible] charcoal iron; and these lines [illegible] are gold; they move—I know [illegible] terested in this—and by their [illegible] knows at a glance if the barrel [illegible] fired. This trigger guard's blue [illegible] the stock walnut. She will last [illegible] weighs exactly six pounds [illegible] and four pennyweights. Oh," [illegible] to the gun. "Oh, you peach! [illegible] ful peach!"

After a moment little Parks [illegible]

"It seems a shameful waste [illegible] that to a gun," she remarked [illegible]

There was something [illegible] comment. Arthur returned [illegible] corner.

"Do guns cost much?" she [illegible]

"Sixty quid," said Arthur.

He stood off from the gun [illegible]

"Sixty quid!" cried Parks. [illegible] could have a lovely wedding [illegible]

Arthur turned in haste. "[illegible] echoed irascibly. "Curse [illegible] Parks! What do I want with [illegible]

"Oh, you don't want one," [illegible] replied dreamily, "but still—[illegible] things."

Arthur advanced and faced [illegible] the table.

"Now," said he sternly, "[illegible] stop—it!"

Parks met his look squarely [illegible] gazed into his.

"Just a minute," she begged [illegible] hurriedly. "Don't you think [illegible] be wonderful to have someone [illegible] longed to you; and who carved [illegible] thing you did; and loved you [illegible]

(Continued on Page [illegible])

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(Continued from Page 110)

elped you; and—and comforted
you were ill or worried; and
h you when you were gay; and
ought you all the world? Don't
at would be rather wonderful?"
as he was by this unwelcome
thur had stamina enough to
ing reply.
an wonderful," he said. "Im-

d little Parks, biting her lips
isn't impossible, Mr. Arthur."
aid Arthur. "I shall be very

," persisted Parks gamely.
id Arthur. "Well, when I meet
o can love I may think so."
t know her when you see her,"
esperately.
re arguing with yourself, don't
Arthur. "Have I ever seen
your knowledge?"
yes," choked Parks. "You've
er."
it I'd notice, I'll swear," said

said little Parks, beside her-
! You don't notice her—not

ed away. He drove his hands
s of his disreputable breeches.
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l he heartlessly, "she's lost
it is. I'm off to Australia."
ery slowly, leaning against

e going back?" she breathed.
" said Arthur. "Quick as I
up my mind this afternoon.
ou your job was only tem-

hat," said Parks.
there, Miss Parks," said
reat *big* farm that started
e one; but now you could
into it and lose it. And
"—he was flattered to see
ks listened—"that started
house, and was added to
g room and a sitting room,
ms, and a veranda and a
nd a garden, and a bath-
ld. And I'm the architect.
's mine. And just beside
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ed."
ried Parks fiercely. "But
," she thought.
olde," said Arthur.
urmured Parks. "It's a

iful mare," returned Ar-
I said to her, 'Isolde,' I
to stay in England I'll
beauty. But I shouldn't
ame back to you.' And
l, you know"—here Ar-
ing quite sentimentally
at she really meant was,
In't be surprised either.'
tle devil! She knew."
horse," said Parks quite

tly Arthur smiled!
ing better?" he said. "I

n of op-op-op-opinion,"

d infuriatingly compla-
said, "I've given you
opinion. And in my
re I like, and I sit where
en I like, and I have two
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the only female thing
out is Isolde."

nings lonely?" said she.
ir repeated with scorn.
ord, no! There's my

er foot and bit her lip

ed.
ur, "is there anything

"Isolde."
n are!" mused Arthur.
ingly. "Now, Isolde,"
ironic. Neither is the

alk to you in the eve-
faintly.
led Arthur.
men like dogs," said
you'll go back to him,

Arthur nodded. "Yes. There're no complications in life out there."

"Don't you think you'll leave a good deal behind you?" asked Parks, biting her lower lip feverishly.

Arthur grinned. "I hope so," he replied. He waggled the pipe in the right side of his mouth. He began to feel quite humorous about it all, now that any moment might see Cyril—with that inimitable tact on which his young life hung—to the rescue. In an access of spirits he began to sing, burlesquing a song which was to little Parks—or to any other nice girl of her ilk—sacred.

"De-earest" [sang Arthur], *"our day is o-ver!*
Ended the d-r-r-ream divine;
You must go-o bah-ck to your life [sob],
I must go-o bah-ck to mine!
H-h-how" [Arthur sobbed] *"can I live without yeow?*
How can I let yeow go-o-o?"

A scream from Parks stopped Arthur in full song. He turned and saw her with her arms on the table and her head on her arms. He recoiled, feeling terribly apprehensive again.

"Oh, dear!" wailed little Parks. "Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

She sobbed piteously. It almost touched Arthur.

"Eh?" he said. "What's the matter now?"

"It's such—a—be-eau-tiful song," sobbed Parks. "It makes you think."

"Think what?" said Arthur.

Little Parks looked up. "Oh," trembled she, "w-w-wouldn't you re-r-really like to be with the girl who loved you, by this fireside, she with the stockin' basket and you sitting opposite talking—talking—talking? You don't kn-kn-know how nice things can be."

"No!" yelled Arthur. "Stop it!"

Parks rocked to and fro. "Well—that's that."

"Yes," said Arthur briskly. "Clearing up the dubious points nicely, aren't we? Is there anything else?"

"Well, you know," faltered Parks, "there's a sort of—sort of glamour in getting married."

"Glamour!" said Arthur, waggling his pipe enthusiastically. "Glamour! You should see our sunsets. Getting married's nothing to 'em."

Parks faltered on, weak but pursuing. "But what do you do when you feel—when you feel ——"

"When I feel?" prompted Arthur helpfully.

"Romantic," quivered Parks.

"I don't," said Arthur.

"But you might," quivered Parks stubbornly.

"I should play my banjo and sing," said Arthur. "And the dog'd howl. And we'd get rid of it that way."

"A banjo, too!" said Parks in a voice of utter despair.

Arthur nodded. "Yes, you see—I'm complete."

He was relieved to see the poor girl suddenly pull herself together.

There was desperation on her face, but it was calm.

"Well," she said, "that's that."

Arthur was glad to find her so open to reasonable conviction, and he was ready to assuage any normal curiosity.

"Anything else?" he asked.

Parks sat upright.

"Yes, Mr. Arthur."

"Out with it," said Arthur encouragingly.

Little Parks smiled with extreme sweetness.

"You once said you would repay."

"Repay whom?" said Arthur.

"Me," said Parks. "For saving you from being married."

Arthur agreed to this heartily.

"I've been thinking for some time of leaving England," said little Parks; "of emigrating to the colonies."

She turned her innocent trustful eyes up to Arthur.

"Er—er—which colony?" asked Arthur, beginning to walk about rather uneasily again.

"Australia," replied Parks softly but inflexibly.

Arthur walked a little faster.

"Er—you want to go to Australia, too?" said he.

"'M," nodded Parks. "I'm capable and strong and most domesticated. My health's good. Perhaps you could recommend me



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GIRARD

America's Foremost Cigar

for a post to one of your neighbors if you are fully suited yourself."

"Eh?" said Arthur, a little fidgety. "Yes, of course. My nearest neighbor's thirty miles away."

Parks gulped and recovered.

"D-d-do they lend domestic servants horses in Australia?" she asked, losing and regaining in a breath a fine steadiness of voice.

"Oh, I expect so," said Arthur, waggling his pipe. "Do you wish to take up riding?"

"I would be obliged to," said Parks.

"Well, Miss Parks," said Arthur, "there's no doubt that I am grateful to you, and so please consider any help I can give you at your service. But I say—the expense of passage—'n' all—you have to think of that sort of thing, my dear girl, haven't you?"

Little Parks was perfectly brave.

"I've saved a bit," she answered. "I shall go steerage."

Arthur hovered from one foot to the other. "Were—er—were you thinking of going on the same boat?" he hazarded.

"Thank you for suggesting it, Mr. Arthur," answered Parks very gratefully.

"Me?" said Arthur. "Suggest? I don't. Er—don't let me influence your choice in any way. I just asked a question."

But she held on her way softly yet inflexibly.

"Perhaps when you arrange your own passage you would be kind enough to arrange mine, Mr. Arthur—me having no traveling experience."

Arthur was not clear in his own mind why he did not like the trend of this conversation, but like it he did not. However, gratitude is gratitude, or should be.

"Oh, certainly," he replied. "It's a little thing to do for you after all you've done for me."

Parks rose quietly from her chair.

"Thank you, Mr. Arthur," she murmured.

Arthur looked at this nice obliging girl standing so unobtrusively and gratefully there. He looked at the epergne she had brought him. He mused again upon her silk stockings. His mind seemed less clear and his will less dependable than usual.

"I sort of don't—don't like this steerage idea," he said obtusely. "I wonder why. Now I wonder why I don't just like it."

He pondered at her silk stockings.

"I can't think!" said she in tones of acid despair; for there are limits to every woman's forbearance.

"No, I don't like it," mused Arthur. "Still—I dare say it's not so bad nowadays. I'll come and look over at you—and I'll chuck some apples down."

For a moment Parks looked at Arthur in wrathful silence. He was still pondering at her stockings, and knew nothing. She clenched her fist impotently. She looked round for relief. Seizing a plate from the table she cast it with concentrated force upon the floor, where it lay shattered.

Arthur awoke violently.

"Ap-ples!" said little Parks very slowly between her locked teeth.

"G-g-good heavens!" stuttered Arthur, looking at the smashed plate.

Parks walked with extreme violence to the door and back again, and faced him.

"I'd like to know what some men are made of!" she gritted. "Ap-ples!"

Arthur hurried after her. "How can they be m-m-made of apples?" he stuttered. "Don't be silly."

Parks hurried away from Arthur, clenching her hands, biting her lips, and stamping. She had let go.

"Apples!" she cried, and sent [illegible] venomously off the table [illegible]

Arthur followed, confused.

"Please!" he implored.

"I'd like to know," cried Parks, [illegible] him in and out of and round [illegible] ture—"I'd like to know how [illegible] dare to say the things they say, [illegible] the things they do! And not to [illegible] they don't do! How dare they!"

"Listen," said Arthur, appalled.

"I couldn't put into respectable [illegible] what I think of you," cried Parks, [illegible] ing about violently, with Arthur [illegible] keep up.

"I say," said Arthur wildly.

"Men!" cried Parks, hurling [illegible] jug to the floor.

"Good heavens!" stuttered [illegible] "Look here ——"

"It's a pity we can't do without [illegible] continued Parks, unheeding, [illegible] can't!"

"Please!" cried Arthur.

Parks took up the sugar basin and [illegible] it to the floor.

"From the highest to the lowest," she, "just the same! From the [illegible] the youngest, all the same! Men! [illegible] 'em! I know 'em!"

"Good heavens!" shouted Arthur [illegible] side himself.

Parks stamped up and down. [illegible] had let go.

"I loathe the lot!" cried she. [illegible] 'em! There isn't a man alive worth [illegible] She snapped her fingers right [illegible] face.

"Oh, it's a pity we can't do without [illegible] And as for you, you ought to be [illegible] of yourself. All men ought to be [illegible] ashamed of themselves!"

"Oh, please!" said Arthur [illegible]

"But shame!" cried she. [illegible] feel it? No!"

She smashed plate after plate, [illegible] and Arthur had to duck to avoid [illegible] missiles.

"Apples!" she cried, stamping.

"I say!" said Arthur.

"I'll fetch my things," she cried [illegible] round at him.

"Stop!" shouted Arthur.

"Men!" cried Parks.

"Please! Please! Please!" [illegible] Arthur.

A perfect hurricane of [illegible] broke out above and below [illegible] if in response to the hell's [illegible] Parks was raising. And she [illegible] listen to a word he said. She [illegible] from the table.

It was light and crumbly, [illegible]

"You go to perishin' blazes!"

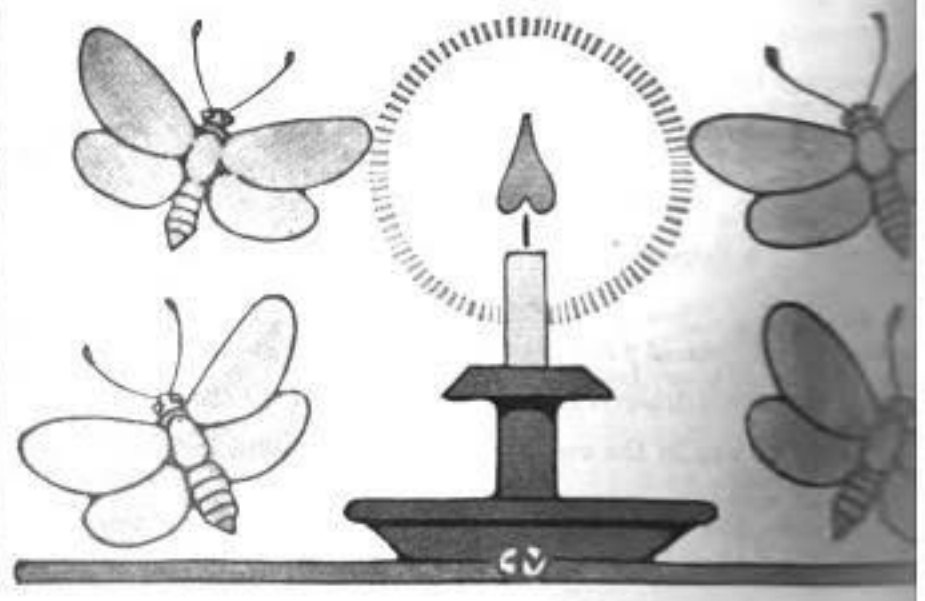
And she hurled the cake at [illegible] and caught him fair, and when [illegible] his eyes again she was gone.

For a short while Arthur sat [illegible] with crumbs, with his feet in [illegible] ceiving strange sensations. [illegible] head.

He felt an extraordinary [illegible] in all his veins; not unpleasantly [illegible] fully enough, his pipe still [illegible] corner of his mouth, and he took [illegible] looked at it thoughtfully. He [illegible] looked from the pipe to the [illegible] Parks had departed, and he [illegible] sat down on the edge of the [illegible] Never in his life had he been [illegible] He smiled once more.

"That's a—a lovely girl," [illegible] "That's a lovely girl!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



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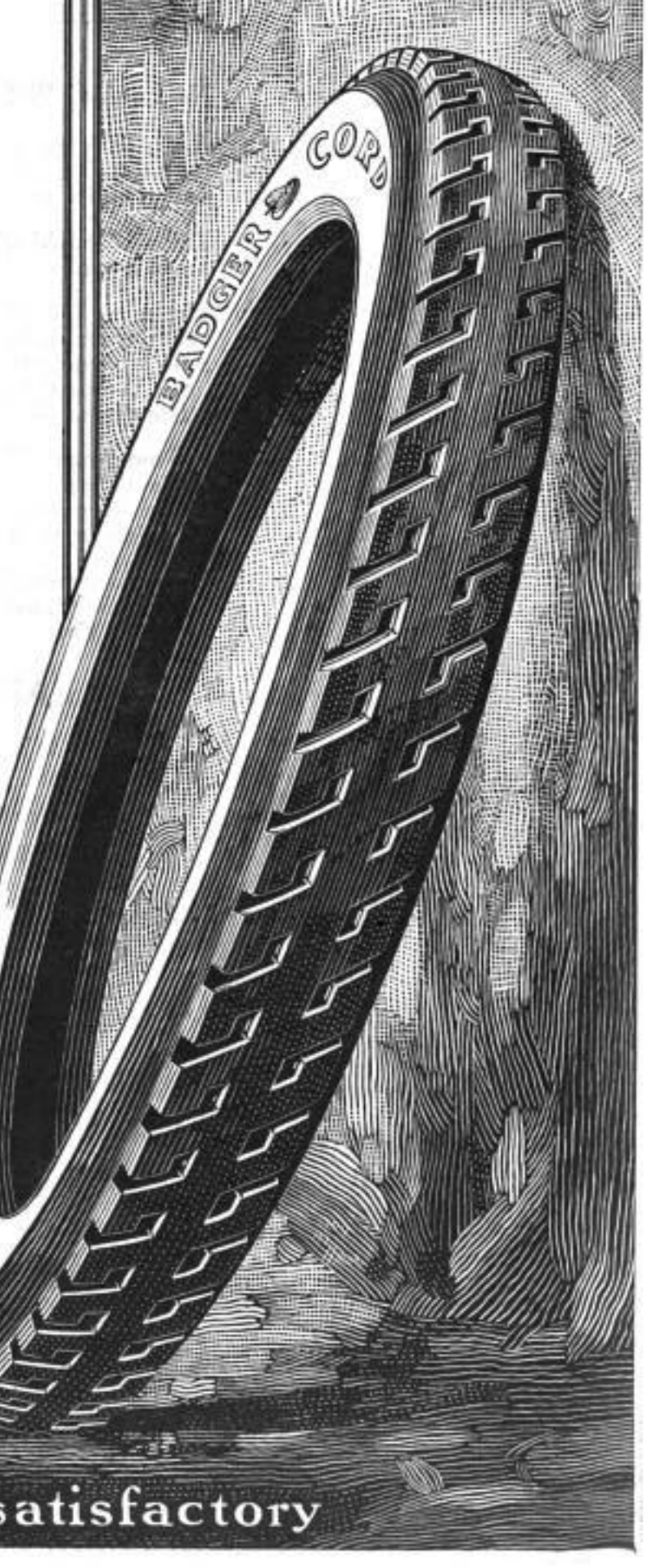
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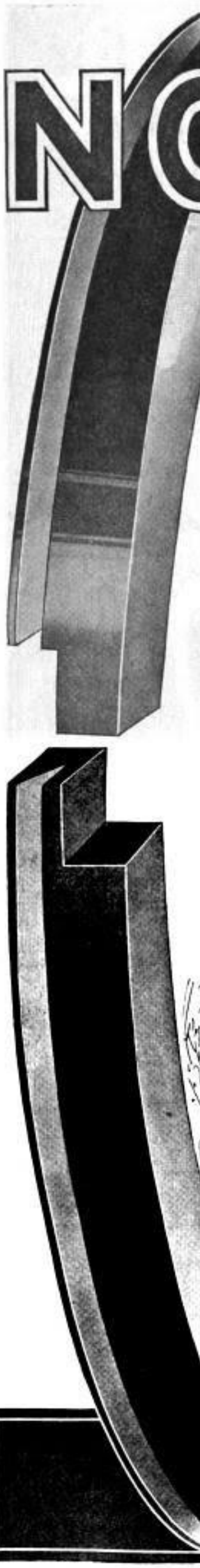




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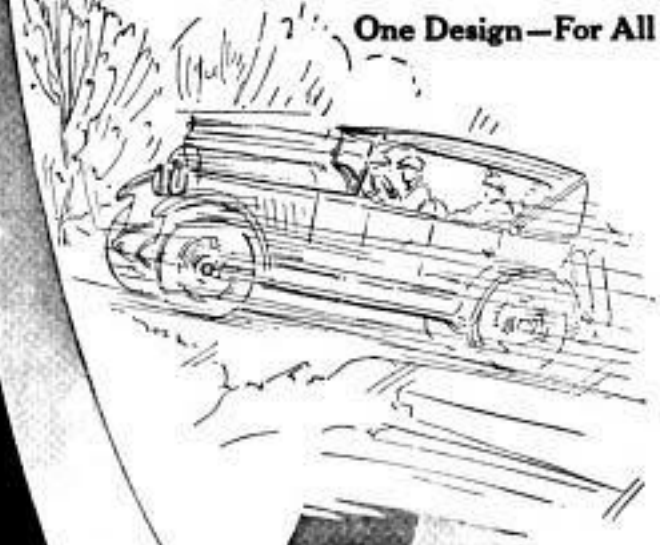
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EN FINN MEETS FINNIGAN

(Continued from Page 9)

ne? Why, little girl"—again
nked at the clock—"why, little
missed him with the cleaver
knife, and in two seconds I had
begging for his life. That,"
l, letting his humor run riot
ent, "was when I made him
et a woman cook. I'm a re-
am, and I like refined com-
ast cook was a roughneck, so
ut. That's how you happened
. Now you are here," he con-
ntly, "I'm going to see that
any rough stuff around a
e woman like I can see you

good-hearted guy," she told
iously beginning to pat the
l been patting her shoulder.
pened to glance at the clock.
e exclaimed, forgetting the
burst of a moment before,
fly at them spuds! And if
le"—this, by the way, was
e way of offering insult to a
rman—"if that big Swede
don't butt in. I can handle
gh myself."
ter Finnigan made himself
lady for life. She had re-
he task of cutting bread for
and as a slice fell away from
af the knife slipped and cut

e said indifferently, reach-
loaf. But Finnigan had
p. From a shelf above his
s roll of bandage cloth and

ile I fix it," he commanded.
he continued as he deftly
ndage, "that such pretty
uld have to do such work.
fussing with nice silks, or
mething."
begun to wonder how much
she would accept before
out. However, the lady
of bawling him out. In-
blue orbs became misty

d-hearted guy," she told
ere ain't many like you."
," Finnigan agreed, suc-
ng his desire to grin. "I
d of tender-hearted your-
he bandaged hand a part-
the sight of blood makes
aybe you'd better stay
your strength back."
. "It ain't the sight of
feel like I do." She sat
h enraptured gaze as he
m sink to stove and from
or and back again.
a smart man like you
your time in a kitchen,"

shame?" he demanded,
gh to produce a greasy,
book from one of his
t that if you think it's a
d I have made it easier
"

e figures entered in the
indisguised admiration.
thousand dollars!" she
that's enough to start a
a restaurant or some-

Finnigan said with dig-
to do that very thing
ing along toward forty
for me to be settling
steady. If I just had a
more ——"
ully. Uncle Andy Mc-
ffered to lease him the
n on the bay, provided
rniture and equipment.
mily at the bank book
r.
last man I've saved
" she told him. "Be-
soon save a thousand

s his life's ambition
does not always con-
ost. Finnigan did not
immediate cost. He
at she intended to in-
e money.
demanded.

-muscled capable arm
l drew him into her capacious lap. A few moments later, when he felt he must say something appropriate to the occasion, he told her she was the first woman he had ever kissed. He wondered if she would fall for such old stuff. Apparently she did.

"I could tell that," she said comfortably. "But I'll teach you. I've had experience."

During the following weeks but one shadow darkened Finnigan's anticipations. That was the shadow of Toivo Saarenpaa. Occasionally the big Finn would come into the kitchen and stand silently admiring his statuesque cook until she ordered him out. This always seemed to amuse him, but invariably he obeyed her without argument. Helga seemed undisturbed by these visits, but in Finnigan's mind a haunting hunch grew and persisted that Saarenpaa had decided to take Helga himself, and was simply awaiting an opportune moment. By reputation he knew the persistence of the Finn. And he also knew the mentality of the man—geared to two speeds, slow and slower forward, and no reverse.

There came an afternoon early in June when Saarenpaa wandered into the kitchen—and Finnigan knew his worst fears were to be realized.

"Miss Ehlo," said Saarenpaa, "there are going to be big doings down on the bay Fourth of July. I'm going down the river now to see McPherson about the program. A big time, we always have. Logrolling, and races, and a ball game and everything. I'm going to take you with me."

Helga turned and folded her arms over her ample bosom.

"Who said so?" she asked.

"I did," said Mr. Saarenpaa.

Finnigan stopped his dishwashing and dried his hands. Watching the big Finn with a malevolent glare he sidled across the room and picked up a long carving knife. He tried the blade on his thumb. Apparently he was not satisfied with the keenness of it. He began to stroke it up and down a sharpening steel that hung suspended above the meat block.

Saarenpaa failed even to notice Finnigan. He was still gazing at Helga. To his notion she was well worth looking at. But he was beginning to resent her attitude toward him. Helga continued to return Saarenpaa's gaze. Nevertheless, she kept glancing apprehensively toward Finnigan. The moment he ceased sharpening the long knife she interposed her bulk between him and Saarenpaa.

"You'd better get t'hell out of here," she said to the Finn.

Saarenpaa grinned.

"I like to see you mad," he told her. "Some day I'm going to take it all out of you."

Finnigan's breath escaped with a long warning hiss. Helga turned on him hastily.

"You," she said sternly, "go over to the sink and wash those dishes."

Saarenpaa finished his message. He was not interested in what he considered Helga's private troubles with her flunky.

"You be ready to go with me right after breakfast on the Fourth," he told her as he turned to leave the kitchen.

Finnigan remained beside the meat block, gazing at Helga with hurt, indignant gaze.

"There now, dearie," she said soothingly, "don't be mad with me. I could see you were getting ready to do a murder, and we can't afford to spend all our money for lawyers and judges and such."

Finnigan was not immediately pacified.

"Girl, I sure like you a lot," he decided, "to let you go butting into my private quarrel like that."

Helga stooped and kissed him moistly.

"I know you do," she assured him. "And there ain't no need for you to mind what he says. Because he's going to say it, anyhow. Pretty soon now that fellow's going to try to marry me, and then you'll see what happens when a Finn meets a Finn."

"And what happens when a Finn meets a Finn," the little man declared earnestly, "isn't a circumstance to what happens when a Finn meets a Finnigan."

But later, busy with the dishwashing, his spirits began to sink.

"Slow and slower forward, and no reverse," he kept thinking gloomily; "and the big bruiser can't go any slower with her than he has been going."

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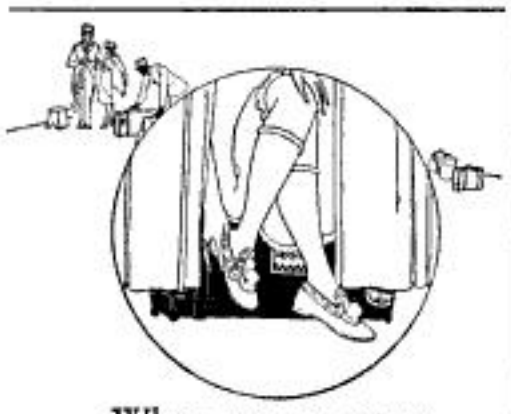
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Saarenpaa, when his little message to Helga had been delivered, went down to the boat landing and untied the company's launch. Two hours later he found Uncle Andy McPherson in the lobby of his hotel regaling a number of cronies with a detailed review of the activities of the Spruce Division.

"I made money out of the war," he was saying. "More than I had ever expected to make. I'm not denying that. And I'm not saying the railroads the Spruce Division built won't be a benefit to a lot of us timber owners here along the coast. But think of spending all those millions just getting ready to get out a little spruce for airships!" Uncle Andy snorted his disapproval. "Why," he continued, quoting the figures Finnigan had recited for his benefit several weeks earlier, "only about sixty-four board feet of spruce are used in building an average plane. Six and a half million feet would have been sufficient for a hundred thousand planes. In a month's time with my outfit I could have cut and milled that much of the finest spruce in the world."

Saarenpaa mulled over this statement for a moment. The point of criminal extravagance Uncle Andy was trying to make entirely escaped him. He was a literal-minded man, the Finn was, interested only in facts pertaining to his own vocation.

"No, you couldn't have gotten out that much lumber in a month," he contradicted stolidly. "Not with your outfit. But I guess maybe I could have with mine."

An eminent writer has said the only way to argue with an east wind is to put on an overcoat. A less eminent Missourian has said the only way to argue with a mule is to use a club. The Missourian's philosophy is the oftenest quoted in the logging camps.

Several of Uncle Andy's friends exchanged furtive glances of amusement while they waited for the good-natured old lumberman to answer. But Uncle Andy simply shrugged his shoulders and began speaking about the coming Fourth of July celebration. As they discussed the program of sports he kept studying the big Finn with speculative, rather peeved expression.

"Toivo," he said when most of the details had been arranged, "do you think you can throw my mill boss?"

"Sure," Saarenpaa said complacently. "Didn't I throw him twice within half an hour last Fourth?"

"That's right, you did," McPherson agreed. "Well, this year I'm going to give you a chance to throw him and as many more bullies as you want to. I'm going to anchor a scow out in deep water. You bring up the best of your men and I'll take the best of my men, and we'll put 'em out on the scow and let them throw each other off. The last man left on the deck will be the best man, and the best man will get a prize of two hundred and fifty dollars."

Saarenpaa considered this new matter gravely for a time. When finally he visualized the possibilities—his roughnecks engaged in hand-to-hand conflict with Uncle Andy's gang, forty or fifty huge, hairy, iron-hard loggers struggling for individual supremacy on the flat open deck of a scow anchored in deep water—he smiled in anticipation.

"I think maybe there'll be some fun," he said. "And I think maybe you can give me that two hundred and fifty dollars now if you want to. I'll need that money. Pretty soon I'm getting married, and I'll have to build a house and everything."

"I'll congratulate you when you get married," Uncle Andy said none too cordially, "and I'll give you the money when I see you the last man on the scow."

Before nightfall practically every logger along the river had heard of the battle Uncle Andy had planned, and practically every man was hoping the big Finn would fall dead before the Fourth. For Uncle Andy had announced the event would be open to all comers, each man for himself, no teamwork, no boots or other lethal weapons, and no glory or cash for the men who were thrown overboard in the struggle.

As soon as Uncle Andy learned Saarenpaa had definitely committed himself to participate in the contest he went post-haste to Portland, the nearest large city. There he hunted up a fellow lumberman of known sporting proclivities.

"I want you to find a professional wrestler for me," he said. "He must be a big fellow—two hundred and fifty pounds or more—and the meaner he is the better I'll like him."

"That'll be the toe-twister, Joe Shultzheim," the sporting lumberman declared. "Joe is so big and so mean he hasn't had a match for more than a year. And I know he needs money."

When McPherson met the notorious toe-twister he wasted no time in getting down to business. He told of the contest he was staging and of the prize he was offering.

"How much will there be in it for me?" the wrestler asked.

"Two hundred and fifty dollars for going down with me, and the two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar prize if you win it."

"I'm on," the toe-twister declared. "When do we start?"

"To-day," McPherson said. "And you'll have to work in the mill until the Fourth. My men would get sore if they found I had run in a professional, and if Saarenpaa's men should get next they would most likely gang up on you and boot you to death."

There occurred but one little slip in Uncle Andy's preparations. To make a place for the wrestler he had to shift his mill watchmen to another job. One of the toe-twister's new duties was to check out all tools taken from the storeroom.

It happened one day that Uncle Andy's mill boss, the only man along the river who had ever dared challenge Saarenpaa to physical combat, started away from the storeroom with a bundle of ax handles for a teamster who was driving out to one of the camps in the woods.

"Here, you," the wrestler yelled, "come back and sign up."

The mill boss was in too great a hurry just then to return, and one little remark led to another until the toe-twister lost his temper. By sudden assault he threw the mill boss. Then he unceremoniously dragged him to the edge of the loading wharf and dumped him into the river.

The men at the mill who saw the battle were fair judges of man power. Within twenty-four hours a rumor reached the other outfits along the river that a contender for Saarenpaa's laurels was working for Uncle Andy.

Saarenpaa heard the rumor in due time, and permitted himself a smile. Hadn't he tried his strength with every real bully from Vancouver down to California? And had he ever met a man who could worry him? He had not. So he permitted himself a smile regarding this newcomer. He was more interested and just as certain regarding the outcome of his little affair with Helga. In preparation for the time when he should propose to her he had had the company's launch overhauled and painted and polished until it looked like a new craft. He was planning the matter carefully. On the morning of the Fourth he would run the launch down to the bay himself, with Helga as his only passenger. Undoubtedly by the time they reached the bay she would see the light. Then they would enjoy the day's sports. And after he had thrown the last man off the big scow he would take the prize money and with the lady start for the big city. He had made up his mind to do the honeymoon thing right, even if the trip cost him all of the two hundred and fifty he was sure of winning.

The morning of the Fourth dawned clear and tranquil and as delightfully cool as only the mornings of the Oregon coast can be. Early in the forenoon one of the river boats came whistling up to the company wharf to take the crowd down to the bay. At the sound of the boat's siren Helga, in holiday or honeymoon attire, accompanied by the pessimistic but loyal Finnigan, left the kitchen.

"Now mind," she cautioned as they approached the wharf, "it's bound to come. And don't you butt in. I won't need no help."

Saarenpaa, watching for the lady, rose and knocked the ashes from his pipe, then stretched himself like a contented well-fed grizzly—a blond and blue-eyed grizzly. Helga went to him, seeking the encounter. To Saarenpaa this betokened a proper spirit. Taking her arm he led her ceremoniously but hastily to the launch. He hoped she wouldn't start anything before the crowd.

"Untie us," he flung over his shoulder at Finnigan.

Finnigan obeyed reluctantly. But he obeyed. Hadn't the lady told him it was bound to come and that he shouldn't interfere? He untied the line and cast it in a neat coil on the glistening deck. As he did so he decided impulsively he would go aboard and if necessary defend the [illegible] with his life. He would let no Fa[illegible] anything over on a Finnigan.

Saarenpaa, unaware that the [illegible] figured in the situation, eliminated [illegible] a factor, temporarily at least, by [illegible] brawny hand against the wharf and [illegible] careless shove propelling the [illegible] hundred feet out into the river.

Finnigan turned dejectedly [illegible] the cookhouse. Out of deference [illegible] lady's opinions he had left his fists [illegible] Now he knew the affair had become a matter of brain power versus brawn, and could think fluently without proper implement? Later, on board the boat [illegible] the celebration, he found a number who were quickening their mental processes in a similar manner.

The other sporting events of the day—the foot races, the ball game, the wrestling matches and the log-rolling—were mere preliminaries, formalities permitted by the tolerant good humor of the crowd. The real interest was centered on a flat-bottomed scow, open and unrailed, that lay at anchor on the placid water of the bay a hundred yards from the shore.

Promptly at two that afternoon Uncle Andy stepped into a rowboat and pushed off from the shore a few yards so as to attract the attention of the crowd as much as he could make himself heard by the conditions of the contest.

"Every man for himself," he said. "Boots, axes and peaveys are barred. Any men teaming up will be disqualified. Two boats will stand by to pick up the casualties. And the last man on deck will be awarded the prize money—two hundred and fifty dollars."

Immediately there was a rush for the water, and soon the big scow was alive with eager men. Some were attired in bathing suits; the rest wore overalls and nothing else. All were barefooted. The more impetuous ones, conserving their energy, and those who could not swim were out in motor boats. McPherson had expected forty to fifty men to enter the contest, but word of the proposed test and of the prize offered had brought bullies from as far north as British Columbia and as far south as California. Over one hundred huskies, more eager for a trial of strength than expectant of the prize, made their way out to the scow and there, impatient for the signal to start the fray, milled and jostled and praised one another.

The toe-twister, waiting until the crowd became clamorous for action, came staggering down to the beach. At the last moment he had insisted upon making a professional attire of his calling. He had staged his appearance so as to receive a full measure of applause. The crowd was more prone to applaud. With silent admiration the mighty frame of the man, the bulging and rolling muscles, the great and splendid limbs. But they did not [illegible] and the toe-twister, suddenly [illegible] to scowl.

Just before he stepped [illegible] boat Uncle Andy whispered [illegible]

"The big white fellow on the [illegible] of the scow is your man. When [illegible] him, throw him so hard he'll [illegible]

"He'll spatter," the toe-twister [illegible] ised.

As the boat put off from the [illegible] voice hailed him:

"Fellow, I want to know your name?"

The wrestler's sullen scowl [illegible] instant.

"Joe," he answered, [illegible] ical smile.

Then another voice [illegible] putting my winter's wa[illegible]

Again Joe smiled, this [illegible] of almost human appre[illegible]

Saarenpaa, a Colossus, [illegible] stood in his corner watching [illegible] And he watched without [illegible] indifference. The day already [illegible] spoiled for Saarenpaa. [illegible] livid scratches across one cheek where Helga had caressed him. [illegible] way down the river, he had let [illegible] drift long enough to prepare [illegible] was a suggestion of [illegible] one eye. That was where [illegible] fist had connected when he [illegible] to accept a betrothal kiss. [illegible] big Finn was beginning to [illegible] the treatment he had received [illegible] he had minded her finger [illegible]

(Continued on Page [illegible])

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had six teeth pulled this morning"

SIX precious teeth he has lost forever! Six teeth that would still be in his gums—firm, white teeth, good to look at—had he taken proper care of them.

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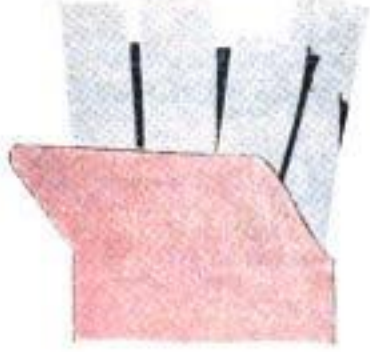
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(Continued from Page 118)

ad untethered his northland goat
verbal whipping she had adminis-
lle registered rather slowly in Eng-
in his own language he was capable
ring at full speed. And Helga had
a their own language. She had
eadily, with unlagging earnestness
time he gave up his attempt to
until they reached the bay. She
mmenced with the history of his
wild Finn forbear and had recited
alogy generation by generation
himself, Toivo, son of Toivo.
spared the womenfolks of his line,
them by with a mere pitying sneer.
fter the launch was tied at the
the bay, just as he was formulating
eply to her tirade, she had walked
m him and he hadn't seen her
hat was no way to treat a man
ided to marry her. Saarenpaa, it
marked, was in no festive humor.
ore than one logger could have
ness, when a Finn like Saarenpaa
get mad something was going to
arenpaa had decided the thing
going to bust was Uncle Andy's

He stood stolidly in his corner
t scant heed to the men who
e another near him. He had
waste no effort with anyone but
who had given his name as Joe.
silence settled over the waiting
while they listened for the signal
one on the scow gave heed to a
le bantam of a man in dripping
o crouched in the corner across
ig Finn. From his attitude he
e been a spectator who had
ly pressed forward into the field

So far as the spectators on the
concerned he was utterly un-
all save Helga. She alone had
innigan as he dived into the
the first rush of men. She had
long carving knife was con-
where in his clinging wet over-
she had left Saarenpaa at the
norning until she saw the crowd
n to the beach she had stayed
ion of a room in Uncle Andy's
g on her northland gods to
man. With Finnigan crouched
scow she had no doubt Saaren-
ld already been written in the
stiny. She hoped Finnigan
le to do the deed undetected.
gan had no knife concealed.
any definite plan. He was an
fighter, Finnigan was, and his
eration of a man who fights
se—or, in his particular case,
mbition, a lost hotel.
e that had settled over con-
spectators alike was broken
dy.
yelled, "all set?"
came an answering roar from

ent. Hairy body locked with
There were no rules to govern.
men chose wrestlers' holds.
smith, veteran of many a
ly, preferred his fists. With
llop he drove a luckless vic-
d into the bay. A roar of
t up from the crowd on the
two men, locked in loveless
t down into deep water to-
er roar came from the crowd.
e became general and one by
by two the men around the
f the scow were eliminated
e process of being pushed
the struggling men nearer
One youth who cherished a
e against Saarenpaa waited
momentary opening among
hen rushed the Finn. Seem-
effort Saarenpaa met the
youth for an instant in a
cking embrace, then negli-
he winded body overboard.
mmediately returned to the
e. By watching the wres-
ning something.
's mill boss, the man Joe
thrown into the river, had,
dy gave the signal to go,
e-twister, hoping to regain
e had charged with hands
front of him. Like muscled
e-twister had caught one of
ands, had ducked under the
m, had grabbed a leg hold,
all in one continuous mighty
straightened up with the
ss across his shoulders and had heaved him viciously toward the edge of the scow. Two innocents who struggled in the path of the hurtling body went overboard with the mill boss.

Joe had gone out to the scow intending to save himself for a conclusive bout with the Finn, but he liked to splatter 'em, and his easy victory over the mill boss was as blood to a man-eater. With head lowered between powerful shoulders he went into action. His technic did not vary. An outstretched hand was all he looked for. He would grab that outstretched hand in a grip of steel, duck under the outstretched arm, grab a leg hold, straighten up with the body of his antagonist across his shoulders, and then heave. He aimed so his victim would hit the edge of the scow before going into the water. Man after man followed the mill boss overboard, and the crowd on shore screamed itself hoarse with delight.

Joe disposed of five men in this manner, then stopped for a moment's rest; stopped and remembered he had better save his strength for his last victim, the big white Finn.

Slow and slower forward, and no reverse! That was Saarenpaa. But even a slow mind can sometimes solve a trick if the trick be repeated often enough. Saarenpaa, watching the toe-twister, began gently flexing his muscles. The time came when but two gladiators besides the toe-twister and Saarenpaa remained on the scow. Two other gladiators—and Finnigan. But Finnigan did not count. He might have been a schoolboy out of bounds, a hitching cleat, a nothing, so small and colorless a figure he made. The two men in the center of the deck, gouging, butting, kicking, fought a glorious battle from a logger's viewpoint. But one of them finally slipped and fell. The other, grabbing the fallen man by the feet, pulled him to the edge of the scow and with a final effort dumped him over.

Saarenpaa had grown impatient during the last moments of the fray, and without thought of affording amusement to the crowd walked over to where the exhausted conqueror stood laboring for breath. With a gentle push of his big palm he shoved the man into the briny deep after his own victim. The thing was done so easily, with so little display of effort, that the crowd was boisterously tickled.

Saarenpaa went back to his corner and waited. In the center of the deck the toe-twister waited.

"Come on, y' big Swede," he invited.

Then someone on the shore shouted a warning.

"Make it snappy—the tide has turned."

To Joe, inland bred, the flow and ebb of the tides meant nothing. But Saarenpaa cast a hasty glance seaward. Rolling swiftly, evenly, irresistibly into the gate of the bay came the first white-crested wave of the returning tide. The big Finn realized there would be no opportunity for strategy once the scow was at the mercy of those choppy white-capped waves. With a rush he went into action. The wrestler moved forward to meet him. Saarenpaa came with his left hand extended, and Joe grinned. He grabbed that huge paw, ducked under the extended arm, grabbed the reliable old leg hold and straightened up. To those on shore the action seemed all one swift continuous simple movement from the instant he grabbed Saarenpaa's hand until the Finn's body lay across the knotted straining muscles of his shoulders. But for even a trained giant like the toe-twister it was no simple matter to swing aloft the weight of a man like Saarenpaa. Joe did not pause when the body lay across his shoulders. Mean to the last, he intended to spatter the Finn. He stooped somewhat as he was completing his herculean effort, leaned forward, and with a final gigantic heave released his antagonist's body. In that same instant Saarenpaa's great right hand—a hand that could bend a silver dollar in its terrible grip—flashed downward and closed round the wrestler's back-thrust ankle. Joe never knew quite what happened, except that his leg was suddenly jerked from under him and that the force of his own tremendous effort threw him face forward upon the deck.

Until that moment no man had realized how swift in action the Finn could be. Anchored solidly to the wrestler's ankle, the force of the throw spun him in a half circle through the air. But he landed upon his feet—landed on his feet and rebounded in the air and came down like a man-killing horse with his knees grinding into the fallen wrestler's back. Then he buried his fingers in the corded muscles of the man's neck and thigh, and with incredible strength lifted the still struggling toe-twister at arms' length above his head and advanced to the edge of the scow. As the scow rose abruptly skyward on the crest of the first wave he flung the body into the white teeth of the inrushing tide.

For a moment the crowd remained silent. The thing had been too swift, too stupendous for immediate shouting or applause. Then before the people could begin to express their appreciation Finnigan raced up across the tilting deck. Until that moment Finnigan had had no plan of combat. But he knew that what goes up must come down. Even as he reached the center of the deck the scow began to dip downward into the trough. Saarenpaa, watching for the wrestler, balancing easily with the downward-plunging deck, exhaled hugely when he saw the toe-twister come bobbing to the surface. At that instant Finnigan charged. Silently the little man launched his flying attack—a wildcat giving battle to a grizzly.

With a dull plop the end of the scow where the big Finn stood slapped into the bottom of the trough between the waves. With a dull grunt Finnigan, knees, head and elbows bunched, slapped into the broad unsuspecting back of Toivo Saarenpaa. With a dull bellow of astonishment Mr. Saarenpaa slapped into the crest of the next wave.

On the shore the crowd gasped. Then came the high-pitched voice of a small boy: "Golly, what a belly buster that guy took!"

Somebody snickered. The snicker was followed by a choking giggle. Then the gale broke. A crowd likes its comedy.

Finnigan waited until the round blond head of the Finn disappeared under water. Then he turned toward the shore. With one hand held gracefully over his heart and with the other raised aloft in the approved attitude of the gladiator triumphant, he accepted the plaudits of the multitude. But he maintained a discreet watch over his shoulder, and when Mr. Saarenpaa reappeared, spouting salt water and Finnish oaths, he dived promptly toward the shore and began to swim. He reached the beach, and seeing he was not pursued, swaggered out of the water and approached Uncle Andy.

"The last man on deck," he said, and held out his hand suggestively.

Uncle Andy, still red faced and shaking with laughter, counted out the prize money.

"It's brains that wins, Mr. Finnigan," he said by way of congratulation. "It's brains that wins, even in a rough-house with the roughnecks." This was for the benefit of the bystanders. Then he leaned down and whispered in the little man's ear. "You'll be looking for a new job after this stunt," he said. "Come down and see me and I'll find a place for you."

Mr. Finnigan was equally secretive, confidential.

"It's not a job I'll be wanting," he whispered. "But when you have time I'll want to dicker with you for the lease of that hotel of yours. And mind, I'll be talking mostly cash."

Then he glanced along the beach. One glance was sufficient. Helga towered head and shoulders above the other women gathered there. With arms akimbo he swaggered over to where she stood.

"Here, old lady," he said, "here's a bit of change to put into the family sock."

Helga accepted the money as her due, and tucked it away in her hand bag.

"Now, dearie," she said solicitously, "you'd better hurry and get into some dry clothes."

Finnigan smiled tolerantly.

"Huh!" he said. "A logger, a regular river guy, don't feel natural unless his legs is wet."

Helga nodded, but, nevertheless, she took his arm in her capable hand and piloted him toward the dressing room that had been erected along the wharf. As soon as they had passed the outer circle of the crowd Finnigan rose on tiptoe.

"Say," he confided, "I'd better hold out fifteen of that roll. I'll be wanting to buy a bottle to pass among my friends."

"Wouldn't a pint be enough?" she suggested.

"Woman," he said coldly, "gimme fifteen, I said."

A look of resignation registered in Helga's adoring blue orbs.

"Just as you say, dearie," she answered.

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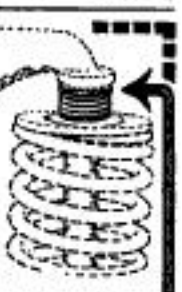
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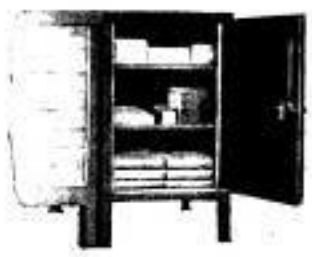
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THE BARONS OF THE NIMBLE PACK

(Continued from Page 13)

I knew that there was a ship in sight as soon as I squinted him coming forward. That's the way he started his conversation if he couldn't find another.

"Have you seen the ship?" he says. They were all sitting right under the alleyway porthole where I was standing. "It is a big Cunarder; she is on the starboard side."

So they all walked round to see the Imperator go by. They call her the Berengaria now, and she's a wonderful ship to see.

Of course that started the conversation, and then Jerry came strolling carelessly by and it was a case of "Meet my friend, Mr. Macbean—an old Scottish family."

Jerry was angling for Danton, I could hear that, but Mr. Danton said he seldom played bridge or poker.

"And then I play such a modest game that it isn't worth the trouble," he says.

"Oh, say!" says Jerry, pained. "We only play ten cents a hundred."

But he didn't get Danton. Instead he found Ralph. Ralph knew all about bridge. When he came back before the lunch bugle went he had won eighty-five dollars.

"Danger?" he says when Miss Eileen talked about playing cards with strangers. "You can't sharp at bridge; and besides, they are friends of that big tobacco man."

Can't sharp at bridge! I could have laughed. It's got poker lashed to the mast from the sharper's point of view. They needn't stack the cards. They've only to signal what top cards they're holding, to overcall their hands—if they are partnering the victim—or to revoke, and it's picking up money with all the chance of winning honestly thrown in.

Two nights off Sandy Hook they pulled Mr. Ralph into poker. He knew all about poker. They got him between tea and dinner, and the first I knew about it was when Miss Eileen's bell rang and I went in to find Mr. Ralph lying on the bed sobbing his heart out.

"Will you please fetch Mr. Danton, steward!" she says, and she was terrified.

I guessed what it was all about when I saw the revolver on the floor. He couldn't even commit suicide without going to her and telling her how well he could do it.

I picked it up and shoved it in my pocket. If there's one thing we don't want on board a ship it's a suicide of that kind.

I found Mr. Danton; he was dressing for dinner, and he came as he was.

I'm not a listener, and curiosity was never a vice of mine. But in a manner of speaking I could not help hearing, especially as I was rubbing up the paint work in the alleyway. Well, I could have rubbed it up in the morning, but I felt like doing it just then.

"He's lost every farthing we have," says Miss Eileen in a low voice.

"Lost it—how?"

"He has been playing cards with Mr. Macbean," she says. She was very quiet and very steady. There was nothing weak or timid about her then. Mr. Danton didn't say a word for a long time, and when he did he was talking to young Ralph.

"See here, my young friend, you're not going to mend matters by blubbing. I'll go see that—what's his name, Macbean? Perhaps I can persuade him to give you some of the money back."

That sort of roused Ralph and he started talking about debts of honor, and how no gentleman could ask another gentleman for money he had lost at cards.

"I forbid you to see Mr. Macbean," he says. "I lost my money fairly. They couldn't have cheated me without my knowing—I'm not a fool."

And so on and so forth.

Danton and the girl went out on deck and I saw them leaning over the rail together, so close, and her arm slipped through his, that I guessed she wasn't likely to starve in New York City.

In our mess we had had rabbit pie dinner—at least, every member of the but me. I never did care for rabbit, when it was fresh; and these rabbits out of the freezer. I mention the rab because they gave me an opportunity seeing Act Two, so to speak. The steward sent for me whilst the passe were at dinner.

"Finished your work?" he said.

"Yes, sir," said I.

"Then go forward to the smoking and report to the barman; Billing mate are down with ptomaine poiso Did you notice anything funny about rabbit pie?"

It appears that the whole mess was with this ptomaine poisoning—you s with a "p"—and as I'd had a pr from the chief of the first vacancy smoking room I got the duty for that

It was about nine o'clock when the ple began to drift back from dinner almost the first man in was Whiskers ing very distinguished, as the Frenc in his black eyeglass and broad ribbon.

Jerry came in later and I saw th having a long conversation. When up to them to take Jerry his coffee, laughing.

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Danton," he "but I don't know what I can wouldn't have played with the poor I thought he couldn't afford to lose looked at Whiskers with a twinkle eye. "The best thing you can do," he "is to get into a little game and wi all that he lost; my luck's turned worse."

"I haven't played poker for years Mr. Danton, "and although I can afford to lose than Mr. Stanhope, care to play."

Well, Jerry kidded him along and see Danton was weakening. He polishing his eyeglass nervously, an with Jerry's kidding and the fact tha a lot of people had gathered rou were listening, he seemed to get m more rattled, until at last they ha

The gang gathered round and the an outsider just to make the six a the game a genuine appearance. O Danton won at first. Couldn't do The way they let him take money that they were out for a killing.

Then he lost. He bet up to two th dollars—they had dealt him a pat-fl and on the show-down was beaten b fours. That made him look down h and count the bills that were left.

He won a little jack pot after th when they handed him the cards I saw by the signs that the ru had commenced. I've seen plenty play, I've known the gangs for ye watched 'em at practice. It was t before my eye was educated up to pack changed in full view of the a

Quick? That's not the word. O gang picks up the pack from the t hands it across. You may never ta eye from it, but between the mom cards are picked up and the mome reach the dealer the old pack has be eted, and a new pack, beautifully has been put in its place. The ol I saw happen was Jerry lift the c frown as if he'd forgotten somethi next instant they were in Danton but it wasn't the same pack!

Danton seemed nervous.

"Is it my deal?" he asked.

"Your deal, sir," says Jerry, "a time I'm going to bet; if I've a pair of fours I'll bet. The ga livening up."

I looked over Danton's ha didn't see anything except the ten monds. But he drew no cards. I did Jerry.

(Continued on Page



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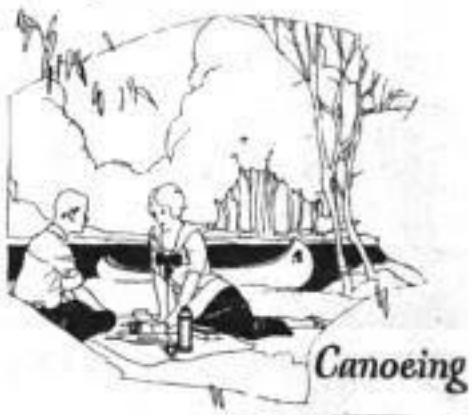


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(Continued from Page 122)

And then the fun started. The first man to call made it a thousand dollars—it's funny how they always bet in dollars on the outward voyage and in pounds on the homeward trip.

The next man raised him five hundred; Jerry put it up to two thousand. The next man made it twenty-five hundred. It was three thousand when it came to Danton.

"I'll see that," says he.

But the man on his left raised it five hundred. It was four thousand when it came to Danton again, one man having chucked in his cards; he was the mug they'd brought in to make the sixth.

"I'll see that," says Danton.

But they weren't letting him see anything, and it was six thousand dollars when it came to Danton's turn to speak. He was more nervous than ever.

"Six thousand is a lot," he said doubtfully, "but I've got a real good hand and I don't like to go away."

He put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a roll of bills and counted them.

"I'm playing with strangers," says Danton, "and without wishing to cast any reflections I'd like to be sure that I am not betting against words."

Jerry planked down a wad of money. He must have had a very successful voyage home. And of course the other members of the gang did the same. There was a bigger crowd round the table than I've seen since Monty Benson, the millionaire, played Isaac Hardfelt piquet for a hundred a point—and that's going back a few voyages.

"Do you make a limit?" asked Danton.

"No limit—raise by thousands if you like. Double stake when it gets to ten thousand."

"Well, I'll see six thousand," said Danton with a sigh.

"Seven," said the next man.

"Eight," said Jerry.

"Nine."

"Ten."

It came to Danton again.

"Twenty," says he.

The next man went away, and I think Jerry either funked or else—and this was more likely—he thought that twenty thousand dollars was about Danton's bank roll.

"I'll see that twenty thousand," he said. "I've got a straight flush, king high."

Danton put down his cards: ace, king, queen, knave and ten of diamonds; unbeatable.

I never saw any man look as Jerry looked. If the ship had suddenly straddled an iceberg he couldn't have been more dazed.

"A straight flush—ace high?" says he. He couldn't believe his eyes.

"That's so," said Danton, and began to gather up the money.

Then Jerry laughed.

"Let's face all the cards on the table," he says. "I have an idea that I threw away the ten of diamonds when I drew."



"See Here, My Young Friend, You're Not Going to Mend Matters by Blubbing. I'll Go See That—What's His Name, Macbean?"

As he didn't draw cards at all, I thought Danton would mention the fact. But they faced the cards and they were all there. Not one too many, not a single card duplicated.

"Let's deal again," said Jerry, breathing through his nose.

"I don't think I'll play any more," said Mr. Danton, and stuffed the money into his pocket. "I will give you your revenge to-morrow, gentlemen."

But the next day he was not well enough to do anything but walk with Miss Eileen and her brother. Jerry trailed him all over the ship and was outside the smoking room biting his nails and waiting for Danton when he came up from dinner.

I didn't see that night's play, partly because the regular smoking-room steward was back on duty and partly because it was the night before we got into New York—we passed Fire Island at one o'clock in the morning, though I wasn't aware of the fact.

From what I heard later Mr. Danton won about ten thousand.

But as I say, I'm not quite sure about what happened that night. At one o'clock every steward was paraded, and the purser and head steward and second officer were trying to discover who was the man who had gone into Col. John Widdicombe's suite whilst he was promenading the deck with a little English widow that he was crazy about, and pinched a pearl necklace that he was taking back to his wife. The pearls had gone, and the colonel's presentation watch and a gold cigar case.

That sort of thing often happens just before a ship arrives in port. The thieves wait until the last moment, because it gives very little time to make a thorough search.

Luckily it wasn't in my section. It appeared that the colonel had drawn the pearls from the purser overnight, so that he needn't bother him in the morning. T what he said. My own idea a th wanted to show 'em off to the widow

We had the same old search, wi same old result. At Ellis Island the morning half a dozen men from the C Office came aboard, but they found ing.

I carried Mr. Danton's grip and Eileen's portmanteau to the custom we got alongside, and Jerry Marten one of his crowd followed me.

There was a detective on duty at t of the gangway, and Mr. Danton w the first party, st and said thing to tective. I spoke for seconds, enough t us up.

I read end of th way an down the I was cu order to g ter part them, an minute J his foot g his nails "Hello says th tive. "I got a worth that yours."

"Good-by, Felix," he said, a hundred-dollar bill into my h was so astonished at his cal Christian name that I didn't until after he had gone. Un passengers who knew me called name.

"I'm traveling to British Col said. "Mr. Stanhope and I ar partnership." He looked at t she turned her eyes away. I guessed where the partnership

"I've left a pair of shoes in he said, dropping his voice. have them, Felix; and there's hair dye in the locker. You m useful."

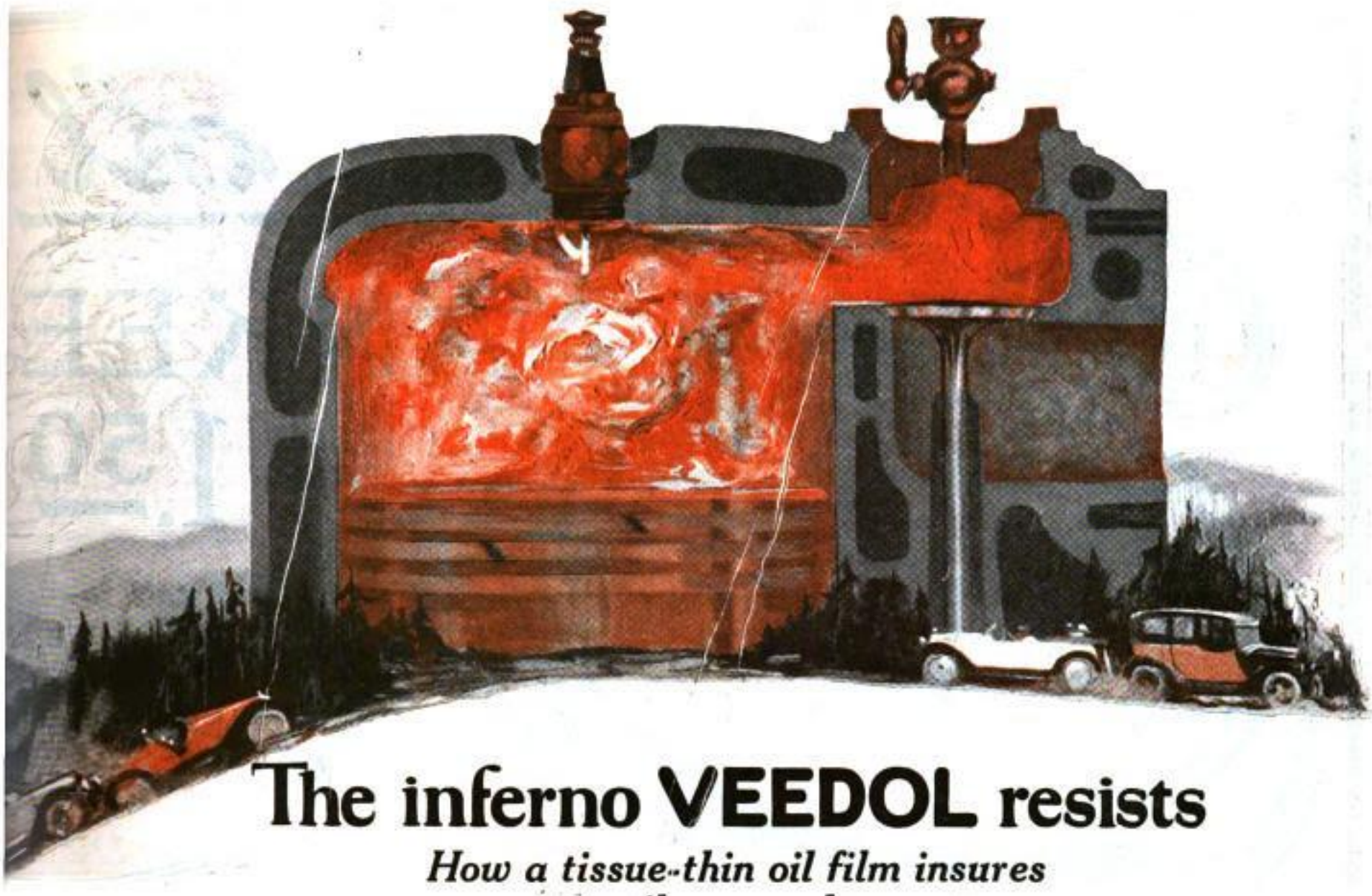
I looked at him hard. He wa that gentle smile of Boston. Sa

I've often wondered how long to get his hair golden brown how he explained it to the p

I will say this of Boston. Sa was thorough. He must have months in cultivating those his, and another three mo found the right voyage to put

Twelve years Jerry got—h waiting for a chance at Boston. Jerry swore he was that the jewelry had been p bag. I think he was right

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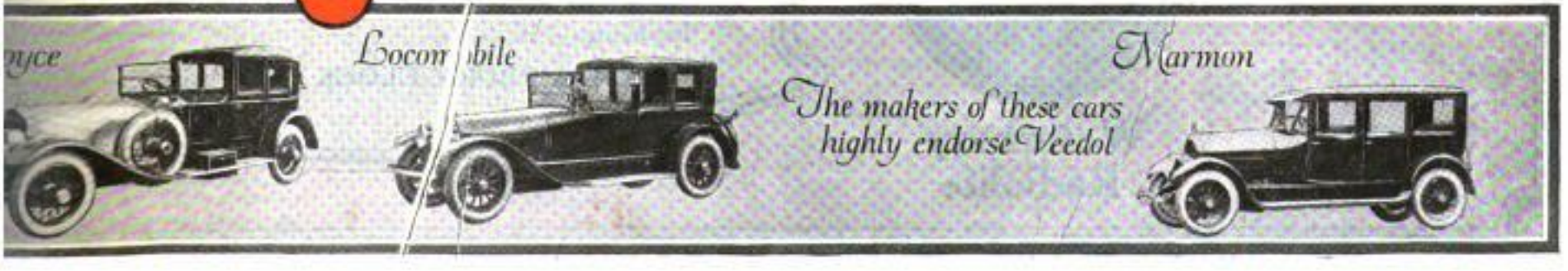
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WATERBURY CLOCK COMPANY

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THE OUTGUESSER

(Continued from Page 11)

time last night," resumed the "this bird stands pat. He opened . I draw three cards to a pair of nd hook three typewriters. Sat- e passes the bet. I shove out a lollars and he lays down a five full without a call. What do you that?"
l judgment."
n't look right to me," persisted

was no sympathy from Heenan. have telegraphed your full in a ter. He just read you right, that's

r thinks ——"
did Tracy begin thinking?" re- manager. "You're just a bum lot Besides, that guy Sattherwaite your mind a block away. He's a cid." And Heenan strolled away. er, after two other members of had sought him out, told him of kable play at the poker game and advances on their salaries, the boss hunted up Ephraim. He in amiable conference with a concerning the latter's likes and colors.
about the game last night?" nan bluntly. "The poker game erts' room?"
," replied Sattherwaite. "Here." l in his pocket and pulled out a . "I think there is four hundred e. I wish you would have it the boys in some way."
the idea? Wasn't the game on ! Did you stack 'em?"
know what you mean by stack- ut taking their money was little ft. Are you aware that you have of most obvious minds on your

something is the matter with . You just read 'em, eh? Where n to play poker?"
ouple of months ago, when I this work for Mr. Randall. I the game most valuable in e men on the different teams. excellent opportunities for ob- to traits of character. The u are doubtless aware, is more of mind against mind than cards. I may even assert that part of the memoranda I have you was collected at the poker

."
ee. Roberts tells me, Satther- ou laid down a pat full against draw of his. How did you ere?"
ee"—slowly. "Roberts—full es; I recall it now." Ephraim reactions were quite easy to d previously lost several large passed and he bet—that was ments in putting the chips in the table, the tightening of rudely apparent effort not to re—all made it plain as day- had obtained a very, very l planned to make up for all e swoop. As a matter of fact for fours. I would have let or one thing."
that?"
cessary for the sake of the n how well Roberts kept his rol, how he acted in the face what his reactions were to l the like."

d man. He appears to ab- ent without great loss of his head well. I should say, fragmentary data, that he is t players for an uphill fight. litting kind."
agreed Heenan.
however," added Satther- bit suspicious. More apt to es than results." He again money. "I would have re- f except for the fear that the fended. Perhaps you ——" on the square, didn't you?" ay say it, my mind is per- acute than theirs."
lookout," growled Heenan. o the jack. Tell me some- work you're supposed to be

"I'm glad you spoke of it," replied Sattherwaite. "My data are about complete. I've had a talk with Mathews."

"Did he tell you why he has blown up?"

"Yes."

"Huh?" The manager's eyes were wide with surprise.

"It's a girl. She will and she won't. However, I've offered to find a solution for his troubles, and I think you'll get some better playing out of him on the rest of the trip."

"Damn these skirts," scowled Heenan. "How did you get him to talk?"

"It was easy enough. He was just looking for an opportunity to share his perplexities. However, Mr. Heenan, please regard this as confidential. It would never do for the men to know about Mathews and his girl."

"I get you. You think you can straighten him out?"

"I think I have—for the present."

Sattherwaite drew a memorandum book from his pocket and for the next hour read to the manager matter relating to his observations at the training camps and among the Blue Sox. Heenan did little but nod.

"Of course," explained Ephraim, "the work is not yet complete."

"You sure have the lads sized up," said the manager, a sort of dazed admiration in his eyes. "That physical analysis of yours is a hot sketch."

"Psychic," corrected Sattherwaite.

III

MATHEWS rode to the ball park with Ephraim the next afternoon. "Heenan is sending you back at the Bruins to-day, at my suggestion," said Sattherwaite. "What are you going to do?"

"Give 'em the trimming of their life!" snapped back the southpaw. "I'll show them if my arm's gone."

"Good," applauded the psychoanalyst. "That's the way I like to hear you talk. Everything's going to work out fine, Dan."

"Have you thought up anything?" eagerly.

"Not yet, but I'll guarantee to set your mind at rest soon after we get home."

During the game Sattherwaite sat in the player's pit, watching every movement on the field through the thick lenses. Occasionally he jotted down a note.

Mathews was pitching masterly ball. The Bruins were well-nigh helpless. His fast ones sang by their belated bats while they lurched forward and twisted back in vain efforts to connect with his sharp-breaking curves. Heenan glanced once or twice at Sattherwaite, but Eph was too intent on his field observations to note the strange look of respect in the manager's eyes.

In the ninth inning, with the Blue Sox one run to the good, the Bruins managed, after one out, to get two men on bases through field errors. The next player struck out readily enough. A short passed ball advanced the runners to second and third bases, and Stacey, the heaviest hitter in the leagues, came to bat.

"Mathews will flop him all right," muttered Heenan. "That boy has sure got 'em to-day."

Sattherwaite shook his head dubiously.

"No; I would suggest that you take him out and send in Frazier."

"What!" gasped the manager. "That rookie! You're crazy. Besides, he's cold."

"Nevertheless, I wish you would do what I ask."

Without another word Heenan sprang from the dugout and ordered Mathews in. The pitcher, dazed with surprise, did not move at first, but on a second signal from the boss weaved slowly toward the bench with a puzzled scowl. The astonishment of Frazier, who was sitting against the fence some distance away, when gestured toward the box, was even more profound than that of Mathews. It was evident, too, that Stacey was at a loss, not to mention the rest of the players and the crowd.

After a few preliminary tosses Frazier pitched one to the batting behemoth. The throw was so wild that the catcher was compelled to leap high into the air to stop it with the top of his mitt.

Heenan growled something toward Sattherwaite, but Ephraim was smiling blandly. The rookie's next pitch was high and wide, but Stacey swung and missed. The next one he fouled into the bleachers. The fourth throw, high and wide also, the batter missed by a foot.

"Just as I thought," remarked the psychoanalyst.

"How did you dope that one?" queried Heenan on the way to the clubhouse. "I would have figured that Stacey could have killed anything that that kid had. Frazier hasn't a thing in the world, as a matter of fact, and besides, he's as wild as a loon. I was figuring on letting him go this week."

"He isn't much of a pitcher," agreed Sattherwaite, "and he is hardly worth keeping, but he has served usefully in a laboratory experiment. The test I made is hardly in the field of psychoanalysis, but this early in the season one may properly take a risk."

"That's all right, but ——"

"Stacey," resumed Ephraim, "has what is known as a mind of slow adjustability. I made it a point to study him closely at Jacksonville last month. You will recall that each of the four times he faced Mathews he continued to get better. It is true he made no hits, but it is also true that he was beginning to gauge the throws more accurately. Of course, there is no way of knowing, but the probabilities were strongly in favor of his making a hit in the ninth inning."

"Law of averages, huh? But why Frazier? Thompson and Allee were warm."

"Frazier," explained the scientist, "is perhaps the poorest pitcher you have, but in this particular instance he was the most desirable for the reason that he does everything in the box that Mathews doesn't. They represent perfect extremes. Mathews is a left-hander, Frazier a right-hander. Mathews is quite tall and slim, Frazier exceedingly short and squat. Where Dan has a normal tendency to throw low, fast and inside and is noted for his control, Frazier pitches slowly, high and outside and has little control. Their movements in the box, too, are at wide variance. It would take an unusually agile mind to adjust itself to the two styles in a few moments. Stacey has anything but that. He was mentally set for Mathews, and he was still set for Mathews when the game was over."

"I see," said Heenan slowly.

"However," went on Sattherwaite, "I wouldn't advise you to make use of Frazier against Stacey again. After facing him about three times he would probably break down all the fences in the circuit."

"You're there, boy!" admiringly. "This is about the first time that I have been able to follow you all the way, but when that kid went in cold I ——"

"Ah, yes," interrupted Eph. "I didn't explain that. His coldness was a point in his favor too. I wanted him to pitch as naturally as possible. Had he been warmed up he might have been amenable to the catcher's signals. It was essential that he throw them high, wide and wild, his normal gait. It was quite obvious that with men on second and third and two out Stacey wouldn't try to walk. His mind was made up to hit at all costs. That clear?"

"I make you."

"One of the things that I can't understand about the so-called smart managers," continued Sattherwaite, "is their insistence on keeping a pitcher in the box until he is knocked out. A little observation, it would seem to me, would permit them to anticipate the breaking point. Why carry six or eight pitchers of varying forms of delivery, stature, and the like, without making use of them psychologically?"

"We ain't on to them complexes, kid."

"There is no question of complexes involved. By the way, Mr. Heenan, I want to ask you about Morton. I see by the official figures that he bats in the neighborhood of .260. Can you find out for me—are the figures available—as to where he does his best hitting—at home or on the road?"

"That's easy. He's a .300 swatter on the road. Come on in. We can get the dope in the office."

Heenan obtained a baseball guide that went in for exhaustive statistics, and thumbed the pages.

"Here," he said, handing the book to Sattherwaite. "Here's the dope on last season. Look it over for yourself. What's the big idea?"

Ephraim studied the figures.

"I see," he said at length. "He apparently does well everywhere except at home and in the Lizards' park."

(Continued on Page 129)

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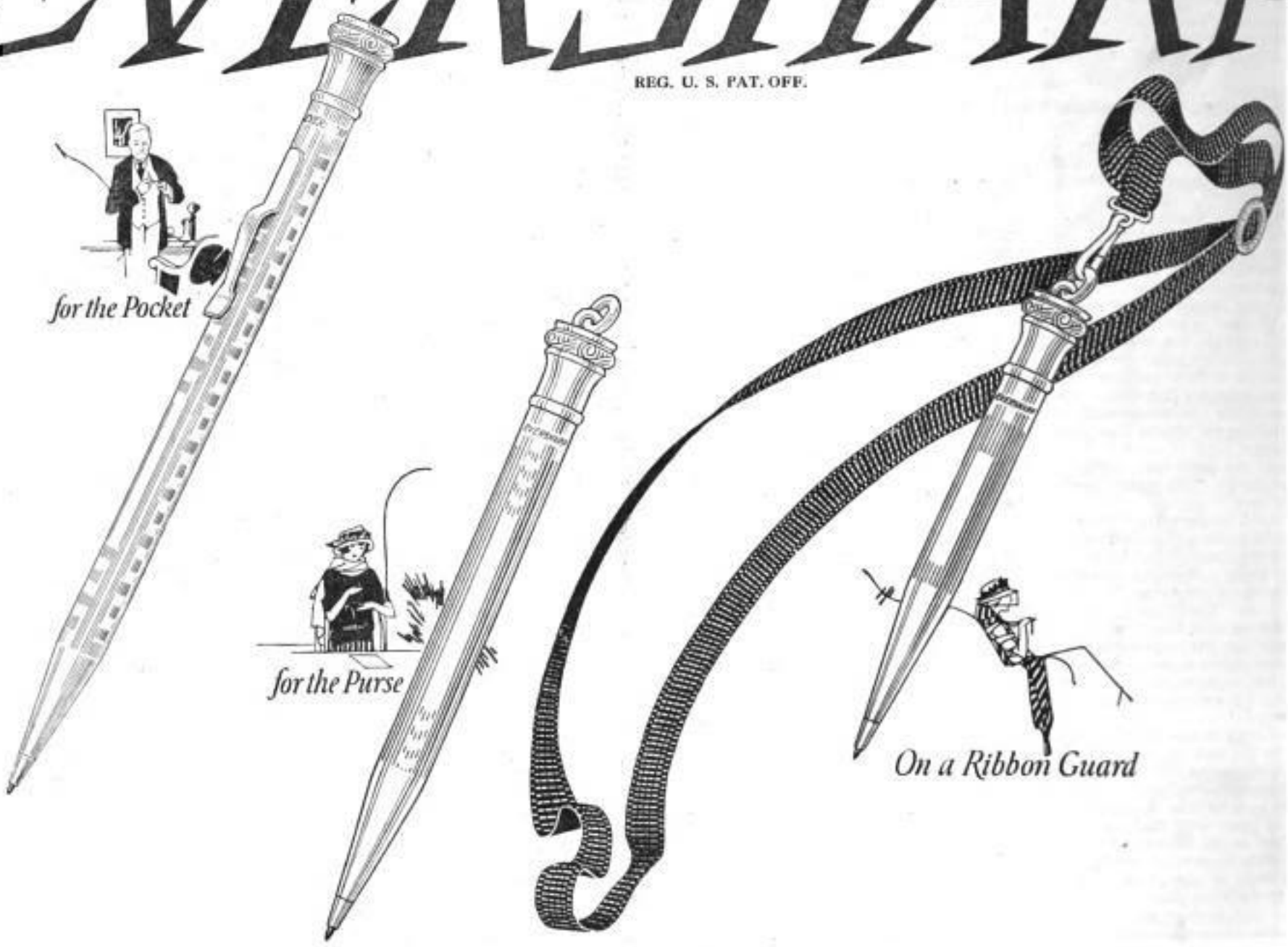
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Ask the clerk who will
ply you with EVERSHARP
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ontinued from Page 127)

he was a bum there. I remember."
Tell me, Mr. Heenan, is there an
nent of Beauty Soap at Lizard
the one we have in left field at

now—the girl holding the bar of
e yellow-and-blue sign."
said the manager, "there's one

is it? What part of the field?"
ours is, left field."
I know whether the Vamp field
know the rest haven't."
ey haven't any. There isn't a
at all."
what I thought," said Satther-
ave that sign taken out of our
can do nothing with the other
ve ours, however, and I predict
n's hitting will improve."
nk so? I don't."
e of it. The trouble with him is
os his eye on the girl instead of
. The picture has too much
or him."
r," began Heenan.
quite obvious. Where the sign
well. Where it is, he doesn't.
shed Morton closely. I never
with more confidence or better
ie plate. Also, I have noticed
es are constantly wandering
icture, even when he is out in

," nodded Heenan, "I'll try to
taken down."
on Monday. On Wednesday
stopped Eph in the lobby of

ing happened yesterday. You
's girl lives here. I saw them
her. She's a dead ringer for
y, hair and all. Can you

the psychoanalyst.

IV

Sox came home leading the
he last two weeks of the trip
elve straight victories to their
g, placing them full three
of the Tigers. In view of the
hitting of Heenan's crew had
d the pitching, with the ex-
thews, rather indifferent, the
triumph was distinctly one of Sattherwaite's methods, as the manager somewhat dazedly admitted.

Heenan's strange tactics in shifting about players, taking out pitchers at the most extraordinary times, and removing batters in the middle of their sessions at the plate puzzled seven managers, hundreds of thousands of fans and the Blue Sox players themselves, but Sattherwaite, Randall and Heenan kept their secret. The newspapers speculated, joshed and admired, but never found out.

An example of Ephraim's amazing gift was furnished in one of the games with the Lizards. In the sixth inning Heenan sent in Garland, a heavy-swatting bench warmer, to pinch-hit for the pitcher. He fanned on three plate cutters.

"It's my fault," said Sattherwaite. "I should have known that red would have had the effect of destroying the coördination between his eye and brain."

"Red?" spluttered the manager. "You mean yellow, don't you?"

"Quite the contrary," was the calm reply. "His reactions to yellow are quite favorable. You must understand, Mr. Heenan, that colors have a marked effect on the human mind. You instinctively shy away from certain tints without exactly knowing why, while others attract you."

"The long green, for example, eh?"

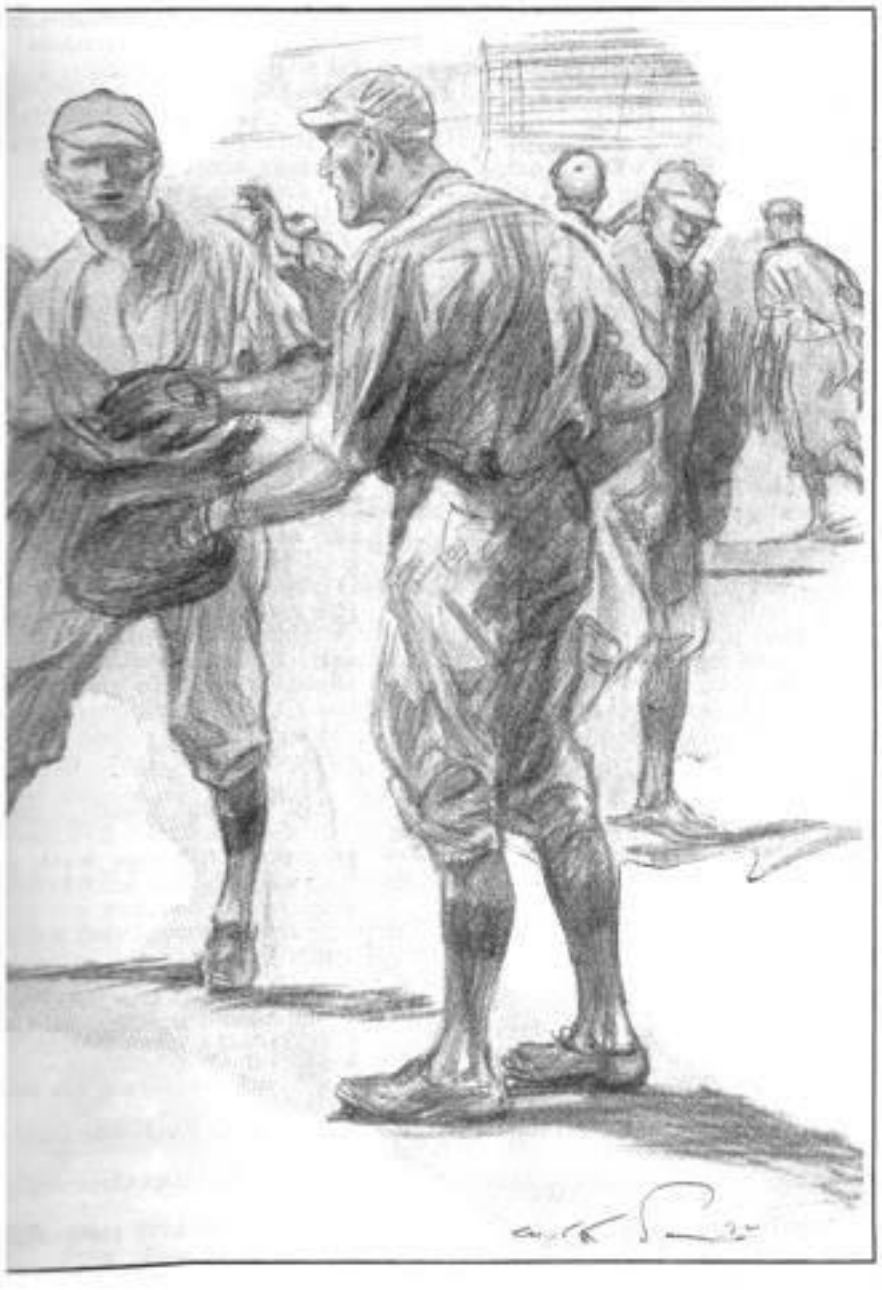
"Green may, in your case," gravely went on Ephraim. "Red, however, is particularly bad for Garland. The color is associated with a most disagreeable event in his life, yet it has a strange and baleful fascination for him. You have probably noticed his neckties and shirts. You ——"

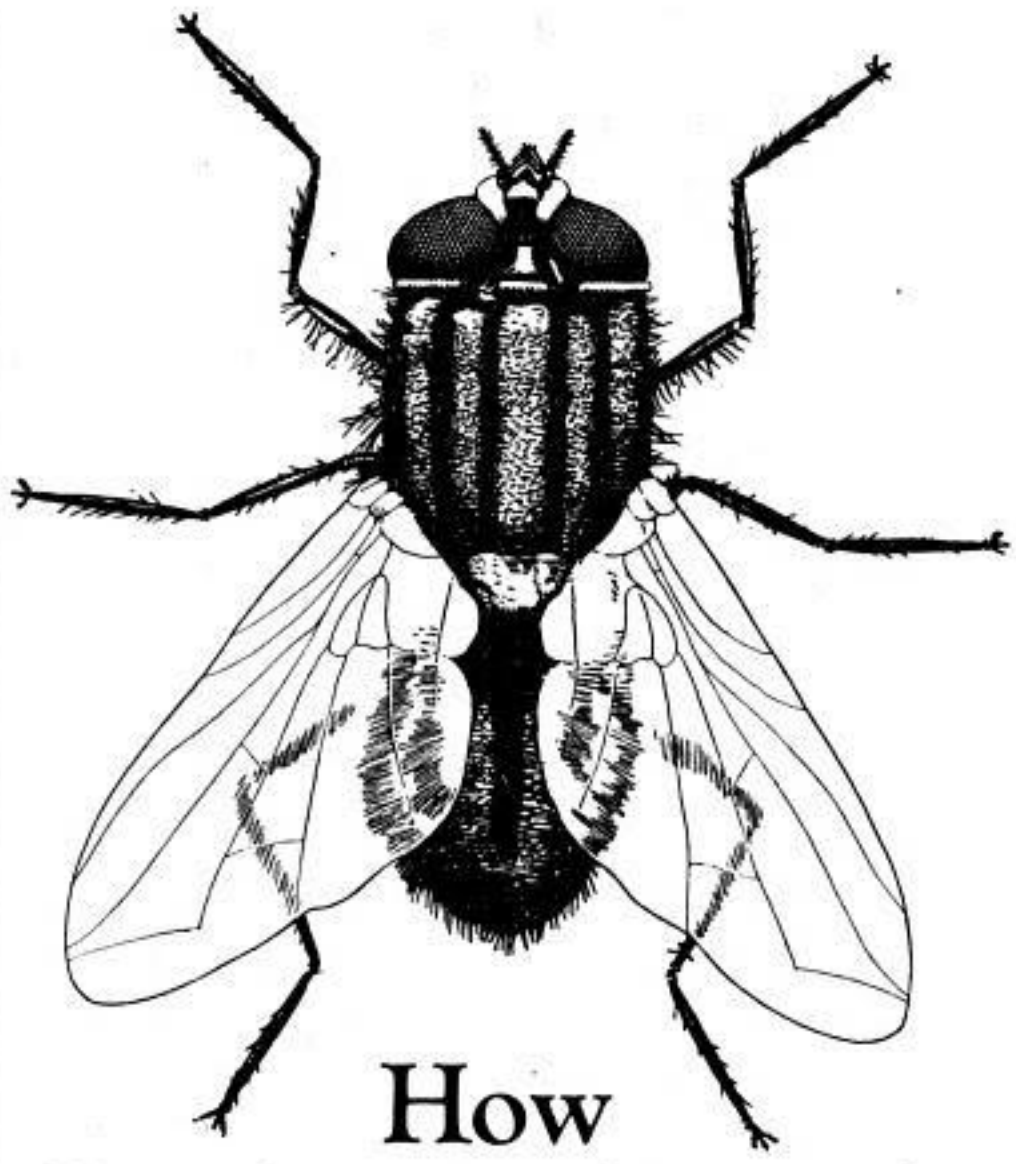
"Yeh," laughed Heenan, "I've even seen him ragging with that redhead flapper at the hotel. Say, what's all this about? Where does the red come in, anyhow?"

"You saw Harlan's red undersleeves, didn't you? Garland couldn't keep his eyes from that bit of color at the pitcher's wrists. Instead of watching the ball he was gazing, half-hypnotized, at the edge of the sleeve. You may have noticed that he swung late at every pitch. That isn't his normal fault, you know. In fact, I have heard you talk often of his promptness in meeting the ball."

Heenan shook his head in puzzlement.

"Gosh, boy, this trick stuff of yours has sure got me going."





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A new chemical discovery now checks the house-fly menace and the mosquito pest.

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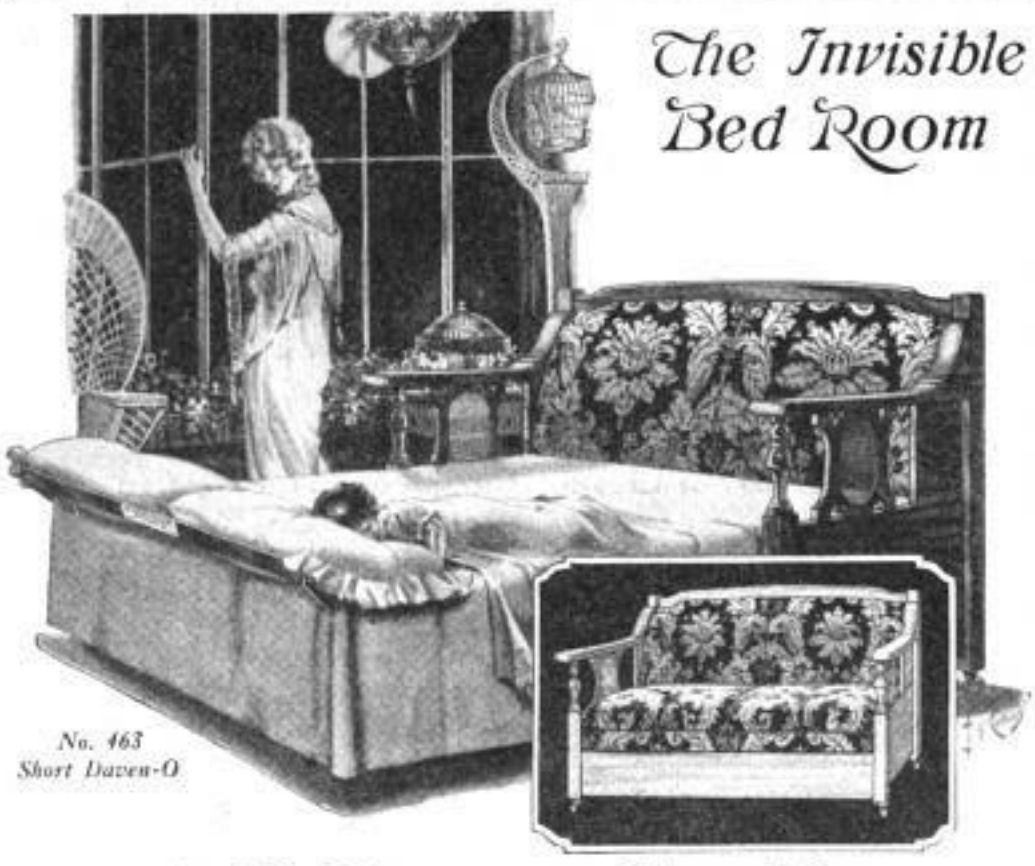
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KROEHLER Daven-O

(111)

"Garland," went on Eph, "is a great pinch-hitter. Try him again to-morrow if you have a chance."

The manager found the opportunity in the eighth inning of the next game. With two on, Garland hit the first ball pitched so far over the fence that it dropped into the middle of the next block. The undersleeves of the pitcher, however, were white.

Since his talk with Mathews, Sattherwaite had spent a great deal of his time with the pitcher.

"Have you thought up anything yet?" the southpaw was constantly asking.

"Not yet," was the evasive reply. "Wait till we get home; but no matter what suggestions I may be able to make, you've got to make up your mind to force the issue. You've got to have the matter disposed of one way or another. She either loves you enough to marry you or she doesn't. If she does, marry her; if she doesn't, forget her. Your future is too brilliant to be jeopardized by worry over a hopeless situation."

On the night the team arrived home Ephraim repeated the same advice. Mathews was silent and nervous.

"Were you ever in love?" he blurted out at length.

"No," was the reply; "but if I were I would know what to do. I would wait for or build up a psychological moment ——"

"A what?"

"A psychological moment. Too bad you haven't studied psychology."

"What's that?"

"It's the study of the mind. It enables one to know just what a person will do under certain circumstances and, what is more important in your case, it permits one so to work upon the mind of a subject as to make it favorable to the reactions you desire."

"You can make 'em do what you want?"

"In a measure."

"Have you ever studied it?" eagerly.

"A bit," was Sattherwaite's modest reply.

"Listen, Eph; how would it be for you to come out to the house with me some evening and when the—what did you call the moment? You know, the ——"

"The psychological moment."

"Yeh. When that comes," hurried on Mathews, "why, you give me the office and beat it."

"All well enough," smiled Sattherwaite, "but psychological moments are impatient affairs. They don't wait around. By the time I gave you the sign and departed the young lady might undergo a dozen mental reactions. I'll tell you what I will do, though. If you'll take me calling some evening I'll make a study of the girl and I will doubtless be able to give you some information that will help."

"Will you? That's fine. I know you've got a big-league brain, and I guess I'm a dumb-bell when it comes to women."

"So are we all of us. However, I'll be glad to go with you."

Just how glad, Mathews didn't know, any more than he knew that Sattherwaite had already invited himself to call on the girl of the picture.

"How will to-morrow night do?" asked Mathews.

"Just as you say."

"Now that we're back in town," said Heenan to Sattherwaite a bit later, "is Mathews going dippy over that skirt again?"

"Well, I ——"

"Are you going to be able to keep him in line? If he blows again we're through. The Tigers have just bought Swanson from the Lizards, and that boy sure has the Indian sign on our lads. That was a pretty wabbly game Dan pulled yesterday. Looks like he's slipping again. Had that dopy look he used to have."

"I think everything will work out all right," assured Ephraim. "He has virtually agreed to force a showdown from her. The only thing that bothers him is uncertainty. Even if she rejects him he'll be all right after a few days."

"What is she?" asked Heenan; "a chorus lady or a pearl diver?"

"Neither. I don't know her, of course. I've seen her picture, however. To-morrow night I'm going calling with Dan."

"Looker?"

"Wondrous," was the reply.

"Huh!" Under Heenan's quizzical gaze Sattherwaite reddened. Mumbling something he walked away, just as Randall the young owner made his appearance.

"How's the outguesser?" was his first question.

"Boss, that boy's got something."

"Something?" laughed the [illegible] got everything—the whole [illegible] universe."

"Where did you run into him?"

"At college. He was a beat[illegible] tell by the way the prof [illegible] what he was going to lecture [illegible] though, that boy can outg[illegible] This psychoanalysis is great [illegible]

"It must be," agreed H[illegible] know what he has done with Mat[illegible] He's saved our bacon. He's [illegible] player out of Morse too. He's [illegible] bum and turned him into a gr[illegible] He'll top .300 this year."

"How did he do it?"

"I don't know. Sattherwa[illegible] secrets from me, but he might [illegible] He and the hard words in the [illegible] are too pally. Fixing up Morse [illegible] something to do with correcting [illegible] er——"

"Erroneous mental impulses!"

"Yeh."

"Sattherwaite will win a pe[illegible] Heenan."

"Maybe, unless some of the [illegible] grab a complex kid. There are [illegible] where he came from, ain't there?"

"The woods are full of psy[illegible] agreed Randall; "but Eph is the [illegible] know who combines abstract [illegible] the human mind with a com[illegible] of baseball."

"Not a ladies' man, is he?"

"I laugh," said the young [illegible]

AT 8:30 Tuesday evening Sat[illegible] and Mathews presented [illegible] the home of Esther Haven. [illegible] had told the truth, but only a small [illegible] of it. It had given a true [illegible] laughing eyes, abundant [illegible] had said nothing of the [illegible] cheeks and the rich luscious[illegible] crushed-strawberry lips.

While Mathews sat silent and [illegible] Esther chatted brightly with [illegible] The sprightliness and intelligence [illegible] versation completed the [illegible] fection. It developed that she [illegible] the pitcher since childhood. A [illegible] before she had returned from [illegible] finishing school. Psychoanalyze [illegible] her. Shortly after eleven o'clock [illegible] departed.

"I guess none of them psychic [illegible] ments showed up," said Mathews.

"Eh?" Then Ephraim laughed.

"With me in the room? It takes two and a moon. I imagine [illegible] velop them in this case."

"Did you find out anything?"

"Hasn't she wonderful features?" Ephraim absently.

"You didn't have to go to [illegible] that out, did you?"

They walked along silently.

"To tell the truth," said [illegible] slowly after a spell, "from what I was able to observe, Miss Haven [illegible] regard you rather in the light [illegible] than a lover. Of course you can't after one superficial examination [illegible] your permission I will call [illegible] week—alone. You understand [illegible] undivided attention I can ——"

"All right," cut in the pitcher.

The next day a succession of [illegible] row with a couple of walks [illegible] good measure sent Mathews to [illegible] in the second inning. Sattherwaite [illegible] Heenan plainly worried.

"Damn these skirts," snarled the manager. "Can't you do anything [illegible] blows we lose the pennant [illegible] you got some trick stuff you can [illegible] out her favorite color and let [illegible] Straighten out her mental [illegible] you? Or his."

"I'll do what I can," said [illegible]

It wasn't much. Mathews [illegible] grew more helpless with each [illegible] Two weeks later, on the eve [illegible] team was to depart on its [illegible] trip, Heenan received a note [illegible] waite. It read:

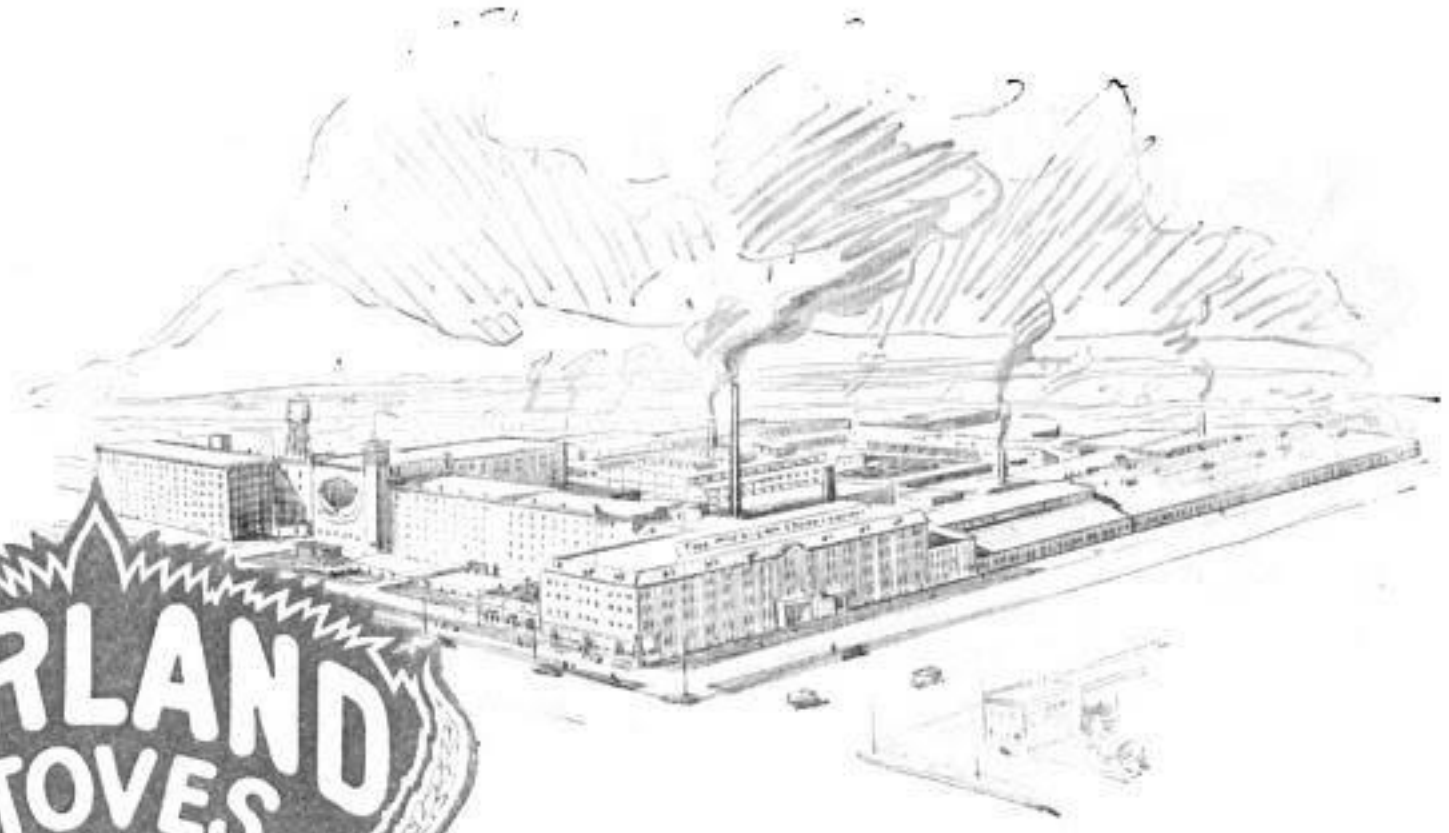
I have solved the Mathews [illegible] would not marry him, and refuse [illegible] her to remain a vexation to [illegible] her myself. We leave for [illegible] Don't pitch Mathews for six [illegible]

Heenan looked up, to find [illegible] office.

"Where's Sattherwaite?" [illegible] owner.

"Out," said the manager [illegible] ing."

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Fifty of the leading car and truck manufacturers have endorsed Thermoid Brake Lining by using it as Standard Equipment.

Don't take any more chances. Go into your garage or service station today. Have your brakes tested and if they need relining, insist on Thermoid.

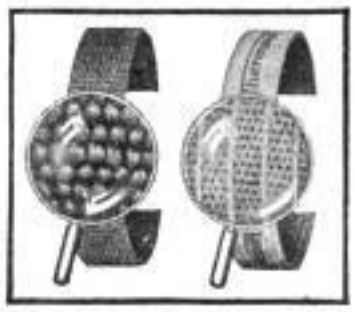
Write for our free book, "The Dangers of Faulty Brakes." It's a complete presentation of brakes and their importance.

Ordinary woven lining

Notice the loosely woven texture.

Wears down quickly and unevenly.

Loses its gripping power as it wears.

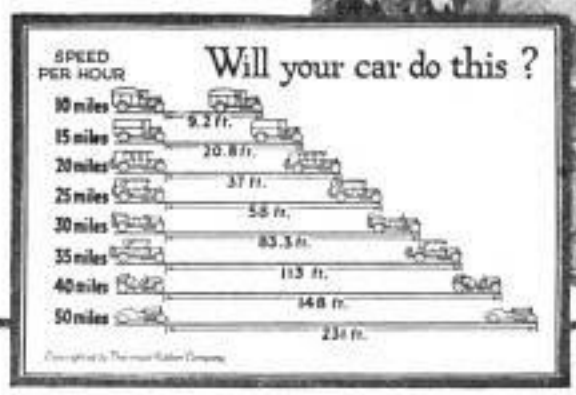


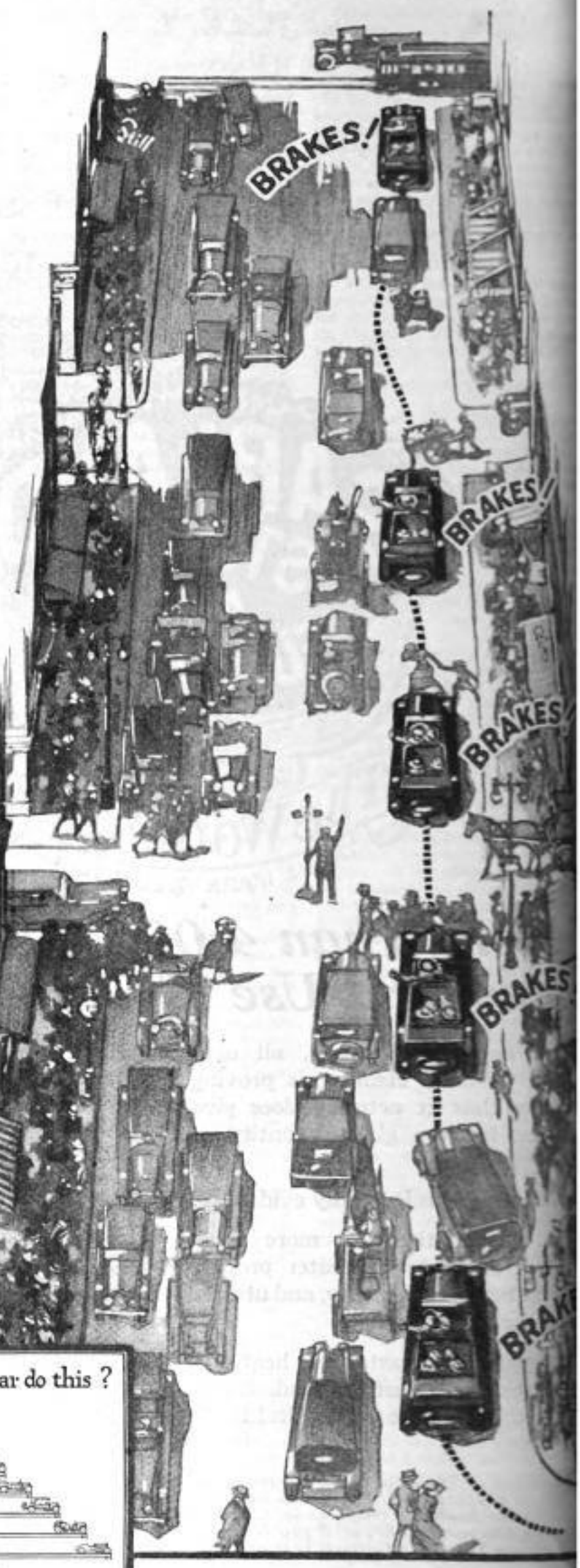
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Notice the compact texture.

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THE NUMBER ONE BOY

(Continued from Page 21)

confident came the sentry's assur-
was repeated by a farther sentry:
Number Two, nine o'clock and
ll."
en faint as an echo: "Post Num-
, nine o'clock and a-all's well."
wk laughed aloud with more than
ual harshness. The laugh was
similar to Jimmy's laugh four days
the temple of Gautama Buddha
nd found himself alone.
o'clock and all's well, eh?" said
. It seemed incredible that only
ad passed since —— He turned
ror to see if it was evident that
hour he had become an old, old
eye fell on the photograph in the
. This he clutched in a sort of
t turned his reflected face in the
brick red.
ss of the photograph was shat-
nst the corner of the mantel.
back of the frame was ripped
frame and back hurled into the
The photograph followed in many
n and return. And now—even
graph being gone—the hawk,
four days before, was alone,
was a difference. Jimmy had
ely helpless. The hawk was by
elpless. The destruction of the
a symbol. The greater destruc-
it typified came next. Just how
ish it must be thought out,
many ways. It was a question
the best—the most complete.
pacing the floor. Once more his
ighted by a cold, remorseless
veins on his temples were con-
the arteries in his neck. The
of his fatigue tunic began to
He went to his room and re-
tunic, substituting a smoking
eft his throat free.
to the living room he resumed
greater physical comfort at

halted by the desk and stared
his brows in rigid welts, the
s lean gray jaws working con-

at's it," he decided under his
reached for a sheet of paper
pen in ink. The pen was
ss the paper before he had
tled in his chair.
without troubling to ring, he
e orderly:
, Tim!"
' said Tim, appearing a mo-

as still traveling across the

arrest made. I want you
ke two men and arrest Lieu-
ee, detailed to the Legation
Company, Seventeenth In-
u know him?"
officer that was here already

one."
w him."
eased writing and reached

is desertion. Here is the

gave the colonel a puzzled
the order.
rted, sorr?"

like gunpowder," Tim de-
the order. He looked up
He was here not twinty
r."
Lee has deserted with a
e hawk. "They will leave
ntsin sometime to-night.
ough the Chin Mien gates
horses at once and ride to
k you'll be there before the
h. If you are keep your
f out of sight and follow
sin. Keep well to the rear
miles—all the way down.
hen you are near Tientsin
just as he arrives at the

of the sergeant gleamed
rstanding. It would have
tter to see that the young
ave Peking. But his hide
ently. That was why the
ven rope. The fact must
so a noncom was to make
of a commissioned officer.
said aloud.

"And, Tim—be very careful. Neither he nor the woman with him must see you or suspect that you are following them until you make the arrest."

"Shure I know, sorr. What'll I do wid the woman?"

"Nothing except identify her. You know her. That's why I want you to make the arrest."

"I know her, sorr?" The sergeant's eyelids narrowed suddenly as the plot began to thicken. "Who might she be?"

"She might be anybody," said the hawk. "She is—my wife."

"Holy Mary!" The sergeant's weather-stained, tanned-leather countenance became a wine color. "You don't mane ——"

"I mean the dirty little waif that I lifted out of the slime and guarded and cared for and married—last Thursday."

"Not Miss Betty?"

"That's what you called her."

"That's been grown up and goin' to school and all, under our eyes?"

"Yes," said the hawk, as pale as the stammering sergeant was red. "She went to school. I'll tell you what she learned: She learned to treat the man who sent her there like a leper because he wasn't as young as he had been. She learned to skip out with the first young beast she came across, when I caught him making love to her."

The red had left the sergeant's face. His eyes again narrowed.

"It ain't thrue."

The hawk rose, astounded, menacing, to his feet.

"What's that?"

But the sergeant faced him across the desk. "You may think it's thrue, sorr, but there's some mistake. If she's wint, as you say, 'tis for no harm. 'Twill be out av the innicence av her—her bein' kep' wid niver a look at a lad.

"I'll bet these shtripes I was twinty years gettin'—I'll bet me life on it."

The hawk relaxed. "You'd lose both. You have your orders. Carry them out."

"Can I say wan word, sorr?"

"Make it short."

The sergeant tapped the order for arrest with a blunt forefinger.

"Ye've got a charge of desartion here. 'Tis plain why you let the officer go clear to Tientsin. He seems a foine, upstandin' boy, but he's nothin' to me—the coort-martial can decide about him. But if I arrist him at Tientsin and"—the sergeant gulped—"well, you know who happens to be wid him—it'll be the rooination of her, sorr, th' everlastin' rooination."

The hawk noticeably brightened.

"Quite right, Tim," he said briskly. "Back to the gutter she goes, where she belongs."

"An' ye mane that, sorr?" Tim inquired.

He got a look for a reply. It was enough.

"Well, then, what about yerself, sorr? Think of your reputation. Your name will be in the mouths of all, from the ranks to the Sicretary of War."

The hawk smiled, or rather his lips stretched sufficiently to show two rows of surprisingly good white teeth.

"My reputation," he repeated softly. He leaned over the desk, his smile gone, the veins at his temples standing out like cords. "Tim, I'd give my life—what she's left of it—to see her in hell."

The sergeant was beyond his depths. He knew that now, and acknowledged it.

"I'm nothin' but a noncom. I ain't got the gift of words. Won't ye git an officer frind to advise ye? Give me his name and I'll have him here in a whisk. Colonel Blair now ——"

"Sergeant!"

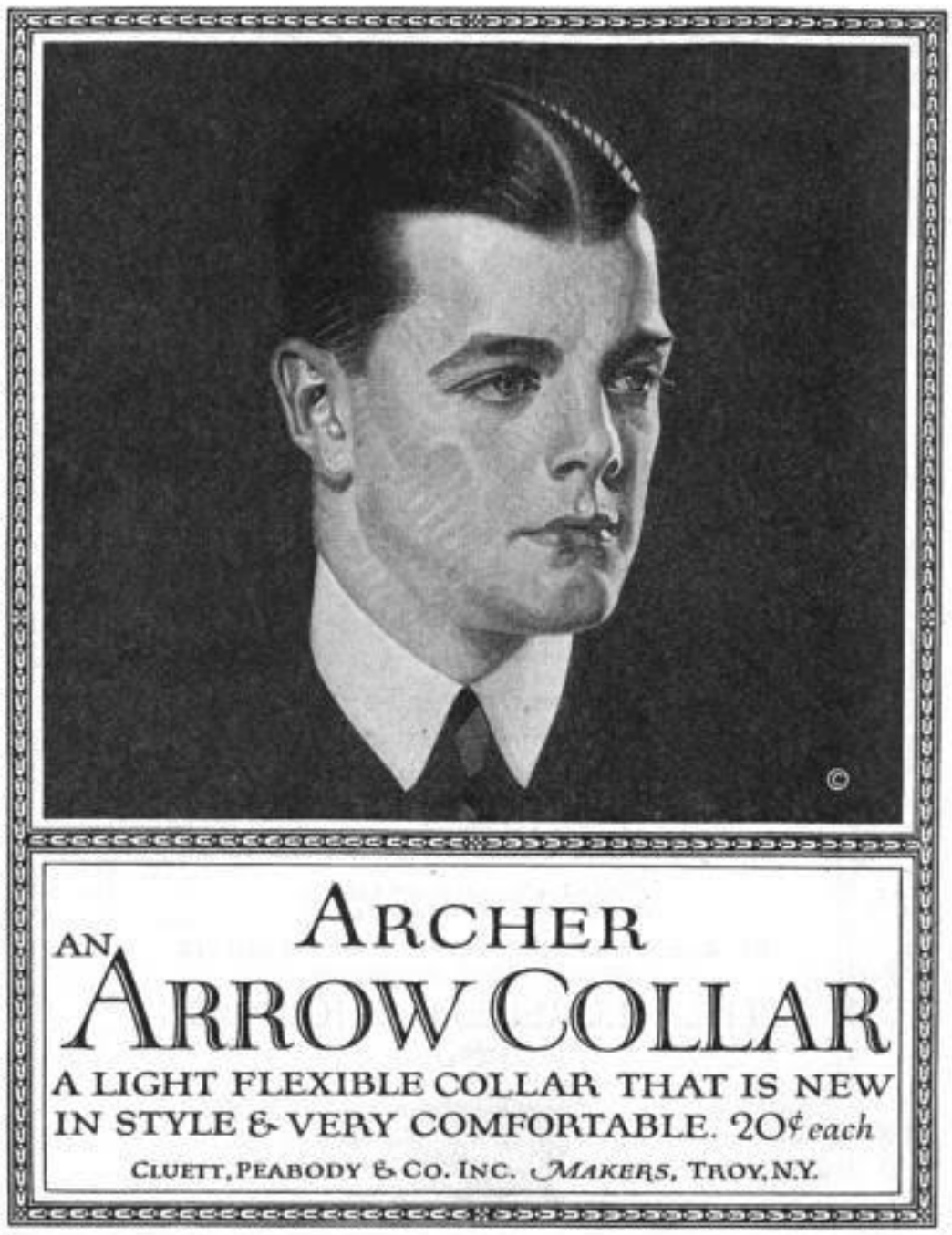
"Yis, sorr."

"You have your orders for the arrest of Lieutenant Lee at Tientsin, and the identification of whoever may be with him. Carry them out."

"But, sorr ——"

"One more word and your stripes come off!"

The old marine jammed on his hat, stiffened to attention, and saluted. For a few moments he had been Timothy Regan, the man; he was now Sergeant Regan, who clearly understood his orders and would carry them out though the heavens fell. He wheeled and made for the door. A tall figure appeared noiselessly in the doorway directly in his path. It was one of the



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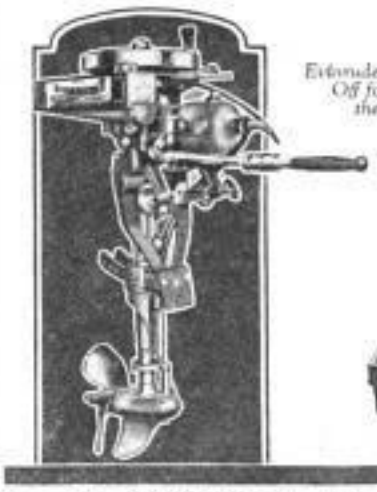
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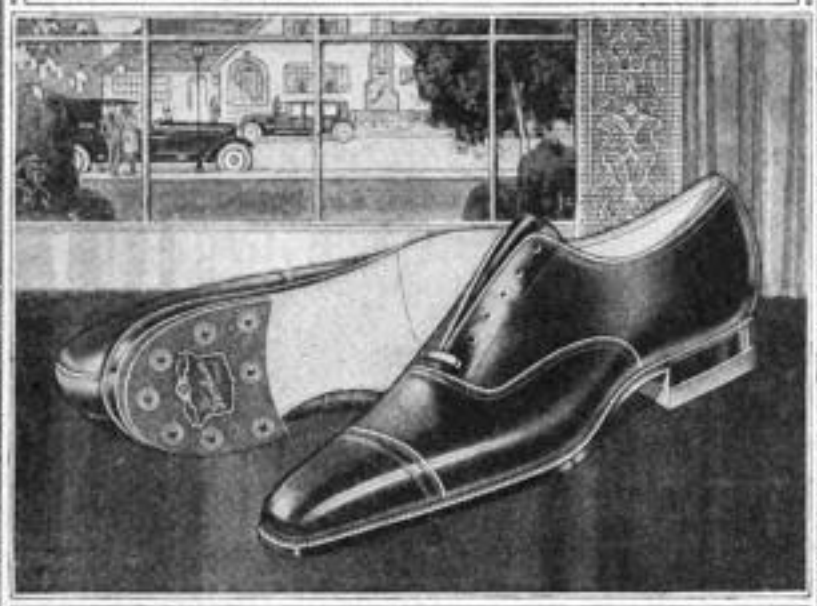
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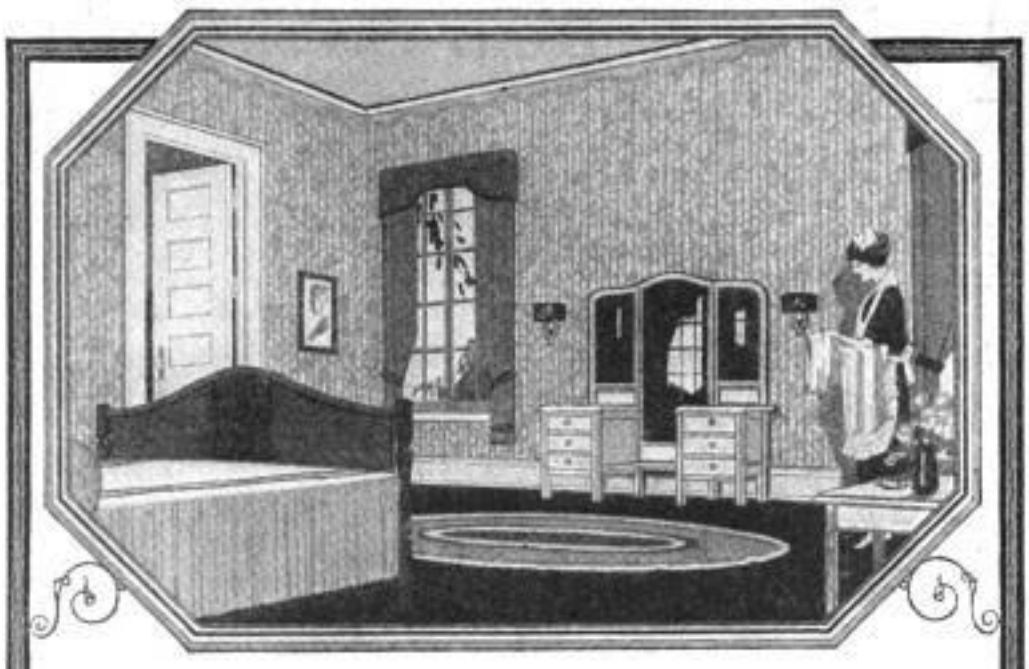
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servants, a Chink, on whom a little of the bitterness within him could be vented.

"Out of me way, hathen!"

He glared into the servant's eyes for an instant, his face thrust forward into an impassive yellow countenance. He saw the flicker of a hand. The eyes of the servant became dark wells that merged and widened.

In a flash they were a huge black cavern into which Tim Regan plunged headlong, down—down into darkness.

In the darkness a voice spoke, a quiet and soothing voice, like soft bells chiming:

"Remain here, soldier; you know not where to go."

Another voice, a loud harsh voice: "Ty Ming, have you gone crazy?" And then, "Tim! What the hell's the matter with you? Knock him down, sergeant!"

"Tim!" Why, he was Tim. "Knock him down, sergeant!" That was a command. Commands must be obeyed. He drew back his fist.

The soft voice spoke again:

"Your arm, soldier."

He realized suddenly that something had happened to his arm. The fall down the dark hole must have done it. It did not pain him, but when he seized it with his left hand he found it numb and useless. In his surprise he exclaimed aloud.

"God help me. It's broke." He must get to the infirmary with his broken arm at once, he thought, and took a step to do so, but the soft voice spoke:

"Soon it will mend; stay here and—rest."

He sank quite gently into a deeper and more silent darkness.

The hawk stared at the motionless, glazed-eyed sergeant of marines, still clasping his arm, then at the undisturbed face of the Number One boy. He spoke at last in a dry whisper:

"What are you trying to do?"

"I am trying to bring peace to this house," said the Number One boy.

The hawk was moving toward the door.

"I'll bring peace to you with a firing squad!"

"One moment." The voice was no longer bell-like. The hawk turned at its trumpet tone. It went on more softly, "Reflect! The rifles of your guard will bring me peace. But you?" The voice deepened and became a note of doom: "You will be left in darkness and in torment."

"Torment," repeated the hawk softly.

He stared at the strange Chinaman who had for some reason supplanted Ty Ming that evening. What was the reason? He had hypnotized Tim like a flash. An astonishing trick. And why had it been done? Why were his own heartstrings still vibrating at the words of an Oriental fakir? What the devil was it all about anyway? His curiosity was stronger than his anger for a moment.

"No more tricks now. They don't impress me. You are not a servant. Who are you?"

"I am the servant of the Lord Buddha. My name is Chang Foo Low."

"The lama! Impossible! Why should you be masquerading in my house?"

"The maiden who was called your wife has served my master in his temple. You would destroy her earthly happiness. That is an error. I have been sent to prevent it."

The hawk's curiosity was consumed in a fresh fire of rage.

"The damned temple business again, eh! Well, great prophet, Master of Souls, no Chinese fakir can creep into my home to pry and listen and tell me what to do." He returned to the desk and went on less sneeringly, "My reports show that you tried to preserve order in Peking during the recent trouble. That is why I give you one minute to get out of here before I call the guard."

"Give me ten minutes, Excellency."

"What for—to watch you take rabbits out of a hat?"

"Have you, then, all the wisdom of the ages?"

"No," admitted the hawk, "but I have common sense."

A smile played like a faint light across the face of Chang Foo Low. His voice when he spoke was more than gentle:

"You have been crushed and broken by the wheel of life, despite your common sense. That order you have given to"—his faint smile returned for an instant as his glance took in the motionless sergeant of marines— "the soldier who waits, will bind you tighter to the wheel." Again came the deeper note in the voice: "Let me help you find the knot you [illegible] before you can be free."

"I've got no time to listen to [illegible] hocus-pocus."

"Ten minutes is all I ask—ten [illegible] taken from eternity."

"Eternity!" exploded the hawk. "Get out!"

"I am a lone Chinese, surrounded your soldiers. What have you to [illegible]

"Fear?" repeated the hawk. It [illegible] turn to smile. "Do you think I am [illegible] of you? Do you think you can hypn[illegible] me the way you did that fool [illegible] there? Go ahead; start your show [illegible] see how far you'll get with it."

"First take back that order," [illegible] Chang calmly.

"Well, not exactly."

"It can remain here on the [illegible] soldier can wait outside. It [illegible] you can call him to enforce it [illegible] desire."

The hawk thought this over for [illegible] stant.

"Very well," he decided. "[illegible] going to palm it?"

The Chinaman did not reply. He [illegible] to the helpless sergeant. There was [illegible] click of thumb against palm.

"So ends your rest, soldier."

The old marine shook his grizzled [illegible] like a dog emerging from water. [illegible] of understanding was scarcely [illegible] before he had started for the door.

"Tim," said the hawk. The [illegible] halted, turned and saluted. "Let [illegible] that order."

"You revoke it, sorr?"

The hawk crushed the hope. "[illegible] Wait outside for exactly ten minutes [illegible] come in. Do you understand?"

The sergeant returned the order [illegible] at his watch, glanced at the [illegible] face of Chang. "Ten minutes; [illegible] He saluted and withdrew.

The hawk seated himself at the [illegible] laid the order upon it. He [illegible] drawer into which he had plunged [illegible] some little time before. On the [illegible] occasion the hand was not empty [illegible] came from the drawer.

"Here is the order," he said, [illegible] is ——" He laid the revolver [illegible] "And nothing will happen to [illegible] Now what?" He looked up into [illegible] unfathomable eyes of Chang Foo [illegible]

"First—with your permission [illegible] lency—the lights." A long yellow [illegible] rose and waved once at the bronze [illegible] the desk. In doing so it passed [illegible] intent gaze of the hawk.

The lamp flickered and went [illegible]

"A pretty trick," said the hawk, [illegible] strangely set on the tranquil face [illegible] "How's it done?"

Again the hand waved. The [illegible] standing lamp in a far corner [illegible] faint blue flame and expired.

There were no other lights in [illegible] but only a dimness followed. [illegible] moon was by now high in the [illegible] its rays were streaming through [illegible] way from the garden, and through [illegible] window, to bathe the room [illegible] light.

The source of that light, the [illegible] called with satisfaction, was [illegible] earth. It was in the unassailable [illegible] thousands of miles away. He [illegible] a little. Of course the lamp had [illegible] trick, but he was unable to accept [illegible] and he could not account for a [illegible] ing that the air of the room was [illegible] heavy, that it was filling with [illegible] greenish-colored mist. His hand [illegible] his revolver and lifted it from the [illegible] the feel of it he threw off his [illegible] easiness and laughed his hand [illegible]

"I have you covered, China [illegible] still have—the moon."

"Ah, yes." The words were [illegible] "The moon."

The hawk did not press the trigger [illegible] revolver. He simply congratulated [illegible] sat, for the moonlight was somehow [illegible] room like smoke at the mouth of [illegible] drawing chimney, leaving him [illegible] profound, the most impenetrable [illegible] he had ever known.

He had enough. Tricks or no [illegible] had enough. He would have [illegible] blindly, madly from the room [illegible] found that the darkness was like [illegible] cast which had been poured [illegible] mold of his body, binding [illegible] to an absolute rigidity. His nerves [illegible] could barely feel it in his arm [illegible] lying on the desk. There [illegible]

(Continued on Page 137)

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ntinued from Page 134)

lm waiting in the hall. This made a fool of him a moment be- he sergeant could at least call the ith all the power of his lungs he the sergeant. The result was a le.

voice spoke:

is preferable, Your Excellency." kness seemed to press like a band hawk's throat so that even the d.

ame the voice, like the middle flute:

isturbed, Your Excellency. You your eyes and your ears. Use " The voice dropped into the er of a flute and grew in volume. ddha above me—let the wisdom t enter this unworthy body, that of the centuries may be lifted st."

endous silence the hawk grew hat the blackness about him way to the faint green mist he before the moonlight had been It was thickening in the room and like smoke was drifting the direction from which the ome. As it gathered at this lensed well above the floor into nore brilliant oval of pale green n that circle of light a face ap- grew swiftly clearer until it face of Chang Foo Low, float- rounding darkness, pallid, set, eyes in the face were closed sleep, but the lips began to those lips came a voice, deep, rating. It was as though a ad suddenly been given human

spirit of Gautama Buddha— e one God who created all I, knowing truth to be the od, do speak in the English proclaim: That in the year e beginning of the earth life st Christ, there lived in the kford, in the shire of Essex, d of Britain, the scholar and ir Gilbert Warren. Now I, ddha, clothe again in the y the soul of Gilbert Warren." t voice ceased and its rever- l away the green mist was d. It began to drift swiftly all of the room which the ng. Where the wall should e mist formed a billowing t curtain. Behind this llid green light intensified A figure appeared, growing tant as the light brightened. gure of a man. He was vooden bench at a primi- on which stood a lighted s reading from a parchment ound sticks. As he read he parchment from one stick on the other. The man was rn black velvet doublet and . About his neck was a thin which flamed dully in the uttering candle. Presently ead from his reading and , unseeingly, into the eyes

hirty years before the face rpe Lee, lieutenant of in- in the year 1900, had such the nostrils, and the finer forehead and around the rs at least before his shin- ad lost its luster and be- h streaks of gray, but the ecalled a crisp arresting ed into that face. "Start re a dead man." He felt m their sockets.

e again rolled forth: face of that body of long it the gentleness of the was filled with compassion en. He was beloved by

d and disappeared as the m a windowpane. The

loved Gilbert Warren the held by his young wife, ice. Look, then, upon her

reen panel another face man's face, with softly ar and joyous. The hawk at dark hair braided into alling on each side of the a net of silk and pearls. was fuller, more mature, under its long-sleeved, orange velvet robe, but in the eyes, after all, was the most startling difference, so shining they were, so unwistful, so unafraid. The hawk's stiff lips tried to form a name:

"Betty!"

"Beauty and joy are hers," said the great voice. "Joy in her husband's love; joy in the knowledge of the fruit of their union, for in that body of the past were two souls, the soul of Constance Warren and the soul of an unborn child."

The figure with its softly shining woman's eyes was gone. Another figure grew slowly in its place.

"Among the disappointed wooers of that mother-to-be was the young and haughty Baron Hubert of Audley."

In the green lighted panel a steel basinet presently gleamed. Below that a face looked out, a face of early manhood, but already it was forbidding, cruel, with the fierce eyes of a bird of prey. Below the face was a close-fitting coat of chain mail. At the waist was a linked belt of iron and leather from which hung scabbard and broadsword.

"Fierce as a hawk," the voice went on, "restless as a stag; hard as the armor upon his breast. So speaks the countenance of a man whose soul casts out meekness and charity and gives itself to error. As he looked five centuries ago, so looks his face to-day."

The man in armor, with his weapon of the past, melted away. His living counterpart, bound in an armor of darkness, his modern weapon in his helpless hand, remained.

"Now I, Gautama Buddha, loving truth as I do God, tear the veil from past events so that earthbound eyes can see. Look, then, into the manor house of Gilbert Warren as it stood under the moon of heaven five hundred years ago."

The panel of light lengthened and widened. A dim high-ceilinged room stole into being. It was a bedroom, a phantom bedroom of the past. Within it the phantom figure of the Lady Constance Warren, if that was her name, sat before a dressing table on which were two tall lighted tapers. She was braiding a thick strand of her long dark hair. Her lips moved in silent phantom song.

Presently she finished with her hair, but not with her song, for as she tossed the braid over her shoulder and glanced into the mirror her lips still moved, smiling as they moved. The little song of the Lady Constance pleased her much. And the words of the small song now led her straight across the room to a small oaken chest, which she unlocked with a brass key. The chest contained a wonderful and secret treasure which no eyes but her own might look upon. Into the chest she gazed, hanging all breathless above it. Presently she dared to thrust her miser hand within, to touch, to fondle, yea even to bring into view a bit of the treasure. It was a shirt of closely knitted—ah, so closely knitted—lamb's wool, a ridiculous shirt that could be measured only in inches, a silly garment for a woman grown to hold against her breast and press her lips upon. These things that foolish phantom lady straightway did.

Presently, with the chest safe locked again, she knelt on a hassock before it and lifted her eyes to the wall above, where hung in agony a slender Christ with thorns upon His brow. And now again the lips of Lady Constance moved, though not in song. So, dropping her eyes now and then to the chest below the nail-pierced feet, she accomplished a divided adoration.

Her prayer finished, she rose and went to a tall window and threw the lattice wide. Outside the window was a small balcony with a stone balustrade. Standing on the balcony she gazed for a moment at the moon, half hidden by flying silver clouds. Returning to the room she threw back the covers on the high canopy bed and turned to the two candles on the dresser. She had raised a snuffer to the first of these when she paused, listening. The snuffer fell to the top of the dresser and then to the floor, as the hand that held it went to her throat. For an instant she stood immovable, her eyes widening, the ivory of her face gone pale. So might a woman stand who hears blows, curses, screams, and the grating clash of swords in the dead of night.

She was speeding toward a door when it flew open and the lord of the house appeared. His look was dazed, his face bewildered; he still clutched the parchment

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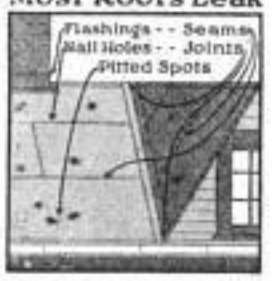
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he had been reading. Then the parchment, like the candle snuffer, fell to the floor, the arm of the phantom lord went about his phantom lady, for another door bulged, split and burst open, and there poured into the room, silent as shadows, a phantom crowd of men-at-arms. In their midst was a knight in a coat of chain mail with a basinet on his head.

For a moment he stood among his men-at-arms, his gleaming eyes fastened on the lady, a grim smile on his thin lips. At last he spoke. At his words the face of the lady went paler still, and the arm of her lord tightened for an instant about her waist before he tore a dagger from its sheath and swung her behind him.

The phantom in mail slowly drew his sword. He smiled again at the phantom in worn black velvet who held a pitiful dagger in his hand. The dagger met the links of mail once and only once before the sword flashed up and down.

The Lady Constance looked at the body of her lord lying at her feet, then fell on her knees beside it. A white hand flashed out to the dagger on the floor, the dagger rose swiftly and as swiftly plunged toward the ivory column of her throat.

The phantom, with the bloody sword, sprang forward like a panther. The deflected point of the dagger tore a thin red gash down the side of her slender neck. He forced the dagger from her hand and lifted her to her feet, then crushed her, bleeding, in his arms and bore her from the room. The men-at-arms followed through the broken, splintered door.

And now in that phantom room was a prone figure in worn dark velvet, stained with red. It lay moveless, huddled before a well-locked chest. No mortal eyes would ever gaze again within that chest; no hands would touch the treasure it contained, for through the broken door a cloud of smoke began to roll—smoke and the glare of flames.

The pale green panel died away. The pressing darkness held. The great voice, silent for a time, boomed forth again.

"So perished the body of Gilbert Warren at the hands of the murderer and ravisher, Hubert of Audley. So was destroyed the honor of his wife, and later, her life, and the life within her life. Now I, Gautama Buddha, servant of the one God who created all things, the laws of the flesh and the laws of the spirit, do proclaim: That the laws of the spirit were enforced upon the soul of Hubert of Audley, who committed grave error. This was and is the law: The soul of Hubert of Audley has been, and will remain, bound to the wheel of life, until through sacrifice it atones. The souls of the victims of his error shall be spared the journey through the seven spheres; being so spared they shall serve for that time on the earth plane, that the sacrifice may be made and their destinies fulfilled. Now I, Gautama Buddha, being of the spirit, do proclaim: That the laws of the spirit will be enforced against the soul of Hubert of Audley for a hundred hundred centuries if the sacrifice be not made. I have spoken."

The lips in the deathlike mask of Chang Foo Low ceased to move. The green oval in which it was suspended dimmed slowly into darkness.

There was a faint click.

The hawk was staring across a lamplit desk into a calm, untroubled face. His hand, resting on the desk, held a heavy service revolver. Close beside the hand was an order for the arrest of Lieutenant James Lee. The order glimmered white in the lamplight. So did the hand holding the revolver, but the face of the hawk was whiter than either of these.

"Hypnotism, Your Excellency," suggested Chang Foo Low.

"Yes," said the hawk. He [illegible] hand from the desk, dropped the [illegible] into his pocket, and slowly rose. "[illegible] notism, of course." He picked up the [illegible] from the desk and tore it carefully [illegible] pieces.

"Why do you do that, Excellency?"

The hawk stared at the bits of [illegible] the desk for an instant. At last he [illegible] up.

"Because I remembered," he said [illegible] whisper. "Chinaman, Chinaman. [illegible] came back."

"Ah," said Chang Foo Low softly.

"I must find them," muttered the [illegible]

"You need not seek them, Excellency; they will soon be here."

"You are sure?" asked the hawk.

"I am sure," said Chang.

"Tin minutes are up, sorr."

It was Tim. The hawk had [illegible] Tim. Ten minutes! Ten years—[illegible] turies seemed to have passed. He [illegible] and walked to the door leading to the [illegible] ing quarters, and paused.

"Sergeant?"

"Yis, sorr."

"You are too late."

The hawk turned to the door. It [illegible] and closed.

The troubled sergeant drew [illegible] watch and examined it.

"It's on the dot, I am." He [illegible] the sound of a voice coming from [illegible] den.

"Wait out here, please."

"Miss Betty!" It was a cry.

"Yes, Tim," she said as she [illegible] walked slowly past him, her eyes [illegible] the face of the Number One boy.

The Number One boy snapped [illegible] with a faint click.

Her face lost its strained expression.

"Now I know what brought me," she said. "I felt you calling, father; did you send for me? Why are you [illegible]

He did not reply. She had opened [illegible] lips to question him again when a report closed them and turned her [illegible] marble.

As Tim sprang toward one door, gun in hand, came in another—through which the moonlight was [illegible] ing. He saw first a tall old Chinaman, then the girl of his dreams, white [illegible] ened, but unharmed.

"I thought it was you," he said [illegible] fired?"

She only looked at him, while [illegible] was the old Chinaman who spoke.

"Put up your weapon, young [illegible] Your black hour is past."

Jimmy obeyed mechanically and [illegible] peared, walking on tiptoes, and [illegible] back over his shoulder. It was [illegible] someone sleeping in the room that [illegible] came must not be disturbed.

"Miss Betty! Miss Betty!"

"Oh, what is it, Tim?"

The old sergeant saw the commanding officer, came to attention, and gave a salute.

"Sorr, I have to report that [illegible] Bradley is dead."

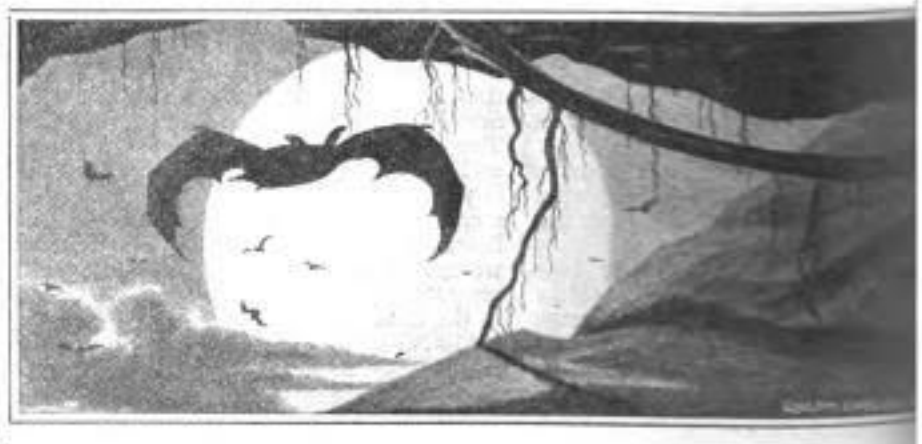
"Dead?" repeated Jimmy.

"By his own hand. Yis, sorr."

The girl of Jimmy's dreams [illegible] slightly and crumpled into a [illegible] Jimmy did not move toward her. [illegible] moment he was aware of just [illegible] in that room—that room with [illegible] ancient inscrutable China, mystic [illegible] whelming the things of a newer, [illegible] certain civilization. As he stared [illegible] abiding tranquillity of the face [illegible] Foo Low the somber eyes were lifted. The lips moved in [illegible] speech.

"Just is the wheel."

(THE END)



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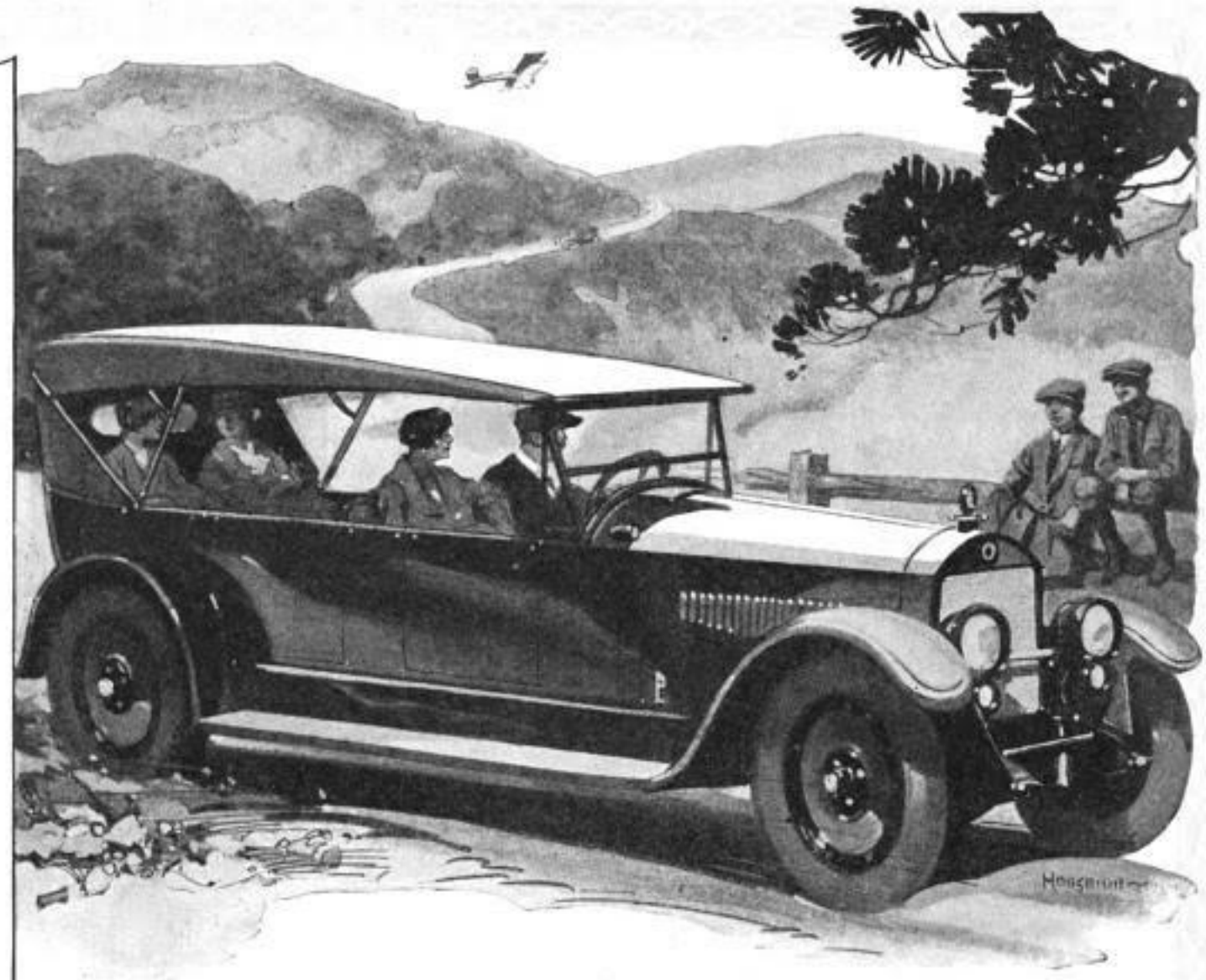


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ILL STREET TIPSTERS AND THEIR METHODS

(Continued from Page 15)

truth that this all leads to is verage speculator does not want t investments. What he does hort cut; he wants to be saved e of investigation. A tip, or often called inside information, thing but a lazy man's excuse a bad investment.

at the bottom of this whole evil that action is much easier than t is very much easier for a man nat someone else tells him to do his own head. The writer asked of one of the most powerful stitutions in Wall Street why w tips. We were sitting alone oom, and upon entering it the aid his hat upon a table close took our seats. The financier nly and sharply as he pointed

e your hat."

quickly to look at the hat and reached out to hand it to him. why people follow tips. They re told. They are waiting for them what to do. They want do something. They act on blindly follow the herd. The e the tip the more likely they it. At least half the men who is room would hand me their hey realized what they were poke to them positively and nough."

s seek to substitute guesses, rs, mysteries, tips, inside and information, services, leader- y—anything and everything— judgment in the making of . It cannot be done.

ind people bringing me tips," r of a banking institution at of the money power. "But a only the beginning of investi- ould be a hint to look up the average speculator doesn't ning. He doesn't care if the ue or intrinsic merit. All he w is whether it is going up. re him. He won't take the e himself the loss of his own ly something could be done esistible impulsive action of ut when people really get in hen their imaginations have there is no stopping them."

Never Can Tell

s of a company with which usiness for years," said an- "came to us recently and were doing so well and be- ible that they thought it to put their stock on the ater on the Stock Exchange. eral of us if we would like a ndred shares at 10, and we then put it on the Curb later it went on the Stock early 30, where it is now believe is worth the price. ally good tip, and I have r five like it in my life. ious part was that the tip o buy that stock before the n. Lots of people asked me of it and I replied that it ll right, and of course it think of the thousands of d other bankers have said as all right just because d made the same remark we really didn't know any-

the trouble," I remarked.

tell; in most cases a tip ood information, but once

business of the investor or ," was the quick reply. f common knowledge that peculators lose in the long speculative public is con- . This is certainly not to ecause the great majority extensive operations in erest irresponsible rumor, ould not spend so much wn business without the l extensive inquiry. The al stock operators, men who make a real business of it and who make their living that way instead of losing in speculation what they have made in business, usually profess a scorn for anyone's opinion and a passionate desire for facts.

Now it must be admitted that there are times when all tips make good, even in their crudest and most extravagant form. This gives the advisers, students, analysts and all the rest of the purveyors of market information a tremendous reputation. But the public does not seem to recognize that at such times it could make money in the market just as well without as with any information. Tips abound in a big bull market and sinister rumors are almost as frequent when the whole trend is downwards. But in point of fact, information of any sort is superfluous and unnecessary at such a time. The speculator merely rides with the tide, but does not seem to know it.

A Curious Explanation

Ignorance and foolhardiness are no handicap when currents are flowing fast. Indeed they are a great asset. A newspaper reporter once took a tip to a great financier when the market was boiling. "I want to tell you, however," said the journalist, "that that piece of information came from the biggest fool I know."

"That's just the kind I want," was the reply.

At the beginning of a bull market a member of a banking firm, who had previously been the manager of several industrial corporations, laid the plans for an important merger of automobile companies which was consummated in due time. One day he received a call from a cheap faking sort of tipster, who said he was able to give the banker the real reason for the advance in the stock of an automobile company in which the banker was a director. This company was to go into the merger, but the tipster did not know that any merger was even contemplated.

"It is this way," said the tipster: "A very rich man bought one of your cars and found it unsatisfactory. He was so annoyed that he sold the stock short until the company, finding out about it, gave him a new car. This pleased him so that he began buying the stock, and that is the reason why it is going up."

Yet if the tipster's customers had bought the stock when it was rising they might have made as much on the basis of this absurd rigmarole as the banker or his friends in possession of the facts would have made.

"I have had really good inside information only half a dozen times in my life," said this banker, "and then my interpretation and action upon it were about 95 per cent wrong, so where does the difference come in, anyhow?"

Wall Street does not lack altogether a sense of humor, and knows how to make fun of itself at times. There has never been a bull market that did not produce a crop of stories concerning the ludicrous ignorance of speculators, and in many cases of their brokers. When all stocks were going up several years ago a favorite type of such stories had to do with the speculator who bought Allis-Chalmers because he liked the Chalmers car, unaware, of course, that the Allis-Chalmers Company makes heavy engines, mining and other machinery, and not automobiles at all. But Allis-Chalmers also went up, so it made no difference.

More recently a man who had been in Wall Street for more than fifteen years expressed the opinion that in view of the radio developments all the low-priced electrical stocks were a good buy, and named among others the Habirshaw Electric, then selling at slightly more than two dollars a share. But this company manufactures cables and wire and has no connection with radio. On another recent occasion all the oil stocks began to move up, among them one by the name of Barnsdall. Two brokers were heard discussing the question of whether this was a movie or a chain-store company.

When stocks are rising or falling the speculator does not have to know anything; all he needs is a commitment on the right side. But his ignorance and rashness almost

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always keep him at it too long. He continues to act on blindfold rumors or on the even more effective tips in the form of continued upward spurts. Then the tide begins to recede without his knowing it, and he is left high and dry.

It is only in the rarest instances that operators are able to pick or note the change in the main stream or tide. This is only another way of saying that the majority of stock speculators are bullish at the top and bearish at the bottom. To be otherwise is almost humanly impossible for most persons, and that is why nearly everyone loses.

A common saying is that in the long run values and prices come together. But patience and pocketbooks are short-lived. People often buy the right thing at the wrong time and get tired of lugging it along. Brokers have a saying that early information will break anybody. This may seem puzzling at first glance, but is explained by a financier who is a director in several important corporations in this way:

"There is such a thing as having one's information too early. We know here months ahead regarding the dividend action of certain railroads. We make our commitments in the market accordingly, and then there is no action. The market lags and we often sell out at a loss. I am a director in the —— Railroad and know what dividend will be declared next month, but I may make more money by waiting until after it is announced than if I buy it now. No one really knows when to buy."

A broker said that he had bought the stock of a chemical company months ago on advance information of a new process, and after holding it for many weeks sold it in disgust, the upward movement beginning the day after he sold. The most active speculator of the day was quoted not long ago as saying:

"First find the line of least resistance. Don't buck the current. Make your play and then sit down and wait. It is a case of patience, patience and then more patience."

Twisted Information

Real inside information may become garbled at times as it is passed from mouth to mouth. On a very stormy Christmas night or perhaps it was Sunday night following a Christmas that fell on Saturday, more than ten years ago, the writer, who was then financial editor of a New York City newspaper, was called out of bed to the telephone just after twelve. He still remembers the snow coming in through the window and falling on his bare feet as he stood at the instrument. A voice from a distance informed him that the Rock Island company had bought the Lehigh Valley Railroad and would declare a 10 per cent dividend on its own stock from the rich assets of the Lehigh Valley. The writer went back to bed disgusted with this apparently open attempt to rig the market.

The next morning at the opening of the market Rock Island stock shot up from 50⅝ to 81 in less than five minutes, falling back to 50 in almost as short a time. The authorities of the Stock Exchange upon investigation suspended the broker who had executed the orders, but was, of course, unable to reach the wealthy principal who had put them in.

Rock Island stock never paid a 10 per cent dividend, and, indeed, the company before long went into receivership.

But the same plunging capitalist who was supposed to be responsible for the strange gyrations in Rock Island had been buying, so it was learned only a few days later, into Lehigh Valley also, and a year or two later the Lehigh Valley did actually increase its dividend to 10 per cent. There certainly was inside information in that particular tip, but anyone who had followed it literally would have lost his shirt.

Indeed, a fundamental difficulty with the following of tips or market information of any sort is that so much of it is put out originally for purposes of deception by interested persons. Macaulay in his famous account of the first great speculative craze said that "monstrous fables were circulated for the purpose of raising or depressing the price of shares." The statement is just as true to-day. No investor or speculator should take anyone else's advice, no matter what position the person holds, unless it appeals to his own judgment and intelligence.

Part of the great mass of information and misinformation concerning stocks arises in a perfectly innocent and [illegible] way. Anyone who buys or is contemplating buying a stock thinks for the time at least that he has shown good judgment and wanting to impress other people his wisdom imparts the information them. But there is much that cannot explained in quite so harmless a manner.

"When I first came down here I think all this talk about the 'interests making and unmaking the market dishing the common people was all bunk' said a man associated with capitalistic interests of the first magnitude. "Naturally course, some of it is bunk. Confidence to be right and major currents can be bucked with safety. But you have to very close to this game to realize how manipulation is going on whenever conditions favor. Even people very high the financial world cannot discover the most careful inquiry who is behind various stock movements and operations. I recently asked a Wall Street banker dent whom I know intimately to get facts for me, but he could get no further than I."

Uncertainties of Oil

"Now take what we will call by illustration the Texas-Mountain Company. There are some big people in they certainly struck it rich. They paying off their bonds rapidly and earning several million dollars a But geologists say they have only three to three months to go, and then be exhausted. Yet they are planning declare a big dividend, having engaged famous manipulator, James R. Keene run the pool, and perhaps they will for listing on the Stock Exchange. a big following for this stock worked up and, of course, the insiders distributing it rapidly. It is expected down to five dollars a share from present price as anything can be. The pool is so powerful that no one dares the stock short, for the pool can to almost any figure—70, say—and the inevitable crash comes.

"Then there is the Blank Oil. I think Blank himself, who made his own cattle business, was all right he discovered a little oil under and got in touch with Wall looked it up and found what a field that is, and then I discovered put out nearly a million shares which they expected to run up the movement was on, tips were thick and fast that the price was I was getting ready to sell short for a dead certainty that it was a sale, when the exhaustion of the me to it, and the stock has now few dollars a share, where it belongs.

"You know the old Wall Street Daniel Drew, who was engaged tribute a block of stock. He told of his church that it was a good but that the information was and must not be passed on. Of course, the rector told everybody congregation, and Drew had unloading.

"When the rector complained he was sorry but it had been judgment and the stock was not he thought it was."

There is no substantial end this old story of Daniel Drew. modern market riggers use distribute their wares; but that boosted by the aid of rumors lated by pools in order to get any bull market or the least one, admits of not the slightest Rich capitalists, just like the bucket-shop suckers, get stung ness conditions change and quickly follows prosperity. The ference is that some of the wait and afford to hire unload their stocks when more favor.

At the time of this writing the stock market has had a tinuous rise for some weeks past. sound reasons probably in a tion from an overdone pessimism improved business conditions have also been artificial efforts of a powerful group of make a market for the stock company which they and bought and had seen fall purchase price. In this

(Continued on Page

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In line with this progress, the service of the modern funeral director not only includes the obvious duties of the undertaker but extends itself to some sixty or seventy details that require from a half minute's to a half day's time.

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Parkmount

THE CINCINNATI COFFIN COMPANY

Russian Border. Symbol of the End, the Burnt-Out Candle. Message number ten. Copyrighted 1922 C. C. Co.

(Continued from Page 142)

company is an important factor in its industry, but what value the stock has is problematical. One set of financiers say they honestly believe the stock was and is worth 50 or 60, and another group as well informed described the whole gigantic operation as a second-story job. Time alone will tell.

There are all degrees of construction, charitable and otherwise, to be put upon manipulated market operations. But always there are tips, the regular old game of spreading the glad tidings of good news in order to get out from under. Even where banking syndicates put out conservative bonds there are certain tricks to the trade. It does not pay to allow bonds to sink at once to their natural market level. Investors may be easily frightened. The idea is to keep the price only a fraction above the original issuing figure, about one-quarter of one per cent. It would not do to put the price too high, for that would lead many investors to sell.

One-quarter of one per cent is hardly more than the commission the holder would have to pay for selling, and it is considered safe therefore to keep the price up by that much. Usually it is only the closing price for the day that is manipulated, for that is the price the investor usually notices. I imagine a careful study of the activities of the great banking and investment firms at five minutes to three o'clock in the afternoon would often disclose some rapid telephoning to various associated firms for the purpose of establishing a strong closing price.

From this we go clear to the other extreme of manipulation, the giving of actually false information or the sending in to brokerage houses of fake orders. The laws of New York State prohibit the giving of false tips or the circulation of false rumors or information of any kind designed to affect market prices. There are at least two sections of the Penal Law, Sections 926 and 952, which cover very fully the giving of false information intended to elevate or depress the price of stocks and bonds. Under one of these sections it has been held a crime knowingly to circulate a false rumor that a receiver is about to be appointed for a corporation.

Effects of Manipulation

Though there have been several cases where persons who sought to depress the price of stocks have been prosecuted, I personally have never heard of anyone being indicted for seeking to raise prices. Most pool and manipulative operations could be brought under the law only with great difficulty, because usually the information given out is not actually false, even though its intention is to affect the price of stocks. Indeed, such operations have been defended as a form of advertising, as judicious preparation of the market or as a method of bringing securities to the public's attention. It is a form of wire pulling, "The fine art of buying and selling stocks to the best advantage," which is defended as being legitimate as long as it does not carry prices too far from true values.

Often the actual information given out, though true enough in itself, is only a partial truth, and the stock is being distributed by insiders because conditions as a whole are unfavorable. Then there are cases no doubt where the information is perfectly legitimate and the pools and syndicates are themselves acting in good faith toward the public. But financial and business conditions change so rapidly that they are unable to carry out their plans of corporate development, and are obliged in order to save their own skins to get out from under as fast as possible.

It sometimes seems as if a great amount of time were wasted in analyzing the values of stocks. On the basis of statistical studies a stock may appear to be worth this or that figure, but such analysis can go up to the point where manipulation begins, and no further. What advantage to the investor and speculator are the studies of a thin pale-faced Harvard or Columbia Ph.D. in economics, surrounded by his manuals, maps and Interstate Commerce Commission statistics, if a great banking house has secretly employed James R. Sharp to place buying orders for thirty thousand shares through ten different brokerage houses, and selling orders for twenty thousand shares through ten other houses?

As said before, intrinsic values and prices almost always approach each other in the long run. But the run may be so interminably long, the mills of the gods grind so slowly before James R. Sharp his kind have finished and true values restored, that thousands of speculators investors as well, may have sold out disgust and at a loss.

But do not jump too hastily to the conclusion, reader, that the interests use their time in bilking the poor outsider. They do, more or less, but also they are constantly doing one another and themselves. A man reputed to be worth or twenty million dollars was very extensively, and apparently himself, not long ago in the market time he, single-handed, conducted movement in a low-priced but railroad stock. At that time he was to be trading through a well-known of excellent connections and high ing. Through them he was carrying thirty thousand shares of the the price kept rising the members firm themselves became more and cited and finally put all their own customers into the stock.

The speculator who had start movement did not actually tell to buy. But his actions spoke louder words. Everyone connected with became enthusiastic over the Meanwhile, of course, wholly unknown them, he was selling an even larger through other firms and using ment he had created for purposes tribution.

Pool Operations

Indeed, the legal history of the New York is filled with litigation how pool managers and partners out on one another. Wall Street has had the feeling that capitalists are two great classes—those whose terest in life is the construction ment of industry, and those who greatest joy in the manipulation market place. In the last analysis value of a stock usually depends which group the managers of a belong to. One of Wall Street's descriptions of the stock-market is that "For a nickel he would on which his grandmother was to

It is a fact to which attention called that manipulative operations mors, alleged inside and confidential mation and tips seem to play slight part in the market prices of of the largest corporate issues. This was not true perhaps in the of the United States Steel Corporation if it exists to-day it is so skillfully as to defy ordinary detection. This would seem to be true of companies Standard Oil and the American Telephone and Telegraph.

Lest the reader imagine that companies are being unduly favored hasten to add that the average man would not ascribe this concern unearthly virtue on the part of directors and bankers of these Perhaps these gentlemen are this way, but it is also true that the are so large that pools can them.

The Steel and Telephone companies have half a billion dollars of their stock, and the operations of a bear or of a bold pool would be in ocean. If anyone succeeded in boosting these stocks far above value he would bring out such to ruin him.

Then, too, these corporations that there is very little mystery their affairs. Speculation thrives upon mystery, and, of course, and pool operations languish where no mystery. If easily available concerning a company's affairs exhaustive and authoritative its point entirely. After looking ports of the Steel and Telephone the average speculator would silly dealing in hints, guesses and The Standard Oil Company spread forth its affairs in such is quick to deny rumors and apprehensions.

It would be a mistake, however pose that all artificial operations are harmful or are undertaken worthy motives. In a few cases been organized to keep up stocks largely because the been induced to buy at a

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s and directors did not want to small owners suffer.
rather amusing fact, also, that ations have often enabled the rational holders of securities to favorable prices. Universities, foundations and insurance com- hich for one reason or another ell large lines of stock, try to operations in order to catch a apping. Suppose John Smith, the Chewing Gum Trust, turns undred million dollars in high- s to an institution for the care children. Then along comes the ature and says it is a menace to s of the people for this institu- stocks, and that it must sell invest only in gilt-edged bonds. tion is given five years in which f the stocks.
treasurer sell when the market Not so that you would notice let us say, 20,000 shares of ley. He waits until a strong begins to operate in Lehigh then secretly unloads. There pool so fears as what is known a barrel, which usually means company, charitable founda- ity or big estate. But if the get a few points higher for his sand crippled children may be tter cared for, and the pool is position to squeal. There are cations to the financial mar- st people ever dream of.
virtue sometimes is able thus phant on the prostrate form k-market mysteries, tips and ally full of danger for those lo with them, whether of high . Said an official of a large tution in New York:
er they are the harder they taken me years to learn to ings alone. A few years ago old conservative bank asked anything about Sky Blue not telling you to buy,' he know the president of the al Bank, don't you?' naming ding financiers in New York. and ask him what he knows is a director.'
the bank president and he wing account, and sent me ort, which I never read. I hundred shares, and it has wn ever since.
r occasion I was called into well-known bank president time after I came to New said, 'One of the oldest ses in New York is Silver, They are putting out the razy Screen Pictures Com- are letting me have seven at 37. Would you like to amount at the same price?' anxious about it, but I was travel in the company of ker, and didn't want to be er. The stock is practically

ying it Safe

eformed. I slipped up every d to get rich. Now I search in New York but in other ned preferred stocks that nt dividends and are selling its below their real value. current earnings, and look who are running the com- find out what is back of it atience to work that way, big money in it. But I le more money this way

er day I bought the pre- the International Blank ays 6 per cent and I got it any had a hard time after policy was conservative of cash and quick assets. y dividends on the com- couple of years, but there common now. People are and left, and my friends to be satisfied with the have learned my lesson." supposed by the specu- t Wall Street newspaper it as favorable a position rmation as the financiers doubt a number of them siderable sums in the is more or less of a curse on such money, and newspaper men have been no freer from it than others. One young reporter earning hardly more than twenty dollars a week began to gamble at the beginning of a big bull market. His story is vividly told by an older newspaper man.

"He was always saying, 'Buy yourself some Blank.' 'Oh,' was my reply. We old-timers never would bite, but the suckers bought and made a lot of money. Finally he gave up his job, bought himself a big limousine with a chauffeur to go up and down town in. Then he got into Bunkem Tire and cleared at least three hundred thousand dollars and perhaps more before the crash came. He had an office of his own with his name on the door, with strings of curb brokers going in and out, and his desk covered with comparison sheets and a battery of telephones. Then he put his money into another stock just when the big decline started and lost it all."

Mr. Harriman's Announcement

A newspaperman who had never felt the lure of speculation and had never taken part in it, although for many years in active touch with the Wall Street markets, was once relating an experience to a financier as keen and able as he is conservative:

"Early on a hot August afternoon in 1906 we all learned that E. H. Harriman was to give out an announcement. We filed into the board room and sat down around the directors' table only a couple of moments after the last of the directors had left. Then Harriman himself came in and eying us sharply sat at the head of the table. Without more ado he told us that the directors had just voted to begin dividends at the rate of 5 per cent on Southern Pacific stock and to increase the rate from 6 to 10 per cent on Union Pacific. The news bureau and evening paper men rushed out as soon as Harriman would let them leave the room, but, of course, the morning paper men were in no such hurry. I remember as distinctly as if it had happened yesterday how hot it was in the corridor of the old Equitable Building as the Herald man and I slowly sauntered out toward Nassau Street.

"'Why, I wonder if Union Pacific stock won't go up on that announcement,' I remarked as the thought struck me for the first time.

"'Perhaps it will,' said the other man.

"But that was the last I thought of it for several hours. What a fool I was not to run into a brokerage office and buy myself some Union Pacific! For by that time the next afternoon it was selling nearly 20 points higher."

"No, you were not foolish," said the financier after listening quietly. "Do you realize that if you had the temperament that would have led you into a broker's office that afternoon it would have taken you there a dozen other times on what would have proved to have been mistakes? I once heard one capitalist complain to another that he never got any good information from him. 'Well,' said the man addressed, 'you can have everything in my strong box to-day for what I paid for it, and I will be well satisfied.'"

In conclusion, there is no more significant fact to point to than the censorship that the New York Stock Exchange exercises over the advertising of its members. It opposes any advertising that attempts to sway the judgment of customers by more or less positive predictions regarding future prices. That this censorship is carried out so completely as to include every piece of literature published or letters written by members is contended by no one. It is said that this would be physically impossible.

The London Stock Exchange is even stricter, brokers being prohibited from advertising altogether or from addressing anyone but their own customers. Very little provision is made by members of the London Stock Exchange for customers' rooms, for blackboards and other similar means of inducing ill-advised speculation. These bare facts regarding the policies adopted by the two greatest stock exchanges in the world point more conclusively than all the rest of this article to the danger involved in the purchase of stocks on tips and rumors by the average speculator. The authorities of the world's two leading stock exchanges, from the experience of a hundred years, know that it can't be done.

LEADERSHIP
Quality-Price-Service

Proven by the fact that Republic has more motor trucks in use than any other exclusive truck manufacturer.

REPUBLIC TRUCK SALES CORPORATION
ALMA, MICH.

REPUBLIC

Republic has more trucks in use than any other exclusive truck manufacturer

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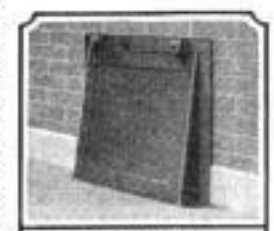
Styles for Every Requirement


Grade Line Chute


Ready for Coal

THERE is a MAJESTIC Coal Window or Coal Chute designed especially for every type of house or building. For example, the MAJESTIC Grade Line Chute is for buildings with little or no foundation above the ground. And the MAJESTIC Store Chute is for store or office buildings. It does away with the sidewalk coal hole—no need to put up a bond. And each MAJESTIC protects against damage—and saves you money. Sold by 3,500 hardware, building supply and lumber dealers. Write for catalog and your dealer's name.

THE MAJESTIC COMPANY
HUNTINGTON INDIANA


Store Chute


Ready for Coal

The Mark of a Modern House or Building

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Something New!

"LITTLE PARIS"

Great for Summer Wear

The small shield and half inch silk cable elastic make *Little PARIS* extremely light, cool and comfortable. Freedom from binding is assured by the long stretch, peppy elastic

3000 Hours of Solid Comfort
in every pair – 50¢

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CHICAGO NEW YORK







"My Wild Irish Rose" is an adaptation of Dion Boucicault's great stage success, "The Shaughraun" (the ne'er-do-well). The plot deals with Ireland during its early struggles. Pathos, tragedy and comedy are blended to just the right degree. Produced with an all-star cast.

"My Wild Irish Rose" is a triumph of adaptation from one of the sweetest Irish stories of all time. A great picture.

"It breathes the love that Dion Boucicault would have put into it had he had the screen."

"The most delightful Irish story of the period, magnificently done."

"An emotional thrill in every scene."

"A new beauty given to this 40-year success by Vitagraph's reverent treatment."

"A picture that portrays the Ireland of that period faithfully. All that Boucicault lacked to make his great story greater was the screen—and Vitagraph.

"My Wild Irish Rose" will be shown at your favorite theatre soon. Watch for it.

VITAGRAPH
ALBERT E. SMITH PRESIDENT

THE LANGUAGE OF THE ANGEL

(Continued from Page 5)

own mind. Should he lie? He had lied many a time to get donations; lied with a clear conscience, cheated, almost stolen money to keep things going. And Chic always fell for one particular lie—hunger. He was something of an epicure. It dated way back. Hunger. He had never forgotten those days. Who could? And sly old Mudgett knew that all he had to say was: "Chic, I've scrimped and scraped, haunted the public markets, bargained, beat down and begged; but it's come to necessities. The milk bill isn't paid. Food. Just slip into the dormitory, second floor, some night after supper, and hear them—crying." And he could visualize those well-fed hands guiding a pen over a large pink check—four figures. He had no compunction about lying, none in the least. It wasn't that. He started in.

"Chic, I've scrimped ——"

But there old Mudgett stopped. Something he had never felt before stopped him; an invisible yet physical force. And something put a thought in his head: "Well now, what kind of a heaven is this you're going to build—founded on a lie? Fine foundation for heaven—lies!"

"I've scrimped and scraped, Chic—and, well—they have plenty to eat," said Mudgett. "I want money for something else."

Immediately Chic became intensely hard-hearted—his natural self. He pushed the calendar away from him across the glass-topped desk with an impatient gesture. "Not a cent! Do you think I can build whole blocks of houses? That's what you want it for—that monument to yourself! Think I'm going to build monuments to Thomas A. Mudgett! Not a sou marquee! Imagine! A pauper from whom the Government is taking half his income building a monument to Tom Mudgett! That's too thick, Tom. Not a cent."

"It isn't for the new home," said old Mudgett. But here his new morality slipped a cog. "Money," said he, "for necessary repairs. I got to have the fourth floor fixed up." Again his morality slipped—an entire set of cogs this time. "We—we're overcrowded. Say, Chic, suppose—just suppose a certain foundling home had been overcrowded thirty-seven years ago this August."

"Cut it out!" snapped the broker. "You're blackmailing!"

"Just suppose ——" repeated Mudgett shamelessly.

"Not a cent! Income tax. I haven't got a cent, I tell you."

Mudgett shrewdly read the thoughts back of the sudden pallor of the man behind the desk, and with hardly any effort at all the intensely practical head and shoulders of the home triumphed over all inconvenient moral qualms.

"Chic, couldn't you cheat the Government a little in your tax return? Just a little?"

"Cheat our Government! I—me!" barked the broker. "How can you be so damned naïve?" He threw back his head and choked with mirth. "Cheat the Government a little! A—a little! Tom, you old—you—you —— Bless your—your pure and innocent heart, I'd give a check in five figures if I had a heart as crooked and—and pure as yours. I'd ——" He pulled his desk drawer out against his ample stomach and extracting a large check book jabbed the cork-handled pen into the ink. "A hundred dollars a word. That's what I'm going to give you for that. A hundred dollars a word. Count the words: 'Chic — couldn't — you — cheat — the — Government—a—little—in—your—tax—return? Just—a—little?'"

"Fifteen words," said Mudgett solemnly.

"Fifteen hundred dollars," said Chic. He started to write, but his stomach, shoulders and hand were shaking so mirthfully he had to give it up. "For charity," he managed to enunciate between grunts. "For charity! I—Tom, you don't mind—I got to tell this in the Street. Too good to keep. For charity! A cheat-the-Government-a-little charity!" He scratched his name to the check and coming around his desk pounded old Mudgett on the shoulder as the latter made for the door. "Keep it up, Tom. Cheat, lie, steal, blow up the U. S. Treasury; but feed those kids."

Mudgett turned at the door. "I say now, if you knew what this check is going to be used for you wouldn't laugh. You'd be too happy to laugh. I'm going to build a kind of heaven on the fourth floor [illegible] No humbugging: the real thing. [illegible] blue walls and—maybe a little [illegible] ming—you know, like heaven might look."

III

AS THOMAS A. MUDGETT [illegible] from the bowels of the earth [illegible] eighth Street a hoydenish March [illegible] lifted his derby and sailed it into the [illegible] Mudgett made a grab, missed, [illegible] stood balancing on the edge of the [illegible] transfixed by the sight of his hat [illegible] the feet of a dray horse. The horse [illegible] his forefoot with fetlocks hanging [illegible] great hoof. Mudgett said a short [illegible] The hoof seemed to hesitate, fling [illegible] then step over the derby; and to [illegible] this remarkable miracle the horse [illegible] the derby with its hind foot and Mudgett reaching down picked up his hat [illegible] gutter.

"Well now, well now!" said Mudgett, astonished and delighted.

He wiped the gutter water off as [illegible] could, straightened the brim, which [illegible] slightly broken, and entered the [illegible] Shackelton, Buck & Garvey.

Shackelton, Buck & Garvey were [illegible] architects who during the past few [illegible] had made and altered plans for the [illegible] foundling home. Mudgett was [illegible] However, Mr. Buck maintained: "[illegible] Mudgett's all right. Penurious, [illegible] he's all right. Don't mind him at [illegible] of understand him. Figure it out [illegible] Mudgett got his first peep at life [illegible] the bars of a crib in a foundling home [illegible] his first glimpse of the sky in the [illegible] was polishing. He's driving at [illegible] worth while—that new foundling [illegible] The way he hangs on—scrapes, [illegible] lies! His tenacity—not half bad."

This was the golden-hearted [illegible] Buck had of seeing humanity. He [illegible] the brilliant member of the firm—[illegible] ton was that, Garvey the dynamic [illegible] the humanitarian. Good combination [illegible] fine successful firm: Shackelton, Buck & Garvey, architects.

But as old Mudgett knew well, [illegible] Shackelton, Buck & Garvey were [illegible] renovation work. They did palaces [illegible] ings, theaters, churches, courthouses [illegible] a cathedral, it is true, but around [illegible] of Mr. Buck's office were large water [illegible] graphs of twelve of the finest in Europe [illegible] haps this was significant—an artist's [illegible] ambition of Mr. Buck, humanitarian.

Mudgett had paused at the door [illegible] Mr. Buck's office, holding his derby [illegible] under his left arm. He pulled [illegible] then without further delay commenced [illegible] sing his sparrowlike song.

"Just a little piece of work [illegible] building, Mr. Buck. Cheap. Must [illegible] Glass across the front—light, sunshine [illegible] Cheap."

"All three—light, sunshine and [illegible] free," Mr. Buck reminded him [illegible]

"Must have them," insisted Mudgett [illegible]

He seated himself, knees agape [illegible] of Mr. Buck's desk, and went [illegible] Extraordinary the things Mudgett [illegible] One huge room reaching all the [illegible] the front of the old brick building [illegible] the babies; antechamber; the [illegible] proof walls. Portholes high up [illegible] large room and the antechamber [illegible] were other things: One nurse's [illegible] bath. Yes, he wanted that. Nurse [illegible] and bath. And, he had almost [illegible] a small dietary kitchen. Must [illegible] kitchen. Complete plant, cut off [illegible] rest of the house. He reached [illegible] nermost pocket of his vest and [illegible] intensely practical and somewhat [illegible] tious manner pulled forth a [illegible] smoothed it out on Mr. Buck's [illegible]

"I've got to have enough out [illegible] furniture and furnishings."

Mr. Buck glanced at the check [illegible] good-humoredly. He made a few [illegible] tions, sent for a young man [illegible] figures, and handed them to Mudgett.

Mudgett, refusing to believe [illegible] looked close, then glanced [illegible] broken derby and cleared his throat [illegible]

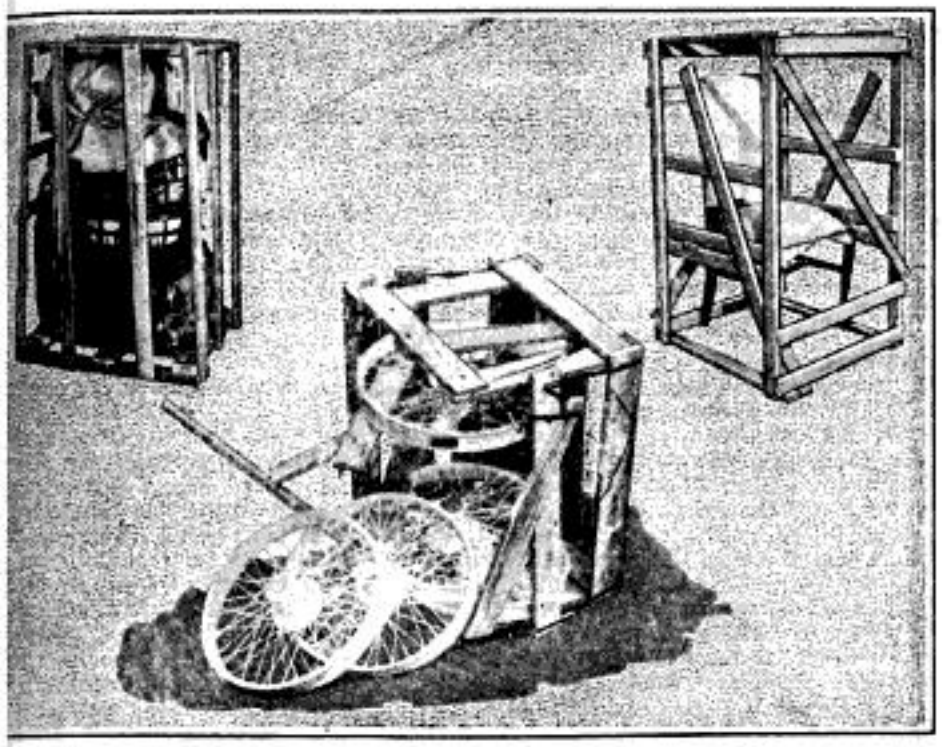
"I haven't got that much. I [illegible]

The intensely humane architect [illegible] his shrewd crestfallen client [illegible] this for, Mudgett—the fourth? [illegible] are you going to use it for?" Over [illegible]

Old Mudgett prepared to [illegible] utter a lie, opened his mouth, and [illegible]

(Continued on Page [illegible])

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"WHEN traffic again reaches a normal quantity much freight will go to pieces in transit by reason of insufficient packing unless a very material improvement in packing is effected."

The above paragraph from the report of a division freight agent of one of the leading railroads of the country will suggest to many business men the importance of checking up on their present methods of packing their goods for shipment.

• • • •

At the left are shown a few specimens of faulty crates—by no means exceptional instances. You will find scores of such crates at any freight terminal, anytime. They help pile up the claims for damaged freight which every year mount into millions of dollars.

• • • •

The services of a Weyerhaeuser crating engineer are available to any shipper who thinks that his packing methods might be improved.

Does the Proper Packing of Goods Pay?

ASK any jobber or retail merchant what he thinks about the value f proper packing.

The chances are he will name ıose shippers whose products ways arrive in good condition—ady for immediate use or sale. o needless repair costs; no damge claims and allowances to haggle er; no lost parts to replace.

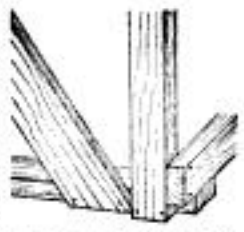
He will probably tell you that this one reason why he likes to do ısiness with them.

HIPPERS in all lines are find- ing that proper packing makes ling easier. The elimination of mage claims and allowances eeds collections and increases ofits. Very frequently, too, they ve found it possible, through scific crate design, to reduce, maially, their packing costs.

One large manufacturer has ed 28% in lumber on one crate, % on another, and more than % on a third. His total savings lumber and shipping weight ount to over ten thousand dol- a year. And in each instance redesigned crate has proved re efficient than the one formerly d.

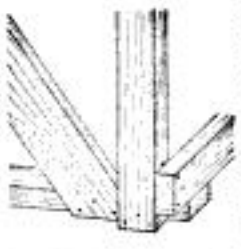
roper crate construction is no longer a matter of guesswork. The engineering principles upon which it is based are now thoroughly established by the experience, observation and experiments of the U. S. Forest Products Laboratory, the railroads and many large shippers as well.

In the same manner that merchandise is being designed, tested, redesigned and tried out, so, too, are the crates which are to carry these goods being designed and built to meet successfully the hazards of transportation at a minimum cost.



THESE illustrations show how a few important details of construction can increase the strength of a crate. In the upper picture note that the frame members are held by two nails driven in a row, while in the other, three nails are used and they are staggered. Greater holding power is thus obtained and the danger of splitting is materially reduced.

The double mitre on the diagonal brace shown below also gives a bearing against the upright frame member, thus transmitting any thrust it might receive directly to the frame of the crate rather than to its fastenings, as would be the case above.



The proper size, thickness and kind of lumber, and the size and spacing of nails, will vary with the requirements of each individual crate. The strength of a crate can often be increased when necessary without increasing the amount of lumber used.

The Weyerhaeuser organization has for years been at work on this problem—collecting and analyzing the facts, so that every foot of lumber it sells for crating purposes will deliver 100% service and at the same time effect the greatest saving for the shipper.

As a result, this organization now offers to the industrial user of crating lumber the services of a practical crating engineer. Without cost to you we will send this man to your plant, to check up your crates, and with the co-operation of your shipping department to redesign your shipping containers to fit in each case the products to be packed.

Lumber is the standard material for shipping containers. For this purpose, this organization offers to factory and industrial buyers, from its fifteen distributing points, ten different kinds of lumber of uniform quality and in quantities adequate to any shipper's needs.

A BOOKLET, "Better Crating," which outlines the principles of crate construction and explains the personal service of Weyerhaeuser engineers, will be sent on request to manufacturers who use crating lumber.

Weyerhaeuser Forest Products are distributed through the established trade channels by the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company, Spokane, Washington, with branch offices at 208 So. La Salle Street, Chicago; 1015 Lexington Bldg., Baltimore; and 4th and Roberts Sts., St. Paul; and with representatives throughout the country.

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PREPARED WAX

Johnson's Prepared Wax comes in three convenient forms—***Paste Wax,*** for polishing floors and linoleum—***Liquid Wax,*** the dust-proof polish for furniture, woodwork, linoleum and automobiles—***Powdered Wax,*** makes perfect dancing floors.

Building??

Doubtless you want the most house for the least money. Our book will help you realize that ambition without "cutting corners." Explains how inexpensive woods can be finished as beautifully as more costly varieties. Tells *what* materials to use and *how* to use them. Includes color charts—gives covering capacities, etc. If, after receiving book, you wish further information, write our Individual Advice Department. Experts will gladly solve your problem *without charge.*

We'll gladly send the book **FREE** and postpaid for the name of a good painter in your town.

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Our counsel is free. Tell us your age, occupation and ambition, and we will explain our service which has given thousands of young men the greatest value in instruction-by-mail for the least cost. We offer 240 other courses in addition to Traffic Management—electrical, commercial, mechanical and civil engineering, agricultural, drawing, etc. Mention your preference.

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Get the facts
See Page 75

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LEARN ABOUT WONDERFUL NEW POWER MAKER.

Practically eliminates spark lever—stops misfiring—adds power and speed—saves gas and is waterproof. It is a wonderful new ignition system now in use on several of America's high-grade motor cars and built by the biggest concern of its kind. Price is low. Ask for booklet and learn about **FREE TRIAL OFFER.**

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USEFUL INFORMATION AND TABLES,
a book for business men, builders, mechanics and agriculturists will be mailed on receipt of 20 cents.
J. N. CAHAN, 506 W. 177th St., New York, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 146)

The invisible force he had felt in the Broad Street office took hold of him again, making him inarticulate. He gazed down at his dilapidated derby, still wet and streaked with gutter water. He hadn't been able to tell Chic that the foundlings were hungry. What was coming over him? It was expedient, necessary to lie a little now and then. He argued with himself—he had lied, after all, to Chic, told him exactly what he wanted to tell Mr. Buck right now: "Overcrowded—the home's overcrowded, no more room." All he had to do was to repeat this in order to touch the humanitarian heart of Mr. Buck. He glanced shrewdly at the clear, spectacled eyes of the architect. Again he opened his mouth, just as something whispered inside him: "Heaven built upon a foundation of lies."

Old Mudgett trembled with the battle going on inside of him. "No," he gulped against his most intensely practical judgment, "there's room enough, but ——" His derby rolled to the floor unnoticed; he leaned his wide flat chest hard against the walnut desk. "I know you'll keep all I'm going to tell you a secret until—until the experiment's finished. You won't say anything." And he told Mr. Buck his master idea.

Before Mudgett had finished Buck had risen, looked with unseeing eyes at the sepia prints of cathedrals, sat down again and leaned his elbows on his desk—ejaculating now and again: "Interesting! Say, Mudgett, it is an idea! Why hasn't somebody done this before? Interesting!

"Now look here." This was when Mudgett had finished and was reaching uncertainly to recover his derby. "To put it squarely, you want the fourth floor, front, to look as much like heaven as possible, don't you?"

"Yes," admitted Mudgett. "I didn't say so, but that was in my mind. They come from heaven. You believe that, don't you? I say, Mr. Buck, you believe that, don't you?"

Mr. Buck did not commit himself. "As much like heaven as possible."

"Yes, yes." Mudgett glanced at the architect a little suspiciously. "But remember—cheap."

Buck laughed. "Leave it to me."

"You'll fix it up—cheap?" The beads of sweat were standing out on the thin bridge of his nose. "Azure-blue walls and ceiling?"

"Azure blue," repeated Buck.

"Light, sunshine, air?"

"Glass across the entire front, facing the south," declared the architect. "All the south side will be fixed so it can be thrown open."

But even in his ecstasy old Mudgett couldn't refrain from singing his sparrow song: "You'll do it cheap? And you won't forget the listening apparatus and—the portholes? I got to see and hear, keep records, be out of sight."

"Leave it to me," insisted Mr. Buck. "Nothing will be left undone. Interesting." He studied his shrewd, penurious patron with a whimsical gaze. "More interesting, I think," said he deliberately, "than you realize. Anything else?"

Mudgett pulled his elongated ear, fumbled with his derby, arose and leaned over Mr. Buck's desk. "Just one other thing. Gold trimmings—real eighteen-carat gold-leaf trimmings. I'll pay for it," he gulped. "Just a little somewhere around the walls—gold leaf."

Buck continued to scrutinize him. "It's going to be interesting," said he softly to himself. "Why the gold trimmings?"

"Well now—well," faltered poor old Mudgett, "it used to be sort of my idea of heaven—a touch of gold somewhere."

"I understand," said Buck, and pushed a carefully creased bit of paper toward his patron. "Don't forget to take this. Use it for furniture. You'll need all of it."

Mudgett stared incredulously. Slowly his talons closed on the fifteen-hundred-dollar check. "You mean you'll bill me for the work?"

"No," said Mr. Buck. "I'm going to build this heaven for your foundlings without charge."

Mudgett hung there, gaping, then put the check in his innermost pocket, moved toward the door, fumbled with his derby. "I say now, I'd like to pay for that gold leaf myself."

Buck did not move for a long moment after the door had closed; merely gazed at the sepia print of Notre Dame on the wall facing his desk.

"Interesting," he said finally to t "to see what this experiment is goin to old Mudgett himself."

IV

TO ALL outward appearances M spent the remaining part of the noon holding tight to his derby, and still to his check. He allowed himself blown in the direction of East Ei there, on First Avenue and Avenue in the side streets and alleys, he ha beat down and begged in one secon store after another—but bought no gle article of furniture. At the moment in each bargain, after a and dickering until the secondha was shouting hoarsely and waving like windmills in a tornado, old would end the negotiations by pu ear and saying, "Well now, put th Maybe I'll come back to-morrow he would depart abruptly, leav astounded merchant gasping and

His lips sang his sparrow song: cheap, cheap"; but his cavern was heavy. Hadn't he a check pocket? Wasn't Mr. Buck going the fourth floor, free? Then what matter? Mudgett couldn't answer question; merely stalked into secondhand store and started th all over again with the same purchases.

At Thirty-sixth Street a youn shabby coat brushed by, stoppe corner, opened a solid-looking and switched on the arc light glanced up at the sky. Dusk h over the city. Lights were in the Streams of people were crowding streets. Suddenly he wanted t at the foundling home. He m Subway station, but walking wa He walked.

At the corner of the next bl caught his eye beckoningly: Pa phone. He paused. Something to enter and phone Chic that the home was not crowded—at empty cribs; urged him to effa Well now, hadn't he lied before time. What harm was it? He d pocket with the check and hurr

As he crossed Fifty-ninth St at a terrific, long-legged gait, try distance the thing inside of hi denly slackened his pace at the child with a brace on her leg was made of rusty steel and lea Old Mudgett spoke to her edged away; but presently he her hand and the child was lang walked for a way together. Sh gett—trying to evade that new of his!

As he skirted Central Park he a man walking the curb and lea land pony. A small boy was b ride. Old Mudgett strode ac street, placed the boy on the shook his bony fist at the man grinned and said "Git-ep!" swore. Then all four of them t in silence, save for the click- Shetland's little shoes on the a

But these things, which the other day have given him a th contentment, did not in the l that lump of gloom inside. H swinging through the lamp-lit and nearer to the foundling ho

"Now I say, what's the m me?"

And the answer was cl "You're building heaven with bottom of it."

He finally groaned: "O L mysterious way remove this ho chest. It hurts. But," he add "don't make me fool enough check back to Chic. Not th not that!"

Half an hour later he reached doorway of the home and entere ness of his office. For a wh there; nor can it be said that was thinking. He was feeling groped for his desk, pushed the with physical force and will to he switched on the light. M standing inside with the door

Some inward, ineffable th audible sound—a noise like a thing hurt—dull and heavy

Miss Bax gazed at him w gray eyes. "Mr. Mudgett, ha anything to eat to-day?"

"Eat?" he echoed vague his innermost pocket he

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heck and examined it. "I've the finances. Did you have the r cleaned out, everything? Did Bax?"

Mr. Buck, of Shackelton, Buck is going to fix it up the way I . No charge. And"—he dan- heck toward her—"money for nd fixtures." He began to tell his day—a jumble of words. ing to have a room up there, ur own. I told Buck I wanted he said he'd do it free. I told room and a bath with it. That he said anything." Mudgett is with emphasis. "You be- I say, don't you? You don't -I'm saying something that's

course I don't."
to be sure, because—I'm going something."
gett stopped himself short. he tell Miss Bax? He didn't her. But say now, wasn't she the experiment? Shouldn't had lied to get the money?
iss Bax, you'll believe me when this experiment has something bottom of it. You know what 't you?"
matron was silent for a mo- on't believe I do know what But you mustn't let it worry —— Hadn't you better let me supper, Mr. Mudgett?"
I tell you—I lied to get this oth were silent. Mudgett up, became less shadowy, self. "That's all."
natron in blue percale by the move. "What did you say? lie, Mr. Mudgett?" she asked, .
v ——" What right had she s acts and deeds? Neverthe- her. "I said the home was n I knew there were three hird floor."
you tell him that?" asked perturbed.
—this morning. If you think lie, then—then ——"
think it is wrong to lie, Mr. t"—she regarded him with ize—"just after you left this foundlings were brought to third was brought just a few The home is crowded."

▼

st authority obtainable the built in six days. But one ine that back in those times bricklayers', plasterers' or ns; no strikes; no building obtained; no inspectors to with in diverse ways and , one may well surmise that conditions the creation of d have been delayed some- walking delegates would rather harshly the non- n eight-hour day.
: The creation of a heaven ent matter from the crea- Instead of six days it re- s. Begun in March, it was ay—a very fine heaven in- e blue was the ceiling, im- the door, porcelain the mbing was insisted upon floor was cloudlike in its rpet, but padding beneath omposition that could be lamp cloth. Hygienic was wholly utilitarian. Across ied huge windows so that night come unobstructed ly meshed copper screens. fen touch been forgotten. the molding around the radiator. And note the ixtures! All was new. curtains that could be windows to keep out the ased first-hand at a repu- 's.
ad wrestled with his foe, e.
w, what's the matter with dhand thing in heaven!" ate white-enameled cribs inst the wall.
er silenced all sound from me. High in the wall of were five peepholes as nd made of crystal-clear at the side of each hung a listening apparatus by means of which the slightest whisper in heaven could be heard.

The room of Miss Bax was neat and nurselike. Finished in soft gray, it matched her eyes; and relieved by a warmer color, a shade of rose, it matched something concealed, no doubt, beneath her level gaze. Adjoining was her own, her very own bath; and near the bed a little instrument, like those in the anteroom, brought the voices of the angels within reach of her dreams.

How can one mention the dietary kitchen, a complete plant, in connection with these celestial things?

Heaven was locked and barred—at the foot of the stairs leading up to the fourth floor; and again, the door of the front room itself. A chatelaine with keys hung from the matron's slender waist, another set of keys was deep in the baggy pockets of old Mudgett's breeches.

In short, with only one exception, heaven was complete. It lacked nothing—save the angels. Not a foundling came to the home in May. Mudgett paced his office and railed at Miss Bax as if it were her fault. "Another day has passed and you haven't a baby on the fourth floor; not one."

Climbing the three flights old Mudgett would peep in through the portholes at the cool, immaculate room with its seven empty cribs and azure walls, test the listening apparatus, enter heaven itself, walk gingerly across the soft cloudlike flooring, turn on the water in the bath, try all the faucets, hot and cold.

Then opening the huge windows he would lean his forehead against the copper screening, stare out at the uncompleted building across the narrow street and lose himself in gloomy thoughts.

"Not one; not an angel in heaven."

Wasn't May a propitious month for the abandoning of babies in the vestibules of rich men's homes, in the dressing rooms of Pullmans, in the hushed naves of churches? Wasn't it? He visualized a cathedral, a ponderous pile that had required a hundred years in the building; he thought of the cathedral's vast amazement at finding upon its immutable stone steps a tiny, squirming infant. Curious thoughts came to Mudgett in this spacious, cool, heavenly room, but not a single frantic telephone call came from private home or police station. Not one. The fourth floor, front, held out its arms, its sunlight, its silence, its gold leaf and open plumbing, but the lure of its all-comprising heavenliness was to no avail.

More and more shadowy became old Mudgett.

Then came the fifth of June—just an ordinary June day: sunlight, lazy shadows and green leaves. At the time Mudgett was downtown hanging like a vulture over a public market. Loaded down he returned through the park, paused to watch the children roller-skating, and arrived at the home late in the afternoon.

Miss Bax met him at the door. He was perplexed by something unusual in her tranquil eyes. The bundles slipped from his gaunt arms.

"I say now—you don't mean a baby has come?"

She nodded her head and started to warn him of something; but Mudgett had rushed past her.

Up the narrow winding stair old Mudgett leaped. He unlocked doors with a trembling hand, pulled himself together before entering the anteroom, tiptoed in, and glued his eye to a peephole.

The first crib was occupied. Mudgett was transfixed by the sight of that bit of humanity waving diminutive fists above the smallest of white pillows. He wiped his incredulous eyes, strove to clear his vision.

"I say now ——"

But there was no mistake about it—the first angel in heaven was black as the ace of spades.

Mechanically old Mudgett placed the listening apparatus to his elongated ear. He could hear a noise; not a cry, but a gurgle. Delighted, he fumbled for the pencil attached to a shelf, just the right height, on which was a roll of writing paper. Again he listened. "Ya-ya-ya." Mudgett transcribed, wrote down: "Ya-ya-ya, ya-ya-he, goo-o-o-o, ya-he."

"I say now, what does it mean?"

He hung there until dusk came through the great south windows. Miss Bax entered the anteroom noiselessly. Mudgett felt she was back of him, beckoned her, placed the apparatus to her ear, whispered: "It's talking! Listen!"

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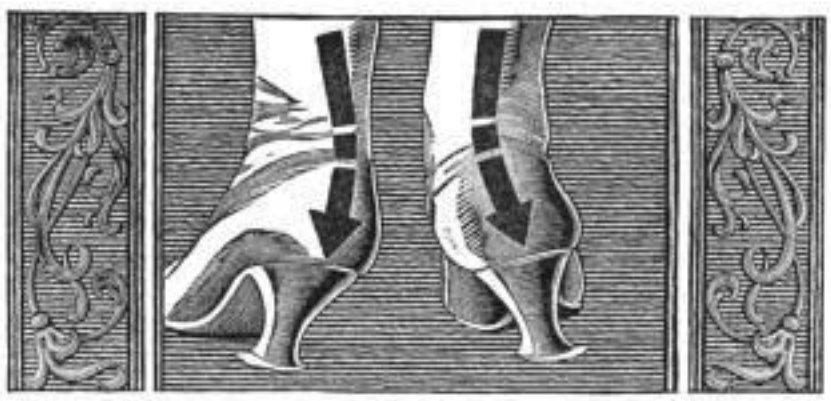
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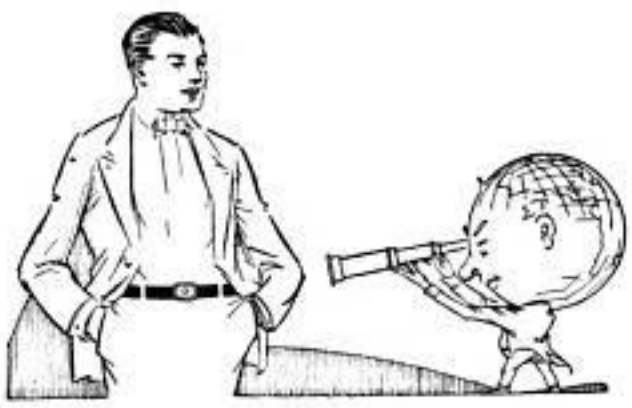
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He plucked her by the sleeve, whispered excitedly, "Boy or girl?"

"Boy," whispered the little matron.

Presently he drew Miss Bax through the shadows of the anteroom out into the hall.

"Are you terribly disappointed?" she asked.

"Disappointed?" echoed Mudgett vaguely.

"That the first angel is black?"

"I say, couldn't we call him—brown?"

"No," said the little matron. "He's black."

"Well, if you insist we'll enter it that way. Let's go down and make the entry."

Miss Bax had duties in connection with the first angel. She joined Mudgett presently in his office. He was leaning over a huge book.

"Date: June 5th," wrote he. "Date of birth." He glanced questioningly over his shoulder.

"Approximately, June first," she informed him.

Mudgett made the entry. "Color." He squirmed a little. "Black," insisted Miss Bax. Obediently he wrote "Black." "Sex: Male. Father and mother: Unknown. Found." Again he glanced over his shoulder. Where had the first angel come from? Miss Bax looked at him uncompromisingly. "Amsterdam Avenue near One Hundred and Fourteenth Street; the back yard of a grocery store." Old Mudgett mumbled something.

"What did you say, Mr. Mudgett?"

"I said, white or black, they all come from the same place." Nevertheless he wrote at her dictation.

"Now," said Mudgett, "his name?"

"His name?" echoed Miss Bax.

Mudgett pulled his left ear, cleared his throat, but did not meet her eyes.

"It's natural," said he, "it's logical that the first thing they say is of course their name. That's logical, isn't it, Miss Bax?" She did not commit herself, nor did she protest.

Mudgett made the entry "Name: Ya-he," and closed the book.

"There are two things," Miss Bax pronounced determinedly. "First, that veil. I can't wear it. It gets in the way. He grabbed it five times while I was bathing him."

Mudgett wheeled around in his [illegible] chair, faced her. "Who grabbed it?"

"That little black imp—Ya-he. [illegible] wear it."

The man rose up, hung over her [illegible] eningly—the manner he used to [illegible] the men in the markets and [illegible] stores. "You must, you must!"

She was unperturbed. "I won't."

Mudgett fumbled for his ear, sat [illegible] dejectedly in his chair. "I've set my [illegible] on it. Not a human voice, not a [illegible] face for two years. It's the experience [illegible] There was not the least sign of softness on the part of Miss Bax. An altogether [illegible] idea popped into Mudgett's head. "I've always believed," said he, "I've always maintained to myself, ever since [illegible] remember, that nurses should wear [illegible] You understand? I say now, you understand? A veil to reduce the chance of contagion, breathing germs."

"Do you suppose I have germs, Mudgett?"

"Well, now—I didn't mean that."

"I won't wear a veil. It isn't practical."

"If you won't," said Mudgett [illegible] "I know you won't." He [illegible] lessly over his secondhand desk, [illegible] head between his hands.

Miss Bax reached her hands [illegible] him, almost touched him. "[illegible] could tuck it in. I'll try tucking [illegible]

Then there was the second [illegible] pose the building should catch [illegible] fourth floor locked and barred."

"I say now, the home is [illegible]"

"No, it isn't, Mr. Mudgett [illegible] tively isn't fireproof."

"But the new home will be," [illegible] Mudgett stoutly.

She disregarded this. "There [illegible] place to leave the keys."

"I'll always be in when you [illegible] decided Mudgett. "I'll take them after them."

"You—taking care of [illegible]"

"But I say now, why not?"

And for the first time in [illegible] the lovely little matron smiled.

"Will you wear a veil?" she [illegible]

Old Mudgett changed the [illegible]

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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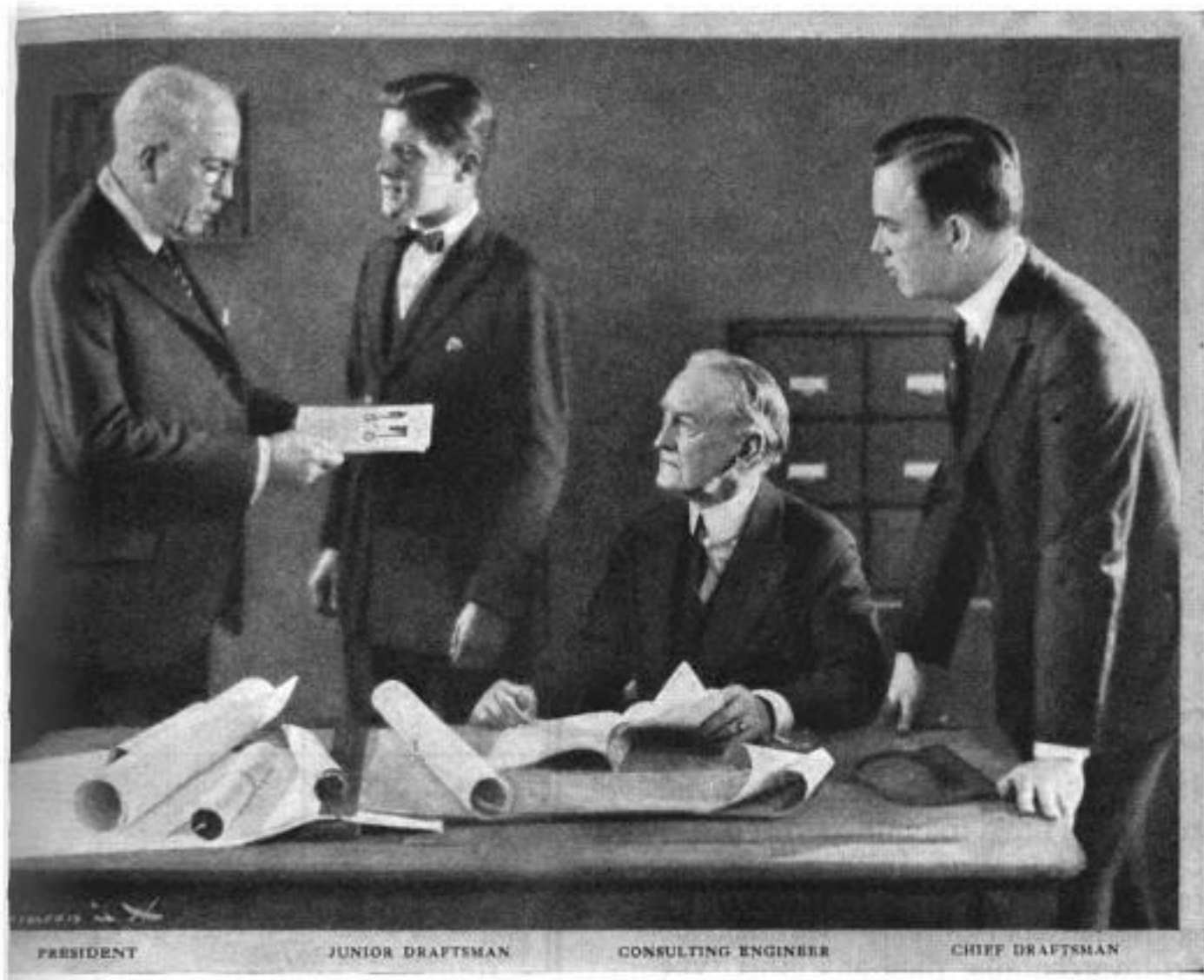
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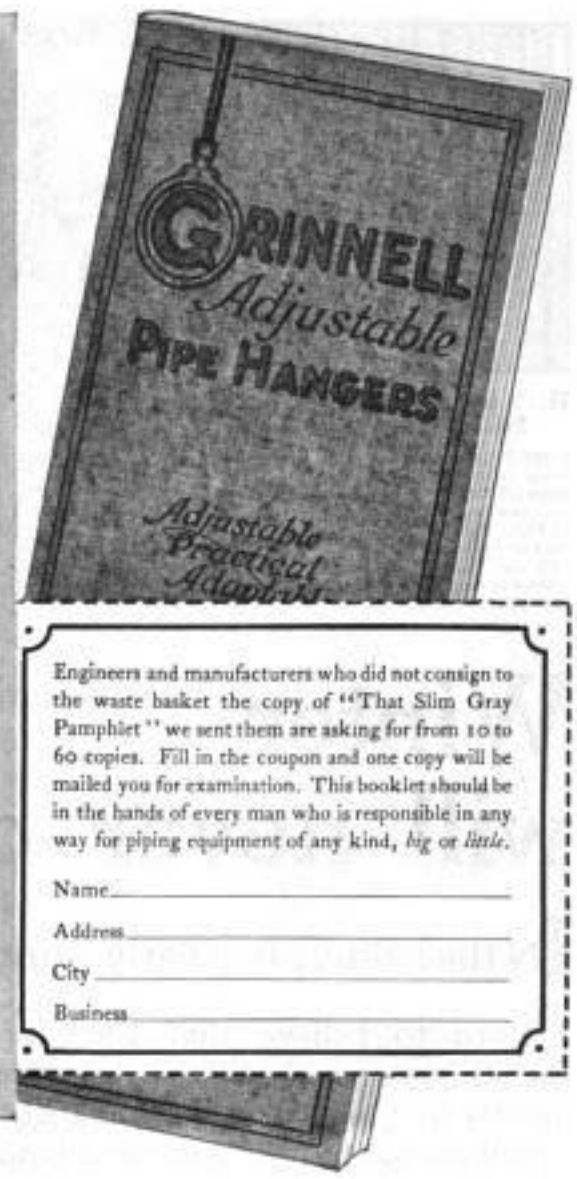
DEPARTMENTS

Editorials
Everybody's Business—*Floyd W. Parsons*

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Engineers and manufacturers who did not consign to the waste basket the copy of "That Slim Gray Pamphlet" we sent them are asking for from 10 to 60 copies. Fill in the coupon and one copy will be mailed you for examination. This booklet should be in the hands of every man who is responsible in any way for piping equipment of any kind, *big* or *little*.

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t!" exclaimed the Chief Draftsman, "it can't be finished
n days."

e," explained the Consulting Engineer to the famous sugar
ho had called in person to demand greater speed, "we
ork on the Refinery plans and put every draftsman onto
Cuban job of yours."

nen! That's your look-out, not mine," declared the Presi-
. "Both plants must be modernized before the new crop
Every tenth of a cent a pound in production cost means
a day."

ne everything possible. You can't get the trained drafts-
d—"

a don't need college professors to figure a few hangers,"
'resident. "Didn't you answer my wire ten days ago and
all ready but hangers'?"

aring types and dimensions of 10,000 hangers is some
he Chief Draftsman.

ve the plans brought in so he can see what it means,"
nsulting Engineer.

ites later a keen looking youth laid a roll of tracings on
d with them a sheaf of neatly written pages. "Here's
angers on that job," he said hesitatingly.

angers!"—"Where did you get it?"—"Who worked it
hat kind of hangers?"

cs—like—really looks like a complete schedule," said the
Engineer as he turned the sheets headed—Pipe Rings—Wall Coil Hangers—Saddle Hangers—Pipe Rolls. "Who did this?"

"I did," said the boy nervously. "Took them right out of a slim gray pamphlet."

"Pamphlet—what pamphlet?"

"Why, the hanger book."

"There's no book you can get this kind of data from," said the Chief Draftsman, turning to the Consulting Engineer. "It's a matter of careful calculation by experienced men."

"Just a minute, gentlemen," interrupted the sugar magnate. "Boy, you mean a volume—not a pamphlet. Where did you get it?"

"I got it out of the Chief's waste basket," he replied, drawing the slim gray pamphlet from his pocket and handing it to his questioner.

"My waste basket?" exclaimed the Chief Draftsman.

"Excuse me again, gentlemen," interrupted the sugar magnate. "I'm overdue at my office. Please 'phone me in half an hour if this lad's schedule checks with your plans. I'll bet a hundred to one it does. Companies like Grinnell don't print booklets like this unless they've got something valuable to say. Good morning."

* * * *

Half an hour later the Consulting Engineer told him over the 'phone the figures checked and that blueprints and specifications would be issued for bids the next day, and added, "We are specifying Grinnell Adjustable Hangers. Their use should cut the time of installing two weeks."

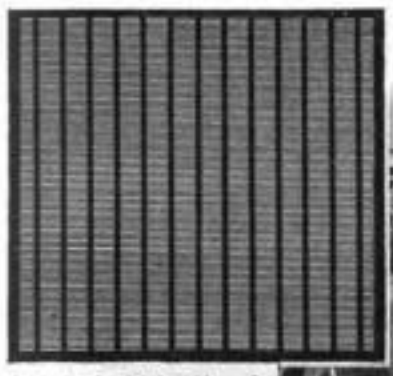
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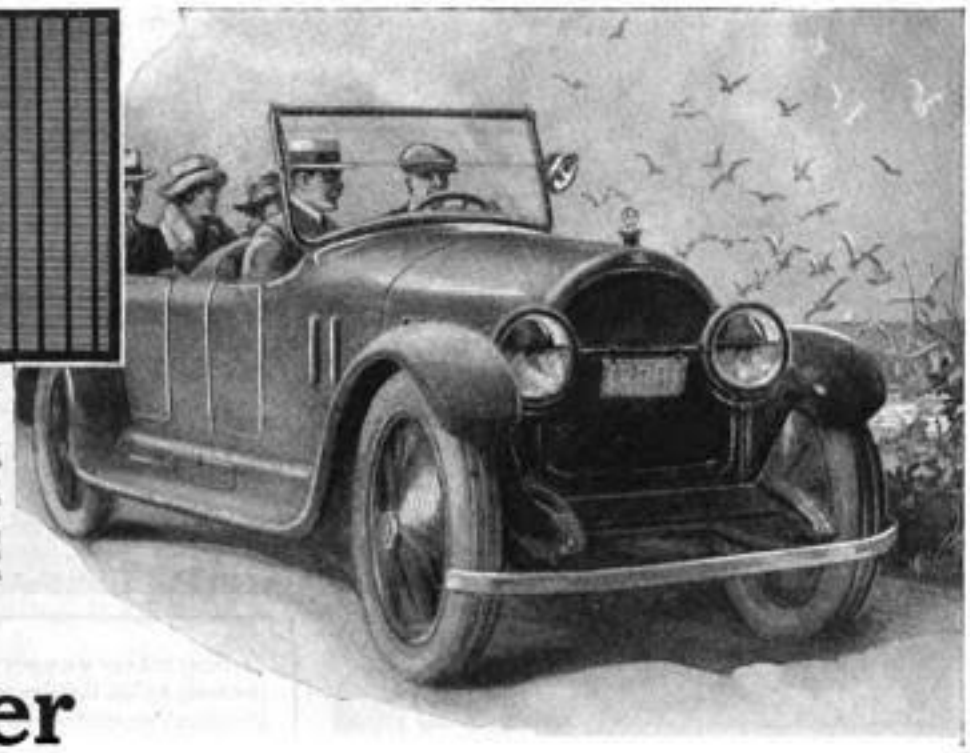
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This is the Philco Slotted Rubber Retainer

In any battery the power producing active material tends to slough off the plates as the battery grows older. The slots in the Philco Retainer are so narrow that active material cannot freely pass through them, but is retained on the plates for a much longer life.



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IN the balmy air of early summer, it is hard to believe in winter—

Hard to believe that there are such things as cold, stiff, hard starting motors, long nights with the headlights draining your battery hour after hour, weeks of heavy snow that keep your car idle and your battery without a freshening charge.

Winter will never come again! You scoff at the battery man who urges, "Think of next winter."

All right, then, let us forget winter. Buy a battery that will surely stand up *in the summer*—a battery that is able to endure overcharging on long trips, that will work faithfully in the blistering heat of a shadeless August noon.

It takes just as big a battery—and just as good a battery—to stand hot weather overcharging as to insure reliable cold weather starting.

The Philco Retainer Battery—guaranteed for two years—will stand more overcharging than any other type—

1. Because it is oversize.
2. Because of its non-buckling, Diamond Grid plates.
3. Because of its quarter-sawed, hard wood separators.
4. Because of its Philco Retainers, which hold the active material on the plates even under severe overcharging.

Because of its proved summer merits, the Philco Retainer Battery is the type you should buy for use during the next few months; and, even at the risk of being far sighted, you might bear in mind that it is an excellent battery for winter as well.

Because, you know, winter might come again this year.

PHILADELPHIA STORAGE BATTERY CO., Ontario and C Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

PHILADELPHIA
DIAMOND GRID BATTERY

With the PHILCO Slotted Retainer

THE "CORD TIRE" BATTERY

Standard also for Radio, Electric Vehicle, Mine Locomotive and Farm Lighting use.

Fair Prices for big as well as small cars

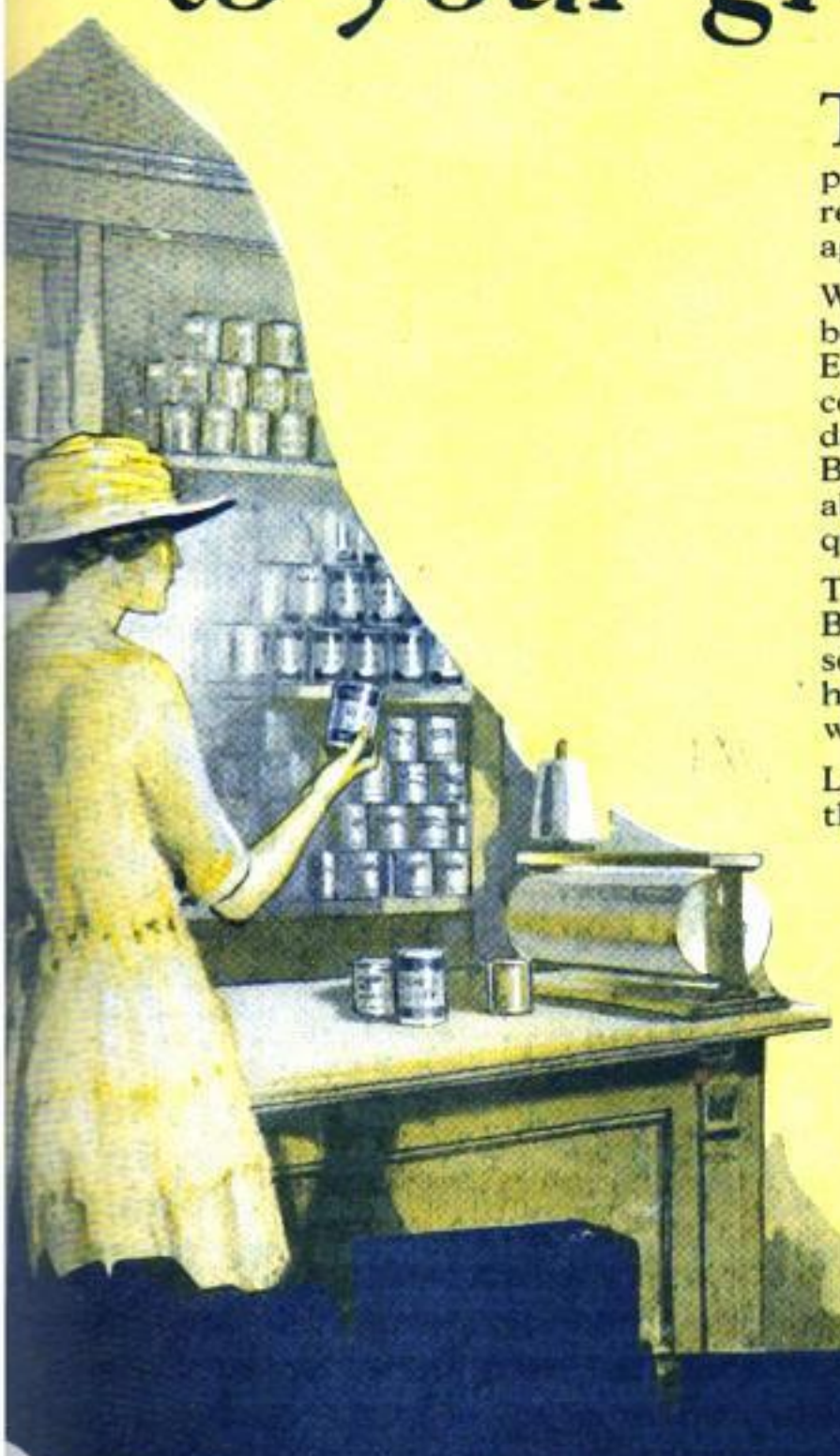
CAR	YEAR	Oversize "Fabric Tire" Batteries — 18 mos. guarantee: PRICE	Maximum cost per mo. under guarantee	Oversize Philco Retainer "Cord Tire" Batteries — 2 year guarantee: PRICE	Maximum cost per mo. under guarantee
Packard (except Single 6)	1914-21	45.00	2.50	51.25	2.1
Cadillac	1914-19				
Cole	1914-15			51.25	2.1
Stevens-Duryea	1914-15				
Cadillac	1920-21				
Cole	1918-20				
Lafayette	1920-21				
Lincoln	1920-21				
Locomobile	1920-21				
Marmon	1920-21				
Maxwell	1918-20	40.00	2.22	45.00	1.8
Mercer	1918-20				
Pierce-Arrow	1916-21				
Revere	1918-20				
Singer	1920				
Standard	1918-21				
Stevens-Duryea	1920				
Willys-Knight	1920-21				
		40.00	2.22	45.00	1.8
Dodge	1915-21	*Dodge Special at $35.0*			
Franklin	1916-21	*Guaranteed One Yea*			
		*fits these cars also.**			
Cole	1921				
Cunningham	1917-21				
Daniels	1920-21				
Dorris	1921				
Haynes	1920-21				
Marmon	1917-19	37.50	2.08	42.50	1.8
National	1919-21				
Peerless	1916-21				
Stutz	1918-21				
Wills Ste. Claire	1921				
Willys-Knight	1916-19				
Winton	1919-20				
Buick 6	1919-21				
Case	1918-21				
Chalmers	1919-21				
Chandler	1918-21				
Chevrolet FB	1920-21				
Cole	1915-17				
Dorris	1916-20				
Du Pont	1921				
Durant Six	1921				
Essex	1919-21				
Grant	1920-21				
Haynes	1919				
H. C. S.	1920-21				
Hudson	1916-20				
Jordan	1919-21				
King	1920				
Kissel	1919-21				
Lexington	1919-21				
Maxwell	1920-21				
McLaughlin	1919-20	35.00	1.94	40.00	1.8
Metz	1919-20				
Mitchell	1921				
Moon	1920-21				
Nash	1919-21				
Oakland	1920-21				
Oldsmobile 8	1920-21	*Buick Special at $3*			
Packard Single 6	1921	*Guaranteed One Ye*			
Paige	1917-21	*fits these cars also*			
Pierce-Arrow	1914-16				
Premier	1921				
Reo	1916-21				
R. & V. Knight	1920-21				
Saxon	1921				
Scripps-Booth	1920-21				
Stephens	1920-21				
Studebaker	1914-21				
Templar	1919-21				
Velie	1913-21				
Westcott	1915-21				
Allen	1920-21				
American Six	1920-21				
Anderson	1919-21				
Auburn	1921				
Buick D	1916				
Chevrolet 490	1916-21				
Cleveland	1920-21				
Columbia	1918-21				
Crow-Elkhart	1920				
Davis	1916-21	30.00	1.67	35.00	1.9
Dort	1916-21				
Durant 4	1921				
Elcar	1918-21				
Elgin	1916-21				
Ford	1919-21				
Hupmobile	1918-21				
Liberty	1916-20				
Monroe	1920				
Oldsmobile	1916-20	*Ford Special at $2*			
Overland	1919-21	*Guaranteed One*			
Saxon	1916-20	*fits these cars al*			
Scripps-Booth	1916-19				
Studebaker Light 6	1921				

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* Special batteries with 11, 13 and 7 *thick* ... mond Grid plates, 4¾ inches high, at ... $30.00 and $35.00, for cars using resp... Ford, Buick and Dodge size batteries. ... batteries, while not oversize, are full ... are guaranteed one year. No skimping ... size in Philadelphia Specials.

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From pastures green to your grocer's shelf



THE richest dairy sections of the world—the Mohawk Valley, the Wisconsin meadows, the pastures of Washington—produce the milk which reaches you, by way of your local grocer, in packages labeled ***Borden's.***

Whether you buy it as Eagle Brand, which has been the standard baby food for 64 years, or as Evaporated, which is the most useful form for cooking and coffee—whether you purchase the delicious new Chocolate Flavored Malted Milk or Borden's confectionery, rich in milk—you can be absolutely certain of the richness, purity and quality of each of these products.

The unparalleled production facilities of the Borden Company and the convenient delivery service of the grocer make it possible for you to have the best milk products wherever you go and whenever you want them.

Let your order always be for Borden's—you will thus be sure of quality in any milk product.

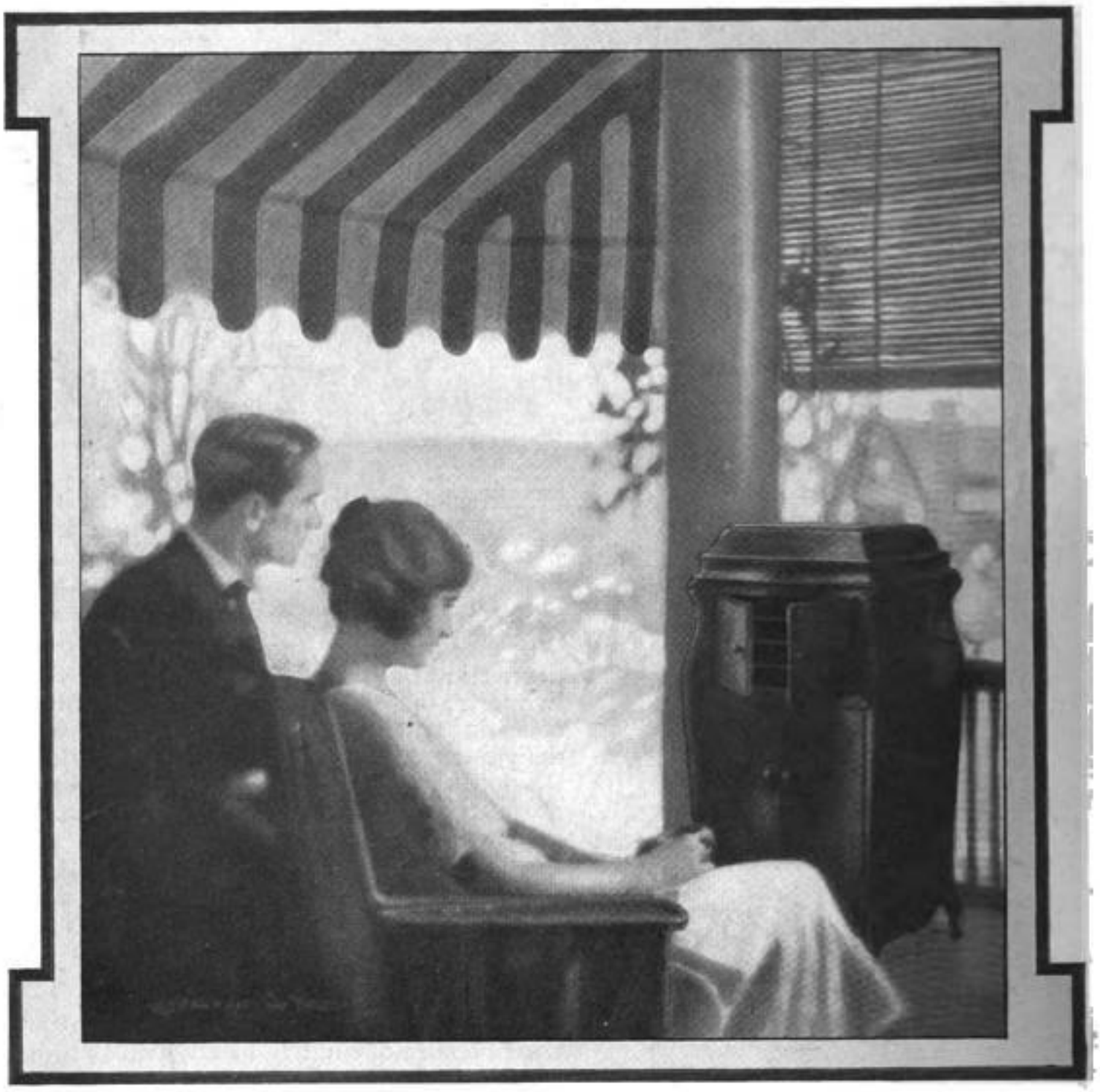
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Borden Building New York



Borden's

The Nation's Milk

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Victrola homes are happies

The Victrola is the one instrument that presents in the home the best music of every kind and description in the tones of actual reality. The genius, the power, the beauty of every voice and every instrument—the diverse gifts possessed by the foremost artists of this generation. Their Victor Records played on the Victrola—a combination that is essential to perfect results—duplicate in the home the public triumphs of these great artists.

Victrolas in great variety—$25 to $1500.



"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

Victrola

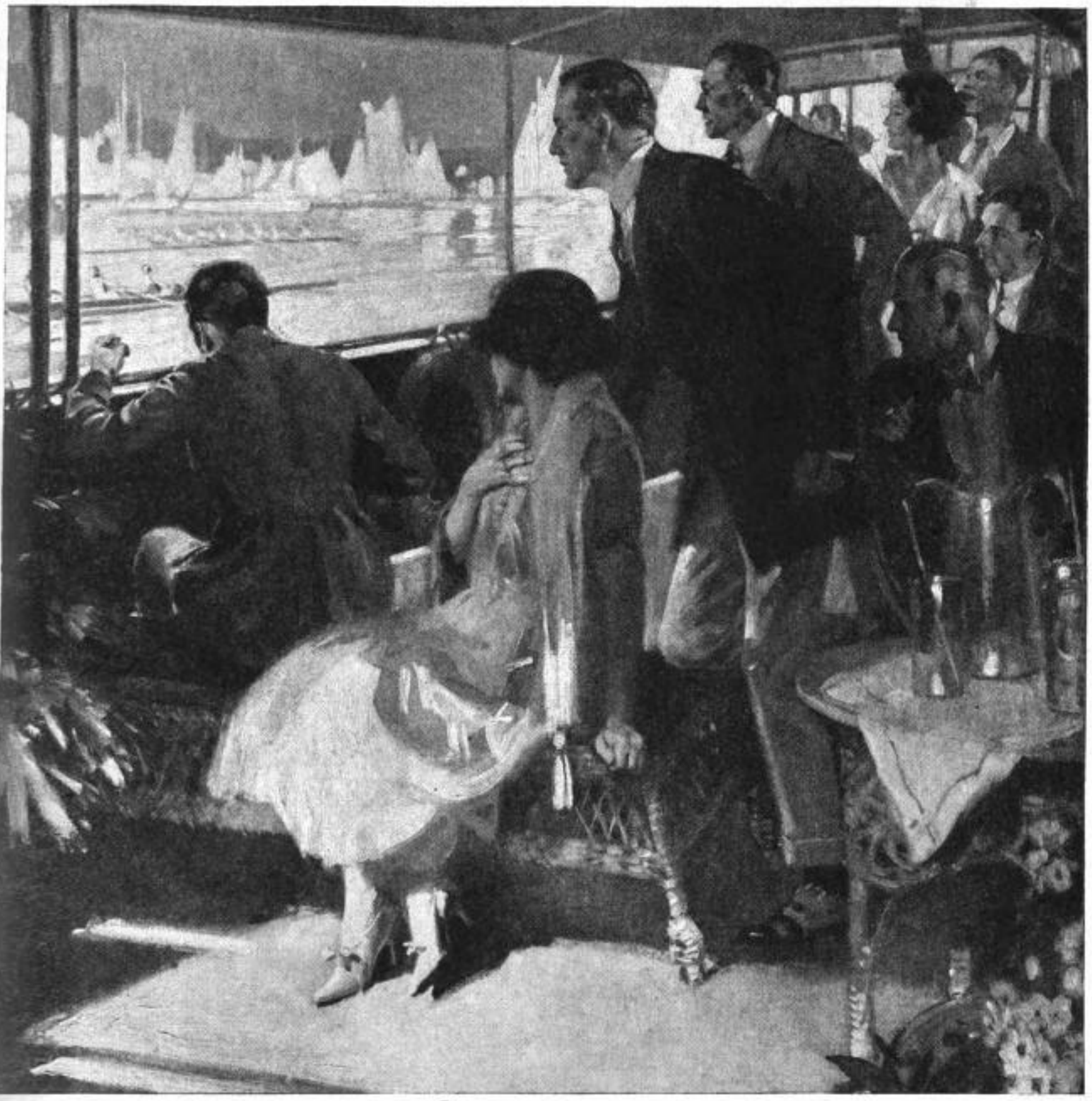
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Important: Look for these trade-marks. Under the lid. On the label.

Victor Talking Machine Company

Camden, New Jersey

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Society Brand Clothes

YOUNG MEN
and
MEN WHO
STAY YOUNG

Insist on comfort in your hot weather clothes—but don't stop there. See that they have style, too. They will have, you may be sure, if they are Society Brand.

Suits of cool fabric—silk, mohair, linen, Palm Beach, gabardine, tropical worsted—are all carefully tailored, unmistakably good style.

ECKER & COHN, MAKERS, CHICAGO, NEW YORK · IN CANADA: SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES, LIMITED, MONTREAL

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When he suddenly takes to soap-and-water—

Your boy!

For all too short a while he will be in your home.

There comes a time in every boy's life when his dislike for washing suddenly disappears, and for mysterious reasons he begins to scrub.

While he is still with you, encourage this cleanliness. "So great is the effect of cleanliness upon man that it extends even to his moral character."

Give him plenty of Ivory Soap for his face and hands. He can wash a dozen times a day with Ivory and his skin will still be soft and smooth.

Give him Ivory for his bath—it lathers so richly, it rinses off so quickly and "It floats!" It is pure and mild; white and fragrant, too.

In all these seven different ways, Ivory is a manly, friendly, fine soap for boys.

Whenever soap comes into contact with the skin—use Ivory.

PROCTER & GAMBLE PRODUCTS · EST. 1837 ·

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Ivory Soap comes in size and form for



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he Reminiscences of a Stock Operator—By Edwin Lefèvre



arket was so weak that you could see the customers counting their dead . Presently they would enter upon the second stage of the most tragic eeping in the world—the translating of paper losses into actual ations. But the first step came harder, because stock-market gamesters pe with all their might. Clerks walked about the room almost on tiptoe ilty—as though the fatal bull tips had come from them and a reckoning d. But if you had asked one of the customers about the weather outside answered that it was not yet three o'clock.

were posting the quotations on the board, slipping the green cards into tful little snaps. They told the battle's story in mournful numbers, the ! The falling fractions were shots striking below the water line, and the ith its phantom freight of hearts' desires, was sinking. Paper profits! s!

!

as the speculative favorites that crumbled, like Siam Oil or Acme Motors. the picture became that of a Satanic torchbearer racing down an ricks, setting fire to one after another. And how they blazed!

Up in smoke!

The quotation boys had to hustle like mad now. You could see that the ticker was leaving them behind. Some of the stocks began to break whole points at a time. Once the man by the ticker yelled "T. M. 51! 50½! ¼! 49!" and then, as though all their heads had been pulled by one string, everybody turned to look at a sharp-nosed, thin-lipped chap with tortoise-shell goggles. Then they all looked away, as though it were indecent to watch his face. He was long five thousand shares of that stock, and had often laughed at them for piking.

It brought back the old days to me so that I could have sworn I heard once more the exultant yells of the winning bears in the board room. And I saw again a seething mass of winners and losers—winners pushing their luck, and losers bent on not losing any more than they could help—help at the top of their voices.



AWAKE AND HUNGRY

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A carnival of audible greed! Fear straight from six hundred throats! I remembered the Northern Pacific panic of 1901, when I had heard and seen ——

"It reminds me of old times, Bill," I told the head of the firm.

He was sticking close to me, I suspect, so that nobody would be ill-bred enough to ask him embarrassing questions—for instance, whether he thought the break had gone far enough. But he shook his head.

"Times have changed," he muttered absently, as though this were the first time in years that the ticker had relapsed into ancient vices.

What had happened was that after a dull, drooping market for a few weeks the bulls had begun to tell themselves that the worst was over. The little daily bleeding of the past fortnight, they hoped, would obviate the need of total amputation. Then—the crash! Unexpected, as always, by those who having expected to win had forgotten everything else.

I took another look at the customers. I saw men young and old and middle-aged, short and tall, thin and fat—and all of them strangers to me. Not one of the dozens who had traded in that office when I had an account there a few years before was left. And yet these, their successors, were curiously familiar. It was the eyes. They all had the dazed, hurt look of men who dread to admit that they are wrong.

A parasitical office man, extremely well dressed, as all salesmen of bunk naturally feel they must be to hold their jobs, was circulating about the room, skillfully registering both condolence and resignation. It was really too bad, but you had to expect sudden showers in April! Of course it was a beastly shame it should pour on the holiday that you had planned to go to the links. He did it very well. Practice!

One of the customers was moved to speech. He asked with a cheerfulness that anyone could see was sheer bravado, "Say, Fred, what's the news?"

"No news," answered the omniscient Fred, who in balmier weather always began his remarks with "I hear."

Lawrence Livingston's Raid

PERHAPS the customer remembered this habit, for he asked, "What do you hear?"

"Nothing," answered Fred. The customer frowned. Fred, who was paid by the firm to abstain from silence, went on: "The less you hear the better. It's all bear lies anyhow. If you listen you'll hear nothing but calamities." He paused. Then slowly, impressively: "I'm a bull on the country. You can't make me believe that in twenty-four hours the soil of the farms has become barren, the springs have dried up and the sun has gone on a strike. No matter how hard I look I can't see any change in the crops or in the steel trade or in ——"

"There must be a reason for this break!" the customer was goaded into interrupting.

"Reason?" echoed Fred scornfully. But the customer's face made him add quickly: "I'll get in touch with Jameson and find out what they say over on the board." And he left.

Some of the other customers had listened to the colloquy apathetically. They were beyond the rescuing stage. Only a miracle would help them; and they had fatigued themselves praying for one.

The office man, Fred, came back.

"Of course!" he announced from the threshold. "I knew it! I said so!"

The customers resentfully watched him advance to the best oratorical position in the room—beside the frantic stock ticker. If he knew and had said so they had not heard him; and so they had not sold out before the break; and so he was to blame for it.

"Lawrence Livingston is raiding the market!" he cried proudly.

The years fell off my shoulders. I was again young and enthusiastic, and life smiled on me, even in Wall Street. I laughed for sheer happiness.

Fred turned quickly, a frown on his face. Remembering that I was a friend of the boss and therefore a potential customer, he unfrowned. But he could not help turning a brick red. The customers stared at me; it was the first laughter heard that day in that office.

My friend, tolerant by temperament and tactful by profession, turned and asked me affectionately, "What bit you?"

"The vanished past!" I answered cheerfully.

The customers politely looked away; only a man who already owes his brokers laughs when they call for more margin.

"That's a little more obscure than usual. I guess I am getting too old for your epigrams," said my friend.

"And I am getting younger every minute, listening to Fred's," I assured him.

My friend, by reason of his calling, always played safe where his customers were concerned. He scented unpleasant observations on my hobby—which is that no man can consistently beat the game—and he intelligently forestalled the danger of anyone else overhearing me by smiling benevolently and remarking, "Come along, my boy!"

I followed him into his private office and closed the sound-proof door. He motioned me to a chair. I took it. He looked resigned.

"I am not going to scold you for letting your customers overstay the bull market," I assured him.

"No, but I suspect you are going to speak a piece on the stupidity of professional men in Wall Street. I haven't got a soap box for you, as I heard Robert W. Chambers say they supply you with at your cryptlike club, but I'll bite. Why did you laugh?"

"When your young man Fred, whose job seems to be to keep the customers from thinking, announced so positively that the slump was a bear raid by Lawrence Livingston I felt that I was in Wall Street in the late '90's or early 1900's, when I was conducting my Wall Street column in one of the afternoon papers."

"But Livingston wasn't operating then," protested my friend, who not only is literal minded but is also one of the most useful governors of the New York Stock Exchange.

"He's always been in Wall Street," I said.

He looked so puzzled and then so perturbed that I hastened to explain:

"He isn't a stock operator, he's a stock excuse—only his name has changed slightly. It used to be Jim Keene; and before that, Charley Woerishoffer; and before that, Daniel Drew. You commission men early discovered that what the average sucker—that is, what your average customer—wants is not reasons but excuses—excuses for his trading, for his taking unbusinesslike chances in another man's game, for the inevitable misbehavior of the market at an inconvenient time, for his own imbecility and that of his broker. Any explanation except the truth will do to account for the obvious—when the obvious happens to be that the customer is an ass. He loses his money, but gives you commissions. So, when the end of the bull market comes and the profits are not taken the commission brokers have to excuse themselves for not calling the turn."

"Say!" interjected my friend. "You know it's no use to tell your customers to get out. You might as well save your breath, and let the old mule kick them."

"I have no fault to find with that," I said. "What I object to is the habit of telling the public that some big operator is raiding the market whenever the natural slumps come along to prove that the bull market is over. Do you wonder I laughed when Fred said Larry Livingston was raiding the market?"

"What makes you so sure that Larry Livingston was not raiding the market?" My friend used the excruciatingly polite tone of voice that humorless people use to squelch friends. It's bloodless.

But I answered with a grateful smile, "Common sense makes me sure. This is a bear market, and too many weaklings are still long of stocks. The break is too violent and painful to be relished by men whose margins are nearing exhaustion. It is, nevertheless, legitimate—that is, logical. Merely to suspect Livingston of selling stocks in bulk at this level is a blood insult to him. You talk as though he were a room trader in the old days gunning for stoploss orders. Why in blazes don't you tell your customers the truth?"

"Do you know Livingston?" asked my poor friend.

I was willing that he should derive what [illegible] could from my ignorance, so I said "I do not."

And sure enough, he smiled!

"I thought so!" he said. "You may not think that [illegible] has changed since you quit it fifteen years ago, but I [illegible] that it certainly has."

"Hang it, man, I write a yearly article to prove [illegible] hasn't," I protested. "I've done it for years."

"Yes, yes, I know. And they make me laugh [illegible] doubtless meant my articles.

"Where are they wrong?" I asked him, not [illegible] naciously.

"The principle is wrong. You pick out the [illegible] never change ——"

"I pick out stockbrokers, their customers, the [illegible] ogy of all speculators everywhere, the theory [illegible] tion, the amazing short-sightedness of the Stock [illegible] governors, and the fact that the unbeatable game [illegible] speculation remains as unbeatable as it ever [illegible] customer, without whom there would be no [illegible] brokers, to-day is smooth shaven, and sixty years [illegible] wore a beard or an imperial. But he comes to Wall [illegible] on the same errand and quits loser, just as he [illegible] And if you are a fair sample, I'll say that the [illegible] brokers have not changed either. What have you [illegible] say to that?"

"Only this: That I know Larry Livingston [illegible] the market."

"And how do you know that?"

"I know it!" And he smiled most sapiently [illegible] as though I were a customer.

"Are you one of his principal brokers?"

"No, but his brokers have been big sellers."

Who Was Wall Street's Biggest Plunger?

"IT'S a persistent delusion of men like you that [illegible] operator's buying and selling can always be [illegible] In Governor Flower's time everybody knew when [illegible] buying because he wished it known. But nobody [illegible] when he was selling. Can't you imagine what [illegible] when people like you thought they knew what [illegible] doing?"

"Livingston's selling, all right," insisted my friend [illegible] ing my look he added, "I can tell."

"Well, if you can tell, he must be an ass," I told [illegible] true friend. "And I've heard he has quite a [illegible] you'd call it."

"He has. That is why I know he is back of [illegible] He is the biggest plunger Wall Street ever saw."

"There you go again!" I couldn't help [illegible] "Nobody really and truly is the biggest plunger Wall Street ever saw. Whoever happens to be [illegible] the moment becomes the legendary hero of [illegible] I remember hearing somebody remark that Charley [illegible] ishoffer was the biggest plunger of all. Deacon [illegible] who in his prime was himself no piker, was [illegible] declared very impressively that James R. Keene [illegible] an equal in Wall Street for magnitude of [illegible] brilliancy of execution. Then old man Smith [illegible] Forty-niner, chipped in to say that all these [illegible] were shoestringers alongside of Anthony Morton [illegible] hero of the Chancellorsville rise—in 1864. I [illegible] And he mentioned Henry Keep, who was known [illegible] the Silent; and Bill Travers, who after [illegible] Siamese Twins a long time turned to P. T. [illegible] asked gravely: 'B-b-brothers, I s-suppose [illegible] two Jeromes, Addison and Leonard, and [illegible] never even heard of, who had been Napoleons [illegible] in their day."

"I know. But the country is richer now [illegible] are on a proportionate scale," he said pityingly.

"Well," I reminded him, "it isn't so very [illegible] one of the famous Chicago crowd told me that [illegible] player of the bunch, bigger than John W. Gates [illegible] was Loyal Smith, who lived and died unknown [illegible] you brokers. But no reliable figures were [illegible]



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here Was a Great Camp Meeting

By SOPHIE KERR

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

Walkers had once had money, and the glamour
hat vanished god hung round them still. To
ure, they gave no obtrusive signs of poverty
rumor had it that the wherewithal for keep-
ig wooden house
igh fence and the
with colossal balls
n good repair and
o cleanly white
rich relatives up
same ones Laura
er visited twice a
ys returning with
ew songs and the
tiptop fashion in
hats.
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his daily airing
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Belle, lilting
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, her leghorn
marguerites
streamered
scarlet vel-
all content-
eigned.
d to be back," she said aloud to the sweep-
nches above her and the crooked brick
he sidewalk. "It's good to be back! Good
ines. Did you think I'd gone crazy, talking

ethodist minister, blond, ingenuous, bash-
l held his hat in his hand. The sun on his
nto an aureoled Saint Francis.
ning, Miss Laura Belle," he stammered,
e foot to the other. "I—we—I—I'm very
home again. D-did you have a pleasant

rugged her shoulders, and in spite of his
ng man was aware of their soft, delicious
thness, their elegance of line beneath her

nighty glad to be back though."
your father's glad to have you back. And
—and so is—everyone else." He gulped.
"And so am I," but Laura Belle's poise
cked the avowal. "I've taken the liberty
ie major several times in your absence,



"By This Time Next Year We'll All be as Lank as Ironing Boards. I've Seen Some of the French Things"

Miss Laura Belle. Last night—last night I was intending to call, and had walked up that way, when I heard you singing and knew you had returned. I would not intrude on your first night at home."

"Father said you'd been coming—he says you're a good listener. He was pleased to have you. Did you like my song—last night, Mr. Baines? It's one that's all the rage now." She regarded him innocently, but tiny flares of mischief were lit in her dark, long-lashed eyes.

"It was beautiful—beautiful! You have a most melodious voice, if I may say so, Miss Laura Belle."

The flares of mischief widened ever so little. "Come in some evening," she said, "and I'll sing it to you. It's called Darling, Kiss My Eyelids Down."

With a little nod of dismissal she floated on up the green-tunneled street, her white ruffles burgeoning about her like the petals of a rose blown by summer winds. Aaron Baines turned dizzy at the sight, and the recollection of the words of the song: "Darling, Kiss My Eyelids Down!" He blushed and wriggled, in an ecstasy of embarrassment and delighted discomfort. Slowly he turned back to the parsonage and entered the bare room known as his study, where, on an uncompromising plain deal desk, lay the pages of his sermon for the next Sunday morning. He was to preach on the need for fellowship and unity, taking his text from Ephesians, fourth chapter, fifth verse: "One Lord, one faith, one baptism." Subtly by this sermon he meant to weld some mounting differences in the choir, where Miss Teeny Spalding, the veteran alto, was conducting a feud with the organist, little Miss Mamie Pride, who, though young, was spunky, and had declared that she wouldn't drag the hymns for any old woman with a mustache that ever lived. Also, there was dissension in the Ladies' Aid; Mrs. Elihu Staley holding views on basket socials quite diverse from those of Mrs. Wesley Higgins and Mrs. John Richardson. To all these warring elements Aaron Baines was addressing himself through this sermon, warning them of the dangers of dissension, and describing in stern detail how unbecoming it was to the humble Christian heart.

But now the square sheets of white paper danced before his eyes, taking a tantalizing likeness to the worldly flounces of Laura Belle Walker's dress. And Laura Belle Walker was an Episcopalian, and therefore neither of his faith nor of his baptism.

He had made notes for appropriate hymns: Blest be the Tie That Binds, as a matter of course; and Giver of Peace and Unity; he hoped Miss Teeny and Miss Mamie wouldn't glare at each other while they were singing it. The third hymn he was not quite sure about. Should it be How Sweet, How Heavenly is the Sight or Blest be the Dear Uniting Love? Perhaps the latter was a little too much like Blest be the Tie That Binds. He tried to consider them, looking up each in turn in his hymnal. Even as he did so the memory of Darling, Kiss My Eyelids Down, murmured in Laura Belle's soft cool voice, flicked across his nerves and turned him blind to the needs of religious decision. Involuntary words came to his lips: "Behold, thou art fair, my love. . . . Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet, and thy speech is comely. . . . Honey and milk are under thy tongue. . . ." He started guiltily as the door opened.

It was his aunt, Mrs. Hallett, a widow of advanced years and querulous wrinkles, who had been snatched away from the cozy fireside of her favorite daughter's home to serve as housekeeper and companion to her nephew until such time as he should marry. It was an event she longed to hasten. Unavoidably she went at it the wrong way.

"Mrs. Staley's sent over a lovely twin-mountain cake," she said. "Miss Eve made it. She's got a wonderful hand for cake."

"Aunt Lucretia," said Aaron patiently, "I do wish you wouldn't interrupt me when I'm at my sermon. It's very kind of Mrs. Staley and Miss Eve, but you could have told me just as well at dinnertime. And anyway, I care very little for cake."

"I'd like to know since when," complained Mrs. Hallett. "You ate most of that raisin loaf we had last week, and

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it was heavy. I simply can't teach that girl to make cake. Oh, these darkies—they're so stupid."

This was her continual grievance, and Aaron sighed as it appeared. He could not say to her, as he wished, that if Mrs. Staley wouldn't send so much of Miss Eve's cooking over for his enjoyment, and so determinedly throw Eve into his society, his life would be much more carefree. Miss Eve was a nice girl, a very nice girl; and Elihu Staley, her father, was a deacon in the church, and liberal; but beside Laura Belle Walker's dark beauty and assured, sophisticated way Eve's childlike fairness was inevitably blotted out.

After a few more words as to the inadequacy of negro help Mrs. Hallett withdrew, leaving Aaron with his sermon. His left ear burned and tingled. He rubbed it absently. Was it a sign someone was talking about him?

Laura Belle Walker had progressed only a little way farther down the street when a girl darted out from behind a hedge of flowering quince, exclaimed with pleasure, and seizing Laura Belle gave her a couple of hearty kisses.

"Lovely thing—I'm so glad you're back! Come up on the porch and visit a while!"

"Eve—dear!" They kissed again and, arms entwined, paced up the walk and found informal seats on the Staley porch steps, Laura Belle above, Eve perched adoringly below.

"Oh, Laura Belle, that hat! And listen—is it true that crinolines are out?"

Laura Belle nodded solemnly. "By this time next year we'll all be as lank as ironing boards. I've seen some of the French things—you wouldn't believe how funny they look. And I've learnt the sweetest new quilling, for a sack, or in points on an underskirt! Would you like to try on my hat?" She took it off carelessly, and Eve received it with reverent finger tips. "Not that way—a little farther forward—your chignon isn't quite high enough. But it's most becoming. You ought to have one like it, only with a blue ribbon to match your eyes."



"Please Don't Look as if I'd Slapped You. I'm Only Doing What is Best for You"

Eve had run into the hall to see herself in the mirror of the hatrack. She came out smiling. "I'd adore to have one, but pa'd never let me wear the daisies. He says it's sinful to imitate the Lord's handiwork."

"Oh, pooh!" Laura Belle's perfect underlip registered scorn. "Your father's notions! Well, it would do nicely just with the ribbon; streamers, too, of course. Come over to-morrow and we'll talk about it."

"Tell me some more about clothes," begged Eve. "Of course you've got a lot that's new. This dress is a dream. What's the stuff?"

"Crêpe *maretz*. It has too many ruffles to be elegant, but I so love ruffles I coûldn't resist them. I really haven't much—a white alpaca with an underskirt of purple silk, a morning dress of figured muslin with straps of Cluny and sulphur yellow ribbons run under, a *gaze de chambery* satin-striped in blue. You must see that! And I traveled home in one of the new spotted winsey suits, Bismarck brown, the skirt so short it shows my ankles! I felt downright bold in it, but it's the fashion. It has a loose sack, and long hanging sleeves. A little brown Neapolitan hat with metallic acorns and oak leaves goes with it."

Eve Staley became wistfully envious. "Oh, to be you, Laura Belle! You have such stylish things; you go up North and see the sights and get acquainted with new people. I've never been farther than Baltimore in my life."

Laura Belle gave a sigh and a half pout. "And I'd rather stay at home with father and Toothpick and cross old Aunt Zilly. And of course Ashby. Heavens, if Ashby could only get his mortgage paid off! He's so proud he won't ask me to marry him till he does."

"How—how can you talk about it—like that?" Eve was blushing for her. But the color in Laura Belle's smooth cheek did not waver.

"If I didn't talk about it like that I'd cry my eyes out—and red eyes are hideous. Well, forget Ashby. What about the young reverend—hmh? How's he coming on?" It was at that moment that Aaron Baines' left ear began to burn.

"Laura Belle, he's just gorgeous! He preaches the most eloquent, moving sermons! Everyone likes him so much. Weren't you—weren't you talking to him down street—just now?"

"Then you were peeping from behind the hedge! I thought so. We simply said how d'ye do. And I thanked him for going to see father while I was away. He said he'd heard me singing last night and since I was feeling rather wicked I asked him if he liked the song—and told him its name. You should have seen his face. Eve—I was singing Darling, Kiss My Eyelids Down!" She trilled with laughter, laughter that she could not check, even at Eve's shocked surprise.

"Oh, Laura Belle! What did he say?"

"He blushed, just like you're doing. He's a goose!"

"He isn't!"

Laura Belle clapped her hands. "So the wind's in that quarter! You'd make a perfect wife for a minister, Eve."

"Don't—don't! How can you!" Eve pressed her palms over burning, scarlet, telltale cheeks. "It's—it's immodest."

Laura Belle became grave. "But you do care about him—I can see that."

Eve's childlike eyes turned to her trustfully. She whispered, "I wouldn't tell another soul in the world—but—oh, I do like him—I do! Only—he doesn't care a thing about me. He's as stiff as a poker with me, and all the other girls, just the same. And mother pushes me at him—I get so ashamed. Laura Belle, what do the girls up North do when—when they like a man—and he doesn't even look around at them?"

Laura Belle rose, swinging her wide hat by its flying streamers, her smile belying the seriousness of her voice. "They run after him and make him look. Oh, Eve, if a woman's clever enough she can get any man she wants! Yes, she can. I know it. The man has nothing to say about it."

"I can't. I wish I could. You've had so many beaux—show me, Laura Belle."

But Laura Belle was already trailing down the walk. "If the chance comes you'll know what to do and need no

showing. Besides, I have to use my cleverness to get Ashby. He's most pig-headed—in some ways he's a perfect fool. That's why I love him." Her delicious laughter lightened the summer air. "Come over soon and see my toilettes. And I'll sing all the new songs for you. I've got to go down to the grocery and get some sugar for Zilly, so she can make sugar-dumplings for dinner."

The Reverend Aaron Baines' left ear now ceased to burn. But he was left in the foreground of Eve's thoughts. She sat, hugging her knees, watching Laura Belle's swaying white figure flecked and dappled by the golden shafts of sunlight that managed to filter through the leafy guard of the ancient maples. Presently that energetic matron, her mother, appeared at the front door.

"Wasn't that Laura Belle's voice I heard? I have come out, but I was right in the midst of putting new ticking in the spareroom pillows. I'm all over feathers yet."

"Yes, it was Laura Belle—she's back yesterday. I'm going up to see her new dresses. Ma, she had a lovely hat—but it's got flowers on it. D'you suppose pa would mind if I got one like it? It looked so pretty on me. So stylish."

Mrs. Staley pursed her lips. She wholly sided with Eve, but she belonged to a generation to whom Paul's admonishment of "Wives, obey your husbands" was not addressed in jest. "I'm afraid he would. You know how he does go on over things like that, and—I don't know—I sort of think Mr. Baines feels the same way. You set your heart on it." She hastily changed the subject. "How is Laura Belle, and how's she looking? In all kindness, I don't see why she doesn't get a rich husband up North that she's been going long enough to pay anybody, and she's a real tease. She's shoving along in age, too. She'll be twenty-five come her next birthday."

"She says she wants to stay with Ashby. She said it right out."

"For all sakes!" Mrs. Staley threw up her amazed hands. "What's she got to do with Ashby Walker? Poor as poverty; and the last of his down to skin and bone, as you might say, and with his mother's temper—and all the Ashby positions like red pepper and vinegar. He's not much to look at, either; so dark and glum. Maybe she was just fooling."

"I don't think so."

"It's a queer way for a girl to talk, fooling or not. She's had plenty of real nice young men after her, and it's not a case of last chance. Eve—I sent a loaf of cake over to the parsonage."

"Mother—I wish you wouldn't." But secretly glad.

"There's nothing in a little neighborly attention. Don't be silly." Mrs. Staley divined the satisfaction beneath Eve's protest. "If you'll press the lace on my new lawn I'll run it in for you this afternoon."

"All right. But before we decide about the lace I want to see Laura Belle's things. She always has such ideas."

"That'll be nice. Lottie Richardson's having a new dress. I'd like yours to be different."

They went within, moved by the common sound competition. If Lottie Richardson was to have a new dress, and the Richardsons' pew farther up the aisle than the Staleys', then Eve must obtain distinction. Without a spoken word they knew each other's thoughts.

At the same moment it occurred to young Mrs. Walker that if Miss Walker was going downtown when she left she would inevitably have to come uptown again. She hurried to the window and was distressed to find that she could see only the shortest distance in either direction, so that it would be practically impossible to detect the young lady in time enough for him to get down and traverse the front porch and walk to intercept her. Vague plans floated through his mind. What if he put on his hat and went up toward the Walker house? What had he done last night? But no, he must not be seen to act aimlessly, and it would be hard to simulate purpose. Besides, there was the danger of meeting members of his flock—an almost certain danger, since Methodists figured greatly in the majority in the little town.

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y be stopped and subjected to benevolent inquisi-
ung Baines had been in the Arborville pastorate
gh to know that he could hide nothing from his
There were times when he wished that he had
er of dissimulation. That thought—undoubtedly
an's wiles—obtruded itself at this moment.
ached to see Laura Belle again! He wondered
he might legitimately call upon her and the
ot too soon; he knew that, for even his visits to
in her absence, had received unfavorable com-
one of his deacons. It had been suggested that
attention to one of another faith might be mis-
by those who were not so understanding or so
ed as the faithful friend who pointed out his
his Aunt Lucretia had asked him sharply how
and that pretentious old wind bag.
ondered these things, gazing absent-mindedly
window, he was stabbed by the sight of Laura
ning; returning, and walking rather swiftly.
f the grocery clock had reminded her that she
with the saleratus. She swam into his vision
ain before he could do more than blink and
she was beautiful—oh, she was rare! Her
ribbons waved behind her, alluring follow-me-
felt the urge, if not the definition. Yet, how
how exquisite!
manly woman, Miss Laura Belle! Didn't the
er the most devoted daughter a man ever had?
lid, not once, but many times, and Aaron
never tired of hearing the phrase.
re you mooning out the window for?" de-
retia Hallett, making one of her sudden, dis-
ppearances. "I've called you to dinner three

inking about my sermon," he replied with

ys were absent-minded, even as a little boy,"
inded him.
not see him as anything but the tow-headed
d left to her care by her dying sister. All
lder than he, had petted and babied the little
he had never quite outgrown that sheltered,
ldhood. For all he tried to be grave and impressive in this, his first charge, he was aware at times of an amiable indulgence among the older members of his church. But he raged against it, not knowing that he unconsciously provoked it.

For in spite of his years at the seminary, and his ordination, in spite of his unquestioned serious purpose and his sincere goodness, in spite of a certain compelling power in pulpit oratory, power that was based on conviction and honesty—he was still a boy in heart, in character. Life had been easy for him. He had had none of the hard knocks, the bitter emotions that mature, that slay youth. He was innocent about women, and shy with them, which caused the older ones to long to mother him and the younger to long to marry him. Girls made him uneasy, and so he was, even as Eve had told Laura Belle, uniformly stiff in his manner with them. Secretly he had rich, vivid dreams of a rare and beautiful woman, to whom he could offer a heart's devotion and from whom he would receive a melting, adoring, playful tenderness. None of the pleasant pretty girls who crowded his Sunday school and listened so attentively to his sermons fulfilled this dream. But Laura Belle Walker—ah, she was different!

He had met her when he had first come to Arborville. Very shortly after, she had gone away on one of her periodical visits to those unknown magical Northern relatives. She had made a profound impression on him at first, and her image had been a fastness for his imagination, blurring and obscuring the other nearer figures, making it easy for him to ignore their innocent, bold importunings. Now she was home again, and lovelier, more compelling than ever. He had seen her and talked to her, and she had been amiable, though a little careless of him, and he was not blind to the fact that she had not hesitated to flout, though not unkindly, his cloth, in asking him to hear that warmly titled song. He was not quite sure whether he was happy or miserable. It was his first, his very first love affair, and he was thrown into a strange disorder by it.

While he ate a generous slice of Eve Staley's twin-mountain cake he was still intent on Laura Belle, and he wondered avidly what she had thought of him. He was afraid he had seemed not at his best this morning. Had he been too awkward—too confused? He remembered that he had taken off his hat and stood with it in his hand, a pleasant Southern custom he had observed and gladly adopted when he had first come to Arborville, for it expressed some of his reverence toward women—in the abstract, that is. But it expressed so little of his reverence for Miss Laura Belle! What had she thought of him? If he only could know! What was there behind her smiling, impersonal regard? Surely, a need so imperative as his, an interest so profound, an affection so burning—he admitted those daring words to his description of his state—must awaken some slight response from her. But she had been inscrutable. Properly maidenly of her, no doubt, but not very satisfactory.

He would have been wounded to the quick and abased in woe if he could have known that Laura Belle thought of him not at all, save casually as Eve Staley's certain prey. Laura Belle was thinking entirely of another man. Her first question on reaching home had been "Father, is Ashby coming to supper on Friday night?"

To which Major Walker had somewhat testily replied, "Ashby always comes to supper on Friday nights. I have received no notification of any change in his accustomed habit."

And Laura Belle had said no more, only reflected that it was a long time until Friday. She contemplated taking the major's hack and riding out to see Ashby, as she did occasionally, but on second thought she decided to remain at home, unpack her trunks and freshen her wardrobe so that when he did appear she might be irresistible.

She directed Zilly to have mock terrapin, hot beaten biscuits and peach shortcake for Friday night supper; Ashby's careless bachelor establishment was not strong in the cuisine. Likewise Laura Belle resolved that she herself would mix the toddy that night, and raid the major's best bourbon for the purpose.

Before Friday arrived Eve Staley came, intent on fashion. Laura Belle took out everything, and the two girls sat in her great airy bedroom with its bare whitewashed walls and old rosewood furniture and discussed styles with animation. Eve tried on the dresses that appealed to her, cut the pattern of a sleeve, made a rubbing of an eyelet edging, drew her delicate brows together over the folds in the new quilling. Laura Belle directed and

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As for Laura Belle, Lilting Down the Street in a Foam of White Ruffles, She Was All Contentment, Quite Unfeigned

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JOAN OF ARC SMITH



"Men Have Rebelled Before," She Says, "Under the Lash! And Even Under the Leadership of a Weak Woman"

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

By George Kibbe Turner

INVESTIGATORS, male and female, said the fat foreman, all up and down—investigating, advising, helping the worker. There's fewer than there was back in the war, yet plenty still; and never will this feller I'm telling you of—this Brawny Bill Wolfert, the big fellow worker—forget the last one who came investigating just here this spring; that one with the bobbed blond hair, without no name—and what she done to him.

He was up here in New England at the time, organizing one of them radical cotton-mill strikes, when they come to him at strike headquarters and says one more of those social-investigation parties had blown in. For he always had them come to him—the local union—to handle all stuff like that.

"Young or old?" he asks them.

"Young," they says.

"Aha!" he says. For of course they are mostly all that—these investigators and advisers—under twenty-five anyway, just lately out from some school or college.

"All female?" says Bill, giving them that steady glare he had. "Or just two-thirds of them?"

"There's but just one man amongst them, and him an advanced retired minister," they tell him.

"Take them down," says Brawny Bill, "by Bloody Bridge and The Row and Turtle's Misery. You know!"

"Sure!"

"Only hold back," he says, "on The Row till the wops' dinnertime, and they can see them lapping up the macaroni and the little devilfish, or some other starvation sloppy mess."

"Sure!" they says. "We'll see to that."

"And don't forget the bloodstains of the Syrian at the Bridge," he says; "nor the tenements at the Misery that the board of health condemned and the sheeny got the injunction keeping open."

"Don't worry," they says. "We'll show it all to them."

"See you do," he says. "Don't forget. Feed it to them raw," he says.

"The rawer it is the quicker they snatch it from your hand. For that's what they're here for—investigating. The more they take away the more they give them that hire them for their money."

"Sure!" they says.

"And don't be afraid what you feed them neither, for they'll never know the difference."

"Sure!" they says. "We've had them here before," and went off with them, down to Turtle's Misery, and showed them the dumps with the water in the cellar and the blinds lopping off.

"Is it possible?" says the advanced retired minister.

"It's not only possible but it's there before your face," says the thin one with the brown face and the tight mouth. "You see it, don't you?"

"It makes my blood boil—boil!" says the one with the blond bobbed hair—the big fine-looking one that I was telling you of.

And then up they come to The Row at dinnertime, when the Dagos are in messing with their loose and crawly food.

"Hi, Tony!" says the union boys to the wop, hollering. "The squid he good, hey—like the roast beef?"

"Ah, what you do," says the wop, spreading his hands, "when you got no work?"

"Is it possible?" says the advanced retired minister. They called him that, the boys claimed, because he got advanced ideas on labor, and then went and married a rich woman and retired. "Do human creatures subsist on such food?"

"I told you what to expect," says the thin brown one with the peckish nose, "didn't I?"

"You did. I see you did," he says, bowing slow and thoughtful.

"But what will we do about it?" says the big fine-looking blond one with the bobbed hair. "That's what I want to know. For it makes my blood run cold."

And then they took them on to the Bridge, and showed them the brown spots on the walk and side.

"You can see for yourself," they says, "what they done to him!"

"This will need some explaining!" says the thin brown one, poking them with her finger—"some explaining!"

"Was it true he thought this striker—this Syrian—was drawing a knife on him?" says the advanced minister.

"Not a word! Not a word!" they says to him. "I guess you must have seen that in the newspapers!"

"Exactly where I did see it—exactly!" he says.

"We're trying to tell you the truth," they says; "not a pack of lies like the papers. We just let you see it for yourself."

"I warned you; I told you what to expect," says the brown-faced one with the bitter taste to her words. "And they call this civilization!" she says.

"I'm shaken—definitely shaken by this!" says the advanced retired minister.

"It's time we all were," says the lively blond one. "And get up and do some fighting over it. We'll be around for some days," she says to the boys [illegible] showing them. "We're going to [illegible] and probe this to the bottom."

"To the muddy bottom!" says [illegible] brown one.

"Sure! Come round any time," [illegible] them. "You ain't seen the half [illegible] round and we'll show you what you won't see in [illegible] newspapers. We'll show you the bare, naked truth," [illegible] says.

And then they went round back to Brawny Bill's quarters.

"You fed it to them raw, huh?" he says.

"Sure! We gave them the truth," they says.

"And they gulped it down just like I told you!"

"Sure!"

"Aw, what good does it do?" says one of them, "that trouble—for them things! What good [illegible] after they swallow it?"

"They spread the truth," says Bill.

"The bunk, you mean!" says the man who was on the outs with Bill. "Who'd believe them?"

"Who'd think anybody'd believe all the bunk talists jam into their hand-fed press," he says. "[illegible] eat that up all over, don't they? What do they [illegible] it—the public—one way or the other! It's the [illegible] with us," he says—"with these investigators [illegible] to investigate—that's how they make their [illegible] we want to have them, and spread the truth—[illegible]

"Ah, what do they know about it—them [illegible] porters, either one! How can they, with the [illegible] give to it?"

"What do you care," says Bill, "so long [illegible] spreading the truth for us? And to-morrow [illegible] them more of it to spread," he says. "We'll [illegible] right, don't fret!"

So to-morrow, in the morning, they came [illegible] told him that one of them was there wanting [illegible] personally.

"Should I give her the time?" says Brawny Bill; [illegible] is she?"

"She's the one with the bobbed hair we were [illegible] of," they says. "We didn't get her name."

"What is she—the usual?" he says.

"Not by no means," they says. "She's not [illegible] sloppy sisterhood," they says. "She combs her [illegible] carries clean pocket handkerchiefs. She's a [illegible] She's a looker. You'll want to see her, Bill," [illegible] for he had quite a reputation with the women.

"Show her in. I'll tend to her case," says Bill, [illegible] and stood waiting, stiff and staring and hard [illegible] she came in and shook hands, her color high and [illegible] shining. And she hit him so hard from the [illegible] sat there all the morning filling her up with [illegible] wages and statistics and war stuff—that red [illegible] blue soldier dope.

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bey tell you what these same strikers down this
it Valley done for their country during the war?"
r. "Did they tell you the exact statistics?"
she says.
thousand of proper war age," he says, "and just
," he says—"in the valley. And three thousand
nt to war and fought America's battles for her!"
ossible?" she says, opening up her eyes.
f them, twenty-two hundred-odd—I just forget
figures—were wounded!" he says, and stopped,
e way he did at them.
ssible?" she says.
forget how many killed," he says. "But
nd now they're murdering them again by
ges, and threatening to use the militia on
n boys that just got through fighting America's
her!"
es my blood boil—boil!" she says. "They
rn and fight them back."
t the usual," he says. "What these slave
ys do to their wage slaves—here in New Eng-
over! They use the workers for cannon fodder
new markets; and then they use what's left as
odder for filling the foreign orders they fought
for them."
ve her some more statistics on the wages and
done to them to stop their picketing.
if they don't knuckle down," he says, "and
d that mashes them they're coming in and
r heads off with the militia, with the very
ly, the workers themselves had in France."
my blood," she says, "run cold! Run cold!"
seen what I seen when I was a boy in the
Nevada," says
o her, looking
d still, "you'd
m up." And
all about the
him in jail.
pitalism," he
at it does for
'hat's justice.
em up, then
their wages."
t they give
' she says.

that line of
ve out," he
ot being able
ll goods at
hout cutting
a lie on the
if it wasn't,
to their wad
at fat thing
f the worker
fighting in
s—he made
n't he?"
," she kind

no favors,"
pity from
is our own,
ith our own
obbed of!"
s working
n between
e ask is for
!"
ring that,
r feet.
tice!" she
p, and her
big bright
lle of her
onesome-
ic justice!
that al-
watch-
I saw so

Brawny
s will be
omic jus-
man and

lendid!"
you the
"it was
f yours
e to talk

estand-
Brawny
straight

"Can I—can I stand and work with you and fight with you," she says, "shoulder to shoulder—starting now? For economic justice? Will you let me?"

"Let you? Sure!" says Bill, still and ugly. "Come on! The more the merrier! The more fighters the more justice!" he says. For he seen he had her going.

"I'll do it!" she says, springing up and staring at him hard, her breast heaving.

"I didn't get your name when you come in," says Bill after a minute or two.

"No," she says. "I didn't give it to you—that's why!"

"Oh!" says Bill.

"For I'm not giving it out—yet. Not my real name—for certain reasons. For I don't want certain persons—or a certain person anyway—to know I'm here," she says.

"That's all right. I understand. We've all got a right to our own name—if we want to hold it back," he says, looking hard and experienced. "I ought to know that, if anybody, after the way mine's been used."

And then when she was gone he sent some of the boys to find out from the others who were there investigating with her what it was. For, now he'd seen her, he was more than willing to have her around.

"She can fight shoulder to shoulder with me all she wants to," he says. For he was, like I said, an old hand with the women. Being separated so long from his wife, he was like a bachelor, and he knew a looker when he seen one.

But the others in the investigators couldn't help him neither.

"We don't know who she is. She just came and asked if she could join our party and we said yes, she could," says the brown investigator with the scalding tongue.

"She's a mystery," says the advanced retired minister. "She has so far refused to divulge her actual name to anyone. So we merely call her Miss Smith."

"All right," says Bill. "Let it go at that. Leave her case to me. She put the miss in mystery—and I'll pick it out maybe."

For now she'd come to him and told him she'd made up her mind she'd stay right there and fight with them.

"For that motto you gave to me. For economic justice—for man, woman and child!" she says, looking at him all flushed up and excited.

"You couldn't have no better, that's sure. It's been my motto from a boy, and always will be," says Brawny Bill, looking back at her stern and hard and indifferent, the way he did at them when they got that way.

So then on the third day the other investigators had done their investigating and gone, having got the thing all settled in their heads. But she stayed right along—to keep on with the strikers. And right away she wanted to get out and get started.

"Let me speak to them," she says. "Just tell them how I feel and how we're all going to get economic justice for all, high and low, man, woman and child!"

"Right for you!" he says. "Start after it!"

For he had had them before, and he knew how the newspapers yelled and pleaded for them, to get stuff with women in—hot, throbbing stuff with women in—from the selling of the first national bond tied with a blue ribbon down to shooting strikers. And he'd had all kinds of women agitators and investigators around in the radical movement—advertising—and he knew their worth. But this one surprised him at the first go-off, showing up in the meeting on the common with a blood-red dress on, and going after the mill owners and their wages and the lack of justice and the threatening of the militia.

"Let them beware! Let them watch their step!" she says. "How they send these militia against these men here—these workers! They're mostly ex-soldiers, and they can fight. They have shown that. All they need is a leader who'll do the same, and they'll have that. They'll have that," she says, her face more and more red and rosy and excited. "For if no one else will lead them I will! I'm not afraid! I'm out for economic justice for man, woman and child! And no one can scare me down!"

The reporters were walking up and running around by this time, pleading with Brawny Bill and the others to tell them who it was so they could put it on the wire right away.

"You'll have to ask her," says Bill, short and ugly. "I don't know. She won't tell me her name. And if she had, I probably wouldn't tell you," he says, insulting them the way he always did the newspapers, yet drawing them on so much the more by doing it.

So they waited and went up to her, crowding around.

"My name?" she says. "I can't give it to you. It's a secret—for now anyhow!"

"Oh, come on—do!" says the newspaper boys. "Give us something we can call you anyhow."

"Call me what you want," she says, tossing back her mop of bobbing hair like a football player and looking fine and big and handsome and careless. "Call me what you want. Call me Joan of Arc, why don't you?" she says, laughing. "She was out leading, fighting the soldiers, and maybe I will before this is through and we get our justice.

(Continued on Page 138)



"Is it Possible?" Says the Advanced Retired Minister. "It's Not Only Possible But It's There Before Your Face"

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THE BLOODHOUND

By Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN



Holding the Professional Criminals of America So That the Jury Could Plainly Read the Title, He Opened the Book

"NEXT!" The dejected file of prisoners beneath the glaring windows stiffened and limped forward. There were twelve of them—the same number as the minor prophets, the apostles, the tribes of Israel and the officers of King Solomon—a bullet-headed negro in a red sweater, charged with vivisection during a crap game, bringing up the rear. The line bumped along beside the iron grating like a caterpillar, those behind butting forward those in front, turned the corner by the jury box and disgorged two prisoners before the bar of judgment. It was the first Monday in January—pleading day.

"Next!" repeated Phelan, the court captain, standing inside the rail, to McNamara, his whipper-in. "Lively now!"

McNamara turned to the head of the line.

"You two there! Step up here!"

Mr. Dougherty, the tiny, bald-headed clerk with the big mustaches that made him look like an animated mushroom, picked up the indictments on the top of the blue pile in front of him.

"Patrick Mooney and Daniel Mulligan," he intoned, as if officiating at the high altar of the cathedral, "you are jointly indicted for the crime of burglary in the third degree, grand larceny in the first degree, assault in the first degree, receiving stolen goods and carrying concealed weapons. How say you? Do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

Neither of the two made reply.

"Have you counsel?" sang Dougherty.

"Got a lawyer?" interpreted Captain Phelan.

There was a slight bustle on one of the nearer benches as a heavily built man with sideburns came forward.

"I appear for both defendants, Your Honor," said he. "They plead not guilty. Will Your Honor set the case down for the twenty-first for trial?"

The judge nodded and made a note, and the stout lawyer turned away, about to resume his seat.

"Next!" shouted Phelan to the world at large. "Next!"

The taller of the two prisoners—a plug-ugly—wheeled from the rail and started on the return trip. The other did not stir. He was a much smaller man, hardly five feet six, and of a different make altogether. He might have been your plumber, or electrician, or the grocer's clerk who takes your order at the side door; and though his demeanor was more timid than any of these it was, nevertheless, defiant—some spark of courage, or at least resolution, still surviving after his year in Sing Sing.

"Judge—Your Honor," he said huskily, twisting his cap in his hands—"this man don't represent me. I haven't got any lawyer."

Old Judge Watkins peered down from the dais at him over his reading glasses. He then looked after the retreating attorney.

"How's this, Mr. Hogan?" he asked. "I thought you said that you appeared for both defendants."

The attorney paused with a half smile.

"So I did, judge."

"The prisoner Mooney says you do not represent him."

"They're indicted together—for the same offense, committed at the same time. The defendant Mulligan's sister came to my office yesterday and retained me for both of 'em."

"Judge—Your Honor," repeated the man at the bar of justice stubbornly, "I don't know this lawyer and I don't know this man I'm indicted with. I never saw him before that night. I'm innocent, and I want a separate trial with my own lawyer."

Captain Phelan hoisted a blue shoulder and grinned at Mr. Dougherty. It was the old game—the old grandstand play—of seizing this opportunity to make a vigorous denial of guilt in the presence of the panel of jurors, newly assembled in court for a month's service, in the hope that by so doing one might avoid going on the stand later at one's trial, and so escape the disagreeable necessity of submitting to cross-examination upon one's record and earlier history.

"I only got out of prison Saturday, Your Honor," continued the prisoner Mooney, "after serving fourteen months—with an allowance off for good behavior. I'm in no hurry to get back either, believe me! Sunday night I was walking home, and this defendant, Mulligan, here, came along with a bag and began talking to me. Just then a bull jumped out and drew his gun on us. Clubbed me, into the bargain! See that lump on my forehead? He rapped for his side partner and they yanked us up to headquarters, and when they found out I'd been in stir they said I was due for another bit. Then the first cop said he found a gun on me. It's a plant, judge, I didn't have one. What would I want with a gun, judge? What I want is a chance to earn an honest living!"

He made his plea doggedly, yet with obvious hopelessness, for he no longer had any faith in "the course of justice."

Judge Watkins, sent down from Utica by his friend the governor to hold a special criminal trial term and so relieve the congestion in the Tombs Prison, beckoned to Mr. Dougherty, who elevated himself upon his glossy little tiptoes and held a whispered colloquy with His Honor across the edge of the dais. Behind the prisoner on the first row of benches a homely girl in a gray shawl, her broad

honest h
with a sm
les, leani
hungrily
waited f
over a
would wait ten more if need be,
carried her out in a box feet fir
had lost all faith in the supposed
the law. For Paddy had bee
because he had swatted Micky Morrison ove
saloon, Micky being heir apparent of the lower
friend of Bloodhound O'Brien, the assistant d
ney, and honorary colonel of the Pearl Button
Paddy Mooney was a stationary fireman
building, without political affiliations, and
member of the union. This he now perceived
a grievous lapse, due, however, only to the
they had sought to bully him into it, and he
bullied.

Judge Watkins saw the tense look on the g
guessed its significance. For an upstate judg
good deal about the big burg. There are
days, and Joey Watkins could have given
professional brethren—even those who had
within sound of Trinity chimes—much valua
tion as to the habits and customs of New
There are a lot of people who suppose that
cleaned up the Red Light District and jailed
men the town became whiter than snow and
ever since! But wasn't Boss Tweed
the greatest political house cleaning ever
Father Knickerbocker? Weren't the Tam
ribs clearly visible for years? And would
of starvation had it not been for the defeat
Mitchel as recently as 1917? Yet has it chang
And after all, is a Republican cop—
thing—any different from a Tammany
nature of cops generic? Just as the nature
is generic?

It is said somewhere by Frazer, in The
that mankind as a whole resembles the
civilization, like the wind of heaven,
surface, leaving the depths untouched
nicipal reforms. You can have torchlight
lore and political-fusion love feasts and
virtue, but cops will remain cops and
crooks, and out of the enmity between
seeds will spring all the evils of any sort of
tality and malign trickery and
contest between human rats and
fails to contaminate or at any rate to
who take part in it. For the rat is
danger to the youthful prosecutor, who
public service seeks an appointment as
trict attorney, is that in the passion of the
viction and punishment of some—to him
criminal may seem more important at the
the strict preservation of his own integrity
ing maintenance of the principles of

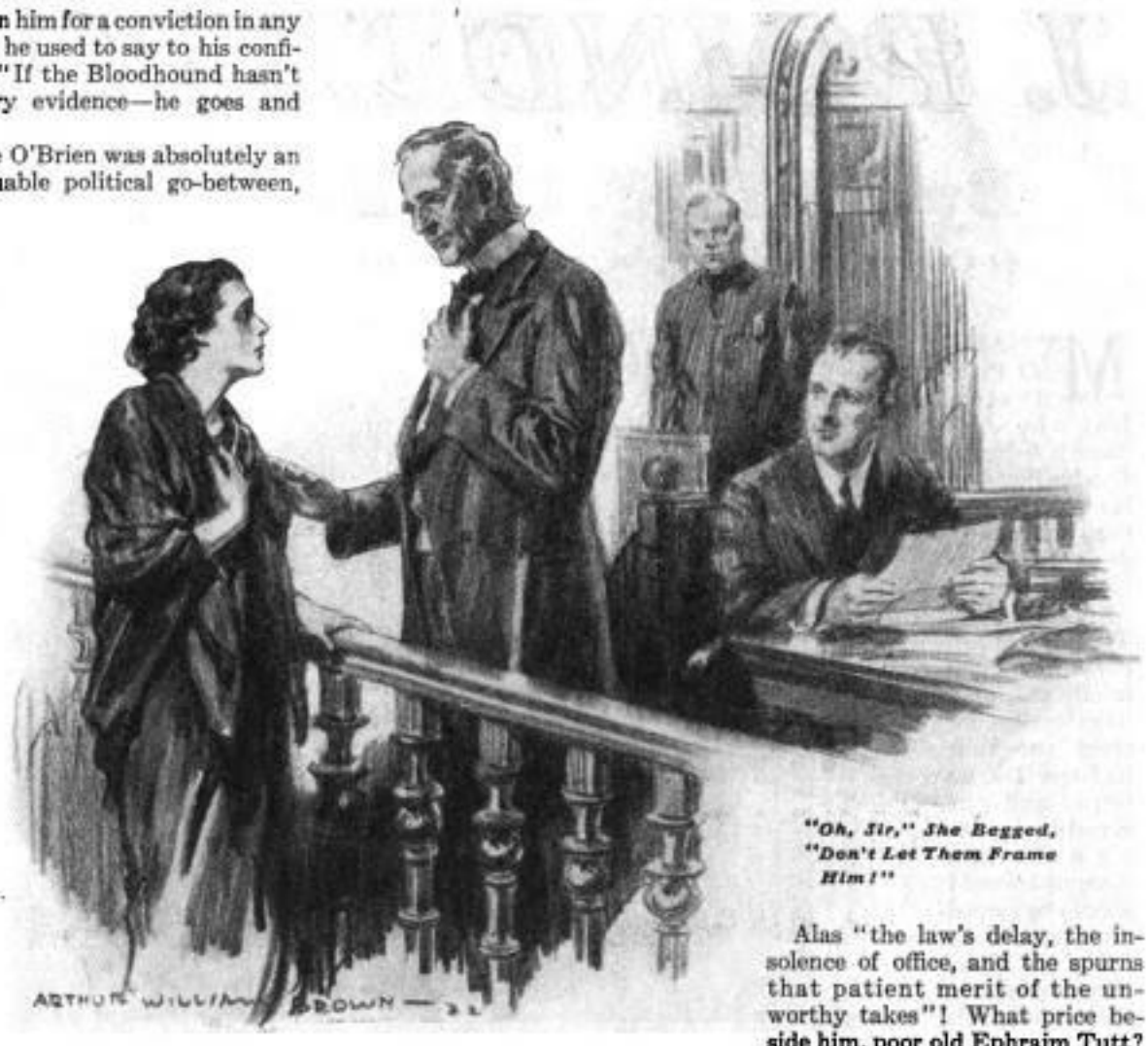
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go free simply because some foolish law pro-
say evidence or the proving of more than one
the same time? Should we not praise, rather
demn, the young enthusiast who is willing to
his virtue, his ideals, his very soul in order that
an may hang? Should we not pay tribute to one
lling to be damned for the glory of God?
Watkins looked searchingly around the court
l his eye came to rest in a far corner.
assign Mr. Ephraim Tutt to the case," said he,
summons the old lawyer arose from his seat
pipe hat in hand, approached the bar.
moment the door was pushed violently open
the Bloodhound, surrounded by his minions,
ancient enemy faced ancient enemy.

II

not be presumed from the foregoing philosophic
ion that we intend to lay any floral offering
er of William Francis O'Brien's moral reputa-
rom it! We desire to provide for him no apol-
ation or excuse; and the reader may perhaps
e has hitherto at sundry times been described
in these pages as "the yellow dog of the dis-
y's office," for that was exactly what he was—
log or human bloodhound, as you may prefer.
wed it as his duty to his God, his country and
onvict by any means at his command every
ndant brought to the bar of justice.
his pertinacity, his resourcefulness and his
le he had achieved great notoriety as a prose-
ers feared him, defendants shuddered at the
t of facing his merciless cross-examination;
ithout consideration to the former or sympa-
latter. He had no bowels or mercies. To
od he astutely made use of a veneer of appar-
of naïve enthusiasm, that often made him
s merely a blunt, well-meaning blunderer.
s no guile of serpent he did not possess, no
his teeth.
Bloodhound, as he was called, was a more
ure in the Criminal Courts Building than
ney John Henry Peckham himself, who was
ve it so, since he shared the widespread be-
had to be a crook in every law office, whether public or private. In fact, he found O'Brien more than a mere convenience, particularly because he could always count upon him for a conviction in any difficult case. As he used to say to his confidential friends: "If the Bloodhound hasn't got the necessary evidence—he goes and gets it!"

Hence, because O'Brien was absolutely an asset and a valuable political go-between, the Hon. John Henry Peckham smothered his personal dislike for the dog and encouraged it to lick his hand. He also was forced to put up with his noise, and his overbearing and swashbuckling ways. For outside the court room—as well also, to be accurate, sometimes inside it—Billy the Bloodhound was a swaggering, blustering sort of legal bravo, wherever he went preceded, surrounded and followed by a cohort of sycophants, clerks, process servers, police officers on special detail, and admirers, who ran his errands, carried his books, bag and papers, bought his theater tickets, did his telephoning, acclaimed his coming and did him lip service, much as we may imagine some Roman senator of the same type to have been accompanied by his bodyguard of lictors who shoved the crowd aside at his approach. All this to Billy the Bloodhound was as the breath of his life, and he played the part, bellowing down the corridors, shouting from the elevators, kicking his slaves in the shins and then handing them out cigars, whispering out of the corner of his mouth about "the big fellow" and "the one next," with so effective an air of mystery that he had everybody buffaloed, and the crowd all swore among themselves and to him that he was the greatest little man on earth.



"Oh, Sir," She Begged, "Don't Let Them Frame Him!"

He was thickset, bullet-headed, with closely cropped reddish hair and freckly sandy skin, and his short aquiline nose and square chin would have made the features of a cigar-store Indian—alas, poor redskin, he deserves an apology!—seem filled with the milk of human kindness.

Everybody feared and kowtowed to him. People who wanted favors of Peckham went first to placate O'Brien, who was supposed to have the boss in his pocket; cops and detectives sought to have him handle their cases; judges were apt to try to conciliate him as a coming man politically, and as possibly the next district attorney. Whenever a star case, a *cause célèbre*, or any matter attracting public attention came into the office, O'Brien sent to the chief clerk for the papers, and grabbed it. He had even been known to send for the papers in a case already assigned to another assistant, and grab that too. He gave out interviews to the papers, assumed the office of "acting district attorney" whenever Peckham absented himself, and likewise frequently when the latter was there, and constituted himself pretty much the whole show.

If one stood for him he wasn't so bad, and if he hadn't been a crook he might easily have been a power for good instead of a power for evil. It was not easy to overestimate that power, for he was the grand vizier of the most powerful public office-holder in the United States, not even excepting the President himself. He could make or break a cop or blast the reputation of any man in the community at will. This the Honorable William Francis O'Brien!



Alas "the law's delay, the insolence of office, and the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes"! What price beside him, poor old Ephraim Tutt?

But wait! There is life in the old dog yet—old Tutt, we mean! So far Billy the Bloodhound has but opened the door and entered the court room, and Mr. Tutt has but turned to gaze at him. Let us reserve our lamentations until we see what will happen when they meet. Will not the gods lend courage and strength to the kindly old lawyer, who never yet did aught but good, although mayhap he may have done it in queer ways? And who never retired wholly vanquished from the field of honorable battle?

So, heralds, your fanfares! And summon all to the lists to behold the contest between the Bloodhound and the knight of the stovepipe hat. Blow, bugles, blow! Set the echoes of the forum ringing for the legal joust! Court officers, bawl your best, with "Oyez! Oyez!" and "Hear ye! Hear ye!" pound the railings and shout the honest burghers out of their hats and into their seats, make them move up and on, close the windows, lock the door so that none may escape, and let all who have business in our honorable court now with due deference draw near, give your attention and let Mr. Tutt be heard!

III

BILLY THE BLOODHOUND strutted into the inclosure in front of the dais, bowed to the judge and preened himself before the gaping crowd—the little czar, the Pooh-Bah, the high-cockalorum of the Sessions—as the old lawyer was in the act of consulting his new client. Something about Mr. Tutt inspired Paddy Mooney with instant confidence, and while the court waited he hastily explained to him the circumstances surrounding his arrest. He had no witnesses, he said; he was being framed and he wanted to be tried at once. O'Brien swaggered to the bar.

"Well," he inquired roughly, "how do you plead? What are you going to do? You can't talk there forever."

Mr. Tutt smiled with the old-time courtesy he invoked when in his most dangerous mood.

"I am sorry to have unduly delayed the proceedings, Mr. O'Brien. We plead not guilty, and we ask an immediate trial."

It was at this moment that the devil, in the shape of Delaney the cop, leaned over the rail and plucked the Bloodhound's sleeve.

"S-st, Mr. O'Brien! Put the screws on him and he'll plead guilty. We've got him cold. Here's the gun I took off him—loaded."

He shoved the revolver into O'Brien's hand, and the latter, always willing to oblige, slipped it into his pocket.

"Has he got a record?" he asked sideways.

"Sure! Just out of stir. Caught him with a valise full of stuff he took out of a cigar store. He's an old-timer—Gas House Gang. If he won't plead, stick him right on trial. It's a pipe! A conviction sure!"

The Bloodhound nodded.

"Leave him to me! Here, you!"—addressing Mooney and Mr. Tutt together and as one—"plead guilty and I'll give you attempted grand in the second."

Mr. Tutt gravely shook his head.

(Continued on Page 133)

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J. POINDEXTER, COLORE

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER



Then He Says to Me How Would I Like to Take a Trip to New York City? I Thinks He Must be Funning

MY NAME is J. Poindexter. But the full name is Jefferson Exodus Poindexter, Colored. But most always in general I has been known as Jeff, for short. The Jefferson part is for a white family which my folks worked for them one time before I was born, and the Exodus is because my mammy craved I should be named after somebody out of the Bible. How I comes to write this is this way:

It seems like my experiences here in New York is liable to be such that one of my white gentleman friends he says to me I should take pen in hand and write them out just the way they happen and at the time they is happening, or right soon afterwards, whilst the memory of them is clear in my brain; and then he'll see if he can't get them printed somewheres, which on top of the other things which I now is will make me an author, with money coming in steady. He says to me he will fix up the spelling wherever needed and attend to the punctuating; but all the rest of it will be my own just like I puts it down. I reads and writes very well, but someway I never learned to puncture. So the places where it is necessary to be punctual to make good sense and keep everything regular and make the talk sound natural is his doings, and also some of the spelling. But everything else is mine and I asks credit.

My coming to New York, in the first place, is sort of a sudden thing which starts here about a month before the present time. I has been working for Judge Priest for going on sixteen years, and is expecting to go on working for him as long as we can get along together all right, which it seems like from appearances that ought to be always. But after he gives up being circuit judge on account of him getting along so in age he gets sort of fretful, by reason of not having much to do any more and most of his own friends having died off on him. When the state begins going Republican about once in so often he says to me, kind of half joking, he's a great mind to pull up stakes and move off and go live somewheres else. But pretty soon after that the whole country goes dry, and then he says to me there just naturally ain't no fitten place left for him to go to without he leaves the United States.

The old boss man he broods a right smart over this going-dry business. Being a judge and all, he's always been a great hand for upholding the law. But this here is one law which he cannot uphold and yet go on taking of his sweetening drams steady the same as he's been used to doing all his life. And from the statements which he lets fall from time to time I gleans that he can't hardly make up his mind which one of the two of them—law or liquor—he's going to favor the most when the pinch comes and the supply in the dine-room cupboard begins running low. Every time he starts off for a little trip somewheres and has to tote a bottle along in his hip pocket instead of being able to walk into a grocery and refresh himself over the bar like he's been doing for mighty nigh sixty years, I hears him speaking mumbling* words to himself. I hears him saying it's come to a pretty pass when a Kentucky gentleman has either got to compromise with his conscience or play a low-down trick on his appetite. Off and on, it certainly does pester him mightily.

But just about the middle of the present summer he gets a letter from his married niece, her which used to be Miss Sally Fanny Priest but is now married to a Yankee gentleman named Fairchild and living in Denver, Colorado. Miss Sally Fanny is the closest kinfolks the old judge has got left in the world, and she ups and writes to him and invites him to come on out there where she lives and stay a spell with them and then toward winter go along with her to a place called Bermuda, which, it seems like from what she says in the letter, Bermuda is one of these here localities where you still can keep on having a toddy when you feels like it, without breaking the law. So he studies about it a while and then he says to me one night he believes he'll go, which he does along about four weeks ago, leaving me behind to sort of look out for the home place out on Clay Street.

My wages goes on the same as if he was there, and I has but little to do; but the place seems mighty lonesome to me without the old boss man pottering round doing this and that and the other thing. I certainly does miss seeing the sight of him. Every time I walks through the front part of the house, and it all empty and closed up and smelling kind of musted, and sees his old umbrella hanging on the front-hall hatrack, where he forgot and left it there the day he went away, I gets a kind of a low feeling in my mind. It's like having the toothache in a place where there ain't no tooth to have it in.

And I keeps on thinking about the [illegible] when he'd be setting out on the front [illegible] night time come on, with some of them [illegible] friends of his dropping in on him, and me [illegible] ing them drinks from the sideboard, and [illegible] laughing [illegible] smoking [illegible] ing and [illegible] on; or else [illegible] talking [illegible] the Civil [illegible] war and [illegible] tle of Shi[illegible] all. But [illegible] them [illegible] and [illegible] the old [illegible] away [illegible] in Denver [illegible] rado, [illegible] and [illegible] mile [illegible] and also [illegible] can [illegible] comes [illegible] walk [illegible] front [illegible] dark [illegible] dids [illegible] silver-[illegible] and all [illegible] when [illegible] the [illegible] goes [illegible] of them [illegible] neq[illegible] chimn[illegible] "W[illegible] w[illegible] whose [illegible] took [illegible] fare [illegible] em[illegible] while [illegible] ways [illegible] ain't [illegible] soon [illegible] be [illegible] while [illegible] lived in by people you [illegible] have now gone entirely [illegible]

So after about two weeks [illegible] I gets so restless I feels like I [illegible] very much longer without [illegible] someway. So one Sunday [illegible] two o'clock in the evening I'm going on past [illegible] gentleman by the name of Mr. Dallas Pullam [illegible] he comes out on his front porch and calls [illegible] tells me to come on in there 'cause he wants [illegible] about something. So I crosses over from the [illegible] the street and walks up to the porch steps and [illegible] hat and asks him how he is getting along and [illegible] ain't got no complaint; and he asks me how [illegible] along my own self, and I tells him just [illegible] so-and-so, and then he says to me how would [illegible] a trip to New York City? I thinks he must [illegible] But I says to him, I says, "How come New [illegible] Dallas?"

So he tells me that here lately he's been [illegible] smart about going to New York and staying [illegible] on a sort of a vacation like, and if he likes [illegible] settle there and go into business. He says [illegible] made up his mind to take some likely [illegible] with him for to be his body servant and [illegible] clothes and things and everything, and he [illegible] maybe I might be the one to fill the bill; and [illegible] to me, "How about it, Jeff? Want to go along [illegible] town the once-over or not?"

I sees then he is not funning but is making [illegible] business proposition. I thanks him and says [illegible] I has ever had the crave to follow traveling [illegible] and that I likewise has often heard New York [illegible] very pleasant place to go to, by them which [illegible] and also a place where something or other is [illegible] of the time. But I says to him I'm afraid [illegible] account I'm under obligations to Judge Priest [illegible] of us having been together so long and him [illegible] in complete utter charge of the house. He [illegible] he thinks maybe he can attend to that part [illegible] he says he'll write a letter to the judge [illegible]

*Note by Jeff's amanuensis: In the part of the Union from which Jeff hails, and among his race, the word "mumbling" denotes complaint, peevishness, a querulous utterance.

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ne up and he's pretty sure it can be fixed up so's
He says if I don't like the job after I gets there
ny way back home again any time I wants to
hen the old judge needs me, either one. He says
lopting me; he's just borrowing me.
s has liked Mr. Dallas Pulliam, him being one
t free-handed young white gentlemen in town.
off and on, I've heard the rest of the white folks
him behind his back about the way he's handled
re money which was left to him here a few years
his paw died. There was that time when he
gar plantation down in Louisiana, sight onseen,
ne went down to see it couldn't do so without
ne a whole heap of bailing out first, by reason
under three feet of standing water. Anyway,
I heard tell; though I reckon it wasn't noways
me of the white folks let on. And there was
ime only a few months back when he decided
a buggy factory. I overhears Judge Priest
out that one day to Doctor Lake.
ung man, Dallas Pulliam, certainly is a saga-
farseein' person," he says. "Jest when auto-
got so cheap that every hill-billy in the county
o own at least one he's fixin' to go into the
y business on an extensive scale. Next time
im I'm goin' to suggest to him that when the
seems to sort of slack up, ez possibly it may,
of layin' off his hands he should start in to
flintlock muskets fur the U. S. Army."
n that Judge Priest or somebody must have
. Dallas along those same lines, because he
o the buggy business, after all. For the past
hs he ain't been doing much of anything so
es except pranking round and courting Miss
rrell.
folks may poke their fun at him unbeknownst,
manners suitable to make him popular with
e kind of a white gentleman that's this here
ear a new necktie or a fancy vest about three
and then he'll get tired of it and pass it on to
hat comes along. Moreover, him and me is
he same size, and I knows full well in advance
just from looking at him that Sunday evening standing there on his porch that the very suit of clothes which he's got on then will fit me without practically no alterations. It's a checked suit, too, and mighty catchy to the eye. So right off I tells him if Judge Priest gives his free will and consent I'll certainly be down at the depot when that old engine whistle blows for to get aboard for New York City. Which he then asks me for Miss Sally Fanny's address and promises he'll write out there that very night to find out can I go.

It's curious how news does travel round in a place that's the right size for everybody in it to know everybody else's business. Before night it has done leaked out somehow that I is seriously considering accepting going to New York with young Mr. Dallas Pulliam, and by next morning, lo and behold, if it ain't all over town! Wherever I goes pretty near everybody I meets, whites and blacks alike, asks me how about it and allows I'm powerful lucky to get such a chance. Mostly, in times gone by, when my race goes North they heads for Chicago, Illinois, or maybe Detroit, Michigan, or Indianapolis, Indiana. No sooner do they get there than they begins writing back saying that up North is the only fitten place for colored folks to be at; wages high, times easy and white folks calling you mister and everything pleasant like that. They writes that there is not no Jim Crow cars nor separate seats for colored at the moving pictures nor nothing like that. But I has taken notice that after a while most of 'em quits writing back and starts coming back. Some stays but more returns, and is verging on shouting happy when they crosses the Ohio River coming in. From what I hears some of 'em say after they gets home and has got a full meal of vittles inside of them, and so is got more time to talk, I has made up my mind that so far as my own color is concerned, the main difference from the South is this: Up North they calls you mister, but they don't feed you!

Still, New York City ain't Chicago, Illinois, nor yet it ain't Detroit, Michigan; and besides, working for Mr. Dallas Pulliam, I won't have to be worrying about when does I eat next. Still, even so, I says to myself that it won't be no harm to inquire round, now that the word is done leaked out anyhow, and learn something more than what little I knows about New York City. But it seems like, outside of some few white folks, there is not nobody I knows who's ever been there, excusing a few head of draft boys which went there enduring of the early part of the war; and they wouldn't scarcely count, neither, on account of them just passing through and not staying over only a short time whilst waiting for the boat to start. Howsomever, they tells me, one and all, that from what they did see of it they is willing to recommend it very highly.

One or two of the white gentlemen which I is well acquainted with, they tells me the same too. Mr. Jere Fairleigh, he takes me into his law office when I meets him on the street and speaks to him about it; and he gets a book all about New York down off of one of his shelves and he reads to me where the book says that in New York there is more of these here Germans than there is in any German city except one, and more Russians than there is in any Russia city except none, and more Italians than there is in any Italy city except one, and more Hungarians than there is in any Hungry city at all, and so on and so forth. I says to him, I says:

"Mr. Jere, it seem lak they is mo' of ever' nation in New York then whut they is anywhares else. But they does not 'pear to be nothin' said 'bout 'Merikins. How come, suh?"

He says he reckons there's so few of them there that the man which wrote the book didn't figure it was worth while putting them in. Still, he says I'll probably run into somebody once in a while which speaks the United States language.

"Most every policeman does," he says. "I understand it's the law that they have to be able to speak it before they'll let 'em go on the force, so as they can understand the foreigners that come over from the mainland of North America to visit in New York."

The way he looks—so sort of serious—when he says that, I can't tell if he's in earnest or not. I judges, though, that he's just having his fumdiddles with me. And then he goes on and tells me that the biggest of everything and the tallest and the richest and the grandest is found there,

(Continued on Page 122)



He's Very Cheering in His Ways, Telling Mr. Dallas That He Must be Good Friends With Mr. Bellows and the Three Ladies

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SOME MISCHIEF STILL

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

AS HE inserted his latchkey and scuffed his muddied shoes on the rubber doormat, Mr. Weldon mechanically arranged his features in that expression which his thirty-two years of matrimony had demonstrated to be infallibly provocative. If he came in wearing the look of a repository of inviolable confidences he could be certain of an audience actively and singly attentive, of a cross-examination that gave him the center of the stage. Otherwise, even such news as he bore on this occasion would fall flatly on ears only perfunctorily heedful. He came in almost furtively, as one who would prefer to avoid notice.

In the doorway of the room denominated as the library, he paused to inspect approvingly the erect and energetic woman who wrote at the old secretary. He had never lost that proprietary pride in Carrie. There were force and decision and adequacy in the very scratch of her pen. She did not look up, but she saw him, he perceived, with the back of her head.

"You're late again, Arthur. And just look at your shoes!"

Her pen sped on. Mr. Weldon dropped an apprehensive glance at his feet, and was reassured. That was just habit; he hadn't tracked in any of the mud from Phil's back yard. He coughed with intention. If he didn't answer she'd look around presently, and rise to the bait of his guilty countenance. He observed that the pen slowed, hesitated. Carrie turned sharply, her shrewd, alert eyes instantly accusing.

"You're trying to make me think that you know something I don't," she declared. "Are you ready for supper? It's been waiting."

Mr. Weldon preserved a bold front. "All right. Come on, then."

She prolonged her inspection. He could see her succumb to that infallible look, see her eyes turn wistful, like a little girl's. His conscience pricked him feebly. It was a shame to tease Carrie—she detested being in the dark about anything.

She surrendered just as he was on the point of volunteering his sensation. As she adjusted her napkin she narrowed her eyes.

"You've been at Shirley's, Arthur. What's she up to now?"

He paused to pay a pleased mental tribute to her penetration. Sharp as they made 'em, Carrie.

"Chickens." He liked the eloquent brevity of that. As he saw his wife's blank bewilderment he was distinctly aware of a kind of gratitude toward his daughter-in-law. Poor, dear Shirley! After all, it wasn't her fault that she'd been spoiled.

"Chickens!" Carrie's tone conveyed the suggestion that, prepared for almost any other revelation, this one had taken even her in an unguarded quarter. "You don't mean that she's going to keep ——"

He nodded, buttering a biscuit. "She's subscribed to a correspondence course in it; you start with two hens and a rooster and surprise your husband by paying off the mortgage and buying a marble clock for the parlor. Showed me a photograph of the woman who did it—and the clock too."

Carrie inhaled audibly and eloquently. "Couldn't you talk her out of it? She—she surely hasn't really begun?"

Mr. Weldon chuckled. "Oh, no! Shirley never really begins, does she?"

The delicate irony of the reply brought a visible and delightful consternation to Carrie's look. He decided not to wait for detailed interrogation. There was no doubt at all about Carrie's attention. He could afford to be generous with his news now.



"Just as Lief Stay Here for Supper," He Declared. "Just 's Lief 's Not, Carrie"

"Found her standing over Abednego—out behind the garage, building a coop out of the piano box. Right spang in the middle of the asparagus bed too. You ought to have seen it!"

He wagged his head reminiscently.

"I was there this afternoon too; and she didn't say a word of any such ——" Carrie's lips tightened. "She wouldn't, of course. I'd have put my foot down on any hare-brained nonsense like that in short order, and she knows it. Chickens! In a piano box! And that lovely house!" Her tone changed. "Did you hear about the four-poster?"

Mr. Weldon hurriedly slurred his negative. Furniture was apt to lead to detailed description and narrative. "Don't worry about the piano-box part of it; I fixed that all right. If she's bound to fool with chickens she'll do it right, anyway. I made her see that a first-class plant would be more apt to pay." He winked. "You can't make Shirley drop an idea, but you can most generally get her to let you help, if you're canny. We're going to build a nice up-to-date chicken run—together."

He winked again, almost anxiously this time, as he observed the symptoms of preoccupation in his wife's eyebrows.

"She was going to put that beautiful four-poster in the spare room; just because that fool Lyddy told her about old Martha Sprowl dying in it! She told me that her guests wouldn't know, and that she did! I declare I almost lose my patience with that child sometimes! After I spent four years wheedling that bed out of Martha—a perfect Hepplewhite, you remember, Arthur."

"About that chicken scheme," said Mr. Weldon, clinging to an ebbing hopefulness; "I'm going to keep an eye on it so that she can't lose too much or worry Phil with it. I got Brewer up and we figured on a ——"

"She was going to have frankfurters for lunch. I came in just in time to stop that, when I was there this morning. After I'd told her how dangerous they are too."

Mr. Weldon sighed. He would have enjoyed telling Carrie about the chicken house and the wire runs. And he thought wistfully of those frankfurters which Phil had almost had for lunch. couldn't convince Carrie that weren't necessarily poisonous.

"I was afraid the minute I ber," Carrie "You know said to you, day, Arthur. pretty and she but—there be a law against ing children was spoiled, dear! You'd believe that so sweet and could have stubborn four-poster! know what come of I didn't ——"

"Stood me about the house too," Weldon, "Perfectly make it piano box, the woman in the it. Good thing for spare the time to One mess after didn't."

"It's mean to this way." Carrie "After all, she's devoted to Phil. deal. And she'll she's just a baby, still."

"We can see that she doesn't get into any Mr. Weldon reflected. "It isn't as if I business. I can keep an eye on this as easy as not. If I was still running different." He brightened. "Brewer's idea for that house, Carrie. He says ——"

"She's never had anything to do Carrie, "and she's been taught thing she wants to play with if Remember what she told us wagon till her father could you expect of a girl can do is to let her don't do her any more ways keep an eye need one. Lyddy for a month!"

Mr. Weldon clicked his tongue his teeth.

"It's lucky we've got time peated. "She'd have bed if I hadn't "Brewer told me the plans, Carrie. swapped horses, the other good and ——"

"And the one that was mother," said Mrs. told me that story She subsided meditative. Funny that and never told He chuckled over it; enough to be clearly as Carrie did.

"I've got it!" knew I'd living room. that's had a Mr. Weldon nodded. pieces to accept after three chicken as his pushed dismaying he thought.

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ening paper was duller than usual. He glanced
y above its rim at Carrie, knitting resolutely, her
he hassock.
fine night, Carrie. Kind of a pity to stay in the
that say we go take a little walk—get some air?"
d him calmly, as if to make it clear that the de-
transparent. He returned the scrutiny defiantly.
ould stop at Phil's," he proceeded, unashamed.
few minutes." She tightened her lips. "You
sure that bare space and see if the tilt-table'd
lded. "Come on, Carrie. Do you good."
ered the knitting. "Well ——"
your hat." He had a sudden inspiration. "It's
ight out; you could help Shirley with her dishes."
feet left the hassock with a thump. "I should
forgot all about that! She'd wash the silver in
"
ldon click-clicked sympathetically, and moved
ack.

II

HING in Shirley's look gave Mr. Weldon pause
most important stage of his discourse regarding
one cutter. He stopped, and fumbled for a
ch he abandoned before it emerged upon his
e. Shirley's deep opaque eyes held his fast,
ow smile dared him to disappoint it, Shirley's
ched his lapels—a trick which brought her
h to whisper.
couldn't be sensibly severe with Shirley, he
mself; it wasn't her fault that she was so—so
. They'd spoiled her systematically all her
e expected everybody to keep on spoiling her.
as well scold a butterfly for not being a bee.
ed that he was grinning back at his daughter-
ad of reminding her that this was her chicken
d that, after shamelessly leaving all the work
started to a man who had advised her against
t place, she ought in mere decency to show a
t in its success.
the most won-der-ful secret to tell you!"
isper floated on a little laughing undertone,
sweet and smooth, that always made Mr.
k, absurdly, of cream.

He strove to rally a wavering common sense. She had announced the chicken project in exactly this fashion, he remembered.

"What are you up to this time?" In spite of an honest endeavor it sounded indulgent, almost approving. He struggled against his grin. Shirley laughed softly, excitedly.

"I'm not up to it—I'm in it! I kept it all to myself until I got the deeds. And you're the very first and only person I've told."

"Deeds?" The word had an ominous sound. Deeds could only mean real estate, and buying property was, in Mr. Weldon's code, the most entirely solemn form that human business could assume. He felt his jaw muscles slacken and his brows lift. "Deeds—what deeds?"

Again Shirley laughed. "The deeds to that darling little lodge—at the turn in the road over there." She released one lapel in order to point. "At least I've always called it a lodge."

"You mean Ham Calhoun's shanty?"

Mr. Weldon was aghast. That tumbledown relic that Ham Calhoun had been trying to sell ever since it got too rickety for storing corn!

If she'd actually bought that ——

"Yes; I wanted it the first time I saw it, and now I've got it! I had to wait till my dividends came in."

"Ham Calhoun's shanty!" Mr. Weldon heard in his voice the thickened diction of one who talks across the border of a troubled sleep. "What on earth did you want it for, Shirley?"

She twisted her face into an absurd counterfeit of a scowl.

"Oh, dear, I did hope you wouldn't say that! I hate to have people ask me why I want things—as if wanting was a crime that could only be excused by ex-extenuating circumstances! Why should I think up some tiresome sensible reason for wanting what I want? I know I want it, don't I? And isn't that all that matters?"

A dim relief expanded in Mr. Weldon's troubled spirit. After all, it wasn't so bad as it might have been. She couldn't have paid very much for that shack, at the worst of it, and as long as it wasn't just a preface to another of her notions ——

"Something in that, when you look at it," he conceded. "I only meant to ask what you aimed to do with it; thought you bought it to—to use, some way."

Shirley beamed on him. "Oh, I see! I thought you were just—just criticizing. But you weren't; and you guessed that I—or haven't you guessed what I'm going to do with it?"

Mr. Weldon felt the jaw muscles relax again. He managed to shake his head. Shirley seized his lapels.

"I'm going to start a wayside inn! Of course I'll have to fix the house up first, but I know—I just know it's going to be a perfectly gorgeous success. There's ever so much travel on that road; even now, when summer hasn't started, there are heaps and heaps of cars going by. And there's no place in Grimfield except that horrible Battle House and the awful Greek restaurant."

"A—a wayside inn?" Mr. Weldon contemplated the announcement stonily. This girl, who couldn't be trusted to wash a dish without Carrie's eye on her! He must plant his foot firmly and finally on this project; if she ever tried any such crazy scheme —— Shirley, who could be brow-beaten into abject submission by that sullen yellow wench Lyddy, every time Carrie turned her back! He examined his vocabulary for fit words.

"Now, Shirley—let's talk this thing over, you and me, before you go setting your heart on it." He observed symptoms of a pout and a quiver of Shirley's sensitive lower lip, and panic woke in him. "Don't you go get a notion that I'm against you, because I'm not. Didn't I back you up on this chicken business, when they all thought it was crazy? No, sir; I'm on your side, same as always. But it's Phil I'm thinking about. Strikes me you're forgetting that he needs a lot of your time."

"I'm not forgetting! As if I could! But Phil's away all day; and I'd always be at home when he was."

"That's so, of course." He felt that it was diplomatic to agree with her as much as possible. "That's absolutely right, Shirley; but how about the house? Who's going to run it if you go and get a restaurant on your hands?"

Shirley gurgled joyously. "You're so funny! You just ask mother about my housekeeping! She's too sweet to tell me, but she knows. I've tried and tried to learn, but

(Continued on Page 71)



He Struck a Match. Shirley, Beside Him, Emitted a Delighted Cry at a Litter of Discarded Furniture

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FROM McKINLEY TO HARDIN

Personal Recollections of Our Presidents

By H. H. KOHLSAAT



Joseph McKenna

IX

MELVILLE E. STONE, general manager of the Associated Press in 1896, was present during the conference of the McKinley managers in the Southern Hotel, June 12, 1896, when the gold-standard plank was written.

Mr. Stone, in his interesting book, Fifty Years a Journalist, writes as follows:

The "Major," as we called McKinley in those days, was a friend. Four or five days before the St. Louis Convention he had asked me to come to his home at Canton, and I went there. We sat for a long afternoon on the porch of his cottage. He had received at the hands of Mr. Robert W. Patterson, managing editor of the Chicago Tribune, a proposed plank for the platform to be adopted at the St. Louis Convention. It referred to the monetary question and declared in a modified way for bimetallism. I was president of the Globe National Bank of Chicago at the time, and he did me the honour to ask my view of Patterson's proposal. I promptly told him that there was no such thing as bimetallism possible. I used the well-known illustration of the yardstick, and assured him that two yardsticks of different length could not be. In truth, Major McKinley had no settled opinion in respect of the matter, and he said he was convinced that the financial question would, after all, not be the issue of the coming campaign. I challenged this view, and, having in mind some things that had happened, said that neither he nor the National Convention could determine the issue, and that the people would in the end do this. Finally, he told me that Charles Emory Smith was drafting the platform, and he asked me to see him in St. Louis and try to settle the matter.

The thing that had happened, and which forced me to believe that the silver question and not the tariff was to be the issue, was the action of the Peoria Convention of the Democratic Party in Illinois, which had already been held. The controlling force in that convention was a very astute politician, Governor John P. Altgeld of Chicago. He had thrust the issue of bimetallism into the Peoria Convention and secured the passage of a resolution declaring for a 16-to-1 standard. But for the fact that he was born in Germany, and therefore ineligible to the office of President of the United States, it is not unlikely that he would have been the national Democratic candidate that year.

The story of the adoption of the gold-standard plank at the Republican National Convention has frequently been told, yet not always accurately. When I arrived in St. Louis I found a good deal of confusion. I was called into a conference of Major McKinley's friends. Those present were H. H. Kohlsaat, editor of the Chicago Times-Herald; ex-Governor W. R. Merriam of Minnesota; the Hon. Myron T. Herrick of Ohio; Senator Redfield Proctor of Vermont; the Hon. Henry C. Payne of Milwaukee, and Mark Hanna. As manager for the McKinley force Mr. Hanna found himself in a difficult position. Several Western states were earnestly for free-silver coinage. Mr. Hanna, therefore, while personally a gold-standard man, was unwilling to take the responsibility of actively participating in the fight against a declaration for bimetallism. After repeated conferences a resolution committing the Republican Party to the gold standard was agreed to.

The most urgent and uncompromising advocate of a gold plank was Mr. Kohlsaat. My only part in the framing of the plank was to write in the word "inviolable" in the pledge to "maintain (inviolable) the obligations of the United States at the existing standard."

After the wording of the resolution had been finally agreed upon it was necessary to submit it to Major McKinley. A long-distance telephone line between the Southern Hotel in St. Louis and the McKinley cottage in Canton had been established, and Mr. Hanna and I went to the St. Louis end of the wire in the basement of the hotel to read the plank to the waiting candidate at Canton. It was a new experience for Mr. Hanna, and he could not make himself heard. I therefore read the resolution. Major McKinley asked if that had been fully agreed upon by his friends, to which I replied that it had. Reluctantly he acquiesced in it, but asked if it was not possible to introduce a modifying phrase pledging the Republican Party to promote an international agreement for the free coinage of silver. In obedience to this suggestion such a phrase was introduced, and the plank was later adopted by the Convention.

Mr. McKinley's campaign, carried on from his cottage at Canton, was a remarkable one. Although he had never given the financial question very serious consideration, and certainly had no adequate conception of the business when nominated, he delivered speech after speech of such cogency as to command the attention and admiration of every student of finance.

X

IN 1912 Horace White, editor of the New York Evening Post, wrote he was clearing up his papers at eighty, and was returning to me the following letter I wrote July 1, 1896, ten days after the convention, as he thought it would be interesting after sixteen years:

July 1, 1896.

HORACE WHITE, ESQ.,
The Evening Post,
N. Y. City.

My dear Mr. White: I have just read the enclosed article taken from the Evening Post of Monday, June 29th. I do not know Mr. Angell and never heard of him, but he is evidently a friend of Mr. Herrick and the plank was probably sent to him by Mr. Herrick. The article is correct in every way, excepting that Senator Lodge saw the plank as you have it printed on the Monday morning. He said it suited him perfectly with the one exception that he would strike out the two words "and unlimited." He thought that the plank would be stronger if it read "we are opposed to the free coinage of silver." He said that was all the change he would make and asked me for a copy of the plank.

ver and paper money and that nothing but gold

On Friday in the conference the plank read "existing standard should be maintained." This of the earnest appeals of men from the states Of course the gold standard could not win from those states was lost; consequently great weight. There were seven in the thought it was perhaps unnecessary to slap middle western states in the face by inserting contrary to their wishes. I took the position ardice not to put the word "gold" in because the words "existing standard" meant and better have a straight-out fight and avoid ence lasted five hours and at the end of that put in as you see it in this original copy.

Our mutual friend Mr. M. E. Stone change which reads "to the extent only as can be maintained" and also for the word last line you will see that the word "standard "at the present standard, the standard of nations of the earth." This was the Proctor of Vermont, a warm friend of McK eastern man in the conference. The senat time he put it in that the strongest words as every word in the plank ought to weigh a

I have been somewhat surprised at the Lodge and Mr. Platt that the East dictated McKinley managers had 564 votes (100 more sary), to pass a plank which would simply free coinage of silver and in favor of maintaining standard. They also could have adopted what Indiana plank. The 238 votes of New England Pennsylvania were simply added to the majority already controlled.

You will notice that in McKinley's speech committee he took occasion to say that the plain of the administration borrowing money to preserve our credit, which means that told me a week ago he would do, viz. use all the chief executive to maintain the treasury have no sympathy with the demagogic appeals of the people against Cleveland issuing bonds every patriotic man should do and nothing told me that if the Republican party should



Lyman J. Gage

I handed him the enclose to you. struck off copies and stand that Mr. Lodge to different ea said that they ha him by one of Gov Kinley's closest fri was the plank that agreed upon by the management and presented to the resolutions.

The original the plank is in a McKinley's own his plank read: "That party caused the the law prevailing sumption of specie 1879. Since then has been as good as pledge ourselves to It was thought the stronger to say "lieved the existing ard should be pre so Governor McK was changed. On June 11th, the Republicans of Michigan Iowa and Nebraska against using the in the platform. it would need a of explanation to uents—that the people would mean the abolition

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lovember it would be their first duty upon coming into adopt measures to provide sufficient revenue to run nment and pay off its indebtedness—that he would ut an office until he had satisfactory legislation, and legislation could become operative he would use all vested in the President to maintain the gold reserve. o necessity for his coming out and saying so at this assure you, Mr. White, we have a battle on our hands tion of the country and McKinley must do nothing from his personal popularity, for that is one of the actors of his success. I honestly believe that if Mr. d been nominated on a gold platform it would have sible for us to carry Illinois against Altgeld and free geld is extremely strong with the labor people. turn this original draft of the plank, as I wish to have nd preserve it. I would not part with it for consider-

Yours sincerely,
(Signed) H. H. KOHLSAAT.

w York Evening Post printed several editorials liculing the claims of Platt and Lodge that they gold plank.

XI

', 1896, the Democratic National Convention Chicago. The dominant figure was Governor ltgeld, of Illinois. Born in Germany, he was or the Presidency or would in all probability the nominee. He was an ardent advocate of and as the Democratic State Convention, held few weeks before, instructed the delegates to l convention to vote for free silver by something 3 votes for gold, Altgeld had the backing of his inois for his heresy.

t speech of the convention was made by a virile young fellow, William Jennings Bryan, . His "Cross of Gold" speech set the conven-

es P. Handy, chief of the editorial page of the ld, on his return from the hall came into my at excitement and said he had just heard the ech of his life and predicted Bryan's nomina- y. Bryan was almost unknown until he made Few of the newspapers had photographs of 'imes-Herald was fortunate enough to have one. I sent for Mr. Von Hofsten, our best rtist, and asked him to make a five-column ryan and do his best. It was printed on the der the caption "Probable Nominee Today's running across seven columns. About five morning some of Bryan's friends ordered five ies, which they took to the convention hall. them on their breasts and fastened them to arched round and round the hall, headed by a "Bryan! Bryan! William Jennings Bryan!" told me later he thought the picture had a

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much money was spent, and, I believe, legitimately. There was no purchase of votes.

The silver mine owners contributed a huge sum to the campaign and paid for the circulation of a book called Coin, written by a man named Harvey. It was written simply and quoted treasury figures which to many were unanswerable. I paid Harvey to write a column a day, reserving the right to print a parallel column in reply. Prof. J. Laurence Laughlin, professor of political economy in the University of Chicago, answered Harvey's arguments daily. After the articles had been running less than a week Harvey came to see me and asked who was answering him. He was told Professor Laughlin. He declined to go on with his contract.

Governor Altgeld delivered a speech in the Auditorium; the house was packed. I read his speech while he was delivering it. He made such a strong argument I telephoned Professor Laughlin to come to the office. After reading Altgeld's effort he said, "If the governor's figures of the condition of the treasury were correct the speech is unanswerable, but he has deliberately lied and given false figures."

The Times-Herald printed the speech in full, but put Professor Laughlin's short statement in a box at the head of the column. A few days later I met Altgeld in a street car. He said, "Kohlsaat, that was a dirty trick you played on me."

The gold-standard people organized parades all over the country. Toward the end of October heads of business houses, bank presidents and men of large affairs, Democrats and Republicans, tramped miles through the streets, followed by their employes. As Election Day drew near business was paralyzed—the banks declined to make loans, fear took possession of the business community. Every voter was called upon to go to the polls.

Election night the streets near the newspaper offices were packed. When the returns at midnight indicated McKinley's election the clubs and hotels were filled with excited men. There was no prohibition. Volstead was unknown.

Long after midnight in a certain Chicago club one of the world's greatest merchants started the old boyhood game follow-the-leader. He was joined by bank presidents, merchants, Chicago's foremost men; they went over sofas, chairs, tables, upstairs and downstairs, and wound up with dancing in one another's arms.

A little after midnight I rang up McKinley in Canton. His nephew, James McKinley, answered the phone. I asked him to let me speak to the President-Elect. After some minutes' wait young McKinley said, "I found Uncle Will in his mother's room. The old lady is kneeling beside the bed with one arm around the governor and the other around Aunt Ida, praying. All I heard was, 'O God, keep him humble.'"

XII

TWO weeks after nomination at St. Louis the notification committee went to Canton and addressed McKinley on the porch of his modest two-story cottage. His acceptance speech reassured the country, as he stood squarely on the gold platform. About ten days later I was on a Pennsylvania train going from New York to Canton and met Mr. Hobart, the vice-presidential nominee. He was going to read his acceptance speech to McKinley before receiving his notification committee.

After breakfast in the McKinley home we went to an attic room. It was bare of furniture with the exception of a plain pine table and one chair. Mr. Hobart occupied the chair. McKinley and I sat on the edge of the table dangling our legs. As Hobart read his letter of acceptance we both made suggestions. McKinley ripped it to pieces; so it bore little resemblance when he returned to New York to the letter he brought to Canton.

The next few weeks Canton was the center of attraction to the newspaper correspondents. Mr. Hanna, Mr. Herrick, Col. John Hay and other close friends were weekly visitors. McKinley was very solicitous as to who should be Secretary of the Treasury. It is not generally known that Mark Hanna wanted that portfolio, but McKinley hesitated, first, because it would look too much like paying a political debt; and second, chiefly because he did not think Hanna had the training necessary. He said to me, "I don't think Mark knows enough about governmental finance to fill the position."

Nelson Dingley, of Maine, author of the Dingley Bill, was offered and accepted the post of Secretary of the Treasury. Along about the end of January, 1897, McKinley rang me up one Saturday night in my home and told me he had received a letter from Dingley saying his doctor had told him if he took the treasury post he would not live two years, and his family insisted that he give it up. He asked to be released. McKinley said, "That knocks my cabinet into a cocked hat; I was building it around the Secretary of the Treasury." The papers published the news of Dingley's declination the next morning.

It occurred to me that Lyman J. Gage would be an ideal man for the place. He was president of the First National Bank of Chicago, a gold Democrat, and well known to the bankers of the entire country. I called on him Sunday afternoon and suggested it to him. He shook his head and said, "I have no political ambition."

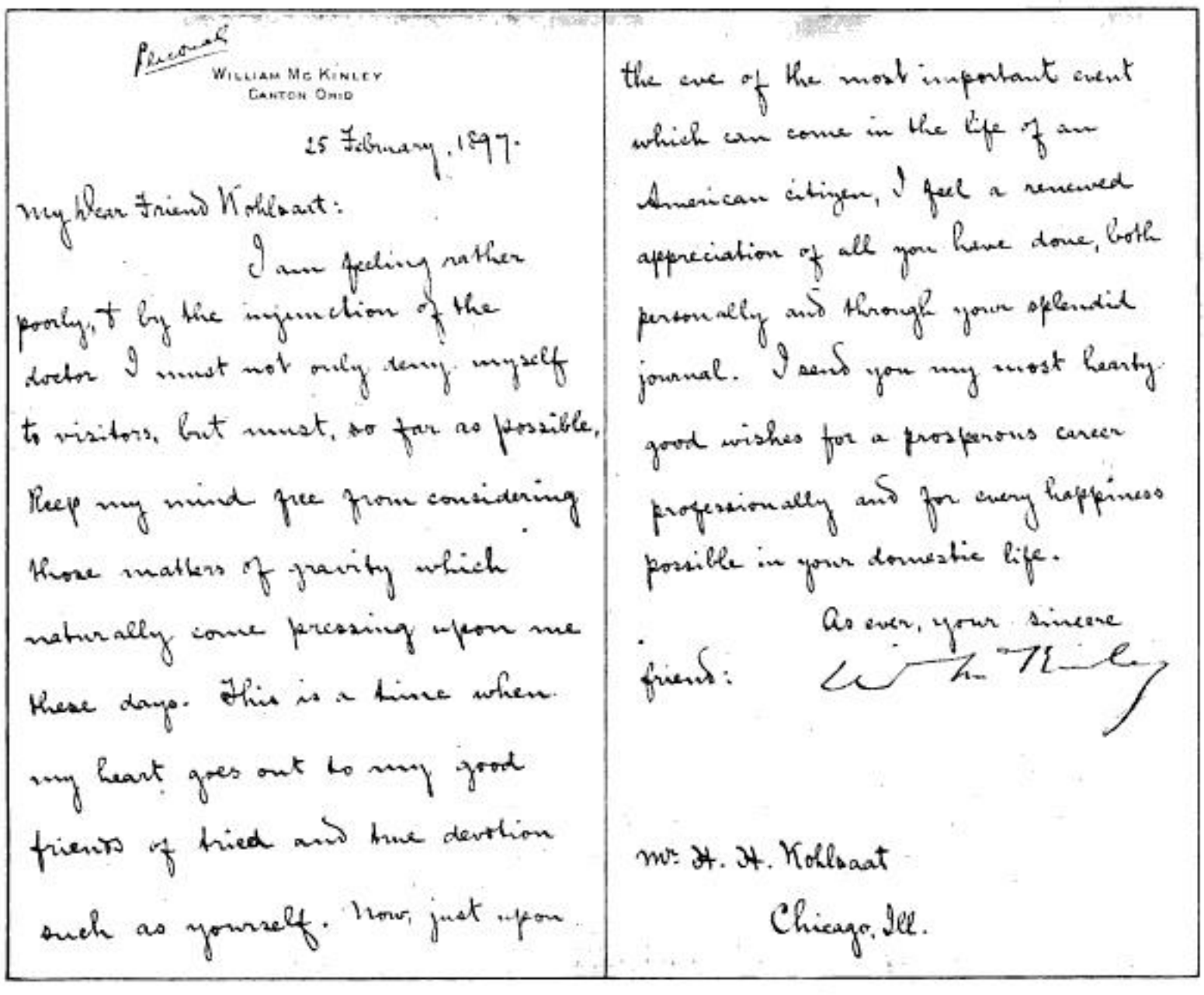
I answered: "That is just why you should take the place, if offered. The country is nervous over the money question, and faith in the man to be at the head of the treasury is vital. McKinley knows nothing of finance, he has been weak on the silver question, and confidence is of supreme importance, especially at this critical period." But he was obdurate.

That night our neighbor, O. W. Potter, gave a dinner to Sol Smith Russell, the comedian, and his wife. My wife and I were invited; so were Mr. and Mrs. Gage. I took Mrs. Gage out to dinner and told her of my visit to her husband that afternoon. She was greatly interested as I drew a picture of a cabinet officer's social position. Before we separated I had a friend at court.

Next morning Mr. Gage and I walked to business together. I urged him to reconsider.

He said, "Why should I give up a perfectly easy job

(Continued on Page 130)



Personal

WILLIAM MC KINLEY
CANTON OHIO

25 February, 1897.

My dear Friend Kohlsaat:

I am feeling rather poorly, & by the injunction of the doctor I must not only deny myself to visitors, but must, so far as possible, keep my mind free from considering those matters of gravity which naturally come pressing upon me these days. This is a time when my heart goes out to my good friends of tried and true devotion such as yourself. Now, just upon the eve of the most important event which can come in the life of an American citizen, I feel a renewed appreciation of all you have done, both personally and through your splendid journal. I send you my most hearty good wishes for a prosperous career professionally and for every happiness possible in your domestic life.

As ever, your sincere friend: Wm McKinley

Mr. H. H. Kohlsaat
Chicago, Ill.

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The Language of the Angels



They Became Interested in the Scientific Arrangement and Apparatus of the Anteroom

By Tristram Tupper

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

VI

THE Black Angel was the sole occupant of the heaven atop the foundling home throughout June. But July was fruitful in babies. Two girls came to keep Ya-he company. Their names, La-la-la-la—abridged La-la—and Goo, were derived from the sound each persisted in. They cried very little. Then came a howling male, a great fellow who should have been ashamed of himself, for he said nothing save in protest; and was dubbed by Miss Bax the White Crow. He made a noise like that, and therefore, officially, his name was Caw-caw. The fifth angel, a late July entrant, pronounced his name Gar-r-r. Then it was that the little matron, a close student of such matters, determined their respective nationalities.

Ya-he was unmistakably African; La-la was French; Goo, a Puritan from New England; Caw-caw, a Norseman; while Gar-r-r, with his Semitic features, was a young merchant prince from the ghetto.

In August came the sixth angel, weighing exactly four and a quarter pounds. She could sit comfortably in a teacup and would have been lost in a quart measure. Such a tiny thing! Yet she had difficulty slipping through the door to heaven. Old Mudgett pondered whether he would allow her to enter, but could find not a single imperfection. A wonderful miniature. Her heart couldn't have been larger than the ruby in a finger ring, and her wide eyes were priceless emeralds.

Miss Bax hung over this latest arrival in a way which might have indicated a good deal, had not the little matron herself told old Mudgett way back in March that she disliked babies tremendously.



What Did He Mean by Taking One of the Babies Out of its Crib? The Dove, at That!

"I'm afraid we better put her on the third floor," decided Mudgett. "Get an incubator or something for her."

"Nonsense!" said Miss Bax, gazing up with eyes that, if one might believe one's senses, were quite liquid and soft. "She's going on the fourth floor. She's mine." And that settled it.

Mudgett was secretly delighted. The difficulty was to decide upon a name. Though delicate the instrument at his elongated ear, Mudgett could not hear the slightest noise issuing from the sixth crib. But Miss Bax, with veil tucked in as she leaned over the little mite, could hear the most delicious sound: "Coo-oo-oo." She named her the Dove.

The seventh was a swart Italian, hardly less of a bruiser than Caw-caw. Yo-o was his name, and his voice would have filled the Metropolitan Opera House.

All cribs were now occupied. Miss Bax moved efficiently and noiselessly through the intricacies of each day's routine; Mudgett peered through a peephole, the listening instrument to his ear. The greatest linguistic experiment of the ages was launched. And, take note, the door of this heaven atop the foundling home was securely locked against the outside world. No possibility of contamination; no, none whatsoever.

Also, listen to poor old Mudgett boasting: "I say now, there'll be something to show at the end of the first year!"

Autumn: Heaven has increased amazingly in avoirdupois. Ya-he, the Black Angel, and Caw-caw, the White Crow, are vying with each other to break the bathroom scales. Gar-r-r, the Merchant Prince, without taking any thought at all, has added a cubit to his stature.

Early Winter: La-la breaks all records of the home by exhibiting a tooth at five months!

December: The shy, pallid light of dawn creeps in through the windows. The seven white-enameled cribs are silent, the angels still are sleeping—Ya-he with his arms across his ebony face, Goo with her nose buried in her pillow, knees doubled under her, the Dove with one exquisite foot sticking through the bars of her crib, Yo-o with his mouth wide open. All are sound asleep. All are unconscious that this is their first Christmas.

Old Mudgett in the darkness before dawn has slipped into his ridiculous bathrobe, pulled on baggy breeches and crept like a shadow to the fourth floor. He waits in the darkness, with eye at a peephole, to see the break of day a silent sermon—peace on earth. His thought concerns the little matron.

"I say now, how could she miss this? How could she sleep through their first Christmas morning?" A thought pops into his curious mind, something about the parents of these foundlings, something about mothers. "What will they think when they wake Christmas morning?"

The light grows stronger. He strains his eye at the peephole. Something unusual about heaven on this morning bores into his consciousness, something that changes the appearance of the room, gives it a brighter look, something about the cribs. He blinks his eyes. "I say now!" Over each of the angels is a new eiderdown. He is sure the quilts weren't there last night. Who preceded him? "I say now, they cost something! Down covered down quilts. Seven of them. Miss Bax! Miss Bax and her salary." Old Mudgett becomes thoughtful. He remembers that the little matron has been saving to get a fur coat to keep her warm on her walks through the park. "I say now!" And the sun begins to shine.

VII

THE fourth floor front presented an amazing sight in March of that first year. Heaven was crowded to fours. The angels had sprouted no wings, it is true, but discovered that their knees and stomachs were useful institutes. Their language, too, so Mudgett maintained, was growing apace.

June was the first anniversary of the great experiment. Late in the afternoon of the first day month old Mudgett climbed to the fourth floor carrying a square package the size of a million dollars another package no longer than his middle finger. Instead of going to the anteroom he proceeded down to the dietary kitchen, where Miss Bax found him painfully at the strings that bound the package. For a moment the little matron offered a pair of scissors. The cutting of a string, according to old Mudgett's code, was a crime against economy. He continued to fumble with the knots.

"There," said he presently, and his voice was loud and determined. Miss Bax regarded him curiously. He met her glance, then looked away. "There!" less boldly, and frowned down at the larger package.

Miss Bax said nothing, merely looked on, curious.

"Do you know what day this is?" asked Mudgett.

"June first. Tuesday."

"Its—I mean the significance of this day?"

"No." She hadn't an idea.

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aredhisthroat. "It's Ya-he'sbirthday. Ithought—
—you remember—he was the first—I thought we
elebrate his birthday." Mudgett removed the
d exhibited to the matron's astonishment a huge
sted layer cake. His hands trembled. He ripped
r from the second package and revealed one red
"There."
lax said quietly, "They can't eat a crumb of it."
tt drooped over the wondrous confection. An
e to him. "They can see it!" He stuck the red
to the center of the white frosting, pulled down
w shades and struck a match. Miss Bax moved
ser in the soft dusk, illumined by candlelight.
lovely cake, Mr. Mudgett; but," she added
, "they can't eat a single crumb."
can see it," he repeated. "They can see it. Put
on something in the front room where they can

azement of heaven upon beholding an artificial
evinced, unexpectedly enough, by howls, fright-
ts and the scurrying of bare knees across the
floor. The angels scattered in all directions;
mouths gaping, eyes shining, they gathered in a
mutual protection against the wall near the
ss Bax placed the candle-lighted confection on a
and lifting Ya-he in her arms showed him his
t cake. He clung to her with his small black
lled the whites of his eyes, his generous mouth
th a sound of astonishment, "Maaag," and re-
en. Presently he exhibited his entire diadem of
th. Ya-he was laughing: "Ya-he-he-he." The
ls crept closer. Their mouths also opened with
nt. "Maaag." They pulled at Miss Bax's
all kinds of noises, fought, each with might and
lifted up. Fighting, alas, it must be admitted,
requent in heaven.

with his eyes to a peephole peered into the
dusk, watched Miss Bax move efficiently
her veil tucked in, took notes on the sounds
to his elongated ear. Presently he donned his
y, descended to his office and opened the secret
ining the language of the angels.
made an entry:
a sound caused by the lips being tightly closed,
l in astonishment." He thumbed the pages of
me, pored over still another tome. Finally he
o write: "From this sound, 'mag,' comes the
'magos,' meaning 'magician'—one who as-
Derivatives: 'Magic,' 'magical'; also 'magi,'
and priestly caste of the Medes and Persians.
icent,' 'magnitude,' words derived from the
us'—great."
ett spent an hour enthralled by this pursuit of
doubt about it, the origin of language was
ce! "Ach!" was a common cry of pain on the
, an ejaculation which was almost exactly
g" was another common ejaculation signifying
gly." And "blub-blub" was their word
the water in the tub made a noise like
Mudgett
from this
had come
natopœic
ble" and
ng them.

But more thrilling than any of these was that first of all baby words—"goo"; something that pleased them, a sound indicating pleasure—"good." No mistake about it, "goo" meant "good," and "good" was a derivative of the Anglo-Saxon "God." Trace it back! "Goo" meant "God," and "goo" meant "good." Take note! That was the first thing that a baby said, the first thing that every baby says: "Goo-goo." That was the message they brought with them: "God is good."

Pages of this fascinating language of the angels old Mudgett had scribed in his secret book; and the babies were just beginning to talk!

On a day in that June, Mudgett paced the anteroom. He was never more excited. Now and again Miss Bax slipped out of heaven and handed him a sheet of paper on which were a few figures. Old Mudgett would seize this, pore over it, then transcribe the figures on a large chart. Heaven was being weighed and measured—each angel. The great experiment had proved an enormous success, not alone in words but also in pounds and inches.

Caw-caw, with Scandinavian ancestry, had outstripped them all. What a tremendous giant he was, how powerful, how magnificent. This infant viking stood thirty-four inches in his bare feet, and weighed thirty pounds! The Dove was still the smallest angel. She was delicately and beautifully formed. Her gym weight was exactly sixteen and three-quarter pounds. Miss Bax tried to squeeze it to seventeen by leaving the heart-shaped locket around the Dove's neck, but to no avail. Her height was twenty-one inches, a fraction over the height a baby should boast at birth; her little chest was a perfect fourteen, five and a half inches smaller than Caw-caw's.

The aggregate weight of the seven angels was one hundred and fifty-six pounds. Old Mudgett was beside himself with delight. The records for ten years showed the average gain of babies at the home during the first year was twelve and a half pounds. On the fourth floor it had been fifteen and a half pounds.

"Doesn't that prove it? I say now, doesn't that prove that perfect quiet, no visitors, the elimination of all contaminating influences is the right and only method?"

He might have added a word about the care Miss Bax had given these fortunate babies, but that did not occur to his absorbed mind. The little matron had not left the fourth floor for an entire year save only to tramp for an hour and a half, rain or shine, each afternoon down to Central Park, and around the winding paths and back to the foundling home.

VIII

THE first bolt of a whimsical Providence struck the fourth floor that August. It was late in the month. Miss Bax appeared noiselessly in Mudgett's office.

When he glanced around she said but one word—"Measles."

Heaven had the measles. Each angel had it in turn. Not all at once; that would be too much to ask, even of heaven. As soon as one angel became convalescent another began to scratch. It stretched over a period of three months, during which old Mudgett took up his abode with a cot in the anteroom. He moved through a fog.

"I say now, how could it have happened—measles? Miss Bax, you haven't been anywhere except to the park; there isn't a sign of it downstairs; I haven't even been inside the front room. How—I say now, how could it have happened?" Poor old Mudgett! He was wholly nonplused.

"Perhaps it came in through the windows," suggested the little matron, almost as mystified as Mudgett. "You can't keep the world out. You just can't keep it out. The world is sure to creep in—over or under. A Chinese wall wouldn't keep it out."

"I'm going to keep it out! I say now, I'm going to keep it out!" Poor old Mudgett, wholly befogged.

La-la was the first. She was carried to the little gray-and-rose-tinted room in order to segregate her from the rest of the babies. Six days later Goo began to cough and sneeze. Her brown eyes became weepish. Mudgett, ludicrous in his abbreviated bathrobe with a veil over his face, solemnly maintained that Goo merely had a cold in the head. Shortly the red spots appeared on Goo's face and neck. Caw-caw was the next to fall. The others followed. Only, in Ya-he's case the red spots were not discernible in the pigment of his ebony skin.

Another shift was now made. Miss Bax's room being overcrowded was fumigated and the babies with measles and those who had passed through the ordeal were moved back into the front room and the remaining angels moved into the small bedroom. But all precautions failed; the epidemic went through heaven, end to end.

Mudgett was marooned on the fourth floor with the clear-visioned, efficient Miss Bax. He was too absorbed, however, to note her lovely hair, like Egyptian dusk, her ivory complexion and large, unsmiling gray eyes. Also, it may be presumed that the exquisite little matron was far too busy to give old Mudgett a thought. He hung like a great shadow over the tiny cribs, he paced the anteroom at night, he pried into the food Miss Bax was preparing in the kitchen. "I say now, what's that?" No matter where the little matron was working or what she was doing, he was always there and always in the way.

"Don't you think you better get a rest for a day or two, Mr. Mudgett?" she suggested. "Don't you think you better go back to your own room?"

"Why, no. I say now, I couldn't let you do all this work by yourself. Don't you want me up here?"

"Yes. Of course I want you up here."

She made no further protest, merely went about efficiently doing everything. Many were her extra steps moving out of the way and walking around poor, befogged old Mudgett.

(Continued on Page 78)



The Saxton Woman Made a Grab for One of the Flying Babies. Miss Bax Ran to the Child. "You Mustn't! Don't You Dare!"

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TRUST EMILY—A Farce Comedy

By MAY EDGINTON

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

VIII

ARTHUR NETHERBY at length roused himself from the pleasant reverie into which he had fallen, sitting on the table with his boots in the milk, and began to look about him. He enjoyed the sensations of a man who has just awaked from a particularly lovely and luscious dream.

"A lovely girl!" he was still muttering. "A lovely girl!"

But exerting his strength of mind he tried to think of others than Emily Parks; and to brush the crumbs from his person.

He had never had opportunity of realizing before how pervasive is soft icing. He gazed around him at the débris of the tea table. The room looked a wreck. And under his feet Angela still hammered.

"A broom!" Arthur muttered to himself. He went to the kitchen door, opened it a few inches, put his hand round and called, "A broom!"

"Eh, sir?" said Mrs. Stoker, thinly from a distance. "What kind of a ——"

"Don't talk to me, woman!" yelled Arthur. "I don't allow it! Give me any broom!"

A broom was pushed into his hand by invisible agency. Arthur shut the door and commenced to sweep up the place. He collected everything into a heap, and wondered where to put it. He realized for the first time that when you have swept a room, that is not all; something must be done with the litter. But after he had swept it this way and that for a while, wondering on the proper corner to hide it in, he had a brain wave. "The fireplace!" he muttered. He pushed the stuff there, and placed the fire screen before it, just as that sound for which he had been anxiously listening for what seemed hours broke upon his attention. The Hunters' car swooped up to the gate and stopped just outside the courtyard.

Arthur leaned on his broom and wiped his brow.

Cyril stepped from the car and wandered into the courtyard in his most dilettante fashion, as if his errand had no urgency at all. He looked languorously at the milk cans, and entered, but was arrested by the sight of Arthur leaning upon his broom.

"Wakefield!" said Arthur. "Good man!"

"What's all this?" said Cyril, pausing distressfully, for from Arthur's attitude it appeared that there might be some work to be done.

"Come in!" said Arthur.

"Put that away, then," replied Cyril.

Arthur placed the broom neatly in a corner alongside the gun.

"I say," he said, pausing.

Cyril came forward, looked around, and saw the sofa.

"Say it!" he replied resignedly. He lay down gently upon the sofa, but was much dissatisfied with its springing.

Arthur began to stammer.

"H-h-has it ever struck you," he began, "how-how-how darned-darned wonderful she is?"

"Who?" said Cyril resignedly.

Arthur stammered.

"Little Parks," he replied.

Cyril fanned himself with his hat. "You may as well ask me if I'm in possession of my eyesight," he said exhaustedly. "That girl—eyes—and hair—and ankles. Can you beat 'em?"

Arthur stammered a bit more.

"She has—a—a sort of little way with her," he said hesitatingly.

He began to smile again without knowing that he was doing it.

"As old Steers said to me," added Cyril confidentially, "she'll go far if she isn't stopped."

"I don't want her to go any further," said Arthur, suddenly becoming truculent.

"No further at all."

Cyril held up his hand for quiet attention.

"Your appreciations of life, old man," he began, "you've got 'em somehow pitiably wrong ——"

Arthur held up his hand. It was larger and more determined than Cyril's.

"She's here!" he said sublimely.

"What!" cried Cyril.

Arthur nodded, unaware that he was smiling.

"Give me a piece of bread and butter," said Cyril.

The bread and butter had escaped the storm and still graced the table, so Arthur handed it to him. Cyril took a slice critically.

"I don't know how you do it, Netherby," he said, biting into it, "I don't know how—you—do—it."

"I don't do it," said Arthur. "It happens. Look here ——"

A really terrific volume of knockings and muffled voices now rose, as if all the poor prisoners had been gathering strength for a last onslaught.

Cyril started.

"What's that?" he said.

"That?" said Arthur. "That's what I sent for you for. That's your little bit—your job."

The knockings continued.



"Sometimes," Steers Went On Murmuring Delicately, "They Cry Because They're So 'Appy"

"I'm damned if I do another stroke of work day," said Cyril pettishly.

Arthur approached him and stood menacing over the sofa.

"You will!"

"Look here," said Cyril tranquilly, ... interest in the commotion subsiding, "you ... murder me, Netherby; but work I will not. ... from platform by sweaty son of ... said you wanted me; brought ... explanation; see you sweeping ... it's all so foolish." He closed ... "The flower show was very ... added. "Can't you have ... stopped?"

Before Arthur could answer ... door burst violently open, and ... entered wildly, if reluctantly ... by his wife, who pushed ... behind. "What's this!" ... very sternly ... upon the ...

"I can't ... sir," moaned ... "She won't ... no longer ... out!"

Mrs. ... looked ... husband ...

"Let ... she panted. ... women, ... Not worth ...

Cyril ... and regard ... Stokers with ... and amazement ... monocle ... well in ...

"Shut ... Stoker, get ... Stoker ... bump with ... of his ... handiest ... ain't a ...

"We're ... we were ... we?" continued ... intrepid ...

"Certainly ... are not all ... said Cyril ...

"Let ... cried Mrs. ...

She stamped and ground her teeth at Arthur ... kept behind her husband, for all that.

"For the love of Mike, sir," moaned Stoker, ... out!"

Very slowly Arthur fumbled in the pocket ... deplorable coat, and extracted three keys. He ... them to Stoker without a word. Cyril watched ... ceeding with a critical detachment and ease. ... Arthur's calm was assumed. Arthur was also ... Stokers turned and scuttled hastily out, followed ... malignant gaze.

"Who are 'they'?" said Cyril patiently.

Arthur looked at him. He turned and walked ... the door at the back, and stood looking blindly ... milk cans. Very slowly he pulled out his tobacco ... menced to refill his pipe. Every gesture of his was ... with real interest by Cyril, and each gesture ... fraught with foreboding. Arthur filled and lit ... pipe. No word was spoken. Cyril sat, fairly burst ... the subtle mystery of Arthur. He came back and ... gingerly in his poor father's chair. Everything ... did, indeed, was done very gingerly. And still ... silent.

Suddenly the door on the left opened ... Angela ran in, sobbing.

Her frock, her hands, her face—were filthy.

"Angela!" cried Cyril, galvanized to life.

He sprang up and approached her.

"You here!" wailed Angela, sobbing.

"And you!" cried Cyril.

"Where is he?" wailed Angela.

Arthur spoke quietly from the armchair.

"Here," he said, smoking.

Angela saw him.

"Oh! oh! oh!" she gasped. "You brute! ... could you?"

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ed to comfort her. "Don't cry," he said.
. Tell me all about it." He followed her
looked quite fiercely at Arthur, who sat im-
'What has he been doing?"
icked me into the cellar," wailed Angela.
lar!" exclaimed Cyril fiercely.
dark and b-b-beetly," wailed Angela. "And
c-c-cobwebs. And I f-f-fell down." She sank
crying.
avens!" said Cyril, outraged.
l-look at me!" wept Angela, turning her face

t in a manly fashion up to Arthur.
your perfectly diabolical conduct," he ordered.
there, stoical and cruel, smoking. "Well, she
and I beguiled her into the cellar, and locked
could send for you."
ed. "Oh, you were sending for me ——" said
lly.
id Arthur, as distant thumps and cries were
their ears, "'s a matter of fact there are more
one why I was sending for you."
l there bewildered, turning from Arthur to

sons ——"
on the left flew open, and Gwen broke in
She was dirty, disheveled. Her frock was
umped and gibbered with rage. She saw the
used.
she said, beginning to cry.
ed round and saw her twin.
he screamed. "You snake!"
ok a p-p-perfect sight," sniveled Gwen.
hur?"
lied Arthur from his quiet corner, which was
nd dim now that evening stole on.
" sniveled Gwen, peeping at him in horror
handkerchief. "Oh-h-h how c-c-could you?
k like? Oh! Oh! Oh!" She wept pathet-

!" said Cyril, turning from one to the other.
ieked Gwen to Arthur, "d-d-did you l-lock
full of
and —
— t h -

nto a
table.
l was

!" re-
urning
other.
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"At-at-attic," sobbed Gwen, "full of dust and dirt—and furniture—pitch dark—and ——" She was unable to go on.

"Oh, this is too pitiful!" said Cyril feelingly.

Mrs. Drelincourt then moved round and treated Angela, on the sofa, to a prolonged survey.

"And you, dear," she remarked—"were you in the attic too? You look like it."

Much as she hated this most feline woman Angela had not strength of mind to save herself from another lapse into weeping.

"She was in the cellar," replied Cyril feelingly.

Mrs. Drelincourt moved lazily nearer Arthur. She got between everyone and Arthur.

He held tight to the arms of the chair which had helped him with her before.

"Horrid practical jokes you play," said she lazily to him. "Naughty boy you are, aren't you?"

She then seated herself opposite Arthur, on the other side of the fireplace, as calmly as possible.

"Jokes!" cried Arthur bitterly.

"Our little tea party *à deux* seems to have been frustrated," said Mrs. Drelincourt cooingly. She gave the twins a look full of malice.

"You are behaving abominably!" said Angela in a low tense voice.

"I, dear?" murmured Mrs. Drelincourt, affecting surprise.

Before this could develop into a fracas, however, the door on the left was thrown open once more, and Lady Hunter tottered in, tearfully. She was in a sad condition of great heat.

The first person she saw was Cyril, standing in the center of the room, trying to help everybody.

She tottered to him and fell on his shoulder.

"Cy-ril!" she breathed.

"Oh, my dear lady!" said Cyril, embarrassed, and staggering. "My dear lady! Oh, this is too awfully pitiful!"

Lady Hunter leaned on Cyril, while Angela regarded with an angry sneer the touching tableau that they made.

"Where is he?" demanded Lady Hunter.



"She Can and Will Sit Just Like Other People," Said Arthur. "Sit, Cook." "Ow! Thank You, Mr. Arthur," Repeated Cook

Arthur again spoke with the perfect calm of the ultimate despair:

"Here."

"You p-p-pushed me into the l-linen cupboard," said Lady Hunter in a broken voice. "You cave man!"

Cyril was terribly anxious to be rid of her, especially in the presence of Angela.

"Dear lady," said he, "recriminations will not help us. Rest. Sit down."

He pushed her firmly down beside Angela on the sofa and stood tactfully behind them both. Angela and Lady Hunter looked at each other. Lady Hunter's hat was on one side, and Angela was wholly deplorable.

Gwen sobbed intermittently.

Mrs. Drelincourt—very cleverly—preserved her attitude of amusement, opposite Arthur.

Arthur regarded this disposition. He held his head.

"Don't let 'em settle down, Wakefield," he said brutally. "Don't let 'em settle down. Take 'em away."

Lady Hunter screamed.

"Tea!" she cried violently.

She began beating her toes on the floor, a habit which Cyril knew and dreaded. She always let go thoroughly when she beat her toes on the floor.

"Certainly," he said soothingly. "Tea. By all means. Tea at once, Netherby. I'm surprised at you."

Arthur was beyond protests. He extended a hand and pulled the bell rope.

"I shall never be surprised again," he remarked.

Stoker crept in.

"Fetch my secretary," said Arthur. "I mean, my housekeeper."

While he had been sitting there he had thought of little Parks upstairs, fetching her things. He wondered if it were faintly possible she had not fetched them yet.

"The last lady, sir?" bleated Stoker.

"Yes," said Arthur.

And with the prospect of little Parks he heartened himself, and got up, and stood on his own hearth, like a man.

Stoker crept out.

Mrs. Drelincourt broke the ensuing silence.

"The last lady!" quoted she in an unusually high key.

"A secretary!" screamed Lady Hunter, beating her toes incessantly on the floor.

"You said a housekeeper," said Gwen brokenly to Arthur.

Angela spoke brokenly from the sofa: "He said a secretary."

Arthur stood among them, a sheep for the shearing.

"Well," said he, "if she wasn't so young she'd be a housekeeper, but when they're so young it's better for them to be secretaries."

Cyril gazed at him, aghast. "Does the man know what he's doing?" he thought. "Or saying?"

"Who's 'them'?" screamed Lady Hunter.

"Housekeepers," said Arthur.

"You said secretaries," said Angela.

"I don't know how you do it, Netherby," murmured Cyril, appalled. "I don't know how you do it."

Arthur replied with that extremity of calm which has been noted before: "I don't do it. It happens."

"Yes; but look here," said Cyril hopelessly. "Attempt some explanation, Netherby. Just attempt it."

(Continued on Page 87)

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THE PIONEER FAMILY

By George F. Parker

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STICK

THE one constant unrelieved worker in the pioneer family was the woman. To whatever class she belonged, the tale of toil was never-ending. Whether wife or daughter of the doctor, the storekeeper, the farmer, the mechanic or the laborer, her devotion to the industry of the time was incessant. Husband or son might get some respite; she had little or none. If one order of her work declined, there was always something to take its place. Her home required unremitting attention. Her house, however small, or however it, like her family, might grow with the passing years, as the center of this home, always had its list of insatiate demands, few of them for herself, almost wholly for others. Until her children passed out of infancy, it was impossible for her to procure any steady or regular help. From the time her daughters were eight years old, now and then she could save herself a step, though seldom a thought. Her boys were, perhaps, more useful to her than to the father, until at ten or eleven they were drawn off to the more exacting outdoor exertion to which destiny called them. Even then they generally relieved her in what Isabella Bird Bishop had properly termed the difficult art of milking cows; but if this relief came, if, as a business matter, she could turn over marketing to her husband, those concessions were accompanied by an increase in the purely household duties incident to her expanding family and larger house.



She Recognized That She Had a Mission in Life

Indeed prosperity, however much it increased, brought little relief. It involved new and heavier responsibilities, not only round about her but also in church, charity, and in service and anxieties for those nearest her. It rather added to her burdens than eased them, as within the whole period no effective outside help became available. While the necessities of her home remained, its amenities made encroachments, which, though gradual, were irresistible. She must have homemade carpets and rugs; more attention had to be given to curtains; the demands for wardrobe increased; hospitality, with its exacting duties, pressed upon her as she carried out the determined policy of the true pioneer in seeking to make life more attractive for her children than it had been for herself. Even her larder, always plentifully supplied, was gradually enlarged as new or strange tastes were adopted—tastes that pressed from every direction. To these, in line with the demands of the thing called progress, she was always attentive.

The impression is often emphasized, in these modern days, that this woman and her husband were mere drudges, without ambition or outlook, like the average peasant; but they knew better, and she especially recognized that she had a mission in life and that she must do her part with devotion, intelligence and energy. That she did these things well her life work attests. She builded better than she knew. If many of these early housekeepers were so particular that a spring cleaning might have suggested the painting of the rose; if they were often credited with having scrubbed themselves into heaven—they were only perpetuating, unbroken, the traditions of their type.



The Historic Comforter—a Long Home-Knit Neck Wrap

Simple Weddings

WEDDINGS in the pioneer life were almost as simple, as devoid of ceremony, as in the days when marriage by capture was the prevailing mode. In the days of religious rigidity, when the dance was still a signal that the fires of hell had been relighted, there was but little chance for this form of gayety. Most marriage ceremonies were performed at the bride's home by the squire or the preacher. There was no temptation to have a church wedding, mainly for the reason that churches were seldom found, schoolhouses, which stood in their stead, never being used for purely social events. Wedding journeys and formal honeymoons had not come down in the social descent; so that the couple went at once to a new home and began life with as little regard as possible to friends or the public. In the evening intimate friends would drop in—music being absent or forbidden—to make an uncertain amount of noise with tin pans and any other available instruments of torture fitted for making night hideous, until the doors, when opened, disclosed a prepared treat while merry-making in its permitted forms went on. Among the more dignified sort it was prearranged and understood, and had the qualities of their kind. It took the place of the time-honored wedding breakfast and its successor, the genteel rice and slipper throwing; but like other social customs it had its series of imitations, rough and rude. It was the time-honored charivari. In its descent it was maintained, in their dialect, as shivaree, and often became a boisterous display of coarseness little, if at all, above the dignity of a mob; generally friendly, but sometimes drawing the rowdies of the neighborhood, and ending not infrequently in fights, shooting or bodily injuries.

That open, conscious bargaining of material things in marriage which has become one of the saddening features of modern life in old societies was almost wholly absent; and yet no bride of spirit and independence would have thought herself entitled to marry unless she could bring to the partnership the proper trousseau, significant in all times, and the supplies of bed and table linen, jams, jellies, pickles, dried fruits and other articles the produce and proof of her skill. She thus stepped out of her parental home equipped, so far as her resources would permit, to take her place as the head of a family. Her new life was an expansion, often a modest copy of that she was leaving. On one day she was pursuing her household functions in her mother's home; next morning she took up automatically the same duties in her own. Almost universally she was young, because the girl unmarried at twenty looked upon herself, and was dismissed by her [illegible] as a recruit in the army of old-maidhood. [illegible] girl, however deficient may have been her [illegible] judged by modern standards, was as well trained [illegible] matronly duties as if she were ten years older, her [illegible] having been an uninterrupted lesson. If ever [illegible] be a real woman she had already reached this [illegible]

The wedding present had not yet become a [illegible] of extortion or the outward expression of [illegible] The useless silver, the impossible books, the [illegible] ware or china, no two pieces akin or of the same [illegible] each staring the other out of countenance, did not [illegible] a bride in ragged Falstaffian array, to tax her [illegible] for storage or her pocket for return payment [illegible] coming years. What was needed and could be [illegible] without pressure was bought, and the new home, [illegible] small and humble, started on its way without [illegible] either real or invisible, upon its land or [illegible] Now and again there was an heirloom [illegible] of a piece of solid silver or fine glass or [illegible] had successfully made the long journey [illegible] in more settled surroundings, perhaps [illegible] the seas; but in the majority of families [illegible] cles were unknown. If possessed they were [illegible] away somewhere along with the wedding [illegible] the fine black silk dress—the proper, inevitable session of every woman.

Houses were for use, not showrooms [illegible] brac. As prosperity came, and with it [illegible] vived tastes, the house of [illegible] woman, like that of a [illegible] sonality anywhere, adapted [illegible] new conditions, so far as [illegible] amenities were concerned. [illegible] period when even sacrosanct [illegible] sels were still plain it was [illegible] that individual household [illegible] have either [illegible] ability to [illegible] mature display [illegible] the old-time [illegible] ture, adapted [illegible] cessive urge [illegible] occupied by [illegible] was of the best [illegible] necessity and [illegible] were the [illegible] sites, luxury [illegible] gratification [illegible] tastes biding their time. The form of the [illegible] used throughout all the periods of civilization [illegible] covery—probably about the time that the [illegible] doned his primitive habits—upon whose introduction [illegible] cry of the conservatives of the day was double [illegible] were made before knives," had little changed [illegible]

The Old, Old Servant Problem

GREAT progress had been registered when [illegible] with three tines succeeded that with only [illegible] the fork itself was comparatively an innovation [illegible] had, fairly early in his wanderings, a choice in the [illegible] matter. If he could not get spoons made of [illegible] German silver of the day, or a similar amalgam [illegible] his ancestors, he must be content with steel [illegible] according to the time or place in which he [illegible] It was seldom that, outside an inheritance, [illegible] or even see a piece of real pewter, that showed [illegible] being of a cheap imitation order.

The problem of the domestic servant—always [illegible] the help or the hired girl—was almost as serious [illegible] early times in Massachusetts when vain attempts [illegible] made to institute a selective draft among [illegible] Virginia and the Southern colonies there was [illegible] from this difficult condition owing to the existence [illegible] tion of slavery, both white and black. But by the [illegible] pioneer came upon the scene the sentiment against [illegible] tude had become strong, while the much-abused [illegible] tice system which had supplied the bound [illegible] gradually came to complete failure owing [illegible] material and a broadening human spirit. It was [illegible] to utilize the assistance of aunts, cousins, sisters [illegible] relatives, who were often relieved from their [illegible] fate by the demand for wives, accentuated by the [illegible] disparity between the sexes.

There was no fixed class from which such help [illegible] drawn. The element that furnished the hired [illegible] men was not available. It was all very well [illegible] go into any other man's field, but for the wife [illegible] order to enter somebody's kitchen was [illegible] often she could scarcely be induced to [illegible] The inducements offered in wages were [illegible]

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…e in the earlier phases of settlement being about …week with board. It must, however, be borne …at at this time a man worked for from four to …fifty to seventy-five cents—a day and found …o the poor housewife fared on as best she could, …ithout ceasing with crude tools, under many dis…nts, and showing a cheerfulness garnished by her …duty and her belief, accordant with that of her …d her time, that she was one of the heralds of …or humanity.

…g with social conditions sight must not be lost …that attention is centered upon the various …lements of which it is composed. Generally …must deal with the best, because it is only …n that constructive features can be found. …unders; all others followers or imitators. Thus …problem did not concern the two lower classes; …r knew nor could deal with what, if available …rank luxury. The same conclusion applies to …living. The only general consideration is the …ed for work; even here there are differences …of going about it and in the results attained.

Housekeeping Facilities

…/ER mechanical aid might be available was …l and well cared for and made to last as long as …il, following the traditions of the American, …eded by some improved article which was …g or made work easier. The accusation that …eer man availed himself of improved facilities …or is a base libel. Nobody could look out upon …wider open for any possible help than did the …neer woman. When the cookstove succeeded …h oven and other archaic devices, a step in …gress had been taken that made it necessary …time for any decided improvement in domes…. It carried with it attachments for baking, …ng, frying, and heating water, which, by en…carry on many operations simultaneously, …panded her working power. Additions were …de, so that it required no long period greatly …equipment. In this, as in other matters, the …oth independent and progressive. She soon …ounty fair, or often even in the stock car…nterprising storekeeper, the improved arti…e making she had familiarized herself in the …rch paper or the widely read weekly from …city. Money, scarce though it was, could …l for any…ised labor …in man or …ner, he was seldom inclined to meddle …ome management; he had his own …ubles and responsibilities. Besides, …interested in his wife as a helper to pro…nything that enabled her to do more work …for the woman, she did not have to ask …ilities, because if the means could not be …e ordinary budget there were plenty of in…ncreasing it when the return in health and …as so assured and obvious.

…rangements in a pioneer house would not …ter in these days of tenement-house in…er forms of interferences with individual …nilies of ten or twelve would live, cook, …s in a single room of moderate size. Such …ould seldom continue after the first year …t, when a shed or lean-to would be built …- cooking and laundry purposes. Natu…r years the prosperous man would live in …uses expanding in size. In the extreme …ere was also relief when the larger boys made dormitories of haymows. The beds were of the old-fashioned feather variety, the material being slowly gathered from the home-bred flocks of ducks and geese or from the wild fowl that fell as victims to the man's gun, great care being taken to separate, for use in pillows, the down from the feathers. These articles were a source of great pride in the housewife, and it was a sign of low caste if chicken feathers were used. The beds were wide, generally one old-fashioned four-poster in the main room being capable of accommodating, in addition to the father and mother, one, sometimes two or three, of the smaller children. Underneath would be shifted during the day, to be withdrawn at night, the inevitable trundle-bed, a space saver flexible as to accommodations.

The cradle was generally full, while the older children would be bestowed in a garret with sufficient openings to utilize the heat from the great fireplace. Blankets were dear and scarce, their place being taken by quilts made from cast-off garments, these bedcoverings being the fruit of many a jolly quilting bee. These were supplemented with heavy comforters and sometimes with coverlets in some fancy pattern. Only a single sheet was used, and if a blanket chanced to be a fortunate possession it was placed immediately over the body, its warmth being welcome.

When hot weather came the feather beds were retired to packing boxes in the barn and their places were taken by separate bedticks filled with the choicest of cat straw taken from a special stack carefully preserved for this purpose. Often the straw bed took on the character of a mattress, and with the surmounting feather mountain, retirement for the night suggested an athlete's leap or a ladder as a means of approach. The modern mattress was unknown, while the stringing of a bedcord so that it would have both solidity and flexibility when the beds were placed upon it was almost entitled to rank as a work of art, a strong and skilled neighbor often being called in as an aid.



The Pioneer Woman Was Not Devoid Either of Taste or the Desire to Adorn Herself

To the male mind the making of such a bed was always among the insoluble mysteries of life. When the house expanded into one of several rooms, the parlor, which was a sort of holy of holies, and the best bedroom, a pompous looking structure, combined to attest the universal hospitality of the time. When company did actually come this latter room was duly aired; otherwise it remained there unused, in the minds of the children a thing of awe, an exciter of wonder about its mission in the world.

The methods of living, so far as food and its preparation were concerned—not only so far as these related to the pioneer, but all along the line of our colonial and general development—have been subject to much misrepresentation during recent years, chiefly due to the ignorance or the deliberate misrepresentation of the sensational novelist of a later day. These writers, dealing with the part of the population far below the average in prosperity, outlook and social standing, have carried the impression that the living was limited mainly to salt pork, the most indigestible of saleratus biscuit, the worst of coffee or tea, the coarsest of sugar and salt, and sweets beneath contempt. In other words, the pioneer has been put down as a lank, half-starved human being, the dweller in a vast outdoor slum. Of course, the writers or travelers who prompted this idea little knew the lavishness, verging upon waste and extravagance; the nervous care devoted by the housewife to cooking; the regard for wholesomeness; the knowledge of dainties; or the amount and variety of food that day by day loaded the table in an average family of industry with its resulting prosperity.



Such a Child Became an Interested Spectator Long Before it Was Fairly Out of its First Order of Clothes

Food the Prime Necessity

OUTSIDE the tests fixed by character—those that circled round the coveted position incident to good citizenship—the first question asked about a husband was, "Is he a good provider?" and about a wife, "Is she a good cook?" These reflected, with accuracy, the standards of the community.

In the provision of food the first concern of the pioneer was to make sure that it could be obtained. On the way through the wilderness the prudent mover would not settle in a place so remote that it did not afford a supply of fresh meat. If at first he had to rely upon his faithful rifle he would only live within the areas where deer, wild turkey, wild geese and ducks, prairie chickens, quail, squirrels and rabbits were found in sufficient numbers to afford him an assured reward without having to range over so wide an area that he could not meet the wants of his family without undue loss of time from his regular work. He did not hunt merely for sport—in this respect he was still the primitive man. Nor did he hunt in companies—the game he had to get was too wary for this—hence the contemptuous proverb, applied to all the operations of life, about hunting ducks with a brass band. Naturally a modern battue—in which game is shot to satisfy an instinct for killing, or for association with fellows, or for vanity and show—was unknown.

The pioneer's hunting was as much a part of the business of life as planting or grinding corn or milking a cow or raising hogs or cattle.

The true frontiersman was not much of a fisherman, and when he indulged in it he fished as he hunted—for use, not for recreation. The streams that he crossed or along which he lived were not generally remarkable either for the quantity or the quality of the finny life they contained; besides, fishing was altogether too slow a thing for him to follow. It did not yield an adequate return in the way of food to justify the expenditure

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 10, 1922

Our Runaway River

EXAMINATION of the conditions that made possible the recent devastating floods that took heavy toll in life and property the length of the Mississippi Basin, from Cairo to the Delta country, affords as clear a case of cause and effect as is often to be found. The wonder is not that thousands of square miles of fertile territory, spotted with densely populated towns, were at the mercy of the runaway river, but that men should have ever closed their eyes to the obvious fact that the recurrence of such disasters is inevitable as long as water runs downhill and causative factors remain unchanged.

If a conspiracy of malevolent engineering experts had been formed forty years ago for the express purpose of so treating the Mississippi Valley as to make recurrent flood and disaster a moral certainty the conspirators could have scarcely brought about a set of conditions more favorable to their project than that which now exists.

The surest known way to produce floods is to see that all rainfall runs downhill over steep surfaces without having an opportunity to sink into the soil. This is most effectively accomplished by cutting down every hillside forest and removing all porous forest carpet, such as moss, mold and decayed leafage, that might check or absorb the smallest trickles of rainfall. Flood every rill and runnel with the rains of spring, and the creeks and rivers will take care of themselves. This is just what has been done—not through the plotting of foreign enemies, but by honest, ball-playing Americans whose hands are never raised against their native land except when they go into a forest with an ax or commit themselves to the feeding of a pet sawmill. Eventually they learn the evils of reckless deforestation, but not until their timber has become joists and shingles or sad, smoking ruins.

Downstream in the Mississippi Delta country there are those who appear to entertain the theory that the way to prevent a boiler explosion is to clamp down the safety valve as they did in the palmy days of river racing; for acting by analogy they have closed the river's natural outlets to the sea without creating artificial outlets to relieve the resulting strain. The consequences are precisely what might have been expected.

Flood, like taxation, is most effectively controlled at its source. Plow furrows in Wisconsin or Missouri can hold back tiny streams which, if allowed to march down into Louisiana, gathering reënforcements at every bend in the river, would form a torrent that the stoutest levee cannot withstand. Levees are all very well as far as they go and as long as they stay; but when the big river is on the rampage man-made walls are as futile as he who would bind behemoth with a hank of baby ribbon.

Inasmuch as the broad valley of the Mississippi yields nearly ninety per cent of the iron, coal, food and cotton produced in the United States, it would seem as if economic as well as humanitarian considerations dictated the immediate study and the early solution—in practice, and not on paper only—of the very vital problem here presented.

President Harding has already expressed lively interest in the definite and clean-cut remedial program proposed by the experts of the New Orleans Association of Commerce. In addition to a more adequate system of levees and controlled outlets below the Red River, these proposals outline a comprehensive system of source-stream control. The simplest recommendation is that of general contour plowing—that is to say, plowing hillsides round and round, so each furrow will be a miniature dam that will hold back the thin trickle of water until it can sink into the ground. Reforestation on a large scale, by correcting in part the blunders of the past and by restoring natural conditions, would reduce the strain upon protective engineering work. Diversion dams in the Upper Missouri and works in the Ohio and its tributaries, such as those reported by the Pittsburgh Flood Control Committee, for retarding and averaging the run-off, would prove of incalculable benefit; and great basins for the retention of excess flood waters would proportionably take the stress from protective works below.

There is no mystery about the methods to be employed. The questions are: Will Congress take the matter in hand and authorize the necessary work and expenditure? Will it initiate a well-considered comprehensive engineering project, or will its appropriations be parceled out to meet political exigencies?

We have long vaunted ourselves that the East and the Middle West are finished country; that they have all the railway facilities they need, that their streams have been bridged, that their roads are good and transportation is generally easy; but the boast will not ring true until the Mississippi drainage system has been put in its place with valid assurance that, except for minor outbreaks, it will stay there for all time.

Substitutes for Men

WITH the death a few months ago at the age of seventy-eight of a modest and self-effacing but brilliant and fearless journalist, the newspapers with which he had been associated pointed out how the eventual downfall of the corrupt Tweed Ring in New York City politics had been largely due to this one man's masterly handling of the opening assault a full half century before. Only a few weeks later Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, the clergyman whose crusading efforts did so much to defeat another corrupt political ring a generation later, reached his eightieth birthday. In speaking of the crime wave which has disturbed the metropolis for several years he said:

"It is true that he"—the police commissioner—"has summoned to his aid an enormous multiplicity and variety of instrumentalities, but we ought to be discriminating enough to understand that the power of an executive does not reside in the machinery that he sets in operation but resides in the man's own interior genius of command—as when the Almighty said 'Let there be light, and there was light.' That is executive power. All else is the simulation of power, and so evidently counterfeit as to be ineffective.

"I learned that lesson twenty-five years ago in my two years' conflict with the Tammany superintendent of police, Thomas Byrnes. If he wanted a thing done he said 'Let it be done'; if he wanted every rum shop and disorderly house in the city to suspend operations he simply said 'Close up'; and they were all closed up and remained so till he said 'Open up.'"

Every now and then we are told by someone whose positiveness is equaled only by his lack of historical perspective that all the old-time leaders have gone and mass or group action is the dominant force of the day. "The great editors, preachers, business men and st have passed away," says one exponent of the "We don't think of Rockefeller in oil or of Ca steel. We just think of great companies and

But common everyday experience proves tha statement is untrue. Just because prominent industry or reform or journalism are passing eighty or thereabouts, why necessarily jump t clusion that the work of the world is being carried only by companies, syndicates, masses and gro old conspicuous leaders are always passing wh are in process of development. The importance of and the group is not belittled merely because a piece of work, no real achievement is possible w devoted effort of one man or a few individuals.

Victory over one or more of the world's worst has been achieved largely through the efforts of liberally endowed foundation for medical resear we ascribe this to the foundation itself, to the eff massive institutionalism? Tommyrot! All the g given by a single individual who happened to be in an important industry, and the actual work of ing and combating the causes of disease has been handful of scientific specialists, a dozen at the m

Does any city clean up its crime, does any cru clear away its calendar, does any Federal de make a record, does any state charitable institu stantially reduce the sum of human misery, does drive out commercial frauds or financial swindl a few individuals or more commonly a lone exercises real power and works for a desired end of his own comfort and leisure? For that matter banker lend freely to a corporation, does any group believe in a stock or bond, unless there is and trust in both the integrity and the ability group of executives or even of a single executive

Whenever a business enterprise falls upon e and thousands of them have in the last year one attempts to diagnose the trouble or prescribe without first making sure whether those in co honest and able or dishonest and incapable. writer and lecturer who says that the great le passed away would not think of investing his in an enterprise whose executives he positively without qualities of leadership. Only a mento would dream of deliberately intrusting money known to be totally devoid of such qualities.

It has long been said that if you want to get a go to someone who is already very busy. Wh in every town and village a comparatively sm people serve on nearly all the committees an burden of civic work? In a town where there childless married women with ample means, ants and good health, a few busy mothers of dren, in none too good health, with relatively and only part of the time of one maid, are cons to undertake various forms of work for the pu Why? Because everyone knows they have qualities and capacities.

If leadership is a thing of the past the cu indeed. But the evidence is strangely ha labor unions, where group action is magn utmost, have their leaders, and very able, in conspicuous they often are. Indeed both in and England a few labor leaders have bee recent years of running the country, of vetoi government itself, of forming a supergovern ist parties have their leaders, men who mak heard, and even in that paradise of proletar ship, in that Mecca of the downtrodden mas there seem to be a number of astute and leaders—Lenine, Trotzky, Tchitcherin, Krass

Human leadership is an inheritance of the to the possession of superior qualities, or at standing qualities; and those qualities in in some men and not in others because of the of evolution through untold ages. Leaders new forms, but the thing itself is embedded nature of man. One might as well talk about tions doing away with hunger and with love

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ARD TIMES IN SCANDINAVIA

By IRA NELSON MORRIS

Minister to Sweden

ING a recent visit in America I as frequently faced with the estion: "Are conditions as bad n and the other Scandinavian countries as in America?" Both in the Eastern States e Middle West the business men were anxworried. They wanted me to tell them in the period of depression affected the counorthern Europe and what means were being gain a secure balance in national affairs. t Americans generally appreciated the fact est of the world was suffering, but I think the belief that America was burdened ily than the countries across the Atlantic. e unwise to make a sweeping statement ll Northern Europe, but I am sure that on the Scandinavian peninsula have been hard as Americans. It has been a terrible every viewpoint—the worst in a quarter y.

ulties in Sweden and her neighboring nabeen very similar to those in the United th the wave of depression came unparalcement of labor, each month witnessing s in the number of unemployed. The roaned under their burdens and bitterly eir governments. Arctic winds brought eratures than had been recorded since roze the lines of water traffic so solidly g remained paralyzed for over a month. e of influenza raged over Sweden and d a host of minor ailments affecting the d their share of torment. Such was the general terms. It was a gloomy picture, se inspection there could be seen high ight spots. An optimist would stress the ough the adversity of the present will evolve erstanding of the problems that have aggra- and governments for years, while in a broader r bond of sympathy will be drawn between hrough their mutual suffering.

Relief Measures

he greatest problem of the period of depress- Scandinavia was that presented by the huge employed. In the summer of 1921 the vari- s affected by hard lischarging employes. concerns in the cities taffs to the minimum, ne winter set in there en over 80,000 job- nark 65,000 and in 50,000. These fig- rapidly through the and during January of unemployed in to about 160,000, d to the population, ,000,000, made the vorkless very heavy. e unemployed num- re about 100,000 out lation of 3,000,000, the figures reached a population of judging the extent yment, however, it mind that the fig- only those wage out of jobs. In have dependents. example, it is esti- ,000 unemployed



The French Steamer Rodfaxe Encountering Difficulties With the Ice in the Sound

have others to support, in most cases two dependents, making a number of people suffering through the closing of factories or the reduction of staffs close upon 300,000.

To help the workmen during the period of depression the Swedish Government decided to appropriate a large sum annually, to be doled out in allotments to the jobless. This appropriation amounted to an equivalent in Swedish money of about $12,000,000 last year, and an appropriation twice as heavy is asked for the forthcoming twelve months. Whether this method of dealing with unemployment is beneficial for all concerned is a matter of much debate. It is complicated by many disputes over the individual payments and the status of men employed upon temporary work conducted by the state and municipalities, as well as the right of workmen locked out by their employers to be classed as unemployed. Proof of the worth of unemployed allotments by the state will develop only after industry has recovered and it is possible to observe the effects upon labor generally. The heavy appropriation required for the allotments was one of the burdens shouldered by the taxpayers, whose complaints against the measure are as strong as those of the American taxpayers against the multitude of their difficulties. During January of this year the Swedish Government paid out a sum equal to $1,350,000 to the unemployed, with no hope that the drain on the treasury could be lowered during the ensuing months.

Conditions in Denmark

ALTHOUGH the taxpayers complain, at the same time they feel a deep sympathy for their less fortunate fellows and they express that sympathy in many practical experiments for the benefit of those who are involuntarily idle. Schools for the unemployed were opened in Stockholm shortly after the first of the year and at the first session, held in a theater donated for the purpose, over 900 were enrolled for the term. The courses covered technical training in a dozen different trades, lectures on art, music, literature, economics, and classes in languages. Noted professors, actors, musicians and leaders in various industries gave their time free for the benefit of the workmen enrolled in the schools.

To each member of the school for unemployed a ticket was issued entitling the holder to a free meal. The plan was adopted in other cities and will continue as long as the number of unemployed makes the venture worth while.

In Denmark the unemployment situation has been greatly aggravated by a fierce contest between the powerful employers' society and the labor unions. Employers were faced with two problems, just as employers were in England and America: First, they determined to reduce wages; and second, to increase output through the extension of working hours. In their proposals for wage reduction the Danish employers announced their intention of heavily lowering all wage scales, and simultaneously demanded a relaxation of the eight-hour-day law. To enforce their terms they instituted a lockout, thereby adding to the already large number of unemployed nearly 30,000 others who might have continued, at least on part-time work. The result of this fight is unknown as this article is being written, but regardless of which side comes off with the victory, the effects will be hard on both. The lockout has already cost Denmark $10,000,000 according to the estimates of the officials, while the keen competition from neighboring countries, especially Germany, which the Danish employers seek to overcome, grows apace.

Scandinavian shipping has been dealt blow after blow by trade conditions, by the elements and by the rapid decline in freight rates. All last summer the Swedish, Danish

(Continued on Page 67)



Swedish Ice Breaker No. II Arriving to Assist Two Swedish Steamers Caught in Ice for Four Weeks

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A JITNEY GUIDE TO THE SANTA FÉ TRAIL—By Nina Wilcox Putnam

IN ANOTHER year or so they are going to need traffic cops on the Santa Fé Trail all the way from Broadway and Forty-second Street to San Bernardino, California. And it is for the benefit of those who want to join the crowd that this article is written. Having made the trip myself and suffered upon it from lack of certain knowledge, it occurred to me that perhaps a lot of folks who contemplated motoring across this trail might like a little practical dope on the trip. So here you are. Tear this out and stick it in your wallet. You can depend upon its being the real thing.

To begin with, it is possible to cross the continent by motor at any time of the year, but it is not probable. Take it all in all, the best bet for general good weather and good road conditions is from the first of June to the first of September. I wouldn't, however, advise making the start from the East after September first, as on the Lincoln Highway snow would very likely be encountered on the Continental Divide and through the Rockies. As for the time it takes, George—that's my husband—and I drove across in eighteen days, actual driving time, without any night driving at all, taking our way in leisurely fashion and seeing everything as we went.

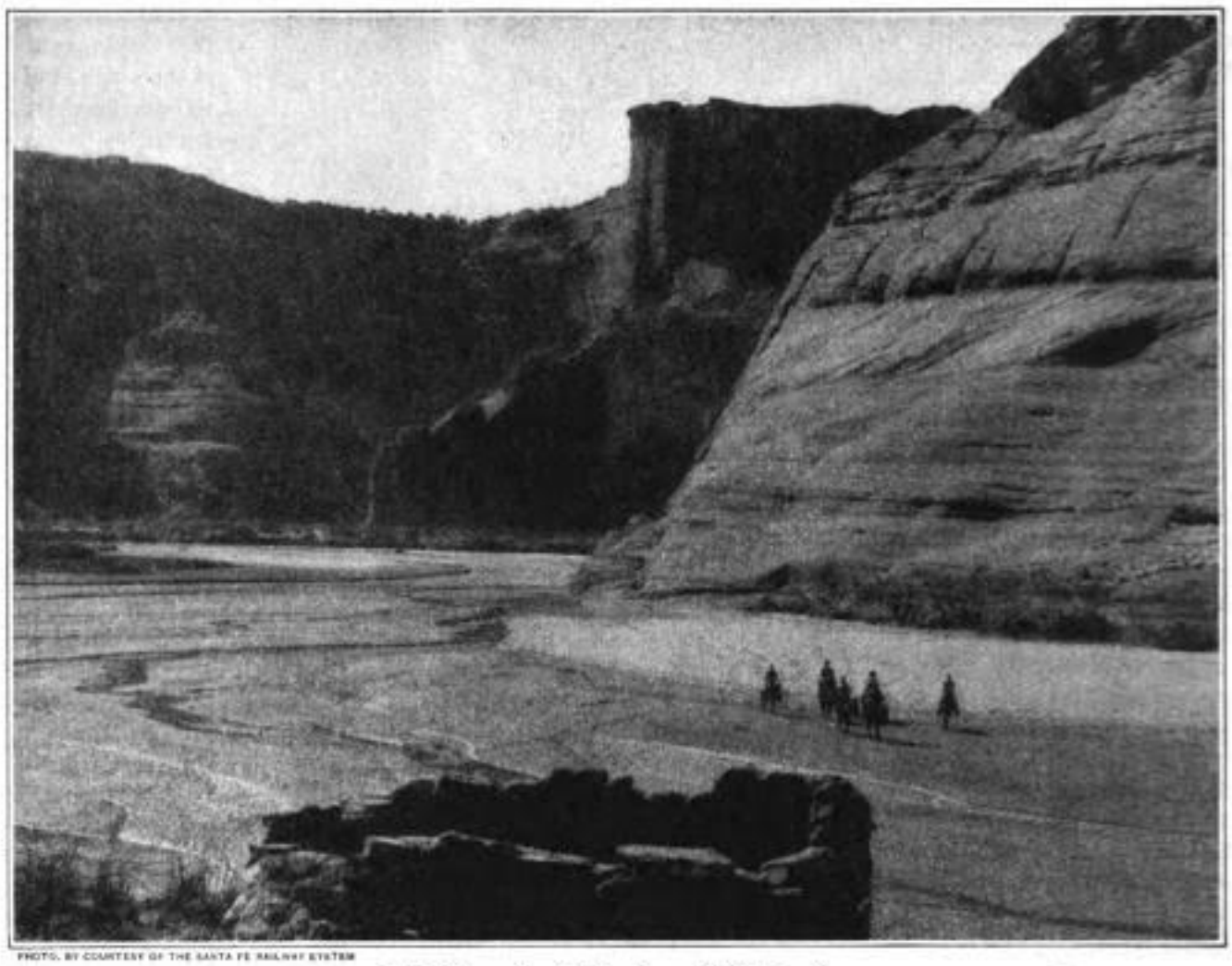
In talking to prospective motorists about the transcontinental journey I find that two principal terrors loom largely in their minds—to wit: Crossing the desert, and the fear of not being able to get adequate supplies for the motor and for their living. Both of these fears are chimeras. There is a gasoline station every seventy-five miles all the way across the desert, and other supplies may be purchased anywhere along the route. There is no Sahara stuff about it, except that which is derived from the Eighteenth Amendment.

Once you have made up your mind to go, the question that follows in natural sequence is, Which way? There are no less than six main roads from coast to coast, and the first thing to do is to obtain a good road map and look it over carefully. A good one is the Transcontinental Map of Main Traveled Roads issued by the American Automobile Association, which may be secured from their national headquarters, Riggs Building, Washington, D. C., or their New York office, 501 Fifth Avenue. This is not only a clear and well-arranged map but has a great deal of valuable detailed information printed on the back. In the Far West good maps are to be got through the Automobile Club of Southern California, Figueroa and Pico Streets, Los Angeles, California.

The Route From Coast to Coast

EVERY trail is worth taking of course, but the route offered for your present approval is a good one for a first transcontinental journey. Here is the itinerary. Read it over, and then look at your map, and you will see why it is so good.

New York to Baltimore, Maryland.
Baltimore to Wheeling, West Virginia.
Wheeling to Columbus, Ohio.
Columbus to Indianapolis, Indiana.
Indianapolis to Terre Haute, Indiana.
Terre Haute to St. Louis, Missouri.
St. Louis to Columbia, Missouri.
Columbia to Kansas City, Kansas.
Kansas City to Hutchinson, Kansas.
Hutchinson to Syracuse, Kansas
Syracuse to Trinidad, Colorado.
Trinidad to Las Vegas, New Mexico.
Las Vegas to Albuquerque, New Mexico.
Albuquerque to Magdalena, New Mexico.



PHOTO, BY COURTESY OF THE SANTA FE RAILWAY SYSTEM

Outlook From the "White House" Cliff Dwelling in Cañon de Chelly, Near Gallup, New Mexico

Magdalena to Springerville, Arizona.
Springerville to Winslow, Arizona.
Winslow to the Grand Cañon.
Grand Cañon to Seligman, Arizona.
Seligman to Needles, California.
Needles to Barstow, California.
Barstow to Riverside, California.

These are comfortable jumps, that any average driver can make, and are based primarily on the fact that excellent hotel accommodations can be secured in all the places mentioned.

I especially recommend the Santa Fé route for its infinite variety. Beginning with the charming Southern city of Baltimore you will next in order come upon the quaint little town of Frederick, which looks exactly as though it had been plucked bodily out of a set for a Civil War motion picture. It's all you want and expect a small Southern town to look like, and then some. Next you get a good glimpse of the Western Pennsylvania coal fields and mining towns of which you read in the newspapers whenever there is a big rumpus going on in the coal industry.

Leaving this behind you will come into Wheeling, West Virginia, a charming city, alive, yet with a touch of quaintness, too, and from there to Columbus, Ohio. This is agricultural country, and so much of a muchness as there is of it! From there you go to Indianapolis.

During the rainy season—or any other season for that matter—it is quite possible that you will find mud in this district, but there is always a way to get through.

Cornfields in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois are not measured by the acre but by the mile, and the growth not by the foot but by the yard. One passes literally through forests of corn and, I might say, shoals of pigs. There is a richness about this entire stretch of territory that is enheartening to the Easterner, to whom bugaboos of Bolshevism and labor conditions are constantly presented. From Indianapolis you come into St. Louis over the Mississippi bottoms, a fertile flat land which in September is a blaze of golden bloom. St. Louis is a true city in the sense in which we know the word in the East. The rest of Missouri is interesting chiefly because here begins a succession of beautiful little cities which are, so far as I know, unique and which continue from St. Louis through and beyond Kansas City to La Junta.

The next stop is Kansas City, which truly calls itself The Gateway to the West. Almost imperceptibly the whole journey has so far been leading up to the great change from the East t
West, but here
though the curtain ha
denly been lifted up
play itself.

You leave Kansas C
Hutchinson all prepa
endure enormous str
of flat country that
wheat and nothing
wheat, but as a mat
fact Kansas is one
most varied states
Union, and one of th
scenically dramatic

Trinidad comes ne
from this place one
the Raton Pass o
Rockies, a drive that
one to enormous
over extraordinarily
planned grades, a be
safe road, offering
that are like somethi
have dreamed about

Alas, alack that I
have to say it of a
velous a country a
Mexico, but it is th
that the roads leav
much to be desired.
is a great deal of w
ash over this cou
substance which is
state is hard on tire
the least, and thou
an interesting exp
to cross an extinct

cone heaped with
bowlders, it is not good motoring. But it is wo
trouble to reach the city of Santa Fé.

There is situated one of the most interesting and
tant institutions in the country—to wit: The Ins
American Archæological Research, housed in
that are perfect reproductions of old Spanish and
structures. The original Spanish governor's p
preserved in character.

From Santa Fé to Albuquerque

ALSO the finest of the prehistoric ruins and th
de los Frijoles are easily accessible from the t
tremendously well worth seeing, even though it
sary to stay over an extra night in order to do
excellent road leads right to the edge of the thous
cliff at the bottom of which a prehistoric communi
lies, and to see this at sunset is to find suddenly
feet the civilization of a bygone age, revealed
magic, in all its strange beauty.

The town of Santa Fé is itself remarkably beau
picturesque, replete with old churches and walled
One is reluctant to leave it.

I note with interest that none of the big road m
tion the La Bajada grade. But believe me, any
has once been over it is likely to mention it—com
It consists of a series of sharp turns, and if you
shoot-the-chutes at Coney Island you will be stra
In Santa Fé they told me it had originally been
trail used by the Indians and Spanish as far back
and all I can say is that it sure was some mule
made the grade.

The drive from Santa Fé to Albuquerque, a l
prosperous town, is a dramatic one, good for dry
but in the event of a cloudburst in the mo
sometimes impassable. I have known of cars be
between washes for twenty-four hours at a stre
to go either back or forwards.

In Albuquerque one must decide which route
Holbrook, Arizona, and to do so is an extreme
thing. If your time is somewhat limited and
road is in good condition I would suggest taki
as it makes the Laguna Indian Reservation
accessible, and there are no Indian villages on
trail. Los Lunas is the turning point whe
make one's final decision. As a matter of fa
are interesting, although, all things considered, t

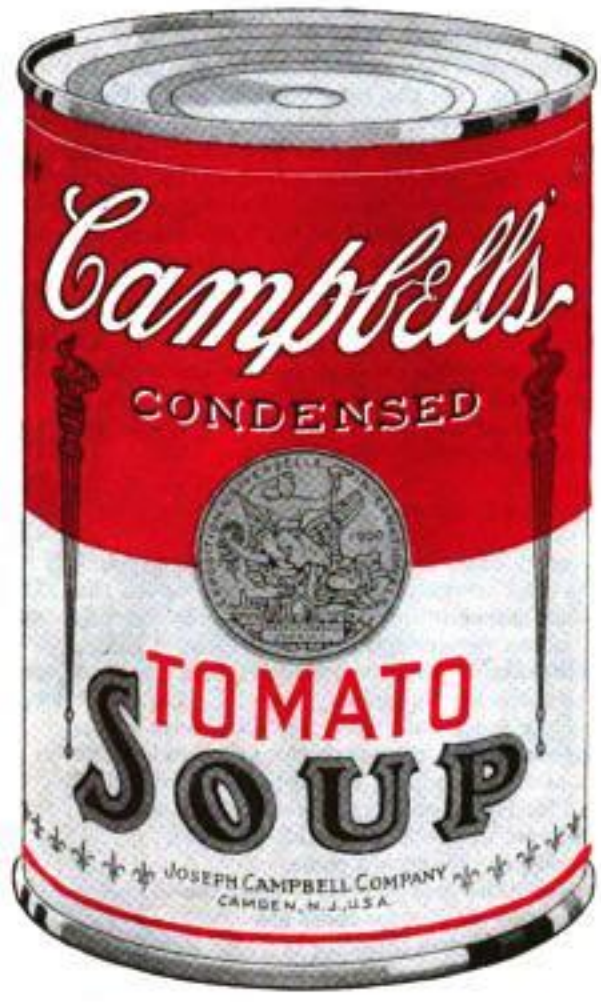
(Continued on Page 28)

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THE GREAT BREAKFAST FOOD—GOOD HOT SOUP

She's a dandy housekeeper
So I said, "Let's go!"
For she's a Campbell's housekeeper
And has her soup just so.





"—and they lived long and happily ever after."

Let Campbell's Soups help. Every taste of them puts an extra sparkle in your meal—they're so delicious and nourishing and tempting. Go to your grocer today and select an attractive Campbell's assortment, including your favorite soups and several "new" kinds for variety. Then see how much more everybody enjoys their food.

Campbell's Tomato Soup

is the favorite of millions—the best-liked soup in the world. Taste it and you'll know why! Luscious sun-sweetened tomatoes—aristocrats of the vines—give to it their pure tonic juices, enriched with smooth, golden table butter and the most delicate of piquant spicing. A bright spot in any meal!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Delightful variety in Campbell's Soups

Asparagus	Mulligatawny
Bean	Mutton
Beef	Ox-tail
Bouillon	Pea
Celery	Pepper Pot
Chicken	Printanier
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)	Tomato
Consommé	Tomato-Okra
Julienne	Vegetable
Mock Turtle	Vegetable-Beef

Vermicelli-Tomato

Your grocer can supply any of these soups

Campbells' SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

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(Continued from Page 26)

route is perhaps more picturesque. On the southern route the Datil Forest offers a relief from the desert country and is extremely beautiful in a friendly and more intimate manner, and one rides for hours through great cathedral-like columns of fox-tail pines, an uncommonly straight tree with red bark and dark green needles. This route is unquestionably cooler than the other.

From either Winslow or Gallup it is possible to go out into the Hopi Reservation. On the map you will find a large square marked Moqui Reservation. According to the inhabitants themselves this is incorrectly named, as Moqui means Dead Indians and they like to call themselves the Happy People, which is translated into Hopi. The surrounding country is the real Bad Lands, full of color and extremely picturesque. The Hopi villages on the three mesas are really primitive and unspoiled as yet by tourist travel, and can be reached only in good weather, as there is, properly speaking, no road out to them, but only a trail leading through the sagebrush. It is inadvisable to attempt this trip without a guide, but perfectly safe if you take help along. It is necessary to camp overnight at Oraibi or Walpi, for there are no hotels or accommodations of any kind.

Not Like the Sahara

THE road from Winslow to Flagstaff is through a mountainous pine-clad country, and both roads up to the Grand Cañon are passable but not good, having sand in many places, but no very bad grades. But from Williams to Needles, California, is perhaps the most difficult part of the trip, for the roads are undeniably poor and it is desert country. Kingman is the only large town en route. It is one of the biggest mining centers in America and is the focusing point of all the mining interests for hundreds of miles around. This is gold country, silver country, and one of the principal districts from which copper, zinc and our semi-precious stones come.

Needles gives one the first glimpse of what California is going to be like, for there are palm trees in the square and the color in the mountains is more intense than it has been heretofore. There are two ways to reach it from Kingman. One is across a rather bad stretch of alkali desert, through Yucca and Topock. And the other is by way of Goldroad, directly through the mountains over very bad roads and dangerous grades, but passing through several real mining settlements that bear all the earmarks of a gold boom town in a moving picture. Exceptionally careful driving is certainly necessary hereabouts, for the roads are full of blind turns and there is a long and usually muddy stretch of bottomland approaching the Colorado River, which must be ferried on this route. The other route, which crosses the alkali stretch, is much longer, but the approach to Needles is over a bridge. When one reaches Needles the real desert, the part of the trip which most people fear, is still before one. But here begins the work of that astonishing organization, the Automobile Club of Southern California, which has attempted to lay a hard road over the face of the desert. In point of fact it has actually done so, though succeeding at times indifferently well, and after wading through heavy sand for a few miles immediately out of Needles one comes upon this paved boulevard in the middle of nowhere. It is an unexpected sight that raises one's hopes unduly, for the character of the ground is such as to make a permanent road little short of impossible. Nevertheless, their attempt has resulted in good stretches, although the frequent sandstorms have completely buried it in places. Very likely even as I write this condition has undergone a tremendous improvement, but it is true that the terrors of crossing the desert have been greatly alleviated by the work of the club and you can now drive and still look at something besides the wheel and the road immediately ahead of you.

You mustn't expect the desert to be like the Sahara, because it's not. There is growth of one kind or another on every bit of the stretch across which the road passes, except that one piece of alkali country between Kingman and Needles. It is mountainous country, instead of being flat as one naturally presupposes, and occasionally enormous dead volcanic cones appear upon the horizon. Some people fear the desert, and some, having crossed it, dislike it still, but to me it seems almost the only part of America where man has not yet interfered with God and where your soul can get out and stretch to its fullest extent. If you can see nothing else upon the desert be sure you train yourself to perceive its shifting color and the weird tricks the light plays.

More than this I cannot say. If you can't see what is there I can't tell you about it; it is one of those things that everyone must find for himself.

From Daggett to Barstow the road is difficult; sandy, rough and high crowned; and from Barstow to the head of the San Bernardino Pass is also poor, the roadbed being of loose gravel, and the grades stiff. But at the end of [illegible] pass the miracle of the California roads begins. At the very summit, sharply divided from the crude trail as though a knife had cut the black tar ribbon of [illegible] the paving starts, and from there on into San Bernardino and thereafter, the beauty of the roads and the charm of the scenery both exceed the Eastern motorist's wildest dream of perfection.

The first question which comes naturally to any woman's mind in connection with going anywhere is, What shall I wear? And it's the truth that the choice of clothes for a transcontinental motor trip is a good deal of a question.

To begin with, one wants to be thoroughly comfortable through the day, have a change for the evening, especially if one intends to stop at hotels, and plenty of linen because of the difficulty of getting overnight laundry done. But against these necessities stands the even greater necessity for making your baggage as small in quantity as possible. An overburdened car heaped with bags and suitcases and blanket rolls, and so on, in addition to the necessary appliances for the car itself, is enough to destroy the pleasure of the trip—that is, if anything could.

What Women Should Wear

EAST of the Mississippi George and I found it practical to wear just such motor clothes as we would wear at home. But we both made one serious mistake—at first. We started out in dark clothing. Believe me, before we had gone very far we found that what you want is dirt-colored clothes. West of the Mississippi khaki for all hands comes positively *de rigueur*. After we left Kansas City I put on a pair of riding trousers, and oh, the joy of them! I need not sing their praises to any female who has worn them, but for the encouragement of those who have not I allow me to insist and reiterate that they are the best thing to wear in thorough comfort west of the Rockies. Everyone from grandmamma down to the snappiest chicken in the snappiest [illegible] that you pass wears 'em. Do not be afraid of going without a pair. Every department store that boasts of a men's goods department now carries riding trousers and knickers of khaki for women as well as for men, and these are remarkably reasonable in price, washable for as little as [illegible] and believe me they will save you hundred dollars' worth of fort and ease. I assure you ladies, that you can [illegible] the best hotels through the West in the aforesaid [illegible] without the slightest embarrassment, and the clerk will not smile after your back is turned. And if you are going to [illegible] such a [illegible] will be a little indispensable. Curiously enough it is necessary [illegible] though [illegible] in the [illegible] weather. A couple of [illegible] weight [illegible] what [illegible] need the [illegible] high [illegible] as sum[illegible] ing. The [illegible] rually [illegible] down [illegible] tains [illegible] which [illegible] graphic [illegible] though [illegible] Beach [illegible] be the [illegible] abso[illegible] sweaters [illegible] coat [illegible] lutely [illegible] Asia [illegible] fishing [illegible] helmet, [illegible] one [illegible] exercise [illegible] slips [illegible] hand, [illegible] handker[illegible] and [illegible] neck [illegible] with a [illegible] a cravat [illegible]



Photo by courtesy of the Santa Fe Railway System

Pueblo Indians. Above—Sanctuario, the Lourdes of New Mexico

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Long-Proven Value Now Breaking All Hupmobile Sales Records

The story of the Hupmobile business since the first of the year is an inspiration.

In all the 14 years of our history, there has been no such succession of shattered records. Never has the factory been called upon to meet such a tremendous demand for its product.

In January the increase in sales began almost with a rush. That month was the greatest January on our books.

April Outstrips All Previous Records

Like a huge snowball, sales have kept on rolling up and up. February showed a 5 per cent increase over January, and the March business leaped ahead so far that it made the first quarter our largest by all odds.

Then came April with 3806 cars shipped, thus outstripping all of these 1922 records, and registering an increase of 180 per cent over the first four months of 1921.

May orders in hand as this goes to press indicate still another record-breaker in the greatest year the Hupmobile has ever known.

The inference to be drawn from these facts is perfectly plain. It is the Hupmobile that people want, now that buying has settled down to a basis of real dollar-value.

They want it because for 14 years it has been known as an exceptionally good car. Because today it is proving its greater value by what it is and what it is doing every day for its owners.

In economy, the Hupmobile stands almost alone. Records carefully kept by business houses which operate fleets of cars show its upkeep and running costs below those of cars whose chief appeal is price.

In performance, it is known everywhere as the remarkable equal of cars which cost a great deal more and are therefore expected to do a great deal more.

New Buyers by Scores and Hundreds

The higher prices which the used-car markets put upon used Hupmobiles—when they can get them—indicate the preference of their buyers, and the higher value everyone concedes to this car.

All of these things, which are known to other owners almost as well as to Hupmobile owners, are working together to attract new buyers by the scores and hundreds, and to make this year the greatest our history has ever recorded.

Touring Car, $1250; Roadster, $1250; Roadster-Coupé, $1455; Coupé, $1835; Sedan, $1935. Cord Tires on all models
Prices F. O. B. Detroit—Revenue Tax Extra

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

Hupmobile

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(Continued from Page 28)

protects the back of the neck. It is easily folded away into a small rubber envelope, which comes with the set. These are much cheaper than the ordinary raincoat and if you are driving an open car you will probably find more use for this outfit than for any other one item of your wardrobe, even though you should have very little rainy weather, as they are light in weight, windproof and of course dustproof.

So many women have asked me what clothes I took upon the big hike that I am moved to give a list herewith:

1 Gray-brown-mixture tweed suit.
1 Medium-weight topcoat.
1 Pair low-heeled oxford ties.
6 Very plain tailored shirt waists for use in the East.
1 Silk crêpe dress, high necked.
1 Khaki-colored flannel shirt, boy's model.
1 Small motoring hat.
1 Boy's tweed cap, with visor.
1 Plain black evening gown, of uncrushable silk.
1 Pair of dress slippers.
Driving gloves.
Khaki riding clothes.
1 Pair high boots, of the type known as Pioneer.
1 Rubber fishing shirt.
Small compact toilet roll.
Underwear, and a pair of goggles.

These last are especially important and great care should be made in selecting the proper sort.

The clothes George selected after the usual husbandly performance of packing and repacking his bag not over seven times and constantly interrupting my own packing by yelling out questions such as Will I take the old gray sweater or the one Cousin Mary knitted for me? and other equally important queries, were as follows:

1 Cloth cap.
1 Rubber fishing shirt.
1 Medium-weight overcoat.
1 Sweater.
1 Tweed-mixture lounge suit.
1 Dark suit for evening.
2 Flannel shirts.
1 Pair khaki breeches.
2 Pairs golf stockings.
2 Pairs shoes.
6 Soft shirts with collar attached.
Underwear and socks.
Jar of cold cream.

This last item may seem a curious article for a man to take along, but the action of alkali dust upon the skin makes it necessary. In the Southwest it is an excellent plan to start out in the morning by rubbing in a small quantity of cream upon the face and allowing it to remain throughout the day, as soap and water are not a sufficient agent as a cleanser, and besides, without it the heat and dust make shaving next to impossible; or so George says.

Tools and Equipment

DO NOT turn up your nose at taking something fresh and a little dressy to put on in the evenings if you are going to stay in the hotels. The midcountry towns are not hick villages, and you will need and want one attractive costume when you hit Columbus, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City and many other points along the road. Furthermore the refreshment that comes from a bath and a change at the end of the day grows to be an absolute necessity on a long motor trip; so don't make the mistake of thinking you can live in your motor clothes day after day.

Camping is another matter, but even in that case I would suggest taking along some costume, no matter how simple, which you do not wear in the car. You can pretty nearly pack your bag in sequence for the trip, so that it is unnecessary to disturb the garments in it until you come to the part of the country where you are actually going to use them. Start out with your Eastern clothing on top and your khaki things below, and you will have the comfort of not being obliged to unload the car completely every night. We had our bags so arranged that they could be padlocked to the running board, and sometimes for two or three days at a time it was unnecessary to take anything into the hotel except our dressing cases. The first law of long-distance motoring is one big bag apiece, and that's a generous allowance.

Don't take good new luggage, for it surely will be ruined; and cover what you do take with a tarpaulin.

So much for what the well-dressed motorist will wear. But all the equipment necessary for the trip does not go upon one's back. Though there are many fancy motor accessories upon the market, the inventions of numerous ingenious persons, beginning with the devil, these are mostly hokum, and can be perfectly well dispensed with. However, there are a few tools it is foolhardy to go without. When you read the list of them over don't get cold feet, because you're not going to the North Pole, although I know it reads that way. These are the tools of common sense, and you will be glad to have them along before your trip is finished, or I miss my guess.

To begin with, you must have a complete set of chains for your tires. Four chains. That's what I said: four. Of course you may have great luck and never be obliged to put them on at all. But through the high-crowned dirt roads of Indiana, Illinois, Missouri and parts of Kansas, take my advice and put them on instantly if you get a sudden shower, no matter how light the shower may be. The soil all through this part of the country is so constituted that a light shower makes more dangerous driving than a really heavy rain.

Take along a good strong tow rope. We used ours twice to tow somebody else out of a ditch, and once to bind on the spare wheel after the leather straps had broken. A good rope has many uses.

A block and tackle is a splendid thing to have along. Next you need a collapsible water bucket, preferably one with a spout. These come made of watertight canvas and take up very little room. They are practically necessary if you have to fill your radiator from a brook or a spring. Then—perhaps most important of all—is your desert water bag. A five-gallon size will take good care of your car and is about as large as the average automobile can carry comfortably. This water bag is absolutely essential, and should be filled upon every possible occasion. If you don't do it, just as sure as you're born you'll spring a leak in your radiator; and the desert water bag must be carried on the principle of an umbrella in fair weather if on no other basis. You will principally find it useful on the steep mountain grades, where there may be no springs and where your car will very likely boil. Don't forget a tarpaulin. The three dollars that it costs will save you twenty times your investment. A folding shovel is also most important, and so is a strong practical ax.

The above-mentioned are all essential. If you have them you can safely ignore the fancy additions that may be offered for your consideration.

Now there is a third class of personal equipment that it is well to consider, and foremost in it is the vacuum bottle. You will not want to drink from your water bag, and a very large vacuum bottle is indispensable. Keep this full of something cold to drink, whether you think you're going to need it or not, because you will. A compact picnic case is a good thing to have along, and when you are at a hotel or in a town where good food is easily obtainable it is a splendid idea to have a lunch put up. I would further suggest that the car be equipped with iron rations at all times. We found fruited crackers the most satisfactory thing. Chocolate is impractical because in the intense heat it melts so quickly. A few oranges kept in the car help a lot, both for thirst and nourishment.

There are several types of excellent gasoline stoves on the market now, and these are splendid if you are going to camp, but we were at no time so far from hot food that we needed one. If you want something that will give you a quick and ready flame the gasoline stove is, however, better than the compact alcohol ones, and you have your fuel right with you in the car.

If you do not take a luncheon kit be sure you have drinking cups, and, apropos of nothing at all, I highly recommend carrying a pair of field glasses. You will frequently come upon a wonderful bit of scenery that you will be able to appreciate far better for them.



PHOTO, BY COURTESY OF THE SANTA FE RAILWAY SYSTEM

The Rainbow Bridge, Utah. Largest Natural Bridge in the World—309 Feet High, 279 Feet Span

And now, last but not least, be sure always to [have] gallon of oil and five gallons of gas parked somewhere the car. I know you think you're not going to [need] We thought the same, but we know better now. At time we ran over a stump in the middle of the desert, broke off the oil pump and would have been wholly u to move without that hitherto unused and rather [use] extra gallon of oil. At another point we became so i ested in the scenery we forgot to watch the gas [gauge] might have remained on that delectable mountain the present writing had it not been for the five gal gas in its pretty little tin box. I know that all these will take up precious room, and that you'll have t them covered with newspapers or something to s stop their spoiling the rest of the articles in the c take them, just the same. You never know your l

And oh, I nearly forgot! Be sure to take a good light and a couple of extra batteries to fit it. There be a dark night when by its aid alone you can mak light to shine.

I suppose that every car made is capable of cross continent. This is certainly true if we are to believe the advertisements say, but everyone knows that the advertisements say a lot, advertising writers a sessed of that great human tendency to tell only the they want known. And anyone who has ever bo automobile is only too well aware of the fact th marriage, a car has got to be tried to be understo one but the car owner, if he is also the car driver every little thing about its moods, its fits of te little meannesses and its bursts of generous good h

The Choice of a Car

PERSONALLY I have been wedded to four mak mobile, divorced one of them, two have died on I am now living with the fourth in as much peace a ness as can reasonably be expected from a road co costing in the neighborhood of three thousand d

I have also learned that town merit is not count in a car, and that there is a time and place for al type of bus you want to name.

The high-priced, powerful and heavily built automobile is not necessarily the best car to cross the continent. A sturdy medium-priced c desirable for the transcontinental trip and will just as long as road conditions are uncertain.

To begin with, one must have plenty of cle many of the roads are high-crowned; and clearan important where mud is encountered, and w necessary to ford a river. Strong springs are an important item, as there is a great deal of rough reasonably deep upholstery is likewise desirable is sitting upon said upholstery eight to ten hours upwards of fifteen days.

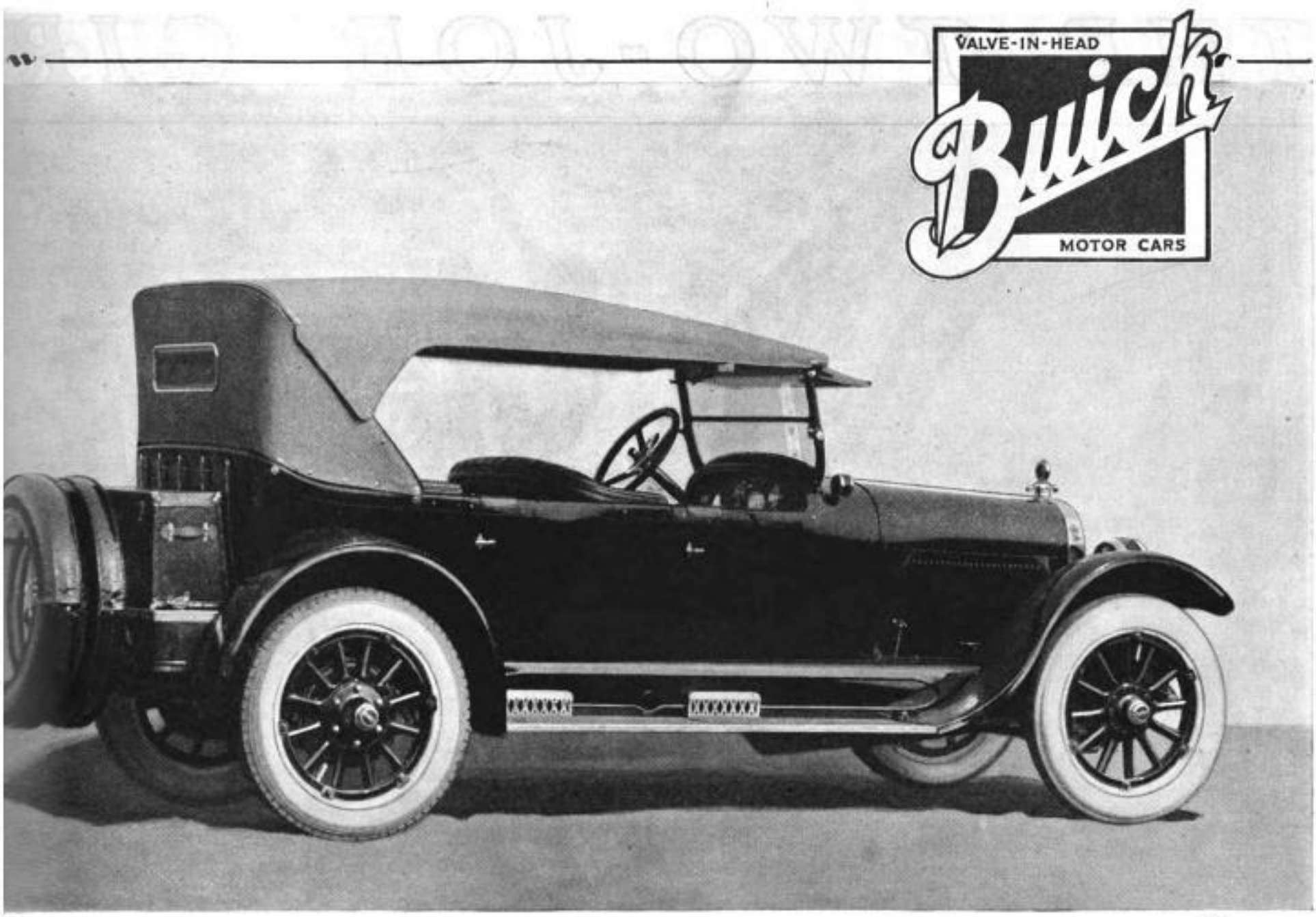
It is a fact that the garages along the Santa are on an average only seventy-five miles apa some districts of course are much closer together nearly any one of these repair shops will be qu make light repairs. Of course running expenses be considered, especially as through the desert tr tion facilities are difficult and the cost of gas and one hundred per cent, and sometimes more. Springs, Arizona, we were even obliged to pay for the radiator, so differ pensive is it to obtain garage is, at a considerab obliged to import water f one hundred miles away

As far as the most type of body goes, no yet been invented that the good old-fashioned tou the most practical and for long-distance travel. T sedan has many excell its favor so far as vary is concerned, and though continental traveler will a ably find the journey mo able with the top up most the really practical tour body has yet to be inven the long grades all closed tendency to topheavines

But whatever bus you journey and however cur facilities for its care along I would suggest that you some extra spark plugs a belt, and a set of magne which are the most difficul obtain along the way—and make certain that your tou tains a complete equipme extra insulating wiring a addition, as is a packag

(Continued on Page

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$1785 f. o. b. factory

The Special 6-55 Sport-Touring

A patrician motor car with every appointment found in the finest automobile—

And, with all this—the certainty of Buick performance, Buick sturdiness and Buick power.

The Special Sport-Touring is built in response to the demand of the motorist who seeks Buick's kind of motoring with the intimate comfort and refinement of the sport design.

No detail of convenience has been omitted. No effort has been spared to include every comfort and every appointment that could be sought in any motor car. The rugged, powerful, Buick driven chassis gives it the speed, endurance and smoothness that make touring a pleasure and not an uncertain adventure.

The Special Sport-Touring is finished in dark Buick maroon with wheels to match—which with the beautiful trimming, binding and finish give this special model its tailored appearance. Nominally four passengers are accommodated in the roomy body but five can ride.

The demand for this handsome model at the remarkably low price will tax factory production to the limit. Consult the nearest Buick dealer for detail specifications and delivery dates.

Additional Equipment of the Special Sport-Touring

Khaki top of exclusive Buick patented design with no bows to obstruct vision; khaki adjustable sunshade; two-piece full ventilating windshield with wiper and mirroscope; glass-covered ignition and lighting switch with push button dash lamp; combination gasoline gauge, oil pressure gauge and ammeter; combination clock and speedometer; cigar lighter; handsome, heavily nickel-bound luggage trunk mounted on permanent specially designed base; Buick design drum-type head and cowl lamps; front snubbers; carpets in both front and rear compartments; walnut steering wheel with walnut control lever knob to match; heavily nickeled radiator, step plates, guard rails and all other fittings; Tuare steel wheels built to Buick specifications are optional equipment at an added cost of $50.00 if installed at the factory; extra tires or tire covers not included.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation

Pioneer Builders of Valve-in-Head Motor Cars — *Branches in all Principal Cities—Dealers Everywhere*

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

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THE TWO-JOB GIRL



I'm Dashing This Off Before Dinner at Atlantic City, Where We're Spending the Week-End Honeymoon

By Elizabeth Frazer

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK SPRADLING

ATLANTIC CITY.

DEAR AUNT CECIL: Permit me to present to you Mrs. Stephen A. Sheridan, née your beloved namesake, who's been and gone and done it proper. Steve and I were married at two this P.M. It's now 7:03, and I've been married all of three hundred and three minutes. Can't say I feel any different. No strange sea change. Pulse normal. Temperature fair and warmer. Gay on top but sort of thrilly away down deep. Steve looks rather solemn.

I'm dashing this off before dinner at Atlantic City, where we're spending the week-end honeymoon. The family thinks I'm all wrong. I know I'm right. You see, this is the point: Steve's salary, at present, is not big enough to support two, and so I'm going to continue my job as secretary to Old Joplin. And that's the rub. They all want me to wait. Papa's agin it. Mamma's agin it. And, worst of all, deep down in his heart of hearts my Steve's agin it too. He hates it! Doesn't want his lovely young wife to be a sordid, money-grubbing wage earner. Wants to support said lovely young wife himself without pecuniary aid or assistance. Aren't men funny? And the nicer they are the funnier they are.

We had one of those fine old free-for-all family rows, with everybody sticking in and handing out free advice, and wanting to settle my matrimonial hash; and the upshot of it all was that I settled it for myself: Namely, to get married and to continue with my work. Why not? I'm free, white and over twenty-one. In fact, I'm twenty-three this month. And everybody's doing it these days. Self-expression, economic independence and all that sort of thing. Why hasn't a woman as good a right to go on with her job after marriage as a man? She has!

It all boils down to this: We couldn't marry on Steve's salary, on account of the h.c.l. in New York and Steve's work keeping us in the city, but we can on his salary and mine put together. I've got it all figured out. Hence and wherefore, Q.E.D.

But that's not the biggest reason. Dollars-and-cents reasons are never the big reasons. The real reason is because I want to. I simply couldn't endure this business of going on being engaged indefinitely year after year. And so I looked and then Steve and I leaped together. We spend the week-end at Atlantic City, and on Monday Steve gets up and departs to his downtown job, and simultaneously Mrs. Steve gets up and departs to her downtown job. And that's that. So here we are, sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, e pluribus unum forever—and the great experiment is on! Don't you think I'm right? I know I am—but the family don't. So stick up for me, like a darling! Your loving namesake, CECIL SHERIDAN.

PLEASANTON, IND.

MY DEAR NIECE: Heartiest congratulations upon the leap! Give Steve a buss from his new old-maid aunt. I'll give you youngsters something more substantial when I get around to it. Just at present I'm up to my eyes in making apple butter and taking care of two lovesick girls. This business of being resident house-mother and chaperon at a country club for the week-end parties of young people is no sinecure. My hat! I could write a book on the present generation that would curdle the conservative blood of your poor old father and make him believe we were going headlong to the devil—and yet, even at that, I can't see much difference between this generation of girls and the last. These talk more at their petting parties and wear less, but fundamentally, at bottom, it's just the same old, immemorial questing girl. Let her quest, I say! Just now, in addition to getting the house to rights for the coming jamborees, I have two bad breakdown cases on my hands which I'm trying to coax back to life—one a fine little girl who tried to kill herself over a good-for-nothing fellow not worth his salt, and the other a thoroughgoing little egoist eaten up with self-pity.

About your question: Do I think you're right? Well, it makes absolutely no difference whether I do or not, if you're sure of it yourself. It's your party, not mine. I'm not much for butting into other people's private affairs. You have a good headpiece; use it; I guess you do. As a matter of fact, however, I do think you're right—thus far. Right to get married, I mean, and tackle the odds. For you've got odds against you: don't ov[er]look little fact. I see one big risk in par[ti]cular now on you're a two-job girl. And m[ar]ried jobs is going to take you out of the ru[t] I'm only a tough-grained sporting old of the last generation standing on the side co[ur]t while you're a combatant down in the ring. I want to cramp your style for a second by offe[r]ing tions on how to play your game. But I do wa[nt] the issues clean-cut, for I'm placing my bet o[n] the big trouble is, these two jobs you're ha[v]ing mutually antagonistic; each tends to co[m]pete croach and swamp and swallow up the other. earning job demands a certain expenditure of [ti]me and vital energy. Your wife job also makes [de]mands and vital demands. Each job has its own [in]dividual And it's you who must fit those two sets of [de]mands together each in its own place, and see that [y]ou do a wrong of it. Mind, I don't say you can't do [it]; you have two sets of rights or necessities, each [w]ith natural inclination to swallow up the other and [i]t to you to maintain an even balance between [th]em there's your danger. Can you hold the balance?

Of course I don't know all the ins and outs of your ticular case, and why you chose to marry and working rather than wait. But anyhow, it's [do]ne; I believe that it will all plot out right in the end. your parents objected. They've had a hard [ti]me ends meet on a meager professional salary, and they should see the harshness of the road that [yo]u over, and want you to wait until it's smoothed oiled. Never mind us oldsters. But remember the chief ingredients of success in marriage, [be]sides thing else, is brains. You won't be penalized [fo]r gray matter. Tell me about Steve's dispo[si]tion; deal may hang on that. YOUR [AU]NT

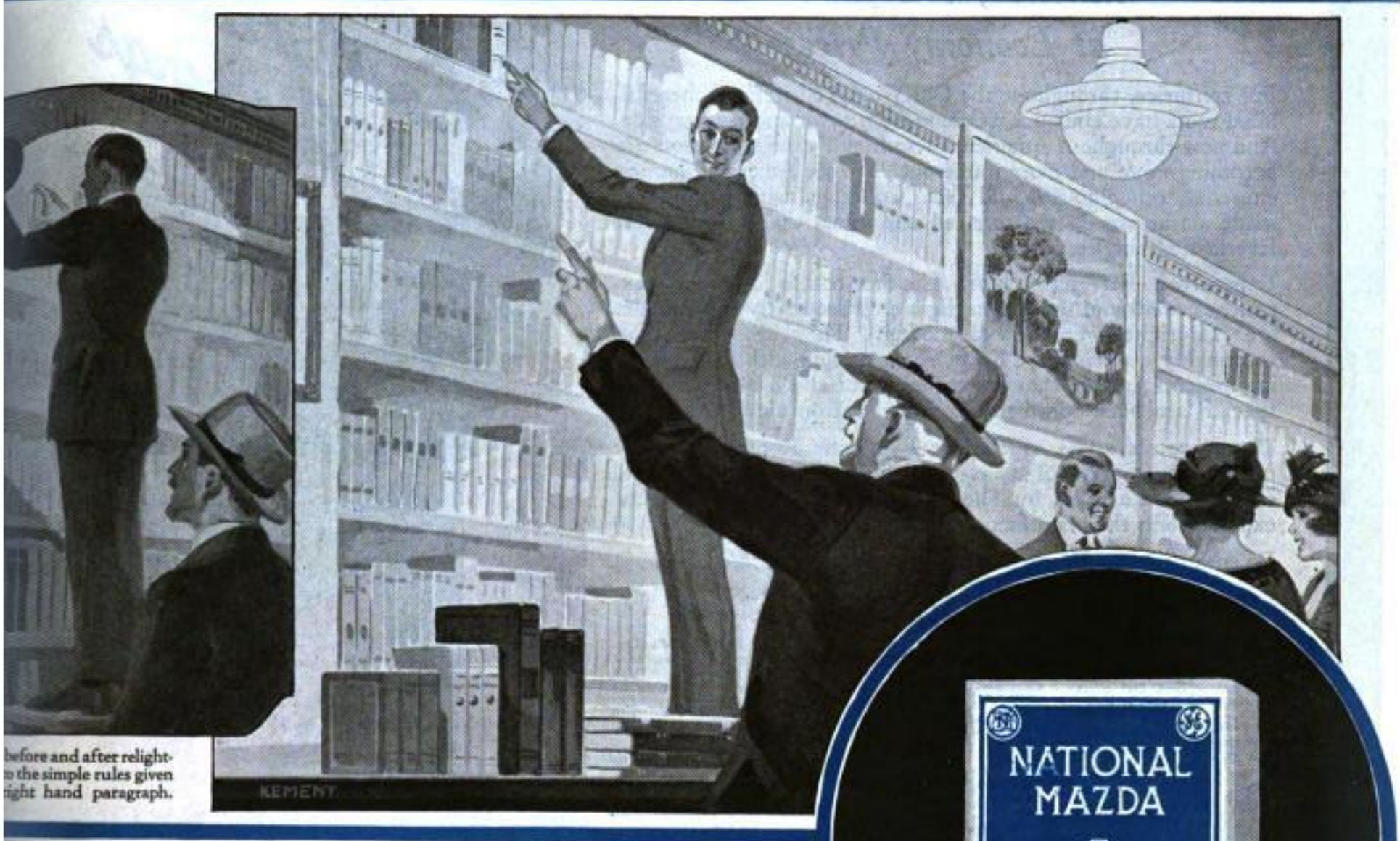
P. S. Self-expression? Yes, we had that [al]so, but we called it having our own way.

DEAR AUNT CECIL: You ask me [to] taken into consideration the fact that [I'm] two-job girl. Why, for a whole blessed m[on]th!

(Continued on Page 35

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he Big Job in 1922 is SELLING



before and after relighting to the simple rules given right hand paragraph.

KEMENY

ıe Biggest Salesman at the Lowest Salary is Lighting

ı sell books, hardware, drugs or "shelf goods", the interior of your becomes one vast silent salesman. piece of merchandise tries to call lividual attention. Permitting any item of stock to become hard to its label hard to decipher, means much valuable salesmanship re- from active duty while it still s on the payroll.

y make it *hard* for a customer to What easier or less expensive way e to aid vision, examination and ın than by driving out *gloom, glare tdows?*

stigation shows that even the stores frequently have less than five "foot-candles"* of illumination, while careful tests show that ten to fifty foot-candles are usually none too much. That "too much light" is rather difficult to attain is shown by the fact that in a shady spot outdoors in the summer time the intensity is 500 candles and upward!

For satisfactory lighting of the average store, the rules in the next column may be followed, or more detailed instructions will be mailed on request. National Lamp Works of General Electric Company, 305 Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

*The "foot-candle" is a measure of intensity of illumination. It is no more mysterious than inches, degrees, gallons and other familiar units of measure. Ask the National MAZDA lamp agent to have foot-candle readings taken throughout your store.

Each of these labels represents a Sales Division equipped to give a complete lighting service.

One Recipe for Good Store Lighting

For most stores the following rules point the way to excellent illumination. *First*—Use 300-watt MAZDA Daylight lamps, or 200-watt MAZDA C lamps. MAZDA Daylight lamps are preferable, under most circumstances, because (1) they show colors more accurately, and (2) their light blends more agreeably with natural daylight. *Second*—The space between lighting units should not greatly exceed ten feet. *Third*—The lamps should be properly shaded. Shades and reflectors, when made of glass, should be of dense white glass rather than clear or frosted glass, and should surround or enclose the lamp. *Fourth*—Clean the lamps and shades once a month.

ATIONAL MAZDA LAMPS

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Jim Henry's Column

Do you believe me?

An advertising expert told me the other day that if every man who reads my stuff should believe it and act upon it, the avalanche of orders would probably put Mennen out of business. I guess he's right. Imagine my whole audience of ten million men all deciding overnight that they wanted Mennen's!

I'm puzzled. I'm wondering how many of you fellows do believe me—how many of you I can get to confess a genuine interest in Mennen's Shaving Cream.

I wonder how many of you I can get to gamble a dime to prove to your everlasting satisfaction one of two things. Either I am the possessor of a high speed imagination—or Mennen's is the greatest preparation ever produced for reducing a growth of he-bristles to a state of pitiable non-resistance.

Either you believe me or you don't. If you do, you probably belong to the select class of men who are enjoying a blithesome Mennen shave every morning of their lives.

Now, if you are in doubt, why not at least put it up to me to prove my case? Forget reason, prejudice or habit and act on your regular-fellow instinct. Obey that impulse and send me a dime for my big demonstrator tube and dare Mennen's to give you the kind of shave you've always wanted. Dare it to flower into the most gorgeous bank of lather that's ever decorated your facial landscape. Settle once for all this question of my veracity by using three times as much water as usual—and try cold water if you like it. Let your razor sink into the snow drift and dare it to give you the best shave you ever had in your life. That's all I want.

I'll go you one step further. When I get your dare-devil dime, I'll send you along a sample can of Mennen Talcum for Men—a real man's talcum for after shaving or bathing. It's fine for the skin—and it doesn't show.

If you're a sport, come through.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.



Nice of him—wasn't it? He was trying to get me out of a hole, and he landed me in a deeper one, for Steve smelled a rat right away.

He said thoughtfully as he closed the door, "Funny guy! Acted as though he knew you."

And he strolled over and sat down in the very identical overstuffed chair that Smith had come to collect the bill for, the springs of which as he settled down gave a sort of lugubrious squeak, as if to say, "Could I but speak instead of squeak, I could tell you, young man, what he came for!"

"Don't you think he acted funny?" demanded Steve.

Here again was my chance to explain, but now it was harder than ever; for the man had stood by me and I was bound to stand by him—wasn't I?

And so I said, "Well, now I think of it, he did look a trifle surprised."

"No," said Steve, still thoughtful, "not surprised. It wasn't that. That guy came for something. I got that, clear as day. And then when he saw me—or, rather, when he looked behind me and saw you—he suddenly stalled, backed down, and invented that yarn about looking for a man by the name of Smith. I'd give a penny to know what his game was. How's the thumb?"

"The thumb feels like two cents, and so does its owner. Steve, how would it be if we sold out all this junk—did you notice how that new chair has taken to squeaking?—and went to board?"

"No!" said Steve quite loudly—and I knew I had reminded him of his homeless days and his mother. I felt like the woman in How She Lied to Her Husband. But the funny part about it is this: If my thumb hadn't been cut, and if I hadn't been tired, and the dinner hadn't fizzled, I shouldn't have minded telling Steve at all. It was just the darned climax of it. Lovingly,

CECIL.

MY DEAR NIECE: Your two jobs seem to be getting their hooks in you. But keep a stiff upper lip. Try to find a good, reliable, middle-aged housekeeper who'll take all the responsibility. She may come high, but she'll be cheap in the end, and that's the only solution so long as you work outside.

Of course I think it would have been far better had you told Steve about the collector; but as you didn't, the thing to do now is to remove the cause of further trouble by squaring off all the rest of your indebtedness at once. In order that you may do this, if you'll send me the dem'd total I'll loan you the amount—at the usual rate of interest. Ordinarily I'd let you sow your own little financial wild oat and reap whatever is coming to you, but you seem to have your hands overfull already, what with Joplin changing into a snickery old snake, and Steve developing an antimother complex.

I note you dodged my question about Joplin. What does he look like? And what is his advanced age, anyhow? I figure him as sort of like one of these unscrupulous, domineering, big-business pirates of Wall Street that the story-writers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST tell us about—a hard, mean, impassive guy, with an overhung jaw, a trap mouth, cold, narrow-set eyes, the kind that has no friends and never forgets a foe—a combination of Sitting Bull, Napoleon, Old Scrooge and Simon Legree all rolled into one. I don't know where they get that stuff, for I never saw a big or little business man look like that—but, anyhow, that is the picture I've formed of Old Joplin: the man with the cast-iron face. Am I right? YOUR AFFT. AUNT.

DEAR AUNT CECIL: How on earth did you ever get that notion of Old Joplin? I read your letter down in the office, and I burst out laughing right under his nibs' high-bridged, aristocratic old nose. No, you're not right. You're away off. Before I was married I used to think he was the handsomest man I knew, and so kind and just and fair. Now he's showing up in his true colors. As to looks, he's tall, spare, rather elegant—something of a dandy, in fact—with thick, curly chestnut hair which he has hard work to keep smoothed down, dark blue eyes, often quite merry, a big mouth, but not a bit traplike, nice hands and voice, and a very spontaneous laugh. He must be all of forty-six—twice my age!—but he doesn't look it; and he prances about with a sort of false sprightliness, pretending he's about thirty-five. Why can't old people admit they're old?

About my job—well, if you must know, things haven't gone very well; on the contrary, they've gone steadily crisscross. It's all Old Joplin's fault. He's got it in his head that I'm slacking and that it's his duty to keep me up to the mark. And he's doing that little thing. He used to tell me that I ran his business better than he did himself. But no compliments now. Oh, no! The change in him began the very morning I told him I intended to be married.

"Well," he replied after he'd congratulated me, "that means I'll have to look out for a new secretary. And that's bad—right now."

"You don't have to look out for one unless you especially want to," I laughed.

"How's that?" he asked, genuinely surprised.

"I'm going to be married—that's true," I explained, "but I've planned to keep on with my work."

He raised his eyebrows in an ironical manner he has.

"Oho! So you're that kind of a girl!" He added soberly after a pause, "You need the money, I suppose?"

"Partly," I said stiffly. "But I'd keep on, anyway. I don't see why a business woman should give up her career after marriage any more than a man. It's horribly unfair."

He smiled rather grimly. "It makes precious little difference what you or I think. Nature's the old girl that holds the trump cards here; and she'll play the game along her own lines, no matter how much we squeal. But there's something else to be considered here. This job's not going to grow any lighter with time. I'm expanding this business, reorganizing some of the old departments and adding new ones; it'll take all my brains and vitality to put the thing across. It goes without saying that I must have a secretary I can rely on, and even overwork at times." He looked at me hard. "Think you'd best tackle that?"

"Have I failed you thus far?" I asked indignantly.

"No. You've done fine, but ——"

"Well, then," I said, "I'm going to keep right on doing the same thing, and if at any time I fall below grade you can fire me!" I laughed when I said it, but he took me right up.

"I certainly will!" he assured me genially. "With promptitude and dispatch. There's a lot of money invested in this enterprise—not all my own. And I can't take on a single ounce more of risk. So if you keep the job you may be prepared to be the hard-worked secretary of a hard-working man beginning from to-day."

Of course I agreed. Well, Aunt Cecil, he's been even better than his word! It's been drive, drive, drive. The very first day after my return from our week-end honeymoon that man kept me until seven o'clock—and he'd have gone on indefinitely if he hadn't seen something in my face that made him pull up short, glance at his watch, burst out laughing and say, "Good Lord, it's seven o'clock! And you've just achieved a husband. He's probably tearing his hair out in clumps. I certainly am sorry. Well, tell him we're reorganizing. If he's a business man he'll understand. And I do my best thinking when it's quiet at the end of the day. But I'll see this doesn't happen again. It was your expression put me wise. By Jove, your face was as long as my arm!"

And he laughed again—but just the same, Aunt Cecil, away down deep he was irritated through and through. He can't fool me. I can read him like a book. He wanted to go on working while he felt like it, and he wanted his secretary to go on too. It's perfectly true that he works better at the end of the day when the office is still. And before, I didn't mind. It was even rather fun. He can concentrate just like father. But the devil of it is, he insists on concentrating at the end of the day, just when it's time to begin to think of getting ready to go home. And when he starts one of those séances along about five, I just can't help sneaking a glance at my wrist watch. Of course Old Joplin catches me; then out comes his lower lip, his brows draw down, and he shoots me a steely, blue look, keen as a razor blade, as much as to say: "Is this time yours, or have I bought and paid for it with cold cash?" To have me glance at my watch as a gentle reminder riles him like old Ned. But what am I to do? There's no such word as "stop" in his bright lexicon. He's detained me over and over again.

Steve, you see, gets home before I [illegible] Even when Old Joplin doesn't keep me, [illegible] beats me by half an hour. And that's [illegible] trouble! He hates to come home and [illegible] me gone. I know how it is. It's just [illegible] way I used to feel as a child when [illegible] come pelting home from school, hurl [illegible] our books and make a bee line for mother [illegible] sitting room. If she wasn't in her accustomed chair by the window, sewing or reading, we had a distinct sense of disaster, catastrophe, alarm; and we'd go rampaging all over the house, screeching "Mother-ee! We just wanted to see her, to assure ourselves by looking at her that all was well with the world. I asked mother the other day if it was sheerly by accident that she sat in that particular chair at that particular hour all through those years. "Gracious, no!" she laughed. "I made it a special point. If I was at a neighbor's I excused myself and came away. I wanted to build up in you the feeling of confidence that mother was always there."

And it's that sense of goneness, of momentary dismay that I fancy Steve [illegible] when he comes home and finds me [illegible] But I can't help it. I can't change Old Joplin's habits. I tried to! I suggested to him one morning that he do his [illegible] thinking earlier in the day, after lunch. You should have heard him snort.

"Now, Mrs. Sheridan," said he, biting his words off short, "don't try fitting [illegible] and my habits on to any little private Procrustean bed of yours and chopping off where I don't match up with your domestic schedule; it won't work. As I see this proposition, the job doesn't belong to you; you belong to the job. The job can't be cut and hacked and added to and subtracted from to fit your own private and personal convenience; it's you who must fit your private convenience to the requirements of the job."

One good thing—we now have a splendid cook. Mother shopped around and found her for us—an old Frenchwoman called Philomene, who adores Steve and is forever concocting new dishes to tempt his appetite. I'm glad, for these days, with Old Joplin bearing down harder and harder, I come home too exhausted to do more than crumple up on the sofa. She stays all day and sleeps in the house. That means extra pay, extra food, and the rent of an extra room. But she's worth it at the price, for now Steve and I have some time to ourselves, and we've even given a dinner or two and had some friends in for a bridge supper after bridge. Of course, with this drain, we're not saving a single [illegible]

We're going with a set of young married people the husbands of whom have been in business five or ten years, and so, naturally, have bigger salaries than Steve's. Steve says we're trying to beat the game five years by competing thus socially with people beyond our class. He says we're trying to telescope five years, and he thinks that it's my salary which has been the accelerator.

The other day he brought home a silver, and when I scolded him for the extravagance he replied, "Want to know why I bought it? You're getting between my eyes two perpendicular lines which require an S to change into a dollar, and it's the express purpose of this [illegible] to expunge that sign from your [illegible] map."

That purchase was pure inspiration. [illegible] we've had some wonderful Sundays in the country, with a delicious cold lunch that Philomene puts up. Those Sundays save my life alive. Steve increasingly hates to go to work. But he doesn't say a word. [illegible] Steve. Some nights I'm ready to drop with nerves and fatigue. Of course, I'm not beat physically—but that's not all. I'm torn between two contending forces. Joplin trying to absorb me at the office, Steve equally determined that business shall not interfere with his home. It's a war of two strong personalities, and I get it on both sides. Old Joplin's not giving a square deal. His character, as I told you before, has utterly changed. He's a regular slave-driver, scarcely ever laughs, sometimes won't even say good morning. All the old cordial feeling between us completely gone.

Once or twice, when he's shown signs of keeping me late, I've had to say, "Sorry, Mr. Joplin—but aren't we paying overtime? I have an engagement to-night."

That always wins out of him a steely glare. It's like pricking a caged animal. He almost growls out loud! It's true he [illegible]

(Continued on Page 38)

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FISHER BODIES



Because the name has come to be an asset and a criterion to motor car manufacturers, dealers and owners alike, the finished products of the Fisher Body Corporation from this time forward will bear the imprint of the makers.

FISHER BODY CORPORATION

DETROIT WALKERVILLE, ONT. CLEVELAND

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Pro-phy-lac-tic
Tooth Brush

THIS brush cleans more thoroughly because the tufted bristles reach between the teeth.

It is easier to manage because of the curved handle.

It is more sanitary because it always comes in the yellow box.

It wears longer because of the quality of the bristles.

Four visits a year to your dentist and daily use of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush insure good teeth for a lifetime. Adults', youths', and children's sizes.

Made in the United States.

FLORENCE MFG. CO.
Florence, Mass.



(Continued from Page 36)

like a horse himself. But it's his business, not mine. Good night.

YOUR LOVING TIRED-OUT GIRL.

P. S. About that furniture loan. It's all right—thanks just the same. I blurted it out one night to Steve, and I needn't tell you he was a prince. Of course he kidded me some. Steve's some kidder. He admitted, moreover, that he had exactly the same luxurious streak in him—which made him willing to marry me before he could afford me!—like a black zigzag streak running through pure Carrara marble—his simile, not mine!—and so we made a solemn compact: He's to keep an eye on me and I'm to keep an eye on him. Why can't Old Joplin be square like that?

MY DEAR NIECE: Dancing, dinners, flivvers, bridge—you and Steve seem to be having a high old time. Who's paying the piper? In my day the first few years of married life were largely given over to the practical undertaking of raising a family; that was the chief investment of those first years; it was a woman's major responsibility, her major contribution to life. And during that period it was the husband's business to earn the living; that was his job, not the woman's; she generally had her hands full inside the house. That's the eternal triangle: Father, mother and child—father out rustling the grub, and the mother, of necessity, sticking pretty close to the child. It's on that triangle we've built up our laws. Now, up to the present generation, that's been the normal rule of life for an American family. The husband's the natural provider; if he fails to provide he's liable to a severe manhandling in the courts. It's a thing in America we're rather strict about. The time, of course, may come, when this country is so densely populated and its resources exploited down to the vanishing point, that every moderately placed woman may be forced out into a gainful occupation, because the man, working alone, cannot earn enough to support a family. That's how it is with the working classes in Europe right now. But that day in America has not yet arrived. The average, moderately placed young American woman hasn't engaged in a gainful occupation after marriage because she hasn't been financially forced to do so, and because she's been otherwise engaged in raising a family.

But you and Steve seem to be starting in at the other end of the game. You're investing your time, money and vital energies, as nearly as I can make out, in having a royal good time, and I'm wondering what kind of a balance sheet of net gains you'll show in ten years from now. Mind, I don't say you're wrong. There are thousands of young married women who are doing exactly the same thing; trying to make a go of marriage and of business life at the same time; wanting the double experience—and also the extra cash. I don't blame them.

Thanks for your description of Old Joplin. The imperial, ineffable arrogance of that man astounds me. The only theory on which I can explain his ogreishness is that he's not in love with Steve. Which explanation doesn't get us anywhere—for why isn't he? I give it up. The real trouble is, to him his business is life; to you it is a weekly envelope. He feeds himself to his job. You make it feed you. A slight difference in the point of view. Be kind to the doddering old gent; he can't help loving his business more than Steve.

YOUR AFFT. AUNT.

Sundry weeks later.

MY DEAR AUNT: If I've not written before, it's because these days I seem to be pulled all ways at once. At night, if we're not outward bound, I turn in after dinner while Steve sits up with his work or to read. Things are going better with him financially. A small raise. I think Old Joplin might raise me! Steve came home as excited and jolly and mysterious as a kid on Christmas Eve. He'd phoned Philomene to prepare a bang-up dinner, and sent home a bunch of red roses. And over our coffee and cognac—thanks to Philomene's special *ami*, a purser on a French boat—Steve sprang his little surprise. He announced his raise, and then—and here's the joker!—suggested that I give up my job. Aunt Cecil, you could have knocked me down with a pinfeather. Just when things seemed to be going more smoothly!

"Why, Steve!" I gasped. "We can't do that—not now!"

"Why?" demanded Steve, with a glint in his eye.

"Why, because——"

"Well, go on—trot out your becauses."

"Because we'd have to start in all over again at the foot of the ladder."

"That all?"

"Because we'd have to stop giving parties and having in friends, and start to save and scrimp. And besides——"

"Yes?"

"What would I do with my time—not to mention my brains? I don't know how to cook, and I loathe housework. And also, now I've got Old Joplin just like a trained dragon so that he lets me go on the dot without letting out a single roar."

"All right," said Steve stiffly. "Have it your own way. But I'd like to know one thing: When we were married you said you were going on with your job because I didn't earn enough. That was simply a little bluff, eh, to get what you want, to have your cake and eat it too? Now come across with the straight goods—is it the job with Old Joplin you can't give up—or is it the extra cash?"

Well, Aunt Cecil, I thought and thought, and finally I said, "Honestly, Steve, I can't tell. It's about fifty-fifty, I guess. But one thing's sure: I don't want to start in at the foot of the ladder again. I hate to scrimp and save."

"All right," said Steve, with a poker face. "That's settled. I just wanted to know where I stand."

And then, Aunt Cecil, I suddenly thought of another reason. And just as a flyer I said, "Besides, why haven't I as much right to self-expression and self-determination in a career as you?"

I don't know why that should have made the lid of Steve's temper blow off—but it did.

He stood up suddenly with a kind of suppressed violence and he almost yelled, "Why can't you be inside of a room and out of it at one and the same time? Why can't you be married and single too? Why can't you live at the North and the South Pole both? Why can't you be my wife and Old Joplin's secretary, and mingle in society, and give sparkling little dinners, and spread yourself generally all over the map? Why doesn't two and two make ninety-eight? You can self-express yourself from here to Halifax and back, and I shan't say a single word."

And he flung himself out of the room, leaving me too astounded for words. But I know I'm right!

YOUR LOVING CECIL.

MY DEAR NIECE: Don't be forever harping on your rights. An American woman these days has the right to do just about anything she can get away with, short of homicide. And I've known her to get away with homicide—with a male jury. Self-determination is a very highfaluting word. I almost wish it hadn't been introduced into the best circles by a certain brilliant man; he started a whole lot of trouble just with that one word. It's something like calling a workingman Nature's nobleman. Maybe he's a nobleman, and maybe again he's nothing but a lazy loafer, too proud to work. Self-determination and self-expression, as I've seen them work out in real life, usually mean doing what you want to when you want to, and letting the other fellow pay. In your particular situation it's for you to decide whether the game is worth the candle. Nobody else can settle that for you. And I know of no better way of discovering just how high a price you are willing to pay for the particular brand of self-expression you seem to be going in for than by the course you're now pursuing—namely, by actual personal experience—trying it on the dog. Of course it's rather tough on the dog, but that's the dog's affair.

YOUR AFFT. AUNT.

DEAR AUNT CECIL: Who's the dog—Old Joplin or my Steve? I know what I am—a little buffer state between two big encroaching powers; and when both begin to squeeze me—ugh! And I know what Old Joplin is—a big, surly bloodhound with his nose down to the ground keen on the scent for the trail of gold. How can he think so much of a little extra cash? A mere money-grubber! But I don't care what happens to him, and that's not what I started to say.

Aunt Cecil, I'm nearly frantic with worry! It's about Steve. I'm afraid something terrible is happening inside of him. I'm not absolutely sure. It may be nothing but my own silly imagination; but lately he's been talking very strangely in his sleep. And when he's awake he's rather glum. And how he throws money around! To put it baldly, I fear Steve's not really becoming reconciled to my helping with the financial support but he's swung around to where he believes that I ought to, it's my right, my job. The other day he gave me a shock. He suggested, cross my cucumber, that we pool our salaries, throw for dollar, and go even-steven all the way. You see, since he got his raise we've been living on his salary and piecing out with mine, and what was left over I spent. He pleased.

"Why, Steve!" I gasped, so hurt the tears sprang into my eyes. "Do you actually want to spend my little money that I earn with Old Joplin by the sweat of my brow?"

"What's sauce for the gander's sauce for the goose," said Steve. "What's mine is yours, but what's yours appears to be your own. That's unfair. I've got a right to self-expression too."

His coolness took my breath away. It was so petty, so—so ungenerous and mean.

"But, Steve," I faltered, "I—I pay extra for that. Of course you may have it all."

"No," said Steve doggedly, "I don't want it all; I only want my share."

His share—of my money! Aunt Cecil, I thought my heart would break.

And here's another thing: Steve has a friend, an artist, called Bill Eames. Steve, who is a pretty good judge of those things, says Bill is a fine artist, but he's having a tough time financially. He paints the right sort of stuff that won't buy him a dairy farm, but that'll bring him fame when he's dead. Steve says he can't help it, that he's made that way. About four years ago he married a girl, and just for his own amusement taught her to paint. Now here comes the ironic twist: He uncovered in her a real talent, not for his kind of art but for commercial advertising, pictures of Beauties, shaving soap, and so on; and inside of a year she was making ten times as much as Bill, who'd put everything else aside to stage-manage her, be her errand boy, run out and buy her paints and peddle her stuff to the firms. He stopped painting to push her, and she became a howling success. I've seen her. She's a tall, feverish, aggressive, big-boned, mannish woman with a big nose. A human dynamo. This year she divorced Bill, giving as reason nonsupport. She said he had contributed a dollar toward her support in two years, and she was tired of having to forever dipping into her purse. Steve, of course, sided with Bill and has been having him home to dinner about five times in the week, just to buck him up, and has lent him some money to get on his feet.

Steve and I had a grand discussion on the whole case. He says that two people in the same household between whom love is the death of love. I would have contended that the proper kind of love for a modest, self-doubting chap like Bill was one of these sagacious, soft, little girls who would bring out every sense of responsibility in him and make him believe he was the finest fellow on the earth. I don't care much for Bill's work, I think she had a good right to what she wanted to—and I'll stick to that. But it makes me sort of sick at my stomach to be at odds with Steve.

Query: How far is it wise for the ordinary woman to take the whole responsibility off the average husband if she wants him to remain the provider, as the saying goes?

YOUR LOVING NAN.

MY DEAR NIECE: What you say about your friends is mighty interesting to me and I've been mulling it over in my mind. Sometimes an innocent bystander like myself gets a few things the active combatants can't see. First I'll tell you why in my judgment that union didn't stick. It's been my observation that in every real union worthy the name there's a he and a she, the attraction of the sexes. If the man's a he-man and the woman a she-woman the probabilities are that they'll pull through their difficulties. If the man's a soft, woman-natured man and the woman wears the pantaloons in the family, for that's the same combination the other way around. But if it's a man woman and a man-minded woman there's two of them for a merger, being nothing to

(Continued on Page 41)

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(Continued from Page 38)

they're two of a kind. And that, I suspect, was the case with your friends.

As to this business of competition in the same line between man and wife, in my opinion it's a highly dangerous thing. Only a very big man and a very big love can get away with it. Partly it's because in America it's the tradition that it's the man's job to support his wife. If he doesn't support her it argues some inherent flaw, some lack of manhood, some yellow streak in his nature. We're not yet civilized up to the European aristocratic point of view that a man has a dashed good right to be supported by his rich wife without soiling his hands. We may be primitive, crude, vulgar in this respect; and then again we may be nearer the straight biological norm, the deep guiding race instinct which runs truer, stronger in a fresh vital young nation than in an old worn-out stock.

So if Steve is sensitive about wanting to support you during these first years of your married life and flares up, don't lay it on to him individually; lay it on to the American tradition; lay it on to race instinct which commands that a male shall take care of his mate when she's otherwise engaged and can't take care of herself. The fact that you individually are not otherwise engaged does not alter the universal law. And don't worry about Steve. He's probably giving this experiment the intellectual once-over—and testing you out too.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE AUNT.

P. S. What does Steve say in his sleep?

MY DEAR AUNT: I have been ill and in bed ten days. Nothing serious—a nasty cold aggravated by nerves. It's really not bad, resting like this, for it gives me time to think. I've made Steve Secretary of the Treasury and of the Interior and Foreign Affairs. It's now a one-man show; the strain of my being sick is telling on him; he looks a bit gaunt. To add to his afflictions, last week his mother landed down on us without warning, and asked him for money to go to the Hot Springs for a cure. I don't know what Steve said to her, or even if he said anything; he may have just looked at her; but she decamped the same afternoon—*sans* cash. Steve's character is developing a bite—but no bark!—at the rate of a mile a minute these days.

Old Joplin has been most kind—for him. He sent around his cousin, Doctor Hoyt, a perfectly charming woman, with four children and a paralyzed husband to support. Her history is interesting. While she was still a medical student she fell in love with the man who was giving one of the lecture courses—a very brilliant but conservative research doctor. They were married, but he objected strongly to her practicing her profession, so she gave it up, had four children, and at the end of ten years he had a stroke of paralysis—a judgment of heaven, I call it!—and the entire burden of the family fell upon her. There was nothing for it but to resume her profession—ten years late.

Now, Aunt Cecil, don't you think she did wrong to give in to that reactionary, hidebound old Turk, who wanted her all to himself? I want your flat answer—yes or no. It seems to me, reading between the lines of your letters, that you think I'm wrong in continuing to work for Old Joplin, but you're afraid to come right out plump and say so. Now I'm going to call your bluff. Hands up! Right or wrong—which do you say? CECIL.

DEAR SILLY-BILLY: You and your little abstract rights and wrongs! Don't you know yet that what may be all right for Sadie Smith may be all wrong for Sally Jones? That circumstances alter cases, and that each case must be judged on its own merits, in relationship to the particular facts? With regard to your own concrete case, all I have to remark is this: You've got there not one right to adjudicate, but three, each separate and distinct—your own, Old Joplin's and Steve's. Now you may try to fit those three rights together, whittling each one down a bit so as to give them all a fair show; or you may sink your own rights; or you may sink those of Joplin and Steve and play your own up strong. It's your game, not mine. Then play it. But don't be so muddle-headed that you can't see the real issues involved.

I've always believed it was a fine thing for a woman—or a man, for that matter—to have an occupation, by means of which she could gain her livelihood in time of need. Nothing so broadens her, shows her the actual practical stuff out of which life is made. It teaches her the value of money, gives her the discipline of regular work and hours; it takes the conceited crimps out of her nature by showing her that what she considers good enough and what her employer considers good enough may be two vastly different things. But whether she's to go on with her job after marriage is a matter of prudence, advisability and plain common horse sense. The doctor manifestly studied her particular problem from all angles, looked at her right, her husband's and the public's right, and decided that her major contribution lay in the home. Yes, I think she was right; I think that, taking it all in all, she made a wise investment, as the result amply demonstrates. But her case is not your case.

There is staying with me now a teacher, a brilliant, accomplished, magnetic woman, with a real flair for her vocation—delights in her work and wields great influence over the girls—the rare case of a round peg in a round hole. She is happily married, has a husband and three children, and has continued more or less irregularly with her work. Just now she's deeply disappointed over a splendid position for which she's eminently fitted but failed to obtain—on account of her children. It was in a large private girls' school of excellent standards and reputation, and the principal liked her immensely—beyond all the other applicants; but there was also to be considered the responsibility to the students as well as to the parents who were paying a heavy tuition to have their daughters prepared for college. The absence of a brilliant teacher from her classes, or her irregular attendance at a critical period, might dislocate the entire course and prevent some of the students from passing their examinations.

The principal thought deeply and finally she said, "How many children have you?"

"Three."

"And their ages?"

"Four, eight and eleven."

Just the disease-catching age!

The principal continued, even more thoughtfully, her questionnaire, "And in case one of your children fell sick, which would you choose—your duty to your child or your duty to the school?"

Quick as a flash the teacher replied proudly, "To my child—naturally."

The principal nodded. "I think you're absolutely right!" she agreed warmly.

But notwithstanding, she did not engage the lady for her school!

"They penalize you for having children!" said the teacher bitterly, recounting the story to me. "If I'd no children she'd have taken me like a shot."

No doubt—for then the situation would have been materially altered. As it stood, the two sets of responsibilities clashed, and both the teacher and the principal were right. Now—would I have that brilliant woman give up her teaching? Lord, no! Would I have her give up her children? God forbid! But I would have her realize that she can't have the privileges of married life without accepting its disabilities; she can't be married and single at the same time. Each state carries its own advantages and its own disabilities.

YOUR AFFT. AUNT.

Old Joplin to Aunt Cecil.

MY DEAR MADAM: Your interest in your niece must be my apology for intruding my personal affairs upon you in this unconventional fashion. But before her marriage your niece was wont occasionally to read choice portions of your letters aloud to me, and the quality of native common sense which I so greatly admired in them is the quality in their owner to which I now address these words.

The fact is I am in an awkward predicament concerning Mrs. Sheridan, and I should be deeply obliged for your advice. To be brief, my business is amplifying by leaps and bounds. It necessitates my absence on frequent trips, and during such absences I must have in my office someone who is absolutely competent, absolutely devoted to my interests and willing to take infinite pains. Hitherto your niece has been satisfactory in these three important respects; but since her marriage I am bound to state that this is no longer the case. Speaking as a private individual, I do not blame her; on the contrary, I admire her more as a woman for putting her marital responsibilities before her responsibilities to her job. Nevertheless, the fact that she does so lands me, as her employer, in a hole. The candid truth is that she a
less to me commercially since her
than she was before, because her
not in her work; I can't rely
pinch. In addition, the
of business is bound to
demands on my secretary and I
raise the salary.

Now here is my quandary: Tw
natives present themselves: Fir
dismiss your niece, and, frankly,
the most practical course;
find for her a subsidiary
office and place somebody over
a course which I have no doubt
would deeply resent. But it
apparent each day that my
be run merely as a side
development of your niece. It
the very real regard and
tertain for her personally that I
turing to disclose my predicament
Thanking you, I remain,

Very sincerely yours,
WINFIELD SCOTT

Aunt Cecil to Old Joplin.

MY DEAR MR. JOPLIN:
deeply sensible of the
paid me in thus consulting
pleased to term my "native
I am bound to say that I
on how to run your business
I can advise my niece on how to
marriage and her job. How can I,
looker, with just this brief
speak, over your shoulder at
and without knowing what
advise you which suit to play?

There is, however, this to
eral way: More and more
women who don't absolutely
for a living are going into
and I can't stop them or
For better or for worse,
already under way. Marriage
women profoundly; some it
tically untouched. Personally,
doubt in my mind that some
can hold down a business job
in a thoroughly competent
tory fashion—and that's the
which you, as an employer,
It's equally true that some
It all depends on the young
case is a special case. And I
way of discovering which
can't, save by actual open
the business world. Some of the
and continue their jobs:
marry and drop out. You
hard on the employer to
on you. But is it any harder
bright, up-and-coming young
you've come to rely on,
wider opportunity and leaves
course it's not! But you're
considering his own self-interest
so it doesn't seem such an

Now to which category does
belong—to the fairly small
who after marriage can and
to swing their business jobs
dustrial world with
and poise; or does she belong
large class of girls whose
marriage, in the home
terest in their outside jobs
you and I know the answer to
even better at this point than
But she has common sense
and if you'll give her an
she'll find her own way
where she belongs. Thanks
terest in my girl!

Very sincerely yours,
CECIL

P. S. Why not offer her the
responsibility, emoluments and

Old Joplin to Aunt Cecil.

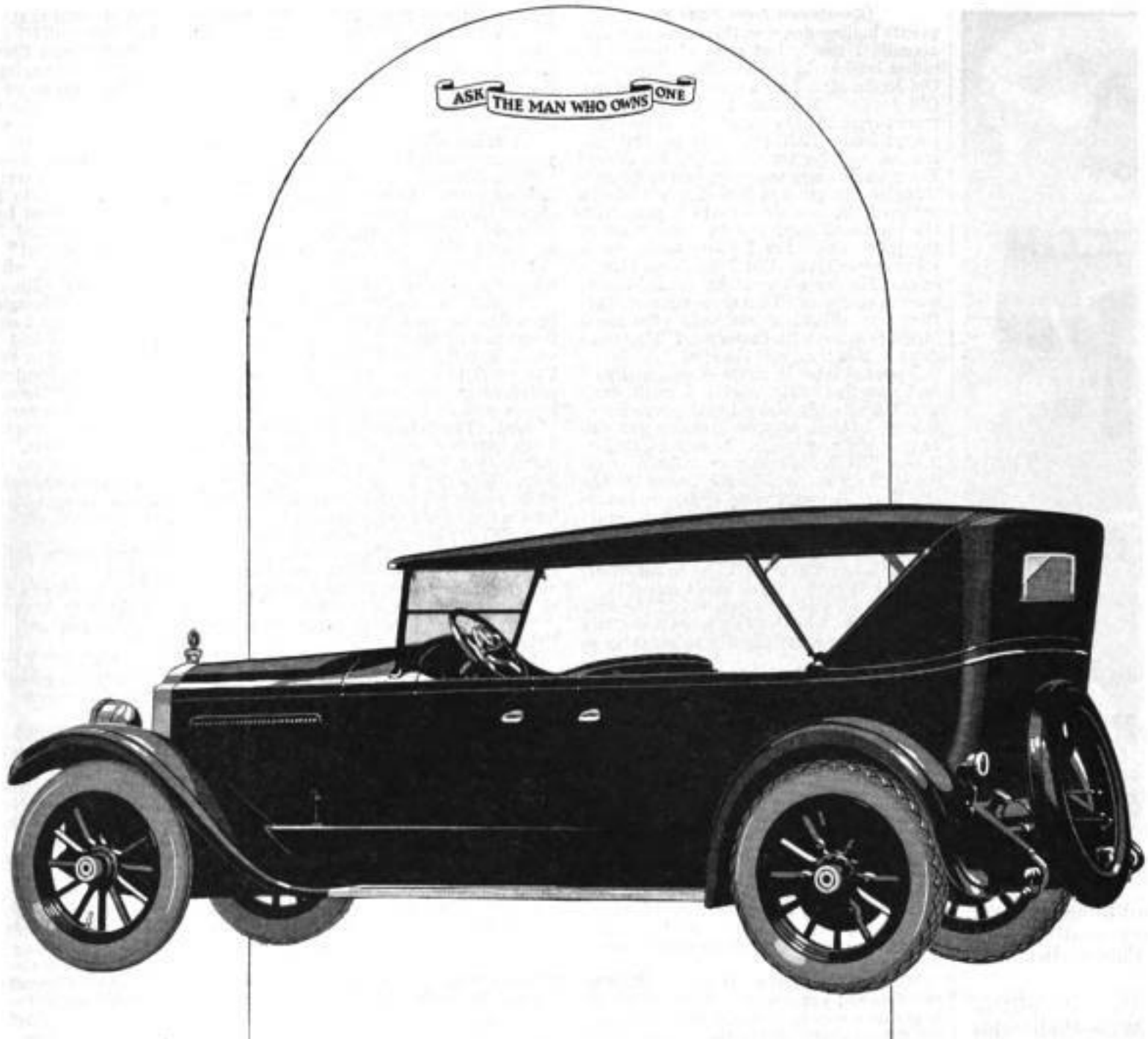
MY DEAR MADAM: In
extensive experience with
of secretaries I've never yet
didn't consider he or she
and just a trifle more, than
paid. I doubt if your niece
exception to the rule. It is my
she has already bitten off more
can chew, and yet you propose
offer her a bigger bite. And I
were a sensible woman! Yours
W. S.

Telegram from Aunt Cecil
"You asked my advice. That

DEAR AUNT CECIL:
a regular blizzard of
my part of the world of

(Continued on Page 42)

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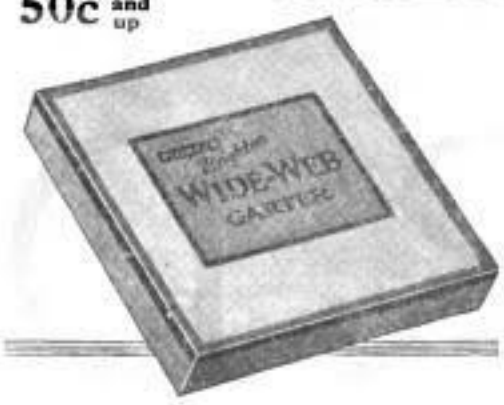
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PIONEER Brighton WIDE-WEB GARTER

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Double Grip 50c and up



(Continued from Page 40)

events hailing down so thick and fast that actually I nearly lost sight of the old familiar landmarks for a while. First of all, Old Joplin offered me a raise! Think of it—Old Joplin! Of course I know I'm worth more to him than he pays! Why, I do about everything. Half the time he just sits around, waiting for me to jog his elbow! For a while I was too staggered to do anything except gape at him dizzily while he outlined the new duties which went with the increased pay, and to wonder where the joker was. For I knew there was a joker somewhere. Old Joplin's no plaster saint. He doesn't consider me a howling success where now I am since my marriage; then why should he suddenly offer me a bigger position with better pay? There was more in this than met the eye.

I needed time to figure it out, and so I said sweetly: "Mr. Joplin, I can't deny that I am deeply pleased with your offer—chiefly, I think, because it shows you still have confidence in me. As to accepting it, it wouldn't be fair to you unless I could devote to you considerably more energy and time; it would mean giving up housekeeping and going to board; it would mean—well, a reshaping along the whole line—less time at home and a concentration of interest here. I'd like to take time to think it over—if you don't mind."

"Take all the time you need," he said with a smile. Old Joplin's smile is not half bad. Of course nothing like so sunshiny as Steve's.

"I think I could pull it off all right," said I.

"Oh, yes," replied Old Joplin quietly, "you can do the job all right—or I wouldn't have offered it to you. It's just a case of paying the price. And it's only you who can decide that. This is your little ship and nobody can steer it but you."

Well, Aunt Cecil, he was so simple and friendly and—yes, human—as if he knew all my inside troubles. I mean—as he sat there staring meditatively out of the window in that immaculate get-up of his, that without warning the tears rushed into my eyes and spilled over; I choked up; and without any reason at all I suddenly burst out crying like a kid.

Why? I don't know. It was just as if he had touched some secret chord or put his finger on a sore spot which had been paining me, unaware, all the time. And in one single clear flash of vision, between the act of pulling out my handkerchief and blowing my nose, I knew I couldn't make the grade. I couldn't make the grade because I wouldn't pay the price. And I wouldn't make Steve pay the price. He'd paid so much with his mother that it seemed as if he'd earned a little leeway with his wife.

Old Joplin pretended not to have noted the sudden shower, so I put on my things and slipped out. And as I closed the door I heard him mutter to himself: "That aunt must be a remarkable character!" Some character in a novel he was thinking of, I suppose. For a business man he's rather well-read.

Well, in the Subway on my way home I decided I'd be an idiot to throw up the job with all the extra pay; and all that day and the next I chopped and changed and played with the idea of taking or leaving that job the way a cat plays with a mouse; and I didn't say a word to Steve. He's been so preoccupied and glum and secret of late that I obeyed a little inner voice which said "Keep this business to yourself." Our cook has left, and we've been going out to meals, Steve silent, moody, with a far-away look in his eyes.

"Steve," I said suddenly one night, "suppose we try boarding for a while?"

Steve looked up from his book and favored me with a long quiet stare, then without reply dropped his eyes to the page. I let the idea sink in.

"What for?" asked Steve at the end of half an hour. That's Steve.

"Oh, nothing special," I said lightly. "More efficient, that's all. Less expensive. Less wear and tear on the nerves when we both work."

"What would we do with all this junk?"

He spoke carelessly, but my heart gave a great leap and I nearly sprang out of my chair, for, Aunt Cecil, those were the very words he had spoken out loud in his sleep! He had turned over and muttered as distinct as could be: "Sure. Separate. That's the dope. But what would we do with all this junk?"

I suppose I whitened—who wouldn't? But I saw I must walk softly, like Agag, for one false step would be fatal, and so I laughed as I said, "Why, Steve, it wouldn't hurt my feelings if we scrapped every blessed thing in the place except mamma's linen and dad's beds."

At that Steve rose, came and stood over me, his blue eyes boring me through.

"You know! You've known all along—you star-spangled little fraud!"

"Oh, Steve!" I made a wild guess, judging it must be some good luck by the glow in his eye. "Is it —— It is!—a raise!" He nodded. "Then why have you kept it so secret? Why didn't you speak?"

I was still miles away from knowing what was going on in his head.

"Well," he replied soberly, "I have been figuring on this married-and-stay-in-business stuff from the husband's point of view; and the way I figured it is this: If I've no right to stand in the way of your self-development in a business career you have equally no right to stand in the way of mine. That's logical, isn't it? All right. Then suppose my self-development required that I accept a bigger job out of town—let's say away off in the desert—while yours required that you stick right here in town? The logical result is—separation. Well, when I'd doped out the logical moves on the board thus far, what does the chief do but call me into his office one morning and tell me I'd been promoted to be manager of their new plant ——"

"Oh, Steve!" I broke in, grabbing him. "How glorious!"

"——out in Arizona," he finished grimly.

Aunt Cecil, have you ever gone down in one of those express elevators that drop through space at such insane speed that your whole interior system seems to surge right up and your eyes feel popping out of your head? That was just the way I felt. I saw the whole situation then in one swift flare, just as I had in Old Joplin's office—but as through a glass, darkly.

"Arizona!" I gasped.

"Quite so!" said Steve dryly. "A bit too far, eh, to commute in from Arizona to Old Joplin's office each day?"

Old Joplin! I'd completely forgotten him and his raise. It was on the tip of my tongue to tell Steve, but I decided that would keep. One mix-up at a time.

"And—and you're going out there?" I asked, trying to get the thing straight in my head. I saw there was still a kink in Steve's mind.

"I'd like to see anybody try to stop me!" said he.

"And—and what about me? Have you figured out that move too?"

"Sure!" he replied. "I've no right to stand in your light any more than you have to stand in mine. Ergo: I go to my little place in the sun, and you stay right here with yours. With me out of the plot you'll have more time to devote to Old Joplin. You say his business is increasing. Inside of a month I wager you'll land a raise."

"But that means sep——"

I just couldn't get it out; my voice, in spite of me, broke. Steve still stood over me with a hard smile.

"That's right," he said. "You've got it. Spit it out."

I looked at him, but he had on his poker face and even the expression of his eyes baffled me.



"And—and that's why you want
off all this stuff?"

"Well," said Steve, sort of
hard, "no use paying storage. We
well clean up as we go along. All
beds. That might make
bad. I'll tell you what: You
and I'll keep mine—
Sort of symbolical—eh? Can't you
the morning papers: Cruel Tragedy
Twin Beds. Twin Beds, Created
Together, Forced to Separate and
Their Master and Mistress in
Business Careers!"

I don't know why it was
but that last silly remark just
ished me; although I knew there
joke somewhere I couldn't seem to
finger on it; I laid my head down
pillow and began to sob. Steve
and began to comfort me.

"Cheer up!" he said presently.
"They're not separated yet!"

"I think it's frightfully bad
on such subjects," I told him.
knew you were making it up all

"I wasn't though," said Steve
"It's all Gospel truth—just as I
I've had the refusal of that
weeks."

"And you're going to take it
manded.

For reply Steve fished in his
brought out a letter, addressed
"Here you are—here's the
side."

"But what?" I cried.

"Can't you guess?" asked Steve
"You've never turned it
gasped.

"Sure I have!" said he with
"Don't look so frightened
only job on this planet. You
I'd force you to come with me? Or
go without you? Not a chance! I
to prove to you that this
expression worked out to a
between man and wife is as
sieve. If love doesn't mean
ger than the self-expression of
picayune personalities, then I'm
lay off some morning and
word for the feeling I have for

And so, Aunt Cecil, the
that I didn't even tell him about
lin's offer at all! You see, the
time. Steve's chief had to know
sion the next day; and if we
to pack up and get off inside of
course it was sheer moonshine
giving up his chance on account
Joplin. I succeeded in convincing
I might find means of self-expression
Arizona as well as here. So after
I got Old Joplin on long distance
him that important business
at home the next morning, but
drop in toward the end of the
explain.

And that was my last afternoon
Joplin. He'd saved up quite a
for me—trust Old Jop not to
shining hours!—and that first
was just the same as any other
the new secretary, a woman
competent, I fear. I caught
dictation, sneaking a look at
watch, from which I augur ill.

So to-night, Aunt Cecil, Steve
sleep for the last time in our
listen to the melancholy moaning
horns down the bay. It seems
breaking off with Old Joplin. The
absorbing. He was an absorbing
don't know what he'll do with
That other woman won't suit
What a mix-up life is! And how
pick the right right! But I
picked it this time—haven't I?

YOUR LOVING, FROM-NOW-ON
GIRL.

MY DEAR NIECE: It makes
ence what I think if you've
right yourself. As Old Joplin
own little ship and nobody can
you. You've given up your job,
but you may need one the day
morrow; so don't lean too hard
gray matter and don't lose your
outside world. If you really
new secretary incompetent, and
just female jealousy on your part
her in your place, what's the
my applying for the job myself
Mr. Napoleon-Scrooge-Simon
don't wear a wrist watch, and
Steve! YOUR LOVING AUNT

P. S. Am meeting you at Chi
some damson-plum preserves.

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This curious, fibrous rock is the basis for all Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofings. It gives them fire-safety, of course, and, in addition, durability and permanence. It keeps roofing costs down.

\$30 more he could have prevented this with an Asbestos Roof

RK from the chimney flue . . . . . lls on the roof . . . . . a tiny, flame . . . . . and soon the whole ablaze—betrayed by the roof pposed to protect it.

use somebody grudged the few cessary to make that roof a real . The cost of a few shrubs lawn would have given that fire-safety of Asbestos Roofing.

s they did not know this. Many e inclined to think Asbestos xpensive because it is always spoken of.

s is not so. Anybody who can et up four walls can afford to em with Asbestos Roofing. On use as that in the picture the difference is less than thirty dollars. It is worth it.

For the same indestructible rock fibre that gives Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofings their fire-safety also gives them permanence. Weather, rot and corrosion have little effect upon asbestos. These roofings never need painting, refinishing or other protective measures, and they should last as long as the home they protect.

There is a roofing of Johns-Manville Asbestos, either in shingle or roll form, for every type of structure. Select yours from the chart on the right.

Ask your roofing dealer or builder for samples and prices of the roofings. Each is given the highest rating in its class by Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

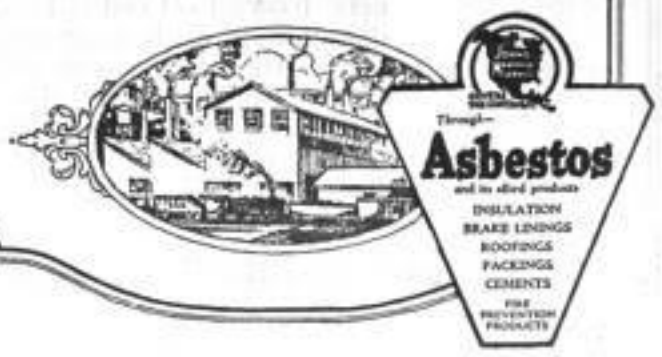
JOHNS-MANVILLE, Inc., Madison Ave. at 41st St., New York City
Branches in 56 Large Cities
For Canada: CANADIAN JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., Ltd., Toronto

JOHNS-MANVILLE Asbestos Roofing

What Type of Asbestos Roofing?
This chart will help you decide

Kind of Building	Type of Asbestos Roofing	Brand or Trade Name
Small buildings	Slate surfaced roll roofing or shingles	Flexstone—red or green
Dwellings $3,000–$7,000	Slate surfaced roll roofing or shingles or rigid asbestos shingles	Flexstone—red or green; rigid—red, brown or gray
Dwellings $7,000–$25,000	Rigid asbestos shingles	Standard or extra thick—red, brown, gray or blended
Dwellings $25,000 upwards	Rigid asbestos shingles	Colorblende—five-tone, brown with or without red or gray accidentals
Factories, shops and mills—Monitor and Sawtooth roofs*	3 or 4 ply ready roofing	Johns-Manville Asbestos Ready Roofing or Built-up Roofing
Flat roofs—all buildings*	Built-up roofing	Johns-Manville Built-up Roofing
Skeleton frame buildings—standard conditions*	Corrugated asbestos roofing with steel reinforcement	Johns-Manville Corrugated Asbestos Roofing
Skeleton frame buildings—excessive temperature or condensation conditions*	Corrugated asbestos roofing without steel reinforcement	Johns-Manville Transite Corrugated Asbestos Wood Roofing

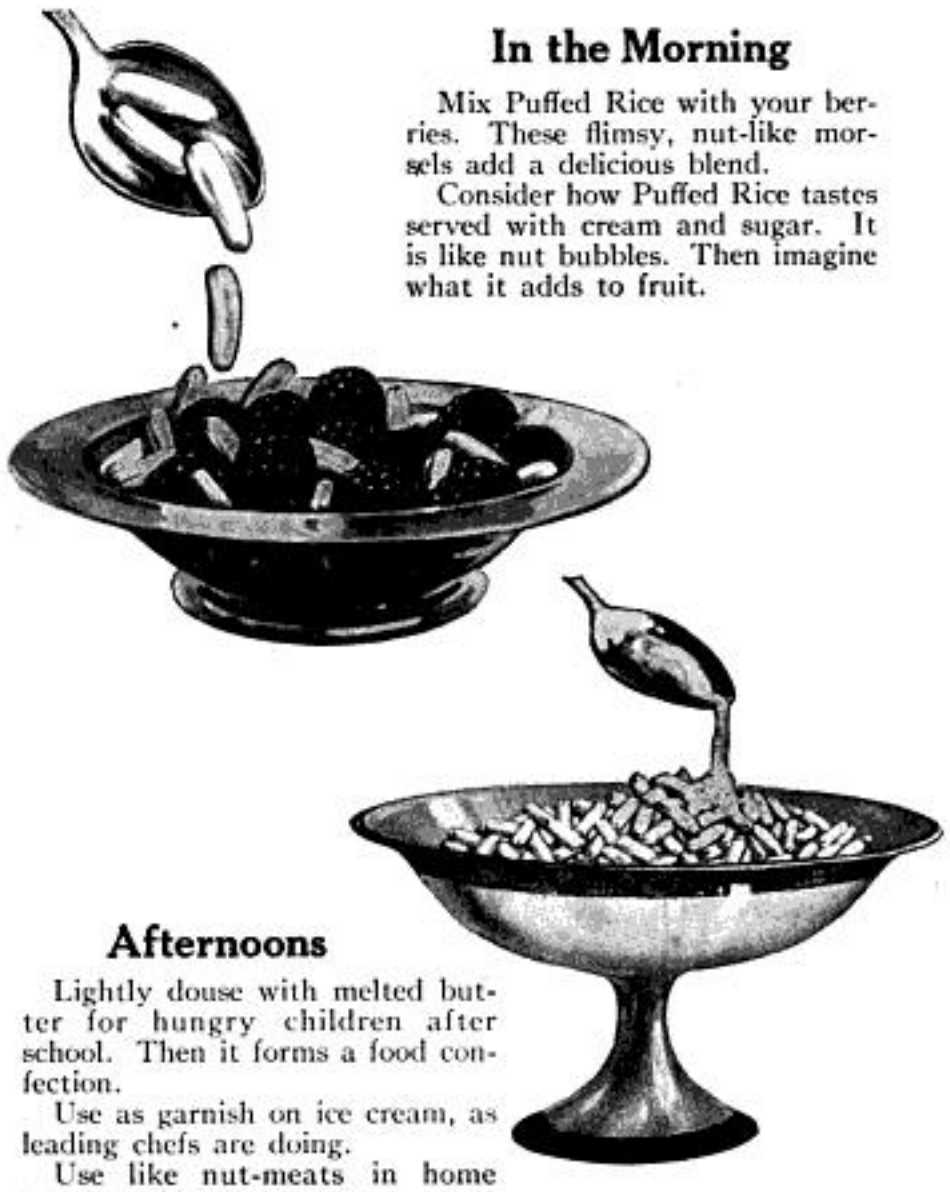
**Note*—Industrial buildings call for expert advice. A roofing expert is available at all Johns-Manville Branches.



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For June Days

These Bubble-Grain Delights



In the Morning

Mix Puffed Rice with your berries. These flimsy, nut-like morsels add a delicious blend.

Consider how Puffed Rice tastes served with cream and sugar. It is like nut bubbles. Then imagine what it adds to fruit.

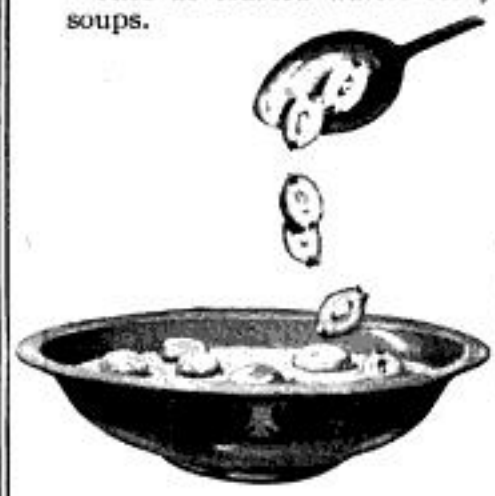
Afternoons

Lightly douse with melted butter for hungry children after school. Then it forms a food confection.

Use as garnish on ice cream, as leading chefs are doing.

Use like nut-meats in home candy making.

Also as toasted wafers for your soups.



At Night

The ideal dish for children is Puffed Wheat in milk. Whole wheat, with its 16 elements, forms a practically complete food.

Whole wheat, with every food cell blasted, easily digests.

Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice

Whole grains puffed to 8 times normal size

Made by Prof. Anderson's process. Over 125 million steam explosions are caused in every kernel. Every food cell is broken, so digestion is made easy and complete. High heat makes them flavory. Puffing makes them thin and flaky. So these—the ideal foods for children—are the foods they love the best.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

Everybody's Busines

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

Household Saving

HARD times ended the orgy of spending. Personal incomes were reduced. Nine families out of ten must even yet give thought to ways and means to get the most out of every dollar. The chief expense of the average American is in maintaining a home and supporting a family. It follows, therefore, that the greatest opportunity to save lies in reducing the outlay of each household for the so-called necessities of life. The wisest kind of economy is that founded on the fuller utilization of the things we use rather than doing entirely without them. It is also a fact that the greatest waste in the home is from little leaks that are cumulative; not the glaring losses that are plainly evident.

Food is the principal item of expense in most homes. Through improper handling large quantities of vegetables and foodstuffs are wasted. Here are a few simple suggestions for everyday saving: Lay in quantities of vegetables in season, for later use. Keep potatoes in a cool, dry, dark place. Edible roots such as carrots, parsnips and turnips should be kept in earth or sand filled boxes in the cellar. Sweet potatoes can be kept until January if first cleaned, dried and packed in chaff. Tomatoes can be kept for some time if gathered immediately before frost and placed on straw-covered racks in the cellar. Celery should not be cleaned or washed until the day it is to be eaten. Oranges and lemons should be wrapped in paper, for their skins provide a good feeding ground for mold.

Sugar is best kept in tin; salt in wood or crockery. Cornmeal spoils more rapidly than flour, so it is best to buy it in small quantities. Rice, tapioca, macaroni and practically all the dried fruits should be kept in covered crocks in a clean, dry place. Breakfast cereals and crackers remain fresh longer when kept in air-tight receptacles—tin boxes or jars—in a cool, dry place.

Every household refrigerator should be supplied with a thermometer, which should be read at frequent intervals. The growth of bacteria in foods increases rapidly when the temperature of the ice box gets above 55°F.

In a large household where the refrigerator has a capacity of more than one hundred pounds of ice the side-icer is best. The box should be kept in a dry atmosphere, and not be exposed to drafts or rapid changes in temperature. Clean the box with cold water and washing soda, followed by a rinse with clear cold water and a careful drying. Much ice is wasted through the frequent and unnecessary opening of the refrigerator door. Investigation showed that the temperature of an ice box rises about two degrees every time the door is opened. The lowest part of a refrigerator is always the coldest. Ice is useless in a refrigerator unless it melts. Covering the ice with a blanket is a bad practice.

Dollars are wasted through carelessness in cooking. No matter how furiously water boils, cooking does not proceed any faster. Many people waste gas and oil in boiling away more water than necessary. The instant boiling begins the gas or oil flame should be turned down as low as it will go and still continue boiling the water. Equipment that permits fireless cooking is now looked upon with much favor by people who practice economy. The combination fireless cooker and gas range not only saves fuel but helps keep the kitchen cool in the summertime. In such a system the cooking continues after the gas is turned off, for the ovens of these ranges are insulated, and the final cooking is accomplished by the retained heat. An oven regulator or thermostat attached to a gas range saves time, energy and fuel, besides insuring accuracy in cooking. The flow of gas is regulated automatically by the oven heat.

If an electric range is used the housewife should cultivate the habit of turning the switch to medium or low, instead of always keeping it at high. Kerosene stoves are generally used in homes where gas and electricity are not available. In using a kerosene outfit always take care to see that the stove is set level so that the flow of kerosene will be uniform. Instead of trimming or scraping off the tops of wicks, press the carbon down evenly with a p paper.

It is always possible to conserve planning meals with reference to whose preparation takes the most steaks or chops are to be used, select tables which cook quickly on the top stove, like boiled potatoes or green For meats cooked inside the stove as roasts, use the oven at the same baking potatoes or for preparing an dishes. By following this plan the time heat needed for cooking the fully utilized. In the case of a stew on top of the stove it is possible steam rice or other things on top stew.

Dietitians suggest the substitution fresh or dried fruits, with cereals. Raisins, dates, and the like, can be with the cereal. Sirups may be used stead of sugar. The housewife should ways ask for the trimmings of the buys, for soup and like purposes. In case of a large family it is often the buy the whole carcass of a small Bargain hunters are often incorrect is no economy to spend carfare and or more of time traveling to a distant ket just to save ten or fifteen cents.

One expert contends that shopping around at cash stores is not always economy. The trade of a small family appeal to one grocer or butcher divided up among a number of stores no one of them will be greatly interested the patronage. A cash purchase should returned. In dealing with one store in each line follow the practice of every wilted vegetable or other factory article. Give the merchant understand they can have your long as they come up to the standard have set.

The campaigns to save fats during the war have been largely if we are to judge by recent analyses contents of garbage cans in several Many fats can be clarified and cooking. One scheme is to cut small pieces, cover with water and to soak for a day. Change the water during that time, and then drain empty the fat into an iron pot half a teacupful of skim milk pound of suet. This is cooked all sounds of boiling entirely cease the mixture has partly cooled strain off carefully. This fat may be used for butter in many recipes, for unpleasant taste or odor. Lard has melting point than beef fat, so thorities suggest adding one part lard to four or five times that of suet to make a softer fat.

A material loss results from caring for shoes, clothing and furnishings. Shoes when wet are ruined by being placed on a stove or too close to a fire. Wet shoes dried slowly. Insert shoe trees in shoes solidly with paper. Shoes cleaned before being put away. be stored where there is circulation. Castor oil will make shoes water proof, and is a particularly good for patent leathers. There is a true saying that two pairs of shoes alternately will outlast three pairs consecutively.

Woolen clothing or furs are by the buffalo beetle and moths. step in preventing waste of and such things, is to subject thorough cleaning before put away. If possible, it is frequently have such articles steam-cleaned authorities claim that if this is taken furs and woolens may packed away for the summer in pasteboard suit boxes by the boxes with strips of cloth paper pasted over the edges. what protective coverings are furs and rugs should be cleaned stored. To get rid of beetles the floors with crack-fillers. A cleaner is an enemy of the beetle fumes will destroy pests. Allow of sulphur to each thousand space to be fumigated. Gas used to destroy beetles and

(Continued on Page

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Further Facts—

Back of Oldfield's Increasing Success

OLDFIELD successes in 1921 are being outdistanced by the achievements of 1922.

In the first four months of this year, 216 established tire dealers—leaders in their communities—adopted the Oldfield line.

In one week eight distributors ordered carload lots of Oldfields.

To date, there have been 98 of these carload buyers.

It takes a carload a month to supply users in Mexico City alone.

From November to April, the number of Oldfields sold increased 165%, and tubes 174.9%, over the same five months of the previous year.

Every important 1921 racing classic, including the Indianapolis Sweepstakes and French Grand Prix, was won on Oldfields.

This year at Los Angeles, March 5th and April 2d, Tommy Milton was again victorious on Oldfields, setting a world's record for 50 miles in the second race.

Covering 150 miles at 102.8 miles per hour without stop, Jimmy Murphy on April 27th, at Fresno, Cal., broke the world's record for one-mile track in his Oldfield-shod racer.

Everywhere such striking examples of Oldfield superiority are being recorded and an increasing demand for Oldfield quality is making itself felt.

THE OLDFIELD TIRE CO., AKRON, OHIO

BARNEY OLDFIELD TIRES



99"

The guaranteed Oldfield "999" the market's biggest value in light car equipment. Built of four-ply 17¼ ounce cotton fabric—with rugged tread, scientifically designed to prevent skid. The same notable value in both 30 x 3½ and 30 x 3 inch sizes.

30 x 3½ Full Size Anti-Skid

Oldfield Warehouses

Akron, Ohio
Atlanta, 20 Walker Street
Chicago, 1920 Michigan Blvd.
Dallas, 2121 Commerce St.
Kansas City, 2001 Grand Ave.
Los Angeles, 1165 S. Figueroa
San Francisco, 1414 Van Ness Ave.
Minneapolis, 444 Stinson Blvd.
New York, 1871 Broadway
Seattle, 1518 11th Ave.

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What Are Basement Windows For?

You put windows in a building for one principal reason—to let in daylight and fresh air. The more light you get through a given window opening, the better. So in the first place, you buy basement windows

to let in the daylight



The accompanying illustration shows a Truscon Steel Basement Window and a wood window for the same sized opening. Note the difference in the amounts of daylight obtained. With Truscon Basement Windows, there is a gain of 50 to 80%, depending on the size of opening. So you are buying daylight at a greatly reduced cost.

to keep out weather



Basement windows must not only admit the light, but must shut out the storms. Any window which shrinks will develop cracks and crevices through which wind and rain can enter. The continuous overlapping double-contact weathering around Truscon Steel Basement Windows makes them tight against even driving rains.

for ease of operation



Basement windows, being near the damp ground, are subject to the effects of moisture. Truscon Steel Basement Windows, being made entirely of steel, cannot warp or swell or stick or lose their shape. They therefore operate easily under all conditions. A spring latch locks them automatically.

for economy in cost

With all their advantages, Truscon Steel Basement Windows actually cost as little as the old-fashioned wood window. In some localities they cost considerably less. For your own satisfaction fill out the items in the accompanying cost sheet. You can get the price of Truscon Steel Basement Windows from us or dealers.

Itemized Cost of—
ONE WOODEN BASEMENT WINDOW
1 Wood Sash ---------- $ .....
1 Wood Frame ---------- .....
1 Pair of Hinges ------- .....
1 Bolt or Lock --------- .....
1 Priming Coat of Paint-- .....
Labor of fitting sash to frame and attaching hardware .....
TOTAL - $ .....

Cost Complete of—
TRUSCON STEEL BASEMENT WINDOW
Including sash in steel frame, fitted with hardware and painted
$ .....

for price, return coupon or ask dealer

Return Coupon Below!

TRUSCON STEEL COMPANY
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

Warehouses and Sales Offices in Principal Cities
Dealers Everywhere

TRUSCON STEEL BASEMENT WINDOWS

Truscon Steel Company, Youngstown, O.
Send me information on Truscon Steel Basement Windows. I am ☐ owner ☐ architect ☐ contractor ☐ dealer
Name_____
Address_____ (SEP-7)

(Continued from Page 44)

have invaded rugs, carpets and upholstered furniture. Take the articles out-of-doors, saturate them with gasoline and keep them outside until the gasoline has evaporated. The common practice of placing newspapers under carpets and rugs to protect them from insects is a wise one.

Placing furs in cold storage during the summertime tends to restore their glossiness, for the low temperature is that of their native element. Furs packed away with cayenne pepper, tobacco or insect powder are fairly safe from beetles. If a family cannot afford a mothproof cedar chest a substitute may be improvised by using red-cedar shavings or chips in an ordinary trunk having a tight-fitting top. Many cigar boxes are made of red cedar, and these are utilized by some housewives in providing themselves with the moth-defying chips.

Ants are a destructive pest in many localities during the warm months. These insects usually succumb to kerosene, turpentine or quicklime. An ant nest can be destroyed by boiling water. Powdered cloves keep away red ants, while all varieties dislike camphor. One remedy is to make an ant tape by soaking an ordinary cotton tape in a solution of corrosive sublimate. In making the solution place an ounce of corrosive sublimate in an unchipped granite-ware vessel and dissolve the poison in water. After soaking the tape in this solution hang it up to dry. Later wind the tape around the legs of tables, refrigerators and other furniture used for storing food. The efficiency of the tape will last for at least a year. Do not let the sublimate solution come into contact with iron, tin or steel.

Mildew is a fungous growth found in places where there is a relatively high temperature and poor circulation of air. If goods are attacked by mildew wash immediately and expose to sun and air. In every household there are many articles made of rubber, and although these will last for years if handled carefully, they can be destroyed in a few weeks by failure to observe a few simple rules. Heat and sunlight hasten the deterioration of rubber goods. Waterproof coats, rubber shoes and hot-water bags are frequently ruined by being placed on radiators to dry. Oil destroys rubber, as is well known by the owners of automobile tires and inner tubes. Rubber articles are best preserved in a cool, dark place.

Many things are purchased by housewives which could easily and cheaply be produced at home. Any number of articles are thrown away which might be recovered and utilized again. Gasoline, benzine and other liquids used for cleaning fabrics, after serving their purpose once, can be used over again if they are first strained through filter paper, which can be procured at any drug store.

There are certain kinds of saving that are poor economy. One example is the hoarding of old medicines. Many medicines lose their potency after a few weeks or months, and are without benefit when used at a later date in a similar illness. The very presence of a bottle of medicine in the house is likely to cause it to be pressed into service for some specific ailment for which it is entirely unsuited in strength or dosage. Even with two people having the same complaint a certain prescription may help one and harm the other. It is wisest to throw away all unused medicine after illness, unless it is a standard variety which does not deteriorate. If saved, each bottle of medicine should be labeled with the date of the prescription, the disease and the name of the patient.

One way to offset a contraction in the family income is to apply more thought to intelligent economy in the home.

Gas Saving

NATURAL gas is one of the most important of our resources. It is one thing in which every citizen has an equity and should take an interest. Every cubic foot of gas that is wasted is a loss to the whole nation, for it is a valuable natural asset that cannot be replenished after what we have is gone. In the words of one engineer, "Those who now waste the gas do so at the expense of others who would be glad to use it efficiently."

The public-utility companies that supply gas service to customers have no way of compelling the efficient utilization of the product they sell. In this particular, gas service differs radically from practically every other kind of public-utility service. Gas is wasted when, through carelessness or ignorance, the consumer fails to see that the gas is properly mixed with the proper proportion of air. Other wastes result when the mixture is not completely burned or when the flame is poorly directed to the object to be heated.

When natural gas is completely burned carbon dioxide and steam are formed. For each cubic foot of gas that is burned, two cubic feet of water vapor or steam are produced. It is this water vapor that causes gas ranges to rust, and the walls and windows of rooms where gas is burned to sweat. When the gas is not completely burned, as is the case when the flame suddenly strikes a cold surface, such as a hot-water heater, carbon monoxide is formed instead of carbon dioxide. Carbon dioxide is the gas that is exhaled from the lungs when air is burned in the human body; carbon monoxide is a poison.

A few points consumers of gas should bear in mind may be stated briefly as follows: In order to burn gas efficiently the cooking vessel should be placed about one and one-quarter inches above the holes in the gas burner. In other words, the gas flame should be one and one-quarter inches high. When a higher flame is used, much of the heat generated goes out horizontally and downward, and is without effect in cooking. The tip of the flame should barely touch the bottom of the cooking vessel. The flame should never be permitted to lick up along the side of the vessel. The gas should burn with a pale-blue, nonluminous flame. A luminous flame not only deposits soot but is wasteful. In order to get the proper type of flame it is necessary to exercise care in admitting the right amount of air.

In the wintertime the pressure of gas is usually low. In meeting this condition it is advisable either to raise the burners or to lower the position of the cooking vessel down to within one-half inch of the burner top. In this way it is possible to make the tip of the short flame touch the bottom of the vessel. At times the pressure is so low that the flames are less than one-half inch in height. But the ga still be burned efficiently by a the position of the cooking vessel. Ra the burners or lowering the cooking not a difficult job, and can gener done by the man of the house.

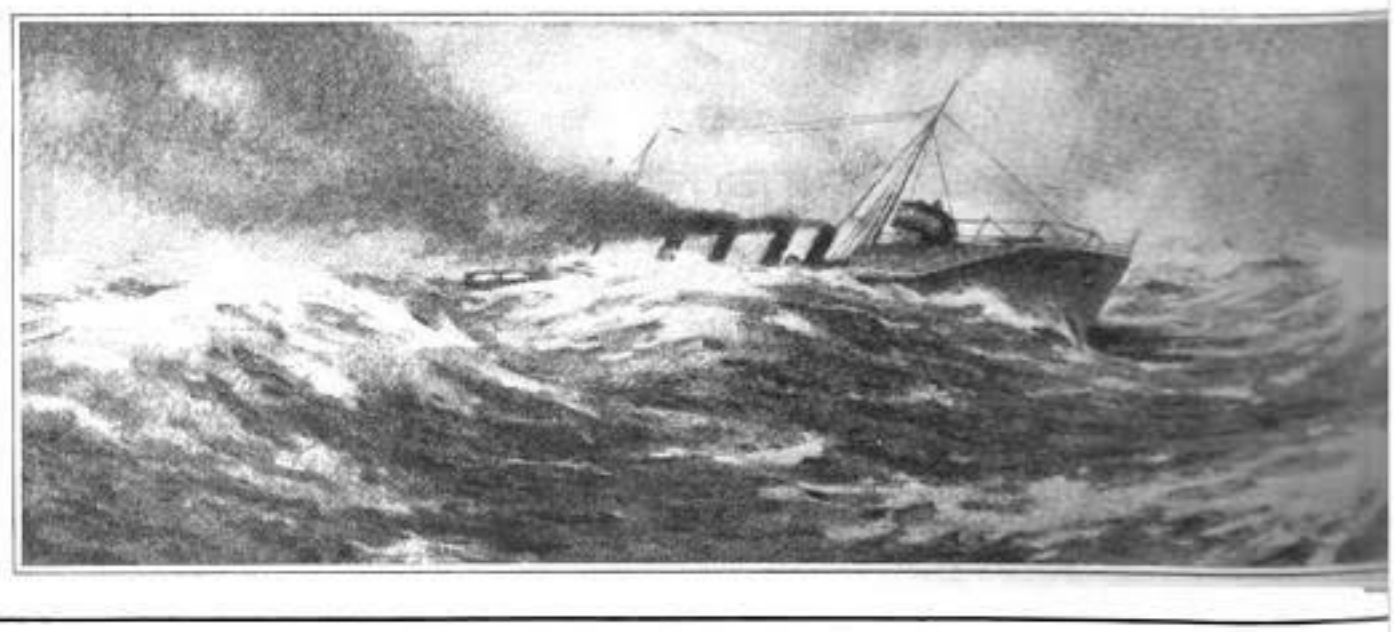
Contrary to general belief, the va value of gas increases as the tempera the gas decreases. To be exact, th value of gas goes up 2 per cent for e of decrease in the temperature of th More gas is used for cooking in winte in summer, not because the tempera the gas is lower but because the tem ture of the food and water in the co vessel is so much lower in the cold wa and more heat is needed to bring the and water to the boiling point. Fu more, the temperature of the air kitchen is usually lower during the than in summer, and consequently heat is lost through radiation on cold

In order to get the greatest value a given quantity of gas, shut off drafts, so the flames will not be bl and the heat fail to reach the ves sel. Never burn the gas under ve on cookstoves. Burn it under ave or grid tops. If there is any red in the flame adjust the air shutte the vessel ready to place in posi lighting the gas. Turn off the gas the vessel is removed. A cooking cannot be made any hotter after commences; so when boiling beg flame should be lowered. Clean burners frequently. Deposits of s bottoms of hot-water tanks are of scale inside hot-water heaters tate the use of greater quantities heat the water.

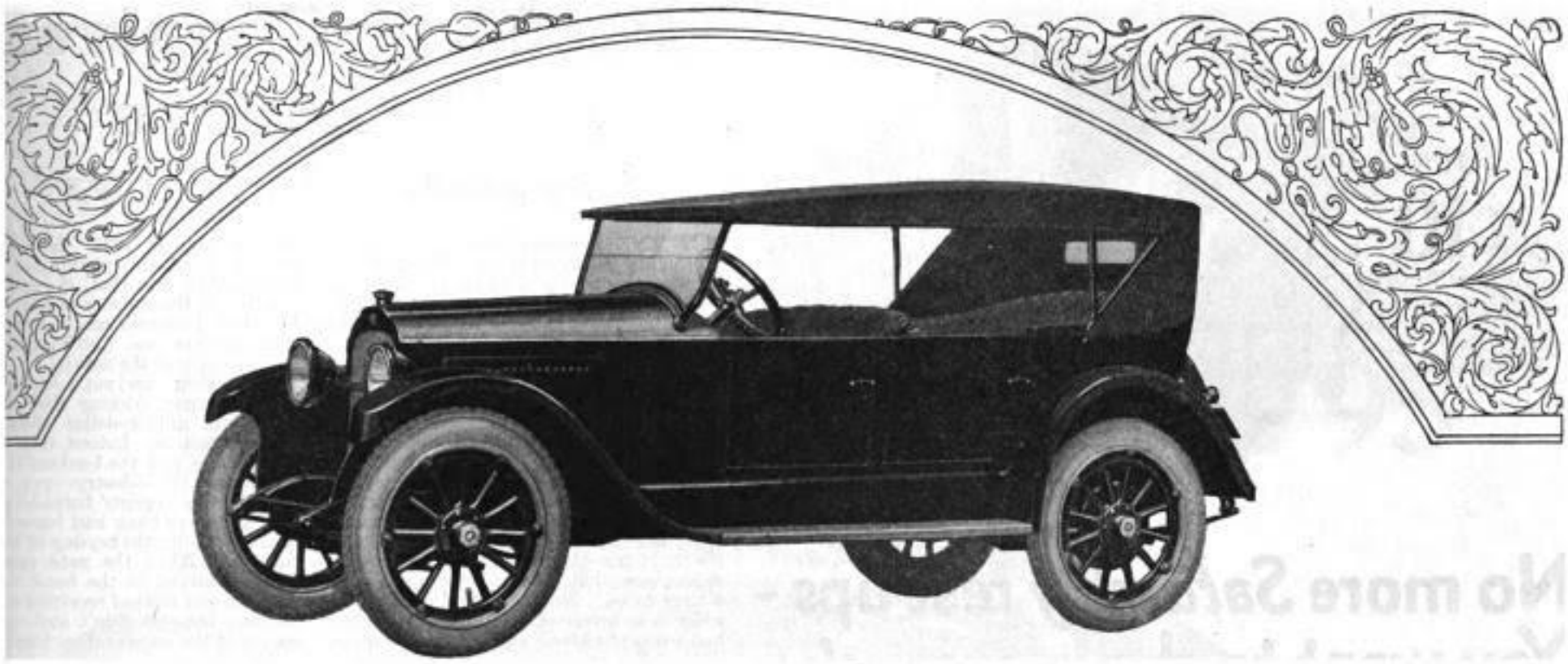
Hundreds of small towns the United States, too small for the tion of manufactured gas, are w with a bounteous supply of natural many of these towns the advan cheap fuel is accepted as a matter and not fully appreciated. The ma many of these communities are who are guilty of wasting this va limited resource. Greater care a servance of a few simple rules w tend the life of the nation's gas s to twenty years.

In many towns in the gas incandescent-mantle lamps are doors as well as on the street, burned all the time—8760 h year. Three of these lamps way waste enough gas in two y supply all the light and fuel re average household. Another w of gas results from leakage in t the gas fittings are faulty. If cubic foot of gas per hour leaks an imperfect gas cock, this means of 8760 cubic feet of gas in a every month or so the consum should shut off all the burners house, and then note the move pointer on the small dial attached meter. A reading on the dial at terval of three or four hours whether or not gas is being wast leakage, and how much.

The waste of natural gas by companies has been materially through education and legal earnest effort should now be ma vent the householder from wast cent of the gas metered into h



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The Coming Car

The Knight-type motor is coming into its own in America through the Willys-Knight car. Europe long ago adopted it in some of her foremost cars—the English Daimler, the Belgian Minerva, and others.

Now Willys-Knight presents it to America in a car, itself irresistible in grace, beauty, worthiness and comfort, at a price which brings it within the reach of all—$1375.

And the results are everywhere apparent. You see the Willys-Knight blossoming out every day in the streets of every town and city, and on reaching country roads.

The Willys-Knight motor is the highest development of the Knight sliding sleeve-valve principle.

Everything that motor engineers have been searching for for years with multiplicity of cylinders, complications of valve contrivances, and ingenious devices is attained in the Willys-Knight through *simplicity*.

Just two sleeves connected directly with a shaft and sliding on a film of oil—a smooth, even, solid, uninterrupted pressure of power at all speeds; instant, sure response; economy of fuel and oil; quietness; and above all, freedom from trouble.

It actually improves with use; carbon, that deadly enemy of poppet valves, merely builds up its reserve of power.

WILLYS-KNIGHT

Roadster, $1350 · Touring, $1375 · Coupé, $1875 · Sedan, $2095

f. o. b. Toledo

The Willys-Knight Motor Improves With Use

$1375

F.O.B. Toledo

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No more *Saturday* rest ups – You want to shave *every day* with Williams'

Many men have the sort of skin that must be humored a bit, that every now and then says, "Oh, let me alone!"

Many men shy a little at an every day shave. When Saturday morning comes it's easy to say, "Oh, well, it's only half a day. Let it go! My face needs a rest now and then."

But the face that gets a daily lathering with Williams' never says this. You want to shave every day if you use Williams'.

For the Williams' lather is lather for the *skin* as well as for the beard. It is lather that meets and overcomes that difficult and all too frequent combination of a tough beard and a super-sensitive cuticle.

Give it half a chance and it will not only soften every hair in the stoutest beard, but it will also prepare and lubricate the skin, make it flexible, make it ready to yield gently and evenly as the razor edge glides smoothly over it.

And afterward a face that is glove-smooth and blooming.

Williams' Holder-Top Stick

is one form of Williams' Shaving Soap that furnishes this perfect lather. The *original* Holder-Top—the stick in "the holder that holds."

The metal collar that holds each stick, both the original and the re-load stick, does several things:

It prevents loosening or wobbling.

It makes it easy to remove the stub—a firm stub that you can use the last wafer of.

It makes it easy and quick work to put a Re-Load Stick in.

Re-loads save you money. Get one and keep the original box.

Moisture-holding lather from the perpetual stick in the holder that holds. There is no more perfect product.

Send 10 cents in stamps for a trial size stick in a full-size *permanent* re-loadable box

Williams'
PATENTED
Holder Top
Shaving Stick



THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Dept. 66, Glastonbury, Conn.

Send me a trial length Holder Top Stick in a large re-loadable box. 10 cents enclosed.

Name _____

Address _____

Business Chapers the Movies

By HELEN BULLITT LOWR

IN THE motion-picture seats of the mighty to-day sit staid banking persons who are asking prosaically, "Yes, but will the financial returns justify the output?" instead of uttering a dashing "Hang the expense!"

So endeth the last flicker of romance that had managed to flick into the twentieth century, when even wars were conducted on a German-efficiency basis. Into history's back yard of disillusionment have slid the glorious days of easy money in the movies, along with the gold rush of '49.

For these bank persons are the financial doctors that have been acquired from the sober world of tried old business, to teach the industry how to live within its income—now that that income is not what it used to be. Not that cautious capital, when it is investing its money, has never had a way of putting an unemotional financial adviser in on an emotional board of directors to watch its money. And it was so some two years ago, when the big money was going into the movies and motion-picture stock was being put on the market—when the workingman and his family were doing their nightly motion picture.

But now suddenly—and by a turn of the dice—these financial advisers seem to have become the caliph instead of the grand vizier. Every nickel that is being spent has to go through their hands. Tired business men are running the art of the motion picture.

And maybe you think it was an easy job that confronted them—this new thing of putting the huge, lumbering, unorganized, extravagant industry on a business basis. And of course the first thing that they thought of—I use the term "they" because the various financial experts placed in the various companies seem to have gone through identical experiences without collaborating—was to place the whole outfit on a business budget—as would any nice young man who had ever read an earnest business-administration magazine, clipped a coupon or taken a correspondence-school night course.

Bankers in Control

But when they began making up their budgets they found themselves faced with an industry in which all that you buy with your money is the intangible personality of stars, of directors, of mob scenes, of continuity writers, of press-agent-made fame, and of somebody's temperament. And all that you have on your shelves to show as your assets are miles of shadows on miles of celluloid.

Those orderly gentlemen from banking circles, with their pasts full of balanced ledgers, found themselves in a chaotic world where the value of the product you've manufactured has no especial relation to the amount of money it has cost you. Tush—that last little item of five thousand dollars in the cost of the picture may be merely because that azure-eyed chit of a star developed temperament—when her dressing room had not an outside window—and refused to act while the mob scene you'd engaged to act with her ticked up the meter for twelve hours. Or again, you may not have wasted a nickel—but the fans may just not take to the way the curls curl on the forehead of your hero. Dun and Bradstreet themselves would pause for a reply when asked to render a few snappy estimates.

Yet how these hard-headed, unsentimental financiers have managed to shake the rudiments of a business system into this great, overgrown, genius-shot industry forms one of the most dramatic chapters of modern finance.

Ah, but those were the swashbuckler days of romance, in the hours of the halcyon sowing of dollars and of the even more halcyon reaping. When the season was over and the harvest gathered, a simple mathematical problem was performed. The expenditure was subtracted from the income. The number that came out was the profits. It was a nice business—that is, till the May of 1921. In trouble about this picture bookkeeping was that, if tracting in the summer of have found yourself subtrac from the expenses. And th ber is known as the deficit.

It was then—and not a da bankers began sticking the the bright million-dollar id sioned directors. Indeed, thu of the loans and the bankers throughout the industry—yea, of the dealer in gents' furnishing a conservative bank had loaned five sand dollars in the heyday of the clientele. When the note came dealer returned to the bank renewal, and instead received a clothing business didn't look season to the conservative bank

"But have you ever been in the business?" urged the dealer.

"Why, no, sir," replied the Wall Street dignity; "as you in the banking business."

"Vell," said the dealer with sive gesture, "you may never h the clothing business before, b the clothing business now."

Not otherwise came the ba business of at least one of the ing companies.

The High Cost of Temperam

To-day the comptroller of one largest of the picture corporati ex-cashier of a large bank in New Y the holy of holies of another s ness representative of money that in the spring of 1920.

Yet think not for an instant conservative financiers and [illegible] who have been set the task of re undervalue the native genius up the colossal business structu movies. Only those reorganizers proved successful who have a native vein which senses the ro that early adventure into unfam ness worlds.

But that does not at all mean banking persons did not find th shouldn't be.

As for what they've found wro sentence, that unbudgeted way th tor was allowed to operate—al hundred thousand dollars to the picture, whiff, just like that, w very well got ready—that was a sin worthy of a pre-Wells be huge salaries paid to some of the not an economic sin, because th really did have much value a cards, and if you did not pay it s else would. Business administrati nizes the sacred law of supply and But the way the stars were all waste the time of the others of paid company was such an eco that words fit to print fail those advisers.

Now there was one whose temp they tell, required that she be [illegible] every scene of the entire pict director finally compromised by two complete scenarios—one for view for the star, the other for September. Result—the pictu dragged out that one mediocre had been put on contract to act part, worked ten days and was paid four hundred dollars—for the ten waited. And there was another was getting fifty thousand dollars Every day, so the gossip goes, she in about four P.M. The company sitting around waiting for her to

It is noteworthy, by the way, this star went out on her own, producing pictures on her own she did not need a financial sup Wall Street to get her there the in the morning.

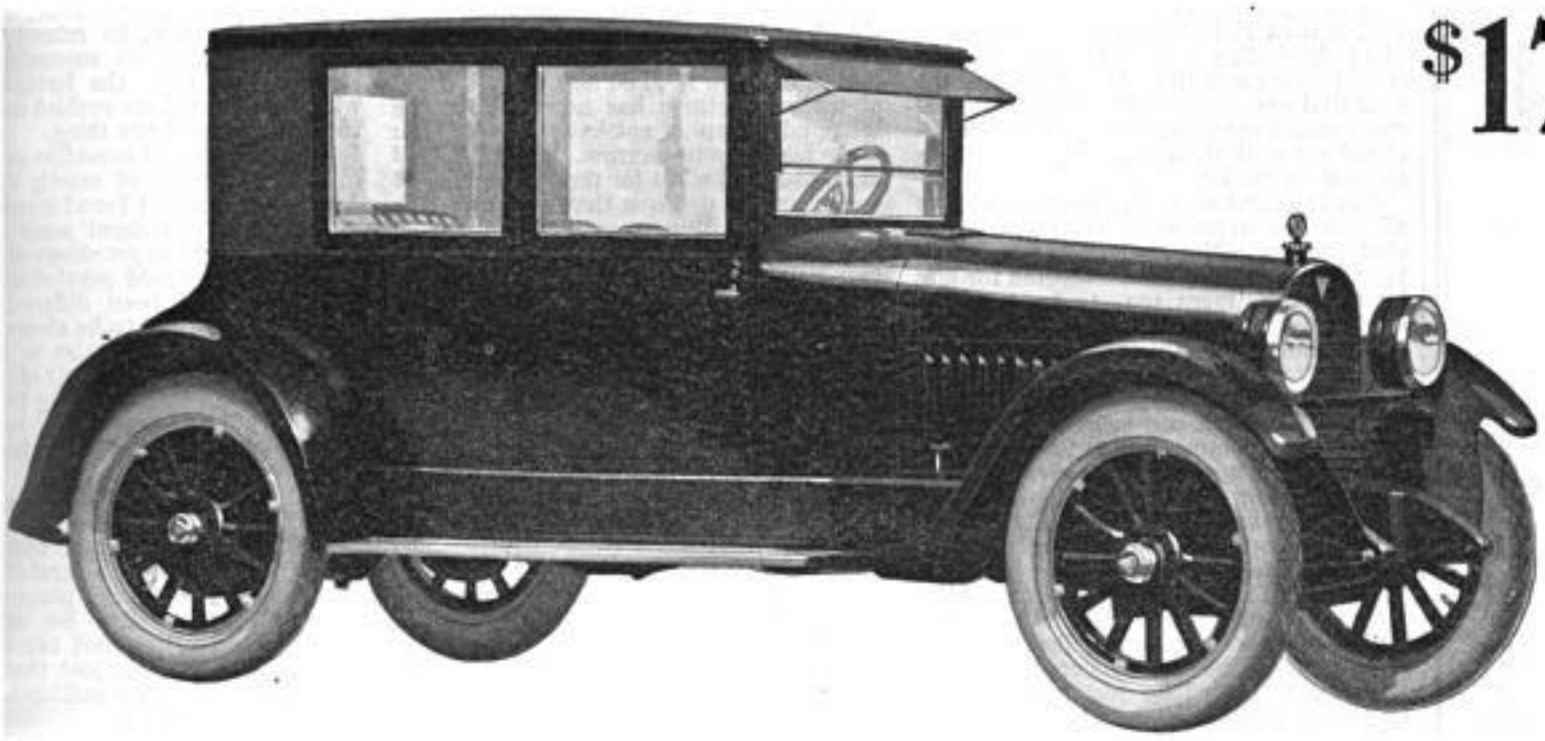
When still another star's temp demanded that she be given a

(Continued on Page 58)

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HUDSON

The Coach
$1795



At the Height of Success We Adopt a New Motor

No Advance in Prices

Look for the White Triangle

HUDSON SUPER SIX

No car ever had a more famous motor than the Super-Six. More than 125,000 owners know its performance. Its reliability in long, hard service is outstanding.

Then How Great is the New Motor to Warrant a Change at This Time

All the patented advantages are retained in the new Super-Six motor. Without them the improvements would have been impossible.

Even Hudson owners marvel at the change. Discover the difference. You must know the latest in motor performance. And you will like the new Hudson in other advanced details.

Come drive it. You will be surprised.

Phaeton - - -	$1695
7-Pass. Phaeton	1745
Cabriolet - - -	2295
Coupé - - - -	2570
Sedan - - - -	2650
Tour. Limousine	2920
Limousine - -	3495

Freight and Tax Extra

A Ride Tells All

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

08)

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"... float along without jar or jolt"

"You will probably be interested in knowing my experience with Ride Rite Springs.

"Have just returned from a long and very hard mountain trip, having been gone about a week. Owing to rain in the mountains some of the roads were in pretty bad condition.

"I did not think it possible that different spring equipment could make such a difference in the riding qualities of a car. I noticed a particular difference on wavy oiled roads that had been cut up by traffic until they were in about the same shape as a washboard. The front Ride Rite springs eliminated all of the short snap and jar usually experienced on this type of road. The rear springs took up the shock and there was not the tendency for the rear wheels to drum on the road as is so apt to be the case under this condition. The car seemed to float along without jar or jolt as would normally be the case on rough roads.

"These springs cannot help but be much easier on the wear and tear of a car as well as insuring materially greater tire mileage."

This is just one of the many unsolicited letters we have received from enthusiastic Ride Rite drivers. Thousands now know the new joy in motoring that Ride Rite Springs afford. Ride Rite Springs add 100% to comfort and pleasure — reduce rattles and squeaks—cut upkeep costs—increase tire mileage. There is a set designed for your car.

Write for "The Joy of Easy Riding." Your copy is waiting.

Harvey Spring & Forging Co.
Dept. 6 Racine, Wis.

Designers and manufacturers of automobile springs. Makers of the famous guaranteed Easy Riding Boltless replacement springs for all cars.

Harvey RACINE Ride Rite Springs

Make Rough Roads Smooth

(Continued from Page 48)

wear Fifth Avenue clothes in a blight-of-Broadway production, it was an economic sin for a director, who knew she couldn't get away with it, to let her. But if they didn't go and let her do three Lucile-clad pictures!

Indeed, and the salary you paid her was the least of your troubles in this whole star complex. Each star had a private business manager who personally conducted her temperament. Which of 'em got the first idea of temperament being a negotiable quality is hidden in the mists of 1918. Be that as it may, the whole outfit took it over from the camera man to the hack electrician whenever they wanted a raise of salary. They took over the technic of the Italian diva and of the Slav impresario—plain Anglo-Saxon and Hebrew persons from Indiana and Brooklyn. That was the year that one star found that her temperament would not allow her to do a big emotional scene if there was any gum being chewed on the lot.

But the most expensive temperament of all was the unbudgeted temperament of that director. Not that it was his fault, poor dear. His was manufactured for him by the press agent too—to be accurate, about the year of 1918, when a director had produced three pictures of such drawing power that the management decided to star his name on his pictures as a trademark. Then what one company had done all the other companies had to do. This is the best little business extant for the game of Keeping-up-with-Lizzie. Every company looked around among its little things and picked out a director to star.

And it was after his name was featured that the director really discovered what money was meant for. It was meant to build the glass floor for a ballroom at the cost of eighty thousand dollars for a scene that was displayed for just three or four minutes. It was meant to pay the actors' salaries, while the director experimented for three-quarters of the day with the lighting problem. It was meant to take four times as much film—which means four times as much actors' salaries and overhead—as could possibly be used—because it interfered with the director's temperament not to work spontaneously.

The Drop in Salaries

It's a good thing that there had not been a budget system in the past for somebody to try to balance—or some of our most promising young experts would be by now in Bellevue. For what those fool directors were doing was working for immortality! So much so, indeed, that the séances spent with the stars by the business administration have been mere child's play compared to talking the director into living within the company's income.

"You can reach a star sometimes," explains one such gentleman, looking cautiously about to be sure that there is nobody listening, "by appealing to her with tears in your eyes. She's enough of a trouper to be reached by a piece of sentiment if you'll broaden it."

Moreover, in broaching the subject of the star's salary they were helped by the brave old law of supply and demand. The stopping of the works out in the city of Hollywood—where the press agents are telling us the motion-picture colony divides its time between work, Christian Endeavor and home cooking—did more than save the money that would have been spent producing pictures. It brought down the whole wage scale from overpaid stars to overpaid carpenters. And if it wasn't a plot—at least it was a good idea.

The salary of a good sea-going star has dropped from eighty-five thousand dollars a year to sixty-five thousand. That may not sound like ironing your handkerchiefs on the window-pane and washing out your silk stockings in the washstand bowl—but twenty thousand dollars is twenty thousand dollars—especially in these new and cru-el days when a departmental head at one company indignantly insisted that a dozen sheets of carbon paper be transferred from his books, as it brought down his economy record. *Sic semper gloria mundi.*

Generally speaking, the wage scale now stands about like this: A leading woman, not a star, who was getting seven hundred and fifty dollars a week has her new contract made out to the tune of four to five hundred. A fifteen-hundred-dollar leading man—beautiful young men with cupid's-bow mouths, that do not make you suffer when you look at them, by the way, are just that much scarcer than leading ladies with eyelashes—now brings down from seven hundred and fifty to one thousand dollars. As for the stars who had contracts which have not run out—well, those personal business agents of the stars aren't advising their clients this season to get sick so that their contracts can be broken.

The salaries of directors have dropped in proportion. Those who were getting four thousand dollars a week now average twenty-five hundred, while the twenty-five hundred to three thousand dollar a week men have come down to one thousand. The directors stood that blow bravely from the business administration. But where they went all to pieces was when they heard about the budget system. Ah, well, in most instances it was a matter of take it or leave it. The new prosaic world of motion pictures has no room for the brave adventure of not knowing what you are going to do to-morrow. When I beheld next year's schedule for the productions of one company, and saw that such and such a picture was going to cost one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and such another two hundred thousand dollars—and that it was going to be completed on August fifth—well, what's the use of going on living in a world where romance is dead and all men wear derby hats?

Not only is there a general schedule in at least two of the large producing companies, but each picture now has its working schedule. No more may an actor draw a salary for ten weeks who is needed for ten days. The picture is scheduled so that those ten days occur consecutively. The picture is scheduled so that the director must furnish a reason why if he runs behind his schedule. Perhaps there were four rainy days while he was on location. Perchance the star had a pimple on the left side of her nose. That pimple would be accepted as a perfectly good business-administration alibi—provided, I should add, that the director explained that he tried to paint it out and its geographical location wasn't propitious.

Neither is a director held down to hard and fast hours. If he wants to spend three days getting a certain expression on a star's face, that's all according to Hoyle. Perhaps next week he can catch up on his schedule. Or he can put in some night work.

"It's just like the war," explains one practical picture man who had also been a practical war man. "They gave us an objective when we went over the top, but they had to depend on personality to get us there."

Therefore is the director's schedule not manufactured in bulk in the New York office. Such and such director does his best work slowly—then he is allotted more time to reach that objective. All really efficient schedules are custom-made. And the tailors of the schedules in the final analysis have been practical motion-picture men.

For one of the most interesting findings of the recent months of intensive reforming is that the financiers must make the broad outlines of the picture of the penitent prodigal movies, but the details have to be filled in by the actual workers—with the financiers, forsooth, pricking them with a dagger in the rear to keep them on the job of thinking up new details. Or else they lose their enthusiasm.

Saving on Scenery

The practical men are still telling with gusto of the business adviser who intercepted the go-get-it man—which means the person who purchases the stage properties—on his way to purchase twenty-five dollars' worth of Grade A poker chips.

"Get the cheaper chips for five dollars," ordered the reform administration. Twenty dollars was saved.

The next day the stage was set. The gambling hell was ready, as were all the denizens. The camera began. And then they found that the poker chips would not stack. Exactly twenty-four hundred dollars was lost in time while the go-get-it man went to purchase twenty-five-dollar chips.

In short, there is nothing that those so-called practical men get so much fun out of doing as telling you privately that the art of the motion picture is being stifled by crude business men.

And yet—and yet—what makes them so certain that pictures aren't going to be better? There was certainly room for it. Nor did money succeed in buying art in the days of spendthrift spending w than money can buy love. Bu the first time in history, mo directors are having to use the ca instead of carelessly throwing a fifty thousand dollars. In a recent tion I beheld what may be the d new era. Instead of the interio taken on the old-time stage w walls, the effect was obtained by up just one side of the room by the of one side wall and the back w the third wall was suggested by a a table that the tail of the eye of th could pick up. Behold the illu room instead of the photoplay' realism. When Taylor, the ve director of Hollywood fame, sa provided for him, he refused t piece. And yet so successful scheme that only the foreknow what had been done enabled me the mechanics of the thing.

That mechanical invention ma saving on scenery of exactly 50 And what's more, I found myself a play that contained some o delightful interiors yet shown on Somehow the whole psychologic of thought has been different. stately hall needed to be shown exactly enough properties to m cestral hall—and not a suit of ar The old system of dragging in but the kitchen stove may be the old system of unlimited fur

Cautious Finance

And yet the business mans willing to spend even a carefully million—if by so doing a picture drawing power can be ass "Economical" does not necess "inexpensive." It is just that is going to build up a million-do on them impromptu.

But whatever they cost, th has found that it must have pict supreme drawing power—for th this year of low attendance in t has been that the public is shop pictures. Therefore, never were of any organization so conce giving the public what it want whole movie outfit. Two year was a public-be-damned att public was so busy proving th pay money for anything. A you consider that the article wants is art or is not, all whether you are the backbone or whether you are interested i theater movement.

But the stabilizing of the in have a tendency anyway to c number of vicious pictures. every vicious picture is a specu osition," explains one hard-h ness man who is a part of the "If it gets by the censor you w double your money, but ther chances of your product be destroyed." So, even if the pul for its weekly vicarious vice. gime is going to do a lot of thi it invests hard cash in supply

There is a tendency, too, world of cautious finance to try vein of commercialized virtu Nest was produced on this w on the idea that there is an public which would actually something respectable and h than something naughty—or came the circulation of the wo magazines? Big business has lieved in opening up new terri of course, always are there c be met with in such adventur difficulty that is being encoun business of commercializing v the exhibitor who runs the selects the pictures shown has sold on the idea.

For one rather tragic detail, self-made industry is that the hibitor—there are, of course, has a cruder sex outlook and culture than has the average ence. The classic of the pict the exhibitor who advertise House with "Come and bring Therefore is it doubly hard t financially such a picture as Tommy. But at this point I side light on big business. The regards the money that was books say, on Sentimental

(Continued on Page

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The man who puts the bubbles in it

YOU have perhaps noticed the silvery bubbles in Clicquot Club inger Ale and that they stay in it a ng time.

"Putting in the bubbles" is an im-ortant part of making Clicquot. The ring water, drawn from the bed-ck through aluminum pipes, is quite ld but not cold enough.

By refrigeration, the temperature of e water is forced down almost to ezing. Then the water is carbon-d. *That's* what makes Clicquot so ely, so full of sparkle.

Warmer water would not take the bonation so well, nor would it hold it so long after the bottle is opened. So the man who puts the bubbles in Clicquot watches the thermometers and keeps the temperature just right.

And every part of the making of Clicquot Club is just as carefully guarded. No ginger but real Jamaica ginger is used; only pure cane sugar sweetens it; and the happy blend of Clicquot is made with the addition of fruit juices. No wonder *"They all like it."*

Order Clicquot Club Ginger Ale by the case. Should you desire a change in flavors at times, you can get a mixed case with Ginger Ale, Sarsaparilla, Birch Beer and Root Beer.

THE CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY, Millis, Mass., U. S. A.

Clicquot Club
Ginger Ale
Sarsaparilla
Birch Beer
Root Beer

Clicquot Club GINGER ALE

Pronounced Klee-Ko

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Take a Kodak with you

It's all so easy the Kodak way, and the pictures, precious a the time, will be priceless to you later. You can spend your va cation and have it, too—in pictures.

Autographic Kodaks *$6.50 up*

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y. *The Kodak Cit*

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(Continued from Page 50)

ell invested in prestige. Evidently
uss is going to allow us a few 'ighures.
is same gentleman who let Tommy
in the business of glaring wrath--
a telegram that had just reached
the Western studios, where the
was couched in the terms of letter
idence, with I-beg-to-state's and
egards. And he was planning
eply be an object lesson, since it
the one word "Saturday."
ost motion-picture people just
don't know the first principles of
ney. I speak on no less authority
of an officer of a producing com-
who has been put in by the
at had been loaned to that com-

one of the New York office goes
lifornia it never occurs to him but
the drawing-room—which costs
ckets. It never would occur to
e anything but a lower."
ephone rang for the fourth time
half-hour visit. For the fourth
esponse: "Find out first if that
ost more money.
really think I could handle their
habits," he sighs, "if I could just
one week without anybody bring-
new idea."
en years the motion-picture in-
been out in the market to pur-
ful brains. And what's more,
iem. But when a bank or an
manufacturer or a shoe shop
in the brains it buys one man
roduce ideas to four good steady
arry out the ideas.
this business," goes on my friend
resident desperately, "they are
their own ideas by the time the
lf carried out—and are all full of
that would cost me some more
hey make me think of children
ith their Christmas toys, when
as has brought them too many
concentrate a half hour on any.
t, in the shoe business a travel-
an expects to keep on selling the
ear after year. But I can't keep
m interested in selling one pic-
re than two months. The trade
he big money on a picture must
the first two months after its
light they are—and I think I
eason why."
that there is something wrong
whole queer industry wherever
something that the business
ion is trying to change because
the stockholders money. And
ne about that not all the clergy-
at are doing so much to remove
l element from the movies as is
usiness efficiency.

Side-Show Ancestry

s no place for a director's
report to stockholders," is the
ch reorganizer sums up the
issue. Thus it is that in one
hen a picture fails to make
vestigation is made of the re-
etween the director and the
chosen. Another company is
aperon the movies by creating
partment which has to pass on
on made by a director.
are having their troubles here
lepartments. In a small com-
perates in New York City the
self discovered that the girls
him were being held up by
he head of the company was
was the casting director; so
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edit system.

Hence the real reason why the motion-picture industry must be whipped into shape, must show economical organization and earning power, is that it may join the sober society of unspeculative industries. And, of course, the degree to which this credit has been extended in the year 1922 has depended on the condition of each individual company or corporation.

Ah, well, the new-rich industry has come up in the world—that wasn't the way its financing began. Try a cut back—no, not to the days of new-rich spending, when everybody was taking a flyer in movies, even the New York Stock Exchange—but back to the simple old sunbonnet days, before it came to the city to be made a "lidy."

Twenty years ago the side-show exhibitors of freaks were the financiers of the motion-picture business. Being smart guys, they saw in the pictures the chance to syndicate their Siamese Twins and their Living Skeletons. After it was taken the picture was shown in the arcade penny-scopes. And to give the long-lost missing link as to why the movie society scene to-day recalls the second act of A Kiss for Cinderella with its hokey-pokey cart—out of those arcades came three of the most important men in to-day's motion-picture world.

But anyway, nobody was having the audacity to refer to the art of the motion picture then, or to develop temperament—and that was something. Nor yet in the next chapter, when the financing was done by enterprising individuals on the fifty-fifty basis. Financing was conducted on the sleeping-partner technic instead of on the Wall Street theory. Maybe you lost your money, maybe you retired on an income. When a producer named Tyler had a hunch that he would like to produce The Christian he needed just five hundred dollars. And he happened to hear of an old lithographer who had exactly that five hundred dollars he wanted. That picture cleaned up the first half million dollars in the motion-picture annals.

Delegated Authority

The industry was traveling on a shoestring and conducting itself modestly accordingly. Indeed, up till 1914 the fabulous sums that were paid to stars were the invention of the press agents, simon-pure and simple—about as spendable as Confederate money. There was a certain amount of homemade efficiency in the days when stars' names were in the synthetic making, instead of so made that the stars themselves forgot where the fame came from. The man who had borrowed the money personally oversaw its spending, because he knew that, when that thousand was gone, he had to get another thousand.

Indeed, the birth of delegated authority was registered when one director-producer announced suddenly, "I'm going to stop doing everything. You fellows have me a society man's Fifth Avenue library by to-morrow." He returned to find a china spittoon in the middle of the set.

"Can't I turn my back for one minute but you spoil everything?" he roared. "You take that little china spittoon out of that society man's library and get me a great big handsome brass one."

But in spite of this first disappointment delegated authority had come to stay.

Thus grew the motion picture out of the people, by the people and for the people. Thus grew it in its might and in its peasant strength.

And yet the banking interests were still holding haughtily aloof, as banking interests will. Instead of gobbling up infant industries, Wall Street has a way of coldly asking applicants who come to borrow money, "Well, what have you got?" For bankers are very wary of new businesses. It was thus when the automobile industry came knocking. It was so when the great oil industry was new.

The bankers employ experts to pick out the weak places before they'll even nibble—much less gobble. And the weak spot that they found in the precocious motion picture was that same fatal extravagance. True, it wasn't throwing away so much money prior to 1917—but that was for the very good reason that it did not have so much money to throw. And there was also that weak spot that, in the final analysis, the assets consisted of that shelf full of celluloid. And celluloid on the shelf brim, to the expert on weak spots, a simple celluloid was to him.



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"I don't need *three* hands with the "YANKEE Bench Drill"

"No hand feeding with the 'Yankee' Bench Drill. The 'Yankee' friction and ratchet feed does away with feeding by hand. The pressure is automatically regulated for all drills from the smallest up. Think of the drills I save!

"One hand steadies the work on the table—the other turns the crank. That's all the attention I have to give it.

"Friction feed rapidly runs drill down to the work. Ratchet feed then goes into operation. Automatic throw-off prevents jamming.

"I never knew what rapidity, accuracy and convenience in drilling meant till I got a 'Yankee' No. 1005.

"My 'Yankee' Chain Drill has the same Automatic Friction and Ratchet Feed."

No. 1005 (illustrated). Two speeds; 3-jaw chuck; holds drills up to ½ in. diameter. Entire length, 28 in. Extends below top of bench 6 in.

No. 1003. One speed; 3-jaw chuck; holds drills up to ¼ in. Entire length, 18¾ in. Extends below top of bench 4¼ in.

"Yankee" Vise No. 990

Designed for use on "Yankee" Bench Drills. Machined true on ends, bottom and sides. Swivel jaw for taper work. Jaws open 3 in.



Dealers everywhere sell "Yankee" Tools

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Illustrates and describes all the ingenious "Yankee" Tools for saving time and labor. Write for it today!

"YANKEE" TOOLS
Make Better Mechanics

And that is why the motion-picture industry had grown to be the fifth in importance in the United States before the big banks of the country had given it a look-in. It was not until movie palaces began to rise in every city—well, banks can see real estate. So it was in the industry's glad days around 1918 that conservative money began going into the movies. Then every motion-picture house, from orchestrated Broadway palaces with urns of red roses, to the Jewel Theater in Junction City, was packed to capacity and running over. On paper, at least, not the most enterprising expert on weak spots could have found a weakness. When they subtracted the outgo from the income—behold the difference was millions and millions and millions.

There was so much money coming in that exhibitor, producer, star, director, director's little friend and investor—could all be enriched beyond the dreams of Ponzi's clientele. What matter if some of the juice of the melon ran out on the ground?

Thus precipitously did the new-rich industry begin breaking into financial society. But there's Wall Street society, remember, and Wall Street society. Some companies merely operated on those industrial notes furnished them by banks. Others were incorporated and the stock of them was sold on the curb, and one company made the New York Stock Exchange—as is possible only when a group of responsible bankers underwrite the stock and issue it. Not until the fall of 1919 did this ultrasmart thing happen to a member of the new-rich business. Otto Kahn was the banker who believed in this industry and interested other bankers in it. The industry had outgrown private capital, even as had our railroads.

So it was that big business became a part for better or for worse of the motion-picture industry—and the motion picture a part of big business.

Well, better it was for the industry, anyway, if not for the bankers. If it had not been to somebody's interest to steer that fleet of big, topheavy, gold-laden, unseaworthy things through the storms of last summer and fall and winter there might not be a survivor left to tell which wave had struck them. Nor is the storm of financial depression over by a long shot. Last summer just about 60 per cent of the theaters closed down. Some of them never opened again. Yet others, that are still extant, may fail during this coming summer. The fans have not yet come back in bulk to their beloved pictures.

What of it? Good seamanship does not pretend to still the waves of outside circumstances. It only claims to enable the boat to weather the storm. And while the waves are dashing, the pilots are not taking their hands off the helms of the boat either—or the practical motion-picture men could still risk a nice wreck before the summer is over. For, left to their own devices again, it does look as if the directors would do just what he's always done.

Meet now the most extravagant director in captivity. Every extravagant folly of the dead past was repeated in quantity production as his unbudgeted pictures went on mounting up to a million dollars. The president of the company was the most surprised man in the movie world when he discovered that his director was building one set at the cost of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. But with true reform temperament the director had sewed up his employer by imprinting his own face, as one of the actors, on a million dollars' worth of film. The director actor had become unfirable. The old days of romance seemed to have come back.

But those were the days when everybody else was doing it—and nobody was concealing it—while the amazing part of the last money madness has been that the lights on Broadway are telling the story. "Cost a million dollars."

"How do you dare do it?" I ask one of the officials.

And serenely he replies, "Because we are one of the few companies that still finance ourselves. If we had stockholders and issued that advertisement—well, it just couldn't be done. But, as it is, we are using it to shame to advertise the picture."

From now on this company, too, will finance sedately on the tracks on the banking system. In short, the only unbudgeted expense that the reformed industry is making this season is the purchase of Will Hays, without knowing just what he is going to do for them—on the bright hope that he is going to coordinate the industry, clean up the censorship tangle, and restore public confidence in how stars spend their rest hours.

"And personally," confides one banker adviser, whose name shall be held back, "I'm not sold on this Hays idea."

THE PIONEER FAMILY

(Continued from Page 23)

of the required time or energy. Hence it fell into the hands of a semi-idle class who could afford to make it a business, often the only one they had.

Within the first year after settling the pioneer had assured the future supply of food necessary for himself and family. Even in the forest, next to impenetrable—when in any given fall or spring he had fixed upon it as a place for a home—the next twelvemonth found him reaping in succession, amid the stumps or the charred trunks, a harvest of vegetables, wheat, corn and oats sufficient to carry him on with confidence until the harvest of the following year, reaped from an increased area, brought him for sale a small surplus beyond the demands of his family. He had grown enough hogs for his own pork consumption and some to sell to incoming neighbors; had increased his stock of cattle and horses; grown poultry in all its forms; and, however ill-provided in the beginning, was on the way to an assured prosperity, time, health and strength being the only elements to be taken into account. The hunting, gradually dropped, became for the first time the amusement of habit or an idle hour, or the resource that brought a change of diet; and generally speaking, as for him, the great fighting pike might swim in safety back and forth by his door, as if to say "Come get me."

But his supplies of food were not limited to these chances or to this foresight. He and his family had only to walk out into the woods, or, if on the prairie, down to the river bottom, to get all that was needed—and more—of the wild fruits growing there in profusion. There was the wild grape, with its great vines, which with his usual disregard for the future he pulled down in order the easier to despoil them of a fruit fit for the gods. In the future days, when it was gone, always it was pronounced superior to anything the Concord, the Catawba or Clinton could show in what was known the tame grape. The wild plum, also there, had a like reputation. The apple, perhaps when eaten raw the most and most disagreeable of all known, worked into delicious jellies and and its manipulation was the often the secret of efficient The wild cherry, of several other tree that grew on the river gave ample reward to the boys its trunks and risked their among its branches. There was black haw, delicious for eating the first frosts, and the red haw, though a coarse product, fully its gathering. The blackberries, size and fine in flavor, were found patches on the bluffs where the grew; and nothing more attractive palate ever came out of the the wild strawberry, ready for the and the eating, along the narrow bottoms.

No piece of ground came so near to is known by the term intensive as the farm garden. It was generally fifty to a hundred feet square, inclosed with a fence of pickets or set close enough together, with pointed tops to exclude even nimble of fowls, however well they train their wings. It was plowed great a depth as possible, and there where necessary, its soil worked hoe and rake and enriched with known and available fertilizer feed the various plants. The seed garden were specially grown, procured a neighbor by purchase or exchange imported from the outside, only the perfect of them used; and the sprouting on this plot of ground to the southern side when it could be and the cultivation were as assiduous

(Continued on Page 27)

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WATER

s *More* Important than *Gasoline*

Because if you run out of gasoline your car will stop. *No* damage is done. But the loss of water, due to leaks anywhere n the water system, can inflict *ruinous damage* on the engine, cylinders, pistons, bearings, and internal parts.



A. P. Warner, The Man Who Gave the World the Speedometer

His name safeguards car owners. He has never permitted his name to be connected with any automobile product that was not 100 per cent quality and satisfaction. No name is better known among motorists and none represents a better guarantee.

a nation-wide investigation shows Mr. A. P. Warner is an alarming failure among car owners to realize vitally essential is the care of the water system. Are ne of them?

n a vague way, people know they need water in their ors—but, few understand that this water *must* con- isly circulate *through the engine*, and that its cooling on is of the very *utmost* importance. The loss of through a leak can quickly overheat and damage the working parts of the engine.

ıy Car, Any Minute May Spring A Leak

very day car owners suffer this sad experience, be- they are *unprepared* to instantly stop leaks. Repair are full of cars needlessly damaged in this way. A eak has started thousands of cars on the way to the ile.

ow, A. P. Warner introduces this absolutely reliable and economical way to stop leaks without injuring gging up the cooling system. Order a can at once.

It is as foolish to think you will never have a water leak as it is to think you will never have a flat tire. Be *prepared*.

One car owner in Boston paid $85 for a new core to mend his radiator. A can of Warner Liquid-Solder would have saved him that expense. Make sure that never happens to you. In Detroit, the cylinders of a lawyer's car cracked, due to lack of water in the circulation system. A can of Warner Liquid-Solder would have saved $400 repairs.

Get A Can—It Will Save *You* Money

A woman was driving from a visit into the country near Cincinnati, alone at night. The radiator began leaking. Stranded, and frightened, she had to walk miles along a dark road for help. A can of Warner Liquid-Solder would have stopped the leak instantly.

Those are examples of thousands of similar, unnecessary and avoidable troubles and expenses. Why wait for a leak? Put Warner Liquid-Solder *now* in the radiator of your car *(new or old)*, and *avoid* leaks.

Warner Liquid-Solder is guaranteed not to retard the flow of water or injure metal or rubber. It is not affected by heat or cold. It is time-tested and endorsed by engineers and car owners. It overcomes the common objection, because there are no *sediments or solids* to cause trouble. It is sold on a money-back basis. Beware of imitations. Use coupon below.

ARNER LIQUID SOLDER

Finds Leaks and Stops Them

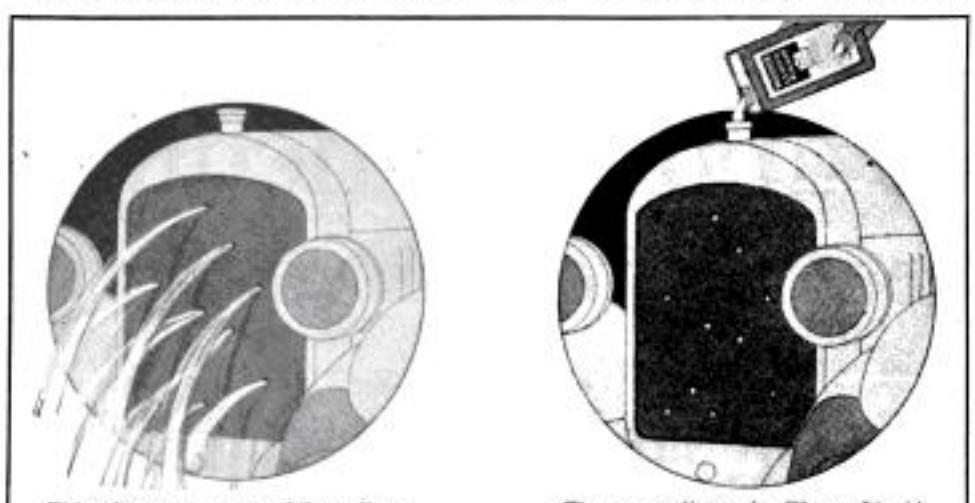
In Radiators, Hose and Pump Connections, Gaskets, Etc.

racts are now being closed. Warner Liquid-Solder

r New Product Coming

e a new accessory about to d. It offers a wonderful for one local distributor itory. Write for first-hand immediately.





This shows an automobile radiator with *many* times more leaks in it than would ordinarily happen.

The *same* radiator after Warner Liquid-Solder has been added. *All the leaks* have been stopped almost instantly.

Just because you have a *new* car, do not put it off. Use it to *avoid* leaks developing. It positively *prevents* rust and scale that *cause* leaks. If dealer cannot supply you, use the coupon. 16 ounce can $1.00, Ford size 75c. Prepaid anywhere. Dealers will refund your money if you are not satisfied.

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Makers of Famous Patterson Lenz, Legal Everywhere

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Last You Longer



Type for Ford
Champion X now 60¢
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Champion construction is simple and effective and the ribbed core is truly unbreakable and practically foul-proof

ASK YOUR DEALER TO SELL YOU A FULL SET

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ontinued from Page 54)

ors of the family at odd moments
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the story of pioneer cooking
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Time Hospitality

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entered into the make-up of these communities, with as much fidelity as are like examples everywhere else. In this secluded life the standards of living were as various as anywhere, and the workings of an exacting caste were scarcely less in evidence. The average cooking was so bad as to be beneath contempt. Many women were slatternly; sometimes they were coarse and dirty; children were ill-mannered and boisterous; many men were lazy and useless, shading into the ornery; houses were ill-kept; farms were scratched, not cultivated; horses were beaten and other livestock neglected; crops rotted in the fields, or when gathered were left as the prey of vermin; men drank whisky overmuch, and women smoked ill-smelling pipes. In short, this pioneer world was so very real, there was in it such a variety of men, women and things, that the effort to attempt a description of it in all its ramifications scarcely seems to be necessary or desirable.

There was no reason, inherent in the surrounding conditions, why any man, woman or child should go hungry or lack clothing, shelter or paying work. It was as true then as when Cassius exhorted:

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

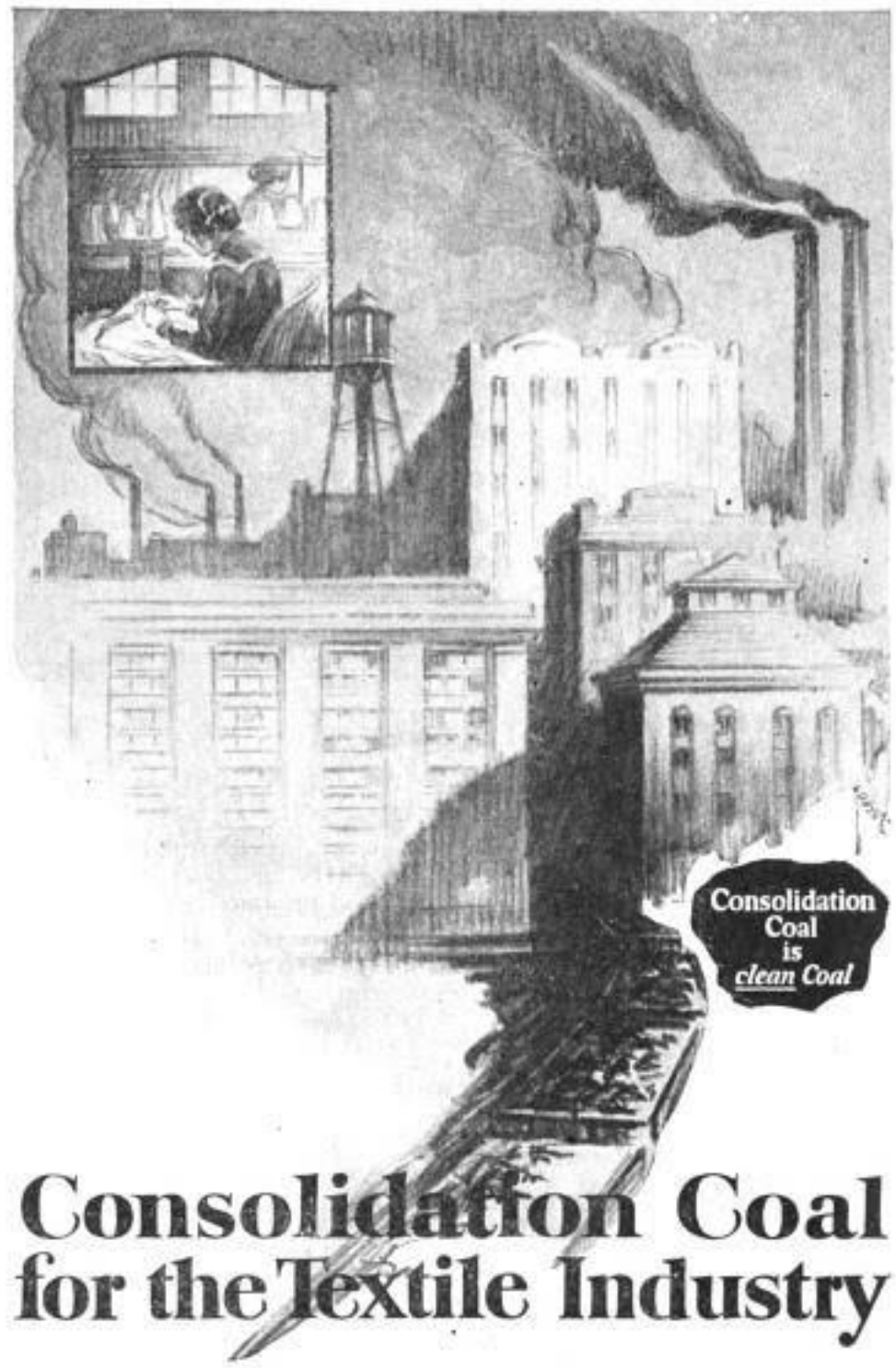
So it was not the fault of the pioneer life if it carried upon its bosom so many elements and forces that it did not know how to take advantage of its blessings.

An Age of Barter

But the best showed a high average, especially when material conditions are considered, and these were the first, the inevitable consideration. The majority lived well so far as quantity went, though on no such scale as I have set forth as pertaining to the best. They had plenty to eat, as wholesome in quality and as well prepared as they knew how to provide, and their standard improved from year to year. Often their plenty had in it much of rudeness, but at its worst it was remote from the miserliness of the peasant. They were little given to selling their best and living on the waste, or the worst that had small commercial value. They had their varying grades of hospitality, and when it was in them they could raise the scale. They were God's common people, a host great in number, out of whom there was to come in due time so much that was both human and good. In peace they worked and worshiped in their own way, not always the highest; in war they fought for things which they had been taught or had learned to believe.

Measured in money, the cheapness of living under pioneer conditions was so surprising as to be almost beyond belief in our modern urban life. But even the reader unfamiliar with simple methods has only to consider the simple story told here in order to ask what use there could be for money when all the food consumed by a family, with the exception of sugar, salt, tea, coffee and spices, was home grown; where only the materials for clothing had to be bought, with no outlay for making, leaving only shoes and dress goods; when rent was a part of the return for the farm; when almost nothing was payable as interest; when schooling rendered no bills except the small amount paid for taxes, which the majority escaped entirely, and that for books; when the great mass of artificialities, now thought essentials, did not exist; and when content was measured not by an outward show of money, or even by what it would buy, but by real values. Even many of the items thus named have no place there. The household groceries were almost uniformly purchased by the barter of by-products otherwise unsalable; cloth was bought with home-grown fleeces; shoes with hides sold or exchanged; taxes were paid often by extra wood disposed of in the only available market—the near-by town. Indeed, it would have been next to impossible to spend any considerable sums to command even the high standard of comfort then possible throughout the pioneer region.

Gauged by present-day standards, the pioneer farmer, like his predecessor, the colonial, was the most poorly paid man known to our history; at the same time, measured in real returns, no man of the same general ability and standing will bear comparison with him in service to his country and time, and in individual and collective happiness. Nothing in history more discredits the much-vaunted quantitative theory of money than that this country, from the days when wampum passed



Consolidation Coal for the Textile Industry

Ranking high among the industries of America, is the great Textile Industry. This industry, in 1919, consumed $2,727,000,000 worth of raw cotton, wool and other supplies, and from it produced $5,180,000,000 worth of textile products. To accomplish this great increase, 8,000,000 tons of bituminous coal were consumed.

Because of its high heat content, cleanliness and careful selection, Consolidation Coal is ideally suited to the requirements of this progressive and efficient industry.

And the same high quality of ore, backed by the sound principles of production which render our coals so acceptable to the textile industry, guarantees equal satisfaction to other industrial consumers.

THE CONSOLIDATION COAL COMPANY

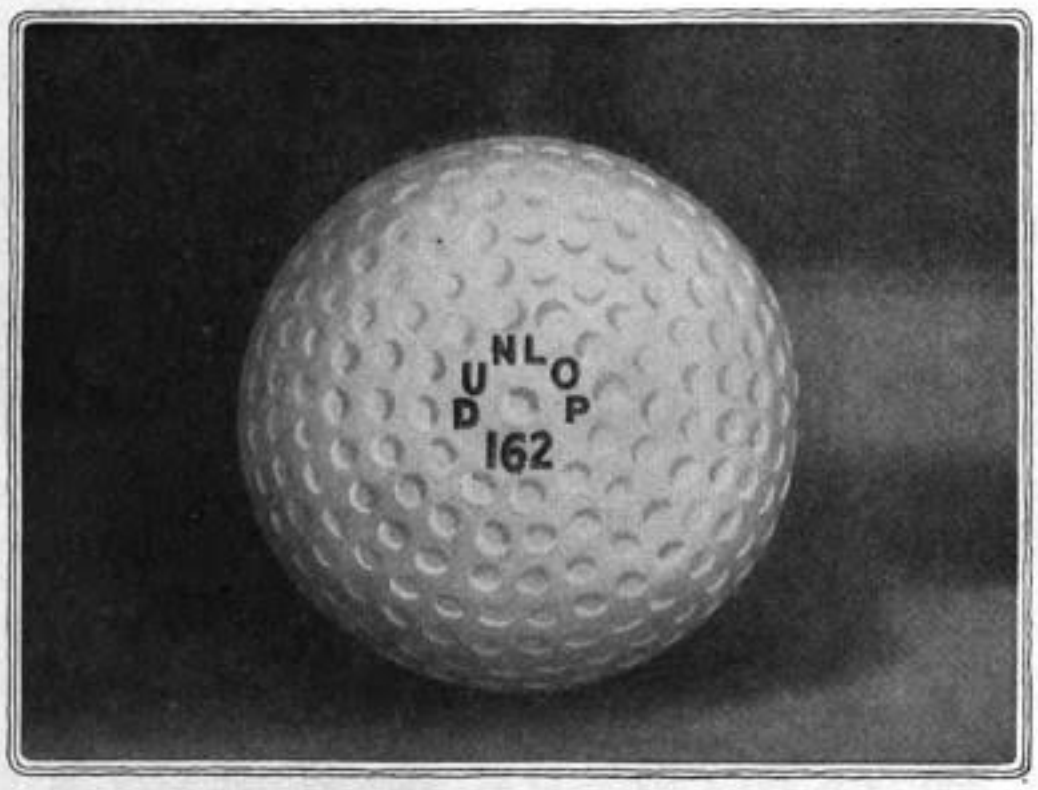
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Everything That a Good Golf Ball Should Be

The true test of a perfect golf ball lies in its ability to perform in *every department* of the game, with every stroke, off every kind of club, over a long period of usefulness, with unfailing accuracy and uniform dependability.

Public preference has set out the *162* as the leader of the Dunlop line—a ball which excels in every quality that makes up a perfectly balanced golf ball. The more important of these are given here.



Distance: Resiliency is the easiest thing to build into a golf ball. But to temper resiliency, so that it is equally suitable for the high-powered, accurate stroke and for the lighter but firm blow (according to the necessity of any particular shot), is an achievement gained only from long experience and skill. The Dunlop *162* has always delivered distance.

Direction: To get maximum distance a ball must hold a true course in its flight and have a perfect trajectory. It must have sufficient elevation for a long carry, but must not soar, swerve in its flight or duck. Direction is largely controlled by the balance of the ball, and by the correctness of its markings. The depth and spacing of the Dunlop recesses are the outcome of careful laboratory and field experiments over a period of 15 years.

Putting Accuracy: Golf balls which are untrue in shape or balance cannot follow a straight line putt. Dunlops are floated on mercury to test the degree of rotation, which proves whether the center of gravity is in the center of the ball.

Controllability: A ball that is made primarily for resiliency (loose tension winding) is too lively in the short game, approaching and putting. Even the smallest depressions or obstacles such as a worm cast will deflect such a ball from its true course. The tightly wound core of the Dunlop *162* will not compress under a light blow, and it can therefore be played firmly on and around the putting green.

Durability: It is skillful application and precision in selecting covers to match the degree of resiliency for each particular ball that gives to Dunlops their fine qualities of durability—not easy to pound out of shape, to cut or split. Dunlop covers are put on under hydraulic pressure. The gutta percha shell penetrates the core to a considerable depth and the Dunlop VACuum process prevents air bubbles, the frequent cause of splitting with balls less carefully made.

Visibility: Dunlops are distinguished in color. A creamy tint of paint is maintained for the practical purpose of visibility; a bluish paint, as commonly used, looks well in close-up appearance but loses itself too easily against the sky or on the turf.

In price, Dunlops at 85c. each are only slightly in excess of the best grade domestic brands. Compared with most of the other imported golf balls Dunlop offers a material saving. The Dunlop *Warwick* (really much superior to the average ball) sells for 70c.

The difference a Dunlop adds to your game makes it an item worth insisting upon.

DUNLOP TIRE & RUBBER CORPORATION OF AMERICA

Golf Ball Sales Department

17 East 42nd Street **New York City**

Canadian Distributors: Dunlop Tire & Rubber Goods Company, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

DUNLOP

from hand to hand, grew, lived, prospered and was gradually occupied by an industrious, contented population, almost without the use of money as a measure of value.

The housewife, though no longer the spinner and the weaver who made woolen and flaxen cloths, still remained the sole, the universal tailor, dressmaker, seamstress, milliner, hosier and haberdasher of the community. If she could not cut and make the clothes of her husband, herself and her children, there was nobody to whom she could turn to have it done; and even if representatives of these various trades, now minutely divided, had been present, she would have had no money to pay for their services. She might exchange work with a neighbor or a group of neighbors, and thus form a sort of cutting and sewing society which held its meetings at the houses of the members, though many a mother, confident of her own skill and less gregarious in her nature, preferred to solve her own problems as best she might. Often such a one rather resented the prying eyes of an outsider in so sacred a thing as new clothes, preferring, where costume was involved, that element of surprise so dear to the female heart.

Home-Made Clothing

Under such coöperative methods the housewife most proficient in cutting garments would devote herself mainly to her specialty, and others—there were seldom more than three or four within the same social circle in these gatherings—would baste or sew or fit the resulting garments upon the hapless boys and girls whose play was thus interrupted. It was before the days of universal patterns when the human figure, of whatever age or size, can be covered even if not fitted. As families were generally large, and if not, all shapes and sizes at least would be found among those belonging to the co-ordinated workers, the garments were designed from those already in use somewhere, always making due allowance—this generally meant an anticipation of growth in the unfortunate child, which often produced an incongruous effect so far as appearance was concerned.

The responsibility thrust upon the housewife in the purchase of goods for clothing was always serious and heavy. It involved a general knowledge of textiles now almost lost from disuse. If intended for winter garments, the principal consideration was to determine whether it was all wool and a yard wide, as well as its capacity for shrinkage; and the way the goods were pulled apart and their warp and woof examined was often the despair of the storekeeper with whom patience, whether natural or acquired, had to be a virtue. In prints or ginghams the one question was, Will it wash? In this line the knowledge of the seeker counted for less; but the seller's penalty for mistake or misrepresentation was likely to be imposed even more promptly than in the case of woolens. The choice of linings was also one of more difficulty than now, because the variety was so restricted as often perforce to produce ridiculous results.

On the whole, however, the pioneer woman, when there was a choice, had quite as much natural taste, as sharp an eye for ultimate consequences or results, as her more fashionable and more pretentious sister in older communities.

This is not to say that the pioneer woman was proof against the attractions of the fashion book, or the descriptions of gowns and lingerie—how she would have laughed at the use of this word as a name for underclothes—which made their way, in however scanty supply, through the local, political or religious newspapers that found subscription and study in her family. But it was only to look and to languish for something as remote as a jewel case full of pearls or diamonds; it was not even to disobey or disregard the Tenth Commandment. The making of women's garments was no simpler than it is now. What with the ingenuity necessary to cover a hoop skirt or a bustle, besides fairly fitting the figure; the keeping up with the inevitable changes as to the length of the train; or that thing of male mystery, the fixing of the waistline, and the absence of aids in the way of figures or models for study or use, a skill was required that taxed the ingenuity and taste of the maker. She did not have to consider the thing called décolleté—how this word, too, would have puzzled her, the low-neck dress being not only unknown but an abomination if mentioned—or many of the developments now the pride of the fined or the necessity of the well-dressed woman.

This woman had one dear possession a black silk dress for high occasions. She also had a black of other material church or visiting; a gray of wool for winter wear; a white muslin dress; a cheap ginghams of the old kind for house when visitors came, and eked out her robe with a supply of calico or print dresses in various shades of gayety or sobriety. In many cases the precious wedding dress dom worn, was oftenest held as an heirloom for the daughter when her day of should come. When to these was added Quaker sunbonnet—about the simplest well as the most attractive and, to the mind, the most tantalizing of feminine headgear—it will be realized that the neer woman was not devoid either of or the desire and ability properly to herself. She often added for head bonnets of the most wonderful among them the type known then skyscraper—a name afterward applied buildings—for dress occasions. These seldom the work of her own hands were fashioned with more or less skill the village milliner, who, learning the available female trade other than the seamstress proper, with which often united, betook herself to the important town in the vicinity and perhaps a year to her apprenticeship. this was completed, if there was a ing, she returned home to follow her

In men's clothes there was little but a variety almost as infinite as puted charm of Cleopatra. The garb had to be adjusted to the the winter heavy coats, seldom garment known as a vest, or which was an afterthought; with overcoat, heavy woolen or cotton sers, drawers and undershirts of flannel, or sometimes of Canton heavy cotton goods with a nap all cut and made at home—thick shirts, generally red or blue, with close-buttoned collars not encircled adorned with a necktie; surmounted fur or cloth cap, with ample ear the historic comforter—beloved Cratchit—which was a long neck wrap about eight inches from six to eight feet in length. forter was worn by persons of wrapped round many times and into the coat in front or tied behind in addition, the legs were still further tected by thick jeans overalls, carefully incased in something the modern puttie, over top-boots which were the heaviest obtainable socks, and then a pair of overshoes buffalo skin with the hair when to all these preparations the coverings of the hands was to meet the arctic conditions sled or horseback, on the way to any other errand that required with the thermometer ranging to thirty degrees below zero. The quired for dressing a man for might well rival that of the debutante paring for her first dance, and the ping process suggested the disinterring an Egyptian mummy.

Summer Garb

The working costume for summer all the contrasts that the different temperature could suggest. When paratory plowing began around the of April the man's clothes took change. By the first of June and succeeding four months the question was not how much clothing be worn, but how little would suffice sure decency and comfort. When foot season had fully arrived under of all orders and conditions of the check or hickory shirt of an appearance; the coat was and was only carried into the field tection against possible rain; the were a light thin denim, supported times by two suspenders made of material as the shirt—and hence such goods can be—but very often one; whatever the number, they ways galluses, out of which grew "Oh, he is a one-gallus fellow," an expression of contempt indicating ferior social position in its wearer garb was not encumbered with anything else of ornamental

(Continued on Page 61)

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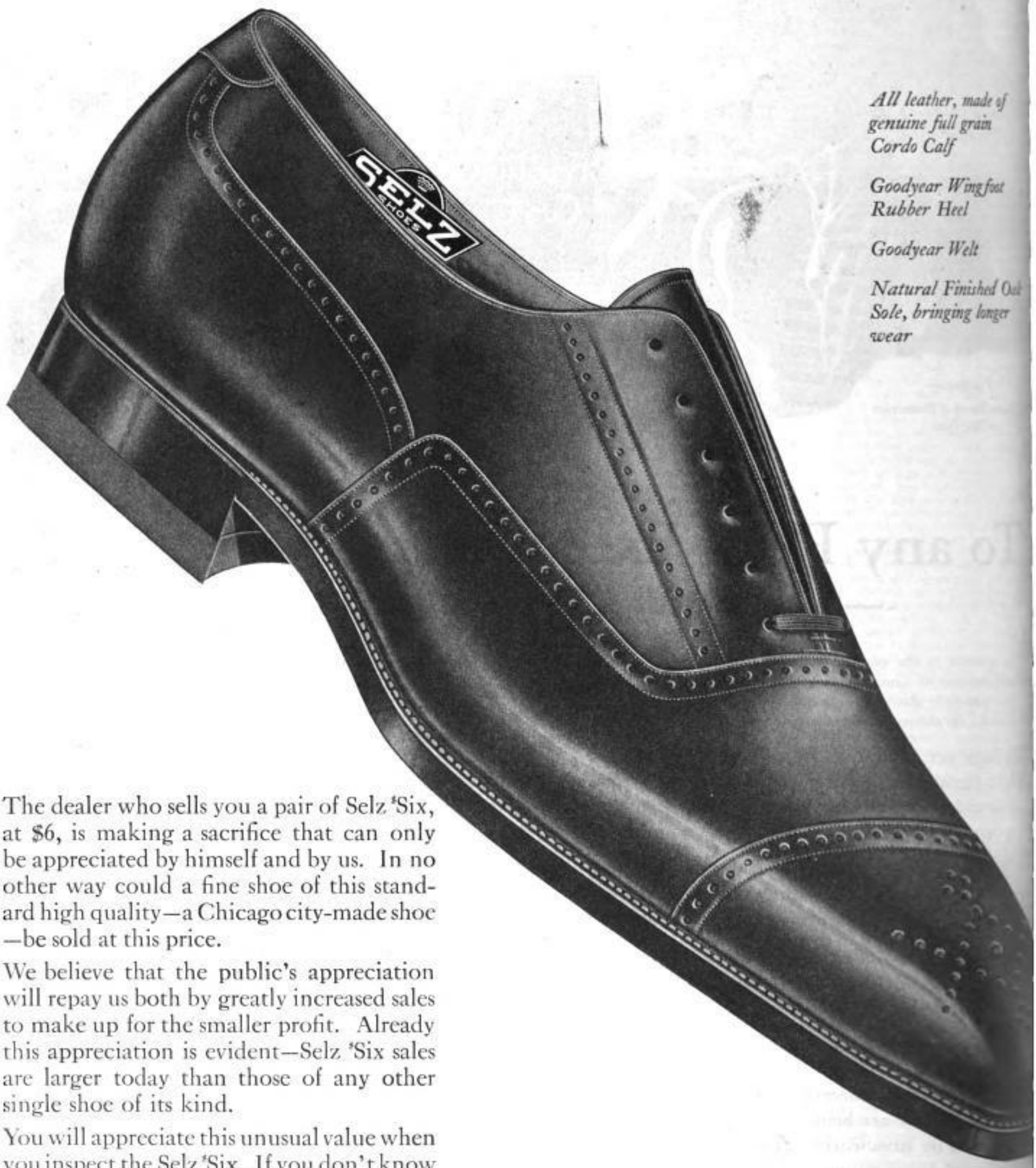
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(Continued from Page 58)

enerally completed by a straw hat woven at home or in the neighbor- and as the season came to an end big ventilating hole in its crown. to the ferocity of the sunshine, it t safe to go bareheaded, so that in o ward off sunstrokes some kind of mise head covering had to be d. It is probably a safe estimate e money cost of a man's average rking summer costume, from toe to was considerably under two dollars. footwear for men was the old- ed top-boot—a first cousin once or emoved of the far-famed Wellington The five-year-old boy began with a these, adorned with showy red tops ts, the moment of acquisition re- ever after the figure of speech to the ultimate degree of human joy. ame in all qualities and weights, the for rough wear for men and boys ade of cowhide. The capacity of ther for absorbing water in heavy in the slush made by the melting s unbelievable. If left on the feet fter the day's work, their removal hardest task of the whole twenty- rs; if taken off in this condition mitted to dry before the fire, put- n on was often next to impossible. rst operation the bootjack, now an orgotten aid to the male toilet, was nade article, generally somewhat finish, made from a piece of board e inches wide and a foot long, with ting cleat just back of the wedge- e sawed from it. It was put on the l thus became a clamp for clutch- oot just above the heel. The rest to the main strength of the wearer. sence, the growing boy took his or brother's boot between his legs, g propelled by the other foot of the ecame the boot extractor for his hile the brothers did a like service other.

e most part, the average boot was , and by reason of its weight and most uncomfortable. For Sun- there was a calfskin boot which presentable and easy. It was eing made to order, while its everyday brother was generally ade.

summer came all boys and young it barefoot, a concession to the s which was seldom openly made ead of a family, and never by a man in a prosperous state of life. en, girls would eschew all footwear e summer, a condition of comfort d with regret as the young-lady proached. Carrying the boots or en walking along a road and put- on as a town was approached—he settled customs in old New as well as in modern Russia—was

ocedure probably dates back to test antiquity. Women's shoes heavy and strong, though not so ith large, low, square heels—com- n spite of the tendency in the the sex there as elsewhere to wear mber or so smaller than the foot. dom that women's footwear was the local shoemaker, his function, nday boots, being limited mainly g and stretching.

The Boy's Best Suit

nan and boy, outside the lowest or white, had to have a best suit, known, in the dialect of the time, -go-to-meeting clothes. For the he became seventeen or eighteen, modification of his school suit, in a better quality of goods, put off when he came home and took up that two or three hours idden under the deceptive and ame "chores." This best suit— e indicates—was almost a sacred , as outgrown, went down the succession, as did all other gar- male or female, from the oldest ungest, until in its downward it had finally to be worn out as a working suit in the fall or spring Wearing it was resented as a form so that its life was prolonged out e. Perhaps it was never put on xcept to go to the circus or the . It had a successor when the up to seventeen or eighteen, be- that, after all his gibes and bash- rls were really interesting and important human beings. He would be promoted out of his mother's hands and sent off to the nearest tailor, probably in the county-seat town, with a piece of cloth made in the adjacent woolen mill, probably from home-grown fleeces, in order that there might be fashioned for him a tail coat, commonly known to this country, though not in England, as a Prince Albert. That it came out as one of the wonders of sartorial art is a statement that need not be denied, as nobody could or would dispute this judgment. But as it was no more ridiculous than those examples worn by his mates, the standard, whether of achievement or of fashion, would not be disturbed, and each boy could laugh or be laughed at in his turn.

Every man that either had or was anything at all must have a really best suit for outside use. It, too, must include a tail coat, accompanied by broadcloth trousers, a high vest, white shirt with high attached collar, fine calf boots, woolen socks, but often perhaps of white instead of colored yarn, some sort of necktie, almost indescribable because it was in the chrysalis stage, hanging between the old-fashioned stock, which had tormented several generations of men otherwise rational, and the simple black ties that preceded the development which has been under way during the intervening half century. Perhaps no generation of men clad in respectable costumes were ever more uncomfortable than those of the time under review. They had to conform. They were quite as much the slaves of fashion in their plain way as if they had lived in the period of Beau Brummell and the Prince of Wales [George IV]; but they took their clothes, as the early English were said to take their pleasures, with a sadness that nothing could conceal or overcome. There were probably never more than from two to a dozen swallowtail coats and an equal number of fashionable stovepipe hats in 1860 in an average county; but according to the fashion of the time these men were well and fashionably clad in suits that when new had, like modern dress coats, an unusual expectation of life. The old-time bandanna handkerchief had not yet gone out of fashion or the fine linen one come in.

The Day of the Paper Collar

For probably twenty years the large, square, gray shawl was an accepted article of apparel for the school-teacher, the doctor when on dress parade, or for the lawyer. It was a legitimate successor of the old-fashioned cloak, and had all its convenience and warmth. Many readers will recall pictures of Lincoln in one of these covering garments.

Early in the war period came the paper collar. It was another step on the way to an improved appearance. If there was one thing in which the pioneer housewife's failure was conspicuous it was in laundering the white collar and its connected shirt. Somehow she could seldom acquire this art, and it was probably this fact quite as much as anything else that brought into existence that really funny product—the paper collar. It came in almost without warning during the early war days along with shoddy and many other articles thitherto strange. It was cheap, in both cost and value—two essentially different things—it came in a variety of shapes, in paper boxes of ten, and was at once hailed as a boon. Many a manly neck which only with difficulty had bent itself to any sort of collar soon found itself, according to the fashion, incased in these curious pasteboard bands, thus arousing in both beholder and wearer a sense of the ludicrous not always so agreeable to all concerned. It was the precursor of many improvements, including real collars and eventually real laundries, an almost unsuspected passion for cleanliness and an enhanced desire for neatness; but while it lived, which was perhaps not more than five or six years, it was one of the really amusing concomitants of the male toilet.

A word ought to be added about jewelry. Long strings of beads were still worn, mainly by girls and young women. Most women wore earrings and had breastpins, bracelets, brooches or lockets, generally rather heavy, old-fashioned articles in solid gold. Diamonds and other precious stones were conspicuous only by their absence. Rings were not so much in fashion; even the wedding ring, not being a necessary accompaniment in marriage ceremonies, was so far from being universal that it was hardly general. Few watches were worn—almost none of them by women—and these were generally set in heavy silver hunting cases. When the sun shone neither they nor other indicators needed for telling the time were worn, as every man, woman or child more than ten years of age asked nothing better than a doorway—all buildings were set square to the four points of the compass—a tree, a row of corn, a fence post, or wanting all these, his own shadow, when standing erect in the middle of a field, to give a fairly accurate idea of the hour.

Discipline for children was still patriarchal, on religious lines, firm and steady, full of a real affection that was tempered by recognized duty, seldom fitful or wavering, but practically devoid of show. "Train up a child in the way he should go" and "Spare the rod and spoil the child" were orthodox, and better learned by heart than the shorter catechism itself. It would be safe to assert that corporal punishment was universal, regardless of sex, almost without respect to age, up to and including majority—often beyond it. It was probably the most widely distributed habit of the time. It was seldom severe, but as the doctrine of total depravity was never questioned, so the effectiveness of physical punishment was not doubted.

Unrestricted Child Labor

A family once started did not long remain a burden, however great the number, if only its new members could stand the pressure and live at all. Even before direct earning power came, they paid their way by caring for each other. The result was that, among people both industrious and prudent, the larger the family the greater the prosperity. Therefore, no study that should overlook or belittle the economic contribution of children to this life would be either true or complete. This fact was so much in evidence that the average age in industrious families at which strong, healthy children, whether boys or girls, had repaid to parents their actual money cost, including medical attention, food, clothing, housing, education and all other possible expense, was not more than fifteen. As it was rare that, save for books, any real money was expended for education between this period and their majority, the half-grown or full-grown child was so much profit.

Taking the value of farms and their equipment at any given census return from 1840 up to and including 1870, it would be safe to assert that one-fourth or one-third of the whole was the product of the labor of children under the age of nineteen or twenty. As the boys seldom left home for an average of another two or three years, they probably earned for their parents, in this extra service alone, far more than was distributed to them in the shape of a pair of colts and sometimes a small farm, often nominally a present, but sometimes so seriously handicapped by its lack of improvements that either a mortgage or tiresome waiting was required to give it value.

Nobody, not even the boy or girl who put in fourteen hours a day of hard, unrelieved labor for nine months a year, with scant pocket money, often begrudged, with a meager three months in school, accompanied then by many hours of work each day in return for the privilege, ever thought about it as an imposition. But under this profitable system talent, ambition and independence were never before or since so successfully turned into enforced though willing sacrifice. As parents had passed through it, it was not thought of as exacting or unjust or as child labor, in the sense that this term is used as to mill or cotton field, where the hours are tempered by sentiment of law to the recognized average physical strength of its participants and some systematic play is provided; but it was in their own homes, doing the same order of work, often performed under compulsion or threat, or crowning it with a devotion and at the same time a simplicity that was monumental. How they came out of it all, why they did not rebel, are among the wonders of a rigorous but marvelous time. And yet these tasks were done with a willingness, even an eagerness far greater than that shown under more favorable outward surroundings by the average wage earners of those times or any that have succeeded them.

The spirit behind these young people was the same as that shown by their parents—the stern, indefatigable men and women



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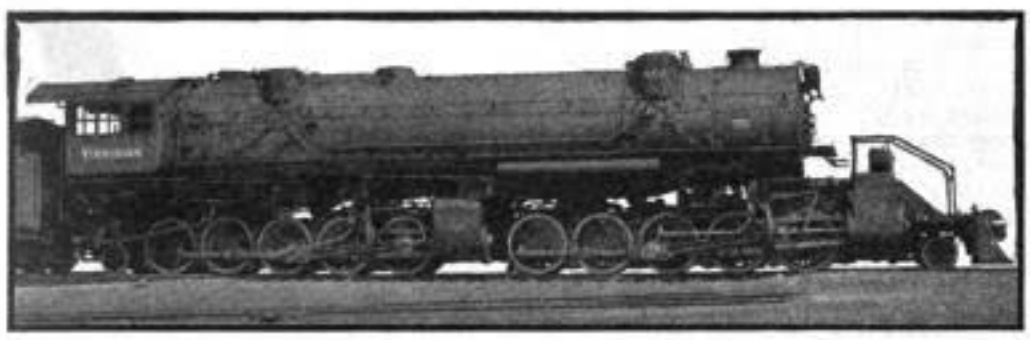
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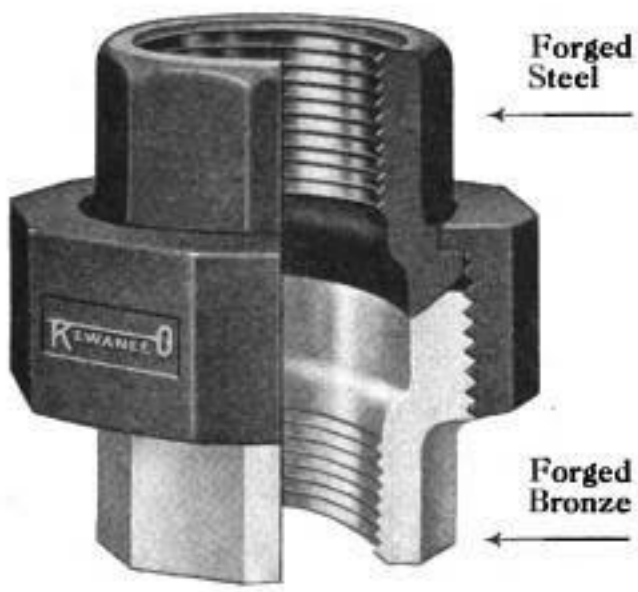
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who, whether by choice or fate, were working out their destiny in the belief that they were making and saving a race. This army of children, uniformly numbering probably one-fourth of the active workers of the community, were not doing these grinding tasks for themselves, but because of the hope that, driving them on, sprang eternal in the breast of the pioneer, born in him as the inheritance of many generations. They realized, often quite early, the hardness of their fate; but there neither was nor could be any other, and they cheerfully bowed their necks anew to their appointed work, as the prisoner in the galley bends his back to the oar.

We are all prone to sing pæans of praise to the hardy and courageous men and women who went out to conquer a wilderness; but when we do this I should like to hear at least a word or so of chorus to celebrate the sufferings and the achievements of these youthful heroes and heroines who, between the ages of ten and twenty years, added, without direct compensation, the extra touch that marked the difference between existence and living, between failure and success, and did it in the face of a neglect of the play or rest proper to them, of the charms of that Nature which they were too worn to see in all its beauty, and of the educational privileges that was more than unpardonable—really the result of the indefensibility of ignorance. It was a child slavery far worse than that denounced—often with the exaggeration due to the zeal that marches arm in arm with ignorance—and has finally been forbidden by law and opinion in the past quarter of a century.

In spite of these high, almost unjumpable hurdles there were compensations absent in our time. In this simple life boys and girls were able fairly to know everything good or interesting which, within its narrow range, the time offered. Long before they had reached their majority they were known to their elders all about them almost as well as to their parents. On the one hand, their industry, energy, ambitions, outlook upon the world; or, on the other, their laziness, uselessness and their lack of spirit were so measured that their future place among their fellows could be fairly predicated. This was true, too, whether they elected to remain within their own narrow environment or went out into a world which, if not larger, was at least different.

The opportunity of knowing what so many parallel trades meant gave to the boys who did not look forward to the farm as a career, a perspective, an insight into these other branches of useful work. They could see at first hand and thus know from ocular demonstration how the blacksmith, the wheelwright, the carpenter, the shoemaker, the weaver, the storekeeper, the miller, the editor, the politician, the doctor or the preacher did his work, how he handled his material or utensils or that more important tool—his mind. When they were freed from the farm they could choose, with some approach to intelligence, their own careers.

Learning From Their Elders

Then, too, children were admitted pretty freely to see and know whatever lay in the path of their parents. From early childhood, almost from infancy onwards, they ate at the same table, where manners and quiet were imposed upon them; they went and came freely whenever, indoors or out, there was company; they heard and knew everything that pertained to business or religious or social affairs in all their ramifications, and were thus introduced to a wide range of interests, which gradually grew into the thoughts and ways of their elders. By these means they knew well, though seldom prematurely, many things that could not have come to them under the workings of the usual policy of exclusion—a fact not only interesting and important in itself, but carrying strong evidence of the propriety of the language used in family or social relations upon which I have already insisted.

As the work of these neighborhoods, both singly and in coöperation, was transacted in the open, the children, if bright, curious, really social beings, had an opportunity to know every movement in the mysterious process of making a state from the moment the first family came until, within ten years, the average township had grown to about six or seven hundred people, comprising all conditions of men, and the county had made a place for itself. Such a child became an interested spectator long before it was fairly out of its [illegible] order of clothes. It heard all the discussions about schoolhouses and schools, about roads and bridges, about preachers and revivals, about government and politics, as in its simple way would take its message to the various elements with which it came into contact. If there was any amusement from a shooting match to a hunt for a thief, it would be first a spectator and then, often prematurely, according to development or precocity, a participant. If it was inclined to the bad or coarse it might hear or see now and then unseemly things, but woe to the man or group by whom such offense had come if the rising discriminating elements in the neighborhood should discover this attempt at demoralization.

Such a child, in spite of educational drawbacks and deficiencies, would get a real knowledge of the world, far more helpful to it in its later days than that which could possibly come from the more formal and pretentious training that some distant child acquired in urban surroundings. Its life, in spite of hard, grinding toil at certain seasons, was far from dull, and it acquired in reality that round knowledge and experience which have given to the American the abnormal development so often accounted as a reproach to our life.

Strong Family Ties

This close association with neighbors and elders not only brought to these children, exiled to an always receding frontier, a knowledge of men, but it corrected many of the defects inseparable from their meager educational outfit. They were far more likely to learn something real about geography by looking up in their atlases the places of residence of the visitors to whom they had listened with open eyes, and open mouths than when they were [illegible] memorizing the meaningless names of countries, capitals or rivers in Asia, or bounding some useless principality in Europe.

They had a better chance of learning something both interesting and useful about manufactures from hearing about a reaper factory in Chicago, or a big wagon-maker's shop in Indiana, or a saw-mill or shoe factory in Massachusetts, than they had from the meager, undirected, undigested reading about such enterprises the fugitive accounts that might pass before their eyes, or even be wholly missed to their lives by neglect or the absence of opportunity.

The ties that bound families together were unusually strong during these formative days. Sentiment still survived blood relationship in a way almost astonishing as in the biblical times upon which many customs and manners were based. Families followed each other in the making of new settlements, the members helped each other in their work, respected each other's likes and dislikes, and in general were helpful. "Family" then meant both sides, that of the husband and that of the wife. The mother-in-law joke had not acquired its present vogue, as in most cases the wife's mother was often the reliance in time of need. If one member lagged behind in life's race it was not cast off, but was aided so long as there was a desire and willingness to help. When children settled down in the same neighborhood they generally did so in small modest homes, where without the gifts of money, which few had to give, they made their way up as their fathers before them had done in one generation after another. Often they were able to command that advice and assistance which are so much more valuable than [illegible] money. In this way they could make up in emergencies that coöperation which enabled each to benefit the other. The replacing of a cow or a horse which met with accident, disease, theft or straying, the timely aid in haying or harvest or [illegible] the going for the doctor—all these neighborly functions were discharged without regard to the fact that they lived in separate houses rather than in one, as they did in other days.

There was a strong feeling against married sons and daughters continuing to live in the paternal home, the feeling of independence dictating a separation. The sentiment so common as almost proverbial that no two women will

(Continued on Page 64

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"I Look for the Havoline Sign"

"I bought my first car nearly twenty years ago—a two cylinder roadster with a ninety-six inch wheel base. I used Havoline Oil in that car. I've insisted on Havoline for every car I've owned since.

"It only took one experience—back about 1906 it was—to teach me that it pays to use a good motor oil. That time I couldn't get Havoline, or I didn't ask for it hard enough. In any event, I learned my lesson once and for all.

"I learned that Havoline *does* give increased power and greater mileage, that it *does* reduce the amount of carbon deposit, that it *does*, over a period of years, save hundreds of dollars in overhaul charges.

"My regular dealer always brings out Havoline for me. When I'm touring I look for the Havoline sign—that blue one with the red bull's-eye. **It's a darn good sign for any motorist to believe in. There are thousands of them scattered over the country. You're never far from a Havoline dealer.**"

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SETH THOMAS



"He couldn't wait"

THE CALLER arrived on time—as he thought—but the executive with whom he had the engagement was gone. And the caller realized that the clock in his home must have been fifteen minutes slow!

It is surprising, isn't it, that any one should tolerate a lying clock, when for a hundred and nine years Seth Thomas Clocks have told the truth.

The Jeweler whose store is near your home takes a positive pleasure in showing Seth Thomas Clocks. Their beauty tells its own story; but the story of their accuracy *he* can tell, illustrating it from the experience of Seth Thomas owners in some of the finest homes in town.



A non-striking clock to hang on the bedroom wall is illustrated below. A splendid time-keeper—one of the fine 7-jewel movement clocks which range in price from $24 to $35.



Above is shown one of the fifteen Seth Thomas chime clocks, a group of clocks that are unexcelled anywhere. They chime the quarter-hours and strike the hour. Prices from $60 to $110.

A SETH THOMAS CLOCK IS A GIFT THAT MAKES A PLACE FOR ITSELF IN THE BRIDE'S NEW HOME.

SETH THOMAS

(Continued from Page 62)

considerable measure of authority should live in the same house. This prompted the sententious saying that no house, whatever its size, had ever yet been designed or built that was big enough for two families, and none too small for single families that wanted to be happy. When boys or girls went away to school or out into life the parental watchfulness was keen and the feeling of pride universal and strong. Perhaps the proportion of family quarrels was smaller than in a more conventional society. There was not much opportunity for differences about property—the laws providing for equal distribution prevented this; besides, as there was not much property to quarrel about, it was easier and pleasanter, as well as more independent, to earn it than to yearn for it by inheritance.

Perhaps the strongest incentive to family unity lay in the fact that there was little going away to school or for long and distant visits, and that the latter, when made, had an interest for all concerned, the reports of them tending to relieve the tedium incident to isolation. They were all driven to steady work, with no idlers or favorites, so that there were many motives to draw them together and few to drive them asunder. Everything considered, isolation tended to promote family peace and unity, and as each community was a collection of families, there was little chance to brew dissensions or misunderstanding.

Limited Amusements

Though the pioneer came into duties and surroundings in which he had little time and less inclination for hunting and shooting as amusements, he never quite lost his devotion to games—especially with his children. Some of these were new in form or adaptation, but for the most part they were so old as to be time-honored. In some cases they partook of the nature of both sports and games, and in others they related themselves somewhat intimately to the practical business of life. If the pioneer attended a barn or a house raising he was there primarily to do his part in the process of give and take. It was practical coöperation—a return for favors received or a possible anticipation of favors expected. The question of getting or giving pleasure was secondary, but in his somewhat primitive way he did not disdain enjoyment during the few hours of outing and close association with his neighbors. Being work, there was little room for the rowdiness or horseplay inherent in the man of the rougher sort, even if he had been so inclined; but generally speaking he had little leaning in this direction. If he insisted upon turning the scene of a house raising or logrolling into a game, he soon found that he had no business in that galley. When the work was done it might be followed by some rude fun in the form of wrestling, jumping, running, shooting at a mark or supper at a neighbor's house, but if so they were only incidents.

A prairie fire can hardly be listed among amusements, but it was at least both spectacular and dramatic, and on occasion it drew out all the men within reach. How such fires were started was quite as much of a mystery as arson is always and everywhere, but generally there could be next to no doubt in the majority of cases what the cause was. The motive was not quite so clear, but in most cases it probably lay in the desire for excitement rather than in others more ulterior. When in the earliest days such a fire came it had before it an expanse almost unlimited, without a house, a fence or other obstruction. It went on until the wind changed or it had reached its uttermost limits or the banks of a stream wide enough to check it. As settlement proceeded precautions were taken against its ravages by plowing a wide strip round houses, stock pens and hay and grain stacks. In many cases this was badly done, or it came too late, so that a fire once started would jump this strip and go on about its only business—destruction within forbidden areas. Then neighbors would turn out and endeavor, by setting back fires, or in emergencies by direct fighting, to check its ravages. It was one of the exciting episodes in this life when such a crisis came, and in addition to its spectacular interest brought into strong relief the qualities incident to helpfulness and coöperation.

The pioneer boy did not need any history or handbook of games to tell him of their existence or to teach him how to play them. He, like his predecessors, knew how to employ himself with them, and, as the had done, to suggest a change or make improvement now and then. But in long romp across half a continent he not devise a game wholly new. The Indian games did not much attract though—I suggest this with distinct serve—ice hockey may perhaps have gr out of lacrosse.

Then, every boy played; actual pa pation was universal. Even the wea the crippled could find a place and panions, while the strong and vig might be cast out if he became a b There was no room for the spect Every boy, assigned to his allotted chosen place, was expected to do his p otherwise the scheme would be broken The playgrounds about the school were generally large, out of proport the schoolhouse itself, so that not every game but every boy could fi place; but unless he desired to be exc from everything, he must not quarrel or hesitate. Some games were inclusive, so that during a recess of minutes all might play together.

A reference to pioneer sports w incomplete that did not emphas ingenuity of pioneer fathers in de vising and making of playthings for dren. Balls, bats, sleds, wagons and whipstocks, bows and arrows, whistles for the boys, doll house mother generally provided rag dolls girls—together with practically ev vice then known for amusing or inst children, had either to be made at h to be left out of their young live process had already gone on for six or generations, so that a certain skill become hereditary. The older boys caught some idea of this secret and able to take up the task for themselv the younger children in their own families in the neighborhood. Some this kind of work would be done for less skillful man doing something in so that in most families, outside the ut edly poor, everybody would be affo least a glimpse of those gifts which conventional elsewhere, were making way into the older parts of the country.

Little Play for Jill

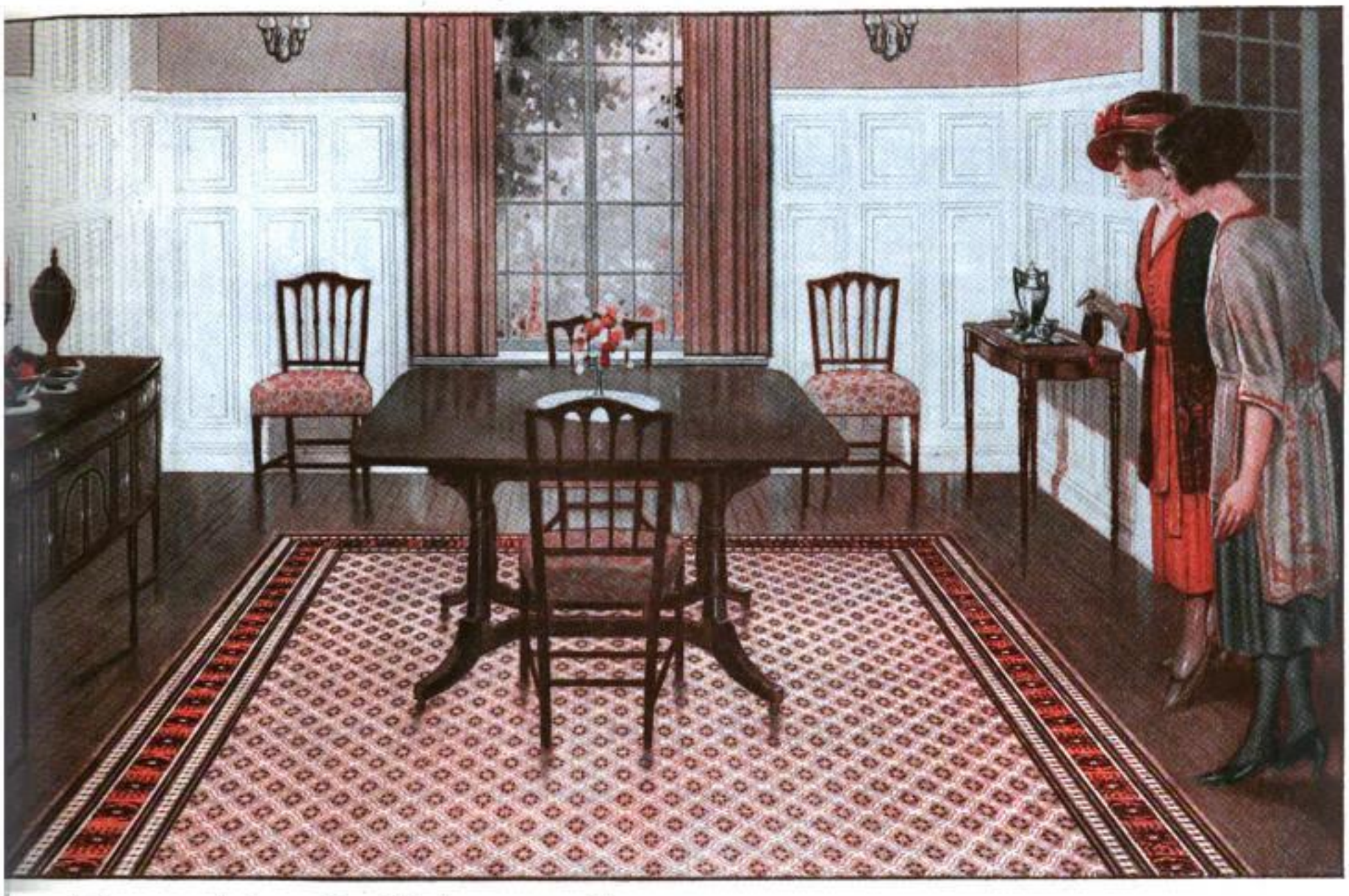
As these toys were used up in one they would be passed on, like school to those otherwise deprived of such h that universal business of childhood as play. There was no Christmas, ho Santa Claus, but the making of pres New Year's was not uncommon, the from universal; but in some way, mo and often mysterious, by daily c rather than on special occasions, som blance of seasonal joy was brought minds of the children.

The story of sports, both for childr adults, relates itself almost wholly to The separation of the sexes in s churches and at play was so strict th girl was thrown back upon the limi of sex, and the pioneer woman closely beleaguered in her house th had little time or strength, even if s had inclination, to take any decide in games or diversions. Her nature of sacrifice was satisfied when her c were amused or interested. The ti one so distinctly devoted to the c that the very diversions of the hu woman, her unbending with her ch had in them the great motive of unse seldom of play for its own sake.

The great variety of games or c to which a girl now has access wou seemed to the pioneer woman not s improper as discordant with the mi her sex. Besides, it must be borne that men have so long practiced ga they are expected to devise as well them. It would, perhaps, be diffi name any game generally in use th invented by a woman and then ad and by her sex. Sport, like war, somehow to have been the busine self-assumed lord of creation.

Author's Note—This article on The Family and a previous one on Pioneer have been extracted from an elaborate, unpublished, study made by the author, American Pioneer. It deals, comprehen the population origins of the West, with wh with political life and organization, with with education and with social conditions 1840 and 1870, thus including the Civil Wa not in any sense a formal history, but i interpret the philosophy of the move made possible the growth and develop great region.

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es, Everything is Valsparred—
Floor, Furniture, Walls and Floor-Covering"

VALSPAR, Valspar Enamels and Valspar Varnish-Stains are a real joy to the woman who takes pride in keeping her home spick and span. In every home you will find countless uses for them.

Valspar Varnish. This famous waterproof varnish gives a most beautiful and lasting finish. It is spot-proof and can be freely washed with soap and water.

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Valspar Varnish-Stains are Valspar Varnish in six transparent wood colors—Mahogany, Cherry, Light and Dark Oak, Walnut and Moss Green. You stain and Valspar with one sweep of the brush. These stains are absolutely waterproof—nothing will cause them to spot, fade or turn white.

All three are easy to use. They work freely under the brush, dry dust-free in two hours and hard in twenty-four. They may be rubbed down to a beautiful dull finish if desired. *All three stand the famous Valspar boiling water test.*

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In the beautiful room shown above, the hard-surfaced rug and the furniture are finished with Valspar, the floor is finished with Valspar Varnish Stain (Mahogany), while the panelling is finished with White Valspar Enamel. The room can be freely washed with hot water and soap and kept perfectly bright, clean and sanitary.

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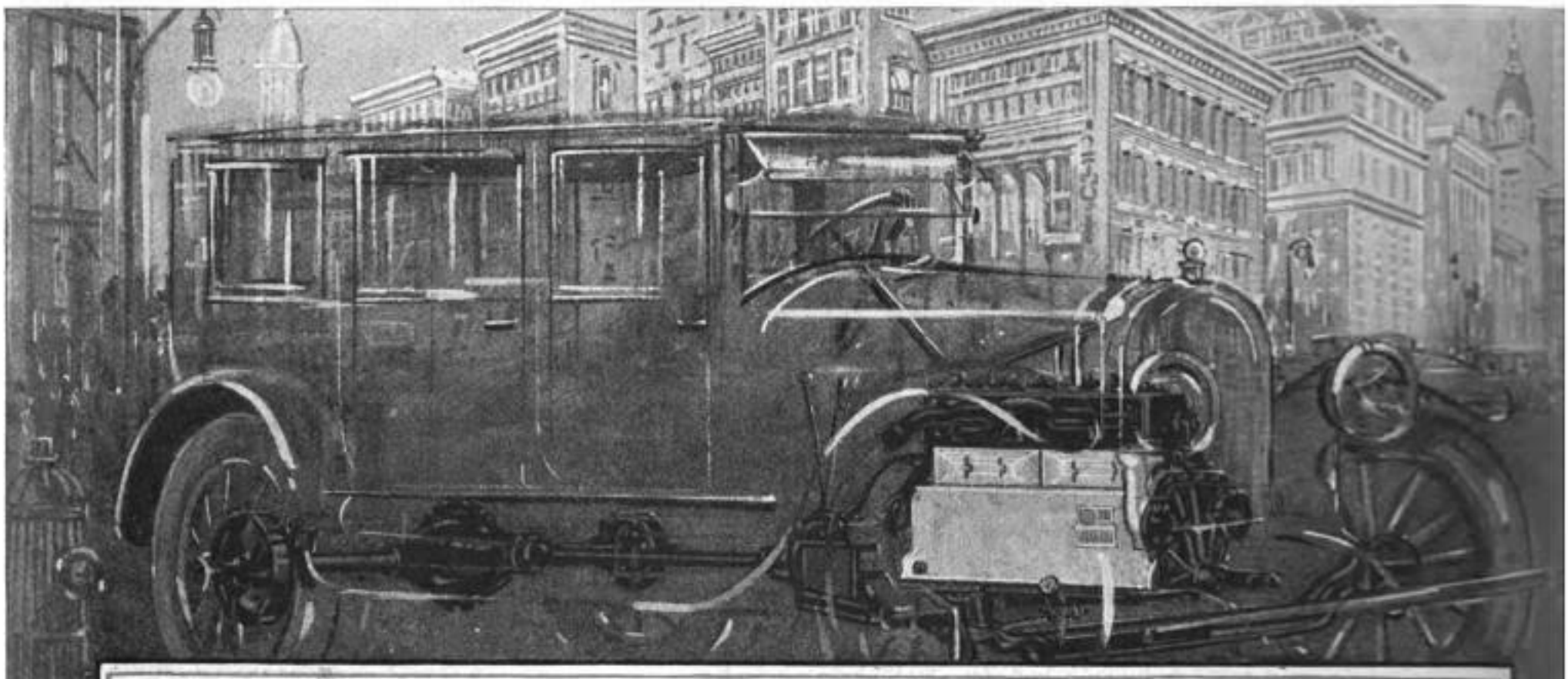
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The ever increasing demand for SPECIALIZED vehicles reflects public preference for *proven* units

In purchasing a car or truck, the experienced user focuses his attention on essentials. The vital parts upon which depend *performance* are the things that influence his choice.

If the vehicle is powered by a Red Seal Continental Motor—as the high-grade SPECIALIZED vehicle is—the buyer *knows* that motor efficiency is assured. He *knows* that an organization such as Continental with its vast equipment and years of experience—an organization whose energies are devoted exclusively to the building of a motor—necessarily builds a *superior* motor.

Likewise, his experience justifies his confidence in other SPECIALIZED major units—the clutch, the transmission, the axles, the universal joints—which in the SPECIALIZED vehicle are all products of organizations of SPECIALISTS.

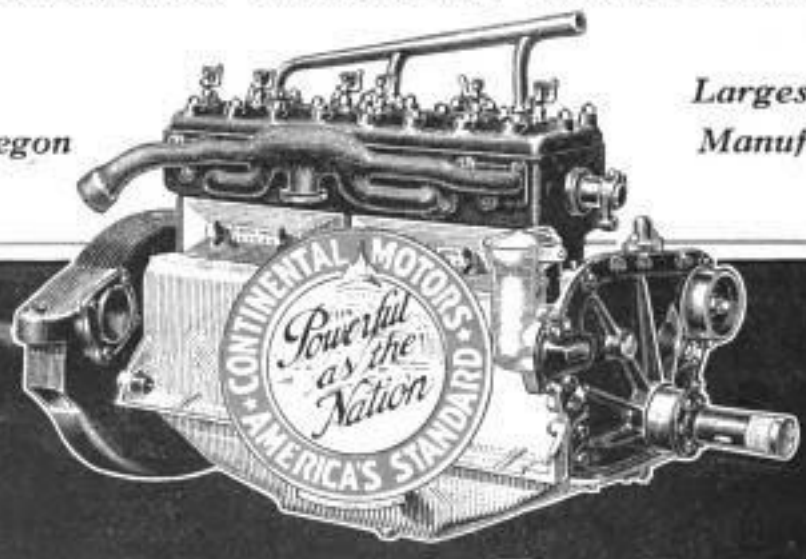
It stands to reason that the purchase of a car or truck built of SPECIALIZED units will prove a sound investment. For continuous performance not only is guaranteed by the vehicle builder, but is backed by the unit manufacturers and is further assured by parts-distributing stations throughout the world.

Since the judgment of the vehicle builder who selects for his power unit the Continental Motor is sound, his careful selection of other important parts can be confidently depended upon. Consider this fact, and in buying your car or truck choose the vehicle whose motor bears on its crankcase that foremost symbol of SPECIALIZATION—the Continental Red Seal.

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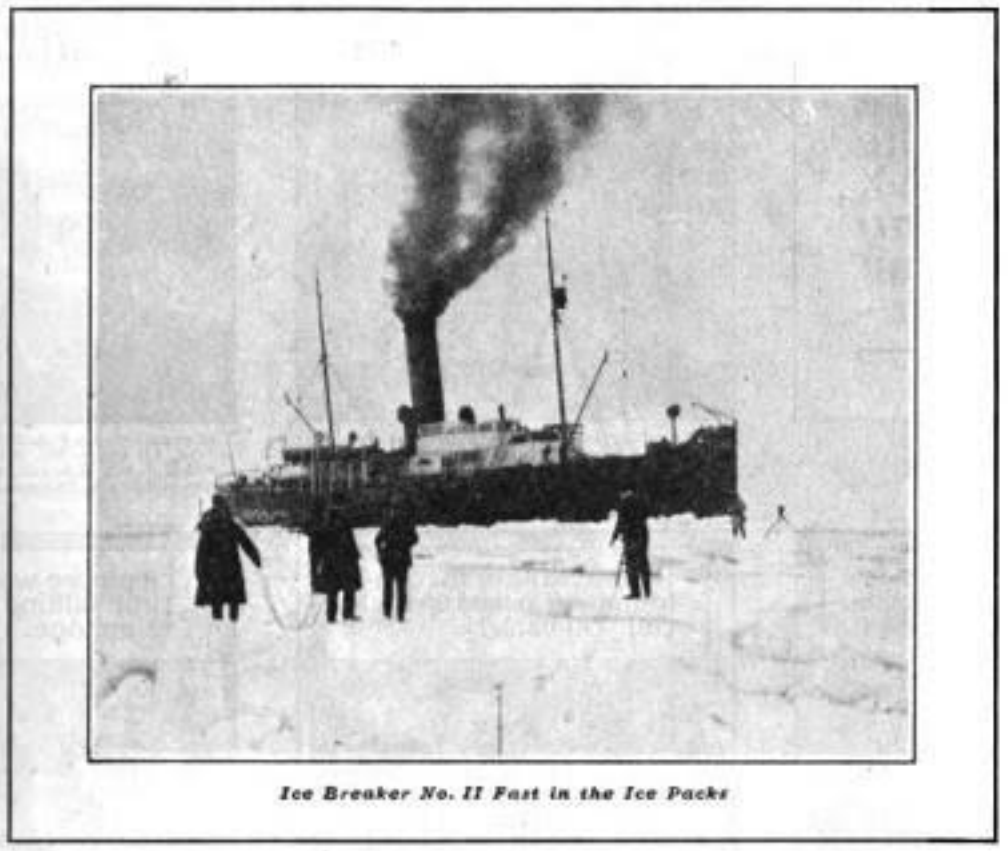


Continental Motors

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HARD TIMES IN SCANDINAVIA

(Continued from Page 25)



Ice Breaker No. II Fast in the Ice Packs

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rying for shelter. The result was the latter part of February wire- for help were coming to the coast- ons from vessels tightly wedged ding pack ice. Some of the little fuel and many were short

Ice breakers—specially con- oats with powerful engines— from the southern ports of from Denmark to aid the help- but these heavy blunt-nosed nd the ice too thick for them, oo, became icebound.

ebound Shipping

expedition was organized in nd dispatched upon one of the breakers in this part of the ssel whose breadth of bow is that of an ordinary freighter. low in the water with her nose forced with steel plates riding t she can push up over the until her weight breaks down The cruise of this ice breaker olm to the Cattegat will go marine history of Sweden. It days and three nights to get outhern point of Sweden into hood of the helpless steamers. now, blizzards and pack ice uise a series of battles each sful conclusion, but involving this long stretch of pack ice that delayed the shipment of American relief supplies to Russia. Some of the ships bearing American food were just entering the Cattegat or heading for the Kiel Canal when the ice formed. Some of them went into Norwegian harbors, others proceeded on their courses and were caught.

The shipping of every country surrounding the Baltic was hard hit by the ice blockade. The Finnish ports were closed and southward every harbor as far as Dantzic waited for the ice breakers to clear the outward paths. Communication between Germany and Sweden was interrupted and at times stopped altogether, the big ferryboats finding it too dangerous to risk the pounding through the floes or the equally hazardous movement through constantly recurring fogs rising thickly over open water, which sent off a vapor when swept by frigid blasts from the northwest.

The governments of the Scandinavian countries have grappled with the period of depression valiantly, seeking in every way possible to lighten the burdens of the industries as well as those of the individual. Huge sums were necessary for the relief of unemployment just at a time when national revenues were decreasing. The task of each government was to find methods of increasing the revenues without interfering too much with commercial or industrial recuperation. To meet the situation the Swedish Government proposes to prohibit temporarily the importation of coffee, tax sugar heavily, and increase the taxation on tobacco. The Danish Government has presented to parliament an entire new program of tax revision, involving a new method of catching the profits of restaurants and eating houses by levying upon the gross earnings a 10 per cent tax. In budgeting for the year 1922 the finance ministers of all three Scandinavian countries expressed the hope that the immediate future held forth promise of better times.

Curiously enough, they based these hopes largely upon the reports on the prospects of better times in America. The appropriations required for 1922–23 are lower than for last year, the reductions vindicated mostly upon the prospect of America showing the earliest signs of recuperation. The interest in America's economic condition remains intense, each trifling indication of betterment being reported in full, but there is reason to discount the optimism over our affairs voiced by the finance ministers of the northern neutrals. Financially the Scandinavians are in better shape this year than last, and if the exchange rates can be taken as a real thermometer of financial conditions the situation is getting better. The relation of Swedish currency to the American dollar was very near normal during the early months of the winter. Denmark's loan of $30,000,000 floated in the United States has helped her financially, the effect being manifested in a more favorable exchange rate in New York. It is hoped that the normal tendencies of exchange rates will encourage trade between America and the Scandinavian group.

Bolshevik Contagion

One of the greatest problems of the Scandinavian countries during the postwar period has been the operations of the Soviet Republic. The disturbances created by the Bolshevik experiment and later by the Russian famine cannot be estimated. They have caused political turmoil throughout Northern Europe and upset trade calculations to such an extent that predictions of future operations along any given industrial line in the Baltic countries are worse than useless. The question of how best to deal with Russia will remain the big question during the spring as the proposed trade agreements will then be under discussion.

Thenegotiations of Sweden with the

(Continued on Page 69)



Esthonian Steamer Jakala Embedded in Ice in the Cattegat



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immediately after you have reached your room to make sure that you are comfortable and that the room and service are satisfactory. As our patron you will find us ever ready to make your visit a pleasant one.

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YOU cannot afford the time, money and good-will waste of doing without the P-A-X! The saving which results from any *one* of its various uses will pay you for installing it.

Among the concerns who testify to its universal user-satisfaction are some of the most prominent in practically every line of business.

We suggest that you get in touch with our nearest representative. He will tell you more about what the P-A-X can do for your own organization.

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(Continued from Page 67)

overnment regarding a trade agree- ave been concluded and the draft act has been submitted to the par-

ited debate has developed in the er the agreement as submitted, ervative elements claiming that it far beyond real trade matters. It at protecting the rights of Swedish ts and shippers engaged in the trade, and recognizes the Soviet egation as the only representative body in Sweden. Norway has igned a trade agreement with the imilar in nearly every respect to mitted to the Swedish Riksdag. may arrange for negotiations ing carried the first movement to of discussion, but breaking off Soviets demanded that their gation be recognized as the "only ative Russian body in Denmark." ussion of the political settlement et Russia has been deferred by linavian governments until after a conference. There these gov- expect to present separate reports demands of each country as to t of losses involved in confiscated Tremendous hopes are based outcome of the Genoa confer- Scandinavians want the Genoa to be decisive and the means of t peaceful economic and political between all sections of Europe. o group of countries in Europe ds more solidly for universal n than these three interrelated the northern peninsula, and they rd to the Genoa conference as a rtunity of proving that they are merely lip service to the cause of reconstruction which they fos- stly during and since the war.

e Coöperative Spirit

ethods of friendly coöperation nongst the Scandinavians could d to the rest of Europe there t in reality a League of Nations. brought the work of their inter- ary committees to such a point of the important legislative are carried forward simul- in all three countries. Their ey is interchangeable, of the in each country, and has been on a par basis despite the in the value of their paper ll lines of communication are through the efforts of each give the other a share of its nowledge and experience. Al- branch of industry has an in each country that circu- ation and sends representatives al meetings held in each coun- ively. Such movements are ithout any clash of national te the fact that all three coun- s the keenest sense of self- d national pride. The political Scandinavia has been along ocial democracy, as evidenced

Dark as the past winter has been, there was never a moment when the prospects for the future were not in the minds of the leading men with whom I have come in contact. There is such boundless room for development, such wealth in natural resources and so great an incentive to move forward that the period of depression combined with the rigors of this terrible winter meant nothing more to them than temporary hindrances. The year holds out many promises of achievement. Shipping will begin moving early in the spring after its long stagnation, carrying the first traffic eastward.

Within the past four years trade with America has brought into the transatlantic service a great line of commercial and passenger steamers, all operated by Scandinavian firms, to foster the trade westward. In addition, there is a thriving coastwise traffic. One Stockholm shipping line has ninety steamers, of which the great majority are coasting passenger and cargo boats especially built to handle the traffic from Sweden to Finland and the Baltic states, to Denmark, Norway, Germany and the coasts of Sweden. There are 126 registered firms of shipowners in Stockholm alone, while in Denmark and Norway hundreds of other firms are seeking, when conditions will permit, to build up the trade between the northern group of states and the rest of the world.

Scandinavian Free Ports

Facilities for handling commerce have been increased steadily until to-day Denmark and Sweden boast of two free harbors unsurpassed in equipment in any part of the world. In Copenhagen and in Stockholm shippers from any country can unload cargoes destined for northern ports, store their cargoes in absolutely fireproof and thoroughly guarded warehouses, and after sorting, the goods may be shipped out in a dozen different directions. All this takes place without paying duty to either of the countries operating the free harbors. In other words, there is set aside a strip of water front, fully equipped with machinery, warehouses and guards, wherein the shipper has extraterritorial rights.

Throughout the period of stress and doubt the Swedish free port has been growing, new warehouses, excellent modern machinery and greater length of quayage being added regularly. There is now a total of 1328 feet of dock space with a depth of thirty feet of water alongside. Within the year the docks will be extended to a point where the water is thirty-three feet deep, thus making provision for the entrance and handling of the heaviest freighters. The available space for the free harbor is 3,000,000 square feet and if required an additional 2,000,000 square feet will be added in 1929. A space has been reserved for a terminal to accommodate a new steam-ferry service between Sweden, Finland and Russia, which in the course of time will be one of the important international ferry connections across the Baltic.

Americans visiting the Scandinavian countries, as well as those who have lived over there, feel the irresistible forward movement of these peoples and know that they will recuperate from the years of distress and turmoil following the war. They are settling their political differences, both domestic and foreign, peaceably. They have put forth every effort to assume their share of the world's burdens and they face the future courageously, firmly believing their effort will keep them in the front ranks of the progressive nations of the earth.



Showing How the Ice Piles Up



The ZAY-TEK Blend in Eatmors is a Chocolate treat for you

Tear open the big red tube of Zay-Tek Eatmors. Place one of the Eatmors on your tongue—and realize how truly delicious milk-chocolate can be.

Of course Zay-Tek is no ordinary blend of chocolate, or it could never be so satisfyingly wholesome, so much in accord with the particular American taste for which it was created.

In Zay-Tek there is the richness of ripe, plump cocoa beans skillfully cured by the expert planters of tropical South America and the islands of the Southern Seas—all roasted and blended with fragrant vanilla beans, snow-white powdered sugar and *full cream* milk.

Each choice ingredient gives its own full quality to Zay-Tek. Each blends with the others in just the right balance to produce the smooth, delicious, creamy taste which is Zay-Tek's very own.

A tube of Eatmors will be a good introduction to the Zay-Tek family. Buy it at the nearest counter. 5c everywhere.

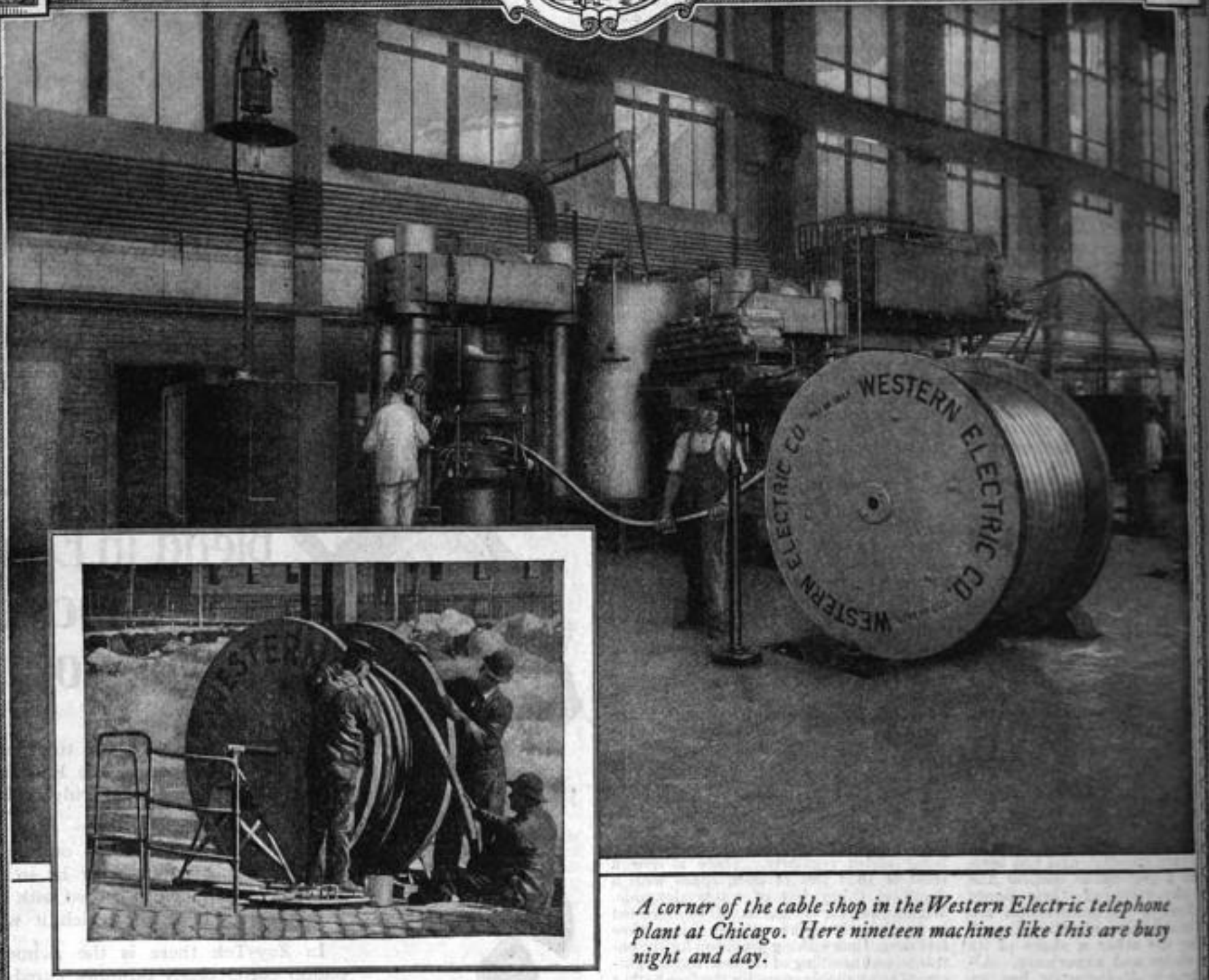
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A familiar scene, and what's behind it

To you who have wondered how telephone cable is made, a simple answer would be "One machine winds the wires and another puts a lead covering around them."

But that gives small idea of the task in producing 6000 miles of cable each year from more than two million miles of copper wire, each wire separately insulated and all compressed into a diameter of an inch or two and sealed with a covering of molten lead.

Western Electric is the largest manufacturer of telephone cable in the world.

Yet all this is only one phase of the Western Electric Company's work of making telephones and telephone equipment—and making them in great quantities, yet with extraordinary accuracy.

Western Electric

Since 1869 Makers of Electrical Equipment

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SOME MISCHIEF STILL

(Continued from Page 15)

it's too late. You have to live in a
hen you're young if you're going to
good at running one when you're
p. And the only time I ever really
a house was that winter I spent
ncle John and Aunt Esther."
it's harder to run a hotel than a
he persisted, vaguely afraid that
might reveal Carrie's comments on
domestic qualifications. "And
much the same thing too."
ourse. But I know all about hotels
s and such places. I've lived in
my life, except that one winter
d and mums went off to Peru.
You've got to be convinced now!
ght it all out, and you haven't."
I don't say you're wrong, but"—
his head under well-founded fore-
—"but I don't guess Phil's going to
ng his wife keep a public hotel;
nother ——"
Phil won't say a word. He under-
e. And he's modern; he knows
e's no prejudice against married
oing into business any more. Of
on't expect mother to like it, and
y I told you first. You can always
round when you want to."
ldon smiled feebly, as at a com-
ut managed to shake his head.
became suddenly serious—ab-
orably serious.
ing it because it's so terribly bad
to be idle, father. Unless I've
hing to keep me busy I'm just
get into scrapes. And ——"
ldon underwent a pang of ap-
. He had a deep respect for all
ly expressed truths, a lively dis-
on observation and belief, of
Satan was adept at providing
r unemployed hands; he glanced
's with a stab of anxiety. A
aughtless child, with nothing to
at immovable sweet obstinacy
nd counsel. After all, there was
n this tavern scheme; at the
uld waste a little money before
d of it and dropped it.
what I can do, Shirley." He
andkerchief over his forehead.
ed him on each cheek.
you'd back me up, father. Now
see what's got to be done to the
need heaps and heaps of re-
m going to have no end of fun
ewer and that funny plumber."
lon started. If he let Shirley
rewer and Lafferty unciceroned
ored—his bank-schooled imagi-
led before the prospective mas-
money. He went submissively
ss the pasture lot at the back of
that separated Phil's house
in road.
going to bother you this time,
were such a darling to help me
ken house that I'd be ashamed

t be a bother," said Mr. Wel-
"Just as lief fool around with
rs as not. And Brewer's a
rp for you, Shirley. You better
e him for you."
oduced a key to the padlock
the front door, and they ex-
premises minutely—the four
whitewashed rooms on the
the two slant-cornered cham-
Mr. Weldon admitted that
ad as he'd thought; the frame
l plumb, after its century and
d need a new roof and floors,
ter and paint. He stooped to
e attic over the kitchen wing
inspection of the venerable
his shin discovered a painful
struck a match. Shirley,
mitted a delighted cry at a
arded furniture—a spinning
led bed, the ruins of rush-
irs.
vely!" Shirley clapped her
"I never thought of looking
Calhoun said the attic was
, but he couldn't afford to
the price I paid, so I said I'd
t myself! Won't mother be
though! We'll move all this
s and fix up that south room

led another match, by the
she investigated gingerly.
es there was a raffle of mis-
r, in which she discovered a
few funny old colored prints of early Presidents—Tyler and Polk and Monroe and Jackson.

She clapped her hands again.

"I know! We'll use that south room as a gift shop—antiques, mostly. We've got enough right here to make a beginning, and I'll get mother to pick up some more. She can buy them awfully cheap; and we can sell them at simply piratical prices! Father, I've got a feeling we're going to make a wicked lot of money out of this."

Mr. Weldon dusted his trousers and fumbled for the stairway. Shirley was happy, and after all there wasn't any harm in letting her have her way, especially as she'd get it anyway. He discussed alterations with her soberly when they were downstairs again, pleased that she accepted his suggestions so readily.

"I just knew I was right," she declared as he fumbled with the rusty padlock. "I've always thought that I had a natural gift for business, and now I'm sure of it. Just see how well I've done with the chickens, after everybody laughed at me for wanting them! Even you tried to persuade me that I couldn't, father! Own up that you were wrong!"

"Looks like it," said Mr. Weldon, grinning.

She didn't even realize that she hadn't had a thing to do with that chicken venture since the day when he had overruled the piano-box idea. If he hadn't run it for her —— Well, let her think she'd done it all. It pleased her and it didn't hurt him. And he and Carrie, between them, could keep her from wasting too much on this tavern notion.

He half closed his eyes. After all, with proper management there might be money in the scheme. The Grimfield hotel was pretty bad, and there wasn't another within twenty miles in either direction. And the motor traffic on the main road was getting bigger every year. If he and Carrie handled this thing it wouldn't lose much, at the worst of it. And it would keep Shirley from getting into mischief too.

There was more confidence in his tone as he repeated his promise to talk Carrie around. He felt vaguely sure that Carrie wouldn't need much persuasion when she understood.

III

"I SIMPLY don't dare leave her alone a minute. There's no telling what she'll do if I'm not here."

Carrie spoke briskly, as always, but Mr. Weldon observed that she wore the peculiar smile he had come to associate with Shirley. Somehow you couldn't speak of her without that look and that spreading gesture. Even Phil did it, he remembered; and Phil was abjectly in love.

"It's all right, Carrie. I know. I don't mind. We've got to look after her, of course. I'll get my supper here too. Sort of lonesome, home." He glanced about the cheerful low room, admiring Carrie's trick of decoration. Everything in view was for sale, and yet it looked extraordinarily homelike, not a bit like a shop. He could hear Abednego singing, in the kitchen wing:

"So goo'-by, trouble an' pain—
Gonna hearum onna mo'nin' train—
My sin been taken away!"

Carrie knew how to handle 'em. He had overheard her remarks to that shiftless rascal ten minutes earlier, and marveled that Abednego didn't throw up his job at the first sentence. And here he was, singing as if he hadn't a single sore spot!

It was a good idea of Carrie's, bringing Lyddy and Abednego over here to the inn and leaving Shirley's housework in the capable hands of that Jap. Shirley couldn't manage this pair a bit unless Carrie stood at her back, but she got along well enough with the Jap, who didn't need any supervision to speak of. And that Lyddy could certainly cook when she wanted to.

He smiled gently at the pleasing memory of the figures. He and Carrie, between them, had made the inn pay a pretty profit, especially when you considered how he'd kept down the cost of alterations. Those signs brought business a long way; he'd driven over the roads for a twenty-mile radius to nail them up. And Carrie wasn't afraid of charging, either. The prices she got for meals and for antiques!

"If I hadn't been here this afternoon she'd have taken fifty dollars for that four-poster of Martha Sprowl's," said Carrie suddenly. "That woman from Philadelphia happened to say she'd been looking for one, and Shirley came right out and offered to sell hers before I could stop her." Carrie's lips closed firmly. "I got two hundred for it, though. And it cost me thirty-one-fifty, including the refinishing. Shirley thought it was outrageous to ask more than fifty. And she keeps telling me that she always knew she had a gift for business!"

Mr. Weldon grinned reminiscently. "Said that about the chicken house too. And if I hadn't interfered Brewer would have soaked her eight hundred—and extras! But it tickles her to think she's doing it; and it keeps her busy. That's the main thing, after all. It's a bad idea for a girl like Shirley to be left with nothing to do. There's too much mischief for idle hands, mother."

"There's a car at the gate, Arthur. You go meet them. I'd better keep an eye on Lyddy."

She vanished through the swing door, and Mr. Weldon went out to the stoop. He didn't mind welcoming Shirley's customers, although it had pricked his dignity at first. These people were only strangers, whose opinions didn't greatly matter. Grimfield knew that Arthur Weldon and his wife didn't have to keep a hotel for a living. And most of these motorists were nice, agreeable folks, too, pleasant to meet.

He shook hands cordially with a lean, sunburned man in knickerbockers, with a jolly plump woman who made him think of Carrie, a little, and a sober girl of twelve or so, who scraped her foot in a curtsy.

The plump woman exclaimed delightedly at the sight of the show room. Mr. Weldon explained, as usual, that the whole thing was just a fancy of his daughter-in-law, and discovered that he had employed the selfsame spreading gesture that Carrie used. They were nice people, he concluded. They seemed to understand at once that it was just a plaything, not a serious business. He beguiled the brief wait for their dinner with the story about Sim Randall and the hearse, and, encouraged by applause, related as an encore the anecdote of old Sam Dixon and the summer boarder. Grimfield people were familiar with both these stories, but transients generally shouted when he told them.

He and Carrie ate their dinner in the pantry. They'd got into the habit of doing this on busy evenings, instead of going back to the big empty house. Mr. Weldon didn't object; it was sort of fun to picnic over here, and you couldn't trust Abednego and Lyddy to serve a meal without somebody to keep an eye on them.

Carrie talked briskly of the day's events. She had sold two rush-bottomed chairs and a set of whale-oil lamps, besides the four-poster, and they had served lunch for twelve people. She had heard about an auction back in the hills, and must manage to get there somehow; it was all she could do to keep enough stock on hand, the way people kept buying. Mr. Weldon listened, mentally calculating profits.

"And she really thinks she's doing it," said Carrie. "That's the best part of it; she's so pleased and proud that I'd never have the heart to let her find out."

He agreed eagerly. If Shirley ever suspected how little she had to do with the Wayside Inn she'd be sure to lose interest and think of something else to do—something that might be a lot worse than this. Let her think, by all means, that she was singly responsible for this, as for the chicken business.

The guests were explicitly content with Lyddy's dinner. The plump lady frankly confessed a desire to kidnap the author of the corn pudding and the architect of that noble beefsteak pie. Carrie received these tributes becomingly, explaining that she had trained the servants herself, and that, of course, they were better than the disinterested help you found in ordinary hotels.

"And now if we could see our rooms," the plump lady continued. "My little girl's sleepy, and we're all tired."

"We haven't any rooms," said Carrie. "It's just a tiny place, as you can see; but there's the hotel downtown."

Her tone conveyed her opinion of the Battle House. The plump lady looked faintly aggrieved.

"Oh, dear! We thought that there'd be rooms. The signs—I thought an inn always had rooms. And that hotel looked perfectly impossible!"

"I'm sorry." Carrie shook her head sympathetically. "It's really pretty bad, by all I hear. But you could go on to Minster—it's only twenty miles or so—and there's a very nice hotel there."

Mr. Weldon's eye encountered that of the solemn little girl, and was detained and enlightened by the intensified solemnity of her expression. She looked resigned, he thought, to those twenty miles, but she foresaw no pleasure in them. Under his inspection she became suddenly self-conscious, and twisted her hands in her lap and turned in her toes. Mr. Weldon had an idea.

"I tell you what," he announced, "you can come up and sleep at our place. We've got plenty of room. Of course"—he encountered Carrie's aghast contemplation and spoke hurriedly—"of course we don't do it as a regular thing, you understand, but—it's part my fault, about those signs. They'd ought to say plainly that this inn doesn't rent rooms, for a fact."

The little girl's solemnity abated slightly. The plump lady hesitated, but the lean man voted promptly in the affirmative.

"That's mighty good of you, sir. But we'd want to pay. As long as your daughter-in-law's running the inn perhaps you'd let us pay her for the accommodations too. I wouldn't feel right about it ——"

Mr. Weldon was about to protest, but Carrie intervened. "That would be all right; you can pay the inn for meals and lodging both. But of course you understand that—that Mr. Weldon and I wouldn't ——"

"Oh, of course!" The plump lady beamed understanding. "It's awfully sweet of you to take pity on us. We're just tired out."

Mr. Weldon rode over to the big house on the front seat with the lean man, and told him the story of Luke McNab's three pigs; and the other one, having to do with the elder and the bootlegger. Carrie put them in the three west rooms, apologizing for the dismal disorder, which seemed to be invisible to any eye but hers. Presently, as Mr. Weldon listened to Carrie's comment on his mad act, there was a step on the stairs and the lean man appeared.

"Too early to turn in," he explained. "And I thought maybe you had some more of those stories."

Mr. Weldon leaned slightly forward. "Have you heard the one about the two Yankees that swapped horses," he inquired.

"No," said the lean man. "What is it?"

When they had driven away in the morning, leaving two express checks in the drawer at the Wayside Inn, Mr. Weldon was pleasantly aware of a slight hoarseness.

He made light, however, of Shirley's contrition.

"Wasn't a mite of bother," he declared. "Not a mite. Turned out to be mighty pleasant folks. Fact is I asked 'em to stop over with me and Carrie on their way back. Got a nice little girl. Made me think of you, some ways, Shirley."

She was not easily comforted, though. "I feel just awful about it—making all that work for mother! It isn't fair; it's my inn."

"Don't you worry about it," he said, narrowly escaping an incautious reference to the fact that Carrie spent seven or eight hours a day at the inn, and that Shirley herself visited it chiefly in the capacity of an absentee landlord. "Mother kind of liked having company, if you want to know. I could tell it tickled her to have that Mrs. Plummer see the hooked rugs in the blue room, and those rope beds and all."

He cleared his throat cautiously. Shirley was partly consoled.

"I'm glad if she didn't really mind. But it's too bad to fill your house up with strangers, father. I just won't have my customers interfering with your comforts."

"Oh, I kind of liked it, myself, if you come right down to it," he confessed. "It's a sort of change, talking to strangers. And Mr. Plummer got me talking about Grimfield folks—sat up half the night, we did. Don't you fret a minute about it, Shirley. We managed fine."

She tugged at his lapels. "You're just saying that to make me feel better, you dear old fraud, father! I know you! And I'm going to see that it never happens again." (Continued on Page 74)

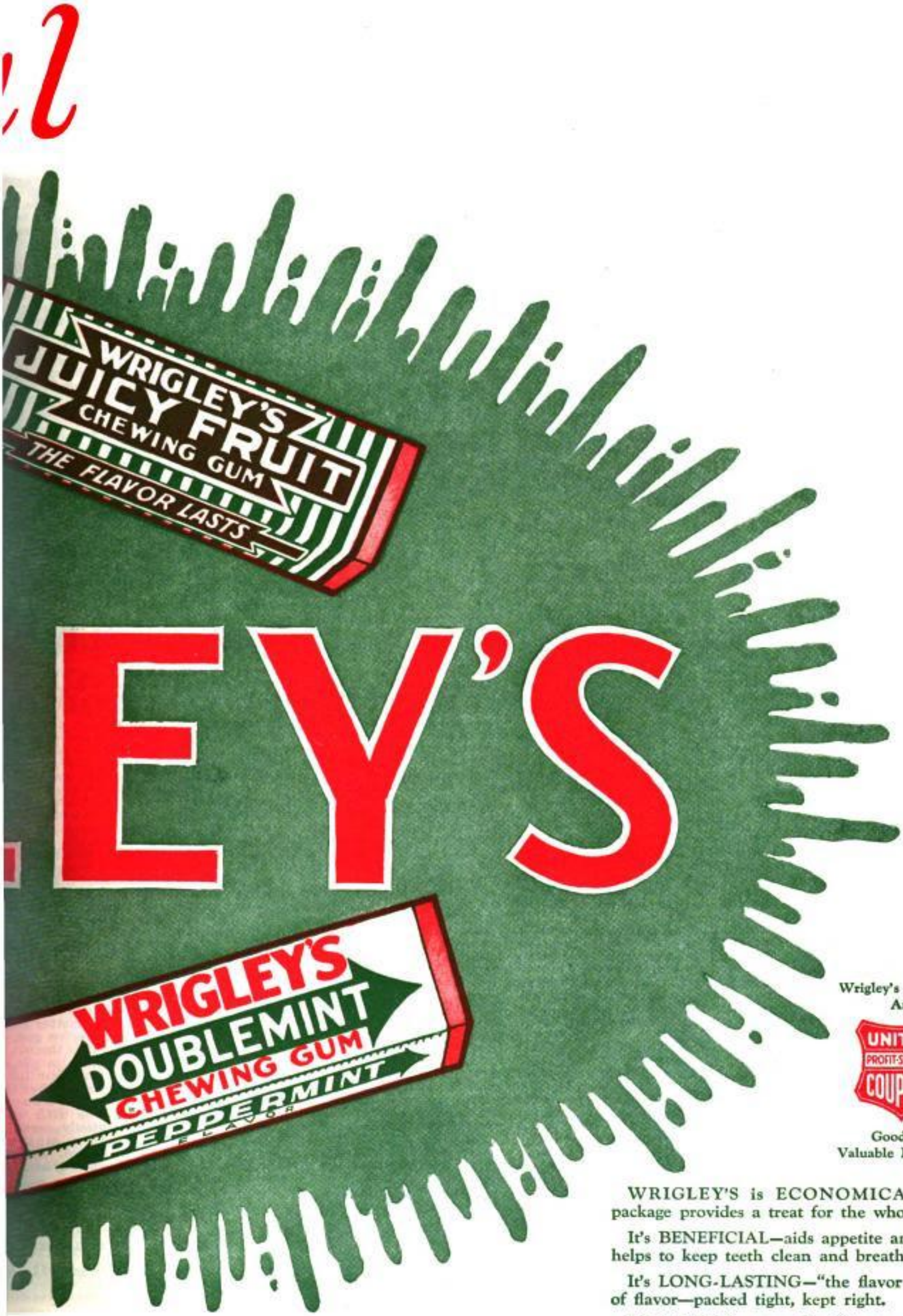
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Helps Digest

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(Continued from Page 71)

She overestimated her powers of precaution, for it happened again in less than a week. And this time Carrie herself proposed the solution. Mr. Weldon made a curious discovery in the course of this second evening. His prize anecdotes were received with far less acclaim on the part of the two gentlemen from Baltimore than they accorded his narrations of Grimfield episodes to which no native would have listened at all. He also discovered that the world is a relatively small planet; it developed that these wanderers knew the Plummers, and had encountered them this very week at the Blue Mountain House, over in Vermont.

There were other emergency hospitalities at diminishing intervals after this. By the end of July it was the exception when he and Carrie didn't have some of Shirley's guests under their roof. Carrie didn't complain much, considering all the trouble it made for her, and she generally referred comfortably to the effect of these visitations on the profit-and-loss account at the inn. Mr. Weldon himself kept the books of that establishment and drew off trial balances every Saturday. He never even cracked a smile when Shirley plumed herself over his neat figures. She didn't dream that she wasn't doing it all herself.

But it troubled her to let Carrie turn in the money paid for lodgings, in spite of Mr. Weldon's reiterated assurances that he and mother kind of liked having company once in a while and couldn't think of collecting money for themselves.

"It's not fair," she would say. "It's my inn, and I ought to take care of every part of it, instead of just the gift shop and the meals. I haven't any right to feel proud of my profits if some of the money comes from mother's renting her rooms to my guests. I'm going to think up a way to stop it."

Mr. Weldon always found it hard to keep a suitably respectful face when Shirley gave one of her imitations of a person in the act of thinking. It was a good thing he had a sense of humor, he told Carrie. If it wasn't such a joke there'd be more work than fun in this conspiracy to keep Shirley out of mischief.

Even Phil was deluded by the fiction that Shirley did it all. He bragged openly to his long-suffering parents about her; mighty few girls brought up as she'd been could take hold of a business and make it pay this way. They'd never been altogether just to Shirley, he thought; of course they'd never said anything, but he had perceived that they considered her a frivolous, flighty little thing sometimes. He'd even felt that way himself before this inn experiment had shown him what a level-headed little genius she was.

Mr. Weldon and his wife encouraged this hallucination of Phil's, but they shook their heads over it afterwards, and exchanged glances of faintly guilty amusement.

In mid-August the blow descended without warning. Shirley led Mr. Weldon to a corner of the show room at the inn and seized his lapels ominously. He had learned to interpret the look in her unfathomably gray eyes, and he was restive under her restraining clutch.

"I've done it, father! I've solved the room problem absolutely! I just knew I'd think of something!"

Mr. Weldon glanced apprehensively at the kitchen door, beyond which he could hear Lyddy's browbeaten rejoinders to a running fire of comment in Carrie's competent tones. Shirley took the hint and adopted her creamy whisper:

"I don't see why I never thought of it before. It's been standing there for years, just waiting for somebody to realize the possibilities—and I got it for just simply nothing! Aren't you thrilled, father?"

She jerked at the lapels. Mr. Weldon moistened his lips.

"What you been up to now?"

"You don't guess, even after I've as good as told you!" She enveloped him in her smile. "I've bought the old post-road tavern, of course! It's the very place! There's room enough in it to take care of thirty people."

Mr. Weldon felt his jaw sagging. The old tavern! A vision of its forlorn decay rose before his mind's eye. It had been empty since his boyhood, a gaunt, venerable ruin of rotting floors and sagging roof. He managed to reach his handkerchief and mopped his forehead.

"Now, Shirley, honestly ——"

She refused to listen. "I know exactly what you're going to say, and you needn't say it! I've proved that I can manage a business, haven't I? Didn't I think of this inn all by myself and start it, even when you and mother kept telling me I'd just throw my money away? And hasn't it paid? Just because I can't keep house you think I can't do anything, you old stubborn darlings, but you've got to admit that I can run hotels, haven't you? Just look at the way I've succeeded with this!"

Mr. Weldon glanced again at the kitchen door. If Carrie heard this flattening intelligence from Shirley she'd certainly forget and say things. A summer inn was one thing, but a thirty-room hotel —— He'd have to get Shirley away and break the news to Carrie later.

"Let's go and look it over," he suggested. "You—you'll have to put a sight of repairs on it, Shirley."

Shirley skipped delightedly toward the door.

"I just knew that you'd say that, you old dear! You always remember about repairs and little things like that, that I'd forget. Come on and see what we'd better do—unless you're tired of being bothered with that tiresome Mr. Brewer. You'd say so, if you were, wouldn't you? I'd never forgive myself if I made any trouble for you and mother with my little schemes. I always tell myself that when I'm thinking. And that's why I bought the old tavern. I just couldn't stand it to have you and mother worried by putting up all these tourists. It's all on your account, really, so I don't mind asking you to help with the alterations, you see—if you're quite sure that you don't mind."

"I—I'd just 's lief 's not," said Mr. Weldon. "Just 's lief 's not, Shirley, honestly."

"I haven't told you the best part yet." She squeezed his arm as they went through the gate. "The inn's only a summer business, you see. As soon as the roads get bad there won't be enough travel to keep it running. But if we can get the old tavern fixed up we can keep open all winter. Lots of people are getting tired of going South and come North instead. And this would be splendid country for winter sports—snowshoes and skis and skating and tobogganing—lots more fun than playing golf on sand greens, and ever and ever so much healthier too."

Mr. Weldon shook his head, appalled at the utter futility of speech.

"You see I've got so used to being busy this summer that I couldn't stand it to go back and be just an idler when we have to close the inn. And this will give me something to do all the year round, won't it? Let's hurry! I can hardly wait to get Mr. Brewer at work on those repairs."

Mr. Weldon made a noble effort to resist an unworthy temptation. It would be sort of fun, planning those alterations and chaffering with Brewer over the contract, but he had no right to let that ignoble impulse influence him.

"Now, honestly, Shirley, you ought to think this thing over before you go getting yourself all tangled up in it. This hotel's bound to make a sight of work for ——" He caught himself just in time, and was relieved to observe that Shirley didn't suspect that he'd almost named Carrie. Carrie would have the whole thing on her hands, of course.

"Oh, I thought it all out long ago," said Shirley. "You said that very thing about the inn. And just see how little of my time it's taken to manage that! Why, I've seen just as much of Phil as if I'd never started it at all. You see," she explained kindly, "keeping a hotel looks a lot harder than it really is unless you know about such things. And I guess I've lived in enough hotels to know about them! Besides, it doesn't matter how much work it makes—I'm going to do it; I won't have you and mother bothered with putting up my tourists in your house a minute longer than I have to. That's settled. I just won't listen to any tiresome old arguments about it."

Mr. Weldon thanked her.

IV

"I CAN'T possibly go home till after dinner, Arthur. The minute I turn my back something goes wrong, and you know it."

Carrie pursued Abednego with a glance that seemed to exert a galvanic stimulus on his reluctant gait, and resumed her attention to the big yellow bowl of whipped egg. Her sleeves were turned back to her elbows and she was enveloped in a vast white apron, but it occurred to her husband that she looked younger and—yes, happier than since Phil's wedding. He sniffed approvingly at the blended smells of the wide, warm kitchen.

"Just as lief stay here for supper," he declared. "Just 's lief 's not, Carrie, if you don't mind. Shirley going home, I suppose?"

Carrie's lips twitched. "Oh, yes. She doesn't believe hotels are good for young married people. And she thinks that simpleton of an Asa Thorne can manage a place like this! I wouldn't trust him with a hencoop!"

Mr. Weldon nodded gloomily. After suffering acutely over young Mr. Thorne's warped notions of bookkeeping he had solved the problem by taking over that department himself.

"Don't get too tired, Carrie. Strikes me you're doing a mite more'n you have to over here."

She dismissed him with an absent wave of the egg beater.

"Don't bother me now, Arthur. I've got all I can stand as it is. You go out front and tell 'em about Sim Randall and the hearse; maybe it'll keep 'em from thinking too much about this meringue."

Mr. Weldon grinned. He had been at some pains to conceal his preference in favor of the big cheerful common room at the Webscott Arms—Shirley had chosen to name the tavern after herself—but he suspected that Carrie was not wholly deceived. These folks who came up here and paid good money for the privilege of freezing their fingers and ears in zero weather had redeeming qualities, like the summer tourists. He was getting so he could tell that hearse story better than ever these days.

He slid out of his fur coat in the gloom of the cupboard below the back stairs, rehearsing the opening lines of his pet anecdote, a premonitory chuckle gently nudging at his diaphragm. He heard the door of the office open behind him, and identified his son's voice.

"Of course I'd rather go home, Shirley, but it doesn't seem right. You ought to be on the job here."

Mr. Weldon stood very still. It always amused him to hear Phil's innocent ideas about Shirley's part in the conduct of her enterprises. That was the spice of the joke—that Phil never guessed who made them pay.

"They don't need me a bit," said Shirley's round little voice. "Mother's looking after the kitchen and she'll send father out front to tell his stories."

"That's just it. You're leaving it all to them, Shirley, and it isn't fair. Of course I know you don't mean to impose on them, but you do. You let mother plan the meals and manage the servants, and father slaves over the books as if he was hired."

There was a pause, Mr. Weldon held his breath. Phil was beginning to see through this grindstone at last. If he wasn't stopped he'd spoil all Shirley's pleasure in her harmless little conceits. He was about to interrupt when Shirley's voice stopped him very short:

"O-o-oh, grandmother, what terrible sharp little eyes you've got!" It was very much in Shirley's normal manner to something in the affectionate tr caught Mr. Weldon's ear as different. sees something, Philly does, bless his He's finding out what a terrible scheming deceiver he's gone and marr Starting hotels and shops and all such things and taking all the credit and cash while she lets his poor old parents all the dirty work for her!"

"Don't, Shirley. It's serious. M been putting in just about all her time this blessed tavern of yours; and father here about as much as she is. You realize ——"

"Don't I?" Shirley laughed. It was regular Shirley laugh at all, Mr. W thought. It was short and—and al bitter. "Phil, where was the big davenp in the living room when we came h from our wedding trip?"

"Where—what's the davenport got to with this?" Phil spoke blankly. "I'm ta ing about the hotel, Shirley."

"Where was it? So am I!"

"Why—in the corner, wasn't it? I member that you didn't like it there first."

"Where is it now?"

"I don't see—in front of the fireplace course—but ——"

"Good. What happened when that low girl Lyddy was insolent to me an discharged her?"

"Really, Shirley—oh, all right - must smoothed her down, of course. Mot knows how to handle darkies."

"She does." Shirley spoke with decis "One more question: What kind of a was in our room, and where did it c from?"

"Why—oh, you mean Martha Spra old four-poster? You were silly as that at first, Shirley. What did it ma who'd died in it? And it was a bully you've got to admit ——"

"Phil, I wasn't going to say this to ever. I thought I'd get around it, guess we'd better have it out and forg When I came home with you I just your father and mother. I thought girl ever got such a perfectly darling of in-laws. But after a couple of wee Phil, you're not a woman and you'll quite understand, but even you can what it meant to be nothing but a sort of visitor in my own house. Your m hired my servants and they took or from her—they wouldn't do what I them unless she backed me up. S planned the house, bought the furn arranged it, and if I changed a thing to get her permission—if I could. I she did it because she loved us both, I just couldn't stand it, Phil. If it had on there'd have been trouble betwee all. I got so that I was afraid to see father come up the walk—I knew ex what stories he'd tell me. And I cou set the thermostat to suit myself always set it back, no matter what I s

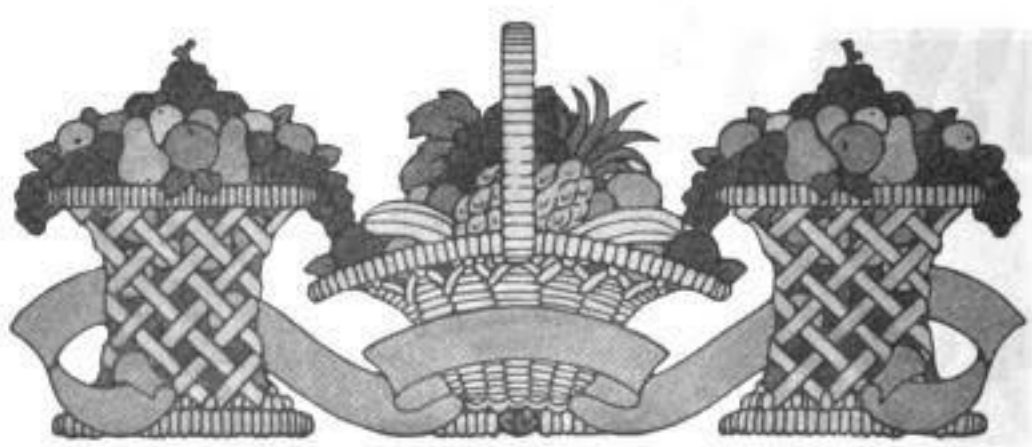
"But you only had to tell them—or

"No. It would have hurt them you—made feeling, no matter how gen hinted. You're all they've got, Phil. I'd taken you away from them. I cou ask them to stop making a plaything of us and our home and our life—I only think up some toy or other that th be perfectly sure to take away from I couldn't leave them with empty hands; they're perfectly certain to mischief, idle hands, no matter how they are. And it's worked. They're ha and it hasn't hurt them a bit. They love it."

Mr. Weldon's faint resentment was merged in a wave of amazed admir The cute little—— Who'd have th there was anything like that in her little head? Why, even Carrie was smarter.

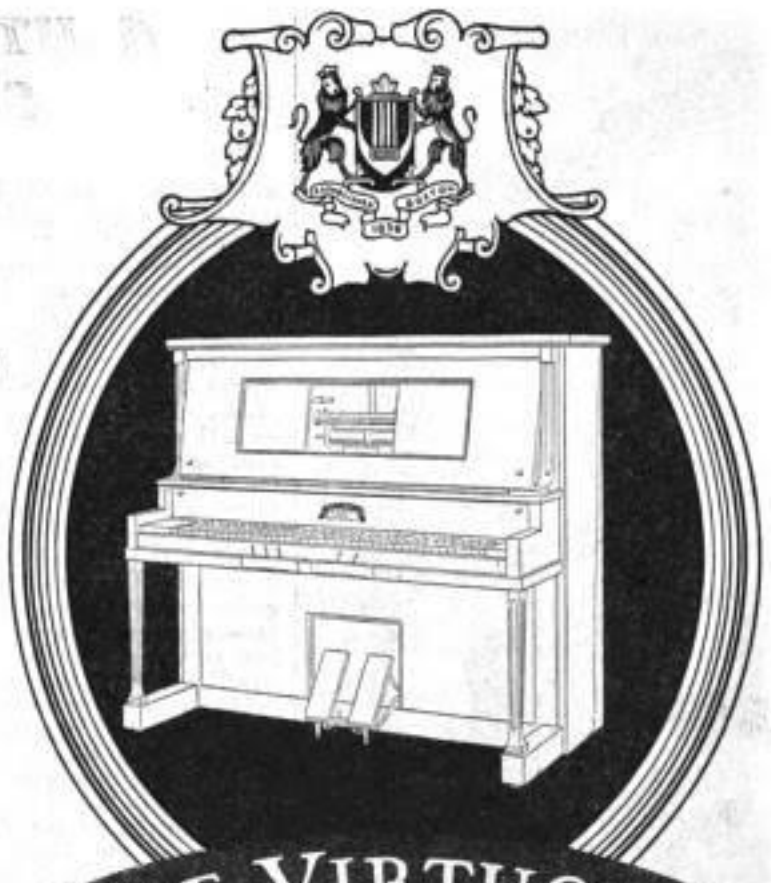
"Don't, Phil—let's go." He inter accurately. He heard Shirley's sm little laugh. Once more it made him of smooth sweet cream. "Come on, you'd better! We're having frankfu

Mr. Weldon heard the door slam gust of frozen wind. He emerged fr retreat and stood hesitating. Sho tell Carrie? On reflection he decide it would be better, all around, to ge the birch fire in the common room those city folks about Sim Randall's secondhand hearse.



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at reason, one of the important problems her and father must meet, is how to pro- ssential for their children—how to give advantages they themselves may have

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is of the musical home is the self-playing ghest authorities subscribe to this.

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A JITNEY GUIDE TO THE SANTA FÉ TRAIL

(Continued from Page 30)

which comes in mighty handy in case of a leak in the radiator far from the garage and its handy soldering iron. Also a little fuller's earth, if you have a cone clutch, may prove mighty useful in case of overheating.

We were told that in the high altitudes it would be necessary to readjust the carburetor, but we did not do so, preferring to run slowly until we found a downward grade. However, both this and boiling with those who are not used to mountain running are to be anticipated and prepared for, beginning at the Cumberland Mountains, although the altitude reaches its climax on the Continental Divide.

One safe road rule to have constantly in mind is that, notwithstanding your five-gallon can of extra gas, it is wise to fill your tank whenever you get a chance, whether you actually need to or not. This holds equally good for the radiator. Fill whenever you see water, even though she'll take only a cupful. The stitch-in-time principle reaches a high degree of importance on a long motor trip and it is better to be too fussy than to be stranded.

The one real danger of the roads between Hutchinson and Winslow, and then again beyond the Cañon from Williams to Barstow, is the washout. During part of the summer cloudbursts are frequent in this part of the world, and a road that was perfectly passable of an evening may be annihilated at some point by a rush of water from the mountains during the night. It is not at all uncommon to find a bridge washed out or that a big piece of road has been gouged by a temperamental river changing its course. These washes are not always so bad as they look, however. We found that by coming down slowly and stepping on the gas hard at the very instant we struck the bottom we were always able to get out. Never under any circumstances attempt to rush a wash. If you do you ram the nose of your car into the soft sandy soil or clay at the bottom, and are stuck. This is a really serious matter, as washouts usually occur far out in the country, away from any help. You can't depend upon always finding brush to cut if you're mired or stuck in sand, and a large heavy tarpaulin, which folds and takes up very little space, is especially suited for a brush substitute in such a predicament.

Another thing to look out for through the Far Southwest are the numerous old washes spanned by little bridges. These are sometimes barely wide enough for one car to cross, usually made of wood, and often most unstable. You dart upon them before you know it, for there is usually no warning sign of any kind.

Life in the Wilderness

Just a word about grades. George and I had an awful time accustoming ourselves to driving without warning signs. Back home in the East we have now and then complained about the advertising signs that infest our roadways. We get sick of looking at Whosiz Liver Pills and Anybody's Clothing Store, and are very fond of saying to each other, Wouldn't it be lovely but for this? Just the same we had unconsciously become pretty dependent upon the knowledge that very often these signs are warnings of dangerous curves or grades. Farther West we came close to more than one bad accident before we learned our lesson. The A. A. A. has marked the Santa Fé Trail with direction markers, but there are few warnings until you come into the territory of the Automobile Club of Southern California. A mighty good rule to observe is—slow up when you can't see ahead. You never know what is going to be just beyond that charming horizon line.

And for the benefit of the transcontinental novice let me insist upon the healthy axiom that brakes are of no value on a bad grade. You must have good brakes of course—they are exceedingly important; but through great stretches of the West they are more important to keep you from slipping downhill backwards than to keep you from falling downhill forwards. You will have to make all your bad down grades in low, plus brakes, and even then you will do well to slow up at the summit and begin your descent very conservatively in second, going into low when necessary. To experienced motorist this is an unnecessa warning, but many a novice will avoid aster by paying attention to it.

As this is intended primarily for mo ists who expect to use hotels, perhaps is just as well to dispel immediately miasma of horror and dread that usu springs up at mention of provincial telries.

From the moment one leaves Wash ton behind one leaves the provincial h behind. This may seem a strange st ment, but it is nevertheless a fact. Eastern small-town hotels come up to high standard maintained as a matte course by many of the hotel keepe towns of the Middle and Far West. Sp ing generally, the rooms are better equip cleaner, better cared for; and as fo food, the transcontinental trip will vince you that the East really knows ing of culinary art.

From coast to coast we were only nights bereft of a tiled bathroom. O first of these occasions we were o overnight in a mere hamlet where, th there was a bathroom, two large and h cockroaches had seen it first; and course when we opened the door, they had neglected to lock, and foun place was occupied, we withdrew an them in possession. The second of unwashed evenings occurred at Bar California, when we had neglected to ahead for rooms, and as the large and to the hotel was as yet incomplete we forced to content ourselves with a fifteen-foot double room, containing hogany twin beds, a private balcony porcelain fixed basin with taps for thing except champagne. Yes, it's a life in the wilderness!

Sleeping and Eating

From Washington westward one it is true, use some discrimination one's hotel accommodations, and season the wily tourist will alway ahead for rooms, and preferably tw ahead. The truth of the matter is th best places to stop are not nearly enough to accommodate the crowd. found that it was far better to waste five cents on telegraphing for room we found we had to cancel later t show up tired and dusty of an evenin to discover that we could not be acc dated. Incidentally, first-class ho commodations are not anything expensive in the Middle West, and the Far West, as they are on the seaboard.

True, in the big industrial cities pay six to eight dollars a night for a room if you have a mind to. But not necessary. On the whole I cou that staying at Midwestern hotel little more expensive than campi so infinitely more comfortable, th those possessed of a very moderate for the trip need not fear planning them.

Now about lunches. Until one Kansas City it is safe to say that be able to get an excellent lunch at erate price in practically any sma at which you choose to stop. Be Syracuse, Kansas, on, however, I strongly suggest carrying lunches you unless you are reasonably sure taking a Harvey House before overtakes you. And on leavi Grand Cañon, until you cross t Bernardino Pass into California s territory, it is most certainly the wisdom to carry lunch from Fred H hospitable board. And be sure t drinking water as well.

Not having been a camper myse tell you only a few things that ma use. At the beginning of the jour suming that you start in the E well-known free camp life in the unquestionably a joy. Water is a and so is shade, and many a ha meadow spreads a tempting ground on either hand to lure th wayfarer. Many of the nearer townships are hospitable to cam many are not. People have a con jection to letting folks pitch a tent

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muss up their back yards, and one top where there is water. However, ough Pennsylvania, Maryland, West a and a considerable distance into ricultural belt as far as Missouri, ıg is true camping.

directly one leaves Kansas City and upon the great Southwest, camping ons change utterly. Water becomes . Shaded groves are rarer. In tead comes the municipal camping . These are hideous, almost without on. As a rule, the only place the tourist finds to leave his car is in a roofless garage, or corral, where he is to camp in company with anywhere ın to two dozen other automobiles ed as closely as if the place were a in truth. Water is usually supplied r with some primitive sanitary ments, but all the joys of camp life it certainly lacking.

there is literally no alternative. vater appears upon the earth's sur- places many miles apart the camper choice. Besides this, the prairie sert are mighty lonely places to e's camp at night unless one hap- be an Indian or a Mormon home-

The average tourist needs to ent his stock of supplies constantly, ry town through which he passes well equipped to help him out; the running down to the store for the n yeast cake is not eliminated on a ıtinental tour except by the most ced and hardened campers, and ently it is absolutely necessary for age outfit to park itself within a ole distance of a grocery store.

ule the public camping grounds are it is not uncommon to find that a made for use of them. I think it to give full warning of the diffi- o be encountered by the camper. ature lovers who have planned out on this trip on the supposition going to be a grand free life in the in for a shock.

ea of recommending that one take any special feature along a route ust chock-full of scenery may at ce seem rather absurd. From the one leaves the tidy streets of Balti- ind and begins crossing the friendly ious Cumberland Mountains scen- mething that practically cannot ed.

e Wonders of the West

plete with interest as the whole Trail is, and inescapable as are ies thereof, I am still going to lay on the advantages of certain side are easily made from the main i without which no transconti- ır is complete.

ough the Middle West you will the trade names of familiar arti- ng across in front of their home you will find a welcome from all these concerns if you care em. I would suggest that when- ble you do so, inasmuch as ac- ing the tremendous scale upon ierica manufactures goods and ariety of articles we produce aids in forming a proper concept of y as a whole.

s does not give the external ap- f a packing center, for its resi- ict is uncommonly handsome, and s an exceptional art museum.

City is an object lesson in home and the average Easterner will led at the uniform beauty of its levelopments and the interesting which areas are restricted to a of architecture. The plan upon boulevards are laid out also is d the planting of the parkways r them will bring joy to the r and the tree worshiper.

ansas City to La Junta I know of ar objects of interest to recom- cially. However, if you are a golfer and are making the trip in a leisurely fashion you will have ample opportunity of playing even in many of the smaller towns, all the way from Washington to Syracuse, Kansas, the St. Louis municipal course being especially worthy of attention, as it is one of the finest public courses in the country. Even in a small town like Garden City, Kansas, a nine-hole course is usually available, and though these are not commonly municipal links, Western hospitality makes little difficulty about permitting the stranger to play.

La Junta is the real starting point beyond which a variety of interesting side trips may be taken, beginning with the comparatively short run up to Colorado Springs via Pueblo, where the road in normal times is excellent, and from which a jog may be made back to the main route via Aguilar to Trinidad.

And of Santa Fé with its prehistoric ruins and Indian villages I have already spoken.

The Department of the Interior at Washington, D. C., provides, upon request, an excellent decorative pamphlet covering all the national parks, as well as automobile and motorcycle regulations, standard rates for trips, guide fees, bedding and provisions, saddle-horse rentals, and so on, and these pamphlets are extremely useful and suggestive. Write direct to the Department of the Interior, stating just what territory you wish to cover, as each section is described in an individual booklet. All these folders contain splendid maps, which are kept up to the minute as to road conditions, and so on.

The One Great Side Trip

Below Albuquerque allow yourself an hour or two at Isleta, an Indian village, which is one of the cleanest and most self-respecting of the Indian centers but which has not foregone picturesqueness in favor of blue jeans, as so many of the professional railway-station Indians have.

Then between St. Johns and Holbrook you will drive directly through a corner of the Petrified Forest, and you should allow plenty of time for a stop-off there.

On the northern route from Belen it is a short trip to the Enchanted Mesa, while Laguna, perhaps the most noted of the pueblos, is almost directly on the railroad but is exceedingly picturesque in spite of the fact that it is the most highly commercialized of the Indian villages.

From Thoreau there is a splendid trip to the more remote Pueblo Bonito, and Gallup offers the starting point for numerous beautiful side trips, notably the Zuni Indian Reservation and the far-famed Cañon de Chelly, which is perhaps the most dramatic trip of all.

On the northern trail the Petrified Forest is reached by a short trip from Adamana, from which point a run can easily be made to the edge of the Painted Desert.

From Winslow you can go down to the Roosevelt Dam over a somewhat difficult but exceedingly beautiful road, or north to the four little sky cities which represent the last stronghold of the Hopi Indians.

Even though you pass up every other side trip from coast to coast you cannot, must not, pass up the Grand Cañon of the Colorado.

With Kingman, Arizona, the gold country begins, and the great basins used for washing gold by modern methods are only one of the many interesting things you will want to stop off and see.

From then on to Barstow there are no side trips of importance, and the only thing calculated to delay the traveler, who has by now become thirsty for a glimpse of California, are the marvelous experiments in dry farming for which this district is famous.

Upon leaving Barstow I strongly advise making straight to Riverside, California. But there is no news in that; I have from the start been advising you to go to California.



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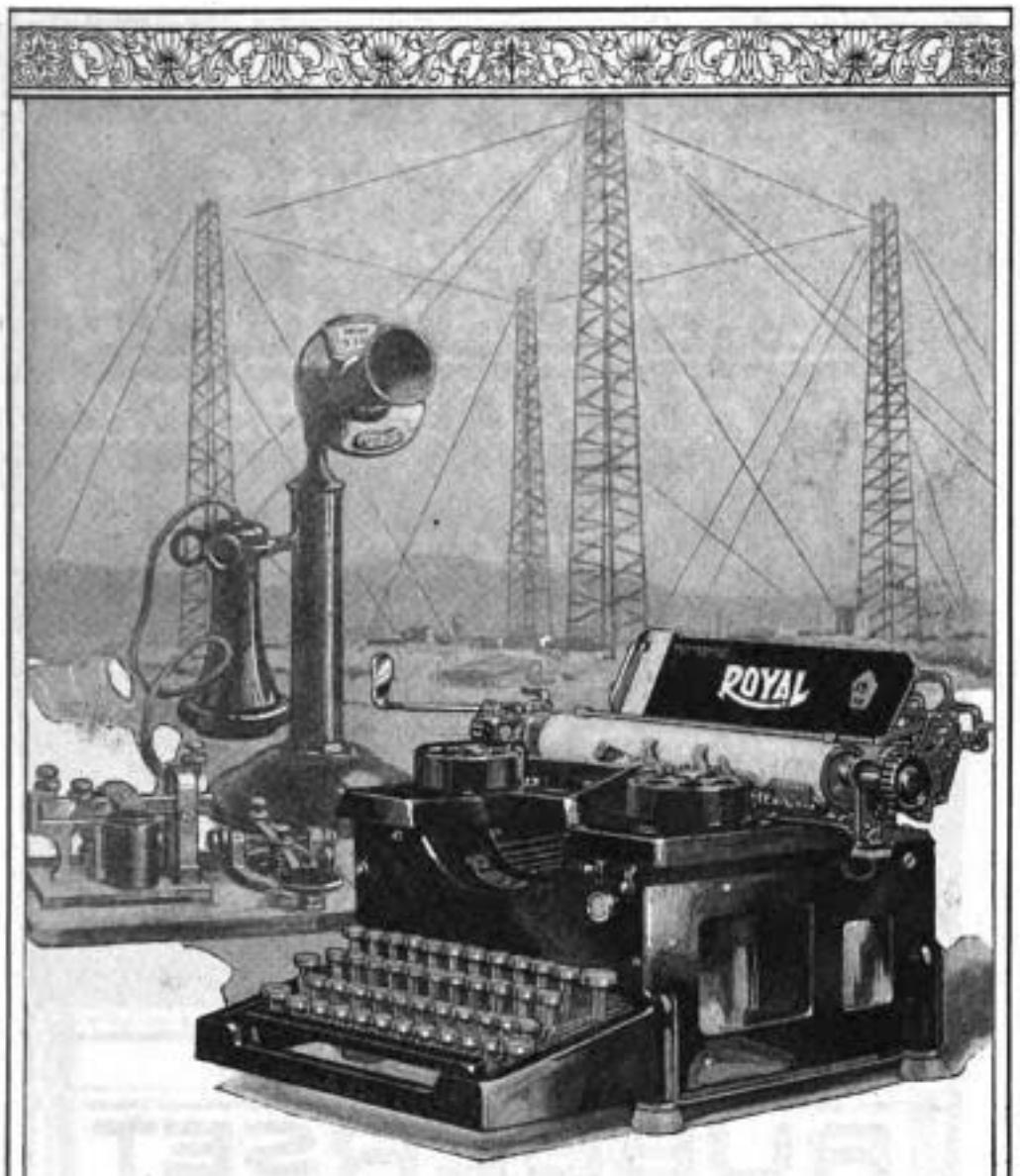
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THE LANGUAGE OF THE ANGELS

(Continued from Page 19)

Ya-he, the Black Angel, was terribly ill. His was the worst case in all heaven. It was serious. It seemed hopeless. Mudgett paced the anteroom night after night. Then Ya-he got better, the worst had passed, and Mudgett tried to sleep.

He lay down on his cot that night, but could not close his eyes. He rose up, paced the anteroom, paced the hall. He leaned against the door that led downstairs. Motionless, he gazed into the darkness. "I'm glad Ya-he's better." He moved down the hall to the matron's room, put his elongated ear to the door, listened. All was silent. He wanted to knock at her door—an almost unconquerable desire. He wanted to talk to someone. "About the new home when it's finished," he told himself. He stood there undecided, vacillating. "I say now, just about the new home and about Ya-he getting better."

In the gloom of his mind other and curious things were revolving—like a merry-go-round he had seen when a penniless boy, a thing he had wanted more than anything on earth, a thing he had watched until dusk brought out the revolving will-o'-the-wisp lights to mingle fantastically with barbaric strains of music. He wanted something now, wanted it like that. He formed the little matron's name, but did not utter it. Perhaps if he just stood here thinking about her she would come out. He waited. She did not come. "Just about Ya-he getting better," he muttered to himself and waited longer.

But no sound came from Miss Bax's room. She and the babies in there were fast asleep. He thought of her sleeping, tried to imagine her eyes when they were closed, thought of her lovely level gaze, told himself her eyes were like a mirror that reflected a gray curtain, wondered what was back of the curtain. "I say now ——" But the ponderous dark machinery within his mind continued to revolve—will-o'-the-wisp lights, distant strains of music. He visualized a woman's alluring hair, like Egyptian dusk, against the smooth whiteness of her forehead, and he imagined that Egyptian dusk against the smooth whiteness of a pillow. "I say now ——"

Old Mudgett shuffled along the hall and reëntered the antechamber. Fumbling in the dark he placed his ear to a listening instrument. One of the babies was crying. He knew the cry, knew the cry of each of the babies; each was distinct, unmistakable. This was the cry of the smallest angel in heaven—the Dove.

Mudgett replaced the receiver and seated himself on the edge of his cot, supported his head between his hands, pulled his ear nervously. "I got to talk to someone—about the new home," he mumbled to himself. "Is it ever going to be finished? This old building—firetrap." He locked his gaunt jaws with determination. "It's going to be finished!" Cheat? Yes, he'd cheat, bully and beat down. It's going to be finished! Lie? "I say now, it's going to be finished." These thoughts were followed by a great void of darkness in his mind. Into this void came again the carrousel wheeling through the gloom. He reached out his gaunt arms—toward the thing he wanted most in all the world, then, pulling himself together, rose up and started down the hall again. Halfway he turned and came back to the anteroom. Again he picked up the listening apparatus. The Dove was still crying.

Old Mudgett entered the front room and hung over the crib of the tiniest angel in heaven. Awkwardly he patted her with his huge hand. She continued to cry. Presently he lifted her up. She stopped crying. "Why not? Say now, why not?" Miss Bax would never know. No one would ever know. Silently across the cloudlike floor he moved with the Dove in his arms, and entered the anteroom. He closed the door of the front room and the door leading to the hall, and seating himself on the edge of his cot he rocked the Dove in his arms. Against the rules of the home? Well, hadn't he made the rules? Hadn't he? Couldn't he break them if he wanted to? Who was going to stop him from rocking a baby in his arms? "I say now ——" Anyway, Miss Bax would never know.

He leaned over the tiny mite. She was making a strange noise—the sound from which had come her name, like the noise of a dove: "Coo-oo, coo-oo." That was her name. She was saying her name, over and over. Old Mudgett rocked her some more. She made other noises there in the darkness, liquid lovely sounds. He told himself he understood them—understood everything she was saying. She was talking to him, and he understood. He, Thomas Mudgett, understood the language of the angels! Say now—another idea! Why not?

He held her up in his arms, leaned over her, whispered her name: "Coo-oo."

The Dove answered: "Coo-oo."

"Of course she knows her name!"

He was delighted, strange thrills passed through the length and breadth of his gaunt body. He tried to think of something else to say. He wanted to tell her the new home was going to be finished and that Ya-he was better.

Presently he whispered, "Ya-he—good." That was as near as he could come to telling her that Ya-he was better. "Ya-he is good."

"Goo-oo," replied the Dove.

Say now, didn't she understand! Didn't she? Old Mudgett became lost in ecstasy, thought. Presently he leaned even closer to the little mite in his arms. "Goo," he whispered. "Goo—mag." Would she understand that? Would she? He repeated, "Goo — mag — goo-goo" — the mysterious, God is good." That was what he was saying.

And the Dove replied, "Goo-goo," "God is good."

Old Mudgett, trembling with ecstasy, held her close to him, formed another phrase, whispered it, waited for the reply. But no reply came. He placed his elongated ear close to her lips. The Dove was sucking her thumb.

Presently he reached out and got a pillow, placed it across his knees, laid the little Dove on it and covered her with a blanket. "In a few more months, I mean now ——" He thought of the incomparable delight of conversing with the angels in their own language. He kept thinking, thinking about it. His gaunt form crouched over the sleeping child. "Ya-he's better." He closed his eyes.

In the white slender light of morning Miss Bax slipped noiselessly into the front room on her way to the babies. But there she was stopped in her tracks by the sight of the gaunt man drooping over something on a pillow. She refused to credit her eyes. She moved closer. The Dove! What could he mean by taking one of the babies from its crib? The Dove, at that! She moved out with the determination to carry the baby back to the front room; but instead she just stood there. Her gaze became strangely level, indeed, and baffling too. Then she turned away, noiselessly left, and went to her own room, where she remained until she heard old Mudgett moving around in the hall.

Later she informed him solemnly that the babies are better this morning, Mr. Mudgett; and the Dove is entirely well.

IX

ON THIS day old Mudgett climbed down from his heaven atop the building home, went out into the outer world, hung over public markets like a scavenger vulture, bargained, beat down and haggled. Once again he sang his sparrow song, "Cheap, cheap, cheap!" and with intensely practical mien approached prospective patrons. To little avail, the Lord knows, he pestered them with prayers for contributions. He sang hymns and jazz, laughed and wept. But when it came to bringing home, he could not. No credit to Mudgett. Somewhere, somehow, he had lost the knack of lying—and greatly deplored the loss.

Nevertheless, now and again a small army of workmen appeared across the street, which meant that someone had paid the rent and rid of old Mudgett. But a ragtag and bobtail lot these workmen were. Picked up here and there, they loafed more than they labored, and they yelled ribald jokes at each other and jocosely from the top of the building to their fellow laborers below, called names, one other inanely enough: "Hey there, you dumb-bell!"; answered with even more amazing profanity—called each other "hellhound!" In short, they seemed to old Mudgett to be on a rowdy holiday at his expense. He fumed, he fretted, he

(Continued on Page 21)

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(Continued from Page 78)

rom his office window, he strode
street, cursed them to their faces
s his huge bony fist under their
hen they would quit altogether,
dignity. "The dignity of such
roaned Mudgett.
later another ragtag crew would
up here and there. Again the
ish jokes, again the jocose pro-
he "dumb-bells" and "hell-
until poor old Mudgett, wonder-
y if the world had conspired to
ompletion of the new foundling
ild carry a sick, leaden thing—
-to the fourth floor, there to be
the sight of the seven angels and
nt little guardian.

X

with any conception of these
nd tribulations will blame poor
tt for the serious mistake he
rd the end of the second year
linguistic experiment. He hon-
ok the vibrations of a motor for
of an angel's wings.
th was March. Moodily pacing
suddenly wheeled and flattened
inst the windowpane. A motor
in front of the home. He gaped
l trimmings. Pale lemon color
ceful body of the car. Mudgett
had paused merely to turn in
nd would soon disappear. But,
chauffeur alighted and opened

stepped out, glanced up at the
building, frowned. No wonder
d! What a contrast! This
home and this young radiant
h a gray toque tilted on her
it hair. She was wrapped in an
ber of moleskins to the knees.
f jewels held the strap of her
slipper.
ett rubbed his eyes. Was this a
hallucination? Women came
frequently enough; but they
e in pairs, and always wore flat
olen stockings. Should he rush
arrow hall and greet this visit-
hreshold? Intensely practical,
grabbed his Prince Albert from
e alcove and in his haste oblivi-
d it on over his alpaca coat.
g himself in his swivel chair,
an to write importantly with
.
" he called, even before there
nock at the door.
opened and closed. Tremen-
ver alone made it possible for
continue for a moment to
en he turned he had the feel-
g into the emerald sunlight
down through the leaves of
Her eyes were upon him. She

se with dignity, buttoned the
e Albert to his alpaca, and

ard about his work—said so
ad brought the first unsolic-
old Mudgett had ever re-

to make it larger some day;
o to help; and might she—
uch against the rules, for her
ddies? "I so love kiddies,
—"
madam; Mudgett."
iddies, Mr. Mudgett."
ying that the emerald sun-
s was playing havoc with the
ows in old Mudgett's heart.
him? Poor old Mudgett! No
er smiled at him like that,
e. Dazzling upward glances,
aling. He fumbled for the
side of his desk, to call a
he visitor through the home.

r, I'll show you through

ay along narrow halls that
ding soap, up dingy winding
ed sedately at doors, and
statue of a statesman, hand
coat, while she leaned over
n and whispered pretty sibi-
e older children. She loved,
dren. She just must adopt
And what a funny old, old

ed scarlet. It never had
idated. But, he boasted,
g to be a new home—the
home in America. "I say
't be another like it."

They had reëntered his office. He pointed out the uncompleted wall across the way, pulled his elongated ear, divulged his hopes and plans, told about the heaven atop the home.

"There are more babies!" She could hardly believe it. Her emerald eyes were wide with surprise. "I haven't seen them all?"

"Seven more," Mudgett informed her with tremendous importance. "Seven. And think of it—they haven't seen a human face since they came here; haven't even heard a voice!"

She was incredulous. But Mudgett convinced her, tapped the book on his desk, opened it; and when she tried to pronounce some of the baby words old Mudgett hung over her, shadowlike and gaunt.

"I must, I must see them!" A weeny bit tired now, she had to go; but could she come again—soon?

"I say now, will you?"

Standing at the curb old Mudgett remained in an ethereal trance long after the pale yellow motor had vanished. He was oblivious of the March breeze that flapped the coat tails of his Prince Albert, oblivious of the workmen calling each other dumb-bells and hellhounds across the way; and also, alas, oblivious of the solemn gray eyes that were looking down upon him from the heaven atop the foundling home.

As motionless as Mudgett was now standing, Miss Bax had stood since first the motor with its glinting nickel trimmings had slipped up to the curbing. Miss Bax had seen the top of a jaunty little toque, the dainty shoulders of a moleskin wrap, and had thought of a certain raccoon coat she had dreamed of long ago. Standing there, four flights up, she had imagined a faint elusive fragrance, and actually caught the sparkle of a rhinestone button on a gray suède slipper. She had stood motionless amid the wails, the laughter and tears of heaven for nearly an hour. Her reward—a glimpse of that appealing face that had gazed up at Thomas A. Mudgett a moment past. Poor old Mudgett! She knew the droop of his shoulders, had seen them droop like that once or twice during these years. And she knew the meaning of that rapt expression upon his gaunt features.

When he turned slowly into the house Miss Bax turned slowly from the window. Silently she went through her afternoon routine—bathed each of the babies, fed them, tucked them in at dusk, and after picking up the room for the night slipped through the empty gloom of the anteroom. She desired no supper. Weariness—the weariness of two years that she had never admitted even to herself—descended upon her.

She undressed, removed her trim little corsets, slipped off her lisle stockings and allowed them to lie in a limp heap on the floor. She sat on the edge of her bed gazing at her nicely modeled foot and thinking dully of suède pumps and silken stockings. Presently, wearily, she put her small feet into flat-soled Japanese slippers with pompons on them, donned a faded kimono that poorly matched the pompons, stood in front of the mirror for a moment gazing at her hair, her eyes, her throat and shoulders, then, without further ado, lay down on her narrow bed and wept.

XI

WITHIN a fortnight the pale yellow motor again paused in front of the foundling home. Old Mudgett was unable to restrain himself. He rushed down the narrow hall, and was greeted at the door by a nicely dressed young man with a dent in his nose. All too patently Mudgett's disappointment was portrayed in his gaunt features.

The man laughed. "Not Miss Saxton this time. My name's Norton—Max Norton. I'm her representative, Mr. Mudgett."

A very agreeable person he proved to be, and also, despite his small nervous hands, quite commanding. From the moment of his appearance things began to happen—rapidly. He fired old Mudgett's imagination with the suggestion of a rather large donation. Miss Saxton had become really, deeply interested in the home. "A big donation."

"Say now"—Mudgett eagerly translated the promise into a reality—"we'll put it into the building fund."

For an hour they were closeted, heads together, in Mudgett's office. And undeniably Norton's interest in Mudgett's secret book of the language of the angels was genuine, sincere. When shown to the fourth floor he kept his eyes to a peephole for half an hour or more, and bubbling with enthusiasm accompanied old Mudgett on a marketing trip that very afternoon.

"Great experiment! No doubt about it; greatest in history! I tell you," said Norton, "I believe you've accomplished something big. I don't know anything about it, but I tell you, Mr. Mudgett, I'm sure this experiment is unique, and I believe it's big."

"I say now, I think it's big too."

They talked as they strode along.

Norton made an interesting suggestion: "Why not get two or three philologists, real ones, from the big universities?" He could get them; knew he could.

"Would they come to the home?" asked Mudgett. "Say now, do you think they would come to the home and see it for themselves?"

Norton was confident of being able to arrange it. "And if I succeed you won't have to worry any more about the building fund. It will go big." He went into details—the right kind of newspaper stories. And still another brilliant flash came to him. "I have it! It's going to be big. Why not on that occasion—say it is big—when the philologists are looking on and listening—why not let the babies hear someone's voice for the first time? Phonographic records. Phonographic records! Big! I tell you, it's going to be big. What will they say in their own language when they hear a voice for the first time and see a human face for the first time?"

"I say now! I say now!" Mudgett was carried away with the idea. "Could you"—he hardly dared suggest it, but summoned the courage—"could you get Miss Saxton?"

That evening gaunt, shadowy Mudgett, blinded by excitement, made his way to the fourth floor and told Miss Bax. She gave no sign of the havoc his words wrought behind the calm gray curtain of her eyes. She listened, seemingly unperturbed, then turned away and busied herself unnecessarily in the dietary kitchen. After all these months, these years—another woman. She had taken care of them, watched over them, and—and they were to see someone else, hear some other woman's voice.

She wondered who this other woman was, and the more Miss Bax wondered the more she wondered.

The following afternoon before taking her tramp through the park the little matron called for a number on the telephone, and, later, said to Mudgett, "I wonder, Mr. Mudgett, if you will take the evening watch? Someone is coming to see me."

"A man?"

"Yes."

Mudgett pulled his ear nervously. "I say now, is he married?"

There was no finesse in the little matron's make-up. "He isn't married, but he's old enough to be my father."

An old, old friend indeed, the ship-news editor of one of the large dailies, he came that evening with a heavy, substantial tread and the sound of a cane along the narrow hall to the dimly lighted office.

"Helen," said he when he was inside, patting her hand, "you're prettier than ever. I've a notion to forgive you for treating me shabbily."

"But I haven't been out of the house, Jim, except for a walk in the afternoons; not for two years."

He was a large man, carelessly dressed, with iron gray hair. He continued to pat her hand. "Can't believe it. Not with that color." He hesitated. "It's real?"

"Yes, it's real," laughed Miss Bax. "You don't mind that I dragged you way up here? It's important." She waited for him to seat himself comfortably in Mudgett's swivel chair. She remained beside the desk—standing there, looking down at him in the dim light. "I want you to tell me about some people; then, afterwards, we'll plan the little trip you promised me on the press boat. Who is Miss Saxton, Jim?"

"Never heard of her. What's her first name?"

"Flora. . . . Flora May Saxton."

He regarded her with humorous incredulity, a twinkle in his eyes. "Don't you ever read the papers?"

The little matron blushed. "I haven't time to read anything."

"Flora May Saxton. Well, Helen, a woman shouldn't read the papers," said he stoutly. "Not fit—only the ships' news, anyway. Flora Saxton—well ——"

"Yes. What is she, Jim?"

(Continued on Page 84)



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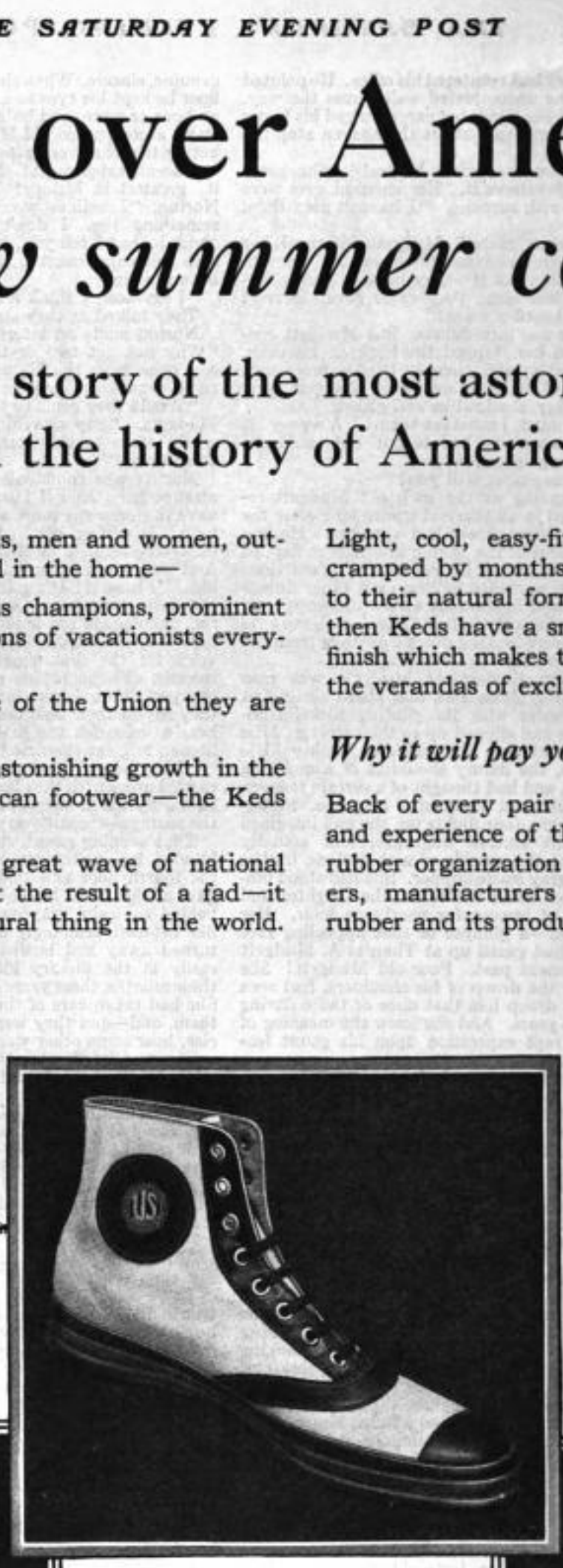
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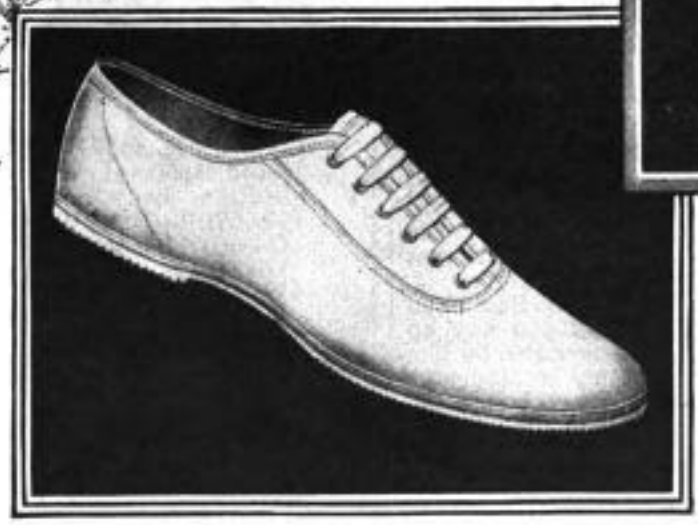
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(Continued from Page 81)

"Well—not an unusual type; only—she's prettier than the rest. Her principal rôle—the one that made her famous—was in connection with a breach of promise or alienation of affection suit or something of the kind two or three years ago. Then—there were other things—and, after the trial, headliner in vaudeville. Let's talk about something else. Myself, for instance. You've noticed I'm beginning to use a cane, Helen. I'm still unmarried. I'm beginning to use a cane, Helen."

She put her hand into his and he patted it with tenderness.

"There's someone else I want to know about. A man named Norton; Max Norton."

He became interested. "You're dealing with characters. What's back of this questionnaire? Are you writing a drama? What's the plot?"

"But that's what I'm trying to find out," said Miss Bax. "Who is Max Norton? Do you know him?"

"I've known him ever since he was a copy boy."

"Yes?" She waited. "Please go on. What is he now?"

"Offhand, I'd say he's an architect—specializing in castles in the air. That is, the things he builds seldom have foundations. Norton—well, say someone wants a reputation. Max will build it for a consideration. Nice fellow, keen, successful—one of the keenest press agents in the business."

"I think that's all I want to know," said Miss Bax in an even voice. "Now tell me about the garden on Long Island and the men who go down to the sea in ships."

"Let's talk garden," he insisted, rooting in Mudgett's desk for a sheet of paper. "I'll show you how I'm planting it this year." And he began to draw diagrams.

Some days later Miss Bax received a note scribbled on copy paper. With difficulty she deciphered this breathless piece of information:

Asparagus is up.

JIM.

P. S. Flora May Saxton is to make her début on the screen latter part of this month. Will you go with me? Picture called The Foundling. J.

XII

NIGHT in the little room adjoining heaven, yet far removed therefrom. This is the immaculate room done in gray and old rose. But it is night, and the little matron, with fingers interlaced beneath her head, is gazing up into the dark void above her narrow bed. It seems to her she is not looking up, however, but down into a well the fathomless waters of which mirror vague, disquieting pictures. Reflected are the faces of other women's children—children they have abandoned and she has loved. That is one of the things she sees—her love for them, pent up for months, for years, never a syllable, never a sigh to tell them of it.

Even more clearly, gazing into the darkness, she sees the foundling home, poor old Mudgett, heaven itself being used to advertise the wares of Flora May Saxton. She tries to imagine the stories Max Norton will write about the first woman these babies are to see—the gurgles of delight, the gestures, the liquid sounds that will come from their throats as they cling to her with bewildered joy. She tries to imagine these stories actually in print—Mudgett's records of two years, college professors, phonographs to give them authenticity; her months of weariness and love, the home, Mudgett, heaven itself, described in the papers to advance the notoriety of some woman—such a woman!

The little matron restlessly unlaces her fingers, gropes for the listening apparatus at the side of her bed, places it to her ear. Lo! One of the angels is awake. It's Ya-he, the Black Angel. He's laughing: "Ya-he-he-he!"

She continues to listen. Heaven becomes silent.

Determinedly now the little matron closes her eyes, but presently they open wide again, staring into the darkness. Perversely enough, she cannot stop her mind from working. She is thinking of gaunt, helpless Mudgett. Her thoughts, however, contain no demeaning adjectives. She sees him as he is—not his acts, but his motives. And her vision is very clear. Also—this, too, is strange—she gazes unperturbed into the darkness when her mind pictures him as a gaunt ungainly man begging and bullying—penurious, miserly, vulturelike. She loves him for all three qualities because—well, because. She can't explain it to herself, but there is something noble even in miserliness—when it is for a purpose.

She tells herself, "He isn't afraid of what people think. That's part of it. He just goes ahead, bargaining, beating down, begging. The thing he is trying to do is bigger than the things people think—counts for more."

Then, too, aren't these qualities the readable record of the things he has suffered—a life as angular, hard and shadowy as he himself? His exterior is a portrait of his life—that is it—a portrait of his life—his huge bony fists, those gaunt shoulders.

Lying there another curious thought comes to her: "What a spacious, gloomy heart he has!" She thinks of its vastness, its simplicity; and remembers that a single candle on a frosted cake had dispelled its gloom. A spacious heart, but how easily illumined!

Again she gropes for the listening instrument. Heaven is silent.

She asks herself a question: Is love ever unselfish? Her love? Suppose he should love some other woman; suppose it were possible to transplant all the feeling she has for him into this other woman, leaving herself empty, would she do it? Did she love him that much? "Yes," she whispers presently, "I love him that much. But I wouldn't do it!" It isn't a fair question; she has put it merely to torture herself. "I couldn't do it because it would leave me just an empty shell." And she thinks of herself as an empty shell lying at the bottom of the deepest of oceans.

Once during this tortured night she sits bolt upright in her bed, her gown falling from her shoulders. She will dress! She will tell him who these people are! Now! She can't wait. But presently she sinks back among her pillows. If she told him he would be sure to go through life with his shoulders drooping and with that perplexed look in his eyes. No, it wouldn't do, it wouldn't do. He must find it out for himself. He himself must discover them. How? She knows not. When? She cannot answer. But he must discover things for himself.

Again she listens, hoping for some sign from heaven. But there is none. The angels are sleeping. She places her head in the elbow of her arm.

"No—I couldn't do that. I don't want to be an empty shell. I want to sail like the nautilus over the surface to the end of the wide ocean, then—then with all imperfections left behind to sail on and on—together."

Dawn reaches in with its slender finger and closes the little matron's soft gray eyes.

XIII

EASTER came in the April of this year, so it will be remembered; and on Good Friday, the date set by Max Norton, three distinguished scholars met in the dingy office of Thomas A. Mudgett. The culminating event of the great linguistic experiment was about to take place. Mudgett was arrayed in his Prince Albert, a stiff shirt and high winged collar. He had strutted about all morning in this regalia, giving orders, repeating them, dominating the home. But now he was pulling his elongated left ear, clearing his throat, and gulping in an effort to explain the magnitude of his experiment. Almost incoherent, he was botching it terribly. Norton, at the desk assiduously making notes, turned and shot old Mudgett a glance. In lucid smooth periods Norton explained what Mudgett was trying to say. The three philologists listened politely. Now and again the bald-headed man sitting by the window crossed the other knee and pursed his lips, but he listened; now and again the large man near the desk shot his gray, parted beard a little farther out of his collar, but presently sank back in his chair and listened; occasionally the sallow young man by the door smiled and his eyelids twitched behind thick glasses, but still he listened. All were listening politely. It was clear, even to old Mudgett with his brain a hopeless muddle, that all three were agnostic to his evolutionary theory of language. They doubted the value of his experiment, doubted him, his angels, heaven itself. Agnostics. Finally he could stand it no longer.

"I got it in the book!" He rose up and broke in upon the smooth dissertation of Norton. "I got it in that book—there!" He hung over them, shadowy, vulturelike. "I say now, you don't believe it, but I [illegible] it in a book—written down." He [illegible] over to the desk. "It's in here." He [illegible] the book on a table and opened it. "H[illegible]dreds, four hundred and thirty sounds [illegible] combinations of sounds. I got the [illegible] they use again and again. And the [illegible] meaning back of them. A language. [illegible] language. The first language. I can [illegible] it. I can talk it, and they can [illegible] It's their language. They understand [illegible] other; not everything, but enough—[illegible] everything. And I can understand [illegible] You may laugh ——" He straighten[illegible] up, faced them defiantly. No one was laugh[illegible]ing. "I say now, I'm not a scholar; I understand them. I don't know G[illegible] or Sanskrit; but I've taken down [illegible] sounds they make and written down [illegible] they mean and traced these sounds [illegible] into the common everyday words [illegible] body uses right here in America to[illegible] Language came from this, and Greek [illegible] from it, Sanskrit, Latin, all the langu[illegible] You don't believe it? I'm going to [illegible] it! They've never heard a human [illegible] not a single word. But you're go[illegible] hear them talk—say things, under[illegible] each other. You can take notes, an[illegible] phonographs will take notes too; [illegible] we'll come back to this book and [illegible] see for yourself. That's all. I'm go[illegible] take you up there to hear for yourself [illegible] original language. I'm going to tal[illegible] now, right now. I'm not going to wa[illegible] longer. Right now. That's all."

"Not quite all," put in Norton. "[illegible] experiment is even more interesting [illegible] tlemen. To-day," he told them im[illegible]sively—"to-day for the first time in [illegible] lives these children are going to h[illegible] voice and see a face other than their [illegible] They are going to see a woman, and [illegible] fitting, a beautiful woman. You [illegible] witness their reaction. Careful [illegible] graphic records will be taken of [illegible] sounds they make when she enters. [illegible] have given names to everything [illegible] them—everything they have ever [illegible] You may quite properly ask yourself [illegible] will be their name for woman? The[illegible] in the original language, for woman [illegible] this woman? We shall see. Mme [illegible] will be here in a few moments. Pr[illegible] you have heard of her—for she is, [illegible] men, concededly the most beautiful [illegible] in America. I shall wait here and [illegible] to the fourth floor."

Mudgett led the way; the three [illegible] gists followed, discussing learnedly [illegible] tones a certain brand of pipe to[illegible] Reaching the fourth floor, however, [illegible] became interested in the scientific a[illegible]ment and apparatus of the anteroo[illegible] when they placed the receivers to [illegible] ears and their eyes to the miniature [illegible] holes all three became absorbed. [illegible] would not?

The babies had but recently wa[illegible] from their nap. It was modified [illegible] Ya-he, the African giant, and Ca[illegible] the White Crow, were having a wr[illegible] match in the far corner over a st[illegible] empty spools. They were grunting [illegible] other angrily. La-la was looking on [illegible] to pull Caw-caw's hair when the [illegible] presented itself. Yo-o was laughing [illegible] Dove, seated beneath a window, was [illegible] ing to a rag doll. The two others [illegible] were still in their cribs.

Miss Bax, trim and efficient, with [illegible] veil and gray-blue uniform, was ob[illegible] of the four pairs of eyes watching h[illegible] anteroom. Quietly she went about [illegible] duties—making up the cribs, dress[illegible] babies, putting them on the floor t[illegible] Her thoughts were not of the phil[illegible] at all. She was thinking of the wo[illegible] nay, was it not a serpent that soug[illegible] enter this Paradise so carefully [illegible] from all the world? Her mind [illegible] natural digression. What would Flo[illegible] Saxton wear? Diamonds? Cloth o[illegible] Something equally gaudy, she decid[illegible]

The babies having been [illegible] clothed, Miss Bax threw wide the [illegible] windows, converting the room [illegible] was quite as airy and healthful as [illegible] tected porch. She stood there for [illegible] ment gazing across at the new fre[illegible] home, slowly nearing completion. [illegible] afternoon and the laborers were [illegible] noisiest—good-naturedly shouting [illegible] shocking profanity from the roof [illegible] sidewalk. The little matron decided [illegible] best to close the windows on this [illegible] days. Having done so, all was in re[illegible] for the climax of the great exp[illegible] Miss Bax stood motionless for a [illegible]

(Continued on Page 87)

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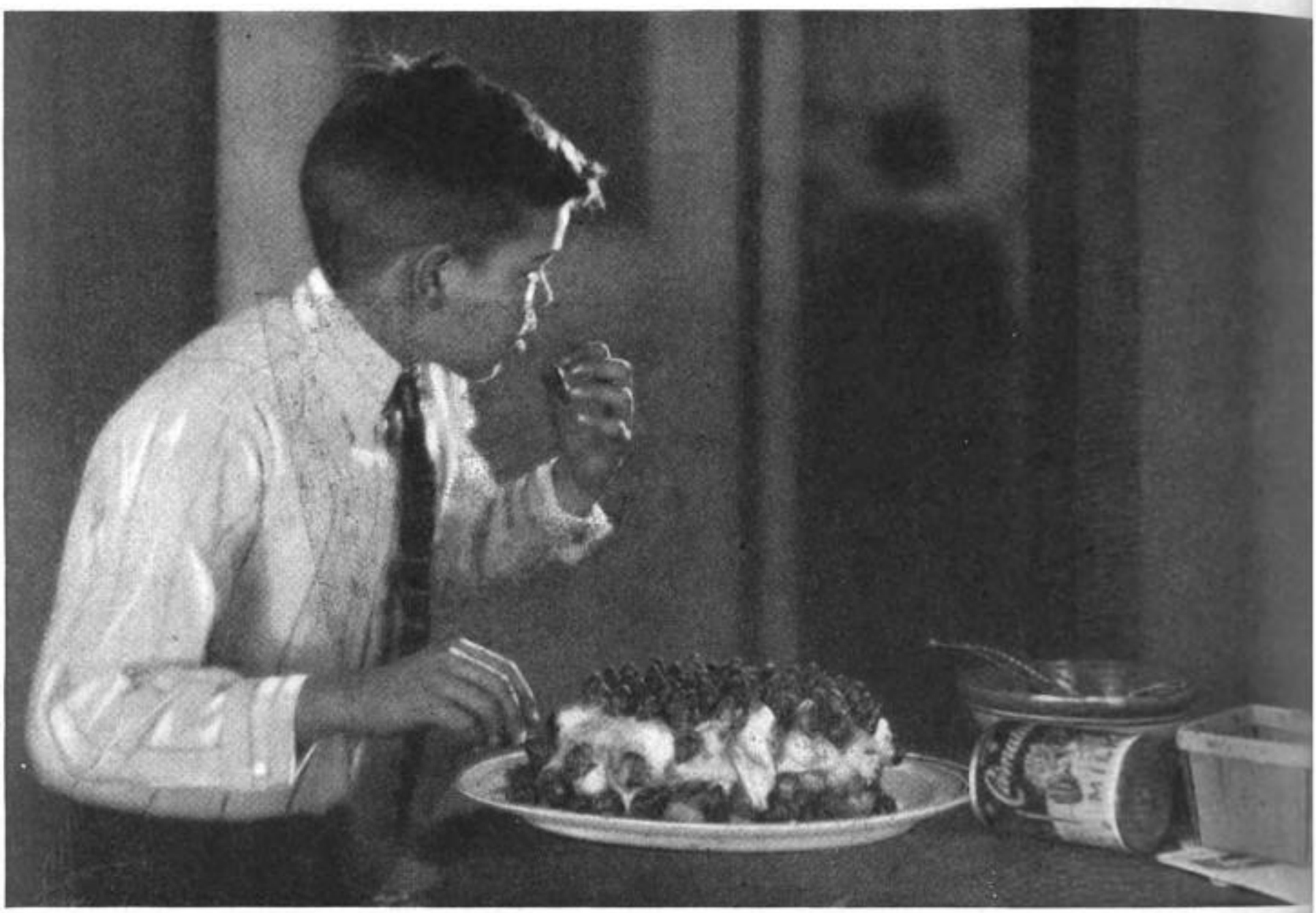
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(Continued from Page 84)

g down upon the seven babies, then
d the anteroom, and for the first time
rly two years left the door of heaven
ed.

tense moment had arrived. The
hilologists, standing on the step be-
the portholes, peered into the front
The bewhiskered man was taking
Mudgett had gone to the top of the
y. A woman's voice was audible:
a climb! I'm all out of breath. And
dies, how are they?"
reached the top of the steps and
against the wall, catching her breath
e gasps, her hand to her breast.
tt's shoulders drooped as never be-
ile he gazed with rapture upon this
l creature. Norton was still on the
y; only his beaming face with a dent
nose could be seen. "Big! It's
ig, Mudgett." He squeezed past,
the anteroom and busied himself
recording phonographs.
was Miss Bax's first close view of
lay Saxton. The matron had re-
er gray veil and was standing in
rway leading to the narrow hall.
ld she find it in her heart to blame
tional droop of poor old Mudgett's
s. Miss Saxton was pretty; no
it. Nor was she bizarre in cloth
Clinging crêpe meteor she wore.
ps had been removed. Her hair
y sunlight. Her eyes —— Invol-
the little matron moved closer,
the eyes of the woman who was
g things to gaunt, shadowy Mud-

—where in the world had she seen
e? Where had she seen those un-
e emerald eyes?
terminated this perplexed mus-
ything was ready, he announced.
rding machines were ready to
e angels' name for Flora May

lay floated past Miss Bax with-
her, and entered the anteroom.
logists glanced down from their
She smiled at them with the
hery that had befogged old Mud-
no doubt each in his own mind
ng about among innumerable
Greek, Latin and Sanskrit, for
hich might express this radiant
But that was for the angels to

ere only five portholes, and none
eserved for Miss Bax. The little
de her way to her own room. At
w she looked down upon the
e foundling home, where the
dren were playing hopscotch.
known them since they were
these years. Yet she could not
ne of them. Mist clouded her
She wiped away the mist. "A
no right to cry," she told her-
s she is very, very old or very,
. I'm neither. I'm just very,
." She smoothed her hair at
irror over the dressing table,
the top drawer for a fresh
f, then, being also very, very
on the edge of her bed and
iny listening apparatus to her

y had entered heaven. This
nced by the rushing here and
angels—their small bare feet
the cloudlike flooring. Heaven
moil. Miss Bax held the re-
listlessly. She could visualize
what they were doing, where
imilar scenes had been enacted
before when something had startled them—a few howls, and the scurrying of bare feet and bare knees.

Now they were silent. All of them. Not a sound. She could visualize their wide eyes and gaping mouths as they crowded together for mutual protection against the wall, near the cribs. She wondered if the phonographs had recorded the frightened howls.

La-la began to cry.

Goo began to cry.

All the angels in sympathy began to cry.

"Kiddies ——" The voice of Flora May rose above the din. "Kiddies ——" There was shocked silence, breathlessness. Flora May laughed. "Kiddies, what is your name for me? You mustn't be frightened. What is your name for Flora May?"

Caw-caw, the White Crow, the offspring of vikings, let loose an ear-splitting wail. And all the angels in sympathy began to wail.

"But, kiddies! Kiddies!"

Silence.

"You mustn't cry like that. I'm just a woman."

La-la and Yo-o howled in unison.

Miss Bax smiled. Then the smile left her eyes—suddenly.

"You're awful!" came the exasperated voice of the Saxton woman. But it was not this that caused Miss Bax to clutch the listening instrument so tightly to her ear. She had detected amid that babble an unusual sound, a combination of sounds, a word. She could have shrieked aloud, "Take her out of there!" She whispered, "Oh! Oh! It's terrible! It's —— If they stop their howling everyone will hear it—the philologists, the phonographs! Oh! Oh! Oh!"

"Kiddies"—again the voice of the Saxton woman had risen above the babble, again there was silence—"what is your name for Flora?"

A soft angel voice answered before the question was completed. "Ell," said Ya-he, the Black Angel, trying out a word, "ell—ell—ell—ell—ell—elloun—elloun—elloun."

Caw-caw made it a duologue and got the "h." "Hellhoun'—hellhoun'—hellhoun'."

And all the angels took up the cry in sympathy.

Miss Bax dropped the instrument, rushed from her room, along the hall, into the antechamber. The bald-headed philologist was shaking with mirth, the bewhiskered one was chuckling, the sallow youth was taking notes. Poor old Mudgett with his Tower of Babel falling about his elongated ears was groaning, "I say now! I say now!" Norton, vying with the angels, was vilifying the phonographs in his frantic effort to get them turned off.

It was too horrible! The little matron hardly paused. She burst into heaven. Chaos. Pandemonium. All heaven was vilifying the woman. The angels were swearing like parrots. The Saxton woman in her bewildered desperation made a grab for one of the flying babies. She caught the little Dove. "You! You little ——"

Miss Bax ran to the child, stood over the woman.

"You mustn't! Don't you dare!"

But her threat was unnecessary. Some mysterious thing more potent than the little matron had laid a restraining hand upon the woman. She stooped over the Dove, transfixed; a drawn expression, almost a grimace, came over her lovely face. She loosened her hold on the child, staggered to her feet and groped for the door. The little matron led her gently to the anteroom, where Norton, now grimly silent, took her in charge. Mudgett had followed the philologists to the stairway, expostulating, "I say now! I say now!"

Miss Bax reëntered the front room. She closed the door. She was alone with the babies, her babies. "Mine!" She held out her arms to them and they came running to her, clung to her skirts. She got on her knees among them, and they smothered her, sobbing and wailing. "Mine!" She was no longer mute. The pent-up love of months came to her lips in words and to her eyes in tears. "My babies! Mine!"

It was dusk before the little matron could quiet them and get them into their cribs. She leaned over each in turn. First there was Ya-he, then La-la, then Goo. To each she gave its first kiss. They laughed. They thought it very amusing indeed—to be kissed. They had never been kissed before. They laughed and imitated the noise with their lips. Next there was the giant, Caw-caw, who thought it funnier than all the rest. He laughed even louder than Ya-he. Then came Gar-r-r, the Merchant Prince; then the Dove.

Over the sixth crib she leaned for a long, long while. The Dove was silent, looking up at the little matron. Miss Bax studied the large lovely eyes of the Dove—like emerald sunlight coming down through the leaves of young trees. "I wonder—I wonder ——" And presently she said, "You are going to be mine. I'm going to adopt you."

As she straightened, a curious object came into her vision—a gaunt, shadowy man standing silently by the door in the dusk. Poor old Mudgett! His shoulders were drooping. He seemed wholly befogged.

"I—I'm going to adopt her," whispered the little matron.

Mudgett gazed through the gloom, and he shook his great shaggy head. "No. I say now, Miss Saxton's down in the office—crying. She wants her."

"She can't have her!" said the little matron.

"Crying," repeated Mudgett. "This heaven has done something to her—to me—to all of us. It's changed her. I can't tell you what she told me. I say now, she told me everything."

"She can't have her! She can't have her! She tried to use you, these babies, heaven itself ——"

"That was Norton," said Mudgett. "She couldn't tell him—not till just now. When she first came to the home something drew her here. She couldn't stay away any longer. She thought her own baby was here—and it was."

"She can't have her! She can't have her! She can't have her!"

"Listen!" said Mudgett. He moved through the dusk and leaned over the sixth crib. "Listen!"

From the Dove was coming a lovely liquid sound: "Goo—goo."

"What does it mean?" asked the little matron.

"It is the first thing that every baby says. It means," replied Mudgett hoarsely, "it means, 'God—is—good.'"

Silence. Dusk. And the silence was broken by the sob of the little matron. "I want her. I—I want her."

Poor old befogged Mudgett! "I say now," he faltered, "why don't you have some babies of your own?"

"Mr. Mudgett!"

"I say now—I mean—why don't we—we—have some of our own!"

And heaven was atop the foundling home—fourth floor front.

(THE END)

TRUST EMILY

(Continued from Page 21)

de a few beginnings, and then
the women impartially.
said, "it would be quite easy
o you all singly, y'know.

ır!" cried Gwen. "I know!"
ced at Gwen furiously.
nderstand perfectly," sighed

please everybody," said Ar-
on the little favor with which
is defense was met.
er passed Cyril a stunned look.
dear Arthur," Mrs. Drelin-
in. "It's just that you have
f humor."
exclaimed Lady Hunter

"Everyone," said Mrs. Drelincourt slyly, "needs a little sense of humor."

She looked at Lady Hunter's hat and at the deplorable pictures of the twins. She began to laugh cruelly. "Ha, ha, ha! Forgive m-m-me! I simply c-c-can't help—ha, ha, ha!"

"Knowing," said Arthur, trying to follow up his little advantage—"knowing—er—no one would want to—er—meet the other—er—when you all kept coming, I—I—had to devise some means straightaway of keeping you all apart."

"Man's a fool of a liar!" murmured Cyril, wringing his hands. Tact was now nowhere.

Before Arthur could stumble on, however, the Hunters' cook appeared in the doorway, dim but definite in the waning twilight.

She, too, had left the flower show, and toiled, by heaven knows what route of lanes and short cuts and stiles and thorny hedges, to Arthur. She had arrived late, owing to having traveled entirely under her own steam; but she was there.

IX

"OH, HELP!" said Arthur.

The cook was dreadfully taken aback on beholding the assembled company.

"Ow!" she exclaimed.

Lady Hunter rose wearily, and lorgnetted the female through the gathering gloom.

"Cook!" she breathed.

"Come in, cook!" cried Arthur wildly.



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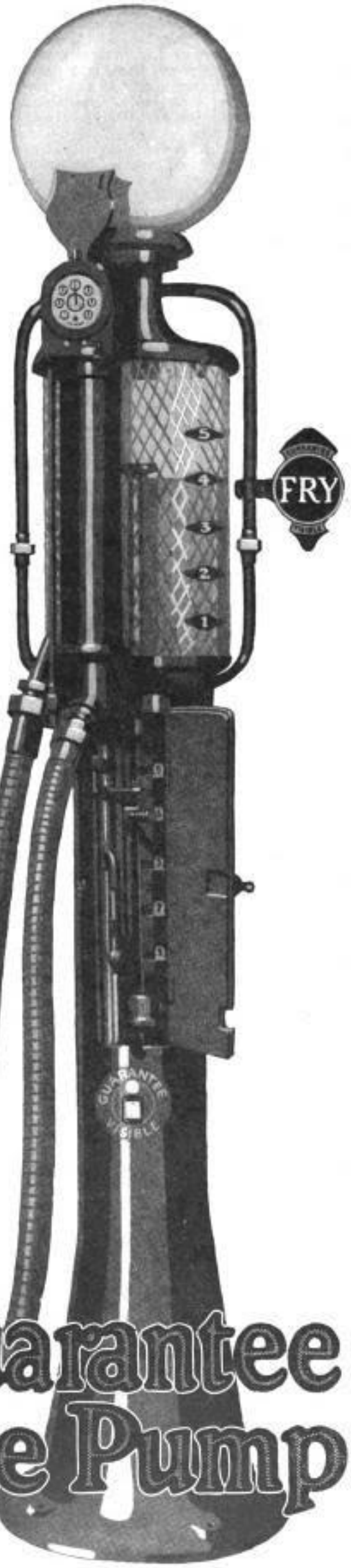
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Cyril looked at him, appalled.

"Thank you, Mr. Arthur," replied cook coyly; and she stepped in.

"And sit down!" added Arthur with sudden determination, for it was revealed to him that if it had to come, really it were better that it all came at once.

"Ow! Thank you, Mr. Arthur!" murmured the cook more coyly yet.

She crossed the room, followed by the eyes of everyone present. She was still breathing hard after her arduous journey, for she was most generously built. Nature had, in fact, endowed her with far more than any sane woman could wish for.

"She cannot sit!" said Lady Hunter, outraged.

"Oh, how distressin'!" Cyril murmured sympathetically.

"She can and will sit just like other people," said Arthur. "Sit, cook."

"Ow! Thank you, Mr. Arthur," repeated cook.

She took a little chair against the wall, from which resting place she glanced blissfully round her.

"It's a nice solid little 'ome, isn't it?" said she.

Lady Hunter groaned angrily.

"Dear lady," whispered Cyril, soothing her, "democracy! Democracy! It's the only thing you'll ever get Sir William into Parliament on."

Before Lady Hunter could reply the door from the kitchen opened very quietly, and in came little Parks, in her ulster, carrying her things. For a moment, so unobtrusively had she entered, no one saw her save Arthur. Then Gwen caught sight of her retiring figure.

Gwen stood up and pointed. The others looked. There was a tense silence.

"Cy-ril!" said Lady Hunter, turning to him.

"No," said Cyril, nearly pettish by now, "I can do nothing."

There was an appalling pause, all eyes straining upon little Parks, who stood very quiet and demure. People tried to s things; began, and stopped.

Cyril sighed. "No," he mused, "I do not know how—he—does—g

"I don't do it," growled Arthur

He kept looking towards Parks, smiling a very little. He could gleam of just two little front teeth by her parted lips.

"Demand an explanation!" Drelincourt quite faintly to Lady

"Cyril!" cried Lady Hunter.

He sidled away. "No, dear he, really firmly: "no, I can do My *savoir faire* is at fault."

Then Arthur spoke very sturdily he tugged at his collar a bit as more air.

"I think you've all met Miss Parks will kindly give us tea."

"Oh, if you please, Mr. Nethery Parks, gasping a little. "I'm g you I was going!"

"You shan't go," said Arthur "Didn't you promise to help me

All stared through the dusk at Arthur.

"Do you need me, then, Mr. asked she slowly.

"'Course I need you!" said gruffly. "Drop that thing!"

She put the holdall on the one saw her smile.

Lady Hunter recovered spoke in a staccato voice:

"Parks!"

"Miss Parks," said Arthur

Little Parks smiled.

It was then that Cyril finesse, and gave everyone a the cook, who sat in a highly petrified state upon the little

"Good afternoon, Miss Cyril very charmingly. "This opportunity to congratulate ally in having won the first table decorations! A nice—ah er—mess you made of it, I'm



"You Must Let Me Try it on, Dear, One Day," Said the Cook, Eying Gwen's Frock Dreamily

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you, Mr. Wakefield," smiled

said Lady Hunter.
lincourt and the twins huddled
aring.
r made a move which had to
or later. She was a fearless
ssed off her ulster and stood re-
ed from head to foot in the loot
before.
e frock!" cried Gwen in a be-

-" cried Angela, peering down
t.
incourt said nothing, but her
brightly on the cute little hat.
spoke: "I'm surprised to find
here before me! In all my
id. No, I never, never did."
gazed at Lady Hunter's
eely.
rks," said Mrs. Drelincourt,
coldly. Parks moved oblig-
l. "You may remember I told
g last night. Have you ——"
l Parks very slowly.
id Mrs. Drelincourt—"well—
w?"
s did not answer.
u told anyone, Parks—Miss
l Gwen excitedly.
Gwendolen," replied Parks

an to tug seriously at his col-
k from one girl to the other.
ng up and intercepted Gwen.
ed in a ring upon Parks, and
note how loving and friendly
become.
d Parks' hand, but Angela
er.
s Parks," said she brightly,
ought you ought to better
ne! This is splendid."
you, Miss Harmony," mur-

very obligingly at Angela.
not looking quite yourself.
hing for you?"
d Angela softly, "there was
ked you to do for me, wasn't

d Parks' shoes and stockings
'arks' gaze followed hers.
p thoughtfully at each other.
mperceptibly, it seemed—so
she—Parks broke through
well-wishers. She emerged
npletely, as it were, and ad-

u wish me to do anything in
. Netherby?"
Arthur. "Just pour out the
must be poured out."
cried Lady Hunter pite-
oo faint to care."
er seat before the tea tray.
spitable tea, and Parks was
yet she did not suggest a
induce the visitors to stay
m.
Tch!" cried Lady Hunter.
sition's full of absurdities.
st speak out and end it!"
imed Mrs. Drelincourt.
t her. She recovered her

ecret," said she with de-
id but great significance,
n to Miss Parks. Let her

l at the knees and his jaw
s a blow under the belt. It
nexpected awful thing that
to him during those two
Parks knew?
forward. "Yes," she said
cantly as Mrs. Drelincourt,
ows. Let her tell!"
Emily's arm a loving nip.
nice girl been so warmly

round, feeling himself now
e were gagged and bound.
?
!" shrieked Lady Hunter.
Miss Parks knew all about
said Gwen, pushing past
Drelincourt to fling her
s' neck and give her quite

al ——" Lady Hunter

k leaned forward on the
east her bomb into their

Tell, dear, tell!"
, from sheer necessity,
piece. His condition was
arks. As has been noted before, she had her maternal instincts strongly developed. She gave him an encouraging smile over Gwen's embracing shoulders. He just saw her two small front teeth glimmer.

"I came here to save you, Mr. Arthur," said she very softly and soothingly.

"Tell!" uttered Mrs. Drelincourt.

"Tell!" "Tell!" urged Angela and Gwen, storming against each other.

"Tell!" shrieked Lady Hunter.

"Tell, me love!" said cook sublimely, rocking on the little chair.

Arthur tried to say "No! no!" but couldn't.

"Shall I begin at the beginning?" little Parks was heard to inquire very meekly.

"No, the end," said Lady Hunter.

"Begin just where you like, dear," murmured Mrs. Drelincourt.

"Thank you, dear," replied Parks.

Mrs. Drelincourt drew herself up, while the dusk hid Cyril's smile of appreciation. He was so seldom allowed to enjoy things like this.

"And don't—don't hurry," begged Arthur hoarsely.

"And don't let anyone flurry you," advised Angela, looking daggers, first at Mrs. Drelincourt, then at Gwen.

"No, Miss Harmony," said little Parks very peacefully; "no one shall flurry me."

Lady Hunter subsided again on the sofa, lorgnette on the narrator. The twins and Mrs. Drelincourt were poised tensely. How jealously Cyril watched Angela!

Parks sat domestically before the tea tray. "Last night, about seven ——" she began.

"Yes. Yes-s-s!" hissed Lady Hunter.

"Yes?" nodded Mrs. Drelincourt.

"Yes-s-s?" whispered Angela and Gwen.

"Yes?" said Arthur, frozen to the marrow.

"Yes?" encouraged Cyril.

Parks paused for a little while. She really had not prepared herself for this emergency; but she trusted to meet it somehow as the tale unfolded. If the worst came to the worst, she was absolutely and actually capable of telling the truth; but, naturally, she hoped for no such necessity.

"Last night, about seven," she began again, "Mr. Steers said to me, 'It's a full moon to-night, and there's bound to be goings on.'"

"Really!" said Lady Hunter, starting.

"And I said to Mr. Steers," the simple girl continued modestly, "I said, 'Don't you envy them?' And he said to me, 'Thank heavens, in some matters there is no class distinction.'"

"True," said Lady Hunter with pleasant patronage, after the pause had become marked. "Love is for all."

Little Parks looked around rather dreamily. Everyone manifested impatience.

"After dinner," she continued thoughtfully, "the ladies went out into the garden, Mr. Netherby following later."

"Go on!" cried Gwen, nodding.

"Cook came up to me in the kitchen window," continued Parks.

The cook drooped her head a trifle and might have been seen to smile.

Here little Parks spoke more dramatically. "'There he goes,' she says to me. 'A beautiful figure he's got, hasn't he? He's Australian.'"

Arthur writhed.

A low simper broke from the cook, and Lady Hunter instantly lorgnetted her.

"We heard the ladies coo-eeing," added Parks.

She paused again to consider the end of her tale.

"And then?" queried Lady Hunter tensely.

"Cook lost the cat," replied Parks in great simplicity.

Lady Hunter nodded and glanced round. The tale hung together. It was veracious. She remembered the cat.

"Yes-s-s?" she whispered. "And then?"

"Cook went into the garden, too," said Parks.

Arthur made weak signs for her to stop, but she continued to answer the questions put to her.

"Why?" gasped Lady Hunter.

"To find the cat," replied Parks in great simplicity.

Lady Hunter sighed and hit the floor with her toes. "And then?"

"I had to bring in the rugs and cushions from the hammocks," answered Parks.

"Yes?" gasped Lady Hunter.

"So I went into the garden," murmured Parks. *(Continued on Page 92)*



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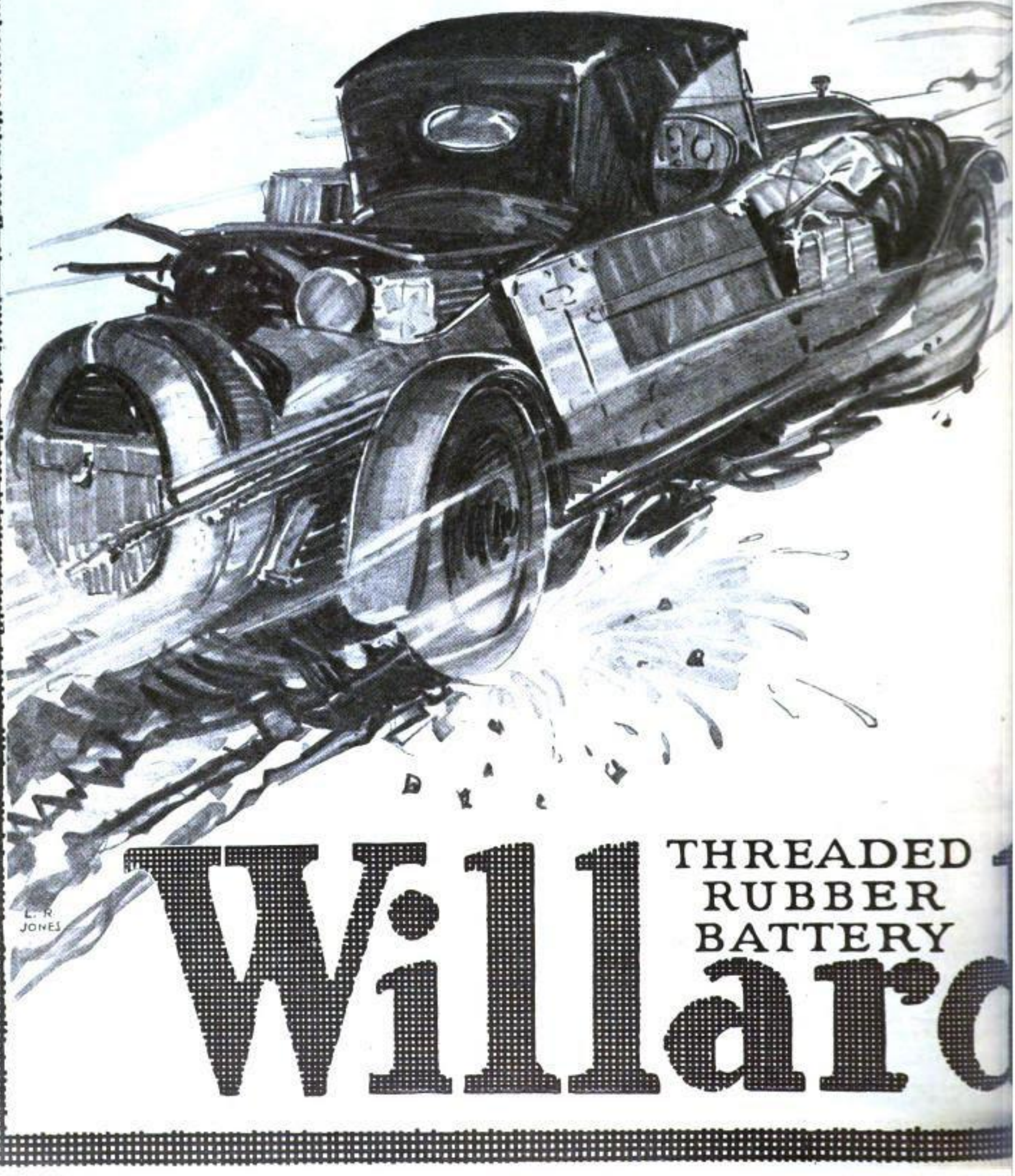
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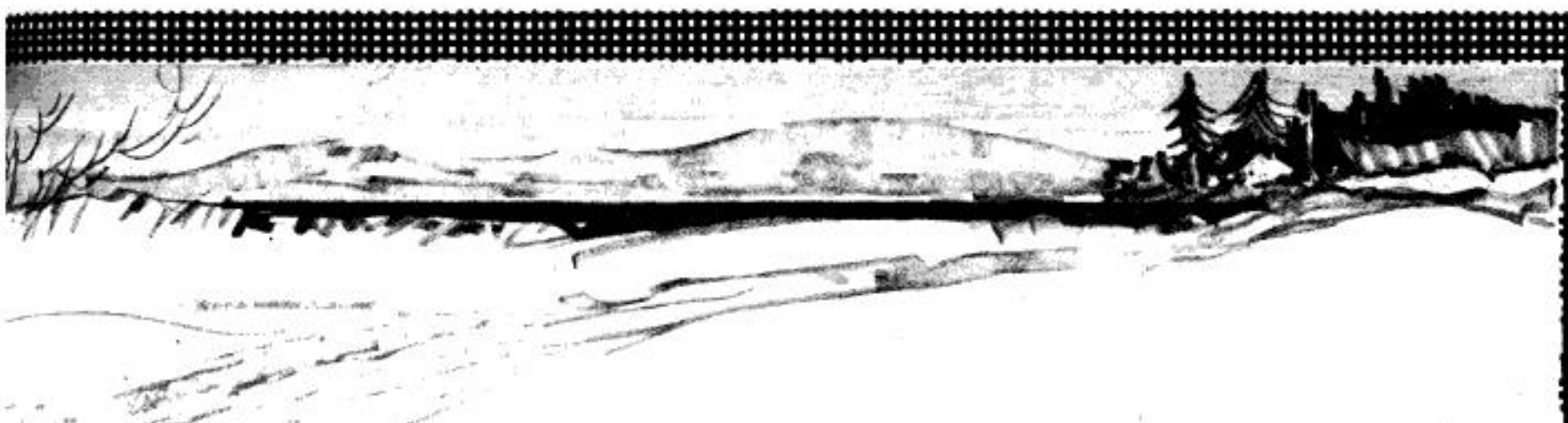
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(Continued from Page 89)

Then Arthur suddenly drew himself erect, and stood away from the supporting mantelpiece. His hands had been clutched in the pockets of his ruined coat, but now he withdrew them. In one he held a telegram. He tore it open and took one look.

"Hi!" he roared. "Stop!"

The attention of everyone in the room was diverted instantly and completely to Arthur.

He brandished the telegram.

"Thank heaven," he said loudly, "that I opened this in time! It came an hour ago, but I ——"

He gazed round at all their startled faces. Little Parks' face was as wholly startled as the others.

"Thank heaven," said he devoutly—"thank heaven that no one's involved yet but myself!"

"What is it?" queried Lady Hunter.

"Has anything really happened, old man?" Cyril inquired tactfully.

Unnoticed by everyone little Parks rose, distraught, her hands clasped on her breast.

"Has anything happened!" repeated Arthur sardonically.

"Oh, please, Mr. Arthur," cried Parks chokily, "what's the matter?"

"I—I ought to know," said Mrs. Drelincourt, turning her back pointedly on the twins.

"I've had news from Australia," said Arthur.

As he said this he crumpled the telegram and pushed it back into his pocket. He seemed to do it unconsciously.

He continued, "As I said, this came a while ago, but I was so—so busy—so preoccupied—that I didn't open it. Now I have opened it I—I certainly feel you"—he looked at Mrs. Drelincourt, and from her vaguely to the twins—"you have a right to know." He took a deep breath. "I'm ruined."

A rustling pause fell upon the room.

"Ruined?" repeated Lady Hunter.

"Dear, dear Mr. Netherby," said Mrs. Drelincourt with much hesitation, "please—please—explain."

Arthur explained with a truly admirable fortitude in such calamitous circumstances. No one could do other than esteem him.

Little Parks sat down unobtrusively again in her seat behind the tea tray. No one now noticed her. She had lost her recent brief popularity.

"All my sheep," said Arthur, "have had foot rot; I doubt if they'll save half of 'em. I doubt if they'll save a quarter. There seems, also, to have been a bush fire which—er—spread to some new property I'd bought."

Preliminary sounds of grief were already heard from cook in her little chair.

"And to crown all," said Arthur somberly, "my mine's flooded."

"Ow! Ow! Dear!" said cook, crying.

It was quite interesting to observe how promptly the situation began obviously to present itself as one of great delicacy from which everyone must try to extricate herself in a nice way. This feeling began to run over the room in sympathetic air waves.

"Things seem complete, old man," said Cyril. "Complete."

"Yes," said Arthur; "I don't see that there's anything to add. But if you think there is I'll add it."

"Oh, there's nothing—nothing—to be said, my poor boy," said Lady Hunter agitatedly. For a few moments she had been stunned into utter speechlessness. "You must come and see Uncle William, and talk it over. But oh, dear! Oh, dear! I hate these come-downs when the family has only just got up! Really, it's terrible—terrible! Complete, as Cyril says. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I can't think what to do or say."

"It's like the book of Job," cried the cook, weeping.

"I haven't a solitary bean," said Arthur, looking stealthily around him, and getting the strength back into his knees.

There was, very suddenly, a sound in the room—a rustle, a wave of impending departures.

"This is too terrible!" Lady Hunter was wailing; and Mrs. Drelincourt was sighing, "Oh! it's all too—awfully—sad!" And they were all drawing on their gloves. Mrs. Drelincourt began; and then Gwen, observing her, did likewise; and Angela, who throughout the imbroglio had kept step for step in her turn, followed suit. There seemed to be a kind of feeling that whoever had her gloves on last would have to stay longest, and everyone made haste.

"Buck up, darling," said [illegible] dulcet tones to Gwen. "After [illegible] young and strong ——"

Gwen turned on her swiftly.

"I was never as strong as [illegible] cried.

"As one engaged girl to an[illegible] said Angela gently.

"Engaged?" cried Gwen.

Angela smiled at Cyril, and [illegible] stood by her gladly.

"Yes!" he cried, "to me!"

He rolled an eye round a[illegible] ingly in Lady Hunter's direc[illegible] deed she appeared devastat[illegible] thing had to be.

"Cy-ril!" said Lady Hunter[illegible]

Her emotion was covered [illegible] tinuing to Gwen: "You are [illegible] engaged ages, my dear. And [illegible] must try to cheer up Arthur."

"I don't know what you [illegible]" Gwen. "It's Mrs. Drelincourt [illegible] gaged to Arthur."

"My dear little girl," said Mrs. [illegible] court in a cool voice, "what a [illegible] take! I've been longing for [illegible] when I could congratulate [illegible]

In spite of the awful [illegible] ceived, and the blight it [illegible] Lady Hunter clung to Cyril [illegible] gency. She wished above all [illegible] this situation.

"Oh, Cyril, Cyril!" she said [illegible] shall we all do?"

"Go home," said the youth [illegible]

For he was sorry for Arthur, [illegible] wanted his dinner, and, though the [illegible] full moon, the arbor in Lady [illegible] garden was dark, and he reckoned [illegible] got Angela now, stone cold.

When Arthur heard Cyril say [illegible] mopped his forehead relievedly.

"Yes," said Lady Hunter [illegible] "dear boy, we'll go. And, Angela, [illegible] must come and see Uncle William [illegible] morning." She embraced Angela. [illegible] I'm so upset!"

"Thank you, Aunt Jane," [illegible] Arthur.

Mrs. Drelincourt was at [illegible] touching his arm with a [illegible] "Good-by, Mr. Netherby," said [illegible] womanly feeling. "I'm so sorry [illegible] comforting words are so vain. I [illegible] your quaint homely house!"

She moved from him like a [illegible] and found herself by Parks. For a [illegible] they looked at each other. Then [illegible] Parks smiled reassuringly, laid [illegible] on her lips and nodded; and Mrs. [illegible] court passed on.

"Gwen's staying, Lady Hunter," [illegible] Angela.

"I'm not!" cried Gwen tearfully. [illegible] don't see why, just because I'm the [illegible] everything should be put upon me."

Angela ignored her selfish sister, [illegible] proached Arthur with a marvel[illegible] considering the awkward posi[illegible] which she had just saved herself.

"Good-by, Mr. Netherby," she [illegible] "Gwen's a selfish little thing, but [illegible] lieve how I feel for you." The [illegible] absolutely clung to his hand.

"Thank you," muttered Arthur.

Angela moved away, and a [illegible] later was looking cautiously at Parks, [illegible] rose, nodded, gave silent promise [illegible] crecy, and smiled most understandingly. She was a remarkable girl.

"Good-by," whispered Angela, [illegible] there's anything I can ever do for you."

"Thank you, Miss Harmon," [illegible] whispered back, "but you've already [illegible] helped me far more than you know."

Angela joined Mrs. Drelincourt [illegible] threshold. And the chauffeur [illegible] courtyard, seeing his party [illegible] started his engine and switched [illegible] lamps.

Gwen came, pouting, to Arthur. [illegible]

"I'm not selfish a bit, Mr. Netherby," [illegible] she whimpered. "I assure you, if [illegible] I, I wouldn't have left you as Julia [illegible] court is doing. Good-by, you poor [illegible] man! Good-by."

"Oh, thank you, thank you," [illegible] Arthur.

Gwen lingered by Parks. "[illegible] Parks," she whispered, and [illegible] ploring finger lightly on her lips [illegible] understood.

"Good-by, Miss Gwendolen," [illegible]

Cyril was still hovering in his [illegible] decided position between Lady Hunter [illegible] Angela, but suddenly Lady Hunter [illegible] claiming, "Good-by, my poor dear [illegible] rushed out, for her emotions had [illegible]

(Continued on Page 94)

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(Continued from Page 92)

She went, gasping, through the
d. And this left Cyril momen-
ar Arthur.
l luck, old thing," said Cyril. He
oughtfully at little Parks, sighed,
; out.
emained seated against the wall,
mained seated at the table, and
ood surveying them both from the
g. Then all at once the cook rose
essed Arthur agitatedly.
said she. "'Ave you nothink left?"
ing," said Arthur positively.
ok looked around.
' she argued, "it's a nice solid
e."
to be broken up," replied Arthur.
ear! Ow, dear!" said the cook,
fresh.
ared with me," said Arthur,
in, having got a start, was now in
ng order, "your admirer, Steers,
naire."
ok bridled, and it was obvious
houghts began to cast about in a
ion.
me," said Arthur, observing the
his words, "I'm going out to
again to carve my way, among
ns who'd as soon tomahawk you
you. Sooner!"
ar! Ow, dear!" said the cook,
agitated.
' a white woman," continued
hey scalp 'em on sight."
merciful thing you're not a
an," said the cook, making for
"Many as your troubles are, at
it covers all."
hed the door. The party outside
disposed themselves in the car.
give me a lift 'ome beside the
' said she. She threw a kiss to
s. "Good-by, Em'ly. You're a
thing."
ok ran with incredible speed
e courtyard.
nd little Parks were alone. And
ke till they heard the sound of
parture.
work," said Arthur.
murmured Parks.

x

at quite still at the tea table,
ur walked round her. He sur-
rom all angles, and the more he
r the quicker his brain worked.
ing; and to Arthur, alarming.
s, however, sat steadfast, with
the tea tray.
said Arthur at last, "I don't
much you know; but you
ly going to give me away, were

d up quickly.
ie replied. "Findings keep-

id Arthur.
ing," she murmured hurriedly.
'm not the sort of girl to give
ay."
atched her. He found himself
raptured. He could not get
trancing vision of her as she
ockery over him anyhow. He
nearer.
'," he said slowly, "I suppose
too?"
Arthur," she replied in a low
ow."
m broke?" suggested Arthur.
hy," said Parks, looking very

s the cook had said, a dear

ald hardly believe his ears,
ent exhibition given by three
en.
ed with bated breath: "But
rs quite a lot, y'know. All
ls wanted was a rich husband,
v it."
d little Parks in a sudden
ort. "And aren't they fools!"
ur could hardly trust his ears.
' said breathlessly, "I don't
agree with you. Supposing,
e girl were married to me, and
er—as I am of course"—here
enly at her—"why—why—
ne she'd have a pretty poor

r deviated an inch from the
whereon she had set her feet
oes. Her stockings were silk
, and there is no limit to the
th which a fact like that in-
an.

"No, she wouldn't!" she cried with a laugh that choked a bit. "You'd have this house; and"—her voice quickened—"she'd manage for you, and she'd make the best of everything; and never—waste—anything!"

An emotional pause followed during which she gazed dreamily before her at the tea tray, and Arthur gazed straight before him, at her. It's hardly necessary to say that Emily recovered first from this emotional quagmire.

She hurried on, with great ecstasy: "And the best of being poor is, your husband depends on you; he can't do without you. And you help him with everything. You've got to. And the children ——"

"Children?" repeated Arthur, starting.

"They depend on you, too," Parks murmured dreamily. "They've got to run to you all the time. If they hurt their little fingers it's mother they want, and mother's always there. That's where the work is; 'cause she's got work. No, I don't envy your rich woman!"

Arthur gazed at her with tremendous solemnity. Never in his life had he felt so solemn. For his mind had made itself up in spite of him to do an awful thing. He knew now that if he could only persuade or trap or lure or threaten this unsuspecting girl into the fell step he was going to marry her. He wished to marry her.

"When you're a poor man's wife," dreamed little Parks ecstatically, "you're just someone that can't be done without."

Arthur found he could no longer trust himself near her without betraying his feelings. The metamorphosis was as complete as it was staggering. Hardly had that iced cake hit him, such a short while ago, before the change had begun. He did not want to alarm her prematurely. He turned and walked cautiously to the hearth, whence he again surveyed her.

He really had never seen anything so nice in his life.

Emily rose tranquilly and pattered across to the old oil lamp that had served Arthur's family for two generations. She lighted it and adjusted the ancient shade very prettily. The parlor was now all in a soft glow. Arthur's heart was all in a glow, too, as he saw how sweetly she went about this domestic job, creating these entirely unconscious effects.

"But," she sighed, turning to look across at him as she stood beside the lamp, "I was only just—pretending. Besides, you're going back to Australia."

"Am I?" said Arthur feveredly.

Emily drew the red curtains across the window and shut out the evening gray. The parlor began to take on a nice air of soft privacy that it had not enjoyed a little while ago. Fixedly from the hearth Arthur watched her. He wished that he had had more practice. He saw how terribly innocent she was.

The stream of callers was not over yet, for almost at the moment that Emily Parks finished adjusting the red curtains over the window a stoutish figure with a dignified carriage came through the courtyard and rapped on the still-open door.

"Sir William sent you a little present with his compliments and sympathy, Mr. Arthur," said Steers; "and if there's anything he can do he will do it."

"Eh?" said Arthur, looking round at him malignantly. "Kind of him, I'm sure, Steers. Come in."

Steers came in, carrying a little hamper.

"For a minute," Arthur added.

Steers rolled an eye round at Parks as she stood beside the lamp and the red curtains; and the sight evidently distracted him.

"Sir William asked me what were the best thing he could do for you, Mr. Arthur," he went on after a pause, "and I says, 'Well, seeing the place he's gone to, send him something out of the larder to go on with, sir.' So a game pie and a couple o' dozen oysters, we having had a barrel down this morning ——"

"I'm going to look after Mr. Arthur," said Emily very quickly.

Steers looked from one to the other in silence, and caressed his chin. "That may be, Miss Parks, but something in the way of simple luxuries ——"

"I can manage 'em!" cried Emily in a thrilled voice.

"But why should you manage everything for me?" inquired Arthur in a very soft, swimmy one.

"B-b-because I'm not going to be beat by two Chinamen!" cried Emily.

(Continued on Page 97)

BYERS PIPE

GENUINE WROUGHT IRON

At right—Magnolia Building, Dallas, Texas. Architect: Alfred C. Bossom, New York City. Byers Pipe installed in Plumbing, Heating and Refrigerating Systems.

Below—First National Bank Bldg., Jersey City, N. J. Architect: Alfred C. Bossom, New York City. Byers Pipe installed in Plumbing and Heating Systems.



How Big Investment Values are destroyed by pipe corrosion

One of the largest items of cost in a building, large or small, is the piping. Certainly it is also an item of greatest influence on cost of maintenance. Its relation to the very investment value of the building is therefore evident.

If the pipe used is lacking in rust-resistance, record-breaking replacement costs must, sooner or later, be faced.

Where piping is buried in walls and floors, the damage done to these is often greater than the cost of repairs to the pipe system itself. But even where the pipe is exposed and readily accessible, the cost of repairs and renewals is usually *ten times greater than the initial cost of the pipe which caused the failure.*

Study the diagram above! Note the items of cost in one pipe system, and the small extra cost of Byers pipe. Note also the fact that Byers pipe, being made from rust-resisting, genuine wrought iron, practically doubles the life of the system.

Byers Bulletin No. 38 contains Analyses of Items of Cost in a variety of pipe systems, with notes on replacement costs and corrosive conditions. Sent Free on request.

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THE savage mountain tribes rolled huge boulders down on the invaders, but Hannibal only laughed. "Though the mountains topple upon us," he vowed, "our swords shall drink deep in Rome!"

The Value of Time

By Krónos

Paintings by HAROLD DeLAY

ACROSS THE ALPS rode Hannibal, thirsting for the blood of Rome.

History holds no more breathless adventure.

Hatred of Rome was this African warrior's earliest heritage. A century after Alexander flashed across the page of Time, young Hannibal—not yet in his teens—swore undying vengeance against the foe of Carthage.

At twenty-eight he was acclaimed commander of the Carthaginian army in Spain. Like a thunderbolt he struck. Instead of following the seaward route to the south, with its inevitable delays on the African shore, he plunged daringly *overland*—across the frozen mysteries of the Alps.

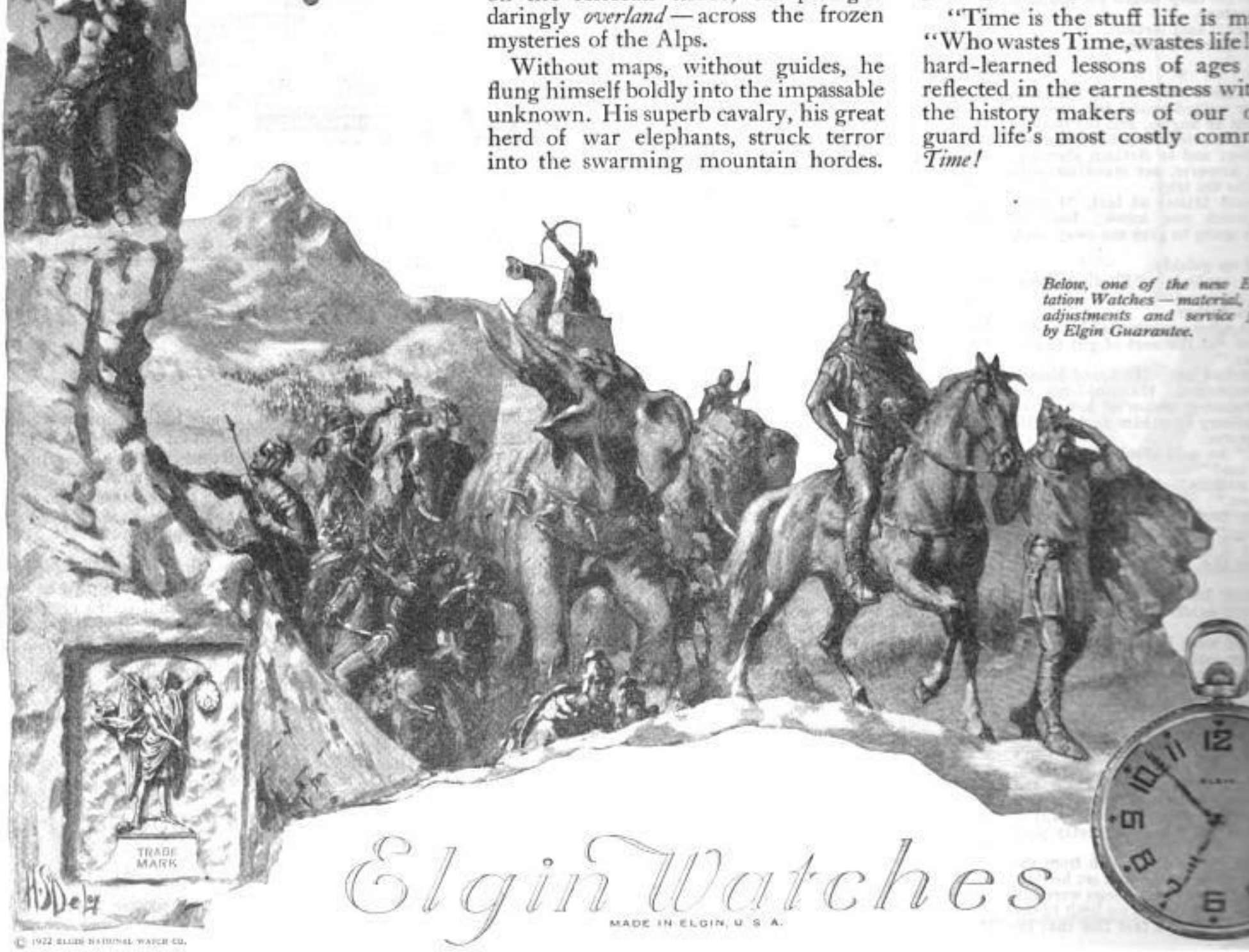
Without maps, without guides, he flung himself boldly into the impassable unknown. His superb cavalry, his great herd of war elephants, struck terror into the swarming mountain hordes. Nothing could stop him. He knew t power of preparedness, the strength surprise. He knew the Value of Ti "Beyond the Alps lies Italy!" thundered—and the world's proud empire staggered under his sled hammer blows.

* * *

The blood-soaked pages of Ha bal's bitter vendetta are covered w dust. Rome is but a memory. Yet *Value of Time* so vividly seen by C fucius, Plato, Alexander, Hannib by all makers of history—is impre more sharply on the race with e passing century.

"Time is the stuff life is made "Who wastes Time, wastes life!" T hard-learned lessons of ages past reflected in the earnestness with w the history makers of our own guard life's most costly commodi *Time!*

Below, one of the new Elgin tation Watches—material, cont adjustments and service fully by Elgin Guarantee.



Elgin Watches

MADE IN ELGIN, U. S. A.

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(Continued from Page 95)

amen?" said Arthur. "Oh! Ah! assure you they're not in the same ith you. Not in the—same—

gan to smile. "I wanted to make hat."

approached her, fairly aching all

re's anything else you want me to y it."

was a sportsman who had enjoyed he did not grudge it to others. , he never minded a novice taking is bird. That was the nice way he life. So when he had just glanced to the other he only sighed d became almost negligible, seek- hamper.

lliam suggested a bottle of cham- r. Arthur, so I have it here.

a price!" exclaimed Parks.

's not the price, Miss Parks," s with a very kind look. "It's e."

mind the darned champagne, s!" cried Arthur.

take the hamper through to the r?" asked Steers, looking about outlet.

waved him to the kitchen door y.

Yes!"

ft them. He was a sportsman gh.

have to give up the champagne , you know," said little Parks, r head at Arthur. "Now you're 're ruined."

said Arthur vaguely. "Oh! pulled himself together and "If you'll just sit down and pre- ws I'll show you something."

t to the sofa and sat down, Gwen's frock over her knee. beside her, a little nervous but le handed her the fateful tele-

it silently three times before she d: "Your breeches are ready to ny time."

, ha!" cried Arthur. "Ha, ha!" breeches," murmured Parks re ready to be ——"

f inspiration I got, don't you Arthur. "It did the trick all 't it? Eh?"

t think you had the brains," she tly.

rew more pleased with himself. t so bad when you get to know ," he said eagerly.

vayed a little away from him. en you're still rich."

said Arthur, delighted with him- guess I'm not exactly on the ." He looked under Mrs. Drel- t. "Eh? Aren't you pleased?"

know," said Emily.

on't know?" echoed Arthur. ou mean?"

o glad you were poor!" Emily nately.

roaned.

men!" he said wildly. "'Pon don't understand 'em!"

ook her head forlornly.

asy too," sighed she. "'S very

?" groaned Arthur.

r! Oh, dear!" said Emily, bit-

' groaned Arthur. "I tell you, so bad."

this he touched her hand very and at the contact they looked r, immensely startled.

se this moment to enter again, air of discretion it is true, but ndoubtedly ill-timed. He had r, been able to help himself. nd the kitchen tenanted by d Stoker; the class of people utlers of repute do not frater-

d and kept his eyes away from using his gaze upon the table. ngratulate you on your beau- Miss Parks?" he said, smiling the epergne.

s answered, distrait, not look- r the epergne. "Isn't it just

any little trifle I can do for thur?" said Steers, studying placed long ago by Arthur's pon the opposite wall. "Can you? I were told to ask. I ver in the luggage cart, and though I shall walk home you need not mind keeping me longer, sir."

"I'm here to do everything for him!" cried little Parks, and she began to cry.

Arthur had heard her cry before, and it had not touched him. Now the phenomenon affected him with agonizing sensations. He was terribly distressed.

"Oh, for the Lord's sake, don't!" he groaned. "Or tell me what's the matter."

"N-nothing's the matter," sobbed Parks.

"Nothing!" groaned Arthur. "But you can't cry for nothing."

"They can, Mr. Arthur, they can!" said Steers delicately, interesting himself now in a sporting print.

"Something must be the matter," continued Arthur, imploring the enigmatic girl.

"Sometimes," Steers went on murmuring delicately, "they cry because they're so 'appy."

"Let me help!" said Arthur. "Tell me about it."

"They can't, sir," whispered Steers in the background; "they can't tell you."

"Oh, please!" said Arthur.

Little Parks shook her head.

"It may be her prize has upset her," whispered Steers.

Parks rose suddenly, controlling herself, and turned to the table.

"All this to clear and wash up!" said she vehemently, "and I sit and sit and sit!"

"Steers will do it," said Arthur, following her.

"No one but me will clear this table," she replied.

She piled the few remaining articles of crockery together and carried them into the kitchen, slamming the door behind her. Arthur stared after her in dismay.

"Women!" he was muttering in a lost voice. "They—they—they ——"

Steers approached him and stood near. A very human look illuminated his face.

"Don't take it to heart, Mr. Arthur," murmured he. "No offense meant. Pardon me."

Arthur mopped his brow.

"I'm not offended, Steers," he said sadly. "I dare say in some matters you're a wiser man than I."

"Oh, no, sir, no," said Steers, waving the deserved impeachment away out of sheer respect.

"Life's a problem, Steers," groaned Arthur.

"Tch! Tch! Tch, sir!" said Steers delicately. "I'm sorry to hear you say that. If I may be permitted to generalize, sir, as man to man, there are some men, sir, who will make work of play. Beautiful play. And from what I 'ave taken the liberty to observe, that is your trouble, if I may diagnose it."

"Play!" groaned Arthur. "Her crying like that has unnerved me a bit," he added. "Awful!"

"Awful!" Steers exclaimed warmly. "I was a bit unnerved myself for a moment, standing there not being able to do no good, as it were. Pity I was here; or a pity you were here, one or the other. A sweet girl like that crying and two men in one room is just stoopid."

"Awful! Awful!" muttered Arthur.

"Cheer up, sir," Steers exhorted.

"I don't know what sort of a chap you are, Steers," said Arthur, "but have you ever been at all—er—interested in women?"

The butler sighed, but not unhappily.

"Oh, Mr. Arthur," he said amply. "Oh, sir!"

"I've known a few men here and there interested in women," added Arthur, musing.

"And I 'ave known a few, too, sir," replied Steers blandly.

Little Parks broke in, snatched the tea cloth from the table, and was out of the door in a twinkling. There was no stopping her.

"Ch-Chinese house boys!" said she, still somewhat fluttery of voice. "You want a woman round you!"

"I do! I do!" cried Arthur hastily. He dashed after her in time to have the door slammed right in his face.

Steers observed these phenomena without surprise.

"It's all very well," said Arthur, feveredly stamping back. "You may be a wise chap 'n' all that. But answer me this: How the deuce is one to start breaking it to a girl who hasn't the slightest idea of anything? Not—the—slightest—idea?"

He walked about vehemently.

"Pardon me, sir," said Steers, deducing all, and perhaps more, "but if you mean ——"

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AIR VALVE LOCK

"I do mean!" replied Arthur fiercely.

"Then it had ought to come naturally, sir," said Steers.

They looked steadily at each other.

"You've surprised me a good deal, sir," he added. "But here's wishes!" However, he had taken the champagne into the kitchen. "She beats 'em all, sir. She beats 'em all."

"But how the devil am I to break it to her?" demanded Arthur.

"Well, sir," said Steers, "cheer up. You got the oysters, sir. They're courageous things, oysters. And you can't do better than that champagne."

In came little Parks again, sort of shaking her skirt straight as if she meant to stay.

She closed the door resolutely, and she closed the outer door. She looked at Steers. She looked at Arthur. She went and sat down on the sofa, where she sat twisting her little handkerchief about.

"Are you better?" asked Arthur, very swimmy of voice once more. He edged towards the couch.

"I don't know," said Emily.

"It may be the prize," began Steers in a dulcet tone from the background.

She gave him one look.

"Mr. Steers," she said. Steers attended. "There's your hat." And she indicated his hat lying obscurely on a distant chair.

For a moment Steers stood stupefied. "I was about to take my leave, Miss Parks," he remarked when sufficiently recovered, "but ——"

She gave him a look.

"We'll open the champagne ourselves, thank you, Mr. Steers," said she with quiet resolution. "And the oysters."

"It is quite time I started on my walk home, I am aware, Miss Parks," said Steers feebly.

"Do," said she. "Do start. Good night."

"Good night, old Steers," added Arthur in an unfriendly fashion.

He was looking at little Parks.

The parlor was all in a soft glow, the red curtains drawn.

"Good night, sir," Steers faltered. He turned for his hat. "I know human nature," said he rather sadly, "but there's some things ——"

He picked up his hat and stick. Arthur was looking at little Parks. Another knock fell on the door.

"There's another damn nuisance!" said Arthur impatiently. "Open the door an inch and send it away, Steers."

A second knock followed the first peremptorily.

Steers retreated nervously into the room.

"Please, sir," he implored, "if you'd keep me just a few minutes longer. I mean to say, sir, perhaps you'd open the door yourself and send it away, sir."

"Eh? What's the matter?" said Arthur abstractedly, for he was now entirely lost to all troubles save his own.

"I've got a nasty feeling, sir," said Steers, beginning to gibber—"a very nasty feeling indeed—that a certain lady friend of mine, a woman as seems to feel a sort of right to fall back on me, sir, quite unjustified, sir—if there's anything I've got, it's taste—and I'm not quite certain, but I shouldn't be surprised to find as I-I-I'd been follered, sir."

"Followed?" muttered Arthur, looking at Parks.

"Yes, sir," whispered Steers. "Of course"—he threw an ironic look at Emily upon the sofa—"you don't know what it is to be followed, sir—dogged from your pantry to your bedroom and back again, sir. It stopped yesterday evening and this morning; diverted itself, so to speak. But I shouldn't be at all surprised if it was renewed. 'Ark at that knock again!"

"I'll open it, Mr. Steers," said little Parks kindly.

"No, no!" said Arthur, detaining her. "I'll open it."

"Only an inch, sir, for my sake!" whispered Steers. "Only an inch!"

He retreated to the fireplace, out of range of the door, where he cowered nervously. Arthur opened the door a small space, and immediately a foot and arm were thrust over the threshold. Arthur held the door valiantly, examining these limbs.

Then the voice of the cook was heard, saying, "I know the way that door's being 'eld. I've 'ad your pantry door 'eld against me like that, I 'ave. But it's no use. I'm coming in."

Steers almost obliterated himself against the wall.

"Cook!" said Arthur, holding [illegible] against her. "Good heavens! [illegible] are again!"

The cook squeezed her face round [illegible] Mr. Arthur. Yes, here I am ag[ain] thought we passed a friend in our [illegible] cart coming this way, and I got [illegible] feur to stop to set me down, it being evening off anyway. And when I [illegible] door being 'eld against me it seemed natural I were certain. 'Ain't Mr. [illegible] been 'ere, Mr. Arthur?"

"Er—old Steers?" said Arthur [illegible] Steers? No-o, cook, no."

"Ow!" said the cook, struggling [illegible] men do hang together, don't you." Will you let me in to look, sir? [illegible] afternoon the undergardener's [illegible] reported as Mr. Steers had ordered luggage cart ——"

"Darned little liar that boy is!" said Arthur firmly.

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings the truth comes nearly as often not," said the perspiring woman, "and you please be good enough to let me satisfy meself?"

It was Emily who, in an access of [illegible] for a fellow woman, betrayed Steers.

"Oh, Mr. Arthur," she cried, [illegible] her hands in sympathy, "let her in!"

"No!" roared Steers.

"His voice!" said the cook.

Arthur fell back. "Cat's out now," said.

And the cook entered, and saw. She [illegible] haved herself like a true woman: ignored what she wished to ignore, and explained matters as she wished to explain them.

"Ow!" she said, reproachful but [illegible] "You shouldn't play your little games me!"

"Games!" cried Steers, trying to [illegible] himself together.

But the situation had passed [illegible] moment beyond even his experience, well he knew it. Again it was Emily basely flung him to the enemy.

"Oh, Mr. Steers," said she, "she wants you to take her home."

The cook looked sweetly at Emily.

"Yes, Mr. Steers," she echoed, "There's a field with a bull in it. [illegible] so frightened."

"If you expect me to fight a bull you," said Steers, "it's off. The [illegible] 'ave you."

He looked at Arthur for help, but was none. It was human nature [illegible] wished to get rid of him, to any [illegible] matter.

The cook was simpering.

"You make such 'eartless jokes," she.

"Jokes!" cried Steers wildly.

Emily now spoke again, very [illegible] "Oh, Mr. Steers, she only wants [illegible] take her home at once."

Once more the cook regarded her [illegible] "Yes, lovey, that is all I want. A man's escort through the field with in it." She caught sight of Parks. "Oh, my lovey! How nice you [illegible]

Little Parks rose to display herself. is rather a nice frock, isn't it, dear?"

"You must let me try it on [illegible] day," said the cook, eying Gwen dreamily.

"I will, one day," Parks nodded.

"You've got a grateful little Emily," said the cook, remaining [illegible] her preoccupation, between Steers and door. "I'd like a dress like it." She [illegible] ined the frock. "Turn round, dear, round. I'd like a dress like it. It's [illegible] wider, and say a vest to fill in the V, say more of the pannier effect. And [illegible] a Turkish 'em, and a little pearl [illegible] ing in front, and if it was white, [illegible] a train and veil"—here she and looked ecstatically at each other—"[illegible] just do for an occasion."

"The very thing, dear," Parks [illegible]

"What occasion?" gulped Steers.

"Oh, Mr. Steers!" murmured [illegible]

Arthur had had about as much delay as he meant to stand. He butted in:

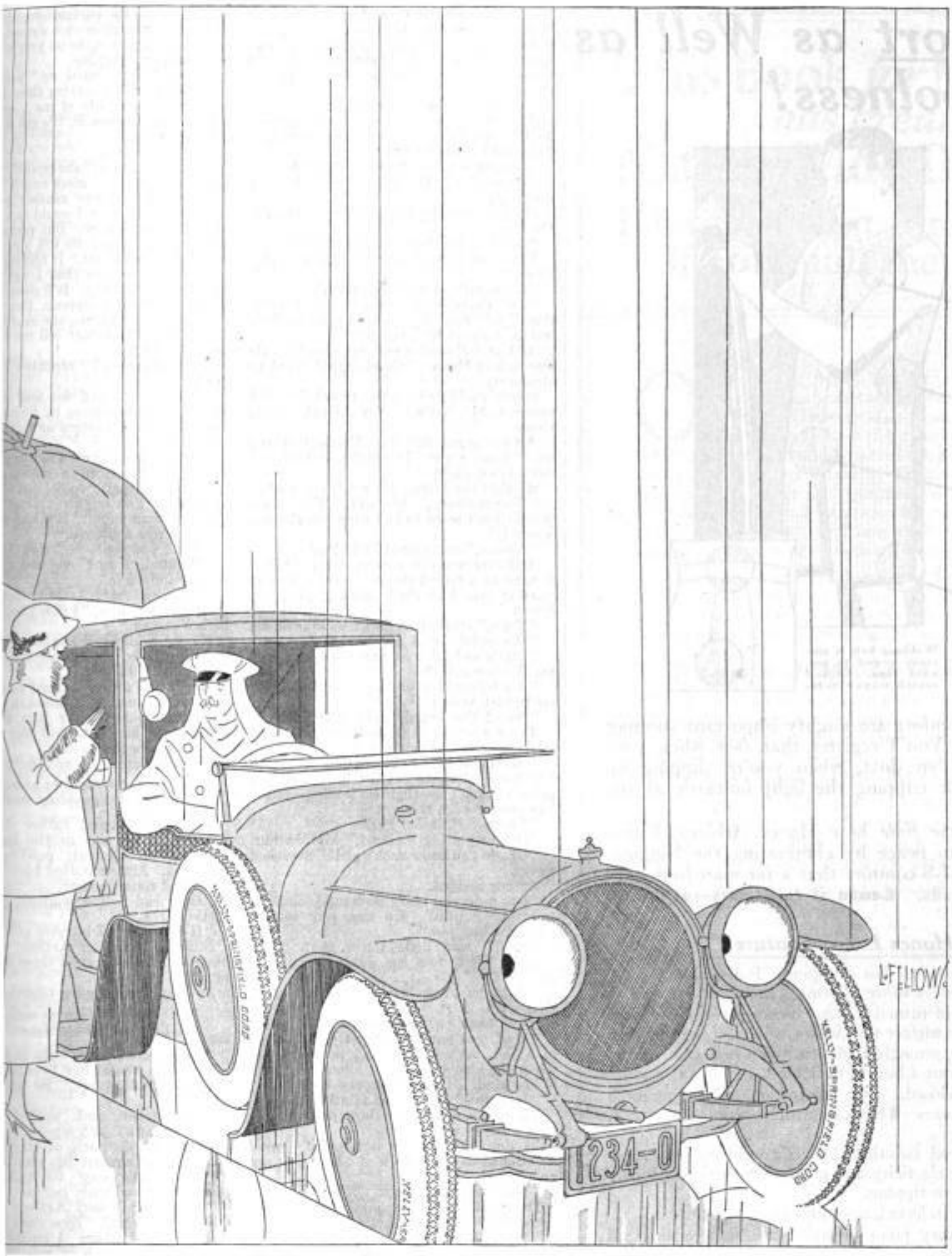
"I say, old Steers, you really must up to the scratch, don't you see? take her home. Take—her—home! her—home!"

"Take her home!" gritted Steers.

"With my best wishes. Miss," said Steers, pulling himself together commendable dignity now that he saw all was over, and realized that drink of the cup, and that was [illegible] my best wishes I will tender you a

(Continued on Page 116)

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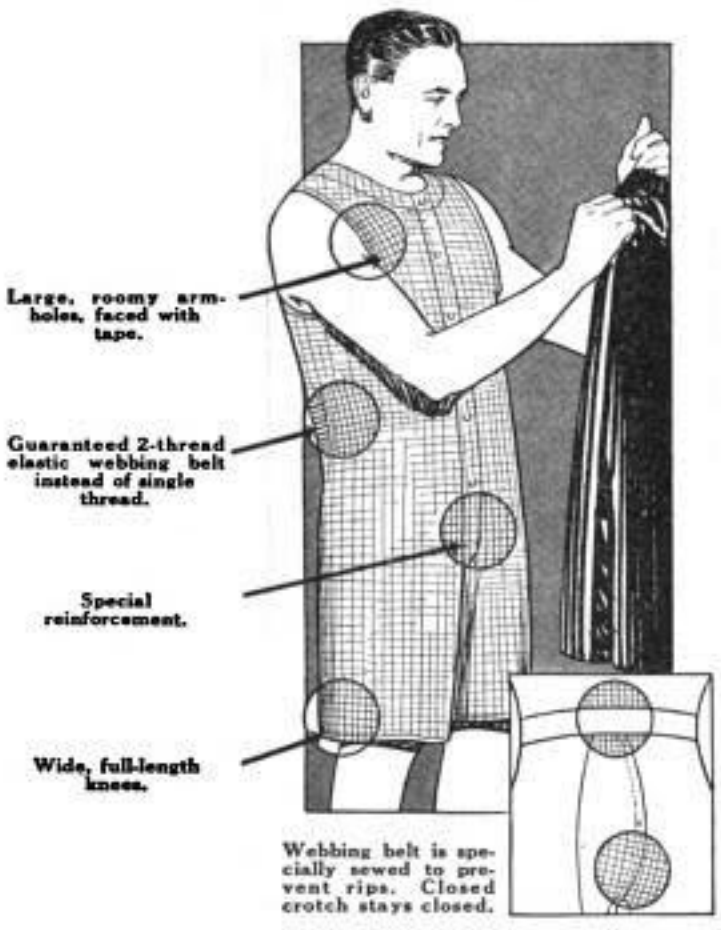


, dear, I'm so afraid of the Avenue when it's wet. Drive carefully, won't you, William?"
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Full Cut ATHLETIC UNION SUITS

(Continued from Page 98)

There are none so hard and pitiless and selfish and crool as some people when they wants their place to theirselves. They'd turn out a dog to starve or a little child into the snow."

"Snow, Mr. Steers!" said the cook meltingly. "Why, the evening's fairly tropical. And"—she began to smile engagingly—"there'll be a full moon."

"Beautiful night, Steers," cried Arthur.

"Come along, Mr. Steers," said the cook meltingly.

She led Steers by the coat sleeve towards the door.

"Good night, dear," said little Parks.

The cook looked round. "Good night, lovey."

"Good luck, dear," cooed Parks.

"Oh, thank you," said the cook emotionally. "You've got a kind grateful little 'eart. A sweet little 'eart."

Arthur followed them up closely. He was sick of them. "Good night!" said he stridently.

Steers vacillated on the threshold. "A moment, Mr. Arthur. For the sake of old times ——"

Arthur urged him on. He pushed him on. "Good night. The bull may help you out. Good night."

He shot the bolts. He made a job of it.

"'Straordinary," he said, "how some people don't seem to feel when they're not wanted."

"No-o-o," murmured little Parks.

Arthur returned to gaze upon her. "Still, it must be a horrid thing to have a woman chasing you like she's chasing poor old Steers."

"Yes-s," murmured Parks, looking down.

"It's awful," said Arthur.

"Oh, 's awful," murmured she in a very small voice indeed.

"A-a fellow likes to do his own chasing," continued Arthur.

"So-o I-I've heard," said little Parks.

There was one of those pauses. Arthur swallowed two or three times.

"All the same," hazarded he, "it's difficult for a fellow to begin telling a girl—a girl who hasn't the slightest inkling—has—has—never even thought ——"

"Thought?" asked Parks.

"Of—of getting married," said Arthur.

"Oh, do you know such a girl?" breathed Parks.

Arthur nodded.

"Oh, d-do you know such a f-f-fellow?"

Arthur nodded. He was very husky. "I know him too."

"Well," said little Parks in a brave voice, "what does he want to tell the girl?"

"That he loves her," said Arthur despairingly.

"And can't he?" whispered little Parks.

"Well, you see," said Arthur, "it's a bit of a job, isn't it? Telling her, I mean, when she's never thought about anything of the kind. It might surprise her so."

"It might," she agreed faintly.

There was another of those pauses. Arthur leaned over her.

"I don't know," he began, "if I ever mentioned to you that I—I—break all my own horses."

"No?" she murmured. "Do you?"

He nodded. "Yes. And—I told you about the house I built, didn't I?"

"Yes," she murmured. "But why ——"

"Why do I tell you?" said Arthur. "Because I want you to know that I can do something. I'm a pretty useful chap in many ways; it's just this—er—certain job that stumps me."

Parks murmured, "A certain job?"

"I've been thinking about it for a good hour now," said Arthur, kneading the sofa cushion with both hands, having really to do something safe with them. "That's the kind of chap I am. When I do think at all I think quick; and I think hard!"

Little Parks glanced from the corner of her eye at Arthur and the sofa cushion. She knew precisely why he was manhandling it. Oh, it seemed to her such a silly waste, when there she sat, and the door was shut and the curtains were drawn, and the parlor was all in such a sweet red glow.

"And did you make up your mind about it?" said she, sighing.

"I made my mind up," said Arthur, "but I-I'm still worrying about how to tell it; and for the life of me I can't think. Only thing I know is, it's got to be done. Don't you see?"

She saw exactly.

"I-I don't know," she replied. "I don't like you to explain more clearly."

Arthur wiped the anxious sweat from his brow. "I wish I could explain everything here and now. But perhaps it'll be easier after supper to tell you what I've been worrying about. It fills my mind, every bit of me so that I can't think another single thing. It'll come as a great big shock to you, I suppose. But there it is."

After a tiny silence she said faintly, firmly, "You'd better tell me before supper, Mr. Arthur."

"Before supper?" repeated Arthur. "I can't."

In his own mind he was catching straws of wisdom flung by Steers regarding the qualities of oysters and champagne in these crises.

"Before supper you'd better get it off," continued Parks in a little, low, quiet, sympathetic voice, but inflexible all that. "You oughtn't to eat with something on your mind. It's bad for you."

There was a silence.

"Well, you see ——" said Arthur.

"What do I see?" replied Parks, blindly inflexible.

"You see," said Arthur, feeling a cold creeping upon him, "I don't believe I can before supper."

"Try," whispered Parks.

Arthur dried up completely.

"I can't," he said.

He turned away, walked to the mantelpiece and leaned on it, head in hand. Little Parks looked after him slowly. She could have laughed, and she could have cried. She began to sing.

She sang in a soft and desperate voice:

"Dearest, the night is passing,
Waneth the trembling moon ——"

She looked round rather desperately. Arthur, for all was in the balance, hummed on through pouting lips. She trembled. Arthur pulled himself together, he looked round at her.

"How can I live without you?" said Little Parks.

"H-h-how can I let you go-o-o!"

Still she looked at Arthur. He missed his cue. He swallowed once or twice and plunged.

So they were singing together:

"You that I love so well, dear,
You that I worship so."

Arthur reached the sofa in a stride and little Parks caught her breath.

"Take off that hat," he uttered tenderlessly.

Parks sighed and pulled it off and threw it away anywhere. Arthur was leaning over the back of the sofa, and she put her head against his shoulder.

"That's the way to talk," he said rapturously and with perfect accent.

"You touch," said Arthur in a shaking voice of discovery, "like that girl I used to forget—in the arbor. I could tell you a million by the touch of you."

"The worst's over," murmured Parks tremulously. "You've said it now, and I don't mind hearing it again."

"It was you, dearest?" said Arthur. "You?"

"'M," she said. And they kissed and kissed again. Steers was quite right in it all coming naturally. "And now you only got to talk to me like you talked to the gun."

"You darling!" raved Arthur. "You peach! You beautiful peach!"

"You see?" murmured little Parks, head on his shoulder. "'S easy, isn't it? 'S very easy."

(THE END)



THERE WAS A GREAT CAMP MEETING

(Continued from Page 7)

d. Mindful of Ashby's coming, she
costume up to herself and de-
to know which, in Eve's opinion,
most becoming. It was hard to
tween the *gaze de chambery* and a
gandie, at once crisp and diapha-

k the organdie," said Laura Belle,
lowly before the mirror. "The
o much of a toilette."
hat?" asked Eve.
you be a clairvoyant and read

ou think a person can read an-
son's mind?" asked Eve hope-

Belle became sibylline. "I can
now; you want to read Mister
Aaron Baines'. How's that af-
g on?"
ted me to take a class in Sunday
fter prayer meeting last night.
face clouded—"he asked two
ttie Richardson and Elsie Wil-

ou all said you'd do it?"
rse. He'd asked us."
a mistake. You should have
er two consent, and then coolly
ntly declined. Then he'd have
suade you. A man likes a no he
me better than a prompt yes."
thought of it. I'm so stupid,
e. Well—I might tell him I've
ng it over and have decided that

elle smiled majestically. "Too
your difficulties for the next

y?"
doesn't like a rehash of a thing
settled."
ow so much about men, Laura
simply amazing!"
y knew more!"
rted on that note, but Laura
ed it when on Friday night she
he canary organdie for Ashby's
'You little
said to the
itant crea-
e mirror,
I think you
im because
ve him. Oh
heart races!
be whipped
me so."
d a double
ber about
tissed her
girl in the
ran down-
ttle bronze
ing out the
agitation.
hear his
ront porch,
er father.
ent out to
topped to
ble, spread
amask, lit
hine of the
er cande-
richly by
ie of old
ates and
roses in
vl. Heavy
goblets,
, awaited
toddy on
e sheen of
g through
. Laura
he tinted,
d, picked
d carried
ien.
s the new
e cried.
lad to see
u're hun-
y."
d to his
down at
ark face,
wave of
ickness,
tle with
ough he
himself

against it. He was shabby; he was, even as Mrs. Staley had said, harsh and moody of temper; but there was something gallant and clear and quixotic about him. Ashby had come home wounded and exhausted from stirring campaigning with Jeb Stuart, to a ruined farm—his slaves, his stock, his implements, all gone. As soon as he could hobble about he harnessed his cavalry horse to the plow and went at the ungrateful business of earning a livelihood and crawling from under a mountain of debt with the same determination with which he had followed his dashing leader. But it had turned out to be a long and galling business, and his spirit had warped under it. Still, he clung to his determination that until the mortgage was paid and he could see his way clear to obtain a decent livelihood he would not ask Laura Belle to marry him.

Her steadfast constancy, her willingness to share his threadbare poverty were at once his banner of hope and his torment. It made him harsh with her. To see her, after these long visits North, drove him frantic with longing for her, but he would not tell her so.

He tried to steady his voice to the commonplace of compliment. "You're just as blooming as ever, Laura Belle. Did you have a good time up among the Yankees?"

"Only fair. I'm getting too old for gayety. I ought to marry and settle down." She was mockingly plaintive. "Here's your toddy, father."

The aroma of old bourbon and lemon, iced and sugared, reached the major's nostrils gratefully. The two men took their glasses and bowed to the girl in yellow. "Your very good health, my dear," said her father, and dipped his white mustache in the goblet. Ashby said nothing, and drank abstemiously, his eyes intent on Laura Belle.

"You've been at my private closet again," complained the major, setting down the empty glass. "But the result condones



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the theft. You can mix a toddy, my dear, better than anyone in the world. Is supper ready?"

"Yes. Ashby, will you give me your arm?" She laid her fingers caressingly on his worn coat sleeve, and had the satisfaction of feeling a tremor of the stark muscles beneath. "You're looking thin," she told him as they went in to the dining room. "You're working too hard. Now I'm back you'll have to stop it. I've got to have somebody to beau me round."

Ashby did not answer. The major took up the tale that had been interrupted by the toddy: "And I really think the young fellow quite the gentleman, although he is a Methodist and a parson. His aunt, Mrs. Hallett, is a genteel-looking lady—but the name Baines—Baines—there's nothing to indicate any pedigree in that. It sounds like a tradesman's name. His given name, too—Aaron—hopeless! My contention is that a male child should be named from the classics—or the family."

"That's a very convenient belief for you and Ashby," said Laura Belle. "But honestly, I think Leonidas is as bad as Aaron. Who was Leonidas anyway, father?"

"That's the impertinent way she talks to me, Ashby," scolded the major dotingly. "The younger generation has no respect at all for the older. Laura Belle comes back from the North a graceless chit."

"She always was a graceless chit, and you made her so," affirmed Ashby, smiling.

"Even you turn on me. Take the mock terrapin around to Mr. Ashby, Toothpick, and let the offering be as coals of fire on his head. Well has Rochefoucauld said: 'Most young people think they are natural when they are only boorish and rude.'"

Laura Belle and Ashby groaned together. "Now you've started him on Rochefoucauld," she accused him. "Father, I shan't sing for you to-night if I hear another word of that old bore."

Toothpick at this moment created a diversion. He had gone to answer a knock at the front door. "Mista Baines heah," he announced.

"Ah! Now we'll have a little truly sensible conversation," promised the major, and left the table to meet his guest.

"Ashby," commanded Laura Belle softly, "look at me. Are you glad that I'm back?"

"Don't, Laura Belle."

"I must—because you won't."

His hand wavered out toward her, then was drawn decisively back.

"I have no right."

"You have every right. You know it."

The major reappeared, bringing Aaron Baines triumphantly with him. The young minister was ruffled and embarrassed.

"Major Walker—really—I've had my supper. I had no idea ——"

"A place for Mr. Baines, Toothpick," quoth the major. "You will at least join us in the dessert and coffee."

"Oh, but you must," added Laura Belle cordially. "Do you know Mr. Walker—Ashby Walker—Mr. Baines?"

The two young men shook hands and the unhappy Baines subsided into a chair placed for him by Toothpick.

"You complete the square, sir," declared the major, rubbing his hands. "We are now a *partie carrée*, as the French say. The vacant side of the table was waiting for you. A little of this mock terrapin—I presume your cloth prohibits you from tasting a drop of some very excellent toddy—quite so—I appreciate your scruples, though I have known many clergymen who partook."

"Old Doctor Henderson got tiddled once on communion wine," supplied Laura Belle with a naughty giggle.

"How shocking—how outrageous!" burst involuntarily from Aaron Baines.

"And what about Noah?" pursued Laura Belle.

"Don't mind her—she's a confirmed tease," interposed Ashby.

But young Baines could not hear a word against his idol. "Oh—I'm sure Miss Laura Belle didn't quite—didn't quite—understand—or imply ——" he floundered.

"But I did," said Laura Belle. "And I've no doubt it was because Noah loved his toddy that he had the vision to build the ark, and the animals went in two by two—but he wasn't seeing double."

"Laura Belle!" roared the major. "I positively will not have you talking in this abandoned way. My daughter has moods, sir, in which 'incorrigible' is the mildest word I can truthfully apply to her."

"I like frankness in ladies," declared Baines, turning toward Laura Belle.

Her golden dress, her golden beauty, her smile—all dazzled him. He felt light-headed, daring. Ashby, watching him from across the table, divined his state of mind and smiled wryly. So Laura Belle had acquired another victim. And what an unlikely one!

"I disagree with you, sir," said the major. "The wit of most women only strengthens their folly than their reason."

"Rochefoucauld!" exclaimed Ashby and Laura Belle in unison.

The major swept them with a mild glance. "A cup of coffee, Mr. Baines, some of this peach shortcake. Delicious fruit, the peach. I'm often constrained to think of the four seasons in terms of food. Spring, for instance—asparagus, strawberries. Summer—peaches, corn, young fryers, melting in the mouth ——"

"You're forgetting watermelon," reminded Ashby.

"A common, too exuberant fruit, not for the epicure."

"But what about soft-shell crabs?" asked Laura Belle demurely.

"I wish you two would not interrupt me. Where was I? Autumn—yes, winesaps, purple grapes ——"

"Pork tenderloins, sweet potatoes," chanted Laura Belle.

"And in winter—let me see—roast, hominy, mince pies ——"

"Father, you are positively glutting. Shall we go into the parlor?"

She led the way, followed by the three diverse men, diverse but all of them attentive on her, and she quite aware of it.

"I'll play you the very latest polka," she said. "It's called The Aureola. And it's a charming new Strauss waltz—Lanner and Fritschen. Are you fond of music, Mr. Baines?"

He hung over the piano, far more fascinated than if he had taken the floor. "I'm fond of music if I may turn the leaves," he said, only stammering a little.

"Too bad that Laura Belle plays by memory," said Ashby.

Young Baines subsided. He realized that he had been bold. He wondered wistfully if he had annoyed Miss Laura Belle by his remark. But no, she seemed in very good humor.

And now she began to play. From her position he could see the swift action of her fingers, the entrancing lift and fall of her wrists, the graceful way in which she bent her head over the keys or arched as she took the runs. Her eyelashes—he had never before realized what delicate shadows they made for her soft eyes, the slim penciling of her brows against the dusky deeps of her hair. "Thy hair is a flock of goats, that from Mount Gilead," he indignantly rejected the simile. The idea of comparing Miss Laura Belle to a flock of goats! It occurred to him that Solomon had said some very odd things. How much better was "As a piece of pomegranate are thy temples within thy locks." And—and—"Thy neck is a tower of ivory." With a violent effort he wrenched himself away from further mental quotation. Miss Laura Belle was truly a lady to be thought of in the terms of Solomon.

He lapsed into gentle ecstasy. [illegible] she sang, completing his delight. Was I Looking Out?—one of the new songs, Laura Belle told them—was followed by We Met and Talked of Other Things.

"And now your favorite, Mr. [illegible]," said Laura Belle; and he had the satisfaction of hearing Darling, Kiss Me Down. It affected him powerfully.

"Your voice is b-beautiful," he murmured when she had finished.

"Did you like it, Ashby?" she questioned, disregarding him.

"It seems a little high for you, not quite true on those top notes."

"What a horrid speech! But [illegible] your favorite." She struck up [illegible] Want to Have a Good Time in the Cavalry.

Ashby roared out the words with "Lord, how that takes me back," when the duet was over. "[illegible] with his sash and his golden [illegible] his voice—I'd have died for [illegible] I could have died in his place."

There was a sudden deep silence in the room. The young minister could hear the ticking of the clock, and it reminded him that he was staying too late. "I must go," he said. He told them good night and the major accompanied him to the [illegible]

(Continued on Page [illegible])

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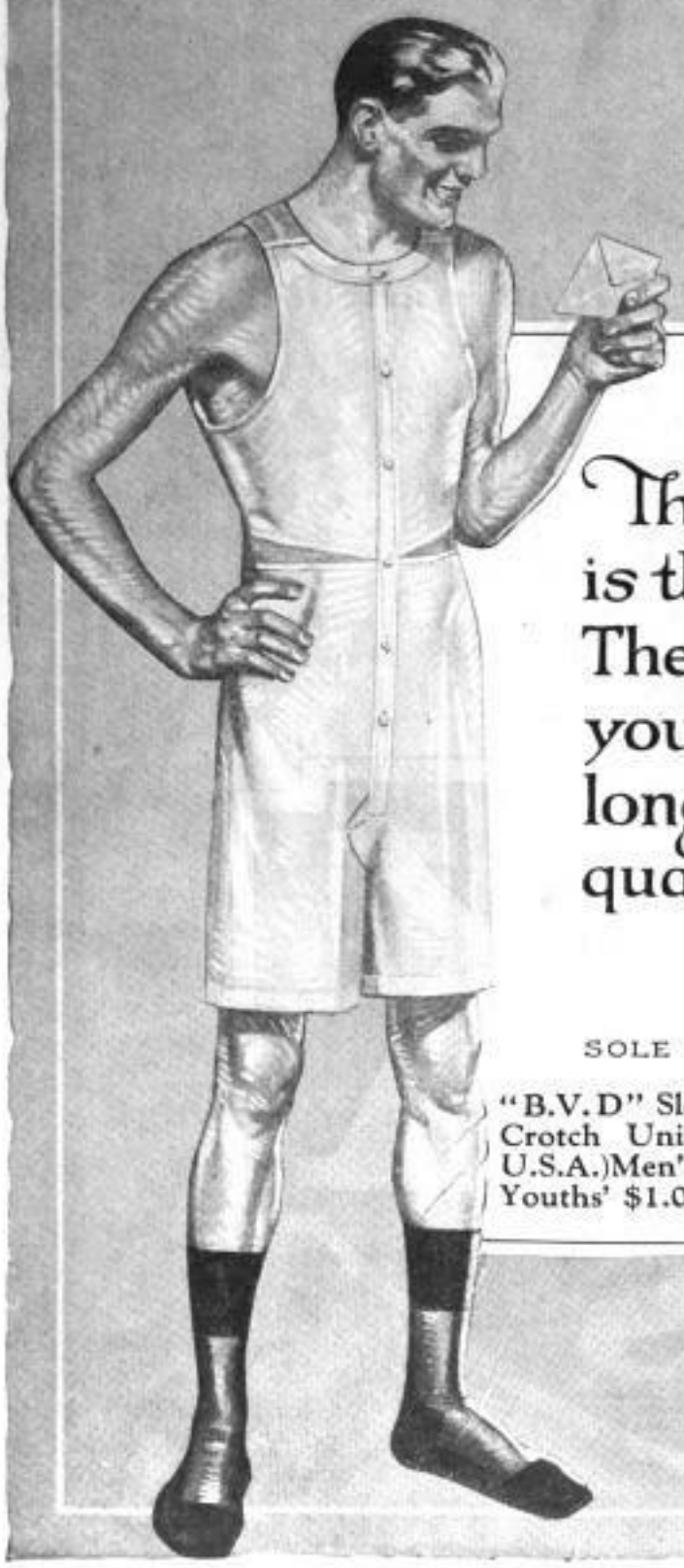
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ontinued from Page 102)

ad no right to say you wish you
in Jeb Stuart's place," said Laura
Ashby, why are you so ——"
l no use," said Ashby. "I don't
Cholera in my hogs, smut in my
drought killed my clover. And
here like a stricken fool and look
nd can't have you! I wish you
d up North and married there.
st be plenty of men—there have
y here, God knows—after you,
how you've drugged this poor
to-night. He couldn't take his
off you."
at about me?" demanded Laura
o you think I find happiness in
bout protesting my affection for
o lets his silly pride keep him
ering it? Oh, Ashby, you're so
at does the mortgage matter?
p you so—I'd turn your luck."
k his head. "I won't make a
of you."
sudden bitter resolution. "Very
s the last time. I've gone as
way as I can. I've been bold,
, immodest, daring. Oh, I know
e would say about me if they
me urging myself on you! I
do it again. If you ever make
nd that you care less for your
self-conceit than you do for

self-conceit—it is self-respect."
it? Until you can make up
that you care less for your
respect than you do for me, I
nly hereafter leave you—un-
She flung the words at him,
with them. Then she changed,
ised at herself. "But yet—I
It strikes me that I'm being
you. No, Ashby, on further
n, I'm afraid that I have no
if you have. I think I must
be a brazen hussy!"
r returned, and Ashby rose to
r look out, major," he said;
another candidate for Laura
and heart in that nice little
l boy who's been coming round
quote your favorite author."
ruffled. "Lord bless my soul,
Methodist parson! Don't be a

hat I say," commented Laura
't be a fool, Ashby."
ere for supper next Friday
gue my foolishness with you
Ashby. "Let me remind you,
Rochefoucauld says that 'Who
folly is not so wise as he
laughed and waved his hand
in the glimmering night.
ens slowly in Arborville. The
of late June and early July
steadies into the sultriness of
endurance becomes a habit.
the morning, and then the
and stirs, front doors and
opened, walks are sprinkled
ousewives and their servants
and choose the day's sup-
s chatter from porch to porch,
mation which presently the
sun evaporates. Then shut-
s are closed again, no one is
save an occasional negro
er's wagon, chickens wallow
dust of the deserted roadway,
he street stand motionless,
appealing leaves a "myriad
n. With twilight comes again
e spell. Now a little breeze
ruffles and teases the sup-
ouches them with the cool
f dew. Shutters and doors
airy gay frocks blossom like
porches. There are errands
ice, to the drug store, to the
e, and comment on the tem-
s every conversation.
me this is the hottest spell

erished to-day; I thought
"

reliminary the gossip of the
ged—who is sick, and who
, and who is visiting, and
y: "Have you heard any-
out the young minister and
alker?"
deepening of the summer's
ned and became more open
of Aaron Baines. He went
' as often as he dared. He
here was a gaunt whiteness
that was piteous. His eyes
rishness. He was a man

gripped, held, devoured. It was there for all to see who cared to look. And everyone cared to look and, having looked, to talk. It was the town's drama.

"He's simply crazy about her."

"But she won't have anything to do with him."

"I heard the major had asked him not to come any more."

"Oh, well, she must have led him on; Laura Belle's always been a flirt."

"But she's always declared openly that she and Ashby ——"

"She wouldn't have been so open about it if she'd really wanted Ashby."

"That's so; there's no reason in the world why she and Ashby shouldn't have married long before this if they'd wanted to. They're not really cousins—except in a distant way."

"They say the deacons in the church have talked to Mr. Baines."

"Yes—the ones with daughters."

"He looks stricken; he's really a sight."

"It's shameless; he ought to be reported to the conference."

"The conference can't prevent a man from falling in love."

So the wave of talk washed back and forth, a tide of surmise, of criticism, of amusement, of sympathy. Gentle and kind-hearted, the townspeople could not help but sympathize with the young man's evident distress. Yet they were not blind to its droll implications and facets of comedy.

Laura Belle felt these last acutely. She had seen the young man's agitation, marked his growing feeling. At last she spoke to him frankly:

"You know that my father and I"—she dragged in the major's name to share her stand—"dislike to seem inhospitable to anyone. But we feel that it would be better if you did not call here quite so often. It will deprive us of the pleasure of your society, but it will—it will give the critics of your congregation no further ground. It is for your own sake I say this."

He misunderstood, twisted it to her praise. "You are so kind, so compassionate!" he had exclaimed adoringly. "I—perhaps I should not say so, but there are few in my flock who are congenial to me. Here I am happy—happier than I dare tell you."

Laura Belle listened, was startled by the revelation of his words. She had prepared her little speech carefully; she did not want to wound his feelings. But she saw that she had to be more blunt.

"Even so—I think I must ask you not to come so often," she said. "It can lead to nothing, as you know, and makes people talk unpleasantly. The mere fact that I'm of another church than you"—she cast away the pretense of the major—"makes them talk."

He was so inexperienced, so bewildered by emotion, he did not see the obvious. "How often may I come?" he demanded.

Laura Belle felt her patience slip. The man was simply a fatuous idiot; he made himself and her grotesque.

"I would greatly prefer that you did not come at all," she said. Then, relenting a little at his look: "Please don't look as if I'd slapped you. I'm only doing what is best for you."

"You're not—you're not telling me I'm never to see you? I couldn't bear that."

She thought he was going to cry, and her impatience increased. She was used to men, not lovesick adolescents.

"I mean exactly that," she exclaimed. "You make us both absurd. Don't you see it? Please go and don't come back." She made a little gesture, which she instantly checked. "I won't be Zenobia, the tragedy queen," she told herself.

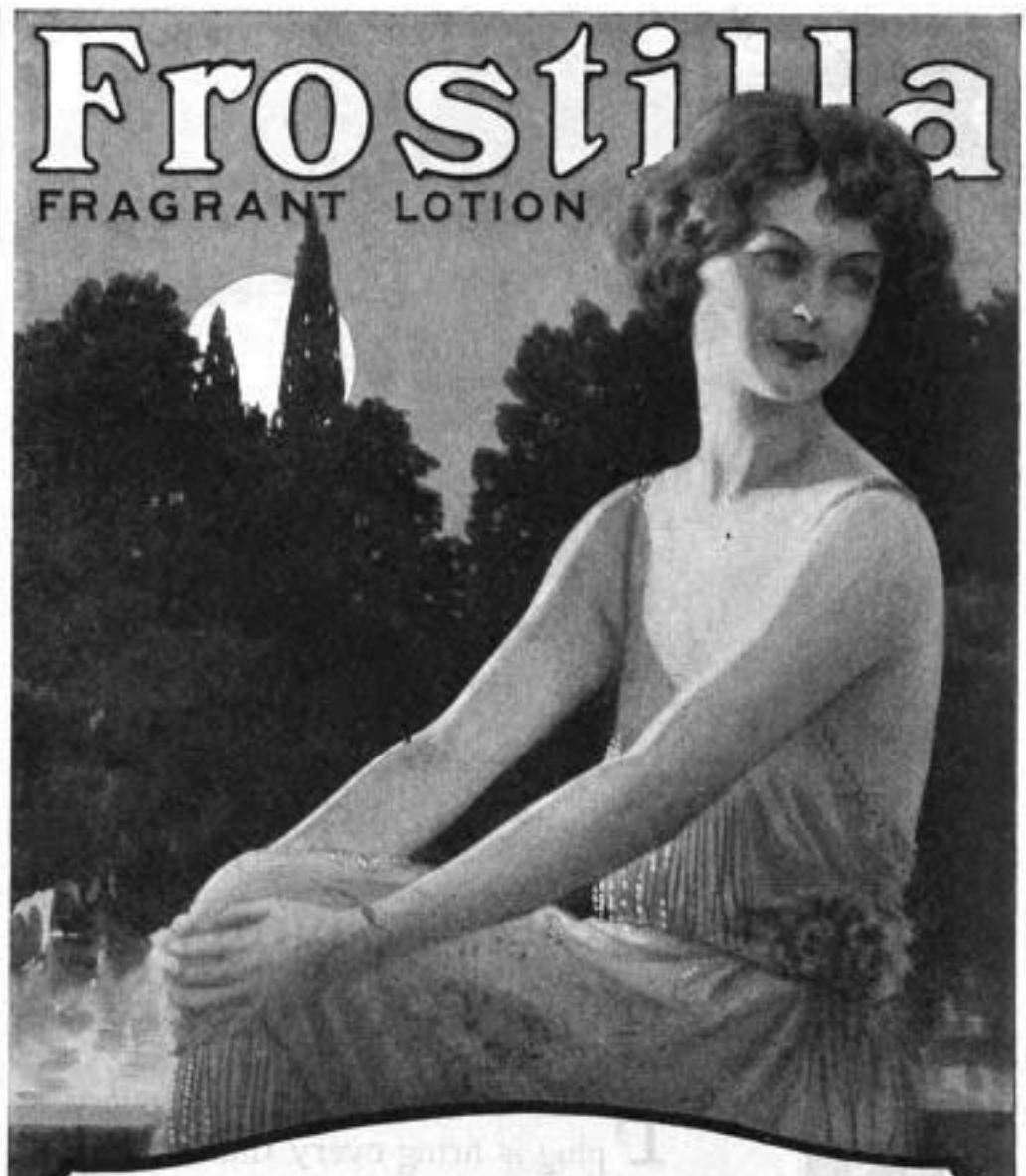
Aaron Baines said nothing, only looked at her as if he would fill his eyes and his heart with her forever. At last, without a word, a waking sleepwalker, stunned, mechanical, he left the room. Laura Belle ran out to her father.

"You were a coward," she scolded, "to leave it all to me. It was just like striking a child. I was so sorry for him, and yet so provoked."

"But he was not—insistent?" queried the major, passing by the slur on his courage.

"No, but I was."

The major shook his head in sorrow over the unhappiness in the world caused by misplaced affection. "'A gentleman may love like a lunatic, but not like a beast,'" he quoted sententiously.



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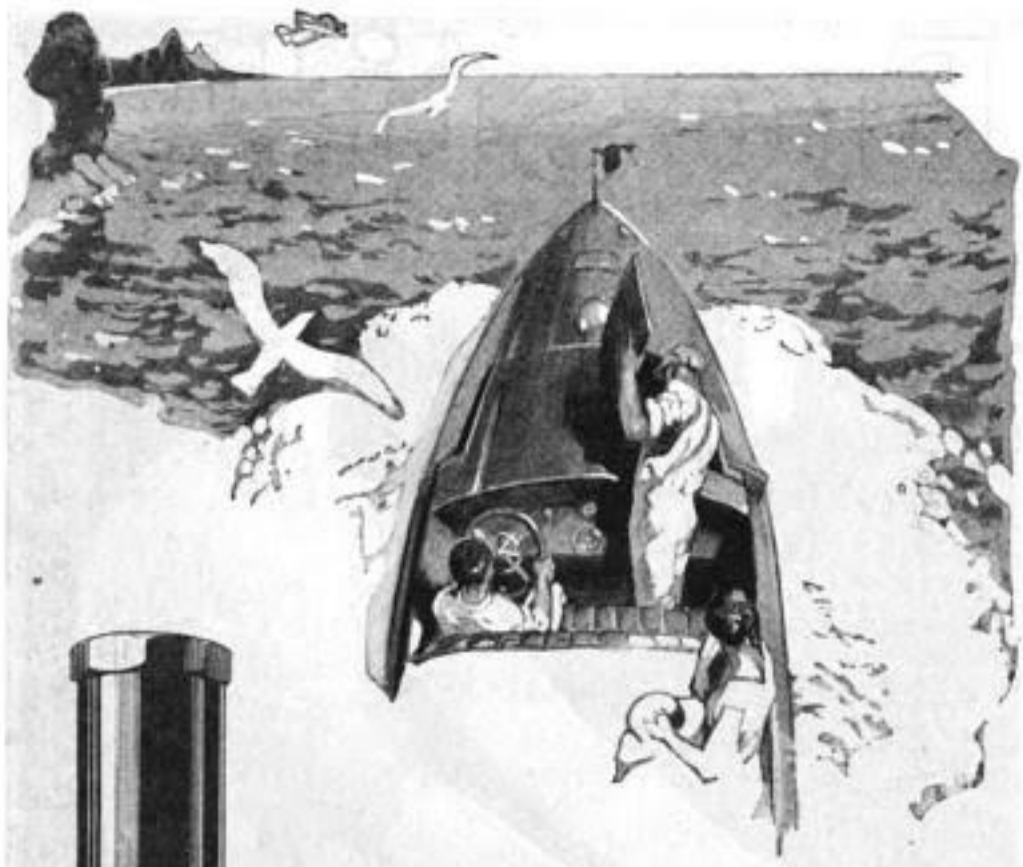
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"According to Rochefoucauld, then," said Laura Belle acidly, "Mr. Baines is a perfect gentleman."

She switched her figured muslin with the sulphur ribbons indignantly upstairs, chose a white chip hat with yellow poppies and went to the Staleys'.

"Let's go up to your room," she said to Eve. "I must talk to you."

As soon as the door was shut the two girls faced each other. In Eve's face was reflected Aaron Baines' suffering.

"I don't see what use there is in talk," she said sullenly.

"Now don't be peevish. It's not my fault."

"No, but"—Eve buried a despairing face in her hands—"it kills me to see him suffer so."

"It probably kills you because he's suffering about another woman than you. Eve, this isn't the moment to be sentimental and missish. The question is—do you want him?"

Behind her fingers Eve made muffled reply: "What good does it do for me to want him or not? He's run after you until he's town's talk. You let him do it. Oh, it was shameful of you, Laura Belle! I suppose you learned such things up North."

"Don't blame the North for everything. Remember your dear Mr. Baines is a Northerner." She laughed. "Oh, I do think this is the richest! Take down your hands and act like a grown woman. I've told him he mustn't come up to the house any more. And now, on the rebound, is your chance—yours or some other girl's. Don't you be a ninny and cry and mope. He's not in love with me, and never was; he's just in love with the idea of being in love. If you'll be sensible—and artful—you can turn him toward you. He needs sympathy."

Eve's blue eyes, tear-drenched, appeared wide and wonderful. "If I only thought what you say might be true ——"

"Of course it's true!" She swept Eve along on the torrent of her will. "If you love him as you say you do you won't sit down and let him drift into anybody's arms now. He'll get over his slight infatuation for me. It's nothing but puppy love."

"You shan't talk him down!" Eve was indignant.

"It's good if you can get mad about him—I'm glad. Spunk up, Eve. What you want with him I can't for the life of me imagine ——"

"Well, I don't see why you should want Ashby Walker."

"Oh, law, you are spirited enough with me. We're both in the same case, my dear—I want Ashby and you want the Reverend Aaron. Can't you make an opportunity to see him—often? When does Bethel Camp Meeting open? Aren't you going? Get your mother to invite him and his aunt to stay in your tent. Then you'll have him right there, particularly at mealtimes, when any man is malleable. Even Ashby nearly owns he loves me after a good supper."

"Do you really think it would do any good?"

"Not if you go at it in that frame of mind. Well, I've said my say. I'm going. Don't hate me, Eve. It's not my fault that the man hankers after something new, someone who isn't like all the other girls in the town, someone who'll tease him a little, and laugh at him, and play a schottish to him. I suppose you lure him on with Rock of Ages—a very nice tune, but one he's sick of. Oh, why can't you treat him like any other beau?"

"Treat the minister—like a beau?" Unheard-of daring!

"Gracious mercy, what is he but a man, and a young man? And a very green young man, too, let me tell you. He has possibilities; every man has when the right woman gets hold of him. You could do wonders with him. Oh, how he needs a wife and a manager!"

"I think your tongue runs away with you," said Eve after a pause. "All this—is just words."

Laura Belle's white chip quivered with mirth. "If you can make up any better plan than getting him out in your tent, right under foot every minute when he isn't on the preacher's stand, please let me know. The more I think of it the better I like it. Get him there, and then—grab him!" She bent her pretty wrists to a quick, pouncing gesture.

Eve listened while the figured muslin rustled down the stairs, heard the shutting of the front door. Something as definitely determined as old Elihu Staley's [illegible] cheek and jaw became apparent [illegible] her childlike facial contour. She [illegible] find her mother.

Laura Belle did not raise her eyes [illegible] went past the parsonage on the way [illegible] She had a feeling that she might see a miserable man, and she did not [illegible] know anything more of Aaron [illegible] his unhappiness. She resented it. [illegible] made her seem absurd to herself and [illegible] eyes of the town. "Silly boy," she murmured, giving a small scowl at the [illegible] age front gate.

Aaron Baines was not in sight; [illegible] not have averted her eyes. In his study he was kneeling, his arms [illegible] upon his desk, praying a prayer that [illegible] not sure might not be sin, but which stronger than he, to his lips:

"Let her love me. . . . Give me. . . . She is so beautiful, so good. . . . Lord, hear me. . . . not do without her. . . . Turn her to me, O All Merciful ——"

Chaotic phrases like these made petition. His head, bowed upon his papers, disordered them, tears he could restrain blotted them. He did not know what he was saying. Where were the words of consolation, of comfort, he had uttered so many times to others? There forced itself into his mind a realization that he had been a vain fool who had offered platitudes of sympathy to those in trouble. He had descended to the depths of solitude of the soul which comes only to sorrow alone opens. He felt that no one ever suffered as he was doing. He felt profoundly that he had received a mortal blow. He was, in short, making a tragic business about his first rebuff in love.

Still he had presence of mind enough to scramble to his feet and bend his head over his desk when he heard Laura Belle's light footsteps outside.

"Aaron, Deacon Staley and Deacon Richardson are downstairs, also the overseer of the camp ground. They have come to make some final arrangements." She came closer and whispered. "Mrs. Staley has just run over to ask us to stay with them in their tent during camp. I told her I would ask you. What shall I say?"

"I don't care; do what you please," he replied, hardly hearing her.

"And, Aaron"—she paused, [illegible] still whispering lest the two [illegible] should overhear—"comb your hair before you come down. It looks like a bird's nest."

Presently, somehow, he managed to comb his hair and follow her down the stairs. The three men awaited him in the parlor. Somehow he listened to what they had to say and made answer. They had written to Brother Waddell, and he was coming. Yes, the presiding elder would be there to preach on the Sunday night. Yes—yes—and yes. Despite his abstraction, his impatience, his heart sickness, and were gentle with him. It was impossible not to be. But when they retreated and were a little way down the street Henry Williams, the [illegible] twitched a thumb back at the [illegible]

"I suppose the minister feels [illegible] any other young feller. I mind when I was going with Virgie, she took a [illegible] fancy weskit I bought, and we had a [illegible] touse about it. Upshot was I [illegible] ner sleep for ten days till we [illegible] I give the weskit to a nigger [illegible] round the hotel; cost me eight [illegible] Women can prey on a man [illegible]

Deacon Staley's long beard [illegible] approval. "A man of God should [illegible] such light-mindedness."

And Deacon Richardson nodded [illegible] cence. But they did not count [illegible] secular Henry Williams.

"All very well to say, but I [illegible] you Miss Laura Belle Walker [illegible] taking young lady. Everybody [illegible] When she looks out of them [illegible] eyes of hers she's calculated to [illegible] man's head to spinning, preacher [illegible] not. He ain't in the proper [illegible] to carry on a big camp meeting [illegible] We got to look out for him."

On this the others were agreed. [illegible] Camp Meeting, in the grove [illegible] from town, was the great [illegible] church's year, rivaling in [illegible] winter series of revivals. For [illegible] drew larger crowds, its harvest [illegible] souls was larger, and it brought [illegible] the leading ministers of the [illegible] ing for a common cause.

(Continued on Page [illegible])

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(Continued from Page 106)

old camp, this one of Bethel. ad existed, with its square of d benches grouped about the l stand from which preacher ailed the congregation with ymn. Round about the square awdust-covered promenade, and after service the young d in endless procession to est clothes and their latest Beyond the promenade were -rough two-story shacks of nks, wide open to sun and with odds and ends hauled amp opened and carted back terward. There was a little ration, and some of the front lace curtains looped and tied ribbons, but these were s worldly by more austere

corners of the square were sand, upheld on high posts, d were laid lightwood knots, urky radiance to the evening a big tin kerosene lamp hung r's stand.

the benches about the d, between the tents and were the old trees of the l pine, sweet gum, white th, towering far beyond the stered amongst them. They y place a certain grace, a erable beauty, where none been contemplated by its

p flocked the farmers and n, bringing furniture, food, rvant to attend them, but to spend ten days in reli- for the camp began on a ended one week from the lay.

day was the scene of the ital meeting. It was then gave testimony, and those professed conversion came mourners' bench. Under is contagious fervor many ly sought the light. It was e crowning effort of those camp, and for this it was d. Some leading preacher, er perhaps, gave a power- repentance, warning and who were not yet num- e elect that the day of ver near. Younger minis- lay brothers and sisters e crowd, urging the falter- ard and openly testify to e. Those at the mourners' nseled as to the way of of heart. At last, some d rise and shout for glory, light, and this one would wed by others, converted this example as through ion. Then, amidst singing thusiasm would run high, til the garnering of this heaven—part of which d out to be chaff—was

e had the biggest, strong- of the county its pastor as protagonist of Bethel. l looked forward eagerly e camp meeting until the requited love fell upon become a weight on his ent care. He wished, oh, were over, so that he re to luxuriate in his know that was why he er, but it was the real ess. He found the con- deacons, the considera- inisters, the proper care the presiding elder al- endurance. As for pre- own sermons—that was He would have to rely is inspiration. He did ppropriate texts.

atching him anxiously, ht be going into gallop- "Thank goodness," she aley on their way to the his ten days in the open him good. I'm really ealth."

om the North find their h very trying," replied y. But, eye to eye, the ently agreed that per- rom the wiles of Laura l be as beneficial as the fresh air. And Mrs. Hallett was affectionately familiar to Eve.

Of this Eve herself was quite aware, and she met Mrs. Hallett a good halfway; but she had a devastating consciousness that Aunt Lucretia might smile at her forever and she not be advanced one pace thereby in Aaron Baines' heart. She was very forlorn, was Eve. At times she almost regretted the precipitancy of Laura Belle's will that had made her run to her mother with the demand that they ask the minister and his aunt for the camp. All the same, she reflected a little less mournfully, it was some comfort to know that he wasn't going to stay at the Richardsons'.

With a courage fostered by her desperation she forced herself on Aaron Baines' open attention. She sat beside him at table, she helped him to choice titbits, she asked his opinion of the various discourses and tried to open discussion with him about them. All the time she was conscious of a rising anger against Laura Belle—not personally of course, but that she should be such a witch, such a charmer, as to have blinded Aaron Baines to every other girl.

And she was conscious, too, of a growing devotion and tenderness for him. He was so unhappy and he was so painfully thin! His eyes were tortured eyes. If he had become a man under the pain of Laura Belle's dismissal, so Eve became a woman in longing to console and comfort him. Her love for him, at first no more than a romantic fancy, grew into a consuming, yearning worship, half lover and half mother.

Yet no matter what she felt, no matter what she did, she was honest enough with herself to see that she made no headway. He looked through or past her, never really at her, save with the same unnoticing wistfulness that he gave to everyone now.

For all she was angry and resentful against Laura Belle, Eve would have liked to talk to her. She wanted to ask so many things in which Laura Belle, of all Arborville, had wisdom. Might it perhaps be that there was a subconscious antipathy between a man and a woman who were both blonds? Did Laura Belle's dusky creaminess make a real complement of the Reverend Aaron's blondness, which Eve's own fair color could never hope to do? Might that not explain? But no—Laura Belle herself inclined to Ashby, dark as a crow. It was very puzzling.

And didn't people with broken hearts sometimes die of them? At this thought Eve felt such a pang in her own heart that she had to lay her hand upon it to hush it. Oh, if he should die! She would not want to live herself. Or—perhaps she would die too. She sincerely thought she might. She hoped so. Eve found that it was not hard to go to every service and appear devoutly attentive, she had so many engrossing things to think about. And she could always look at Aaron, on the stand among the other preachers, feasting her eyes on him, hoping, despairing, reveling in unusual emotions, desires and fears, such as never before had invaded her quiet maidenhood.

"I just know," said Laura Belle to Ashby, on the occasion of his regular Friday-night supper at their house, "that Eve's going the wrong way with susceptible young Aaron. Ashby, you must hitch up your buggy and take me out to camp on Sunday night. I'd like to see what's going on."

"I suppose you meddled with Eve—gave her the benefit of your worldly wisdom. I can see the pricking of your conscience."

"It wasn't my worldly wisdom at all; it was my plain common sense. She wants him; I said to her to grab him. Are you going to take me out there Sunday night?"

"I suppose so. Will you go with us, major, or does Rochefoucauld ban camp meetings?"

"My dear boy, I believe he would have enjoyed them—as a spectator, not as a participant. But I think I won't go. I'd crush Laura Belle's furbelows, and the roads are dusty."

"I can take the surrey instead of the buggy. There'll be plenty of room for Laura Belle and you too."

"Even so—I'm better at home. I do not care very much for long drives at night. I shall be interested to know, however, whether my young friend has recovered from the influence so disastrously wielded upon him by my charming daughter." He bowed to Laura Belle. "I don't want to flatter you, my dear, but I don't blame the young man."

"I find it all very silly," said Laura Belle.

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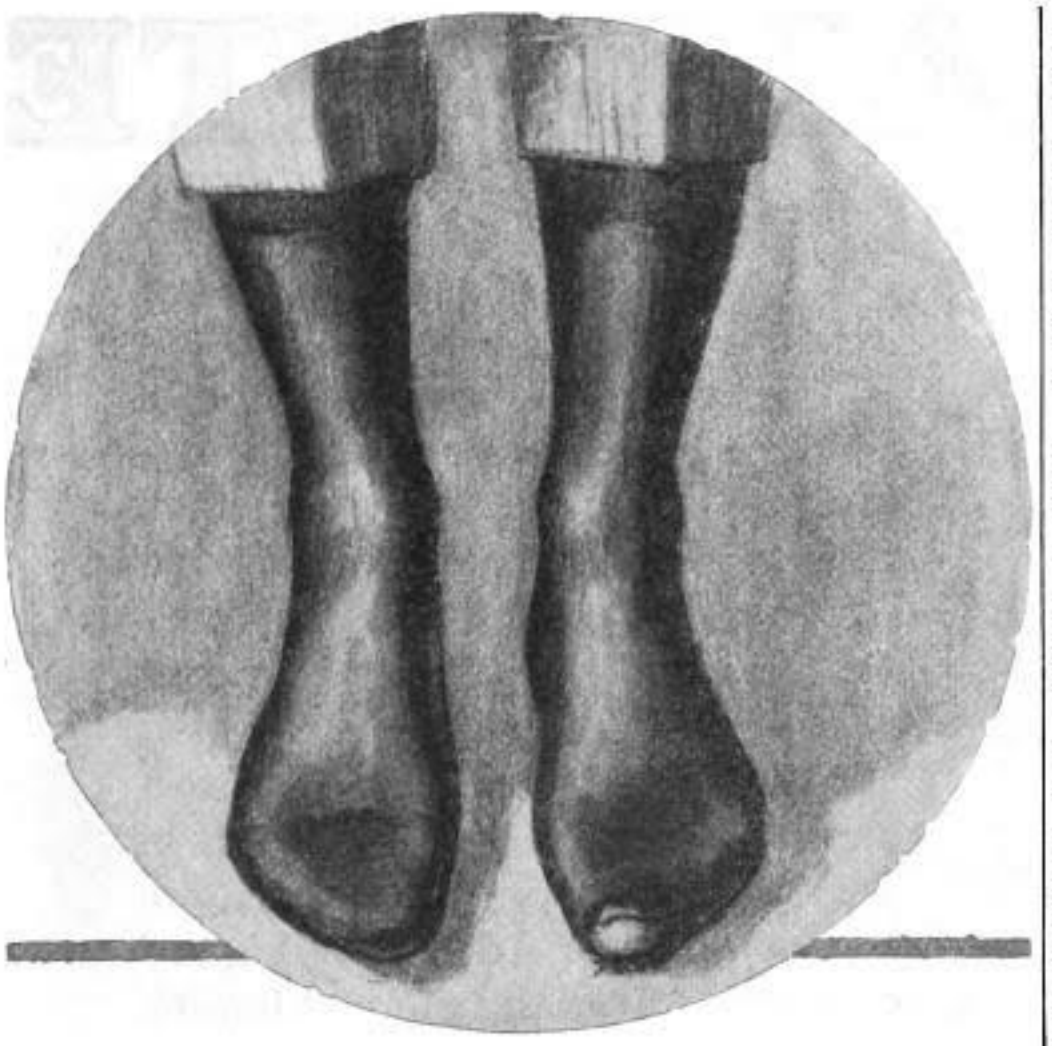
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"Ah, well," said the major, as a passing shot, "I fear he is too young to know the truth of the saying of the immortal Frenchman: 'We are never so happy or so unhappy as we suppose.'"

"I'm sorry for him," said Ashby. "I know what he feels."

Laura Belle snapped her fingers at him. "You! Ashby, how do you have the face to say such a thing?"

"It is quite true. But I've learned to conceal my feeling. He's not so fortunate. Miss Walker, I'll have the honor to call for you on Sunday evening at half past six, with my buggy newly washed, and a brand-new lap robe. Please be ready on time."

"Come in earlier and have supper here."

"No; two suppers a week here would make me fat. Don't wear your yellow dress; it's far too dashing for a camp meeting."

"Then you like it, and I'll certainly wear it."

She was as good as her word. It was in the yellow organdie that she stepped into Ashby's buggy, newly washed, as he had promised, but an old ramshackle affair even so. The lap robe he had vaunted was the cheapest of thin gray linen.

"The vehicle is not worthy of your splendor, but it is the best I can offer."

"So long as I am with you," she replied, "I don't mind if we ride in an oxcart."

"Laura Belle, you are shameless. When I look back at the wreckage you've caused! There was Haley Pritchett. And that fellow from Church Hill—what was his name? And your Centerville beau, Ned Brown. And Billy Hackett. And the doctor from Philadelphia ——"

"Wait a minute. Please note that they're all happily married now, so you can't call them wreckage. And that's what's going to happen to the young minister."

"You think Eve will—grab him—as you so inelegantly advised?"

"What is elegance when you want something? Women should be more primitive, Ashby. We're too restrained, too hemmed in, too bound down."

Ashby's frowning seriousness relaxed in genuine laughter. "You, restrained! You, bound down! I love the picture."

Laura Belle disregarded his mirth, produced a little fan and waved it. "Whew, it is dusty—and very hot! Father was sensible not to come. And look, Ashby—look at the crowd. The whole county's here! Where will you hitch?"

"As near out on the edge as I can, so we won't have any trouble getting away when it's over. You don't mind walking in?"

"I mind—but what's that to you? Oh, Ashby, I hope that Eve ——"

"I don't believe you really care. Your vanity would be immensely flattered if he'd be constant."

"Ah—does it flatter your vanity that I'm so constant to you?"

He would not answer, busied himself selecting a convenient hitching place. At last he helped her out, and they strolled slowly through the press up toward the center of the camp. It was all confused, crowded, jumbled. Carriages were coming in in droves. Here and there a big farm wagon drawn by mules brought a load of young people taking the occasion as one for gayety rather than piety. The girls were helped down with little squeals of laughter, and after they'd shaken out their light frocks to the fullest circumference and collected wraps and fans and such trifling impedimenta, linked arms with their special swains and made what haste they could to the promenade. They were viewed with indulgence or with reprobation by their elders, according to their benevolence.

Laura Belle, on Ashby's arm, watched it all curiously. The two were marked figures among the simpler folk; distinctly observers, not participants. Ashby's shabby coat could not make him naïve or rustic, and the suave finish of the girl matched his look of experience. They did not pause at the circling walk.

"We'll go on and get good seats, beside an aisle," she said. "It's a real mêlée."

The air of the whole camp was filled with dust, which under the waning of twilight took on soft blue shadows, belying its promises of grime. From the lightwood flares just kindled rose thin spirals of smoke, mounting straight, for there was no wind.

Heat like a smothering blanket lay close over everything, enervating, relaxing the mind and the will.

"Give me your fan," said Ashby as they sat down.

In his strong hand it made a little coolness for her face and looked about her. People were for the service, but there was Eve or any of the Staleys. ville people she saw and nodded to. the choir appeared on the grouped themselves importantly little organ. Visiting sweltering visibly in their last came the presiding elder, pressive, and with him

By the time the first people were packed solid and in the aisles. The give way to the devout. story of the little wooden many listeners who had bility of getting places there brooded a tense expression. The fervor tested to this eager expectancy always an electric affair, in semidarkness, and with tude waiting for the word, touching, communicating vival becomes an intense in its potentialities.

Under the high hard er's stand the face of young shone like a martyred earth. Laura Belle seen her, wished they had Mechanically he gave out stood to sing it. One of ters offered the opening thrilling voice, full of and emphasis. They sang Then came the sermon.

The presiding elder face that denoted heady self-will, but bent to of fanatic stuff. His ace to the ungodly this thy wickedness."

He stretched his his hands as though force the wicked out to them, not nouncing, not but picturing the recalcitrant, ror and of woe. found them surely He wielded the lance of of assured rebuke. sweat that poured collar and made his intent only on the he was building up, peak he would utilize to be saved.

The grove was very on. Even breath itself lest it disturb. The tranced, helpless before Walker's hand moved little fluttering fan that for the comfort of Laura outside the preacher's watched the man and ing grip upon his audience. men go into battle with glorious avenging power possessing them for the flict. He reflected that the have made a first-rate demon for fighting, would using the saber. By this held back Laura Belle from ing, kept her also somewhat that she could notice the of Aaron Baines on the covertly keep up her

In a last far-flung speaker reached his climax lent in the living silence. pause he stretched out his and his great voice bellowed the crowd: "Now is the

The choir, at the words and took up their duty. a little shakily, then as voices in the audience as I am, without one plea

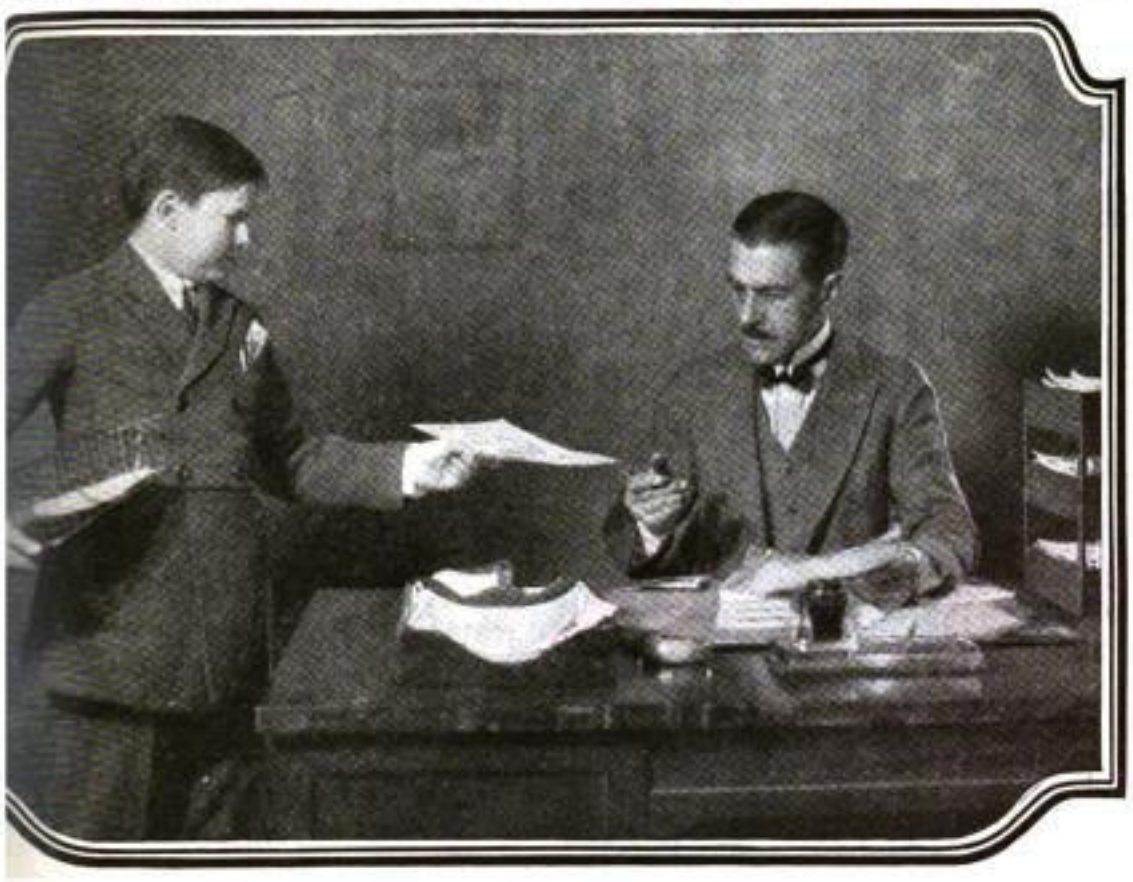
The crowd moved, the breaking tension. A young girl burst into sign of coming grace. ministers came down and made his way toward was ripe.

As the hymn went seen here and there in the with straining, drawn forward and kneel at the and sisters in Israel encouraged them. A from down the county

(Continued on Page

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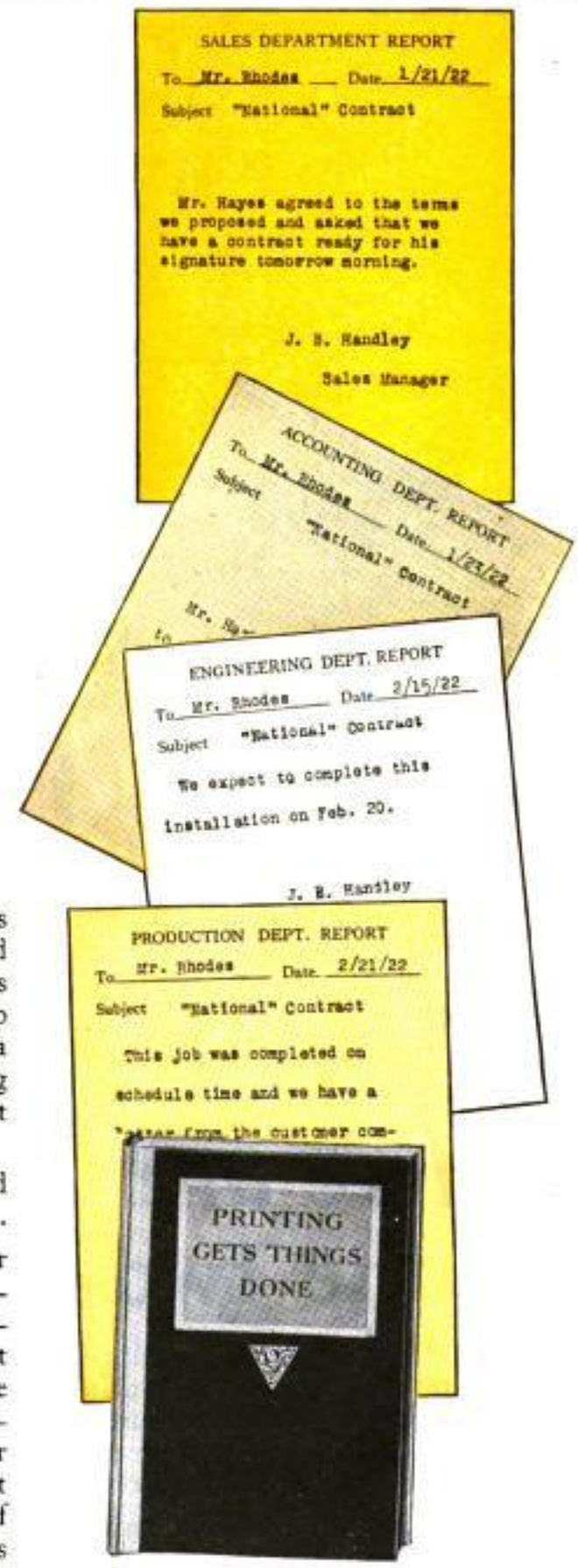
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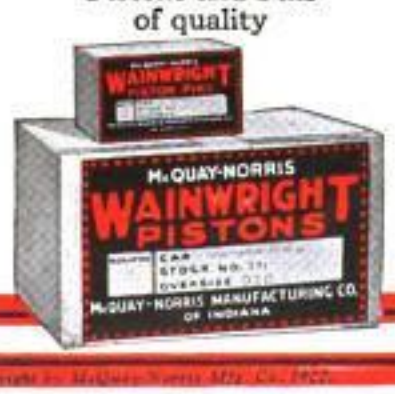
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And Snap Rings [illegible] the highest [illegible]



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ntinued from Page 110)

. hard case, faltered to his feet, twisted in his beard, his eyes 's wife, beside him, sobbed with

souls seeking the light were be mourners' bench, and others coming forward. Tremors of ran through the crowd; they strange fields of emotion, pene- he ardors of the hour. There lity in their movements—they iemselves, but beings wrought ecstasies, palpitant with mys- piteous, suffering stimulation. and moaned, called out their opes and fears, gestured wildly, sat in mute immobility, sunk themselves. The hymn went l by the soothing murmur of s, when suddenly through it nded a cry of bitter agony, of pain, through and above all tning pierces murky lowering as the voice of Aaron Baines. d himself from his stupor, and edge of the platform, a man rished by his soul, struggling

be amongst you!" he cried kneeling penitents. "I—I am a worse sinner than any of was so sure of myself—set hers—and cannot lead myself. groaned, "have mercy on l into the snares of a woman— s eaten up with desire of her— otten everything—who would thing—who would barter my s majesty for her." Feverish, is sunken eyes sought and Belle in her golden dress crowd. "It is you," he cried, ve done this! O Lord, pity ne release."

l been silence for the presiding s deeper, more significant si- People were frozen in their , appalled. The very sinners ers' bench raised their heads, thing was too extraordinary d; their own ears and eyes eived them. So testified their rprise.

e stricken man stood, facing her out, Laura Belle got p in her place, and her cool ce struck crisply across the hat held them all.

le and dreadful of you," she to Aaron Baines. "You are e."

ied, answering her, "I do not blame myself. I am un- a sinner to have cared so m in hell. I am in hell."

d, dropped groveling to his horribly. And with that, ng up, the amazement was d voices mingled in ejacula- oning.

the weaving, agitated press ne, steadfast, intent, brush- nsequently out of her path. Belle had prophesied, when d come she knew what she faltering she climbed the eacher's stand, knelt beside raised him and pillowed his shoulder.

said to him, and her voice as Laura Belle's had been, sin. Look—I love you, at you love her. Look at s well worth your love as ld return it. I could com- you. You must feel it."

mazed stir, his gasp of in- hen she felt a little tighten- on hers, a clinging, a pres- k against her throat. And at last he had found her, weakly, but he had found lized her. In her was his y. She helped him to rise. ou take his other arm and er to the tent?" she asked l the presiding elder him- d to help her.

ed him to the Staley tent, ot. A doctor was called. nto unconsciousness. But held tight to Eve Staley's new that he would never

It was of no use to try to gather up the fragments of the revival. They had scattered and vanished in the greater sensation. The congregation dissolved into groups of passionate comment and description, and at last, moved only by the extreme lateness of the hour, sought out their several vehicles, and took their ways home, replete with drama. Nothing like this had ever happened at Bethel Camp before; nothing like it would ever happen again. It was the event of a century. They felt themselves magnificently fortunate to have been present. It would make a tale for their children and their children's children.

Laura Belle and Ashby had not lingered for a moment. In a strange, rather flat restraint they made their way out of the press to the buggy, and thence to the starlit road. At last Laura Belle spoke.

"Perhaps it was dreadful of me," she said, "but with all that going-on I did feel that it needed a word of plain common sense. I hate scenes."

"I suppose," said Ashby thoughtfully, "I should have got up and demanded satisfaction of him for making a show of you before everybody, but I was so knocked over by the thing. I sat there waving your fan, open-mouthed like a zany, and let you do the talking. He was out of his mind."

"Oh, well, he's all right. You saw Eve?"

"Yes, I saw." Ashby fell again into that curious restrained silence. And then he burst into vehement speech. "But he was right, Laura Belle—he was right—to love you like that, I mean. What I saw in his face and heard in his voice I've felt—how often! And he made me see—that I must have you."

"Ashby!" She turned to him in incredulous rapture. They flung their arms about each other and kissed like children. "Ashby! Ashby!" She said his name over and over, sobbing against his shoulder.

"I've been hard on you—but it was a million times harder on me. All the other fellows that have dangled after you! I've been so near committing murder! Laura Belle—how will you stand it, with me? I'm so poor. No more visits up North. No more pretty frocks. My lovely girl, it isn't right. But now—I can't help it. I'm just like your little preacher. I can't help it."

She mopped her eyes, straightened her hat. "Keep your arm tight around me, and I'll tell you a secret. I haven't been going up North to pay luxurious visits—not since the first time, that is. I go twice a year—and—and I design millinery in a big establishment in New York. I'm very clever at it, really, Ashby. And that's what keeps father and me going. Cousin Perry—dear mamma's cousin, you know—would give father an allowance, but I wouldn't let him take it. He can take it now. I don't care, I won't have to share it. But all my hats—and frocks—and pretty things—I make them, Ashby—they don't cost much. And I'm so s-sick of being a drudging old designer—and I was so afraid I'd have to keep on forever and ever and ever. You must never tell, for no one here has the least suspicion, and father would be so disturbed if people knew I worked. Oh, how I've been tempted to tell you!"

It was his turn to be incoherent. "Laura Belle! I am ashamed. I'm in the dust."

"Yes, you are. There's so much of it to-night."

They drove along serenely through the night. Even as Eve Staley's hand clasped Aaron Baines' so did Laura Belle's soft fingers cling to Ashby's work-hardened palm. They were tremendously at peace, happy in visions.

Laura Belle spoke dreamily: "I'm going to give Eve her wedding hat, and he'll love her ever after when he sees her in it. I tell you, Ashby, it's just a trifle mortifying that I—must take you as a gift of the little preacher's hysterics. Was it only that? Wouldn't you have told me soon—anyway? I want to think so."

Ashby, released from his pride, from his fears, was generous, offering the accepted lover's commonplace without a qualm. "You shall think whatever you want, and I'll swear it's true," he answered, "always and always."

Laura Belle laughed a little, accepting the tribute at its true worth, undeceived but uncaring. "You had to say so. Oh, Ashby—what a life—what a life I'm going to lead you!"



HONK! SERVE! FORE!

BY Natalie Norris



FASHION, thank our lucky stars, has come to her senses at last. A mere wisp of a girl may now be comfortable and stylish at the same time. Those of us who prefer to ride lazily at anchor with the rocking-chair fleet, in the shade of the country club porch, can wear our Sport stockings as well as our sisters who swing the brassie and niblick beneath the broiling sun. One no longer has to be a Kellermann to wear a dainty bathing suit. Some of the most stunning ones I have seen were never meant to leave the beach. Sport clothes are the thing this summer and sport clothes are both good-looking and easy to wear.

So while you are busily planning your wardrobe for this summer's conquests, don't overlook that important item, stockings.

BURSON HEATHER is a good name to remember when you are doing the stores. For golf, motoring, tennis, hiking or ordinary, every day street wear, these new Burson stockings are the best looking, most thoroughly comfortable stockings I have seen in all my shopping excursions.

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THE REMINISCENCES OF A STOCK OPERATOR

(Continued from Page 4)

"I don't believe the man who told you knew what he was talking about."

"He didn't keep Mr. Rockefeller's books any more than you keep Mr. Livingston's. But my guess is that your guess about Livingston is wrong. If you wish I'll make his acquaintance exclusively to ask him."

"And he'd tell you!" he jeered.

"Why not?"

"He doesn't talk," he said.

"Then how does he tell the waiter what to bring him? What you mean is that he doesn't blab. That fact and the report that he has put a million or two in trust against the possibility of the game getting him some day, as it does every one of your customers in the end, make me quite anxious to meet him. I understand that he never gives tips on stocks, but never hesitates to say whether he is bullish or bearish and why, and also that he never talks one way and acts another—a luxury that no man can permit himself unless he has an intelligent conception of the big swings. My own opinion is that Livingston will agree with me that stock speculation, considered as a continuous performance, is an unbeatable game."

"Sure! He'll agree all right. He's made millions playing it."

"You don't know that he plays the game as a speculator. Moreover, he has made and lost several fortunes and he evidently thinks he may go broke again or he would not have soaked away that million so that the same ticker that gave shall not take away. I know there is always a good reason for his operations; and that reason will prove my theory."

"He may talk about the market, but he won't talk about himself," insisted my friend.

"He can't talk about the market without talking about his methods of operating. His market philosophy is himself," I said.

Brokers do not listen to abstractions. If they did some of their customers might make money. My friend said earnestly, "He has always played a lone hand and I know he is a very heavy trader. He has friends, but not a personal following such as all operators had in the old days of which you are so fond of speaking."

The Livingston Personality

"Then he is really able and also honest, and therefore exceptional. My dear chap, on the bear side all the following an operator needs is to be right. But you are, as usual, wrong. In the old days the only operator I recall who really had a following was Governor Flower, and he was not, strictly speaking, an operator, but a pool manager and promoter of syndicates operating in an unusual period. There never was and never will be another such man. His type, his place in the popular regard and the conditions that made possible his leadership will not recur. Keene, who is the nearest approach to a predecessor of Livingston, played a lone hand. But he did not disdain to accept company when there was need. And it was his pools that hurt him most, and it was a pool that made his last Wall Street chapter so inglorious. But I have to thank you for one thing, and I am very grateful."

"For what?" he asked suspiciously.

"For my present intention to see Livingston, that he may prove how sound my theories are."

"Your theories!" smiled my friend.

"I never heard you say that they were yours," I remarked quite mildly.

A mutual friend told Livingston that I wished to meet him. I do not know what else he said, but he once upon a time was a newspaper man. At all events, Livingston sent word that he would have more time to give me if I took luncheon with him at his home on Sunday. We could then spend the entire afternoon together.

I was there at the appointed hour. It was a sumptuous home. Its owner, who had never done anything else in his life than speculate, obviously lived in the height of luxury—liveried flunkies in the hall, Old Masters on the walls, and all that. It was not the blatant assertiveness of new millions that obtruded itself, but the inescapable evidence of guessing correctly on the stock market. If the unbeatable [illegible] of stock speculation had not been [illegible] by this man it at least had [illegible] severe jolt at his hands. He had made [illegible] lost several fortunes in a few years, [illegible] ing to the gossip of the Street. It was [illegible] that he had not lost the last one—[illegible] But I was forced to admit that the [illegible] making of one of the magnitude [illegible] his home hinted was a solar-plexus [illegible] my cherished theory.

He was tall and well built, [illegible] as a West Pointer. He was clearly a [illegible] the pink of condition—that is, [illegible] gent human being. He did not [illegible] years or his business. He showed [illegible] kles, no traces of the worries and [illegible] that bring premature old age or [illegible] Wall Street professionals, no vanity [illegible] dence that he had ever lived unwisely [illegible] the chief impression I received was [illegible] mind that worked both habitually [illegible] when cold.

His greeting was neither distant [illegible] dial, but his neutrality was not [illegible] ascribable to a habit of caution [illegible] than the mere shadow of a corrugation [illegible] his brow came from the pervasive [illegible] of a man perennially on his guard [illegible] of his business. And, quite definitely, [illegible] was about him nothing to make me [illegible] the lightning decisions he was [illegible] making on big market days—decisions [illegible] volving millions of dollars.

A Pointed Question

We shook hands, still neutral. [illegible] proceeded to tell him why I had [illegible]

As I talked I kept my eyes on [illegible] judge the effect of my words on [illegible] could not tell what his thoughts [illegible] indeed, whether he was thinking [illegible] eyes were full of that baffling [illegible] that you see in the eyes of [illegible] They were of a clean, clear, blue [illegible] so steady that they impressed me [illegible] more than merely organs of vision. [illegible] greatly helped him in his listening [illegible]

Livingston did not baffle [illegible] Henry M. Flagler, nor remind you [illegible] refrigerator like the late James [illegible] It was rather that the sending and [illegible] his psychic wireless was not working [illegible] face had the quality that goes with [illegible] imperturbability rather than the [illegible] immobility of exercised self-control [illegible] it not been for the listening eyes [illegible] even have called it placidity.

I told him that I had certain [illegible] about the game of speculation, as [illegible] the psychology of speculators. "[illegible]

"I've read some of your articles [illegible]

He spoke so noncommittally that [illegible]

"Well?"

"Well, you are one writer who [illegible] to tell the truth, even though it [illegible] the brokers' business to tell it.

"But the truth does not [illegible] brokers' business," I said.

He merely nodded.

"I'd like to ask you some [illegible] I said.

"I'll answer any question you [illegible] he said confidently.

"About yourself?" I asked.

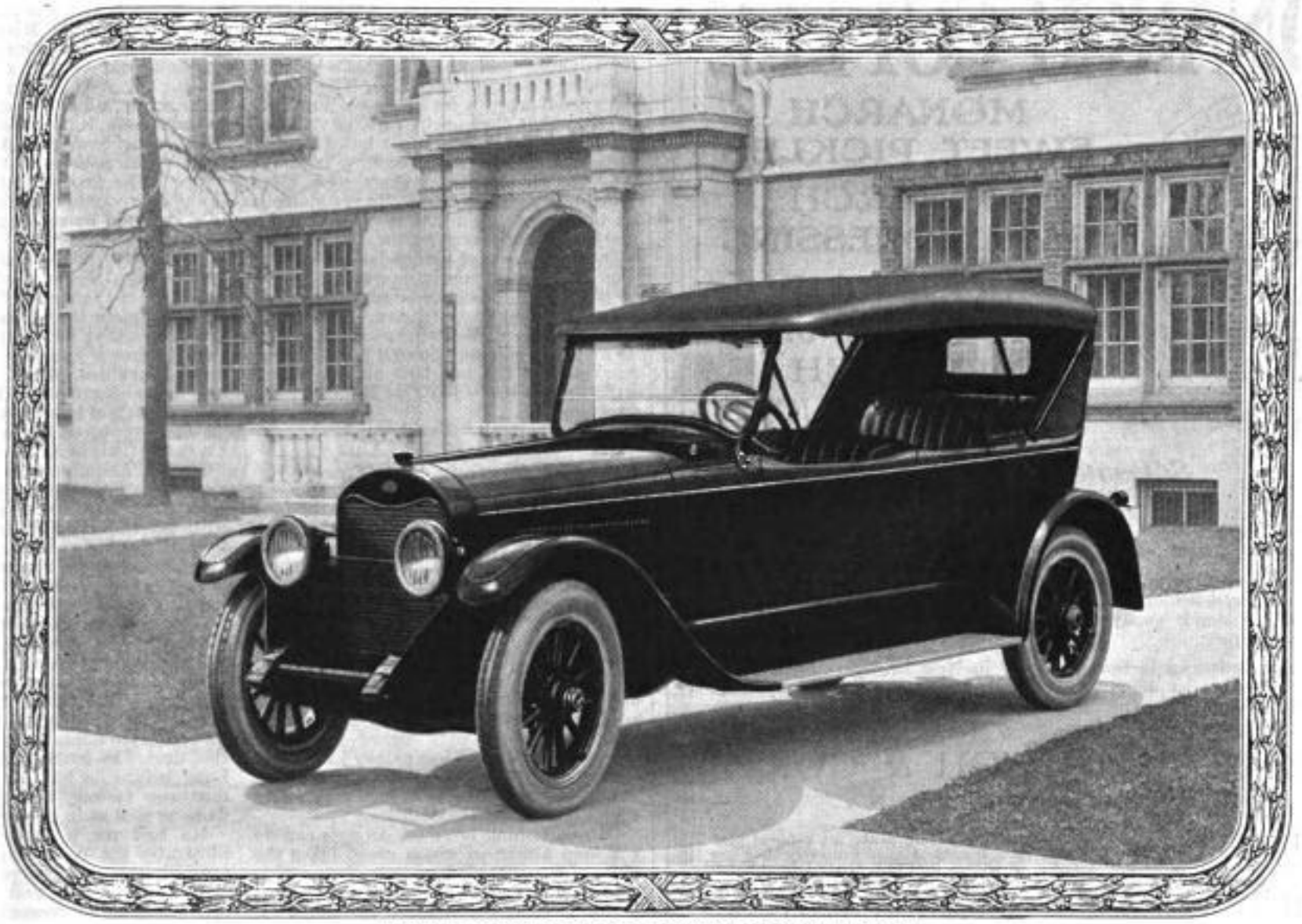
There flitted across his face [illegible] of reluctance. It was plain that [illegible] in the properly loquacious mood [illegible] comes only when a man knows [illegible] not only completely but instantly [illegible] stood, when talking ceases to [illegible] and becomes thinking aloud.

I had heard from the newspapers [illegible] of course nothing had been published [illegible] it—that Livingston had received [illegible] ing letters from cranks who had [illegible] his alleged bear raids on the market [illegible] had been some bad breaks in the [illegible] end of harrowing stories of terrible [illegible] the public. I argued that as for [illegible] his family in this house the threat [illegible] throwing could not be ignored, [illegible] however courageous he personally [illegible] be. The problem was to give him [illegible] of talking unrestrainedly about [illegible] by first inducing him to talk [illegible] about one thing.

So I said, "The principal [illegible] wanted to see you was that every [illegible] the weakness of the market last [illegible] due to a bear raid by you. I [illegible]

(Continued on Page 19)

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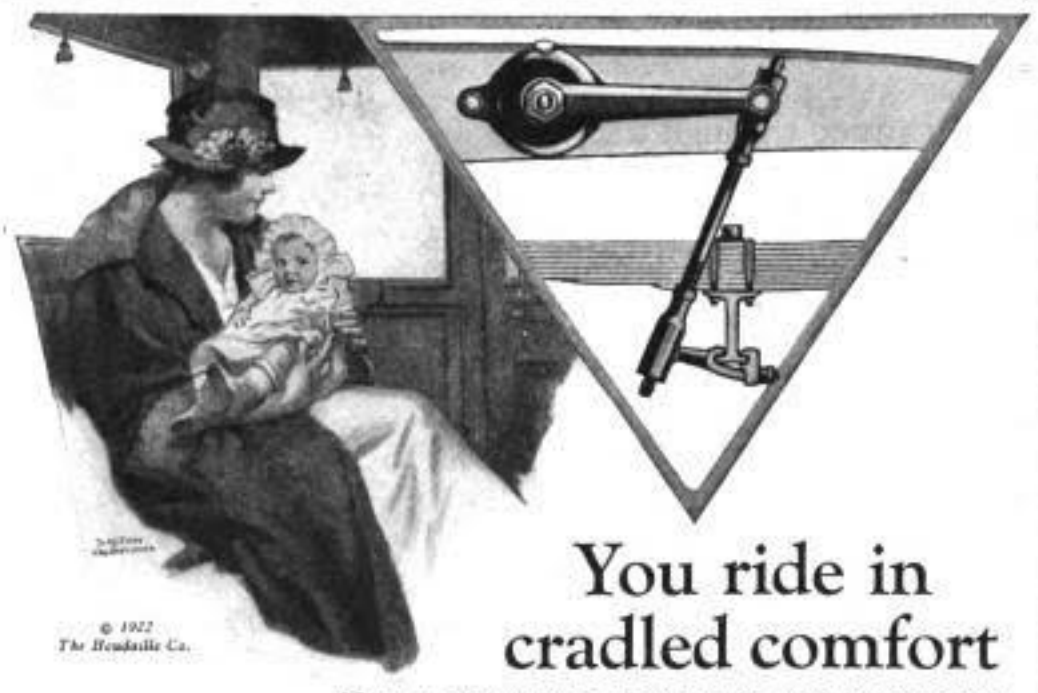
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(HOUDAILLE) HYDRAULIC

(Continued from Page 114)

that you often spread your selling orders among a hundred brokers to give the impression of liquidation by the general public. How about it?"

Sure enough, his face flushed.

"I never raid the market," he said quickly. "It would be useless. The market raids itself when a lot of people suddenly discover that they ought to have sold out ten points higher, or when a lot of insiders dispose of stocks they couldn't land the public with, or when brokers have loans called on them. But they always blame it on the bears. As a matter of fact a bear market is 100 per cent legitimate. It begins without the need of manipulation or thimblerigging, and it continues without having to be nursed. No man or set of men can smash a market day after day. I might raid the market once. But what good would that do me? It won't stay down if it isn't a bear market; and if it is a bear market I don't have to raid it, do I?" He looked at me, frowning.

"No, you don't," I said.

Merchants in Wall Street

"Personally I'd rather play on the long side. It is constructive, and it is much nicer to share your prosperity with others. The public does not take kindly to short selling. For one thing, it is easier to be optimistic, to believe what it pleases a man to believe. And then, as I said, everybody boosts a bull market, bankers and suckers alike. Nobody speaks about the misdeeds of the bulls or the misstatements of insiders about their companies. Bull tips are mostly anonymous. I have an idea that if the papers published only signed bull dope there would be much less money lost by the public. Fix the responsibility. But don't talk about bear raids as though they really were the cause of the declines."

"I don't think anything anyone can do will help a man in whom greed takes the place of gumption," I said.

He nodded—the kind of perfunctory nod a man gives when he has only half heard but isn't interested enough to ask for a repetition. His next word proved it.

"I am tired," he said, "of hearing the public and the papers blame Wall Street for parting fools from their money. Take the biggest losers. They are not the piker suckers, who only lose what they risk—pennies. It's the successful business man, the shrewd merchant, who is the biggest sucker of the lot. He has made a fortune in his own line? How? By being on the job for years; by learning all there was to know about it; by taking reasonable chances; by utilizing his knowledge and experience to anticipate probabilities. He wants to increase that fortune at a faster rate and with less effort. He decides to make his money work for him—at high wages. He assures himself that as he is taking the risk of losing every cent he puts up it is only fair to make more than his usual profit. Why, that man doesn't lose his money in Wall Street. He loses it in his own office. It isn't the game that beats him; he beats himself. Am I right?"

He looked as if he really wished to hear my opinion, so I said, "Absolutely!" It was one of my own favorite points.

"That man expects to make money in Wall Street by using methods he wouldn't dream of using in his own business. That is why legislation can't help much, because it can't keep a man from wanting to get something for nothing. If all the so-called abuses were suppressed and the public protected against crooks and against its own greed and ignorance, so that nobody could lose money, who in blazes could make money? If everybody bought at the bottom, from whom would he buy? Who would sell?"

"Precisely. That's one point all the investigating committees overlook," I said.

He went on earnestly:

"The sucker play is always the same: To make easy money. That is why speculation never changes. The appeal is the same: Greed, vanity and laziness. The merchant who would not dream of buying and selling stockings or percales on the advice of fools goes to Wall Street and cheerfully risks his money on the say-so of men whose interest is not his interest, or tipsters who have not grown rich at the game they want him to play. He thinks his margin will take the place of brains, vision, knowledge, experience and of intelligent self-surgery. Whether the stock market goes his way or against him, his hope is always fighting his judgment—to keep gaining more that keeps him from taking his profits when he should; to keep losing less that keeps him from taking a relatively small loss. It is a human fault.

"Yes," I said. "Even old Daniel Drew couldn't bear to take a loss. He began trading in several stocks and one day showed him a loss he would put it in some account that showed him a profit. That way he would tell himself he hadn't lost money, that he hadn't been wrong! The foxiest of all stock sharks in his day couldn't bear the mere thought of a loss, and he wasn't a miser. He was the average sucker!"

"Yes. He is the kind of investor who believes the reason stocks decline because I raid the market," said I.

It was plain that so far it had not grievances that had been lodged against that he himself had been listening to—the same grievances. But I was less anxious to hear business aphorisms than I was to hear the plain tale of his own successes. I was in the midst of this sumptuous house and the owner of his market wisdom.

I asked him about his methods. I would ask him about himself—and it became clear that he was far more interested with determining the direction and duration of the big swings than with the moves in specific stocks. There was no trouble about making big money when the operator's position was correct. All stocks, for instance, go down in a bear market. As bear conditions become more clearly defined the operator must pick out those stocks in accordance with the changes which the hard times develop and which appear in the various industries. Every group has its turn. He himself studies certain stocks all the time. It is part of his day's work. Long before he has his breakfast he has read the various market reports in the daily as well as in the trade papers.

He told me a story that perfectly illustrates the Wall Street point of view—how apt are the wiseacres in the brokers' offices to be wrong and how and why a man earns his successes.

An Undeserved Reputation

The United States World Trade Corporation, with a capital stock of $100,000,000, was formed to operate in various foreign countries. It owned steamship lines that went everywhere, trolleys in Europe, rubber plantations in Guatemala, hydroelectric plants in Bolivia, banks in Peru. In addition conducted a huge export business. When, after the armistice, the bottom of the world over fell off, the U. S. W. T. stock remained firm. Other stocks declined, but the public remained sure that the company's business was sound all over the world and so could divide profits. Moreover the directors were the shrewdest financiers in the country. The company continued to pay its regular quarterly dividends.

The bear market developed. There were severe declines in security prices. One pool after another was forced to liquidate. U. S. W. T. stock descended in an orderly and leisurely manner as befitted the aristocratic directorate. One day when the whole of the market displayed an inspiring tone U. S. W. T. stock suddenly dropped five points and was more active than for months.

There was the usual demand for explanations, and one of the financial editors was delegated by his fellows to interview the president of the company.

"There is a rumor that you are going to pass the dividend at the next meeting," said the newspaper man, "as there was no disgrace; other companies are doing so on account of the hard times."

"It's news to me," said the president.

That didn't mean anything to the experienced financial editor, who asked:

"Has there been any formal or informal discussion about passing the dividend?"

"No!"

"Or about reducing it?"

"I might answer that it is not the business what our directors do formally or informally. But may I assure you that there has been no talk about it, and no desire or intention of reducing or passing the next dividend? I hope we may never have to do so."

"I hope the same thing," said the editor.

All the papers published the denying on the highest authority the president's—that the company

(Continued on Page

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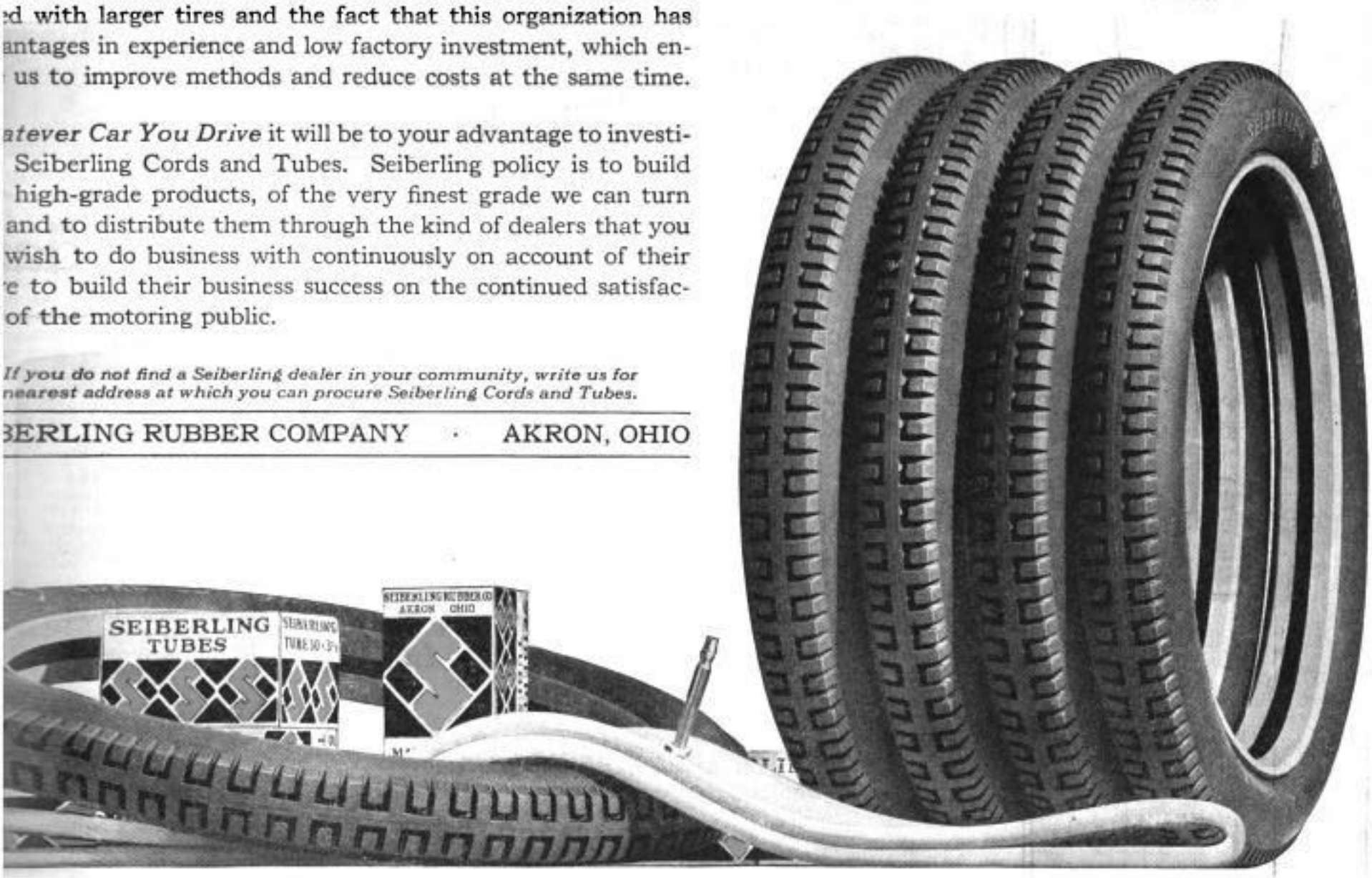
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(Continued from Page 116)

he next dividend. The effect was many stockholders from selling president was known to be a ll truthful man, respected even nancial writers, who have very ns about presidents with tickers ivate offices.

of rallying, however, the stock next day worse than before, and after it was the weak feature of t. The newspapers did not know ake of this slump, for the presi- egorical denial made it difficult that the dividend would be cut. Street, however, always ready the worst—naturally—smiled ted, "The tape tells the story! be as many official denials as , but that stock has gone down elling!"

ncial writer who procured the from the president told me at the it was a great shock to him, always entertained the highest the character of the president, med to be a particular friend of

y do you think he lied to you?"

at the price!" answered the

othing. I knew it was useless. was looking at the price.

ugh, a couple of days later the directors of the United States de Corporation met and an- fter the market closed, that in unsettled conditions, financial, and industrial, the world over, ny had decided to conserve its es and would not declare the arterly dividend.

The Inside Story

et rang with the jeers of the

e! The directors sold out their d went short. The rawest deal

ncial editor who had secured the from the president elected that to the Ananias Club of Wall mbership: *Omnes*.

pens that I know the president I ran across him uptown and, ke a true friend did not wait for but accused.

blazes did you have to deny re going to pass the dividend?" the truth!" he said doggedly. e first.

th! When I made that state- had been absolutely no talk ividend. I give you my word inutes before the vote was was not one director who was the board's action might be." w I am your friend," I said. ind that sticks. Whether you of jail, I am strong for you."

you mean?"

do not have to tell me you . I believe you. But it smells ivery. Who sold the stock?"

worse luck!"

with such sincere regret that I n again.

ispered; "Which director had science to sell?"

em swore that they were not

em always do," I remarked. u expect, signed confessions?"

said the president seriously. director was guilty this time. d my statement our business se. Some of the markets for simply dropped out of sight; ouple of revolutions and a lot d commercial failures all over a; altogether one hellish state e are going to need a lot of ere's a long hard pull ahead naturally decided to keep as hand as we possibly could. siderable opposition to pass- end, but the conservatives

'll never make Wall Street tory," I assured him cheer-

" he said. Then he exploded: ght five thousand shares my- rst break. It shows me a ss this minute."

dn't have talked to report- n.

"I shall not after this," he promised heartfully.

"Don't worry about the next time," I assured him. "They will never again ask you any questions. And if they do they won't print the answers. Not after this."

It all happened several weeks before I called on Livingston. The story he told me was that he had been keeping an eye on the export trade and on conditions in South America and the Orient. The future was gloomy. Things were bound to grow worse. He looked, in accordance with his usual practice, for the stock that would corroborate and justify his opinion of basic conditions. There was United States World Trade Corporation, selling way up. He got the annual reports of the company for three years, and then, when he knew all about the company finances as well as the underlying conditions in every one of the company's divers lines of business, he sold short ten thousand shares of the stock. He began at 110. The next morning he read the president's statement. It had the effect on him of making him sell another ten thousand shares short, and the price broke so badly that he was encouraged to put out an additional short line of ten thousand shares on the third day. By the time he was short thirty thousand shares the price was in the 80's. There was no inside support to speak of, and the room-traders on the floor saw it and sold it so recklessly that the stock had a good rally on their covering. Then came the last grand drive, at the opening, on the day after the directors' meeting. Livingston took advantage of the big collapse to take in his shorts at a trifle above 60.

"I made a killing on that stock. I didn't need any inside tip," he finished.

"And the beauty of it is," I said, "that Wall Street accused the directors of speculating in their own shares. Do you remember the shriek the newspapers let out when the stock broke after the president came out with a statement that they were not going to pass the dividend? They did not know that it was your selling. I happen to know that the decision to pass the dividend was not reached by the directors until two minutes before they took a vote on it."

"Wasn't it? Well," he said grimly. "I reached it for them two weeks before they voted. I read the president's statement. I didn't hope that they might never have to pass the dividend. I knew they must; if not this time, three months later. If they had paid the regular dividend I would have sold short twenty thousand shares more, because their action would have been proof that they didn't know their business or that their stock-market commitments obliged them to do the wrong thing; and with the help of the vanishing export business I would have made them let go their holdings before I got through with them. I knew the directors were the richest bankers in the country, but I also knew that no man or set of men could fight conditions."

Studying the Wheel

That is the inside history of a typical Wall Street episode. I told my friend, the president, what Livingston told me. His remark was, "That's very interesting; but I don't expect ever to live down my reputation as a conscienceless stock gambler."

Livingston and I discussed other market topics. He told me many illuminating stories about buying and selling stocks at other than the exactly right time. Also he discoursed at length on tape reading and on numbers and their meaning, which enabled him to base operations on what one might call behavior. Time and behavior! He was very keen about these.

"And it isn't only in stocks. It holds true in nearly everything in the world. I was at a Southern resort, and some friends took me to Gridley's. I had never played roulette. So after a while I did."

"And you beat it?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered in a matter-of-fact voice.

My heart sank so that I almost heard it. I had developed a very fair degree of admiration for this stock operator, who in the palace he had bought with his winnings had been corroborating my contentions about the fate of all stock-market players. I had seen in him the honest-to-goodness hero of no end of exciting Wall Street yarns. And now he had to go and spoil everything!

"Do you mean," I asked in a casual tone of voice, "that you have a system for beating the roulette?"

It was too bad, after promising so much!

"No," he answered slowly, "I haven't a system for beating roulette. I have a method that I follow in playing the game at certain wheels at certain times."

"Meaning?"

"I'll tell you what I mean. I stood at one of the tables and watched the wheel. I jotted down in a notebook every number that came out. I can't tell you how long I was at it. But I kept the tally of hundreds of plays. I studied these and saw that certain numbers appeared much oftener than others and that certain numbers also were very apt to come after certain other numbers. To make the story short, I found certain sequences. I waited for the right time and then I played according to the result of my observations at that one table! I figured that the odds were in my favor; and sure enough, I won."

"Did you always win?"

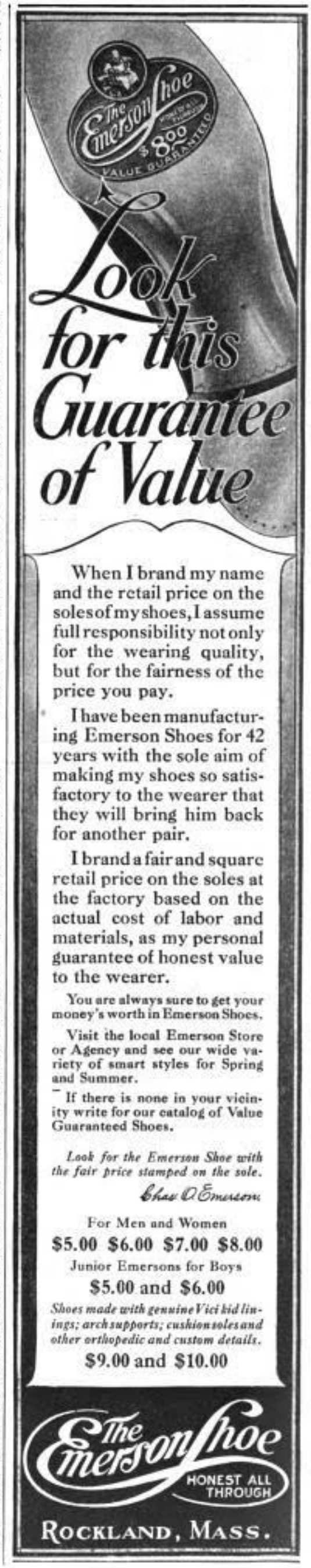
"Oh, no! Whenever things didn't come out as they should, I'd quit. There was no sense in arguing. Something had gone wrong. I might find out the reason later; but the pressing need when one is wrong is to quit quick. I went to Gridley's a good many times and studied his tables. I learned that the runs of numbers varied not only with the wheels but with the dealers. There were times when the same wheel and the same dealer would not run true to form. Probably they had oiled the mechanism that afternoon or had done something or other to alter conditions. The whole thing was simply one of the mechanical behavior of individual wheels, and the physical peculiarities of each dealer. I watched for the repetitions. As I told you, I always cut short my losses. No wheel could take more than two hundred dollars out of me. By the time I'd lost that sum I was sure something or other had changed, which rendered valueless all my previous observations. But often I won quite a little. At the end of the season I quit a small winner; say, three or four thousand. But that wasn't the thing. The reason I played was to learn whether my observations were accurate."

The Technic of Interviewing

The English-speaking man suffers from a purely conventional reticence. He seldom talks frankly about himself or humanly about his hopes, and the chief problem of the interviewer is to make him cease to think of his auditor as an auditor. A man who does not wish to be quoted must be persuaded that he will not be misquoted; and the best way to achieve that is to convince him that you know him better than he can possibly know himself, because it is your business to know men—as it is his to be an unusual personality.

A talker as a rule does not crave action; but a doer often loves to talk. When a man of deeds is convinced that you will not confound the certainty of knowledge with the dogma of egotism or that you are intelligent enough to be deeply interested in his pet hobby—his achievements—he regards you as his other self. Talk about the *femme incomprise!* It is the super successful man who is most vulnerable on his nonunderstood side. Of course, before he can be sure of the value of your appreciation—he does not crave d. f. praise—he studies you, tries to see the real you, even as you are after the real him. All you have to do to win out is really to understand him. You will best make this patent by listening accurately rather than sympathetically, for if he is a big man he doesn't need sympathy. You prove your understanding by occasionally not waiting for him to finish a remark, but finishing it yourself. If you put his own thought more epigrammatically than he himself would have done, you will find that he invariably repeats after you, as though he understood you! He will not talk down to you after that, but up! You may even interrupt, urging him to go faster. He will forgive your impoliteness because it proves that your interest makes you impatient to hear everything he has to say and hear it quickly; a thrilling story.

A quick-gaited mind finds its greatest torture in having to moderate its stride to allow you to keep up with it. With men like Theodore Roosevelt, James J. Hill or Nelson W. Aldrich it was no trick to get an answer to any sort of question after you once proved your ability to keep pace with their extremely rapid-working minds. To be understood, no matter what words he uses or how quickly the thoughts succeed



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each other or how far the leap is from subject to subject, makes a man cease to talk to you. Instead he proceeds to talk to himself in your hearing; for even the most self-repressed captain of industry or banker or poet finds pleasure in your listening when it compels him to justify your rare appreciation of him. Often he finds himself for the first time crystallizing his own opinion of his own acts. The man who does big things is less afraid of being blamed than of being misunderstood. He doesn't ask applause from you. His one prayer is that you should understand him as he understands himself; because then you will realize that it is natural for him to be what he is. And he knows what he is!

This digression was intended to make plain why men who seldom talk about themselves will at times talk freely. A politician need or need not talk about himself. He can be a Roosevelt or a Quay. But a stock operator should talk only about the market, and at that only when the talk helps him. Livingston had no axes to grind on the stone of publicity. He needed no following—no votes. He had no vanity to gratify by speaking about his successes, when the detailed story if published might mean merely more threatening letters or even bombs or midnight visits. It was less his philosophy of trading that I wished to hear than the story of his life—the reason for the Old Masters on the walls and the exquisite pearls about his wife's exquisite throat—the man himself, self-painted by his autobiography. A life habit of playing a lone hand was not conducive to garrulity. All during luncheon I was thinking of this man's stock-market life and how to induce him to tell it to me.

I have told how I received no definite impression of Livingston's personality except that it was bafflingly unvibrating. He was psychically inert, as it were. But soon I perceived that he was testing me—as all men who have many opponents do when they are interviewed. It is always better for the interviewer to reveal himself at once instead of waiting to be sized up by the sitter, who is less apt to be an expert character analyst.

Livingston's secretary brought in a certain document. I was about to move away, when he said, "No; it is nothing private."

After the secretary left, remembering that Livingston did not know me, I said, "It is very interesting to see how your mind works."

"How do you mean, see?" he asked sharply.

"That!" I said. "See! I could tell by looking at you."

The Business of Being Right

I described how he looked when he turned his mind from our discussions to the new matter, how he concentrated, how he forgot everything except the point he was studying. I then told him how I read back from his actions to his thoughts, and why in my opinion he had decided to do what he told the secretary he would do.

He listened intently—as all men of affairs do when you talk to them about themselves frankly—and nodded. But after that the change of attitude was noticeable. He was now quite as much interested in his own talking as in my listening. We had become acquainted. Those ten seconds of understanding were the equivalent with him of a year's acquaintance.

After Livingston begins to talk because it is you who are listening to him, it is impossible not to realize that he has the kind of mind that makes him the best tape reader and consequently the best technical trader of all the big stock operators of his generation. It is a decidedly arithmetical mind—not indeed of the type of the lightning calculator who is nothing but a lightning calculator, but of a man who reads numbers on the tape as an astronomer reads the stars in the sky; and remembers—both the numbers and their meaning according to the time and place. So marked was this, so obviously was his uptown life drab as compared with his daily five hours downtown, that one wondered a trifle dubiously about his grasp of human nature and human emotions in general. For it was as clear as day that he took no interest in men who were merely human beings, whether butchers or poets. It was the people who played the same game that he did who alone mattered. Plungers or pikers, they were all a part of his problem. For their human weaknesses he had neither sympathy nor condemnation. They were stock speculators who might help or hinder his plans. [illegible] accurately, who might retard or hasten hour of his winning.

Later, when he told me about [illegible] experiences, I was not surprised to [illegible] once did he volunteer any impression the people with whom he dealt. He [illegible] describe the physical or mental characteristics of men who had played a part career. He either never had observed not think it worth while remembering was always what he did or was said—that is, what made him do [illegible] did at the time. But he recalled with lishing detail the facts of his own exact number of shares and the [illegible] stocks bought and sold twenty years fore—that is, all about his business of being right in the stock

I am giving impressions derived words in the course of a talk of hours grew more personal as it proceeded cumulative effect of scores of [illegible] revelatory flashes. For instance, gathered that he had the unusual mind that a great chess player has born with it. That is the reason what to do by instinct. He has [illegible] normal degree, the ticker sense—as sey has the fighting instinct reporters the news sense. He was his game as Mozart was born for music Cobb for baseball. He came into the with it and he has developed it Morphy developed his chess play has both studied and practiced. own success, his very millions, you shall later see, that not even beat the unbeatable game. For does is not to gamble or speculate sense in which I use "speculation" is, the continuous practice of buying selling stocks in expectation of a change in value. He does what successful merchants and manufacturers road men and prize-fight promoters pioneers do: He anticipates profits And that is not a mere euphemism gambling. It connotes a vital difference

Traders of Various Types

It was most interesting to hear own lips that with all his natural vated equipment as an operator, he tried to get something for nothing the stock market, or followed tips tured in other markets on another he invariably fared as doth the unjust has lost millions by making wrong He admits it painlessly. If it were mistakes he would be one of the rich in the world—like many others!

He has the marvelous memory of that type of mind. He remembers bers and fluctuations indefinitely tell what a stock sold at when bullish or bearish on it fifteen Professional chess players will every move of a complicated game years before. Only the other day player who may or may not be champion as these words are prescribed exactly how the balls in missed a certain shot that ended run at a certain tournament before That sort of memory is of value trader who remembers the lesson by miles upon miles of ticker tape

Relatively few of the big men Street have been good traders Jay Gould, who was a great genius, saw in the market a means end. He made and lost millions speculations. In his manipulations tain control of companies he was cessful. But that was quite another One of his chief brokers told made $100,000 in commissions Gould in one year, and that tain Mr. Gould's net winnings year did not amount to suspected Mr. Gould the year of the famous

Commodore Vanderbilt that he believed in, and vested, not traded. He in his two Harlem contests was mainly to punish speculators edness. Moreover, he had cial resources and believed the road, as well he might. Drew ran rings around him market more than once.

The late J. P. Morgan ested in the stock although the late Thomas "Matthew Marshall"—and other me stories of certain coups of was a young man working for

n told friends he was afraid Pier-
uld never make a banker! When
d the United States Steel Corpora-
ntrusted the market manipulation
proven shares to James R. Keene
ve been told, always regretted the
of having to develop a speculative
or them. Of Mr. Morgan's part-
never heard any accused of being
larly good stock-market trader,
exception of the late George W.
a man of unusual ability and
on, who was a great and natural
aker and took kindly to the stock
where he could utilize to the full
resources.
J. Hill was a successful operator
in which he was interested, but
constant or general trader. He
most picturesque personality I
met in Wall Street. On the
d, E. H. Harriman was a very
er. His huge fortune, won in a
n years, was taken out of the
t by trading in stocks but by high
manipulation of entire capitaliza-
t he could read the tape very
early career on the floor of the
hange gave him the needed ex-
I remember once being in a
ice and one of the greatest oper-
ever lived looked worried.

Ticker Sense

the matter?" I asked, scenting
hat is, front-page news.
re been forced to change some
old a friend the other day what
do, and he bought twenty thou-
of—of a certain stock. I don't
her to let him know now or

ou are entirely out?" I said—
, so that he wouldn't shoot.
e said frankly; "until some
ls are out."
twenty-thousand-share man a
riend?"
very."
?"
t's E. H. Harriman," he said.
and told him: "Don't worry
He's out."
you know?"
the tape; and if that isn't
him up."
wasn't enough, so the greatest
er that ever operated in Wall
up E. H.
him," I suggested, "when he
k."

him if he has it yet."
did. He told me that Harriman
Oh, I sold day before yesterday.
the looks of the market." He
e turn on the minute.
Keene, of course, was an artist
ator, and a consummate reader
In his later years he interested
y in campaigns in single stocks,
method first employed in the
nge by John M. Tobin in
nes, which consisted of care-
g the affairs of one company
ng upon the knowledge thus
bin was Commodore Vander-
roker in the famous Harlem
4. He and Jerome adopted
ic principle of concentrating
upon one point. One stock
Keene, of course, traded in
nd he also had, very highly developed, what I have called ticker sense; that curious instinct that saved him more than once. He was a brilliant manipulator and a daring plunger. He did not care to direct a company's affairs, but he could analyze an annual report as accurately as an expert accountant; and ten times faster.

It was a wonderful equipment that Livingston had been born with, and I could not help comparing him with the average man who goes to Wall Street after easy money. I recapitulated the sources of loss by the public.

Speculators' Weaknesses

MOTIVE. The sucker wishes to get something for nothing. He is prompted by blind greed or by the excitement of gambling. But Livingston cared only for winning, for being right. Money was merely the proof of it. He sees. Then he seeks to verify his sight by actual operations. It was the hot passion of a chess master for chess, however cold-bloodedly he may play the game itself; the irresistible urge to find solutions to problems. And his were all stock-market problems.

TRADING IN AND OUT OF SEASON. Livingston had lost too many millions and had learned to wait for the right time. Too soon is as bad as too late.

HOPE. The average sucker does little more than hope, whatever official reason he may give to others or to himself. But Livingston doesn't hope; he thinks. He makes mistakes, but never the same mistake twice, for he has toward the game the curiously personal as well as utterly impersonal attitude of the artist toward his work. One of his aphorisms is "I never argue with the tape." He is right or he is wrong; hope has nothing to do with it. And even when accidents make him lose money they don't prove he's wrong. So his attitude is unchanged, his confidence in himself unshaken. And that makes the millions!

LACK OF KNOWLEDGE OF THE GAME. Lack of knowledge of market movements, of general trade conditions, of specific conditions affecting specific stocks, of values, of money conditions, contributes to make the public lose. But Livingston knows and studies all the time. He reads trade papers, and hires experts, and gets reports, and is forever on his own job.

INEXPERIENCE IN THE STOCK MARKET. It is the one business Livingston knows. He has been in it since he was fourteen.

TEMPERAMENTAL UNFITNESS. That is back of many failures. But Livingston has experience, a remarkable memory, coördinates accurately and quickly, has ticker sense—the instinct for the game that a man must have to be a master. At times it proves to be a trustier guide than his reasoning, for that may be vitiated by ill health, nerves or special circumstances. But the instinct is never dormant.

And yet Livingston loses. He was a discharged bankrupt for millions, as late as 1915. In two years he had paid all his debts with interest; and two years later was a multimillionaire.

How did he do it all?

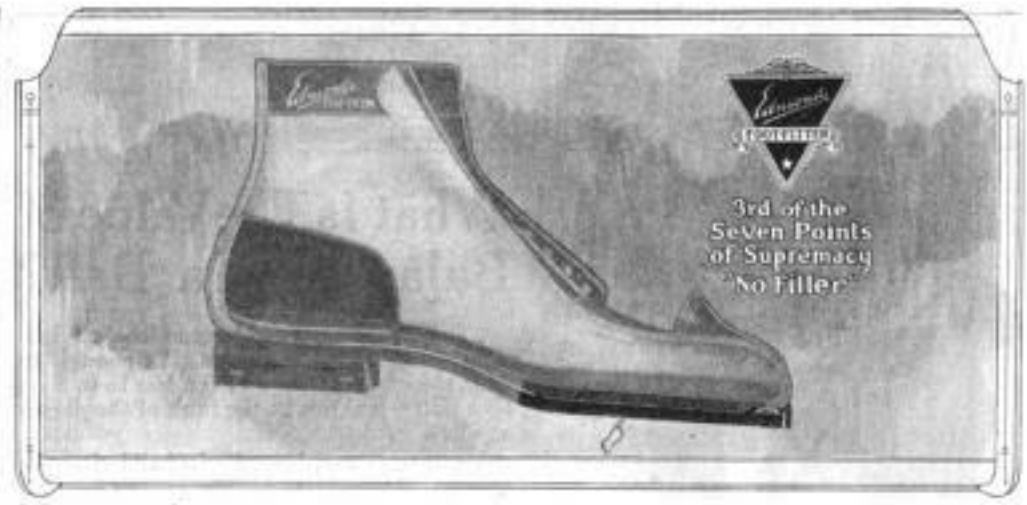
How did he make his first million in 1907?

How did he lose all his millions in 1915?

How did he get back?

And even more interesting and valuable—how did he make his first dollar?

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Lefèvre. The next will appear in an early issue.



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You are not receiving full dollar value if the shoes you buy have a cork bottom filler between the soles. Such shoes quickly lose their shape, wrinkle over the vamp and form hard lumps on the inside as the cork is squeezed out of place by your weight.

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J. POINDEXTER, COLORED

(Continued from Page 13)

and if I don't believe it is I can just ask any New Yorker after I gets there and he'll tell me the same.

So, taking one thing with another, I'm mighty much pleased when the word comes along in about a week from then that the old judge says I can go and sends me his best wishes and a twenty-dollar bill as a parting gift and friendship offering. He says in the letter, which Mr. Dallas reads to me, to tell me to be sort of careful about sampling the stock of liquor and cigars on the sideboard of any New York family when I'm in their house, and also not to start in wearing a strange Yankee gentleman's clothes without telling him about it first. He says people up there probably don't understand local customs as they have ever prevailed down our way, and if I ain't careful first thing I know there'll be a skinny black nigger named Jeff locked up in the county jail hollowing for help and not no help handy.

But that's just the old boss man's joke. He always is been the beatenest one for twitting me about little things around the house! Mr. Dallas he knows how to take what the judge says, and so does I, and we has quite a laugh together over the letter.

And lessen twenty-four hours from that time we is both all packed up and on our way, New York bound, me wearing one of Mr. Dallas' suits of clothes, which I figures he ain't had it on his back more than five or six times before altogether. It's a suit of a most pleasing pattern, too, and cut very stylish.

II

NEXT morning after we gets across into Ohio Mr. Dallas he fetches me into the Pullman car where he's riding. I finds myself more comfortable there than I has been riding up front in the colored compartment, but lesser easy in my mind. I enjoys the feel of them soft seats, and yet I gets sort of uneasy setting up amongst so many strange white folks. Still, there ain't nobody telling me to roust myself out from there, and after a while I gets more used being where I now is. Also I gets quainted with two of the porters, the on our car and the one on the car which hitched on next to us. When they busy we all three gets out in the porches betwixt the cars and confabs gether. Course I don't let on to them all the time I studies them two.

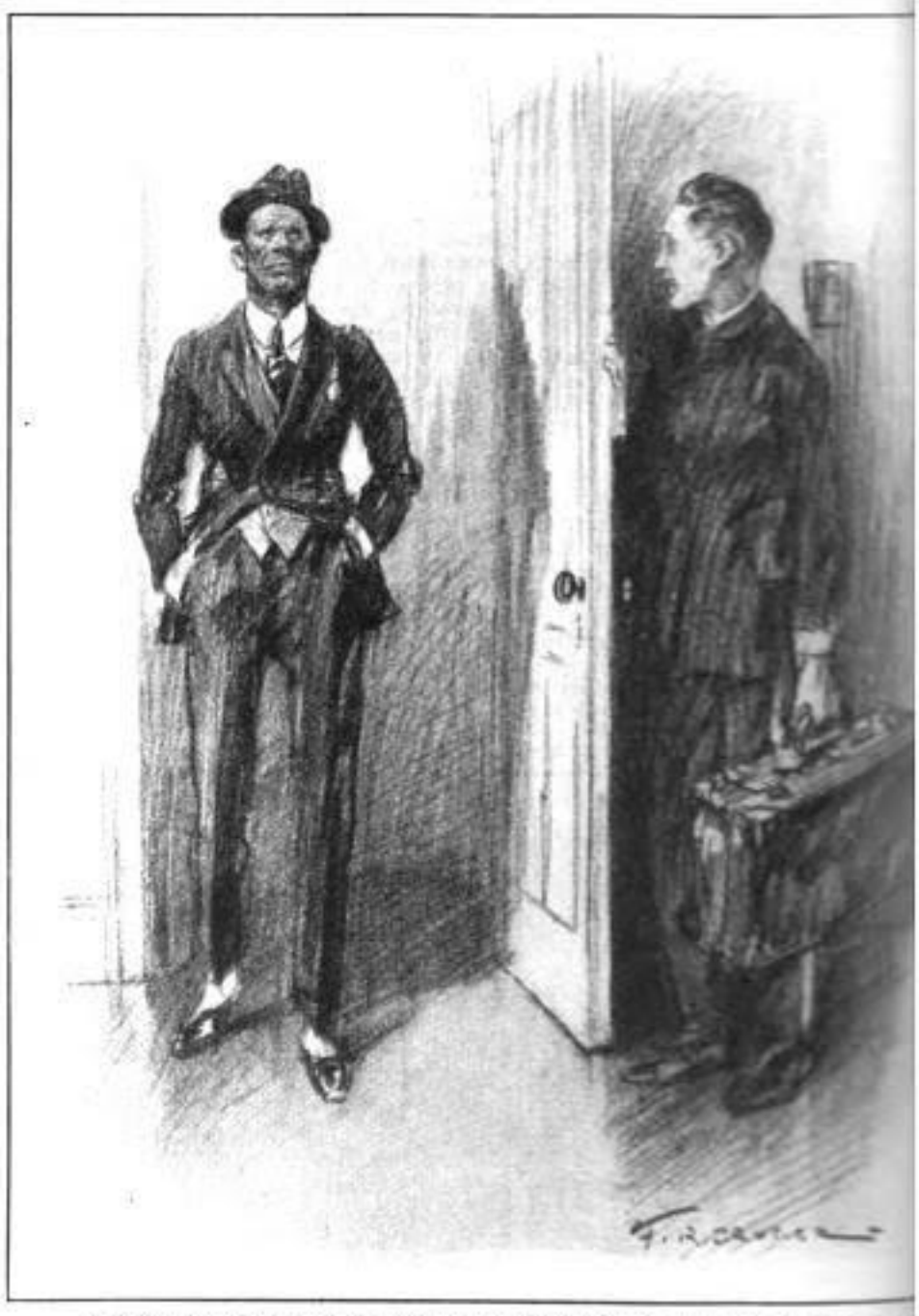
The one on our car, which his name is Gabe, is short and chunky and of fatted out; he's black as the pots powerful nappy headed besides. looks like somebody has done dipped a kettle of grease and then threw handful of buckshot at it and they stuck. But he's smart. He knows service. I sees that plain.

With Gabe it's this way: A lady on board the car. No sooner do down and begin to fumble with the than Gabe is standing right along her holding a big paper bag in his opened out for her to put her hat in keep it out of the dust. A gentleman ting in the smoking room reaches pocket and gets a cigar out. Before rightly can bite the end of it off Gabe at his elbow with a match This here Gabe, he ain't hanging waiting for folks to ask him for and then have them getting all whilst he's running to find whatever they wants. No, sir; not him. He with the materials almost before made up their minds what it is they next. He just naturally beats 'em which I'll tell the world that's

He's powerful crafty about his tips When he does something for a and the passenger reaches in his get a little piece of chicken feed hand over to Gabe, he smiles and his hand.

"No, suh," he says to him, "keep funds whar they now is, please. There ain't no hurry—we're goin'

(Continued on Page 125)



"I Takes Notice That When We Gets to My Room He Keeps Hanging Round"

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(ntinued from Page 122)

ece together. When we gits to gits off, ef you is puffec'ly satis- ll whut is been done in yore n you kin slip me a li'l' reward mind to."

me in confidences that working y he gets dollars where he would nes. He calls it his deferred- lan. He says some months his ree times what his wages is. I'll ! tar baby is certainly got some- s head besides sockets for his in.

porter, the one which is on the hind, is as different from Gabe from night. He calls himself it I knows just from looking at e's too old for such a fancy as that. 'Cause Harold is a ame amongst us colored, and y must be rising of forty years a day. This Harold is yellow- and yet he ain't the pure high her; he's more the shade of a orched sponge cake. He's lity. And I furthermore takes the farther North the train re uppidity he gets. He quits , ma'am" and "Yas, suh," e we leaves Cincinnati. He "Thanky, suh" and he starts ank you" in such a way it he was actually doing you a ept your two bits. He starts to passengers which com- something. He acts more grudgeful until it looks like it y hurt him to step along and which somebody on the train Along about Pittsburgh he's hat I keeps watching for some rise up and knock that boy's round from the middle of his like his side entrance. But that don't happen, and I is urprised and marvels greatly. elf, I says:

I says, "I aims to git yore fixed in my mind, because I erment 'at you ain't goin' be o very much longer, an' I able to remember how you ou is gone frum us. Some of ou is goin' git yore system t bein' biggotty on yore way you is due to wake up at e run all organized to attend 'l. Yas, suh, man, w'en you ewerleans you'll 'a' been daid urs. I kin jest shut my eyes see the cemetery sexton the face wid a spade."

im about the way he acts. not come right out and ask I leads him up to it gentle it. He tells me he don't aim run over him. He tells me imself just as good as they . He says he lives in a place ity, where the colored race den rights and if they don't and contends for 'em until

, I says: "Harold," I says, been about nowhars much trip, an' I ain't never seen just excuse of my ign'ence; looks to me, I'd ruther be it niggers than miser'ble olks."

e ain't I got no respect for ys to him I is got so much hat I ain't aiming to jam ces where I ain't desired. n't the point; he says the is got to stand up for the nd privileges of the colored ere I comes from I also has keeping from getting my He says to me I'll find s been long up North that of difference betwixt Ken- Jersey. I says to him that he is right. And then he o be careful about speaking r." He says the word ain't ore amongst colored folks hemselves.

, I says: "Huh!" I says. hut does you call a boy in' along wid him friendly

lifferent when I is strictly a color, but that I mustn't word "nigger" in front of ever allow no white man nd get away with it.

even ef you is wu'kin' fur call it to you to hurt yore feelin's nor to demean you, but jest sez it sociable an' so-and-so?"

He says, "Not under no circumstances whutsomever."

I says, "How is I goin' to stop him?"

He says, "With yore fists, or half of a loose brick, or something."

I says to Harold, "Harold," I says, "you shore wuz right jest now w'en you norrated 'at they wuz a difference betwixt Kintucky an' up North. Well, live an' learn," I says—"live an' learn. Only ef I aims to learn frum you I has doubts whether I'll live so ver' much longer."

We talks some about making money too. It seems like the closer you gets to New York City the more you thinks about money. I noticed it then, and I notices it since—frequent. He says to me that some of the boys in the sleeping-car portering business don't depend just on their wages and their tips alone. He says they has another way for to pick up loose change. He says he don't follow after it himself; he says he has got one or two other boys in mind which he has talked with 'em and knows how they does it.

I says to him, I says, "Specify."

He says: "The way these yere boys gits they money is 'at they gits it late at night after ever'body has done went to baid. Most gin'elly a man 'at's travelin', he don't keep track of his loose change. Anyhow, he don't keep near ez close track of it ez he do w'en he's home. He's buyin' hisse'f a cigar yere an' a paper-back book there an' a apple in this place an' a sandwitch in 'at place, an' he jest stick the change in his pants pocket an' goes on about his bus'ness. Well, come baidtime, he turns in. We'll say you is a porter on 'at train. You goes th'ough the car till you comes to his berth. You parts the curtains jest ez easy ez you kin an' you peeps in th'ough the crack an' sees ef he's sleepin' good. Ef his pants is all folded up smooth you better ramble along an' leave 'at man be. Folded pants is most gine'lly a sign of a careful man w'ich the chances is he knows how much he's got to a cent. But ef his pants is kind of wadded up in the li'l' hammock or flung to one side sort of keerless lak, you reaches in an' you lifts 'em out. But fust you wants to be shore he's sleepin' sound. Them w'ich sleeps on the back wid the mouth open is the safetest."

I says to him, I says, "Yes, but s'posen' he do wake up an' ketch you fumblin' round insides of his berth. Whut then?"

"Oh," he says, "tha's all purvided fur in the ritual. You sez to him: ''Scuse me, mister, I med a mistake. I thought you wus the gen'l'man 'at lef' a early call to git off at Harrisburg.' But most in gine'l he don't wake up. So you gits his pants out into the aisle an' goes th'ough 'em. Ef he's got somewhars round five dollars in loose change in his pockets you teks fifty cents, no mo' an' no less, an' 'en you slips his pants back whar you found 'em an' go 'long. Ef he's got somewhars round ten dollars in chicken feed an' in ones an' twos you assesses him jest one dollar even. Ef you plays yore system right an' don't git greedy they ain't one chancet in a thousand 'at he'll miss the money w'en he wakes up. But," he says, "they's one fatal exception to the rule. W'en you come to him don't touch a cent of his money, no matter how much he's carryin' on him, 'cause ef you do he's shore to mek a hollow the very fust thing in the mornin', an' next thing you know you's in trouble an' they's beckonin' you up on the cyarpet."

I says to him, I says, "Wait a minute," I says. "Lemme see ef I can't name you the exception my own se'f. The exception," I says, "is the w'ite man w'ich he carries all his small change in one of these yere li'l' screwed-up leather purses. Ain't it?"

And he says yes, for a fact, that's so. But he says how come I is knowing so much when I ain't never done no portering my own self. And I says to him a man don't need to be wearing railroading clothes to know that any white man which totes around one of them little tight, patent purses knows at all times, sleeping or waking, just exactly how much money he's got.

Well, when we gets to New York City it's morning again, and when we comes out of the depot onto the street I takes one look round and I allows to myself that these here New York folks certainly is got powerfully behind someway with their hauling. Excusing the time we had the cyclone down home, I ain't never in my whole life



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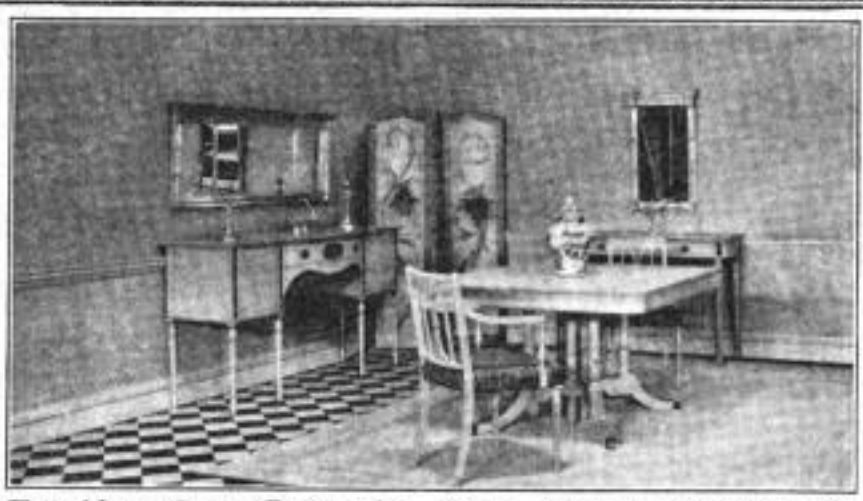
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Ask your merchant to show you the woven BURLAP back

seen so much truck and stuff and things moving in all different directions at the same time. And people—who-ee! Every which-a-way I looks all I can see is a multitude of strangers. And I says to myself there certainly must be a big convention in town for the streets to be so full of visiting delegates, and it's a mighty good thing for us Mr. Dallas is done sent a telegram on ahead for rooms at the hotel, else we'd have to camp out with some private family same as they does down home in county-fair week or when the district Methodist conference meets.

The white gentleman that's going to fix up what I writes, he told me that I should set down my first impressions of New York before I begins to forget 'em. He says they'll make good local color, whatever that is. Which I will now do so:

The thing which impresses me first and foremost is a steamboat I sees on the river which runs alongside New York City on the side nearest to Paducah. She is not no side-wheeler, nor yet she ain't a stern-wheeler, which all the steamboats I has ever seen before is naturally bound to be one or the other. As near as I can tell, she had not got no wheel at all, side or stern. It would seem that what runs her is a kind of a big humpback timber which sticks up out of the middle of her hurricane deck and works up and down, and which Mr. Dallas tells me is known as a walking beam. But it seems like to me that's certainly a mighty curiousome way to run a steamboat, and I says to myself that wonders will never cease.

And the thing which impresses me next most is a snack stand on a sidewalk where they is selling watermelon by the slice—and it the middle of August!

And next to that the most impressiveness is when I sees a gang of black fellows working on a levee down by this same river, only it's mighty flat looking for a levee. These boys is working there, roustabouting freight, and there ain't a single one of 'em which is singing as he goes back and forth. When a river nigger down our way don't sing whilst he's loading it's a sign something is wrong with him, and next thing he knows he don't know nothing by reason of the mate having lammed him across the head with a hickory club. But this here gang is going along just as dumb as if they was white. I wonders to myself if thereby they is hoping to fool somebody into believing they is white.

I will therefore state that these three things is the things which impresses me the most highly on my first arrival in New York. I also takes notice of the high buildings. They strikes me as being quite high; but of course when you starts in to build a high building highness is naturally what you aims for, ain't it?

III

THE day we gets to New York is the day before yesterday, and we has been on the go so constant ever since and I has seen so much it seems like my ideas is all mixed up together same as a mess of scrambled eggs. The way it looks to me, the mainest difficulty with an author, especially if he's kind of new at the authorizing business, is not so much to find something to write up as 'tis to pick out the special things which should be wrote up and just leave the rest be. So it is now my aim to set forth the main points which sticks out in my mind.

Well, first off, soon as we gets in we goes to the hotel. Beforehand Mr. Dallas he says to me it's a quiet hotel uptown; but when we arrives at it I takes a look around and I says to myself that if this here is a quiet hotel they shore must have to wear ear mufflers at one of the noisy ones if they hopes to hear themselves think. To begin with, she don't look like no hotel I've ever been used to. She rears herself away up in the air, same as a church steeple, only with windows all the way up; and although the weather is pleasant, there is not no white folks setting in chairs under the front gallery. In the first place, there is not nothing which looks like a gallery, excusing it's a little glass to-do which sticks out over the pavement at the main entrance, and if anybody was to try setting there the only way he could save his feet from being mashed off by people trampling on 'em would be for him to have both his legs sawed off at the ankles. You'd think that being uptown the neighborhood would be kind of quiet, with shade trees and maybe some vacant lots here and there; but no, sir; it's all built up solid and the crowds is mighty near as thick as what they was down around the depot, and in ju much of a hurry to get to wherever they is bound for.

Even with all the jamming a excitement going on they must expecting us. The way they Mr. Dallas is proof to my mind body must 'a' told 'em in advance belongs to the real quality down comes from, and I certainly with pride to be along with him if he had been the King of Ire could not have showed him honors than what they does.

No sooner does we pull up at stone in front than a huge big man dressed up something like a Templar is opening the tailboard us to get out; and two or three in militia suits comes a-running and snatches the baggage away and another member of the gra full uniform, is standing just front door to give us the low bow come as we walks into a place done up with marble posts and wall paper on the walls, and gl coops on every side until it mind of a country nigger's notion. Over at the clerk's inclosure gentlemen is waiting very eager us, which each and every one wearing his dress-up clothes with ing collar and long-tailed coat though he was fixing to be best wedding or pallbearer at a funeral thing else extra special and fancy it's summertime, there is not no ing round there in his shirt sleeves you there ain't!

One of the pallbearing gentlemen the book round for Mr. Dallas to name in it, and the second one to for the keys, and the third one to see if there is not some mail or for him. It takes no less a number three of them white boys in the clothes to escort Mr. Dallas upstairs fourth one he grabs up my valise me on an elevator to the servants' He don't have to run the elevator neither. There's another bell-boy that alone, and all my white folks do is wrestle my baggage. It's the time in my life ever I has had a white son toting my belongings for me makes me feel kind of aboveish and tant. Also, I takes notice that gets to my room he keeps hanging fussing with the window shade and thing and then another, same as one of the bell boys at the hotel has He's lingering round until he gets For quite a spell I lets him linger suffer. I lets on like I don't notice he's hanging about that-a-way. I slips him two bits, and I give it to him neither, account of I gets such a satisfactory feeling to be toning a white boy.

I says to myself that if the annex where they boards the help, what must the main part of where the regular guests stays at. Because my room certainly is stylish looking and full of general But I ain't got no time then to there and enjoying the furniture. I knows Mr. Dallas will be needed to come and wait on him. So I goes out to find him, and it seems as half a mile through them halls I does so. He's got a big setting himself, and a fashionable bath special bath and a little special I says to him, I says:

"Mr. Dallas, they shore must strous set up over havin' yore hotel fur to stop at. Look at the tion committee turned out for stairs in full regalia! Look mouty nigh broke they necks you in in due state! An' now done gone an 'sign you to the ber an' give you the upstairs yore own use! It p'intedly 'at they sets a heap of store by

He sort of laughs at that.

"Why, Jeff," he says, "this is a fine layout you should see other suites they have here."

I says, "I ain't cravin' to see seen sweetness 'nuff ez 'tis is usin' us noble."

He says they should [illegible] noble, seeing what the price

(Continued on Page

* Note: It is believed that Jeff is silent."

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Good Business

The instructions I got on shaving cream

By V. K. Cassady, B. S., M. S., Chief Chemist

The makers of Palmolive decided to use their soothing oils in a shaving cream. And they gave me these instructions:

"The men we go to are all using other shaving soaps. Most of them are satisfied — some are wedded to them.

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(Continued from Page 126)

us. He says, "Do you know what I'm paying here for the accommodations for the two of us? I'm paying twenty-seven dollars and a half."

I says to him if that's the case he better let me clear out of there right brisk and skirmish round and find me a respectable colored boarding house somewheres handy by so's to cut down the expenses, because, I don't care what anybody say, twenty-seven dollars and a half is a sight of money to be paying out every week.

He says, "Twenty-seven and a half a week—huh! Remember, Jeff, we are in New York now, where everything runs high. This stands me twenty-seven and a half a day."

I says to him, I says, "Whoo-ee!" I says. "No wonder they kin purvide fancy garments fur all the hands an' buy solid gold bars fur the cage whar they keeps them clerks penned up. Mr. Dallas," I says, "it shore is behoovin' on us to eat hearty th'ee times a day in awder fur to git our money's worth whilst we's boardin' yere."

He says, though, for me not to overtax my appetite just on that account, because the eating is besides; he says we pays twenty-seven dollars and a half a day just for our rooms.

I says to him, I says, "Mr. Dallas, let's git out of yere befo' they begins chargin' us up fur the air we breathes!"

He says, "You're too late with your suggestion; they do charge us for the air. The air is all cleaned and cooled before it comes into these rooms."

Then I knows for sure he is burlesquing me. Who's going to hold the air whilst they cleans it? And the good Lord himself can't chill the air to order in the middle of a August hot spell, let alone a lot of folks running a hotel, can he? I asks Mr. Dallas them questions.

But he just laughs and says to me that there's not no need to worry, because he won't be staying there only just a day or so. He says Mr. H. G. Raynor, which is his principalest friend in New York and the one which he's thinking about maybe going into business with, has done devised for us to hire some ready-furnished quarters still higher uptown. He says something about 'em being Sublette quarters in a department house; leastwise that's what I makes out of what he says. Which it is news to me in more ways than one, because in the first place I didn't know any of the Sublettes, which is a very plentiful white connection in our county, had done moved up here to live; and in the second place it seemed like to me there just naturally couldn't be no more uptown to New York City than what I already had done observed from the taxihack coming from the train. He goes on to say he is expecting to hear from the gentleman almost any minute now, and then he'll know better what the program is.

Almost before he gets the words out of his mouth the telephone bell rings, and sure enough it is this here Mr. Raynor which is on the wire, and it turns out that the place where we're going is ready for us now on account of the folks which owns it having gone away sooner than what they expected, and the further tidings is that we can move up there that same day, which we does—along about an hour before supper time. I notices they don't make near as much fuss over us going thence from there as they did whilst ushering of us in. I judges the man what owns the hotel must be feeling kind of put out about losing of all that there money which we'd be paying him had we 'a' stayed on.

We gets into a taxihack and we rides for what seems like to me it's several miles, and still are not nowheres near the outskirts as far as I can judge, and when finally we gets to the new location I has another astonishment. For here all day I've been expecting we'd land at a private residence, but this place to which we've come at don't look like no private residence to me. It's more like the hotel we just left, only more bigger and mighty near as tall. In all other respects additional it certainly is a grand establishment.

It's got a kind of a private road so's carriages can drive in under shelter off the sidewalk, and 'way back inside is a round piece of ground all fixed up with solid marble benches and little cedar trees and flower beds, like a cemetery. I thinks to myself that maybe this here is the private burying plot for the owner's family; but still there ain't no tombstones in sight, excepting one over the front door with words cut on it, and since I figures I has done showed ignorance enough for one day, I don't ask no fool questions about it.

The help here also wears fancy clothes, but is my own color. I'm glad of that, because I counts now on having some black folks to get acquainted with and talk to; but just as soon as one of 'em opens his mouth and speaks I knows they is not my kind even if they is my complexion. Because he don't talk like no white folks ever I knowed, and yet he don't talk like none of the black folks does at home. Still, just from his conversation I can place him. There was two just like him which was brought South once by a Northern family staying in our town, but they didn't linger long amongst us. They didn't like the place, and no more the place didn't like them. They claimed they was genuine West Indians, whatever that is, and they made their brags constant that they also was British subjects. But Aunt Dilsey Turner, she always said they looked more like objects to her. Aunt Dilsey, which she was Judge Priest's cook for going on twenty years, is mighty plain spoken about folks and things which she don't fancy, and she did not fancy these two none whatsomever.

When we gets upstairs to our section I'm sort of disappointed in it. The furniture ain't new and shiny like what I naturally expected 'twould be. Most of it is kind of old and dingy and hacked-up-looking. The curtains at the setting-room windows is all frayed-like, and mighty near wore through in spots. And the Sublette family must 'a' run out of money before they got round to buying the carpets, because they is not no carpets at all, but only a passel of old faded rugs scattered about the floor here and there. Some of the chairs—the best company chairs too—is so old they is actually decrepit. I'd say that by rights they belonged in a secondhand store, or leastways up in the attic. Moreover, they ain't no upstairs to our department, nor yet there is not no downstairs nor no cellar; but instead, everything, kitchen and pantry and the rooms for the help and all, runs on one floor. But Mr. Dallas he deports himself like he is satisfied, and it ain't for me to be finding fault if he sees fitten not to find any.

Anyway, I is so busy for a little while flying round and getting things unpacked that I has no time to utter complaints. Pretty soon, though, I has to knock off hanging up Mr. Dallas' suits to mix a batch of cocktails from the private stock he has brought along with him in one of his trunks, because this here Mr. Raynor he telephones he's bringing some of his friends for a round of drinks with Mr. Dallas, and then Mr. Raynor says they'll ride out in his motor car to a road house to get 'em some dinner. I takes his message off the telephone and I knows that's what he says, surprising though it do sound.

That's shore a couple of new ones on me—eating dinner when it's already mighty near past suppertime, and eating it at a road house too! I says to myself that New York City is getting to act more curiouser to me every minute I stays in it. Because the only road house ever I knowed of by that name used to stand alongside the tollgate just outside the corporation limits on the Mayfield road, and the old white man which collected the tolls lived in it, his name being Mr. Gip Bayless. But the gate is done torn down since the public government taken over the gravel roads, and anyhow, even in its most palmiest days, none of the quality wouldn't never think of stopping there at that little old rusty house for their vittles. No, sir; they'd mighty near as soon think of having a picnic out at the pesthouse.

Still and notwithstanding, Mr. Dallas ain't indicating no surprise when I conveys to him what Mr. Raynor says, so I reflects to myself that if tollgate houses up here is in proportion to everything else this one which they're a-aiming to go to must probably be about the size of a county courthouse, with a slate roof on it and doubtless a cupola. So I just gets busy and mingles up a batch of powerful tasty cocktails in the shaker. I knows they is tasty from a couple of private samples which I pours off for myself out in the pantry. My experience is been that the only way you can tell is a cocktail just right is to taste it from time to time as you goes along.

Immediately soon here come Mr. Raynor with his friends, which there is four of them, besides himself—one other gentleman named Bellows and three ladies. One of the ladies is older than the other two, but decorated more younger, if anything,



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than what they is. Introducing her to Mr. Dallas, Mr. Raynor says her name is Mrs. Gaylord, but they all calls her Jerry. She's pretty near entirely out of eyebrows, but she has got more than a bushel of hair which is all kind of frozen looking and curled up tight on her head. It don't look natural to me, and I knows it ain't natural a little bit later when Mr. Raynor sets down on the arm of her chair and throws his arm around her sort of offhand and sociable like, and she up and tells him for heaven's sake to be careful and not muss her up, because she says she's only just that day spent forty dollars and four hours getting a permanent wave put in. At that I says to myself, I says:

"Well, betwixt w'ites an' blacks we suttinly is mekin' the world safe fur them beauty doctors. Niggers down South spendin' all the money they kin rake an' scrape togither gittin' the kinkiness tuck out of they haids, an' fashionable ladies up yere spendin' theirn gittin' it put in! It's a compliment to one race or the other, but jest w'ich I ain't purpared to say."

The other ladies is named Miss O'Brien and Miss DeWitt, but it's kind of hard for me at the first to remember which from which, seeing that the rest of the party scarcely ever calls 'em anything except Pat and Bill-lee. They is both mighty nice and friendly, but they is exclusively different one from the other. Miss Pat, she's got her hair chopped off short like a little boy's, and she acts kind of like a boy does too—free and easy and laughing a lot and smoking a cigarette so natural that it's like as if she must 'a' been born with one in her mouth and it lighted. And yet for all that I seems to get the impression that way down underneath she's kind of tired of herself and everything around her.

But this here Miss DeWitt, she is tall and slender and kind of quiet. She must 'a' been feeling poorly lately, because her face is just dead white and her lips is still bright red from the fever, and when she sets down in a chair she just seems to kind of fall back into it, all limp like. She ain't saying much with her mouth, but she does a sight of talking with her eyes, which is big and black and sort of lazylike most of the time. She sure is decked up with jewelry like the Queen of Sheba too. She's got big heavy necklaces round her neck and great long earrings in her ears and many bracelets on both her arms. She's even got two big bracelets clamped round one of her ankles, which I judges she didn't have room for 'em nowheres else and so put 'em there to keep from losing 'em; and when she moves the jewelry all jingles freely and advertises her. She walks with a kind of a limber, swimming gait, soft and glideful. Of course it ain't exactly like swimming, and yet that's the only way I can designate what her walking puts me in mind of. She wears dead-black clothes that makes her paleness all the more so. It comes out pretty soon that she's a moving-picture actress lady, off and on, and so is Miss O'Brien.

Right from the first jump I can see that Mr. Dallas is drawed to her powerful, and I thinks to myself that if he's fixing to favor this here languid lady with his attentions it proves he's got a changeable taste, because she ain't nothing at all similar to Miss Henrietta Farrell, which she is the one that he's been courting these past few months down in Kentucky. In fact, she's most teetotally unsimilar.

This Mr. Bellows which came with Mr. Raynor, he don't detain my attention much. If he wasn't there you wouldn't scarcely miss him; and when he is there you don't scarcely observe him. He makes me think of a neat haircut and nothing else. You just appreciate him being present and that's all. But I studies Mr. Raynor every chance I gets, the more especially because he's the one which is more or less responsible for us having come North. He's very cheering in his ways, laughing and whooping out loud at everything and poking fun and telling Mr. Dallas that he must be good friends with Mr. Bellows and the three ladies, because they is all four of 'em his friends. But I takes note that when he laughs he don't laugh with his eyes, but only with his mouth, and when he sort of smiles to himself quietlike, it puts me in mind of a man drawing a knife. I can't keep from having a kind of a feeling when I looks at him.

Well, they imbibes up all the cocktails that I has waiting for them and a batch more which I makes by request, and then they packs up a couple of bottles—one Scotch and one bourbon—to take along with 'em for to refresh themselves with at the road house and off they puts. And the last thing I hears as they goes down the hall is Mr. Raynor still laughing from off the top of his palates, and the sickly one, Miss DeWitt's, necklaces and things all jingling like a road gang. Mr. Dallas he calls back to me from the elevator that I needn't wait up for him because it is liable to be pretty late when he gets in.

But it's a good thing I does wait up, dozing off and on between times, because when he arrives back along about half past three in the morning he certainly does need my assistance getting his clothes off of him.

Not since dryness come in has I seen a young white gentleman more thoroughly overtaken than what he is. And we got aplenty vigorous drinkers down our way too! And always did have!

So then I goes to bed myself, and so that's the end of our first day. And the following day, which it was yesterday, is the day I gets lost, which I will tell about that next.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



EDUCATIONAL-RADIO PHOTO., WASHINGTON, D. C.

Black Cubs Caught by a Naval Radio Man at Eyak, Alaska

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You may discuss the most intimate things about your family, your business and your most personal affairs, but this one topic you dodge. There is something about halitosis (the scientific term meaning unpleasant breath) that seems to forbid honest conversation about it.

Yet the insidious thing about halitosis is the unfortunate fact that any one may suffer from it and in nine cases out of ten you are not conscious of it yourself. So unless you use some sensible scientific precaution you may go through your day or evening uncomfortable and concerned, wondering whether or not you are offending people about you.

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FROM McKINLEY TO HARDING

(Continued from Page 17)

with a twenty-five-thousand-dollar salary to accept one at eight thousand dollars and spend three times my salary to live in Washington?" Next morning we walked again. I noticed signs of weakening. Mrs. Gage had evidently been at work!

As we parted I said, "When you get to your office send me a note by messenger and tell me just what you will do."

An hour later I received the note, which read: "After thinking of the matter I cannot *at present* give you the answer you want."

The underlining of "at present" convinced me that he did not want to say that he would accept a position that had not been offered to him. So I rang up Governor McKinley at Canton, and said, "I have a Secretary of the Treasury for you."

"Who is it?"

"Lyman J. Gage, president of the First National Bank. A gold Democrat. He will represent the gold Democrats in your cabinet. His appointment will show appreciation for their votes, as you would have been defeated without them."

"Have I ever met him?"

"Yes, you met him at a reception given by Ferdinand W. Peck on Ohio Day, at the World's Fair in 1893."

"Did he have white whiskers?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I remember him. Hold the wire a moment. That is an inspiration. Let me think."

After two or three minutes McKinley said, "I will send Charlie Dawes to see him Thursday. Prepare him for the visit."

The next morning the papers announced that great pressure was being brought to bear on Governor McKinley to appoint Lyman J. Gage, of Chicago, Secretary of the Treasury. Mark Hanna came from Cleveland to Canton and said, "Where in hell is the great pressure? I never heard him mentioned for the place!"

McKinley told me afterwards he received more telegrams and letters of commendation on Gage's appointment than on all the other cabinet places combined.

Col. John J. McCook had been slated for Attorney-General, and Judge Joseph McKenna, of California, for Secretary of the Interior.

McKinley had a way of throwing out names for cabinet places and watching the reaction. If the man met with approval he sent for him; if the suggestion stirred up opposition he was dropped.

When Judge McKenna, now Justice McKenna of the United States Supreme Court, was suggested, the California papers were unstinted in their praise of him both as a judge and as a congressman. McKinley sent for McKenna to come to Canton. On his arrival he lunched in the McKinley cottage. McKinley told me the following story of the McKenna appointment:

"'Well, judge, they have been pretty busy with your name lately for a cabinet post.'

"McKenna replied, 'Yes, governor, but I don't believe you realize what you are doing. I am a Roman Catholic and the Protestants will never permit a Catholic to have charge of the Indian Missions.'"

McKinley continued, "Without taking my eyes from his I said, 'The place I want you for, judge, has nothing to do with the Indian Missions. I want you for Attorney-General.'

"'Oh, I was misinformed,' said McKenna. 'If you see fit to tender me that honor I accept with pleasure.'"

Later McKinley laughingly said, "I don't believe the judge suspected that I switched him! We were in Congress together several years, and it never occurred to me that he was a Catholic!"

Next day the papers announced McKenna was to be Attorney-General. That brought Colonel McCook hotfoot from West Virginia to Canton.

He said, "I understood I was to be Attorney-General!" McKinley said, "Oh, no, colonel! You are to be Secretary of the Interior."

"I don't believe that place would suit me," replied McCook.

"Well," said McKinley, "we will try to find something equally as good later on."

McKinley thereby killed two birds with one stone; he avoided the religious issue and pleased Mark Hanna, who greatly disliked McCook.

McKinley tried to get Mark Hanna to accept the Postmaster-General's office, but he refused. He kept the place open for him until thirty-six hours before his inauguration. Urging Hanna to accept he said: "Mark, you will feel pretty bad to see the ship of state sail away on the fourth of March and not be on board as first mate!"

At the last moment Mr. Gary, of Baltimore, was made Postmaster-General.

Two days after it was decided that Mr. Gage was to be the treasury chief Frank A. Vanderlip came to see me. He was a reporter on The Economist, a Chicago financial weekly of a high order. I think he owned 20 per cent of the stock, and received a salary of forty dollars a week. He had been financial editor of the Chicago Tribune.

He asked me what I thought of his going to Washington with Mr. Gage as his private secretary.

I answered, "Frank, you are too big a man to be anybody's private secretary!"

"The experience will benefit me greatly in my work on The Economist."

"Well," I answered, "you would be a good choice for Mr. Gage, as you can be of great service in handling the politicians and newspaper men."

Next morning Mr. Gage telephoned me to stop for him.

He asked what I thought of his taking Vanderlip. I told him what I had told Vanderlip the day before.

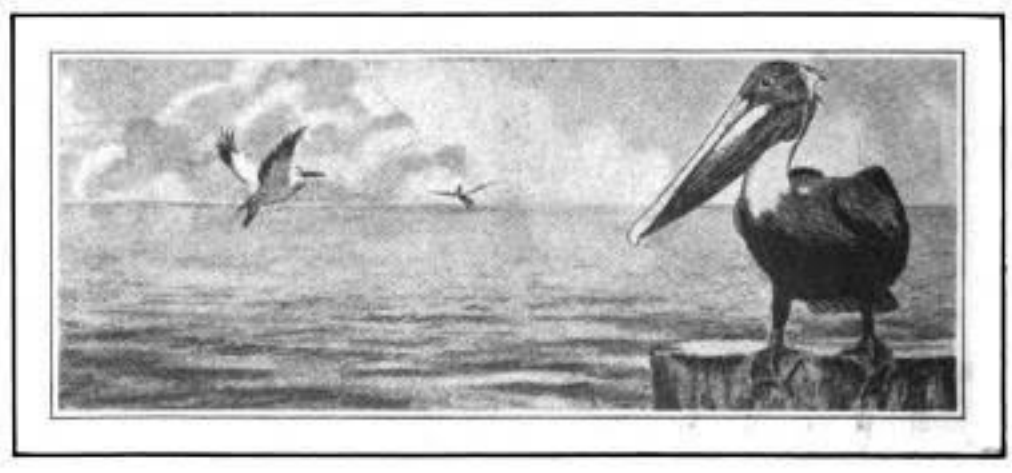
Three months after going to Washington, Vanderlip was made an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, at a salary of forty-five hundred dollars, more money than he ever received before in his life. He was of great assistance to Mr. Gage. They became intimate friends and the friendship has lasted to this day.

When the National City Bank of New York purchased the old United States Custom House in Wall Street, Mr. Gage turned over to Vanderlip all the negotiations for the Treasury Department, which brought him in contact with the elder James Stillman frequently. Mr. Stillman said to Mr. Gage, "When you are through with that young man I want him."

Vanderlip finally went to the National City Bank, and Mr. Stillman told me afterward he showed him his desk, gave him the key to it and said, "Now find something to do. Your salary will be fifteen thousand dollars a year."

I have watched many notable careers in my time, but I think Frank Vanderlip's rise from a forty-dollar-a-week reporter in 1897 to the presidency of the greatest bank in the country in 1909 is the most remarkable of forty years' experience.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Kohlsaat. The next will appear in an early issue.



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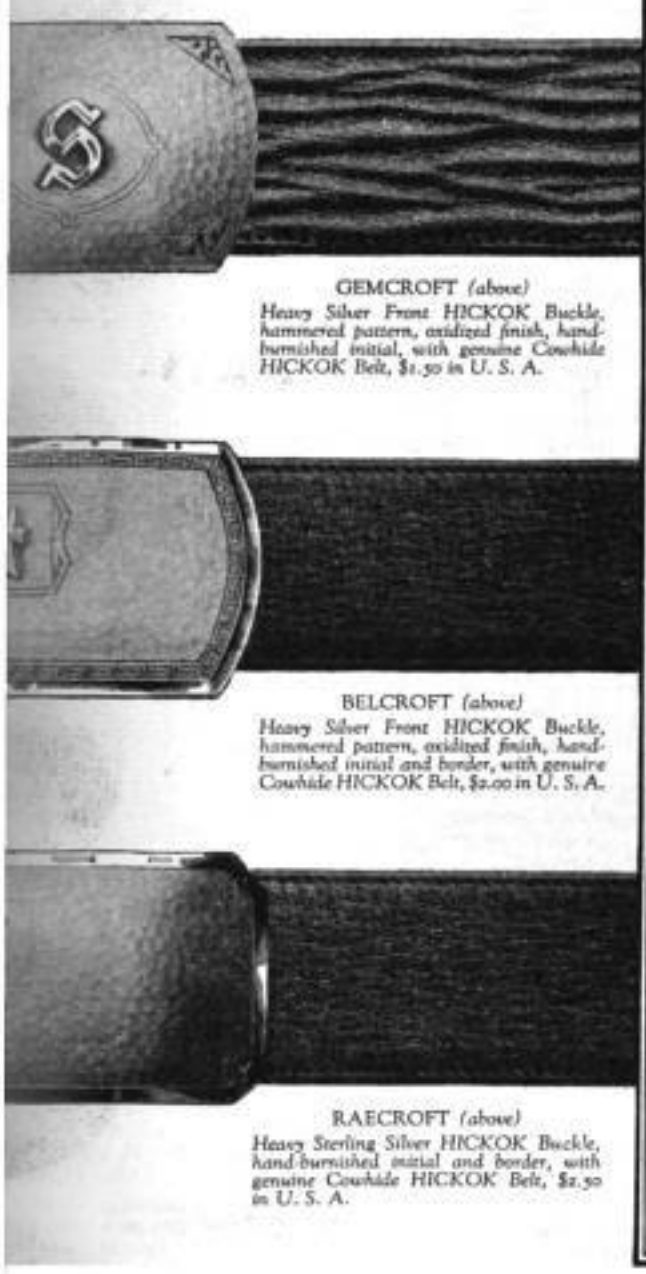
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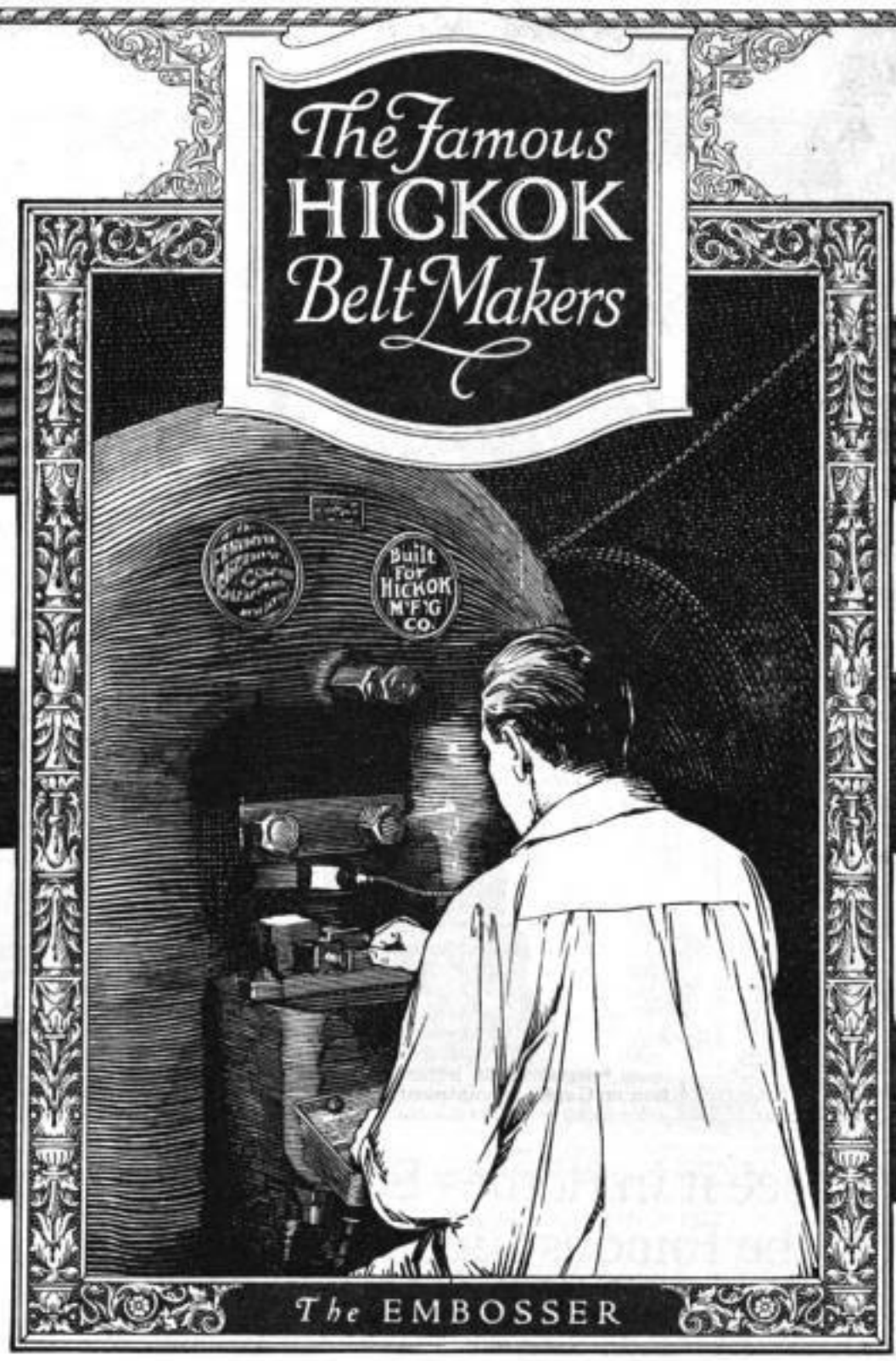
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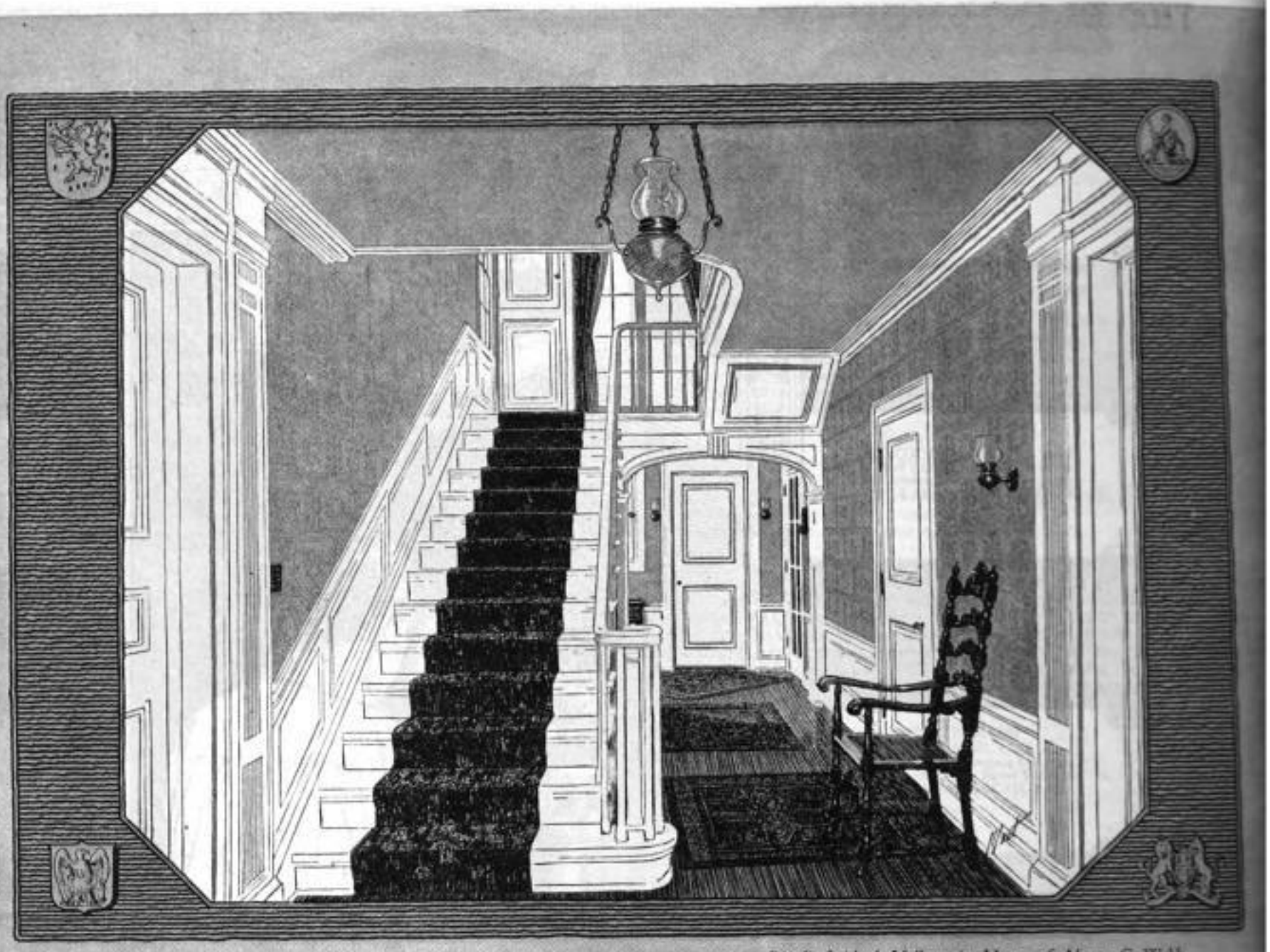
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THE BLOODHOUND

(Continued from Page 11)

replied. "I cannot let an inno-
falsely admit that he is guilty
conditions."
face hardened.
urself!" he snapped back. "If
e'll get the limit."
ess he's convicted!" murmured

neered his adversary. "You
an get him off, do you? Don't
f! It's a dead open-and-shut
ou or won't you? If you won't
his way up the river by two

s blood boiled and tingled.
District Attorney," he said
ay I ask if you have examined
its of this case?"
the only witness there is!"
Brien. "This man is an ex-
s picture is in the gallery. So
b tracks. He's guilty all right,
e's got no more chance than an
es."
u talked to him? Have you
ry? Have you questioned the
rested him?" went on the old

ot! And I don't intend to!"
Brien shortly. "He can tell
the stand—and if there's any-
e jury can acquit him."
ance has he got to have the
him if you bring out the fact
been in prison?" asked Mr.
ill hopelessly prejudice them

ay he'd better plead guilty!"
loodhound.
call that justice!" cried Mr.
quivering. "Well, put him on
damned to you!"
laughed O'Brien. "I'll put
ten minutes—as soon as the
. And then"—he bent over
and leered into Mr. Tutt's
en be damned to you!"
rt officer marched Mooney
n a hand pulled Mr. Tutt by
He turned and looked into
e of the girl in the shawl.
he begged, "for God's sake
n frame him! That brute
witness against him on his
's Morrison's man. They've
minds to railroad him. Oh,
! He's a brave, good lad
ned anyone. I know you're
and don't bother with the
"—she lowered her voice to
ve saved ninety dollars, and
get him off!"
ted her arm.
All right!" he said sooth-
my best, but not for your
s your name, my girl?"
hy."
w the man Paddy worked
as sent up?"

m here."
ried away and Mr. Tutt
his seat.
that fellow in a corner," he
O'Brien as he swaggered
y God have mercy on his

IV

old medieval days our
tives had a jovial habit of
rticularly unruly serf be-
of a wild horse and then
leath with dogs. The serf
ame had very little chance,
e had a fair start, and the
ave a ball and chain at-
But in the coming course,
s of law would run down
they could, he was handi-
ays: First, he had a ball
leg in the shape of his
d second, in addition to
O'Brien entertained for
nd particularly for those
rms in prison, he was the
ecutor's special malignity
be defended by Mr. Tutt,
one celebrated occasion
ggart up for what he was.
idge, fed fat by years of
on upon the old lawyer's
led the smart of present
against Mooney for not
plead guilty fanned his
Tutt, and his hatred of
rmed his anger against
Mooney to poisonous serpents. To be in any way foiled made him a madman.

"Come here!" he growled at Delaney as he dragged him into the corridor. "Give me the goods on this fellow! I'll teach that sanctimonious old he-devil a lesson he won't forget in a hurry!"

The heart of Delaney leaped within him. That was the bally boy! He would have another conviction to add to his scroll of honor, and maybe the D. A. would write the commissioner a letter of commendation, praising his services in sending up Mooney for another bit! Anyhow, Micky Morrison wouldn't forget it! Promotion dazzled him! He could have kissed O'Brien or licked his boots—which latter alternative most of us would have preferred.

"Listen here!" he said, fawning upon the prosecutor. "It's a cinch. I caught this guy and another gun—Mulligan—wit' a bag of goods. I give ye the cannon I took off him already. Mulligan'll turn state's evidence for a suspended sentence. Everybody's here! You'll eat him alive!"

"All right! Tell Mulligan I'll use him; and take him up into one of the jury rooms and go over his story with him. I don't want any slip-up now! I'm doing you a favor by trying this case myself."

"I know you are, Mr. O'Brien! I know you are!" declared Delaney in those tones of unctuous adoration that were as parmacety to the inward bruises of the Bloodhound's soul. "'Tis the next district attorney you're going to be!"

"Then get busy! Get busy!" ordered O'Brien, stalking back towards the court room.

The reader might well be pardoned were he incredulous of what O'Brien and Delaney purposed to do. Fortunately such prosecutors are rare; but once in a generation—perhaps even more often—they arise; and against their villainy judges and lawyers are generally powerless, for their assassinations are hidden beneath the cloak of law and the pretense of public service. Little did the judge upon the bench wot of the proposed tragedy; had he done so he would have arisen and rent his official garments. But Mr. Tutt knew, and his heart turned faint within his old frock coat. O Justice, what crimes are sometimes committed in thy name!

V

THE last disconsolate in the file of prisoners had pleaded not guilty and clumped back to the prison pen; the judge had listened to the manifold ingenious excuses urged upon him by talesmen reluctant to serve; the crowd in the court room had thinned; it was twelve o'clock; the holocaust was about to begin.

The Bloodhound arose and strolled to the district attorney's table in front of the jury box.

"Have you any case to move, Mister District Attorney?" asked His Honor, and at O'Brien's nod added to the clerk, "Fill the box, Mr. Dougherty."

"Take your places, gentlemen," called the latter, drawing twelve names rapidly from the box. "People against Mooney! Patrick Mooney, you are indicted for burglary in the third degree, grand larceny in the first degree, assault in the first degree, receiving stolen goods and carrying concealed weapons. If you desire to challenge any talesman you may do so now!" One almost expected to hear him continue "Or forever after hold your peace!"

But Mr. Tutt did not wish to challenge anybody, and smiled so genially at the double row of miscellaneous citizens, and with such an air of gratification declared "The jury is more than satisfactory," that every man of them expanded his chest and lifted his chin a fraction of an inch, convinced that Mr. Tutt was a man of parts, and became his friend for life.

Then the Bloodhound summoned them to their duty of sending men to prison. The defendant, he told them, had been caught in possession of the proceeds of a burglary committed but a few moments before his arrest. He had a loaded pistol in his pocket, which he had sought to draw upon the officer, who luckily had reduced him to a timely submission. His fellow criminal would take the stand and testify against him. It was a cut-and-dried case, a routine affair; and they would have nothing to do but to convict. He called Delaney, whose immense blue bulk overflowed



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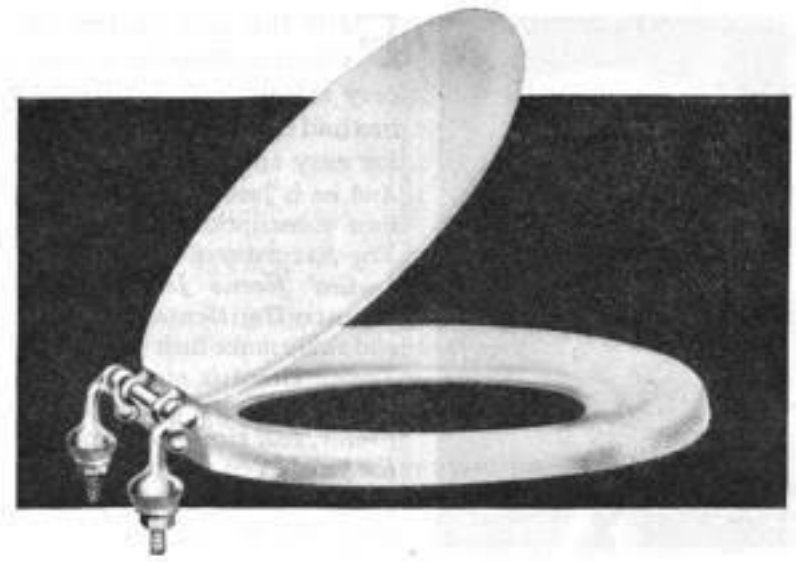
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the witness chair; and the cop made good the prosecutor's opening in every particular. He described Mooney's attempted flight, his effort to pull his gun and how he had frustrated it by felling him with his night stick. He then identified the gun which O'Brien produced from his pocket.

Cross-examine!

Mr. Tutt asked but two questions:

"Do you know Micky Morrison?"

"I do."

"Do you belong to the same club?"

"I do!" defiantly.

"That is all!" And the old lawyer waved him from the stand.

Then Mulligan was brought up from the pen and put in the chair, and swore that everything that Delaney had said was gospel. He admitted that he was a professional burglar, but allowed that on occasions a burglar could tell the truth, and that this was one of them; and he supplemented the cop's story by describing in the most graphic detail how Mooney and he had planned and perpetrated the burglary of the cigar store; but, his imagination being limited and his general intelligence even more so, he made a sorry exhibition of himself under Mr. Tutt's good-natured yet searching cross-examination. Indeed, he soon became so involved in contradictions as to Mooney's part in the affair that no man in his senses would have convicted a dog of the larceny of a bone upon his testimony. One piece of evidence, however, remained unshaken—Delaney's testimony that he had taken a loaded pistol from Mooney's pocket; and Delaney had not been in any way discredited under cross-examination. Quickly O'Brien shifted his position. As a strategist he had no equal.

"If Your Honor please," he said, "I do not feel that the jury should be permitted to convict the defendant of burglary or larceny on this character of testimony. The co-defendant Mulligan is an ex-convict, besides being confessedly guilty in this case, and his statements should not be received without stronger corroboration. I shall therefore ask Your Honor to withdraw from the consideration of the jury all the counts in the indictment except that for carrying concealed weapons."

He spoke as if with an earnest hope for salvation—and the jury viewed him with approbation. The fox! He knew that Mooney could not meet the charge without taking the stand and admitting that he had been in prison, although had all the counts been left in the indictment the jury might well have been led to render a general verdict of acquittal, owing to the obvious unreliability of Mulligan's testimony.

"The People rest," said O'Brien.

The jury turned to the defense.

"Take the stand, Mr. Mooney," directed Mr. Tutt, while the Bloodhound licked his lips.

Paddy Mooney felt his way round behind the jury box and to the witness chair. He knew that he was innocent, but he knew that he was going to be pilloried on cross-examination and utterly discredited. He was an ex-convict. That would be enough to send him up again. But unless he took the stand and denied that the weapon was his the jury would have no choice—would have to convict him. It was a slim chance to make his denial, but it was worth taking. No use giving up without a fight!

Doggedly under Mr. Tutt's lead he denied everything that had been testified to against him, including that he had or ever had had a revolver. Mulligan had joined him, he swore, unsolicited, and when Delaney had appeared he had made no attempt whatever to escape. Why should he have? He had done nothing.

"Your witness!" said Mr. Tutt with a bow towards the jury box.

The Bloodhound crept towards the witness chair with the stealth of a panther about to spring. At three feet he sprang!

"Mister Mooney, have you ever been convicted of a crime?"

"Yes," answered the defendant in a husky voice.

"Of what crime?"

"Assault."

"Ah! And you say you are a peaceable sort of person?"

"Yes."

"When did you get out of jail?"

"Last week."

The jury looked at one another. The poison had begun to work. But the dose might be too small. O'Brien intended to take no chances. As he would have expressed it, he was going to give him the gaff. He beckoned Delaney to the rail.

"What have you got on him?" he [illegible]
"Give it to me quick."

"He's an old-timer," stammered [illegible]
"Gas House Gang. Cracked safes [illegible]
done most everything."

O'Brien knew he was lying, but he [illegible]
right to take an officer's word for [illegible]
like that.

"Go up to my office," he ordered [illegible]
laney, "and bring me down Jones' [illegible]
sional Criminals of America."

The cop hesitated.

"He ain't in it!" he ventured.

"Did you hear what I said?" [illegible]
O'Brien. "Go get it!"

While Delaney is waiting for the [illegible]
to do his master's bidding let us [illegible]
plained that when a criminal, or [illegible]
else, for that matter, goes upon the [illegible]
stand to testify, he may be subject [illegible]
cross-examination by the opposing [illegible]
any fact as to himself or his past [illegible]
may tend to discredit him, for if [illegible]
rascal and unworthy of credence [illegible]
are entitled to know it so as to be [illegible]
by that knowledge in the performance [illegible]
their holy office. Now there are [illegible]
limitations upon this sacred right [illegible]
examination as to credit—the discretion [illegible]
the presiding judge and the fact that [illegible]
matter inquired about is not directly [illegible]
nected with the issue involved the [illegible]
asking the question is bound by [illegible]
ness' answer and is not permitted [illegible]
in rebuttal that it is false. Yet [illegible]
these limitations amounts to anything [illegible]
the latter instead of being a handicap [illegible]
a prosecutor really is an advantage [illegible]
often a lawyer asks a question [illegible]
the jury infers something which [illegible]
and which the lawyer could not prove [illegible]
he were allowed to try to do so in [illegible]
For example: If a reputable prosecuting [illegible]
attorney should ask a colored witness [illegible]
charged with stealing A's chickens [illegible]
day, if it were not a fact that he had [illegible]
B's chickens on Saturday and the [illegible]
defendant denied it, the jury would [illegible]
less accept the interrogation of the [illegible]
cutor as based on fact and assume that [illegible]
luckless negro had stolen chickens [illegible]
both A and B. Yet if the prosecutor [illegible]
at liberty to prove that the negro [illegible]
lying when the latter denied that he had [illegible]
stolen B's poultry, he might find [illegible]
ceedingly hard to do so. That is the [illegible]
restriction, which is apparently a [illegible]
tage to the witness, particularly [illegible]
defendant accused of a crime, [illegible]
works against him; just as the [illegible]
take the stand in fact compels the [illegible]
fendant to do so or suffer the [illegible]
refusal in the form of the jury's [illegible]
assumption that he is afraid to [illegible]
he is guilty. Of this great [illegible]
Bloodhound now proposed to [illegible]
to the utter annihilation of Paddy [illegible]
and Mr. Tutt, both of whom he [illegible]
should plunge down into the [illegible]
creditability.

For he knew that because he [illegible]
lic office of large responsibility [illegible]
put by him to Mooney would [illegible]
jury's eyes tantamount to an [illegible]
particularly after he had [illegible]
apparent fair-mindedness by [illegible]
judge to quash the burglary [illegible]
counts in the indictment.

The issue now hung in the [illegible]
police officer had sworn to finding [illegible]
pistol on the prisoner, and a [illegible]
crook had corroborated him; [illegible]
had vehemently denied it, [illegible]
force of his denial had been [illegible]
pered by his admission of having [illegible]
viously convicted of assault. [illegible]
the judge's admonition that the [illegible]
proof would be on the prosecution [illegible]
its case beyond a reasonable doubt [illegible]
jury might acquit. Something [illegible]
done. O'Brien did not hesitate [illegible]
"smear" Mooney so that no one [illegible]
the slightest attention to his [illegible]
ever convincing under other [illegible]
they might have been. It would [illegible]
cult. Any hint or suggestion [illegible]
was a professional gun—the [illegible]
nuendo to that effect, probably [illegible]
enough; even if he didn't [illegible]
he certainly did not, as he [illegible]
on the witness chair—more [illegible]
than a man, his chalky face [illegible]
row shoulders foursquare to the [illegible]
impotent yet defiant creature [illegible]
animal driven into a hole or [illegible]
stake. Only when his eyes met [illegible]
shoulders met those of Annie [illegible]
his stubborn expression soften [illegible]
caught the looks that passed [illegible]

(Continued on Page [illegible])

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(Continued from Page 134)

and scowled. That sort of thing always had a bad effect on the jury. He must "can" it somehow. He strolled back to his place and faced Mooney again.

"You come from the Gas House District, don't you?" he asked.

"No," replied Mooney.

"Ever hear of the Gas House Gang?"

"Yes, but I'm not one of them."

"Oh, you're not, eh? I didn't ask you that. Why did you hurry so to slip that in?"

"I object!" interposed Mr. Tutt. "Such a suggestion is improper and prejudicial."

Judge Watkins, who despised technicalities, waved him aside.

"I will permit the question. The witness volunteered a statement. He may be examined upon it."

Mr. Tutt subsided.

"Because," retorted Mooney, "you were trying to make the jury think I was."

"Maybe you're right!" countered the Bloodhound with a grin at the jury box. "Now, how many times have you been convicted of crime in other states?"

"Never!" cried Mooney. "And you can't prove it either."

"Well, maybe I can't prove it," admitted O'Brien easily, "but," he added insinuatingly, "I can inquire how many times you have committed burglaries—say, in New Jersey?"

Mooney's jaw trembled and he grasped the arms of his chair so tight that his hands went white. He turned indignantly to the judge.

"Your Honor," he protested, "has this man got the right ——"

"Answer the question!" admonished His Honor. "This is proper cross-examination."

"Well?" sneered O'Brien.

"I never committed any burglary!"

"No burglaries! What kind of crimes, then, have you committed?"

"I never committed any crimes!"

Mooney thrust forward in his seat towards his torturer and clenched his jaws. It was all nuts for O'Brien.

"Oh!" he laughed. "You didn't, eh? I thought you were just out of Sing Sing!"

"But I hadn't committed any crime."

"So you were innocent that time? Just as you claim to be now!"

"Delaney railroaded me for Micky Morrison!"

The Bloodhound reddened with anger.

"Strike that out!" ordered Judge Watkins. "Don't volunteer. Answer only the questions put to you. Were you innocent that time?"

"Yes—I was!" declared Mooney with such obvious sincerity that O'Brien wished he had not asked the question. So far he had not scored heavily, although his adversary was getting groggy. At that instant Delaney reëntered the room and approached the rail with a large book in his hand.

"S-st!" he whispered to O'Brien, handing over the book. "Ast him if last December he didn't smash Sugar Grady's nose down on Hudson Street with a blackjack; an', say, ast him if he wasn't one o' the bunch 'at beat up Inspector Boyle with brass knuckles over behind the engine house."

The Bloodhound's eyes gleamed. Real stuff! He put the questions to Mooney, receiving with an indulgent grimace the latter's emphatic denials, and the jury, who had seen his conference with the police officer, made sure that a desperate thug was seated before them, while Mr. Tutt, a satiric smile playing about his withered lips, vowed vengeance deep and dire upon the unscrupulous O'Brien.

But the Bloodhound, frenzied at the scent of human gore, was now resolved to rend Mooney limb from limb. With all the gleeful malice of a Spanish inquisitor about to tear out his victim's beating heart with a pair of incandescent pincers, this charming understudy of Satan sauntered nonchalantly up to the witness and, holding the Professional Criminals of America so that the jury could plainly read the title, opened the book and running his finger down the page as if to mark the place—and looking up from time to time as he apparently read what he there had found—put to the hapless being in the moral death chair before him, as if solemnly declaring the accompanying accusation to be true, the following question:

"Did you not, on September sixth, nineteen hundred and seventeen, in company with Red Burke, alias the Roach; Tony Savelli, otherwise known as Tony the Greaser; and Dynamite Tom Meeghan, crack the safe of the American Railway Express at Rahway, New Jersey, and get away with six thousand dollars?"

There was no doubt about O'Brien's having caught the jury now. Just as John Hancock signed his name to the Declaration of Independence so large that no one need use spectacles to read it, so Paddy Mooney screamed his outraged denial so loud that even the dead might well have heard him.

"It's a lie!" he yelled, jumping up and shaking his fist at O'Brien. "I never knew any such people. And I never was in Rahway."

"So you say!" the Bloodhound taunted him. "But don't you know that both the Roach and the Greaser testified at their trials that you were there?"

"Wait a moment!" interpolated Judge Watkins. "Do not answer until your counsel has time to object. Mr. Tutt, do you object to the question? If you do I will exclude it."

But Mr. Tutt gravely shook his head.

"I prefer to have him answer it," he said.

"I know nothing about it at all!" protested Mooney. Once more he turned to the bench. "Your Honor," he cried, "he's framin' me! I ——"

Judge Watkins banged his gavel.

"You will have your chance to explain on the redirect," he remarked coldly, for he, too, was now convinced that the witness was a desperate criminal.

"That is all!" declared O'Brien, as with an air of triumph he threw the book ostentatiously on the table in front of the jury box. The defendant was cooked. That question about Red Burke had done the trick, driven the last nail into the lid of his coffin. He sank gloatingly into his chair. He had 'em on the run. The jury could convict without leaving the box. There was nothing left for old Tutt to do but try to extract additional denials from his already discredited client.

But the old lawyer made no such move. Instead he remarked:

"Mr. Mooney, you were asked whether you had not been previously convicted of assault, and you replied in the affirmative. I now ask you whom you were charged with assaulting?"

"Micky Morrison."

"Who arrested you for the alleged offense?"

"Officer Delaney."

"What! You mean this same officer who has just sworn that he found a pistol in your pocket?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Tutt drew in his lips.

"That is all!" said he, without further attempt to rehabilitate his client. Then as Mooney left the stand Mr. Tutt addressed Judge Watkins:

"If Your Honor please, I had intended calling a character witness—a former employer—in behalf of the defendant, but what has transpired would seem to make any such testimony immaterial." He hesitated for an instant, and to O'Brien came the sudden thought that the old lawyer might be going to throw up the sponge and plead his client guilty after all. But to his astonishment he heard Mr. Tutt say: "There is one thing, however, to which I invite the court's attention. The prosecutor has produced a loaded pistol here which he claims was found in my client's possession. It is the basis of the charge against him. Yet the district attorney for some reason best known to himself has not offered it in evidence. Unless this is done, in view of the fact that the pistol has been exhibited to the jury, I shall ask for a dismissal."

O'Brien rose languidly to his feet.

"The merest oversight, Your Honor. Here is the pistol. I offer it in evidence."

"I object," said Mr. Tutt—"unless it appears on the record from whose custody it is produced, how it got there, and that it is in the same condition as when received."

"Mr. Tutt is technically correct," nodded His Honor.

The Bloodhound's lips curled.

"I got it from Officer Delaney this morning, and have had it in my pocket all the time. It is exactly as I received it. Does that satisfy you?"

"Not unless you so testify upon the stand," answered the old lawyer, looking fixedly at O'Brien, who experienced a sickening sensation.

"If Mr. Tutt insists you will have to be sworn," ruled His Honor. "But it is a rather unusual demand for any lawyer to make under the circumstances."



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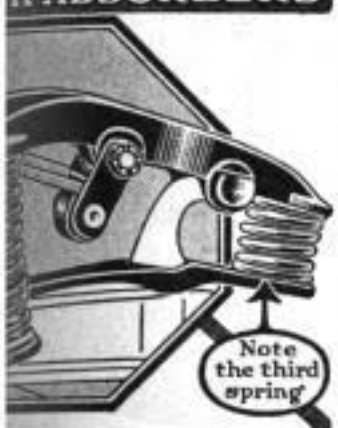


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"This is a rather unusual case," retorted Mr. Tutt, unperturbed.

O'Brien shifted his feet uneasily. He did not like the idea of facing Mr. Tutt from the witness chair—not in the least! Still—there was no help for it. With the pistol in his hand he ascended the stand, took the oath and without sitting down repeated in a rather shaky voice what he had just said.

"Have you any cross-examination?" asked Judge Watkins.

"I have," replied Mr. Tutt amid a curious silence. What could the old codger be up to?

"You are one of the public prosecutors of this county?" he asked quietly.

"I am," shot back the Bloodhound.

"And you are sworn to uphold the law?"

"Yes."

"To prosecute those of whose guilt you are satisfied through the introduction of legal evidence in a legal manner?"

"Of course." O'Brien's uneasiness was growing. But Mr. Tutt's next question momentarily allayed his anxiety while arousing his irritation.

"Where were you born?"

"New York City."

Judge Watkins frowned at the questioner. This procedure was not at all according to Hoyle.

"Gas House Section?"

One of the jury sniggered. His Honor raised his hand in gentle admonition.

"Is this relevant, Mr. Tutt? I do not wish to criticize, but your question seems rather trivial."

Mr. Tutt bowed.

"This is cross-examination," he replied. "However, I will withdraw it. Do you know one Micky Morrison, Mr. O'Brien?"

"Yes," scowled the Bloodhound.

"How much did you pay for your appointment as assistant district attorney?"

O'Brien turned first red, then white. Judge Watkins brought down his gavel.

"That will do!" he remarked. "The jury will disregard the question!"

"If Your Honor please," replied the lawyer quietly, "I have as much right to attack this witness' credibility as he had to attack that of my client. I press the question in another form:

"Did you not pay six thousand dollars to Michael McGurk to be delivered to Micky Morrison in consideration for his securing your appointment as assistant district attorney?"

"I did not!" shouted O'Brien. "And you know it! Your Honor, are you going to permit me to be insulted in this way?"

But a puzzled if not actually bewildered look had settled upon the learned justice's countenance. To coin a distinctly new phrase there was a far-away look in his gray eyes.

"Do you know Red Burke, alias the Roach; Tony Savelli, otherwise known as the Greaser; and Dynamite Tom Meeghan?"

"Mr. Tutt," expostulated Judge Watkins, "you may have a technical right to test the witness' credibility, but the matter is within my discretion and ——"

"That is the precise question he asked my client," replied Mr. Tutt coolly. "What is sauce for the goose should be sauce for the gander."

"He may answer your question if you press it," acquiesced His Honor. "But there must be a limit to this sort of thing."

"Only a few more questions, Your Honor. Mr. O'Brien, have you ever been convicted of crime?"

"No!" valiantly answered the prosecutor, now gray as a ghost, for he saw his doom advancing upon him.

"Have you ever committed one?"

O'Brien choked.

"I won't force you to answer that!" threw in Mr. Tutt gallantly.

"Have you any basis for that question?" demanded His Honor sharply.

Mr. Tutt smiled first at the jury and then at Judge Watkins.

"Your Honor," he replied in his most engaging manner, "you and I perhaps belong to a generation which has old-fashioned ideas of honor. I admit that I have had no basis for any of the questions which I have just asked this witness. Honor demands that I should do so; yet, in a sense, honor demanded that I should ask them, although I might later have to disown their sincerity. But, sir"—and his old voice rose high and vibrant—"but, sir, I do not abandon my attack upon this witness' credibility. I have but one more question to ask of him, and upon his answer I stake my client's liberty. Let this witness but answer anyway he may see fit—yes or no, I care not which—give any reply at all that may be officially recorded here, and not hereafter be disputed or denied by him—and these twelve men may return a verdict against my client."

Something in the old lawyer's tone drew the jury as one man toward the front of the box. Judge Watkins was gazing intently at Mr. Tutt. The faces in the court room surged up and down like ocean waves beneath O'Brien's smarting eyes. He was gaffed himself.

"Sir!" thundered Mr. Tutt, pointing an accusing finger at the miserable apology for a man now cowering upon the stand. "Sir! When you took this book in your hand"—he lifted Jones' Professional Criminals from where it lay upon the table—"and purported to read from its pages, were you actually reading what was printed there or not? Yes or no?"

In the silence all could distinctly hear the ticking of the clock upon the rear wall of the court room.

"Tick-tock! Tick-tock! Tick-tock! Yes—no! Yes—no! Yes—no!" it went.

O'Brien squirmed, looked down at the rocking floor and turned faint.

"Tick-tock! Tick-tock!" alternated the clock.

"Yes—no! Yes—no!" answered O'Brien's pulse.

Everything was going black and white, and great pulpy gray spiders seemed grabbing at him from the circumambient air. If he put the thing through and answered "Yes," insisted that he had been reading from the book, that old gray wolf down there would put the book in evidence and prove him a perjurer, send him up! A band of sweat oozed from beneath his red skullcap of hair. Yet if he answered "No," admitted that he had made the whole thing up—that there was not a word in the book about Mooney at all—it would be nearly as bad!

In his agony he almost clutched the flimsy legal straw of refusing to answer on the ground that his reply might tend to degrade or incriminate him! But this would leave him in an even worse position. No, he must answer!

"Tick—tock! Yes—no! Tick—tock! Yes—no! Which—what!"

He moistened his parched lips and swallowed twice. He coughed—for time; and fumbled for his handkerchief. After all, he had done nothing that was not strictly legal. He had not charged that Mooney was a professional crook; he had only asked him the question. That didn't commit him to anything! You could ask what you chose and you were bound by the witness' answer. A gleam like sunrise flashed across his seething brain. Ah, that would save him, perhaps! Old Tutt would be bound by his answer. And then he saw himself tricked again! Yes, Tutt might be bound in the case at bar—although his muddy mind wasn't quite sure whether he would be or not—but he himself would be forever bound by the written record. He could never get rid of the millstone that his yes or no—no matter which he uttered—would hang about his neck! Old Tutt, like the Old Man of the Sea, would forever be upon his back!

"No," he muttered at last in a woolly voice, so low and thick as to be hardly audible. "I was not—reading from the book."

He bowed his head as if awaiting the headsman's stroke. A hiss—a score of hisses—writhed through the air towards him from the benches. "Snake! Snake!" Captain Phelan made no attempt to stop them.

"You mean ——" began Judge Watkins incredulously. Then with a look of disgust he turned his back upon O'Brien.

"Ye snake!" This time the tense sibilant was that of a woman.

Mr. Tutt gazed at the jury. The Lord had delivered his enemy into his hands.

"Now, gentlemen," he said with a deprecating smile, "you may convict my client if you wish."

There was a moment's puzzled silence, broken by the foreman.

"The hell we will!" he suddenly exploded. "The fellow we want to convict is O'Brien!"

And in the flurry of involuntary applause which followed, the ancient Dougherty was heard to murmur:

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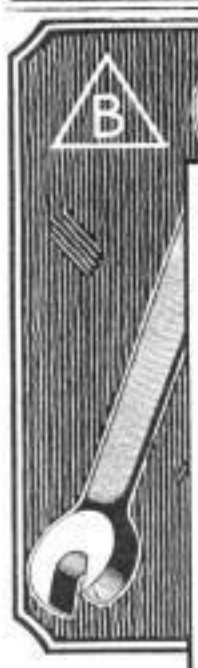
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JOAN OF ARC SMITH

(Continued from Page 9)

"But whatever you say about me, don't forget this," she says, talking now high and serious: "Don't forget to say I'm like Brawny Bill Wolfert—I'm out for economic justice first, last and always, for man, woman and child!"

So they went off to the telegraph office and sat down and filled up all the yellow paper there with that heart-throb woman stuff, and sent it in to the editors in the city, where they sit there always in their big costly armchairs, sighing and sobbing for it. And they all jumped up when they seen it, and took off their coats, and put it into all the papers the next morning with headlines a mile high.

"The woman of mystery," they says—"who is she? Such is the question on all lips in the great Manumuxit Valley strike to-day. Young and tall; strong, athletic, yet divinely fair and strangely beautiful; of evident refinement, yet dressed in the blood-red guise of anarchy and socialism; though refusing all information of herself but for the statement that she may yet prove the Joan of Arc of this portentous industrial struggle—this strangely fascinating and alluring figure is the goal of all eyes in this now silent center of whirring looms and bobbins to-day.

"All lips now frame one anxious question: Will she, if the militia is introduced here, lead the workingmen to the point of war and bloodshed in this peaceful valley? The mill managements are quite evidently nonplused by this new appearance; and the strike leaders, though reticent, are clearly expectant over this dramatic turn in the situation, and new developments are awaited hourly."

"There's spreading some truth for you!" they says to Brawny Bill Wolfert at the strike headquarters.

"She's a wonder!" says Bill, not showing it, though his heart was full of joy and pleasure, seeing what advertising all this was starting bringing him and his strike. "That woman last month that stripped off her diamond and ruby rings and gave them to the cause," he says, "was just the first letter in the book to this one. She's the best I've seen."

"You ought to know, Bill," they says, for he always had his string of women doing stunts for him and his cause. He was that kind—hard and still and desperate—that the women always fall for, especially the lonely, dissatisfied, investigating kind.

He worked with her the usual hard way, urging her to go on, by giving hints of all he'd done for the cause.

"Don't let the police bluff you," he says to her, for they were all threatening now to lock her up. "They're a pack of boobs. Noise is the most dangerous thing they have on them. Take it from me! I know from experience. If you've got anything to do don't mind them. Go and do it," he says, pushing her along, and so she went and done it.

This time, when she got up to speak the next day, she started after them, wild and fierce, on the question of the militia, giving them the statistics Bill handed her about the strikers fighting the battles of America.

"Three-quarters of these men—these strikers—were in the war over there!" she says, repeating his dope just as he handed it to her. "And two-thirds of them were wounded, fighting our battles for us. Such is not the stuff of economic slavehood," she says. "And before they press too far with their threats and their militia, let them beware! Let them look first!" she says. "Men have rebelled before," she says, "under the lash! And even under the leadership of a weak woman driven by a power beyond herself!" she says, alluding to that Joan of Arc thing in all the papers, and all the strikers on the common laughed and hollered and cheered her until the police came in and hushed them up.

And after that all the reporters come up and begged and pleaded with her to give them just the initials of her name if nothing more, for the public were clamoring and restless for it. And she said no, though maybe she might later—give them the initials anyhow. But she wasn't sure, for a particular reason, and that was because her family—her father—would be dead set against her coming into this investigating work and all this radical work when he knew it. And she could not have him know that she was there—not yet. But one thing she would say, now and all the time, and never let them forget it in their writings: That she was always, like her great leader, Brawny Bill Wolfert, always out for just one motto—that same motto that he always had—economic justice for all, man, woman and child, share and share alike; or else there would be bloodshed or worse, and she was going to tell her father that some day.

So the reporters went away well pleased that she was holding back her name yet, making more mystery and easy writing for them for some days yet, perhaps; and went over and sat down in the telegraph office and exchanged their notes, one with the other, and got their stories out; and then all went back to the place where they were playing poker again. And in the morning all the papers came out with miles and columns and tons of ink, starting in under full mourning headlines:

Scrutinized by thousands of inquiring eyes when, dressed in the blood red of the social revolution, she preached the most flagrant doctrines of Marx, Robespierre and Bakúnin; her identity still undeciphered at the end of another twenty-four hours replete with thrills for all who participated in the great strike of the textile workers in the Manumuxit Valley today, and finally warned by the police against possible violence, the beautiful young woman, now known through the confines of the United States only as Joan of Arc Number 2, declared that she would lead, if necessary, a new crusade—based, she stated, upon Brawny Bill Wolfert's famous motto, economic justice for one and all; and, if need be, would go down to death defying the state's soldiery.

Who is she? becomes more and more the moot question of the hour, baffling so far every investigator. It was learned from her one-time associates that at first she called herself Smith, though this, she now maintains, was used merely to conceal her real name, which later—when her father should consent—she might in part, at least to the giving of initials, reveal.

Asked if they had further information on the subject of the mysterious newcomer's personality, the mill managers professed ignorance and indifference; but they were clearly disturbed over the developments of the strike centering about this strangely mysterious figure. The strike leaders, including the radical Brawny Bill Wolfert, although professing equal lack of information, openly looked for developments of great interest to-day. And all through the historic Manumuxit Valley to-night the query trembling on every lip is: Who is she? What will she do next? What will the morrow bring to us? Shall a second Joan of Arc be leading us to civil war with an all but religious fanaticism?

"Is she getting away from you a little, Bill?" says the boys at the strike headquarters.

"No," he says. "There'll be no fighting; you know that. The worst she can do is get herself arrested and let us bail her out, and in the meantime we've got all the papers sitting up and hollering for our stuff that she's handing out to them."

"Spreading more truth," they says to him, "all over!"

"I've been twenty years in the business," says Bill, "and I never seen one like her. She's the queen of advertisers. She puts more pep into self-advertising than any woman I ever seen in the radical movement," he says. "And that's high praise. That one here a month ago," he says, "that took off her shoes and stockings and walked up and down Main Street to see how the Polack women felt going around in the wet was a piker to her. She never came back for the second day. But this girl is a raving genius," he says.

"But just the same," he says, "I'll keep my eye on her. They're all light in the head when they get that way, and they need a man to guide them."

And they laughed, remembering Bill and all his other women he'd guided. And he went off and spoke to her, and held her back just a bit.

"Ease up," he says to her, "just a trifle."

"What do you mean?" she says. "Ease up? Keep back my principles of economic justice for one and all?"

"Or do you want to get into the calaboose?" he says to her.

"What do I care?" she says.

"I'm telling you this," he says, "not for my sake," he says. "For me it would be good—more than for you! So I'm telling you just like I would my daughter," he says, starting in with her the way he did with those young high-spirited ones at first. "My daughter!"

"You're as bad as my father is," she came snapping back.

(Continued on Page 140)



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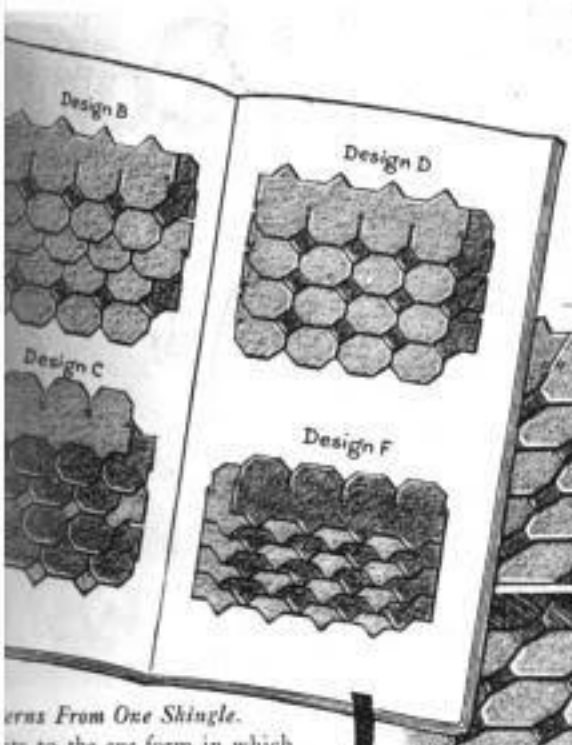
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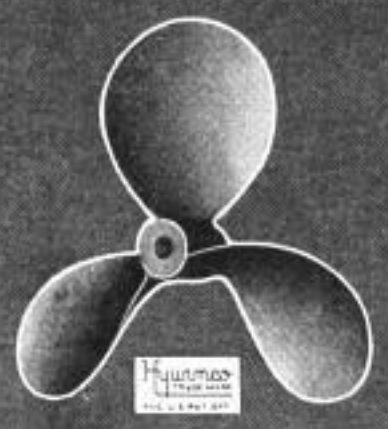
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(Continued from Page 138)

"I'm old enough to be your father, at that—don't forget that!" he says, patting her arm the way he worked on with them. "For I had a daughter," he says, "to tell the truth, that would be about your age."

"You had!" she says, looking up sharp. "Is she dead?"

"No," he says. "But my wife took her away from me years ago—when she got up and left me for no reason at all! I've not seen the one or the other of them for years."

"So then you're married," she says, starting up and moving away from his hand like so many of them did at first. So he told her how it was.

"Yes," he says—"to my sorrow! I don't speak of it much. But I don't flinch it neither. She was no wife to me. She was a puling, peevish, pindling thing that was always pretending sick. I never could get along with a woman that held me back. With no brains," he says, "and no intellectual strivings," he says, appealing to her, telling her his troubles like a man with his experience does to the woman he's pleased with at the time. But he didn't change her much, he could see. She still took the news kind of hard.

"So you're married," she says to him again, her voice harder than ever.

"If you call it so, yes—when I haven't seen her now for sixteen years, nor seen my little daughter neither," he says, looking down long and sad. "But here," he says, breaking off finally with a wrench and going onto another more agreeable subject, "I'm doing all the talking. You tell me now," he says, "what's your name? Who's your father?" he asks, but without results still. For he could feel the flesh of her arm harden where he tried to put his hand again upon it.

"I'll tell you that later," she says, "maybe, if you still want to hear it. I've got an idea maybe sometime I might bring you face to face with him," she says, "and let you see him plain and personal. And we could go over and consider all this stuff on economic justice and all that together," she says, and gave him a kind of a hard laugh. "It might do him good—and us too maybe."

"Sure! Any time! Lead me to him!" says Brawny Bill, leaving it there, seeing it was no use to go on further for that day.

So out she come the next day in her speech and sung out louder and louder yet for the economic justice and the revolution—and bloody war, if needed.

"Will you not give us your name yet?" the reporters were gathering around her to say before her speech. For she was still as unknown as the first king of Ireland. "The public is crazy and clamoring for it," they said, "from Maine to California. At least you might give us your initials, like you said."

"No," she says, thinking. "Not yet. But maybe not so long after I will give it to you. For I'm aroused now," she says. "And I've been thinking heavy of doing what I should—of going to my father and appealing to him personally in this cause of economic justice, and if I do I'll let you all know."

"You'll give it out all even to us if you do?" says one of the reporters. "Will you?"

For she was a grand thing for them. They could go off and play poker all day in this quiet place they'd found there, and when the time come work in together and send their story out and report the strike in full, writing what they got from her.

So she said she would—all even, with no favorites. And they went out in a body over to the telegraph offices and done their day's work up together.

"Will she lead the strikers against the militia?" they writes. "This, on this evening fraught with possibilities, after a day more than ever threatening, is the deep question of the hour in the minds of the thousands who stand waiting, watching tensely, in the crisis of the Manumuxit industrial struggle, the figure of the unknown, athletic and beautiful woman leader who, although wrongly giving her name as Smith, still, under the blood-red banner of Tolstoy, Brutus and Garibaldi, defies the police and the militia of the sovereign state of Massachusetts under the assumed but unquestionably popular name of Joan of Arc.

"'Economic justice for all—man, woman and child'—the motto of Brawny Bill Wolfert, which she has proclaimed for hers also, has here become the watchword of the hour, on what may yet prove to be the eve of the clash of arms in what the leaders of the strikers describe as the possible final upheaval for communism, socialism, anarchy and French syndicalism throughout the United States and civilization as a whole."

And so that next day, when she goes to speak once more upon the common, the head of the police, after once warning her to desist from stirring up the crowd again to this anarchy, communism and general devilment, has her arrested and led over to the women's lockup in the basement of the city hall, where she sits in her blood-red dress, tossing back her bobbed yellow hair, defying them, until Brawny Bill and the rest come over and bail her out, scowling at the officers.

"What'll you do now?" says the reporters, coming up, stepping on their cigarettes. "Will you make your statement to the press? Will you give your name out now?"

"I will not," she says. "Though I may soon. I may soon," she says when they drew in closer to her for this reason: "For I may have finally to bring my father into this, after all," she says. "For I am greatly aroused and much in earnest since my arrest," she says, "and willing to take any means to enforce the motto of Brawny Bill Wolfert, that noble leader, of economic justice for all—man, woman and child. And my father," she says—"though I have withheld this from you before for family reasons—is a very celebrated and powerful man, who could do more for the economic justice which I have come to be so interested in," she says, "than I think any man living.

"So for this reason," she says, "during the hours and minutes of my imprisonment here I have worked out this plan, if my leader, Brawny Bill Wolfert, will consent," she says, now turning to him.

"Consent!" he says. "Did you ever see me flinch yet from anything put up to me for the economic justice of the worker?"

"Well then, I will take you with me," she says, "and bring you face to face with my father, so that between us we can convince him, no doubt, of the rightness of the demand for full economic justice for man, woman and child. Will you come?" she says.

"Why not?" says Brawny Bill. "Who'd hinder me?"

"Only this," she says to him and the reporters: "For justice to my father, who might not desire to be drawn in, nor implicated or involved in this idea, you'll have to do this: You'll have to go some miles with me in a taxicab, consenting to be blindfolded."

"Blindfolded?" says the reporters, looking at one another with a happy smile, for they could see more columns and miles of print, being mostly, as they were, on piece work. And Brawny Bill, though he looked brawnier and uglier than ever outside, stood shining brighter and brighter inside him, for he seen what a genius he had with him, and what advertising she was getting out day after day for him and his strike.

"Yes," she says, answering them back. "For it's only fair to my father that he has the right or not to say whether his influence and name is used in all this thing—and whether or not we convince him. For, after all, I'd be the one, not him, that would get plunged into this war for equal and level economic justice for all, if he wasn't let to decide this much for himself. And so no one, not even Mr. Wolfert, should know who or where my father is until he meets him face to face, and lets him decide whether he will come in with us and lend the influence of his great name to this justice we are speaking of," she says. "But if he does," she says, "it will have great weight in getting him. For I'm telling you no lie when I say he is a greatly celebrated man, and his decision will have deciding weight in this matter that I'm after. But still and all, that is his option, and you may or may not hear his name after all," she says to the reporters. "That will be according to how he sees it.

"Will you do this then—will you come with me to meet him blindfolded?" she says now to Brawny Bill, stretching out her hand.

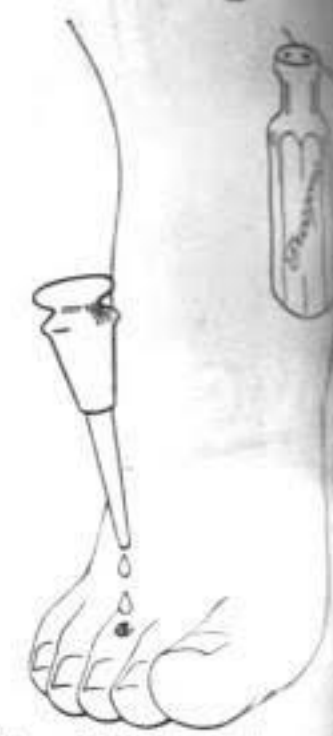
"Do you see me quitting?" he says, biting down and weaving the big, hard muscles of his jaw back and forth.

"And do you consent and agree, on your honor as a man and a leader, if we do not get my father's consent nor convince him, and yet you learn afterwards his name—you will never give it out?"

"I do," says Bill.

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"So the newspaper and movie boys with the picture machine took their photographs of them shaking hands, and Brawny Bill blindfolded, and her with a pair of handcuffs hanging from her wrists, showing how she had been arrested, and went off back to the telegraph office and wrote more miles and columns on the yellow paper on this thickening mystery with a woman in it, throwing more strong searching light upon the question of the strike.

"Who is her father? This query—now in every heart—may serve as the turning point in the immense and terrible industrial warfare still threatening revolution at the closing of the day's climax in the great industrial drama in the Manumuxit Valley to-night.

"Arrested before speaking to the multitudes gathering eagerly in the ancient common to-day to await until in her familiar red garb she would no doubt urge them under her leadership to withstand the authority of the state's guardsmen; thrown into prison; bailed out by Brawny Bill Wolfert, veteran leader of the strikers; confessing that her name was not only not Smith, but that she was the only daughter of an international figure of great celebrity; planning, with Wolfert blindfolded by her side, to ride and plead with her father for economic justice, which he is in a position to secure—such were the additions made to economic history along the far-famed Manumuxit River by the blood-red Joan of Arc by nightfall to-day.

"Awaiting this visit, which may or may not settle a desperate clash between the strikers and the militia, the whole valley sleeps fitful and uneasily to-night. This unrest has even reached the capital of the state. The governor, when approached upon the matter, said in an exclusive interview with your correspondent to-night: 'While I have no information on the subject whatever, I believe that something may or may not occur to change the general current of events to-morrow.'"

"What is this you're pulling? Is this thing on the level? Are we going on? Or is this all a stall?" says Brawny Bill when they were by themselves, for by this time she had him thinking foolish.

"Certainly we're going on," she says, not turning a muscle in her face, though it was flushed still, and excited, "and it's no stall." And he wondered now was he crazy or was she.

Yet, nevertheless, he let her put the blindfolding on, and they started out that night in a big machine, and whirled around for good luck till they were sure they had shook the machines of the reporters finally. And then the old ark of a hired limousine they had laid down close to the ground and went somewheres for two hours or so with most astonishing speed, rumpling and disturbing and bumping Brawny Bill half insensible when he laid back and tried to get a nap, after he'd finally given up the idea of getting her to tell him where they were going.

It grew better running then, and he knew now he was slipping into the streets of a big city, hearing the noises and feeling the stronger lights of the street lamps as they flashed by on his blindfolding.

"What's this?" says Bill when finally he feels them stop after turning and twisting through the streets of the big city for some time. For, though he couldn't see, it didn't sound nor smell like the high aristocratic section that he thought to find himself stopping at, and he was beginning to get a little leery.

And then they gets up and she leads him blindfolded up into a house.

"Here's some stairs," she says. "Look out."

And he come on, for he couldn't back out now, no matter how leery he was getting.

"And here's the threshold."

And he stepped over it.

"And here we are!"

And he heard the door close in behind him.

"And now you can take the blindfolding off," she says.

And he done so, blinking and all ready for action, if needs be.

"What's this?" he says then, surprised.

For he stood looking at a figure in a mirror; one of them high dark mirrors they used to put in their big fine houses fifty years ago. And it moved then—the figure—when he moved. And he seen now he was just looking at himself.

"What the ——" says Brawny Bill, not finishing the sentence, when he looked around the room. For it was fitted up nothing grand like he had expected—outside the mirror—but more like a poor city boarding house. And then, staring, he seen the figure of that thin small woman, standing white and shrinking behind the big old-time black-walnut bed.

"Don't you recognize her?" says this big Joan of Arc, standing stiff, watching them, breathing hard, yet with a plenty of color in her cheeks too.

"Min!" he says, staring. "Min!" For he seen, of course, naturally, who it was facing him after all them years.

"And you!" he says, turning, cursing, and stopping when he saw the look upon her face—this Joan of Arc's.

"You ought to know her, too, Bill," says the older woman with her voice trembling. "You ought ——"

"Call me Joan of Arc, that'll do nicely!" says the one with the bobbed light hair like Bill's, stepping over and stopping her with a kind of small hard smile upon her face. "For I'm afraid of no one when I'm right," she says, holding her head upright. "And my motto," she says to him, "is economic justice, equal and level, for man, woman and child. The last two just like the first! And it's a good motto," she says. "I got it from my father."

And he stopped still, growling in his throat, torn between the longing to smash her and the knowledge that he could not neither.

"So now," she says, going on when he did not, "I've kept my promise. I told you I'd bring you face to face with my father, and I've done so." And following the direction of her pointing, he looked opposite himself again, into that big, dark, old-time mirror you'll see in them old mansions that are made over into boarding houses. "I've brought you face to face with him."

And he stood there, watching at the face across grow mad and red and ugly in the mirror.

"My father," she says, pointing now in the other direction, "and what he done for economic justice!"

And the small sick-looking woman across the room sat down sudden and weak in an old boarding-house bedroom chair.

"Cut out the comedy!" says Bill. "What do you want?"

"I want," she says, "just what we came here for—a talk on economic justice for one and all, man, woman and child.

"Sit down," she says to him, where he stood staring, his face redder than it was healthy for it to be. "Maybe I ought to start in telling you from the first just how much economic justice has come to us two so far," she says, and then she went on and told him with that high-headed look still higher on her and the hardness still harder in her voice.

"For, no doubt," she says, "you will want to hear the whole story of what we've done," she says, "since you jumped up and left us, with that other woman," she says; "and how we fared for economic justice."





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Arrow shows where body weight falls in the wrong kind of shoe (left) and in "Anatomik" shoe (right).
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And when she said this the older woman over on beyond the bed shrunk back and down till she was almost out of sight in the worn and tattered boarding-house arm-chair. But she went along herself, her voice always growing harder.

"The fact is," she says, "my mother and me have been batting and slamming about the world for the sixteen years since then, unseen by you, with no great economic justice from anyone, and least of all from you, and it's about time we had some," she says.

And then she told him how she had put herself through school and college, by her own work some, but more by her mother's, and had come finally to study all these economic questions of the day, and investigate them, and finally get some money from doing so.

"And so finally," she says, "seeing your name in the paper on that line so much, and seeing how you made your living by it, I come to the conclusion, if all was to have this economic justice you swore so by in the public press, I'd grab off and secure a little of it for my mother and myself.

"So then I brought you here to see whether we get some. It all depends on my father," she says, speaking in a sweet hard voice—"what he decides—whether we'll get it!"

And he sat there looking at her, his big, red, scarlet face showing all the big, heavy eating and drinking and the rest of the past twenty-five years and more, and his hard, wise, bloodshot eyes upon her, for naturally he understood how she had him cornered.

"Or shall I feed it all," she says, "to the fierce and wild and ravening press—the whole mad wild tale of Joan of Arc Smith, and the motto of the economic justice for all, which she took and used from her grand and celebrated father, and laugh you out of the labor movement and the world, as I've got the stage all set to do?"

"How much do you want?" he says, snarling finally, and she told him what she thought would be reasonable, considering what he had been gathering in all these years for his work and lecturing for economic justice.

"And how soon will you ge[t] says.

"Not over two hours from the [time] your check is good," she says.

So he gave it to her and went [away] to Manumuxit by train.

"What did you find?" "Was [you] view successful?" "Where is she?" "[What] her father? And what did he say? [Was] the reporters all together, [calculating] when he got off the train at the [station]

"His name you'll never know," [she] "He did not mention it, nor did I [ask]

"But where is she?" they says. [Why] does she not come back with you?"

"'Tis a long story," he says. "[The] gist of it is this: We did not [get] He was too much for us. On the [train] he commanded her to stay, and [that] her no more in this strike nor [any] and that's all I'll say.

"Only this—only this!" he says, [with] his throat kind of gruff and [pulling] collar: "With her or without her, [or] body else, we stand here for [one] tice for all, and we'll raise hell [before] get it."

And so they went away, sore [and] hearted and wrote out one last [dis]ting ready to pull up and leave [the]

"Was she what she seemed, or [was] a coldly calculated impostor?" [he] "That is the doubt which the [mind] unexplained disappearance, with [the] piciously sensational collapse [of] leaders of the strike, of the so-[called] of Arc, who was at one time [the] Smith, has forced upon the [whole] thinking population of the Mill Valley during the clearly waning of the textile strike, under the [direction] the much-advertised Brawny Bill, the radical, to-night."

And Brawny Bill, sitting [by] headquarters, stared, glaring [at] with the local leaders whispering corners. For the newspaper [men] scarcely been near him all that [day]

He seen already the finish [of] for the publicity was all dead [and] not only got off with his good [name] she'd killed his strike, one [of the] strikes he'd ever started.



IN an "Old Town," all waterways are open to you—quiet streams, wide lakes, and swift-flowing rivers. "Old Towns" are the fastest canoes made. The lightest and strongest, too! And the lowest priced. Easiest to paddle, and hardest to wear out. $54 up from dealer or factory. *New catalog shows all models in colors. Free. Write for it TODAY.*

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BULL-DOG DIE STOCKS
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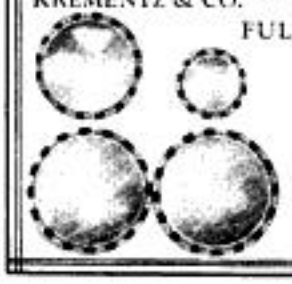
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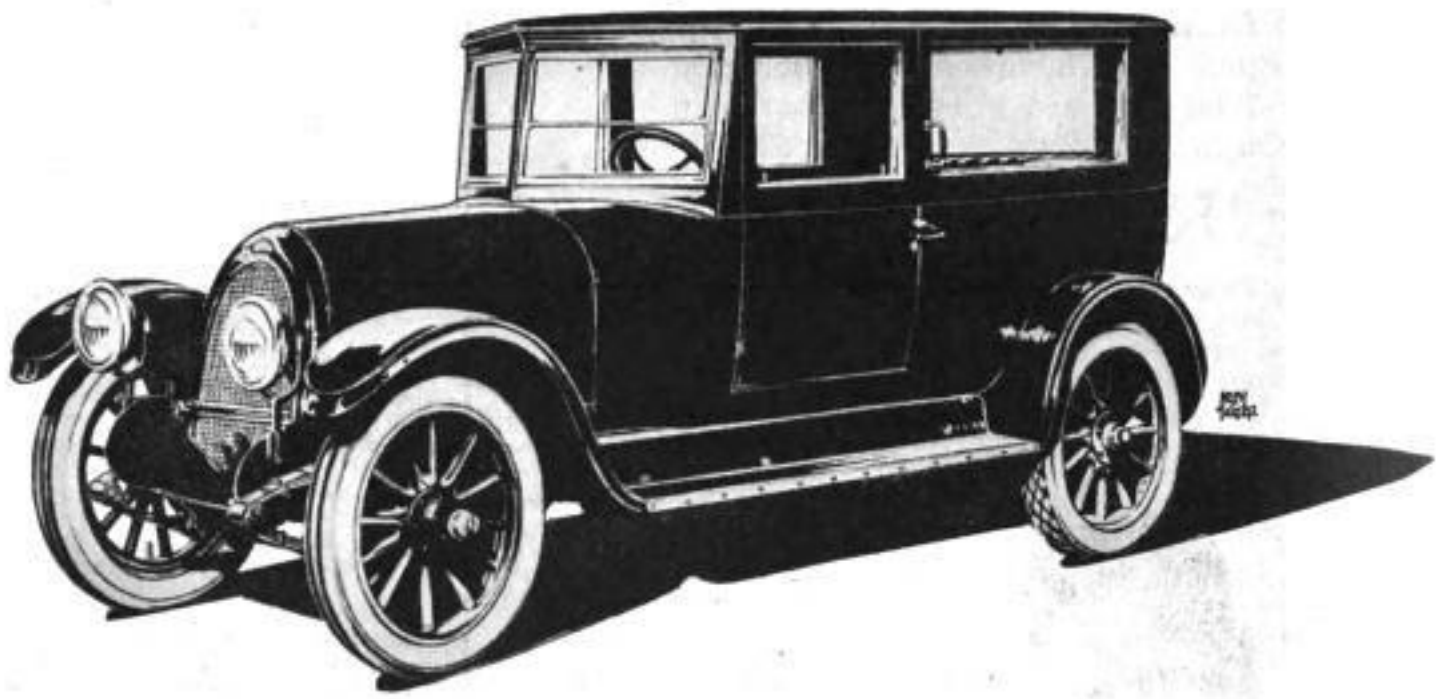
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THE finest Franklin in 20 years of quality manufacture—at the lowest price in its history, except for four months in 1916.

The first car of this type, suitable for all-round use, in America. Light, flexible and direct air-cooled—no radiator—it is more widely usable than any other car, enclosed or open. Cool in summer.

From its very beginning, the most popular enclosed car built, in proportion to total output. Last year Sedans formed 42½% of Franklin's entire production.

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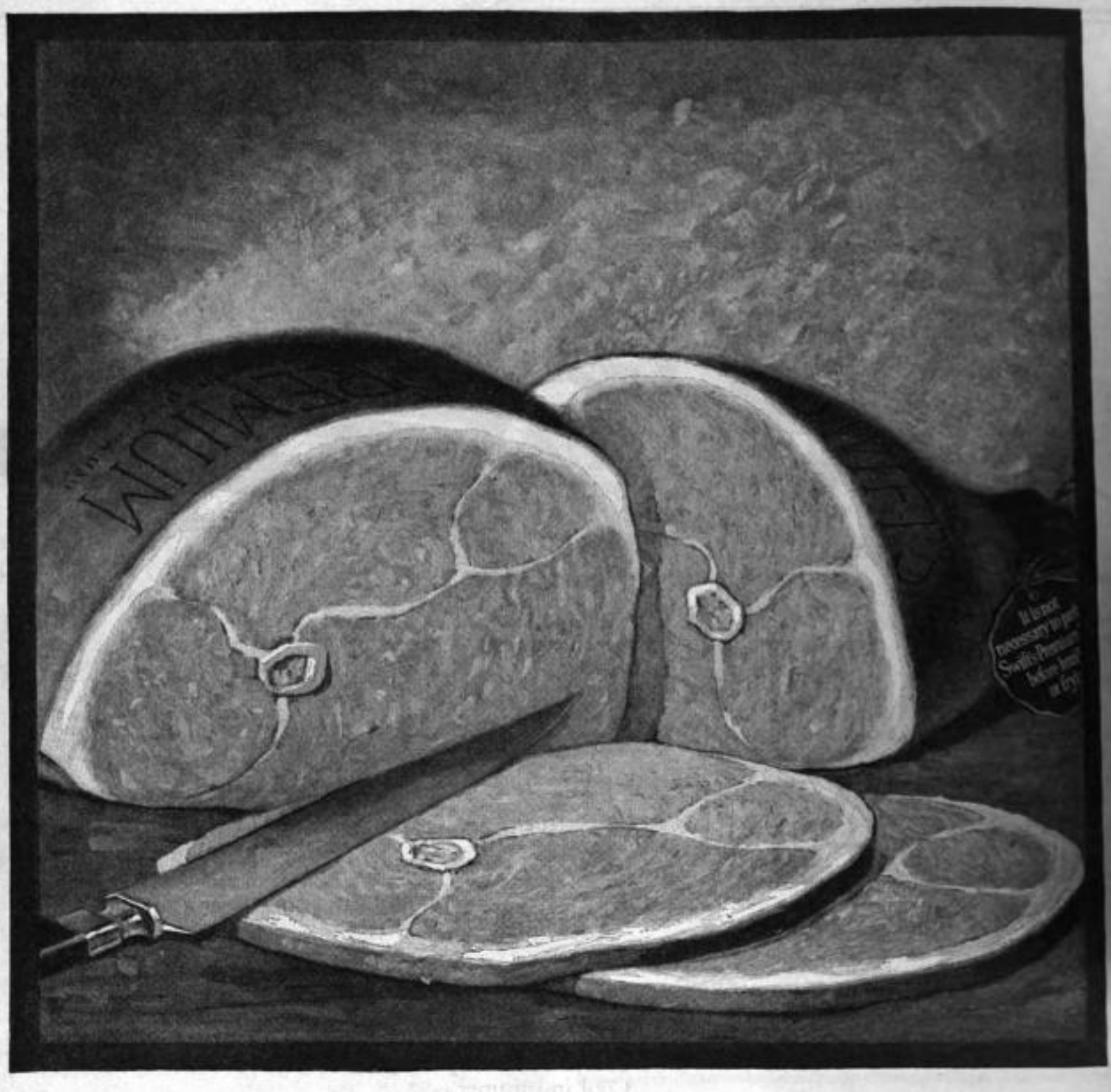
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Motorists' desire for better service made April, 1922, Franklin's biggest April. And as we go to press, still another record is broken. On May 1, over three times as many Franklins were delivered as on any previous day on record.

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A *whole* Premium Ham saves money and work

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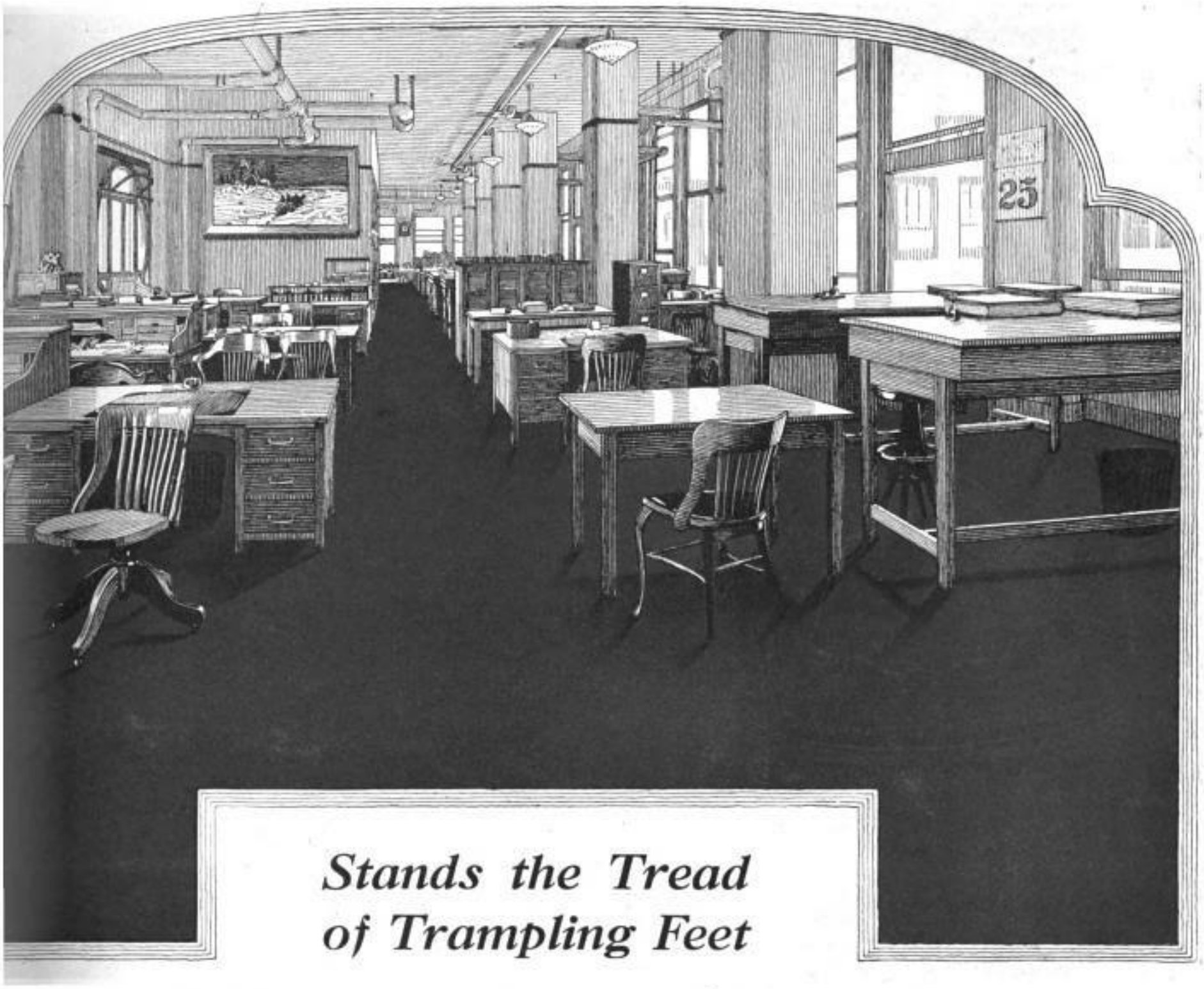
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Look for this blue identification tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice

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Stands the Tread of Trampling Feet

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ors

ALL day long the feet of busy people tramp back and forth over this office floor—and at night a man with a wax polisher quickly restores its spick-and-span brightness.

The floor is Armstrong's Plain Brown Linoleum. It makes this office of the Quaker Oats Company a quiet place in which to work, because it deadens the sound of footsteps and reduces other office noises which are reflected from hard, non-resilient floors.

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Our free book, "Business Floors," contains photographs of installations, plates of colors and designs from which you can choose, and directions for installation and care of linoleum floors. Write for it. All Armstrong's Linoleum is guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Look for the **CIRCLE "A"** *trademark on the burlap back*



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for Every Floor in the House

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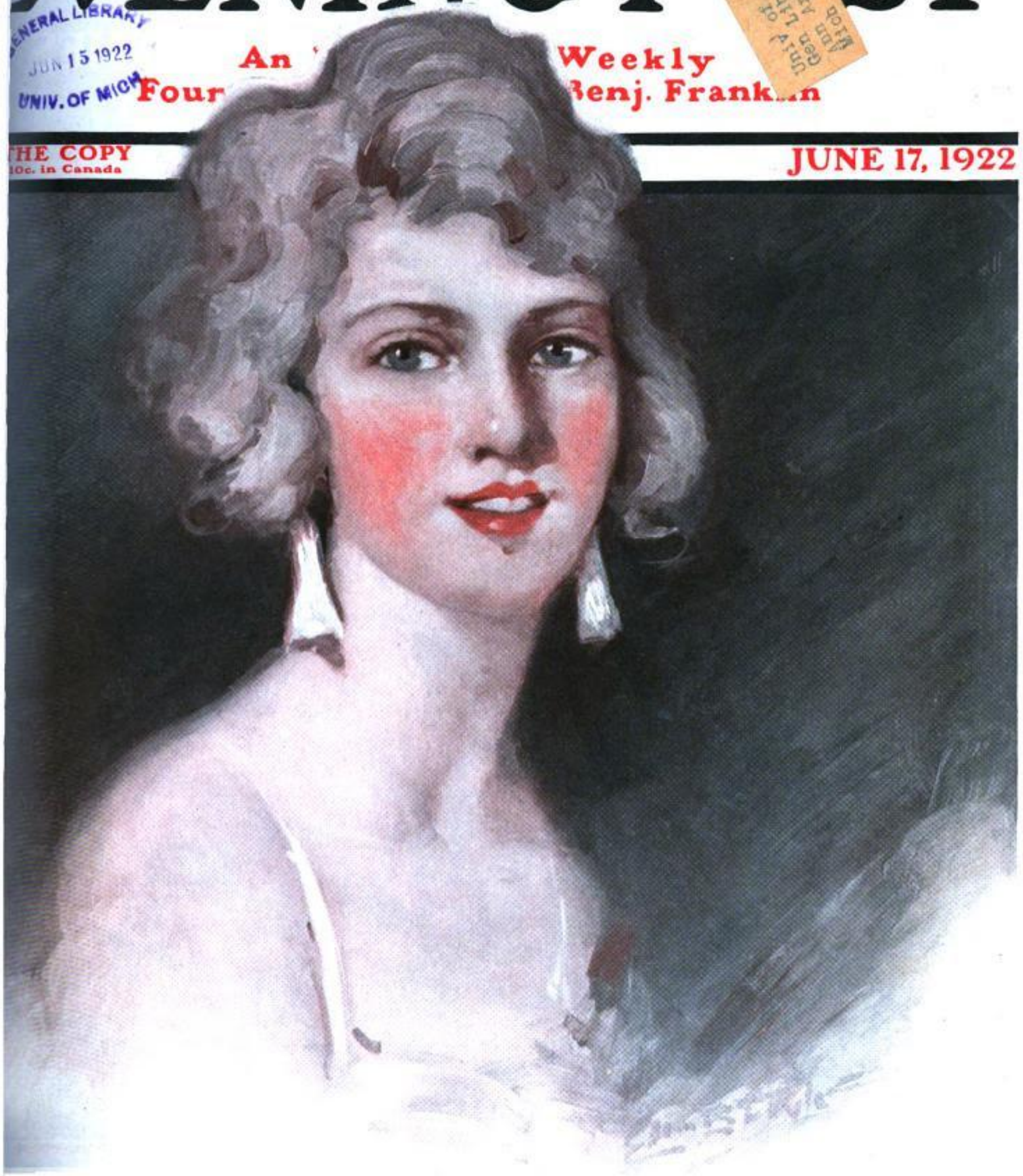
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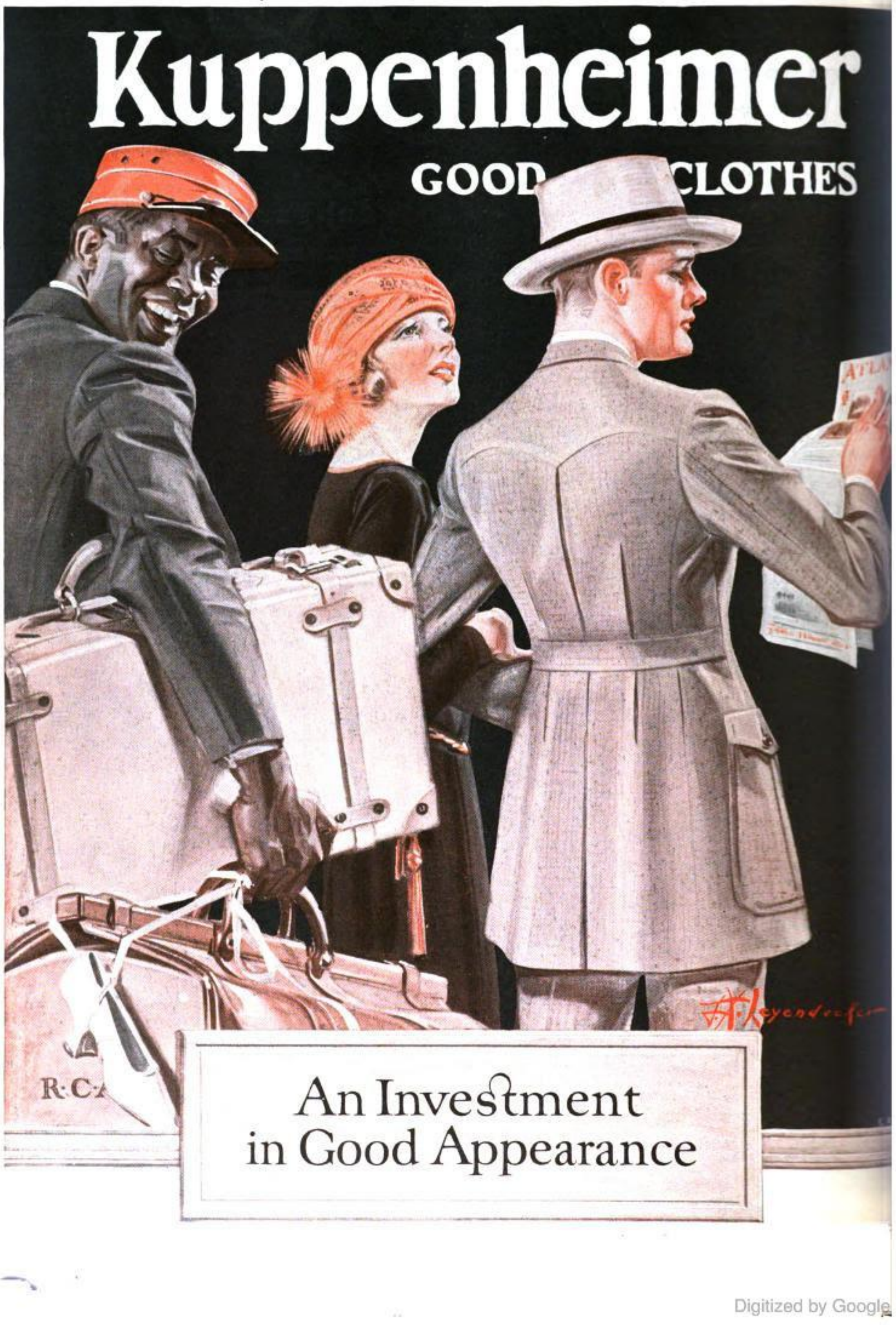
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or Franklin Egan—Franklin P. Adams—Clarence Budington Kelland
hy Parker—Maximilian Foster—Roland Pertwee—George Kibbe Turner

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Pitching camp, wrestling tires, climbing rocks, it's all the same to a Westclox watch. It keeps time in any pocket.

For boys, for workmen, for campers, for any one who needs an all around watch, Westclox watches are big enough and strong enough to stand up.

Pocket Ben with white dial for daytime use, Glo-Ben with radium coated numerals and hands, for day or night time-telling.

The name Westclox on the dial and orange-bordered, six-sided tag means they have proved their timekeeping ability before you could get to see them.

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A nickel plated watch. Stem wind and set. Neat hands and dial. Dependable, $1.50. In Canada, $2.00.

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Nickel plated watch. Stem wind and set. Black face, luminous dial and hands, $2.50. In Canada, $3.50.

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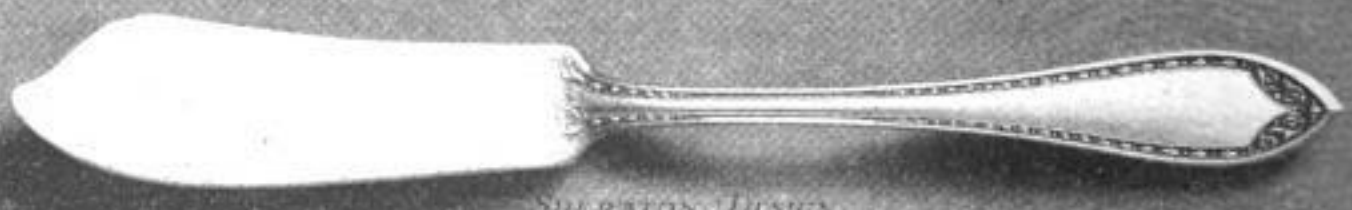


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ONEIDA COMMUNITY
LTD.

"You lack a gay mantilla,
Your hair is tawny gold,
But you flirt a fan
With as practiced hand
As Andalusia holds.

Heavens! That verse is so free, it's wild! This fact will not, I hope, prejudice the gift of *Community* which accompanies it. A poor poet can be a good chooser.

Bob"



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XPOSED TO BOLSHEVISM

By Eleanor Franklin Egan

tYBODY who visits Russia these ys comes out of that land of sov- and sorrow with a story to tell, the fact that no two stories are like even in general tone merely serves to prove that the s not a simple one, that it is many-sided, exceedingly ovocative of numerous and conflicting emotions, and s a various appeal to variously constituted indi-

r of somewhat important contributors to the d of information on the subject have lent rigorously to the defense of the system that blished in Russia and, accepting the prom- performance, have written about it as ere a realization at last of Utopian s having led a considerable citizenry ve souls to fear that there is some- ible in the philosophy of Bolshevism ve that the best thing for a sane is to avoid contact with it.

I likely to leave the United States time for almost anywhere it that my little circle of associates f my announcement that I was e for Russia than was entirely caused them to unite in a very st. Their primary objections ere due of course to the some- and sometimes well-defined early every so-called normal ith regard to the Russian sit- ter I had induced them to stop their minds the risks I was nection merely with my per- ey all began to predict that I d morally and spiritually. In would go into Russia, place my- tion with a lot of wild radicals yself as one of them.

Anna Went Back

rom the character of the evidence etting from persons of our own itish and American—who were in time or who had been in Russia, this ed to be happening to nearly every- yself wondered if I, too, would have e a really convincing promise in the m, once I saw it in actual operation. I was expose myself to the contagion—along with s that go with Bolshevism—and tried to per- at I was entirely open-minded on the subject. owever, was to believe nothing but my own eyes, at once that I have found even this exceedingly

as one of my first surprises I think I must begin by olshevik," "Bolsheviki" and "Bolshevism" are words hears in Russia, though they are not regarded by the selves as being in any sense terms of opprobrium. They n" and take great pride in it, but the simple fact is that the party in is the Communist Party, and for purposes of ordinary conversation one nunist or a Noncommunist.

ough, the words Bolshevik, Bolsheviki and Bolshevism are employed hose Russians who are known as returned Americans than by anyone lue to the fact that most of these unfortunates are newly converted to nterpretation of what Bolshevism amounts to and make use of it ay of relieving their feelings.

ho used it oftenest in talking with me was a maid in the employ of the ertain American relief station. She did the bedroom work and waited he personnel residence, where I happened to be a guest for a while. She English and what she had she evidently had acquired in a most nvironment. She knew a lot of cuss words and seemed to think that indispensable prefix of all adjectives, to say nothing of other parts of speech. The whole burden of this young woman's almost incessant babble was a burden of complaint against the "damn Bolsheviki."



Eleanor Franklin Egan, Photographed at Petrograd in "Cootie-Proof" Clothes

No matter what occurred that was displeasing to her she laid it prayerfully at their door. If the lights went out and candles had to be produced; if fuel could not be obtained and the stoves got cold; if there was nothing to be found in the markets to eat but a bit of stringy, starved-to-death sheep meat; if the water pipes froze and burst and household activities were temporarily suspended; if the price of bread went up another notch; if a thief got into the kitchen and stole some food—all of which happened in the course of a week; if it snowed some more; if the day was dark and dreary—it was all the fault of the Bolsheviki. I shall never forget the sob of mingled sorrow and exasperation in her voice when she would say, "Ah-h-h, dese-a damn Bolsheviki, dey all time make bad!"

One day I questioned her.

"Anna," I said, "where do you come from? Where did you learn your English?"

"Me?" she replied in grieved astonishment. "I am American!"

"What!" I exclaimed. "You an American?" It had not occurred to me to suspect that she might be one of the returned. In all the essentials she was such a simple soul, and up to that time I had encountered only the complex and so-called intelligent variety.

"Yes," she replied, "I go live New York three year."

"But why on earth did you ever come back to Russia?"

"Jus' damn fool! Two year now I live Russia! They tell me in New York Russia make fine; ev'thing good; all poor people get be rich people; me, I get fine house, fine dress, ev'thing fine; no gotta work; Russia poor people heaven!"

Shattered Illusions

SHE began to cry and each of her short sentences was a convulsive sob.

"I come; use all my money; they tell me no need have money in Russia; got two chil'n; baby girl; awfu' purty; awfu' sweet; Bolsheviki take away; put big house for school; not can have now, no more; gotta work or starve; last year they come get me; some soldiers; make me clean streets! Now I want go back America; not can."

By this time she was weeping bitterly and I had to set myself to the task of comforting her while being careful not to commit myself to a promise that I would help her to get back to my beloved country. That is what the returned almost invariably ask one to do. And it is astonishing how many of them one meets. I had no idea there had been such an exodus of Russians from the United States. They are everywhere in Russia, and in all kinds of employment. And they are particularly conspicuous in American relief circles; this being because their knowledge of English makes them useful in the relief work, which is directed exclusively by Americans.

When two of them meet for the first time they usually ask each other: "Did you return to Russia of your own accord or were you sent?"

When I heard this it struck me as being exceedingly funny and I laughed with great enjoyment, but I soon learned that it is a serious question. In radical Russian circles it is only natural that our deportees should be held in somewhat higher esteem than those who withdrew voluntarily from our unendurable midst. The deportees at least took an active part in the campaign against the accursed American capitalistic tyrants and oppressors, and therefore are to be regarded as veterans of the world revolution. They have won their laurels, and that very few of them have obtained anything in the way of visible or tangible rewards proves nothing against their philosophy and detracts nothing from the nobility and sacredness of their principles. This is more or less the way they talk when they are not talking about ways and means of

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keeping soul and body together in Russia or of the vague possibilities of getting back to the United States.

But to go on from where I started: Before I left home my friends had grown tired of asking me if I couldn't think of some better country than Russia to go to, and had begun to ask me if I wouldn't, please, as long as I had to go to Russia, try to write something about the country that a gentle reader could get his teeth into. They complained of being fed up on glittering generalities and learned analyses, and, being for the most part distressingly bourgeois and disgracefully prosperous, they wanted to know what they might expect if the same sort of thing that has eventuated in Russia should eventuate in the United States. And all at once I realized that I, too, was strangely unenlightened.

Though I had followed the Russian story in a casual way in the daily press, as per the average citizen, had read nearly all the current books as they had come out, as well as a good many books about Communism in general and Russian Communism in particular, about the Russian revolutions, the Russian economic situation and various related subjects, I suddenly discovered that so far as really illuminating information was concerned I had accumulated very little. I had no picture in my mind of what life is like in Russia as a result of the communistic experiment. I knew that in communistic theory the element of personal incentive is omitted from all the calculations with regard to the common activities, but I found myself unable to visualize the effect of this omission in specific instances. And this must be what so many Russians mean when they say that conditions cannot be realized by those who have only read about them at a safe distance. The situation must be seen and felt and lived in.

I knew the program of the Third International, and had done my share of boiling with indignation about its brazen impertinences. I knew something about the propagandist activities of the Internationalists in my own country and I knew a lot of the patter of the tribe that has risen among us to destroy, and that—itself being anything but proletarian—makes its appeal to the least sanely and soberly thoughtful element in the world body politic.



An American Relief Administration Outfit Unloading Provisions

A Self-Styled Proletarian

IF ONE grants the existence of a world body politic. And one does. I myself am an internationalist within the limits of the necessities of international association, but internationalists with a capital "I," forsooth! It is my opinion that this kind of internationalism is for some persons a lucrative profession, but for very few an honest belief.

The Russian Communists are the leaders, the vanguard, the chief proponents of Internationalism as its aims are directed against the national existence of other peoples' countries, but I have never met one of them who really understood what I meant when I asked him if he would support Internationalism at the expense of the national existence of his own country.

You see I am not very intelligent, so I find it difficult to grasp the idea that, once all the capitalistic-bourgeois governments are overthrown, in the International organization each country would continue to be itself while being a part of a perfectly blended and completely harmonious whole, under the direction of an all-wise central authority. If you ask upon what happy spot they expect to effect their centralization you are told that the headquarters of the International are in Moscow.

"God bless and save us!" says you to yourself.

If you ask from what source they expect to draw their supermen for the superjobs in the International Government you may get nothing but a smile of patient tolerance, but the answer is likely to be, "From the proletariat, whose interests are above all other interests."

I was talking one day with a man in Petrograd who holds an important position in the government as a representative of the Central Soviet at Moscow. I asked him these questions, and these, sketchily recorded, were his answers. Then I said, "Just what do you mean by the proletariat? Are you a proletarian?"

"Certainly I am!" he replied. "I'm a sailor!"

He bristled when he said this, and drew his eyebrows down in a heavy frown, and I suddenly remembered that his proud boast was that he had more accursed bourgeois blood on his hands than any man in Russia. But I was not going to be intimidated by a mere growl.

"No, you are not," I said. "You are a government official, just like any other government official. You work here in this fine office; you wear good clothes and have plenty to eat and drink; you live in a fine house in warmth and comfort, and incidentally you are a great boss; in your official capacity you have a right to [illegible] anyone who offends you in any way."

He looked at me for a moment with [illegible] odd sort of gleam in his eyes, and [illegible] queer fascination I felt I was prompted [illegible] add, "Moreover, I am told that you [illegible] ercise this right on the slightest provo[illegible] tion." It was a good deal like [illegible] food calories with an anaconda.

He continued to regard me for a [illegible] with a question in his eyes, then [illegible] "I'm a representative proletarian."

"Oh, I see," I replied. Though I [illegible] in the least, and was therefore perfe[illegible] As Wallace Irwin's Japanese [illegible] would say, I asked to know: "If you [illegible] a proletarian, what am I? Am I a [illegible] tarian?"

"Certainly not!" he answered, [illegible] with just a little more scorn than [illegible] to express in such a connection. "[illegible] have never worked with your hands."

I was glad they were gloved [illegible] in comparison with his they were [illegible] badly kept. But I was living [illegible] down among the submerged bourgeoisie [illegible] where, aside from the lack of [illegible] the easy maintenance of the [illegible] was too full of a number of things [illegible] mit of concern about inconsequential [illegible] merely exterior effects.

I felt an urge to defend myself, so flashing [illegible] back down the years of my life, I exclaimed: "I have [illegible] I have milked cows and hoed potatoes and [illegible] and washed dishes and scrubbed floors and [illegible] ter and raked hay and chucked it in the haymow [illegible] pigs and cooked for harvest hands and mended [illegible] made my own clothes and ——"

An American "Peasant"

I WAS out to enumerate all the things I had [illegible] with my hands, but a great light broke upon [illegible] he interrupted me to say, "Oh, I see. You are a [illegible] intellectual."

I sat quite still and looked at him for a moment. [illegible] I asked, "Have you ever been in my country?"

He seemed to be pleased to be able to answer [illegible] never have. I am not a returned American."

"Well," said I, "in a way it's a pity you are not [illegible] as an influential member of the International [illegible] tion it might be useful to you to know that [illegible] States of America they ain't no such animal as a [illegible]

He smiled upon me with a superior air and [illegible] in his beard, "Merely a difference in terms."

"Not a bit of it!" I exclaimed with considerable [illegible] hemence. "The difference is a difference in principle [illegible] fundamental [illegible] ceptions."

"Ah," he [illegible] "fundamental [illegible] fundamental [illegible] the world [illegible] ization may [illegible] difference [illegible] background [illegible] phenomena [illegible] practical [illegible] is universal [illegible] cal." He spoke [illegible] ing English [illegible] of his type [illegible] spent many [illegible] England.

While I was [illegible] that argument [illegible] on my b[illegible] I wanted [illegible] from what [illegible] ism-istical [illegible] he had pa[illegible] whether [illegible] would th[illegible] in an atte[illegible] lot of [illegible] farmers [illegible] themselves [illegible] identical [illegible] Russian [illegible] instead [illegible] quiet [illegible] them ask[illegible] knew an[illegible] the ag[illegible] in the [illegible] Congress.

Continued on Page [illegible]



Russian Children Waiting at the Entrance of an American Dining Room

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HE EAGLE AND THE WREN

By ROLAND PERTWEE

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

nusual for genius to be sturdy, and Martyn Saville was very sturdy and it ardly be denied that he was a genius. leas by the thousand, and a practical for realizing them.

ou he was no nor were his en- wholly centered sional achieve- e day he invented ze fuse, perfectly ndle but so sensi- ntrived that it lode at the mere falling leaf, his filled with joy at on the monthly th a faultless wo. The truth rtyn was simply ad an uncanny owing what was how to make it. responsible for a helicopter, and further along ial construction design the first -hush air fleet, irtue of speed, pacity, stability to hover indef- he ether would fare so devas- ect that no sane d hereafter eh- ligerent enter- identally, the ental plane was An inexplicable ped, as fifteen ombstones bore Only three of uped with their artyn was one e rescue party him sitting débris, a puz- on on his face. ords were char- Here's a damn ll get it right

left of the ma- swamped in rned to ashes; very simple- er may prove man than he is not healthy es where the ns is at stake.



That Night George Wedderton, the Italian, Mozzi, and Two Other Men Conversed Together in Low Tones Until the Dawn

Saville, with a broken collar bone which put er out of the question, set to work upon the ype B in a tight little office around the doors tered plain-clothes detectives as plentiful as wheat field.

mething in the very nature of secrecy that ation. Fatima would never have wasted a luebeard's chamber had the door been left firm of the magnitude and importance of ews & Brandling is a magnet to espionage. mployes numbered over fifty thousand, the nts of an entire neighborhood answering to of the huge siren from the central power ronging the galleries, workshops, stores and he mighty concern. Diplock, Mathews & le everything from a dreadnought to a lady's In a sense they stood for the might and the gland, and were as much a part of its gov- e cabinet itself. It follows naturally that attracted the notice of the entire world, neivilized; and it would be no exaggeration millions were spent yearly by inquisitive to ascertain what was taking place in the industry sheltered behind the twenty-foot alls.

war it was generally understood to be an tice to ask questions at Diplock's. The ing an answer were remote, but the risk of ull cracked by a shifting spanner amounted tainty, assuming that no more permanent penalty was exacted. Quite a number of very plausible gentlemen whose bearing and accent were seemingly as English as a length of Harris tweed faced a firing party as a direct result of overmuch curiosity in that quarter.

But these be matters of long ago, and at the time in which these incidents take place the waters of the world run smoothly, everybody is minding his own business. Thoughts of war excite the blush of shame, the scarred barrel of the siege gun is reforged into the shining plowshare. The dove of peace has settled upon the land, and Messrs. Diplock, Mathews & Brandling have reduced the personnel of their detective staff from a war establishment of three hundred and eighty-six to a permanent *cadre* of three hundred and seventy-nine. Here is matter that speaks for itself.

In the general way, the individuals composing this force were given every latitude for private investigation and private action; that is to say, they were not encouraged to trust one another unduly. Very often half a dozen would be working on the same case oblivious of one another's presence. The results were satisfactory, for what one man failed to discover another might very well find out.

There was a central bureau under the charge of a gentleman named Butterwick, but in the main he interfered but little with the doings of his subordinates. Butterwick was a small man, seemingly of nervous habit. A person of average height rarely saw more of him than the top of his head, since it was his custom to keep his chin on his chest and his eyes lowered. He appeared to be everlastingly examining his shoes, hypnotized, as it were, by the bright spots of light upon their toes. He said "Yes, yes, yes" nearly all the time, and he smiled a great deal more than the humor of life would seem to warrant. He could not tolerate persons who gave reasons for their findings; being interested solely in results. His grasp of any subject coming within the scope of his particular avocation was miraculous, but of the ordinary affairs of every day, of literature, art and home politics and small talk his ignorance was abysmal. Apart from work his only sources of relaxation and entertainment were contained in eating walnuts and playing bowls, in both of which practices he showed no small skill.

With the exception of Mr. Diplock, Senior, Butterwick was the only man in the firm acquainted with everything that was going on.

Prior to beginning on his designs for Type B, Martyn Saville had an interview with Butterwick in that gentleman's private office. It was a small room with double walls and windows looking out upon a narrow canal, into which flowed the waste products from the workshops, swill from lathes, engine drippings, paraffin and wash down from the floors. The oily water treacled slowly over its surface as colorful as a rainbow. Mr. Butterwick declared that he chose the room on account of its view. "Love opals," he said, "and those coal-tar dyes." But the real reason was the privacy insured by having one's castle protected by a moat.

Martyn Saville set forth his program frankly and minutely. Being essentially a modern in the way of speech he was ashamed of the inevitable technicalities, and garnished them with up-to-date formulas. Thus he spoke of jolly old dihedrals, and not infrequently addressed his audience as Old Fruit.

Butterwick filled in the gaps with more than the usual establishment of Yes-yes-yeses, and never once relaxed his smile. At the end he remarked: "Wonderful. I s'pose you'll do it."

"Bet your life," said Martyn.

"Yes, yes, yes. Nature's very odd, revealing such an idea to a harum-scarum fellow like yourself. Should say you're always getting into trouble?"

"I'm a bit unlucky," Martyn confessed.

"Yes, yes, yes. So our responsibilities increase! S'pose you're aware that this preventive weapon of yours would, in improper hands, constitute the greatest menace the world has ever known?"

"Sure thing."

"Yes. Seems a pity, really. However, must take our chances. All in the way of progress. You're beginning at once?"

"Just waiting for the flag to drop."

"There'll be a lot of bother about this. Yes; oh, yes. You know, of course, that the regular service is being informed?"

By the regular service Mr. Butterwick referred to the secret forces of the Crown.

"It's an R. A. F. stunt," Martyn replied. "So they were bound to be in it."

Mr. Butterwick shrugged his shoulders and cracked a walnut between his finger and thumb.

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"As if I couldn't manage much better without 'em! Oh, well, I'll take care of you, Mr. Saville."

"Stout lad," said Martyn.

"But try and keep out of mischief."

"I will."

Mr. Butterwick ate his walnut in silence and dropped the shells into the waters of the canal. Then he said, "Yes, yes"; and added, "You won't."

Martyn Saville turned at the door, laughing.

"I'll be marrying soon and settling down."

"H'm! Why not marry first? Tackle this job afterward, eh? Hey?"

"No jolly fear, old top. Want a bit of rope after that event."

"Much safer," said Mr. Butterwick, and cracked another nut.

II

WHEN Martyn Saville confessed to being a bit unlucky he in no way implied that Fate had set her frown against him. It was merely that some of the scatter-brained enterprises in which he engaged—always with motives of the highest altruism—were wont to react upon himself in surprising fashion. He belonged to the class of individuals that are ever ready to enlist in hazardous causes for the betterment of friends. He could not persuade himself to stand by at another's funeral, but would hustle the bearers aside and lend a shoulder to the coffin, even though previous experience had taught him that it not infrequently slipped and delivered its weight upon his toe. Personal risk was with him rather an incentive than a deterrent, and danger was the little spark that ignited the slow gases of life and made the old world spin.

His happiest years were between 1914 and 1919, when the pleasant odors of fire and brimstone were borne upon every breeze. Do not imagine that Martyn Saville liked being shot at; he hated it as cordially as any other healthy-minded man. It was the reason that brought him under rifle and shell fire which intrigued him to the extent of forgetting these unpleasant addresses. Imminence of death is an admirable tonic for the wits and abolishes the dull vapors of every day. It was therefore with no unalloyed delight he read of the armistice and realized the end of the greatest adventure of all.

However, time heals most sorrows and having completed his mourning duties for the old love he sang her requiem and betook himself to the wooing of a new.

Leslie Kavanagh was the first serious affair in Martyn's life, probably because the girl had a serious turn of thought and expression, which made her smile better worth winning. She was grave and lovely, and very sincere indeed. She admired in Martyn the very characteristics which he held in lightest esteem. Martyn admired himself but as a sportsman, as a game and inarticulate male of 1921. His own inventive genius and constructive ability he disparaged as being assets more appropriate to a grave and reverend signior.

He knew himself to be extraordinarily gifted and was ashamed that he should be so, having a healthy and modest distaste for any outstanding feature that distinguished him from the standard man. His efforts to avoid notoriety in any shape or form, except as a sportsman, were as unceasing as they were fruitless. Popularity he loved—notoriety he abhorred. He would blush with pleasure all day should he hear "That's Saville, who knocked out Billy Watkin in the Amateur Championship"; but should a whisper go round to the effect that he was Saville of the Naval Gun Works, who invented so-and-so, he would bolt in shame and affright. His philosophy in life was "to put to proof Art alien to the artist," a phrase for which Browning was responsible. Incidentally Martyn used to read Browning with secret delight, but it was a practice he never indulged in without a copy of the Winning Post convenient to hand wherewith he might mask the volume should a visitor intrude.



Armed With a Drink He Disposed Himself Luxuriously, While Martyn Heaved Clothes Into a Capacious Gladstone Bag

Having possessed herself of the affections of this amiable young man Miss Leslie Kavanagh set about to regenerate him, and it was a task of no mean dimensions. She proposed to turn Martyn from paths of adventure and folly into the graver avenues he was reluctant to pursue.

Leslie herself stood about five foot nothing. Her hair was bobbed and curly, and you could have weighed her on a chemist's scale. Of such proportions are lion tamers made. She was one of the littles who go a long way—a homeopathic dose of pure and crystalline womanhood.

Of course Martyn didn't stand a chance, for he was six foot two, and there is an old song about that which speaks the truth. The line of her eyes was exactly level with his heart, which gave her an unfair advantage, since it will not be denied that the woman who can control a man's pulses will inevitably overrule his mind.

Leslie established herself firmly before dictating terms upon which she might consent to an engagement. In saying she established herself firmly, deed rather than word of mouth prevailed. Martyn's encircling arms wrought irreparable havoc to the flimsy escalloped frock she was wearing, but she spoke not in reproof. Martyn's head crushed the pretty French flowers at her shoulder and brilliantined them, but she did not bid him beware. And even when he kissed her nose until it was quite shiny she smiled with her eyes at a range of nearly half an inch. It was a wonderful evening; never before had they known such an evening; the air had a nip of frost in it, an oily drizzle had drifted up from the sea and there was a touch of fog. Thus for their wooing they had need to seek refuge in a bathing machine which smelt very powerfully of damp towels and seaweed. Wherefore it was a very wonderful evening, for there is nothing much the matter with a [illegible] that doesn't mind getting its feet wet.

Martyn had kissed many other girls in his [illegible] past, but these were affairs of paper lanterns, [illegible] tories and distant jazz bands bespeaking their [illegible] turn to Swanee. They were part, in fact, of an [illegible] without which no man should be free of the city of [illegible] fellows. Memory of these did not stir his soul at the [illegible] of day, but on the morning after he and Leslie [illegible] covered [illegible] he never [illegible] all, for the [illegible] reason that [illegible] been to the [illegible] lain in bed [illegible] the livid grey [illegible] vermilion [illegible] amazement [illegible] curve in the [illegible] before him.

They knew [illegible] other for the [illegible] thing, [illegible] lute; and [illegible] by this [illegible] Martyn was [illegible] rushing at the [illegible] for all the [illegible] though it [illegible] running [illegible] was knocked [illegible] heap when [illegible] pronounced [illegible] ment against [illegible] holy expedition.

"But, my [illegible] sweetheart." [illegible] tested, "[illegible] married first [illegible] the talking [illegible] wards."

"No," said [illegible] "we won't."

A man who [illegible] love has the [illegible] having relinquished [illegible] every care [illegible] world, but [illegible] so with a [illegible] For the first [illegible] perhaps, the [illegible] of the true [illegible] of response. [illegible] Before he [illegible] her, man [illegible] a grown-up [illegible] tion; but [illegible] he stands [illegible] a helpless [illegible] unless cave- [illegible] trolled is [illegible] into every [illegible] mischief.

formation is complete—her every attitude and [illegible] organized; for although it may not be widely [illegible] more than a kiss separates a sweetheart from [illegible] a nurse whose first charge is the man who [illegible] imagines himself her protector.

"Why, you great, clever, stupid old thing," [illegible] "you don't imagine I'd risk you as you are."

"But, dammit ——" said he.

"I wouldn't. I hardly know anything about [illegible]

"But there's nothing you can't know. I've [illegible] fool a bit and ——"

"Oh, Martyn, not that sort of thing. It's—[illegible] such a flibbertigibbet. Never in the same [illegible] seconds."

"I'll settle down first rate after marriage. What [illegible] honeymoon in the Rockies? We could have [illegible] time if you're fond of climbing and shooting."

"There you go," said Leslie, wagging a finger. "Don't you realize you're a frightfully important [illegible] you've got to be that?"

"Chuck it," he implored.

"You're thirty-five, Martyn."

"Not until to-morrow. I'm only thirty-four [illegible]

"And you're just as irresponsible as a schoolboy."

"No, I ain't, my dear."

"But everybody says so."

"Rats to 'em!"

"You are! I should be terrified every time I [illegible] of my sight, expecting you were doing a [illegible] along the telephone wires."

"Wouldn't mind—if you were at the other [illegible] get married."

"No," said Leslie; "and until I've seen a [illegible] of improvement I shan't even allow the engagement [illegible] announced."

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it came about that the sugar of engagement was
ipon Martyn's nose with the strict injunction that
ld sit up and behave himself if he wanted to hear
ls "paid for."
t is a very sorry thing for any young man to be
1 a single season not only the pursuit of Diana but
'enus.
't know what it is," said Leslie, "but I do know
tremendous job of work on hand, so it'll be much
r everyone if we don't see a great deal of each
til it's finished."
good Lord!" he protested.
a heap of engagements too."
huck my work if you chuck your engagements,

iked at him severely.
talk like that, Martyn," she said, "I'll go away
and not even write."
," he moaned.
f you're really good for two months you shall
lice for Christmas and perhaps ——"
nonths is a lifetime, old girl. I'd die."
, you wouldn't."
ny soul," said he, "I believe you're sick of me

fiot! I love you," she answered.
ea," said Martyn, "is that your idea is a rotten

be staying with Mrs. Conyngham at the La

Cyril going to be there?"
so."
suppose he'll be wanting to run you around."
uldn't have the chance if you were there."
hat?"
I do."
ooked at her gravely. "Oh, well," he allowed,
e the best terms you can offer, s'pose I must put
em. All the
e this pussy-
engagement.
prohibition,

ou'll finish
"
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very good?"

you desper-
Leslie.

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Martyn
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If a very ordinary fly could hover indefinitely in the air, what was to prevent a man from doing likewise? This was the question he asked, and had pledged himself to find the answer. But that was not enough. The hovering fly made a deal of buzzing and doubtless expended a lot of energy. It was Martyn's ambition to invent a machine that neither buzzed nor expended energy. In the ideal achievement the only energy wasted should be just enough power to prevent drift. He had an agreeable vision of anchoring in the sky, of being able, if necessary, to remain in one atmospheric square for days on end, too high up to be observed, too silent to be apprehended. The project was attractive. It had attracted others before him. He drove his inventions department exhaustively, and it gave him but one solution to the problem—an association of gas and metal; and upon this principle he worked.

The eventual result of his labors was extraordinarily simple, and differed in appearance but very slightly from the original type, which had crashed so disastrously. It was in fundamental principles that the change lay. Had the two blue prints been laid side by side scarcely one man in a dozen would have spotted the difference between the machine that had failed and the one that would succeed.

Martyn's finished drawings were miracles of neatness and completeness. On a single sheet he contrived to set forth not only the design of the whole and of every moving part but also the formula of the gases to be used. From A to Z the entire mystery was revealed at a glance—a working drawing so comprehensible that any mechanic of average skill could begin operations forthwith.

Each evening at 6:30 Martyn put the drawings in a huge safe behind his writing table. The door of this was secured with two keys, which in turn were placed inside another smaller safe with a five-letter combination lock. Then he rang a bell and one of Mr. Butterwick's men entered the office and touched his hat.

"Good night," said Martyn.

And "Good night, sir," said the man.

On the step outside two other men would offer him the compliments of the evening, their polite salutation synchronizing with the click of the latch and sound of a bolt being shot within.

Martyn Saville would then turn to the left toward the general offices. Proceeding down a long corridor he would enter the study of Mr. Diplock, Senior. Being well assured that no one was about he would greet the old gentleman in some such wise as this:

"It's a fine night, James."

And Mr. Diplock, whose Christian name was Stanley, would reply "Yes, yes; to be sure."

Sometimes, by way of variety, Martyn would announce, "Looks like frost."

Again Mr. Diplock would agree.

On one occasion a clerk entered unexpectedly, whereupon Mr. Diplock said "I hardly think so."

So Martyn had retraced his steps to his own office, sent the detective to wait outside, occupied himself for a moment with the combination lock of the second safe, and returned to his employer with the words, "That was silly."

"Quite so," said Mr. Diplock; "very silly. Good night, Saville."

It was not until the designs were approaching completion that a third party was admitted to the secret of the safe. This person was a gentleman in the employment of the secret service, who in pursuance of his calling went by a variety of names. To his intimates he was known as Old George Wedderton—the "old" applying more to his amiability than advancement in years. In appearance he was for all the world like any middle-aged guest at a shooting party. To be more precise, he was of medium height and fairly heavy build. His complexion was bronzed, his hair dark brown and his mustache a light sandy color. His eyes were very blue and rather small. Outwardly he seemed as comfortable, good-natured and lazy a kind of fellow as you would wish to meet.



He Spoke of Jolly Old Dihedrals, and Not Infrequently Addressed His Audience as Old Fruit

"What is your friend Mr. Wedderton like?" Leslie had asked, for Martyn and George were old associates.

"Lord, don't ask me—nothin' in particular."

"But what's he look like?" she insisted.

"Forty-five," replied Martyn, and hit off the type to a hair.

Easy-going and affable, George Wedderton strolled through life with his hands in his pockets, picking up acquaintances by the thousand. He could be all things to all men. His honest simple countenance soaked up confidence like a sponge. Comparative strangers, beholding in him a tolerant and sympathetic listener, uninvited revealed their mysteries and their woes. He was so kindly and so obviously harmless that even the most astute failed to detect the possibility of another side to his nature. Women adored him, for he possessed to a singular degree the power to make them feel like nieces.

When asked what he did, his usual reply was, "I just fool round a bit—travel and that sort of thing. Dull life."

Had he spoken the truth, however, he must have confessed to something far removed from dullness. Very few men had looked down the barrel of a revolver more often than Old George Wedderton; or, for that matter, had given others the opportunity of doing likewise. His part in the Great War was not perhaps conspicuous, but it had certainly

(Continued on Page 56)

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SECRET MOVEMENTS

By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY DOUGLAS RYAN

SECRET movements—said the fat foreman—secret and educational. The world is full of them to-day, all whispering and pointing and drilling up the worker for the great secret revolution which hangs beetling over us now. It minds me of old Mike Slattery and them three radicals there this spring in the D. U. tower.

'Tis a lonely job and speechless in them towers—especially one like that one where he was, out there in the woods six miles back of nowhere. You get fed up with the yelling of the frogs and crows and all them hekaty-dids and bull insects, till the sound of the human voice—if only from a passing freight—falls like soothing sirup on a raw and wounded soul.

So, naturally 'tis a grand spot for conversation—when you can get it. And Slattery got all he could by fair means or foul—though strictly speaking it was agin the rules to let others up there with him in his place. And more than all else he'd try to get them radicals up there, talking all their deep and secret plans for revolution, for then he would be sure to get his fill of human speech, the radicals furnishing the speech and him the tobacco.

He was sitting there this day and the local freight had dropped a driving rod from the engine and been shoved in on his siding, and three of them different radicals was up in there with him—two shacks, or brakemen, as you'd call them, and this here Russian gandy-dancer, or trackwalker, that stopped in there now and again. And Slattery was getting them going on one of their radical arguments—to fill and satisfy his craving for the pleasant noise of the talk of men.

"What show has this man Foster, the old steel-strike man, got raiding old Sammy Gompers with this new secret boring-in scheme of his?" says Slattery, aiming his question at that Twohey, the radical he was satisfied was working in with that boring bunch in the Trainmen Brotherhood.

A tall slim fellow he was—a good slick talker, with a still small smile at the far corner of his mouth, and a mysterious look down deep in his eye.

"If you want my opinion," he says, "he's got a damned good show."

And the Wobbly brakeman and the Russian said nothing yet.

"It's a slick scheme at that," says Mike, persevering on. "The way he plans to work it."

"It is," says Twohey, "with all them nuclei."

"Them nuclei?" says Mike.

"Them nuclei, yes," he says. "Them one thousand men he wrote them secret organizing letters to in all them one thousand towns and cities—one only in each place, each one a good and reliable and red-blooded radical that can be trusted not to be a company dick or spy."

"You're right, probably," says Mike, watching the others from the corner of his eye.

"And from there, in them one thousand cities, each man—each nuclei," says Twohey, continuing, "builds up his hand-picked bunch of borers, to make their own branches again—each one of these last to work and bore in soft and secret inside its own particular union—until they eat it up and consume it and take it over."

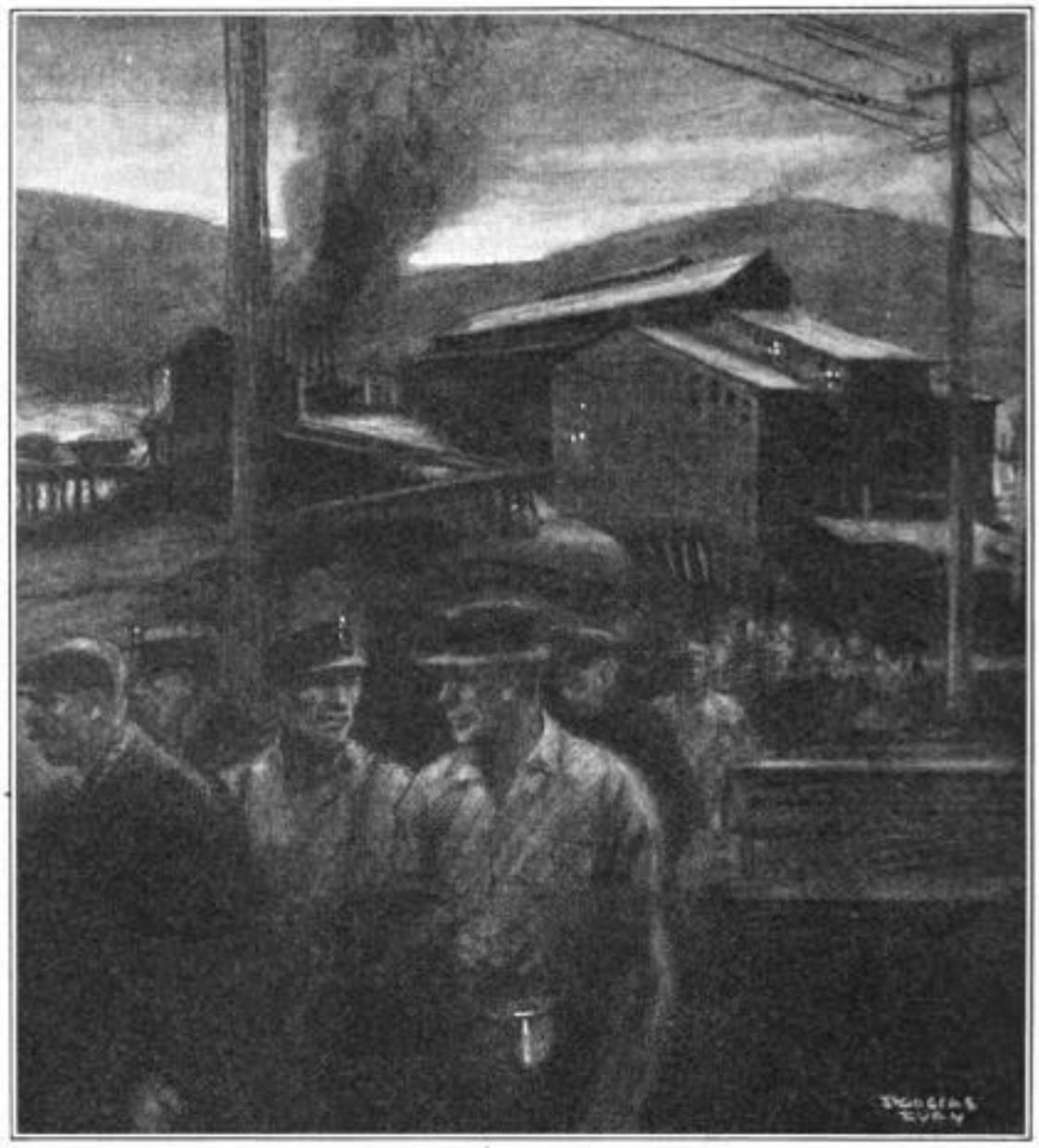
"And it's in the railroad unions that they're starting first, they tell me," says Mike.

"It is," he says. "But that's only a start to boring out through all them millions more."

And now Slattery turned his head around, for he seen at last he had them going.

"A swell chance that pie-cart artist has got," says the Wobbly, talking out finally in that hard, rough, sneering way those Wobblies, or I. W. W.'s, as you'd call them, talk. He was one of them old-time boomer brakemen with a hard-boiled eye and a smile hard as a crack in a china plate. Smear, they called him, as a nickname.

"You don't think he's all there is to this thing, do you?" says Twohey, staring at him, and chewing hard and hostile.



"From There You Come Into the Federation, Through the Mine Workers, by Far the Biggest Union"

And just then, when he had them started, Mike had to turn, for they was calling him from down the line on his telephone.

He talked, with his back to them, and swung round again. And then he seen them there—all three silent. The two shacks just sitting there, and the Russian staring out the window that meek and humble way he had.

"That's strange and odd," says Mike then. "They've stopped their arguing!"

For usually by now they'd been tearing the tower down. But instead this Twohey, the borer-in, the minute Slattery turned back, started in talking to him, and not to the Wobbly—talking and kind of holding onto his eye.

"You know what the big secret move that's framing up all over this country now is, don't you? Or do you?" he says to Slattery, low and mysterious.

"I dunno," says Mike. "What is it?"

"They're raising us up to where Europe is."

"Raising us up to Europe?" says Slattery. "How? In what way?"

"By organizing the workers together, way down deep—so they'll get the power, the way they've got it over there."

"Is that it?" says Mike, still with his eye held in his.

"It is," he says. "All them millions—all together. And do you know how bad they've got us beat over there?"

"I do not," says Mike.

"Take England," he says, going on giving it to him. "Take England, for instance, with her one union member to her every six of the population; and Germany with one to every four and a half—while here we have a mere paltry one in twenty-seven."

"Is that right?" says Mike, listening without avail for the Wobbly to break in and argue. But not a word.

"It is," says Twohey, going on holding him with his eye. "And you know what that would mean if we were fixed up right in this country like Europe."

"I do not. What would it?" says Mike, wondering more and more why this one was doing all the talking alone.

"From twenty to twenty-five [illegible] workers, all banded in together [illegible] of the mere paltry four or five [illegible] split up, like it is now."

"Is that right?" says Mike, [illegible] ing his mind up now he'd [illegible] eye away when he could [illegible] silence of them other two [illegible] him—or the Wobbly, anyhow [illegible] getting more and more [illegible] and oppressing.

"Twenty millions at the [illegible] says Twohey, going on [illegible] tery's eye back. "And do you [illegible] why it is that Europe's [illegible] so—and we're so behindhand [illegible] country?"

"Go on," says Mike. "Tell

"It's the old-time crafts [illegible] he says, "splitting us all up [illegible] million pieces. For of all the [illegible] this one country alone preserves [illegible] old antiquated and moldy [illegible] just crafts—all the rest being [illegible] ized industrially—that is, by [illegible] big industries, and not little [illegible] and fractions of them."

"You're right without a doubt," says Mike, hearty, but still [illegible] and wondering.

"I am," he says. "And I [illegible] known. For here, more than [illegible] rest of the world, the capitalists [illegible] all bound together in their [illegible] huge Wall Street syndicate [illegible] their great enormous trusts [illegible] we toilers are all split up [illegible] these little dinky crafts and [illegible] now we're getting together [illegible] capitalists, and we'll have [illegible] these old unions of the [illegible] came over on the Mayflower [illegible] George W. Washington [illegible] stroy them—and organize [illegible] the worker by industries, [illegible] by countries, and then by the [illegible] like they're doing now [illegible]

"Is that right?" says Mike [illegible] of absent—but keeping him [illegible] ing and orating.

For now he'd been stealing a look at the two behind [illegible] seen them—the Russian still staring out the window [illegible] and innocent, and the Wobbly sitting staring up [illegible] and neither one paying no attention to this [illegible] that was running on, spreading his ideas, alone [illegible] out contradiction.

"What's going on here?" says Slattery to himself [illegible] and more suspicious. "They ain't arguing to-day [illegible]

"We must all reorganize still and secret, all [illegible] says Twohey, now talking over to the Wobbly [illegible] seen Mike looking around at. "Am I right?"

"You are," he said back.

And Mike gave a still worse jump inside—to [illegible] two agreeing on anything!

"We must organize right—by industries, as [illegible] have long ago!" says Twohey.

"What's been hindering you then, all these [illegible] says Mike—to say something.

"Rank, rotten and diabolical deceit! Deceit [illegible] bery of the worker. Am I right?" says Twohey [illegible] now again to the Wobbly that he'd seen Slattery [illegible] upon once more.

"You are," says the Wobbly right away.

And Slattery could see now pretty certain that [illegible] thing was going on there wrong. And growing [illegible] ute more and more restless and uneasy and looking [illegible] still and careful around, Slattery's heart now [illegible] den bounce in his bosom, for he seen now what [illegible]

He had his coat hanging on its regular old [illegible] side wall where that Russian Hunk was looking [illegible] and innocent through the window. It hung [illegible] inside out, and in the inside pocket of it [illegible] money—that three hundred dollars he had drawn [illegible] the savings bank that morning to pay off on [illegible] that night.

"It's gone!" says Slattery to himself, starting [illegible] inside—but by no means outside, so they [illegible] "Them radicals have got it!" and he thought [illegible] self for his foolishness.

He kept his eye out always, naturally [illegible] radicals were in there, and especially that [illegible]

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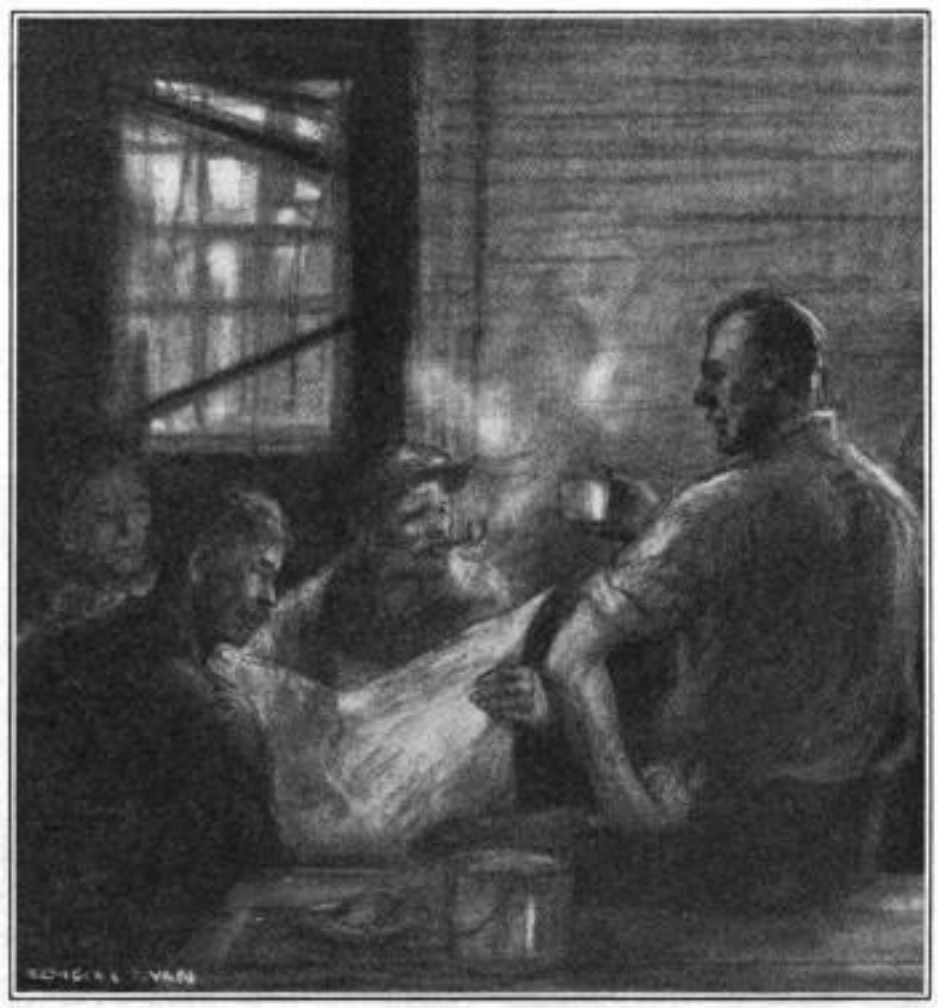
ed Russian—for he'd suspicioned
e than once before on account of
things that would turn up missing
as gone. And everyone knows what
oblies are—them boomer brakemen
ne, that wander on from one road
r, raising hell and taking a speci-
st everything but the right of way
when they move along. And they
wohey was no better than he should
e of all his soft talk. And now,
a hen, Slattery'd taken his eye
wad of his when they were all in
now, naturally, it was gone!
I do?" says Slattery to himself.
them they have got my roll!"
t still—and made no sign nor
e he seen what lay before him.
s one of them three radicals had
knew. But which one? That was
n—and what he had to dig out
re whoever it was could up and
For he couldn't naturally accuse
of them at once—or he'd have
uncing on him together, calling
thieving lowdown liar; and he'd
out his three hundred but handed
hy murdering besides.
e what he seen he had to do—he
l, with his face smooth and inno-
ew-planed board, listening and
derneath, while this Twohey,
radical, went on explaining free
slippery about what was going
rn deep under in the framing of
volution in the country.
indering us," he says, "from
ght? You know what's always
g us, don't you? It's the American Federa-
r, ain't it? It's Sammy Gompers and his
id and nefarious network of general and
izers, and trained spies and politicians all
. And then also the big fatheads of the rail-
oods, with their marble banks and their in-
anies and their Wall Street salaries. Them
hat count the votes for them in the different

rs Mike, eying him—for of course that is the
now all over—that they would be in control
ion, and the brotherhoods probably, if they
counted out on election.
says. "But, thank God, that time's about
e final breaking up of the A. F. of L.!"
ht?" says Slattery, striving always to get
he could at the other two behind him. "Is
ion coming to its end?"
ays. "It's standing and shivering to pieces
s to-day—from its own weakness. They'll
ier-
to
lion
the

ow
wn
an
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er-
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ns
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Slattery Was Getting Them Going on One of Their Radical Arguments

know it just as well. And that makes it all the worse for them!"

"Worse?" says Slattery.

"Certainly," he says. "For they're going after them old-time unions, and hammering them down with insane and foolish haste—each smash driving the poor old doddering federation lower to its knees—and their murdering bloodshot system of capitalism with it. And both to-day are starting on their way together in this country, staggering on to one common grave, like crafts unionism and capitalism have done already there in Europe."

"Is that the case?" says Slattery, still striving to look back of him unseen.

"It is," he says. "For crafts unionism is starting now to go down here—as it done eight or ten years ago in England, just before the toilers there started in making their tremendous strides they've made since. And it's going on fast here now, with the falling and crumbling down finally of that old Noah's Ark, the American Federation of Labor."

"The federation's gone then?" says Mike.

"It is," he says. "They're fighting and quarreling already—the inside gang—amongst themselves. And every day the whispers of it are growing louder and more public. For the first time in years they've had a real genuine contest for the presidency. The tried-and-true staff of paid organizers and professional politicians of Gompers' have been out on extra vacations to save money for the busted treasury—all grumbling against their master for having to do so on account of the money he wasted during the war. The old inside political boss of the closest run political machine in the land—after a good lifetime of continued office—goes tottering to his fall, and the eyes of any man can see that the time is close at hand when old Sammy Gompers will walk no more like a little sacred duck at the head of American labor, uttering wise-sounding noises."

"Is this right?" asks Mike, thinking uneasy of what that Wobbly and Russian might be doing behind him, but still not able yet to get a good clear look at them.

"It is," he says. "And taking advantage of just this exact and critical moment, the wise silent boys in the know inside start now their boring-in plans—their great far-spreading secret movements."

"Secret movements, yes!" says Slattery in his mind, and gave a still secret movement of joy inside, himself. For now for just a second he got his eye loose from Twohey's, and he caught good and plain for once what the Wobbly was doing. He was motioning and waving at the Russian, who was beyond him at the window—shaking and threatening at him with his fist, and trying to catch his eye and point him to the stairway out, and having no luck at doing so, for not a motion did the Russian make at the window that showed that he was seeing him.

"Aha!" says Mike to himself. "So that's how it stands!"

And he felt better, for now he had his roll located.

He seen how it was, probably—just as he suspicioned it might be at first. The Russian had been pulling out the wallet from his coat pocket, secret, for himself. And they'd caught him doing it. And now they'd got to get him outside some way and get their slice out of it—before their train pulled out, and also without Slattery's getting onto them. So by winks and nods and silent movements while he was telephoning, they had without a doubt divided up the work of doing this between them—this Twohey, the trainman, going on eloquent and blandandering on the revolution of the workers, while the other one was to sign and motion at the Russian to come out and divide up with them at once—or they'd murder him and mash him and leave him for dead the next time they ran across him.

But the Russian still stood there at the window—pretending not to see nor notice him, with that sad humble way those Hunks and Wops all have of never noticing nor understanding what they don't want to.

"Secret movements," this Twohey, the trainman, was going on when, with one swift and noiseless look, Mike was taking all this in. "Secret movements. And you may see now what they will be built and founded on."

"What will they?" says Mike, drawing his eye back and fixing it again in haste on his, for now he seen what he must do. He must play in from now on

(Continued on Page 108)



"With the Machinists and the Federation Clothing Workers and the Others That are Radical, They're Easy a Majority"

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Squire Truman Turns a Plank

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY J. C. SHEPHERD

"THIS here court," said Squire Truman with a patience that showed signs of wear, "calc'lates to take notice of the disposition of every dawg in Amity Township."

"But," expostulated the youthful attorney, "no court can take judicial notice of a dog. I refer your honor to ——"

"Can't, eh? Can't, eh? Wa-al, young man, you jest keep your eye peeled onto this proceedin' and you'll see it done. That'll do. Set down! Verdict fer the plaintiff. Seven dollars 'n' a half 'n' costs."

Both lawyers, young men imported from the city to try this *cause célèbre*, leaped to their feet protesting.

"I want to offer evidence ——"

"Offer it," snapped the squire, "some'eres else. If you young fellers has got the time and inclination to listen to witnesses gabblin' all day, why, take 'em over to the barber shop. Next case, constable."

"I shall take an appeal," declared the defendant's counsel. "This court cannot ride roughshod over the right of my client to present his case."

Squire Truman put on his glasses deliberately, and the crowd which packed the court room sighed with relief. It had come in the confident expectation of rare entertainment, but the squire had shown unexampled patience with the youthful counsel, and had ended the proceedings with what seemed to the crowd unfair suddenness. He allowed the plaintiff to testify how his dog had been shot. At this point he interrupted counsel to ask a question of the defendant.

"Jake," he demanded, "do you deny shootin' the critter?"

"I shot him, squire, but ——"

"Shet up! I know this here dawg Ranger. The' hain't been a day in months I hain't stoned him away from my swill pail. Knew his mother before him, and, if markin's is any token, I knew his father. He never harmed nobody and never offered to harm nobody—that didn't come a-prowlin' in the nighttime."

It was here objection was made to the court's taking judicial notice of the character of a dog. The squire put on his glasses and the crowd became hopeful. They were glassed with rectangular lenses such as old gentlemen used to wear some fifty years ago. Indeed these had been worn by an old gentleman fifty years before, for the squire inherited them from his father. Personally he had no need for them except for judicial purposes, for his eyesight was of the keenest. When he put them on he was careful to set them so far down his nose that they could not interfere with his vision, and when he put them on one might await consequences.

"Appeal, did you say, young man? Appeal? When this here court makes a decision it calc'lates it to be final. I don't tolerate no appeals. The courts of this county's got plenty to do 'thout potterin' with things I'm amply able to take care of right here. When I give out a verdict it goes as it reads. I hain't never yit found a case so complicated that Tiffany's Justices' Guide and me couldn't git to the meat of it. Now don't go quotin' no law to me! I aim to foller Tiffany so long's he runs in a line with what's fair and right, and so long as he 'n' me don't disagree. If I don't know what law's good for Amity Township after livin' here sixty-two year, then you kin bet your bottom dollar no court forty mile off does. Young feller, the' won't be no appeal."

"I've a right to appeal. The statutes governing practice in the justices' courts give me the right to appeal."

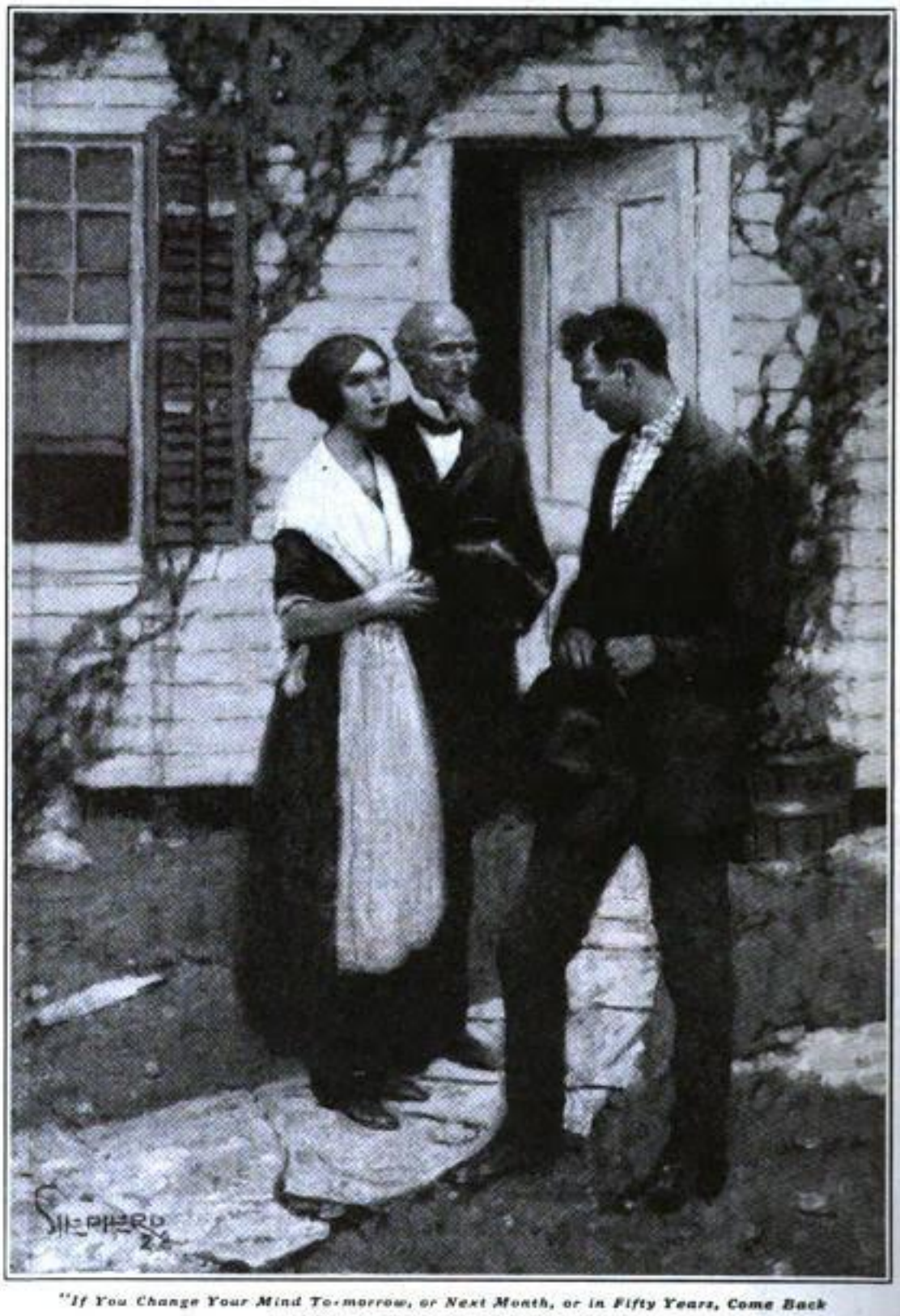
"Um-m! You got a right to go clerkin' in a grocery store too—and it might be better for all concerned if you was to avail yourself of it—but you don't do it. Uh-huh. Jake"—he turned to the defendant—"heard my verdict?"

"Yes, squire."

"Aim to appeal?"

"No, squire."

"Shows ye got some sense left. Now clear out of here, all of ye, and as fer you, young spriggins"—this to the attorney—"when next you come practicin' in this here court, check your college learnin' at the hotel and fetch your brains, sich as they be. Looks like you was so plumb full of statutes and decisions that they've kind of crowded your intellec' out through your ears. . . . Next case, constable."



"If You Change Your Mind To-morrow, or Next Month, or in Fifty Years, Come Back and Rap on My Door and I'll be Here"

"Jim Finch agin Susan Briggs, replevy," bellowed Ollo Dawdy.

"Involves a silver cornet, don't it?" asked the squire.

"Uh-huh," said Ollo.

The squire fixed Jim Finch with a stern eye.

"Now you look here, Jim, your house hain't more'n fifty feet from mine. Think I'm goin' to tolerate a cornet in it? You'd be yowlin' into the thing continual from mornin' till night. You kin take your choice, Jim. Either dismiss this here case or git fined fer contempt of court. If blowin' a cornet in the court's ear hain't contempt, I'm dummed if I know what is. . . . Next case, constable."

He motioned to Ollo with his finger and Ollo bent over the desk.

"Mighty int'restin' case—the dawg shootin'," said the squire.

"Didn't observe no special
tures," said Ollo.
"Um-m! What was the
shot with?"
"Buckshot."
"In the head," said the squire. "Where was it
"Just to the no'th of Jahala Bond's barn."
"Funny place fer Jake Morrow to shoot John
dawg. Seems like neither of 'em had a right to be
"John says he sort of gave
of the dawg to Jahala. Says
there more'n it did to home."
"Mebby so. Mebby
night, wa'n't it?"
"Darker'n a stack of
"Jake made a fust-class
dark, didn't he?"
"Must 'a' been luck."
"Or a jack light," said the
"A jack light shinin' on a
eyes.
"Now what I want to know
Jake went dawg huntin'
jack light. . . . H'm. . . .
Jahala's barn. That Ranger
fust-class watch-dawg. . . .
heard tell of a man jackin'
before. Cur'ous."
"Mebby," said Ollo, "Jake
on a appetite fer dawg meat."
"I don't like for folks to
I can't understand," said the
"Mysteries is in the nature
sances. I've a dummed good
to issue a summons agin
maintainin' a nuisance."
During this colloquy
painstakingly studying the
and carefully imitating each
and change of expression. The
did not mind; he was used
upwards of twenty years
been giving a conscientious
sonation of the old justice, w
somewhat difficult when
siders that the squire was
and six inches in his stock
while Ollo was an ample
also that the squire weighed
most robust a hundred and
pounds to Ollo's two hundred
twelve. But in the matter
kers the constable achieved
success. Both he and the
a bristly, paintbrush beard
and belligerent. Both shaved
lip, under lip and jowls. The
man was bald with the exception
a sparse oasis above each ear
hair was, or had been, of
luxuriant variety. He was
of an indomitable spirit,
and even this seemingly insurmountable
able obstacle was overcome
shaved his head each morning
pattern of the squire's. In
ters of gait, mannerisms
expression, Ollo did his best
On the whole it made one
St. Bernard that believed
fox terrier.
"Jake," said Ollo in the justice's voice and with
cato gesture borrowed from his principal, "has
to do nothin' 'thout a end in view."
"Come to that conclusion, have ye?" said the
"I'll kind of study it out," said Ollo.
"So do, so do," said the squire.
During the remaining court proceedings the
the squire was most unsatisfyingly mild; indeed
have been accused of inattentiveness. He was
about Jahala Bond. He was not thinking of
nection with the murdered dog; but the dog had
him of her affairs, having come to his death
barn. Everybody was acquainted with Jahala
It elevated her to the status of a local celebrity.
was proud of its celebrities. The tale of her
contained all the elements dear to such people
those of the little town: Love and sorrow, romance
perfidy, mystery and courage. It was better than
because Amity had witnessed the actual drama
several parts. It was a serial, continuing from
from month to month.

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re Truman remembered the day was born. He could give you the n which her parents died. There was e could not tell you about her, or ny other resident of his p. Hers was the sort of one could not expel from oughts. The squire had ken the formalities inci- the appointment of Sprague as the guardian rson and property, and satisfied of the wisdom lection. And later, when in long dresses and piled adant hair high, as a oman should, he noted faction how Jahala and young ague seemed to select each ply, as if by some natural law. s not so much a courtship as it olding together of two young eordained to union. It was a r perfectly in tune, simple, d with a sort of inevitability You could not imagine Paul ybody but Jahala or Jahala love to anybody but Paul.

Sprague, with the approval of te court, invested Jahala's ne of some fifteen thousand good farm mortgages, con- h the squire as to the moral ed in each transaction. . . . frowned and waggled his a quick, squirrel-like move- was remembering the reputa- bity which Fabius had earned and deserved in e man's word was as good as his bond.

st before Jahala's twentieth birthday, her as killed in his planing mill. With awful sud- was snatched out of the march of events, leav- o go on without him, incapable of making or explanations.

smay and astonishment Amity learned that gue's affairs were in so involved a condition ptcy would have been inevitable. It was even death was not accidental; but that Squire used to believe. What, to Amity, seemed suicide was the astounding fact that Jahala itance had vanished. A number of mortgages ue at once and been paid, the money being the ank h in- Two his had e to- ash, een lars. t be

was au- fol- ing his ood re- ter

not oo by for sat ed m- nd se o nd of al. en er " er n- r, d h v, e, s



Jahala and Young Paul Sprague Seemed to Select Each Other, Simply, as if by Some Natural Law

"What kin I do fer ye then?" he asked.

"I want you should go with me to see Jahala," said Paul, and the squire put on his hat and went with him.

"Ask her to come out here," Paul said when they arrived at the home of his sweetheart. So the squire entered her door without rapping, which was his custom, and called.

She came out to him, hiding as best she could her grief, for somehow grief, in Amity, is a thing which must not be displayed. Jahala was not resentful. Her mood did not accuse her guardian; it wept for him.

"Paul wants you sh'u'd come out," said the squire.

"Poor Paul! Poor boy," she said—that was all. Amity is not effusive. She offered him her lips when she came up to him in the yard, but he would not accept her proffer—ignored it.

"I'm going away, Jahala," said Paul. "I've got to go away."

She nodded.

"When shall I be ready?" she asked simply.

At this his eyes became hungry and his clenched hands opened and shut. It was the utmost she could have done. Nothing could have been added to it. He was going; she offered to accompany him. For a moment he did not speak—could not speak for the amazement that filled him at her fineness and her fidelity. Then he shook his head, but his eyes were not dry.

"I can't take you, Jahala," he said. "I've come to say good-by and give you back your promise. There's that in my blood that makes me unfit to marry any woman, you most of all. It's blood that mustn't be passed on to others."

This was an amazing speech, for in Amity one does not refer to unborn generations. She waited, knowing him too well to attempt to dissuade.

"We'd both remember always what—what he did," Paul went on. "It would stand between us. You'd be watchin' for it to crop out in me. We'd be watchin' for it to crop out in them.

"Every week money'll be comin' to you—every cent I don't need to keep body and soul together—until it's paid, principal and interest."

"I don't want the money, Paul," she said, and he understood what she left unsaid. She didn't want the money; she did want him.

"I'm obliged," he said in the idiom of the place. "I fetched the squire to witness—and, if you need advisin', to give you advice."

"I need no advice," she said. "What you must do, you must do. You know that best, Paul. But if you change your mind to-morrow, or next month, or in fifty years, come back and rap on my door and I'll be here, Paul, waiting for you."

"Good-by," he said, not offering his hand, not asking for the kiss she would have given so gladly. In its morality Amity is austere. In matters involving honesty it is hard and exacting.

"Good-by, Paul," she said, and stood watching him until he passed out of the gate with the squire, and until he turned the corner, which seemed to shut him out of her life.

That was two years ago, the squire recalled. Every Monday since that day Jahala Bond took from the post office an envelope containing a money order in her name. These she accepted without question, even though she knew the sacrifices and privations Paul underwent in order to send them. She knew they were privations she had not the right to deprive him of. But she did not touch the money. Every penny of it lay in the bank, and she regarded it as accursed.

Jahala went to teaching school; picked up her life at the point where it was broken and carried it on in a manner considered by Amity to be admirable. She did not complain, she did not pine; but neither did she take on again the lightness and gayety which had been hers before Fabius Sprague's death. She walked steadily, but quietly. She was not subdued so much as grave, and dignity so sat upon her that she seemed older than her years. Amity knew, as Squire Truman knew, that she would not change. Neither would she be faithless to Paul. Each year would add to her age; she would merge from maidenhood to spinsterhood, and that would be her story.

"Ollo," said the squire, "did ye ever think how many innocent folks suffers, while guilty ones slips off scot-free?"

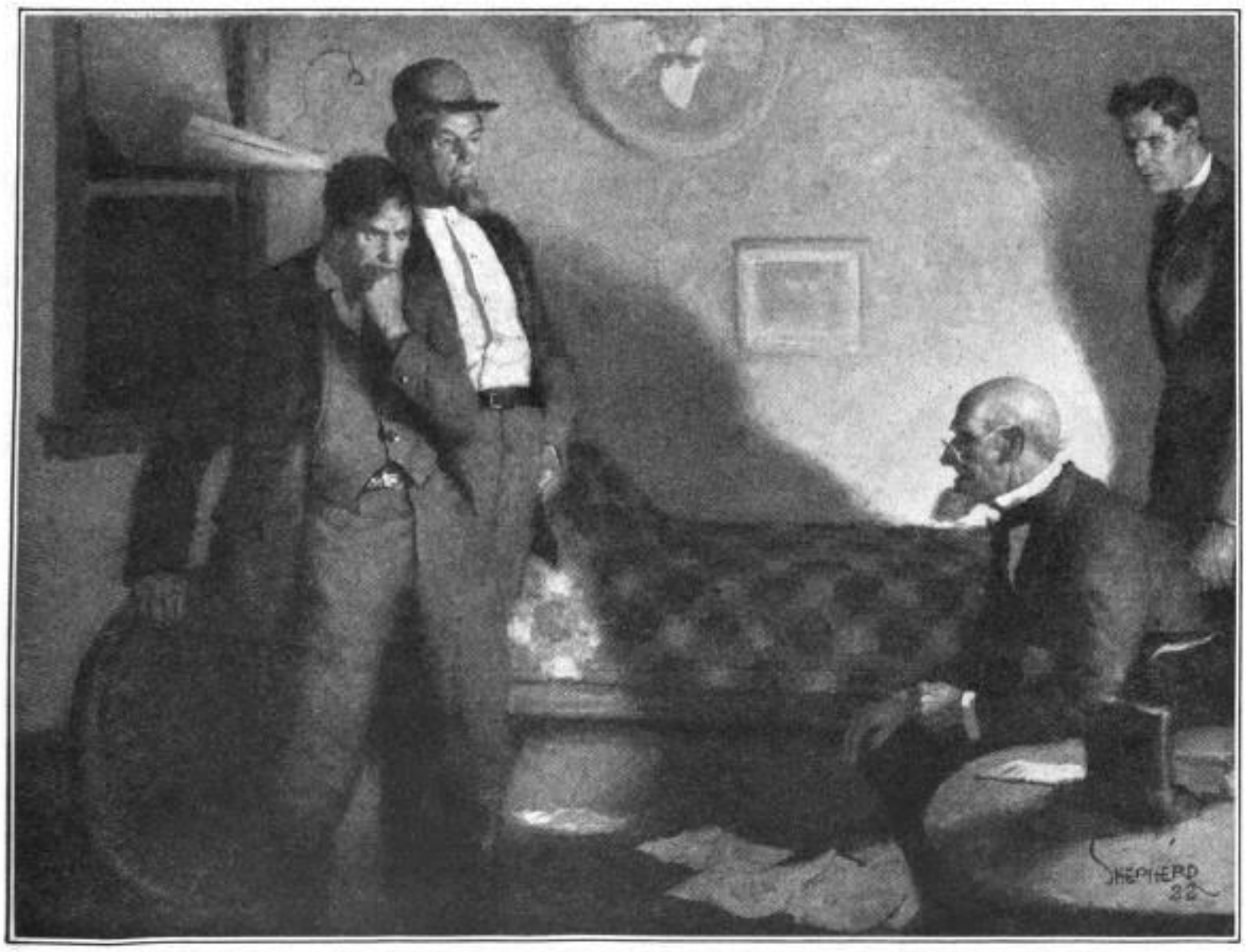
"The sins of the fathers," said Ollo. "That's Scripture fer it."

"I wonder if Gawd intends it so," said the justice, "or if it's jest the result of human fumblin'. Man has undertook the job of ladlin' out punishments. Near's I kin see, the idee is to hurt somebody, it don't matter who. Kind of a gen'ral gettin' even, as ye might say. One man up and commits a crime, and then justice sort of lashes out regardless, 'thout lookin' to see who it hits."

"Thinkin' of Jahala and Paul?"

"Uh-huh," said the squire. "On account of a matter of twelve-fifteen thousand

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"He Knew a Good Man Stays Good. He Knew a Man That Was Honest to His Backbone Don't Turn Thief"

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WOMEN I'M NOT MARRIED TO

By Franklin P. Adams

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG



Elaine

THERE have been more beautiful girls than Elaine, for I have read about them, and I have utter faith in the printed word. And I expect my public, a few of whom are—just a second—more than two and a quarter million weekly, to put the same credence in my printed word. When I said there have been more beautiful girls than Elaine I lied. There haven't been. She was a darb. Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax, her eyebrows were like curved snowdrifts, her neck was like the swan, her face it was the fairest that e'er the sun shone on, she walked in beauty like the night, her lips were like the cherries ripe that sunny walls of Boreas screen, her teeth were like a flock of sheep with fleeces newly washen clean, her hair was like the curling mist that shades the mountain side at e'en, and oh, she danced in such a way no sun upon an Easter day was half so fine a sight! If I may interrupt the poets, I should say she was one pip. She was, I might add, kind of pretty.

Enchantment was hers, and fairyland her exclusive province. I would walk down a commonplace street with her, and it would become the primrose path, and a one-way path at that, with nobody but us on it. If I said it was a nice day—and if I told her that once I told her a hundred times—she would say, Isn't it? My very words to Isabel when I telephoned her this morning!" So we had, I said to myself, a lot in common.

And after a conversation like that I would go home and lie awake and think: "If two persons can be in such harmony about the weather, a fundamental thing, a thing that prehistoric religions actually were based upon, what possible discord ever could be between us? For I have known families to be rent by disagreements as to meteorological conditions.

"Isn't this," my sister used to say, "a nice day?"

"No," my reply used to be; "it's a dreadful day. It's blowy, and it's going to rain." And I would warn my mother that my sister was likely to grow up into a liar.

But, as I have tried to hint, beauty was Elaine's, and when she spoke of the weather I used to feel sorry for everybody who had lived in the olden times, from yesterday back to the afternoon Adam told Eve that no matter how hot it was they always got a breeze, before there was any weather at all.

It wasn't only the weather. We used to agree on other things. Once when she met a schoolgirl friend in Hyde Park whom she hadn't seen since a year ago, out in Lake View, she said that it was a small world after all, and I told her she never said a truer word. And about golf—she didn't think, she said one day, that it was as strenuous as tennis, but it certainly took you out in the open air—well, that was how I felt about it too. So you see it wasn't just the weather, though at that time I thought that would be enough. Well, one day we were walking along, and she looked at me and said, "I wonder if you'd like me so much if I weren't pretty."

"Whene'er I take my walks"—you know
The rest—"abroad," I always meet
Elaine or Maude or Anne or Flo,
Belinda, Blanche or Marguerite;
And Melancholy, bittersweet,
Sets seal upon me when I view—
Coldly, and from a judgment seat—
The women I'm not married to.

Not mine the sighs for Long Ago;
Not mine to mourn the obsolete;
With Burns and Shelley, Keats and Poe
I have no yearning to compete.
No Dead Sea pickled pears I eat;
I never touch a drop of rue;
I toast, and drink my pleasure neat,
The women I'm not married to!

Fate with her celebrated blow
Frequently knocks me off my feet;
And Life her dice box chucks a throw
That usually has me beat.
Yet although Love has tried to treat
Me rough, award the kid his due.
Look at the list, though incomplete:
The women I'm not married to.

L'ENVOI

My dears, whom gracefully I greet,
Gaze at these lucky ladies who
Are of—to make this thing concrete—
The women I'm not married to.



FLO

MARGUERITE

ELAINE

It came over me that I shouldn't. "No," I said, "I should say not."

"The first honest thing you ever said to me," she said.

"No, it isn't," I said.

"It is too," was her rejoinder.

"It's nothing of the kind," I said.

"Yes, it is!" she said, her petulant [illegible] getting the better of her.

So we parted on that, and I often [illegible] lucky I am to have escaped from [illegible] distrust of honesty, and from her [illegible] passionate temper.

Maude

MAUDE and I might have been [illegible] together. She was not the [illegible] couldn't be candid with. She used to [illegible] admired honesty and sincerity above all other [illegible] she was deeply interested in me, which was natural [illegible] as I had no reservations, no reticences from her. I [illegible] that when you cared about a girl it was wrong [illegible] secrets from her.

And that was her policy, too, though now and then [illegible] carried it too far. One day I telephoned her and [illegible] her what she had been doing that morning.

"I've been reading the most fascinating book," [illegible] said.

"What book?" I asked politely.

"I can't remember the title," she said, "but it's [illegible] a man in love with a girl, and he ——"

"Who wrote it?" I interrupted.

"Wait a minute," said Maude. I waited four [illegible] "Sorry to have kept you waiting," she said. "I [illegible] the book. I thought I left it in my room and I looked around for it, and then I asked Hulda if she'd seen it, she said no, though I asked her that the other day [illegible] something else, and she said no, and [illegible] found out that she had seen it and put it in a drawer, so I went to the library [illegible] book wasn't there, and then I went to my room and looked again, and I'm coming back to tell you I couldn't when here it is, guess where, right on the telephone stand. Who wrote it? He is the author. A. M. S.—no, wait a minute—A. S. M. Hutchinson, not He. There's an *n* in it. Two *n*'s really mean an *n* between the *i* and the *s*. it's Hut-chin-son, and not Hut-ch—what's the difference who writes it as long as it's a good book?"

There may have been more, but reasonably certain that the author was Hutchinson, so I hung up the receiver, though I felt at the time was that hanging was too good.

I had dinner with her that night at a restaurant.

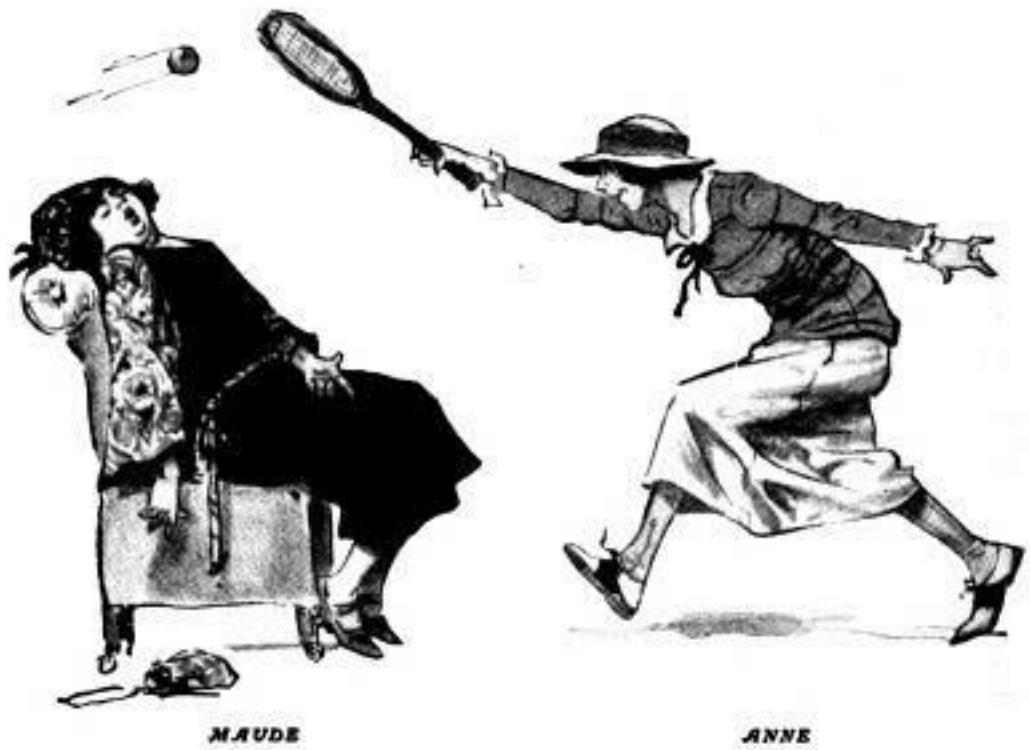
"Coffee?" asked the waiter.

"No," I said. And to her: "Coffee keeps me. If I took a cup now I wouldn't close an eye. Some folks can drink it and not notice it, but take

(Continued on Page 38)



BLANCHE



MAUDE

ANNE



BELINDA

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IEN I'M NOT MARRIED TO

By Dorothy Parker

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG



No matter where my route may lie,
No matter whither I repair,
In brief—no matter how or why
Or when I go, the boys are there.
On lane and byway, street and square,
On alley, path and avenue,
They seem to spring up everywhere—
The men I am not married to.

I watch them as they pass me by;
At each in wonderment I stare.
And "But for heaven's grace," I cry,
"There goes the guy whose name I'd bear!"
They represent no species rare,
They walk and talk as others do;
They're fair to see—but only fair—
The men I am not married to.

I'm sure that to a mother's eye
Is each potentially a bear;
But though at home they rank ace-high,
No change of heart could I declare.
Yet worry silvers not their hair;
They deck them not with sprigs of rue.
It's curious how they do not care—
The men I am not married to.

L'ENVOI

In fact, if they'd a chance to share
Their lot with me, a lifetime through,
They'd doubtless tender me the air—
The men I am not married to.

Freddie

BOY!" people say of Freddie. "You t ought to meet him sometime! He's lot, that's what he is—more fun than

and more imaginative souls play lly with the idea, and say that he is than a barrel of monkeys. Still others thing from a different angle, and refer being as funny as a crutch. But I el, myself, that they stole the line ldie. Satire—that is his dish.

ere you have, really, one of Fred- test crosses. People steal his stuff left. He will say something one the next it will be as good as all over the city. r time I have gone to him and told him that ard lots of vaudeville acts using his comedy, t puts on the most killing expression and says ot suchly!" in that way of his. And of course laughing so that I can't say another word

the way he always is, just laughing it off when hat people are using his best lines without even a word of acknowledgment. I never hear any- here is such a thing as being too good-natured" think of Freddie.

er knew anyone like him on a party. Things ging along, the way they do at the beginning of , with the early arrivals sitting around asking have they been to anything good at the theater is it any wonder there is so much sickness the weather so changeable. The party will be plucking at the coverlet, when in will breeze from that moment on the eve- short of a whirlwind. Often and heard him called the life of the have always felt that there is not of exaggeration in the expression. vy about Freddie is that poise of come right into a room full of d be just as much at home as if through grammar school with nashes the ice all to nothing the s introduced to the other guests g to misunderstand their names, em something entirely different, fectly straight face all the time er realized there was anything at many people say he puts them ster Keaton that way.

at a loss for a screaming crack. sks him to have a chair, Freddie ck at her with "No, thanks; we home." If the host offers him a cigar, he will flash "What's the matter with it?" If one rows a cigarette and a light from him, Fred- that dry voice of his "Do you want the ' Of course his wit is pretty fairly caustic, er seems to take offense at it. I suppose re is everything in the way he says things. l he is practically a whole vaudeville show



LLOYD



OLIVER MORTIMER

in himself. He is never without a new story of what Pat said to Mike as they were walking down the street, or how Abie tried to cheat Ikie, or what old Aunt Jemima answered when she was asked why she had married for the fifth time. Freddie does them in dialect, and I have often thought it is a wonder that we don't all split our sides. And never a selection that every member of the family couldn't listen to either—just healthy fun.

Then he has a repertory of song numbers too. He gives them without accompaniment, and every song has a virtually unlimited number of verses, after each one of which Freddie goes conscientiously through the chorus. There is one awfully clever one, a big favorite of his, with the chorus rendered a different way each time—showing how they sang it when grandma was a girl, how they sing it in gay Paree and how a cabaret performer would do it. Then there are several along the general lines of Casey Jones, two or three about negroes who specialized on the banjo, and a few in which the lyric of the chorus consists of the syllables "ha, ha, ha." The idea is that the audience will get laughing along with the singer.

If there is a piano in the house Freddie can tear things even wider open. There may be many more accomplished musicians, but nobody can touch him as far as being ready to oblige goes. There is never any of this hanging back, waiting to be coaxed or protesting that he hasn't touched a key in months. He just sits right down and does all his specialties for you. He is particularly good at doing Dixie with one hand and Home, Sweet Home with the other, and Josef Hofmann himself can't tie Freddie when it comes to giving an imitation of a fife-and-drum corps approaching, passing and fading away into the distance.

But it is when the refreshments are served that Freddie reaches the top of his form. He always insists on helping to pass plates and glasses, and when he gets a big armful of them he pretends to stumble. It is as good as a play to see the hostess' face. Then he tucks his napkin into his collar, and sits there just as solemnly as if he thought that were the thing to do; or perhaps he will vary that one by folding the napkin into a little square and putting it carefully in his pocket, as if he thought it was a handkerchief. You just ought to see him making believe that he has swallowed an olive pit. And the remarks he makes about the food—I do wish I could remember how they go. He is funniest, though, it seems to me, when he is pretending that the lemonade is intoxicating, and that he feels its effects pretty strongly. When you have seen him do this it will be small surprise to you that Freddie is in such demand for social functions.

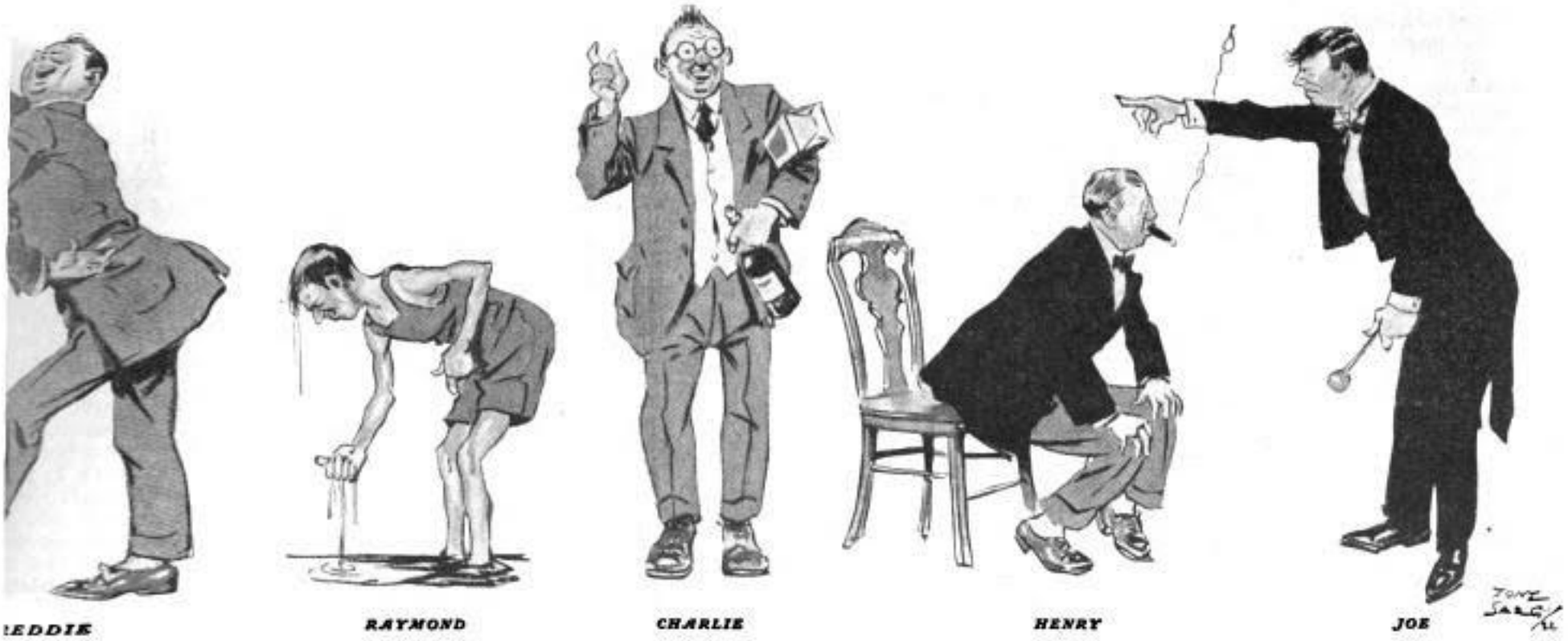


ALBERT

But Freddie is not one of those humorists who perform only when out in society. All day long he is bubbling over with fun. And the beauty of it is that he is not a mere theorist, as a joker; practical—that's Freddie all over.

If he isn't sending long telegrams, collect, to his friends, then he is sending them packages of useless groceries, C. O. D. A telephone is just so much meat to him.

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EDDIE RAYMOND CHARLIE HENRY JOE

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THE BUCKET BOO

By Maximilian Foster

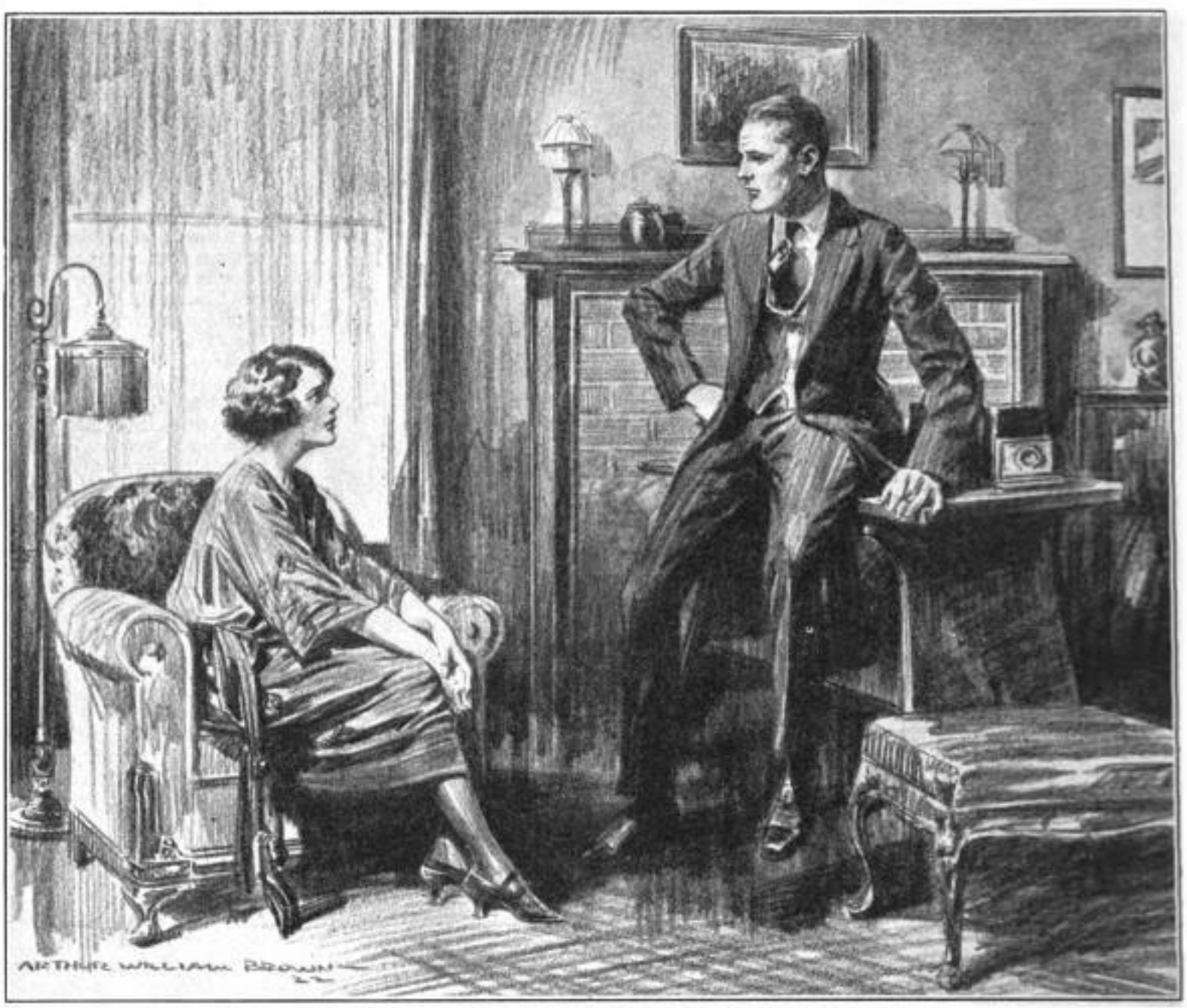
ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

THE day was Saturday—pay day. My envelope I'd brought home with me from the insurance office, the place in Pine Street where I worked; and I was meaning to give Josie hers for the house, after which I'd hold out the usual five-spot I was tucking away each week in the savings. Bert Gerken, though, was giving a party that night, it seems; and Sadie, his wife, she'd called up on the phone asking Josie and me to go along. Bert was putting up for the tickets; but I'm no sponge—I was through with standing him up like that. If Josie and I went along again I meant to pay my way.

"We're going, aren't we?" Josie asked me.

I wasn't sure. I wanted to talk it over first. It would cost us a good five-specker, I was certain; and the way Bert and his wife were spending money—the theater first, and a rabbit afterwards, then a cab, maybe, to come home in—for all I knew, it might set us back even more.

"But it's only this once," pleaded Josie. "Besides, we haven't been out for days."



It Was Wall Street That Scared Her. She Hadn't Guessed the Risk I Was Taking

She'd been making a dress, it seems. It wasn't a new dress, I mind, but one she'd turned and made over; though that's neither here nor there. The dress was so much like a new one, she was just hankering to have someone see it.

"See!" she said. "I'll put it on to show you."

She was running out of the room when I called her back again. "I guess we'd better not go," I said.

And I said, too, I remember, if we went we'd be kept out till late; and with all the work I'd been doing down to the office I was pretty tired. "Besides, Josie," I told her, "there's all that money it'll cost."

The look she gave me I remember yet.

"Then you're not going, Jim?"

It was what I meant, all right. The bills, the household accounts, had been pretty stiff that week; and leaving out the rest of it, I'd been a good deal worried. That wasn't all of it either. What with all the hard times going on, down at the insurance office they'd been laying off men right and left. Josie, though, turned away from me while I was talking and went toward the door.

"Boker was right," she said. "What he says is true!"

"What's that?" said I.

Boker, I'll add, was a fellow the Gerkens knew. He was a Wall Street man, a bird who dealt in stocks; but it was news to me Josie had ever heard about him.

"He says that all your life you're going to be a clerk," she said.

It wasn't what Boker had said to me, though never mind. What Josie said fixed it. It was because of that, the Monday after, that I went downtown and did what I did.

II

A CLERK all my life, was what she'd told me. That wasn't the first time, either, I'd had it said to me. The kick in it, though, was that it was all straight goods, the truth. I'd tumbled myself to what I was.

That Saturday night I still remember clearly. It isn't likely, in fact, that I'll ever forget it. Josie gave me my dinner; but it wasn't much of a meal, I'll say. She just sat there, looking straight before her; and as for myself, I didn't have much appetite, either. After the meal was over and she had cleared away the things she came into the front room where I was trying to read the evening paper, and sat down and began to rock. She was still just looking straight ahead of her; but after a while she spoke.

"They're just starting now," she said.

I knew what she meant, but I said nothing. A little later she spoke again.

"The curtain's just going up," said Josie.

I still kept silent; and Josie went on rocking, her eyes fastened on the wall. A while afterwards she stopped rocking, and got up from the chair.

"If we keep on saving," said Josie, "maybe in fifteen or twenty years we can buy a farm somewheres out in Connecticut." She was at the door when she said it. As she went down the hall she spoke again. "We might as well be dead," she said.

I thought so too. Anyway, after she'd gone I laid down the paper I'd been trying to read; and for an hour then, like Josie, I sat there staring before me at the wall.

If you're a clerk, a chap like me, stalling along on a salary, you'll understand, I wouldn't wonder, what went on in my head that night. As I've said, it wasn't all of it new to me. A year before, a friend of mine—a fellow down at the office—had tipped me off to where I was heading; but it hadn't sunk in very deep. That month I'd had a raise to fifty per; and at the time it had looked to me like all the money in the world. Let that go, however; I'll get to it later on. Just now I'm telling what went on in my head that night.

It was myself I thought of, of course. I seven years now, nearly eight, I'd been ing down the job; and the seven years sat there mulling it over, went by me li parade. Th were all a each one cut out of the same; one year in and out I made myself a over my bea ing the same over and again. The about two see too. I were living nothing to while I was my own ag others and Young m though the all like m clerks of and for a night we day after sat there ing them. did they of it, I wo What co out of it I wonder what it w kept on going aw that. W all—my chained I of being barr that's t The b I'd quit w to wear what I w were d night. day I w of. I d much

that. I got to thinking of Bert Gerken and h Bert could give Sadie all she was getting wh I give it to Josie too? Under my collar I began t I remember. Gerken I hated. It was the cash h roll he was flashing nowadays, that had caus trouble for me.

Bert was clerk in another insurance office. Li he got only fifty per; but Sadie had all the new clothes she wanted, and she was keeping a cook girl, besides. Bert had a car too.

"Say, how do you do it, Bert?" I asked him.

He tipped me a wink.

"Boker," he said; "Wall Street."

I can see the swagger he gave. A chap like learned since, puts on a lot of lugs just because stocks. It scared me, I'll say, however. Down office Potter, the head clerk, always was warning playing the market. If we got caught at it we we understood.

"Rats!" said Bert.

I made him sick, he said. According to hi Potter said was bunk. It was the regular dope handed out to clerks like us just to keep us clutches. I could ask Boker if I didn't believe

Boker, however, I didn't have to ask, because I'd begun to dope it out for myself. Alone there in the front room of the flat, I doped it more. Then, getting myself a pencil and some fell to figuring. If Bert, a big boob like him, away with the game, why couldn't I, myself? struck; and I still sat there figuring.

It wasn't the first time I'd done that. Night I'd been doing it; and between times down at I'd been doing it some more. It's the regular fact, with the boobs and simps, the boob that Boker trim. The evening paper I had two or open at the financial page; and what I was

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He Sat There All Crumpled Up. "If You Tell ——" He Whispered

the market from the week's range of prices the
re. Eleven hundred dollars was what Josie and I
ed away in the savings; and—on paper—I was
ow much it would have been boosted into if I had
hat week and played it on the market. You see,
to make sure before I did anything that I knew
as doing. They all do it, you know—all the
l come-ons; and if all that money, the fake
t birds like myself roll up on paper, ever became
y, it would bankrupt the country to pay it.
thing, though. Along past midnight I threw
pencil I was using; and getting up from my
ted back to Josie's room.
t it!" I piped.
lying there, her eyes closed and her hair all in
n the pillows. Just a girl she was, a kid yet.
he'd gone to bed; but as I turned on the light I
er face. It was all stained and streaked where
herself to sleep, I saw.
ed her eyes at me. Then she closed them again.
you wouldn't wake me," said Josie.
i don't understand," I said. Again I told her

at?" she asked.
to get on our feet," I answered.
d over on the pillow, turning away from me.
to sleep," she said; and after that I said no

it I didn't go near her again. In the front
e up a bed for myself on the lounge; and in
g she found me there. She said nothing,
l neither did I. All that day—Sunday now—
aking, I could see; but what her thoughts
ln't guess. Along toward half past two that
got up and went around to Bert Gerken's flat,
locks away, but Bert was out. He was up the
r, it seems; and it wasn't till late that night—
r so—that I found him.
Boker's office?" I asked him.
ne. It was in a big office building a couple of
where I worked; and after I'd talked to Bert
ack to the flat. Josie had gone to bed again;
e I made up my bed on the lounge.
ven o'clock that next morning—Monday—
wn to Boker's place, the bucket shop.

III

ople, I wouldn't wonder, will grin when they
s. "The boob, the simp!" I can hear them
ll right, of course;
add, too, that I'm
get away with any
to duck out from



He Said. "The Market's Cleaned Me Out, and I've Lost Every Red I Had"

under. What I'm trying to make clear is only what happens to the simps, the boobs. It isn't just greed, you know, that makes all the come-ons so easy. Ask yourself, for instance, how you'd like to have a job like mine staring you in the face the rest of your natural. If you have a wife how would you like it, too, to have her up against it like Josie?

At nine that morning as usual I was at my job downtown. The time clock was in the basement; and after I'd hung up my hat and coat I got into line with the others. There were forty or fifty of them in all, fellows like myself; and the grouch I had on you could have cut with a knife like a London fog they tell about. "Hey! Quit digging me in the back," the fellow in front of me said.

I didn't say anything back to him, though it's a wonder. When I got to the time clock I shoved my card into the slot; then I gave the clock a smash that rattled the works inside.

"Say, what's eatin' you, anyway?" said the fellow ahead.

I stuck out my jaw, I remember. Then I shoved him out of the way.

"Get upstairs to your stall, you horse," I said.

I thought for a moment he was going to biff me. He didn't, though.

I could see his face change, his jaw dropping; then he slouched on up the stairs to his desk.

He was thinking; and what I'd said, I wouldn't wonder, hit him harder than if I'd given him a poke in the ribs. A lot I cared! Old Potter, the head clerk, was sitting there, waiting, as usual, to see we got to work; and after I'd slammed over to my desk and rattled around a bit, making all the noise I liked, there was a sudden crash. It was old Potter slatting the desk with his ruler.

"Order!" he snapped.

I slammed the desk just to show him what I thought. That was how I felt, you know. Afterwards I fell to studying Potter the way I'd been doing for a fortnight past.

He was a seedy, worn-out old fellow. For twenty-five years or more he had sat there in that room, drudging away at the job; and the more I looked at him the more I saw what I was heading for if I kept on as I was. Potter, true, was head clerk in the office; but as I figured, if for twenty-five years or so I was steady and careful, and if every morning I punched the time clock regularly, why, at the end of all those years the best I'd get would be a job like his. And even if I did, too, that was no license I'd go on keeping the job. Already, in fact, there was a whisper going the rounds that they meant to put the skids under Potter. He was getting old, and they meant to give him the gate.

I wasn't much good that morning. The work I did wasn't worth the ink I wasted. I just sat and studied Potter. Added to this, there was something fishy and queer that day about him that began to catch my eye. He had a newspaper spread open on his desk, and he seemed to be figuring something from it. Every time, though, any of the clerks came near him he would shove it out of sight. I wondered what he was up to. Then, along toward eleven o'clock he got up from his desk, tucked the paper in his pocket and scuttled to the door.

That settled it for me. He hardly was out of sight when I was up and out of the room. Five minutes later I was over at the bank, the savings, where I'd tucked away our nest egg. It was a joint account Josie and I kept there; but the whole eleven hundred I didn't draw out in a heap. A hundred was all I got. I wanted to go slow at first, you know. I remember, though, I shook a little as I took it from the teller; and as I went down the street, the hundred in my pocket, I had my mitt on the money. The joke was I was afraid someone on the way to Boker's would get it off me.

"Why, hello!" said Boker as I pushed open the door of the place.

The room was upstairs in an office building. A big blackboard ran across the place; and the board was filled with columns of figures. At the ends of it, too, were a couple of stock tickers clanking and stamping away; and at the back was a set of other rooms, the private offices. It was all pretty swell, I'll say, its furniture new and shiny, and on the floor a big expensive rug.

In front of the board were four or five rows of chairs; and on these sprawled a lot of men, the customers, most of them talking and smoking. At the back and sides stood other men. The place, in fact, was crowded; but the minute I opened the door Boker had seen me. He seemed to keep his eye on the door most of the time, I'll mention; though I won't take time with that.

"How's the market?" I asked him.

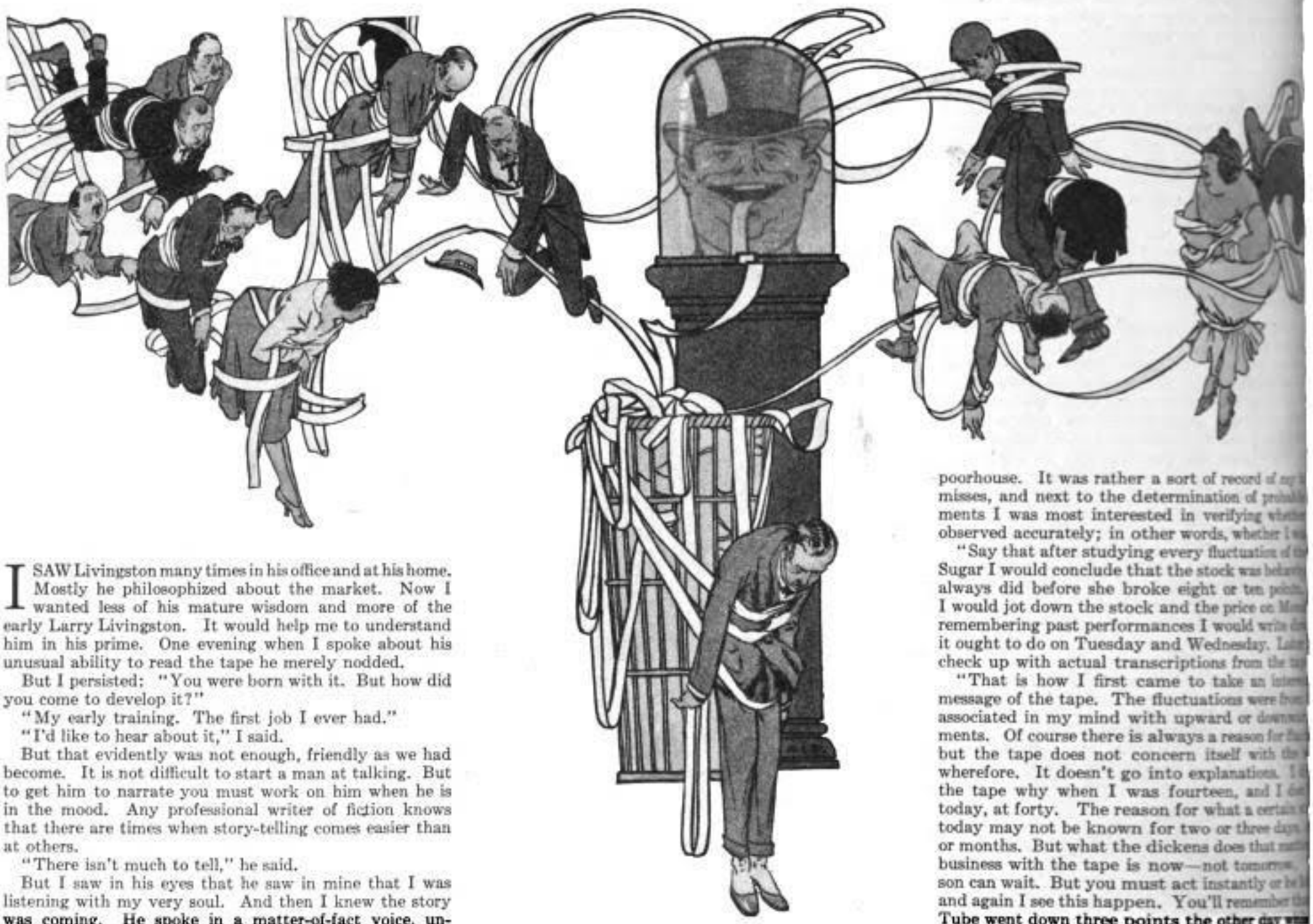
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The Reminiscences of a Stock Operator

By Edwin Lefèvre

DECORATIONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL



I SAW Livingston many times in his office and at his home. Mostly he philosophized about the market. Now I wanted less of his mature wisdom and more of the early Larry Livingston. It would help me to understand him in his prime. One evening when I spoke about his unusual ability to read the tape he merely nodded.

But I persisted: "You were born with it. But how did you come to develop it?"

"My early training. The first job I ever had."

"I'd like to hear about it," I said.

But that evidently was not enough, friendly as we had become. It is not difficult to start a man at talking. But to get him to narrate you must work on him when he is in the mood. Any professional writer of fiction knows that there are times when story-telling comes easier than at others.

"There isn't much to tell," he said.

But I saw in his eyes that he saw in mine that I was listening with my very soul. And then I knew the story was coming. He spoke in a matter-of-fact voice, unhesitatingly, remembering facts, unconcerned with people. At times I asked questions, and he answered without the slightest impatience and went on, steadily and emotionlessly as a machine. I have suppressed some of my questions, leaving his answers.

"I went to work when I was a kid out of grammar school. I got a job as quotation-board boy in a stock-brokerage office. I was quick at figures. At school I did three years of arithmetic in one. I was particularly good at mental arithmetic. As quotation-board boy I posted the numbers on the big board in the customers' room. One of the customers usually sat by the ticker and called out the prices. They couldn't come too fast for me. I have always remembered figures. No trouble at all.

"There were plenty of other employes in that office. Sure, I made friends with the other fellows, but the work I did, if the market was active, kept me too busy from ten A.M. to three P.M. to let me do much talking. I don't care for it, anyhow, during business hours."

Learning to Read the Tape

"BUT a busy market did not keep me from thinking about the work. Those quotations did not represent prices of stocks to me, so many dollars per share. They were numbers. Of course, they meant something. They were always changing. It was all I had to be interested in—the changes. Why did they change? I didn't know. I didn't care. I didn't think about that. I simply saw that they changed. That was all I had to think about five hours every day and two on Saturdays; that they were always changing.

"That is how I first came to be interested in the behavior of prices. I had a very good memory for figures. I could remember in detail how the prices had acted on the previous day, just before they went up or down. My fondness for mental arithmetic came in very handy.

"I noticed that in advances as well as declines, stock prices were apt to show certain repetitions. There was no end of parallel cases and they created precedents to guide me. I was only fourteen, but after I had taken hundreds of observations in my mind I found myself testing their accuracy, comparing the behavior of stocks today with other days. It was not long before I was anticipating movements in prices. My only guide, as I say, was their past performances. I carried the dope sheets in my mind. I looked for stock prices to run on form. I had clocked them. You know what I mean.

"You can spot, for instance, where the buying is only a trifle better than the selling. You can see the gradual overcoming of resistance, the carrying of defenses. A battle goes on in the stock market and the tape is your telescope. You can depend upon it seven out of ten times.

"Another lesson I learned early is that there is nothing new in Wall Street. There can't be because speculation is as old as the hills. Whatever happens in the stock market today has happened before and will happen again. I've never forgotten that."

"No," I said, "you don't forget what has happened. But you also manage to remember when and how. You carry the precedents in your head and can utilize them. That is experience—the fact that you remember."

"Why shouldn't I remember?" Livingston asked simply.

"No reason," I said with conviction, and thought of Paul Morphy's memory. Then I thought of the mind of the average stock speculator. No wonder!

Livingston went on:

"I got so interested in my game and so anxious to anticipate advances and declines in all the active stocks that I got a little book. I put down my observations in it. It was not a record of imaginary transactions such as so many people keep merely to make or lose millions of dollars without getting the swelled head or going to the poorhouse. It was rather a sort of record of my [illegible] misses, and next to the determination of probabilities I was most interested in verifying whether I observed accurately; in other words, whether I was

"Say that after studying every fluctuation of the Sugar I would conclude that the stock was behaving always did before she broke eight or ten points. I would jot down the stock and the price on May remembering past performances I would write down it ought to do on Tuesday and Wednesday. Later check up with actual transcriptions from the tape.

"That is how I first came to take an interest message of the tape. The fluctuations were from associated in my mind with upward or downward ments. Of course there is always a reason for the but the tape does not concern itself with the wherefore. It doesn't go into explanations. I the tape why when I was fourteen, and I do today, at forty. The reason for what a certain today may not be known for two or three days or months. But what the dickens does that matter business with the tape is now—not tomorrow. son can wait. But you must act instantly or be and again I see this happen. You'll remember the Tube went down three points the other day was of the market rallied sharply. That was the fact following Monday you saw that the directors dividend. That was the reason. They knew were going to do, and even if they didn't sell themselves they at least didn't buy it. There was buying, no reason why it should not break."

Livingston's First Tip

"WELL, I kept up my little memorandum book six months. Instead of leaving for home when I was through with my work, I'd jot down the wanted and would study the changes, always the repetitions and parallelisms of behavior—I read the tape, although I was not aware of it at

"One day one of the office boys—he was older came to me where I was eating my lunch and the quiet if I had any money.

"'Why do you want to know?' I said.

"'Well,' he said, 'I've got a dandy tip on I'm going to play it if I can get somebody to go

"'How do you mean, play it?' I asked. 'I people who played or could play tips were the old jiggers with oodles of dough. Why, it even thousands of dollars, to get into the game like owning your private carriage and having a

"'That's what I mean; play it!' he said. you got?'

"'How much you need?'

"'Well, I can trade in five shares by

"'How are you going to play it?'

"'I'm going to buy all the Burlington the will let me have with the money I give him,' he said. 'It's going up sure. It's like picking We'll double ours in a jiffy.'

"'Hold on!' I said to him, and pulled out book.

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asn't interested in doubling my money, but in his
hat Burlington was going up. If it was, my note-
ght to show it. I looked. Sure enough, Burling-
rding to my figuring, was acting as it usually did
went up. I had never bought or sold anything in
and I never gambled with the other boys. But all
see was that this was a grand chance to test the
s of my work, of my hobby. It struck me at once
y dope didn't work in practice there was nothing
eory of it to interest anybody. So I gave him all
d with our pooled resources he went to one of the
bucket shops and bought some Burlington. Two
r we cashed in. I made a profit of $3.12."
rupted Livingston. "You remember, exactly?" I
n.
"
se it was your first trade?" I persisted.
se *I* remember," he said.
was to learn that Livingston simply can't forget
It is as though he carried with him photographs
quotation boards or miles of ticker tape.
that first trade," proceeded Livingston, "I got to
g on my own hook in the bucket shops. I'd go
lunch hour and buy or sell—it never made any
to me. I was playing a system and not a fa-
ck or backing opinions. All I knew was the
of it. As a matter of fact, mine was the ideal
erate in a bucket shop, where all that a trader
bet on fluctuations as they are printed by the
he tape.
not long before I was taking much more money
bucket shops than I was pulling down from my
brokerage office. So I gave up my position.
bjected, but they couldn't say much when they
I was making. I was only a kid and office-boy
not very high. I did mighty well on my own

interrupted Livingston. "Didn't it go to your
ke so much money?"
hy should it?" He asked it simply.
on!" *I* said again.
ly not," he went on. "The money wasn't any-
y, I remember when I had made my first thou-
id the cash in front of my mother."
i were you?"
"
all in the bucket shops?"

months?"
d I had taken home other money besides. My
ied on something awful. She wanted me to
in the savings bank out of reach of temptation.
vas more money than she ever heard any boy
id made, starting with nothing. She didn't
it was real money. She used to worry and
t. *And I?* Oh, I didn't think of anything
could keep on proving my figuring was right.
fun there is—being right by using your head.
when I tested my convictions with ten shares
n times righter if I traded in a hundred shares.
iat having more margin meant to me—I was
mphatically. More courage? No! No dif-
ll I have is ten dollars and I risk it, I am much
hen I risk a million, if I have another million

Beating the Bucket Shops

there I was, at fourteen, making a living out
ock market. I began in the smaller bucket
he man who traded in twenty shares at a clip
of being John W. Gates in disguise or J. P.
ling incognito. No! Bucket shops in those
ay down on their customers. They didn't
e were other ways of parting customers from
ven when they guessed right. The business
usly profitable. When it was conducted
I mean, straight, as far as the bucket shop
ctuations took care of the shoestrings. It
uch of a reaction to wipe out a margin of
rters of a point. Also, no welsher could
in the game. Wouldn't have any trade.
t have a following. I kept my busi-
It was a one-man business, anyhow.
, wasn't it? Prices either were going
d them out, without any help from
ners, or they were going the other
ly could stop them out of
. I couldn't see where I
my business to anybody
riends, of course, but my
always
-a one-
hat is
always
and.
didn't
bucket

shops to get sore on me for beating them. I'd walk in and plank down my margin, but they'd look at it without making a move to grab it. They'd tell me there was nothing doing. That was the time they got to calling me the Kid Plunger. I had to be changing brokers all the time, going from one bucket shop to another. It got so that I had to give a fictitious name. I'd begin light, only fifteen or twenty shares. At times, when they got suspicious, I'd lose on purpose at first and then sting them proper. Of course after a little while they'd find me too expensive and they'd tell me to take myself and my business elsewhere and not interfere with the owners' dividends. Once, when the big concern I'd been trading with for months shut down on me I made up my mind to take a little more of their money away from them. That bucket shop had branches all over the city, in hotel lobbies, and in near-by towns. I went to one of the hotel branches and asked the manager a few questions and finally got to trading. But as soon as I played an active stock my especial way he began to get messages from the head office asking who it was that was operating. The manager told me what they asked him and I told him my name was Edward Robinson, of Cambridge. He telephoned the glad news to the big chief. But the other end wanted to know what I looked like. When the manager told me that I said to him, 'Tell him I am a short fat man with dark hair and a bushy beard!' But he described me instead, and then he listened and his face got red and he hung up and told me to beat it.



"'What did they say to you?' I asked him politely.

"They said, 'You blankety-blank fool, didn't we tell you to take no business from Larry Livingston? And you let him trim us out of $700!' He didn't say what else they told him.

"I tried the other branches one after another, but they all got to know me, and my money wasn't any good in any of their offices. I couldn't even go in to look at the quotations without some of them making cracks at me. I tried to get them to let me trade at long intervals by dividing my visits among them all. But that didn't work.



"Finally there was only one left to me and that was the biggest and richest of all—the Cosmopolitan Stock Brokerage Company.

"The Cosmopolitan was rated as A 1 and did an enormous business. It had branches in every manufacturing town in New England. They took my trading all right, and I bought and sold stocks and made and lost money for months, but in the end it happened with them as usual. They didn't refuse my business point-blank, as the small concerns had. Oh, not because it wasn't sportsmanship, but because they knew it would give them a black eye to publish the news that they wouldn't take a fellow's business just because that fellow happened to make a little money. But they did the next worse thing—that is, they made me put up a three-point margin and compelled me to pay a premium at first of a half point, then a point, and finally, a point and a half. Some handicap, that! How? Easy! Suppose Steel was selling at 90 and you bought it. Your ticket read, normally: '*Bot ten Steel at 90⅛*.' If you put up a point margin it meant that if it broke 89¼ you were wiped out automatically. In a bucket shop the customer is not importuned for more margin or put to the painful necessity of telling his broker to sell for anything he can get.



"But when the Cosmopolitan tacked on that premium they were hitting below the belt. It meant that if the price was 90 when I bought, instead of making my ticket: '*Bot Steel at 90⅛*,' it read: '*Bot Steel at 91⅛*.' Why, that stock could advance a point and a quarter after I bought it and I'd still be losing money if I closed the trade. And by also insisting that I put up a three-point margin at the very start they reduced my trading capacity by two-thirds. Still, I had to accept their terms or quit trading."

"And you beat the game at that?" I asked Livingston. It was more than interesting, more than incredible; it was positively uncanny.

"Yes. Of course I had my ups and downs, but was a winner on balance. However, the Cosmopolitan people were not satisfied with the awful handicap they had tacked on me, which should have been enough to beat anybody. They tried to double-cross me. They didn't get me. I escaped because of one of my hunches."

Uncanny Tape Reading

IN PREVIOUS conversations we had discussed what people call hunches. Livingston described it as a distinct message from the tape, a feeling that the little paper ribbon is telling him to get out and stay out until the sky clears again. Later, when he told a half dozen stories in illustration of his meaning I came to the conclusion that it was the curious ticker instinct to which I have referred. Livingston has it to a greater degree than any other operator I ever met. But James R. Keene possessed that same sixth sense, and although he always denied that he acted on blind impulse I am convinced that the only reason the Whitney-Ryan group didn't get Keene on two historic occasions was that Keene smelt the trap. Born operators of the type of Keene and Livingston are often able to do the right thing instantly because they do it instinctively. Livingston went on:

"The Cosmopolitan was my last resort. It was the richest bucket shop in New England, and as a rule they put no limit on a trade. I suppose I was the heaviest individual trader they had—that is, of the steady, everyday customers. They had a fine office and the largest and completest quotation board I have ever seen anywhere. It ran along the whole length of the big room and every imaginable thing was quoted. I mean stocks dealt in on the New York and Boston Stock Exchanges, cotton, wheat, provisions, metals—everything that was bought and sold in New York, Chicago, Boston and Liverpool.

"You know how they trade in bucket shops. You give your money to a clerk and tell him what you wish to buy or sell. He looks at the tape or the quotation board and takes the price from there—the last one, of course. He also puts down the time on the ticket so that it almost reads like a regular broker's report—that is, that they have bought or sold for you so many shares of such a stock at such a price at such a time on such a day and how much money they received from you. When you wish to close your trade you go to the clerk—the same or another, it depends on the shop—and you tell him. He takes the last price or, if the stock has not been active, he waits

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The Voice of Blanche Perkins

By IDA M. EVANS

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE L. BENSON



He Called Her "Berry" Twice and "My Dear" Once. And He—He Half Proposed

WITHIN Chicago, great bulging town that it is, are many Chicagos—like raisins in a bun; and a bun which, say many folks, is not sugared, or even properly baked. Be that as it may, chunked together like shale and sandstone, quartz and limestone, granite, cat's gold and gravel are segments, suburbs and sides, streets and neighborhoods, locales, sections, subdivisions, additions, districts and parks, so that old inhabitants grow confused and make comparisons that are peevish.

There is Hyde Park, beautifully gray and Gothic to its south, and unbeautifully discordant and rattling to its east. There is Evanston, where culture and human nature have a daily boxing match. The Wilson Avenue district, which buys silk stockings for its ankles before ever it pays its kitchenette rent. Ravenswood, soul mate to a Flatbush. Butchers' Row, whose rich butchers, having climbed their little while, are now for the most part dead and will climb no more. There is Austin, home of the newly married young business man from the Loop. The preoccupied Loop itself, ping-ponged with skyscrapers and great green busses. The Gold Coast. The Rialto. Ghetto. Mich' Boul'. Cottage Grove—oh, ghastly misnomer! Maywood, whose woody adjacences blossom in May and eleven other months with constabulary brightly ready to pluck speeding joy-riders.

And, out north, beyond the candy and florist shops of Wilson Avenue, is Edgewater, where Blanche Perkins was born and attended school—public school. Lithographs of Blanche now hang in every North Side drug store. Phonograph shops all over Chicago are particular to keep her records in stock. The world has changed since Bible times. The modern prophet collects all due honor in her own country; provided foreign musical journals carry full-length photogravures of her in a chinchilla-and-rose-velvet evening coat.

Not many years ago the old-fashioned cable cars of North Clark Street clanked at Edgewater's back door, while the cold lake winds tore across high prairie grass to its front.

Ten-year-old Blanche Perkins used to whimper tearfully wintry noons as she breasted that cold wind seven blocks from the schoolhouse to the Perkins five-room cottage on Hood Avenue. So Rance Whitely used to walk four blocks out of his own way to hold his overcoat in front of her black curls and soft pink-whipped face as windbreak.

For a decade or so Edgewater tossed up ornate six to ten room cottages and two-flat buildings as a white-coated individual in a lunch-room window tosses flapjacks.

The cable cars were finally discarded and became a memory; along with marble-topped bureaus, board sidewalks, Altgeld arguments and kerosene street lamps. The strip of frontal territory between Edgewater and Lake Michigan took on, decoratively and as windbreak, a series of golf links, a Sheridan Road connecting even as far north as Milwaukee with the Auditorium and the Fine Arts Building, and along the road numerous stone mansions whose well-to-do inhabitants could afford to make regular use of links, road and Fine Arts Building.

With the years there came, too, other changes than landscape and architectural. Between blue-eyed Berry Stay, racing her black roadster past the links, and two feverish motorcycle persons who had caught her, Rance Whitely had to act one autumn noon as somewhat amused, somewhat annoyed buffer.

"And I had to say you were suddenly taken ill, ready to faint, and lost control of the wheel," he objected.

"I am never ill! I am not in the habit of fainting!" stormed Berry; she was of the valiant and healthy younger generation. "If I'd heard you"—indignantly—"I'd told 'em it was a lie." But there was the kind of gratitude in her upturned dark blue eyes, ridiculously candid, ridiculously long-lashed eyes, which caused Rance Whitely to flush in a slight awkwardness and to pretend to look at something across the adjacent professionally green turf.

A man does not flush awkwardly and pretend not to have seen it when he is anxious to get such a look of gratitude from young blue eyes. Presently he asked Berry to let him out—he had an appointment on his way back from lunch to business.

Berry had picked him up on his after-lunch way to his place of business, the Whitely Plumbing Supplies.

She often picked Rance Whitely up—on his way somewhere or back from somewhere. This in spite of his fourteen years' seniority, and as well in spite of her having heard, from several different people, all about Blanche Perkins. Berry lived in one of the newest stone houses on the road. The Stays had bought it considerably after the flapjack period.

It was during the early years of that period that Blanche Perkins left Chicago, thereby blighting Rance Whitely's life, as he grimly felt and as Edgewater gossip declared.

Edgewater did not blame her for leaving or for the blighting. Nor did Rance Whitely. She had a right to go.

Her voice was her right. If she had not also had a face——

At ten Blanche had been a soft, pink-cheeked, plump thing with long black curls who was always called upon Children's Day or Christmas Eve to sing We are Happy Children or God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen—or Angels' Carol.

At sixteen she was a tall, lovely white thing with a great knot of lustrous black hair at the nape of a perfect neck. She had copied the knot from an operatic pose of Frieda Hempel.

Sundays, after the morning service at Second Church, when she had sung devoutly Love Divine, All Love Excelling—solo—many young men of Edgewater went to their homes or rooming houses and spent the afternoon figuring just how much a cottage on Hood or Rosemont Avenue, or a two-flat building, would cost; monthly payments of course, thirty-by-one-hundred-and-fifty lot, which allowed a nice space for cement sidewalk, eight tomato plants and a young onion bed in the back yard. Possibly a garage later.

She had a contralto voice of remarkable range and clarity. It had a peculiar birdlike note. It recalled to your mind Shelley's lark, dew on tulips, spring without wo and such mu

She had th of grand o when she was fifteen. was when she becam soloist of the church Her career was firmly in her mind when sh fifteen and a half, sh when she was seventee became half engag Rance Whitely.

She told him candid a wholeengagement w be fair to her any mo to him.

She would always first with herself. A- and children and a pa

to be lighted early of an Edgewater morning for m coffee and eggs did not appeal to her.

For quite a while Rance Whitely, being a ma young besides, hoped that the probable would impossible. He tried carefully to explain that he make her happier than might one Signor Ca living and active at that time. Rance's father h died and left him the small plumbing shop on Nort Street, which might in time grow into a marvelous shop.

"Well, if you really love me you'll wait."

"Ten years?" he wanted plaintively to know. H boyish voice and forehead and a well-shaped mou

"Even then I wouldn't be twenty-eight yea pointed out Blanche firmly.

"No, you wouldn't. Still ——"

"And either I'll have been Brunhild by that I won't."

Her glowing young eyes were as black as her hai she was well-built too; even at seventeen. She chest capable of the proper development. One co well picture her as a handsome and successful ma

Rance Whitely's mouth corners went down. He Humpty Dumpty of well-known tale.

While he continued to lay before Blanche ce eradicable beliefs of men—oh, the men who have same to other glowing-eyed, talented young wo father and mother were doing what they could.

Thaneus Perkins was a bookkeeper in a Loop ma house. His income therefore can be a mystery to Neither his life nor that of Blanche's mother ma pleasure. Blanche was ten years old when they paying for their five-room cottage in Edgewater their only living child. Earnestly they advise marry Rance Whitely—or some other Edgewat man—and settle down in a monthly-payment on two-flat building on Hood Avenue, where they co the advantage of her and her children's company cially for Sunday dinners.

But most parents know when their hopes are Even while advising, suggesting, coaxing, her m secretly saving on laundry soap and butter, and h wore the same overcoat from Blanche's fourt day to her twenty-third. It fell apart at the se He complained that the material was poor and to sue the dealer who sold it to him.

Ecstatically, on their savings, she depart York, for attainment, for that realization of pe ness which all poets and many high-school te most politicians try steadily to explain, to ma large, as beyond poor human reach.

Rance Whitely dipped recklessly into his sav rent to taxi her and her flowers from fren

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and her trunk to Canal Street, and the old dingy
tation. It is a most dingy place for the hopes and
age that have come and gone from it in its day.
yped again, desperately and unwisely, considering
s even of that day, for a dozen great pale pink
d five pounds of Wilson Avenue's best candy.
ner were tied with wide purple satin ribbon, the
th red.
station Blanche buried her lovely white, anticifin the pinkness of the roses. But she did not care
ndy. She said practically that he ought to have
ed that candy was bad for a singer's throat.
g out the window of her day coach—she would
berth, preferring to put the money toward future
ons—she told him not to feel unhappy—she'd
k to him. Some day. He could rest assured. She
. In spite of her assurance, in her birdlike voice,
back from the station to his work sober of face,
ed around his small plumbing shop as though he
and all its paltry mechanical contents.
dull with his friends, silent with his customers
th or more. So that Fred Ordwood, who was a
l customer both, deemed it necessary to try
brace him into normal state.
nip does not always make for wisdom. Fred
tle unwisely:
lck, I call it. But don't let her going away spoil
old man. There's another girl or two in the

may be hundreds, for all I care. And please
nuch words as 'low trick' in connection with
leparture from here. She merely left to develop
, as she had a perfect right to."
; ——"
sing, can't she?" This sharply.
sing," said Fred with conviction. "I'll say
ing On the Way to Madeline, One Silv'ry Night
the Evarts' girls' party that night. On the way
dly got the question out before Minnie Hale
t in my arms and wanted to know if I'd just
pale blue oatmeal paper in the dining room."
tations of his friend on a natural event were
proffered that Fred hastily changed the sublowest estimate for open plumbing for six rooms, including hot-water tank attached to the furnace and to the gas stove.

When Fred Ordwood had departed, whistling over plumbing and Minnie, Rance wretchedly returned to a desk drawer the dead pink rose concealed in his left hand. He had slipped one flower from the dozen after Blanche's face at the station had been pinkly buried in them a minute, and at intervals since he had taken it out for wretched consolation.

In the immediately following years Rance Whitely became older and a better business man. In growing Edgewater the plumbing-supplies business at that time was an excellent and absorbing matter.

He did not grow wrinkled exactly, or gray, because young men seldom do either between the vital ages of twenty-one and thirty-three. Especially in this current century, when airplanes, wars and illustrated Sunday newspapers flutter around and keep life interesting even when it is mournful. But he became rather a serious man, youngish, not young, and he kept one of his desk drawers locked.

Sadie Gustafson, a typist who had more lust for information than honor, pried it open one noon with a hairpin and afterward told its contents to the Whitely shop force: One dead rose, one copy of the Edgewater Social Club's Musical Events of 1909–10, one small gray silk glove, one lace-edged handkerchief and thirty-two pictures of Blanche Perkins, mostly snapshot or clippings from newspapers and illustrated magazines. But that is irrelevant. Sadie was afterward discharged. That was irrelevant to Sadie. The war was on and wages were high and typists could airily choose their typewriters.

In the year following Blanche's departure her father took to smoking his pipe Saturday evenings only. He said firmly tobacco hurt the heart anyway. Then, coming home on the street car one evening, he blushed because Henry Huston, who lived next door, caught him reading headlines over a woman's shoulder. Thaneus Perkins' overcoat pocket held no evening paper. Nor thereafter.

The spring following he watered the small strip of Perkins front lawn with an old leaky coffeepot. The hose for such purpose had worn out. No new one was bought, and Blanche's father explained to the neighbors that it really was handier to water grass with a coffeepot.

It was that first summer, too, that he began to talk discursively with acquaintances on the evils of too much meat on the ordinary American table. At church he had already minimized his regular weekly contribution, dropping a nickel instead of the former quarter. This with a stiffening of the back of his middle-aged head, as if to defy anyone who might be peering over his shoulder to note the size of coin.

As time went on, too, the lives of Thaneus Perkins' shirts were so unduly prolonged that on either side of Hood Avenue the neighbors pointed silently Monday mornings to a line of painfully patched garments. In time, therefore, Thaneus Perkins, hitherto an ordinary-appearing man, came to exhibit that pinched economizing-every-day-and-Sunday look which is like the wrinkles of midforties in that, once painfully acquired, it is seldom eradicated.

And perhaps Blanche's small, thin mother got the look sooner than Thaneus.

Once Blanche had stepped on that departing day coach, Mrs. Perkins could not have bought an actually new article of clothing for many a year. The dress which at the time was her best, a brown crêpe, she turned and pressed and sponged and cleaned and retrimmed and re-turned and cut over and dyed and remade so many times that as the years rolled on Edgewater ceased to take interest in its length of wear and accepted it as something perpetually enduring and unprepossessing, like a rusty water hydrant.

Her gloves were mended almost beyond mending. Her old blackened best shoes were sad sights. She never bought a new pan or skillet. She said, with a fine assumption of absent-mindedness, that she did not care for that bright aluminum, newfangled stuff, which was just then flooding the market and which other women were cordially buying.

These same other women, however, went to her, when in a pinch, to learn how to make meat balls without meat, or puddings without sugar, or cakes without too many eggs.

"Eggs?" she would say. "Oh"—very positively—"one egg is plenty for any cake." Never a quaver in her voice. "Thaneus and I both think eggs make a cake too rich. We prefer ours without any at all."

Like its two inhabitants, the Perkins cottage on Hood Avenue took on pinchedness, shabbiness, signs of stringency. It needed paint. The front strip of cement walk

(Continued on Page 65)



"You Listen With Such Interest and Sympathy, Rance." One White Finger Played Softly Up and Down Three Running Black Keys

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HOMESPUN SILK

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

JIM HANVEY was not at all the type of man one envisions when the word "detective" is mentioned. He was immoderately large and shapeless and his cheap ready-made clothes flapped grotesquely about the ungainly figure. Above a collar of inconsequential height but amazing circumference arose a huge head which contained a face of incarnadined complexion, scant and unkempt hair, pendulous jowls and twin chins. His lips were large and loose, ears flappy, and his eyes ——

The eyes were the outstanding feature of Jim Hanvey's topography. They were strikingly inexpressive; great sleepy orbs of fishy hue, impressing one with the idea of sightlessness. It seemed impossible that those eyes were capable of vision. They sat glassily in the red pudgy face beneath a hedge of overdeveloped brows. And Jim's blinking—as a matter of fact, he didn't blink; he yawned with his eyelids. An interminably slow process of drooping the lids over the dull-gray eyes, of holding them shut for a moment, and then of uncurtaining them with even more maddening deliberation.

Jim emerged heavily from the dilapidated taxicab which screeched to a halt before the ornate portals of the Hanover Apartments. He turned hesitantly toward the taxidriver, who made no effort to conceal the vastness of his contempt. "How much I owe you, son?"

The meter was consulted—a mere matter of form. "Dollar forty."

Jim Hanvey whistled in protest as he counted out one wrinkled dollar bill, a quarter, a dime and a nickel. Then as he waddled into the Hanover he shook his head slowly. "Dollar forty! Holy smokes! An' I thought I knew every professional crook in America."

He walked uncertainly through the cheaply magnificent lobby. The ebony lad at the switchboard eyed him insolently. Jim paused, toying with a gold toothpick which hung suspended from a watchchain of hawserlike proportions.

"Mr. Arthur Sherwood in?"

"Yeh. Who wants to see him?"

Hanvey's bushy eyebrows arched in surprise. "Why, me, of course."

"Who you is?"

"Hanvey is my name. Mr. James Hanvey."

"Huh!" The boy plugged in viciously, and then, into the transmitter: "That you, Mistuh Sherwood? . . . There's a guy down here wants to see you. . . . Says his name is James Hanvey. . . . Yeh! Hanvey. . . . All right, suh." He turned back and vouchsafed his information grudgingly. "Mistuh Sherwood says come right up. Apahtment Fo'-twelve."

Hanvey moved a couple of steps toward the elevator, then turned for a moment. "Son!"

"What?"

"Next time I come remember I ain't no guy. I'm a feller."

Sherwood answered Hanvey's ring in person; a slender man of medium height, distinguished in appearance, exquisitely groomed, very much at ease. He ushered his visitor into a richly comfortable library, where he motioned toward a chair, into which Hanvey thumped gratefully. He stared about the room in frank approval.

"Awful soft, eh, Arthur?"

The host smiled, exhibiting twin rows of even white teeth. "Rather comfortable."

"Business must be good."

"It is. Very."

"H'mph!"

Hanvey yawned with his eyes, inspecting the rich furnishings, which gave testimony to the unerringly fastidious taste of the owner. Still gazing Jim produced from a tarnished almost-silver cigar case two projectiles of profound blackness. He handed one to Sherwood, who accepted it gingerly, smelled of it suspiciously, and then emitted a single exclamation of protest.

"It ain't the worst in the world," remarked Hanvey.

Sherwood produced a bottle and glasses. Hanvey joined him with gusto. "Here's to you, Arthur. May the judge give you a light sentence."

Sherwood smiled with his lips, but in his eyes lay a faint light of apprehension. He made no comment upon the detective's toast. For a few minutes silence maintained between them, Hanvey draining his liquor at a gulp, Sherwood sipping his with the relish of a connoisseur. It was the visitor who broke the silence.

"It's gonna be pretty tough, Arthur—givin' up all of this."

"Is it?"

"Uh-huh. But you shouldn't have t[aken]. It was patent that Sherwood was very [much] on guard. "Done what?"

"Steal them jools off Mrs. Haley."

"I?"

"Yeh—yes. [It] a pretty [slick] work, Arthur. [But] wasn't [quite] enough."

Sherwood [sat] himself [opposite] tective and [crossed] leg over the [other] lighted a [cigar] own, a rich, [long] expensive [thing].

His tone [was] argumentative [and] replied:

"I think I [was] enough, Jim."

"Aw, Arthur, s'prised at you."

"I was [sitting] at myself, Jim. matter of fact, I believe you'[re] arrest me for [the] affair."

"Why not?"

"You [can't] thing. And [you] me without evidence to [convict] you'll have the disappointment ing yourself ridiculous while [trying] And safe."

Hanvey [thought] agreement. "[It's] awful plausible Arthur." He [leaned] ward in his chair between [them] did steal the didn't you?"

"Between [us]."

"Uh-huh."

"Yes, I [did]. But you can't Jim."

"M'm! I [don't] rest you [any] that you [couldn't] stole 'em."

"It would you. Any [fool] do that [any] wishes—but [I]



"You're Playing a Lone Hand, Arthur, But I Ain't. Real Detectives Never Do"

secure a conviction. What you need, Jim, is [a confession] and evidence is the one thing you can't get. [If you] me and say that I confessed I'll simply deny [it], will you be? You need proof, my boy; proof."

Hanvey reflected heavily.

"Reckon you're right, Arthur. I was hoping [you'd] put me to all the trouble of gettin' it. I was [going] away on a little fishin' trip."

Sherwood was more at ease. "What makes [you think] I got that stuff?"

"I don't think it, Arthur; I know it. I [was] and then I checked up. I'll hand you [one] you sure are—what-you-call-it?—an opportunist."

"Am I?"

"You are. I'm handlin' this affair for the [insurance co.] Mrs. Haley's jools was insured in, and I've been [helping] N'Yawlins checking up. I reckon I know more [about the] affair than you do."

"That's interesting."

"Ain't it? An' seein' that you've been so [anxious to] admit that you done it, p'r'aps you'd like to [hear] I know about it myself, eh?"

"Yes."

Jim's voice, flat and expressionless, [echoed] expensively furnished room.

"Startin' at the beginnin', Arthur, there [was] Grover Haley, wife of the president of the [L. & N.] Railroad. Hubby traveled the usual route [to] wealth—engine wiper, fireman, engineer, [superintendent]. Then he made a killing in oil. They elected him [president] of the road. Worth close onto twenty [million]

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Chicago. His wife—she ain't exactly one of these
hs. He married her when he was a fireman. He's
of the road now, but she's still a fireman's wife.
ll the time to rise up, but not succeedin' 'spe-
l.
ere Mrs. Haley ain't strong on polish, but she's
ld ambish by the tail on a downhill pull. Far
earance is concerned—she ain't got any. She's
e same upholstery style that I am. An' the
she craves in this world is society; none of your
ety, either, but the genuine stuff; the kind that
ty millions can't buy. For seven years she's
g to jimmy into the real crowd, an' meetin' with
much success as an oyster in a hurdle race."
briefly. "I've got it pretty straight so far,
Arthur?"
e man smiled. "That much is fairly common
."
it is. Well, to go on, this here Mrs. Haley
rom Chicago about a month ago in her private
d for Palm Beach by way of Memphis an'
She carries with her a maid an' a chef an' a
o she carries with her about one hundred and
nd dollars' worth of joolry which she plans to
one time, just to prove that she's a lady. An'
ime she makes her plans a certain Mr. Arthur
who is playin' the races down in N'Yawlins,
it and decides to make a play for them stones.
can see, Arthur, you started out without any
. Opportunist—ain't that the word I used
figured that all you needed was to get close
em jools for a long enough time an' they were
so, as society is your fad, you went an' had
ngraved which announced that you was Mr.
ell Stoneham, said Mr. Stoneham bein' the
f the most exclusive families socially in New
they have society as is society.
t the train at Memphis and just after leaving
rd goes back to Mrs. Haley, an' that dame
dead with joy. To make it brief, she lassoes
e great Stoneham family and makes him her
ks like the first real break-in she's made in
s it gives her an elegant excuse to drop in on
Stoneham when she gets to New York next time. And so Mr. Sherwood, alias Mr. Stoneham, gets an awful warm welcome on the private car, an' Mrs. Haley wears a hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of joolry every time she comes within range of his eyes." Jim lighted another cigar. "Wasn't your fingers itching to grab them stones an' run, Arthur?"

"I'm very fond of jewelry, Jim."

"Sure! Or you wouldn't have taken all them chances. I've checked up, you see. To get ahead: You reached N'Yawlins at eight o'clock. You had been down there at the races, an' you had gone to Memphis to meet that train. The car was going out on a Jacksonville train at six the next morning. An' you asked Mrs. Haley wouldn't she like to go for a sightseeing drive. You went out an' hired a big touring car an' you went for the drive. You gave her an awful good feed at Emil's—they say you know how to order a swell dinner, Arthur—an' about ten o'clock that night you showed up at the Spanish Fort Inn.

"Out there you had a swell time. Bein' known to the head waiter, not to mention the proprietor, the sky was the limit. You had cocktails an' champagne an' maybe even a liqueur or six. Poor Mrs. Haley, thinkin' she was in Rome, done as the Roman did, an', to put it mild an' polite, got sweetly spifflicated. Not drunk, but terribly happy. She found herself sittin' on top of the world an' didn't care who saw her. You left the inn about two in the A.M. an' Mrs. Haley insisted on sittin' in front with you so's she could drive the car. You wasn't particularly keen about it, but you didn't kick hard enough, because same is what she done, the shoffer reclinin' in the back.

"The old dame had started out to prove she could drive—an' she proved it. I reckon she must have busted sixty sev'al times comin' into the city. Ol' gal was just naturally havin' a helluva time. That is, she was until you got 'most home. It was there that somethin' happened—because it was there, Arthur, that a cop seen the speed you was goin' at an' tried to stop you. An' poor Mrs. Haley, not carin' nothin' for no cops, with a bunch of drinks inside her, ran into him!

"What happened then, Arthur"—and Jim Hanvey shook his enormous head reprovingly—"was downright unfortunate. The cop was stunned. You stopped your car, an' just when you did the cop moved, indicating that he wasn't so terribly hurt. With which the missus slipped into gear, stepped on the gas an' let 'er rip. Cop fired one time in the air an' you were free. Mrs. Haley drove that car to somewhere in the French quarter, you got out an' slipped the scared shoffer a nice piece of change to keep mum, and back you beat it to the private car.

"That's where good luck played into your hands, Arthur; right plumb into 'em. Bein' an opportunist —— Say! That's a swell word, ain't it? I got it out of the dictionary before I come here. Bein' an opportunist like I was sayin', you'd just stuck around with the fat dame, knowin' that sooner or later you'd get a chance at them jools. An' kerflooie, her cop-knockin' experience puts everything in your paws. How? Because you knew darned good an' well that shoffer was goin' to lay pretty low on account of what they'd give him if they ever found out it was his car. The farther away he keeps from the spotlight in connection with that case the more comfortable he's gonna be.

"An' of course Mrs. Haley is now a fugitive from justice down in N'Yawlins.

"You took her back to the private car. She had sobered up more than a little, but the strong stuff was still there inside of her. Her nerves was doin' a shimmy, an' you gave her plenty more to drink. Finally she went to sleep. When that happened you grabbed the jools an' hopped the car. Mrs. Haley didn't wake up until she was on her way to Jacksonville. It was a couple hours later that she found out the jools was gone—an' you too. The old gal nearly went nuts until she remembered her insurance, then she figured she was sittin' on Easy Street. An' it may interest you to know that the insurance money has already been paid to her; one hundred thousand dollars."

Sherwood sat motionless, staring admiringly at the portly detective. By no slightest physical sign did he give indication of his genuine enthusiasm for Hanvey's deductive powers, although he marveled at them with the frank appreciation of one brainy man for the accomplishments of another.

Hanvey's story was correct to a detail. Sherwood knew the exhaustive search that the detective must have made, the painstaking probing.

And now—"You're working for the insurance company, aren't you, Jim?"

(Continued on Page 30)



When He Opened the Door With a Master Key it Was to Interrupt an Interesting Tableau

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 17, 1922

Sunday in the Country

SUNDAY in the country, if one lives within walking or easy motoring distance of the city, is not a day of peace and rest. On the contrary, it is a day of brawl and battle.

On Sunday one dare not leave one's farm or country place unwatched and unprotected for a moment. The whole countryside is aswarm with Nature lovers from the near-by city. First come the makers of forbidden beverages, trooping across fields and lawns, picking the once despised dandelion and anything else that happens to be loose; then the happy motorists in long procession, embowering their cars in the spoil of orchards, woodlands and wayside shrubberies. If there are no flowers near the road these free and easy visitors will penetrate one's garden and break off the blooming branches of the rhododendrons or lilacs or whatever other bush happens to engage their fancy. With trowel and spade the woods are looted and sometimes, if it looks safe, an unwatched garden. Following come shy maidens, in twos and threes, daintily pulling up the woodland flowers by the roots—arbutus, azalea and a hundred little blossoms that wilt in the hand that picks them; and everywhere are bands of half-grown hoodlums helping in the spoiling of the countryside.

The bolder spirits are usually those who come in motors. They can destroy more, steal more and get away faster than the man on foot. They meet remonstrance with effrontery and resent the notion that a hick has any rights of property and privacy that they are bound to respect. The flowers, the shrubs, the orchards, and occasionally the unguarded gardens are their prey. They camp beside the woodland brook or the shaded spring, hack the trees, trample the flowers, and turn the spot into a garbage hole with their greasy papers, tin cans, bottles and refuse food. Then up and away to the snug flat in the big town, throwing out the wilted flowers as they go.

It takes a brave man to live in a countryside that is accessible to the city, and a hopeful one to beautify the roadside with shrubs and flowers. For these city vandals see beauty only to destroy it. Sometimes this is due to ignorance, sometimes to thoughtlessness, sometimes to wantonness. But none are so quick to resent an intrusion on their own rights of privacy and property as these same petty highwaymen and women.

Sunday night in the country—that is the time of rest; for then the Goths, the Visigoths, the Vandals and the Huns have gone back to town and a few days of comparative immunity from their raids are ahead. The highwaymen will be tied to the office until Saturday noon and the women will be busy making hooch from their dandelions. The countryman may plow and reap, trim up the broken shrubs, prune back the torn branches in the orchard and clear up the mess and litter in the woodland against the return of the Nature lovers at the next week-end.

The country would gladly share with the city, welcome the flat dweller to its woodlands, if so many of those who seek its roadsides did not defile and destroy their beauty. Until the manners and morals of this element improve, the countryman will view all trespassers, the just and the unjust alike, with suspicion, and delegate the pleasure of welcoming them to his bulldog.

Commercialized Athletics

COMMERCIALIZATION of college athletics has long been a peculiarly fruitful topic for debate because it offers such abundant material for honest difference of opinion and because the extremes of opposing thought are so far withdrawn from the middle ground that lies between.

College football long ago rose from the humble rank of a mere sport or pastime. Gate receipts from football at one college are said to average half a million dollars a year; and the total from Eastern colleges alone has been estimated by competent authorities to be in the neighborhood of five millions.

Captains of industry are notoriously well paid; and the magnates of the gridiron, the coaches, are no exception. Their emoluments may not seem great in comparison with those that prevail in the inner circles of the steel business; and yet, measured by the campus scale, they are lordly indeed. Beginning where the full professor's salary leaves off, they run well into five figures. The coach who will next year receive, directly and indirectly, in pay and perquisite, about twenty-five thousand dollars may not be the most highly rewarded man in his profession, but he is commonly admitted to be doing rather well. Even some of the smaller colleges have managed to pay their coaches considerably more than their presidents; but if all parties at interest are content it is not for alien hands to pry into their family affairs.

The best of these coaches are men of rare and quite extraordinary attainments. Their duties are peculiarly exacting and they perform them with amazing skill. Merely to declare that they earn their pay would be to damn them with faint praise, when the truth of the matter is that it is their high-pressure zeal in attracting promising athletic material that has brought them and their methods and the by-products of those methods so much into the limelight.

So great is their efficiency that from coast to coast no outstanding young specimen of brawn and sinew is entirely safe from them. There is no husky lumberjack in the north woods, no barrel-chested cowboy on the range, no prep-school giant beginning to feel at home in long trousers, who may not be shanghaied by the hypnotic crimps of the coaches and wake up some autumnal morning with a splitting headache in the fo'c'sle of a college gymnasium, plucking at the matriculation papers in his breast pocket and learning for the first time, as he regains consciousness, that he has become a freshman at Siwash and has signed on for courses in Semitics and the History of Art.

Soft reassuring words will silence his protest that he is practically penniless and lacks the wherewithal to pay for such impending grandeur. If that master of destinies, the head coach, has marked him for future athletic greatness all will be well. For him not to reason why. For him to be out for practice at appointed hours. At night he may make merry or even ply his books, but he must never, never break training. If his activities on the parallelograms compel him to cut lectures and the professor of Semitics forms a low opinion of his scholarship there are plenty of willing pundits to fill him with enough Semitic lore to qualify him as a major prophet, or at least to enable him to avoid a condition at the forthcoming examinations. And on the side lines or in the stands at the big games there will be some sleek and prosperous alumnus happy in the thought that he has "enabled a poor [illegible] get an education," that he has helped put dear [illegible] on the map, and that he has thereby advanced [illegible] and glory of his Alma Mater.

Defenders of this system are able to make [illegible] case for it. Gate receipts from football square [illegible] deficit and make possible track athletics, [illegible] and a dozen other wholesome outdoor activities [illegible] unable to pay their own way. There can be [illegible] high athletic standing, maintained year in and [illegible] advertises the college, attracts young men [illegible] the creation of a deep and lifelong interest [illegible] by bequest and otherwise, for many college [illegible] academic as well as athletic.

And yet there are those who have long [illegible] system is one that has the defects of its qualities. [illegible] concede its power in upbuilding, maintaining and [illegible] uating great athletic centers; but they point out that [illegible] creations are not, after all, the primary purpose of [illegible] tions of higher learning. They share the feelings [illegible] raged Nature every time they see the tail wag the [illegible] Fully alive to the benefits that accrue from well [illegible] advertising, they still appear unwilling to devote [illegible] publicity from figures that indicate winning athletic [illegible] "Take care of the stadium and the classroom will [illegible] care of itself" is an axiom for university governors [illegible] which they put little faith.

An Eastern college has lately rejected this principle [illegible] a drastic housecleaning. This action on the part [illegible] governing authorities was a nine days' wonder and [illegible] has been the indignation expressed by a large and [illegible] tial wing of the graduate body. The question now [illegible] whether other colleges will have the urge and the [illegible] to follow suit or whether they will quietly prefer [illegible] they may by this one's voluntary renunciation [illegible] desirable athletic material.

The chances are that for the long pull such matters [illegible] be settled in accordance with the preponderance [illegible] ate opinion. Our universities are becoming more [illegible] dependent upon their alumni bodies for the means [illegible] inadequate endowments; and in education, as in [illegible] other field, he who pays the piper usually calls [illegible] the tune.

It would appear, then, that the whole problem [illegible] lem, which is now more acute than ever before, [illegible] eventually solved in such a manner as to further [illegible] mate aims approved by the greatest number of [illegible] graduates. There is no compulsion that can force [illegible] lege of the future to either extreme. It need not [illegible] into a great athletic center that merely tolerates [illegible] ence of a few starved students; nor need it [illegible] unrelieved aggregation of anæmic grinds with [illegible] who regard the pigskin with supercilious indifference. [illegible] this issue as in every other there is a happy middle [illegible] and there is no reason to suppose that the [illegible] sense of the college world will not ultimately find [illegible] ground and walk safely upon it.

Little and Often

FOR some months there has been before Congress [illegible] providing that on and after the first day of [illegible] all postal employes of the United States shall be [illegible] on a weekly pay-roll basis and shall receive their [illegible] sation each and every week. This is unquestionably [illegible] excellent measure; and its passage will institute [illegible] that should have long ago been put into effect.

Considering the technical knowledge required [illegible] employes, the trust that is reposed in them [illegible] sponsibilities that are inseparable from their [illegible] are perhaps as modestly paid as any of our [illegible] ants. Private business commonly recognizes [illegible] that the lower the pay the more frequent should [illegible] pay days.

It is high time that the Government should [illegible] and be guided by the same axiom; for no matter [illegible] the inconveniences that the change might [illegible] accounting and pay-roll sections, they will be [illegible] those suffered by our great army of postal [illegible] the old system.

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he Coming Empires of Business

By Robert Crozier Long

BERLIN.

ERNMENT by business, for business
nd through business is revolutionary
ermany's one contribution to the science of rule.
ness state is to supplant and annihilate the polit-
. National representation will be constructed not
certain bases of parties and politics, but on the
fined, straight and frankly egoistic lines of occu-
rofessions and economic needs. So say Germany's
n, the Rathenaus, Stinneses and Möllendorffs;
is in effect Article 165 of the republican constitu-
r which the all-German parliament of business,
swirtschaftsrat, has for two fruitful years debated
rated in the sessions hall of the abolished Prus-
e of Lords. It is no accident that Germany here
re than other nations she suffered from mere
nore than others she flourished when she stuck
cally to business. She is naturally, therefore,
European movement to liberate business from
servitude to politics, and to give it a secure
nal place as an independent, and probably later
, element in national life.

the first, Germany will not be the last. Every-
rend of government is to be depoliticized, to be
into economics. In international relations this
so far become most plain. At Genoa a first
ll-business conference took the place of the
tical conferences which followed past great
ely as in their time political conferences re-
ecumenical councils of the churches as the
l expressions of international solidarity. To
this development is natural. The most im-
licts both in Europe generally and in particu-
are no longer conflicts of frontiers, religions
hey are the opposing interests of international and national business, of creditor states against debtor states, of agricultural states against industrial states, of exporters and importers, producers and consumers, of industrial, commercial and financial interests against one another. International conferences will not regulate the international aspects of these vast issues in a day, but regularly organized business legislatures, from which politics is entirely excluded, may satisfactorily settle them at home.

The Chamber of Economy

THE parliament-of-business system to which Germany resorted in the summer of 1919 was designed as adviser to the discredited political Reichstag in the solution of every question directly or indirectly concerning the national finances, commerce and industries. The design is that business shall no longer be guided and controlled by a chance assembly of unbusinesslike individuals, elected for their political views, and grouped loosely according to an imposing but largely fictitious solidarity of opinions about everything and anything. On the contrary, business will be controlled by the expert representatives of business classes, of industrial branches and of professional occupations, chosen specially for this special aim without regard to politics, religion or geography. The all-German business parliament has no conservatives and no liberals, no monarchists and no republicans, no autocratists and no bolsheviks. It has farmers, manufacturers, merchants, shipping men, financiers, and representatives of the business side of the professions, the arts and other earning occupations. It is an assembly of the material interests of the whole republic; and though, when taken separately, these are frankly pocket interests, when taken together they express the collective interest of Germans as a people engaged mainly in producing, distributing and working, which as such has a common interest that economic affairs shall be ruled expertly, impartially and with a view to the flourishing of the republic as a whole.

The Reichswirtschaftsrat—which foreigners usually translate "Federal Chamber of Economy," and which Germans shorten into "R. W. R."—is now an essential part of Germany's constitutional mechanism. It has already powerfully influenced and in some cases practically dictated economic legislation; and its power daily grows. It has its own policies on state finance, transportation, manufacturing, foreign-trade control, national feeding, labor, social insurance and reparations. In all these matters its criticism and initiatives have greater weight with the more serious part of the public than the policies of the political Reichstag. It is a standing advertisement of the rightly acquired predominance of business interests. Home politics, it reminds Germans, has been killed by the solution at one blow of all those questions of authority and liberty, class privilege,

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THE TAIL GOES WITH THE HIDE

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J. POINDEXTER, COLORED



There Was Considerable of a Good Many Things Done There That Saturday and Sunday

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

IV

WELL, in the morning I arranges a snack of nuturious breakfast on a tray and takes it in to Mr. Dallas. But he ain't craving nothing solid to eat. He's just craving to lay still and favor his headache. Soon as he opens his eyes he starts in groaning like he's done got far behind someway with his groaning and is striving for to catch up. And I knows he must 'a' felt powerful good last night to be feeling so bad this morning. Misery may love company, as some say it do, but I takes notice that very often she don't arrive till after the company is gone.

He tells me to take them vittles out of his sight and fix him up about a gallon of good cold ice water and set it alongside his bed in easy reach, and then I can leave him be where he is and go on out for a while and seek amusement looking at the sights and scenes of New York City. But when I gets to the door he calls out to me I better make it two gallons. Which I knows by that he ain't so far gone but what he still can joke.

So I goes on out, just strolling along in a general direction, alooking at this and admiring of that; and there certainly is a heap for to see and for to admire. The houses is so tall it seems like the sky is resting almost on the tops of 'em, and it's mighty near the bluest sky and the clearest ever I seen. It makes you want to get up there and fly round in it. But down below in the street there ain't so very much brightness by reason of the buildings being so high they cuts off the daylight somewhat. It's like walking through a hollow betwixt steep hills.

People is stirring round every whichaway, both on foot and in automobiles; and most of the automobiles is all shined up nice and clean like as if the owners was going to take part in an automobile parade in connection with the convention. Everybody is extensively well dressed, too, but most all is wearing a kind of a brooding look like they had family troubles at home or something else to pester 'em. And they ain't stopping one another when they meets and saying ain't it a lovely morning and passing the time of day like we does down home. Even some of them which comes out of the same house together just goes bulging on by without a word to nobody, and I remarks to myself that a lot of the neighbors in this district must 'a' had a falling-out amongst themselves and quit speaking.

The children on the sidewalk ain't playing much together neither. Either they plays off by themselves or they just walks along with their keepers. And there is almost as many dogs as there is children, mostly small, fool-looking dogs; and the dogs is all got keepers, too, dragging 'em on chains and jerking 'em up sharp when they tries to linger and smell round for strange smells and confab with passing dogs. Near as I can make out, the dogs here ain't allowed to behave like regulation dogs, and the children mainly tries to behave like they was already growed up and the growed-up ones has caught the prevailing glumness disease, and I is approximately almost the only person in sight that's enjoying being in New York.

All of a sudden I hears the dad-blamedest blim-blamming behind me. I turns round quick, and here comes the New York City paid fire department going to a fire. The biggest fire engine ever I sees goes scooting by, tearing the road wide open and making a most awful racket and spilling live coals out of her fire box. Right behind comes the hook-and-ladder wagon with the firemen hanging onto both sides of it, trying to stick fast and put their rubber coats on at the same time; and right behind it comes a big red automobile lickety-split. Setting up alongside the driver of it is a gentleman in blue clothes and brass buttons, which he's got a big cigar clamped betwixt his teeth and looks highly important. But he ain't wearing a flannel shirt open at the throat, but has got his coat on and it buttoned up, so I assumes it can't be the chief of the department, but probably must be the mayor. And in lessen no time they all has swung off into a side street, two squares up, with me taking out after 'em out in the middle of the street fast as I can travel.

Now every town where I've been at [illegible] this, when the fire bell rings everybody [illegible] they is doing and goes to the fire. Elsewhere in York, enjoying fires is one of the main [illegible] people; but pretty soon I is surprised to [illegible] pretty near the only person which is trailing [illegible] the department. Whilst I'm still wondering [illegible] cumstance, but still running also, a police [illegible] arm and asks me where is I going in such a [illegible]

I tells him I is going to the fire. And he [illegible] I might as well slow up and save my breath [illegible] liable to be quite a long trip for me. I asks [illegible] and he says the fire is probably three or [illegible] here, and maybe even considerable further [illegible] I says to him, that must make it mighty [illegible] all concerned, having the fires so far away [illegible] house. At that he sort of chuckles and [illegible] my way, but to keep my eyes open and [illegible] nibble me. Well, as I says to myself, going [illegible] I may be green, but I is getting some [illegible] being here, which is more'n I can say for some [illegible] these parts, judging by what I has seen [illegible] present moment.

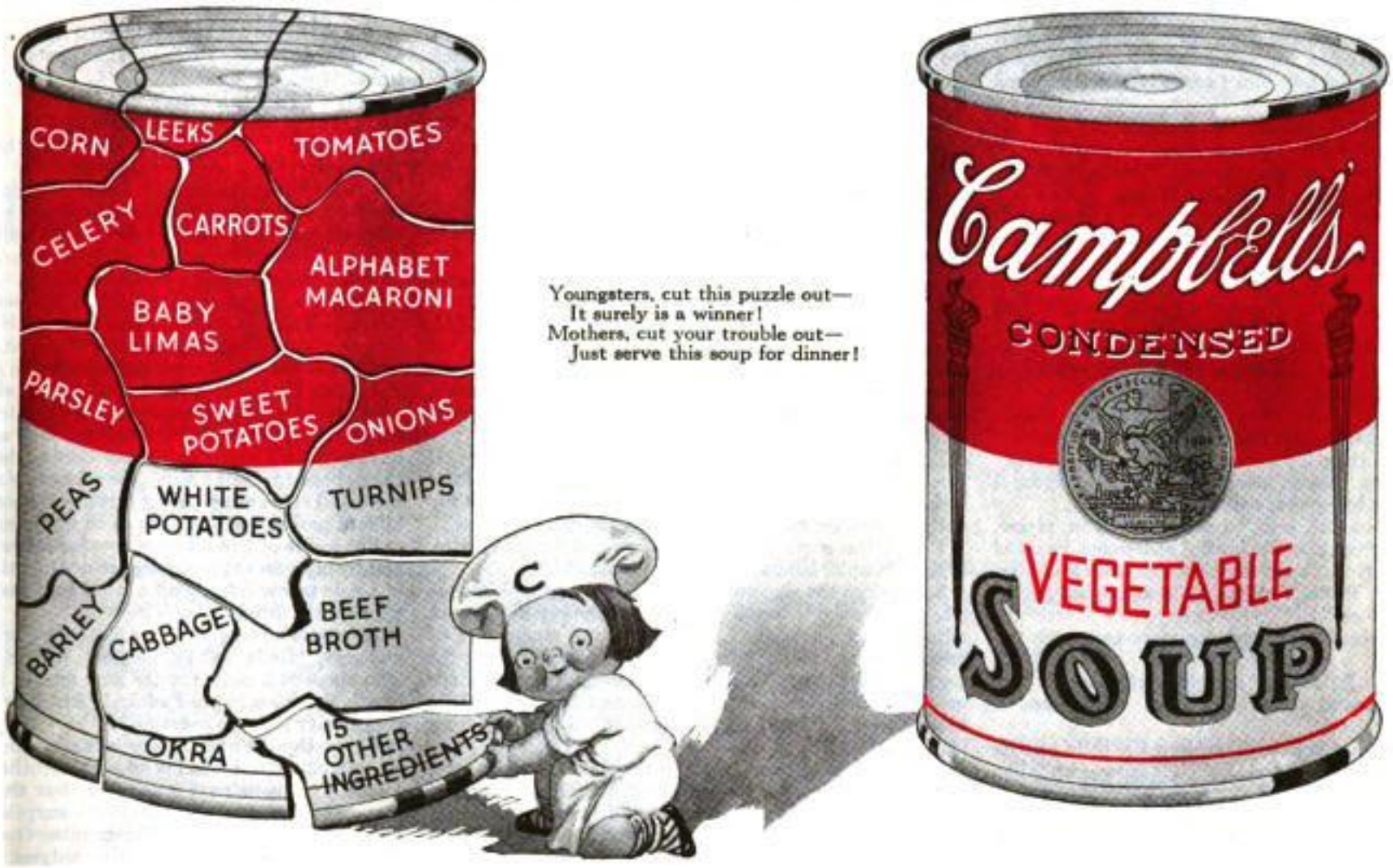
So I meanders along, looking at this and [illegible] ing corners every once in a while; and [illegible] comes to me that I has meandered myself [illegible] ingly different neighborhood from the one I [illegible] from. The houses is not so tall and is more [illegible] looking; and there's a set of railroad tracks [illegible] through, built up on a high trestle; and while [illegible] been a falling off in dogs, there has been an [illegible] in children; the place just swarms with 'em. [illegible] children is running loose all over the sidewalks [illegible] the streets, too, but it seems like to me they [illegible] time quarreling than what they does playing. [illegible] sounds like quarreling because they has to [illegible] on account of all the noises which is occurring [illegible]

I decides to go back, but the trouble is I [illegible] know which is the right way to turn. I've been [illegible]

(Continued on Page 26)

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HAVE SOUP EVERY DAY FOR LUNCHEON



Youngsters, cut this puzzle out—
It surely is a winner!
Mothers, cut your trouble out—
Just serve this soup for dinner!

We solve your problem!

Combining thirty-two separate and distinct ingredients into one delicious soup is a problem you would find both irksome and expensive. Yet such a hearty, nourishing, full-flavored soup is just the kind you desire for many a meal. Almost without lifting a finger, you can enjoy it in

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

To rich meat broth, made from selected beef, are added choice baby lima beans, dainty peas, golden turnips, Chantenay carrots, diced white and sweet potatoes, chopped cabbage, luscious tomatoes, sugary corn, crisp celery, alphabet macaroni, barley, French leeks, okra, fresh parsley and other herbs and spices. Here is solid satisfaction for the hungriest!

Have a different Campbell's Soup every day

—for the next two or three weeks and see what a delightful variety they offer! See how much easier they make the daily planning of the meals! Order from your grocer this very day. Remember our guarantee: your money back if not satisfied.

21 kinds
12 cents a can

Campbells' SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

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(Continued from Page 24)

about so, first to the right and then to the left, that I ain't got no more sense of direction than one of these here patent egg beaters. So I rambles on, getting more and more bewildered like all the time, till I comes to another police, and I walks up to him and states my perdicterment to him very polite and tells him I needs help getting back to where I belongs at.

He looks at me very strict, like he can't make up his mind whether he'd better run me in for vagromcy or let me go, and then he says, kind of short, "Make it snappy then. Where d'ye live?"

I tells him I has done forgot the name of the street, if indeed I ever heard of it; but from the looks of it I judges it must be the chief resident street where the best families resides. I tells him we has just moved in there, Mr. Dallas Pulliam and me, and has started up housekeeping in the department house which stands on the principal corner. I tells him it's the department house where the inmates all lives in layers, one 'pon top of the other, like martins in a martin box.

"You mean apartment house," he says; "department store, but apartment house. Well, what's the name of this apartment house, then, if you can't remember the street?"

That makes me scratch under my hat, too, 'cause I pointedly doesn't know that neither.

"Nummine the name, boss," I says, "jest you, please, suh, tell me whar'bouts is the leadin' apartment house of this yere city of Noo Yawk; that'll be it—the leadin'est one. 'Cause Mr. Dallas Pulliam he is accustom' to the best whar'ever he go."

But he only acts like he's getting more and more impatient with me.

"Describe it," he says—"describe it! There's one chance in a thousand that might help. What does it look like?"

So I tells him what it looks like—how the little private road winds in and circles round the little place which is like a family burying ground, and about the hands downstairs at the front door all being from West Indiana, and about there being two elevators for the residenters and one more for the help, and about us having took over the Sublette quarters and all.

"No use," he says when I gets through; "that sounds just like most of the expensive ones." He starts walking off like he has done lost all interest in my case. Then he calls back to me over his shoulder, "I'll tell you what's the matter with you," he says—"you're lost."

"Yas, suh," I says, "thanky, suh. Tha's whut I been suspicionin' my own se'f," I says, "but I'm much oblige' you agrees wid me."

Still, that ain't helping much, to find out this here police thinks the same way I does about it. Whilst I is lingering there wondering what I better do next, if anything, I sees a street car go scooting by up at the next crossing, and I gets an idea. If street cars in New York is anything like they is at home, sooner or later they all turns into the main street and runs either to the City Hall or the Union Depot. So I allows to myself that I'll go on up yonder and climb aboard the next car which comes along and stay on her, no matter how far she goes, till she swings back off the branch onto the trunkline, and I'll watch out then, and when she goes past our corner I'll drop off. Doing it thataway, I figure that sooner or later I'm bound to fetch back home again. Anyhow the scheme is worth trying, specially as I can't seem to think of no better one. So I accordingly does so.

But I ain't staying on that car so very long; not more than a mile at the most. The reason I gets off her so soon is this: All at once I observes that I is skirting through a district which is practically exclusively all colored. On every side I sees nothing but colored folks, both big and little. Seemingly everything in sight is organized by and for my race—colored barber shops, colored undertaking parlors, colored dentists' offices, colored doctors' offices. On one corner there is even a colored vaudeville theater. And out in the middle of the street stands a colored police. Excusing that the houses is different and the streets is wider, it's mighty near the same as being on Plunkett's Hill of a Saturday evening. I almost expects to see that there Æsop Loving loafing along all dressed up fit to kill; or maybe Red Hoss Shackleford setting in a doorway following after his regular business of resting, or old Pappy Exall, the pastor of Zion Chapel, rambling by with that big stomach of hisn sticking out in front of him like two gallons of chitterlings wrapped up in a black gunny sack. It certainly does fill me with the homesickness longings!

And then a big black man on the pavement opens his mouth wide, and, nigger like, he laughs at something till you can hear him half a mile, pretty near it, which it is the first sure-enough laugh I has heard since I hit New York. And right on top of that I catches the smell of fat meat frying somewheres.

I just naturally can't stand it no longer. Anyhow, if I'm predestinated to be lost in New York City it's better I should be lost amongst my own kind, which talks my native language, rather than amongst plumb strangers.

I gives the conductor the high sign and I says to him, I says, "Cap'n, lemme off befo' I jumps off!"

So he rings the signaling bell and she stops and lets me off. And verily, before I has went hardly any distance at all, somebody hails me. I is wandering along, sort of miscellaneous, looking in the store windows and up at the tops of the buildings, when a brown-complected man steps up to me and sticks out his hand and he says, "Hello thar, Alfred Ricketts! Whut you doin' so fur 'way frum ole Lynchburg?"

I says to him he must 'a' made a mistake. And he says, "Go on 'way, boy, an' quit yore foolin'! This is bound to be Alfred Ricketts 'at I uster know down in Lynchburg, Furginia. Leas'wise, ef 'tain't him it's his duplicate twin brother."

I tells him no, my name ain't Alfred Ricketts, it's Jeff Poindexter, from Paducah, and I ain't never been in no place called Lynchburg in my whole life as I knows of.

He looks at me a minute in a kind of an onbelieving way, and then he says he begs my pardon; but his excuse is that I'm the exact spit and image of this here Alfred Ricketts, which he says he's done played with him many's the time when they was boys together. He says he ain't never in all his born days seen two fellows which they wasn't kin to each other and yet which looked so much sim...r as me and me does. He says the way we favors each other is absolutely unanimous.

He asks me to tell him again what my name is and so, and then he says to me, "Whar'bouts you say you frum?"

I says, "Paducah—tha's whar."

He shakes his head kind of puzzled.

"Paducah?" he says. "I ain't never heard o' Whar is it—Tennessee or Arkansaw?"

I pities his ignorance, but I tells him where Pa... located at. It seems like the very sound of the ... tains his curiosity. He just shoots the inquiring ... at me. He wants to know how big is Paducah an... its main business, and what river is it on or e... what railroads run in there, and a lot more ... seeing he's a seeker after truth, I pumps him f... him we not only is got one river at Paducah, we ... and I tells him about what railroads we've got ru... and about the big high water of 1913, and about the rider troubles some years before that. I tells him ... else besides; mainly recent doings, such as Judge ... having retired and the Illinois Central having ... their shops to double size. Then he excuses himself more and steps away pretty brisk, and goes into a billiard parlor, and I continues on my lonesome way.

But inside of five minutes another fellow speaks and by my own entitled name too. Only this one is of a pale tallow color, with a lot of gold teeth showing, very sporty dressed.

He comes busting up to me like he's overjoyed to and says, "Hello, Jeff Poindexter! W'en did you git You shore is a sight fur the sore eyes! How ... ever'body down in ole Paduke? An' how does ... copperosity seem to sagashuate?"

All the time he's saying this he's clamping my ha... affectionate, like I was his long-lost brother or ... I tells him his manner is familiar, but that I ... him. He acts surprised at that—surprised and hurt like. He asks me don't I remember George Ha... down home? I tells him the onlyest George ... of color I remembers is an old man which he does ... for the First National Bank. And he speaks ... prompt and says that's his uncle, which he is ... him and used to live with him out by the Illinois ... shops. He says he really don't blame me so much ... placing him, because he left there it's going on ... nine years ago, just before the big high water ... claims he used to meet me frequent and says ... changed ... the time wh... to be ... Judge Pra... says he's sure ... recognized ... 'a' met ... in China, ... New York, ... he's been ... North for ... spell now, ... owner of ... pressing ... down the ... piece, and ... trade and ... well. And ... fore I can ... word in edg... goes on to ... several ... things ... happened ... home of ... breaks in ... asks him ... he keeps ... track of ... down the... he's been ... long; and ... just natura... gone from ... town he ... regular for ... local pa... reads it fa... hence th... come he is ... well with ... going on.

"W'en ... of papers ... of some... says: "It ...

Continued on Page



I Knows He Must 'a' Felt Powerful Good Last Night to be Feeling So Bad This Morning

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Its Dependability Proves Type 61 the Greatest Cadillac

Factory Service for the First Nine Months Has Been Less Than One-Third of That Required by Any Previous New Cadillac in a Like Period

Was ever an automobile so amazingly dependable as the Type 61 Cadillac?

Ever since its debut nine months ago, the car has been the subject of an ovation in which Europe and America have joined.

Now, with more than 15,000 of the Type 61 in the hands of owners, that advance favor and faith in the Cadillac is repaid, we believe, by the reliability record it has established.

As owners of preceding types heartily testify, the Cadillac has always been singularly free from even minor servicing requirements.

But factory service for Type 61 Cadillac cars, in the first nine months, has been less than one-third of that required by any previous new Cadillac in a like period.

Even this pointed tribute to Type 61 dependability is overshadowed by the positive expressions of praise from owners, many of whom have attained high mileage under all conditions of travel.

In numerous instances, owners of the Type 61 report that their cars have required no servicing at all beyond normal lubrication and occasional adjustment.

They pay glowing compliments also to the increased power and quickened acceleration of the Type 61 Cadillac, as well as to its beauty, its comfort and its gliding smoothness.

But the one fact upon which all seize, and ardently emphasize, and recur to again and again, is the new Cadillac's amazing dependability, which they insist has never been equalled or approached before, even by the fine Cadillac forerunners.

In fact, owners of the car are unanimous in proclaiming Type 61 the greatest Cadillac ever produced.

What bears them out in this verdict, and establishes completely Type 61 preëminence, is the fact that all former production schedules have been exceeded and that numerous cities report the largest Cadillac sales in their history.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

A D I L L A C

Standard of the World

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(Continued from Page 26)

'at on 'count of readin' the papers so stiddy I has a sweet streak of luck comin' to me this ver' day. I'd lak to tell you 'bout it, Poindexter."

"Perceed," I says—"perceed."

"I'm goin' to," he says, "but s'posen fust we gits in off this yere street an' sets down somewhars whar we kin be comfor'ble an' not be interrupted. Trouble wid me is," he says, "I know so dad-blame many people round yere, bein' prominent in business the way I is, 'at ef I stands still more'n a minute somebody is shore to be comin' up an' slappin' me on the back. Does you feel lak a light snack, Poindexter?"

Well, it's getting to be close onto eleven o'clock now, and I has not et nothing since breakfast excepting fifteen cents' worth of peanut candy; so I tells him I is agreeable. We goes into a restaurant run by, for and with colored, and we sets down by ourselves off at a little table and he insists that he's doing the paying-for on account of my being a boy from his old home town, and he says for me to go the limit ordering. So I calls for a bone sirloin and some fried potatoes and coffee and a mess of hot biscuits and a piece of mushmelon and one thing and another. It seems like, though, he ain't got much appetite himself. He takes just a cup of coffee, and whilst I is eating all of that provender of his generous providing he tells me about this here streak of luck which has come his way.

First off, he begins by asking me has I heard tell about the colored Arabian prince which he is now staying in New York. I says no. He says then I will be hearing about him if I sojourns long, because the colored Arabian prince is the talk of one and all. He's stopping at the Palace Afro-American Hotel, and he's got more money than what he can spend, and he's going round the world studying how black folks lives in every clime, and he's got thousands and thousands of dollars' worth of jewelry which he wears constant. But the piece of jewelry which he prizes as the most precious of all, he lost it only yesterday; which it is a solid gold pin shaped like a four-leaf clover, with a genuine real Arabian ruby set in the middle of it. This here gold-tooth nigger he tells me this while I is sauntering through the steak, and I can tell from the way he says it that he's leading up to something.



He Begins by Asking Me Has I Heard Tell About the Colored Arabian Prince Which He Is Now Staying in New York

"Yas, suh," he says, "yistiddy is w'en he lose it. An' this mornin' he's got a advertisement notice inserted in the colored newspaper sayin' ez how he stan' ready an' willin' to pay fifty dollars fur its return to the hotel whar he is stoppin' at, an' no questions asted. An' yere 'bout half an hour befo' I runs into you I'm walkin' 'long de street right up yere a li'l' ways, an' I sees somethin' shiny layin' in the gutter, an' I stoops down an' picks it up an' ef it ain't de colored Arabian prince's four-leaf-clover pin, dog-gone me! An' yere it is, safe an' sound."

And with that he reach in his pocket and pull it out and let me look at it a brief second. And I says to him that I don't begrudge him his good luck none, only I wishes it might 'a' been me which has found it, because fifty dollars would come in mighty handy.

Then I says to him, I says, "I s'pose you is now on yore way to hand him back his belongin' an' claim the reward."

But he shakes his head kind of dubioussome.

"I tell you how 'tis, Poindexter," he says. "To begin wid, an' speakin' in confidences, ez one ole-time frien' to 'nother, I prob'ly is the onlyest pusson in this yere city of New York w'ich the colored Arabian prince might mek trouble fur me ef I wuz the one w'ich come bringin' him back his lost pin. Ever sence he's been yere he's been sendin' his clothes over to my 'stablishment, w'ich it is right round the corner frum the Palace Afro-American Hotel, to be pressed. An' ef I should turn up now wid this yere pin he'd most likely ez not claim 'at I found it stuck in one of his coat lapels an' taken it out an' kep' it. An' the chances is he'd not only refuse fur to pay over the reward but furthermo' might raise a rookus an' cast a shadder on my good name, w'ich it suttinly would hurt my perfessional reppitation fur a colored Arabian prince to be low-ratin' me 'at-a-way. He's lak so many wealthy pussons is—he's suspicious in his mind. So I don't keer to take no chances, much ez I craves to feel them fifty dollars warmin' in the pa'm of my hand. But ef a pusson w'ich wuz a puffec' stranger to him wuz to fetch the pin in an' say he wuz walkin' 'long an' seen it shinin' an' picked it up he'd jes' hand the reward right over widout a mumblin' word."

"Yas," I says, "tha's so, I reckin."

"'Tain't no manner of doubt but hit's so," he says. "Poindexter," he says brisker like, "I got an idee—it jest this yere second come to me: Whut's the reason w'y you can't be the ordained stranger w'ich teks the pin back to him? You does so an' I'll 'low you ten dollars out of the fifty fur yore time an' trouble. Whut say?"

I studies a minute, and then I says I is sociable to the notion. He says he'll go along with me and point out to me the hotel where the colored Arabian prince is stopping at, and then tarry outside until I gets back to him with the money. I says I'll go just as soon as I has et another piece of mushmelon, which the first piece certainly was very tasty.

So he waits until I has done so, and then he pays the check, which comes to one-eighty for me and ten cents for him, and we gets up to start.

But just as we gets to the door, going out, he takes a look at a clock on the wall and says, "I can't go 'long wid you. You'll have to go by yo'se'f."

I says, "Whyfore you can't go?"

He says, "I jes' this minute remembers 'at I got to ketch the 'leven forty-two fur Hartford, Connecticut, whar I is gittin' ready to open up a branch 'stablishment—tha's whyfore. I been enjoyin' talkin' wid somebody frum my own dear state so much 'at I lets the time slip by unbeknownst, an' now I jes' about kin git abo'd the train at the uptown station ef I hurries." He scratches his head. "Lemme see," he says. "Whut-all is we goin' do 'bout 'at now?" Then it seems like he scratches an idea loose. "I got it!" he says. "Mainly on 'count of my bein' in sech a rush, an' you bein' frum my home town, I'm goin' mek you a heap sweeter proposition 'en de one w'ich I already has made. I'm goin' halfen this yere reward wid you—at's whut I'm goin' do. Yere's the plan. You jes' hands me over twenty-five dollars now fur my sheer an' 'en you keeps the ontire fifty w'ich he'll pay you. See? I knows I is a fool to be doin' it, but gittin' to Hartford on time to-day'll mean a heap mo' to me it th... whut de diffunce in the money would. How ... boy?"

I says to him that it listens all right to me ... him the twenty-five in a minute, only I ain't ... me. When I says that his face falls so far ... mighty near grazes the ground, and then he says, "... how much is you got? Is you got twenty ... fifteen?"

I says I ain't got nothing on me in the way ... cash, only car fare. But I says I is got ... that's worth a heap more than twenty-five ...

And he says, "Whut is it?"

I says, "It's this yere solid gold watch," I ... I hauls it out and waves it before his eyes. "It's ... forty dollars," I says, "but I ain't needin' ... havin' a ... one in my ... wuz give to me ... mittee of the ... yeahs ago fur ... w'ite boy from ... off the upper ... You tek the ... me, say, ten ... I says, "an' I ... reward an' ... us'll be makin' ... says, "'cause you ... the watch anywheres ... lessen forty ... been offered 'at ... now."

He studies a ... then he says ... ain't doubting ... about the ... worth ... still, business ... and before he ... have to take ... store half a ... the street and ... ued.

I says to ... "Tha's suitable ... but," I says, "... wuz in a sweat ... train?"

"I'll tek the ... says. "I kin hurry ... it. Come to ... says, "'at train ... the uptown ... 'leven fifty-... forty-two is ... frum downtown."

"I'm glad to ... says, "'cause ... jewelry-store ... th'ough zamin... we kin ast him ... the pin, too, an' ... it's the genuine ... It mout possibly be," I says, "'at they ... yere clover-leaf pins floatin' round loose ... imitation. By havin' it zamined 'long wid ... both plays safe."

He stops right dead in his tracks.

"Look yere, Poindexter," he says, "what's ... 'is yere projectin' round an' wastin' of ... me," he says, "an' I trusts you—tha's fair. ... teks the pin an' collects the reward. I ... sells it fur whut I kin git fur it. Le's close ... I p'intedly is got to hurry frum yere."

"Hold on!" I says. "How 'bout my ten ...

"I'll mek it five," he says.

"Gimme the five," I says.

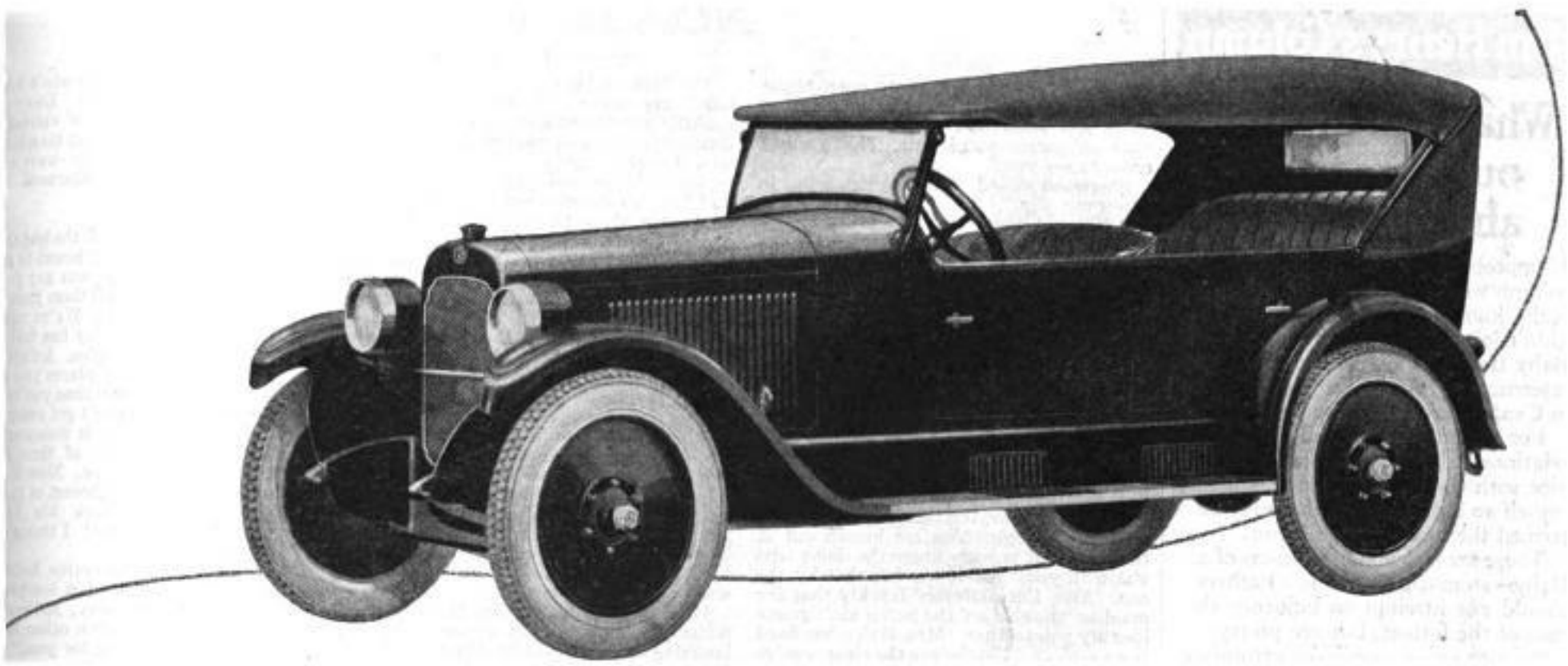
So he counts out five ones and yells ... about the Palace Afro-American Hotel ... down the street about half a mile, on ... and in another second he's gone from ... nearest corner.

But I does not go to look for no Afro-A... nor yet for no colored Arabian prince ... seems to warn me 'twould only be a ... instead of which, as I steps along, I ... I stands in the swap, and it comes to ... extent of five dollars in cash, also one ... cents' worth of nourishing vittles, and a ... which it must be worth all of seventy-five ... price of brass has took a big fall.

I is out to the extent of telling one ... little boy from drowning and also one ... watch case without any mechanical ... and furthermore, I can imagine the ... tooth nigger's face when he gets time to ...

(Continued on Page 73)

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f you seek cars comparable with
ıe Chalmers Six, your search will
ıevitably lead you to a much
gher-priced class.

ıits own price-range, the Chalmers
regarded as a car apart—a prod-
:t far above and beyond the
neral run.

other words, it is being awarded
distinct place of dominance in
: minds of buyers and the gen-
ıl motoring public as well.

ı the score of beauty-value alone,
s position is firm and sound.

r the Chalmers is an unusually
ıutiful car—in design and in
ish, with its disc wheels and
ıeral equipment.

engineering-value, it represents a remarkable degree of six-cylinder perfection, developing possibilities which have long lain dormant in the six as a type.

But it is in its wonderfully fine performance, that Chalmers value-superiority is clinched once and for all.

If you will recall the smoothest, most satisfying six-cylinder performance you have ever encountered, and then imagine the smoothness and satisfaction, the liveliness and flexibility, increased a good 50 per cent, you will have some measure of Chalmers Six performance.

One short ride in the Chalmers Six will reveal how much more it is, and how much more it gives, than is usually expected at its price.

All Models Equipped with Disc Steel Wheels and Cord Tires

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The
CHALMERS
SIX

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Jim Henry's Column

What every Father ought to know about Babies

I suppose women who read my column will sniff at the idea, but I really know a lot about babies, and I didn't learn it all out of Aunt Belle's Baby Book, the excellent work of reference sold for 25 cents (35 cents in Canada) by my Company.

For a number of years I maintained relations of intimate personal service with several babies and consider myself an authority on what may be termed their external problems.

There are two major divisions of a Baby—stomach and skin. Fathers should not attempt to influence the care of the former, but are pretty certain to enjoy ample opportunities to exercise their judgments when it comes to keeping a Baby's skin in good condition.

I am trying to discuss this matter in a restrained and delicate way, but when I think of what a helpless little Baby is exposed to I am under a strong temptation to express myself in plain language without polite ambiguities.

What a Baby's skin needs is protection. Until Mennen produced wonderful Kora-Konia, the only matter which seemed to concern parents and nurses was to protect a Baby's immediate surroundings.

Kora-Konia protects the skin.

It places on inflamed little legs a velvety film of soothing, cooling, healing powder which sticks. Kora-Konia is practically waterproof and very adhesive. It is not easily rubbed off, thus giving lasting protection.

Kora-Konia is in no sense a talcum, but possesses definite curative virtue. It will seem almost miraculous to you, the way it clears up rashes and prickly heat and restores chafed skin to normal condition.

So any time you fathers crave sleep both for yourselves and for Baby, dust the little body with Kora-Konia.

And, by the way, Kora-Konia is equally efficient for adult skin irritations—chafing caused by colliding muscles or perspiry clothing—or sunburn.

If you would like to try it out, I will send a sample for 10 cents.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.



HOMESPUN SILK

(Continued from Page 21)

"Yeh." Hanvey was very open about it. "We've already paid the money, but we're interested now in gettin' the jools back an' puttin' you in stir. That's why I come to see you."

Sherwood smiled. "You're not going to arrest me, Jim."

"Why not?"

"Because you can't prove a thing."

Jim grinned. "Maybe not just yet. I've talked to Mrs. Haley. Bein' a social climber she ain't any too keen to let it be known publicly that she was imposed on by a faker. That'd make folks laugh at her. An' if, in addition to that, it was ever known that she was the woman who flattened the N'Yawlins cop at the end of a wild party it'd sort of queer her about as queer as could be. An' since she ain't sufferin' only a fifty-thousand-dollar loss anyway—she most certainly wouldn't identify you.

"Y'see, Arthur, it's thisaway: I spotted you easy enough. You are known out at the inn. But nobody knew the dame who was with you. An' it was her that hit the cop. Also, I'm confessin' frankly that the maid an' the chef an' the butler ain't gonna identify you neither. Mrs. Haley has fixed them a-plenty. So she's in the clear, you've got the jools, an' we're stung. That makes us plumb angry, Arthur; bein' rode for a hundred thousand thataway. It just naturally puts it up to me to get you an' the jools both."

"I hope you enjoy yourself trying, Jim."

"I been havin' a good enough time a'ready. But I ain't particularly keen about the job. You're too good a crook to be in jail. But, by gosh, Arthur, you never should of fooled with no woman!"

Sherwood was unimpressed. "You can't find the jewels, Jim."

"Reckon I can. Reckon I can land you too."

"How?"

"Because a crook can't get away with it if the tecs are really after him. You've slipped somewhere. It's just up to me to find out where."

"I'm surprised at you—thinking I've slipped."

"You ain't no different from other crooks, Arthur, except you've got more sense."

"Well"—Arthur rose ostentatiously—"I reckon you want to trot me down to headquarters."

"No. Certainly not. Ain't no use of my arresting you unless you're going to plead guilty."

"Sometimes you're a real humorist, Jim."

"Ain't I? I'm awful cute occasionally. What I really come up for, Arthur, was to tell you how much I know. I want you to see just where you stand. I figured you'd be willin' to help me all you could."

"Certainly, Jim, certainly. Just drop around any old time and talk things over. I'll do all in my power to hinder you."

"Thanks, Arthur. I counted on you for that."

They shook hands; slender, immaculate, polished man-about-town and the mammoth expressionless detective. The contrast was striking. Sherwood ushered Hanvey to the door and bade him a cordial farewell. Then alone, the criminal dropped into a chair and mopped his forehead with a silken handkerchief.

Hanvey had startled him—just as Hanvey had intended. With uncanny intuition Hanvey had pieced together a story so nearly approximating the facts that Sherwood was amazed. And he was now very much on guard. The one hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of jewelry nestled in a safety-deposit box at one of the Manhattan banks. It was a box Sherwood had possessed for several years, holding it against just such an opportunity as this. It was rented under an assumed name.

Immediately after the jewel robbery he had boarded a train for New York, but not before he carefully had unset the gems and pitched the elaborate platinum settings into the depths of Lake Pontchartrain. The jewels in their little chamois sack were safe.

From the outset Sherwood had realized that he would have difficulty in disposing of the gems. He was content. A stake of that size was worth waiting for—two years, three, five. But he had not anticipated that suspicion would so readily attach to himself. Now that Jim knew the story, he felt that he must redouble his precautions.

The Mrs. Haley end of the situation was safe. He smiled at recollection of the pitifully gullible wife of the railroad president; the blatant, rather vulgar woman who thought to get into the most exclusive social circles by a display of jewelry. She had been so eagerly responsive to his glib chattering about prominent New Yorkers, had so warmly welcomed his casual invitation to telephone when next she came to New York in order that his supposed parents should have the opportunity of entertaining her.

He had understood fully the value of social position to Mrs. Haley. For years she had struggled gamely, mounting with horrid slowness. She was jealous of her trifling successes. This story, made public in the newspapers and expanded in the dirt-slinging weeklies, would ruin her forever. Safety was possible to her in only one way—she must not identify the man who had been her guest on the private car. And Hanvey had reassured him on that point. That had been the single doubtful link in his safety chain; and he knew now that it was one of the strongest.

He'd have to watch Jim Hanvey for a while. It would be an interesting game, laughing in his sleeve as Hanvey banged his fat head against an endless succession of brick walls. Eventually Jim would tire of the search, and then he would dispose of the jewels one by one. Not in a group, of course—they were of such great value that the attention of the police would immediately be attracted through the kind efforts of stool pigeons—but singly, at distant points, and with utmost discretion. The more Sherwood contemplated the plan the more assured he became. He felt sorry for Jim Hanvey. "Nice fellow too. I hate to see him fall down on the case."

As for the detective, he apparently did not share Sherwood's fear for his nonsuccess. If he had a worry he concealed it exceedingly well behind the pudgy face. Too, he fell into the habit of calling casually on Sherwood at odd hours, and discussing the case.

"Hello, Jim. How's old Sherlock Holmes getting on?"

"So-so, Arthur; just so-so."

"Haven't gathered any definite information, have you?"

"You know durn well I haven't, Arthur."

"You'd better get them to shift you to something else. You'll never get the dope on me."

"Maybe not. An' maybe so. There ain't no tellin'."

Sherwood leaned forward and rested a friendly hand on Jim Hanvey's knee. "On the level, Jim, you're wasting your time. You know me; you know I'm not a fool."

"Sure, I know that."

"And you know that I've taken every possible precaution. I was careful enough before; I'm doubly careful now. With you on the case, Jim, I wouldn't take a chance for anything in the world."

"You're terrible complimentary."

"I know you, Jim. You ain't half the fool you look. You couldn't be. Now, frankly, I don't expect to cash in on this little deal for four or five years, and ——"

"You ain't ever going to cash in on it, Arthur."

The narrow, rather ascetic face of the criminal broke into a broad grin. "Trying to make me apprehensive?"

"No; just talkin' sense. You know the gang I'm working for. It ain't so much the hundred thou' insurance money they've shelled out as it is the principle of the thing. They're just butt-headed enough to be willin' to spend money an' time to get you."

"It's impossible."

"Nothin's impossible. No matter how clever you are, you've slipped somewhere."

"I haven't slipped."

"You think you haven't. An' as for you cashing in, you never will. You're playing a lone hand, Arthur, but I ain't. Real detectives never do. I've got the police of the country helpin' me on this thing, an' every stool pigeon we've got is watching for them jools. They're going to keep on watching. An'"—Jim Hanvey leaned forward earnestly—"you ain't gonna cash in on this deal, Arthur, because there ain't a livin' human bein' who'd buy them jools offen you. Not a single living soul."

Sherwood laughed shortly. He was impressed, and tried not to show it.

"We know every fence w[illegible] deal of that size, Arthur. Every [illegible] them. An' they're all bein' w[illegible] little jools don't matter, but th[illegible] of them big ones shows up—we [illegible] trail. An' then Mr. Sherwood [illegible] stretch—worse luck."

"I'll wait."

"So will we. Waitin' is the best [illegible] do. We're just naturally bound [illegible] I'd be doubtful if there was a[illegible] the world you could sell them [illegible] there ain't. Not a one. We've [illegible] of that. An' the comp'ny has t[illegible] sky's the limit. Besides, Ar[illegible] ain't so bloomin' many places [illegible] hid them jools. All the time you're w[illegible] we're workin'. You can't get away [illegible] The minute I was sure it was [illegible] it was just a question of time [illegible] landed you with the dope. Now [illegible] willin' to make a clean breast of [illegible]

Sherwood threw back his head [illegible] laughed. "Jim Hanvey! I thought [illegible] of you than that."

"A'right." The detective [illegible] self from the depths of a [illegible] "Have it your own way, Art[illegible] sure do wish it was some other [illegible] you. I'm awful strong for you."

"I know it, Jim." There was [illegible] feeling in the other's voice. "It's [illegible] little game; you're on one side [illegible] on the other. One of us has got to [illegible] and I'm plumb sorry it's you."

Alone again Sherwood walked [illegible] window, where he stood looking [illegible] Central Park. Dusk was merging [illegible] into night. The shadowy walks [illegible] trees were dislimning in the [illegible] ing gloom. There floated up to him [illegible] commanding screech of automobile [illegible] the clang of passing Eighth Avenue [illegible] voices of a group of children. The [illegible] the picture bulked the slouching figure [illegible] Jim Hanvey.

Sherwood watched the [illegible] interestedly. He saw Hanvey [illegible] park and pause to light a cigar. There [illegible] something almost pathetic about the [illegible] hulking man, a humbleness that was [illegible] ceptive to those who did not [illegible] intimately. Too, there was a [illegible] squareness which made him popular [illegible] the higher class of criminals. They [illegible] he was on the level. He took [illegible] advantage of them. He played [illegible] clean. "If I've got to be caught [illegible] Jim Hanvey made the pinch. That [illegible] the idea; they were proud of their [illegible] ship with Jim Hanvey. They [illegible] with him and he with them. He [illegible] for them after he arrested them. [illegible] were given a square deal; didn't [illegible] them when they were doing time. [illegible] man, Jim Hanvey; big and ugly [illegible] gainly—and eagerly friendly. His [illegible] friends stood high in the criminal [illegible] register. Outside the underworld [illegible] no intimates.

Sherwood saw him walk [illegible] lumbering gait of a man too [illegible] feet. And gradually the big figure [illegible] in the gloom. He was there [illegible] Sherwood turned away from the [illegible] "It's a dirty shame. He would [illegible] a wonderful crook."

He pondered over his recent [illegible] tion with the detective. Jim's [illegible] were worthy of serious reflection. [illegible] not given to trickery of speech. [illegible] he knew Sherwood too well to [illegible] understood that Sherwood would [illegible] waiting game.

Sherwood was willing, but [illegible] turbed. He hadn't anticipated [illegible] robbery traced to his door so [illegible] There had been no opportunity [illegible] of even a few of the gems. And [illegible] too well supplied with cash. [illegible] Jim watching every move, [illegible] impossible to pull another job. [illegible] to lay low and take things easy. Wait.

Jim was right of course. [illegible] there was no one to whom he could [illegible] jewels. No professional fence would [illegible] dle them, and if an amateur tried [illegible] jewels he, Sherwood, would be [illegible] ten thousand dollars. "And I'll [illegible] them go for that; not if I have to [illegible] years."

He visited Jim Hanvey a [illegible] later. "I've been thinking over [illegible] talk, Jim."

"That's good."

(Continued on Page 31

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The group of fine craftsmen who are now building the Peerless, have immensely improved its manufacturing practice.

Working in unison, as they have done over a long period of years, they were able to take immediate advantage of the wonderful facilities they found in the Peerless plant.

Peerless manufacturing methods have always been high and fine; but they are higher and finer today, requirements of men and machines are more exacting, than they have ever been before.

These experts, knowing their work, and each other, so well, have now literally outdone themselves.

How far they have advanced the Peerless, how much they have accomplished, is revealed in the cars which they have been producing for months past.

There is a dash and a spirit about these cars, an effortless ease and certainty in all they do, that put the climax to motoring comfort.

To a superlative degree, they incorporate the power-abundance and power-obedience, and all the fine shades of behavior, which are created only by scrupulous manufacturing practices, based on sound manufacturing principles.

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Seven Passenger Touring Car, $2790; Four Passenger Roadster, $2790; Four Passenger Coupé, $3500; Five Passenger Sedan, $3650; Seven Passenger Sedan, $3790; Seven Passenger Sedan-Limousine, $4000; F. O. B. Cleveland.

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PEERLESS

"All that the name implies"

JUNE 1922

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Nothing so successfully minimizes depreciation as stopping little troubles before they become big. DUTCH BRAND Products provide the "stitch in time that saves nine." From the repair of the tiny puncture in your tire to the refinishing of your auto top there is a DUTCH BRAND Product to do the work right, with saving of time, trouble and money.

Insist on getting the package with the orange label, checkered border and Dutch Girl's head.



To Quickly Stop a Radiator Leak

DUTCH BRAND LIQUID RADIATOR-SEAL (also made in powder form) stops the leak instantly, simply by pouring enough of contents of the can into the radiator. The repair is permanent and saves expense of costly shopwork. By eliminating rust this preparation adds to the life of the car. A can in the tool-box may avoid a disabled car on the road. Half-pint can, more than enough for any car, 50c.



To Prolong the Life of Tire Casings

DUTCH BRAND 2-IN-1 CUT-FILLER is a heavy liquid rubber for filling small cuts, bruises, and gashes in casings. When neglected, such cuts enlarge until sand and water pockets form, the fabric rots, and blow-outs result. No skill or experience necessary to apply it; adds hundreds of miles at almost no extra cost; dries rapidly, and produces a tough, resilient filling that becomes an integral part of the casing. 1 x 6-inch tube, enough for many cuts, 50c.



To Provide Many Emergency Repairs

DUTCH BRAND FRICTION TAPE should not be confused with the ordinary grades. It is made of heavy, closely woven fabric, thoroughly impregnated with live rubber, scientifically compounded; is extra adhesive and has high electrical resistance; it does not dry out. 2-oz. carton, 10c; 4-oz. 20c; 8 oz. 35c.

If your dealer is not supplied with Dutch Brand specialties, a trial assortment including all above products will be sent you postpaid on receipt of $1.50 and your dealer's name

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Manufacturers of Dutch Brand Products, including Auto and Cycle Specialties, Bicycle Tire Fluid, "Snow-White" Millinery Cement, Moving Picture Film Cement, "Triple-Tite" Shoe Cement, White Shoe Heel Enamel.

(Continued from Page 30)

"Suppose I handed the jewels to you, would you forget that you knew who took them?"

"Wish I could, Arthur, but it isn't possible. We want you."

Sherwood shrugged. "I'll just have to wait then."

"That's foolish. I'll get you sooner or later. You might as well come clean and start serving your time now. Every day you put it off is just that much time wasted."

"I've got plenty of time, Jim."

"Yeh, reckon so. I hardly thought you'd 'fess up."

"Not a chance."

"I'm real sorry for you, Arthur. All that trouble, all that risk—and you ain't gonna get nothin' out of it."

"I'll make out very well."

"Nope. You can't sell 'em, an' there ain't no other way of realizin' on your investment of time and effort."

Sherwood knew that he must hold on for a long, long while. It was awkward, but necessary. He was too clever a performer to worry about financial stringency. Jim was after him now as keenly as he was after the jewels, even more so. Of course he had never intended turning the jewels over to Hanvey; had quizzed him solely for the purpose of finding out whether it was the man or the jewels they were seeking. The fact that it was the former made greater caution imperative.

Jim was using the police too. That was further embarrassment. The police system bothers criminals, it is so extensive and comprehensive, a system of surveillance that eventually wears a man down. Playing lone hands, Sherwood knew that the advantage would always be with the criminal. But fighting against the individual brilliance of a detective and the inexorable patience and scope of the nation's police departments, a man had to watch his step pretty carefully.

Sherwood was willing—but it was deucedly uncomfortable.

Jim had impressed him. There was no one to whom he could sell the jewels; not for several years, at any rate, not a soul. Unless, perhaps —— Sherwood nodded slowly. "It's worth thinking over," he told himself.

Two days later Sherwood's telephone buzzed, and Jim Hanvey's monotonous droning voice came to him over the wire:

"That you, Arthur?"

"Yes."

"This is Jim Hanvey."

"Yes."

"Busy?"

"Not particularly."

"How 'bout droppin' over to my rooms a minute. I got somethin' to show you; somethin' real interestin'."

"Coming."

"Right away?"

"Pronto."

A taxi, a swift journey uptown to West 110th Street; Jim Hanvey's three-room apartment—a stuffy affair grotesquely furnished and vilely kept; three rooms which sagged under the heavy odor of Jim's cigars.

Sherwood swore fervently and threw up the windows in the tiny parlor.

"Jim, you shouldn't."

"What?"

"Smoke those cigars indoors."

"Oh! Them? Gosh! I like 'em."

"The other tenants don't kick?"

"Dunno. The janitor done time once in Joliet, an' him an' me is buddies. He was a awful rotten yegg, but he's a swell janitor. That just shows —— Anyway, you ain't interested in him; n'r me neither for that matter. I got something to show you."

"So you said."

"C'mere."

Sherwood trailed his host into the dining room. Jim motioned him to a chair. "Just got one thing to ask, Arthur; that is that you use your eyes—not your hands."

"Whatever you say, Jim."

"Good." From the capacious hip pocket of his voluminous trousers Hanvey extracted a little chamois sack. Sherwood's eyes narrowed slightly. Chamois sack! Jewelry! Hanvey, apparently unmindful of his visitor, droned on:

"Just you watch, Arthur—but remember, hands off."

With a quick deft motion he opened the sack and spilled its contents on the imitation-mahogany table. The fishlike eyes of the detective were focused vacantly upon Arthur Sherwood, who had started involuntarily from his seat. Then Sherwood caught himself, controlled his nerves with an effort and tried to smile.

"What's the idea, Jim?"

Hanvey's glassy eyes were turned to the table top, upon which glowed and flamed a handful of magnificent gems—matched pearls, diamonds of rare cut and brilliance, a huge blood ruby, twin emeralds of enormous size and clarity, deep Oriental sapphires. The eyes of the detective closed slowly, sleepily, then opened with maddening leisureliness.

"How you like 'em, Arthur?"

Sherwood appeared at ease, but his nerves were under a terrific tension. "Very much."

"Look familiar?"

Sherwood nodded frankly. "Yes."

They were familiar; stone for stone they were the jewels he had stolen from Mrs. Haley—stolen from her, stripped from their mountings, and which at that moment he could have sworn were safe in a box at one of the city's largest banks. There was no mistaking them—the ruby, the big diamond with the odd workmanship.

"What are they, Jim?"

Hanvey grinned genially.

"Paste."

"Paste?"

"Sure. Can't you tell?"

"Where did you get them?"

"Had 'em made from the descriptions the insurance company has. I think they look grand—for paste."

Sherwood stared at the glittering gems as though hypnotized. And while he gazed Hanvey's huge hand went out and swept them back into the chamois sack. "Awful good imitations, I think, Arthur."

Sherwood laughed weakly. "They are. Mighty clever."

The sack was returned to Hanvey's pocket. "I got to be trottin' along downtown, Arthur. That's all I wanted of you—just to show you them imitation jools."

Sherwood was nervous. He more than half expected to be arrested, and he drew a deep breath of relief as he stepped into the street. He walked swiftly toward the corner, turned sharply, and saw Hanvey emerge from the apartment house and follow him. A slight frown corrugated the criminal's forehead.

He was frankly worried. Hanvey was too insistent about the brummagem quality of the gems. Doubt assailed him. Perhaps they were the genuine stones. It was impossible—but if they were imitations they were wonderful. Suppose Hanvey had discovered the location of his safety-deposit box and the name in which it was held? Suppose he had actually secured the gems?

Sherwood hailed a passing taxi and entered. As he did so he saw another cab ease around the corner. Jim Hanvey overflowed the back seat, cigar between his pursy lips. Sherwood spoke swiftly to his driver. "See that cab yonder?"

"Yeh."

"Lose it and you get twenty dollars."

"Cinch."

At the same moment Hanvey was speaking with his own driver. "See that cab up ahead—the one the good-lookin' feller is just gettin' into?"

"Uh-huh."

"Foller it an' you get five dollars."

"Cinch."

The chase started. Both cabs swung into Riverside Drive at moderate speed, Sherwood's driver playing a careful game until such time as he might find an opportunity to elude pursuit in a traffic jam. Along Riverside they went, turning eastward to Broadway on Seventy-second Street, thence down that thoroughfare to Park Circle. It was there that luck played into Sherwood's hands. His cab crossed Park Circle just as the traffic policeman raised his hand. It took Hanvey fully a half minute to exhibit his credentials to the policeman, and by that time Sherwood had sped eastward on Fifty-eighth Street, turning downtown on Sixth Avenue and doubling back uptown via Fiftieth Street and Ninth Avenue.

Sherwood was confident that he had eluded Hanvey, but he was taking no chance. As a matter of fact, additional precaution was unnecessary. Hanvey's taxi reached Fifty-eighth, Jim glanced down the avenue through an endless line of cabs, touring cars and busses, and motioned his driver to a halt. "Needn't go no farther, son. They've got away. How much?"

"Dollar eighty."

Hanvey handed him a two-dollar bill. "Keep the change." Then, as he started across toward the Subway kiosk, he [illegible] at his watch. "Three-thirty—[illegible]

He entered the Subway and [illegible] town. When he alighted it was to walk [illegible] Central Park West and seat himself [illegible] steps of Sherwood's apartment house. [illegible] was smiling slightly and there appeared [illegible] be a faint sign of life in his dead [illegible]

Sherwood had proceeded with [illegible] lous care. He left his taxi on West [illegible] Fourth Street, took a surface car [illegible] Pennsylvania Hotel, entered the [illegible] via the lobby of that hostelry, rode [illegible] town and thence to his bank, where he [illegible] cured access to the safety-deposit [illegible] himself under the alias of Roger [illegible]

His examination took but a moment. The jewels were there, every last one of them. He sighed relievedly. [illegible] left the bank he found himself [illegible] He realized that Jim Hanvey had [illegible] deeply ulterior motive, that he had [illegible] gone to the trouble and expense of [illegible] the paste duplicates without [illegible] a part of an elaborate trap. Hanvey's very frankness had been disquieting. [illegible] said Hanvey, made from the [illegible] company descriptions. Well, Hanvey had told the truth. But why? Sherwood apprehensive. Here had entered the [illegible] element the criminal was unable to understand. Until this moment he had felt sorry for Jim Hanvey's heavy [illegible] his bovine indifference and his [illegible] But now ——

Still seeking a solution Sherwood [illegible] uptown on the Elevated and [illegible] to his apartment. As he turned [illegible] door the monster figure of Jim Hanvey hoisted itself from the marble steps.

"Hello, Arthur."

"Jim! You here?"

"Naw! I'm over in Brooklyn [illegible] for the other end of the bridge."

Sherwood took his friend by the arm. "Come upstairs a minute, Jim. I want to chat with you."

"Sure."

Hanvey selected the most comfortable chair and crashed into it. Sherwood walked to the window, put up the shade and turned toward the Gargantuan figure of his guest. Sherwood's face was in shadow while the detective in the full glare of daylight was as expressionful as putty.

"I've been trying to figure out your little play, Jim."

"Have you?"

"Yes. And I don't get the answer. About the only idea I can see [illegible] was that you showed me those stones to make me go down to the vault and have the real stones to reassure myself."

"You're hittin' on all six so far, Arthur."

"And that you'd trail me there and find out what box ——"

"Arthur Sherwood! I'm plumb disappointed in you—knockin' me that way. You don't honestly think I thought you'd trail you through the streets of New York, do you?"

"It didn't seem so, Jim—[illegible] were attaining your second objective I couldn't figure out any other reason and you did try to follow me."

Hanvey shook his head slowly. "In that taxi?"

"That wasn't my idea, Arthur." The detective's big spatulate fingers drummed lightly on the table. "All I was trying, Arthur, was to make sure that you weren't tryin' to shake me!"

"A-ah!" Sherwood's thin lips pressed. Hanvey waved genially. "Let it over."

Sherwood thought it over. Then: "If I was trying to shake you. What did that get you?"

"A heap of places, Arthur. You see, 'Cause the minute you tried to shake me I knew good an' well you was on the square because you was headed for the spot where you had the jools hid. (If the vault is a vault—no crook of your [illegible] would hide 'em anywheres else.) The minute you gave me the slip I knew you'd be back here an' waited for you."

"Ye-e-es." Sherwood was puzzled. "But why?"

"Because, Arthur, I laid a swell trap for you, an' you fell into it. You don't mind my callin' myself that, do you, Arthur? I really do think it was an awful good stunt I pulled."

"Just what was it, Jim?"

Hanvey glanced at his [illegible] "Just this: At some time between [illegible] 4:30 this afternoon you went to your box. You signed your [illegible]

(Continued on Page 34)

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No wonder. It's the famous Underwood Deviled Dressing added to finely chopped ham—sugared, salted, hickory-smoked hams boiled in covered kettles—that makes every one call them "*the greatest sandwiches in the world.*"

There's never a picnic planned so quickly that you haven't time to make these sandwiches. For all you have to do is open a can of Underwood Deviled Ham and spread it as you would butter on thin, crustless slices of fresh white bread. Economical too. Costs less per sandwich than sliced or chopped ham.

Get a can or two from your grocer today. Or send 25c in stamps for trial size if he cannot supply you—enough to make a dozen sandwiches.

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Look for this seal of quality on Underwood's Sardines in Oil, Tomato Sauce, and Mustard Dressing; on Underwood's Clam Chowder, Clam Bouillon, and Clams in Bouillon.

"In business over 100 years."

Underwood
Deviled HAM

(Continued from Page 32)

alias, of course. An' tomorrow mornin' I start out inspectin' the vault cards of every bank in New York. I'll get help from headquarters, an' eventually we'll check up on every man, woman an' child who entered a bank box in that three-quarters of an hour."

The detective grinned in boyish approval of his own acumen. "'Tain't gonna be such an easy job, Arthur, but it ain't gonna be so hard neither—me not carin' particularly about time in this case. Of course I know the box is in a Manhattan bank, because you got back too quick to have gone to Brooklyn or even Jersey City. Jerry Naschbaum, chief of the headquarters identification force, will let me have a few good men to help. In one week, two weeks, mebbe three, we'll check up on everybody who entered a bank box between 3:45 and 4:30 today. An' when we've done that, Arthur, we'll have you. See?"

Arthur saw. "I wish someone else was on this case, Jim. You're too blamed painstaking."

"Better 'fess up now."

"No; I'll take my chances."

"Ain't gonna get you nowhere. You can't sell them jools; there ain't a soul in the world would buy 'em offen you."

"Maybe not." Sherwood opened the door invitingly. "Sorry you have to be going, Jim."

"I'm sorry myself, Arthur." He turned at the doorway. "I'm kinder cute yet, ain't I?"

"I hope not, Jim," was the answer.

It did not take Sherwood long to realize that he was nearing the end of his rope. He might have known that Jim Hanvey was going to trap him. That had been a clever trick of Jim's, and it promised definite and fairly immediate results. Hanvey was right; the task of checking up would be a slow and difficult undertaking, but Sherwood knew the police system sufficiently well to understand—and fear—its tirelessness. Eventually they'd complete their check-up, and when they did ——

Sherwood admitted to himself that he must dispose of the jewels. Thought of transferring them to another box was out of the question. They'd discover that eventually. The thing to do was to rid himself of the gems. But Jim Hanvey had insisted that he could not sell them because there was no market. Jim had spoken truly. No market. "Oh, confound Mrs. Haley and her jewelry!"

Sherwood caught his breath suddenly. Mrs. Haley! Puffy, ponderous Mrs. Haley! The poor, bewildered, self-sufficient Mrs. Haley, who had lost one hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of jewelry and been partially reimbursed with one hundred thousand dollars of the insurance company's money. Sherwood smashed his right fist into the palm of his left hand.

"There's my market! I'll sell the jewels back to Mrs. Haley!"

He paced the room, his brain running riot with the sardonic daring of his scheme. He knew Jim Hanvey was not infallible. Jim had been so confident that no one would buy the jewels—so confident that he had completely overlooked Mrs. Haley.

And Mrs. Haley would buy. He'd make her buy. No one would think of looking to her for the gems. She could have them set in new mountings and no one would ever be the wiser. He'd sell them to her for fifty thousand dollars, and she'd be fifty thousand dollars winner on the transaction. Then Jim Hanvey could search all he pleased.

He telephoned Mrs. Haley. She was decidedly disinclined to meet him. He assumed a threatening tone. She consented fearfully. They met at Port Chester, he going there by train and she by automobile. She refused frankly to have anything further to do with him.

"Very well, Mrs. Haley. When they arrest me I'll tell the whole story. What happened in New Orleans for one thing; then about your refusal to identify me—I know they've shown you my picture. It will be a choice morsel for the newspapers, and a wonderful story for the society weeklies. You'll be laughed out of the country."

"But if they find out that I've bought them back from you ——" The woman was on the verge of hysteria. She was horribly frightened.

"They won't. You're the last person on earth they'd think of in connection with those jewels. You buy them. They can search all they please and they can't get the goods on me. They won't even arrest me because there'll be no evidence to convict. And you will be fifty thousand dollars to the good."

"I can't."

"You can."

"Well, I won't."

A steely light crept into his eyes. "You will! You must!"

Eventually she consented. There was nothing else she could do. Petrified with terror, fearful of losing the tiny bit of social recognition for which she had so valiantly struggled, inordinately afraid of arrest in connection with the New Orleans escapade which had assumed Brobdingnagian proportions in her eyes—she agreed to meet him in the private dining room of a quiet hotel, bringing with her fifty thousand dollars in cash, which was to be exchanged for the jewels. And then, apprehensive and nervous, she left him.

Sherwood returned to the city, exultant. His plan had worked. It was safe, supremely safe. For, even should she be eventually discovered in possession of the jewels, she would never dare tell the true story.

But Jim Hanvey had not been idle. He made careful investigation and then spent the entire afternoon chatting with the presidents of the four New York banks where Mrs. Haley maintained personal checking accounts. "She'll cash a big check here in the next few days," explained the detective to each of them. "A thunderin' big check; an' she'll take the money in legal tend... Minute she does, telephone my apartm... Ask for a feller named Henry Jones. H... take the message an' get in touch w... him."



PHOTO BY A. J. BAUER, PORTLAND, OREGON
Twin Falls—Glacier National Park

And then Jim Hanvey personally... unto himself the task of watching M... Haley.

It was not difficult. Suspecting ... veillance Mrs. Haley conducted ... that a blind man could have shad... Mrs. Haley's single major ... was the stubborn refusal of her h... to take up his residence in New Y... apartment was a sop, and dur... sional sojourns in the metropo... pended a vast amount of effo... of letting people know that she w... body. Purple limousine, uniform... feur and footman, shrieking ... diamond-studded lorgnette ... make Hanvey's self-appointed task ... simple. And on the morning of the ... day following, the man called Jones ... his superior that only a few h... ously Mrs. Haley had person... her check for fifty thousand d...

Jim received the report with a ... was lolling comfortably in a taxi ... by the police department and ... one of his own operatives. "Ye... somethin' was about to break. I'... her down to the bank an' seen her w... went in. She's in yonder now ... in the general direction of the ... apartment house—"an' she'll be ... out directly. Beat it, Henry."

Henry beat it. The purple ... appeared. So, too, did Mrs. Haley. ... minutes later she entered a mod... town hotel. Hanvey waited ... crossed the lobby in the wake ... hop and disappeared into an ... Then he followed and exhibited ... dentials to the manager, re... that startled dignitary a bit ... information.

"There's a man in that pa... ing room already, isn't there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good. I'll trot along in."

He allowed them ample ti... versation. And when he ope... with a master key furnished ... management it was to enter ... teresting tableau.

By the table stood Mrs. Ha... ing in her two hands the sack ... Sherwood was busily engaged in ... ing the money she had paid over ... Neither moved.

Hanvey closed the door gently, ... wide-open, fishlike eyes blinked ... amazing slowness. Mrs. Haley ... spluttered and collapsed into a ... Sherwood's eyes met Hanvey's ... The criminal was apparently ... less, a game loser. Very quietly ... the sack of jewelry from the ... hands of Mrs. Haley, returned ... and extended the jewels to Han...

"There has been no transac... of the kind you think, Jim. I ... ing over the jewels of my own ... and confessing to the robbery. ... no need to drag this lady's name ... mud."

Hanvey bowed with unpa... "Always a gent, eh, Arthur? ... of you." He turned to Mrs. ... "I reckon it wasn't ever your ... ma'am. An' me an' my friend ... wood here will see that you d... rotten publicity out of it."

She was dazed, but volubly ... fully grateful. Sherwood, cam... nified, questioned the detec...

"You've got me, Jim. I ... that I wouldn't get away w... I have a professional and ... terest in the matter. There ... two things I don't quite under...

"Always at your service. A...

"First and most important" ... wood's voice was quietly ... tional—"what made you th... to sell the jewels back to Mrs. ...

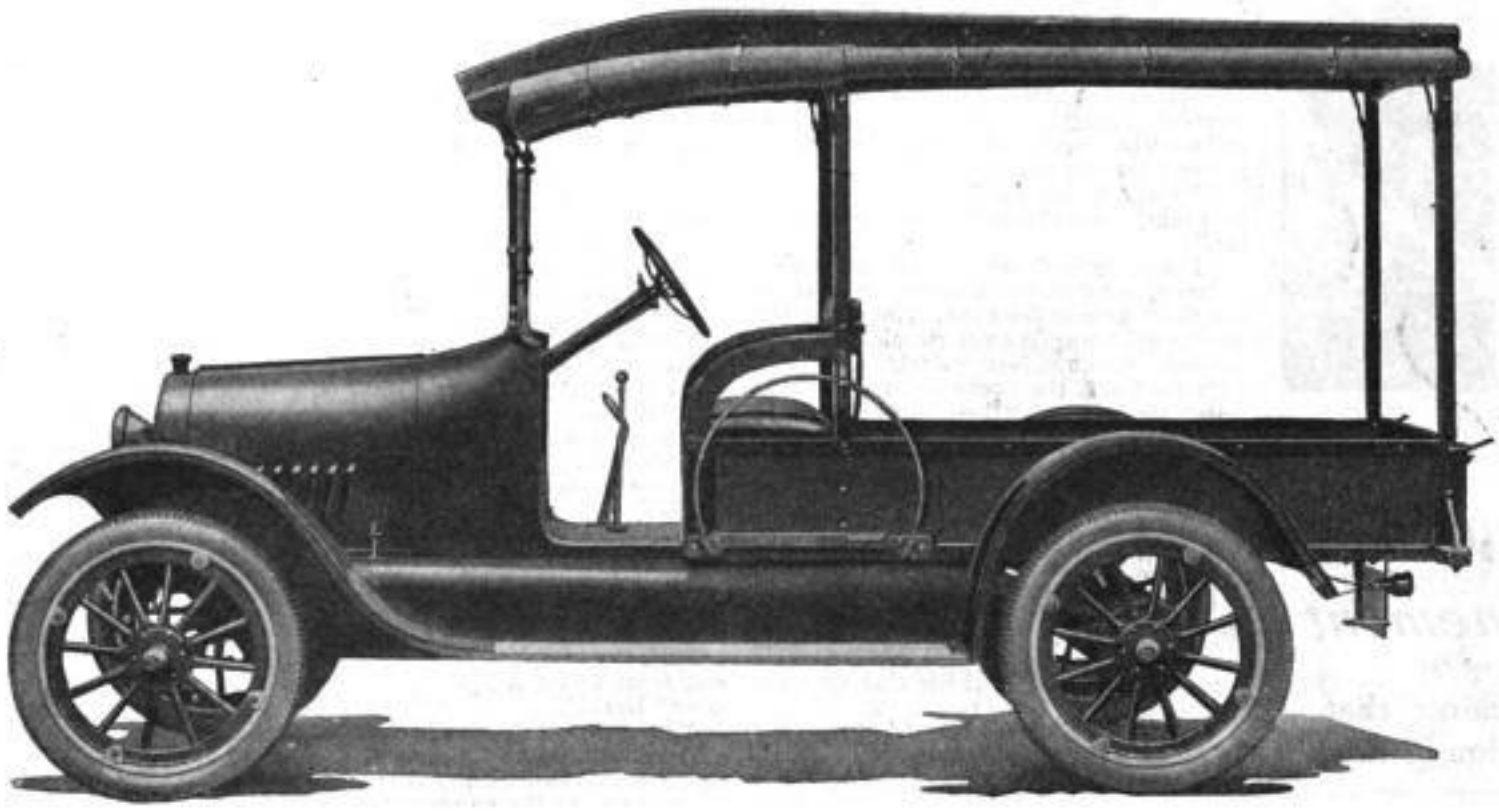
Hanvey shook his head ... "I'm s'prised at you for ... such a simple thing as th... The reason I knew you was ... them jools back to Mrs. Ha... cause I suggested it to y...

"You suggested ——" The ... smiled in frank admirat... you suggested it when you s...

"Sure," interrupted Han... antly, "when I kept repeat... wasn't nobody in the wor... sell 'em to—I meant to s... Mrs. Haley."

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Resinol Soap



SQUIRE TRUMAN TURNS A PLANK

(Continued from Page 11)

dollars stole by Fabius Sprague, two young folks that hain't got nary a thing to do with the stealin' gets smashed flat. Seems to me if Gawd was strikin' a balance between two innocent lives and twelve thousand dollars he'd do diff'rent. That's why I lay the consequences to men."

"Mebby so. . . . Mebby so."

"If men was able to see what was done as clear as Gawd does, and to understand what was done, mebby they'd be able to handle it better. But they go bangin' ahead in their ignorance, and so long's somebody gits hurt they're satisfied."

This was too abstract for Ollo. What interested him in this world was fact. Speculations which were not ponderable had no power to arouse him.

"What's itchin' me," he said, "is what in tunket Jake Morrow shot that dawg fer."

"I aim to find out," said the squire. "Turnin' over facts is like turnin' over an old plank behind the barn. Never kin tell what sort of bugs'll come runnin' out."

"Jake hain't nobody's fool," said Ollo.

"Ollo," said the squire presently, "you know the river out here runs downhill, don't ye? Wa-al, supposin' the' was a flood and it made a backwater or suthin' so that in one spot it looked like the river was climbin' uphill. Would ye go round the rest of your life believin' the river did go uphill instid of down?"

"Calc'late not."

"U-m! You know it's light in the daytime, but s'posin' the' come a storm, and it got pitch black at noon. Would ye maintain all the rest of your life that daytime was dark?"

"What ye talkin' about?" demanded Ollo.

"I was thinkin'," said the squire, "that maybe folks don't place enough dependence on what they know. They know a thing is so, and then along comes somethin' that makes it look for a minute as if it wasn't so, and from then on they don't b'lieve the thing was so that they knew was so. . . . I'm gittin' more int'rested in that dawg, Ollo. I'm gittin' the idea that not knowin' a fact hard enough is the bug under that plank."

"Jake's not that way. If he knows a thing he keeps right on knowin' it's so, even when it's proved to him that it hain't."

"I'm takin' that into consideration," said the squire. "If I'd 'a' been Jake, I'd 'a' pizened that dawg. Shootin' it was a mistake."

The squire and his constable left the court room together and walked down the street side by side—a fox terrier and a St. Bernard. The squire carried his head well forward, so that his beard became a sort of prow; Ollo made even more of a prow of his whiskers.

The squire walked with short, choppy, impatient steps; Ollo, for all his bulk, duplicated the gait. The squire might have been walking beside his reflection in a magnifying mirror.

"Ollo," said the squire, "your wife's kind of timid nights, hain't she?"

"No," said Ollo, "nor daytimes nuther."

"She could be, couldn't she, Ollo? If it was necessary you could reason her into bein' timid, couldn't ye?"

"She hain't never listened to reason in thutty year. Dunno's she could start now. . . . What fer, squire?"

"You're goin' to spend a night away from home, and I don't feel jest right havin' you leave your wife alone," said the squire. "Say, did it ever strike you young Paul Sprague might 'a' knowed what his father done with Jahala's money? That mebbe that was why he was so tarnal anxious to git out of town?"

"Don't believe a word of it," said Ollo emphatically.

"I'm stoppin' into the bank," said the squire. "Git your summonses served and then hustle back to the court room."

The squire entered the bank, and by right of his position as a member of the finance committee passed behind the grating and up to the bookkeeper's desk, now vacant by reason of that functionary's absence at lunch. For half an hour he studied certain accounts on the ledger and made notes in his memorandum book. Then he went to the hotel where he had lived for twenty years and attended to the demands of his own hunger. After his meal he went to the post office and held conversation with Postmaster Upstrap.

"Jahala in to-day?" he asked.

"Cashed one of them money orders from Paul," said the postmaster.

"Lemme see it," said the squire. "U-m! Fifteen dollars. Come from Camden. . . . Much obleeged. Ever hear of any trouble betwixt Jake Morrow and John Chase before this here dawg-shootin' scrape?"

"Don't call nothin' to mind," said the postmaster.

"Recollect what Jake Morrow was doin' two year ago, say in September?"

"Bookkeepin' for Fabius Sprague," said the postmaster promptly.

His next stop was at Jahala Bond's door. He was just in time, for she was coming down the steps on her way back to school as he opened the gate.

"Howdy, Jahala," he said.

"Good afternoon, squire."

"Jest stopped in to say that if ye see anything in the paper about ye tomorrer, or hear any gossip, jest keep your mouth tight shet. Don't deny nothin'."

"But what ——"

"Be ye goin' to do as you're told?" he said sharply.

"I—why, yes; but I don't understand."

"No need you sh'u'd. . . . Friday night you're stayin' with Ollo Dawdy's wife—sleepin' there. She don't know it yit, but you be. Ollo hain't goin' to be home."

"What are you up to, squire?"

"I'm jest seein' what kind of a bug'll run out from under a plank when I turn it over," he said.

Whereupon he turned his back abruptly and walked away. He stopped a moment in the office of the Amity Clarion to give a bit of news to the editor for his personal column.

"Ollo Dawdy's goin' to be absent from home Friday night on court business," he said. "Jahala Bond's goin' to spend the night with his wife. . . . Oh, to be sure, and here's another: Jahala's got to feelin' kind of timid about sleepin' alone in that house, so what's she done but up and bought her a dawg. White bulldawg, she says. Comin' by express from the city. Expects it Sattidy. Now I calc'late the'll be all kinds of trouble in town, dawg fights and sich. Print 'em prominent, to the top of the column, will ye?"

"To be sure," promised the editor.

"Now," said the squire to himself as he walked back to the court room, "if somebody don't hear opportunity rappin' on his door, then I'm jest a plain, imaginin' ol' fool."

In consequence of these transactions of the squire, and as a sequel to them, a number of connected happenings took place on Friday night. Ollo Dawdy drove out of town toward the west, stopped at Hoover's farm, left his horse in the barn and walked back to Amity through the woods. Jahala Bond took supper with Ollo's wife and went to bed in Ollo's spare bedroom. Squire Truman, thankful for a dark night, approached Jahala's house by devious and shadowy paths, and stealthily effected an entry by means of the kitchen in the rear. In the hall he stepped on Ollo's foot and almost startled the constable into a fit.

"Everythin' quiet yit?" asked the squire.

"Hain't even heard a rat stirrin'."

They sat on the stairs and waited silently. From time to time it was necessary for the squire to admonish Ollo, for the constable was gnawed by a hungry curiosity.

"Listen!" said the squire finally.

Unmistakably someone was moving stealthily outside the dining-room window. They heard the sash lift slowly, cautiously, and a sound as of someone dragging his legs over the sill. Then came soft footsteps on the body-Brussels carpet, and the figure of a man passed between the squire and the parlor window. Enough of the silhouette was distinct to make it apparent the man was smoothly shaven. He made a circuit of the room, passing close to the portières behind which the squire and Ollo lurked, and they saw his face. It was Paul Sprague. Across a corner of the room stood a haircloth sofa. Young Sprague moved it out quietly, got behind it and pulled it back into place. Then he crouched down in hiding. Ollo quivered with excitement. The squire tugged on his beard.

Another twenty minutes passed. The squire and Ollo held their breath in the hallway; ignorant of their nearness, Paul Sprague crouched behind the haircloth sofa. They waited, motionless. Then without a warning sound a second figure appeared. It advanced into the [illegible], its stockinged feet falling noiselessly. The squire's hand tightened on [illegible]. It drew Ollo's hand toward him.

"Here's a warrant," he whispered. "Serve it."

Ollo hesitated a moment as the [illegible] corner lighted an electric torch and [illegible] it about the room. The shaft of [illegible] touched the stone fireplace and lingered. The squire shoved Ollo into the room. It was a situation made for Ollo, who was altogether deficient in the matter of cowardice, and who dearly loved the position as an officer of the court.

"I arrest ye," he bellowed, "in the name of the law!"

The flashlight dropped to the floor and the intruder leaped toward a window. Ollo's bulk was upon him, crushing him to the floor.

"Fetch the light," he panted, "so I kin see what I got!"

"No need," said the squire. "I [illegible] to know. Git up Jake. . . . Ketched in the act of breakin' and entering in the nighttime. . . . U-m—state prison offense, Jake. . . . Got a match, Ollo? Light up the lamp. Figger we'll hold court right here's well as anywhere. Don't let him git away."

Jake stood sullen and frightened as the kerosene lamp illuminated the room.

"Kind of figgered you couldn't resist such a chance," said the squire. "Knowed what I surmised was most likely surmise. . . . Fetch the prisoner a bar, constable."

"How about 'tother one?" Ollo asked. The squire turned.

"You kin come out, Paul," he said. "Mebby you'll be some help as things go along. . . . Now, Jake, remember anythin' you say kin be used against you by gum, if you dast hold anything back you'll have me to settle with! What did you come here fer?"

Jake stood mute, as the sayin' is.

"Calc'late I'll have to tell ye then," said the squire. "You come because you knowed a fact is allus a fact. You knowed that a thing is allus so if it's so, hain't it, Jake? You come 'cause you had confidence in your own jedgment—more'n some of the rest of us had."

Jake continued to remain mute.

"Paul," said the squire, "this ought to make you'n' me ashamed."

"I don't understand," said Paul.

"He knew a good man stays good. He knew a man that was honest to the bone don't turn thief. He knew that it can't be night even if a thunderstorm up to make it look so. Hain't that so, Jake?"

"I dunno what you're talkin' about," Jake said harshly.

"Where is it?" asked the squire.

"Where's what?"

"What you come fer?"

"I didn't come fer nothin'."

"To be sure—to be sure. Just come make a call. How do you know, Jake?"

"What's here?"

"Now you listen, Jake! I'm a reasonable man, and I kin overlook a mite of irritation. Wouldn't like to be in your myself. Where you went wrong was usin' a gun and a jack light on the job. If you'd 'a' pizened him secret like 'a' got to thinkin'."

"He tried to bite me," said Jake.

"U-m! Kind of stubborn, hain't you, Jake? Wa-al, I'll have to do your thinkin' fer ye. When I make a mistake I like to set me right. . . . Goes back two years to the time when Fabius Sprague was killed. Kind of shaky financially them was. We even had talk of the bank here goin' to the wall. Calc'late you remember cussin' that with Fabius? Now, don't mind the day he drawed that money out of the bank? That moves you to make a face, don't it? We knowed he did draw it, 'cause he had it along with him at the time. Must have had to do it up in a bundle and carry it. And a little while afterward—

(Continued on Page 38

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The most popular man in America

Suppose you were the most popular man in America. Suppose you were endlessly besieged with invitations to do this and do that. Suppose, when you made a public appearance, hundreds of people clamored to shake your hand, to attract your notice and your favor.

How many of the people that you met under these conditions would impress their personalities upon you? How many would say something you would remember? How many faces would you recognize if you saw them again?

You would remember the man who was in some way different from the run of men—perhaps through some attribute of appearance, perhaps some quality of thought or manner. But the great majority would be—just "people." You might meet them repeatedly without knowing you had ever seen them before.

The consumer of merchandise is in the position of the most popular man in America. Every time he opens the pages of his newspaper or magazine, scores of manufacturers and merchants step out to take him by the hand, to attract his notice and his favor. They talk to him about his needs; they invite him into their factories and stores; they urge him to compare their product with any other; they ask him to say this or that name when he is buying this or that article.

The successful advertiser is the one who does not forget that he is dealing with the most popular man in America. He does not forget that there are others in line who are trying as hard as he is to "get acquainted." He realizes that to be commonplace is to be unnoticed—to be lost in the crowd. And so he goes for advertising counsel to an organization which has proved that it knows how to win the interest and the confidence of the most courted and the most sought after man in America.



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813 Postal Telegraph Bldg., San Francisco, Calif.

(Continued from Page 36)

wa'n't he? And the money turned up missin', and we all believed day could be night—all exceptin' you, Jake—even his own son, who sh'u'd 'a' knowed better. We all thought he used it som'eres to bolster up his business, hopin', of course, to put it back ag'in. But you didn't, did ye, Jake?"

"Course I did, same's everybody else."

"You knowed he didn't, because you knowed he couldn't. You knowed, Jake, the' was nothin' in heaven or earth that could make a thief out of Fabius Sprague, and that's where you was some better'n the rest of us. What you knowed was that he never stole it, and then when he was killed and the money turned up missin' you reasoned it out, and says you to yourself, 'Fabius Sprague drawed out that money 'cause he was afraid of the bank bustin'. He put it away some'eres safe, and bein' killed sudden he never had no chancet to tell nobody where.' That's how you figgered, Jake. And you was right. Now where'd he hide it? You know, Jake."

"I don't know nothin'."

"Some'eres in this room, wa'n't it? You come here fust off."

"'Tain't nuther."

The squire turned to Paul.

"Got any idee where your father might 'a' hid away suthin' as important as Jahala's money?"

"I haven't. I never knew of a hiding place."

"Jake did. Somehow Jake knew the' was a place. He's waited for things to quiet down so's he could come and git it peaceful-like and 'thout any trouble. Um-m! Seems to me you was a mason wunst, Jake, years ago 'fore you got to keepin' books. And I recall Fabius put a lot of trust in ye. Never agreed with him, but he done so. . . . Jake, did ye ever help Fabius make a secret place where he could hide valuables? Afeared of fire, he was. It 'ud be a kind of a fireproof place."

"Never done nothin' of the kind," said Jake.

"All right, Jake." The squire took out his watch. "We kin pull the house down if nec'ary, but we don't aim to. I give ye two minutes. If ye tell I'll let ye go scot-free. If ye don't I'll see to it ye git the limit, and that's a number of years. When the court hears how you, knowin' the facts, let an innocent man suffer under this here cloud, and how you ruined his son's life, and Jahala's life—wa-al, I calc'late any court'll jedge that to be an aggravatin' circumstance. . . . One minute gone."

"You agree to lemme go?" Jake demanded.

"It's a bargain, and I never go back on bargains."

"Then, consarn ye, it's there!" Jake said, pointing to the fireplace.

"P'int out the spot, Jake."

Jake walked reluctantly to the stonework. Under the shelf he fumbled for a moment; then his hands came away bringing a sizable piece of granite. The squire held the lamp, and peering into the cavity saw the steel dial of a small wall safe embedded in the masonry behind.

"Um-m! Happen ye got the combination? If I know ye, ye never put that in 'thout findin' how it worked."

"The combination was wrote on a red tag hitched to the handle," said Jake.

"Open her up then," directed the squire.

Jake's unaccustomed hands fumbled with the dial. It would not respond to the first or the second attempt, but at the third the door swung open. The squire thrust in his hand and drew it out full of papers, insurance policies and the like. A second trip brought to light an oblong package wrapped securely in Manila paper and tied with tape.

"Calc'late we got suthin' this time," he said, and handed it to Paul. "Might see what this here is, young man."

Paul held it in his hand incredulously. He weighed it, felt it with his fingers.

"There—there's writing on it," he said.

"Let's have it," said the squire.

"'This package,' read Paul, 'contains money belonging to my ward, Jahala Bone. It was put here for safe keeping until she could reinvest it. September 14, '20.' It's dad's writing," said Paul in a hoarse whisper, "and his name's signed to it."

The squire turned to Jake.

"Evenin', Jake," he said. "When you go, don't quit travelin' till you're out of the state. Court's adjourned.

Nope, wouldn't open it, Paul. The money's there safe, but I figger Jahala'd like better to have it come to her jest like that, with his writin' and all. She's safe in bed, Paul, but I calc'late she'd be willin' to get up and dress. Take it along, boy. Take it along. She's up to Ollo's house. Holler under her window. If I hadn't figgered she'd want you right off as soon's she got this, I wouldn't 'a' sent for you. Git!"

The squire watched the young man depart. Then he turned to Ollo.

"Wa-al, that plank's turned over and we ketched the bug," he said. He paused. "If this here hadn't been discovered till it was too late," he said, "folks 'ud sure have laid it to Gawd's door, blamin' Him for keepin' it secret. . . . They wouldn't blame themselves a mite. 'S fer as I can see, Gawd's too busy runnin' the universe to have time to p'int out to folks what's obvious and plain to the naked eye."

"The Scriptures says He sees even the sparrer fall," said Ollo.

"Yes," agreed the squire, "but I hain't familiar with no verse relatin' how He reaches out to ketch it before it hits. That's a job He leaves to you 'n' me 'n the rest of the folks, dependin' on us to be His sparrer catchers."

"Huh!" grunted Ollo uneasily. "I think that young coot goes bellerin' under the winders my wife's apt to empty a bucket of water on him."

"He'd never feel it tonight, Ollo," said the squire.

WOMEN I'M NOT MARRIED TO

(Continued from Page 12)

funny that way, and if I took a cup now I wouldn't close an eye all night. Some can, and some can't. I like it, but it doesn't like me. Ha, ha! I wouldn't close an eye all night, and if I don't get my sleep—and a good eight hours at that—I'm not fit for a thing all the next day. It's a pretty important thing, sleep; and ——"

It was important to Maude, self-centered thing that she was. Here was I confiding to her something I never had told another soul, and she wasn't merely dozing; she was asleep. I rattled a knife against a plate, and she awoke.

It was a good thing I found out about her in time.

Anne

In winter, when the ground was white,
I thought that Anne would be all right;
In summer, quite the other way,
I knew she'd never be O. K.

SHE liked to go to the theater, but what she went for was to be amused, as there was enough sadness in real life without going to the theater for it. She told me that I was just a great big boy; that all men, in fact, were just little boys grown up. I took her to a movie show, and she read most of the captions to me, slowly; and when she read them to herself her lips moved. She never took a drink in days of old when booze was sold and barrooms held their sway—that is my line, not Anne's—but now she takes a cocktail when one is offered, saying, "This may be my last chance."

Women, she told me, didn't like her much, but she didn't care, as she was, she always said, a man's woman. Just the same, folks said, she told me, that she was wonderful in a sick room.

And so, what with the movies and one thing and another, the winter passed. She was glad I was a tennis player, and we'd have some exciting sets in the summer. No, she said games. I should have known then, but I was thinking of her hair and how cool it was to stroke.

Well, one May afternoon there we were on the tennis court. It belonged to a friend of hers, and it hadn't been rolled recently, nor marked, though you could tell that here a base line and there a service line once had been.

I asked her which court she wanted, and she said it didn't matter; she played equally rottenly on both sides. Nor was that, I found it, overstating things. She served, and called "Ready?" before each service. When she sent a ball far outside she called "Home run!" or "Just out!" And if I served a double fault she said either "Two bad" or "Thank you." When the score was deuce she called it "Juice!" And when I beat her 6-0—as you could have done, or you, or even you—she said she was off her game, that it was a lot closer than the score indicated, that she'd beat me before the summer was over, that didn't the net seem terribly low or something, and that I wasn't used to playing with women or I wouldn't hit the ball so hard all the time.

Little remains to be told. Anne is now the wife of a golfing banker. Wednesday night I met her at a party.

"Golf?" she echoed. "Oh, yes. That is, I don't play it; I play at it. Tennis is really my game, but I haven't had a racket in my hand in two years. We must have some of our games again. I nearly beat you last time, remember."

Belinda

I REMEMBER Belinda. She was arguing with another young woman about the car fare. "Let me pay," said Belinda; and she paid.

"There," I mused, "is a perfect woman, nobly planned."

I met her shortly after that, and she came through many a test. Once I saw her go up to an elevated railroad station, hand in a nickel, and not say "One, please." Once I asked her what day it was, and she said "Wednesday" without adding "all day." She spoke once of a cultivated taste without adding "like olives," and once said "That's another story" without adding "as Kipling says." And once—and that was the day I nearly begged her to be mine—when she said that something had been grossly exaggerated she failed to giggle "like the report of Mark Twain's death."

So you see Belinda had points. She had a dog that wasn't more intelligent than most human beings; she wasn't forever saying that there was no reason why a man and a woman shouldn't be just good pals; she didn't put me at ease, the way others did, by looking at me for three minutes and then saying that good looks didn't matter much to a man, after all; she didn't, when you gave her something to take it and say coyly, "For me!" as a woman should say, "You dear thoughtful thing, when you might have brought it for John D. Rockefeller." And she didn't say that she couldn't draw a straight line or that she had no card sense or that she couldn't write a decent letter.

She could write a decent letter. She wrote lots of them. To me too. She wrote the best letters I ever read. They were intelligent, humorous, and—why shouldn't I tell the truth?—ardent. Fervid is not too strong. Candescent is not far off. And that's why I lost her.

"P. S.," she wrote. "Burn this letter and all of them."

A few weeks later Belinda said, "At any rate I write you, my letters must fill a large drawer by this time."

"Why," I said, "I burn them. They're all burned."

"I never want to see you again as long as I live," she said. "Good-by."

And my good-by was the last communication between me and Belinda.

Marguerite

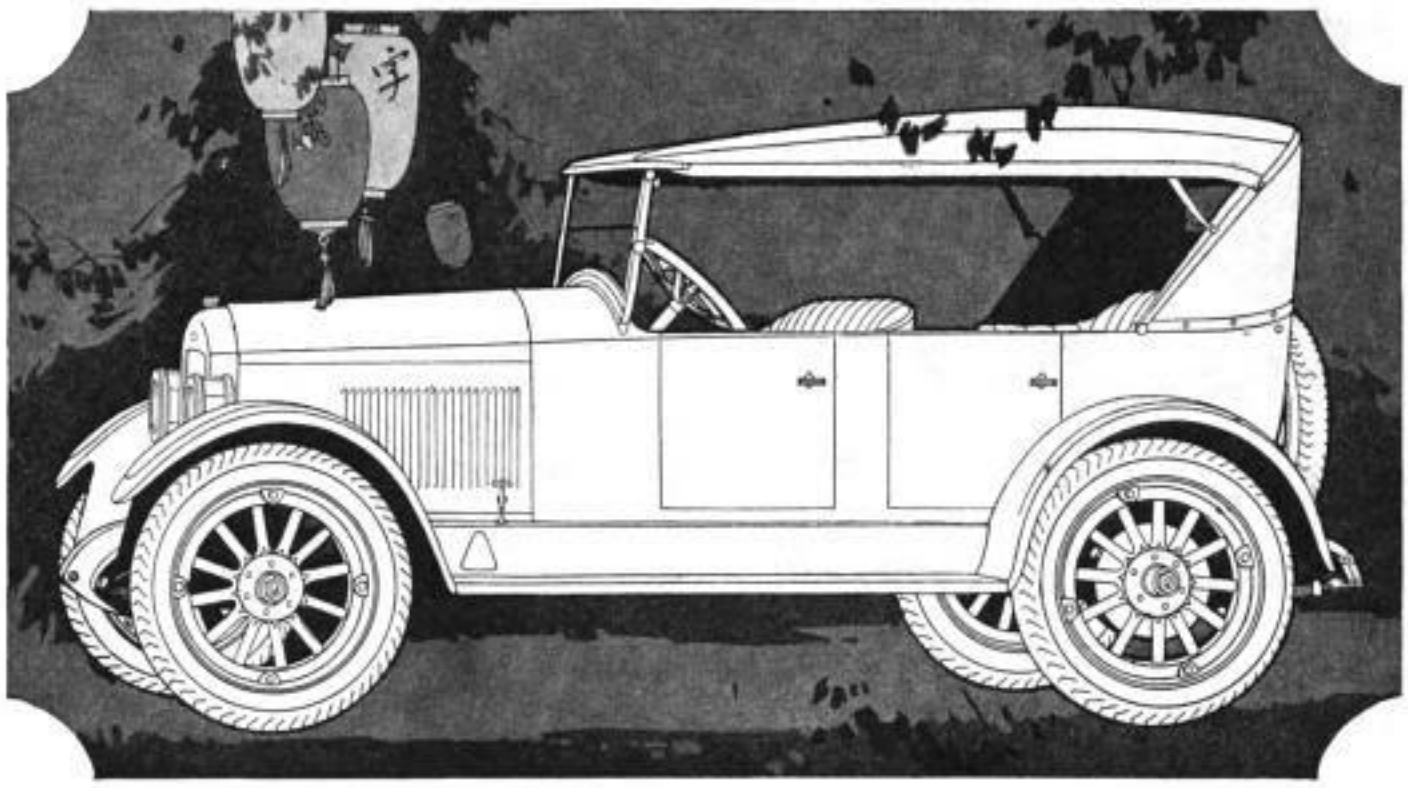
MARGUERITE was an agreeable stove, and not without some desire to please. She hated an argument, and was perhaps being—I found this out after that she couldn't put one forth on any subject. But I had theories, in the case of Marguerite, and I wanted to know whether she was in sympathy with them. One of my theories was that a lot of misery and infelicity could be avoided if a man didn't keep his business affairs to himself, if he made a confidante, a possible ally and ally, of his wife. I had contempt for women whose boast it was that they never brings business into the house.

So I used to talk to Marguerite about this theory. When we were married should it be better to discuss the affairs of the business day at home with her? Or not? Because simply talking about things, something, and maybe she could help

(Continued on Page 40)

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In every section of the nation this car is breaking sales records, and not only winning friends but *holding* them. It is telling the story of economical six cylinder power and smoothness as it has never been told before. It is setting a distinctly new standard for comfortable, care-free, spirited motoring.

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It is sold and serviced by Paige Dealers everywhere

JEWETT

A Thrifty Six Built by Paige

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"Where has my economy gone?"

Some Ford owners cheat themselves —and don't know it

"BOUGHT for economy—run with extravagance," tells the story of at least a million Ford cars now in operation.

But every day more Ford owners wake up to the fact that a Ford *needn't* be repaired often, *needn't* be frequently cleaned of carbon, *needn't* be constantly "pumping oil" or fouling spark plugs.

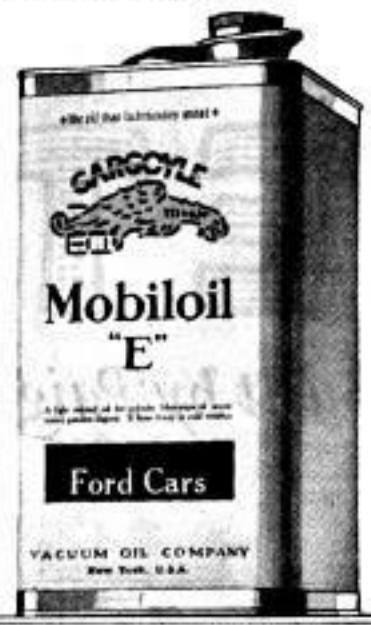
A Ford owner in Greensburg, Indiana, bought his car in 1914. From the start he has used only Gargoyle Mobiloil "E." Today his mileage totals 50,000. He says that the engine "runs almost as smoothly as new."

In Kansas City a Ford owner added a quart of oil every day and cleaned spark plugs every hundred miles. Trouble with transmission bands was continuous. He changed to Gargoyle Mobiloil "E." Consumption dropped to a quart of "E" per week. The spark plugs went five months without cleaning. "Chattering" of transmission bands stopped immediately.

Many of those little engine troubles you put up with may be due entirely to inferior or incorrect lubricating oil. Wherever you find Ford cars you will find Ford owners whose first can of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" showed them how efficient a Ford engine can be when scientifically lubricated.

How about *your* Ford?

In the differential of your Ford use Gargoyle Mobiloil "CC" or Mobilubricant as specified by the Chart of Recommendations.



IN BUYING *Gargoyle Mobiloil from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container.*

The Vacuum Oil Company's Chart specifies the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for every make and model of car. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is the correct grade for Fords. If you drive another make of car, send for our booklet, "Correct Lubrication."

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VACUUM OIL COMPANY

(Continued from Page 38)

help. Yes, that was what a wife was for. Why should a man keep his thoughts bottled up just because his wife wasn't in his office with him? No reason at all; I agree with you perfectly.

About politics: Wasn't this man Harding doing a good job, and weren't things looking pretty good, everything considered? He certainly is and they certainly are, was Marguerite's adroit summing up.

Well, I had theories about books and child labor and pictures and clam chowder and Harry Leon Wilson's stuff and music and the younger generation and cord tires and things like that, and she'd agree with everything I said.

Then one night, as in a vision, something came to me. I had a theory that it would be terrible to have somebody around all the time who agreed with you about everything. Marguerite agreed.

I had another theory. Don't you agree, I put it, that we shouldn't get along at all well? And never had she agreed more quickly. I thought she really put her heart into it.

And we never should have hit it off, either.

Flo

I HADN'T seen Flo since she was about fourteen, so when I got a letter asking me to call I said I'd go. She was pretty, but the older I get the fewer girls I see that aren't.

Of course I ought to have known. The letter was addressed with a "For" preceding my name, and instead of "City" or the name of the town, Flo had written "Local." Even a professional detective should have known then.

It was just her refined vocabulary that sent me reeling into the night. She wondered where I "resided" and how long I'd been "located" there; she had "purchased" something; she said "gowned" where she meant "dressed"; she had "gotten" tired, she said, of affectation. She said she had "retired" early the night before, and she spoke of a "bootlimber."

And as I was leaving she said, "Don't remain away so long this time. It—you know—hath no fury like a woman scorned.

Blanche

BLANCHE is a girl
I'd hate to wed,
Because of a lot
Of things she said.

"Excuse my French!"
When she says "Gee-whiz"
On the telephone:
"Guess who this is."

You ask her did
She like the show
Or book, she'll say,
"Well, yes and no."

For the "kiddie" she
Buys a "comfy" "nighty"
She says "My bestest,"
And "All rightie."

"If I had no humor,
I'd simply die,"
Says Blanche. . . . I know
That that's a lie.

She wouldn't marry;
"Oh, heaven forbid!
Men are such brutes!"
You said it, kid.

The Poets' Corner

Compensation

MY LIFE is not a large success,
Measured in terms of gold or fame.
The great world does not know my name,
I am not mentioned by the press;
But these things bring me no distress,
Nor make me fortune blame.

Remote from pomp and flaunting pride,
With friends of kindred joys and toil,
I'm rooted in my native soil,
In this green, gracious countryside.
No envy here my heart can spoil
And make dissatisfied.

I've no stone villa by the sea,
Nor flunkies, nor a fine steam yacht,
But lack of these things grieves me not,
For what I have suffices me.
I have my little garden spot
And my big shady tree.

I have old books to read again,
Old friends from whom I never part;
On whom, in any mood of heart,
I call, and never call in vain—
My good old gossip Froissart,
My wise old friend Montaigne.

I have not sailed across the seas,
To look on Egypt, Greece or Rome.
I know the pleasant paths of home,
And all the hills and brooks and trees,
And every naiad, nymph and gnome
That does inhabit these.

I know the wood birds, shy and wild,
And those that nest by haunts of men.
The catbird, robin and the wren
Today my rustic heart beguiled
With the same songs that thrilled me when
I was a little child.

I know the beech on whose bright bark,
Long since, I carved her name and mine,
And banks where oft we did recline
Till whippoorwills announced the dark;
And on each flower, tree and vine
Has memory left her mark.

On woodland paths I often chance,
Dim paths forsaken and undone,
With weed and brier overrun,
Where, when young love did me entrance,
I wandered hand in hand with one
Who is to me—romance.

The world is full of splendid things
And costly pleasures and delights,
But none of these my soul invites,
Nor tempts afar its loitering wings.
It talks of old familiar sights
And of contentment sings.

—Thomas Lowry

Haunted

ALL the forest is hushed and still
Save the rush and sweep of the
Winging home to the ruined mill
In the heart of the haunted hollow
The flutes are playing over the hill—
Heart o' mine, shall we follow?

Buds are as fair as in springs long
The ineffable scent of the rose
Trembles when all the dew is on
Where the bee in the bluebell dozes
And the prayers of the fays are
The gossamers in the closes.

The light of the dipping oar is
On the river's ripples is falling.
Into the west where a red star burns
And the amethyst tints are paling
The new moon skims like a bark of
A shallop of silver sailing.

But never the evening bell nor the
Nor the gleam of the red star
Nor the languorous lips of the
Nor the bee to the bluebell yearning
Nor the mocking bird with his
At the end of the long lane

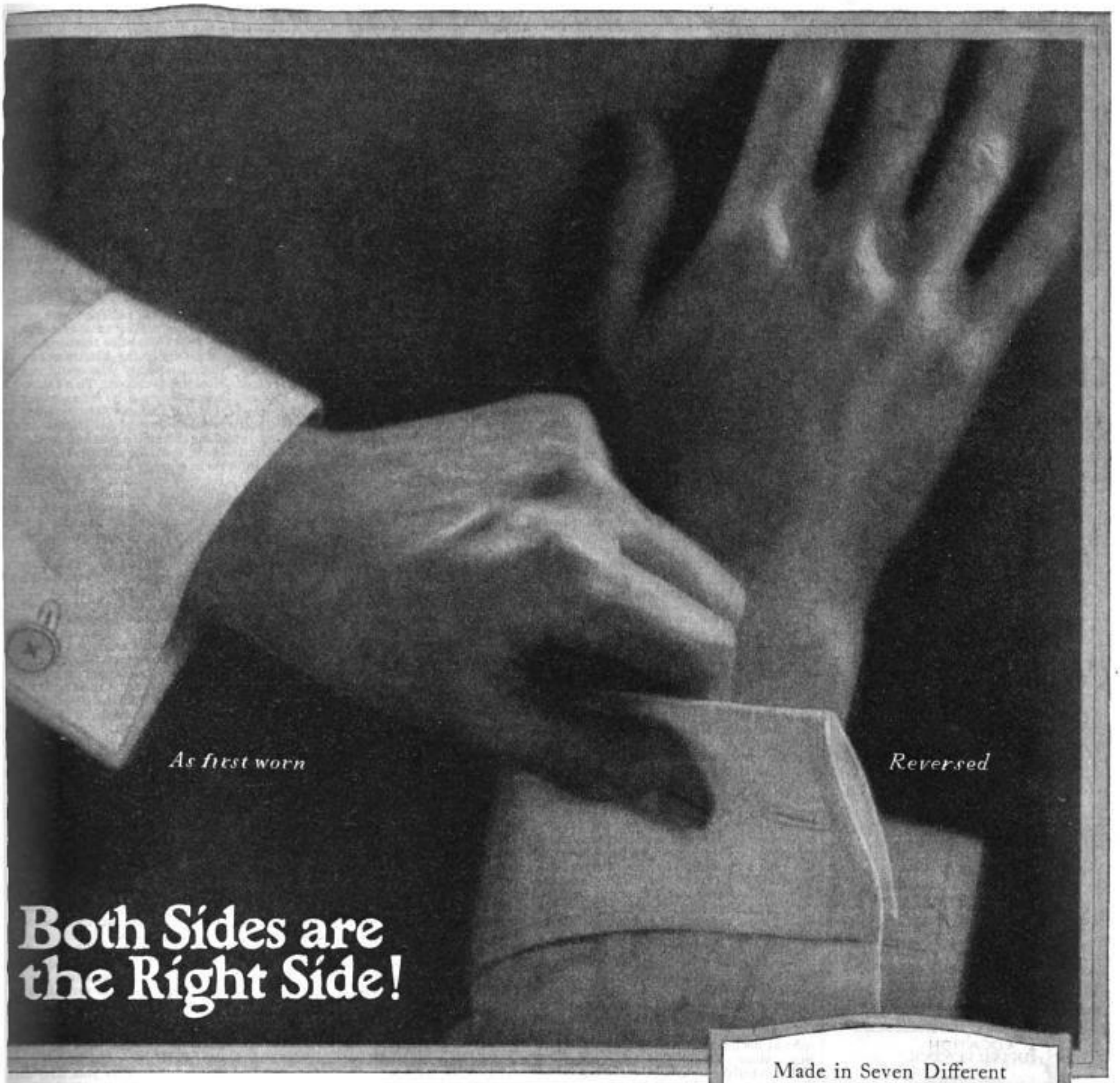
And never the flax flowers blow
May draw your feet to the
And never a whispering wind
Your soul where the dusk
And never a word I may speak
Again in the time of roses.

But when spring is burgeoning
With a thousand buds
And the ghost of a slim young
Where the locust flowers are
Love, can you swear that the
With the voice in your heart

—Mary Louise



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☐Send folder describing your Gasoline Gauge that operates on same principle as your Oil Gauge.

From Saturday Evening Post

MEN I'M NOT MARRIED TO

(Continued from Page 13)

I don't believe anyone will ever know how much fun Freddie and his friends get out of Freddie's calling them up and making them guess who he is. When he really wants to extend himself he calls up in the middle of the night, and says that he is the wire tester. He uses that one only on special occasions, though. It is pretty elaborate for everyday use.

But day in and day out, you can depend upon it that he is putting over some uproarious trick with a dribble glass or a loaded cigar or a pencil with a rubber point; and you can feel completely sure that no matter where he is or how unexpectedly you may come upon him, Freddie will be right there with a funny line or a comparatively new story for you. That is what people marvel over when they are talking about him—how he is always just the same.

It is right there, really, that they put their finger on the big trouble with him.

Mortimer

MORTIMER had his photograph taken in his dress suit.

Raymond

SO LONG as you keep him well inland Raymond will never give any trouble. But when he gets down to the seashore he affects a bathing suit fitted with little sleeves. On wading into the sea ankle-deep he leans over and carefully applies handfuls of water to his wrists and forehead.

Charlie

IT'S curious, but no one seems to be able to recall what Charlie used to talk about before the country went what may be called, with screaming effect, dry. Of course there must have been a lot of unsatisfactory weather even then, and I don't doubt that he slipped in a word or two when the talk got around to the insanity of the then-current styles of women's dress. But though I have taken up the thing in a serious way, and have gone about among his friends making inquiries, I cannot seem to find that he could ever have got any farther than that in the line of conversation. In fact, he must have been one of those strong silent men in the old days.

Those who have not seen him for several years would be in a position to be knocked flat with a feather if they could see what a regular little chatterbox Charlie has become. Say what you will about prohibition—and who has a better right?—you would have to admit, if you knew Charlie, that it has been the making of him as a conversationalist.

He never requires his audience to do any feeding for him. It needs no careful leading around of the subject, no tactful questions, no well-timed allusions, to get him nicely loosened up. All you have to do is say good evening to him, ask him how everybody over at his house is getting along, and give him a chair—though this last is not essential—and silver-tongued Charlie is good for three hours straight on where he is getting it, how much he has to pay for it, and what the chances are of his getting hold of a couple of cases of genuine pinch-bottle, along around the middle of next week. I have known him to hold entire dinner parties spellbound, from cocktails to finger bowls, with his monologue.

Now I would be well down among the last when it came to wanting to give you the impression that Charlie has been picked for the All-American alcoholic team. Despite the wetness of his conversation he is just a nice, normal, conscientious drinker, willing to take it or let it alone, in the order named. I don't say he would not be able to get along without it, but neither do I say that he doesn't get along perfectly splendidly with it. I don't think I ever saw anyone who could get as much fun as Charlie can out of splitting the Eighteenth Amendment with a friend.

There is a glamour of vicarious romance about him. You gather from his conversation that he comes into daily contact with any number of picturesque people. He tells about a friend of his who owns three untouched bottles of the last absinth to come into the country; or a lawyer he knows, one of whose grateful clients sent him six cases of champagne in addition to his fee; or a man he met who had to move to the country in order to have room for his Scotch.

Charlie has no end of anecdotes about the interesting women he meets too. There is one girl he often dwells on, who, if you only give her time, can get you little bottles of chartreuse, each containing an individual drink. Another gifted young woman friend of his is the inventor of a cocktail in which you mix a spoonful of orange marmalade. Yet another is the justly proud owner of a pet marmoset which becomes the prince of good fellows as soon as you have fed him a couple of teaspoonfuls of gin.

It is the next best thing to knowing these people yourself to hear Charlie tell about them. He just makes them live.

It is wonderful how Charlie's circle of acquaintances has widened during the last two years; there is nothing so broadening as prohibition. Among his new friends he numbers a conductor on a train that runs down from Montreal, and a young man who owns his own truck, and a group of chaps who work in drug stores, and I don't know how many proprietors of homy little restaurants in the basements of brownstone houses.

Some of them have turned out to be but fair-weather friends, unfortunately. There was one young man, whom Charlie had looked upon practically as a brother, who went particularly bad on him. It seems he had taken a pretty solemn oath to supply Charlie, as a personal favor, with a case of real Gordon, which he said he was able to get through his high social connections on the other side. When what the young man called a nominal sum was paid, and the case was delivered, its bottles were found to contain a nameless liquor, though those of Charlie's friends who gave it a fair trial suggested Storm King as a good name for the brand. Charlie has never laid eyes on the young man from that day to this. He is still unable to talk about it without a break in his voice. As he says—and quite rightly too—it was the principle of the thing.

But for the most part his new friends are just the truest pals a man ever had. In more time than it takes to tell it, Charlie will keep you right abreast with them—sketch in for you how they are, and what they are doing, and what their last words to him were.

But Charlie can be the best of listeners too. Just tell him about any little formula you may have picked up for making it at home, and you will find him the most sympathetic of audiences, and one who will even go to the flattering length of taking notes on your discourse. Relate to him tales of unusual places where you have heard that you can get it or of grotesque sums that you have been told have been exchanged for it, and he will hang on your every word, leading you on, asking intelligent questions, encouraging you by references to like experiences of his own.

But don't let yourself get carried away with success and attempt to branch out into other topics. For you will [illegible] in a minute if you try it.

But that, now that I think of it, probably be the very idea you [illegible] in mind.



Lloyd

LLOYD wears washable [illegible].

Henry

YOU would really be surprised at [illegible] number of things that Henry [illegible] just a shade more about than [illegible] does. Naturally he can't help [illegible] about himself, but you mustn't [illegible] minute that he has let it spo[illegible] contrary, as the French so we[illegible] has no end of patience with o[illegible] is always willing to oversee w[illegible] doing, and to offer them counse[illegible] comes to giving his time and [illegible] there is nobody who could not [illegible] Henry is generous. To a fault, I [illegible] heard people go so far as to say.

If, for instance, Henry happens [illegible] in while four of his friends are [illegible] along through a game of bridge [illegible] cut in and take a hand, thereby st[illegible] their playing in comparison to [illegible] Henry draws up a chair and sit[illegible] with a kindly smile. Of course, [illegible] then he cannot restrain a look of pa[illegible] exclamation of surprise or even a [illegible] laughter as he listens to the bidding [illegible] never interferes. Frequently, after a [illegible] has been played, he will lean over and [illegible] good-humored way tell the player [illegible] should have done instead, and [illegible] might just as well throw his hand [illegible] and there, but he always refuses [illegible] any more active part in the game [illegible] sionally, when a uniquely poisonous [illegible] made, I have seen Henry thrust [illegible] aside and pace about in speechless [illegible] ment, but for the most part he is [illegible] bly self-controlled. He always leaves [illegible] a few cheery words to the players [illegible] them to keep at it and not let them [illegible] get discouraged.

And that is the way Henry [illegible] everything. He will stroll over to a [illegible] court, and stand on the side lines [illegible] I am sure must be great personal [illegible] ience, calling words of advice and [illegible] tion for sets at a stretch. I have [illegible] known him to follow his friends [illegible] way around a golf course, offering [illegible] structive criticism on their form as [illegible] I tell you, in this day and generation [illegible] don't find many people who will go [illegible] out of their way for their friends as [illegible] does. And I am far from being the [illegible] who says so too.

I have often thought that Henry [illegible] the boy who got up the idea of leaving [illegible] world a little better than he found it, [illegible] he never crashes in on his friends [illegible] Only after the thing is done does he [illegible] out to you how it could have been done [illegible] a dash better. After you have signed [illegible] lease for the new apartment Henry [illegible] you where you could have got one that [illegible] and sunnier; after you are all tied up [illegible] the new firm Henry explains to you [illegible] you made your big mistake in letting [illegible] old one.

It is never any news to me when [illegible] people telling Henry that he is wrong [illegible] about more things than anybody that [illegible] saw in their lives.

And I don't remember ever having [illegible] Henry give them any argument or [illegible]

Joe

AFTER Joe has had two [illegible] wants to go up and bat for [illegible] drummer. After he has had three [illegible] to get personal about the [illegible] shade of the necktie worn by the [illegible] man at the next table.

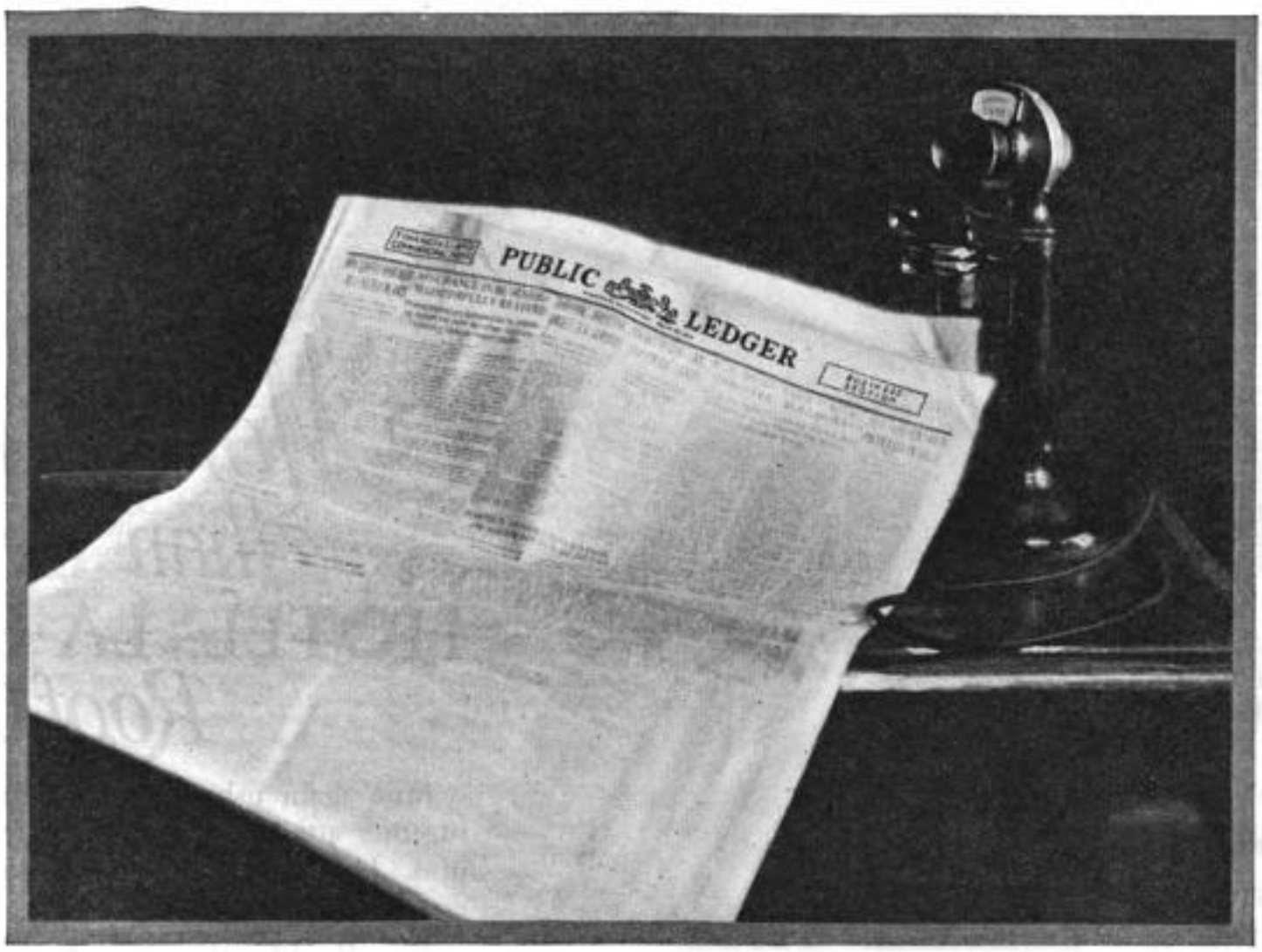
Oliver

OLIVER has a way of drawing [illegible] mouth to one side, by means of [illegible] serted forefinger, explaining to [illegible] while, in necessarily obscured [illegible] work which his dentist has just [illegible] plished on his generously display[illegible] teeth.

Albert

ALBERT sprinkles powdered [illegible] his sliced tomatoes.

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EXPOSED TO BOLSHEVISM

(Continued from Page 4)

waved this question aside with a ut of the corner of his mouth, as *s to* say that the agricultural bloc in ited States Congress was the least ant among a number of things that *r all about*; so I realized the useless- trying to get on from that point ntented myself with saying: "You *e have* a very wholesome respect farmers. They happen to be, on the just about the most intelligent ele- hat *our* Government has to deal its governing processes, and it ave to be a pretty nervy govern- at *would* attempt to take any with them—or away from them! ow just as well as the rest of us do y constitute the only element in ilation that could put into prac- ct your soviet slogan of 'No work, ' They are not hankering after in the nature of a dictatorship, jolly well wouldn't tolerate dicta- any other 'factor in the social lon,' either; and I'm afraid they ove to be rather an effective bloc y of any foreign attempt to impose United States what you call a ip of the proletariat."

I had him away out where he swim, so I brought him back mental toes could play with the ebbles of his own experience—all w he had killed officers of the old irreconcilable priests in the revo- Ve had a long talk and afterward ne home in his dove-colored lim- hich had somebody else's mono- ts doors.

st one thing have the Russian sts been able to unite under their a considerable majority of the people, and that was to repel vasion of Russian soil. If the and British governments and the nt of the United States had ove all things to consolidate the the Communists they could not en a better way than they did. d have done no better than to s against them, as they did, and , as they did, the White forces h men as Kolchak, Yudenitch, id Wrangel.

Communists' Appeal

orces were not, in the main, -Czarist or antirevolutionist. anti-Red, anti-Communist, anti- alist, anti-chaos; and if any generals had stood alone, refus- gn support and coöperation, he ould have gone farther than any r did. He might not have suc- overthrowing the Communist , but at least his operations have served so greatly to it. He himself would have rength as he went along, and doubts this he should talk with fferent kinds of Russians as I e are literally millions of men to-day whose chief complaint use of foreign interference in airs they had either to support ny or remain neutral in what eir civil war. National con- nd pure patriotism are mani- a in no less a degree than they nited States or Japan, and dur- seven years of terrific national uble they have developed into ly amounts to a deep-seated

munists in Russia make their peal to this national feeling, portunity to impress upon the erated ideas of Russia's dan- ign aggression and the neces- ted stand against it; yet at the hey pompously call interna- sses of international wildmen tely proceed to lay out a ailed program for the over- American Government, among cularly the American Gov- some reason—and the inclu- country within a universal of the world proletariat, by ean, of course, a dictatorship unist International, which is ary in its methods than any ral staff ever got to be, and e in its relationships than any ver thought of being.

What is more, they go ahead and work at their scheme; work indefatigably and somewhat effectively, at the same time seeking association with us because they find they cannot get along even with the job of destroying us unless they have our material support. They ask our bourgeois-capitalistic Government, as they call it, to recognize the purely class government of proletarian committees they have succeeded in setting up in Russia while their paid agents continue to sow discontent among us and to debauch the minds of everybody who succumbs to their influence with class hatred and with propaganda that for deliberate falsity and downright crooked-mindedness exceeds anything the world has ever seen.

In which connection there is one thing to be said in their favor: They are engagingly frank. They admit that they need us and that therefore and because of certain inescapable economic considerations they are willing to make a limited retreat. But quite specifically they reserve the right to interpret according to their own conceptions any engagements they may happen to make with us and to break them if at any time they should prove to be an inconvenience or should encumber in any way the path of Internationalist progress.

Russia Still Communistic

All of which will serve to indicate what my preparation was for making a visit of inquiry in Russia. I shall be rightly accused of taking with me all my opinions and conclusions, but I must claim for myself that I was prepared to be convinced that all these opinions and conclusions were mistaken. And I must add that Russia for me was not a wholly new and unexplored region about which I knew nothing at all.

Before the war I knew the country fairly well from Vladivostok to St. Petersburg and from St. Petersburg to Odessa. Several years ago I survived a violent attack of intense interest in Russian history, literature and art, and many pictures of old Russia lingered vividly in my mind. And what a great and wonderful country it was—with all the blots upon the escutcheon of its rulers; with all its tremendous defects and deficiencies. It was not a country to be destroyed. It was a country to be built up and developed on a truly Russian broad-gauge basis. That was what one expected of Russia in the long run. And it may just be that the Communists will work it out. But not as Communists; that is one thing sure. They have the vast material plans magnificently made even now, and they have all the talk, except the sane talk of sound economics, that goes with them. But as Communists they have put into operation nothing but destructive forces. They have cleared the ground for the shining edifice they propose to build, but in doing so they have destroyed the better part of their building material.

I am quite aware of course that the leaders have acknowledged a good many of their errors of judgment; that the soviet government has repudiated the program of the Third International and effected a compromise with its own political conscience—or has claimed to have done so—on points of principle at issue between itself and the constitutional governments of the rest of the world. But in Russia the terrible experiment in proletarian dictatorship is still in progress; make no mistake about that. And though it may be dragging out to its inevitable conclusion, it is dragging out in the unimaginable suffering of its victims; its evil effects are the only effects to be observed, while the good it may have done is yet to be proved.

I can see phases of eventual good, but the good is not enough to justify the evil and, such as it is, it might have been accomplished in a better way. Moreover, the honestly convinced and fanatic supporters of this experiment, together with its handful of proletarian and merely Communist beneficiaries, are still true to it, and not even Mr. Lenine has the power to make a magic that will reverse their thinking processes. Not even Mr. Lenine has the power to stop the tremendous machinery of class-war propaganda which he himself has done so much to set in motion throughout the world. Though it may just be

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DOCTORS today will tell you that they rely less and less upon drugs and more and more upon right eating for getting the results they desire. We now try to correct certain ailments by eating rather than by drugging.

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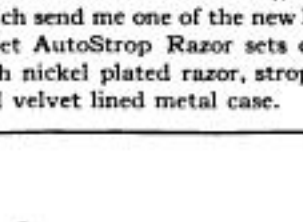
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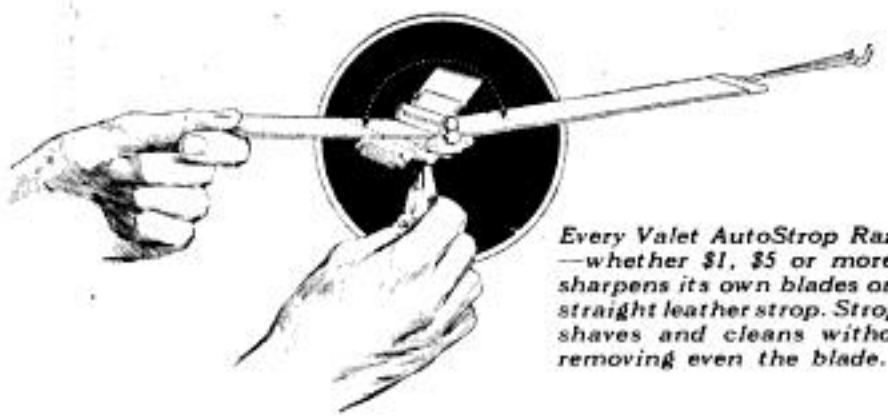


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that his partial apostasy, however reluctant and merely expedient it may have been, will react upon the situation somewhat after the manner of the justly celebrated monkey wrench in the works. Let us hope so.

It is a mistake to think of Lenine, Trotzky and their colleagues as being a company of historic rogues. They are not. Many of them, if not most of them, are honest men with minds and souls distorted by an unparalleled fanaticism. When they seized an empire and proceeded to remodel it on plans and specifications of their own they were undoubtedly inspired by a profound faith; they believed their work would hold together and prove to be the grandest achievement in the history of humankind. And they still believe they were right in principle and that their mistakes have been mistakes merely in calculation with regard to certain human tendencies and certain basic factors in economics. Their purpose was to wipe out all class distinctions in the social organization, and since there was no way to do this except to wipe out certain distinctive classes they proceeded to destroy—ruthlessly and with a thoroughness beyond all precedent in destruction.

If the result had been a general leveling up with the great mass of the people manifestly benefited I think most of us who belong to one or another of the classes proscribed—comprehensively designated as the aristocracy, the intelligentzia and the bourgeoisie—would be willing to acknowledge that our right to exist had been rightfully challenged. But the leveling has proved to be a leveling down, with the highest classes transformed into a class of hopeless and helpless beggars; with the middle classes become a class of social vultures; with the lower classes sunk in deeper degradation than they ever dreamed of, and with general morality at a lower ebb throughout all classes than it has ever been in the history of any nation.

In their views as to what should be done there is wide division in the ranks of the leaders, which is a fact well known to all Russians. Lenine alone seems to have the ability to recognize and the courage to acknowledge the impossibilities, and because of his unchallengeable power he is able to impose his decisions upon his associates. But among themselves they murmur dissenting opinions and continue to act in their several capacities very much as though no change of policy had been made.

If Lenine Dies

As I begin to write there is a persistent rumor circulating not only in Russia but in the world outside that Lenine is about to die, and this rumor strikes fear and foreboding into the hearts of all classes alike. Especially is he clung to by the classes he has persecuted. They have the intelligence to appreciate his ability and to realize that there is not a man in Russia who could take his place. Conservative men and women who have suffered most and who long for a turn in the terrible road that will lead the country back to sanity look into one another's eyes and say, "If Lenine dies, God help us!"

To call it all a queer situation is a little-minded thing to do, but our minds for the most part are comfortable little minds that hesitate to plunge out into the vastness of the incomprehensible. It is a queer situation, but in its innumerable ramifications and its possibilities of influence upon the future of the world it is the most important situation that has ever been created.

There are those who will not care to have a look at Russia with me. My eyes, they will say, are blurred with prejudice and blinded with bourgeoisosity. But my eyes are clear enough perhaps to see a stone wall before it becomes spangled with stars for me as a result of violent contact with my head. What one inevitably does in Russia is to imagine oneself groping around under similar circumstances in one's own country, and I tell you this is not a thing to think of without horror and fear. What has happened in Russia could not possibly happen in the United States perhaps. I believe it could not. The American people are intelligent, educated, proudly self-appraising and about as submissive as so many mules, whereas the Russians, on the whole, represent the utmost in ignorance and docility. But we don't want anything to happen in the United States that bears the remotest resemblance to what has happened in Russia, and it is therefore that we should hope that nothing [illegible] done to save the Russian experiment [illegible] the complete failure it is now [illegible] headed for.

There are several possibilities for Russia in the immediate future. One is the recognition and support of the government that her leaders propose to do away with and a consequent slow recovery under the pressure of imposed necessities; one is a militaristic invasion of Eastern Europe, a horde movement upon the fields and pastures of neighboring peoples—this being a popular idea among Trotzky's followers; another is the collapse of the soviet organization, and complete anarchy. But whatever occurs I venture to predict that fifty years hence the writers of history will be saying that if the United States of America had acted differently everything would have been different. So we can be sure that we do with a good conscience what seems best in our own interest, to do.

But I should not be in Russia just because first there is the getting there and this is rather interesting. It is not a cinch nor yet is it so very difficult if Mr. Hoover has generously lit your way with the light of his countenance, as he lit mine.

Red Suspicions

When Mr. Hoover established the American Relief Administration for the purpose of saving the infant generations of Russia from the necessity of paying in pangs of hunger and retarded development for the war which their elders were not able to avert, I am sure he had no thought of instituting so vast a medium of communication between his own people and the people of other countries. The American Relief Administration is unique as an institution and its great enterprise is worthy, for a very good people. I hesitate to say much less to express a belief that we are very good. In many of our characteristics we are anything but admirable, and it seems to me sometimes that those who admire us least are most accurate in their estimations of us. But, curiously, we have developed in ourselves a certain sense of good will toward other peoples and do genuinely wish to be helpful and kind to them, no matter what they may think of us. We have never given until it hurt, nor even until we felt it, but we have given generously enough, perhaps, and what we have given we have given freely and without conditions save that we be permitted to supervise its distribution. Thus, fortunately, we have had to do it only that we might be sure that our charity beneficiaries really benefited.

We have been feeding the children of most of the countries of Europe long enough for their peoples to have become convinced that our philanthropies are merely a cloak designed to cover sinister aims. They began by saying that we were seeking commercial advantage with a subtlety and art wholly above the world's experience or that we were a race of unprecedented idealists and simpletons. They were not quite so polite about that, but that expresses more or less what they meant to say. It was difficult for them to determine just what we were driving at, so severally they kept a watchful eye on us until they were compelled to admit that we are a nation of unprecedented idealists and imbeciles, but unselfish and, taken by and large, fairly efficient.

But in Russia the leaders, who bitterly regret the necessity for depending upon our benevolence, have not yet made up their minds with regard to us, and the other day Mr. Trotzky got up before an audience in Moscow and threw his teeth—some of us being present—in doubt as to the sincerity of our motives. He said he could not understand why we were in Russia devoting many millions and the services of many men to help Russia over her terrible crisis due to the great drought in the valley of the Volga! He was sure we were not doing it as an expression of our love for Russia because he knew for a fact that [illegible] men high up in the American Administration entertained toward the government sentiments of distinct animosity, and that, furthermore, the food was feeding the fighting enemies of Russia in Wrangel's army. This is the [illegible] untrue unless he includes in the army the destitute Russians in Constantinople and other places.

(Continued on Page 49)

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seeing the Vacuette actually at work can you realize work saver it is—and you should see it no at method of sweeping you are using results are simply amazing.

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Features You Will Find in the Vacuette

Handsome Polished Aluminum Body, Pistol Grip Handle, Rubber Wheels, Rubber Cushioned "Nose," Strong Vacuum Fan, Revolving Bristle Brush. Practically no Oiling Required. Rust-Proof Parts. Weight only 7½ pounds.

We Can Place a Few More Agents

We can place a few more representatives in choice territory to work with our district managers as demonstrators and salesmen. If you want to connect with a big, live, growing organization; if you see the opportunity offered by an article which actually sells itself as soon as the housewife sees its magical work on her own rugs and carpets—write before the openings are filled.

SCOTT & FETZER COMPANY, Dept. 16, CLEVELAND, OHIO

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How Women Save Money With Mirro

You can benefit from the experience of several million women who have found the way to save money on their kitchen utensils.

These women have learned through experience that Mirro Aluminum cooking utensils last far longer because they are made of thicker, harder, more durable, pure aluminum.

Mirro ware is built to withstand the abuse to which kitchen utensils are subjected, day after day. Mirro utensils keep their shape. The sides are rigid. The handles are strongly riveted and the no-burn cover knobs are securely and permanently fastened.

Not once only, but many times during its long life does a Mirro utensil, such as the Preserving Kettle shown above, save the replacement cost of a short-lived article. And Mirro prices are very moderate—every woman can afford Mirro.

You can readily see the difference between Mirro Aluminum utensils and others by inspecting them at your nearest dealer. Lift them, feel the difference in weight! Note the heavy, turned edges of Mirro ware, the many features of convenience such as those listed below.

In addition to these advantages, each Mirro utensil carries the guarantee of the world's foremost maker of aluminum ware, with a successful experience of nearly thirty years.

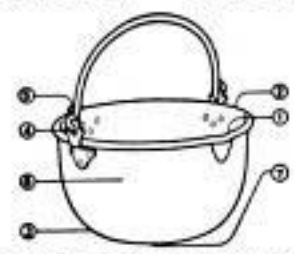
Get this Mirro Preserving Kettle today. It will demonstrate the economy of Mirro. You may buy Mirro ware at leading stores everywhere. Send for Mirro miniature catalog No. 14.

1 Well-formed, easy-pouring lip.

2 Solid, tightly rolled, sanitary bead, free from dirt-catching crevices.

3 Smooth, rounded edges—easily cleaned.

4 Handle ears permit handle to be moved to any one of three different positions without coming in contact with sides of utensil.



5 Tilting handle with eye for convenient hanging.

6 Beautiful Mirro finish. Rich, lustrous, silvery.

7 Famous Mirro trade-mark which is stamped into the bottom of every piece, and your guarantee of excellence throughout.

Aluminum Goods Manufacturing Company
General Offices: Manitowoc, Wis., U. S. A.
Makers of Everything in Aluminum

MIRRO ALUMINUM REFLECTS GOOD HOUSEKEEPING A. G. M. CO.

Every Mirro Utensil Bears This Imprint

MIRRO ALUMINUM
Reflects Good Housekeeping

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(Continued from Page 46)

said he was not all sure about our
n, but hoped our friendly perform-
ould prove in the end to be quite as
ested as it purported to be.
t never mind," said an American Re-
rker. "Trotzky's uncertainty with
gn our motives doesn't interfere with
tions. To-day sixty-four more
ads of baby food—an average of
red and fifty tons to the train—
s move in from the ports; alto-
've got approximately ninety-five
tons on the rails, and every last
at we have agreed to deliver in
moving somewhere. It looked like
ible undertaking, and it was
at we've got it beaten; so Mr.
inability to understand it doesn't
Just so long as he doesn't block
—that's all I care about." And
was expressing the exact spirit
s of the entire American per-

ding Russia out of consideration
being, the American Relief Ad-
n, having no political or selfish
ve, being actuated by nothing
ltarian impulse and principle,
alterior motives and being ex-
meticulously what it purports to
only maintained an association
rselves and those peoples with
ad broken formal relations but
between them and us bonds of
nsullied remembrance that must
influence in an appreciable de-
urse of human history. Future
in Europe will talk about "the
write about it in their reminis-
Histories as one of the dominant
nsable factors of conservation
truction in unfaltering operation
period of chaos following the
r.
—of course, ever speaks of the
Relief Administration. The
initialized from the beginning,
ses the initials A. R. A. spelled
into a word in the European
the result that the organization
known as "the Arah."

Official Annoyances

breviated designation is a nice
rd and has quite sufficient dig-
is properly pronounced. But un-
some of our beloved American
ers are the kind of Americans
to think there is something un-
about the Latin "a"—not to
ing downright immoral. They
aking terms with the "a" as it
"ache," "actual," "against" and
but when it comes to broaden-
balk unless broadening it hap-
absolutely unavoidable. And
rs that one hears "the Arah"
s "the Error" just as often as
the worst of it is that there is
can do about it. To correct the
on of a thoroughly self-esteeming
risk his astonished displeasure,
mits murder with some relue-
n Russia where murder is looked
inor offense. But I will say that
d an American in Russia speak
ah" without wishing to remove
ask him what part of God's
hailed from. They also make
ling and long-suffering city of
e with the way most of them
he word "narrow." And they
that it is very "narra-minded"
mit myself to be impressed by

going to help to popularize this
se I do not like it. It offends
matter how it is pronounced.
aving told about it, I shall not
din. Though I will say that it is
njure with in Europe, and that
the initials which form it ap-
my traveling orders and iden-
ers was a thing for me many
duly thankful for.
who goes to Russia under the
e A. R. A. is routed from Lon-
id and from Ostend to Riga
lum, Germany, West Prussia,
Corridor in Poland, East
uania and Latvia. This is an
ute and affords one a splen-
ity for observing the various
oyed by various peoples in the
f-determination.
ans evidently determine to
ing just as difficult and un-
he Poles as lies within their
power, while the Poles on both their West and East Prussian borders have put in operation systems of retaliation that exhaust all the possibilities there are of malicious invention. The Prussians multiply obstructions and exasperations for the Lithuanians, while the Lithuanians do all they can to irritate the Prussians on one border and to give vent to a fine spite against the Latvians on the other. The Latvians, not to be outdone, work overtime thinking up new ways of annoying the Lithuanians on their west frontier and of getting even with the Russians on the east.

All of which tends to make traveling among them something that may rightly be described as an experience. The defenseless outsider, related to none of them, knowing none of their inexcusable language and sharing none of their grouches and prejudices, has a hard time of it, and at each frontier as he goes along he is likely to be told in one language or another that if he thinks he is being badly treated he better wait until he gets over among the brigands who inhabit the adjoining country. How they do love one another!

Needless Discomforts

On each side of every border the traveler must submit to a thorough examination not only of his baggage but, on the exit side, of his person as well; the idea being that he must not carry out of a country more than a specified sum of that country's money nor any article the export of which is forbidden, and that he must not enter a country without paying duty on everything dutiable he may happen to have in his possession. And it makes no difference that he is merely in transit—a through passenger. He must pay duty for the privilege simply of carrying dutiable articles through these countries.

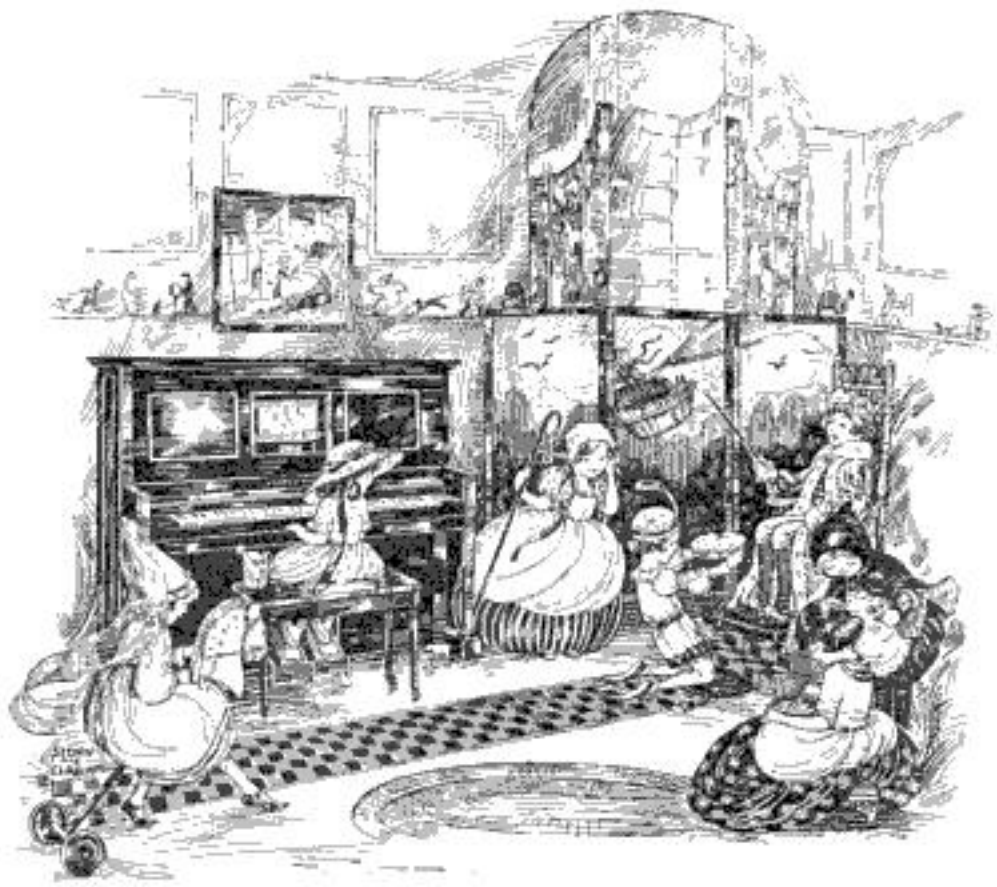
And just by way of making everything as pleasant for him as possible they do not examine his hand baggage in his compartment on the train; they gather it all up and take it into the baggage room of the station, where they either dump it down in a heap with everybody else's baggage or scatter it about, a piece here and a piece there, all over the place. There is nothing for the unhappy owner to do but follow it and search for it until he has found it all and gathered it together in one place; then he must stand by and wait until an inspector comes along—exactly as though he had arrived at his destination.

After they have finished with him, having taken him finally into a little room, counted his money and pawed him all over to see that he is not trying to get by with some article of contraband concealed upon his person, they tote his effects back to his compartment, whereupon he has two or three porters to try to get rid of without having a row with them over the size of the tips he gives them. Which is one thing he cannot do, because no matter what they get they impudently and insistently demand more.

All of which, however, is about a traveler with a first-class ticket and a compartment in an international sleeping car; and there are not many such. Not enough to warrant the reinstitution—on this line, at any rate—of trains de luxe consisting of sleeping cars only with dining cars and other luxuries of travel. All trains are made up for the most part of second and third class cars, which are invariably packed and jammed with the kind of people who sew themselves into their clothes in early winter and make no change until they begin to suffer from the heat of early summer; who have the herd instinct and who travel with their belongings done up in innumerable baskets and bundles of every conceivable shape and size.

These people are native to the region, belonging to one small state or to another, and the examination of them at a frontier is an amazing thing to witness. Each person—man, woman and child—carries his or her own duffel off and onto the train, and each person seems to think that if he doesn't hurry up something unpleasant is likely to happen to him.

Some stagger distractedly along under mountainous and unsightly bundles; some are weighted down with baskets and bags and odds and ends of utensils and household articles; some drag old trunks or packing cases or big tin boxes noisily along the pavement, and some have nothing but a small package, an extra pair of boots, perhaps, carried by their strings, or a loaf of black bread tucked under their arms. They



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FIRST: the price of the latest and finest Marmon is now $3185, which is back to normal. Do you know of any comparable car at such a saving?

Second: Two months ago we announced "Standardized Service" —a nation-wide plan of maintenance economy.

This is a rare combination. It reduces *first* cost and *ultimate* cost to a minimum.

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are all warmly clad and they all look perfectly well fed, but also they all look worried and tired and just a little bit quarrelsome. There is nearly always some kind of trouble over the inspection; a crowd gathers; everybody talks at once and the confusion is bewildering while the first-class passenger from the *wagon-lit* stands beside his orderly luggage waiting for his turn with an inspector, wondering what it is all about and pondering upon the state of affairs that has come to pass in this one-time most orderly of all worlds.

Just one such ordeal as this in the course of a journey would be enough, but when there are any number of them, coming one after another, one eventually comes that is at least one too many. After which there are more—each one consuming from one and a half to two slow-passing hours.

At the eastern border of Germany, or East Prussia, you come to the town of Eydtkunen. You have heard of Eydtkunen and been warned that there is where they are likely to take all your German money away from you if you have any—all but five thousand marks, which isn't any money at all. Also your extra shoes, your camera with its German lens; your German field glass if you have one; and any number of other things. So you are not sorry when at the end of about two hours you are through with Eydtkunen and on your way into Lithuania. What you have not been told is that the station of the Lithuanian frontier town of Virballen is only about ten minutes from the station of Eydtkunen; that the border, as a matter of fact, cuts through what is virtually just one fair-sized community, and that before you have thought of taking off your rubbers and mittens and settling down your train stops again and another crowd of porters—dirty, odoriferous, shoving and grunting—swarms into your wagon de luxe and begins to fight for possession of your belongings. You surrender them without a word, follow them once more into yet another baggage room, where the whole rigmarole has to be gone through with again. It is unbelievable!

Good-Natured Latvians

And if all this would only happen always in the daytime it might not be so bad; it might be thought of philosophically perhaps as being all in the day's work. But they have their trains scheduled so that as often as not it happens in the middle of the night, when the necessity for crawling out of a warm bed and faring forth into the bitterness of zero weather is added to all the other seemingly unnecessary necessities.

In my own experience this made a particularly unpleasant impression upon me, and was the cause of my arriving in Riga with a bad sore throat and in a frame of mind to be thinking principally about how fortunate it was that I had made all the necessary arrangements so that my heirs and assigns would have a minimum of trouble in straightening out my affairs.

I spent just one day in Riga, but in Riga one day is a long time. Which is not to say that it is not an attractive city. Indeed it is; and it is a very beautiful city. I wanted very much to explore it as a tourist would, see its historic treasures and learn about its quaint ancient buildings that make one think of medieval gulids and olden days when commerce was not so completely dissassociated from ideas of picturesqueness and beauty and the leisurely ornamentation of life. But I was reminded at once that my business was to see warehouses and docks and shipping records and feeding stations and great crowds of youngsters eating bean soup, corn grits with sugar and milk, and good white bread at the expense of their Uncle Sam.

You see, the Latvians permit us to use the port of Riga and their railroads for our operations in Russia, while in exchange for these courtesies and their coöperation—which, incidentally, is active, sincere and unfailing—we undertake to feed forty thousand of their needy children. This undertaking on our part is not altogether in the nature of a bargain, however, because to be consistent in our purpose to help all the destitute and undernourished children of Europe, regardless of their race or nationality, we would have to be feeding these little Latvians anyhow. But it is pleasing, nevertheless, to be working for once for people who are cheerfully assisting us in another job, by which they cannot hope to profit.

The day I arrived it was ten degrees below zero and the city lay under a deep blanket of snow. But I was to discover that, however I might feel about it, it was a very mild day. There was an old porter in a frayed uniform in the office of the little hotel to which I was taken at the bewitching hour of six A.M., when the train got in. He spoke perfect English and was probably quite as talkative in several other languages, and later in the morning when he was helping me across the icy sidewalk to the automobile that had been sent for me from the office of the A. R. A. he said, "It is fortunate that you arrived in such pleasant weather. If you had come a few days ago I'm afraid you would have found it very cold. It got down to thirty-five below, and I really felt it myself, though I don't mind the cold."

"And do you call this a warm day?" I asked.

"Well, no, not exactly warm, but very mild, very mild. The back of the winter is broken."

"Oh, it is, is it?" said I to myself as I drove away freezing in an open car. "Well, if anybody should ask me I should tell them it isn't even bent!" But my subsequent experience taught me that if I had been coming out of Russia instead of going in I probably should have suffered from the heat.

Accompanied by some members of the A. R. A. personnel I went down to see the place where the food cargoes came in and to have explained to me the processes of handling them. The port was frozen in—for the first time in twenty-seven years, I believe it was. Is it not extraordinary how many places one goes to with visions in one's mind of their normal conditions, only to find that these conditions are different for the first time in the memory of the oldest inhabitant? It was nothing in the nature of a hardship to me to find Riga frozen in, because it was rather wonderful to stand knee-deep—literally—in snow on the unused tremendous granite dock and look away out and out across an unbroken field of ice, then up a wide frozen river fringed on either side with steeples and towers and picturesque, uneven, snow-blanketed roof lines.

But the conversation was not about these things; it was all about how much our shipping operations would be retarded and how far ahead of immediate necessities the food-distributing stations in Russia were. Although the ships scheduled for Riga were unloading at Reval and the only serious delay was in railway transport, our relief workers were plainly worried, and speculated with great hopefulness on the rise in temperature to ten degrees below zero and the local prediction that there would be no more winter.

Hardships of Travel

In A. R. A. circles in Riga the person who comes along en route to Russia enjoys a temporary importance that is exceedingly interesting. At least I found it so. My idea was that the nearer I should get to Russia the less difficult the difficulties of getting there would become and the less dangerous the much-talked-of danger would appear to be. But not at all. You walk up to the cloud of mystery which hangs upon the frontier of that unhappy country expecting to see it lift and float away before your eyes, revealing to you a commonplaceness which will, as per your usual experience, turn your taste for adventure into dust and ashes in your mouth. Instead of which the cloud deepens and grows heavier and darker, and you begin, figuratively speaking, to breathe with shorter breaths when you get into the hushed atmosphere in which its immediate neighbors live.

In Riga they speak of going in and coming out as though Russia were some vast chamber of horrors containing strange fascinations along with things vague and unimaginable that men wish to investigate but hesitate to approach. You meet a stranger in Riga—an American, that is—and inevitably his first question will be, "Are you going in?"

"Yes," say you, and then you ask him, "Have you been in?"

If he has he is pretty sure to bate his breath for your benefit and make a noise like a survivor, while if he has not he will say, "No such luck!" and begin to tell you how he is stuck in Riga superintending the unloading of cargoes or keeping tabs on

(Continued on Page 53)



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Art-Rug No.
the 6 x 9 ft. size
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Indoors and Out these Rugs are a Joy

"Nothing like Congoleum Rugs for summer-time. They're so easy to keep clean and nothing seems to harm them."

On the porch or indoors—*Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rugs are surely the ideal summer floor-covering. Their cool, cheery patterns add charm to the seashore cottage, bungalow and mountain camp, and besides they are low-priced and extremely practical. They hug the floor tightly without fastening of any kind, never ruffle or turn up at edges or corners.

Water doesn't hurt them. The sun doesn't fade them. No need to roll them up when rain threatens. And they are so easy to clean—it's done in a jiffy with a damp mop.

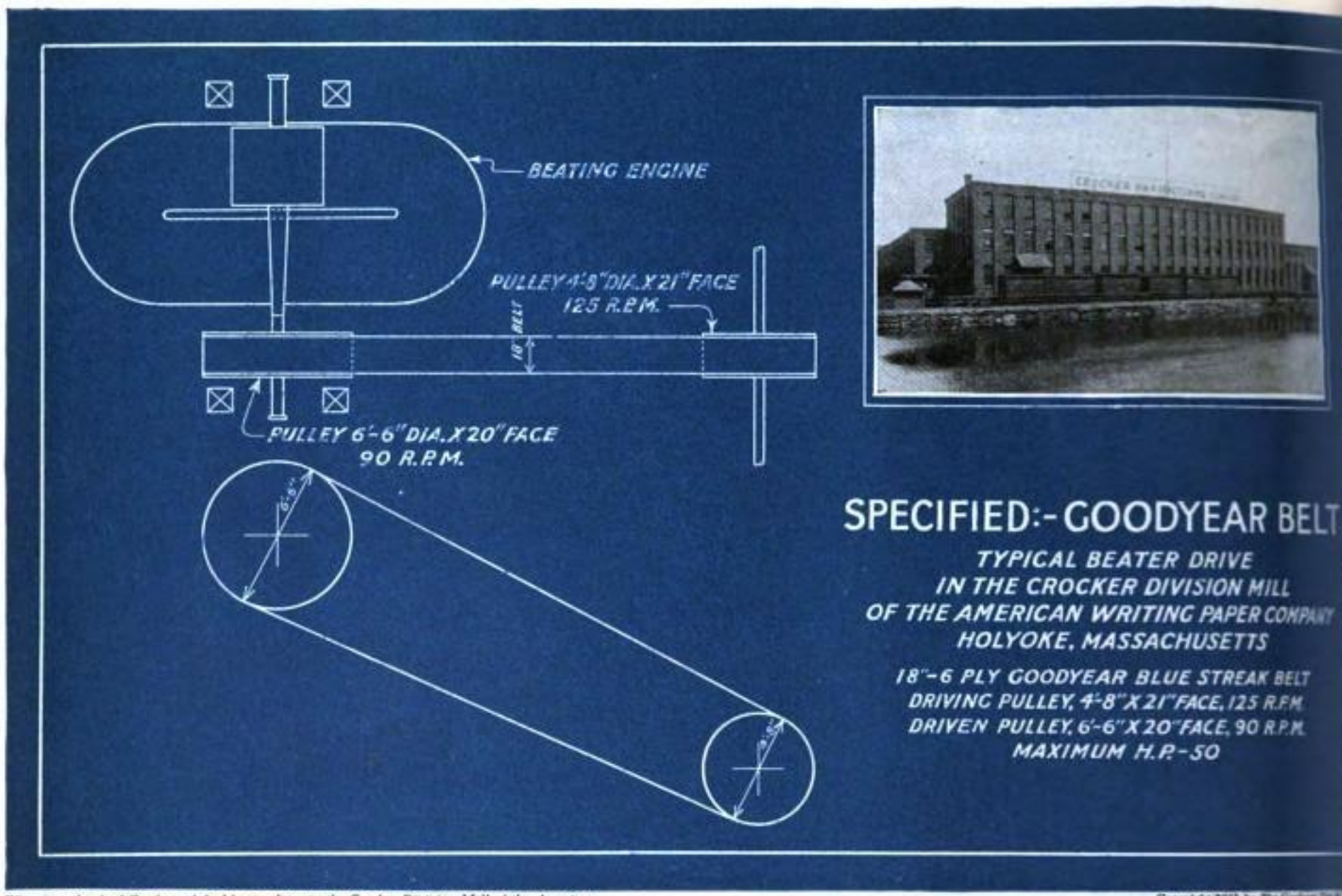
Truly for the summer home there is no floor-covering so satisfying and economical as *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs.

6	x 9	feet	$ 8.10	The rug illustrated is made only in the five large sizes. The small rugs are made in other designs to harmonize with it.	1½	x 3	feet $ .50
7½	x 9	feet	10.10		3	x 3	feet 1.00
9	x 9	feet	12.15		3	x 4½	feet 1.50
9	x 10½	feet	14.15		3	x 6	feet 2.00
9	x 12	feet	16.20				

Owing to freight rates prices in the South, west of the Mississippi and in Canada are higher than those quoted.

Gold Seal
CONGOLEUM
Art-Rugs

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Blueprint sketch of Goodyear-belted beater drive in the Crocker Division Mill of the American Writing Paper Company, Holyoke, Mass., and insert photograph of the Crocker Division Mill.

Copyright 1921, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

Twenty-six Eagle-A Mills and the G. T.

The American Writing Paper Company, of Holyoke, Massachusetts, comprises 26 mills throughout the country, making the nationally celebrated Eagle-A Quality-Standards of printing papers. The belting equipment and requirements of their every plant, involving hundreds of drives, have been analyzed in the past two years by a G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man.

As a result of this vast survey, this Company, which is the largest fine paper-making institution in the world, today is in possession of a tabulated record of every belt in each of its mills, complete data on dimensions and grades of belts used on the various drives, and specific recommendations for the types of belts best suited to the varying duties. The report is used continually by the plant engineers and by the Purchasing Department in choosing different sizes and types of belts.

"This analysis of the belt equipment in each of our 26 plants is the most comprehensive and valuable work of its kind that has ever come to my attention," writes Mr. J. Moles, Chief Engineer of the American Writing Paper Company. "The actual G. T. M. work required months, and the final report, together with recommendations submitted by the Goodyear Company, comprises several volumes."

A great deal of the equipment installed on the basis of this expert analysis is Goodyear Blue Streak Belting. This is particularly true of the equipment of the great beater drives, which transmit the power from the main shaft to the great revolving cylinders where numerous knives beat rags into stock for the paper machines.

Two of these Goodyear Blue Streak Belts, 18-inch, 6-ply, were installed in the Crocker Division in Holyoke, in June, 1920. These two Goodyears have been in constant operation for two years now, and have never been touched. They never required taking-up or repairing. Mr. Moles says they are as good today as the day they were installed, though they have been working on this heavy drive for 24 hours a day, six days a week.

Hundreds of other Goodyear Belts in American Writing Paper plants are giving correspondingly faithful, trouble-free and long-wearing service. Their efficient and economical performance is a tribute to the quality built into them and to the correctness and exactness with which they are specified to their jobs.

This is a splendid example of the work of the G. T. M., the working of the Goodyear Plant Analysis Method, and the performance of Goodyear Belts. You can have a similar survey made of your transmission or conveying problem. There is a G. T. M. in your neighborhood, and you may rely on his recommendations and on the quality of Goodyear Belts. For further information about the Goodyear Analysis Plan, write to Goodyear, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.

GOODYEAR

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(Continued from Page 50)

ts and that sort of thing. It re-
me for all the world of wartime
n growled about being hung up at
on S. O. S. jobs or something like
en all the excitement and a fel-
ance to get in were at the front.
members of the relief organization
ng to Moscow at the same time I
the London office had asked the
Government to give us a special
arriage. Typhus was raging every-
d the risk one ran in traveling in
conveyance was not to be exag-

I am sure the Latvians were
lend us anything they had, but
not rich in rolling stock of any
the best they could do was a
irty little wooden second-class car
one shudder to look at. It was
it or a long wait for a wagon-lit
out on another job, however; so
d to risk it. They told us that the
ist come back from Russia but
disinsected. Nevertheless we
evidence of a considerable lack
hness in the disinsecting process;
e cleaned out his own compart-
sprinkled it liberally with naph-
owder, after which there was
do but hope for the best.
an hour watching a plucky little
ying to climb a naphthaline Alp
placed in his path, singing to
while: "Good morning, Mr.
lip, with your hair cut just as
ine." But when my little play-
y fell over on his back and gave
uggle my faith in naphthaline
s established.

The Land of Famine

vate car of ours, which would
rand if I refrained from saying
bout it except that it was a
was attached to the Moscow
nd this was lucky for us, be-
sant fast traveling. It is six
forty-three miles from Riga to
d it took us only three nights
ys to make it. To people who
with facilities for traveling in
rt from Chicago to New York
een to twenty-three hours, and
ork to San Francisco in less
ys, this may seem a bit slow,
learn later that it was really
y service. On a trip to the
I found myself saying: "If it
ially favored person ten hours
miles how long should it take
orn?" And I was unable to
how relief operations, having
the pressure of immediate
id requiring a tremendous
ansportation, could be carried
t I shall not take this occasion
mind with regard to national-
lines of communication under
ement.
o Russia: We were traveling
n government mandate, to
of being provided with Relief
n and other American pa-
standing all of which, when
e border, we had to submit to
rutiny of the soviet officials.
r, I did not object to in the
, since they were the first real
ci I had encountered I was
terested in them than they
be in me. My first thought
American soldier would sen-
o the guardhouse if he should
out looking as they did.
rty and bedraggled uniforms
features. They were a kind of dark, mustard-colored, coarse wool cloth and were red, of course, as to collar tabs and cuff bands. But what made this uniform unique, different from any uniform the world has ever seen, was the cap that went with it. The cap is an atrocity that was invented, I am told, by Trotzky, and is known as the Trotzky helmet. It is made of the uniform material and is a hood, really, with both helmet and cap characteristics—that is, it has a visor and also runs up at the top in a floppy sort of peak. It makes its wearer look both flat-headed and low-browed, and just above the visor on the flat spot there is either a red star or a crossed hammer and sickle, these being the emblems of the Communist state.

The boys, however, were nice enough, quite courteous, and not in any observable way different from other chesty youths exercising governmental authority. But I did have a feeling at once of being despised and a bit too clean and well-groomed for the occasion, which was a feeling I was destined to carry about with me all the time I was in Russia.

We had no sooner crossed into Russia than we began to see horrible sights. And this is the truth—I was not expecting it. I thought the horrors were confined to certain areas and that I should have to go and look for them. But there is no area in Russia today that is not horrible; at least there is no area in which horrors are not to be encountered. And though the soviet authorities spare no effort in trying to induce the world to believe that the famine is confined to the Volga Valley and that it is due solely to natural causes and causes over which they had no control, there is not a man, woman or child in the country, aside from a favored few within the government circle or who have money enough to pay the fantastic prices that are demanded for food, who is getting enough to eat. This also is the absolute truth, which nobody who knows the situation will seek to deny.

At every railway station there were seething mobs of the most awful people I had ever seen. They crowded up under the windows of our car and wailed a pitiful wail with their hands held out.

I asked our Latvian porter, who spoke both English and Russian, what they were saying, and laughing a brutal laugh he answered: "They are saying, 'For God's sake give us bread, give us bread!'" He was remembering the Bolshevik invasion of his own country and the ruthlessness of it. He had no sympathy for Russians.

Cold and Misery

Most of the people were trying to get on the train; they were going somewhere, anywhere, I suppose, away from where they were. There were Red soldiers stationed at each end of all the cars, and only those who had permits to travel were allowed to get aboard; but the others, in uncontrollable masses, struggled for a foothold anywhere. We had one continual fight to keep them out of our car, but we had to keep them out; our hearts might ache for them, but they had on them one thing we were afraid of—carriers of disease.

We locked our doors, but they kicked against them and beat upon the windows with their fists, making piteous appeals. They clung to the steps and the trucks and crowded together between the cars on the coupling pins. And it was cold, bitter cold. The country was just one vast interminable stretch of blinding white silence; the villages were buried up to their thick-thatched eaves in snow; the beards of the men and the mufflers of the women were hung with icicles; it was all a terrible picture of human suffering.

At one station I stood looking out of a window as the train began to move; it gathered speed; there was a surge forward in the crowd and a frantic shout; then I felt the car under me lift and twist itself with a sickening grind.

One of the young men I was traveling with came up to me quickly, turned me away from the window and said, "Don't look! We ran over a woman. She slipped on the icy step she was trying to hang on to and fell under the wheels!"

The porter, looking just a little bit shaken himself, said, "Yes, and she's better off! Kindest thing you can do to a lot of these people is to kill them. We don't often make this run without killing two or three, but it don't seem right that they should nearly always be women."

We killed three before we got to Moscow—all women.

I once knew Moscow as one of the most colorful cities in the world. Its chief pursuit was happiness and even its muzhiks were round and rollicking and blessed with unfailing good nature. It was not a city to approve of particularly; it lay under a weight of wasted years and its moral tone was unhealthy, but at least it was cheerful. Also it was well kept and had an air of great pride in itself.

Gray and Dismal Moscow

My impression when I arrived this time was that it had grown suddenly old and dismally gray; that, moreover, it had lost its grip in its sad decrepitude, permitting itself to get filthy and foul—a bedraggled drab of a city. The station, too dirty to be described, and with its atmosphere too thick with the hideous smell of human uncleanness to be breathed, was filled with people one shrank from in fear, while outside was a swarm of beggars and mere idlers through which to thrust one's way was a thing to dread.

The city lay under a thick mantle of dirty snow and ice, while overhead hung a heavy gray pall of somber cloud. They told us it had been two weeks since the sun had shone. In the streets there were a great many people ambling aimlessly along doing nothing and, as I afterward learned, with nothing to do. I looked into their faces and saw only weariness; not even resentment—only weariness and a kind of hopeless submission. On the journey in, my nerves had been shaken a bit and, as anyone would, I had suffered thrills of heartbreaking sympathy for the people I had seen. But now a sense of deep depression began to settle upon me. Nobody in Russia escapes this; depression is chronic; everybody feels it and everybody talks about it. It is a dreadful thing to live with day after day.

There were gangs of women; terrible women; women only, cleaning the ice out of the street-car tracks with picks and shovels and stiff twig brooms. I knew them to be gangs of conscripted labor, and I felt sweep over me in their behalf a wave of hot resentment. But it was too soon for me to begin to feel resentful; too soon for me even to say to myself as I did, "So this is what it's like!"

I was to go a long way yet and learn in the end that the women who clean the streets of the cities are fortunate because they are fed. I shall wait until another time to go farther and see more in the grand old city of Moscow.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mrs. Egan. The next will appear in an early issue.

THE BUCKET BOOB

(Continued from Page 15)

me by the hand; and with
he was squeezing my elbow
ng-lost friend. I was afraid,
t on to the way I was shak-
me, I remember, to be in
hose others. They were the
t men, the traders I'd been
Boker, too—talking about
gan to be a little ashamed,
ndred plunks was all I had
I wondered what they'd
too—when I flashed that

t's great!" said Boker.
off a few prices from the
that he began to give me what he called the dope. A tip was out on Mex Pete; and there was a tip out on Studebaker too. A lot of talk, besides, he said, was going the rounds on Steel. If anyone went short on Steel they were dead sure to make a killing, he said.

"Short?" I said.

"Yeah; sell, you know," said Boker.

It was all Greek to me.

I was as green as any hick that ever stepped out of the Grand Central into Forty-second Street. How could I sell Steel when I didn't have any to sell? The look Boker gave me I can remember still. It must have been hard for him not to laugh.

Steel I sold, though; twenty shares of it. This meant of course that the trade was on a margin of five points a share only; and that in itself should have warned what kind of people I was dealing with. No reputable brokerage office, I know now, will carry a client on any margin like that. There you are, though; and my hand shook as I handed over the hundred dollars.

Boker hurried from the room. A moment later he was back again.

"Your order's filled," he said; "I filled it at 83."

I was astonished. I hadn't even seen him telephone. All he'd done was to take a walk around the room at the back. That

Elto

Light Twin Outboard Motor



Sportsmen Everywhere Are Talking About It

The Elto Light Twin is causing a big stir in the outdoor world. It is even a bigger sensation than Ole Evinrude's first outboard motor built 14 years ago.

Sportsmen everywhere are talking about the Elto. They had looked to the "Father of the Detachable Motor" for a highly developed motor of this type and they welcome this great advance in the industry with genuine enthusiasm. From all parts of America and foreign shores, letters are coming to Ole Evinrude's new organization highly commending the Elto Light Twin for its original and practical features.

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The Elto is a twin-cylinder and develops full 3 H. P., yet it weighs only 48 pounds. It is a rugged, long-life motor, built thruout with extreme precision.

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Write Ole Evinrude's new organization for descriptive literature and name of the Elto dealer nearest you.

Dealers: Write today for outline of sales plan.

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Why You Should Change Your Spark Plugs Now

Most engine troubles come from worn-out or incorrectly designed spark plugs.

If your car starts hard, don't run the battery down; if it splutters and runs jerkily, if it misses on the hills and at high speed, don't blame it on the carburetor or piston rings.

Probably all you need is a new set of AC Spark Plugs.

Go to any good dealer and tell him you want a set of AC Plugs specially designed for your car.

Then see the difference in performance!

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Ford Owners:—The AC 1075 for Ford engines is the plug you should use. It has our patented wire clip for the Ford terminal, our new design electrode which prevents oil from lodging in the spark gap and the famous AC Carbon Proof porcelain. If your Ford dealer will not supply you any other good dealer can meet your needs.



AC Spark Plug Company, FLINT, *Michigan*

U. S. Pat. No. 1,135,727, April 13, 1915. U. S. Pat. No. 1,216,139, Feb. 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending

wasn't all, though. The price he told me, 83, was a good three-quarters under the figures on the board; and he'd gyped me out of that. I was about as green as they make 'em, I guess.

It was half past eleven when I left Boker's; and I'd hardly opened the door when I had a shock. As I reached the stairs and was starting down who should I see coming up but old man Potter!

I dodged out of sight pretty quick, I'll say. He hadn't seen me, however; and I hung around to see where he'd go. After that I took my time about getting back to the office. I knew now why he'd been figuring over that newspaper he kept hidden in his desk. It was the same as I'd been figuring—the financial page. One o'clock, though, was striking before I finished eating my lunch; and after that I lit a cigar. Twenty minutes later I lounged back to the insurance office.

Potter was waiting for me. He began to bristle as I walked in.

"Can it!" I said to him. "I know where you were this A.M."

"What's that?" he said. "What's that?"

"You were down at Boker's," I told him.

You should have seen his face. It grew as white and moist as the belly of a fish. I felt sorry for the old boy. He'd seen, too, what he was up against; and to try to get out of it he'd risked everything, his job included.

He sat there all crumpled up. "If you tell ——" he whispered.

I wasn't going to tell. I knew they'd sack him offhand. I went back to my desk.

Anyone who knows can tell you what happens to a bird who gets dealing in the market. I was no exception. All I could think of that afternoon was the money I'd put up at Boker's. If the market went down I'd win. If it went up I'd lose. I had the chills and fever all right. In fact, I was half beside myself till I heard the newsboys yelling the early editions in the street below. Potter watched me as I got up and dusted out of the room; but a lot I cared now for Potter. I got a paper from a kid; and the moment I saw it I let out a yip.

Steel was down a point and over. As it figured out, I'd cleaned up twenty-five bucks on the day!

I'd like to speak of that. It was winning like this, the first time of all, that put me really to the bad. If I'd lost I might have stopped to think. I'd won, though; and that fixed me—I had the fever in my blood. When I went upstairs to the office I lounged over to old Potter's desk.

"The market's off," I said, swaggering. It was the same swagger I'd seen Bert Gerken give. I was in on Wall Street stocks, you know—dealing in the market.

"Sh-h-h! For God's sake!" said old Potter, turning white.

That afternoon, when I went home to the flat, the world was mine.

IV

IT WAS along toward six o'clock when I got off the Subway at the corner and headed down the side street. Under my arm I had all the latest Wall Street editions; and one of these I'd been reading as I hung to a strap in the train. I felt pretty chesty and big, in fact, as I studied the financial page, letting on to myself I was a regular Wall Street man. I was figuring, too, how the folks who saw me must think what a swell I was. The Wall Street paper wasn't all of it, either. On the way from the office to the Subway I'd stopped in at a couple of places and got myself some other reading matter.

One piece of it was a list of winter tours—trips down South to the big resorts. The other piece was an automobile-road map. I hadn't a car, of course; but that day before I left the office I'd been doing a bit of figuring.

Twenty-five bucks a day, if you count six days in the week, is a hundred and fifty bones; six hundred, in all, for the month. It's no wonder, in fact, that seeing myself with that amount a month I thought the world was mine. The trouble, though, is that I didn't stop with that. If I used my profits, that six hundred plunks a month, to buy more stock, in a month I'd be making six or seven times what I was making now. I got crazy with the heat after that. Before long I saw myself—on paper—rolling in anywheres from five hundred to a thousand every week. At this point, though, I called a halt. To be on the safe side I set down what I'd make at two hundred and fifty a week or thereabouts—call it a flat three hundred. That made twelve hundred d[ollars] a month, I said; and with that [in] in my jeans, all of New York I'd [fig]ured.

I almost thought I owned it already. [The] car for Josie was the first thing I'[d get] and it wouldn't be any tin [Lizzie, ei]ther. The car, before I got through figuring it, was one of those nickel and brass imported cars; and by that time I had a choffer in livery at the wheel. That was all, though, I laid in for Josie that evening on my way uptown in the Subway. The Gerkens had a colored girl to wait on them; but I wouldn't let Josie do anything like that. I wasn't going to have her stick on, either, in that measly four-by-four flat we were living in. I figured out that we'd have a flat on Riverside Drive, and a cook, a chambermaid and maybe a man. The flat, too, would have eight rooms and a couple of baths. I could see in my mind's eye the layout when we asked them in for the evening. Josie would be in a new silk dress, to knock your eye out; and she would have on, too, all her swell new jewelry. She was a good-looking kid; and I could see her with all her swell rings and the diamond dangles in her ears. Then, after we'd eaten, we'd take the Gerkens to ride in that new car I'd bought, and what I would have on the fur coat I'd get for her. It wouldn't be the fur coat, either, we had been talking about a long while, but a piece of rabbit fur she'd seen on Amsterdam Avenue. It was the best goods—sable or something; and I pictured Sadie Gerken turning green when she got her eye on it.

There were a lot of things I pictured, a whole heap of them. They were still humming in my mind when I romped up the stair to the flat, and put my key in the door.

"Hey, Josie!" I whooped.

Then I stood there, gaping.

The flat was empty and dark. It was cold, too, as if Josie hadn't been in there all morning. All around, the place was in the order just as I'd left it hours ago.

The papers I dropped on a chair without taking off my hat and coat. I walked on down the hall. "Josie!" I called again. It was the first time, in fact, I'd ever been home like that and found no one waiting for me. I felt queer, I know, as I looked in Josie's door and looked inside.

The room, like the rest of the flat, was in disorder. The bedclothes lay flung over the footboard; and all the drawers in the bureau were open. I got a shock as I looked in them. A gasp came out of me; and then, as I went to the closet I looked inside. I don't guess, maybe, what I was thinking to find in bag, though, was there; and when I didn't find it I caught my breath. I backed out. I thought, of course, that she'd gone and done something like that; but just the same I was relieved.

After that I began to get hot and cold all over. The scare I'd had thrown into me by finding the bag was I, all primed and bubbling with excitement I'd pulled off that day, and Josie not being at home, ready to hear me tell her about it.

I got hotter and hotter as I went back into the parlor and lit the light. I still remember, and tried to read the paper I had, though I had it open at the financial page I didn't read it long. After a while I got another scare. Why had she gone out? Why had she left the flat like it was? Why, too, was she staying away so long? I dropped the paper and humped back to her room again.

There was her bag, though, and the bureau and the closet, too, were in order. Then, as I stood there, I heard the front door open.

"Say!" I said. "Where have you been anyway?"

She looked at me a moment. Her face was pale, and she was all fagged out and limp.

"I've been downtown," she said.

I knew she had. She had a package in her hand; and I figured she'd left the flat in a mess so she could get an early start at the shops all day. I was wrong on that, as it turned out.

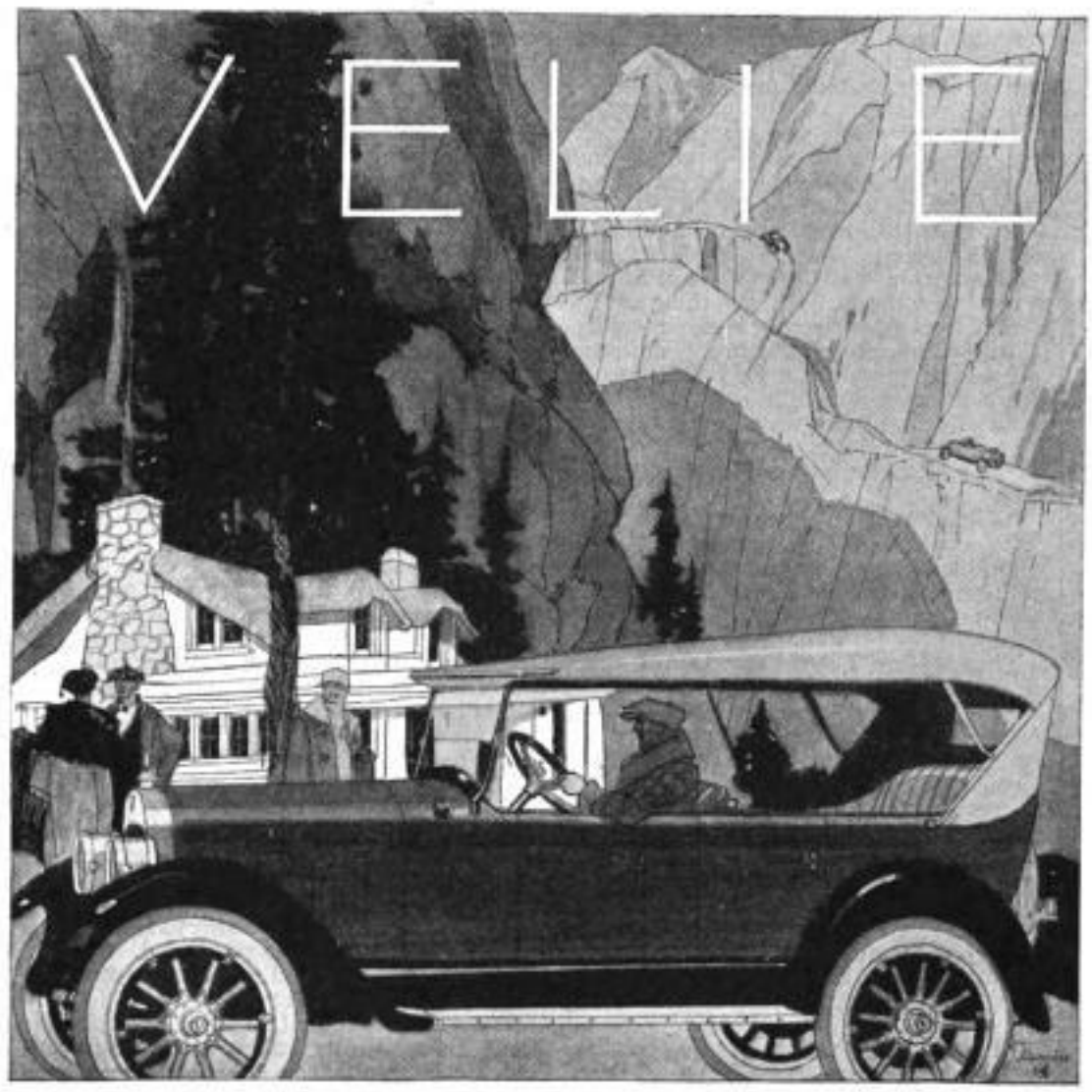
"That's the dinner," she said, putting down the parcel; "I got it just now at the delicatessen."

Well, that was piling it on. I felt sure that the town I'd seen a lot of these women would hang out in the shops and movies and wait till the last minute to beat it home and get a slice of meat and a paper of potato salad for their husband's dinner; and I told her so, too, what I thought. She waited till I had finished.

(Continued on Page 58)

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VELIE-BUILT MOTOR WINS AGAIN



The remarkable new Velie 6

ANOTHER link in the long chain of Velie Victories was added when a stock car equipped with the Velie-built motor climbed Mount Wilson in 27 minutes, 51 $\frac{46}{100}$ seconds, breaking the record that had stood four years *by over* 11 *minutes,* and winning the Los Angeles Express trophy.

This unparalleled performance was made possible by the Velie overhead valve construction—Velie automatic lubrication—Velie motor solidity—Velie cooling—Velie dirt-proof construction—and a score of other features built into this matchless power plant.

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THE MARVELOUS 

VELIE-BUILT MOTOR

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Esterbrook

(Continued from Page 54)

"I wasn't shopping," she said; "I wasn't at a movie, either. I went downtown and got back that old job of mine."

You could have knocked me down with a feather.

"You did what?"

"Just what I say," she said.

It was the fact, what's more. Before we'd married, Josie was a stenographer in a Broadway jobbing house. The place paid twenty-five a week; and to think she'd gone back to it now—well, I just turned hot and cold. If she'd hit me I couldn't have taken it worse.

It was my pride, you see. Anyways, I had the same pride a clerk would have about a thing like that; and what laid me out was, first of all, what they'd say at the office when they heard my wife had had to go back to work. In my mind's eye I could see them grin. "His wife, she had to go to work," they'd say. With one thing and another I was pretty nearly beside myself.

Josie didn't make it any the easier for me.

I wouldn't stand for it, I told her. A wife's place was to take care of her husband's home, I said; and she looked at me for a moment.

"Yes—if he's able to keep a wife," she said.

"What's that?" I shot back at her.

"You heard me," she answered. "A wife who just trots round the house and does nothing is a luxury, Jim. That's why I went and got back my job. I figured you couldn't afford a wife."

Then, before I could say anything, she gave her shoulders a hunch.

"I'm sick of all this, anyways. I've sat round this flat, dusting and sweeping and cooking the meals for you; and what have I got out of it, I'd ask. I don't go anywheres; you never take me to a show or anything; I just drudge and slave. I wouldn't do it for any man. I made up my mind since you couldn't give me anything—or wouldn't—I'd go out and get it for myself."

She had spunk, I'll say. She was only a kid, at that, too; but she had the grit; and as for me, I began to come down from my high horse.

"Listen, Josie," I said.

"I don't wish to listen," she answered. "I'm through, I'm finished!"

I told her then. In a word or two I let on to her what I'd pulled off that day down at Boker's. You should have seen her!

"Jim!" she said.

After that it was as if the sunshine had burst all at once through the walls of that two-by-four flat we were living in.

"Jim!"

I just took her in my arms; and she hung to me, shaking and catching at her breath.

V

IT WAS one grand night, that night, I'll mention. It was as if the twenty-five bucks, the piece of change I'd raked down that day at Boker's, was as many thousands instead. Outside of the pay envelope I'd lugged home every Saturday it was the first money I'd turned up in the six years we'd been married. To Josie it looked even bigger than it did to me.

She thought I was made, that's all.

The dinner we rattled through with as if it had been a quick-lunch order downtown. The janitor downstairs had a phone; and while Josie was putting away the plates I beat it down to the basement.

"That you, Bert?" I called, when I got the Gerkens' flat. I was feeling pretty chesty and important, too, I'll say; though I didn't let him see it. "Josie and I, we're dropping round to a show," I said; "and we thought maybe you and Sadie would like to go." Then, before he could say anything I added, offhand like, "The tickets and the eats afterwards, Bert, are on me."

Bert said they'd be ready when I got around; and I dusted back upstairs.

"Put on your dress, Josie," I told her.

"Why, Jim!" said Josie.

Her face was all lit up when she skipped back into her room to get ready.

We took a cab at the corner. A street car or the Subway would have done us ordinarily; and I remember the squeak Josie gave as I beckoned to the taxi. The last one I'd paid for was on the day I'd driven her away from the church where we were married; though never mind. She snuggled up against me tonight as we sat inside; and I could feel her quiver. I guess she'd been waiting a long while for that taxi ride.

Bert and Sadie were at the door when we got there.

"Anniversary?" grinned Bert as he saw the cab.

It made me sore to hear him. I'd let him see, I figured, that he wasn't the only one who could spend money; but it took Bert a while to get on to that.

"What're we takin' in?" he asked. "A picture?"

"Cut it out!" I growled.

It was to a theater—a real show—we were going; and the seats I got weren't upstairs in the gallery, either. Including the tax, the four pasteboards set me back eleven dollars; but after the first shock of it, and the curtain went up and the show began, I forgot all that. I just sat back with my chest stuck out, feeling grand and lordly. You should have seen Josie too. She was like a kid out of school for the holidays, her face all shining and gay; and it wasn't just being at a show, either, that had bucked her up like that. Every now and then I'd catch her looking at Bert, and then she take a peep at me. When she did it I could see the light, pride, jump into her eyes and shine.

It was past midnight when she and I got back to the flat.

"Jim!" she said. "Oh, Jim!"

In the hall she flung her arms around me and held me tight.

The evening had set me back a heap. After the show the supper had cost me another good ten dollars; and we'd come home after it in a cab. That and the cigars Bert and I were smoking had cost me four dollars more. All this was nothing, though. Josie had her arms around me.

"Isn't it wonderful, Jim?" she said.

"That so?" I grinned at her.

"Yes; we're getting on at last!" she said.

That night, I'll say, she and I didn't mention again that job of hers she'd gone and taken back. The next morning we didn't mention it, either. She came to the door with me when I had on my hat and coat.

"I'm so proud!" she whispered.

I was kind of proud myself. I'd turned the trick, anyways—or so I thought; found the way, I told myself, of getting out of the hole I was in. And that, as I've said, is what must make it so easy for the sharks, the Wall Street bucket shops and all, to trim fellows like me out of their savings. It isn't just greed, I'll say again, that gets us into their clutches. If a man has, like me, a wife, he wants her to think he's a somebody, doesn't he? I know I did.

I was walking the mountain tops that morning when I got down to my job in Pine Street.

VI

NOW listen: In all of this I'm not trying to knock any clerk just because he's a clerk; I'm not trying, either, to make any fellow sore on the job he's holding down. All I'm trying to show is what gets so many of my sort into the hands of the bucket shops. Along with that I'd like to make clear what happens when they get there. There was nothing wrong with my job. The trouble, instead, was with me. All these years I'd just sat at my desk, letting my feet take root and standing still. What's more, plenty of fellows, clerks like myself, had made good while I was sitting there. I could name a dozen.

Ferd Backus was one. Ferd had the desk next to mine. In the office a lot of us used to laugh at Ferd. Sometimes, too, we'd get sore. Ferd, anyways, was a bear for work; and that's what got us. If work in the office was slack, instead of loafing the way we did, Ferd would hunt himself something to do. "Afraid for his job!" was what we said; but Ferd would only grin. "That's what you say," he said. Then one day he quit; and we learned what he'd been up to. Instead of being afraid he'd lose the job, he'd been learning everything he could about it; and now he was setting up for himself. What I'm getting to, however, is that when he quit Ferd asked me to go in partners with him.

It was an agency Ferd was starting. The office, though, was in a town upstate—Harrisville, we'll call it—and though I had a bit saved up myself, what made me back out wasn't the risk of losing the money; it was—well, Harrisville. I'd come to the city from a dump, a Podunk like that, you see; and little ol' New York I wouldn't leave. The city, I told Ferd, was the place for a business man.

You should have seen the look he gave me.

"Yes," said Ferd; "all the clerks say that."

"What d'you mean, clerks?" I
back at him, getting huffy.

"I mean," said Ferd, "that little
York, as you call it, is just what keep
of clerks what they are."

I didn't get him at all. It was
Greek to me.

"All right," said Ferd; "you
me a line if ever you change your
I hadn't dropped him a line. Ne
still looked good to me. In fact,
had looked better than now. Litt
York! The jazz tunes I'd heard
before on Broadway were ringing
head.

That day, though, nine o'clock
had struck, and I was a good twen
utes late when I punched the
in the basement. A lot I cared,
Upstairs old Potter gave me a
I swaggered in, my chest out; but
worried over him. I wasn't
anything that had to do with
What went on in the office that day
a piece with the rest of the
followed.

For a while I made a bluff of
work. It wasn't for long, however
o'clock drew near I began to wriggle
I knew, the Wall Street market
All I could think of was that. I
figure that as I stood there mulling
books I might be losing money.
thing, I might be missing a chance
in on something big, a killing. Bert
was always talking of that—a
knock-out, as he called it. Boker,
had fed it out to him; though
As I look back on it now I
clerk gets fired when they catch
bling in Wall Street. Once you're
the game you're good for
However, to make a long story
ten o'clock I got up and dusted
office.

You should have seen old Potter
He dassent say anything, though.
getting ready himself to get up
it down to the bucket shop. Down
however, I was getting into my
coat when I got a jump, a start.
the men from the hall above—the
starter, it was—came mooching
coat room.

"Say," he said, "how's the
morning?"

I nearly fell out of my skin.
I stood there gaping, he told me
me in Boker's the day before.
out he was playing the market
too, were three of the other help
building. One of them was the
woman who cleaned up our place
Like me, like all of them, she'd
savings and was dipping in on Wall

"Yeah," said the starter, "she's
clean-up. Next month she's quitting
and goin' back to her home in
country."

"How are they coming with
asked him.

They were coming good, it
was four hundred bucks ahead of
and already he was figuring on
place somewheres up in the country,
he'd had his eye on. New York
place for the kids, he said.

"And how are you making it?"
I told him. When he heard, that
sold Steel he looked surprised.

"Say," he said, "you want to get
on. Steel's goin' up!"

He had a tip on it. The tip
from a friend who got it from
fellow who worked on the books
ker's office. You should have seen
I made for the door. By the
round the corner into Broad Street
running.

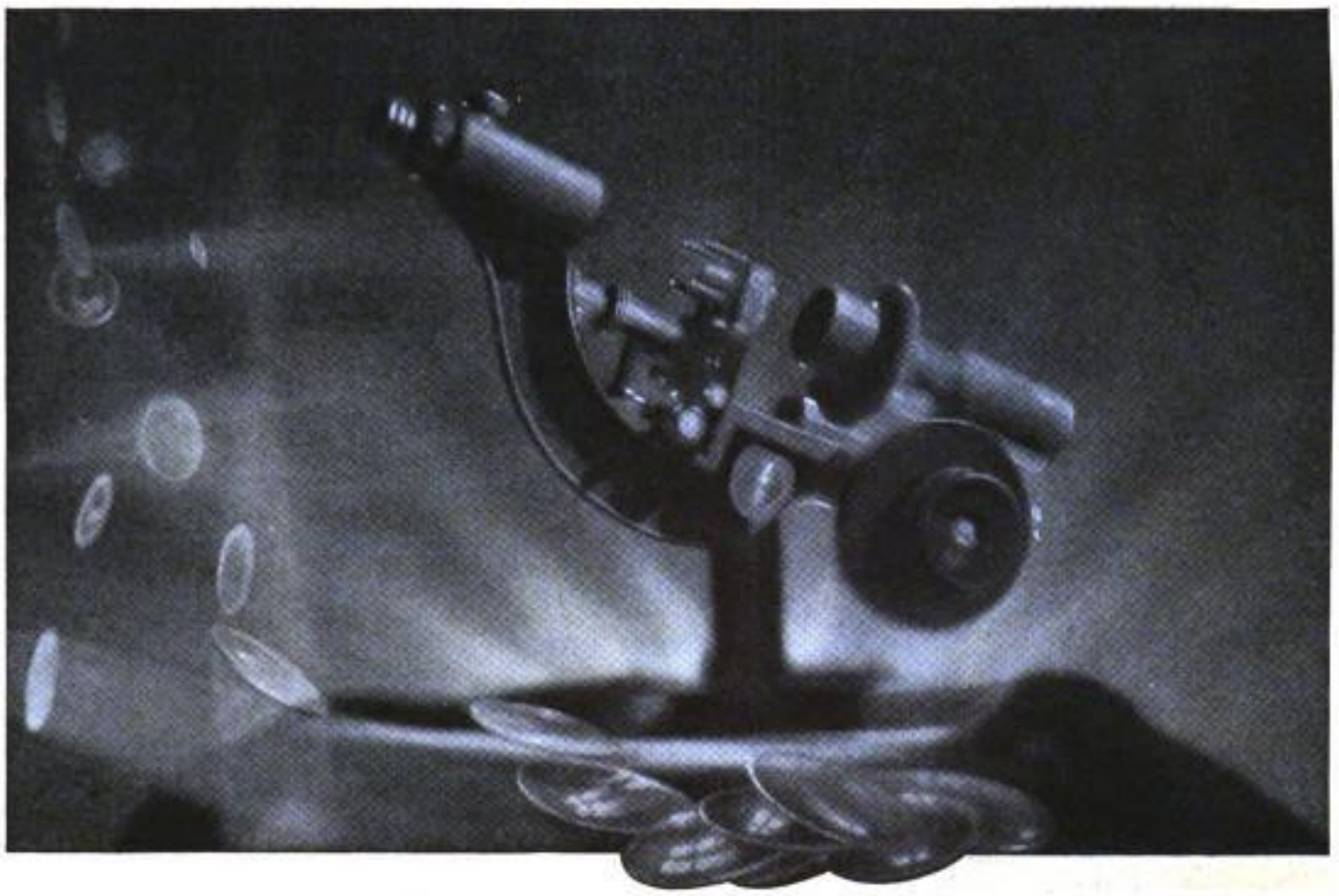
It was all right, though. The
already had opened, but Steel hadn't
It was still where it had closed
before; and as soon as I'd
breath a little I told Boker to
trade. "Switch" is the Wall Street
for it.

"I've got a tip on Steel." I
looking important.

Boker must have had a hard
keep his face straight. I guess
wasn't the first of the suckers he'd
talk of tips. He went into the
rolling over in his jaw the cigar he
ways chewing; and in half a
back. "Your order's filled," he
again; though he hadn't gone
phone. Once more, too, though I
sense to see it, he'd gyped me
quarter point on the trade.

(Continued on Page 61)

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By degrees comes light; and man's control over the conditions of his life grows greater and greater

Out of Ages of Experiment

MYSTERY, darkness and helplessness held man through dreary ages. Then it dawned on a human mind that experiment was the key to human betterment. With the vision of a prophet Roger Bacon declared that experiment would lead to engines of navigation, engines of tremendous speed on land, machines that would traverse the air.

For this unholy idea Bacon was imprisoned through long years. In his cell he experimented with glass and discovered a basic principle of eyeglasses. That was 650 years ago.

Three hundred years later a group of open-minded men in London formed the first society to encourage experiments. To the Royal Society of London we owe the multitude of scientists of the greatest genius who have opened crevices of light and brought near that day when we shall all have "complete power over the conditions of our lives." One notable group includes those who have devoted themselves to releasing man from the many defects of his eyes—defects which check the energy and clearness of the mind.

The improvement of your vision, as Roger Bacon first discovered, is produced principally by the surfaces of lenses —their curvatures—not by any magic in the glass alone.

When your eyes call for help and you go to your Optical Specialist, he works with all the means of precision he possesses. But up to the present time he has been unable to tell accurately if the curves on many kinds of lenses have been ground by his workmen as prescribed for you.

Now, out of years of experimenting, comes the invention which meets this great need—The Wellsworth Lensometer. It measures these precious curvatures with the utmost precision.

This remarkable instrument is a product of long scientific experiment. It again verifies the wisdom of George W. Wells when he established laboratories at his great optical works at Southbridge, Mass., and brought scientists there to study. During his last years he charged his sons and fellow workers to spare no effort—to leave no experiment untried—to make Wellsworth Laboratories the center of optical research for the betterment of human vision.

Your eyes can have the benefits of the work of the Wellsworth Scientific Staff through the services of Optical Specialists in your community. Consult one of them now; make sure that the most precious of your senses is profiting by the ages of experiment done in its behalf.

American Optical Company Southbridge Mass U S A

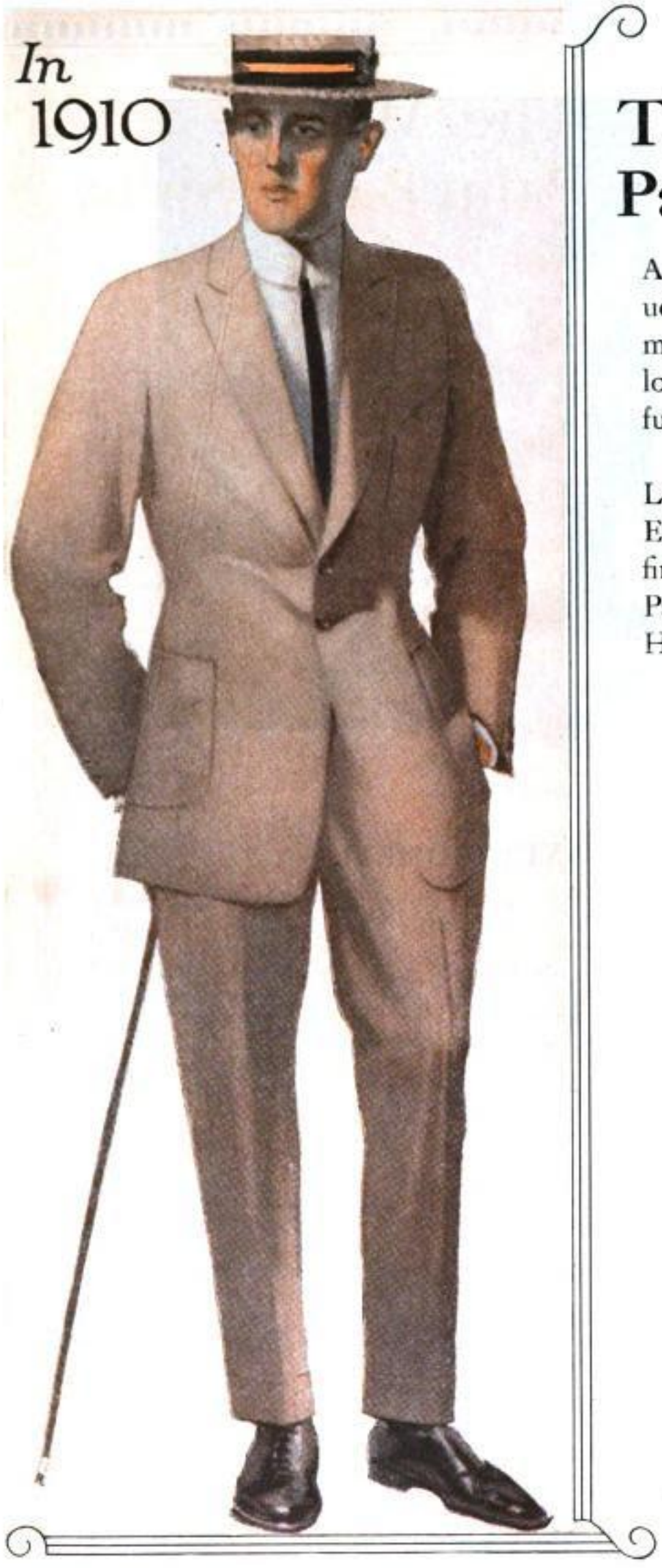
Wellsworth Glasses

All that Science can give: all that Artistry can add

WELLSWORTH PARK—EST. 1833



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The Man in the Palm Beach Suit

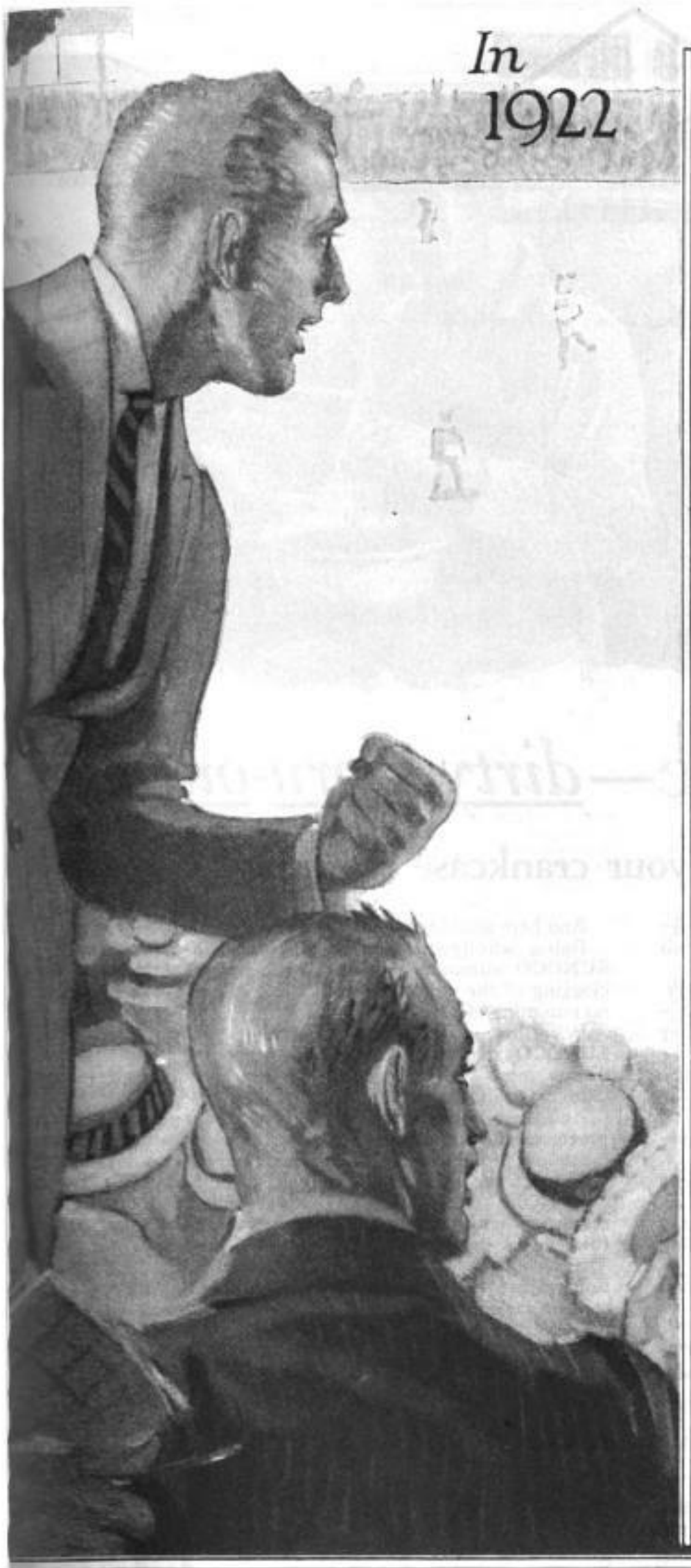
A dozen years ago he was conspicuous, except in the South. Other men, hot in their woolen suits, looked at him and thought he was funny.

He wasn't funny. He was cool. Like Jonas Hanway, the first man in England to carry an umbrella, the first citizen of any town to wear a Palm Beach Suit was a pioneer. He was unusual, but he was cool.



PALM BE

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The Men in the Palm Beach Suits

Today you can see thousands of men wearing Palm Beach Suits. The Palm Beach idea has become popular because it means coolness. You can't "pick out" the man in the Palm Beach Suit, for two reasons: First, the wearers are so numerous; and second, because Palm Beach Cloth is made in such a variety of shades and patterns—browns, blues, greys, stripes and plaids. There are as many varieties in Palm Beach Suits as there are in woolen suits.

Not all summer clothes are made of Palm Beach Cloth. It is well to know this. All suits made of Palm Beach Cloth are identified by the Palm Beach label.

When you see the label, you can be sure of the genuine Palm Beach Cloth. The style and fit of the suit depend on how well it is tailored. Some makers take extra pains in the tailoring of Palm Beach Cloth, and naturally this means better style and better fit.

Golf Knickers made of Palm Beach are cool and good-looking—practical and durable.

THE PALM BEACH MILLS—GOODALL WORSTED CO.
Selling Agent: A. Rohaut, 229 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Palm Beach
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
THE GENUINE CLOTH
MFD. ONLY BY GOODALL WORSTED CO.

This Label Identifies the Genuine

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H SUITS

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"Here's the cause—*dirty, worn-out oil!*

You failed to drain your crankcase regularly"

You can't keep on using the same oil—day after day—and escape damage to your engine. 800 miles of service is practically the limit of safety.

Poor quality oils—never safe—become actually dangerous after a few miles driving. Broken down by heat—thinned-out by gasoline—what little lubricating value they ever had is quickly destroyed.

Safety and economy demand that you follow these two rules for the lubrication of your engine—

First—buy lubrication by selecting a high quality oil of the right type (body) for your particular engine—*then stick to it.*

Second—drain your crankcase and refill with fresh clean oil every 500 to 800 miles.

Asking for just "a quart of oil"—accepting anything that's offered—isn't buying lubrication. But demanding SUNOCO Motor Oil *IS.*

SUNOCO is a *scientific engine lubricant*—totally and fundamentally different from ordinary motor oils.

And here are the reasons for SUNOCO'S superiority:

Being wholly-distilled—*not a compounded oil*—SUNOCO eliminates carbon troubles. That means no clogging of the cylinders—no fouling of the spark plugs—no gumming of the valves.

Being heavier in body—type for type—than other oils, SUNOCO maintains compression-tight cylinders. That means more power—greater gas and oil mileages—less crankcase dilution.

And there have been created in SUNOCO—by patented processes of super-refining—certain other exclusive features for motor protection not found in ordinary oils.

Prove these extraordinary qualities of SUNOCO by a trial NOW. Any SUNOCO dealer will clean out your crankcase and refill with the proper SUNOCO type for summer use in your car.

Ask your dealer for a copy of our new booklet "Lubrication or Just 'Oil'," or write to us. Ten minutes' interesting reading may mean an enormous saving to you.

SUN COMPANY

Producer and Refiner of Lubricating Oils, Fuel Oil, Gas Oil and Other Petroleum Products

More than 1,500,000 gallons of lubricating oils per week **Philadelphia** *Branch Offices and Warehouses in 32 Principal*

SUNOCO

MOTOR OIL

GIVE A THOUGHT TO LUBRICATION

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(Continued from Page 56)

cket shops. That afternoon, however, was up two points and a half. I'd the market again—a boob's luck; five o'clock I streaked it uptown in . I didn't go straight home, however. f the Subway at Fiftieth Street. mobile Alley, as they call that part dway, begins up there; and for a our I spent my time figuring what buy. I had my pockets filled with es before I headed for the flat; dn't made up my mind. The car d brought a couple of thousand and though of course money meant to me, now that I was rolling it in, ught, I hadn't that much cash for That night, though, Bert Gerken wise.

u pay a couple of hundred down," t, "you c'n get you a car on time." the way Bert had done. I made nind I'd do it too.

Jim!" said Josie. I was just won- he told me.

ext night when I came home to the nd her stitching away with needle d on a piece of goods, her fingers ing.

" she said. "I'm making a dress n our auto."

so?" I grinned.

still been another good day down- oker's. Steel had gone up another s, I remember. I remember, too, r was looking worried when I got the bucket shop. As they say in et, "The suckers always buy," was a bull market and all Boker's e buying he had a reason to look

et shop, you know, does not buy stock the way you tell them to. pocket the money, and bet against you're wrong. But let that go. ie to lay off her sewing a while, half a day. We were going out the Gerkens.

m!" she said again as she went own the hall.

a lot more like this that goes with but I'll cut it short. We went ight with the Gerkens, and most t for a week or so afterwards. t was still going up, but before n't going with it. What hap- that I'd switched once more on

egular story, this. Day by day uld see, was getting more wor- what it was all about I didn't ry day he'd tell me, I remember, ter get out of Steel and make a nething else. All the time, too, r me to put up more money at If I wanted to make the killing s talking of I couldn't do it on z, he said. That isn't all he

n't look like a piker—a tinhorn her dubs," he'd say.

a dub. If only I'd known it I a piker and dub as any of the What Boker was handing me ular stuff. Then one day he at the office.

ainst the rules up there for a over the phone during office Boker knew it too. A lot, t that stop him.

he said. "Get down here on

th fright.

appened?" I spluttered back. he said, and hung up the re-

ular part of the game, I've then, to throw a scare like boobs, the simps like me; and ke a babe. I hardly stopped , in fact; but when I rattled to the bucket shop he didn't as excited as I'd expected. It n he saw me rush in popeyed is feet off the table in the back ie hurrying out to meet me. said. "You want to get off y! I just got a tip the bears dy to bust the market!"

tip of his—having a tip, you ced me. I figured if he had a know. The same afternoon went up another two points d that wasn't all of it either. what Boker had talked me nd the oil stock went down efore the close.

t wasn't so gay when we and ent out on Broadway.

's wrong, Jim?" asked Josie.

I didn't tell her, of course. I wasn't going to let on, you know, that part of my profits I'd lost. Bert Gerken, too, didn't seem as lively that night as usual. We all went home early for a change; and that next day things began to happen to me down in Pine Street.

The first was when the boss, the head of the firm, called me up on the carpet. Old Potter hadn't peached on me, though. It was the time clock I'd been punching later and later each morning that gave me away.

"You get here early, d'you hear!" the boss warned.

I knew what the warning meant. I'd never been fired; and it scared me so I was good. I was good for a couple of hours, in fact. Then I began to wriggle and get uneasy again. Before the lunch hour I got up and dusted down to Boker's.

Mex Pete was off another point and a half. Added to that, Steel that morning had crossed 90.

The bucket shop was filled up with the usual crowd of has-beens and seedy wisenheimers that hang in places like this. Some of them were real chatty and gay, talking big about stocks and all; but some of the others looked sort of moochy and out of pep. These must have been the ones like myself that Boker had in right—right for Boker, you know. As soon as I showed myself at the door Boker bounced up to me, his face in a grin.

"How's the boy?" he piped, slapping me on the back. "Feelin' pretty good, ain't you?"

The boy wasn't feeling good at all. The way Mex Pete was falling out from under me was beginning to get my sand. I spoke to Boker about it, and Boker gave a laugh. Mex Pete was all right. A pool was working in the stock, and the insiders were just trying to shake out the tinhorns, after which it was going to zip.

"You'd better take on another block," said Boker.

I fell for it. Another hundred I drew out of the savings that day. The same afternoon Mex Pete sold off two points more; and that night when I got home the little flat never looked so small, so dingy and mean. I sat there hating it.

We didn't go out that night. The Gerkens had said they guessed they wouldn't. Something, in fact, seemed to be the matter with Bert; but what it was I couldn't guess. If I had known, it was just what was happening to me.

For a while Josie tried to talk. She was chipper and gay, still working on that dress for the auto; but as for me, I didn't care much to talk.

"Say," I said, "I'm trying to read the paper." It was at the financial page, of course, I had it open; but I wasn't getting much of what it said. After a while I fell to biting my fingers. When again Josie tried to talk I lit out at her. "Can't you see I'm thinking?" I told her.

It was no bunk. I was thinking, all right; and the next night and the next it was the same. By the end of the week—Saturday—I wasn't fit to live with.

"Jim," said Josie, "what's wrong with you?"

"Wrong? What're you talking about?" I snapped back.

She looked at me, astonished. Then I saw a scare come into her eyes. She gave a gasp.

"Jim! You haven't lost it?" she said. "Lost your money?"

I told her not to be a ninny.

After that, though, she put up the auto dress she was making, and sat there quiet. She was thinking hard, too, I could see; and getting more and more scared the meanwhile. It made me sore.

"Aw, for the land's sake!" I growled.

The fact is, Mex Pete was still going down and Boker was calling me for more money. Half of the two hundred I'd put with him was gone; all my profits, too, of course. He was threatening if I didn't come across to close out the account.

Then, the Monday coming, Mex Pete began to go up again. At the market's close it was up three points; and that night when I rattled up the stairs to the flat I was whistling.

"Hey, Josie!" I called. "Come on, we're going out."

She stood and looked at me a moment.

"I'm not going, Jim," she said.

I couldn't believe her. Here she was, a girl who'd been digging away at me to take her out every evening, and now she wouldn't go! Could you beat it? I asked myself.

Then she began to cry.

"I'm scared, Jim—scared," she said. I was so taken aback I could just stand and gape.

"Say!" I said.

It was Wall Street that scared her. She hadn't guessed the risk I was taking; and for that matter, neither had I. It wasn't just the risk to our savings, though. The way I'd been going on—biting my thumbs and lying awake all night—had got on her nerves, it seems. There was the way, too, I'd snapped out at her every time she spoke.

"I'd rather be poor," she wept.

We didn't go out Monday night. We didn't go the next night either. It was on that same day, it happens, that I got the jolt, the slam that was coming to me. It was the same slam that landed so many other simps.

VII

THE day was Tuesday.

The time clock I'd punched late again once more; and I was upstairs at my desk, making a bluff to get to work, when the office boy told me a fellow wanted to see me outside. That, too, was against the rules—having a caller, you know, in business hours; but a little thing like that wouldn't stop me now. In the hall Bert Gerken was waiting.

He gave a grin when he saw me, but the grin wasn't what you'd say was merry.

"Say, Jim," said Bert, "could you lend me a ten-spot for a couple of days?"

I was so flabbergasted I could only gape. The way Bert had been throwing ten-spots around on Broadway, I'd thought he must have his clothes lined with them. This morning, though, Bert had come to the end of his bluff.

"I'm bust, Jim," he said. "The market's cleaned me out, and I've lost every red I had. That ain't all of it either," he went on; "I owe everyone in sight—the rent, the tradesmen and all; and this week the office fired me."

I stood and shook. If it was I it'd happened to I couldn't have been more scared.

"How did it happen, Bert?" I asked him.

He told me as well as he could, for he was pretty nearly crying. All along he'd been making money, buying stocks as the market kept going up; but finally Boker had got him to go short—to sell, you know. Every trade after that had gone against him; and finally, when he hadn't any more to put up, Boker had closed him out.

"Your car, too, is it gone?" I asked him.

He gave a laugh, only you could hardly tell it from a sob. The car they had taken away from him the day before. The furniture people, too, from whom he'd bought a lot of swell furniture on time, had come and taken that off.

"Say, you'll lend me that ten, won't you?" asked Bert. Then he said, "All Sadie and I had for breakfast this morning was some coffee."

I gave him the ten. I hadn't been cleaned out; and with Mex Pete still going up I had money coming to me again from Boker. What's more, I'd fixed it the night before that Boker couldn't close me out for want of margins. Just the same, when I went back to my desk I was so limp I could hardly walk.

It wasn't ten minutes after that when the office boy called me out again.

"Telephone," he said.

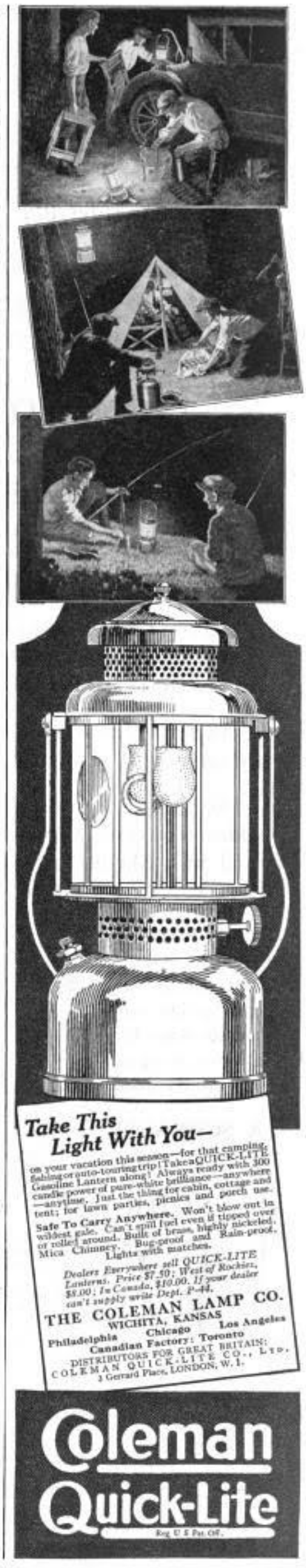
It was Boker on the phone; and I stood there, the receiver to my ear, sweat on my face, and my knees going out from under me. The minute I spoke to him Boker sailed into me with all he had. I never heard a man swear and threaten like him. "Bilk," "short-card," "cheap skate" and "swindler" were just a few of the things he called me. I felt for a minute or so that he'd gone batty; and then I understood.

It was the bank order, a draft on the savings, I'd given him the day before. The guff he'd been handing me—all that talk about a killing—I had fallen for at last; and though Josie had cried and begged me not to, I'd handed Boker an order for all our savings, the nine hundred dollars left in the bank. Why Boker was calling me a bilk and a skate I found out now.

"The order's phony!" he swore at me. "You haven't any funds in the bank!"

I wondered now if I was crazy. I'd given Boker the bank book along with the order; and there was nine hundred in the bank or else I'd lost my mind.

"Nine hundred, nothing!" sneered Boker. "The book shows all you have is a measly dollar bill!"



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Too much air!

and your car rides like a truck with solid tires



Not enough air!

and you weaken the side walls of your tires and lose mileage

When you are not sure of the amount of air in your tires, the chances are you have too little.

It doesn't take very long for "not enough air" to do a lot of damage to the carcass of a tire—weakening the fabric or cord construction.

Own a tire gauge and know how much air you are carrying in your road tires and your spare.

Don't depend on borrowing a tire gauge. You seldom borrow a gauge until you are afraid you need air. Maybe you have needed air *for days*. If so, you have been injuring your tires for days.

The Schrader Tire Pressure Gauge costs $1.25 and with proper care lasts for years. It is compact, accurate, and easily read.



Own a Schrader Gauge, use it, and you will save its price many times in mileage. Sold by garages and auto supply dealers.

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5¢ literally seal in the air. A dome-shaped rubber washer reinforced by an arched metal plate fits tightly over the valve. The valve pin cannot be depressed. This Valve Cap is simple and effective equipment for keeping air sealed in tires.

Five caps in a metal box, 25c.



SCHRADER

TIRE-PRESSURE-GAUGE

He began to cuss me again, and I hung up on him. The next minute I had my hat and coat on, and was dusting it over to the Subway. I had a hunch at what had happened—something besides Boker and what went on at the bucket shop; and the minute I got to the flat, our place, and opened the door, I knew I'd guessed it right.

Josie wasn't there. Her bag, too, this time was gone; and on the table was a note she'd written. It was short and direct, I'll say.

"Dear Jim," it said; "I write this to tell you I couldn't stand it. There's some cold meat and things in the ice box, and I've fixed it with the janitor's wife to cook your breakfasts and make up your bed. I've gone away for a while, and I'll let you hear from me. I'm awful sorry, Jim."

That was all. "Your loving Josie," she'd signed it, but I didn't get much from that. After a while I went down to the janitor's basement, but they couldn't tell me anything. She'd gone away early, they said; and she hadn't mentioned when she'd be back. She hadn't even said she would; and I went downtown in the Subway. It was half past twelve, I remember, when I got back to the insurance office.

I was raging. By turns I'd turn hot and cold; but just the same I knew what I'd do. She could look out for herself, I made up my mind; and if she could treat me like that I was through. On an envelope I'd done a little figuring in the Subway. There was about three hundred and fifty dollars coming to me from Boker's; and in a week or so, the way stocks were going up, I'd double it, I figured. That is, I figured I would, you know; and with that money, when I got it, I'd figured also what else I'd do. I'd chuck my job at the office, now that I didn't have to worry over Josie; then I'd settle down to playing Wall Street regular. She'd be sorry, I told myself, when she saw I'd rolled up a fortune.

The other clerks were out to lunch when I came in. The only one in the office was old Potter, that seedy has-been. He sat hunched down in his seat, his jaw open and his face the color of cheese. "Oh, my God! Oh, my God!" he was saying to himself; and for a moment my own troubles I forgot.

"Here, what's eatin' you?" I said to him.

The old boy put up both hands to his face and looked at me as if I was a ghost. Then he began to shake and cry.

"It's all gone, all gone," he said—"all we had, my wife and me." Then he choked up all over, and laid down his head on the desk. "All gone, all gone," he went on.

"What's all gone?" I asked. I knew already, though.

"My money, my savings," he drooled; then I got the slam, the wallop that was coming to me.

"Boker's failed," he said; "he's lit out, with all the money; and the police have pinched the place."

VIII

THREE minutes later, the moment I turned the corner into Broad Street, I got wind of the happening. It sounded like a riot. A big mob of people was out in front of the place—men and some women too; and the most of them were struggling to get inside and up the stairs. Around the edges of the crowd stood a lot of others—clerks, bank runners and office boys; and a lot of these were laughing and talking, all having a lot of fun and excitement. The people that were mobbing the bucket shop didn't seem, though, to be getting much fun from it; and the minute I bust my way in among them the first person I saw and recognized was the hall man from our building, the elevator starter who'd given me the tip on Steel. With him was a woman, an old lady in a bonnet and a worn weather-stained dress and shawl.

It was the scrubwoman that helped clean up our place in Pine Street. She was being shoved to and fro by the crowd; and every now and then the elevator man would put an arm round her shoulders to keep her from being knocked off her feet.

She wasn't crying. She just looked crushed and dazed, as if she was in a trance. I guess maybe she was thinking of all the nights she'd flopped round on her knees in the suds, laying up the dollars Boker had trimmed her out of.

"There ain't a cent left," said the elevator man to me. "Boker's lit out, they say, taking the books with him; and all they've found in the safe was a pair of overshoes and eleven cents. Boker must have overlooked 'em," said the elevator man.

I tried to get in, only it wasn't any The stairs were jammed with people, the police had locked the office door man told us the district attorney was side going over the trash of papers where Boker was no one knew. It was posed he'd lit out the night before course I knew different, but I didn't I could just stand and gape like a wondering how Boker had sailed at that very morning, trying to get out that nine hundred dollars.

I heard a lot about Boker. Some men he'd trimmed had seen him uptown; and they told what a spen was. He had a wife, a big blonde—he called her; and with all the money Boker had been raking in, th of them had been rolling it high on way. They all do, those flashes lik She had a car and was all covered ov jewelry he'd bought her; and that's the scrubwoman's savings had go Boker's wife got joy out of it she w come, I'd say; only I wasn't think that. I was all in. I was dazed.

I didn't go back to the office th I hung around with the others. The all the time grew bigger and big Boker, it seemed, had been work over the town. It was folks li though, he'd gone after mostly—cle small tradesmen; and along with shopgirls, seamstresses, here and cooks and servant girls too; and t then someone like a broken-do minister or a doctor. If Boker got anyone with a little piece of money he'd ring them up on the phone or s of his fellows up to see them. T they handed them was the sam handed me: "You don't want to be all your life, do you?"

It was along past five when another face I knew. The fellow clerk from our Pine Street office, came over and spoke to me.

"They're looking for you up office," he said.

I didn't care. I didn't care for a now. All I could think of now w back to the flat, the two-by-four called home. It sounded like a jol just now. Home!

"Say," said that fellow, grinn Boker sting you too?"

The grin was what got me, a moment I set to swing at him. It a flash, though. I slunk away crowd, leaving him grinning afte hadn't gone far, though, when the stir from the crowd; and I heard call out my name.

"Hey, Jim!" it shouted. "Y Jim!"

I didn't know if it was I who w called. Then I heard another voice The voice I knew all right.

"Jim!" it sang out. "Jim!"

There was Josie. With her, too, fellow I've told you of—Ferd Ba one from Harrisville. I just gape

I'll be short with this. There a bit to tell. To me, though, I wonder, it's the biggest of all t pened. I'd say so, anyways, look at it now. There was Josie; s come back to me.

"It's all right, Jim!" she wa "It's all right, don't you hear!"

"Yes; buck up there, Jim," I saying too.

They had me round the corne sight from the crowd; and in a there Josie was hanging to me, and crying together.

"It's all right, all right," she telling me; "I've got the mon nine hundred's here in my waist."

It was no news to me; I'd g from the first.

"Yes," said Josie, "I knew y you meant to give it to Boker; so out myself."

I wasn't thinking of the mon My head was all in a whirl.

"Where have you been?" I as "Where did you go, Josie, when me?" She was laughing and cry

"I didn't leave you, Jim," swered; "I just took a train up to

Then she gave a gasp, a little c "Why, don't you understand?" As I didn't—as I still couldn't ma of anything—Josie came out with

"Ferd's come down to get yo said; "you're going into business Ferd together."

Well, that's all, I guess.

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Save this New Way

Make the money you work for, work for you. And make it earn more interest. Investigate the new savings system offered by the U. S. Treasury Department.

THIS tells how $20 soon becomes $25, how $80 soon becomes $100, how $800 soon becomes 0. It shows you how to earn 25 per cent in five . And all with the greatest safety.

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System is simple. It consists of new United States Treasury Savings Certificates, yielding at present issue prices 4½ per cent interest, compounded semi-annually, if held to maturity. They mature in five years, earning 25 per cent for that period.

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ow Dollars Grow

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0.70	$21.45	$22.20	$23.00	$25
2.80	85.80	88.80	92.00	100
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Treasury Savings Certificates present an ideal form of investment, fully protected, and with a liberal rate of interest. Each dollar saved earns 25 per cent in 5 years, at present prices, which is at the rate of 4½ per cent a year, compounded semi-annually. If withdrawn before maturity you receive interest at the rate of 3½ per cent, compounded semi-annually.

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These Certificates are a direct obligation of your government, the soundest investment conceivable—backed by the strength of the Nation. Your principal and interest are absolutely safe. Risk is eliminated. Certificates are registered in your name at time of purchase, protecting you against loss or theft.

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The Certificates are not subject to market fluctuations and cannot depreciate in value. They are always worth what you paid for them plus the interest.

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TREASURY DEPARTMENT

WASHINGTON, D. C.

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Application for Treasury Savings Certificates, New Issue

Enclosed find Check, Draft, or Money Order for—

Number Desired

_____ $25 Treasury Savings Certificates, Price $20 each $_____

_____ $100 Treasury Savings Certificates, Price $80 each $_____

_____ $1,000 Treasury Savings Certificates, Price $800 each $_____

$_____

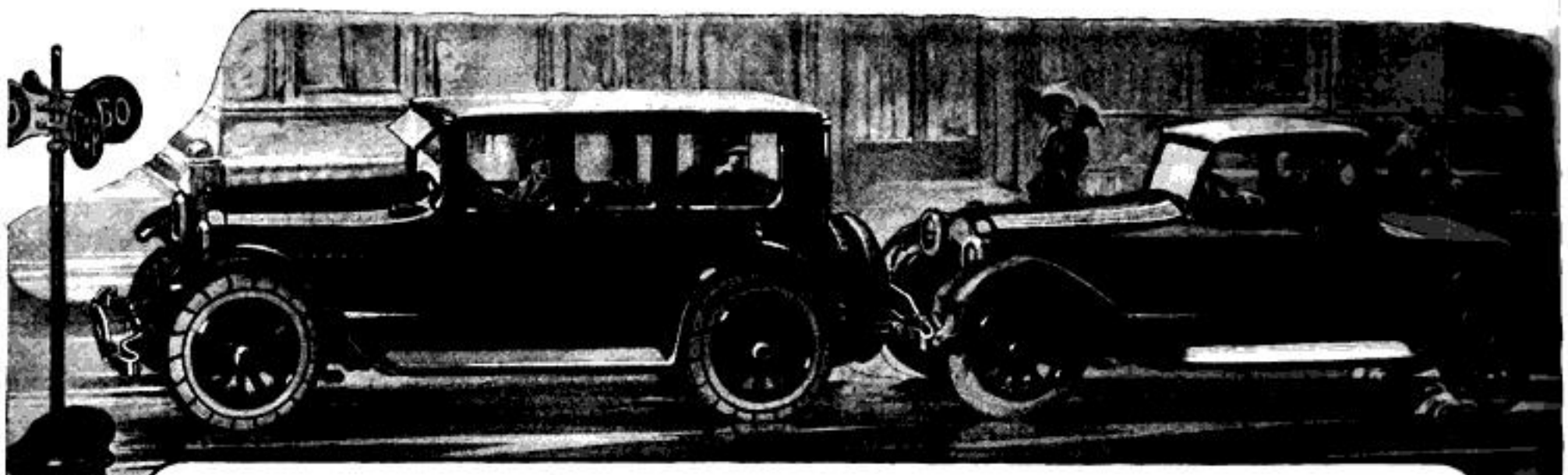
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Fully Controlled—and Safeguarded

against the helpless, unprotected car

Weed Chains *plus* Weed Bumpers give you control of your car and protect you from the onslaught of the slipping, sliding car in the rear, helpless without Weed Chains.

The Deep-Chested Weed Spring-Bar Bumpers are especially needed on skiddy days when careless drivers neglect to use Weed Chains. A sudden stop in the traffic line and chainless cars slide into you. Weed Bumpers furnish the best front and rear protection to be had.

Strength is in every line of these deep-chested protectors of life and property, which absorb the terrific traffic blows without injury to themselves, the car or its occupants.

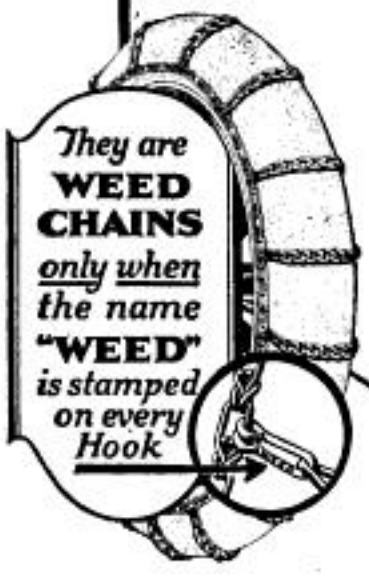
The Weed Spring-Bar Bumper protects your car from other bumpers; not one can go over or under its exceptionally wide buffing area. Front and rear the Weed Bumper not only gives real security but it is decorative—adds distinction to any car.

Weed Spring-Bar Bumpers are protection recognized by insurance companies for which they will substantially discount their collision insurance charges. In many instances the saving on the first year's premium thus involved pays for the bumper.

When you buy bumpers, say "WEED"—a word that stands for *protection* the world over. With Weed Tire Chains underneath and Weed Spring-Bar Bumpers fore and aft you'll come through fine.

The Twinbar Spring Bumper, also made by the American Chain Company, is manufactured for those who want the maximum protection possible at minimum cost.

See your car dealer, accessory dealer or garage man today



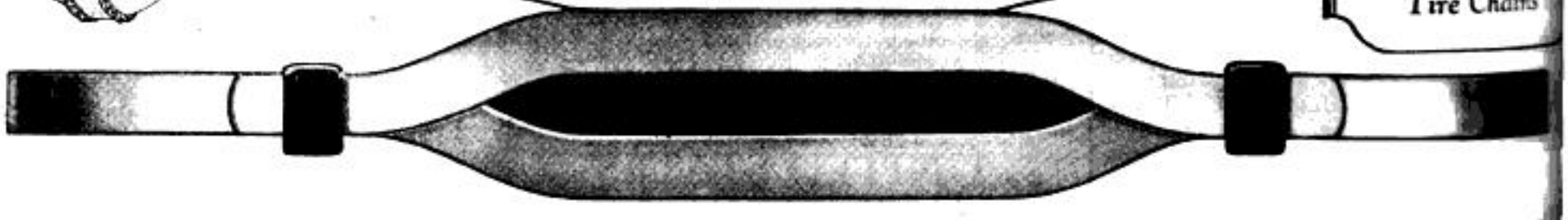
AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, INC.

BRIDGEPORT CONNECTICUT

In Canada:
Dominion Chain Company
Limited
Niagara Falls, Ontario

District Sales Offices:
Boston Philadelphia
Chicago Pittsburgh
New York Portland, Ore.
San Francisco

The name "WEED" on a bumper carries the same assurance of quality that it does on Tire Chains



WEED SPRING-BAR BUMPER

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THE VOICE OF BLANCHE PERKINS

(Continued from Page 19)

cked and crumbled, and looked worse
r Thaneus used a homemade dirt filling
he cracks. But he was insolent to the
pavement inspector who came along
then sent him notice to have it fixed
erly.
side the house there were correspond-
eatures. The carpet of a small sitting
wore slick, like discolored wax. Two
w kitchen curtains came to be for-
patched, yellowed articles. Table-
s were darned. Chipped plates were
eplaced by unchipped.
daughter with a voice needs money.
eeds it interminably, constantly. For
bed, city board, city vocal lessons,
, reading matter, clothes, recreation.
eeds are like an endless iron pipe—
and long. Parents cannot fill that
f needs. No matter how much goes
re must follow.
ce Whitely once offered Blanche's
a loan. Edgewater was expanding so
hat it could hardly be supplied by
enlarging plumbing dealers. The
as declined.
'd rather do it all ourselves," said
us Perkins with dignity. "We don't
She's our flesh and blood. And
"
neus did not finish. But Rance
tood. It was quite on the boards
successful young woman might not
ack to an old beau. She ought not
bligated to him. Parents were dif-

a year or so letters came to Rance
Blanche's parents in equal propor-
In inexpensive—at first—but pink
es, with her great sprawling writ-
n at that time very firm of crossed
dotted i's.
wrote long, frank, interesting letters
e at home. She was no niggard of
She told of the high cost of New
hocolate and rolls; of her narrow
lroom; of her colds; of one vocal
who tried to make love to her; of
who was always on his guard
young women pupils who might
ve to him; of her professional ac-
ces; of her promises of eventual

vater was a section, not a city.
e in the Whitely shop knew when
r got a letter from Blanche. His
s watched him grab it from the
pile of mail, slit a pink end, read
sedly, slowly get back to the other

Whitely plumbing-supplies shop
and so did the force of em-
s Edgewater grew mushroomishly.
y one of that force—and indeed
very one of Edgewater—knew
the great sprawling-lettered pink
began to come less frequently
. People knew when they went
kly to semi-monthly, to monthly,
apart.
bruary, Mabel Metz, of the sales
Lil Cooley, at a typewriter, had
rgument.
, Lil! Call me a liar and be done

one last month!"
idn't, either. Those pink things
olf links board-of-directors' an-
nts. Trade your two eyes for
amps. She loops her *y*'s and *l*'s
vants to splash on half an ink

shortly after Blanche Perkins
Paris that her letters became
In spite of her inexperience, a
a foreign concert tour had been
't was after her first important
arance, as Azucena, in Il Trova-
hey became—not monthly.
that time her personal letters
dgewater's only means of learn-
lanche was doing and where she
e had been first of all two or
blue-marked items in the Man-
sical Courier. Her parents
program—La Première: Les
There appeared, year by year,
; in the Paris Tempo; in the
Times; in the Chicago Record.
d to any eyes, those pictures.
little more mature than when
t as lovely as ever. Espe-
picture with a fur neckpiece.
s sent her the imitation white-
e Christmas. A second mort-
because of a first mortgage, had

gone on the Perkins cottage, and Mrs. Perkins said she was sure that Blanche wouldn't buy herself any nice clothes because every cent from vocal lessons was grudged, so she herself determinedly kept fifteen dollars of the mortgage money and bought the white fox for her talented daughter's personal adornment.

There came tidings of success in Paris; of a successful concert tour in Italy; of a première in London; of a long London engagement; of a New York engagement.

Back in her native land Blanche did not come as far as Edgewater. She sent her father and mother tickets to come to New York to hear her sing. Mrs. Perkins bustled and trembled and murmured the word "Metropolitan" as though it were golden.

Afterward Mr. and Mrs. Thaneus Perkins returned home as important, excited and garrulous as two parents well could be. Thaneus wore new clothes from the skin out; his overcoat, in which he moved consciously, was a velvet-collared marvel of real chinchilla cloth. Mrs. Perkins, pink-faced, tried not to play too ostentatiously with the jet fringe of her one-piece black charmeuse dress as she stopped in a Devon Avenue meat shop to order a porterhouse steak for her and Thaneus' first meal back home.

Rance Whitely that month was very busy turning double salesrooms into four larger rooms with an addition for stock surplus. Besides, Blanche had not written to him for nearly a year.

Thaneus met him on the street and told him friendlily that Blanche sent her regards and would see him sometime when she had a chance to get out home between engagements. The message was acknowledged with quiet thanks.

The remaining small equity in a mortgage-ridden cottage was sold that year, and Thaneus Perkins bought a larger, brighter house three blocks east; suitable for a successful daughter's visiting in the future.

"Could have moved a year or so back," acknowledged Thaneus to friends, "but we waited till we saw Blanche in person. We was afraid she was skimpin' herself when she began to send us so much money."

There was no need longer to fear that. Blanche Perkins' voice was well and widely admitted. Her pictures in newspapers and magazines came in multiple. Chicago—surrounding Edgewater—boasted in type black and large, that it had borne her.

With a renewal of interest which had been a little pressed aside of late years by different matters, Edgewater regarded Rance Whitely with inquisitive eyes. How was he taking it? And what was he taking? The interest presently became so insistent that a clerk in the post office had to inform several persons that he was strictly forbidden by Federal Government to give out information concerning private pink envelopes, or any other color. Blanche was then using very fine satin twill for her epistles to her parents.

By that time the salesrooms of the Whitely plumbing-supplies establishment were mammoth; all glittering white with bathtubs de luxe on a raised white dais. De luxe enough to guarantee annual profits of some twenty-three thousand dollars to their owner. Rance Whitely belonged, too, to five clubs: Edgewater Golf, North Shore Country, Business Men's Improvement, Better Chicago Politics and Chicago Athletic. His forehead was no longer a boyish one.

The first time Berry Stay saw him she said to another girl that he looked as if he didn't get enough to eat at his home or club or wherever he lived. His eyes were too serious for a well-fed man.

Berry was a modern young person—postwar, that is. Pretty enough. A wispy knot of red hair, lovely blue eyes, a small unsculptural nose and a very red and curved mouth composed her. She was five feet four. She weighed one hundred and ten pounds in her bathing suit—and in that one-piece blue silken-knitted garment was no extraneous material.

As has been said, she lived in one of the latest stone houses on the road. Before moving into that she and her parents had lived on the West Side, which is farther from Edgewater in a way than Nebraska is from Iowa.

Henry Wilson Stay was a poor man of poor judgment who before the war had his cellar overstuffed with oils, paints and other stock of similar nature which customers of his small West Side shop above had refused for years to buy.

When the war got heady, like a monstrous keg of home-brew which has fermented more than its makers ever expected, he realized four hundred per cent on jars of stuff like hydrofluoric acid and up to eight thousand per cent on certain colors of paints.

Excited out of all judgment, he put his unexpected profits into war babies—Steel Uncommon, or something which sounded the same—and saw his bank book bloat enormously beyond his station in life. But his only child Berry, being born in 1904, became affluent before she had become used to being poor for life, and she was able to take command of any different station. She belonged, better than did her two flustered parents, to the class best able to understand and participate in these times—which are the times of the Young Girl.

She picked out their new stone house. She learned to run her first car so well that her father and mother wished that they were poor again and needn't sleep nights with one ear open for the ambulance bringing Berry home. But they were very proud of her clothes, especially her large collection of sport silk sweaters, and they bought her the one or two odd shades which she had overlooked in State Street shops.

Her vivid blue silken or pink or golden-striped shoulders became familiar to all North Shore links, garages, tennis courts, tea rooms and soda fountains. And presently—presently the Stay stone house became to Berry the place where she stayed when she was not seeing or expecting to see Rance Whitely—who did not go at all out of his daily way to see her.

She forgot who first told her about Blanche; because several other people also told her. She opened her blue eyes wide and distastefully, and did not at all like what she heard. She was depressed for several days. Later, having played golf two mornings in one week while Rance, although busy with three men of his own age, was quite within her horizon, she took some private pleasure in looking over views of prima donnas in a book of phonograph records. She said to herself that they were mostly, using the kindest word, a pretty plump lot.

Still later, she saw a Sunday supplement and became quite cheerful. She said to an intimate—herself—that it was extremely unlikely any honest-to-goodness opera singer who had her picture in pearls and an ermine-and-moleskin wrap in all the Sunday papers would ever return to look up an old beau in Edgewater. She repeated this—the second time a little doubtfully. Berry in her heart's bottom could not help conceding it likely that this one quiet-eyed man might cause even a prima donna in ermine and moleskin to run untrue to form. She went back to the many plump portraits for comfort, and glanced down at her own slim limbs with youth's own egotism of satisfaction.

She had her mother ask him to dinner as often as she dared, and she kept her dance card in very plain sight whenever he happened to be at a clubhouse evenings. This latter happened often enough. Rance Whitely for several years had not cared to spend his evenings in the lonesome quiet of his comfortable rooms.

But in time he came to regard Berry with a small pucker between his older eyebrows. She was a nice little girl, a pretty girl of course. No normal man could actually have disliked her. Her lovely eyes and red mouth and clean young skin forbade. He thought of her a good deal as she continued to put her pretty, insouciant self in his way; his thoughts were half amused, half tolerant. He may have regretted that he had not known someone like her years back—when it would have been worth while to him and to her.

However, being older than Berry, he pleaded engagements to some of her dinner invitations, and he managed to keep a friendship static. Berry angrily employed the word. She had it from high school and physics.

It remained static for four months, six months, twelve. Past thirty, the years step along swiftly. Under twenty, years can crawl like slow and black beetles. Berry Stay with curiously sober blue eyes tapped a gold-mounted pencil on a gift calendar one Christmas and hoped that the next year would not—would not be so beetlish.

An evening in March her foolish young heart beat high, like a moth's wing at a white candle. She was sitting in an Edgewater drug store, consuming a hot peach drink in lieu of better employment for a wet cold hour. Because spring was belated she still wore the gray satin-lined squirrel dolman which two complacent parents had given her at Christmas. Its great sleek enveloping collar made her face seem rather small and wistful, in spite of a diamond bar pin visible where her throat was V-exposed. Perhaps because of her earlier years Berry could at times, in spite of most luxurious attire, seem a forlorn young person.

Rance Whitely entered the drug store in search of something to break a chilly feeling. He was not ill, but he suspected that influenza's forepaws were reaching out stealthily to infold him. He asked a clerk for quinine in five-grain capsules as repellent ammunition for an undesired pawing.

Upon Berry's instant recommendation he tried smilingly the same sirupy hot drink which she had ordered.

He rode home with her, in a mood to admire the deftness with which in her car she took Edgewater's March puddles and corners. He was far enough from being a well man to welcome sympathy and even coddling. At the big Stay house, somewhat too big for its family of three, Berry's mother had gone to bed and her small thin gray-haired father was in the library. Berry took Rance into the dining room and made him a toddy and then ensconced him in the most comfortable chair in the living room.

It happened that three or four hours earlier in the evening Rance had read a small paragraph on a late triumph of Blanche Perkins. New York newspapers had passed on to Chicago sheets the item secured from the Madrid Heraldo.

In a very short bright blue silk dress Berry at hand was a young and charming and not triumphant person. A young, charming and attentive girl with eyes bluer than her short smart dress can be a most desirable companion to a discerning depressed or an undiscerning depressed man. He called her "Berry" twice and "my dear" once. And he—he half proposed.

Just half, however. Berry waited anxiously for him to finish a sentence. Poor Berry. It was at that moment that Henry Wilson Stay, ordinarily the mildest and most tactful and unintrusive of parents, began to play his phonograph in the adjoining room.

Since he had come to late middle age without having had much pleasure, Henry Stay's capacity for wild pleasure was limited. It fell far short of its opportunity with Henry's acquired dollars. His favorite and worst dissipation, outside of watching Berry buy silk sweaters, was playing an ornate phonograph in a brand-new library with many expensive soft-toned rugs. He liked old songs best. Most men of his age and habits like them.

He marveled weekly at the appealing voices one could buy for a phonograph. He hardly ever remembered the names of the singers, but he had an obliging young woman clerk pick out the best records of his favorite songs and send them out, charge, monthly. Now he contentedly put on My Ain True Love, sung by—but he didn't know that—Blanche Perkins.

With the first sweep of the accompanying strings Berry recognized what was coming. She had played the record herself—once.

Whether or not Rance recognized it so soon cannot be known. What records he was in the habit of playing on his own phonograph in his own sitting room was not a matter of his daily conversation.

Years back, Blanche's younger voice with its birdlike note had suggested to hearers Shelley's skylark, dew on pink tulips, moonlight and such things. Now, matured, lovely as song itself, it reminded hearers of the same things. Its notes came clear and thrilling, love yearned in them, passion poignantly fell from them.

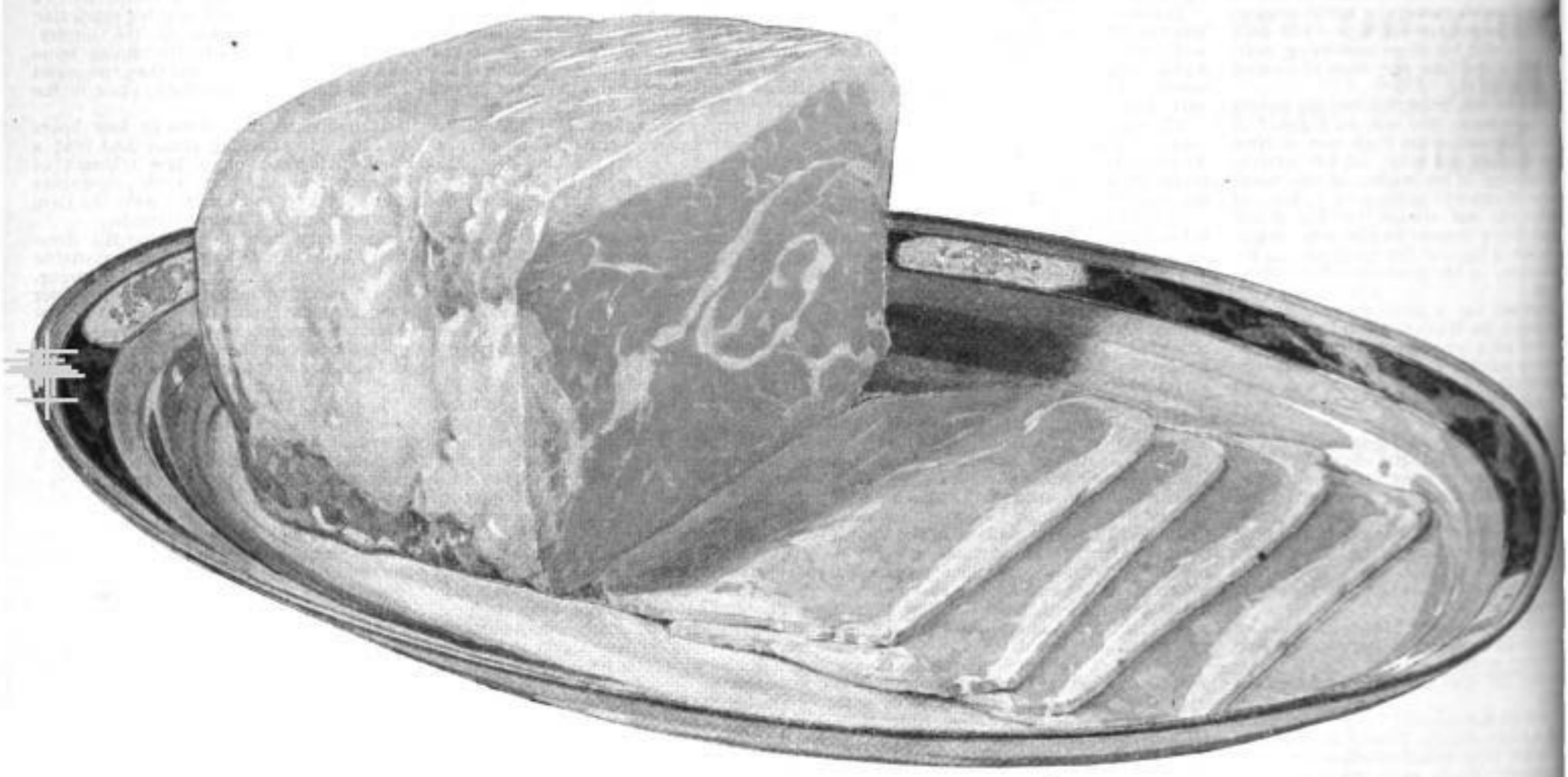
My Ain True Love was followed by In the Gloaming, sung by Clarence Whitehill; The Kerry Dance, by Mme. Schumann-Heink; Annie Laurie, by Nellie Melba;

(Continued on Page 68)

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No. 883-Q
Mahogany or walnut finish. Tapestry, velour, "Buckskin" imitation Spanish leather in blue, black or brown. *De luxe* Spring-Edge seat.



Special No. 7
Oak, mahogany or walnut finish. "Rand" or "Buckskin" imitation leather in tan, blue or black. *De luxe* Spring-Edge seat and disappearing leg rest.

(29)

(Continued from Page 65)

Kathleen Mavourneen, by John McCormack; My Old Kentucky Home, by Alma Gluck.

After a silent interval Rance Whitely said he must be on his way home. There was no music in Berry's half inaudible "Good night, Mr. Whitely."

When the front door had closed her father came into the room, peering apologetically over his new gold-rimmed glasses, his thin graying hair somewhat untidy.

"I didn't know you had company, honey. I didn't disturb you with my playing?"

Because she was that kind of daughter and saw no reason for hurting an inoffensive and indulgent parent's feelings, Berry lied bravely and courteously.

"N-no. Of course not."

And that same week Blanche Perkins came home for a visit.

Berry Stay read the printed cable. Five Chicago newspapers displayed it. She read it outside a newspaper. Meeting her on the street, Rance Whitely was faintly but decisively less intimate an acquaintance than he had once been. His manner was unmistakable, for all its hint of great kindness to a pretty, foolish girl.

It was a late day in March when Blanche arrived. Edgewater was slushy and cold, along with other parts of Middle Western America; it was quarreling with plumbers and writing letters to Vox Populi over the condition of its street cars, streets, arc lamps and aldermanic elections.

But it forgot that the world held slush or Vox Populi as soon as it glimpsed Blanche, her lovely smiling face half out a taxicab window as she stretched eagerly to see her old neighborhood, old friends, old landmarks.

When Berry Stay saw that face her own grayed a little and her hand unsteadily relaxed on its wheel, so that if a truck driver hadn't likewise been staring back at Blanche—with whom he had once gone to public school—he would have been thunderstruck over danger of a bad collision.

Blanche wore a great fox-trimmed wrap, which many persons had already seen in a magazine picture of her. Her low fuchsia velvet toque did not quite hide a lovely white forehead or her great glowing black eyes. She carried a shred of a terrier, and a sheaf of flowers which admirers had sent to meet her train.

Old acquaintances would have known her anywhere. She was older, plumper, more richly garbed, that was all. There were photographers and reporters in her wake, great pearls in her ears, a certain polished satisfaction—not unbecoming—in her bearing, but essentially she was unchanged. There was perhaps reason for Rance Whitely, also on the street that morning, to stop abruptly and be compelled to swallow a little gasp at sight of her.

The pearl earrings had been well Sunday-supplemented. The long white line of throat was familiar to him, too, through magazine half tones; so familiar that perhaps his eyes were justified in their aching at actual physical sight.

The taxicab with her and her two raptly proud parents whirled on. He telephoned her an hour later, somewhat uncertainly. Her voice came in reply, graciously and friendlily enough. She asked him to call—not that first evening, but the next.

She was gracious and friendly, face to face. A crowd was present. The Perkins living room was filled. Blanche's parents wore that ecstatic look of perfect happiness which is so seldom seen in this humdrum world. They listened quiveringly while Blanche told Rance and others present of her experiences; her endeavor, her disappointments in general, her success.

She proved not to be one of the great ones of earth who wrap themselves and their accomplishments in reserve and hauteur. She talked cordially and freely to all who had known her formerly. She might have been the little pink-cheeked, black-haired girl who sang every Sunday at an Edgewater church.

She promised now to sing at church one Sunday while she was at home; asking those whom she promised to be reasonably reticent, or the church might be mobbed with Chicagoans. She promised, should she lengthen her visit beyond original plan, to sing at a benefit given by a women's club to which her mother belonged.

After a while her eyes went rather directly to the corner of the room where Rance Whitely sat. A few minutes later, somehow she made room for him beside herself on the divan. At her beckoning smile he came quickly. Later, other callers, as if understanding a hint, departed and left him in possession.

And somehow in half an hour she swept away years and her own negligence in letter writing. Before the one evening ended Rance Whitely was familiar with all of Blanche's life since she left home.

"I suppose I've got used to success," she said in an amused interval when her father had gone downstairs to attend to the furnace and her mother was in the kitchen sternly giving a maid orders for a famous daughter's breakfast. "To tell the truth, it's rather a bore at times." Then she surveyed Rance with a scrutiny which caused him to redden a little even while he laughed.



The Dress Which at the Time Was Her Best, a Brown Crêpe, She Turned and Pressed and Sponged and Cleaned and Retrimmed

"I must have forgotten how nice you are, Rance! Now that I see you again and realize how interested you are in listening to all that's happened to me ——"

He interrupted with some awkwardness: "It'd be queer if I were not interested. Go on—please."

She was no niggard of details. Some of them were known to him from the inexpensive pink envelopes of long back. The high price of her chocolate and rolls in those early New York days; her first narrow, uncomfortable hall bedroom; her frequent colds; the vocal teacher who tried to make love to her; the vocal teacher who always was on his guard lest his young women pupils make love to him; her first early promises of real success; of acquaintances who encouraged and acquaintances who discouraged; of two teachers whose methods were all wrong, as she learned.

"I cried so often one month that I ruined my throat," she admitted with a low musical laugh. Rance marked the tightening of her red lips; older lips had essentially changed since their owner was young.

When he rose to go an engagement was made for luncheon the next day. It was town. She wanted to see the changes in Chicago.

The next morning Rance Whitely came. Berry Stay and did not see the latter. She winked with both blue eyes at the day was arrested for speeding on North Shore.

At luncheon in a well-known restaurant Blanche Perkins took up the social where she had left off the evening before. She told about her ocean voyage across the Atlantic, second class. She made a sensational entrance. But she sang several times and several first-class passengers heard of her voice and asked to hear her. Three elderly women told her that they were glad that they had taken passage on the same ship as she was worth their passage money.

As they lunched, she told him willingly enough, of the men who had wanted to marry her—and did. A fellow boarder on Sixth Avenue, a teacher and a tenor about the same time; a commercial traveler and a steward on that first second-class voyage; in Paris, two art students, a wine dealer, a restaurant owner, a vicomte in Brussels, a young lawyer in Dublin, an impresario in Milan and a stout count in Luxembourg.

The list of conquests was unbelievably long. Rance Whitely's glance, which may or may not have been a jealous glance, was on the lovely white line of throat and the black eyes, to the coil of hair just visible under the fuchsia velvet toque brim.

"Some list," he said in envy. "And none ——"

"I was never able to bother with any of 'em," she said lightly. Her voice had a ring of pride in the truth. She devoted to the last time it had been necessary for her to learn her first unexpected new opera.

"In less time than any other singer in his experience, said the director," she told with a pardonable air of boasting.

In the restaurant, although the hour was fashionable and the tables crowded, and Rance escaped recognition. Mr. Whitely did not give the matter a thought. He himself was not used to being stared at in a downtown restaurant, even in one in Edgewater. But they laughed a little as they left.

"This has been rather pleasant. I'm afraid I'd be mobbed as usual."

She lunched downtown the next day with her mother and some club women. Rance was not so fortunate—so she told him when he came in the evening. She had worn her ermine-and-moleskin coat. Of course people recognized her in it. The many newspaper and magazine pictures. Reporters had surged. A young girl from an adjoining table had rushed over and begged for her autograph. She was hardly able to eat enough for a starving man.

Rance Whitely must have considered the compliment that she saved a seat for evening for him alone and asked her not to tell anyone else that she was to sing.

The Perkins living room, even in a Chicago house, was an ordinary enough Middle Western room. But Blanche herself had not perhaps obliterated is the better word. Her successful personality, her fair skin and black hair, her expensive simple gown were enough to make many people forget place and time.

Like its predecessor, this evening called out years and unfolded lavishly the story of biography. Blanche admitted to only one ointment. She had not a colorful soprano voice. And contraltos are the rarest ones favored by Providence or the Metropolitan Opera scores and audiences give more importance to the first kind of voice.

"I don't admit your complaint as evidence," smiled Rance. He studied her

(Continued on Page 71

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Whitman's

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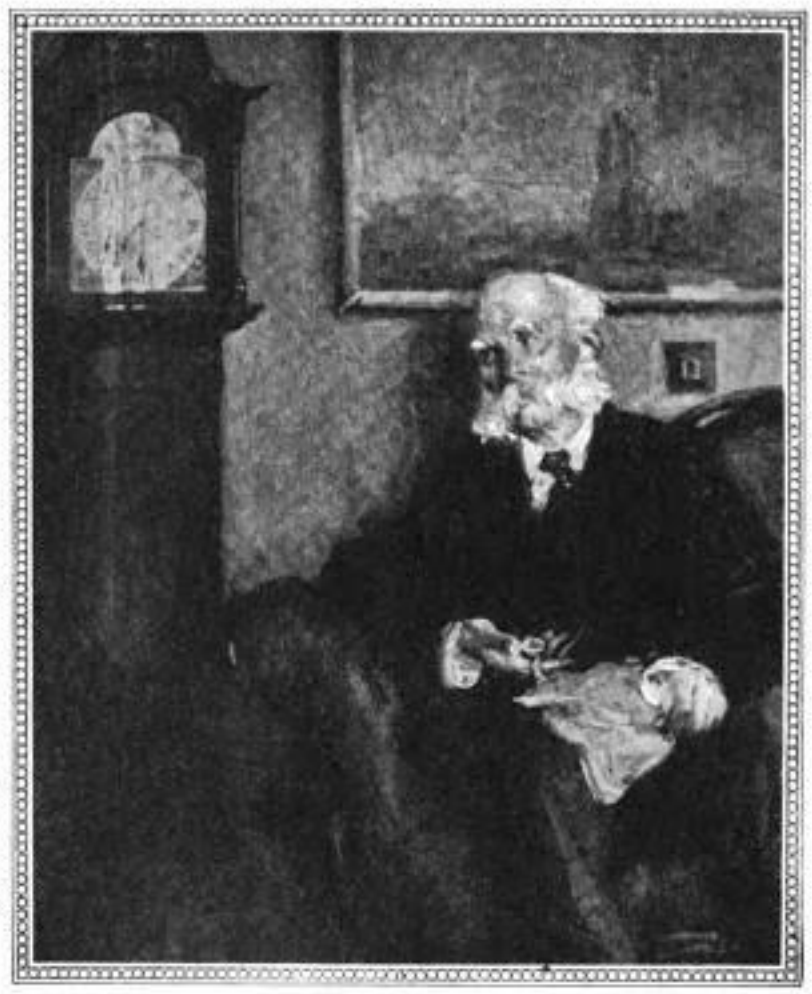
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Precious as an heirloom—but does it meet the standards of today?

FROM the shadow clock of the Egyptians to King Alfred's graduated candle, and on down through the succeeding centuries, time-telling has progressed rapidly in accuracy and facility. Ever have the old means been discarded for the new.

The watch your grandfather carried, bulky and cumbersome though it was, was a product of the finest watchmaking of its time.

But watchmaking progress did not cease with your grandfather's watch.

Just as the hour glass supplanted the sun dial, so has the modern thin watch, with its greater beauty and accuracy, replaced its heavy and ornate ancestor of three generations ago.

Precious it is as an heirloom

Precious though the old watch be as an heirloom, it does not meet today's standards of convenience and correct dress.

You would not appear today in the tile hat and frock coat of your grandfather's time. What, then, of this watch, an echo of styles long passed — a timepiece out of keeping with your present business and social activities?

Treasure the old watch for the memories that surround it. Place it among those other precious relics of the past. But know the convenience, the satisfaction of possessing a modern watch—a good movement dressed in a sturdy, beautiful Wadsworth case—a watch as modern as the clothes you wear.

For thirty years Wadsworth cases have dressed and protected the watch movements of leading manufacturers and importers. Many of the most beautiful, most popular designs with which you are acquainted are Wadsworth creations.

Among the Wadsworth creations there is a case for every taste and means. The name Wadsworth in a watch case is your assurance not only of correct design but of the finest material and workmanship.

To give your watch a longer life

Wind it fully every morning. Have it examined and oiled at least once a year—before the last particle of oil has disappeared from the bearings.

Have it taken apart occasionally and cleaned—for every watch accumulates dust particles which in time impede its performance.

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE CO
Dayton, Ky., suburb of Cincinnati, Ohio
Case makers for the leading watch movements

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(Continued from Page 68)

ould find no fault with its coloring or
ur.
o?" She was pleased. "But I have
ertheless."
went on to tell him of the director
Milan opera house who had been the
o remind her that the contralto is not
portant as her higher-chorded sister

was an impossible man. Not at all
able. Fancy—he wanted to substi-
n unknown woman for me on one of
enings. Of course he had some per-
nterest in her. I had a cold and he
d I wouldn't be able to get through
t act—it was Rigoletto. But de-
slight hoarseness I sang to the last
He said—fancy!—it was outrageous
e audience ought to have their
back." She sighed. "In a career
ne so many disagreeable incidents

ppose so," said Rance with ready
hy.
ang for him after that, accompany-
self on the small new grand piano
'haneus had rushed to buy as soon
ablegram arrived to herald her own
She gave him bits of Carmen,
a, Rigoletto. At the last, a low
e song not from an opera.
tten by a poetess in Rome. She
e to give her the advantage of
people to hear me sing it. I'm
t for future repertoire—concerts;
er plaintive. I don't care to give
privately for a while. But, for
"
s properly appreciative. "I won't
me."
used, glancing thoughtfully over
lder at him before she began to
Do you know, I'm just realizing
it is to have someone around to
can talk unreservedly and con-
y. The road to success is rocky,
I dare say even you could not
nd just how rocky."
me?"
hed. "You listen with such inter-
mpathy, Rance." One white finger
ftly up and down three running
s. Her lovely black lashes lifted
lowered slowly. "Perhaps—in
years—I'd forgotten you par-
don't know why. But I don't
ing you now—now"—her con-
words came in a pretty, lilty
at I see you again, I don't see
uld have forgotten you even
Of all the folks I've met for
ars now"—she spoke thought-
ou seem the most—there is no
ord for it, but there is an Italian.
e most interested in hearing
ggles, my troubles, my success."
ored with her the next day,
pened to be Sunday. She wanted
roughout Chicago and note the
her years of absence. North
in Road they took Evanston
eding obliquely to Ravenswood
hrough the rush and glitter of
Avenue district.
beginning-to-grow-green spring
As if charged simultaneously,
putting forth green daffodil
pears, and the Chicago Sunday
put forth double illustrated
erning Blanche Perkins; her
shred of a terrier, her beauty,
nt in Paris with its high-backed
all chairs, her four maids, her
er foreign motors, her château
nd, her rôles and her gracious

ay veranda with its protecting
pillars Berry Stay was sitting
e daffodil spears, with a heap
apers in her youthful lap, when
ely's car whirled by. She rec-
low fuchsia velvet toque, the
profile turned toward Rance.
two youthful white forefingers
alls as if to press back the
sation which visited those
s, and then she passionately
ral Sunday sheets and flung
its off the veranda onto a
oned green lawn that had that
atly raked and trimmed by a

ther found the fragments later
the man for untidiness.
with the proper spirit of mod-
lp, the man betook himself
Miss Stay. When American
an, sparks may fly. Berry dis-
before he could retract any

of his worker's proper spirit. She told him sharply that well-kept lawns were not a hobby with her and she would throw anything she pleased into any handy yard whenever she chose.

She dully resumed her seat in a corner by a stone pillar. At that moment Rance Whitely was skirting the woody adjacences of Maywood, and Blanche Perkins was amusedly discussing her parents.

"I think they're disappointed because I haven't married a count. I nearly married one—but he had two children and he seemed to fancy I'd be as devoted to them as to my career."

To any man it must have seemed half incredible—her return and ready renewal of an old relation. Rance Whitely drove unseeingly through neat Austin, diverging mechanically to the woody adjacences of Maywood, in attentive silence whirling back toward the Loop ping-ponged with its sabbatically quiet skyscrapers and sabbatically crowded great green busses. He proceeded more slowly through quiet gray-stoned Hyde Park. Blanche was telling him mirthfully of the jealousy of various and numerous women whose paths in life she had crossed.

At times she had been somewhat hampered, although she tried not to be annoyed, by this recurring jealousy. There had been a Mme. Arconi, in Dresden, who sat in a box whenever Blanche sang, and hissed. There had been a little blond countess in Italy who tried to bribe a maestro not to engage the American.

"Positively two of the most voiceless women!" She flung out her two black-gloved hands in a graceful little foreign gesture—at least it was of a gracefulness foreign to the public school which Blanche had attended in Edgewater.

She went on to tell him of several operatic feuds in which she had a major rôle forced upon her. "But"—again the small gesture—"one has to expect enmities to form about one. Such are part of the price which must be paid."

"I suppose so," he agreed.

He studied her face. No magazine page had flattered it. From any photographer it needed only the merest justice. The spring wind whipped a rose color into its lovely pallor; the contour was as charming as the beautiful roll of a gray-blue wave far out in the lake.

They had been asked to have Sunday supper with the Ordways. Minnie Ordway, self-conscious with three children and her stoutening thirties and a brand-new gray taffeta dress, was unwitting foil to Blanche's perfect poise and graciousness. Well—perhaps not at all unwitting.

Minnie afterward mused coldly for Fred's benefit: "That one jade bracelet cost more than my overstuffed davenport. But a lot a woman's arms are fit for bracelets when she has a furnace of a two-flat building to look after daytimes, and a laundress that skips every other week where there's three children and four tablecloths a week."

But while Minnie thus was reminding Fred Ordway, as wives take bitter solace in reminding a husband, of all she sacrificed by living with him and bearing him children for him to support, Rance Whitely and the wearer of the jade bracelet, having forgotten entirely the Sunday-night meat cakes on which Minnie had spent an entire Sunday morning, were conversing intimately in the Perkins living room.

Blanche's parents were not in the room. Rance did not miss them. He was listening engrossedly to Blanche, watching the play of pink lamplight on her white profile, noting that the lovely black knot of hair was similar to the knot worn when she was sixteen years old. Years change, but not artistry or beauty.

An hour slipped into two; two went into three. Afterward Rance could repeat to himself an intimate conversation which lasted three lamplighted hours. Well, to be exact, two hours and fifty-six minutes.

Not word for word, perhaps. It would be quite a feat of memory to repeat a conversation of such length word for word. But in the main he went over it with accuracy—as many a man has gone carefully and recollectively over a long conversation between himself and a beautiful woman.

He had begun, when they were at the Perkins home after breaking away from the effusive Ordways, by trying to tell Blanche a little about his own life in the years past.

"You see, the plumbing-supplies business ——"

"Rance, I know! The word 'plumbing' describes the years. I pity you. Did I tell



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Thousands of truck-users during the past five years have willingly paid an extra charge in order to have their trucks equipped with Caterpillars. Now the man who buys any of the trucks shown on this page can have Caterpillars as a part of the regular equipment.

Aside from their other great advantages, the fact that the pronounced cushion effect of Caterpillars adds to the life of the truck and cuts down repair bills is alone enough to justify every truck-owner in insisting upon them.

Now, except where he wants a special size, they cost him nothing extra.


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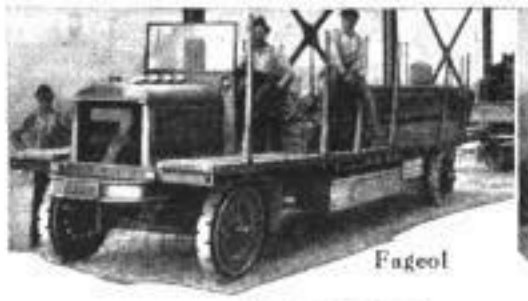

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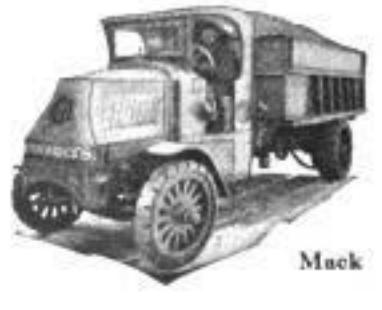

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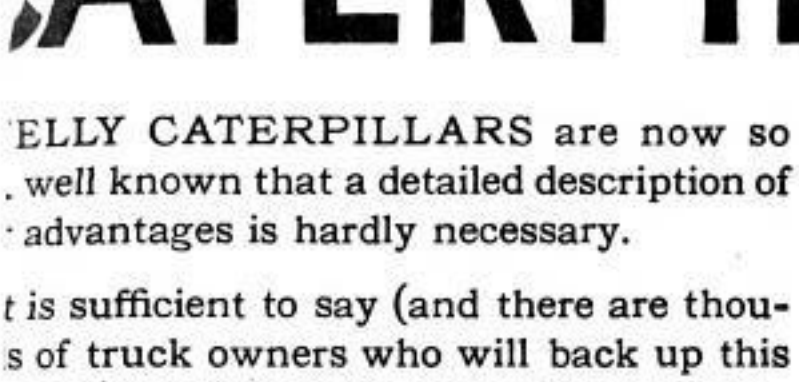
hey have the dependability of the solid tire addition cushion the truck, give traction that the use of chains unnecessary in any but the xceptional cases, and because they give a far average mileage and do not waste the en- power by slipping, they are more economical.

Caterpillars Cost Nothing Extra

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"Clean Hands in Business"

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ScotTissue Towels

(Continued from Page 73)

lakwise better pay a heap of 'tention to the fust assistant deputy sub-boss w'ich I'm," I says, "him."

Saying thus, I gives him a savigrous look backward over my shoulder and walks away, stepping kind of light on my feet like a cat fixing for to pounce. He ain't saying a word; he's just standing there reserving some more breath.

Of course I ain't really aiming to start no race war. Always it has been my constant aim to keep out of rough jams with one and all; but, even so, I figures that it's just as well to get the jump on that there Japanee human siphon and render him tame and docile from the beginning.

Next thing is that Mr. Dallas begins faulting the clothes he's brought along with him from home. He says to me they appeared all right when he was having 'em made to order for him by M. Marcus & Son, corner of Third and Kentucky Avenue, which that is our leading merchant tailor; but he can see now that they ain't got the real New York snap to 'em. And the ensuing word is that one of them swell Fifth Avenue shops is making him a full new outfit. Well, I must admit that suits me from the ground up; it's a sign to me I'm about to inherit.

And the next thing is that he invests in several cases of fancy drinkings which a bootlegging white man fetches it up to us under cover of the darkness. I sees Mr. Dallas counting out the money for to pay him, and it certainly amounts to an important sum. I ain't questioning the wisdom of this step, neither, seeing that the stock we fetched along with us from the South is vanishing very brisk and the new supply ought to last me and him for no telling how long if we both is careful.

The trouble with Mr. Dallas, though, is he ain't careful. Scarcely a day passes without some of his new-made Northern friends dropping in on him and sopping up highballs and cocktails and this and that. That there Mr. Bellows is one of our most earnest customers. He'll set down empty alongside a full bottle and stay right there till the emptiness and the fullness has done changed places. Also, when it comes to liberal consuming of somebody else's liquor, Mr. H. C. Raynor has got merits. And when Mr. Dallas gives a party, which he does frequent and often, the wines and such just flows like manna from the rod of Aaron. Still, that ain't pestering me much. When white folks lives high in the front parlor niggers gets fat back in the kitchen.

Then on top of all this he buys himself an automobile and hires a white chauffeur for to run her. She's one of these here low-cut, high-powerful cars which when you wants to go somewheres in a hurry you just steps on her, and b-z-z-z! You is done arrived! But she's plenty costive to run. Every time she takes a deep breath there's another half gallon of gasoline gone. If the truth must be known, Mr. Dallas has not only bought one car; he's bought two. But we don't see the second one, which is a dark-blue runabout, only when Miss Bill-Lee comes round, because it seems Mr. Dallas has loaned it out to her for her own use, him paying the garage bills. Betwixt themselves they speaks of it as a loan, but I thinks to myself that this probably is predestinated to be one of the most permanent loans in the history of the entire loaning business.

So it goes. Every day, pretty near it, delivery boys comes knocking at the service door bringing this and that for Mr. Dallas. If it ain't half a dozen fresh pairs of shoes it's a sackful of these here golf utensils or some new silk pajamas; and if it ain't another motoring coat or an elaborous smoking jacket it's a set of silver-topped brushes and combs and bottles and things for his toilet table with his initials cut on 'em. It seems like he must stop in somewheres every morning on his way downtown to business and buy himself something. So I judges the money must be coming in mighty brisk at the bunghole, because it certainly is pouring out mighty steady from the spigots.

It also must be a powerful handy and convenient business to be in, for not only does it appear to pay so well but it practically almost runs itself. Often Mr. Dallas ain't starting downtown till the morning is 'most gone and sometimes he gets back home as early as four o'clock in the evening. Come Saturday, he don't go near the headquarters at all. That astonishes me deeply, because down home on a Saturday the stores all stays open till late at night on account of the country people coming [illegible] town and the hands at the tobacco [illegible] houses and the factories and all being [illegible] off, and the niggers being out doing [illegible] trading—especially the niggers. Yes, [illegible] the average one of 'em and if he can't [illegible] all he's got on Saturday night it practically spoils his Sunday for him. He ain't [illegible] to waste none of his money saving it. [illegible] with us Saturday is the busiest day in the week. But seemingly not so in this [illegible]

In fact, so far as I observes to date, folks up here has got a special [illegible] system of their own for doing pretty [illegible] everything. More times than one [illegible] this past month I has said to myself, there certainly is a big difference [illegible] West Kentucky and New York City. I don't notice it so much in West Kentucky, but, lawsy, how it does prove itself when you gets to New York!

VII

FOR instances, now, take this here Saturday last past: Down home Dallas would 'a' been down to the oil office of his bright and early, hands, I suppose, with the paying [illegible] ers and helping boss the [illegible] they drawed off the oil and all. But [illegible] ing like that don't happen here with [illegible] no, sir, not none whatsomever. He [illegible] in bed until it's going on pretty near [illegible] o'clock, and then he gets up and [illegible] him, and along about dinnertime, what they calls it lunch time round this town, puts out in the car to the country [illegible] week-end; only for the amount of [illegible] we totes with us you'd 'a' thought it [illegible] going to be a month-end. I'm to [illegible] to look after his clothes and to do [illegible] valeting for him.

We rides Mr. Raynor and Mr. [illegible] and the permanent-wavy lady, Mrs. [illegible] lord, along with us. Miss DeWitt and [illegible] O'Brien is also headed for the same [illegible] we is, but they comes in the blue [illegible] traveling close behind us. By now I done learned not to expect Mrs. Gaylord to bring a husband with her. It seems [illegible] she can get 'em but she can't seem [illegible] She's been married three times in all, from what I can hear, her first [illegible] hauled off and died on her and the [illegible] one kind of strayed off and never [illegible] back. I ain't heard 'em say what [illegible] to the present incumbent, but [illegible] ain't never been produced. I [illegible] must've got mislaid some way, so she's [illegible] practically all out of husbands again, [illegible] she seems to be bearing up very well [illegible] all times. If she misses 'em she [illegible] let on.

Well, we loads up the car with [illegible] folks and with valises and golf [illegible] one thing and another and starts [illegible] country. But I must say for it [illegible] totally unsimilar to any country I [illegible] has been used to heretofore. The [illegible] yards which we passes all looks [illegible] owners must take 'em in at night [illegible] the mornings brush 'em off good [illegible] 'em back outdoors again; and most [illegible] residences is a suitable size to make [illegible] high-school buildings or else [illegible] institutes, and even the woods [illegible] slicked-up appearance like as if they [illegible] come back that same day from the [illegible] cleaner's. In more'n an hour's [illegible] travel I don't see a single rail fence, [illegible] regulation weed patch nor a lye [illegible] an ash hopper nor a corncrib nor a [illegible] box nor a hound dog nor a smokehouse, [illegible] scarcely anything which would [illegible] be sure-enough country. I thinks to [illegible] self that if a cottontail rabbit was to [illegible] camp out here he'd naturally be [illegible] pack his bedding along with him.

When we arrives where we is going, I is still further surprised, because [illegible] hand, Mr. Dallas tells me we is [illegible] stop at a country place, but it looks [illegible] more like a city hall which has [illegible] strayed far off from its functions and [illegible] root in a big clump of trees along the Hudson River. Why, it's got more [illegible] in it than our new county infirmary [illegible] and grounds around it all beautiful [illegible] cemetery! It belongs to a very nice [illegible] lady named Mrs. Banister, which is a [illegible] friend of Mrs. Gaylord's. There's Mr. Banister, too, but as far as I can tell the lady is the sole proprietor, and Mr. [illegible] just being Mrs. Banister's husband [illegible] helping with the drinks when she is [illegible] busy doing something else. I hears her [illegible] saying out in the kitchen that she [illegible] mix a very tasty salad dressing. What [illegible] what he looks like to me—just a [illegible] born salad-dressing mixer.

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ut we don't arrive there until it's get- on towards four o'clock, by reason of us ging for quite a sojourn at a tea house g the road. Leastwise, they calls it a ouse, but its principalest functions, so s I can note, is to provide accommoda- for folks to dance and to drink up the shments which they've fetched along 'em in pocket flasks; and you might hat tea if you prefers to, but it's the of tea which now sells by the case, for down, and is delivered at your house dark.

at's mainly what our outfit does —dance and refresh themselves with the gentlemen brought along on their

From where I'm setting in the car le I can see 'em weaving in and out gst the tables whilst a string band jazzing tunes for 'em to dance by. fr. Dallas don't appear to be getting ng of it so very well, and the chauf- who's setting there with me, he allows ly the boss ain't caught onto these ew dances yet.

ys to him, I says, "Huh! Does you a new dance?"

ays, "Sure—the newest one of 'em hat's the Reitzenburger grapple. t hit town."

I says, "Then it shore must 'a' long time on the road gittin' yere, niggers down my way," I says, ancin' 'at air dance fully ten yeahs nly they done so behind closed I says, "bein' 'feared the police aim disawd'ly conduct an' stop 'em "

ys, "Did you ever dance it?"

s to him, "Who, me? Many's a But not lately," I says.

at made you stop?" he says.

t religion," I says.

was also considerable careless done at the Banister place that d early the following morning. In re was considerable of a good many one there that Saturday and Sun- nis and golf and horseback riding ards and pool and going in swim- a private lake on the premises and a card game which they calls it bridge, and eating and drinking king. Everybody is so busy all ging clothes for the next event got very much time for the thing at the time being. But when the e comes the ladies strips down to and all hands just settles in for favorite sports, which is dancing and drinks, both long and short. thirsty gentlemen before in my to the best of my recollection I er encountered no ladies that arched like as one or two of these s does. I'm thinking in partic- frs. Gaylord. She certainly is rom a severe attack of the gen- ments. But I'll say this much She's doing her level best to get y taking the ordained treatment. turday evening whilst I is up- Mr. Dallas' room laying out his es, the guests, about a dozen of in the front yard setting round s where I can see 'em from the d every time I passes the win- oks out it seems like she's being a little bit more. She carries it ful, though; she certainly has personal admirations for her But next day when she comes she acts dauncy and low- a while. She's got on a fresh , to be sure, but even so she of weather-beaten around the take 'em when they is either old or else permanently young, ning is always the most telling- 'em. Well, several of those t feeling the best in the world, hat Sunday when they strolls te breakfast 'long about half It was after three o'clock dispersed, and some of 'em y got over it yet—they is still ersed looking, if you gets my

lay Sunday is just like Satur- was—only, if anything, more Sunday night the party busts rs and we starts back to town. e elects for to ride back in the ith Miss Bill-Lee, so that O'Brien, the one which they short, into the big car with the rowd. Starting off, she quar- art with Mrs. Gaylord. I they was partners at the e part of the time and they can't get reconciled with one another over the way each one of 'em handled her cards. The more they scandalizes about it the more onreconciled they gets too. It seems like each one thinks the other don't scarcely know how to deal, let alone play the hands after she gets 'em. Setting there listening to 'em carrying on, I thinks to myself these here Northern white folks must hate to lose even a little bit of money. I knows these two ladies couldn't 'a' lost much neither. I heard Mr. Raynor saying beforehand they was going to play five cents a point. But to overhear 'em debating now you'd 'a' thought it had been a real stiff game, like dollar-limit poker say, or setback at six bits a corner.

After a while Miss Pat she quits argufying and drops off to sleep, and Mr. Bellows he likewise drifts off into a doze, and that leaves Mrs. Gaylord and Mr. Raynor talking together in the back seat kind of confidential. But the hood of the car being over 'em it seems like it throws their voices forward, and setting up with the chauffeur I can't keep from eavesdropping on part of what they is confabbing about. Presently I hears Mr. Raynor saying:

"Well, you never can guess in advance what a sap will like, can you? You would have thought he'd fall for a kiddo with a good, strong, up-to-date tomboy line, like little Patsy here. But no, not at all! He takes one look into those languishing eyes of our other friend and goes down and out for the count. Funny—eh, what? Well, it only goes to show that while the vamp stuff is getting a trifle old-fashioned, it still pays dividends—if only you pick the right customer."

Then I hears Mrs. Gaylord saying, "Her system may be a bit *passé*, but you can't say she doesn't work fast, once she gets under way. Clever, I call it."

"Clever?" he says. "You bet! She works fast and she works clean, tidying up as she goes along and burying her own dead. I always did say for her that when it came to being a gold hunter she had the original forty-niners looking like inmates of the Bide-a-Wee Home. Fast? I'll say so!"

"She has need to be fast, working opposition to you, Herby dear," says Mrs. Gaylord. "Speaking of expert bloodsuckers, I shouldn't exactly call you a vegetarian."

"Hush, honey," he says. "Let's not talk shop out of business hours. And anyhow," he says, "I don't mind a little healthy competition on the side. It stimulates trade under the main tent—if done in moderation."

"You should know, Herby," she says, sort of laughing; "with your experience you should know if anybody does."

Then he laughs too, a kind of a low and meaning chuckle, and they goes to talking about something else.

But I has done heard enough to set me to studying mighty earnest. Neither one of 'em ain't specifying who they means by "he" and "she," but I can guess.

Once more I says to myself, I says, "Uh-huh, uh-huh!"

VIII

SOME folks might think it was my bounden duty to go straightaway to Mr. Dallas and promulgate to him these here remarks which I hears pass betwixt them two on that Sunday night coming back from the country. But I does not by no means see my way clear to doing so. In the first place, I ain't never been what you might call a professional promulgator. In the second place, I figures the time ain't ripe to start in telling what I believes and what I suspicions. In the third place, I don't know yet if it ever will be ripe.

Some white folks, seems like, is just naturally beset with a craving to bust into colored folkses' business and try for to run their personal affairs for 'em. Mr. Dallas he is not gaited that way in no particular whatsoever, him having been born and raised South, and naturally knowing better, anyhow; but some I might mention is. Still, and even so, most white folks don't care deeply for anybody at all, much less it's somebody which is colored, to be telling 'em onpleasant and onwelcome tidings. And he is white and I is black—and there you is!

Another way I looks at it is this way: There's a whole heap of white folks, mainly Northerners, which thinks that because us black folks talks loud and laughs aplenty in public that we ain't got no secret feelings of our own; they thinks we is ready and willing at all times to just blab all we knows

(Continued on Page 80)

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A period of recovery always means hard work and close economy.

Reserves must be reëstablished, dollar by dollar; unemployment abated, man by man; new markets won, customer by customer.

Sound business policy will not seek easy avenues to success but will organize and develop resources of money, equipment and selling power for a long, hard pull.

Above all, there must be frugality—in individual business and national expenditures. The world is poor and self-denial is prerequisite to its recovery.

The National Bank of Commerce in New York believes progress toward better times depends upon industry which creates more than it consumes, upon business which thrives because it serves. The reëstablishment of prosperity demands general acceptance of the principle that what is best for the country is best for business.

National Bank of Commerce
in New York

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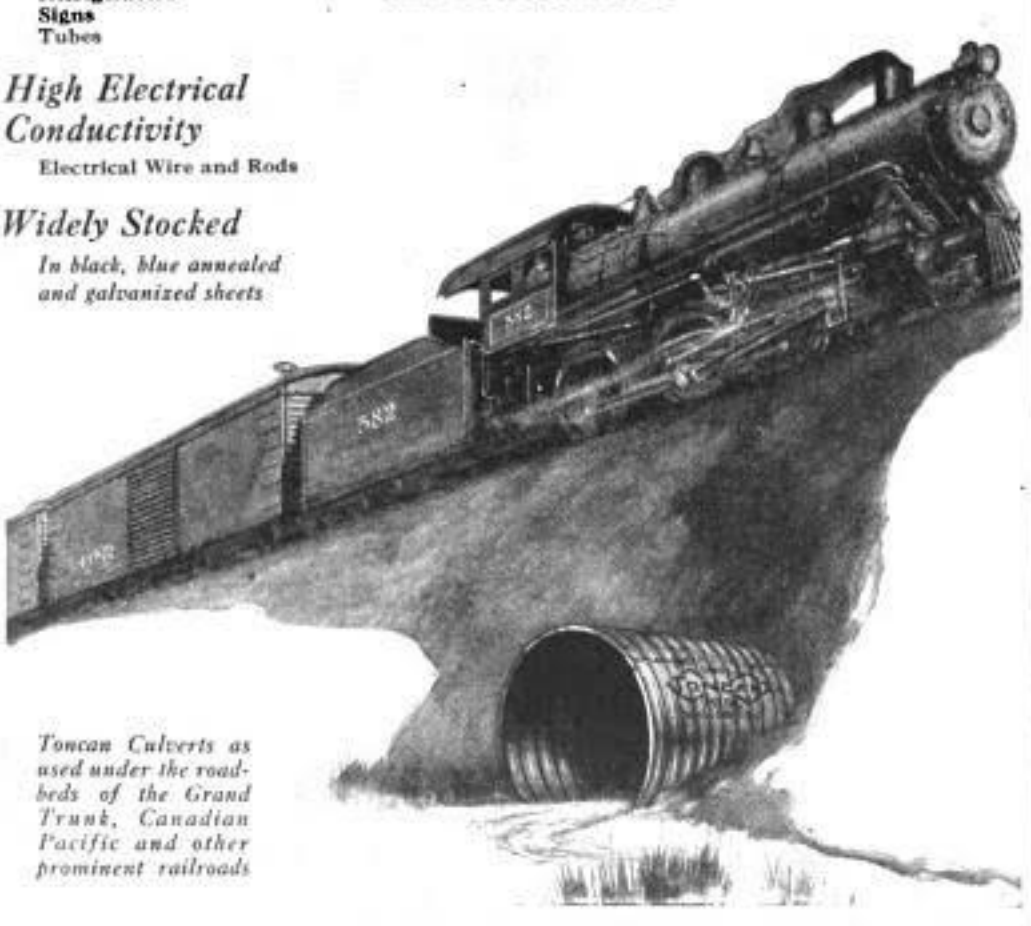
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(Continued from Page 77)

into the first white ear that passes by. Which I reckon that is one of the most monstrous mistakes in natural history that ever was. You take a black boy which he is working for a white family. Being on close relations thataway with 'em, he's bound to know everything they does—what they is thinking about, what-all they hopes and what-all they fears. But does they, for their part, know anything about how he acts amongst his own race? I'll say contrary! They maybe might think they knows; but you take it from J. Poindexter, they positively does not do nothing of the kind. All what they gleans about him—his real inside emotions, I means—is exactly what he's willing for 'em to glean; that and no more. And usually that ain't so much.

Yes, sir, the run of colored folks is much more secretious than what the run of white folks gives 'em credit for. I reckon they has been made so. In times past they has met up with so many white folks which taken the view that everything black men and black women done in their lodges or their churches or amongst their own color was something to joke about and poke fun at. I is perfectly willing to laugh with the white folks, and I can laugh to order for 'em if the occasion appears suitable; but I is not filled up with no deep yearning to have 'em laughing at me and my private doings, specially if it's strange white folks.

Moreover, speaking in particular of our own case, what right has I got to be intimating to Mr. Dallas my private belief about the personal characters of this brisk crowd which he has gone and got thick with since we arrived here on the scene? Right from the first I has had my own personal convictions about the [illegible] he's in with. I has made up my mind they ain't the genuine real quality; they is just a slicked-up, highly polished imitation of the real quality; that [illegible] ain't doing things so much as they is [illegible] doing 'em. The way I looks at it, [illegible] bears the same relation to regulation [illegible] tony folks which a tin minnow does to [illegible] enough live bait. You maybe might [illegible] fish with it, but you couldn't fool the [illegible] at large for so very long. And as for [illegible] ain't been fooled at all, not at no time. I naturally can't go stating my private [illegible] ments to Mr. Dallas without he the [illegible] as practically invites me first to do so; can I? But if he finds it out for himself [illegible] approaches me, that's a roan [illegible] another color.

So I patiently waits on, letting [illegible] take its coarseness, and sure enough in about a month and a half Old Man [illegible] Luck she starts in shooting at him with scatter gun of trouble, both barrels at [illegible] And then it is he turns to nobody [illegible] cepting it's me.

Which I will go into the full [illegible] about all that mess the next time I [illegible] my pen in hand.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE COMING EMPIRES OF BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 23)

race domination and religious antagonism which were the chief objects of politics before the war; while international politics—high diplomacy, colonialism, marinism and militarism—has been killed by the saving magic of defeat. Through defeat Germany became the natural laboratory for the experiment of rule by business men, elected narrowly on a business basis, for the management of business alone.

Parliaments of business are not easy to create. Germany's came into existence only after an acute controversy in which democratic dread of class rule and conservative dread of socialism played equal though contrary rôles. The Reichswirtschaftsrat plan was vehemently condemned on the ground that it contained the beginnings of state socialism, and equally vehemently condemned on the ground that it meant the return of privilege, and therewith the loss of the political gains of the revolution. It was socialistic, said conservatives, because it proclaimed the sordid empire of business, and embodied the Marxian "materialistic conception of history," the doctrine that the elemental struggle for food, housing, clothing and comfort has always dominated and ought to dominate the world's development. It was reactionary, said those in the opposite camp, because it meant repudiation of the sacred democratic principle of the equal and universal vote. An economical parliament, with bankers, farmers, manufacturers and traders all organized and marshaled in their separate groups, would be merely a modernization of the medieval estates-of-the-realm system with its colleges of nobles, clergy, burghers and peasants, each concerned only to vindicate its interests or privileges as a class. To one class of Germans, therefore, a parliament of business was a reckless gamble in radicalism; to the other class it was a return to the Middle Ages.

The founders of the Reichswirtschaftsrat did not take these objections very seriously. They had arguments of their own. It was an anomaly and a monstrosity, they declared, that the most essential fact in the life of every citizen—his trade or occupation—should be ignored in state constitutions, while accidental facts—his place of residence, his nominal membership of a party, and his religion—should shape the whole system of representation. Politicians might fairly claim to regulate politics; and the religions, in or outside of the political parties, ought to regulate religious affairs. But there was no reason why a Bavarian because he was a Catholic should be required to vote solidly with other Catholics on the question of the forced loan, or why a Hannoverian because he wants back the Guelph kings should vote in the [illegible] other Hannoverian Monarchists [illegible] question of the eight-hour day. [illegible] inefficiency and nine-tenths of the [illegible] tion of modern democratic assemblies [illegible] of the cabinets which they maintain [illegible] ceed from the prevailing confusion [illegible] ties and business. Differentiation [illegible] specialization are the elements of [illegible] Religion and politics were long ago [illegible] rated in the more advanced countries [illegible] today this separation is taken as a [illegible] of course. "Fifty years hence," said [illegible] Stinnes to the Federal Coal Commission [illegible] August, 1920, "politicians will [illegible] draft tariffs than manufacturers will [illegible] tate the curricula of universities."

The advantages claimed from the [illegible] tion of a parliament of business [illegible] from this differentiation:

Politics and business will no longer [illegible] mutually checked, hampered and [illegible] founded;

Economic conflicts, which are [illegible] and rightly conflicts of self-interest, [illegible] decided by the preponderant judgment [illegible] all the national economic interest [illegible] every great business interest will [illegible] minority as against the other [illegible] settlements contrary to the whole [illegible] interest will be avoided;

Political issues will be decided [illegible] tional representatives, elected with [illegible] mandate to settle these issues on [illegible] lines only;

Corruption will be abolished or [illegible] ished. Under present constitutions [illegible] bands of industrial magnates and [illegible] times not less powerful bands of [illegible] employes influence politicians [illegible] dishonestly in favor of particular [illegible] claims. In a parliament of business [illegible] capital and labor, both producers and [illegible] sumers, would be openly represented [illegible] the proper defense of their pocketbooks [illegible] and suspicion of a corrupt [illegible] politics with big business or big labor [illegible] hardly arise.

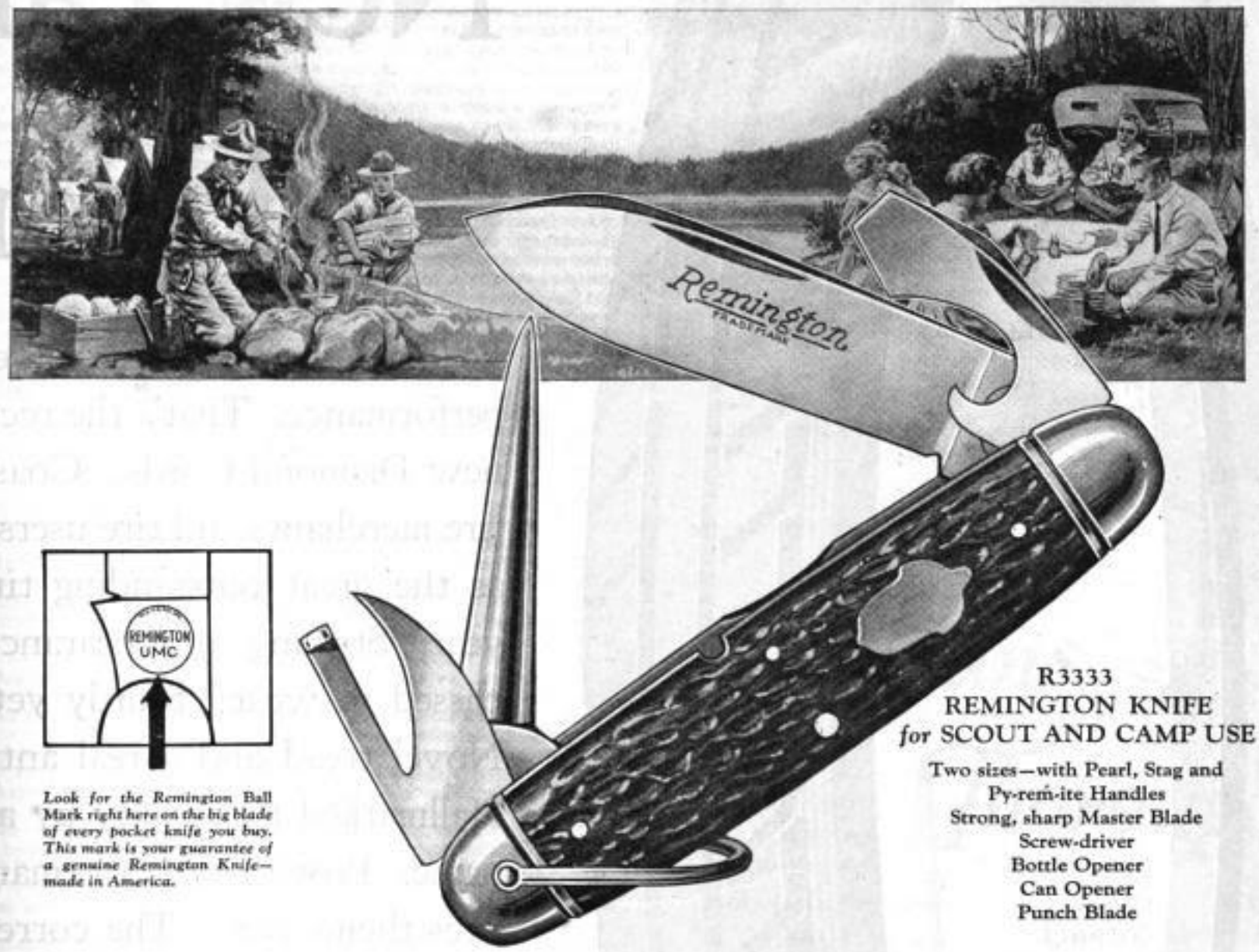
On these principles the Federal Council of Economy was created. It is [illegible] avowedly and exclusively a representative assembly of business; its membership [illegible] in a comprehensive sense business [illegible] and it has a sharply defined business [illegible] of work. Its 326 members are [illegible] dustrial producers, merchants, [illegible] and consumers; but they are also [illegible] sional men, and even practicing [illegible] so far as the professions and arts [illegible] material interests. Lawyers represent [illegible] represent only law so far as law is a [illegible] of fees and salaries; medicine's representatives similarly represent only the [illegible] cian's interest in gaining a livelihood

(Continued on Page [illegible])

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(Continued from Page 80)

stic or scientific side of these profes-
e R. W. R. has as little to do as it
h the sporting interests of a banker
per. Every occupation pursued as
of making a living counts as an
part of the national economic ma-
nd as such sits and votes. Some
s therefore call the R. W. R. *Kam-*
Arbeit, or "Chamber of Work."
position—and equally its sphere of
tions—embraces all kinds of work
gain.

arliament of business is a sober
nonpolitical sense, conservative
. This result is a constitutional
, because the initiative came from
olutionary quarters. Hardly had
Vilhelm fled over the frontier of
when every communist extremist
ny was clamoring for adoption of
ian system of soviets. Soviets—
ermans called *Räte*—sprang up
lly and seized local power; and
id the communists, must be em-
the coming republican constitu-
heidemann and the moderate
then in power rejected sovietism

position of the R. W. R.

nember of the cabinet," said
ann in February, 1919, "thinks or
thought of embodying the soviet
the constitution in any shape."
ided definitive; but within a
Scheidemann was compelled to
his negation. The new fact was
unist general strike and riots in
ich so terrified the cabinet that a
mmuniqué promised that "The
s Councils"—soviets—"will in
be recognized and embodied in
itution." Following Scheide-
mise, Article 165 of the Weimar
on provided for a network
orkingmen's—also employers'—
nd established at the same time
Reichswirtschaftsrat as unifying
at Berlin. "Social and eco-
s of prime importance," con-
article, "shall before submission
islature be submitted by the
inet to the Reichswirtschaftsrat
ion. The Reichswirtschaftsrat
ave power to submit bills of its

mar Constitution left the exact
of the R. W. R. undefined.
communists demanded local
nd on top a central chamber—
rely labor composition and so
ercise the dictatorship of the
on pure Bolshevik lines. The
would be deprived of power not
a political body it was unsuited
ment of business but because
urgeois institution. This com-
was entirely foiled. The R. W.
existence as an organ of busi-
t regard to class. An influence
growing trusting of industry,
r state compulsion. To Wick-
llendorff, then Assistant Min-
istry, the business parliament
self largely as an instrument of
ment for business." The trade
al regulation which Germany's
ition since the war has made
ould be taken from under con-
ians and intrusted to business

tive economic interests were
ribunal for judgment on the
leges and duties of each sin-

Möllendorff therefore in-
ach great branch of business
eparately represented in the
a group of men from its own
eclared against any such terri-
ement as forms the basis of
tions. The banking interest
erest, without regard to its
over all Germany from East
Vestphalia; the iron interest
rman interest; the consumers
were one. Each, through its
group, could champion its
ie parliament of business, and
s together, representing Ger-
economic unit, should decide
be done.

inciple is the composition of

Each of its ten groups con-
ed, unchangeable number of
d this number is neither arbi-
culated upon the number of
oyed in the interest, but is
estimate come to by the
R. W. R.'s founders of the interest's national importance. The whole R. W. R. consists of:

GROUP	MEMBERS IN GROUP
1. Agriculture and Forestry	68
2. Gardening and Fishing	6
3. Industry	68
4. Trade, Banking and Insurance	44
5. Communications and Public Undertakings	34
6. Hand Work	36
7. The Consumers	30
8. Officialdom and the Professions	16
9. Nominated by the Reichsrat	12
10. Nominated by the Government	12
	326

All these members are elected, except twenty-four who are nominated from among eminent economists and experts. The Reichsrat is a representative assembly of the separate states, roughly corresponding to the American Senate; and its right to nominate twelve members is based on the fact that though territory is in general ignored, certain state areas are associated with particular economic needs. In every group, including the two nominated, half of the members represent employers and half the employed. Election is indirect. The corporate interest, not the individual interested citizen, decides the membership. Most members are elected by already existing bodies—by chambers of commerce, employers' unions, the special associations of great industries, and, for employes' representatives, by labor unions. Farmers' associations, among them the all-powerful Bund der Landwirte, which largely ran Germany before the war, and the Farm Laborers' Union, choose the sixty-eight members of the agriculture group. The election system of the industrial group of sixty-eight almost entirely ignores the opposition of capital and labor, in that most members are elected by the Central Community of Industrial Employers and Employes, an institution founded in 1918 in the cause of good relations between capital and labor; but some industrial-group members are chosen by the Industry and Trades Congress, and by the Federal Coal and Potash Councils, which are also joint capital-and-labor bodies. The consumers' group is elected by the Inter-Municipalities Congress, by associations of consumers, coöperatives and housewives, and into it is sandwiched representation for domestic servants. Over a hundred associations, including all the representative organs of business in the whole of Germany, take part in the elections; and there is therefore no occupation or distinct economic interest that is left without a voice.

Almost a Parliament

The R. W. R. is almost in full sense a parliament. Its members draw salaries and traveling allowances; they enjoy parliamentary immunity and cannot be called to account for their speeches; their votes are free; they cannot be bound by mandates from the electing organizations; they sit publicly, but by vote of a two-thirds majority they can sit in secret; they can summon experts to help in their committee work. They vote singly, but the collective vote of each group is separately recorded, so that the decision of every group on a particular question is publicly known. To them must be submitted every new bill concerning business before it is presented to the Reichstag; they must be consulted by ministers before any important step concerning business is taken; and they can require ministers to give them explanations. In one matter only they do not constitute a full parliament. Though they can advise, initiate, amend bills, counsel the passing or rejection of bills, and approve of or condemn a minister's acts, they cannot absolutely veto a bill and so prevent its submission to the Reichstag, and they cannot force the Reichstag to sanction one of their own bills. They are a parliament of business, but a parliament to which for the present is conceded only the prerogative of advice and suggestion.

This limitation of the R. W. R.'s powers has provided Germany with a critical and controversial question; and if Germany's example is generally followed the same critical question must everywhere arise. Without a complete constitutional revolution, a political parliament and a business parliament, each equipped with absolute power to sanction and veto, could not exist side by side. European parliamentarism requires that cabinets stand or fall with the success or failure of their projects. Had



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a political parliament and a business parliament both absolute power in their respective domains, the question to which the executive should be responsible would immediately arise. If business legislation is more important than political in modern states, the business parliament could fairly claim to be maker and unmaker of cabinets; and with that the political parliament's importance would dwindle to nothing. Democratic sentiment would not tolerate this, if, as in Germany, the business parliament was elected on a nondemocratic-interest basis; and if the business parliament was elected by direct, equal and universal votes it would be a mere pale image of the political parliament, and would cease to be an expert assembly specially qualified for control of business. Faced with this dilemma Germany decided for a nondemocratic but expert business parliament; and as counterbalance decided that the democratic Reichstag should have the ultimate vote.

In theory this limitation of the Reichswirtschaftsrat's powers is today in force. But the theoretical monopolization of ultimate power by the Reichstag has not prevented the new business representation from becoming a serious rival. The Reichstag, having power, is able to do without reputation. The Reichswirtschaftsrat, having in theory no power, is obliged to depend upon prestige. So far as it has gained a national reputation for impartiality, expertness and devotion to the whole nation's interests it can influence and even coerce the Reichstag. This reputation has been gained; and the nonexpert, nonbusiness Reichstag thinks twice before rejecting the R. W. R.'s advice.

The source of the business parliament's strength, as the source of the Reichstag's weakness, is the personal composition. The three hundred and twenty-six business men include the very pick of Germany's leaders in practical and theoretical economics. Its most prominent members are Stinnes; Walter Rathenau—at present, as Foreign Minister, not taking part; the electricity king, Wernher von Siemens; the coal-and-iron expert, Vögler; the head of the Hamburg-American Line, Cuno; the former Finance Minister and Berlin Bürgermeister, Wermuth; the ex-Ministers Schorlemer and Von Braun, for Agriculture; the ex-Minister of Industry, Wissell, to whom the R. W. R.'s existence is largely due; the Labor leaders, Hue, Imbusch and Legien; the socialist theoreticians, Lederer and Karl Kautsky. With these sit scores of expert financiers, municipal and social workers, transportation experts, workshop organizers, and innovators in applied science. Most are men of practical achievements; and most had fruitfully kept outside of mere politics, for the good reason that politics in European countries is largely an unproductive waste of time.

A Conciliatory Spirit

The Reichswirtschaftsrat's defect is not too little reputation, but too much. For that reason it is the subject of angry and jealous criticism, in part from the dwindling ranks of the stalwarts of majority democracy, in part from the extremer socialists and communists. Discontented laborites proclaim that labor has been weakened. This is a paradox, because labor is better represented in the R. W. R. than in Europe's most democratic legislatures. In a Reichstag elected directly by the whole adult population of men and women, not one member out of five is a manual worker; but half the business parliament's members are and must be manual workers or employes or their delegates. Extremists hoped that this equal division would create a violent capital-labor opposition. The result was the opposite. Capital and labor both proved unaggressive and conciliatory. Capital does not domineer; labor is not obstructive or incendiary. This lies in the nature of the R. W. R.'s powers. In a legislature which has no final deciding voice, the political system of overwhelming by majority vote has no sense. Except through abstention from voting of some members, a solid capital or labor majority could not be attained; and such a majority would have so little show of reason that ministers and the Reichstag could properly ignore it. Work is therefore carried on on the nonpolitical principle of open bargains; and so far not a single decision has been come to by clear-cut vote of capital against labor, or the contrary. The employers' representatives' ranks contain many men of pronouncedly progressive views: Stinnes himself directs his greatest single concern, the Rhenish-Westphalian Electricity Company, in collaboration with municipal socialists; and labor has elected to many moderates, very few extremists, and a majority of mere experts. Some of its representatives are not workmen, still less agitators. They are experts who by virtue of experience and sympathies were considered fitted to champion labor causes more effectively than labor could champion them itself.

The group system of representation fosters this conciliatory spirit. The R. W. R. law declares that members primarily represent the interests of Germany as a whole. So far as the eight elected groups represent particular business interests, they are not expected to differ on the capital-labor issue. The agriculture group represents the farming interest as a whole; and, independent of the domestic opposition between farmer and hired farm worker, the farming interest is a solid unit. The same is true of the interests of trade, of banking.

Scooping the Reichstag

That this emphasis on the interests such must mitigate capital-labor antagonism, Germany discovered from an experiment made simultaneously with the R. W. R. The steel, coal and potash industries are all controlled by joint industrial labor councils, in which representatives of employers and employed sit side by side. These councils tend to delegate particular industries, and to leave most labor quarrels to be settled by conciliatory means. When capital's representatives in the councils declare that prices must be raised labor's representatives usually support their support. Higher prices, remember, mean higher wages. In a single industry this praiseworthy harmony may easily lead to exploitation of the consumer; and in fact the steel council has been severely attacked on that score. In the R. W. R. exploitation is prevented by the full representation of consumers. On paper the consumer has only thirty members, but nearly all the producing and distributing groups are consumers in regard to every other group; and the one hundred and thirty-six labor and employe representatives regard themselves as consumers first of all. The R. W. R. has therefore given enemies cause to impugn its impartiality. In some quarters this has injured it. An unlettered Athenian voted for ostracism of Aristides merely because he was tired of hearing the warrior statesman called "the Just." It is those Germans who distrust the whole parliament-of-labor innovation as a blow at majority-democracy who resent its reputation for impartiality most.

After the Reichswirtschaftsrat had existed for only a few weeks this jealousy went so far that members were publicly accused of conspiring to oust the Reichstag entirely. The Reichstag—international, the majority-democrats, united—said the R. W. R.'s backers—were permanently kept in the shade. The press talked only of the business parliament and the Reichstag, realizing with glee that politicians who are ignored are soon flouted and superseded, had good reason to take offense. The necessary and legitimate procedure of a legislature equipped with only advisory powers was ridiculed as this. An advisory legislature must submit measures before they are submitted to the deciding legislature. Important bills, with divulgence to parliament in other countries is a great news event, are in Germany dealt with by the representatives of business. Before the Reichstag gets the measure has been fully ventilated, exhausted; and thereby the Reichstag shorn of its quality as theater for sensations and revelations, and kept effective in the mind of the public mind.

In the summer of 1920 German representatives returned from the Spa conference; the representatives before the R. W. R., rendered a full of happenings and conclusions, provoked a three days' debate which followed with interest. When the matter later came before the Reichstag statements and the debate were largely ignored. The Reichstag could not get it back in popular esteem; anything that came from jealous members whose views had not been reported; and the Reichstag parliament was represented as trying to supplant popular government. The R. W. R. was attacked as an accomplice. Members replied that the R. W. R. by its

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...ceive confidences first; but the ...-democrats were not propitiated. ...en the R. W. R. has continued to ...its power; and the Reichstag has ...d to suspect and resent, prophesy- ...into the hands of a nondemocratic ...presentation will ultimately pass ...eme governmental power.

...s there is real danger. Germany ...tion is the *Obrigkeitsstaat*, the land ...rity, the country to which liberty ...ounts for less than order and pros- ...and if a class-elected business par- ...roves fittest to rule, only a minority ...ans will lament the passing of ... democratic system of counting ... as equal. Prominent moderate- ... demand that so far from the ... parliament's power being weak- ...should be strengthened. Three ...leaders, Kaliski, Max Cohen and ...röbel, lately proclaimed for the ...to the R. W. R. of a decisive vote. ...hstag's sphere of legislation, they ...ld be merely cultural. This would ... complete shelving of the Reichs- ...ause practically no important ...uestions are left; and the unim- ...e regulated by the state diets and ...ities. On finance, tariffs, trusts, ...rations, only the business parlia- ...ld have a say; and a majority- ..., except for local and petty affairs, ...ie altogether to an end.

...re that the business-parliament ...ll spread. Austria has a plan ... In the old Austria-Hungary ... before the war the complete ... of political and economic law- ...s suggested as the only remedy ...os and impotence of the Vienna ... The Austrian plan was closely ...pon an unrealized initiative of ... Bismarck actually created a ...arliament for Prussia, and sub- ...complete scheme for a similar ...arliament for all Germany. ...ardened conservative, partly as ...ormer, he held that politics and ...uld not efficiently work in har- ...is Thoughts and Reminiscences ...s that the notion of a chamber ...ons obsessed him all his life. ...of majority-democracy, and on ...unching his program of protec- ...legislation and financial reform, ... 1878 that either the Reichstag ...placed by a legislature elected on ...occupations or that it should be ...by establishment alongside it of ...ature. He began with Prussia, ...ished a Prussian Volkswirt- ...ontaining seventy-five members ... only industry, trade and agri- ...is chamber actually sat. It was ...d as the business representation ...ny by inclusion of fifty members ...n-Prussian states. Bismarck's ... in part reactionary; but his ...ive initiative brought his plan ... He insisted upon representa- ...dingmen; and as workingmen ...ord to sit without pay he de- ...ayment of all members. This ...m to appeal for money to the ...nd the Reichstag, seeing only ...own destruction, vetoed. The ...hamber scheme never got fur- ...ussian chamber opposed Bis- ...plans; and the first parliament ...ied a sudden death.

In Russia, Bismarck's scheme was formally taken up by the great reformer Witte in 1902. Witte's proposed Soviet Promuishlennosti, or Council of Industry, was designed to forestall the demand for a Duma, which—only three years before he was compelled to convoke a Duma—Nicholas II declared he would never grant. To-day, Bolshevik Russia actually has a business parliament, marred, like all Russian communist initiatives, by class despotism, corruption and incapacity. The Vuishi Soviet Narodnavo Khozaistva, or Supreme Council of National Economy—barbarously mutilated to "Sovnarkhoz"—was the first constitutional creation of Lenine and Trotzky in December, 1917. Of its forty-seven members, ten are chosen by the sham political parliament known as All-Russian Central Executive Committee, seven by Bolshevik ministries, and the remainder by the local economical councils and labor unions. With an entirely communist composition and with the complete exclusion not only of capital and expert knowledge but also of genuine labor, the Sovnarkhoz is only a parody of the schemes of Bismarck and Witte.

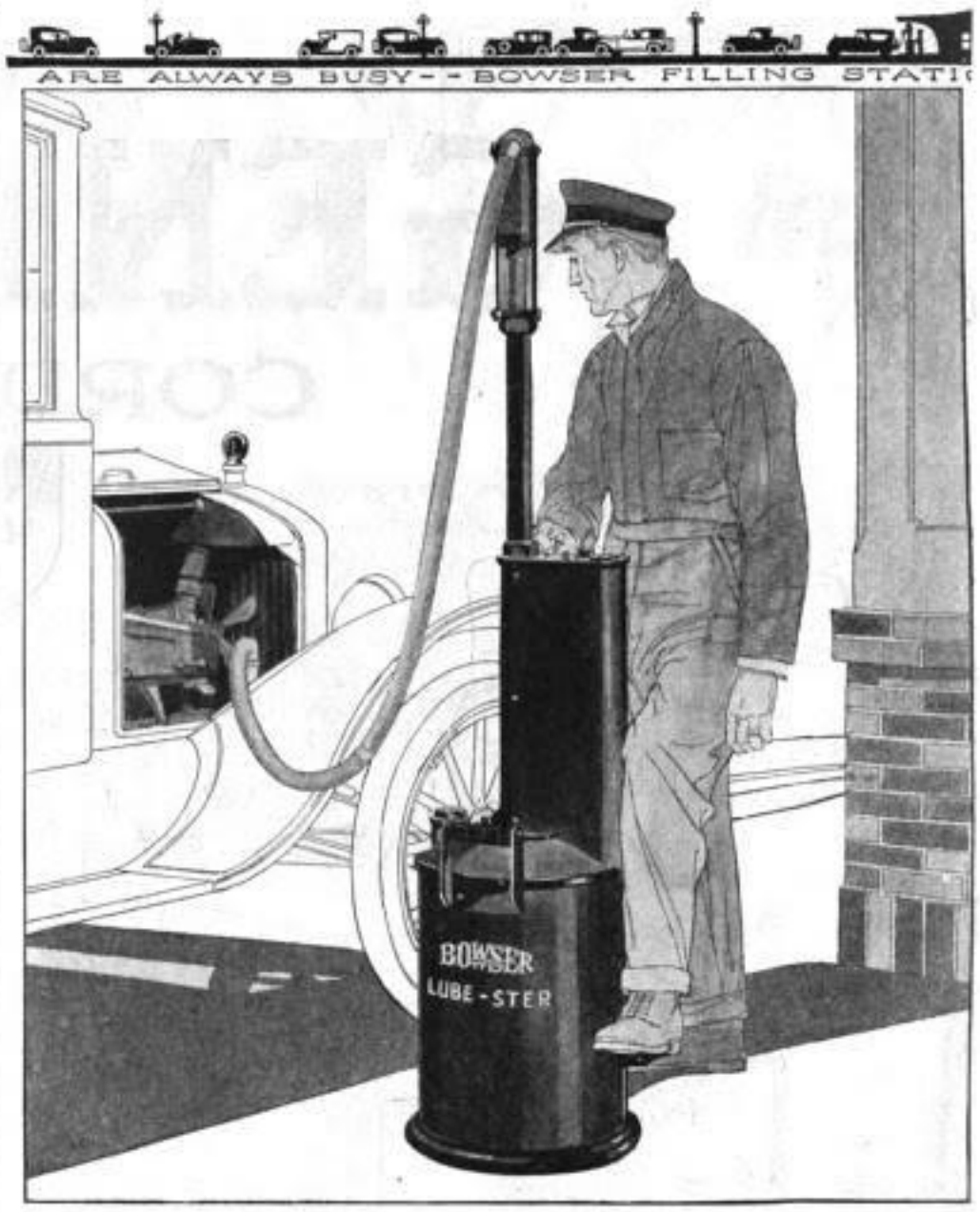
But even Bolshevism learns; and it lately showed its learning by publishing a plan to admit the hated capital, while still excluding the even more hated genuine labor element. Bolshevism is not a model to any civilized state; but it is no chance that the three most populous countries of Europe—Russia, Germany and Austria-Hungary—respectively attempted, considered and actually realized the separation in some measure of business from politics, and the transfer of the immediate management of economic affairs to persons directly elected therefor.

Western Europe has so far done nothing. In England the growing party of Guild Socialists, declaring that a citizen cannot be represented, and that only his interests can, stand for the creation of a parliament of occupations. France has too many other preoccupations to harbor such schemes. Yet France is the original source and origin of the business-parliament idea. The French Revolution's leaders stood emphatically for a parliament of work.

To Mirabeau and the Abbé Sieyès this presented itself as a modernized estates system. Mirabeau, by declaring that representative power should be based on the importance of interests, and not on numbers, foreshadowed the system today in force in Germany. The dreamer Saint-Simon planned an economic parliament; Proudhon in 1848 made the same demand; and fifty years later the Frenchman, Charles Benoist, published a complete scheme for a central legislature composed of eight occupation groups.

Thus in the business-parliament movement meet such heterogeneous elements as French idealism, Bismarckian conservatism, czarist opportunism, Bolshevist anarchy and modern German constructive statesmanship. Nations with nothing in common, and parties which by tradition and program are irreconcilably antagonistic, have agreed in principle on the same remedy for the specific ailments of parliamentary democracy. Unless this coincidence is an accident, the separation of business from politics is likely to be the next great task of constitutional reformers all over the world.





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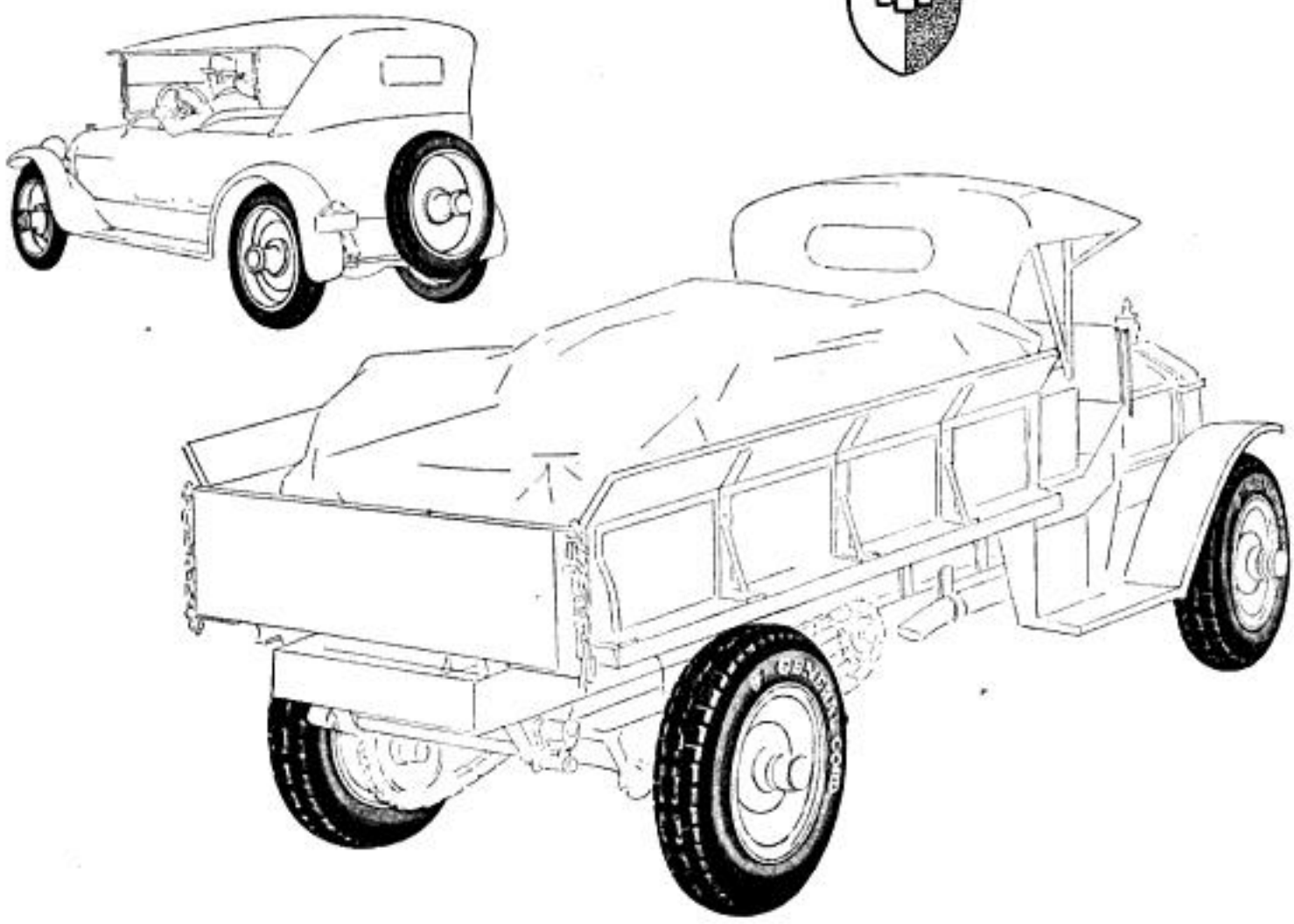
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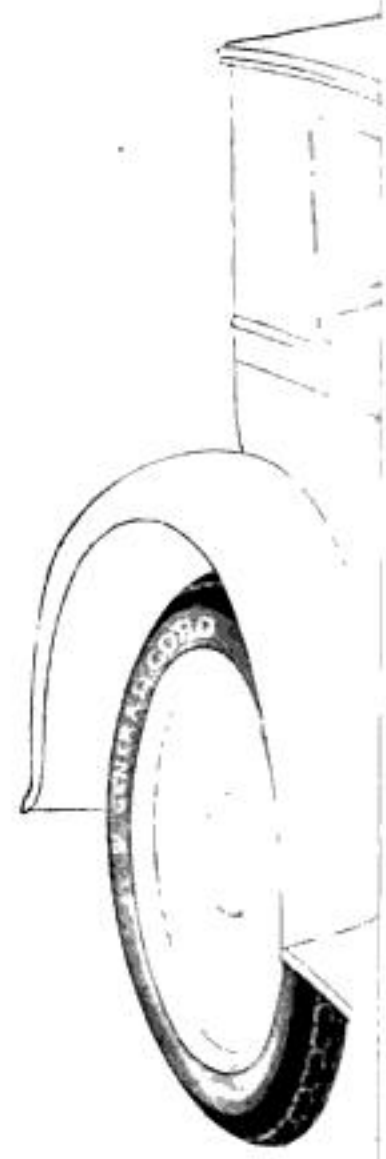
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1st Prize	$150.00	Albert Mullinix	11	West Allis, Wis.
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Name	*Age*	*Address*	*Name*	*Age*	*Address*
Irene Ahrens	11	San Francisco, Cal.	Marjorie Keniston	11	Sheridan, Wyo.
Robert Belling	10	Oak Park, Ill.	Kathryn Leonhardt	11	Latrobe, Pa.
Henry Bernsten	11	Washington, D. C.	Dorothy Lucker	11	Benton Harbor, Mich.
Manning Bouknight	10	Abbeville, S. C.	Mary McGavin	10	San Antonio, Texas.
Geraldine Cadov	10	Albany, N. Y.	W. McKeown	11	Chicago, Ill.
Francell Chenett	11	San Diego, Cal.	Robert Paul MacNeil	11	Laurium, Mich.
Barbara Chickering	11	San Diego, Cal.	H. McReynolds	11	Ventura, Cal.
John P. Crawford	11	Kokomo, Ind.	Jimmie Newmarch	11	Fresno, Cal.
Peter DeYoung	10	Kalamazoo, Mich.	Cecile C. Parenteau	10	New York, N. Y.
Richard Dills	11	Yakima, Wash.	Gladys Phillips	11	Sheridan, Wyo.
Dorothy D. Dorsey	10	Indianapolis, Ind.	Earle Port	11½	Johnsonburg, Pa.
George Drame	11	Denver, Colo.	Lois Power	11	Nacogdoches, Texas.
Catherine Elcorn	8	Hot Springs, Ark.	Janice V. Rate	11	Canton, Ohio.
Virgil Exner	11	Buchanan, Mich.	Russell Remig	11	So. Manchester, Conn.
Ellana Foster	10	Astoria, Ore.	Elizabeth Reynolds	10	Ft. Smith, Ark.
Shirley Gibbs	9	Mars Hill, N. C.	Marion Ross	11	Dion, N. Y.
Marie Gilson	11	Latrobe, Pa.	Philip Santry	11	Swampscott, Mass.
Allen Harman	11	Latrobe, Pa.	Wanita Schaefer	10	Madison, Wis.
Ione Haunson	11	Atlanta, Ga.	William Shepherd	11	La Grange, Ga.
Walter Hodge	9	Worcester, Mass.	Forrest Smythe	11	Portland, Ore.
Torlief Holmes	11	Eau Claire, Wis.	Stanley R. Snider	11	New Orleans, La.
Oliver Hooge	11	Buffalo, N. Y.	Kenneth C. Stevener	11	Fulton, N. Y.
John Inches	10	Fort Wayne, Ind.	Helen White	11	Greenville, Texas.
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Surprising as it was to have the demand for General Tires in 1921 exceed that of 1920 by 45%, the demand this year is even more surprising—full 70% ahead thus far this year over last.

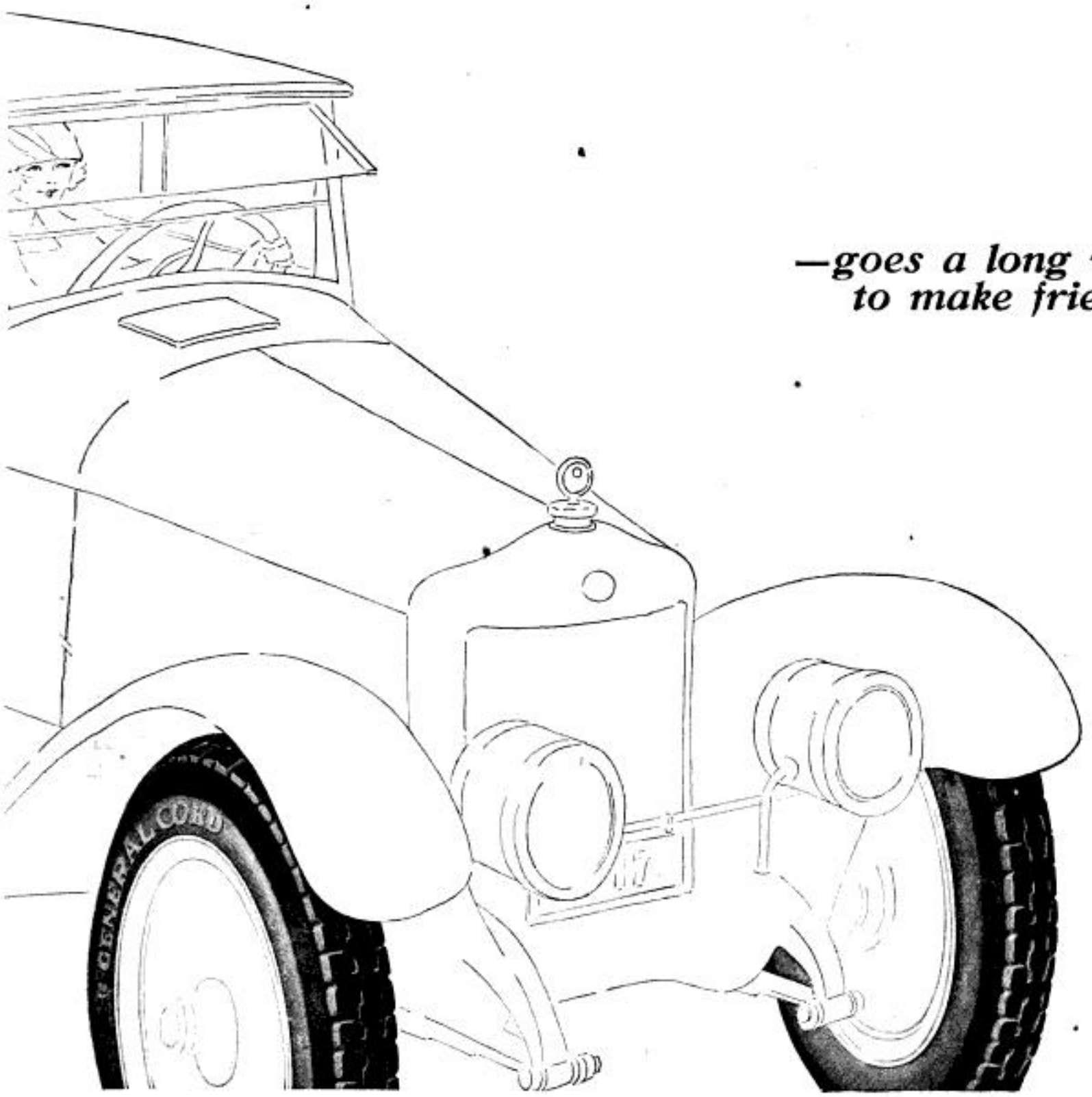
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And what makes us so proud of this steady increase in the demand for General Tires is that they are sold *exclusively to users*. We do not solicit the business of automobile manufacturers, who buy tires to put on new cars as "original equipment." General Tires are sold only through dealers. Thus, each purchase of a General represents the seasoned judgment of an experienced tire user.

The General factory—with facilities greatly increased over those of last year—is today operating at full 100% capacity.

If you wish to get benefit from the judgment of experienced tire users—and to profit by their experience—look up the General dealer nearest you. He has a tire exactly suited to your needs. Put one on your car—and let your speedometer tell your pocketbook a story of real tire mileage.

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$1000.00 in prizes



What is she saying?

THERE is no fixed answer to guess! Your idea of what this woman is saying may be the prize winner! What is she saying to the clerk that is making him turn to Sealpax?

Study the picture—study the facts about Sealpax below. Then, write your answer in not more than twenty words and send it to the Prize Department, The Sealpax Company, Baltimore, Md. Competent neutral judges will award prizes. Contest closes July 29th, 1922. And winners will be announced in The Saturday Evening Post, October 28th, 1922.

Best answer	**$500**
Second Prize	$200
Third Prize	$100
Fourth Prize	$50
Next Best Five	$15
Next Best Five	$10
Next Best Five	$5
Next Fifty (each)—one suit of Sealpax	

(In the event of ties for any prize offered, the full amount of such prize will be awarded to each tying contestant.)

Sealpax
Athletic Underwear

THERE are men all through the country who do not have to read about Sealpax to know what the customer in the contest picture is saying about it. They *wear* it! They *know* that wonderful free-and-easy Sealpax comfort—that light-and-breezy Sealpax coolness!

Why don't you slip into Sealpax and treat yourself to a new summer comfort? The snug athletic cut—the cool fabric—webbed shoulders and wide roomy legs—are a revelation in underwear comfort.

You begin to appreciate Sealpax when you buy it—because it comes to you packed in a sealed sanitary envelope, crisp and clean as driven snow.

Women and children may also enjoy the cool comfort of Sealpax. "Lady Sealpax" for women is "Just as Comfortable as Brother's" athletic underwear—just as dainty as a woman could wish it to be. "Little Brother" and "Little Sister" Sealpax bring "Dad's Comfort to Dad's Kids"—cool, comfortable athletic underwear for children, reinforced to wear long and well.

Sealpax for all the family—sold everywhere!



"Lady Sealpax" $1.00 up

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BALTIMORE, MD.

Men's Sealpax $1.25
(Union Suit)





Children's Sealpax $1.00

THE EAGLE AND THE WREN

(Continued from Page 7)

provided lively experiences. That he ever came out of it with a whole skin was little short of a miracle, for he knocked about Central Europe from the beginning to the end. He had an extraordinary faculty for remembering names and faces and the association of place and event in which he came into contact with their owners. He contrived to make a mental dossier of every one he met. Their looks and actions, fame or ill fame, record past and present—he had it all complete and isolated in his brain, and ready for production at any moment.

IV

GEORGE WEDDERTON'S official appearance upon the scene took place nearly a month after his actual appearance. During the preceding thirty days he had occupied a post at a hand drill in Number 16 Workshop. In this capacity he went by the name of John Slave, although he had privately confessed to an agitated political circle which gathered nightly in one of the lowest pubs in the town that his real name was Johann Slavenski and that he was a Pole. He took no part in the rebellious conversations of his fellows, but it had been remarked by several keen observers that Johann's hands twisted and his eyes blazed at the mere mention of the word "soviet." For the rest, he behaved with his customary calm, nodding gravely at the world's injustice to the worker, taking his glass with the rest, and earning the respect that usually falls to silent men. Thus he came to be spoken of as a dark horse that might be worth watching, and once or twice overtures were made inviting him to attend workmen's councils privately held in secret corners of the town.

But always he shook his head or answered "I am a quiet man, brother. I do not wish to excite myself—yet."

There were men of every nationality and persuasion at Diplock's; it could not very well have been otherwise with a pay roll of fifty thousand. In the course of his sojourn there George Wedderton recognized many faces which he had come across in other associations, and he added a variety of new ones to his collection.

Prominent among those to whom he gave special attention was a weedy little Italian named Paolo Mossi. Mossi was an exquisite craftsman, engaged in precision work in one of the smaller machine shops. His ability with a lathe was astounding and so highly valued that little or nothing was said when he absented himself from work sometimes for days on end. His face was remarkable for the possession of thick, bushy eyebrows which, unlike the usual kind, turned downward and almost entirely screened his eyes. Also, he wore a thin, straggly beard.

An inner sense assured George that he and this man had met on some previous occasion, but it took him three days to reconstruct the incident. The man's face defeated him; it was the little stool upon which he sat that brought the affair to mind. It was a kind of milking stool, fashioned of common wood, but the legs were astonishingly well turned and as perfect in outline as an Etruscan vase.

"Got it!" said Wedderton. "Got you!"

The dossier of Paolo Mossi was before his eyes. The Trentino in 1917, a village called Fugi—a little *salone* shadowed by a cyprus. At the door, seated upon a stool with beautifully turned legs, a small, clean-shaven man with very bushy eyebrows turning fiercely upward. The name of the man was Basso. He had three children—two girls and a boy who squinted. His wife was enormously fat and talked too much. He smoked a pipe with a silver cap. He never talked. The place was used as a billet for officers. The generalissimo was murdered in his bed and movement orders affecting the entire front were stolen. Subsequently they were discovered in the possession of the Signora Basso, but not until their contents had been messaged to the enemy.

Basso was present when the papers were taken from the lining of his wife's skirt, and to prove the depth of his patriotism he shot her through the heart before the search party, and incidentally George himself. But somehow suspicion was not entirely arrested by this extraordinary display of justice. Wherefore Basso blithely disappeared, carrying with him an exact knowledge of the strength and disposition of every regiment in the district.

In short, a lively and ingen[ious] whose presence at the firm of [Mathews & Brandling] was not [unpro]ductive of confidence.

George Wedderton did not be[lieve] cepting his own impressions [of] firmative evidence, and here was [a] where confirmation was easy [to] Very unobtrusively he visited [the] man's private room, and noted [with] faction that he possessed a pair [of] tongs. Identity being thus [es]tablished, George departed, smiling to himself.

The means by which he won the confidence of the amiable Mossi are [known] to himself. It is probable his [apparent] ity to keep counsel was the chief [factor]; thereafter he and the little Italian [spent] many evening hours in each other's [society]. George staring at the ceiling [with an] pression appropriate to the character of [the] outraged and exiled Pole, and Mossi [watch]ing him through the tangle of his [black] turned eyebrows as a cat watches a [bird].

They conversed but little during [these] sessions, the few words they uttered [being] spoken in a patois familiar to both. [It] was evident that they were taking [stock] ings of each other with that prodigious [memory] known only to persons who have a [price] upon their heads.

"The war was fought for nothing," [said] Mossi one night, and George nodded.

"The people's war ——" he began, [but] checked himself.

"It will come," said Mossi, "when [the] weapon is ready."

George Wedderton took a deep [breath] plunge.

"Is it not being forged even now?" [asked] he tilted his head toward the black [chim]neys of Diplock's, belching forth [their] flames into the night.

Mossi laid a finger to his lips, and [they] were silent for a long while. Presently [George] asked, "How did you serve?"

"Variously."

"Behind the guns?"

"Behind the guns," George replied [with] a significant inflection.

"H'm!" Another silence. "I think [we] have met before, but I cannot be sure."

The rider to the sentence was a [question]. George, although he hardly expected [a] man, in the excitement of that day in the Trentino, would associate him with [the] heavily mustached Italian staff officer [in] which character he was appearing.

"I should have remembered," [said] George.

"Perhaps not in the flesh. There [is a] gallery of photographs—likenesses [of] we should do well to know as [much] fellow workers. At one time I had to [make] study that gallery very closely. You [do] not know, of course."

Not for nothing had George Wedderton knocked about Central Europe during the war. He fixed the Italian boldly and said, "It is finished now."

"Finished?"

"Broken up."

"I do not understand."

George leaned forward and lowered his voice.

"Hauptmann Strasse, Number [12]."

The little Italian did not say a word, but his eyes narrowed almost to nothing.

"Late," said George, and rose to his feet.

Mossi came with him as far as the door, where they stood for a moment watching the flames licking upward into the night.

"So you knew the weapon was being forged?"

"I knew."

"For whom do you know these things?"

"For myself."

"But you are a patriot of the Red Fraternity?"

George grunted.

"Also," said he, "it pleases me to have money to jingle in my pocket."

It was a sure thrust. He felt the sympathetic pressure of the Italian's hand upon his arm.

"Ah! we must talk again. I am also a patriots, but money is the proof of success."

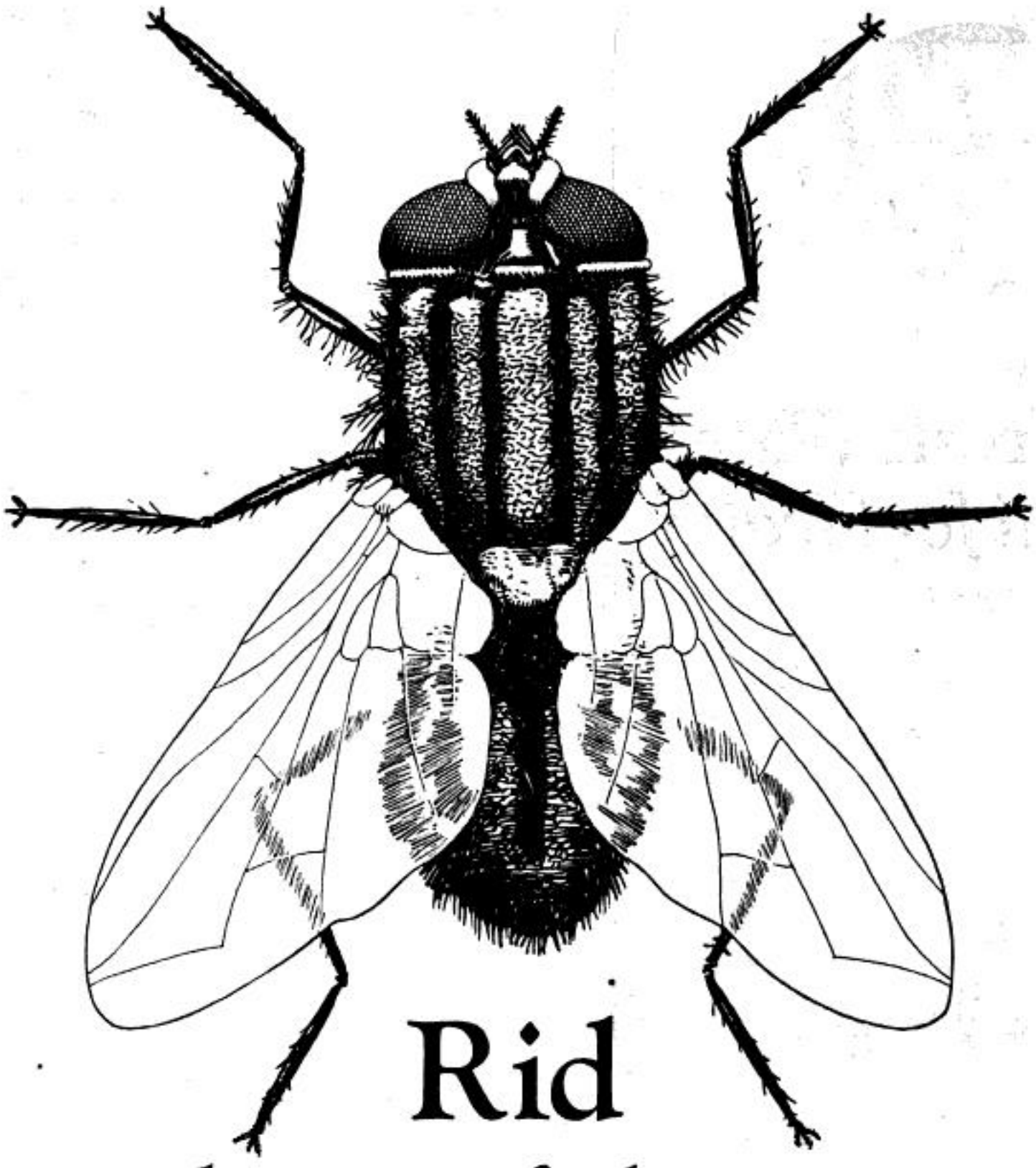
George Wedderton put his hands in his pockets and rolled down the street.

V

ON THE fourth of December, [1]9[1]8, Saville finally completed his [work] and blithely slammed the door of the second safe. The drawings of [the] safe

(Continued on Page 30)

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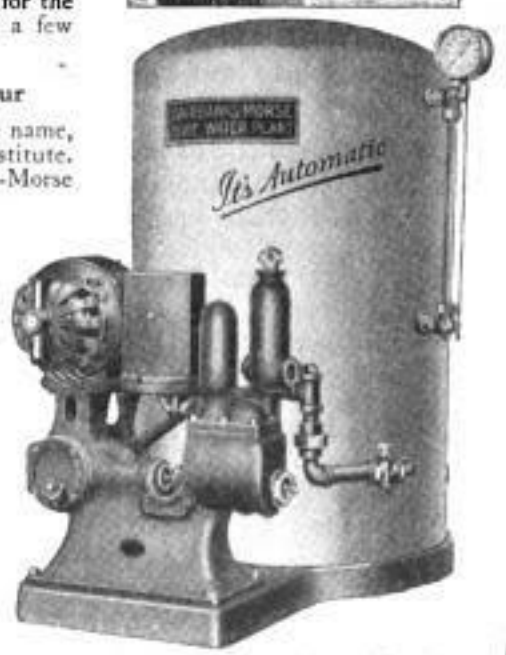
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25A

(Continued from Page 88)

Types were securely fastened in the first, his period of work was over, his collar bone restored to excellence, and in a week's time he and Leslie would be courting by the Mediterranean shores. His conduct during the preceding months had been exemplary; Leslie's letters were beyond price. His spirits were high and the world was unfolding before him like a blossoming rose. Very cordially he slapped the detective on the back and slapped his hat upon his head. With overcoat slung across his shoulder, despite a fall of snow, he turned toward Mr. Diplock's office, singing as he went.

Throwing open the door he smiled expansively.

"Finis," said he.

And Mr. Diplock repeated the word, gravely adding, "And now I suppose you'll take a spell of holiday?"

"A few days with old Charlie Pearson knocking down pheasants, then presto for the Riviera."

"You're an extraordinary young man. Aren't you going to wait for the R. A. F. Board? The Air Minister is to be present, and there'll be some pretty speeches about you."

"I am not," replied Martyn devoutly. "The drawing speaks for itself. I hate pretty speeches, and I'd rather suck an orange on Margate Pier than be slapped on the back by the entire cabinet."

"I repeat," said Mr. Diplock, "you are a very queer young man, but I suppose you are the best judge of your own tastes."

"You can bet your life I am."

"My life," said Mr. Diplock, "is a small stake, but if you'll accept the advice of an older man you will take care of your own."

"Lord love you! Who'd hurt me? I'm fed to the teeth at being wet-nursed by a whole regiment of 'tecs, and the thought of escaping from 'em makes me want to sing."

"In that case, Saville," Mr. Diplock smiled, "let me implore you not to do it here. Get away and enjoy yourself."

"I will so, and bless your heart!" said Martyn.

He was struck of a heap to find George Wedderton smoking a pipe at his rooms when he got back.

"Where in blazes did you spring from?"

"My dear lad," said George, "I've been blooming in this hedgerow for the past three weeks, only you didn't notice me."

"By way of business?"

"Um-um. Your business."

"Not another of 'em!" Martyn implored. "Oh, I suppose you represent official England."

"Something like it. You're through, ain't you?"

"Thank the Lord, I'm through!"

"Good! I shan't bother you much. Just a couple of questions. Here's my authority."

He threw over a paper bearing half a dozen signatures, among them Mr. Diplock's.

"Fire away."

"Drawings in big safe?"

"Um! Both types."

"Pretty alike, ain't they?"

"To an amateur."

"Any distinguishing feature?"

Martyn reeled off some technical differences.

"Right you are."

"Keys in Number Two safe?"

"Yep."

"Opens to 'finis'?"

"That was quick," said Martyn. "How did you do it?"

"Diplock rang me. Code, no mystery. Well, that's all I want, old fellow, except a whisky-and-soda. If you like I'll sit on the bed and watch you pack."

Armed with a drink he disposed himself luxuriously, while Martyn heaved clothes into a capacious Gladstone bag.

"Pleased with yourself?" he asked.

"Yes, rather! Charlie Pearson says the birds are plentiful and I've just bought these. Their come-up is simply beautiful. Try 'em."

And he pushed over a new gun case for his friend's inspection.

"Extraordinary chap," said George soberly. "You think no more of throwing up this new machine than a baby of being sick. Ever going to grow up?"

"Hope not. Here, give us a hand with this gear. I've a train to catch."

As they bumped the luggage downstairs Martyn asked, "Does old Butterwick know you're in this?"

"If he don't already he'll know to-night," Martyn grinned.

"He will be pleased," said he. "Can't I see you as far as the station?"

"No, thanks. I'm not wearing these clothes in public at the moment."

"Then how did you get here?"

"Oh, I live on the floor above when I'm not otherwise engaged," was the amiable reply.

VI

CHARLIE PEARSON'S shooting party was a real winner, being made up of stout lads, true sportsmen all, and a complement of girls so excellent in virtue that they hesitated neither to thrust their way through mire and bramble nor to dance gayly until umpteen o'clock in the morning.

The foregoing paragraph is practically a transcript from a letter Martyn wrote to Leslie, the delicacy of style being exclusively his own.

Fearing greatly that he might be lionized for his remarkable engineering attainments, Martyn lost no time in trying to create a stir in other directions. Wherefore at the close of the first night's entertainment beneath this hospitable roof he was proclaimed acclaimed by excellent authority to be the finest dancer that ever happened, nor were words of praise lacking as to his ability to beguile the tedium of sitting out. In this capacity his light-hearted prattle, not touched with evidences of a sentimental disposition, was unrivaled. Many marriageable maidens, some of them proudly adorned with half hoops of diamonds on the fingers of their left hands, were beset by misgivings as to the discretion of their choice in the matter of marriage, until two ladies who had already knelt at his steps gazed across the room and realized the composition of their husbands, wishes hitherto unremarked.

The truth was this, Martyn Saville yearning for the long-denied embrace his sweetheart; and when this mood descends upon an ardent young man addresses to young ladies are apt to honeyed. He accepted the society as him as a proxy for Leslie, and sweetness disposition and mode of speech in the ratio to the likeness they bore to his love. Once or twice, it is true, a slight indiscretion entered into his conduct; for example, when he brushed with the cheek of little Miss Phyllis. But little Miss Phyllis was sad about something or other, and Martyn, who was a man, knew no other means of banishing melancholy. Furthermore, the band playing Avalon at the time, which, as one knows, is sufficient excuse for many indulgences.

The righteous may, perhaps, wag a finger at him for his behavior with Mrs. Clayton, but here again he was not entirely to blame. A married woman who is not happy with her husband has no right to look into her eyes an expression of tragic misunderstanding, and should a sympathetic observer boldly ask "What is the trouble, my dear?" she has no one to thank but herself.

Considering the long period given exclusively to work, a period of confidence and companionship, Martyn had behaved uncommonly well, for after all the reader must have gathered, his sense of discretion was considerably blunted, and everyone expected him to make the fur fly and would have been disappointed if he hadn't.

Whatever shades of resentment may have been born in the bosoms of the present were speedily dissipated by his performance at the next day's shoot. His judgment and timing were perfect, and his bag at the end of the afternoon was larger than anyone else's. He seemed to specialize in difficult shots, bringing the most forlorn hopes with clockwork regularity. Nor was any man less grateful than he, and even the cry of "Wonderful!" which has been the undoing of so many gentle instincts, left him modestly aware of the direction of the chance before the trigger.

Several of his birds he attributed to the prowess of his neighbor on the right, a short-sighted man whose power to kill amounted to a certainty.

And this gentleman, for very shame at his want of skill, gracefully accepted Martyn's cheery "Not a bit of it. You had fair. My shot was wasted, and all I poached."

So convincingly were the words spoken that before the end of this partic-

(Continued on Page 92)

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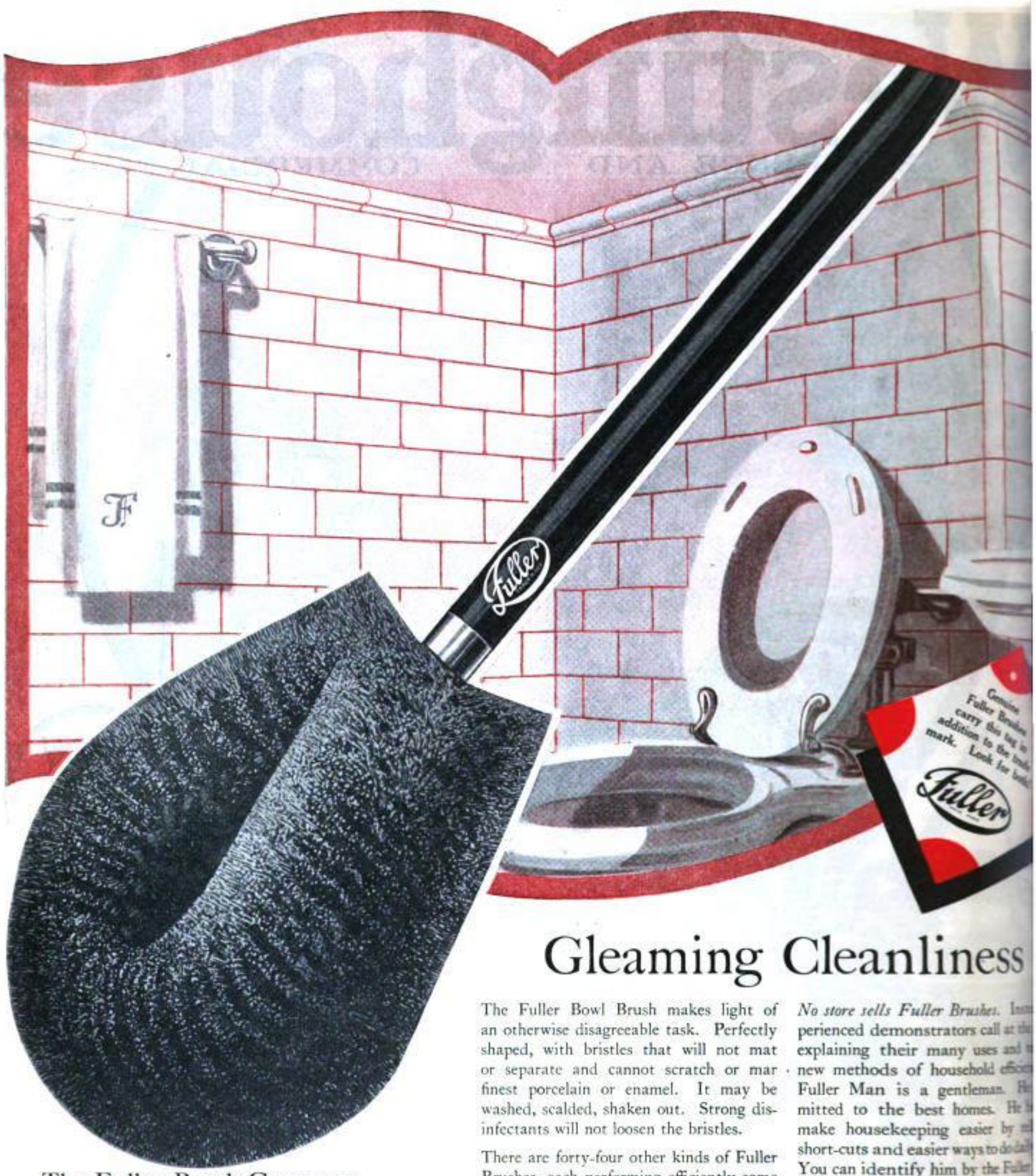
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69 USES—HEAD TO FOOT—CELLAR TO ATT

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(Continued from Page 90)

all, shortsighted gentleman had al-
ersuaded himself that he was a bit
nrod with the gun.
small graces readily win popularity,
ore the first twenty-four hours had
Martyn had the joy of finding him-
ated as an eminent inventor and
to the ranks of the all-round good

it is probable the few days at
Pearson's prior to his departure for
uld have passed peaceably enough
an unforeseen incident. On the
ght of his stay a burglar entered
oom where Charlie Pearson lay
bly at rest with his wife, and stole
nkets from the dressing table.
operty lost was not of such value
se much concern. On the other
arlie Pearson was angry that such
ould have happened.
my oath no one could get in from
said he. "There's a sheer drop
y feet from our window, and on
face no ladder could stand up."
droom in question was situated in
ing of the house, which had been
he top of a little cliff.
in by the door," someone sug-

locked and the key was on the
able. The missus is a bit nervous

have had a duplicate."
key is three hundred years old
ake a devil of a lot of copying.
ow 'ud the chap get into the

as a lively discussion about it.
the stuff he pinched," said Mar-
gine he was only a second rater.
-class man wouldn't be content
e haul like that."
me," said Charlie Pearson. "I
lf as a light sleeper, and I'd bet
one could move about in my
out waking me."
erable part of the morning was
the work of detection, in which,
nany fancied themselves, but
l skill was betrayed.
ll, shortsighted man, who had
en present at a Sherlock Holmes
ted himself with a tape measure
et lens, and armed with these
himself at the foot of the cliff,
exhaustive microscopic examina-
lesser insectivora which inhabit

iscouraged from further research
tting his hand severely on a
le that lay concealed beneath a
fallen leaves.
ss Phyllis had attached herself
Saville, and walked at his side
g or widening circles round the
had decided early in their ac-
that he was a hero; it was only
refore, to look to a hero in mo-
ergency.
. Saville, do tell me how you
it," she besought.
dow, kid; through the win-

could he?"
's it," said Martyn mysteri-

r eyes opened wide.
think you could get in through
Mr. Saville?"
," came the cheery answer.
lis clasped her hands.
it be just too wonderful if
en he was asleep—for fun,

id Martyn.
ch a topping leg pull for Uncle

Charles," Martyn smiled.
you thinking about?"
unno. Think it 'ud be worth

Phyllis was wise enough to
rvation. A mere glance at her
as enough to show that the
already at work. Martyn's
d on the bedroom window and
be measuring the distance
d the opposite wing, a matter
n feet, perhaps, with the deep
rocks intervening.
uncle sleep with the window

Miss Phyllis nodded, her in-
heart thumping against her

Martyn. "Ha!"
ally going to do it?"
nno."

Miss Phyllis sucked in her breath ecstatically.

"I think you're simply gorgeous!" she said.

And Martyn laughed.

It was silly of no one else to have thought of it. They had concentrated on how the burglar could have ascended from the ground. It did not occur to them that he might have walked across on a plank from the flat roof of the opposite wing. It was in such matters Martyn scored, realizing the obvious at a glance. There would be no trouble in getting on the roof from the front of the house. Any man of average agility could shin up the ivy in a dozen different places. He did not even bother about a plank, being morally certain he would find one waiting for him hidden behind the crenelations somewhere near the spot at which the burglar must have crossed.

But what Martyn did not expect to find when, at four o'clock the next morning he sneaked along the leads, was the burglar himself concealed behind a chimney stack in a very advanced state of nerves. Walking across the plank overnight had so reduced his stock of courage that he had simply stayed where he was, trusting that the natural fortitude needed for making the descent would return to him before starvation claimed another victim. The fruits of his raid, glittering pathetically, were laid upon a loose brick at his side, and when Martyn came upon him he appeared to be weighing up the relative virtues of material possession and physical hazard. He showed no fight and almost seemed glad of company.

Since Charlie Pearson had not informed the police of the affair and Martyn himself was reluctant to spoil a pleasant holiday by acts of righteous judgment, he lowered the timorous marauder over the parapet to where Miss Phyllis waited beneath.

"Give this old ass a glass of beer and some bread and cheese," said he. "Then turn him loose. I'm just going to put those trinkets back on your aunt's dressing table. Tremendous lark, what?"

Leaving Miss Phyllis with her eyes full of kisses, Martyn, who had removed his shoes that his presence might not be betrayed, shot the plank across the separating gulf and achieved a nimble Blondin act which delivered him safely on the bedroom floor. And Charlie Pearson, who had lain awake puzzling how the burglary could have been committed, produced a neat automatic from beneath his pillow, took a careful sight at the shadowy form and fired.

Martyn Saville said "Hell!" very distinctly and sat down heavily on the floor, for the bullet had cut a nice clean groove in the fleshy part of his upper arm.

Somewhere below, Miss Phyllis screamed, lights were turned on, guests and servants thronged the corridors, and simultaneously a large motor car drew up on the gravel outside the house, delivering a gentleman of small stature, who cried out that his name was Butterwick and that he demanded to see Mr. Martyn Saville on a matter of tremendous national importance.

VII

SHORTLY after Martyn Saville's departure for the country George Wedderton, appearing in his own personality of the engaging middle-aged Englishman, called at the office of Mr. Butterwick. To the man on duty he gave no name, a circumstance in itself sufficient to insure a speedy interview.

After a minute the man returned and invited him to enter.

Mr. Butterwick was standing with his back to the grate, thoughtfully peeling the quarter of a walnut. As George came in he flashed a single glance at him and immediately lowered his eyes to their usual level. They were strangers to each other and it was characteristic that neither of them was anxious to speak first. However, when it came to a competition in silence George was certain to be the winner, a fact Butterwick realized by instinct.

"Yes, yes," he said. "Wait a minute; I'm trying to place you." And once again the twinkling little eyes flashed over George's features. "Ah, to be sure! You work on a hand drill in Number 16 Workshop. Arrived early last month. I hadn't placed you satisfactorily. Let's see then. Yes, yes; a member of the official service, I suppose."

"Well done, Mr. Butterwick," said George. "My real name is Wedderton—George Wedderton. You penetrated my disguise in record time. Curious, for I never saw you in the shops."

"I am not very often seen," came the reply, with a touch of self-satisfaction.

"Still, we have met before."

"I think not."

"I'll refresh your memory. Kimberley, 1892. Used to occupy a kind of sentry box near the entrance. I. D. B., wasn't it? Before that you were employed as handwriting expert for Floyd's Bank at Manchester. Lost your wife in '89, no children. Hobby, bowls—won an open event at Blackpool. And I see you're still fond of walnuts."

Mr. Butterwick raised his head and looked at his visitor with open admiration.

"You made some inquiries?"

"Of my memory."

"H'm—yes—very smart, very. Well, what is it?"

"Need I say?"

"This Saville business?"

"Um-um!"

"Well?"

"There's going to be trouble."

"On the contrary, I have the case in hand."

"We have the case in hand," George amended.

Mr. Butterwick clicked his tongue antagonistically.

"I have been making some inquiries," George proceeded.

"We have been making some inquiries"—from Butterwick.

"Which point to the fact that the new design is likely to be stolen at any moment."

"It won't be stolen."

"The man to be feared is a genius."

"Whatever else Karl von Klune may be he is certainly not a genius."

"Karl von —— My dear Butterwick, you're on the wrong scent."

"Mr. Wedderton!"

"You're making the old mistake of concentrating on the agents of Central Europe. Germany is neither ready nor willing to undertake offensive warfare."

"I do not care for politics."

"The Germans are farsighted people. Our new enemy is shortsighted."

"May I remind you that I control a force of three hundred and seventy-nine skilled and trusted detectives?"

"My dear sir, it is utterly impossible in this corrupt universe to trust three hundred and seventy-nine persons. By the way, that fellow who admitted me—who was he?"

"His name is John Brevies."

"On the contrary his name is Ohlsson. He was employed during the war circulating anti-British propaganda throughout Scandinavia."

Mr. Butterwick cracked a nut fiercely.

"This is mere ——"

"Fact," George interrupted; "and I am also acquainted with at least three of your permanent staff who attend communist gatherings in the town."

"Possibly. But in my interests."

"I venture to doubt it."

Mr. Butterwick scribbled a few names on a scrap of paper, then took from a drawer the nominal roll of his staff.

"Which men?" said he.

George ticked off the ones he referred to with his forefinger. Whereupon Butterwick jerked the scrap of paper toward him. The names he had written were identical with the ones at which George had pointed.

"This may convince you that I know what I am about," he said, smiling none too pleasantly.

"I have never doubted it," said George, "but it is impossible for one man to carry all the correct information in his own head."

"I am surprised you should think so."

The tone was distinctly hostile.

"We will not quarrel," said George. "I have given this matter a great deal of thought and I am morally certain that somehow or another that drawing will either be traced or stolen."

"As long as it remains in my care I have no such misgiving," said Butterwick.

"It remains for us therefore to outwit these folk rather than blockade the port of their ambition. In a word, it would be better to allow them to imagine they have succeeded. Do you follow my reasoning?"

"I do not," said Mr. Butterwick, "and I cannot disguise the fact that I consider your presence in this affair is exceedingly tiresome. My orders are defined. The plans for this weapon are to be protected. I am going to protect them in my own way."

George Wedderton shrugged his shoulders.

"My orders also are defined," he replied, "and are issued by the government



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of this country, which takes precedence over private enterprise. If you prefer to work alone I have nothing to say, except that I must ask you for an authority which will insure my freedom from obstruction by any of your staff."

Mr. Butterwick took a small silver badge from his pocket and threw it on the table.

"I regret," said he, "that I am in no position to refuse you. Take it. Between the two of us I have little doubt we shall have a fine muddle. Good night."

"Good night, Mr. Butterwick. I understand your feelings and sympathize with 'em. Dare say we shan't meet for some time, for there's a devil of a lot to do."

At the door he turned and took an envelope from his pocket.

"I'm leaving you this," said he; "it contains some interesting finger prints. Keep 'em handy; you may find they come in useful. Good night."

He left the little man pacing up and down his office, chin on breast. The smile that usually played round the corners of his mouth had departed.

That night George Wedderton, the Italian, Mossi, and two other men conversed together in low tones until the dawn.

VIII

AT TEN o'clock the following morning George Wedderton presented himself at Saville's office. Mr. Butterwick's silver badge admitted him and also served to dismiss the man who was on guard within.

Since the dawn he had grown a handsome beard and had also increased very considerably in the matter of girth. He wore a fine coat with a Persian-lamb collar and had the general seeming of the director of a prosperous business. He carried a stout cane and wore gloves, which he did not remove.

His first care was to lock the door and lower the window blind. This done he turned his attention to the smaller safe, which still opened to the word "Finis." Taking out the keys he unlocked the larger and producing the two drawings laid them side by side upon the table. At the first glance there was little enough to distinguish one from the other, and his brow corded as he puzzled over them. Martyn had explained minutely enough where the differences lay, but George, although a very fair mechanic, was sorely put to it to decide for himself. He shook his head perplexedly, then picking up one of the drawings reversed it. Scrawled in pencil across a corner in Martyn's handwriting were the words Type A. He picked up the second and in the same place was written Type B.

George smiled.

"Silly ass," said he. "Why didn't he say so, instead of making me sweat like this?"

Taking a piece of India rubber from a pen tray he carefully erased the letter A on the first drawing and substituted B, and having done so replaced it in the safe.

The second drawing—the real Type B, the machine destined to revolutionize the world—he put in an envelope, then looking around thoughtfully crossed to a bookcase and slipped it behind.

"That's that," he murmured. "Now we'll just close the safes, and there we are."

But before leaving he did one other rather curious and apparently meaningless thing. Projecting from the wall near the mantelpiece was an old gas jet, long since out of use, having been superseded by electric light. He unscrewed the burner, dropped it in his pocket and turned on the tap. The supply had been cut off years before and there was no hiss of gas. Then he unlocked the door and passed out into the thin December sunlight, the three detectives giving him good morning as he went.

Twenty yards away a laborer was making a clearing in a big heap of scrap iron and packing cases. Standing beside him was a man in the official uniform of the local gas light and coke company. In his hand was a chart cross-patched with dotted and ruled lines in various colors.

"Just about here," the man remarked as George came by.

Whereat the laborer fell to with pick and shovel and began to dig a hole.

The heavy beard he was wearing conveniently hid the smile that played round George's mouth as he marched past the industrious duet.

An hour later, in the character of John Slave, he was working the hand drill in Number 16 Workshop.

When the siren sounded for [illegible] and the Italian, Mossi, sat and [illegible] on some balks of timber in the [illegible] construction yard. It was a [illegible] almost deserted at this hour of [illegible]

"So you succeeded? I passed [illegible] this morning."

The Italian nodded.

"It was as I expected. The [illegible] old gas mains were at the [illegible] house. I have a friend there [illegible] easy. The workman carried the [illegible] a bag with his tools. And you?"

George humped his shoulders.

"Not so easy," he replied, [illegible] managed. I cannot say how [illegible] tioning names. The burner is [illegible] the tap turned on."

"Good. Then it only remains [illegible] of the two at the door."

"Which is arranged, yes?"

"At two A.M. all should be [illegible] it fails then—whiss!" And he [illegible] hand suggestively across his [illegible]

George shook his head.

"We must avoid that," said he. "It is against my principles to [illegible]

"Ten minutes past two, then."

"Tonight." He hesitated a [illegible] "And the payment for this?" [illegible]

"Depends upon success."

"The risk is great either way," [illegible] grumbled.

"There will be a solatium."

"But the principal sum?"

"Will be paid tomorrow."

"But how—from where?"

The little Italian's eyes [illegible]

"You do not know every[illegible] friend."

"For instance?"

"There is a cashier in this [illegible]

George simulated intense [illegible]

"So!"

"One word merely will be [illegible] by return they will reply—Pay."

"And we divide?"

"There will be two thousand [illegible]

A horribly greedy expression [illegible] George's eyes.

"That will be good," said he.

IX

MR. BUTTERWICK spent [illegible] day, his anxiety being [illegible] an abnormal consumption of [illegible] constant cracking of their [illegible] nized with the snapping of his [illegible]

What right had this [illegible] Wedderton, to come upon the [illegible] upset his confidence? A [illegible] decided to reconstruct the [illegible] positions—to demand that Mr [illegible] should have the drawings [illegible] deposit, to disavow all future [illegible] in the matter, to double the [illegible] permanent guard—in short, to [illegible] whole business on its head. The [illegible] sisted the impulse to do any [illegible] things was due to a very considera[illegible] opinion. He had decided in his [illegible] what were the proper precau[illegible] had taken them. There was [illegible] est occasion for misgiving or [illegible] theless he hated the day. He [illegible] business—and he privately [illegible] government and all her servants [illegible] tion. To satisfy a desire for [illegible] caused to be rounded up a [illegible] picious characters, whom he [illegible] under escort to various remote [illegible] British Isles with polite advice [illegible] back in a hurry.

All this was very bad tech[illegible] knew it.

At three o'clock in the after[illegible] sonally visited Martyn Savil[illegible] satisfy himself that all was [illegible] man on duty within annoyed him [illegible] by a constant repetition of the [illegible] "Everything's O. K., chief."

In his mood of irritation the [illegible] term O. K. in conversation struck [illegible] impertinence.

"Nothing unusual happened," [illegible] manded.

"Nothing, chief. Everything [illegible]

"You came on duty at —"

"Ten A.M., chief. Night watch [illegible] O. K."

"No one been here?"

"Only the gentleman you [illegible] I examined his pass and [illegible] O. K. ——"

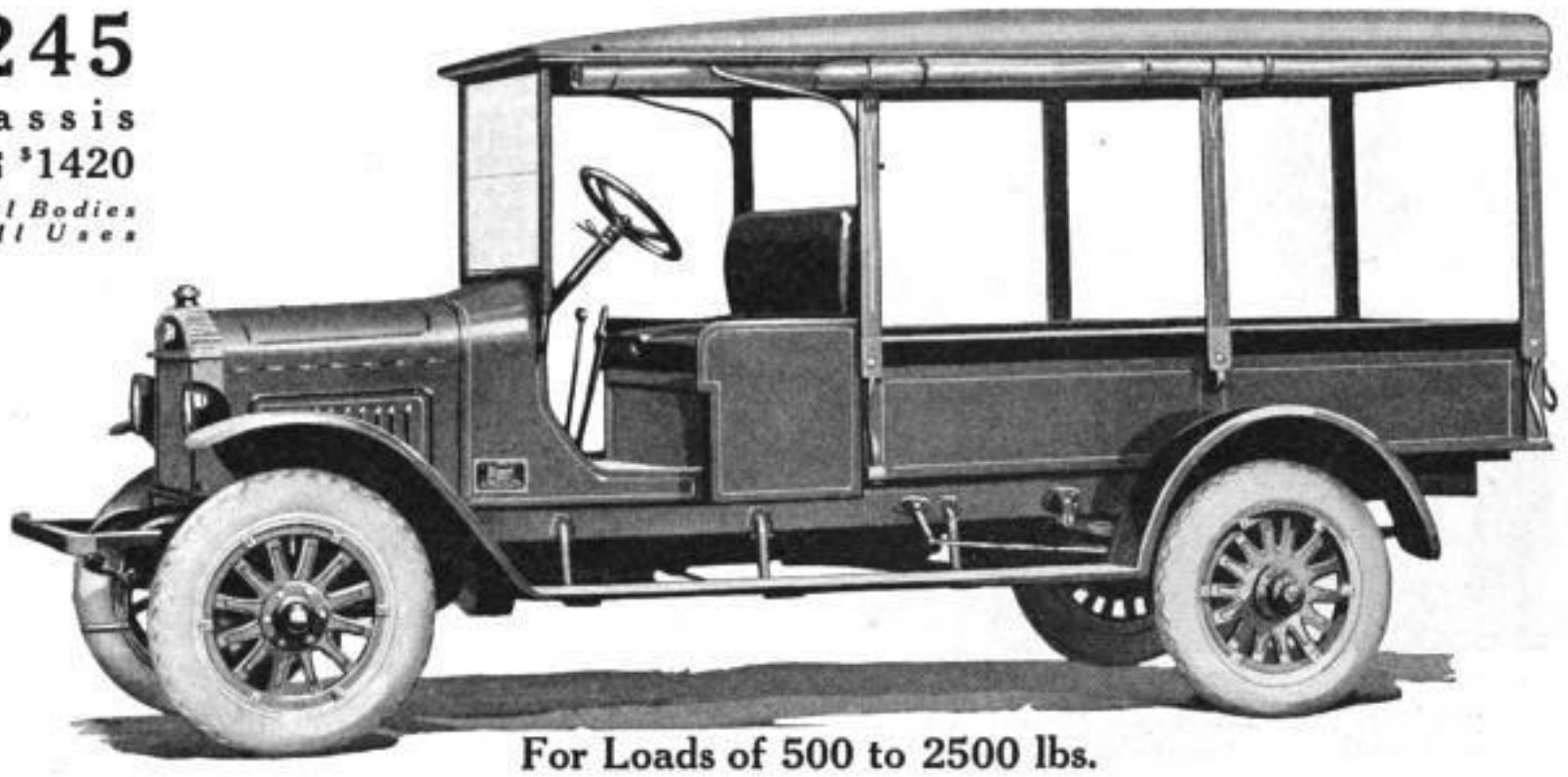
"Be damned!" exploded Mr. [illegible] wick. "Why not say X. Y. Z. for a [illegible] Who was this gentleman?"

The man described George's [illegible] minutely, as it were relishing [illegible] actness. (Continued on Page [illegible]

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Stewart "Utility Wagon"

$1245
Chassis
Complete as Illustrated **$1420**
Special Bodies For All Uses



For Loads of 500 to 2500 lbs.

Differs from All Others

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The "Utility Wagon" is something new among speed trucks. How and why it differs is of dollar interest to every buyer.

It is built *entirely of truck parts*. Take particular note of that. No parts designed for lighter duty are utilized.

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Every part is designed and built for rapid delivery service on big loads. Ten years of successful truck building experience is back of it. It is a truck you can keep busy. Ready to go at all times. Stands up in hardest usage. Asks little attention. As dependable as train service, and everlastingly reliable.

Note its modern motor. It is a truck-type, with three-bearing crankshaft and force feed oiling system. It gives unusual fuel and oil mileage. Other points you will note in comparisons are the sturdy axles, wheels, and heavy, rigid frame.

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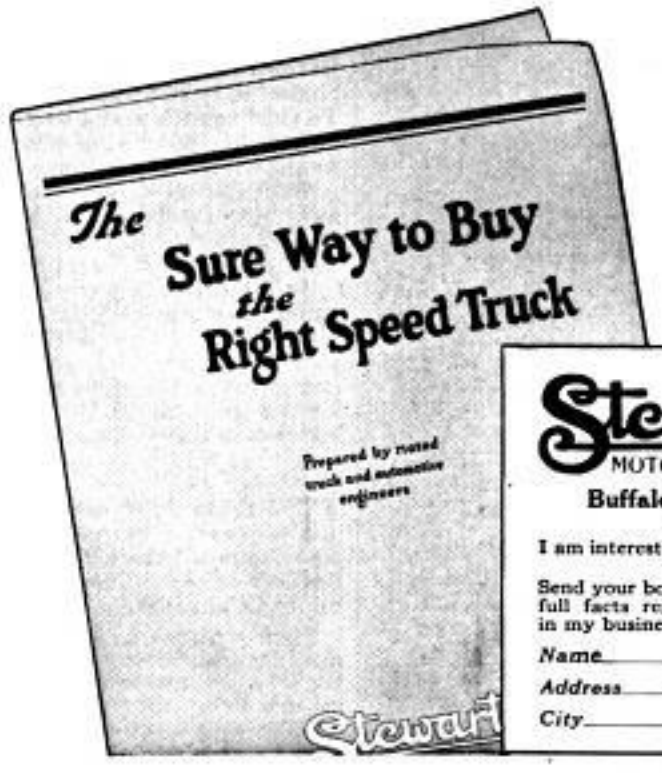
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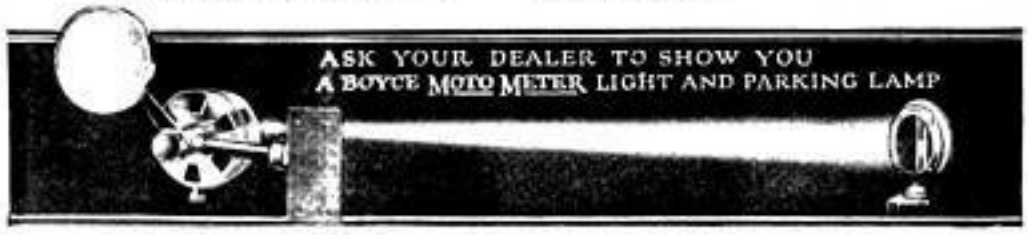


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(Continued from Page 94)

"Wore a beard—what sort of beard?"

"Gray, chief."

"Yes, yes, yes. But was it real?"

The man hesitated.

"It looked real, chief."

"Tut, God bless me! I didn't ask if it looked real—but if it was real!"

"Seemed so, chief."

"What was the number of his badge?"

"Q. stroke, three nine eight."

"Ass!" said Mr. Butterwick. "It was a false beard and it deceived you. When on earth will you fellows learn to look for joins instead of effects—when on earth will you look beneath the surface instead of on the surface? If you can't smell spirit gum in the daylight, what can you smell? And what did this precious mountebank do?"

"He was in the office about eight minutes, chief."

"Alone?"

"Alone, chief."

"Then understand this: If he or any more like him come messing around these quarters I am to be rung up before they're admitted—even if it's Mr. Diplock himself."

"Very good, chief."

Mr. Butterwick flashed up and down the little office, his eyes everywhere. At the writing table he stooped and picked up a piece of India rubber.

"Who's been using this?"

"Not I, chief."

"No, and I don't suppose you noticed it had been used?"

"'Fraid I didn't."

"When the relief comes you may report for a change of duty."

The detective looked very glum and chastened.

"Very good, chief."

At the door Mr. Butterwick turned, and once more the smile was playing at the corners of his mouth.

"I'm in a bad mood, Parsons," he said. "A very bad mood. Upset, I am. You're not a bad fellow. Yes, yes, yes. Don't worry."

On the step outside he halted, cast his eyes round the landscape and pointed with a bony finger.

"Who's been messing about with that junk heap?" he demanded. "That scrap has been turned over."

"There were two men from the gas works here this morning," replied one of the two sentries, amazed at the quickness of his chief's perception.

"How do you know where they came from?"

"I asked 'em what they were up to, and saw their authority."

"And what were they up to?"

"Tracing a leak, chief."

"Oh, yes, yes, yes."

He walked to the spot and stood a moment examining the litter of boxes and rusty iron oddments which had recently been disturbed. An indescribable sense of warning whispered in his ear that the key to a possible mystery lay hidden beneath his feet—that it would be wise to procure workmen and examine the scrap heap very thoroughly. But all day long these whispers had been disturbing him, and Mr. Butterwick was not a man who allowed himself to be ruled by instinctive warnings. To yield to such would be a betrayal of his own ideal—the ideal of cold, relentless reason which was the lodestar of his being.

With a shrug of the shoulders he marched away into the humid mist which was settling like a coverlet upon the land.

"I want a tonic," said he.

And bowls being out of season he repaired to a little skittle alley some small distance away, where with no other society than his own he devoted the rest of the day and a part of the night relentlessly knocking down ninepins as though they were the bitterest enemies of man.

x

HERE are a few notes made by George Wedderton upon the three detectives who composed the night guard at Martyn Saville's office, between the hours of twelve midnight and six A.M.:

THOMAS TAUDRIDGE: 42, of 8 Beal Buildings, married, no children. Teetotaler. Ex Indian police, served as instructor of physical culture during the war. Powerful, reliable, unapproachable. Point—inside the office.

CHARLES AMES: 39, of 22 Beal Buildings, unmarried. Fond of company. Moderate drinker. Takes a pint of beer before coming on duty, obtains same at side door of Flying Scud in Marine Street. Late sergeant in Royal Fusiliers, reliable but overcommunicative. Prior to present employment worked at "Private Investigations Ltd." Post office.

ALBERT FLAVER: 28, of 3 Wharf[illegible], unmarried, moderate drinker. Fond of society, overanxious to achieve reputation of gallantry. Never refuses the [illegible] bright eyes. Trustworthy in all other respects. Suspicious and active brained. Good on duty. Served with the Heavy Artillery. Demobilized into present employment. Point—outside office.

This was the information placed by George in the hands of Mossi, and having done so he left the matter of the [illegible] disposal exclusively to the little Italian genius, with the sole proviso that [illegible] methods should be adopted.

It was Mossi who worked out the details of the campaign with his customary skill and ingenuity.

"The difficulty is to attack three men simultaneously," said he, "but [illegible] by no means impossible to overcome. [illegible] precisely ten minutes after two we enter [illegible] sure they are all unconscious. Then we get to work."

The disposal of Taudridge, who was posted inside the office, was already provided for. It was the two others who required skillful handling—and got it.

The communicative Ames had a complaint to register against the part served him by the landlord of the Flying Scud on this particular night. The big striped mug from which he always drank hung on a nail just inside the bar door and was known as "Mr. Ames' special." During the daytime the door stood open, and no one was suspicious of the tramp who had presented himself during the afternoon and volunteered to chop wood. Certainly no one saw him drop a tiny [illegible] into the blue china mug, the while he presented himself as a willing son of toil. The crystal was flavorless but potent. It dissolved readily enough in beer, but it took a matter of two hours before it [illegible] in the human system. No sooner had it done so, however, than its effect was immediate, consciousness being wiped out and vanishing with the rapidity of a conjurer's coin. Mr. Ames collapsed in his [illegible] try box as the clocks were striking [illegible]

Nor was the case of Albert Flaver the less parlous. To him the drug had been administered otherwise, in the form of a hypodermic injection. Indeed, when consciousness descended upon him he was pleasantly engaged in reflecting upon the rosy cheek of an unknown damsel who a few hours earlier had fallen a victim to his charms. She had bestowed her [illegible] on his with a pretty and modest grace [illegible] as a connoisseur was quick to appreciate. So enjoyment had proved so much to his taste that he barely noticed the inevitable pinch at her waist that scored his hand. It was not often so pretty a bird fluttered into his net, and Albert Flaver was a man who paid tribute to the gods for the gifts they bestowed upon him.

Wherefore was the door of Martyn Saville's office protected by two sleeping men while within the third fought for life in a very mysterious fashion indeed.

Paolo Mossi did not open the valve of the gas cylinder until he had seen, through a crack in the packing case that concealed him, the sudden collapse of the [illegible] system. Here was a piece of ingenuity for which George was responsible. It was obviously better to have a door opened on you from within than to knock it down from without, and it seemed reasonable to suppose that the first thought of any man experiencing the sensation of suffocation would be to get into the fresh air.

Nor was the surmise wrong. Thomas Taudridge was sitting between the two safes when a choking in the throat and a smarting of the eyes advised him of something unusual toward. The gas made no sound as it passed through the air holes and poisoned the air.

A horrible dizziness came over the detective as he sprang to his feet. To shout to his companions outside he filled his lungs, taking in a great draft that seemed to paralyze his voice and action. With a prodigious effort of will did he succeed in struggling across the room and [illegible] back the bolts. He seized the handle and flung open the door. A delicious cool night air enveloped him. He reeled for a moment on his heels, spun half round and pitched head foremost down the steps.

It was George Wedderton, in the mechanic's clothes of John Smith, who leaped out of the shadows to catch him as he fell, and saved a skull from being cracked.

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joined immediately by the Italian, ho was carrying a black bag.
r, good," said he.
a handkerchief over his mouth he o the office, threw up the window peared.
this breeze it will be clear in one

ent the minute putting Ames and o sitting positions in their sentry audridge they picked up and car- as soon as the air was breathable.
" said Mossi, lowering the blind g the door, "you say you can safe without knowing the com- You may have five minutes to f you do not succeed ——"
the sentence unfinished, but laid able a variety of oddly designed

lo it," said George. "But don't

alled Jimmy Valentine had given ea. The hero of the piece was e very sensitiveness of his touch the combination of a safe with- dge of the key word. It would a little difficult for George to ex- factorily to his companion how me into possession of the key efore he had attributed to him- nvenient gift.
g before the safe was excellent idously convincing. He ummed d unceasingly, and at the end of half minutes said "Ah!" and the door. As a fact he might himself the trouble of these istrionics, for never once had looked at him, being too busily ting up a camera and preparing ful of magnesium.
e the keys," said George.
ed interfering while Mossi ran e contents of the larger safe. nan seized upon the drawing, the light and paused over it h grunts of satisfaction.
ful, wonderful!" said he. "Set upon the glass of that framed

n George took from his mouth hewing gum, and rolling it up all pieces attached one to each e back of the drawing. This ssed the corners upon the sur- lass.
said he.
t little time in focusing the le George appointed himself ashlight apparatus, carelessly y small quantity of the magne- upon the floor. At a word of pressed the trigger and there inding flash of radiance and a smoke.

"Good," said Mossi. "I shall leave the rest to you. When you have done come to the appointed place. You have a rag and the alcohol?"

George nodded.

"Clean the door of the safe and the surface of this table; also wipe off that chair back and the traces on the picture glass. There must be no finger prints. You understand?"

"I understand very well," said George.

"They should not wake for another quarter of an hour.

Slipping his camera and other apparatus into the black bag, the little Italian passed out and vanished into the night.

But George did not carry out the orders he had received; indeed, he neglected them disgracefully. In removing the drawing from the picture glass he carelessly left one of the pills of chewing gum sticking to the surface, and evidences of the others were easy to detect. Curiously enough the adhesive left no marks on the back of the drawing itself, a circumstance which he noted with satisfaction.

Then seating himself at the table he rapidly erased the letter B which he had penciled in earlier in the day and replaced it with the letter A. This done he crossed to the bookcase and from behind it rescued the drawing he had hidden and conveyed both it and its fellow to the larger safe, replacing them in the exact position originally occupied. He closed the door with his elbow, locked it with a rubber-gloved hand and put the keys in the second safe, which he fastened with the appropriate word "Finis."

But this was not the end of his labors. Armed with a pocket torch he made a careful examination of the chair back and the surface of the table, and had little difficulty in finding a few fresh finger prints. But these he made no effort to remove, and instead collected some fine dust from above the door and puffed it lightly over the incriminating impressions, a performance which greatly increased their tangible evidence.

"A very satisfactory evening," he remarked to himself, and passed out of the office, pausing a space to examine the two guards, who were beginning to move uneasily in their sleep.

Somewhere in the distance he caught the sound of approaching footsteps. It was the workshop's patrol on their nightly round. He listened for a second to assure himself of their direction, then pulling his cap over his eyes he turned abruptly and broke into a silent run, keeping well in the shadows and avoiding the open spaces, white-lit by the arc standards that made a mock of night.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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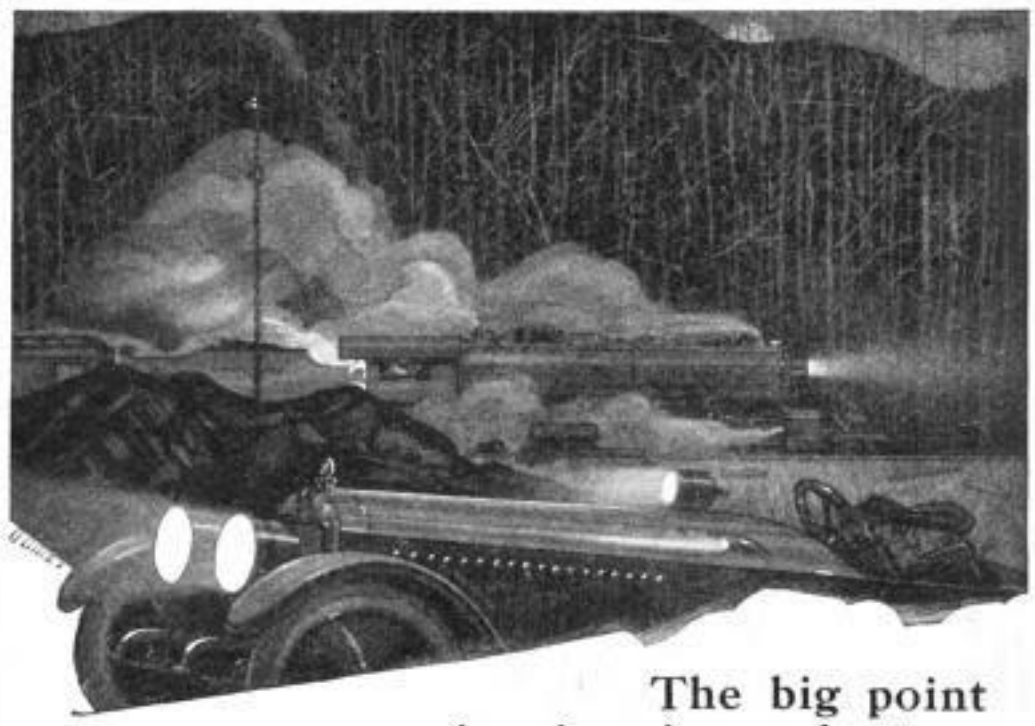
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THE REMINISCENCES OF A STOCK OPERATOR

(Continued from Page 17)

for the next quotation that comes out on the tape. He writes that price and the time on your ticket, O. K.'s it and gives it back to you, and then you go to the cashier and get whatever cash it calls for. Of course, when the market goes against you and the price goes beyond the limit set by your margin, your trade automatically closes itself and your ticket becomes one more scrap of paper.

"In the humbler bucket shops, where people were allowed to trade in as little as five shares, the tickets were little slips—different colors for buying and selling—and at times, as for instance in boiling bull markets, the shops would be hard hit because all the customers were bulls and happened to be right. Then the bucket shop would deduct both buying and selling commissions and if you bought a stock at 20 the ticket would read 20¼. You thus had only ¾ of a point's run for your money.

"But the Cosmopolitan was the finest in New England. It had thousands of patrons and I really think I was the only man they were afraid of. Neither the killing premium nor the three-point margin they made me put up reduced my trading much. I kept on buying and selling as much as they'd let me."

"How big a line did they let you carry?"

"Ever?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Oh, five thousand shares," said Livingston.

"In a bucket shop, on a three-point margin, which was supposed to be unnecessarily big?"

He nodded and went on:

"Well, on the day the thing happened that I am going to tell you, I was short thirty-five hundred shares of Sugar. I had seven big pink tickets for five hundred shares each. The Cosmopolitan used big slips with a blank space on them where they could write down additional margin. Of course, the bucket shops never ask for more margin. The thinner the shoestring the better for them, for their profit lies in your being wiped. In the smaller shops if you wanted to margin your trade still further they'd make out a new ticket, so they could charge you the buying commission and only give you a run of ¾ of a point on each point's decline, for they figured the selling commission also."

A Ticklish Situation

"Well, this day I remember I had up over $10,000 in margins; not so bad for a kid who looked several years younger than he was."

"How old were you then?"

"About twenty-one."

"And you had made over ten thousand dollars by then?" I asked.

"Oh, I was only twenty when I first accumulated ten thousand dollars in cash. And you ought to have heard my mother! You'd have thought that ten thousand dollars in cash was more than anybody carried around except old John D., and she used to tell me to be satisfied and go into some regular business. I had a hard time convincing her that I was not gambling, but making money by figuring. But all she could see was that ten thousand dollars was a lot of money, and all I could see was more margin.

"I had put out my 3500 shares of Sugar at 105¼. There was another fellow in the room, Henry Williams, who was short 2500 shares. I used to sit by the ticker and call out the quotations for the board boy. The price behaved as I thought it would. It promptly went down a couple of points and paused a little to get its breath before taking another dip. The general market was pretty soft and everything looked promising. Then all of a sudden I didn't like the way Sugar was doing its hesitating. I began to feel uncomfortable. I thought I ought to get out of the market. Then it sold at 103—that was low for the day—but instead of feeling more confident I felt more uncertain. I knew something was wrong somewhere, but I couldn't spot it exactly. But if something was coming and I didn't know where from, I couldn't be on my guard against it. That being the case I'd better be out of the market.

"You know, I don't do th[illegible] I don't like to. I never did. Ev[illegible] I had to know why I sh[illegible] things. But this time I had [illegible] reason to give to myself, and yet I wa[illegible] uncomfortable that I could[illegible] I called to a fellow I knew, Dave W[illegible] and said to him: 'Dave, you t[illegible] place here. I want you to do s[illegible] for me. Wait a little before y[illegible] the next price of Sugar. Ca[illegible] you?'

"He said he would, and I g[illegible] gave him my place by the ticker [illegible] could call out the prices for the b[illegible] took my seven Sugar tickets out [illegible] pocket and walked over to the [illegible] where the clerk was who marked the ti[illegible] when you closed your trades. But I [illegible] really know why I should get out [illegible] market, so I just stood there, l[illegible] against the counter, my tickets in [illegible] so that the clerk couldn't see them. [illegible] soon I heard the clicking of a [illegible] instrument and I saw Tom Burnham, [illegible] clerk, turn his head quickly and l[illegible] Then I felt that something crooked [illegible] hatching, and I decided not to wa[illegible] longer. Just then Dave Wyman by [illegible] ticker began: 'Su——' and [illegible] flash I slapped my tickets on the [illegible] in front of the clerk and yelled 'S[illegible] Sugar!' before Dave had finished [illegible] the price. So, of course, the house [illegible] close my Sugar at the last quotation. [illegible] Dave called turned out to be 103 [illegible]

How They Worked It

"According to my dope Sugar [illegible] have broken 103 by now. The [illegible] wasn't hitting right. I had the fe[illegible] there was a trap in the neighborhood [illegible] all events, the telegraph instrument [illegible] now going like mad and I noticed that [illegible] Burnham, the clerk, had left my [illegible] unmarked where I laid them, and [illegible] listening to the clicking as if he were [illegible] ing for something. So I yelled at [illegible] 'Hey, Tom, what in hell are you w[illegible] for? Mark the price on these tickets [illegible] Get a gait on!'

"Everybody in the room heard [illegible] began to look toward us and ask wh[illegible] the trouble, for you see, while the C[illegible] politan had never laid down, they [illegible] telling, and a run on a bucket sho[illegible] start like a run on a bank. If one [illegible] gets suspicious the others follow suit. [illegible] Tom looked sulky but came [illegible] marked my tickets 'Closed at [illegible] shoved the seven of them over to me. [illegible] He sure had a sour face.

"Say, the distance from Tom [illegible] the cashier's cage wasn't over eight [illegible] But I hadn't got to the cashier's [illegible] money when Dave Wyman by [illegible] yelled excitedly: 'Gosh! Sugar [illegible] But it was too late; so I just [illegible] called over to Tom, 'It didn't work [illegible] time, did it, old boy?'"

Livingston paused to look at [illegible] saw him—in the bucket shop [illegible] before, a sandy-haired kid with [illegible] eyes, laughing at the discomfiture [illegible] eteers. There was nothing in [illegible] voice to show that he ever had [illegible] great indignation or resentment [illegible] the Cosmopolitan gang. The game [illegible] game he had chosen to play was [illegible] both a square deal and sharp [illegible] alike, being conditions on which [illegible] reckon. He went on:

"Of course, it was a put-up [illegible] Williams and I together were [illegible] thousand shares of Sugar. The [illegible] shop had my margin and H[illegible] there may have been a lot of [illegible] shorts in the office; possibly eight [illegible] thousand shares in all. Suppose [illegible] $20,000 in Sugar margins. That [illegible] enough to pay them to throw [illegible] market on the New York Stock Ex[illegible] and wipe us out. In the old days when [illegible] a bucket shop found itself loaded [illegible] many bulls on a certain stock it was [illegible] mon practice to get some orders [illegible] down the price of that stock far enough [illegible] wipe out all the customers that [illegible] of it. This seldom cost the house [illegible] than a couple of points on a [illegible] shares, and they made thousands [illegible]

(Continued on Page [illegible])

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—*"When he had lashed her with his cutting tongue into actual sobbing, with tears falling hotly on her cheeks, he abruptly called out 'Camera!'"*—from Samuel Merwin's extraordinary novel of the screen world—"Hattie of Hollywood," beginning in the July issue. The enthralling life story of a girl who, at last, was made, not marred, by the movies. Daringly truthful, superb in local color—Mr. Merwin at his very best—you should not miss a chapter of it.

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all I go to the movies tonight?" "Do I know anything about 'feature play,' except the advertisements of it?" "Will it bore or l me?" "Shall I be glad I took the children—or sorry?" Millions asking themselves such questions every day. Millions of dollars wasted on plays that disappoint. Photoplay's monthly review of new pictures is saving an immense amount of time and money ts readers. Fearless, fair, unbiased and authoritative, this depart- : is acclaimed as a national index of plays worth while—and those are not. You will read it with profit and pleasure—it's "not the l sort of thing," because

It's in PHOTOPLAY

Do you wonder why your photographs do not do you justice? It is because the camera has no discrimination—it may emphasize your bad points and minimize some of your most attractive qualities. Thousands of girls are better looking than the average film star, but they don't know how to prepare for the ordeal at the photographer's. Just a touch of make-up and—presto—the nose is straightened, the double chin disappears! In the July issue Photoplay tells in word and picture just how to make the simple preparations that bring results, even from a snapshot.

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Told Tales About"—wouldn't you like to know? The hundred interviews turns his private notebook over to the d escapes incognito! Here are his never-before-published s of some famous screen stars. Frank and humorous, with delightful satire, this galaxy of interviews is "not the usual g."

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"The sneeze was accidental, but the photographic effect was excellent . . ." The first actor before a motion picture camera was a mechanic in the Edison laboratories. He sneezed—and a scenario came into being! A true incident in Mr. Ramsaye's "Romantic History of the Motion Picture." A fascinating epic of human ambition, love, conflict and achievement. For the first time the inside history of one of the world's greatest industries has been written, in all its details.

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The screen needs new faces and Photoplay believes there is star material in every city, town and hamlet. Photoplay is going to help find the unknown and the unsought and give them the opportunity to learn the first steps necessary to advancement. As in the past, Photoplay will continue to publish every month the most authoritative articles, giving the real facts about the chances of fame and fortune in motion pictures.

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July Photoplay, on sale today everywhere, will be the st magazine ever published about motion pictures. Twenty-one ting features, richly illustrated, plus a beautiful painting of ph Valentino reproduced in colors on the cover. Photoplay is tstanding, outselling moving picture magazine because of its s editorial policy of telling the truth and because of its belief ne American public can have better and more wholesome pic- by expressing their opinions at the box office. If it is "not the ort of thing"—

It's in PHOTOPLAY

Go to your newsdealer for the July issue. If that is not convenient, or if he is sold out, take advantage of this

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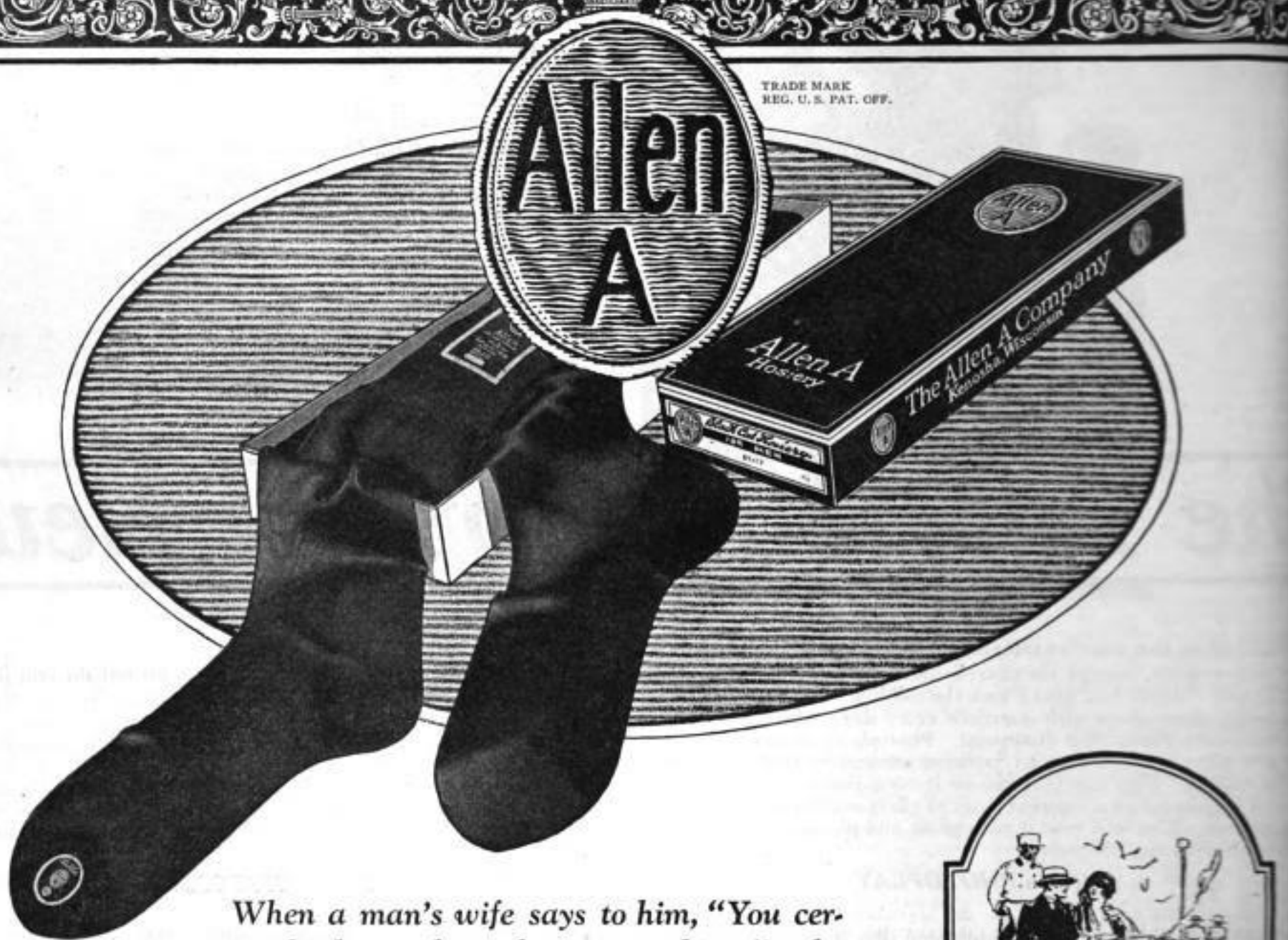
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The World's Leading Motion Picture Magazine

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Kenosha, Wisconsin

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(Continued from Page 98)

it was what the Cosmopolitan did me and Henry Williams and the igar shorts. Their brokers in New in up the price to 108. Of course ght back, but Henry and a lot of ere wiped out. Whenever there nexplained sharp drop which was by instant recovery, the news- n those days used to call it a hop drive.

the funniest thing," continued on, "was that not later than ten e the Cosmopolitan people tried to oss me a New York operator did of over seventy thousand dollars. , who was quite a market factor and a member of the New York change, made a great name for s a bear during the Bryan panic le was forever running up against change rules that kept him from out some of his plans at the ex- is fellow members. One day he at there would be no complaints ier the exchange or the police s if he took from the bucket shops d some of their ill-gotten gains. tance I speak of he sent thirty- to act as customers. They went ain office and to the bigger On a certain day at a fixed hour all bought as much of a certain the managers would let them. instructions to sneak out at a fit. Of course what he did was te bull tips on that stock among and then he went in to the floor ck Exchange and bid up the ed by the room traders, who was a good sport. Being careful t the right stock for that work, no trouble in putting up the or four points. His agents at shops cashed in as prearranged. w told me the originator cleaned thousand dollars net, and his le their expenses and their pay He played that game several ver the country, punishing the ket shops of New York, Boston, a, Chicago, Cincinnati and St. e of his favorite stocks was nion, because it was so easy to niactive stock like that a few r down. His agents bought it figure, sold at two points profit, and took three points more. I read the other day that that oor and obscure. If he had died ould have got at least a column page of every New York paper. e got two lines."

y Weeks in New York

tween the discovery that the n Stock Brokerage Company beat me by foul means if the licap of a three-point margin -and-a-half premium didn't do s that they didn't want my how, I soon made up my mind w York, where I could trade in some member of the New York nge. I didn't want any Boston e the quotations had to be tele- anted to be close to the original me to New York ——"

were you?" I interrupted.

ast twenty-one."

didn't look it?"

not."

h of a roll did you bring with

d; twenty-five hundred dol-

had made a lot more. You sand dollars when you were your margin on that Sugar ten thousand."

always win," said Livingston. was it your system sometimes etimes lost?"

n't it. My plan of trading ough and won much oftener If I had stuck to it I'd have haps as often as seven out of fact, I always made money sure I was right before I t beat me was not having to stick to my own game— the market only when I was precedents favored my play. e for all things, but I didn't that is precisely what beats in Wall Street who are very g in the main sucker class. lain fool, who does the wrong mes everywhere, but there is the Wall Street fool, who thinks he must trade all the time. No man can always have adequate reasons for buying or selling stocks daily—or sufficient knowledge to make his play an intelligent play.

"I proved it. Whenever I read the tape by the light of experience I made money, but when I made a plain sucker play I had to lose. I was no exception, was I?"

He asked it almost indignantly.

"No," I gratefully assured him, thinking of what I had written about the unbeatable game. "You would not bide your time."

Livingston said almost apologetically: "There was the huge quotation board staring me in the face, and the ticker going on, and people trading and watching their tickets turn to cash or to waste paper. Of course I let the craving for excitement get the better of my judgment. In a bucket shop where your margin is a shoestring you don't play for long pulls. You are wiped too easily and quickly. The desire for constant action irrespective of underlying conditions is responsible for many losses in Wall Street even among the professionals, who feel that they must take home some money every day, as though they were working for regular wages. I was only a kid, remember. I did not know then what I learned later, what made me, fifteen years later, wait two long weeks and see a stock on which I was very bullish go up thirty points before I felt that it was safe to buy it. I was broke and was trying to get back, and I couldn't afford to play recklessly. I had to be right, and so I waited."

"When was that?"

"In 1915. It's a long story. Do you want to hear it?" he asked.

The Boy Trader Goes Broke

"Sure, later. Now let's go on from where you left off. You, with your unusual mathematical mind and your remarkable memory, with your exceptional aptitude for the game and your years of practice at it, you the Boy Terror of the Bucket Shops, making a living out of it, you let them take away most of your winnings?" I asked.

Livingston nodded.

"Right! And with my eyes wide open, to boot! And it wasn't the only period of my life when I did it, either. A stock operator has to fight a lot of expensive enemies within himself. Anyhow, I came to New York with twenty-five hundred dollars. There were no bucket shops here that a fellow could trust. The Stock Exchange and the police between them had succeeded in closing them up pretty tight. Besides, I wanted to find a place where the only limit to my trading would be the size of my stake. I didn't have much of one, but I didn't expect it to stay little forever. The main thing at the start was to find a place where I wouldn't have to worry about getting a square deal. So I went to a New York Stock Exchange house that had a branch at home where I knew some of the clerks. They have long since gone out of business. I wasn't there long, didn't like one of the partners, and then I went to A. R. Fullerton & Co. Somebody must have told them about my early experiences, because it was not long before they all got to calling me the Boy Trader. I've always looked young. It was a handicap in some ways, but it compelled me to fight for my own because so many tried to take advantage of my youth. The chaps at the bucket shops seeing what a kid I was, always thought I was a fool for luck and that that was the only reason why I beat them so often.

"Well, it wasn't six months before I was broke. I was a pretty active trader and had a sort of reputation as a winner. I guess my commissions amounted to something. I ran up my account quite a little, but, of course, in the end I lost. I played carefully; but I had to lose. I'll tell you the reason: It was my remarkable success in the bucket shops!

"I could beat the game my way only in a bucket shop, where I was betting on fluctuations. My tape reading had to do with that exclusively. When I bought, the price was there on the quotation board, right in front of me. Even before I bought I knew exactly the price I'd have to pay for my stock. And I always could sell on the instant. I could scalp successfully, because I could move like lightning. I could follow up my luck or cut my loss in a second. Sometimes, for instance, I was certain a stock would move at least a point. Well, I didn't have to hog it, I could put up a point margin and double my money

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in a jiffy; or I'd take half a point. On one or two hundred shares a day, that wouldn't be bad at the end of the month, what?

"The practical trouble with that arrangement, of course, was that even if the bucket shop had the resources to stand a big steady loss, they wouldn't do it. They wouldn't have a customer around the place who had the bad taste to win all the time.

"At all events, what was a perfect system for trading in bucket shops didn't work in Fullerton's office. There I was actually buying and selling stocks. The price of Sugar on the tape might be 105 and I could see a three-point drop coming. As a matter of fact, at the very moment the ticker was printing 105 on the tape the real price on the floor of the Exchange might be 104 or 103. By the time my order to sell a thousand shares got to Fullerton's floor man to execute, the price might be still lower. I couldn't tell at what price I had put out my thousand shares until I got a report from the clerk. When I surely would have made three thousand on the same transaction in a bucket shop I might not make a cent in a Stock Exchange house. Of course, I have taken an extreme case, but the fact remains that in A. R. Fullerton's office the tape always talked ancient history to me, as far as my system of trading went, and I didn't realize it.

"And then, too, if my order was fairly big my own sale would tend further to depress the price. In the bucket shop I didn't have to figure on the effect of my own trading. I lost in New York because the game was altogether different. It was not that I now was playing it legitimately that made me lose, but that I was playing it ignorantly. You told me you thought I was the best reader of the tape you ever saw who was not a member of the New York Stock Exchange."

Livingston looked at me. I nodded and said, "You are."

"Well," he went on, "reading the tape like an expert did not save me. I might have made out a great deal better if I had been on the floor myself, a room trader. In a particular crowd perhaps I might have adapted my system to the conditions immediately before me. But, of course, if I had got to operating on such a scale as I do now, for instance, the system would have equally failed me, on account of the effect of my own trading on prices.

"In short, I did not know the game of stock speculation. I knew a part of it, a rather important part, which has been very valuable to me at all times. But if with all I had I still lost, what chance does the green sucker have of cashing in?"

A Change of Base

"It didn't take me long to realize that there was something wrong with my play, but I couldn't spot the exact trouble. There were times when my system worked beautifully, and then, all of a sudden, nothing but one swat after another. I was only twenty-two, remember; not that I was so stuck on myself that I didn't want to know just where I was at fault, but that at that age nobody knows much of anything.

"The people in the office were very nice to me. I couldn't plunge as I wanted to because of my margin requirements, but old A. R. Fullerton and the rest of the firm were so kind to me that after six months of active trading I not only lost all I had brought and all that I had made there but I even owed the firm a few hundreds.

"There I was, a mere kid, who had never before been away from home, strapped. Of course there was only one thing to do and that was to get back to trading. I studied my failure to make good in Fullerton's office. I was flat broke, but what was the use of getting hot with anybody? I knew there wasn't anything wrong with me; only with my play. I don't know whether I make myself plain, but I never lose my temper over the stock market. I never argue with the tape. Getting sore at the market doesn't get you anywhere.

"I was so anxious to resume trading that I went to old man Fullerton and said to him, 'Say, A. R., lend me five hundred dollars.'

"'What for?' says he.

"'I've got to have some money.'

"'What for?' he says again.

"'For margin, of course,' I said.

"'Five hundred dollars?' he said, and frowned. 'You know they'd expect you to keep up a 10 per cent margin, and that means one thousand dollars on one hundred shares. Much better to give you a credit ——'

"'No,' I said, 'I don't want a [illegible] here. I already owe the firm [illegible] What I want is for you to lend me five hundred dollars so I can go out and get a [illegible] and come back.'

"'How are you going to do it?' asked A. R.

"'I'll go and trade in a bucket shop,' I told him.

"'Trade here,' he said.

"'No,' I said. 'I'm not sure yet, but I beat the game in this office, but I am not sure I can take money out of the bucket shops. I know that game. I have a notion that I know just where I went wrong here. What I need now is that five hundred dollars.'

"He let me have it, and I went [illegible] that office where the Boy Trader [illegible] Bucket Shops, as you called him, [illegible] his pile. I knew I couldn't go there because not one of the shops there would take my business. New York was not the question; there weren't any [illegible] business at that time. They told me that the 90's Broad Street and New Street were full of them. But there weren't any where I needed them in my business. So after some thinking I decided to go to St. Louis. I had heard of two concerns there that did an enormous business all through the Middle West. Their profits must have been huge. They had branch offices in many towns. In fact I had been told that there were no concerns in the East to compare with them for volume of business. They ran openly and the best people traded there without any qualms. A friend of mine told me that the owner of one of the concerns was a vice president of the Chamber of Commerce, but that couldn't save him in St. Louis. At any rate, that is where I went with my five hundred dollars to get back a stake to use as margin in the office of A. R. Fullerton & Co., members of the New York Stock Exchange."

Adventures in St. Louis

"When I got to St. Louis I went to a hotel, washed up and went out to find the bucket shops. One was the J. G. Company, and the other was H. S. & Co. I knew I could beat them. I was going to play dead safe—carefully and conservatively. My one fear was that somebody might recognize me and give me away, because the bucket shops all had heard of the Boy Trader. They like gambling houses and get all the cards of the profesh.

"Dolan was nearer than Teller, so I went there first. I was hoping I might be allowed to do business a few days before they told me to take my trade somewhere else. I walked in. It was a whopping big place and there must have been a couple of hundred people there looking at the quotations. I was glad, because in such a crowd I stood a better chance of being unnoticed. I stood and watched the board and looked them over carefully before I picked out the stock for my initial deal.

"I looked around and saw the cashier at the window where you put down your money and get your ticket. He was looking at me so I walked up to him and said, 'Is this where you trade in corn or wheat?'

"'Yes, sonny,' says he.

"'Can I buy stocks too?'

"'You can if you have the cash.'

"'Oh, I got that all right, all right,' I said, like a boasting boy.

"'You have, have you?' he says with a smile.

"'How much stock can I buy for a hundred dollars?' I asked, perfectly [illegible]

"'One hundred; if you got the [illegible]

"'I got the hundred. Yes: and a hundred too!' I told him.

"'Oh, my!' he said.

"'Just you buy me two hundred [illegible] I said sharply.

"'Two hundred what?' he asked, [illegible] now. It was business.

"I looked at the board again and guess wisely and told him, 'Two hundred Omaha.'

"'All right!' he said. He took my money, counted it and wrote out the ticket.

"'What's your name?' he asked me. I answered 'Horace Kent.'

"He gave me the ticket and I went and sat down among the crowd to wait for the roll to grow. I got quick action. I traded several times that day and the next day too. In two days I made about eight hundred dollars, and I was [illegible]

(Continued on Page 106)

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Absolutely Harmless

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THE Ronson Repeater brings you all the sport of a real automatic, with absolutely no danger. You not only hear it shoot, but you *see* it shoot, and see the smoke. It flashes—big, red flashes—every time you pull the trigger.

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This was the foremost thought in the minds of Columbia's executives when today's Light Six was first discussed.

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True, we have fashioned a car of graceful appearance, of generous proportions, of complete convenience.

But first and last, we have designed and *built* dependability into this car.

We have built into the Columbia Light Six a 50 H. P. Continental Motor, known for many years for its reliability, economy and long life—the first time this famous power plant has ever been available in a car selling at less than a thousand dollars.

And beneath the sturdy frame, marking the 115-inch wheel base, are Timken axles, known equally with Continental as a prized factor of dependability.

Spicer universal joints, Stromberg carburetor, Durston transmission, Auto-Lite ignition, and other equally important units, tested for a generation of motor cars and risen to superiority because of uniformly reliable performance, further certify to the dependability of the Columbia Light Six.

It is an achievement to be remembered that Columbia has brought together the combined engineering staffs and financial resources of these world-wide institutions in creating and producing this dependable car.

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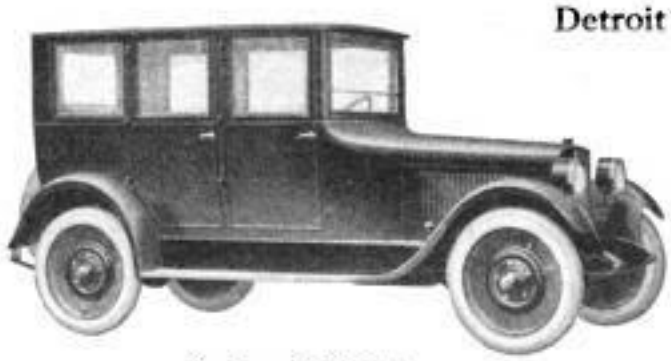
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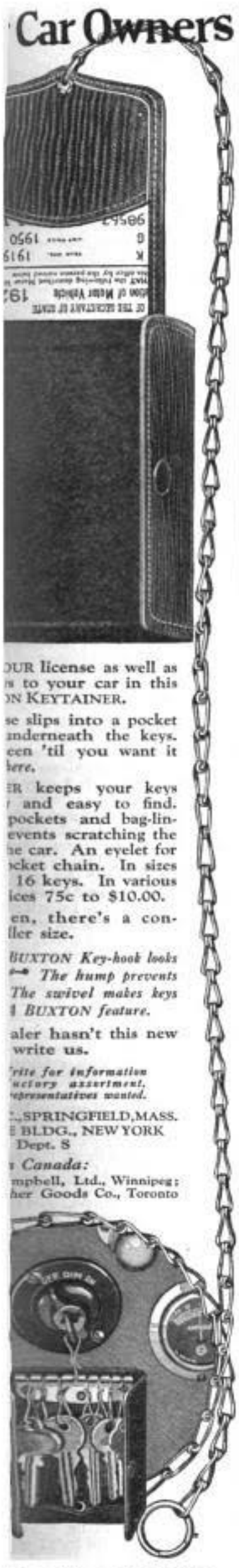
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(Continued from Page 102)

they'd let me finish the week out. At the rate I was going, that wouldn't be so bad. Then I'd tackle the other shop, and if I had similar luck there I'd go back to New York with a wad I could do something with.

"On the morning of the third day, when I went to the window, bashful-like, to buy five hundred B. R. T. the clerk said to me, 'Say, Mr. Kent, the boss wants to see you.'

"I knew the game was up. But I asked him, 'What does he want to see me about?'

"'I don't know.'

"'Where is he?'

"'In his private office. Go in that way.' And he pointed to a door.

"I went in. Dolan was sitting at his desk. He swung around and said, 'Sit down, Livingston.'

"He pointed to a chair. My last hope vanished. I don't know how he discovered who I was; perhaps from the hotel register.

"'What do you want to see me about?' I asked him.

"'Listen, kid. I ain't got nothin' agin yeh, see? Nothin' at all. See?'

"'No, I don't see,' I said.

"He got up from his swivel chair. He was a whopping big guy. He said to me, 'Just come over here, Livingston, will yeh?' And he walked to the door. He opened it and then he pointed to the customers in the big room.

"'D'yeh see them?' he asked.

"'See what?'

"'Them guys. Take a look at 'em, kid. There's three hundred of 'em! Three hundred suckers! They feed me and my family. See? Three hundred suckers! Then yeh come in, and in two days yeh cop more than I get out of the three hundred in two weeks. That ain't business, kid—not for me! I ain't got nothin' agin yeh. Yer welcome to what ye've got. But yeh don't get any more. There ain't any here for yeh!'

"'Why, I ——'

"'That's all. I seen yeh come in day before yesterday, and I didn't like yer looks. On the level, I didn't. I spotted yeh for a ringer. I called in that jackass there'—he pointed to the guilty clerk—'and asked what you'd done; and when he told me I said to him: "I don't like that guy's looks. He's a ringer!" And that piece of cheese says: "Ringer my eye, boss! His name is Horace Kent, and he's a rah-rah boy playing at being used to long pants. He's all right!" Well, I let him have his way. That blankety-blank cost me twenty-eight hundred dollars. I don't grudge it yeh, my boy. But the safe is locked for yeh.'

"'Look here ——' I began.

"'You look here, Livingston,' he said. 'I've heard all about yeh. I make my money coppering suckers' bets, and yeh don't belong here. I aim to be a sport and yer welcome to what yeh pried off'n us. But more of that would make me a sucker, now that I know who yeh are. So toddle along, sonny!'"

What Happened at Teller's

"I left Dolan's place with my twenty-eight hundred dollars' profit. Teller's place was in the same block. I had found out that Teller was a very rich man who also ran up a lot of pool rooms. I decided to go to his bucket shop. I wondered whether it would be wise to start moderately and work up to a thousand shares or to begin with a plunge, on the theory that I might not be able to trade more than one day. They get wise mighty quick when they're losing and I did want to buy one thousand B. R. T. I was sure I could take four or five points out of it. But if they got suspicious or if too many customers were long of that stock they might not let me trade at all. I thought perhaps I'd better scatter my trades at first and begin small.

"It wasn't as big a place as Dolan's, but the fixtures were nicer and evidently the crowd was of a better class. This suited me down to the ground and I decided to buy my one thousand B. R. T. So I stepped up to the proper window and said to the clerk, 'I'd like to buy some B. R. T. What's the limit?'

"'There's no limit,' said the clerk. 'You can buy all you please—if you've got the money.'

"'Buy fifteen hundred shares,' I says, and took my roll from my pocket while the clerk starts to write the ticket.

"Then I saw a red-headed man just shove that clerk away from the counter. He leaned across and said to me, 'Say, Livingston, you go back to Dolan's. We don't want your business.'

"'Wait until I get my ticket,' I said. 'I just bought a little B. R. T.'

"'You get no ticket here,' he said. By this time other clerks had got behind him and were looking at me. 'Don't ever come here to trade. We don't take your business. Understand?'

"There was no sense in getting mad or trying to argue, so I went back to the hotel, paid my bill and took the first train back to New York. It was tough. I wanted to take back some real money, and that Teller wouldn't let me make even one trade."

Livingston paused, possibly for sympathy. But I said, "Well, you could scarcely blame him."

"Why not?"

"He had to live," I said.

"Well, I had to live too," said Livingston, aggrievedly. It was his first show of feeling.

"And then what did you do?" I said.

"I got back to New York, paid back Fullerton's five hundred, and started trading again with the St. Louis money. I had good and bad spells, but I was doing better than breaking even. After all, I didn't have much to unlearn; only to grasp the one fact that there was more to the game of stock speculation than I had considered before I went to Fullerton's office to trade. I was like one of those puzzle fans, doing the crossword puzzles in the Sunday supplement. He isn't satisfied until he gets it. Well, I knew there must be a solution to my puzzle."

"Not necessarily," I interjected controversially.

Old McDevitt's Tip

Livingston stared and then he said: "If there is a reason why prices go up or down, then there is a solution to the problem of making money out of anticipating advances or declines. It may not be an easy solution to find. At all events, I was done with trading in bucket shops."

"And you never operated in a bucket shop after that?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," Livingston laughed.

"Broke again?"

"No. That wasn't why. About a couple of months after I got back to New York an old jigger came into Fullerton's office. He knew A. R. Somebody said they'd once owned a string of race horses together. It was plain he'd seen better days. I was introduced to old McDevitt. He was telling the crowd about a bunch of Western race-track crooks who had just pulled off some skin game out in St. Louis. The head devil, he said, was a pool-room owner by the name of Teller.

"'What Teller?' I asked him.

"'Hi Teller; H. S. Teller.'

"'I know that bird,' I said.

"'He's no good,' said McDevitt.

"'He's worse than that,' I said, 'and I have a little matter to settle with him.'

"'Meaning how?'

"'The only way I can hit any of these short sports is through their pocketbook. I can't touch him in St. Louis just now, but some day I will.' And I told McDevitt my grievance.

"'Well,' says old Mac, 'he tried to connect here in New York and couldn't make it, so he's opened a place in Hoboken. The word's gone out that there is no limit to the play and that the house roll has got the Rock of Gibraltar faded to the shadow of a bantam flea.'

"'What sort of a place?' I thought he meant pool room.

"'Bucket shop,' said McDevitt.

"'Are you sure it's open?'

"'Yes; I've seen several fellows who've told me about it.'

"'That's only hearsay,' I said. 'Can you find out positively if it's running, and also how heavy they'll really let a man trade?'

"'Sure, sonny,' said McDevitt. 'I'll go myself to-morrow morning, and come back here and tell you.'

"He did. It seems Teller was already doing a big business and would take all he could get. This was on a Friday. The market had been going up all that week—this was twenty years ago, remember—and it was a cinch the bank statement on Saturday would show a big decrease in the surplus reserve. That would give the conventional excuse to the big room traders to jump on the market and try to shake out some of the weak commission-house accounts. There would be the usual reactions in the last half hour of the trading, particularly in stocks

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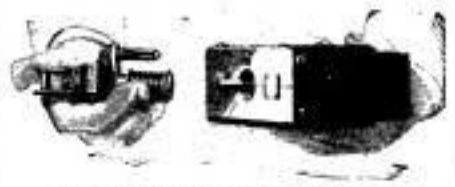
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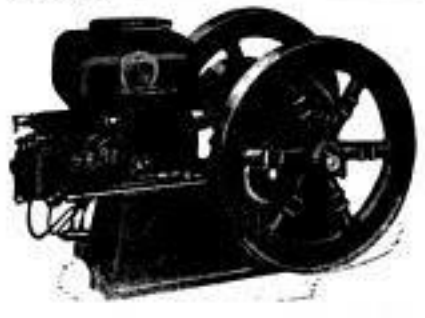
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in which the public had been the most active. Those, of course, also would be the very stocks that Teller's customers would be most heavily long, and the shop might be glad to see some short selling in them. There is nothing so nice as catching the suckers both ways; and nothing so easy—with one-point margins.

"That Saturday morning I chased over to Hoboken to the Teller place. They had fitted up a big customers' room with a dandy quotation board and a full force of clerks and a special policeman in gray. There were about twenty-five customers.

"I got talking to the manager. He asked me what he could do for me and I said nothing; that a fellow could make much more money at the track on account of the odds and the freedom to bet your whole roll and stand to win thousands in minutes instead of piking for chicken feed in stocks and having to wait days, perhaps. He began to tell me how much safer the stock-market game was, and how much some of their customers made—you'd have sworn it was a regular broker who actually bought and sold your stocks on the exchange—and how if a man only traded heavy he could make enough to satisfy anybody. He must have thought I was headed for some pool room and he wanted a whack at my roll before the ponies nibbled it away, for he said I ought to hurry up as the market closed at twelve o'clock on Saturdays. That would leave me free to devote the entire afternoon to other pursuits. I might have a bigger stake to carry to the track with me—if I picked the right stocks.

"I looked as if I didn't believe him, and he kept on buzzing me. I was watching the clock. At 11:15 I said, 'All right,' and I began to give him selling orders in various stocks. I put up two thousand dollars in cash, and he was very glad to get it. He told me he thought I'd make a lot of money and hoped I'd come in often.

"It happened just as I figured. The traders hammered the stocks in which they figured they would uncover the most stops, and, sure enough, prices slid off. I closed out my trades just before the rally of the last five minutes on the usual traders' covering.

"There was fifty-one hundred dollars coming to me. I went to cash in.

"'I am glad I dropped in,' I said to the manager, and gave him my tickets.

"'Say,' he says to me, 'I can't give you all of it. I wasn't looking for such a run. I'll have it here for you, Monday morning, sure as blazes.'

"'All right. But first I'll take all you have in the house,' I said.

"'You've got to let me pay off the little fellows,' he said. 'I'll give you back what you put up, and anything that's left. Wait till I cash the other tickets.' So I waited while he paid off the other winners. Oh, I knew my money was safe. Teller wouldn't welsh with the office doing such a good business. And if he did, what else could I do better than to take all he had then and there? I got my own two thousand dollars and about eight hundred dollars besides, which was all he had in the office. I told him I'd be there Monday morning. He swore the money would be waiting for me."

Settling an Old Score

"I got to Hoboken a little before twelve on Monday. I saw a fellow talking to the manager that I had seen in the St. Louis office the day Teller told me to go back to Dolan.

"'I came for the balance of my money,' I said to the manager.

"'Is this the man?' asked the St. Louis chap.

"'Yes,' said the manager, and took a bunch of yellow backs from his pocket.

"'Hold on!' said the St. Louis fellow to him and then turns to me. 'Say, Livingston, didn't we tell you we didn't want your business?'

"'Give me my money first,' I said to the manager, and he forked over two thousands, four five-hundreds and three hundreds.

"'What did you say?' I said to St. Louis.

"'We told you we didn't want you to trade in our place.'

"'Yes,' I said; 'that's why I came.'

"'Well, don't come any more. Keep away!' he snarled at me. The private policeman in gray came over, casual-like. St. Louis shook his fist at the manager and yelled: 'You ought to've known better, you poor boob, than to let this guy get into you. He's Livingston. You had your orders.'

"'Listen, you,' I said to the [illegible] man. 'This isn't St. Louis. [illegible] off any trick here, like your [illegible] Belfast Boy.'

"'You keep away from this office [illegible] can't trade here!' he yells.

"'If I can't trade here nobody [illegible] going to,' I told him. 'You can't get [illegible] with that sort of stuff here.'

"Well, St. Louis changed his [illegible] once."

"'Look here, old boy,' he said, [illegible] up, 'do us a favor. Be reasonable! [illegible] know we can't stand this every day. [illegible] old man's going to hit the ceiling when [illegible] hears who it was. Have a heart. Lay off!'

"'I'll go easy,' I promised.

"'Listen to reason, won't you?' For [illegible] love of Pete, keep away! Give us a [illegible] to get a good start. Will you?'

"'I don't want any of this big [illegible] mighty business the next time I [illegible] said, and left him talking to the man [illegible] at the rate of a million a minute. [illegible] some money out of them for the way [illegible] treated me in St. Louis. There was [illegible] sense in my getting hot or trying [illegible] them up. I went back to Fullerton's [illegible] and told McDevitt what had [illegible] Then I told him that if it was agreeable [illegible] him I'd like to have him go to [illegible] place and begin trading in twenty- [illegible] share lots, to get them used to him [illegible] the moment I saw a good chance [illegible] up big, I'd telephone him."

Teller Trimmed Again

"I gave McDevitt a thousand [illegible] and he went to Hoboken and [illegible] him. He got to be one of the [illegible] Then one day when I thought I [illegible] break impending I slipped Mac the [illegible] and he sold all they'd let him. I [illegible] twenty-eight hundred dollars that [illegible] after giving Mac his rake-off and [illegible] expenses, and I suspect Mac put [illegible] little bet of his own besides. Less [illegible] month after that, Teller closed his [illegible] branch. The police got busy. And [illegible] it didn't pay, though I only traded [illegible] twice. We ran into a crazy bull [illegible] when stocks didn't react enough [illegible] out even the one-point margins. [illegible] course, all the customers were [illegible] winning and pyramiding. No end of [illegible] shops busted all over the country.

"That was the last time I traded [illegible] regular bucket shop. I don't suppose [illegible] is one shop in operation anywhere [illegible] not the old-fashioned kind."

"Their game has changed," [illegible] Livingston. "Trading in the old-[illegible] bucket shop had some decided advantages [illegible] over speculating in a reputable [illegible] office. For one thing, the automatic [illegible] out of your trade when the margin [illegible] the exhaustion point was the best [illegible] stop-loss order. You couldn't get [illegible] for more than you had put up, and [illegible] was no danger of rotten executions [illegible] ders, and so on. Here in New York [illegible] shops never were as liberal with [illegible] trons as I've heard they were [illegible] Here they used to limit the possible [illegible] on certain stocks of the fractional [illegible] two points. Sugar and Tennessee [illegible] Iron were among these. No matter [illegible] moved ten points in ten minutes, [illegible] only make two on one ticket. The [illegible] that otherwise the customer was [illegible] too big odds; he stood to lose [illegible] and to make ten. And there [illegible] times when all the shops, [illegible] biggest, refused to take orders [illegible] stocks. In 1900, on the day before [illegible] Day, when it was a foregone [illegible] that McKinley would win, not a [illegible] land let his customers buy stocks [illegible] election odds were 3 to 1 on M[illegible] By buying stocks on Monday you [illegible] make from three to six points [illegible] man could bet on Bryan and [illegible] and make sure money. The [illegible] refused orders that day."

"They refused mine all the [illegible] Livingston. "If it hadn't been [illegible] never would have stopped trading. [illegible] And then I never would have known [illegible] there was much more to the game [illegible] speculation than to play for [illegible] of a few points."

"They did you a good turn," I said.

But Livingston merely shrugged [illegible] shoulders, as I looked about the [illegible] room.

Editor's Note—This is the second [illegible] articles by Mr. Lefèvre. The next [illegible] early issue.

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SECRET MOVEMENTS

(Continued from Page 9)

with the Russian. He must look sad and innocent himself, and hold them there until their train went out—encouraging this Twohey's talking. And then when once those two pulled out he could have the Russian there to himself—and smash him alone and peaceful! "What will they," he says, "be founded on?"

"What are the big secret radical leaders striving to do now," he says back—"in the first place?"

"You tell me," says Mike, still making talk. "What are they?"

"They're bringing in and starting up the new wise and universal labor ideas that they've worked out in Europe here."

"I seen so," says Mike.

"And would you know," he says, leaning forward and engaging still more earnest Mike's eye with his own—"would you know what the new leaders of this all must do to bring this advanced, united and well-considered labor movement in Europe here into this barbarous, backward and degraded situation here?"

"I would," says Mike.

"They'll move, you might say, Europe here!"

"Move Europe here—with what?" says Mike.

"It's here to-day, ain't it?" he says. "All over—in the minds of the European worker that's everywhere in this country today. That's doing all the work—the real actual hard work and producing of this country."

"The poor scissor-bills!" says Mike.

"Call them what you will," he says. "In scorn or carelessness or contempt! But they are the real downright actual producers—that create by their labor all we have. The real bed-rock protelariat."

"The protelariat?" says Mike after him.

"As they call the real worker—those wise theoretic boys that have it all figured out over there," says Twohey, going on. "And you can say what you want, it's them and their labor that everything is built up on. And they're just the boys that are wise to that fact to-day—coming over like they do, from Italy and Russia and the new Polak kingdom, with their grand new modern education on such things that they are getting all over now in Europe—how we workers have got to be all bound up together in one grand central mass of the toilers.

"And so, as I was telling you," he says, "that's the guy that these great, still, wise leaders are starting in with here as elsewhere—founding the new labor movement on the great knowledge and hopes and understandings of the grand, noble, humble, strong European worker that's come over here. It's the foreign European toiler that we all ——" he says, and stopped.

For all at oncet there was this strange and unusual noise—a sound between a grunt and a groan—that stopped in a kind of a cough. And they both had to look around.

"My foot slipped," said the Wobbly, his face red and fiery—and kind of mad looking. "My foot slipped when I was crossing my legs, and I guess I must have kicked him. But I guess there wasn't no great harm done, was there, Hunkie?"

"No," says the Hunk. "No hurt me!" And he turned and looked outside again—only flattened up against the window now, more out of his reach.

"Oh, that was all, huh?" says this Twohey, starting up and going on again. But Slattery seen him give a dark and warning glance at the Wobbly. And then he went on to talk some more in that fine, polite, pleasing way he had—and Mike helping on, even more polite than him.

"And now," he says to Slattery, "would you know the real, honest-to-goodness dope on the new secret way these wise new leaders of labor are framing up underneath in this country everywhere—in all these labor troubles you see about in the papers now to take charge of this old dying rotten carcass of the old federation, and the rest of the dying old crafts unions here—and put it onto the new modern organization of labor by industries and countries and the world—where the toiler, instead of always getting it in the neck, has all the say-so?"

"I would," says Mike.

"You've heard of them radical clothing workers of New York and Rochester and Chicago and elsewhere?"

"I dunno but I have," says Mike.

"All Russian Jews and Italians—full of them grand new Russian and Italian plans for the workers. With the wisest and most farseeing leaders in the country, winning strikes when all the others lose them. And all organized, and hooked in like brothers, way down underneath, with the leaders of the great new ruling protelariat in Russia. And all organized and constructed in the way they've worked out there—by industries and countries—so that when the day comes to take all over for the workers they'll be there in sections—all ready to be hitched together like a train of cars, to one grand and universal world movement of the toilers, by a few known and simple commands."

"So them's the ones?" says Mike, pushing him on, and still watching back behind him when he could.

"That's the chief, strong, practical starting point," he says, and Slattery thought he seen with the corner of his eye the Wobbly look back quick and ugly when he said it. "That's the place where all them educating, driving movements are coming out from, secret—the East Side of New York.

"And from this place just lately the bright enduring flame of revolt is spreading in the new radical textile workers' movement that's bursting forth now in all them old baronies and tyrannies and hell holes for the foreign European workers in them New England factory towns."

"Are they all Hunks and Dagos there, as well?" says Mike.

"They are," he says, "and they're in touch all the time with them clothing workers in New York, who were, in fact, the ones that organized them first."

"Then it all goes back there into New York?"

"Yes. The real practical place—where they've got the real money and the backing, and the connection back in with Russia, and the push and enterprise to go ahead. And it's from there that this new boring-in thing of this Foster you was asking about first, is starting really—this educating and boring-in plan in the federation and brotherhoods, which is all working on the European toiler."

"Its headquarters," says Mike, "they claim, is Chicago."

"Yes, but it's started and backed up elsewhere. You know who it was that backed this man Foster up most in organizing the European workers in the great steel strike?"

"Who was it?" says Mike. "The other unions in the federation?"

"It was not," he says. "They never come across one-half so much and so hearty as these radical clothing workers back there in New York. Why should they, when the bunch at the head—Sammy Gompers and the rest—knew they were done for if it once got going; that it was only the same plan of boring in underneath with the low-paid European worker that's going on now, and that the Soviet of Russia leaders were all the time planning for.

"And naturally on the other side—working for the idea, just as they are to-day—were the farseeing workers for the new industrial unionism, working with the trained, educated, understanding toiler from Europe. For, as I was telling you," he says, "it's all founded on the grand, noble, patient, understanding European toiler, that we're learning every day now to know and appreciate and look up to more. The grand, noble, patient protelariat," he says—and stopped again.

For at that both him and Mike gave a quick sudden jump, for there was another strange unearthly sound out of the Russian—not loud, neither, but kind of deep and terrible, as if it was knocked out of something, like when you hear them killing cattle with an ax.

"It's my foot slipping again," says the Wobbly, right away without waiting. "It must be something on the soles."

"You should have gone to dancing school more when you was young," says the other brakeman, sarcastic, giving him a short and evil look, "and got trained so you'd be safer with your feet."

"You'd think so if I handed you one of them!" says the Wobbly, giving back as ugly a look as he got.

And Slattery saw it with great joy, for it was clear to him now that they were on the



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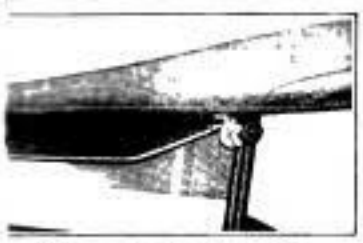
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edge of a break-up between them—if the patient Russian would hang on still. And he thought he would, for he stood there still at the window, with that sad, puzzled, suspicious look these Hunkies have on their foreheads, and his little eyes staring far away—as if he never heard nor understood nor thought about a thing that was being said.

"Yes," says Mike, keeping them on talking, not wanting them to come to any real actual mix-up there before their train pulled out. "Yes," he says. "But what show have they got with all these schemes you're mentioning?"

"They've got all the show there is, ain't they?" he says, turning his eyes back and starting in all over again with his explaining and his blandandering with Mike.

"Is that your opinion?" says Mike.

"It is," he says. "And for many reasons. For in the first place you see now how still and quiet it's all going through today, hid beneath the general contempt and carelessness of the enemies of labor. For the fat bourjaws at the head of capital in America, and their paid, pampered and prostitute press are all passing up the movement in ignorant and foolish and studied silence, while underneath the still, sure, secret forces of the revolution are eating on at the federation and the brotherhoods and all like that till their foundations are all hollowed out underneath them."

"You don't tell me," says Mike, more wishful than ever to keep him going.

"I do," he says. "Although any fool who's studied as much history as you'll find in the almanac knows that radical movements start all over after wars—for ten years, anyhow, like they did in this here country after the Civil War, all through the '70's, romping and raging among all the workers."

"So I seen once in a paper," says Mike, urging him on and on, taking up the time.

"Yes," he says. "Only now it will be far different from the '70's. For the world has moved on since that time, and capitalism has grown rottener and rottener and riper for its doom; and we are today not a nation of ignorant bourjaws and poor pioneer peasants, but of educated, dissatisfied, class-conscious workers, growing more and more so under the leadership of men who have got their strings out now, and well and deeply laid among all the toiling millions—the 98.3 per cent that produce everything in America today and have it taken away from them by the 1.7 per cent."

And while he was saying this Mike shot another look behind him and seen them still there—the poor patient Russian standing staring off, and the other one sitting back, as if he was cursing under his breath, ready to give up the whole thing disgusted—and just smash him and go!

"Millions," this Twohey was going on, with his deep-down explaining. "More and more millions—all getting more together and united every day."

"Do you mean it?" says Slattery.

"I do," he says. "And you can count them. Starting, where you should start, with the foreign European radical, outside the old-time labor unions entirely. Taking the clothing trade and the textile workers and all like that—the real European industrial type union! And there's one million, without a doubt."

"So much as that?" says Mike.

"Or will be soon," he says, going on. "And from there you come into the federation, through the mine workers, by far the biggest union there—practically all foreign radicals, and organized already the right way, as an industry—and not split up into crafts. And bound, just as soon as they can get loose from the wiles and tricks of them central politicians, to run free and wild and radical. And that's another half a million. Yes—and more!"

"It is?" says Slattery.

"Yes. And with them the railroad unions and the federation—who are tuned up in just about the same way. And that's a half a million and over, more."

"Is it?" says Mike.

"It is. And with the machinists, and the federation clothing workers and the others that are radical and modern in thought, they're easy a majority of the American Federation of Labor, which they'll make short work of controlling, as soon as this Foster and his borers-in shows and educates them how to handle them political tricksters in control there now with their own tricks."

"I believe you," says Mike.

"So there's the federation," he says. "And that's four million more, they claim. Or put it three and a half—for sake of being conservative."

"Sure," says Mike.

"And then next, when that's done," he says, "them railroad brotherhoods will fall into line—all smooth and easy. And there's two million or so more."

"Making seven, about, in all," says Slattery.

"Yes," he says, now growing warmer and more enthusiastic as his millions came rolling in. "And from there we will go on into all those great unorganized millions that have never come in, and never will—like it was in England—till we give up the old out-of-date idea, and give them a modern union organization that's worthy of the name."

"So there's ten or twelve million more," says Mike, helping him out.

"Twenty at the least," he says, "if we go by England. And if you go by Germany, twenty-five. Twenty-five millions—or more," he says—"all bound up and united," he says, and stopped again a third time. For there was another sudden thump and a groan, followed by a kind of clank. And looking over, Mike seen what had happened. The Wobbly had taken his old hickory brake club, that he'd had lying by his chair, and thrown it at the Russian, ugly and disgusted, taking him fair in the back.

"Say—what is this?" says the other shack, ugly and insulting.

"Oh, nothing much," says the Wobbly in a kind of reckless, careless voice. "I was just trying to see if it was alive. Some are and some ain't!"

And Slattery seen it was what he thought. He hadn't made no impression on the Hunk; he'd tried till he got tired out and disgusted. And he'd finally heaved his stick at him, and let it go at that.

But not a word out of the patient Russian toiler yet. He stood there, deaf and dumb. You couldn't get a sound out of him, probably, if you run him through a meat chopper, starting all the most sensitive parts first. He'd still stand there patient and humble and silent to the end.

"Twenty-five millions!" says Mike, starting keeping them moving on. "As much as that?"

"Twenty-five or more," says Twohey, talking on now at random like and kind of hoarse and downhearted—and giving one last warning look at the Wobbly to try once again. "Twenty-five million," he went rambling on, like a man who had got sick and worn out with talking, and was just shooting off from memory words he'd shot off many times before. "Twenty-five millions. All marshaled in and marching on under the grand old T. U. E. L."

"The T. U. E. L.?" says Mike. "What's that?"

"If you want to know," says the Wobbly, breaking in now, harsh and sneering, "it's a poor piffling piece of punk, like all the rest he was feeding you—about the sewer rats and the crawlers and the borers-in and the communists ever uniting up the workers of this country into one big union."

And Mike saw now finally it had come—what he had been waiting for from the first!

"Is that right?" says the borer-in, staring back at him, resolute and hard and bloodshot.

"It is," says the Wobbly. "As you'd know and admit if you ever read or thought anything half so sensible as a horse."

"I suppose you think," he came back, "it will be the I. W. W. that will be building it up."

"It will," he says, fierce and personal. "And long before Foster and his T. U. E. L. gets more members than can be counted by an idiot child of three."

"They're off!" says Mike to himself.

And now he slipped over to the top of the stairway—to head off the Russian from taking a sneak while all this was going on. For he seen he had them going now for good—starting in one of them old-time radical arguments over their letters and initials.

"What about the dying membership of the I. W. W. today?" says the borer-in.

"It's got twenty times what'll ever come in under this T. U. E. L. campaign," says the Wobbly, Smear.

"Hold! Wait!" says Mike. "What is this T. U. E. L.?"

"That's the poor fake and camouflage that this Foster and his Kikes and Wops are

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working under," says Smear, the Wobbly, "handing themselves salaries for breathing. The Trade-Union Educational League, they call it, trying to put out this boring-in scheme under the general campaign of the R. T. U. I."

"Wait up!" says Mike. "What was that one you just got off?"

"The Red Trade-Union International," says the Wobbly; "that thing they cooked up over there last summer—to hitch the labor unions of the world back to the Comintern."

"The Comintern?" says Mike after him. And he seen the Russian now at the window turn and stare with the other brakeman.

"The Comintern, in Moscow, where they're uniting all the grand, strong, powerful trade-unions of Asia and Africa and Russia together—in the R. T. U. I., under the strong commanding right arm of the C. E. C."

"The C. E. C.?" says Mike after him. But he passed right on now, getting warmed and interested over his initials.

"Did you see that stuff the members of the P. P. W. I. U., No. 450, brought out," says the Wobbly, turning now straight and vicious on the borer, "about your band of murdering assassins? What Fellow Worker Williams had to report about that gathering of whiskers and sashes there in Moscow last July, when your poor silly R. T. U. I. was formed directly under the hand of the C. I.?"

"Hold! Wait!" says Mike. "Must you talk like two madmen learning shorthand? Let me in on this."

But they just passed along over him.

"I did not," says the borer-in, answering harsh and firm, "for I knew in advance what it would be. But did you read yourself what the Unity Bulletin had to say against Solidarity on the report of the Canadian O. B. U. delegates over there—and the grand world-wide work of the R. L. U. I.?"

"What nonsense is this?" says Mike to them, getting curious and then mad himself. "You sound like a manifest clerk reading the letters off of freight cars. For the love of heaven, talk slower and more in full."

But they whirled on regardless, scattering initials all over the place.

"I ask you this," says Twohey, the borer-in, of the Wobbly: "Did or did not the I. W. W. send a delegate to the preliminary session of the C. C. of the R. L. U. I.? And did or did not this first delegate subscribe to its theses?"

"More initials!" says Mike, standing at ease now—striving no more to follow on the different letters of the million or more of them radical societies, each one set to unite the workers of the world.

He stood now and listened to the initials rolling on—and watched them with the Russian. And after that he watched, cautious, the Russian himself—for fear he might take a notion to make a break while they were talking. And he seen then he wasn't intending to do so now, for he just stood there staring at the other two like those Hunkies do, still and quiet—with their little shifty eyes and their wrinkled-up foreheads and their little turned-up noses, with that still, suspicious, puzzled, sour look they have.

"The preliminary session of the C. C. of the R. L. U. I.," the Wobbly was saying. "Don't make me laugh!" he says.

"You'd think, I suppose," says the other one, "that the F. A. U. D. would unite them better., Or the F. R. A. U. D., as it should be spelled."

"I don't feed out of the hand of the Third anyway!" says the Wobbly, increasing the mysterious talk. "Nor the Two-and-a-Half. Nor any of them whiskered political bums—red or yellow. For they're all alike."

"You're an anarchosyndicalist!" says the borer-in. "And a decentralizer. And a dirty Wobbly yegg."

"You're a centrist and a chipmunk!" says the Wobbly back.

"And you're a separatist, and a defeatist! And a low-down dirty dualist!" says the borer-in.

"And you're a liquidater and a murderer of women. And an all-round maggot and cowardly sewer rat!" says the Wobbly.

"And you're full of the infantile sickness of leftism!" the other says, and stops for a minute, with Mike and the Russian staring.

"And as for the cowardly communists ever uniting anything," says the Wobbly, going on, "they can't crawl out of one of their underground dugouts where they live, and hold a gathering in [illegible] cellars or swamps or trees [illegible] they sneak off to meet in [illegible] up into a few hundred more [illegible] C. P. and the C. P. of A. and [illegible] and the W. P. of A.—and the [illegible] that have split off lately."

And Slattery gave a start [illegible] once he heard a grunt like, and [illegible] he seen the face of the Russian [illegible] with the puzzled wrinkles [illegible] forehead—staring and opening [illegible] if he was going to butt in and speak [illegible] all that silence.

"For the love of heaven," [illegible] to himself, watching him, "he [illegible] this! This is the kind of language [illegible] talk!"

"Unite the world!" the W[illegible] goes sneering on. "With the k[illegible] working under the C. E. C[illegible] intern? They couldn't [illegible] stamp to a letter."

And Mike looked back ag[illegible] heard the Hunk give another [illegible]

"They're torn up, among t[illegible] Russia," says the Wobbly. [illegible] fight. The C. E. C. spend all [illegible] after they've eaten up the [illegible] swiped from the famine distr[illegible] plans and diagrams how to evac[illegible] tion from the S. R. and the R. [illegible] A. S. and the W. O.—and all the [illegible] real genuine revolutionists wh[illegible] heads up everywhere now, and [illegible] eve of throwing over the ed[illegible] uniforms—the driveling, crazy [illegible] the C. E. C. and the seventeen [illegible]

"And the eighteen B. V. [illegible] thirty-one Y. M. C. A.'s!" Mike [illegible] ing to himself, giving up [illegible] crazy language that nobody [illegible] anyway but a radical. He gav[illegible] was thinking instead what [illegible] would have after the other over[illegible] train time and left the still pat[illegible] Russian, with his three hundred [illegible] him. But then he gave his [illegible] est jump, for all at once he [illegible] Russian hollering, breaking in [illegible] the mouth.

"Liar!" he says. "Dog! [illegible] The S. R. and the W. O. all [illegible] Russia! All bad mens! Ve st[illegible] them all!" he says, raising up his [illegible]

"Will you listen to this!" [illegible] Wobbly, staring. "The dead [illegible]

"The C. E. C. and the C. P. [illegible] mens. All good for other [illegible] Russia," he yells, and brings down [illegible] arms again, and goes on raving and [illegible]

But, after this, Slattery was [illegible]

"Saints reward us!" he says [illegible] to himself.

For when the Russian's arms [illegible] he heard something soft fal[illegible] down he seen his old sm[illegible] rolling down the stairs where [illegible] ing. The Hunk had it poised [illegible] hasty somewhere in his overa[illegible] and now when he got excited [illegible] lution he'd shaken it loose some [illegible] out upon the floor.

There was a kind of wooden [illegible] the top of the stairway to [illegible] and Mike ducked down under [illegible] grabbed his wallet, and opened [illegible] seen. And the three hundred was [illegible] And then he ducked up again and [illegible] them—and they were still raving and [illegible] ing and bawling out their initials [illegible] the Russian, for they couldn't [illegible]

"In Russia—in my people's [illegible] to-day. The C. E. C.'s [illegible] Oh—all fine! Oh—all grand [illegible] good!" he was hollering, waving [illegible] around. And the other two trying [illegible] him off—and not able to!

"Shall I hold him here," [illegible] considering, "till the others get [illegible] him up? For he certainly should [illegible]

And then he smiled, for [illegible] better way.

"Say," he says, jumping in [illegible] the Russian. "What do you [illegible] going to do—stay here till [illegible] to you bellowing and bawling and [illegible] up the alphabet? Get out of here [illegible] crazy scissor-bill!" And [illegible] gave him a shove down the stairs.

And when he done so, and by [illegible] ing down, he seen the other [illegible] jawing away at once, and [illegible] look at one another—as be [illegible] that they would.

"Well, so long!" says the [illegible] both together.

And with no more words [illegible] down the tower stairs and [illegible]

(Continued on Page [illegible])

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(Continued from Page 110)

Slattery stood watching around the corner of the window. The Russian was going on ahead—walking fast and straight. And then the two came out, and the Wobbly started hollering at him, and the trainman stopped him, glancing up at the window where Mike stood and looked down at them. And then they started on after the scissor-bill, walking very fast and stiff, but never running, for fear, no doubt, that Mike might notice them and remember when he finally found out that he'd been trimmed. And on ahead the Russian was walking, fast and stiff as well, but never running neither—no doubt with the same idea in his nut. And so, not speaking a word, they walked up to the siding across the road till the Russian, looking around quick, jumped in back of the freight train finally, and out of sight; and the other two after him, darting in just like he did, when they got up to the cover of the cars.

"Secret movements," says Mike to himself, standing wondering what they'd do to him and to one another when they got to him and found what they were going after wasn't there.

He wondered after the train pulled out—for he seen them no more—and all that night about it, until the next day—when he run across the conductor of the local freight on the street in the morning—and he seemed quite excited.

"Say, Mike," says the man, "what was going on yesterday over in the tower?"

"I dunno," says Mike. "What was?"

"Say, listen," he says. "I seen something I never seen before."

"What was that?" says Slattery.

"A silent, speechless fight," he says.

"Go on," says Mike. "Tell me about it."

So he done so.

"I was sitting there," he says, "in the caboose, waiting for them to patch up that driving rod—all alone, for the shacks were out somewheres; I thought, over with you in the tower. And then I heard the sound of steps and I looks out, and there they was chasing one of them Russian trackwalkers up and down behind the train. And just when I looked they stopped short and hurled themselves together, right underneath me, without a word."

"Without one word?" says Mike.

"Nor a loud noise," he says. "You'd hear only the stifled sounds of straining and lifting and grunting and tearing."

"Is that right?" says Mike.

"Yes," he says. "A fight without one sound but grunting!"

"It must have been," says Mike. "There must have been some reason for it."

"There was, without a doubt," he says. "Some reason for keeping it still, and not drawing attention. But that wasn't all, nor the strangest of it!"

"What came next?" says Slattery.

"At first," he says, "they hurled themselves, the two shacks, upon the Hunk."

"And what did they do to him?" says Mike, expectant.

"They didn't do nothing," says the fellow. "It was the other way round. For after not more than three or four grunts the Russian had them down, and had snatched the brake stick from the Wobbly, who was carrying his, and was beating him something terrible."

"All in silence?" says Mike.

"Yes. But that wasn't the half of the mystery!"

"No?" says Slattery.

"Not half," he says. "For suddenly, in the midst of his pounding and beating them, for some reason the Russian stopped up short and put his right hand on his chest—as if he was looking for something he'd just thought of."

"Did he find it?" asks Mike.

"He did not," says the other man, "if actions are any guide. For all at oncet, after feeling once or twice, he jumps up and begins pawing himself all over—and up and down his legs—disregarding the other two—and they both standing staring at him."

"I see," says Mike. "And what did they do—jump him again?"

"They did not—nor run—which is more surprising," says the man, "considering how much he'd banged and battered them. They stood there—all beaten up and torn to pieces, staring at him—kind of interested and anxious. And then they went in and helped him, patting him all over before and behind."

"And not a word yet?" says Mike.

"Not one," he says. "And he stood stock-still while they was doing it. But after that, when they didn't find it, whatever it was—he let out a low snarling, mooing sound, like a wild mad bull, only softer. And he come at them. And I almost mixed in then from where I was watching, concealed, around the corner of the car—for I feared murder."

"But there was not?" says Mike.

"No; for they signed to him they would do just what he wanted."

"And what did he want?" says Mike.

"He wanted to search them, it seems, like they did him."

"And did he?"

"Did he?" says the conductor. "To the taking off of most they had on!"

"And did they find it yet—whatever it was?"

"They did not," he says. "Though they searched each other persistent and suspicious. And then after that they went searching up and down the track behind the freight train where they had been running. And when they found nothing yet, it looked terrible bad. For they all stood off and glared, each suspicious at the other. And all at once the Russian came charging after them again like a mad, roaring lunatic. And the two came jumping into the front end of the caboose, carrying their shoes and pants with them, where he'd made them strip them off for searching purposes."

"And did he come on after them—the Russian?" says Mike.

"He did, yes; up to the door," says the conductor. "Till he seen me! And then he took a sneak—as if I'd had a gun on me—scared, it looked like, to have me just see him there. And there was nothing out of the shacks neither—not a word. They won't explain nothing—except they got arguing and fighting with the Russian."

"And what did you say to that?" Mike asked him.

"'Do you always fight,' I says, 'with your shoes and trousers off?'"

"It must have been a hot fight!" says Mike.

"It was," says the conductor. "Both hot and mysterious. And for my part, I have no clew to it."

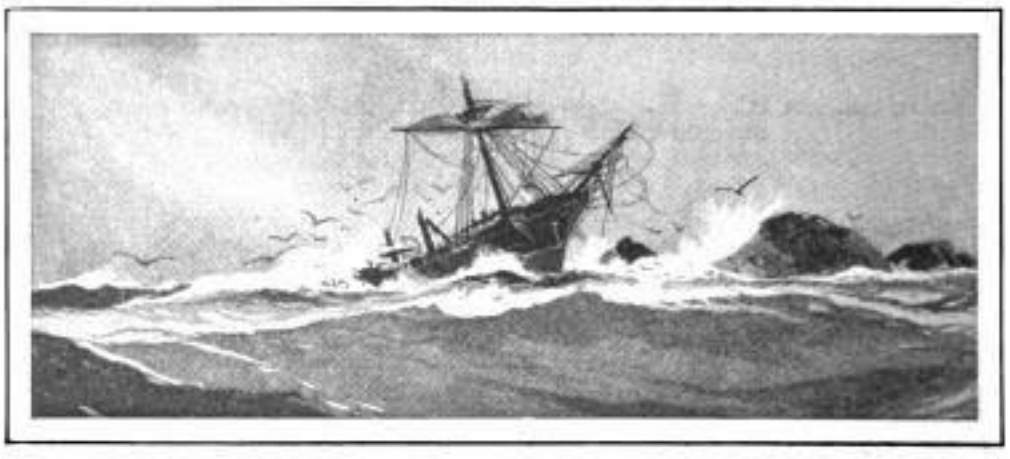
"I have," says Mike. "They was over in my place jawing and arguing just before. In one of them radical jawing matches."

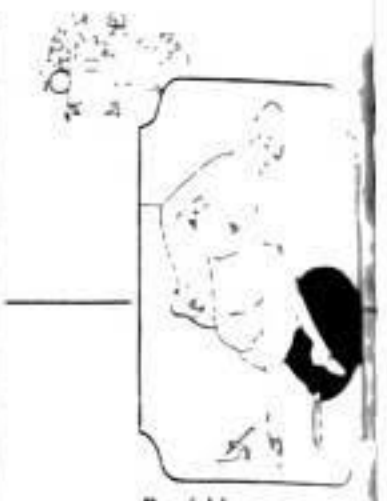
"They was?" says the conductor. "Then probably you know what it was all about."

"I don't," says Mike. "Not unless it was one of these secret movements they have now all over—breaking out finally into open revolution."

"Revolution is the right word," says the conductor. "You'd think so if you'd seen them at the height of it!"

"Yes," says Mike, "without a doubt. That must be it. 'Twas the radical workers, probably, uniting and getting together in one mass, the way they're doing now, all up and down the known and civilized world."





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Everybody's Business

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

Retail Business Practices

A MAN'S success and position in life depend largely upon the character of those with whom he is most closely associated in his everyday work. The fellow who is satisfied to mix with second-raters will never climb to a high place in business, even though there is in him sufficient latent ability to handle successfully the bigger job. Many a natural-born athlete who might have become a great star on some famous varsity team has frittered away his time playing a mediocre game at some small college where he was not obliged to extend himself in order to be better than the average. Familiarity with inferiority tends to make a man inferior. Keen rivalry resulting from competition always brings out a person's best efforts. It has ever been true that men and women react to their environment.

Such were the remarks of the president of one of America's most successful commercial organizations.

Consistent with his expressed beliefs, this executive has surrounded himself with the best talent money can procure. It is his idea that the bigger the men around you the bigger you will be yourself; the more credit you give to others who work for you the more credit you will reflect upon yourself. As a result of such a policy, the corporation headed by this executive is a live organization with a managerial personnel noted for its originality, efficiency and initiative.

The president has never permitted his increasing responsibilities to isolate him and cause him to lose touch with his workers. He is opposed to long-distance rule, and with this thought in mind has two desks—one where he can devote a part of each day to working among his associates, and the other in a more secluded office where he can transact business or consider important matters without being disturbed. It is his belief that an executive benefits largely from close contact with the rank and file of his organization. Trying to manage a corporation without getting acquainted with the employes is like trying to operate an automobile on a country highway after dark with the lights out. The motorist may succeed in avoiding a ditch, but it is certain that he won't travel very fast.

This president makes it a rule to limit all efforts toward expansion to the single line and style of business on which the corporation's success has been founded. Many failures have resulted from efforts on the part of a management to expand in such a way that it was necessary to transform the character of the business and largely eliminate the one feature which had provided the early profits.

One of his precepts is: "Don't devote tomorrow to hunting yesterday's mistakes. Finish each day the tasks set for that day, and see that the work has been done right, so that tomorrow has a clear field for its own jobs."

Ever since starting in business this successful executive has made it a daily practice to record each and every worthwhile idea gathered either from reading or from observation. First, he used only memorandum books, but now he employs an idea file which contains thoughts and clippings on various phases of business which may not be used for months or even years. Ideas that are worth little today may be life-savers tomorrow. Workable ideas are the food of business, and it is well to keep the larder filled against days of emergency.

The president attributes such success as he has attained, first, to his plan of making prompt decisions so that the same matter will not come up twice; second, to his policy of transferring all minor and many major tasks to his able assistants; and third, to his practice of providing a personal schedule for each day's work, and then not permitting anything except a matter of vital importance to interfere with the carrying out of his prearranged schedule. He suggests that the way for anyone to discover just where and how he is burdened with unnecessary work is to sit down each morning for a week or more and prepare a daily schedule that divides up the person's time. No one can work effectively in a business that requires a frequent change of thought without paying close attention to a fixed schedule and its relation to the minutes on the clock.

It was my privilege to observe some of the practices used in the different departments of the organization. Of much interest were the methods employed in fixing the limits of credit for customers and the collection of accounts. From five to twenty per cent of the capital of every big retail corporation is tied up in accounts receivable. For this reason the credit man of the large commercial organizations today is a most important individual. In this particular business the credit man is charged with collecting never less than sixty-five per cent of the outstanding accounts each month. Experience has shown that the earlier the bills are got out the greater the percentage of accounts collected. It is quite important to have your bills first in the hands of the debtors. On the other hand, it is not advisable to close the month's account before the last day of the month.

Much care is exercised in extending the proper amount of credit to new customers. In sizing up a man's qualifications as a credit risk the individual's character and ability are placed before money. In fixing the limit of the risk the credit man bases his decision on the three C's—character, capacity and capital. A customer may have both capacity and capital, but if he lacks character there is no certainty that he will pay. When character and capacity or ability are present, even though capital is lacking, the risk is a good one, for the man can create capital through his capacity, and his character will cause him to pay his obligations.

The method followed by this particular company is rather unusual. The name of each customer is written on a card, and the cards are placed in visible files. The limit of the credit allowed each customer is pasted on the card, and is indicated by a colored disk. A blue disk on the card means that the customer's credit is limited at twenty-five dollars; black indicates a credit of seventy-five dollars; yellow indicates one hundred and fifty dollars; and green, three hundred dollars and up. When the card contains a red disk it signifies that the account is closed. The authorizers are furnished with five rubber stamps, and by means of these stamps every charge ticket bears a notice of the account's limit. All bills are posted daily, and it is therefore easy for a biller to note when a limit of credit has been exceeded by any customer. Whenever an account has passed the limit of risk the matter is brought to the attention of the credit manager, and he either O. K.'s the enlarged credit risk or sends a polite letter to the customer asking that the account be reduced before any further purchases are made. The letter also suggests that the company would be pleased to review information that might lead to the extension of the credit limit. The credit man always endeavors to meet new customers personally and form his opinions first-hand. He also bears in mind at all times that credit customers are more critical than cash customers.

In collecting money the entire effort is based on courtesy and human interest. The practice is followed of having a definite understanding with each customer at the time the credit is extended as to when the account is to be paid. Under a new plan recently inaugurated each customer is asked to sign the sales check at the time of making a purchase. No accounts are permitted to drag along. The first collection letter is signed only with the firm name, for the oversensitive customer is likely to hold the signer of a collection letter personally responsible if he thinks the letter carries a sting. Each individual account is handled on its merits. Threats are never resorted to in the first two letters. The language used is cordial, and an attempt is made to point out to the customer the fairness and liberality of the house, at the same time indicating the necessity of the company paying strict observance to a fixed system. When a customer replies to a collection letter, and promises to pay on a certain date, the credit department immediately acknowledges this letter, mentioning and thus confirming the customer's promise to settle. Form letters are never used, for



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such a practice indicates plainly to the customer that the company has many unpaid accounts. A personal collection note rather implies that all other customers pay up promptly. None of the letters sent out by the credit man ask for a remittance by return mail, but on the other hand always state a specified day or date.

It is also the policy of the company to avoid conveying the impression that payment is requested because the concern is temporarily in need of money. When the debtor gets a letter basing the request for payment on the needs of the concern, even though he pays the bill, he will likely wait again before paying subsequent bills to see if the company is similarly situated. Collection letters should always be based on the mutual obligation stipulated in the preliminary sales agreement. Under no circumstances is it advisable to be apologetic in asking for the settlement of an account. Collection letters can be specific and dignified, while at the same time containing subject matter that is worded diplomatically.

Considerable success has followed the careful use of the telephone in collecting accounts that are two months or more overdue. Most people like to be considered busy, so the telephone call is based on the assumption that the delinquent's neglect to settle the bill has resulted from his preoccupation with other matters. All excuses offered are carefully investigated, and when an untruth is discovered forceful action is taken.

The fundamental thoughts borne in mind in writing collection letters are: Arouse interest and compel attention; impel to prompt action; make it easy to remit. In order to effect the last-mentioned object, the company recently adopted a plan of having a check form at the bottom of each collection letter with the exception of the first note mailed the customer. The idea is that the check will be filled in with the amount due, and the debtor will write the name of his bank in the blank space reserved for this purpose on the check. While the plan has brought fair returns in the way of remittances, it is said to have benefited the company to an even greater extent by creating a definite impulse in the mind of the customer to pay the bill.

The company's selling meth[ods] are up to the minute, and are ever [be]ing revised in accordance with the newest [ideas] on the subject. The concern, [for] one absolutely fixed price for each [article]. Whenever a sale is inaugurated [to] clear out a line the advertised [prices] are bona fide. It is the policy [of the] pany to refuse to handle any [article] which bears a stamp or carries a [label] is likely to mislead the purchaser. [For] stance, the company refuses to [handle] shoe that is machine-made and [yet] the stamp "Bench Made." All [the] people have been carefully taught [the] important thing to bear in mind [in the] matter of the sale, but what the [store] do after it is sold. A small sale [will] hold within it the opportunity [for] more sales, while if care is not [taken] large sale may be made and, [when] goods fail to give satisfaction, [will] have been a permanent and profitable [cus]tomer is lost. Under no circum[stances] should anyone be provided with [goods] say truthfully that the company [will] stand behind its goods.

Among other things, the company [has] orders for goods over the telephone [during] hours. Customers reading the [store's] advertisements in the evening [paper] wishing to purchase certain articles [can] out having to visit the store the [next] can telephone the orders up until [nine] in the evening and rest assured [that] goods will be delivered to them [early] the next morning, and certainly [the same] day. In nearly all cases [women] ployed to sell to women and [to] men. The men's clothing [department] taken a leaf out of the book [of those] selling women's clothes, and [have] models to display men's articles [of] overcoats, hats, suits, and [the] selling rule in practically all [departments] to describe each article as far as [possible] before showing it to the customer. [The] is that the word description may [make] appeal to the mind, thus creating [a favorable] impression making it easier to [sell] when once they are brought to [the] perience has shown that the [mind] more quickly and affirmatively [responds] to the ear than to the eye. [It's a] game—describe first and sell [after]

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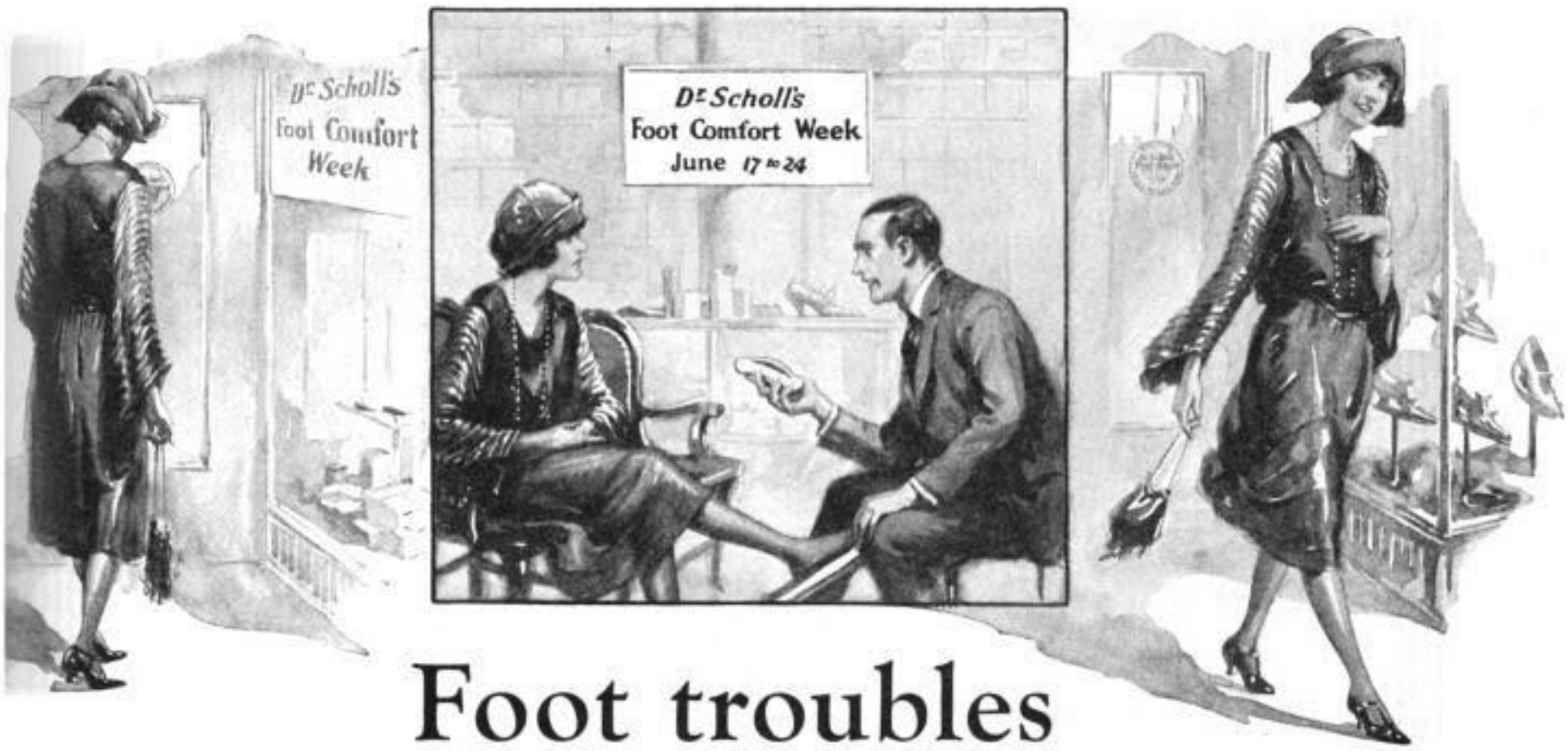
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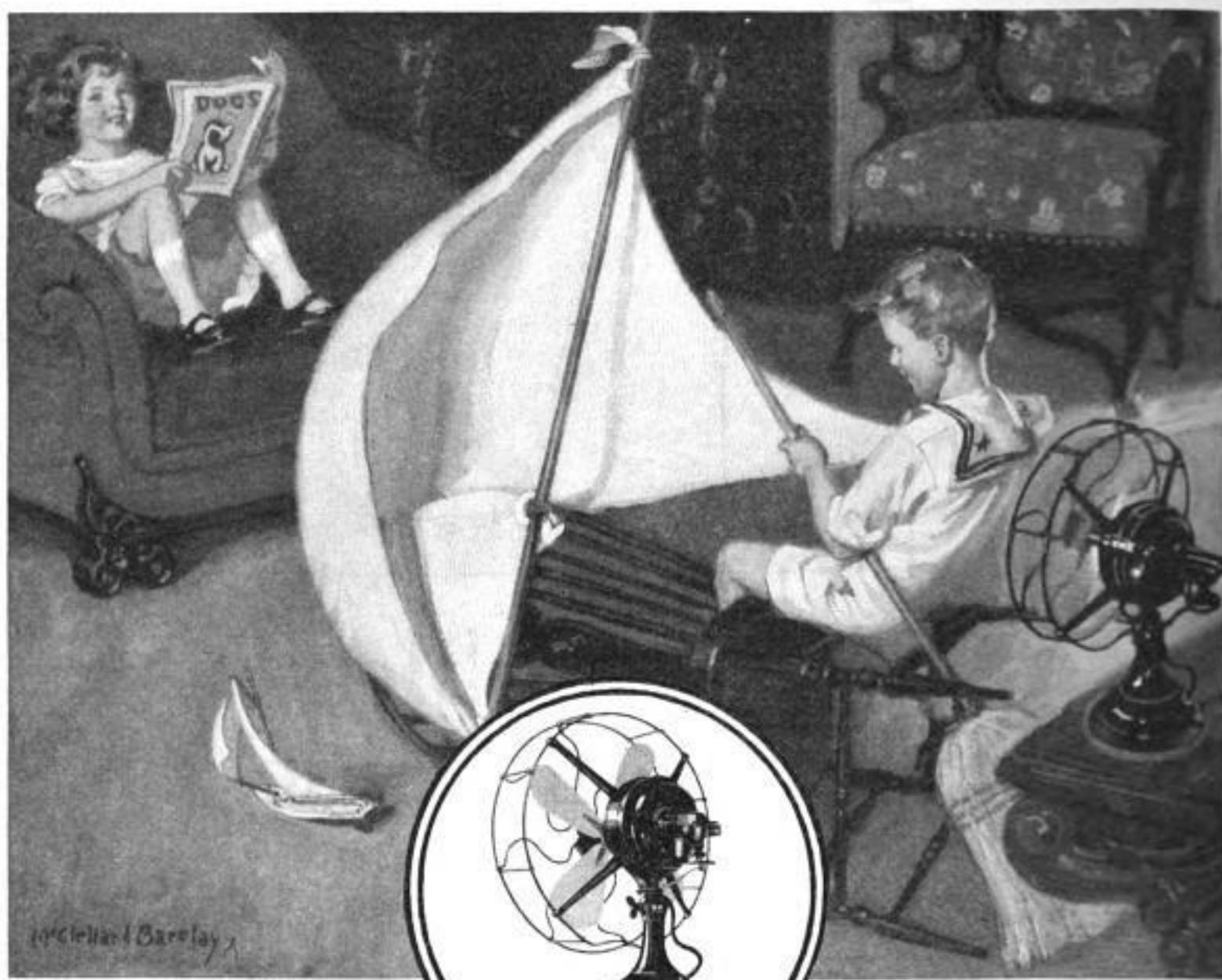
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CHILDREN fret as the weary hours drag on sultry summer days and nights. Even the elders grow irritable under sustained discomfort. But in provident households the soothing breezes from electric fans spread cool comfort for the entire family.

In thousands of homes Robbins & Myers Fans preserve health and happiness during hot weather. Quietly but certainly they make possible repeated nights of refreshing sleep and days of cheery living. Cool, clean columns of air, gentle or strong, are always available from R&M Fans.

For twenty-five years, now, R&M Fans have been providing summer comfort. Every R&M Fan is powered by a genuine Robbins & Myers Motor, insuring long, untroubled service.

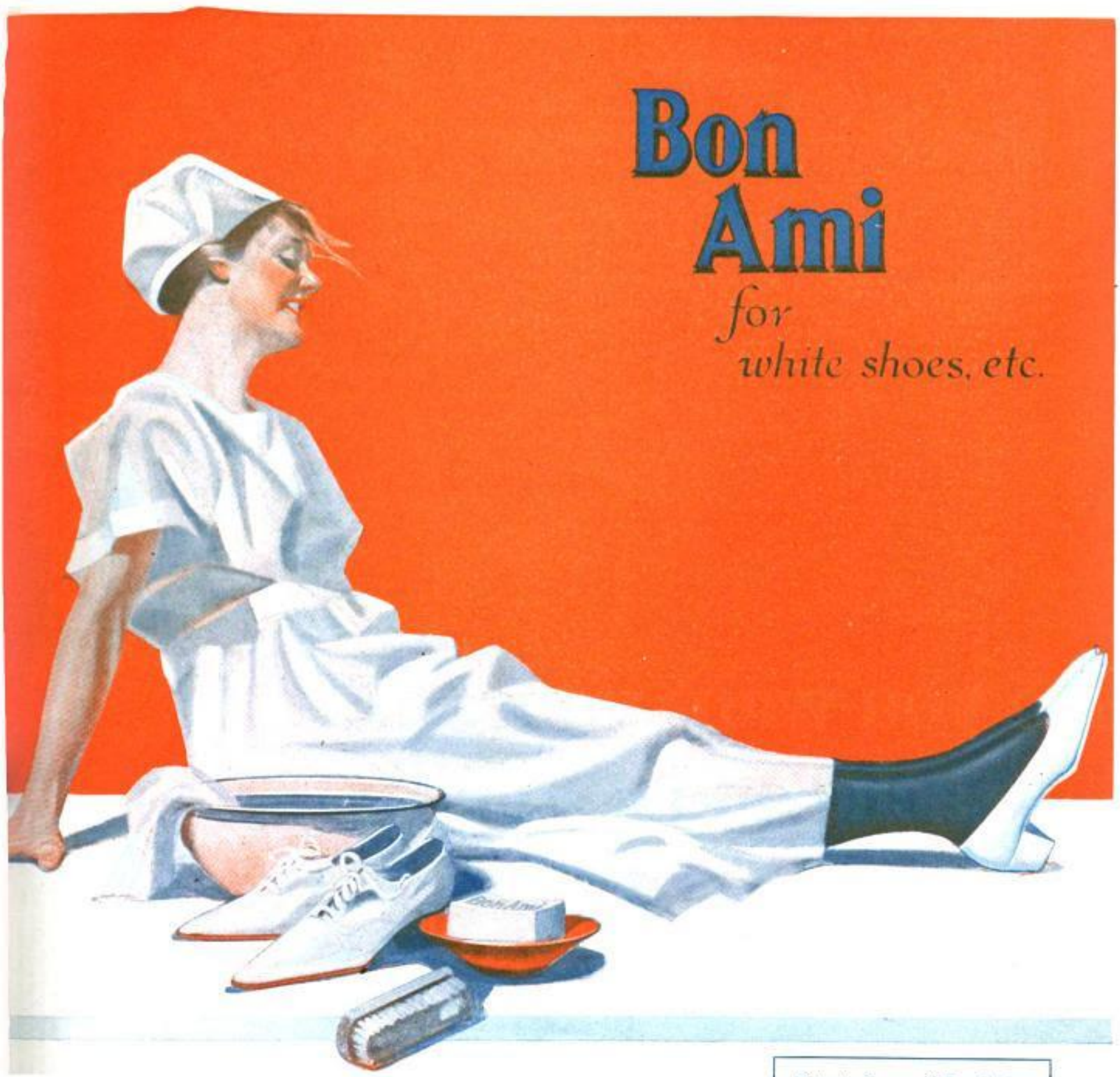
Look for the R&M symbol—the sign of a breeze—on the guard of the fan you buy. It is your guarantee of satisfaction. Good dealers everywhere carry a complete line of R&M Fans in all types and sizes for homes, offices, hotels or clubs.

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OW clean and snowy-white they look! And just a few minutes ago they were gray and soiled. There's nothing like n Ami for cleaning white shoes—all kinds except kid.

Put it on with a wet brush—not too wet—then rub it off when —and every speck of dirt and grass stain disappears.

Bon Ami *absorbs* the dirt. It doesn't paint it over with a thick, ky coating, and it doesn't fill up the seams.

When the original white has worn off, avoid the pasty look leaning your shoes with Bon Ami before applying a whitener.

Bon Ami has many uses—read the list opposite.

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Principal uses of Bon Ami—
for cleaning and polishing

Bathtubs	Windows
Fine Kitchen Utensils	Mirrors
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Brass, Copper and	The Hands
Nickel Ware	Linoleum and
Glass Baking Dishes	Congoleum

Cake or Powder
whichever you prefer

"Hasn't Scratched Yet"



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Do you want your teeth to ache and get ugly?

Proper care now will save you from this spectre of the future.

You may not realize it, but the chances are that "Acid-Mouth," a frequent cause of decay, is already at work on your teeth, eating into them slowly but persistently.

Nineteen out of every twenty persons are said to have "Acid-Mouth." And so you have a slim chance of being free from this condition—unless you do something to guard against it.

Pebeco is the tooth paste that counteracts "Acid-Mouth." Thousands of men and women use Pebeco night and morning to keep their teeth clean and sound and to check the destructive work of "Acid-Mouth."

In addition to protecting teeth against decay, Pebeco chases disagreeable tastes from the mouth, leaving a sense of refreshing cleanliness.

From the first to the last squeeze, Pebeco rolls out of the tube rich and creamy.



How to tell if you
"Acid-Mouth"

First, send for Litmus
and big trial tube

Then moisten a blue Litmus
on your tongue. If it turns
dicates an acid condition
Brush your teeth with Pebeco
another test. The paper will
color, thus demonstrating
helps to counteract "Acid-
Fill in the coupon now,
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Test Papers and big trial tube
will be sent you immediately.

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635 Greenwich Street, New York

Enclosed find 10 cents, to cover
send me your Litmus Test Papers
trial tube of Pebeco.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Vol. 1

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a big new summer idea!

FREEZE THESE FRUITS RIGHT IN THE CAN

No preparation ~
No freezer required ~
No turning



Note—Three hours is best for freezing, as fruit then turns out in a perfect cylinder. If you prefer it harder, use more salt or freeze it longer; if softer—less salt or less freezing.

Luscious fruits—frozen in their own sirup! What could be more delicious—what more fitting for a cooling, dainty summer dessert or salad?

Yet how simple to prepare—by this new DEL MONTE idea of freezing fruits right in the can! Simply place a can of DEL MONTE Fruit—Peaches, Grated Pineapple, Pears, Apricots, Blackberries, Loganberries, Raspberries or Strawberries—unopened—in a bucket of ice and salt. Leave for three hours and then turn out one of the finest frozen fruit delicacies you have ever tasted. Whatever the variety, it's refreshingly delicious—sliced as a dessert, cut in cubes in sherbet glasses, or sliced on lettuce with mayonnaise, as a novel frozen salad.

But be Sure they're Del Monte

Of course, this is a distinctively DEL MONTE recommendation. As you know, there are different grades of canned fruits on the market—each with a different quality of fruit and a different richness of the sirup in which the fruit is packed. But DEL MONTE quality is always the same—a definite, dependable standard. The fruit always has the same perfection; the sirup is always rich enough to freeze perfectly; and, more important, to taste right for a dessert, without sweetening, just as it comes frozen from the can.

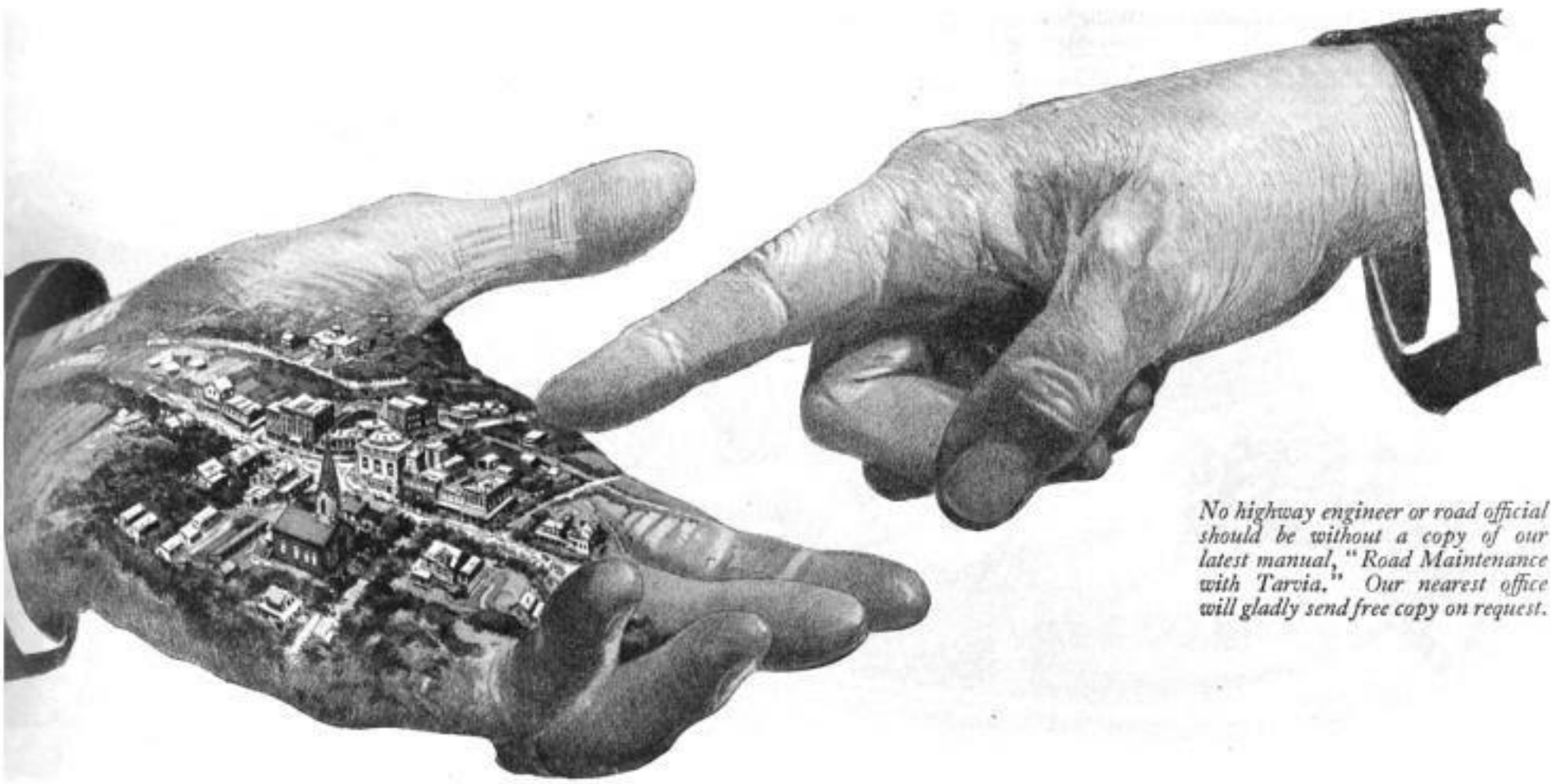
That's why an ever-increasing number of housewives are finding it so important to insist on DEL MONTE Products—not only for special uses like this—but for thrifty, every-day service all year round.

CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION
San Francisco, California

Send for these Recipe Books

Write for a copy of our new folder containing many special ways to serve these frozen dainties. It will be sent you free—together with a copy of "DEL MONTE Recipes of Flavor," which itself contains over 500 suggestions for the thrifty, year-round service of DEL MONTE Fruits, Vegetables and Food Specialties. Address Department E, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, Cal.

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No highway engineer or road official should be without a copy of our latest manual, "Road Maintenance with Tarvia." Our nearest office will gladly send free copy on request.

The Future of a Community often lies in the Road Commissioner's hands—

Although the Road Commissioner never "heads the ticket" on Election Day, there are few public officials charged with duties more vital to the public welfare.

Good roads are indispensable to the progress and happiness of every community. With good roads, getting to town is made a matter of minutes —not miles; business flourishes, hauling costs decrease, property values rise, children enjoy the benefits of a central graded school, community and social life is broadened and made more enjoyable. The future holds forth great promise.

Throughout the country our engineers have demonstrated to thousands of public-spirited road officials the great saving resulting from a definite policy of Tarvia construction and maintenance.

This popular road material is unequalled for building new roads, for resurfacing worn-out macadam, for repairing and maintaining improved roads of every type. Special grades are made for specific uses.

Tarvia roads are an indispensable part of every Good Roads Program. They are comparatively low in first cost, and are so much more economical over a term of years that the saving makes a more extensive road program possible.

If you want smooth, dustless, mudless roads in your community 365 days in the year, write to our nearest office for free copy of our illustrated "General Tarvia Catalog." You'll find it interesting.

Tarvia
For Road Construction Repair and Maintenance

Special Service Department

In order to bring the facts before taxpayers as well as road authorities, The Barrett Company has organized a Special Service Department which keeps up to the minute on all road problems.

If you will write to the nearest office regarding road conditions or problems in your vicinity, the matter will have the prompt attention of experienced engineers. This service is free for the asking. If you want *better roads* and *lower taxes*, this Department can greatly assist you.



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Chicken Croquettes with White Sauce

2 cupfuls cooked chicken
½ teaspoonful salt
¼ teaspoonful celery salt (if desired)
1 teaspoonful lemon juice
½ teaspoonful scraped onion
1 cupful white sauce

Mix ingredients in the order given. Cool the mixture. Roll in beaten eggs, then in crumbs and fry in hot Crisco.

The white sauce is made as follows:

2 tablespoonfuls Crisco
4 tablespoonfuls flour
1 cupful milk
Salt and pepper to taste

Melt Crisco, add flour, stirring to a smooth paste. Then add milk gradually. Stir over the fire until smooth and thick. In frying the croquettes use sufficient Crisco to fill the kettle about two-thirds full. (We suggest that you order 3 pounds.) Put the Crisco in a cold kettle and heat it gradually until a crumb of bread dropped into it becomes a golden brown in 40 seconds. Notice that Crisco does not sputter or boil over when the croquettes are dropped into it. That is because it contains no moisture.



Fried Foods!

A. New Digestibility
B. New Fineness of Flavor
C. New Economy

An A B C Method for securing All Three

IN TALKING over cooking matters with women, we find that the thoughtful housekeeper thinks further than the flavor of the food she serves. With woman's mother instinct she deeply concerns herself with its digestibility as well.

A crisp outside crust, surrounding a tender inside, is her ideal in fried foods. For there she has flavor combined with digestibility.

Thousands of good home cooks are daily attaining this cooking ideal—and very simply too.

They deep-fry in wholesome Crisco.

As an example of their method, we suggest that you treat your family to something very particular in chicken croquettes—following the recipe given above on this page.

Now let us give you the reason for the resulting brown, savory crust and the tender inside—with its fresh flavor of real chicken:

Crisco (of pure, vegetable origin) withstands 455 degrees without smoking. Naturally, such extreme cooking heat quickly seals the outside of the food with a crisp brown crust. Then the fat simply can't soak through to the inside.

Notice, too, that Crisco leaves behind no tell-tale frying odors.

New Variety in your Menus

You will find, we believe, that Crisco deep-frying will introduce new variety into your menus. For example: Doughnuts—with an old-fashioned New England flavor. Patties—with a taste to waken drowsy appetites. Different and tempting ways to serve potatoes. Delightful and economical ways to use up left-overs.

And, of course, you can effect a very welcome saving by following this simple rule in making light cake and flaky pastry: Wherever a recipe calls for a certain quantity of expensive butter, simply use ⅕ less of economical Crisco.

When you order Crisco ask your grocer if he knows of any other shortening which stays sweet and wholesome indefinitely without ice-box help.



YES, you can use thrifty Crisco again and again. After deep-frying simply strain through a cheese-cloth to remove any particles of food. Then Crisco is ready to bake light, tender cakes—delicious and digestible pastry.

An exceptional cook book for 10c

Entitled "A Calendar of Dinners," it was written by Marion Harris Neil, formerly cooking editor of The Ladies' Home Journal. It gives 615 exclusive recipes, 365 complete dinner menus—one for every day in the year. Complete cooking time-table. Helpful hints for judging and cooking meats, fish, fowl and game. New suggestions about pie-baking and cake-making. Cloth bound. Profusely illustrated. Although this cook book costs more than 50c to publish, it is gladly sent to friends of Crisco for 10c in stamps or coin. Write to Section K-6, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio



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For digestible and flaky pastry.

For crisp, digestible fried foods.

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HE CHANGING EAST

By Isaac F. Marcosson

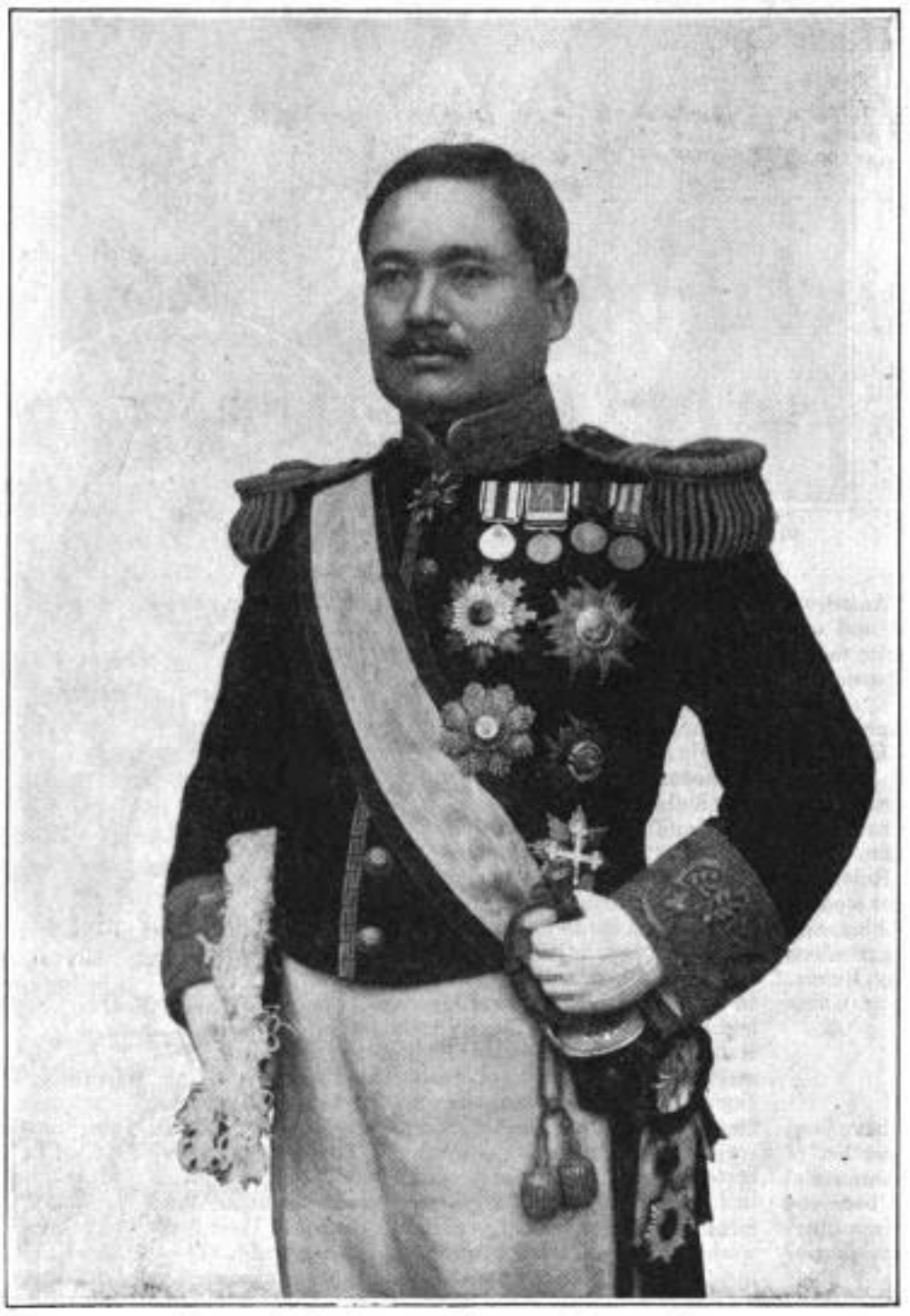
APRIL TENTH, exactly five onths after the opening of the 'ashington conference, five hun-ed Japanese troops sailed from in the province of Shan-tung In full kit and with tiny em-the Rising Sun fluttering from s of their rifles, they marched ansport that conveyed them was the first step in the actual of a strip of land that had ie interest of the world ever signing of that recipe for ruin known as the Versailles Treaty. inconsiderable areas of earth he eye and stirred the imagina-oples. That valor-enshrined ick and soil known as Verdun, e, was long the barometer of nes. Ypres and Amiens once opes and fears of civilization. tice ended anxiety in these With peace the troubles of really began.

limitation of armament, with rtant by-products of peace and the Pacific, was the outstand-of the Washington conference, inspired a larger sentimental on its fate not only depended degree the future American wards Japan but peace be-n and China as well.

sailing of those five hundred oops from Tsing-tau repre-rst fruits of the historic gather-the vision and statesmanship Harding. Like the conference, nt from Shan-tung was only a Tremendous difficulties lie in a translation of the Washing-conciliation and concession alities.

rganized China

NG itself faces fresh complica-develops from the fact that ed to Japanese acquiescence ington agreement. Japan's npensation for her improve-leased territory will make st of the railway—approxi-n million dollars—which was l that China thought that she pay, a detail. This impend-bill for improvements will arly fifty million dollars.



Viscount Uchida, Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs

ed and bankrupt China is in no position to meet this obligation unless she Japan. This would only tighten the already strong Japanese economic tung. Business retirement is not always coincident with military withdrawal. ks from adding to her already heavy indebtedness to Japan, and is unable quately the railway zone, then the Japanese will feel justified in detaining troops to protect the mortgage she holds. At the very moment that China oting her best energies to the patriotic task of raising the funds to buy out Holy Province—Confucius was born in Shan-tung—she is facing civil war. ach to the Washington conference was cluttered up, so to speak, with the ntanglements of antagonism and suspicion, and the highway that leads eady strewn with problems, many of them difficult of solution. The road-visioned concession that marked discussions and treaties must animate ut of their significant dictates. For tolerant internationalism is essential ation of the international economic and political structure.

e American who threw his hat in the air when the conference adjourned, and everything in the Pacific was over but the shouting, has another guess coming. These next twelve months in the Orient will be, in many respects, as delicate as those preceding the conference were ticklish.

What are the consequences, so far, of the Washington meeting? That they will be more constructive than the results of the Versailles deliberation almost goes without saying. At Paris the element of nationalistic politics was the paramount motive. At Washington toleration was conspicuous in shaping policies. Whereas disillusion and discontent have been the heritage of the Paris treaty, the documents formulated at the American capital have stirred the universal consciousness to the realization that in intelligent co-operation lies the salvation of the human race.

I went to the Far East to find out the actual situation. From a Europe rent with an unrest miscalled peace, I shifted the scene of observation to an Asia on the eve of significant evolution. I expected to find the Eastern world agog with speculation over the work of a conference that had saved a considerable portion of it, especially Japan, from bankruptcy or worse. Except for the thinking class in Japan, and a much smaller Western-educated coterie in Peking and Canton, there was very little genuine interest. Instead of rising to the opportunity created by the immense moral support that she received at Washington, China, for example, through the jealousies and intrigues of her two principal war lords, had been converted into an armed camp. Reaction in Japan is fighting army reduction to the last ditch. Even the people of Shan-tung are more disturbed about graft disclosures and bandit depredations than any kind of realization of what the American people have done for them. So it goes.

Diplomacy of Good Will

THESE are merely a few of the immediate consequences of the Washington conference. Likewise there are many compensations, even at this early date. In this and in succeeding articles an attempt will be made to interpret the results in Japan and China.

I journeyed to the Orient with an open mind. The moment you mention Japan the words "pro" and "anti" rise up. There seems to be an unwritten law that everything written about the Island Empire must fall under one of these two heads. But there is a middle ground between the adulation of junketeers for whom the Japanese stage every phase of their life, in order to create a favorable impression, and the blind prejudice of those whose opinions are formed before they leave their American port. It is this middle ground, based on the facts as I have found them, that I shall take.

Just as Germany after the war had to be analyzed not in the heat and passion engendered by the conflict but in her relationship to a larger economic structure that is permanent, so must Japan be viewed as a cog in an international business structure that must know neither caste, color nor creed. Plain honesty is the one requirement. A distracted and disorganized world, weary of the ravages of war and the no less disturbing bickers of peace, calls for coöperation. Perhaps these twelve months of grace and the gospel of a new diplomacy of good will will go down in history as the Year of Reorganization and Recuperation. Political peace will mean economic peace.

Before I enter upon the real narrative two preliminaries must be disposed of. One is to explain the difficulty of getting at anything like a real estimate of the Eastern situation. The other is the political and economic approach to the Washington conference.

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Innumerable obstacles beset the path of investigation in Japan and China. In Japan you have, first of all, the language barrier. Many intelligent Japanese think they can speak and understand English, but they labor under a delusion. Even when they do speak English the habits of evasion and indirection frustrate frank expression. Few Orientals are frank. This psychological handicap is heightened by the Japanese desire to put something over. It is like the strong sense of curiosity—it is really espionage—born in every son of Nippon. Even the fairest-minded alien instinctively puts himself on guard the moment he arrives in Japan, and keeps it up until he leaves. When you talk to aliens who have lived there or who have been there, you are caught between the Japanophobes and the Japanophiles. In self-defense you fall back on your impressions and stand by them.

In China the task is no easier. Nearly every foreigner has a pet tuchun—military governor—or a favorite minister. Out of long contact with it I used to think that German, French, Hungarian, Polish and Czecho-Slovakian propaganda held the world's endurance record for persistency and prevarication, but it is amateurish alongside the flood of inspired utterance in the land of the Celestials. When an alien has lived for ten years in China he either becomes a propagandist or an adviser. If you are in doubt about the status of a man in Peking you are safe in labeling him an adviser and letting it go at that. Poor old China has had to pay the overhead freight for all this expert advice, which extends from finance to sanitation. Incidentally, if ever a country needed disinfectants in its public life, that country is China. This, however, is another and later story.

I could not have gone to the Far East at a more opportune time. Like Europe, the vast domain that teems with one-half of the human race, and where population is doubled every fifty years, is plastic as never before. The influences at work today will shape the coming centuries.

Moreover the future of China, India, Russia—for the Slavs overrun the north of Asia—to say nothing of Japan, is of immense significance to the United States. Aside from the American financial and commercial stake in the Orient and our stewardship of the Philippines, we have a definite moral obligation to China, growing out of John Hay's enunciation of the open-door policy for her.

That so-called open door long constituted one of the myths, and I might add, the jokes, of the East. Up to the Washington conference it served mainly to provoke platitudinous professions that only camouflaged selfish aggression. It was like that traditional helping hand held out to China, that invariably hid the itching palm. Most European powers openly preached the Golden Rule, and privately practiced the double-cross. You do not wonder that a hearty dislike for foreigners grew up in China, and that Japan, prize imitator that she is, laid her aggressions to the uplifting precedent established by Germany, Russia, England and France who pinched off chunks of China almost at will.

Bayonet and Sample Case

JUST as delay, compromise and petty politics have been the postwar curse of Europe, so was the conflict of national assimilations, which always masked commercial penetration, the bane of the East. China has been the battleground of most of this commercialism that masqueraded as statesmanship. Everybody but America participated in the great game of grab.

It followed that in China business leaned too much on politics and too little on permanently constructive initiative and enterprise. It helped to aggravate the squeeze, or graft system. In the same way big business in Japan has always been tied up to the government, as was the case in the Germany that was. It was really feudal in spirit and organization. But there was a fundamental difference between Japan and Germany: Japanese efficiency in commerce and industry is a vastly overestimated quantity. With the Germans efficiency was the real thing.

Now you can see why Far Eastern politics and business became entangled in just the same way that they are involved in Europe. You cannot discuss one without treading on the toes of the other. By the same token it is impossible to deal with China without involving Japan. What immediately strikes the observer in these parts is the extraordinary mistake that Japan made in reading the psychology of the Chinese. Japan's whole economic well-being depends upon friendly relations with her nearest and biggest neighbor, who is also her biggest customer.



Viscount Takahashi, Japanese Premier

Yet for years she has apparently done everything in her power to antagonize her. The usurpation by Japan of authority in Shan-tung was merely one evidence of it. This antagonism jeopardized peace in the Pacific and, together with the mad and suicidal race for armament, would have eventually precipitated a serious crisis, and possibly worse.

This leads me to an observation bearing on Japan that may as well be disposed of here as in any other place. In brief, it is this: The real Japanese problem, whether in China, Siberia or California, is fundamentally an economic and not a race problem. Touch the pocketbook and you start trouble. Japan's misfortune is that there are two kinds of Japanese. One is the type you meet in Japan, who can hold their own socially and commercially anywhere. The other is a lower caste, which seems to constitute the bulk of the penetrators in foreign countries. They are the small tradesmen and farmers who not only segregate but set up in their little worlds abroad all the institutions of the homeland. These include the vice quarter, without which no Japanese community is complete. This is true of Shan-tung, Siberia or any other place where the Japanese take economic root. Overshadowing this is the fact that they cut into the business of the white man, and the inevitable friction, born of trade rivalry, develops.

The Japanese business penetrator in Asia has usually accompanied the soldier. This has been especially the case in Shan-tung and Siberia. When the sample case follows the bayonet the commercial envoy is not inclined toward tolerant amiability. He gets his hooks into concessions and ties up leases with military authority behind him. Hence Japan can afford to withdraw in various quarters and not materially disturb her economic domination there.

When you study the Japanese at home you also discover that just as there are two distinct grades in trade exploitation so there are two distinct states of mind. The Japanese on his own heath is, in the main, a more attractive person than the average Japanese you find abroad. The moment they leave their native shores the Nipponese seem to acquire a pride and cockiness that have helped



Mr. Liang Shih-Yi, Premier of China

to aggravate the tension brought about the commercial condition that I have described.

This, however, is incidental. Let us take the highroad to Washington. The real milepost was set up when Japan surprised the world and conquered China in 1895. There is no doubt that Japan was deprived the fruits of her victory largely through influence of Russia. A vital part of the fruits was the tip of the Liao-tung Peninsula. Russia paid a heavy price for her interference because the germ of the Russo-Japanese War was this bit of Manchuria dominated by Port Arthur, which Russia later leased, and which lost to Japan in the struggle of 1904 and 1905 in which a great white race bowed for the first time to the prowess of the yellow man.

With her triumph over Russia the position of Japan as a world entity began. There is no need of rehearsing her much-discussed rise. The Anglo-Japanese Alliance, which was really a coalition against Russia, speeded her progress and enabled her to sit in the front row of the powers that be.

Asiatic Politics

ASIA entered upon a new era, with Japan the dominant agency. She bore to Asia the same relation towards Asiatic development that Germany did towards Europe. The appetite for expansion was keen. Being feudal in spirit and conception, she naturally employed more or less feudal methods. Germany became the model, militarism grew into a fetish. The mailed fist began to rival the chrysanthemum as the national emblem.

There are many well-informed people who believe that if Japan in her great victory over Russia had made an alliance with China, promulgated a Monroe Doctrine for Asia, and made herself the keeper, so to speak, of the integrity of the continent, instead of becoming bitten with imperialistic ambitions for a Pan-Japan, she would have been spared much international reaction and Behind all the Japanese power and territory was a reason. It grew out of become a vital world problem today—namely, the pressure and growing populations inadequate food supply. In the case of Japan she needed more food. Her native and available and steel remain totally inadequate for her industrial needs. The reason for her penetration where she controls three-fourths iron mines today. Just as the war was fundamentally precipitated the Teutonic desire for world domination, so was the situation in the East, which made the Washington necessary, due solely to Japan's need of room in the race for a commercial that was not without its aggressive and irritating features. Then came the Great War. was expelled from Asia, and Japan, her acolyte, place in Shan-tung. The trouble that Russia herself in Manchuria was duplicated by the which Japan sowed for herself when she sought to perpetself in China. Had she withdrawn gracefully have avoided much of the suspicion felt toward America and elsewhere. Even her treaty colleagues, underwent a change of heart.

It is no secret now that the Twenty-One foisted on China were partially inspired by a firm belief that Germany would win. Only such a would have fostered such a monstrous Japan, as most people know, made hay while the of war shone. Even before America got into the capitalized civilization's hour of tragedy with an expansion that was followed by an orgy of speculation inflation, for which she will soon pay dear. The economic collapse which has touched every part with the puncturing of the silk boom in Japan. This also is a later story. The big fact to be emphasized here is that with the signing of the Versailles Japan stood at the crossroads of her destiny. What aspirations were at that time, a new Asiatic deal

With Russia in collapse, with the German world domination ended—both of these empires had been potent factors in the Far East of national antagonism, and with them new

(Continued on Page 89)

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'ESS THAN THE DUST

By Frances Noyes Hart

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

BIE THORN ran distracted fingers rough her dark cropped curls, protest urmy in her eyes.

I'm telling you she's hopeless!" she ed vehemently. "Out and out hope- it's barefaced flattery to let it go at that. You grin about it either. If anyone asks me what I call that mouse-faced infant on us in the middle of the ll tell 'em I call it a rotten outrage. Her ——"

to the best of my recollection, no one has asked dear child," commented the flannel-clad gentle- aging beside her. "Good shot, Pete. Oh, in a u met the train, did you? Well, you shall have ea. Now get your breath and pull yourself to- d tell us just exactly what is the matter with this ror. You have an attentive audience—or am ating, Robert?"

re exaggerating," replied the man leaning against grimly. "I don't give a whoop in Hades what are talking it *I'll* give ollars apiece lking. You e noise than ther people ld."

ick-headed n with the charming ed at him ically.

is golden, ll, the poor Thorns pre- e silver of g party last obert the

the Lord's up! Tell I've gone pool, will ou later." ul!" com- od Thorn ly. "All ing quali- na with a certainly en thou- es if he skull on n of the wouldn't gle copper e hand- al wreath I'd even long pur- ers with ed ends ng tasty ss is our roidered iddle in thic let-

lo think let him marked ntively. re hooch on the one can doesn't

ndeed," brother

veryone apiece er last mpagne

ake four dear?" pleas- ark eyes ffle.

many replied dignity.

"And it's none of your business that it didn't happen to be four. Four is a very good number ——"

"If I ever catch you taking four cocktails," he assured her, "your diet for a long, long time will consist entirely of certified milk and the very best bread that money can buy."

"Oh, stuff! Six nights a week you don't know what anyone in this place is doing—you and your everlasting paper. Anyway, it isn't just a hang-over that he's got; he and Polly had the best row you ever heard out of an animal house just before lunch."

"Charming, charming couple, the young Grahames. Life of the place, aren't they? Is it indiscreet to ask what caused the—er—discussion?"

"Discussion? Oh, boy, if this was a discussion, the Battle of the Marne was a debate!" Babbie wrinkled her absurd scrap of a nose in luxurious reminiscence. "Believe me, you could have heard what Robert thought of Paula right out in the middle of Texas, and you wouldn't have had to strain your ears any, at that. That boy surely was shouting pretty!"

"What about?"

"Oh, because Polly'd sold The King. You know—that police dog he was so mad about? Well, of course she had two perfectly good reasons: Bob had absolutely refused to buy her those long green earrings she sent home, so she needed the money; and then Ramon had given her the most fascinating animal, about four inches square, called Black Butterfly; she says it's a dog, and she was worried that The King might sit down on it by mistake and ——"

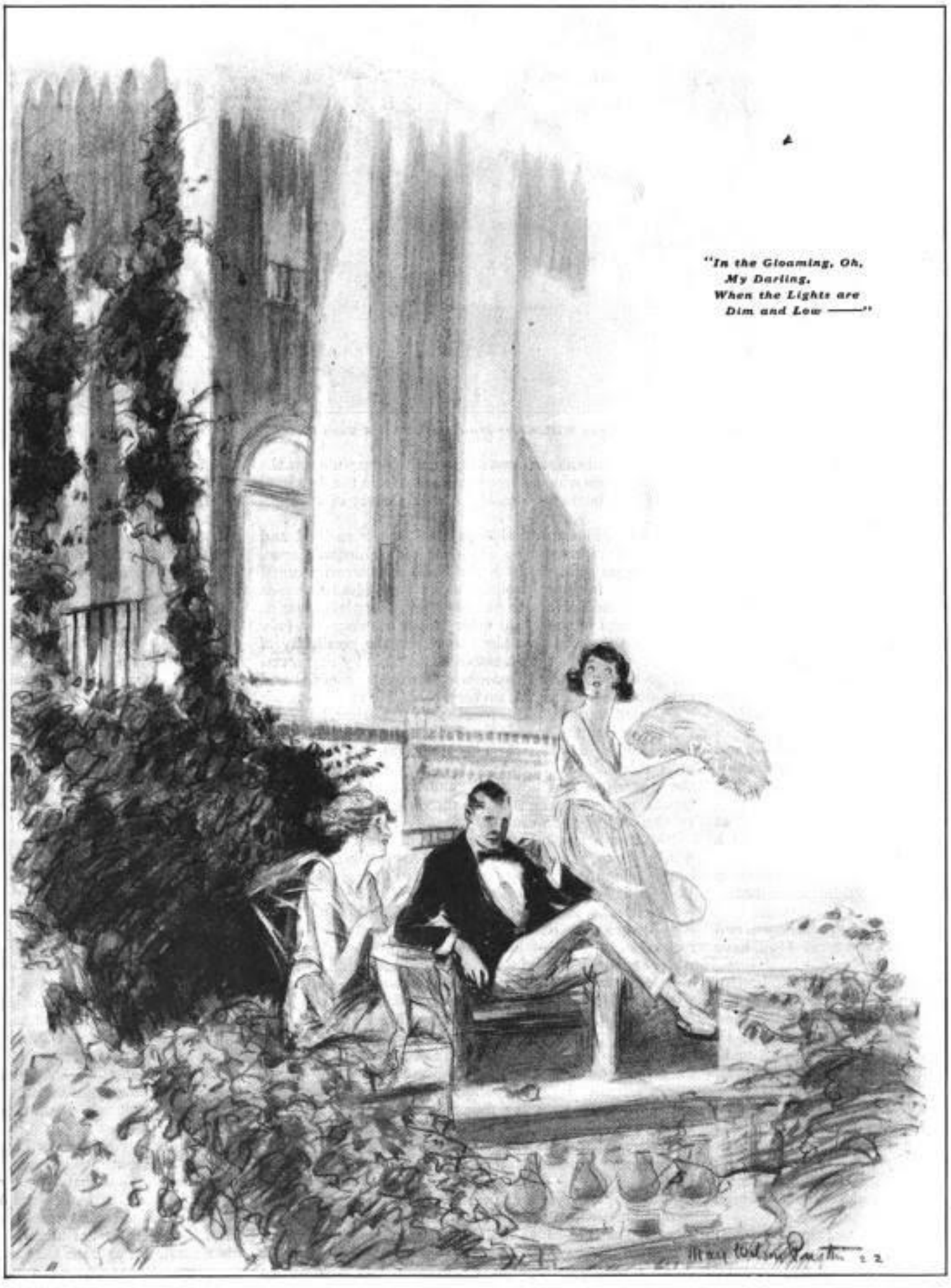
"By heavens, you women!" cut in Rodman Thorn, a far-off note of passionate resentment shaking his low voice. "So she sold the poor devil's dog, did she? The only thing on God's earth that gave him a moment's happiness! I swear you pass belief, the lot of you—and every last one of you can stand up in front of an altar and take an oath with a straight face to love, honor and obey us till death do us part! Thank God for the mistakes of others! I know one fine young fellow who's going to profit by them."

"You fancy yourself a good deal as Roddie the Ironclad, don't you, darling?" inquired his sister indulgently. "Well, believe me, the day's going to come when you'll fall so hard that you'll break every bone in your body, and your head too. It'll probably be for some little fuzzy-haired queen out of the third row at the Winter Garden; and serve you bally well right, at that. Speaking of queens, that prize from Paris is due to turn up here any minute. She was coming over just as fast as she could skip from one set of horrors into another. Oh, lady, that blue suit—I can see it yet!"

"But what did you find so particularly agitating about her, dear child?"

"Well, the fact that she was alive and moving around was enough to agitate anyone with two eyes. She wears skirts down to her ankles, and her hair around her head in braids, and no more powder on her face than a—than a clam." Babbie's vivid and sophisticated small countenance was brushed with stern disgust.

"Ugh! I know the kind—nasty, low-minded, holy little beasts!"



"In the Gloaming, Oh, My Darling, When the Lights are Dim and Low ——"

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"The Stuff You're Getting Away With Gives Me a Pain That'd Turn Neuralgia Into a Treat"

"Now, now," murmured Rod warningly. "The mere fact that you consider Godiva an evil-minded prude for not bobbing her hair is no reason for branding this child of the Old World ——"

"Oh, shut up!" The overwrought critic searched feverishly through her meshed silk bag. "Give us a light, darling, and don't talk so much; you haven't seen her. Just because she's been out of America for a century or so is no excuse for her turning into a Manchu peasant or a Patagonian serf, is it? She ——"

"God forgive you," said Rod compassionately. "Mr. Wells never would. The study of the social system has obviously never claimed your attention, little one. Also I've been given to understand that the young person is a purely European product. Possibly the French conception of the *jeune fille* and the British of the flapper would ——"

"Oh, hire a hall!" advised Babbie whole-heartedly. "It's absolutely sickening the way you're getting to talk, Rod. You may be a dramatic critic, but that's no reason for using so many asinine words that everyone thinks you're an agent for some new dictionary. It's darned embarrassing for me, I can tell you. Joan's the only one that ever sticks up for you, and she does it because she wants to make Pete mad; I wish to the Lord you'd cut it out. As for your *jeune fille*, no one called Sarah Anne Carstairs had better try pulling any of that Continental stuff around here, even if she has a dead American father and a live French mother. Oh, Joan! Jo-an, come on in and watch the tennis; Pete's got two sets straight from the Western Wizard."

"Good stuff," commented the lady named Joan, hauling up her pony sharply, and swinging to the ground. "Take him home, Barker, and tell mother I'll want the car at seven. Hi, fellow citizens! You're looking rather fetching in that orange affair, Babbie, my girl. Don't stop playing, boys. Afternoon, Baldur the Beautiful."

Rodman Thorn grinned at her, unperturbed. "Back at you, huntress of men, and delight of my soul. Want a cushion?"

"Want two. And a cigarette; no, on second thoughts, a box of the little darlings. Anything to drink around here, honorable hostess?"

"Etienne's bringing out some ginger ale pretty soon, and the Wizard brought a flask, bless his blue eyes. Joan, have you seen her?"

"Seen who?" Miss Joan Claridge curled her diminutive self up compactly on the scarlet cushions, struck a match on the sole of one tan boot with professional dexterity, and bestowed an approving glance from her sea-blue eyes on the man beside her. "You're disgustingly good-looking in flannels, aren't you, Rod? Still no hope for an honest, hard-working girl?"

"Not a hope," confirmed the impervious Rod. "The line of aspirants still forms to the right, however. Do those unscrupulous little curls grow around your ears of their own free will, Joan, or do you get them there by brute force?"

"Will power," explained the owner of the honey-colored curls.

Her minute daintiness turned the workmanlike polo costume into pure travesty—in a moment, surely, it would fade and dissolve into pale taffetas and foaming laces—the brown crash was as absurdly incongruous as the barytone voice which seemed to emerge from the depths of her shining boots with all the startling effect of ventriloquism.

Miss Claridge could ride as hard, swear as loud and drink as competently as any man of her acquaintance, but no stain of hardness or recklessness or weariness had brushed the fairylike loveliness of her small countenance as yet. Her indifference to public or private opinion was as genuine as the rose-petal color in her cheeks; the only thing in the world that she feared was the possibility of being considered even remotely respectable by any member of the widely assorted circle of friends, enemies and acquaintances that made up her world. No breath of such a suspicion had clouded her serenity for some time, however.

"Lud, Babbie! Are these instruments of torture doped?"

"I think maybe they are," replied the proud owner of the cigarettes hopefully. "Ramon looked awfully mysterious when he gave them to me, and murmured something about poppied dreams."

"More apt to be pop-eyed, if you ask me; Car-r-ramba, what a taste! Since when has the Argentine Apollo become Ramon to you, my good child? I thought that our Polly had him roped, tied and branded."

"Well, she has, rather," admitted Babbie frankly. "I've only known him for about ten days, but it does seem sort of swanky to go on calling anyone Señor Mendoza when he calls you his little rose of darkness—eh, what?"

"God bless the Latin race!" invoked Joan with fervor. "It'll go right ahead in its sunshiny, benevolent, wholehearted way, whether Polly gnashes her teeth and lays back her ears or not. It's a great consolation to me, though I couldn't give it any silver cup as a judge of tobacco. No use struggling—I'm being driven to the strong man's refuge! I saw a perfectly maddening pipe when I was in town yesterday, lying on a little sofa of white velvet all by itself in the jeweler's window. It was black as Polly's heart, with a green jade sash around its precious tummy, and it was exactly the right size for me. Are you listening, Rod?"

"Breathlessly," Rod assured her. "But my interest is purely abstract. I am in no condition, financial or emotional, to shower trifles of ebony and jade on any creature that breathes. I have a nice brown meerschaum that's entirely at your disposal, however—pretty a thing as you'll f… twe… San Fra… It's yours … smile, my la…

"A goo… scowl's grow… all you'… go… of me for … time," re… the frost… Joan. "I… ever seen the… a n g e … wouldn't … me with … chatter a… meerschaum… had a visitor… lying be… with 'Cla… arrived … from P… printed o… gold letter…

"Oh, J… Tragedy, … rarily for… once more… Babbie m… wings. … never told … have yo… her?"

"Seen … Miss Ca… interest … purely p… tory.

"Mrs … stairs' ne… just arri… day from … too; and … me, no on… to print … her visiti…

"No … seen her … turned … m o t … "What's …

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ter, Babbie—is she devastating as all that? Y… though you were going into crape any minute …

"Devastating!" lamented the stricken Babbie. … she's the worst dud you ever saw; I couldn't d… if I tried a million years. You know those kick s… we used to pile over to see last fall—the ones … St. Elmo and East Lynne and Uncle Tom's C… tent, and that we got thrown out of because … hysterics, and went on as though he had whoo… all through the most sickening part of the l… Remember? Well, I give you my sacred wor… that she looks as though she'd been hired to … the heroine, and the manager was thinking … because she wasn't good enough. She was too s… real. I could yell when I think of her."

"You're certainly taking a great weight off … said Joan languidly. "One more siren in our … just about break my spirit; I'm thinking of suing … mental anguish as it is. But why all the agon… Didn't I hear somewhere that Mrs. Carstairs … Canada?"

"That's why all the agony," explained Ba… ishly. "She went yesterday; her stepmoth… operated on tomorrow, and she had to leave … awful hurry without arranging anything—except … made me promise to look after this—this mous… the creature might feel strange and uncomfortable … she'd been five years in a convent and hadn't … in America since she was two. She made me … down and meet her, and take her to the club … and the races. Thank God we hadn't any … house, or I'd probably have had to take her in … to bed. As it is, Mrs. Carstairs' housekeeper … have that job. Mrs. Carstairs hardly knows a th… her. She's really Mr. Carstairs' niece, you … been dead so long that he isn't exactly a mine … tion. But I ask you, Joan, if it isn't the most … thing you ever heard?"

"Well, hardly!" said the Dresden shepherdess … boots. "But it sounds like a good bit of a bore. … get out of it?"

"She most certainly cannot," stated Ba… "Nothing that Babbie could ever do could pos… Mrs. Carstairs for her kindness. She's paid a … more attention to Babs than most people do to … daughters these days—given her dances, tak…

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pe and California—and Babbie is certainly going to
rything in her power to see that this girl has as good
as possible for the next week. I don't want to hear
ore nonsense about it, and that's flat."
lman very rarely took that tone with his highly un-
lined small sister, and she stared at him blankly for a
nt, wavering between indignation and surrender.
all, he was her only asset as a family, and she hesi-
to turn him into a liability. As a combination
r, father, audience and companion, Rod had done
well in the last ten years. She decided to swallow
ath, though the look that she bestowed on her
e was one of acutely injured innocence.
ll, for Pete's sake, what have I done? What
I done, if it comes to that? Didn't I meet the
rain and smile all over my face when I saw her, in-
f giving one piercing scream and dropping dead at
:? I know what Mrs. Carstairs has done for me as
anyone, but you needn't think that it's going to
e run around blessing the day that this curse came
life. I'm glad that you're feeling that way about
gh—you're going to have a darn good chance to
oble and as holy as you want to in about three
. The little treasure's probably romping on her
w—just long enough to get her face washed and
p her nose a little, and stick her hair back from her
she'll be with us. She's yours from then on—and,
me, no one's going to yank her away from you

eaned over, bestowing a swift pat on the curly
d an enchanting smile, which he carried in spite
w against concealed weapons, on the expressive
nce lifted gloomily to his.
re turning my blood to ice water," he said cheer-
But I'm at your disposal, no matter how congealed.
he program, my sunbeam?"
e going down to the pool for a swim after a while,"
e sunbeam drearily. "And to-night we're dining
ub. You get one side of her, and I bet whoever
ther won't speak to me for a month. You needn't grin like that—believe me, you won't be grinning by one o'clock to-morrow morning!"

"If I ever grinned at one o'clock in the morning it's because I was in a comatose condition, and had lost all control of my facial muscles. Up to twelve A.M. all I need is curls to be Pollyanna's prize understudy, and after the witching hour I'd be out of place at anything but a first-class wake."

"It's a pity you picked dramatic criticism for your life work," murmured Joan with a small but ostentatious yawn. "Think of what a milkman you'd have made! Polly and I'd give up going to bed entirely to be milkmaids, and wake you at dawn by throwing dew in at the window. Wouldn't we, precious?"

"Wouldn't we what?" drawled the tall and tragic young person misleadingly addressed as "precious."

"Now, now, Polly! What's the use of crawling up behind people in that sinister fatal way if you don't eavesdrop? You've heard every word we've been saying for the last five minutes, you wonderful black panther! Come around in front so we can see your hunting costume for the afternoon—there's a good vampire."

"Thanks," replied Paula Grahame softly. "I'm quite comfortable where I am."

"Very, very disobliging, if you ask me! You can see if you just turn your head half an inch, Rod. Attaboy! Well, what's the news from the front? Has the leopard changed her spots?"

"You ought always to wear purple, Polly!" remarked Rodman with flattering conviction. "Especially with a lace veil that trails a little, and a parasol to lean on, and a deep-red rose. It's simply ——"

"Makes your senses reel, doesn't it, old dear? Wonderful what you can do when you set your mind to it, isn't it, Polly? Who was it that said that genius is nine-tenths hard work? Carlyle? Ruskin?"

Rodman grinned reluctantly. "Bet a dime you're the author," he said. "Come on, stop deviling Polly, and behave yourself, you little demon. Lots of room, Polly—sit yourself down and fall to. A good time is about to be had by all. A majestic form is approaching with tall glasses. Here, sit by me!"

"There doesn't seem to be anything but ground to sit on," murmured young Mrs. Grahame.

"Well, there's nothing solider than ground, my dear girl—you'll have to admit that. A chair would be nice, but it's simply out of the question, unless you can seduce the bearer of glasses. Of course there are cushions. You have more than your share, Joan—cash in, Babbie—one of mine as a special concession. Mount the throne, lady!"

Paula seated herself on the edge of the pile of cushions with majestic caution, and turned the somber magnificence of her eyes on the menial with the glasses.

"Anything in them, Etienne?"

"What madame sees—geengaire ale, ice ——"

"Thanks," said Paula hastily, and her tone was not eloquent of gratitude. "None for me, Babbie."

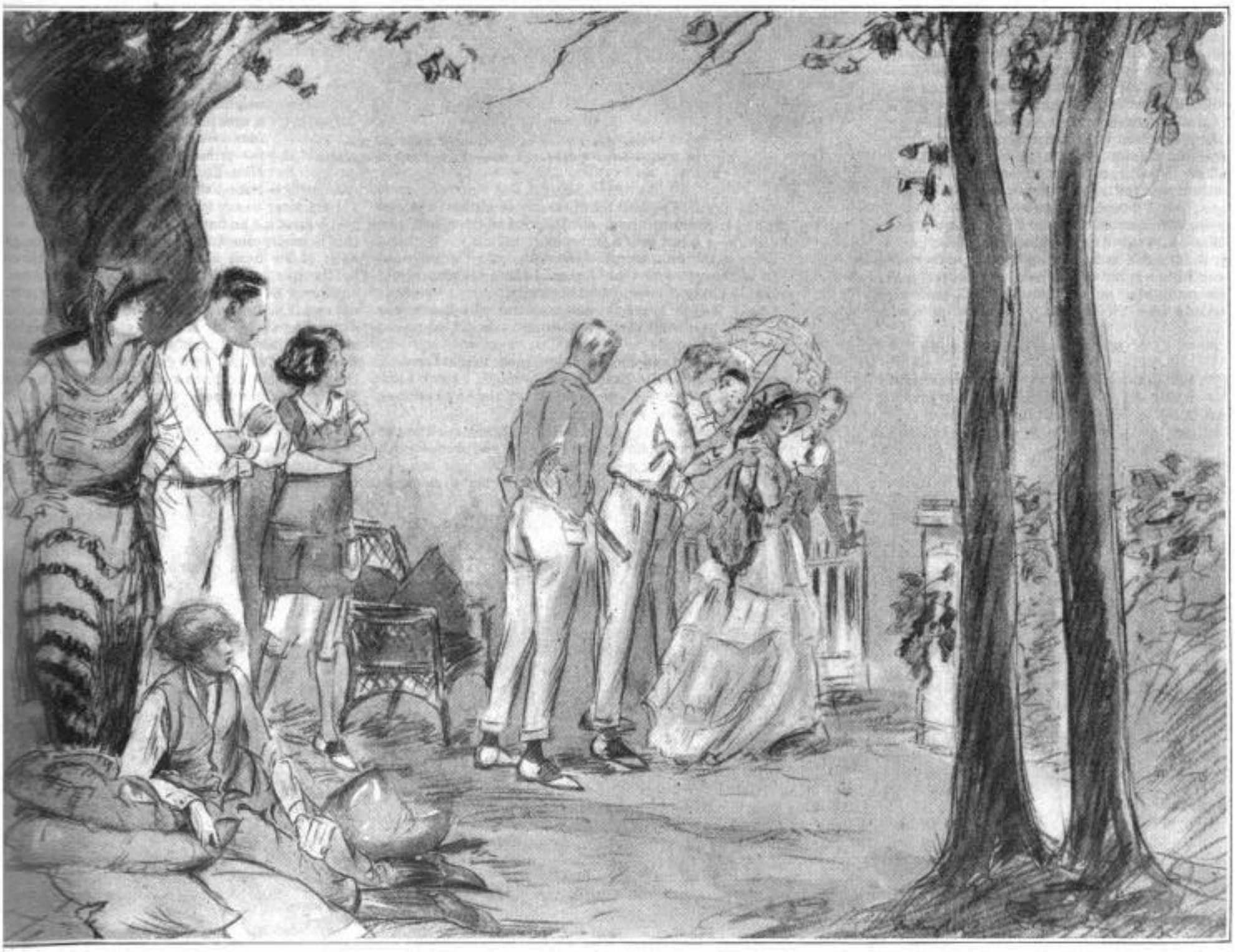
"Pull yourself together, darling," adjured Joan, deftly removing two very tall glasses from the tray. "Take a nice big glass and park it beside you for five minutes, and maybe the fairies will put something in it. Do you believe in fairies, woman of mystery?"

"I'll believe in anything that will put something but ice in this ginger ale. Who has the flask? You, Rod?"

"Nossir—not that I don't appreciate the pretty tribute. The gentleman from California who has just taken two straight sets and six straight games from the well-known Peter is now approaching, bearing gifts. Draw near, Lochinvar—draw a whole lot nearer! An admiring throng is eager and anxious to drink your everlasting life and happiness if you'll sprinkle just a drop of life and happiness in their glasses!"

"Go to it!" affably advised the brown young giant rejoicing in the name of La Rue Sinclair Tolliver and less formally referred to as Frisco Tolly. Babbie patted the ground beside her invitingly, her gypsy color a little deeper, and he sat down swiftly, with an expansively responsive smile. "No, wait a sec—it's in the polo-coat pocket. Say when, Joan."

(Continued on Page 98)



"Send Them Back When They've Had Their Cambric Tea, Will You? If They Ever Come Out of Their Trance We'd Like 'em for Dinner"

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What Would the Boys We Were Think of Us Now?

By Ellis Parker Butler

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

THE other day, among some old papers, I ran across the photograph of a rather nice-looking little boy, and when I turned it over I found written on the back, "Ellis Parker Butler, about 1876, aged 7." That did interest me, you may well believe. There we were—the boy I was and the man I am—face to face, and if we wanted to we could say what we thought of each other.

For a man to see a photograph of himself as he was forty-six years ago is not so interesting as it would be to see a photograph of himself as he will be forty-six years from now, but it is something. Forty-six years from now I may be a wabbly old gentleman ninety-nine years old, taking nourishment out of a soup spoon; or I may be standing in line at the window of the supply department to ask for a new G string for my golden harp; or—but I hope not—I may be looking at a thermometer that registers 2697 degrees above zero and saying to the man next me:

"It looks as if it would be warmer today if we don't have some rain, and I'll bet a million to one we won't."

No one can guess what a photograph of himself taken forty-six years from now will show. If there is anything in this transmigration-of-souls business, as the old Druses believed, a twelve-dollar-per-dozen cabinet photo of me taken forty-six years from now may show me as a Rocky Mountain goat or as a Peruvian llama or as a plain but dignified ox. On the whole I don't believe I will care to be an ox unless the pasturage is fair to middling and the work light, but I would rather have my photograph show me an ox than as something in the fourth-dimensional-space plane—say, as a transparent parallelepipedon marked A, B, X and Y at the corners. For a man who has always been rather proud of his looks, a photograph that showed him as nothing but an invisible whiff, represented by the formula 7A+3B(—Z+2X), would be quite a comedown.



The Boy I Used to be Decided That He Must be a Blacksmith. I Confess I Have Failed the Young Man

My Photograph in 1968

EVEN if the photograph showed me resolved into my constituent chemical elements, I don't believe I should care much for it. I should hate to go over a lot of proofs with my family and have my daughter say: "I don't like this one at all. The H_2O hardly shows at all, and the carbon and iron are so prominent they make papa look like the inside of a last year's stovepipe."

Even if the photograph showed me as an angel—and that is almost more than I dare hope—someone would probably study it a while and then say:

"Yes! Yes, it is a good likeness; but why didn't you wait until you were through molting? Or did you need insect powder?"

On the whole, though a photograph taken forty-six years from now would be interesting enough, I think I like the one taken forty-six years ago, even if the boy in it does not look at me with enthusiastic pride.

This seven-year-old boy in the photograph is sitting in the photographer's plush chair, sideways and cross-legged, with his right elbow on the back of the chair and the fingers of his right hand spread out like the rays of the sun. I can still feel the moist hand of the photographer as he lifted one finger after another and put it exactly where he wanted it to be, exclaiming, "There! Good! That's fine!" Then he jumped back to his camera and hid under the black cloth and took a look at me and jumped back to me to move a finger an eighth of an inch south by southwest.

"Now, ready! Don't move! At 7 proofs will be ready Friday."

His name was J. P. Phelps, Artistic Photographer, Muscatine, Iowa, the card says. I have a memory that he was short and hairy. The interior of his gallery was [illegible] smelled like an oversterilized hospital. While you were posed a large iron clamp gripped the back of your head. In those days the photographer was as fussy as the undertaker and being photographed was almost as [illegible] some as being undertaken. You did not decide on the spur of the moment to be photographed, and dash up and have it done and dash down again. The family started talking about it in June, and during July and August held consultations with the neighbors trying to decide which photographer to go to. All of September and part of October were spent trying to decide whether to get a dozen *carte-de-visite* size or half a dozen of the newfangled cabinets with the jaggy edges.

Short of the Mark

BY THAT time the photographer had moved to Davenport or Asa [illegible] neighbors had to be called in again, and a new photographer had been chosen. Christmas was at hand, and the photographer could not promise to have the pictures done by New Year's Day; so the whole business was put off until spring.

I am sorry to say that when this boy in the 1876 photograph faces me he has a somewhat resentful look. I think this is partly due to the iron clamp that is gripping the back of his head and gradually pulling three hairs by the roots; but I don't know that I blame him anyway. He is probably looking me over and sizing me up, and it makes him feel sick. Sitting there on that chair the young Ellis is a pretty fine-looking kid. He has a nice forehead—a mighty fine-looking forehead—and his skull looks as if it had a good brain capacity. He looks the sort of boy to grow up and be President Harding or Frank A. Vanderlip or the Bishop of Eastern Pennsylvania or some other great or wealthy or famous man the time he is fifty-three.

A boy like that, seven years old in 1876, might be Herbert Hoover or governor of Iowa or the president of Columbia University, in 1922. He might even be



Big Warren Sees Little Warren and Helps Him In and They Hold Each Other's Hands

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Napoleon Bonaparte and president
onfederation of the World, or chair-
the board of trustees of the In-
nal Consolidated Hook and Eye
y, Incorporated; or even—if things
ht—a blacksmith. A boy like that
ht to look forward to being almost
noble and great by the time he is
e. He has every chance that Edison
hackeray, or any other man. Even
nes was only a seven-year-old boy
was seven years old.
worries me is what
would think if we hap-
meet. It is hard to
en-year-old boy; it is
fool your doctor.
ung fellow in the 1876
h is evidently all
in his Sunday clothes.
ever knew in Iowa
d that neat and tidy
k day unless he was
party or to be photo-
he could not have
it would have killed
ould have expired in
This boy has on a
suit with gold but-
his shoes are pol-
ept the heels—and he
nday-go-to-meeting
l his Sunday stock-
ist everything!
ber those buttons;
ovely buttons, beau-
bright. There was
each lapel and a row
ff and a row at the
h knee. No matter
oy sat, he arose with
ree fringed tidies
to the buttons, and
e plucked before he
to go forth. I remember that broadcloth suit.
nother made it; she bought the broadcloth and
suit and sewed it and bound its edges with silk
as a noble suit, and its only fault developed
ok it to the little German tailor to be pressed.
iron heavy enough to crush down the seams.
r said it was a nice suit and would wear a long
y, maybe," he said, "it wouldn't be so easy to
big boy upside down by the heels already when
want to brush him."



Being Photographed Was Almost as Fearsome as Being Undertaken

Sunday-Go-to-Meeting Finery

that because the boy's mother had happened to
cloth with the nap running the wrong way, but
nember that she ever did hold the boy upside
e heels to brush him. Probably she took him
uit before she brushed it. The little German
not have thought of that; he may not have
ght. Or she may have brushed the suit before
boy into it; there is more than one way of
g.
er that suit so well because it was such a big
t boy's life. First the broadcloth had to be
l it is enough to drive one crazy to
er it shall be blue or black or brown.
adcloth had to be sponged and pressed.
to be cut out, lying flat on the table,
ars eating through it, allowing for
ears going "creak! creak!" as they bit
nd with the boy's mother stopping suddenly with a catch of the breath in sudden fear that she had cut out two backs to the trousers and no front. She had!

It seems to me that the boy spent several years—long and torturing years—standing on a stool and trying on that suit. He had it pinned on him in separate pieces, and tried on in basted sections and in every stage of development. Sometimes he tried on one sleeve and sometimes both sleeves; sometimes one pants leg and sometimes two pants legs at a time. Then it would be the coat without the sleeves.

"Please, please!" the boy's mother would beg through a mouthful of pins. "Do please hold up your arm!"

Then she would gather up a fold of broadcloth and stick a pin in it and, inadvertently, into the boy somewhere, and when he yipped she would sit back and say she didn't know what she would do if he could not stand still a quarter of a minute at a time; she was just about discouraged with the suit as it was. It must be admitted that it is difficult for an amateur tailoress to cut an armhole to the right size when a boy keeps his arm clamped down tight and giggles every time he is touched, except when he is crying; but after a boy has tried on a suit a couple of thousand times he begins to think it is monotonous. He wishes he was an Indian and could wear a blanket and a couple of ready-made feathers.

I remember the boy's blue-and-gray-striped wool stockings too. His grandmother knit them, but she did not put in the sand-bur tips and other stickers—they were in the yarn when she bought it. The boy did not have to try on the stockings; all he had to do was stand and sigh while he held the hank of yarn as it was being wound into a ball. This was a lot of fun, like chopping kindling when you want to go fishing and bringing in wood when you want to play marbles, and it was a pleasant change from trying on broadcloth coats. When the boy was tired holding out his arms to have armholes cut it was a relief to hold them out while yarn was being wound off them.

I remember the necktie too. It was, I believe, the most beautiful object the boy ever possessed. In a photograph the full elegance of the tie does not appear, the color effect being lost entirely; but the tie was what, in 1876, was called a Roman stripe. The Romans certainly liked their colors numerous and bright. When an architect began to build a Roman stripe he was fair to all the Romans. If one Roman loved scarlet he put it in, and if another doted on orange yellow he put that in, and if the next liked grass green in it went. It was first come, first served, but any time a Roman discovered a newer and brighter color the weaver ran it right in and was grateful. The only times a Roman stripe weaver was sad was when no one was discovering new and more gorgeous color, and then he wove in a little good honest black to show his sadness. The black sort of set the colors off and made them more showy. The boy's tie had fringe on the ends, and he admired the tie with pure unblemished admiration. It was worth it. No matter what else the boy wore, he was all dressed up as soon as that tie was around his neck, and everybody within a mile knew it.

When I picked up this photograph of the boy I was forty-six years ago I thought I remembered the gold buttons; but I could not be sure, so I got a magnifying glass, and sure enough, they were the very same buttons, with a gold knob in the middle and little gold dots scalloped around the edges. Then I looked at the shoes, but they brought back no memories; I suppose that was because they were polished—they did not seem natural. I seemed to remember the shoe strings, wrapped twice around the ankles and tied in a hard knot; and the mud on the shoe heels—good old Muscatine clay that stays where it is put—but the fancy loops of stitching around the shoe tops meant nothing to me whatever.

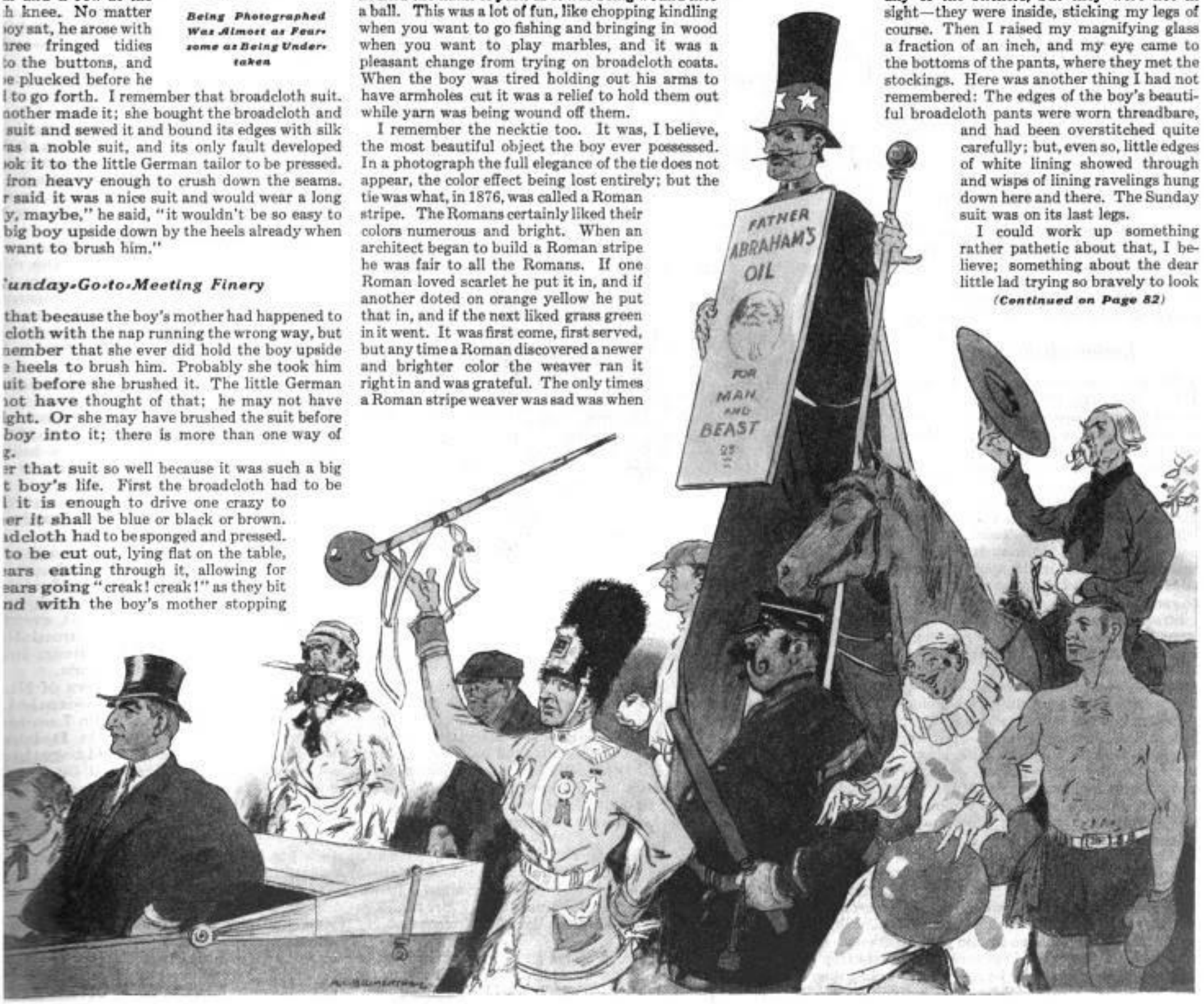
Revelations of the Magnifying Glass

IT IS remarkable how faulty one's memory is. The only way I can account for it is on the theory that perhaps they were not the boy's shoes at all, but borrowed shoes. The metal tabs on the ends of the shoe strings seem to suggest this; they are all there, and I cannot remember the boy's shoe strings ever did have tabs on them one day after he got them. A large portion of the boy's life was spent wetting the ends of shoe strings in the manner most convenient and then twisting them into points that would reluctantly poke through the eyeholes. But perhaps these were brand-new shoe strings, purchased to be photographed in.

I was having a grand time with my magnifying glass. I looked at the striped stockings to see if I could discover any of the stickers, but they were not in sight—they were inside, sticking my legs of course. Then I raised my magnifying glass a fraction of an inch, and my eye came to the bottoms of the pants, where they met the stockings. Here was another thing I had not remembered: The edges of the boy's beautiful broadcloth pants were worn threadbare, and had been overstitched quite carefully; but, even so, little edges of white lining showed through and wisps of lining ravelings hung down here and there. The Sunday suit was on its last legs.

I could work up something rather pathetic about that, I believe; something about the dear little lad trying so bravely to look

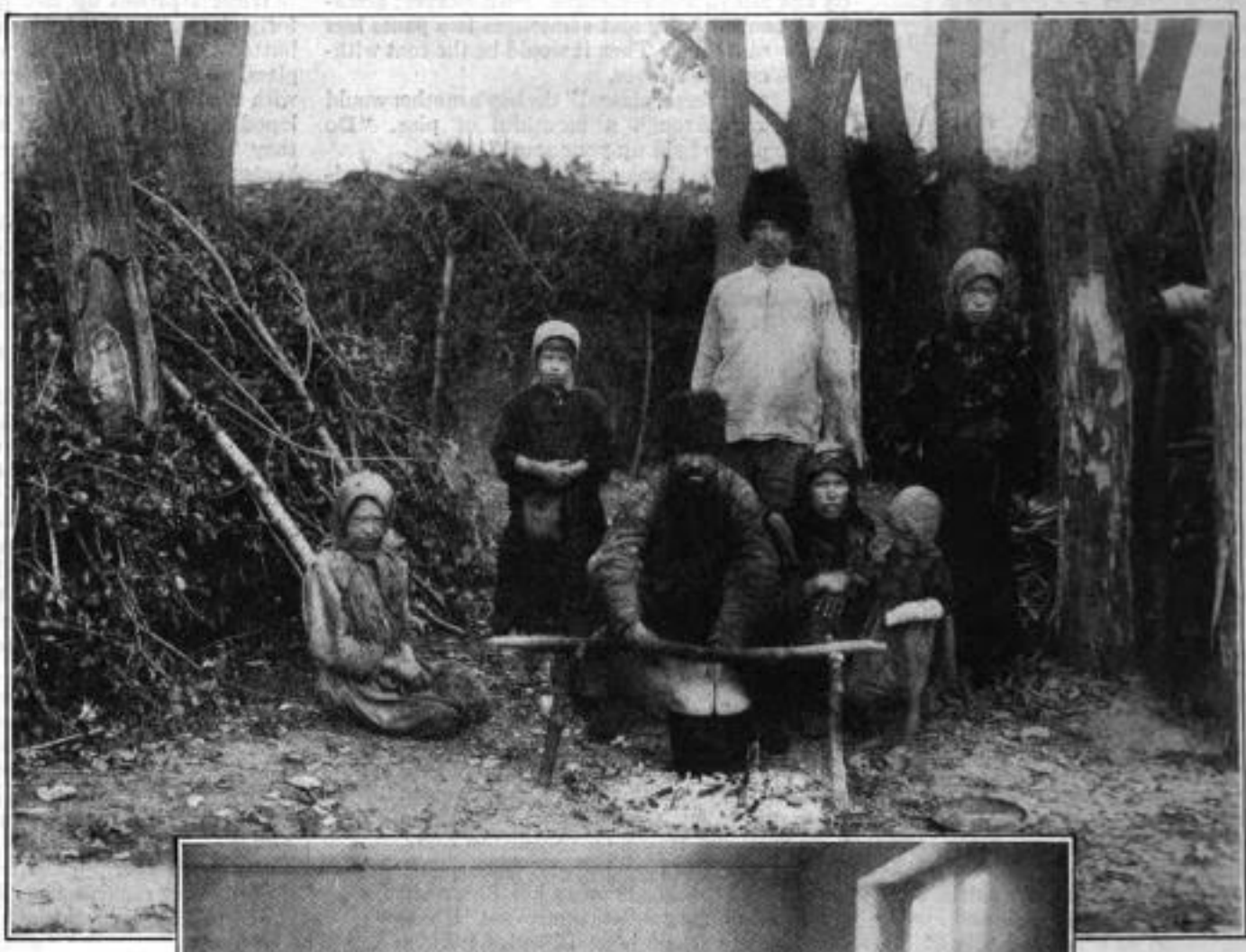
(Continued on Page 82)



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DIFFERENT SHADES OF ROSE

By Eleanor Franklin Egan





The Homeless and Starving Gathered From the Streets at a Place of Refuge. Above—Famine Refugees Camping by the Wayside

THE proof of the pudding being in the eating thereof I went to Russia feeling confident that if anything good and desirable had been proved in applied communism under the soviet system of government I should have no difficulty in observing it, since it would be plainly manifest in the lives of the people.

Nobody pretends to believe that the social organization as it has formed itself during the great period of rapid industrial development throughout the world is in any of its aspects wholly satisfactory.

On the contrary those of us who take time, in the midst of our perpetual occupation of making the best of it for ourselves in our several ways, to pause and look at it from as many angles as may happen to be visible to our minds, find it a good deal of a hopeless muddle from whatever viewpoint it may be viewed; and we know perfectly well that any system that can prove itself to be better than the system upon which it is based is bound to win sooner or later, no matter what measures may be taken to defeat it.

There is something very attractive in the communistic principle: "From each according to his ability, to each according to his need"; the great difficulty being that human nature is human nature in more ways than one. Most of us are drawn to this idea largely because we need a great deal and have very little ability.

Lenine's Definition

NEARLY everybody has given some thought to the theory of communism, and groups of people here and there have actually put it into more or less satisfactory practice, but these people have invariably been regarded by ordinary folks as belonging to the great universal brotherhood of the partially demented, and I am sure that nobody—none of the ordinary folks, at any rate—ever dreamed of the possibility that an experiment in communism would be made upon the national life of one of the strongest peoples on earth.

Strong numerically, that is. There are more Russians in Russia by many millions than there are people in the United States—including Russians.

The high-toned, communistically conservative and ordinarily respectable communists are telling us now that the Russian system is not communism. And one can readily believe this, because the renowned advocates of communism—back through the years since the beginning of the nineteenth century—have been accredited by common assent to the highbrow section of the world's catalogue of intellect, and it is so difficult to believe that any really intelligent man could ever have imagined that such a system as pretends to be in operation in Russia today could possibly be made to operate.

No theory is proved until it is demonstrated, of course, and there is this to be said: When you are working on a formula you never know when, by accident or design, some element may be introduced into it that will change its character altogether and cause your experiment with it to fail dismally or to end in one spectacular catastrophe.

The good communists, who are no more willing than the rest of us to compromise with brutality, bestiality, selfishness and crime in all its phases, say that it is the element of Bolshevism in the Russian experiment that is responsible for the horror and the hideousness of it, but they fail for some reason to tell us exactly what Bolshevism is. Bolshevism is nothing more nor less than the majority opinion of the Russian Social Democratic Labor Party, and, as such, is Nicolai Lenine's own interpretation of the Marxian theory that the state has developed into an organ of class domination and oppression, and must therefore be overthrown.

The state, which most of us think of loosely enough as being a social unit resting upon an accepted constitution, upheld by a code of laws and functioning under a parliamentary form of government, is defined by Mr. Lenine as "the product and the manifestation of the irreconcilability of class antagonism."

And I should like to hear a guess from anybody as to how many of the class to which Mr. Lenine makes his appeal find this definition wholly intelligible.

Incidentally he
not explain just how
expects the abolition
the state as he
it, and the substi
of "a dictatorship of
proletariat," to
class reconciliation.
at any rate that
basic principle of
sheviam, to which
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The history of the
velopment of Bolshe
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There are
and concise
Bolshevism to
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yet possessed
one of them. I have
had an opportunity
so. Such
I have I have
from official
minutes of the
of the Communist International
popular books on the Russian
mostly pro-Bolshevik; through
sations with both leading Bolshe
prominent expounders of the
Bolshevism; and by accepting
unforgetable months the rôle of
Pig No. 150,000,000+ in the
oratory of the experimenter.
visiting guinea pig I escaped
worst possibilities, but I did not
ing what the others had to live

Divided Menshiki

PRIOR to the Bolshevist
Russia in October, 1917,
than one person in a million
heard of Bolshevism, and to
had it meant nothing in any
sembling the fearsome meaning
afterward to convey to the
multitudes.

I am sure the average
of Bolshevism as being a
overthrow of established
Russia, instead of which it was
ing force
had been
secrecy of
tivity for

The theorists who backed
the split in the Russian Social
its second congress, which was
known as Leninites. They
bers of the majority, and they
solid front, whereas the Mensh
minority, were subdivided beh
one of whom had a little plan
remodel the world.

The Bolsheviks were
variety and they had for a
energy and amazing resource
above all things in the efficacy
nobody would dispute a state
propagandist the world has
comes to disseminating his
his system is without a parall
embracing in its detail; it can
or emergency; it can be emp

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desired end; it is uni- n its scope, and for its l support there is no to be thought of that use either Lenine or any sistenants to hesitate.

1903 onward the Bol- worked incessantly and gably. This fact is es- 1. They were organized s under different names the world, and the busi- ach unit was to spread ay or another the world- nary doctrine. They underground always; et and secretive, obey- t orders—that is, when re working consciously viki. They gathered a ny henchmen who were chmen without know- They were the sappers nemy of organized so- ring the mine that was eventually to explode. rked variously and un- us aliases, but they worked together. They were ed, because for the most part it served their pur- er to disguise themselves in their propagandist in different shades of rose, and among the prod- by-products of their labors there appeared as time many strange phenomena.

these I think I am justified in mentioning the n parlor socialists and the little groups of serious o delightfully presented by that whimsical ring- our many-ringed circus, Mr. Don Marquis. Not etend to believe that all these were the result, ct or indirect, of the Bolshevist propaganda; but re who could measure among them the extent of evist influence?

The Latest Thing in Propaganda

est propagandist maneuver of the Bolsheviki s of an effort to overcome the popular conception ism; to substitute in the general mind a sort of dea that the fear of what Bolshevism stands for been universally felt is without foundation, and ard Bolshevism as a menace is to display a very elligence. This being true, I easily can imagine able leader of a little group of serious thinkers ore or less after the manner of Don Marquis: tle group has taken up Bolshevism seriously. d an hour to it this afternoon and it was so g! We as such g Rus- lshevik ft was elieve! spirit- ly cul- e has onder- at one hat he l. He f such tience. ade me ildish talked olshe- man een ur- his ex- he ts w e- ld nd n o l? st a as r t y r



Communist Citizens Waiting in Line for Government Permits to Eat

influenced, because, after all, we had no way of knowing the truth when we were being overwhelmed all the time with anti-Bolshevist propaganda. Propaganda can be so insidious, you know, and we ought really, for our own protection, to be on the alert for it in everything we read or hear.

"The anti-Bolshevik propaganda has been the work of a few syndicates of international capitalists—you know it costs an awful lot to do that sort of thing!—who consider nothing but their own interests and who are too sordid and merely commercial to have any concern about the soul of a people. And isn't it too dreadful that America, this country that ought really to be everybody's country—because, after all, you know, as history is written it was only discovered a little while ago; and though I am just as good an American as anyone I can quite see why America should still be looked upon by the world brotherhood as being in a sense common property; it is so much broader, so much more intelligent, so much more in keeping with the inevitable trend of history—if you know what I mean—to look at it in that way—but isn't it too dreadful that this great new country should have produced the most heartless capitalists, the most ruthless exploiters, the most unthinking oppressors in the world?

"Mr. Tellitallsky didn't finish explaining to us the principles of Bolshevism, but he convinced us that we had been shuddering all these years at nothing at all, and I felt ashamed of myself; I did, really! Of course we don't want communism here in our country; not yet; not until we are better prepared to receive it. Mr. Tellitallsky frankly admits that we are not ready for it; but that's no reason why we should turn our backs upon a people who have accepted it and are trying so bravely to make a success of it in the interest of the masses.

"If we can induce Mr. Tellitallsky to meet with us again next week we shall devote another hour to the subject. It's perfectly fascinating! There is an undertone of sadness through it all, but in another way it's awfully funny. It's like walking right up to something that has simply thrilled you with terror for ever so long, only to find that you have been terrorized by a monster of straw. It gives one such an opportunity to laugh at oneself, and that's always such a very healthy thing to do, don't you think?"

I beg everybody's pardon, and especially the pardon of Mr. Don Marquis, for such a weak imitation of one of his several inimitable styles, but I myself have actually heard more or less that kind of talk. And the parlor socialists, those earnest and devoted bridge-table and dinner-party students of world problems who began along sometime in 1917 to suffer from an acute attack of diminishing interest in socialistic theories, are beginning now to come back into their own.

The Parlor Socialists' Grievance

THEY all believe—with an ethical belief, of course, not a commercial belief. They abhor the very idea of sordid commercialism, even though they do cling tenaciously to all the advantages that have accrued to them through commercialism—they all believe that the United States should recognize Soviet Russia, and regard it as being inexcusable that a supposedly enlightened and so-called liberal government such as ours purports to be should obstruct the way of a great people struggling to be free. They declare—with an air as though they were daring you to call in the police—that there is nothing particularly sacred about the American Government; that, as a matter of fact, almost any change in it would be a change for the better; that the soviet system should at least be permitted to prove itself one way or another, and that if it proves itself to be better than the established failures to which the world is now subjected they are all for it.

And all well and good, says I. But I wish I could gather up a little company of such Americans—all of them, mind you, either unalterably bourgeois or irredeemably rich—take them to Russia and compel them for a period to live in the midst of the Russian experiment as the average Russian is compelled to live. I should take them empty-handed, thereby saving the soviet authorities the trouble of emptying their hands, thrust them forth as mere people among the people, and ask them to play the game according to the rules laid down. They would not find any of their admired leaders or revered teachers doing this; but as

(Continued on Page 114)



A Typical Crowd of Russian Village Children

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YOU NEVER CAN TELL

By Lawrence Perry

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG



He Took a Toe Hold and Swung Like a Windmill

YOU can take it from me that a champion is always a champion, no matter where he is or what company he is in. That is, the stuff that made him what he is and keeps him there is stuff that is recognized even by folks he chances to meet or be with who don't happen to be acquainted with the fine points of his specialty, or maybe don't know anything about it at all.

He stands out from the ruck, and there is something about him that lets you know he does. Tell me what that something is and I'll tell you what makes him a champion. But it's there and everyone knows it's there. You might call it personality. Personality—get the idea?

Now I'm not reaching for credit in the way of making anyone think I dug this line out of my own head. A manager who has piloted a ball club up to and through two World's Series, and aims to do it again if a certain deal goes through, can stand on his record without wasting his time trying to bat in this guy Einstein's class; I mean the fellow the papers were so full of a while ago who doped out that the stars and the earth were near relations, and not even the highbrows could come back at him, because no one knew what he was talking about.

No, I saw it demonstrated; I mean that champion idea of mine. And, like most things one gets by experience, it cost me something. It cost me the best batter the world ever saw, next to Babe Ruth, and I figure you'll agree with me when I say it was Bab Schnitzler. Remember Bab? If you don't you never had a passing acquaintance with the national pastime.

I got Bab from the Three I League in exchange for a pitcher who had put his fast ball back in the trunk where he kept his first toothbrush and a utility infielder who carried the only elastics he had left in his sock supporters. Bab—which was shortened from Baboon after he had put four of the Grays' regulars on the hospital list for insisting upon the full title—was not highly regarded in the bushes, in spite of his size and strength. But English McCune, who does most of the scouting for the Grays, figured that if Schnitzler, who threw left-handed and batted right, could be turned to the south side of the plate the fences wouldn't keep the balls he hit inside any more than they would a flock of blackbirds. I don't know just how he doped this out. McCune is a close-mouthed bird and isn't handing away his inside stuff. Maybe what struck his eye was the thing I was speaking about when I began this spiel—the personality, or something, that sets out a champ ahead of the bunch. I don't know.

Anyway, the manner in which Bab, after I had sweetened him on the bench for a season, broke into the Grays' regular line-up and made opposing pitchers wonder whether the outfield had shrunk is a familiar story. If you remember, he made twenty-two homers in his first season of regular play, the season we won our first World's Series, and then came back the next year and waved thirty-two good league balls out of the various lots.

Oh, Bab could hit! And he could field. He was a ball player, the best I ever saw or heard of. I am perfectly willing to hand him this bouquet, and wherever he is I hope he suffocates when he inhales the perfume.

When he came to the Grays I take one look at him and then a long, cold look at McCune.

"Mac," says I, "haven't you got this ball park mixed up with the Bronx Zoo?"

"Oh, no!" replied Mac, who can see everything but a joke. "No, I ticketed this bird correct."

"Bird! You mean a grizzly bear."

Maybe I was flattering the newcomer at that. He had a chest like the back of a jitney bus, and above it a big tousled head with heavy eyebrows that met in the middle. He looked about as human as a coonskin coat. But his legs tapered as an athlete's should, and amidships he was flat as a prize fighter. Taking their cue from me—and I'll hasten to say it was a bum cue—the boys were jocular about the rookie.

"Where's your glove, Baboon?" inquired Rats Finnegan.

"On the ground near where you're going," was the reply.

It was even so, and Rats had nothing on the glove when it came to lying still.

This quick come-back of Schnitzler's made me suspect he wasn't as bushy as his eyebrows. I was sure about a minute later.



The Baboon Sat There Up-Ending the Coffeepot

"Is there any other big leaguer," inquired Bab, looking calmly around, "who don't think he can live happy without putting me into the monkey class!"

Hop Bruner, our regular catcher, famed throughout the league for his ability as a one-two puncher, opined that he couldn't, and proceeded to live up to his convictions.

A few minutes later when I bent over him, he faintly murmured for water, whereas to all physical indications he ought to have been asking for a stiff hold.

Thereupon Bill Trott and Bill [illegible] adopting the name of the state of Kentucky as their [illegible] form, declared [illegible] dangerous name in unison, and went [illegible] grass so nearly at the same time that would have taken a quick-motion camera to tell whether it lived up to the divided-fall part of the motto or not. Well, anyhow, already said, the name by popular vote was reduced to syllable.

No, Bab wasn't a slow thinker. He was one of those guys whose ideas come quicker than he can let you in they're coming—could think faster than he could talk. hadn't had much education, but he could read and write all right; and when it came to figuring in a pinochle game or estimating his exact value as a ball player he knew the head.

He never said much about his past life, probably considering the less said the better. But you wouldn't guess his table habits without knowing that he was never in the home of a bank president. I remember the first at the hotel Bab ordered a squab because the attracted him—he was always that way, eager to When it came he picked it up and swallowed it quinine pill, ordering the waiter to bring half a dozen of those little birds.

But, as I say, he was eager to learn and fairly quick too; but only one thing at a time. On the ball field, hotel, wherever he was, whatever you wanted him had to be slipped singly. Give him two things about at the same time and the big baboon stopped ing about anything. Give him three and he was like who has kicked over a beehive.

All you had to do was be patient. I was. I worked that cave man like a father, and I will say he was He had no bad habits—that is, no vices, unless you cards. And pinochle is never a vice when you sistently as Bab Schnitzler did. As for his ball was a natural left-handed hitter, and how any manager had ever let him hit from the other yet have figured out. The minute the ball pitcher's hand he lamped it and his eye it like a spotlight on a lady dancer, or how it broke.

When he struck out, as he did, of course if not more so than the rest of the not because he was fooled but because put into his wallop affected his timing His hitting helped a lot to win that first year he played regularly, and you the seven home runs he made in the World's

Next season the Grays were never July first, and we took the well-known series from the Trojans in straight future looked pink to me. Here I had sweet a lead-off man as ever choked a bat; had hit for more singles than any man in the years running; then Larry Boyle, an annual and Bab in the clean-up compartment. There four men who were harder for a pitcher to work gave the Grays an attack that promised to

Behind them were other murderers. was outside of a park, blindfolded, I would whether the Grays were at bat or not by the

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made as it met the ball. And fielding? Those Grays red the ball park like a Billy Sunday tabernacle. e was nothing to the league race in those days.

fact I got pretty heady over the situation. I got the that no one man was indispensable to the club's suc- that everything was due to team play, and, over and all that, to the managerial genius of a man whose would be recognized as my own if it were spoken . I know better now. Now I know that the strength arch is the keystone, the solidity of a building its ation, the greatness of a ball club a single nucleus d which all the other parts gather and form a battling . Bab Schnitzler was that nucleus in the Grays.

nd myself enough credit to think I really knew this be was with the club. But, if so, I didn't digest the edge sufficiently to get it circulating through my . No, on the surface, I just took the Grays as a tuck out my chest and felt good. Maybe I'd be the same today; maybe the Grays would be up ighting in the first division instead of pulling a life- uth duel with the Plaid Sox to keep out of the f it hadn't been for that English trip. In fact it's they would.

y time I think of England I wish somebody would orth of Vladivostok and forget to anchor it. I gave 's winnings at the track to the Irish Republic fund ar, hoping they'd go over there and cut Lloyd s hair for him. That's how I feel about England. for that oily, fat-fingered little guy, Cephas Pratt, the Grays over there, let it go with the simple nt that I hope I live long enough to meet him face

as a class, I haven't got anything against press I have used them once in a while when I didn't way the regular newspaper guys were treating me ly. But I've got a lot against this bird Pratt. Yes, press agent. If he sees this it will be getting back a little bit, because that description of his par- rofession never made any hit with him. Standing st the bar at the Savoy or Claridge's or some of gh-flown places in London, sticking out his little and chest like a pouter pigeon, twisting his waxed e and puffing out his fat cheeks, he would talk l, as long as someone was buying, about his g a press agent rnalistic—what oh, yes, a jour- plenipotentiary; of international and developer on understand- g the nations of . Oh, he had a ht! Wish I could more of it. s one of those would rig up a



public movement, get a lot of snuffy old millionaires or millionairesses interested, and then land in a swivel chair before a roll-top desk with plenty of push buttons and a fat rake-off. Come to think, I guess Cephas was a plenipotentiary, if it means what Judge Connolly, the umpire, said it meant the time I asked him. All I'll say is that Cephas couldn't have meant what Connolly said it meant. But then the judge was prejudiced, too; he was on that English trip.

This Pratt didn't figure in the deal at first; at least not with us. The first we heard was just before we played the World's Series and the newspapers began talking about a great symposium of sports to be held in London with the idea of bringing all the nations closer together in the brotherhood of a better understanding, not only as regards sports but politics and everything else. Smooth idea, what? Each was to learn all that could be learned about the other's sports and carry them back to the native land and push them along, so that finally all the world would be playing the same kind of games and there would be international leagues and all that sort of bunk designed to bring alien peoples closer together.

If I'd known Pratt or anything about him when this stuff came through I'd have tumbled quicker than a hod-carrier who thinks a plank is three feet longer than it really is. As it was, I fell instead of tumbled. So did everyone else, the newspapers included. It was a great program. The best ball club that the U. S. A. could boast was to go over—at its own expense, mind you—and play ball. The English were to show the fine points of cricket; the French were going to tip the world off on handball and croquet; the Finns were going to throw the javelin; the Spaniards were going to throw the bull, or something, and so on.



As for the Baboon, He Grabbed One Fork and Never Let Go of it No Matter What Came and Went

The owners of the Grays fell harder than anyone. Magnates somehow are always anxious to show off the national game to the world, and have pulled off more than one world tour. So it was agreed by old Wolverton of the Grays and Galvin of the Reds that the team that won the World's Series should go over, picking up an opposing nine from the clubs of the league.

A lot of the Grays, including myself, growled over the idea at first; but by the time we had copped the series and the money was in sight there wasn't a man who wasn't keen to put in a month on the jaunt; while Wolverton, our owner, had so many volunteers for the opposing nine that you'd thought war had been declared.

The newspapers of course made a hurrah about the trip; made so much noise and printed so much that no one seemed to notice the fact that the international stuff—all this proposed big explosion of international sporting spirit—had boiled down to a visit of the Grays to London. Good as Cephas Pratt was, he couldn't get the French, Spanish and the rest beyond the point where they were willing to talk about the idea.

Beyond that, the mere fact that they would be required to finance their sporting tour was more than sufficient to spike it.

This bird Pratt of course had been behind the whole scheme the whole time. He had gone to London as ballyhoo for an invading Broadway musical-comedy troupe, and finding that the dear old English loved to fall for his particular brand of bunk he remained there, cultivating a London accent, clothes that needed shaving and a bank roll.

When the foreigners fell by the wayside Pratt simply howled more about the Americans—the Londoners had never been much impressed by the French, Spanish, Italian, Finn and Greek stuff anyway—and drew down what he called his honorariums week by week with cheerfulness that never failed.

Schnitzler balked at the idea of the trip at first when he learned just where England was and what you had to do to get there; but when he heard they fed you four meals a day on the steamship, with five o'clock tea besides, he changed his mind and was crazy to go.

"Look here, chief," he said the day before we sailed, shoving over a newspaper, "what's the idea?"

(Continued on Page 60)

Plunkett Lands it Square an Instant After Bab's Windmill Cops the Referee

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A USE FOR CLODS

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

YOUNG Carl Van Wert had never before been north of Boston, and he felt like a pioneer. He had gone to sleep the night before on the Pullman, from whose windows he had been able to look forth across a familiar countryside. This morning he saw bold and barren hills, brown fields, leafless trees close reefed for winter's gales, and everywhere the warmth and color of spruce and fir and hemlock and of pine. There was, about the towns where the train stopped, an air of impermanency. The houses were of frame construction, narrow and high; they seemed flimsy. He thought a stiff wind would have toppled many of them. As a matter of fact, a stiff wind was blowing that morning; dry leaves scurried in panic before it, for it came from the north and there was ice in its breath; but young Carl Van Wert, in the warm Pullman, had no hint of this.

He began to see, on the platforms along the way, men garbed for winter in kersey pants and felt boots and heavy, sheep-lined coats. They repelled him, for they did not look scrupulously clean, and he had been taught from babyhood to brush his teeth twice or thrice a day, bathe at least once a day and tend his nails. These matters had been insisted on so strenuously that they had assumed in his eyes more importance than they deserved. So he did not like these soiled-looking men; but they interested him, and he wondered if there were any here aboard the train, and decided to inspect the day coaches and see.

The coaches offended his nostrils, and on the platform between the last of them and the smoking car he stopped to light a cigarette; then opened the door of the smoker and was immediately grateful for the precaution. The car, to his first glance, seemed full of men: enormous men with wide shoulders and broad faces and mustaches and greasy hair. The air was foul with the smoke from their foul pipes; the floor was littered and stained so that he could find no clean place to set his foot; and the odor of many hot and steaming human bodies, each swathed in garments too long worn, struck him like a shock of horrible and nauseating fear. One or two of the men saw him and grinned good-naturedly; and then the brakeman came across the swaying platform at his back and stood beside him in the open door. Van Wert welcomed this brakeman as an ally.

"Who are they?" he asked.

"Crew going into the woods," the brakeman replied.

"Lumberjacks?"

Van Wert had seen the word in a book. The brakeman grinned faintly, but he nodded.

"Yeah."

The young man, with no further parley, fled back to his Pullman. The experience had been a shock to him; he weighed it in his thoughts and was faintly appalled. For he, too, was going into the woods. At Princeton he had decided on forestry school.

His father weighed the idea, asked acutely, "Sure you want that kind of life, son?" His son was sure. "Then I'll tell you," said old Van Wert. "I'll fix it up for you to go into the woods for two-three months—see how things are done on the ground. It'll do you good physically, and you'll learn something; and you'll know whether you want to go on."

It had been so arranged. When this train should presently stop—he looked at his watch and saw that it would be less than ten minutes now—he would be at the jumping-off place. There remained ahead of him a long automobile ride, a motor-boat trip, probably some tramping before he should reach his destination far up in the spruce forests. He had expected to enjoy himself, but the sight of his potential fellow workers in the smoking car ahead disturbed him.

"They say even a pig, given a chance, will keep himself clean," he thought disgustedly. "They're lower than swine; they're clods."

Remembrance of them made him go into the lavatory and wash his hands. Then the engine whistled, the train began to hiccup on its brakes, and he knew it was time to get off. The porter helped him on with his coat, bore away his bags. There was also a steamer trunk in the baggage car ahead; but by the time he had alighted that end of the platform was thronged with the men from the smoker, so he made no attempt to claim the trunk until they should have disappeared.

Their voices came to him—hoarse, shouting yet strangely musical voices. A young man in corduroy knickerbockers and a plaid Mackinaw had met them, was checking their names, shouting at them, grinning in response to their jests, answering their loud calls. As they answered to their names they climbed into large-bodied motor trucks that would transport them on the first long stage of their journey into the wilderness. Van Wert watched from a vantage at the other end of the platform, and when the last of the trucks was loaded and had lumbered away he was not surprised that the young man in corduroys turned in his direction.



The Flames Were Moving Forward Very Swiftly, Pressing the Men Back

This young man looked at him for a moment, then said pleasantly, "You're Van Wert, aren't you?"

"Yes," Van Wert nodded. "Did you come to meet me?"

The other held out his hand.

"Jenks is my name. I came down to get that bunch headed in the right direction, and the boss told me to bring you back. I've got a flivver around behind the station. Hope you didn't mind waiting?"

"You had my sympathy." Van Wert smiled. He meant to be friendly, but Jenks seemed surprised.

"Sympathy? How's that?"

"Oh, having to handle swine like that!"

Jenks chuckled a little.

"They're not so bad. You ought to see some of the stuff we get up here. Those were good men. I know 'em. They were up here all last winter."

"A good half of them had drunk more than was good for them," Van Wert suggested.

"Half?" Jenks laughed. "Lord, all of them!" He was inspecting the trunk to which Van Wert had led him. "That yours?"

"Yes—if you can manage."

"Oh, transportation's the best thing we [illegible] up here. I can take your stuff right on [illegible] flivver. There's no one going up with [illegible] Trunk on the running board and the other stuff in back." He turned away. "I'll back her in here to the platform."

Ten minutes later Van Wert's luggage was bestowed [illegible] Jenks had promised. The train meanwhile had pulled ahead into the yards. As Jenks tied the last knot in the rope that held the trunk a brakeman came out on the rear platform of his train and yelled [illegible] him.

When Jenks answered, the brakeman shouted, "One of your gang's scared the smoker here."

Jenks smiled a little and strode [illegible] way. Van Wert hesitated, decided to wait where he was. By and by Jenks and the brakeman appeared, dragging between them a small, soiled and abhorrent figure. The man's head sagged and swayed [illegible] from side to side. His stumbling feet dragged along the cinders. They brought him down the track and stuffed him [illegible] into the tonneau of the car.

Van Wert had moved to one side, out of the way, but at this he asked, "Why did you put him in there?"

"He was asleep on the floor between two seats," Jenks explained. "The others probably thought it was a joke to leave him. I'll take him up with us."

Van Wert said slowly and painfully, "But he's so damned foul, you know."

Jenks looked at him with quick surprise, then looked away.

"Well, it's my job to get him in, [illegible] way. He ought to have gone in the truck, but they're on their way now."

"I shouldn't think carrion like that was worth carting in," Van Wert suggested, and Jenks smiled that ready smile of his.

"He's a good hand with an ax," he replied. "And he can drive a team; he's a first-rate mechanic." Van Wert must have seemed incredulous. "I know he doesn't look it," Jenks added. "But he's a good man."

Their little car rattled through the [illegible] and began the long climb beyond. The great lake spread to their left and [illegible] and toward the crest of the hill [illegible] stopped so that Van Wert might [illegible] splendor. The strong northerly wind was whipping the water into whitecaps, between which lay deepest blue. Mountains behind them and up the lake ahead were as blue as the water, beneath a sky that was covered with scudding, shadowing clouds. There was a somber quality to this blue that predominated everywhere, and the two young men buttoned their coats more snugly.

"Cold," Van Wert said. "That's gorgeous all right, but it's cold as the devil in this wind."

Jenks, starting the car, nodded.

"Wind holds that way, we'll be frozen up pretty soon. There was ice in the coves this morning."

They dropped down toward the lake again, along a marvelous road built for forty-odd miles through the woods by the great company which Van Wert had come to observe. Jenks told the story of the road.

"It's pretty good now, but I can remember when it took six horses to pull a buckboard through here," he said. Van Wert wondered audibly. The man in the back slept, with loud snores.

They stopped for a moment at Pickerel Bay while Jenks went into the store there; stopped again at Bright Water, a dozen miles farther on, where heavily clad men stood idly along the veranda rail before the store watched them from narrow eyes. These expressionless [illegible] disturbed Van Wert. The men were unshaven and [illegible]

When Jenks came out and they drove on toward Plant Farm, Van Wert asked, "All the workmen up here as dirty as the specimens I've seen?"

Jenks looked at him sidewise and chuckled.

"Why, they're not really lily-white lads, you know." He saw the other's movement of repulsion and [illegible] hand lightly on his companion's knee. "You'll get used to it, son," he said paternally, though he was scarce older than Van Wert. "You can't go much on looks up here. I've seen some pretty seedy-looking bums turn out a good day's work." He jerked his head backward. "That man in the back seat there—he's a Polack, or something, with a name like of a name. We call him Tom Jack. He was in the [illegible] Army for a while; but he deserted first chance he got

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over here somehow and tried to get in with our when we took hold; but they wouldn't take a on him. Tom's a good man; can sing like the devil ork like two devils. But I don't suppose he'll take bath from now till spring."

ought to be made to," Van Wert said hotly. —they're not men. They're children. They can't or themselves. You have to tell them what to do, -nurse them to keep them from getting sick, and em amused and see they don't stumble over their t. They're not half so intelligent as a good ma-

He looked at Tom Jack, snoring peacefully behind "He's a clod!" he said, and liked the word. "A

was not by nature argumentative. He pointed where a flock of partridges fed in the road, mov- y to one side to let the car go by, like rather tame . A little farther on they jumped four deer, and tures bounded through the forest beside them, away on a tangent, for a hundred yards before ppeared. By and by a turn in the road brought into view ahead of them, and Jenks pointed. 's some little hill," he commented.

Vert, by the stark beauty of that uncouth and le, was silenced and made breathless; little more and so presently they reached Plant Farm.

midafternoon, when the early dusk of a cloudy already upon them, Van Wert began the next is journey. The manner of it was none of his he found himself in the hands of destiny in the Matt Riley, who was in charge at the Farm. He by motor boat up Summacook Lake, a thirty- and with him would go that crew of men who his traveling companions on the train and whom nks had passed, in the lumbering motor trucks, y to the Farm. Tom Jack, awakened from his ad rejoined his companions. The motor trucks r them on to the foot of the lake; Jenks drove over and turned him over to Chiswick, who had of the boat in charge.

rt looked out across the tumbling waters of k with some misgivings. The wind was blowing ver colder; he was glad he had found an oppor- change into rough and warmer clothing. He e along the shore in both directions, and thick coves and a scum of ice out toward the open

n't be able to run this boat much longer," he ick, and the engineer nodded.

g ice now all the time," he grumbled. "They oving back and forth up the lake so fast she

a score of men had packed into space fit for little more than half that number. He meant to stay with Chiswick, preferring the fumes of gasoline, which hung heavy over the craft and especially heavy in the engine cabin, to the reek of the human bodies. When the men were all aboard they got under way without ceremony.

Jenks, from the wharf, called "Good luck, old man," to Van Wert.

The engine, cranked painfully by hand with a long iron lever, barked and caught, and the broad-beamed craft turned its nose through the slush ice toward midlake. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon.

"How long shall we be on the way?" Van Wert asked Chiswick, and the engineer said, "Ought to make it by eight o'clock, unless something happens."

Van Wert smiled a little at the pessimistic tone which seemed habitual to the other.

"What's likely to happen?" he asked.

"This rotten scow—you never know," said Chiswick gloomily. "She's a child of misfortune. Nothing ever surprises me."

Bursts of laughter came to them now and then from the men in the cabin forward or under its lee in the waist. Van Wert stepped out to fill his lungs with fresh air and the cold wind whipped him stingingly. The sky, he saw, was covered with clouds now.

"Snow?" he shouted in to Chiswick, and the other nodded sulkily.

"Yes!" he assented.

Tom Jack, the only man in the gang forward who was an individual in Van Wert's eyes, crawled aft and went in to see Chiswick. Van Wert, outside, listened curiously. The Pole spoke, he discovered, fair English—understandable enough. This surprised him; he had expected a twisted, foreign tongue.

"How she hitting?" Tom Jack demanded, grinning good-naturedly at Chiswick and pointing to the engine.

"Now and then," Chiswick told him.

Tom Jack nodded in cheerful understanding.

"Same ol' goat, she is," he agreed. "She soun' lak hell."

"Why, say," cried Chiswick, warming to the subject, "she can think of more things to do that she oughtn't—it's wonderful!"

Tom Jack clapped him on the shoulder.

"Tha's right," he applauded. "You tell 'em. Well, you all right this trip. Tom Jack fix her if she go bust any."

Chiswick actually grinned.

"Sure!" he agreed.

Shouts arose from the men forward, and Van Wert saw they were looking at him; but he could understand no word. Then Tom Jack climbed out of the engine cabin and yelled at them in jumbled syllables, bending to explain to Chiswick.

"I'm go'n' sing them little song," he explained. "These boys crying for me."

He winked elaborately, grinned at Van Wert and climbed along the rail beside the cabin. Van Wert heard his voice uplifted, sweet and clear and rich of tone. The words were meaningless, the melody strangely disturbing. Van Wert found himself responding to the charm of that voice, shivering a little. Then the men burst into a great guffaw, and he guessed that the song was ribald, and was disgusted with himself for having been affected and went below with Chiswick again.

Darkness began presently to thicken about them. Two or three of the men, grinning apologetically, sidled into seats beside the engine, by their gestures indicating how cold it was on deck. Van Wert was driven into the open, and went forward, picking his way. Overside, bits of ice slid along the side of the craft, and he could see that they were running through a channel, in some places narrow, in others almost as wide as the lake; could see that everywhere ice lined the shores. The whipping wind was dead in his face when he looked forward, but he was warmly clad and welcomed the clean sweep and scourging of it; and he climbed along the rail beside the cabin to the very bow; found there in the forward end of the main cabin a smaller compartment he had not marked before, in which a man tended the wheel.

This man slid open a window and shouted to him, "Come on inside. You'll freeze out there!"

Van Wert liked him. He had a round, freckled face, and he had a scrubbed look which Van Wert thought pleasing. There was barely room for two of them inside his cubbyhole.

"I didn't spot this place," Van Wert explained, "or I'd have been begging shelter before. These chaps aboard here are too strong for me in close quarters."

The other laughed cheerfully.

"Right you are, son," he agreed. He added, as though it were an unimportant afterthought, "Roberts is my name."

"Van Wert's mine." They shook hands.

"Going in?" Roberts asked. Van Wert nodded.

"To learn the game," he explained. "I'm green as grass."

"Nothing much to learn," Roberts said casually. A gust shook the boat. "Ain't this some night, what?" he asked.

"Surely is. Freeze up pretty soon, don't you?"

"Any day. This wind stops, it'll freeze overnight."

They fell silent, staring ahead into the darkness. Roberts turned on a searchlight set on the roof above his head, and its rays illumined the tumbling water. The shores were dimly to be seen on either hand, their distance unguessable. Dark was almost fully come. Darkness had quite come when, half an hour later, the throbbing of the engine became uncertain, reluctant, and stopped. Roberts grinned.

"There she goes again," he said casually. "I'll bet Chiswick is swearing. Well, time for a pipe."

He lighted it. Secure from the wind as they were, Van Wert began to feel cold, for there was no heat in the cabin. Roberts' pipe glowed.

By and by he asked, "You know how to steer?"

Van Wert nodded.

"I'm going back—see if I can

(Continued on (Page 113)



He Was Able to Estimate That They Had Been a Full Half Hour in That Icy Water Before the End Came

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FROM McKINLEY TO HARDING

Personal Recollections of Our Presidents—By H. H. Kohlsaat

XIII



PRESIDENT McKINLEY was inaugurated March 4, 1897. A few days later I took supper with the President and Mrs. McKinley in the White House. Mrs. McKinley insisted it was supper, and not dinner. The food was of the simplest kind, such as is served in thousands of homes in the Middle West. I noticed the colored butler waited on the President first. Mr. McKinley saw my look of surprise and, when the man left the room, said, "That is one of the things I cannot get used to. All my married life Mrs. McKinley has been served first, but it is a custom and we cannot change it. We are governed by White House etiquette, handed down for generations. The employes pass from one administration to another. Some have been here over thirty years."

The President assisted Mrs. McKinley to the living rooms above and rejoined me at the end of the hall, where palm trees and rattan furniture gave an effect of summer. Neither of us spoke for ten or fifteen minutes.

Finally McKinley, with a whimsical smile, said, "What are you thinking about?"

"I was wondering if you would be wearing the same sized hatband in a year from now."

"Do you think I am in danger of a swelled head?"

"You would be more than human if you were not influenced by the adulation paid you by 98 per cent of your callers. Not more than 2 per cent tell you the truth!"

"Well, if you see evidence of an expansion, please tell me."

About a year later we were sitting in the same place, smoking. McKinley said, "Have you seen any evidences of my hatband expanding?"

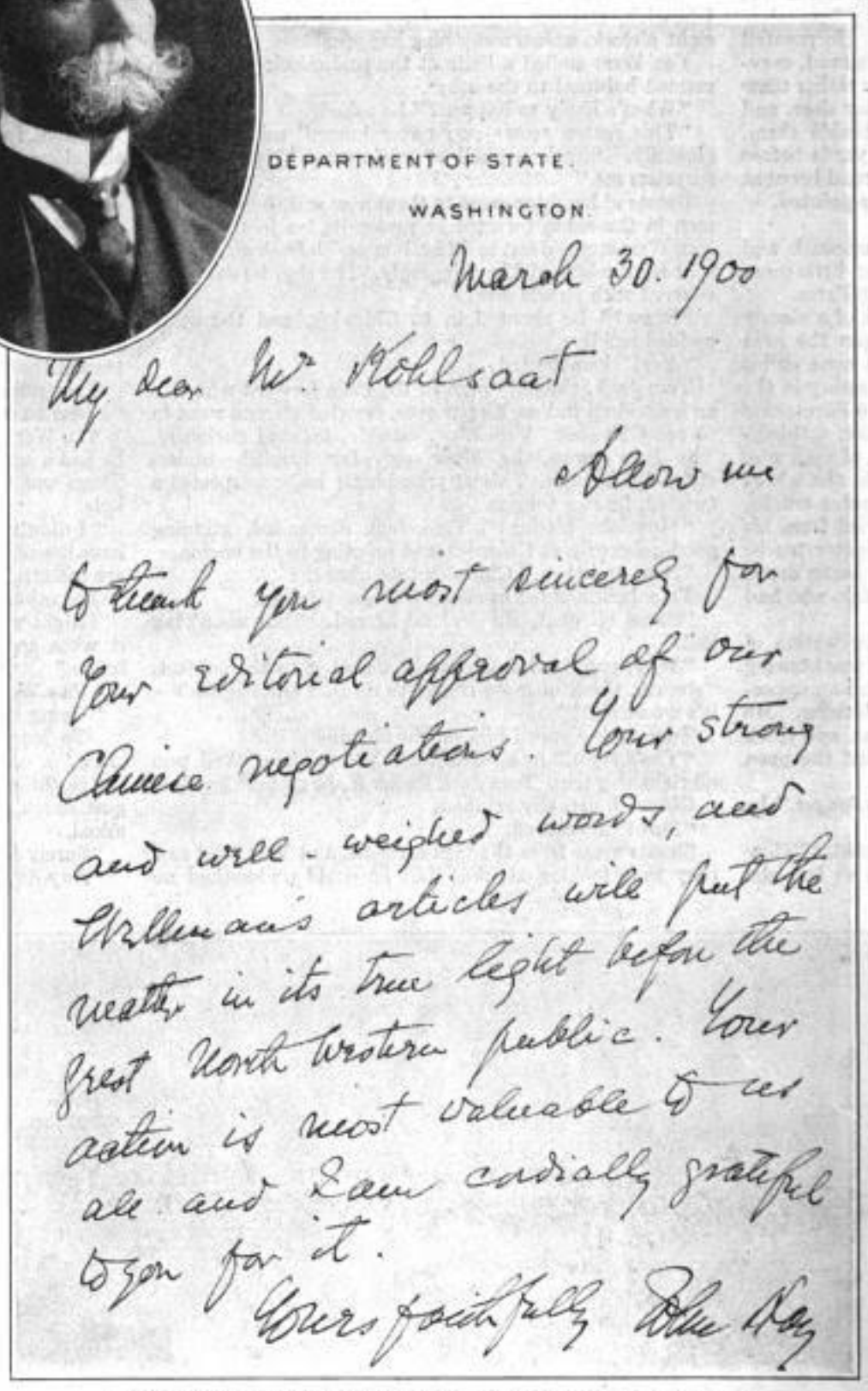
"No, but I am still watching it!"

The President told me that on return from the inauguration exercises with ex-President Cleveland to the White House, Mr. Cleveland said, "I am deeply sorry, Mister President, to pass on to you a war with Spain. It will come within two years. Nothing can stop it."

McKinley thought it could be avoided. His pacific nature could not visualize war. For the moment he was supremely happy. Thirteen months later, April 21, 1898, Mr. Cleveland's prophecy came true.

The first sign of a break in the McKinley cabinet was when Secretary of State John Sherman gave evidence of mental deterioration. His memory failed him on matters of vital importance, which embarrassed the President very much. When war with Spain was declared McKinley felt he must have someone in the State Department on whom he could rely; so he wrote his old intimate friend, Judge William R. Day, of Canton, and asked him to accept the position of Assistant Secretary of State. I was with the President when a telegram was handed him. He said, "It is from Judge Day, accepting the Assistant Secretary of State. He gives up fifteen thousand dollars a year to take a forty-five-hundred-dollar position. He would not do it if he did not love me." Judge Day's acceptance was a great relief to McKinley. Secretary Sherman soon retired and Judge Day became Secretary of State, until Ambassador John Hay came from London a few months later and assumed the office.

Colonel Hay told me it was a great disappointment to give up the ambassadorship. He loved the London life, but he added, "I am a soldier and go where I am sent."



DEPARTMENT OF STATE.
WASHINGTON.

March 30. 1900

My dear Mr. Kohlsaat

Allow me to thank you most sincerely for your editorial approval of our Chinese negotiations. Your strong and well-weighed words, and Mr. Millard's articles will put the matter in its true light before the great North Western public. Your action is most valuable to us all and I am cordially grateful to you for it.

Yours faithfully John Hay

Former Secretary of State John Hay and a Facsimile of One of His Letters to Mr. Kohlsaat

XIV

FEBRUARY 15, 1898, the Maine was blown up in Havana Harbor. It stirred the country against Spain. In April I received a wire from Mr. Cortelyou: "The President wants to see you."

At Harper's Ferry a telegram invited me to dine with the President and Mrs. McKinley. My train was two hours behind time, making it too late for dinner, so I wired I would come as soon as possible.

There was a piano recital in the Blue Room of the White House. Mrs. McKinley was seated near the pianist, looking very frail and ill. The President was in the center of the room on an S-shaped settee. There were eighteen or twenty guests present.

As I stood in the doorway someone said, "The President is trying to catch your eye."

He motioned me to sit by him and whispered, "As soon as she is through this piece go and speak to Mrs. McKinley and then go to the Red Room door. I will join you."

I did as requested, and when he had shaken hands with some of the late arrivals we went into the Red Room. We sat on a large crimson brocade lounge. McKinley rested his head on his hands with elbows on knees.

He was in much distress and said, "I have been through a trying period. Mrs. McKinley has been in poorer health than usual. It seems to me I have not slept over three hours a night for over two weeks. Congress is trying to drive us into war with Spain. The Spanish fleet is in Cuban waters, and we haven't [illegible] ammunition on the Atlantic [illegible] fire a salute."

He broke down and cried [illegible] of thirteen. I put my hand on his [illegible] der and remained silent, as I thought [illegible] tension would be relieved by his [illegible] As he became calm I tried to assure [illegible] that the country would back him in [illegible] course he should pursue.

He finally said, "Are my eyes very [illegible] Do they look as if I had been cry[illegible]

"Yes."

"But I must return to Mrs. McK[illegible] at once. She is among strangers."

"When you open the door to enter [illegible] room blow your nose very hard and [illegible] It will force tears into your eyes and [illegible] will think that is what makes them [illegible]

He acted on this suggestion, and [illegible] was no small blast.

After the musicale the President [illegible] went into the old cabinet room and [illegible] until very late.

Congress voted to put fifty million [illegible] lars in McKinley's hands—with no [illegible] on it. War was declared April 21, [illegible]

Ten days later, May 1, 1898, the [illegible] tle of Manila was fought. I visited [illegible] President a few days after the vic[illegible]

McKinley said, "When we received [illegible] cable from Admiral Dewey telling [illegible] taking of the Philippines I looked [illegible] their location on the globe. I could [illegible] have told where those darned [illegible] were within two thousand miles!" [illegible] months later he said, "If old Dewey [illegible] just sailed away when he smashed [illegible] Spanish fleet, what a lot of trouble [illegible] would have saved us."

The Battle of Santiago was [illegible] July 3, 1898, and saw the Spanish [illegible] sunk, and the war soon ended.

McKinley told me they had [illegible] Schley on the carpet to court-martial [illegible] for disobedience of orders in [illegible] Porto Rico and going to Santiago [illegible] his successful fight against Cervera [illegible] captured the imagination of the [illegible] they dropped the proceedings, as [illegible] would have been resented by the [illegible]

Poor Admiral Sampson never got [illegible] the credit to which he was entitled [illegible] part in the destruction of the Spanish [illegible] fleet. He died a disappointed man.

XV

IN THE treaty of peace with Spain [illegible] signed at Paris, December 10, 1898, [illegible] acquired the Philippines, Porto Rico [illegible] Guam, paying Spain twenty million [illegible] lars for them.

The question of tariff on imports from Porto Rico [illegible] subject of much debate in the Senate in March, 1900. [illegible] Chicago Times-Herald, under my ownership, strongly [illegible] posed the 15 per cent tariff against our island [illegible] claiming it had the same rights as the territories [illegible] and New Mexico. Senator Hanna made the fight [illegible] free imports from Porto Rico. I could not understand [illegible] opposition, and wrote and wired him there was great [illegible] prise and resentment that he should so oppose [illegible] new territories. He wrote me as follows:

UNITED STATES SENATE
WASHINGTON, D. C. March [illegible]

My dear Kohlsaat: I do not agree with you on the [illegible] Tariff Measure, and I honestly believe if you had been [illegible] would not have taken such a position, but as I have no [illegible] I can change your views, I will not enter into an [illegible] feel my responsibilities and shall stand by our policy [illegible] I know is right. Sincerely yours, M. A. [illegible]

UNITED STATES SENATE
WASHINGTON, D. C. March [illegible]

My dear Kohlsaat: I am in receipt of your telegram [illegible] that I am sorry the people are so very sore over the [illegible] defiance," and yet it is strange that every one who [illegible]

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ge to know the facts and
s of the thing goes away
d I am doing all I can
g about a solution of
uble, while you fellows
ng all you can to pre-
. Time will tell who is
ld I have no excuses to
my course. Of course
he one to blame and
en for four years, but
e is nearly up and
soon choose a new
" for all party discus-
have not been out of
th my party here and
worrying over my
when you hear of my
ing Porto Rico as an
part of the United
d all that goes with
n make up your mind
crazy as ——. Now
ive you some good
Drop the agitation
us a chance to settle
er in Congress and
can give me all the
vant to, to do it now
L.
cerely yours,
M. A. HANNA.

STATE OF NEW YORK
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER
ALBANY

August 20, 1899.

Hon. H. H. Kohlsatt,
Times-Herald,
Chicago, Ill.

My dear Mr. Kohlsatt:-

I thank you for yours of the 14th instnt. Your advice is as sound as a dollar—a good deal sounder than a forty-eight cent dollar. When the President requested me to go to Ohio, of course I had to go. That is all I shall do. I have, however, consented to give the gold medal to the returning 10th Regiment of Pennsylvania troops, because that was something that seemed appropriate and proper. However, it is not yet definitely determined that I shall go there.

Faithfully yours,
Theodore Roosevelt

oraker Act, mak-
Rico imports free
rch 2, 1902, went
t April 3, 1900.
he passage of the
Bill I asked Sen-
na to tell me frankly why he took the position he laughed and said, "I'll tell you exactly. We receive from two hundred and fifty thousand cigar at if we admitted Porto Rico cigars free of duty he two hundred and fifty thousand would get er union men to vote against the Republican November, 1900, making one million votes against ."

XVI

President McKinley and Secretary of State Hay ched the powers demanding the open door and ortunity in China.
announcing his Far East policy McKinley unplans to me. His great ambition was to create ets for American producers and manufacturers. d to keep our people busy. His motto was, employment, good wages and education bring and happiness."
John Hay, as our Ambassador in London, met ssadors and statesmen of the world. He was y popular with them, which greatly aided his efforts to bring them and their governments to an agreement on the open door. I spent some hours with him in his library and promised to aid in creating sentiment among the people of the Northwest to urge their senators and representatives to back McKinley and Hay in their Chinese negotiations. The treaties were ratified and have been the means of creating new markets for our goods and bringing about a better understanding between the Far East and the United States.

The following letters were among those received during the Open-Door negotiations:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE
WASHINGTON, March 30, 1900.

My dear Mr. Kohlsaat: Allow me to thank you most sincerely for your editorial approval of our Chinese negotiations. Your strong and well-weighed words, and Wellman's articles will put the matter in its true light before the great Northwestern public. Your action is most valuable to us all and I am cordially grateful to you for it. Yours faithfully, JOHN HAY.

NEWBURY, N. H., Aug. 11, '00.

Dear Mr. Kohlsaat: I have received your kind letter of the 7th and the inclosed leader from the Times-Herald. I need not say how much I am obliged to you. Somebody thoughtfully sent me a marked copy of Stilson Hutchins' paper which said I was dying of remorse and shame in New Hampshire and that they were d—— glad of it, and that it would be a good job for the country if I had died long ago. These things are said with such evident earnestness and sincerity that I sometimes wonder if they are not true. But when I see what a judicious person like you says, I feel as if I had the right to live on awhile.

Give my compliments to Mrs. Kohlsaat and believe me always

Sincerely yours,
JOHN HAY.

XVII

THE Hay-Pauncefote treaty negotiations began in 1900 and were finally closed in 1901. The first treaty was defeated in the Senate because a majority of the senators strongly objected to the nonfortification feature. They did not believe the world had advanced far enough toward universal peace to permit leaving the canal unprotected. Their fears were justified in the World War of 1914 to 1918, when the news was received that a German raider was sinking ships in the South Atlantic. What would have happened to the Panama Canal if it had not been fortified?

After the Senate defeat Messrs. Hay and Pauncefote amended the treaty, authorizing fortifications, and resubmitted it to the Senate. It was ratified with little delay.

Lord Pauncefote, the British Ambassador, died in Washington the next year, May 26, 1902. He was greatly respected for his personal charm and statesmanship.

I was in the old cabinet room with President Roosevelt one noon in June, 1902, when his barber brought in a skeleton reclining chair. Taking off his coat, but not his collar, the President reclined on the chair. The barber lathered his face and began shaving him, but Roosevelt did not stop talking.

I said, "He will cut you if you don't stop making faces and talking." The look the knight of the razor gave me for even suggesting such a thing silenced me.

(Continued on Page 121)



HOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK CITY

Colonel Roosevelt and Some of His Famous Rough Riders

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J. POINDEXTER, COLORED

By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

IX

IT SEEMS to me it's highly suitable that I should get to the edge of telling about Mr. Dallas' misfortunate visitations on the thirteenth day of the month, which, as everybody knows full well already, thirteen is the unluckiest number there is in the whole alphabet. When you projects with Old Lady Thirteen you flirts with sudden disaster. With Mr. Dallas, though, his troubles don't come on all at once, like a stroke; they comes on sort of gradual, one behind the other, like the symptoms of a lingering complaint.

Up to a certain point everything with us has gone along very lovely, the same as usual, with parties occurring regular at the apartment and the Japanee boy cooking up fancy mixtures and me serving drinks by the drove. Thanksgiving time we has a special blow-out with twelve setting down to the table at once. But Christmas is when we cuts loose and just naturally out-to-dos all previous to-dos.

All day long folks is dropping in to sample the available refreshments, and most of 'em likes the sample so well they camps right there till far into the night. I mingles up a big glass reservoir full of eggnog, which it seems to give special satisfaction to one and all. The way these here guests of ours bails it up you'd think they was in a sinking skiff half a mile from shore. As he ladles out the first batch Mr. Dallas states that this here eggnog is made according to a recipe which has been handed down in his family since right after the Revolutionizing War. But when she's took the second helping, Miss O'Brien, who's got a mighty peart way about her of saying things, allows that it sure must be older even than that. She says she's willing to bet it had a good deal to do with bringing on the Revolution. Of all the crowd that Mr. Dallas is in with I likes her the best. She's got a powerful high temper and is prone to flare up when matters don't go to suit her; but it seems like to me she ain't devoting so much of her time as some of the others is to seeing what she can get for nothing. Sometimes I catches her looking at Mr. Dallas like as if she's sort of sorry for him on account of some reason or other. But to look at him on this Christmas Day, doing his entertainingest best, you'd think nothing had ever bothered him and that nothing ever would. As long as that eggnog holds out he's bound and determined the party shall be a success. Which it is!

But Mr. Bellows he ain't got no storage room for eggnog. Seemingly he figures that all of them eggs and that rich cream and sugar and stuff will take up space which is needed for chambering the hard liquor. He just sets off in a corner with a bottle of Scotch and a bottle of squirt water handy by, curing his drought or striving to. He may not be such very good company, but one thing they've got to say for him—he's a man of regular habits. You may not like the habits, but they certainly is regular. I hears Mrs. Gaylord saying once that Mr. Bellows can hold any given number of drinks, sort of pressing her voice down on the word "given." She don't need to say it twice, neither, so far as I personally is concerned. I got her the first time.

It's maybe two or three days after Christmas—anyhow, it's somewheres around the middle of Christmas week—that I first takes notice of a sort of a change coming over Mr. Dallas' feelings. When there's nobody else round but just me and him he acts plumb bothered. His appetite is more picky and choosy than it used to be; and by these signs I can tell something is on his mind a-preying.

On New Year's Eve he goes forth with his friends for a party, but first they all stops by our place for what they calls appetizers, and whilst they is gathered together it comes out that him and Miss Bill-Lee is now engaged. Not no regular announcement is made; but all of a sudden, seems like, everybody present appears to know how things stand with him and her. Also Miss Bill-Lee starts in treating him more or less like he belonged to her. I don't scarcely know how to state it in words; but it's like as if up until now she's been holding a piece of property under mortgage but has finally decided for to foreclose on it and is eager for the papers to be fixed up in order for to begin making improvements and alterations. She's what you might call proprietory.



"I Don't Want Tips," She Says. "I Want Facts, and I'm Going to Have Them Here and Now — and From You!"

Well, I can't say the news is much of a shock to me, seeing what has been the general drift of events since last August when we first got here. But, on the other hand, neither, I can't say that, considering everything, I'm actually overcome with joyfulness on Mr. Dallas' personal account.

I can't keep from thinking to myself that he's fixing to marry himself off into a mighty different set of folks from the kind he was born and brung up amongst. And I can't keep from thinking what a sight of difference there is betwixt this here Miss DeWitt and Miss Henrietta Farrell, which, as I said before, he was courting her before we moved to New York.

One of 'em sort of puts me in mind of a rosebud picked out of the garden in the dew of the morning, and the other, which I means by that, Miss DeWitt, reminds me of one of these here big pale magnolia blooms which has growed on the edge of a swamp. I ain't meaning no disrespect by having these thoughts; only I can't keep from having 'em.

I reckon it's having them ideas floating round in my [illegible] which makes me study Mr. Dallas specially close that [illegible] Year's Eve. For all that he's laughing and joining [illegible] carrying on, I figures that way down deep inside of [illegible] he ain't entirely happy over what's come out. By my [illegible] culations he ain't got the true feelings which a forthcoming bridegroom should have. As near as I can judge, he ain't hopeful [illegible] as he's sort of resignated. Also furthermore likewise, he's got a [illegible] of a puzzled-up, befuddled look on his face, as if he'd been took up [illegible] by something he wasn't exactly expecting to happen so soon, if at all. It ain't exactly surprise and it [illegible] exactly bewildedment, but it's something that's distant kinfolks to both of 'em.

X

ANYWAY, that's that, as we [illegible] up here. I will now pass along what comes to pass about a week later on. All along through that week Mr. Dallas don't impress me like a young man should which he is starting out in the new year full of good cheer and bright prospects. As the catchword goes, he ain't at home. At the breakfast table when I'm passing things to him he's often looking hard at nothing at all. It's plain his thoughts is far away, and not very happy in the place where they strayed off to neither.

Well, on this particular day, when it is getting along toward the middle of the month, he don't get home downtown until long after dinnertime and when he does get in he don't scarcely touch a morsel to eat; he just pecks at the vittles. After dinner is over and the dishes washed up I passes through the hall on the way out, being bound for the Pastime Club to consultate with one U. S. G. Pierce, colored, touching on our own private affairs. Mr. Dallas had done told me at dinner that I could have the evening off, and there was not no reason why I should linger on. But as I passes the setting-room door I looks in and he's setting there all hunched down in his chair, with his elbows resting on a little table and his face in his hands, seemingly mighty lonesome.

Something seems to come over me and I steps in and I says to him, I says, "Scuse me, Mr. Dallas, for interruptin' yore ponderin's, but is there anythin' fur you befo' I goes out?"

He sort of starts and looks up at me, and if ever I seen miserableness staring forth from a person's eyes I sees it now. He speaks to me then, and what he says hits me with a jolt. Because this is what he says:

"Jeff, why is it that white people are forever committing suicide on account of their private worries, but you never hear of a darky killing himself for the same reason?"

I studies for a minute and then I says:

"Well, Mr. Dallas, I reckin it's 'is yere way: A white man gits hisse'f in trouble an' he can't seem to see no way to git shet of it. An' so he sets down an' he thinks an' he thinks, an' after while he shoots himself. But a nigger man gits in trouble an' he sets down an' he thinks an' he thinks—an' after while he goes to sleep!"

He smiles the least little bit at that. But it is no regulation smile—it's more like the imitation of one.

"But suppose you're brooding so hard you can't sleep," he says.

"I ain't never seen no nigger yit," I says, "but what could sleep ef the baid wuz soft nuff. They may not be many 'vantages in bein' black, the way the world is organized," I says, "but this is shore one place where the culler has it the best."

He don't say anything back at me. So after lingering a little bit I starts to move on out, and then another one of them inmost promptings leads me to speak again.

"Mr. Dallas," I says, "sometimes we kin git shet of our pestermints ef only we talks 'bout 'em to somebody else. Sometimes," I says, "it's keepin' 'em all [illegible]

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on the insides of us w'ich meks the burden bear down
ıvy. Wuz they anything else, suh, 'at you wished for
me?"
eems like my words must have put a fresh notion in
ad.
ff," he says, "you're right. I've got to confide in
ody—or else explode. Besides," he says, "I figure
there is one person in all the five or six million
in this town who's likely to be a real friend to me,
. And while my talking to you probably can't do
od, it certainly can't do any harm."
. Dallas," I says, "I is your frien' an' yore desperit
sher besides. Sence I been wukkin' fur you you
used me mouty kind. I ain't never had nary speck
in of complaint to find wid yore way of treatin' me.
'ite an' I is black," I says, "an' sometimes, seems
e, the two races is driftin' fu'ther apart day by day,
that ain't henderin' me frum havin' yore bes'
at heart. An' so, suh, ef you feels lak givin' me
ıfidences I'm yere to heed an' to hearken an' do my
but level bes' fur to aid you, ef so be ez I kin."
ieve you," he says, "and I'm grateful to you. . . .
ff, to put it plainly, I've gone and got myself
up in a bad mess."
t way, suh?" I says.
vo ways," he says. "In business—and in another
e been an ass, Jeff—a blind, witless ass. This life
so different from any I'd ever known—so different
'ascinating—that it just swept me off my feet.
ı drifting along with my eyes shut, having my
ing today take care of itself and with no thought
row. As I look back on it, it strikes me I always
n more or less of a drifter. Down yonder, among
people, there always was somebody who'd step in
while and check me up. But up here, in this big
eedy town, among strangers, I've had nobody to
e or to show me where I was making a fool of
And, believe me, I have made a fool of myself.
hat I need is a guardian—only I doubt whether
the money eventually to pay for his services.
was free of these—these—well, these entangle-
ell you right now I'd be willing to quit New York
and take the next train back home, where

lies a minute and then he continues to resume.
he says, "I'd head for home in the morning—
It has taken a hard jolt to open my eyes, but,
e, they're opened now. The chief trouble is, though, that even with them opened I can't see any way out of the tangle I'm in. Jeff, the big mistake I made at the start was that I tied up with the wrong outfit. I thought I was joining in with a group of typical successful live New Yorkers; I know now how wrong I was. There must be plenty of real people here; people who take life in moderation; people who are fair and kindly and reasonable; people who can find pleasure in simple things and who don't pretend to know all there is to know, or to be what they're not. But I haven't met them; I've been too busy running with the other kind."

Down in my soul I says to myself there's a chance for him to pull out yet if he's beginning to see the brass work shining through the gold plating which has so dazzled him heretofores. Yes, sir, if he's found out all by himself that New York City ain't exclusively and utterly composed of the Mr. H. C. Raynorses and the Mr. Hillary Bellowses and such, there certainly is hope for him still. All along, up to now, I've been saying to myself that it looks like the only future Mr. Dallas has to look forward to is his past; but now I rejoices that he's done woke up from his happy trance. But of course I don't let on to him that such is my feelings.

I merely says to him, I says, "I ain't the one to 'spute wid you on 'at p'int, suh. Naw, suh, not me! But whut's the reason you can't pull out from yere ef you's a mind to?"

At that he lit in and the language just poured out from him like a flood. There's a lot of rigmarole about business, and some parts of this I cannot seem to rightly get the straight of it into my head; but I'm pretty sure I got the hang of all the main points clear enough. To begin with, I learns now for the first time that him and Mr. Raynor ain't actually been selling oil downtown; they've been selling oil stocks, which as near as I can figure it out, an oil stock is the same kin to oil that a milk ticket is to milk, only it's like as if the man which sells you the milk tickets ain't really got no cows rounded up yet, but trusts in due time he'll be able to do so. Still, if there is folks scattered about who's willing to take the risk that the milkman will amass some cows somewhere and that the cows won't go dry or die on him or be grabbed by the sheriff and thereby leave the customers with a lot of nice new onuseable milk tickets on their hands, why, the way I looks at it, there ain't no reason why their craving for to invest should not be gratified.

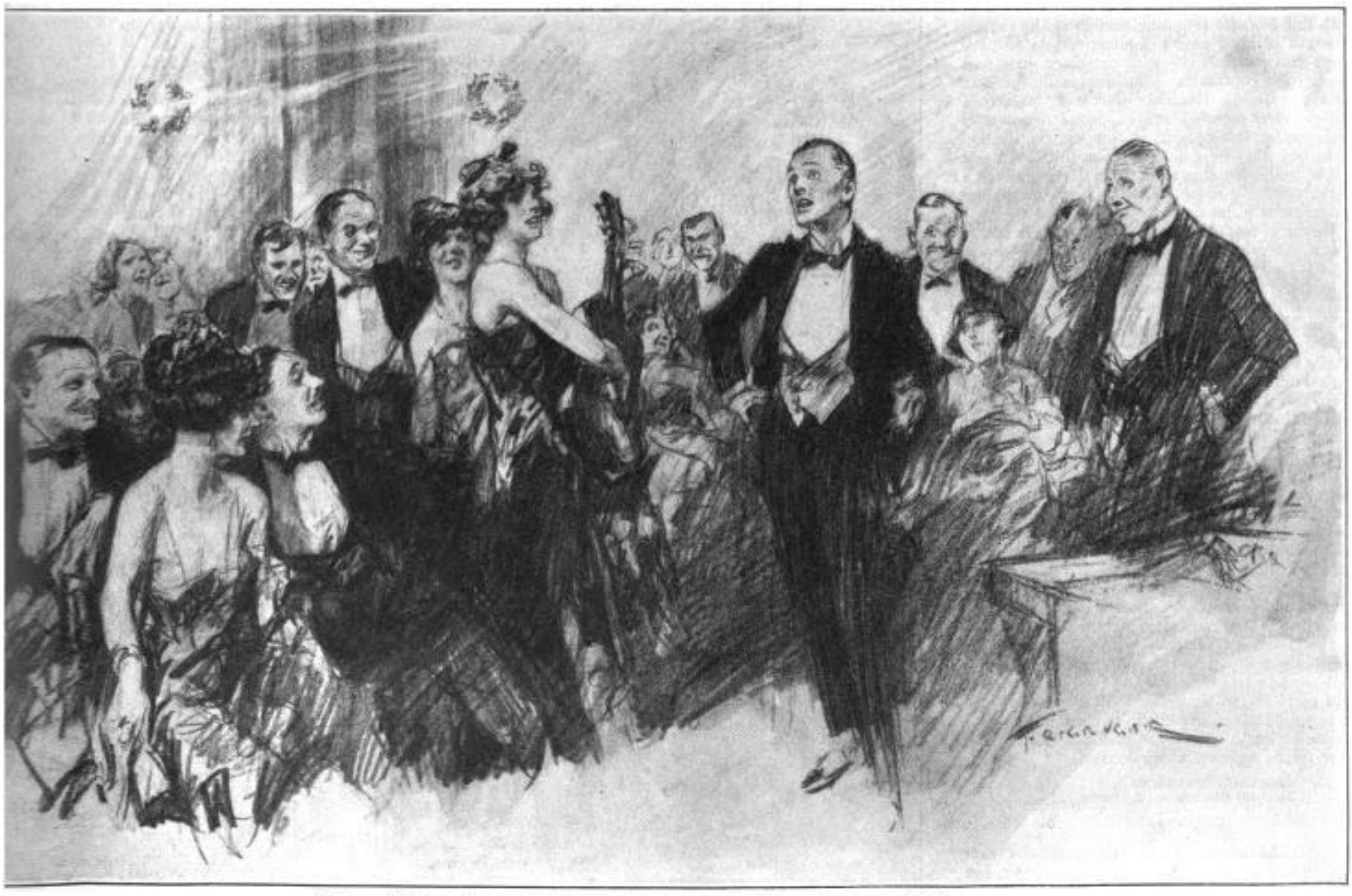
It seems, furthermore, that Mr. Raynor ain't actually been selling as many oil stocks in the general market as he has let on. Leastwise, that is what Mr. Dallas suspicions, even if he can't prove it. When first they went into partners together last August Mr. Dallas tells me he put up a large jag of money for his half interest. He was content to let Mr. Raynor manage the business and keep the run of the books and all that, seeing as how Mr. Raynor had the experience in such matters and he didn't. Anyhow, he felt amply satisfied with the gratifying amounts which Mr. Raynor kept handing over to him, saying it all was from the profits.

But this very day there's been a show-down at the office growing out of Mr. Raynor having called on him to put up another big chunk of cash for running expenses, and whilst all the figures and all the details ain't been made manifest to Mr. Dallas yet, he's got mighty strong reasons to believe there really wasn't no profits to speak of, and that the money he's been drawing out all along was just his own money, which Mr. Raynor let him have it in order to keep him happy and contented whilst he was being sucked in deeper and deeper.

And so now, Mr. Dallas says, that's how it stands. If he goes on and on along the way he seems to be headed it's only a question of time till all his money will be plumb drained from him. He tells me that he'd be willing to pull out now and take his losses and charge 'em up to the expense of getting a Wall Street education, only, he says, he can't. I asks him then what's the reason he can't. And he says because when the papers was drawed up—by Mr. Raynor—he obligated himself in such a twistified way that it seems he's bound hard and fast to stick to the bitter end. Of course, he says he might start up a lawsuit and throw the whole thing into the courthouse; but, even so, he's afraid he wouldn't have a leg left to stand on by reason of his having tied himself up so tight in writing; and anyway, he says, before he got through with a lawsuit most doubtless the lawyers would have all the leavings.

To myself I says there is still another reason. I knows how much it would hurt Mr. Dallas' pride to have all the folks down home finding out that he's made another disasterful move in business. By roundabout ways it has come to my ears that he's been writing back down there about how well he's doing up here in New York, and now if it should come out in the papers that he's made one more bad bust-up on top of all them finance mistakes he committed before he come North, and he should have to go South again, broke and shamed at being broke, I reckons it would just about kill him. Besides which I knows full well from hearing Judge Priest talking in the past that even

(Continued on Page 50)



Christmas is When We Cuts Loose and Just Naturally Out-To-Dos All Previous To-Dos

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THE CLIFF DWELLERS

By Frederick Orin Bartlett

ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. ALLEN

IT IS always dangerous, even in the interest of truth, to disturb the traditions that cluster around romance, but it is equally dangerous to disturb truth in the interest of romance. Possibly this difficulty explains why the real story of the affair between Stephen Cotter and Jeanne Buckingham has never been told. The truth forces, at the very beginning, the admission that when Stephen considered the possibility of marrying Jeanne he was not in the slightest in love with her. To offer as an apology the explanation that he was handicapped by the fact he had not then met her only complicates matters. It makes a bad beginning. But, after all, that's the whole story.

Cotter was a curious fellow—a little bit too practical to be a poet and a little too much of a poet to be practical. He came of a good but none too prosperous family in California, and was struggling without much success through a sun-kissed university when the summons to war made a welcome break in his life. He served his country creditably, and thoroughly enjoyed the experience. He was then shipped to New York, given his discharge, and transportation offered him back to the land of coöperative sunshine, but he preferred to remain where he was. He had never seen the East and this seemed like a good opportunity. It was, in a way, and yet it had its difficulties. Merely to see, one must subsist; and on a few hundred dollars saved from army pay this is not long possible—not, at any rate, at the Hotel Vandemore.

Whether from the riotous dreams of his grandfather, who had crossed the plains in '49, or from the somewhat more sober but no less grandiose expectations of his father, who speculated and consistently lost in San Francisco realty, or whether from the golden atmosphere of his native state, Cotter inherited an attitude towards money that had cultivated in him extremely expensive tastes. He had really fine sensibilities in the matter of his dress and surroundings and, perhaps unfortunately, had both the physique and manner for displaying these to advantage. Tall and slight, with fine features retaining enough of the rugged strength of his New England ancestors to save them from insipidity, with jet-black hair and black eyes containing a lurking smile, he was always noticed. He had, moreover, an air—a self-confident poise—that is supposed to come only with comfortable security. Nor was the illusion disturbed when he spoke. He was intelligent and talked well, with a careless smile that suggested a background. He could do that with no more than fifteen cents in his pocket.

He saw New York by strolling downtown after a leisurely breakfast at nine, swinging a light walking stick, sitting over a cigarette for a forenoon in Washington Square, watching the children at play and often enough joining them in a game of tag, to the delight and admiration of the nursemaids; strolling back to Central Park for the afternoon after a light lunch, and spending the evening over a good dinner and an agreeable lounge in the hotel lobby, where there was as much to see as at any of the theaters, at a considerably less cost. It was here that he first saw Jeanne Buckingham. She came in with her father, evidently from a train, with half a dozen bell boys to carry her luggage. The episode was something worth watching—this stern-faced, autocratic, important-looking guardian giving her the proud protection which she did not need and to which she was utterly indifferent.

While her father registered and had even the blasé Vandemore clerks standing on tiptoe, she turned and calmly surveyed all her natural enemies in the lobby, including Stephen Cotter, with her tidy chin well up and a challenge in her eyes. But she was trig from head to toe—slim and trig and perfect! In those few minutes Cotter took in every detail and fixed them in his mind as worth remembering. Then she vanished and he sauntered over to the register, where he read:

"JOSHUA A. BUCKINGHAM,
"JEANNE BUCKINGHAM, Boston, Mass."

II

IT WOULD be absurd to say that Stephen Cotter followed Jeanne to Boston. He did not, but when some three days later he saw her and Joshua A. go out with their bags to catch the one o'clock



"But, Jeanne, Don't You See I Got It All by a Trick?"

train it suggested to him that not all of the East was included within the Borough of Manhattan. In a desultory way he had made one or two attempts to secure employment in New York, but quite without success, and it occurred to him that he might stand a better chance in the smaller city. It had become increasingly evident that some sort of change was necessary. And so on the spur of the moment he rushed upstairs, crowded his few belongings into his bag, paid his bill and was fortunate enough to secure a seat on the same train and, by accident, in the same car. He found her not three chairs away, but that was all the good it did him except that it gave him an opportunity to appreciate her a little more in detail—to study the fine line about her nose and mouth, to note that her eyes were a deep brown, and, when she turned her head upon him, to realize that her arm resting upon the chair was quite symmetrical, and that her ankle, glimpsed in the aisle, were unusually small and shapely. Every now and then Joshua A. caught him making these observations and glared.

When at the South Station a uniformed chauffeur met the pair and escorted them out of sight, leaving Stephen to find quarters as best he could in a strange city, life suddenly struck him as a decidedly cold-blooded proposition. It was, of course, unreasonable to expect the Buckinghams to be more interested in him than they were—which was not at all—and yet, to change the situation, but little more was needed. A casual introduction, however perfunctory—the sort of thing he might have been able to arrange at home in a dozen different formal ways—would have been enough to carry him over that first barrier now so impregnable.

Cotter was no anarchist. He believed in conventions. But, like every law, they at times defeated their own ends. Often enough society permitted, as a matter of routine, introductions that should never have been allowed. He had known plenty of men with whom he would not care to have his sister associate who had been passed on from one group to another until they had met every nice girl in town. On the other hand, many a decent fellow had been barred absolutely because he had had no initial opportunity. That at present was his own situation.

Cotter, however, was not cad enough to assume that an introduction to a girl like Jeanne Buckingham was all that was necessary to assure him immediate and intimate friendship. It would be no more than enter him in the field where he would have the privilege of making good if that were in him. But this was all that any man had a right to ask, and this much, except for the accident that this was Boston instead of San Francisco, he could have arranged. The detail that fretted him most now was that these opportunities were so often a matter of chance and that under the present circumstances he did not have a chance in the world. It came like a challenge.

That first night Cotter spent at a hotel, but the next day he secured a modest room in a boarding house and started in to look seriously for work. It was not a pleasant task and it only emphasized his loneliness. As long as he had funds he could fill the position of a guest in any city of the world where he might find himself, but the moment he sought admission to the business life of the community he was looked upon with suspicion as an interloper. He had no credentials, of course, except his army discharge papers, and these were only of negative value as a recommendation. If he had had any business experience which he could offer. He was merely a young man looking for a job, and there were at this time only too many such.

It was an extraordinary fact that during the depressing days the deep brown eyes of Jeanne Buckingham should have given him encouragement. This young woman was carrying on her own meeting if not particularly significant affairs, quite oblivious of any such philanthropic result as that. But that was not important. She did not want anything more than she had, while Stephen Cotter needed everything more than he had.

Day after day he answered advertisements of one sort and another, and although invariably he made a favorable impression wherever he secured a personal interview, that, unfortunately, was

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too much or not enough. It was too for the minor position of office boy, and ite enough to qualify him as an office yer. And there it seemed as though atter might rest indefinitely when he d into the real-estate office of Pudkin & , dealers in the better class of sea- roperty. This was in March and one Pudkins had taken this inopportune to become ill. It happened, too, that the good-looking Pudkin. The other, C., was short and stout and more ed in the details of office management than in prospective customers, conveying them by bile to choice building sites and making them ate the beauty of adjacent shore and sea and he younger Pudkin had a pretty knack at

r strolled into the Boston office of the firm thout hope, attracted by the name and by the tion of the words "real estate" and "shore n the door. It suddenly occurred to him that I had no personal experience in the real-estate could at least claim something by inheritance. heard the business talked over enough at though on those occasions his mother did quite talking as his father. She had been urging nior for twenty years to drop it and take up or market gardening or portrait painting or promising at least a small element of profit- m.

C. looked up with a frown from his desk when tered, but the next second made his feet. The e laid eyes on that tall, neatly dressed young ad visions of selling that ten-thousand-dollar rth Cotuate which had been so long on his enry C. did not often get a hunch of this sort, t it that time. The only trouble was he was d to keep it long.

he inquired politely of Cotter.

er smiled pleasantly—the sort of smile some l have given a fortune to possess.

king a long chance," he began. "It occurred was going by that at this time of year you ible to use a salesman."

gasped Pudkin.

ther is in the real-estate business in San Fran- ter offered as his only recommendation.

ean you want a job?" asked Pudkin bluntly.

r."

'm—hanged!" murmured Pudkin.

own again in his chair and motioned Cotter to neighboring one. This was more encourage- the latter had received in a week. Pudkin ray gloves and spats and yellow walking stick.



She Turned and Calmly Surveyed All Her Natural Enemies in the Lobby

They made upon him a distinct impression. They inspired respect and confidence. And, what was more to the point, the young man wearing them backed up this successfully in his general bearing. If he was able to accomplish this as a total stranger for Pudkin, why would he not be able to produce the same result in the case of Pudkin's clients? When all was said and done, respect and confidence were as important as a knowledge of real estate. That end of it he would look after himself.

"What kind of job do you want?" inquired Pudkin cautiously.

"Any kind," declared Cotter. "I'll sweep out the office or manage it."

"Any experience?"

"No."

"Recommendations?"

"No."

"What you been doing?"

"Fighting."

"Eh?"

"I've just been discharged from the Army."

"Oh, I see. Didn't know but what you'd been in the ring."

"No; I'd have more capital if I had been," smiled Cotter.

"Ever try selling anything?"

"Only my secondhand clothes in college."

"Know anything about the South Shore?"

"It's on the Atlantic Ocean."

"Yes," admitted Pudkin. "But the Atlantic is a big ocean."

"You bet. I've just sailed across it."

"We're interested here only in that part of it that hits the shore."

"I see."

"The South Shore within easy commuting distance of Boston."

"That eliminates a good chunk of it all at once," said Cotter.

"Forty miles from town is our limit."

"A man ought to be able to cover that ground without much trouble."

"And we handle only the better class of property."

"Another chunk gone."

"I might give you a trial if you knew the territory."

"I'll learn it."

"You can't do that in a day."

"I know the sky and the sea. That's two thirds of it. The rest ——"

"The rest is what we're selling," interrupted Pudkin.

"Right. If you'll give me a list of your offerings I'll go over them."

"Got a car?"

"No."

"Any money?"

"No." *(Continued on Page 40)*



"This Isn't a Park, Young Man," Buckingham Declared Sternly

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 24, 1922

The Direct Primary

IN A RECENT interview Senator George Wharton Pepper is quoted as suggesting modification of the primary-election law to define the status of the "organization." The senator urged "constructive thinking" along that line in order to avoid in the future such confusion as occurred in connection with his nomination.

We fail to see how any changes in the primary law can affect the fundamental question involved, for it is purely a matter of one's conscience and convictions. Organization for political purposes is necessary and desirable, but there is no reason why the voter should swallow any organization without question or analysis because it bears a reputable label. That label may be counterfeit and the stuff behind it bootleg of the worst quality. It is not incumbent on anyone, no matter how strong a party man, to vote for the candidates of any organization whose promises will not stand the closest scrutiny and whose aims are so doubtful that they admit of no doubt. Those who will weigh promise against performance and platforms against records will not find the answer hard to reach.

As a matter of fact, average men and women are in small doubt about the status of the average political organization, and they openly declare themselves for or against it. That is exactly as it should be. Senator Pepper's problem may be one for the candidate, but it is not one for the voter.

The primaries in Pennsylvania and in Indiana are the most significant and important political events of this generation—not particularly because the women took part in them, though that is important; nor because Pinchot and Beveridge were nominated, though that, too, is significant; but because they indicate that both men and women are beginning to realize that the fight for good government must be made before and at the primaries. Otherwise, nine times out of ten the voters are offered a choice of hand-picked and boss-picked nominees.

There need be no surprise if a vigorous campaign to abolish direct primaries follows the spring nominations. Heretofore they have not worked out very well in practice, because the voter has not prepared for and used them intelligently. But in the hands of an informed and earnest electorate they will be a powerful instrument for clean and honest government. To abolish them, to use them blindly and unintelligently, is to confess our total unfitness for the duties of citizenship. The real problem of the primaries is the failure of so many voters to avail themselves of a privilege that has a direct and daily bearing on their homes, their earnings and their lives.

It is not amendment of the direct-primary law that is needed, but education of the voter as to its possibilities.

Lame and Halt and Blind

CHIEF JUSTICE TAFT, according to press dispatches, is spending his English holiday in a close personal study of British judicial methods, with a view to making recommendations to the American Bar Association looking toward the speeding up of our own courts, both state and Federal. Our own practice is deficient in two respects: The almost interminable delays that ensue before cases can be heard, and the dilatory tactics that are permitted in open court.

The subject of Mr. Taft's studies is not a new one. For at least one generation our lawyers have been perennially aware of the time-wasting procedure that has been getting a tighter and tighter strangle hold on American courts and has been making litigation of every sort progressively more costly and protracted, with a general tendency to enrich attorneys and impoverish clients. Every year leaders of the bar have directed attention to the unfavorable contrast afforded by comparison of our slow-footed practice with the speed and efficiency with which similar business is dispatched in the English law courts. There has been no end of talk about the adoption of more expeditious methods in this country, but only in sporadic instances have substantial reforms resulted.

This matter is not to be numbered among the academic technicalities that are of interest only to members of the legal profession. It is, on the contrary, a live issue and one that concerns every citizen of this country; for no man is so peaceable or so obscure that he may not become involved in a lawsuit, or so innocent that he may not, through untoward circumstances, stand accused of crime. The more elaborate the judicial procedure in which he becomes entangled, the smaller is his chance of getting substantial justice in the end; and, as it works out in practice, complicated and dilatory procedure almost inevitably accentuates the unavoidable disparity that exists between the rich litigant and the poor one.

Mr. Taft has long had at heart the situation of the poor man who must struggle in the toils of our cumbrous legal system like a gnat on fly paper. Only a few weeks ago in a public address he impressively called attention to the high cost of litigation in our Federal courts, and expressed the hope that conditions might be materially bettered.

The classical conception of Justice was a goddess with bandaged eyes. In America we have gone the Greeks one better and have made her lame and halt as well as blind. If, as a result of Mr. Taft's studies and recommendations, she can be prodded into a swifter gait, and if her feet can be set on unobstructed paths, he will have performed a great public service and will have made his holiday as fruitful as his working days.

The Neglected Science

THE average man who makes an occasional inventory of the furniture of his mind, in order to list those branches of serviceable knowledge that he most conspicuously lacks and of which his daily need is greatest, is either very learned or very self-complacent if he cannot find serious deficiencies in his mental equipment; and it is commonly true that the wiser a man is the more acutely he feels the pangs of his own ignorance.

If all the business men of the country could be herded into one great examination room and could be put over the educational jumps by a staff of specialists the chances are that the one practical and essential study in which the lowest scores would be made is economics. Nor would that result be unnatural, for a science that has a scant century and a half of history and tradition behind it can scarcely be expected to have acquired the momentum of those older studies, such as reading, writing, arithmetic, geometry, logic, philosophy, whose beginnings trace back to the philosophers of ancient Greece or antedate the Pyramids of Egypt.

The eighteenth-century poet who wrote that "T proper study of mankind is man" was dead and gone fore economics blossomed out into an accepted sta recognized utility; but the line was as good for the as for the past. After all, economics is little else tha study of man as he goes about his daily tasks of sow reaping, hiring out his labor or engaging that of oth trading, mining, manufacturing, buying, selling, ren transporting the products of his own hands or of tha doing his best to keep a tight roof over his head and st ing every nerve to provide for his children and to s some overplus of savings wherewith to stake other men would engage in enterprises not immediately produc

If there be any study more homely, more demo than this, any that clings closer to the soil or lies near man's bone and marrow, it would be hard to name yet there is many an institution of learning, whose de ment of economics is admittedly weak, that is seri considering the establishment of courses in wall-pape sign, tea-room management and God knows what el

Mr. Thomas B. McAdams, president of the Ame Bankers' Association, lately made some pointed rem on our national ignorance of economic science in an ad that deserves a wider audience than that afforded by roomful of Texas bankers to whom he spoke. His rem were primarily directed against those soft-money mo tinkers who speak with the tongues of sirens in adv of their private systems for making money easy to ge worth little when got:

When you see men of such outstanding stru Thomas A. Edison and Henry Ford seriously advo bringing into play in this country the instrument perhaps, has produced more chaos than the war i Europe—that is, the printing press for creating mon is the time for the conservative business men to wa and say "No!" If the silver movement, which at proposed a concrete metallic basis for money, was v as unsound, infinitely more important is it to reject proposing intangible credits as a currency basis.

Upon the soundness of our money depends the of our business life. Currency issued in keeping volume, with the actual needs of constructive com and industrial operations, and, as to quality, on a ready redeemability in gold, is sound money. Cu issued, on the other hand, simply on the basis of th ber of revolutions the high-geared wheels of p presses are able to make per day can lead to but sult—business demoralization and financial disa

This is not a matter of abstract theory, but it is of oft-repeated, concrete experience in every co the world that has tried the fiat-money experiment. are to be a farseeing and a growing people we s better educated in the sound principles of econom govern business just as surely as the laws of physic the world we live in. Economic understanding mu thinking and sound methods.

Mr. McAdams was not afraid to hint that the themselves might profitably learn a little more ab own business, and he made it clear, what not every hind rail or window knows, that banking may be a job or an intelligent participation in the outwor world-wide science. The increasing rapidity wi college men who have majored in economics w snapped up by progressive banking institutions i the most hopeful signs of a more general appre the indispensability of this science in modern com and business life.

Amerikanski Again

THERE is no more galling reading in the dail than the well-displayed interviews with alie hyphenates who resent every effort made by Co protect our own people from the wholesale im European slum-dwellers. When the extension of the Per Cent Law was under discussion, aliens in ev took pen in hand to denounce it as "un-Ameri a proposal was made in the House to require al register, aliens again rose to brand the bill a American." Strangely enough, all over the co were editors, well-meaning and patriotic citizens, w lowed their columns to be used for the dissemination propaganda. Americans and Americans only are to say what is "American" and what is "un-Amer

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No Compromise With Bolshevism

WAS only about two years ago that sensible hard-rking people in Western Europe as well as in this intry were thoroughly frightened by the specter of volution. Indeed revolution, or strikes approaching n violence, were attempted in Germany, Italy, and rance and England. Nothing quite so extreme was n this country, but several large strikes had a lly radical bearing, and the air was filled with the t shouting of agitators who wanted to see this or ajor industry taken over by the workers and who a more or less revolutionary change in the form of under the name of syndicalism, one-big-unionism torship of the proletariat.

westward sweep of Bolshevik ideas has been . To many who had looked upon the Russian as a workman's paradise came disillusion. At- revolutions were defeated. Abortive, ill-conceived etered out. The excessive appeal which revolu- ideas had for many minds gradually diminished, ny extreme ideas always do.

The Russian Bonfire

it is just as grave a mistake today to minimize uly the danger of the revolutionary disease as it years ago to exaggerate its portent. Forces are work to undermine the foundations of civilization ress. It takes an eternal vigilance, which receives appreciation from those not directly concerned, on ot only of the police and Federal authorities but of the labor organizations themselves, to prevent the tearing down of the entire social and industrial structure, merely for the glee of seeing it fall. For though it has required the painful effort of many centuries to achieve what we have today, there are those who would destroy it overnight, just as there are fire bugs whose greatest joy is to see a stately building consumed in flames.

It may be a one-sided and partial view, but the statement is certainly correct that the foundations of society seem very weak at all times to those who are in really intimate contact with the long and arduous struggle against the social paranoiac. But this struggle has become far more severe, a hundred times more difficult, since those who would destroy have before them the maddening vision of the Russian proletarian dictatorship, that vast destruction of a nation.

It matters not that the Russian revolution has resulted in misery, barbarism, tyranny, degeneration and slavery. To many disordered minds it is the verbal claptrap, the theoretical and rhetorical humbug of a Marxian philosophy that counts, rather than the hard practical outcome. It is the false slogan of the class struggle, the verbosity and professional patter of doctrinaire socialist quackery, rather than the facts of a tragic failure, that still appeal.

The Russian experiment turns out to be little else than a bonfire of Russia itself. But it is a mistake at once strange and dangerous to assume that large numbers of people do not actually glory in a bonfire, no matter whence the constituent fuel comes. The brighter the fire the more their disordered minds are affected.

Thus when Samuel Gompers, for forty years president of the American Federation of Labor, draws attention again and again to the efforts that are being made by Russian revolutionists and those in their pay or in sympathy with them to undermine the American labor movement and turn it over to the red international, the attendant circumstances make his statements worth listening to. One may think what one pleases of Mr. Gompers. He may be old and, as his enemies assert, behind the times. But to deny his experience, his knowledge of labor conditions and his sources of information is patently foolish.

The Radicals' Chance

BUT we do not have to depend upon Mr. Gompers to learn what a constant struggle it is on the part of any labor movement or organization to prevent the solid, substantial gains of years of struggle from being lost because of the interference of doctrinaire revolutionists. The plain, obvious facts are that whenever a labor organization strikes or threatens to strike or in any other way, wisely or unwisely, attempts a brush with employers the radicals rush upon the scene and usually bring about the defeat of the labor movement as such, because of their extreme, excessive, impractical and often actually insane projects.

The true radical, the one who looks to Russia for inspiration, is discontented with and sneers at any labor leader. Even those who hold socialist beliefs are shouldered aside if possible by the extreme left, by the truly militant. Fidelity of service and the sum of gradual steady accomplishment in improving the lot of labor are not what the Bolshevik inspired radical really wants. Indeed he is not interested in labor at all. His real

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KEEP AN EYE ON THOSE INSIDE, TOO

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THE EAGLE AND THE WREN

XI

By ROLAND PERTWEE

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

THE Honorable Mrs. Conyngham was a lady of unshakable purpose and unswerving moral rectitude. It is presumable that throughout life she had never once found occasion to doubt her own infallibility, and here is an asset and a cause for congratulation it is impossible to overestimate. She awoke of a morning knowing full well the right thing to do, and she retired at night with the pleasant consciousness of having done it. In many instances her scrupulously attended-to duties might, to persons of gentle disposition, have proved too painful and disastrous to contemplate. But not so with Mrs. Conyngham. She reveled in unpleasant duties, willingly confronting the rudest obstacle and sweeping it majestically aside. As a result she bruised the susceptibilities of many, but never of herself. Constitutionally she was a kind woman, but always on her own lines; and if, as was often the case, her kindness proved unwelcome or even hurtful to others it was never varied on that account. Her juggernaut well-meaning flattened out many she had sought to raise, but Mrs. Conyngham did not mind about that, for she knew she was right.



It Would be Idle to Suggest That Leslie Kavanagh, as a Modern Young Lady of Keen Understanding, Was Unaware of the Tenderness She Had Inspired in Cyril's Bosom

Her deceased husband had been a little man, born with a bright and sunny nature and given to the habit of laughter and of jest. A very short while after marriage the sun of his disposition set prematurely and did not rise again. His laughter was frozen at the main, his jest annihilated. The white ship of his ambition foundered on the rocks of matrimony, and like Henry IV he never smiled again—if we except the fact that for a reason best known to himself he died with a smile on his lips.

It will have been observed that Mrs. Conyngham spelt her name with a *y*, an odd circumstance indeed, since *i* was the dominant letter in the lady's alphabet. The foregoing may give rise to misunderstanding, for the Honorable Mrs. Conyngham was not self-centered. Had this been the case the world would have been a gainer. It was the steady *rafale* of altruism she directed at her friends, relations and acquaintances which made her a scourge for their backs. In a drawing-room she would emplace herself like some piece of heavy ordnance and discharge her shells in every direction, heedless of the splinters that ricocheted from the smitten targets.

Having no children of her own, she had adopted a nephew by marriage. Cyril was his name and, although outwardly he was a presentable and engaging young man, inwardly he had the makings of a thorough-paced young rascal. He was as unscrupulous in the matter of sin as his aunt in the matter of salvation. He spent his own money and anyone else's he could get hold of with equal prodigality. He was utterly, wholly and magnificently selfish. He had no affection whatever for verity or admiration for honor. He infinitely preferred socks to truth and a well-cut pair of trousers to an honorable tradition. Indeed, if he worshiped any gods at all they were either sartorial, sporting or those spiritual providers dressed in white who shake up cocktails in American bars.

The few virtues he possessed were his by accident rather than by will. Thus he could not help a certain reckless courage that had earned him the M. C. He could not avoid a quality of generosity that allowed him to share his last bean with whoever happened to be about. The fact that he probably came by the bean in questionable fashion does not affect the situation. Also, he was distinguished in the fields of sport and played whatever game he might be engaged in to the uttermost letter of the law. Here are qualities not to be denied. His plausibility earned for him the company if not the confidence of men and the society if not the affection of women. As may be imagined his dealings with the latter were various and torrid, escapade following escapade with clockwork regularity, and concluding in the general instance with the most unwilling disbursements from his aunt.

The kindly disposed may feel for Mrs. Conyngham in the possession of such a nephew, but their sympathies are misplaced. Cyril's wastrel ways provided the good lady with an unrivaled stage for the performance of her talents, and it is very doubtful whether she could have contemplated his regeneration in a spirit approaching thanksgiving. They were extremes who met in daily conflict, understanding each other to a nicety, and thoroughly enjoying the resultant clash of arms that sounded throughout the engagement.

To the Hôtel La Rhone, Nice, at the invitation of this ill-assorted pair, came Leslie Kavanagh on a visit. The sun shone brightly, the sea sparkled as only the Mediterranean knows how, and the air was as full of thrills as the voice of a nightingale.

Mrs. Conyngham for the moment was at peace, since Cyril, who was enjoying an ill-earned vacation from the embassy at Vienna, had decided, after a close and disappointing inspection of the hotel guests, to behave well.

Leslie felt happy because in a few days Martyn would be arriving. She had hated the long weeks of separation, and now at his near approach experienced that thirsty kind of feeling which the sight of a distant inn brings to the traveler. Soon their engagement would be announced, soon they would walk hand in hand in a glorious inarticulate paradise of their own [illegible] he would behave just like a schoolboy and they would run together on the shore, and [illegible] out very late at night, and paddle in the sea after dark, and have very serious talks about nothing at all and very tremendous silences. Also, they would kiss each other a great deal and variously—[illegible] of kisses they would have, that lovers are so fond of—[illegible] start at an early hour and travel in an [illegible] quiring circumstances very properly [illegible] everyone knows.

Also, she might speak to him of the future and of the future, and he all that would be expected of him and what he must do earn her regard and what she would do earn his. And perhaps if the most [illegible] rightly they might view the beginning of their love as a particular [illegible] art inspired the sentiment in their breasts.

To lovers all the world over [illegible] matters of the moment, and [illegible] can come to the [illegible] grove too much prepared in thought [illegible] too readily to [illegible]

Wherefore Leslie Kavanagh, her [illegible] close packed with [illegible] ticipation, smiled rapturously [illegible] perfect earth looked such as [illegible]

lute darling that Cyril Conyngham, who had very rarely esteemed himself proof against innocent charms, head over ears in love with her for the second time career.

With Cyril the first time was a small affair and [illegible] worthy of chronicle—a mere childish liking—a [illegible] year-old romance springing to life with the fall of [illegible] and perishing with the dawn of the next. Very [illegible] course, while it lasted, but not of sufficient [illegible] forgo in its favor the delights of a cat hunt.

But here was sterner passion altogether, evident [illegible] dozen different ways—an added pulse rate, a positive [illegible] to please, a definite loss of appetite, and even some [illegible] difficulty to get to sleep o' nights. To Cyril these symptoms were unusual and distressing, and called for immediate remedy. He took stock of the case and was astonished the depth of his feelings. Something would have to be done quickly. It was not right that such as he should woebegone and starve for want of love.

A canny sense, however, not entirely uninspired by experience, warned him that Leslie Kavanagh was not a girl who would respond to a rush attack, a method of courtship he had employed with marked success in other arenas. He would need to watch his step and proceed by the chivalry of his bearing and the gentleness which he ministered to her welfare that he of all men was the ideal husband. Of her engagement to Martyn he knew nothing—not that the knowledge would have deterred him from paying addresses—and consequently he was reasonably sure of success.

Cyril could make himself most agreeable when the mood possessed him, and it possessed him violently in the present instance. On the morning after her arrival a basket of roses lay upon the breakfast table in the place of honor for Leslie. Unhappily Mrs. Conyngham arriving first at the table mistook this floral tribute as a peace offering

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MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS



Just wait till you're hungry!

And then treat yourself to a heaping plateful of Campbell's Beans as they come hot and savory to the table! You'll say you never tasted beans so rich in flavor and with such delicious tomato sauce. Eat as many of them as you want, for they are slow-cooked and easily digested.

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Campbells' BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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(Continued from Page 24)

herself, and carried it off to be refreshed in her water ewer before the others were down. That Cyril refrained from drawing attention to the error speaks volumes for the good resolves to which he had pledged himself.

"I've hired a motor boat for to-day, Les," said he, "if you care for that sort of thing."

"Love it—ripping!" came the reply.

"We might take lunch, then."

"Rather!"

"Splendid! Aunt, you'll be able to amuse yourself?"

Mrs. Conyngham reviewed the prospect critically.

"A motor boat is far removed from my idea of enjoyment."

"Yes, that's what I thought," Cyril butted in. "There's a new band playing at ——"

"But," said Mrs. Conyngham momentously, "since the boat has been hired I may as well sacrifice my own feelings and occupy a seat or chair or deck, or whatever it is one sits on."

His aunt's presence was the last thing Cyril desired, but he knew her well enough to accept the inevitable without protest. Mrs. Conyngham proceeded to weed out the principal features of the expedition one by one.

"We will not, however, spend the entire day in this manner, since neither Leslie nor myself is proved as a sailor."

"Oh, I'm right as the Mail," said Leslie. "Never sick."

Mrs. Conyngham flinched a little at the word, but let it pass.

"It would be a mistake, for example, to lunch on board."

"Yes, but ——" Cyril began.

"I do not care for sandwiches, as they always taste of the paper that wraps them up; and to eat a tomato without the aid of a knife and fork has been the ruin of more dresses than I care to contemplate."

"There are knives, forks, everything, aunt. I've arranged all that."

"Balancing a plate upon one's lap is distasteful to me," said the lady. "We will lunch at the hotel. Indeed, I think if the cruise lasts longer than one hour we shall all have wearied of it."

Cyril's temper was beginning to go.

"If you'd rather cut the whole idea ——" said he.

"Perhaps, after all, that would be the wisest course," came the reply. "After yesterday's journey Leslie could hardly fail to enjoy a day of complete rest."

Thus it came about that the cruise was abandoned and the entire day wasted in mooning round the hotel garden and listening to a band in an atmosphere of chaperonage disastrous to the cause of inspiring love.

It would be idle to suggest that Leslie Kavanagh, as a modern young lady of keen understanding, was unaware of the tenderness she had inspired in Cyril's bosom. She guessed his feelings almost as rapidly as he realized them himself, nor did she make any strenuous effort to discourage them. On the contrary, after the fashion of all true members of her sex, she was very kind and gentle to the youth. Women have a sure insight in these matters, and it is rare indeed for them to hold up the traffic of admiration with a warning hand. Hopeless affection is a form of nourishment upon which every healthy-minded young woman feeds, secure in the knowledge that she is never likely to overeat of this forbidden fruit nor produce in herself a love sickness in other than the right direction. Women are the governors of the universe, and to govern properly it is essential to maintain a number of subjects. If perchance the subjects are enlisted from the wicked ones of the city, so much greater is the credit. Your willing slave and voter is all very well in his way, but can hardly compare in interest to the captive of the desert, rounded up from his native fastness and brought meekly to heel with gyves upon his feet.

This practice of gathering moss from rolling stones is not unattended with hazard, else would women surely allow to their menkind the opportunity of behaving likewise. The fact that they resolutely set their faces against any such proceeding speaks volumes in favor of the superior judgment and control of women over men. It turns on a matter of sex equation and, as all must agree, men habitually inhabit zones far too near the Equator to admit of their entry into the Royal and Ancient Society of Moss Gatherers.

During the few days before Martyn's arrival Leslie Kavanagh sistered Cyril Conyngham with untiring sweetness. She listened tolerantly to his confessions of past misdemeanors—a favorite topic with men—and gave advice that should insure future amendment. And when Cyril, at the hour of retirement, took her hand in the hotel corridor and blurted out, "I'm not really fit to talk to a girl like you," her smile was an absolution in itself. So much so that Cyril, whose conduct of speech and bearing had throughout been a mere series of stunts designed to excite sympathy, repaired to his bed gravely doubting whether he was fit to talk with such as she.

Ah, errant Cupid, how several are your ways and variety of darts and arrows your quiver holds—but your aim, how capricious your device! Your bow an arch of an eyebrow, your *flèches* are smiles whose points dipped in the sweet poison of a maiden's glance

XII

IT WAS the workshop patrol who came upon the unconscious guard and raised the alarm. First upon the scene was Mr. Butterwick himself, sleepless and responsive last to those inner warnings that all day long had whispered in his ear. He was not two hundred yards away when he heard the shouts raised at the discovery, and running fastest he burst into the midst of the small, excited group of men at the door of Saville's office. Two of them were splashing water over the guards and applying rough remedies.

Ames' eyes were opening and Flaver was moistening his tongue against the roof of his mouth.

Butterwick flung himself at the door. That it yielded to a turn of the handle excited an exclamation of surprise. Sprawling beside the grate lay Taudridge, his huge body moving up and down in rhythm to his noisy breathing. He appeared to be coming to, and as Butterwick seized him by the shoulder and shook him fiercely he opened his eyes and blinked.

"Here, sit up. Pull yourself together. Answer me. What's happened?"

But Taudridge was not capable of coherent reply. He continued to blink and work the muscles of his face painfully.

Mr. Butterwick swiveled round.

"Keep outside!" he shouted to the patrol, one of whom was on the point of entering. "Keep outside! Send a runner to the gates. No one to be allowed to leave. Get Mr. Diplock on the phone. Ask him here at once. Have my car and driver. Send for John Slave, 2 Unicorn Street, and—wait a bit—for George Wedderton too. If they won't come willingly, bring them under escort. Get Palmer and say I want him. Shut that door."

The door slammed and Butterwick with head up sniffed the air.

From the floor came the unexpected voice of Taudridge.

"Chief, the air—gassed me—same as Wipers."

In an instant Butterwick sprang to the gas tap, sniffed it, caught a faint odor, noted the tap was not

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The Collision of the Rival Parties Was Painful and Surprising

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THE truth is that all the other vital parts of the Hupmobile are just as ceptional, in their way, as its wonder- l motor.

long as the motor functions—and eryone knows it does function for ars—just so long does the frame, for ex- ıple, retain its sturdy, rigid strength.

st so long, also, do the front axle, the ıvy steering pivots, the steering gear, driving pinion and ring gear, the ›peller shaft, the wheels and wheel ırings, and so on, faithfully perform ir duties.

ere is no one outstanding virtue in pmobile construction. All essential ts work together with the same long- d, repair-proof dependability for ch the Hupmobile is so well known.

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(Continued from Page 26)

the burner missing, and saw the clean brass thread inside, stood back and cursed volubly.

"Who opened the door?"

"Me. Last I remember—choking—opened door."

"And let 'em in! And let 'em in!" roared the little detective distractedly. "See anyone?"

"No."

"Stay where you are."

"Chief!"

"And don't talk."

There followed a piece of breakneck reconstruction. Butterwick wasted no time bothering how the two men outside had been dealt with; that didn't affect the case. He wanted to know what had happened inside, and before ten minutes he had the entire series of events set up and ordered in their actual sequence. Indeed, he discovered more clews than George had provided. For example, three tiny indents on the surface of the linoleum where the tripod of the camera had stood. The magnesium powder he had already collected and tested with a match. There were the finger prints, too, amazingly clear, unpardonably so.

A sudden flash of meaning made him search his pocket and produce an envelope, the one George Wedderton had given him a day or two before.

To find that the impressions on the paper and those in different parts of the office were identical, to have been forestalled in knowledge by a member of the official service, to have received beforehand a proof of identity of the very man who would make an attempt to secure the plans, and to have failed utterly in frustrating the effort—those were matters of such intolerable distress and humiliation to Butterwick that he almost failed to observe the marks on the picture glass where the drawing had been affixed.

The arrival of Mr. Diplock synchronized with this discovery. The old gentleman had lost no time in coming round, having been waked up some ten minutes before the patrol hammered on his door, by an inexplicable telephone call.

"Yes," he had said, "I am Mr. Diplock."

And the answer came: "Don't worry—privately."

It was very peculiar, especially in view of subsequent events. Butterwick ignored all courtesies.

"The safes—want 'em opened."

And while Mr. Diplock fiddled with the lock: "Who knew the combination besides yourself?"

"Martyn Saville and ——"

"Yes, and ——"

Mr. Diplock hesitated. He had received instructions from so high an authority that the ordinary standards of truth were in abeyance.

"Just Martyn Saville."

"The plans have been photographed."

"No, no, no."

Butterwick raced over the old ground leading to his deduction.

"But it's impossible." He carefully examined the inside of both safes. "As far as I can see nothing has been disturbed. Here are the drawings as I left them the day before yesterday after showing them to Lord Wallingford."

Butterwick flicked the drawing out of Mr. Diplock's hand and held it over the four dabs of chewing gum.

"See! It fits, doesn't it? It fits. Now am I wrong?"

Mr. Diplock looked very grave indeed.

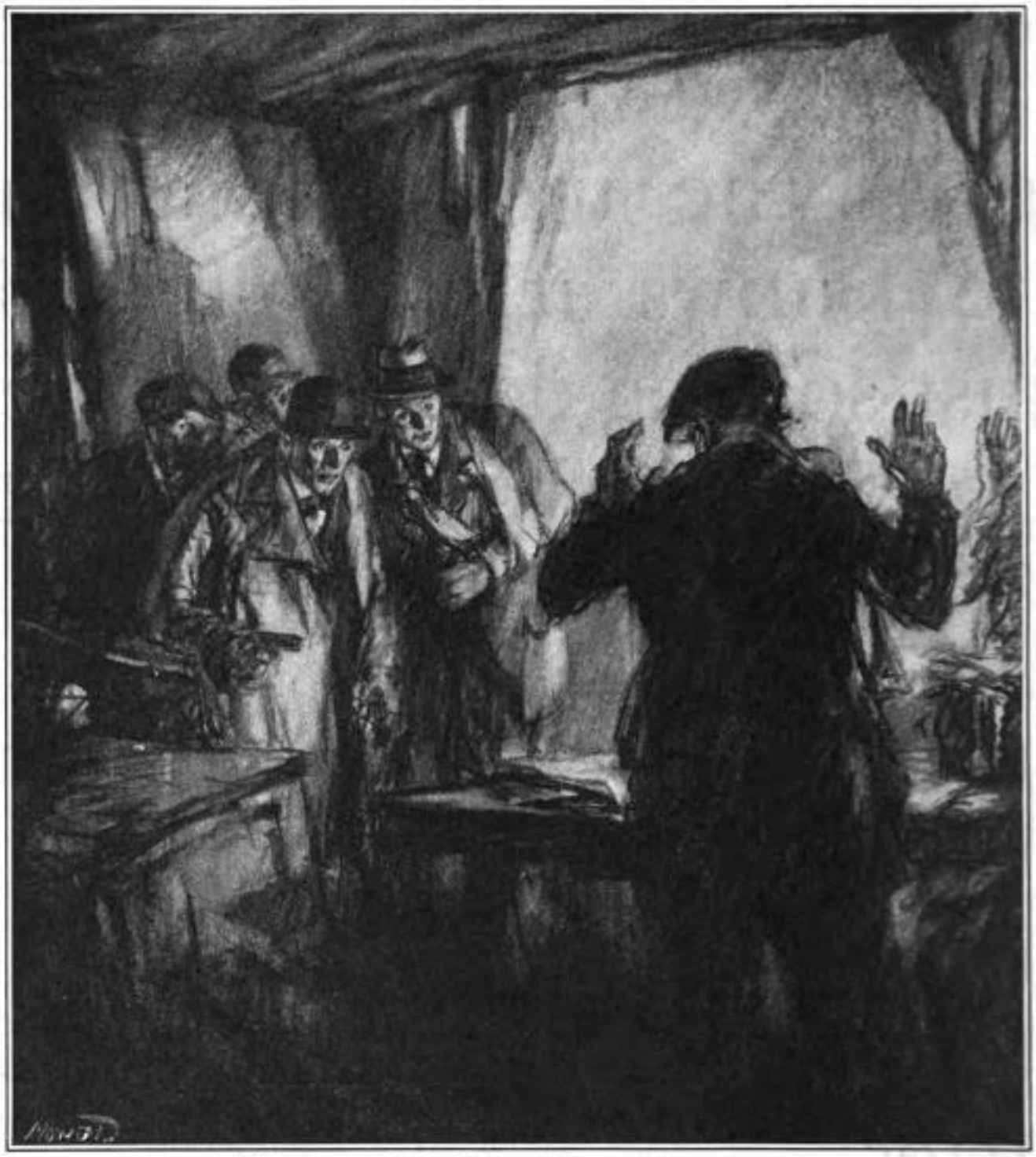
"Butterwick," he said, "if what you say has really taken place it may well prove the first step in the most frightful tragedy the world has ever known. Ruin to civilization, red revolution and a world gone mad."

He stopped and took a pinch of snuff, a habit he rarely indulged in publicly.

"But I pray heaven," he added, "no such calamity will befall. After all, there may be an explanation to all this. I have only one thing to say—we must keep our heads."

The door opened and the man called Palmer entered and said: "Neither John Slave nor Mr. George Wedderton are anywhere to be found, chief. Your car is waiting. The main gates are closed, the station's watched. Denver is telegraphing the port authorities and the boys have started a big round-up."

Butterwick slapped the envelope containing the finger prints into the man's outstretched hand.



"Clear 'em Out of This. I Want to Examine the Place Alone"

"Find the owner of those," he said, "if you put every single man of my staff on the job. Find the owner of those."

He plunged out of the office, leaving Mr. Diplock, Senior, fastening the door of the smaller safe with the word "Worry."

"But why the devil I shouldn't worry in private," he murmured to himself, "beats me altogether."

XIII

GRAY dawn was showing in the east when George Wedderton presented himself at the place Mossi had appointed. As the district headquarters of a movement claiming to bring light and freedom to an oppressed and benighted world the premises themselves were cheerless and dispiriting. Access was obtained through one of a hundred arches supporting a railroad that bisected the town with a score of tributary lines. The arch in question was used as a dump for a quantity of old government war stock and was therefore practically free from observation or protection by the authorities. Beneath was a series of cellars, damp and ill-smelling, which nightly accommodated as big a set of ruffians as could be met anywhere in the world. Political outcasts of every nationality, men of violence, anarchists, crooks and fugitives from justice—gathered together in a common fraternity with a single object—chaos.

Gazing down the lines of faces on either side of the [illegible] trestle tables, listening to the wild utterances, and [illegible] ened by the fist-banging orators, one might have imagined oneself back in the lawless days of the French Revolution. Yet not altogether was the likeness complete. A [illegible] fierce patriotism ruled those long-dead fanatics, a [illegible] rough justice signed the warrant for the blood they [illegible] But here were men of a different stamp—communists [illegible] their own failure in trade and achievement, corrupt[illegible] disinterested in a real cause as paid gunmen, [illegible] for the sake of gain, agitators to be bought at a [illegible] gathering of mercenaries to whom the banner of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity meant no more than lawless[illegible]

The air was thick with smoke and men's breath and rank with the smell of bodies. As he entered, [illegible] smote George with the violence of a blow. He [illegible] up his hand in greeting and gave the words of the fellowship:

"The world set free, brothers."

There was something bestial in the chorus of [illegible] that followed. The [illegible] was as electric with excitement as the points of a trembler coil. By [illegible] George gathered that [illegible] Italian, Mossi, had given the company a hint of success. But it would [illegible] more than the veriest [illegible] for, children of one [illegible] though they might be, [illegible] brothers, with enviable [illegible] cuse, trusted one another but little.

"Has he arrived?" George demanded.

"In there," [illegible] answered, nodding at a tunnel at the cellar [illegible]

There was a man [illegible] at a rough door a [illegible] yards along the tunnel. He allowed George [illegible] after a whispered [illegible] of words. George [illegible] the tunnel till he came to another door, upon which he rapped.

"Johann," he replied a voice from within.

"Yes," came the [illegible]

A bolt was slid [illegible] tered, to find himself with Mossi in a [illegible] siderably smaller than of its fellows.

"Well?"

"All's well. Shut the door." And after the door had been shut and [illegible]

"You see."

There was a table in the center of the cellar, which was a small [illegible] holding the negative [illegible] design. A bright light shone through it, and the surface was stretched a sheet of the finest paper.

"In two minutes I shall have finished the [illegible] Wait."

George waited in silence while Mossi with [illegible] care completed his work with a fine pen dipped in [illegible]

"So." He removed the paper and held it [illegible] George's inspection. "Not many would have done it so well."

George agreed, for the tracing secured was [illegible] good.

"And the negative?" he demanded.

Mossi raised his shoulders.

"By order it is to be destroyed."

"That would seem a pity."

"The orders are clear."

George ruminated in silence, then: "I was [illegible] friend, this negative is of great value and — we are poor men."

"Hush!" said Mossi warningly. "Careful, [illegible]

"One may be too careful," he grumbled.

The Italian edged a little nearer and lowered [illegible] to a whisper. "I had been thinking myself—a [illegible] quietly made—there are plates here. No one knows [illegible] you and I."

George smiled slowly.

(Continued on Page 74

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Smarter than a stiff collar, more comfortable than a soft collar

it a trifle lower front and back, th points a shade longer, the VAN AL is the coolest, most comfort- le and smartest of summer collars. med to meet the hot-weather needs of well-dressed men, this new VAN HEUSEN Collar will be on sale at leading haberdashers' the country over, on the morning of Thursday, June 29th.

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Grover Cleveland as Governor of New York—By George F. Parker

WHEN, late in October, 1881, less than a fortnight before the election, after many declinations I finally consented to accept from my neighbors in Buffalo the nomination for mayor I had no idea that I was thereby entering upon a belated public career. I not only did not seek the place but did not want it. I had never been better satisfied with myself or my way of life. I was nearly forty-five years old, had reached a comfortable financial position, was more than contented with my place in both profession and community, and was looking forward, not to retirement, but to steady continued work and to opportunities for study and a fair amount of personal comfort. Indeed I can say to you with perfect truth that I did not indulge a single ambition. Though willing to do a service to my community when it came my way, the time had long since passed when in my belief such a demand would be made.

"I was a strong, unyielding partisan, and though I saw the unfavorable conditions found in our local politics, as everywhere else, I never thought even for a moment that I had either a call to cure them or the gift for doing so. The outlook for success was unpromising, and at this distance from the event itself I confess that I accepted the urgent call thus made only when reminded that I could not honorably decline it after the favors that my party and my neighbors had bestowed upon me.

"The prospect of election was so remote that it did not look alluring, so that when within a week the conditions had so changed that there was real danger of success I suppose I was the most surprised and perhaps the most careless man in Buffalo. Once elected, there was nothing but to accept the office, and then so to do the work that it should accord with what I had tried to make of my life. From my first day in office it never occurred to me that even if I had a whole cluster of ambitions I was taking a single step in the direction of satisfying them. I soon found myself interfering with things as they were, and, as you know, this is never a promising or comfortable thing to do, especially in a small community where everybody so knows everybody else as to promote jealousy and misunderstanding.

"The work of the mayor's office did not take all my time, but even then I did not give any part of it to thinking what I should do next. Although I had not known any of them in person, so far as I had been able I had studied the distinguished men who as governors of New York had brought credit upon the state, without so much as harboring the thought that I might be called upon to succeed them. But as I had never run away from responsibility, I finally consented to accept this one, though never with any idea that it would be tendered to me or that, if preferred for the nomination, I could command election."

The Letter of Acceptance

DURING the many years that I was privileged to come into close relations with Grover Cleveland he spoke freely of the many phases of his opening public career, and I have only condensed in this quotation conversations then noted. It will serve as a text and will show how this man who was to rise so high had less than no thought that for him such a fate lay among the possibilities. Our history as a country, and that of every state, perhaps all the history of free government, might be searched in vain to find another example of a man with less aspiration for public distinction. Most men start out with some ambition, or at least with some willingness. They go to the legislature, they seek the state senate or accept places on managing committees—local, county, district, state or national—or push themselves in as delegates to this, that or the other convention or popular body of some kind. But here was a man who neither sought nor accepted a place that seemed to lead to another or served to put him ahead of any of his neighbors in any relation outside the profession in which he had chosen to work.

From that late midsummer day when the friends, without regard to party, of the then mayor of Buffalo met at a clambake on the farm of George Urban, Jr., and it was proposed that steps should be taken to present the name of their friend to the forthcoming Democratic state convention, which was to nominate a candidate for governor, until on the first Tuesday in November, when one of those whirlwinds of popular opinion had declared his election by a plurality of more than one hundred and ninety-two thousand, perhaps the least excited of all the electors who participated in that contest was the candidate who in the meantime had successfully run the hazards of a party



PHOTO. BY MC DONALD & STEERY, ALBANY, N. Y.

Grover Cleveland as Governor of New York, 1883

nominating convention and an election. He had formally accepted the place thus tendered, but had gone on about his official and professional work without attending a rally or making a political speech, without making a journey into any other county than his own; without going to Albany or elsewhere to consult with party managers; without visiting any of the great figures of his state; and without so much as making a kotow to a party boss of any or no nationality. Perhaps there is almost no other example of a man coming up with so little of looking down, giving so little thought to the average method of seeking support.

But he did not come to his high place without knowledge of what lay before him. Though he had not had occasion to think of it, chance had led him to measure himself for a few exciting moments with the man of whom he could not then foresee himself as the successor. The Flanagan pardon case, into which he had been drawn without a thought of results, had stripped the high dignities of any semblance of mystery, and he had seen that he was not unworthy to show his power over a man in authority.

Once nominated, Mr. Cleveland's position became easy. Being so new to politics, he had not aroused the opposition of factions. Tammany and the canal ring and other various bodies and influences that had opposed Tilden and his régime had no excuse for enmity or opposition to the successor designated by the latter and his friends. In due time he prepared and submitted his letter of acceptance. It contained nothing very striking, but reiterated the principles enunciated by him while mayor; expressed anew his interest in civil-service reform, upon which he took very strong ground; announced his adherence to the doctrine of home rule in the government of municipalities; defined his thought about the laboring classes; pronounced firmly against the methods by which the Republican convention had been managed without using any offensive language; showed an interest in and knowledge of the canal question, and took strong ground against the expenditure of money to influence elections or secure legislation, and again emphasized his doctrine that public office was a public trust. Perhaps his most important utterance was that relating to a question that had just recently attained importance, his position upon corporations being announced in a paragraph which even at this distance of time seems important enough to bear repetition:

> Corporations are created by the law for certain defined purposes, and are restricted in their operations by specific limitations. Acting within their legitimate sphere, they should be protected; but when by combination, or by the exercise of unwarranted power, they oppress the people the same authority which created should restrain them and protect the rights of the citizen. The law lately passed for the purpose of adjusting the relations between the people and corporations should be executed in good faith, with an honest design to effectuate its objects and with a due regard for the interests involved.

He made no speech other than a friendly one in reply to a serenade tendered by his neighbors; he took no part in management except as an adviser or listener, and [illegible] at a distance, and applied himself with his usual diligence to his duties as mayor.

There was perhaps less opportunity for a candidate to do anything outstanding, other than canvassing, than in any other campaign known to the political history of New York. Indeed the Republicans attended to that. This was manifested by their action in the convention; but as soon as this body adjourned it seemed they were at loggerheads locally and in every other way. In the preceding year there had been the Conkling and Platt resignations with the positive refusal to reëlect these gentlemen and the substitution in their places of two weak men, both belonging to the faction that had long been in the minority.

The Blaine influence, which had been impaired by the death of Garfield and the retirement of the Secretary of State, was either hostile or occupied an attitude of indifference, thus refusing to become interested in the Fall campaign. The supporters of civil-service reform had already sensed the situation, and finding that they had a Democratic candidate who was a friend, they were active against the Republican ticket not only as to its candidates but as to its methods. As there were state quarrels, likewise faction ruled in almost every county. All [illegible] tended to unite the Democrats, and Mr. Cleveland's aloofness in politics made divisions in that party almost [illegible] to impossible. Nobody was therefore surprised when the unprecedented plurality was registered.

Even at the risk of hinting at history, it cannot be amiss to refer to the political heritage of this new and [illegible] man when on January 1, 1883, he became governor of the state of New York, long after the office had assumed importance scarcely realized even by its successive [illegible] and still less by the people of the state, who were [illegible] form the habit of seeking to push their leaders into the presidency—the strange hold of Virginia in its [illegible] with Pennsylvania being still too strong for that [illegible] so grown in population, wealth, enterprise and energy [illegible] all unconsciously to itself it had become the Empire State in reality as well as in name, but could maintain its prestige only so long as it held real leadership in men. In 1882 any one of its people might have looked back over a hundred and five years that had passed since [illegible] the first governor took office and responsibility, and counted on his fingers, with little overplus, those who made its traditions and led in its achievements. I venture to gather up anew and in a few sentences the names and services of this little band of governors.

Governor Clinton's Unique Record

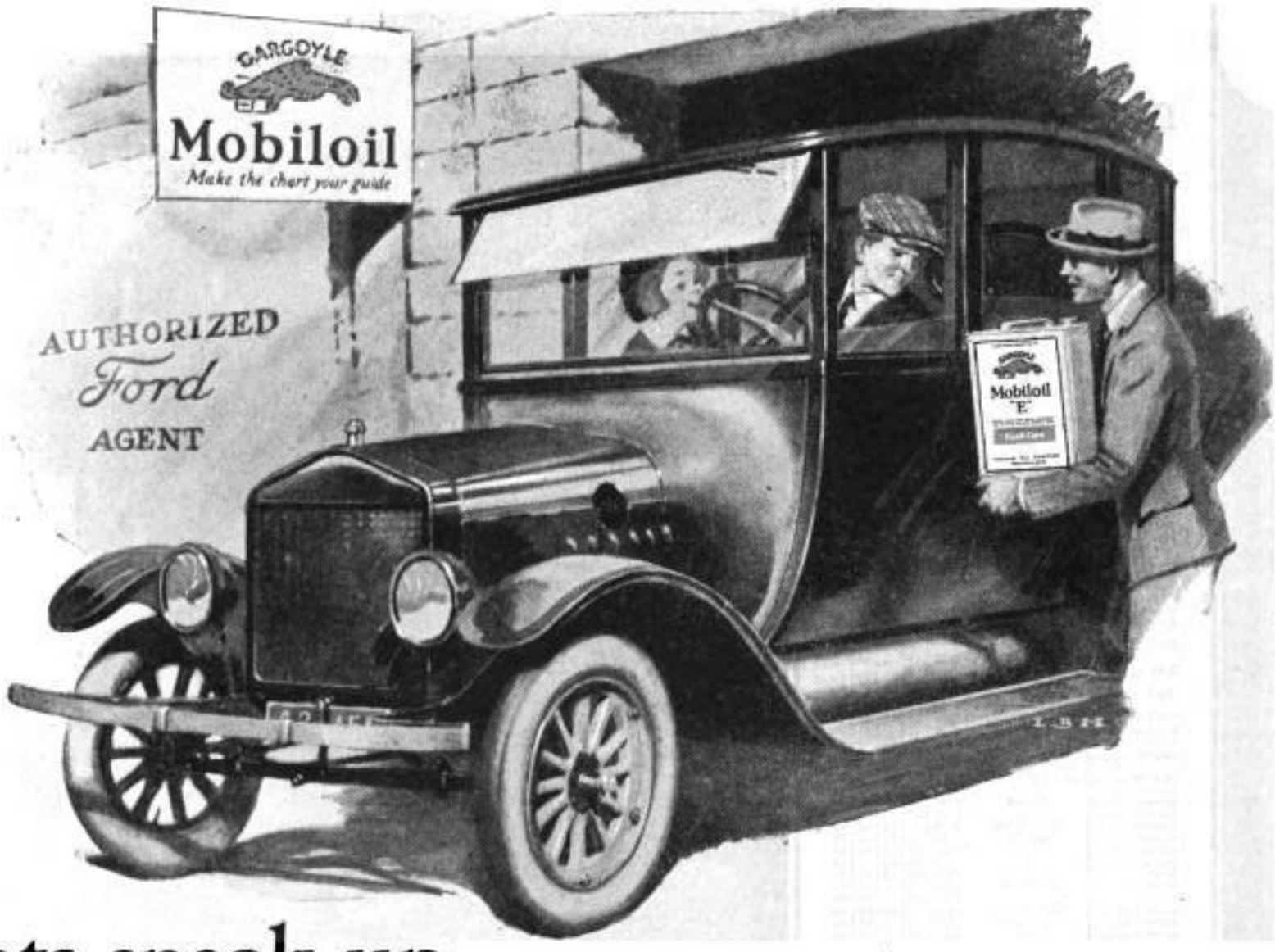
GEORGE CLINTON was of long American lineage, of whose mature years had been spent in the public activities of the colony. Coming into office in 1777 he served uninterruptedly until 1795, and then returned for a short term during the early years of the nineteenth century. There are instances in our politics, both Federal and state, where a man has held some executive office for a long period, after long service in state legislature or in the Senate or House; but it has not been given to any other man to fill an executive office when he had to submit himself, year and over to the chances of election. This was the unique service that George Clinton rendered, because when he retired from the governorship he was for eight years Vice President of the United States.

In September of the year that Clinton became governor John Jay held in Kingston his first term as chief justice of the state, engaging during the remaining years of the Revolution in diplomatic work. He took an active part in the making and adoption of the Constitution, and when Washington became President he was tendered and accepted the chief justiceship of the United States. The first holder of this office, which he soon resigned, in 1795 was elected as the successor of Clinton as governor, an office held by reëlection for six years.

The next important holder of the governorship, Daniel D. Tompkins, who, from having been a colleague of both his important predecessors, remained in office ten years. This was a vital time in the history of the state, while the second war with England was under way. It was not only the actual conduct of the war that was [illegible], a considerable portion of which passed on the soil of New York—but the political management also. It was the time that the Federalists in New England [illegible]

(Continued on Page 33)

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rd Agents speak up

Why they advise Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" instead of merely "a quart of oil"

PROGRESSIVE FORD AGENTS have a favorite letter in the alphabet, it is the fifth one—"E". at is why you so often find the Gargoyle Mobil- sign beside that larger sign which reads "Au- rized Ford Agent."

The Ford agent can ill afford to have many com- ints or calls for free service on a new car just put operation. He must fully protect his customers order to keep his own modest profit per car from g wiped out.

his Michigan Ford agent is typical of a growing entage of dealers who sell Ford cars. He says, e always fill up a new Ford with Gargoyle biloil 'E' and try to get the new owner to take gallon can away with him. We know then that as started right."

hy "started right"?

issouri answers. A Ford dealer out there says, th Gargoyle Mobiloil 'E' I find that we give ct piston seal, correct lubrication, showing er second-hand value, more miles per gallon asoline. We have never had a complaint from of our customers on Gargoyle Mobiloil 'E'."

Ford agent in Minnesota explains why Gar- Mobiloil "E" *saves dollars by the year.*

Up until about a year ago," he writes, "we were e opinion that one oil was as good as another Ford. Before we started to sell Gargoyle Mobil- oil 'E' to our customers, we made very extensive tests in our own cars. While we had been satisfied with from 40 to 50 miles per quart on all of the oils we had been using, we find without exception that we can obtain from 100 to 125 miles to the quart of 'E'—to say nothing of noticing a very consider- able difference in the condition of the engines."

Why not begin today to get this greater economy in your own Ford car?

Not a gasoline by-product

Do you realize that 9 out of 10 lubricating oils on the market are simply by-products in the manu- facture of gasoline? The refiner secures all the gaso- line he can from a good gasoline "crude." He then makes lubricating oil from what is left. In the mak- ing of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" every by-product is subordinated to the production of the best obtain- able *lubricating* oil. The crude oil is chosen espe- cially for *lubricating* values. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is a *specialized lubricating oil—not* a by- product.

It is produced by lubrication specialists who are recognized the world over as leaders in lubricating practice. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"—like every other grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil—is manufac- tured by processes designed to bring out the highest *lubricating* value—not the greatest gallonage of gasoline.

Warning:

Don't be misled by somesimilarsounding name. Look on the container for the cor- rect name *Mobiloil* (not Mobile) and for the red Gargoyle.

Don't believe false statements that some other oil is identical with Gargoyle Mobil- oil. Gargoyle Mobiloil is made only by the Vacuum Oil Com- pany, in its own re- fineries, and is never sold under any other name.



Domestic Branches:

New York *(Main Office)*	Boston	Chicago	Philadelphia	Detroit	Pittsburgh
Indianapolis	Minneapolis	Buffalo	Des Moines	Dallas	Kansas City, Kan.

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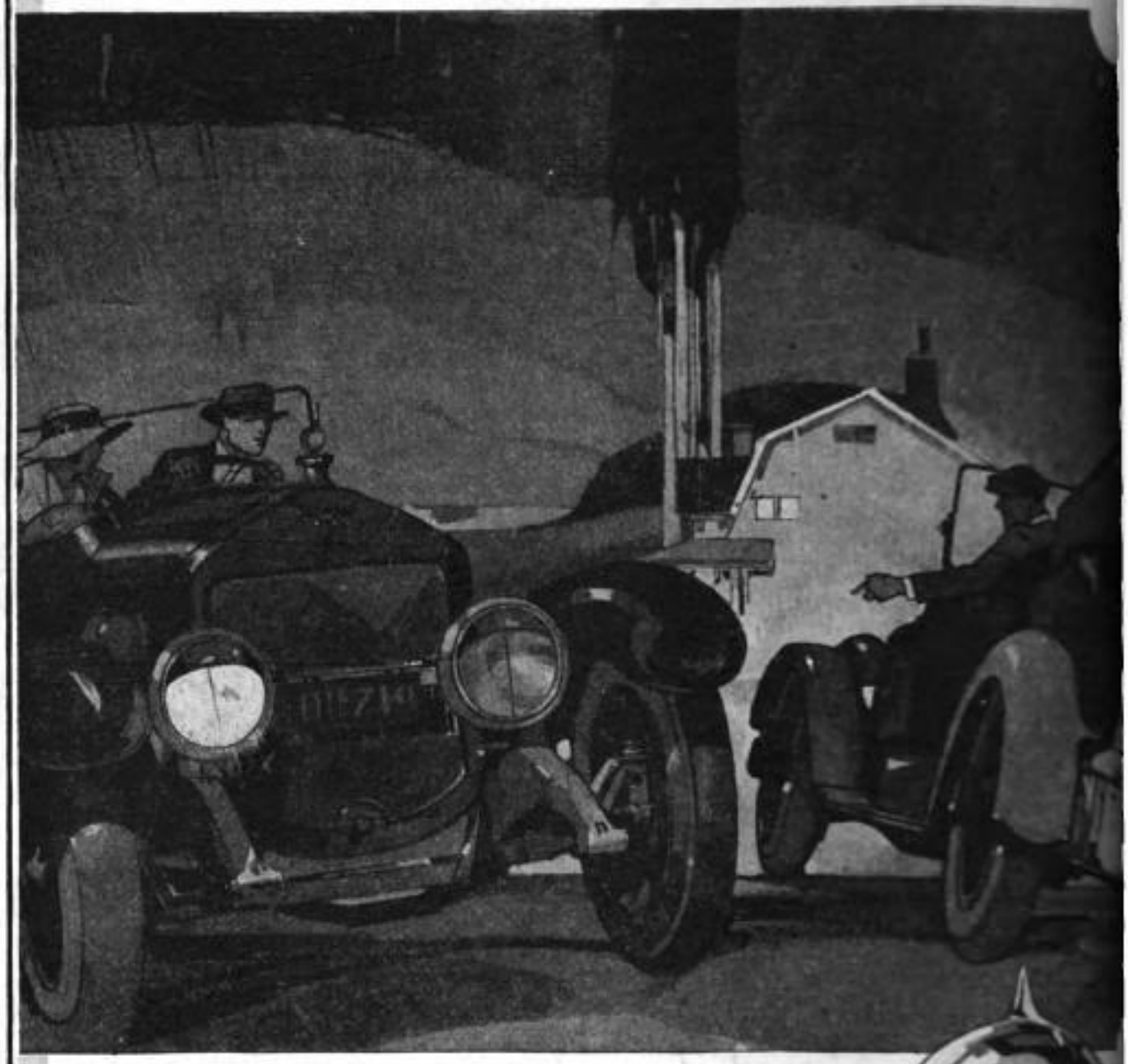
The Proper Edison MAZDA Lamps *for your car*

Ask for them by name and MAZDA Lamp number: look on the base to make sure that you have been given a genuine Edison MAZDA Lamp, and the number you asked for.

EDISON MAZDA LAMP NUMBERS

Car	Your Model	Head Light	Auxiliary	Side	Tail	Dash
Apperson	all	1129	63	63	63	63
Auburn	'18, '19	1129	..	63	63	63
Auburn	'20	1129	63	..	63	63
Auburn	'21, '22	1129	63	..	63	64
Baur Davis	all	1129	63	..	63	63
Buick	all	1129	63	63	63	63
Cadillac	all	1129	..	63	61	61
Chalmers	all	1129	63	..	63	63
Chandler	all	1129	63	63	63	63
Chevrolet	'18 (FA & FB) '19, '20	1129	..	63	63	64
Chevrolet	all other '18 models	1130	..	63	63	64
Chevrolet	'21, '22	1129	..	..	63	63
Cleveland	all	1129	..	63	63	63
Cole	'18	1129	..	63	61	62
Cole	'19, '22	1129	63	..	63	64
Cole	'20	1129	63	..	63	..
Cole	'21	1129	63	..	63	64
Cunningham	'18, '19, '20, '21	1129	..	63	63	64
Cunningham	'22	1129	..	64	64	63
Dodge	all	1141	..	..	67	67
Dort	'18, '19, '20	1129	..	63	63	64
Dort	'21, '22	1129	..	63	63	63
Eight	all	1129	63	63	63	63
Essex	'19, '20	1129	63	63	61	61
Essex	'21, '22	1129	..	64	63	63
Ford	'18, '19	1130	..	..	..	..
Ford	'20	1129	63	..	63	..
Ford	'21 models with coil for dimming	1129	..	..	63	..
Ford	'21 models without coil for dimming	1158	..	..	63	..
Ford	'22 models equipped with starter	1158	..	..	63	..
Ford	'22 models not equipped with starter	1126	..	..	..	..
Franklin	all	1142	68	..	64	64
Gardner	all	1129	..	..	63	63
Grant	all	1129	63	63	63	63
Haynes	'18, '19, '20, '21 (except 47 and 48)	1130	64	64	64	64
Haynes	'21 (47 and 48) '22	1129	63	63	63	63
Holmes	'19	1142	68	..	64	64
Holmes	'20, '21	1142	68	..	68	68
Holmes	'22	1141	67	..	67	67
Hudson	'18, '19, '20	1129	..	63	61	61
Hudson	'21, '22	1129	63	63	63	63
Hupmobile	all	1129	63	63	63	63
Jordan	all	1129	63	63	63	63
King	all	1129	63	63	63	63
Kissel	'18, '19, '20	1130	..	..	64	64
Kissel	'21	1129	63	..	63	64
Kline Kar	'18, '20, '21	1129	..	63	63	63
Kline Kar	'19, '22	1129	..	..	63	64
Lexington	all	1129	63	..	63	64
Liberty	all	1129	63	..	63	63
Locomobile	'18, '19	1130	..	64	64	64
Locomobile	'20, '21	1129	63	..	63	63
Locomobile	'22	1129	65	..	63	63
McFarlan Six	'18, '19, '20, '22	1129	63	63	63	64
McFarlan Six	'21	1129	63	64	63	64
Marmon	'18, '19, '20	1129	63	..	63	63
Marmon	'21, '22	1129	65	..	63	63
Maxwell	'18, '19, '20 (12V)	1141	67	..	67	67
Maxwell	'20, '21 (6 Volt)	1129	63	..	63	63
Mercer	'19	1141	..	67	67	67
Mercer	'19, '20, '21, '22	1129	63	63	63	63
Mitchell	'18 (E 40) '19	1130	..	..	63	64
Mitchell	other '18 models '20	1130	..	..	64	64
Mitchell	'21, '22	1129	..	..	63	62
Mitchell	'18, '19, '20, '21	1129	..	64	63	64
Moon	'22	1129	63	..	63	63
Moon	all	1129	63	..	63	64
Nash	'19	1129	63	..	63	63
National	'18, '20	1129	63	..	63	64
National	'21, '22	1129	65	..	63	64
Norna	'21, '22	1129	..	63	63	64
Oakland	all	1129	63	..	63	65
Oldsmobile	'18, '19, '20, '21	1129	63	..	63	63
Oldsmobile	'22	1129	63	..	63	64
Overland	'18 touring cars	1129	..	63	61	61
Overland	'18 other models	1130	..	64	61	61
Overland	'19 (80)	1130	..	..	61	61
Overland	'19 (90-B) '21, '22	1129	..	..	61	61
Overland	'20 (4)	1129	..	..	64	64
Packard	'18, '19, '20 '21, '22 (116)	1129	63	63	63	63
Packard	'21 (235)	1129	65	63	63	63
Packard	'22 (Twin Six)	1129	65	63	63	63
Paige	all	1129	63	63	63	64
Peerless	all	1129	63	..	63	63
Pierce-Arrow	all	1129	63	63	63	63
Premier	'18, '19, '20	1129	..	63	63	64
Premier	'21	1129	65	64	63	64
Premier	'22	1129	65	..	63	63
Reo	'18, '19	1130	..	..	62	62
Reo	'20, '21, '22	1129	..	..	63	63
Roamer	'18	1129	..	63	63	63
Roamer	'19, '20, '21, '22	1129	..	63	63	64
Saxon	all	1129	63	63	63	63
Scripps Booth	'18, '19, '20	1129	..	63	63	63
Scripps Booth	'21	1129	..	..	63	64
Standard	'18, '19	1130	64	64	64	64
Standard	'20	1129	63	63	63	63
Standard	'21	1129	65	..	63	63
Stearns-Knight	'19, '19, '20	1141	..	67	67	67
Stearns-Knight	'21	1141	67	..	67	68
Stearns-Knight	'22	1141	67	..	67	67
Stephens	'18, '19, '20, '21	1129	63	63	63	63
Stephens	'22	1129	64	63	63	63
Studebaker	all	1129	63	63	63	63
Stutz	'18, '19, '20	1130	64	64	64	64
Stutz	'21, '22	1129	63	..	63	63
Templar	'18, '19, '20	1129	63	..	63	63
Templar	'21, '22	1129	63	..	63	64
Velie	'18, '19	1129	63	63	61	62
Velie	'20	1129	63	..	63	63
Velie	'21, '22	1129	65	..	63	63
Westcott	'18, '19, '20, '21 Sedan	1129	63	..	61	62
Westcott	'21, '22	1129	65	..	63	64
Willys-Knight	'18, '19, '20	Same as	Old	style	64	
Willys-Knight	'21, '22	1129	63	..	63	61
Winton	'18, '19, '20	1129	63	..	63	63
Winton	'21, '22	1129	65	..	63	63

YOUR DEALER or garage man has a book which specifies the proper Edison MAZDA Lamps for other cars in addition to those listed above.



"Your light's out!"

A SWERVE—A SHOUT—the other car thunders by. By a hair's breadth you have avoided an accident.

The next time your headlight goes dead, there may be no warning cry. Just a crash—and a car in the ditch.

For economy's sake, you specify your oil and gas and tires. *For safety's sake, specify your lamps.*

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(Continued from Page 30)

ed to take any active part in the war and indeed were
y cases, as the Hartford Convention showed, its un-
ng opponents. Few men have better deserved the
conferred by their state than did this outstanding
a service still further recognized by his election
a Vice President.

ne time De Witt Clinton, nephew of the first gov-
after having been in Congress, from which he
d to become mayor of New York, succeeded to the
orship. It was his privilege to carry out the vision
d appeared to his uncle and to Washington when
re traveling together across New York, in seeing
ibilities and finally in executing the scheme of
g the Erie Canal.

a few weeks in the governorship Martin Van
esigned to become Secretary of State, Vice Presi-
the second term of Andrew Jackson, and, as his
r, President on his own account. In spite of the
of his term, he was also one of the important
n the governorship.

m L. Marcy held the office for six years. He, too,
distinguished predecessors, had been a judge. In
e he became Secretary of State in the cabinet of
Pierce and there made many precedents for a
foreign policy.

his turn was defeated by William H. Seward,
ed for four years, had a long term of service
nited States Senate, and in his turn became
y of State under Lincoln.

Wright, who, as was common in those days, re-
ter a distinguished service in the United States
o become governor, was a worthy successor,
ntained at its highest estate the dignity and
tions of the office.

ton Fish succeeded to the fag end of a term as
t governor and then for a full term as governor.
went to the United States Senate, and ended
icuous career by eight years as Secretary of
der Grant.

xt outstanding governor was Horatio Seymour,
elected in 1852, defeated at the end of his
ten years after his first election returned to
conspicuous service to the Union cause during
War.

the distinguished figures to become governor
John A. Dix, who at the age of seventy-six was
a Republican, after having been a lifelong
. He furnishes the only example in New York
elected to high office by a party with which
thy was slight. He was defeated when he
but in spite of this brief term he must be
among the real men who have held this out-
ffice.

he was succeeded by Samuel J. Tilden, who
ome the most influential figure in the modern
New York and of the country.

f course not possible that even so great a state
ays have available such commanding figures as
I have enumerated. To make a long story
ng the one hundred and six years between 1777
e office of governor had been filled for sixty-nine
rs by these twelve men. During this period the
of the United States scarcely surpassed the
ip of New York as the refuge for character,
high statesmanship. Naturally, during the
there were a large number of mediocre men.
e were seventeen of them, but their whole serv-
regated thirty-six years.

Official Life at Albany

ANT with the times, each of the men was called
r and authority only after the most exacting
ip. Here was one who had sprung up almost
nd as he himself, with all his inexperience and
ew what they had done, it was no cause for
his assumption of their responsibilities at a
new problems were awaiting solution should
something of a task. Neither he nor any of
nor even his intimate friends could have pre-
e would show himself fully the equal of any
d thus preceded him in this office, nor even
was there any reason to believe that he would
d man who, after holding it, would be nomi-
ected President of the United States.

Cleveland was ready to move from Buffalo
ing free from the usual tyranny of furniture
, or even of wife and family, there was not
ut to pick himself up and go. He declined to
ies of public farewells, but when the time
d from the mayoralty, moved on a few miles
he harder tasks of the governorship. On the
he year 1882 he traveled to Albany with a
mer partner, Wilson S. Bissell, and was ready
hat lay before him.

week he was walking to the mayor's office in
in the next he was getting the same exercise
three or four times daily in the mile between the executive mansion and the capitol. He no more put on airs in Albany than in Buffalo. He was there the same plain man going about his work, helping a cripple, a woman or a child across the street, just as he had done all his life. He made his modest arrangements about taking up his residence in the house provided by the state for his occupancy, installed his unmarried sister, Rose Elizabeth, as its mistress and brought William Sinclair from home for steward.

But when he settled down in the executive mansion it was not to be all work and no play. Here, as elsewhere, he never forgot the amenities, but recognized them, believed in them and knew how to use them. He began at once with proper entertainment of his new friends. He saw them at his house as well as at his office, and there was for all that good cheer that goes with trained manners and a wholesome mind and body. He took part in the life of the old capital town, where he found himself such an important factor. He attended dinners and receptions, and only avoided dances and exhibitions of youthful gayety, but was ready to go to his real friends when time permitted and they wanted him.

In this he and everybody who went to Albany in those days was exceedingly fortunate. Mrs. John V. L. Pruyn



John Jay, First Chief Justice of the United States and Governor of New York in 1795



George Clinton, Governor of New York in 1789

had been the social mentor of many governors before Mr. Cleveland, as she and her daughters were to be of many of his successors. With a tact that was faultless and an experience almost unsurpassed in the history of either state or national capital, without display or ostentation, without cause of offense to officials or to people, she made for herself and for the gracious hospitality that she dispensed a place that will long distinguish her as the highest development of an American hostess.

In Grover Cleveland as governor she found an apt follower. His nature fitted him to accept and to assimilate such a leadership, and the discipline through which he had passed under his mother and his aunt—something I have already described—gave him a facility which would not have been looked for in the lonesome fraternity of bachelors. So though the executive mansion did not become a center of unrelieved gayety, it did dispense, under the influence of the governor and his sister, a hospitality that was large, dignified and consistent both with itself and the standing of the great state which it represented. Not a single feature that was either necessary or desirable was neglected.

It would thus not be too much to say that this lonely bachelor demonstrated here in this high post, as well as during all the years of his Buffalo life, his liking for all those with whom he came into contact, so far as his time and tastes permitted. He was to demonstrate this for years to come in the White House, and here again the executive mansion in Albany might be treated as in the nature of a preparation for the higher duties that were to fall upon him.

He thus devoted himself to his new work as if he had done nothing else and expected to keep at it during the rest of his life. Reaching his office, he was ready to see everybody who had business. There was no exclusiveness, no listening to some important case or man in the executive office only to slip out for a whispered conversation in the hall with some cheap politician from upstate. He thought things in the open and so did them in like manner. Perhaps but for the fact that he went to the executive offices earlier in the morning than his predecessors and stayed later at night the average attendant would hardly have known the occupant of one day was a different person from the one there the day before. Perhaps the most conspicuous difference was that he did for himself so many things in which other governors had required assistance.

Handling Pardon Applications

AND yet the work itself went on with a difference. The legislature and the public found in the first week that in both houses every movement was watched a little more closely than usual. Though there was an absence of anything resembling either bargaining or dictation, it was apparent even from the first day that nothing would be overlooked or neglected. There was no room for doubt as to the attitude of the executive about any of the business of the state, so far as either the legislative or departmental branch was interested in his policy. He showed at once that he would take nothing on trust; that he must know everything that related to the business of the state which had been intrusted to him.

Curiously enough, the first business that engaged his attention, after the inauguration exercises were over, was pardons. Instinct as well as his experience had told him that of all the duties devolving upon him by law and custom as governor this was distinctly his job and that nobody could tell him how to do it. He had been a rigid disciplinarian where criminals were concerned, with not so much as a suggestion of softness. He had succeeded a governor whose policy it had been not to issue or even seriously consider a pardon unless it was forced upon him by judges or lawyers. True to his character, he went out of office without even so much as opening—to say nothing of considering—a number of pardon applications.

Though the new governor did not have to look for work, one of his first acts, after appointing an efficient as well as sympathetic pardon clerk as successor to one whom he had disliked on sight, was to take up the pending cases. Finding from the applications some things that struck him as probable oversights or possible injustices, he proceeded to clear them away by the most direct methods. He probed all of them to the bottom. In some of the cases tried years before he sent for witnesses, practically reopened the most flagrant, satisfied himself of the claims or charges made, and then acted with a promptness that surprised all concerned. There was no cell emptying, no indication that he intended to invite new or unnecessary applications, no intention of interfering with the courts; but he was able both to correct mistakes and to serve upon courts and lawyers notice that so far as he was concerned he had tried to avert future danger and thus save himself and his successors much work. This particular policy is worthy of early notice in thus dealing with his work as governor because it not only marked the principles that were to govern him during ten years of the most serious executive responsibility but was to have a far-reaching influence everywhere upon governors and Presidents.

This interest in pardons and his way of dealing with them were developed after he attained power as governor. These qualities had perhaps been heightened in their development by reason of his experience with his predecessor, Governor Cornell, in the Flanagan case. I have already told this story in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST for August 28, 1920. They were illustrated to me by a conversation with Judge D. Cady Herrick. In the courts of Albany County a young man had been convicted of assault upon a woman. It was charged by himself and his counsel that he had been railroaded to serve twenty years in the penitentiary. After some years had passed application was made to Governor Cornell for a hearing looking to the grant of a pardon or commutation. It was this governor's fixed determination that so far as he could avoid it—and his methods were really those of his pardon clerk—though such applications might be received the applicants had to be unusually energetic and pushing if they expected to get a hearing; and a good deal of pull or influence was necessary to bring this about.

When the new governor came into office the case in question was taken up again by the young man's counsel, and

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Jim Henry's Column

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the district attorney of the time also interested himself in it after he had convinced himself that an injustice had been done. When reclaiming the papers in order to bring the application up to date it was discovered that they had not been opened during the Cornell term. They were recalled, revised, new facts applied, and then presented again. Time had so strengthened the case that Mr. Cleveland took it up, heard the attorneys, saw the applicant himself, which was usual with him when possible, and went to the bottom in seeking the real facts.

Although the supposed assault had occurred some years before, the governor put to work all the forces of the state then available in the way of detective and other agencies. These sought out the guilty women in the case, discovered that the accusation was the result of a conspiracy by a dissolute woman under the lead of the mistress of a questionable house. Not only were all steps taken to get the information in the way of affidavits and statements in every form that could be obtained, but the governor haled to his office all the available persons, held a hearing in legal form, examined the statements they had already made, procured a confession of the methods employed and the motives that lay back of them. Upon this the young man was pardoned.

Whether the governor was able to bring the guilty people to justice is not told. Perhaps this lay entirely out of his purview; but it is an example of the way in which he dealt with pardons both in the governorship and in the Presidency. He took nobody's word for anything in relation to a pardon where an injustice, a life or a breach of trust was involved. No work was too great and none too small to attract his attention, and yet no man was ever so rigid in requiring the utmost proof. From his long experience at the bar and from innate knowledge he was fitted to know just how he might be imposed upon and to realize the danger such things meant to society and to justice.

A Courageous Veto

To some this may seem almost an exaggerated devotion to a dull office routine, but from the beginning to the end of his career as an executive this man insisted that no more important or vital duty was laid upon him than that growing out of this particular method of carrying out a policy to which he was attached.

But the new governor soon had to deal with matters more important than anything relating to the routine of purely executive duties. The management of a legislature was thrown upon him. New measures vitally affecting the interests of the state had to be considered almost at once.

Among these was the bill reducing fares on the elevated railroads of New York City from ten to five cents. When these structures were built there was grave doubt as to their success. The population of the city was in a more or less chaotic condition. The downtown districts were overcrowded, and removals to other districts which were intermediate or uptown were always clogged by the lack of transit facilities.

The old-fashioned stage or omnibus was only just disappearing. It was before the days of through street cars, Broadway being entirely free from this method of transportation, while the older car lines on the east and west side streets of the city were primitive and imperfect. So when the elevated roads were finally fairly completed up into the Central Park region and thereabouts there was no method by which the probable returns could be measured; but as the roads were extended it was found that the properties gave far more than the expected return upon the investment, and as they finally reached or approached Harlem and the upper parts of the city the increasing distance did not impair this somewhat exaggerated return.

When this discovery was made strong popular movements were soon under way to force the reduction of fares by cutting them in half. The question had been dealt with by previous governors, and as the movement went forward it gained momentum, and reached this development just as Mr. Cleveland was entering upon his duties. The bill for the reduction of fares was therefore passed, and awaited the action of the governor before it became a law.

This action was taken in February, Mr. Cleveland having become governor in January. The discussion had been protracted, angry and exciting, and the pressure for the lower fares became so great that both houses of the legislature surrendered to it.

The bill finally reached the governor towards the end of his second month, and on March second, in a long and careful message, he vetoed the bill. He naturally expected that this action would make him exceedingly unpopular. In order to meet this he reasoned out the question fully and put it upon the very highest lines. He knew what he had to meet; he knew that to this popular pressure was added the feeling that these properties had fallen into the hands of speculators who stood upon the verge of being almost financial pirates. He recognized every side of the whole question and proceeded accordingly.

In his veto he outlined the steps that had been taken, reviewed the obligations of the city, assumed under the authority of the charter given to the railroad company, and he also argued in full the relations that it bore to the growth of the city and to the convenience of the people. His message, aside from that part of it sympathizing with the needs and demands of the city, was really based upon the obligation of contracts; so that certain passages in the veto message, prepared with great care, without consulting the lawyers or the representatives of either the roads or the people, set forth in the paragraphs dealt with the duties of the city and of the people rather than with their rights:

> It is manifestly important that invested capital should be protected, and that its necessity and usefulness in the development of enterprises valuable to the people should be recognized by conservative conduct on the part of the state government.
>
> But we have especially in our keeping the honor and good faith of a great state, and we should see to it that no suspicion attaches, through any act of ours, to the fair fame of the commonwealth. The state should not only be strictly just, but scrupulously fair, and in its relations to the citizen every legal and moral obligation should be recognized. This can be done only by legislating without vindictiveness or prejudice, and with a firm determination to deal justly and fairly with those from whom we exact obedience.
>
> I am not unmindful of the fact that this bill originated in response to the demand of a large portion of the people of New York for cheaper rates of fare between their places of employment and their homes, and I realize fully the desirability of securing to them all the privileges possible, but the experience of other states teaches that we must keep within the limits of law and good faith, lest in the end we bring upon the very people whom we seek to benefit and protect a hardship which must surely follow when these limits are ignored.

These utterances have in them all the old-fashioned ring and response embodied in Webster's plea in the Dartmouth College Case and in Chief Justice Marshall's decision. They probably exercised more influence in emphasizing the intelligence and the courage of the new governor than any other act of his whole career.

Unforeseen Results

Though this veto took on an entirely different color from what he himself expected so far as public sentiment was concerned, it did bring upon him the abuse and malediction not only of the traditional enemies of conservatism in New York and of the followers of the political machine, but it drew to him almost instinctively the support of the conservative people, not only of the state but of the country.

I shall have occasion in another place to gauge its influences upon his future career—something that from his own attitude and from his study of conditions he could not possibly foresee.

The charge was at once made that this veto message, the first long and important one that he had sent, was not his own. All sorts of reports were made, the favorite author to whom it was credited being Roscoe Conkling. It was alleged that he had not had sufficient experience to carry on and write such an argument. His outstanding position as a lawyer was not yet generally recognized, although those acquainted with him knew even then that nobody could write anything for him to sign. Just before he was to submit this veto message his friend, D. Cady Herrick, upon whom he had begun to rely even thus early, called by request at the executive office, when the governor said:

"I have something here that I want you to hear. I have not submitted it to anybody or asked anybody's advice about it, but I want you to know just what I am going to do."

In accordance with his practice during all his responsible career, he read to his friend and auditor from his own manuscript the whole of the message just as it was transmitted.

To the end of his life Mr. Cleveland used to say that when going to bed the night after he had submitted this message he looked into the glass and said to himself: "Well, tomorrow I shall be the most unpopular man in the state of New York."

Contrary to his usual rule, he awaited the appearance of the New York newspapers next morning in order to test his own judgment. To his surprise he found that he had made a serious mistake. His care in examining the matter before he reached conclusions and the cogency with which he had given his opinion had made a profound impression upon the public mind. had brought to him from every part of the state and also from the country at large the highest commendation both for courage and for the solidity of his opinions.

When reviewing his rapid rise in politics he often expressed the opinion that of his earlier acts and their resulting circumstances he was inclined to believe that the elevated-railroad veto was probably the most effective in attracting attention, in spite of the fact that he himself had wondered at the time whether from a political point of view it was anything better than deliberate suicide.

Doing His Best, Regardless

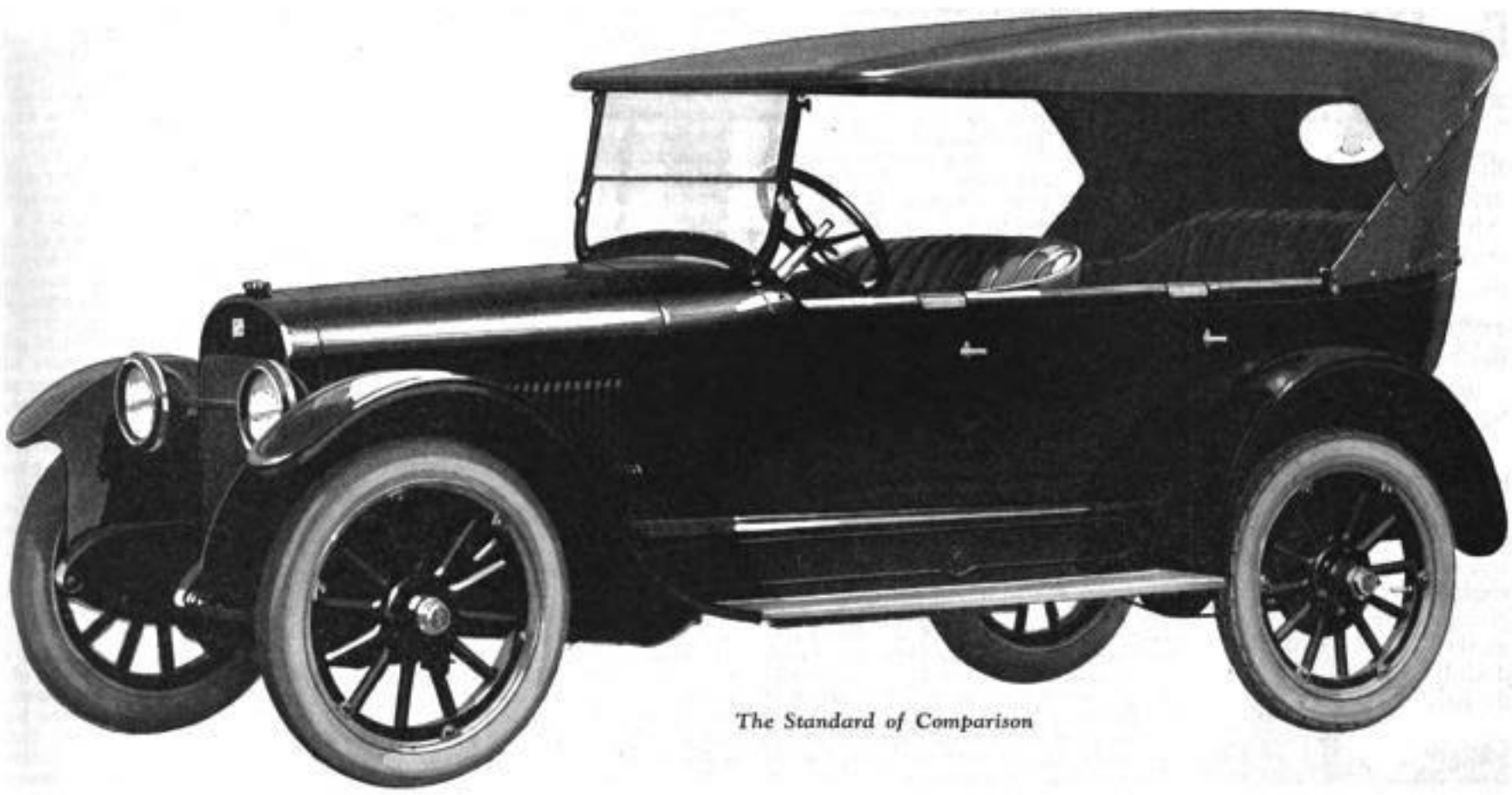
"In the general rise of popular feeling against corporations," he said, "a great many people had confused it with a mere opposition to private property. Laying this aside from the merits of the question itself it was important to separate these two agencies, and I am thankful to believe that the veto, coming just at the right time, helped direct attention to the large features of the whole issue and thus assist in the process of clear thinking so vital at the inception of any agitation involving fundamental principles. The instant response which came from every part of the country convinced me that this exposition in a purely official utterance had the effect of causing the people to think beyond mere sectional or local conditions and thus emphasized the importance of public honor. It was not long after this assertion of obligation that the five-cent fare was accepted as a matter of course and became the basis of a rate universally adopted."

At no time during this session of the legislature did he ever depart from his refusal to deal with any question from temporary, personal, demagogic basis. He met all labor questions that were brought up during this session with the same courage that had characterized his action on others. He always seemed to have known that he ought to go on and do the best he could and let politics and his own personality take care of themselves. In his first great and responsible work he forgot himself and everything else and, though he kept on fairly good terms with his party, he refused to do the things that were most wanted by its leaders.

Mr. Cleveland had gone to Albany with little knowledge of party conditions in the state. He hardly knew which way to turn to get the proper advice and assistance. But before he had been there long he had put himself into close touch with Daniel Manning, who was the special representative of the old Tilden interests and the elements that had chosen the new governor. He could not have found a better man. He was owner and manager of the Albany Argus, which for many years had been the recognized organ of Democratic opinion. It had been dominant in the days of the Albany regency, which, though it had changed its form, had in no way lost its power or changed its methods.

The paper was a sort of gospel to Democrats all over the state north of the Hudson River. Mr. Manning seldom wrote for the paper, and yet nothing went into it that did not practically dictate so far as policy was involved. No editor could get away from the wonderful suggestions of this man. His power of analysis held steadily, and as it included both politics and business, which he himself represented as a banker, the combination proved to be almost ideal. He was able to see and carry out a policy, to see the end of everything he undertook from the beginning. (Continued on Page 38)

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(Continued from Page 34)

Every man of importance in the party came to him, and that not only as a follower but with original ideas as to what ought to be done in a given county, district or even in a town. He understood all these from the point of view of the highest intelligence. He bore no resemblance to the modern boss, because everything that he took up had two ends to it—that of principle and that of policy. He had no pecuniary interest in anything that grew out of politics other than his own business and that of his paper. He had been for many years a growing man, never showy, but always solid. He never made a speech, he guessed at nothing. He had come in course of time to be Mr. Tilden's right-hand man and his successor in the chairmanship and management of his party. He was not the kind of man so to play favorites as to create a series of enemies in every county in the state, and yet the men whom he followed, like Seymour, Tilden and Cleveland, had a genius for making enemies of bad, dangerous or designing people.

Not only did Manning have these characteristics, but he became a student of economics, so that he knew all questions as they affected the prosperity of the great state which he represented. His paper could always be depended upon for soundness upon all fiscal questions. He could always be relied upon as the opponent of the greenback heresy and of the silver question when it developed. In other words, he was thoroughly orthodox from the old Democratic point of view, and had become a dominating force at the capital of the state at the very center of its politics, and had thus acquired a position and influence that can hardly be understood now.

It was fortunate for Mr. Cleveland that such a man had taken an interest in him from the beginning and had had the foresight under the advice of his friends to push him for the nomination to the governorship. He had no personal knowledge of him other than what he had obtained through Manning's brother, who was prominent in Buffalo, and through the industrious and intelligent work of his lieutenants throughout the state.

It was only natural that when the new governor came to Albany, with so little knowledge of details, he should in due time come to rely upon Manning. This was all the more natural because he belonged to the reliable type of man, the type of man who never deceives his chief or tries to get any favors of a personal character. These two men soon found themselves congenial. Manning had been fighting Tammany and all that it meant for years, and he had also been antagonizing mischievous local organizations all over the state. The canal ring was his enemy, as was every other kind of ring or body that undertook to use the party machinery for bad purposes.

Relations With Dan Lamont

Before Mr. Cleveland went to Albany he had been familiar with the organization known in New York as the County Democracy. Among the few friends he had in the eastern part of the state was Hubert O. Thompson, who was the head of that organization. The first trace that I could ever find of him in the great city was during his term as mayor, before he was even thought of for the nomination as governor, when he came on a visit to his friend. It was then that William C. Whitney and Thomas F. Ryan first saw him—men who in such different ways were to be closely allied with him during the coming years. It was easy enough for him to take on from Manning and other associates the color of his new surroundings so that nobody could deceive him about the bad influence that emanated from the old Tammany organization in New York. Entirely aside from this, he was saved from mistakes of this kind by the reliance upon the friends right at hand. As the result of all this, before he had been a year in the governorship, the two men under special consideration were not only related in politics, associated in everything that was congenial to them both, but they were working hand in glove. The influence of the Argus was at Cleveland's service, while the power of the state was ready for Manning's use for the good purposes to which it could be devoted.

This association brought him into relations with Daniel S. Lamont, who commanded fair and prompt recognition. When very young he had become a clerk in the assembly and also a reporter on the Argus. In both these relations, which fitted into each other, he showed himself efficient, faithful, quiet and worthy of confidence, and especially skillful in knowing the men who meant something, with an almost instinctive power of separating the two classes. Upon the recommendation of Manning, Apgar and other men in the party organization he was made military secretary, and soon he became private secretary and in many respects the right hand of his chief and the representative of his friends.

Being a born politician, he was thus in a position to separate the worthy sheep from the unworthy goats and to send each to its proper place. Not even when Mr. Cleveland was President did his secretary either push his own favorites or repel unnecessarily those to whom he was opposed. He was too shrewd for that, even if his fidelity had permitted him to resort to such a method; but his knowledge seemed to be innate.

The Faithful Three

I have never known a man who had so much of that insight, amounting almost to the instinct attributed to women, as Daniel S. Lamont. He could listen for half an hour if necessary and never give a sign that he either heard or cared, and yet it was plain that he understood everything. It was only when he knew his man that he became responsive. He would then speak out plainly and tell more genuine truth in a few words than is generally found in politics or anywhere else. Perhaps of all the men who have been secretaries to Presidents he has never been surpassed, and perhaps only equaled as a wise adviser by William B. Lewis, who bore a similar though somewhat smaller relation to Andrew Jackson.

When, in 1882, the Democrats of the state began to look around for a proper candidate for governor the initial work was done by Edgar K. Apgar, who for many years had occupied a peculiar position in the politics of the state. He was the close friend and confidant of every leader or associate in the Tilden organization. He wrote editorials, made speeches and had put himself into touch with a large number of the leaders in the various districts and counties. He was one of that wise, far-seeing order of men who are never satisfied unless they are discovering something new in any work congenial to them. Apgar first sensed the situation when he began to hear about this new and wonderful mayor of Buffalo who was turning things upside down with vetoes and other activities. He began to tell Mr. Manning about these and before long he had his chief interested. He was then authorized to make closer inquiry and finally to write to this mysterious figure and suggest that perhaps the great Democratic Party might look to Erie County for its candidate for governor. Although this suggestion was not eagerly accepted, it was not repelled, and thus came to fruition in the Syracuse convention. When the new governor went to Albany there was Apgar, not looking for a job, but still desirous to use his marvelous party and general knowledge to the best advantage. This completed the trio of Manning, Lamont and Apgar, who were always at the governor's call.

With such materials and beginnings the second year in the governorship came to be rather easy. A right start had been made in the first year. From that time forward the rest was a matter of detail. When the time came to send to the legislature the second message there was no hesitation. In other words, he then knew his way about, and both the legislature and the people knew what they could expect in the matter of politics, and also pretty well the methods by which his work would be carried on. He became even a little bit more positive regarding morals in the plain speaking that had characterized him at Buffalo.

One veto was almost savage in the few words in which he declared that "of all the defective and shabby legislation which had been presented to him, this was the worst and the most inexcusable."

The civil service commission, which had been appointed the year before, had started its work; while in like manner the railroad commission, which was also a part of his first year's work, gave him an opportunity to review much more fully than he had ever done, and with a knowledge which was increased by daily association with it, a relation to the railroads, to the people, and the emphasis upon the policy which had been outlined upon the enactment of the law.

A good deal of real progress, which may not here be enumerated, was made in many questions. With it all, he did not play personal politics at any time. The veto was still his great weapon, as it continued to be to the end of his public life. Plain and direct dealing with the big things within his scope became rather more common than before, and if he had higher ambitions many of his supporters thought he had a poor way of forwarding them. No man could have had less of subtle or outward tact, and unsympathetic people everywhere freely predicted that by no chance could he expect to go any further. He did make a few more addresses and thus put himself into closer personal touch with the people of his state; but he accepted no invitations outside its borders and seldom made a reference to national issues. In short, he was governor of New York and nothing more.

When he first became governor Cleveland declined to interfere with local nominations or even with the legislature, with the exception of the Grady case herein narrated. He maintained this policy to the end. But even the reactionary results of 1882 and 1883 were not able to defeat his party in the state of New York. With the exception of the candidate for secretary of state, Isaac H. Maynard, who was defeated on the liquor question, the state ticket carried through in good shape. After this particular defeat, the office of comptroller became really the head of the ticket, and for this was chosen, by general consensus of opinion of the party Democrats, Alfred C. Chapin, of Brooklyn, who had been speaker of the assembly. This was in due course of a very successful political career, which included the mayoralty of Brooklyn and a commissionership service in Congress.

Upstate Minutemen

The new governor was the beneficiary of the momentum that had been accumulated by the Tilden movement from December, 1872, onwards. The most fertile and interesting mind that in all our history has devoted itself to the study and practice of politics in any individual state had set to work with all the resources before it for the task. Tilden had money, but this was never any wasted or used for base purposes. His strength lay in the fact that he had been able to enlist the upstate sentiment, especially the farmers, in a movement that proceeded without cessation. There were never any let-up with him in the practice of politics; whether an election was important or unimportant, it was all the same to him. He never remitted his efforts, whatever might happen, so that when he finally retired from politics and Mr. Flower came in as his beneficiary there was registered through the upper counties of New York perhaps ten thousand active party workers thoroughly devoted to the principles which both these men represented. They were always subject to call day or night and like the country doctor, they never failed. In like manner all the organizations in New York and Brooklyn which were called Tammanies were enlisted in decent politics and always in harmony with the strong underlying movement upstate.

It was this element that came prominently to the front when Mr. Cleveland began his fight with Tammany and the unfriendly forces after he became governor in 1883. He himself did not know much about this organization, and less about its management, but he did realize that his task was to find support for the liberal policies he had in mind he must find among these people, and they responded to him with the same loyalty and enthusiasm with which they had greeted what they fairly termed their master. Tilden in the preceding years.

The bolder the new governor was the better this organization liked him and the closer they clung to him—a fact which was shown not only in the support he was able to command in the state, the nomination and election campaign of the succeeding year.

He maintained this policy of [illegible] until his first legislature had adjourned. He had worked in both houses with a Democratic majority that was [illegible] tain. Tammany held a balance of power which—according to its way—[illegible] the utmost recklessness [illegible]

(Continued on Page 38)

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AFTER Dempsey knocked Carpentier for a row of Chinese pagodas it doesn't seem possible that any lightweight could whip a heavyweight. Yet thousands of motorists are placing their money on lightweights. And they're winning, too.

Of course, you understand that I am referring to light weight pistons—and particularly the Spencer-Smith Pistons—as opposed to the clumsy, over-weight, lumbering pistons that bungle about with their excess avoirdupois and cost motorists more irritation than a covey of motorcycle cops.

Now, a heavy weight piston is fine if you slip it into a woolen sock and use it as a blackjack. It makes a fairly satisfactory paper weight if your desk can stand the strain. But that's about where the logical uses of a heavy piston stop.

Now, I don't want you to feel that I am anti-avoirdupois because I happen to tip the ice man's scale at 131. I am all in favor of weight when the coal man drives his wagon across the platform. And for a well loaded down wallet my admiration knows no bounds. And speaking of wallets, yours will be a lot fatter at the end of the year if you invest in a set of Spencer-Smith Precision Pistons. Why? Yes, I knew you'd ask that question.

Well, in the first place, a special design and a special grade of casting makes Spencer-Smith Pistons weigh a lot less than ordinary pistons. This gives your motor less dead weight to buck. Less dead weight gives more mileage—and with gasoline selling at a dollar a twist on the pump, that means something.

In the second place, they're machined and measured so carefully that I think I'm in a watch factory every time I stroll through the finishing room. Spencer-Smith measuring machines insure a perfect fit. A perfect fit means a perfect seal. And a perfect seal means no compression leaks.

And in the third place, beneath the lower ring of each Spencer-Smith Piston you will find a groove which traps the oil from the cylinder wall on the down stroke. This groove is drilled with sufficient holes to promptly drain the oil back into the crankcase. Result: Yes, hold your breath—no carbon knocks, no greasy spark plugs, no smoke screen behind your car.

If you're really curious to know other reasons why Spencer-Smith Pistons will give your motor more pep and vigor just subscribe for our correspondence course, "Making Your Pistons Pay a Profit." The boss is the author—and he shoves a nasty pen. He has cut down the paper so that the entire course is available in one lesson, and without a nickel's expense to you—not even return postage. A post card will bring you this liberal education. Address me care of the Spencer-Smith Machine Company, Howell, Michigan.



A Patented Oil Drain Groove

Notice that oil groove and oil holes. They stop oil pumping and prevent carbon troubles caused by burning oil. On the down stroke of the piston the oil is wiped into the groove by the third ring and is then drained through the holes back into the crankcase.

(13)

© SPENCER-SMITH PISTONS

Built by the largest manufacturers of pistons exclusively

(Continued from Page 36)

in the senate by failure to confirm nominations or by obstructions of almost every possible order. He was asked to name candidates known to be unfit, was treated with disrespect of every imaginable order, abused in open session and met by everything that could be devised by a strong and ingenious faction. He was patient outwardly, though boiling over inwardly.

Finally, before the election of 1883 came on, he concluded that patience was no longer a virtue. The most tantalizing man that he had to deal with was a young and pushing state senator, Thomas F. Grady, who was active, popular with the followers of the Tammany organization, glib and effective in speech, and wholly out of sympathy with the aims and ideas of the governor and the forces back of him. He was perhaps the most active and able of Kelly's agents, and apparently fully intrenched. He had pushed the most useless or the worst men for appointments only to find himself beaten at every turn, rebuked in private by the governor, without any word in public. Finally he avowed his purposes and motives when his candidate for an important place was discarded.

A Spoke in Kelly's Wheel

Then he apologized, and in explanation said, "Well, there's an old man in New York who says come and we have to come, and go and we have to go."

As this referred to John Kelly, the leader of Tammany, it gave the governor an idea upon which he finally concluded to act. While the state campaign was under way, less than three weeks before the election, the following letter was written and sent:

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER, ALBANY,
October 20, 1883.

HON. JOHN KELLY.

My dear sir: It is not without hesitation that I write this. I have determined to do so, however, because I see no reason why I should not be entirely frank with you. I am anxious that Mr. Grady should not be returned to the next senate. I do not wish to conceal the fact that my personal comfort and satisfaction are involved in this matter. But I know that good legislation, based upon a pure desire to promote the interests of the people and the improvement of the legislative methods are also deeply involved. I forbear to write in detail of the other considerations having relation to the welfare of the party and the approval to be secured by a change for the better in the character of its representatives. These things will occur to you without suggestion from me.

Yours very truly,
GROVER CLEVELAND.

Kelly indulged in mysterious outgivings about the receipt of the letter, but neither he nor the governor gave it out for publication. The boss looked around, knowing that if he nominated Grady in his own district the latter would defeat him and thus humiliate the organization. He soon discovered that even his own followers would not permit this action, and after one or more futile attempts to find some other district where the risk would not be so great he gave up the unequal contest and Grady did not return to the state senate until two or three terms had intervened, which was after the close of Mr. Cleveland's first term as President.

During the rest of his life Mr. Cleveland often spoke of this Grady episode. He expressed his surprise that he had finally worked himself up to it and had been able to carry it out as he did. Out of various conversations on the subject coming at odd times I glean the following:

"Before I was elected governor I had become familiar with the treatment meted out in the legislature in both houses to Governor Tilden and his successor, Lucius Robinson, by the representatives of Tammany, acting under the control and direction of its head. Remote from it as I was, I had felt how humiliating this attitude of theirs must be to the man charged by both party and people with such high responsibilities. I had then no idea or suspicion that I should ever stand in their shoes or be in a position that would bring home to me the realities of the case. I had not been long in office until the shame of it was brought out in a form even more shameless than before. These people seemed to think that they could go to any length with a governor new to them, evidently upon the theory that he would not dare to resent or rebuke their methods.

"But I had only a few weeks to wait. While detraction worked in the open, all the underground sinister methods, long familiar to this order of politics and much more effective for creating dissatisfaction, were used with an energy that was increased by despair. I soon saw what I had to face, and so gave anxious thought to ways of meeting it. I was helpless either by denunciation or by any attempt to dive into the sewers of politics. I made up my mind that open and direct appeal to the public was the only road open to me. How to do this caused me much study until I hit upon the method finally resorted to. As I went on doing my own work and gradually gaining the confidence of the people it became clear that I could throw upon these Tammany leaders the responsibility for the recalcitrance of one of their chosen tools. I did it without advice, and, as I avowed, with extreme regret. I took into my confidence nobody except my secretary, Colonel Lamont, and he advised against it.

"In the end the act, which in all frankness I should characterize as audacious rather than bold, fully justified itself, and from that time purely mischievous intra-party opposition so declined that I had nothing more to fear. If I had indulged any ambition it would no doubt have seemed a fatal policy, although the response was so immediate and so favorable that even this danger has always seemed to me remote or absent. It was not done out of pique or resorted to at all until I saw no other way out, no possible relief for efficient government and honest party politics.

"It could only be used then or in the future when a consistent public policy with ample time to carry it out lay ahead. Unusual, almost desperate, as it was, I have always congratulated myself that I was able thus to set a precedent for dealing with such men."

Playing No Favorites

It was not until Mr. Cleveland came into the governorship that the world gained some idea of him and his personality. Before that, in spite of his known ability and the activities of his professional career, he could be fairly defined as an obscure man. But the day after he came into this prominence he was just as modest as he was the day before. He did not develop any of the assertiveness so common to small men. Clearly he had taken fair measure of himself all his life, so that when his scope was enlarged he did not have to change his standard.

When he became governor—the importance of which has been underestimated or neglected as a step in his career—he was compelled for the first time to make a choice of men in any large way. There were then presented to him important problems to which he had given thought within his own range without any idea that he would have to deal with them in a practical way. His knowledge was theoretical, not practical, and it was only when he was forced into responsibility that he had demonstrated that practice and theory traveled not in tandem but in pairs. Only when he came into state politics, with its large responsibilities, did he have to adjust himself to the acceptance of help.

He had come into contact with a few men in his own particular district; the moment he went to Albany there were standing before him men from hundreds of self-governing communities demanding and deserving attention. In the main they were of real consequence, and though a minority deemed themselves so, they all represented, in their way, ideas, interests, localities, the narrow or the broad aims of ambitious persons or groups, so that he was compelled to discriminate between them. Thus he had at once to deal with both the good and the bad, with the efficient and the useless or the designing. Whatever they were, they were different from what he had seen or known. If he needed help, as he did at every turn, he had only to ask for it. He thus drew upon his innate power to discriminate between the proffered help that would be idle and the real help that would be useful.

In these things his position was different from that of any predecessor, whether great or little. These had been trained in all the minutiæ of New York State and national politics. From youth the men among them had indulged ambitions, some of them boundless. That preparation was supposed to keep them ready for emergencies. On the contrary, Mr. Cleveland had to study and to adjust himself to these new demands upon his time and energies and duties. Fortunately for him, instead of having indulged in aspirations, and having practically entered upon his higher career without either friends or rivals, so that he could consult with everybody and arrive at that came before him, he could and did deal with them upon their merits. He did not have to play favorites and, as he soon found, to keep him from his own surroundings those upon whom he could lean for advice had to find advisers and new friends, both personal and political.

Mr. Cleveland's Economy

Thus a great public service and personal character made the friendship attracted to himself from every part of the state. The instinct of self-preservation recognition that this was not their time man made his enemies. Wherever government and decency were in danger there were the friends; wherever there crookedness, or rings and combinations wherever municipal corruption was there were the inevitable enemies.

Under these conditions he passed two his term as governor with as much economy proper economy as efficient administration would permit. It seems surprising, that we look back upon it, to realize during his second year it cost less than and a quarter million dollars to run the affairs of the Empire State. There are, too, many new things like the new Niagara Park, the organization and conduct of the railroad commission and the civil service commission. It seems less than astounding, in the light of experience, that such results could be obtained in a state where its governor legislature discuss with coolness a budget of two hundred million dollars then find extreme difficulty in reducing to two-thirds of this vast sum.

When, with the presidential election 1884, Mr. Cleveland was called upon the governorship, he had made himself most powerful public man in his state less than two years, and yet in spite of the character which had made him he was he was little known beyond the limits of his own state, and even there to a few.

He had taken no steps to exploit himself beyond his own obvious public duties and except for two three-hour visits to New Jersey and Connecticut during the campaign he was still a mystery with regard to the presidency or any other obligation or ambition incident to it. But there had been no neglect of the duties of his office—the one thing that counted his real work. He could no more shirk any responsibility put upon him than he could forget his duty to family or friends.

Left to himself, he had demonstrated the absolute absence of a gift for putting himself before a world keenly desirous of knowing all about him and always on the lookout for instruction and leadership. He had no assistants or fellow officials, however sympathetic, were not put or kept in touch with the conduct of personal or political propaganda for his benefit. It was the

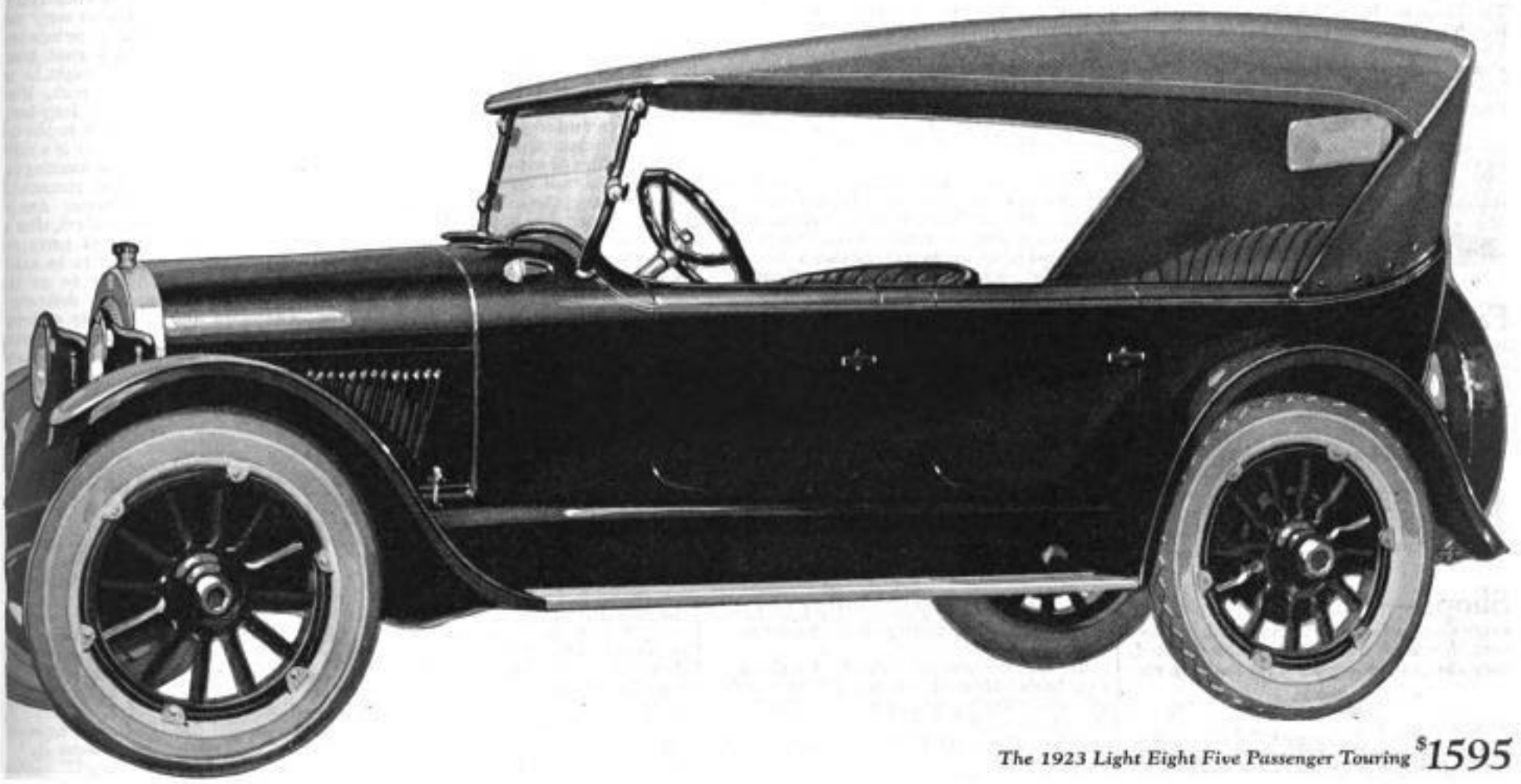
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Dependability! You know that you can drive along hour after hour, day after day, with no more thought of the car than to give it gasoline, oil and water.

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(Continued from Page 38)

their duty to hold him up to the view of a waiting world in some or many newspapers. He rarely submitted to an interview, and often declined to entertain at his table even the most important editors, who on the contrary were sometimes treated with scant courtesy.

If his associates had been so disposed and had known how they would have stood in constant peril of having all their work and thought go for nothing—upset perhaps by some word of denunciation of what he deemed journalistic impudence or dishonesty, or by some still more potent act of neglect when dealing with some man who deemed himself an important figure in the state or country. These were far more likely to be his fate than it would have been for him to attract attention or to command friendship.

So he passed out of his two years as governor, and even on into the presidency, with a Doctor Johnson sort of reputation for being bearish rather than otherwise. No kind of artificial puffery could do anything for such a strange person. He must go on and, in what he called his own blundering way, do everything for himself. He must somehow work out his own salvation. This was the reason why during a recent and great outstanding five-year world crisis, long after he was dead, millions of people who during his life had bitterly opposed him on party lines or were indifferent in every way to his career while he was here doing their work with honesty and efficiency were impelled to cry out as with one voice, "Oh, for an hour of Grover Cleveland!"

In analyzing this two-year phase in the life of Grover Cleveland I have sought to deal frankly and concisely with the most intensive political apprenticeship known to our public life or perhaps to any other. As I am not writing chronicles, I have shunned that routine so often filled with maneuver and intrigue, and have sought to detach him from the details that overwhelm most men in high and responsible places. I have written of him as a man who was forced by the necessities of his position, and whether he willed it or not, to seek friends and supporters among the unknown thousands of good, well-meaning people in a state filled with them, and—as must always be the case with strong men—to welcome in hundreds the keen unscrupulous enemies always ready to put to foul use the machinery that has grown out of our institutions. He did not belong to the type whom Lord Rosebery described in his epigram, "The man who does not make mistakes [illegible] nothing," but was one who admitted [illegible] had rather more than an average [illegible] for blunders. He wanted the [illegible] would get the work of government [illegible] honestly and efficiently as possible. From these two years of obedience to that [illegible] of hard masters, his own conscience [illegible] to emerge into a responsibility that [illegible] never so much as thought of as [illegible] human possibilities.

His success, coming without the [illegible] which has hampered so many [illegible] gests the thought that perhaps we are [illegible] clined to overlook a great [illegible] human material that might be [illegible] carrying on our public work. If [illegible] caught after he was forty-four [illegible] achieve such important results [illegible] then in a state and later in a [illegible] many like men may be awaiting [illegible] duty in many other communities [illegible] prompts these questions: Are we [illegible] people, quite so dependent, after [illegible] the formal products of party [illegible] Do all men, in order to be [illegible] high usefulness, have to go through [illegible] routine that so often destroys [illegible] character and originality or [illegible] honesty? Is it really necessary [illegible] governed by human talking machine?

THE CLIFF DWELLERS

(Continued from Page 21)

"Then ——"

"I own two legs and they've done a lot of hiking in the last few years."

Pudkin reflected. He believed the man would actually undertake the venture on foot. But that would spoil his spats and his shoes, which would never do.

"Well," he said slowly, "I might take you on trial. I'll start you on twenty and expenses."

He was not assuming much of a risk on that basis. He could get ten dollars' worth of work a week out of him as an office boy if nothing more.

"Done," agreed Cotter. "When do I start?"

"Tomorrow?"

"Today if you say so."

"Hang your hat behind the door. I'll give you a map to look over."

III

INTELLIGENCE and a willingness to work will carry a man a long way in a short while. Cotter possessed both qualities. He not only studied all the maps Pudkin turned over to him but he secured a bluebook, several guidebooks and local histories, and in a week had learned considerably more about the past of those small towns along the South Shore than Pudkin himself knew. But Pudkin would probably have explained that he was not selling the past, but the present. That was true, and yet Cotter was able to use his information to good advantage. In the meanwhile he cheerfully did the work of office boy and ran as many errands as Pudkin found for him—the more the better, because it gave him a welcome opportunity to be out of doors, and as long as he was out of doors he had a chance of seeing once more the haunting face of Jeanne Buckingham. He had only one chance in a million, to be sure, but a chance in a million is still a chance. Men have fought through and won on that. He had seen it done on the battlefields of France.

In the course of the next week or two Cotter probably caught fleeting glimpses of at least several thousand women, and of them all there was not one he could remember or cared to remember. There was variety enough to suit almost any taste, but they left him wholly indifferent. As for Jeanne, she might have been at the North Pole for all he knew or for all the good it would have done him had he known. He did, however, learn two or three facts about her: that the Buckinghams were an old Boston family, that her father was a retired wool merchant, and that they lived on Beacon Street, which was supposed to be a mark of distinction. Just why, however, it was difficult to understand. He took a walk up there one afternoon and found a dozen houses for sale or to rent. They were on the market for anyone to purchase who had the price, whether wool merchant or wine merchant, banker or bucket-shop owner, lawyer, doctor or Indian chief. There were no restrictions as to past or caste. The only essential was to have sufficient money to make a partial payment, and that, for all the real-estate men cared, could be made at three-card monte. Yet for some reason or other occupancy of one of these rather gloomy looking residences immediately conferred a sort of prestige. Had Cotter been in a position to walk into a real-estate office with a certified check he might within twenty-four hours have claimed that distinction himself. This would have established him at least upon the first rung of the social ladder.

Cotter began to run across this sort of arbitrary and artificial barrier, supposed to be social, but which, as a matter of fact, was only financial, in the business of Pudkin & Pudkin. Certain summer colonies were rated as exclusive simply because land was valued at so much per square foot. This was particularly true of Pudkin's pet development at North Cotuate. Here was a group of thirty or forty residences upon what was known as The Cliff—an eminence some fifty feet high falling abruptly to a graceful curve in the ocean, making a small beach so exclusive that ordinary folk were not allowed to bathe there. Even the wreckage that was occasionally washed in here—the northeast winds and the stern rocks which made up this rugged shore had not yet lost their primitive cruelty—was looked upon askance as in the nature of an unwarranted intrusion. The sea, however, had little respect for the No Trespass signs which frightened off timid picnickers.

"We allow only the better class at North Cotuate," Pudkin explained to Cotter.

"How do you know they are the better class?" inquired Cotter.

Pudkin was surprised at such a question from such a well-dressed young man.

"We are asking from eight to ten thousand dollars for the few remaining lots. That means something, doesn't it?"

"Yes," admitted Cotter, "it does mean something."

"On the ocean front itself we have only one lot left, and that is next to Joshua Buckingham," boasted Pudkin.

"Next to—what was that name?"

"Buckingham. He comes of an old Boston wool family. Know him?"

Cotter shook his head sadly. "But I've heard of him," he explained. "Does he spend his summer there?"

"He'd rather be there than anywhere on earth. Goes down the middle of May and stays until October."

"Family?"

"Wife and daughter. He ought to buy that neighboring lot, but he's stubborn about it because he thinks the price too high."

"That is the ten-thousand parcel?"

"Ten thousand," said Pudkin with a certain firmness, as though he were talking to Buckingham himself.

"I shouldn't think he'd mind that."

"He's offered eight, and now he's just mad enough to stick to it. But I'll surprise him by getting rid of it this summer, and he won't like that."

"Ten thousand dollars," [illegible] "That isn't much for a lot when [illegible] sider the advantages."

"Why don't you buy it yourself?" gested Pudkin in a playful mood

"I will if you'll make it possible," came back.

"Eh?"

"I'll pay fifty dollars down, give [illegible] note for two thousand and a first [illegible] for the balance," declared Cotter

"What do you want of it?" Pudkin suspiciously.

"I like the location," answered

"But you've never seen it."

"Is that necessary?" "One-third sky, one-third sea, [illegible] better class—could anything be more fect?"

"You aren't serious?"

Cotter opened his leather [illegible] drew out five ten-dollar bills—[illegible] he had in the world. He placed desk before Pudkin.

"I'm that serious," he said. [illegible] is as serious as it's possible for me at the moment."

Under ordinary circumstances [illegible] would not have considered the [illegible] but he was influenced just then considerations: It struck him a [illegible] portunity to force the hand of [illegible] born old tyrant Buckingham, and place Cotter in a position where [illegible] be assured of his services for some come—and this quite without [illegible] kind.

He reached forward and took [illegible] ten-dollar bills.

"I'll have the papers drawn afternoon," he said.

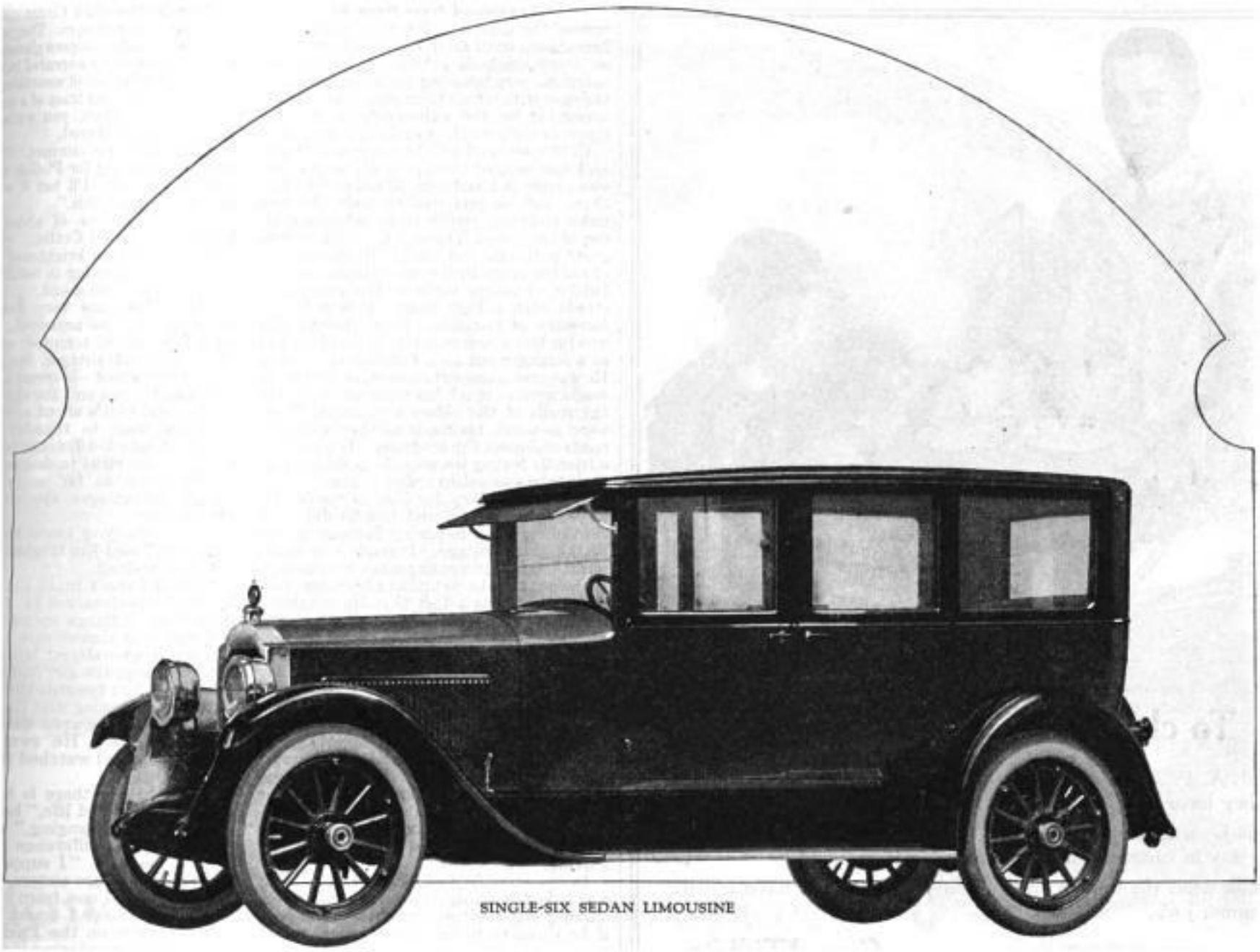
IV

IT IS perhaps going too far to [illegible] at this point Cotter had already mined to marry Jeanne Buckingham it is certain he had it in mind as esting possibility. What he had done deliberately was to establish of contact. By an investment dollars he had established himself Cliff as Buckingham's neighbor dizzy height, which a few hours appeared as inaccessible as Mont he had scaled in a few minutes much as getting out of breath should be so easy seemed almost him. Yet that this was a fact to by the warranty deed which minutes he held in his hand he it over as security to Pudkin Government of the United States its armies and navies, stood back him up if necessary in a lawful claim of being a true

A few afternoons later at the work he took a train and went look over his property. It was towards the end of May, and in full swing. The grass was and the trees though not fu passed the timid sub-deb stage

(Continued on Page 4

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SINGLE-SIX SEDAN LIMOUSINE

It was inevitable that out of the two basic advantages of Packard experience and Packard equipment should come such a car as this new Single-Six.

In the fabrication of really fine motor cars there has probably been no experience so exhaustive as Packard experience.

So, too, there is probably no equipment in existence, dedicated over a long period to that high purpose, so exact and so effective in its application as the Packard equipment.

With these for the foundation, Packard has built for itself, among cars of its own calibre, a leadership so outstanding as to be unmistakable.

Carried beyond the best and most beautiful in Packard tradition, the new Packard Single-Six also sets itself apart and alone, as the most vivid example of value in its class.

Five-Passenger Touring, $2485; Seven-Passenger Touring, $2685; Runabout, $2485; Sport Model, $2650, Coupé, $3175; Five-Passenger Sedan, $3275; Seven-Passenger Sedan, $3525; Seven-Passenger Sedan Limousine, $3575; at Detroit

The Packard Twin-Six is recognized as a superior car, which performs in a superior way. Packard Trucks are recognized as the unequalled hauling investment. Packard standardized service now insures an even lower cost of Packard upkeep

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

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His Gift

To children—Bubble Grains

Prof. A. P. Anderson gave to children the finest cereal dainties they have ever known.

It is he who invented Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. And every day in summer they bring delights to millions.

Think what the bubble grains, flimsy and flavory, have added to summer joys.



The finest breakfast dainty homes have ever served

Cereal Tidbits

Puffed Grains are food confections. So dainty, so delicious they seem too good to eat.

The texture is like snowflakes, the flavor is like nuts. There was never a dish more enticing.

Yet scientific, whole-grain foods

Yet these are whole grains made wholly digestible. Every food cell is exploded. Over 125 million explosions occur in every kernel.



The ideal supper dish—Puffed Wheat in milk

Thus every granule is fitted to feed. All the elements become nutriment.

The supreme foods for summer

If you believe that children need whole-grain foods, this is the way to serve them—morning, noon and night. This is the way to make them tempting—this is the way to get their value to the full.



Mix Puffed Rice—flimsy, flavory, nut-like—in every dish of berries

Puffed Wheat

—

Puffed Rice

(Continued from Page 40)

course the season did not officially open hereabouts until after Harvard Class Day, an increasingly large number of summer colonists were breaking tradition, owing to the ease with which their places were made accessible by the automobile, and going down as early as the weather permitted.

Cotter stepped off the train at Cotuate and was obliged to inquire his way to his own place. A bus driver offered to take him there, but he preferred to walk the two miles, and every step he took made him gladder of his choice. Through the mild air, fragrant with salt and filled with the melody of hidden frogs in the marshlands and the twitter of sleepy birds in the bushes, he strode with a high heart. It was like a foretaste of paradise. Even though this was for him a new country, he was here not as a stranger but as a full-fledged citizen. He was now a property owner, and so these roads were as much his roads as they were the roads of the oldest inhabitant. They were as much his roads as they were the roads of Joshua Buckingham. It gave him a friendly feeling towards them and they in their turn seemed to welcome him.

It was necessary for him to inquire his way now and then, and this he did most conveniently by inquiring his way to the Buckingham cottage. It made him smile, but it bred an increasing sense of intimacy. He meant to take no undue advantage, but, after all, it was a fact that Buckingham, whether he knew it yet or not, was now his neighbor. And neighbors were neighbors. They shared the same sky, the same sunshine and clouds, the same view; they were parts of the same community and shared the same corporate interests; they shared, willy-nilly, the sight and sound of each other; they shared a knowledge of each other which enforced an interest whether friendly or hostile. The great barrier was down. Whatever might come of it he was now in the same field of consciousness with Jeanne, and not even Joshua could prevent that except by moving.

In the same field of consciousness—that was a heady thought! Even now he was sharing with her this glorious twilight and, if he chose to remain late enough, might even share with her the stars and the deep breathing of the night ocean. It made him quicken his pace.

The road began to climb. It was not a steep ascent, but it was a very significant one. The country to the right and left was more or less flat, but in this one place it rose to a point where those who dwelt thereon looked down upon all the rest. In five minutes Cotter stood upon the summit and saw spread out before him the mighty Atlantic, saw nearer a group of charming summer residences, saw in their midst one vacant lot. He walked to this with his chin up and passed, in their garden, Joshua Buckingham and his daughter. They both glanced in his direction, but whereas Jeanne immediately went on with her task of poking around among the rosebushes with a light rake, Joshua continued to stare at the intruder. Cotter sat down on the grass—his grass—and calmly lighted a cigarette.

He had sat there perhaps ten minutes when Buckingham came towards him.

"This isn't a park, young man," Buckingham declared sternly.

Cotter rose to his feet. "You're quite right," he agreed with him willingly enough.

"It's private property," Buckingham explained further.

"Exactly," nodded Cotter.

"Therefore you're trespassing."

"In that I think you're mistaken, Mr. Buckingham," said Cotter with his smile. "I've just purchased this lot from Pudkin & Pudkin."

"You—what?" exploded Buckingham.

"The lot is mine. My name is Cotter."

He offered Buckingham a card and the latter accepted it with caution.

"But look here," he sputtered, "I intended to buy this myself."

"Really?"

"It's outrageous of Pudkin to do this! Why ——" He half turned towards his daughter. "Jeanne," he called.

The latter looked up indifferently.

"Jeanne," he repeated while Cotter held his breath.

She came nearer, rake in hand.

"Pudkin has sold us out," he said. "This fellow ——"

"Cotter," the latter reminded him, removing his hat.

"He—he has bought here."

Even in the dusk Cotter could still the brown in her eyes. They were as impersonally as opera glasses, from to foot, and there appeared in them plexed effort to recall something. lips broke into the trace of a smile.

"It seems, then, you wanted father," she ventured.

"Waited!" he stormed. "I was only waiting for Pudkin to be able, that's all. I'll bet it was the fat one who did this."

"The stout one of about Napo height," admitted Cotter.

The girl's face brightened appre

"You are planning to build this Mr. Cotter?" she asked.

"My plans are very indefinite, Buckingham," he answered. "It situation which tempted me. A offers some advantages, but as far view is concerned—it seems almost to admit the sea and the sky only cracks, and that's about all

"Then what in thunder do you pose?" demanded Buckingham, he had every right to demand.

"To enjoy as far as possible natural advantages the site offers plied Cotter.

"Of course you know the building strictions," said Buckingham.

Cotter nodded.

"But if I don't build I'm not by the restrictions, am I? I have more room as things are now."

Cotter was almost sure he heard rippling laugh—almost but not quite. For one thing, the girl had turned away from him towards the open sea. dusk was deepening and the breeze upon the green waves were shaping restless ghosts. He swung around Buckingham and watched the path her.

"Next to fire, there is nothing ocean for color and life," he said.

"It's always changing," she agreed.

"There's a difference even oceans," he said. "I suppose the and the Pacific are sisters, but It's easy to tell one from the other."

"I don't believe I could."

"I was born on the Pacific and well, but I'm wondering if there is to know about her as about her sister."

A servant came creeping through dusk.

"Supper is served," she announced Buckingham.

"Come, Jeanne," he broke in in relief.

But before going she faced Cotter more. It appeared an inhospitable leave him like this. The least she to offset such seeming impoliteness to be as polite personally as she right to be.

"As neighbors we shall be even in the house you don't," he smiled.

"As a neighbor perhaps you will the benefit of your advice in plan

She did not commit herself further with a quick nod and a "Good-by" joined her father. Cotter watched until she disappeared in the house he sat down again on the grass and lighted a cigarette.

TO BUCKINGHAM there was thing absurd, not to say amazing, situation which permitted a girl who was a total stranger to occupy what was practically his dooryard. the following week Cotter came times, and though he was not in objectionable or intrusive he cross-legged like a Turk and stared ocean. Buckingham could not go putter around among his rose without seeing him. What was Cotter could Jeanne. What was still more instead of fussing about Cotter about her father. Mrs. Buckingham kept severely indoors all summer when she went to ride in a closed in the middle of the afternoon, her husband that Jeanne had gone as to say she thought him lacking mon courtesy in ignoring his presence completely.

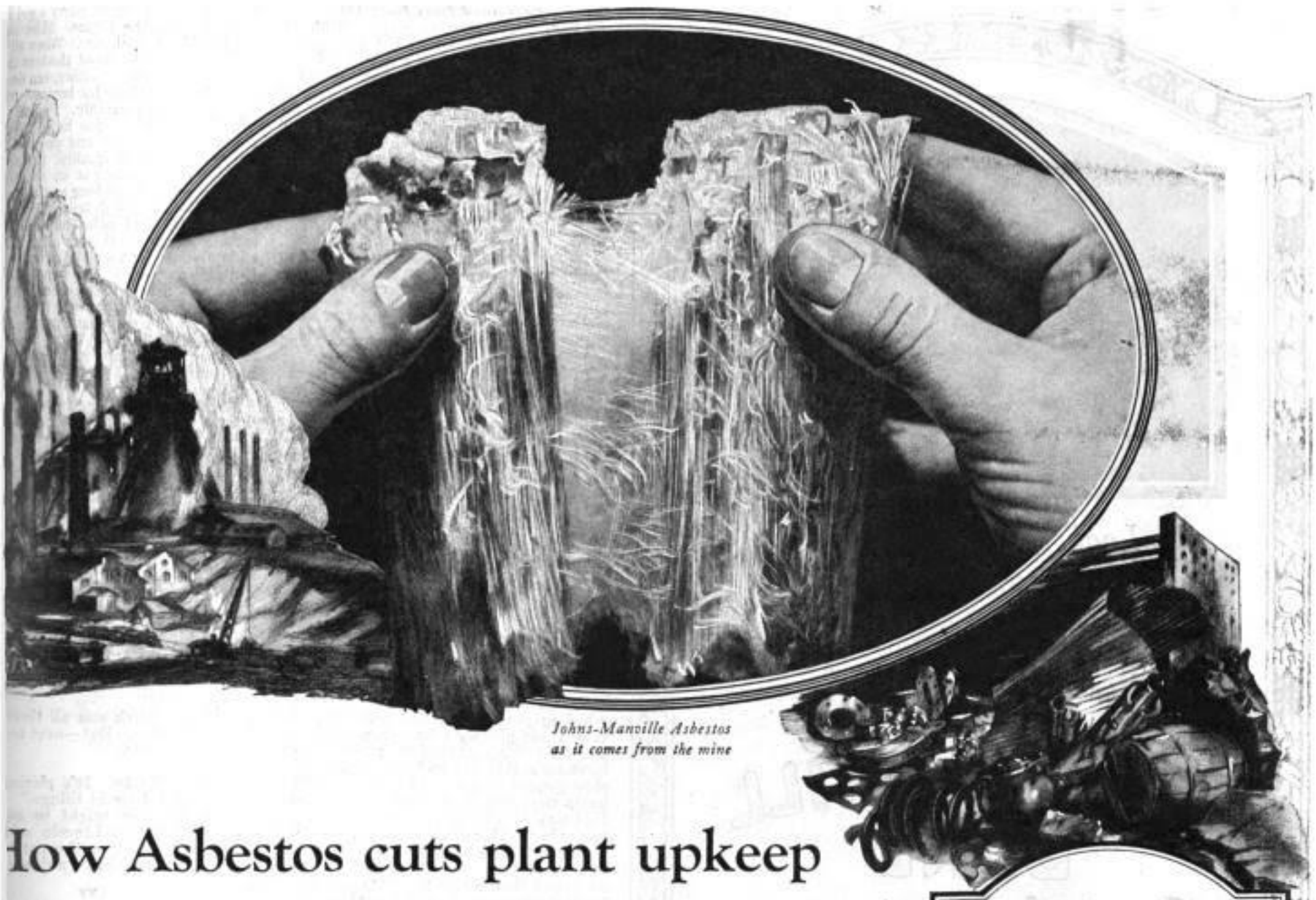
When he challenged the girl's quotation, which he should have better than to do, Jeanne very sweetly peated her words.

"He seems nice enough," she

"What of it?" demanded Buckingham

(Continued on Page 44)

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Johns-Manville Asbestos as it comes from the mine

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cuts fuel losses. It reduces wear and ınd it prevents shut-downs. Three fac- that actually determine the price you or power.
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of fifty years of constant work and comes this formidable contribution of -Manville Asbestos in spun, woven, or molded form that makes up the own on the right.
e is a powerful aid in the job of getting maximum power at minimum cost from fuel at so much a ton. And what could be of greater importance to many industrials—now; for fuel, lubrication, equipment and labor are still relatively high, while markets are more closely fought for than ever.

So power costs are more than ever being scrutinized. It is vital now to find out whether wasteful plant practices are eating into narrowing profit margins and, if so, to convert these wastes into productive savings.

Right now there are thousands of plants that can economize by using these Johns-Manville Power Plant Materials, and often without loosening a single bolt or disturbing operation, and without a great outlay in money. Expertly applied as advised by Johns-Manville men, these products will transform poor showings into good ones and even raise good records for low cost of power generation into exceptional ones.

We are proving this, in the field, every day.

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Look at that stack of unanswered letters

UNANSWERED letters have a habit of piling up at a great rate—particularly when there is no social stationery in the house. The way a lot of people manage to answer letters promptly is by keeping a supply of personal note paper on hand.

HAMMERMILL BOND

Social Stationery

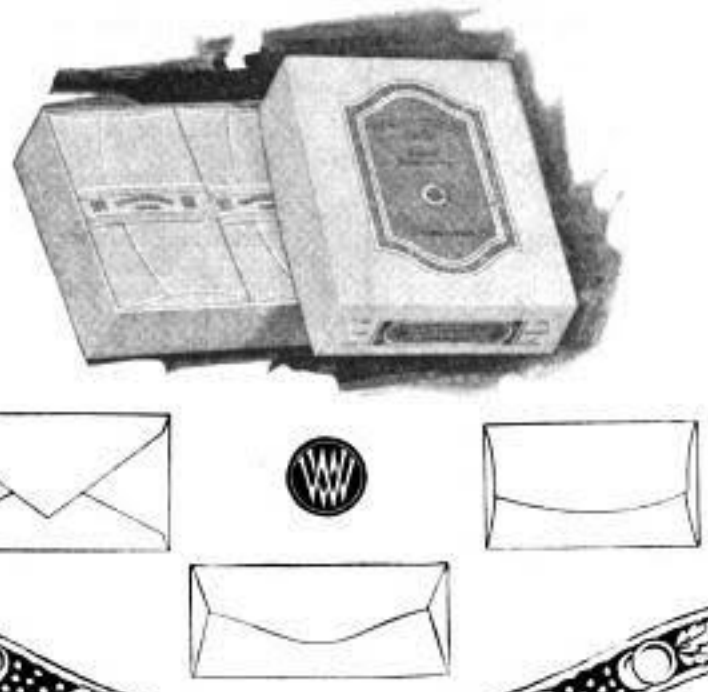
At drug stores, stationery stores, and department stores you can see Hammermill Bond Social Stationery in eight envelope sizes, with sheets to fit. These sizes are for general family correspondence and for men's correspondence. The paper is made in three finishes—linen, bond, and ripple. The price is from 35c to 75c a box. The same papers are also supplied in writing tablets in all sizes, with blotter and sheet of guide lines.

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Master Makers of Distinctive Social Stationery Holyoke, Massachusetts



(Continued from Page 42)

"Well, that's something in a neighbor."

"A neighbor?" snorted Buckingham. "We'll see how long he's a neighbor!"

That very day Buckingham wrote a letter to Mr. Stephen Cotter, in care of Pudkin & Pudkin, making an offer of fifteen thousand dollars "for the lot of land adjacent to my summer home, which I understand you have lately purchased."

He received a reply the next day which read as follows:

Dear Mr. Buckingham: You are correct in your understanding that I have lately purchased the lot to which you refer in your letter of May 12. While your offer of fifteen thousand dollars is generous and in all probability more than the land is worth, I have no desire whatever to sell. Very respectfully yours,

STEPHEN COTTER.

"The cub!" snorted Buckingham. "That simply means he wants more."

Intolerable as matters were, however, Buckingham was not prepared at that moment to go beyond this figure.

As a matter of fact, Cotter did want more—but not more money. He wanted more of Jeanne. A lonely dreamer dreaming on a cliff will dream strange dreams. It was not long before this small plot of land took on for him all the identity of a home. This came first with the sense of possession. This little portion of the earth was inviolably his. It was the first time he had ever owned any part or parcel of the globe, and when he stopped to consider what it meant the fact filled him with awe. Down through the ages, a billion years or more, this land had been in the making. In buying this he had bought a bit of creation, and so linked himself up with all the history that had ever been—those terribly silent early years, then the crawling years, then the monster years, then those ghastly white years when the glaciers sullenly ground their tedious way to the sea, then the melting years and the slow genesis of a new life when a million years were but as a single day. Lordy, that was a lot to buy, and it was only the beginning! Man could not count the following centuries when this bit of soil had lain under the sun by day—this same sun; and then under the stars at night—these same stars. It had played a part, a passive part, but a necessary part, in binding the world together, while men abroad were fighting through the dawn of civilization like beasts, and then like men, to the end, as far as he was concerned, that he might sit here cross-legged and undisturbed and call this his.

This was the foundation upon which his house rested. The roof was the sky, which had been even before the earth. A man could not think when he attempted to grasp the meaning of that. His mind was not big enough. He could only blink and say the words. The four walls were the limit of his vision—north, east, south and west.

Living in such a home it is small wonder that Cotter found it difficult to understand the arbitrary boundary lines which Buckingham seemed to establish between the two houses. He did not even try, except as far as his legs were concerned, and though legs are an important and useful part of a man they are by no means all. Yet the law, in dealing with trespass, considers legs alone. It does not bother itself with the eyes, which, with all they connote, are the chief trespassers.

Cotter saw Jeanne often as she glanced at odd times from her window, which overlooked his own windows on the south, as she lounged in the easy-chairs on the broad piazza facing the sea or toiled in the rose garden at the rear. Every time he saw her and she saw him he felt glad. Every such time he felt, too, just that much closer to her. Whether he had a chance to speak or not made no difference. This visual contact alone was establishing them more and more clearly in each other's field of consciousness. And nothing on earth that Buckingham could do—except to carry her off—could prevent that.

Cotter was now taking the affair very seriously. He shoved Buckingham farther and farther into the background. Jeanne herself was all there was to the problem. He was assuming a good deal, to be sure, to suppose that her feelings were at all kindred to his; and yet it is generally what a man does assume until he is given proof to the contrary. It is doubtful, too, if, strictly speaking, he had any right to call himself in love with her. It was more, he felt, that, given an opportunity, love would follow. A man could marry a girl [illegible] and bank on the future. Most [illegible] would take the chance. When a man and done that is about the best that any man, or any woman either, can do.

In the meantime his business prospects were improving rapidly. Pudkin was not mistaken in the value he had placed on Cotter's appearance and personality. He possessed another quality, to be sure, which Pudkin was not so appreciative intelligence; but as long as the young man made his sales the details of how were unimportant. And sales he did make. It seemed almost as though all that was necessary was to turn a client over to "our Cotter" and allow the two a day at the shore and a sale was accomplished. And often enough Cotter took it upon himself to add another thousand to the asking price.

"It seemed a pity not to allow him to pay more when he was willing," was his explanation.

"Willing?" exclaimed Pudkin. "What do you do—hypnotize them?"

"No," answered Cotter seriously. "It's a wonderful shore the old Atlantic made for you, Mr. Pudkin. You don't half appreciate it yourself. I don't know any place on earth where you will find a variety of cliff and marsh, of cove and beach, of colorful rocks and golden sand. There isn't a point between here and Plymouth where a man can't stand and see a hundred pictures. Even on gray days it is wonderful. And when the nor'easters blow in ——"

"Look here," demanded Pudkin suspiciously, "you trying to sell me?"

"I sat on my porch until midnight last night, Mr. Pudkin."

"On what?"

"Oh, the porch was all there. I did have to build it. But—ever see the waves at midnight?"

"No."

"You ought to. It's glorious. It makes you believe in things."

Well, the man might be mad, Pudkin concluded, but as Lincoln said of [illegible] he'd like to discover the particular [illegible] he used, and he'd have a dozen such men.

VI

ON THE tenth of July, Buckingham in order to put an end to the waste made Cotter an offer of twenty thousand. Cotter refused it. He would have taken fifty thousand, because the [illegible] in the meantime done for him a little thing. He had been seated in front of the house watching an interesting picture of coal-black clouds over the [illegible] waters. The gods were disturbed. They were working themselves into a rage. He knew that trouble was brewing, but did not expect it so soon. It came in seconds—wind and rain and thunder. He bent his body against the fury of the elements and held on fascinated [illegible] a voice to the left. He glanced in the direction and saw Jeanne beckoning. He obeyed her call and a few moments stood wet and happy by her side on the Buckingham porch.

"Didn't you see it coming?" she demanded.

"Yes," he answered, "but I wanted it coming."

The wind drove the rain under the shelter of the porch.

"We'd better go in," she said.

He would have much preferred where he was, but as she opened the door followed her. Mrs. Buckingham, who was anxious, was seated before a window, a middle-aged woman with a [illegible] and delicate features.

"Mother," said Jeanne, "this is Mr. Cotter—our next-door neighbor."

Mrs. Buckingham timidly [illegible] come. Her husband, it seemed, was in town. Cotter was sorry for that. He did not like to feel that he was [illegible] taking advantage of his absence. On the other hand he was able to give Buckingham a good deal of [illegible] assuring her that he did not [illegible] house would be either struck by lightning or blown into the sea. Concerning the contingency he could only guess at the probability, but concerning the wind he could speak with authority.

"The wind is the wrong way for blowing off the ocean."

"But it might blow the house down." She shuddered as a particularly heavy gust rattled the shutters.

(Continued on Page 45)

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Way-Stations for Mileage

ALONG main-traveled highways, the motorist finds well-kept garages and dealers' stores bearing familiar orange and blue signs—Firestone Tires.

Here he knows he may buy mileage on a sound assured basis, free from speculation or risk. In the Firestone Cord he purchases values that protect his purse and insure his comfort and safety.

He has learned by experience not only to expect mileage delivered at the lowest cost per mile, but smooth, easy riding, unmarred by tire troubles. He does not need to be convinced of the superior strength of the Firestone Cord carcass and the wear-resistance of the non-skid tread.

It has been demonstrated to him, too, that the dealer who links his name with that of Firestone stands for the *value principle* in tire-selling—protecting his customers, giving Most Miles per Dollar.

Locate the dealer nearest you, whose store carries this name. Remember it when next you need tires—and all it implies in facilities and experience to give you the best tire ever produced at the lowest price at which true quality can be sold.

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

Firestone

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Sugar Shells . each	.75	Medium Forks . ½ doz.	3.50

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Many other staple and fancy pieces on the same modest cost basis.

"THE BEST AT THE PRICE"

Wm. Rogers & Son Silverplate

Made and guaranteed by Wm. Rogers Mfg. Co., Meriden, Conn. Succeeded by

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

Also made in Canada by Wm. Rogers Mfg. Co., Limited, Niagara Falls, Ont.

(Continued from Page 44)

"Yes," he admitted, "it might. That's where my house has an advantage over yours. The elements can't disturb it."

"Your house?"

He saw Jeanne smile. That was all he desired.

Before he could reply she broke in with, "Mother, it's late, but mayn't we have tea?"

"Yes, dear. Will you ring?"

Tea was served, and though Cotter was conscious of his somewhat disheveled appearance he could not remember when he had ever passed a more enjoyable half hour. By that time the storm had cleared and Buckingham had arrived. He was obliged, of course, to be polite, but by no stretch of the imagination could he be said to be cordial. That, however, was perhaps not to be expected under the circumstances.

In thinking over this new development during the next few weeks, Cotter, himself, oddly enough was not altogether pleased. Up to this point he had been an absolutely free agent. Owing nothing to Buckingham he had been at liberty to act in all respects as he chose. The moment he crossed his threshold as guest, however, there were certain obligations which could not be ignored. And these came at a most inopportune time. If Cotter up to this point had made his approach to the heart of Jeanne with a deliberateness that could hardly be called romantic, once fairly within her sphere of influence he found conditions quite changed. With every passing day it became increasingly difficult for him to reason conservatively or to think sanely. In actual contact she appeared more wonderful than in his wildest flights of fancy he had imagined her. It was easier to keep his head when he dreamed about her eyes than when he was able to look into their brown depths. It was one thing to remember the little that could be gathered from a passing glance of that fine nose and those delicately sensitive lips, and another to have them before him as living realities. Without either design or effort she tempted a man to throw discretion to the winds—as sometimes when he stood on the edge of the cliff the ocean tempted him to jump because he could associate with its amazing beauty nothing but gentleness.

And just because of this newborn emotion he must hold himself steady. Up to this point this had been an amusing adventure; now it was something more. He felt a responsibility towards her as great as Buckingham's—the responsibility of a friend, a gentleman and a lover. He felt it the more as he saw her eyes brighten and her cheeks flush in response to the unspoken secret of his heart. There were other guests in and out—many of them—during the course of that summer. He met them and often became merely one of the group surrounding her. There were perhaps a dozen such upstanding young fellows, with a dozen more on the outskirts—most of them brothers and friends of the pretty young girls who made up the social life of the colony. He was swept into their midst, and though because of his business duties he could not participate so actively as they in their sports, he had enough; more than enough, for they forced him to share what he would have liked all to himself.

He walked with Jeanne and danced with Jeanne, and seated on the broad porch to which the nor'easter had driven him he talked, sharing the ocean with her. And by September he knew she knew what he knew, though he had kept his lips sealed.

He had kept his lips sealed because he realized that at the start he had not been quite honest—that he had tricked himself into her life. Night after night after leaving her he had tried to argue himself out of that belief. He had called his contention quixotic and overstrained, which was all very well until the next time he met those trusting, clear-visioned brown eyes; and then he had to begin all over again.

One evening in September, Cotter came down to his place and found Buckingham alone in his rose garden. He strolled over to the foot-high hedge that separated the two lots and astonished that gruff gentleman with the query, "Do you still wish to buy this lot, Mr. Buckingham?"

"Do you want to sell?"

"No, I don't want to sell; but I think I might sell."

Buckingham thought rapidly; then he put it this way: "I'll pay you thirty thousand dollars and give you five minutes to decide. This is final. I won't [illegible] another darned cent if you wait fifty [illegible]"

"I can't accept, Mr. Buckingham," answered Cotter.

"Then you go to blazes!"

"I can't accept, because thirty thousand is over the market value of the lot. My price is ten thousand two hundred dollars—what I paid, plus interest."

"Eh?"

"And I'll give you two minutes to decide."

"Taken!" snapped Buckingham like a sprung steel trap.

"If you'll meet Mr. Pudkin at the town tomorrow we'll close the deal," concluded Cotter.

With that he turned, walked to the edge of the cliff and sitting down, Turk fashion, lighted a cigarette.

A half hour later he heard in the distance shy rustle of skirts, and looking up he saw Jeanne. He sprang to his feet.

"It's true—you've sold to dad!"

"Yes," answered Cotter with a tremor in his voice.

"But why?" she exclaimed.

He hesitated only a second, then he said, "Because I love you."

"Oh!" she exclaimed.

All by itself that did not mean very much, but taken in connection with the fact that instead of being startled away from him she threw up her head almost proudly it meant a great deal. Even so, Cotter continued to hold himself steady. She could not yet know the full truth.

"I bought this lot with the only money I had in the world—fifty dollars," he confessed. "I did so with the sole idea of meeting you. The house—it was a castle in story. I didn't have enough to build a chicken coop."

Her eyes grew bigger, but the words she caught up were these: "A fairy story!"

"I'd seen you just twice—once in New York and once in the train."

"I remember," she said.

"But you didn't even look at me."

"No?"

"Most of the time your back was turned."

"Yes?"

"At the South Station a breathless chauffeur dragged you off and lost me in a tangle of taxicabs."

"That was Peter."

"I've forgiven him, but at the time I could have choked him. It was the end of you until Pudkin told me about this. I came here, like a fortune hunter—just to be near you."

"But why—why did you want to be near me?" she asked.

"Because you are beautiful."

"That is all?"

"It was all then. Now—there is much more now! But Jeanne—Jeanne—don't you see I got it all by a trick?"

She did not reply, so whether she saw or not he did not know.

"There was nothing left for me to do but give it all back."

"To—to dad?"

What, in reality, he asked himself, was the answer to that question, had he not met Buckingham? This strip of earth, this [illegible] what of the ocean and the sky which made up two-thirds? And what of the [illegible] embodied in this woman by his side? Well, he had not sold those for this paltry sum. He had particularly refused to accept more than the market value of the land. He had rendered unto Caesar the things which were Caesar's, and so was quits with him. For the rest—he must give back to her what she and he received them. That was only fair. It was simple justice.

"Jeanne," he whispered. "My money, which came from you—it's yours. Will you take it?"

"You—you want to give it back?"

"For you to do with what you will," he answered humbly.

"But, Stephen," she exclaimed, "what are you going to do with mine?"

The dusk had deepened into night. The waves were singing on the shore and the stars were singing in the sky.

"Keep it forever and forever and ever, let me," he said.

Her lips were near to his.

"Jeanne," came Buckingham's voice.

But he was too late. The moment which technically and legally made bargains had been made.

It is generally agreed that one of the most attractive houses on The Cliffs is the one located next to the Point—the cottage occupied by Cotter and his wife. Cotter, of Pudkin, Pudkin & Cotter,

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"Do You Endure Summer or *Enjoy* it?"

Overland, always a good investment, now the greatest automobile value in America

PACK this summer full of Overland days. Get out. Roam around in this chummy, cheery car that's made itself a necessary member of thousands of American families.

If you can't snatch whole days, make the most of bits of them, both ends, night and morning. Overland is ready for anything any time; takes you anywhere you like in a jiffy. Brisk, breezy, stout-hearted, sweet-tempered. Light as a feather on tires; easy on gas, and easy to ride in because of a wonderful spring suspension that gives it the cradling length of the big, expensive cars.

Don't wait. Put on your hat *now* and buy your Overland.

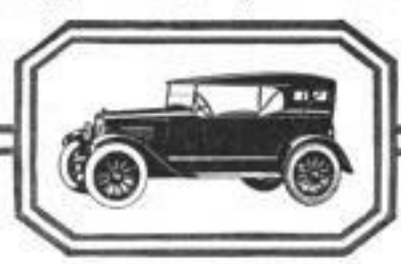
Today's Overland: 25 miles to the gallon; all-steel body; baked enamel finish; 130-inch spring base

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BOOTH'S CHOCOLATES are becoming better known and growing more popular every day. Everywhere more and more people are finding out what wonderful chocolates they really are. How happy this makes us—for 27 years our constant endeavor has been to make Booth's Chocolates just as fine chocolates as could be made. Everything which goes into them is of the best—pure, wholesome and delicious. The cream is brought daily from our own dairy farms; the butter is the best creamery brand; the fruits are real; the nuts carefully selected.

There are many different assortments of Booth's Chocolates—all are delicious, all of the same high quality.

Made For Candy Lovers

If you have any difficulty in obtaining Booth's Chocolates from your dealer, send us his name and address and we will supply you by mail postpaid, upon receipt of the following prices: True Blue Chocolates, 20 oz., $2.00; Butter Chocolates, 1 lb., $1.50; Esther Chocolates, 1 lb., $1.25; Billy Chocolates, 1 lb., $1.00. Other sizes in proportion.

Leading Druggists and Confectioners in certain localities can still obtain our Special Agency Proposition for their stores. Write for particulars on your business letterhead, stating principal lines of candies now handled.

BOOTH'S CHOCOLATES
ELMIRA, N. Y.

NO COMPROMISE WITH BOLSHEVISM

(Continued from Page 23)

interest is political. It is not the improvement of the condition of the laboring man. It is a wholly new form of barbarism that he is after. In the last few years there have been strikes in half a dozen of the basic industries of this country, the radicals have tried to get control in nearly every case, and in practically every case the employers have won. Naturally. A vast majority of the people of this country are not radical, any more than they are reactionary or czaristic, and they do not propose to see any soviet experiments tried out here.

The simple fact is that the spirit of American institutions is incompatible with communism, the one big union, the proletarian dictatorship or any other form of dictatorship. The American workman, the American citizen in general does not propose to give up his individual liberty and initiative to any organization stronger than the Government itself, and so vast and powerful that only military dictators can operate it at all. But that is precisely and exactly what those who argue for communism, syndicalism, guild socialism, Bolshevism, and similar radical and revolutionary forms of government are trying to impose upon labor. It has been tried out upon more than a hundred million people in Russia; why should it not be tried here? That in substance is the radical argument.

The Appeal of Bolshevism

Now it must be recognized that, just as many people are willing to burn down houses for the fun of it, so many more are eager to try anything once. Bolshevism naturally appeals to those intellectuals, so called, who have no occupation save that of following one fad after another. It appeals to that comparatively large group of individuals who are unwilling or unable to face the realities in their own lives, who have failed to solve their personal problems and who compensate for this failure by grandiose schemes of world revolution. It appeals of course to a few men of strong mentality who see the opportunity of building their own careers upon the ruins of the old order.

It appeals obviously to the scum of those poverty-stricken and downtrodden portions of Europe which have never known the working principles of this country—liberty, democracy, opportunity. Men come here from the squalid pestholes of Europe and, without ever learning or becoming familiar with the life and institutions of a large majority of our people, attempt to apply to our sound wholesome body politic theories which have arisen on another continent from centuries of misery, tyranny and starvation.

Finally the hideous communistic and Bolshevist doctrine appeals to many of those who because of mental and moral defects are so beaten in the game of life that they can find no hope or attraction in anything except the most desperate and illogical schemes. Such are the forces, such the supporters of revolutionary mania, and though a few thousand have gone back to Europe far greater numbers still remain here to fester and germinate.

But what in brief is this experiment that so inspires these defective and unwelcome elements of our population? Surely the great main facts are known. Lenine secured power when he sent a band of sailors to disperse the Constituent Assembly, fairly elected by the people. He and his associates have tried out many plans, they have many theories and talk glibly of them. But there have been no elections, and there is no safety of person, no freedom of the press, of speech or of assemblage. The government has no authority from a popular representative national assemblage of the people. Large portions of the population have been exterminated, or terrorized into dumb submission. Even socialists holding different theories have been persecuted no less than members of the capitalist or middle classes and such intellectuals as did not swallow the program whole. Even labor unions have been suppressed, and workmen forced to labor at the point of the bayonet.

Mr. Gompers has gone so far as to say: "The enslavement of labor is indeed the chief underlying cause of the entire collapse of the Bolshevist system and of the frightful suffering it has inflicted not only upon labor but upon the entire population of the country."

Another representative of labor, former Secretary of Labor William B. Wilson, has said: "In the evidence presented to me in the Martens case it was clearly shown that a group of men calling themselves communists had set up a military dictatorship in Russia; that they had camouflaged it under the name of a dictatorship of the proletariat, seeking to convey the impression that it was a dictatorship by the proletariat; that it had by force of arms introduced compulsory labor, in other words, slavery, into Russia; that the proletariat were compelled to work at occupations selected for them at meager wages and long hours imposed under the direction of the military masters."

In other words, the Bolshevik experiment has struck at the foundations of democratic institutions which enlightened men have struggled for centuries to create. Lloyd George, who has sought as much as any man to bridge the gap between Western Europe and Russia, said just before going to the Genoa conference, "There was never a man so complete a dictator as Lenine."

But this is not all. Even while the Russian Government has been seeking political recognition from and the establishment of trade agreements with other countries, it has sought to stir up revolutions in those lands and overthrow their governments. Time and again the soviets have announced that they did not intend to be bound by their own pledges to bourgeois governments. They do not even pretend to recognize ordinary international obligations. Every now and then it is said that the Bolshevik leaders have capitulated to capitalism. But they deny it fast enough themselves.

Waste While Millions Starve

The chief delegate to the Genoa conference stated while there: "The most farseeing statesmen of the capitalist world hope to tame us by commerce. That is Lloyd George's idea. We have, then, taken the bait. But our way is not that of Lloyd George. Both of us want trade, but we differ on future results. We await the disintegration of the capitalist system. Lloyd George awaits our conversion. We cannot be forced into any abandonment of our communistic principles."

Only a few months ago Lenine himself said that concessions to capital were only temporary retreats and that the true revolutionary applies all means to attain his ends. He still talked of the class struggle, of other governments being bourgeois, and of commerce being merely the main lever "whereby we will surely and quickly found the economic and social basis for socialism. History has closed on an old chapter of bourgeois parliamentarism and is now opening on one of proletarian dictatorship."

"In the United States and in all European countries, as well as China, Persia, India, Turkey, Mexico and even in South America, soviet agents have been repeatedly caught carrying vast sums for the purpose of propaganda," says Mr. Gompers. "While Russian agriculture is degenerating for the lack of plows and even of sickles and scythes; while the laboring class is starving from the degeneration of agriculture; while the railroads are falling to pieces and three-fourths of the children are out of school, the soviet finds ample means for vast expenditures for propaganda. Democratic governments, no matter how large and powerful, have no propaganda funds."

Shortly before his death James Bryce, one of the most sympathetic students and friends in the entire world of the [illegible] tions of liberty and democracy, said [illegible] the Bolsheviks "are a set of [illegible] ruffians." But the vicious and [illegible] persons who would like to try it out [illegible] country complain that Russia has [illegible] from blockade and famine. Now there [illegible] overwhelming evidence that under [illegible] shevism Russian industries have [illegible] degenerated even where no imports were needed, and under a far more rapid [illegible] ade German industry boomed during the war. Nor has there been any evidence of improvement in Russia since the blockade was lifted.

The famine itself has been due to a [illegible] extent to the breaking up of large [illegible] upon which scientific farming was [illegible] on, to the disorganization of the [illegible] market through the collapse of the currency system and the decay of [illegible] the towns, and to the disorganization of the railway system.

Disillusioned Reds

Delegations of labor leaders—[illegible] of them socialists and practically [illegible] from the moderate wing—have gone to Russia from nearly every civilized country in the world to investigate, and the great majority have come back wholly disillusioned and with a detailed story of incompetence, breakdown and [illegible] barbaric misery. As one writer has expressed it vividly but with no exaggeration: "Numerous persons have gone into Russia as fervent soviet advocates, only to come out running, hands over their heads, fugitives from a scourge."

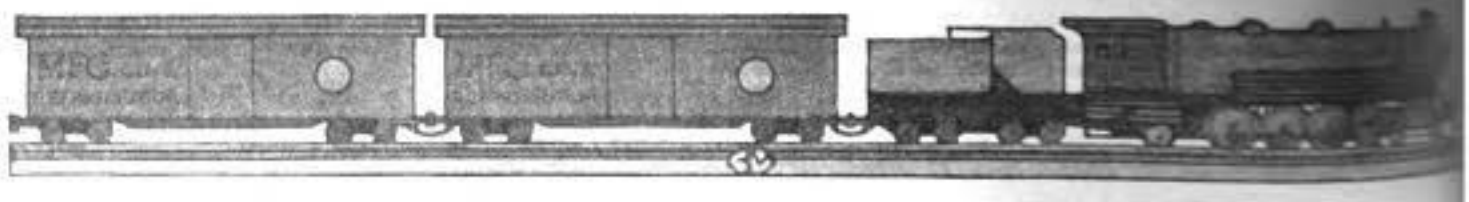
Indeed the Russian experiment has gone so far as to deny any worthwhile [illegible] existing science as well as art and literature. It has been proposed in Russia to create a new astronomy which should be a "projection of the workers' efforts" instead of that of the bourgeois astronomers.

This is the sort of mental disease, the softening of the brain which [illegible] the revolutionary movements of the [illegible] this country as well as in Europe. The Russian people have suffered [illegible] vast sums are needed to rehabilitate the country. But as Secretaries Hughes and Hoover have so often said, the [illegible] credit must come from within and [illegible] without. No lasting good can come of relations between this country and Russia according to their view, "so long as the present causes of progressive impairment continue to operate. It is only the productivity of Russia itself that offers any hope for the Russian people. Productivity is conditioned upon the safety of the recognition of firm guarantees of property, the sanctity of contracts and the rights of free labor."

Even before the war only 1.3 per cent of our foreign trade was with Russia. The present broken-down condition of Russia is not whether commercial relations will maintain any substantial volume for many [illegible]

She has few goods to exchange, and, as Mr. Hoover says, goods do not move in an economic vacuum. But certainly it is the view of decent Americans the profits to be made in Russian trade are of no importance whether they be large or small. It is infinitely more moment that the American people should be alert to learn of and be vigilant to repel the attacks made upon the institutions of freedom, democracy, opportunity and prosperity, in whatever guise they come, by those who take as their ideal the communistic experiment in Russia.

In a measure Europe's troubles are our own—but in a much smaller measure. The foreign propagandists and interested American ones would have us believe. Our present business revival is proof positive that we are much more independent of Europe than they tell us. Even if Russia's trade were important to us—which it is not—the decent, liberty-loving American people will not compromise with the blood-drenched men in charge of Russian affairs with anything but loathing and disgust.



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Vigilance that forestalled impending ruin

"Since we covered your paper stock for $50,000," said the insurance agent, "paper values have depreciated. It is safe to reduce the insurance to $30,000.

"On the other hand, I must remind you again that your building is insured for only $200,000. Based on present building costs you should carry $350,000. Otherwise, in case of fire, you could recover only about one half of your loss."

Due to the vigilance of the insurance agent, this printer saved the premium on $20,000. Moreover, he safeguarded his business against ruin by fully insuring his property.

Responsible insurance agents and brokers everywhere are earnestly striving toward the end that all property may be adequately protected. And the service that they render is of great benefit to industry and to civilization.

Confer with your insurance agent as you would with your lawyer. He can help you quite as much—and he will.

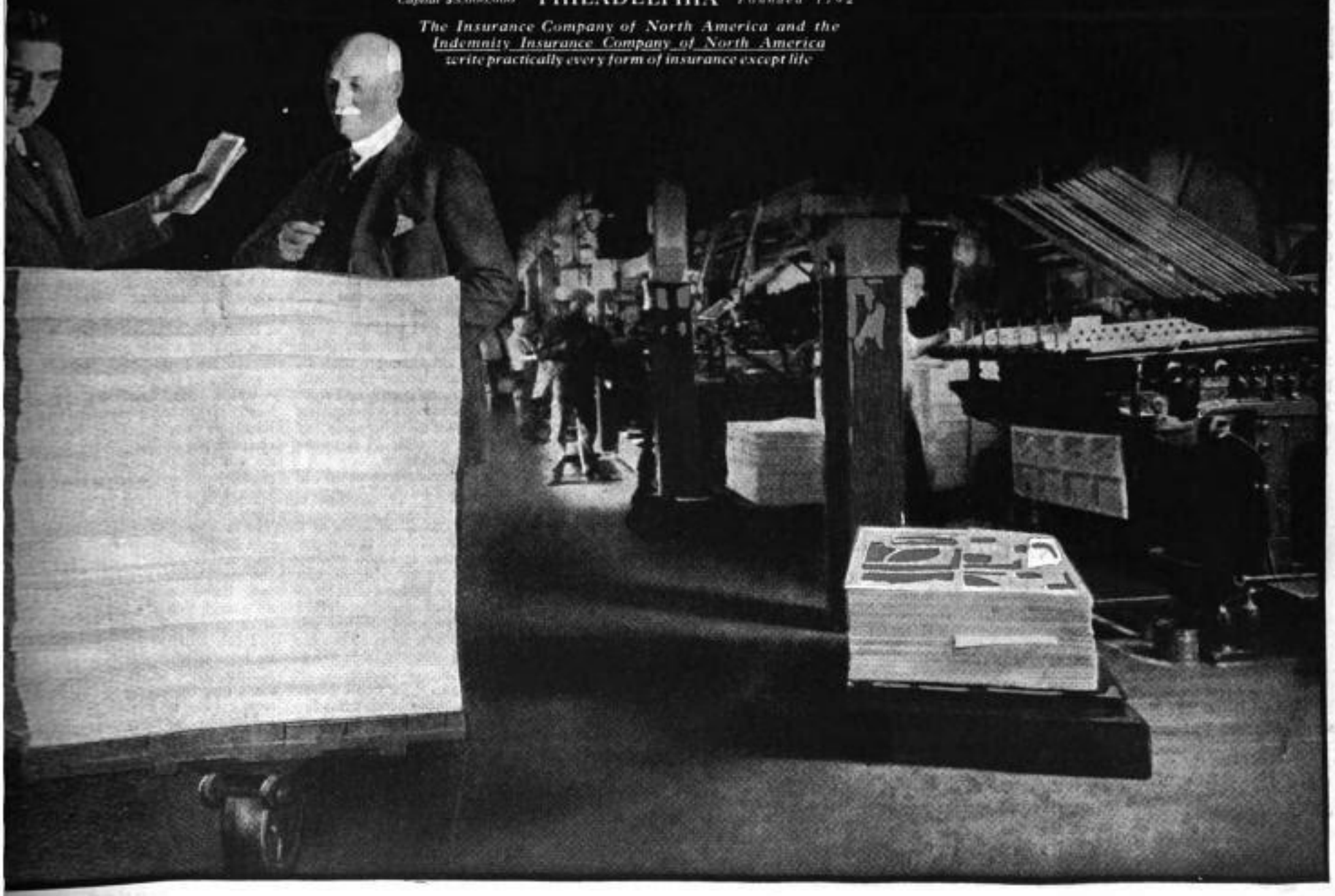
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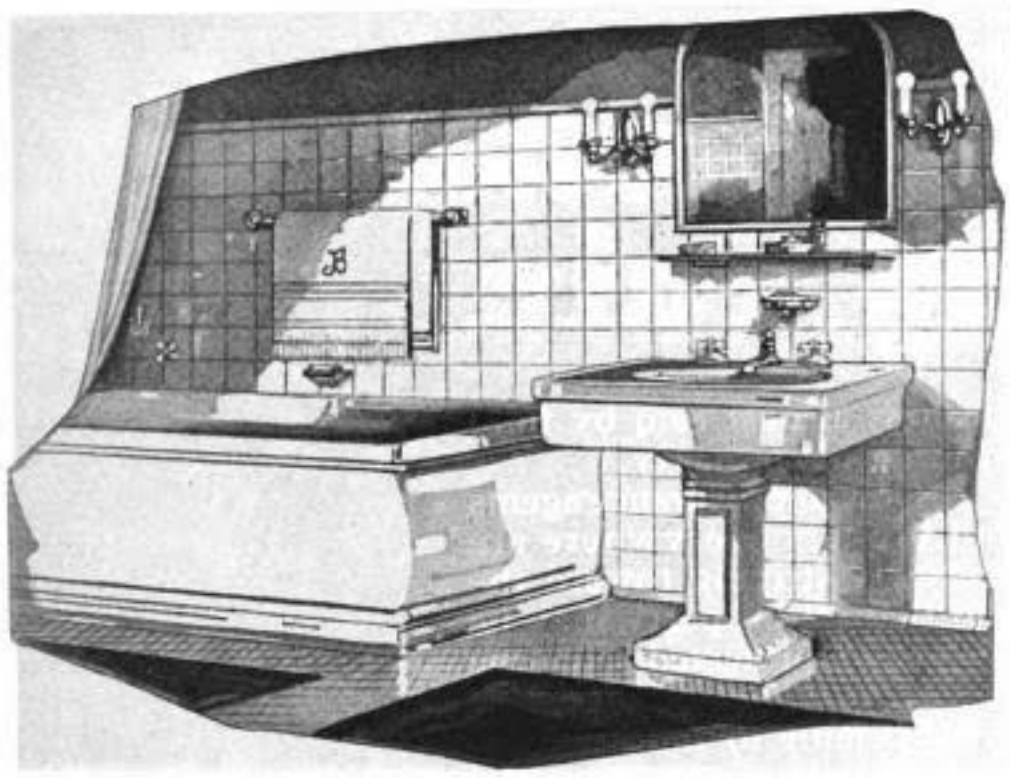
"The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company"

Capital $5,000,000 PHILADELPHIA *Founded 1792*

The Insurance Company of North America and the Indemnity Insurance Company of North America write practically every form of insurance except life



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Find the Lead in this Bathroom

WHERE, in your bathroom, would you expect to find that common and useful metal, lead?

In the pipes leading to your tub and wash basin? Very likely you would find it there, for water-pipes of lead are to be found today in many well-built houses.

But when you had found these pipes of lead, you would have just begun to discover the articles into which lead enters. The glossy surfaces of your tub and basin contain lead—so does the glaze on the tiled walls. There is lead in the rubber stoppers. The collapsible tube that holds your shaving cream contains lead. The solder that seals the joints of all the plumbing is composed largely of lead. The paint on the woodwork is made of white-lead and oil.

The electric-light bulb is made of a kind of glass in which lead is a necessary ingredient, because lead gives clearness, brilliance, and heat-resistance. Little pieces of lead wire, called fuses, prevent damage when wires are overcharged.

These are just a few of the ways in which lead enters into your daily life. There are dozens of others, and of them all the most important is the use of white-lead as the essential ingredient in good paint.

"Save the surface and you save all" means that paint prevents decay—and the more white-lead any paint contains, the greater its protecting power and its durability.

Paint manufacturers use white-lead in the paint they make. Most painters prefer, for all outdoor work, "lead-and-oil," which is simply pure white-lead thinned with pure linseed oil. For interior walls and woodwork, white-lead mixed with flatting oil gives a beautiful and lasting finish.

National Lead Company makes white-lead of the highest quality, and sells it, mixed with pure linseed oil, under the name and trade-mark of

Dutch Boy White-Lead

Write our nearest branch office, Department A, for a free copy of our "Wonder Book of Lead," which interestingly describes the hundred-and-one ways in which lead enters into the daily life of everyone.

"Save the surface and you save all"—Dutch Boy

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Dutch Boy White-Lead	Lead Tubing
Dutch Boy Red-Lead	Sheet Lead
Dutch Boy Linseed Oil	Soldering Flux
Dutch Boy Flatting Oil	Lead Pipe
Dutch Boy Babbitt Metals	Bar Lead
Dutch Boy Solders	Litharge

Lead Plumbing Materials

J. POINDEXTER, COLORED

(Continued from Page 19)

medium-size lawyers is plenty costive persons to hire for an important lawsuit, and naturally in the biggest town of all, where the lawyers run bigger, they'd cost a mighty heap more.

When he gets through specifying the situation to my understanding I gets another notion.

"I wonder," I says, sort of casual like—"I wonder, Mr. Dallas, w'y it wuz 'at Mr. H. C. Raynor should 'a' picked this pertic'lar moment fur callin' on you fur a big bunch of cash, specially w'en ef he'd 'a' kept silence you'd 'a' prob'ly gone on wid him, never suspicionin' anything wuz wrong."

"Oh, I'm not so stupid but what I can figure that out," he says. "He's afraid so much of my money will be spent soon in another direction that he'll be deprived of the lion's share of what is left. He wants to strip me down close while the stripping is good."

"In 'nother direction?" I says, kind of musing. "I wonder whut 'at other direction kin be?"

"Can't you guess?" he says.

"Yas, suh," I says, "I kin; but I didn' think 'twould be seemly fur me to start in guessin' along 'at line widout you opened up the way fust."

"Jeff," he says, "I feel like a low-down dog to be dragging in a woman's name, even indirectly; and so I guess the best thing I can do in that direction is to keep my mouth shut and take my medicine. It appears that here lately I've acquired the habit of committing myself to serious obligations at times when I'm not exactly aware of what I'm doing. At the moment I don't seem to remember how it all comes about; then I wake up and I find I'm signed, sealed and delivered. I may be the damndest fool alive, but at least I'm an honorable fool. I was raised that way. Where my sense of personal honor is concerned I'm going to stick, no matter what the costs may be. I've been fed fat on flattery; now it's time for me to sup on sorrow a while. Do you get my drift?"

"Yas, suh, I think I does," I says. "Mr. Dallas," I says, "scuse me fur persumin' to keep on 'long 'is yere track, but is you right downright shore 'at you solemnly engaged yo'se'f in the holy bonds of wedlock to the lady in question?"

"I suppose I did," he says. "I must have. She assumes to think so; everybody else assumes to think so. And yet, as heaven is my judge, I never intended to lead anybody to believe that I wanted to make a marriage up here. It—it just happened, Jeff; that's all. I can see now how a lot of things have been happening, and why. But what can I do to clear myself from either one of these two tangles? I've asked myself the question a hundred times since noon to-day, and there's no answer. I can't lick Raynor at his own game. He's too wise; he's covered his prints too well. When I hinted at a lawsuit this afternoon he laughed in my face and told me to go ahead and sue. And as for the other thing—well, unless I go through with it, against my will and my better judgment, it means a breach-of-promise suit or I miss my guess. Besides, I still have some shreds of self-respect left. I can't deliberately try to break an engagement which I suppose I must have made in good faith."

"S'posen' the lady herse'f wuz to up an' brek it on her own 'sponsibility?" I says.

He laughed kind of scornful.

"No chance," he says; "no such luck for me! I've walked blindfolded into every trap that was set for me, and now it's up to me to play the string out till the last penny is gone. At the present rate that shouldn't take long. But see here, Jeff, I wonder why I sit here unburdening my woes on you? I know you would help me if you could, but what can you do? What can anybody do?"

"Mr. Dallas," I says, "you can't never tell. Sometimes the humblest he'ps out the greates'. Seems lak I heared tell 'at oncet 'pon a time 'twuz the gabblin's of a flock of geese w'ich saved one of these yere upstate towns—Utica, or maybe 'twas Rome. I don't rightly remember now whut 'twas ailed 'at town. Mebbe 'twuz fixin' to go fur William Jinnin's Bryant—somethin' lak 'at. Anyway, the geese gits the credit in the records fur the savin' of it. An' ain't you never read whar a mouse come moseyin' 'long one time an' gnawed a lion loose frum the bindin' snares w'ich he[r] [illegible] So, ez I says, you can't never te[ll]. But I wonder would you do me a [favor]? I wonder would you read a [piece] out of a suttin' book ef I wuz to bring [one] you out of the liberary, an' w'en you['re] done 'at, ef you would go on to bed [and] try to compose yore min' an' git some needful sleep?"

"What's the idea?" he says.

"Nummine," I says. "Wait 'twell I fetches you the book."

So I goes and gets it down from the shelf where it belongs. It's the furtherest one of a long row of big shiny black books which all of 'em has got different names. But the name of this one is: Vet to Fyre.

He takes a look at it when I lays it before him and he says, "Why, this is a volume of the encyclopedia! What bearing can this possibly have on what we've just been talking about?"

"Mr. Dallas," I says, "you's no doubt often seen ole Pappy Exall, w'ich he is the pastor of Zion Chapel, struttin' round the streets of Paducah in times gone by. Well, the Rev'n Exall may look lak one-half a baby elephant runnin' loose, but I tell you, suh, he ain't nobody's fawl. One time yere some yeahs back he hisse'f into a kind of a jam wid his 'count of some of 'em bein' mos' dissatisfied wid the way he wuz [handling] the funds fur to buy a new organ for the church. Nigh as they could figger it he'd done confisticated the organ money his own **pussonal an' private purse**. Try ez they **mout, they couldn't** in the **congregation git no satisfaction** of him **reguardin' of it. So** unbeknownst to him, **a investigatin' committee formed itse'f, an'** while he was **settin' at the supper table** they **come bustin' in on him an' demanded** then an' thar, how 'bout it? Wid one voice they called on him to perduce an' perdare else they gwine start yellin' fur the police. Wid that he jes' rise up from his chair an' he look 'em right in the eye an' he says to 'em very ca'm like:

"'My pore bernighted brethren, in response to yore questions I directs yore prayerful considerations to Acts, chapter eight an' seventeenth; also Timothy fust an' fifth; lakwise Kings, second fust. Return to yore homes an' prayerfully read the messages w'ich is set forth in the 'foresaid Scriptures, an' return to me on the morrow fur fu'ther guidance.'

"Well, they-all dashes off to git they Bibles an' see what the [answer is]. Bright an' early next mawnin' they's back to say 'at w'ile them is mighty soundin' verses w'ich he has [quoted], still they ain't nary one of 'em what's to relate in ary way whutsoever to the missin' organ fund. Then he smiles pitiful-lak an' he reaches his hand in his britches pocket an' he hands out money to the las' cent. The [committee] he had done played out 'em had got a chanct to slip out an' borrow [from] a couple of w'ite gen'lmen [friends] fur to mek up the shortage. The needed wuz time an' time wuz [provided].

"Now, Mr. Dallas, I aims to [draw a] lesson frum the example of [Rev'n] Exall. I asts you to set yere an' [read] chapter out of 'is yere book. It [makes] no diff'ence to me w'ich chapter he reads, jest so it's a good long one. I looked th'ough 'at book the other day an' most of the chapters in it is long [enough] 'em is tiresome. You jes' wait [till it] gits good an' sleepy, an' 'en you go [to] baid an' refresh yo'se'f in slumber. In the meanwhile I aims to steddy right over these yere pressin' matters of [state] an' see ef I can't see the daylight [shine] th'ough somewhars."

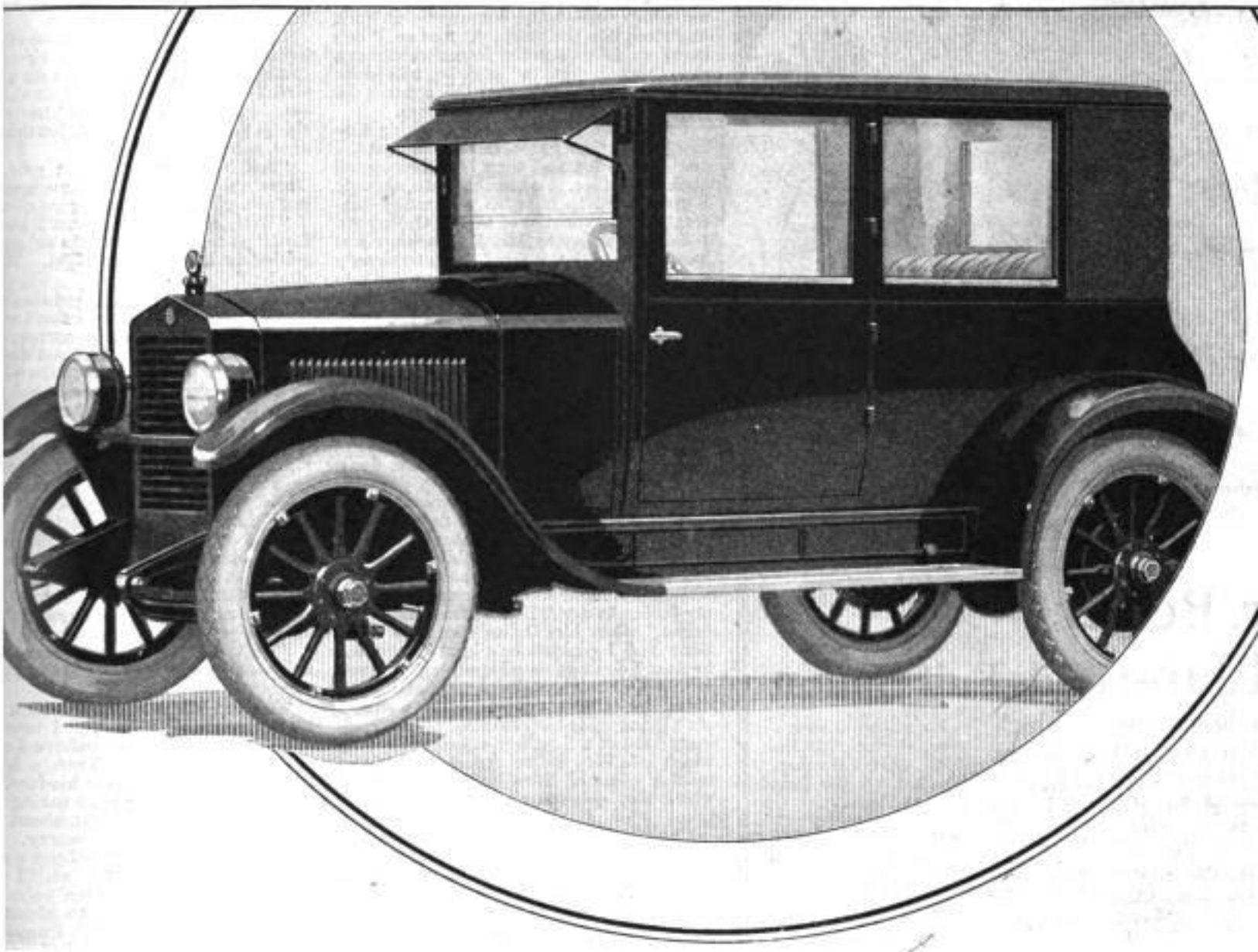
I can tell by his looks that he [has] no hope of success on my part, he's plumb wore out from worry. He ain't got the spirit for to resist [me]. He says to me he won't promise to [read the] book, but he will promise to [put] aside his botherments and go to [bed] which that is sufficient for me.

I leaves him there and I goes back to my room, after telephoning to "Lizzie" that something important has come to our place which will detain me away from him for the time being. And then when I gets to my room I sets down and takes off my shoes. It seems like I [have]

(Continued on Page 52)

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ESSEX COACH $1345



Its owners like it—the best test of all

Driving an Essex is so free of fuss and effort that every owner praises that remarkable difference. The hours they spend in their cars, above all, are comfortable hours. Controls are easy and natural. One is hardly conscious the hand directs them. Gears shift as easily as lifting a fork at table. Light-steering as a bicycle. Light pressure operates brakes and clutch.

And so reliable that thousands go out from the sales-rooms and serve for thousands of miles without returning for even a minor adjustment. That, too, is an experience not common to motor car owners.

Drive the Essex. It is altogether different from any car you have ever driven. It will delight—and tempt you. Any dealer will be glad to arrange such a ride.

A Few of the Many Who Praise It

"This little Coach is a revelation. Handles easier, runs smoother than any car I ever owned. I don't think I will ever want to drive a big car again."

F. CODA, Jenks & Muir Mfg. Co., Detroit

"We are highly pleased with the Essex Coach. We like, especially, its simplicity, ease in operation, gas mileage, and price. I do not know of a car where you get as much for the money invested." FRED E. BODIE, Lincoln, Nebraska

"After owning various multi-cylinder cars, I was a bit skeptical whether I could be satisfied with the four-cylinder Essex Coach. Have had ample opportunity to test its worth, and must admit everything is on the favorable side of the ledger. Economical in upkeep, satisfactory gas and oil mileage, and power and speed aplenty. In short a 'delight' from every standpoint."

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Touring Car, $1095 **Cabriolet, $1295** **Coach, $1345** ***Freight and Tax Extra***

ESSEX MOTORS—DETROIT, MICHIGAN

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A Bigger, Better Thermal Jar—Holds Full Gallon

YOU can carry eight times as much lemonade, iced tea or hot coffee in the Aladdin Thermalware Jar as in the ordinary pint thermal bottles. 16 big cups! Enough for the whole crowd!

Or use it interchangeably for food. Big four inch opening admits fried chicken, potato salad, baked beans, ice cream—whatever you choose.

Unusually sturdy. By a new process of **sealing glass to metal,** we use a thick, heavy, special strength glass inner. Further protected by extra outside steel shell. Sanitary insulated glass stopper—no cork. Easy to clean. High thermal efficiency. Capacity, usefulness, sanitation and durability considered, the lowest price thermal container you can buy.

For motorists, sportsmen, at picnics, in the home, office, sick-room, hospital, on the farm—everywhere.

Ask Your Dealer to Show You the New Aladdin Thermalware Jar

Call for it by name at leading **Department Stores, Drug, Hardware, Jewelry, Sporting Goods and Auto Accessory Stores.**

If your dealer hasn't received his supply, write us.

A Three Purpose Thermalware Dish for the Home

—Cooking
—Serving
—Heat Retaining



Enables the busy housewife to prepare the food in advance, set the table, and have everything **piping hot** at mealtime. Keeps the food **hot through the entire meal.**

You can cook soups, stews, vegetables, puddings, desserts, in the insert dish on stove or in oven in usual way. Place insert dish in insulator and put on cover. **The three parts instantly seal by vacuum.** Released by touch of air-vent valve. Ask your dealer to demonstrate the new Aladdin Thermalware Dish.

If your family is late or irregular at meals, all can enjoy hot food from the Aladdin Thermalware Dish.

For luncheons or afternoon parties, prepare such foods as chicken à la King, flaked crabmeat, etc., in advance. Steaming hot when you're ready to serve. In Satin or Polished Silver, Polished Nickel and Copper. 3 Pint Capacity. A most acceptable gift.

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Please send me full information about Aladdin Thermalware Jars and Dishes.

My Dealer's Name is.....

Name.....

Street..... City..... State.....

(Continued from Page 50)

think better when my feet was been freed from them binding shoes. When a nigger boy is fixing to run his fastest he's got to snatch his hat off and sail bareheaded, and I'm much the same way about my feet when I craves to think. So, my shoes being off, I just rears back and sets in for to give the problems before me the fullest considerations.

XI

THE way it looks to me, here is Mr. Dallas Pulliam, one of the most free-hearted, good-willingest young white gentlemen that ever lived, about to be throwed to the raveling wolves. He's elected to be the live meat, with a two-sided race on to see which one of the contesters can pick and clean him the quickest. And so, if he's going to be saved for future references, something is got to be done, and done mighty speedy, too, else there won't be nothing left but the polished bones.

I therefore splits up my thinking into two parts. First I studies a spell about the one proposition and then I studies a spell about the other. To tell the truth, though, I don't need to have so very many concernings over the case of Mr. H. C. Raynor. I did not let on to Mr. Dallas what was passing through my mind, but at the very same instant when he turned to me for help after telling about the row downtown at the oil offices with Mr. Raynor I hit spang on what might turn out to be proper medicine for what ails the gentleman. It ain't so very long, setting there in my room by myself, before the scheme begins to sort of routine itself out and look like something.

With regards to him I'm going mainly on the facts that he's like a lot of these here Northerners which ain't never been down South to speak of, and is therefore got curious ideas about the South in general. Long time before this I has took note that he thinks a colored person naturally enjoys being called a dam black rabbit or a worthless black scoundrel whilst he's waiting on white folks. Also he can't seem to get over my failing to say "Yas, massa" and "No, massa," when Mr. Dallas asks me a question; and I can tell he's kind of put out because I don't go round speaking of myself as dis nigga this and dis nigga that and dis nigga the other thing. In other words, I ain't living up to the character of the imaginary kind of a Southern-raised black man which he's been led to expect I'd be from reading some of these here foolish books which they gets out up here from time to time.

I knows full well what his sensations is in these matters, not only from the look on his face but from one or two things which I has overheard him saying in times past. So now I just puts two and two together and I says to myself that if he's entertaining them misled ideas about my race he doubtless is also got the notion in his head that every quality white gentleman from down South, and more especially them which hails from Kentucky, totes a pistol on the flank and is forever looking for a chance to massacrete somebody against which they've took a disfancy. I remembers now that he asked me once how many feuds there was going on in our part of the state at the present time. Rather than disappoint him I tells him several small ones and one large one. And another occasion he wanted to know from me whether they ever tried anybody in earnest for shooting somebody down our way. Secretively, at the time, I pities his ignorance; but I ain't undertaking to unlearn him from his delusions, because if that's his way of thinking it ain't beholden on me to try to educate him different. Looking back on it now, I'm mighty glad I didn't try, neither, because in the arose situation I figures that his prevailing beliefs is going to fall right in with my plans.

Inside of half an hour I is through with him and ready to tackle the other matter, which is a harder one, anyway you look at it. I takes my head in both my hands and I says to myself, what kind of a lady is this here one we got to deal with? With her raisings, what does she probably like the best in the world? What does she probably hate the most in the world? What would scare her off and what would make her mad, and what is it would probably only just egg her on? What would she shy from and what would she jump at? Where would she be reckless and where would she be careful? And so on and so forth.

All of a sudden—bam!—a notion busts right in my face. Casting round this way and that for a starter to go by, I recalls to mind what I heard Judge Priest narrating years ago touching on a funny will [illegible] rich man in an adjoining county to [illegible] drawed up on his deathbed, and how the row over it was fit out in court; and [illegible] that I says to myself, I says, "Hallelujah to my soul, ole problem, I shore does believe Ise got you whar the wool is short dog-gone me ef I don't!"

It's getting on towards eleven [illegible] when I puts my shoes back on and [illegible] to see what Mr. Dallas is doing. He's [illegible] setting right where I left him, with the book in front of him. But his eyes, seems me, is beginning to droop a little. Whether there ain't nobody living could longer hours over them Vets to Zyms without getting all drowsied up.

"Mr. Dallas," I says, "I thinks the [illegible] light is startin' to sift in th'ough the cloakin' clouds. I seems to see a [illegible] streak—in fact, a couple of streaks. [illegible] even so, I is got to be lef' free to work things out my own way. Is you thus agreeable, suh?"

"Jeff," he says, "I'm in your hands. There's no one else into whose hands I can put myself. What do you want me to do?"

"Well, suh," I says, "fust I wants you fur to go tek off yore things an' git [illegible] settled in baid fur the night. That is the starter."

"Agreed!" he says. "And then what?"

"Well, next," I says, "I don't want you to go downtown a-tall to-morrow. I wants you fur to stay right whar you now is. Let the mawnin' keep 'way frum the telephone. Ef I ain't yere to answer it jes' let Koga let it ring its haid off an' don't pay no mind. In the afternoon you may have 'portant visitor answerin' to the entitlements of Mr. H. C. Raynor, Esquire. But he gits yere I'll tell you what's to [illegible] off betwixt you two, purvided the preliminary 'rangemints, ez conducted by me, wukked out all right. But I ain't aim to tell you the full plans yit—too much is got to happen in the meantimes. To-morrow's plenty time."

"Just as you say," he says. "I'm going to my room now."

"Wait jest one minute, please, suh," he says as he gets up. "Mr. Dallas, you ain't owning' no pistol, is you?"

"What would I be doing with a pistol?" he says, sort of puzzled. "I never owned one in my life. I don't believe I ever shot one off in my life." Then a kind of ashamed smile comes onto his face. "Why, Jeff," he says, "you aren't taking seriously what I said early to-night about suicide, are you? You needn't worry. I'm not thinking of shooting myself yet awhile."

"I ain't worryin' 'bout 'at," I says, "I ain't figgerin' on you shootin' yo'self. I am figurin' on yore havin' to shoot somebody else. Never'less, though," I says, "in the contrary notwidstandin', seein' you ain't got no pistol, you's goin' to have one befo' you is many hours older—a great big shiny fretful-lookin' one."

"What am I to do with it after I get it?" he says.

"Mr. Dallas," I says, "please, suh, go to bed lak you promised me. I got a headache now clear down to the quick, just from answerin' my own questions."

I speaks this to him just like he is a little boy and I is his nurse, and off he goes, just like a wore-out, desponded, onhappy little boy.

XII

AS I LOOKS back on it now, after the passing of two weeks, about, it seems to me I never traveled so fast and covered so much ground in all my born days as I did on the next day following immediately along after this here night before. That while you just naturally couldn't see for the dust.

In the first place, right after breakfast time I glides out and I scoots uptown. I puts up ten dollars for security and thereby I borrows the loan of one of his extra spare revolovers off of a pink complected person named Seale-Ervin son, which it is his habit to go round colored districts recommending himself being the coroner's friend and using gunnery towards parties that he gits satisfied with. I don't know how many folkses he's killed in his life, but he's got bury his dead where they fall, because I ain't never had none of the graveyards pointed out to me. But, anyway, he's heeled on both his hips at all times, and makes him onload her before he hands over to me, because I is not taking chances of that thing going off [illegible]

(Continued on Page [illegible])

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Output Doubled Prices Reduced-

An Important Announcement to Tire Dealers and Car Owners

ONE of the most important announcements in the history of the tire industry was made a few weeks ago, when prices on HYDRO-TORON tires were reduced. Having begun work in our new factory, which had made possible a daily output more than double the plant's previous capacity, we announced as follows:

20% reduction on all Ford sizes (30x3, 30x3½, and 31x4 Clincher Type) and
10% reduction on all sizes of straight-side tires.

Such savings mean much to the tire-buying public, because HYDRO-TORON tires—notably successful in service as the result of distinctive processes—are now available at prices not only lower than cords, but lower than the prices of many of the fabric tires.

All Previous HYDRO-TORON Values Remain:

The Internal Hydraulic Expansion Process, whereby hidden defects in the course of tire building are prevented;

The Toron chemical process of treating fabric, which seals the tire against moisture and decay, and increases the tensile strength and holding power of the tire's various parts;

The unusual guarantee of 10,000 miles against stone-bruise, rim-cut and blow-out;

The oversize feature;

And now the lower prices, for tires that represent values which are really conspicuous in this industry.

Dealers: Open territory is available. Our proposition is uncommonly attractive. Write for information regarding discounts, and for proof of what other dealers think of HYDRO-TORON as a money-making line.

Car Owners: HYDRO-TORON tires are in use in every part of this country, and in some sections are among the leaders. If, however, there is no dealer near you handling these tires, we will tell you how you can be supplied.

Write for Retail Price List

HYDRO-UNITED TIRE CO.

Pottstown, Pa. Chicago, Ill.

BIG AS CORDS
COST LESS THAN CORDS



HYDRO-TORON

aranteed **10,000 Miles** *Against Stone Bruise Rim Cut - Blow Out*

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How much per month?

MARMON maintenance has been reduced to a remarkable minimum. Nation-wide records disclose new economies.

For example, the maintenance of all Marmons purchased during the past year in the Kansas City territory, where much is demanded of a car, shows the average to be only $4.28 per month per car.

But minimum maintenance is not the only attraction. The price of the Marmon has been reduced to $3185!

Such attainments have won for Marmon its rank as The Foremost Fine Car, and the preference of graduate motorists.

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Mail the coupon for free copy of "Modern Transportation Costs."

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Gentlemen: Kindly send me a copy of "Modern Transportation Costs," describing in detail your new system of Standardized Service.

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(Continued from Page 52)

and maybe crippling somebody. I totes this here large and poisonous-looking chunk of dark-blue hardware back to the apartment and stores it in a safe place where I can put my hand upon it on short notices. Then I waits until Mr. Dallas is in the bathroom with the water running so as to hide the sound of my voice and I goes to the telephone and I calls up Miss Bill-Lee's* number over on Riverside Drive. She must've rose early so as to have her complexion laid on so it'll get set good before she comes forth for the day, because it's her which answers my call instead of the maid. I tells her it's me on the wire, and I asks her as a special favor can I run over to her flat soon as it's agreeable to speak with her on a very important matter. She says yes so eager like it must be she's expecting I'm fetching a present from Mr. Dallas same as I has done quite often before this. She says I can come at ten o'clock.

Ten o'clock and I'm at her door. She's in her setting room waiting for me. She looks sort of disappointed when she sees I ain't brought along no flowers nor no candy nor no jewelry box nor nothing with me; but she welcomes me very kindly. I don't lose no time getting going.

"Miss DeWitt," I says, making my voice as winning as I can, "now 'at you an' Mr. Dallas is fixin' to git married to one 'nother I been wonderin' 'bout whut's goin' become of me in the shuffle. I 'preciates 'at he laks me fust-rate; but he idolizes you so deeply 'at I knows he wouldn't keep on keepin' me nur nobody else round him widout he wuz shore 'at you laked 'em too. Tha's whut's been worrying me—the question of whether you felt disposed agreeable to me. An' so, after broodin' over the matter fur goin' on it's nearly a week, I finally is tuck the liberty of comin' to speak to you 'bout it—yas-sum!"

"Jefferson," she says, kind of indifferent and yet not hostile, "I have nothing against you; in fact, I rather like you. If your services are satisfactory to Dallas I shall have not the slightest objection to his keeping you on as his servant."

"Thanky, ma'am," I says. "Hearin' you say 'at frum yore own lips suttinly teks a big load offen my mind. I strives ever to please. 'Sides, I got a mighty winnin' way wid chillen. I'll come in handy w'en it comes to he'pin' out wid the nursin' an' all lak 'at."

She sets up straight from where she's been kind of half laying down and some of that chain-gang jewelry of hers gives a brisk rattle.

"Children!" she says, plenty startled. "What in the world are you talking about?"

I answers back like I'm expecting, of course, she'll understand.

"W'y," I says, "the chillen w'ich enshores 'at Mr. Dallas don't lose out none in the final cuttin' up of the estate," I says.

By now she's rose bolt upright on her feet. All that languidsome manner is fled from her and her voice is sharper than what I ever has heard it before.

"What's that?" she says, quite snappy. "What's that you are saying? Do you mean to tell me that Dallas has been married before—that he has a child—or more than one child—hidden away somewhere?"

"Oh, nome," I says, very soothing, "nothin' lak 'at. Course Mr. Dallas ain't never been married. Up twell now he's practically been heart whole an' fancy free. Yas-sum! I wuz merely speakin'—if you'll please, ma'am, scuse me—of the chillen w'ich natchelly'll be comin' long ez purvided for under the terms of the ole gen'leman's will, you know. Tha's all I meant."

"Will!" she says. "What will? Whose will? Here, you, give me the straight of this thing! I haven't the faintest idea what it's all about."

"Now, thar!" I says, acting like I'm overcome with a sudden great regret. "Ain't that jest lak me—puttin' my big foot in it, gabblin' 'bout somethin' w'ich it ain't none of my affairs? Most doubtless, Mr. Dallas he's been savin' it all up ez a happy surprise fur you. An' now, in my innocence an' my ign'ance, I starts blabbin' it fo'th unbeknownst. Lemme git out of yere, please, ma'am, 'fore I gits myse'f in any deeper 'en whut already I is in!"

She comes sailing across the floor right at me. Them big floating black eyes of hers seems to get smaller and sharper until they bores into me the same as a pair of sharp gimblets.

"You stay right where you are!" she says, commanding as a major general. "You don't leave this room until I get this mystery straightened out."

"Please, ma'am, I'd a heap rather you spoke to Mr. Dallas 'bout it," I says, pretending to be pleading hard. "No doubt in due time he'll confide to you all 'bout the way the property is tied up, an' 'bout his paw's views ez 'pressed in the will, an' also 'bout the way the matter stands between him an' his twin brother, Mr. Clarence, an' all the rest of it."

"Twin brother!" she says, and by now she's been jolted so hard she's mighty near to the screeching point. "Where is this twin brother? I never heard of him—never dreamed there was such a person. Say, are you crazy or am I?"

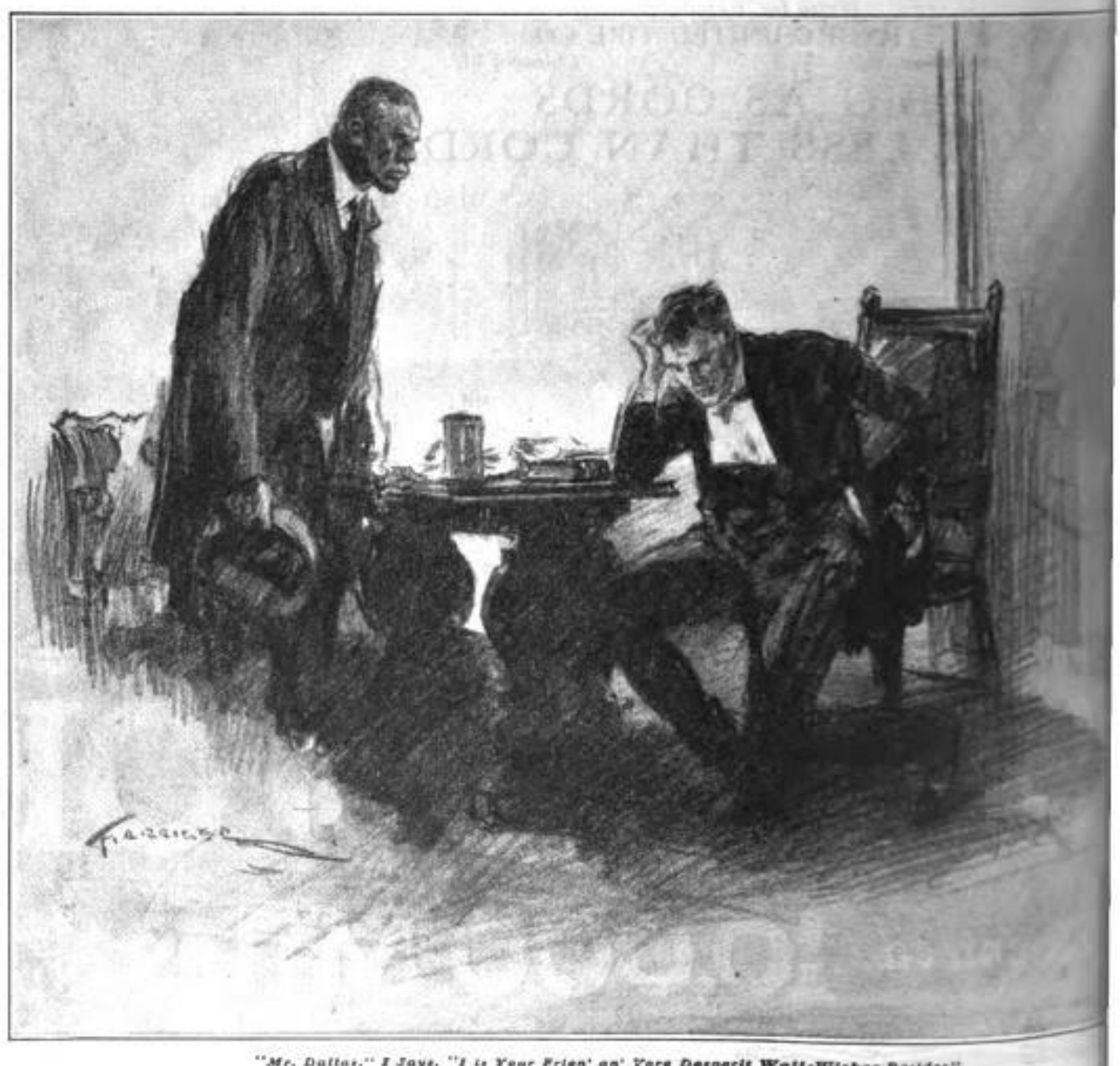
"W'ich 'at do settle it!" I says, very lamentful. "Ef Mr. Dallas ain't told you 'bout his twin brother neither, it certainly is a shore sign to me 'at he wuz aimin' to purserve ever'thing ez a precious secret frum you fur the time bein'. I specs he jest more'n snatch me bald-headed for this, Miss DeWitt. Please, ma'am, don't say nothin' to him 'bout my havin' give you the tip, will you?"

"I don't want tips," she says. "I want facts, and I'm going to have them here and now—and from you! If you want to get out of here with a whole skin you'll tell your vague mumblings about wife and children and estates and twin brothers that I never heard of before, and you'll tell me in plain words the entire story—whatever it is—that has been held back from me carefully. You tell it, beginning to end!"

"Yas-sum," I says, "jest ez you wishes, ma'am." I tries to make my voice sound like I'm scared half to death, which it don't call for no great amount of putting-on to

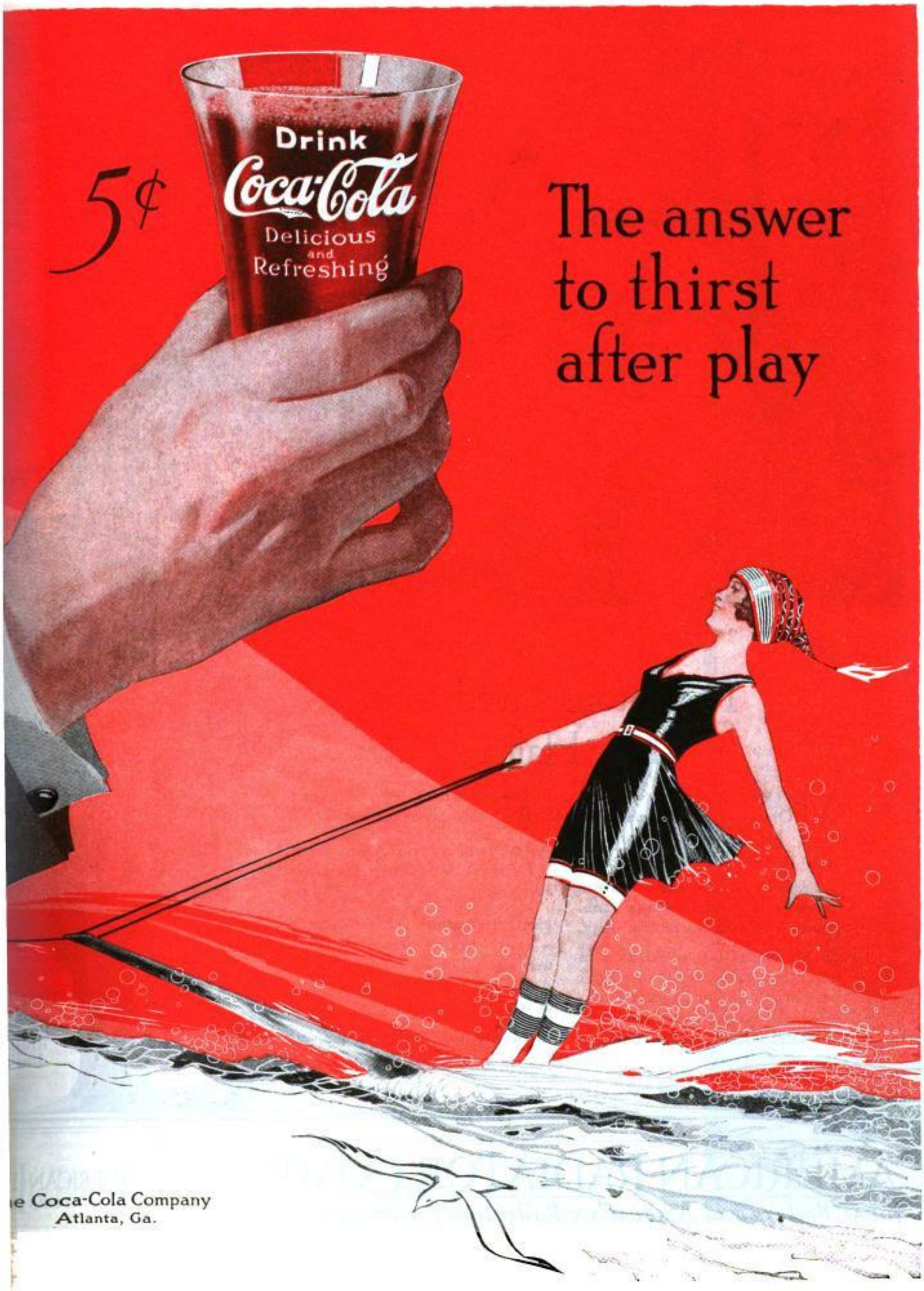
(Continued on Page 57)

*Note: It has just dawned upon Jeff's volunteer amanuensis that through the preceding pages of this narrative Jeff's more or less phonetic rendering of this word was an effort on his part to deal with the Gallicized pronunciation of an English diminutive for a common proper name; to wit: Billy.



"Mr. Dallas," I says, "I is Your Frien' an' Yore Desperit Well-Wisher Besides"

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e Coca-Cola Company
Atlanta, Ga.

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From a painting by L. V. CARROLL. © ARCO. 1922.

Three tons saved for Mr. Haller

MR. FRANK HALLER of Dayton, Ohio, heated his home with stoves. Many a winter night he got up in the dark to pour on more coal.

Yet with all his care the house was merely hot in spots, never really warm. Besides which the stoves were dusty.

So Mr. Haller installed ARCOLA in his kitchen, connecting it with small pipes to an American Radiator in each of the other rooms. Now he has the same hot-water warmth which American Radiators give to the finest homes and buildings throughout the world.

ARCOLA requires no night attention; *and it saved Mr. Haller the first winter more than three tons of coal.*

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It pays for itself in the fuel it saves.

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(Continued from Page 54)

rt, neither, because she has done shed laziness and all her silkiness and all oothness same as a blue racer sheds n in the spring of the year, and she's ared her real het-up dangersome self me. "Jest ez you wishes," I says, I do trus' an' pray 'at you'll purtec' n Mr. Dallases' wrath w'en he finds lone spilt ever'thin' so premanture

get it!" she says. "It strikes me one who needs protection if anyoes. Now without any more dodgbacking you give me the cold truth, and? No original embroidery of n, either—the cold truth, all of it! I find out afterwards that you've olding back a single detail from "

that she stops short and pins me m eyes of hers. I can't hardly keep ching back from before her. If she rnet it'd be high time to start one ands off to the nearest drug store soothing ointments, because somertainly would be due to get all . Rejoiceful though I is inside of e how nice she's grabbed at all the ich I has flung out to her like fish, one after another, I'd be almost I was outside that room talking rough the keyhole. But it's shore t on me to set easy and keep on ng and not make no slips. Things well, but they has got to go still t if she's to swallow down the e.

XIII

READS out both my hands like m plumb cowed down and licked, I starts in handing out to her the h I'd spent half the night before together in my mind. It's a ce kind of romancing, if I do say ll of plausibleness, specially that which is built up on what I re- the old judge having told me curious case which come up that e of the adjoining counties. But it, including the most fanciest ich as Mr. Clarence and the old ly aunt and the two sets of trip-, has been made up right out of id, and I asks credit.

, whilst I'm setting there telling d watching her close to see how g it, I'm praying to the good ng Him will He please, Master, for onloading such a monstrous at-ain't-soes on an onsuspecting d-up lady. And at the same ping the spirit of Mr. Dallases' ted father, which he was one st, quietest old gentlemen that ed, won't come ha'nting me for his memory so scandalous. I vell he must be turning over in aster and faster every minute s. I only can trust he don't see om it.

Witt," I says, "lissen, please, ll know all. You see, ma'am, 'is connection dates back to n Mr. Dallases' paw made his ome six or seven yeahs ago. ou doubtless has learned befo' the bigges' part of the estate

know any such thing!" she ng in again, and even more han before. "Do you mean to s is not the sole master of his y?"

ammers and hesitates like I'm at she don't know that part My hanging back only makes fierce to hear the rest.

I goes on to say when finally able to blow clean up if I de- "the real facts of the case is actually got no property a-tall ay. He only draws down one- st frum it. He don't get nigh me, neither, ez whut folkses um his free way of spendin' ht an' lef'. Ez a matter of e strictes' confidences, Miss ys, "he is mos' gin'elly alluz e trustees by reason of him ed. But 'course," I says, "'at neither yere nor thar, is it? wants to slather his money that ever' dollar he spends ders lak it's ten or twelve, ess. Lemme git back on the e's see now: I wuz specifyin' e will, wuzn' I?

ak this: W'en folkses down d the terms of the will they wuz a heap of 'em said ez how the ole gen-'elman's mind must 'a' went back on him in his last sickness fur him to be layin' down any sech curious 'quireminta ez them wuz. Yas-sum, some even went fu'ther 'en 'at; some went so fur ez to say it wuz the streak of onsanity w'ich runs in the Pulliam fambly croppin' out agin in a fresh place."

"Oh, so it's insanity now!" she says. "The longer you talk the more interesting things I learn. Go on—go on!"

"Yas-sum," I says, "I'm goin'. Yas-sum, they wuz quite a host of folkses w'ich come right out an' said Mr. Dallas and Mr. Clarence, any one or both of 'em, would be amply justified in contestin' the will on the grounds 'at the late lamentable wuz out of his haid at the time he drawed it up. But no, ma'am, not them two! I figgers they knowed they own dear paw well 'nuff to know the idee w'ich he toted in his mind. 'Sides w'ich, all the members of the fambly is sort of techy on the subjec' of the li'l' streak of onsanity 'at flows in the blood—w'ich I reckin they natchelly is to be scused fur that—an' ef one or the other of 'em went to the big cotehouse tryin' to bust up the will on the claim 'at the ole gen'elman didn't rightly know whut he wuz doin' to'des the last it'd only quicken up the talk 'bout the craziness strain. An' so, on 'count of the Pulliam pride an' all, they jest left it stand lak it wuz. An' 'en on top of 'at Mr. Clarence he turned sort of onsatisfactory in the haid an' he strayed off an' wuzn' heared of ag'in till yere recently. An' 'en, soon as Mr. Clarence wuz found, Mr. Dallas he come on up yere an' you an' him met an' ——"

"In heaven's name, quit drooling and get somewheres!" she says, making her words pop like one of these here whiplashes. "What did the will say?"

"Yas-sum," I says, "yas-sum, I jest has reached 'at p'int now. The will say 'at the estate is to be helt in trust fur the time bein', an' 'en w'en the two sons comes of age they is free to marry, only they is both bound to marry somebody or other befo' they reaches they twenty-fif' birthday. An' the one w'ich has the most chillen to his credit at the end of five yeahs from his weddin' day, he gets the main chunk of the property, whilst the other is cut down to jest ——"

"The most children?" she says, only by now she's saying it so savigrous that she practically is yelling it. "The most ——"

"Yas-sum," I says, "tha's it—the most chillen. You see, ma'am, they seems to run to chillen, someway, the Pulliamses does. When a Pulliam gits married—look out fur baby carriages, tha's all. They don't seem to have chillen by driblets, neither, lak some people does. They is more apt to have 'em by triplets. They is two complete sets of triplets on record in times gone past, and ever' generation kin be depended on to perduce at leas' one set of twins, or even more!

"Now, f'rinstances, you tek Mr. Dallas an' Mr. Clarence—both twins. Tek they father befo' 'em an' they maiden aunt, Miss Sarah Pulliam, deceasted—twins some mo'. Only you never heared much 'bout Miss Sarah in her lifetime owin' to her bein' kep' onder lock an' key fur spasms of a kind of wildness comin' over her now an' then. Then ag'in, amongst Mr. Dallases' own brothers an' sisters, tek his two little twin sisters, not to mention the four or five singles w'ich come 'long right stiddy an' reg'lar, but alluz, in they cases, one at a time. Yas-sum, it's been 'at way in the fambly fur ez fur back ez the oldest inhabitant kin remember.

"But the gineration w'ich Mr. Dallas belongs to, it turned out sickly fur the most part, an' so by the time the old gen'elman come to die all his chillen had died off on him, 'scusin' Mr. Dallas an' Mr. Clarence, w'ich them two wuz all they wuz left out of a big swarm. Oh, I jedges the paw knowed whut he wuz 'bout! I reckin he craved 'at the Pulliamses should once more multiply freely an' replenish the earth wid a whole multitude of li'l' Pulliamses. An' so he purvided fur a healthy competition betwixt his two sons to see ——"

"Wait!" she says. "Let me see if I understand you. You say that by the terms of that old maniac's will the bulk of his estate was tied up so to go eventually to the son who had the most children five years after marriage. Well, then what does the remaining son—the loser—get?"

"He gits a hunderd an' fifty dollars a month fur life—I think tha's whut it come to," I says. "Mebbe it mout be a hunderd an' sebenty-five, I won't be shore. An' he also draws down fifty dollars a month extry fur each chile he's got livin.' But tha's all. The home place an' the tobacco bus'ness an' the money in the bank an' all else, they goes to the winner, onlessen each one, at the end of them five yeahs is got a ek'el number of chillen, in w'ich case the estate is divided even-Stephen betwixt 'em. Yas-sum!"

"Then why didn't both brothers marry as soon as they came of age?" she asks me, sort of suspicious. But I was expecting that very question to come forth sooner or later, and I is now prepared beforehand for it.

"Well'm," I says, "you see, I reckin Mr. Dallas figgered they wuzn' no need to be in a rush, seein' 'at Mr. Clarence wuz so kind of ondependable. Ef the truth must be knowed, Mr. Clarence wuz downright flighty. He had spells w'en he'd furgit his own name an' go wanderin'. Yas-sum! An' right after he come of age he took a specially severe spell an' he gauntered so fur away they plum' lost track of him. It wasn't twell last July 'at he wuz located ag'in. It seems lak he'd been detained somewhars out West in a sort of a home whar they keeps folks w'ich is liable to fits of chronic uneasiness in the haid. But now, suddenly, his refreshed memory had done come back to him, an' the doctors pernouced him cured and turned him loose ag'in; an' the latest word wuz 'at he wuz thinkin' 'bout gittin' married down in Texas or one 'em other places out yonder-ways. So Mr. Dallas must 'a' realized 'at 'twuz up to him to stir his stumps an' git hisse'f married off too; specially ez he had done passed his twenty-fo'th birthday the month befo'.

"Well, seemed lak he couldn't find no young lady down home w'ich wuz suitable to his fancies, although some folks did say quiet lak 'at they wuz a local prejudice springin' up on the part of parents ag'inst havin' they daughters marryin' him. But betwixt you an' me, ma'am, I never tuck no stock in 'at, 'cause most of the time Mr. Dallas is jest as rationable ez whut you an' me is. It's only w'en he gets excited 'at he behaves a li'l' peculiar lak. Well, anyways, Mr. Dallas he come on up yere an' he met you. So now it looks lak ever'thing is goin' turn out all right, an' mebbe we'll beat out Mr. Clarence after all, in w'ich case Mr. Dallas won't have to be worryin' at the end of five yeahs 'bout whar he's goin' to rake up the cash to pay back the money which he's overdrawed out of the estate, nur nothin'.

"So that's how come me to mention chillen w'en I fust come in, ma'am. An' I trusts you understan's."

And with that I smiles at her like I'm expecting that now, seeing she knows all the tidings, she'll be jubilated over the prospects too. But she ain't smiling. I lay she ain't got a smile left in her entire system. She's mighty nigh choking, but it ain't no happy emotion that she's choked up with. If you was a blind man you could 'a' told that much from the sounds she's making. She's saying things fast and furious. Remarks is just foaming from her; but the trouble is she keeps on getting her statements all jumbled up together so they don't make good sense. And yet, notwithstanding, I still can follow her thoughts. I catches the words "most children"—she duplicates that several times—and "twins" and "triplets" and "insanity" and "one hundred and fifty dollars a month." And all mixed in with this is loose odds and ends of language which seems to indicate she thinks somebody has been withholding something back on her or trying to take an unfair advantage of her or something. She certainly is in a swivit. A little more and she'd be delirious—she would so!

All of a sudden she flings herself out of the room, with her necklaces and things clashing till she sounds like a runaway milk wagon, mighty near almost, and she makes for the telephone in the hall and I can hear her trying very frantic to get our number rung up. For a minute my heart swarms up in my throat—anyhow, some of my organs swarms up there where I can taste 'em. I'm so afraid Mr. Dallas may forget his promise to me and come to the phone! If he does the whole transaction is liable to be busted up just when I've strove so hard to fix everything nice and lovely. That's why my heart climbs up my windpipes. But after a little bit I can breathe easy some more, because it's plain, from what I overhears, that Central tells her she can't get no responsives from the other end of the wire. So then, after one or two more tries, she gives up trying and she comes back into the

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setting room still spilling mumbling words—but "children" continues to be the one she seems to favor the most—and she says to me that she has a message to send to Mr. Dallas which she wants me for to take it to him.

Still playing my part, I says to her I truly hopes there ain't going to be nothing in the message which will put Mr. Dallas in a bad humor with me. But she don't appear to hear my pleading voice. She's already set down at a little writing desk in the corner and she's got a pen in her hand and she's writing away like a house on fire. The pen is squeaking the same as if it was in torment, and them five or six bracelets on her arm is clinking sweet music to my ear. I ain't no seventh son of a seventh gun, which they tells me they has the gift of prophecy laid upon them at birth; nor yet I ain't no mind reader; but, even so, I says to myself that I don't need but one guess at the true nature of what 'tis she's writing.

She gets through quite soon—there's only just one single sheet of paper—and she folds it up and creases it hard like she's trying to mash it in two, and she jams it in an enveloper and seals the enveloper and shoves it into my waiting hand.

So doing, she says to me, "There! Now you take this note to the man you work for—immediately!"

"Yas-sum," I says. "Is they any answer to come back?"

"Answer?" she says. "No—no—no—no!"

So I goes right out, leaving her still saying it at the top of her voice. It seems to me it's high time to go, if not higher. Besides, it's mighty hard trying to carry on a conversation with an overwrought-up lady which she has only got one word left in stock, which that one is a little short word like no.

So I takes my foot in my hand and I marvils thence from there fast as ever my willing legs can take me. And as I goes along on my way, speeding 'cross town bound for our quarters, I'm trying to think of a stylish word which in times gone by I has heard some of the white folks use as a pet name for a note from one loving soul to another. Presently it comes to me—billet *doux!*

I stops right still where I is at.

"Bill-Lee do, huh?" I says to myself. "Yas, sometimes Bill-Lee do. But this time—glory, hallelujah, amen!—Bill-Lee do not!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

The Poets' Corner

The Sailor

HE WHISPERED a word or two, an old gray man,
Dying, alone and poor, on a summer day,
In the county poor farm, in rage. I heard him say
One word; and a smile came into his eyes,
And his look was odd;
As though, in a pleased surprise, he had met with God.
His face was furrowed and lean
And his skin was tanned;
And he murmured, "The things I've seen——
She was undermanned; but we brought her through."
Ere his old eyes closed, smiling, he looked at me,
And "Ships" was the word he murmured; "Ships—and another sea."
And it seemed, as he died, that I heard
A far-off cry,
The ring of a sailor's song; and his parting breath
Was joined to that distant singing, as though, in death,
He had leaped to the windlass bar and heaved again,
Rousing an anchor up, to an old refrain.
They buried him there in the potter's field
By the side of the railroad track
Down which he had slowly wandered with his blanket pack
Strapped to his bowed frame.
There is no name there, but a ship flies by,
With a murmur of roving song, on the midnight sky;
And again I hear his voice as he says to me,
"Ships—thank God! There are ships—and there is another sea."

—*Bill Adams.*

The Lady Spring

THE Spring, like a lovely lady,
Creeps into the world's sad heart,
Touching it with new magic,
Healing its hurts in part;
Thrilling dim streets with glory,
Sweeping dark ways with mirth;
The Spring, like a lovely lady,
Sings to the waiting earth:

"I am a gypsy person"—
This is the song she sings—
"I am the love of living,
I am youth's eager wings,
I am the lute's soft sighing,
I am the foe of age,
I am a lyric written
On an untarnished page!

"I am all dreams of beauty"—
This is Spring's vivid cry—
"I am the charm of color,
I am the dawn of day,
I am the pale arbutus
Kissed by an early dew,
I am the romance stirring
Deep in the soul of you!"

Over the land she dances,
High on a hill she stands,
Holding a mass of blossoms
In her white, outstretched hands;
Singing—because she wants to—
Filled with a glad surprise,
And, like a lovely lady,
Laughing into life's eyes!

—*Margaret E. Sangster*

Morning

I LAY in bed. I heard the sun
Cry out, "Today—today's begun."

I lay in bed. I kept my eyes
Tight closed. I knew that all the skies

Were washed in pale pink tenderness
But I thought that I did not care

I lay in bed. A little breeze
Came hurrying among the trees,

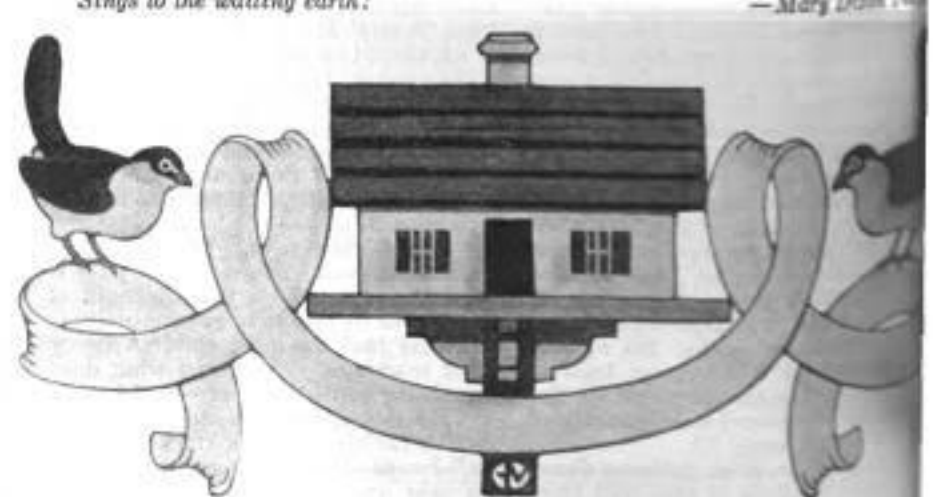
And, leaping o'er the window sill,
Crept close beside me and was still.

And then a bird began to sing
"Wake up! Wake up! You lazy thing!"

I tumbled out of my warm bed—
Oh! The sky was as red—as red!

And the world trembled, every bird
I laughed. And kissed my hand to

—*Mary Dixon*





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YOU NEVER CAN TELL

(Continued from Page 13)

It was an article telegraphed from London saying that all British cricketers were looking keenly forward to the trip of the two American ball clubs, and that it was doubted that the big leaguers could prove a match for the best of the English cricket clubs.

"I thought," added Schnitzler, "that we was going to play baseball."

"Sure we are!" I said. "When you read something in the papers about why you bat the way you do, or why you did something or didn't do something in a game, what do you think?"

"I think it's bunk," says Bab.

"Well, bunk isn't confined to this town," I says. "You'll get just as much in London. That's what this article is—bunk. That's all."

That was just where I was wrong. But I didn't know it at the time, and maybe it was just as well for this guy Pratt. In fact, I know it was.

"What is cricket?" asked Schnitzler.

My policy has always been not to let a ball player know that you don't know anything about everything.

"Cricket," I says, "is like baseball, except the pitcher throws the ball with a stiff elbow."

"A stiff elbow! Is that so?"

The Bab stretched himself, and I saw right then that there wasn't any human power was going to keep him from trying to show those English guys up at their own pastime.

But at the time I had other troubles on my mind. Old Wolverton developed his favorite malady—sciatica at the last minute—and howled with pain every time he thought of the damp Atlantic breezes. The result was I was put in charge of the trip. The ball players would have been bad enough to handle, but there were four newspaper guys along with us. To say that much is to say enough.

We left the last week in October, a fine warm day; and the send-off, what with flowers and speeches and handshakes and a tug filled with fans following us out to sea, was all that heart could desire.

That is all of a favorable nature that can be said about that trip. Not a one of us had ever been across before, and the way the ship began to act as soon as she had lost sight of land made me think someone had tipped off the old boat to that effect. The captain was heard to remark that it was fine North Atlantic autumn weather. I think he was a liar; but if he really liked it, then he was the easiest pleased man the world ever produced.

Bab Schnitzler passed out first. He was in the saloon at dinner the first night, waving his knife over a fillet of beef, when suddenly his eyes began to stare and his face turned green. The next minute he was gone. It took four stewards to carry him to his room. It was a good joke to the rest of us—for about an hour. Then we stopped laughing suddenly. Thereafter the only thing to prove that there was any big leaguer on the boat was the list of names in the purser's office.

It wasn't until the last day of the run that I got out on deck, and at that I was a good twelve hours ahead of the rest. And when the ship tied up at Liverpool the outfit that came down the gangplank looked more like convalescents from a Louisiana fever camp than a selected bunch of the world's greatest athletes.

It was then I first met Cephas Pratt. He was at the pier in undertaker clothes—plug hat, skirt coat, gardenia and all. With him was a committee all dressed up like a horse, with faces as serious as though we were the President and cabinet of the United States. You can't beat an Englishman for acting up to an occasion.

"Yes, we're the ball players," I says to Pratt, in answer to his question, adding that old Wolverton was sick and that I was in charge.

"Quite so, quite so," smiled Cephas, raising his lid. "Then perhaps you're the famous Mr. McGann."

"Quite so," I counters. And then didn't he become the pop-eyed little live wire of that particular dock? He waved up the bunch who had stood by looking on and introduced them as the members of the Royal and Honorable Cricket Club of London, appointed to make us welcome. They hadn't spared nothing collecting that committee, I'll tell the populace. There was Lord Duffle, Lord McQuarrie, Lord Chichester-Burke, Col. Fittington-Watts, Sir Michael Finucane and a lot of other top-liners that don't come to mind.

They tried to be nice, and in their stiff up-stage way they were all right enough. But they didn't speak our language at all; that is, none except Sir Michael Finucane. He was a sure regular guy. I knew him well by reputation because of the labels on his Scotch and Irish whisky bottles you used to see in every barroom in America.

"Have ye had a pleasant trip?" he asked.

"Look us over and take a guess," I says, not feeling in especially good humor.

"Well, well," Cephas Pratt butted in, "we'll have to see that you get your land legs, eh, Sir Michael? Fortunately there will be nothing on hand for you until Saturday, today being Thursday. You'll have a good chance to rest. Sir Michael has graciously requested the honor of entertaining four of you at his country place, Faugh a Ballagh."

"The name sounds good to me," says I, brightening up.

"Excellent! Then if you will be good enough to select your companions"—Cephas rubbed his fat little hands—"the other gentlemen will be put up at the Royal and Honorable Cricket Club, where I'm sure they will be comfortable."

"They'll be comfortable any place that doesn't move up and down."

I brought up the invalids and introduced them round, at the same time doing a lot of quick thinking about this guest business. Most of the Grays and the picked team were clean-cut young fellows, several of them college men, and I knew they could season the cricket-club bunch; that is, they could if I kept Bab Schnitzler away from them. For as soon as the Baboon got his appetite and his spirits back I knew what would happen.

So I picked him as one of the men to go to Sir Michael's place; then choosing Judge Connolly, the ump, a quiet little chap, and Tim Holliday, of the Plaid Sox, who was captain of the team we'd brought along to play against us.

Reporters? Sure, shoals of them; a snuffy-looking bunch, very serious and earnest. I made a few modest statements; and then, having no time to bother with them, turned them over to the Baboon, Rats Finnegan, Bill Pitt and the rest. At the time I didn't pay much attention to what the ball players said to the newspaper mutts, but I found out all right when I read the newspapers next morning.

When we reached London most of the bunch got into automobiles and were taken out to the cricket club, while Sir Mike and his four guests piled into his big limousine. As I have said, this big distiller was a regular guy. He was known all over the world, including the United States, and not only because of his whisky either. For there never was an advertiser like Finucane. I figured this stunt of entertaining me and the other three was merely a part of the game he was playing to keep in the public eye. He was one of the Rockefellers of England and one of the P. T. Barnums of the world, who had improved upon the circus man's famous dope to the extent of making it read that a souse and a sucker are born every minute.

After about an hour's ride we rolled into a big gateway, with a little stone house standing beside it, and drove a mile or so among trees and bushes, until finally we stopped in front of a castle.

"What armory is that?" asked the Baboon.

"Faugh a Ballagh," says Sir Mike, with a wave of his hand. "It's your home while you're in England."

At the door was the butler and a couple of movie guys in short pants and velvet coats, with white stockings, who grabbed our bags and started for the stairs. Sir Mike said he suspected we'd like to team up in rooms, although there wasn't any real necessity if we wanted to park by ourselves. I told him it was fine the way he had doped it, and picked Bab as a roommate, figuring he'd need more watching than the other two.

The man who carried up our bags unpacked them as we lolled around watching him work, and then he told us that there would be tea in the drawing-room at 5:30, with dinner at eight. Both propositions made a hit with Bab, who hadn't had any heart for lunch.

"This is a fine country," said Schnitzler as we came up from tea about 6:30 and began to climb into our soup-and-fish suits for the dinner. "They feed the way a man likes to be fed. Say, what was them little fishes they had on toast down there?"

"The way they went down your throat," I says, "I think you'd call 'em disappearing smelts. And say, did you have any idea that when that plush-pants fellow passed you the dish of cakes he wanted it back again?"

"Did he?" grinned Bab. "Well, he got it back, didn't he?"

"Yes, he got the dish. But I wanted one of those cakes myself; so did the rest. If you don't want to be called a baboon don't act like one."

Bab only grinned. He was feeling fine about being off the ocean and living in a castle, with all the food and drink he could stow away. In fact the way he strutted about made me think he had had something stronger than tea. But no.

"Did you see that blond pippin?" he asked when I put my suspicions up to him and demanded to know the cause of his good humor.

"You mean the one that had you off in the corner, laughing at everything you said?" I asked. "Where do you get the pippin? She's a dame of forty."

The Baboon looked at me big eyed.

"I forgot to ask her how old she was. It didn't make no difference, anyway. Did you get the color in her face?"

"The point is, where did she get it?" I laughs, but Schnitzler missed that one.

"And," he goes on, "her yellow hair. I always liked the yellow-haired ones. She's a regular lady, believe me, bo! She's more than that; she's a duchess—the Duchess of Bonnicastle. I don't know what that means, but I know it goes big in this country—just like a queen."

"Bab!"

"That's straight, chief; the absolute goods. I knew she was something as soon as I gave her the eye and she batted right back at me. I guess I wasn't the baby doll of that party, no?"

I couldn't come back on that. Sir Mike had had quite a party of men and women sitting in on that tea, and before five minutes Bab Schnitzler was the center of attraction. He was so American, they said, but beyond that he was such a great, powerful-looking block of humanity that the women especially couldn't seem to take their eyes off him. He was just what a great athlete ought to look like, they said. And laugh? He got a hand every time he opened his mouth for food or to say something. That was before this duchess carried him off to a corner. They stayed there until Sir Mike pried them loose and set Schnitzler up for everyone to bowl at again.

"Say, chief"—the Baboon strutted and stretched—"I guess I didn't make no hit, what? Why, just as I was coming upstairs I made the duchess along in the back hall. She received me fine, chief. Everything is certainly jake between me and that dame. She says the only thing in life for her is men of action. I got a date to walk with her by moonlight tonight over the downs." Schnitzler grinned. "Say, chief, what is the downs?"

"You'll find out if you go monkeying with Sir Mike's friends," I said. "It will be over the down-and-outs for yours."

"Is that so?" says Bab.

I let him get away with his come-back because, since dinner was to be at eight, I figured on an hour and a half to get Bab into his banquet clothes, let alone mine.

Bab's suit being ready-made was just a little tight for him, and brought out his Sandow build like a bathing suit. He was as much a hit when he came into the dining room as he was at the tea. Sir Mike put him next to the duchess at the head of the table, and me and Judge Connolly way on the other side, where we couldn't help him none. In fact, looking at the eating tools, I figured I'd have all I could do to help myself. There they lay beside the plate like bats in front of a dugout. The judge whispers for me to work from the outside in, and whether he knew what he was talking about, or guessed, I don't know. Anyway he was right.

As for the Baboon, he grabbed one fork and never let go of it no matter what came and went. Once when it looked as [illegible] one of the short-pants guys was going [illegible] sist Bab gave him a look and told him to beat it. I suppose he figured if he [illegible] one he couldn't make as many mistakes as if he tried all the possibilities. And [illegible] believe, he got away with it!

Otherwise, aside from his fork specialty, Bab surprised me. I mean the way he [illegible] onto himself. He had got the fact [illegible] bean that he was in with real people [illegible] he had sense enough to do what [illegible] and I was doing—that is, watching [illegible] someone else did before we performed [illegible] then give a correct imitation.

That showed the stuff that was in [illegible] farmer. Why, back in the States he could do everything but make music with a [illegible] of peas, an ear of corn or a plate of [illegible] Asparagus? Say, they were always [illegible] grappled with them! As for the [illegible] chestra and his sword swallowing [illegible] had kidded him out of them before he [illegible] been with the Grays a week.

The duchess—she was really a [illegible] all right; I found that out from Sir Mike [illegible] had the time of her life. She just [illegible] eyes on the Baboon, waiting for him [illegible] make a crack, and then she'd laugh [illegible] blush and put a flower in his button [illegible] and act like an old cat that's given [illegible] and thinks she's a kitten again.

There was about twenty at the table, and they were a nice crowd. They [illegible] what Sir Mike called the hunting set [illegible] county, rosy-cheeked women with [illegible] and ankles, and fine big men. Later [illegible] Holliday, who wouldn't come to [illegible] and ate out with Jaggers, the butler told me that the butler had told him Sir Mike was a bachelor. He said this duchess Bab's was known as the sporting [illegible] a widow with a pile of jack, both of which Sir Mike was looking to annex.

This made clear to me what I had [illegible] cioned at dinner; that Finucane was relishing the comedy between Bab and the duchess. Of course he played the game laughing at the right time and taking marks around the table and from time time butting in on the merry chat going at his side. But all he got was a [illegible] the shoulder, while Bab never paid attention to him at all.

Even at the time, I decided Bab was acting in a way to earn Finucane's gratitude. Well, anyway, Bab and the gray-haired old dame went off for their [illegible] over the ups and downs, and me and the rest sat in at games of bridge. I won [illegible] pounds, but Judge Connolly was [illegible] proper. I'd have enjoyed the game [illegible] and slept better if I hadn't been [illegible] over the Baboon and his butting in on a love affair of a 100-per-cent good fellow like Sir Mike. Bab came in long after I was asleep, and in the morning there was [illegible] pounding his ear, with a bunch of [illegible] clinched in his big right paw.

"What's the idea of the weeds?" I asked, shaking him awake.

"Weeds? This is heather bloom. Gwendolyn picked it for me."

"Gwendolyn?"

"Why, the duchess!"

I wouldn't flatter him by telling him the thought. But I hadn't any sooner come downstairs than I found out that besides Bab and his duchess [illegible] Pratt had showed up bright and early in plug hat, gardenia and all.

"Well," he says, rubbing his hands, "everything's set. You've seen the papers. You're to play at the Lords' Ground tomorrow."

"Sure!" I says. "But you won't play baseball. We're over here to give [illegible] we've got and we'll do it. But we're shaking up these boys have had for [illegible] past there wouldn't be a sandlot [illegible] the U. S. couldn't beat us."

"I understand," says he. "You are referring to baseball. Now, as you are not going to play baseball [illegible] going to play cricket against an all-England eleven. It is ——"

He hesitated.

"Go on," says I; "your mouth is open but you're not saying anything."

He went on, all right. Do you know that little, fat, four-flushing pest had done? He had subordinated the baseball angle of our visit to the zero mark, had got all England roaring over a cricket match between the best ball players

(Continued on Page 64)

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for your furniture



Furniture and woodwork take on new beauties when O-Cedar Polish is used.

First all the dust, grime and scum is removed, finger marks and the like disappear.

Then a hard, dry and lasting lustre is given, the beauty of the grain of the wood is brought out. Your furniture is really beautified.

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(1) Wet a piece of cheesecloth with water.
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When you use an O-Cedar Polish Mop the hard work of cleaning, dusting and polishing floor vanishes. Work becomes a pleasure.

For with the O-Cedar Polish Mop you do these three things at one and the same time

(1) You Dust.
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(3) You Polish.

In addition you save getting down on your hands and knees or back breaking stooping. You save time, work and money and have cleaner, brighter and prettier floors.

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O-Cedar Polish Mops are sold by all dealers with this understanding: if you are not delighted with the work, time and money saved, your money will be returned without a question.

$1 and $1.50 sizes.
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'lease note the ease and convenience vashing, cleaning and renewing the 'edar Polish Mop.

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Use several changes of water if very dirty. Or boil the mop if you prefer. Let it become almost dry.

ur 3 or 4 ounces of O-Cedar h in a pan and let the mop stand over night.



next morning your ar Mop will be prac- as good as new.

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PALM

What is the ma



Falling?



Dandruff?

All largely due to a single cause.

This is to men and women who wish to care for their hair in a more scientific way. To keep or restore its beauty, its health, by methods right and modern.

There is now an ideal method. It deals effectively with the cause of hair troubles, present or impending. It embodies the best that men know.

THERE is an oil in the scalp called Sebum, secreted by the glands of the hair. It lubricates the hair—gives it luster and softness. It keeps the scalp flexible, or should. It is the hair's chief friend.

But, like all skin secretions, there is often an excess. Then the hair becomes too oily. The surplus Sebum decomposes on the scalp. It forms fatty acids which inflame the scalp.

Scales and dandruff often follow. The scalp outlets are choked, the oil is suppressed. Dryness and scale may kill the hair roots, so the hair falls out. Then Sebum becomes the hair's great foe—the cause of most hair troubles.

Cleanliness the first essential

The first rule is the same as with any skin surface. Remove the excess, cleanse the pores. Think what would happen [illegible] do that.

But you must [illegible] Dissolve it, [illegible] this in the right methods.

Our experts have [illegible] best ways known [illegible] Sebum only—[illegible]

That is the [illegible] on ignorance, [illegible] important.

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The next thing [illegible] your cheeks. [illegible] oils. Do what [illegible] fine complexion.

Palmolive Soap [illegible] blend which [illegible] The purpose [illegible] And to at the [illegible]

Those are [illegible] The other [illegible]



New Booklet Free

Be sure and send for this new booklet on the care of the hair, which explains authorized scientific hair treatment, supplied by leading specialists.

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'h your hair?



Oily?



Dull?

'e test—A way to correct it

A home demonstration—free

To show these effects we will send you a treatment to try. We will send you the oil blend and the Sebum combatant combined in Palmolive Shampoo. It will show you the ideal way to give your hair care, beauty and protection. You will know that in an hour.

With it we will send a book—"How to Take Care of the Hair." That will tell you just what to do for any wrong condition. For dry hair, for dull hair, for falling hair, for dandruff. The advice is up-to-date and authoritative. It will tell you how to deal with damage already done.

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GENERAL OFFICES WASHINGTON, D. C.
FACTORIES:
WASHINGTON, D. C. BALTIMORE, MD.

(Continued from Page 60)

United States and the best cricketers in England. He had filled the papers after we boarded the steamship with speculations as to how we would make out, and every Britisher had swallowed the stuff whole. Their experts had got off a ton of leather-headed opinions in their serious British way; and, as I learned later, even the American papers had fallen for the slant.

Why, the morning papers I had in my hand—I hadn't looked at them before I talked with Pratt—was full of our arrival, saying not more than a paragraph about baseball and a mile of type about cricket. The interviews that Bab and the rest had given out hadn't helped the cause of baseball any either.

All Bab knew about cricket was what I had told him, and he had to get that off, of course. The papers quoted him just the way he talked.

"All I want," he said, "is to stand up there against them stiff-elbow tossers of yourn and lean against a few of their dewdrops. I don't know how many balls they bring to a game, but they'd better fetch a motor truck full the day we play."

And more of the same stuff from Rats Finnegan, Trott, Pitt and the rest. Of course, a lot of it was kidding—not from Bab, but from the rest—but did the British squills get it? Ask me!

But getting back to Pratt.

"We'll play no cricket," I says. "We came here principally to play baseball, and if baseball ain't what they want we'll go home."

Pratt came close to me.

"You're in pretty soft here, ain't you?" he asked. "You're at the prize country house in England, with all the food in the world and a cellar where, if you stood in it and saw all the bottles, you'd think you was in heaven. The rest of the boys are living high at the Royal and Ancient Cricket Club."

"They'll be hanging high after they try to play cricket," says I.

"Hangin' nothing!" smiled Pratt. "Do you know anything about cricket?"

"I can spell it."

"Well," Pratt laughed, "it will be as much of a cinch for you big leaguers as one old cat. All you have to do is to learn the fundamental rules."

"Do you mean to say they think we are cricket players?" I drew back my hand waiting for his reply.

"No, but they got the idea somewhere that you play it on the side, and that baseball is closely related to it anyway. As a matter of fact, your men at the cricket club went out last night and did a little practicing. Lord McQuarrie, who was present, said their form was awfully American, but they certainly could hit and field, especially considering they had drunk as much as they had."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, it's so." Pratt backed away. "You play the game, McGann, and you'll be on velvet. As for me, my services have ended. I've closed the Anglo-American Sports office, drawn my remuneration and am leaving for Paris this afternoon. All sorts of luck, old top."

He ducked out the door just in time to miss a right-hand wallop. I'd have followed it up, but Sir Mike appeared at the time, and so I had to turn the final stages of the punch into a good-by wave to the fat-faced little shrimp. It hadn't taken me a minute to see that whatever bed Pratt had made for us we had to lie in it. There was no chance for crawfishing now. All we had to do was play cricket and then look up the next steamer home.

I returned Sir Mike's good morning cheerful as I could register, and while it may not have sounded as cheerful as it might, yet it was like a thousand laughs compared to the tone of his greeting.

"Mr. McGann," he said, coming to the point at once, "your friend Mr. Schnitzler, you know ——"

He paused and I filled in with a low-comedy laugh.

"Yes, Schnitzler. I been meaning to speak to you about the Baboon, Sir Michael. He's harmless. He's just a big what we call busher, who doesn't know anything but how to play baseball—and cricket. Don't worry about him at all. Him and the duchess, that's nix, understand."

"Quite so, quite so," he comes back, forcing a laugh. "I am not worried about my dear friend the Duchess of Bonnicastle. She patronizes freaks as a fad. In fact, just at present one of her protégés, the heavyweight champion prizefighter of England, Joe Plunkett, is training at a cottage on her estate, which adjoins mine, for his next month's fight with Australian Jack Timms."

I nods and he goes on:

"I am speaking because I don't want Mr. Schnitzler's head turned or anything like that. The duchess is a very intriguing woman—what we call a madcap. And your friend, I judge, has not a keen brain, what?"

"I get you."

When I dealt that card I was holding back a lot. In other words, I would 'a' had to be thicker than I was to miss the fact that Finucane was jealous and scared. The thing that rocked me was why he should turn a hair over that big orang-utan that was providing a quick-witted, temperamental woman with a little amusement. Then a big thought landed square in my mitt. Even before he left the United States, the Baboon had been getting jake with himself, what with the adulation of the fans, the janes running after him, and so forth. There wasn't anything I could think of that would do him more good than the well-known sock about four inches below the ear on either side. In other words, I saw a way to put myself jerry with the great distiller and at the same time get Schnitzler down to a point where he'd accept something less than a seventy-five-thousand-dollar contract for his next season's play.

"Don't you suppose, Sir Michael," says I, "that you could arrange so's Bab could walk over the ups and downs with the duchess while this fighter, Plunkett, was sitting on his front steps?"

Finucane started as though I had hit him and then grinned a little.

"It might be arranged," says he, scratching his beard, "unless, ye mind, something better doesn't offer."

With that he choked off short, but he didn't have to tell me that something better had offered already.

By this time, feeling hungry, I went into the breakfast room. While Sir Michael and I had been talking the duchess' big blue car with its coat of arms had swung into the drive and gone around to the side of the house. And there was the duchess in the room, having the time of her life, watching Bab eat!

You see, over in England they straggle in to breakfast any old time, at least out in the country where the castles are. And there is the food on the sideboard, resting on little heaters, keeping warm. Ordinarily I would be strong for the idea. But let a hornpout like Schnitzler get into the room first after a good night's sleep and it was the poorest dopé in the world. For all the breakfast the rest of the household would get would be only something that didn't happen to appeal to his taste.

"What do you think of my cave man, Michael?" says the duchess. "I love to see little chaps turn up bright-eyed with an appetite in the morning."

Sir Michael grunted, while I lifted up the cover of a silver dish that looked as though it once might have held sausages. All I can say about it is that it wasn't any emptier than the rest.

"Anyway, Sir Michael," I grinned, "you had ought to be thankful he left the dishes."

Finucane grunted again, then called the butler and ordered him to tell the chef to bring up his reserves.

The duchess laughed, casting an admiring glance at the Baboon, who sat there up-ending the coffeepot and looking like a million dollars in his light belted Norfolk suit, red tie and soft collar.

"Bab and I," she announced, "are going off on a little motor trip into Surrey unless you have some plans for him today, Mr. McGann."

"Of course I have plans," said I. "The last thing I did last night was to telephone over to the cricket club ordering the boys to practice cricket today. If I don't guess wrong Bab will need it more than anyone."

"Oh, dear!" The duchess wrinkled her brows and glanced at the Baboon, whose face told me without words that there was going to be insubordination in a minute. "Bab and I had planned a little motor trip. Must he really practice, Mr. McGann?"

As a matter of fact, I didn't care much whether he practiced or not, figuring that he had better have all his beginner's luck the day of the match. So I said it was up to him. If he wanted to make a monkey of himself on the field, all right.

They went on the trip. After they [illegible] gone Sir Michael took me and Tim [illegible] Connolly up to the Lord's Grounds, [illegible] the cricket game was going to be play[illegible] There we met a bunch of dukes and [illegible] who were running the show. It didn't [illegible] me two minutes to wisen up to the [illegible] that cricket and baseball had some p[illegible] in common and a lot that wasn't. Connol[illegible] who had been named as one of the [illegible] for the morrow's game, didn't want to [illegible] minutes in resigning the job. He had [illegible] touch of lumbago, he said, and might [illegible] compelled to remain away from the g[illegible] altogether.

As for me, there's something [illegible] system that has worked me harm, [illegible] guess in the long run has done me [illegible] good. I mean being game to take a chan[illegible] I could see that so far as hitting the [illegible] was concerned we might get by, and [illegible] fielding looked to be a cinch; so much [illegible] that I didn't even worry about having [illegible] bowlers. I would stick Norcross and [illegible] in what they called the creases and [illegible] them bounce the ball up to the wicket[illegible] whatever they could put on it.

I felt even better when I ran down to [illegible] cricket club with Holliday and C[illegible] The boys was waiting, and I could see [illegible] once that cricket didn't mean anything [illegible] of the way to this bunch of Indians. They didn't care what they played as long as they could go on living at the club where there was individual bottles of Seagram's rye at every meal, and plenty of meat with that.

"Boys," I says, "you've read the papers and know what you've got to do. We didn't look for what we was going to get ——"

"So far as that goes," interrupted [illegible] Trott, captain of the Grays, "the Indians will feel the same way tomorrow morning. We had practice yesterday, and I guess we would all be on our way home now except that the club members who watched never got onto the fact we were practicing cricket."

"I guessed as much," says I, "from what I read in the papers. The reports said you were warming up by playing the South American game of hoppo. Didn't I told 'em that?"

"We all did," Trott grinned. "We had to tell them something."

"All right. I knew I made no mistake in leaving you in charge, Baldy. Well, get out there and practice to your heart's content. I've given orders to the manager here that it's secret practice, outsiders excluded."

Sir Michael, who watched the workout with me and walked around giving the boys helpful pointers, admitted later that it was just as well I had decided to have practice secret. I agreed with him.

"So far as I'm concerned," he said as we left the club, "tomorrow's going to be rich. I wouldn't miss it for the world. It's your Volstead Act."

I let that remark go for a strike. But it turned out, the proceedings [illegible] were rich in a way old Finucane had not expected. However, I didn't want to get a base on this story, so I'll go back [illegible]

When we got back to Farnham [illegible] after the practice Bab hadn't turned up yet; and Connolly, who was a most tiring little guy, went upstairs and [illegible] saying he had an old aunt in Ireland who would die if she didn't see him. [illegible] me to wire him in Dublin after the [illegible] had stopped and we was ready to talk baseball. But from the way he [illegible] knew he never expected to get [illegible] not about baseball anyway. What he looked for was a telegram asking [illegible] use his influence with the American ambassador to get us out of jail.

Bab blew in just before dinner. The duchess stayed in the car and went [illegible] with it.

"Hello, McGann!" he said. "Is it time for us to go up and get into evening things? My word, old [illegible] late!"

I looked at him hard. But he was not kidding; he was serious. His [illegible] in the air and he was tapping a cigarette on his wrist like Fatty [illegible] voice sounded as though he had [illegible] pack of eating tobacco in his mouth [illegible] of the usual amount.

"So it's time to get into our evening things is it, you big hick?" I says. "Well, tomorrow you'll get into your [illegible] things and play cricket, and every time you make you'll get a fine [illegible]

(Continued on Page [illegible])

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Durability of Copper, Brass and Bronze

$500 in Cash Prizes for

OBJECT LESSONS IN WASTEFULNESS

of using substitute metals where one of the non-rusting metals, Copper, Brass or Bronze, should be used.

First prize, $150 Second prize, $125
Third prize, $ 75 Fourth Prize, $ 50
Ten prizes of each, $10

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of using Copper, Brass and Bronze, which will not rust, and are practically everlasting.

First prize, $150 Second prize, $125
Third prize, $ 75 Fourth prize, $ 50
Ten prizes of each, $10

Rules of the Contest

Photograph must have been taken by person entering it in the contest. A contestant may enter one or more photographs.

Name and address of contestant and all descriptive matter to be written on the back of the photograph.

Statements as to age and condition of object photographed will be verified before prizes are awarded and contestant should furnish with his or her entry information that will facilitate verification.

The subject need not be the contestant's property, but contestant must have the owner's permission to photograph it for entry in the contest unless the subject be public property.

By "best" photograph in the metals-that-rust class is meant the photograph of a subject which by reason of its condition, short life and interest is believed by the judges to furnish the most interesting object lesson in the error of using other metals where Copper, Brass or Bronze should be used.

By "best" photograph in the Copper-Brass-and-Bronze class is meant the photograph of a subject which by reason of its condition, long life and interest is believed by the judges to furnish the most interesting object lesson in the economy of using Copper, Brass and Bronze, which do not rust.

Where the subject is a part of a building or other structure the contestant may send also a photograph of the structure in which the subject is or was installed if the contestant feels such a photograph, in combination with the subject itself, will lend additional interest to the subject. Every such photograph should carry on its back information identifying it with the item entered.

Contest closes Sept. 1, and all entries must reach the address given below on or before that date. Every photograph received will be promptly acknowledged. Prizes will be awarded within sixty days after closing date.

Prize-winning pictures will be used in a publicity campaign to inform the public on the economy of using Copper, Brass and Bronze, and in entering a photograph the contestant agrees to such use of his entry.

Wrap your photographs carefully, protecting with cardboard, and send to Contest Committee, Copper and Brass Research Association, 25 Broadway, New York.

SUGGESTIONS FOR SUBJECTS

FAILURE OF SUBSTITUTES—



In Roof Drainage—Close-up photographs of rusted leaders and gutters. Take in portion of wall, showing paint spoiled, if any, by rust water from leaking leader or gutter. State kind of metal and how long gutter or leader in use before rust caused it to leak.



In Plumbing—Close-up photograph of section of rusted pipe removed from a plumbing system, showing hole or holes eaten by rust. Photograph showing a pipe closed, or nearly closed, by rust accumulation inside it. Close-up of bathtub, washbowl or sink stained by rust in water from rusty pipes.



Interior Damage—Photographs of wall paper, painted or kalsomined wall or ceiling or other decorations, badly stained, or perhaps of plaster destroyed, by rust leaks resulting from failure to use Copper gutters, flashings, etc., on roof, or Brass pipe and Brass fittings in plumbing system; photograph of a wall, partition, floor or ceiling torn open to get at rusty, leaking pipes, or a similar operation made necessary by failure to use Copper or Brass, which do not rust.



In Building Hardware—Close-up photograph of a door hanging on rusted fragment of a hinge, or a door pried open because a lock rusted shut; a rusted door-knob, rusted letter drop, rusted mail box, rusted hinge, rusted screw, or a rusted example of one of the many other items of merely plated hardware which rust as soon as the thin plating has worn off, become unsightly and perhaps mar paint and injure woodwork with their rust—a condition that is avoided by the use of all-Brass or Bronze hardware instead of the dipped, short-lived article.

DURABILITY OF COPPER AND BRASS—



In Drainage—Photograph of an old Copper leader still in place or an old Copper gutter still doing duty after many years of service without upkeep or repairs. Do not fail to give date the Copper leader or gutter was put up. Must be at least 35 years old to qualify.



In Roofing—Photograph showing example of the everlasting life of the Copper roof. State number of years the Copper has been in service without upkeep or repairs. Photograph must of course show the roof clearly and cannot qualify unless the Copper has been in place 35 years or more.



In Plumbing, etc.—Photograph of a section of Brass pipe or a brass fitting *still in place* that has been in service 35 years or more without upkeep or repairs.



In Other Uses—Photograph of an item of Brass or Bronze hardware with a long service record, a Brass or Bronze plate, a building ornament of Brass or Bronze, a Copper or Bronze window screen, a Copper cooking utensil, or other Copper, Brass or Bronze article of utility or ornamentation. Must be at least 35 years old.

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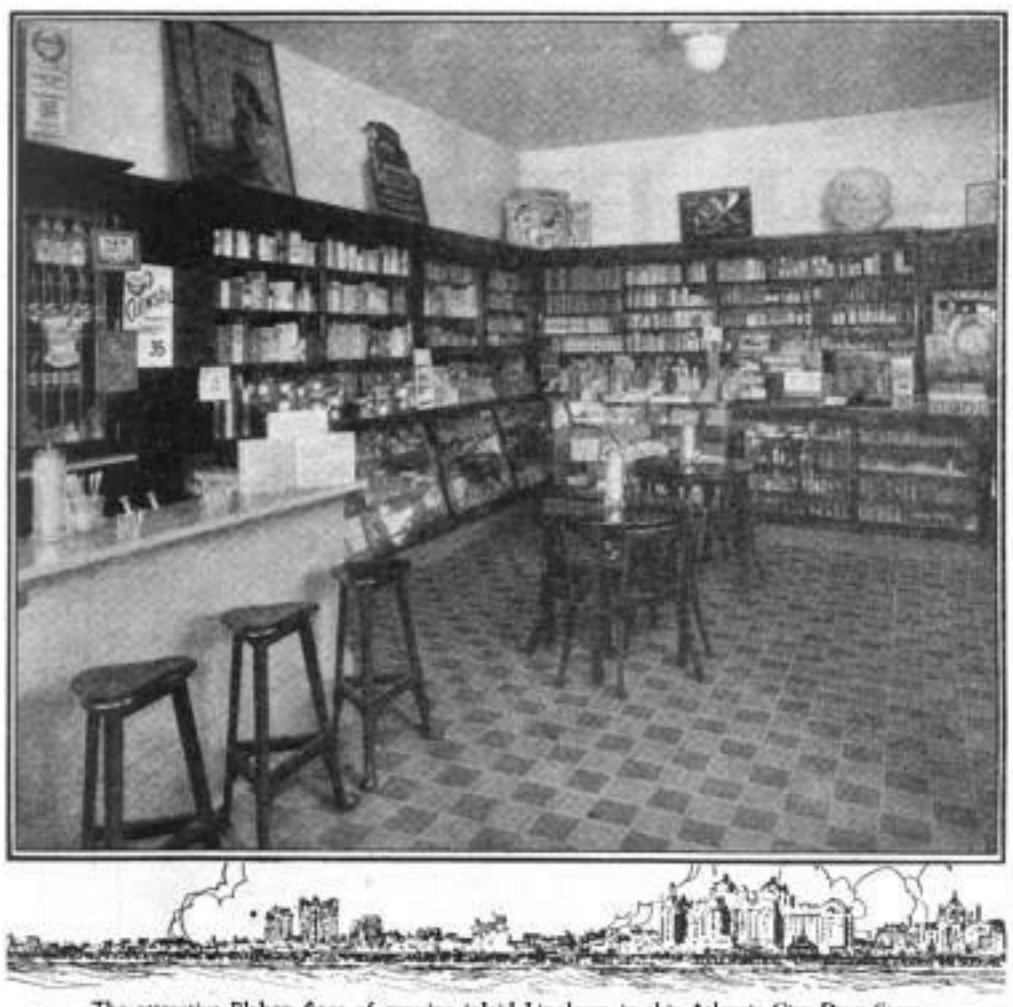
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BLABON ART Linoleums Guaranteed

Look for this label on the face of all Blabon Art Linoleums

BLABON ART Linoleums

(Continued from Page 64)

that'll make your salary look like a hole in the wall."

"Really!" he says, raising his eyebrows and walking out of the room.

Really! I could see what had been happening. The duchess had been working on the rough edges of her cave man. And, as has already been noted, give Bab one thing at a time and he could learn anything. If you could only have sat there with me and heard that cactus crusher talk that afternoon you'd have been willing to hand that merry, yellow-haired, painted-up buzzard even as much as I did.

That night Sir Michael didn't have any company in at dinner; that is, outside of me and Bab and Tim Holliday. The old man was in a great mood.

"Mr. Schnitzler," he opens, "have you ever met Joe Plunkett the prize fighter?"

"Yes," replied Bab, "I seen—sawn—him on the road this morning. Gwendolyn pointed him out."

"Gwendolyn!" I could see Sir Mike chewing his under lip.

"The duchess, you know."

"Of course!" Finucane nodded. "What do you think of him?" As he spoke he tipped the wink at me.

"I never seen—sawn—him work. Looks kind of heavy-footed."

"He can hit," frowns Sir Michael.

"What's the use of being able to hit if you can't find nothing in front of you to wallop?" the Baboon grins. "In the States they'd be hitting that bird from behind."

"Oh, you're a fighter yourself?" asks Finucane.

"Not a professional," says I, climbing aboard. "He's beaten all the members of the Grays, one and two at a time."

"I could 'a' been a pro at that if I hadn't liked ball playin' better," announces Bab, sticking out his chest, and doing the thing he could next best to bat, which was throwing the bull.

"I see." Finucane bats his eyes. "I been wondering, Mr. Schnitzler. Perhaps if I arranged a ring in the ballroom Sunday night and invited a lot of friends you might be willing to go through a little bout with Mr. Plunkett—just scientific, you know. The duchess would enjoy seeing you, I am sure."

At the minute a pickled peach had skidded from under Bab's fork. He caught it with his left hand just before it reached my shirt front and then nodded to Sir Michael.

"Anything that suits you I'd be plumb crazy to do. You certainly been giving me a jake time."

Knowing the Baboon, and being as anxious as was Finucane to cinch the bout, I pulled a serious face.

"Is Plunkett going to have one hand tied behind him, Sir Michael?"

Finucane laughed.

"Plunkett suggested it. Said he wanted to be sure not to hurt the American. I said I'd speak to Mr. Schnitzler."

The Baboon's face was red. He was thick-skinned, but at that he was no rhinoceros.

"Is that so? Who is this guy Plunkett? He's only the champion of England. What's England? Why, I went clean across it in the automobile to-day. It's like the champion of New Jersey. You tell this hombrey Plunkett that he'll need all the hands he's got Sunday night."

And, as the duchess used to say, that was that.

Then next day came the cricket match. The newspaper guys, who were not so thick as I had sized them, had tumbled to the affair, but had decided to be cagy. They said that everyone who missed this great international test would be sorry. There was columns about it, and all of it done in a serio-comic way that made me want to lick the persons who had ever told me that Englishmen had no humor. Of course among the real cricketers the fact had leaked around that what we didn't know about the pastime would fill one of those eight-volume dictionary sets. But that didn't hurt the attendance. The whole idea was to show us up good and proper and give us such a trimming that whenever baseball was mentioned in England thereafter it would draw a horse-laugh.

There was no World's Series crowd, but that was only because the grounds wouldn't hold that many. An hour before the game the fence was bulging out and they were turning them away at the gate in droves. There were members of the royal family the Prince of Wales was there and dukes and earls and marquises and marks and counts and no-accounts until you could rest. The Duchess of Bonnecastle was a prominent place, Sir Michael at her side. So was Joe Plunkett, the prize fighter. You could see the duchess was all for the pug which didn't seem to bother Finucane at all. It bothered the Baboon all right.

"For two cents," he said to me, "I'd walk over there and bust that three-cent right now. Do you know what he said when the duchess tried to introduce us? He wrinkled up his pig eyes and said it—meaning me—was alive."

I didn't have time to laugh. I was nervous and had been spending most my time looking for a hole in the fence. I told Bab he could show whether he was alive in the cricket game, and then went over to Lord Abercrombie, who was beckoning to me. He asked how many innings we should play.

When I says "Oh, the usual number—nine" he gave me a look.

"Are you aware," he says stiffly, "that an inning in cricket is likely to last an entire afternoon, if not longer?"

Seeing I had booted one, I bowed and told him to pick the number, and he said he thought one each would do. I told him I thought so too. All right, out of courtesy he would let us take first at bat. I thanked him, and then when he placed his men I watched and drew down a diagram, which I gave to Trott to use in the field.

There came a silence just like when the ump steps out with his hat off to announce the batteries. Two pitchers—or bowlers, as they called them—Lord Umpty-Something and someone whose name sounded like Sir Rollover Bunn, went to the wickets. Not knowing what else to do, I decided to start our regular batting order, Finnegan up. Now Rats had disappeared a few hours after we landed. I think he was made temporarily insane by the shock of the discovery that all one had to do to get a drink in London was to turn right or left from the sidewalk, according to the direction you were going. The shock was the harder because Rats had had the idea that prohibition was world-wide. They say good news never kills, and Finnegan proved it, but only by a squeak. He came to the grounds straight from the hospital.

Finnegan went to one wicket first and Bill Pitt to the other. Finnegan batted first. As the bowler raised his arm and twisted himself and let go the ball Rats just stood looking at it as it struck the ground, and then bouncing up knocked the tops of the wicket behind him.

Knocking the wickets is the great bowling stunt. It was like striking out a batter in baseball.

"Why, the ball was on the ground!" yelled Finnegan when they told him he was out. He went over and interviewed the ump while the crowd booed. When the ump explained, Rats dashed his cap to the ground and stamped on it. This seemed to hit the crowd as funnier than Charlie Chaplin. One fat man was carried out in an ambulance.

Trott replaced him at the wicket. He stepped out to meet the ball and before he could get back the wicket-keeper took the ball and knocked the wickets down. "Stumped!" yelled the crowd with delight. So he was out and there was another argument. Then Boyle went in. The first ball struck him below the knee. He turned to the ump, asking what he got out of that. The ump said he got an out because he was standing in front of the wicket when the ball hit him. It took half our team to get Larry away from the umpire.

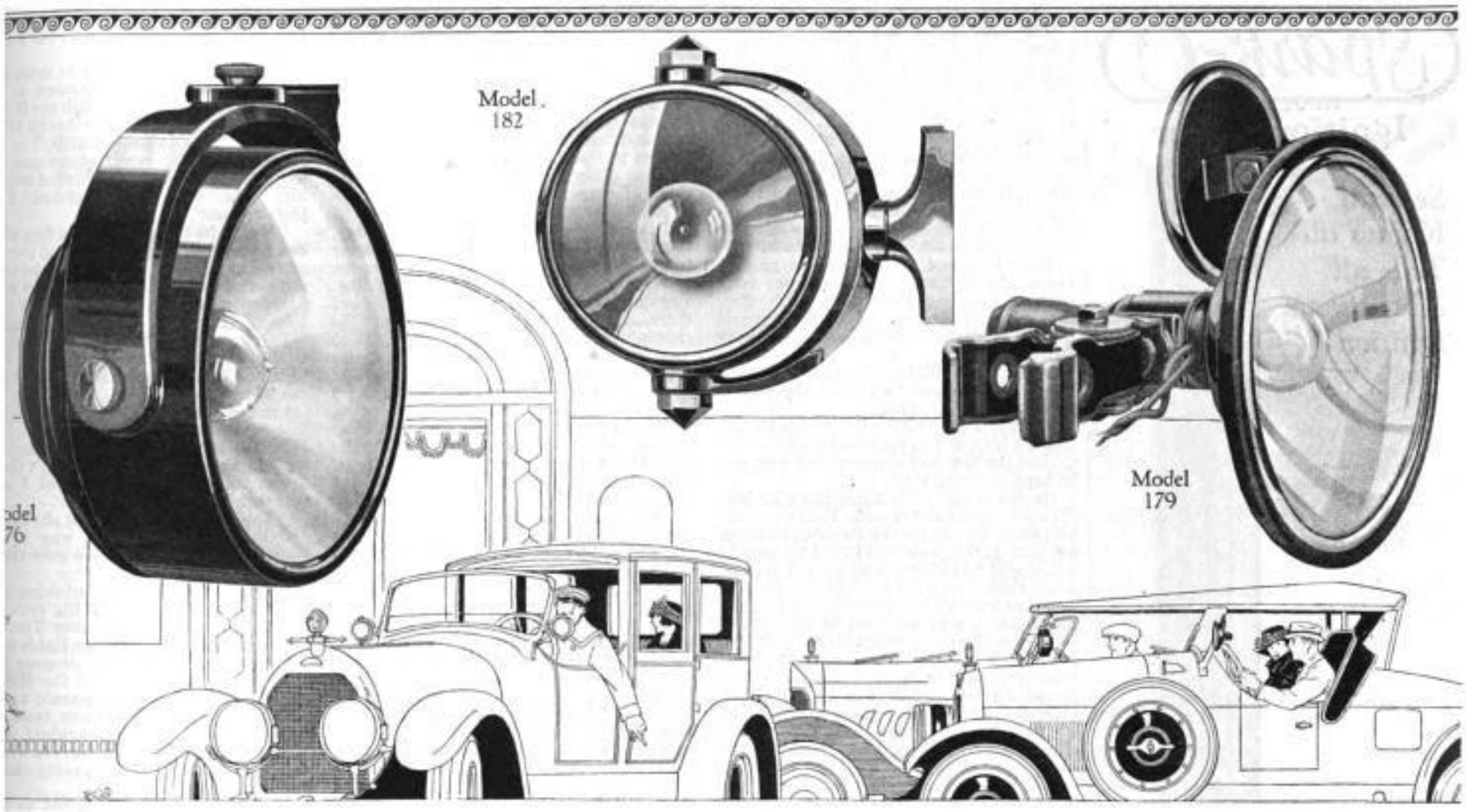
Now it was the Baboon's turn. I leaned forward, hands upon my knees, and gave him a line of Cincinnati-coaching talk. Even if he and Bill Pitt flivvered, this game was going to be more of a joke even than I had thought. Three of our most consistent batters had already gone down on three pitched balls, and while we had seven more outs to go, ten in all, I couldn't see many runs in the offing.

I must say Bab looked like a million dollars as he stood there in baseball pose. There never was a finer picture than the big fellow in action. His bowler let go wide of the wicket. Bab never blinked at it. Now, in cricket the good form is to bat at the wide ones and merely block off the ones that are coming straight for the wicket, just the opposite to baseball.

"What's the matter? Are you yella?" Bab asks the bowler, who, I think, was a duke. "Put one over!"

(Continued on Page 68)

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Model 176 is given a beautiful black enamel finish.

Model 176-C, for open cars.
Model 176-A, for closed cars.

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The handle in the back makes it easy to grasp and turn the light in any direction. Can be used to light the road, read road signs, house numbers or for roadside repairs.

Model 179 is given a rust-proof black enamel finish. The reflector is nickel plated.

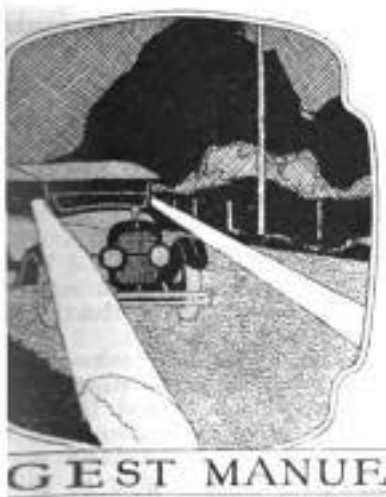
Switch is in end of the handle.

The rear vision mirror which clamps onto the Searchlight is extra equipment and sells at $1.00. The Searchlight without mirror is $5.

Model 179-A, for open cars.
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(Continued from Page 66)

The duke smiles in a superior way and pours one straight down the groove. If it had got past Bab it would have made those wickets look like an explosion in a bale of toothpicks. But the Baboon didn't let it go by, and he didn't block it. He took a toe hold and swung like a windmill. With the flat paddle he had in his hand he couldn't have missed the pill with his eyes shut. While the crowd gave a flutter of anguish that ball began to travel. If it ain't floating somewhere in the English Channel today I'll eat the mate to it.

Well, Bab and Pitt started to run between the wickets, as the custom is in cricket, touching the stakes with their bats to count the runs, when the ump said they needn't tire themselves. He gave Bab six runs.

"All right, old boy!" yells Pitt, who now got a chance to bat in the second 'over.' "Slip it to me!"

Pitt was a chop hitter, like Willie Keeler. Cricket hitting was patented for him. He choked the first ball where no one was, and he kept on doing it.

He made eight-five runs, more or less, before he was bowled out. Harrigan took his place. But as for the Baboon, he never got out. If the game had lasted till now he would still be in there walloping, I reckon. After each five balls pitched the bowlers would reverse their stations and try again. The fielders, who were set in all sorts of ridiculous places, would reverse with the bowlers; but it wasn't any use. Anything that came within reaching distance Bab leaned against and it was good-by ball. Harrigan hit for sixty runs, and then he was called out on some technicality. But they weren't catching Bab. Evidently he had learned all there was to learn about the hitting rules from the duchess. In fact she had taken him down to Oxford to practice.

His hundred-and-ninth run came when he hit a liner straight at a guy they call the long-off. This fellow was game, but foolish. He tried to catch it. It went through his hands and hit him in the stomach. Everybody stopped for tea, and they changed bowlers while the ambulance was taking him away.

This gave the duchess a chance to summon Bab to her box. The Prince of Wales was passing at the time, and the duchess, putting one hand on the Baboon's shoulder and the other on Plunkett's, smiled her two-reel-movie-vamp smile at His Highness.

"My two champions!" she simpered.

The Prince smiled then, acting like he could just recall Gwendolyn, while Bab gave the English champ a scowl.

"Sunday night," he says, as though to himself, "there'll be only one champ. And it'll be alive, all right," showing how little it took to get my star batter all chested up. Because he was busting cricket balls he'd got the idea he could bust anything, even a champion box fighter.

Well, anyway, when the umpire called it a day they had eight outs on us, and Bab was still filling England with lop-sided cricket balls. The scorer had got cramps counting what we'd made, but it was something over three hundred-odd runs, if I recall; anyway it was something record-breaking.

The all-English team had used up all its bowlers and a lot that had no pretense to being such, while the fielders had run themselves ragged, their tongues hanging out, trying to shag such balls as remained within the grounds. So they requested that the rest of the inning, as well as their inning, be put over until Monday. I agreed. In fact I'd have agreed to putting it over until next week, and you won't blame me when I ask you how you'd like to sit at a ball game lasting five hours, with nothing but home runs by one side.

The hero of course was the Baboon. The Prince of Wales finally remembered he had known the duchess and let her present the big fellow, and the two kidded each other like a couple of pals. In fact Bab and he had their picture took standing together, with the duchess between. And you could see that Joe Plunkett, sitting alone with Sir Michael, liked the incident just as well as he would like a wooden leg.

That night there was a dinner at the Royal and Honorable, with the American ambassador, who for some reason or other had been off us up till then, making a speech, and then a British cabinet member, and then a lot of other guys, who told us that while our form was rotten we were 100 per cent efficient. It was large, that evening.

I don't know when I got home, or how. All I know is that when my head ached me back to consciousness next morning and I lamped Bab there in the next bed his appearance didn't tout him as an odds-on bet that he would stick four rounds with the champion of England that night.

About ten o'clock up come a bunch of flowers to Bab from the duchess' own hothouses. They might as well have been a stack of carrots for all the Baboon knew or cared. He was in, that bird.

Toward noon Sir Michael, Tim Holliday, myself and a couple of guys walked over to the duchess' place, or at least to the cottage where Joe Plunkett was training. The dame herself showed up just as we got there, and we all went in and watched the champ punch the bag. He looked O.K. to me. Of course, he had shown he didn't class with, say, Dempsey; but he worked good, and was about as well built for his trade as any man in the world.

The duchess treated him different from the way she handled Bab. She was the great lady all the time down in the cottage, and Plunkett was as polite to her as one of her servants.

"You understand, of course, Plunkett," she said, "that this bout tonight is merely friendly and for the pleasure of Sir Michael and his guests."

"Certainly, yer gryce," says Plunkett, and hits the bag an extra hard wallop.

Sir Michael tips the wink to me and I tips it back. Then he leaves us watching the fighter while he and the duchess strolls off through the deer park, she leaning on his arm and Finucane with his chest out and head up as though he was keeping a date with the Queen of England.

When we arrive back at the house, there is the Baboon up for air.

"For a man," I says, "that's aiming to box with the champion of England tonight, you look like a sardine."

"That's so; I have got to box tonight, ain't—haven't I?" Bab looks thoughtful. "Well, it's only four rounds, and this bird Plunkett won't last one."

I gave the hick a long look.

"Bab," says I, "are you only kidding or do you mean what you say? This guy, Plunkett, is a champion."

"Of England—sure! Say, chief, I want to put you wise to something. I've got the rep of being the best scrapper in the big leagues, ain't—haven't I?" I admitted it, and he went on: "Well, you don't know it, but when Jack Dempsey was touring with the burlesque last winter I went on with him for three rounds out in Peoria under a fake name—of course the champion knew who I was—and he said I gave him the best workout he had had in a year. He said I could be as big a fighter as a ball player. I told him sure I could, but I liked to hit something as a regular business that couldn't hit back—meaning of course the old apple. Well, this leather pusher, Plunkett, would drop dead if he sat in the same ring with Dempsey."

"He promised the duchess," I says, "he would make it a friendly bout."

"So will I," laughs Schnitzler. "I'll knock him for the circuit right off quick, and not carry him along, punishing him until I get ready to put on the crusher the way a lot of mean-natured champs do."

I saw it was no use to talk to him. Anyway, there was a lot of newspaper men, American correspondents, waiting to get his views on cricket and Lloyd George and the King and everything, so Tim and I walked away and let him rave.

The duchess sat in at lunch. She kept looking at Bab the way a woman looks at a man that is going to the electric chair. But when she talked she was sprightly enough, evidently figuring to keep up the Bab's confidence.

"But there is one thing I don't quite understand," she says. "Did you challenge Plunkett to this bout, Bab, or did he challenge you? Just what did happen? I am really curious."

The Baboon grinned.

"Oh, Sir Michael asked me would I go on if he could arrange the entertainment, and I says, 'Sure! Always ready to oblige, you know.'"

The duchess didn't say anything, but she shot a glance at Finucane that I didn't get the meaning of; nor did Finucane, I guess. Anyway he looked thoughtful the rest of the meal.

She asked Bab what he was up to that afternoon, and he said a little training. He was in good condition, barring last night's shindig, and he thought he would run that out of his system and then step a [illegible] two with Tim Holliday, who was a [illegible] hefty lad himself.

Sir Michael had a date to drive somewhere for a musical afternoon at some place, so that left me and Bab and [illegible] alone. We got in a roadster that Sir Michael had left for us to use—that is, Tim and I got in and let Bab run after us a mile. Then we picked him up out of the road and [illegible] him home. When I say "picked" I mean picked.

"Well," he says later in the day, after he had punched Holliday all around the [illegible] done some shadow stuff and wound up with a hot-and-cold bath, "I'm fit and ready."

"You mean you're ready to be [illegible]," I says. He swings at me, then laughs.

"Quit your kidding, chief. Honest, when Gwendolyn sees me step tonight there'll be a new duke running her castle, and you can take that from me. The janes are [illegible] for me in the U. S. A., didn't they? But you never seen me fall for them, chief. I'll hand it to the Bab that I never [illegible]."

"Well, that's because they wasn't the right one. I was waiting for royalty and I always told her so."

"The helyadid! What did she say?"

"Oh, she laughed—the way a woman would, you know, when she gets the genuine up-and-up."

"Sure I know!" I says, winking at Tim.

That night there was a big crowd at the dinner, and after it was over Tim and I, who had been nominated as Bab's seconds, went upstairs with him to prepare him for the funeral. I'll hand it to the Baboon to the extent of saying he wasn't any more nervous than he would have been when getting ready to go up against a major league pitcher. But then, nerves was something you'd have to dig pretty deep to find the Bab to find.

He had bought a ring outfit in London the previous day, before the cricket game, and when he was rigged up you can bet [illegible] down he looked like a fighter, even to Tim and I didn't take him to be one. Above a pair of white running pants he was stripped to the buff, and I'll hand it to him that he had about as fine a body as Nature ever built onto a pair of legs. And, speaking of legs, the Baboon was there, also. In fact looking him over, I began to lose my original idea of wanting to see him beat it.

"Bab," I says, "you've got a chance against that English stiff, darned if I don't think you have!" Then a bright thought came. "Bab, you boxed right-handed against Tim. Can you box from the port side?"

"No; why?"

"Nothing, only it's too bad."

"Leave it to me, bo!"

"All right, I'll have to. Remember you represent the good old U. S. A., and knock this guy for a string of Wienerwurst."

"Watch me!" grins Bab.

"Well, come on then."

Down we went. The bout was to be pulled on in the ballroom. It was an epochal [illegible] place. In fact it hit me so sudden and hard that I pulled up in the doorway, stepping on the Bab's foot and getting a jolt and a growl from him. I had seen lots of fights; in fact occasionally I had officiated as third man in winter out here, but never had I seen a sight like this.

There was a ring with brass posts and silk ropes, surrounding a stretch of canvas, a big chandelier overhead. And all around in gilt chairs were about fifty top-hatted the men in full dress and the women in [illegible] necks and no sleeves. The duchess was right back of Bab's corner, with Sir Michael at her side. And flunkies in plush and [illegible] were passing cigarettes and cigars.

There was handclapping as Bab and Tim and I stepped through the ropes, and a regular uproar a minute later when Plunkett and his handlers appeared. Some guy with one eyeglass and a lisp was the referee and Sir Michael held the watch.

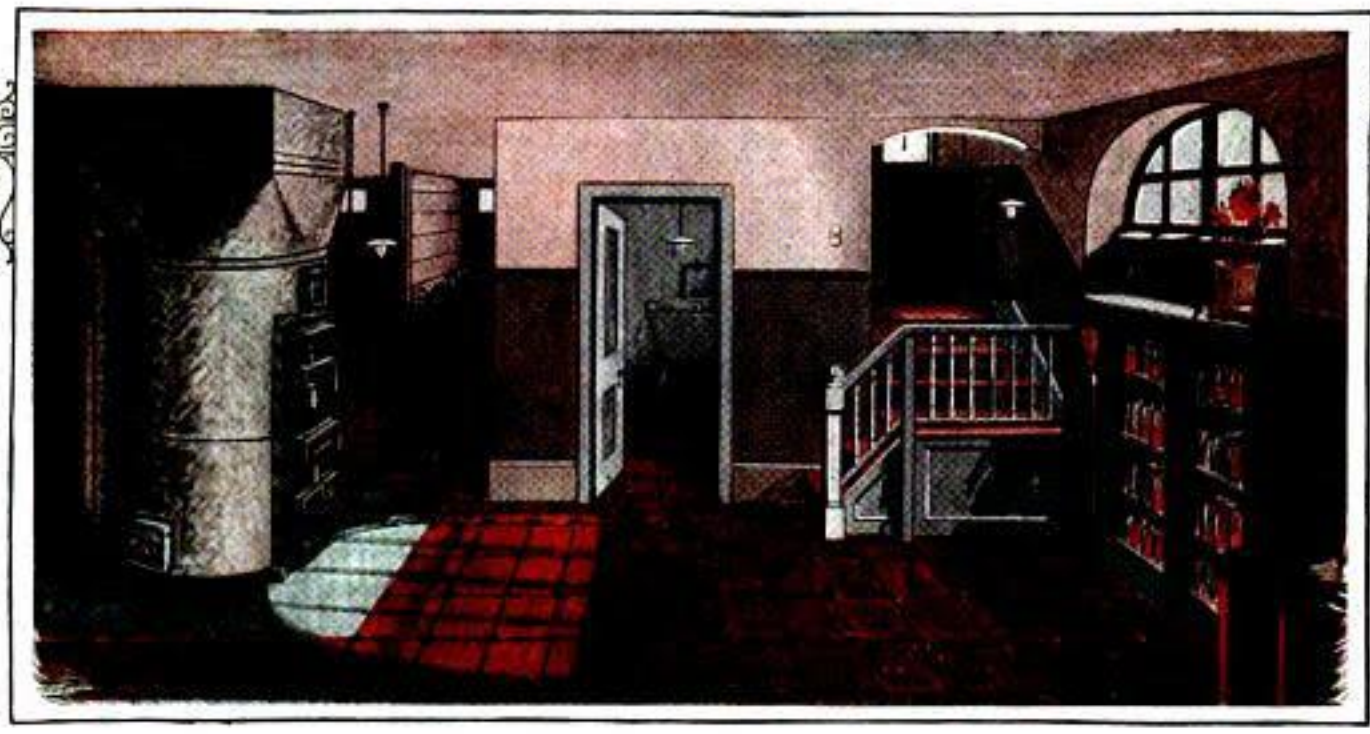
Plunkett peeled off his bath robe [illegible] and appeared in a blue jersey and long tights. Evidently he wasn't figuring on a hard work. Right after, Bab shucked his robe. Then there was a roar, I can tell you. Even Plunkett started back as he saw the moving-picture build of that guy he intended to walk over.

Take it from me, Bab looked the part he was playing. His big rugged face was set on top of a body and limbs that the birds who carve statues would have to money to copy. I took a slant at the duchess, and if she didn't give a picture [illegible]

(Continued on Page 77)

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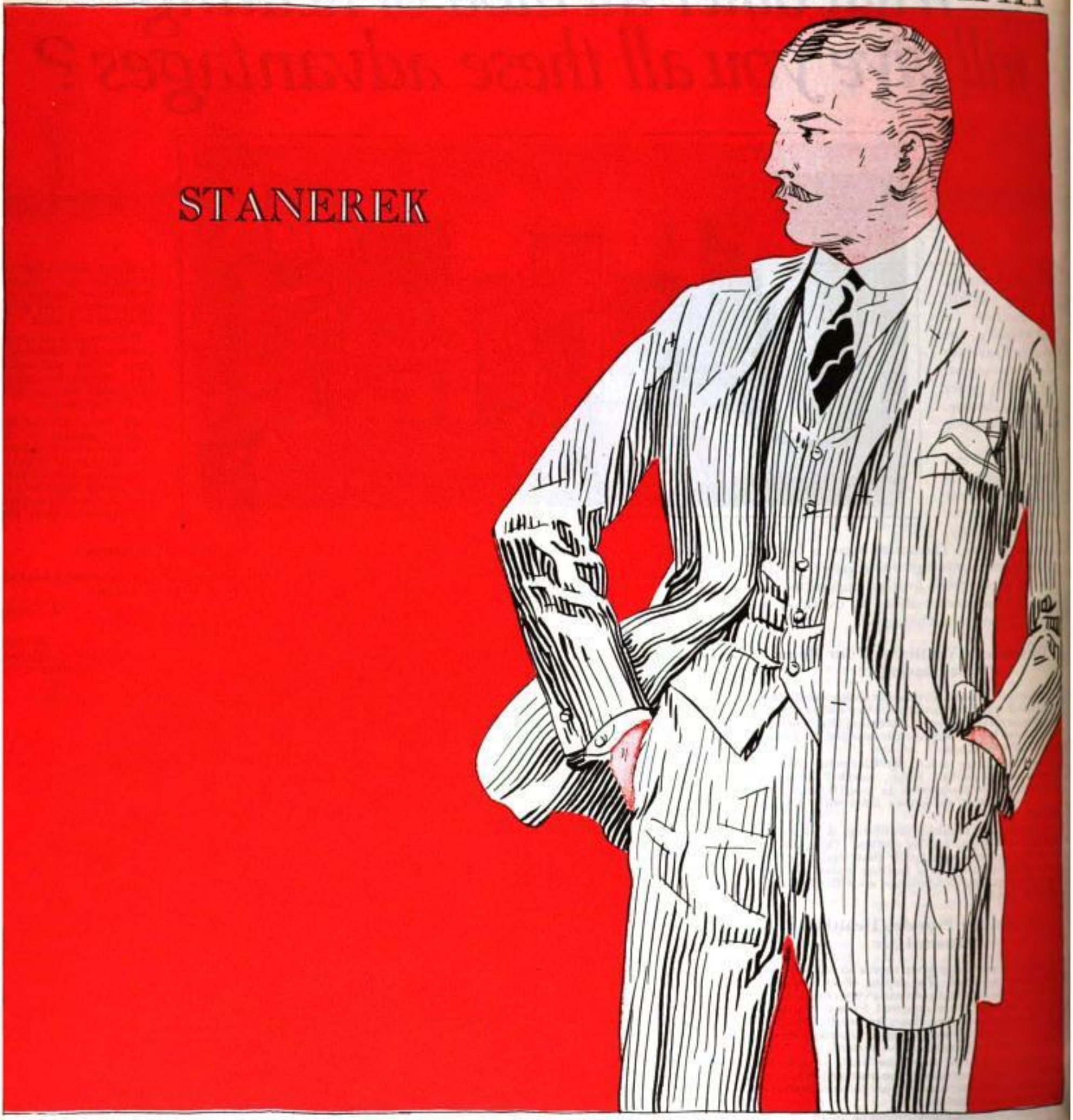
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(Continued from Page 68)

n who approved of Bab's build I'll again try to outguess a rival manager. s about fifteen pounds heavier than nglishman and an inch or so taller. ady would have bet five to one on chances; but I—not being a lady, owing what the English bird's heavy shoulders with the big back muscles not to mention his thick neck, long, ilk arms and strong if not particu- andsome legs—knew better.

ad one of these square, high-cheeked with stone-blue eyes and a head ald, but neither from age nor from . He wasn't paying much atten- anybody, just businesslike, whereas osing the admiration of the women, ly of the duchess, was grinning and, in a way of speaking, shaking with himself the way Carpentier re Dempsey handed him his fade-

eferee made a little spiel, saying was a friendly exhibition designed the progress of Mr. Plunkett in ions for his great coming battle ms at the London Sporting Club, referred to the Baboon as a great athlete who had had the choice ess in two sports, and chose one— baseball.

not have to add," says he, "that itzler's name is a household word d today, after his 'stronery exhi- the wickets yesterday afternoon."

e told the two fighters to go to it. uld see at once that Bab wasn't waste any time boxing. What he ing for was an opening for one t right wallop, and not knowing bout the game to know how to s open with his left he just waited s you may say.

Plunkett, he was just a little . He wasn't any too sure that big ont of him wasn't Dempsey in His aim was to feel the Baboon ng at last that Bab wasn't going ything in the way of a lead, the n started a light left, then pulled and jumped back. He wanted at Bab would have done had he shed the lead. He saw. Bab's over in what would have been a ter had Plunkett stayed within istance.

hard all right, but it came slow. at you might call a ponderous lunkett's eyes lightened. He with his left, catching Bab on d, ducked Bab's right hook and is own right into the place that een treating so well ever since een in England—namely, his

boon's grunt was the kind of bear at the zoo at feeding time, d it to him enough to say that otherwise like a man. In fact expecting Bab to drop, didn't quick as he should have. This he chance to raise his right a d bring it down on the English- in a hundred per cent pure rab- hile Plunk was still stooping. ve thought the chandelier had e Englishman when that Gun- landed. The first thing that hit s his nose, quickly followed by im. The referee began to count. tt wasn't out by any means. I ve his head to make sure it was d on all right, and then he jumped to his feet. Bab rushed him like a bull. Plunkett ducked and the Bab did a dive right over his head and under the ropes. He slid back into the ring, climbed to his feet and rushed in with windmill wallops, Plunkett backing up and straightening up his man at every rush with as nifty a left as you ever saw. Talk about noise! No fight club in the States, in a last-round mix-up, ever did any better than this gang of high-lifes was doing. The round ended in a clinch.

Bab came back to his corner, fighting for wind and mad clear through.

"Bab, you're doing great!" I said. "Play him more with your left. I mean hook him as he leads. Don't you lead. Let him force it. He's the champ!"

"Champ!" Bab glared at me. "I'm going to make that guy jump out the ring next round, and when he gets out there I'm going to chase him out the window. I'll show him who's alive!"

"Be careful, Bab," I warns. Tim Holliday chimes in in the same vein.

"Oh, I'll be careful, sure! Say," he says, suddenly, grinning, "did you see Gwendolyn's face when I had the sparrow on the floor. She was beating Sir Mike on the back like he was a cab horse."

"All right; you watch your man, not Gwendolyn," I says.

The bell rung. As they squared off I could see that Plunkett had learned what he wanted to know about his man. He advances, feinting with two hands, but not hitting, until he had the Baboon tied up all in knots in his own corner. Then with a cold grin he slips back to the middle of the court. He had been finding it hard to get in with his right because Bab was using the Jeffries crouch, his jaw well covered up by his shoulder.

The answer of course was to get him out of it. He fiddles around for about thirty seconds, everyone holding his breath, and then after some beautiful feinting he opens Bab up and comes in with the well-known one-two. Both blows landed, landed hard—left to chin and right to ribs. Bab windmilled with both hands and then clinched.

"A couple more wallops like that and it will be lights for our hopeful," I whispers to Tim.

Tim nods just as the ref rushes in to break the clinch, Bab doing the hanging on. He had no more than got there when Bab releases his right from around Plunkett's neck, jumps away and starts a roundhouse wallop. Then, as the English would say, a 'stronery thing happened. As Bab starts his haymaker Plunkett steps in with an awful right hook and lands it square an instant after Bab's windmill cops the referee square on the jaw. Just blim! Blam!

Honest, I grabbed Tim's shoulder to see if I was awake. There on the floor lay the referee, the rim of his broken monocle over his nose, his shirt front busted out and mouth open. Otherwise he looked almost as natural as life. Then, draped across him, the champion batter of the universe—at peace; absolutely at peace. In fact there was a smile on Bab's face, as though the prize canary of the world was singing a duet with the champion nightingale.

The ballroom was a riot—of laughter. Men were slapping each other on the back and the women was pawing at them. Sir Michael was standing up, holding onto his sides and hee-hawing like a Georgia mule. The referee, Sir Thomas Somebody, was coming to as I lifted Bab off him and me and Tim pulled him to his corner.

Slowly the ref got to his feet and then tottered up to Plunkett, who had been standing in a daze.

"Plunkett, did you strike me?"

At that the roof came down again, while the English bird tried to explain just what happened to his lordship. In the meantime we was doing the smelling-salt act to Bab. Suddenly his eyes open.

"What's the matter?" he asks.

"Nothing," says I, "except it's all over."

"What's all over?"

"The fight," says Tim.

"The fight!" Bab struggled to his feet. "It ain't begun yet."

With that he starts for Plunkett, and we tackle him and force him down to his seat. More laughter.

Then something happened. I saw Sir Michael, fighting for breath, grab the duchess' shoulder. Like a flash she pushes him away, then rises and comes to the ropes. Reaching through, she grabs Bab's heaving shoulders.

"You poor boy!" she shrieks. "You poor dear boy! So they've been making a fool of you, eh? And of me! Of course, you thought that great brute was only going to box with you!"

With that, like an empress, she turns to me.

"Will you be so good as to take Mr. Schnitzler out of here? Have him dress. I shall be waiting in my car for him. Hurry, my good men—at once!"

There was a silence as we led out the Baboon, and no one spoke upstairs as Tim and I patched him up and got him dressed. He was punished pretty bad, especially about the body, and was sort of dazed.

Then down we came, bored through Sir Michael's guests and delivered him over to the duchess. That was the last I saw of my circuit clouter for a long time.

Later that week, after we had played a ball game at Marylebone in the rain before about a hundred and fifty spectators, we got word that Bab and the duchess had been married at high noon that day, very quietly, at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and had gone to Switzerland.

Last month, after the Plaid Sox had beat us in a Saturday game, a peanut seller called me into the stand. There sat a faded-out blond lady, rigged out like a movie queen's bus, and a great big fellow in a light suit that needed a haircut, purple necktie, spats and a plumber's kelly. He had three chins, sleepy eyes and a paunch like a grizzly.

"Surely, Mr. McGann, you remember me, the Duchess of Bonnicastle? And my husband, your old friend, Bab?"

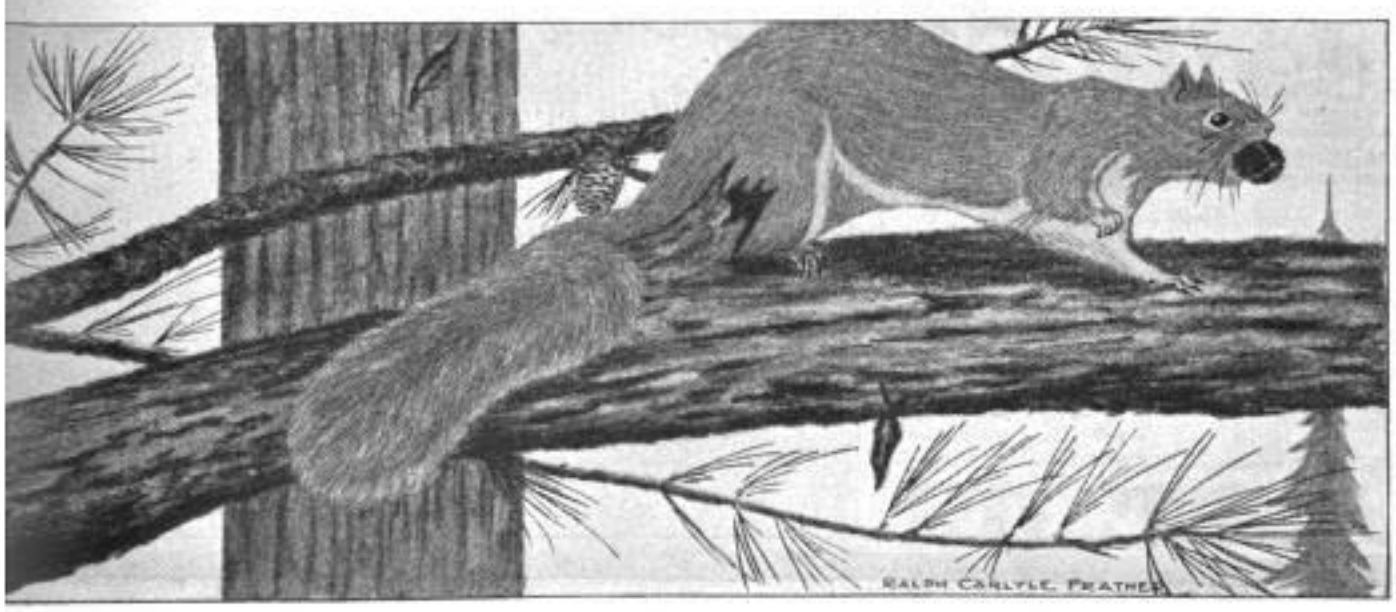
"Bab!" I was so paralyzed I didn't have the sense to be polite. "Bab Schnitzler!"

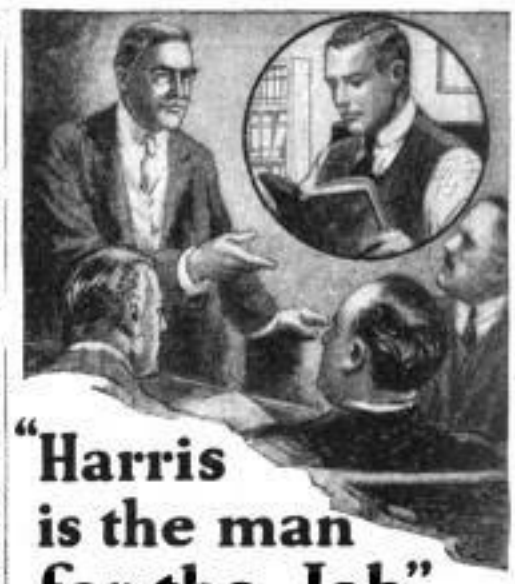
"Harya, McGann?" he yawned, and reached out a pudgy hand. "Thought I'd sort of look in on the place, doncher know. Bally well had to. Couldn't be in the States without a dip into the old grounds. Team punting a bit badly? Rawther! Going's just a bit thick, eh? What? What? Look us up some time when you're in London, dear boy." He rose slowly. "Now, dearest," he says to the duchess, "we mustn't keep the motor waiting, you know."

Away they went. A fan standing by taps me on the arm.

"Wasn't that Bab Schnitzler?" he asks.

"It was," says I.





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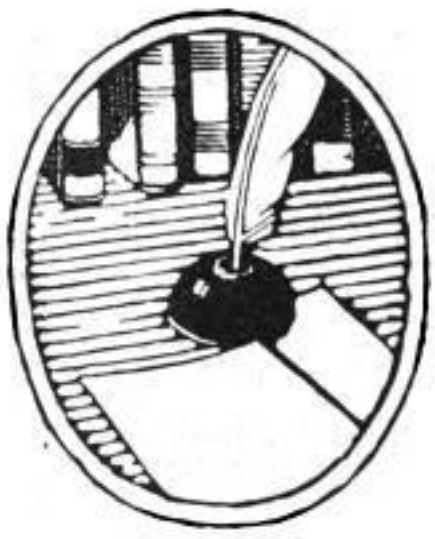
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ense and Nonsense

Peroration

STICE of the peace in a small Maine wn was called upon to perform his arriage ceremony. After he had the afely tied, the young couple con- to stand before him as if expecting urther rite.

reupon the justice stammered out, sperate attempt to round off the y with something of a religious There, there, it's all over! Go and nore!"

The Bostonian's Bull

TON man was on his way West on ortant business. In the opposite of the Pullman sat a sweet-faced, earing woman with four small

Being fond of children, and feel- for the mother, the Bostonian le friends with the kiddies.

next morning he heard their eager and the patient "Yes, dear" of er as she tried to dress them; and, ut, he saw a small, white foot g beyond the opposite curtain. across the aisle, he took hold ge toe and began to recite:

little pig went to market; this stayed at home; this little pig had ; this little pig had none; this cried 'Wee! Wee!' all the way

t was suddenly withdrawn, and iet voice—that of the mother— at is quite sufficient, thank you."

A Grave Mistake

FORNIA artist sold to a Pasa- lady two years ago one of his . The lady after she had had the ew weeks tired of it, and to an- t, who dined with her one night, I think that new picture of mine ation. It needs life in it. Would lling to paint for me a man or that road that runs through the

urely!" he replied. And he took ape home with him, made the d returned it the next morning. eeting the painter of the picture, I had the audacity to alter a ours the other day. It was the ou sold the Pasadena lady. She gure in it, and, to oblige her, I old peasant walking down the

g down the road!" exclaimed . "Why, that wasn't a road! river."

Scattered

PAT was employed on an engineering job a few miles out of Los Angeles, and was carried to his work by an express train, which accommodatingly slowed up near the scene of his labors.

One morning, however, the train rushed through the cut without reducing speed, and the superintendent of the job looked in vain for Pat. At last he saw a much-battered Irishman limping back down the ties.

"Hello, Pat!" he cried. "Where did you get off?"

Pat turned stiffly, and waving his hand toward the steep embankment sighed, "Oh—all along here!"

Familiarity Breeds Contempt

EVERYBODY in the movie world knows that Cecil and William De Mille, the prominent directors, are brothers.

Cecil has a charming young daughter. At a Hollywood tea recently she was introduced to a lady who asked if she were related to the "great De Mille."

"And did you say he was your father?" asked Cecil proudly, when she told him of the incident.

"No," replied his daughter; "I said he was my uncle."

Not Passed at the Time

A NEW YORK salesman was staying at a Texas hotel where he observed an old-fashioned roller towel.

"Say," he asked of a man in the washroom, "doesn't the owner of this hotel know that it's against the law of the state of Texas to use roller towels now?"

"He knows it all right enough," said the man addressed, "but I reckon that law wasn't passed when this towel was put up."

Cheering the Patient

TWO eminent physicians who had been called in consultation retired to another room to discuss the sick one's condition. In the closet of that room a small boy had been concealed by the patient's directions, to listen.

"Well, Jimmy," asked the patient eagerly after the physicians had gone, "what did they say?"

"I couldn't tell you that," said the boy. "They used such big words I didn't understand 'em.

"All I remember was that one doctor says to the other, 'Well, we'll soon find that out at the autopsy.'"



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☐ Send 1921 Catalog and Prices with sample 1-cent Blank Metal Plates.
☐ Send Appropriate Literature
(6-22)

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Summer In China 3,844 Years Ago

HISTORY doesn't state that the summer of 1922 B. C. in China was unusually hot. However, we do know that the Chinese at that time used huge sun shades to shut out the glare of the sun and keep them cool.

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THE EAGLE AND THE WREN

(Continued from Page 28)

"Poor men must look to their own needs. Give me the plates and the negative. The dark room is ——"

"There. Chemicals are all ready. Be quick. I have much to do. This"—he held up the tracing—"must be prepared for dispatch."

"How will it travel—a single messenger?"

"By relays. Tomorrow by myself, as far as Dover. At the quay it is passed to another who will carry it across the Channel. A third conveys it to Nice."

"Nice!" George repeated.

"There it will be retained until the important one ——"

"From the Thirteenth Communal?"

"Exactly—comes to claim it."

"And how will the messengers recognize each other?"

"By signs and numbers. Each will receive his own instructions."

George nodded approval and picked up the negative and the packet of plates.

"Thorough," said he. "In what form will the tracing be carried?"

A mean distrusting look came into Mossi's eyes.

"You question too much. That is outside your concern. Do what we have decided and get to the dark room quickly."

"Very well," George grumbled, and turned sharply on his heel.

It is almost impossible to believe a man of George's intelligence would have failed to look where he was putting his feet in that ill-lit cellar. On the other hand, Mossi was equally to blame for carelessly throwing down his coat.

The fact remains that George tripped over the obstacle and measured his length on the stone floor, smashing the precious negative to smithereens and destroying all hope of securing a duplicate.

"*Basta!*" roared the little Italian. "Fool, pig, ass! Shall I work with such as you!"

Clearly it was up to George to apologize, and that fully, but he did no such thing. For the two minutes that followed there was not one single opprobrious epithet known to the peoples of Northern Italy or familiar to the inhabitants of suffering Poland that he did not level at and exchange with his enraged partner.

To the observer unacquainted with the Continental method of adjusting differences it must have seemed inevitable that the discussion would proceed beyond mere words; but George knew the type he was dealing with and knew the type he was portraying. Had he behaved differently it is certain that the Italian's suspicions would have been aroused.

They were spared the necessity of drawing a conclusion from the argument by a knock at the door and a voice outside which announced imperatively, "He is here."

It was Mossi who shot back the bolt and admitted the visitor, a small dark man with black eyes that glittered. He came in like a rabbit ducking into its burrow. In the brief space while the door stood open the distant chimes of the Town Hall clock could be heard striking six.

"The negative," said he, "it has been destroyed?"

Mossi pointed at the broken glass upon the floor and nodded.

"And there is no duplicate?"

"None."

"On the badge of the soviet you will swear to that."

Mossi pulled out a small nickel badge and held it aloft in his right hand.

The visitor turned to George.

"And you too," said he.

Unhappily George was not in possession of the soviet badge, but he deemed it unwise to mention the fact. After all, Butterwick's silver authority would do just as well. He took it from his pocket and repeated the Italian's action with all solemnity.

"I have the authority to pay," said the visitor, and opened a small black bag brimful of Bank of England notes.

XIV

IT WAS a little after 4 A.M. when Butterwick made his sensational appearance at Charlie Pearson's and found the entire household in a state of turmoil. It would be impossible, he was told by an agitated butler in a dressing gown, for him to see anyone. A burglary had been committed, several guests murdered, and it was probable that the house was on fire. But Butterwick did not allow these small considerations to weigh with him. Sweeping the man aside he rushed up the staircase in the wake of little Miss Phyllis, who had pelted round from the back of the house at the sound of the shot. She easily outstripped him along the bedroom corridor and flung herself into her uncle's room.

Martyn Saville was sitting on the floor grinning sheepishly and assuring Charlie Pearson and a semicircle of servants and guests that it really didn't matter at all.

"My own damn fault. Didn't know you were so good a shot, old fellar."

"You ass—you blazing, blasted fool!" roared Charlie, his face purpled by conflicting emotions. "I might have killed you."

And then Miss Phyllis, crying aloud that she was to blame, hurled herself like a projectile into Martyn's arms as though by sheer violence she would restore him to health.

"My darling kid," he implored, "if you must do this, stick your head in the other shoulder. It's in better condition."

And then came the voice of Butterwick rising high above the rest:

"Mr. Saville, you are warned at once. A very terrible thing has occurred."

Martyn turned and blinked at the intruder.

"I say, good people," he asked sweetly, "can you see anyone in that doorway or have I been plugged through the head?"

Charlie Pearson was first to demand, "Who the devil are you?"

"My name is Butterwick. Saville, get up and come with me."

So imperative was the tone that Martyn struggled to his feet.

"Then it is you," he said. "What's wrong?"

Butterwick stepped forward and whispered a few hurried words in his ear.

"My Lord!" Martyn passed a hand across his forehead. "Photographed, eh? I'll come at once. Got a car?"

"Downstairs."

"Right. Awfully sorry I can't explain—but something —— You must just take my word I've got to get."

But Miss Phyllis barred the way.

"He's been shot," she cried, "and he doesn't move till I've seen the wound. He doesn't move—he doesn't move!"

Nor would she let him move until the coat had been taken off, the left shirt sleeve rolled up, and a thin scarlet lane that bisected his deltoid had been sponged with disinfectant and bandaged with affection. Even then she was not satisfied until Charlie Pearson, in most matters the most generous of men, who would lend you everything he possessed in the world except articles of personal apparel, was compelled to disgorge a recently purchased silk scarf which he prized out of all proportion to its virtue.

Meanwhile Mr. Butterwick stood first on one leg, then on the other, and irritably ejaculated entreaties for haste that were ignored.

Ten minutes were occupied over these demonstrations of devotion and the quarter had struck before at last Martyn was bundled into the car and borne away.

Miss Phyllis openly wept upon the steps. The small shortsighted man with the taste for deductions frankly admitted that he considered the whole matter very fishy indeed, and would never have allowed a soul to leave the house until it had been properly cleared up. Charlie Pearson, who happened to overhear these observations and whose nerves were distinctly jangled by recent events, so far forgot himself as to round on his guest and tell him to go to blazes.

Someone else suggested he should keep his temper, and two of the female servants went into hysterics.

Witness therefore the ill-fortune and discord pursuant upon an act inspired by light-heartedness and a taste for adventure. Thus was it ever so, and thus always did the wise Fates conspire, and conspire in vain, to discourage Martyn Saville from foolhardy exploits.

Mr. Butterwick's car streaked along the moonlit country roads at a reckless forty-seven. He had taken an hour over the outward journey and designed to accomplish the homeward in less.

Meanwhile he talked very bitterly [illegible] very much to the point. He execrated George Wedderton, who had disappeared, and in no less measure he execrated himself.

Martyn lay back on the cushions, [illegible] dizzy and sick from the wound he had received and the news to which he listened. It was characteristic, however, that he blamed no one and accepted the situation in the same spirit as he would have accepted defeat in a game of chance.

"It's bad luck," he repeated. "Just bad luck. Always thought this [illegible] theft was a kind of bogy."

But inside he felt very sore indeed.

"Suspect anyone in particular?"

A reversal of his own preconceived idea was as painful to Butterwick as having a tooth out. However, he had the [illegible] to reply, "Bolshies."

Martyn whistled.

"The deuce! Awkward beggars to make a present to of a weapon like that. Have a thing, eh? And I was hoping to marry and settle down."

"Was that plan sufficient to [illegible] work from?"

"Lord, yes! Rather! Should think so."

"And this man Wedderton, you'll [illegible] 'im?"

"From here to Styx and back."

"You would? Yes, yes, yes. I do know so much."

"Is there a big Bolshie element in [illegible] town?"

"The town! Whole world stinks of it."

Martyn shook himself.

"Then somehow, old bean, we've got to get hold of that negative and any [illegible] they've taken. Can't quite see what [illegible] came and fetched me for."

"I came," replied Butterwick [illegible] "in the hope that unknown to us you [illegible] have protected those plans in some way."

Martyn shook his head.

"Matter of fact, I did work [illegible] stunt, but I'm afraid it's a wasted [illegible] cause, as you say, both drawings were in the safe and they're sure to have photographed the pair of 'em. It's bad luck."

A moment later they passed through the main workshop gates and drew up at Butterwick's office.

There were a number of men [illegible] and out who saluted their chief as he [illegible] from the car.

The man, Palmer, was seated at the [illegible] a crowd of paper slips before him. In a corner near the anthracite stove two bloodhounds stretched at ease.

"News?" Butterwick rapped out.

"Nothing satisfactory, chief. [illegible] heap of reports here, but ——"

"Never mind them. Who thought of dogs?"

"I did, chief."

"Yes, yes, but what are they doing here? Why aren't they out?"

"I was waiting for a bit of cloth to give 'em a scent."

"Whose clothing?"

"John Slave's, chief."

Butterwick's mouth opened [illegible] as though to discharge a torrent of abuse, as suddenly closed again. He [illegible] glance at Martyn, but there was [illegible] in that young man's expression to [illegible] familiarity with the name John Slave.

"H'm!" he ejaculated. "You're such a fool, Palmer."

At that moment a man came in [illegible] a parcel.

"Had some trouble getting at [illegible]"

"Got the blanket from his bed [illegible] of boots."

"Slave's?" from Butterwick.

"Yes, chief."

"Come on, then."

It was 5:35 when Butterwick, [illegible] Saville, Palmer, the bloodhounds [illegible] and a dozen other men arrived at the [illegible] of Martyn's office. Here the [illegible] undone and its contents placed [illegible] dogs. Having poked it about with their noses they signified appreciation by howling dismally.

"Take 'em inside," ordered Butterwick.

The dogs were delighted at the entertainment offered within. They turned the little office into a first-class circus, and baying and finally darting at the doorway with such unexpected [illegible] that Palmer lost his balance and was towed across the cinder track in such wise as must have been the delight of the clown. (Continued on Page [illegible])

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Cooler Cookery! —fresh flowers on top of this oven don't wilt while bread is baking inside.

Cleaner Cookery! —no flame touches cooking utensils, so aluminum ware stays bright and shining, its newness not burned and scoured.

Simpler Cookery! —note text below for the Way of Today.

Scientific Cookery! —no guesswork, no uncertainty. Perfect results every time.

ome out of the kitchen, ladies!
–after your day's cookery–with frocks as dainty and fresh as the morning

NTY, fresh frocks and tchen work! —who would the day would ever come?

re is a range that doesn't it the kitchen; that keeps id pans *clean*; that cooks he precision of an adding e; a range that takes the intments and the drudgery ookery.

us tell you about it—this cooler way.

Flowers On The Oven!

led the Estate Electric Range. rever there are modern kitchens, re relating the wonderful things

designed this range, we wanted rly to satisfy the longing for the ns.

rfected a cooking top and oven entrate the heat directly upon g.

Results are astonishing:

Scarcely any heat radiates into the room. So little escapes, in fact, that in our demonstrations we keep fresh flowers on top of the oven while baking bread!

A comfortable kitchen on a Summer's day is now a joyous reality.

How We Simplified Cookery

But we knew, too, from investigations, that what women wanted most was a range that would give perfect cooking results without constant "pot-watching."

So we evolved the Estate Method of Time and Temperature Cookery—*a method that eliminates all guesswork.*

Time and Temperature Cookery —the Way of Today

This new way embodies a chart and a thermometer.

Note the chart illustrated above. It lists every sort of food, from a Roast of Beef to an Angel Food Cake. Tells what temperature and how much time in the oven each food must have. And an accurate mercury thermometer on the oven door plainly registers those temperatures.

You simply follow the chart and the thermometer. Between the two, you can't go wrong. *Results are certain.* Foods are uniformly done—just so; they taste better, *look better,* are more delicious and nutritious.

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At your Local Electric Lighting Company's —or your dealer's. Made in a style and size to meet your own requirements; eight models, including a combination coal and electric range, which affords a plentiful supply of hot water at all times, and keeps your kitchen warm in winter.

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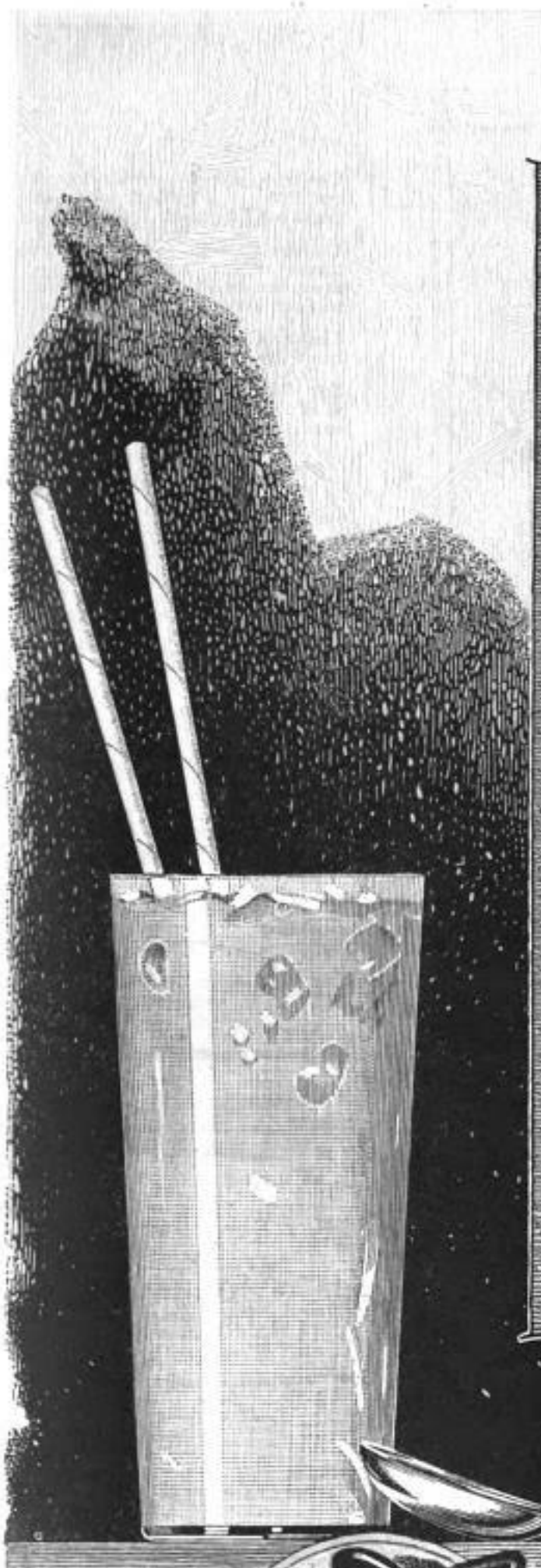
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Here's a treat for you: Try these cooling summer drinks and discover new, delicious uses for Pet Milk.

Black Cow Into glass of cracked ice pour Pet Milk until glass is one-fifth full. Then fill to top with sarsaparilla soda. Stir thoroughly and serve. Proportions may be varied to suit taste.

Iced Chocolate Melt one and one-half squares Baker's Chocolate in pan over hot water; add one-quarter cup of sugar and a few grains of salt, and gradually add to this one cup of boiling water. Stir until smooth, then place pan directly over fire and boil one minute—then add one cup of Pet Milk and two cups of boiling water. Cool and serve with cracked ice in tall glasses.

Iced Coffee Make your coffee as you always do—then fill tall glass with broken ice, and pour the hot coffee over the ice. Add Pet Milk as you would cream and sweeten to taste.

Pet Milk is a great luxury and a great economy. It perfectly meets the daily need for both milk and cream. You will find it so rich, pure, convenient and economical that you will prefer it to milk in any other form. Get the Pet Recipe Book—*free*—and test a few of the hundred practical recipes it contains. They are fine. The Helvetia Company (originators of the evaporated milk industry), General Offices, St. Louis, Mo.





Milk at its Best

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(Continued from Page 74)

llowed a long and crooked scent under
ee of sheds, over slag heaps, between
piles of timber, until eventually the
paused at a certain spot to leap high
e air against the twenty-foot spike-
d walls surrounding the works.
lders were fetched and the entire
dogs and all, climbed over and
d on a stretch of waste ground be-

Again the scent lay strong in a
al line that led to some brick fields.
ere it turned at an abrupt right angle
at the door of a roughly constructed
one box. Seemingly the dogs ex-
l to find their quarry within and set
deep-throated duet that must have
it terror to the stoutest heart.
lock securing the telephone box had
reed and there were fresh evidences
isel on the woodwork.
tyn entered and picked up the
r.
llo, Exchange. Did you have a call
this number about three hours
. . . You did? . . . Can you
the number you connected with? . . .
5 double 0? . . . Thanks." He
d with a puzzled expression on his
The hunt had gone forward, and was
aring over an undulation of ground
direction of the railway embank-
Martyn picked up his heels and
e was a trifle out of breath when he
up the field.
r good?" demanded Butterwick.
. He rang up. What's old Dip-
rivate number?"
e hundred."
ll, I'm damned!" said Martyn.
his time they had reached a series
ay arches severally used as stores,
ises and shelters for out-of-date
of every kind. The hounds were
g on the leash and the men who
em were sorely tried to keep pace.
ting warm, sir!" cried Palmer ex-
"I'll lay a sovereign I know where
nt leads."
words were barely spoken when four
merged from an arch some sixty
way. At the sight of them the
gave tongue furiously. Instantly
the four took to their heels, but the
lived back into the shadows with

r 'em!" shouted Butterwick. "Get
!" But Martyn's voice, mighty as
nt instructor's on parade, yelled
to stay.
on there! The man we want is

came timelier warning. Butter-
rce numbered fifteen, and opposed
a motley rabble of over twenty.
ad gone in pursuit of the three
the battle would surely have gone
he remainder.
llway arch was blocked on the far
a high barricade of packing cases
efore, the revolutionaries had no
t to accept frontal attack. As
k's men came abreast the open-
poured out from underground,
th knives, bits of wood, a pistol
d a variety of missiles.
llision of the rival parties was
d surprising. Martyn was with-
pon, and his left arm was in a
the execution he achieved with
left little to be desired. Mr.
k, jumping on a packing case,
perations and viciously cracked
omatic at the enemies' legs.
y organized baton charge from
d file did wonders in clearing the
g bricks.
that trapdoor," shouted Butter-
alf a dozen of you get below."
the revolutionaries as were not
the fight or had not vanished
rly morning mists rallied at the
ading to the cellars and fought
protect it.
in the forefront of the attackers
over the head that sent him
Palmer took a knife thrust in
and another man was shot
e stomach and fell to the ground
athetically.
who liked a clean fight with
weapons, turned his head to
ight, and in that moment saw
narkable happening. A small
stone flooring near the entrance
was pushed upward and aside.
ered hand appeared, encircling
f a bird—a pigeon—to the leg
as attached what looked like a
n. It was not a yard distant from the spot where Butterwick was standing, and realizing the appalling import of what was occurring Martyn raised a yell and pointed. Butterwick was just a second too late in grasping the situation. The shots he fired splashed harmlessly into the paving as the bird rose on the wing and circled upward into the sky.

XV

AT THE precise moment George Wedderton was bestowing the two thousand pounds, payment for his share of the work done, in various parts of his apparel, the first cry of alarm was raised. The last thing George had either looked for or desired was the appearance of Butterwick's gang at this particular juncture. A moment before he had been enjoying himself beyond bounds. On many previous occasions in his career he had resorted to the measure of bluffing his opponents, but never before had his left-handed services been so generously rewarded. Two thousand pounds is an attractive sum, and doubly attractive when it has been wrung from the funds of a society one has dedicated one's life to oppose. The irony of the situation appealed to his sense of humor and he desired very earnestly to withdraw and bury all record of Johann Slavenski alias John Slave, and in the privacy of his own apartment indulge his stored-up hilarity at will.

Moreover, he had other plans of greater moment. The passage of spies carrying stolen documents from one country to another is ever attended with risk. Having taken such infinite pains that the wrong drawing should have been photographed he wished to assure himself that it should arrive safely at its ultimate destination. In short, he proposed to revert to the character of George Wedderton and in that unsuspicious guise to mother the chain of relays who would carry the tracing, and guard them from mishap. Paolo Mossi had obligingly supplied the order of travel and the actual itinerary, a confidence that would aid him in carrying out his task. And now, despite his meticulous care, the whole program was to be wrecked by the untimely arrival of this meddlesome walnut eater.

George Wedderton swore very volubly in the Polish tongue, which, if you know how to use it, is admirably adapted to the purpose.

The cashier had backed against the cambered wall of the cellar and was shivering in every limb. The guard outside the door was screaming for orders, and the sound of benches being overturned in the larger cellar mingled with shots and shouts of the fight above.

The only man who kept his head was Mossi. Leaping to the door he shot a second bolt and shouting through the panel called for five men to guard it with their lives. Then seizing a box with perforated sides he opened it and took out a pigeon, which he thrust into George's hand.

"Quick, take it!"

Another moment and he had twisted the tracing round the bird's leg and secured it in place with a tiny bandage.

"Those packing cases."

They made a pile of the cases and the Italian sprang to the top, fumbling at the roof above his head.

"I have it. Give me the bird."

A faint square of light was revealed, through which the bird was thrust. From above sounded three shots fired in rapid succession and a volley of curses from Butterwick.

"Missed!" cried the Italian, and leaping to the floor made a dive for the second door. And so enchanted was George at the whole proceeding that he scarcely noticed that the door banged behind Mossi's retreating form and the bolts shot home on the far side. He was too late to prevent that or to follow his partner's lead through the second exit. As he rattled hopelessly at the latch he could hear footsteps scuttling along a tunnel beyond.

But there was little time for regrets, for in another instant a rain of blows sounded at the main door. There was a scream, a rending of wood, and the whole structure fell inward, revealing in the aperture Martyn Saville, Butterwick and two other men.

"Put up your hands!" cried Butterwick. "If you move I shoot!"

The little cashier was whimpering in the shadows, but he obeyed the order readily enough.

"Clear 'em out of this. I want to examine the place alone."

It was Martyn Saville whose right hand shut like a vise on George's collar.

"No funny business," he advised, "or I'll break your neck."

George, keeping his head low, was jerked into the darkness of the cellar beyond, where the main body of Butterwick's men had gathered.

At this stage of the game it was no part of George's scheme to be handed over to the authorities and caused to reveal the reason of his presence in this particular situation. To do so would probably result in his late companions' discovery of the manner in which they had been tricked, and possibly of his true identity. Also, he did not want to give a public explanation. He did not want to set Butterwick's mind at rest. He ardently desired that Butterwick, and perhaps Saville, and certainly everyone else concerned, should go about the works wearing long faces and draped in the colors of melancholy. By doing this they would warm the hearts of the revolutionaries with false fires and convince them of success.

In the rush of recent events George had failed to notice Martyn had one arm out of commission. Had he been aware of this he might have tried to extricate himself from the grasp upon his collar, but a lively appreciation of Martyn's prowess as a man of muscle discouraged any such effort and he fell back on methods nearer and dearer to his heart.

The tunnel at the foot of the steps was pitch dark, with only a faint gray square to reveal where the trap opened under the arch. George had been swearing fluently in a foreign tongue, and Martyn, who dearly loved the sound of his own voice, had kept up a running fire of amiable advice. The result sounded like a duet between a soda-water factory and a rowing cox.

"Steady does it—good lad. Who-ah there."

"*Splitzen-sprotzen pujemsyl!*"

"That's the stuff."

Then suddenly out of the darkness: "Martyn, you ass! Drop that fellar, quick."

Martyn stopped with a jerk.

"George? George Wedderton?" he cried.

"Who else, you idiot? Here, give 'im to me. Get back inside. You're wanted."

Martyn felt a tug on the hand that held his captive and heard a fresh stream of heathenish invective.

"I've got you, my beauty," said the voice of George. "Back to the farther cellar, Martyn. Pronto!"

Martyn released his grip, turned about and dived back along the tunnel, while George shot up the steps three at a time. The man on guard above, unprepared for emergency, found his legs swept from beneath him and did not recover from his surprise in time to fire a single shot at the running mark that disappeared into the morning mist.

Meanwhile Martyn had returned post-haste to the smaller cellar.

"Halloo, yes?" he cried.

Butterwick was on his knees before the powdered glass on the floor.

"A single negative—smashed," he jerked out. "They took a tracing—India ink and frame on table there, light beyond—only one tracing. New pad of paper there with a single sheet missing. Gone, pigeon post. Where's the prisoner, John Slave?"

"Handed him over to Wedderton."

Butterwick rose slowly to his feet.

"You what?" he cried.

Martyn repeated what he had said, adding, "George has him all right."

Butterwick threw up his hands wildly

"Heaven protect me from fools!" he cried. "John Slave and George Wedderton are the same man."

XVI

IN A REMOTE part of the garden of the Hôtel La Rhone at Nice, lying in a hammock beneath the shade of syringas, disposed with a grace that could be defined only as studied, lay Madame Alma Ferraros.

You are familiar with the name? To be sure. It is a household word to all who yield to the lure of vaudeville. London, Paris, Vienna, New York, it would be impossible to think of a city in this little world of ours upon which Alma—Alma of the butterfly toes, Alma of the flickering hands—had not shed her light. A very famous *ballerina*, gentlemen, La Grande Petite Brésilienne. In such wise, agent and poster proclaimed her. Flashing electric signs begemmed the sky with



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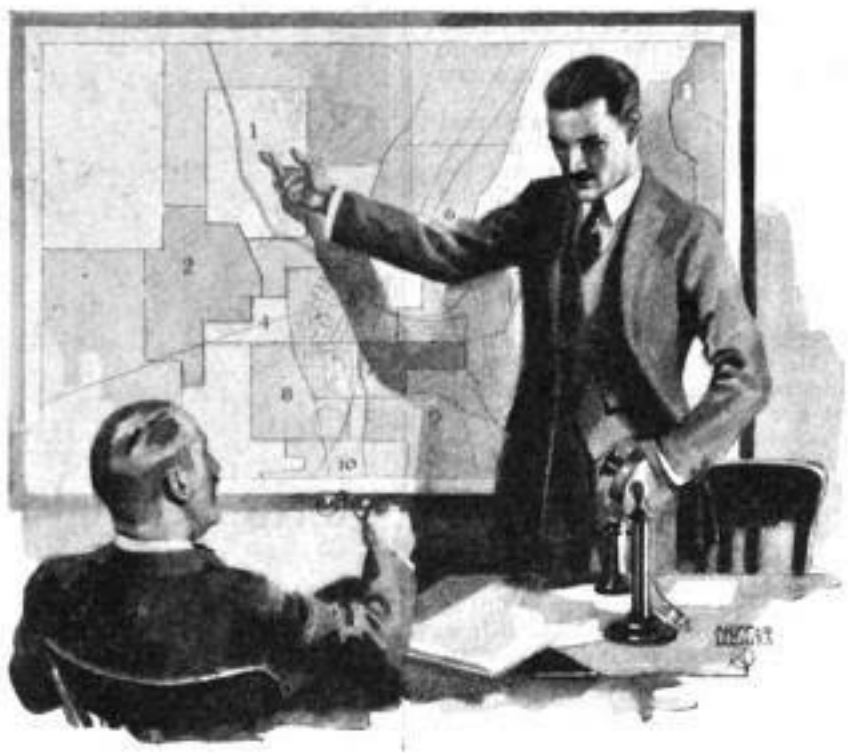
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Organizing ability required

IT seems a simple matter to deliver ice at your doorstep at a given hour each day. And still that simple act, multiplied by hundreds or thousands like it, performed on time, in all kinds of weather, would be impossible without organizing ability behind it.

In the first place, the ice dealer must make or store enough ice. Then he must provide extra wagons and men during a hot spell. In the fall and winter months he must route and re-route wagons to save expense.

A never normal business

Ice consumption varies. In January, for instance, ice delivery is likely to be one-twelfth of what it is in August and the cost three or four times as much.

In hot weather demand may treble in a single day. People are not prepared. They need ice all at once, and they need it badly.

A big responsibility rests upon the ice dealer.

Just think what would happen on a hot day if the ice delivery failed; what a food loss would result, what discomfort in homes and hospitals, what a menace to health.

And still, failure could easily happen—through a shortage of ice, a breakdown of equipment; horses or men overcome.

The fact that failure occurs so seldom is due entirely to the organizing ability and foresight of the average ice company. *It is indeed a responsible servant of its community.*

This emblem  **your protection**

It is a certificate of fitness and reliability issued by the National Association of Ice Industries to members (and dealers whom they supply) who live up to the high standards set by the Association. On an ice wagon it signifies that the owner is pledged to give you

Pure Ice · Careful Weight
Good Service

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ICE INDUSTRIES
163 W. Washington Street, Chicago, Ill.

DEPEND ON ICE IN ALL WEATHER

Ferraros—Ferraros. And on her premières—those rapturous return visits after unendurable absences—the flowers that poured over the orchestra rail and flooded the passages to her dressing room would have done honor to the burial of kings.

She lay in the hammock lit by slanting rays of the sun, her raven hair stirred by an attentive breeze. One felt that a goddess was asleep. The blue of her eyes shone through half-closed lids. Scarlet hibiscus could not have incarmined her pouting lips, nor the glow of evening have sweetened the peach bloom of her rounded cheeks. Whiter than lilies was her skin.

M. Foussereau, of the Rue de la Paix, prince of coiffeurs and *grand maître de toilette des dames*, a man to whom queens had confided the tragedy of their complexions, frankly admitted that in Alma Ferraros he had touched the pinnacle of his skill. "A *chef d'œuvre*, messieurs," he would say. "Behold—a masterpiece."

It is not very clear why La Petite Brésilienne claimed Brazil as the land of her origin. Waggishly it had been put forward that a fondness for nuts was the cause, color being lent to the suggestion by the association of her name with that of a well-known captain in the guards. The registrar of births and deaths for the parish of Houndsditch has a record in his books which abolishes the Brazilian myth at a mere glance. Alma's father was a Pole with a perfect genius for cutting dress coats. Her mother was of Spanish descent, who married out of the Fried Fish into Tailoring. Alma's first introduction to Terpsichore was at the corner of Middlesex Street, when she danced to a barrel organ and was occasionally rewarded with ha'-penny by admiring onlookers. By natural stages she gravitated to a Drury Lane ballet, thereafter joining a traveling troupe, in whose company she learned her craft and saw the world. An attractive offer from the proprietor of a cabaret in Rio detached her from this gallant little band of dancers, placed a budding crown of laurels upon her brow, introduced her to a society of male and female libertines, and altered the tide of her entire existence. From her former companions she had learned fellowship, courage, generosity; from her new she learned extravagance, caprice and avarice.

At a year's end she left Rio for Petrograd—then St. Petersburg—bearing with her a measure of fame and ill-fame equally distributed. An insensate and insatiable desire for jewelry and excitement drove her into a morass of excesses. Money and adventure—these were the gods who decontrolled her with a rod of platinum, diamond set. But Alma had fallen upon evil days. Fresh stars had risen in the dramatic firmament, and her glory was beginning to wane.

Soothed by the hum of insects she had fallen into a drowse and it was with no good nature she awoke to the touch of a rude hand upon her shoulder.

"Sh! Don't maka de noise!" said a voice imperatively.

Opening her eyes she looked up at a man in a deplorable soup-spotted dress suit and frayed and dirty linen.

His hair was black, *coupé en brosse*, and came to a hideous peak on his low forehead. His chin was illshaven and blue, and a toothbrush mustache projected fiercely from a short upper lip. In his hand, half hidden by a soiled napkin, was a leather-bound book.

He threw a furtive glance over his shoulder and, satisfying himself no one was about, abruptly thrust the book into Alma's hand.

"Taka de book. Just arrifed. Lie down."

"I'd like to know what the devil you're talking about," said Alma. "I asked for no book."

Andrea Negretti gave an angry gesture, but his voice dropped as he replied, "Don'ta be fool. Taka de book, Thirty-three."

Alma started and her eyes lit up with excitement.

"Then this is ——"

"What wasa expected."

"From England—the plans—the ——"

"Sh! Sh-h!"

Alma nodded and turned the book slowly in her hand.

"But this is a book. Browning's Men and Women."

"Stucka between de pages halfa way droo."

"I see. H'm! Good idea. And I am to take this to the Thirteenth Communal?"

Andrea shook his head.

"No, anuder. He arrife soon. He mak the introducks to you."

"What—today?"

"Today, tomorrow—I don'ta know. You listen to what I tella, don't it?"

"Go on."

"He introducks himselves. He will wearа a white carnaish."

"A white carnation?"

"Ah! He spika dese words—'What are your plans?' He say 'What are your plans?' Den you giva de book. Finish."

"H'm!" said Alma. "That's all right as far as it goes, but what's his number?"

Andrea Negretti fidgeted with his hands and moved his shoulders uneasily.

"No number. Nota have one."

"What? But all of us have numbers."

"I giva the instrucksh. It's finish."

"Oh, no, it isn't, my beauty," said Alma, rising. "It's far from being finished. Where did you get these orders?"

"Dey was writ on a slippa de pape I finda in der book. After I read I putta de pape in fire."

"And how did you get the book?" Alma's eyes were piercing and her tone granitic. "Who brought it?"

"Forty-seven. I come now from de station."

"He gave it you there?"

"*Si, si, si.*"

"No one saw?"

"No. He slippa de book in my pock. Wasa only out of de train a minute."

"And that was all the paper said?"

"*Si.*"

"You're lying, aren't you? There was a number and you've forgotten."

Andrea clenched his hands savagely.

"If I haffa forgot it was all one, don't it? De carnaish he wear—'What are your plans?'"

"You needn't repeat it. My memory is sound. But look here, if anything goes wrong you'll get the blame, my boy—all of it. That'll do. Clear out. I've no time for fools, and I'm going to sleep."

And once again she settled herself in the hammock and arranged the skirt over her knees.

Andrea waved his arms in the air, then dragged a string of protest out of his mouth with both hands.

"Is it you go mad, it is? I don'ta know what for dey use dese women. You got no more sense than to sleepa in de sun with de book?"

"I can look after myself—and the book," Alma retorted.

"But if ——"

Alma's parasol opened with a click final as the fall of a curtain on a play.

With a muttered imprecation Andrea Negretti swung on his heel and marched off toward the hotel.

XVII

CYRIL CONYNGHAM'S campaign to besiege the heart of Leslie Kingston did not prosper in ratio to expectations. No one could have been nicer to him than she, but her general bearing did not betray the characteristics of new-born love. She did not droop at his approach, nor her cheeks assume a deeper color, nor tremble was absent from her manner. It was all most disappointing. Cyril, to the best of his ability had blandished, he had pined, he had looked upon the harbor, sighed deeply, he had framed many sentences to leave them in mid-air with a lingering breath. But all to no avail. And worst of it was that his debts instead of creased rather than diminished. The payments of unrequited love claimed their victim; Cupid's arrow was twisted in his heart.

Armed with a cushion, a copy of La Parisienne, a box of Kingtoke cheroots and some cigarettes, Cyril betook himself to a remote part of the hotel grounds where hung a hammock in the shade of trees. The Honorable Mrs. Conyngham with characteristic thoughtlessness had gathered in Leslie for a shopping excursion, leaving the unhappy Cyril to his own devices.

He had done his best to discourage the shopping movement and had earned for his pains a rebuke and some small animosity. Wherefore he decided to seek oblivion—not unattended with a few creature comforts—and philosophically ponder the problem of how to set his affairs in order.

It was a day for lovers: the sun shone bravely, sea and sky were rivals in turquoise and sapphire, birds sang and

(Continued on Page 81)

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There's extra value in Fisk Tires

FISK advertising this year has proved a vital link between the product and the public. It has asked that Fisk Tires be given the chance to sell themselves.

These tires warrant the strongest claims—but anybody can make *claims*.

The motoring public has simply been asked to compare Fisk Tires with any others.

That comparison has doubled sales.

If you are considering some other tire, see the Fisk Tire first.

Compare it in your size with any other you know for bigness, strength, resiliency, good looks and safety.

There's a Fisk Tire of extra value in every size for car, truck or speed wagon

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LB



TO-DAY – *for public records – the Russell system of indexing*

TO-DAY – *for general business – L.B. Automatic Index*

Spindle bills 1876 File profits 1922 Library Bureau 46 years

IN 1876 spindle methods of filing were standard. Essentially, filing had not advanced in centuries. In 1876 Library Bureau was founded. A short time later the constructive energy of this organization began to revitalize filing practice.

1892—Vertical Filing—Box files were in general use. Papers were laid flat—horizontal filing. Library Bureau conceived the then revolutionary idea of filing papers on edge—vertical filing.

At one stroke, Library Bureau coffined the filing achievements of all previous history. The world began to file vertically, thanks to Library Bureau.

The years passed. Numerous developments in vertical filing sprang from the primary idea. More efficient alphabetic, numeric, subject and other systems came into being, most of them created by Library Bureau. And then—

1912—L. B. Automatic Index—Admittedly the one notable correspondence filing invention of the present century. This L. B. System eliminates 90% of common alphabetical divisions and by an ingenious double check actually prevents the file clerk from making errors.

Library Bureau's ever-widening service has recently embraced that most difficult of fields—the systematizing of public records.

1922—Russell System of Indexing—This system makes the usual tedious and often faulty searching of public records a matter of certainty and minutes. Already the astounding benefits resulting from its use have won the acclaim of the legal profession, title companies and the general public.

In the panel at the right are crystallized the full scope and extent of L. B. service that can lower overhead and increase profits in every kind of business—***your*** business.

Send for booklet, "The Newest Force in Business Building."

Library Bureau

Founded 1876

Plans — Makes — Installs

Card and filing systems ~ Cabinets ~ Supplies

Boston
Albany, Atlanta, Baltimore, Birmingham, Bridgeport, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Columbus, Denver, Des Moines, Detroit

New York
Erie, Fall River, Hartford, Houston, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Louisville, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, New Orleans, Newark

Philadelphia
Pittsburgh, Portland, Providence, Richmond, St. Louis, St. Paul, Scranton, Springfield, Syracuse, Toledo, Washington, Worcester

Chicago
Dallas, Parker Bros.
San Francisco, Oakland
Portland, Ore., Seattle
F. W. Wentworth & Co.
Los Angeles
McKee & Wentworth
Salt Lake City, C. G. Adams

Foreign Offices—London . . . Manchester . . . Birmingham . . . Cardiff . . . Paris

The Six Big Divisions of Library Bureau Service

1. Special Service



Analysis Service: Trained experts analyze your file and record needs and furnish full recommendations. Send for folder No. 612.

Indexing Service: Prepares and writes card records. Transfers accounts from books to card ledgers. Relieves you of the clerical burden of installing new card and filing systems. Send for booklet No. 822.

Statistical Service: A unique service to business executives. Prepares confidential statistics from figures supplied by any business. Send for folder No. 919.

2. Specialized Departments



Bank Department
Send for booklet No. 805.

Government Department
Send for booklet No. 818.

Insurance Department
Send for booklet No. 704.

Library Department
Send for catalog No. 812.

Schools of Filing
Send for booklet No. 503.

L. B. Service includes the planning of new systems, special and stock equipment, laying out filing and record departments, the preparation of confidential information.

3. Filing Systems



Alphabetic
Geographic
Numeric
Subject
L. B. Automatic Index
The Russell Index

Library Bureau installs the filing system that best suits the needs of any business. Send for book No. 709 or Russell folder.

4. Card Record Systems



L. B. Sales record—sales information at the sales manager's finger-tips. Send for folder No. 615.

L. B. Stock record—eliminates over-stocking or under-stocking. Send for folder No. 605.

L. B. Card ledger—saves space, time and money, over bound or loose-leaf ledgers. Send for booklet No. 711.

L. B. Visible record file—combines unit feature of cards with visible feature of the book index. Send for folder No. 713.

5. Cabinets—*Wood and Steel*



They are used by 125,000 businesses. L. B. quality is standard.

L. B. has originated many labor-saving devices:

Vertical units.
Card record desks.
Counter-hight units.
Card ledger trays.

Send for catalogs Nos. 707 and 708.

L. B. Record Safe. Send for folder No. 712.

6. Supplies



L. B. Cards—Over 2,500,000 a day. More than 1,000 stock forms. Known for their uniform quality, accurate size and smooth edges.

L. B. Folders include every kind; notably the famous L. B. Reinforced folder which saves valuable space in file drawers.

L. B. Guides include plain, printed, celluloided, removable label and metal tip.

Send for catalog No. 702.

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(Continued from Page 78)

t zephyrs rustled the leaves over-
Cyril noted these matters, but they
ed him not. He had had a half
with his lunch—to no avail. He had
a double kümmel at a single gulp—it
o difference.
e walked down the gravel path he
his cushions at the nodding heads
es. Fallen petals of Christmas roses
his passage, and the broken stems
aselmas daisies spoke of a spirit in

assed a waiter, whose evening-dress
looked particularly vile in the
, and ignored the polite "M'sieur"
s offered.
rned through an archway of aloes
ed across grass to the spot where
mock was suspended. Ten feet
from his goal he flung the cushion
round, followed it with the paper
chocolates, and exclaimed intem-
"Oh, blast!"
ammock was occupied. He had
estalled by a woman. A frilly
covered her head and most of her
l that was visible being a short
wn tightly over her knees and two
proportioned ankles gracefully
nd terminating in a pair of Louis
hoes with scarlet heels. Rhythmic
revealed the fact that the lady
p. A small hand trailed on the
was a left hand, but there was no
ring on the third finger. Follow-
nilar lines of deduction, the astute
ive hazarded the belief that the
three fiancés, for the finger in
was encircled with two diamond
s and a most imposing marquise.
lly speaking, the sight presented
that would hardly have failed to
Cyril feelings of interest and
m, but love of Leslie had robbed
taste for promiscuous adventure.
ted the lady's presence, since she
him of what he cared for most in
, his own personal comfort.
ng and protesting he sprawled
ground and bunched the cushion
head. The sun was in his eyes
as unable to read. The grass felt
l a mosquito stung his ankle.
on the point of rising and chuck-
hole scheme of an afternoon de-
philosophy, when a middle-aged
a tanned and genial face appeared
scene, threw a glance at the ham-
rugged his shoulders, murmured
," pulled a newspaper from his
d sat down on a tree stump a few

ing in the newcomer's appearance
Cyril to converse. He had the
sympathetic listener.
ock hunting?" said Cyril. "Was
same thing myself. Sickening,
filled."
Very tryin'."
xt with that one, y'know."
comer smiled.
't dispute your claim."
re first, you see."
le broadened.
if you're nervous."
bit. You stay and talk. Too
y to read. Just arrived?"
before lunch."
it you were new. Motor down?"
from Paris."
ad idea," Cyril nodded. "Can't
Continental trains. See, I don't
name."
comer yawned.
Oh, my name. George Wed-

o have heard it somewhere.
nyngham. Staying with the
dian, you know."
yes; saw you in the visitors'
rable Mrs. Conyngham. You
?"
ok his head.
gations—Vienna."
yes."
osed of Cyril. George Wedder-
n intimate knowledge of the
pretty well every attaché in
every legation and consulate.
tity was proved. In much the
he had interrogated a dozen
guests during the brief time
ival. By a principle of chang-
e at meals he would soon be
th the private affairs of most
staff. It was only a matter of
people told him all about them-
shifted the subject to another

"Who's the pretty girl at your table? Sister?"

Cyril shot an antagonistic glance, but George looked so guileless and inoffensive that he let the question go unchallenged.

"No; she's a Miss Leslie Kavanagh."

"Engaged to her?"

Really the fellow was rather naïve. One couldn't help being frank with him.

"Not yet. Why?"

George shrugged his shoulders.

"You asked me to talk."

Cyril smiled.

"Of course it's all on the q. t. at present."

"Just so." George rose and stretched himself.

"You on your own down here?"

"Don't know a soul. Expectin' a friend this evenin', though. Just had a wire to say so. Fellar named Saville."

"By Jove! You know Martyn Saville?"

"Intimately."

"Funny. Matter of fact he's joining our party, but we weren't looking for him till the day after tomorrow. You sure he's coming today?"

"Had a wire to say so. Think I'll try and find a chair somewhere. This stump ain't overcomfortable. See you again, perhaps."

"Sure to."

George moved away a half dozen paces, then turned.

"Know anything about that new arrival?" he asked.

"No. Who d'you mean?"

"The Brazilian dancing woman—Alma Ferraros."

Cyril started and sat up abruptly as though he had been stung—a not altogether surprising circumstance.

"Lord! You don't say she's here!"

"Told so."

"My stars!"

"Know her, then?"

Cyril hesitated and half shook his head.

"I've an idea I met her at the embassy in Paris."

"Hardly at the embassy," suggested George.

"Well, I was there at the time."

"I see. From the embassy. Was there any talk about her—ever hear—apart from her dancin'?"

"A good deal, I believe," Cyril replied with a touch of pathos.

"I meant, was she mixed up in politics and things of that kind?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Ah, well; just wondered."

With a smile and a wave of the hand he turned away, choosing a path that led to the back entrance of the hotel, where newly arrived guests' luggage was piled awaiting conveyance to the bedroom corridors. George had a positive passion for reading luggage labels; it interested him to know where people had come from, and relieved him of the necessity of asking questions.

Nothing in the world is more characteristic of its owner than a hat box or Gladstone bag. It is a passport that all who have eyes may read, an open book whose pages are crowded with personal revelations.

The sound of George's retreating footsteps had barely died away when Cyril sprang to his feet and exclaimed "Damn!"

He said it three times, and at the third repetition added the words, "Of all infernal luck!"

And he had every excuse. What could be more disastrous to the cause of new love than the presence of an old?

Alma Ferraros! The very name was enough to wreck ambition. Alma, the most flagrant of all his wild associates! Alma, whose interment three years before had cost as much as all his other follies put together. And she was just the sort of woman who, if the caprice suggested itself, would not admit she had ever been given decent burial. She would rise again and think nothing of it. Like Hamlet's father she would burst her cerements, and with him for partner insist on revisiting the glimpses of the moon. It was damnable.

In his agitation Cyril stamped on the box of chocolates, which broke beneath his foot with a loud report.

The sleeper in the hammock started, stretched her arms with the parasol at full length, opened her eyes, swung her feet to the ground, smiled amazedly, and said in a voice that sounded like one very expensive orchid addressing another: "Cyreel! It's my Cyreel. But how lovely! And to stand there so quiet till I wake."

With hands outstretched she rose and came toward him.



"A laundress and a valet taught me the way to buy my shirts," says Tom Bruce

"Be sure they have this label and you'll have no complaint of my laundry work," said Sarah Kernan.

TOM BRUCE is a bachelor. He has apartments in Philadelphia's most exclusive hotel.

"Harry," he said one day to the hotel valet, "your laundress is a jewel; but she's a little rough on my shirts. Here's one with the buttons off, and another has shrunk in the neck-band."

"Beggin' your pardon, sir," said the valet, "I noticed last week that some of your shirts were not wearing well and I spoke to Mrs. Kernan. She said—

"'Tell Mr. Bruce to buy all his shirts with this label and he'll have no complaint of my laundry work.'"

And the valet held up a shirt, pointing to the Emery label.

"I looked over your shirts, Mr. Bruce. It's just as Mrs. Kernan says. The ones with the Emery label look just as good as new. The colors haven't faded. The buttons are on tight. The materials are wearing fine, and they haven't shrunk a bit."

• • •

Emery Shirts fully live up to their reputation of "equal to custom-made." They fit comfortably. The patterns are distinctive. Emery refinements of finish are found only under the Emery label.

Yet Emery Shirts cost no more than ordinary shirts—$2, $2.50, $3 and up.

If there is no Emery dealer near you, we will see that you are served, on receipt of money-order and name of your dealer. Mention neck-band size, sleeve-length and color preferences. W. M. Steppacher & Bro., Inc., Makers of Emery Shirts, Philadelphia.

Why Emery Shirts are equal to custom-made

Patterns in each shirt perfectly balanced—stripes match in cuffs, front, etc.

Different sleeve lengths. Sleeve plaquettes (buttoning above cuff) to prevent gaping sleeves and make cuffs set right.

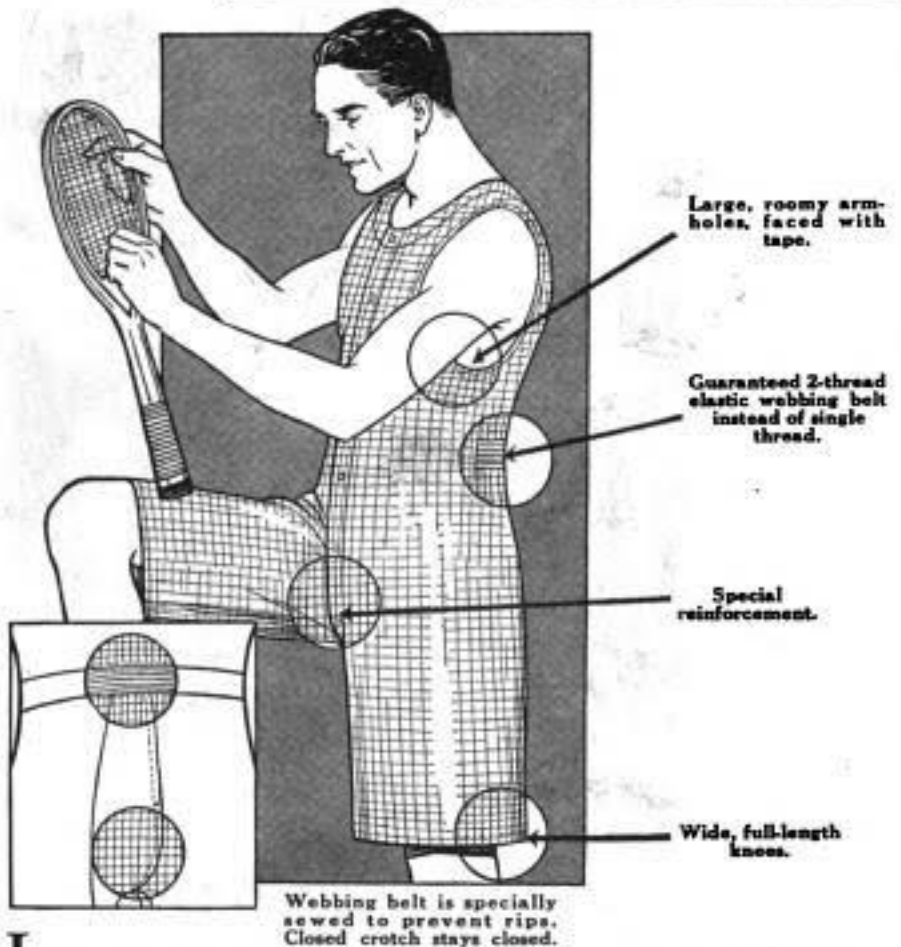
Pre-shrunk neck-bands. Nek-ban-tab for inserting collar button in back.

Closely stitched seams. Clear pearl buttons. Unbreakable buttonholes. And so on.

Emery Shirts

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For Coolness and SURE COMFORT



Webbing belt is specially sewed to prevent rips. Closed crotch stays closed.

IF you're after the loose and airy, free-and-easy satisfaction a man hankers for over the Fourth and through to Frost, you ring your dealer's cash register *today* for an outfit of Hanes Athletic Union Suits—at $1.00 per ring!

Whether you're trained for speed or built for ballast—"Hanes Extra-Features" will give you all the wear and custom-cut comfort that's possible to put into a man's summer underwear—and—

For Only One Dollar!

Here's What "Hanes Extra-Features" Do!

FULL CUT on generous pattern. No skimping. Full standard sizes give perfect freedom to every move of arms, legs and body.

ARMHOLES taped instead of turned under. Never a chance for curl or rip—but a friction-free surface that wears as long as the garment.

NECK "V" or circular style, strongly reinforced with nainsook. Stays up on the shoulders without a hint of chokiness.

CLOSED CROTCH stays closed. (See illustration above.) Crotch lap buttons sewed on the seam—**4** thicknesses of material instead of **2**. No patch used.

WEBBING BELT guaranteed two-thread elastic webbing instead of single thread, gives more elasticity and greater strength. Specially sewed to prevent tearing or ripping.

PEARL BUTTONS specially selected, sewed on to stay put.

REINFORCEMENTS at every point of strain safeguard against all chance of seam-rips.

Register a summer comfort pledge today—your dealer will accept your initiation fee of $1.00 and enroll you for a season membership. If he hasn't Hanes Athletic Union Suits write to us and we'll see that you are supplied.

The youngsters can also have Hanes comfort and wear. Hanes Athletic Union Suits for Boys—sizes 20 to 34; ages 2 to 16

P. H. HANES KNITTING CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

$1.00 A SUIT

$1.15 west of the Rockies

Hanes Guarantee

We guarantee Hanes Underwear absolutely—every thread, stitch and button. We guarantee to return your money or give you a new garment if any seam breaks.

TRADE MARK HANES

Full Cut
ATHLETIC UNION SUITS

"As an honest fact," he replied, backing a step, "didn't know it was you—and—thought I was making rather a shine."

Alma shook a finger and frowned.

"Trying to wake a strange lady. I am ashamed. Cyreel, you are worse than ever."

It was no time for beating about the bush. She must be made to understand straightaway that her reign was over and there could be no question of reinstatement to the throne. His only hope lay in firmness, immediate and uncompromising. A false move now and all would be lost. Already he could feel the spell of those blue and lustrous eyes, hard eyes, that softened only to a string of pearls or a human frailty. Already he could feel her net enmeshing his unwilling limbs, the subtle enveloping quality of her voice which wrapped a man up as neatly as a chemist's parcel. He moved uneasily from one foot to the other. Her next sentence gave him the cue he desired.

"But you do not seem half so pleased to see me as I you. *Oh, ld!* I was afraid I should be so bored."

"Ah!" said Cyril. "You ought to have gone to another hotel. This one is too respectable."

Alma broke into a smile that was like a Bond Street jeweler's taking down its shutters.

"But you will alter that, Cyreel. It will be like old Paris days over again."

And she clapped her hands ecstatically.

Cyril planted his feet firmly and filled his lungs.

"I'm sorry to disappoint you, old girl," he said, "but I'm down here with the aunt."

Alma nodded her head wisely.

"We shall arrange, my Cyreel, you and I; we are very wise people, oh, yes."

"My dear good girl, we shall arrange nothing."

"You don't want me?"

"I do not. Now look here, I was thundering decent after that Paris affair. Did all I could, and more. Now be a sport and give me a miss."

"I give you Miss Alma Ferraros, and all will say, 'How lucky is this young man.'"

"A miss," Cyril repeated. "I mean, don't know me. The aunt is a bit of a stickler and ——"

"Oh, it's very well, it's very well. But I am much too hard up to part with a readymade friend."

"Knowing me won't help you. broke to the wide."

"No money?"

"Not a cent."

"Nothing?"

"Absolutely on the beach."

"Oh, the poor! Very well then, shall be banker for her little Cyreel. will return his—what you say!—trap ity. She will be pleased."

Things were getting desperate. Th was no alternative but to speak the tr After all, Cyril reasoned to himself was a thing she could hardly fail to e pathize with.

"Jolly ripping of you, and all that," he, "but it won't work. There's a staying with us here that I'm keen want to marry—and ——"

"I am *de trop*."

"I hate to say so."

"But it's true."

"Well, I would be grateful if you see a way to leaving me alone."

Alma pouted substantially.

"'S difficult. 'S very hard."

"Be a sport and promise."

Alma assumed the look of A Awakening.

"I'll think about it."

"Couldn't you be a bit more com It's a serious thing with me."

She looked at him critically, and gravity of her expression broke up trayful of diamonds.

"I promise anything," she cried, give me a kiss."

"A kiss?"

"Yes, a kiss."

"I say! Think that necessary?"

"Anything if you do that; if nothing."

"Oh, very well. I suppose it don't ter much."

But he was wrong, for the H Mrs. Conyngham, who was gifted extraordinary nose for finding pe awkward situations, came throu cleft in the bushes at the very mom Alma slid an arm round Cyril's drew his lips down to hers.

Mrs. Conyngham paused in h the kiss pursued its course unabated she retreated rapidly to the narro which had brought her into the p of this appalling spectacle.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

WHAT WOULD THE BOYS W WERE THINK OF US NOW?

(Continued from Page 9)

at the camera—and at J. P. Phelps, Artistic Photographer, Muscatine, Iowa—and not let on that his little heart was almost broken by the thought of the fringe on his pants—the boy's pants, not J. P. Phelps' pants—and I could make gentle mothers and strong harsh men hide their faces in their hands and sob until they all rushed down to the post office to send the little boy pairs of pants; but, for one thing, the pants would not fit me now; and, for another thing, that little 1876 boy never felt any feelings of the sort. The only Sunday-pants thoughts that boy ever had were that it was a dog-gone shame he had to wear them on a week day. No; the only way to get pathos out of the photographs of those seven-year-old boys we were is to wonder what they would think of the way we have lived up to their expectations.

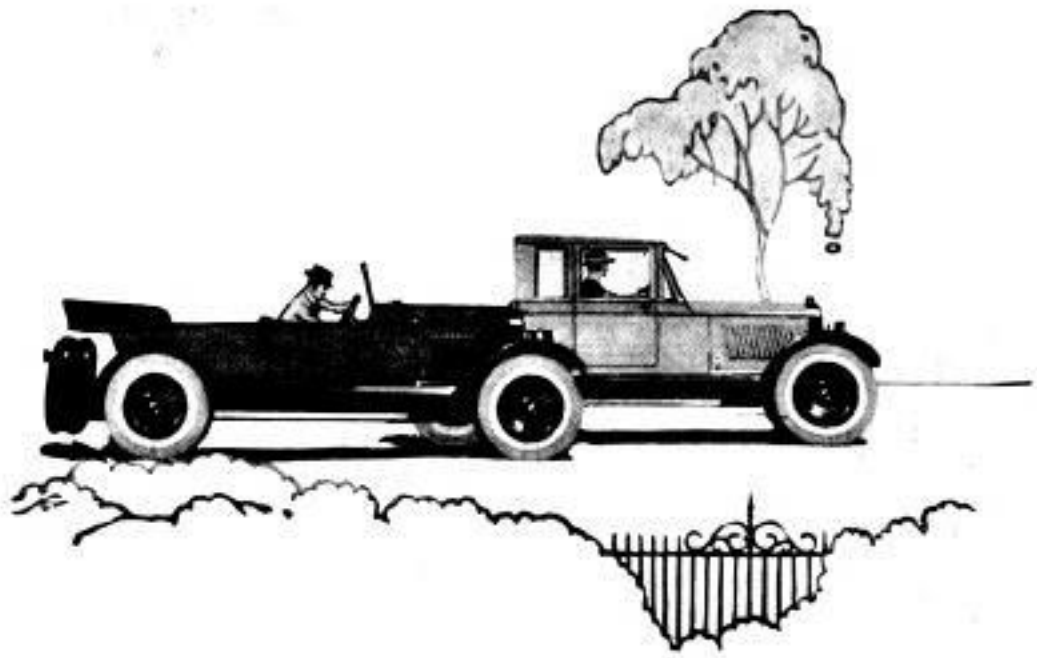
Looking at it that way I do feel rather sorry for all those nice little boys we were. They were such hopeful little fellows. When he is seven years old, or about then, a fellow begins to speculate quite a lot on what he will be when he is a man. He does not think of the man he will be as exactly the same person as himself. He is only a boy, but this other fellow is going to be a man. He begins to look around among the gods and heroes to pick out the sort of men he hopes to be. He takes a look at father and decides that father is a fine man, far and away the finest man he knows—you can't beat the loyalty of a seven-year-old boy—but he has to admit that father is not absolutely perfect. He has to admit that in one or two little matters George Washington probably did surpass father a wee mite. Father is father of course; but it cannot be denied that John L. Sullivan had a wonderful right arm. There is usually, it is true, a spare half dollar in father's pocket when the circus comes to town, bu the utmost loyalty to father—one admit that in finance Rothschild and and the Count of Monte Cristo e had the goods. Father is father, b a young fellow is daydreaming of h he is compelled to remember that t such men as Christopher Colum falo Bill, Abraham Lincoln, Leon ing, Robert Fulton, Ole Bull, Parn and Cal Towers, the champion swi mer of the United States.

A young man of seven, looking the future, has a right to expe things of the man he is to become a right to expect the man to be a him. Of course the boy's perspect be a little faulty at the moment used to be, after questioning wh would prefer to have the man be George Washington or the Wond valed Premier Bareback Rider that properly to fulfill his destin the approval of his soul he must be smith.

I am ashamed to say it, but I have failed the young man there a blacksmith. The sort of blacksm young man had in mind was one large quantity of black hair on his a complete jungle of it on his exp His main occupation would be w piece of white-hot iron with a ha mer while he let the sparks fall no more concern than if they we flakes. Now and then he would the water tub and shift his quid cheek. To vary the monotony occasionally straddle the l horse, holding its hock betwe while he pressed a red-hot harness sole of the hoof. A whiff of

(Continued on Page 8

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ARE WOMEN BETTER DRIVERS THAN MEN?

A good automobile driver is, first, the driver whose mind is free from all worries and anxieties—whose first thought is upon driving the car.

A good automobile driver is, second, one who has confidence in the car which is being driven.

And confidence comes only from a thorough knowledge—a tested understanding—of how the car operates.

She, who knows just what happens when the clutch pedal comes back and the accelerator pedal is depressed—and tons are moved smoothly, swiftly, and majestically away—is a better driver than is she who does not know these important things.

She, who understands the generation of the power in the motor and its noiseless delivery through the transmission (or gear box); through the propeller shaft protected by its universal joints; how it is reduced at the pinion; and how it turns the corners at the differential, to be transmitted to the rear or driving wheels; she will be best able to handle that car in every circumstance which arises.

A good automobile driver must have confidence in the vital parts of the machine, with a mind free to meet every road exigency. As a confidence-building knowledge of the car increases, so will increase the faith in Timken Tapered Roller Bearings to protect every horse-power, to eliminate every possibility of delay, bringing that assurance and peace of mind that good drivers must have.

That is why the driver of the Timken-equipped automobile is a more confident driver—and a better driver—than is the other.

And that, in turn, is why more and more women are asking him—the car salesman, the husband, the brother—"Has it Timken Tapered Roller Bearings, and where?"

For women today are just as much automobile drivers and automobile buyers as are men.

The Timken Roller Bearing Company
CANTON, OHIO

TIMKEN
Tapered
ROLLER BEARINGS



"Ask him to explain it"

"During the years I have studied traffic operation I have always found that women are more careful drivers than men; take more pride in their driving; are as efficient in emergencies; and as a consequence have less accidents attributable to them."

—Former Safety Director
C. N. Sparks
Akron, Ohio

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Ten miles and more of silken strands go into the making of a pair of Phoenix hose. While other natural fibers are at best only a few inches long before they are twisted into thread, the filament of silk as it comes from the cocoon is practically endless. And that is why silk makes the strongest of all thread. The Phoenix method of converting the finest of silk into the finest of hosiery has, for a full decade, insured to the men, women and children of America longer hosiery mileage and greater elegance at low cost.

PHOENIX
HOSIERY

(Continued from Page 82)

d then spurt out with a sizzle, perfum-he air with a delicious odor of burnt

When the horse moved the black- would shout at it sternly, using a ell-ripened words; if the horse was a he would shout louder and the words l be riper.

times the blacksmith would lean indo- against his forge and slowly pull the ed rope of the huge bellows, turning nd then to pat the coals with his s and then addressing some witty to the small boy looking in at the such as "Well, bub, what do you your folks call your name by when at home?" or "Well, sonny, how's oppery-optics today?" or even that amazingly brilliant query, "Well, , how does your corporosity seem to ate this morning?"

ently, because of his admirable quali- x men in frock coats and high silk ould arrive and make the blacksmith nt of the United States, commander of the Army and superintendent of iscopal Sunday school. The black- ould then put a for-rent sign on his uckle a sword around his waist, don its of Pythias hat with a long white plume and go down to Washington, o veto the bill prohibiting boys from marbles for keeps. When he died ral procession would be three miles d have four brass bands, and a nation would erect a statue of him, a kind but stern countenance and trousers that were too long and too

ad to go back to 1876 today and boy I was I know he would look ith a stare of utter unrecognition. would stare; but when he realized he would burst right out crying.

No!" he would sob. "You don't k like a blacksmith!"

wait!" I would beg. "Wait until u ——"

!" he would exclaim. "You were hy enough to be a blacksmith, but done the best you could—you are t of the United States."

but ——"

you are commander in chief of the Vell, you've not entirely betrayed ."

I'm not ——" I would stammer, think of an excuse.

commander in chief?" the boy y. "Stop! You have already ay heart, but perhaps you can or two of the pieces. Tell me you st something worth while; do not in suspense—tell me you are at rintendent of the Episcopal Sun- l!"

would have to tell him I was not —not even a pirate or a two-gun fireman in a red shirt; not even a a millionaire or a senator. Then, he would give me one final look h and go out behind the wood- eat a green apple and die.

ching Yourself Parade

n has a seven-year-old son he ive that son think he is a failure, ll stoop to a lot of subterfuges estroying that boy's belief that o; but hardly any of us give a the boy we were and what he k of us. We owe something to we owe something to the faith ts.

how we would feel if all those we once were, who so trusted us est we possibly could be, should r somewhere and look us over. ey were all lined up along the housands of those seven-year- it was circus day and the big expected to heave into sight . Little Ellis Butler would be ittle Warren Harding, and little ver, and little you, and little ith, and little Johnny Jones, little seven-year-olds we once

would all be, eating double- nuts and pink-and-white pop sly, and leaning out as far as raning our necks and now and g to the middle of the street to ld catch the first glimpse of us marching down the street in the

from far up the street would rst weird tootle of the steam d then, nearer, the first blare of the brass band at the head of the parade; and one little boy would jump up and down and shout, "Here they come! Here they come! I see 'em!"

Then the head of the procession would come in sight, and every little boy would be ten times as excited as before. Imagine not having seen yourself for years and years! I would turn to you and say:

"You just wait until you see the man I've become! You'll see something worth while, I bet you! I'll bet I'm splendid—just awfully noble and rich and kind and famous and honest and everything!"

"Yes, but you just wait until you see me!" you would cry. "You'll know me the minute you see me! I'll be the governor or a millionaire or the head of a big corporation, or something elegant."

We boys on the sidewalk would not have the least doubt about some things. The men we had become would all be fine, strong men with our heads held high—brave and rich and successful. It could not be otherwise.

So along comes the brass band, tooting and thumping, and all the little boys that we were stand on tiptoe and dance with eagerness and excitement. We're going to be a proud lot of boys, I bet you!

Brass band at the head of the procession goes by. And who is this in a big automobile, with a silk hat? Little Warren Harding on the sidewalk gives a loud cry of joy and rushes into the street. He's happy! It is true that the man he has become has no red-white-and-blue sash around his chest, and he does not wear a gilded sword, and he has no cocked hat with a Knights of Pythias plume; but he is President of the United States, and that is something. So little Warren runs along beside the automobile and big Warren sees him and opens the door of the automobile and helps him in and they hold each other's hands and the parade moves on.

Giving Little Ellis the Slip

And now the rest of us on the sidewalk are eager! These are the big men, at the head of the parade, and we scan each face eagerly, hoping one of these men is the man we have become. And here and there, up and down the sidewalk, a boy exclaims joyfully and runs into the street and grasps a man's hand—he has found himself. And they go marching by. All the successful men march by—the men who are thoroughly worth while. That part of the parade comes to an end.

And the rest of us now? We are so anxious we grow tense and stand in utter silence and just stare and wait. You—well, I don't know about you—but I am there in my broadcloth suit, with my shoes all polished except the heels, and I have on my striped stockings and my beautiful Roman-stripe tie; but I do not give them a thought. I'm looking.

It is a rather mixed lot, this remainder of the paraders. Here is one man with a bloated face and a blackened eye and mud on his ragged clothes, and a little boy in a neat blue seersucker suit and a chip hat with a blue sailor ribbon—a sweet little boy if ever there was one—sees the man and recognizes him and begins to cry. He puts his hands over his face and backs away from the edge of the sidewalk and turns and runs.

His heart is broken, all right, and he is going around back of the woodshed to eat a green apple and die. And the man he has become does not look at him; he is ashamed to.

And presently I begin to be nervous as I stand on the edge of the sidewalk. So few of the boys are running into the street to take the hands of the men they have become; so many of them do not recognize the men they have become; so many of them are hiding their faces and hurrying away to find woodsheds and green apples.

And, marching down the street, I see from far off the wistful small boy in the broadcloth suit with the brass buttons and the striped stockings and the lovely Roman-stripe tie standing on the edge of the sidewalk and waiting for me. I don't know what you do, but I edge over toward the other side of the street and slip out of the parade and down Sycamore Street and through the alley and take the first train out of town.

I should hate to meet that boy. It would be mighty hard to explain the why of a lot of things.

Here and there in America a man suffers from what Mr. Freud calls an inferiority

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In all the history of business, no trade-seeking manufacturer has ever wilfully and persistently IMITATED, either in trade name or manufacturing process, any article of commerce which had not already proven a SUCCESS.

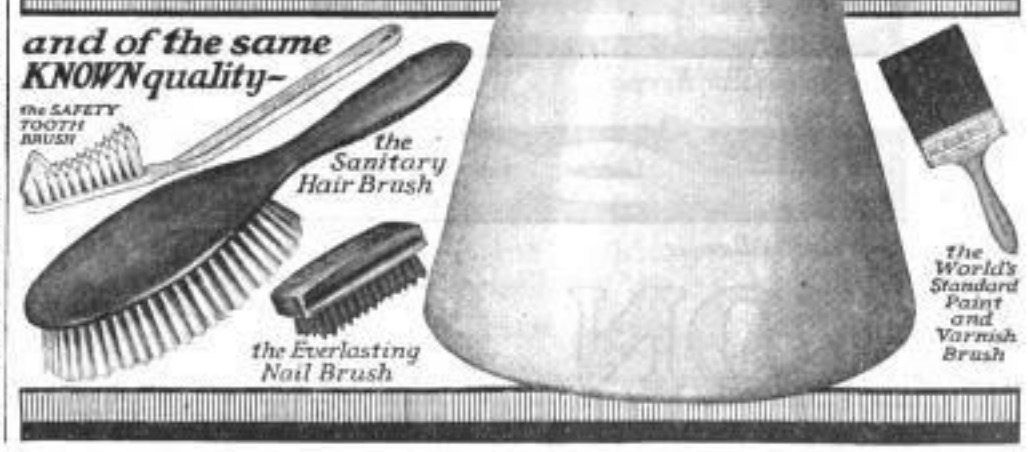
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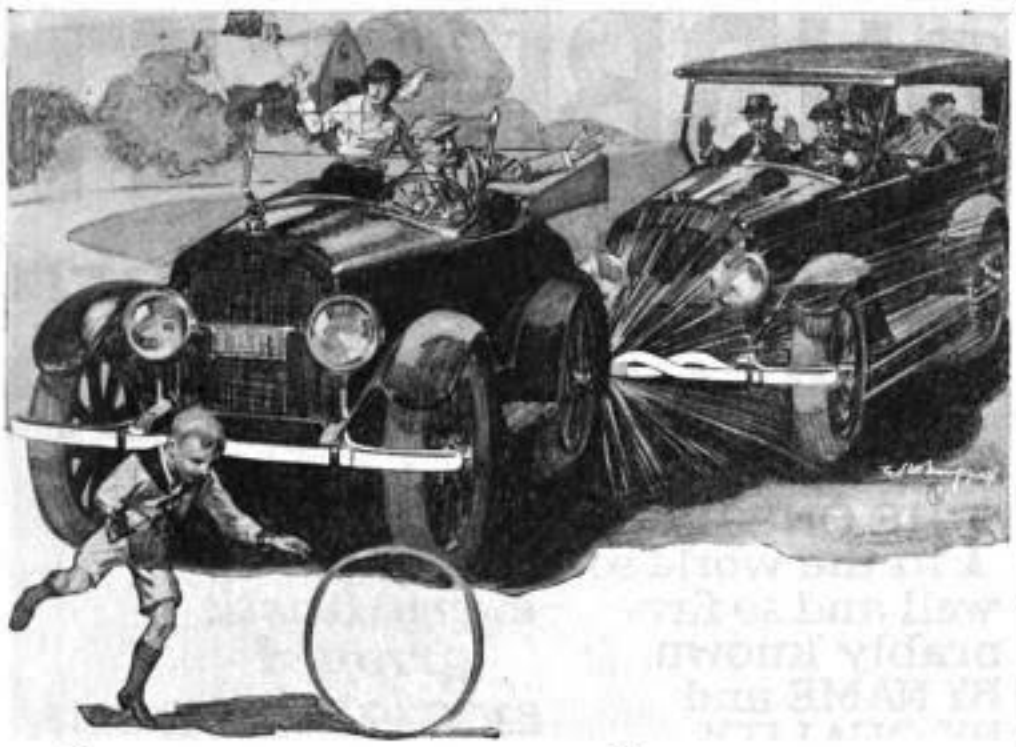
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Just stopped in time -then SMASH!

CHILD darts into path of oncoming car. Driver stops just in time. Then, *smash* comes the impact of the car in the rear. But they're safe all 'round! Both cars were protected by Lyon Spring Bumpers, front and rear.

With Lyon Spring Bumpers on your car, you can drive with peace of mind and meet the emergency when it arises. The Lyon-patented two-piece overlapping front bar and the open "looped-ends" yield to the blow and absorb the impact.

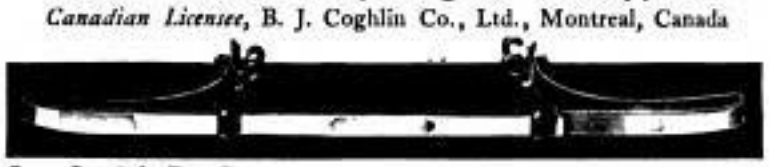
Lyon Spring Bumpers are guaranteed to take the full force of any blow at the rate of 15 miles an hour without injury to the car or its occupants. Insurance companies grant reduced rates on Lyon-protected cars. These reductions will more than pay for the bumpers. So why take the chance of being smashed up?

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complex. As I understand this, it is something like a bilious bullfrog that gets into your cranium and keeps croaking away, night and day, "I'm no good! I can't do it! What's the use trying?" until you believe the little liar. That is a bad sort of amphibian to have in a cranium. It would be better for a man to fill his cranium with water and put goldfish in it. Whatever may be said against the goldfish's lack of conversational ability, one has to admit that it doesn't croak discouragement all day. The goldfish sings no songs of despair. If I had a goldfish that sang songs of despair I would wring its neck—if it had a neck.

The trouble with most Americans—if we have any troubles—is not an inferiority complex, but inferiority satisfaction. This is a new term, and I invented it myself; but it is a good one, and will probably be used in all the new textbooks.

It is a little difficult to explain, like Mr. Einstein's theory of relativity and why it is that your collars always come back from the laundry with saw edges; but in a general way, when a man has an inferiority satisfaction it means he is content to sit in the sun in the bleachers all his life, when he might, if he hustled a little more, have a box just back of the home plate, and a season ticket.

In the book I am writing, entitled "The Inferiority Satisfaction, or Sticking in the Mud While the Other Fellow Goes by on Horseback," the whole business is explained, with diagrams and maps and dotted lines, and the formula on Page 87 shows the thing at a glance. The formula is to this effect, if no worse:

$$\sqrt{\frac{4(O+2EZ)-21(Z-3H)}{(\$1{,}000{,}000-L)-y(A.\ D.\ 1876.)}}$$

This, you will see at a glance, gives the whole matter in a nutshell, because if y(A. D. 1876) represents a young-feller-me-lad sitting on a doorstep in 1876, it must be perfectly clear that he will never get very far if he loafs on the job too much after he is old enough to shave. If, then, we let O represent the seat of his trousers, and Z an honest day's work, and H an hour, the formula shows that if a man is satisfied to sit around three hours a day on O, loafing or daydreaming, Hades—represented by L—will be frozen over long before he has one million dollars—represented by $1,000,000—or anywhere near it.

Why a Ship Rocks

Mr. Sperry has invented a gyroscope to put in the bow of a ship to stop the ship from rolling during storms at sea. For some time people have considered the sideways rolling of a ship more or less of a nuisance, especially after meals. When a man is on a ship and the ocean comes up and tilts the ship over to port until the tip of the mainmast hits a porpoise on the dorsal fin and another section of ocean comes up on the other side and rolls the ship over to starboard until the tip of the mainmast can pick up a jelly fish, even a sailor is apt to feel perfectly disgusted. It is also disheartening for a gunner on a battleship to aim at an enemy and have his vessel roll over until the muzzle of his cannon points at the bottom of the sea and he shoots a very expensive shell at an entirely neutral mermaid, and—next shot—have the ship roll back so that the next shell plugs a hole in the Milky Way.

The difficulty in stopping the rolling of a ship has always been the water. If a ship would stay on dry land it could be braced up and it would not roll; but quite often thoughtless persons take ships out on the ocean, and there is an awful lot of ocean almost more than is needed. The worst is that when the waves begin to roll there are an awful lot of waves, and when wave after wave—each with thousands of tons of water in it—comes rolling up against the ship, tipping her over and tipping her back again, it would seem that she just had to roll.

A man would think that with a huge ship rolling from side to side, and thousands of huge waves giving her a push, nothing on earth could steady her; that a gyroscope big enough to steady her would have to be bigger than the ship.

That is not so; not at all! The gyroscope Mr. Sperry uses to keep a ship steady, with her masts straight up in the air in the rollingest kind of sea, is—in proportion—no bigger than an apple in a barrel. He fools the ocean.

Living Inch by Inch

The trick is easy when you know it. It does not let the ship begin to roll. Mr. Sperry's gyroscope could no more stop a ship from rolling when it was rolling made under than a consumptive cowboy with a lasso could stop the Transcontinental Express. That is not the idea at all. He puts the gyroscope in the ship and waits for the first wave. One wave can hardly roll the ship at all; it can only start the rolling. The rolling has to be worked up as a child works up a swing. The gyroscope can handle that first wave easily, so it does just that.

The first wave slides harmlessly under the ship and the ship is still steady. Then along comes the second wave, but the first wave had not budged the ship, so the second wave is only another first wave, and the gyroscope can handle that all right.

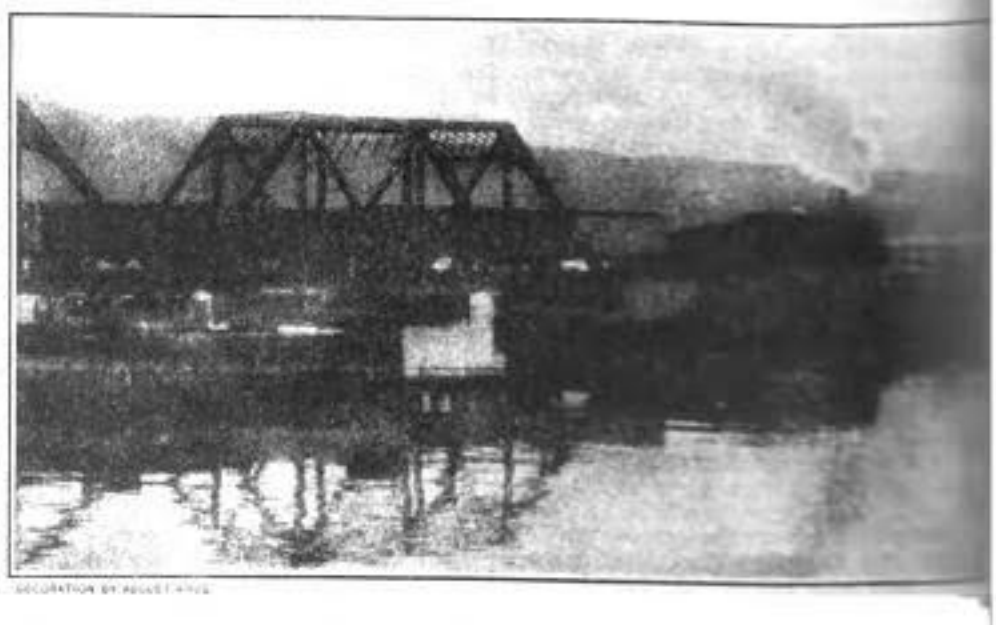
That is how the gyroscope works. It does not have to fight all the waves of the ocean at once.

It takes the waves one at a time, kills the effect of the first one, and waits for the next and kills that, too. It never allows the ship to begin to roll.

The failure or near-failure who sits down to look back over his years often can see how his life could have been a success. The successful man, looking back, sees his life as a clean, taut white cord reaching from the seven-year-old boy he was to the man he is now; the other man sees his life as a loose and knotted yarn, all kinds of ravelings and tangles—an awful mess of things—and he does not see how he could have kept all that length of yarn taut and white and clean.

My notion, after having studied gyroscopes, bullfrogs and silent goldfish and grouches and inferiority satisfactions, is that the right way to live is inch by inch and day by day. One inch at a time we can handle, and one wave at a time, and one day at a time.

The lazy man is never lazy by the year; he is lazy by the day. Tomorrow he is going to get busy and hustle, but today there is no hurry; he'll just take things a little easy today. And that is one day. Before he knows it the days are a life. And there he is! The first thing he knows he runs across a photograph of the boy he was when he was seven, and then is ashamed of himself.



DECORATION BY ARTHUR I. KELLER



Mother's place is at the table

IT'S all well enough for the family to say "Do sit down, Mother, and enjoy your meal." But she can't be in two places at once.

Obviously, if Mother is to be at the table, the thing to do is to give Mother *facilities at the table* to do her work.

So easily done, now, with Hotpoint Servants for the *Table!* For here are electric cooking appliances made for *practical day after day use.*

Made with an understanding of actual cooking requirements. And full knowledge of what electric tableware must do if it is to be more than a novelty—pretty enough to look at, perhaps, but . . . .

These are *Hotpoint Servants* —designed by housekeeping *engineers* to broaden the service of electricity to the American woman.

Hotpoint Servants for the Table

1. The Hotpoint *Percolator* —knows more about making uniformly good coffee day after day than any other percolator in the world.

2. The Hotpoint *Waffle Iron*—looks like a waffle iron, works like a waffle iron and really bakes waffles as a waffle iron should.

3. The Hotpoint *Turn-over Toaster*—you do not have to touch the toast to turn it; the toaster does that for you.

4. The Hotpoint *Radiant Grill*—boils, broils, fries and toasts, any two operations at the same time.

The Hotpoint *Ovenette* (not illustrated) is a baking or roasting oven which fits on the *Grill*. Bakes biscuits, pies, cakes, etc. Roasts meats, poultry and small game of all kinds.

5. The Hotpoint *Teapot*—continuous heat. Tea is served without jumping up to reheat the water.

Hotpoint

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If this is the longest-mileage tire on the market, it will be worth a great deal for every motor car owner to try one in competition with other makes and prove it for himself.

The remarkably high mileage which the Mohawk Flat Tread Cord is giving is not the result of any mysterious method or secret process. It comes simply from the firm determination on the part of The Mohawk Rubber Company to operate its plant and its organization so efficiently and economically that it will be able to put more rubber, better rubber, and finer workmanship into its tires than are used by the average tire manufacturer.

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Quality Tires

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THE CHANGING EAST

(Continued from Page 4)

nic interests, were imminent. Japan wn to sober thought, for she had er Teutonic model dragged in the f defeat. In addition she had wit- the rise of the United States to nding military prestige, which was heering sight. Up to this time there n a strong feeling in jingoistic Japan erhaps American democracy was mous with amiable acquiescence to

It quickened national aggressive- er the Californian issues. Sober- Japanese, however, will tell you hat the moment the United States the World War the jingo bubble The spectacle of the stupendous c machine that we reared so swiftly ark the men at the front, together orresponding realization that such t was absolutely beyond the re- of Japan, did the business.

apan proceeded with her prepared- ainst a hypothetical enemy, which construed only as America, despite that the 8-8 naval program was ond her financial resources and mbarrass a fiscal system already disaster. It was an evidence of st unfortunately be designated by l "bluff." An enlightened liberal- rging from its swaddling clothes, for disarmament, but it was a tiny t amid the militaristic din.

Washington Conference

was a definite reason, little known ca, for this bristling Japanese pre- s. Since the Washington confer- e it a quietus, it is well worth g here. As I pointed out in the le of this series, Japanese foreign as always been dictated by the ce instead of the Foreign Office. due to the rule of the Genro, the atesmen, who not only named the s of War and Navy but were an- only to the Emperor himself. ilded an immense authority, and quently frustrated the will of the They made party government a

ating Japanese militarism, the nt every energy and employed ource to build up a strong army . When the people protested e drain on the public purse the atesmen, or their mouthpieces, orth the American menace as the more soldiers and ships. It was would call a campaign cry and proved effective.

at Prince Yamagata, last of the Genro, is gone—he expired al- the last gasp of the Washington —and in view of the arms lim- seems likely that the American Japan will get a much-needed

is brief prelude you can see the for the Washington conference. r position in China and Siberia, making herself an increasingly urce of irritation. England was ary of the Anglo-Japanese Alli- democracies were eager to shake den of armaments. A revision of rcial game as played under the tional interests was imperative. ation with a foothold in Asia at unless there was some kind of erstanding, combined with a ay, there would be either bank- war in the East. Yet so deep is al suspicion—and all the sacri- ghter of the Great War has not it—that not one of the powers involved had the courage to id. It remained for the United nstigate a gathering which a terity can regard only as a def- in the progress of the world ty and safety.

s foreword an examination of esults is in order. Since Japan's s for trouble were among the butory causes, the first task is he is affected, and get some line e action. The first is compara- but the second is more difficult erse elements, developing from between liberalism and reac- seeking control. Japan is in rment. If liberalism triumphs, y will be easy. The conference the hands of sincere liberals who had urged disarmament in the face of discouraging opposition.

Washington showed Japan what she could do and what she could not do. The truth of the matter is that prior to the conference Japan faced a situation similar to that which confronted Germany in the fateful summer of 1914. It was almost a case of revolution or war. In each country the burden of taxation for militarism made it imperative to get action on the overhead that the people were paying for a spectacular show.

Happily for Japan she learned without serious expenditure of blood and treasure—her part in the Great War was comparatively insignificant—the tragic lesson that Germany learned at the price of her power and prestige. This lesson is that national progress can no longer be achieved through force. It means that in the East as in the West, economic imperialism, like its full brother, political imperialism, has gone into eclipse. Japan must henceforth depend upon peaceful penetration without special privileges.

Any appraisal of conference results must include at the outset a consideration of the Japanese diplomatic attitude. Later on in this article her leading spokesmen will officially declare her position. Unfortunately Japan's diplomatic record during the last twenty years, and especially its relation to China, has exhibited at times a considerable variation between promise and performance. Though it is unfair to assume that her diplomacy will continue as of old, at the same time it is hard to conclude that a change of heart will be sudden. Honesty and sincerity of purpose are absolutely essential in making the conference a permanent success.

The important phase for speculation is Japan's new attitude towards the mainland of Asia. How have the resolutions adopted at Washington helped or hindered her aspirations there?

What Japan Gained

Japan's new policy towards China proper seems to contemplate an amount of economic and if possible a sufficient political control to insure an uninterrupted supply of raw materials. There is no disguising the fact that the disposition towards Manchuria involves a much larger degree of domination both politically and economically. Manchuria is a vast treasure house of raw materials, and through the acquisition of the leased territory there as a prize of the war with Russia, Japan has already a strong foothold.

Japan hopes to see Siberia develop into a weak state, noncommunistic in character, where she can obtain commercial privileges which, if not entirely preferential, will give her nationals the advantage in competition with other foreigners. Japan already has her hooks deep into the Siberian coast, and is intrenched economically in Vladivostok. Following her seizure of the northern section of the island of Saghalin, as a result of the massacre of Japanese soldiers and citizens at Nikolaievsk, Japanese big business fastened on the valuable coal and oil deposits there. Japan today holds the key to the vast valley of the Amur with its rich stores of fur and grain.

Although pride fostered much of the Japanese objection to the naval-limitation agreement there seems to be no doubt that the idea behind fleet expansion was to make the navy so strong that no country would dare attack her, no matter what she might do on the Asiatic mainland. I have already pointed out the almost crushing financial burden that the naval program would have imposed. Though Japan loses some of her naval prestige, she gets at the same time almost complete immunity from assault. The restriction in capital ships, together with the nonfortification of Guam and the Philippines, removes any physical menace from the United States, and affords Japan much better protection than her 8-8 fleet would have done, and at a greatly reduced cost. It is now well-nigh impossible for the United States to use force or even threaten Japan in the Far East.

At the time I write this article, which is towards the end of April, the indications are that the greater part of the money saved on capital ships will be devoted to other construction, such as smaller ships, auxiliaries and submarines, while there is



Through rushing chaos of wind and water, shot in to the shore on the very top of the billow! SURF-RIDING!

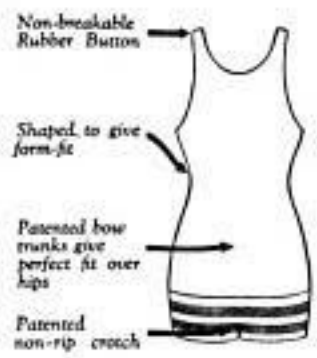
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This week leading department stores, athletic stores, men's furnishings (wherever swimming apparel is sold) are displaying Jantzen suits for Men, Women and Children. All are pure wool. Ask your dealer to explain the non-rip crotch, bow trunk pattern, non-breakable rubber button, and other EXCLUSIVE Jantzen features.

Be sure to get the original Jantzen. If you do not find them, write us for the 1922 Style Book and name of nearest dealer.



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This great capacity to withstand heat surpasses by 30 per cent the requirements of the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc., for their "A" Label. The extra one and one-quarter hours of protection when the fire is hottest is why this safe takes its contents *clear through* the worst fire to be expected. In addition to this great fire resistance

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is especially designed to stand shocks from falls, explosions, crashing debris, and sudden cooling when at white heat. As in its capacity to resist heat there is likewise a margin of safety in its structural strength.

A new standard of excellence in a safe; a new measure of protection for your records; the adequate protection you should have!

The sixteen large sizes bear the "A" Label of the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.; the six small sizes bear the "B" Label.

Interchangeable filing equipment for the interior to suit your requirements. The safe may be equipped with a burglar-proof chest if needed. Sold by representative dealers.

Write for folder, "The Most Complete Fire Protection Ever Built," and name of dealer in your city.

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every prospect of a substantial increase in naval aviation. Thus the benefits to the taxpayers are deferred. It is worth while to mention in passing that the budget for 1922-23, passed on February fourteenth last, contains no reduction of importance in the army appropriation, and only a limited cutting down in the naval appropriation. It is likely, however, that a special session of the Diet will be held this summer to revise the budget.

The four-power agreement has not been received very seriously by the Japanese newspapers and people in general. It is generally considered to be a subterfuge engineered by England and the United States to do away with the Anglo-Japanese Alliance.

The scrapping of the alliance with Britain was a severe blow to Nippon, because it was one of the old-style offensive-and-defensive kind. Moreover, it had originally given Japan a grand-stand seat in the concert of powers and had strongly stimulated her spirit of race pride.

The Four-Power Treaty presupposes honesty, justice and fairness on the part of the nations involved. Economic necessity alone will probably aid and abet an honorable interpretation of its principles on the part of Japan, but it is well to remember that the so-called liberal Okuma Government, though bound by the terms of the alliance to acquaint England with all diplomatic engagements with other countries, signally failed to do so in the case of the Twenty-One Demands on China, the Sino-Japanese Military Agreement, and the secret treaty with Kerensky in 1916. Will the new spirit of diplomacy prevent such double dealing in the future? My observations in Japan lead me to say that I believe Japan intends to follow the letter and the spirit.

The Shan-tung settlement was really a master stroke by Japan because it relieved her of a question that was causing increasing enmity both in the United States and in China. As in Siberia, her nationals have bagged valuable economic privileges, and, as I have intimated, troop retirement and a relinquishment of the control of the Tsing-tao-Tsi-nan railway will not seriously impair Japanese vital interests in the Kiao-chau Peninsula.

The Japanese people in general consider China as peculiarly their own field for exploitation because her domain is the most convenient source of their sorely needed raw materials. Everywhere in China I have found the attitude towards Japan summed up in this sentiment: "We still distrust Japan. She must first prove her friendship for China. This means a forfeiture of the Twenty-One Demands. If Japan does this she can get preferential rights in Manchuria and Mongolia." Peace and prosperity in the East largely depend upon good will between China and Japan. The Washington conference put the spotlight so searchingly upon the Japanese procedure in China that she can take no other course than that of respect for her neighbor's territorial and political integrity.

Commercial Stabilization

Only a word is necessary about Japan in Siberia, because there are other vital matters to be dealt with. The Siberian venture has never been popular with the mass of the Japanese people or with the majority of civil members of the cabinet. It has been almost entirely an army project, in which the prestige and political power of the army were closely interwoven. If the army crowd continues strong in its influence, then the retirement from Siberia will be considerably delayed. But in Siberia, as in Shan-tung, the real Japanese job is already accomplished because economic penetration has done its work.

More permanently important is the new Far Eastern economic line-up growing out of the conference. Political conflicts, like wars, are passing phases, but business goes on forever.

Taking the broad commercial view there is no doubt that the conference has stimulated all economic development. Business interests in the East feel that at any rate Washington got at the root of the evil that has hampered the movement of trade and development. Anything that reduces the hazard of war makes for confidence, and this confidence in turn makes for long-term employment of money. Abolishing spheres of influence and monopolistic concessions, sterilizing the hate and suspicions of nations and breaking up the great game of grab will mean stabilization even in China, where political disintegration has reached the lowest ebb.

Just as Japan stood at the crossroads of her political destiny in 1919, so does she stand today at a significant turn in the road of her industrial life. She is menaced from many quarters. For one thing, the Chinese worm has turned. China is now underselling Japan with Chinese goods in the Japanese markets. There are many reasons for this. One is that though the Japanese work and live for less than the white man, the Chinese can overwork and underlive the Japanese. Another grows out of the excessive overhead cost of production in Japan.

In her new trade relationship with China, Japan must hereafter depend mainly on her geographical advantage. With special privileges out of the question, she must enter frank and open competition. In this competition Japan will not fare so well because she is in the throes of a severe depression due to inflation and speculation. Her wages are 300 to 400 per cent higher than before the war, extravagance continues unabated, and the average Japanese man has not written off his losses. The balance of trade is strongly against her and she is losing her gold reserve at the rate of one million yen—approximately five hundred thousand dollars—a day. She must further undergo a drastic economic readjustment due to the Washington conference, for tens of thousands of employees in shipyards, arsenals and elsewhere will lose their jobs. In Japan the family system dictates that no workman can be discharged without what is known as a retirement allowance. It is more costly than a bonus because it sometimes implies a premium on inefficiency. You can readily understand what Viscount Kato—in addition to the Baron Admiral Kato who headed the Japanese delegation at Washington—who is head of the Kenseikai Opposition Party, meant when he said to me at Tokio, "Japan has purchased peace and confidence abroad at the expense of economic unrest and possible economic disaster at home."

Safeguards for China

I have touched only the high spots of the Japanese economic situation as they are essential to this preliminary survey. A fuller explanation of her vital economic problems, and especially the necessity of changing from a purely agricultural to an industrial mission and of improving the character of her merchandise, together with the story of her feudal banking system, will be made in subsequent articles. One possible innovation must be mentioned here.

Although possibly a sacrilege to Japanese reactionaries, it is not unlikely that what might be called a commercial genro will succeed that other and well-distinct political genro which ruled the country for years. It will develop along the lines of the commercial hierarchy that advanced Germany to her place in the world before the World War. The leader in Japan will probably be a man of the type of J. Inouye, governor of the Bank of Japan, who represents the modern and progressive spirit in Japanese finance. This genro must have and does have the ability to attain political affiliations in order to function. If it comes into being it will be a stabilizer of immense value. It will go much towards divorcing Japanese finance from the more or less baleful influence of the Foreign and War Offices.

When you turn to an analysis of conference results in China you are faced against a well-nigh baffling problem. Practically the whole of the northern part of the republic an armed camp, with national finance bogged in corruption and maladministration, with two separate and distinct governments, a parliament dissolved, most of the members of the Peking cabinet absent, salaries in arrears, a bankrupt treasury, you do not wonder that it is practically impossible for China to capitalize—certainly not at once—the immense moral support and publicity she got at Washington. To add to all her troubles, an anti-Christian movement developed.

Almost against her will and by its moral pressure the Washington conference is automatically safeguarding China. The warning by the Washington Administration that no foreign loans can be

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Clicquot Club

Pronounced Klee-Ko

GINGER ALE



For those who dance and those who don't

SOME like a fox-trot. To others a waltz is still the best. Even the one-step has its followers—and some don't like to dance at all.

What a difference when it comes to drinking Clicquot Club Ginger Ale. *They all like it.*

There is something bewitching in the sight of tiny bubbles leaping from the bottom and sides of the glass, dancing up through the clear, golden liquid to sparkle and break at your lips. And the taste—who shall describe the taste of it? The only *true* description of Clicquot Club is—a drink of Clicquot Club.

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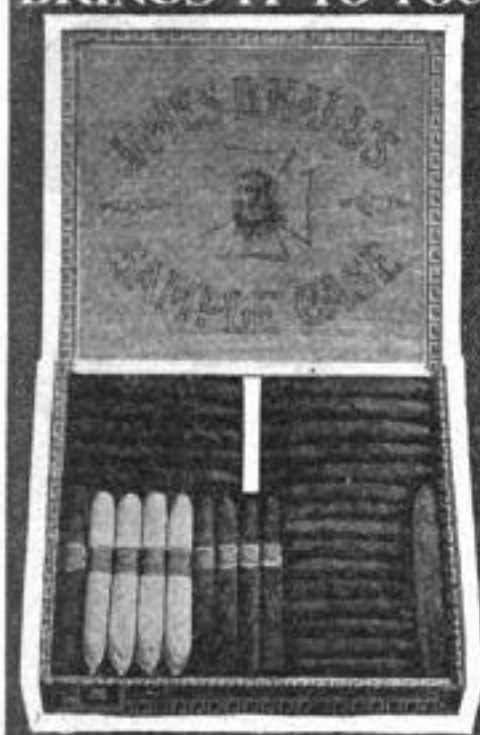
You can give everyone the choice of Clicquot Club Ginger Ale, Sarsaparilla, Birch Beer, or Root Beer. The flavors are as different as their names—the purity of all is the same. Buy Clicquot by the case for home use.

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A Man's Feet Carry 815 Tons a Day

"Anatomik" shoes support the feet in their normal position, enabling one to carry this weight in comfort; preventing and curing "fallen" arches, and other foot ailments. "Anatomik" shoes have been carrying men in comfort for 15 years. *Arrow shows where body weight falls in the wrong kind of shoe (left) and in "Anatomik" shoe (right).* Send for free illustrated booklet and name of nearest agency.

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The cleverest advertising novelty of the season is the **Allen's Foot-Ease Walking Doll**, advertising **Allen's Foot-Ease**, the Antiseptic, Healing Powder for tender, smarting, swollen feet. Every Drug Store has a supply of these Foot-Ease Walking Dolls to give away **FREE**. If your druggist has failed to receive his supply he can get them by sending a postal to Allen S. Olmsted, care of Allen's Foot-Ease, Le Roy, N.Y. Ask your Druggist to-day.



Colson Wheel Chairs
and Cripples' Tricycles
Models for All Needs
The COLSON Co.
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Catalog Free

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without the knowledge of the American Government is not only a blow to European militarism but a challenge to mushroom capitalists who have financed with shoestrings in China and elsewhere.

Every now and then you read that China is unified, but it is a unification that only widens the breach. You also hear it stated by parlor uplifters that China's fundamental needs are railways, the improvement of communication, currency reform and education. But what China needs more than anything else is a moratorium on militarism and a drastic control of the tuchun system. Until this is done the country will not only drift on to a more hopeless division but will probably fail utterly to realize on the supreme opportunity afforded by the conference. Take Shan-tung. If the present disruption continues China will not be able adequately to resume her authority there. With the departure of the first Japanese troops an era of banditry began. The Chinese allege that the Japanese instigated it, but whatever its source, it is a menace to order and Chinese restoration. With civil war on, China may be obliged to turn to Japan for adequate policing in Shantung; and Japan is no philanthropist.

These are the plain blunt facts about a country for which we all have a large sentimental interest, coupled with a corresponding amount of ignorance. The marvel is that China is able to function at all.

Despite all the plundering and dislocation that I have described, the ancient Colossus moves on. The people live and have their being. Even new banks are founded. Flood and famine prevention are under way. It is probably due to the fact that China, as someone has said, "is a civilization and not a nation." In kinship with the Balkans she seems to be able to withstand the roughest kind of treatment and survive. Like the proverbial poor, her troubles abide with us always. She will survive the present crisis, which comes unfortunately at a time when the world expects more from her than civil strife.

Optimists maintain that the chaos and confusion that began early this year constitute the travail that means the ultimate birth of a really and truly united China. Even if this is true she is losing the selling point for outside help which would have come hot on the heels of the conference. Thus she will have to fall back on that traditional self-help which has so long been a theory and not a condition with her. The principal self-help in China so far has been among corrupt officials who helped themselves to the public funds.

Living Cheap in China

Though China for the moment seems unable to grasp the opportunity offered by the conference, she is not without some compensations for those who tarry in her midst. So far as my observation is concerned, and I have been a pretty steady traveler these last years, she is the one country where the high cost of living is a stranger. After extortion in London, Paris and New York, Peking, for example, seems like a dream city, because you are constantly afraid that you will wake up and find out that it is all a mistake. You can live more cheaply in China with a greater degree of comfort than you can in any other part of the world today.

The outlook for China is not altogether hopeless. The Chinese are fundamentally democratic, and some day they will bring about a real autonomy in the provinces that will make perhaps for a United States of China. America has always been the ideal of the intelligent Celestial.

I can best sum up the situation as it now shapes by quoting what a man, born of American parents in China and who has lived there all his life, said to me in discussing the plight of the nation.

In commenting on the almost incessant civil war, which is merely a succession of conflicts between the tuchuns for personal power and plunder, he declared: "So far only the intelligence of the Chinese people has been insulted in the struggle between the military governors. The time will come when their persons will be affronted, and when this time arrives they will rise up and make short shrift of the overlords who have regarded the country as a piece of personal property to be juggled with and fought over at will. China, unlike Mexico, does not need a dictator of the Diaz type. She merely requires the exercise of a united will, which, for the moment, seems dormant."

This swift survey of China and Japan after the conference would be incomplete without a reference to Russia. As in Europe, she remains a brooding problem. The ghost of the Bear that Kipling wrote about still stalks through the Far East. He haunts a homeland despoiled by the cancer of Bolshevism and ranges its Siberian outposts seized by his hereditary enemies, the Japanese.

When you see the Russia of the old school these days you also see tragedy. Nowhere is it more poignant than in Asia. Exiled and impoverished, Russians are hangers-on in a domain where once they ruled.

But this sentimental digression is not the point I want to make. In nearly every Russian in the East burns the desire for revenge on Japan, first for the humiliation heaped upon them in the war of 1904, second for what they regard as arrogant usurpation in Siberia in the hour of their helplessness. But there is another reason. Behind the Russian desire for a reckoning is the hope of an ultimate restoration of the ice-free port of Dairen, the same one-time Dalny that was to have been the capital of a commercial and political Asiatic empire dominated by the Slav.

Japan is alive to this remote Russian menace and has undoubtedly sought to perpetuate Russian military and political collapse in the Far East. In her preparedness for eventualities the United States was not the only hypothetical enemy. Whether the Russo-Japanese show-down comes or not, Russia remains an indeterminate factor in the balance of power of Asia.

Premier Takahashi's Message

For the final chapter of this narrative let me reveal three of the chief actors in the drama of the changing East, and let them have their say.

Take first the Viscount Takahashi, who succeeded the lamented Hara as Premier of Japan. I went to see him at his official residence, where, by the way, nobody resides. He is rotund, has an inscrutable face, and looks like a bronze and bearded Buddha.

Unlike Lloyd George he is a man of practical business experience. American bankers know him as former president of the Yokohama Specie Bank; later as governor of the Bank of Japan, which does for Nippon what the Bank of England does for England; and still more recently as Minister of Finance. Most people, however, are not aware of his romantic rise from poverty—his father was a poor samurai—to wealth and political power. Born in Sundai, the Boston of Japan, he went to California in his earlier teens, expecting to be one of the pioneer Japanese students. When he arrived he discovered that he was to be a servant, and not a student, in the home of the American who invited him to come. He worked so faithfully that his master sent him to college.

From that time Viscount Takahashi's life was a series of adventures. He acted as interpreter to Prince Iwakura, the first Japanese envoy to the United States, and was later the dupe of a German get-rich-quick artist who exploited a nonexistent silver mine in Peru. Returning to Japan he was successively teacher of English in a college, founded the Bureau of Patents, and eventually got into banking by way of being superintendent of construction of the new home of the Bank of Japan. Once in finance, his advance was rapid.

Like most Japanese, Viscount Takahashi asks many questions. He was much interested in my experiences with General Smuts. That he has a sense of humor is evidenced by this little episode. I told him that I had met every European Premier since the outbreak of the war, and that Lloyd George was the only one who still held his job. Instantly his almost masklike face relaxed into a smile and he asked, "What is his formula?" At the moment the Opposition Party in Japan was trying to smoke him out of office, and nearly succeeded.

The Premier declined to be interviewed in the usual fashion—this is probably the result of his experience as a banker—but agreed to prepare a statement if I sent him the questions. I did so and included a request for a message to the American people as the result of the Washington conference. His statement in full is as follows:

Peace has now almost completely been assured by the happy conclusion of the Quadruple Agreement.

Selfish nationalism was usually the keynote of the diplomatic dealings of one nation with another. This age of national antagonisms is now passing. A new era of international relations based on the principle of cooperation has dawned upon the world. The Washington conference undoubtedly gave final expression to this spirit of the age.

The Japanese government, prompted by an ardent desire to see an efficient political government established in China, assumes an attitude of absolute impartiality toward the internal discords of that country. No one is more keenly interested than Japan in the unification and peaceful development of China. Japan is ever ready to do her utmost for the welfare of the four hundred millions of Chinese people who are Japan's best neighbors. Their aspirations are fully appreciated by Japan, who walks one step ahead in the path of modern civilization.

The Japanese government has in no occasion interfered with the internal politics of Russia, but has strictly adhered to the principle of absolute neutrality as regards the political strifes of the Russians. Japan will remain faithful to her frequent pledges to withdraw her troops stationed in some parts of the Maritime Province upon the establishment of political stability in Sibera. Japan is deeply concerned over the prevailing situation in Siberia and Russia, and is prepared to render as much assistance as possible for the speedy restoration of the economic and industrial life of the Russians in Siberia.

Now that the problem of naval limitation is definitely solved, we are justified in hoping that this will lead to the reduction of land forces, for these two problems went invariably side by side.

So far as the Pacific and Far Eastern problems, including the Yap and Shan-tung controversies, are concerned, nothing remains to be desired in the American-Japanese situation, and this will serve to knit more closely the bond that unites the two nations.

Critics often labor under misgivings of what is called Japan's militaristic policy. Policies adopted in the past by various powers in China whose independence is of vital importance to the existence of Japan herself, compelled Japan to take measures for her self-defense, and these came to be called militaristic by foreign critics. The history of Japan, however, does not show any of that lust for territory which has caused so many wars. Japan, while is keenly alive to the trend of the times, maintains a policy of peaceful development of commerce and industry. Signs are not lacking to demonstrate that the Japanese people have had enough of the glories of so-called militarism and are seeking with an enthusiasm unprecedented in their history the realization of peace and political liberalism.

I can reiterate without the least hesitation my previous statement that the war cry of that national development is no longer possible through military force. Never in the history of the Japanese people was enthusiasm for peaceful development of their national wealth more keenly felt. Force was never so much hated. Our people were willingly prepared to accept the generous concessions made at the Washington regarding the Shan-tung controversy, because they simply hated the thought of force and everything that force brings in its train. Japan's future foreign policy will be guided by the principles of fair play along the line of peace, which we shall apply to international economic and financial coöperation with her neighbors as well as to her general dealings with foreign countries.

The veil of misunderstanding which clouded the relations of Japan and the United States was completely removed by the Washington conference.

I deem it a great honor to address the American people a message of appreciation of the noble part which the American Government and people played at Washington, resulting in a glorious success for the cause of peace in the Pacific and the Far East.

I am particularly happy to see that all misgivings regarding the Pacific are now effectively dissipated and that a new era of peace and prosperity has dawned not only in the region of the Pacific but on the whole world. May the partnership of interest and sentiment to which we, the two great nations, belong, draw us still closer together in the coming reign of equitable justice and lasting peace.

Takahashi

At the Foreign Office

Next comes the Viscount [illegible], Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs. With him I found the suave and tactful diplomat attuned to every note of astute diplomacy. Educated in Germany, he was once Ambassador to the United States, and has filled the same capacity at Petrograd.

I had several talks with him in the old brick Foreign Office, which the Japanese call the Gaimusho. As I sat alone in the paper-strewn desk I thought of the diplomatic secrets that it held. Not far from the historic gray structure in the Wilhelmstrasse in Berlin where Bismarck with heavy hand welded an empire is many a picture with international interest than the picture where Japan's world game is

(Continued on Page 95)

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What Happened to This Blade Since it Was Used Last?

It was cutting clean when you finished shaving. You wiped it as usual—but now, only twenty-four hours later, it pulls like a team of mules.

What causes the difference?

Invisible rust on the microscopic teeth of the cutting edge, caused by the moisture and lather your most careful wiping can't remove. Even moisture in the air will affect a razor's cutting ability. This surface rust makes the cutting edge look like a cross-cut saw and dulls the blade.

3-in-One *The Universal High Quality Oil*

prevents that annoying rust—preserves the keen edge—saves your face and temper.



Before putting your razor away, draw the blade between thumb and forefinger moistened with a drop of 3-in-One. Do the same thing again before shaving. 3-in-One on the blade makes it slide over the face more easily and prevents soap from burning or itching.

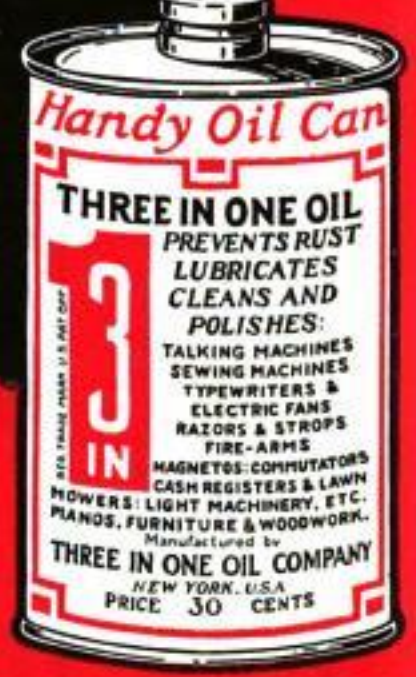
A little 3-in-One rubbed into your strop regularly will remove that "slickness" and cause the blade to take hold better.

There are hundreds of daily uses for 3-in-One listed in the Dictionary which is wrapped with every bottle and sent with every sample.

FREE—Generous sample and Dictionary. Ask for both on a postal or use the coupon at right.

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Buffalo - Cleveland - Detroit - St. Louis

A new Hotel Statler (1100 rooms, 1100 baths) is now building at Buffalo—to open early in 1923; 500 additional rooms will be added later.

It Begins with the Room-Clerk

By E. M. STATLER—being one of a series of ads embodying instructions to Statler employees.

GOOD personal service, in any first-class hotel, begins on the sidewalk—with the carriage man or doorman. But the most important person in the hotel, to an arriving guest, is the room-clerk.

So we insist, in these hotels, that it isn't enough for the room-clerk to be merely "courteous"—courteous as a matter of form. The fact that he is constantly welcoming people, hundreds of them every day, shouldn't make his welcome to you any less real. He's there, really, to be helpful to the people who come to us; if he isn't helpful—and good-natured in his helpfulness—he's a poor room-clerk.

We can't afford to have poor room-clerks or uninterested room-clerks in these good hotels.

You can see, by the attached instructions, that we consider the room-clerk an important man in our organization. And we believe that you will have no trouble in doing business with him, pleasantly and satisfactorily, whenever you come to us.

Instructions to Room-Clerks

"In the first place, you have to take seriously and literally every word of instructions in The Statler Service Codes.

"You have to remember that you are never doing a man a favor in selling him a room. I have seen room-clerks who looked bored, or superior, or patronizing—grunting acknowledgments, dictating terms, working grudgingly. But I want to say that nobody can do that in our hotels and stay on the job.

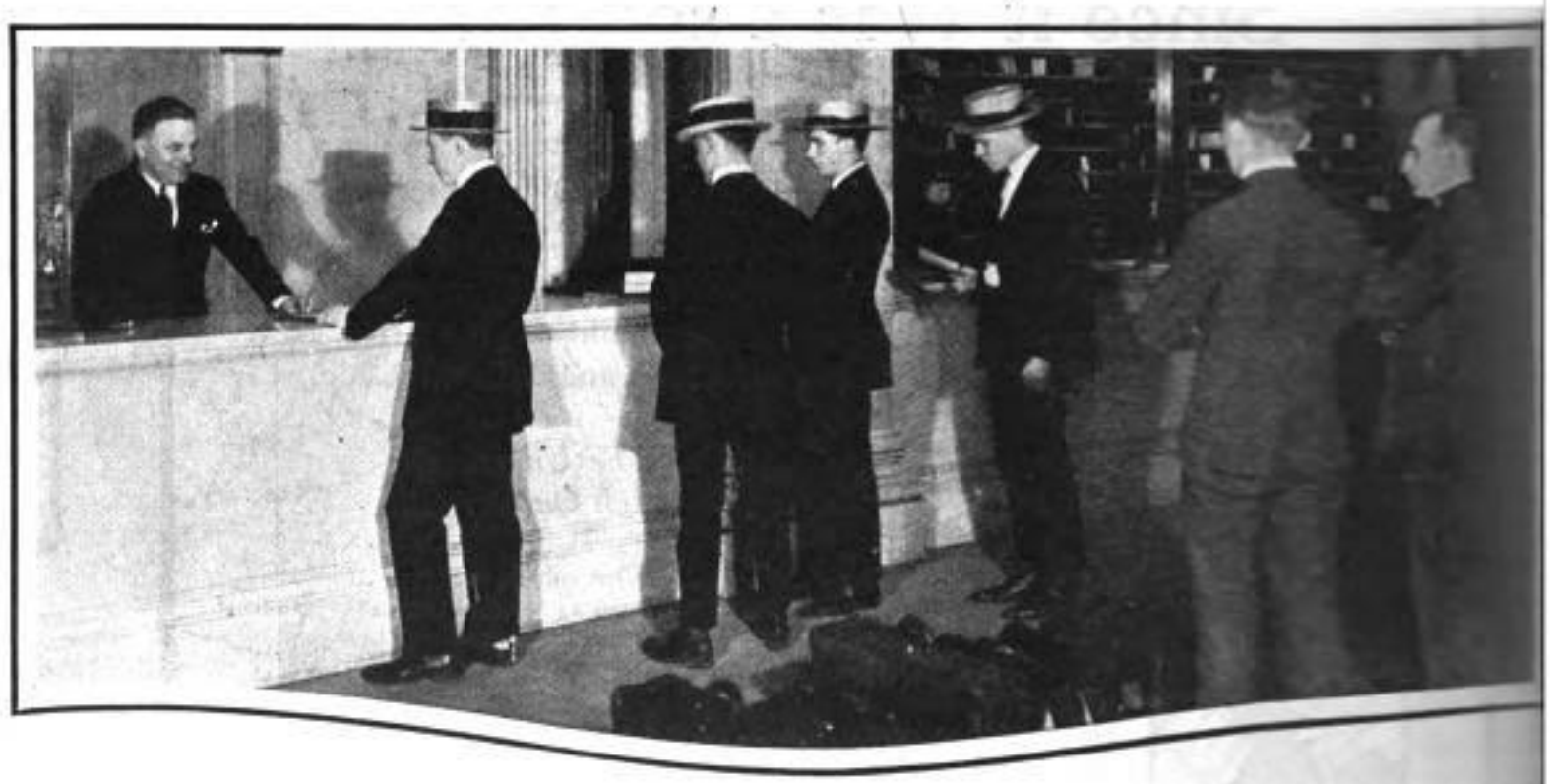
"You won't always have just what a man asks for at just the moment he asks for it, of course. Those are the very times when it is easy for *the wrong kind of room-clerk* to give a customer the idea that he has what's wanted, but won't sell it because he prefers to sell something else. Watch, particularly and especially, the way you handle people who want the kind of rooms on which you are oversold. I know, and you know, that the traveling public gets a square deal at our room desks; but it is quite easy—*dead easy*—for you to give the customer an idea that he isn't getting a square deal. All he has to judge by, you see, is *your interest in his request*. Watch yourself.

"If people find it difficult or unpleasant to do business at the room desk, that's a sure sign of a poor room-clerk.

"Think of the men and women who come to you as being *your* guests, in *your* house. They're invited to come here, you know, and they have *every right* to expect a courteous and cordial interest in their wants.

"If you can't meet and care for people in this spirit, if you can't or won't be courteous and helpful and gracious and pleasant at every step of your work—and with your fellow employees as well as with our guests—don't try to be a room-clerk here."

E. M. Statler



Hotel Pennsylvania

Opp. Pennsylvania Terminal, New York, *The Largest Hotel in the World*

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(Continued from Page 92)

...ed. My second visit to the minister ...the day after the monster demonstra... in front of the Parliament Building, ... a hundred thousand men sought to ...ence the Diet in favor of the universal... ...ge bill. The Foreign Office was still ... heavy guard.

...count Uchida bemoaned the fact that ...pan the Premier and his cabinet are ...ed to sit in the Diet as a continuous ... for the heckler. This is unlike the ...h system, where the various ministries ...parliamentary secretaries who act as ...men.

Japan's Foreign Policies

...was the case with the Premier, the ...er of Foreign Affairs preferred to ...out his statement for publication. ...s important matter practically all ...se statesmen play safe. Then they ...hat they will not be misquoted. On ...y before I left Tokio I received ...nt Uchida's replies to my questions, ...were mainly devoted to the future ...se foreign policies. This is what he

...world owes a debt of gratitude to the ...n Government for the initiative as ...the leadership it has taken in calling ...shington conference and making it a ... Only the wisdom and the statesman... ...reat men who had the vision to foresee ...faith to believe that great results might ...ved by a gathering of this kind could ... If the conference has done much in ...ng good will among men and promoting ...e of the world, certainly it helped a ...al for the betterment of the Japan... ...n relations. Many questions of pe... ...nterest to the two countries were ...djusted and evil influences which have ...the way of their cordial relations were ... to their proper quarters, if not swept ...irely. We rejoice with Americans that ...ry understandings have been reached ...e of the grave questions which have ...e tended to drive our countries apart. ...sult of the Washington conference we ...ned the wisdom of reaching a basis of ...on and friendly understanding, in... ...indulging in talks of conflicting in... From the standpoint of America and ...e crowning achievement of the con... ...onaists in its moral and educational ... has revealed aims and aspirations ...nknown or ill represented, and has ...much of ignorance and misgiving. ... Japan all know that America and ...the two countries which can be good ...d should remain so. We have long ...dent that, if correctly informed, the ...public will find no cause for alarm ...g against Japan. The difficulty we ...was that America was such a big ...country with such an enormous ...consisting of such diverse elements, ...m were too busily occupied with tre... ...possibilities within their immediate ...ay much attention to or make any ...hings which were going on outside ...of their own domestic activities. In ...ls, they seemed to have no time or ...nd care little to know about other ...r peoples, except perhaps for curi...

...py indifference of the American pub... ...o have been noticeably replaced by ...ent interest since the Washington ... which was marked by frank discus... ...onest publicity. ... America and Japan have come out ...rence better friends than they were ...hs ago, and the people of both coun... ...ing a future of renewed hopes. It ...t the assurance that the interests of ...America do not clash and that the ...oth countries are actuated by the ...for peace and friendship. ...that these results alone have made ...gton conference worth while, and ...that no backward step may ever be ...new road upon which we have en...

...ect to our relations with China, the ... conference has been equally grati... ...as given us an opportunity to show ...rity and demonstrate the fact that ...hing but a friendly feeling towards ...ighbor of the continent. Japan, in ... with other powers, has tried, as ...d, to help China out of her present

... Nine Powers Treaties relating to ...id policies concerning China and ...Customs Tariff and several other ...which were concluded or passed at ...ce, fairer treatment of China has ... and relations between the great ...ations that trade with China have ...ized, thereby removing much of ...s arising not only between China ...that power but between all the ...eir common relations to China. ...the case of Japan, by conclusion ...with China relating to the former ...d territory of Kiao-chau, she ...of the most vexatious questions ...n and China.

In all these arrangements or settlements Japan has made to China every possible concession, the extent of which is, I believe, much greater than what any other power could or would make. She does not regret it, for she believes that the sacrifices she has made will not be in vain, in the greater cause of international friendship and good will.

Japan is firmly determined, as other nations are, to carry out most faithfully and assiduously the spirit as well as the terms of these treaties and resolutions. And I believe China is no less earnest in her endeavors to do all that is within herself to reap the fruits of the labors of the conference, which have accomplished so much in her favor. It is true, as was pointed out by Mr. Balfour, that China must work out her own destiny in accordance with the changes of the changing world; that all other powers can do is to help her along her path; that she has little to gain from their advice; and that it is upon sources of strength drawn from within herself and these alone, in the last resort, that she must rely.

Japan has been and is ready to do whatever she can to help China along her path. She has every good wish for China. Not only has she good wishes, but Japan is vitally interested in a speedy establishment of peace and unity in China and in the orderly development of her vast natural resources. Let me tell you briefly why.

Japan and China are close neighbors. But their economic relations are not the same as the economic relations between the United States and Mexico, for example. The great country of America has everything within her own vast territory. In the case of Japan it is different. She finds herself in an extraordinary position of being dependent for so much of her trade on a single country—China. It is to this Asiatic mainland that we must look primarily for our raw materials and food supply, and for the markets for our manufactured goods. The conditions which obtain in China are therefore vital to our existence. Making no claim on this ground to any right of interference in the domestic affairs of China, Japan considers it, at the same time, an obvious fact that she has a special and extraordinary interest in China and its peace and welfare.

This interest is not of Japan's seeking. It is created by the facts of geography. A teeming population inhabiting a few islands situated off the coast of a vast continental country comparable among the states of the world to India alone in respect to numbers, and whose ports command all the avenues to their own shores, cannot but entertain a unique and altogether special interest in its affairs. If the islands of Great Britain were lying off the coast of an independent India it is impossible to conceive that the United Kingdom would not experience a special interest in Indian affairs. The United States has from time to time evinced an especial interest in the West Indian affairs, up to the point of intervening in Cuba, Haiti and San Domingo, merely for the sake of securing good and settled government in those neighboring states.

Such historical facts—and we could easily multiply examples—prove that the attitude of one state to another must in the nature of things depend largely upon the intimacy and importance of their relations.

That the law varies with parallels of latitude is an anarchial position that needs no refutation. But that the application of the law differs according to the circumstances of the case is equally self-evident. Conditions that may cause a momentary uneasiness to a distant and uninterested state may be a matter of life and death to a near neighbor. The relations of Ireland to the United Kingdom are largely determined by considerations of geography. The geographical position of the Suez Canal makes the relations of Britain to Egypt very different from what they would be if Egypt were in Borneo. The proximity of Tunis to Algiers made the attitude of France to Tunis necessarily different from what it would have been had Tunis been in Palestine.

Let us apply these principles to the case of Japan. Sixty years ago Japan was isolated, self-supporting and self-contained. Not by her own seeking, but through the invitation of others, she has now become to a great extent an industrial nation, depending for the life of her population upon the exchange of the products of their industry. The major part of this exchange takes and must take place with China. It is thus evident that a reasonably safe, orderly, prosperous and contented China, with which she can count on an uninterrupted normal intercourse, is for Japan an economic necessity. Without the smallest pretension to interfere in the politics, domestic affairs or administration of China—which would be rightly regarded as an unpardonable intervention in the concerns of a free and independent state—Japan nevertheless feels that it cannot fairly be denied that she and her myriads of people have an interest in the peace and welfare of her great neighbor which is far transcendent of that which can be ascribed to any of the remoter and less deeply concerned nations. To them the orderly development of China means much or means little. To Japan it means everything.

Japan seeks no exclusive economic privileges in China; still less any political advantages. But she regards it as a matter of self-preservation that China shall continually in truth and in fact be independent, orderly and responsible.

(Continued on Page 97)

UCHIDA.



In hottest weather, no matter how active, Or at all times in crowded gatherings.

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Dancing? Yes, dance as much as you want and still be free from perspiration odor.

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Keds

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Keds were originated and are made only by the United States Rubber Company. The name Keds is on every pair. It is your guarantee of quality and value.

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(Continued from Page 95)

m these vital cogs in Japan's well- and functioning governmental ma- to the premiership of China is the rbial far cry. But this is precisely the ve now make. In Mr. Liang Shih-yi hold one of the primary causes of the n between the two war lords, Chang and Wu Pei-fu, which has brought to the verge of a really serious civil

Liang Shih-yi is China's so-called wealth, and is reputed to be one of best men in the republic. Like his e, Viscount Takahashi, he is a financier, for he is the real force the Bank of Communications, and ested in many other profitable en- s. For twenty years he has alter- between public post and private s. When his political position be- untenable he always has a well- ed mattress to fall back on. In his as played many exciting parts. He sely associated with Yüan Shi-Kai at strong-handed gentleman tried himself Emperor of China in 1915, to fly to Hong-Kong for his life. l-organized political movement in ince the overthrow of the Manchus ly been complete without him. As of fact, his occupation of office has varied and hectic that it is often to know when he is in and when he Early in April he was continued as al Premier" while Mr. Chow Tze- of his trusted lieutenants, was d "Acting Premier." Only a the throes of her present almost sorganization could project the of two separate and distinct operating in different places.

rviewed Mr. Liang Shih-yi at where he temporarily resided in blishment occupied by one of the siness concerns that he controls. n a blue brocaded robe, over which black satin jacket, he looked as if epped out of an old Chinese print. epitomizes craft and subtlety, yet at unfailing courtesy which makes bred Chinese almost first among gentlemen of the world. He was erturbed over the crisis that, or unwittingly, he had brought le speaks no English and our long ion was carried on through an r.

nobilization Necessary

the Premier to explain the chaos and his reply was: "Unification prevented for many reasons. In were not strong enough to put Southern revolt. In 1920 both unprepared when the oppor- get together came. The real lack of unity is the pride and the tuchuns, which keeps the continuous disorder. With a arliament and the widespread that prevails today, unity is

st step towards the unification s to disband her armies. Only ops should be maintained to . This demobilization will not spread unemployment as was Europe, because the men could sorbed on the farms.

des must make concessions. I of retiring both presidents, es- temporary provisional unified , calling together the parlia- 7, revising the constitution, and g a president. During this in- ermier could function as tem- l of the republic. China's real hope and salvation lie in federated government with liberal autonomy in all the provinces. In this way a United States of China could be achieved, with Peking as the capital. The American system is my model for this."

"Suppose neither side will make concessions?" I asked.

"Then we must use force," replied the Premier. "Wu Pei-fu is the one stumbling block to the unification of China, and if he refuses to acquiesce he must be put down." I might add that this is exactly what Chang Tso-lin told me at Mukden.

When I asked the Premier what he thought of the results of the Washington conference he answered: "The conference pointed the way to a new moral obligation on the part of China. We are conscious of it and eager to show that we appreciate what is done for us. We cannot do it, however, so long as China remains an armed camp."

"How about Shan-tung?" I next queried.

"The Shan-tung decision represented the triumph of right over might," was the reply. "It is more than the transfer of a railway. It is a big moral step that proved to China that she had the moral support of a considerable part of the world. But we must do our part in justifying the restoration."

Sino-Japanese Relations

Naturally my next question related to the new attitude of Japan towards China.

To this Mr. Liang Shih-yi made the following spirited retort: "There are two schools in this so-called new Japan. One is composed of diplomats, who profess a change of heart towards us and who talk of helpfulness. The other is the military group, which is unregenerate and which still wants to conquer by force. Japan is eager to get an economic grip on upper Manchuria like the one she now has on South Manchuria. I hope the United States will not permit this.

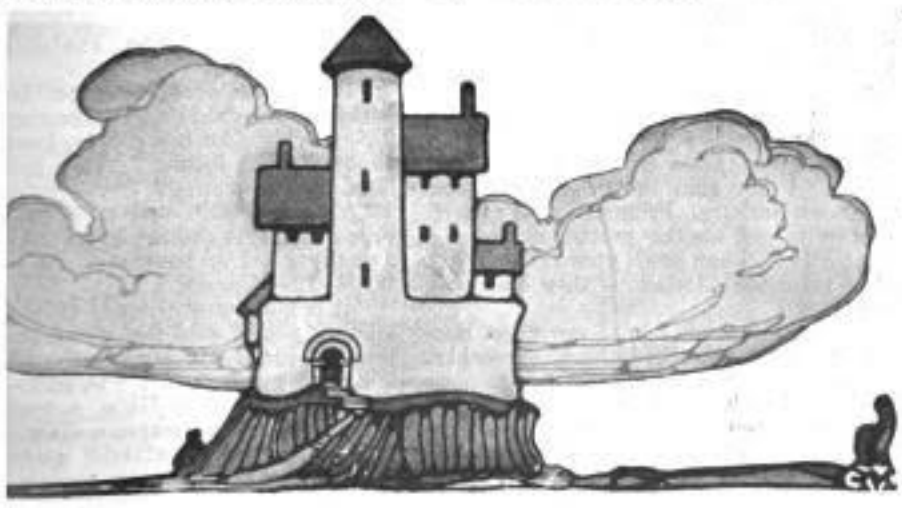
"Unfortunately there has been a minority in China very friendly to the Japanese. This section is dwindling, I am glad to say. We want to be economically and politically free of Japan, for, as I said before, we still fear her militarists."

"How about the future?" was my final question.

The Premier puffed at his cigar for a few moments and then responded: "With the inevitable unification will come economic order. We Chinese realize the folly of all the disruption that now prevails. We need financial help and we know that unless we agree among ourselves we cannot get loans. China is rich in resource and her instinct is for peace. I believe the present crisis will show the way to ultimate law and order."

Such is the background of the East in transition. Its storied and passionless calm is belied by the political tumult in China and the social and economical upheaval that threatens Japan. Yet all this disorder may perhaps be the natural dislocation due to a gradual break-up of the old orders. The Washington conference stirred the consciousness of Asia to its weaknesses and its possibilities. Likewise it kindled an ideal of reconstruction. Whatever develops in China, one thing seems certain: The likelihood of international war in the Orient has been removed for at least ten years, and by that time peace may have become a habit.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with the economic and political situation in the Far East. The next will be devoted to Japan in transition.





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LESS THAN THE DUST

(Continued from Page 7)

"Never!" replied Joan fervently. "The word 'when' isn't included in my vocabulary. Pour till it spills. That's the idea! I hooked a glass for you, Pete, but I'm rather inclined to hang on to it. Cocoa's about your speed. Let me be blasted where I sit if you aren't the rottenest duffer that ever served doubles. You can have your ring back any time you want it—diamonds can't pay me for the years of agony and shame that I see opening up before me."

"Hand it over," replied her late fiancé lightly; but something that was not entirely mirthful touched his flushed young face and friendly hazel eyes. "Can't say I blame you, darlin', and it'll help me out of a filthy hole. I've lost everything, including my shirt, to the gent from California, and it might buck him up to see something sparkle. Heave it over this way."

"I haven't got it," replied Joan blandly, crunching a large piece of ice between her small square teeth. "Lost it at craps last night to Ramon. Gad, that's cold! Hold my hand, Frisco, before it freezes."

"You're joking," said Peter Leeds sternly, the flush dying in his face. "And it's a poor joke, if you ask me."

"And you're a poor judge of jokes, if you ask me. Pulling a chair out when someone starts to sit down is your idea of a really good one. But this is the time you go to the foot of the class; your diagnosis is all wrong. That wasn't a joke—you're up against grim reality, love! If Ramon hasn't presented it to someone else—and while warm-hearted, I don't believe that he'd go that far—he certainly has the ring. Vile luck, children. One thousand dollars and a diamond ring sitting right out in the moonlight, and little Joan, the child wonder, proceeds to crap. Two ones—count 'em—two. I'll never believe in Santa Claus or storks or hell-fire again. Something died in me—but it seemed to give Ramon a good deal of quiet satisfaction. He said it was more than just a ring to him—it was a 'seemboll.'"

"You gave that fellow my ring?" Young Leeds' voice cut the warm heavy air like a knife.

Joan did not even lift her golden head from the tall glass.

"Your ring?" she inquired, coolly insolent. "How d'you get that way? My ring—or was it a loan?"

"By God!" stammered the boy passionately. "I'll ——"

"Steady on," warned Rod swiftly, an arm about his shoulders. "Here's Mendoza now; keep your head, old boy—don't let him see he's got you going. Here, finish this, Joan, someone ought to take a horsewhip to you."

"Oh, Rod, you are so wonder-ful! You'd look perfectly lovely with a horsewhip. This the little curse from Paris with our Ramon? Pretty picture—everything that grandmother wore but mitts and spectacles. Quick worker though. You have to hand her that! Look at Ramon's glorified expression!"

Across the green space of lawn that sloped from the house to the tennis court came two figures, very slowly; so slowly that it was possible to take in certain petrifying details of the smaller figure's costume long before it actually stood before them. Three incredulous pairs of feminine eyes riveted themselves on the floppy parasol with ruffles, the even floppier bag with more ruffles, the pale pink muslin dress with ruffles and ruffles and ruffles, the enormous drooping straw hat with its wreath of roses and long black velvet streamers, the eighteen inches of black velvet ribbon that went around the only small waist that Long Island had seen in fifteen years, the knot of forget-me-nots and rosebuds that held the demure fichu demurely in place, and the long black ribbon from which dangled a small object, swaying slightly before the dazzled gaze of the beholders.

"Joan!" whispered Babbie, clutching frenziedly at that lady. "Joan—look! Do you see what I see? Joan, that thing on the end of the ribbon—that isn't a locket, is it?"

"So help me Moses!" said Joan. "It's dull gold—and it's got a half pearl in it—and it's heart-shaped—and it's a locket!"

"Here, cut it out!" said the gentleman from San Francisco unexpectedly. "She'll hear you. What's the matter with you anyway?" He scrambled hastily to his feet, scowling at the trio of critics, and Babbie's gay laugh wavered.

"No; but look at that parasol," murmured the tragic Paula, galvanized to interest. "She isn't real. She's stopped to pick a flower. Do look! What's the matter, Tolliver? Do they grow them like that in the West?"

"I wish to God they did," replied the late dispenser of cheer violently. "I swear I think the world's gone cuckoo. Just because a girl's got all her clothes on ——"

"Well, she's probably showing excellent judgment in that," remarked Joan amiably. "Modesty's a gift if you've got knock-knees, Galahad. Hurry up, bare your head and stand at attention—the rose in the rosebud garden of girls is fluttering your way. Introduce us to your lady friend, Ramon!"

The superb young animal with the satin hair, heartbroken brown eyes and impudent dimples eyed her gravely.

"Mees Carstairs, you permit me? Mees Claridge, Meesees Grahame, Mees Thorn. Also ——"

"I've met Miss Carstairs," said Babbie briskly. "More than you have, I'll bet, Ramon. Boys, this is Sarah Anne Carstairs, Mrs. Carstairs' very best niece, come all the way from the convent to show us how little girls ought to behave. We're a roughneck gang, Sarah Anne, but we're going to do our best. These here gentlemen are my brother Rodman; Joan's best young man, Peter Leeds, who's got a mad on her; and Mr. La Rue Sinclair Tolliver, who came out of the West and has got a mad on all of us. Sit down and tell us how you picked up Ramon."

"I was so fortunate to meet Mees Carstairs' mother once, in Dinard, though Mees Carstairs was not there," vouchsafed Ramon stiffly. "On what you eggspeck her to seet, if I may ask?"

"I'll try to get a chair from the house," said Rod briefly, but Mr. Tolliver of San Francisco was already under way.

"Oh, please," said Sarah Anne Carstairs—and the small clear voice rang as startlingly lovely as a fairy bell—"please do not bother. You see I found a gentleman by the swimming pool and asked him the way to the tennis court; and he said that he would immediately bring a chair. And then I was so fortunate as to find Señor Mendoza on his way here from the house, so he showed me the way. And here comes the chair now. Thank you so very much—one thousand times. I am afraid I do not know your name."

"My name's Grahame," replied the taciturn Robert in an amazingly cordial tone. "It wasn't any trouble at all. Want a pillow behind you? How about another one? That all right?"

"That is quite entirely perfect," replied Sarah Anne. She did not speak with any marked accent, but something strange and exquisite touched her words, lightly as a flower or a butterfly's wing. "So tired I was, and now to sit with these great soft cushions all about me—it is like heaven. It did not tire you to carry this so enormous chair?"

Grahame laughed indulgently.

"Well, hardly."

"Ah, you are strong," murmured the occupant of the so enormous chair gravely.

She leaned back, surveying the scene about her with wide dove-colored eyes, her small pale face looking at once desolate and brave under the shadow of the great hat. The young person from France was certainly not beautiful.

Her hands, with the little black velvet bows defining the slim wrists, were beautiful; the low voice was beautiful too. Nothing else; Babbie had not been so far wrong, after all.

"But this is a most lovely garden. After that wicked sea it is good to see the trees and the green grass and the kind little flowers. I am glad indeed that we are neighbors, Barbara. From my aunt's porch I can quite well see this prettiness, and if I turn my head I can smell your roses. That is lucky for me. Delicious they are, your roses."

"Smelling roses is one of our great outdoor sports," remarked Joan agreeably. "We go in for it by the hour. Just now, though, I'd rather smell something else for a change. Flask empty, Frisco?"

"No," replied Frisco without enthusiasm. "Want some more?"

"I'll say so. Have some, Sara[h] Carstairs?"

"But what is it?"

"Hooch."

"Hooch?"

"Fire water, my child: the forbi[dden] fruit; the breath of life. Gin, in [other] words."

"You drink it?"

"Well, generally speaking. There some bad hours when we fight along [without] it, but, by and large, it's too exaggeration to say we drink it. I take it [when] leaves you cold?"

"You are kind—but no, I will [not] any. Its smell is strange."

"You're the one that's kind. The fewer the merrier, in this game [of] ing of smells, just what particular brew you using? It's demmed Gallic, [that] stuff I've been pluming myself on [be]ing a cross between tar soap and hair [tonic]. suppose I got most of the kick out [of the] name and the red lacquer bottle. Grand Baiser.' Cheap at twenty-dollars, what? What's yours?"

Sarah Anne curved her fastidious mouth into a deliciously condoling [smile].

"What perfume I use, you mean?"

"That's the big idea, child. Elusive intoxicating—like gin. I'll give you dollars for a square inch."

"How much I wish that I could give that inch for nothing," murmured Sarah Anne, the smile tinged with regret. "I use no perfume."

"You use no what?" demanded the credulous Joan.

"No perfume—none."

"Are you implying that heaven [made] you smell like a Persian garden?" [asked] her inquisitor with ominous calm.

"Ah, but you flatter me! No, to [say] fume has always seemed a little small that cries 'Stop! Look! Listen!' [In] my case, there is so little cause to [cry] look and listen, so I keep that small still. It is a thousand regrets to [me] I can so little assist you; but most [I] use only clear water."

"No soap?" inquired Babbie [faintly]

"Soap? Oh, but yes. Soap from [Cadiz]. It was perhaps that, Miss Claridge?"

"And perhaps it wasn't," replied [Babbie]. She stared fixedly at the advocate [of] water, who returned her gaze with [a] vering and gentle solicitude. "What about a swim, boys and girls?"

"Yea, boy!" Babbie was on [her feet] with all the supple grace of a kitten, [extend]ing her hand to the stately Paula. [Come] on, Polly-with-a-past, here's another [one] to change your clothes."

Sarah Anne raised delicately [arched] eyebrows.

"Polly-with-a-past?"

"Oh, Polly has a simply hellish [past]. Haven't you, precious?"

"Hellish," agreed Polly languidly. [Com]ing, Ramon?"

"I cannot say. You come, Miss [Carstairs]?"

"No, no; I thank you. Do [not wait] me, not any of you. You are most [kind], I am very tired. By and by I will [go] to the house, where my good Mary [will] have prepared all that is cool and [pleas]ant, and then I will have a long [sleep] and in the morning I will see you [once] more."

"But Babs said you were having [tea] at the club," cried Mr. Tolliver [in a] of deepest consternation. "It's a [mile]. You can't ——"

"It is charming of you to want [me a] little that I should come. Some night perhaps."

"No, tonight. Here, Babbie, [make] her come."

"It's up to Sarah Anne to [decide] herself," remarked Babbie somewhat [coldly]. "If she's tired let her go to bed. [Who's] about through jawing? It's getting late. Who's coming?"

"The food isn't bad at the club," urged Grahame suddenly. "And there's a really good orchestra. Why don't try it, Miss Carstairs?"

"It is most tempting—most [kind]; all that you should be so kind to [invite] me, but me, I will have good [time] will have good music. Wait—I [play]." She leaned forward like a comedian sketching a small expansive gesture [with] one lovely hand. Babbie groaned [aloud].

(Continued on Page 36)

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WHAT PROPER SHAMPOOING DOES FOR YOUR HAIR



Keep Mulsified in your traveling bag.

Keep Mulsified in your locker. Use it with your shower.



How to Keep Your Hair Healthy, Fresh-Looking and Luxuriant

HE appearance and healthy condition of your hair depend largely upon the care you give it. If your scalp is allowed to e hard and dry, if dandruff is allowed to ulate, falling hair and baldness are very result.

aring for the hair, proper shampooing is the most important thing.

the shampooing which keeps the hair and healthy; besides, it brings out the real l lustre and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

n your hair has been shampooed properly, thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, life- ight and fresh looking.

e your hair must have frequent and regu- hing to keep it in good condition, it can- id the harsh effect of free alkali which is n in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon e scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. is why discriminating men use Mulsified t oil shampoo. This clear, pure and greaseless product cannot possibly in- d it does not dry the scalp or make the tle, no matter how often you use it.

want to see how well you can make your s, just follow this simple method:

A Simple, Easy Method

, wet the hair and scalp in good warm . Then apply a little Mulsified cocoa- shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all scalp and hair.

r three teaspoonfuls will make an abun- rich, creamy lather. This should be thoroughly and briskly with the finger s to loosen the dandruff and small par- dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

you have done this, rinse the hair and roughly, using clear warm water. Then ier application of Mulsified, applying it before.

he final washing, the hair and scalp rinsed in at least two changes of good er and followed with a rinsing in cold

you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, kly with a turkish towel until it is dry. it a good brushing. After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

Make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright and fresh looking, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone. You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Teach Your Boy To Shampoo His Hair Regularly

IT may be hard to get a boy to shampoo his hair regularly, but it's mighty important that he does so.

Get your boy in the habit of shampooing his hair regularly once each week. A boy's hair being short, it will only take a few minutes' time. Put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair—and rub it in vigorously with the tips of the fingers. This will stimulate the scalp, make an abundance of rich, creamy lather and cleanse the hair thoroughly. It takes only a few seconds to rinse it all out when through.

You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of his hair, and you will be teaching your boy a habit he will appreciate in after-life, for a luxuriant head of hair is something every man feels mighty proud of.



Nothing so refreshing after a hard day's work as a shampoo with Mulsified.

Use Mulsified after motoring. Don't let dust and dirt remain in your hair.

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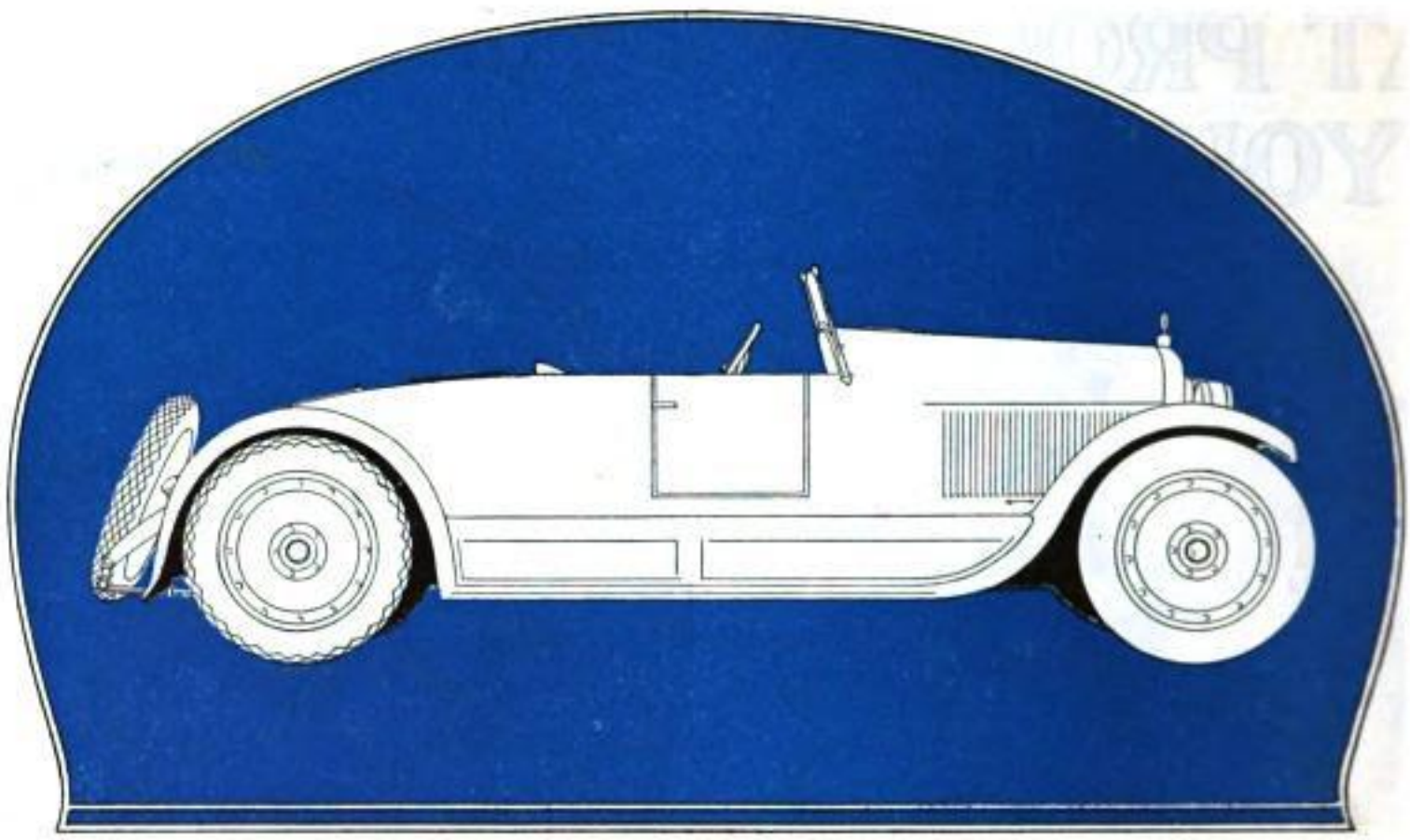
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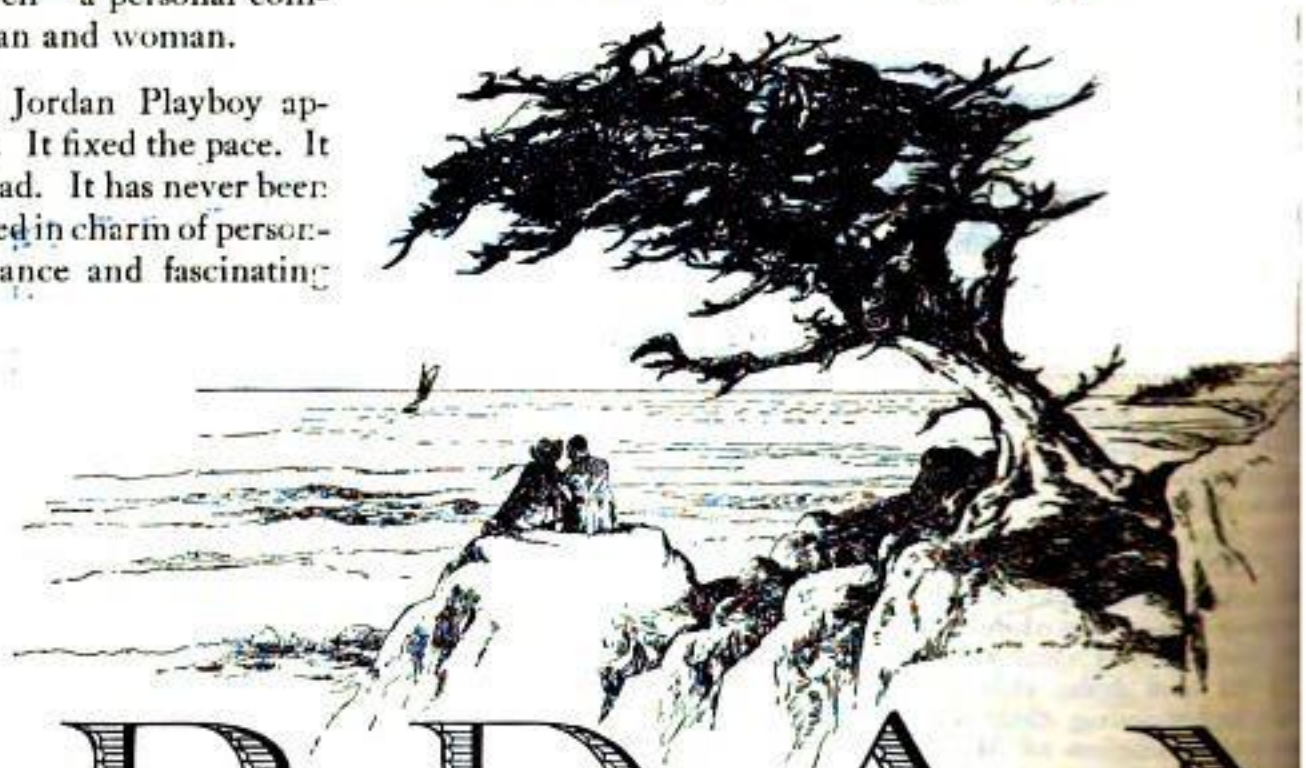
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Two-thousand-year-old cypress trees—grotesque and massive—wind tossed and rugged; limitless distances; gray rocks bulwarked against the most wonderful surf in the world—and youth, full of the gladness of living. That's the Monterey Drive on the curve of the California Coast.

JORDAN

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Inc., Cleveland

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(Continued from Page 98)

t my aunt's house, the good Marie who
e with me from France, she has pulled
those green shades in the drawing-room,
hat it will be cool and fresh like a cave.
l by the window to the veranda she has
a little table, and on that little table
has put a great tall pitcher, all frost
ide, and inside all amber-gold tea, and
cracked, and little cold wisps of fresh
: leaves. And three plates, with sand-
es, too—cool and green—cress and cu-
ber and lettuce. And a great silver
of strawberries, and a great silver
et of little white cakes. And me, I
put on a white dress with green ribbons,
I will eat in the deep chair by the
ow, and then I will light the tall candles
sing to the piano until I am sleepy.
then I will take the tallest candle and
to my bed, and I will sleep and sleep
sleep, until the morning comes in
gh my curtains. Now that is not so
s it?"

ad!" said Robert Grahame. "It's
olding out a glass of cold water to a
lying of fever. Wouldn't you let a
have just a sip, Miss Carstairs?"

ut surely, surely," said Miss Car-
gently. "There are many deep chairs
drawing-room of my aunt, and that
r, it is very tall. Mrs. Grahame will
too, perhaps?"

hink not. The patient will probably
better progress without me. Let's
off, Ramon."

lo not shove off," replied Ramon.
Carstairs, if I am more good than
er'aps you let me light those can-
rn that music? Once in Dinard, you
ber, I hear your mother sing."

: how wonderful to remember!"
arah Anne, and the small colorless
as suddenly gay and sparkling.
shall choose a song—you shall
two songs—and we will sing our-
back to that so happy room in
We go now?"

the pitcher hold one more glass?"
a Rue Tolliver thirstily. "Here,
still some left in this bottle, Joan.
I'm off after something good and

a magic pitcher—it holds for all
uld drink. Wait, you shall see!
not come, Miss Claridge? No?
rbara? You, Monsieur the brother
ra?"

ks, no," said Barbara's brother
"I think I'll swim."

hen I wish you most good swim-
ou, too, swim, Mr. Leeds?"

Leeds turned to her a bitter,
young face:

vim if anyone wants to tie a stone
y neck."

e from the nest of cushions and
vards him, small and pale and
her softly ruffled dress.

ou are not well? Ah, I am sorry.
come with us, and we will all take
l care of you; see, it is a bargain.
this is *au revoir* for just a little
u must come to see me soon, soon,
ot be lonely in that great house."

s as though you were going to be
commented the dazed and out-
bara. "Send them back when
ad their cambric tea, will you?
er come out of their trance we'd
r dinner. We can meet here on
at 7:30. Come on, Joan!"

n, curled on the scarlet cushion,
r. She sat motionless, only her
es following the little group cut-
ly across the lawn to Mrs. Car-
e, the small pink figure with
g-head almost concealed by the
wall that closed about it. The
mon was carrying the fantastic
Rue Sinclair Tolliver had the
bag, Grahame the misogynist
her his hand to help her across
mal path; and suddenly, young
above the fading voices, Peter's
out.

ned to the echo of that laugh die
moved. She turned her flower-
the three who stood watching
neath the tree—Babbie's round
eyes and parted lips, Paula's
ic amazement, Rodman Thorn
inst the tree with an enigmatic
eyes and a slightly sardonic
ps—and then back to the group
rough the gate.

be hanged!" commented Miss
sively.

r reference was made to the
their midst for the next two hours. They had undressed, bathed and dressed at the pool, and repeated the performance in the seclusion of their respective homes in dignified silence. The silence had been maintained for some fifteen minutes on the moonlit terrace at the Thorns', where they sat grimly listening to the sounds of decent revelry proceeding from the Carstairs drawing-room. Music there was, and lights, and laughter—a murmur of voices, from which the errant breeze detached an occasional sentence, floating it across the intervening space to unwilling ears.

"Sure you aren't tired?" Grahame's voice rang out, rich with solicitude.

"Oh, but not too tired for this! This I love; the tiredness shall wait. Now once more, very soft. Mr. Tolliver, you shall be so kind to do that beautiful second; you, Mendoza, turn the leaves again—never have I seen one so quick and sure—never. Now—

"In the gloaming, oh, my darling,
When the lights are dim and low ——"

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Babbie violently. "You're a man, Rod—why don't you make them stop that yowling? That's the third time—and it's ten minutes to eight. Why don't you go in there and tell them to shut their mouths and come to the club? I'm starved."

"Better not send me!" advised Rod lightly. "You'd probably never see me again. It's been years and years since anyone has encouraged me to sing. When they started 'Just a song at twilight' it took every ounce of strength I had to keep me in this chair. I'm totally exhausted; that's the only reason I'm still here."

"Well, I thought I knew my fellow man," said Joan grimly. "And then along comes this dowdy little bundle of ruffles and ——"

"Ah, you only thought you knew them, Joan," replied Rod. "Something else came along inside that dowdy bundle of ruffles—something strange and new and old as the hills, something that made them remember that ankles might be elusive and waists small enough to put an arm about, and that hands too fragile to hold a parasol would be soft to touch, and that all these things might be forbidden. A girl came along in that bundle of ruffles—and we remembered what a girl might be like."

"Are you claiming that none of you had ever seen a girl before?"

"Well, not for quite a time, Polly! Not a subdeb or a flapper or a good pal or a cutie or a vamp or a fascinating young married thing or an even more fascinating young de-married thing—but a girl. The kind of girl who used to sit on the porch steps in the moonlight and smile when you brought a bunch of violets or a box of chocolates—and smile again when you left at ten. Nowadays, if you don't supply a roadster and a quart of gin and a hundred cigarettes and a jazz band, you're a piker, and you know it in a hurry. The kind of girl who never ate twenty dollars' worth of stuff at a cabaret in her life. If she wanted a supper party she cooked it for you in a chafing dish at eleven o'clock, and put pink ribbon on her frilly apron to show you that she thought it was a privilege. The kind of ——"

"Oh, shut up!" cried Babbie violently. "Are you going to collect those other asses or am I?"

"The kind of girl who let you pick up the handkerchief and button her gloves," continued Rod unperturbably. "Who ——"

"I should think the helpless little angels would have worn you to the bone."

"Oh, they weren't really helpless. Just helpless enough to make us feel that we were some good in the world! They'd act as though it were a miracle that we should spend two seconds picking up their gloves—but they'd take two hours to darn our socks. They'd ——"

"Hey, how do you get that way?" demanded the indignant Babbie. "Believe me, Methuselah, no girl ever darned your socks. Where'd you know all these girls anyway?"

"Oh, our fathers knew 'em," replied Rod lightly, but there was a curious gleam in his dark eyes. "And our grandfathers and our great-grandfathers. Something deeper than our memory knew them—our blood and our bones and our dreams. And when Sarah Anne Carstairs came across the lawn this afternoon ——"

The silver voice of Sarah Anne Carstairs drifted across the moon-washed space between them.

"Well, then, just one. Just one because you have been so good and kind, each one of you. Let us see, what shall it be? Ah, now I have it!"

There was a brief pause, a little chime of chords, and suddenly a voice was singing—moonlight and starlight and falling water turned to music.

"Less than the dust beneath thy chariot wheels—"

sang Sarah Anne Carstairs.

"Less than the rust that never stained thy sword—
Less than the trust thou hast in me, O Lord—
Even less am I—even less am I!"

"Hold me!" implored Babbie frenziedly. "Someone hold me, quick, before I go mad and froth at the mouth. If they fall for that I'm going into a convent!"

"Less than the weed that grows beside thy door—
Less than the speed of hours spent far from thee—
Less than the need thou hast in life of me—
Even less am I—even—less am—I!"

The fairy voice, the chiming chords trailed slowly off; and then from the silence there rose another voice, stammering in its eagerness, changed so that no one could say whether it belonged to Peter, or to Robert, or to Ramon, or to La Rue. Perhaps it spoke for them all.

"Sing—sing it again!" implored the starved voice.

II

"BUT I do not do these dances of which you speak," said Sarah Anne, with a small pathetic smile.

She was leaning back in a great wicker chair on Mrs. Carstairs' vine-clad veranda, with five green cushions behind her back—Peter Leeds had put them there—and two diminutive slippered feet perched like a pair of white mice on the stool which Robert Grahame had provided. She was presiding over a smaller court than usually gathered about her at five o'clock, as a polo game had lured some of the faithful to another part of the island; still, there were present four gentlemen deeply absorbed in contemplating their hostess, and two ladies equally absorbed in contemplating the gentlemen. Sarah Anne looked the only cool thing in a hot and jaded world, in spite of the fact that her filmy muslin dress swept its snowy lengths down to her slim ankles and up to her slim throat; even the sleeves fell loose and wide over her wrists.

But something about her—possibly only the unshadowed tranquillity of the small colorless face—made Joan Claridge's Dresden-china daintiness look a trifle feverish, for all that her green tennis frock had no sleeves and very little waist and even less skirt, and Babbie's vivid gypsy face rising out of the childish smock of tan linen seemed positively sultry, though the sleeves were rolled high to the shoulder, and the trim stockings were rolled well below the knee.

Sarah Anne's smooth head, with its wreath of pale braids, was bent industriously over a peculiarly hideous piece of embroidery: an elaborate design of roses, shading from blush pink to deep crimson on a snow-white background, with a realistic garnishing of nine distinct shades of green leaves.

She was selecting the innumerable silken strands and turning them into blossoms with a reposeful deftness that Burbank or Cagliostro would have envied.

"Your shimmy, your jazz, your toddle and your wobble—no, no, not one of them. So at these club dances, what should I feel but sadly in the way? On Wednesday I did try, just to go and watch—did I not, Barbara? But to watch—well, I think those dances they are made to do, not to watch. So tonight I will beg to stay at home. What do you need with so small and useless a person as me, at that great party? No, no, you are heavenly kind to me, you and Joan and Peter and every single one, but you will not even know I am not there—you will see."

"We'll know damn well that you aren't there," said Joan Claridge, and her voice shook. "Because the party will be about nine men short, thanks to you. They'll be sitting out here in the moonlight, playing pussy wants a corner and tiddlywinks until you sing 'em to sleep with a Baby's Prayer at Twilight. And maybe you don't know it, angel face!"



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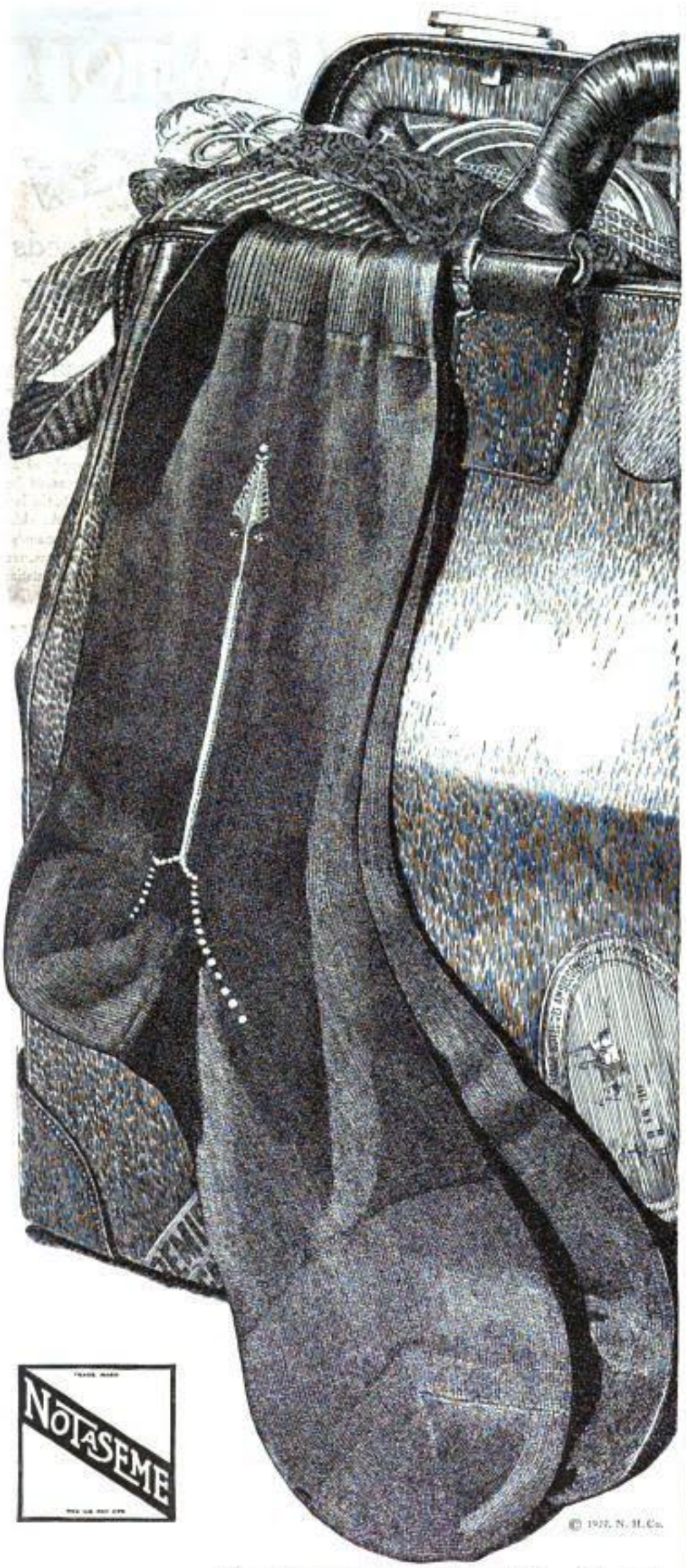
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Peter Leeds turned on her violently, his pleasant countenance darkly red, but Sarah Anne spoke first, lifting wondering eyes from her roses.

"Ah, Joan! You think that of me? I am sorry—sorry. I have been stupid. I did not understand you cared so greatly. Believe me, I did not understand."

Joan swung off the veranda railing with a loud clatter, planting herself squarely in front of the tranquil enemy, her hands deep in her pockets, her flower-tinted face on fire.

"Well, I don't so greatly care. See? But I'm getting on to you—see? And the stuff you're getting away with gives me a pain that'd turn neuralgia into a treat. And keep any more of that holy stuff until I get off this porch. Lay off it, you hear me—I'm fed up for life!"

She bestowed one inclusive and menacing glare on the assembled company, cleared the railing with a brief flourish of skirt and a neat click of heels and disappeared into the shrubbery before anyone on the veranda had recovered breath.

Ramon Mendoza spoke first, an ugly curl to his fine lips.

"Feeshwife!" he remarked with venomous precision.

"No, no, no, *mon ami*, I will not have you use such words. She is tired and unhappy, that poor little Joan. How often have I told her that all that smoking, all that drinking, all that riding, will do her harm? Now, alas, something breaks in her pretty head—it is a madness. Peter, you shall run after her, you shall bring her back."

Peter disclaimed this program violently.

"Nothing doing! She can drop dead in her tracks for all I care. Handing out that line of talk to you!"

"Me! Of what importance am I, Peter? No, no, it is of little Joan that we must think. She is unhappy. Help me, all of you."

"Well, I must say I think it's jolly decent of you to take it that way, Sarah Anne," commented Babbie, grudgingly honest. "If I were you I'd be thinking of the quickest way to choke the bean out of her. She hasn't got any right to go off her nut like that, no matter what happens. Everyone knows she's got a dirty temper, but it's about time she learned to hang onto it. Let her alone. It'll serve her good and right if no one goes near her. Don't you think so, Rod?"

"I think that Miss Carstairs shows almost superhuman forbearance," said Rod thoughtfully.

Sarah Anne gave him a swift glance through her short thick lashes, sketched a gesture of depreciation with one slim hand, and resumed her tranquil labor with the flowers.

"Now you laugh at me," she murmured. "I think that tall brother of yours likes to mock at me, Barbara. He knows all too well that about me, who am small and weak and of an entire and disgusting uselessness, there is nothing superhuman. I wonder if perhaps there is not in him somewhat of the cynic as well as the critic?"

"Nope," Babbie assured her with a small yawn, "Rod's a blooming idealist—aren't you, darling? He doesn't fall for that cynic stuff either. There was a girl here last month who told him that there was something deliciously sinister about his eyes, and he walked out on her without another word—planked her cold, didn't you, Rod?"

"The young woman was apparently in the last throes of dementia præcox," explained Rod agreeably. "It looked to me as though she needed more professional assistance than I was able to render, so, as Babbie so graphically puts it, I planked her cold. Will anyone be good enough to tell me just what the plans are for this evening? I don't want to waste one precious minute of the princely holiday that has been lavished on me by the press, so if someone will set me straight I'll be everlastingly grateful. Dinner dance at the club?"

"Well, that's what we've done every Wednesday and Saturday night since Noah ran the ark," said Babbie. "But if it's anything like the last one I'm going to smear cold cream over my face and light out for bed at nine o'clock and to-morrow morning I shall up and catch the 7:48 to town and start in on a concentrated course in interpretive solo dancing. Yes, sir, it may be all kinds of sport to do April Dawn all by yourself while the violins make a noise like dear little birds, but the dancing I've learned so far needs a partner to make it come out right. Of course up till last Wednesday the local union of partners hadn't gone in for community singing as a life work, but from now on I'm off dances unless Sarah Anne takes up training or goes back to her convent. Honest to goodness, Sarah Anne, what in the world do you want with ten at a time? When is Mrs. Carstairs coming back? Have you written her yet how lonely you are in the big house?"

"Little darling goose!" murmured Sarah Anne, a small gay smile touching her lips though she did not raise her eyes from the roses blooming beneath her light fingers. "Never in all my life long have I heard so great nonsense. If I did not very truly love you, Babbie *de mon cœur*, I would not like it when you tease. Because these poor men are too tired when they come out from the hot city to jump like jacks to that savage music, you would hold me to blame? Because they would rather sit quite still and feel the moonlight on their faces, and talk a little, very low, and sing a little, very soft, and laugh a little, and be a little sad, you are cross? Ah, but, Babbie, that is not fair. Is that fair, Mr. Grahame?"

"Fair!" echoed Grahame with an ironic laugh. "You don't think for one moment that you're going to get away with anything decent and quiet and lonely in this place without starting a young riot, do you? Every girl on this island, married or single, from fifteen to fifty, is so crazed and glutted with excitement that it's like giving a needle from a drug fiend to try to get one to keep still for half an hour. Isn't that so, Leeds?"

"I'll say it's so," replied Peter Leeds, bitterly laconic.

"Oh, rot!" cried Babbie vigorously. "You were every bit as keen about parties as any of us, Robert Grahame, once you got four cocktails into you! You needn't make faces at me, Rod. I've done all the listening I'm going to do this afternoon; everyone can loll back and listen to me from now on. Bob, have you got the nerve to sit up there and look me in the eye and tell me that you weren't the fellow who was always yelping for just one more rubber, or jackpots at three o'clock in the morning when everyone else was feeling as though their eyelashes weighed a ton and they were going to carry their feet around on cushions for life?"

Grahame met her eyes grimly. "You got me too! I'm not denying it. I've not forgotten what the words 'peace' and 'quiet' meant. I was wound up as tight as any other tin toy in the whole shop—I had to run as far and make as much noise as the rest of you, my dear. But from now on you can count me out."

"The trouble with you is that a swim has taken you about three drinks to recall as a member of the human race," commented Babbie with gloomy impertinence. "And now you aren't getting anything more nourishing than lemonade! For the Lord, Polly'd slip a shot into your breakfast coffee."

"Babbie!"

"Oh, don't bother, Miss Carstairs. I've known this child since she wore long skirts. Paula doesn't get near enough to the breakfast coffee to even put cream in it, Babbie! I leave at half past eight and she generally takes hers clear in a dressing-gown at lunch time. Our schedules don't connect any more; now that I've taken to retiring before 2 A.M. we don't even get a chance to exchange opinions of each other's character!"

"Tough luck!" condoled Babbie sympathetically. "But I notice you manage to keep the trail to the country bright and merry day, old dear. Romps in for his week-end pretty regularly, doesn't he, Sarah Anne?"

"Perhaps he finds it more easy to work through those heavy tasks with eight hours of sleep behind him," replied Sarah Anne tranquilly. "Another glass, Mr. Grahame? Good! For you, Mr. Leeds? You, Peter? But where is our Polly this afternoon? She is neglecting us most shamefully and we who are needing her love and her clothes to make us believe that it is a party that we have! You have not seen her, Babbie?"

"Nope," replied Babbie airily. "Told me to take my rags and tatters off the porch, Sarah Anne, or can you hear me just closing your eyes? I don't want to wreck the scenery as well as the party."

"But, Babbie, you are being a most wicked child!" cried Sarah Anne, raising her brows in humorous despair.

(Continued on Page 105)

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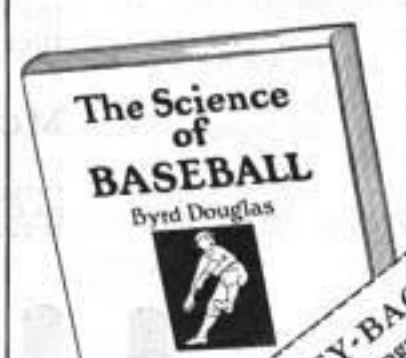
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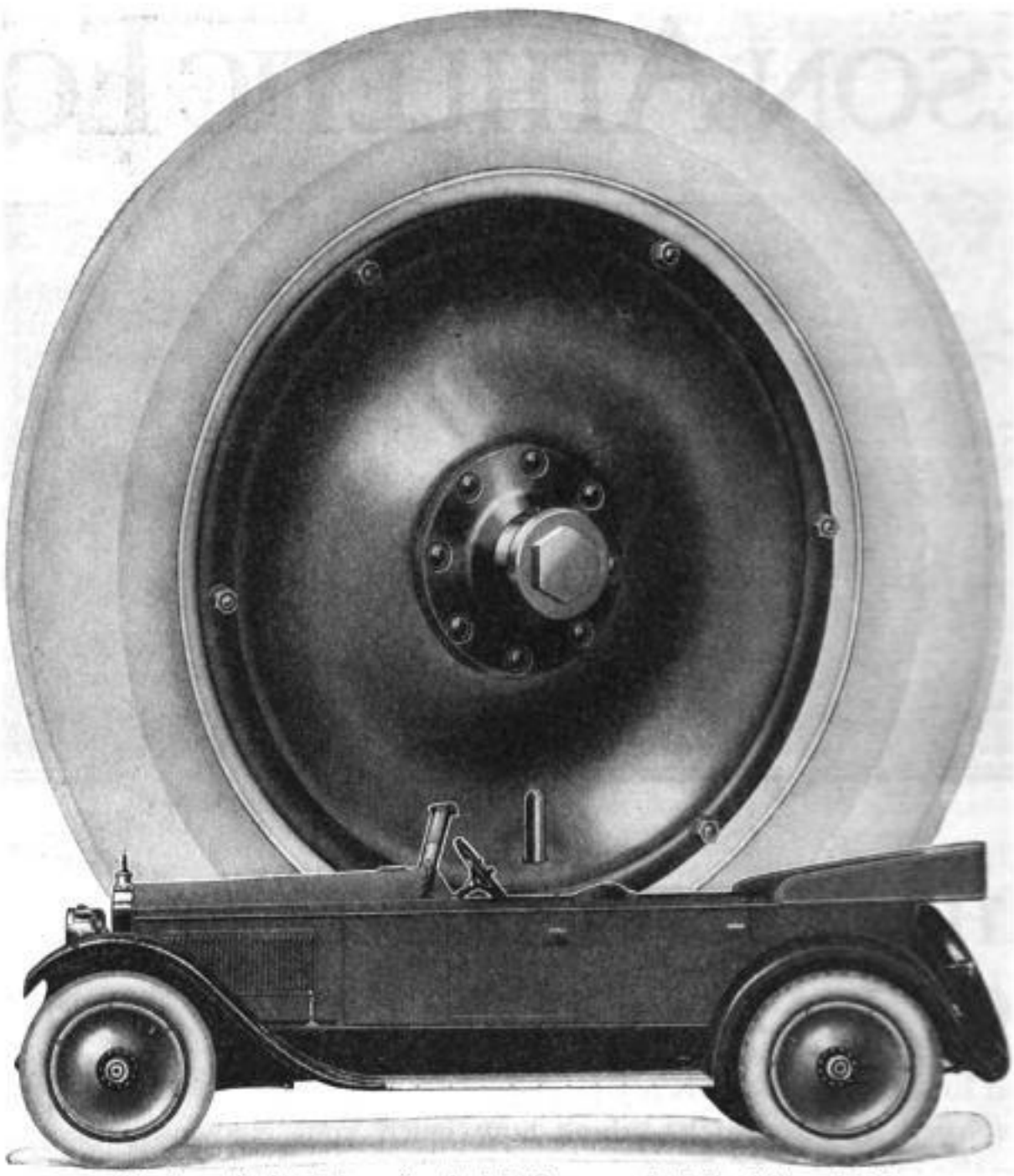
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T u a r c

Gier Tuarc STEEL WHEELS — a Motor Wheel Product

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(Continued from Page 102)

s, they are perfection, as always, and
musing, like a very dear little boy,
hey are not all lace and chiffon like
wears, not party clothes—no, now
y? Did I say more than that? Did
me, put in those sharp, cross little
and be sorry that you are so bad a
"

bad kitten eyed the occupant of the
hair somewhat somberly.

right, all right; only don't fuss.
is Polly anyway? We've got to
out tonight. Did she tell you when
over, Mendoza?"

loza flushed slowly and deeply
is dark skin, avoiding the insolent
at Grahame turned leisurely on

How should I know? I have not
esees Grahame since—since the
came before yesterday."

e's stare of blank amazement was
e that the flush deepened slightly.
the day before yesterday? Well,
ve of ——"

ut in casually but sharply: "Per-
's off somewhere with Tolly. She
o try out his roadster, I know."

remarked Sarah Anne thought-
ng the silken strands in her fingers
ight frown. "No, I do not think
is with Mr. Tolliver. Now which
wo would look more pretty on the
of that smallest petal, Babbie—
v pale pink or the rose pale pink?
f I should take ——"

d'you know she's not with Tolly?"
d Babbie, and at the subdued
f her tone Rod turned in his chair

Anne, however, did not lift her
the bright strands.

do not know," she murmured,
nd preoccupied. "No, no; I said
think. How if we try both? First
ale ——"

then, why do you think she
terated Babbie, her voice slightly
cious and less subdued, her eyes
ominously.

nne threaded her needle deftly,
ise smile, heavy with memory,
er lips.

ut now who knows why they
or that or the other? For so
son—for none at all—I am prob-
wrong, but still I do not think
is with Mr. Tolliver this after-

glared at her for a moment,
speechless; swallowed twice,
shoved back her chair, and
er feet.

erybody—I'm off."

Babbie"—the soft voice was
th pretty bewilderment—"we
et fixed about tonight! Off to
?"

halfway down the steps, turned
to fling a glance fraught with
the direction of the inquiry.

find Joan!" she replied in her
nging voice, and disappeared
corner.

e took three diminutive stitches
pink before she spoke.

bbie, she is my joy!" she re-
ly, tilting her braid-wreathed
side as she critically inspected
k. "Oh, but my joy! So brave,
o most enchanting a goose—
Yes, I chose wisely that pink.
it was the one. Peter, would
niable as to hand me the gray
that I see over there in the
there. A thousand thanks."

garding its contents medita-
oment, and then, with a slight
orners of her lips, selected a
e paper, gave a delicate shake
led fountain pen, and with a
y compounded of appeal and
reted the attention of her four
ests.

, I am about to give a party—
e perhaps noted that I am
e the invitations. I ask one
dons for my very great rude-
s most, most important that
hey should be written with
rill forgive me—you will con-
lemonade and eat little cakes
ill for just five minutes? Just
! I am forgiven? Good!"

vered in the air for the brief-
, and then pounced on one of
sheets of paper, flying across
ice with lightning celerity,
erously to the next without
even a slackening of its smooth haste—to the next, to one envelope—two—three—it executed a small discreet flourish, and collapsed gently into well-earned inactivity.

"*Et voilà!*" murmured Sarah Anne softly. "To Joan, to Babbie, to Polly—yes, all there. Now you are going once more to be kindness itself to a small wretched nuisance that will not leave you tranquil! You are going to be so heavenly good as to see that these three ladies receive their invitations within the next half an hour. Oh, but without fail! It is of great importance, because they must have them in plenty of time to dress for dinner, and dinner is at eight. You will have to hurry, but you also will have plenty of time to dress for dinner—you need not bring back the answers."

"Who is going to bring them?" inquired Peter with interest, somewhat dazed by the sudden executive talents of the fragile occupant of the armchair.

Sarah Anne sank back into the cushions with a pathetic smile of relief, picking up her embroidery frame bravely but reluctantly as though she found it heavy.

"Oh, they will bring them themselves. I have asked them to be so kind as to do it at once when they receive these. There may be one or two small little matters to be discussed; I wish everything to be as they would have it, naturally!"

"My dear child," asked Robert Grahame incredulously, "you surely don't believe for one minute that those girls are going to come meekly back here within half an hour to accept your dinner invitation?"

"But I believe it for two minutes," replied Sarah Anne serenely. "For two hours, for a whole long life! You do not?"

"That's understating it. I don't believe it to the extent of being willing to bet a thousand to one that you won't lay eyes on them this evening."

"Alas," breathed Sarah Anne regretfully, but behind her lashes her wistful eyes danced. "Alas, I do not bet."

"But Bob's right, Sarah Anne," Peter assured her earnestly. "For the Lord's sake, don't go making any plans for a party tonight. You don't know Joan."

"Do I not, Peter? And you who know her so well! Still, I think that she will come to my party tonight. You will come too? You, Mendoza? Mr. Grahame? Mr. Thorn? Good! It will be a most beautiful party—you will see!"

Peter's stern young face relaxed suddenly into a boyish grin.

"It will be a most beautiful stag party, you will see! However, we won't need more than one lady, and she's bound to be there, since she's giving it. Where are we to find the guests that we're to serve these notices on?"

Sarah Anne was once more absorbed in the problems of horticulture.

"Ah, that I leave to you. Look, Mendoza, you do not think that little soft pink exquisite? But the deep red next to it—no, give me scissors, and I snip it out quick. There is no harmony—none—I went blind in my head when I put that in—it is monstrous when they scream together like that. I take ——"

"Hey, lady, listen!" implored Peter. "You don't mean that you just expect us to go out and stagger around the countryside until we run into one of your invited guests, do you?"

Sarah Anne paused long enough to gather up the notes with a faint catch of laughter.

"No, no!" she replied soothingly. "But of course not; there must be method; as always you are right, Peter. Here, you will take this one, and give it to Joan; Mendoza, he will find Babbie; and Mr. Grahame, he will find Polly. That way it will be so simple as good day!"

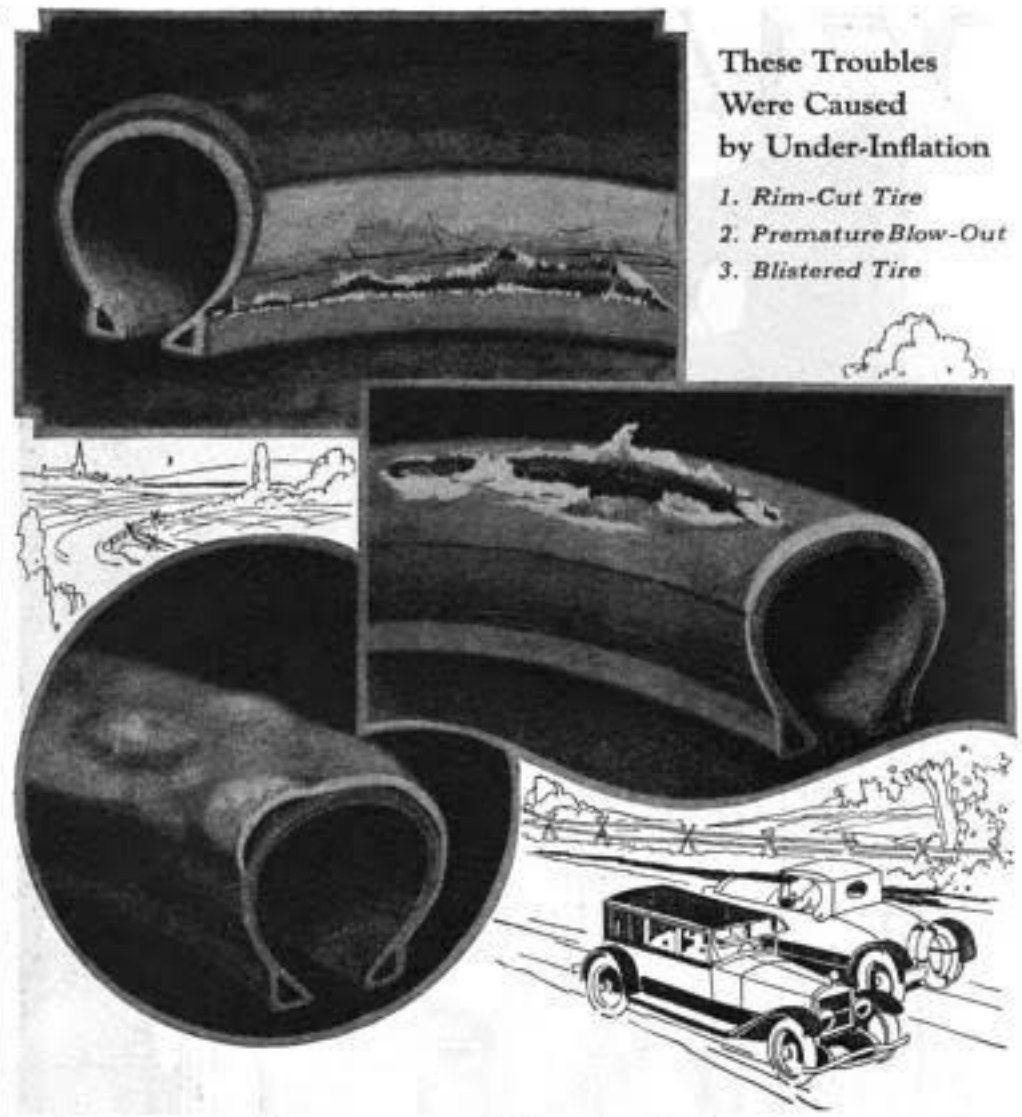
Grahame rallied first, with a sardonic smile at the stunned faces of the other envoys.

"Perfectly simple, naturally. The only difficulty is as to where to look for them. Where do you suggest, Miss Carstairs?"

The lady's soft confidence would have inspired a group of sightless imbeciles led by broken-down dogs to instant action.

"I? But I suggest nothing, naturally. It is not I, a stranger, who know where they should be; that is why I ask you to find them for me, you who are their husbands and fiancés and friends, and who are also most wise and quick and resourceful. And also I beg you to hurry. Please, please, I beg you to hurry, for there are many things still to do!"

"And may I then een-quire," remarked Mendoza with great ceremony and a somewhat baleful glance at the flannel-clad



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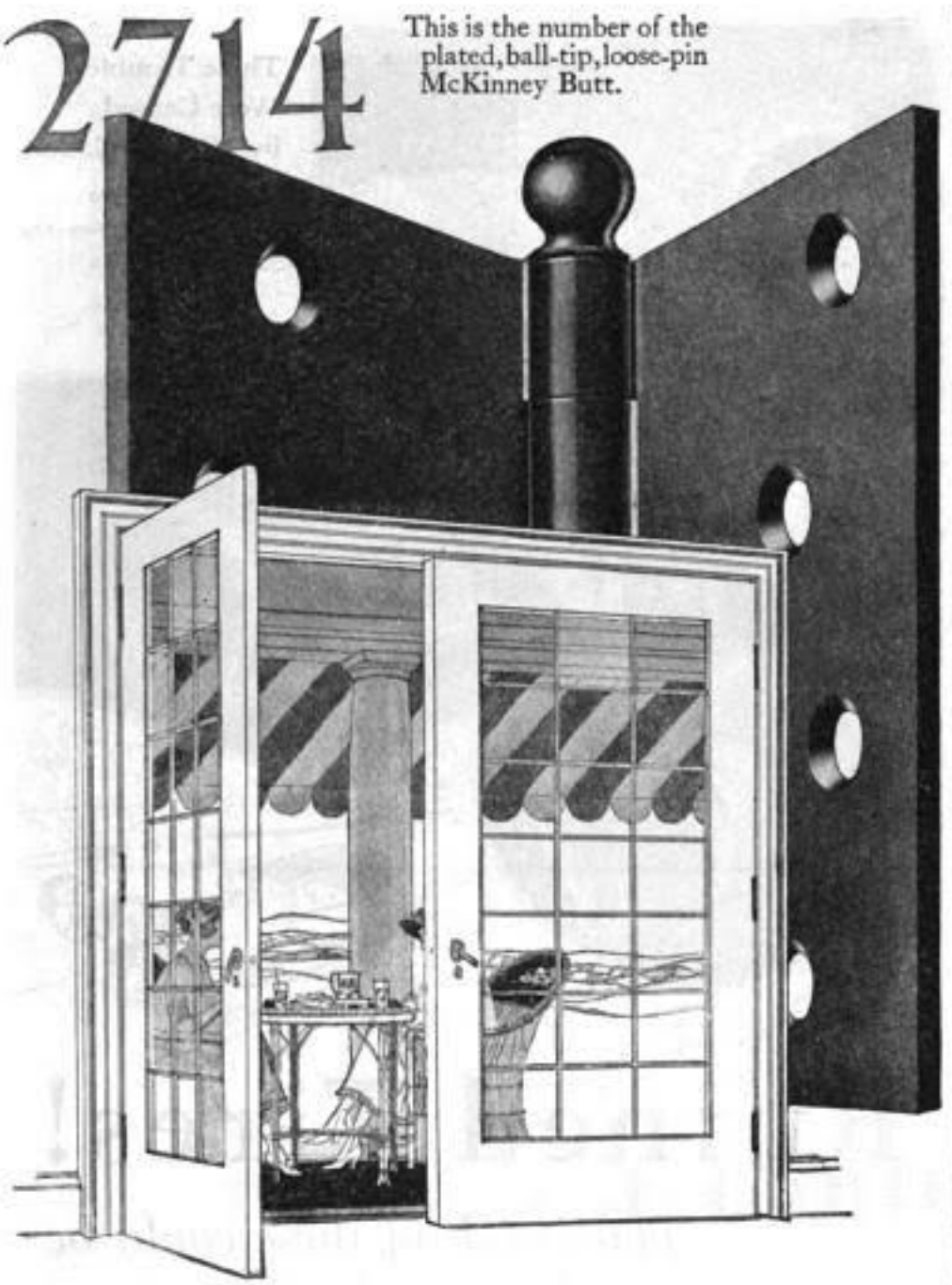
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figure still absorbed in lemonade, "why Señor Thorn he does not go to look for hees seestaire?"

"Oh," she cried gayly, "if the very best brother in the world had fifteen most beloved sisters, he would not know where to look for one single one of them—would he, Mr. Thorn?"

"No," replied Mr. Thorn, stirring the lemonade gently, his eyes on the two men disappearing around the corner. "Not one single one of them."

"There, you see! Therefore I send you, who are so deeply her admirer that you should find her in three minutes—quicker than that. It begins to be dark, so it should be easy! Did she not show me a most lovely small poem that began 'When in the night, my little rose of darkness ——'"

"She show you that?" demanded Mendoza fiercely. "Bah, she do not know a jest when she meet one! She ——"

"I'd cut along if I were you," advised Rod pleasantly. "You can tell Babs to cultivate a sense of humor when you find her; she'll be more interested than we are. Though a mere brother with no bump of locality to speak of, I'd suggest the short path to the boathouse. You'll have to hurry; the others have quite a start on you."

Mendoza scrutinized the imperturbable countenance turned towards him with unqualified disapproval, and then, with an extremely Gallic shrug, took the proffered advice and cut along.

Rod's face relaxed into its most disarming smile as he helped himself to two small sandwiches.

"Latin courtesy's a great handicap out these ways," he remarked conversationally. "If that promising youth had poured his soul out ——" He broke off, contemplating Sarah Anne, once more industrious as Penelope, with a pair of meditative dark eyes. "By the way, am I detaining you?"

"No, no; indeed no. I must wait for my answers. It is a pleasure to me, and, with candor, a surprise, that you desire to stay still a little longer. I have noted—oh, reluctantly!—that it is you who are ever the first to go, Mr. Thorn."

The wide gray eyes lifted suddenly to his—lingered for a breath of time, clear and gentle, and swept softly back to their task. Rodman finished the sandwiches, looking a shade more meditative.

"Well, since candor is in order, I can't truthfully say that I regret your powers of observation. What do you say to indulging in a good old-fashioned rousing orgy of candor for the next few minutes, Miss Carstairs?"

She yielded him instantly a grave and exquisite attention.

"Oh, but most willingly—like two good friends! You have something you wish to tell me, perhaps?"

"Well, not precisely; I have some things I wish to ask you. You aren't going to think me impertinent?"

"But surely, surely I shall not have cause?" Her smile begged forgiveness for the mere suggestion of such a fantastic possibility. "Candor and courtesy should be inseparable handmaids. Sœur Marie Veronique was most rigorous in teaching us that; I think perhaps it was her greatest gift to us. I am sure that you will not give me the anguish of seeing them separated at this time!"

Rod grinned appreciatively, looking for a minute more like a mischievous small boy than the savagely brilliant critic of a hundred luckless Thespians.

"That's as graceful a rebuke as I've received in a long career of them, Miss Carstairs, and my heart bleeds for you and the twins—but I'm going to wrench them apart just the same. Would it be too much to ask you to put down that unspeakable atrocity and give me your undivided attention for a few minutes?"

Sarah Anne considered him with lifted brows; then with an adorable gesture of surrender she placed her embroidery carefully in a large pink-taffeta bag and folded her velvet hands in her lap.

"You do not care for roses?" she inquired solicitously.

"Unfortunately, I'm extremely fond of them."

"But these—but these, then, you did not find sufficiently realistic?"

"Realistic? God forgive you, Miss Carstairs, they're photographic! That's not the trouble, however; the trouble is that it's very difficult to rivet anyone absorbed as to whether to use rose pale pink or yellow pale pink down to anything so definite as a plain answer to a plain question. Perhaps you are aware of that?"

Something small and fleeting, that had just escaped being a dimple, flitted across Sarah Anne's demure countenance. "... that the plain question, Mr. Thorn?"

"Lord, no—that was purely rhetorical. However, I'm now about to separate the twin handmaids with a few of the ... questions a lady ever listened to. Now! Well, let's start with this: Just what motive had you in saying that you had to go constantly noted that I was always the first to go?"

"Motive?" The gray eyes widened. "Mr. Thorn, you laugh? Or do you, perhaps, call regret a motive? It has been ... me a very real regret that Babbie's ... of whom Babbie has told me so ... constantly, should seem not to care ... my friend, like all the others—Peter ... Mr. Thorn and Mendoza and ——"

"You have an elastic conception ... friendship," commented Rod dryly. "Would you mind posting me as to just what ... formation my loquacious sister ... parted in these constant recitals that ... touch on?"

"But I must choose from so great ... barrassment of riches!" murmured ... Anne. "With so little time, where ... I start? *Voyons*, the most ... about your heart." She yielded ... catch of laughter, a far-off interlude ... fairy flute, at the sight of his ... countenance, and then relapsed ... mous gravity. "No, no, I put ... wrong; it was about how you ... heart—no, none; no heart—no heart—heart—she told me so one hundred ... sand times. No heart at all."

She shook the small brown ... mixture of awe and pity that caused ... set his teeth.

"That's very interesting ... course—but I'm so obtuse ... pletely fail to see why it should ... you."

"Ah, but, Mr. Thorn, that is ... you have not heard Babbie tell it. ... with so great a wealth of detail, ... esque a touch, so great fire ... ment—yes, truly, I think that ... have interested even Sœur Marie ... ique. How far more deeply ... you each day! If you could hear ... tells about that very pretty ... Morristown who telephoned ... before breakfast and each night ... ner, and how when you went ... phone you would scowl all over ... like this and bark 'Wrong number' ... loud ——"

"I never heard such rot in my life" ... cut in violently, scarlet to the ... hair. "Babbie ought to be ——"

"No, but to hear her tell it: ... it was as though I could hear ... ears! And about that great tragedy ... Miss—Miss—no, I forget—... drive every evening over ... Great Neck and sit outside ... horn and toot the horn until ... the place swore out loud, and ... out to make her stop, and ... est. And about the young ... heiress who went to be a ... she could be in the office next ... about the lady golfer who ——"

"If I had that little ... shouted Rod, "I'd break ... body!"

Sarah Anne's lips parted ... interest.

"That is how Babbie ... felt about them—no heart—... them die—break all their ... Thorn, what had she done, ... golfer—any of them—what ... done but love you, that you ... break all their bones in their ..."

"I'm not talking about any ... golfer!" replied Rod, restraining ... violently from shouting again. ... ing about the imp of Satan ... be my sister. If I had her ... did we get started on this ... anyway?"

"It was one of the plain ... replied Sarah Anne helpfully.

Rod poured himself a ... ing the small cool occupant ... chair with ominous calm.

"I'm as much in the dark ... why Babbie should go to you ... credible farrago."

"Ah, well," murmured Sarah ... is kind-hearted, that little ... wished, perhaps, to spare ...

(Continued on Page ...

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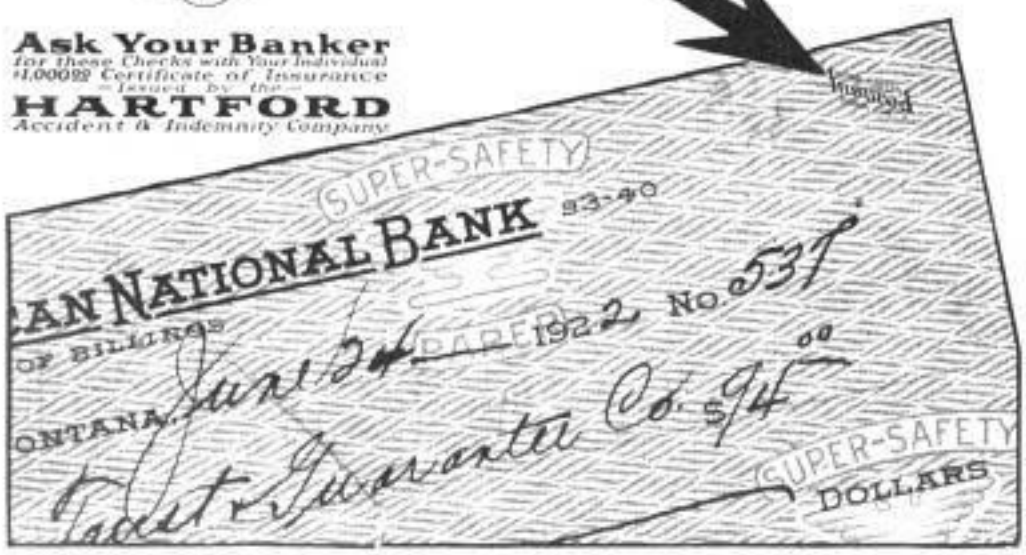
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(Continued from Page 106)

The eminent critic swallowed his lemonade the wrong way, choked, strangled, and by a superhuman effort recovered the power of speech just in time to prevent a further analysis of the situation.

"Please let's drop the state of my nonexistent heart, Miss Carstairs, and go back to the plain questions. I wasn't indulging in idle curiosity when I asked what you meant by saying that you had reluctantly noted that I was always the first to go. I wondered whether possibly you'd been looking for an opportunity to clear something up with me?"

"Clear something up?" repeated Sarah Anne blankly. "You call that one of those plain questions, Mr. Thorn? But to me, I assure you, it is black like a cat. What in all the whole world should I have to clear up with you?"

"What, indeed! Did Babbie, by any chance, give you any light, other than amatory, on my past career?"

"No, no, I do not think so; she had so little time, you see, when she had finished telling me how you had no heart—no ——"

"Yes, yes—never mind—for the love of heaven, you've covered that, haven't you? There were some other details that I thought might have conveyed something to you if she'd touched on them. She didn't say anything about the war? No? Honestly, Miss Carstairs, you do overdo it when you look as blank as that. Well, let's try again; here's a very easy question—do try to go to the head of the class. What made you think that Tolly wasn't out driving with Paula?"

"Because his new car is out in the garage of my Aunt Madeline," replied Sarah Anne with commendable docility. "And because at not quite four o'clock he told me that he was going over to the golf club to blow out his brains."

"What?"

"Oh, but I do not think that he will," she assured him soothingly.

"Have you any specific reason for thinking that he won't?"

"Indeed, yes, the best of reasons! You see I told him that if he was still alive he could come to dinner."

She smiled seraphically, and Rod mopped his brow, with no regard for the amenities of civilization.

"He could not take the car with him," continued Sarah Anne serenely. "Because he was in so great a hurry to go that he broke up the self-starter."

"Was that why he was going to blow out his brains?" inquired Rod grimly.

"No. Oh, no, that was not the reason!"

The seraphic smile was suddenly dipped in reminiscence.

"And might I ask just exactly what was the reason?"

"You might ask, Mr. Thorn, and I might tell you that it was because he could not get something that he wanted quite badly—and because he is one of those so very spoiled, so very young, young men who think that if they hold a pistol close to their heads some foolish lady will quickly give them the last pot of jam in the cupboard and the poor heart out of her body. This time he did not get the jam; but I do think that he will come back this evening to see if it is still there."

"Did you know, by any chance, that Tolliver was extremely devoted to my sister before you arrived?" inquired Rod with icy politeness, and an effort.

"No, I did not know it by any chance," replied Sarah Anne, smoothing the snowy folds of her dress a little thoughtfully. "I knew it because I was told so by Joan and Polly and Peter and Mendoza and Mr. Grahame at much length and many, many times.

"They had different reasons, perhaps, for telling it, but they had all the same story. How he met her in Santa Barbara last winter—how he came all the way from San Francisco to see her this summer. That Tolly, he is truly a most romantic young man! They were perhaps secretly engaged?"

"No," replied Rod curtly. "They were not. But I think that for the first time in her life Babbie was actually interested in a man, and he happens to be the kind of a man that I particularly wanted to see her interested in—decent and healthy and good-tempered, with plenty of money and plenty of ambition.

"I want to get Babbie out of this whole crowd anyway; she's too young for it—and too fine, under all that silly cheapness and hardness."

"Babbie I adore—but Babbie did not love this young rescuer, Mr. Thorn. You say yourself they were not engaged."

"Oh, nonsense! Babbie was as [illegible] about him as any girl could be, but she ragged the life out of him because she was afraid of being ragged herself; this crowd is death and damnation on sentiment. They'd rather be caught murdering a baby than exhibiting one atom of human tenderness! Any fellow that comes strolling along can have their hands to hold and their lips to kiss—they collect what they charmingly refer to as thrills the way their grandmothers used to collect flowers—and they'd cheerfully die before they'd admit that what they call love goes any deeper than their finger tips. They regard hearts as annoying little articles that beat too fast if you do too many toddles after too many gin fizzes. It's what men seem to want nowadays. Well, God help them, they're certainly getting it!"

"Yes—well, then, if that is all true" [illegible] you who say it, it is not I, remark. Well, then?"

"Well, then, Babbie—Babbie is a little different, you can see that, can't you?"

"Oh, yes, I can see that." She leaned forward, cupping her chin in two small smooth hands, her dreaming eyes far away. "I can see that they are all a little different, yes, I can see that, too. You cannot? Well, it is no matter; can you see this? Can you see what poor, poor sports they are, every one of them—every woman, every man—can you see that?"

"I should have thought, on the contrary, that that was their one remaining virtue."

"No, they are poor sports, I tell you, even though 'Oh, well, be a good sport' is their battle cry. But they are foolish and reckless and naughty children who have chosen to trade their birthright of [illegible] plain porridge for a mess of bitter pottage—and now they are making [illegible] their suppers, which is not pretty enough. Every one of them—every one! Why, Grahame crying about how he always liked plain porridge best, and Joan screaming and kicking on the nursery floor because she wants back again her old bowl that was threw away, and Polly sulking in a corner because nobody told her how the pottage was going to taste, and Mr. [illegible] Sinclair Tolliver trying to smash his head because he cannot get the cream and [illegible] he wants to smother out the taste. Peter Leeds whimpering around [illegible] that Adam about how he never would have taken it unless the naughty little girl made him—oh, those men, they make more cross than those girls!"

"You amaze me, though I imagine you would amaze those men even more. Have you communicated your discoveries to them, Miss Carstairs?"

Sarah Anne dismissed this crushing information with a light flicker of [illegible] an impatient wave of one expressive [illegible]

"But what have they all done? I ask you—what have they done? Look—I said, 'We are tired and we are sick of good old porridge that people have had for years and years and years. Take away quick and give us something new, strange and different—quick, quick!' and when they find that what they have is sour and bitter and burning they cry like little spoiled children that have been tricked and mistreated, and they are cross with life and with each other, and all the time they fight, fight about whose fault it is."

Rod leaned forward abruptly [illegible] the far-away gray eyes and looked relentlessly.

"You seem to have made quite an analysis of the situation, Miss Carstairs. Do you have any solution to offer?"

"No, no—why a solution? I am so small and insignificant a creature, above all, realize! But there was a lady—an old wise lady—who knew the excellent solution of how to treat children."

"Please go on; you're interesting more than you know."

Sarah Anne contemplated him with cool and limpid eyes.

"You are kind. My old lady is in a book which should be dear to [illegible] a dramatic critic. All drama—all tragedy, farce, satire, romance—you find in that little book. Mother dear to you, undoubtedly, and"

"I confess that I've neglected [illegible] what in the past thirty years."

"Oh—yours is the loss. [illegible] Well, that old lady, she knew

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remember what she did with those
lious children that she had? Listen:

ave them some broth without any bread,
whipped them all soundly and put
m to bed!

other naughty children if for a
hile you took away their porridge
ir pottage, and gave them instead
hunger, and a little pain, and a lit-
ness—they would eat quickly what
before them in the morning, and
e for it too! You do not think so?"
er mind what I think," replied Rod
"I'm trying to find out what
k. It's instructive, to put it mildly.
ly you're regarding yourself as a
e deputy of the old lady. Don't you
at you've done about all the pun-
ut *is* necessary, or am I going to
to convince you of it?"
t you say is undoubtedly Eng-
marked Sarah Anne plaintively.
ause of my most lamentable stu-
conveys nothing to me; but noth-
give me. You say?"
aned forward, his lips narrowed,
langerous.
y to be clearer. Don't you think
game's about up?"
She repeated the word hope-
an intelligent child struggling
incomprehensible lesson. "No;
must be patient with me still,
try hard to understand. I am not
great a dunce. It is perhaps the
ing a little madness in my head.
be too much trouble if I asked
k for my fan? Of green gauze—
at was in the swing. No? But
e ——"
have slipped behind the cush-
e's something—no, it's a book.
od's voice was suddenly eloquent
"Something you were reading,
airs?"
y—or possibly something of my
ve you the fan?"
know that Mrs. Carstairs went
ind of thing," commented Rod,
leaves thoughtfully. "No, it's
ne of yours. There's an inscrip-
h; let's see if mine's gone clean

most exquisite of small com-
ter, 1921.'
out right?"
right; it must be the one from
mélie. When we were in the
were like two sisters; I am still
my heart when I think of her!"
ar Amélie has an interesting
and a curious taste in books
f the convent. It's apparently
d; did you care for it?"
rn, about that book it is most
mélie and I, we adored Le
lvestre Bonnard; we adored
g else. It was a romance, and
bidden, of course—but Amé-
ceived it for a Christmas gift
l it back, and she brought it
me. You have read it, per-

aps."
understand our adoration.
's grace and goodness—no,
ike flowers, that book! Like
ry far off tobacco too; but
ers.
ons and *déjeuner* were done,
we could not wait to get out
ry trees, where we could sit
n our shiny black pinafores,
o each other's braids of hair,
old Monsieur Bonnard and
nty-two times we read it—
elf!"
g to myself," Rod assured

remembering how we loved
t me this Easter another
nsieur Anatole France, and
e one quite famished. But
is like when you ask me if
Mr. Thorn; it is written
hat I do not understand.
w, but they make no sense.
s and pages in that book
make any tail or any head

ad," condoled Rod. "Per-
you out; I know it fairly
this part on page sev-

stretched out her hand
rose dancing beneath her

have no time—not now!
ladies for my dinner, I
wonder? You do not think that it is time that they should be here?"

"I think you win the Prix de Rome and the Prix Goncourt and the Prix des Conservatoires and the brown derby," replied Rodman Thorn with bitter conviction. "I don't know whether you ought to make imaginative fiction or high comedy on the stage your life work, but you'd certainly be a riot in either of them.

"To be able to evolve little dear Amélie under the cherry trees out of a compromising masculine inscription on a more than compromising French novel gets out of the candle light of talent into the arc light of genius. Only it just happens that you're wasting your genius on the desert air. Unfortunately for both of us, Miss Carstairs, I'm on."

"On the contrary," replied his hostess softly, her eyes two lakes of gray ice, "I think that you are off—quite entirely off your head. Be so good as to dispense with what you consider wit, and explain what you mean."

"You're making me talk like a boor and a cad," said Rod wearily. "Let's get through with it; I'm not the one to do the explaining, after all, you know! But don't let's bicker about it! I haven't the remotest idea what your game is, and I'd be inclined to let you play it through if it weren't for Babbie. You're obviously not any common type of adventuress. You're ——"

"Yes—what am I?" She leaned farther into the cushions, her hands clasped lightly before her, her frozen eyes fixed unwaveringly on his dark face.

"Heaven knows!" He rose to his feet and came over to where she sat, small and fragile and undaunted beneath the shadow of his height. "But heaven and I both know that you aren't what you are pretending to be. Can't we clear it up now once and for all? We have plenty of time; your guests aren't going to turn up this evening, obviously."

"You are wrong," said Sarah Anne evenly. "It seems to be a habit with you; a bad habit, I think. My guests will be here in eight—no, in nine minutes, for then the half hour will be up. Now what is it that you wish with such frenzy to clear up? Be quick, I have not much time."

"I want to know who you are." Rod Thorn leaned towards her, looking suddenly young and desperate and eager. "I've gone half mad trying to figure it out ever since that first evening—and I don't know one single thing about you except that you're not any convent niece of Mrs. Carstairs, and that I've been looking for you for seven years."

"This time, Mr. Thorn, you are twice wrong. I am Mrs. Carstairs' convent niece, and it is not half mad you have gone—it is all mad—stark and staring and raving mad. Will you be so good as to tell me why you look for me for seven years?"

"Because it's been seven years since I heard you sing in the railroad canteen in Paris," said Rod.

Sarah Anne spread out her hands with a small sigh of pure pleasure.

"Then it was there!" she cried, softly exultant. "It was there, and I could not, I could not remember where it was. But you wore a blue uniform—a most old, a most dirty, a most beautiful blue uniform—why? Why, *mon lieutenant*, was it blue, that uniform?"

Rod stared at her blankly, incredulous. "I was with the Foreign Legion. You don't deny that it was you?"

"Deny? But why should I deny? Always I knew that somewhere —— No. I had seen your eyes smiling at me, but I had forgotten how tall you had been—how brown, how tired, and how you laughed! How you laughed above all those poor, sad, broken little poilus huddled there waiting to go back into nightmare. I had forgotten how you laughed, *mon lieutenant!* Do you remember how, then, I cried?"

"Yes," he said, "I remember. You climbed up on one of those crazy tin tables, and it was cold as hell and some of the glass was smashed out of one of the windows, and the gray veil on your little fur hat kept blowing out behind you—and you sang—you sang—with the tears running down your face, and your voice as gay and reckless as though there were no tears in the world.

"You sang all their dirty marching songs. *P'tite Tonkinoise* and *Auprès de ma Blonde* and *Le P'tit Bleu*."

"They were their songs!" she cried. "Theirs—theirs—what else should I sing them?"



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"But it was seven years ago, I tell you; and you were standing on a table singing rowdy songs to a lot of half-drunken soldiers. You were so changed when you came across the lawn that I wasn't even sure that it was you. I wasn't sure until I heard you singing that last song by yourself. For God's sake, who are you?"

"But, my poor boy," she told him, laughter welling in her throat like a little spring, "I am ——"

"Gosh, I'm out of breath!" Babbie swung over the veranda railing and dropped at Sarah Anne's side, panting slightly. "Whee-ee! I ran all the way from the boat-house—every durn step. Miss Barbara Thorn accepts with great pleasure the kind invitation of Miss Sarah Anne Carstairs for dinner at eight sharp. That all right, Sarah Anne?"

"That is delightful, my Babbie. Mr. Thorn, be so kind as to ring the bell—the one by the door. . . . Let me see—you, Babbie, Mendoza, Peter, Mr. Grahame, myself—that will make six for dinner, Patterson." She turned a speculative eye from the portly butler to a slim figure coming leisurely across the lawn. "No, seven. Ah, and here is little Joan! It will be eight. I forget no one? No one? Oh, but to be sure—Mr. La Rue Sinclair Tolliver. Nine for dinner tonight, Patterson—at eight o'clock sharp."

"We 'ave just finished unpacking the 'arp, miss. Shall we put it in the large drawing-room?"

"Oh, surely, the large drawing-room. Paula, I am delighted that you come to my party."

"Thanks," drawled Paula. "What shall I wear? Are we going to take turns at the harp?"

"No, no," laughed Sarah Anne. "It is my old little harp from Paris, which *petite mère* sends me so that I shall not be too lonely. Wear your most lovely frock, Paula, and the little green wings in your so beautiful hair. You shall see, it will be a real party. You do not sit down, Joan?"

"No," said Joan curtly. "I do not. I just came to say I'd be here at eight. Coming, Bab?"

"Sure thing," replied Bab cheerfully. "On your way, Polly; it always takes you about two and a half hours to doll yourself up right. How 'bout you, Rod?"

"In a minute," said Rod impatiently. "No, don't wait—I'll be over later. Tell Kato to get out my things—there's a good kid."

"Well, but ——" began Babbie, and at the look on her brother's face broke off, staring blankly. "Oh, all right, old dear; see you later."

"Thanks," said Rod briefly, and turned back to where his hostess stood, swinging the pink-taffeta bag and smiling a little gravely. She held out her free hand to him with a pretty gesture of dismissal.

"Till eight, then? You will forgive me—I must hurry."

"I'll never forgive you! You can't go like this without telling me anything more. You can't."

"Oh, but, believe me, I can." She released her hand swiftly and gently, still with that small grave smile. "It is getting late; there is no more time for mysteries. I have many other things to do than talk to tall stern young men who frown and frown in the twilight—tall young men who have no heart! I will see you at eight, Mr. Thorn."

"I believe that you're a witch," accused Rodman Thorn lightly, but he thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and his voice was not quite steady. "A little pale witch, creeping up out of the darkness on velvet feet, with a spell in either hand and half a hundred of them in her heart. What spell did you cast over Joan and Babbie and Paula to bring them back, beaten, to your feet, little witch?"

"It was a quite simple spell," said the witch, and the grave smile danced. "I told them that if they were here within one half an hour to accept my invitation I would make my party tonight a farewell party. They hurried fast, you see; Babbie had not all her breath."

"A farewell party?" His voice was sharply incredulous. "Where are you going?"

"Where indeed? Where do poor witches go when their spells are discovered, Mr. Thorn? Back into the darkness."

Rod caught at her filmy sleeve as though he were afraid that she would vanish before his eyes; in the fading light her upturned face shone luminous as a pearl.

"You can't go like this. Wait, wait! I have a thousand things to tell you."

"A thousand things? Alas, and I, who have not time to hear one!" The sleeve melted through his fingers as she slipped lightly by him into the deeper shadow of the doorway. "Mr. Thorn, if you do not hurry you will be late for my party."

"No, wait—I tell you I've been waiting seven years to hear you sing again."

"And have you not heard me sing again?"

"Please listen! Please! I've waited seven years to hear you sing for me."

After a moment's pause a very small voice said, "You are so fond of music?"

"Yes," he told her. "I am so fond of music."

"Even the strongest, they have their weakness," murmured the voice from the shadows. "Wait then, just one little minute, Babbie's brother without a heart, until I find where they have put my harp and I will sing for you. I will sing for you, but you will stand quite, quite quietly and not move one finger even. The window is open, big drawing-room is open so you can hear. You will stand quiet?"

"Yes."

After a minute the voice spoke again, smaller than ever and far away.

"You are still there?"

"Yes."

"Then I sing. What shall it be? Something sad? Something gay? I will have it; I will sing to you that air to which the song that I sang the first night you was here, Less Than the Dust. You remember?"

"Yes."

"It is a most sad and beautiful air, the song. I am sorry that I have time for the last verse. I will sing softly, for only for you."

There was a tinkling spray of notes from the harp, and then clear above it the distant magic of a voice:

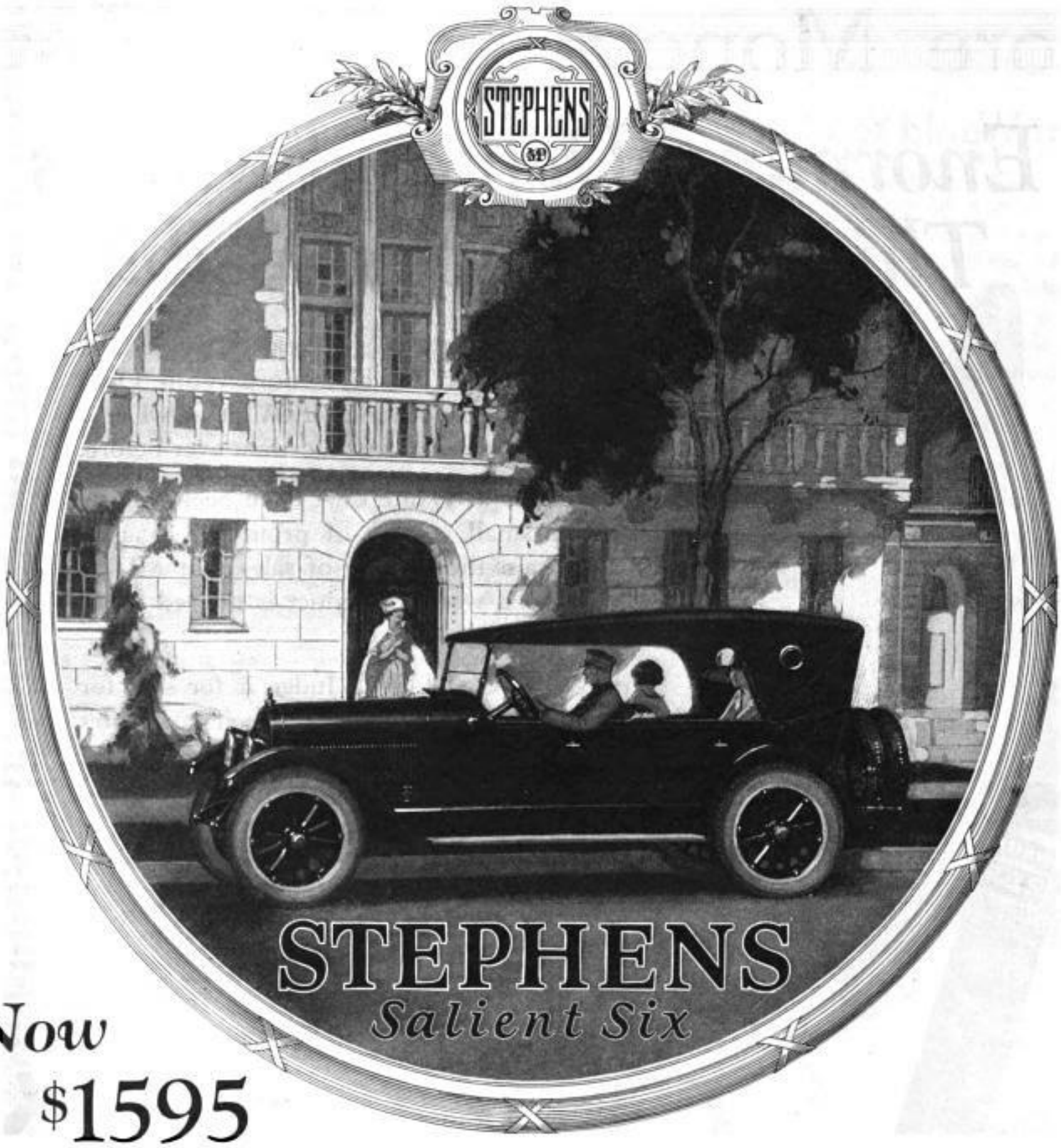
"Since I, my lord, am nothing unto thee
See, here, thy sword—I make it ... bright!
Love's last reward, death comes to me ...
Farewell ——"

Rod took a swift step towards the French window, and the voice broke on a high ringing note that was at once valedictory and a challenge. There was a startled ripple from the harp, and then other more musical shower, dancing from the harp, softer than tears, purer than bells—laughter. He stood quite still, listening to it die away in the distance, and after it had drifted into silence it still hung in the air about him, a lingering ghost of sound.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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A USE FOR CLODS

(Continued from Page 15)

" Roberts explained. "You stick id here and keep her headed right we get under way. Chiswick don't stand the temperament of this en-

e other assented and climbed out on ow of the boat to let Roberts pass. ts went astern. The workmen in the cabin raised a shouting chorus of Van Wert saw a dozen men clustered the engine cabin, through whom ts pushed his way; heard the voice man Tom Jack as he climbed out on Tom Jack shouted something in his tongue, and the other men laughed

thing that happened came very y. First a man's startled oath; in- a louder cry. Van Wert thought was more light aft than there had Then a small sound like the ripping ndkerchief swelled till it might have ne ripping of the very fabric of the s, and flames showed. A man d, screaming, into the water over-

e was the noise of a puff, like the lion from a giant's lungs, and the fter part of the boat was disrupted cano of liquid flame, roaring flame. Wert's senses were perfectly clear, muscles would not function. He in the least frightened, but he was ed. He could not move, could not ould not cry out. Yet he saw with of vision which was photographic; who cried out, moving frantically hout aim to and fro; saw little ick beating tentatively at the vith a blanket from the mass of amidships. Other men erupted cabin and raised their voices in a tongues. Everyone moved with inary and fruitless speed; the vere unnaturally loud, with an ne like a shriek.

w Tom Jack again, withdrawn mass, busy with some peculiar ne little man had stepped to one of the tumult, and had taken off From the pocket of his coat he ething which Van Wert could not put it in his cap and jammed the ly on his head. Then he looked he darkness toward the shores on le. Still Van Wert stood par- He was not yet afraid; but he nself immensely interested in the ts of Tom Jack.

mes were moving forward very ressing the men back till Van d himself in the center of a thick hem. One man was crowded off nto the water, and bobbed there, and clutching at the sides of the while, and then Van Wert did im any more. He perceived that of the boat was lower in the I thought with dull interest:

We're sinking! How are we et ashore?"

om Jack began to shout; and vas not, as the others had been, y loud. It was merely firm and en no one paid any heed to his e began to sing; and that was that everyone hushed to listen. Jack ceased singing and spoke uickly, half in English, half in ngue; and Van Wert saw that inting toward the right-hand hen he was done speaking a protest and outcry arose. The of the flames illumined them all. rged and twisted in a mass, and his mass Tom Jack picked his ere Van Wert stood. To Van id cheerfully:

ter take a swim now. No boat. go away from here." He ownward, grinning amiably. ver there," he added, gesturing shore. "You better come along."

t's lips moved stiffly.

d, "All right!"

k nodded.

ood," he assented. "All right!

d in a matter-of-fact way and n the edge of the deck at Van , and turned around so that he himself into the water. Van seen him kick off the rubber which he wore outside his felt Van Wert took his knife and n laces and tossed his boots away. Tom Jack was in the water, moving toward shore, and two or three men had followed him. He turned to shout back some laughing remark, and a dozen men laughed with him and jumped into the water. Van Wert discarded his coat; then he slid gingerly over the side. It was as though a sharp knife cut him where the water touched his flesh. He shivered, was instantly too cold to shiver, and began to swim, welcoming the exertion. The water about him was dotted with the heads of men. Other men on the boat behind screamed and ran to and fro in desperate indecision.

The swimming men came presently to ice; thin ice that would not bear their weight. They broke it away in front of them, leaning on it to rest a little when their exertions were more than they could bear. Van Wert heard something roar behind them, and looked back into a great glare of light, which vanished to leave only blackness and the sound of anguished cries, which lessened and ceased. Then Tom Jack's voice from ahead shouted encouragingly, and he forgot the lost boat and pushed forward, thrashing at the thin ice angrily. A man at his shoulder strangled and clutched at him and sank while Van Wert instinctively shuddered away.

He was a strong swimmer, and the men ahead of him were breaking the ice, so that he had little to do. When they were wearied and fell to one side he passed them, and so by and by found himself shoulder to shoulder with Tom Jack himself in the bitter water.

Tom Jack looked at him and grinned as cheerfully as ever, and said in a steady tone, "So you come along! Tha's all right too!"

Van Wert nodded stiffly, his teeth set; numb with cold and with the sense of ruthless, simple tragedy.

"It's cold," he said.

Tom Jack crushed away the ice before him, pressing shoreward.

"Col' enough to put some ice on the devil's whisker," he agreed cheerfully. "Bes' to work ver' hard and keep warm so."

The man seemed tireless. Van Wert watched him for a moment with a weary and indifferent admiration as he methodically broke the ice by bearing his weight upon it or by beating it with his fists, and thrust the floating cakes behind him and pushed on. The competitive instinct awoke in him and he began to keep pace with the other, driving himself by sheer will. His efforts were clumsy; once he splashed water on Tom Jack's head and the little man turned on him fiercely.

"Don' do that! I got matches in my cap!" he cried.

Van Wert remembered his glimpse of Tom Jack on the boat taking something from his pocket, stowing it within his cap. Even in that overwhelming moment, when his own faculties were paralyzed, Tom Jack had been able to plan ahead, to think. Van Wert's opinion of the little man was being greatly modified. He remembered his first impression with something like chagrin, and strove more mightily to keep pace with the other's tireless efforts.

One of the men splashing through the water behind them began to wail, a doleful, crooning, dirgelike sound. Tom Jack paused long enough to fling a word over his shoulder. A harsh, challenging word, if tone meant anything. His voice cracked like a whip; then became melting and humorous, chuckles running through it. And from the floundering, freezing men in the bitter water low and choking laughter answered his. Tom Jack was content, flung himself against the ice again.

The long ordeal of that passage toward the shore seemed to Van Wert an eternity of torture. The cold was pain beyond belief. At first the bitter water had burned his skin, had seemed to cut and scour at him. Then it struck in; his feet and hands began to ache; this blinding ache extended up his legs and his arms. Yet the water was warmer than the air. When he lifted his shoulders to break down obstructing ice the wind cut him to the bone, so that he was almost glad to shelter himself in the freezing water again. His hands no longer seemed to belong to him. His legs had ceased to function. He did not swim; rather pulled himself flounderingly along by pawing at the inert and maddeningly stubborn ice.



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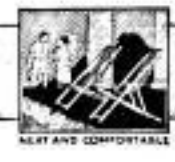
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FOLDING FURNITURE



It seemed to him that it became harder and harder to break a shoreward way. He thought his strength was failing, and a vast surrender embraced his spirit and seemed to offer it peace and rest.

Then Tom Jack slapped him stingingly upon the cheek and cried, "Come on, bo! She'll hol' us up now pretty soon!"

And he saw that the ice was, indeed, thicker here; they were come into a cove somewhat sheltered from the full sweep of the wind by a point off to the northward. The water, less disturbed, had had more time to freeze. He could hear the men struggling behind them. They had begun to call out to Tom Jack; and Tom Jack answered, heartening and encouraging the weaker ones.

He was able to estimate afterward that they had been a full half hour in that icy water before the end came. It came suddenly. He perceived that Tom Jack, on hands and knees, was out on the ice and that it bore his weight.

Then the little man shouted something over his shoulder, added to Van Wert in English, "I'm go'n' make some fire. You come along quick," and began to crawl swiftly toward the shore, his weight distributed upon the ice.

Van Wert himself was heavier; the crust still broke with him; but presently another man scuttled away toward the shore from a point at one side; and then another; and then he found the ice would no longer break beneath him, and he dragged himself forward across the crumbling edges and lay on his stomach, breathing gaspingly, till the scourge of the wind woke new agonies in his tormented body and flogged him toward where a fire, gloriously beautiful to his ice-rimmed eyes, was already leaping upward among the trees.

Followed an interval when his senses reeled drunkenly; when he was conscious of a great heat and a great cold, like two monsters fighting for this body of his; when his garments steamed and scorched above his aching flesh. Seventeen of them, there were, about that fire. There had been many more aboard the motor boat when she started on that trip up Summacook. Chiswick and Roberts had been in the engine cabin; the others were gone in nameless, solitary ways with none near to see.

By and by came shouts from the lake, and lights, men running in across the ice with warm clothing and whisky and hot things to drink; and Van Wert lost touch with what went on about him; was glad to let his soul slide into a warm oblivion.

It was three weeks before he saw Tom Jack again, for while the little man went to next morning to his appointed place in the woods Van Wert was abed, given over to tenderness and care, lost in a lovely delirium. But when he was able Van Wert sought out the other, for he had things to say.

Tom Jack saw him coming and grinned and held up his hand and called, "How-do, mister? You feel better now?"

Van Wert gripped that hand, and he said earnestly and huskily, "Tom Jack, I've come up here to apologize to you."

Tom Jack stared at him a little.

"Tha's new one on me," he said. "What is it?"

"I just want to tell you," the boy awkwardly explained, "that I think you're a man, a real man; and I'm proud to know you."

"Sure I'm a man!" Tom Jack exclaimed in bewilderment. "Anybody can see that, I guess."

"I couldn't, first time I saw you," Van Wert told him, warm with the pleasure of amends. "I thought you weren't worth much, just because you needed a bath."

Tom Jack stared at him; then he chuckled; then he laughed.

"Ho!" he cried uproariously. "But I was ver' drunk that day." He saw Van Wert was hurt by his laughter, and touched the boy on the arm. "Tha's all right, mister," he said soothingly. "Anybody would think so when I was like that. But I am not real dirty, you see; I wash myself when I need it, every time."

"Sure you do!" Van Wert assented lamely.

Tom Jack opened his hands in an expressive gesture.

"So, you see, tha's not your fault," he explained. "If you had known about washing it would have been all right—we are fr'en's."

Van Wert laughed a little, and gripped the other's hand again.

"That's the main thing, anyway Jack," he agreed. "Just so we are fr'en's."

DIFFERENT SHADES OF ROSE

(Continued from Page 11)

sincere and enlightened reformers and earnest experimenters they might be relied upon, perhaps, to retain their mental honesty for at least a sufficient period. And in the end they would come to realize that they had been helping to twist the rope with which it was designed that they themselves should eventually be hanged.

Whether or not Mr. Lenine was being supported by German money when he and his colleages, in 1917, plunged Russia into the chaos in which Russia is wallowing now is of very little importance. He probably was, but if he was he was accepting this support not in the interest of Germany but in the interest solely of his own project. He would have no more compunction about double-crossing a bourgeois-capitalistic-autocratic state than he would have about killing a counter-revolutionist. He hated the German Government no less than he hated all other governments, and if the German Government chose to help him back into Russia and to finance him in his purpose to stop the capitalistic war on the Russian front he was just that much closer to a realization of his desire to overthrow the German Government. If he accepted German assistance these were his thinking processes; there can be no doubt about it.

Everybody will remember how, when the war began in 1914, the socialist parties in all countries were split up into many factions warring among themselves over the question as to whether the socialist stand against war—approved in solemn resolutions on many occasions—was to be maintained. Everybody will remember that a majority of socialists in all countries redeemed themselves in a large measure in the eyes of their political opponents by rallying to the support of the war with everything they had unitedly or individually to offer. Lenine, alone among the great leaders, standing in the midst of the wreck of all he had helped to create, remained steadfast and true to his principles. He openly condemned the war as being a capitalistic war, undertaken for purposes solely of plunder, and for which the world proletariat would pay, while only the bourgeoisie would reap a rich reward. It is a curious fact that except when Russia is concerned Mr. Lenine seems to be incapable of thinking in terms of nationalities. He thinks only in terms of class.

He rallied round himself the nucleus of a company of supporters, adherents and tenants, and began systematically and indiscriminately to sow the seeds of disaffection and discontent in all armies. He was living in the utmost obscurity and few people ever heard the name of Lenine, but during his retreat in Switzerland he published subtle or merely inflammatory appeals through various channels into a whispering gallery which penetrated in all directions and which was especially well provided with receivers in the Russian army. His propaganda was revolutionary and his aim was to change the war in every country into civil war; or, more accurately, into a world war of class against class. He sold himself to nobody, and if any people bought with him to his advantage for the furtherance of their own ends it was they who did the selling. He made his appeal to the "proletarian slaves driven to the shambles by the capitalistic-bourgeois exploiting oppressors" and advised them to turn on these fiends incarnate and destroy them, or words to that effect. He saw in the suffering of all classes the best chance the down-trodden proletarian class had ever had, or perhaps ever would have; which is a pretty point of view as it concerns the rest of us.

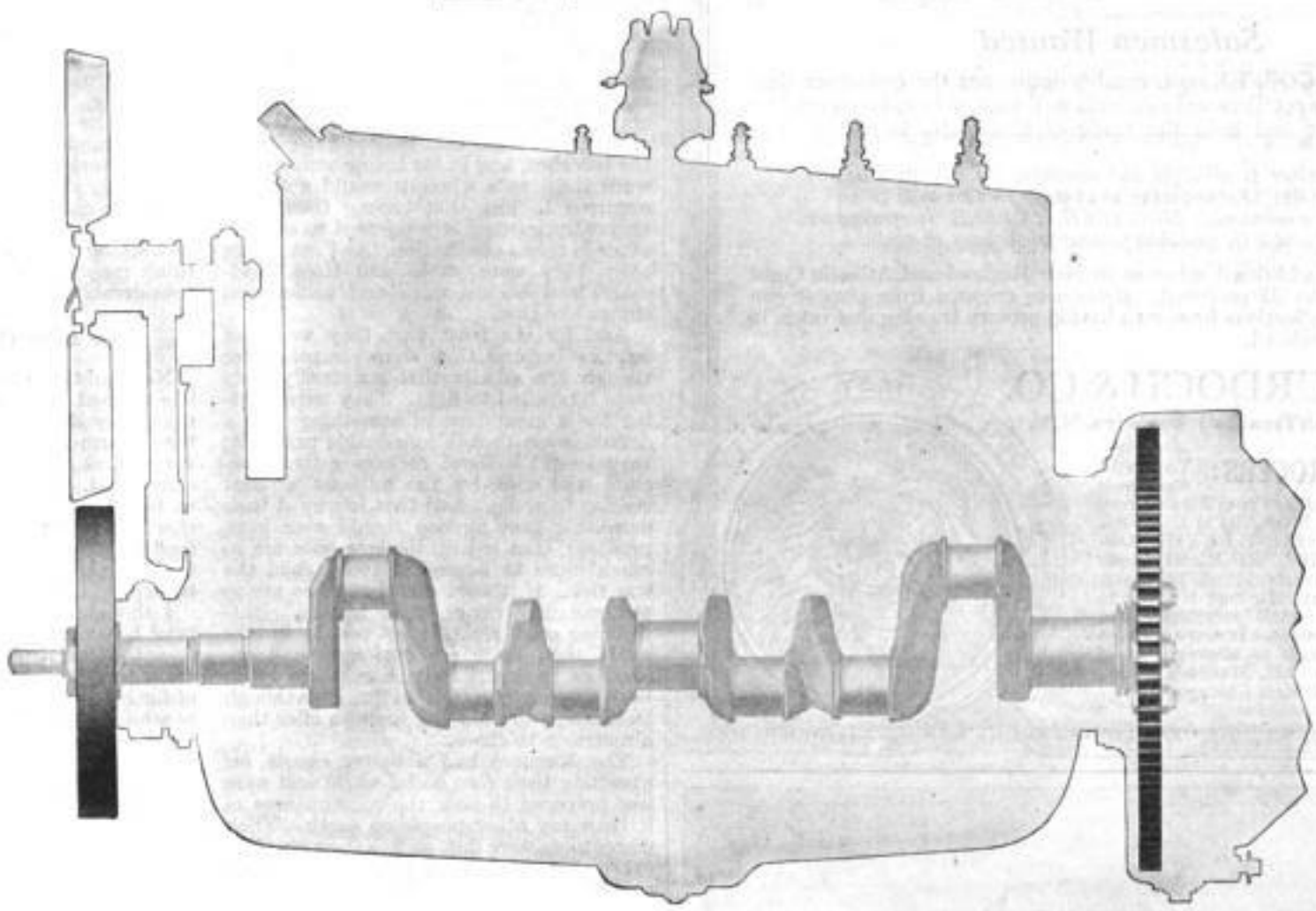
Just when he began to realize the possibility of putting his theories into practice I doubt if anybody knows, but as the strain of the war grew greater, as the casualties and the unthinkable sacrifices piled up and up, as the sickness of the world grew heavier and heavier, he must have dreamed great dreams of how wonderful it would be if he should [illegible]

(Continued on Page 126)

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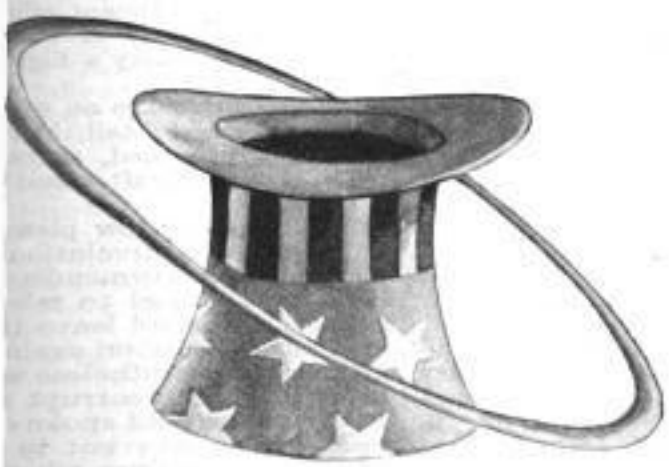
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ESTABLISHED 1853



(Continued from Page 114)

the power suddenly to scramble the whole orderly but terrible business and set Germans to fighting Germans, Frenchmen to fighting Frenchmen, Britons to fighting Britons, Americans to fighting Americans, Italians to fighting Italians, and so on through the whole category of belligerents, to the end that all the pompous officers, all the ministers of state, all the buyers and the bankers, all the sellers and the profiteers, all the silly women and the vain men, all the preachers and the teachers should be done away with, while the Tommies and the poilus, the doughboys and the Germans, the Italians and the Belgians—they must all have had pet names of some kind, but I don't know what they were—should return home, possess themselves of all visible possessions and begin to run things to suit themselves.

He would have failed to consider, I imagine, that a great many of these victims of exploitation of all nationalities had either crawled or fought their way out of the lap of luxury in order that they might get into the trenches, and in his loving attitude toward them as a whole it would not have occurred to him that among themselves they very infrequently referred to one another in terms of affection. As I remember them they were yanks and frogs, beefeaters and boches, wops and willies, and things like that.

And for the most part they were not fighting because they were compelled to; though one admits that eventually they were compelled to fight. They were fighting for a great love of something; for a definite even though indefinable principle; they fought without reckoning their sacrifice and died by the millions without ceasing to smile. And that is why it is so damnable that anyone should ever have profited; that is why the war poor are so much more to be envied today than the war rich. If it were not that there are so tremendously many more honest, right-thinking and right-living people in the world than there are exploiters and oppressors, profiteers and pirates, there would be some excuse for Bolshevism, even though Bolshevism has nothing more to offer than a reversion to chaos.

The Russians had a better excuse for upsetting their own social world and were less prepared to bear the consequences of it than any other people on earth. Their discontents were due, as was their eventual expression of them in extreme measures, to undeniable abuses. But let us be fair as we go along. Many of the abuses in their later developments were due to extreme expressions of discontent—not on the part of the people but on the part of organized agitators—which not only threatened the overthrow of established authority but advocated its abolition and the substitution of anarchy, unbridled and undisguised.

Detained for the Public Good

It was not just by way of being playful that the government kept such men as Lenine and Trotzky out of the country, and as many of their kind in prison as they could lay their hands on. Nor yet was it by way of being cruel and oppressive. It was by way of self-preservation. Far be it from me to make any kind of excuses for autocracy in any form, though it may be that one of the things that is the matter with the world today is that there is not enough of it; but I have an idea that if our own great democratic Government were threatened by any such dangers as threatened the government of the Czars for so many years our Government would resort to repressive measures no less severe than the severest that any Russian ever thought of. We always do things better than anybody else.

We will not tolerate so much open criticism and opposition even now, not by any means so much, as the Russian Government tolerated over a long period, while for rank sedition our punishments are as drastic as we can make them. Czarism was admittedly an inexcusable institution, but its awkward struggle to maintain itself was not among its inexcusable offenses. Yet it was largely upon the sob features of that struggle that Bolshevism based its most effective propaganda.

Which reminds me that I wish I knew what the political leanings are of certain American writers who once upon a time wrote with such excellent effect about the horrors of prison life in Siberia. There is no doubt at all that their pictures were drawn with absolute and unfailing regard for the truth, but I should like to take some of them now into the prisons of Soviet Russia that are maintained for people of their own class; maintained for the most part by ex-political prisoners associated in the majority cases with just plain brutal criminals. There were only two offending classes in Russia after the great communistic upheaval was established. One of them is known as the bourgeoisie and the other as the intelligentzia. There were a few aristocrats, to be sure, but not enough of them to make an experiment in communism pay. The bourgeoisie had most of the money, while the intelligentzia put up the brains and argument against confiscating it and turning order into chaos; so the bourgeoisie and the intelligentzia went to jail together. [illegible] Bolshevistic, socialistic, communistic, anarchistic—call it what you will—propaganda the "comrades" were always "seized" and "thrown" into prison, where they invariably "languished." The charges against the communistic state are mostly "placed under restraint" and "detained in the interest of the general welfare." [illegible] if anybody should come along and offer one of these a chance of exile to Siberia with an occasional square meal and the privilege of washing his face, if only in the snow, I think maybe the offer would tempt him considerably.

The Bloodless Revolution

No doubt the soviet authorities would like to treat their political prisoners better than they do. They would like to feed them warm and clean perhaps, but fuel is very scarce and so few communists like to chop wood. And probably they would like to feed them, too, but it would be very shortsighted on their part to waste good food on offenders against the general welfare when there are so many "comrades" to be kept in line by preferential treatment.

I thought I was going along with a brief historical sketch until I had touched upon the Czar deposed; the provisional government established; the return to Russia of Lenine and Trotzky with their numerous henchmen and colleagues; the development of the soviets—not under Bolshevism, but under Kerensky socialism; the incompetence and wild disorder of the provisional government; the rise of Kerensky; the penetration of the army and the soviets by Bolshevist propaganda; the promise of "peace and the land"; the friction between the provisional government and the Petrograd Soviet of Workmen's Soldiers' and Peasants' Deputies; the terrific clash of opinion with regard to Russia's position and duty in the World War; the further penetration of Bolshevist propaganda; the creeping paralysis of the provisional government; the preparation of Kornilov to occupy Petrograd with dependable troops and to establish a military dictatorship; the fatal weakness of Kerensky, who would not surrender the supremacy of authority; the successful coup of the Bolsheviki to the Petrograd garrison to rally to the support of the soviets; the days of utter suspense when neither side knew what the other side might be preparing to do; the gradual occupation by the Bolsheviki of the government offices one by one; the fading away of the provisional government; Kerensky's flight; the triumph of Lenine!

I thought I should go on with all this in at least very brief detail, but there is not a sufficient background, perhaps, for the picture of what came after and what is to be looked upon.

We all remember how pleased we were with the Russian Revolution of March, 1917. It interfered tremendously with our interests; it promised to release the German armies in the east and leave them free for immediate concentration against the Allies in the west, but nevertheless we applauded the overthrow of the corrupt and inefficient Russian autocracy and spoke of it as one of the most important event in modern history, even in those times when history was setting a record that we are all accustomed to place in a class by itself as being unprecedented, unparalleled, unbelievable and altogether undesirable.

The March Revolution was practically bloodless and was accepted by all Russia with complete acquiescence—all Russia that is, except an inconsequential handful of irreconcilable monarchists and autocrats. We commented upon this fact at the time with wonderment and unstinted approval, congratulating the Russians

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able to accomplish such an undertak-
ith so much regard for the niceties.
re fed up on blood.
but for two very important reasons
volution would have succeeded; fol-
which there would have been estab-
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tic in its character it might have
ould have been recognized by other
ments to the end that Russia today
present a vastly different picture.
these reasons was that Kerensky
riously limited as to vision, was fre-
strong when he should have been
, and almost invariably weak when
ld have been firm. The other was
Bolsheviki had a fixed purpose and
nine as their leader could command
ities of such men as Trotzky, Kam-
inoviev, Stalin, Bukharin, Tchit-
nd many others, all men trained
years of active participation in the
olshevistic enterprise and any one
was better as to sheer ability and
lness for that which he had to do
best Kerensky had behind him.
ussian Socialist Federative Soviet
was established! Tremendous
mbracing reforms were immedi-
stituted, and to these the great
he population instantly responded.
e remembered that the great mass
is densely ignorant and that the
proletariat, together with the
wning peasantry, had been in-
insidiously and more or less
ropagandized for years, with the
iew that they would be ready to
id to support the principles of
m if a time ever came when an
ty would be given them to do so.
diate "reforms" consisted prin-
unlocking all doors and laying
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eversal of the social status of the
lasses in the body politic.
s at this point that one pauses to
the colossal stupidity of the ad-
ntelligent men who were direct-
stupendous events. According
mmunist program the overthrow
ois-capitalistic government and
shment of a dictatorship of the
is to be followed in each instance
al withering away of the state.
it not rather a wonderful idea
restingly phrased? What does
presents a picture to one's mind,
picture that is very difficult to
n words. In any case it presup-
he sudden collapse of a state is
ticipated.

aders' Miscalculations

ntion that the boss Bolsheviki
ny of monomaniacs is founded
wonder that they should have
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as their beliefs. Being highly
ien; being sane—supersane—
vision, how could they have
the possibility of the gradual
ay of a state? And how, in-
could they have persuaded
o believe that humanity is so
hat once all the restraints of
order were removed each in-
ld begin right away to con-
general welfare according to
nd that nobody would ever
o take except in exact accord-
need? Oh, Bloomingdale and
Bughouse! But do not forget
he greatest peoples on earth
way today under the imposi-
theories.
. Lenine counted with more
an was entirely justified on
aracteristics of humanity so
nifested in mass submission
cessity. Also I think he had
ree of faith in the average
ence on his job. Nobody
ore definitely than he the
alists, and I am sure he did
on the sudden collapse in-
dual withering away of the
He must certainly have
numbers of men in govern-
nd in governmental employ
e institutions all over the
y at their posts and to dis-
ophical readiness to adapt
the situation and to obey
der any new order of ex-
might happen to develop.
few who did this, but the
rganization as a whole went

All ministers and heads of departments were naturally deposed by the Bolshevik *coup d'état*, but there were harmless, necessary undersecretaries of various kinds; there were clerks and accountants; specialists in finance; specialists in interior affairs; specialists in army and navy administration; specialists in the administration of justice; specialists in railways and other lines of communication; professors in universities; scientists in state laboratories; a whole internal and external revenue outfit; various kinds of officials in provinces and counties, townships and towns—just think what the gradual withering away of a state would involve! Even after the overthrow of the monarchy and through the feeble days of the provisional government the Russian state was a going concern because the men who were responsible for the details of it remained at their posts. But with the triumph of the Bolsheviki they quit—in sufficient numbers, at least, to produce a collapse—saying they would not work under the domination of a band of thieves and traitors.

Under Bolshevik Rule

In writing all this I am more or less quoting numbers of these men with whom I have talked. Most of them have spent months in prison on one charge or another since then; they have lived through amazing times; they have suffered the confiscation or the gradual withering away of all they ever possessed; they are like gentlemen who have become degraded through some vice or terrible misfortune; they are clothed in the remnants of a former respectability; they button their one-time smart coats close up across their chests and wear little odds and ends of mufflers or stocks round their collarless throats; they are dirty; they had come to the stage of hunger when I talked with them—many of them, that is; their families were in distress, and nearly always what they told me about themselves was merely incidental to an almost breathless and an always gentle and apologetic question as to whether or not I might be able to arrange to have a food package sent to them from the United States.

If you should ask me who these people are I should tell you that they are everybody of a certain class in Russia, the class with which any ordinary American of good standing would naturally associate. If among them there are any exceptions, any who have escaped the wrath, I neither met them nor heard of them. But if I should mention any names I would be exposing to further persecution men and women who have suffered enough. The Reign of Terror is supposed to be over in Russia, but it is not, and I think I talked with nobody outside governmental circles who did not ask me to forget his identity and to regard him merely as a type.

The average Russian proletarian and peasant is wholly illiterate, and at the time when the Bolsheviki came into power this kind of man had his mind fastened upon nothing but the golden opportunity presented to him to loot and to seize; to strut and to swagger in his new-found place; to satisfy his lusts of every imaginable variety. Yet it was on just this kind of citizen that the Bolshevik presidium—the little coterie of fanatics at the top—had to depend for administrative service in government and upon whom it bestowed its spoils of victory.

I have no intention of going on with generalities and writing nothing but history, but there is another piece of background to be set in, without which no picture of Communist Russia would be complete and without a definite understanding of which nobody would ever be able to get an adequate conception of what the Russian situation means to the rest of us. I am not pretending to be a discoverer; I am merely assuming that a great many people have ceased to remind themselves in so many words that such and such things are true.

Nero fiddled while Rome burned. Nicolai Lenine set in motion forces that were to destroy the national life of a great empire together with the individual lives of millions of its citizens; and while these forces gathered momentum, while Red Terror raged round him, growing redder and more terrible, while millions of people fled the wrath of him and his kind and other millions sank before his eyes into unfathomable depths of misery and degradation, while his country was being looted and ravaged from one end to the other, while its



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The new Funsten process of packing pecans under a vacuum insures absolute freshness even in the hottest weather and preserves indefinitely the natural sweetness and flavor of the nuts. Only select halves are used.

The pecans are sealed in our packages immediately after they are shelled, and are guaranteed to be *always fresh*. Ask your grocer for Funsten's Pecans.

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Address _____
Grocer _____ Address _____

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Berkley Knits

The Neckwear Classic for Fall

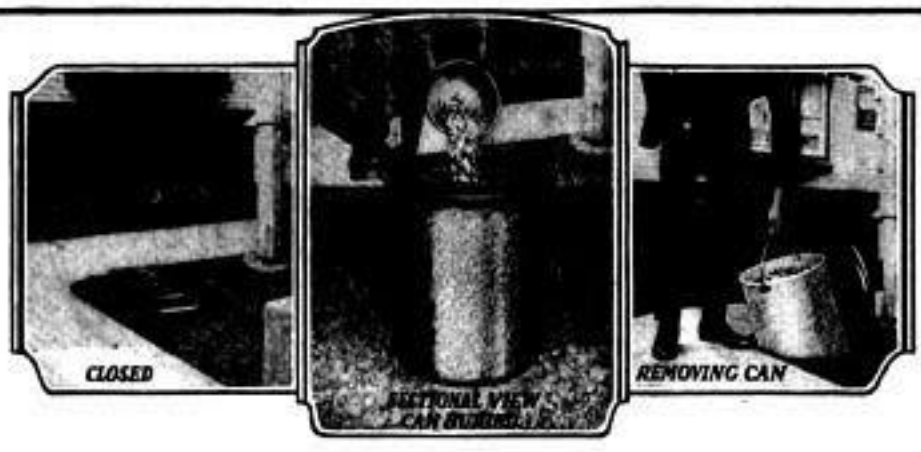
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PUT your garbage underground—in a MAJESTIC Garbage Receiver—where flies and vermin can't get at it; where dogs can't upset it. Out of sight, odorless, dog-proof, fly-proof, convenient, sanitary! And in addition to all its advantages, the MAJESTIC will save you money. Made in styles from 5 to 20 gallons' capacity—complete with can. Write for literature and your dealer's name.

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Out of Sight · Odorless · Fly-Proof · Sanitary

resources were being dissipated and its properties destroyed, while in the world outside war was being fought and peace was being made—Nicolai Lenine sat in his high place nursing his monstrous obsession. To him the destruction of Russia was a mere incident. His fixed and fanatic desire was to destroy the whole world.

There may be some who will question my judgment in holding Lenine always to the forefront as an isolated figure, but it is thus that he appears to my mind. He seems to me to be as much a figure of command in everything that has occurred in Russia as Napoleon ever was at the head of his armies; and in Russia, in his own capital of Moscow, one gets this impression of him. Nobody else occupies in the common mind a position in any way comparable to his. Trotzky is a big blustering brute in comparison with him. Trotzky is canine; Lenine is feline. Trotzky can be got at; he can be barked at when he barks; he can be loved or hated, approved or disapproved, smiled with or laughed at; he is a keen-eyed, whiskery embodiment of perpetual motion that may fill one with fear but never with nameless dread. He is a much more capable man than Lenine when it comes to organization and specific administration—his Red Army being the only going concern in Russia today—but he is too visible to be awe inspiring, even though it is invariably difficult to determine what he is up to or why. To take advantage, with due acknowledgment, of the motion-picture simile, Lenine does a perpetual fade-out. He is a sick man; his eyes are tired; his face is drawn in lines of weariness; and only his hand, with a firm grasp on the reins of authority, is in perfect focus and always in full view.

It will be remembered how, in 1914, in his diatribes against the imperialistic war, Lenine repudiated the Second International because of its conservative stand on the immediate questions of the day, a stand which he characterized as petty bourgeois opportunism. He would have none of it. He called names and hurled bitter accusations against moderate socialists of every nationality. Then, in 1915, at a meeting in Bern with the stray, exiled, refugee or fugitive members of the Russian Social Democratic Labor Party who were knocking about Europe at the time, he announced his intention of organizing a Third International. And think, if you can, what it would have meant to him to be able at that moment to dream of what eventually transpired. Three years later as one of the foremost figures on earth he launched the Third International in Petrograd! And while the whole program of Bolshevism is the overthrow of established forms of government and the substitution of proletarian dictatorships, the program of the Third International was a minutely detailed and thoroughly planned program of world revolution with no remotest corner of the earth left out of consideration.

Lenine's Sweeping Program

A prominent member of the high-up Bolshevist group was making a speech one day in Berlin about Russia's problems and difficulties. The Bolsheviki were at that time engaged in their struggle for the possession of the ports on the Baltic Sea and were getting the worst of it at the hands of the Letts, Esthonians, Lithuanians and others who would have none of them or of their doctrines, and this gentleman, lashing himself into a state of great indignation, exclaimed:

"Imagine the Letts and those tribes demanding the right of self-determination! Next thing we know the Eskimos will be rising up and asking for home rule!"

Which only goes to show how inconsistent a Bolshevik can be. This insult was widely quoted in the Latvian press, with the result that the noble Letts were sorely wounded in their pride and got their backs up just a little bit stiffer than they were before.

The story was told to me in Riga by one of Latvia's political leaders, and at the moment my mind could occupy itself with no picture but a picture of Lenine standing before a meeting of the organization congress of the Third International outlining his plan for the proletarian conquest of the world. He would whip into line as irredeemably Russian every smallest state that had ever been attached to Russia, but at the same time he would grasp the power represented in an international organization of proletarian revolutionists and use it to overthrow established [illegible] every country large or small, [illegible] dependent, rich or poor, [illegible] generate, on the face of the earth. [illegible] vels at his knowledge of geogra[illegible] mental hold upon the broad aspe[illegible] political affiliations and economic [illegible] ships. His mind sweeps [illegible] earth as though he were the [illegible] Jew himself with the fruits of [illegible] of personal experience stored [illegible] mind. He is arrogant with the [illegible] fanatic and never-analyzed [illegible] it is therefore that much of wha[illegible] say is only remotely related to [illegible] fact.

He would aim directly at the [illegible] of all the major states, but at [illegible] time he would strike at them [illegible] through their colonial possess[illegible] sponsibilities if they have any, as [illegible] he talked before the organiz[illegible] the Third International about [illegible] comrades in India, the Dutch East [illegible] the Philippine Islands, the Africa[illegible] encies, the South Sea Islands [illegible] remote but important and burie[illegible] calities should have been enough [illegible] British, Dutch, American, Fre[illegible] and other colleagues away from [illegible] shuddering disgust. But it was [illegible] this only goes to prove that [illegible] Borneo are not the only [illegible] specialize in the production of [illegible]

I am quite aware that a large [illegible] this is merely a review of [illegible] tory, but I think I am right [illegible] in believing it to be a review [illegible] forgotten truths, and it is just [illegible] everybody should continue to [illegible] very vividly why Russia has [illegible] for so long and held away by the [illegible] world as something to be fear[illegible] that within the past few months [illegible] Lenine and all his pack have [illegible] spots, but it is much safer to be [illegible] chiefly by a suspicion that they [illegible] put on sheep's clothing.

At the Genoa Conference

It is not at all unlikely that [illegible] can get into print a good many [illegible] have been made in the strict[illegible] heaven knows I hope so! I [illegible] will be such changes as will [illegible] present concern to appear [illegible] if they should happen to be [illegible] would involve my country in a [illegible] in its attitude toward Bolshevism [illegible] cern would be only deepened [illegible] more profound. I do not believe [illegible] ernment will be in any hurry to [illegible] policy with regard to Soviet [illegible] know there are powerful agen[illegible] Bolshevistic nor Russian, that [illegible] stantly in operation in Wash[illegible] the object of bringing about [illegible]

Moreover, at the Genoa [illegible] Bolsheviki, as usual, played a [illegible] narily clever game; Mr. Lloyd [illegible] ready to come to almost any [illegible] ment that promised an early [illegible] the difficulties by which the [illegible] Various observers influenced [illegible] who really have more interest [illegible] commercial considerations [illegible] possibly have in the soul of a [illegible] though it might happen to be [illegible] their own.

There are correspondents [illegible] are baiting the Bolshevik a[illegible] splendid time with them. Some [illegible] with entertaining levity; [illegible] regard them with grave alarm [illegible] analyzes them, or attempts to [illegible] everybody agrees that wh[illegible] conference would be an exce[illegible] affair. Only one writer so far [illegible] them as they present themse[illegible] mind. He quotes a European [illegible] saying: "The conference has [illegible] Bolshevists with a high po[illegible] with a mighty sounding horn [illegible] have used and propose to use [illegible] most."

I was in Moscow when the [illegible] gation left, and one of the [illegible] asked if he expected the con[illegible] ceed said: "As a conference [illegible] means for getting a hearing [illegible] Russia, very decidedly—[illegible]

I thought when the mem[illegible] tion started on their way, what [illegible] thing it would have been [illegible] world—with a full knowledge [illegible] were to represent, of course [illegible] witnessed their departure [illegible] old city of Moscow. They [illegible]

(Continued on Page [illegible])

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Charles M. Schwab says:



CHARLES M. SCHWAB
NEW YORK
25 BROADWAY

April 4, 1922.

My dear Mr. Gillette:

Your letter of March 30th received. I have used the new razor constantly ever since you sent it to me and it has given me the greatest satisfaction. It is infinitely better than the old one. The question of adjustment was always a troublesome one to me. Now I keep it screwed down tight and have not the slightest difficulty. I am well pleased with it and heartily congratulate you upon this invention.

I hope I may have the pleasure of seeing you soon, to renew our old acquaintance.

With kindest regards, I am

Sincerely yours,

Chas. M. Schwab

Mr. King C. Gillette,
47 West First Street,
Boston, Mass.

The New Improved

TRADE Gillette MARK

Gillette SAFETY RAZOR

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Money

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Ask your dealer to sell you a full set.

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5 MINUTE
VULCANIZER

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1402 Fourth St., Waupun, Wis., U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 118)

the midst of a fearful ruin which they themselves had wrought in the sacred name of the proletariat, themselves, presumably, being proletarian dictators; but they fared forth in such magnificence as poor old Russia had not beheld in many a day.

Just why they should have dressed up like an Easter parade and assumed the disguise of high government officials representing an ordinary, well-kept and self-respecting government, it is difficult to determine, but Inconsistency, thou art a gem, and there is no getting away from it. Their boast is that they are proletarians; their business and pastime for more than four years have been the discouragement of everybody who ever owned a starched shirt or wore a white collar, this discouragement having taken every form from petty persecution to death at dawn in front of a firing squad; they have reduced everybody in Russia to degradation and dirt, to say nothing of hunger and cold and misery unspeakable. And all this being true, it seemed to me that they should have parked their luxuries in the Kremlin for the time being, and left Russia under a red flag and in the habiliments of what they pretend to be. They should have worn neat but serviceable trousers belted over the always specially noble-looking flannel shirt—open at the throat—which seemed to be affected by our very best proletarians.

On the cover of the official organ of their party, a magazine called The Communist International, there is a representation of such a man. He is outrageously handsome, even though he has a wild look in his glorious eyes. He is swinging a great hammer with which he is about to smash a world all wrapped in chains. One realizes that he sees only the chains, of course, and that it is the chains he is aiming at, but one knows at a glance that if he ever lets go and his blow falls it is going to be poor old world, good night!

Anyhow, his make-up is the proper make-up for a proper proletarian, and the representatives of his kind at the Genoa conference should have adopted it. Also they should have had embroidered or pasted on them somewhere the red emblems of their red state—the crossed hammer and sickle and the big red star—and they should have been a bit gaunt and lean, looking the part of martyrs who had suffered for a noble cause. Instead of all of which they took their departure—a company of very good-looking high-mucky-moguls—got up as though each of them kept a London tailor and a French valet.

Which reminds me that the first time I heard of Trotzky's valet I exclaimed in astonishment: "His what?" "His valet," answered the man with whom I was talking, as though it was a perfectly natural and to-be-expected thing that Trotzky should have a valet. Whereupon we went on talking about whatever it was we were talking about.

Incidentally and also, the Russian delegation to Genoa left Moscow in probably the most luxurious private train that [illegible] in all Europe. Everybody who saw it was agog with excitement about it. And no wonder. Everybody wanted to know where on earth they had been keeping it. We all knew that each of them had a private car of his own, but nobody knew that such a train was in existence. It was decided that it must have been the private train of the Czar himself, and that they had had it wrapped away somewhere in cotton wool. Which is a sign that they know how to take care of things if they wish to.

There is not a piece of rolling stock in all Russia that has had a fresh coat of paint on it in five years. Railway equipment everywhere looks as though it had been standing out in all the weathers of a man's average lifetime. Yet here one beheld a string of shining palace cars that could not be surpassed. One observed pretty decorations round crystal-clear windows and got glimpses inside of silken upholstery, [illegible] draperies, softly shaded lights and such elegance generally as one is privileged occasionally to look at but seldom to see at.

Though I don't mean that exactly. I enjoy looking at beautiful things and am always thankful that there are rich people who produce them for my benefit. The rich people have all the responsibility for them, while I have at least a part of the enjoyment. One of my pet loves is a love for florists. I cannot afford homes of orchids and roses and feathery ferns and show for myself of all the beauties of the world of flowers as these beauties unfold through the seasons, but the florists, in their sordid pursuit of gain, make me a present of this show in their beautiful windows and, passing by in simple and unhampered happiness, I thank them. This is a theme that I could go on with all the way from florists' windows up templed mountains, but my thought at the moment is that, dollars to doughnuts, when the Bolsheviki train de luxe pulled out of Moscow on its way to Genoa—or to the end of the broad-gauge track—there was an American relief agent somewhere in Russia engaged in the business of distributing a piece of Russian rolling stock in order that he might make his way in some degree of personal safety from one area of distress to another.

I knew that on the way out of Russia the shining cars of the train de luxe would be hammered upon and smeared, perhaps by many little cold bare fists, and that the cystal-clear glass of their windows would not be thick enough to shut out the multitudinous and incessant cry: "Give us bread! For God's sake give us bread!" But I really hoped that in Genoa the new aristocratic proletarian dictators would find some way to resolve the affairs of Communistic Russia to the end that the wail of the people would be stilled, while the light of a restoration to well-being and contentment should begin to dawn upon them.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mrs. Egan. The next will appear in an early issue.



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ROM McKINLEY TO HARDING

(Continued from Page 17)

x Loeffler, an appointee of President s, who had guarded the Presi- door ever since, announced, "Sec- of State Hay, and Mr. Raikes, of itish Embassy." Roosevelt said, them into the library, major; will m in a few minutes."

out turning his face he said, "I vhat they want. John Hay has : Raikes to thank me for putting at half mast on the White House ld Pauncefote died. I didn't do it he was the British Ambassador, use he was a damn good fellow."

XVIII

NE, 1899, Paul Morton, at that vice president of the Santa Fe Rail- elephoned me he had offered his ar to Governor Roosevelt, of New go to the Rough Riders' Reunion Vegas, New Mexico. Roosevelt Morton's offer, and asked him to e to go with them.

this time neither Morton nor I had ernor Roosevelt. We left Chicago lock one evening and sat up very ar the colonel tell his Cuban War es. Next morning at seven o'clock ed in Kansas City. A few train ecognized Roosevelt and shook th him. A short time after cross- iver we stopped at a water tank s. It was a wonderful June morn- osevelt was abounding in good A wizen-faced old woman in a bonnet was the only human being She came out of a tumbledown lked up the track and looked at He gave her a hearty "Good She made no reply but came to d held up a hand like a sparrow's said "Shake, Teddy." Roosevelt proffered hand just as the train He cocked his head on one side ed the old sunbonnet until we t of sight.

queer twist of his mouth he said, e that is meant as a token of but even my wife calls me Theo-

had wired the Santa Fe agents was on the train and at every ds gathered around the car to ls and hear him speak. He made peech at each town. In several er cities the men had printed c in their hatbands which read t in 1904."

oria, Kansas, the home of Wil- White, a brass band escorted to a speaker's stand a few hun- from the train. I am not sure, k it was the first meeting of nd White.

t we left Emporia, Roosevelt, I talked until midnight. Roose- puzzled over the "Roosevelt s. I told him the people were ve McKinley a second term in he, Roosevelt, was evidently for 1904.

ing of President McKinley he Kinley has a chocolate-éclair I told him he was mistaken, elated how he had practically y the chance of the presidential in 1896 when he declined to m Platt the Secretary of the st in return for the vote of and Pennsylvania. This story in describing Mark Hanna's t and Quay in an earlier chap- elt said, "By George, is that back my remark about his

him of my years of friendship ley, that he had not made a de of Ohio for seven years er wiring, telephoning or writ- sending me his speeches to delivering them.

ing at breakfast I apologized boastfulness and asked him up against me.

Do you know what I thought to bed? I wondered if you same thing for me?"

ams and letters that follow sequent relations.

lay a delegation of Colorado ur party in their own sleepers Las Vegas. When we arrived s New Mexican town a great s at the station. There were real, live cowboys in the crowd. They yelled and waved their hats when Roosevelt appeared, and shot off their revolvers. The town was alive day and night the three days we spent there. Everything was wide open. No pen can describe Roosevelt's enthusiasm. He bubbled over every minute. Our car was filled with Rough Riders, who told lurid stories of experiences in Cuba. One of the cowboys with a big scar on his face said, "Colonel, do you remember the night it rained hell and wildcats?"

"By George, wasn't that a bully storm!" and the white teeth snapped.

We left Las Vegas amid the same sort of demonstration as on our arrival. Roosevelt stood on the back platform and waved his cowboy sombrero until the foothills shut off the view of the town.

One of the Colorado delegates, a high state official, came into Morton's car and said to me, "I want to apologize to you."

"What for?"

"Well, you put the word 'gold' into the Republican platform in '96. That gave Colorado the worst blow she ever had. We faced ruin. If you had come to Denver or any other Colorado city at that time you would have been mobbed. We have been together for four days and I want to apologize for the hatred I bore you."

The return to Chicago was quieter than the going west. At night we discussed national and industrial affairs. Roosevelt was very much interested in Paul Morton's views of the railroad situation, and the legislation necessary to carry out the reforms he suggested. They were later put into effect when Roosevelt became President. He offered Morton the post of Secretary of the Navy in 1904.

Morton at first declined the position with the remark, "The only ship I know anything about is the prairie schooner."

Roosevelt said, "Don't worry about that. I know all about ships. What I want is your railroad knowledge."

From Chicago, Roosevelt went to Milwaukee to deliver a speech. Next day I joined him and went to New York. We arrived in Laporte, Indiana, as Roosevelt was ready for bed. There were about a thousand people at the station calling for him. He did not hear them until I opened his stateroom door. Hastily pulling on his trousers over his pajamas he rushed to the rear platform as the train started, and yelled, "Good night and good luck!"

Early next morning we arrived in Buffalo. There was no cheering crowd to welcome him; only the train men were about.

I said, "Governor, you are at home."

He answered, "Yes, by George, they know me here."

During the day I suggested he send a telegram to President McKinley telling of the sentiment he found in the West for his renomination in 1900, and the proffer of his personal support. I wired the Associated Press correspondent to please meet the train at Albany. Roosevelt gave him an interview and read him his message to McKinley.

A few days later I received a wire from him saying he had received a telegram from the President to bring Mrs. Roosevelt and spend Sunday at the White House.

STATE OF NEW YORK
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER
ALBANY

July 1, 1899.

My dear Mr. Kohlsaat: Was my McKinley interview all right?

Remember me warmly to Mrs. Kohlsaat.

Incidentally, permit me to remark that you are a trump and no mistake! Didn't we have a good week together? Faithfully yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

STATE OF NEW YORK
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER
ALBANY

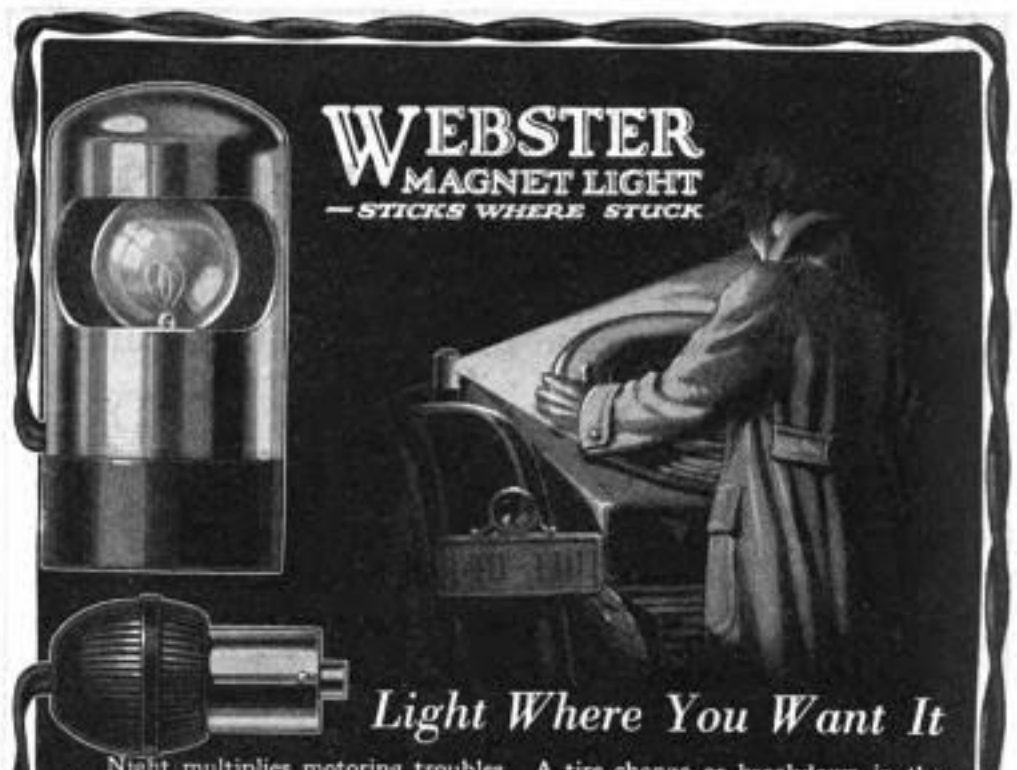
At OYSTER BAY, N. Y., July 5, 1899.

My dear Mr. Kohlsaat: I thank you for yours of the 2d inst. and was greatly interested in the clipping you sent me. I am delighted that you like my interview. I cannot say how I enjoyed meeting you, and indeed, our whole trip. I am now receiving numerous invitations to go West at different times. I shall consult you before accepting any. It hardly seems necessary to go out this summer or fall again. Does it to you?

Again heartily thanking you, I am,

Faithfully yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.



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Name_____ Street or R. F. D._____

Town_____ State_____

STATE OF NEW YORK
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER
ALBANY

At OYSTER BAY, N. Y., Aug. 7, 1899.

My dear Mr. Kohlsaat: I write you for two bits of advice.

1. The Minnesota League of Republican Clubs wants me to come out there on November 1. I do not feel much like going at this time. I do not see that the good that I could do would counterbalance the strain and effort, and think I had better keep my Western trip for some future time. What do you think?

2. How about trusts? I know this is a very large question, but more and more it seems to me that there will be a good deal of importance to the trust matter in the next campaign and I want to consult with men whom I trust as to what line of policy should be pursued. During the last few months I have been growing exceedingly alarmed at the growth of popular unrest and popular distrust on this question. It is largely aimless and baseless, but there is a very unpleasant side to this overrun trust development and what I fear is if we do not have some consistent policy to advocate, then the multitudes will follow the crank who advocates an absurd policy, but who does advocate something. Have you thought enough about the matter to say whether any legislation, and if so, what, should be undertaken? Or, whether there is any other remedy that can be wisely applied.

Faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

TELEGRAM

OYSTER BAY, Aug. 11, 1899.

H. H. KOHLSAAT,
Times-Herald,
Chicago.

Ohio people want me to open campaign. Seems to me I ought to go so as to make one Western speech, and that in McKinley's own state. What do you think? Please wire reply.
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

STATE OF NEW YORK
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER
ALBANY

At OYSTER BAY, Aug. 12, 1899.

My dear Mr. Kohlsaat: I acted promptly on your telegram about the Ohio campaign. Now, oh mentor! will you advise me [illegible] the enclosed? I hardly think [illegible] I think I had better wait until [illegible]

Faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

STATE OF NEW YORK
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER
ALBANY

August 2[illegible]

My dear Mr. Kohlsaat: I thank you [illegible] yours of the 14th inst. Your advice is as good [illegible] as a dollar, a good deal sounder than a [illegible] eight-cent dollar. When the President requested me to go to Ohio of course I [illegible] go. That is all I shall do. I have [illegible] sented to give the gold medal to the [illegible] 10th Regiment of Pennsylvania [illegible] that was something that seemed [illegible] and proper. However, it is not yet [illegible] determined that I shall go there.

Faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

TELEGRAM

UTICA, N. Y., September [illegible]

H. H. KOHLSAAT,
Times-Herald,
Chicago.

Henderson and Allison want me to [illegible] paign in Iowa at Waterloo, October [illegible] difficult for me to go. Ought I to [illegible]
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

STATE OF NEW YORK
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER
ALBANY

At OYSTER BAY, September [illegible]

My dear Mr. Kohlsaat: Just a [illegible] for your telegram. I have declined [illegible] invitation. You have been the most [illegible] mentor, though I should think [illegible] tired of the job by this time. I [illegible] that you are going to be on here [illegible] possible with Mrs. Kohlsaat. We [illegible] to have you both, either here or at [illegible]

Faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a [illegible] articles by Mr. Kohlsaat. The next will appear in an early issue.



Shake It Into Your Shoes — Sprinkle It Into Your Foot-Bath

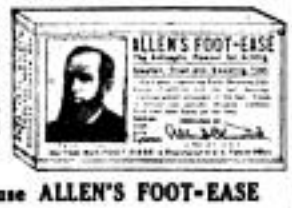
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The Antiseptic, Healing Powder for the Feet

Takes the friction from the shoe, relieves the pain of corns, bunions, callouses and sore spots, freshens the feet and gives new vigor.

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At night, when your feet are tired, sore and swollen from walking or dancing, sprinkle Allen's Foot-Ease in the foot-bath **and enjoy the bliss of feet without an ache.**



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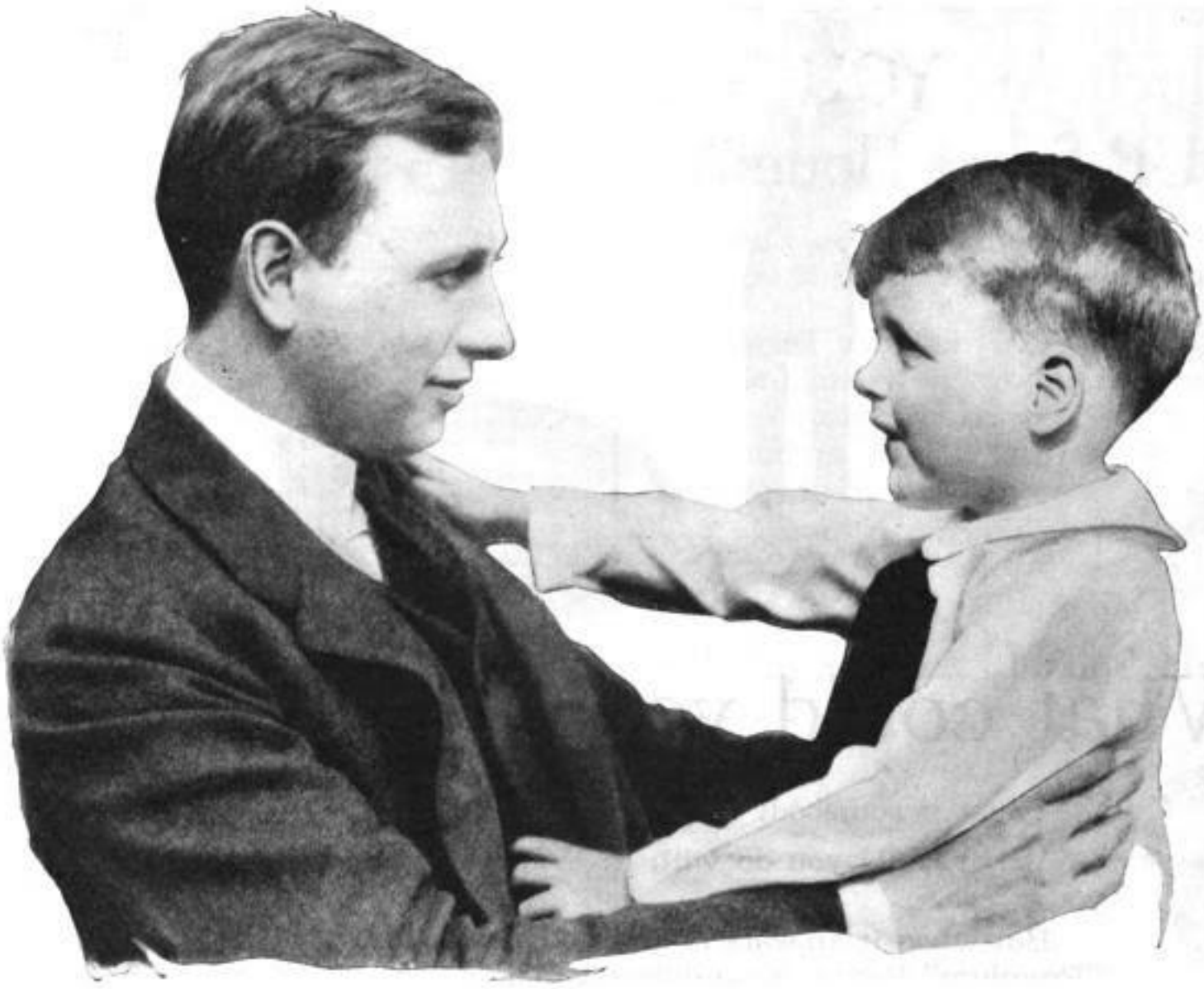
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ill he be proud of you when he grows up?

HAT little boy of yours—that little boy who believes in you with all his heart—who sits so still as you read to him at night and who calls u "Daddy" in a way that thrills you to your very ul—will he be proud of you when he grows up?

Why, you'd give your right arm for that boy. you hold him in your arms—as he snuggles close that irresistible way that youngsters have—you ow that there is nothing you would not do to make happy.

oday, in his childish eyes, you are the greatest ddy of them all. Don't let him lose that regard he years go by and understanding comes.

ive—ten—fifteen years from now, will he be ud to introduce you as "my father" when the ows come to the house? Will you be able to buy the things you want him to have—to provide him the education you missed as a boy?

he answer depends on yourself. If you are not ing ahead in your work, it is because you lack thing that employers everywhere are searching *-training!*—the ability to do some one thing

aybe you got a bad start.

ns of thousands of young men enter business year without the slightest training for the work are to do. Most of them take the first position comes their way, believing that if they just along they will, in some mysterious way, become ssful.

ou can't do that any more than you can hang out shingle without any previous training and suc- as a doctor. These days you've got to study *lifferent* branches of business just as thoroughly u would study medicine, or law, or engineering.

r the problems of business are just as complex— ewards as large *(or larger!)* for the men who fy as specialists in some branch or branches of nercial work.

ER all, there are very few geniuses. Remem- er, the great business men of today were not s great. At 20, 25 and 30 most of them were most ordinary occupations.

n N. Willys was a laundryman. Frank A. erlip, "the most aggressive financier in Amer- was a machinist. Thomas E. Wilson, of Wilson , was a railway clerk. T. Coleman duPont was l miner. John H. Patterson, who founded the National Cash Register Co., was a toll collector. Charles M. Schwab was a grocery clerk.

All of these men were born poor. Many of them had greater handicaps than you will ever know.

But sooner or later every one of them woke to the fact that in himself—and in himself alone—lay the power to do the thing he wanted to do and to be the man he wanted to be.

And that same realization must come sooner or later to you. You can, if you will, know the joy of getting ahead in business and in life. All you need is the will to do and the decision to start now.

YOU need not worry about the method. For there is a simple, practical plan that more than two million have proved successful in the last 30 years. It is to let the International Correspondence Schools help you. There is no doubt, no question about your ability to prepare yourself for promotion and more money—for the position you want in the work you like best.

Every mail brings letters from students of the International Correspondence Schools telling of advancement and increased salaries won through spare-time study.

These advancements are not only in the technical subjects, such as Electrical, Mechanical and Civil Engineering, or Architecture, Chemistry, etc., but also in Salesmanship, Business Management, Advertising, Accounting, Traffic Management, etc.

One investigation of the incomes of a number of I. C. S. students shows some with incomes of $50,000 a year; others earning $25,000; still more with incomes of $10,000 a year and better; and hundreds earning $5,000 a year. Still another investigation of nearly 1,000 I. C. S. students shows an average salary increase of 350% over what they were earning at the time they enrolled.

The success of the I. C. S. has been due not only to its distinctive, individual method of instruction, but also to the high business and professional character of the men who have assisted in the preparation of the courses. Among these men are:

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What could you do with a hog?

What if somebody gave you a live hog?

What could you do with it? What value would it have for you?

But when it appears as pork chops, or "Premium" Ham, or "Premium" Bacon, it's a different matter.

It is worth something to you then; you can use and enjoy it in that shape.

This is just a little illustration of what Swift & Company means to all of us.

This is how it serves, by turning live hogs into meats that you want, and that are good for you; making them valuable to *you*, and to the men that raise them and want them converted into meat.

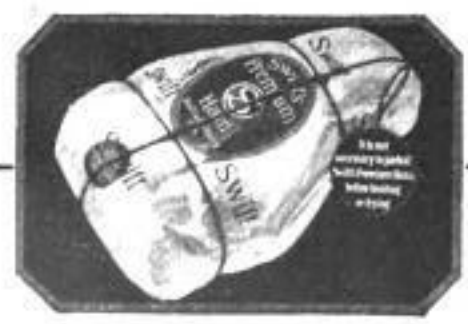
Swift & Company buys hogs daily at all large packing centers; dresses them under conditions of scrupulous cleanliness and Government inspection; cures and smokes suitable parts of them; keeps all these meat products clean and wholesome by careful handling under refrigeration, and distributes them by a thorough system of car routes and branch houses to cities, towns, and villages throughout the country.

Not only that, but Swift & Company treats the world to two of its greatest delicacies—Swift's Premium Ham and Premium Bacon—by careful selection from choicest animals and by advanced methods in curing and smoking.

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Founded 1868

A nation-wide organization owned by more than 45,000 shareholders



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America's Blue Ribbon Sport Car

The HAYNES 75 SPEEDSTER



A blue ribbon attached to the steering wheel of the Haynes 75 Speedster identifies the Speedster as America's blue ribbon sport car that is capable of attaining seventy-five miles an hour. The blue ribbon is fastened to the Haynes 75 Speedster when it is shipped from the factory, and signifies that the car has been thoroughly inspected and tested. It certifies, too, that the Haynes 75 Speedster is similar in every respect to the Speedster which was tested by Howard Wilcox in his famous run.

"On Thursday, March 9, 1922, I drove a strictly stock Haynes 75 Speedster over the Indianapolis Motor Speedway course at Indianapolis, Indiana. I attained speeds ranging from seventy-four (74) to eighty (80) miles an hour. The speeds were clocked officially by the Indianapolis Motor Speedway electric timing machine. In my opinion, the Haynes-built 75 six cylinder engine is a remarkable stock motor. It has the necessary speed, stamina and get-away to meet the requirements of the most exacting motorist, and at topmost speed it showed a decided lack of motor vibration. It is the sturdiest and fastest stock sport car I have ever driven to date."

(Signed) "HOWDY" WILCOX



Howard Wilcox, internationally known racing driver, and winner of the Indianapolis Motor Speedway International 500-mile classic. Mr. Wilcox has driven many leading racing cars of foreign manufacture, and several of the finest American stock cars, in tests and races.

POWER, BALANCE, SPEED—*a Mile in 48 Seconds*

'hen Howard Wilcox established the rformance record for the strictly stock ynes 75 Speedster, he demonstrated the rth of the high quality of steels and ier materials used in the manufacture of s fast sport car.

e mechanical reasons which enabled . Wilcox to attain an average speed of enty-five miles an hour, are the same ich give any owner of a Haynes 75 edster dominance on the road.

th a car of such phenomenal power and ina, only a very small portion of its city is employed in ordinary driving. s means that the Haynes 75 blue ribbon Speedster will give more satisfactory service for a greater number of years than the car whose maximum power is required for every day's use.

The liberal use of tested steels and drop forgings makes this car safe at the high speeds the Haynes 75 blue ribbon Speedster will naturally be driven by its enthusiastic owner. The blue ribbon award for speed, stamina, power, reliability and endurance, to the Haynes 75 Speedster, is a fitting tribute to the famous Haynes engineers who alone have the distinction and honor of designing and perfecting automobiles for more than a quarter of a century.

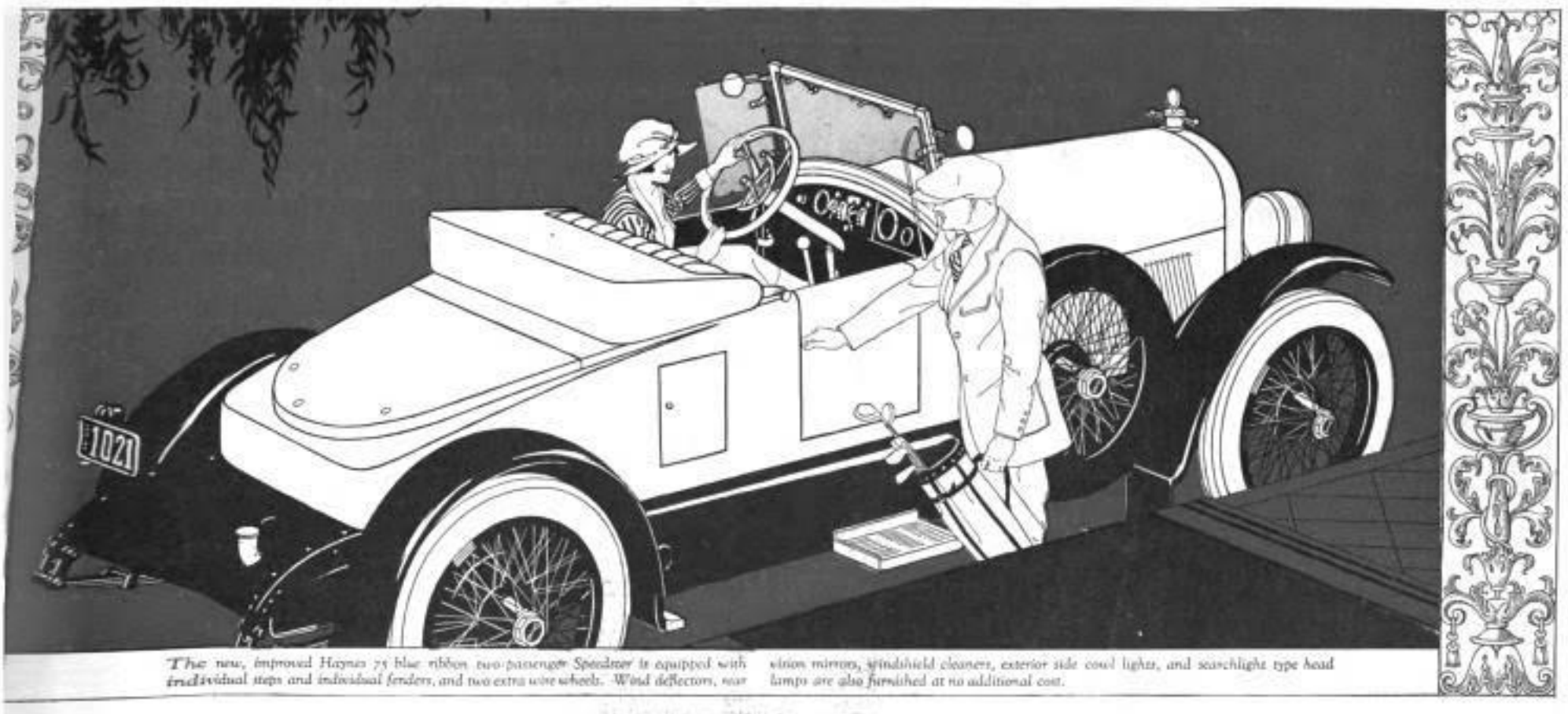
The Haynes 75 blue ribbon Speedster is a strikingly beautiful car in appearance; its owners are deservedly proud of it.

In its class it may unhesitatingly be said to be the greatest value possible. See it at the nearest Haynes dealer's showroom and place your order at once, so that you may secure delivery in plenty of time to enjoy the Haynes 75 blue ribbon Speedster through the season. Descriptive literature will be mailed promptly on request.

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The new, improved Haynes 75 blue ribbon two-passenger Speedster is equipped with individual steps and individual fenders, and two extra wire wheels. Wind deflectors, rear vision mirrors, windshield cleaners, exterior side cowl lights, and searchlight type head lamps are also furnished at no additional cost.

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Try This Shortcake

2 cups GOLD MEDAL FLOUR.
½ teaspoon salt.
2 tablespoons sugar.
4 teaspoons baking powder.
¼ cup shortening.
1 cup milk.
1 quart raspberries.
Sugar to sweeten berries.

Sift dry ingredients. Cut in shortening and add liquid. Spread evenly with spoon in greased cake tin. Bake in hot oven about 20 minutes. Sweeten berries to taste. Split cake. Use berries with juice generously between halves and on top. Sprinkle with powdered sugar or top with whipped cream. Serve hot.

RASPBERRY Shortcake! Can't you almost taste it now – hundreds of luscious, sun-ripe berries, half crushed between layers of tender, rich, golden crusted cake – wine-red juice trickling all over – puffs of whipped cream on top.

Have some for dinner tonight! It's so easy to make with the accompanying recipe – and oh, so good; for you know GOLD MEDAL FLOUR makes just as perfect shortcakes as it does bread, biscuits, doughnuts, cakes and pastries.

For other recipes and baking information, write the Educational Department, Washburn-Crosby Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR *'Too Good to be Cheap'*

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